VOCAL SCORE

PATIENCE;

OR,

BUNTHORNE’S BRIDE.

Written by

W. S. GILBERT

Composed by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Gilbert & Sullivan Archive

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PATIENCE;

OR,

BUNTHORNE’S BRIDE

______________

COLONEL CALVERLEY
MAJOR MURGATROYD
LIEUT. THE DUKE OF DUNSTABLE
REGINALD BUNTHORNE (a Fleshly Poet)
ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR (an Idyllic Poet)
MR. BUNTHORNE’S SOLICITOR

____________________

THE LADY ANGELA
THE LADY SAPHIR
THE LADY ELLA
THE LADY JANE
PATIENCE (a Dairy Maid)

(Rapturous Maidens)

CHORUS OF RAPTUROUS MAIDENS AND OFFICERS OF DRAGOON GUARDS

_____________________________________

ACT I. EXTERIOR OF CASTLE BUNTHORNE
ACT II. A GLADE
# PATIENCE;

**OR,**

**BUNTHORNE’S BRIDE**

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PATIENCE

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

OVERTURE.

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Moderato \( \frac{j=66}{\text{Piano}} \)

\( f f \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{dolce.} \)

\( A \)

\( \text{dim.} \)

\( p \)

\( pp \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{dim.} \)
ACT I

SCENE:– Exterior of Castle Bunthorne. Young maidens dressed in aesthetic draperies are grouped about the stage. They play on lutes, mandolins, etc., as they sing, and all are in the last stage of despair. ANGELA, ELLA and SAPHIR lead them.

No. 1: CHORUS OF MAIDENS, with SOLOS (Angela & Ella)

Twent - ty love-sick mid-ens we, Love - sick all a-gainst our will

Twent - ty years hence we shall be Twent - ty love - sick maid-ens still.
Twenty love-sick maidens we,
And we die for love of thee!

Love-sick all against our will.
Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still!

Solo. ANGELA

Love feeds on hope, they say,
or love will die—

Ah,
plighted; Go, madcap heart, Go

dream of never waking; And in thy

dream Forget that thou art breaking!

Ah, misery! Forget that thou art breaking!
CHORUS

Twenty love-sick maidens, we, Love-sick all against our will.

Twenty years hence we shall be Twenty love-sick maidens still.

Ah, misery!
ANG. There is a strange magic in this love of ours! Rivals as we all are in the affections of our Reginald, the very hopelessness of our love is a bond that binds us to one another!

SAPH. Jealousy is merged in misery. While he, the very cynosure of our eyes and hearts, remains icy insensible – what have we to strive for?

Ella. The love of maidens is, to him, as interesting as the taxes!

SAPH. Would that it were! He pays his taxes.

ANG. And cherishes the receipts!

(Enter Lady Jane.)

SAPH. Happy receipts!

JANE (suddenly). Fools!

ANG. I beg your pardon?

JANE. Fools and blind! The man loves – wildly loves!

ANG. But whom? None of us!

JANE. No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the nonce, on Patience, the village milkmaid!

SAPH. On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

JANE. Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. To-day he is not well!

SAPH. But Patience boasts that she has never loved – that love is, to her, a sealed book! Oh, he cannot be serious!

JANE. 'Tis but a fleeting fancy 'twill quickly wear away. (Aside.) Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid’s triumph would be short indeed!

(Patience appears on an eminence. She looks down with pity on the despondent Maidens.)
No. 2: RECIATIVE (Patience, Saphir, Angela & Chorus)

Allegro $\frac{\text{j.}}{\text{8}} = 76$

Still brooding on their mad infatuation!
I thank thee, Love, thou comest not to me!
Far happier I, free from thy ministration, Than dukes or duchesses who love, can be!
'Tis Patience—
15

hap-py girl!

Loved by a po-et!

16

PATIENCE

Your par-don, la-dies. I in-trude up-on you.

ANGELA

Nay, pret-ty child, come

19

hi-ther. Is it true That you have ne-ver loved?

PATIENCE

Most true in-

22

CHORUS SOPRANOS

deed. Most mar-vel-lous! And most de-plo-ra-ble!

CONTRALTOS

Attacca Song.
SONG (Patience)

Allegretto grazioso \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 76 \)

PATIENCE

I can-not tell what this love may be
That cometh to all, but not to me,
It can-not be kind as they’d im-ply,
Or why do these ladies sigh?
It can-not be joy and rapture deep,
Or why do these gentle ladies weep?
It can-not be bliss-ful as ’tis said,
Or why are their

\( \text{riten.} \)
eyes so— wondrous red?

Though ev— ry—
a tempo

where __ true love I see

A— com— ing to

all __ but not to me, I can— not tell what__ this love__ may be!

rall.

For I __ am blithe and I __ am gay. While they__ sit sigh— ing night__ and

mp
day: For I am blithe and I am gay, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, 
Yes, she is blithe and she is gay. Yes, she is blithe and gay.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and misery!
Ah, misery!
If love is a thorn, they show no wit
Who foolishly hug and foster it.
If love is a weed, how simple they
Who gather it day by day!
If love is a nettle that makes you smart,
Then why do you wear it next your heart?
And if it be none of these, say I,
Ah, why do you sit and sob and sob and sob and sob.
20

88 C

sigh?

Though ev’rywhere true love I

a tempo

92

see

A-com-ing to all, but not to

96 rall.

me, I can-not tell what this love may be!

For I am

D a tempo rall.

a tempo

100 blithe and I am gay. While they sit sighing night and
day: For I am blithe and I am gay. Think of the gulf 'twixt them and

For she is blithe and she is gay. For she is

me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal la la la

blithe and gay, For she is blithe and gay.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mis - er - ie!

Ah, mis - er - ie!

f a tempo
ANG. Ah, Patience, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! *(All sigh.)*

PA. But the truly happy always seem to have so much on their minds. The truly happy never seem quite well.

JANE. There is a transcendentality of delirium – an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy – which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is not indigestion – it is aesthetic transfiguration! *(To the others.)* Enough of babble. Come!

PA. But stay, I have some news for you. The 35th Dragoon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

ANG. The 35th Dragoon Guards!

SAPH. They are fleshly men, of full habit!

ELLA. We care nothing for Dragoon Guards!

PA. But, bless me, you were all engaged to them a year ago!

SAPH. A year ago!

ANG. My poor child, you don’t understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our perceptions exalted. *(To others.)* Come, it is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door.

*(The Maidens go off, two and two, into the Castle, singing refrain of ‘Twenty love-sick maidens we’, and accompanying themselves on harps and mandolins.)*

PATIENCE watches them in surprise, as she climbs the rock by which she entered.)
No. 2a: CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT.)

Twenty love-sick maidens we,

Love-sick all against our will.

Twenty years hence we shall be

Twenty love-sick maidens still.

Ah, misery!
No. 3: SOLO (Colonel and Chorus of Dragoons)

(March. Enter Officers of Dragoon Guards, led by MAJOR.)

CHORUS TENORS

The soldiers of our Queen Are linked in friendly tether, Up-

BASSES

The soldiers of our Queen Are linked in friendly tether, Up-

Allegro marziale \( \text{J} = 108 \).
on the battle scene They fight the foe together. There every mother's son... Present...
pared to fight and fall is; The enemy of one The enemy of all is! The
pared to fight and fall is; The enemy of one The enemy of all is! The
enemy of one The enemy of all is!
Allegro \( \text{\textit{\textunderscore \text{-} \textunderscore \text{-} \text{-}\text{\textunderscore \textunderscore \textunderscore 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Take all the remarkable

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

people in history, Rattle them off to a popular tune

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory—Genius of Bismarck determined
want a receipt for this soldier-like paradigm, Get at the wealth of the

vising a plan—The humour of Fielding, (which sounds contradictory)—
Czar (if you can)—The family pride of a Spaniard from Arragon—

Coolness of Page about to trepan—The science of Julien, the
Force of Mephisto pronouncing a ban—A smack of Lord Waterford,

eminent musician—Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne—The
reckless and rollicky—Swag of Rodrick, headling his clan—The
pathos of Pad-dy, as rendered by Bou-ci-cault—Style of the Bish-op of
keen pen-e-tra-tion of Pad-ding-ton Pol-la-ky—Grace of an O-da-lisque

So-dor and Man—The dash of a D’Or-say, di-vested of quack-e-ry—
on a di-van—The ge-nius stra-te-gie of Caes-ar or Han-i-bal

Nar-ra-tive pow-ers of Dick-ens and Thack-er-ay— Vic-tor Em-man-u-el—
Skill of Sir Gar-net in thrash-ing a can-ni-bal—Fla-vour of Ham-let, the

peak-haunt-ing Pe-ve-ril—Tho-mas A-qui-nas, and Doc-tor Sa-che-ve-reil—
Strang-er, a touch of him—Lat-tle of Man-fred (but not ve-ry much of him)
Tupper and Tennyson — Daniel Defoe — Anthony Trollope and Beadle of Burlington Richardson’s show — Mister Micawber and
cres — cendo

104

Mister Guizot!
Madame Tussaud!

Ah!

CHORUS

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

108

Take of these elements all that is fusible,

yes, yes! A Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon, a
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible, Set them to simmer and take off the scum

Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon, A Heavy Dragoon a Heavy Dragoon

And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

is the residuum!

COLONEL

1. If you

2. If you
COL. Well, here we are once more on the scene of our former triumphs. But where’s the Duke?

(Enter DUKE. listlessly, and in low spirits.)

DUKE. Here I am! (Sighs.)

COL. Come, cheer up, don’t give way!

DUKE. Oh, for that, I’m as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a duke, with a thousand a day!

MAJ. Humph! Most men would envy you!

DUKE. Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of toffee?

MAJ. Very!

COL. We are all fond of toffee.

ALL. We are!

DUKE. Yes, and toffee in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on toffee — toffee for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea to have it supposed that you care for nothing but toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you — how would you like that?

COL. I can quite believe that, under those circumstances, even toffee would become monotonous.

DUKE. For ‘toffee’ read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great Heavens, what is there to adulate in me! Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

COL. You’re about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

ALL. You are!

DUKE. Exactly! That’s it exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much! Well, I couldn’t stand it any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the Army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.

COL. (looking off). Yes, and here are the ladies!

DUKE. But who is the gentleman with the long hair?

COL. I don’t know.

DUKE. He seems popular!

COL. He does seem popular!

(BUNTHORNE enters, followed by Maidens, two and turn, singing and playing on harps as before. He is composing a poem, and quite absorbed. He sees no one, but walks across the stage, followed by Maidens. They take no notice of Dragoons — to the surprise and indignation of those Officers.)
No. 4: CHORUS, with SOLOS (Angela, Saphir & Bunthorne)

Allegretto amoroso \( \approx 66 \)

ELLA with SOP.
CHORUS ANG. & SAPH. with CONT.

In a doleful train Two and two we walk all day—For we love in vain! None so sorrowful as they

Who can only sigh and say, Woe is me a-
CHORUS of DRAGOONS

Now is not this ridiculous and is not this preposterous? A

thorough-paced absurdity explain it if you can. Instead of rushing eagerly to

cherish us and foster us, they all prefer this melancholy literary man. In-
stead of slyly peer ing at us, Cast-ing looks en dear ing at us, Blush ing at us, flushing at us-

flirt ing with a fan; They're ac tu al ly sneering at us; fleering at us, jeering at us

Pret ty sort of treatment for a mi li ta ry man! They're ac tu al ly sneering at us,

fleering at us, jeering at us! Pret ty sort of treatment for a mi li ta ry man!

dim. rall.
Andantino \(\text{\textbar} 66\)

**ANGELA**

Mystic poet hear our prayer——

Twenty love-sick maidens

Young and wealthy, dark and fair——

All of country family.

And we die for love of thee——

**CHORUS of MAIDENS**

Twenty love-sick maidens we!

Yes, we die for love of thee——

N.B. The crotchets in this movement are equal to the minims in the preceding one.
E BUNTHORNE (aside – slyly)

Twenty love-sick maidens we!

Though my

Allegretto come I \( \text{d} = 66 \)

book I seem to scan In a rapt ecstatic way, Like a literary

p stacc.

man Who despises female clay, I hear plainly all they say, Twenty

CHORUS of DRAGOONS (to each other)

love-sick maidens they! He hears plainly all they say, Twenty love-sick maidens
Andantino  \( \frac{\text{4}}{\text{4}} = 66 \)  

SAPHIR

Though so excellently wise,

For a moment mortal be.  Deign to raise thy purple eyes

From thy heart-drawn poetry.

Twenty love-sick maidens see—

Each is kneeling on her knee!

CHORUS of MAIDENS
Each is kneeling on her knee!

Though my

I remarked before. Anyone convinced would be That some transcendental

p stacc.

lore is monopolizing me. Round the corner I can see Each is

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

kneeling on her knee! Round the corner he can see Each is kneeling on her

knee! Now is not this ridiculous and is not this preposterous? A thorough-paced ab-
In a sur-dity, ri-di-culous pre-pos-terous! Explain it if you can.

Now dole-ful train Two and two we walk all

is not his ri-di-culous, and is not this pre-pos-te-rous? A thorough-paced ab-sur-di-ty, ex-

day For we love in vain! None so

plain it if you can. In-stead of rush-ing ea-ger-ly to che-rish us and fos-ter us, They
sorrowful as they Who can

all prefer this melancholy literary man. Instead of slyly peering at us,

only sigh and say,

 Casting looks endearing at us, Blushing at us, flushing at us—flirting with a fan; They're

Woe is me, a lack a

actually sneering at us, fleering at us, jeering at us! Pretty sort of treatment for a
Woe is me a-military man! They're actually sneering at us, fleering at us, jeering at us!

lack-a-day! Twenty love-sick

Pretty sort of treatment for a military man! Now is not this ridiculous, and

maidens we— And we

is not this preposterous? They all prefer this melancholy literary man. Now
die for love of thee!

is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? They all prefer this melancholy literary man. Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this pre-

thee!

posterous?
COL. Angela! what is the meaning of this?
ANG. Oh, sir, leave us; our minds are but ill-tuned to light love-talk.
MAJ. But what in the world has come over you all?
JANE. Bunthorne! He has come over us. He has come among us, and he has idealized us.
DUKE. Has he succeeded in idealizing you?
JANE. He has!
DUKE. Good old Bunthorne!
JANE. My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling!

(During this Bunthorne is seen in all the agonies of composition. The Maidens are watching him intently as he writhes. At last he hits on the word he wants and writes it down. A general sense of relief.)

BUN. Finished! At last! Finished!

(He staggers, overcome-with the mental strain, into arms of Colonel.)

Col. Are you better now?
BUN. Yes – oh, it’s you – I am better now. The poem is finished, and my soul had gone out into it. That was all. It was nothing worth mentioning, it occurs three times a day. (Sees Patience, who has entered during this scene.) Ah, Patience! Dear Patience! (Holds her hand; she seem frightened.)
ANG. Will it please you read it to us, sir?
SAPH. This we supplicate. (All kneel.)
BUN. Shall I?
ALL THE DRAGOONS. No!
BUN. (annoyed — to Patience). I will read it if you bid me!
PA. (much frightened). You can if you like!
BUN. It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing; yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called, ‘Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!’
PA. Is it a hunting song?
BUN. A hunting song? No, it is not a hunting song. It is the wail of the poet’s heart on discovering that everything is commonplace. To understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies. (They do so as he recites) —

‘OH, HOLLOW! HOLLOW! HOLLOW!’

What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That all can be set right with calomel?

When from the poet’s plinth
The amorous colocynth
Yearns for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,
How can he hymn their throes
Knowing, as well he knows,
That they are only uncompounded pills?
Is it, and can it be,
Nature hath this decree,
    Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell?
Or that in all her works
Something poetic lurks,
    Even in colocynth and calomel?
    I cannot tell.

(Exit BUNTHORNE.)

ANG. How purely fragrant!
SAPH. How earnestly precious!
PA. Well, it seems to me to be nonsense.
SAPH. Nonsense, yes, perhaps — but oh, what precious nonsense!
COL. This is all very well, but you seem to forget that you are engaged
to us.
SAPH. It can never be. You are not Empyrean. You are not Della
Cruscan. You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English ere it is too
late! (Officers look at each other in astonishment.)
JANE (looking at uniform). Red and Yellow! Primary colours! Oh,
South Kensington!
DUKE. We didn’t design our uniforms, but we don’t see how they
could be improved.
JANE. No, you wouldn’t. Still, there is a cobwebby grey velvet, with a
tender bloom like cold gravy, which, made Florentine fourteenth-century,
trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar lace, and surmounted with
something Japanese — it matters not what — would at least be Early
English! Come, maidens.

(Exeunt Maidens, two and two, singing refrain of ‘Twenty love-sick maidens
we’. The Officers watch them off in astonishment.)
No. 4a: CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT.)

CHORUS

Twenty love-sick maidens we,

Love-sick all against our will. Twenty years hence

we shall be Twenty love-sick maidens still.

Ah, mis—erie!
DUKE. Gentlemen, this is an insult to the British uniform —
COL. A uniform that has been as successful in the courts of Venus as on
the field of Mars!

**No. 5: SONG (Colonel)**

*Allegro marziale* \( \frac{j}{\text{=} 108} \)

**COLONEL.**

1. When I first put this uniform said, when I first put it on, I said, as I looked in the glass,
   "It is plain to the veriest dunce, That every beauty will feel it her duty To yield to its glamour at once"
lace has a charm for the fair, And I've plenty of that, and to see that I'm freely gold-laced, In a uniform handsome and spare, While a lover's professions, When uttered in Hessian, Are chaste, But the peripatetics Of long-haired aesthetics Are eloquent everywhere! A fact that I counted up—very much more to their taste—Which I never counted up—
on, When I first put this uniform on! on, When I first put this uniform on! CHORUS
[The Dragoons go off angrily.]
Enter BUNTHORNE, who changes his manner and becomes intensely melodramatic.

No. 6: RECITATIVE & SONG (Bunthorne)
Is but a mere veneer!

This cynic

Is but a wile of guile!

This costume

Is but good taste mis-placed!

Let me confess!

A languid love for lilies does not blight me!
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do not delight me! I do not care for dirty greens By any means I do not long for all one sees That's Japanese. I am not fond of uttering platitudes In stained-glass attitudes.

In short, my mediævalism's affection. Born of a morbid love of admiration!

Allegretto grazioso $\frac{\d}{\d} = 72$

1. If you're
anxious for to shine, in the high aesthetic line, as a man of culture.

rare, You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them every-

where. You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind, The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And everyone will say, As you walk your mystic
way, "If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

eloquent in praise of the very dull old days—which have long since passed away.

way, And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was culture's palmiest
day. Of course you will pooh-pooh what ever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude and mean. For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.

And everyone will say, As you walk your mystic way, "If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me, Why what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must
56

112

3. Then a

117

sentimental passion, of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid

p stacc.

120

spleen, An attachment à la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French

124

bean! Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high aesthetic

C3

128

band, If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval
hand. And everyone will say, As you walk your flowery

way,  "If... he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit

me, Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must

be!"
At the end of his song Patience enters. He sees her.

BUN. Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. Are you?
PA. No, thanks, I have dined; but – I beg your pardon – I interrupt you.
BUN. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don’t go.
PA. Really, I’m very sorry –
BUN. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?
PA. (misunderstanding him). I earn my living.
BUN. (impatiently). No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face, daily, with the Multiplication Table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans and to find puddles? – to long for whirlwinds and yet to have to do the best you can with the bellows? That’s my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don’t go.
PA. If you please, I don’t understand you – you frighten me!
BUN. Don’t be frightened – it’s only poetry.
PA. Well, if that’s poetry, I don’t like poetry.
BUN. (eagerly). Don’t you? (Aside.) Can I trust her? (Aloud.) Patience, you don’t like poetry – well, between you and me, I don’t like poetry. It’s hollow, unsubstantial – unsatisfactory. What’s the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can’t get ’em, and would only let ’em out on building leases if you had ’em?
PA. Sir, I —
BUN. Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as bilious as I look. If you like, I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Bea good girl – a very good girl – and one day you shall. If you are fond of touch-and-go jocularity – this is the shop for it.
PA. Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught. I have never loved but my great-aunt. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn’t possibly love you.
BUN. Oh, you think not?
PA. I’m quite sure of it. Quite sure. Quite.
BUN. Very good. Life is henceforth a blank I don’t care what becomes of me. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though you despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young ladies.
PA. I only ask that you will leave me and never renew the subject.
BUN. Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. (Recites.)
‘Oh, to be wafted away
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!’

It is a little thing of my own. I call it ‘Heart Foam’. I shall not publish it. Farewell! Patience, Patience, farewell!

(Exit Bunthorne.)
PA. What on earth does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? He’s not a relation! It frightens me!

(Enter Angela.)

ANG. Why, Patience, what is the matter?
PA. Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?
ANG. Poor blind child! Oh, forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement! It is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!
PA. Oh, dear, oh! (Beginning to cry.)
ANG. Why are you crying?
PA. To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn’t it?
ANG. Absolutely! Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh, try, try to love! It really isn’t difficult if you give your whole mind to it.
PA. I’ll set about it at once. I won’t go to bed until I’m head over ears in love with somebody.
ANG. Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?
PA. Yes, one.
ANG. Ah! Whom?
PA. My great-aunt —
ANG. Great-aunts don’t count.
PA. Then there’s nobody. At least – no, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But that doesn’t count, I suppose.
ANG. I don’t know. Tell me about it.
No. 7: DUET (Patience and Angela)

Allegretto moderato \( \frac{\dot{1}}{= 108} \)

PATIENCE

Long years ago—

fourteen, maybe—When but a tiny babe of four,

other baby played with me, My elder by a year or

more. A little child of beauty rare, With marvellous eyes and wondrous hair.
Who, in my child-eyes, seemed to me All that a lit-tle child should be!

Ah, how we loved, that

child and I, How pure our ba-by joy! How true our love –

and, by the bye, He was a lit-tle boy!

AHLEA

Ah,
old, old tale of Cupid's touch! I thought as much — I

Pray

thought as much! He was a little boy!

don't misconstrue what I say — Remember pray —

member pray, He was a little boy!

No doubt! Yet spite of all your pains, The
in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains He was a lit - tle boy! Ah,

yes, in spite of all my pains, The in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

(Exit ANGELA.)
PA. It’s perfectly dreadful to think of the appalling state I must be in! I had no idea that love was a duty. No wonder they all look so unhappy! Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself. I don’t think I’m respectable. I’ll go at once and fall in love with – (Enter Grosvenor.) A stranger!

No. 8: DUET (Patience and Grosvenor)
(Hey, but he's doleful, willow willow waly!) No-body I care for comes a-courting me—

Hey willow waly O! No-body I care for Comes a-courting—therefore, I may say, at once, I'm a man of proper—

Pri-thee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?

Hey willow waly O! Money, I despise it;
Many people prize it. Hey, willow, willow, O! Gentle sir, although to

March I design—(Hey, but he's hopeful, willow, willow, willow, O!)

yet I do not know you, and so I must decline. Hey, willow, willow, O! To

other maidens go you—As yet I do not know you, Hey, willow, willow, O!
GROS. Patience! Can it be that you don’t recognize me?
PA. Recognize you? No, indeed I don’t!
GROS. Have fifteen years so greatly changed me?
PA. Fifteen years? What do you mean?
GROS. Have you forgotten the friend of your youth, your Archibald? – your little playfellow? Oh, Chronos, Chronos, this is too bad of you!
PA. Archibald! Is it possible? Why, let me look! It is! It is! It must be! Oh, how happy I am! I thought we should never meet again! And how you’ve grown!
GROS. Yes, Patience, I am much taller and much stouter than I was.
PA. And how you’ve improved!
GROS. Yes, Patience, I am very beautiful! (Sighs.)
PA. But surely that doesn’t make you unhappy?
GROS. Yes, Patience. Gifted as I am with a beauty which probably has not its rival on earth, I am, nevertheless, utterly and completely miserable.
PA. Oh – but why?
GROS. My child-love for you has never faded. Conceive, then, the horror of my situation when I tell you that it is my hideous destiny to be madly loved at first sight by every woman I come across!
PA. But why do you make yourself so picturesque? Why not disguise yourself, disfigure yourself, anything to escape this persecution?
GROS. No, Patience, that may not be. These gifts – irksome as they are – were given to me for the enjoyment and delectation of my fellow-creatures. I am a trustee for Beauty, and it is my duty to see that the conditions of my trust are faithfully discharged.
PA. And you, too, are a Poet?
GROS. Yes, I am the Apostle of Simplicity. I am called ‘Archibald the All-Right’ – for I am infallible!
PA. And is it possible that you condescend to love such a girl as I?
GROS. Yes, Patience, is it not strange? I have loved you with a Florentine fourteenth-century frenzy for full fifteen years!
PA. Oh, marvellous! I have hitherto been deaf to the voice of love. I seem now to know what love is! It has been revealed to me – it is Archibald Grosvenor!
GROS. Yes, Patience, it is!
PA. (as in a trance). We will never, never part!
GROS. We will live and die together!
PA. I swear it!
GROS. We both swear it!
PA. (recoiling from him). But – oh, horror!
GROS. What’s the matter?
PA. Why, you are perfection! A source of endless ecstasy to all who know you!
GROS. I know I am. Well?
PA. Then, bless my heart, there can be nothing unselfish in loving you!
GROS. Merciful powers! I never thought of that!
PA. To monopolize those features on which all women love to linger! It would be unpardonable!
GROS. Why, so it would! Oh, fatal perfection, again you interpose between me and my happiness!
PA. Oh, if you were but a thought less beautiful than you are!
GROS. Would that I were; but candour compels me to admit that I’m not!
PA. Our duty is clear; we must part, and for ever!
GROS. Oh misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your
decision. Farewell, Patience!
PA. Farewell, Archibald! But stay!
GROS. Yes, Patience?
PA. Although I may not love you – for you are perfection – there is
nothing to prevent your loving me. I am plain, homely, unattractive!
GROS. Why, that’s true!
PA. The love of such a man as you for such a girl as I must be unselfish!
GROS. Unselfishness itself!
No 8a: DUET (Patience and Grosvenor)

Allegretto

PATIENCE

GROSVENOR

Though to marry you would very selfish be-

You may, all the same, con-

Hey, but I'm doleful - willow willow waly!

(Hey, willow waly O!) All the world ignor-ing,

All the world ignor-ing,

You'll go on adoring - Hey willow waly O!

I'll go on adoring - Hey willow waly O!

(At the end, exequi desparingly, in opposite directions.)
(Enter BUNTHORNE, crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. He is led by ANGELA and SAPHIR, each of whom holds an end of the rose-garland by which he is bound, and accompanied by a procession of Maidens. They are dancing classically, and playing on cymbals, double pipes, and other archaic instruments.)

No. 9: FINALE—ACT I
Let the merry cymbals sound, Gaily pipe Pandean pleasure, With a Daphne-choric bound, Tread a gay but classic measure, Tread a gay but classic measure.
Fickle Fortune will decide Who shall be our Bunthorne's bride!

Every heart with hope is beating.

For at this exciting meeting Fickle Fortune will decide Who shall be our Bunthorne's bride!

Let the merry cymbals
tell us, we pray you, Why thus they array you—Oh, poet, how say you—What is it you've done? Now tell us, we pray you, Why thus they array you—Oh, poet, how say you—What is it you've done? Oh, poet, how say you—What is it you've done? 8 Of rite sacrificial, By sentence judicial, This is it you've done? 8 Seems the initial, Then why don't you run? 8 They cannot have led you to
hang or be-head you, Nor may they all wed you, Un-fort-u-nate one! Then
tell us, we pray you, Why thus they ar-ray you—Oh, po-et, how say you—What
is it you've done? Heart-bro-ken at my Pa-tien-ce's bar-ba-ry
By the ad-vice of my so-li-ci-tor, In aid—in aid
of a de-serving char-i-ty, I've put my-self up to be raf-fled for!
98 G CHORUS of MAIDENS

By the advice of his solicitor, He's put himself up to be raffled for!

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

Oh,

102

horror! urged by his solicitor, He's put himself up to be raffled for!

Oh,

106

heaven's blessing on his solicitor!

Oh,

A hideous curse on his solicitor!
110

heaven's blessing on his solicitor!

A hideous curse on his solicitor!

114

A blessing on his solicitor!

A curse, a curse on his solicitor!

118

Allegro \( \frac{1}{1} \) 108

Stay, we implore you, Before our hopes are blighted; You

122

see, before you The men to whom you're plighted!
136

Stay, we implore you, For we adore you; To

Basses

Stay, we implore you, For we adore you; To

us you're plight ed To be united

us you're plight ed To be united

cre scen do

134

Stay, we implore, we implore you!

Stay, we implore, we implore you!
Andante con tenerezza \( \frac{\text{\textdagger}}{\text{\textasteriskcentered}} = 60 \)

DUKE

Your maiden hearts, ah, do not steal To pity's eloquent ap-

(aside to Dragoons)

peal, Such conduct British soldiers feel. Sigh, sigh, all sigh! To

foeman's steel we rarely see A British soldier bend the knee, Yet,

(aside to Dragoons)

one and all, they kneel to ye- Kneel, kneel, all kneel! Our soldiers very

(They all kneel.)
seldom cry, And yet— I need not tell you why A tear-drop dews each martial eye!

(aside to Dragoons)

Weep, weep, all weep! (They all weep.)

CHORUS of MAIDENS cresc.

Our sol-diers ve-ry sel-dom cry. And

CHORUS of DRAGOONS cresc.

We sol-diers ve-ry sel-dom cry. And

A tear-drop dews each martial eye!

yet—they need not tell us why—

yet— we need not tell you why— A tear dews each eye!
Weep, weep, all weep!

Come, walk up, and purchase with avidity. Overcome your diffidence and

natural timidity. Tickets for the raffle should be purchased with rapidity.

Put in half a guinea and a husband you may gain. Such a judge of blue-and-white and
Other kinds of pottery—From early Oriental down to modern terracotta—

Put in half a guinea—You may draw him in a lottery—Such an opportunity may not occur again.

**CHORUS of MAIDENS (unison)**

Such a judge of blue-and-white and other kinds of pottery—From early Oriental down to modern terracotta—Put in half a guinea—you may
draw him in a lottery—Such an opportunity may not occur again.

(Maidens crowd up to purchase tickets; during this Dragoons
dance in single file round stage, to express their indifference.)

Vivace \( \frac{\text{dotted}}{\text{dotted}} \) \( \frac{\text{dotted}}{\text{dotted}} \) CHORUS of DRAGOONS \( \text{unison} \) \( \text{unison} \)

We've been thrown over, we're aware, But

don't care—but we don't care! There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it, As

good as ever came out of it, And
some day we shall get our share,

we don't care — so we don't care!

(During this the Maidens have been buying tickets. At last Jane presents herself. Bunthorne looks at her with aversion.)

And are you going a ticket for to buy? Most certainly I am;

why should'n't I? Oh, Fortune, this is hard! Blind-fold your eyes:

A tempo moderato

BUNTHORNE (aside)  JANE (surprised)
Two minutes will decide who wins the prize!
(Maidens blindfold themselves.)

CHORUS of MAIDENS (unison)

Oh, Fortune.

... to my aching heart be kind!
Like us, thou

... art blindfolded, but not blind! (Each uncovers one eye.) Just raise your bandage,

thus, that you may see, And give the prize, and give the
prize to me! (They cover their eyes again.)

COME, Lady Jane, I pray you draw the

first! He loves me best! I want to know the worst!

(Jane puts her hand in bag to draw ticket. Patience enters and prevents her doing so.)

PATIENCE (recit.)

Hold! Stay your hand!
(Uncovering their eyes.)

CHORUS of MAIDENS

What means this inter-ference? Of

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

What means this inter-ference? Of

JANE

this bold girl I pray you make a clearance!

A-

this bold girl I pray you make a clearance!

way with you, away with you, and to your milk pails

BUNTHORNE (suddenly)

(go! She wants a ticket! Take a dozen!)

PATIENCE (kneeling to Bunthorne)

No! If
there be pardon in your breast For this poor penitent, 

with remorseful thought oprest, Sincerely doth repent.

you, with one so lowly, still desire to be al-

lied, Then you may take me, if you will, For I will be your
Oh, shameless one! Oh, bold-faced thing! Away you
run—Go, take your wing. Ah,

Oh, shameless one, Oh, bold-faced
run—Go, take your wing. Ah,
Go, take your wing, You shameless thing!
Away you run Go, take your wing, You shameless one! You bold-faced thing!

BUNTHORNE

8 How

strong is love! For many and many a week She's loved me

8 fondly and has feared to speak, But Na-

ture, for restraint too
312

migh - ty far, Has burst the bonds of Art And here we

317

PATIENCE (recit.)

are! No, Mis - ter Bunthorne, no - you're wrong a - gain; Per - mit me - I'll en -

321
deavour to ex - plain!

323

PATIENCE

V Andante \( \text{d}=72 \)

True love must sin - gle heart - ed be - From ev - ery sel - fish fan - cy

BUNTHORNE

\( p \)

Andante \( \text{d}=72 \)

Ex - act - ly so!
It follows, then, a maiden who De-

votes herself to loving you Is prompted by no sel-fish view, Is prompted by no sel-fish view! DRAGOONS

Are you resolved to wed this shame-less one? Is there no chance for a ny
other?

**BUNTHORNE (decisively)**

None! (Embraces Patience.)

(Exeunt Patience and Bunthorne. Angela, Saphir and Ella take Colonel, Duke and Major down,
while Maidens gaze fondly at other Officers.)
pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And
never, oh never, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

---

---
Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again! Oh

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again! Oh never, oh

Never, oh never our hearts will range From that old, old love again!
never our hearts, our hearts will range from that old, old love again! Oh never, oh

never our hearts, our hearts will range from that old, old love again! Oh never, oh
Never, oh never, our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never, our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never, our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

Never, oh never, our hearts will range From that old, old love again!

(As the Dragoons and Maidens are embracing, enter Grosvenor, reading. He takes no notice of them, but comes slowly down, still reading. The Maidens are all strangely fascinated by him, and gradually withdraw from the Dragoons.)
But who is this, whose god-like grace Proclaims he comes of noble
race? And who is this, whose manly face Bears sorrow's interesting
trace?

CHORUS (unison)

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Proclaims he comes of noble race?

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Proclaims he comes of noble race?
I am a broken-hearted troubadour, Whose mind's aesthetic and whose
tastes are pure!

Yes, yes — I am aesthetic!

And poetic!

Then we
(The Maidens leave Dragoons and group, kneeling, around Grosvenor.
Fury of Bunthorne, who recognizes a rival.)

432

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

They love him! Hor-ror!

435

PATIENCE & BUNTHORNE

They love him! Hor-ror!

GROSVENOR

They love me!

438

Hor-ror! Hor-ror! Horror!

f cresc. molto
Allegretto agitato $\frac{4}{4}=144$

PATIENCE

List, Reginald while I confess A love that's all unselfishness, That

ELLA

Oh, list while we a love confess That words imperfectly express, Those

SAPPHIR

Oh, list while we a love confess That words imperfectly express, Those

ANGELA & JANE

Oh, list while we a love confess That words imperfectly express, Those

DUKE

My jealously I can't express, Their love they openly confess; His

GROSVENOR

BUNTHORNE

MAJOR & COLONEL

CHORUS

Oh, list while we a love confess That

Oh, list while they a love confess That

Allegretto agitato $\frac{4}{4}=144$
it's unselfish, goodness knows, You won't dispute it I suppose!
shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted love's distracting woes!
shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted love's distracting woes!
shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted love's distracting woes!
shell-like ears, he does not close To their recital of their woes!
Against my cursed
My jealousy I
My jealousy I
words imperfectly express! Yes, those shell-like ears, ah,
words imperfectly express! Yes, his shell-like ears he
come-li-ness Spreads hope-less an-guish and distress, Spreads hope-less an-guish and distress dis-
can't express, Their love they o-pen-ly confess, Their love they o-pen-ly confess, con-
do not close To blight-ed love's dis-tract-ing woes! To blight-ed love's dis-tract-ing woes, its
does not close To their re-ci-tal of their woes! To their re-ci-tal of their woes, their
Ah!

Oh, list while we our love confess
That words imperfect

A - gain my curs - ed come - li-ness
Spreads hope - less an - guish

My jeal - ous - y I can't express,
Their love they o - pen

My jeal - ous - y I can't express,
Their love they o - pen

Oh, list while we a love confess
That words imperfect

Oh, list while we a love confess
That words imperfect

Oh, list while we our love confess
That words imperfect
And I shall love you, I shall love. Your ears... ah, do not

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing

ly express. Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's... dis-tract- ing
109

Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted woes!

Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted woes!

Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted woes!

His shell-like ears he does not close To blighted woes!

My shell-like ears I cannot close To blighted woes!

His shell-like ears he does not close To blighted woes!

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thorough-pac'd ab-

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thorough-pac'd ab-
love's distracting woes! Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted

love's distracting woes! Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted

love's distracting woes! Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close To blighted

love's distracting woes! His shell-like ears he does not close To blighted

love's distracting woes! My shell-like ears I cannot close To blighted

love's distracting woes! His shell-like ears he does not close To blighted

surdity explain it if you can! Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thoropac'd ab-
surdity explain it if you can! Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thoropac'd ab-
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
love's distracting woes! To love's, to love's distracting
sur-di-ty explain it if you can, ex-plain, ex-plain it if you
sur-di-ty explain it if you can, ex-plain, ex-plain it if you
sur-di-ty explain it if you can, ex-plain, ex-plain it if you
sur-di-ty explain it if you can, ex-plain, ex-plain it if you
ACT II

SCENE:— A glade. JANE is discovered leaning on a violoncello, upon which she presently accompanies herself. Chorus of Maidens are heard singing in the distance.

No. 10: CHORUS OF MAIDENS
JANE. The fickle crew have deserted Reginald and sworn allegiance to his rival, and all, forsooth, because he has glanced with passing favour on a puling milkmaid! Fools! Of that fancy he will soon weary – and then I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for my charms are ripe, Reginald, and already they are decaying. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!
Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year,
Sees, one by one, her beauties disappear;

When Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs,
Impatiently begins to "dim her eyes!"

Compelled, at last, in
life's uncertain gloamings, To wreathe her wrinkled brow will well-saved  

"comings." Reduced, with rouge, lip-salve, and pearly grey,  

To "make-up" for lost time as best she may!

Silvered is the raven hair, Spreading is the parting straight,  

Mottled the complexion fair, Halt-ing is the youthful gait, Hol-low is the laughter free,
Scene 1

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Spec-ta-cled the lim-pid eye—Lit-tle will be left of me In the
coming by and bye! Lit-tle will be left of me In the com-
ing by and

bye!

Fad-ing is the ta-per-waist, Shape-less grows the shape-
ly limb, And al-though se-

By
Very laced, spreading is the figure trim! Stouter than I used to be.

Still more corpulent grow I— There will be too much of me in the

Coming by and bye! There will be too much of me in the

Coming by and bye!
(Enter GROSVENOR, followed by Maidens, two and two, each playing on an archaic instrument, as in Act I. He is reading abstractedly, as BUNTORNE did in Act I, and pays no attention to them.)

No. 12: CHORUS OF MAIDENS

Andante $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{66}{\text{bpm}}$

CHORUS of MAIDENS (unison)

Turn, oh turn in this di-

recep-
tion, Shed, oh shed a gen-
tle smile, With a

glance of sad per-
fec-
tion, Our poor faint-ing hearts be-
guile! On such

---

---
He sits — they group round him.

eyes as maidens cherish Let thy fond adorers

p

gaze, or incontinently perish in their

f

all-consuming rays! or incontinently

dim.

perish in their all-consuming rays!

dim.  

(He sits — they group round him.)
GROS. (aside). The old, old tale. How rapturously these maidens love me, and how hopelessly! Oh, Patience, Patience, with the love of thee in my heart, what have I for these poor mad maidens but an unvalued pity? Alas, they will die of hopeless love for me, as I shall die of hopeless love for thee!

ANG. Sir, will it please you read to us?

GROS. (sighing). Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

ANG. One of your own poems.

GROS. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. They will not cure thee of thy love.

ELLA. Mr Bunthorne used to read us a poem of his own every day.

SAPH. And, to do him justice, he read them extremely well.

GROS. Oh, did he so? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a decalet – a pure and simple thing, a very daisy – a babe might understand it. To appreciate it, it is not necessary to think of anything at all.

ANG. Let us think of nothing at all!

GROSVENOR recites.

Gentle Jane was as good as gold,
She always did as she was told;
She never spoke when her mouth was full,
Or caught bluebottles their legs to pull,
Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,
Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,
Or vivisected her last new doll.

And when she grew up she was given in marriage
To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage!

GROS. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

ANG. Not one; it is purity itself.

GROS. Here’s another.

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy,
A great big squirt was his favourite toy;
He put live shrimps in his father’s boots,
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits;
He punched his poor little sisters’ heads,
And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds,
He plastered their hair with cobbler’s wax,
And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.
The consequence was he was lost totally,
And married a girl in the corps de bully!

ANG. Marked you how grandly – how relentlessly the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poisèd hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong-Doer? Oh, it was terrible!

ELLA. Oh, sir, you are indeed a true poet, for you touch our hearts, and they go out to you!

GROS. (aside). This is simply cloying. (Aloud.) Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungallant, but this is Saturday, and you have been following me about ever since Monday. I should like the usual half-holiday. I shall take it as a personal favour if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day.
SAPH. Oh, Sir, do not send us from you!
GROS. Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!
ANG. (wildly) But we don’t know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn.
GROS. Don’t you? Then I will sing it to you.

No. 13: SONG (Grosvenor and Chorus of Maidens)

Allegretto \( \frac{\text{ff}}{\text{f}} \)
felt no whim, Though he charm- ed i-ron, it
charmed not him, From need-les and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd set his love

___ on a Sil-ver Churn!

CHORUS of MAIDENS

A Sil-ver Churn?

Sil-ver Churn! His most aes-thet-ic, Very mag-ne-tic

Fan-cy took this turn__"If I can whee-dle A knife or a need-le,
Why not a Silver Churn?

His most aesthetic, Very magnetic

Fancy took this turn, "If I can wheedle a knife or a needle, Why not a Silver Churn?"

Grosvenor

And iron and steel expected surprise, The needler opened their well-drilled eyes, The pen-knives felt "shut up," no doubt, The scissors declared themselves "cut out;"

The
ket-tles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,
While ev-ery nail went off its head, And hi-ther and thither be-gan to roam, Till a
ham-mer came up and drove them home.

CHORUS
It drove them home?

scen-do

(GROS.)
It drove them home!
While this mag-ne-tic,

Per-i-pa-te-tic Lor-ver he lived to learn, By no en-deavour Can
They go off in low spirits, gazing back at him from time to time.
GROS. At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests!

(PATIENCE appears.)

PA. Archibald!
GROS. (turns and sees her). Patience!
PA. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?
GROS. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime – (Seizes her hand.)
PA. (indignantly). Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (He releases her.) If you are gentleman, pray remember that I am another’s! (Very tenderly.) But you do love me, don’t you?
GROS. Madly, hopelessly, despairingly.
PA. That’s right! I never can be yours; but that’s right!
GROS. And you love this Bunthorne?
PA. With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings! (Sadly.) It is my duty.
GROS. Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?
PA. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!
GROS. That’s right! I never can be yours; but that’s right!
PA. But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald, I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.
GROS. Ah, if I only dared — (Advances towards her.)
PA. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! (Tenderly.) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is so unkind to me, and you would be so loving!
GROS. Loving! (Advances towards her.)
PA. Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! (Tenderly.) Farewell, Archibald! (Sternly.) Stop there! (Tenderly.) Think of me sometimes! (Angrily.) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

(GROSVENOR sighs, gazes sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and exits. She bursts into tears.)

(Enter BUNTHORNE, followed by JANE. He is moody and preoccupied.)

JANE sings.

In a doleful train,
One and one I walk all day,
For I love in vain –
None so sorrowful as they
Who can only sigh and say,
Woe is me, alackaday!
Woe is me, alackaday, and woe!

BUN. (seeing PATIENCE). Crying, eh? What are you crying about?
PA. I’ve only been thinking how dearly I love you!
BUN. Love me! Bah!
JANE. Love him! Bah!
BUN. (to JANE). Don’t you interfere.
JANE. He always crushes me!
PA. (going to him). What is the matter, dear Reginald? If you have an
sorrow, tell it to me, that I may share it with you. (Sighing.) It is my duty!
BUN. (snappishly). Whom were you talking with just now?
PA. With dear Archibald.
BUN. (furiously). With-dear Archibald! Upon my honour, this is too much!
JANE. A great deal too much!
BUN. (angrily to JANE). Do be quiet!
JANE. Crushed again!
PA. I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever
met. But I don’t love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but
indeed I don’t love him. Whenever he grows affectionate, I scream. It is my
duty! (Sighing.)
BUN. I dare say!
JANE. So do I! I dare say!
PA. Why, how could I love him and love you too? You can’t love two
people at once!
BUN. Oh, can’t you, though!
PA. No, you can’t; I only wish you could.
BUN. I don’t believe you know what love is!
PA. (sighing). Yes, I do. There was a happy time when I didn’t, but a bitter
experience has taught me.

(Exeunt BUNTHORNE and JANE.)
No. 14: SONG (Patience)

Allegretto \( \frac{\text{L.} = 66}{\text{L.}} \)  

PATIENCE.

1. Love is a plaintive song,  
   Sung by a suffering maid,
   Tell-ing a tale of wrong,
   Yielding your own self-will,
   Tuned to each changing note,
   Never a selfish whim,
   Mote, Mercy when he is glad!
   Mercy when he is glad!

2. Render-ing good for ill,
   Smiling at every frown,
   Yielding of hope betrayed;
   Laughing your tear-drops down,
   Trouble or pain to stir;
   Blind to his every thing for him,
   Nothing at all for her!
   Nothing at all for her!
At the end of ballad exit PATIENCE, weeping.
(Enter BUNTHORNE and JANE.)

BUN. Everything has gone wrong with me since that smug-faced idiot came here. Before that I was admired – I may say, loved.

JANE. Too mild – adored!

BUN. Do let a poet soliloquize! The damozels used to follow me wherever I went, now they all follow him!

JANE. Not all! I am still faithful to you.

BUN. Yes, and a pretty damozel you are!

JANE. No, not pretty. Massive. Cheer up! I will never leave you, I swear it!

BUN. Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it’s his confounded mildness. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And no doubt I am highly spiced.

JANE. Not for my taste!

BUN. (savagely). No, but I am for theirs. But I will show the world I can be as mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I’ll meet this fellow on his own ground and beat him on it.

JANE. You shall. And I will help you.

BUN. You will? Jane, there’s a good deal of good in you, after all!
No. 15: DUET (Jane and Bunthorne)

Allegro vivace \( \frac{3}{4} = 126 \)

JANE

So go to him and say to him, with complimenti-

BUNTHORNE

ronical

Sing "Hey to you—Good day to you"—And that's what I shall say!

style is much too sanctified—your cut is too canonical—

Sing "Bah to you Ha!"
"I was the beau i - de - al of the ha! to you"—And that's what I shall say!

mor - bid young aes - the - ti - cal—To doubt my in - spi - ra - tion was re - gard - ed as he-

re - ti - cal—Un - til you cut me out with your pla - ci - di - ty e - me - ti - cal"

Sing
"Booh to you, Pooh, pooh to you"—And that's what I shall say! Sing "Booh to you"—Pooh

Sing "Hey to you, good-pooh to you"—And that's what I shall say! "Hey,

day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing "Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you"—And

Good day, Bah, ha!
that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you, good-day to you"—Sing "Bah to you"—ha!

ha! Booh, pooh, pooh,

ha! to you," Sing "Booh to you"—And that's what you should say! "Bah, bah, bah."

booh,"

And that's what you should say!

And that's what I shall say!

I'll tell him that unless he will consent to be more
Say "Booh to you—Pooh, pooh to you"—And that's what you should say!

To

cut his cur-ly hair and stick an eye-glass in his oc- u-lar—

Sing "Bah to you—Ha!

To stuff his con-ver-sa-tion full of

ha! to you"—And that's what you should say!
quibble and of quididity—To dine on chops and roly-poly pudding with a

Sing

vindicty He'd better clear away with all convenient rapidity.

"Hey to you, Good day to you"—And that's what you should say!

Sing "Boo to you"—Pooh
Sing "Hey to you, good-

pooh to you"—And that's what I shall say!

"Hey

day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing "Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you"—And

Good day, Bah, ha!

that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you, good-day to you"—Sing "Bah to you"—ha!

ha! Booh, pooh, pooh,
[Exeunt Jane and Bunthorne together.]
Enter Duke, Colonel and Major. They have abandoned their uniforms, and are dressed and made up in imitation of Aesthetics. They have long hair, and other outward signs of attachment to the brotherhood. As they sing they walk in stiff, constrained and angular attitudes – a grotesque exaggeration of the attitudes adopted by Bunthorne and the Maidens in Act I.)

No. 16: TRIO (Duke, Major and Colonel)
If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You

If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You

If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You

can't get high Aes-the-tic tastes like trou-sers, rea-dy made. True views on Medi-
angular and flat. (attitude) To cultivate the trim, Rigidity of
angular and flat. (attitude) To cultivate the trim, Rigidity of
angular and flat. (attitude) To cultivate the trim, Rigidity of
limb, You ought to get a Marionette, and form your style on him. (attitude)
limb, You ought to get a Marionette, and form your style on him. (attitude)
limb, You ought to get a Marionette, and form your style on him. (attitude)
sempre
COL. *(attitude).* Yes, it’s quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as aesthetic as they are.

MAJ. *(attitude).* No doubt. The only question is how far we’ve succeeded in doing so. I don’t know why, but I’ve an idea that this is not quite right.

DUKE. *(attitude).* I don’t like it. I never did. I don’t see what it means. I do it, but I don’t like it.

COL. My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understand these things – we don’t. Now I shouldn’t be surprised if this is effective enough – at a distance.

MAJ. I can’t help thinking we’re a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be ‘struck’ so!

COL. I don’t think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we’re a little awkward at first – but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! ’Tention!

*(They strike fresh attitudes, as ANGELA and SAPHIR enter.)*

ANG. *(seeing them).* Oh, Saphir – see – see! The immortal fire has descended on them, and they are of the Inner Brotherhood – perceptively intense and consummately utter. *(The Officers have some difficulty in maintaining their constrained attitudes.)*

SAPH. *(in admiration).* How Botticellian! How Fra Angelican! Oh, Art, we thank thee for this boon!

COL. *(apologetically).* I’m afraid we’re not quite right.

ANG. Not supremely, perhaps, but oh, so all-but! *(To SAPHIR.)* Oh, Saphir, are they not quite too all-but?

SAPH. They are indeed jolly utter!

MAJ. *(in agony).* I wonder what the Inner Brotherhood usually recommend for cramp?

COL. Ladies, we will not deceive you. We are doing this at some personal inconvenience with a view of expressing the extremity of our devotion to you. We trust that it is not without its effect.

ANG. We will not deny that we are much moved by this proof of your attachment.

SAPH. Yes, your conversion to the principles of Aesthetic Art in its highest development has touched us deeply.

ANG. And if Mr. Grosvenor should remain obdurate –

SAPH. Which we have every reason to believe he will –

MAJ. *(aside, in agony).* I wish they’d make haste.

ANG. We are not prepared to say that our yearning hearts will not go out to you.

COL. *(as giving a word of command).* By sections of threes – Rapture! *(All strike a fresh attitude, expressive of aesthetic rapture.)*

SAPH. Oh, it’s extremely good – for beginners it’s admirable.

MAJ. The only question is, who will take who?

COL. Oh, the Duke chooses first, as a matter of course.

DUKE. Oh, I couldn’t think of it – you are really too good!

COL. Nothing of the kind. You are a great matrimonial fish, and it’s only fair that each of these ladies should have a chance of hooking you.
No. 17: QUINTET (Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major and Colonel)

Allegretto \( \frac{\text{j}}{\text{= 112}} \)

DUKE (taking Saphir)

If Saphir I choose to marry, I shall be fixed up for life; Then the Colonel need not

Angela to Colonel.)

In that case unprecedented, Single
I shall live and die I shall have to be contented With their heartfelt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heartfelt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heartfelt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With their heartfelt sympathy!

(Duke dances with Saphir, Colonel with Angela, Major dances alone.)
In that case unpre-

cedent-
ed, Sin-
gle he will live and die.
He will have to be con-
tented With our

dent-
ed, Sin-
gle I shall live and die.
I shall have to be con-
tented With their

dent-
ed, Sin-
gle he will live and die.
He will have to be con-
tented With our

dent-
ed, Sin-
gle he will live and die.
He will have to be con-
tented With our
DUKE (taking Angela)

If on Angry I determine, At my wedding she'll appear
Decked in diamond and ermine, Major then can take Saphir! (Handing Saphir to Major.)

COLONEL (Dancing alone.)

In that case unprecedented, Single
I shall live and die I shall have to be contented With their heart-felt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

(Duke dances with Angela, Major with Saphir, Colonel dances alone.)
DUKE (taking both Angela and Saphir)

After some debate in-

ternal. If on nei-
ther I decide, Sa-
phir then can take the

(Handing Saphir to Colonel.)

Colonel, An-
gy be the Ma-
jor's bride! In that case un-
precedented, Sing-

(Handing Angela to Major.)

rall.

I must live and die— I shall have to be con-
tented With their heart-
felt sym-

colla voce

pa.
SAPHIR  \( p \) a tempo

ANGELA  \( p \)

DUKE  \( p \)

MAJOR  \( p \)

COLOMEL  \( p \) a tempo

(Colonel dances with Saphir, Major with Angela, Duke dances alone.)

In that case unprecedented, Single
At the end, DUKE, COLONEL and MAJOR and two girls dance off arm-in-arm.
(Enter Grosvenor.)

GROS. It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at leisure upon those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (Looking at his reflection in hand-mirror.) Ah, I am a very Narcissus!

(Enter Bunthorne, moodily.)

BUN. It’s no use; I can’t live without admiration. Since Grosvenor came here, insipidity has been at a premium. Ah, he is there!

GROS. Ah, Bunthorne! come here – look! Very graceful, isn’t it!

BUN. (taking hand-mirror). Allow me; I haven’t seen it. Yes, it is graceful.

GROS. (re-taking hand-mirror). Oh, good gracious! not that – this –

BUN. You don’t mean that! Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

GROS. And what is amiss?

BUN. Ever since you came here, you have entirely monopolized the attentions of the young ladies. I don’t like it, sir!

GROS. My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr. Bunthorne, with your personal disadvantages, you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being madly loved, at first sight, by every woman you meet.

Bun. Sir, until you came here I was adored!

GROS. Exactly – until I came here. That’s my grievance. I cut everybody out! I assure you, if you could only suggest some means whereby, consistently; with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

BUN. I will do so at once. However popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to me.

GROS. It is? (Shaking his hand.) Oh, thank you! thank you! How can I express my gratitude?

BUN. By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter-of-fact. You must cut your hair, and have a back parting. In appearance, and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

GROS. (decidedly). No. Pardon me, that’s impossible.

BUN. Take care! When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

GROS. I can’t help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

BUN. I don’t think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

GROS. I don’t care what they are.

BUN. Suppose – I won’t go so far as to say that I will do it – but suppose for one moment I were to curse you? (Grosvenor quails.) Ah! Very well. Take care.

GROS. But surely you would never do that? (In great alarm.)

BUN. I don’t know. It would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still –

GROS. (wildly). But you would not do it – I am sure you would not. (Throwing himself at Bunthorne’s knees, and clinging to him.) Oh, reflect, reflect! You, had a mother once.

BUN. Never!

GROS. Then you had an aunt! (Bunthorne affected.) Ah! I see you had! By the memory of that aunt, I implore you to pause ere you resort to this last fearful expedient. Oh, Mr. Bunthorne, reflect, reflect! (Weeping.)
BUN. (aside, after a struggle with himself). I must not allow myself to be unmanned! (Aloud.) It is useless. Consent at once, or may a nephew’s curse –
GROS. Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?
BUN. Absolutely.
GROS. Will nothing shake you?
BUN. Nothing. I am adamant.
GROS. Very good. (Rising.) Then I yield.
BUN. Ha! You swear it?
GROS. I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last: I do it on compulsion!
BUN. Victory! I triumph!
No. 18: DUET (Bunthorne and Grosvenor)

Vivace \( \downarrow \) 132

When I go out of
doors,
Of damsels a score,
(All sighing and burning. And
clinging and yearning)
Will follow me as before.
I shall, with cultured taste,
Distinguish gems from paste,
And "High diddle diddle" will rank as an idyll. If

BUNTHORNE
GROSVENOR

A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An
chaste! A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An
ultrapoetical, superaesthetic, Out of the way young man! Con-
ultrapoetical, superaesthetic, Out of the way young man!
receive me, if you can, An every-day young man: A commonplace type, With a
stick and a pipe, and a half-bred black-and-tan; Who thinks suburban "hops" More
blue-and-white young man, Francesca di Rimini, miminy, piminy,

GROSVENOR
A Chancery Lane young man, A
Je ne sais quoi young man!

Somerset House young man, A very delectable, highly respectable

Three-pennybus young man! BUNTHORNE
A palid and thin young man, A
hag-gard and lank young man, A green-er-y val-ler-y, Gros-ve-nor Gal-ler-y,

GROSVENOR

A Sew-ell and Cross young man, A Foot-in-the-grave young man!

How-ell and James young man, A push-ing young par-ti-cle what's the next ar-ti-cle

Wa-ter-loo House young man! Con-ceive me, if you can, A mat-ter-of-fact young

BUNTHORNE

Con-ceive me, if you can, A croch-e-ty cracked young
man, An al-pha-be-ti-cal, a-rith-me-ti-cal, Ev-er-y day young man! Con-
man, An ul-tra-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-aes-the-ti-cal, Out-of-the-way young man! Con-

ceive me, if you can, A mat-ter-of-fact young man, An
ceive me, if you can, A crotch-e-ty, cracked young man, An

al-pha-be-ti-cal, a-rith-me-ti-cal, Ev-er-ty-day young man!
ul-tra-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-aes-the-ti-cal, out-of-the-way young man!

(At the end, GROSVENOR dances off. BUNTHORNE remains.)
It is all right! I have committed my last act of ill-nature, and henceforth I'm a changed character. (*Dances about stage, humming refrain of last air.*)

(*Enter Patience. She gazes in astonishment at him.*)

PA. Reginald! Dancing! And – what in the world is the matter with you?

BUN. Patience, I’m a changed man. Hitherto I’ve been gloomy, moody, fitful – uncertain in temper and selfish in disposition –

PA. You have, indeed! (*Sighing.*)

BUN. All that is changed. I have reformed. I have modelled myself upon Mr. Grosvenor. Henceforth I am mildly cheerful. My conversation will blend amusement with instruction. I shall still be aesthetic; but my aestheticism will be of the most pastoral kind.

PA. Oh, Reginald! Is all this true?

BUN. Quite true. Observe how amiable I am. (*Assuming a fixed smile.*)

PA. But, Reginald, how long will this last?

BUN. With occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, as long as I do.

PA. Oh, Reginald, I’m so happy! (*In his arms.*) Oh, dear, dear Reginald, I cannot express the joy I feel at this change. It will no longer be a duty to love you, but a pleasure – a rapture – an ecstasy!

BUN. My darling!

PA. But – oh, horror! (*Recoiling from him.*)

BUN. What’s the matter?

PA. Is it quite certain that you have absolutely reformed – that you are henceforth a perfect being – utterly free from defect of any kind?

BUN. It is quite certain. I have sworn it.

PA. Then I never can be yours!

BUN. Why not?

PA. Love, to be pure, must be absolutely unselfish, and there can be nothing unselfish in loving so perfect a being as you have now become!

BUN. But, stop a bit! I don’t want-to change – I’ll relapse – I’ll be as I was – interrupted!

(*Enter Grosvenor, followed by all the ‘every-day young girls’, who are followed by Chorus of Dragoons. He has had his hair cut, and is dressed in an ordinary suit of dittoes and a pot hat. They all dance cheerfully round the stage in marked contrast to their former languor.*)
No. 19: SONG (Grosvenor) and Chorus of Maidens

Vivace \( \frac{j}{= 132} \)

[p stacc.]
Waterloo House young man, A Sewell and Cross young man, A
steady and stolidy, jolly Bank-holiday, Every day young man!

CHORUS of MAIDENS
We're Swears and Wells young girls, We're
Madame Louise young girls, We're prettily patterning,

cheerily chatter ing, Every day young girls!
BUN. Angela – Ella – Saphir – what – what does this mean?
ANG. It means that Archibald the All-Right cannot be all-wrong; and if the
All-Right chooses to discard aestheticism, it proves that aestheticism ought to
be discarded.
PA. Oh, Archibald! Archibald! I'm shocked – surprised – horrified!
GROS. I can’t help it. I’m not a free agent. I do it on compulsion.
PA. This is terrible. Go! I shall never set eyes on you again. But oh, – joy!
GROS. What is the matter?
PA. Is it quite, quite certain that you will always be a commonplace young
man?
GROS. Always – I’ve sworn it.
PA. Why, then, there’s nothing to prevent my loving you with all the
fervour at my command!
GROS. Why, that’s true.
PA. My Archibald!
GROS. My Patience! (They embrace.)
BUN. Crushed again!

(Enter Jane.)

JANE. (who is still aesthetic). Cheer up! I am still here. I have never left
you, and I never will!
BUN. Thank you, Jane. After all, there is no denying it, you’re a fine figure
of a woman!
JANE. My Reginald!
BUN. My Jane!

(Flourish. Enter Colonel, Duke, and Major.)

COL. Ladies, the Duke has at length determined to select a bride! (General
excitement.)
DUKE. I have a great gift to bestow. Approach, such of you as are truly
lovely. (All come forward, bashfully, except Jane and Patience.) In personal
appearance you have all that is necessary to make a woman happy. In
common fairness, I think I ought to choose the only one among you who has
the misfortune to be distinctly plain. (Girls retire disappointed.) Jane!
BUNTHORNE is utterly disgusted.)
BUN. Crushed again!
No. 20: FINALE

Allegretto \( \frac{4}{4} = 112 \)

6

DUKE

After

11

much de-bate in-ter-nal, I on La-dy Jane de-cide, Sa-phir now may take the

16

Colonel, An- gy be the Ma-jor's bride!

(Saphir pairs off with Colonel, Angela with Major, Ella with Solicitor.)

BUNTHORNE

In that case un-pre-ced-ent-ed, Sin-gle

21

I must live and die – I shall have to be con-tent-ed With a tu-lip or li-

us will wed the other, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

them will wed the other, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the other, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

(Dance.)

END OF OPERA