RUDDIGORE
Or
THE WITCH’S CURSE
An entirely Original Supernatural Opera

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN
This Vocal Score is based on the one published during Sullivan’s lifetime. It does not, therefore, include the revisions made by Geoffrey Toye for Rupert D’Oyly Carte’s 1921 production.

© 2006 The Gilbert and Sullivan Archive
http://diamond.boisestate.edu/gas
All rights reserved.
Dramatis Personæ

MORTALS

ROBIN OAKAPPLE (A Young Farmer)
RICHARD DAUNTLESS (His Foster-Brother – A Man-o’-wars-man)
SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD (Of Ruddigore – A Wicked Baronet)
OLD ADAM GOODHEART (Robin’s Faithful Servant)
ROSE MAYBUD (A Village Maiden)
DAME HANNAH (Rose’s Aunt)
ZORAH
RUTH (Professional Bridesmaids)

GHOSTS

SIR RUPERT MURGATROYD (The First Baronet)
SIR JASPER MURGATROYD (The Third Baronet)
SIR LIONEL MURGATROYD (The Sixth Baronet)
SIR CONRAD MURGATROYD (The Twelfth Baronet)
SIR DESMOND MURGATROYD (The Sixteenth Baronet)
SIR GILBERT MURGATROYD (The Eighteenth Baronet)
SIR MERVYN MURGATROYD (The Twentieth Baronet)

AND

SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD (The Twenty-first Baronet)

CHORUS OF OFFICERS, ANCESTORS AND PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS

ACT I – The Fishing Village of Rederring, in Cornwall
ACT II – Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle

TIME – Early in the Nineteenth Century
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ACT I

1. **Chorus of Bridesmaids (Solo Soprano, Zorah)** .............................................. 11
2. **Song (Hannah, and Chorus)** ............................................................................... 18
3. **Song (Rose)** ...................................................................................................... 23
4. **Duet (Rose and Robin)** ....................................................................................... 29
5 & 6 **Chorus of Bridesmaids and Song (Richard)** .................................................. 36
6a. **Hornpipe** ........................................................................................................... 44
7. **Song (Rose)** ........................................................................................................ 45
8. **Duet (Richard and Rose)** ..................................................................................... 53
9. **Entrance of Bridesmaids** ...................................................................................... 57
10. **Trio (Rose, Richard and Robin)** ......................................................................... 59
11. **Recit. and Aria (Margaret)** ................................................................................ 67
12. **Chorus** ................................................................................................................ 74
13. **Song and Chorus (Sir Despard)** ....................................................................... 81
14. **Duet (Richard and Sir Despard)** ....................................................................... 86
15. **Finale Act I** ....................................................................................................... 92

## ACT II

1. **Duet (Robin and Adam)** ....................................................................................... 131
2. **Duet and Chorus (Rose and Richard)** .................................................................. 135
3. **Song (Rose with Chorus of Bridesmaids)** ......................................................... 143
4. **Chorus of Ancestors (with Solos, Robin and Sir Roderic)** .................................. 147
5. **Song (Sir Roderic and Chorus)** ......................................................................... 153
6. **Chorus** ................................................................................................................ 161
7. **Recit. and Song (Robin)** ..................................................................................... 166
8. **Duet (Margaret and Sir Despard)** ...................................................................... 172
9. **Trio (Margaret, Robin, & Sir Despard)** ............................................................... 177
9a. **Melodrame** ......................................................................................................... 186
10. **Song (Hannah with Sir Roderic)** ..................................................................... 187
11. **Finale Act II** .................................................................................................... 194
RUDDIGORE

Overture

Written by
W.S. Gilbert

Composed by
Arthur Sullivan
ACT I

No. 1: CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

Allegretto Moderato

Pno.

5

10

15

20

p

cresc.
Rose as bright May day, Soft is Rose as warm west wind, Sweet is Rose as new mown hay – Rose is Queen of maid - den - kind!
Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes say—Is

anybody going To marry you today?

Ev'ry day as the days roll on, Bridesmaid's garb we gaily don,

ZORAH
Sure that a maid so fairly famed Can't long remain unclaimed.

Hour by hour, and day by day, Several months have passed away.

Though she's the fairest flow'r that blows, No one has married Rose!

Chorus

Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes, say—

Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes, say—

Is
an - y - bo - dy go - ing To mar - ry you to - day?

Hour by _ hour and _ day by day, Months have _ passed a - way.

Fair is Rose as bright May day, Soft is Rose as warm west
wind, Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay – Rose is Queen of maiden
kind! Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes
say – Is anybody going to marry

S

A

Pno.
you today? Fair is Rose,

you today? Fair is Rose,

Soft is Rose, is the

Soft is Rose, is the

Queen of maiden kind!

Queen of maiden kind!
No. 2: SONG (Hannah & Chorus)

Andante allegretto

Piano

Han.

HANNAH

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd His leisure and his

Pno.

riches He ruthlessly employed In persecuting witches With

Han.

fear he'd make them quake— He'd duck them in his lake— He'd break their bones With

Pno.
sticks and stones, And burn them at the stake!

This sport he much en-

joy'd, Did Rupert Murga-troyd— No sense of shame Or pity came To

Once, on the village

Hannah

Rup-turt Mur-ga-troyd!
green a pal-sied hag he roasted, And what took place, I ween, shook his com-

posure boasted, For, as the torture grim Seized on each withered

limb. The writhing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on him!

"Each lord of Rud-digore, Despite his best endeavours, Shall do one
crime, or more, Once, ev'ry day, for e-ver! This doom he can't de-fy How-ev-er he may try, For should he stay His hand, that day In torture he shall die— The pro- phhecy came true: Each heir who held the ti-tle Had, ev'-ry day to do Some crime of im-port vi-tal Un-til, with guilt o'er-plied, "I'll sin no more!" he
cried, And on the day he said that say, In a go-ny he died!

And thus, with sin-ning cloyed, Has died each Mur-ga-troyd; And

so shall fall, Both one and all, Each com-ing Mur-ga-

troyd!
No. 3: SONG (Rose)

Tempo di Valse. Moderato

If some-body there chanced to be Who loved me in a manner
true, My heart would point him out to me, And I would
point him out to you. But here__ it__ says of those__ who__ point, Their

Rose

Pno.
man - ners must be out of joint -

You may not point - you must not

Point - It's man - ners out of joint, to point! Ah! Had

I the love of such as he, Some quiet spot he'd take me to.

Then he could whisper it to me, And I could whisper it to you.
But whispering I've somewhere met, Is contrary to etiquette.

Where can it be? Now let me see—Yes, yes!

It's contrary to etiquette.
If any well-bred youth I knew, Polite and gentle, neat and trim, Then I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to him. But here it says in plainest print, “It's most unlady-like to hint”-
You may not hint, you must not hint—It

Ah!

And

if I loved him through and through—(True love and not a passing

whim,) Then I could speak of it to you, And you could
Rose

Pno.

136

Rose

Pno.

142

Rose

Pno.

149

Rose

Pno.

155

Rose

Pno.
No. 4: Duet (Rose & Robin)

Allegretto grazioso

I know a youth who loves a little maid—

(Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid—

(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)

I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,

(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!) She can-not tell him all the sad, sad truth-

(Hey, but I think that lit-tle maid will die!) Poor lit-tle maid!

Poor lit-tle man! Now tell me, pray, and tell me, pray, and
tell me true, What in the world should the maiden do?
tell me true, What in the world should the young man do?
He cannot eat, and he cannot sleep (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)
DAILY he goes for to wail, for to weep, (Hey! but he's wretched as a youth can be!)
She's very thin, and she's very pale, (Hey, but she sickens as the youth can be!)
days go by!  Daily she goes for to wail  (Hey, but I think that lit-tle
maid will die!)  Poor lit-tle maid!

Poor lit-tle man!  Now tell me, pray, and tell me true,
What in the world should the maiden do?

If I were the youth, I should offer her my name— (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

If I were the maid, I should fan his honest flame— (Hey, but he's bashful as a...
If I were the youth, I would speak to her to-day—

youth can be!)

(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

If I were the maid I would

meet the lad half way— (For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)
Poor little man!

Poor little maid!

I thank you, sir, for your counsel true; I'll tell that maid

what she ought to do!

I thank you, miss, for your counsel true; I'll tell that youth

what he ought to do!

Poor little man!
Nos. 5 & 6: Chorus of Bridesmaids & Song (Richard)

Piano

Allegretto con spirito

S

From the bri - ny sea Com - es young Ri - chard, all vic -

A

From the bri - ny sea Com - es young Ri - chard, all vic -

Pno.

Chorus

S

to - rious! Va - lo - rous is he - His a - chieve - ments all are

A

to - rious! Va - lo - rous is he - His a - chieve - ments all are
glo - rious! Let the wel - kin ring
With the news we
bring.
Sing it - shout it - Tell a -
bout it - Shout it! Safe and sound re-turn - eth
he, All victorious from the sea! Safe and sound returneth.

he, All victorious from the sea! Safe and sound returneth.

Sound All victorious from the sea!

he, All victorious from the sea!

1.1
shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop. And off Cape Finis-tere, A

merchant man we see, A French man going free. So we made for the bold Moun-seer, D'ye see? We

made for the bold Moun-seer. But she proved to be a fri-gate, and she up with her ports, And

fires with a thirty-two! It come un-common near, But we answer'd with a cheer, Which
Rich. & SA

paralysed the Parley-voov, D'ye see? Which paralysed the Parley-voov!

CHORUS

2. Then our

Capt'n he up, and he says, says he, "That chap we need not fear, We can
take her if we like. She is sartin for to strike, For she's only a darned Mounseer, D'ye see? She's

on-ly a darned Moun-seer. But to fight a French fal-lal– It's like hit-tin' of a gal, It's a

lub-berly thing for to do; For we, with all our faults, Why, we're stur-dy Bri-tish salts, While she's

on-ly a Par-ley-voor, D'ye see? While she's on-ly a poor Par-ley-voor!"
only a poor Par-ley-voo,
D'ye see? While she's only a poor Par-ley-voo!

up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze,
As we gives a compassion-a-ting cheer;
Frogee

answers with a shout
As he sees us go about,
Which was grateful of the poor Moun-seer,
D'ye see? Which was

grateful of the poor Moun-seer!
And I'll wa-ger in their joy they kissed each o-ther's cheek,
(Which is
what them fur-ri-ners do), And they blessed their lucky stars. We were

har-dy Bri-tish tars, Who had pi-ty on a poor Par-ley-vo, D'ye see? Who had

pi-ty on a poor Par-ley-vo!

voo, D'ye see? Who had pi-ty on a poor Par-ley-vo!
No. 6a: Hornpipe

2nd time melody 8ve higher

3 times, 1. f, 2. pp, 3. ff.
No. 7: SONG (Robin)

[Allegro molto vivace]

Robin

My boy, you may take it from me, That of all the afflictions accurst With which a man's saddled And hampered and ad-dled, A different nature's the worst. Though clever as clever can be— A Crichton of early romance— You must
stir it and stump it, And blow your own trumpet, Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!

If you wish in the world to advance, Your...

merits you're bound to enhance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trumpet, Or,

trust me, you haven't a chance! If you wish in the world to advance, Your...
me-rits you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or,

trust me, you have'n't a chance!

Now take, for ex-am-ple, my case: I've a bright in-tel-lec-tu-al
Rob. Pno.

46

brain—In all London city There's no one so witty—I've thought so again and a-

Pno.

50

gain. I've a highly intelligent face—My features cannot be de-

Pno.

54

nied—But, whatever I try, sir, I fail in—and why, sir? I'm modesty personi-

Pno.

58

fied! If you wish in the world to advance, Your--

Maggiore

Rob. Pno.
me-rits you're bound to en-hance. You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet. Or,

trust me, you have-n't a chance! If you wish in the world to ad- vance, Your__

me-rits you're bound to en-hance. You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet. Or,
trust me, you haven't a chance!

As a poet, I'm tender and quaint—
I've passion and fervour and

grace—From Ovid and Horace
Swinburne and Morris, They all of them take a back
place. Then I sing and I play and I paint: Though none are accomplished as

I, To say so were treason: You ask me the reason? I'm dif-fident, modest, and

shy!

If you wish in the world to advance, Your merits you're bound to enhance, You must
stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance! If you

If you

trust me, you have n't a chance! If you
No. 8: DUET (Richard & Rose)

Richard

Allegro moderato

The battle's roar is over, O my

Piano

love! Embrace thy tender lover, O my love! From tempest's welter, From

Pno.

war's alarms, O give me shelter Within those arms! O give me

Pno.

shelter Within those arms! Thy smile aluring, All

Pno.
Rich.

Pno.

heart ache curing, Gives peace enduring, O my love! O my love!

If heart both true and tender, O my love! A life-love can engender, O my love! A truce to sighing And

tears of brine, For joy undying Shall aye be mine, For joy undying
dy-ing Shall aye be mine, And thou and I love, Shall

live and die, love, Without a sigh, love-

Without a sigh, If own, my love!

Without a sigh, If own, my love!
And thou and I, love, Shall live and die, love.

With out a sigh, love,

My own, my love!
No. 9: ENTRANCE OF BRIDESMAIDS

Piano

5

Pno.

10

SA

If well his suit has

cresc.

Pno.

15

SA

sped, Oh, may they soon be wed! Oh! tell us, tell us,
pray, What doth the maiden say? In singing are we justified, In singing are we justified, "Hail the bridegroom, hail the bride, Let the nuptial knot be tied: In fair phrases Hymn her praises, Hail the bridegroom, hail the bride?"
No. 10: TRIO (Rose, Richard & Robin)

Rose

Richard

Robin

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide
Your heart should be your only guide;
With summer sea and favoring wind,
Yourself in

Piano

mf
Rich.

This heart of mine, This heart of mine!

Pno.

cresc.

Rob.

My heart says, "You've a pros'rous lot,

With a cres wide;

You mean to

settle all you've got

Up on your bride."

It don't pretend to shape my acts

Pno.

Byword or sign;

It merely states these simple facts,

This heart of mine,

Pno.
This heart of mine!

Ten minutes since my heart said "white"—

It now says "black". It then said "left"— it now says "right"— Hearts of ten tack.

I must obey its latest strain— You tell me so. But should it change its mind again, I'll let you know, I'll let you

Mine!
Rose

know.

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

No doubt

Rich.

RICHARD

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

No doubt the

Rob.

ROBIN

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

No doubt the

Pno.

- -

the heart should be your guide;

But it is awkward when you

- -

- -

- -
find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

find__ A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

find __ A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

heart, a heart, a heart, a heart, a heart, a heart, a heart.
Rose

Rich.

Rob.

Pno.

that does not know its

that does not know its

that does not know its

that does not know its

mind!

mind!

mind!

mind!
Mar. 18

Lark O-ver the cot.

Mer-ri-ly whistles the clerk, Scrat-ching a

Pno.

Mar. 23

But the lark

And the

Pno.

Mar. 27

clerk, I re-mark, Com-fort me not!

Pno.

Mar. 32

O-ver the ri-pen-ing peach Buz-zes the bee.
Splash on the billowy beach Tumbles the sea. But the

peach And the beach, They are each Nothing to me!__ And

why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Crazy Meg! Mad

Mar-garet! Poor Peg! (Chuckling) He! he! he! Mad, I? Yes, very!
But why? Mystery! Don't call! No crime—

Tis only That I'm Love lonely! That's all!
silent

To a garden full of posies Cometh one to gather flowers, And he
wanderers through its bowers Toy ing with the wan ton roses, The wan ton roses, Who, up rising from their beds, Hold on high their shame less heads With their pretty lips a pouting, With their pretty lips a pouting, Never doubting never doubting That for
Men.  

Cyth-er-an pos-sies He would ga-ther aught but 

Nai.  

ro-ses! In a nest of weeds and net-tles, Lay a 

Men.  

vi-olet, half-hid-den, Hop-ing that his glance un-bid-den Yet might 

Nai.  

fall up-on her pet-tals, Up-on her pet-tals. Though she
Mar.

lived a lone, a part, Hope lay nest ling at her heart, But a-

Pno.

Mar.

las, the cruel a wak ing— But, a las, the cruel a wak ing Set her

Pno.

cresc.

Mar.

little heart a break ing. For he gath er'd for his

Pno.

dim.

Mar.

po sies On ly ros es—on ly ros es!
Allegro con brio

Piano

5

Pno.

8

Pno.

11

SA

 Wel come gen-try, For your en-try Sets our ten-der hearts a-beat-ing.

Pno.

15

SA

 Men of sta-tion, Ad-mira-tion Prompts this un-af-fec-ted greet-ing
Heart-y greeting, heart-y greeting,
When thoroughly tired of being admired By

Bucks and Blades

ladies of gentle degree, degree, With flattery satisfied, High flown and inflated, A-

way from the city we flee, we flee! From charms intramural to prettiness rural The
sudden transition Is sim- ply E-ly-sian, Come A-ma-ryl-lis, Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-lis, Your
slaves, for the moment, are we! Your slaves, for the mo-ment, your
slaves are we!
sons of the til-lage Who dwell in this vil-lage Are peo-ple of low-ly de-gree, de-gree, Though
honest and active They're most unattractive And awkward as awkward can be, can be. They're

clumsy clod hoppers With axes and choppers, And shepherds and ploughmen And drovers and cowmen,

Hedgers and reapers, And carters and keepers, But never a lover for me. But never a

lover for me! Heartly greeting offer

Bucks and Blades

Then come, A-maryllis, Come, Chloé and Phyllis,
we, offer we! So welcome, gentry.

When thoroughly tired Of being admired By

For your entry Sets our tender ladies of gentle degree, degree, With flattery satisfied, High-flown and inflated, A-

hearts a beating. Men of station, way from the city we flee, we flee! From charms intramural To prettiness rural The
Ad mi ra tion Prompts this un af

fect-ed greet-ing. Heart-y greet-ing, Heart-y greet-ing

slaves, for the moment, are we, Your slaves, for the mo-ment, your

of-fer we! Wel-

slaves are we! Wel-
Andante misterioso

Despard

Oh, why am I mood-y and sad?

CHORUS

Can't guess!

Can't guess!

Des.

why am I guilty mad?

Be-cause I am thor-oughly bad!

You'll

Confess!

Oh yes –

Confess!

Oh yes –

SA

TB

Pno.
Des. see it at once in my face. Oh, why am I husky and hoarse? It's the workings of conscience, of course. And huski-ness stands for remorse, At least it does so in my case!

SA

TB

Phono.

Des. 9

SA

TB

Phono.

Des. 13

SA

TB

Phono.

Des. 17

Phono. 3 3

Phono.
played – Your expression gets warped and destroyed: It's a penalty none can a-

Like you – It do.

Like you – It do.

void; I once was a nice-looking youth; But like stone from a strong cata-

How true!

How true!

pult – I rushed at my terrible cult – Observe the unpleasant re-

A trice – That's vice –

A trice – That's vice –
Des. | & | S & A | TB | Pno. | & | & | &
---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---

I am telling the truth!

Not nice.

Not nice.

innocents, listen in

If I had been virtuous, I'm sure – I should

That's we – Like me –

That's we – Like me –

be as nice-looking as you're! You are very nice-looking in-deed! Oh, innocents, listen in
No. 14: DUET (Richard & Sir Despard)

Allegro vivace

You understand?

I think I do, With vigour unshaken This

I think so too; I'll readily bet it You'll

step shall be taken, It's neatly planned.
never regret it! For duty, duty must be done; The rule applies to

For duty, duty must be done; The rule applies to

every one, And painful though that duty be, To shirk the task were

every one, And painful though that duty be, To shirk the task were

fiddle-dee, To shirk the task were fiddle-dee, To shirk the task,
To shirk the task were fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee.
Like wise the Bride – The maidens are very E-

The Bride-groom comes –

lat ed and mer-ry; They are her chums.

To lash their pride Were almost a pi-ty, The

But du - ty, du - ty must be done; The rule ap -plies to

pret -ty com -mit-tee! But du -ty, du -ty must be done; The rule ap -plies to
No. 15: FINALE ACT I

Allegro non troppo

Piano

Pno.

Pno.

Pno.

SA

Hail the bride of seventeen summers: In fair phrases

ff pesante
Hymn her prais-es; Lift your song on high, all com-ers. She re-joices In your voi-ces.

Smil-ing sum-mer beams up on her,

Shed-ding ev-ry bless-ing on her: Maid-ens greether – Kind-ly treat her –

You may all be brides some day!  

BUCKS AND BLADES

Hail the
bride-groom who advances, Agitated, Yet elated. He's in easy circ-

stances, Young and lusty, True and trusty.

Smiling summer beams upon her, Shedding every blessing on her: Maidens
greet her – Kindly treat her – You may all, may all__

be brides some day!

When the__

Rose

Allegretto
buds are blossoming. Smiling, welcome to the spring. Lovers choose a wedding day. Life is love in merry May, Life is love, life is love.

in merry May! Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la! Fa la la

Fa la la la la! Fa la la la

Spring is green. Summer's rose.
Teem with glee: Spring and summer, then, for me! Fa la la la la la la la la la!

La! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!

La! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la!

La la la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!

La la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!

La la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!

La la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!

La la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!

La la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la!
In the spring-time seed is sown: In the summer grass is mown: In the autumn you may reap: Winter is the time for sleep.

Spring is
Rich.

Spring and summer pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too—Fa la la!

Spring and summer pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too—Ev'ry season
cresc.

Spring and summer pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too—Ev'ry season
cresc.

Ev'ry season has its cheer, Life is lovely all the year!

Ev'ry season has its cheer, Life is lovely all the year!

Ev'ry season has its cheer, Life is lovely all the year!

Fa
Hold, Bride and Bridegroom, ere you wed each other I claim young Robin as my elder brother!

Più lento
rightful
title
I have long enjoyed: I claim him as Sir Ruthven

Deny the false-hood,

Murga-troyd!

O wonder!

O wonder!
Rose

Rob.

Pno.

Rob.

Rose

Rob.

Pno.

Rob.

Pno.
ny a truth un-pleas-ant, I am that Ba-ro-net! But

He is that Ba-ro-net!

He is that Ba-ro-net!

when com-plet-ely ra-ted Bad Ba-ro-net am I, That I am what he sta-ted, I'll

recklessly de-ny!

recklessly de-ny!

recklessly de-ny!

When
I'm a bad Bart. I will tell taradiddles!

He'll tell taradiddles when he's a bad Bart!

He'll tell taradiddles when he's a bad Bart!

I'll play a bad part on the fals-est of fiddles. But un-

On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part! But un-

On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part! But un-

I'll play a bad part!

I'll play a bad part!

I'll play a bad part!

I'll play a bad part!

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

He'll be con-

Then a-
dieu with good grace to my morals sententious!

To morals sententious - dieu with good grace! -

dieu with good grace to his morals, his morals sententious!

I'm a bad Bart. I will tell tar-ra-diddles! On very false fid-dles I'll play a bad part! I'll

he's a bad Bart. he will tell tar-ra-diddles! On very false fid-dles He'll play a bad part! He'll
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when I'm a bad Bart!

he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-diddles! On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part, He'll

play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart! When
he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-diddles, A

he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-diddles, When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-diddles, He'll

play a bad part on the fals-est of fiddles, On ve-ry false fid-dles, On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll

play a bad part on the fals-est of fiddles, On ve-ry false fid-dles, On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll

play a bad part!_

play a bad part!_

112
Who is the wretch who hath betray'd thee?

Let him stand forth!

Twas Richard

I! Hold, my conscience

Die, traitor!

Die traitor!
made me! Withhold your wrath!

Allegretto maestoso

With-in this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can't be gain-

said. It bade me thy true rank impart, And I at once o-

bey'd! I knew 'twould blight thy bud-ding fate— I knew 'twould cause thee an-guish

Whose voice can't be gain-

Wrath!
great— But did I therefore hesitate? No! I at once o-

bey'd!

CHORUS

Acclaim him who, when his true heart
Bade him young Robin's rank im-part, Im-

me-diate-ly obey'd!

me-diate-ly obey'd!
Andante  Rose

Farewell!  Thou hadst my heart—  Twas quickly won!  But now we

part—  Thy face I shun!  Farewell! Go, bend the knee  At vice's shrine,  Of

life with me all hope resign.  Farewell!  farewell!

Farewell!  Take me—  I am thy
Allegretto

Hail the Bridegroom–hail the Bride! When the nuptial knot is tied Ev 'ry day will bring some joy—That can ne-ver, ne-ver cloy!

That's why I wed you!

Ex-cuse me, I'm a virtuous per-son now—
Des.

And I to Margaret must keep my vow!

Pno.

Mar.

Have I mis-read you? Oh joy! with newly kindled

Pno.

Mar.

rapture warm'd, I kneel before you!

Des.

I once dis-
liked you; Now that I've re-formed, How I adore you!

Hail the Bride-groom, hail the Bride! When the nuptial knot is tied, Every day will bring some joy That can never, never cloy!

Richard, of him I
love, be-reft. Through thy design, Thou art the

only one that's left, So I am thine!

Bridegroom—hail the Bride! Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;

Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;

And, sipping tranquilly, Quite happy is he; And happy the filly That neighs in her pride; But happier than any A pound to a penny, A
Who folly regretting, Is bent on forgetting His bad baron-etting. And
Like wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They
can not compare, With those who are treading The dance at a wedding, While
people are spreading The best of good fare!

Zor.  
Han.  
Adam  
Pno.  

Oh wretched the debtor Who's signing a deed! And wretched the letter that

no one can read! But very much better Their lot it must be

Than that of the person I'm making this verse on, Whose head there's a curse on–All
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee; And, sipping tranquil-ly, Quite happy is he;
And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a-ny A

pound to a pen-ny, A lo- ver is, when he Em-bra ces his