ACT II

No. 1: DUET (Robin & Adam)
I once was as meek as a new-born lamb, I'm now Sir Murga-

I troyd—ha! ha! With greater precision, (Without the elision) Sir Ruthven Murga-

132
And I, who was once his valley-sham, As steward I'm now em-
ploy'd – ha! ha! The dick-ens may take him–I'll never for-sake him! As steward I'm now em-
ploy'd – ha! ha!

How dreadful when an in-nocent heart Be-comes, per-force, a
ploy'd– ha! ha! How dreadful when an in-nocent heart Be-
comes, per-force, a
No. 2 DUET & CHORUS (Rose & Richard)

Allegro giojoso

Piano

5

Pno.

9

Pno.

13

Pno.

17

Rich.

Hap-pi-ly cou-pled are we, You see— I am a jol-ly Jack
Tar, My star, And you are the fair-est, The rich-est and rar-est Of

in-no-cent las-ses you are, By far-

in-no-cent las-ses you are! Fanned by a fa-vour-ing

gale, You'll sail O-ver life's trea-cher-ous sea With me, And
as for bad weather We'll brave it together, And you shall creep under my

lee, My wee! And you shall creep under my

lee, My wee! For you

are such a smart little craft— Such a neat little, sweet little craft. Such a
bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle
Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle
Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle

For she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a smart lit-tle craft—
neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft. Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle

Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle
Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!
My hopes will be blighted, I fear, My dear; In a month you'll be going to sea, Quite free, And all of my wishes You'll throw to the fishes As though they were never to be; Poor me! As though they were never to be. And
I shall be left all alone To moan, And weep at your cruel desire,
ceit, Complete; While you'll be asserting Your freedom by flirting With

every woman you meet, You cheat— Ah! With

every woman you meet! Ah! Though I
am such a smart little craft— Such a neat little, sweet little

Such a bright little, tight little Slight little, light little

Trim little, prim little craft!

Though she is such a smart little

craft— Such a neat little, sweet little craft. Such a bright little, tight little
Slight little, light little. Trim little, prim little! Such a bright little, tight little,
In by-gone days I had thy love—Thou hadst my heart. But

Fate, all human vows above, Our lives did part! By the

old love thou hadst for me, By the fond heart that beat for thee—By

joys that never now can be, Grant thou my prayer!
Grant thou her prayer!

Allegro vivace

Take her– I yield!

Oh rap – – –

ture! A-way to the par-son we go– Say we’re solici-tous

ve-r-y That he will turn two in-to one– Singing hey, der-ry down
For she is such a smart little craft-
der-ry!

Such a neat little sweet little

Such a craft–
Light little–
Slight little–
Trim little, slim little

Trim little, slim little

For she is such a smart little craft, Such a
neat little, sweet little craft— Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little,

Trim little, prim little craft! Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little,
No. 4: CHORUS OF ANCESTORS, with SOLOS (Robin & Sir Roderic)

Grave maestoso

Piano

6

dim.

Pno.

11

All accurst in

Painted emblems of a race,

T

B

Pno.
days of yore, Each from his accustomed place

Steps into the world once more!

Ba-ro-net of Rud-di-gore, Last of our ac-cursed
Down upon the oak-en floor—
Down up-on those knees of thine!

Coward, poltroon, sha-ker, squeamer,
Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,

Shirk-er, shuf-fler, crawl-er creep-er,
Sniffler, snuflfer, wail-er, weep-er,
Earthworm, maggot, tad-pole, wee-vil! Set up on thy course of evil

Lest the King of Spectre Land Set on thee his grisly hand!
Be-ware! Beware! Be-ware!

thou That thus, with icy glare And stern relent-less brow, Appears, who knows

a tempo

I am the spectre of the late Sir Roderic Murga-troyd, Who

Gaunt vision, who art

ware! Beware! Be

ware!

spectre of the late Sir Roderic

Murga-troyd, Who

I am the spectre of the late Sir Roderic Murga-troyd, Who

ware! Beware! Be

ware!
A - las, poor ghost!

The pi - ty you Express, for no-thing goes: We spec-tres are a jol-lier crew Than you, perhaps, sup-pose!

We spec-tres are a jol-lier crew Than you, per-haps, sup-pose!

Attacca
When the night wind howls in the chimney cowls and the bat in the moonlight
flies, And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail
over the midnight skies—

When the foot pads quail at the

night-bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the moon,

Then

is the spectre's holiday— then is the ghost's high noon!

For then is the ghost's high noon, high

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! High

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! High
as the ghosts' high noon!

sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees and the mists lie low on the
From greytombstones are gathered the bones that
once were women and men, And away they go, with a
gathered the bones that dead of the night's high
cock crow limits our holiday— the dead of the night's high_
noon! The dead of the night's high noon, high noon, high noon, the dead of the
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! High
Ha! ha! High Ha! ha! High

The dead of the night's high noon, high noon, high noon, the dead of the
And

night's high noon!

then each ghost with his lady-toast to their church-yard beds take

flight, With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern-chaps, and a
grisly grim "goodnight!" Till the welcome knell of the

midnight bell rings forth its jolliest tune, And

ushers in our next high holiday—the dead of the night's high

noon! The dead of the night's high noon, high

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! High

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! High
Rod.

noon, the dead of the night's high noon!

T

noon, the dead of the night's high noon! Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

B

noon, the dead of the night's high noon! Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Pno.

f

ff
No. 6: CHORUS

Allegro con fuoco

Tenor

Bass

Piano

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]

\[\text{He yields! He yields! He}\]
la test Ruddi
gore! All perish in unheard of woe Who
dare our wills defy: We want your pardon ere we go,
want your pardon ere we go, For having agonized you so—
par - dons us, He par - dons us, He par - dons us- Hur-rah!

par - dons us, He par - dons us, He par - dons us- Hur-rah!

par - dons us- Hur-rah!

par - dons us- Hur-rah!

Paint - ed em - blems of___ a race All ac -
Each to his accustomed place
Steps unwillingly once more!

curst in days of yore, Each to his accustomed place
Steps unwillingly once more!
No. 7: RECIT. & SONG (Robin)

Robin

Piano

A-way, Re-morse! Compunc-tion,

hence! Go, Moral Force! Go, Pe-nitence! To Vir-tue’s

plea A long fare-well— Propri-e-ty, I ring your knell!

Come guilti-ness of dead-liest hue, Come, des-perate deeds of der-ring-
Allegro comodo

Henceforth all the crimes that I find in the Times I've promised to perpetrate

daily; To-morrow I start with a petrified heart, On a regular course of Old

Bai-ley. There's confidence tricking, bad coin, pocket-picking, And several other dis-
graces – There's postage-stamp rigging, and then thimble-rigging. The three-card delusion at

ra-ces! Oh! A Baronet's rank is exceedingly nice, But the
title's uncommonly dear at the price!

Ye well-to-do squires, who live in the shires, Where
petty distinctions are vital, Who found Aetheæums and local museums, With

views to a baronet’s title— Ye butchers and bakers and candlestick makers Who

sneer at all things that are tradey— Whose middle-class lives are embarrassed by wives, Who

long to parade as "My Lady", Oh! allow me to offer a
word of advice, The title's un-common-ly dear at the price!

Ye sup-ple M. P.'s who go down on your knees, Your

precious i-den-ti-ty sinking, And vote black or white as your lead-ers in-dite (Which

saves you the trouble of think-ing), For your country's good fame, her re-pute, or her shame, You
don't care the snuff of a candle— But you're paid for your game when you're
told that your name Will be graced by a baronet's handle— Oh! Al-
low me to give you a word of advice— The title's uncommonly dear at the
price!
No. 8: DUET (Margaret & Despard)

Andante quasi allegro

Piano

Pno.

Mar.

Des.

172

Making the most of

I once was a very abandoned person—
Mar. 23

evil chances.

Even in all the old romances.

Des. 8

No body could conceive a worse un-

Pno. 0

Mar. 28

dESPARD

I blush for my wild extra-

Pno. 0

Des. 8

But

Pno. 0

Mar. 33

MARGARET

We were the victims of cir-

Pno. 0

Des. 8

bear in mind.

Pno. 0

Mar. 38

Be so kind to bear in mind,
That is one of our blameless dances.

Odd young lady—

Suffering much from spleen and vapours.

Conduct shad—

She didn’t spend much upon linen-drapers.

gapers.

My ways were strange beyond all range—

Dolce
Paragraphs got into all the papers.

We only cut respectable capers.

I've given up all my wild proceedings.

My taste for a wand-’ring

life is waning.

They are not remark-a-bly en-ter-taining.

Now I'm a dab at penny readings.
A moderate livelihood we're gaining.

In fact we rule a National School.

The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining!

This sort of thing takes a deal of training!
No. 9: TRIO (Margaret, Robin & Despard)

My eyes are fully open to my awful situation— I shall go at once to Rod-er-ic and make him an o-ra-tion, I shall tell him I've re-co-vered my for-

got ten mo-ral sen-ses, And I don't care two-pence half pen-ny for a-ny con-se-quences. Now I
do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger, But a martyr may indulge a little

par-don-a-ble swagger, And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flat-ter, But I've

got to die to-morrow, so it real-ly does'n't mat-ter!
real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter– So it real-ly does n't mat-ter–

matt-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter– So it real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter—

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–

real-ly does n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter–
I were not a little mad and generally silly, I should give you my advice upon the matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

subject willy-nilly; I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question, And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion. On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter, Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better, But at
present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter, So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my own!

pin-ion doesn't matter!

My opinion doesn't matter, mater, mater, Her opinion doesn't matter!

pin-ion doesn't matter, mater, mater, mat ter mater!
Mar.  

My opinion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,

Rob.  

Her opinion doesn't matter, Her opinion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter!

Des.  

pin-ion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

Pno.  

cresc.

If I had been so lucky as to

now to one another, Who could

have a steady brother Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another, Who could
give me good advice when he discovered I was erring. (Which is just the very favour which on

you I am conferring). My existence would have made a rather interesting idyll, And I

might have lived and died a very decent individual This particularly rapid, unim-

tel ligible patter Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter!
If it is, it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, If it is, it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter,

This particular rapid, unintelligible pattern isn't matter, matter, matter! This particular rapid, unintelligible pattern isn't

cresc.

generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter, This particular rapid, unintelligible pattern isn't generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter, This particular rapid, unintelligible pattern isn't generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter, This particular rapid, unintelligible pattern isn't
Isn't it generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

Isn't it generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!
No. 9a: MELODRAME

Allegro (During dialogue)

Piano

Agitato

CODA

Cresc.
No. 10: SONG (Hannah with Sir Roderic)

Hannah

Andante allegretto

Piano

There

5

grew a little flower 'Neath a great oak tree: When the tempest gan to lower Little

8

heed ed she: No need had she to cow er, For she dreaded not its power—She was

11

happy in the bow er Of her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!
hey, Lack a day! Let the tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the
great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day Sing hey, Lack-a-
day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the
pretty little flower and the great oak tree!

When she found that he was fickle, Was that great oak tree, She was in a pretty pick-lee, As she well might be– But his gallantries were mickle, For death followed with his sickle, And her tears began to trick-lee, For her great oak tree! Sing
hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the
tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree! Sing
Han.

Hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree! Said she, "He loved me never, Did that great oak tree, But I'm neither rich nor clever, And so why should he? But tho' fate our fortunes sever, To be constant I'll endeavour, Aye, for ever and for ever, To my

Rod.

Hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree!

Pno.

Hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree!
great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!

hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flower and the
great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day

Sing hey, Lack-a-day
hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!

pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!

Hey, Lack-a-day, Lack-a-day, Lack-a-day!
No. 11: FINALE ACT II

Allegro con brio

When a man has been a naughty Baronet, And express deep repentance and regret,

You should help him, if you're able, Like the mousie in the fable, That's the teaching of my Book of Etiquette.

That's the teaching in her Book of Etiquette!

Rose

Piano

Rose

Pno.

Rose

Pno.

Rose

Chorus

SA

TB

Pno.
Having been a wick-ed Baro-net a week, Once a-gain a mo-des-t live-li-hood I seek,

Agri-cul-tur-al em-plo-yment Is to me a keen en-joy-ment, For I'm nat-u-ral-ly dif-fi-dent and meek!

If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye,
Like an honest British Sailor I reply,
That with Zorah for my missis,

There'll be bread and cheese and kisses,
Which is just the sort of ration I enjye!

Prompted by a keen desire to evoke,
Which is just the sort of ration you enjye!

All the blessed calm of matrimony's yoke, We shall toddle off tomorrow,


From this scene of sin and sorrow, For to settle in the town of Basing-stoke!


Prompted by a keen desire to e-voke, All the blessed calm of matrimony's yoke,
They will to-dle off to-mor-row From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Basing-stoke!

They will to-dle off to-mor-row From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle, set-tle, set-tle
settle, settle, settle in the town

of Bas-

ing stoke!

ing stoke!
For happy the lily, the lily when kiss'd by the bee; But happier than any, but happier than any. A lover is,
when he embraces

his bride!

End of Opera