

VOCAL SCORE

THE
YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;
OR,
THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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NOTES

Act I

No. 1a: SONG (*Wilfred*) was cut before the opening night.

No. 3a: SONG (*Sergeant Meryll*) was performed by Richard Temple (the original Sergeant Meryll) on the opening night, but cut thereafter.

No. 7: DUET (*Elsie and Point*) is given both in D major, Sullivan's original key, and E flat major. The former preserves Sullivan's key scheme for the work whilst the latter, which was probably adopted for the 1897 revival with Sullivan's approval to accommodate the particular artistes in that revival, subsequently became the usual key for that number.

No. 12: FINALE ACT I. The repeat of bars 81-128 was cut before the opening night.

In the early 20th century, a "revised edition" of the score was published by Chappell. It allocated bars 442-446 to Fairfax, 1st & 2nd Yeomen and omitted the part for the 3rd Yeomen in bars 447-8, leaving only the lower notes to be sung by the 2nd Yeoman. If the 3rd Yeoman's part is reinstated in production, it is necessary to amend the stage directions on pages 123 and 128 so Fairfax and Wilfred are accompanied by three yeomen.

Elsie's and Point's lines in bars 507-545 are also omitted in the "revised edition".

Act II

No. 10: FINALE ACT II. The version printed is that usually performed today. In the appendix are bars 84-93 as they appeared in the first edition of the vocal score.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;
OR
THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

Dramatis Personæ

SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELEY (*Lieutenant of the Tower*)
COLONEL FAIRFAX (*under sentence of death*)
SERGEANT MERYLL (*of the Yeomen of the Guard*)
LEONARD MERYLL (*his Son*)
JACK POINT (*a Strolling Jester*)
WILFRED SHADBOLT (*Head Jailor and Assistant Tormentor*)
THE HEADSMAN
FIRST YEOMAN
SECOND YEOMAN
FIRST CITIZEN
SECOND CITIZEN
ELSIE MAYNARD (*a Strolling Singer*)
PHEBE MERYLL (*Sergeant Meryll's Daughter*)
DAME CARRUTHERS (*Housekeeper of the Tower*)
KATE (*her Niece*)

Chorus of Yeomen of the Guard, Gentlemen, Citizens, &c.

SCENE

Tower Green

Date

16th Century

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

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The Yeomen of the Guard

or,

THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

OVERTURE

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Allegro brillante e maestoso

Piano

tr *ff* *Brass.* *marcato*

Viol.

brillante *3* *3* *3* *ff*

ff

ff

ff

ff

24

Measures 24-26. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 24 features a melodic line in the treble with accents and a piano accompaniment in the bass. Measure 25 continues the melodic line. Measure 26 ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

27

Clar.

Measures 27-30. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 27 includes a Clarinet (*Clar.*) entry with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

31

Viol. & Fag.

Measures 31-34. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 31 includes Violin and Bassoon (*Viol. & Fag.*) entries. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

35

Ob. Viol.

Measures 35-38. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 35 includes Oboe (*Ob.*) and Violin (*Viol.*) entries with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

39

Measures 39-42. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 39 includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

43

Ob.

Measures 43-46. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 43 includes an Oboe (*Ob.*) entry with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

47

Fl.

Measures 47-50. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. Measure 47 includes a Flute (*Fl.*) entry. The score shows a melodic line in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass.

51

Musical score for measures 51-54. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and then a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes with chords. There are dynamic markings *p* and *pp* in the lower staff.

55

Musical score for measures 55-59. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line from the previous system. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking *p* is present in the lower staff. The word "Viol." is written above the upper staff in the final measure.

60

Musical score for measures 60-63. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. There are dynamic markings *p* and *pp* in the lower staff.

64

Musical score for measures 64-67. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The word "Brass." is written above the upper staff in the second measure, and "Viol." is written above the upper staff in the fourth measure. Dynamic markings *pp* and *p* are present in the lower staff.

68

Musical score for measures 68-71. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamic markings *cresc.*, *>*, and *f* are present in the lower staff.

72

Musical score for measures 72-75. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The word "TUTTI" is written above the upper staff in the third measure. Dynamic markings *sf* and *ff* are present in the lower staff.

76

Musical score for measures 76-79. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. There are dynamic markings *sf* and *ff* in the lower staff.

80

Strings

pp

84

Clar.

88

Ob.

92

tr

96

Fl. & Ob.

100

104

cresc.

108 *Viol.* *f* *marcato*

111

114

117 *Clar.* *p*

121 *Viol.* *Ob.*

127 *dim*

134 *Clar.* *sempre dim.* *pp* *Viol.*

141

pp pp pp

This system contains measures 141 through 147. The upper staff features a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Dynamic markings of *pp* are present in the lower staff at measures 145, 146, and 147.

148

pp Viola pp

This system contains measures 148 through 154. The lower staff includes a section for Viola, marked *pp* at measure 154. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic fragments.

155

Ob. & Clar. Tromb. Fl. & Ob.

f *pp* *f* *pp*

This system contains measures 155 through 159. It features woodwind entries for Oboe and Clarinet, Trombones, and Flute and Oboe. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* at measures 155 and 157. Dynamic markings of *f* are used for the woodwinds at measures 155 and 157.

160

Woodwind Strings

p *mf* *p*

This system contains measures 160 through 164. It includes parts for Woodwind and Strings. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* at measures 160 and 162. A *mf* marking is present for the woodwinds at measure 161.

165

cresc. *cresc.*

This system contains measures 165 through 168. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo in both staves, marked *cresc.* at measures 166 and 167.

169

cresc. *p* Cor. *p*

This system contains measures 169 through 174. It includes a part for Cor Anglais. The piano accompaniment is marked *cresc.* at measure 169 and *p* at measure 170. The Cor Anglais part is marked *p* at measure 170.

173

Musical score for measures 173-176. The system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line with chords in the left hand.

177

Musical score for measures 177-180. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. At measure 180, a Trombone (Tromba.) enters with a *p* dynamic and *cresc. molto* marking.

181

Musical score for measures 181-184. The piano part features a *cresc. molto* marking leading to a *ff* dynamic. The word *TUTTI* is written above the piano part. The system concludes with the instruction *con fuoco*.

185

Musical score for measures 185-188. The piano part features a *sempre con fuoco* marking. The system concludes with the instruction *con fuoco*.

189

Musical score for measures 189-192. The piano part features a *con fuoco* marking. The system concludes with the instruction *con fuoco*.

193

Musical score for measures 193-198. The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The right hand features a sequence of chords and melodic lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include accents (>) and a crescendo hairpin.

199

Musical score for measures 199-204. The right hand continues with complex chordal textures and melodic fragments. The left hand maintains its accompaniment. A fortissimo (**fff**) dynamic marking is present in measure 204.

205

Musical score for measures 205-210. This section is characterized by dense, block-like chords in both hands, creating a rich harmonic texture.

211

Musical score for measures 211-214. The right hand features a rapid, repetitive sixteenth-note pattern. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and rests.

215

Musical score for measures 215-218. The right hand continues with the sixteenth-note pattern. The left hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The piece concludes with a final chord in both hands.

Act I

SCENE:— *Tower Green. PHŒBE discovered spinning.*

No. 1: INTRODUCTION & SONG (Phœbe.)

Allegretto non troppo

Piano

27

PHEBE

I. When maid-en loves, she

32

sits and sighs, She wan-ders to and fro; Un - bid-den teardrops fill her eyes, And

37

to all questions she re - plies With a sad "heigh - ho!"

43

'Tis but a lit - tle word - "heigh-ho!" So soft, 'tis scarcely heard - "heigh-ho!"

48

An i - dle breath— Yet life and death May hang up - on a

53

maid's "heigh - ho!" An i - dle breath, Yet life and death May hang up-

58

on a maid's "heigh - ho!"

63

2. When maiden loves, she mopes a - part, As

68

owl mopes on a tree; Al - though she keen-ly feels the smart, She can - not tell what

73

ails her heart, With its sad "Ah me!"

79

'Tis but a fool-ish sigh - "Ah me!" Born but to droop and die - "Ah me!"

83

Yet all the sense Of e - lo - quence Lies hid - den in a maid's "Ah

89

me!" Yet all the sense Of e - lo-quence Lies hid - den

93

in a maid's "Ah me!" "Ah me!" "Ah me!"

99

Yet all the sense Of e - lo-quence Lies hid - den_ in a maid's "Ah

104

me!"

Enter WILFRED.

WIL. Mistress Meryll!

PHŒ. (*looking up*). Eh! Oh! it's you, is it? You may go away if you like. Because I don't want you, you know.

WIL. Haven't you anything to say to me?

PHŒ. Oh yes! Are the birds all caged? The wild beasts all littered down? All the locks, chains, bolts, and bars in good order? Is the Little Ease sufficiently uncomfortable? The racks, pincers, and thumbscrews all ready for work? Ugh! you brute!

WIL. These allusions to my professional duties are in doubtful taste. I didn't become a head-jailer because I like head-jailing. I didn't become an assistant-tormentor because I like assistant-tormenting. We can't all be sorcerers, you know. (PHŒBE *annoyed*.) Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

PHŒ. Colonel Fairfax is *not* a sorcerer. He's a man of science and an alchemist.

WIL. Well, whatever he is, he won't be one for long, for he's to be beheaded today for dealings with the devil. His master nearly had him last night, when the fire broke out in the Beauchamp Tower.

PHŒ. Oh! how I wish he had escaped in the confusion! But take care; there's still time for a reply to his petition for mercy.

WIL. Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past seven – ah!

PHŒ. You're a cruel monster to speak so unfeelingly of the death of a young and handsome soldier.

WIL. Young and handsome! How do you know he's young and handsome?

PHŒ. Because I've seen him every day for weeks past taking his exercise on the Beauchamp Tower.

WIL. Curse him!

PHŒ. There, I believe you're jealous of *him*, now. Jealous of a man I've never spoken to! Jealous of a poor soul who's to die in an hour!

WIL. I am! I'm jealous of everybody and everything. I'm jealous of the very words I speak to you – because they reach your ears – and I mustn't go near 'em!

PHŒ. How unjust you are! Jealous of the words you speak to me! Why, you know as well as I do that I don't even like them.

WIL. You used to like 'em.

PHŒ. I used to *pretend* I liked them. It was mere politeness to comparative strangers. (*Exit PHŒBE, with spinning wheel.*)

WIL. I don't believe you know what jealousy is! I don't believe you know how it eats into a man's heart – and disorders his digestion – and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior!

No. 1a: SONG (Wilfred)

Allegro con brio **WILFRED**

Piano *ff*

1. When

6

jea - lous tor - ments rack my soul My a - go - nies I can't con - trol; Oh, bet - ter sit on
ker - chief on your neck of snow I look on as a dead - ly foe - It go - eth where I

11

red - hot coal Than love a heart - less jade! The red - hot coal will hurt, no doubt, But
may not go, And stops there all day long! The belt that holds you in its grasp Is

schierzando

16

red - hot coals in time die out - But jeal - ous - y you can - not rout; Its fires will ne - ver
to my peace of mind a rasp, It clasp - eth what I may not clasp - Cor - rect me if I'm

21

f fade. }
wrong!

It's much less painful, on the whole, To

p

26

go and sit on red-hot coal Till you're complet-ely flayed— Or ask some kind-ly friend to crack Your

32

wretched bones up - on the rack Than love a heart-less jade, Than love a heart - less

cresc.

38

1. jade!

2. The jade!

f

43

Poco meno mosso

The bird that breakfasts on your lip; I would I had him

49

in my grip—He sup-peth where I may not sip—I can't get o-ver that. The cat you

55

fon-dle, soft and sly, He li-eth— where I may not

61

lie. We're not on terms, that cat and I— I do not like that

67 **Tempo I**

cat! It's much less pain - ful, on the whole, To go and sit on

mp

73

red-hot coal Till you're complet-ely flayed - Or ask some kind-ly friend to crack Your wretched bones up-

79

on the rack Than love a heart-less jade, Than love a heart - less jade!

cresc. *f*

85

Or ask a kind-ly friend to crack Your wretched bones up - on the rack

91

Than love a heart - less jade! [Exit WILFRED.]

ff

(Enter Crowd of Men and Women, followed by Yeomen of the Guard.)

No. 2: DOUBLE CHORUS (People, Yeomen) with SOLO (2nd Yeoman)

Allegro vivace

Piano *f*

4

7

PEOPLE *f staccato*

Tow - er war - ders

f staccato

Tow - er war - ders

10

Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant sword - ers! Brave in bear - ing,

Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant sword - ers! Brave in bear - ing,

14

Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing! Ne'er a stran - ger

Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing! Ne'er a stran - ger

18

There to dan - ger - Each was o'er the world a ran - ger: To the sto - ry

There to dan - ger - Each was o'er the world a ran - ger: To the sto - ry

22

Of our glo - ry Each a bold, a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!

Of our glo - ry Each a bold, a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!

A

f

26 **YEOMEN: TENORS**

f In the au - tumn of our life, Here at rest in am - ple

BASSES

f In the au - tumn of our life, Here at rest in am - ple

30

clo - ver, We re - joice in tell - ing o - ver Our im - pet-u-ous May and June.

clo - ver, We re - joice in tell - ing o - ver Our im - pet-u-ous May and June.

36 **B**

In the eve - ning of our day, With the sun of life de - cli - ning,

In the eve - ning of our day, With the sun of life de - cli - ning, We re -

41

We re - call with - out re - pin - ing All the heat of by - gone noon,
 call with - out re - pin - ing All the heat of by - gone noon,

45

We re - call with - out re - pin - ing, All the heat, We re -
 We re - call with - out re - pin - ing, All the heat, We re -

49

call, re - call All of by - gone noon.
 call, re - call All the heat of by - gone noon.

un poco rall. *a tempo*
un poco rall. *a tempo*
un poco rall. *a tempo* *f*

56

p

61 **C** 2nd YEOMAN

This the au - tumn of our life, — This the eve - ning

p

67

of — our day; Wea - ry we — of bat - tle strife, —

73 **D**

Wea - ry — we — of — mor - - - - tal fray. But our

79

year — is not so spent, And our days — are not so fa - ded,

83

But that we with one consent Were our lov - ed land in - va - ded,

87

Still would face a for - eign foe, As in days of long a - go, Still _____ would

92

face a for - eign foe, _____ As in days of long a - go, _____ As in

97

days _____ of long a - go, _____ As in days _____ of _____ long a -

p *colla voce*

103

go.

YEOMEN

f

Still would face a for - eign foe, As in days of long a -

Still would face a for - eign foe, As in days of long a -

f a tempo

107

PEOPLE

f

Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant swor - ders!

Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant swor - ders!

go.

go.

111

Brave in bear - ing, Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing!

Brave in bear - ing, Foe - men scar - ing.

115 **F**

Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant sword - ers!

Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, va - liant sword - ers!

YEOMEN
sostenuto

This the au - tumn of our life, _____

This the au - tumn of our life, _____

119

Brave in bear - ing, Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing!

Brave in bear - ing, Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing!

This the eve - ning of _____ our day, _____

This the eve - ning of _____ our day, _____

123

Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger - Each was o'er the world a ran-ger:
 Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger - Each was o'er the world a ran-ger:
 Wea-ry we of bat-tle strife,
 Wea-ry we of bat-tle strife,

127

To the sto-ry Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a bold con-tri-bu-
 To the sto-ry Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a bold con-tri-bu-
 Wea-ry we of mor-tal
 Wea-ry we of mor-tal

131 **G**

to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - tri - bu -
 to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - tri - bu -
 8 fray. This the au - tumn of our life, _____
 fray. This the au - tumn of our life, This the eve - ning of our

f

135

to - ry! Each a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!
 to - ry! Each a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!
 8 This the eve - ning of our day.
 day, This the eve - ning of our day.

*Exeunt Crowd. Manent Yeomen.**Enter DAME CARRUTHERS.*

DAME. A good day to you!

2ND YEOMAN. Good day, Dame Carruthers. Busy to-day?

DAME. Busy, aye! the fire in the Beauchamp last night has given me work enough. A dozen poor prisoners – Richard Colfax, Sir Martin Byfleet, Colonel Fairfax, Warren the preacher-poet, and half-a-score others – all packed into one small cell, not six feet square. Poor Colonel Fairfax, who's to die to-day, is to be removed to No. 14 in the Cold Harbour that he may have his last hour alone with his confessor; and I've to see to that.

2ND YEO. Poor gentleman! He'll die bravely. I fought under him two years since, and he valued his life as it were a feather!

PHÆ. He's the bravest, the handsomest, and the best young gentleman in England! He twice saved my father's life; and it's a cruel thing, a wicked thing that so gallant a hero should lose his head – for it is the handsomest head in England!

DAME. For dealing with the devil. Aye! if all were beheaded who dealt with *him*, there'd be busy doings on Tower Green.

PHÆ. You know very well that Colonel Fairfax is a student of alchemy – nothing more, and nothing less; but this wicked Tower, like a cruel giant in a fairy-tale, must be fed with blood, and that blood must be the best and bravest in England, or it's not good enough for the old Blunderbore. Ugh!

DAME. Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I've grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there's not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.

No 3: SONG with CHORUS (Dame Carruthers and Yeomen)

Allegro moderato e maestoso

Piano

6 **DAME CARRUTHERS**

1. When our gal - lant Nor - man foes Made our mer - ry land their own, And the
 2. With - in its wall of rock The flow - er of the brave Have

10 Sax - ons from the Con - quer - or were fly - ing, At his bid - ding it a - rose, In its
 per - ished with a con - stan - cy un - sha - ken. From the dun - geon to the block, From the

13 pa - no - ply of stone, A sen - ti - nel un liv - ing and un - dy - ing. In -
 scaf - fold to the grave, Is a jour - ney ma - ny gal - lant hearts have ta - ken. And the

16

sen - si - ble, I trow, As a sen - ti - nel should be, Tho' a queen to save her head should come a-
wick-ed flames may hiss Round the he-roes who have fought For conscience and for home in all its

19

su - ing; There's a le - gend on its brow That is e - lo-quent to me, And it
beau - ty; But the grim old for - ta - lice Takes lit - tle heed of aught That

22

tells of du - ty done and du - ty do - ing. }
comes not in the mea - sure of its du - ty. }

26

"The screw may twist and the rack may turn, And

29

men may bleed and men may burn, O'er Lon - don town and its

32

gold - en hoard I keep my si - lent watch and ward!"

TENORS & BASSES *p*

The

35

O'er Lon - don town and all its hoard,

screw may twist and the rack may turn, And men may bleed and

p *cresc.*

38

O'er Lon - don town and all its hoard
men_ may burn, O'er Lon - don town and its gold - en hoard I

41

I keep my si - lent, si - lent watch and ward!
keep my si - lent watch and ward!

45

si - lent watch and ward!
watch and ward!

49

(Exeunt all but PHOEBE. Enter SERGEANT MERYLL.)

PHOEBE. Father! Has no reprieve arrived for the poor gentleman?

MERYLL. No, my lass; but there's one hope yet. Thy brother Leonard, who, as a reward for his valour in saving his standard and cutting his way through fifty foes who would have hanged him, has been appointed a Yeoman of the Guard, will arrive to-day; and as he comes straight from Windsor, where the Court is, it may be – it *may* be – that he will bring the expected reprieve with him.

PHOEBE. Oh, that he may!

MERYLL. Amen to that! For the Colonel twice saved my life, and I'd give the rest of my life to save his! And wilt thou not be glad to welcome thy brave brother, with the fame of whose exploits all England is a-ringing?

PHOEBE. Aye, truly, if he brings the reprieve.

MERYLL. And not otherwise?

PHOEBE. Well, he's a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men.

MERYLL. All brave men?

PHOEBE. Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me – they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and –

MERYLL. And leaves thee pretty well to thine own ways, eh? Well, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather-brain, but thou'rt a good lass.

PHOEBE. Yes, that's all very well, but if Leonard is going to tell me that I may not do this and I may not do that, and I must not talk to this one, or walk with that one, but go through the world with my lips pursed up and my eyes cast down, like a poor nun who has renounced mankind – why, as I have not renounced mankind, and don't mean to renounce mankind, I won't have it – there!

MERYLL. Nay, he'll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phoebe! He's a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant's orchard.

No. 3a: SONG (Sergeant Meryll)

MERYLL

1. A
2. When

Piano

fz *fz* *p*

5

laugh - ing boy but yes - ter - day, A me - ry ur - chin blythe and
at my Leon - ard's deeds sub - lime A sol - dier's pulse beats dou - ble

8

gay! Whose joy - ous shout Came ring - ing out, un - checked by care and
time, And brave hearts thrill, As brave hearts will, at tales of mar - tial

12

8 sor - row - To - day a war - rior, all sun - brown, Whose deeds of sol - dier - ly re -
glo - ry, I burn with flush of pride and joy, A pride un - bit - tered by al -

16

nown are all the boast of Lon-don town: A ve - ter - an to -
loy, to find my boy - my dar - ling boy - The theme of song and

20

mor - row! To - day, a war - rior, A vet - er -
sto - ry! To find my dar - ling boy The theme of

24

an song to - mor - row!
song and sto - - - ry! To

29

find my boy - my dar - ling - boy - The theme of song and sto -

33

ry!

Enter LEONARD MERYLL.

LEON. Father!

MER. Leonard! my brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phœbe!

PHÆ. Aye – hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

LEON. Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

PHÆ. Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!

LEON. Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand – nay, my body – my life, to save his!

MER. Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

LEON. Aye, father – I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? and am I not his foster-brother?

MER. Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

LEON. Well?

MER. None has seen thee but ourselves?

LEON. And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.

MER. Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of Yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell – he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-Yeomen, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? (*To PHÆBE.*) The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

PHÆ. (*demurely*). I think – I say, I *think* – I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think – mind I say, I *think* – you may leave that to me.

MER. Then get thee hence at once, lad — and bless thee for this sacrifice.

PHÆ. And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

LEON. And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is new-born; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.

No. 4: TRIO (Phœbe, Leonard and Meryll)

Allegretto un poco agitato **PHŒBE**

A - las! I wa - ver to and fro - Dark

Piano *f* *p*

7

dan - ger hangs up - on the deed! Dark dan - ger hangs up - on the deed!

LEONARD

Dark dan - ger hangs up - on the deed!

MERYLL

Dark dan - ger hangs up - on the deed!

14 **LEONARD**

The scheme is rash and well — may fail; But ours are not the

p

27

hearts — that — quail, The hands that shrink — the cheeks that pale In hours —

cresc. *f*

28

No, ours are not the hearts — that
of need! No, ours are not the hearts that
No, ours are not the hearts that

cresc. *f*

34

quail, The hands — that shrink, the cheeks — that pale, The hands — that
quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale, The hands that
quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale, — that

cresc.

40 B

shrink, the cheeks that pale In hours of need!

shrink, the cheeks that pale In hours of need!

pale, the cheeks that pale In hours of need!

sf *p* *p*

48 MERYLL

The

sf *p*

55

air I breathe to him I owe: My life is his - I count it naught!

dim.

62 **PHOEBE** **C**
 That life is his so count it naught!

LEONARD
 That life is his so count it naught!

MERYLL
 And shall I reck - on risks I

70
 run_ When ser - vi - ces are to be done To save the life of

78
 such_ an one? Un - wor - thy thought! Un - wor -

86

D**PHOEBE**

And shall we reck - on risks we run_ To save

LEONARD

And shall we reck - on risks we run_ To save

thy thought!

94

the life of such_ an one?

Un - wor - thy thought!

the life of such_ an one?

Un - wor - thy thought!

Un - wor - thy thought!

102

Un - wor - thy thought!

Un - wor - thy thought!

Un - wor - thy thought!

110

We may suc - ceed - who can fore - tell? May heaven help our hope -

We may suc - ceed - who can fore - tell? May heaven help our hope -

We may suc - ceed - who can fore - tell? May heaven help our hope -

118

May heaven help our hope -

May heaven help our hope -

May heaven help our hope -

126

fare - well!

fare - well!

fare - well!

134

May heaven help our hope,

dim.

143

help our hope, fare - well

help our hope, fare - well

help our hope, fare - well

p

152

fare - well

(LEONARD *embraces* MERYLL and PHÆBE, *and then exits*. PHÆBE *weeping*.)

MER. Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.

PHÆ. Oh! see, father – they bring the poor gentleman from the Beauchamp! Oh, father! his hour is not yet come?

MER. No, no, – they lead him to the Coldharbour Tower to await his end in solitude. But softly – the Lieutenant approaches! He should not see thee weep.

(*Enter* FAIRFAX, *guarded*. *The* LIEUTENANT *enters, meeting him*.)

LIEUT. Halt! Colonel Fairfax, my old friend, we meet but sadly.

FAIR. Sir, I greet you with all good-will; and I thank you for the zealous care with which you have guarded me from the pestilent dangers which threaten human life outside. In this happy little community, Death, when he comes, doth so in punctual and businesslike fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.

LIEUT. Sir, you bear this bravely, as a brave man should.

FAIR. Why, sir, it is no light boon to die swiftly and surely at a given hour and in a given fashion! Truth to tell, I would gladly have my life; but if that may not be, I have the next best thing to it, which is death. Believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss!

PHÆ. (*aside to* MERYLL). Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it!

MER. My poor lass!

FAIR. Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. (*Sees* MERYLL.) Sergeant Meryll, is it not? (*To* LIEUT.) May I greet my old friend? (*Shakes* MERYLL'S *hand*.) Why, man, what's all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow – we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well – for, in sooth, I have tried both.

No. 5: BALLAD (Fairfax)

Andante espressione **FAIRFAX**

1. Is life a

boon? If so, it must be - fal That Death, when-e'er he

call, Must call too soon. Though four - score years he

give, Yet one would pray to live An - o - ther moon! What

19

kind of plaint have I, Who per - ish in Ju - ly, Who per - ish

23

un poco rit. *a tempo*

in Ju - ly? I might have had to die, — Per-

colla voce

27

chance, in June! I might have had to die, — Per-chance, in

p

32

June!

f *tr* *p* 3

37

Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay,

41

count it not a whit! Man is well done with it;

45

Soon as he's born He should all means es - say To put the

49

plague a - way; And I, war - worn, Poor

53 *rall. un poco*

cap - tured fu - gi - tive, My life most glad - ly — give - I

colla voce

57 *a tempo*

might have had to live — An - o - ther morn! I

61

might have had to live, — to live An - o - ther morn!

colla voce *p* *f*

65

(At the end, PHOEBE is led off, weeping, by MERYLL.)

FAIR. And now, Sir Richard, I have a boon to beg. I am in this strait for no better reason than because my kinsman, Sir Clarence Poltwhistle, one of the Secretaries of State, has charged me with sorcery, in order that he may succeed to my estate, which devolves to him provided I die unmarried.

LIEUT. As thou wilt most surely do.

FAIR. Nay, as I will most surely *not* do, by your worship's grace! I have a mind to thwart this good cousin of mine.

LIEUT. How?

FAIR. By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

LIEUT. But heaven ha' mercy, whom wouldst thou marry?

FAIR. Nay, I am indifferent on that score. Coming Death hath made of me a true and chivalrous knight, who holds all womankind in such esteem that the oldest, and the meanest, and the worst-favoured of them is good enough for him. So, my good Lieutenant, if thou wouldst serve a poor soldier who has but an hour to live, find me the first that comes – my confessor shall marry us, and her dower shall be my dishonoured name and a hundred crowns to boot. No such poor dower for an hour of matrimony!

LIEUT. A strange request. I doubt that I should be warranted in granting it.

FAIR. There never was a marriage fraught with so little of evil to the contracting parties. In an hour she'll be a widow, and I – a bachelor again for aught I know!

LIEUT. Well, I will see what can be done, for I hold thy kinsman in abhorrence for the scurvy trick he has played thee.

FAIR. A thousand thanks, good sir; we meet again on this spot in an hour or so. I shall be a bridegroom then, and your worship will wish me joy. Till then, farewell. *(To Guard.)* I am ready, good fellows.

(Exit with Guard into Cold Harbour Tower.)

LIEUT. He is a brave fellow, and it is a pity that he should die. Now, how to find him a bride at such short notice? Well, the task should be easy!

(Exit.)

(Enter JACK POINT and ELSIE MAYNARD, pursued by a crowd of men and women. POINT and ELSIE are much terrified; POINT, however, assuming an appearance of self-possession.)

No. 6: CHORUS (Entrance of Crowd, Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

Piano *f*

5

9

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

13 **A** Here's a man of jol - li - ty, Give us of your qual - i - ty,

TENORS & BASSES

Here's a man of jol - li - ty, Give us of your qual - i - ty,

Jibe, joke, jol - li - fy!

f

16 *unison*

Come fool, fol - li - fy! If you va - pour va - pid - ly, Ri - ver run - neth ra - pid - ly,

Come fool, fol - li - fy! If you va - pour va - pid - ly, Ri - ver run - neth ra - pid - ly,

19

In - to it we__ fling Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment

In - to it we__ fling Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment

22

In the art of mer - ri - ment; In - to it we__ throw Cock who does - n't__ crow.

In the art of mer - ri - ment; In - to it we__ throw Cock who does - n't__ crow.

25 **B** Ban-ish your ti - mi - di - ty, And with all ra - pi - di - ty *unison*
Give us quip and quid-di - ty -

Ban-ish your ti - mi - di - ty, And with all ra - pi - di - ty *unison*
Give us quip and quid-di - ty -

28 Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! Riv - er none can mol - li - fy; - In - to it we throw

Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! Riv - er none can mol - li - fy; - In - to it we throw

37 Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy, Cock who does - n't crow! Ban - ish your ti - mi - di - ty,

Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy, Cock who does - n't crow! Ban - ish your ti - mi - di - ty,

34

And with all ra - pi - di - ty Give us quip and qui - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

And with all ra - pi - di - ty Give us quip and qui - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

sf

Dialogue through.

pp

POINT (*alarmed*). My masters, I pray you bear with us, and we will satisfy you, for we are merry folk who would make all merry as ourselves. For, look you, there is humour in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and to make the most of it.

ELSIE (*struggling with one of the crowd*). Hands off, I say, unmannerly fellow!

POINT (*to 1ST CITIZEN*). Ha! Didst thou hear her say, 'Hands off'?

1ST CIT. Aye, I heard her say it, and I felt her do it! What then?

POINT. Thou dost not see the humour of that?

1ST CIT. Nay, if I do, hang me!

POINT. Thou dost not? Now observe. She said, 'Hands off!' Whose hands? Thine. Off whom? Off *her*. Why? Because she is a woman. Now, had she *not* been a woman, thine hands had not been set upon her at all. So the reason for the laying on of hands is the reason for the taking off of hands, and herein is contradiction contradicted! It is the very marriage of *pro* with *con*; and no such lopsided union either, as times go, for *pro* is not more unlike *con* than man is unlike woman – yet men and women marry every day with none to say, 'Oh, the pity of it!' but I and fools like me! Now wherewithal shall we please you? We can rhyme you couplet, triolet, quatrain, sonnet, rondolet, ballade, what you will. Or we can dance you saraband, gondolet, carole, Pimpernel, or Jumping Joan.

ELSIE. Let us give them the singing farce of the Merryman and his Maid – therein is song and dance too.

ALL. Aye, the Merryman and his Maid!

No. 7: DUET (Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

Piano

7

ELSIE

8 I have a song to sing, O! — Sing me your song, O! —

14

POINT

8 It is sung to the moon By a love - lorn loon, Who

20

8 fled from the mock - ing thron, O! It's a song of a mer - ry - man, mop - ing mum, Whose

24

soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he

28

sighed for the love of a la - dye. Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,

pp

33

lack - a - day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

37

ELSIE

la - dye!

2. I have a song to sing, O!

42 **POINT** **ELSIE**

What is your song, O? It is sung with the ring Of the

47

songs maids sing Who love with a love life - long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid,

51

peer - ly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who laugh'd a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man,

55

mop - ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who

59

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy!

pp

63

heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day dee! He sipped no sup, and he

67

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

8

72

POINT **ELSIE**

3. I have a song to sing, O! Sing me your song O!

77

POINT

It is sung to the knell Of a church-yard bell, And a dole-ful dirge ding

81

dong, O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, brave-ly born, Who turned up his no-ble

85

nose with scorn At the hum-ble mer-ry-maid, per-ly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who

89

laugh'd a-loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose

93

glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

97

la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! mis-e - rie me, lack - a - day - dee! He

102

sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lay - dye.

106

ELSIE **POINT**
4. I have a song to sing, O! 8 Sing me your

111

ELSIE

song, O! _____ It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it

116

tells of a right - ed wrong, O! It's a song of the mer-ry-maid, once so gay, Who

120

turned on her heel and tripped a - way From the pea - cock pop - in - jay, brave - ly born, Who

124

turned up his no - ble nose with scorn At the hum - ble heart that he did not prize; So she

128

begged on her knees, with down-cast eyes, For the love of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose

132

soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he

136

sighed for the love of a la - dy! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

POINT

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

1st SOPRANOS

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

2nd SOPRANOS *p*

Oo

TENORS & BASSES *p*

Oo

140

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

molto

144

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

f

Ah!

f

Ah!

148

cresc.
Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he
cresc.
Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he
cresc.
Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he
cresc.

152

lived in the love of a la - dye!
lived in the love of a la - dye!
lived in the love of a la - dye!

157

No. 7: DUET (Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

Piano

7

POINT

ELSIE

⁸ 1. I have a song to sing, O! — Sing me your song, O! —

14

POINT

⁸ It is sung to the moon By a love - lorn loon, Who

20

⁸ fled from the mock - ing throng, O! It's a song of a mer - ry - man, mop - ing mum, Whose

24

soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he

28

sighed for the love of a la - dye. Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,

pp

33

lack - a - day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

37

ELSIE

la - dye!

2. I have a song to sing, O!

42

POINT **ELSIE**

What is your song, O? _____ It is sung with the ring Of the

47

songs maids sing Who love with a love life - long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid,

51

peer - ly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who laugh'd a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man,

55

mop - ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who

59

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy!

pp

63

heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day dee! He sipped no sup, and he

67

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

8

72

POINT **ELSIE**

3. I have a song to sing, O! Sing me your song O!

77

POINT

It is sung to the knell Of a church - yard bell, And a dole - ful dirge ding

81

dong, O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, brave-ly born, Who turned up his no-ble

85

nose with scorn At the hum-ble mer-ry-maid, per-ly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who

89

laugh'd a-loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose

93

glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

97

la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! mis - e - rie me, lack - a - day - dee! He

102

sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lay - dye.

106

ELSIE

POINT

4. I have a song to sing, O! 8 Sing me your

111

ELSIE

song, O! _____ It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it

116

tells of a right - ed wrong, O! It's a song of the mer - ry - maid, once so gay, Who

120

turned on her heel and tripped a - way From the pea - cock pop - in - jay, brave - ly born, Who

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132

soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he

136

ELSIE
sighed for the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

POINT
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

1st SOPRANOS
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

2nd SOPRANOS *p*
Oo

TENORS & BASSES *p*
Oo

140

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

molto

144

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

lived in the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!

f

Ah!

f

Ah!

f

148

cresc.

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

cresc.

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

cresc.

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he

cresc.

152

lived in the love of a la - dye!

lived in the love of a la - dye!

lived in the love of a la - dye!

ff

157

1ST CIT. Well sung and well danced!

2ND CIT. A kiss for that, pretty maid

ALL. Aye, a kiss all round.

ELSIE (*drawing dagger*) Best beware! I am armed!

POINT. Back, sirs – back! This is going too far.

2ND CIT. Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all things – even in this. (*Trying to kiss her.*)

ELSIE. Help! help!

(*Enter LIEUTENANT with Guard. Crowd falls back.*)

LIEUT. What is this pother?

ELSIE. Sir, we sang to these folk, and they would have repaid us with gross courtesy, but for your honour's coming.

LIEUT. (*to Mob*). Away with ye! Clear the rabble. (*Guards push Crowd off, and go off with them.*) Now, my girl, who are you, and what do you here?

ELSIE. May it please you, sir, we are two strolling players, Jack Point and Elsie Maynard, at your worship's service. We go from fair to fair, singing, and dancing, and playing brief interludes, and so we make a poor living.

LIEUT. You two, eh? Are ye man and wife?

POINT. No, sir; for though I'm a fool, there is a limit to my folly. Her mother, old Bridget Maynard, travels with us (for Elsie is a good girl), but the old woman is a-bed with fever, and we have come here to pick up some silver to buy an electuary for her.

LIEUT. Hark ye, my girl! Your mother is ill?

ELSIE. Sorely ill, sir.

LIEUT. And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

ELSIE. Alas! sir, it is too true.

LIEUT. Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?

ELSIE. An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

LIEUT. Then listen! A worthy but unhappy gentleman is to be beheaded in an hour on this very spot. For sufficient reasons, he desires to marry before he dies, and he hath asked me to find him a wife. Wilt thou be that wife?

ELSIE. The wife of a man I have never seen!

POINT. Why, sir, look you, I am concerned in this; for though I am not yet wedded to Elsie Maynard, time works wonders, and there's no knowing what may be in store for us. Have we your worship's word for it that this gentleman will die to-day?

LIEUT. Nothing is more certain, I grieve to say.

POINT. And that the maiden will be allowed to depart the very instant the ceremony is at an end?

LIEUT. The very instant. I pledge my honour that it shall be so.

POINT. An hundred crowns?

LIEUT. An hundred crowns!

POINT. For my part, I consent. It is for Elsie to speak.

No. 8: TRIO (Elsie, Point and Lieutenant)

Allegro vivace **LIEUTENANT**

How say you, mai - den,

will you wed A man a - bout to lose his head? For

half an hour You'll be a wife, And then the dower is yours for

life. A head - less bridegroom why re - fuse? If

Piano *f* *p*

25

truth the po - ets tell, Most bride - grooms, ere they

31

mar - ry, lose Both head and heart as well! A

37

strange pro - po - sal you re - veal. It al - most makes my sen - ses

43

reel. A - las! I'm ve - ry poor in - deed, And

49

such a sum I sore - ly need. My mo - ther, sir, is

55

like to die, This mo - ney life may bring, Bear

61

this in mind, I pray, if I Con - sent to do this

67

POINT

thing! 8 Tho' as a gen - ral rule of life I don't al - low my promised wife, My

73

love - ly bride that is to be, To mar - ry a - ny - one but me, Yet

79

if the fee is prompt - ly paid, And he, in well earn'd grave,

86

With - in the hour is du - ly laid, Ob - jec - tion I will

93

waive! Yes, ob - jec - tion I will waive!

100

ELSIE

Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend - ed To shun, whate'er our

POINT

Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend - ed To shun, whate'er our

LIEUT.

Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend - ed To shun, whate'er our

106

sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tion splen - did; Or — fall, when - e'er we view you,
 sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tion splen - did; Or fall, when - e'er we view you,
 sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tion splen - did; Or fall, when - e'er we view you,

111

Head o - ver heels in - to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels in
 Head o - ver heels in - to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels in
 Head o - ver heels in - to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels in

116

to you! Oh, tem - ta - tion,
 to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
 to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Right in - to you!

121

Oh, *temp-*

Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,

Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,

8va

sf

sf

125

ta - tion, Oh, *temp-*

Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver

Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head

sf

sf

129

ta - - - - tion,

heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver

o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,

sf

sf

133

Oh, temp - ta - - -

heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver

Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver o - ver

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are instrumental accompaniment for the vocal line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef).

137

Più lento
p

tion, Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion!

heels! Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion!

heels! Temp - ta - tion, oh, temp - ta - tion!

Più lento
p

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are instrumental accompaniment for the vocal line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo marking *Più lento* and dynamic marking *p* are present.

146

This system contains two staves of music, both in piano accompaniment. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of chords and melodic lines.

153

This system contains two staves of music, both in piano accompaniment. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of chords and melodic lines.

*(During this, the LIEUTENANT has whispered to WILFRED (who has entered).
WILFRED binds ELSIE'S eyes with a kerchief, and leads her into the Cold
Harbour Tower.*

LIEUT. And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

POINT. Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.

LIEUT. I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post?

POINT. Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once; I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests – ancient and modern – past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you – a pretty, pretty wit!

No. 9: RECIT. & SONG (Point)

Allegretto

Piano

POINT

I've jibe and joke And quip and crank, For low - ly

folk and men of rank. I ply my

craft And know no fear, But aim my shaft At prince or

15

peer. At peer or prince at prince or peer, I

18

aim my shaft and know no fear!

rall.

22 **Allegretto non troppo vivace**

I. I've wis-dom from the East and from the West, That's
set a brag-gart quail-ing with a quip, The

26

sub-ject to no ac - a - dem - ic rule; You may find it in the jeer - ing of a
up - start I can with - er with a whim; He may wear a mer - ry laugh up - on his

29

jest, Or But dis - til it from the fol - ly of a fool. I can
lip, But his laugh - ter has an e - cho that is grim! When they're

32

teach you with a quip, if I've a mind; I can trick you in - to learn - ing with a
of - fer'd to the world in mer - ry guise, Un - plea - sant truths are swallowed with a

35

laugh; Oh win - now all my fol - ly, fol - ly, fol - ly, and you'll find A
will - For he who'd make his fel - low, fel - low, fel - low - crea - tures wise Should

38

grain or two of truth a - mong the chaff! Oh, winnow all my fol - ly, fol - ly, fol - ly, and you'll find A
always gild the phil - o - soph - ic pill! For he who'd make his fel - low, fel - low, fel - low - crea - tures wise Should

42

1. grain or two of truth among the chaff!
al - ways gild the phil - o - soph - ic pill!

2. I can

LIEUT. And how came you to leave your last employ?

POINT. Why, sir, it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth, I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir – Wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up, sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid £10,000 a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good – for nothing. 'Twas but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted. I had as lief not take post again with the dignified clergy.

LIEUT. But I trust you are very careful not to give offence. I have daughters.

POINT. Sir, my jests are most carefully selected, and anything objectionable is expunged. If your honour pleases, I will try them first on your honour's chaplain.

LIEUT. Can you give me an example? Say that I had sat me down hurriedly on something sharp?

POINT. Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment.

LIEUT. Humph! I don't think much of that. Is that the best you can do?

POINT. It has always been much admired, sir, but we will try again.

LIEUT. Well, then, I am at dinner, and the joint of meat is but half cooked.

POINT. Why, then, sir, I should say that what is *underdone* cannot be helped.

LIEUT. I see. I think that manner of thing would be somewhat irritating.

POINT. At first, sir, perhaps; but use is everything, and you would come in time to like it.

LIEUT. We will suppose that I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose.

POINT. Under her very nose, good sir – not under yours! *That* is where *I* would kiss her. Do you take me? Oh, sir, a pretty wit – a pretty, pretty wit!

LIEUT. The maiden comes. Follow me, friend, and we will discuss this matter at length in my library.

POINT. I am your worship's servant. That is to say, I trust I soon shall be. But, before proceeding to a more serious topic, can you tell me, sir, why a cook's brain-pan is like an overwound clock?

LIEUT. A truce to this fooling – follow me.

POINT. just my luck, my best conundrum wasted! (Exeunt.)

(Enter ELSIE from Tower, led by WILFRED, who removes the bandage from her eyes, and exit.)

No. 10: RECIT. and SONG (Elsie)

Moderato **ELSIE (recit.)**

Piano *p*

'Tis

4 *a tempo*

done! I am a bride! Oh, lit - tle ring, That bear - est in thy

p a tempo

7

cir - clet all the glad - ness That lov - ers_ hope for, and that po - ets

10

sing, What bringest thou to me but gold and sad - ness?

14

A bridegroom all un-known, save in this wise: To-day he dies! To-day, a-las, he

18 **Allegro un poco agitato**

dies! Though tear and long-drawn sigh

22

ill fit a bride, No sadder wife than I The

26

whole world wide! Ah me! Ah

30

me! Yet maids there be Who would con-sent to

34

lose The ve - ry rose of youth, The flow'r of

37

life, To be, in hon - est truth, A wed - ded wife,

40

No mat - ter whose! No mat-ter whose!

44

Ah me! what pro - fit we, O maids that sigh, Though

48

poco rall

gold, tho' gold should live, If wed - ded love must

cresc. *colla voce* *f* *mp*

52

die?

a tempo *f* *p*

57

Ere half an hour has rung, A wi - dow I!

61

Ah, heaven, he is too young, Too brave to die! Ah

65

me! Ah me! Yet

69

wives there be So wea - ry worn, I trow, That they would scarce complain,

73

So that they could In half an hour at - tain To wi - dow-hood,

77

No mat - ter how! No mat - ter

80

how! O wea - ry wives, Who

83

wi - dow - hood would win, Re - joice,

cresc.

86

poco rall

re - joice, that ye have time To wea - ry in!

colla voce *f* *mp* *p*

90

O wea - ry

94

wives, Who wi - dow - hood would win, Re - joice,

cresc. *f*

Ossia

joice, O wea - ry, wea - ry wives, re -

98

re-joyce, re - joice, O wea - ry, wea - ry wives, re -

brill. *sf* *sf* *sf*

joice!

100

joice!

ff

(Exit ELSIE as WILFRED re-enters.)

WIL. (*looking after ELSIE*). 'Tis an odd freak, for a dying man and his confessor to be closeted alone with a strange singing girl. I would fain have espied them, but they stopped up the keyhole. *My keyhole!*

(Enter PHŒBE with MERYLL. MERYLL remains in the background, unobserved by WILFRED.)

PHŒ. (*aside*). Wilfred – and alone!

WIL. Now what could he have wanted with her? That's what puzzles me!

PHŒ. (*aside*). Now to get the keys from him. (*Aloud.*) Wilfred – has no reprieve arrived?

WIL. None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

PHŒ. Nay, thou knowest that I have naught but pity for the poor condemned gentleman.

WIL. I know that he who is about to die is more to thee than I, who am alive and well.

PHŒ. Why, that were out of reason, dear Wilfred. Do they not say that a live ass is better than a dead lion? No, I don't mean that!

WIL. Oh, they say that, do they?

PHŒ. It's unpardonably rude of them, but I believe they put it in that way. Not that it applies to thee, who art clever beyond all telling!

WIL. Oh yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

PHŒ. Nay, as a wit, as a humorist, as a most philosophic commentator on the vanity of human resolution.

(PHŒBE slyly takes bunch of keys from WILFRED'S waistband and hands them to MERYLL, who enters the Tower, unnoticed by WILFRED.)

WIL. Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods (*working a small thumbscrew*). In the nice regulation of a thumbscrew – in the hundredth part of a single revolution lieth all the difference between stony reticence and a torrent of impulsive unbosoming that the pen can scarcely follow. Ha! ha! I am a mad wag.

PHŒ. (*with a grimace*). Thou art a most light-hearted and delightful companion, Master Wilfred. Thine anecdotes of the torture-chamber are the prettiest hearing.

WIL. I'm a pleasant fellow an I choose. I believe I am the merriest dog that barks. Ah, we might be passing happy together –

PHŒ. Perhaps. I do not know.

WIL. For thou wouldst make a most tender and loving wife.

PHŒ. Aye, to one whom I really loved. For there is a wealth of love within this little heart – saving up for – I wonder whom? Now, of all the world of men, I wonder whom? To think that he whom I am to wed is now alive and somewhere! Perhaps far away, perhaps close at hand! And I know him not! It seemeth that I am wasting time in not knowing him.

WIL. Now say that it is I – nay! suppose it for the nonce. Say that we are wed – suppose it only – say that thou art my very bride, and I thy cheery, joyous, bright, frolicsome husband – and that, the day's work being done, and the prisoners stored away for the night, thou and I are alone together – with a long, long evening before us!

PHŒ. (*with a grimace*). It is a pretty picture – but I scarcely know. It cometh so unexpectedly – and yet – and yet – *were* I thy bride –

WIL. Aye! Wert thou my bride –?

PHŒ. Oh, how I would love thee!

No. 11: SONG (Phœbe)

Allegro grazioso **PHŒBE**

Were I thy bride, Then

all the world be - side Were not too wide To hold my wealth of love - Were

I thy bride! Up - on thy breast My

lov - ing head would rest, As on her nest The ten - der tur - tle dove - Were

Piano *pp*

20

I thy bride! This heart of mine Would

25

be one heart with thine, And in that shrine Our hap - pi - ness would dwell - Were

30

I thy bride! And all day long Our

35

lives should be a song: No grief, no wrong Should make my heart re - bel - Were

40

I thy bride! The sil - v'ry flute, The

45

me - lan - cho - ly lute, Were night owl's hoot To my low whispered coo - Were

50

I thy bride! The sky - lark's trill Were

55

but dis - cordance shrill To the soft thrill Of woo - ing as I'd woo -

60

Were I thy bride! The

(MERYLL *re-enters*; gives keys to PHÈBE, who replaces them at WILFRED'S girdle, unnoticed by him.
Exit MERYLL.)

65

ro - se's sigh Were as a car - rion's cry To lul - la-

pp

69

by Such as I'd sing to thee, Were I thy

73

bride! A fea - ther's press Were

77

lead - en hea - vi - ness To my car - ess. But then, of course, you see I'm

82

not thy bride!

(Exit PHOEBE.)

WIL. No, thou'rt not – not yet! But, Lord, how she woo'd! I should be no mean judge of wooing, seeing that I have been more hotly woo'd than most men. I have been woo'd by maid, widow, and wife. I have been woo'd boldly, timidly, tearfully, shyly – by direct assault, by suggestion, by implication, by inference, and by innuendo. But this wooing is not of the common order: it is the wooing of one who must needs woo me, if she die for it!

(Exit WILFRED.)

(Enter MERYLL, cautiously, from Tower.)

MER. (*looking after them*). The deed is, so far, safely accomplished. The slyboots, how she wheedled him! What a helpless ninny is a love-sick man! He is but as a lute in a woman's hands – she plays upon him whatever tune she will. But the Colonel comes. I' faith, he's just in time, for the Yeomen parade here for his execution in two minutes!

(Enter FAIRFAX, without beard and moustache, and dressed in Yeoman's uniform.)

FAIR. My good and kind friend, thou runnest a grave risk for me!

MER. Tut, sir, no risk. I'll warrant none here will recognize you. You make a brave Yeoman, sir! So – this ruff is too high; so – and the sword should hang thus. Here is your halbert, sir; carry it thus. The Yeomen come. Now remember, you are my brave son, Leonard Meryll.

FAIR. If I may not bear my own name, there is none other I would bear so readily.

MER. Now, sir, put a bold face on it, for they come.

(Enter Yeomen of the Guard.)

No. 12: FINALE -ACT I.

Allegro maestoso

tr 

Piano *ff*



4 *brillante*

7

9 *sf*

11 *sf*

13

15

17

A CHORUS of YEOMEN TENORS

Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true - The welcome news we read in or-ders? Thy

BASSES

Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true - The welcome news we read in or-ders? Thy

21

son, whose deeds of der-ring-do Are e-choed all the coun-try through, Has come to join the Tow-er

son, whose deeds of der-ring-do Are e-choed all the coun-try through, Has come to join the Tow-er

24

Warders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fit-ly greet him, And welcome his ar-ri-val here With

Warders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fit-ly greet him, And welcome his ar-ri-val here With

28

shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

dim.

31

B MERYLL

Ye Tower Warders, nursed in war's alarms,

p

35

Suck-led on gun-pow-der, and wean'd on glo-ry, Be-

38

hold my son, whose all-sub-du-ing arms

41

Have form'd the theme of ma - ny a song and sto - ry! For - give his a - ged fa - ther's

44

pride; nor jeer His a - ged fa - ther's sym - pa - the - tic tear! (*Pretending to weep.*)

cresc.

47

TENORS
Leo - nard Mer - yll! Leo - nard Mer - yll! Daunt - less he in

BASSES
Leo - nard Mer - yll! Leo - nard Mer - yll! Daunt - less he in

ff

50

time of pe - ril! Man of pow - er, Knight - hood's flow - er,

time of pe - ril! Man of pow - er, Knight - hood's flow - er,

53

Wel-come to the grim old Tower: To the

Wel-come to the grim old Tower: To the

56

wel - come
Tow - er wel - come thou!

Tow - er wel - come thou!

61

D FAIRFAX

Forbear, my friends, and spare me this o - va-tion: I have small claim to such con-si-der-

65

a - tion; The tales that of my prow-ess are nar - ra - ted Have been prodigious-ly ex - ag - ger-

69

a - ted, pro - di - gious - ly ex - ag - ger - a - ted.

TENORS
'Tis

BASSES
'Tis

72

ev - er thus! Where - ev - er va - lour true is found, True

ev - er thus! Where - ev - er va - lour true is found, True

75

mo - des - ty will there a - bound.

mo - des - ty will there a - bound.

p

rall.

79 **Andante allegretto**

(1st Verse) 1st YEOMAN Didst thou not, oh, Leonard Mer-yll, Stan-dard lost in last cam-
 (2nd Verse) 3rd YEOMAN brought to ex - e - cu-tion, Like a de - mi - god of

84

paign, Res - cue it at dead - ly pe - ril - Bear it safe - ly back a - gain?
 yore, With he - ro - ic re - so - lu - tion Snatch'd a sword and killed a score!

YEOMEN *f*

Leo-nard
 Leo-nard

Leo-nard
 Leo-nard

89 **E**

2nd YEOMAN Didst thou not, when pri-soner
 4th YEOMAN Then es - ca - ping from the

Mer-yll, at his pe - ril, Bore it safe - ly back a - gain!
 Mer-yll, in his pe - ril, Snatch'd a sword and kill'd a score!

Mer-yll, at his pe - ril, Bore it safe - ly back a - gain!
 Mer-yll, in his pe - ril, Snatch'd a sword and kill'd a score!

94

tak-en, And de-barr'd from all es-cape, Face, with gal-lant heart un-sha-ken, Death in
foe-men, Bols-tered with the blood you shed, You, de-fi-ant, dread-ing no men, Saved your

99

most ap-pall-ing shape?
hon-our and your head?

YEOMEN *f*

Leo-nard Mer-yll faced his pe-ril, Death in most ap-pall-ing
Leo-nard Mer-yll 'scap'd his pe-ril, Sav'd his hon-our and his

Leo-nard Mer-yll faced his pe-ril, Death in most ap-pall-ing
Leo-nard Mer-yll 'scap'd his pe-ril, Sav'd his hon-our and his

104

FAIRFAX

Tru-ly I was to be pit-ied, Hav-ing but an hour to live,
True, my course with judg-ment shap-ing, Fav-our'd too, by luck-y star,

shape!
head!

shape!
head!

p

109

I re-luc-tant-ly sub-mit-ted, I had no al-ter-na-tive! } Oh! the tales that are nar-

I succeed-ed in es-cap-ing Pri-son bolt and pri-son bar! }

rall. *p*

114

ra-ted Of my deeds of der-ring-do, Have been much ex-ag-ger-

118

a-ted, Ve-ry much ex-ag-ger-a-ted, Scare a word of them is

122

true! Scarce a word of them is true!

f

FAIRFAX.

127

1. *(2nd Verse)* 3rd YEOMAN You when true!

2.

TENORS *f* They are not ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Not at

BASSES *f* They are not ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Not at

più f

132

Scarce a word of them is true!

all ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Could not be ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Ev - 'ry word of them is true!

all ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Could not be ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Ev - 'ry word of them is true!

f

138

(Enter PHEBE. She rushes to FAIRFAX. Enter WILFRED.)

142 **Allegro** **PHOEBE (recit.)** **FAIRFAX (puzzled)**

Leonard! I beg your par - don?

sempre f *a tempo*

146 **PHOEBE** **FAIRFAX (still puzzled) G**

Don't you know me? I'm lit - tle Phœ-be! Phœbe? Is this Phœ-be?

p

150 *(aside)*

What, lit - tle Phœ - be? Who the deuce may *she* be?

154 **WILFRED**

It can't be Phœ - be, sure - ly? Yes, 'tis Phœ - be -

158

Your sis - ter Phœ - be! Your own lit - tle

161

sis - ter!

YEOMEN

Aye, he speaks the truth; 'Tis

Aye, he speaks the truth; 'Tis

164

PHŒBE

Oh, my

FAIRFAX (*pretending to recognize her*)

Sis - ter Phœ - be!

Phœ - be!

Phœ - be!

168 **H**

bro - ther! So

Why, how you've grown! I did not re - cog - nize you!

sempre p

172

ma - ny years! Oh, my bro - ther!

Oh, my

176

Oh, bro - ther! Oh, bro - ther!

sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter!

f

181

WILFRED

Aye, hug him, girl! There are

186

FAIRFAX

three thou mayst hug - Thy fa - ther and thy bro - ther and - my - self. Thy

190

self, for - sooth? And who art thou thy-self?

194

WILFRED

(FAIRFAX turns inquiringly to PHEBE.)

PHEBE

Good sir, we are be - troth'd. Or more or

199

WILFRED

less - But ra - ther less than more. ⁸ To thy fond care I

Moderato

p

203

recit.

do com - mend thy sis - ter. Be to her An

207

e - ver-watch-ful guard-ian - ea - gle-eyed! And when she feels (as sometimes she does feel)

211

K a tempo moderato

Disposed to in - dis - cri - mi - nate ca - ress, Be thou at hand to take those favours from her.

YEOMEN

Be

Be

a tempo moderato

215

PHOEBE (*tenderly*)

Yes, yes Be thou at hand to take those favours from me.

thou at hand to take those favours from her.

thou at hand to take those favours from her.

p

220

WILFRED**Allegro non troppo**

To thy fra - ter - nal care— Thy sis - ter I com - mend;—

226

From ev - 'ry lurk - ing snare— Thy love - ly charge de - fend:

232

And to a - chieve this end, Oh! grant, I— pray, this boon - Oh,

3

3

238

grant this boon:— She shall not quit thy sight: From

245

morn to af - ter - noon - From af - ternoon to night - From seven o'clock to two - From

251

two to e - ven - tide - From dim twilight to 'leven at night, From dim twilight to 'leven at night She

257

shall not quit thy side!

TENORS

From morn till af - ter - noon, - From

BASSES

From morn till af - ter - noon, - From

PHOEBE

263

So

af - ter-noon to 'leven at night— She shall not quit thy side!

af - ter-noon to 'leven at night— She shall not quit thy side!

269

a - mia - ble I've grown, — So in - no - cent as well, —

274

That if I'm left a - lone — The con - se - quen - ces fell No

280

mor - tal can fore - tell; So grant, I — pray, this boon — Oh

286

grant this boon:— I shall not quit thy sight: From

293

morn to af - ter - noon - From af - ternoon to night - From seven o'clock to two - From

299

two to e - ven - tide - From dim twilight to 'leven at night, From dim twilight to 'leven at night I

305

shall not quit thy side!

TENORS

BASSES

From morn till af - ter - noon, - From

From morn till af - ter - noon, - From

311

af - ter-noon to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy side!

af - ter-noon to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy side!

316 FAIRFAX

With bro - ther-ly read - i - ness, For my fair sis-

p

322

ter's sake, At once I an - swer

327

"Yes" - That task I un - - - der - - - take -

332 **M**

My word I ne-ver break — I free-ly grant that boon, — And

337 *rall.* (Tenderly) *sostenuto* (Kiss.) (Kiss)

I'll repeat my plight. — From morn to af-ter-noon — From af-ternoon to night — From

pp rall. *P un poco più lento*

343 (Kiss.) (Kiss) *Animato*

sev'n o'clock to two — From two to evening meal — From dim twilight to 'leven at night, From

349

dim twi-ght to 'leven at night, That com-pact I will seal.

TENORS *f* From morn to

BASSES *f* From morn to

cresc. *ff*

354

af - ter-noon, From af - ter-noon to 'leven at night He free - ly grants that

af - ter-noon, From af - ter-noon to 'leven at night He free - ly grants that

359 **Andante**

boon!

boon!

Andante

pp

(The bell of St. Peter's begins to toll. The Crowd enters; the block is brought on to the stage, and the Headsman takes his place. The Yeomen of the Guard form up. The LIEUTENANT enters and takes his place, and tells off FAIRFAX and two others to bring the prisoner to execution. WILFRED, FAIRFAX and two Yeomen exeunt to Tower.)

365 **N**

p

369

373

377

381

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

The pris - 'ner comes to meet his doom; The

TENORS & BASSES

The pris - 'ner comes to meet his doom; The

384

block, the heads-man, and the tomb. The fun - 'ral bell be - gins to

block, the heads-man, and the tomb. The fun - 'ral bell be - gins to

387

toll; May Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!

toll; May Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!

391

mer - cy

May Heav'n have mer - cy

395

ELSIE

Oh,

on his soul!

on his soul

on his soul!

399 **P**

Mer - cy, — thou whose smile — has — shone So ma - ny cap - tive heart up -

trem.

p

402

on; Of — all — im - mured with - in — these — walls, To -

405

day the ve - ry wor - thiest falls! Oh, Mer - cy, — thou whose

SOPRANOS **p**

Oh, Mer - cy, — thou whose

TENORS & BASSES **p**

Oh, Mer - cy, thou whose

408

smile has shone So many a cap - tive heart up - on; Of

smile has shone So many a cap - tive heart up - on; Of

smile has shone So many a cap - tive heart up - on; Of

411

all im - mured with - in these walls, The wor -

cresc. all im - mured with - in these walls, The

cresc. all im - mured with - in these walls, The

cresc. all im - mured with - in these walls, The

414

dim. *p*

thiest, wor - - - thiest falls.

dim. *p*

ve - ry wor - - - thiest falls. Oh,

dim. *p*

ve - ry wor - - - thiest falls. Oh,

tr

dim. *p*

418

Oh, Mer - cy.

Mer - cy, oh Mer - cy.

Mer - cy, oh Mer - cy.

(Enter FAIRFAX and two other Yeomen from Tower in great excitement.)

422

Doppio movimento
Allegro agitato

FAIRFAX

My lord! my lord! I

ff *fp*

426

know not how to tell the news I bear! I and my

430

com-rades sought the pris-'ner's cell - He is not

cresc.

435

there!

SOPRANOS

TENORS & BASSES

He is not there! They sought the pris - 'ner's

He is not there! They sought the pris - 'ner's

f

439

cell - he is not there!

FAIRFAX & 2nd YEOMAN

R

8 As

cell - he is not there!

p

443

es-cort for the pris-on - er We sought his cell, in du - ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings o - pen were, No

446

FAIRFAX & 1st YEOMAN

unison

pris-on - er at all we found! We hunt-ed high, We hun-ted here- The

2nd & 3rd YEOMEN *unison*

We hunt-ed low, We hunt-ed there- The

449

man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp-ty air! The man we sought with anxious care Had

man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp-ty air! The man we sought with anxious care Had

452

vanish'd in - to emp - ty air!

vanish'd in - to emp - ty air!

SOPRANOS
Now, by my troth, the news is fair, The man has vanish'd in - to

(Exit LIEUTENANT)

457

S FAIRFAX & 1st YEOMAN
As es - cort for the pri - son - er We sought his cell in du - ty bound; The

2nd & 3rd YEOMEN
As es - cort for the pri - son - er We sought his cell in du - ty bound; The

SOPRANOS
air. As es - cort for the pri - son - er They sought his cell in du - ty bound; The

TENORS & BASSES
As es - cort for the pri - son - er They sought his cell in du - ty bound; The

460

dou-ble grat-ings o - pen were, No pri-son - er at all we found, We hunt-ed high, We
 dou-ble grat-ings o - pen were, No pri-son - er at all we found, We hunt-ed low,
 dou-ble grat-ings o - pen were, No pri-son - er at all they found, They hunt-ed high, We
 dou-ble grat-ings o - pen were, No pri-son - er at all they found, They hunt-ed low,

463

hunt - ed here, The man we sought with anx - ious care Had
 We hunt - ed there - The man we sought with anx - ious care Had
 hunt - ed here, The man they sought with anx - ious care Had
 They hunt - ed there - The man they sought with anx - ious care Had

465

van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air! The man we sought with anxious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air!

van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air! The man we sought with anxious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air!

van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air! The man they sought with anxious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air!

van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air! The man they sought with anxious care Had van-ish'd in - to emp - ty air!

(Enter WILFRED, followed by LIEUTENANT.)

468

T LIEUTENANT (to WILFRED)

Astound - ing news! The pris - 'ner fled. Thy life shall for-feit be in-

473

WILFRED

My lord, I did not set him free.

stead! (WILFRED is arrested.)

477

WILFRED

I hate the man - my ri - val he!

480

U

LIEUTENANT (to WILFRED)

Thy life shall for - feit be in -

MERYLL
The pris - 'ner gone I'm all a - gape!—

p dolce

484

WILFRED

W
My lord,

L
stead!

M
Who could have help'd him to es - cape?—

487 **PHOEBE**

P In-deed I can't i - ma-gine who! I've no i - dea at all - have

W I did not set him free!

(WILFRED is taken away. Enter JACK POINT.)

490 **ELSIE** (*aside to POINT.*)

E What have I

P you?

DAME CARRUTHERS

DC Of his es - cape no tra - ces lurk, En - chantment must have been at work!

492

E done! Oh, woe is me! I am his wife, and he is

P In-deed I can't i - ma-gine who! I've no i - dea at all - have

DC In-deed I can't i - ma-gine who! I've no i - dea at all - have

495

E
free!

P
you?

DC
you?

JP
POINT
Oh! woe is *you?* Your an-guish sink! Oh, woe is

498

me, I ra-ther think! Oh, woe is me, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is me, I ra-ther think! Whate'er be-

501

8
tide You are his bride, And I am left A-lone-be-reft! Yes, woe is me, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is

cresc.

504

me, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, I ra-ther

TUTTI *p* *cresc. molto*

Ah!

p *cresc. molto*

Ah!

507 **Allegro con molto brio**

ELSIE *ff*

All fren-zied, fren-zied with des-pair I rave, My an-guish rends my heart in two. Un-lov'd, un-

ff

think. All fren-zied, fren-zied with des-pair I rave, My an-guish rends my heart in two. Your hand, your

LIEUTENANT *ff*

All fren-zied, fren-zied with des-pair I rave, The grave is cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS. PHOEBE & DAME CARRUTHERS with 2nd SOPRANOS *ff*

All fren-zied, fren-zied with des-pair they rave, The grave is cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who

TENORS & BASSES. FAIRFAX with TENORS, WILFRED & MERYLL with BASSES *ff*

All fren-zied, fren-zied with des-pair they rave, The grave is cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who

Allegro con molto brio

512

lov'd, to him my hand I gave; To him un - lov'd, bound to be true!
 hand to him you free - ly gave; It's woe to *me*, not woe to you!
 is the mis - be - got - ten knave Who hath con - triv'd this deed to do?
 is the mis - be - got - ten knave Who hath con - triv'd this deed to do?
 is the mis - be - got - ten knave Who hath con - triv'd this deed to do?

516

Un - lov'd, un - seen, un - known, un - known - the brand of in - fa - my up - on his
 My laugh is dead, my heart, my heart un - manned, A jes - ter with a heart of
 Let search, let search be made throughout the land, Or my vin - dic - tive an - ger
 Let search, let search be made throughout the land, Or his vin - dic - tive an - ger
 Let search, let search be made throughout the land, Or his vin - dic - tive an - ger

520

W

head; A bride, a bride that's hus-band-less, I stand To all man-kind for e-ver
 lead! A lo-ver, lo-ver lo-ver-less, I stand To wo-man-kind for e-ver
 dread-A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks I'll hand Who brings him here, a-live or
 dread-A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks he'll hand Who brings him here, a-live or
 dread-A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks he'll hand Who brings him here, a-live or

524

dead, To all man-kind for e-ver
 dead, To wo-man-kind for e-ver
 dead, Who brings him here, a-live
 dead, Who brings him here, a-live
 dead, Who brings him here, a-live

528

ver dead!

ver dead!

or dead! A thou - sand, thou - -

or dead! A thou - sand

or dead! A thou - sand, thou - -

or dead! A thou - sand, thou - -

8va

3 3 3 3

532

For e - ver, e - ver dead, for e -

For e - ver, e - ver dead, for e -

- - - - sand marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, -

marks, a thou - sand marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live -

- - - - sand marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, -

8va

3 3 3 3

537

- er, ev - er dead, To all man - kind for ev - er, ev - - -

- er, ev - er dead, To wo - man - kind for ev - er, ev - - -

__ a - live or dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live

__ a - live or dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live

__ a - live or dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live

8va *loco*

542

sf er dead!

sf er dead!

sf or dead!

sf or dead!

sf or dead!

sf or dead!

8va

8^{va}

547

552

558

(At the end, ELSIE faints in FAIRFAX'S arms; all the Yeomen and populace rush off the stage in different directions, to hunt for the fugitive, leaving only the HEADSMAN on the stage, and ELSIE insensible in FAIRFAX'S arms.)

END OF ACT I

Act II

SCENE:— The same. — Moonlight. Two days have elapsed. Women and Yeomen of the Guard discovered.

No. 1: CHORUS. SOLO (Dame Carruthers)

Andante non troppo lento

Piano

p *p marcato*

6

11

16 *f* *cresc.* *ff*

21 *dim.* *p tr*

26 *p* *p*

30 1st & 2nd SOPRANOS *unison*

Night _____ has spread her pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is

free: O - pen is his dun - geon door, Use-less his

36 1st SOPRANO
dun - geon key! He has sha - ken

39
off his yoke— How, no mor - tal man can tell!

42 **1st & 2nd SOPRANOS**
unison

Shame — on lout - ish jail - or - folk - Shame on sleep - y sen - ti -

(Enter DAME CARRUTHERS and KATE.)

45 **DAME CARRUTHERS**

Warders are ye? Whom do ye ward?

nel! —

48

Warders are ye? Whom do ye ward? Bolt, bar and key, Sha-ckle and

51

cord, Fetter and chain, Dungeon of stone, All are in vain - Prisoner's flown!

55

Spite of ye all, he is free—he is free! Whom do ye ward? Pret-ty war-ders are

58

ye!
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Pretty warders are ye! Whom do ye ward? Spite of ye all, he is free—he is

unison

61

free! Whom do ye ward? Pret-ty war-ders are ye!

64

TENORS

Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round-a-bout; Ev - 'ry chamber ev - 'ry house,

BASSES

Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round-a-bout; Ev - 'ry chamber ev - 'ry house,

p

67

Ev - 'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev - 'ry cre - vice in the keep,

Ev - 'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev - 'ry cre - vice in the keep,

69

Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-'ry out-let, ev - 'ry drain, Have we search'd, but all in vain, all in

Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-'ry out-let, ev - 'ry drain, Have we search'd, but all in vain, all in

72

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Warders are ye? Whom do ye ward? War-ders are ye? Whom do ye

vain! Ev-'ry house, ev-'rychink, ev-'ry drain, Ev-'ry

vain! Ev-'ry house, ev-'rychink, ev-'ry drain, Ev-'ry

75

ward? Night _____ has spread her

chamber, ev - 'ry out - let Have we search'd, but all in vain! Warders are

chamber, ev - 'ry out - let Have we search'd, but all in vain!

p

77

pall once more and the pris - 'ner still is free:

we. Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?

Warders are we. Whom do we

80

O - pen is his dun - geon door, Use-less his dun - - - geon

Warders are we. Spite of us all he is free, he is

ward? Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward? Spite of us all he is free, he is

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and ties, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

83

key! O - - - - - pen is his

free! Pret-ty war-ders are we, he is free!

free! Spite of us all he is free, he is free!

O - - - - - pen is his

The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present in the bass staff for the second measure of this system, indicating an increase in volume.

86

dun - geon door, He is free! He is

Spite of us all he is free, he is free! Pret-ty war-ders are we, he is free! He is

Spite of us all he is free, he is free! Pret-ty war-ders are we, he is free! He is

89

free! Pret-ty war-ders are ye, he is free! He is free! — Pret-ty warders are ye!

free! He is free! He is free! — Pret-ty warders are we!

free! He is free! He is free! — Pret-ty warders are we!

93

[Exeunt all.]

(Enter JACK POINT, in low spirits, reading from a huge volume.)

POINT (*reads*). ‘The Merrie Jestes of Hugh Ambrose. No. 7863. The Poor Wit and the Rich Councillor. A certayne poor wit, being an-hungered, did meet a well-fed councillor. “Marry, fool,” quoth the councillor, “whither away?” “In truth,” said the poor wag, “in that I have eaten naught these two dayes, I do wither away, and that right rapidly!” The councillor laughed hugely, and gave him a sausage.’ Humph! The councillor was easier to please than my new master the Lieutenant. I would like to take post under that councillor. Ah ’tis but melancholy mumming when poor heart-broken, jilted Jack Point must needs turn to Hugh Ambrose for original light humour!

(Enter WILFRED, also in low spirits.)

WIL. (*sighing*). Ah, Master Point!

POINT (*changing his manner*). Ha! friend jailer! Jailer that wast – jailer that never shalt be more! Jailer that jailed not, or that jailed, if jail he did, so unjailerly that ’twas but jerry-jailing, or jailing in joke – though no joke to him who, by unjailerlike jailing, did so jeopardize his jailership. Come, take heart, smile, laugh, wink, twinkle, thou tormentor that tormentest none – thou racker that rackest not – thou pincher out of place – come, take heart, and be merry, as I am! – (*aside, dolefully*) – as I am!

WIL. Aye, it’s well for thee to laugh. Thou has a good post, and hast cause to be merry.

POINT (*bitterly*). Cause? Have we not all cause? Is not the world a big butt of humour, into which all who will may drive a gimlet? See, I am a salaried wit; and is there aught in nature more ridiculous? A poor, dull, heart-broken man, who must needs be merry, or he will be whipped; who must rejoice, lest he starve; who must jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you, from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year, lest he dwindle, perish, starve, pine, and die! Why, when there’s naught else to laugh at, I laugh at myself till I ache for it!

WIL. Yet I have often thought that a jester’s calling would suit me to a hair.

POINT. Thee? Would suit *thee*, thou death’s head and cross-bones?

WIL. Aye, I have ,a pretty wit – a light, airy, joysome wit, spiced with anecdotes of prison cells and the torture-chamber. Oh, a very delicate wit! I have tried it on many a prisoner, and there have been some who smiled. Now it is not easy to make a prisoner smile. And it should not be difficult to be a good jester, seeing that thou art one.

POINT. Difficult? Nothing easier. Nothing easier. Attend, and I will prove it to thee!

No. 2: SONG (Point)

Allegro comodo

Piano *f*

POINT

1. Oh! a pri-vate buf-foon is a
2. If you wish to suc-ceed as a
3. If your mas-ter is sur-ly, from
4. Comes a Bish-op, may-be, or a
5. Tho' your head it may rack with a

light-heart-ed loon, If you lis-ten to pop-u-lar ru-mour; From the
jes-ter, you'll need To con-sid-er each per-son's au-ri-cular: What is
get-ting up ear-ly (And tem-pers are short in the morn-ing;) An in-
sol-emn D. D. - Oh, be-ware of his an-ger pro-vok-ing! Bet-ter
bil-ious at-tack, And your sen-ses with tooth-ache you're los-ing, Don't be

15

morn to the night he's so joy - ous and bright, And he bub - bles with with and good-
all right for B would quite scan - da - lize C (For C is so ve - ry par-
op - por - tune joke is e - nough to pro - voke Him to give you, at once, a month's
not pull his hair - don't stick pins in his chair; He don't un - der - stand prac - ti - cal
mo - pey and flat - they don't fine you for that, If you're pro - per - ly quaint and a-

18

hu - mour! He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse; Yet though
ti - cular); And D may be dull, and E's ve - ry thick skull Is as
warn - ing. Then if you re - frain, he is at you a - gain, For he
jok - ing. If the jests that you crack have an or - tho - dox smack, You may
mus - ing! Tho' your wife ran a - way with a sol - dier that day, And took

21

peo - ple for - give his trans - gres - sion, There are one or two rules that all
emp - ty of brains as a la - dle; While F is F sharp, and will
likes to get va - lue for mo - ney; He'll ask then and there, with an
get a bland smile from these sa - ges; But should they, by chance, be im -
with her your tri - fle of mo - ney; Bless your heart, they don't mind - they're ex -

24

fa - mi - ly fools Must ob - serve, if they love their pro - fes - sion! There are
cry with a carp That he's known your best joke from his cra - dle! When your
in - so - lent stare, "If you know that you're paid to be fun - ny?" It
por - ted from France, Half - a - crown is stopp'd out of your wa - ges! It's a
ceed - ing - ly kind - They don't blame you - as long as you're fun - ny! It's a

27

one or two rules, Half - a - doz - en may be, That all fa - mi - ly fools, Of what-hu - mour they flout, You can't let your - self go; And it *does* put you out When a adds to the task Of a mer - ry - man's place, When your prin - ci - pal asks, With a gen - e - ral rule, Tho' your zeal it may quench, If the fa - mi - ly fool Tells a com - fort to feel, If your part - ner should flit, Tho' you suf - fer a deal, They don't

30

ev - er de - gree, Must ob - serve, if they love their pro - per - son says, "Oh, I have known that old joke from my scowl on his face, "If you know that you're paid to be joke that's too French, Half - a - crown is stopp'd out of his mind it a bit - They don't blame you - so long as you're

33

1, 2, 3, & 4. | 5.
fes-sion. fun - ny!
cra-dle!" fun - ny?"
wa-ges!

ff

38

POINT. And so thou wouldst be a jester, eh?

WIL. Aye!

POINT. Now, listen! My sweetheart, Elsie Maynard, was secretly wed to this Fairfax half an hour ere he escaped.

WIL. She did well.

POINT. She did nothing of the kind, so hold thy peace and perpend. Now, while he liveth she is dead to me and I to her, and so, my jibes and jokes notwithstanding, I am the saddest and the sorriest dog in England!

WIL. Thou art a very dull dog indeed.

POINT. Now, if thou wilt swear that thou didst shoot this Fairfax while he was trying to swim across the river – it needs but the discharge of an arquebus on a dark night – and that he sank and was seen no more, I'll make thee the very Archbishop of jesters, and that in two days' time! Now, what sayest thou?

WIL. I am to lie?

POINT. Heartily. But thy lie must be a lie of circumstance, which I will support with the testimony of eyes, ears, and tongue.

WIL. And thou wilt qualify me as a jester?

POINT. As a jester among jesters. I will teach thee all my original songs, my self-constructed riddles, my own ingenious paradoxes; nay, more, I will reveal to thee the source whence I get them. Now, what sayest thou?

WIL. Why, if it be but a lie thou wantest of me, I hold it cheap enough, and I say yes, it is a bargain!

No. 3: DUET (Point and Wilfred)

Piano *Allegro vivace* *f*

POINT

1. Here-up - on we're both a - greed, All that we two Do a - gree to We'll se
 2. In re - turn for my own part I am mak - ing Un - der - tak - ing To in-

WILFRED

1. Here-up - on we're both a - greed, All that we two Do a - gree to We'll se
 2. In re - turn for your own part You are mak - ing Un - der - tak - ing To in-

p

12

cure by sol-emn deed, To pre - vent all Er - ror men - tal. You on El - sie are to
 struct you in the art, (Art a - ma - zing, Won - der rais - ing) Of a jes - ter, jesting

cure by sol-emn deed, To pre - vent all Er - ror men - tal.
 struct me in the art, (Art a - ma - zing, Won - der rais - ing)

17

call With a sto - ry Grim and go - ry;
free. Proud po - si - tion High am - bi - tion!

How this Fair - fax died, and all I de -
And a live - ly one I'll be, Wag - a -

22

I to swear to! I to swear to!
Wag - a - wag - ging! Wag - a - wag - ging,

clare to You're to swear to! I de - clare to! I de -
wag - ging, Ne - ver flag - ging! Ne - ver flag - ging! Ne - ver

27

I to swear to! You de - clare to! I to swear to!
Ne - ver flag - ging! Wag - a - wag - ging! Ne - ver flag - ging!

clare to! I de - clare to! You're to swear to! I de - clare to!
flag - ging! Wag - a - wag - ging! Ne - ver flag - ging! Wag - a - wag - ging!

32

Tell a tale of cock and bull, Of con - vin - cing

Tell a tale of cock and bull, Of con - vin - cing

p

8va

38

de - tail full! Tale tre - men - dous, Heav'n de - fend us!

de - tail full! Tale tre - men - dous, Heav'n de - fend us!

8va

44

What a tale of cock and bull! bull! What a tale of

What a tale of cock and bull! bull!

tr

f

p

49

cock! Whata tale of cock! What a tale of cock and bull, cock and
 What a tale of bull! Whata tale of bull! What a tale of cock and bull, cock and

54

bull, cock and bull! Heav'n de-fend us! What a tale of cock and bull!
 bull, cock and bull! Heav'n de-fend us! What a tale of cock and bull!

cresc. *ff*

59

66

tr

[Exeunt together.]

(Enter FAIRFAX.)

FAIR. Two days gone, and no news of poor Fairfax The dolts! They seek him everywhere save within a dozen yards of his dungeon. So I am. free! Free, but for the cursed haste with which I hurried headlong into the bonds of matrimony with – Heaven knows whom! As far as I remember, she should have been young; but even had not her face been concealed by her kerchief, I doubt whether, in my then plight, I should have taken much note of her. Free? Bah! The Tower bonds were but a thread of silk compared with these conjugal fetters which I, fool that I was, placed upon mine own hands. From the one I broke readily enough – how to break the other!

No. 4: BALLAD (Fairfax)

Andante con espress **FAIRFAX**

Piano *p*

Free from his fet - ters grim -

Free to de - part; — Free both in life and limb -

In all — but — heart! Bound to an un - known bride

For good and ill; Ah, is not one so tied — A

17

pris - 'ner_ still, A pris - 'ner_ still? Ah, is not one so

dim. *p*

21

tied — A pris - 'ner still?

f

26

Free, yet in fet - ters held Till his last hour, —

30

Gyves that no smith can weld, No rust — de - vour!

34

Al - though a mon - arch's hand Had set him free,

38

Of all the cap - tive band The sad - - - - - dest

cresc.

41

he, The sad - - - - - dest he! Of all the cap - tive band The

dim. *dim.* *p*

45

sad - dest, sad - - - - - dest he!

rall. *colla voce* *f*

(Enter MERYLL.)

FAIR. Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

MER. Well enough, sir. She is quite strong again, and leaves us to-night.

FAIR. Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

MER. Aye, deuce take the old witch! Ah, 'twas but a sorry trick you played me, sir, to bring the fainting girl to me. It gave the old lady an excuse for taking up her quarters in my house, and for the last two years I've shunned her like the plague. Another day of it and she would have married me! (Enter DAME CARRUTHERS and KATE.) Good Lord, here she is again! I'll e'en go. (Going.)

DAME. Nay, Sergeant Meryll, don't go. I have something of grave import to say to thee.

MER. (aside). It's coming.

FAIR. (laughing). I'faith, I think I'm not wanted here. (Going.)

DAME. Nay, Master Leonard, I've naught to say to thy father that his son may not hear.

FAIR. (aside). True. I'm one of the family; I had forgotten!

DAME. 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

FAIR. Aye, fair as a peach blossom – what then?

DAME. She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

FAIR. With all my heart. She's as dainty a little maid as you'll find in a midsummer day's march.

DAME. Then be warned in time, and give not thy heart to her. Oh, I know what it is to give my heart to one who will have none of it!

MER. (aside). Aye, she knows all about that. (Aloud.) And why is my boy to take heed of her? She's a good girl, Dame Carruthers.

DAME. Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

MER. A married woman! Tush, old lady – she's promised to Jack Point, the Lieutenant's new jester.

DAME. Tush in thy teeth, old man! As my niece Kate sat by her bedside to-day, this Elsie slept, and as she slept she moaned and groaned, and turned this way and that way – and, 'How shall I marry one I have never seen?' quoth she – then, 'An hundred crowns!' quoth she – then, 'Is it certain he will die in an hour?' quoth she – then, 'I love him not, and yet I am his wife,' quoth she! Is it not so, Kate?

KATE. Aye, aunt, 'tis even so.

FAIR. Art thou sure of all this?

KATE. Aye, sir, for I wrote it all down on my tablets.

DAME. Now, mark my words, it was of this Fairfax she spake, and he is her husband, or I'll swallow my kirtle!

MER. (aside). Is it true, sir?

FAIR. (aside to MERYLL). True? Why, the girl was raving! (Aloud.) Why should she marry a man who had but an hour to live?

DAME. Marry? There be those who would marry but for a minute, rather than die old maids.

MER. (aside). Aye, I know one of them!

No. 5: QUARTET (Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax and Meryll)

Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte

KATE

DAME CARRUTHERS

FAIRFAX

MERYLL

Piano

Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte

5

K *f* *dim.*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Mai - den wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen!

2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mo - dest maid and gal - lant groom!

DC *f* *p*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Mai - den wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen! Ne - ver,

2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mo - dest maid and gal - lant groom! Gal - lant,

F *f* *p*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Mai - den wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen! Ne - ver,

2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mo - dest maid and gal - lant groom! Gal - lant,

M *f* *dim.*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Mai - den wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen!

2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mo - dest maid and gal - lant groom!

10

K
Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er
While the fun - 'ral bell is toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a -

DC
ne - ver, ne - ver seen! Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er
gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a -

F
ne - ver, ne - ver seen! Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er
gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a -

M
Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er
While the fun - 'ral bell is toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a -

15

K
dim. Green! boom! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing - Groom as
Mod - est mai - den will not tar - ry; Though but *cresc.*

DC
p Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er Green! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing - Groom as
p boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a - boom! Mod - est mai - den will not tar - ry; Though but *cresc.*

F
p Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er Green! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing - Groom as
p boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a - boom! Mod - est mai - den will not tar - ry; Though but *cresc.*

M
dim. Green! boom! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing - Groom as
p Mod - est mai - den will not tar - ry; Though but *cresc.*

20

K
good as— dead, or dy - ing, For a pret - ty mai - den sigh - ing - Pret - ty
six - teen_ year she car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry - Though the

DC
good as dead, or— dy - ing, For a pret - ty mai - den sigh - ing - Pret - ty
six - teen year she_ car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry - Though the

F
good as dead, or dy - ing, For a pret - ty mai - den sigh - ing - Pret - ty
six - teen year she car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry - Though the

M
good as dead, or dy - ing, For a pret - ty mai - den sigh - ing Pret - ty
six - teen year she car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry Though the

24

K
dim. maid of sev - en - teen! Sev - en, sev - en, sev - en - teen!
al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er

DC
dim. maid of sev - en - teen! Sev - en, sev - en, sev - en - teen!
al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er

F
dim. maid of sev - en - teen! Sev - en, sev - en, sev - en - teen!
al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er

M
dim. maid of sev - en - teen! Sev - en, sev - en, sev - en - teen!
al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er

1.

28

K
tomb! Tow - er tomb! Tow - er

DC
tomb! Tow - er tomb! Tow - er

F
tomb! Tow - er tomb! Tow - er

M
tomb! Tow - er tomb! Tow - er

32

K
cresc. tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb! *Slower dim.* Tow - er, Tow - er, — Tow - er tomb! *p*

DC
cresc. tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb! *dim.* Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb! *p*

F
cresc. tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb! *dim.* Tow - er, Tow - er, — Tow - er tomb! *p*

M
cresc. tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb! *dim.* Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb! *p*

Slower.

[Exeunt DAME CARRUTHERS, MERYLL and KATE.]

FAIR. So my mysterious bride is no other than this winsome Elsie! By my hand, 'tis no such ill plunge in Fortune's lucky bag! I might have fared worse with my eyes open! But she comes. Now to test her principles. 'Tis not every husband who has a chance of wooing his own wife!

(Enter ELSIE.)

FAIR. Mistress Elsie!

ELSIE. Master Leonard!

FAIR. So thou leavest us to-night?

ELSIE. Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

FAIR. And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

ELSIE. Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

FAIR. Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

ELSIE. It maybe so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

FAIR. Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

ELSIE. Thou? And of whom?

FAIR. Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

ELSIE. Of Colonel Fairfax?

FAIR. Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie – I love thee, ardently, passionately! (ELSIE *alarmed and surprised*.) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days – which is a long time – and I would fain, join my life to thine!

ELSIE. Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

FAIR. Jestings? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever – with a love that is a frenzy – with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?

ELSIE (*aside*). Oh, mercy, What am I to say?

FAIR. Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

ELSIE. I love all brave men.

FAIR. Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lowest them all, I withdraw my thanks.

ELSIE. I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen – I am not free – I – I am a wife!

FAIR. Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered – nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?

ELSIE. Oh, sir! keep my secret – it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

FAIR. The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!

ELSIE. It is very like. He is naught to me – for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die – and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!

FAIR. He was to have died, and he did *not* die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.

ELSIE. I now wish I had!

FAIR. (*aside*). Bloodthirsty little maiden! (*Aloud*.) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine – he will never know – he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie – we will be married to-morrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

ELSIE. Master Leonard! I am amazed! Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed – not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty, and – oh, sir! thy words terrify me – they are not honest – they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee!

FAIR. Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee – (*Shot heard.*)

(*Enter MERYLL hastily.*)

No. 6: SCENE (Elsie, Phœbe, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, Wilfred, Point, Lieutenant, Meryll and Chorus)

Allegro con fuoco

MERYLL (recit.)

Hark! What was that, sir?

5 **FAIRFAX**
Why, an ar - que - bus - Fired from the wharf, un - less I much mis - take.

MERYLL
Strange -

9 (Enter Chorus)
and at such an hour! What can it mean?

p a tempo *cresc.*

13

17

TENORS

Now what can that have been— a shot so late at night, E-

BASSES

Now what can that have been— a shot so late at night, E-

20

nough to cause a fright! What can the por - tent mean?

nough to cause a fright! What can the por - tent mean?

23

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck'd? What are we to expect? What

TENORS

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck'd?

BASSES

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck'd?

sf

26

dan-ger is at hand? Let us un-der-stand What dan-ger is at
 What are we to ex-pect? What dan-ger is at hand? What dan-ger is at
 What are we to ex-pect? What dan-ger is at hand? What dan-ger is at

sf *sf*

(LIEUTENANT enters, also POINT and WILFRED.)

29

LIEUTENANT (*recit.*)

Who fired that shot? At once the truth de-clare!

hand?
 hand?
 hand?

fp

32

POINT

WILFRED

My lord, 'twas he to rash-ly judge for-
 My lord, 'twas I to rash-ly judge for - bear!

f *mf*

36

Allegro con brio.

bear!

Allegro con brio.

ff *p*

41

Or a spec - tre all ap - pal - ling -

Like a ghost his vi - gil keep - ing - I be -

pp

44

I should ra - ther call it craw - ling - He was craw - ling -

held a fi - gure creep - ing - He was creep - ing - He was

47

Craw - ling! He was craw - ling - Craw - ling!

creep - ing, creep - ing - He was creep - ing - He was creep - ing, creep - ing - Not a

50
 8
 moment's hes-i - ta - tion - I my - self up - on him flung, With a hur-ried ex - cla - ma - tion To his

53
 8
 dra-per - ies I hung. Then we clos'd with one an - o - ther In a rough-and-tum - ble smother; Colonel

56
 8
 Fair-fax and no o - ther Was the man to whom I clung!

ELSIE with 1st SOPS. PHOEBE & DAME C. with 2nd SOPS.

FAIRFAX with TENORS, LIEUT. & MERYLL with BASSES

Colonel Fair-fax and no o - ther, Colonel

Colonel Fair-fax and no o - ther, Colonel

59
 8
 Fair-fax and no o - ther, Colonel Fair-fax and no o - ther Was the man to whom he clung!

Fair-fax and no o - ther, Colonel Fair-fax and no o - ther Was the man to whom he clung!

62 **POINT**

It re - sem - bled more a strug - gle -

WILFRED

Af - ter migh - ty tug and tus - sle - He, by

p *pp*

65

Or by some in - fer - nal jug - gle - I should

dint of stron - ger mus - cle - From my clutch - es quick - ly slid - ing -

68

ra - ther call it slip - ping - Or es - cap - ing to the shipping -

With the view, no doubt, of hid - ing - With a

71

I'd des - cribe it as a shi - ver -
 gasp and with a qui - ver Down he dived in - to the ri - ver, And a-

74

las I can-not swim!
TUTTI *p*
 It's e - nough to make one shi-ver, With a gasp and with a qui-ver, Down he
f
 It's e - nough to make one shi-ver, With a gasp and with a qui-ver, Down he
f

77

WILFRED

In - ge-
 dived in - to the ri - ver, It was ve - ry brave of him!
 dived in - to the ri - ver, It was ve - ry brave of him!
p

80

POINT

I should
nu - i - ty is catch-ing; With the view my king of pleas-ing, Ar - que - bus from sen - try snatch-ing -

ra - ther call it seiz-ing -
With an ounce or two of lead I des - patch'd him thro' the head!

TUTTI *f*
With an
With an

86

WILFRED

I dis-charge'd it with - out wink - ing, Lit - tle
ounce or two of lead He des-patch'd him thro' the head!

ounce or two of lead He des-patch'd him thro' the head!

p

89 **POINT**

I should say a lump of lead.

time I lost in think-ing, Like a stone I saw him sink-ing -

TUTTI

He dis-

He dis-

f

92

I should

Like a stone I saw him sink-ing -

charg'd it with-out wink-ing, Lit - tle time he lost in think-ing!

charg'd it with-out wink-ing, Lit - tle time he lost in think-ing!

95

say a lump of lead. Like a hea - vy lump of lead.

Like a stone, my boy, I said- Like a

98

Like a hea - vy lump of lead.

stone, my boy, I said - A - ny - how the man is dead, Whe-ther

stone or lump of lead!

TUTTI *cresc.*

A - ny - how the man is dead, And whe-ther stone or lump of lead, Ar - que -

cresc.

A - ny - how the man is dead, And whe-ther stone or lump of lead, Ar - que -

cresc. *f*

104

bus from sen-try seiz-ing With the view his king of pleas-ing, Ar - que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the

bus from sen-try seiz-ing With the view his king of pleas-ing, Ar - que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the

107

ff

view his king of pleas-ing, Wil-fred shot him thro' the head, And he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead! And it

view his king of pleas-ing, Wil-fred shot him thro' the head, And he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead! And it

ff *sf*

110 *stringendo*

mat-ters ve - ry lit - tle whe-ther stone or lump of lead, It is ve - ry, ve - ry cer-tain that he's

mat-ters ve - ry lit - tle whe-ther stone or lump of lead, It is ve - ry, ve - ry cer-tain that he's

stringendo

113 **LIEUTENANT (recit.)**

The ri - ver must be dragged - No time be

ve - ry, ve - ry dead!

ve - ry, ve - ry dead!

ff *ff* *fp*

116

lost; The bo - dy must be found, at a - ny cost. To this at-

119

a tempo
tend with - out un - due de - lay; So set to work with what des - patch ye
p a tempo animato

123

may!
TUTTI
Yes, yes, we'll set to work with what despatch we may!
f

(Four men raise WILFRED, and carry him off on their shoulders.)

129

ff
Hail the va - liant fel - low who Did this
ff
Hail the va - liant fel - low who Did this
ff sf sf sf

134

deed of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on such an

deed of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on such an

sf

139

one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly done, 'twas

one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly done, 'twas

144

brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave - ly done!

brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave - ly done!

148

[Exeunt all but ELSIE, POINT, FAIRFAX and PHOEBE.]

POINT (*to ELSIE, who is weeping*). Nay, sweetheart, be comforted. This Fairfax was but a pestilent fellow, and, as he had to die, he might as well die thus as any other way. 'Twas a good death.

ELSIE. Still, he was my husband, and had he not been, he was nevertheless a living man, and now he is dead; and so, by your leave, my tears may flow unchidden, Master Point.

FAIR. And thou didst see all this?

POINT. Aye, with both eyes at once – this and that. The testimony of one eye is naught – he may lie. But when it is corroborated by the other, it is good evidence that none may gainsay. Here are both present in court, ready to swear to him!

PHŒ. But art thou sure it was Colonel Fairfax? Saw you his face?

POINT. Aye, and a plaguey ill-favoured face too. A very hang-dog face – a felon face – a face to fright the headsman himself, and make him strike awry. Oh, a plaguey, bad face, take my word for 't. (PHŒBE *and* FAIRFAX *laugh*.) How they laugh! 'Tis ever thus with simple folk – an accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard,' and they roar their ribs out!

FAIR. (*aside*). If ever I come to life again, thou shalt pay for this, Master Point!

POINT. Now, Elsie, thou art free to choose again, so behold me: I am young and well-favoured. I have a pretty wit. I can jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you –

FAIR. Tush, man, thou knowest not how to woo. 'Tis not to be done with time-worn jests and thread-bare sophistries; with quips, conundrums, rhymes, and paradoxes. 'Tis an art in itself, and must be studied gravely and conscientiously.

No. 7: TRIO (Elsie, Phœbe and Fairfax)

Allegretto grazioso

Piano

5 **FAIRFAX**

A man who would woo a fair maid, ——— Should 'pren - tice himself to the

9 trade, ——— And stu - dy all day, In me - tho - di - cal way, How to flat - ter, ca - jole, and per -

13 suade. He should 'pren - tice himself at four - teen, And prac - tice from morn - ing to

17

e'en; And when he's of age, If he will, I'll en-gage He may cap - ture the heart of a

21

ELSIE It is

PHOEBE It is

queen, the heart _____ of a queen! It is

25

pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But

pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But

pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But

29

ev - er - y Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

ev - er - y Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

ev - er - y Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

cresc.

33

wants to make sure of his Jill!

wants to make sure of his Jill!

wants to make sure of his Jill!

sf

37

ELSIE

If he's

p

41

made the best use of his time, His twig he'll so care-ful-ly lime That

45

ev-er-y bird Will come down at his word, What-ev-er its plu-mage or clime. He must

49

learn that the thrill of a touch May mean lit-tle, or no-thing, or much; It's an

53

in-strument rare, To be hand-led with care, And ought to be treat-ed as such, ought—

57

to be treated as such. It is pure - ly a mat - ter of

PHOEBE

It is pure - ly a mat - ter of

FAIRFAX

It is pure - ly a mat - ter of

61

skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must

skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must

skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must

skill, — Which all may at - tain if they will — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must

cresc.

65

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure —

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure —

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure —

69

of his Jill!

of his Jill!

of his Jill!

sf

74

PHOEBE

Then a glance may be ti - mid or free, — It will

p *f* *p*

78

va - ry in might - y de - gree, — From an im - pudent stare To a look of des-pair That no

82

maid with-out pi - ty can see; And a glance of des-pair is no guide — It may

86

have its ri - di - cu - lous side; It may draw you a tear, Or a box on the ear; You can

90

ne - ver be sure till you've tried! Ne - ver be sure till you've tried!

rall. *rall.* *a tempo*

rall. *colla voce* *a tempo*

94

ELSIE
It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, - Which all may at - tain if they

PHOEBE
It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, - Which all may at - tain if they

FAIRFAX
It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, - Which all may at - tain if they

98

will. — But ev - er - y Jack He must stu - dy the knack if he wants to make sure of his

will. — But ev - er - y Jack He must stu - dy the knack if he wants to make sure of his

will. — But ev - er - y Jack He must stu - dy the knack if he wants to make sure of his

102

Jill If he wants to make sure, — to make sure —

Jill If he wants to make sure — of his Jill, But ev - 'ry

Jill If he wants to make sure — of his Jill, But ev - 'ry

106

of his Jill! sure — of his Jill! If he

Jack Must stu - dy the knack, But ev - 'ry Jack Must stu - dy the knack If he

Jack Must stu - dy the knack, But ev - 'ry Jack Must stu - dy the knack If he

110

wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - er - y Jack Must

wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - er - y Jack Must

wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - er - y Jack Must

f

113

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

p *f*

tr

117

FAIR. (*aside to POINT*). Now, listen to me – 'tis done thus – (*aloud*) – Mistress Elsie, there is one here who, as thou knowest, loves thee right well!

POINT (*aside*). That he does – right well!

FAIR. He is but a man of poor estate, but he hath a loving, honest heart. He will be a true and trusty husband to thee, and if thou wilt be his wife, thou shalt lie curled up in his heart, like a little squirrel in its nest!

POINT (*aside*). 'Tis; a pretty figure. A maggot in a nut lies closer, but a squirrel will do.

FAIR. He knoweth that thou wast a wife – an unloved and unloving wife, and his poor heart was near to breaking. But now that thine unloving husband is dead, and thou art free, he would fain pray that thou wouldst hearken unto him, and give him hope that thou wouldst one day be his!

PHŒ. (*alarmed*). He presses her hands – and he whispers in her ear! Ods bodikins, what does it mean?

FAIR. Now, sweetheart, tell me – wilt thou be this poor good fellow's wife?

ELSIE. If the good, brave man – is he a brave man?

FAIR. So men say.

POINT (*aside*). That's not true, but let it pass.

ELSIE. If the brave man will be content with a poor, penniless, untaught maid –

POINT (*aside*). Widow – but let that pass.

ELSIE. I will be his true and loving wife, and that with my heart of hearts!

FAIR. My own dear love! (*Embracing her.*)

PHŒ. (*in great agitation*). Why, what's all this? Brother, brother – it is not seemly!

POINT (*also alarmed, aside*). Oh, I can't let that pass! (*Aloud.*) Hold, enough, Master Leonard! An advocate should have his fee, but methinks thou art over-paying thyself!

FAIR. Nay, that is for Elsie to say. I promised thee I would show thee how to woo, and herein lies the proof of the virtue of my teaching. Go thou, and apply it elsewhere! (PHŒBE *bursts into tears.*)

No. 8: QUARTET (Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax and Point)

Allegretto grazioso **ELSIE**

When a woo-er Goes a - wooing, Naught is tru - er than his

Piano *p*

6

joy.

FAIRFAX

Maid - en hush - ing all his su - ing - Bold - ly blush - ing - Brave - ly coy! Brave - ly

11

ELSIE

Bold - ly blush - ing - Brave - ly coy!

PHOEBE

Oh, the

Oh, the

coy! Bold - ly blush - ing - Oh, the

POINT

Oh, the hap - py days of do -

17

hap-py days of do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - wooing, Oh, the
 hap-py days of do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - wooing, Oh, the
 hap-py days of do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - wooing, Oh, the
 ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - wooing, Oh, the

23

sweets that ne - ver cloy!
 sweets that ne - ver cloy! When a brother leaves his sis-ter For an-
 sweets that ne - ver cloy!
 sweets that ne - ver cloy!

29

oth-er, Sis - ter weeps. Tears that trick - le, Tears that blist-er-'Tis but mick - le Sis - ter reaps! Tears that

35

ELSIE

Oh, the

trick - kle, Tears that blis - ter -

Oh, the

FAIRFAX

Oh, the

POINT

Oh, the do-ing and un - do-

41

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a brother goes a - wooing, And a

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a brother goes a - wooing, And a

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a brother goes a - wooing, And a

ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a brother goes a - wooing, And a

47

D

sob-bing sis - ter weeps!

sob-bing sis - ter weeps!

sob-bing sis - ter weeps!

sob-bing sis - ter weeps! When a jes-ter Is out-wit-ted, Feelings

53

fes-ter, Heart is lead! Food for fish-es On - ly fit-ted, Jes - ter wish-es He was

58

dead! Food for fish-es On - ly fit-ted, Jes - ter wish-es He was dead!

63

ELSIE >



Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

PHOEBE >



Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

FAIRFAX



Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-



— Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-



69

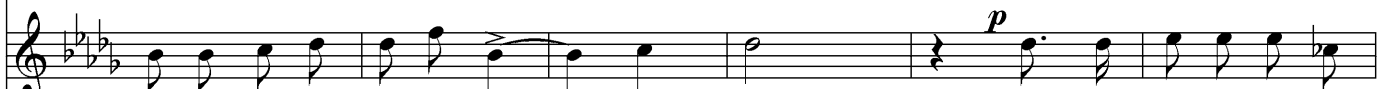
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woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead! Oh, the do - ing and un-



woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead! Oh, the do - ing and un-



woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead! Oh, the do - ing and un-



woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead! Oh, the do - ing and un-



75

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a - wooing, And he wish-es he—

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a - wooing, And he wish-es he—

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a - wooing, And he wish-es he—

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a - wooing, And he wish-es he—

dim.

pp

81

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead!_____

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead!_____

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead!_____

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead!_____

p

87

rall.

[Exeunt all but PHOEBE, who remains weeping.]

PHÆ. And I helped that man to escape, and I've kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I *was* his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I'll turn nun, and be sister to everybody – one as much as another!

(*Enter WILFRED.*)

WIL. In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

PHÆ. Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy – well, 'tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

WIL. But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

PHÆ. Jealous of thee! Bah! I'm jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he'd do an he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou – set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the little pale fool – set that down, Master Wilfred – and my heart is well nigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it!

WIL. The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

PHÆ. (*aside*). Oh, mercy! what have I said?

WIL. Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother, and fondled, and coddled, and kissed! – with my connivance, too! Oh Lord! with my connivance! Ha! should it be this Fairfax! (PHÆBE *starts*.) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who –

PHÆ. Whom thou has just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

WIL. A – I – I may have been mistaken. We are but fallible mortals, the best of us. But I'll make sure – I'll make sure. (*Going.*)

PHÆ. Stay – one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax – mind, I say I *think* because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie – and – and – as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife!

WIL. Is that sure?

PHÆ. Aye, sure enough, for there's no help for it! Thou art a very brute – but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

WIL. My beloved! (*Embraces her.*)

PHÆ. (*aside*). Ugh!

(*Enter LEONARD, hastily.*)

LEON. Phœbe, rejoice, for I bring glad tidings. Colonel Fairfax's reprieve was signed two days since, but it was foully and maliciously kept back by Secretary Poltwhistle, who designed that it should arrive after the Colonel's death. It hath just come to hand, and it is now in the Lieutenants possession!

PHÆ. Then the Colonel is free? Oh, kiss me, kiss me, my dear! Kiss me, again, and again!

WIL. (*dancing with fury*). Ods bobs, death o' my life! Art thou mad! Am I mad? Are we all mad?

PHÆ. Oh, my dear – my dear, I'm well nigh crazed with joy! (*Kissing LEONARD.*)

WIL. Come away from him, thou hussy – thou jade – thou kissing, clinging cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, devil take thee, I'll rip thee like a herring for this! I'll skin thee for it! I'll cleave thee to the chine! I'll — oh! Phoebe! Phoebe! Who is this man?

PHŒ. Peace, fool. He is my brother!

WIL. Another brother! Are there any more of them? Produce them all at once, and let me know the worst!

PHŒ. This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The *real* Leonard, I say – my father's own son.

WIL. How do I know this? Has he 'brother' writ large on his brow? I mistrust thy brothers! Thou art but a false jade!

[*Exit* LEONARD.]

PHŒ. Now, Wilfred, be just. Truly I did deceive thee before – but it was to save a precious life – and to save it, not for me, but for another. They are to be wed this very day. Is not this enough for thee? Come – I am thy Phœbe – thy very own – and we will be wed in a year – or two – or three, at the most. Is not that enough for thee?

(*Enter* MERYLL, *excitedly*, followed by DAME CARRUTHERS, *who listens, unobserved.*)

MER. Phoebe, hast thou heard the brave news?

PHŒ. (*Still in* WILFRED'S *arms*). Aye, father.

MER. I'm nigh mad with joy! (*Seeing* WILFRED.) Why, what's all this?

PHŒ. Oh, father, he discovered our secret through my folly, and the price of his silence is –

WIL. Phoebe's heart.

PHŒ. Oh dear, no – Phoebe's hand.

WIL. It's the same thing!

PHŒ. *Is it?*

[*Exeunt* WILFRED *and* PHŒBE.]

MER. (*looking after them*). 'Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e'en suffer for it! (*DAME CARRUTHERS comes down.*) Dame Carruthers!

DAME. So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll from their shoulders!

MER. Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. (*Aside.*) Yet, if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There's nothing for it – (*aloud*) – Hush, pretty one! Such bloodthirsty words ill become those cherry lips! (*Aside.*) Ugh!

DAME (*bashfully*). Sergeant Meryll!

MER. Why, look ye, chuck – for many a month I've – I've thought to myself – 'There's snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for some one, and why not for thee – that's me – so take heart and tell her – that's thee – that thou – that's me – lovest her – thee – and – and – well, I'm a miserable old man, and I've done it – and that's me!' But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is –

DAME. Meryll's heart?

MER. No, Meryll's *hand*.

DAME. It's the same thing!

MER. *Is it!*

No. 9: DUET (Dame Carruthers and Sergeant Meryll)

Allegro vivace e con brio

Piano *f*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro vivace e con brio' and 'Piano f'. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

7 **DAME CARRUTHERS**

Rap - ture, rap - ture! When love's vo - ta - ry, Flushed with cap - ture,

p

The score for Dame Carruthers begins at measure 7. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piano part features a light, rhythmic accompaniment with a dynamic marking of 'p'.

12

Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty Then_ is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vo - li - ty!

The score continues from measure 12. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue with the same melodic and harmonic material.

16

Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty Then_ is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vo - li - ty

The score concludes at measure 20. The vocal line and piano accompaniment repeat the final phrase of the piece.

20

Rap - ture, rap - ture!

MERYLL

Dole - ful, dole - ful! When hu - ma - ni - ty, With its soul full

24

Of sa - ta - n - ty, Court - ing pri - vi - ty, Down - de - cli - vi - ty Seeks - cap - ti - vi - ty!

28

Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court - ing pri - vi - ty, Down - de - cli - vi - ty Seeks - cap - ti - vi - ty!

32

DAME CARRUTHERS

Joy - ful, joy - ful! When vir - gin - i - ty Seeks, all coy - ful

Dole - ful, dole - ful!

36

Man's af - fi - ni - ty; Fate all flow - er - y, Bright and bow - er - y Is her dow - er - y!

40

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Fate all flow - er - y, Bright and bow - er - y Is her dow - er - y,

44

Joy - ful, joy - ful!

MERYLL

Ghast - ly, ghast - ly! When man, sor - row-ful, First - ly, last - ly,

48

Of to-mor-row full, Af - ter tar - ry - ing, Yields to har - ry - ing - Goes a-mar - ry - ing,

52

DAME CARRUTHERS

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful!

Ghast - ly, ghast - ly! Ghast - ly, ghast - ly!

56

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful!

Ghast - ly, ghast - ly! Ghast - ly, ghast - ly! Ghast - ly, ghast - ly, ghast - ly!

cresc. *f*

60

Rap - ture, rap - ture! When love's vo - ta - ry, Flushed with cap - ture,

Dole - ful, dole - ful! When hu - man - i - ty, With its soul full

dim. *p*

64

Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty Then is po - li - ty, Reigns fri - vo - li - ty!

Of sa - ta - ni - ty, Court - ing pri - vi - ty, Down de - cli - vi - ty, Seeks cap - ti - vi - ty!

68

Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty Then is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vo - li - ty

Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court - ing pri - vi - ty, Down de - cli - vi - ty, Seeks cap - ti - vi - ty!

72

Rap - ture, rap - ture! Rap - ture, rap - ture!

Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful, dole - ful!

77

Rap - - - ture, rap - - - ture, rap-

Dole - - - ful, dole - - - ful, dole-

f *p* *cres*

82

ture, rap - - - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty, Then is

ful, Dole - - - ful! Court - ing pri - vi - ty, Down de-

cen *do* *f*

87

po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vo - li - ty! Rap - ture, rap - - - ture!

cli - vi - ty Seeks cap - ti - vi - ty! Dole - ful, dole - - - ful!

f *ff*

[Exeunt DAME CARRUTHERS and MERYLL.]

92

ff

Enter Yeomen and Women

No. 10: FINALE ACT II (Tutti)

Andante grazioso

Piano *p*

4 **1st & 2nd SOPRANOS (unison)**

Comes the pret - ty young bride, a-

7

blush - ing, ti - mid-ly shrink - ing - Set all thy fears - a - side - cheer - i - ly, pret - ty young bride!

10 **1st SOPRANOS**

Brave is the youth to whom thy

2nd SOPRANOS

Brave is the youth to whom thy

13

lot thou art will - ing - ly link - ing!

lot thou art will - ing - ly link - ing!

16

Flow - er of va-lour is he Lov - ing as lov-ing can be! Bright - ly thy summer is shin - ing,

Bright - ly thy summer is shin - ing,

19

Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, _____ as the dawn of the

Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, _____ as the dawn of the

22

day; Take him, be true to him Tender his_

day; Take him, be true to him Tender his_

26

due to him - Honour him, - Honour him, - love_

due to him - Honour him, - Honour him, - love_

cresc. *mf*

(Enter DAME CARRUTHERS, PHEBE and ELSIE as Bride.)

30

ELSIE

and o - bey! 'Tis said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly

PHEBE

and o - bey! 'Tis said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly

DAME CARRUTHERS

'Tis said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly

dim. *pp*

34

once to wo - man - kind - That, o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing

once to wo - man - kind - That, o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing

once to wo - man - kind - That, o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing

38

bit - ter we shall find. If this be so, and men say tru - ly My

bit - ter we shall find. If this be so, and men say tru - ly Her

bit - ter we shall find. If this be so, and men say tru - ly Her

42

day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed - With

day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed - With

day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed - With

sempre P

46

hap - pi-ness is cloyed - With hap-pi-ness my soul is cloyed This is my joy-day un - al-

hap - pi-ness is cloyed - With hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed This is her joy-day un - al-

hap - pi-ness is cloyed - With hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed This is her joy-day un - al-

dim. *pp*

cresc. *p* *pp* *cresc.* *p* *pp* *cresc.*

51

loyed, - un - al - loyed, This is my joy - - - day - un - al - loyed!

loyed, - un - al - loyed, This is her joy - - - day - un - al - loyed!

loyed, - un - al - loyed, This is her joy - - - day - un - al - loyed!

SOPRANOS *f*

rall. *a tempo* With

TENORS & BASSES *f*

Yes, yes, With

rall. *p* *a tempo f*

56 **Moderato marziale**

hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed, This is her joy - day un - al - loyed!

hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed, This is her joy - day un - al - loyed!

Moderato marziale

f

(Flourish. Enter LIEUTENANT.)

60

63 **LIEUTENANT**

Hold, pret - ty one! I bring to thee News - good or

p

68

ill, it is for thee to say. Thy hus - band

tr

tr

72

lives — and he is free, And comes to claim his — bride this ve - ry

ff

78 **Un poco meno mosso e agitato**
ELSIE

No! no! re-call those words — it can-not be!

day!

Un poco meno mosso e agitato

p *cresc. molto*

81 **DAME CARRUTHERS & PHOEBE**

Oh, day of ter - ror! Oh, day of ter - ror!

LIEUTENANT, MERYLL & WILFRED

Come, dry these un - be - com-ing tears, Most joy - ful ti - dings greet thine ears.

KATE, 1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Oh, day of ter - ror! Oh, day of ter - ror!

TENORS & BASSES

S_{va} Oh, day of ter - ror! Oh, day of ter - ror!

84

ELSIE
Oh, Leo - nard,

DAME CARRUTHERS & PHOEBE
The man to whom thou art al - lied

LIEUTENANT, MERYLL & WILFRED
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy - ful ti - dings greet thine

Day of ter - - - - - ror!

Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

8va

86

E
Oh, Leo - nard,

P DC
Appears to claim thee as his bride.

L W M
ears. The man to whom thou art al - lied Appears to claim thee as his

Day of ter - - - - - ror!

Day of ter - ror! Day of tears! Who is the

8va

88

E
P
DC
L
W
M

come thou to my side, And claim me
The man to whom thou art al - lied Ap - pears to
bride,
The man to whom thou art al - lied Appears to claim thee as his
Who is the man who in his pride claims thee
man who, in his pride claims thee
8^{va}

90

E
P
DC
L
W
M

as thy lov - ing bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!
claim thee as his bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!
bride, as his bride?
as his bride? Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!
as his bride? Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

Flourish. Enter COLONEL FAIRFAX, handsomely dressed, attended by other Gentlemen.

94

FAIRFAX (*sternly*)

All thought of Leo-nard Mer-yll

98

set a - side. Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride!

101

ELSIE (*recit.*)

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
Thou art his own, a - las, he claims thee as his bride!

TENORS & BASSES
Thou art his own, a - las, he claims thee as his bride!

recit.

104

sup-pliant at thy feet I fall: Thine heart will yield to pi-ty's call!

FAIRFAX
Mine is a

108

heart of mas-sive rock, Un - moved by sen-ti - men-tal shock!

CHORUS *f* Thy hus - band
Thy hus - band

111

Andante espress e con moto *Con molto tenerezza*
ELSIE (aside)

Leo - nard, my loved one - come to me, They

he!
he!

Andante espress e con moto *Andante*
dim. *p*

114

bear_ me_ hence a - way! — But though they take me

117

far from thee My heart is thine for aye! My

120

bruised heart, My broken heart, Is thine, my own, for

123

aye! Is thine, is thine, my

cresc.

126

own, is thine, for aye!

appassionato

f *dim.* *ff*

130 **Un poco più vivo (to FAIRFAX)**

p

Sir, I o-bey, I am thy bride; But ere the fa-tal hour I said the say That

p

134

placed me in thy pow'r, Would I had died! Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride!

pp

138

Allegro vivace e con fuoco ELSIE*ff*

(Looks up and recognises FAIRFAX) Leo - nard!

FAIRFAX

My own!

ff

144

Ah! (*Embrace*) With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed,—

With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed,—

8va

mf

149

This is our joy - day un - al - loyed!_____

This is our joy - day un - al - loyed!_____

sf

8^{va} -----

153

CHORUS

Yes! Yes! With hap - pi - ness their souls are cloyed,_____

Yes! Yes! With hap - pi - ness their souls are cloyed,_____

8^{va} -----

157

This is their joy - day un - al - loyed!_____ With

This is their joy - day un - al - loyed!_____ With

8^{va} -----

162

hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This is their joy - day un - al - loyed, their

hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This is their joy - day un - al - loyed, their

166

joy - day un - al - loyed, un - al - loyed!

joy - day un - al - loyed, un - al - loyed!

8^{va}

p

(Enter JACK POINT.)

171

POINT

Oh thought - less crew! Ye know not what ye

p

175

Recit. slower *rall.*

do! At - tend to me, and shed a tear or two - For

rall.

180

A tempo I

I have a song to sing, O!

CHORUS *pp* Sing me your song, O! *dim.*

Sing me your song, O! *dim.*

p

186

POINT

It is sung to the moon By a love-lorn loon, Who fled from the mocking throng, O! It's the

191

song of a mer-ry-man mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who

195

sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la-dye!

199 Heigh - dy, Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me! lack - a - day - dee! He

Oo!

Oo!

203 sipped no sup and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

207 ELSIE

I have a song to sing, O!

What is your song, O!

What is your song, O!

ff

dim.

ff

dim.

p

213

ELSIE

It is sung with the ring Of the songs maids sing Who love with a love life-

217

long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid, nest - ling near Who loved her lord, but who

221

dropped a tear At the moan of the mer-ry-man mop - ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose

225

glance was glum, Who sipp'd no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sigh'd for the love of a la - dye!

230

ELSIE & 1st SOPRANOS

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He

2nd SOPRANOS

Oo!

TENORS & BASSES

Oo!

234

cresc.

sipped no sup and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

*cresc.**cresc.*

238

ELSIE, PHOEBE, DAME CARRUTHERS & 1st SOP. *cresc. e animato*

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He

Oo!

Oo!

cresc. e animato

242

cresc.

sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

cresc.

cresc.

246

TUTTI

ff

Heigh - dy! Heigh -

ff

Heigh - dy! Heigh -

ff

251

- - dy! Heigh -

- - dy! Heigh -

256

dy! Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

dy! Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

261

- dy! Heigh - - -

- dy! Heigh - - -

Sra

266

dy!

dy!

(FAIRFAX embraces ELSIE as POINT falls insensible at their feet.)

CURTAIN

END OF OPERA

Appendix

These bars from the Finale of Act II show how the parts for Elsie, Kate, Phœbe and Dame Carruthers were scored in the first edition of Chappell's vocal score.

84

ELSIE
Oh, Leo - - - - - nard,

KATE
Oh,

PHŒBE
Oh, Leo - - - - - nard,

DAME CARRUTHERS
Who is the man who, in his pride,

LIEUTENANT & WILFRED
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine

MERYLL
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine

Day of ter - - - - - ror!
Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

8va

86

S Oh, Leo - nard,
 A Leo - nard, Oh,
 T Oh, Leo - nard,
 B Oh, Leo - nard,
 W ears. The man to whom thou art al - lied Appears to claim thee as his
 M ears. The man to whom thou art al - lied Appears to claim thee as his
 Day of ter - - - - - ror!
 Day of ter - ror! Day of tears! Who is the

88

E
come thou to my side, And claim me

K
come thou to her side, And claim her

P
come thou to her side, And claim her

DC
come thou to her side, And claim her

L
W
8
bride, The man to whom thou art al-lied Appears to claim thee as his

M
bride, The man to whom thou art al-lied Appears to claim thee as his

Who is the man in his pride claims thee

man who, in his pride claims thee

8^{va}

90

E
as thy lov - ing bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

K
as thy lov - ing bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

P
as thy lov - ing bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

DC
as thy lov - ing bride. Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

L
W
bride, as his bride?

M
bride, as his bride?

as his bride? Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

as his bride? Day of ter - ror! Day of tears!

f