

The Yeomen of the Guard

or

The Merryman and His Maid

A New and Original Opera, in Two Acts

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by Arthur Sullivan

Complete Vocal Score
Contains All the Dialogue

Edited by Dafydd Mac an Leigh

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Preface

ABOUT THE OPERA

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD represents the pinnacle of the Gilbert & Sullivan collaboration. Many of the thematic and structural elements which had become characteristic of previous operas — interwoven plots, love triangles, tightly crafted dialogue, a shift toward a more serious tone — were brought to a climax in *Yeomen*. Gilbert & Sullivan would write three more operas, but none were close to the quality they achieved with *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

The genesis of *Yeomen* is curiously similar to that of *The Mikado*. *Ruddigore*, like *Princess Ida* three years earlier, had not been as successful as the triumvirate had hoped, and by the fall of 1887 a successor was needed but still had not been written. Again Gilbert brought forth his latest “lozenge plot” (a story in which a magic object alters the behavior of the people who use it), again Sullivan was dead set against setting such a piece, and again D’Oyly Carte had to turn to revivals of earlier, more popular collaborations as a stopgap. *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado* — the three most popular G&S operas even to this day — occupied the Savoy while Gilbert & Sullivan sought to resolve their differences and create a work that pleased both.

Just as *The Mikado* had been inspired by Gilbert’s Japanese sword falling off the wall (or so he liked to claim), *Yeomen* was inspired by a poster he noticed on a train platform. The ad for the Tower Furnishing Co. featured a Yeomen Warder, whose uniform design had been largely unchanged since the Elizabethan era, in front of the Tower of London. Gilbert soon developed a story which was set in the Tower during the 16th Century, and which further delighted Sullivan by involving no supernatural elements whatever.

The collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan was prone to clashes of artistic vision, but unlike *Ruddigore*, this actually spurred their work into greater refinement. In *Ruddigore*, Gilbert and Sullivan were at odds creatively, especially in the second act: Gilbert openly disliked the music for the ghost scene, which he felt was too serious compared to the rest of the score, but Sullivan refused to change it; Gilbert rewrote Robin’s patter song because he felt that Sullivan’s music didn’t convey the emotional arc he was looking for, yet Sullivan’s setting of the new version is stylistically identical to the original. In *Yeomen*, by contrast, the two men seemed to share a common artistic goal, and frequently pushed the other to meet that goal. Gilbert, for instance, had to write multiple versions of the “Temptation” trio (No. 9) before Sullivan found one he was inspired to set; Sullivan had to set “Is Life a Boon” (No. 5) multiple times before Gilbert was satisfied. Even the title was a matter of contention: Gilbert wanted the final title of the opera to be *The Beefeaters*, but Sullivan insisted on *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

The sheer intensity of such a close collaboration is a significant reason why *The Yeomen of the Guard* is often considered Gilbert & Sullivan’s best opera, but it is also probably a significant reason the collaboration collapsed. Gilbert, as librettist, was wont to complain that Sullivan’s music continually took precedence over his words; Sullivan, as composer, similarly complained about Gilbert’s words taking precedence over his music. Soon after *The Yeomen of the Guard* premiered, this disagreement had escalated into a full-blown quarrel between the two men. While they would eventually patch things up enough to write three more operas together, they would never work together as closely, and the quality of the subsequent operas could never match *Yeomen*.

HISTORICAL SETTING

One of the many aspects of *The Yeomen of the Guard* that make it unique among the Savoy Operas is the use of its historical setting. Instead of merely serving as a facade behind which Gilbert can skewer Victorian institutions, the setting of *Yeomen* — the Tower of London, early in the reign of Henry VIII — exerts a strong influence on the story, so much so that any attempt to move the opera to another location or time period would inevitably weaken it. Also, while some other Savoy Operas are set in specific periods in history, *Yeomen* is the only opera to include an actual historical figure: Sir Richard Cholmondeley was Lieutenant of the Tower from 1513 to 1524; he even had a tomb made for himself in the Chapel. (Sir Richard fell out of favor before he could occupy it, but the tomb can be seen at the Tower to this day.)

The England of Henry VIII and Sir Richard Cholmondeley was caught in interesting times. The Wars of the Roses were over, but political scheming and treachery still abounded, a century of civil war had left England a weak and tempting target for conquest from without, and the religious schisms that would polarize the country for generations were but a few years away. The Tower of London, once primarily a fortress of sanctuary and a royal abode, had become best known as a prison, particularly for political prisoners. This grim environment pervades the opera: most of the characters are struggling against forces and circumstances beyond their control, and some of them lose.

As for the Tower Warders themselves, there has been a great deal of confusion over the years regarding Gilbert's use of Yeomen of the Guard, rather than Yeomen Warders, in the Tower of London. Julian Paget, in his history *The Yeomen of the Guard: 500 Years of Service, 1485-1985* (Blandford Press, 1984), holds Gilbert & Sullivan largely responsible for the conflation of the two corps in the public mind. (He may have a point, given how many people in the world may only know the Tower of London through the opera.) Yet Paget also confirms that Gilbert & Sullivan were correct for the time in which the opera was set. The Yeomen of the Guard were established in 1485 by Henry VII, to serve as bodyguards to the English monarch — the function they fulfill to this day. In 1509, his successor, Henry VIII, increased their numbers and responsibilities, and assigned a garrison of twelve Yeomen to the Tower of London. They served as guardians of the Tower and the Crown Jewels within until 1548, when the Corps of Yeomen Warders was formed to assume those duties.

ABOUT THIS EDITION

Given the continued popularity of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, it is both surprising and frustrating that the performance materials available for the operas are in as sorry a state as they are. Any opera to be performed with orchestral accompaniment requires three types of scores: piano-vocal scores for the singers, a set of "band parts" (individual scores for each instrument in the orchestra), and a full score for the conductor, containing all instrument and voice lines. These should be accurate, clear and easy to read, and they should all agree with one another.

The performance materials for most Gilbert & Sullivan operas meet few, if any, of these criteria. More often than not, they're not even made by the same publisher. (A typical production in the U.S., for instance, would probably use vocal scores by G. Schirmer, a full score by Kalmus, and reprints of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's band parts.) Apart from the inherent issues with accuracy and legibility, this means resolving a frustrating number of inconsistencies among the various editions: rehearsal letters in different places, discrepancies where one edition follows performance tradition while others do not, and sometimes even songs presented in different keys. Complete, unified editions of any of the operas are few and far between.

This edition of *The Yeomen of the Guard* is designed to meet all of the above criteria. The full score, vocal score and band parts have all been created for the same edition, from the same sources, and for use with one another. I have utilized primarily the most reliable sources available to me, and have formatted the resulting scores with a particular emphasis on clarity and ease of use. This is not meant to be a musicologically critical edition, but rather a high-quality, practical set of performance materials.

Principal sources for this edition include the following:

For the orchestral parts: A full score published by Kalmus in 1979 (J. Bauser, ed.); printed band parts prepared for the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in the 1920's, provided online by the Petrucci Music Library; and a manuscript full score prepared in 1888 for the first New York production, available on microfilm at the New York Public Library.

For the vocal parts: An undated vocal score published by Chappell from the turn of the 20th Century, which faithfully reprints the first edition in a modern typeface, and includes cast lists for both the 1888 and 1897 productions; and a later, revised edition of the same score, published after 1911, which incorporates several alterations and reflects the modern state of the opera.

For the libretto: The modern libretto of the opera edited by Ian Bradley, in *The Annotated Gilbert & Sullivan*; the first-night edition of the libretto, as reproduced by Reginald Allen in *The First Night Gilbert & Sullivan*; and the libretto available online at the Gilbert & Sullivan Archive.

In preparing this edition, I have tried to present the opera as closely as I can to the way Gilbert & Sullivan left it to posterity. In the cases of revisions of uncertain authenticity (e.g. lyric changes that appear in 20th Century sources, but were not performed on record before 1928), I have erred on the side of the earlier sources.

The piano reduction for the vocal score is based on the standard reduction by J.H. Wadsworth (1888), as it appears in the sources listed above. I have modified certain passages to reflect other, more pertinent sections of the orchestra, and to incorporate music the Chappell scores left out. Piano reductions for the supplemental songs listed below are my own.

SUPPLEMENTAL MUSIC AND APPENDIX

Gilbert & Sullivan made cuts and changes to the opera right up to opening night and beyond. The first-edition vocal score and the New York Public Library (NYPL) full score preserve several instances of music that were deleted or replaced by the authors; much of this music has found its way back into the opera, often being restored in modern productions. I have included this music into the present edition, so that productions may have the option of including one or more of the selections. Cut songs and verses are included where they would have fit in the score proper, for the ease of inclusion in performance; music that was replaced by, or would replace, movements in the finalized score is included in the Appendix. Specifically, the supplemental music I have included is as follows:

A solo for Wilfred Shadbolt, “When jealous torments wrack my soul”, which would have concluded his opening scene with Phœbe. This was cut during rehearsals, probably when Rutland Barrington, for whom the role was written, left the cast. The song is included in the score as Supplement 1.

A solo for Sgt. Meryll, “A laughing boy but yesterday” which would have preceded Leonard’s entrance in Act 1. This song was cut after opening night. It is included in the score as Supplement 2

In the Act One Finale, a second verse to the section “Didst thou not, oh, Leonard Meryll” to be sung by 3rd and 4th Yeomen and Fairfax. This was cut just before opening night. Also, in the final ensemble of the finale, separate voice lines and lyrics for Point and Elsie, which are not included in 20th Century scores. (I am uncertain whether they were cut by the authors or by D’Oyly Carte performance tradition.) Both selections are included in the finale with footnotes.

An earlier version of Fairfax’s first-act solo, “Is life a boon?”, which was replaced with the present setting a few days before opening night. It is included in the Appendix as Supplement 3.

An optional transposition of Elsie & Point’s duet, “I have a Song to Sing, O!”, from D to E-flat. This transposition dates back to the early 20th Century, if not to the 1897 revival, and was probably for the benefit of the soprano, as Elsie’s part in the song sits rather low. Although it was clearly intended to be an optional transposition, E-flat became standard key for the song in the latter half of the 20th Century. This edition presents the duet in the original key of D; the transposition to E-flat appears in the Appendix.

FORMATTING

In formatting this edition, I have tried to blend efficiency, consistency, and clarity. Clefs for the voices are in keeping with modern notation: treble clef for all women, transposed treble clef for tenors, and bass clef for baritones, basses and the T/B chorus staff. Any inconsistencies regarding individual page formatting is in deference to overall clarity.

—Dafydd Mac an Leigh

SETTINGS

ACT ONE. — Tower Green

ACT TWO. — Tower Green by Moonlight

(Two days are supposed to have elapsed between Act One and Act Two.)

DATE. — 16th Century

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELEY (<i>Lieutenant of the Tower</i>)	Baritone	
COLONEL FAIRFAX (<i>Under sentence of death</i>)	Tenor	
SERGEANT MERYLL (<i>of the Yeomen of the Guard</i>)	Bass-Baritone	
LEONARD MERYLL (<i>his Son</i>)	Tenor	
JACK POINT (<i>a Strolling Jester</i>)	Baritone	
WILFRED SHADBOLT (<i>Head Jailer and Assistant Tormentor</i>)	Baritone	
THE HEADSMAN	Silent	
FIRST YEOMAN*	Tenor	
SECOND YEOMAN*	Baritone	
THIRD YEOMAN*	} optional roles (only appear in deleted material)	
FOURTH YEOMAN*		
FIRST CITIZEN*	Speaking Role	
SECOND CITIZEN*	Speaking Role	
ELSIE MAYNARD (<i>a Strolling Singer</i>)	Soprano	
PHCEBE MERYLL (<i>Sergeant Meryll's Daughter</i>)	Mezzo-Soprano	
DAME CARRUTHERS (<i>Housekeeper of the Tower</i>)	Contr'alto	
KATE (<i>her Niece</i>)	Soprano	
CHORUS OF YEOMEN OF THE GUARD	Men's Chorus	
CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN, CITIZENS, &c.	Mixed Chorus	

*All solo Yeomen and Citizens also sing with their respective choruses.

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE — THE TOWER OF LONDON, DURING THE 16TH CENTURY. Colonel Fairfax has been sentenced to death, falsely accused of sorcery by his cousin, Sir Clarence Poltwhistle, who stands to inherit the Fairfax estate, since Fairfax is unmarried. Sergeant Meryll and his family, still loyal to the Colonel, await his reprieve; no reprieve comes, so they concoct a daring plan to rescue him.

Colonel Fairfax, meanwhile, has a plan of his own to foil his cousin's scheme: he asks Sir Richard Cholmondeley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to find him a bride — any bride — for him to marry before his execution, so that she, not Poltwhistle, will inherit Fairfax's estate. Lieutenant Cholmondeley offers Elsie Maynard, an itinerant singer, 100 crowns to be that bride. Jack Point, her traveling companion and hopeful beau, is reluctant to allow another man to marry her, but after being assured that Fairfax will die in an hour, he agrees, and so does Elsie. Once Elsie has been blindfolded and taken to Fairfax's cell, the Lieutenant tells Jack Point that he is in need of a jester, and Point applies for the job.

The Merylls set their plan into motion. Phoebe, knowing that the head jailer, Wilfred Shadbolt, has a crush on her, distracts him long enough for her to take away his keys, give them to her father (who uses them to gain access to the Colonel's cell), and return them. Sgt. Meryll supplies Fairfax with a set of Yeomen's uniform; Fairfax will impersonate the sergeant's son Leonard, who was to have joined the Yeomen of the Guard, but instead has gone into hiding so that Fairfax can take his place. Fairfax, shaved and kitted out as a Yeoman, is instantly welcomed as the renowned Leonard Meryll, and Phoebe, pretending to be his sister, exploits the opportunity to express her affection for him. The bell in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula begins tolling for Fairfax's scheduled execution, but the solemn proceedings are interrupted by the discovery that prisoner has escaped. Wilfred is arrested, the Yeomen scatter to search for the fugitive, and Elsie, overwhelmed by the news of his escape, faints into her disguised husband's arms.

ACT TWO — TWO DAYS LATER. Colonel Fairfax is still at large, but nobody realizes that he's disguised as Leonard, and thus hiding in such plain sight. Wilfred has been released from jail, but lost his job as jailer. Point, despondent at losing Elsie to another man, concocts a plan with him to feign the Colonel's death. Fairfax, meanwhile, is faced with a conundrum of his own: he knows he is now a husband, but doesn't know whose. A chance conversation with Sgt. Meryll and Dame Carruthers reveals that his wife is none other than Elsie Maynard, who has spent the last two days recovering at the Merylls' lodgings, and whom Fairfax has already come to fancy. Because her social station is so far below his own, he decides to test her principles by wooing her as Leonard. Although Elsie is obviously attracted to him, she rebukes him on the grounds that she is already married to Fairfax, wherever he may be.

Just then, a shot is heard coming from the wharf. As the residents of the Tower rush onstage to find out what has happened, Point and Wilfred appear with their cock-and-bull story that Wilfred shot Fairfax as the latter tried to escape across the Thames. Wilfred is hailed as a hero, and Point immediately tries to win back Elsie. Fairfax, however, takes advantage of Point's inexperience at wooing, and demonstrates how it should be done by wooing Elsie for himself, right in front of Point and Phoebe. Phoebe, distraught over losing Fairfax, accidentally reveals the plot to Wilfred, and must buy his silence by agreeing to marry him. The real Leonard returns with the Colonel's reprieve, and Sgt. Meryll, overjoyed at the news, accidentally reveals the plot to Dame Carruthers, and must likewise buy her silence with a marriage proposal.

Elsie, believing Fairfax to be dead and herself engaged to Leonard, is shocked to find out that her husband is alive and free. The Colonel publicly claims her as his bride, and Elsie, sadly, obeys. Her sorrow turns to elation, however, when she recognizes Fairfax as the man she loves. As they embrace, Jack Point appears and at last declares his love for Elsie, but she rejects him in no uncertain terms, and Point collapses, insensible, at her feet.

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THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

The Yeomen of the Guard

or,
The Merryman and His Maid

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by Arthur Sullivan

Overture

Allegro brillante e maestoso

tr

f *tr* *ff*

7

13

(Viol.) 3 3 3

(Brass)

17

(Tutti)

21

p (Str.)

A

27 (Clar.) *p* (Viol.)

32 (Oboe) (Viol.) *p*

37 (Oboe) (Viol.) (Winds) *p*

B

42 (Oboe) *p*

47 (Winds)

52 *p*

57 (Viol.) **C**

62 (Brass) *pp*

67 (Str.) *p* *cresc.* *f*

72 **D** (Tutti) *ff*

77 (Str.) *pp*

83 (Clar.)

88 *(tr)* *(Oboe)*

93 *tr* *(Flutes)*

98

103 *cresc.*

108 *(Viol.)* *ff* *E* *(Brass)*

112 *(Tutti)*

117 F (Clar.) *p*

124 (Viol.) (Oboe) (Str.)

130 (Clar.) *dim.* *sempre dim.* *p*

136 G (Viol.) *pp*

142 *pp*

148 *pp*

154 **H**

(Ob. & Clar.) *f* (Cts.) *f*

pp (Winds) *pp*

159 (Fl. & Ob.) *f* (Winds) *mf*

p (Str.) *p*

165 *cresc.* *p*

170 **J** *p*

Red. 3 3 3 * *Red.* 3 3 3 * *Red.* 3 3 3 *

174 *Red.* 3 3 3 * *Red.* 3 3 3 * *Red.* 3 3 3 *

178 *p* *cresc. molto* *ff*

183 (Tutti) **K**

con fuoco

189 *con fuoco*

8va

196 (8va)

202 (8va) **L**

fff

208 (8va)

(b)

214 (8va)

Act One

No. 1 Introduction and Song

Phoebe

Scene. — *Tower Green. PHOEBE discovered spinning.*

Allegretto non troppo

f

7

13

A

18

(Violas)

p

21

25

29

Phœbe

When maid - en loves, she sits and sighs, She
When maid - en loves, she mopes a - part, As

33

wan - ders to and fro; Un - bid - den tear - drops fill her eyes, And
owl mopes on a tree; Al - though she keen - ly feels the smart, She

37

to all ques - tions she re - plies, With a sad 'heigh - ho!'
can - not tell what ails her heart, With its sad 'Ah, me!'

B

41 *meno mosso*

'Tis but a lit - tle word—
'Tis but a fool - ish sigh—

meno mosso

45 *a tempo*

'heigh - ho!' So soft, 'tis scarce - ly heard— 'heigh - ho!' An i - dle breath— Yet
'Ah, me!' Born but to droop and die— 'Ah, me!' Yet all the sense Of

a tempo

50

life and death May hang up - on a maid's 'heigh - ho!
e - lo - quence Lies hid - den in a maid's 'Ah, me!'

p

C

56

An i - dle breath— Yet life and death May hang up - on a maid's 'heigh -
Yet all the sense Of e - lo - quence Lies hid - den in a maid's 'Ah, —

59 1. *a tempo*

ho!

a tempo f *p*

64 2. *a tempo*

me! 'Ah, me! 'Ah, me!

a tempo

69

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

Red.

74 (Weeps.)

me!

a tempo f *Red.*

(Enter WILFRED.)

Wilfred: Mistress Meryll!

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

Wilfred: Haven't you anything to say to me?

Phoebe: 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!

Wilfred: 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. (PHOEBE *annoyed*) Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

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

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

Phoebe: 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.

Wilfred: Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past seven — ah! (*Gesture of chopping off a head.*)

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

Wilfred: Young and handsome! How do *you* know he's young and handsome?

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

Wilfred: Curse him!

Phoebe: 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!

Wilfred: 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!

Phoebe: 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.

Wilfred: You used to like 'em.

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

Wilfred: 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. [(*Exit WILFRED.*) **OR Cue Supplement 1]**

Supplement 1: Song

Wilfred

Allegro con brio **Wilfred**

When
(The)

f

6

jeal - ous tor - ments rack my soul My ag - on - ies 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

p

11

A

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

16

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

21

fade!
wrong!

It's much less pain - ful,

f *p*

25

on the whole, To go and sit on red-hot coal 'Til you're com - plete - ly flayed— Or ask a kind - ly

B

31

friend to crack Your wretch-ed bones up-on the rack, Than love a heart-less jade, Than love a

37

1.

heart - less jade! The

42

2.

jade! The bird that break - fasts on your lip; I

48

would I had him in my grip— He sup-peth where I may not sip— I can't get o-ver

C

53

that! The cat you fon-dle— soft and sly, He li - eth

mf *sf*

59

where I may not lie, We're not on terms, that cat and I— I

mp

66

do not like that cat! It's much less pain - ful,

p *p*

71

D

on the whole, To go and sit on red - hot coal 'Til you're com - plete - ly flayed— Or

sf

76

ask a kind-ly friend to crack Your wretch-ed bones up - on the rack, Than love a heart-less

E

81

jade, Than love a heart - less jade!

86

Or ask a kind - ly friend to crack Your wretch - ed bones up - on the rack,

91

Than love a heart - less jade!

(Exit WILFRED.)

No. 2 Double Chorus

Yeomen (solo 2nd), and Chorus*

(Enter CROWD OF MEN AND WOMEN, followed by THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.)

Allegro vivace

(as Yeomen march on)

9 *f stacc.*

S
A

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

T
B

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

* The 2ND YEOMAN's solo in this number, and his dialogue immediately after, were originally written for SGT. MERYLL, who led the Yeomen onstage. Why this change was made is uncertain — perhaps to give Richard Temple, the original Meryll, a solo entrance; perhaps to relieve him of the responsibility of singing an F — but the original version makes more sense from both a character and dramatic standpoint.

13

S
A

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

T
B

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

17

S
A

Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger; To the sto - ry

T
B

Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger; To the sto - ry

22

S
A

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

T
B

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

A

26 YEOMEN *f*

T In the au - tumn of our life, Here at rest in am - ple clo - ver,

B In the au - tumn of our life, Here at rest in am - ple clo - ver,

31

T We re - joice in tell - ing o - ver Our im - pet - uous May and June.

B We re - joice in tell - ing o - ver Our im - pet - uous May and June.

36 **B**

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

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

40

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

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

45

T
We re - call with - out re - pi - ning All the heat, We re -

B
We re - call with - out re - pi - ning All the heat, We re -

49

T
call, re - call All of by - gone noon.

B
call, re - call All of by - gone noon.

un poco rall.

a tempo

the heat of

un poco rall.

a tempo f

56

C

61

2nd Yeoman

This the au - tumn of our life, _____ This the

66

eve - ning of _____ our day; Wea - ry we _____ of

71

bat - tle strife, _____ Wea - ry _____ we _____ of _____ mor -

76 D

- - tal fray. But our year is not so spent, And our

81

days are not so fa - ded, But that we with one consent,

85

Were our lov - ed land in - va - ded, Still would face a for - eign foe,

89

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

Red. * Red. * Red. *

94

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

Red. *

p

E

101

days _____ of _____ long a - go.

YEOMEN

T Still would face a for - eign foe, As in

B Still would face _____ a for - eign foe, As _____ in

colla voce

f a tempo

106 CITIZENS *f* (stacc.)

S
A
T
B

Tow - er war - ders, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men,

T
B

days of long a - go.

days of long a - go.

110

S
A
T
B

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

va-liant sword-ers! Brave in bear-ing, Foe-men scar-ing,

F

CITIZENS

115 *f*

S
A
T
B

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

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

YEOMEN

f sost.

8 This the au - tumn of our life, _____ This the

f sost.

8 This the au - tumn of our life, _____ This the

120

S
A
T
B

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

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

eve - ning of _____ our day; Wea - ry we _____ of

eve - ning of _____ our day; Wea - ry we _____ of

125

S
A

Each was o'er the world a ran-ger; To the sto-ry Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a

T
B

Each was o'er the world a ran-ger; To the sto-ry Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a

T

bat - tle strife, _____ Wea - ry _____ we _____ of _____ mor -

B

bat - tle strife, _____ Wea - ry _____ we _____ of _____ mor -

G

130

S
A

bold con - tri - bu - to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - tri - bu -

T
B

bold con - tri - bu - to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - tri - bu -

T

- - tal fray. This the au - tumn of our life, _____

B

- - tal fray. This the au - tumn of our life, This the eve - ning of our

f

135

S
A
T
B

to - ry! Each a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!

to - ry! Each a bold con - tri - bu - to - ry!

— This the eve - ning of our day.

day. This the eve - ning of our day.

(Exeunt Crowd. Manent Yeomen. Enter DAME CARRUTHERS.)

Dame Carruthers: A good day to you!*

2nd Yeoman: Good day, Dame Carruthers. Busy to-day?

Dame Carruthers: 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 Yeoman: Poor gentleman! He'll die bravely. I fought under him two years since, and he valued his life as it were a feather!

Phoebe: 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, and a barbarous thing that so gallant a hero should lose his head — for it's the handsomest head in England!

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

Phoebe: 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 Carruthers: 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.

* If MERYLL speaks the 2ND YEOMAN's lines here, then Dame Carruthers' first line should read, "A good day to you, Sergeant."

No. 3 Song with Chorus

Dame Carruthers and Yeomen

Allegro moderato e maestoso

7 **Dame Carruthers**

When our gal-lant Nor-man foes Made our mer-ry land their own, And the
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-ish-ed with a con-stant-cy un-sha-ken. From the dun-geon to the block, From the

A

13

pan - o - 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, Though a
wick - ed flames may hiss Round the he - roes who have fought For

18

queen to save her head should come a - su - ing, There's a le - gend on its brow That is
con - science and for home in all its beau - ty, But the grim old for - ta - lice Takes

21

e - lo - quent to me, And it tells of du - ty — done — and du - ty
lit - tle heed of aught That comes not in — the meas - ure of its

B

24

do - ing. ty. } 'The screw may twist and the

du - ty. }

p

28

rack— may turn, And men may bleed and men may burn, O'er Lon-don town and its

p

32

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

p

YEOMEN

'The screw may twist and the

p

36

O'er Lon-don town and all its hoard, O'er Lon-don town and all its
 rack may turn, And men may bleed and men may burn, O'er

cresc. *f*

39

C

hoard I keep my si - lent,
 Lon - don town and its gold - en hoard I keep my si - lent

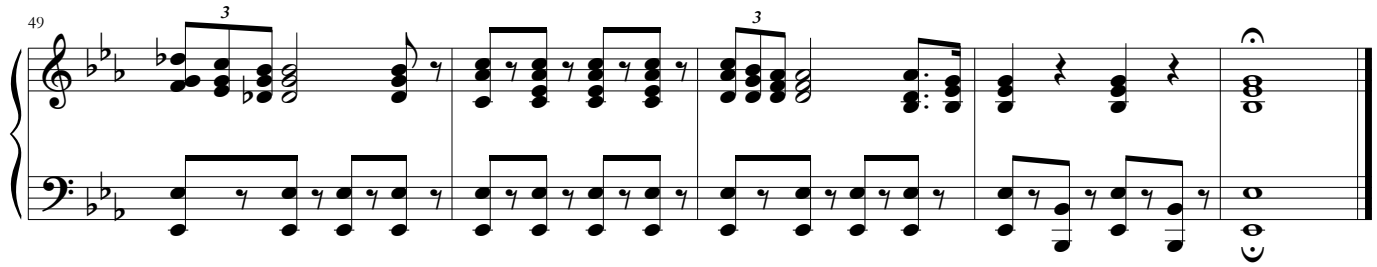
mf

43

1. *rall.*

si - lent watch and ward! si - lent watch and ward!
 watch and ward! watch and ward!

rall. *f* *rall.* *p*



(*Exeunt all except 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.

[Cue Supplement 2 OR Continue at dialogue on page 37]

* If MERYLL enters with the Yeomen at No. 2 (p. 18), then this direction should read, "*Exeunt all except PHOEBE and SERGEANT MERYLL.*"

Supplement 2 Song
Meryll

Allegro marziale Meryll

A laugh - ing boy but
When at my Leon - ard's

yes - ter-day, A mer - ry ur - chin blithe and gay, Whose joy - ous shout Came
deeds sub-lime A sol - dier's pulse beats dou - ble time, And brave hearts thrill As

ring - ing out, Un-checked by care and sor - row - To - day a war - rior, all sun -
brave hearts will At tales of mar - tial glo - ry, I burn with flush of pride and

A

14

brown, Whose deeds of sol-dier-ly re-nown— Are now the boast of
joy, A pride un-bit-tered by al-loy,— To find my boy— my

18

Lon-don Town: A ve-ter-an to-mor-row! To-day a—
dar-ling boy— The theme of song— and sto-ry! To find— my

22

war-rior, A ve-ter-an to-mor-
dar-ling boy The theme of song and sto-

26

row! ry! To

29

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

colla voce

32

sto - ry!

ff

(Enter LEONARD MERYLL.)

Leonard: Father!

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

Phœbe: Aye—hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

Leonard: Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

Phœbe: Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!

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

Meryll: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

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

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

Leonard: Well?

Meryll: None has seen thee but ourselves?

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

Meryll: 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 PHŒBE*) The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

Phœbe: (*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.

Meryll: Then get thee hence at once, lad – and bless thee for this sacrifice.

Phœbe: And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

Leonard: And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is newborn; 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 dan - ger

9 (Phœbe)

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!

15 **Leonard**

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

22

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

A

30 **Phoebe**

No, ours are not the hearts that quail, The hands — that

(Leonard)

need! No, ours are not the hearts that quail, The hands that

Meryll

No, ours are not the hearts that quail,

37

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

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

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

sf *p*

43

B

cheeks that pale In hours of need!

cheeks that pale In hours of need!

cheeks that pale In hours of need!

p

53

Meryll

The air I breathe to him I owe: My

Red. * *Red.* *

60

Phœbe

That life is his— so count it

Leonard

That life is his— so count it

(Meryll)

life is his— I count it naught!

p

Red. *

66

C

naught!

naught!

And shall I reck - on risks I run— When ser - vi -

73

(Meryll)

ces are to be done To save the life of such an

80

one? Un - wor - thy thought! Un - wor -

Red.

* Red.

87

Phœbe

D

And shall we reck - on risks we run To

And shall we reck - on risks we run To

thy thought!

* Red.

*

94

save the life of such an one? Un - wor - thy

save the life of such an one? Un - wor - thy

Un - wor - thy

The musical score for measures 94-101 features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal parts enter in measure 94 with the lyrics "save the life of such an one?". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The lyrics "Un - wor - thy" are sung in measure 101.

102

thought! _____ Un - wor - thy thought! _____

thought! _____ Un - wor - thy thought! _____

thought! _____ Un - wor - thy thought! _____

The musical score for measures 102-109 continues with the same three vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "thought! _____" are followed by "Un - wor - thy" and then "thought! _____" in measures 102, 103, and 104 respectively. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature remains B-flat major.

110 E

p

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

p

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

p

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

118

hope — May heaven — help — our

hope — May heaven — help — our

hope — May heaven — help — our

126 F

hope— fare - - - well!

hope— fare - - - well!

hope— fare - - - well!

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.*

135

May heaven help our hope—

May heaven help our hope—

May heaven help our hope—

dim. * *Red.*

help — our hope— fare - well! —

help — our hope— fare - well! —

help — our hope— fare - well! —

p

*

(LEONARD embraces MERYLL and PHCEBE, and then exits. PHCEBE weeping.)

Meryll: (goes up to PHCEBE) Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.

Phoebe: Oh! see, father — they bring the poor gentleman from the Beauchamp! Oh, father! his hour is not yet come?

Meryll: No, no — they lead him to the Cold Harbour 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.)

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

Fairfax: 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 business-like fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.

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

Fairfax: 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!

Phoebe: (aside to MERYLL) Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it!

Meryll: My poor lass!

Fairfax: 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 LIEUTENANT*) May I greet my old friend? (*Shakes MERYLL's hand; MERYLL begins to weep.*) 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**

Is life a boon? If

so, it must be - fall 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

Red.

Red.

Red.

19 *un poco rit.* *a tempo*

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

colla voce

25 *a tempo*

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

31

chance, in June!

p *f* *tr* *p* *3*

37 **A**

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

3 *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

42

whit! Man is well done with it; Soon as he's born He

Red. *Red.*

47

should all means es - say To put the plague a - way; And I, war -

Red.

52

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

rall. un poco *a tempo*

colla voce

57

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

a tempo *colla voce*

62

live, — to live An - o - ther morn!

p *a tempo f* *tr*

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

Fairfax: 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.

Lieutenant: As thou wilt most surely do.

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

Lieutenant: How?

Fairfax: By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

Lieutenant: But heaven ha' mercy, whom wouldst thou marry?

Fairfax: 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!

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

Fairfax: 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!

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

Fairfax: A thousand thanks, good sir; we meet again in 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.)

Lieutenant: 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.)

No. 6 Chorus

(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.)

Allegro con brio

f

5

9

5/4

4/4

5/4

4/4

A

13

f

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

A Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy! Come, fool, fol-li-fy!

T *f* Here's a man of jol-li-ty, Give us of your qual-i-ty,

B *f* Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy! Come, fool, fol-li-fy!

17

unison

S If you va-pour va-pid-ly, Ri-ver run-neth ra-pid-ly, In-to it we fling

unison

A If you va-pour va-pid-ly, Ri-ver run-neth ra-pid-ly, In-to it we fling

unison

T If you va-pour va-pid-ly, Ri-ver run-neth ra-pid-ly, In-to it we fling

unison

B If you va-pour va-pid-ly, Ri-ver run-neth ra-pid-ly, In-to it we fling

20

S Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment In the art of mer - ri - ment;

A Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment In the art of mer - ri - ment;

T Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment In the art of mer - ri - ment;

B Bird who does - n't__ sing! Give us an ex - per - i - ment In the art of mer - ri - ment;

23

B

S In - to it we throw Cock who does - n't__ crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty,

A In - to it we throw Cock who does - n't__ crow!

T In - to it we throw Cock who does - n't__ crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty,

B In - to it we__ throw Cock who does - n't__ crow!

26

S And with all ra - pid - i - ty Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O!

A Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O!

T And with all ra - pid - i - ty Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O!

B Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O!

unison

29

S Ri - ver none can mol - li - fy; In - to it we throw Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy,

A Ri - ver none can mol - li - fy; In - to it we throw Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy,

T Ri - ver none can mol - li - fy; In - to it we throw Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy,

B Ri - ver none can mol - li - fy; In - to it we throw Fool who does - n't fol - li - fy,

32

S Cock who does - n't crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty, And with all ra - pid - i - ty

A Cock who does - n't crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty, And with all ra - pid - i - ty

T Cock who does - n't crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty, And with all ra - pid - i - ty

B Cock who does - n't crow! Ba - nish your ti - mid - i - ty, And with all ra - pid - i - ty

35

S Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

A Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

T Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

B Give us quip and quid - di - ty - Wil - ly - nil - ly, O! _____

Music continues under dialogue

(Dialogue spoken over music.)

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 First Citizen)* Ha! Didst thou hear her say, 'Hands off'?

1st Citizen: Aye, I heard her say it, and I felt her do it! What then?

Point: Thou dost not see the humour of that?

1st Citizen: Nay, if I do, hang me!

39 *Music continues under dialogue*

42

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, pimperl, 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!

45

48

52

Repeat under dialogue, then *attaca* No. 7

No. 7 Duet

Point and Elsie, with Chorus

Transposition to E \flat on p. 239

Allegro con brio

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

8 **Elsie**

Sing me your song, O! _____

Point

I have a song to sing, O! _____

16 **A**
(Point)

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

Red. * Red.

20

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

* Red. * Red. * Red. * Red.

24

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

* Red. * Red. * Red. * Red.

B

28

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

* Red. * Red. *

32

Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

* Red. * Red. *

36

sighed for the love of a la - dye!

Ped.

40

Elsie

I have a song to sing, O!

(Point)

What is your song, O? _____

44

It is sung with the ring Of the songs maids sing Who

Ped.

64

Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

68

sighed for the love of a la - dye!

Ped.

72 (Elsie)

Sing me your song, O! _____

Point

I have a song to sing, O!

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

76

It is sung to the knell Of a church-yard bell, And a

* Red. *

D

80

(Point)

dole - ful dirge, ding dong, O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, brave - ly born, Who

* Red. *

84

turned up his no - ble nose with scorn At the hum - ble mer-ry-maid, peer - ly proud, Who

* Red. *

88

loved a lord, and who laughed a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop - ing mum, Whose

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

92

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

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

E

96

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

Red. *

100

Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

104

sighed for the love of a la - dy!

Red.

108

Elsie

I have a song to sing, O!

(Point)

Sing me your song, O! _____

112

It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it

** Red. **

F

116

(Elsie)

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

Red.

136

(Elsie)

G

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

Point

Heigh - dy! heigh - dy!

Heigh - dy! heigh - dy!

Oo

Oo

Red.

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

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

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!

Ah!

Ah!

f

f

f

f

Red. *

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.

cresc.

152

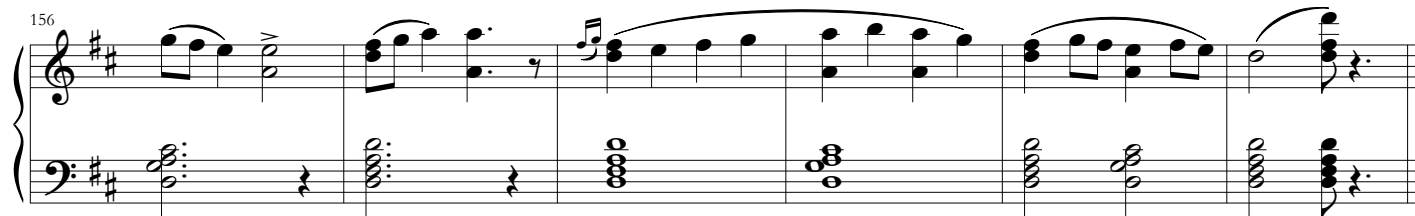
lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

ff



1st Citizen: Well sung and well danced!

2nd Citizen: A kiss for that, pretty maid!

All: Aye, a kiss all round. (*Crowd gathers around her.*)

Elsie: (*drawing dagger*) Best beware! I am armed!

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

2nd Citizen: 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.*)

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: (*to Crowd*) 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 I, 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: Hark ye, my girl! Your mother is ill?

Elsie: Sorely ill, sir.

Lieutenant: And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

Elsie: Alas! sir, it is too true.

Lieutenant: Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?

Elsie: An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

Lieutenant: 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?

Lieutenant: 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?

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

Point: An hundred crowns?

Lieutenant: An hundred crowns!

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

No. 8 Trio

Lieutenant, Elsie and Point

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

10

A

17

wife, And then the dower Is yours for life. A head - less

23

bride-groom why re - fuse? If truth the po - ets— tell,

29

Most bride - grooms, ere they mar-ry, Lose both head and heart as well!

B

37

Elsie

A strange pro - po - sal you re - veal, It al - most makes my

43

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

50

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

C

56

like to die. This mo - ney life may bring. Bear this in

63

mind, I pray, If I Con - sent to do this thing!

D

69

Point

Though as a gen-eral rule of life I don't al-low my prom-ised wife, My love-ly bride that

75

is to be, To mar-ry a - ny - one but me, Yet if the

81

fee is prompt - ly paid, And he, in well - earned grave, With -

88

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

95

E

Yes, ob - jec - tion I will waive!

101

Elsie

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

(Point)

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

Lieutenant

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

p

107

sta-tion, Your fas - ci-na-tions splen-did; Or fall, when-e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-

sta-tion, Your fas - ci-na-tions splen-did; Or fall, when-e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-

sta-tion, Your fas - ci-na-tions splen-did; Or fall, when-e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-

113

cresc.
to you? Head o-verheels, Head o-verheels, Head o-ver heels in - to you?

cresc.
to you? Head o-verheels, Head o-verheels, Head o-ver heels in - to you?

cresc.
to you? Head o-verheels, Head o-verheels, Head o-ver heels in - to you?

cresc.

F

118

Oh, _____ temp - ta - tion, Oh, _____

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

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

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

123

_____ temp - ta - tion,

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 heels,

Red. * *Red.* *

[illegible]

133

Oh, temp - ta - -

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

Red.

138 *Più lento* *p* G

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*

(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.)

154

Lieutenant: And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

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

Lieutenant: 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 Song

Point

Allegretto Point

mf

I've jibe and

6

joke And quip and crank For low-ly folk And men of rank.

10

I ply my craft And know no fear. But aim my

14

shaft At prince or 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've wis - dom from the East and from the West, That's
(I can) set a brag - gart quail - ing with a quip, The

p *marcato*

26

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

til it from the fol - ly of a fool. I can teach you with a quip, if I've a
laugh - ter has an ec - ho that is grim. When they're of - fered to the world in mer - ry

mind; I can trick you in - to learn - ing with a laugh; Oh,
guise, Un - plea - sant truths are swal - lowed with a will, For

win - now all my fol - ly, fol - ly, fol - ly, and you'll find A grain or two of truth a-mong the
he who'd make his fel-low, fel-low, fel-low crea-tures wise Should al - ways gild the phil-o-soph - ic

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

42

grain or two of truth a-mong the chaff!
al - ways gild the phil - o - soph - ic pill!

I can

f

p marcato

1.

2.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: 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!

Lieutenant: 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?

Lieutenant: A truce to this fooling – follow me.

Point: Just my luck; my best conundrum wasted! (*Exeunt.*)

No. 10 Recitative & Song

Elsie

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

Moderato **Elsie** *recit.*

'Tis done! I am a

5 *a tempo*

bride! Oh, lit-tle ring, That bear-est in thy cir-clet all the glad-ness That lov-ers

p a tempo

9

hope for, and that po-ets sing, What bring-est thou to me but gold and

13 *recit.*

sad - ness? A bride-groom all un - known, save in this wise, To-day he

17 *Allegro un poco agitato*

dies! To-day, a - las, he dies! Though tear and

21

long - drawn sigh Ill fit a bride, ——— No sad - der

25

wife than I The whole world wide! Ah me!

A1

29

Ah me! Yet maids there be Who

* Red. *

33

would con-sent to lose The ve - ry rose of youth, The flower of

* Red. *

37

life, To be, in hon - est truth, A wed - ded wife, No mat - ter

* Red. *

41

B1

whose! No mat-ter whose! Ah me! what

* Red. *

45

pro - fit we, O maids that sigh, Though gold,

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

49

poco rall. *a tempo*

though gold should live If wed - ded love must die?

colla voce *f* *mp* *a tempo* *f*

54

20A

Ere half an hour has rung, A

p *p*

22A

wi - dow I! Ah, heaven, he is too young,

Red. *

* The NYPL score, Kalmus full score, and all relevant band parts incorporate a repeat, with the first ending starting here. This Edition follows that practice in the band parts, but writes the music out again in the vocal score and full score to accommodate the differences in the voice line.

2ed.

2ed.

trow, That they would scarce com-plain, So that they could In half an

2ed.

B2

42A

No mat-ter how! _____ O wea - ry wives _____ Who

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

46A

wi - dow-hood would win, _____ Re - jice, _____ re-joice, that

poco rall.

cresc. *colla voce*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

50A

57 *a tempo*

ye _____ have time _____ To wea - ry in.

f *mp* *p a tempo*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

60

C

O wea - ry wives _____ Who wi - dow-hood would

* *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

64 win, Re - joice, re-joyce, re - joice, *brill.*

68 — O wea-ry, wea-ry wives, re - joice! *a tempo*

(Exit ELSIE as WILFRED re-enters.)

Wilfred: (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 PHOEBE with MERYLL. MERYLL remains in the background, unobserved by WILFRED.)

Phoebé: (aside) Wilfred — and alone!

Wilfred: Now what could he have wanted with her? That's what puzzles me!

Phoebé: (aside) Now to get the keys from him. (Aloud) Wilfred — has no reprieve arrived?

Wilfred: None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

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

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

Phoebé: 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!

Wilfred: Oh, they say that, do they?

Phoebé: 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!

Wilfred: Oh yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

Phœbe: 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.)

Wilfred: Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods (*working with 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.

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

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

Phœbe: Perhaps. I do not know.

Wilfred: For thou wouldst make a most tender and loving wife.

Phœbe: 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.

Wilfred: 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!

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

Wilfred: Aye!—wert thou my bride—?

Phœbe: Oh, how I would love thee!

No. 11 Song

Phœbe

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

6

11

pp

16

rest, As on her nest The ten - der tur - tle dove— Were I thy

A

21

bride! This heart of mine Would be one heart with

26

thine, And in that shrine Our hap - pi - ness would dwell— Were I thy

31

bride! And all day long Our lives should be a

36

song: No grief, no wrong Should make my heart re-bel- Were I thy

41

B

bride! The sil - very flute, The me - lan - cho - ly

46

lute, Were night - owl's hoot To my low - whis-pered coo- Were I thy

51

C

bride! The sky - lark's trill Were but dis - cord - ance

56

shril To the soft thrill Of woo-ing as I'd woo—

cresc.

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

61

Were I thy bride! The ro - se's

dim. *p* *pp*

66

sigh Were as a car - rion's cry To lul - la - by Such as I'd sing to thee,

71

Were I thy bride! A fea - ther's

76

press Were lead - en hea - vi - ness to my car - ess. But then, of course, you see,

81

I'm not thy bride. (Exit PHOEBE.)

Wilfred: 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.)

Meryll: (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.)

Fairfax: My good and kind friend, thou runnest a grave risk for me!

Meryll: Tut, sir, no risk. I'll warrant none here will recognise 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.

Fairfax: If I may not bear mine own name, there is none other I would bear so readily.

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

No. 12 Act One Finale

Company

(Enter Yeomen of the Guard.)

Allegro maestoso

tr *ff*

5

9 *sf* *sf* *sf*

13

A YEOMEN

17

T Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true— The wel - come news we read in or - ders? Thy

B Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true— The wel - come news we read in or - ders? Thy

21

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

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

24

T War - ders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fit - ly greet him, And

B War - ders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fit - ly greet him, And

mf

27

T wel-come his ar-ri-val here With shout on shout and cheer on cheer— Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-

B wel-come his ar-ri-val here With shout on shout and cheer on cheer— Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-

30

Meryll B

Ye Tow - er War - ders,

T rah!

B rah!

mf

dim.

p

33

(Meryll)

nursed in war's a-larms, Suck - led on gun-pow - der, and weaned on glo - ry,

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

41

Have formed 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!

C (Pretending to weep.)

cresc.

47

T *f* Leo - nard Mer - yll! Leo - nard Mer - yll! Daunt - less he in time of pe - ril!

B *f* Leo - nard Mer - yll! Leo - nard Mer - yll! Daunt - less he in time of pe - ril!

ff

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

51

T
8

Man of pow - er, Knight - hood's flow - er,

B

Man of pow - er, Knight - hood's flow - er,

53

T
8

Wel-come to the grim old Tower, To the

B

Wel-come to the grim old Tower, To the

56

T
8

Tow - er, wel - come thou!

B

Tow - er, wel - come thou!

D

61

Fairfax

For - bear, 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 pro - di - gious - ly ex - ag - ger -

69

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

"Tis e - ver thus! Wher - e - ver va - lour true is

74

T found, True mo-des-ty will there a - bound.

B found, True mo-des-ty will there a - bound.

p *rall.*

79

Andante allegretto **1st Yeoman verse 1**
3rd Yeoman verse 2*

Didst thou not, oh, Leo-nard Mer-yll, Stan-dard lost in last cam-
(You, when) brought to ex - e - cu - tion Like a de - mi-god of

p

84

paing, Res - cue it at dead - ly per - il— Bear it safe - ly back a - gain?
yore, With he - ro - ic re - so - lu - tion Snatched a sword and killed a score!

T

B

f

Leo-nard
Leo-nard

Leo-nard
Leo-nard

f

* The second verse was cut by the authors before opening night, though early scores still included it. To effect the cut, skip the first ending.

2nd Yeoman *verse 1*
4th Yeoman *verse 2*

E

89

Didst thou not, when pris - 'ner
Then es - cap - ing from the

Mer - yll, at his per - il, Bore it safe - ly back a - gain!
Mer - yll, in this per - il, Snatched a sword and killed a score!

Mer - yll, at his per - il, Bore it safe - ly back a - gain!
Mer - yll, in this per - il, Snatched a sword and killed a score!

p

94

ta - ken, And de - barred from all es - cape, Face, with gal - lant heart un - sha - ken, Death in
foe-men, Bol-tered with the blood you shed, You, de - fi - ant, fear-ing no men, Saved your

99

most ap - pal - ling shape?
hon - our and your head!

Leo - nard Mer - yll faced his per - il, Death in most ap - pal - ling
Leo - nard Mer - yll 'scaped his per - il, Saved his hon - our and his

Leo - nard Mer - yll faced his per - il, Death in most ap - pal - ling
Leo - nard Mer - yll 'scaped his per - il, Saved his hon - our and his

104 **Fairfax**

Tru - ly I was to be pit - ied, Hav - ing but an hour to
True, my course with judge - ment shap - ing, Fa - voured, too, by luck - y

shape!
head!

shape!
head!

p

108

live, I re - luc - tant - ly sub - mit - ted, I had no al - ter - na - tive! Oh! the
star, I suc - ceed - ed in es - cap - ing Pri - son - bolt and pri - son bar! Oh! the

rall.

rall.

F

113

tales that are nar - ra - ted } Of my deeds of der - ring - do Have been much ex - ag - ger -
tales that have been sta - ted }

p a tempo

118

a - ted, Ve - ry much ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Scarce a word of them is true! Scarce a

123 (Fairfax)

1.

word of them is true!

3rd Yeoman

You, when

f *mf* *p*

129 (Fairfax)

2.

true!

T

f

They are not ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Not at all ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Could not

B

f

They are not ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Not at all ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Could not

più f

134

S Scarce a word of ___ them is true!

T be ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Ev - ery word of ___ them is true!

B be ex - ag - ger - a - ted, Ev - ery word of them is true!

f

(b)

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

Allegro

139

f

143

Phoebe *recit.*

Leo - nard! Don't you know me?

Fairfax *(puzzled)*

I beg your par - don?

a tempo

G

147

I'm lit - tle Phœ - be!

(still puzzled) *a tempo*

Phœ - be? Is this Phœ - be? What! lit - tle

p a tempo

151

(Fairfax) (aside) (aloud)

Phœ - be? Who the deuce may she be? It

155

(Fairfax)

can't be Phœ - be, sure - ly?

Wilfred

Yes, 'tis Phœ - be— Your sis - ter

159 (Wilfred)

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

T Aye, he speaks the truth;

B Aye, he speaks the truth;

163 Fairfax (pretending to recognize her)

Sis - ter Phœ - be!

T 'Tis Phœ - be!

B 'Tis Phœ - be!

167 **Phœbe** H

Oh, my bro - ther!

(Fairfax)

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

sempre p

Red. * *Red.* *

171

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

nize you!

Red. * *Red.* *

175

Oh, bro - ther!

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

179

Oh, bro - ther!

Oh, sis - ter!

f

183

Wilfred

Aye, hug him, girl! There are three thou mayst hug— Thy

p

187

Fairfax

Thy - self, for -

(Wilfred)

fa - ther and thy bro - ther and— my - self!

f

191

sooth? And who art thou thy - self?

Good sir,

195 **Phœbe** (FAIRFAX turns inquiringly to PHŒBE.)

Or more or

(Wilfred)

we are be - trothed.

199 *Moderato*

less - But ra-ther less than more!

To thy fond care I do com - mend thy

204 (Wilfred)

recit.

sis - ter. Be to her An ev - er - watch - ful guar - dian - ea - gle - eyed!

209

And when she feels (as some-times she does feel) Dis-posed to in-dis-cri-min-ate ca - ress, Be

K

213

a tempo moderato

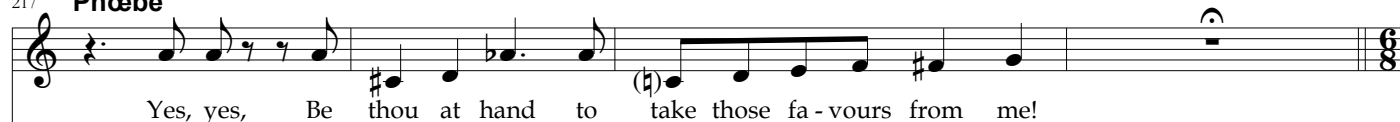
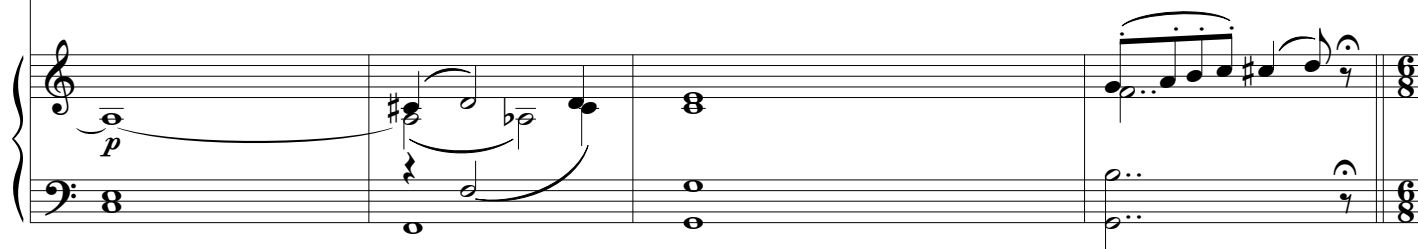
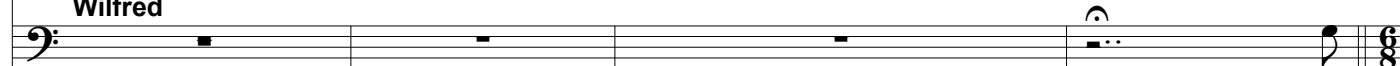
thou at hand to take those fa - vours from her!

T
8 Be thou at hand to take those fav - ours from her!

B Be thou at hand to take those fav - ours from her!

a tempo moderato

217

Phœbe**Wilfred***Allegro non troppo*

221

Phœbe 2nd verse only**Wilfred 1st verse only***Allegro non troppo*

228

(v.2)



(v.1)



235 (v.2) L

grant, I — pray, this boon— Oh! grant this boon— I

grant, I — pray, this boon— Oh! grant this boon— She

3

242 (v.2)

shall not quit thy sight: From morn to af - ter-noon— From af - ter-noon to night— From

shall not quit thy sight: From morn to af - ter-noon— From af - ter-noon to night— From

249 (v.2)

seven o'-clock to two— From two to e - ven-tide— From dim twi-light to 'leven at night, From

seven o'-clock to two— From two to e - ven-tide— From dim twi-light to 'leven at night, From

tr

255 (v.2)

dim twi - light to 'leven at night I shall not quit thy side!

(v.1)

dim twi - light to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy side!

both times

f

From

both times

f

From

cresc.

tr

f

261

morn to af - ter - noon— From af - ter - noon to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy

morn to af - ter - noon— From af - ter - noon to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy

267 **Phœbe** 1. **So** 2.

Fairfax With bro - ther - ly read - i -

T side!

B side!

p

272 (Fairfax) ness, For my fair sis - ter's sake, _____

277 At once _____ I an - swer 'Yes' - That task I

282

un - der - take - My word I ne - ver

287

rall. (Tenderly) *sostenuto*

break. I free - ly grant that boon, And I'll re - peat my plight. From morn to af - ter -

pp rall. *p un poco più lento*

293

(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss)

noon - From af - tern - oon to night - From seven o'clock to two - From two to eve - ning meal - From

* Red. * Red. * Red. *

300 *Animato*

dim twi - light to 'leven at night, From dim twi - light to 'leven at night That com - pact I will

tr *cresc.*

306 (kiss)

seal.

f

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

f

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

ff

(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.)

312 *Andante*

boon.

boon.

Andante
(bell)

pp

318 N

p (bell)

Red. * Red. * Red. *

322

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

326

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

330

Red. * Red. *

O

334

S
A

The pris-'ner comes to meet his doom: The block, the heads - man, and the

YEOMEN with Tenors and Bases through end

T
B

The pris-'ner comes to meet his doom: The block, the heads - man, and the

Red. * Red. * Red. *

338

S
A

tomb. The fun - eral bell be - gins to toll - May Heav'n have

T
B

tomb. The fun - eral bell be - gins to toll - May Heav'n have

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

342

S
A

mer - cy on his soul! May

T
B

mer - cy on his soul! May

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

346

S A T B

mer - cy — on his soul!

Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!

Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!

Red. * *Red.* *

350

Elsie

P

Oh, Mer - cy, — thou whose smile has — shone So

p

354

ma - ny a cap - tive heart up - on; Of all — im - mured with - in — these — walls, To -

358

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

p Oh, Mer - cy, thou whose

p Oh, Mer - cy, thou whose

361

smile — has — shone So ma - ny_a cap - tive heart up - on; — Of all im - mured with -

cresc. smile has shone So ma - ny_a cap - tive heart up - on; — Of all im -

cresc. smile has shone So ma - ny_a cap - tive heart up - on; — Of all im -

cresc.

365

in these walls, The wor - - - thiest, wor -

S
A
T
B

mured with - in these walls, The ve - ry wor -

mured with - in these walls, The ve - ry wor -

f *dim.*

369

thiest falls! Oh Mer -

S
A
T
B

thiest falls! Oh, Mer - cy, oh, Mer -

thiest falls! Oh, Mer - cy, oh, Mer -

p *tr*

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

373

cy.

S
A

cy.

T
B

cy.

*Doppio movimento
Allegro agitato*

ff

377

Fairfax recit.

My lord! my lord! I know not how to tell The news I bear!

fp

382

I and my com - rades sought the pris - 'ner's cell — He

Q

cresc.

And.

387

is not there!

S
A
T
B

He is not there! They

f

* *f*

391

sought the pris - 'ner's cell - he is not there!

S
A
T
B

sought the pris - 'ner's cell - he is not there!

f

R

Fairfax
1st Yeoman

395

As es - cort for the pri - son - er We sought his cell, in du - ty bound; The

2nd Yeoman*

As es - cort for the pri - son - er We sought his cell, in du - ty bound; The

p

398

dou - ble gra - tings op - en were, No pri - son - er at all we found! We hunt - ed high, We

dou - ble gra - tings op - en were, No pri - son - er at all we found! we hunt - ed low,

401

hunt - ed here, The man we sought, as truth will show, Had van - ished in - to emp - ty air! The

we hunt - ed there— The man we sought, as truth will show, Had van - ished in - to emp - ty air! The

* Although Gilbert specified only three singers, Sullivan wrote the music for four (the fourth, with solo lines printed here in smaller notes, was assigned to the 3RD YEOMAN, despite his absence from the scene). Most 20th-Century scores omit the 3RD YEOMAN's solo notes entirely, which, while staying true to Gilbert, is unjust to Sullivan. This Editor suggests, as a musically and dramatically viable alternative, that WILFRED should return with the others, and sing the fourth part. (This would also preclude the need for the LIEUTENANT's momentary exit from the stage, which does not appear in early libretti.)

404 (Exit LIEUTENANT into Tower.)

man we sought with an-xious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!

man we sought with an-xious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!

S
A *f* Now, by my troth, the news is

408 S

p As es-cort for the pri-son-er We

p As es-cort for the pri-son-er We

S
A fair, The man has van-ished in-to air! *p* As es-cort for the pri-son-er They

T
B *p* As es-cort for the pri-son-er They

412

sought his cell, in du-ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings op-en were, No pri-son-er at all we found! We

sought his cell, in du-ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings op-en were, No pri-son-er at all we found!

Sought his cell, in du-ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings op-en were, No pri-son-er at all they found! They

T B sought his cell, in du-ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings op-en were, No pri-son-er at all they found!

415

hunt-ed high, We hunt-ed here, The man we sought, as truth will show, Had

we hunt-ed low, we hunt-ed there—The man we sought, as truth will show, Had

S hunt-ed high, They hunt-ed here, The man they sought, as truth will show, Had

T B they hunt-ed low, they hunt-ed there—The man they sought, as truth will show, Had

418

van-ished in-to emp-ty air! The man we sought with an-xious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!

van-ished in-to emp-ty air! The man they sought with an-xious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!

van-ished in-to emp-ty air! The man they sought with an-xious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!

T

(Enter WILFRED, followed by LIEUTENANT.)

421

Lieutenant (To WILFRED)

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

426

(Lieutenant)

stead!

Wilfred (*WILFRED is arrested.*)

My lord, I did not set him free,

ff *fp*

430

(Wilfred)

I hate the man— my ri - val he!

U

433

Lieutenant

Thy life shall for - feit be in -

Meryll

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

dolce *p*

Wilfred

stead! Who could have My lord, I did not set him

Who could have helped him to es - cape? —

V**Phœbe***(Enter JACK POINT.)*

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

(Wilfred) (WILFRED is taken away.)

free! Of his es-cape no tra - ces

Dame Carruthers

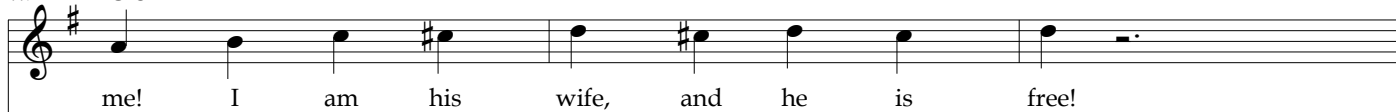
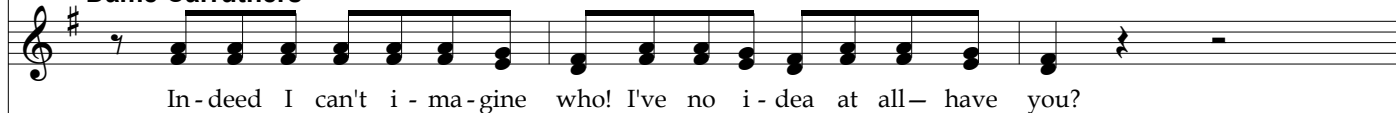
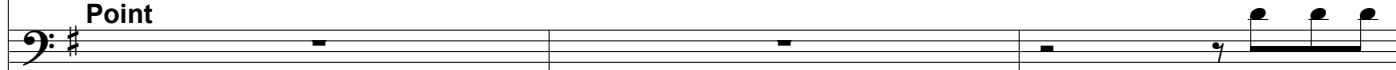
Elsie*(Aside to POINT)*

What have I done? Oh, woe is

(Dame Carruthers)

lurk, En - chant - ment must have been at work!

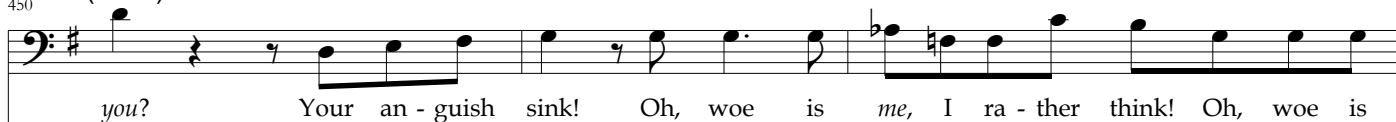
447

Elsie**Phœbe****Dame Carruthers****Point**

Oh, woe is



450

(Point)

453



456

left A-lone— be-reft! Yes, woe is *me*, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is *me*, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is

crescendo molto

459

Elsie*
p Ah! All fren - zied,

(Point)*
p *me*, Yes, woe is *me*, Yes, woe is *me*, Yes, woe is *me*, I ra-ther think! All fren - zied,

Lieutenant
p Ah! All fren - zied,

Kate with Soprano
Phoebe with 1st. Alto
Dame Carruthers with 2nd. Alto
p Ah! All fren - zied,

Fairfax with Tenor
Meryll with Bass
p Ah! All fren - zied,

Allegro con molto brio
ff

* ELSIE's and POINT's individual lyrics for the final ensemble were cut in early performances, but many 19th Century scores and libretti still included them.

462

fren - zied with des - pair I rave, My an - guish rends my heart in two. Un - loved, un -
fren - zied with des - pair I rave, My an - guish rends my heart in two. Your hand, your
fren - zied with des - pair I rave, The grave is cheat - ed of its due. Who is, who
fren - zied with des - pair they rave, The grave is cheat - ed of its due. Who is, who
fren - zied with des - pair they rave, The grave is cheat - ed of its due. Who is, who

466

loved to him my hand I gave; To him, un - loved, 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 - trived this deed to do?
is the mis - be - got - ten knave Who hath con - trived this deed to do?
is the mis - be - got - ten knave Who hath con - trived this deed to do?

Un - loved, un - known, un - known, un - seen— the brand Of in - fa - my up - on his

My laugh is dead, my heart, my heart un - manned, A jes - ter with a soul of

Let search, let search be made through - out the land, Or my vin - dic - tive an - ger

Let search, let search be made through - out the land, Or his vin - dic - tive an - ger

Let search, let search be made through - out the land, Or his vin - dic - tive an - ger

W

474

head: A bride, a bride that's hus - band - less, I stand To all man - kind for e - ver

lead! A lov - er, lov - er lov - er - 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

478

dead, To all man - kind for e -

dead, To wo - man - kind for e -

dead, Who brings him here, a - live

dead, Who brings him here, a - live

sf

Red.

482

ver dead!

ver dead!

or dead! A thou - sand, thou

or dead! A thou - sand

or dead! A thou - sand, thou

sf

Red.

8va

486

For e - ver, e - ver

For e - ver, e - ver

sand marks, A - live, a - live or

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

sand marks, A - live, a - live or

(G^{va}) 3 3 3 3

490

dead! For e - ver, e - ver dead! To all man - kind for e - ver,

dead! For e - ver, e - ver dead! To wo - man - kind for e - ver,

dead A - live, a - live or dead! Who brings him here, a - live, a -

dead A - live, a - live or dead! Who brings him here, a - live, a -

dead A - live, a - live or dead! Who brings him here, a - live, a -

(G^{va})

494

e ver dead!

e - - - ver dead!

live, or dead!

live, or dead!

live, or dead!

8va

(At the end, ELSIE faints in FAIRFAX's arms; all the Yeomen and Crowd rush off the stage in different directions, to hunt for

500

8va

the fugitive, leaving only the HEADSMAN on the stage, and ELSIE insensible in FAIRFAX's arms.)

504

8va

510

End of Act One

Dame Carruthers, Women and Yeomen

Andante non troppo lento

Musical score for "L'Allegretto" by Franz Schubert, measures 1-5. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano introduction with a crescendo and a "p marcato" section. The bass line includes "Ped." markings and asterisks.

6

Red. ♀ Red. ♀ Red. ♀ Red. ♀ Red. ♀ Red. ♀

12

A

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

18

p *cresc.* *ff* *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

30

S Night___ has spread her pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is free:

A Night___ has spread her pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is free:

34

S O - pen is his dun-geon door, Use-less his dun - geon key.

A O - pen is his dun-geon door, Use-less his dun - geon key.

38

S He has sha - ken off his yoke— How, no mor-tal man can tell!

A

(Enter DAME CARRUTHERS
and KATE.)

42

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

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

C

Dame Carruthers

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

49

ward? Bolt, bar, and key, Shack-le and cord, Fet-ter and chain,

52

Dun-geon of stone, All are in vain — Pri-son-er's flown!

D

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

58

ye!

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

61

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

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

E

YEOMEN

T *f* Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round a-bout; Ev-ery cham-ber, ev - ery house,

B *f* Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round a-bout; Ev-ery chamber, ev - ery house,

p

67 T Ev - ery chink that holds a mouse, Ev - ery cre - vice in the keep,

B Ev - ery chink that holds a mouse, Ev - ery cre - vice in the keep,

69 T Where a bee - tle black could creep, Ev - ery out - let, ev - ery drain, Have we

B Where a bee - tle black could creep, Ev - ery out - let, ev - ery drain, Have we

71

F

S War - ders are ye? Whom do ye

A War - ders are ye? Whom do ye

T searched, but all in vain, all in vain.

B searched, but all in vain, all in vain.

73

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

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

T Ev - ery house, ev - ery chink, ev - ery drain, Ev - ery

B Ev - ery house, ev - ery chink, ev - ery drain, Ev - ery

75

S ward? Night — has spread her

A ward? Night — has spread her

T cham-ber, ev-ery out-let, Have we searched, but all in vain. War-ders are

B cham-ber, ev-ery out-let, Have we searched, but all in vain.

f

p

Red. *

77

S pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is free:

A pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is free:

T we? Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?

B War-ders are we? Whom do we

f

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

80

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

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

T War - ders are we? Spite of us all, he is free, he is

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

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

83

G

S key! O - - - - pen is his

A key! O - pen is his

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

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

Red. * *cresc.* (b) (b)

86

S *f* dun - geon door, He is free! He is

A *f* dun - geon door, He is free! He is

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

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

89

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

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

T free! He is free! He is free! — Pret-ty war-ders are we!

B free! He is free! He is free! — Pret-ty war-ders are we!

93

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

(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.)

Wilfred: (*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 unjailery that 'twas but jerry-jailing, or jailing in joke—though no joke to him who, by unjailerlike jailing, did so jeopardise 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!

Wilfred: 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!

Wilfred: 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?

Wilfred: 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. 14 Song

Point

1 *Allegro comodo*

8 **Point**

Oh! a pri - vate buf - foon is a
 If you wish to suc - ceed as a
 If your mas - ter is sur - ly, from

12

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 -

15

morn to the night he's so joy - ous and bright, And he bub - bles with wit and good -
all right for B would quite scan - dal - ize 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

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

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

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

27

one or two rules, Half - a - do - zen, 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

30

ev - er de - gree, Must ob - serve if they love their pro - fes - sion.
per - son says, 'Oh! I have known that old joke from my cra - dle!
scowl on his face, If you know that you're paid to be fun - ny?

34

Repeat 2x (9A)*

Comes a Bish - op, may - be, or a
Though your head it may rack with a

12A

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

15A

not pull his hair— Don't stick pins in his chair; He don't un - der - stand prac - ti - cal
mo - py and flat— they don't fine you for that If you're pro - per - ly quaint and a -

18A

jok - ing. If the jests that you crack have an or - tho - dox smack, You may
mus - ing! Though your wife ran a - way with a sol - dier that day, And took

*The full score and orchestra parts play mm. 9-34 for all five verses. The vocal score breaks it up into three verses and two for the ease of the singer.

21A

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-

24A

port - ed from France, Half - a - crown is stopped 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

27A

gen - e - ral rule, Though your zeal it may quench, If the fa - mi - ly fool Tells a
com - fort to feel If your part - ner should flit, Though you suf - fer a deal, They don't

30A

joke that's too French, Half - a - crown is stopped out of his
mind it a bit— They don't blame you— so long as you're

33A

1. wa - ges! 2. (35) fun - ny!

38

Point: And so thou wouldst be a jester, eh?

Wilfred: Aye!

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

Wilfred: 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!

Wilfred: 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?

Wilfred: 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.

Wilfred: 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?

Wilfred: 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. 15 Duet

Point and Wilfred

Allegro vivace

7 **Point**

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

Wilfred

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

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 - maz - ing, Won - der rais - ing) Of a jes - ter, jest - ing

cure by sol - emn deed, To pre - vent all Er - ror men - tal.
struct me in the art (Art a - maz - ing, 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!

A

Tell a tale of cock and bull, Of convincing

Tell a tale of cock and bull, Of convincing

p

38

de - tail full! Tale tremendous, Heav'n de -

de - tail full! Tale tremendous, Heav'n de -

8va

43

fend us! What a tale of cock and bull!

fend us! What a tale of cock and bull!

tr

f

1.

48 ^{2.}

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

bull! What a tale of bull! What a tale of bull! What a tale of

p

53

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

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

ff

58

65 *tr* (Exeunt together.)

(Enter FAIRFAX.)

Fairfax: 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. 16 Ballad

Fairfax

Andante con espressivo **Fairfax**

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

16

tied — A pris - 'ner still, a pris - 'ner still? Ah, is not one so

21

tied — A pris - 'ner still?

26

Free, yet in fet - ters held Till his last hour, — Gyves that no

31

smith can weld, No rust — de - vour! Al - though a mon - arch's hand

36
8
Had set him free, Of all the cap-tive band The sad - dest

41
8
he, the sad - dest he! Of all the cap-tive band The

45
8
sad - dest, sad - dest he!

cresc.

dim.

p

rall.

colla voce

f a tempo

(Enter MERYLL.)

Fairfax: Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

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

Fairfax: Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

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

Meryll: (*aside*) It's coming.

Fairfax: (*laughing*) I'faith, I think I'm not wanted here. (*Going.*)

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

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

Dame Carruthers: 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

Fairfax: Aye, fair as a peach blossom — what then?

Dame Carruthers: She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

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

Dame Carruthers: 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!

Meryll: (*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 Carruthers: Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

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

Dame Carruthers: 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.

Fairfax: Art thou sure of all this?

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

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

Meryll: (*aside*) Is it true, sir?

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

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

Meryll: (*aside*) Aye, I know one of them!

No. 17 Quartet

Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax and Meryll

Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte.

Kate

Dame Carruthers

Fairfax

Meryll

Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte.

Strange ad -
Strange ad -
Strange ad -
Strange ad -
Strange ad -
Strange ad -

6

dim.

ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen —
ven - ture that we're trol - ling: Mod - est maid and gal - lant groom —

p

ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen — Ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver
ven - ture that we're trol - ling: Mod - est maid and gal - lant groom — Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant

p

ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen — Ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver
ven - ture that we're trol - ling: Mod - est maid and gal - lant groom — Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant

dim.

ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she's ne - ver seen —
ven - ture that we're trol - ling: Mod - est maid and gal - lant groom —

11

f *dim.* *p*

— Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! —
 — While the fun - eral bell is tol - ling, Tol - ling, tol - ling, Bim - a - boom! —

seen! Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er,
 groom! — While the fun - eral bell is tol - ling, Tol - ling, tol - ling, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a,

seen! Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er,
 groom! — While the fun - eral bell is tol - ling, Tol - ling, tol - ling, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a,

— Groom a - bout to be be - head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! —
 — While the fun - eral bell is tol - ling, Tol - ling, tol - ling, Bim - a - boom! —

16

p *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

— Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing, Groom as good as dead, or
 — Mod - est maid - en will not tar - ry; Though but six - teen year she

Tow - er, Tow - er Green! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing, Groom as good as dead, or
 Bim - a, Bim - a - boom! Mod - est maid - en will not tar - ry; Though but six - teen year she

Tow - er, Tow - er Green! Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing, — Groom as good as dead, or
 Bim - a, Bim - a - boom! Mod - est maid - en will not tar - ry; — Though but six - teen year she

— Groom in drear - y dun - geon ly - ing, Groom as good as dead, or
 — Mod - est maid - en will not tar - ry; Though but six - teen year she

21

dy - ing, For a pret - ty maid - en sigh-ing— Pret - ty maid of sev-en - teen! Sev-en—
car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry, Though the al - tar be a tomb— Tow - er,

dy - ing, For a pret - ty maid - en sigh-ing— Pret - ty maid of sev-en - teen! Sev-en—
car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry, Though the al - tar be a tomb— Tow - er,

dy - ing, For a pret - ty maid - en sigh-ing— Pret - ty maid of sev-en - teen! Sev-en—
car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry, Though the al - tar be a tomb— Tow - er,

dy - ing, For a pret - ty maid - en sigh-ing— Pret - ty maid of sev-en - teen! Sev-en—
car - ry, She must mar - ry, she must mar - ry, Though the al - tar be a tomb— Tow - er,

26

sev - en— sev - en - teen! tomb! Tow - er tomb!

sev - en— sev - en - teen! tomb! Tow - er tomb!

sev - en— sev - en - teen! tomb! Tow - er tomb!

sev - en— sev - en - teen! tomb! Tow - er tomb!

31

Tow - er tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

Tow - er tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

Tow - er tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

Tow - er tomb! Though the al - tar be a tomb - Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

(*Exeunt* DAME CARRUTHERS, MERYLL, and KATE.)

Fairfax: 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.) Mistress Elsie!

Elsie: Master Leonard!

Fairfax: So thou leavest us to-night?

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

Fairfax: 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.

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

Elsie: It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

Fairfax: Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

Elsie: Thou? And of whom?

Fairfax: Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

Elsie: Of Colonel Fairfax?

Fairfax: 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!

Fairfax: 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?

Fairfax: Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

Elsie: I love all brave men.

Fairfax: Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest 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!

Fairfax: 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!

Fairfax: 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!

Fairfax: 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!

Fairfax: (*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 tomorrow, 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!

Fairfax: Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee— (*Shot heard.*)

No. 18 Scene
Company

(Enter MERYLL hastily.)

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 -

A

(Enter Chorus.)

and at such an hour! What can it mean?

14 YEOMEN *with Tenors and Basses throughout.*

T B

Now what can that have been—

f 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

18

T B

A shot so late at night, E - nough to cause af - fright! What can the por - tent

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

22

S A

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon - don to be wrecked?

T B

mean? Are foe - men in the land? Is

3 3 3 3 *sf* *sf*

Red. * *Red.* *

25

S A

What are we to ex-pect? What dan-ger is at hand? Let us un - der-

T B

Lon-don to be wrecked? What are we to ex-pect? What dan-ger is at hand?

f *f* *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

28

Lieutenant

B (LIEUTENANT enters, *recit.*
also WILFRED and POINT.)

Who fired that shot? At once the truth de-clare!

S A

stand What dan-ger is at hand!

T B

What dan-ger is at hand!

f *fp*

Red. * *Red.* *

32

Point

My lord, 'twas he— to rash-ly judge fore-

Wilfred

My lord, 'twas I— to rash-ly judge fore - bear!

f *mf*

36

(Point)

bear!

Allegro con brio

ff *p*

41

(Point)

Or a spec-tre all-ap-pal-ling – I should

(Wilfred)

Like a ghost his vi-gil keep-ing – I be-held a fi-gure creep-ing –

pp *p*

45

ra-ther call it crawl-ing – He was crawl-ing – Crawl-ing!

He was creep-ing – He was creep-ing, creep-ing – He was

pp *p*

48

C

He was crawl-ing— Crawl-ing!

creep-ing— He was creep-ing, creep-ing— Not a mo-ment's hes-i-ta-tion— I my-

51

(Wilfred)

self up-on him flung, With a hur-ried ex-clam-a-tion To his dra-per-ies I hung; Then we

54

closed with one an-o-ther In a rough-and-tum-ble smo-ther; Colo-nel Fair-fax and no o-ther Was the

57

man to whom I clung!

Elsie & Kate *with Soprano*
Phœbe & Dame Carruthers *with Alto*

Fairfax *with Tenor*
Lieutenant & Meryll *with Bass*

f

Colo - nel Fair - fax and no o - ther, Colo - nel Fair - fax and no o - ther, Colo - nel

f

Colo - nel Fair - fax and no o - ther, Colo - nel Fair - fax and no o - ther, Colo - nel

f

60

Af - ter

Fair - fax and no o - ther Was the man to whom he clung!

Fair - fax and no o - ther Was the man to whom he clung!

p *pp*

63

Point

(Wilfred) It re - sem - bled more a strug - gle - Or by
migh - ty tug and tus - sle - He, by dint of stron - ger mus - cle -

66

some in - fer - nal jug - gle - I should ra - ther call it slip - ping -
From my clutch - es quick - ly slid - ing - With a

69

Or es - cap - ing to the ship - ping - I'd des -
view, no doubt, of hid - ing - With a gasp, and with a qui - ver -

72

cribe it as a shi-ver—

Down he dived in - to the ri-ver, And, a - las, I can-not swim.

p It's e -

p It's e -

f *p*

nough to make one shi-ver, With a gasp, and with a qui-ver, Down he dived in - to the ri-ver; It was

f *p*

nough to make one shi-ver, With a gasp, and with a qui-ver, Down he dived in - to the ri-ver; It was

f *p*

78

Wilfred**F**

In-ge - nu - i - ty is catch-ing; With the
ve - ry brave of him!

81

Point

I should ra-ther call it seiz-ing -
(Wilfred)
view my King of pleas-ing, Ar-que - bus from sen-try snatch-ing - With an

84 (Wilfred)

ounce or two of lead I dis - patched him through the head!

f With an ounce or two of lead He dis -

f With an ounce or two of lead He dis -

87

I dis - charged it with - out wink - ing, Lit - tle time I lost in think - ing, Like a

patched him through the head!

patched him through the head!

p

90 **Point**

(Wilfred) I should say a lump of lead.

stone I saw him sink-ing—

He dis-charged it with-out wink-ing, Lit-tle

He dis-charged it with-out wink-ing, Lit-tle

f

93

I should say a lump of lead.

Like a stone I saw him sink-ing— Like a

time he lost in think-ing.

time he lost in think-ing.

p

96

G

Like a hea - vy lump of lead. Like a stone, my boy, I said -

99

hea - vy lump of lead.

A - ny - how, the man is dead, Whe-ther stone or lump of lead!

A - ny - A - ny -

cresc.

102 *cresc.* *f* **H**

S
A how, the man is dead, And whe-ther stone or lump of lead, Ar-que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the

T
B *cresc.* *f*
how, the man is dead, And whe-ther stone or lump of lead, Ar-que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the

105 *ff*

S
A view his King of pleas-ing, Ar-que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the view his King of plea-sing, Wil-fred

T
B *ff*
view his King of pleas-ing, Ar-que - bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the view his King of plea-sing, Wil-fred

108 *stringendo*

S
A shot him through the head, And he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead! And it mat-ters ve - ry lit - tle whe-ther

T
B *sf* *stringendo*
shot him through the head, And he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead! And it mat-ters ve - ry lit - tle whe-ther

111

S
A

stone or lump of lead, It is ve - ry, ve - ry cer - tain that he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead!

T
B

stone or lump of lead, It is ve - ry, ve - ry cer - tain that he's ve - ry, ve - ry dead!

(S^{va})

ff *ff*

114

Lieutenant
recit.

The ri-ver must be dragged— no time be lost; The bo-dy must be found, at a-ny

fp

118

cost. To this at - tend with-out un-due de - lay; So set to work with what dis-patch ye

a tempo

p a tempo animato

123 (Exit.)

may!

f

S
A Yes, yes, We'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!

(Four men raise WILFRED, and carry him off on their shoulders.)

T
B *f* Yes, yes, We'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!

128

J

ff

S
A Hail — the val - iant fel-low who Did — this

ff

T
B Hail the val - iant fel-low who Did this

ff sf sf sf

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

134

S
A

deed — of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on such an

T
B

deed of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on such an

sf

Red. * *Red.* *

139

S
A

one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly done, 'twas

T
B

one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly done, 'twas

(b)

144

S
A

brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave-ly done!

T
B

brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave-ly done!

Red.

Original Ending

(Exeunt all but ELSIE, POINT, FAIRFAX, and PHOEBE.)

149

Traditional Ending

(Exeunt all but ELSIE, POINT, FAIRFAX, and PHOEBE.)

149A

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 unhidden, Master Point.

Fairfax: 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!

Phœbe: 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 it. (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!

Fairfax: (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—

Fairfax: 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. 19 Trio
Fairfax, Elsie and Phoebe

Allegretto grazioso

f *p sf* *p*

5 **Elsie verse 2 only**
If he's made the best use of his time, _____ His twig he'll so care-ful-ly

Fairfax verse 1 only
8 A man who would woo a fair maid, _____ Should 'pren-tice him-self to the

9 (v.2)
lime _____ That ev - e - ry bird Will come down at his word, What - ev - er its plum-age or

(v.1)
trade; _____ And stu-dy all day, In me - tho - di-cal way, How to flat-ter, ca - jole, and per-

13 (v.2)
 clime. He must learn that the thrill of a touch May mean lit - tle, or no - thing, or
 (v.1)
 suade. He should 'pren-tice him - self at four - teen, And prac-tise from morn-ing to

17 (v.2)
 much; It's an in - stru-ment rare, To be han-dled with care, And ought to be treat-ed as
 (v.1)
 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) (v.2) A *both times*
 such, ought _____ to be treat - ed as such. It is
 Phoebe *both times*
 _____ It is
 (Fairfax) (v.1) *both times*
 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 - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

ev - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

ev - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he

33

B

wants to make sure ____ of his Jill!

wants to make sure ____ of his Jill!

wants to make sure ____ of his Jill!

38

Phœbe

Then a glance may be tim-id or

p *f* *p*

42

free; ____ It will va-ry in might-y de-gree, ____ From an im-pu-dent stare To a

46

look of des-pair That no maid with-out pi - ty can see! And a glance of des-pair is no

50

guide— It may have its ri - dic - u - lous side; It may draw you a tear Or a

54

box on the ear; You can ne - ver be sure till you've tried! Ne - ver be sure till you've

rall.

colla voce

C

58

Elsie(Phœbe)
a tempo

tried!

Fairfax

It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, ____ Which

It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, ____ Which

It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, ____ Which

a tempo

62

all may at - tain if they will: ____ But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he

all may at - tain if they will: ____ But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he

all may at - tain if they will: ____ But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stu - dy the knack If he

66 D

wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure _____ to make sure _____

wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure _____ of his Jill! But ev - ery

wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure _____ of his Jill! But ev - ery

71

_____ of his Jill! sure _____ of his Jill! If he wants to make sure of his

Jack, Must stu-dy the knack, But ev-ery Jack, Must stu-dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his

Jack, Must stu-dy the knack, But ev-ery Jack, Must stu-dy the knack If he wants to make sure of his

76

Jill! Yes, ev - e-ry Jack, Must stu - dy the knack If he wants ___ to make sure of his

Jill! Yes, ev - e-ry Jack, Must stu - dy the knack If he wants ___ to make sure of his

Jill! Yes, ev - e-ry Jack, Must stu - dy the knack If he wants ___ to make sure of his

f *p*

81

Jill!

Jill!

Jill!

Jill!

f

Fairfax: (*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!

Fairfax: 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.

Fairfax: 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!

Phœbe: (*alarmed*) He presses her hands — and whispers in her ear! Ods bodikins, what does it mean?

Fairfax: Now, sweetheart, tell me — wilt thou be this poor good fellow's wife?

Elsie: If the good, brave man — *is* he a brave man?

Fairfax: 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!

Fairfax: My own dear love! (*Embracing her*)

Phœbe: (*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!

Fairfax: 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. 20 Quartet

Elsie, Fairfax, Point, and Phœbe

Allegretto grazioso **Elsie**

When a woo - er Goes a - woo - ing, Naught is tru - er Than his joy.

Fairfax

Maid - en

p

7

Bold - ly blush - ing -

hush - ing All his su - ing - Bold - ly blush - ing - Brave - ly coy! Brave - ly coy! _____ Bold - ly

13 (Elsie) A

Brave - ly coy! Oh, the hap - py days of do - ing! Oh, the

Phœbe

Oh, the hap - py days of do - ing! Oh, the

(Fairfax)

blush - ing - Oh, the hap - py days of do - ing! Oh, the

Point

Oh, the hap - py days of do - ing! _____ Oh, the

19

sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - woo - ing, Oh the sweets that ne - ver

sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - woo - ing, Oh the sweets that ne - ver

sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - woo - ing, Oh the sweets that ne - ver

sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a - woo - ing, Oh the sweets that ne - ver

25

cloy!

cloy! When a bro - ther Leaves his sis - ter For a - no - ther, Sis - ter

cloy!

cloy!

30

(Phœbe)

weeps, Tears that tri-ckle, Tears that blis-ter— 'Tis but mi-ckle Sis-ter reaps! Tears that tri -

B

36

Elsie

(Phœbe)

ckle, Tears that blis - ter -

Fairfax

Point

Oh, the

Oh, the

Oh, the

Oh, the do - ing and un - do -

p

41

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a bro-ther goes a - woo-ing, And a

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a bro-ther goes a - woo-ing, And a

do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a bro-ther goes a - woo-ing, And a

ing, _____ Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a bro-ther goes a - woo-ing, And a

Red. *

C

47

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, Feel - ings

53

(Point)

fes-ter, Heart is lead! Food for fish-es On-ly fit-ted, Jes-ter wish-es He was dead! Food for

D

59

Elsie

Oh, the do-ing and un -

Phœbe

Oh, the do-ing and un -

Fairfax

Oh, the do-ing and un -

(Point)

fish-es On - ly fit-ted, Jes - ter wish-es He was dead! _____ Oh, the do-ing and un -

65

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-woo-ing, And he wish - es he —

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-woo-ing, And he wish - es he —

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-woo-ing, And he wish - es he —

do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-woo-ing, And he wish - es he —

Red. *

71 E

— was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the

— was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the

— was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the

— was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the

77

su - ing, When a jes - ter goes a - woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead, He

su - ing, When a jes - ter goes a - woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead, He

su - ing, When a jes - ter goes a - woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead, He

su - ing, When a jes - ter goes a - woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was dead, He

83

wish-es he was dead! _____

wish-es he was dead! _____

wish-es he was dead! _____

wish-es he was dead! _____

89

rall.

(Exeunt all but PHOEBE, who remains weeping.)

Phœbe: 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.)

Wilfred: In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

Phœbe: 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.

Wilfred: But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

Phœbe: 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!

Wilfred: The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

Phœbe: (*aside*) Oh, mercy! what have I said?

Wilfred: 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! (*Phœbe starts*) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who —

Phœbe: Whom thou hast just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

Wilfred: 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*)

Phœbe: 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!

Wilfred: Is that sure?

Phœbe: Aye, sure enough, for there's no help for it! Thou art a very brute — but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

Wilfred: My beloved! (*Embraces her*)

Phœbe: (*aside*) Ugh!
(*Enter LEONARD MERYLL, hastily.*)

Leonard: 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 Lieutenant's possession!

Phœbe: Then the Colonel is free? Oh, kiss me, kiss me, my dear! Kiss me, again, and again!

Wilfred: (*dancing with fury*) Ods bobs, death o' my life! Art thou mad? Am I mad? Are we all mad?

Phœbe: Oh, my dear — my dear, I'm well-nigh crazed with joy! (*Kissing LEONARD.*)

Wilfred: 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! Phœbe! Phœbe! Who is this man?

Phœbe: Peace, fool. He is my brother!

Wilfred: Another brother! Are there any more of them? Produce them all at once, and let me know the worst!

Phœbe: This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The *real* Leonard, I say — my father's own son.

Wilfred: 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.*)

Phœbe: 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 SGT. MERYLL, excitedly, followed by DAME CARRUTHERS, who listens, unobserved.)

Meryll: Phœbe, hast thou heard the brave news?

Phœbe: (still in WILFRED's arms) Aye, father.

Meryll: I'm nigh mad with joy! (Seeing WILFRED) Why, what's all this?

Phœbe: Oh, father, he discovered our secret thorough my folly, and the price of his silence is —

Wilfred: Phœbe's heart.

Phœbe: Oh, dear, no — Phœbe's hand.

Wilfred: It's the same thing!

Phœbe: Is it?

(Exeunt WILFRED and PHŒBE.)

Meryll: (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 Carruthers: 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!

Meryll: 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 Carruthers: (bashfully) Sergeant Meryll!

Meryll: 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 Carruthers: Meryll's heart?

Meryll: No, Meryll's hand.

Dame Carruthers: It's the same thing!

Meryll: Is it?

No. 21 Duet

Dame Carruthers and Sgt. Meryll

Allegro vivace e con brio

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

7 **Dame Carruthers**

Rap - ture, rap - ture When love's vo - ta - ry, Flushed with cap - ture,

The vocal line for Dame Carruthers begins at measure 7. The piano accompaniment continues with a pattern of chords and eighth notes, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

12

Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty Then is pol - i - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty!

The vocal line continues from measure 12. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation with chords and eighth-note patterns.

16

Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol-li-ty Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture!

A

21

Meryll

Dole - ful, dole - ful! When hu-man-i-ty With its soul full Of sat-an-i - ty, Court-ing pri-vi-ty,

26

Down de-cli-vi-ty Seeks cap-ti-vi-ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court-ing pri-vi-ty, Down de-cli-vi-ty

B

31

Dame Carruthers

Joy - ful, joy - ful! When vir-gin-i-ty Seeks, all coy - ful,
(Meryll)
Seeks cap-ti-vi-ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful!

36 (Dame Carruthers)

Man's af-fin-i-ty; Fate all flow-er-y, Bright and bow-er-y, Is her dow-er-y! Joy-ful, joy-ful!

41 C

Fate all flow-er-y, Bright and bow-er-y, Is her dow-er-y! Joy-ful, joy-ful!

Meryll

Ghast-ly, ghast-ly!

46 (Meryll)

When man, sor-row-ful, First-ly, last-ly, Of to-mor-row full, Af-ter tar-ry-ing, Yields to har-ry-ing-

51

Dame Carruthers

(Meryll)

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful!

Goes a-mar-ry-ing. 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* *dim.*

D

61

Rap-ture, rap-ture When love's vo-ta-ry, Flushed with cap-ture, Seeks the no-ta-ry, Joy and jol-li-ty

Dole-ful, dole-ful! When hu-man-i-ty With its soul full Of sat-an-i-ty, Court-ing pri-vi-ty,

66

Then is pol-i - ty; Reigns fri-vol-i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol-li - ty Then is pol-i - ty;
Down de-cli-vi - ty Seeks cap-ti-vi - ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court-ing pri-vi - ty, Down de-cli-vi - ty

E

71

Reigns fri-vol-i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture! Rap - ture, rap - ture!
Seeks cap-ti-vi - ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful!

76

Rap - ture, rap - ture,
Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful, dole - ful,

81

Rap - ture, rap - - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty Then is

Dole - ful, dole - - - ful! Court-ing pri - vi - ty, Down de-

cresc. *f*

87

F

pol - i - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - - ture! _____

cli - vi - ty Seeks cap - ti - vi - ty! Dole - ful, dole - - - ful! _____

f

93

(Exeunt DAME CARRUTHERS and MERYLL.)

ff

attacca Finale

No. 22 Finale

Company

(Enter Yeomen, and Men and Women.)

Andante grazioso

p

p

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

6 ELEGIACS

S Comes the pret-ty young bride, a - blush - ing, ti - mid-ly shrink - ing— Set all thy fears a-side—

A Comes the pret-ty young bride, a - blush - ing, ti - mid-ly shrink - ing— Set all thy fears a-side—

9

S cheer-i-ly, pret-ty young bride! _____ Brave is the youth to whom thy

A cheer-i-ly, pret-ty young bride! _____ Brave is the youth to whom thy

Red. * *Red.* *

13

S lot thou art wil - ling - ly link - ing! _____

A lot thou art wil - ling - ly link - ing! _____

Red. * Red. *

A

16

S Flow - er of val - our is he - lov - ing as lov - ing can be! Bright - ly thy sum - mer is shin - ing,

A Bright - ly thy sum - mer is shin - ing,

Red. * Red. *

19

S Bright - ly thy sum - mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, _____ as the dawn of the

A Bright - ly thy sum - mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, _____ as the dawn _____ of the

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

22

S day; Take him, be true to him— Ten - der his —

A day; Take him, be true to him— Ten - der his —

p

B

26

S due to him— Hon - our him, hon - our him,

A due to him— Hon - our him, hon - our him,

cresc.

Red.

29 **Elsie** (Enter DAME CARRUTHERS, PHOEBE, and ELSIE as Bride.) *mf*

Phoebe 'Tis *mf*

Dame Carruthers 'Tis *mf*

S love _____ and _____ o - bey!

A love _____ and _____ o - bey!

mf *dim.*

led. *

32

said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to wo - man - kind - That,

said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to wo - man - kind - That,

said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to wo - man - kind - That,

p

36

o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing bit - ter we_ shall find. If this be

o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing bit - ter we_ shall find. If this be

o - ther times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing bit - ter we_ shall find. If this be

40

so, and men say tru - ly, My day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness my

so, and men say tru - ly, Her day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness her

so, and men say tru - ly, Her day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With hap - pi - ness her

sempre p

45

soul is cloyed - With hap - pi - ness is cloyed With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed - This

soul is cloyed - With hap - pi - ness is cloyed With hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed - This

soul is cloyed - With hap - pi - ness is cloyed With hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed - This

dim. *pp*

50 *cresc.* *rall.*

is my joy-day un - al - loyed, — un-al - loyed, This is my joy - day — un - al -

cresc. *rall.*

is her joy-day un - al - loyed, un-al - loyed, This is her joy - day — un - al -

cresc. *rall.*

is her joy-day un - al - loyed, — un-al - loyed, This is her joy - day un - al -

rall.

55 **C** *a tempo* *Moderato marziale*
(Enter LIEUTENANT.)

loyed!

a tempo

loyed!

a tempo

loyed!

a tempo

f

Yes, yes, with hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed! This is her joy-day un - al - loyed!

YEOMEN with Tenors and Basses throughout

f

Yes, yes, with hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed! This is her joy-day un - al - loyed!

C *a tempo f* *Moderato marziale*

60

65 **Lieutenant**

Hold, pret-ty one! I bring to thee News— good or ill, it is for thee to say.

tr

p

tr

71 **D**

Thy hus-band lives— and he is free, And comes to claim his bride this

ff

77 **Elsie** *Un poco meno mosso e agitato*

(Lieutenant) No! No! re-call those words— it can-not be!

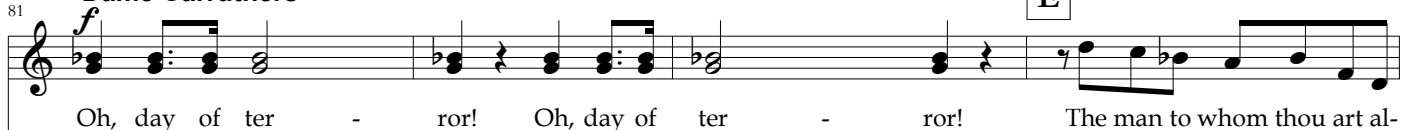
ve - ry day!

p

cresc. molto

**Phœbe
Dame Carruthers**

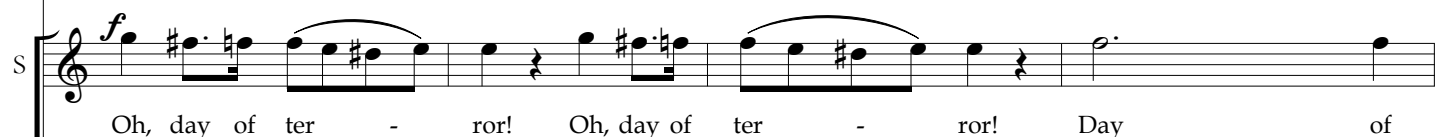
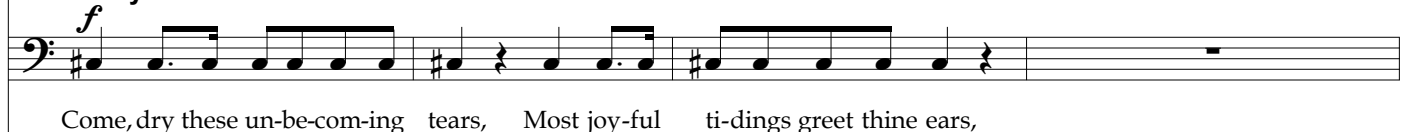
81



Lieutenant & Wilfred



Meryll



85 **Elsie** *f* **Oh, Leo - nard,**

(Phœbe)
(Dame Carruthers)
lied Ap-pears to claim thee as his

(Lieutenant & Wilfred)
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine ears,

(Meryll)
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine ears,

S ter - - - - - ror! Day of

A ter - - - - - ror! Day of

T Day of tears! Day of ter - ror!

B Day of tears! Day of ter - ror!

(8va) - - - - -

87

Oh, Leo - nard, Come thou ___ to my ___

bride. The man to whom thou art al -

The man to whom thou art al-ied Ap-pears to claim thee as his bride.

The man to whom thou art al-ied Ap-pears to claim thee as his bride.

S ter - - - - - ror! Who is the man who, in his

A ter - - - - - ror! Who is the man who, in his

T Day of tears! Who is the man who, ___ in his ___

B Day of tears! Who is the man who, ___ in his ___

(Sva)

side, And claim me as thy lov-ing bride! Day of

lied Ap - pears to claim thee as his bride. Day of

The man to whom thou art al-ied Ap-pears to claim thee as his bride, as his bride.

The man to whom thou art al-ied Ap-pears to claim thee as his bride, as his bride.

S
pride, Claims thee as his bride? Day of

A
pride, Claims thee as his bride? Day of

T
pride, Claims thee as his bride? Day of

B
pride, Claims thee as his bride? Day of

89

92 (Elsie) F (Enter COLONEL FAIRFAX, handsomely dressed, and attended by other gentlemen.)

ter - ror! Day of tears!

(Phœbe)
(Dame Carruthers)

ter - ror! Day of tears!

S

ter - ror! Day of tears!

A

ter - ror! Day of tears!

T

ter - ror! Day of tears!

B

ter - ror! Day of tears!

F

3 3 3 3

f

97 **Fairfax** (*sternly*)

All thought of Leo-nard Mer-yll set a-side. Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride.

101 **Elsie** *recit.*

A sup-pliant at thy feet I

S
A
T
B

Thou art his own! A-las! he claims thee as his bride.

Thou art his own! A-las! he claims thee as his bride.

f *p*

105 (Elsie)

fall; Thine heart will yield to pi-ty's call!

Fairfax

Mine is a heart of mas-sive rock, Un-

109 **G** *Andante espressivo e con moto*

moved by sen - ti - men - tal shock!

S
A
T
B

Thy hus - band he!

Thy hus - band he!

f *dim.*

Andante espressivo e con moto

112 *Con molto tenerezza*
(aside) (Elsie)

Leo - nard, my loved one— come to me. They bear— me— hence a -

Andante

p

115

way! — But though they take me far from thee, My

Red. * *Red.* *

118 H

heart — is — thine — for aye! My bruis - ed heart, My

Red. *

121

bro - ken heart, Is thine, my own, for aye! Is

124

thine, is thine, my own, Is

cresc. *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

appassionato

127

thine, for aye!

dim. *ff*

J*Un poco più vivo*

(To FAIRFAX)

130

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 power Would I had died! Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride!

pp

138

Allegro vivace e con fuoco
(Elsie) (Looks up and recognizes FAIRFAX.)

Leo - nard!

Fairfax

My own!

Allegro vivace e con fuoco

ff

Red. * Red. *

144

K

Ah! With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed, —

With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed, —

mf

Red. * Red. *

149

This is our joy-day un-al-loyed! _____

This is our joy-day un-al-loyed! _____

S
A
T
B

Yes, yes!

Yes, yes!

(8va)-----

8va-----

154

With hap-pi-ness their souls are cloyed, _____ This is their joy-day

With hap-pi-ness their souls are cloyed, _____ This is their joy-day

S
A
T
B

159 L

S
A un - al - loyed! — With hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This

T
B un - al - loyed! With hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This

164

S
A joy - day — un - al - loyed,
is their joy-day un - al-loyed, Their joy - day un - al - loyed,

T
B joy - day — un - al - loyed,
is their joy-day un - al-loyed, Their joy - day un - al - loyed,

169 M **Point** (Enter JACK POINT.)

S
A *unis.*
un - al - loyed!

T
B un - al - loyed!

Oh, thought - less crew! Ye know not what ye

8va
pp

175

N

A tempo 1mo.

do! At - tend to me, and shed a tear or two— For I have a song to sing, O!

182

S
A
T
B

pp Sing me your song, O! _____

pp Sing me your song, O! _____

p Red.

187

sung to the moon By a love - lorn loon, Who fled from the mock - ing throng, O! It's a

* Red.

song of a mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

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

Red. * Red. * Red. *

S Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis-e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He

A Oo

T Oo

B

Red. * Red. * Red. *

203

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

A

T
B

Red. * *Red.* *

O

207 **Elsie**

I have a song to sing, O!

S
What is your song, O? _____

A
What is your song, O? _____

T
B
What is your song, O? _____

ff *dim.*

213 (Elsie)

It is sung with the ring Of the songs maids sing Who love with a love life -

217 **P**

long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid, nest - ling near, Who loved a lord, but who
*Alternate lyrics**: peer - ly proud, Who loved a lord, and who

221

dropped a tear At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose
 laughed a - loud

225

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

* These "alternate" lyrics were the lyrics sung throughout the original production; Gilbert changed them to the current version for the 1897 revival. This Editor greatly prefers the original version, however, as it strengthens the dramatic power of the scene.

Q

229

la - dye. Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,

Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,

Oo

Oo

Red. * Red. *

233

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

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

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

Red. * Red. * Red. *

(Elsie) *f* *cresc. e animato*
 la - dye! Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He

Phoebe & Dame Carruthers *f* *cresc. e animato*
 Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He

S *f* *cresc. e animato*
 la - dye! Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He

A *f* *cresc. e animato*
 Oo

T *f* *cresc. e animato*
 Oo

B

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

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

S *cresc.*
 sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!

A *cresc.*
 Oo

T *cresc.* *div.*
 Oo

B

R *Animato*

Elsie & Kate with Soprano

246

S *ff* Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

A *ff* Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

T *ff* Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

B *ff* Heigh - - - dy! Heigh - -

Phœbe & Dame Carruthers with Alto

Fairfax & Leonard with Tenor

Lieutenant, Wilfred & Meryll with Bass

R *Animato*

252

S dy! Heigh - - - dy!

A dy! Heigh - - - dy!

T dy! Heigh - - - dy!

B dy! Heigh - - - dy!

ff

258

S Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Heigh - - -

A Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Heigh - - -

T Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Heigh - - -

B Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Heigh - - -

8va -

265

(FAIRFAX embraces ELSIE as POINT falls insensible at their feet.) CURTAIN.

S - - dy! _____

A - - dy! _____

T - - dy! _____

B - - dy! _____

(8va) -

END OF OPERA

Appendix

No. 7 Duet ("I Have a Song to Sing, O!") — Traditional Key.....	239
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This transposition to E-Flat appears in most 20th Century scores and band parts.

No. 5 Ballad ("Is Life a Boon") — Earlier Version	252
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This was superceded by the present version shortly before opening night, but is still present in the NYPL score.

No. 7 Duet (Traditional Key)

Elsie, Point and Chorus

Allegro con brio

p

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

8 **Elsie**

Sing me your song, O! _____

Point

I have a song to sing, O! _____

A

16 **(Point)**

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

Red. * Red.

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

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

B

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

Mis-e - ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

36

sighed for the love of a la - dye!

40

Elsie

I have a song to sing, O!

(Point)

What is your song, O? _____

44

It is sung with the ring Of the songs maids sing Who

48 (Elsie)

love with a love life - long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid, peer - ly proud, Who

52

loved a lord, and who laughed a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop - ing mum, Whose

56

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

60

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

pp

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* *

C

64

Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

68

sighed for the love of a la - dye!

Ped.

72 (Elsie)

Sing me your song, O! _____

Point

I have a song to sing, O!

76

It is sung to the knell Of a church-yard — bell, And a

* Red. *

80 (Point) D

dole - ful dirge, ding dong, O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, brave - ly born, Who

* Red. * Red. *

84

turned up his no - ble nose with scorn At the hum - ble mer-ry-maid, peer - ly proud, Who

* Red. * Red. * Red. *

88

loved a lord, and who laughed a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop - ing mum, Whose

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

92

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

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

E

96

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

pp

Red. *

100

Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

104

sighed for the love of a la - dye!

Ped.

108

Elsie

I have a song to sing, O!

(Point)

Sing me your song, O! _____

112

It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it

** Ped. **

F

116 (Elsie)

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

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

136 (Elsie) G

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

Point

Heigh - dy! heigh - dy!

Heigh - dy! heigh - dy!

Oo

Oo

G

Red. * Red. * Red. *

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.

cresc.

152

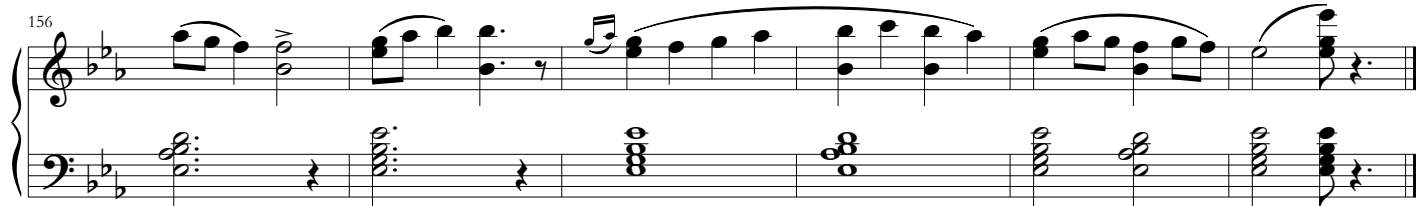
lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

lived in the love of a la - dye! _____

ff



1st Citizen: Well sung and well danced!

2nd Citizen: A kiss for that, pretty maid!

All: Aye, a kiss all round. (*Crowd gathers around her.*)

Elsie: (*drawing dagger*) Best beware! I am armed!

Point: Back, sirs — back! This is going too far.

2nd Citizen: 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.*)

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: (*to Crowd*) 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 I, 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.

Lieutenant: 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.

Lieutenant: Hark ye, my girl! Your mother is ill?

Elsie: Sorely ill, sir.

Lieutenant: And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

Elsie: Alas! sir, it is too true.

Lieutenant: Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?

Elsie: An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

Lieutenant: 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?

[Continue on p. 71.]

Supplement 3 Ballad (Earlier Version)

Fairfax

Allegretto pesante **Fairfax**

Is life _____ a

boon? If so, it must be - fall That Death, — when - e'er he call, Must call too

soon. Though four - score years he give, Yet one would pray to live _____ An -

* The initial *ff* is the only dynamic provided in the source score. All others are suggested by the Editor.

17

o - ther moon! What kind of plaint have I, Who per - ish in__ Ju -

22

ly, who per - ish in__ Ju - ly?__ I might have had to die,__ Per -

27

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

32

June!__ Is life__ a thorn?

37

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

42

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

47

way; And I, _____ war - worn, _____ Poor cap - tured fu - gi - tive,

52

My life — most glad - ly give — My life most glad - ly give — I

57

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

62

live ____ An - o - ther ____ morn! ____ Is life a

ff *mf*

67

boon? ____ Is life a thorn? Then count it not a

72

whit! Man is well done with it; Soon as he's born He should put the plague a-

cresc.

78

way; I might have had to live, to

f *mf*

83

live, to live An-o-ther morn!

ff