VOCAL SCORE

Iolanthe
Or
The Peer and the Peri

Written by
W.S. Gilbert

Composed by
Arthur Sullivan

First performed at the Savoy Theatre, London,
25 November 1882
Iolanthe

or

The Peer and the Peri

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE LORD CHANCELLOR
EARL OF MOUNTARARAT
EARL TOLLOLLER
PRIVATE WILLIS (of the Grenadier Guards)
STREPHON (an Arcadian Shepherd)
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES
IOLANTHE (a Fairy, Strephon’s Mother)

FAIRIES:
   CELIA
   LEILA
   FLETA

PHYLLIS (an Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward of Chancery)

Chorus of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Fairies.

ACT I

An Arcadian Landscape

ACT II

Palace Yard, Westminster

DATE

Between 1700 and 1882
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## ACT I

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Allegro gioioso
Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping thi-ther, No-bod-ys knows why or

whi-ther;

We must dance and we must

sing. Round a-bout our fa-i-ry ring. Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping

sing. Round a-bout our fa-i-ry ring. Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping
56

thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther, We must dance and we must thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther, We must dance and we must

59

sing, Round a-bout our fa-i-ry ring, Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping sing, Round a-bout our fa-i-ry ring, Trip-ping hi-ther, trip-ping

62

thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther, We must dance and we must thi-ther, No-bo-dy knows why or whi-ther, We must dance and we must
sing, Round about our fairy ring.

C
SOLIO: CELIA

We are dainty little fairies, Ever singing, ever dancing.

We indulge in our vagaries In a fashion most entrancing.

stacc.

If you ask the special function of our never ceasing motion, We re-
ply without compunction That we haven't any notion,

No, we haven't any notion! any notion! Tripping this, tripping

thither, No-body knows why or whither, We must dance and we must sing, Round a-
bout our fai - ry ring. If you ask us how we
live, Lov - ers all es - sen - tials give;
lovers' sighs, Warm our - selves in lover's eyes, Bathe our - selves in
lovers' tears, Clothe our - selves with lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with loves' darts, Hid ourselves in loves' hearts,

When you know us you'll discover That we almost live on

lover. Yes, we live on lover. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

Yes, we live on lover. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

thither, No body knows why or whither, We must dance and we must

thither, No body knows why or whither, We must dance and we must
sing, Round about our fairy ring.
sing, Round about our fairy ring.

We are dainty little fairies, Ever singing, ever
We are dainty little fairies, Ever singing, ever

dancing, We indulge in our vagaries In a
dancing, We indulge in our vagaries In a
fashion most entrancing. most entrancing.

most entrancing. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

most entrancing. Tripping hi-ther, tripping

thi-ther, No-body knows why or whi-ther.

thi-ther, No-body knows why or whi-ther.
No. 2  INVOCAUTION (Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila & Chorus)

Andante

PIANO

QUEEN

lan-the!  From thy dark ex-ile thou art sum-

A

moned,

Come to our call, come, come, I-o-
IOLANTHE

With humbled breast, And ev'ry hope laid low,

To thy behest, Offended Queen, I bow.

QUEEN

For a dark sin against our fairy laws We

sent thee into lifelong banishment, But
No. 3  Entrance of Strephon. SOLO (Strephon) & Chorus.

Allegretto

PIANO

5

STREPHON

Good mor-row, good mo- ther,

Good mo-ther, good mor-row!

9

By some means or o- ther,

Pray ban-ish your sor-row;

13

With joy be-yond tell-ing My bo-som is swell-ing, So
join in a measure Expressive of pleasure, For I'm to be married to-

day, today! Yes, I'm to be married today! Yes,

ever to be married today, today! Yes, he's to be married to-

day._
No. 4  
Exit of Fairies. SOLO (Queen) & Chorus

Allegretto

Fare thee well, attractive stranger,

Piano

Fare thee well, attractive stranger! Should'st thou be in doubt or danger, Peril or perplexity, Call us and we'll come to thee.

Chorus

Aye, call us, and we'll come to thee.

Tripping hither, tripping thither.
No. 4a

Entrance of Phyllis.

Allegretto

PIANO

5

Good mor-row, good lo-ver! Good lo-ver, good mor-row!

8

I pri-thee dis-co-ver, Steal, pur-chase, or bor-row,

13

Some means of con-ceal-ing The care you are feel-ing, And
join in a measure Expressive of pleasure, For we're to be married to-

day, today, Yes, we're to be married today!

we're to be married today, today, Yes we're to be married to-

day!
No. 5

DUET (Phyllis & Strephon)

Andante non troppo lento

PIANO

6

PHYLLIS

1. None shall part us from each other, One in life and death are we:

STREPH.

2. All in all since that fond meeting When, in joy, I woke to find

All in

mine the

heart, with-in thee beating, I to thee and thou to me!

All in

mine the

heart, with-in thee beating, I to thee and thou to me!

11

15

enshrined!
Thou the tree, and I the flow-er. Thou the i-dol,
I the tree. Thou the flow-er;
I the i-dol,
I the stream, Thou the wil-low; I the sculp-tor,
I the stream, Thou the wil-low; I the sculp-tor,

I the throng; I the day and thou the hour,
Thou the throng; I the day and thou the hour.
Thou the throng; I the day and thou the hour,
Thou the throng; I the day and thou the hour.

Thou the song! I the day!
Thou the song! I the day!
Thou the song! I the day!
Thou the song! I the day!
Thou the stream and I the willow—Thou the sculptor,
I the stream and thou the

Thou the ocean; I the willow—
Thou the ocean; I the willow—

Thou the sunrise; I the day!
I the sunrise; Thou the day!
Loudly let the trumpet Bray,

Tantara! Tantara! Proudly bang the sounding brasses,

Proudly bang the sounding brasses,

As upon its lordly way This unique procession passes boom!

As upon its lordly way This unique procession passes.
Tan-tan-tara, tan-tan-tara, tan-tan-tara tan-ta-ra, tan-tara, tan-ta-
ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-tara, tan-tara, tan-ta-ra! Tzing,
boom, tzing, boom, tzing., boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan-tara, tan-ta-ra! Tzing,
boom! Bow, bow, ye low-er middle class-es! Bow, bow, ye boom!
tradesmen, bow ye masses, Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses, Tantatarala Tzing.

boom!

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow ye

tradesmen, bow ye masses, Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses.
Tan-tan-tara! tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

We are Peers of highest station,

Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation.

Tanta-ra, tanta-ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tanta-ra, Tzing, boom!

We are Peers of highest station, Paragons of
station, Paragons of legislation, Pillars of the British nation,

Pillars of the British nation, We are Peers of

of the British nation,

highest station, Paragons of legislation.
Tantan-tara, tantara, tzing, boom, tzing boom! Tantan-tara, tantara, tzing, boom!

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes! Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye masses,

Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses, Tantan-tara, tzing, boom!

Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses, Tantan-tara, tzing, boom!
Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,

Blow the trumpets, Bang the brasses, Tan-tan-tara!

Blow the trumpets, Bang the brasses, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tan-tan-tara! Tan-tan-tara!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!
Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

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Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tan-tera, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-tera, ta ta ta ta ta ta,
brasses, boom!
Bang, bang the

Tan-tera, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-tera, ta ta, tan-tera, ta ta,
brasses, boom!
Tzing, boom!

Tan-tera, ta ta, tan-tera ta ta, Tan-tera, ta ta ta ta ta ta
Tzing, boom!
Tzing, boom, Tzing,
No. 7
SONG (Lord Chancellor & Chorus of Peers)

LORD CHAN.

The Law is the true embodiment Of everything that's excellent. It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my lords, embody the Law. The constitutional guardian I Of pretty young Wards in
Chan-cery, All very agree-able girls— and none Are over the age of

CHORUS OF PEERS

But
though the compliment implied inflates me with legitimate pride, It
nevertheless can't be denied, That it has its inconvenient side.

For I'm not so old, and not so plain, And I'm quite prepared to marry again, But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords If I
fell in love with one of my Wards! Which
rather tries my temper, for I'm such a susceptible Chancellor! Which
rather tries his temper, for He's such a susceptible Chancellor!

3. And every one who'd
marry a Ward Must come to me for my accord, And in my court I

sit all day Giving agreeable girls away, With
one for him- and one for he-
And one for you- and one for ye-
And

one for thou- and one for thee-
But nev-er, oh nev-er a one for me!

Which is ex-as-per-a-ting, for A high-ly suscep-ti-ble

CHORUS
Chan-cel-lor! Which is ex-as-per-a-ting, for A high-ly suscep-ti-ble

Chan-cel-lor!
No. 8 TRIO & CHORUS OF PEERS (Phyllis, Lord Tol. & Lord Mount.)

My well-loved lord and guardian dear, You summoned me, and I am

CHORUS.

here! Oh rapture, how beautiful! How gentle, how dutiful!

A la Barcarolle. LORD TOL.

Of all the young ladies I know, This pretty young lady's the
fair-est: Her lips have the ro-si-est show. Her eyes are the rich-est and rar-est.

ori-gin's low-ly, it's true. But of birth and po-si-tion I've plen-ty, I've

gram-mar and spell-ing for two, And blood and be-ha-viour for twen-ty!

Ah, PEERS. Her ori-gin's low-ly, it's true— I've

Ah,
views of the house have diverged
On every conceivable motion, All

cresc.
questions of party are merged
In a frenzy of love and devotion! If you

cresc.
ask us distinctly to say
What party we claim to belong to, We re-

ply without doubt or delay,
The party we're singing this song to. If you
ask us distinctly to say, We reply without doubt or delay, The party we claim to belong to is the party we're singing this song to! The party we claim to belong to's the party we're singing this song to!

a tempo
I'm very much pain'd to refuse, But I'll
stick to my pipes and my tabors, I can spell all the words that I use, And my
gram-mar's as good as my neighbours', As for birth, I was born like the rest My be-
ha-viour is rus-tic but heart-y, And I know where to turn for the best When I want a par-
ti-cular par-ty! Ah!

Though my

LD. TOL. & LD. MOUNT.

Though her

Ah!

Ah!

station is none of the best, I sup-pose I was born like the rest. I

station is none of the best, I sup-pose she was born like the rest. She

She

She
know where to look for my heart - y. When I want a par - ti - cu - lar
knows where to look for her heart - y. When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar
knows where to look for her heart - y. When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar
knows where to look for her heart - y. When she wants a par - ti - cu - lar
par - ty, I know where to look for my heart - y. When - e - ver I want a par -
par - ty, She knows where to look for a par -
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
cresc.
colla voce
ty, For my party

\[ \text{ataempo} \]

Ah, Ah, Ah, She

ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, She

\[ \text{ataempo} \]

know where to look for my party, my party.

\[ \text{stacc.} \]

knows where to look for her party, her party.

\[ \text{stacc.} \]

knows where to look for her party, her party.

\[ \text{p} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]
No. 9  

RECIT. (Phyllis)

Nay, tempt me not, To wealth I'll not be bound

In lowly cot Alone is virtue found. No, no, indeed high

rank will never hurt you The; peerage is not destitute of vir

NB. Bar 1 is omitted from some recent V.S.
No. 10

SONG (Lord Tol.) & CHORUS

A

Andante espress.

LORD TOLLER

-tue.  Spurn not the no-bly born, With love af-fect-ed! Nor treat with vir-tuous scorn The

p sostenuto

cresc.

well con-nect-ed! High rank in-volves no shame, We boast an e-qual claim With him of hum-ble name

B

be res-pect-ed! Blue blood! blue blood! When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy

pow'r is naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue blood!

CHORUS TENORS

When

BASSES

When
vir-tuous love is sought, Thy pow'r is naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood Blue blood, ah, blue blood!

Spare us the bit-ter pain Of stern de-ni-al-s, Nor with low born dis-dain Aug-ment our tri-als,

Hearts just as pure and fair May beat in Bel-grave Square As in the low-ly air Of

Se-v en Di-als! Blue blood! blue blood! Of what a-vail art thou To
serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue blood!

CHORUS  TENORS

BASSES  Of

Of

what a - vail art thou To serve us now? Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue blood,

what a - vail art thou To serve us now? Though dat - ing from the Flood, Blue

rall.

rall.

Ah, blue blood!

my

blood, ah, blue blood!

dim.
No. 11  Phyllis, Lord Tol., Lord Mount., Strephon, Lord Chancellor & Chorus

Lords, it may not be! With grief my heart is ri-ven! You waste your time on me, For

D a tempo Allegro

ah, my heart is given, Yes, gi-ven!

TENORS.

Given! Oh, hor-ror!

BASSES.

Given! Oh, hor-ror!

cres-cen-do

And who has dar'd to brave our high dis-plea-sure, And thus de-fy our de-fi-nite com-
mand! ’Tis I, young Strephon! mine this priceless treasure! A-against the world

E Allegro non troppo

I claim my darling’s hand! A

shepherd I, Of Ar-ca- dy; Be-troth’d are we, And

LD. TOL with 1st TEN.

A shep- herd he, Of Ar-ca-dee, Betroth’d are they,

LD. MOUNT. & LD. CH. with 1st BASS

A shep- herd he, Of Ar-ca-dee, Betroth’d are they,
mean to be espoused to-day. A shepherd I of Arcad
day, a shepherd I. Of Espoused to-day. A shepherd he, of Arc
dee, a shepherd he of Espoused to-day. A shepherd he, of Ar
dee, shepherd he of p staccato

Ar
dy: Be
troth'd are we, Be
troth'd are we, And mean to be espoused to-day!

Ar
dee: Be
troth'd are they, Be
troth'd are they, And mean to be espoused to-day!

Ar
dee: Be
troth'd are they, Be
troth'd are they, And mean to be espoused to-day!

Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag
ger, Though we mo
ten
tari
ty stag
ger,

Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag
ger, Though we mo
ten
tari
ty stag
ger,
In each heart Proud are we innately, Let's depart Dignified and state ly!

Let's depart Dignified and state ly, Dignified and state ly!

CHORUS

Let's depart Dignified and state ly,
No. 12

SONG (Lord Chancellor)

Allegro comodo

PIANO

1. When I went to the Bar as a very young man, (Said
2. Ere I go into court I will read my brief through, (Said

I to myself said I,) I'll work on a new and o-
I to myself said I,) And I'll never take work I'm un-

ri-gi-nal plan, (Said I to myself said I,) I'll__
able to do, (Said I to myself said I,) My__
never assume that a rogue or a thief Is a gentleman worthy im-
learned profession Ill never disgrace By taking a fee with a

plcit belief, Because his attorney has sent me a brief, (Said
grin on my face, When I haven't been there to attend to the case, (Said

I to myself said!) I to myself said!)

3. I'll never throw dust in a jury-man's eyes, (Said
4. In other professions in which men engage, (Said
I to my-self said I,
Or hood-wink a judge who is not o- ver-wise, (Said
I to my-self said I,
The Ar-my; the Na-vy, the Church, and the stage, (Said

I to my-self said I,
Or as- sume that the wit-ness-es summoned in force In Ex-
I to my-self said I,
Pro-fes-sion-al li-ence, if car-ried too far, Your

chequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Di-vorce, Have perjur'd themselves as a mat-ter of course, (Said
chance of pro-mo-tion will cer-tain-ly mar—And I fan-cy the rule might ap- ply to the Bar, (Said

I to my-self said II!
I to my-self said II!)
FINALE ACT I

When dark-ly looms the day, And all is dull and grey, To chase the gloom a-way, On thee I'll call!

I think I heard him say, That
on a rainy day, To while the time away, On her he'd call!

We think we heard him say, That on a rainy day, To while the time away, On her he'd call!

When tempests wreck thy bark, And all is drear and dark, If
thou shouldst need an Ark, I'll give thee one!

meet him after dark, Inside St. James's Park, And give him one!

We

heard the minx remark, She'd meet him after dark, Inside St. James's Park, And give him
C

PHYLLIS

The prospect's very bad, My heart so sore and sad Will never more be glad As summer's sun!

IOLANTHE

The prospect's not so bad, Thy heart so sore and sad May very soon be glad As summer's sun!

LORD TOL.

The prospect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May very soon be glad As summer's sun!

STREPHON

The prospect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May very soon be glad As summer's sun!

TENORS

one!

BASSES

one!

If sun! For when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck his bark, If sun! For when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck thy bark, If sun! For when the sky is dark, And tempests wreck my bark, If
part, and for e-ver! I wor-shipp'd him blind-ly, He wor-ships an-o-ther! At-tend to me kindly, This la-dy's my mo-ther! This la-dy's his what? This la-dy's my mo-ther! This la-dy's his what? He says she's his mo-ther! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Più vivo.

ff con forza
What means this mirth unseemly, That shakes the
list'ning earth? The joke is good extremely, And justifies our mirth.
This gentleman is seen With a maid of seventeen, A taking of his dolce
far niente; And wonders he'd achieve, For he asks us to believe She's his
mother and he's nearly five and twenty! Re-collect yourself, I pray. And be
careful what you say As the ancient Romans said, feste i-na len-te. For I
really do not see How so young a girl could be The mother of a man of

five and twenty! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

My
Lord, of evidence I have no dearth—She is—has been my mother, from my birth!

In babyhood Upon her lap I lay, With infant food She moistened my clay: Had she withheld The succour she supplied, By hunger quell'd Your Stephon might have died!
Had that refreshment been denied,
In deed our Strephon might have

PEERS
Had that refreshment been denied,
In deed our Strephon might have
cresc.

But as she's not His mother, it appears, Why weep these hot Un-

died!
ne-ces-sa-ry tears? And by what laws Should we, so joy-ous-ly, Re-joice, because our Strephon

did not die? Oh ra-ther let us pipe our eye! Because our Strephon did not

die!

That’s ve-ry true, let’s pipe our eye Because our Strephon did not die.

cresc.

Go, trait'rous one – for e-ver we must part: To one of you, my Lords, I give my
Allegro

PEERS

STREPHON

PEERS

STREPHON

heart: Oh rapture! Hear me, Phyllis! Oh rapture! Ere you

f

PHYLIS

Not a word— you did deceive me! you did de-

STREPHON

leave me!

Hear me, Phyllis!

TENORS

Not a word—you did deceive, you did deceive her!

BASSES

Not a word—you did deceive, you did deceive her!
For riches and rank I do not long— Their pleasures are false and vain: I,
rich-es and rank that you be-fall Are the on-ly baits you use, So the

gave up the love of a lord-ly throng For the love of a sim-ple swain. But
rich-est and rank-i-est of you all My sor-rowful heart shall choose. As

now that sim-ple swain's un-true, With sor-rowful heart I turn to you_ A heart that's
none are so no-ble-none so rich As this cou-ple of lords, I'll find a niche In my heart that's

ach-ing, Quak-ing, break-ing, As sor-rowful hearts are wont to do! The
ach-ing, Quak-ing, break-ing, For one of you two—and I don't care
Allegro con brio

which! To you_ I give_ my heart so rich! I do not

LDS. TOL., MOUNT. & CHORUS

To which?

care! To you I yield_ it is_ my doom! I'm not a-

To whom?

ware! I'm yours_ for life_ if you_ but choose. That's your af-

She's whose?
fair, I'll be a countess, shall I not?

Of

I do not care! Lucky little lady! Strephon's lot is what?

Lucky little lady! Strephon's lot is

shady; Rank, it seems, is vital, "Coun-tess" is the

shady; Rank, it seems, is vital, "Coun-tess" is the
title, But of what I'm not aware! I'm not aware! But of what I'm not aware! But of what I'm not aware!
Can I inactive see my fortunes fade? No, no! Ho, ho! No,

no! Ho, ho! Mighty protector, hasten to my aid!

Trip- ping hi- ther, trip- ping thi- ther, No- bo- dy knows why or
whither; Why you want us we don't know. But you've summoned us, and so enter all the little fairies To their usual tripping-measure! To oblige you all our care is—Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure!
Più vivo

STREPHON

The lady of my love has caught me talking to another—Oh, fie! Young

STREPHON

Strephon is a rogue! I tell her very plainly that the lady is my mother—

PEERS

Ta-ra-diddle, ta-ra-diddle, tol lol lay! She won't believe my statements, and de-

clares we must be parted, Because on a career of double dealing I have start-ed, Then
gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me bro-ken heart-ed Tar-ra-did-dle, Ta-ra-did-dle,

tol lol lay! Ah cru-el ones, to part two faith-ful lov-ers from each o-ther

sem-pre P

Oh, fie, our Stre phon's not a rogue! You've done him an in-jus-tice, for the

la-dy is his mo-ther! Tar-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! That
fa - ble p'haps may serve his turn as well as a - ny o - ther. I
didn't see her face, but if they fon - dled one an - o - ther, And
she's but se - ven - teen - I don't be - lieve it was his mo - ther!

FAIRIES T LD. TOL.
Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, Tol - lol - lay!  I have
often had a use For a thoroughbred excuse Of a

sudden (which is English for "re-pen-te") But of all I ever heard This is

much the most absurd, For she's seventeen and he is five and twenty! Tho'

she is seventeen, and he is only* five and twenty! Oh fie, our

she is seventeen, and he is only* five and twenty! Oh fie, young

*"four or" in early editions.
Now listen, pray, to me, For this

Strephon's not a rogue!

Strephon is a rogue!

paradox will be Carried nobody at all contradiction Her

age, upon the date Of his birth was minus eight, If she's seventeen, and he is five and

cre - scen - do

twen - ty!

FAIRIES

PEERS

If she is seventeen and he is only five and twenty!

If she is seventeen and he is only five and twenty!
All the principals (except QUEEN, IOLANTHE & STREPHON), & CHORUS

(In a whisper) To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly!

To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly!

Oh fie, our Strephon's not a rogue! Perhaps his brain is addled. And it's

Oh fie, our Strephon is a rogue! Perhaps his brain is addled. And it's

very melancholy! Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay! I

very melancholy! Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay! I
wouldn't say a word that could be reckoned as injurious, But to
find a mother younger than her son is very curious. And
that's a kind of mother that is unusually spurious!

wouldn't say a word that could be reckoned as injurious, But to
find a mother younger than her son is very curious. And
that's a kind of mother that is unusually spurious!
Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!

Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!

**LORD CHAN.**

Allegro vivace

Go a-way, ma-dam; I should say ma-dam, You dis-play, ma-dam, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To in-trude, ma-dam, With your brood, ma-dam. Bra-zen-faced! You come here, ma-dam, In-ter-fere, ma-dam, With a
peer, ma-dam (I am one) You're a-ware, ma-dam, What you dare, ma-dam, So take
care, ma-dam, And be-gone! Let us stay, ma-dam, I should say, ma-dam, They dis-
play, ma-dam, Shocking taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To al-lude, ma-dam, To your
brood, ma-dam, Brazen-faced! We don't fear, ma-dam, Any peer, ma-dam, Tho' my
dear ma-dam, This is one. They will stare, ma-dam, When a-ware, ma-dam, What they dare, ma-dam What they've done! Bearded by these puny mortals! I will launch from fairy portals

All the most terrific thunders In my
mortal! Should they launch from fairy taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To allude, ma-dam, To your brood, ma-dam, Brazen-taste. It is rude, ma-dam, To intrude, ma-dam, With your brood, ma-dam, Brazen-

gated. All their most terrific faced! We don't fear, ma-dam, Any peer, ma-dam, Tho' my dear madam, This is faced! You come here, ma-dam, Interfere, ma-dam, With a peer, ma-dam (I am
wonders,
We should then repent

thunders,
In my armoury

one. They will stare, madam, When aware, madam What they dare, madam, When a-
one. You're aware, madam, What you dare, madam So take care, madam, What you

our blunders! Should re-

Of wonders! cres - cen - do

ware, madam, What they've done! They will stare, When aware, What they dare, What they've
cres - cen - do
dare, madam, And be gone! You're aware, What you dare, So take care, And be-
cres - cen - do
done, madam, They will stare, madam, When a - ware, ma-dam, What they dare, madam, What they've
gone!

pent, our blun-

done, madam, They will stare, madam, When a - ware, madam, What they dare, madam, What they've

You're a - ware, madam, What you dare, madam, So take care, madam, And be-
ders!

ders!

done! They will stare, madam, When aware, 
What they dare, madam, What they've done, madam, They will gone! You're aware, madam, What you dare, 
So take care, madam, And be gone, madam, You're a-

We should then, should then repent!

They will soon, will soon repent! Oh!

stare, madam, When aware, madam, What they dare, madam, What they've done!

ware, madam, What you dare, madam, So take care, madam, And be gone!
Chancellor unwary
It's highly necessary
Your tongue to teach Re-
One bar the same as two of the preceding movement.

spectful speech, Your at-
ti-tude to va-ry! You ba-
di-nage so ai-ry, Your

man-ner ar-
bi-trary. Are out of place When face to face With an in-

en-tial Fair-y!

TENORS

We ne-ver knew we were talk-ing to An

BASSES

We ne-ver knew we were talk-ing to An
A plague on this vagary! I'm in a nice quan-

influential Fairy!

influential Fairy!

hasty tone With dames un-known I ought to be more cha-ry! It

seems that she's a fairy - From An-der-sen's Li-brary, And I took her for the pro-
fend us Is tremendous! They meet, who underrate our call-ing, Doom appal-ling

Take down our sen-tence as we speak it, And he shall wreak it!

Oh, spare us! Oh, spare us!

Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay! Flocks and herds that bleat and low; But
Parliament he shall go! Into Parliament, into Parliament,
Parliament he shall go! Into Parliament, into Parliament,

2nd verse crescendo e rallentando
Parliament, Parliament, he shall go! Into Parliament he shall go!
Parliament, Parliament, he shall go! Into Parliament he shall go!

QUEEN (speaks through music)
Every bill and every measure That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses, Shall be passed by both your Houses!
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse and salmon seaso:

He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Friday nights:
He shall prick that annual blister
Marriage with deceased wife's sister
Titiles shall enoble, then,
All the Common Councilmen:
Peers shall teem in Christendom, And a Duke’s exalted station Be attainable by Competitive Examination!

Allegro molto

FAIRIES

Their horror!

PEERS

Oh, horror!

They can’t dissemble! Nor hide the fear that makes them tremble!

Allegro marziale

CELIA & 1st SOPS.

With Strephon for your foe, no doubt, A fearful prospect

IOLANTHE, QUEEN, & 2nd SOPS.

LORD TOL. & 1st TEN.

LORD MOUNT., STREPHON, LD. CHAN., & BASS.

Young Strephon is the kind of lout We do not care a
opens out! And who shall say What evils may Result in consequence!
fig about! We cannot say What evils may Result in consequence!

A hideous vengeance will pursue All noble-men who

But lordly vengeance will pursue All kinds of common

venture to oppose his views, Or boldly choose To offer him our

people who oppose our views, Or boldly choose To offer us our
fence. Twill plunge them into grief and shame, His kind forbearance

they must claim, If they'd escape, In any shape A very painful wrench.

pow'r we dauntlessly pooh-pooh: A dire re-venge will fall on you If you be-siege Our
The word "pres-tige" is French.

Al-high pres-tige.

though our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will fall on you. With pow'rs we daunt-less-ly pooh-pooh: A dire re-venge will fall on you. Young

cresc - scen - do

Stre-phon for your foe, no doubt, A fear-ful pros-pect o-pens out! And who shall say What Stre-phon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig a-bout! We can-not say What
e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence?

e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence. Our lord-ly style You shall not quench With

(That word is French.)

Dis-tin-cion ebbs Before a herd Of vul-gar plebs!

La-tin word)

(A Greek re-mark)

'Twould fill with joy And mad-ness stark The òi-pollôi! One
Your lordly style We'll 

Latin word, one Greek remark, And one that's French!

quickly quench With base campagne— 

Distinction ebbs Before a herd Of

(That word is French!)

vulgar plebs! 'Twill fill with joy And madness stark The òi-polloi!

(A Latin word.)
One Latin word, one Greek remark, And one that's French! With Greek remark.

Young

Strephon for your foe, no doubt, A fearful prospect opens out! And who shall say What Strephon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig about! We cannot say What evils may Result in consequence? A hideous vengeance will pursue All evils may Result in consequence, But lordly vengeance will pursue All
no - ble-men who ven - ture to Op - pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer him of -

kinds of com - mon peo - ple who Op - pose our views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of -

fence We will not wait, We go sky - high! Our threat-en'd
fence. You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat-en'd hate We thus de - fy! You

hate You won't de -
need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat'en'd hate We thus, we thus de -
fy! We will not wait, We go sky-high! Our threaten'd fy! You need n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threaten'd

hate You won't defy! We go, we go! We hate We thus defy! A - way, a - way! A -

go sky - high! Our threaten'd hate You Won't de - fy! You won't way you fly! Your threaten'd hate We thus de - fy! We thus
defy! You won't, you won't defy! You

defy! We thus, we thus defy! We

won't, you won't defy!

thus, we thus defy!

END OF FIRST ACT
all night long a chap remains
in that House M. P.'s divide,

exercises of his brains, That is, assuming that he's got any.

never nurtur'd in the lap Of luxury, Yet I admonish you, I then the prospect of a lot Of dull M. P.'s in close proximity, All

am an intellectual chap, And thinking for themselves, is what No man can face with equanimity. Then
of-ten think it's com-i-cal-
let's re-joice with loud Fal, lal, la!
Fal, lal, la!
Fal, lal, la! How
Na-ture al-ways
does con-trive-
Fal, lal, la, la!
That ev'-ry boy and ev'-ry gal
That's
born in-to the world a-live,
Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al,
Or else a lit-tle Con-
ser-va-tive!
Fal, lal, la!
Fal, lal, la!
Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al,
Or
else a lit-tle Con-ser-va-tive!
Fal, lal, la!

1. 2.
FAIRIES.

Strephon's a Member of Parliament! Carries every Bill he chooses To his measures

all assent; Showing that fairies have their uses.

Whigs and Tories Dim their glories Giving an ear to

all his stories—Lords and Commons are both in the blues: Strephon makes them
shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes!

F Unis.

Shake in their shoes! Strephon makes them shake in their shoes, in their shoes!

PEERS

Strephon's a Member of Parliament! Running a-muck of all abuses,

His unqualified assent Somehow nobody now refuses.
Whigs and Tories Dim their glories, Giving an ear to all his stories, Carrying every Bill he may wish. Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Kettle of fish — Kettle of fish — Kettle of fish — Kettle of fish

Kettle of fish — Here's a pretty kettle, a kettle of fish!
G FAIRIES

Strephon's a Member of Parliament! Carries ev'ry Bill he chooses

PEERS

Strephon's a Member of Parliament! Carries ev'ry Bill he chooses

To his measures all assent; Carrying ev'ry Bill he may wish, Carrying ev'ry

To his measures all assent; Carrying ev'ry Bill he may wish, Carrying ev'ry

Bill he may wish: Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Bill he may wish: Here's a pretty kettle of fish!
No. 16

SONG (Lord Mountararat & Chorus)

Britain really rul'd the waves—(In good Queen Bess's time) The House of Peers made
Wellington trash'd Bonaparte, As ev'ry child can tell, The House of Peers through-
while the House of Peers withholds Its legislative hand, And no-bile states-men

no pre-tence, To intellectual eminence, Or scholar-ship sublime; Yet
out the war, Did no-thing in parti-cular, And did it very well: Yet
do not itch To inter-fere with mat-ters which They do not un-der-stand, As
Britain won her proudest bays In good Queen Bess's glorious days!
Britain set the world a-blaze In good King George's glorious days!
Yet bright will shine Great Britain's rays, As in King George's glorious days!
As

1 & 2. 3.

Britain won her proudest bays In good Queen Bess's glorious days.
Britain set the world a-blaze In good King George's glorious days.
And

2. When

Britain won her proudest bays In good Queen Bess's glorious days.
Britain set the world a-blaze In good King George's glorious days.

No. 17  DUET (Leila & Celia, with Chorus of Fairies, Lord Tolloller & Lord Mountararat)

LEILA Verse 1.

CELIA Verse 2.

In vain to us you plead—Don’t go!
Your dis-repect-ful sneers—Don’t go!

Your pray’rs we do not heed—Don’t go!
Call forth in-dig-nant tears—Don’t go!

It’s true we sigh, But don’t sup-pose A tear-ful eye For-give-ness shows.
break our laws, You are our foe! We cry, be-cause we hate you so.

Oh no! You know!
16.
We're very cross indeed. Yes, very cross. Don't
You very wicked Peers! You wicked Peers! Don't

K

21.
go!
go!
FAIRIES
It's true we sigh—But don't suppose A tearful eye Forgive-ness shows.
You break our laws, You are our foe! We cry, because We hate you so!

26.
Oh no! You know!
We're very cross indeed, Yes, very cross,
You very wicked Peers, You wicked Peers,

31.
Don't go! Don't go!

1.
Our disrespectful sneers, ha, ha! Call forth indignant
go!

Our disrespectful sneers, ha, ha! Call forth indignant
tears, ha, ha! If that's the case, my dears

We'll go!
tears, ha, ha! If that's the case, my dears

We'll go!

FAIRIES

Don't go!

PEERS

We'll go!
No. 18

SONG (Queen & Chorus of Fairies)

1. Oh, foolish
2. On fire that

fay, Think you, be - cause His brave ar - ray My bo - som thaws, I'd dis - o-
gloows With heat in - tense I turn the hose Of com - mon sense, And out it

bey Our fai - ry laws? Be - cause I fly In realms a - bove, In ten - den-
goes At small ex - pense! We must main - tain Our fai - ry law; That is the

ocy To fall in love, Re - sem - ble I The am - 'rous dove? Re -
main On which to draw– In that we gain A Cap - tain Shaw! In
sem - ble I the am - rous dove? Oh, am - rous dove! Type of O - vi-di us
that we gain A Cap - tain Shaw! Oh, Cap - tain Shaw! Type of true love kept
Na - so! un - der! This heart of mine is soft as thine. Al - though I dare not say so!
Could thy Brigade With cold cascade Quench my great love I won - der!

CHORUS
Oh, am - rous dove! Type of O - vi-di us Na - so! This heart of mine Is
Oh, Cap - tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der! Could thy Brigade With

(2nd time)
soft as thine Al - though I dare not say so!
cold cascade Quench my great love I won - der!

CHORUS (Verse 2 only)

I won - der!
No. 19

QUARTET (Phyllis, Lord Tolloller
Lord Mountararat & Private Willis)

Allegro moderato

Lord Tol.

Tho' praps I may in-cur your blame, The things are few I

would not do In Friend-ship's name!

Lord Mount.

And I may say I

think the same; Not e-ven love should rank a-bove True Friend-

ship's
Then free me, pray be mine the blame
Forget your craze and name!

Go your ways, In Friendship's name
In Friendship's name!

Oh, many a man, in Friendship's name, Has yielded fortune,
Oh, many a man, in Friendship's name, Has yielded fortune,
Oh, many a man, in Friendship's name, Has yielded fortune,
rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a pro-mised

This

This sa-

This

This
sacri-fice to thy dear name! Accept this sa-cri-fice to
sacri-fice to thy dear name! Accept this sa-cri-fice to
sacri-fice to thy dear name! Accept this sa-cri-fice to
sacri-fice to thy dear name! Accept this sa-cri-fice to
thy dear name!
thy dear name!
thy dear name!
thy dear name!
No. 20

RECIT. & SONG (Lord Chancellor)

Allegro

Love, un-re-
quit-ed, robs me of my rest:

Love, hope-less love, my ar-dent soul en-cum-bers: Love, night-mare
like, lies heavy on my chest, And weaves itself

a tempo

into my midnight slumbers!

Allegro ma non troppo

When you're lying awake with a
dis-mal headache, and re-pose is ta-boo'd by anx-i-e-ty, I con-cieve you may use a-ny

language you choose to in-dulge in, with-out im-pro-pri-e-ty; For your brain is on fire, the

bed-clothes con-spire of u-su-al slum-ber to plun-der you: First your coun-ter-pane goes and un-

cov-ers your toes, and your sheet slips de-mure-ly from un-der you; Then the

blank-et-ing tick-les, you feel like mixed pick-les, so ter-ri-bly sharp is the
prick-ing. And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's

no-thing 'twixt you and the tick-ing. Then the bed-clothes all creep to the
ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan-gle, Next your pil-low re-signs and po-
lite-ly de-clines to re-main at it's u-sual an-gle! Well, you

get some re-pose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head e-ver
aching, But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd

very much better be waking; For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing a-

bout in a steamer from Harwich Which is something between a large

bathing machine and a very small second class carriage. And you're

giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and re-
lations—They're a ravenous hoard—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations. And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon,) He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven. Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the bye, the ship's now a four-
wheel-er,) And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you

tell him that "ties pay the dealer," But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you

find you're as cold as an icicle; In your shirt and your socks (the black

silk with gold clocks,) crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle: And

he and the crew are on bicycles too-which they've somehow or other in-
vested in— And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a

company he's interested in— It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all
goods from cough mixtures to cables (Which tickled the sailors) by
treating retailers as though they were all vegetables. You
get a good spades-man to plant a small trades-man, (first take off his boots with a boot-tree,) And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree. From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green-pea, cauliflower, flower, pineapple, and cranberries, While the pastry-cook plant cherry
brand-y will grant, ap-ple puff-s, and three-cor-ners, and ban-ber-ies. The

shares are a pen-ny, and e-ver so ma-ny are ta-ken by Roth-schild and

Ba- ring, And just as a few are al-lot-ted to you, you a-wake with a shud-der des-

pair-ing. You're a reg-u-lar wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no
wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a creep, for your leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, And a general sense that you
have n't been sleep-ing in clo-ver, But the
dark-ness has passed, and its day-light at last, and the night has been
long-dit-to, dit-to my song— And thank good-ness they're both of them

Con fuoco
TRIO (Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat & Lord Chancellor)

Piano

No. 21

Tempo di Valse

He who shies At such a prize

If you go in You're sure to win-

Is not worth a maravedi, Be so kind

Yours will be the charming maidie: Be your law
When at the worst affairs will mend
Dark the dawn when
Hay Where a will is, there's a way Beard the lion

When at the worst affairs will mend
Dark the dawn when
Hay Where a will is, there's a way Beard the lion

When at the worst affairs will mend
Dark the dawn when
Hay Where a will is, there's a way Beard the lion

C

Hustle your horse and don't say die!
None but the brave deserve the fair!

Hustle your horse and don't say die!
None but the brave deserve the fair!

Hustle your horse and don't say die!
None but the brave deserve the fair!

ff
I'll take heart, and make a start— Though I fear the prospect's shady— Much I'd spend To gain my end— "Faint heart never won fair lady!"
In for a penny, in for a pound It's Love that makes the
world go round!

Nothing venture, nothing win,

In for a penny, in for a pound It's Love that makes the
world go round!

Nothing venture, nothing win,
Blood is thick, but water's thin—
In for a penny,

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!
No. 22

DUET (Phyllis & Strephon)

Allegro giojoso

If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry You and I,

Of the feeling I inspire
You may tire By and bye,

For peers with flowing coffers
Press their offers, That is why
I am sure we should not tarry Ere we marry, You and I.

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry You and I

With a more attractive maiden, Jewel laden, You may fly,

If by chance we should be parted Broken hearted I should die.
So I think we will not tarry
Ere we marry, You and I.

Ah,
Ah,
If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry, You and I,
With a more attenuated
Ah,
If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry, You and I
Of the feeling
trac-tive mai-den, Jew-el la-den, You may fly. You
and
I
in-spire, You may tire. By-and-bye,
Of the feel-ing I in-spire,

If we're weak e-nough to tar-ry Ere we mar-ry
You may tire. By-and-bye. If we're weak e-nough to tar-ry Ere we mar-ry

You and I, With a more at-trac-tive mai-den, Jew-el la-den, You may fly.
You and I, Of the feel-ing I in-spire. You may tire. By-and-bye.
So I think we will not tarry, Ere we marry, Ere we marry, You and I, You and I,
marry, marry, You and I, You and I, You and I.
Allegro agitato

IOLANTHE (recit.)

My Lord, a suppliant at your feet

PIANO

f

kneel,

Oh, listen to a mother's fond ap-

f' a tempo

peal!

Hear me to-night!

I come in urgent need — Tis for my

Andante non troppo lento

son, young Strephon, that I plead!

He loves! If in the by-gone years Thine
eyes have ever shed tears—bitter unavailing tears—For

one untimefully dead—If in the eventide of life

Sad thoughts of her arise, Then let the memory of thy wife Plead for my

boy—he dies! He dies! If fondly
laid aside In some old cabinet, Memorials of thy

long dead bride Lie, dearly treasured yet,

Then let her hallowed bridal dress—Her little dainty gloves—Her

withered flowers—her faded tresses—Plead for my boy he loves!
No. 24  RECITATIVE (Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor & Fairies)

It may not be for so the fates decide! Learn thou that

Phyllis is my promised bride!

Thy bride! No! No! It shall be so! Those who would

separate us woe betide! My doom thy lips have
spoken I plead in vain!

Forbear! Forbear!

IOLANTHE
bear! A vow already broken I break again!

Forbear! Forbear! Forbear! For him— for her— for

CHORUS

CHORUS

più lento
gain!

Forbear! Forbear! Forbear! For him— for her— for

thee I yield my life.

Behold it may not

dim e rit.
Andante moderato

be! I am thy wife! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Willelloo! Willelloo!

Iolanthe! Thou livest? Aye I live! Now let me die!
Queen

Once again thy vows are broken!

Thou thyself thy doom hast spoken!

Chorus

Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah! Aiah!

Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo! Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo!
Bow thy head to Destiny.
Death thy doom and

thou shalt die!

Aia-iah! Aia-iah! Aia-iah! Aia-

iah! Willa-ha-lah! Willa-loo! Willa-ha-lah! Willa-loo!

pp
No. 25

FINALE

Tempo di valse

PHYLLIS (Verse 1)

Soon as we may, Off and away! We'll commence our journey airy—Happy are we—

As you can see, Everybody is now a
fairy Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a

IOLANTHE

Queen Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a

Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a

34 B

fairy! Tho' as a general rule we

fairy! Tho' as a general rule we

fairy! Tho' as a general rule we

41

know Two strings go to ev'ry bow, Make up your minds that

know Two strings go to ev'ry bow, Make up your minds that

know Two strings go to ev'ry bow, Make up your minds that
grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to ev'-ry string.

PHYLIS, LEILA & 1st SOPRANOS
Thou' as a gen'-ral rule we know Two_strings go to ev'-ry

IOLANTHE, QUEEN, CELIA & 2nd SOPRANOS
Thou' as a gen'-ral rule we know Two_strings go to ev'-ry

LORD TOL., 1st TENORS, LORD MOUNT. & 2nd TENORS
Thou' as a gen'-ral rule we know Two_strings go to ev'-ry

LORD CHAN., STREPHON & BASSES
Thou' as a gen'-ral rule we know Two_strings go to ev'-ry
bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to
ev'ry string. ev'ry string. ev'ry string. ev'ry string.
LORD CHAN. (Verse 2)

Up in the sky, Ever so high, Pleasures

come in endless series; We will arrange

Happy exchange— House of Peers for House of
hap - p ier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor!
hap - p ier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor!
hap - p ier, for I'm such a sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor!

PHYLILS, LEILA & 1st SOPRANOS

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - ce-

IOLANTHE, QUEEN, CELIA & 2nd SOPRANOS

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - ce-

LORD TOL. & 1st TENORS, LORD MOUNT. & 2nd TENORS

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - ce-

LORD CHAN., STREPHON & BASSES

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - ce-
ry, He will be surely happier for He's such a susceptible ry, He will be surely happier for He's such a susceptible ry, He will be surely happier for He's such a susceptible ry, He will be surely happier for He's such a susceptible

Chancellor!

Chancellor!

Chancellor!

Chancellor!