

VOCAL SCORE

PATIENCE;

OR,

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

Written by

W. S. GILBERT

Composed by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Gilbert & Sullivan Archive

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PATIENCE;
OR,
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

COLONEL CALVERLEY
MAJOR MURGATROYD
LIEUT. THE DUKE OF DUNSTABLE } (*Officers of
Dragoon
Guards*)
REGINALD BUNTHORNE (*a Fleshly Poet*)
ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR (*an Idyllic Poet*)
MR. BUNTHORNE'S SOLICITOR

THE LADY ANGELA
THE LADY SAPHIR } (*Rapturous
Maidens*)
THE LADY ELLA
THE LADY JANE
PATIENCE (*a Dairy Maid*)

CHORUS OF RAPTUROUS MAIDENS AND OFFICERS OF DRAGOON GUARDS

ACT I. EXTERIOR OF CASTLE BUNTHORNE
ACT II. A GLADE

PATIENCE;
OR,
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

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PATIENCE

OVERTURE.

Written by
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Moderato ♩=66

PIANO

ff *p* *dolce.*

p.

13 **A**

p.

19

p.

25

f *dim.* *p*

31

dim. *pp* *p*

38 **Allegro vivace** ♩=120

p

45

51

56

dim.

61 **B**

pp *f* *pp*

66

f p

71

cre - scen -

76

- do

pp

80

f

pp

84

ff

88

mf

92

mf

pp

98

Musical score for measures 98-102. The system consists of a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The bass clef contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, often beamed in pairs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

103

Musical score for measures 103-107. The treble clef continues the melodic line. The bass clef features a more complex accompaniment with some chords and rests. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) in the final measure.

108 **D**

Musical score for measures 108-112. A section marker **D** is present. The treble clef has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *dolce* (dolce) is written in the bass clef.

113

Musical score for measures 113-116. The treble clef has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *sf* (sforzando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano).

117

Musical score for measures 117-120. The treble clef has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) and *poco a poco crescendo*.

121

Musical score for measures 121-124. The treble clef has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *fz* (forzando) and *pp* (pianissimo).

125

f *pp*

129

E

ff

133

8va

137

8va-7

p stacc. *pp* *cre* *scen - do*

141

f *mf*

145

mf

149

ff

153

157

ff

161

165

169

8va

ACT I

SCENE:— Exterior of Castle Bunthorne. Young maidens dressed in aesthetic draperies are grouped about the stage. They play on lutes, mandolins, etc., as they sing, and all are in the last stage of despair. ANGELA, ELLA and SAPHIR lead them.

No. 1: CHORUS OF MAIDENS, with SOLOS (Angela & Ella)

Andante ♩ = 66

f *p* *p*

7 *dim. p* *p*

13 *dim.* *p* *p* **A**

20 **CHORUS (unison)**
Twen - ty love-sick mid - ens we, Love - sick all a - gainst our will

24
Twen - ty years hence we shall be Twen - ty love - sick maid-ens still.

28

Twen - ty love-sick maid-ens we, And we die for love of

32

thee! Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens we,

35

Love - sick all a - gainst our will. Twen - ty years hence

38

we shall be Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens still!

41 **B Solo. ANGELA** **CHORUS**

Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die — Ah,

45 ANGELA

mis - er - ie! Yet my love lives, al - though no hope have

49 CHORUS ANGELA

I! Ah, mis - er - ie! A - las, poor heart, go

53

hide thy - self a - way — To weep - ing con - cords

57 C CHORUS

tune thy roun - de - lay! Ah, mis - er - ie! All our love is all for

61

one, Yet that love he heed - eth not, He is

64

coy and cares for none, Sad and sor - ry is our lot! Ah,

68 **D Solo. ELLA**

mis - er - ie! Go break - ing

p

71

heart, _____ Go, dream of love re - quit - ed;

74

Go, fool - ish heart, _____ Go, dream of lov - ers

77

plight - ed; Go, mad - cap heart, Go

80

dream of ne - ver wak - ing; And in thy

83

dream For - get that thou art break - ing!

86

CHORUS **ELLA** *rall.*

Ah, mis - er - ie! For - get that thou art break - ing!

p *colla voce* *a tempo*

91 CHORUS

Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens we, Love - sick all a - gainst our

P dolce

94

will. Twen - ty years hence we shall be

97

Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens still.

8va

100

Ah, mis - er - ie!

mf *rall.* *p*

ANG. There is a strange magic in this love of ours! Rivals as we all are in the affections of our Reginald, the very hopelessness of our love is a bond that binds us to one another!

SAPH. Jealousy is merged in misery. While he, the very cynosure of our eyes and hearts, remains icy insensible – what have we to strive for?

ELLA. The love of maidens is, to him, as interesting as the taxes!

SAPH. Would that it were! He pays his taxes.

ANG. And cherishes the receipts!

(Enter LADY JANE.)

SAPH. Happy receipts!

JANE *(suddenly)*. Fools!

ANG. I beg your pardon?

JANE. Fools and blind! The man loves – wildly loves!

ANG. But whom? None of us!

JANE. No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the nonce, on Patience, the village milkmaid!

SAPH. On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

JANE. Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. To-day he is not well!

SAPH. But Patience boasts that she has never loved – that love is, to her, a sealed book! Oh, he cannot be serious!

JANE. 'Tis but a fleeting fancy 'twill quickly wear away. *(Aside.)* Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid's triumph would be short indeed!

(PATIENCE appears on an eminence. She looks down with pity on the despondent Maidens.)

No. 2: RECIATIVE (Patience, Saphir, Angela & Chorus)

Allegro $\text{♩} = 76$

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked Allegro with a quarter note equal to 76 beats per minute.

5

PATIENCE

Vocal line for Patience, starting at measure 5. The lyrics are: "Still brooding on their mad in - fat - u - a - tion! I thank thee, Love, thou comest not to". The music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* (piano).

7

Vocal line for Patience, starting at measure 7. The lyrics are: "me! Far hap - pier I, free from thy min - is - tra - tion, Than dukes or". The music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major.

9

SAPHIR

Vocal line for Saphir, starting at measure 9. The lyrics are: "duch - ess - es who love, can be! 'Tis Pa-tience —". The music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

12

hap - py girl! Loved by a po - et!

16

PATIENCE **ANGELA**

Your par - don, la - dies. I in - trude up - on you. Nay, pret - ty child, come

19

PATIENCE

hi - ther. Is it true That you have ne - ver loved? Most true in -

22

CHORUS SOPRANOS **CONTRALTOS**

deed. Most mar - vel - lous! And most de - plo - ra - ble!

Attaca Song.

SONG (Patience)

25 *Allegretto grazioso* ♩ = 76

PATIENCE

I can - not tell what this love may be That cometh to

29

all, but not to me, It can-not be kind as they'd im - ply, Or why do these

33

la - dies sigh? It can - not be joy and rap - ture deep, Or why do these

37

gen - tle la - dies weep? It can-not be bliss - ful as 'tis said, Or why are their

riten.

41 **A**

eyes so — won - drous red? Though ev - ry-

a tempo

45

where — true love I see A - com - ing to

49 *rall.* **B**

all — but not to me, I can - not tell what — this love — may be!

rall.

53 *mp*

— For I — am blithe and I — am gay, While they — sit sigh - ing night — and

mp

57

day; For I am blithe and I am gay, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and

CHORUS *f* Yes, she is blithe and she is gay, Yes, she is *p*

61

me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal la la la

blithe and gay, Yes, she is blithe and gay.

64

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mis - er - ie!

Ah, mis - er - ie!

68

p

72 PATIENCE

If love is a thorn, they show no wit Who foolish-ly hug and fos - ter

it. If love is a weed, how sim - ple they Who ga - ther it day by

day! If love is a net - tle that makes you smart, Then why do you wear it next your

heart? And if it be none of these, say I, — Ah, why do you sit and — sob and

riten.

103

day; For I am blithe and I am gay. Think of the gulf 'twixt them and

CHORUS

For she is blithe and she is gay. For she is

107

me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal la la la

blithe and gay, For she is blithe and gay,

110

ad lib.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mis - er - ie!

Ah, mis - er - ie!

f a tempo

114

ANG. Ah, Patience, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! *(All sigh.)*

PA. But the truly happy always seem to have so much on their minds. The truly happy never seem quite well.

JANE. There is a transcendentalism of delirium – an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy – which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is not indigestion – it is aesthetic transfiguration! *(To the others.)* Enough of babble. Come!

PA. But stay, I have some news for you. The 35th Dragoon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

ANG. The 35th Dragoon Guards!

SAPH. They are fleshly men, of full habit!

ELLA. We care nothing for Dragoon Guards!

PA. But, bless me, you were all engaged to them a year ago!

SAPH. A year ago!

ANG. My poor child, you don't understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our perceptions exalted. *(To others.)* Come, it is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door.

(The Maidens go off, two and two, into the Castle, singing refrain of 'Twenty love-sick maidens we', and accompanying themselves on harps and mandolins.

PATIENCE watches them in surprise, as she climbs the rock by which she entered.)

No. 2a: CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT.)

CHORUS

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, often with slurs and dynamic markings. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto register, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line and a final chord in the piano.

Twen - ty love-sick maid - ens we, _____

p dolce

4
Love - sick all a - gainst our will. Twen - ty years hence

7
we shall be Twen - ty love-sick maid-ens still.
8va

11
Ah, mis - er - ie!

mf *rall.* *p*

(March. Enter Officers of Dragoon Guards, led by MAJOR.)

No. 3: SOLO (Colonel and Chorus of Dragoons)

Allegro marziale ♩=108. 8va.....

ff

8 8va-----

15 A

22 **CHORUS TENORS**

f The sol - diers of our Queen Are linked in friend - ly teth - er; Up-

BASSES

f The sol - diers of our Queen Are linked in friend - ly teth - er; Up-

27

on the bat-tle scene They fight the foe to - ge-ther. There ev - ery mother's son— Pre-

on the bat-tle scene They fight the foe to - ge-ther. There ev - ery mother's son— Pre-

33

pared to fight and fall is; The en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is! The

pared to fight and fall is; The en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is! The

39

en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is!

en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is!

ff

45

ff

51 **Allegro** ♩. = 108 (*Enter Colonel*)

56 **C COLONEL**

If you want a re - ceipt for that

p

60

pop - u - lar mys - te - ry, Known to the world as a Hea - vy Dra - goon.

63

Take all the re-mark-a - ble

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS

f Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

f *p*

68

peo - ple in his - to - ry, Rat - tle them off to a po - u - lar tune

D

f Yes, yes,

D *f*

72

1. The

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

fz *fz* *p*

3

77

pluck of Lord Nel - son on board of the Vic - to - ry — Ge - nius of Bis - mark de -
want a re - ceipt for this sol - dier - like pa - ra - gon, Get at the wealth of the

80

vis - ing a plan — The hu - mour of Field - ing, (which sounds con - tra - dic - to - ry) —
Czar (if you can) — The fam - i - ly pride of a Span - iard from Ar - ra - gon —

83

Cool - ness of Pa - get a - bout to tre - pan — The sci - ence of Jul - lien, the
Force of Me - phis - to pro - nounc - ing a ban — A smack of Lord Wa - ter - ford,

86

em - i - nent mu - si - co — Wit of Mac - au - lay, who wrote of Queen Anne — The
reck - less and rol - lick - y — Swag - ger of Ro - der - ick, head - ing his clan — The

89

pa - thos of Pad - dy, as ren - dered by Bou - ci - cault— Style of the Bish - op of
keen pen - e - tra - tion of Pad - ding - ton Pol - la - ky— Grace of an O - da - lisque

92

So - dor and Man— The dash of a D'Or - say, di - vest - ed of quack - e - ry—
on a di - van— The ge - nius stra - te - gic of Cae - sar or Han - i - bal—

95

Nar - ra - tive pow - ers of Dick - ens and Thack - er - ay — Vic - tor Em - man - u - el —
Skill of Sir Gar - net in thrash - ing a can - ni - bal— Fla - vour of Ham - let, the

98

peak-haunt - ing Pe - ve - ril — Tho - mas A - qui - nas, and Doc - tor Sa - che - ve - reil —
Strang - er, a touch of him — Lit - tle of Man - fred (but not ve - ry much of him)—

101

Tup - per and Ten - ny - son Dan - iel De - foe — An - tho - ny Trol - lope and
 Bea - dle of Bur - ling - ton Rich - ard - son's show — Mis - ter Mi - caw - ber and

cres - - - - cen - - - - do

104

Mis - ter Gui - zot!
 Ma - dame Tus - saud! } Ah!

CHORUS *f*
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

f

108

Take of these el - e - ments all that is fu - si - ble,
 yes, yes! A Hea - vy Dra - goon, a Hea - vy Dra - goon, a

pp

G *p*

111

Melt them all down in a pip-kin or cru-ci-ble, Set them to sim-mer and take off the scum—

Hea-vy Dra-goon, a Hea-vy Dra-goon, A Hea-vy Dra-goon a Hea-vy Dra-goon—

115

(Top notes 2nd time)

And a Hea-vy Dra-goon is the re-si-du-um!

is the re-si-du-um!

f *ff*

121

126

COLONEL 1. 2.

2. If you

ffz

COL. Well, here we are once more on the scene of our former triumphs.
But where's the Duke?

(Enter DUKE. listlessly, and in low spirits.)

DUKE. Here I am! *(Sighs.)*

COL. Come, cheer up, don't give way!

DUKE. Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a duke, with a thousand a day!

MAJ. Humph! Most men would envy you!

DUKE. Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of toffee?

MAJ. Very!

COL. We are all fond of toffee.

ALL. We are!

DUKE. Yes, and toffee in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on toffee — toffee for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea to have it supposed that you care for nothing but toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you — how would you like that?

COL. I can quite believe that, under those circumstances, even toffee would become monotonous.

DUKE. For 'toffee' read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great Heavens, what is there to adulate in me! Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

COL. You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

ALL. You are!

DUKE. Exactly! That's it exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much! Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the Army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.

COL. *(looking off)*. Yes, and here are the ladies!

DUKE. But who is the gentleman with the long hair?

COL. I don't know.

DUKE. He seems popular!

COL. He does seem popular!

(BUNTHORNE enters, followed by Maidens, two and turn, singing and playing on harps as before. He is composing a poem, and quite absorbed. He sees no one, but walks across the stage, followed by Maidens. They take no notice of Dragoons — to the surprise and indignation of those Officers.)

No. 4: CHORUS, with SOLOS (Angela, Saphir & Bunthorne)

Allegretto amoroso $\text{♩} = 66$

ELLA with SOP.
CHORUS ANG. & SAPH. with CONT.

In a dole - ful train Two and two we walk all

day - For we love in vain! None so sor - row - ful as they

Who can on - ly sigh and say, Woe is me a-

29

lack - a - day! Woe is me, a - lack - a -

34

A

day!

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

f

Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous - and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A

mf

37

thorough-paced ab - sur - di - ty - ex - plain it if you can. In - stead of rush - ing ea - ger - ly to

40

cher - ish us and fos - ter us, they all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. In -

43 **B**

stead of sly-ly peer - ing at us, Cast-ing looks en - dear - ing at us, Blush-ing at us, flushing at us -

46

flirt - ing with a fan; They're ac - tu - al - ly sneering at us; fleer-ing at us, jeer - ing at us

49

Pret - ty sort of treatment for a mi - li - ta - ry man! They're ac - tu - al - ly sneer-ing at us,

52

fleer-ing at us, jeer - ing at us! Pret - ty sort of treatment for a mi - li - ta - ry man!

55 **C**

f *dim.* *rall.*

61 **Andantino** $\text{♩} = 66$
ANGELA

Mys - tic po - et hear our prayer _____ Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens

64

we - Young and weal - thy, dark and fair - All of coun - ty

68 **D**

fa - mi - ly. And we die for love of thee -

72 **CHORUS of MAIDENS**

Twen - ty love-sick maid-ens we! Yes, we die for love of thee -

N.B. The crotchets in this movement are equal to the minims in the preceding one.

E BUNTHORNE (*aside - slyly*)

76

Twen - ty love - sick mid - ens we! Though my

dim.

79 **Allegretto come I** $\text{♩} = 66$

book I seem to scan In a rapt ec - sta - tic way, Like a lit - er - a - ry

p stacc.

84

man Who des - pi - ses fe - male clay, I hear plain - ly all they say, Twen - ty

89 **F** CHORUS of DRAGOONS (*to each other*)

love - sick maid - ens they! He hears plain - ly all they say, Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens

f

92 **Andantino** ♩ = 66**SAPHIR**

they! Though so ex - cel - lent - ly wise, —

95

For a mo - ment mor - tal be. Deign to raise thy pur - ple eyes

99

From thy heart - drawn po - e - sy. **G**

102

Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens see - Each is kneel - ing on her

105

*(All kneel)***CHORUS of MAIDENS**

knee! Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens see -

108

BUNTHORNE (aside)

Each is kneel - ing on her knee! ⁸ Though my

111

Allegretto come I ♩ = 66

I remarked be - fore, A - ny - one convinced would be That some tran - scen - dent - tal

p stacc.

116

lore is mo - no - po - liz - ing me, Round the cor - ner I can see Each is

121

H *f* CHORUS of DRAGOONS

kneel - ing on her knee! Round the cor - ner he can see Each is kneel - ing on her

f

124

knee! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A thorough-paced ab-

f

127 **J** **CHORUS of MAIDENS** *f*

In a

sur-di-ty, ri-di-culous pre - pos-terous! Explain it if you can. Now

131

dole - ful train Two and two we walk all

is not his ri - di - cu - lous, and is not this pre-pos - te - rous? A thorough-paced ab - sur - di - ty, ex -

134

day - For we love in vain! None so

plain it if you can. In - stead of rush-ing ea - ger - ly to che-rish us and fos - ter us, They

137

sor - row - ful as they Who can
all pre-fer this me - lan-cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. In - stead of sly - ly peer - ing at us,

140

on - ly sigh and say,
Cast - ing looks en - dear - ing at us, Blush - ing at us, flush - ing at us - flirt - ing with a fan; They're

143

K

Woe is me, a - lack - a -
ac - tu - al - ly sneer - ing at us, flee - ing at us, jeer - ing at us! Pret - ty sort of treat - ment for a

K

146

day! Woe is me a-

mi - li - ta - ry man! They're ac - tu - al - ly sneer-ing at us, flee - ing at us, jeer - ing at us!

149

lack - a - day! Twen - ty love - sick

Pret - ty sort of treat-ment for a mi - li - ta - ry man! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous, and

152

maid - ens we - And we

is not this pre - pos - te - rous? They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. Now

155

die for love of thee!

is not this ri - di - cu - lous, and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly

158

Yes, we die for love of

me - lan - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous, and is not this pre -

161

thee!

pos - ter - ous?

COL. Angela! what is the meaning of this?

ANG. Oh, sir, leave us; our minds are but ill-tuned to light love-talk.

MAJ. But what in the world has come over you all?

JANE. Bunthorne! *He* has come over us. He has come among us, and he has idealized us.

DUKE. Has he succeeded in idealizing *you*?

JANE. He has!

DUKE. Good old Bunthorne!

JANE. My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling!

(During this BUNTHORNE is seen in all the agonies of composition. The Maidens are watching him intently as he writhes. At last he hits on the word he wants and writes it down. A general sense of relief.)

BUN. Finished! At last! Finished!

(He staggers, overcome-with the mental strain, into arms of COLONEL.)

Col. Are you better now?

BUN. Yes – oh, it's you – I am better now. The poem is finished, and my soul had gone out into it. That was all. It was nothing worth mentioning, it occurs three times a day. *(Sees PATIENCE, who has entered during this scene.)* Ah, Patience! Dear Patience! *(Holds her hand; she seem frightened.)*

ANG. Will it please you read it to us, sir?

SAPH. This we supplicate. *(All kneel.)*

BUN. Shall I?

ALL THE DRAGOONS. No!

BUN. *(annoyed — to PATIENCE)*. I will read it if *you* bid me!

PA. *(much frightened)*. You can if you like!

BUN. It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing; yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called, 'Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!'

PA. Is it a hunting song?

BUN. A hunting song? No, it is not a hunting song. It is the wail of the poet's heart on discovering that everything is commonplace. To understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies. *(They do so as he recites) —*

'OH, HOLLOW! HOLLOW! HOLLOW!'

What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That all can be set right with calomel?

When from the poet's plinth
The amorous colocynth
Yearns for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,
How can he hymn their throes
Knowing, as well he knows,
That they are only uncompounded pills?

Is it, and can it be,
 Nature hath this decree,
 Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell?
 Or that in all her works
 Something poetic lurks,
 Even in colocynth and calomel?
 I cannot tell.

(*Exit BUNTHORNE.*)

ANG. How purely fragrant!

SAPH. How earnestly precious!

PA. Well, it seems to me to be nonsense.

SAPH. Nonsense, yes, perhaps — but oh, what precious nonsense!

COL. This is all very well, but you seem to forget that you are engaged to us.

SAPH. It can never be. You are not Empyrean. You are not Della Cruscan. You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English ere it is too late! (*Officers look at each other in astonishment.*)

JANE (*looking at uniform*). Red and Yellow! Primary colours! Oh, South Kensington!

DUKE. We didn't design our uniforms, but we don't see how they could be improved.

JANE. No, you wouldn't. Still, there is a cobwebby grey velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy, which, made Florentine fourteenth-century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar lace, and surmounted with something Japanese — it matters not what — would at least be Early English! Come, maidens.

(*Exeunt Maidens, two and two, singing refrain of 'Twenty love-sick maidens we'. The Officers watch them off in astonishment.*)

No. 4a: CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT.)

CHORUS

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is simple and lyrical, with lyrics in French. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p dolce* and *8va*.

Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens we,

Love - sick all a - gainst our will. Twen - ty years hence

we shall be Twen - ty love - sick maid - ens still.

Ah, mis - er - ie!

DUKE. Gentlemen, this is an insult to the British uniform —
 COL. A uniform that has been as successful in the courts of Venus as on
 the field of Mars!

No. 5: SONG (Colonel)

Allegro marziale ♩ = 108

6 COLONEL

1. When I first put this u - ni - form
 said, when I first put it

10

on, I said, as I looked in the glass, "It's one to a mil - lion That
 on, "It is plain to the ve - ri - est dunce, That ev - er - y beau - ty Will

14

a - ny ci - vi - lian My fi - gure and form will sur - pass. Gold
 feel it her du - ty To yield to its glam - our at once They will

17

lace has a charm for the fair, And I've plen - ty of that, and to
see that I'm free - ly gold - laced In a u - ni - form hand - some and

20

spare, While a lo - ver's pro - fes - sions, When ut - tered in Hes - sians, Are
chaste," But the pe - ri - pa - te - tics Of long - haired aes - the - tics Are

23

e - lo - quent ev - ery - where!" A fact that I count - ed up -
ve - ry much more to their taste - Which I ne - ver count - ed up -

26

on, When I first put this u - ni - form on! on, When I first put this u - ni - form on!

CHORUS *f*
By a
By a
By a
By a

29

sim - ple co - in - ci - dence, _ few Could ev - er have count - ed up - on, The
sim - ple co - in - ci - dence, _ few Could ev - er have count - ed up - on, I

33

same thing oc - curred to me When I first put this u - ni - form
did - n't an - ti - ci - pate that When I first put this u - ni - form

36

1. COLONEL 2.

on! 2. I on!
on! on!

ff

40

[The Dragoons go off angrily.]

Enter BUNTHORNE, who changes his manner and becomes intensely melodramatic.

No. 6: RECITATIVE & SONG (Bunthorne)

Andante ♩=96 **BUNTHORNE (recit.)**

Am I a-lone,

And un-observed? I am!

recit. Then let me own I'm an aes-the-tic sham!

This air se-

A

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

ff *tr*

ff tr a tempo

f a tempo

f pp trem.

20

vere Is but a mere Ve - neer! This cy - nic

ff *f*

24

smile Is but a wile Of guile! This cos - tume

ff *f*

28

chaste Is but good taste Mis - placed!

ff *dim.* *p dim.*

34

B *recit.*

Let me con - fess! A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!

pp *p*

38

Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me! I do *not* care for dirty greens By any means I do

40

not long for all one sees That's Japanese. I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes In stained-glass attitudes.

42

In short, my me - di - ae - val - is - m's af - fec - ta - tion. Born of a

43

Allegretto grazioso $\text{♩} = 72$

mor-bid love of ad - mi - ra - tion!

47

1. If you're

51

anx - ious for to shine_ in the high aes - the - tic line_ as a man of cul - ture

p stacc.

54

rare, You must get up all the germs_of the trans-cen-den-tal terms,_ and_ plant them ev - ery-

58

C1

where. You must lie up - on the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your comp-li - cated state of

p stacc.

62

mind, The meaning doesn't mat-ter if it's on - ly i - dle chat - ter of a trans - cen - den - tal

66

D1

kind. And ev - ery - one will say, As you walk your mys - tic

pp sempre stacc.

71
 way, "If_ this_ young man ex - presses him - self in terms too deep for

75 **E1**
 me, Why, what a ve-ry singu-lar-ly deep young man this deep young man must

79
 bel!" 2. Be—

84
 el - o - quent in praise_ of the ve - ry dull old days_ which have long since passed a-

p stacc.

87
 way, And con - vince 'em, if you can,_ that the reign of good Queen Anne_ was_ Culture's palmiest

91 **C2**

8 day. Of course you will pooh-pooh what - ev - er's fresh and new, and de - clare it's crude and

95

8 mean, For Art stopped short in the cul - ti - va - ted court of the Em - press Jo - seph-

99 **D2**

8 ine. And ev - ery - one will say, As you walk your mys - tic

pp sempre stacc.

104

8 way, "If that's not good e - nough for him which is good e - nough for

108 **E2**

8 me, Why, what a ve - ry cul - ti - va - ted kind of youth this kind of youth must

tr

112

be!"

3. Then a

117

sen - ti - men - tal passion, of a ve - ge - ta - ble fashion must ex - cite your lan - guid

p stacc.

120

spleen, An at - tachment à la Pla-to for a bash - ful young po - ta - to, or a not-too-French French

124

C3

bean! Though the Phi - lis - tines may jos-tle, you will rank as an a - pos-tle in the high aes - the-tic

128

band, If you walk down Pic-ca - dil - ly with a pop-py or a li - ly in your me - di - ae - val

132

8 hand. **D3** And ev - ery - one will say, As you walk your flow - ery

pp sempre stacc.

137

8 way, "If he's con - tent with a ve - ge - ta - ble love which would cer - tain - ly not suit

141

8 **E3** *rall.* me, Why, what a most par - tic - u - lar - ly pure young man this pure young man must

rall. *tr*

145

8 be!"

(At the end of his song PATIENCE enters. He sees her.)

BUN. Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. Are you?

PA. No, thanks, I have dined; but – I beg your pardon – I interrupt you.

BUN. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PA. Really, I'm very sorry –

BUN. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

PA. (*misunderstanding him*). I earn my living.

BUN. (*impatiently*). No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face, daily, with the Multiplication Table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans and to find puddles? – to long for whirlwinds and yet to have to do the best you can with the bellows? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PA. If you please, I don't understand you – you frighten me!

BUN. Don't be frightened – it's only poetry.

PA. Well, if that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

BUN. (*eagerly*). Don't you? (*Aside.*) Can I trust her? (*Aloud.*) Patience, you don't like poetry – well, between you and me, I don't like poetry. It's hollow, unsubstantial – unsatisfactory. What's the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can't get 'em, and would only let 'em out on building leases if you had 'em?

PA. Sir, I —

BUN. Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as bilious as I look. If you like, I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Be a good girl – a very good girl – and one day you shall. If you are fond of touch-and-go jocularities – this is the shop for it.

PA. Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught. I have never loved but my great-aunt. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn't possibly love *you*.

BUN. Oh, you think not?

PA. I'm quite sure of it. Quite sure. Quite.

BUN. Very good. Life is henceforth a blank I don't care what becomes of me. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though *you* despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young ladies.

PA. I only ask that you will leave me and never renew the subject.

BUN. Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. (*Recites.*)

‘Oh, to be wafted away
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!’

It is a little thing of my own. I call it ‘Heart Foam’. I shall not publish it. Farewell! Patience, Patience, farewell!

(Exit BUNTHORNE.)

PA. What on earth does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation! It frightens me!

(Enter ANGELA.)

ANG. Why, Patience, what is the matter?

PA. Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?

ANG. Poor blind child! Oh, forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement! It is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

PA. Oh, dear, oh! (*Beginning to cry.*)

ANG. Why are you crying?

PA. To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn't it?

ANG. Absolutely! Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

PA. I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

ANG. Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

PA. Yes, one.

ANG. Ah! Whom?

PA. My great-aunt —

ANG. Great-aunts don't count.

PA. Then there's nobody. At least — no, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But *that* doesn't count, I suppose.

ANG. I don't know. Tell me about it.

No. 7: DUET (Patience and Angela)

Allegretto moderato ♩ = 108 **PATIENCE**

Long years a - go -

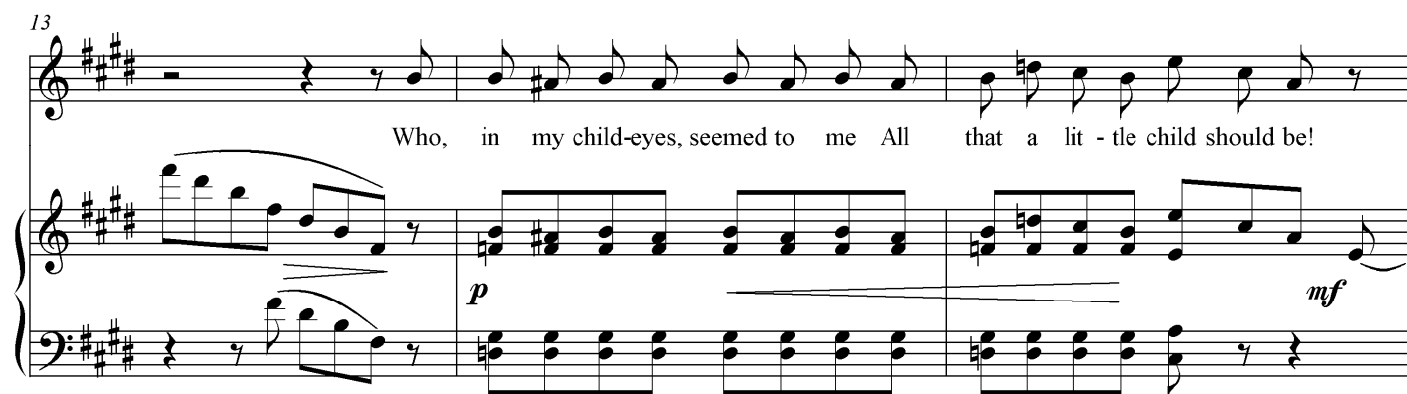
four - teen, may - be - When but a ti - ny babe of four, An -

o - ther ba - by played with me, My el - der by a year or

more. **A** lit - tle child of beau - ty rare, With marvellous eyes and wondrous hair.

p *cresc.*

13



Who, in my child-eyes, seemed to me All that a lit - tle child should be!

p *mf*

16

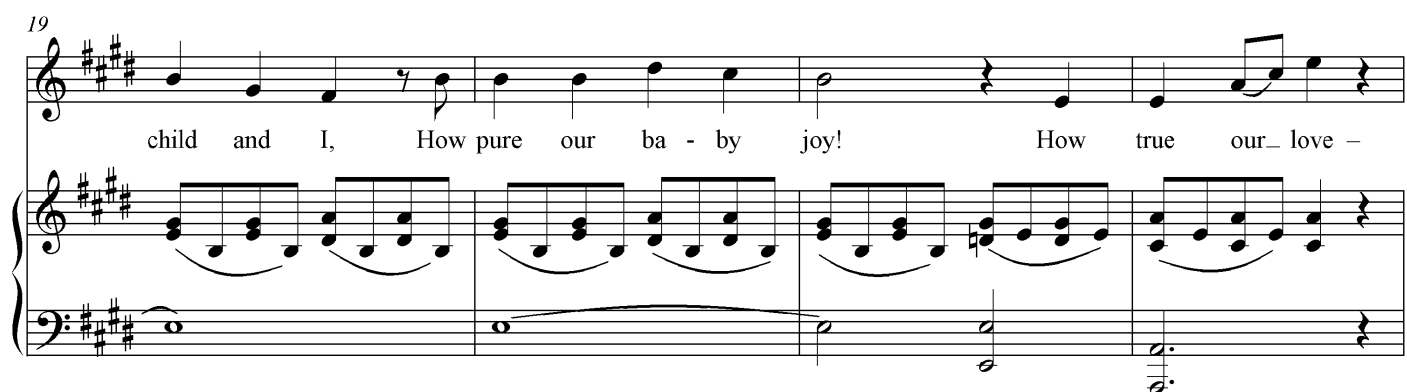


B

Ah, how we loved, that

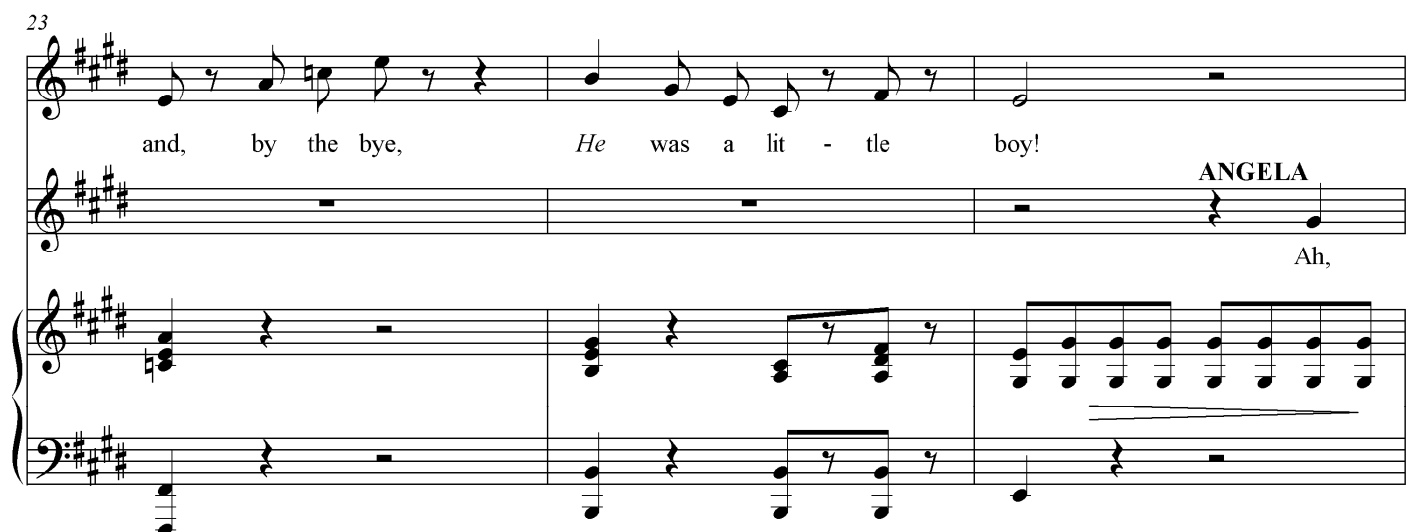
dim. *p*

19



child and I, How pure our ba - by joy! How true our love -

23



and, by the bye, He was a lit - tle boy!

ANGELA

Ah,

p

26 **C**

old, old tale of Cu-pid's touch! I thought as much - I

p

stacc.

29 **PATIENCE**

Pray

thought as much! He was a lit - tle boy!

p

32

don't mis - con - strue what I say - Re - mem - ber pray - re-

p

stacc.

35 **D**

member pray, He was a lit - tle boy!

ANGELA

No doubt! Yet spite of all your pains, The

D

f

39

in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains He was a lit - tle boy! Ah, —

p

43

yes, — in spite of all my pains, The in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains — He

yes, — in spite of all your pains, The in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains He

f dim. p

47

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

pp a tempo f

51

dim.

(Exit ANGELA.)

PA. It's perfectly dreadful to think of the appalling state I must be in! I had no idea that love was a duty. No wonder they all look so unhappy! Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself. I don't think I'm respectable. I'll go at once and fall in love with – (*Enter GROSVENOR.*) A stranger!

No. 8: DUET (Patience and Grosvenor)

Allegretto ♩ = 92

GROSVENOR

Pri-thee, pret - ty maid-en - pri-thee, tell me true,

mf *dim.* *p*

5
8
(Hey, but I'm dole-ful, wil-low wil-low wa - ly!) Have you e'er a lo - ver a - dangling af-ter you?

9
8
Hey wil - low wa - ly O! I would fain dis - co - ver If you have a lo - ver!

13
8
rall. **PATIENCE** *a tempo*
Hey wil - low wa - ly O! Gen-tle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free -
rall. *a tempo*

17

(Hey, but he's dole - ful, wil-low wil-low wa - ly!) No-bo-dy I care for comes a-court-ing me -

21

Hey wil - low wa - ly O! No-bo-dy I care for Comes a - court-ing - there - fore,

25

rall. **GROSVENOR** *a tempo*

Hey - wil - low wa - ly - O! 8 Pri-thee, pret - ty maid - en, will you mar - ry me?

rall. *p a tempo*

29

8 (Hey, but I'm hope - ful, wil - low wil - low wa - ly!) I may say, at once, I'm a

32

8 man of pro - per - tee - Hey, wil - low wa - ly O! Mon-ey, I des-pise it;

PATIENCE
a tempo

36 *rall.* *a tempo*

Ma-ny peo-ple prize it. Hey— wil - low wa - ly— O! Gen-tle sir, al-though to

40

mar-ry I de-sign - (Hey, but he's hope - ful, wil - low, wil - low wa - ly!) As

43

yet I do not know you, and so I must de-cline, Hey wil-low wa - ly O! To

47 *rall.* *rall.* *rall.*

o-ther maidens go you - As yet I do not know you, Hey— wil - low wa - ly— O!
Hey wil - low wa - ly O!—

GROS. Patience! Can it be that you don't recognize me?

PA. Recognize you? No, indeed I don't!

GROS. Have fifteen years so greatly changed me?

PA. Fifteen years? What do you mean?

GROS. Have you forgotten the friend of your youth, your Archibald? – your little playfellow? Oh, Chronos, Chronos, this is too bad of you!

PA. Archibald! Is it possible? Why, let me look! It is! It is! It must be! Oh, how happy I am! I thought we should never meet again! And how you've grown!

GROS. Yes, Patience, I am much taller and much stouter than I was.

PA. And how you've improved!

GROS. Yes, Patience, I am very beautiful! (*Sighs.*)

PA. But surely *that* doesn't make you unhappy?

GROS. Yes, Patience. Gifted as I am with a beauty which probably has not its rival on earth, I am, nevertheless, utterly and completely miserable.

PA. Oh – but why?

GROS. My child-love for you has never faded. Conceive, then, the horror of my situation when I tell you that it is my hideous destiny to be madly loved at first sight by every woman I come across!

PA. But why do you make yourself so picturesque? Why not disguise yourself, disfigure yourself, anything to escape this persecution?

GROS. No, Patience, that may not be. These gifts – irksome as they are – were given to me for the enjoyment and delectation of my fellow-creatures. I am a trustee for Beauty, and it is my duty to see that the conditions of my trust are faithfully discharged.

PA. And you, too, are a Poet?

GROS. Yes, I am the Apostle of Simplicity. I am called 'Archibald the All-Right' – for I am infallible!

PA. And is it possible that you condescend to love such a girl as I?

GROS. Yes, Patience, is it not strange? I have loved you with a Florentine fourteenth-century frenzy for full fifteen years!

PA. Oh, marvellous! I have hitherto been deaf to the voice of love. I seem now to know what love is! It has been revealed to me – it is Archibald Grosvenor!

GROS. Yes, Patience, it is!

PA. (*as in a trance*). We will never, never part!

GROS. We will live and die together!

PA. I swear it!

GROS. We both swear it!

PA. (*recoiling from him*). But – oh, horror!

GROS. What's the matter?

PA. Why, you are perfection! A source of endless ecstasy to all who know you!

GROS. I know I am. Well?

PA. Then, bless my heart, there can be nothing unselfish in loving *you*!

GROS. Merciful powers! I never thought of that!

PA. To monopolize those features on which all women love to linger! It would be unpardonable!

GROS. Why, so it would! Oh, fatal perfection, again you interpose between me and my happiness!

PA. Oh, if you were but a thought less beautiful than you are!

GROS. Would that I were; but candour compels me to admit that I'm not!

PA. Our duty is clear; we must part, and for ever!

GROS. Oh misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your decision. Farewell, Patience!

PA. Farewell, Archibald! But stay!

GROS. Yes, Patience?

PA. Although I may not love *you* – for you are perfection – there is nothing to prevent your loving *me*. I am plain, homely, unattractive!

GROS. Why, that's true!

PA. The love of such a man as you for such a girl as I must be unselfish!

GROS. Unselfishness itself!

No 8a: DUET (Patience and Grosvenor)

Allegretto **PATIENCE**

Though to mar - ry you would ve - ry self - ish be -

GROSVENOR

You may, all the same, con -

Hey, but I'm dole - ful - wil - low wil - low wa - ly!

tin - ue lov - ing me - All the world ig - nor - ing,

(Hey, wil - low wa - ly O!) All the world ig - nor - ing,

11 You'll go on a - dor - ing - Hey - wil - low wa - ly - O!

I'll go on a - dor - ing - Hey wil - low wa - ly O!

(At the end, exeunt despairingly, in opposite directions.)

(Enter BUNTHORNE, crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. He is led by ANGELA and SAPHIR, each of whom holds an end of the rose-garland by which he is bound, and accompanied by a procession of Maidens. They are dancing classically, and playing on cymbals, double pipes, and other archaic instruments.)

No. 9: FINALE - ACT I

Allegretto moderato $\text{♩} = 72$

p

f

p

f

f

f

4

7

10

13

16

A

19

22 **CHORUS of MAIDENS**

Let the mer - ry cym - bals sound _____ Gai - ly pipe Pan - dae - an

25

plea - sure, With a Daph - ne - phor - ic bound, _____

28

Tread a gay but clas - sic mea - - - - sure, Tread a gay but class - ic

31 **B**

mea - sure. Ev - ery heart with hope is

34

beat - ing, For at this ex - ci - ting meet - ing

37

Fick - le For - tune will de - cide Who shall be our Bun - thorne's bride!

40

Ev - ery heart with hope is beat - ing,

cre - - scen - - do

43

For at this ex - ci - ting meet - ing Fick - le For - tune will de -

46

cide Who shall be our Bun - thorne's bride! Let the mer - ry cym - bals

C **ff**

49

sound, _____ Gai - ly pipe Pan - dae - an plea - sure,

52

With a Daph - ne - phor - ic bound _____ Tread a gay but clas - sic,

55

clas - sic mea - sure, Tread a gay but clas - sic, clas - sic mea - sure, A

58

clas - sic mea - sure, _____

D Enter Dragons led by Colonel, Major and Duke.

63

They are surprised at proceedings.

DUKE, COL., and MAJ. CHORUS of DRAGONS (unison) *f*

Now

cre - scen - do

67

tell us, we pray you, Why thus they ar - ray you - Oh, po - et, how say you - What

mf

70

is it you've_ done? Now tell us, we pray you, Why thus they ar - ray you - Oh,

73

po - et, how say you - What is it you've done? Oh, po - et, how say you - What

76

SOLO DUKE E

is it you've done? ⁸ Of rite sa - cri - fi - cial, By sen - tence ju - di - cial, This

p

79

COLONEL

seems the in - i - tial, Then why don't you run? ⁸ They can - not have led you to

**CHORUS of
DRAGOONS**
(unison)

82

hang or be - head you, Nor may they all — wed you, Un - for - tu - nate one! Then

85

tell us, we pray you, Why thus they ar - ray you — Oh, po - et, how say you — What

88

F *Enter Solicitor. BUNTHORNE (recit.)*

is it you've done? Heart-bro - ken at my Pa - tien - ce's bar - ba - ri - ty

92

(introducing Solicitor)

By the ad - vice of my so - li - ci - tor, In aid — in aid

95

of a de - serving cha - ri - ty, I've put my - self up to be raf - fled for!

98 **G** CHORUS of MAIDENS

By the ad-vice of his so-li-ci-tor, He's put himself up to be raf-fled for!

CHORUS of DRAGOONS

Oh,

p
a tempo

102

Oh,

(unison)

hor-ror! urged by his so-li-ci-tor, He's put himself up to be raf-fled for!

p

106

heaven's blessing on his so-li-ci-tor! Oh,

(unison)

A hideous curse on his so-li-ci-tor!

f

p

110

heaven's blessing on his so - li - citor!

f (unison)

A hideous curse on his so - li - ci - tor!

p

114

A bless - ing on his so - li - ci - tor!

rall.

A curse, a curse on his so - li - ci - tor!

pp

f

rall.

COLONEL
Allegro $\text{♩} = 108$

(The Solicitor, horrified at the Dragoon's curse, rushes off.)

118

Stay, we im - plore you, Be - fore our hopes are blight - ed; You

p

122

see be - fore you The men to whom you're plight - ed!

126 **CHORUS TENORS**

Stay, _____ we im - plore you, For _____ we a - dore you; To

BASSES

Stay, _____ we im - plore you, For _____ we a - dore you; To

130 *(unison)*

us you're plight - ed To be u - ni - ted -

us you're plight - ed To be u - ni - ted -

cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do -

134

Stay, _____ we im - plore, _____ we im - plore you!

Stay, _____ we im - plore, _____ we im - plore you!

138 **Andante con tenerezza** ♩ = 60**DUKE**

Your mai - den hearts, ah, do not steel To pi - ty's e - lo - quent ap-

142

(aside to Dragoons)

peal, Such conduct Bri - tish sol - diers feel. Sigh, sigh, all sigh! To
(They all sigh.)

147

foeman's steel we rare - ly see A Bri - tish sol - dier bend the knee, Yet,

151

(aside to Dragoons)

one and all, they kneel to ye - Kneel, kneel, all kneel! Our sol - diers ve - ry
(They all kneel.)

156

seldom cry, And yet - I need not tell you why A tear-drop dews each martial eye!

161 *(aside to Dragons)*

Weep, weep, all weep! *(They all weep.)*

CHORUS of MAIDENS *cresc.*
Our sol-diers ve - ry sel-dom cry, And

CHORUS of DRAGOONS *cresc.*
We sol-diers ve - ry sel-dom cry, And

cresc.

165

A tear-drop dews each martial eye!

yet - they need not tell us why -

yet - we need not tell you why -

A tear dews each eye!

p

p

169 **Allegro vivace** ♩ = 112

Weep, weep, all weep!

Weep, weep, all weep!

Weep, weep, all weep!

pp

p stacc.

Allegro vivace ♩ = 112

173 **BUNTHORNE** (who has been impatient during this appeal)

Come, walk up, and purchase with a - vid - i - ty, O - ver - come your dif - fi - dence and

176

na - tu - ral ti - mi - di - ty, Tick - ets for the raf - fle should be purchased with ra - pi - di - ty,

179

Put in half a gui - nea and a hus - band you may gain Such a judge of blue - and - white and

182

o - ther kinds of pot - te - ry - From ear - ly O - ri - en - tal down to mo - dern ter - ra - cot - ta - ry -

185

Put in half a gui - nea - you may draw him in a lot - te - ry - Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may

188

not oc - cur a - gain.

CHORUS of MAIDENS (*unison*)

Such a judge of blue - and - white and o - ther kinds of pot - te - ry - From

K

più f

191

ear - ly O - ri - en - tal down to mo - dern ter - ra - cot - ta - ry - Put in half a gui - nea - you may

194

draw him in a lot - te - ry - Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may not oc - cur a - gain.

(Maidens crowd up to purchase tickets; during this Dragons dance in single file round stage, to express their indifference.)

197 **Vivace** ♩=112 **CHORUS of DRAGOONS** *f* (unison)

We've been thrown o - ver, we're a - ware, But

201

we don't care - but we don't care! There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it, As

205

good as ev - er came out of it, And

209

some day we shall get our share, So

213

M
we don't care - so we don't care!

217

(During this the Maidens have been buying tickets. At last Jane presents herself. Bunthorne looks at her with aversion.)

222

BUNTHORNE (*recit.*) **JANE** (*surprised*)
And are you go-ing a tic - ket for to buy? Most cer-tain-ly I am;

226

BUNTHORNE (*aside*) (*aloud*)
why should-n't I? Oh, For - tune, this is hard! Blind - fold your eyes:

A tempo moderato

231 **N** *Andante affetuoso* ♩=66

Two minutes will de - cide who wins the prize!
(Maidens blindfold themselves.)

CHORUS of MAIDENS *(unison)*

Oh, For - tune.

235

to my ach - ing heart be kind! Like us, thou

238

art blind - fold - ed, but not blind! *(Each uncovers one eye.)* Just raise your band - age,

241

thus, that you may see, And give the prize, and give the

244

prize _____ to me! (*They cover their eyes again.*)

p

248

BUNTHORNE

8 Come, La- dy Jane, I pray you draw the

252

JANE (*joyfully*) **BUNTHORNE** (*aside*)

8 first! He loves me best! 8 I want to know the worst!

(Jane puts her hand in bag to draw ticket. Patience enters and prevents her doing so.)

256

Q Allegro vivace ♩ = 144

PATIENCE (*recit.*)

Hold! Stay your hand!

ff *f a tempo*

261 **CHORUS of MAIDENS** *f*

(Uncovering their eyes.) What means this in - ter fer - ence? Of

CHORUS of DRAGOONS *f*

What means this in - ter fer - ence? Of

264

JANE

this bold girl I pray you make a clear - ance! A-

this bold girl I pray you make a clear - ance!

267

way with you, a - way with you, and to your milk - pails

271

BUNTHORNE (*suddenly*) **PATIENCE** (*kneeling to Bunthorne*)

go! She wants a tic-ket! Take a do-zen! No! If

p *cresc.* *f*

275 **R**

there be par - don in your breast For this poor pen - i - tent, Who

279

with re - morse - ful thought op - prest, Sin - cere - ly doth re - pent. If

283

you, with one so low - ly, still de - sire to be al-

286 *ad lib.*

lied, Then you may take me, if you will, For I will be your

290

S
bride!

ff CHORUS
Oh, shame - less one! Oh, bold - faced thing! A - way you

ff
Oh, shame - less one! Oh, bold - faced thing! A - way you

S
ff

293

run - Go, take your wing. Ah,

Oh, shame - less one, Oh, bold - faced

run - Go, take your wing. Ah,

296

thing! Go, take your wing, You shame - less

A - way you run Go, take your wing, You shame - less

299

one! You bold - faced thing! **BUNTHORNE** 8 How

one! You bold - faced thing!

p

302

T 8 strong is love! For many and many a week She's loved me

p

307

8 fond-ly and has feared to speak, But Na - ture, for re - straint too

312 **U** *ad lib.*

migh - ty far, Has burst the bonds of Art - And here we

317 **PATIENCE (recit.)**

are! No, Mis - ter Bunthorne, no - you're wrong a - gain; Per - mit me - I'll en-

321

deavour to ex - plain!

Clar. solo

PATIENCE

323 **V Andante** ♩=72

True love must sin - gle heart - ed be - From ev - ery sel - fish fan - cy

BUNTHORNE

Ex - act - ly so!

Andante ♩=72

326

free - No i - dle thought of gain - or - joy A
 Ex - act - ly so!

329

maid - en's - fan - cy should em - ploy! True love must be with - out al -
cresc.

332

loy, True love must be with - out al - loy. Im-
DRAGOONS (unison)
 Ex - act - ly so!
dim. *p*

335

W
 pos - ture - to contempt must lead - Blind va - ni - ty's dis - sen - tion's
COLONEL
W
 Ex - act - ly so -

338

seed - It fol - lows, then, a maid - en - who De-

MAJOR

Ex - act - ly so -

341

votes her - self to lov - ing - you Is promp - ted by no sel - fish

(indicating Bunthorne)

cresc.

344

view, Is prompted by no sel - fish view!

DRAGOONS

Ex - act - ly so!

dim. *p*

347

Y SAPHIR Are you re - solved to wed this shame - less one?

ANGELA Is there no chance for a - ny

pp

350

o - ther?

BUNTHORNE (*decisively*)

None! (*Embraces Patience.*)

Andante con moto ♩ = 84

(*Exeunt Patience and Bunthorne. Angela, Saphir and Ella take Colonel, Duke and Major down, while Maidens gaze fondly at other Officers.*)

355

ELLA *p*

I hear the soft note of the

SAPHIR *p*

I hear the soft note of the

ANGELA *p*

I hear the soft note of the

DUKE *p*

I hear the soft note of the

MAJOR *p*

I hear the soft note of the

COLONEL *p*

I hear the soft note of the

Andante con moto ♩ = 84

360

E. echo - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead - It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

S. echo - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

A. e - cho - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

D. echo - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

M. echo - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

C. e - cho - ing voice Of an old, old love, long dead It whis-pers my sor-row-ing *cresc.*

pp

364

E. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

S. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

A. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

D. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

M. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

C. heart "re - joice"! For the last sad tear is shed - The pain that is all but a *p*

368

E. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

S. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

A. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

D. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

M. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

C. *cresc.* plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And *f*

f dim.

371

E. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

S. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

A. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

D. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

M. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

C. *dim.* ne - ver, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a-

374 **B**

E. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

S. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

A. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

D. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

M. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

C. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

CHORUS *p* *cresc.* *f*
 Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

p *cresc.* *f*
 Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

B *p* *f dim.*

379

E. *dim.* C
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

S. *dim.*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

A. *dim.*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

D. *dim.* *f*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain! Oh

M. *dim.*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

C. *dim.*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

dim. *p*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh

dim. *p*
ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh

C
pp

383

E. *f* Oh
 S. *f* Oh
 A. *f* Oh
 D. *f* ne - ver Oh ne - ver our hearts will range, Oh
 M. *f* Oh
 C. *f* Oh

cresc.
 ne - ver our hearts, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh
cresc.
 ne - ver our hearts, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh

387

E. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

S. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

A. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

D. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

M. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

C. ne - ver oh ne-ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

ne - ver our hearts, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

ne - ver our hearts, oh ne - ver, our hearts will range From that old, old love a - gain!

(Maidens embrace Officers.)

393

p a tempo

(Enter Patience and Bunthorne)

(As the Dragoons and Maidens are embracing, enter Grosvenor, reading. He takes no notice of them, but comes slowly down, still reading. The Maidens are all strangely fascinated by him, and gradually withdraw from the Dragoons.)

401

E ANGELA

But who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he comes of no-ble

405

race? And who is this, whose man-ly face Bears sor-row's in-ter-est-ing

409

trace?

CHORUS (unison)

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he comes of no-ble race?

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he comes of no-ble race?

414 **GROSVENOR** (*recit.*)

I am a bro - ken-heart-ed trou - ba - dour, Whose mind's aes - the - tic and whose

pp *fz*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for Grosvenor's recitative. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 and B3, then moves to a half note C4 and E4, and continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *fz* (forzando).

419 **G Vivace** ♩ = 144 **ANGELA** (*recit.*)

tastes are pure! Aes-

a tempo *f* *dim.*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for Angela's recitative. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The vocal line has a rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 and B3, then moves to a half note C4 and E4, and continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *a tempo*, *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

423 **GROSVENOR**

the - tic! He is aes - the - tic! 8 Yes, yes - I am aes-

p

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for Grosvenor's recitative. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The vocal line has a rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 and B3, then moves to a half note C4 and E4, and continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

426 *a tempo* **CHORUS of MAIDENS**

the - tic And po - e - tic! Then we

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the Chorus of Maidens. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The vocal line has a rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 and B3, then moves to a half note C4 and E4, and continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *a tempo*.

429

love you!

H

f

*(The Maidens leave Dragoons and group, kneeling, around Grosvenor.
Fury of Bunthorne, who recognizes a rival.)*

432 **CHORUS of DRAGOONS**

They love him! Hor - ror!

p

435 **PATIENCE & BUNTHORNE** **GROSVENOR**

They love him! Hor-ror! They love me!

cresc.

438

Hor-ror! Hor-ror! Horror!

f *cresc. molto*

441 **Allegretto agitato** ♩=144

PATIENCE
List, Re - ginald while I confess A love that's all un - sel - fishness, That

ELLA
Oh, list while we a love confess That words im-per - fect - ly express, Those

SAPHIR
Oh, list while we a love confess That words im-per - fect - ly express, Those

ANGELA & JANE
Oh, list while we a love confess That words im-per - fect - ly express, Those

DUKE
My jea - lous-y I can't express, Their love they o - pen - ly confess; His

GROSVENOR

BUNTHORNE

MAJOR & COLONEL

CHORUS
Oh, list while we a love con - fess That
Oh, list while they a love con - fess That

Allegretto agitato ♩=144

446

P.
it's unsel - fish, good - ness knows, You won't dis - pute it I__ suppose!

E.
shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes!

S.
shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes!

A.
J.
shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes!

D.
shell - like ears he does not close To their_ re - ci - tal of_ their woes!

G.
A - gain my curs - ed

B.
My jea - lous-y I

M.
C.
My jea - lous-y I

words im - per - fect - ly ex - press! Yes, those shell - like ears, ah,

words im - per - fect - ly ex - press! Yes, his shell - like ears he

451

E. _____

S. _____

A. _____

J. _____

D. _____

G. *8* come-li - ness Spreads hope - less an - guish and distress, Spreads hope - less an-guish and distress dis-

B. *8* can't express, Their love they o - pen - ly confess, Their love they o - pen - ly confess, con-

M. *8* can't express, Their love they o - pen - ly confess, Their love they o - pen - ly confess, con-

C. *8* do not close To blight - ed love's dis-tract-ing woes! To blight - ed love's dis-tract - ing woes, its

does not close To their re - ci - tal of their woes! To their re - ci - tal of their woes, their

456

p **K** *cresc.*

P. Ah!

E. *f* Oh, list while we our love confess That words im-per - fect

S. *f* Oh, list while we our love confess That words im-per - fect

A. *f* Oh, list while we our love confess That words im-per - fect

J. *f* Oh, list while we our love confess That words im-per - fect

D. *p* **K** *cresc.* Ah!

G. *f* tress! A - gain my curs - ed come - li-ness Spreads hope - less an - guish

B. *f* fess! My jea - lous-y I can't express, Their love they o - pen-

M. *f* fess! My jea - lous-y I can't express, Their love they o - pen-

C. *f* woes! Oh, list while we a love confess That words im-per - fect

f woes! Oh, list while they a love confess That words im-per - fect

K

461

P. *ff* And I shall love you, I shall love. Your ears, ah, do not

S. *ff* ly express. Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing

A. *ff* ly express. Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing

J. *ff* ly express. Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing

D. *ff* His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing

G. *ff* and distress; Thine ears, oh For - tune, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing

B. *ff* ly confess. His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing

M. *ff* ly confess. His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing

C. *ff* ly express. Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing

ff ly express. His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing

465 **L**

P. close! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

E. woes! Those shell - like ears. ah, do not close To blight - ed

S. woes! Those shell - like ears. ah, do not close To blight - ed

A. J. woes! Those shell - like ears. ah, do not close To blight - ed

D. 8 woes! His shell - like ears he does not close To blight - ed

G. 8 woes! My shell - like ears I can - not close To blight - ed

B. 8 woes! His shell - like ears he does not close To blight - ed

M. C. woes! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous, and is not this pre - poster - ous? A thorough-pac'd ab-

woes! Those shell - like ears. ah, do not close To blight - ed

woes! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous, and is not this pre - poster - ous? A thorough-pac'd ab-

468

P.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

E.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

S.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

A.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

D.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! His shell - like ears he does not close To blight - ed

G.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! My shell - like ears I can - not close To blight - ed

B.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! His shell - like ears he does not close To blight - ed

M.
surdi - ty explain it if you can! Now is not this ri - dicu-lous, and is not this preposterous? A thoro'-pac'd ab-

C.
love's dis-tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed

surdi - ty explain it if you can! Now is not this ri - dicu-lous, and is not this preposterous? A thoro'-pac'd ab-

472

P.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 E.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 S.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 A.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 J.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 D.
 love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 G.
 love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 B.
 love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 M.
 sur-di - ty explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you
 C.
 love's_ dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing
 sur-di - ty explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you

475 **M**

P.
woes! Love's woes!

E.
woes! Love's woes!

S.
woes! Love's woes!

A.
J.
woes! Love's woes!

D.
woes! Love's woes!

G.
woes! Love's woes!

B.
woes! Love's woes!

M.
C.
can, you can.
woes! Love's woes!
can, you can.

M *a tempo*
ff

483

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE:— *A glade. JANE is discovered leaning on a violoncello, upon which she presently accompanies herself. Chorus of Maidens are heard singing in the distance.*

No. 10: CHORUS OF MAIDENS

Andante ♩ = 66

p

sf

4

8

12

CHORUS of MAIDENS

On such

16

eyes as maid-ens cher - ish Let thy fond a - dor - ers gaze, Or in-

p

20

con - ti - nent - ly per - ish In their all consum - ing rays! Or in-

f *dim.*

24

con - ti - nent - ly per - ish In their all con - su - ming rays!

p *dim.* *pp*

JANE. The fickle crew have deserted Reginald and sworn allegiance to his rival, and all, forsooth, because he has glanced with passing favour on a puling milkmaid! Fools! Of that fancy he will soon weary – and then I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for my charms are ripe, Reginald, and already they are decaying. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!

No. 11: RECITATIVE and SONG (Jane)

f
ff

6

Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year, Sees, one by one, her beauties dis - ap - pear;

p

9

When Time, grown wear - y of her heart - drawn sighs, Im -

ff marcato

11

pa - tient - ly be - gins to "dim her eyes!" Compelled, at last, in

p
p dolce
fz

15

life's un - cer - tain gloamings, To wreathe her wrink - led brow will well - saved

18

"combings." Re - duced, with rouge, lip - salve, and pearly grey,

22

To "make - up" for lost time as best she may!

27

Andante moderato ♩ = 80
Sil - vered is the ra - ven - hair, Spread - ing is the part - ing - straight,

32

Mottled the com - plex - ion - fair, Halt - ing is the - youth - ful gait, Hol - low is the laughter free,

38 *rall.* *a tempo*

Spec - ta - cled the lim - pid eye - Lit - tle will be left of me In the

rall. *p a tempo*

42

com - ing by and bye! Lit - tle will be left of me In the com - ing by and

mf

47

bye!

mf *p*

52

Fad - ing is the ta - per waist, Shape-less grows the shape - ly limb, And al-though se-

57

vere - ly laced, Spreading is the fi - gure trim! Stout - er than I used to be,

62

rall. *a tempo*

Still more cor - pu - lent grow I = There will be too much of me In the

rall. *p a tempo*

66

f *ff* *appassionato*

com - ing by and bye! There will be too much of me In the

mf

70

com - ing by and bye!

f a tempo

[Exit JANE.]

(Enter GROSVENOR, followed by Maidens, two and two, each playing on an archaic instrument, as in Act I. He is reading abstractedly, as BUNTHORNE did in Act I, and pays no attention to them.)

No. 12: CHORUS OF MAIDENS

Andante ♩ = 66

p *sf*

5 **CHORUS of MAIDENS (unison)**

Turn, oh turn in this di-

9 rec - tion, Shed, oh shed a gen - tle smile, With a

12 glance of sad per - fec - tion, Our poor faint - ing hearts be - guile! On such

p

16

eyes as maid - ens cher - ish Let thy fond a - dor - ers

p

19

gaze, Or in - con - ti - nent - ly per - ish In their

f (unison)

f

22

all - con - sum - ing rays! Or in - con - ti - nent - ly

dim.

dim.

p

25

per - ish In their all - con - sum - ing rays!

dim.

pp

(He sits – they group round him.)

GROS. (*aside*). The old, old tale. How rapturously these maidens love me, and how hopelessly! Oh, Patience, Patience, with the love of thee in my heart, what have I for these poor mad maidens but an unvalued pity? Alas, they will die of hopeless love for me, as I shall die of hopeless love for thee!

ANG. Sir, will it please you read to us?

GROS. (*sighing*). Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

ANG. One of your own poems.

GROS. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. *They* will not cure thee of thy love.

ELLA. Mr Bunthorne used to read us a poem of his own every day.

SAPH. And, to do him justice, he read them extremely well.

GROS. Oh, did he so? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a decalet – a pure and simple thing, a very daisy – a babe might understand it. To appreciate it, it is not necessary to think of anything at all.

ANG. Let us think of nothing at all!

GROSVENOR *recites*.

Gentle Jane was as good as gold,
 She always did as she was told;
 She never spoke when her mouth was full,
 Or caught bluebottles their legs to pull,
 Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,
 Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,
 Or vivisected her last new doll.
 Or fostered a passion for alcohol.
 And when she grew up she was given in marriage
 To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage!

GROS. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

ANG. Not one; it is purity itself.

GROS. Here's another.

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy,
 A great big squirt was his favourite toy;
 He put live shrimps in his father's boots,
 And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits;
 He punched his poor little sisters' heads,
 And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds,
 He plastered their hair with cobbler's wax,
 And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.
 The consequence was he was lost totally,
 And married a girl in the corps de bully!

ANG. Marked you how grandly – how relentlessly the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong-Doer? Oh, it was terrible!

ELLA. Oh, sir, you are indeed a true poet, for you touch our hearts, and they go out to you!

GROS. (*aside*). This is simply cloying. (*Aloud*.) Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungallant, but this is Saturday, and you have been following me about ever since Monday. I should like the usual half-holiday. I shall take it as a personal favour if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day.

SAPH. Oh, Sir, do not send us from you!

GROS. Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

ANG. (*wildly*) But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn.

GROS. Don't you? Then I will sing it to you.

No. 13: SONG (Grosvenor and Chorus of Maidens)

Allegretto ♩=72

7 **GROSVENOR**

8 A mag - net hung in a hard-ware shop, And all a-round was a

12

8 lov - ing crop Of scissors and nee - dles, - nails and knives, Of-fer-ing love for

16

8 all - their - lives: But for i - ron the mag - net

41

Why not a Sil - ver Churn?" **CHORUS**

His_ most aes - the - tic, Ve - ry mag - ne - tic

45

Fan - cy took this_ turn "If I can whee - dle a knife or a nee - dle, Why not a Sil - ver

50

GROSVENOR

And I - ron and Steel ex -

Churn?"

ff *p*

56

pressed sur - prise, The nee - dles opened their well - drilled eyes, The pen - knives felt "shut - up," no doubt, The

61

scissors de - clared them - selves_ "cut_ out;" The

mf *p*

65

ket-tles they boiled with rage, 'tis said, While

mf *p*

69

ev - ery nail went off its head, And hi-ther and thither be - gan to roam, Till a

mf *cre*

73

ham-mer came up and drove them home. CHORUS It drove them home?

scen - do - *p* *p*

78

(GROS.) It drove them home! While - this mag - ne - tic, -

p

82

Pe - ri - pa - te - tic - Lo-ver he lived to learn, By no en - dea - vour Can

86

mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn!

CHORUS

While - this mag - ne - tic, —

90

By no en - dea - your Can

Pe ri - pa - te - tic — Lov - er he lived to — learn, By no en - dea - your Can

94

rall. mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn!

rall. mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn!

rall. *ff*

99

(They go off in low spirits, gazing back at him from time to time.)

GROS. At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests!

(PATIENCE *appears.*)

PA. Archibald!

GROS. (*turns and sees her*). Patience!

PA. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?

GROS. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime – (*Seizes her hand.*)

PA. (*indignantly*). Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (*He releases her.*) If you are gentleman, pray remember that I am another's! (*Very tenderly.*) But you *do* love me, don't you?

GROS. Madly, hopelessly, despairingly.

PA. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

GROS. And you love this Bunthorne?

PA. With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings! (*Sadly.*) It is my duty.

Gros. Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?

PA. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

GROS. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

PA. But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald, I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

GROS. Ah, if I only dared — (*Advances towards her.*)

PA. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! (*Tenderly.*) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is so unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

GROS. Loving! (*Advances towards her.*)

PA. Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! (*Tenderly.*) Farewell, Archibald! (*Sternly.*) Stop there! (*Tenderly.*) Think of me sometimes! (*Angrily.*) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

(GROSVENOR *sighs, gazes sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and exits. She bursts into tears.*)

(*Enter BUNTHORNE, followed by JANE. He is moody and preoccupied.*)

JANE *sings.*

In a doleful train,
 One and one I walk all day,
 For I love in vain –
 None so sorrowful as they
 Who can only sigh and say,
 Woe is me, alackaday!
 Woe is me, alackaday, and woe!

BUN. (*seeing PATIENCE*). Crying, eh? What are you crying about?

PA. I've only been thinking how dearly I love you!

BUN. Love me! Bah!

JANE. Love him! Bah!

BUN. (*to JANE*). Don't you interfere.

JANE. He always crushes me!

PA. (*going to him*). What is the matter, dear Reginald? If you have an sorrow, tell it to me, that I may share it with you. (*Sighing.*) It is my duty!

BUN. (*snappishly*). Whom were you talking with just now?

PA. With dear Archibald.

BUN. (*furiously*). With-dear Archibald! Upon my honour, this is too much!

JANE. A great deal too much!

BUN. (*angrily to JANE*). Do be quiet!

JANE. Crushed again!

PA. I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever met. But I don't love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but indeed I don't love him. Whenever he grows affectionate, I scream. It is my duty! (*Sighing.*)

BUN. I dare say!

JANE. So do I! I dare say!

PA. Why, how could I love him and love you too? You can't love two people at once!

BUN. Oh, can't you, though!

PA. No, you can't; I only wish you could.

BUN. I don't believe you know what love is!

PA. (*sighing*). Yes, I do. There was a happy time when I didn't, but a bitter experience has taught me.

(*Exeunt BUNTHORNE and JANE.*)

No. 14: SONG (Patience)

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 66$

PATIENCE.

1. Love is a plain - tive song, Sung by a suf - fer ing
2. Ren - der - ing good for ill, Smil - ing at ev - ery

6

maid, Tell - ing a tale of wrong, Tell - ing of hope be - trayed;
frown, Yielding your own self - will, Laughing your tear - drops down;

11

Tuned to each chang - ing note, Sor - ry when he is sad, Blind to his ev - ery
Ne - ver a sel - fish whim, Trouble or pain to stir; E - ve - ry - thing for

16

mote, Mer - ry when he is glad! Mer - ry when he is glad!
him, No - thing at all for her! No - thing at all for her!

rall.

21

a tempo

Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is al - ways new That is the love that's
Love that will aye en-dure, Though the re-wards be few, That is the love that's

P a tempo

26

pure, ————— That is the love that's true! ————— Love that no wrong can cure,
pure, ————— That is the love that's true! ————— Love that will aye en-dure,

cre - scen -

31

Love that is al - ways new, } That is the love that's pure, That ————— is the
Though the re-wards be few, }

f

36

ad lib.

love — the love that's true! —————

colla voce *f a tempo*

[At the end of ballad exit PATIENCE, weeping.]

(Enter BUNTHORNE and JANE.)

BUN. Everything has gone wrong with me since that smug-faced idiot came here. Before that I was admired – I may say, loved.

JANE. Too mild – adored!

BUN. Do let a poet soliloquize! The damozels used to follow me wherever I went, now they all follow him!

JANE. Not all! I am still faithful to you.

BUN. Yes, and a pretty damozel you are!

JANE. No, not pretty. Massive. Cheer up! I will never leave you, I swear it!

BUN. Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it's his confounded mildness. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And no doubt I am highly spiced.

JANE. Not for my taste!

BUN. (*savagely*). No, but I am for theirs. But I will show the world I can be as mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I'll meet this fellow on his own ground and beat him on it.

JANE. You shall. And I will help you.

BUN. You will? Jane, there's a good deal of good in you, after all!

No. 15: DUET (Jane and Bunthorne)

Allegro vivace $\text{♩} = 126$

7

JANE

BUNTHORNE

So go to him and say to him, with com - pli - ment i -

12

ron - i - cal - "Your

Sing "Hey to you - Good day to you" - And that's what I shall say!

17

style is much too sanc - ti - fied - your cut is too can - on - i - cal" -

Sing "Bah to you Ha!

22

"I was the beau i - de - al of the
ha! to you"—And that's what I shall say!

27

mor - bid young aes - the - ti - cal—To doubt my in - spi - ra - tion was re - gard - ed as he-

32

re - ti-cal—Un - til you cut me out with your pla - ci - di - ty e - me - ti-cal"

Sing

37

"Booh to you, Pooh, pooh to you"- And that's what I shall say! Sing "Booh to you"-Pooh

42

Sing "Hey to you, good-
pooh to you"-And that's what I shall say! "Hey,
Sing "Hey to you, good-

47

day to you"-Sing "Bah to you-ha! ha! to you"-Sing "Booh to you-pooh, pooh to you"-And
Good - day, Bah, ha!

52

that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you, good - day to you"— Sing "Bah to you"—ha!

ha! Booh, pooh, pooh,

f *pp*

57

ha! to you," Sing "Booh to you"—And that's what you should say! "Bah, bah,"

Bah." And that's what I shall say! "Booh,

cresc. *f* *p*

62

And that's what you should say! "Booh,

booh," And that's what I shall say! "Bah, bah,"

cresc.

66

booh," And that's what you should say!

And that's what I shall say!

scen - - do

f *ff*

71

ff

77

I'll tell him that un - less he will con - sent to be more

p

82

Say "Booh to you— Pooh, pooh to you"—And that's what you should say!

joc - u - lar - To

87

Sing "Bah to you - Ha!

cut his cur - ly hair and stick an eye-glass in his oc - u - lar -

92

ha! to you"— And that's what you should say!

To stuff his con - ver - sa - tion full of

97

quib - ble and of quid - di - ty - To dine on chops and ro - ly - po - ly pud - ding with a -

102

vi - di - ty He'd bet - ter clear a - way with all con - ve - ni - ent ra - pi - di - ty.

Sing

107

"Hey to you, Good day to you" - And that's what you should say!

Sing "Booh to you" - Pooh

112

Sing "Hey to you, good-
pooh to you"- And that's what I shall say! "Hey

pp

117

day to you"- Sing "Bah to you- ha! ha! to you"- Sing "Booh to you- pooh, pooh to you"- And
Good - day, Bah, ha!

122

that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you, good - day to you"- Sing "Bah to you"- ha!
ha! Booh, pooh, pooh,

f *pp*

127

ha! to you," Sing "Booh to you"—And that's what you should say! "Bah, bah,"

Bah." And that's what I shall say! "Booh,

cresc. *f* *p*

132

And that's what you should say! "Booh,

booh," And that's what I shall say! "Bah, bah,"

cre

136

booh," And that's what you should say!

And that's what I shall say!

scen *f* *ff*

141

[Exeunt JANE and BUNTHORNE together.]

(Enter DUKE, COLONEL and MAJOR. They have abandoned their uniforms, and are dressed and made up in imitation of Aesthetics. They have long hair, and other outward signs of attachment to the brotherhood. As they sing they walk in stiff, constrained and angular attitudes – a grotesque exaggeration of the attitudes adopted by BUNTHORNE and the Maidens in Act I.)

No. 16: TRIO (Duke, Major and Colonel)

Andante ♩=63.

p

7

DUKE
It's

MAJOR
It's

COLONEL
It's

13

clear that me - di - ae - val art a - lone re-tains its zest, To

clear that me - di - ae - val art a - lone re-tains its zest, To

clear that me - di - ae - val art a - lone re-tains its zest, To

17

charm and please its de - vo-tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if

charm and please its de - vo-tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if

charm and please its de - vo-tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if

22

all we do has the Ear - ly Eng - lish ring: But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

all we do has the Ear - ly Eng - lish ring: But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

all we do has the Ear - ly Eng - lish ring: But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

27

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

32

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

36

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) We ven - ture to ex - pect That what we re - col -

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) We ven - ture to ex - pect That what we re - col -

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) We ven - ture to ex - pect That what we re - col -

41

lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will have its due ef - fect.

lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will have its due ef - fect.

lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will have its due ef - fect.

p

46

sempre p

53

If this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up-braid; You

If this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up-braid; You

If this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up-braid; You

p

58

can't get high Aes-the - tic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di-

can't get high Aes-the - tic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di-

can't get high Aes-the - tic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di-

63

ae - va - li - sm, Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

ae - va - li - sm, Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

ae - va - li - sm, Time a - lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing

68

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

like this sort of thing: You hold yourself like this, (*attitude*) You

73

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

hold yourself like that, (*attitude*) By hook and crook you try to look both

77

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) To cul - ti - vate the trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) To cul - ti - vate the trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of

an - gu - lar and flat. (*attitude*) To cul - ti - vate the trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of

82

limb, You ought to get a Mar - ion-ette, and form your style on him. (*attitude*)

limb, You ought to get a Mar - ion-ette, and form your style on him. (*attitude*)

limb, You ought to get a Mar - ion-ette, and form your style on him. (*attitude*)

sempre p

88

COL. (*attitude*). Yes, it's quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as aesthetic as they are.

MAJ. (*attitude*). No doubt. The only question is how far we've succeeded in doing so. I don't know why, but I've an idea that this is not quite right.

DUKE. (*attitude*). I don't like it. I never did. I don't see what it means. I do it, but I don't like it.

COL. My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understand these things – we don't. Now I shouldn't be surprised if this is effective enough – at a distance.

MAJ. I can't help thinking we're a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be 'struck' so!

COL. I don't think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we're a little awkward at first – but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! 'Tention!

(*They strike fresh attitudes, as ANGELA and SAPHIR enter.*)

ANG. (*seeing them*). Oh, Saphir – see – see! The immortal fire has descended on them, and they are of the Inner Brotherhood – perceptively intense and consummately utter. (*The Officers have some difficulty in maintaining their constrained attitudes.*)

SAPH. (*in admiration*). How Botticellian! How Fra Angelican! Oh, Art, we thank thee for this boon!

COL. (*apologetically*). I'm afraid we're not quite right.

ANG. Not supremely, perhaps, but oh, so all-but! (*To SAPHIR.*) Oh, Saphir, are they not quite too all-but?

SAPH. They are indeed jolly utter!

MAJ. (*in agony*). I wonder what the Inner Brotherhood usually recommend for cramp?

COL. Ladies, we will not deceive you. We are doing this at some personal inconvenience with a view of expressing the extremity of our devotion to you. We trust that it is not without its effect.

ANG. We will not deny that we are much moved by this proof of your attachment.

SAPH. Yes, your conversion to the principles of Aesthetic Art in its highest development has touched us deeply.

ANG. And if Mr. Grosvenor should remain obdurate –

SAPH. Which we have every reason to believe he will –

MAJ. (*aside, in agony*). I wish they'd make haste.

ANG. We are not prepared to say that our yearning hearts will not go out to you.

COL. (*as giving a word of command*). By sections of threes – Rapture! (*All strike a fresh attitude, expressive of aesthetic rapture.*)

SAPH. Oh, it's extremely good – for beginners it's admirable.

MAJ. The only question is, who will take who?

COL. Oh, the Duke chooses first, as a matter of course.

DUKE. Oh, I couldn't think of it – you are really too good!

COL. Nothing of the kind. You are a great matrimonial fish, and it's only fair that each of these ladies should have a chance of hooking you.

No. 17: QUINTET (Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major and Colonel)

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 112$

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *ff*. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble.

6

DUKE (taking Saphir)

Vocal entry for Duke, marked *p*. The melody begins with the lyrics "If Sa-".

11

Vocal line for Saphir with lyrics: "phir I choose to mar - ry, I shall be fixed up for life; Then the Col - onel need not".

16

Vocal line for Major with lyrics: "tar - ry, An - ge - la can be his wife. (Handing Angela to Colonel.) In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle".

21

I shall live and die I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

26

SAPHIR *p*
He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA *p*
He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE *p*
He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR *p*
thy! to be con - ten - ted With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL *p*
He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

(Duke dances with Saphir, Colonel with Angela, Major dances alone.)

31

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

36

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and die - I shall have to be con - ten - ted With their

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

41

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

46

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

52

57 **DUKE (taking Angela)**

If on An - gy I de-

p

62

ter - mine, At my wed - ding she'll ap - pear Decked in di - a - mond and er - mine, Ma - jor

67

then can take Sa - phir! (*Handing Saphir to Major.*)

COLONEL (Dancing alone.)

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

71

I shall live and die I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

76

SAPHIR *p*

He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA *p*

He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE *p*

He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR *p*

He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL *p*

thy! to be con - ten - ted With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

(Duke dances with Angela, Major with Saphir, Colonel dances alone.)

81

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

In that case un-pre - ce-

86

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our

dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and die - I shall have to be con - ten - ted With their

91

heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -
 heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

96

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
 thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
 thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
 thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
 thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

102

107 **DUKE** (taking both Angela and Saphir)

Af - ter some de-bate in-

112

ter - nal, If on nei - ther I de - cide, Sa - phir then can take the
(Handing Saphir to Colonel.)

116

Col - onel, An - gy be the Ma - jor's bride! In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sing - le
(Handing Angela to Major.)

121

I must live and die - I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

rall.

colla voce

126

SAPHIR *p a tempo*
He_ will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA *p*
He_ will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE *p*
thy! to be con - ten - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR *p*
He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL *p*
He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

p a tempo

(Colonel dances with Saphir, Major with Angela, Duke dances alone.)

131

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p

137

he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa -

he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa -

I shall live and die - I shall have to be con - ten - ted With their heart - felt sym - pa -

he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa -

he will live and die - He will have to be con - ten - ted With our heart - felt sym - pa -

142

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa -

146

thy! He will have to be con-tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con-tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! I shall have to be con-tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con-tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy! He will have to be con-tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ff *a tempo*

153

157

ffz *ffz*

(At the end, DUKE, COLONEL and MAJOR and two girls dance off arm-in-arm.)

(Enter GROSVENOR.)

GROS. It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at leisure upon those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (*Looking at his reflection in hand-mirror.*) Ah, I am a very Narcissus!

(Enter BUNTHORNE, moodily.)

BUN. It's no use; I can't live without admiration. Since Grosvenor came here, insipidity has been at a premium. Ah, he is there!

GROS. Ah, Bunthorne! come here – look! Very graceful, isn't it!

BUN. (*taking hand-mirror*). Allow me; I haven't seen it. Yes, it is graceful.

GROS. (*re-taking hand-mirror*). Oh, good gracious! not that – this –

BUN. You don't mean that! Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

GROS. And what is amiss?

BUN. Ever since you came here, you have entirely monopolized the attentions of the young ladies. I don't like it, sir!

GROS. My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr. Bunthorne, with your personal disadvantages, you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being madly loved, at first sight, by every woman you meet.

Bun. Sir, until you came here I was adored!

GROS. Exactly – until I came here. That's my grievance. I cut everybody out! I assure you, if you could only suggest some means whereby, consistently; with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

BUN. I will do so at once. However popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to *me*.

GROS. It is? (*Shaking his hand.*) Oh, thank you! thank you! How can I express my gratitude?

BUN. By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter-of-fact. You must cut your hair, and have a back parting. In appearance. and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

GROS. (*decidedly*). No. Pardon me, that's impossible.

BUN. Take care! When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

GROS. I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

BUN. I don't think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

Gros. I don't care what they are.

BUN. Suppose – I won't go so far as to say that I will do it – but suppose for one moment I were to curse you? (GROSVENOR *quails.*) Ah! Very well. Take care.

GROS. But surely you would never do that? (*In great alarm.*)

BUN. I don't know. It would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still –

GROS. (*wildly*). But you would not do it – I am sure you would not.

(*Throwing himself at BUNTHORNE's knees, and clinging to him.*) Oh, reflect, reflect! You, had a mother once.

BUN. Never!

GROS. Then you had an aunt! (BUNTHORNE *affected.*) Ah! I see you had! By the memory of that aunt, I implore you to pause ere you resort to this last fearful expedient. Oh, Mr. Bunthorne, reflect, reflect! (*Weeping.*)

BUN. (*aside, after a struggle with himself*). I must not allow myself to be unmanned! (*Aloud.*) It is useless. Consent at once, or may a nephew's curse –

GROS. Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?

BUN. Absolutely.

GROS. Will nothing shake you?

BUN. Nothing. I am adamant.

GROS. Very good. (*Rising.*) Then I yield.

BUN. Ha! You swear it?

GROS. I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last: I do it on compulsion!

BUN. Victory! I triumph!

No. 18: DUET (Bunthorne and Grosvenor)

Vivace $\text{♩} = 132$

BUNTHORNE

When I go out of

p stacc.

6
door, Of da - mo - zels a score, (All sigh - ing and burn - ing, And

10
clinging and yearning) Will fol - low me as be - fore. I shall, with cul - tured taste, Dis -

15
tin - guish gems from paste, And "High diddle diddle" Will rank as an i - dyll, If I pronounce it

20 **GROSVENOR**

A most in-tense young man, A soul-ful-eyed young man, An
 chaste! A most in-tense young man, A soul-ful-eyed young man, An

25

ul-tra-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-aes-the-ti-cal, Out of the way young man! Con-
 ul-tra-po-e-ti-cal, su-per-aes-the-ti-cal, Out of the way young man!

29 **(GROS.)**

ceive me, if you can, An ev-'ry-day young man: A commonplace type, With a

34

stick and a pipe, and a half-bred black-and-tan; Who thinks sub-ur-ban "hops" More

39

fun than "Mon - day Pops." Who's fond of his din - ner, And does - n't get thin - ner On

43

bot - tled beer and chops. A com - mon-place young man A

BUNTHORNE

A com - mon-place young man A

47

mat - ter - of - fact young man, A stea - dy and sto - li - dy, jol - ly Bank ho - li - day

mat - ter - of - fact young man, A stea - dy and sto - li - dy, jol - ly Bank ho - li - day

51

Ev - e - ry - day young man!

Ev - e - ry - day young man! A Ja - pa - nese young man, A

55

blue - and-white young man, Fran - ces - ca di Ri - mi - ni, mi - mi - ny, pi - mi - ny,

59

GROSVENOR

A Chan - ce - ry Lane young man, A

Je ne sais quoi young man!

63

Som - er - set House young man, A ve - ry de - lec - ta - ble, high - ly re - spec - ta - ble

67

Three - pen - ny - bus young man!

BUNTHORNE

A pal - lid and thin young man, A

71

hag-gard and lank young man, A green-er - y - yal - ler - y, Gros-ve - nor Gal - ler - y,

75

GROSVENOR
A Sew-ell and Cross young man, A
Foot - in - the-grave young man!

79

How-ell and James young man, A push-ing young par - ti - cle what's the next ar - ti - cle

83

Wa-ter-loo House young man! Con-ceive me, if you can, A mat-ter-of - fact young
BUNTHORNE
Con-ceive me, if you can, A crotch-e - ty cracked young

88

man, An al - pha-be - ti - cal, a - rith-me - ti - cal, Ev - e - ry day young man! Con -

man, An ul - tra - po - e - ti - cal, su - per - aes - the - ti - cal, Out - of - the - way young man! Con -

93

ceive me, if you can, A mat - ter - of - fact young man, An

ceive me, if you can, A crotch - e - ty, cracked young man, An

97

al - pha-be - ti - cal, a - rith-me - ti - cal, Ev - e - ry - day young man!

ul - tra - po - e - ti - cal, su - per - aes - the - ti - cal, out - of - the - way young man!

fz *fz*

(At the end, GROSVENOR dances off. BUNTHORNE remains.)

BUN. It is all right! I have committed my last act of ill-nature, and henceforth I'm a changed character. (*Dances about stage, humming refrain of last air.*)

(*Enter PATIENCE. She gazes in astonishment at him.*)

PA. Reginald! Dancing! And – what in the world is the matter with you?

BUN. Patience, I'm a changed man. Hitherto I've been gloomy, moody, fitful – uncertain in temper and selfish in disposition –

PA. You have, indeed! (*Sighing.*)

BUN. All that is changed. I have reformed. I have modelled myself upon Mr. Grosvenor. Henceforth I am mildly cheerful. My conversation will blend amusement with instruction. I shall still be aesthetic; but my aestheticism will be of the most pastoral kind.

PA. Oh, Reginald! Is all this true?

BUN. Quite true. Observe how amiable I am. (*Assuming a fixed smile.*)

PA. But, Reginald, how long will this last?

BUN. With occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, as long as I do.

PA. Oh, Reginald, I'm so happy! (*In his arms.*) Oh, dear, dear Reginald, I cannot express the joy I feel at this change. It will no longer be a duty to love you, but a pleasure – a rapture – an ecstasy!

BUN. My darling!

PA. But – oh, horror! (*Recoiling from him.*)

BUN. What's the matter?

PA. Is it quite certain that you have absolutely reformed – that you are henceforth a perfect being – utterly free from defect of any kind?

BUN. It is quite certain. I have sworn it.

PA. Then I never can be yours!

BUN. Why not?

PA. Love, to be pure, must be absolutely unselfish, and there can be nothing unselfish in loving so perfect a being as you have now become!

BUN. But, stop a bit! I don't want- to change – I'll relapse – I'll be as I was – interrupted!

(*Enter GROSVENOR, followed by all the 'every-day young girls', who are followed by Chorus of Dragoons. He has had his hair cut, and is dressed in an ordinary suit of dittoes and a pot hat. They all dance cheerfully round the stage in marked contrast to their former languor.*)

No. 19: SONG (Grosvenor) and Chorus of Maidens

Vivace $\text{♩} = 132$

p stacc.

6

12

18

24

GROSVENOR

I'm a

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for a piece in 6/8 time, key of D major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'Vivace' with a quarter note equal to 132 beats per minute. The dynamics are 'p stacc.' (piano, staccato). The score is divided into five systems. The first system (measures 1-5) shows the piano accompaniment. The second system (measures 6-11) continues the piano accompaniment. The third system (measures 12-17) continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth system (measures 18-23) continues the piano accompaniment. The fifth system (measures 24-28) introduces the vocal line. The vocal line starts at measure 24 with the lyrics 'GROSVENOR' and 'I'm a'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal line.

29

Wa - ter - loo House young man, A Sew - ell and Cross young man, A

33

stea - dy and sto - li - dy, jol - ly Bank - ho - li - day, Ev - e - ry - day young

36

man!

CHORUS of MAIDENS

We're Swears and Wells young girls, We're

39

Ma - dame Lou - ise young girls, We're pret - ti - ly pat - ter - ing,

42

cheer - i - ly chat - ter - ing, Ev - e - ry - day young girls!

fz *fz*

BUN. Angela – Ella – Saphir – what – what does this mean?

ANG. It means that Archibald the All-Right cannot be all-wrong; and if the All-Right chooses to discard aestheticism, it proves that aestheticism ought to be discarded.

PA. Oh, Archibald! Archibald! I'm shocked – surprised – horrified!

GROS. I can't help it. I'm not a free agent. I do it on compulsion.

PA. This is terrible. Go! I shall never set eyes on you again. But oh, – joy!

GROS. What is the matter?

PA. Is it quite, quite certain that you will always be a commonplace young man?

GROS. Always – I've sworn it.

PA. Why, then, there's nothing to prevent my loving you with all the fervour at my command!

GROS. Why, that's true.

PA. My Archibald!

GROS. My Patience! (*They embrace.*)

BUN. Crushed again!

(*Enter JANE.*)

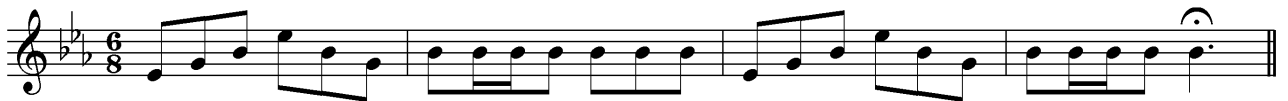
JANE. (*who is still aesthetic*). Cheer up! I am still here. I have never left you, and I never will!

BUN. Thank you, Jane. After all, there is no denying it, you're a fine figure of a woman!

JANE. My Reginald!

BUN. My Jane!

(*Flourish. Enter COLONEL, DUKE, and MAJOR.*)



COL. Ladies, the Duke has at length determined to select a bride! (*General excitement.*)

DUKE. I have a great gift to bestow. Approach, such of you as are truly lovely. (*All come forward, bashfully, except JANE and PATIENCE.*) In personal appearance you have all that is necessary to make a woman happy. In common fairness, I think I ought to choose the only one among you who has the misfortune to be distinctly plain. (*Girls retire disappointed.*) Jane!

JANE (*leaving BUNTHORNE'S arms*). Duke! (*JANE and DUKE embrace. BUNTHORNE is utterly disgusted.*)

BUN. Crushed again!

No. 20: FINALE

Allegretto. = 112

6

DUKE

Af - ter

11

much de-bate in - ter - nal, I on La - dy Jane de - cide, Sa - phir now may take the

16

Col - onel, An - gy be the Ma - jor's bride!
(Saphir pairs off with Colonel, Angela with Major, Ella with Solicitor.)

BUNTHORNE

In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

21

I must live and die - I shall have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li-

26 **SAPHIR and ELLA**

p He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li - ly!

ANGELA *p* He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li - ly!

DUKE *p* He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li - ly!

BUNTHORNE *p* ly! to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li - ly!
(Takes lily from button-hole and gazes affectionately at it.)

COLONEL *p* He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li - ly!

31

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

p In that case un-pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

37

he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 I must live and die, I shall have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -
 he must live and die, He will have to be con - ten - ted With a tu - lip or li -

42

ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we_ de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried they de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of
 ly! Great - ly pleased with one an - o - ther, To get mar - ried we de - cide, Each of

47

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

them will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o - ther, No - bo - dy be Bun - thorne's Bride!

(Dance.)

53

58

END OF OPERA