VOCAL SCORE

THE

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;

OR,

THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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NOTES

Act I

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

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

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

No. 12: FINALE ACT I. The repeat of bars 81-128 was cut before the opening night.
In the early 20th century, a “revised edition” of the score was published by Chappell. It allocated bars 442-446 to Fairfax, 1st & 2nd Yeomen and omitted the part for the 3rd Yeomen in bars 447-8, leaving only the lower notes to be sung by the 2nd Yeoman. If the 3rd Yeoman’s part is reinstated in production, it is necessary to amend the stage directions on pages 123 and 128 so Fairfax and Wilfred are accompanied by three yeomen.
Elsie’s and Point’s lines in bars 507-545 are also omitted in the “revised edition”.

Act II

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

OR

THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

__________________________

Dramatis Personæ

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

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

__________________________

SCENE    Tower Green

Date       16th Century
# THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>OVERTURE</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Act I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. INTRODUCTION AND SONG (Phœbe)</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1a SONG (Wilfred)*</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. DOUBLE CHORUS (People and Yeomen with Second Yeoman)</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. SONG WITH CHORUS (Dame Carruthers and Yeomen)</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3a. SONG (Meryll)</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. TRIO (Phœbe, Leonard and Meryll)</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. BALLAD (Fairfax)</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. CHORUS (Entrance of Crowd, Elsie and Point)</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. DUET (Elsie and Point)</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. TRIO (Elsie, Point and Lieutenant)</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. RECIT. AND SONG (Point)</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. RECIT. AND SONG (Elsie)</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. SONG (Phœbe)</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. FINALE</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Act II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. CHORUS</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOLO (Dame Carruthers)</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. SONG (Point)</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. DUET (Pont and Wilfred)</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. BALLAD (Fairfax)</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. QUARTET (Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax and Sergeant Meryll)</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. SCENE (Elsie, Point, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, Wilfred, Point, Lieutenant, Meryll and Chorus)</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. TRIO (Elsie, Phœbe and Fairfax)</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. QUARTET (Elsie, Phœbe, Fairfax and Point)</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. DUET (Dame Carruthers and Meryll)</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. FINALE</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## APPENDIX | 230 |
The Yeomen of the Guard
or,
THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

OVERTURE

W. S. Gilbert
Allegro brillante e maestoso
brass.
Piano

Arthur Sullivan
Act I

SCENE:– Tower Green. Phœbe discovered spinning.

No. 1: INTRODUCTION & SONG (Phœbe.)

Allegretto non troppo
1. When maiden loves, she

sits and sighs, She wanders to and fro; Unbidden teardrops fill her eyes, And

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

'Tis but a little word— "heigh-ho!" So soft, 'tis scarcely heard— "heigh-ho!"
An idle breath—Yet life and death May hang upon a maid's "heigh-ho!"

An idle breath, Yet life and death May hang upon a maid's "heigh-ho!"

2. When maiden loves, she mopes a-part, As
owl mopes on a tree; Although she keen-ly feels the smart, She can-not tell what
ails her heart, With its sad "Ah me!"

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

Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hid-den in a maid's "Ah
Yet all the sense of eloquence lies hidden in a maid's "Ah me!"

"Ah me!" "Ah me!" "Ah me!"

Yet all the sense of eloquence lies hidden in a maid's "Ah me!"

"Ah me!"

"Ah me!"
Enter Wilfred.

Wil. Mistress Meryll!

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

Wil. Haven’t you anything to say to me?

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

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

Phæ. Colonel Fairfax is not a sorcerer. He’s a man of science and an alchemist.

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

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

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

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

Wil. Young and handsome! How do you know he’s young and handsome?

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

Wil. Curse him!

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

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

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

Wil. You used to like ’em.

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

Wil. I don’t believe you know what jealousy is! I don’t believe you know how it eats into a man’s heart – and disorders his digestion – and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior!
No. 1a: SONG (Wilfred)

Allegro con brio

WILFRED

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

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

to my peace of mind a rasp, It clasp-eth what I may not clasp - Cor-rect me if I'm

red-hot coals in time die out - But jeal-ous-y you can-not rout: Its fires will ne-ver
It's much less painful, on the whole, To go and sit on red-hot coal Till you're completely flayed— Or ask some kind friend to crack Your wretched bones upon the rack Than love a heartless jade, Than love a heartless jade!
The bird that breakfasts on your lip; I would I had him in my grip—He sup-peth where I may not sip—I can't get o-ver that. The cat you

fondle, soft and sly, He li-eth where I may not lie. We're not on terms, that cat and I— I do not like that
Tempo I

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

*mp*

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

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

* cresc.*

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

Than love a heart less jade! [Exit WILFRED.
Enter Crowd of Men and Women, followed by Yeomen of the Guard.

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

Under orders, gallant pike-men, valiant sword-ers! Brave in bearing,

Under orders, gallant pike-men, valiant sword-ers! Brave in bearing,
Foesmen scarifying. In their by-gone days of daring! Ne'er a stranger

There to danger—Each was o'er the world a ranger: To the story

Of our glory Each a bold, a bold contributor!

\[\text{(Musical notation)}\]
In the autumn of our life, Here at rest in ample clover, We rejoice in telling over Our impetuous May and June.

In the evening of our day, With the sun of life declining.
We re-call without repining All the heat of by-gone noon,
call without repining All the heat of by-gone noon,

We re-call without repining, All the heat, We re-

We re-call without repining, All the heat, We re-

un poco rall. a tempo
call, re-call All of by-gone noon.

un poco rall. a tempo
call, re-call All the heat of by-gone noon.

a tempo
This the autumn of our life, This the evening
of our day; Weary we of battle strife,

Weary we of mortal fray. But our

year is not so spent, And our days are not so faded,
But that we with one consent
Were our loved land invaded,

Still would face a foreign foe,
As in days of long ago,

Still would face a foreign foe.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.

As in days of long ago.
As in days of long ago.
Still would face a foreign foe, As in days of long ago.

Towerwarders, Under orders, Gallant pike men, valiant sworders!

Brave in bearing, Foe men scar ing, In their by-gone days of daring!
Tower warders, Under orders, Gallant pike-men, valiant sworders!

Tower warders, Under orders, Gallant pike-men, valiant sworders!

YEOMEN
sostenuto

This the autumn of our life,

sostenuto

This the autumn of our life,

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

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

This the evening of our day,

This the evening of our day,
to-r-y! To the sto-ry Of our glo-ry Each a bold con-tri-bu-

fray. This the au-tumn of our life,

fray. This the au-tumn of our life, This the even-ing of our

day, This the even-ing of our day.
Exeunt Crowd. Manent Yeomen.

Enter Dame Carruthers.

Dame. A good day to you!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dame. Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I’ve grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there’s not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.
No 3: SONG with CHORUS (Dame Carruthers and Yeomen)

Allegro moderato e maestoso

Piano

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

DAME CARRUTHERS

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

pa-no- ply of stone, A sen-ti-nel un liv-ing and un dy-ing. In-
scaf-fold to the grave, Is a jour-ney ma-ny gal-lant hearts have ta-ken. And the
sensible, I trow, As a sentinel should be, Tho' a queen to save her head should come a-
wick-ed flames may hiss Round the he-rous who have fought For conscience and for home in all its

suing; There's a leg-end on its brow That is eloquent to me, And it beau-ty; But the grim old for-ta-lice Takes lit-tle heed of aught That
tells of du-ty done and du-ty do-ing.}

 thee.

A

"The screw may twist and the rack may turn, And
men may bleed and men may burn, O'er London town and its

golden hoard I keep my silent watch and ward!

TENORS & BASSES

The

O'er London town and all its hoard,
screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And men may bleed and
(Exeunt all but Phœbe. Enter Sergeant Meryll.)

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

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

Phœ. Oh, that he may!

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

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

Mer. And not otherwise?

Phœ. Well, he’s a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men.

Mer. All brave men?

Phœ. Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me – they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection!

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

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

Mer. Nay, he’ll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phoebe! He’s a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant’s orchard.
No. 3a: SONG (Sergeant Meryll)

1. A laughing boy but yesterday,
   A merry urchin blythe and gay!
   Whose joyous shout came ringing out,
   Unchecked by care and sorrow.

2. When my Leonard's deeds sublime
   A soldier's pulse beats double
   And brave hearts thrill, as brave hearts will,
   To-day a warrior, all sun-brown,

   A pride un-bitten by all.
nown are all the boast of London town: A veteran to to
loy, to find my boy—my darling boy—The theme of
mor—row! Today a warrior, A veteran of
song and story! To find my—my—darling boy—The theme of song and
ry!

colla voce

ry!
Enter LEONARD MERYLL.

LEON. Father!
MER. Leonard! my brave boy! I’m right glad to see thee, and so is Phœbe!
PHE. Aye – hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax’s reprieve?
LEON. Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!
PHE. Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!
LEON. Aye, I would I had brought better news. I’d give my right hand – nay, my body – my life, to save his!
MER. Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?
LEON. Aye, father – I’m no braggart. Did he not save thy life? and am I not his foster-brother?
MER. Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!
LEON. Well?
MER. None has seen thee but ourselves?
LEON. And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.
MER. Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I’ll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I’ll convey a suit of Yeoman’s uniform to the Colonel’s cell – he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I’ll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-Yeomen, I’ll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel’s cell?
(PHE. (demurely). I think – I say, I think – I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think – mind I say, I think – you may leave that to me.)
MER. Then get thee hence at once, lad — and bless thee for this sacrifice.
PHE. And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!
LEON. And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is new-born; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.
No. 4: TRIO (Phœbe, Leonard and Meryll)

Allegrto un poco agitato

PHŒBE

A-las! I wa-ver to and fro—Dark

Leonard

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

MERYLL

Dark dan-ger hangs up-on the deed!

LEONARD

The scheme is rash and well may fail; But ours are not the
hearts that quail, The hands that shrink – the cheeks that pale In hours_

cresc.

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

No, ours are not the hearts that

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

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

cresc.
shrink, the cheeks that pale In hours of need!

pale, the cheeks that pale In hours of need!

MERYLL

The

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

That life is his so count it naught!

LEONARD

That life is his so count it naught!

MERYLL

And shall I reek on risks I

run... When ser-vices are to be done To save the life of

such... an one? Un-wor-thy thought!___ Un-wor-
And shall we reckon risks we run. To save thy thought!

And shall we reckon risks we run. To save

the life of such an one? Unworthy thought!

the life of such an one? Unworthy thought!

Unworthy thought!

Unworthy thought!

Unworthy thought!

Unworthy thought!
We may succeed—
who can foretell?
May heaven help our hope—

May heaven help our hope—
May heaven help our hope—
May heaven help our hope—

fare well!
fare well!
fare well!
(LEONARD embraces MERYLL and PHŒBE, and then exits. PHŒBE weeping.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MER. My poor lass!

FAIR. Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. (Sees MERYLL.) Sergeant Meryll, is it not? (To LIEUT.) May I greet my old friend? (Shakes MERYLL’S hand.) Why, man, what’s all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow – we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well – for, in sooth, I have tried both.
No. 5: BALLAD (Fairfax)

Andante espressione

FAIRFAX

1. Is life a

Piano

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

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

give, Yet one would pray to live another moon! What
kind of plaint have I, Who perish in July. Who perish in July?

un poco rit.  a tempo

I might have had to die, perchance, in June!

chance, in June! I might have had to die, perchance, in June!
Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay,
count it not a whit! Man is well done with it;

Soon as he's born He should all means essay To put the

plague away; And I, war-worn, Poor
(At the end, PHŒBE is led off, weeping, by MERYLL.)

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

LIEUT. As thou wilt most surely do.

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

LIEUT. How?

FAIR. By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Exit with Guard into Cold Harbour Tower.)

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

(Exit.)

(Enter JACK POINT and ELSIE MAYNARD, pursued by a crowd of men and women. POINT and ELSIE are much terrified; POINT, however, assuming an appearance of self-possession.)
No. 6: CHORUS (Entrance of Crowd, Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
Here's a man of jol-li-ty,
Give us of your qual-i-ty,

Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy!

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

Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy!
Come fool, folly! If you vapour rapidly, River runneth rapidly,

Into it we fling Bird who does n't sing! Give us an experiment

In the art of merriment; Into it we throw Cock who does n't crow.

In the art of merriment; Into it we throw Cock who does n't crow.
Banish your timidity, And with all rapidity
Give us quip and quididity-

Banish your timidity, And with all rapidity
Give us quip and quididity-

Willy-nilly, O! River none can mollify;— Into it we throw

Willy-nilly, O! River none can mollify;— Into it we throw

Fool who doesn't folli fy, Cock who doesn't crow! Banish your timidity,

Fool who doesn't folli fy, Cock who doesn't crow! Banish your timidity,
And with all rapidity Give us quip and quietly — Wil-ly-nil-ly, O!

And with all rapidity Give us quip and quietly — Wil-ly-nil-ly, O!

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

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

POINT (to 1ST CITIZEN). Ha! Didst thou hear her say, ‘Hands off’?
1ST CIT. Aye, I heard her say it, and I felt her do it! What then?

POINT. Thou dost not see the humour of that?
1ST CIT. Nay, if I do, hang me!

POINT. Thou dost not? Now observe. She said, ‘Hands off!’ Whose hands? Thine. Off whom? Off her. Why? Because she is a woman. Now, had she not been a woman, thine hands had not been set upon her at all. So the reason for the laying on of hands is the reason for the taking off of hands, and herein is contradiction contradicted! It is the very marriage of pro with con; and no such lopsided union either, as times go, for pro is not more unlike con than man is unlike woman – yet men and women marry every day with none to say, ‘Oh, the pity of it!’ but I and fools like me! Now wherewithal shall we please you?

We can rhyme you couplet, triolet, quatrain, sonnet, rondolet, ballade, what you will. Or we can dance you saraband, gondolet, carole, Pimpernel, or Jumping Joan.

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

ALL. Aye, the Merryman and his Maid!
No. 7: DUET (Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

ELSIE

1. I have a song to sing, O!

Sing me your song, O!

POINT

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

fled from the mock-ing throng, O! It's a song of a mer-ry-man, mopp-ing mum, Whose
sighed for the love of a lady. Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Mis-ery me,
lack-a-day-dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

ELSIE

2. I have a song to sing, O!
What is your song, O? It is sung with the ring. Of the songs maids sing Who love with a love life long, O! It's the song of a merry-maid, peerly proud. Who lov'd a lord, and who laugh'd aloud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady! Heigh-dy!

heigh-dy! Mis-ery me, lack-a-day dec! He sipped no sup, and he

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady!

POINT

ELSIE

3. I have a song to sing. O! Sing me your song O!
It is sung to the knell Of a church-yard bell. And a dole-ful dirge ding dong, O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, bravely born, Who turned up his noble nose with scorn At the humble mer-ry-maid, very proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who laugh'd a-loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, moping mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose
glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a
lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! mis-e-rie me, lack-a-day-dee! He
sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lay-dye.

ELSIE

POINT

4. I have a song to sing, O! Sing me your
song, O! It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it tells of a righted wrong, O! It's a song of the merry-maid, once so gay, Who turned on her heel and tripped away From the peacock pop-in-jay, bravely born, Who turned up his noble nose with scorn At the humble heart that he did not prize; So she
begged on her knees, with down-cast eyes, For the love of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose
soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he
sighed for the love of a la-dye! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

POINT

1st SOPRANOS

Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

2nd SOPRANOS

Oo

TENORS & BASSES

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

lived in the love of a lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

lived in the love of a lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

Ah!

lived in the love of a lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!
Misery, lack-a-day-dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a lady!
No. 7: DUET (Elsie and Point)

Allegro con brio

Piano

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POINT

ELSIE

8 I have a song to sing, O!

Sing me your song, O!

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

8 fled from the mock-ing throng, O! It's a song of a mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose
sighed for the love of a lady.
Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Misery me,
lack-a-day-dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady!

ELSIE
2. I have a song to sing, O!
What is your song, O?
It is sung with the ring Of the
songs maids sing Who love with a love life-long, O! It's the song of a merry-maid,
peer-ly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who laugh'd a-loud At the moan of the merry-man,
moop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady! Heigh-dy!

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

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady!

ELSIE

3. I have a song to sing, O! Sing me your song O!
It is sung to the knell Of a church-yard bell, And a dole-ful dirge ding

O! It's a song of a pop-in-jay, bravely born, Who turned up his noble

nose with scorn At the humble mer-ry-maid, pearly proud, Who lov'd a lord, and who

laugh'd a-loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose
glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

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

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

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

It is sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it
tells of a right-ed wrong, O! It's a song of the mer-ry-maid, once so gay, Who

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

turned up his no-ble nose with scorn At the hum-ble heart that he did not prize; So she
begged on her knees, with down-cast eyes, For the love of the merry-man, moping mum, Whose
soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he

gushed for the love of a lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! POINT

1st SOPRANOS

Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

2nd SOPRANOS

Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!

TENORS & BASSES

Oo

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

Cresc.

Lived in the love of a lady! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!
Ah!
1ST CIT. Well sung and well danced!
2ND CIT. A kiss for that, pretty maid
ALL. Aye, a kiss all round.
ELSIE (drawing dagger) Best beware! I am armed!
POINT. Back, sirs – back! This is going too far.
2ND CIT. Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all
things – even in this. (Trying to kiss her.)
ELSIE. Help! help!

(Enter LIEUTENANT with Guard. Crowd falls back.)

LIEUT. What is this pother?
ELSIE. Sir, we sang to these folk, and they would have repaid us with gross
courtesy, but for your honour’s coming.
LIEUT. (to Mob). Away with ye! Clear the rabble. (Guards push Crowd off,
and go off with them.) Now, my girl, who are you, and what do you here?
ELSIE. May it please you, sir, we are two strolling players, Jack Point and
Elsie Maynard, at your worship’s service. We go from fair to fair, singing, and
dancing, and playing brief interludes, and so we make a poor living.
LIEUT. You two, eh? Are ye man and wife?
POINT. No, sir; for though I’m a fool, there is a limit to my folly. Her
mother, old Bridget Maynard, travels with us (for Elsie is a good girl), but the
old woman is a-bed with fever, and we have come here to pick up some silver to
buy an electuary for her.
LIEUT. Hark ye, my girl! Your mother is ill?
ELSIE. Sorely ill, sir.
LIEUT. And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?
ELSIE. Alas! sir, it is too true.
LIEUT. Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?
ELSIE. An hundred crowns! They might save her life!
LIEUT. Then listen! A worthy but unhappy gentleman is to be beheaded in
an hour on this very spot. For sufficient reasons, he desires to marry before he
dies, and he hath asked me to find him a wife. Wilt thou be that wife?
ELSIE. The wife of a man I have never seen!
POINT. Why, sir, look you, I am concerned in this; for though I am not yet
wedded to Elsie Maynard, time works wonders, and there’s no knowing what
may be in store for us. Have we your worship’s word for it that this gentleman
will die to-day?
LIEUT. Nothing is more certain, I grieve to say.
POINT. And that the maiden will be allowed to depart the very instant the
ceremony is at an end?
LIEUT. The very instant. I pledge my honour that it shall be so.
POINT. An hundred crowns?
LIEUT. An hundred crowns!
POINT. For my part, I consent. It is for Elsie to speak.
No. 8: TRIO (Elsie, Point and Lieutenant)

Allegro vivace

How say you, maiden,

Piano

will you wed
A man about to lose his head?

For

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

life.
A headless bridegroom why refuse?

If
truth the poets tell, Most bridegrooms, ere they marry, lose Both head and heart as well! A

strange proposal you reveal. It almost makes my senses reel. Atlas! I'm very poor indeed, And such a sum I sorely need. My mother, sir,
like to die, This money life may bring, Bear

this in mind, I pray, if I Consent to do this

POINT

Tho' as a general rule of life I don't allow my promised wife, My

love-ly bride that is to be, To marry any-one but me, Yet
if the fee is promptly paid, And he, in well earn’d grave,

Within the hour is duly laid, Objection I will waive!

waive! Yes, objection I will waive!

Temp-tation, oh, temp-tation, Were we, I pray, in-tend-ed To shun, whate’er our

Temp-tation, oh, temp-tation, Were we, I pray, in-tend-ed To shun, whate’er our
Oh, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels,

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

Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels,
Oh, temp - ta - tion, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver o-ver.
During this, the LIEUTENANT has whispered to WILFRED (who has entered). WILFRED binds ELSIE’S eyes with a kerchief, and leads her into the Cold Harbour Tower.

LIEUT. And so, good fellow, you are a jester?
POINT. Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.
LIEUT. I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post?
POINT. Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue’s tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once; I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests – ancient and modern – past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you – a pretty, pretty wit!
No. 9: RECIT. & SONG (Point)

Allegretto

Piano

POINT

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

folk
and men of rank.

I ply my

craft
And know no fear,
But aim my shaft
At prince or
At peer or prince at prince or peer,
aim my shaft and know no fear!

Allegretto non troppo vivace
1. I've wisdom from the East and from the West, That's the subject to no academic rule; You may find it in the jeering of a up-start I can wither with a whim; He may wear a merry laugh upon his jest, Or distil it from the folly of a fool. I can

When they're
teach you with a quip, if I've a mind; I can trick you into learning with a
offered to the world in merry guise, unpleasant truths are swallowed with a

laugh; Oh winnow all my folly, folly, folly, and you'll find a
will - For he who'd make his fellow, fellow, fellow-creatures wise should

grain or two of truth among the chaff! Oh, winnow all my folly, folly, folly, and you'll find a
always gild the philosophic pill! For he who'd make his fellow, fellow, fellow-creatures wise should

grain or two of truth among the chaff! Always gild the philosophic pill!
LIEUT. And how came you to leave your last employ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIEUT. A truce to this fooling – follow me.

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

(Enter Elsie from Tower, led by Wilfred, who removes the bandage from her eyes, and exit.)
No. 10: RECIT. and SONG (Elsie)

Moderato

ELSIE (recit.)

Piano

a tempo

done! I am a bride! Oh, little ring, That bear-est in thy
cir-clet all the glad-ness That lov-ers hope for, and that po-ets

sing. What bringest thou to me but gold and sad-ness?
A bridegroom all unknown, save in this wise: Today he dies! Today, alas, he dies!

Allegro un poco agitato

Though tear and long-drawn sigh

Ill fit a bride, no sadder wife than I

The whole world wide! Ah me!

Ah
Yet maids there be Who would consent to

lose The very rose of youth, The flow'r of

life, To be, in honest truth, A wedded wife,

No matter whose! No matter whose!
Ah me! what profit we, O maids that sigh, Though
gold, tho' gold should live, If wedded love must
die?

Ere half an hour has rung, A widow!!
Ah, heaven, he is too young,
 too brave to die!
 Ah

me!

Ah me!

Yet

wives there be

So wea - ry worn, I trow,

That they would scarce complain,

So that they could

In half an hour at - tain

To wi - dow-hood,
No matter how!—

O weary wives,—

Who

widowhood would win,—

Rejoice,—

rejoice, that ye have time To weary in!
O wea-ry

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

cresc.

Ossia

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

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

brill.

joice!

joice!
(Exit Elsie as Wilfred re-enters.)

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

(Enter Phœbe with Meryll. Meryll remains in the background, unobserved by Wilfred.)

Phœ. (aside). Wilfred – and alone!

Wil. Now what could he have wanted with her? That’s what puzzles me!

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

Wil. None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

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

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

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

Wil. Oh, they say that, do they?

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

Wil. Oh yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

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

(Phœbe slyly takes bunch of keys from Wilfred’s waistband and hands them to Meryll, who enters the Tower, unnoticed by Wilfred.)

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

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

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

Phœ. Perhaps. I do not know.

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

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

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

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

Wil. Aye! Wert thou my bride –?

Phœ. Oh, how I would love thee!
No. 11: SONG (Phœbe)

Allegro grazioso

PHEBE

Were I thy bride, Then

Piano

PP

all the world beside Were not too wide To hold my wealth of love— Were

I thy bride! Up—on thy breast My

loving head would rest, As on her nest The tender turtle dove— Were
I thy bride!
This heart of mine Would be one heart with thine, And in that shrine Our happiness would dwell— Were I thy bride! And all day long Our lives should be a song: No grief, no wrong Should make my heart rebel— Were I thy bride!
The silver flute, The
(MERYLL re-enters; gives keys to PHŒBE, who replaces them at WILFRED’S girdle, unnoticed by him.)

Exit MERYLL.)
to lullabies

Such as I'd sing to thee,
Were I thy bride!
A feather's press Were

Heavy, heavy To my caress. But then, of course, you see I'm

not thy bride!
(Exit Phoebe.)

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

(Exit Wilfred.)

(Enter Meryll, cautiously, from Tower.)

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

(Enter Fairfax, without beard and moustache, and dressed in Yeoman’s
uniform.)

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

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

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

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

(Enter Yeomen of the Guard.)
A CHORUS of YEOMEN TENORS

Oh, Sergeant Meryll, is it true—The welcome news we read in orders? Thy

BASSES

Oh, Sergeant Meryll, is it true—The welcome news we read in orders? Thy

son, whose deeds of der-ring-do Are echoed all the country through, Has come to join the Tower

son, whose deeds of der-ring-do Are echoed all the country through, Has come to join the Tower

Warders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fitly greet him, And welcome his arri-val here With

Warders? If so, we come to meet him, That we may fitly greet him, And welcome his arri-val here With
shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

Ye Tow-er Warders, nursed in war's alarms,
Suck-led on gun-pow-der, and wean'd on glo-ry, Be-

hold my son, whose all-sub-du ing arms
Have form'd the theme of many a song and story! Forgive his aged father's pride; nor jeer His aged father's sympathetic tear! (Pretending to weep.)

time of peril! Man of power, Knighthood's flower,
Welcome to the grim old Tower:  
To the

Welcome to the grim old Tower:  
To the

Tower welcome thou!  
Tower welcome thou!

**D FAIRFAX**

Forbear, my friends, and spare me this ovation: I have small claim to such consideration; the tales that of my prowess are narrated have been prodigiously exaggerated.
anted, prodigiously exaggerated.

TENORS

Tis

BASSES

Tis

ever thus! Wherever valour true is found, True

ever thus! Wherever valour true is found, True

modesty will there abound.

modesty will there abound.
Andante allegretto

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

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

YEOMEN

E

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

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

Mer-yll, at his pe-ri-l, Bore it safe-ly back a-gain!
Mer-yll, in his pe-ri-l, Snatch’d a sword and kill’d a score!
tak-en, And de-bar'd from all es-cape, Face, with gal-lant heart un-sha-ken, Death in foe-men, Bol-stered with the blood you shed, You, de-fi-ant, dread-ing no men, Saved your

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

YEOMEN

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

FAIRFAX

Tru-ly I was to be pit-i-ed, Hav-ing but an hour to live, True, my course with judg-ment shap-ing, Fav-o'rd too, by luck-y star, shape! head!

shape! head!
110

[rall.

I reluctantly submitted, I had no alternative!

Oh! the tales that are narrated Of my deeds of derring-do, Have been much exaggerated, Very much exaggerated, Scarcely a word of them is true!
(Enter PHŒBE. She rushes to FAIRFAX. Enter WILFRED.)

FAIRFAX.

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

TENORS

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

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

Scarce a word of them is true!

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

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

(Enter PHŒBE. She rushes to FAIRFAX. Enter WILFRED.)
112

**Allegro**

**PHŒBE (recit.)**

**FAIRFAX (puzzled)**

Leonard! 8 I beg your par-don?

**PHŒBE**

Don't you know me? I'm lit-tle Phœ-be! 8 Pheebe? Is this Phœ-be?

**FAIRFAX (still puzzled)**

G

**WILFRED**

It can't be Phœ-be, sure-ly? 8 Yes, 'tis Phœ-be-

(aside)

What, lit-tle Phœ-be?

Who the deuce may she be?
Your sister Phoebe! Your own little sister!

Aye, he speaks the truth; Tis

FAIRFAX (pretending to recognize her) Oh, my

Sister Phoebe!

Phoebe!
brother!

Why, how you've grown! I did not recognize you!

sempre p

many years! Oh, my brother!

Oh, my

Oh, brother!

Oh, sister!

sister!

Oh, sister!
Aye, hug him, girl! There are

Thy father and thy brother and myself.

And who art thou thyself?

Good sir, we are betroth'd.

Or more or
But rather less than more.

To thy fond care I commend thy sister.

Ever-watchful guardian—eagle-eyed!

And when she feels (as sometimes she does feel)

Disposed to indiscriminate caress,

Be thou at hand to take those favours from her.
PHŒBE (tenderly)

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

thou at hand to take those favours from her.

Allegro non troppo

To thy fraternal care Thy sister I commend;

From every lurking snare Thy lovely charge defend:

And to achieve this end, Oh! grant, I pray, this boon Oh,
grant this boon: She shall not quit thy sight: From
morn to afternoon - From afternoon to night - From seven o'clock to two - From
two to eve - From dim twilight to 'leven at night, From dim twilight to 'leven at night. She

shall not quit thy side! TENORS From morn till afternoon, From

BASSES From morn till afternoon, From
afternoon to leven at night—She shall not quit thy side!

Afternoon to leven at night—She shall not quit thy side!

Amiable I've grown: So innocent as well,

That if I'm left alone: The consequences fell

Mortal can foretell; So grant, I pray, this boon—Oh
afternoon to 'leven at night She shall not quit thy side!

FAIRFAX

With brotherly readiness, For my fair sister's sake, At once I answer

"Yes" - That task I undertake
My word I never break I freely grant that boon. And

I'll repeat my plight From morn to afternoon From afternoon to night From

seven o'clock to two From two to evening meal From dim twilight to 'leven at night, From

dim twilight to 'leven at night, That compact I will seal.

TENORS

BASSES From morn to
The bell of St. Peter's begins to toll. The Crowd enters; the block is brought on to the stage, and the Headsman takes his place. The Yeomen of the Guard form up. The Lieutenant enters and takes his place, and tells off Fairfax and two others to bring the prisoner to execution. Wilfred, Fairfax and two Yeomen exeunt to Tower.
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

The pris’ner comes to meet his doom; The

TENORS & BASSES

The pris’ner comes to meet his doom; The

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

block, the heads-man, and the tomb. The fun’ral bell be-gins to
toll; May Heav'n have mercy on his soul!

ELSIE

Oh, on his soul!

on his soul!
Mercy, thou whose smile has shone So many captive heart upon; Of all immured within these walls, To day the very worthiest falls!

Oh, Mercy, thou whose
smile has shone So many captive hearts upon; Of

smile has shone So many a captive heart upon; Of

smile has shone So many a captive heart upon; Of

all immersed within these walls, The wor-
cresc.

all immersed within these walls, The

cresc.

all immersed within these walls, The
cresc.

all immersed within these walls, The
Enter FAIRFAX and two other Yeomen from Tower in great excitement.

(Enter FAIRFAX and two other Yeomen from Tower in great excitement.)
es-cort for the pris-on-er We sought his cell, in-du-ty bound; The dou-ble gra-tings o-pen were, No

FAIRFAX & 1st YEOMAN

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

2nd & 3rd YEOMEN

We hunt-ed low, We hunt-ed there— The

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

man we sought with anx-i-ous care Had van-ish'd in-to emp-ty air! The man we sought with anxious care Had
vanish'd into empty air!

SOPRANOS

Now, by my troth, the news is fair, The man has vanish'd into

(Exit LIEUTENANT)

FAIRFAX & 1st YEOMAN

As escort for the prisoner We sought his cell in duty bound; The

2nd & 3rd YEOMEN

As escort for the prisoner We sought his cell in duty bound; The

SOPRANOS

air.

As escort for the prisoner They sought his cell in duty bound; The

TENORS & BASSES

As escort for the prisoner They sought his cell in duty bound; The
double gratings o - pen were, No pri - son - er at all we found, We hunt - ed high,

We hunt - ed low,

double gratings o - pen were, No pri - son - er at all they found, They hunt - ed high,

We hunt - ed low.

hunt - ed here, The man we sought with anx - ious care Had

We hunt - ed there - The man we sought with anx - ious care Had

hunt - ed here, The man they sought with anx - ious care Had

They hunt - ed there - The man they sought with anx - ious care Had
WILFRED, followed by LIEUTENANT.)

(WILFRED is arrested.)
I hate my rival he!

Thy life shall forfeit be in-

The prisoner gone I'm all agape!

My lord, stead!

Who could have help'd him to escape?
(WILFRED is taken away. Enter JACK POINT.)

ELSIE (aside to POINT.)

What have I

DAME CARRUTHERS

Of his escape no traces lurk, Enchantment must have been at work!

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

Indeed I can't imagine who! I've no idea at all—have

Indeed I can't imagine who! I've no idea at all—have
Oh! woe is you? Your anguish sink! Oh, woe is me, I rather think! Oh, woe is me, I rather think! Whate'er betid you are his bride, And I am left alone—be-reft! Yes, woe is me, I rather think! Yes, woe is
me, I ra-ther think! Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, I ra-ther
TUTTI p cresc. molto
Ah!
cresc. molto
Ah!

Allegro con molto brio

ELSIE

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

LIEUTENANT

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

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS, PHŒBE & DAME CARRUTHERS with 2nd SOPRANOS

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

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

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

Allegro con molto brio
138

lov'd, to him my hand I gave; To him un-lov'd, bound to be true!

hand to him you free-ly gave; It's woe to me, not woe to you!

is the mis-be-got-ten knave Who hath con-triv'd this deed to do?

Un-lov'd, un-seen, un-known, un-known—The brand of in-fa-my upon his

My laugh is dead, my heart, my heart un-manned, A jester with a heart of

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

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

Let search, let search be made throughout the land, Or his vin-dic-tive an-ger
At the end, ELSIE faints in FAIRFAX’s arms; all the Yeomen and populace rush off the stage in different directions, to hunt for the fugitive, leaving only the HEADSMAN on the stage, and ELSIE insensible in FAIRFAX’s arms.

END OF ACT I
Act II

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

No. 1: CHORUS. SOLO (Dame Carruthers)
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS unison

Night has spread her pall once more, And the prisoner still is free:

Open is his dungeon door, Useless his dungeon key!

He has shaken off his yoke— How, no mortal man can tell!
DAME CARRUTHERS

Warders are ye? Whom do ye ward?

p

Warders are ye? Whom do ye ward?

Bolt, bar and key, Shackle and

cord, Fetter and chain, Dungeon of stone, All are in vain – Prisoner's flown!
Ev'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev'ry cre-vice in the keep,
Ev'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev'ry cre-vice in the keep,

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

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
War-ders are ye? Whom do ye ward?

Ev'ry house, ev'ry chink, ev'ry drain, Ev'ry
Ev'ry house, ev'ry chink, ev'ry drain, Ev'ry
ward? Night has spread her chamber, ev'ry outlet Have we search'd, but all in vain!
Warders are chamber, ev'ry outlet Have we search'd, but all in vain!
pall once more and the prisoner still is free:
we. Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?
Warders are we. Whom do we
O - pen is his dun - geon door, Use-less his dun - geon Warders are we. Spite of us all he is free, he is ward? Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward? Spite of us all he is free, he is key! O - pen is his free! Pret-ty war - ders are we, he is free! Spite of us all he is free, he is free!
Exeunt all.

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

[Exeunt all.]
Enter Jack Point, in low spirits, reading from a huge volume.

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

(Enter Wilfred, also in low spirits.)

Wil. (sighing). Ah, Master Point!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Point. Difficult? Nothing easier. Nothing easier. Attend, and I will prove it to thee!
No. 2: SONG (Point)

Allegro comodo

Piano

POINT

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

light-heart-ed loon, If you lis-ten to pop-u-lar ru-mour;  From the
jes-ter, you'll need To con-sid-er each per-son's au-ri-cular:  What is
get-ting up ear-ly (And tem-pers are short in the morn-ing;)  An in-
sol-enn D. D. Oh, be-ware of his an-ger pro-vok-ing!  Bet-ter
bil-i-ous at-tack, And your sen-ses with tooth-ache you're los-ing,  Don't be
morn to the night he's so joy-ous and bright, And he bub-bles with with and good-
all right for B would quite scan-da-lize C (For C is so ve-ry par-
op-por-tune joke is e-nough to pro-voke Him to give you, at once, a month's not pull his hair--don't stick pins in his chair; He don't un-der-stand prac-ti-cal mo-pey and flat--they don't fine you for that, If you're pro- per-ly quaint and a-

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

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

fa-mi-ly fools Must ob-serve, if they love their pro-fes-sion! There are ev-ery with a carp That he's known your best joke from his era-dle! When your in-so lent stare, "If you know that you're paid to be fun-ny?" It por-ted from France, Half a crown is stopp'd out of your wa-ges! It's a ceed-ing-ly kind--They don't blame you as long as you're fun-ny! It's a
one or two rules, Half-a-dozen may be, That all family fools, Of what-
humour they flout, You can't let yourself go; And it does put you out When a
adds to the task Of a merry man's place, When your prin-cipal asks, With a
gene-
eral rule, Tho' your zeal it may quench, If the fa-
com-fort to feel, If your part-

er says, "Oh,
scowl on his face, joke that's too French,
mind it a bit-

Must ob-
serve, if they love their pro-

I have known that old joke from my
"If you know that you're paid to be
Half-a-

They don't blame you so long as you're

1, 2, 3, & 4.

fession.
cra-
dle!!
fun-
ny?
wa-ges!

fun-
ny!
POINT. And so thou wouldst be a jester, eh?
Wil. Aye!
POINT. Now, listen! My sweetheart, Elsie Maynard, was secretly wed to this Fairfax half an hour ere he escaped.
Wil. She did well.
POINT. She did nothing of the kind, so hold thy peace and perpend. Now, while he liveth she is dead to me and I to her, and so, my jibes and jokes notwithstanding, I am the saddest and the sorriest dog in England!
Wil. Thou art a very dull dog indeed.
POINT. Now, if thou wilt swear that thou didst shoot this Fairfax while he was trying to swim across the river – it needs but the discharge of an arquebus on a dark night – and that he sank and was seen no more, I’ll make thee the very Archbishop of jesters, and that in two days’ time! Now, what sayest thou?
Wil. I am to lie?
POINT. Heartily. But thy lie must be a lie of circumstance, which I will support with the testimony of eyes, ears, and tongue.
Wil. And thou wilt qualify me as a jester?
POINT. As a jester among jesters. I will teach thee all my original songs, my self-constructed riddles, my own ingenious paradoxes; nay, more, I will reveal to thee the source whence I get them. Now, what sayest thou?
Wil. Why, if it be but a lie thou wantest of me, I hold it cheap enough, and I say yes, it is a bargain!
No. 3: DUET (Point and Wilfred)

Allegro vivace

Piano

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

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

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

cure by sol-emn deed, To pre-vent all Er-ror men-tal. structure me in the art, (Art a-ma-zing, Won-der rais-ing)
call With a story Grim and gory;
free. Proud position High ambition!

How this Fairfax died, and all I de-
And a lively one I'll be, Wag-a-

I to swear to!
Wag-a-wagging!
I to swear to!
Wag-a-wagging.

clare to You're to swear to!
I declare to!
I de-
clare to!

ever flag-ging!
Wag-a-wagging!
Ne-ver flag-ging!
Wag-a-wagging.

I to swear to! You de-
clare to! I to swear to!
I to swear to! You're to swear to! I de-
clare to!
flag-ging! Wag-a-wagging! Ne-ver flag-ging! Wag-a-wagging!
Tell a tale of cock and bull, of convincing detail full!
Tale tremendous, Heav'n defend us!

What a tale of cock and bull! What a tale of cock and bull!
Exeunt together.
(Enter Fairfax.)

Fair. Two days gone, and no news of poor Fairfax! The dolts! They seek him everywhere save within a dozen yards of his dungeon. So I am, free! Free, but for the cursed haste with which I hurried headlong into the bonds of matrimony with—Heaven knows whom! As far as I remember, she should have been young; but even had not her face been concealed by her kerchief, I doubt whether, in my then plight, I should have taken much note of her. Free? Bah! The Tower bonds were but a thread of silk compared with these conjugal fetters which I, fool that I was, placed upon mine own hands. From the one I broke readily enough—how to break the other!
No. 4: BALLAD (Fairfax)

Andante con espress

FAIRFAX

Free from his fetters grim—

Piano

\[\text{p} \]

Free to depart; Free both in life and limb—

$\text{\textit{In all but heart! Bound to an unknown bride}}$

For good and ill; Ah, is not one so tied—
prison, still, A prison, still? Ah, is not one so
tied A prison still?
Free, yet in fetters held Till his last hour,
Gyves that no smith can weld, No rust devour!
Although a monarch's hand
Had set him free,

Of all the captive band
The saddest

He, The saddest he!
Of all the captive band

Saddest, saddest he!
(Enter Meryll.)

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

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

Fair. Thanks to Dame Carruthers’ kind nursing, eh?

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

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

Mer. (aside). It’s coming.

Fair. (laughing). I’faith, I think I’m not wanted here. (Going.)

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

Fair. (aside). True. I’m one of the family; I had forgotten!

Dame. ’Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kate. Aye, aunt, ’tis even so.

Fair. Art thou sure of all this?

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

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

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

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

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

Mer. (aside). Aye, I know one of them!
No. 5: QUARTET
(Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax and Meryll)

 Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte

KATE

DAME CARRUTHERS

FAIRFAX

MERYLL

Allegretto. Tempo di Gavotte

Piano

1. Strange adventure! Maid-den wed- ded To a groom she's ne-ver seen! Ne-ver,
2. Strange adventure that we're troll- ing! Mo-dest maid and gal-lant groom! Gal-lant,

1. Strange adventure! Maid-den wed- ded To a groom she's ne-ver seen! Ne-ver,
2. Strange adventure that we're troll- ing! Mo-dest maid and gal-lant groom! Gal-lant,
Groom about to be beheaded, In an hour on Tower
ever, never seen! Groom about to be beheaded, In an hour on Tower
gallant, gallant groom! While the funeral bell is tolling, Tolling, tolling, Bim-

Green! Tow-er, Tow-er, Tow-er Green! Groom in dreary dungeon lying - Groom as
boom! Bim-a, Bim-a, Bim-a - boom! Groom in dreary dungeon will not tarry; Though but

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

(Enter Elsie.)

FAIR. Mistress Elsie!
ELSIE. Master Leonard!
FAIR. So thou leavest us to-night?
ELSIE. Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.
FAIR. And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?
ELSIE. Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.
FAIR. Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?
ELSIE. It maybe so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.
FAIR. Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?
ELSIE. Thou? And of whom?
FAIR. Why, of this Fairfax, surely!
ELSIE. Of Colonel Fairfax?
FAIR. Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie – I love thee, ardently, passionately! (ELsie alarmed and surprised.) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days – which is a long time – and I would fain, join my life to thine!
ELSIE. Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!
FAIR. Jesting? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever – with a love that is a frenzy – with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?
ELSIE (aside). Oh, mercy, What am I to say?
FAIR. Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?
ELSIE. I love all brave men.
FAIR. Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lowest them all, I withdraw my thanks.
ELSIE. I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen – I am not free – I – I am a wife!
FAIR. Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered – nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?
ELSIE. Oh, sir! keep my secret – it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!
FAIR. The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!
ELSIE. It is very like. He is naught to me – for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die – and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!
FAIR. He was to have died, and he did not die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.
ELSIE. I now wish I had!
FAIR. (aside). Bloodthirsty little maiden! (Aloud.) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine – he will never know – he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie – we will be married to-morrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!
Elsie. Master Leonard! I am amazed! Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed – not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty, and – oh, sir! thy words terrify me – they are not honest – they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee!

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

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

Allegro con fuoco

MERYLL (recit.)

Hark! What was that, sir?

Piano

FAIRFAX

Why, an arquebus—Fired from the wharf, unless I much mistake.

MERYLL

Strange—

(Enter Chorus)

and at such an hour! What can it mean?

p a tempo cresc.
TENORS
Now what can that have been—
a shot so late at night,
E-

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

nough to cause a fright! What can the por - tent mean?
nough to cause a fright! What can the por - tent mean?

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck’d?
What are we to expect? What

TENORS

BASSES

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck’d?

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck’d?

Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wreck’d?

sf
(LIEUTENANT enters, also POINT and WILFRED.)

LIEUTENANT (recit.)

Who fired that shot? At once the truth declare!

hand?

hand?

hand?

POINT

WILFRED

My lord, 'twas I to rashly judge for—

My lord, 'twas he to rashly judge for—
Allegro con brio.

bear!

Or a spectre all appalling—

Like a ghost his vigil keeping—

I believe

I should rather call it crawling—

He was crawling—

held a figure creeping—

He was creeping—

He was crawling—

Crawling!

He was creeping, creeping—

He was creeping, creeping—

Not a
moment's hesitation I myself upon him flung, With a hurried exclamation To his
drapery I hung. Then we clos'd with one another In a rough-and-tumble smother, Colonel
Fairfax and no other Was the man to whom I clung!

ELSIE with 1st SOPS, PHŒBE & DAME C. with 2nd SOPS.

FAIRFAX with TENORS, LIEUT. & MERYLL with BASSES

Fairfax and no other, Colonel
Fairfax and no other, Colonel
Fairfax and no other, Colonel
Fairfax and no other, Colonel

Fairfax and no other, Colonel Fairfax and no other Was the man to whom he clung!

Fairfax and no other, Colonel Fairfax and no other Was the man to whom he clung!
It resembled more a struggle—

After mighty tug and tussle—

He, by

p

pp


Or by some infernal juggle—

dint of stronger muscle—

From my clutches quickly sliding—

rather call it slipping—

Or escaping to the shipping—

With the view, no doubt, of hiding—

With a
I’d describe it as a shiver—
gasp and with a quiver
Down he dived into the river, And a-

I can’t swim!

It’s enough to make one shiver, With a gasp and with a quiver, Down he

It’s enough to make one shiver, With a gasp and with a quiver, Down he

Ingenue

dived into the river, It was very brave of him!

dived into the river, It was very brave of him!
I should 

nu-i-ty is catch-ing; With the 

view my king of pleas-ing, Ar-que-bus from sen-try snatch-ing – 

ra-ther call it seiz-ing – 

With an ounce or two of lead I des-patch’d him thro’ the head!

With an ounce or two of lead I des-patch’d him thro’ the head!

I dis-charg’d it with-out wink-ing, Lit-tle 

ounce or two of lead He des-patch’d him thro’ the head!

ounce or two of lead He des-patch’d him thro’ the head!
I should say a lump of lead.

Like a stone I saw him sink ing -

time I lost in think ing,

I should say a lump of lead.

Like a stone I saw him sink ing -

charg'd it with out wink ing, Lit tle time he lost in think ing!

Like a hea vy lump of lead.

Like a stone, my boy, I said -

Like a
Like a heavy lump of lead.

stone, my boy. I said

A ny how the man is dead, Whether

stone or lump of lead!

TUTTI cresc.

A ny how the man is dead, And whether stone or lump of lead, Ar que

bus from sentry seizing With the view his king of pleasing, Arque bus from sentry seizing, With the
view his king of pleasing, Wilfred shot him thro' the head, And he's very, very dead! And it

matters very little whether stone or lump of lead, It is very, very certain that he's

LIEUTENANT (recit.)

The river must be dragged— No time be

very, very dead!

very, very dead!
182

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

(Four men raise WILFRED, and carry him off on their shoulders.)
Exeunt all but ELSIE, POINT, FAIRFAX and PHŒBE.
POINT (to ELSIE, who is weeping). Nay, sweetheart, be comforted. This Fairfax was but a pestilent fellow, and, as he had to die, he might as well die thus as any other way. 'Twas a good death.

ELSIE. Still, he was my husband, and had he not been, he was nevertheless a living man, and now he is dead; and so, by your leave, my tears may flow unchidden, Master Point.

FAIR. And thou didst see all this?

POINT. Aye, with both eyes at once – this and that. The testimony of one eye is naught – he may lie. But when it is corroborated by the other, it is good evidence that none may gainsay. Here are both present in court, ready to swear to him!

PHŒ. But art thou sure it was Colonel Fairfax? Saw you his face?

POINT. Aye, and a plaguey ill-favoured face too. A very hang-dog face – a felon face – a face to fright the headsman himself, and make him strike awry. Oh, a plaguey, bad face, take my word for 't. (PHOEBE and FAIRFAX laugh.) How they laugh! 'Tis ever thus with simple folk – an accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard,' and they roar their ribs out!

FAIR. (aside). If ever I come to life again, thou shalt pay for this, Master Point!

POINT. Now, Elsie, thou art free to choose again, so behold me: I am young and well-favoured. I have a pretty wit. I can jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you –

FAIR. Tush, man, thou knowest not how to woo. 'Tis not to be done with time-worn jests and thread-bare sophistries; with quips, conundrums, rhymes, and paradoxes. 'Tis an art in itself, and must be studied gravely and conscientiously.
No. 7: TRIO (Elsie, Phœbe and Fairfax)

Allegretto grazioso

Piano

FAIRFAX

A man who would woo a fair maid,
Should 'prentice himself to the

trade,
And study all day,
In methodical way.
How to flatter, cajole, and per-

suade.
He should 'prentice himself at fourteen,
And practice from morning to
e'en; And when he's of age, If he will, I'll en-gage He may cap-ture the heart of a

ELSIE

It is

PHCEBE

It is

queen, the heart of a queen!

It is

purely a matter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they will

But

purely a matter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they will

But

purely a matter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they will

But
187

Elsie

Every Jack, He must study the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he
wants to make sure of his Jill! If he
wants to make sure of his Jill!
made the best use of his time, His twig he'll so carefully lime That
every bird Will come down at his word, Whatever its plumage or clime. He must
learn that the thrill of a touch May mean little, or nothing, or much; It's an
instrument rare, To be handled with care, And ought to be treated as such, ought...
to be treated as such.

PHŒBE
It is purely a matter of

FAIRFAX
It is purely a matter of

skill, Which all may attain if they will But every Jack, He must

study the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure

study the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure

study the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure
Then a glance may be timid or free, It will vary in mighty degree. From an impudent stare To a look of despair That no maid without pity can see; And a glance of despair is no guide— It may
have its ri-di-cu-lous side; It may draw you a tear, Or a box on the ear; You can ne-ver be sure till you've tried! Ne-ver be sure till you've tried!

It is pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they

It is pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they

It is pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they
will. _ But ev- er-y Jack He must stu- dy the knack if he wants to make sure of his
will. _ But ev- er-y Jack He must stu- dy the knack if he wants to make sure of his

Jill If he wants to make sure, _ to make sure _
Jill If he wants to make sure _ of his Jill, But ev- er-y
Jill If he wants to make sure _ of his Jill, But ev- er-y

of his Jill! sure of his Jill! If he
Jack Must stu- dy the knack, But ev- er-y Jack Must stu- dy the knack If he
Jack Must stu- dy the knack, But ev- er-y Jack Must stu- dy the knack If he
FAIR. (aside to POINT). Now, listen to me – ’tis done thus – (aloud) – Mistress Elsie, there is one here who, as thou knowest, loves thee right well!

POINT (aside). That he does – right well!

FAIR. He is but a man of poor estate, but he hath a loving, honest heart. He will be a true and trusty husband to thee, and if thou wilt be his wife, thou shalt lie curled up in his heart, like a little squirrel in its nest!

POINT (aside). ’Tis; a pretty figure. A maggot in a nut lies closer, but a squirrel will do.

FAIR. He knoweth that thou wast a wife – an unloved and unloving wife, and his poor heart was near to breaking. But now that thine unloving husband is dead, and thou art free, he would fain pray that thou wouldst hearken unto him, and give him hope that thou wouldst one day be his!

PHŒ. (alarmed). He presses her hands – and he whispers in her ear! Ods bodikins, what does it mean?

FAIR. Now, sweetheart, tell me – wilt thou be this poor good fellow’s wife?

ELSIE. If the good, brave man – is he a brave man?

FAIR. So men say.

POINT (aside). That’s not true, but let it pass.

ELSIE. If the brave man will be content with a poor, penniless, untaught maid –

POINT (aside). Widow – but let that pass.

ELSIE. I will be his true and loving wife, and that with my heart of hearts!

FAIR. My own dear love! (Embracing her.)

PHŒ. (in great agitation). Why, what’s all this? Brother, brother – it is not seemly!

POINT (also alarmed, aside). Oh, I can’t let that pass! (Aloud.) Hold, enough, Master Leonard! An advocate should have his fee, but methinks thou art over-paying thyself!

FAIR. Nay, that is for Elsie to say. I promised thee I would show thee how to woo, and herein lies the proof of the virtue of my teaching. Go thou, and apply it elsewhere! (PHŒBE bursts into tears.)
No. 8: QUARTET (Elsie, Phœbe, Fairfax and Point)

Allegretto grazioso  ELSIE

When a woo-er Goes a wooing, Naught is truer than his

Piano

joy.

FAIRFAX

Maid'en hush-ing all his su-ing Bold-ly blush-ing Brave-ly coy! Brave-ly

ELSIE

Bold-ly blush-ing Brave-ly coy!

PHŒBE

Oh, the

ELSIE

Oh, the coy!

PHŒBE

Bold-ly blush-ing

POINT

Oh, the hap-py days of do-

p

>
happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a wooer goes a wooing, Oh, the
happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a wooer goes a wooing, Oh, the
happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a wooer goes a wooing, Oh, the

sweets that never cloy! When a brother leaves his sister For another, Sister weeps. Tears that trickle, Tears that blister—Tis but mickle Sister reaps! Tears that
Oh, the trickkle, Tears that blister.
Oh, the doing and undoing.
Oh, the sighing and the suing.
When a brother goes a-wooing, And a
sob-bing sis-ter weeps!

When a jes-ter Is out-wit-ted, Feelings

fes-ter, Heart is lead! Food for fish-es On-ly fit-ted, Jes-ter wish-es He was
dead! Food for fish-es On-ly fit-ted, Jes-ter wish-es He was
ELSIE>
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

PHŒBE>
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

FAIRFAX
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

_ Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing, When a jes-ter goes a-

E
woo-ing, And he wish-es he was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un-

woo-ing, And he wish-es he was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un-

woo-ing, And he wish-es he was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un-

woo-ing, And he wish-es he was dead! Oh, the do-ing and un-
Exeunt all but PHŒBE, who remains weeping.
And I helped that man to escape, and I’ve kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I was his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I’ll turn nun, and be sister to everybody – one as much as another!

(Enter Wilfred.)

Wil. In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

Phoe. Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy – well, ’tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

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

Phoe. Jealous of thee! Bah! I’m jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he’d do an he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou – set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the little pale fool – set that down, Master Wilfred – and my heart is well nigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it!

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

Phoe. (aside). Oh, mercy! what have I said?

Wil. Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother, and fondled, and coddled, and kissed! – with my connivance, too! Oh Lord! with my connivance! Ha! should it be this Fairfax! (Phoebe starts.) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It’s Fairfax! Fairfax, who –

Phoe. Whom thou has just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

Wil. A – I – I may have been mistaken. We are but fallible mortals, the best of us. But I’ll make sure – I’ll make sure. (Going.)

Phoe. Stay – one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax – mind, I say I think because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie – and – and – as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife!

Wil. Is that sure?

Phoe. Aye, sure enough, for there’s no help for it! Thou art a very brute – but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

Wil. My beloved! (Embraces her.)

Phoe. (aside). Ugh!

(Enter Leonard, hastily.)

Leon. Phoebe, rejoice, for I bring glad tidings. Colonel Fairfax’s reprieve was signed two days since, but it was foully and maliciously kept back by Secretary Poltwhistle, who designed that it should arrive after the Colonel’s death. It hath just come to hand, and it is now in the Lieutenants possession!

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

Wil. (dancing with fury). Ods bobs, death o’ my life! Art thou mad! Am I mad? Are we all mad?

Phoe. Oh, my dear – my dear, I’m well nigh crazed with joy! (Kissing Leonard.)
Wil. Come away from him, thou hussy – thou jade – thou kissing, clinging cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, devil take thee, I’ll rip thee like a herring for this! I’ll skin thee for it! I’ll cleave thee to the chine! I’ll — oh! Phoebe! Phoebe! Who is this man?

Phœ. Peace, fool. He is my brother!

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

Phœ. This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The real Leonard, I say – my father’s own son.

Wil. How do I know this? Has he ‘brother’ writ large on his brow? I mistrust thy brothers! Thou art but a false jade!

[Exit Leonard.]

Phœ. Now, Wilfred, be just. Truly I did deceive thee before – but it was to save a precious life – and to save it, not for me, but for another. They are to be wed this very day. Is not this enough for thee? Come – I am thy Phoebe – thy very own – and we will be wed in a year – or two – or three, at the most. Is not that enough for thee?

(Enter Meryll, excitedly, followed by Dame Carruthers, who listens, unobserved.)

Mer. Phoebe, hast thou heard the brave news?

Phœ. (Still in Wilfred’s arms). Aye, father.

Mer. I’m nigh mad with joy! (Seeing Wilfred.) Why, what’s all this?

Phœ. Oh, father, he discovered our secret through my folly, and the price of his silence is –

Wil. Phoebe’s heart.

Phœ. Oh dear, no – Phoebe’s hand.

Wil. It’s the same thing!

Phœ. Is it?

[Exeunt Wilfred and Phœbe.]

Mer. (looking after them). ’Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e’en suffer for it! (Dame Carruthers comes down.) Dame Carruthers!

Dame. So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll from their shoulders!

Mer. Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. (Aside.) Yet, if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There’s nothing for it – (aloud) – Hush, pretty one! Such bloodthirsty words ill become those cherry lips! (Aside.) Ugh!

Dame (bashfully). Sergeant Meryll!

Mer. Why, look ye, chuck – for many a month I’ve – I’ve thought to myself – ‘There’s snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for some one, and why not for thee – that’s me – so take heart and tell her – that’s thee – that thou – that’s me – lovest her – thee – and – and – well, I’m a miserable old man, and I’ve done it – and that’s me!’ But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is –

Dame. Meryll’s heart?

Mer. No, Meryll’s hand.

Dame. It’s the same thing!

Mer. Is it!
No. 9: DUET (Dame Carruthers and Sergeant Meryll)

Allegro vivace e con brio

DAME CARRUTHERS

Rapture, rapture! When love's vo-ta-ry, Flushed with cap-ture,

Seeks the no-ta-ry, Joy and jol-li-ty Then is po-li-ty; Reigns fri-vo-li-ty!

Rapture, rapture! Joy and jol-li-ty Then is po-li-ty; Reigns fri-vo-li-ty
Man's affinity; Fate all flow-er-y, Bright and bow-er-y Is her dow-er-y!

Joy-ful, joy-ful! Fate all flow-er-y, Bright and bow-er-y Is her dow-er-y,

Joy-ful, joy-ful!

MERYLL

Ghast-ly, ghast-ly! When man, sor-rowful, First-ly, last-ly,

Of to-mor-row full, Af-ter tar-ry-ing, Yields to har-ry-ing Goes a-mar-ry-ing,
DAME CARRUTHERS

Joyful, joyful! Joyful, joyful!

Ghastly, ghastly! Ghastly, ghastly!

Joyful, joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Ghastly, ghastly! Ghastly, ghastly! Ghastly, ghastly, ghastly!

cresc.

Rapture, rapture! When love's voicing, Flushed with capture,

Doleful, doleful! When humanity, With its soul filled

dim.
p
Seeks the notary, Joy and jollity
Then is polity, Reigns frivolity!

Of satanit, Court ing privi ty, Down deci ty, Seeks captivity!

Rapture, rapture! Joy and jollity
Then is polity, Reigns frivolity

Doleful, doleful! Court ing privi ty, Down deci ty, Seeks captivity!

Rapture, rapture! Rapture, rapture!

Doleful, doleful! Doleful, doleful!
[28x149]Exeunt

DAME CARRUTHERS
and
MERYLL.

[Exeunt DAME CARRUTHERS and MERYLL.]
Enter Yeomen and Women

No. 10: FINALE ACT II (Tutti)

Andante grazioso

Piano

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS (unison)

Comes the pretty young bride,:

blushing, timidly shrinking— Set all thy fears aside—

cheerily, pretty young bride!

1st SOPRANOS

Brave is the youth to whom thy

2nd SOPRANOS

Brave is the youth to whom thy
lot thou art willingly linking!

Flow-er of va-lour is he Lov-ing as lov-ing can be! Bright-ly thy summer is shin-ing,

Bright-ly thy summer is shin-ing. Fair as the dawn, as the dawn of the
(Enter DAME CARRUTHERS, PHŒBE and ELSIE as Bride.)

ELSIE

and obey!

'Tis said that joy in full perfection Comes only

PHŒBE

and obey!

'DAME CARRUTHERS

'Tis said that joy in full perfection Comes only
213

happiness is cloyed  With happiness my soul is cloyed This is my joy-day un-

happiness is cloyed  With happiness her soul is cloyed This is her joy-day un-

dim. pp

happiness is cloyed  With happiness her soul is cloyed This is her joy-day un-

loyed, un-loyed, This is my joy-day un-loyed!

loyed, un-loyed, This is her joy-day un-loyed!

loyed, un-loyed, This is her joy-day un-loyed!

SOPRANOS

rall. a tempo With

TENORS & BASSES

Yes, yes, With
(Flourish. Enter Lieutenant.)

Happiness her soul is cloyed, This is her joy-day unalloyed!

Hold, pretty one! I bring to thee News—good or ill, it is for thee to say. Thy husband
lives—and he is free, And comes to claim his bride this very day!

Un poco meno mosso e agitato

No! no! re-call those words—it can-not be!

DAME CARRUTHERS & PHŒBE

Oh, day of ter-ror! Oh, day of ter-ror!

LIEUTENANT, MERYLL & WILFRED

Come, dry these un-be-coming tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine ears.

KATE, 1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Oh, day of ter-ror! Oh, day of ter-ror!

TENORS & BASSES

Oh, day of ter-ror! Oh, day of ter-ror!
DAME CARRUTHERS & PHŒBE
The man to whom thou art allied

LIEUTENANT, MERYLL & WILFRED
Come, dry these unbecoming tears, Most joyful tidings greet thine

Appears to claim thee as his bride.

The man to whom thou art allied Appears to claim thee as his
Flourish. Enter COLONEL FAIRFAX, handsomely dressed, attended by other Gentlemen.
FAIRFAX (sternly)

All thought of Leonard Meryll set aside. Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride!

ELSIE (recit.)

1st & 2nd SOPRANOS

Thou art his own, alas, he claims thee as his bride!

TENORS & BASSES

Thou art his own, alas, he claims thee as his bride!

suppliant at thy feet I fall: Thine heart will yield to pity's call!

FAIRFAX

Mine is a
heart of massive rock, Unmoved by sentimental shock!

CHORUS
Thy husband

Thy husband

Andante espress e con moto
Con molto tenerezza
ELSIE (aside)

Leonard, my loved one—come to me, They

he!

he!
Andante espress e con moto
Andante

dim. p

bear me hence away! But though they take me
far from thee My heart is thine for aye! My
bruised heart, My broken heart, Is thine, my own, for
ay! Is thine, is thine, my own, is thine, for aye!

appassionato

own, is thine, for aye!

f
dim. fff
Sir, I o-bey, I am thy bride; But ere the fa-tal hour I said the say That placed me in thy pow'r, Would I had died! Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride!

(Looks up and recognises FAIRFAX) Lleo - nard!

Ah! (Embrace) With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed...
This is our joy-day un-alloyed!

Yes! Yes! With happiness their souls are eloyed.

This is their joy-day un-alloyed! With
happiness their souls are cloysd, This is their joy-day un-alloyed, their
happiness their souls are cloysd, This is their joy-day un-alloyed, their

joy-day un-alloyed,
joy-day un-alloyed, un-alloyed!
joy-day un-alloyed, un-alloyed!

(Enter JACK POINT.)

Oh thought-less crew! Ye know not what ye

Recit. slower rall.
do! Attend to me, and shed a tear or two—For
224

I have a song to sing, O!

Sing me your song, O!

It is sung to the moon By a love-lorn loon, Who fled from the mocking throng. O! It's the

song of a merry-man moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who

sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady!
Heigh-dy, Heigh-dy! Mis-ery me! lack-a-day-dee! He-o!

Oo!

Oo!

sipped no sup and he craved no crumb. As he sighed for the love of a lady!

I have a song to sing, O!

What is your song, O!

What is your song, O!
It is sung with the ring
Of the songs maids sing
Who love with a love
long,
O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid,
nest-ling near
Who loved her lord, but who
dropped a tear
At the moan of the mer-ry-man
mop-ing mum,
Whose soul was sad and whose
glance was glum,
Who sipp'd no sup and who craved no crumb,
As he sigh'd for the love of a la-dye!
ELSIE & 1st SOPRANOS

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He

2nd SOPRANOS

Oo!

TENORS & BASSES

Oo!

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

ELSIE, PHŒBE, DAME CARRUTHERS & 1st SOP.  cresc. e animato

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He

Oo!

Oo!
sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady!
(FAIRFAX embraces ELsie as POINT falls insensible at their feet.)

CURTAIN

END OF OPERA
Appendix

These bars from the Finale of Act II show how the parts for Elsie, Kate, Phebe and Dame Carruthers were scored in the first edition of Chappell’s vocal score.

Elsie
Oh, Leonard,

Kate

Phœbe
Oh, Leonard,

Dame Carruthers
Who is the man who, in his pride,

Lieutenant & Wilfred
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine

Meryll
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine

Day of ter-ror! Day of tears!
Oh, Leonard,

Leonard,

Oh, Leonard,

Oh, Leonard,

ears. The man to whom thou art allied Appears to claim thee as his ears. The man to whom thou art allied Appears to claim thee as his Day of terror! Day of terror! Day of tears! Who is the
Come thou to my side, And claim me
Come thou to her side, And claim her
Come thou to her side, And claim her

The man to whom thou art allied Appears to claim thee as his bride,
Who is the man in his pride claims thee
Man who, in his pride claims thee
as thy loving bride. Day of terror! Day of tears!
as thy loving bride. Day of terror! Day of tears!
as thy loving bride. Day of terror! Day of tears!
as thy loving bride. Day of terror! Day of tears!

bride, as his bride?
bride, as his bride?
as his bride? Day of terror! Day of tears!
as his bride? Day of terror! Day of tears!