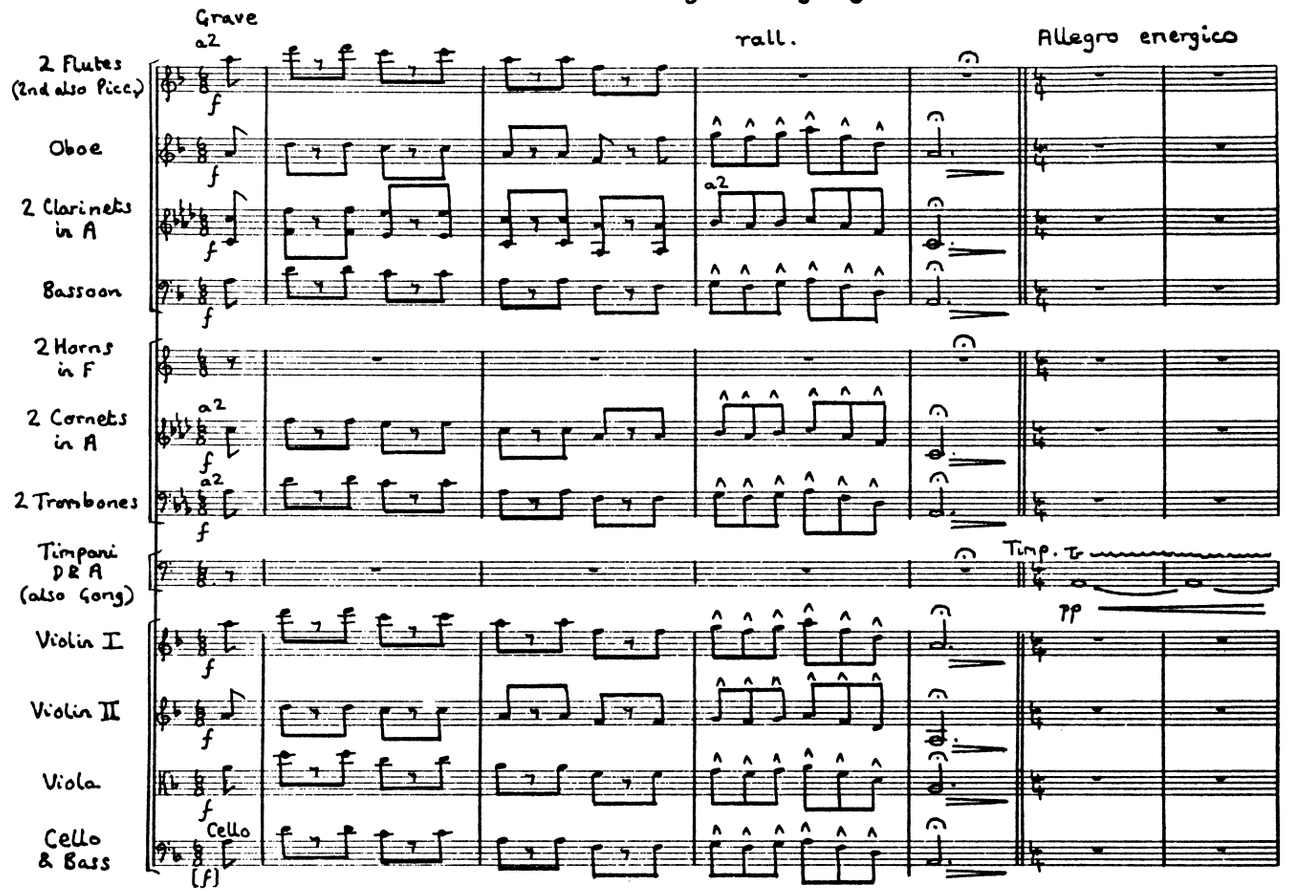
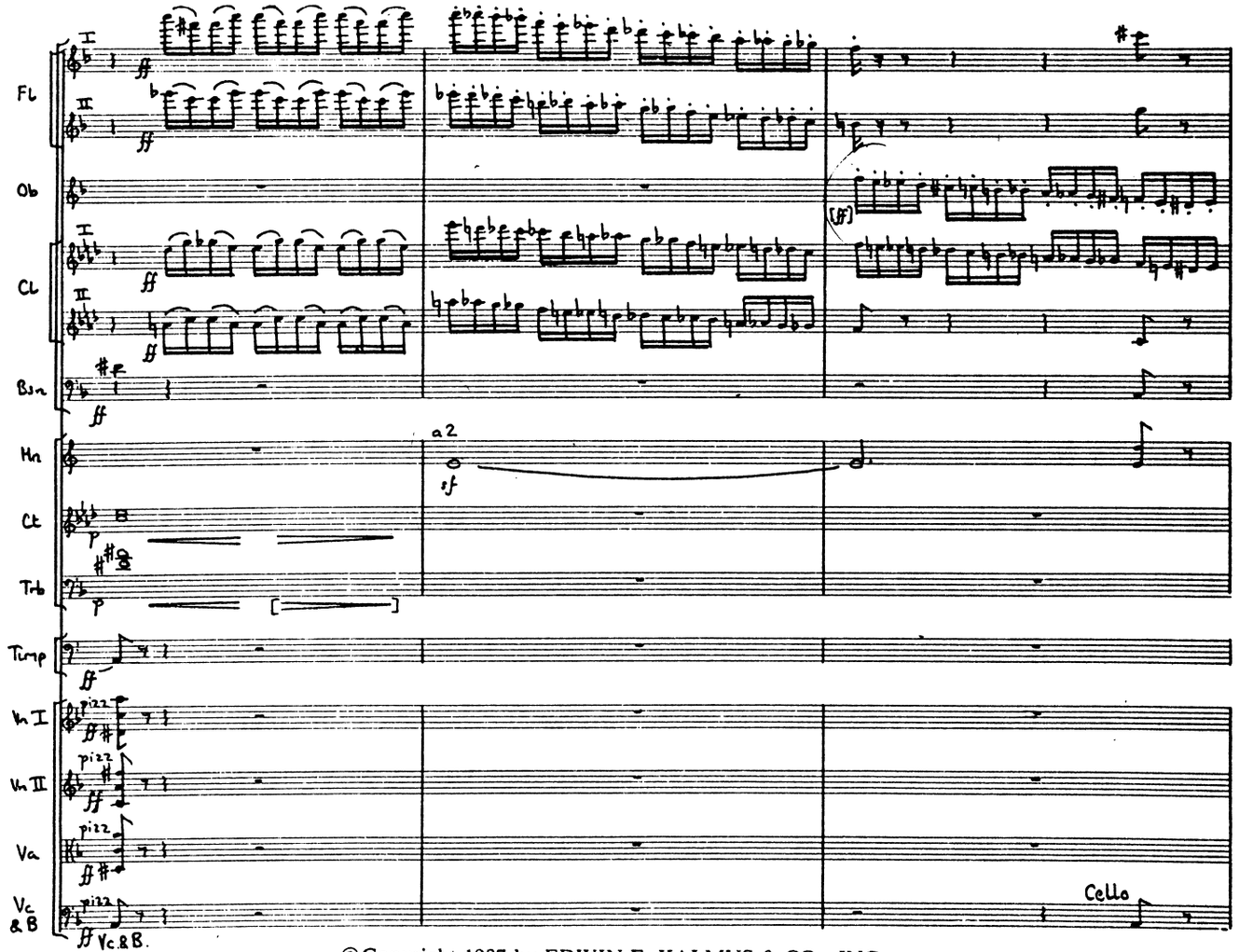
OVERTURE (by Geoffrey Toye)





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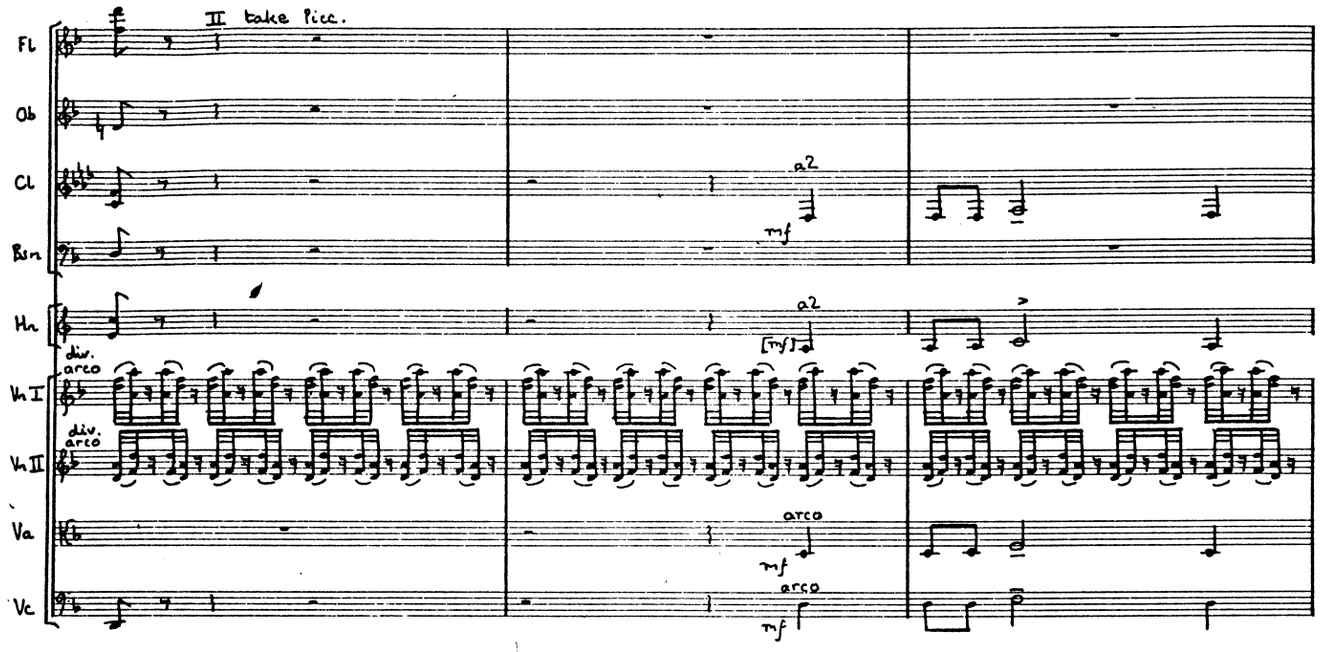
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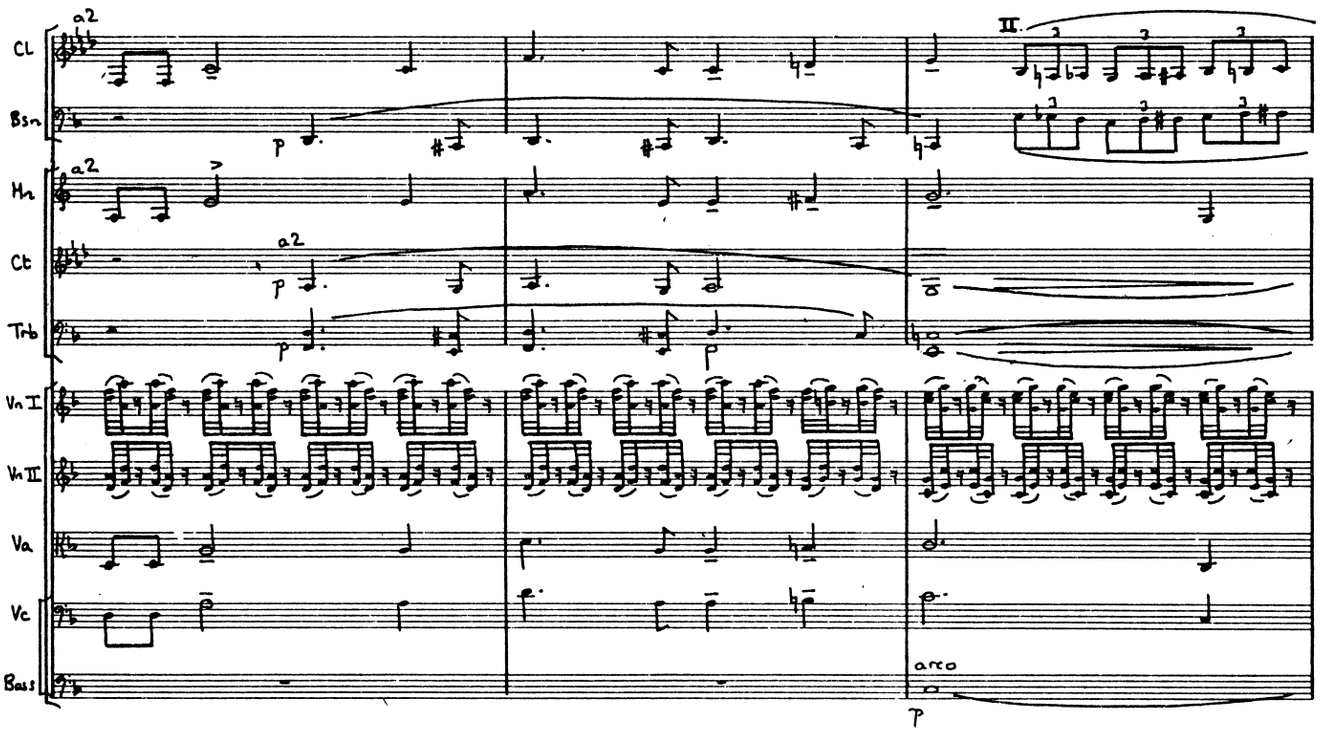
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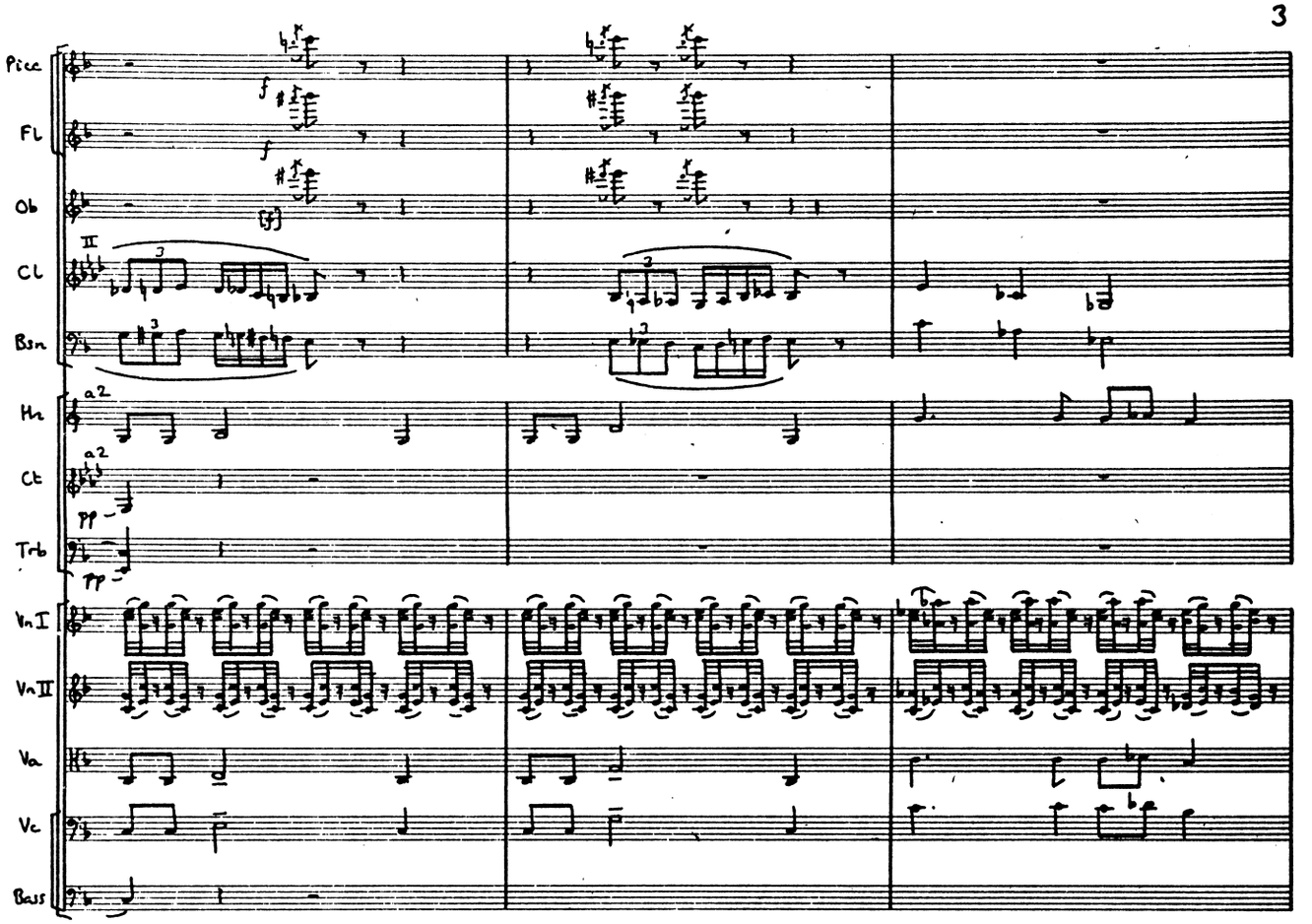
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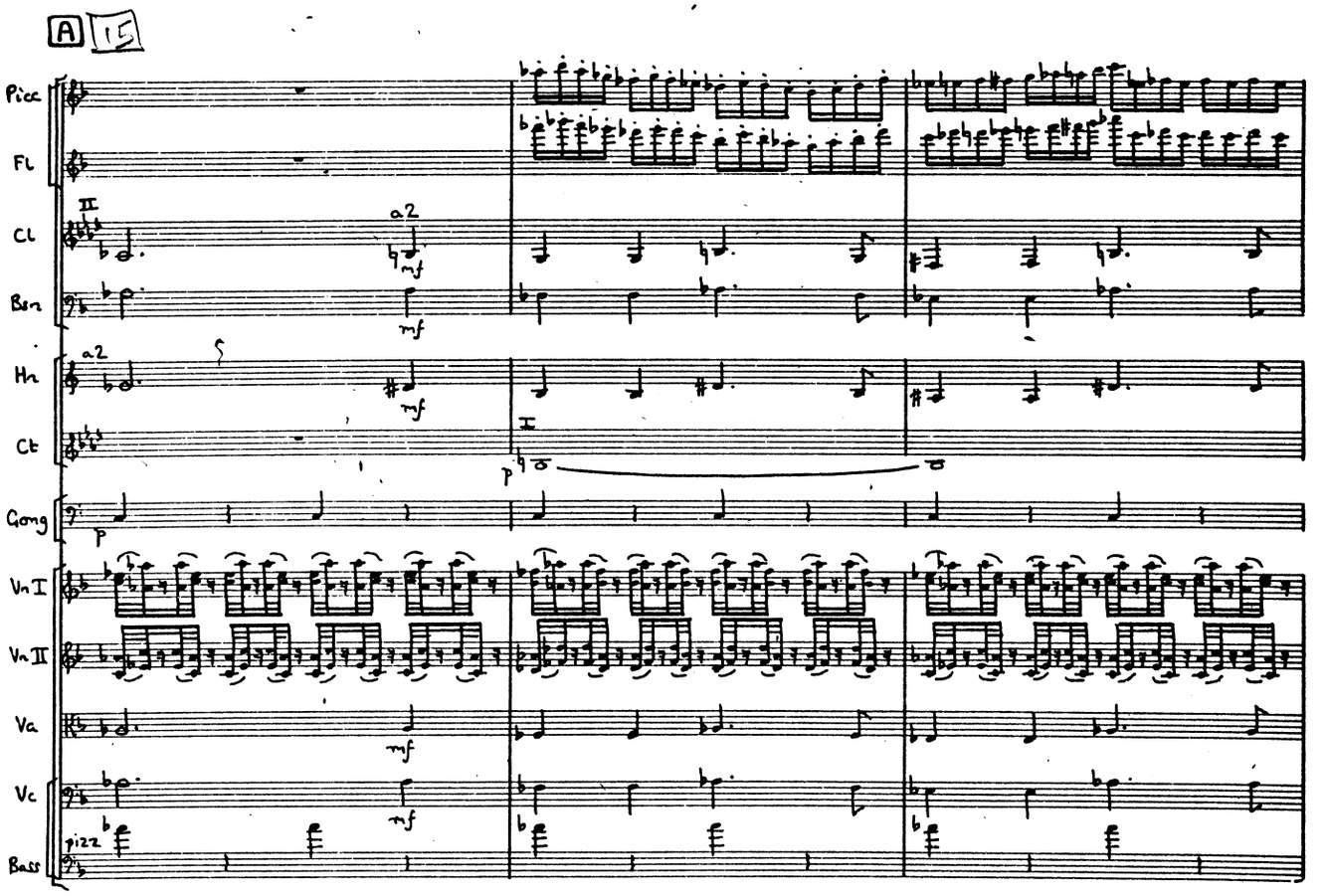
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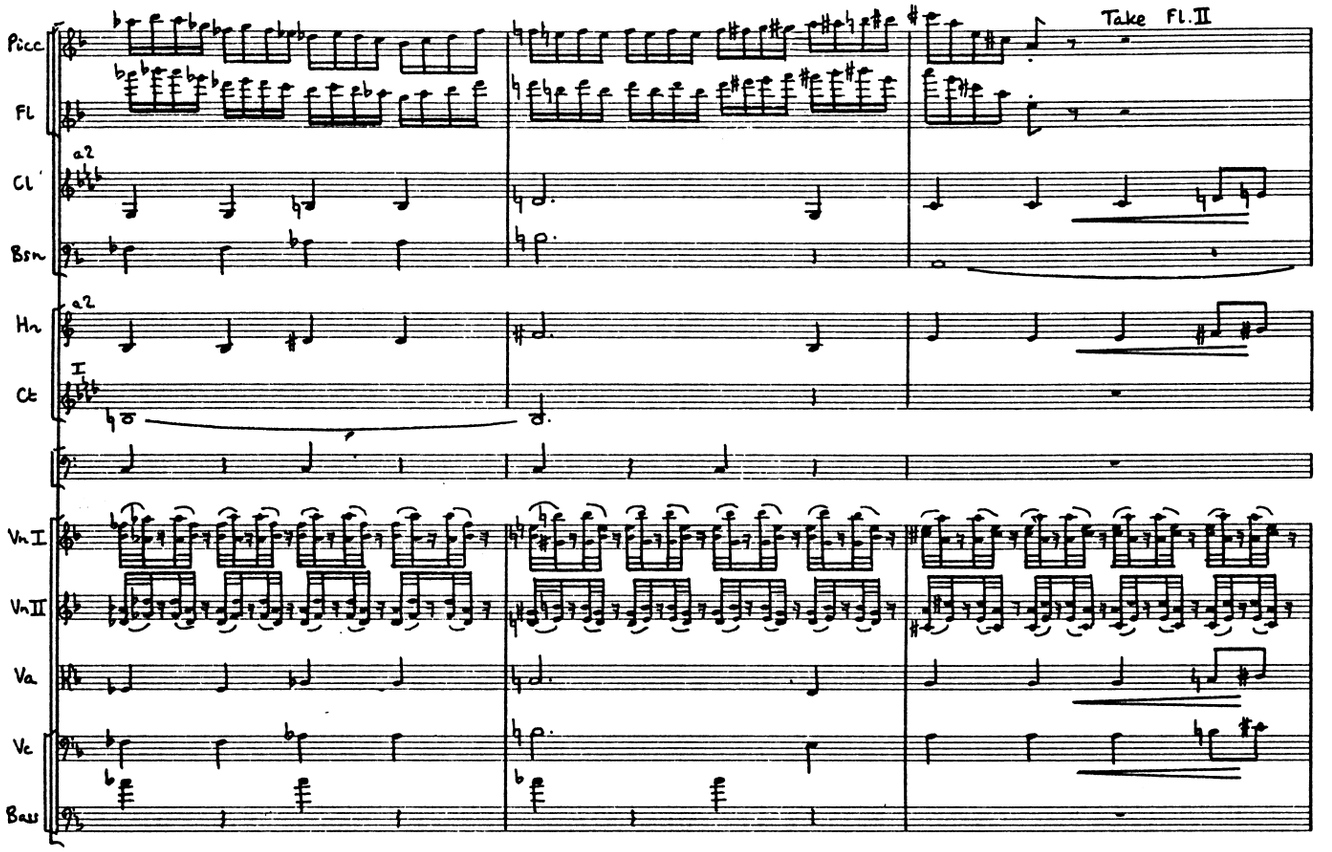
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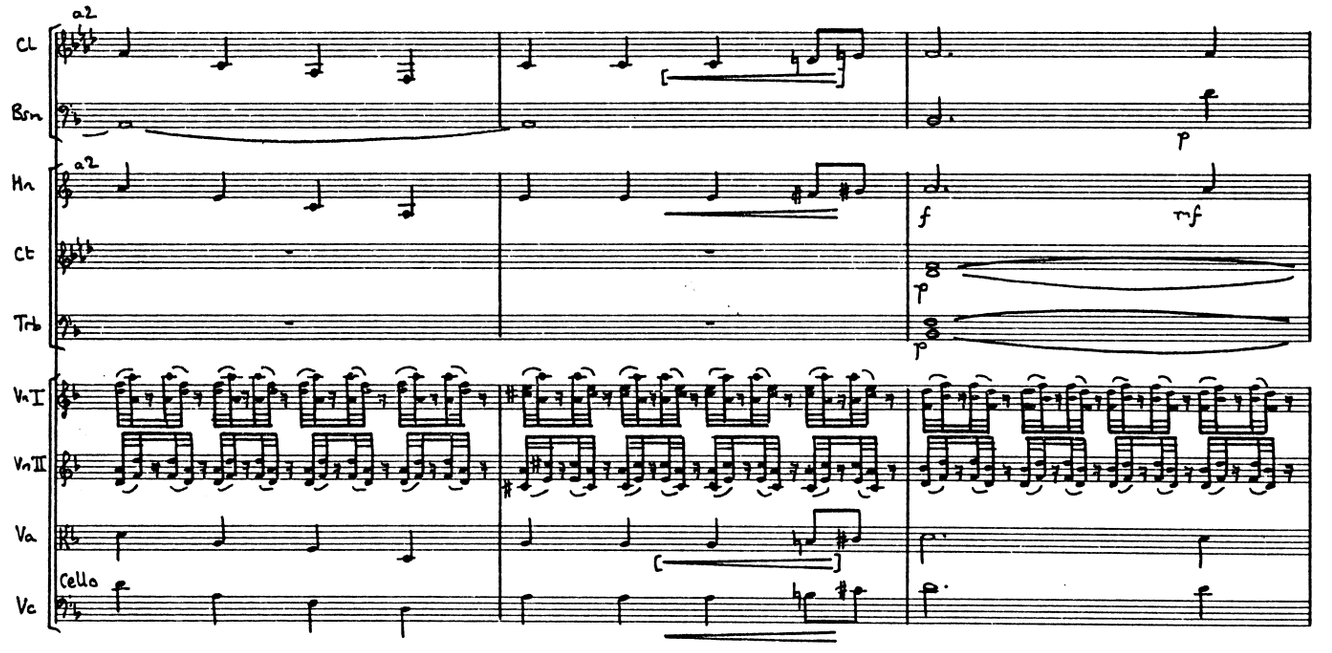
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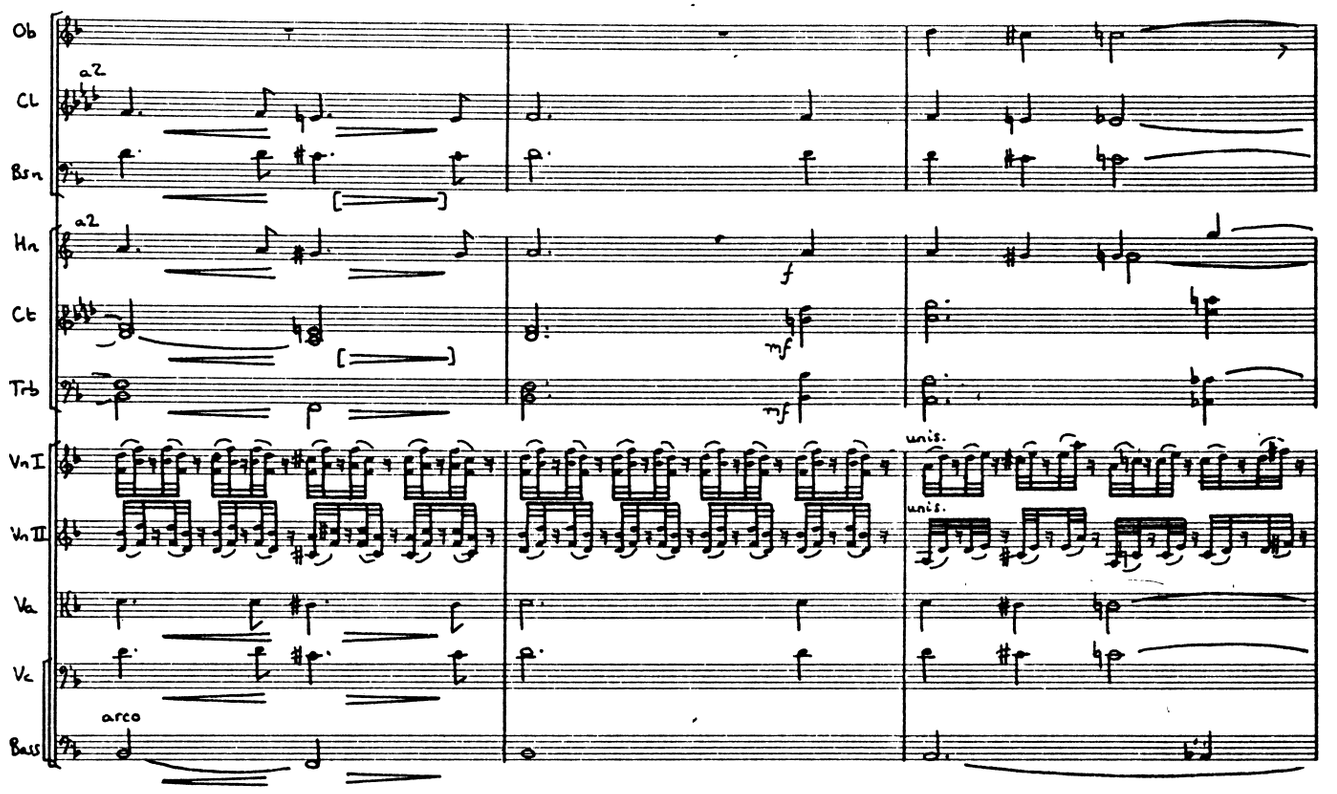
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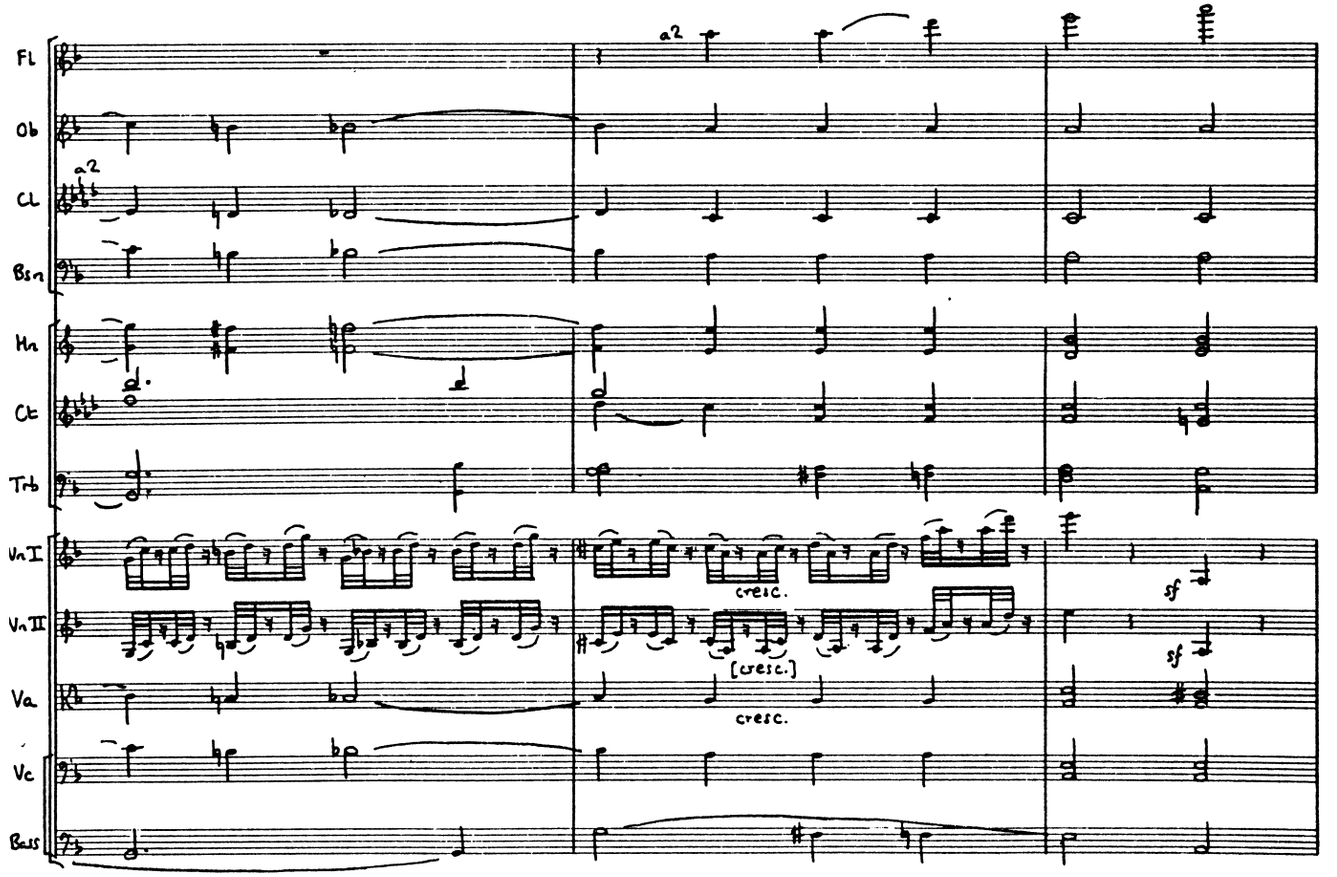
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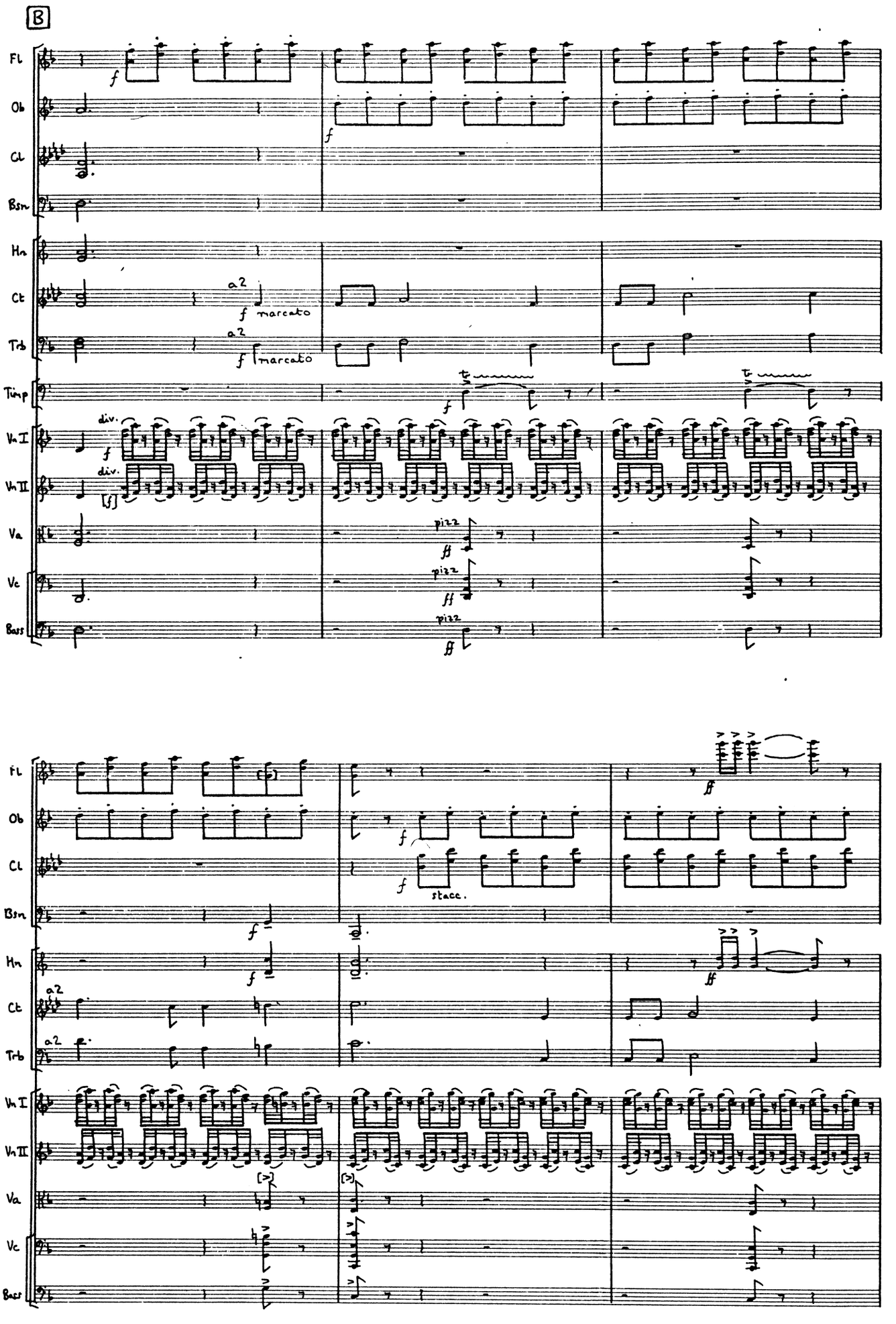
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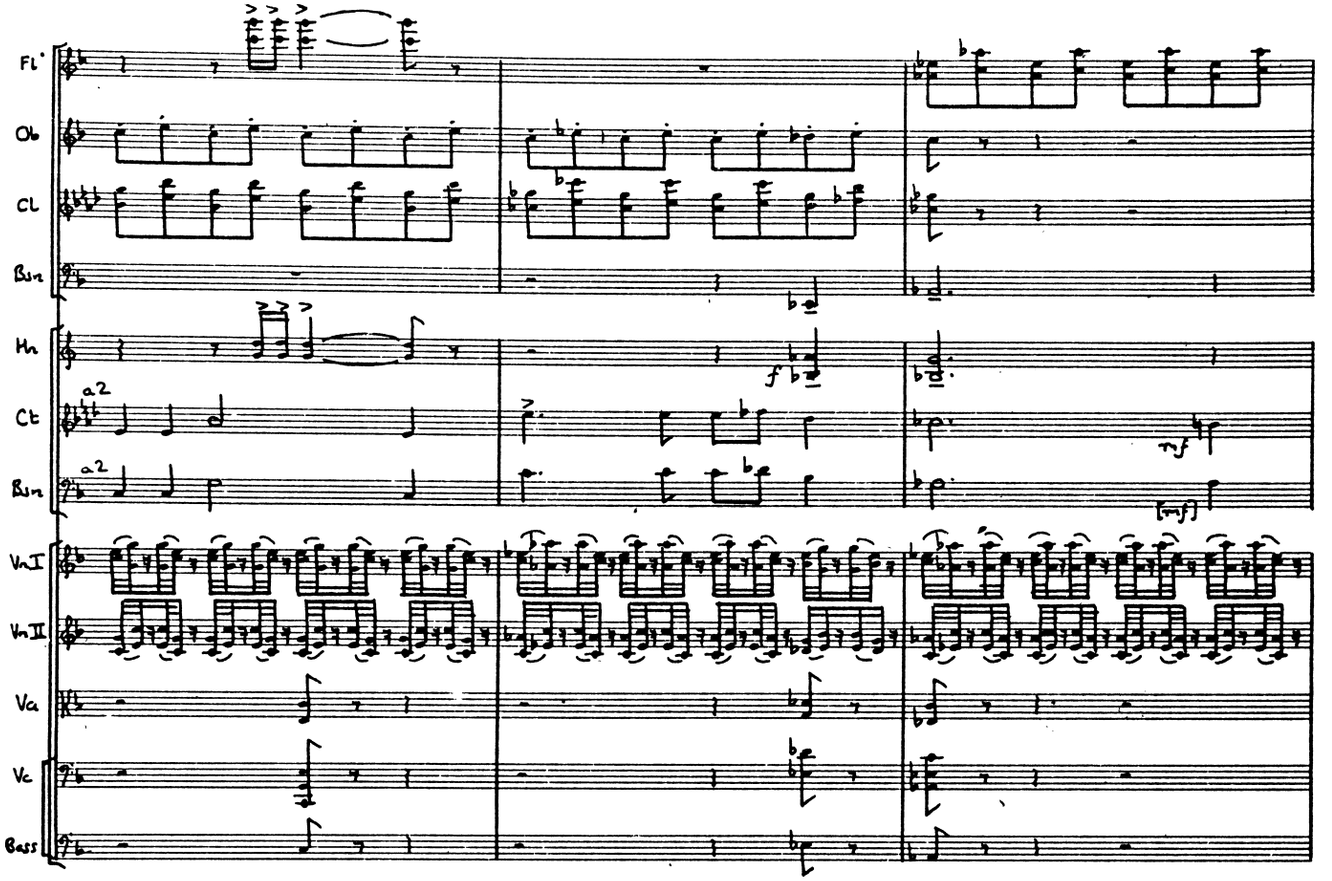
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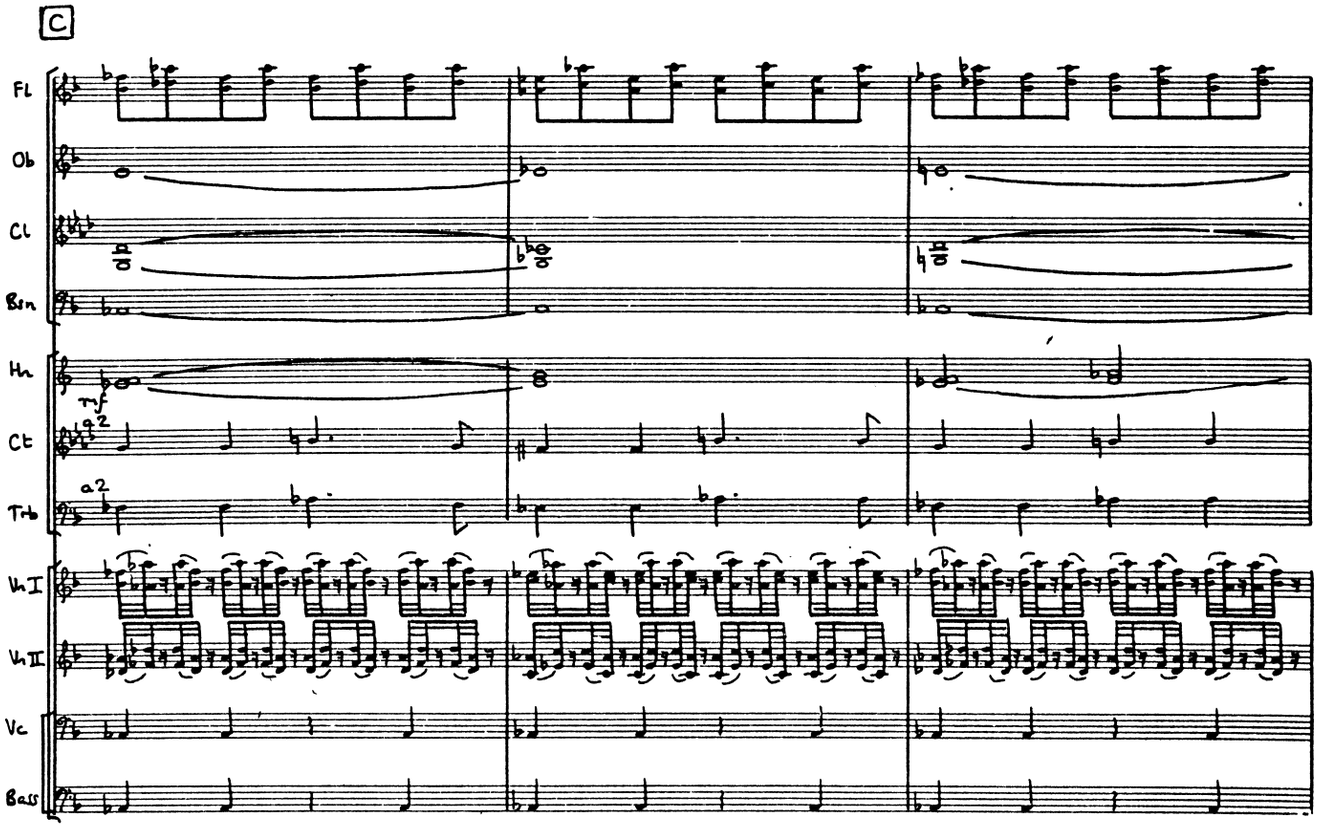
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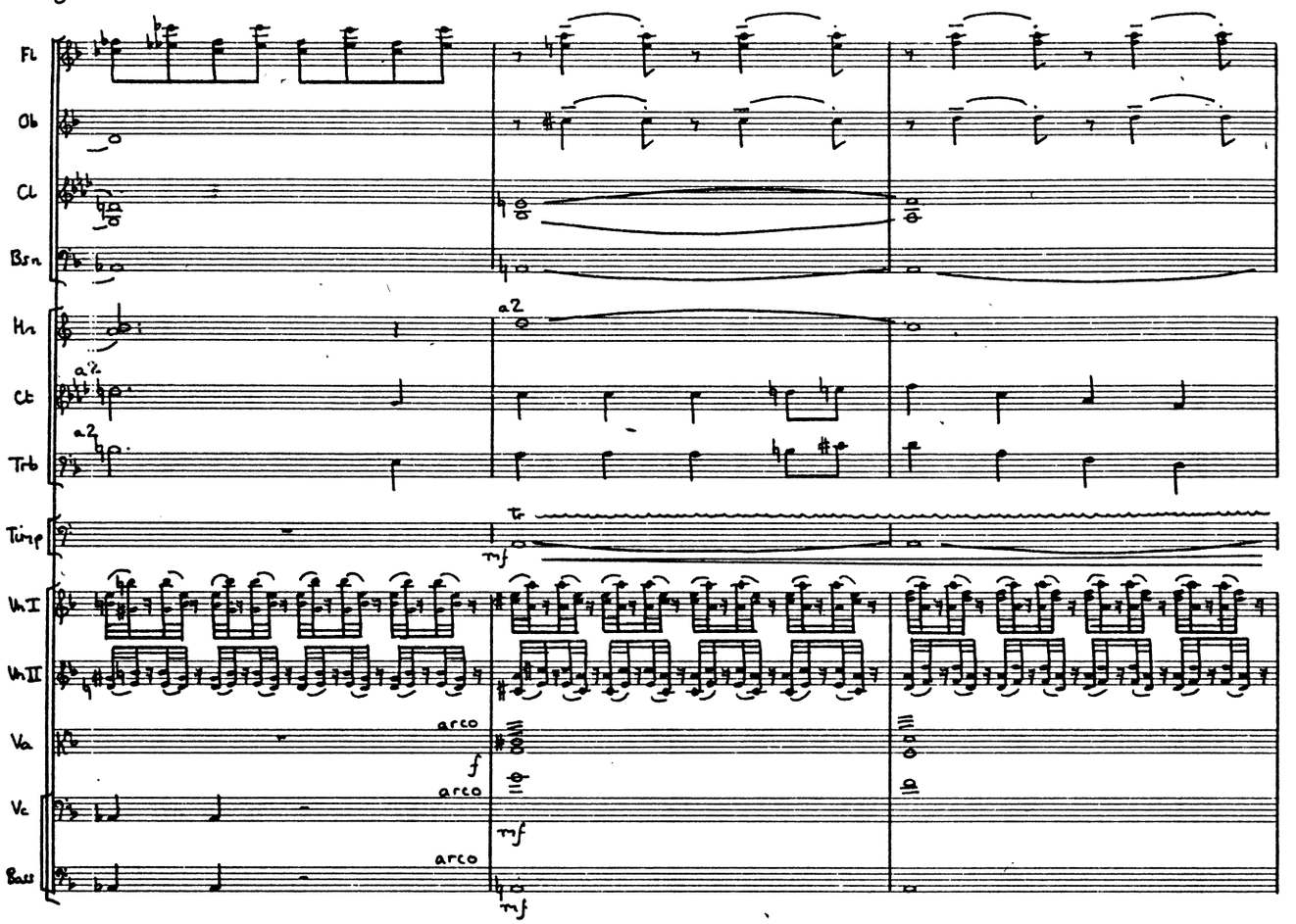
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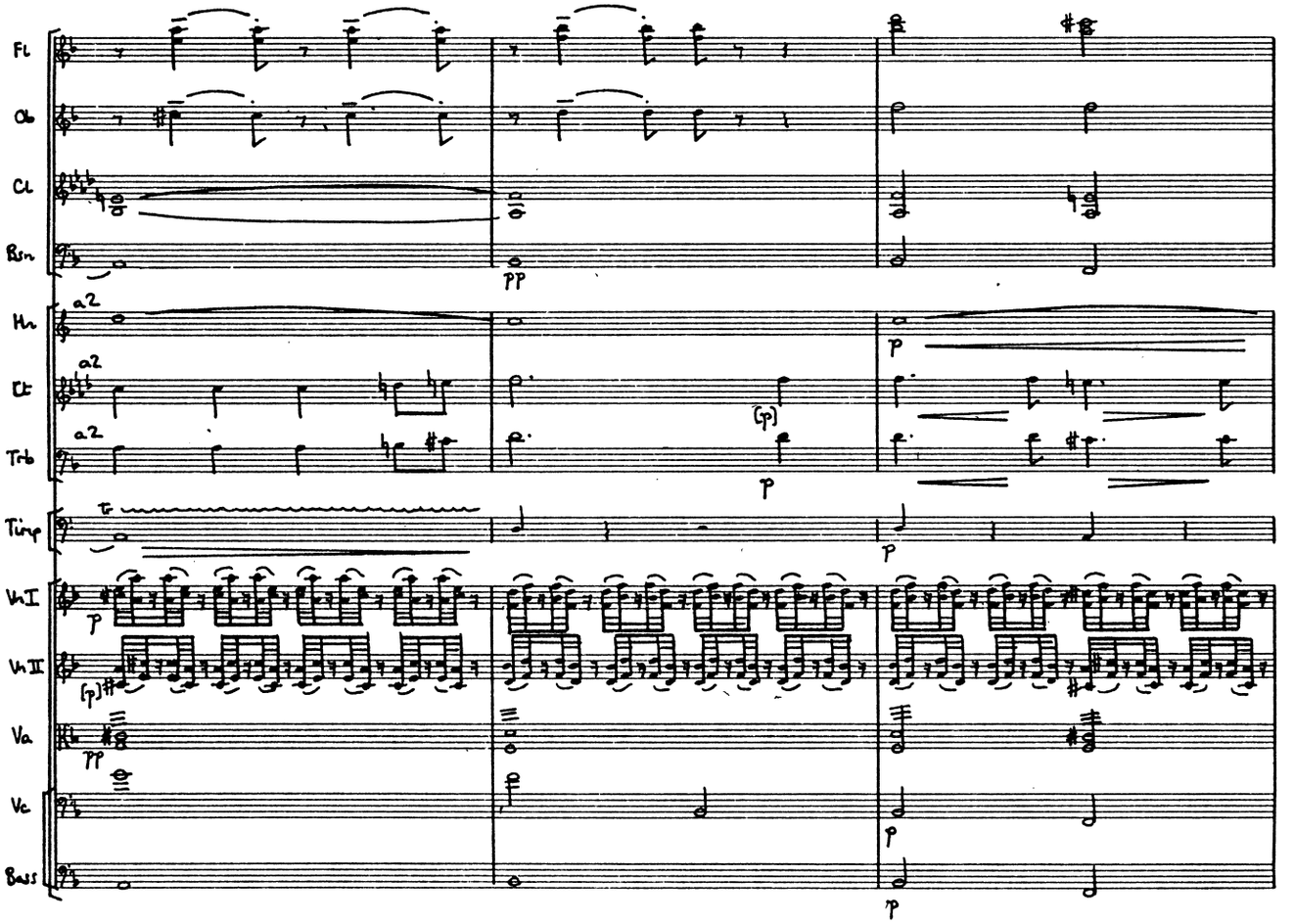
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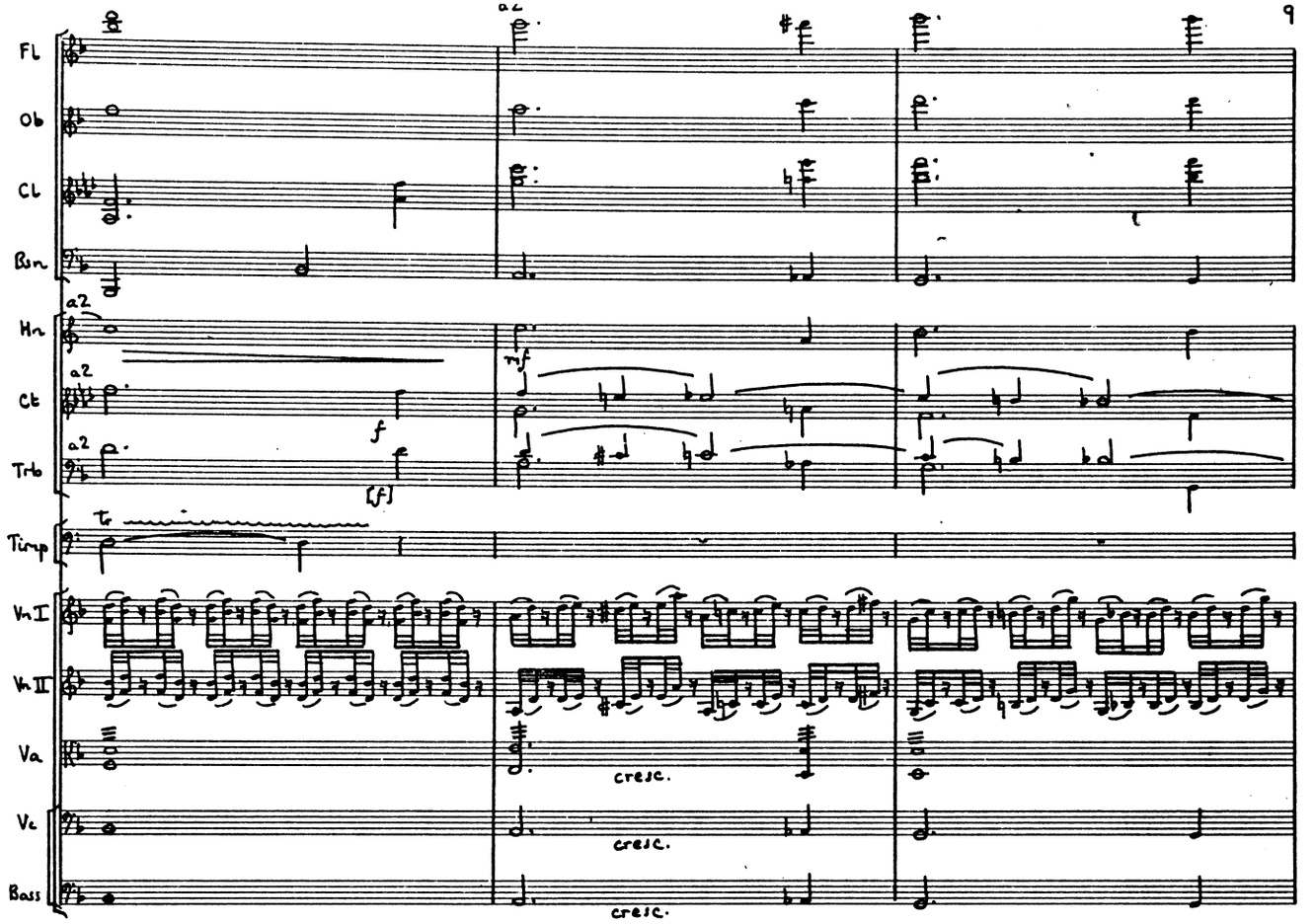
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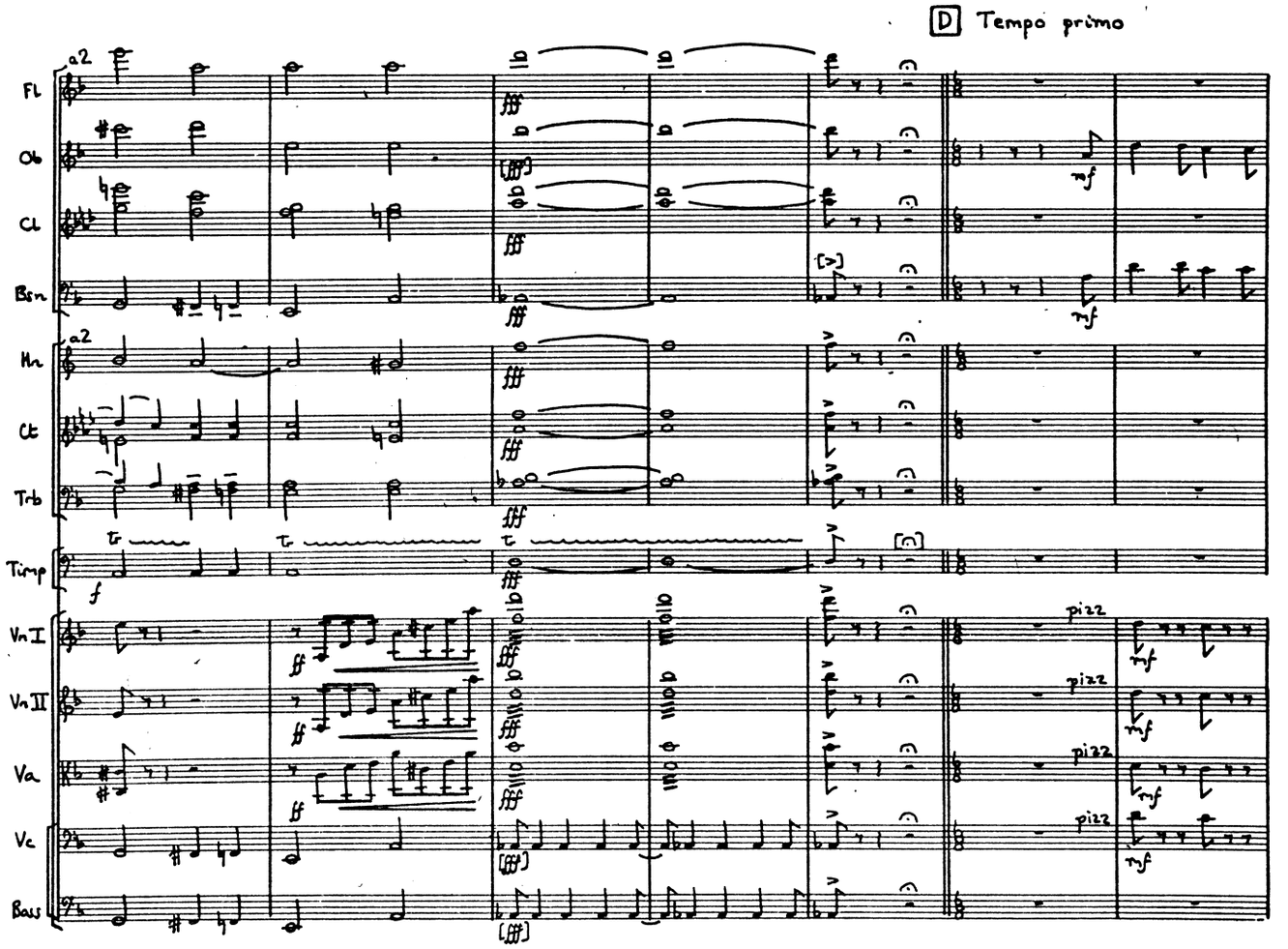
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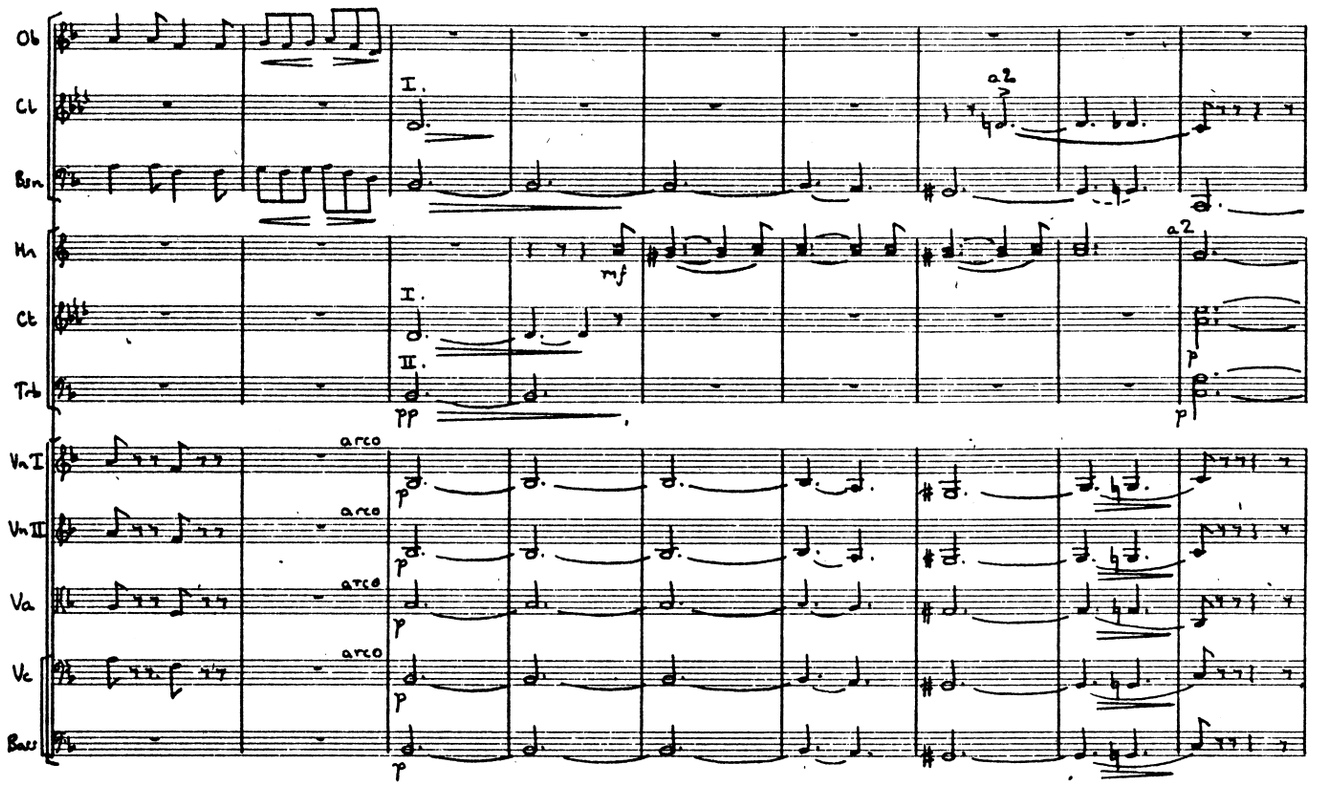

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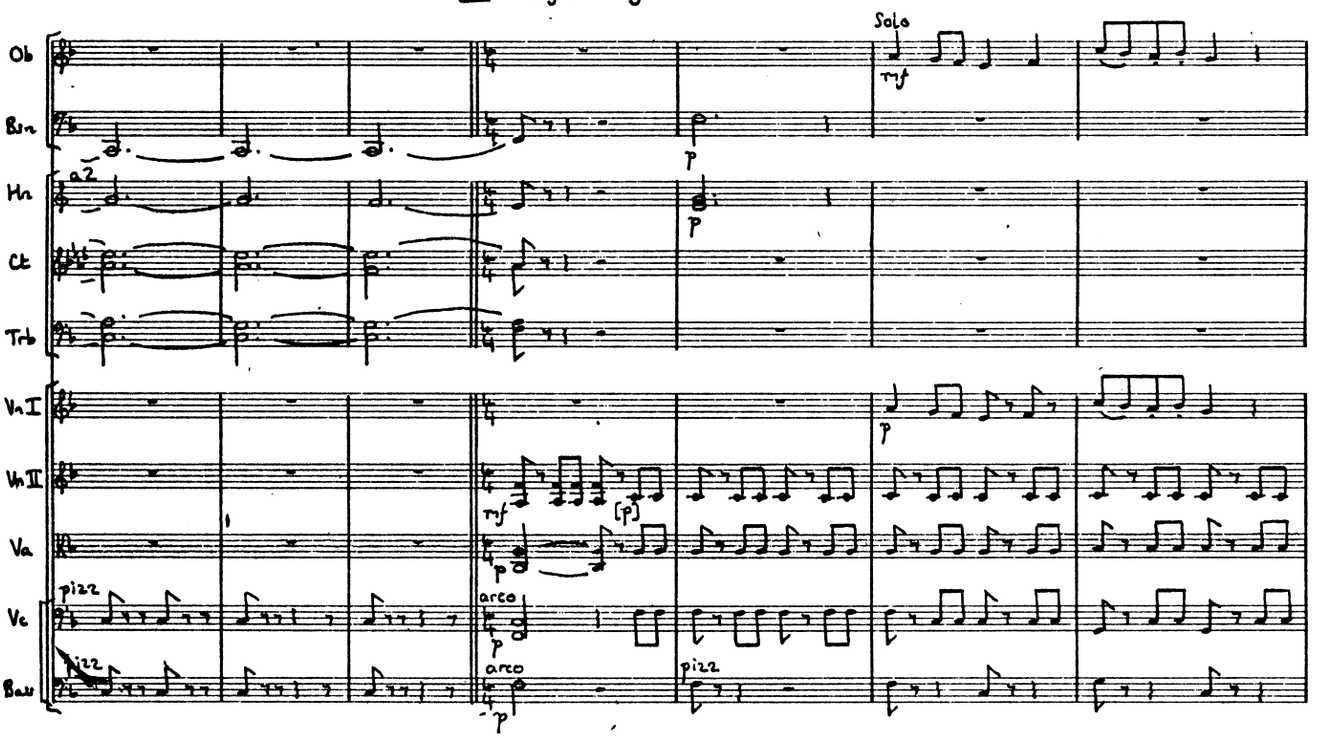

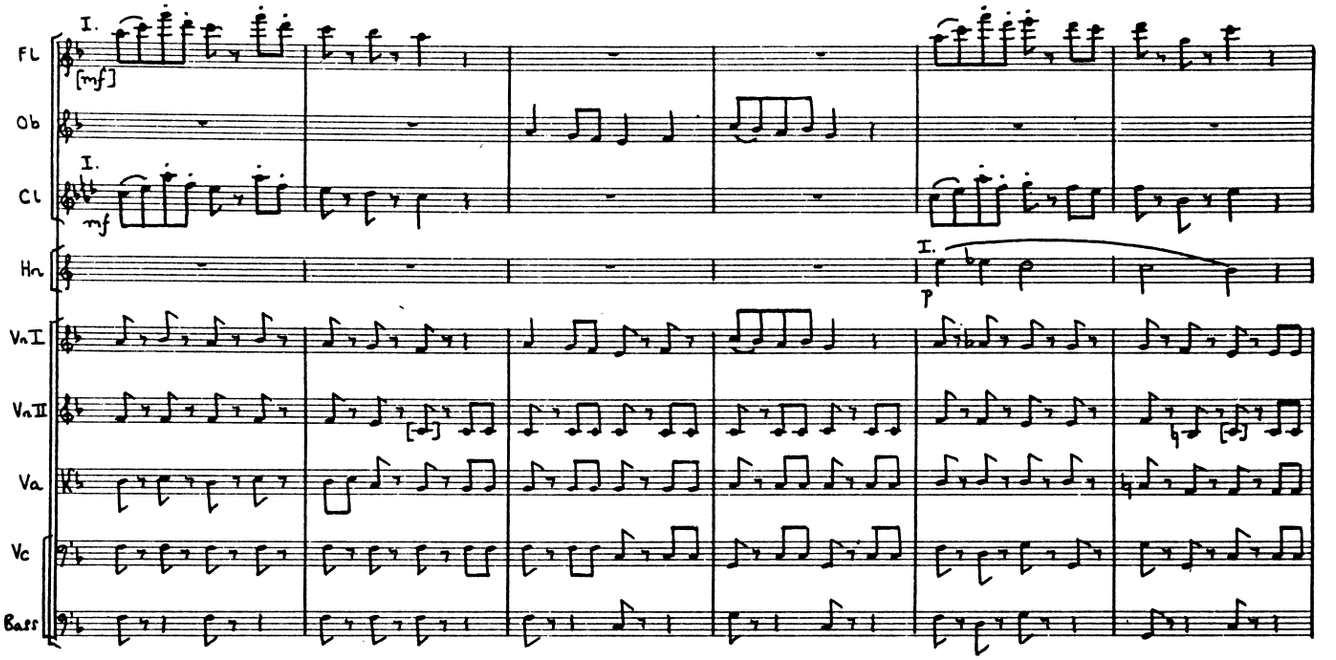
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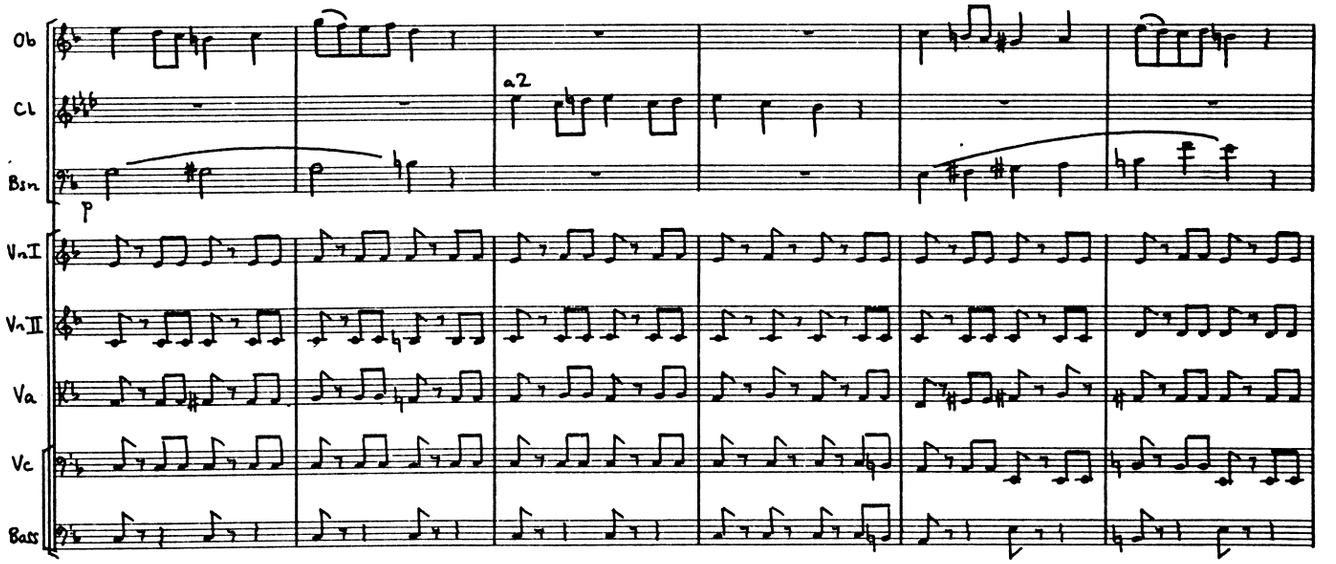
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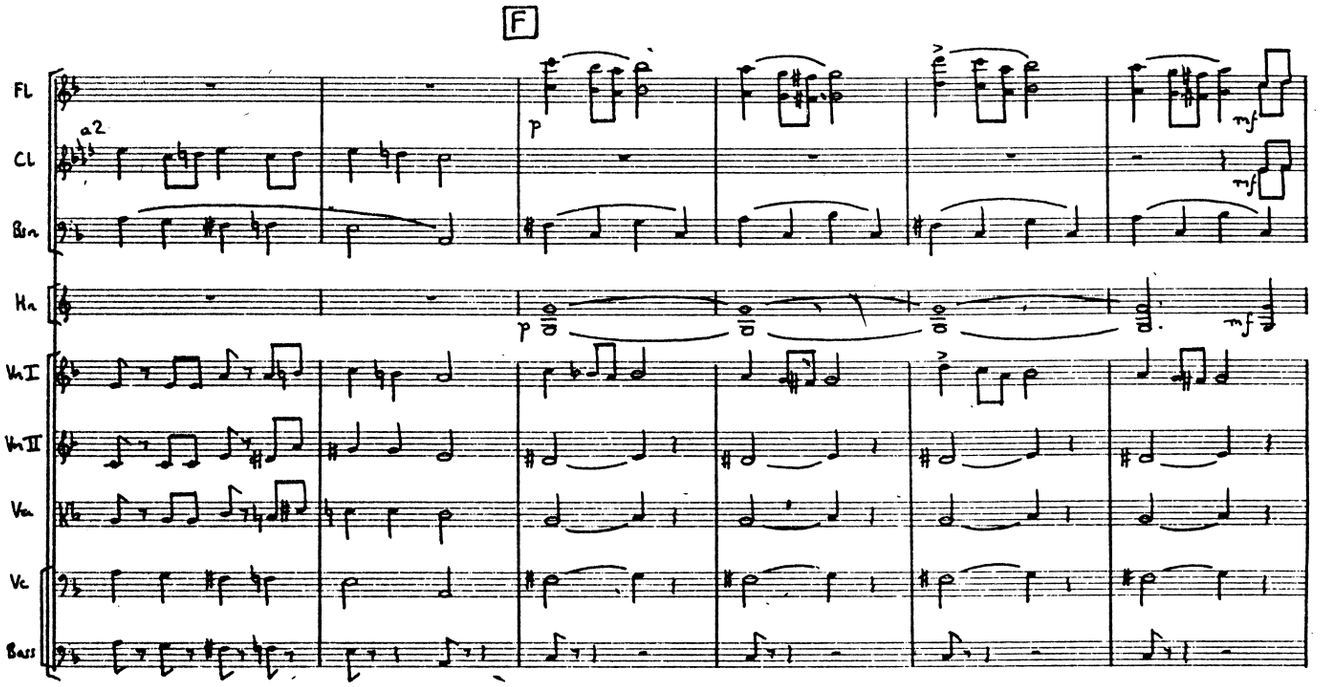
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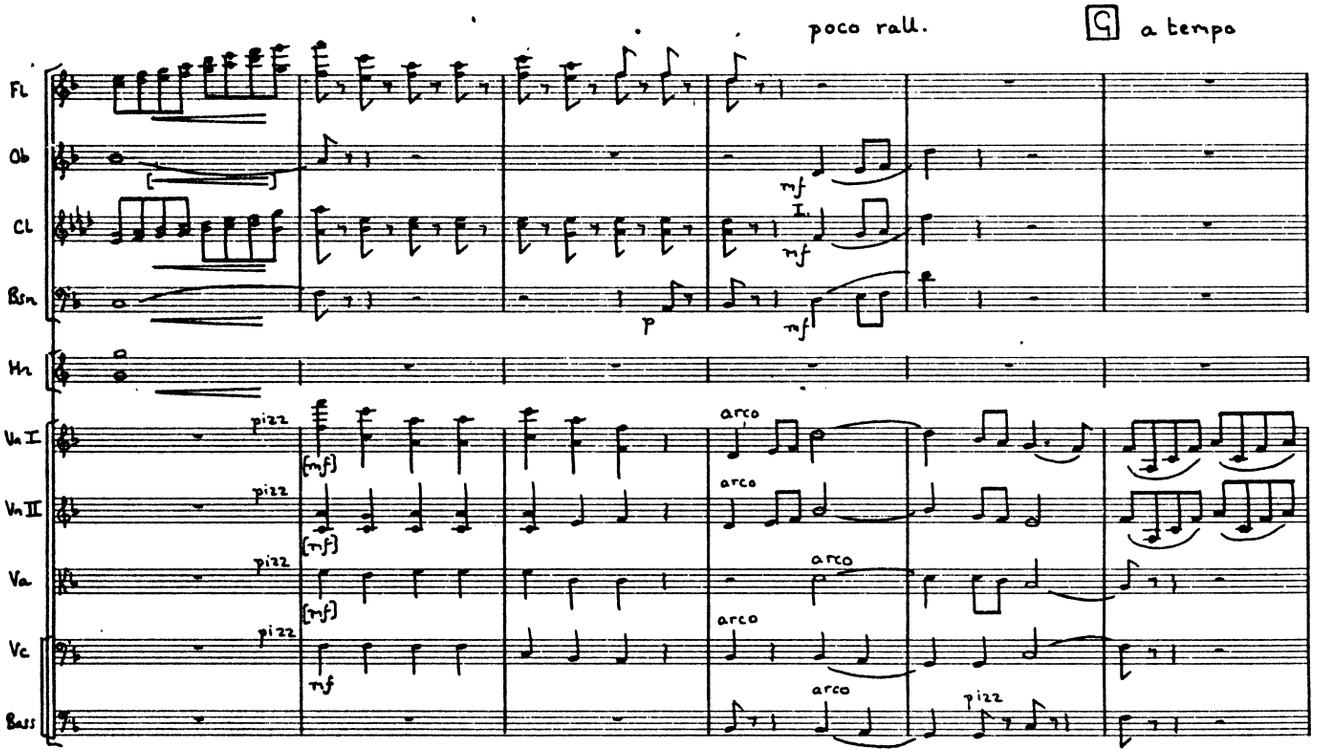
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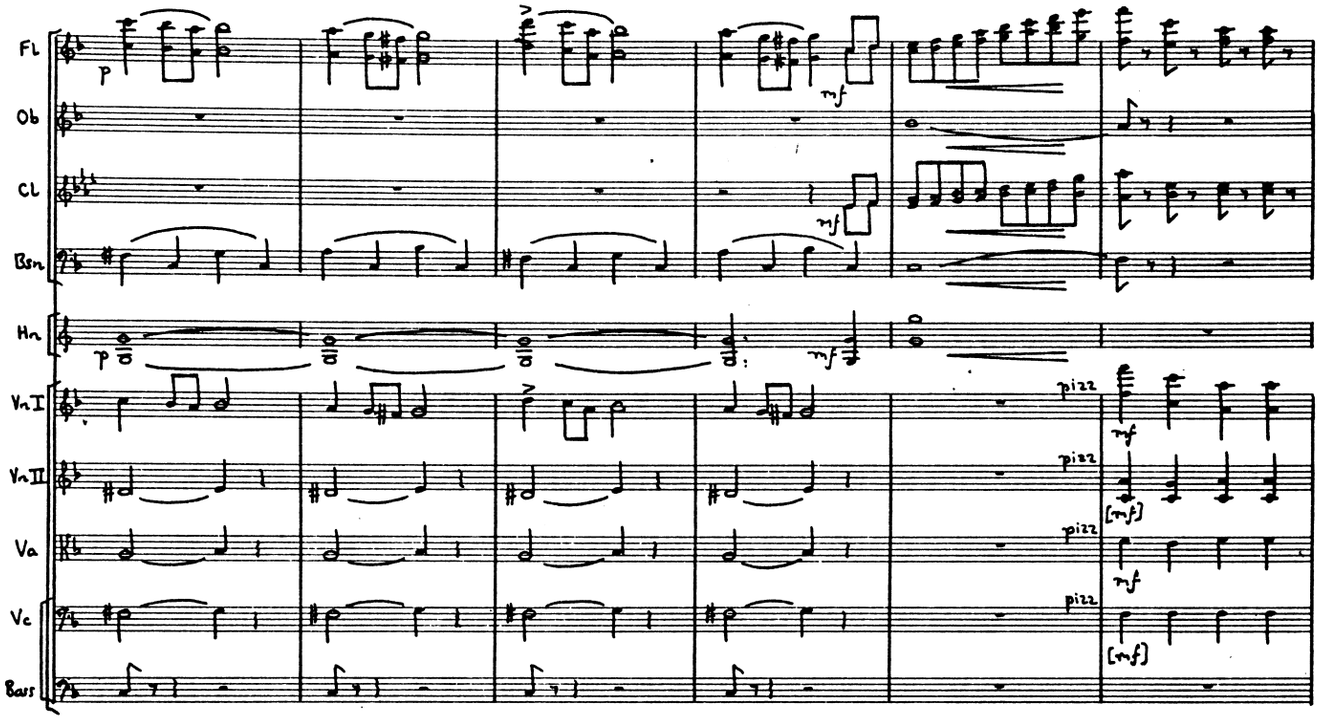
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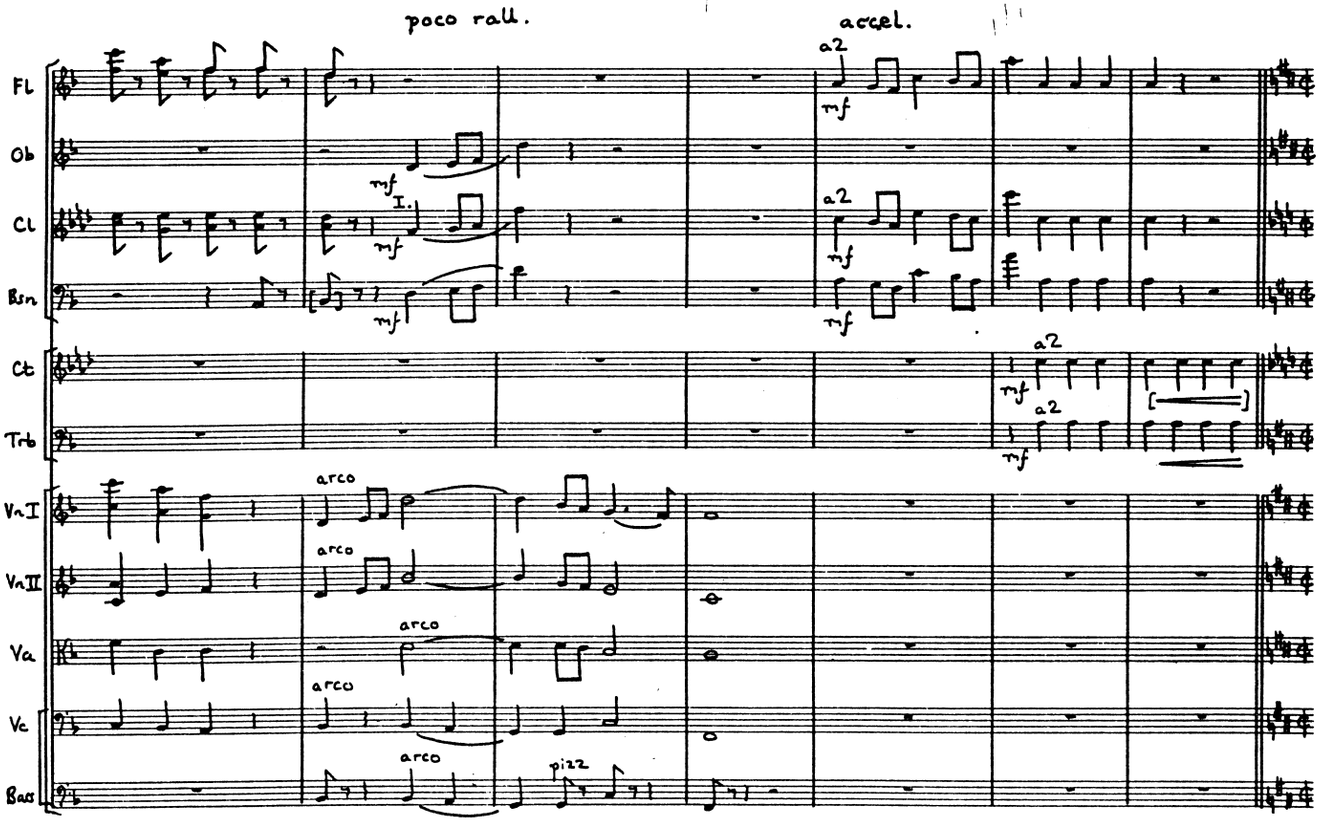
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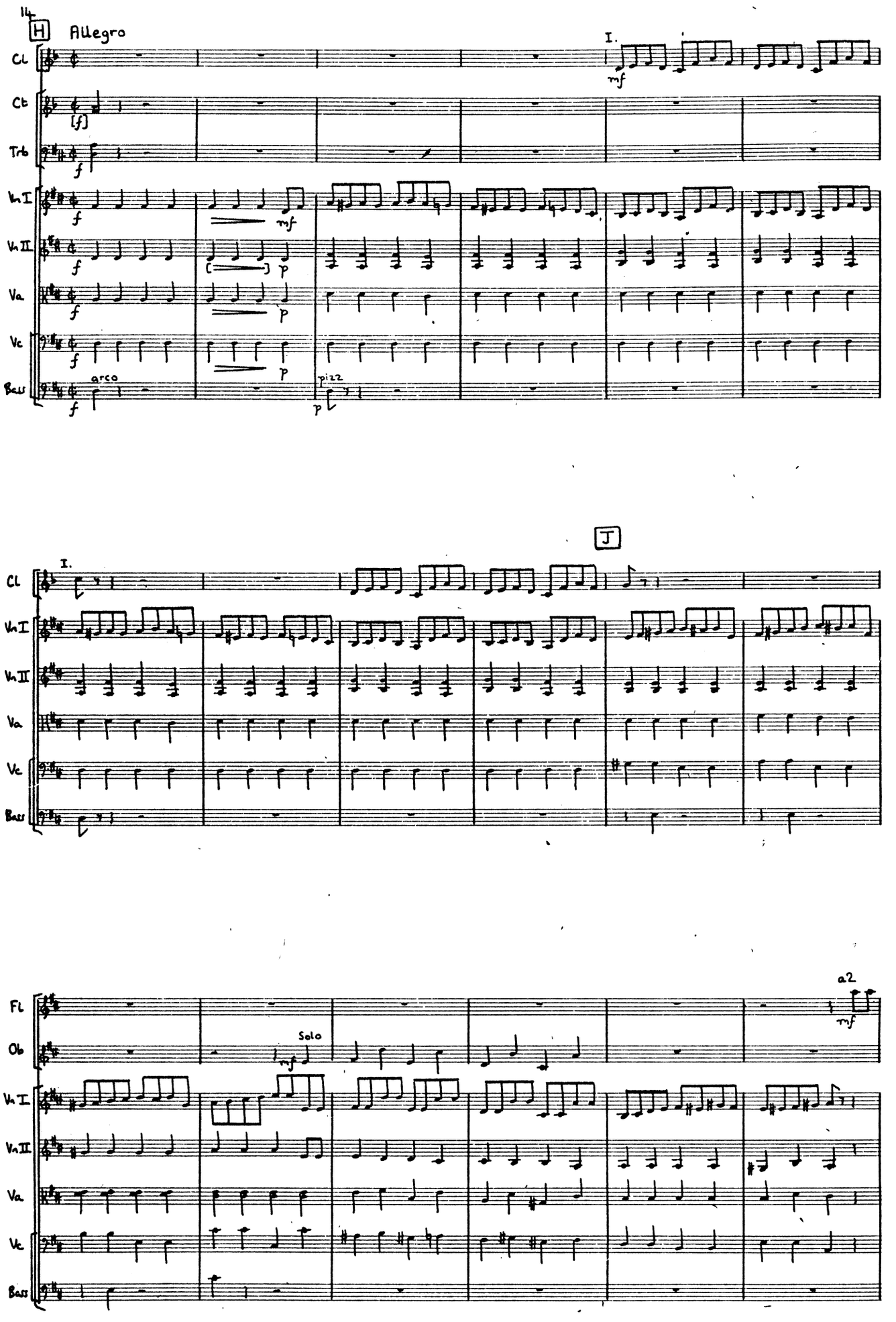
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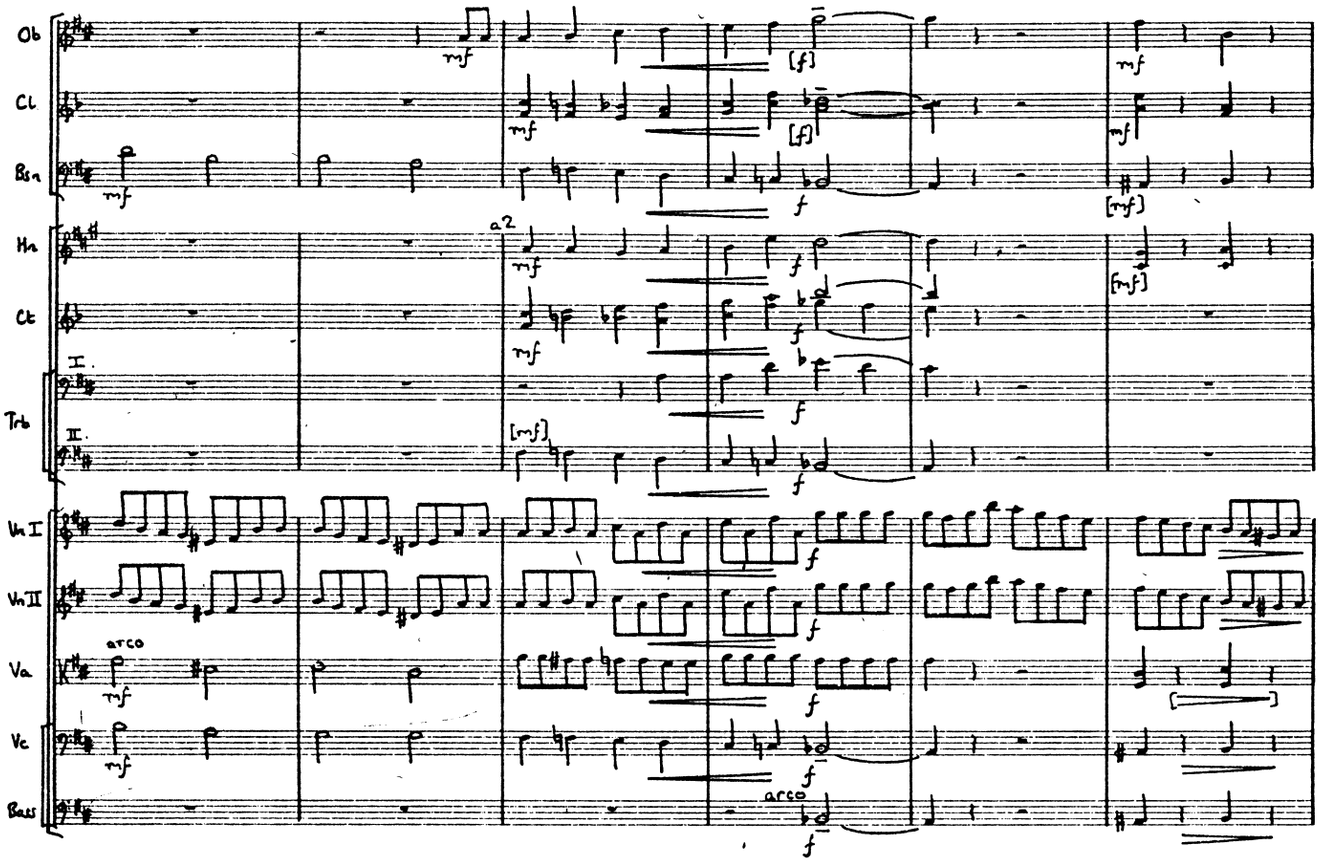
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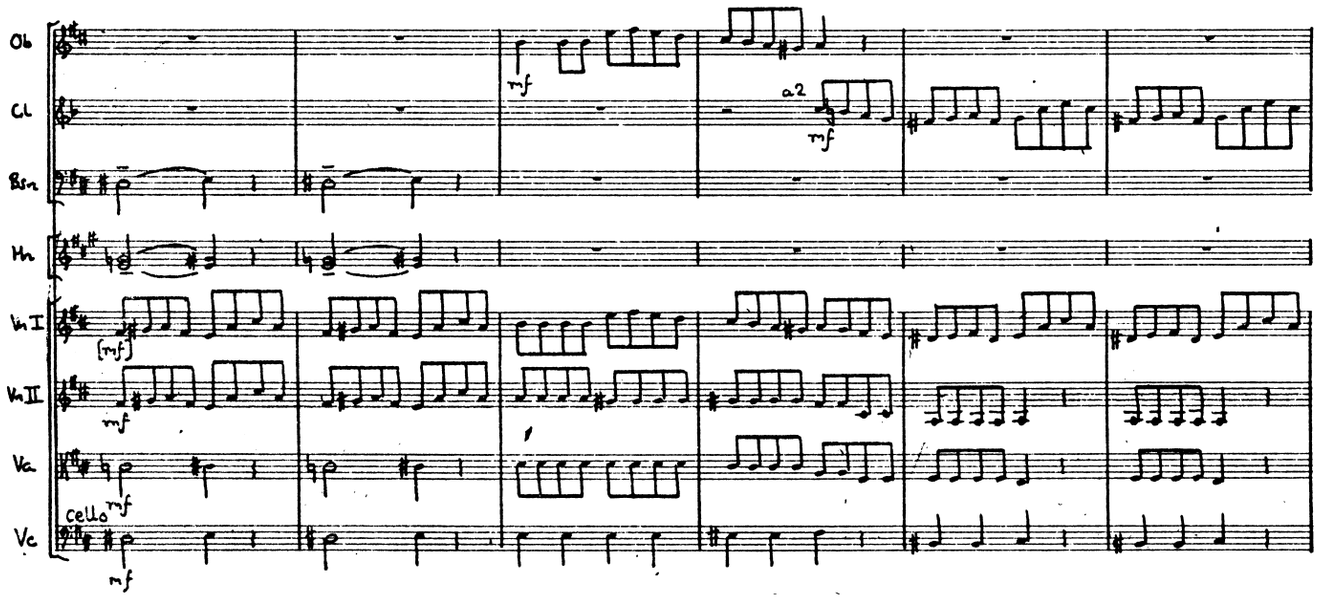
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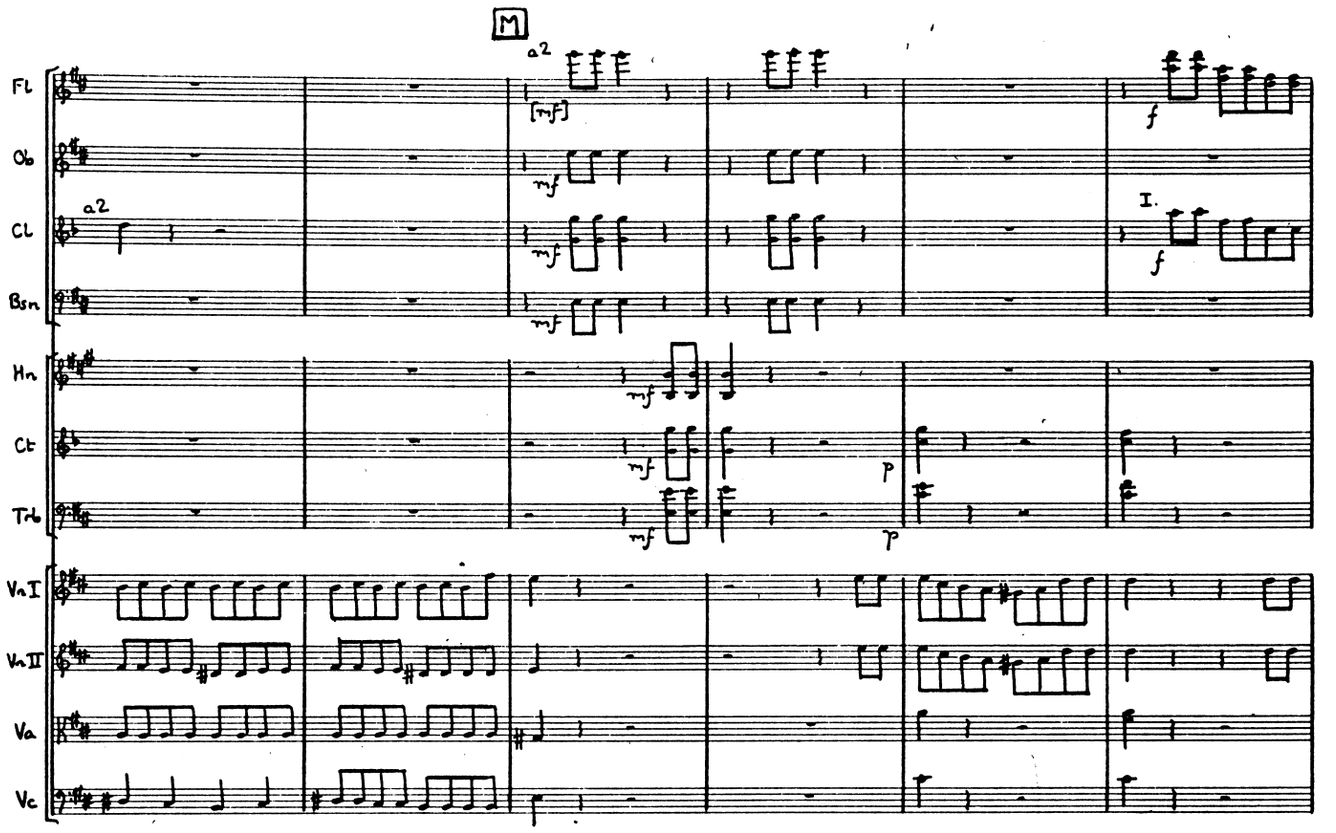
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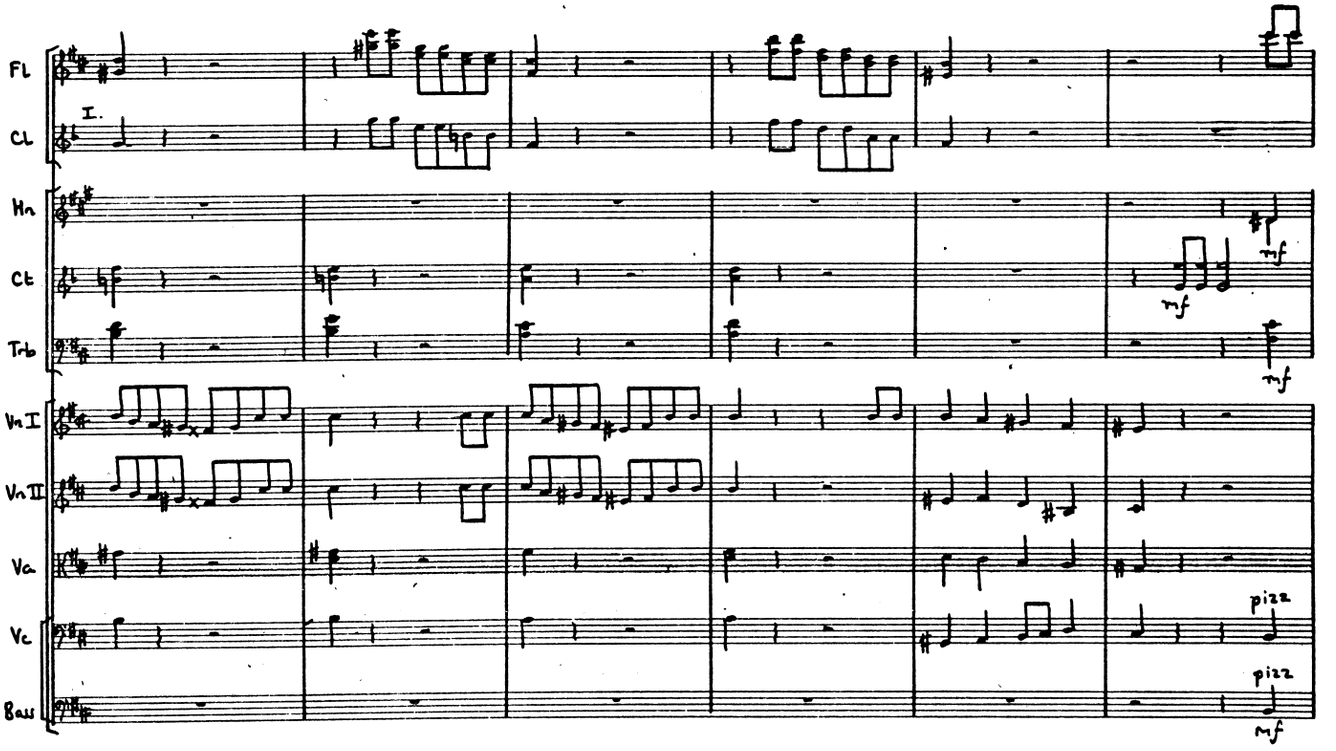
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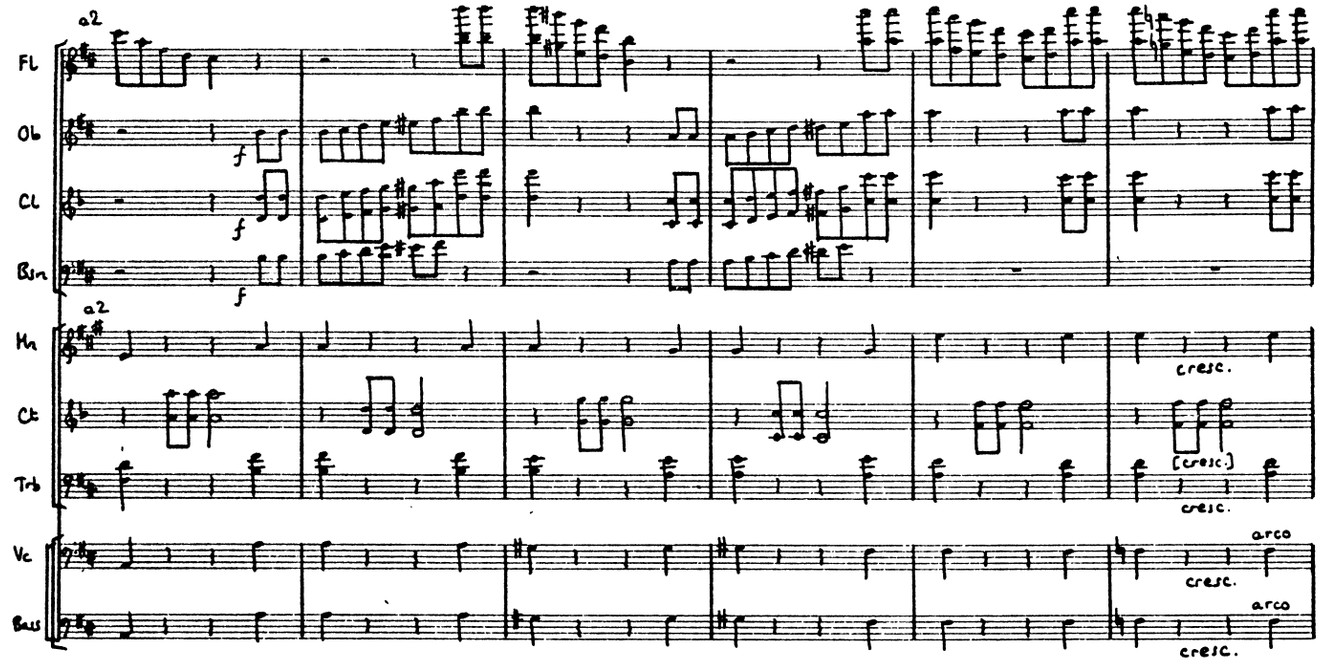
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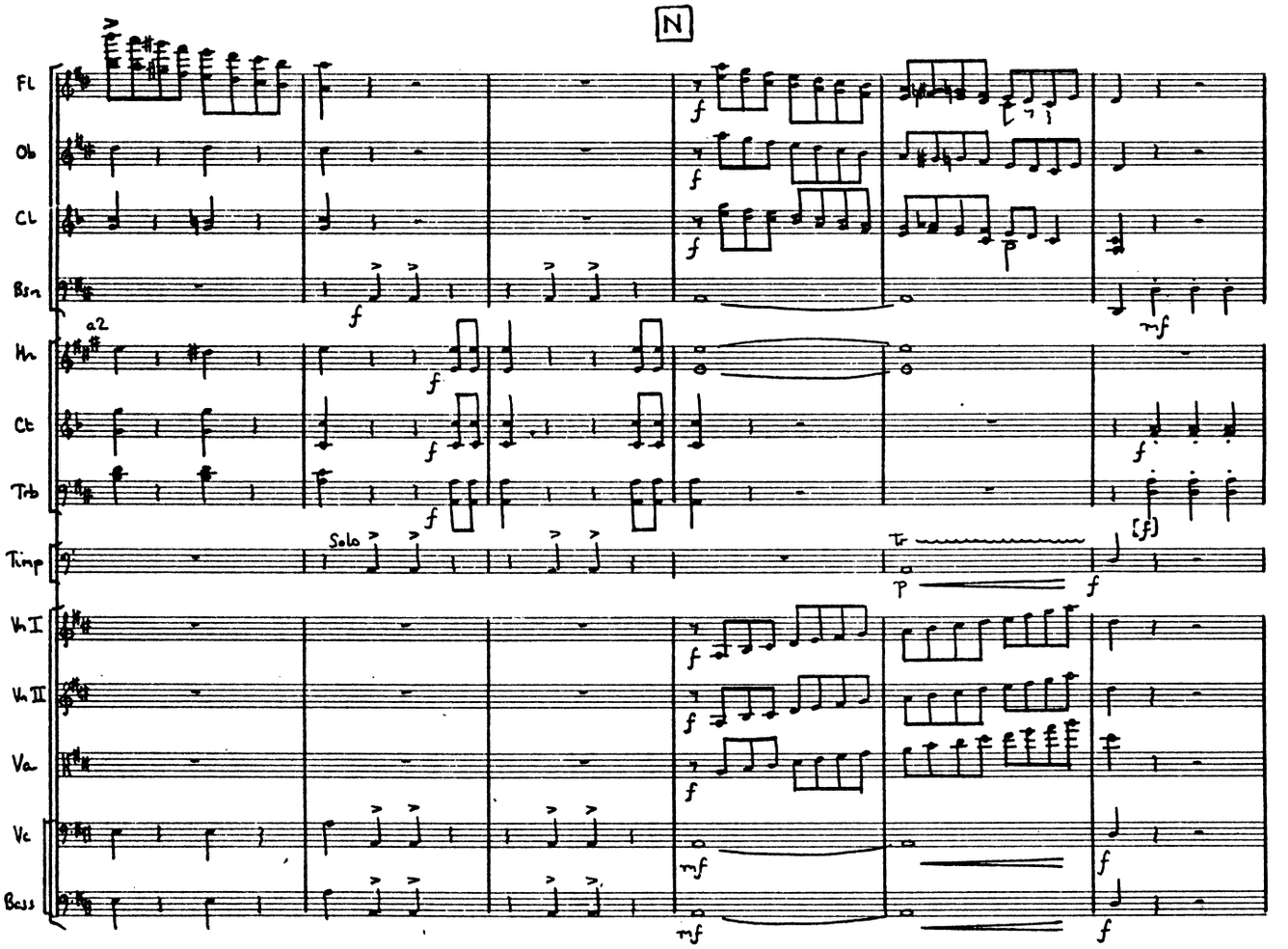
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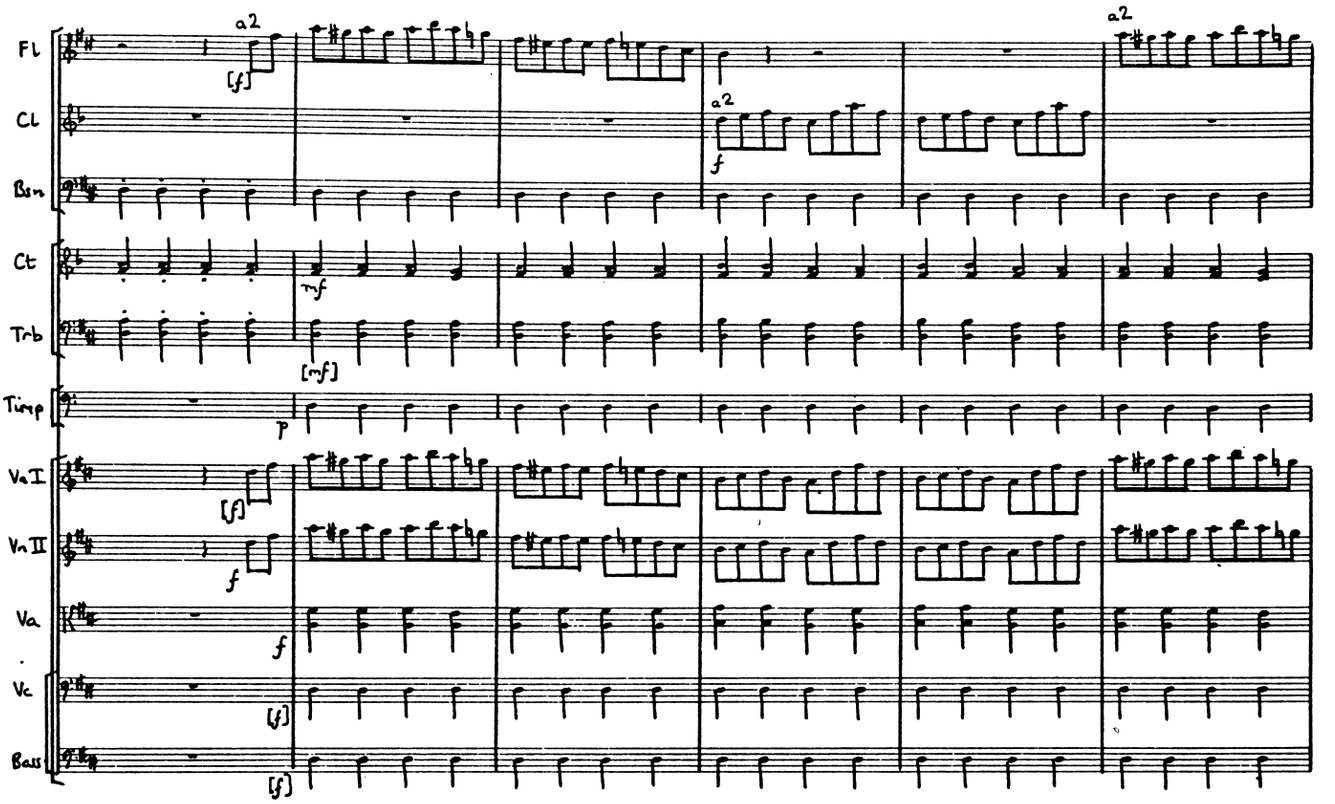
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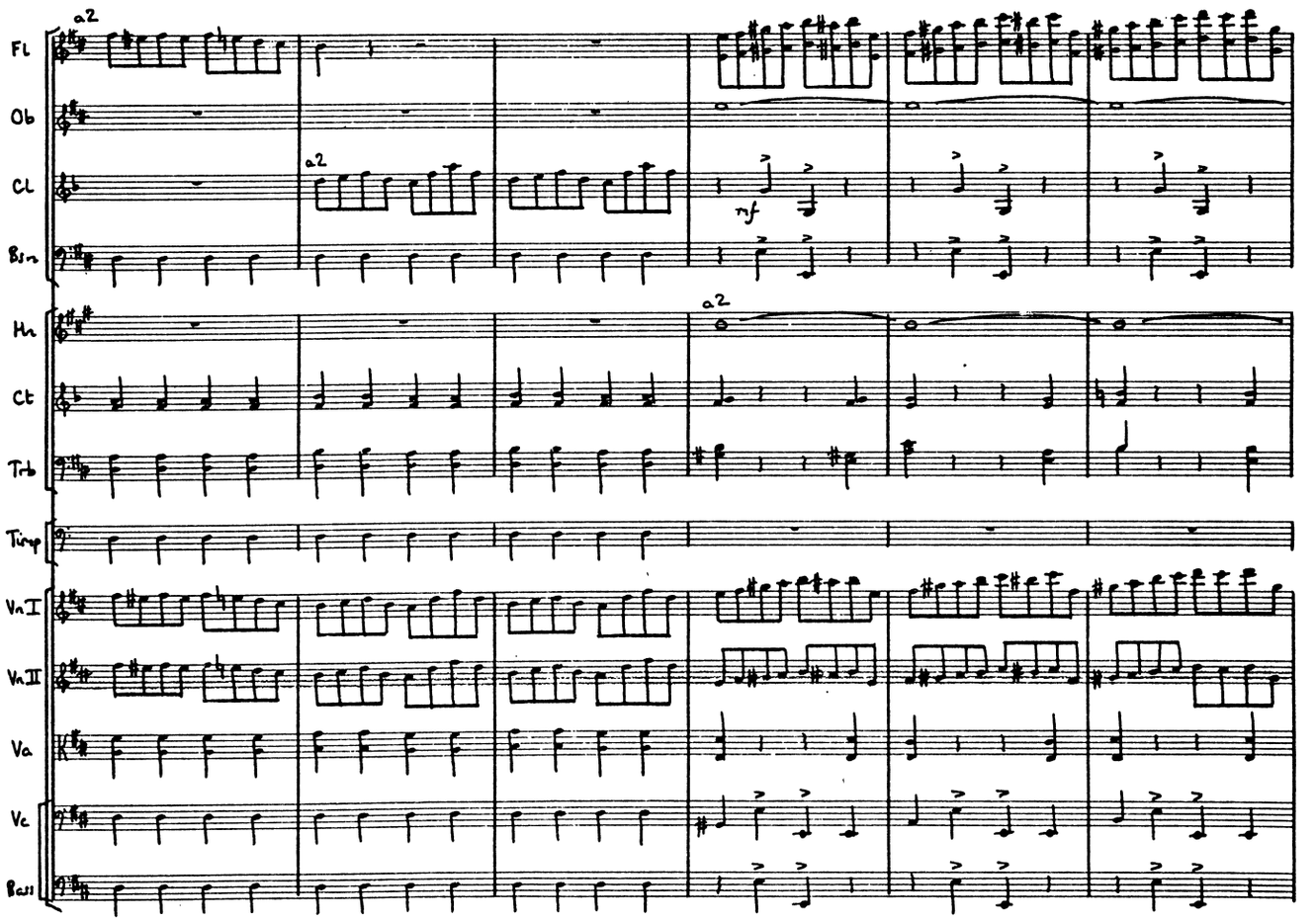
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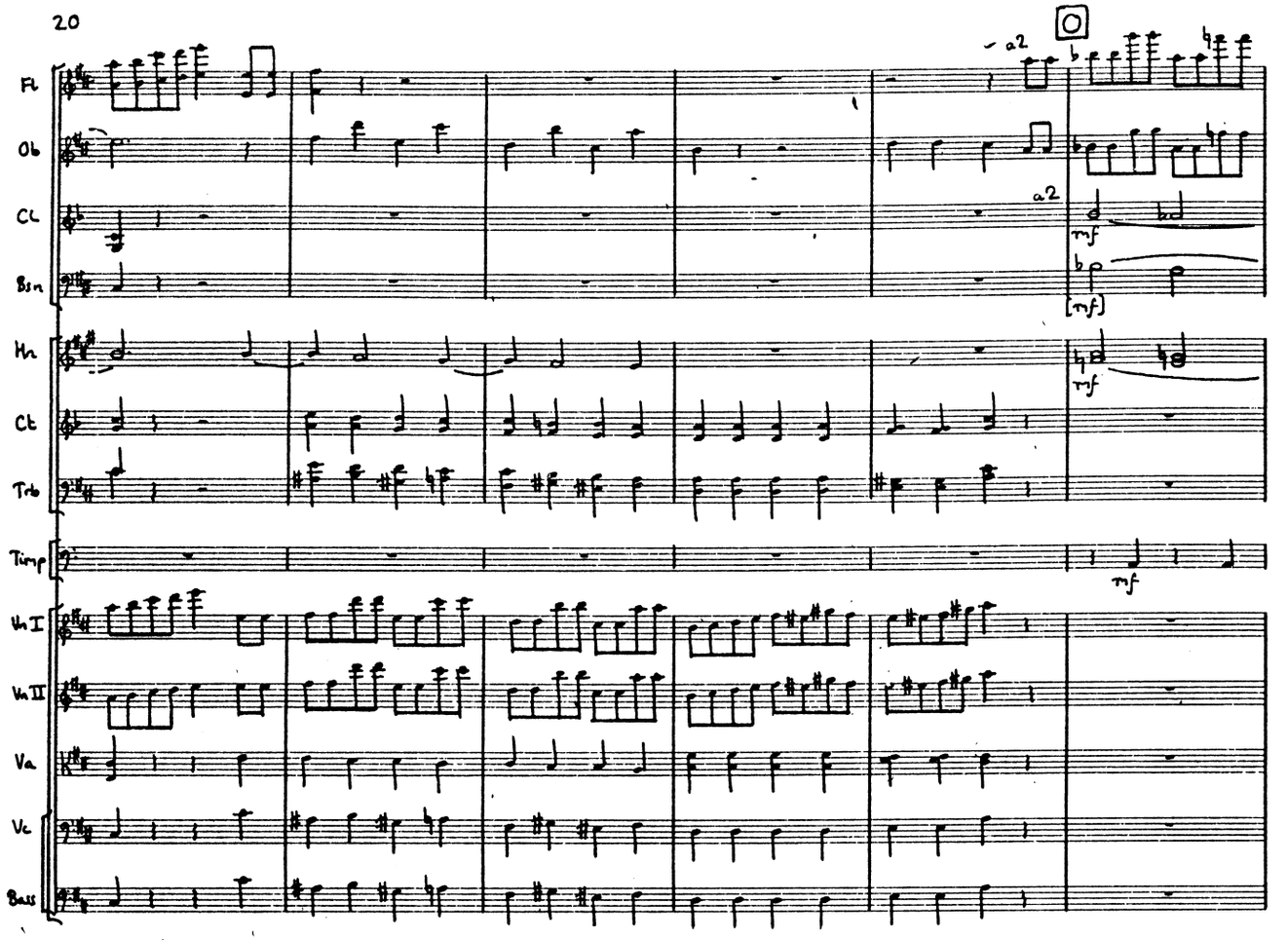
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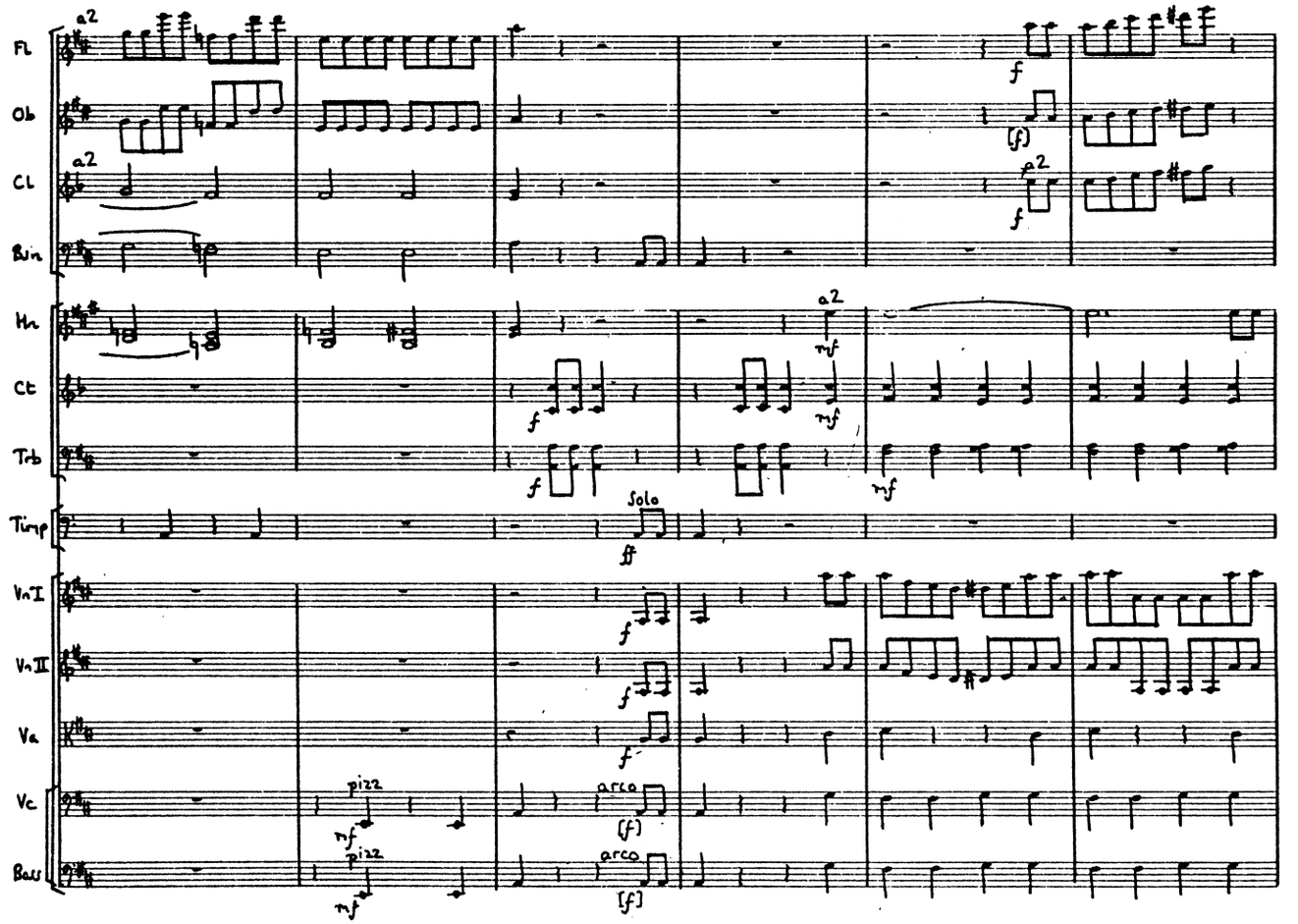
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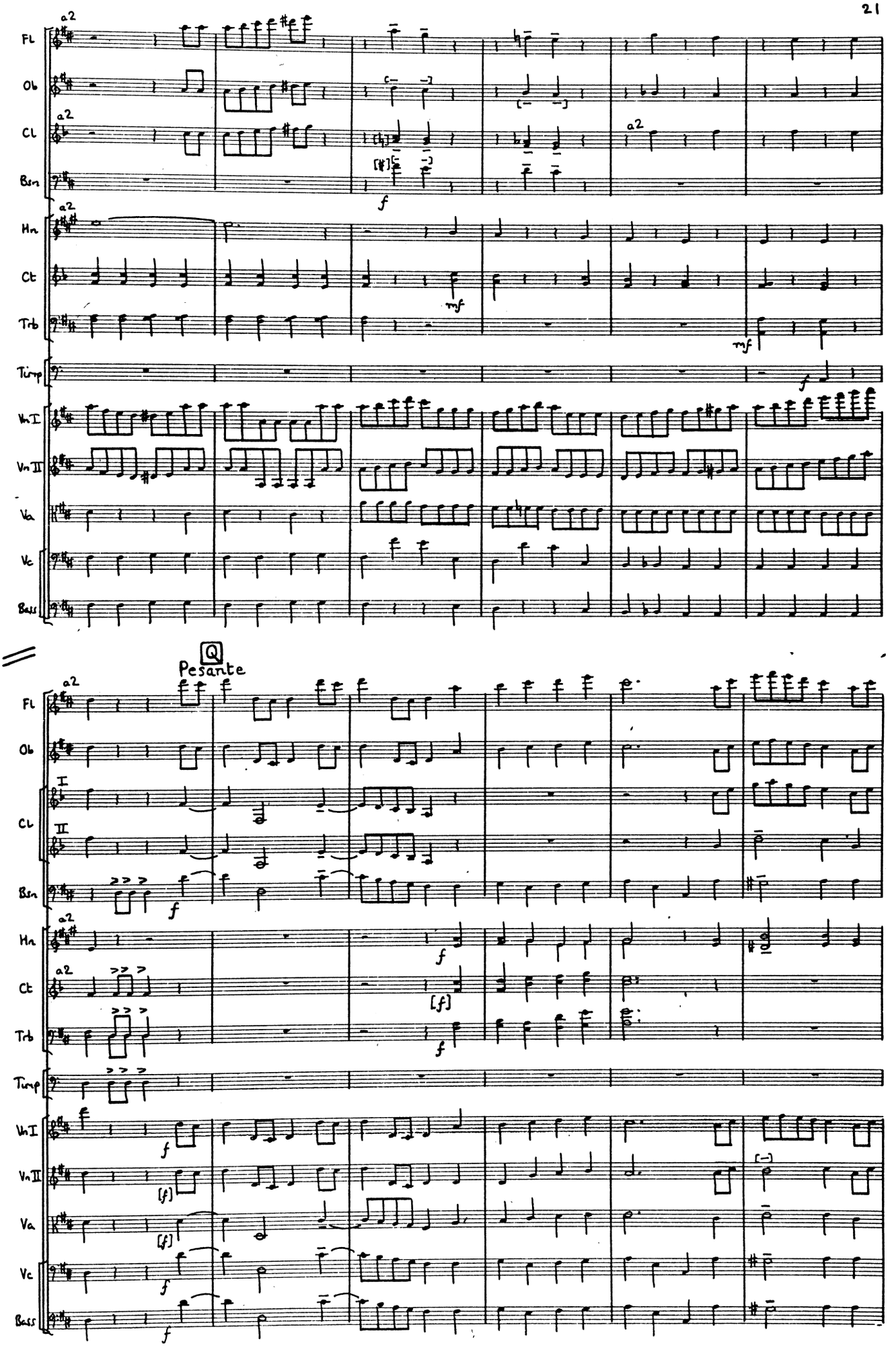
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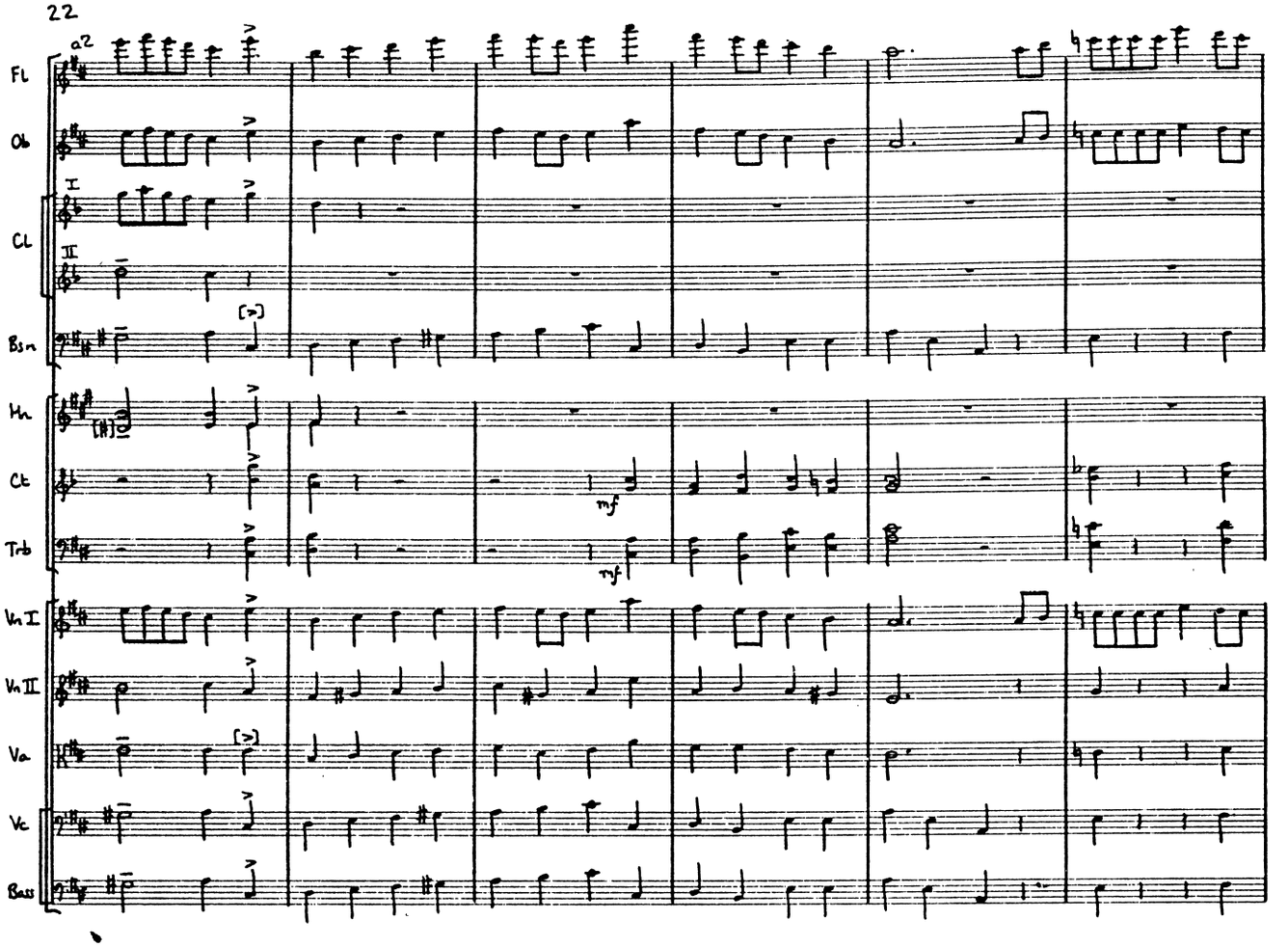
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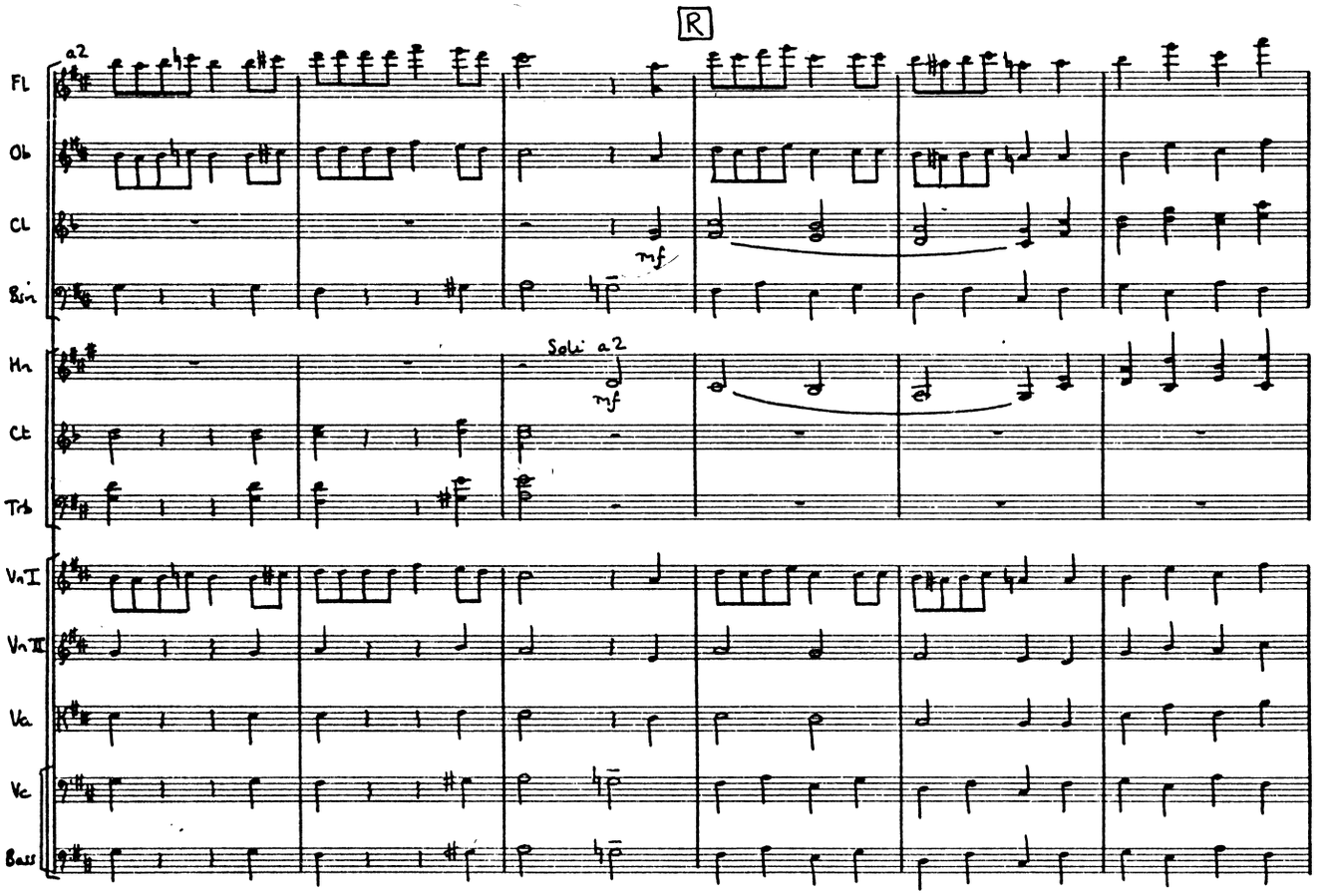
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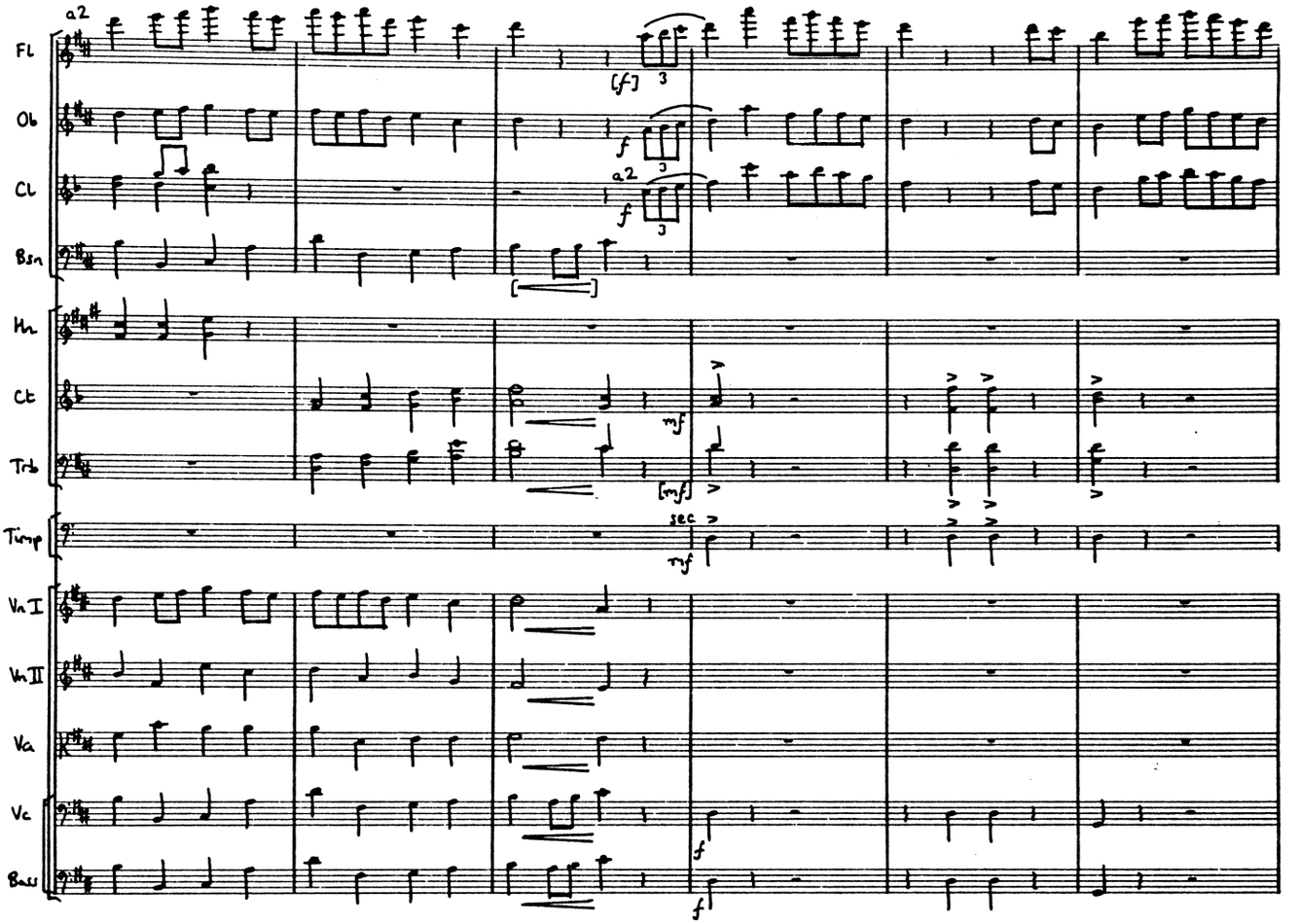
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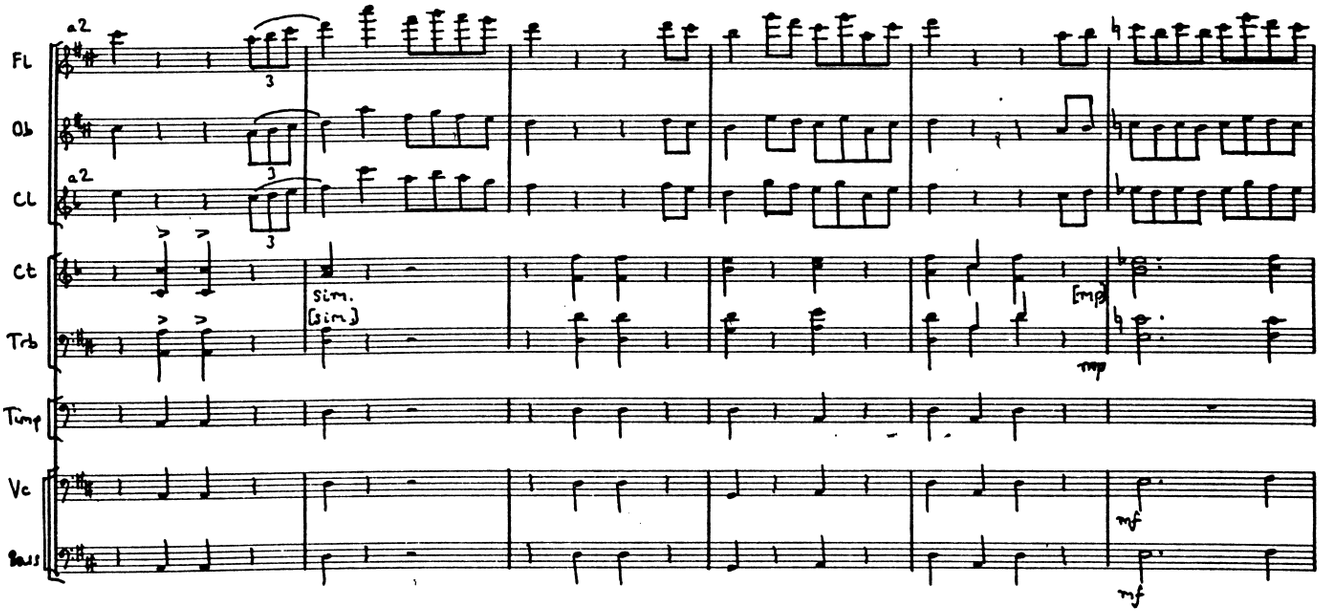
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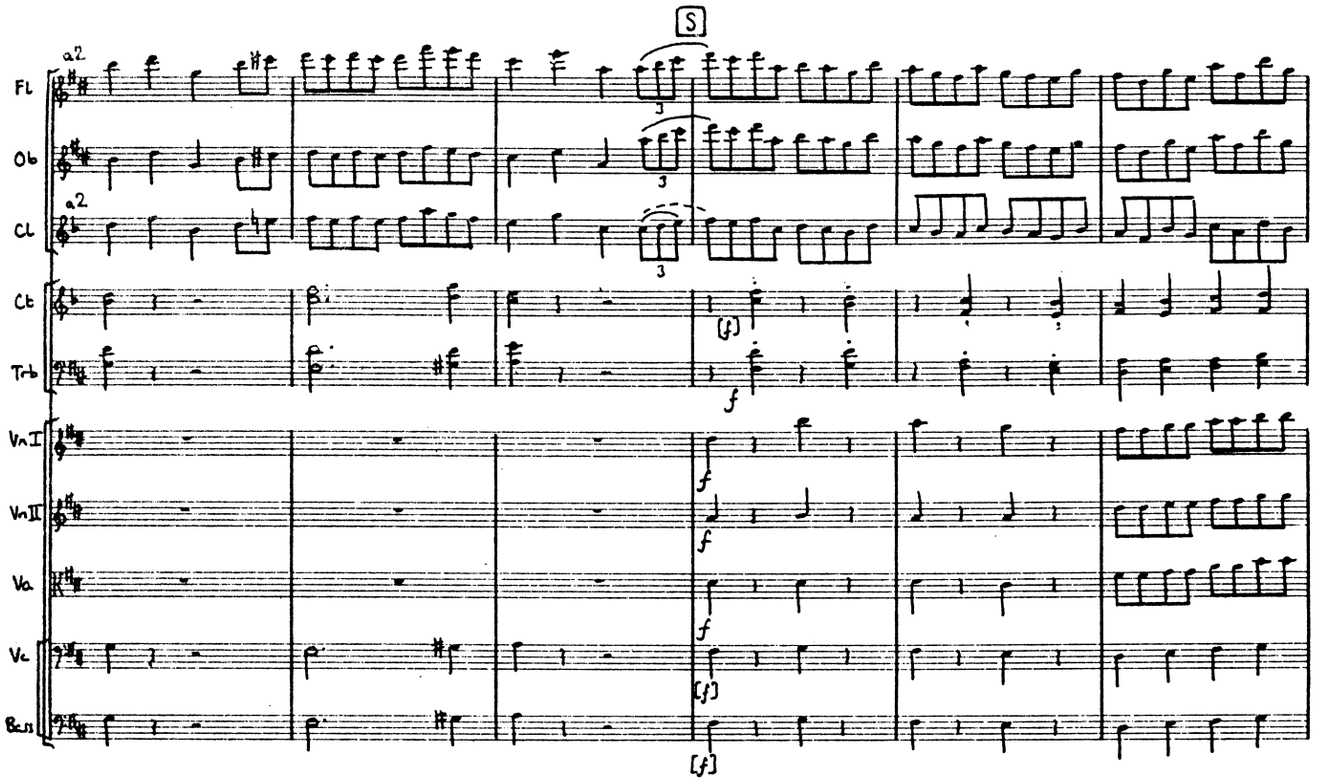
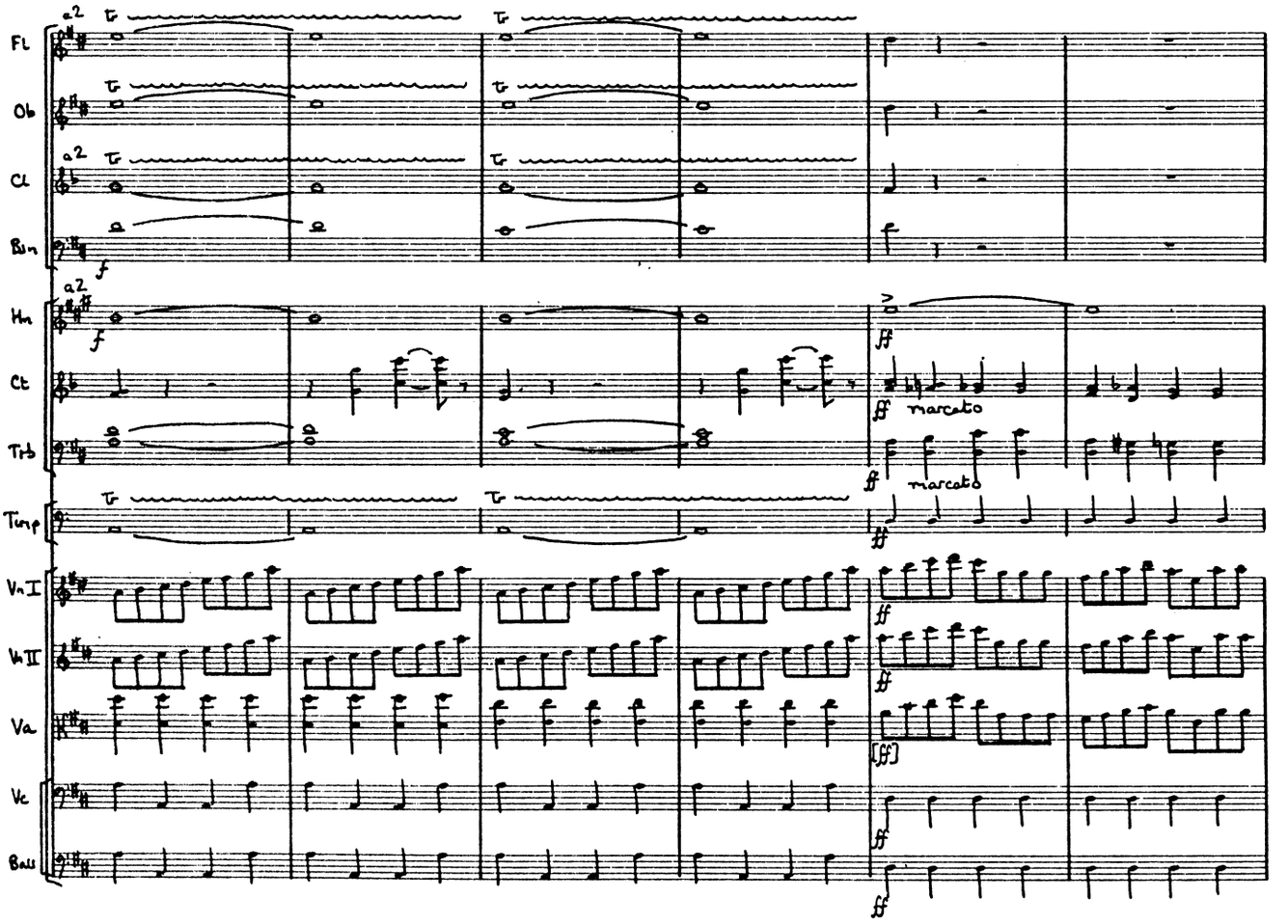
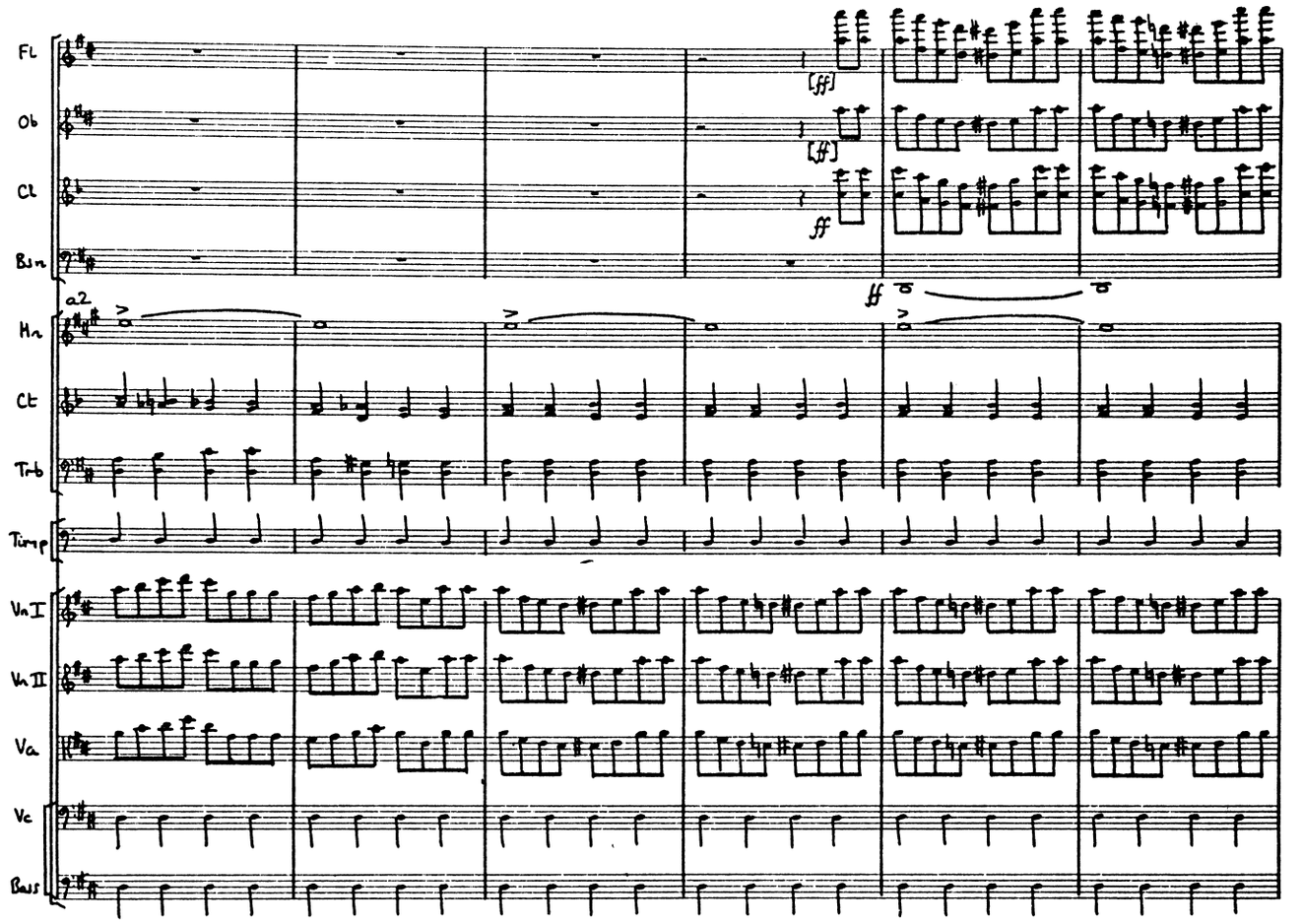
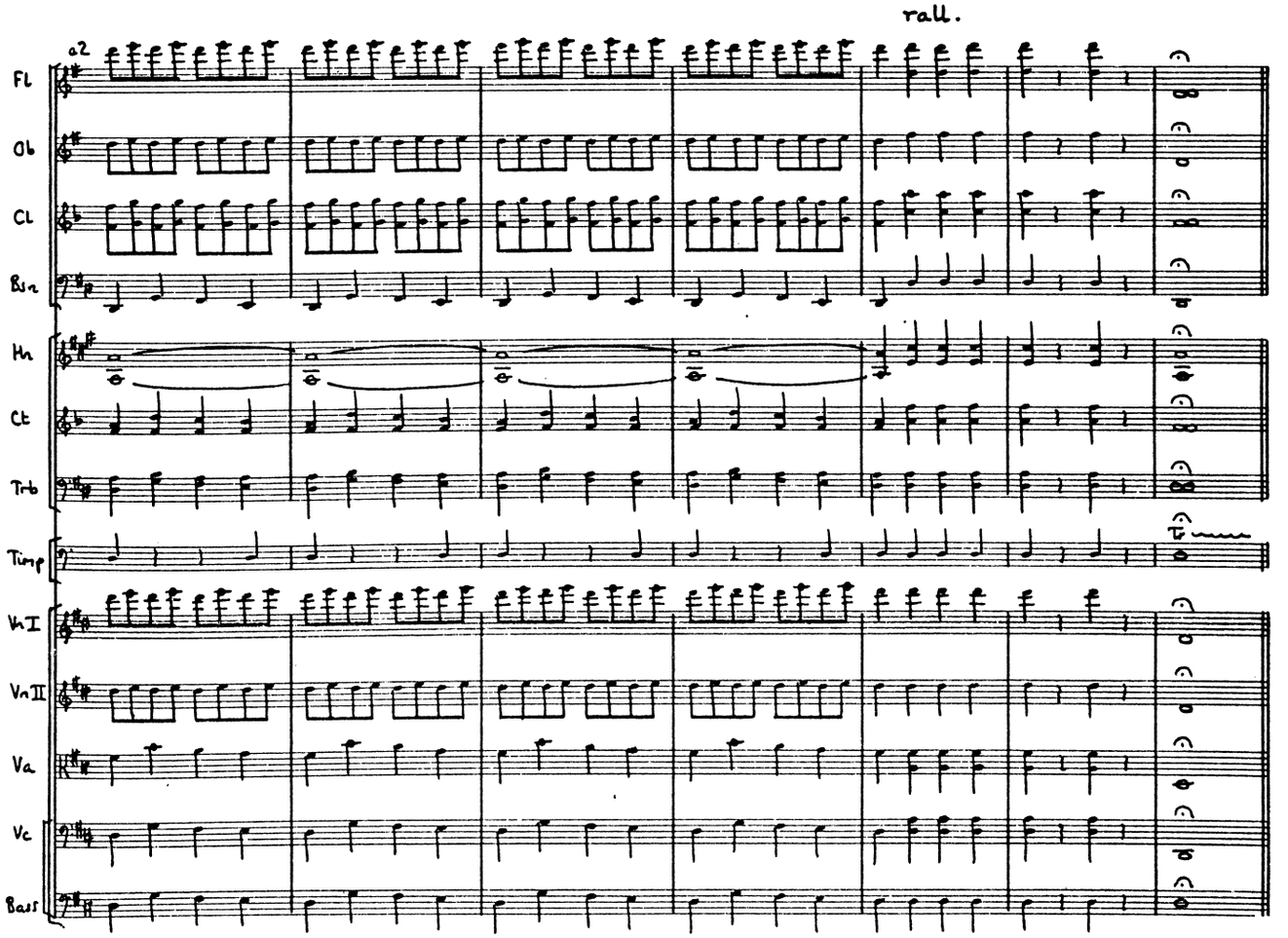
Bass
a2
sim.
[sim.]
[mp]
mp
mf


S
Fl
Ob
Cl
Cb
Trb
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
(f)
f
[f]


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Cb
Trb
Timp
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
f
ff
marcato
[ff]


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
[ff]
[ff]
ff
ff
a2

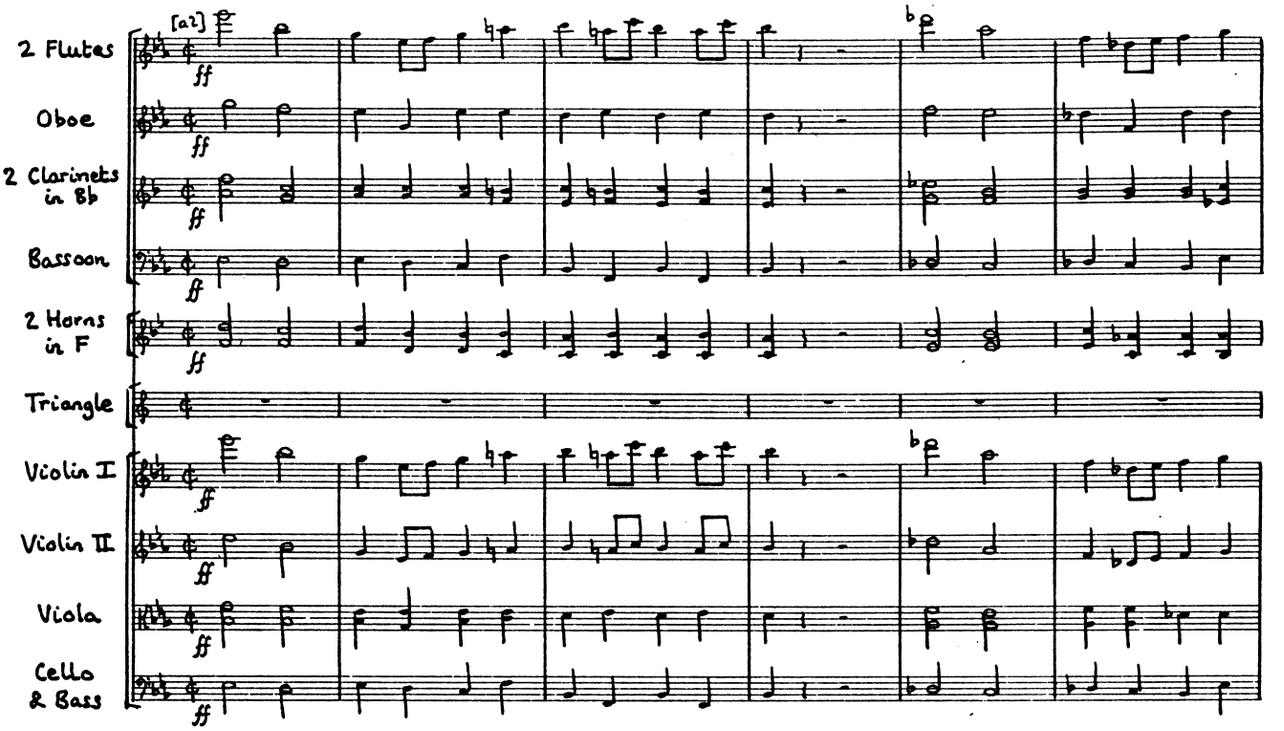

rall.
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

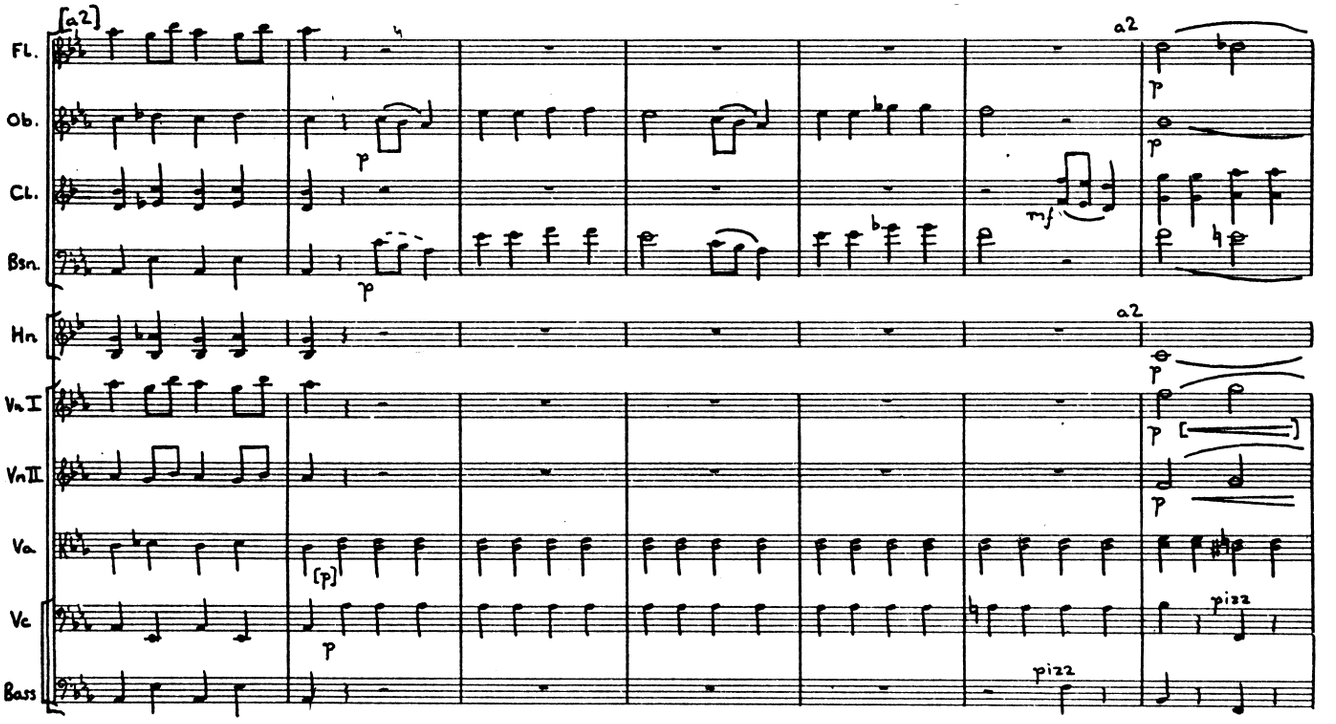
ACT I

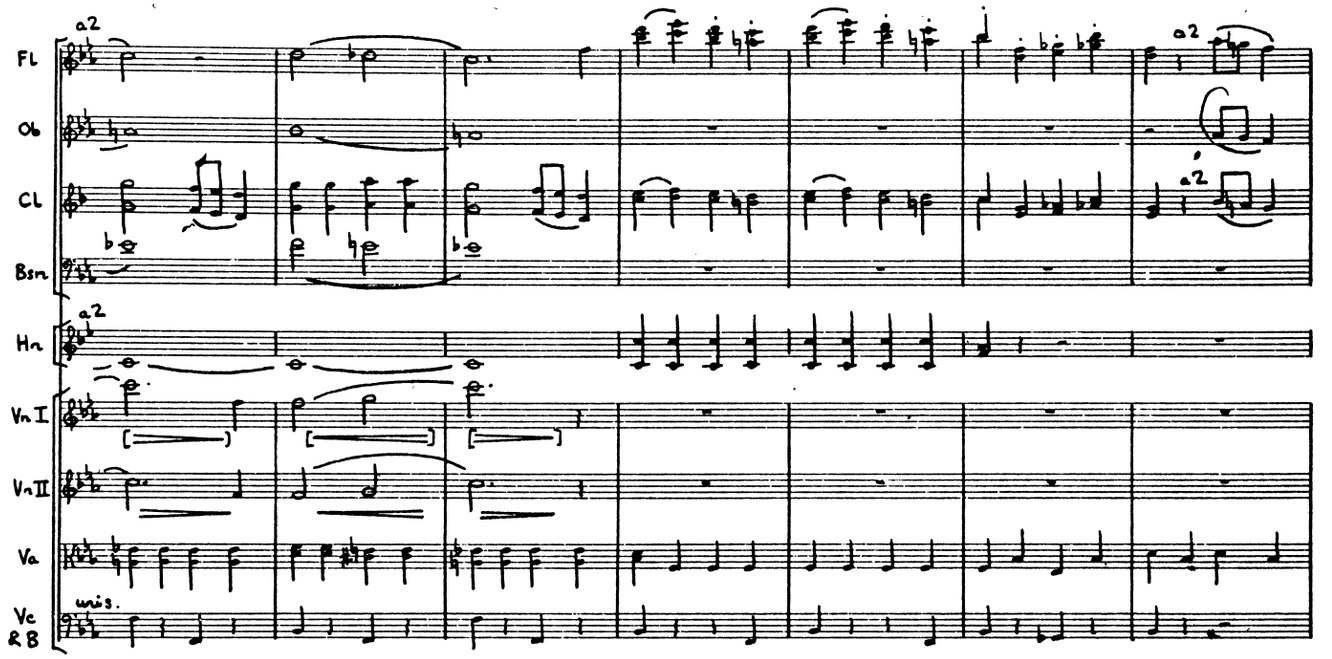
No. 1. CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

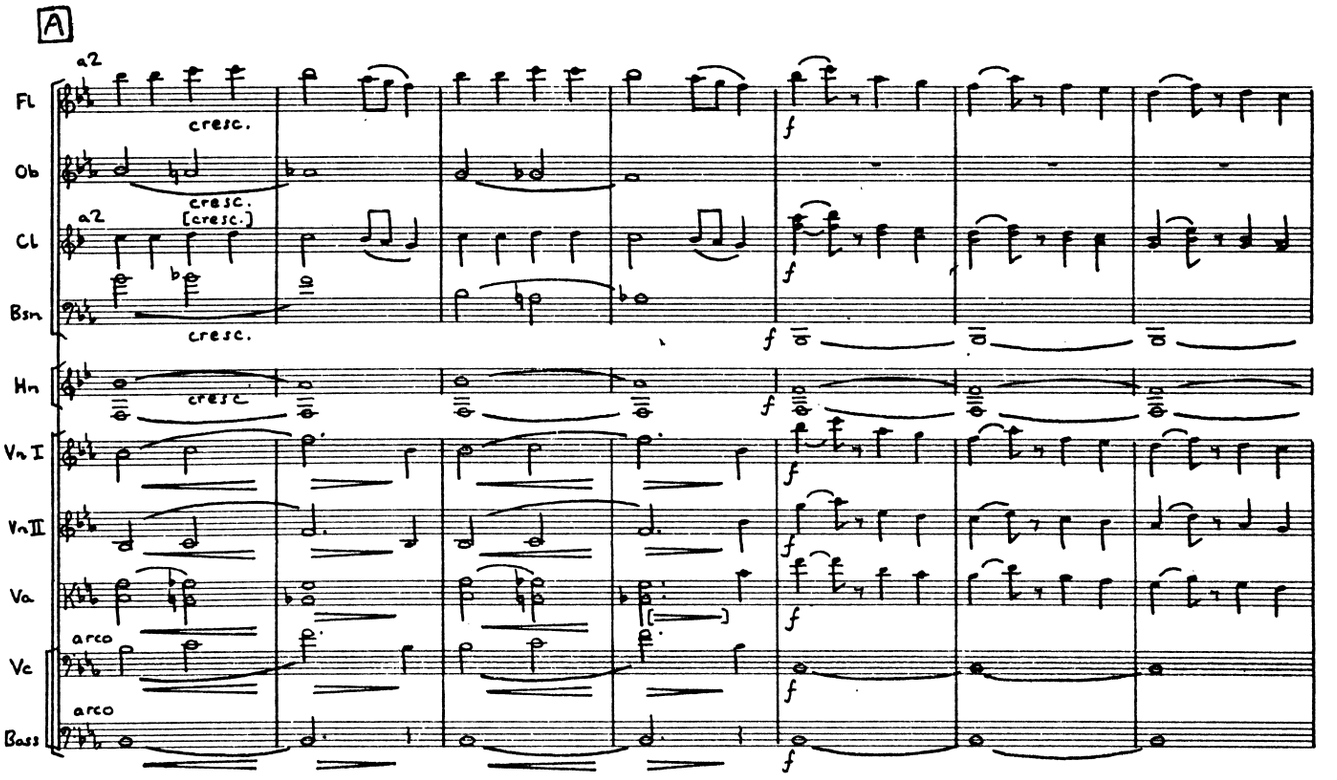
(with Solo: Zorah)

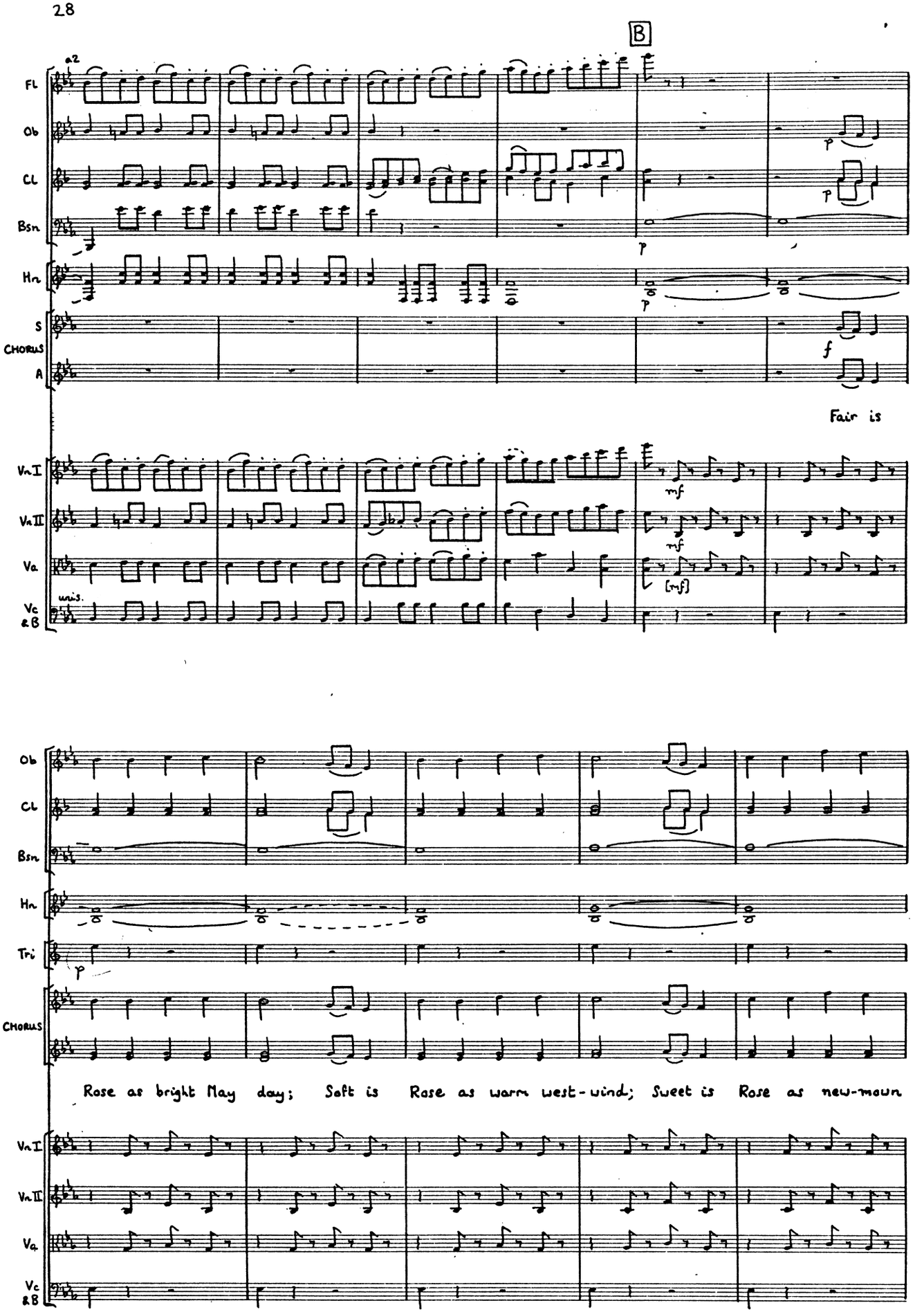
Allegretto non troppo

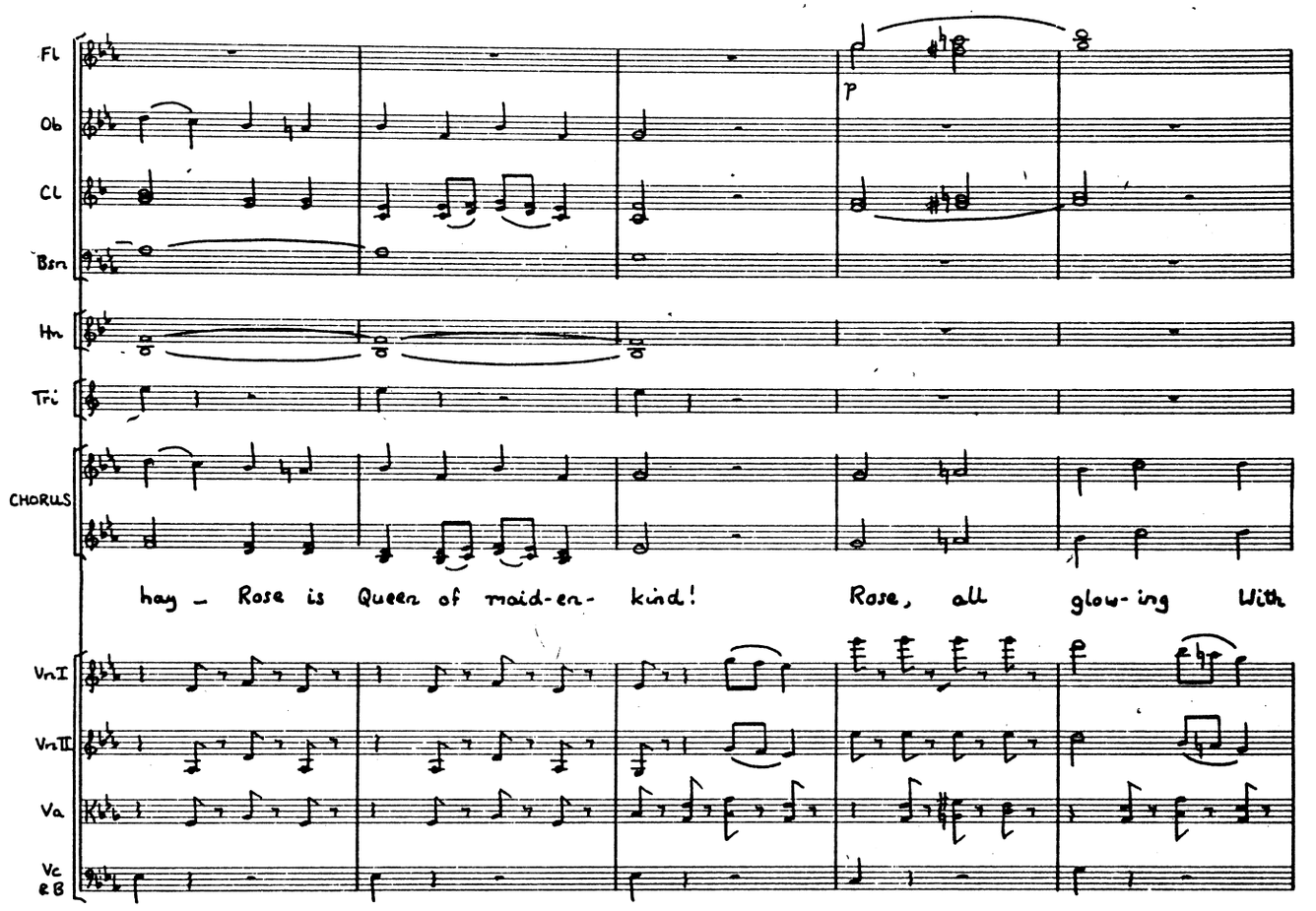


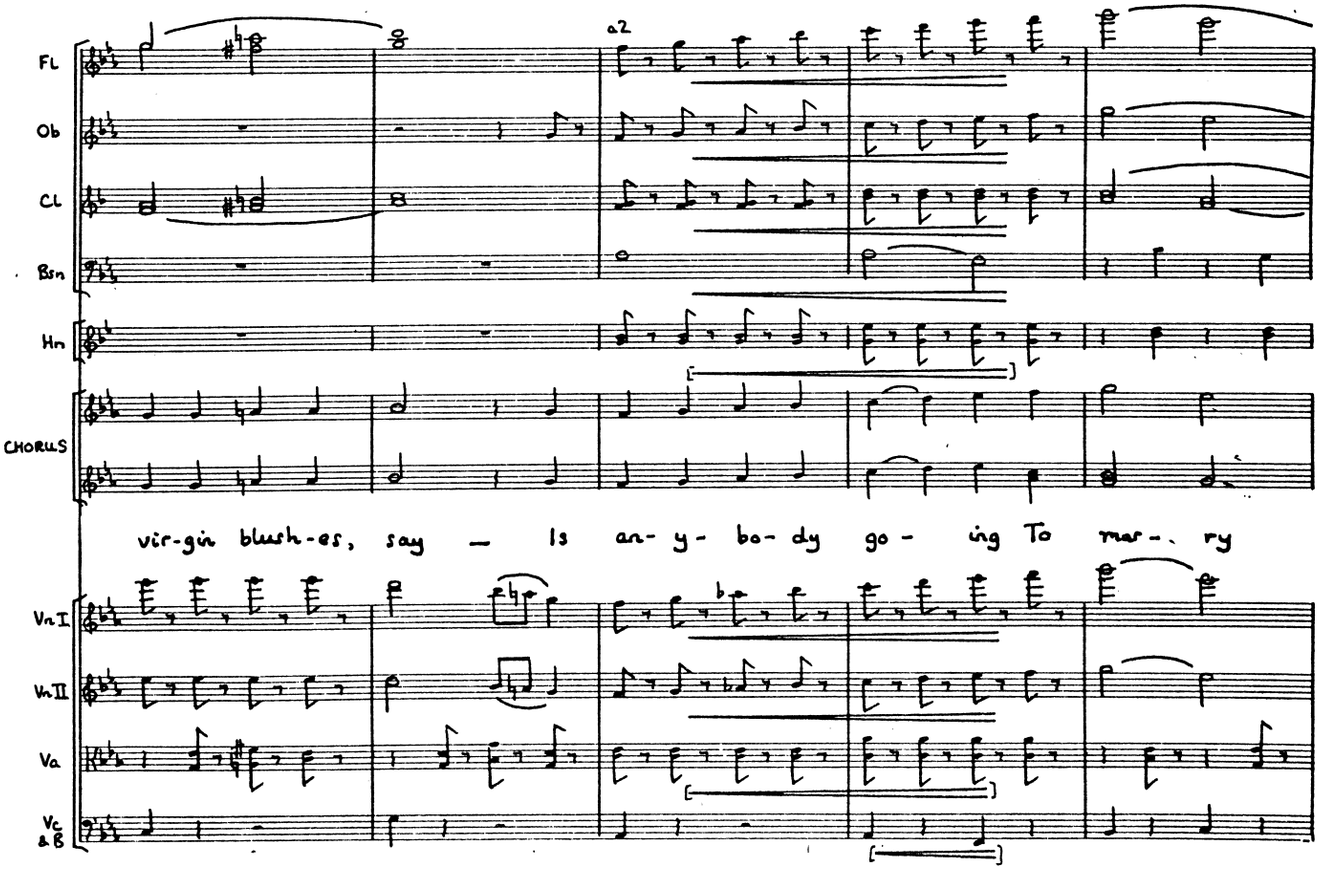


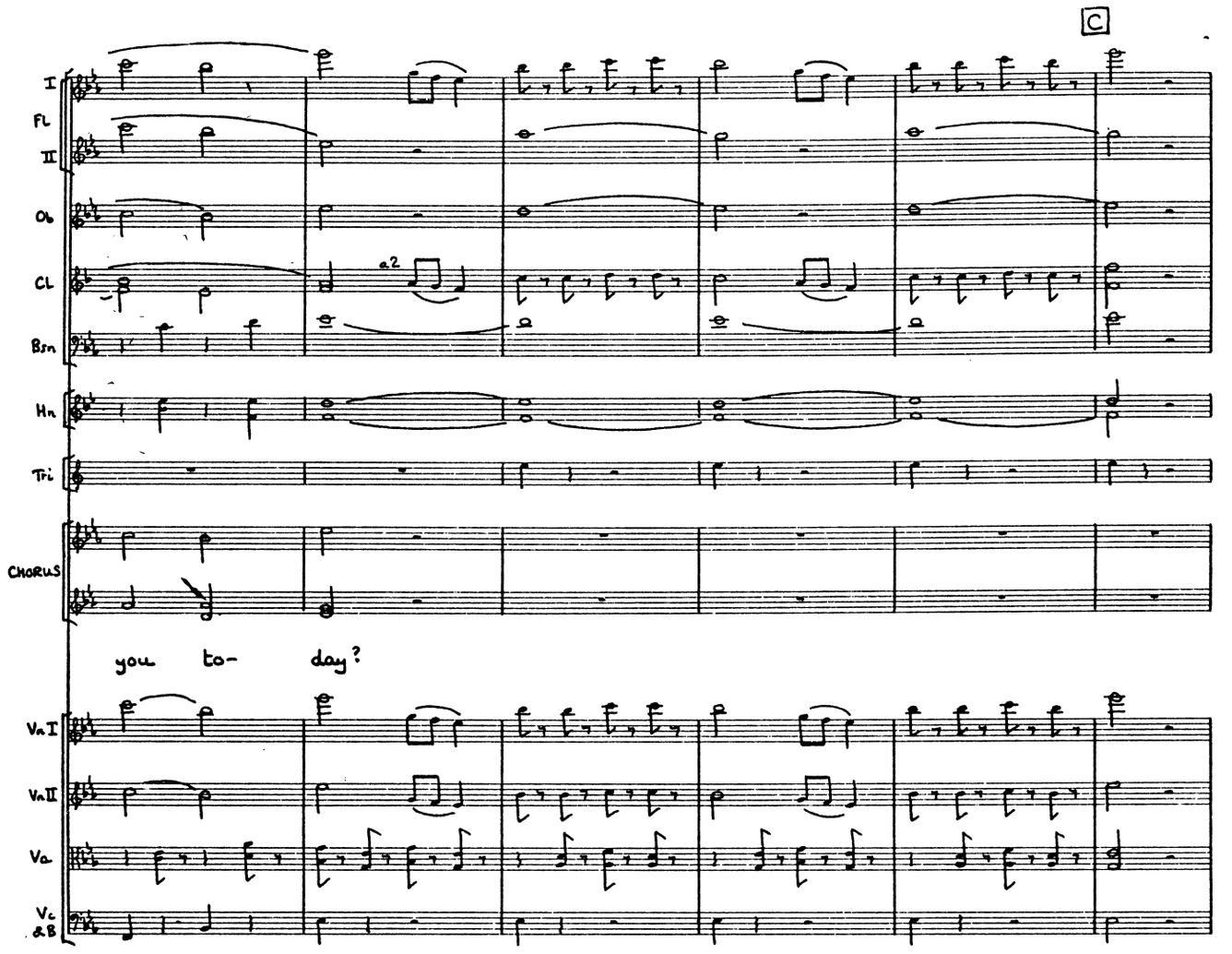

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
a2
unis.

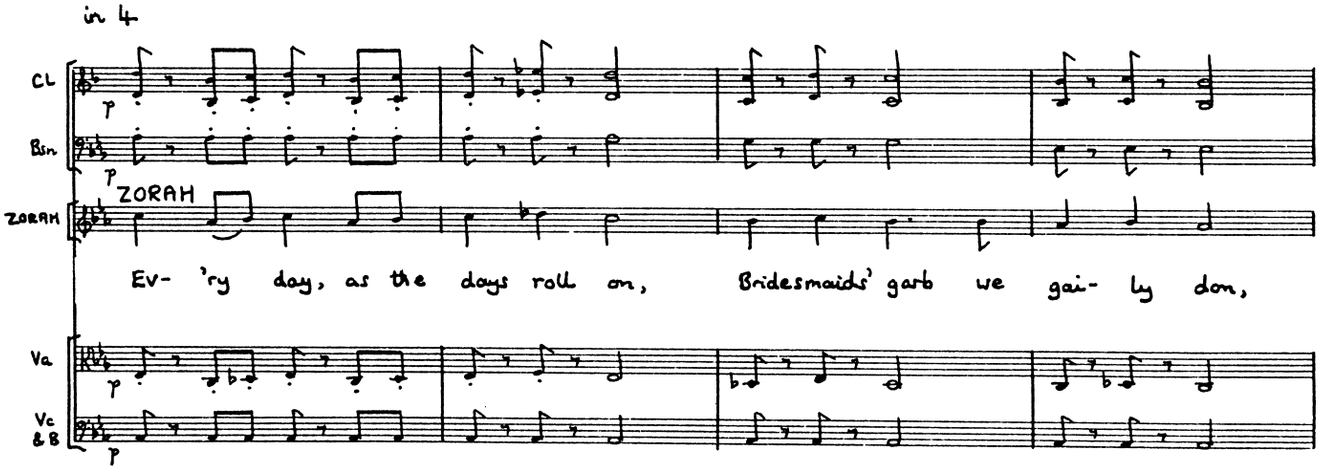

A
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
cresc.
[cresc.]
arco
f

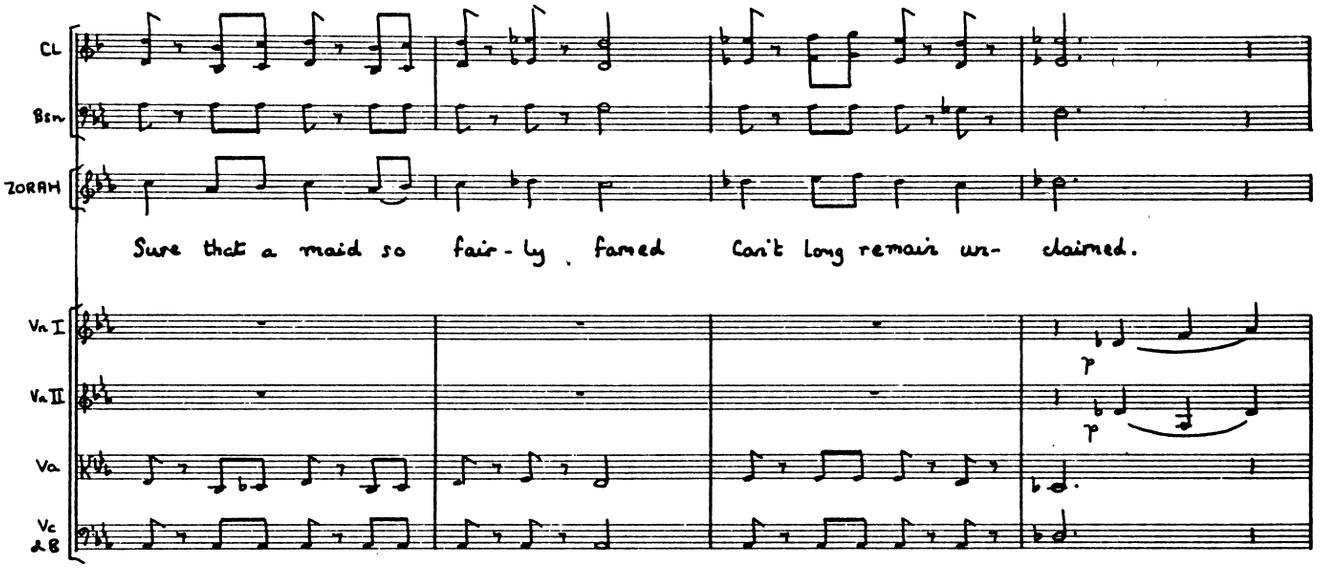

B
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
S
CHORUS
A
Fair is
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
unis.
Tri
Rose as bright May day; Soft is Rose as warm west-wind; Sweet is Rose as new-moun

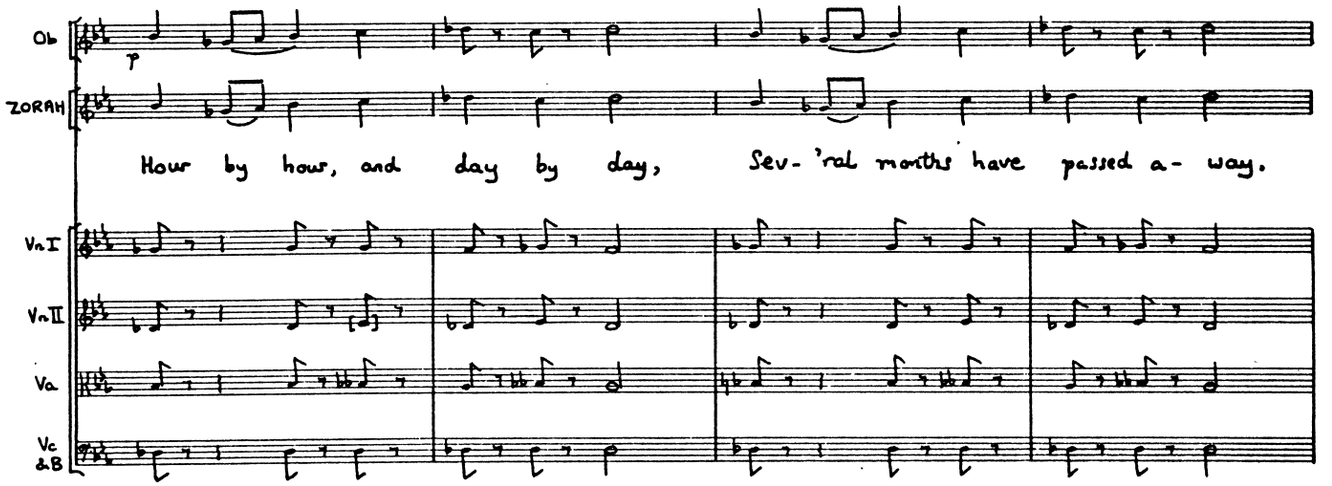

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
hay - Rose is Queen of maid-en- kind! Rose, all glow-ing With
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc & B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
CHORUS
vir-gin blush-es, say — Is an- y- bo- dy go - ing To mar - ry
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc & B

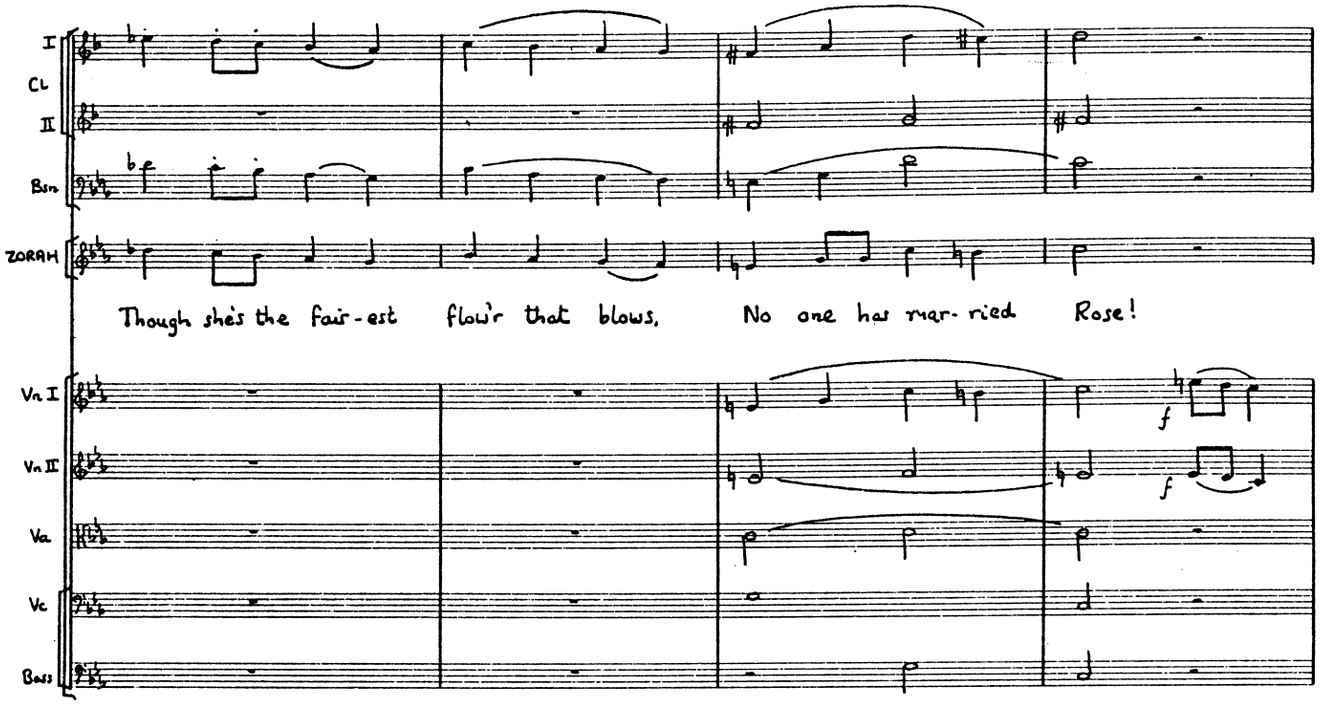

C
I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
you to- day?
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

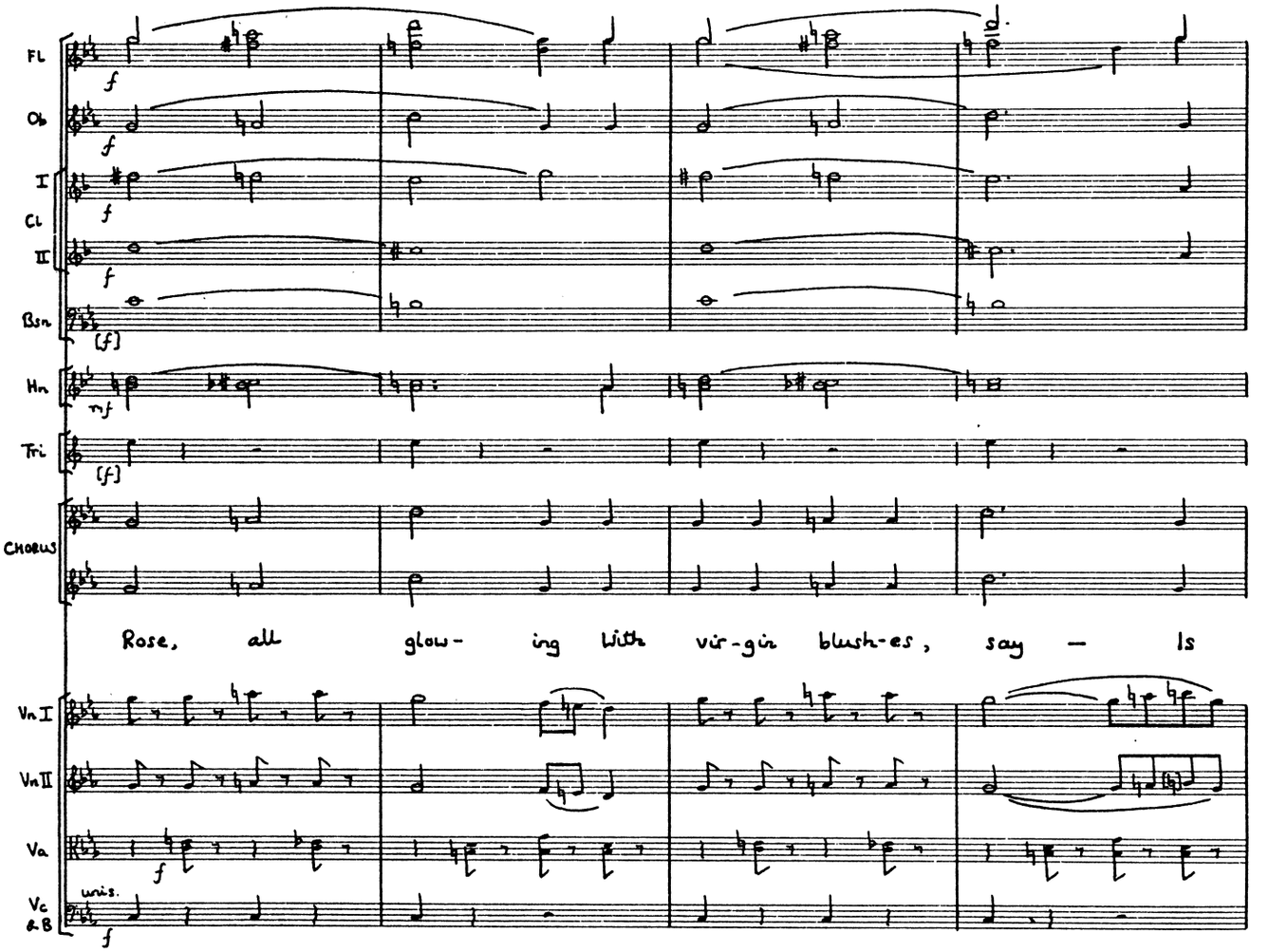

in 4
Cl
Bsn
ZORAH
ZORAH
Ev- 'ry day, as the days roll on, Bridesmaids' garb we gai- ly don,
Va
Vc &B

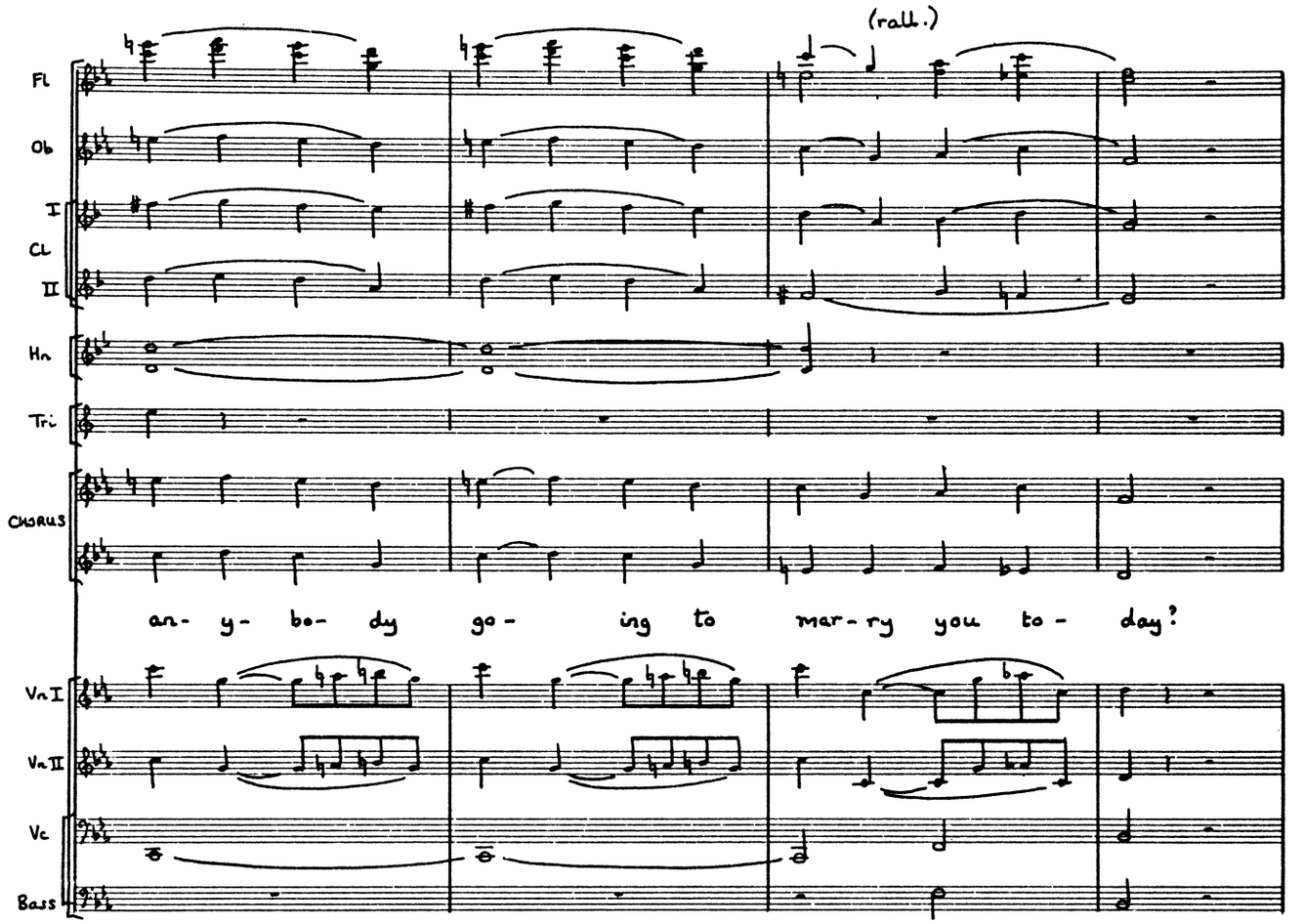

CL
Bsn
ZORAH
Sure that a maid so fair-ly famed Can't long remain un- claimed.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
p
p

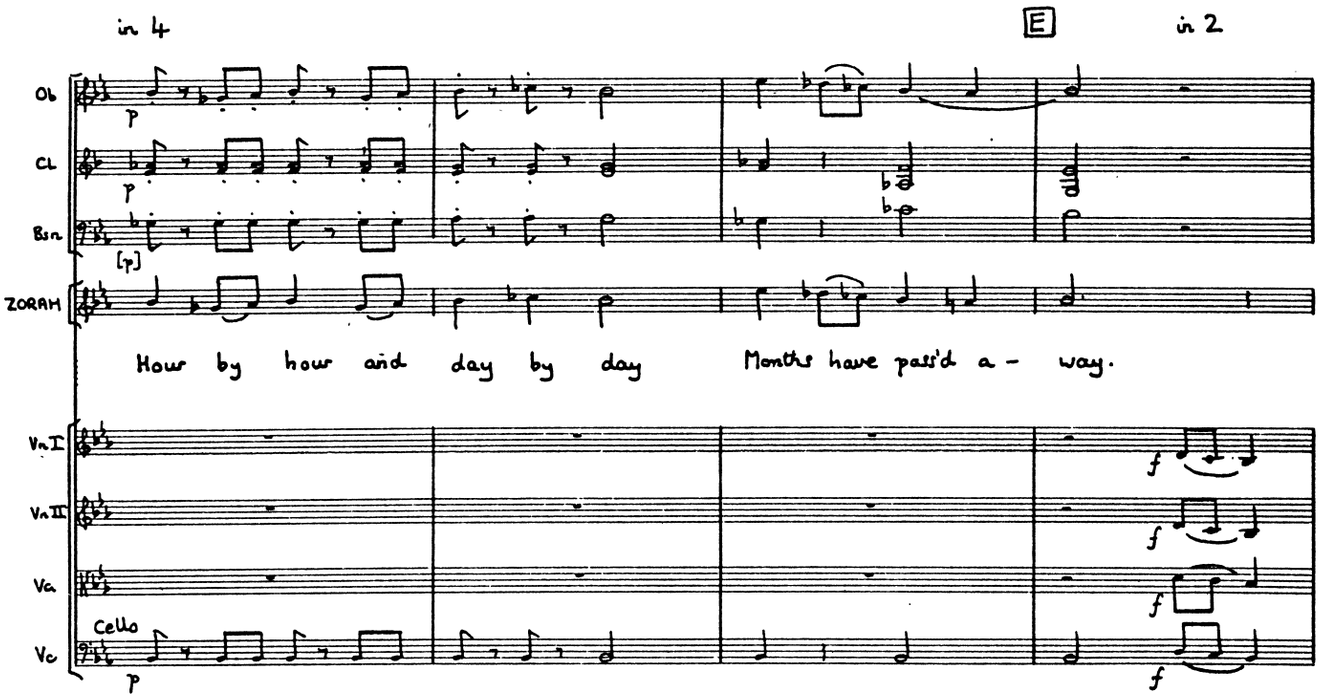

Ob
ZORAH
p
Hour by hour, and day by day, Sev-'ral months have passed a- way.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

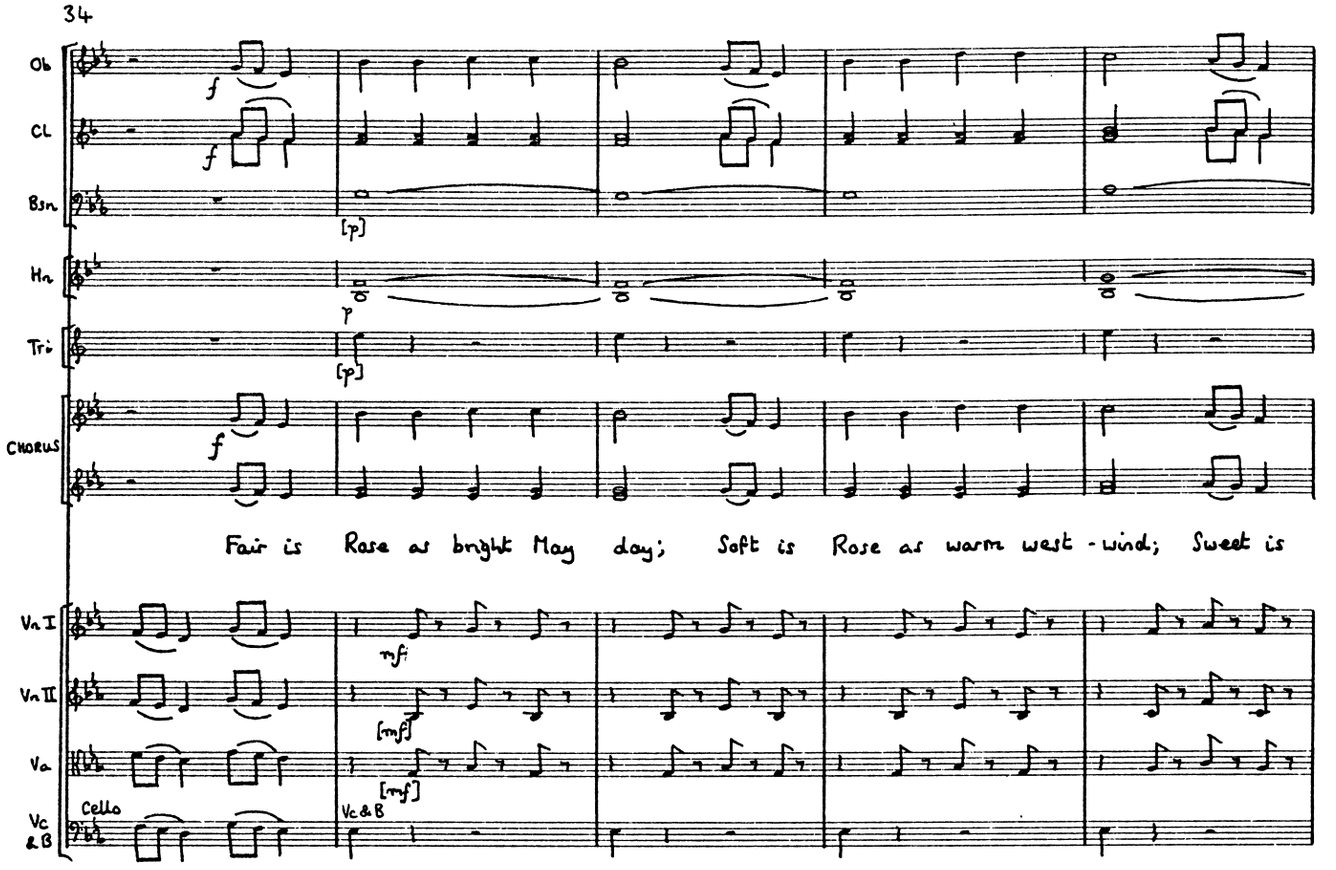
D in 2

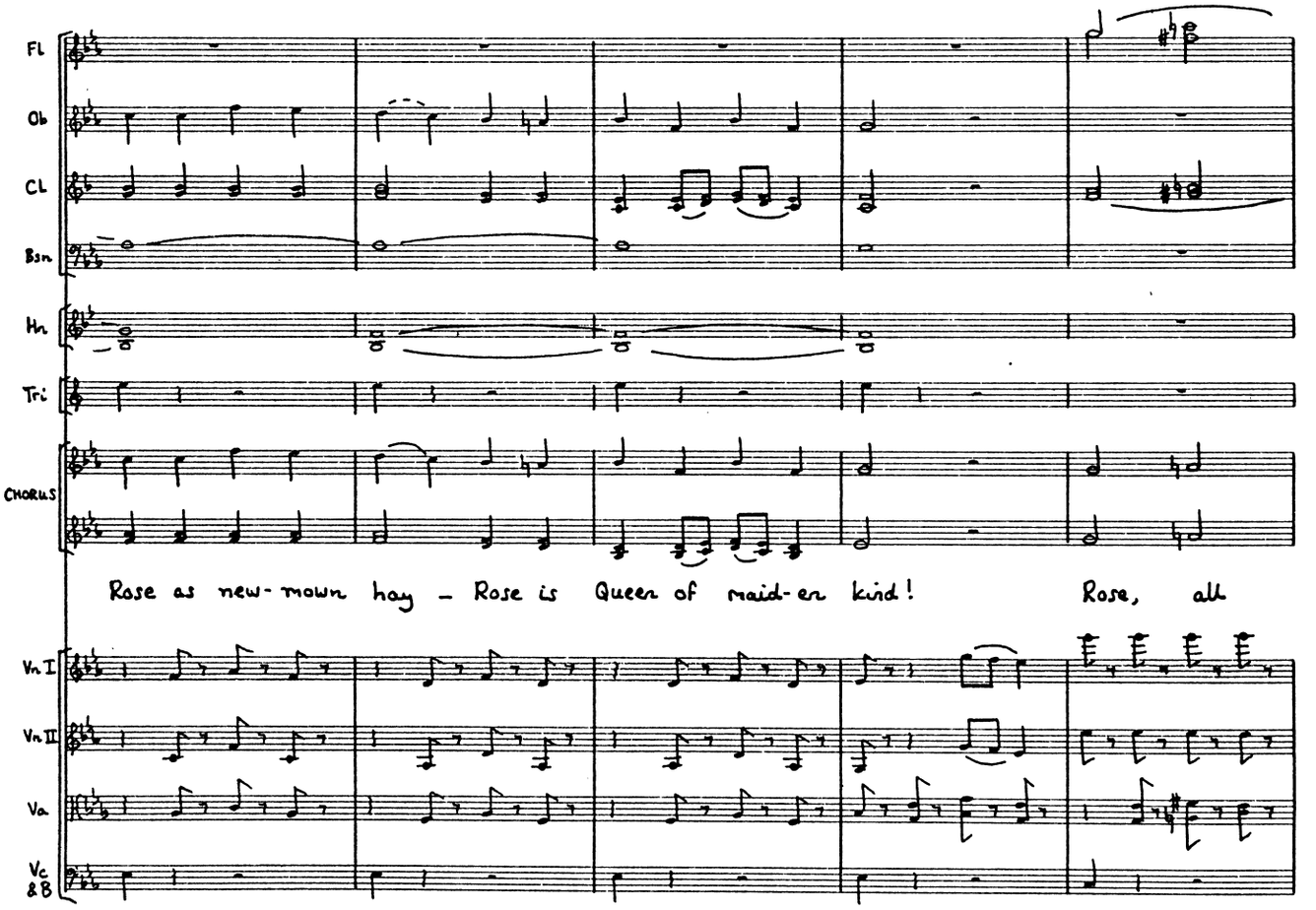

I
Cl
II
Bsn
ZORAH
Though she's the fair-est flow'r that blows, No one has mar-ried Rose!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
f
f

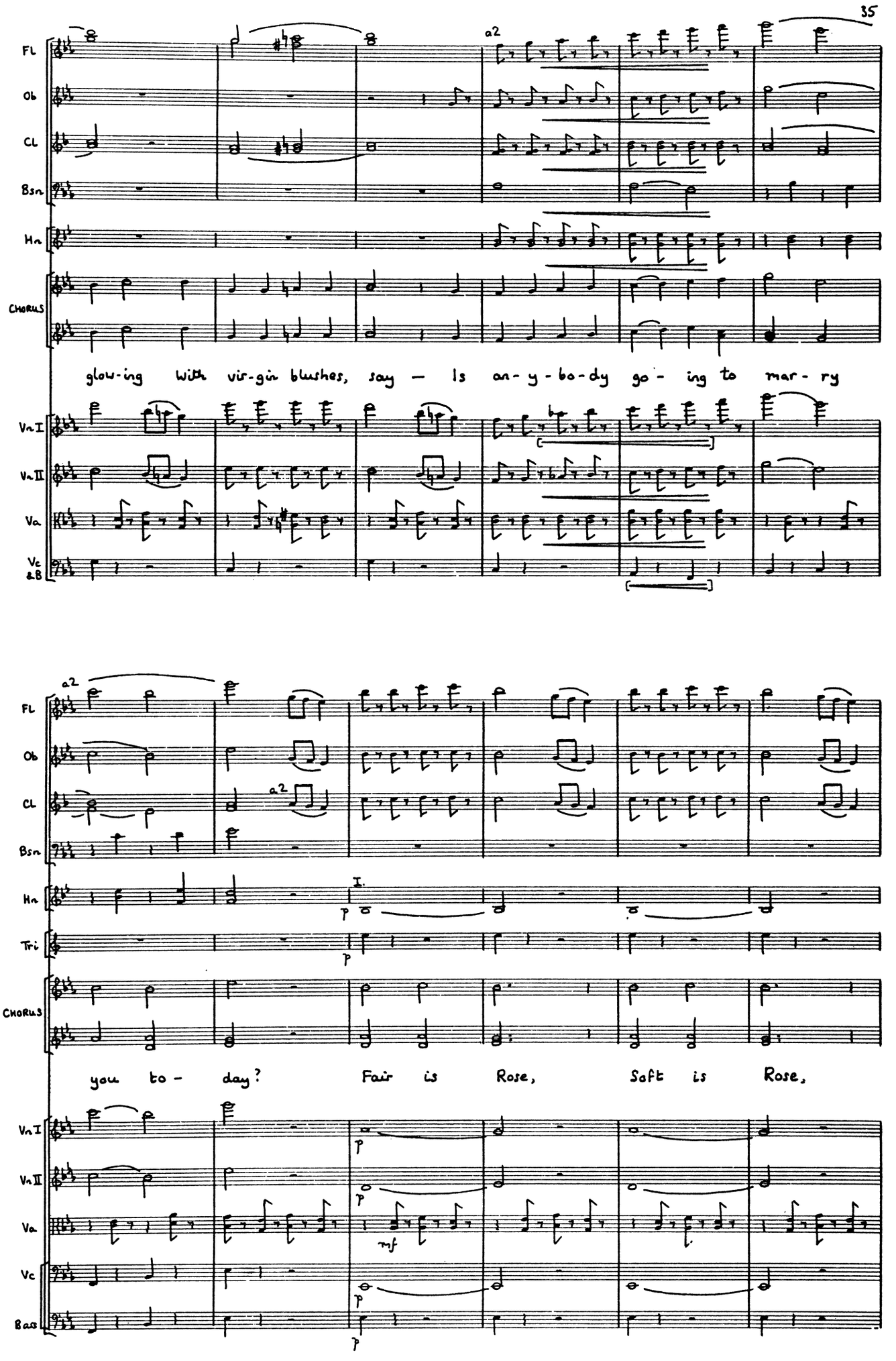

Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
Rose, all glow- ing with vir-gin blush-es, say — Is
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
unis.
f
mf
(f)

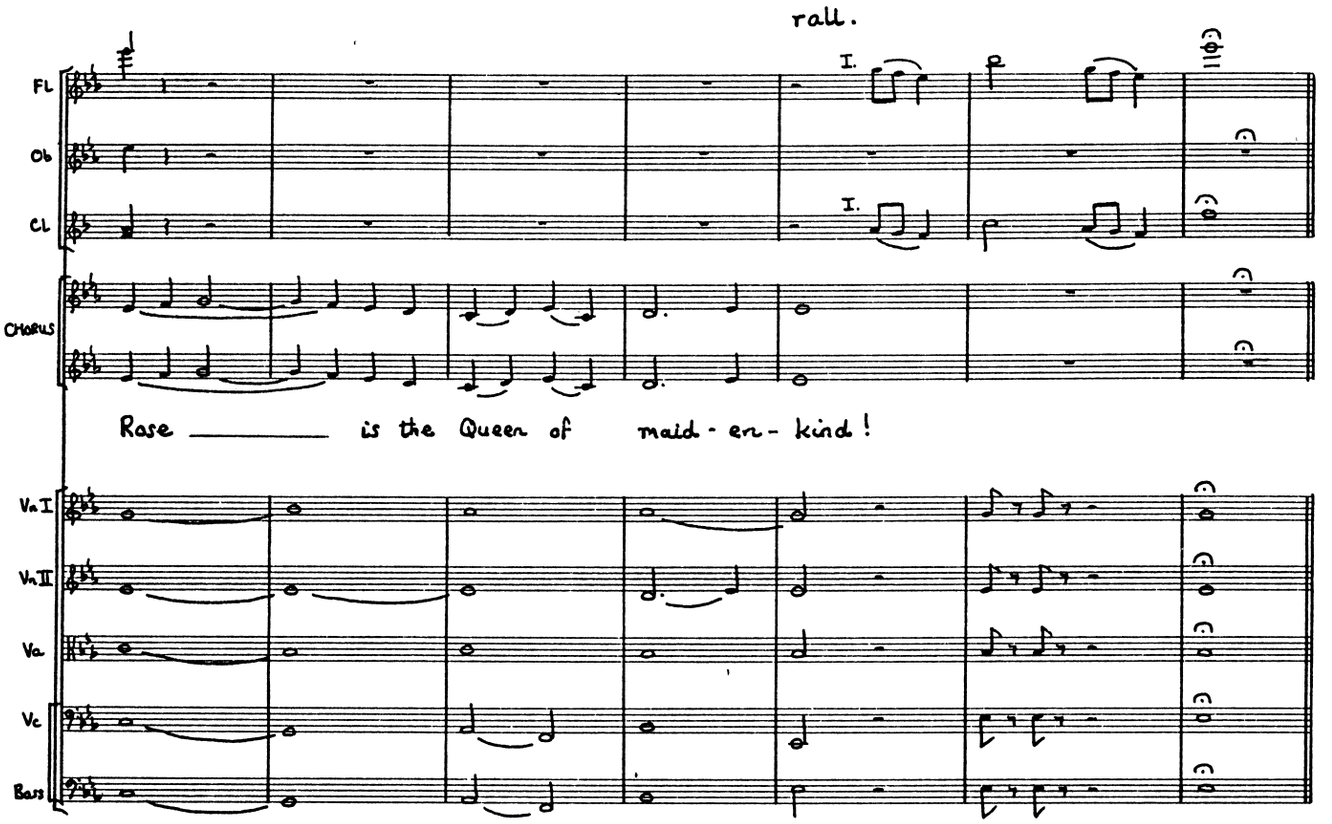

(rall.)
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
an- y- bo- dy go- ing to mar- ry you to- day?
Vn I
Vn II
Vc
Bass


in 4
E
in 2
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ZORAH
Hour by hour and day by day Months have pass'd a- way.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Cello
Vc


Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
Fair is Rose as bright May day; Soft is Rose as warm west-wind; Sweet is
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Cello
Vc & B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
CHORUS
Rose as new-mown hay – Rose is Queen of maid-en kind! Rose, all
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Chorus
glow-ing with vir-gin blushes, say — Is an-y-bo-dy go-ing to mar-ry
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
a2
I.
p
Tri
you to-day? Fair is Rose, Soft is Rose,
mf
Bass



HANNAH Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heart-free, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

ZORAH It's very disappointing. Every young man in the village is in love with her, but they are appalled by her beauty and modesty, and won't declare themselves; so, until she makes her own choice, there's no chance for anybody else.

RUTH This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of professional bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four — and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted!

ZORAH We shall be disendowed — that will be the end of it! Dame Hannah — you're a nice old person — you could marry if you liked. There's old Adam — Robin's faithful servant — he loves you with all the frenzy of a boy of fourteen.

HANNAH Nay — that may never be, for I am pledged!

ALL To whom?

HANNAH To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who woo'd me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and the uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again.

ZORAH But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

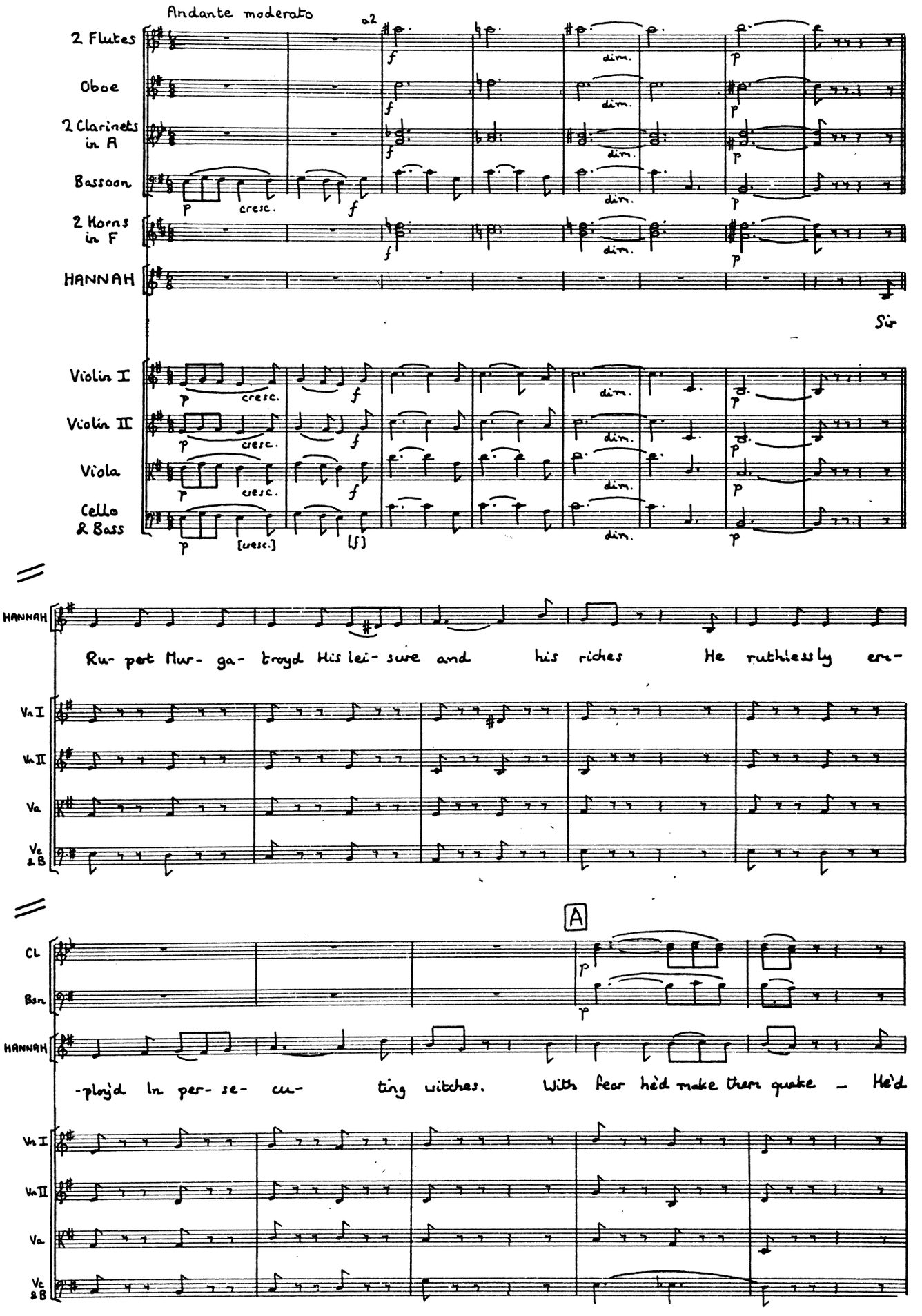
RUTH All baronets are bad; but was he worse than other baronets?

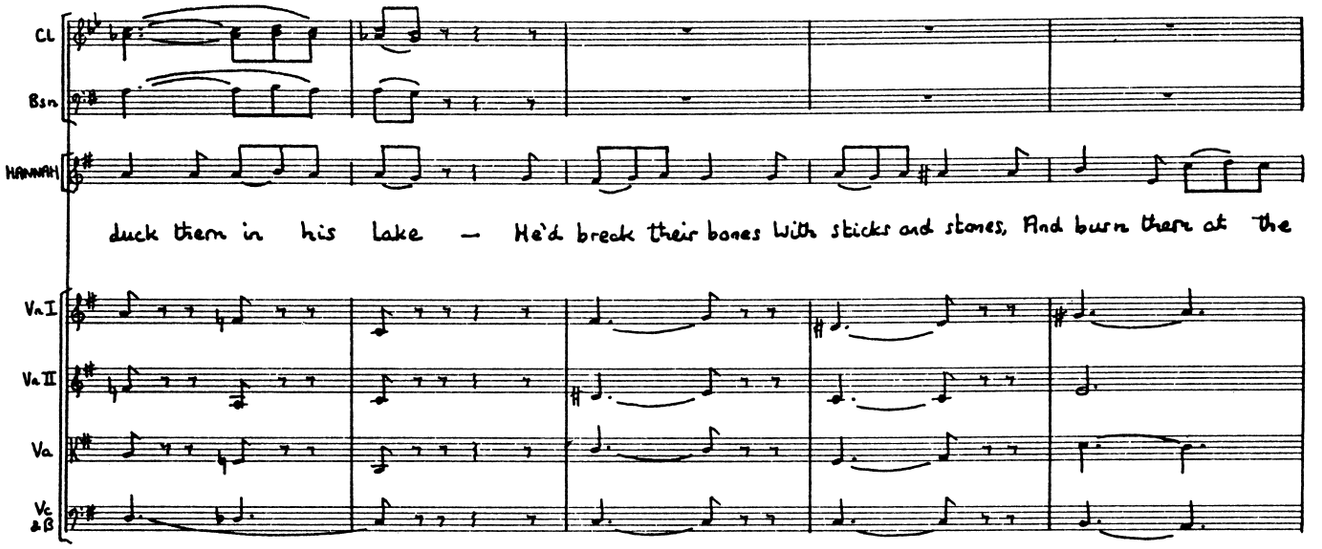
HANNAH My child, he was accursed!

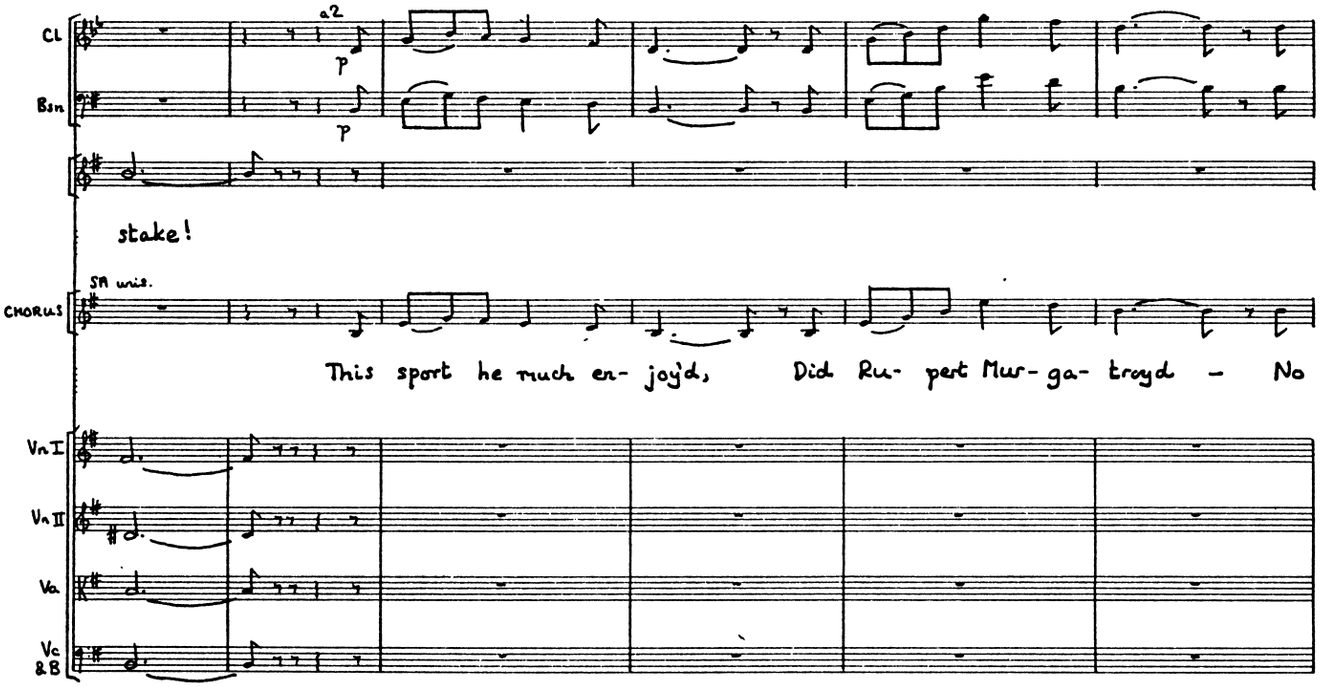
ZORAH But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

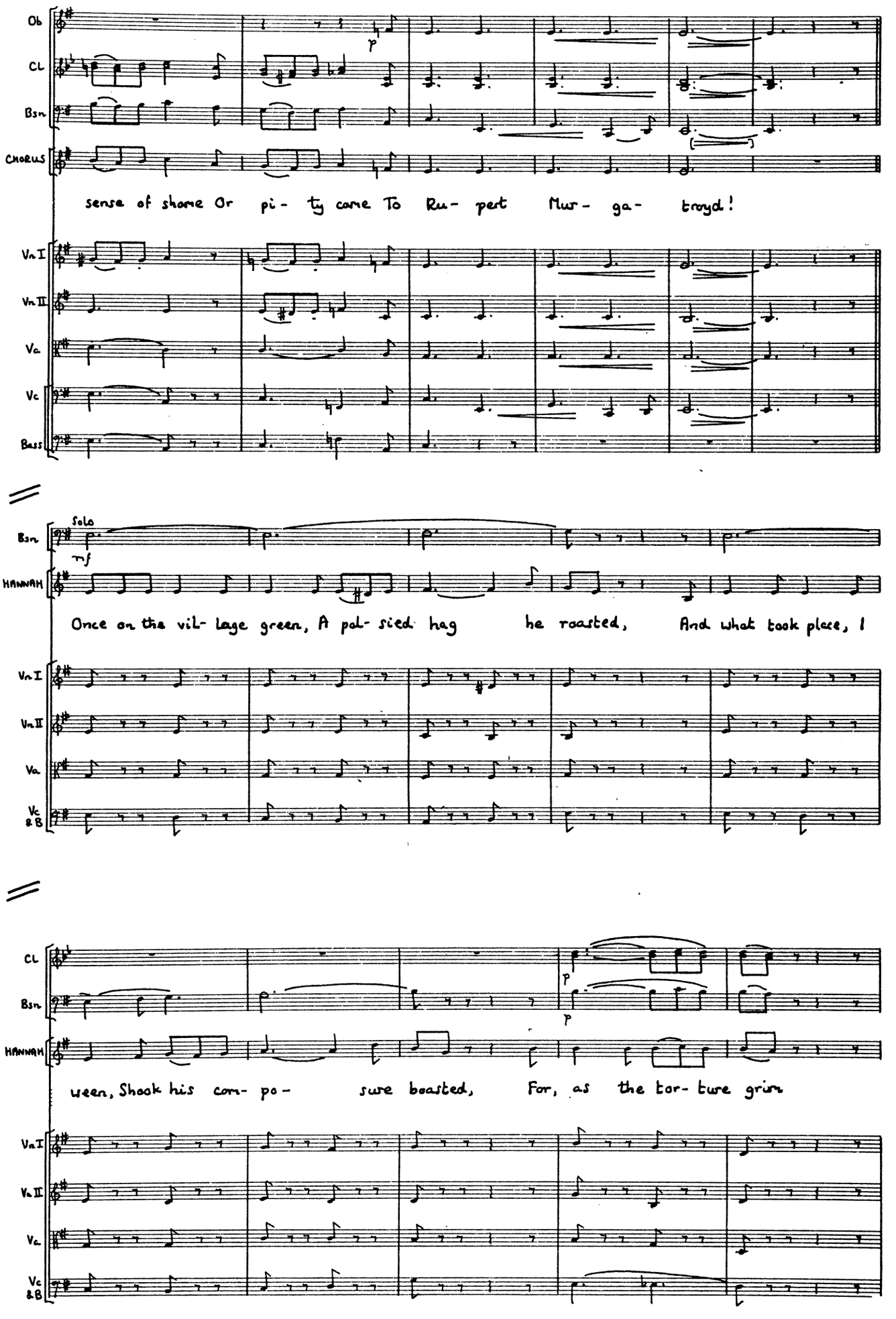
HANNAH The curse is on all his line and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend.

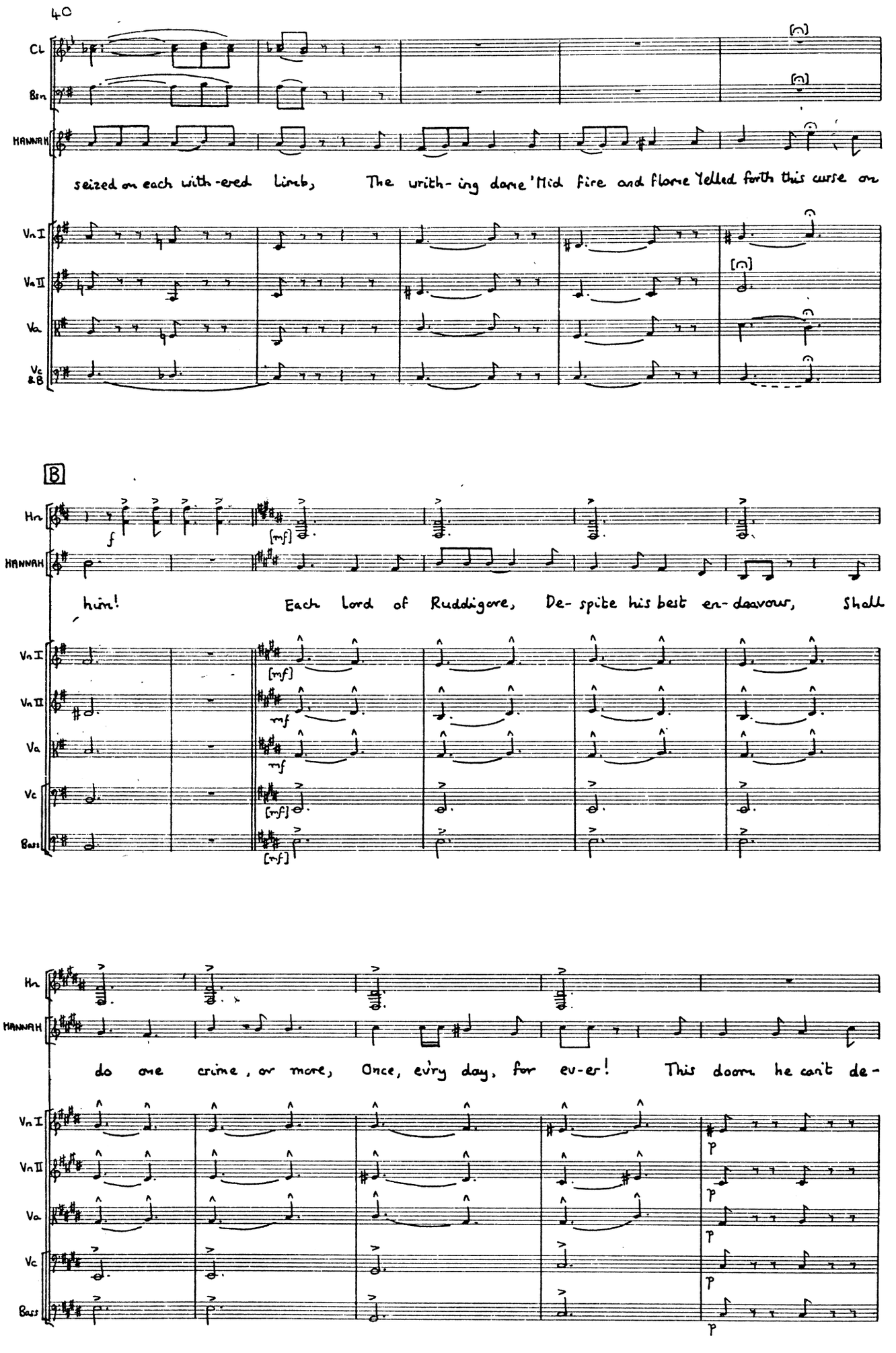
No. 2. SONG (Hannah, with Chorus of Bridesmaids)

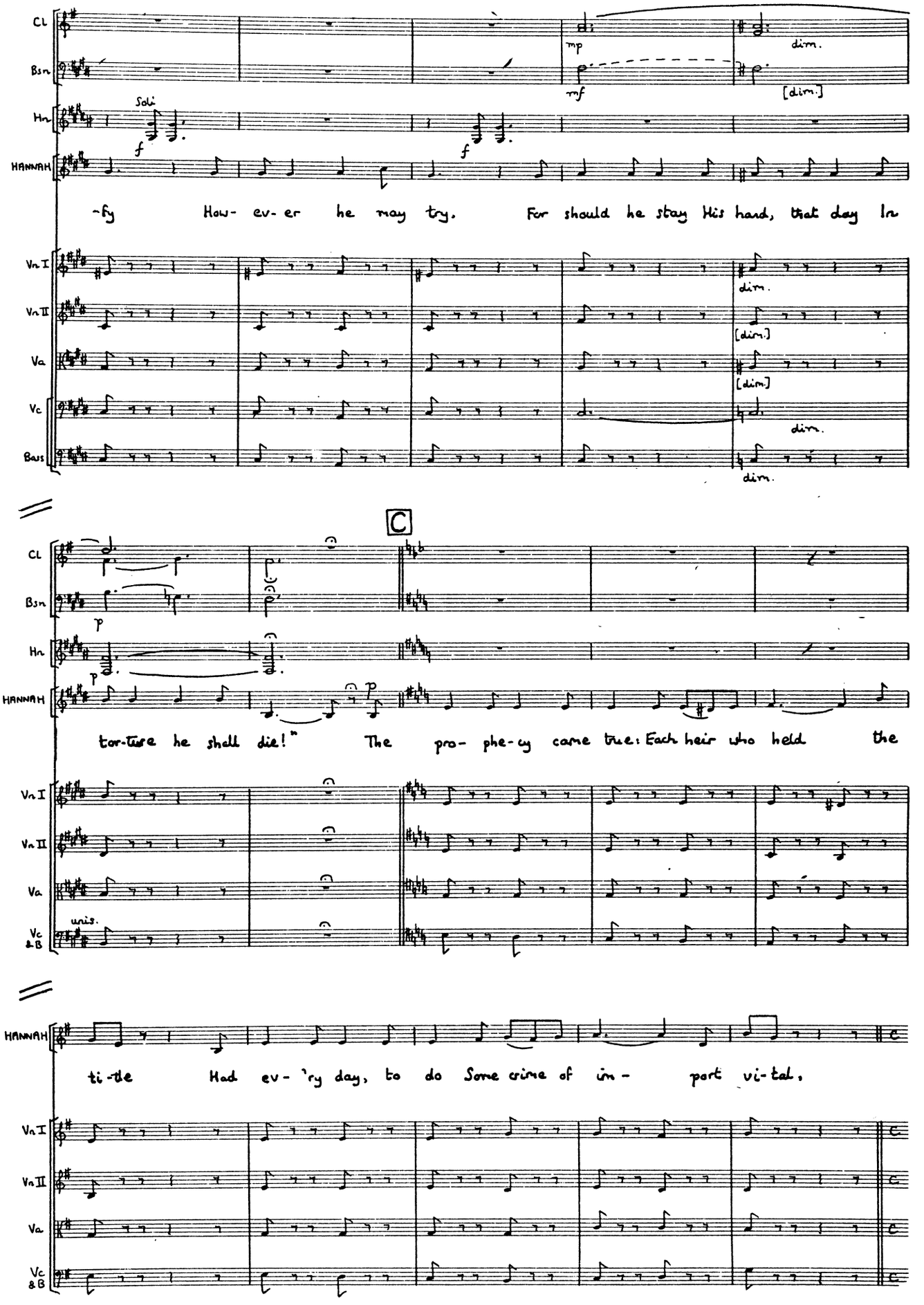


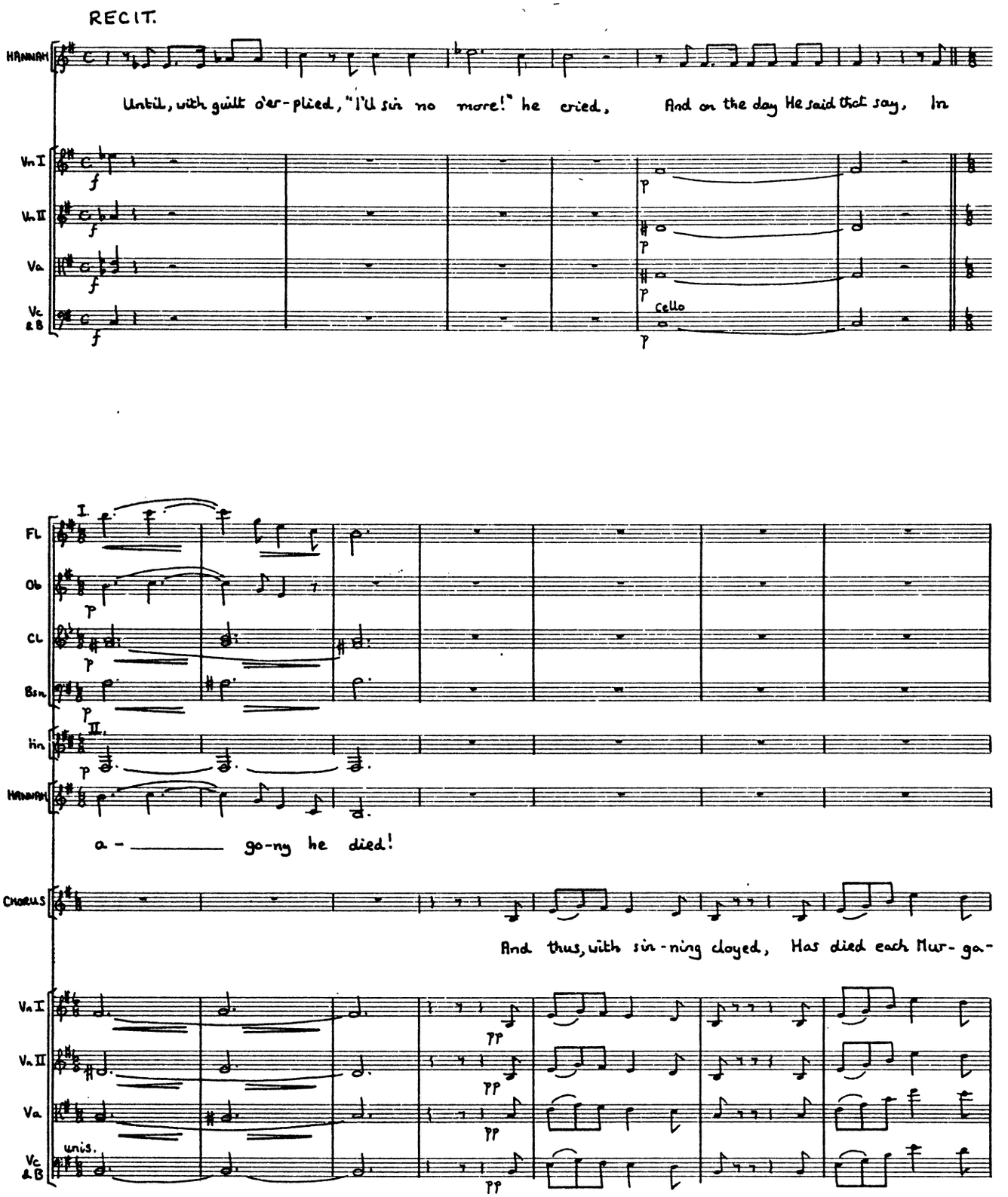

Cl
Bsn
HANNAH
duck them in his lake — He'd break their bones With sticks and stones, And burn them at the
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

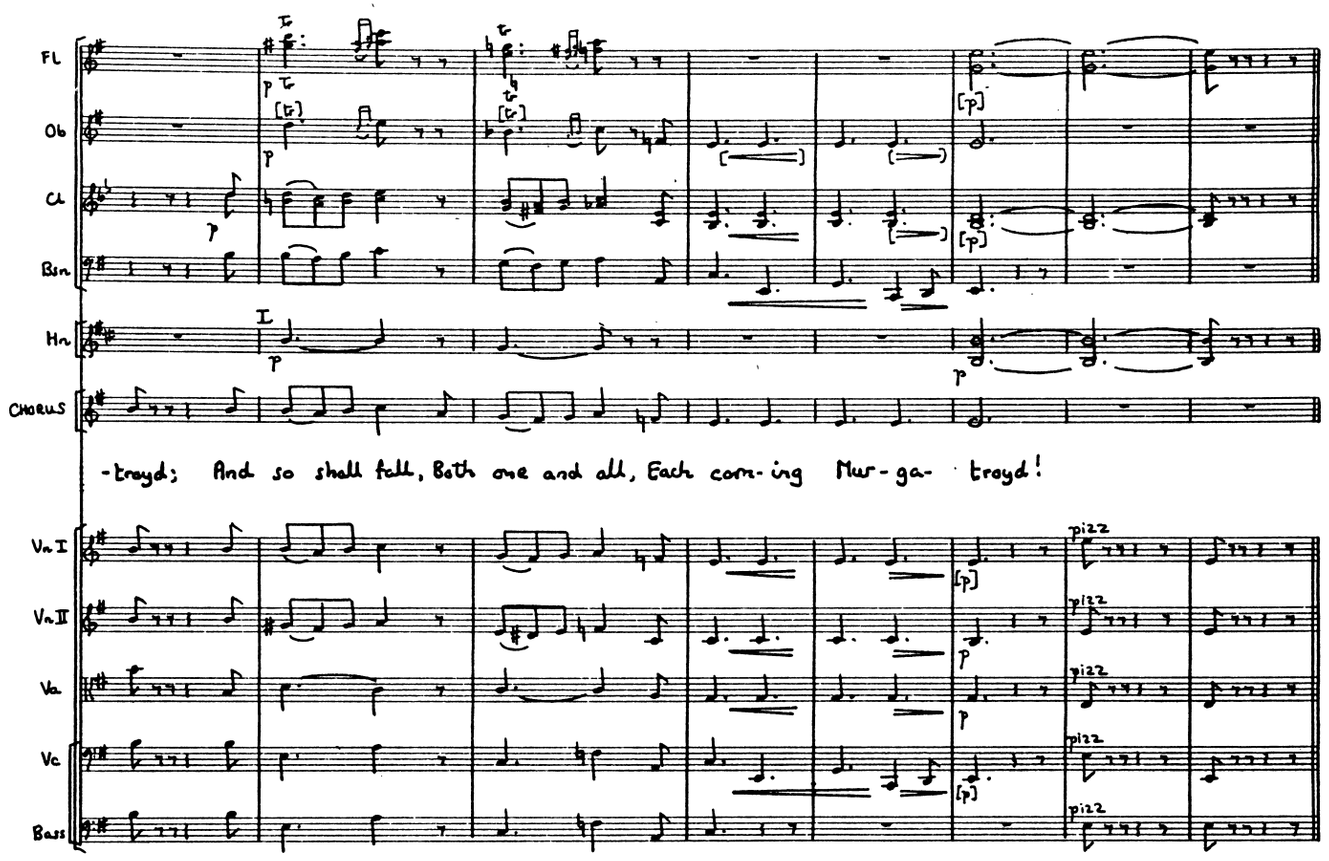

Cl
Bsn
a2
p
p
stake!
CHORUS
SA unis.
This sport he much en- joy'd, Did Ru- pert Mur- ga- troyd — No
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Ob
Cl
Bsn
CHORUS
p
sense of shame Or pi- ty come To Ru- pert Mur- ga- troyd!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
Solo
Bsn
mf
HANNAH
Once on the vil- lage green, A pal- sied hag he roasted, And what took place, I
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Cl
Bsn
HANNAH
p
p
ween, Shook his com- po- sure boasted, For, as the tor- ture grim
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


40
Cl
Bsn
HANNAH
seized on each with-ered limb, The writh-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
B
Hn
f
[mf]
him! Each lord of Ruddigore, De-spite his best en-deavour, Shall
mf
Vc
Bass
do one crime, or more, Once, ev'ry day, for ev-er! This doom he can't de-
p


Cl
Bsn
Hn
Solo
HANNAH
-fy How- ev- er he may try. For should he stay His hand, that day In
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
mp
mf
f
dim.
[dim.]
C
p
tor-ture he shall die!" The pro- phe-cy came true: Each heir who held the
unis.
Vc & B
ti-tle Had ev- 'ry day, to do Some crime of im- port vi-tal,


RECIT.
HANNAH
Until, with guilt o'er-plied, "I'll sin no more!" he cried, And on the day He said that say, In
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Cello
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
HANNAH
a - go-ny he died!
CHORUS
And thus, with sin-ning cloyed, Has died each Mur-ga-
unis.



HANNAH Whither away, dear Rose? On some errand of charity, as is thy wont?

ROSE A few gifts, dear Aunt, for deserving villagers. Lo, here is some peppermint rock for old gaffer Gadderby, a set of false teeth for pretty Ruth Rowbottom, and a pound of snuff for the poor orphan girl on the hill.

HANNAH Ah, Rose, pity that so much goodness should not help to make some gallant youth happy for life! Rose, why dost thou harden that little heart of thine? Is there none hereaway whom thou could'st love?

ROSE And if there were such an one, verily it would ill become me to tell him so.

HANNAH Nay, dear one, where true love is, there is little need of prim formality.

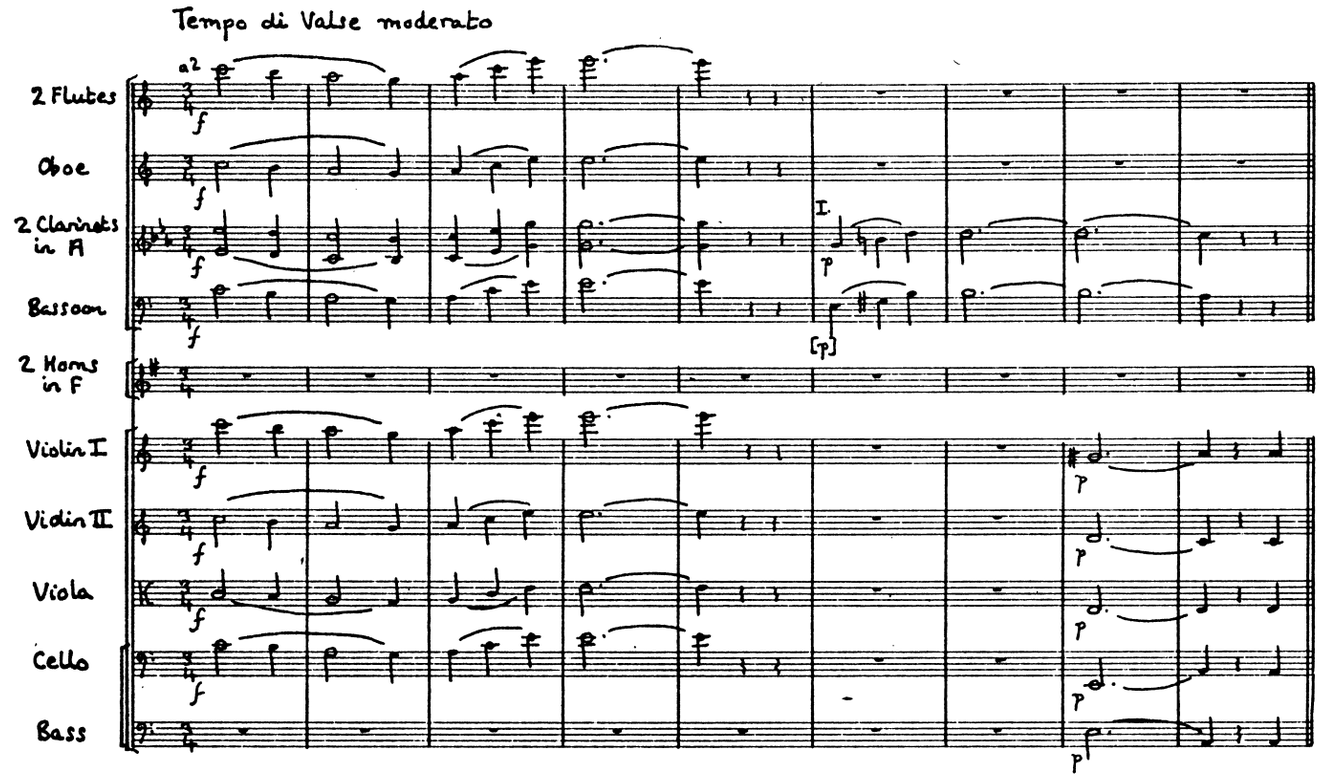
ROSE Hush, dear aunt, for thy words pain me sorely. Hung in a plated dish-cover to the knocker of the workhouse door, with nought that I could call mine own, save a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette, little wonder if I have always regarded that work as a voice from a parent's tomb. This hallowed volume, composed, if I may believe the title-page, by no less an authority than the wife of a Lord Mayor, has been, through life, my guide and monitor. By its solemn precepts I have learnt to test the moral worth of all who approach me. The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature, and he who has not acquired the proper way of entering and leaving a room is the object of my pitying horror. There are those in this village who bite their nails, dear aunt, and nearly all are wont to use their pocket combs in public places. In truth I could pursue this painful theme much further, but behold, I have said enough.

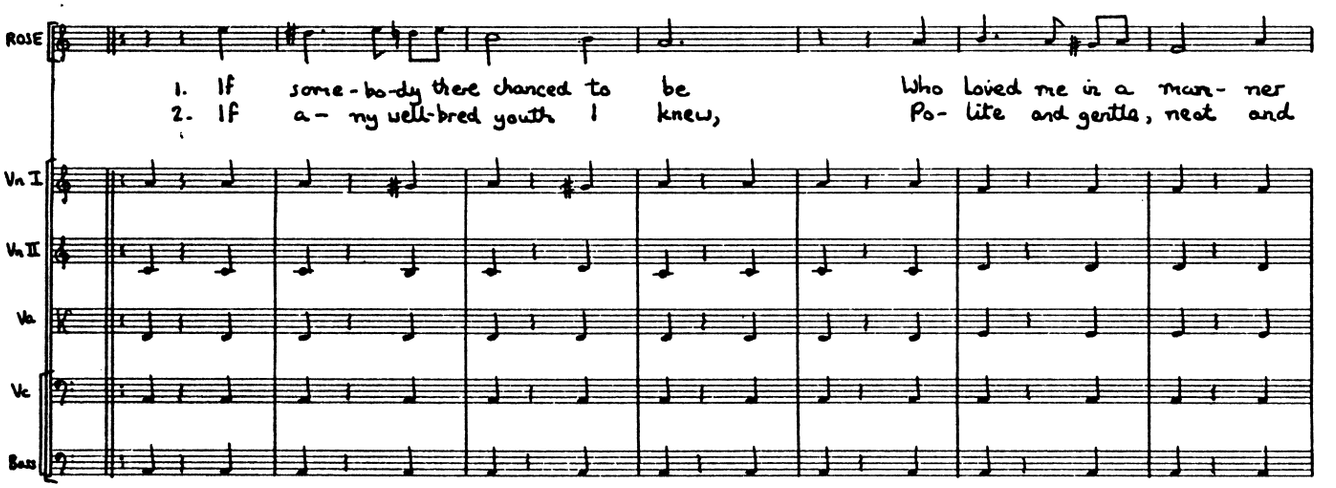
HANNAH But is there not one among them who is faultless, in thine eyes? For example — young Robin. He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. Could'st thou not love him?

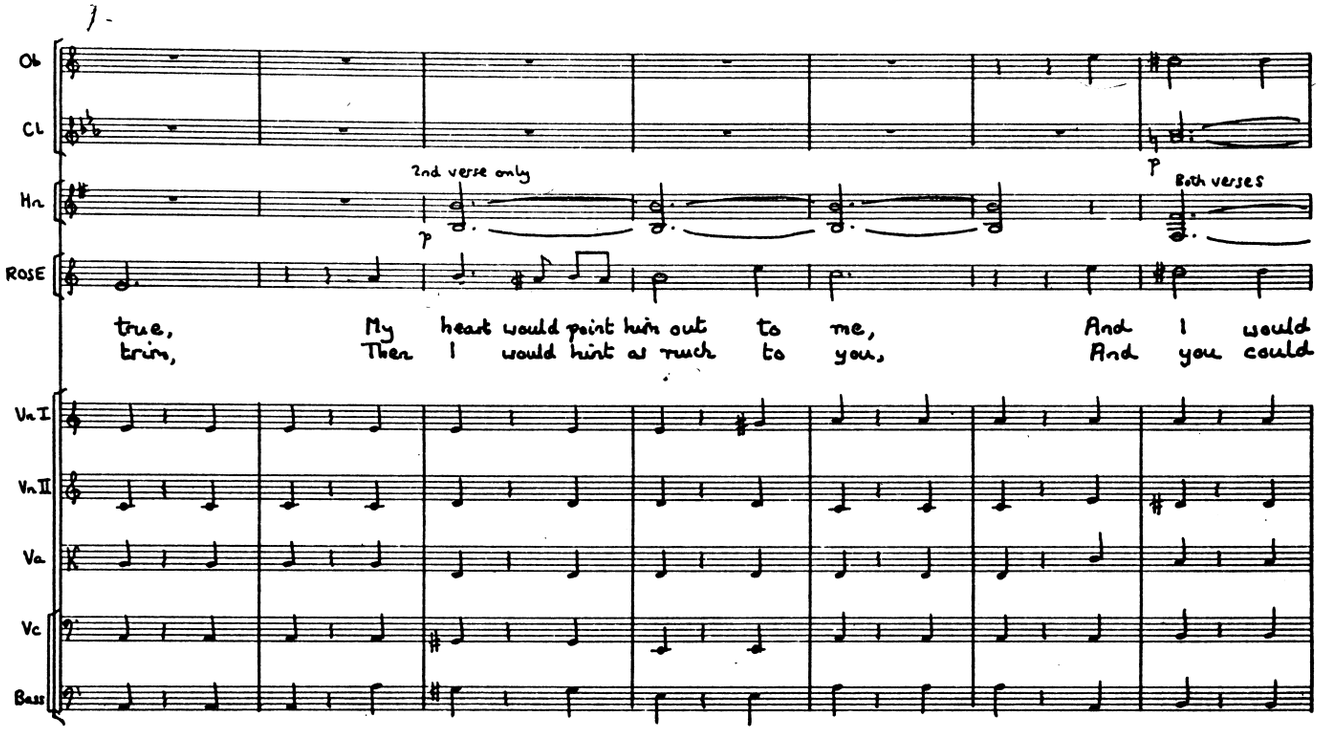
ROSE And even if I could, how should I confess it unto him? For lo, he is shy, and sayeth nought!

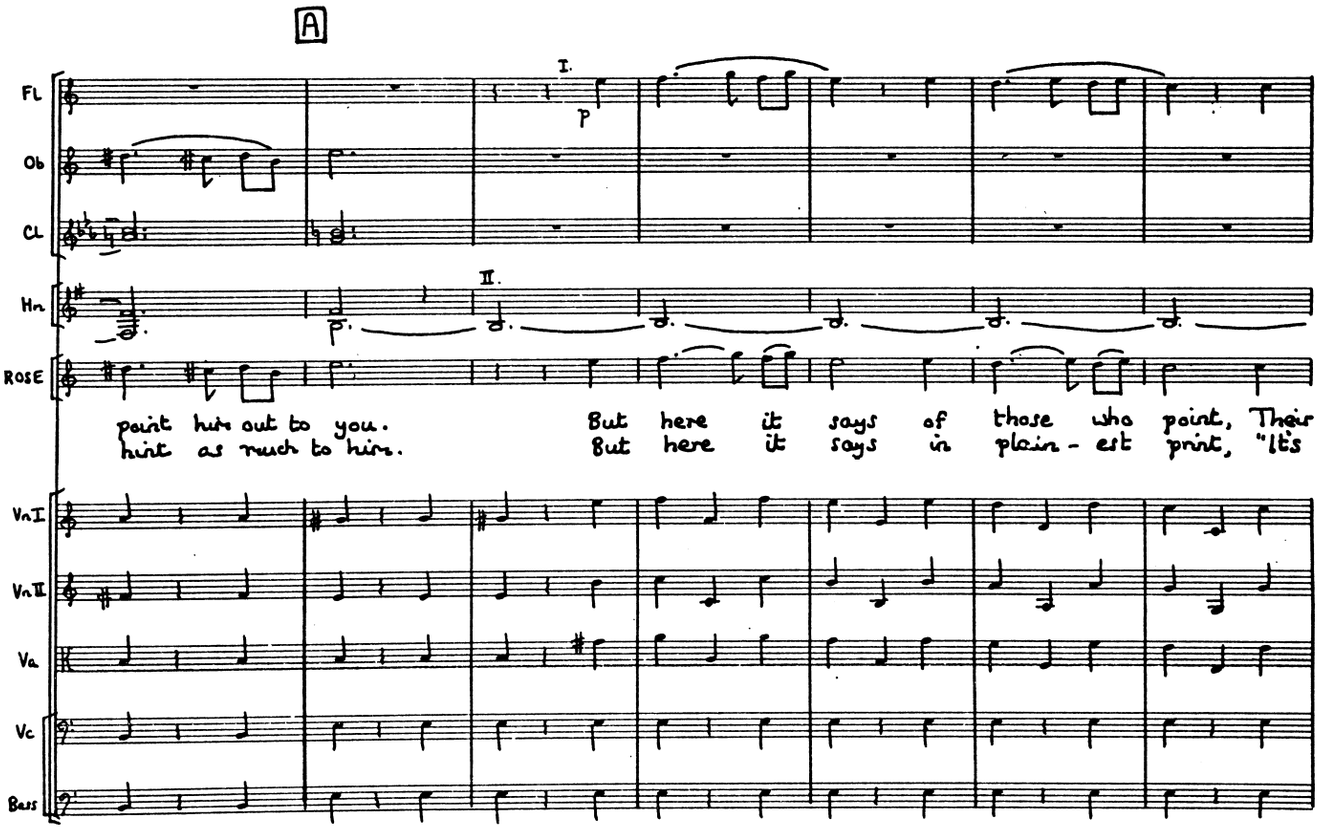
No. 3. SONG
(Rose)

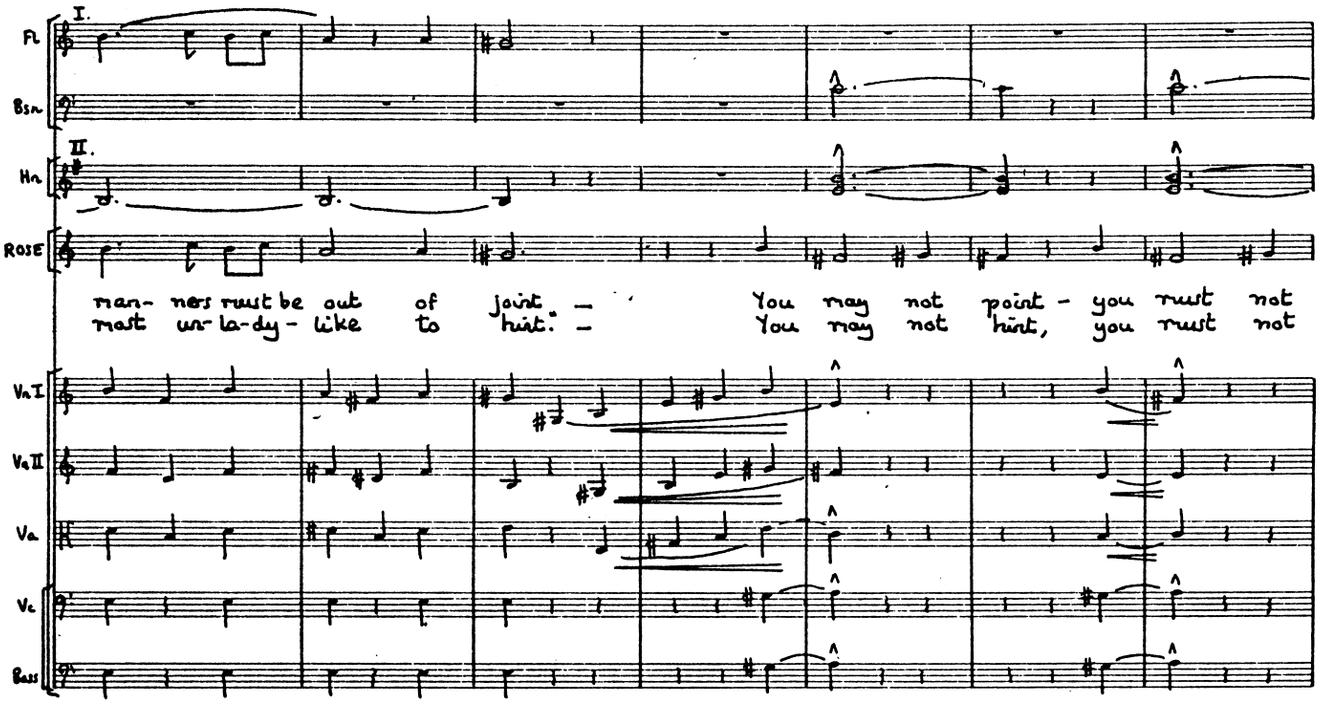
Tempo di Valse moderato

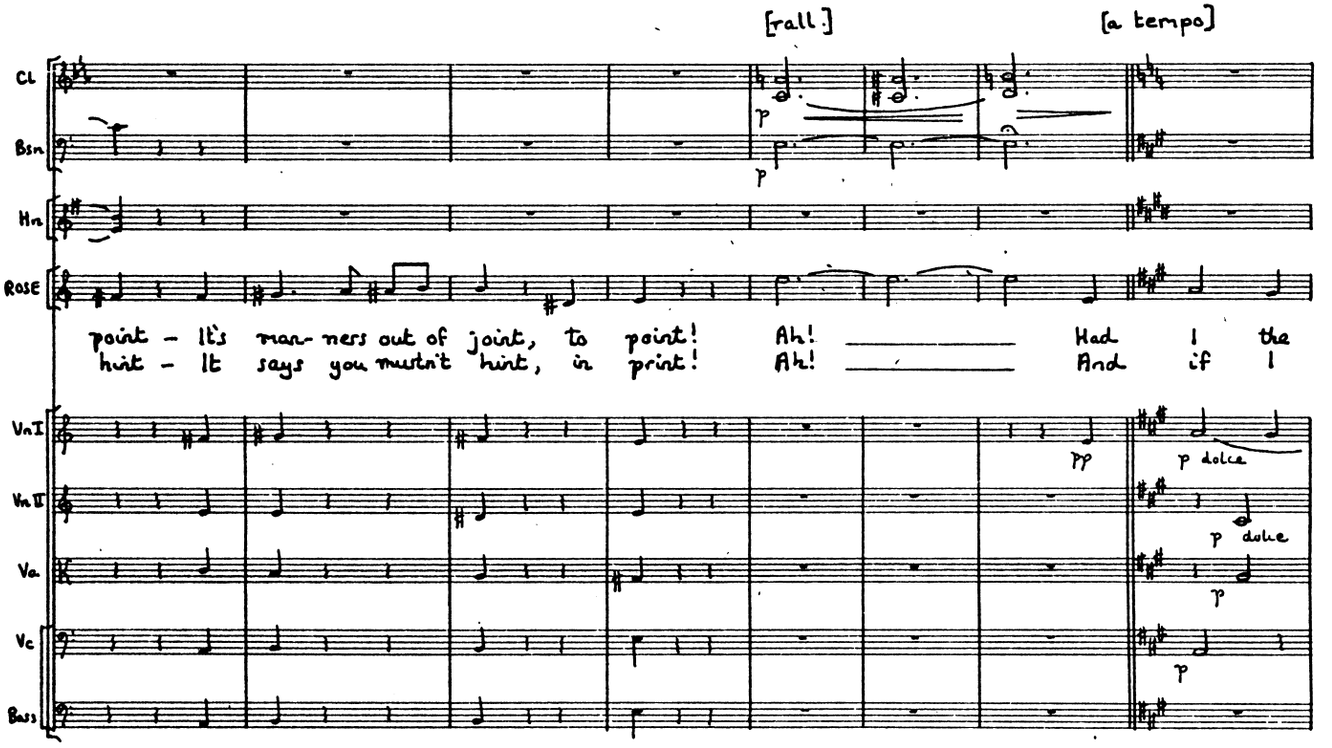


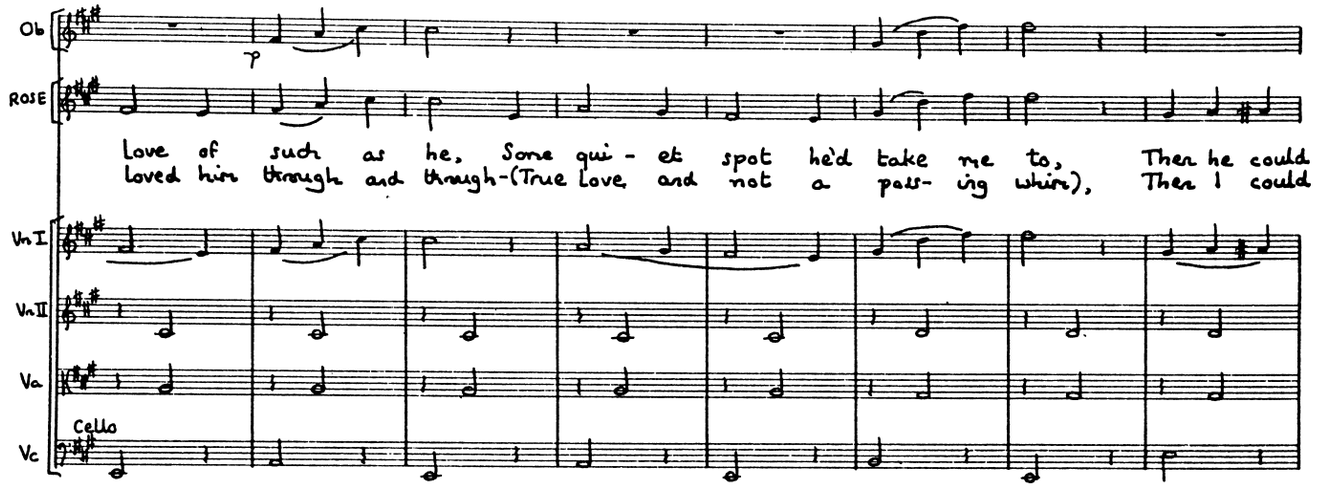


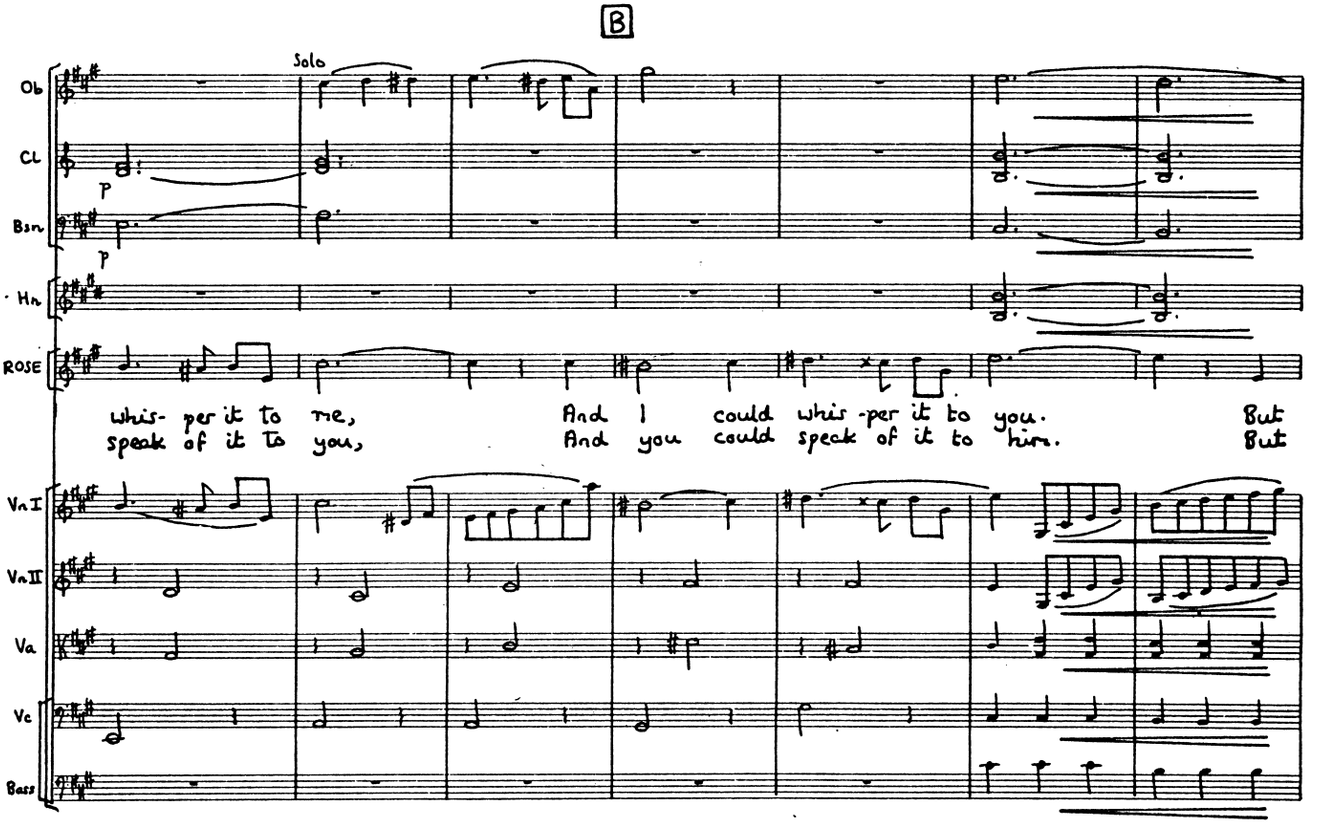

1.
Ob
Cl
Hn
ROSE
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
2nd verse only
p
p
Both verses
true, My heart would point him out to me, And I would
trim, Then I would hint as much to you, And you could

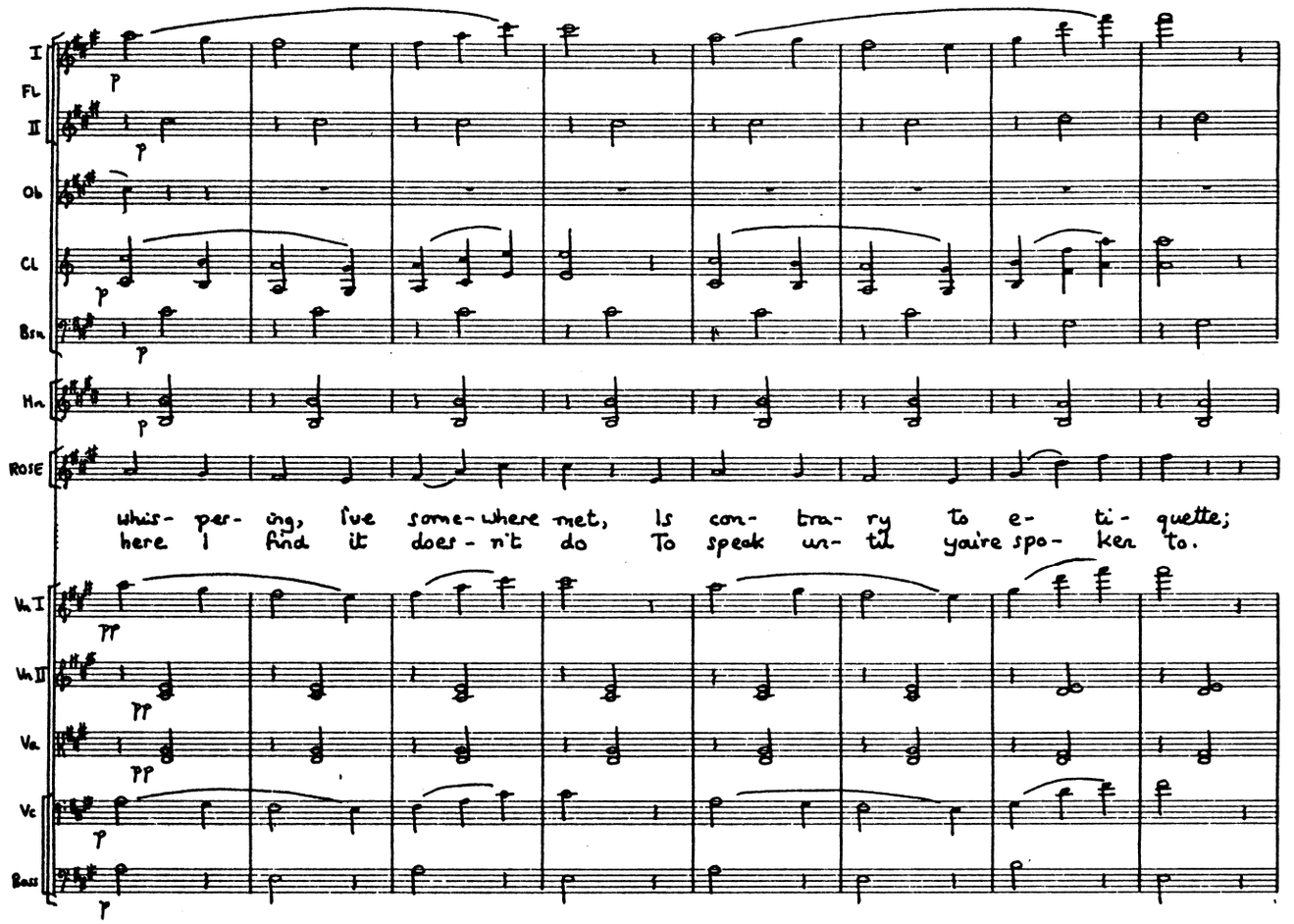

A
Fl
Ob
Cl
Hn
ROSE
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
p
II.
p
point him out to you. But here it says of those who point, Their
hint as much to him. But here it says in plain - est print, "It's

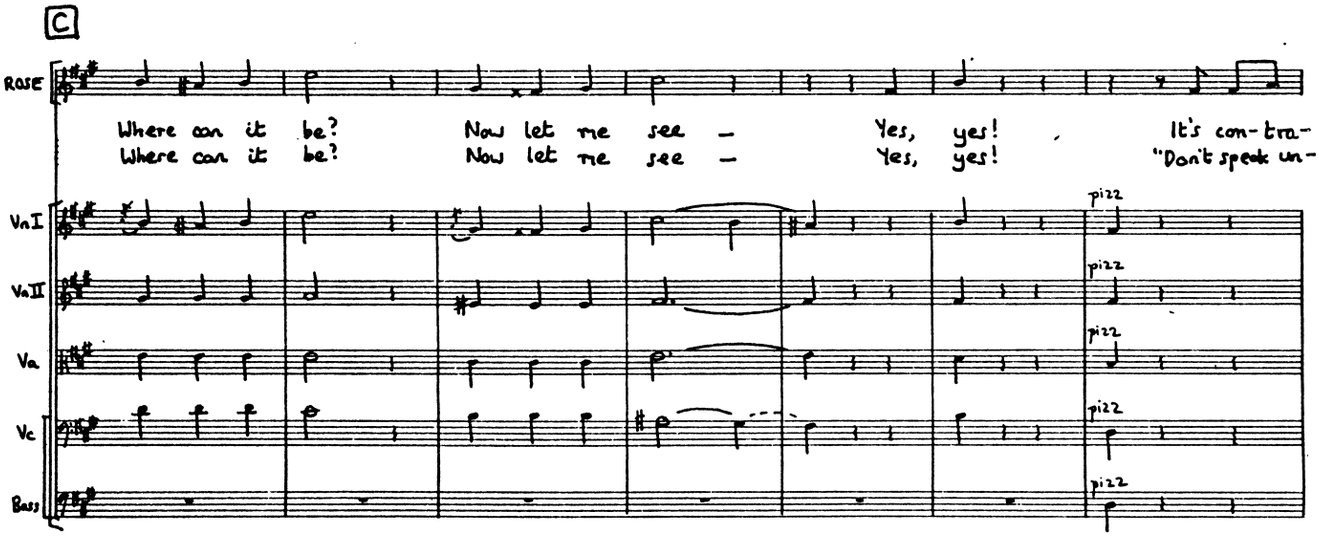

I.
II.
Fl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
man- ners must be out of joint. — You may not point - you must not
most un-la-dy- like to hint. — You may not hint, you must not
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

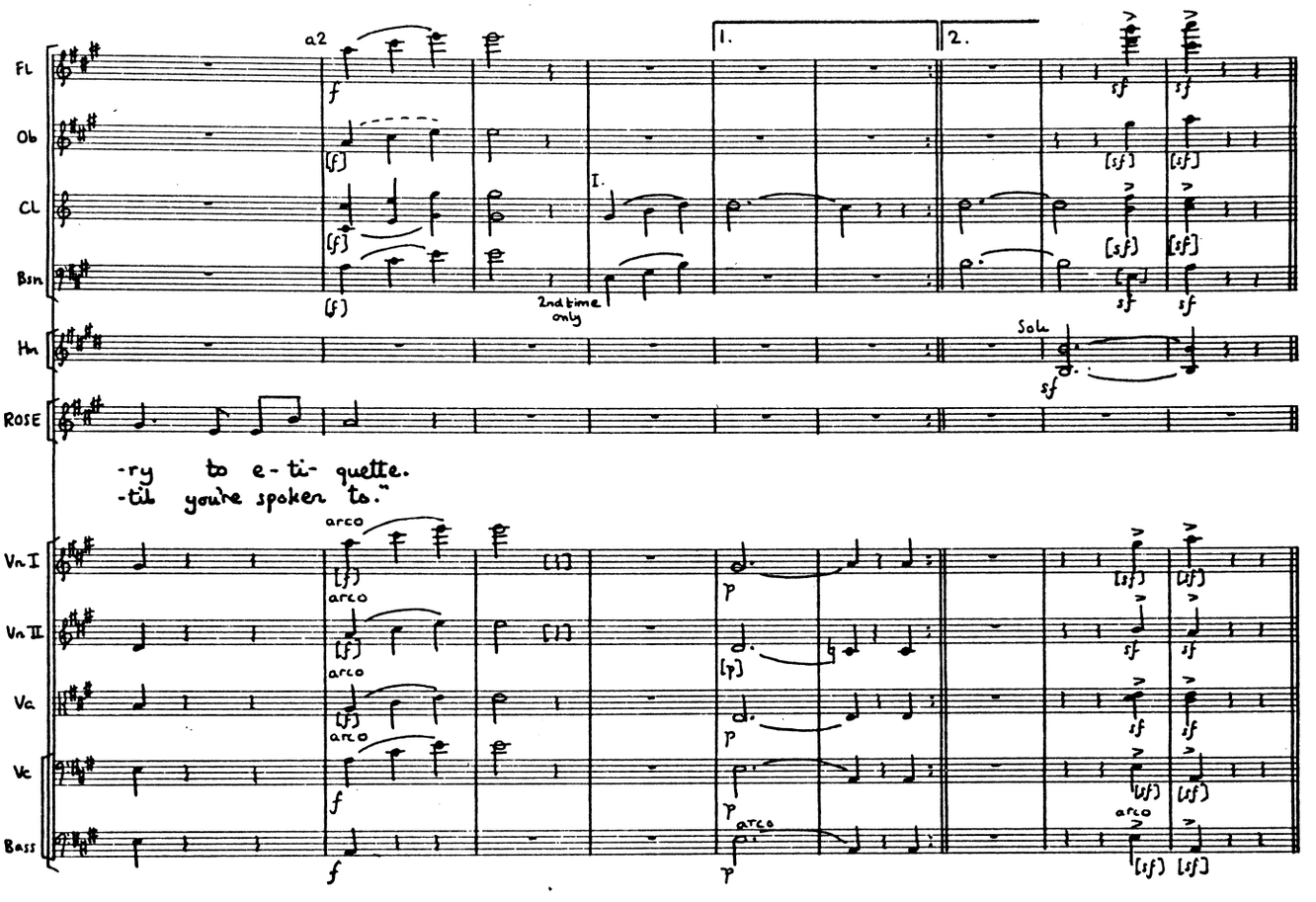

[rall.]
[a tempo]
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
point - It's man- ners out of joint, to point! Ah! ___ Had I the
hint - It says you mustn't hint, in print! Ah! ___ And if I
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p dolce
p dolce


Ob
ROSE
p
Love of such as he, Some qui - et spot he'd take me to, Then he could
loved him through and through-(True love and not a pass- ing whim), Then I could
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Cello
Vc


B
Solo
Ob
Cl
p
Bsn
p
Hn
ROSE
whis- per it to me, And I could whis -per it to you. But
speak of it to you, And you could speak of it to him. But
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
whis- per- ing, I've some- where met, Is con- tra- ry to e- ti- quette;
here I find it does- n't do To speak un- til you're spo- ken to.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


C
ROSE
Where can it be? Now let me see — Yes, yes! It's con- tra-
Where can it be? Now let me see — Yes, yes! "Don't speak un-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz



ROSE Poor Aunt! Little did the good soul think, when she breathed the hallowed name of Robin, that he would do even as well as another. But he resembleth all the youths in this village, in that he is unduly bashful in my presence, and lo, it is hard to bring him to the point. But soft, he is here!

ROBIN Mistress Rose!

ROSE Master Robin!

ROBIN I wished to say that — it is fine.

ROSE It is passing fine.

ROBIN But we do want rain.

ROSE Aye, sorely! Is that all?

ROBIN That is all.

ROSE Good day, Master Robin!

ROBIN Good day, Mistress Rose! (Both going — both stop)

ROSE (I crave pardon, I —

ROBIN (I beg pardon, I —

ROSE You were about to say? —

ROBIN I would fain consult you —

ROSE Truly?

ROBIN It is about a friend.

ROSE In truth I have a friend myself.

ROBIN Indeed? I mean, of course —

ROSE And I would fain consult you —

ROBIN About him?

ROSE About her.

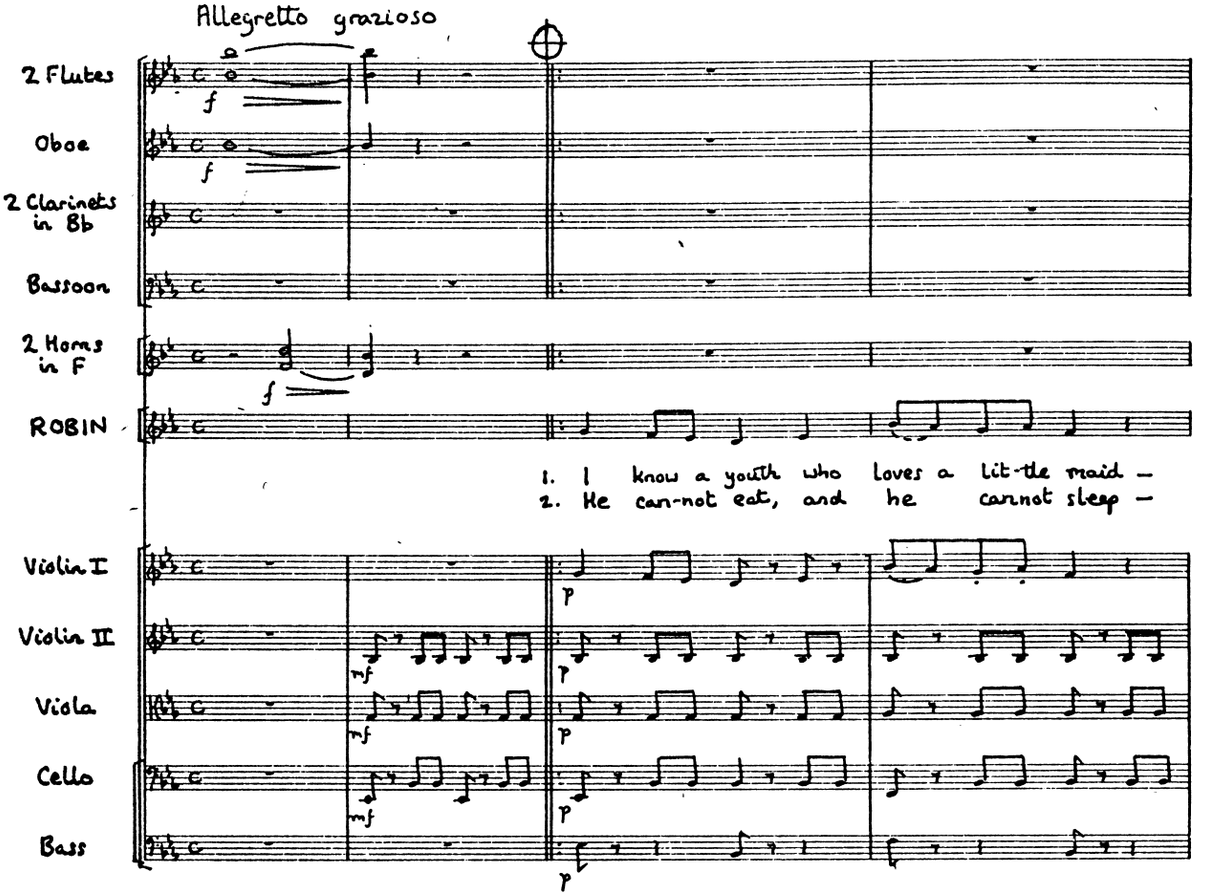
ROBIN Let us consult one another.

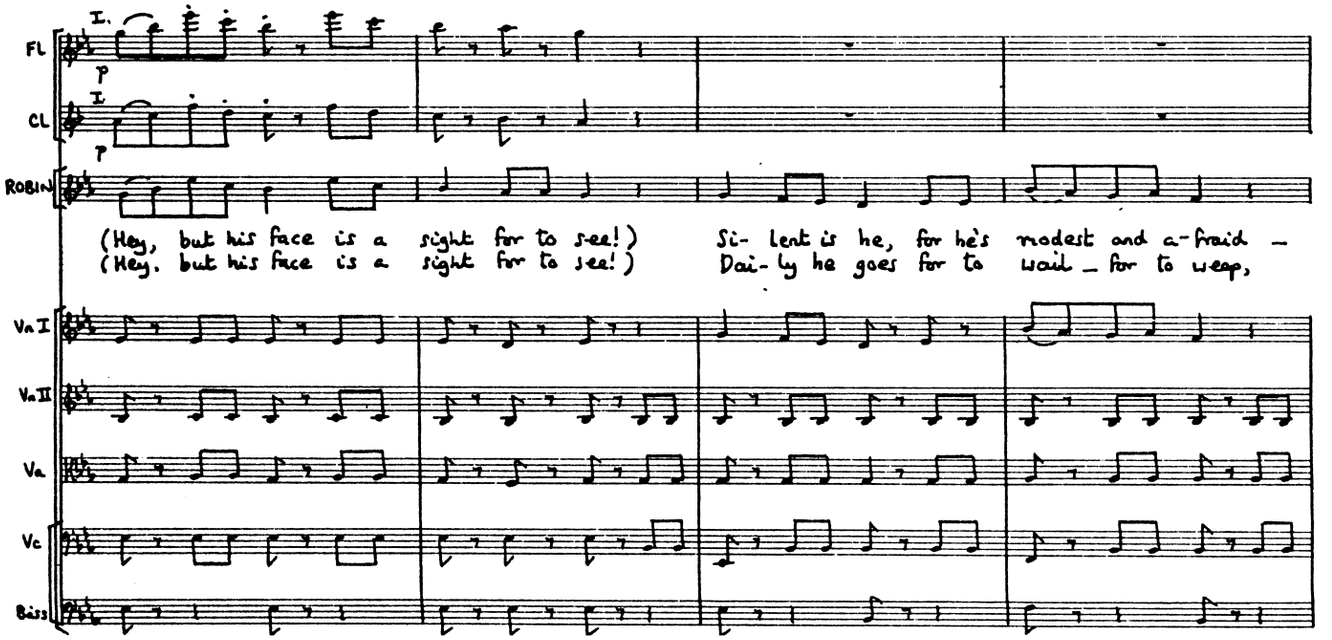
No. 4. DUET

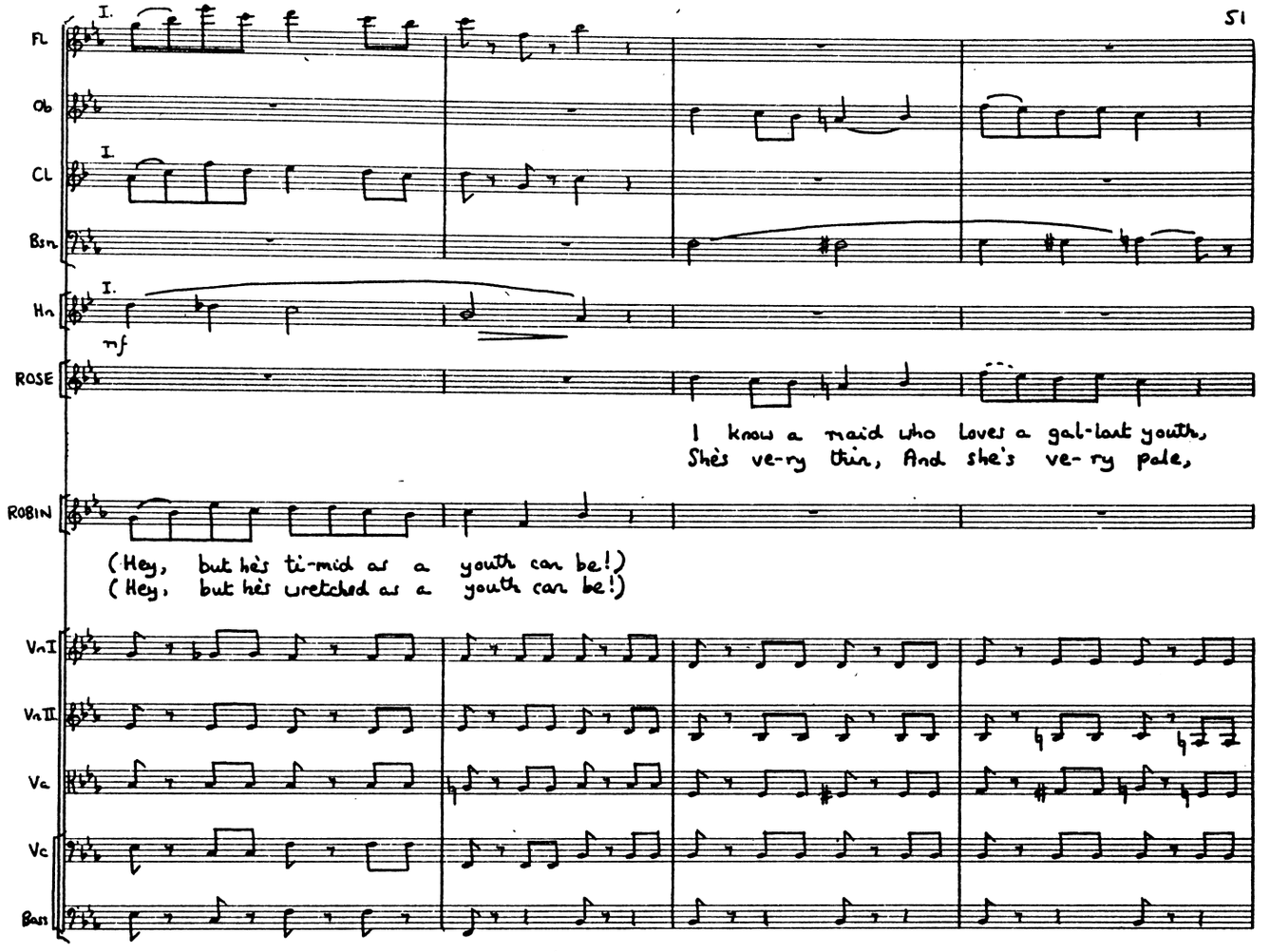
(Rose & Robin)

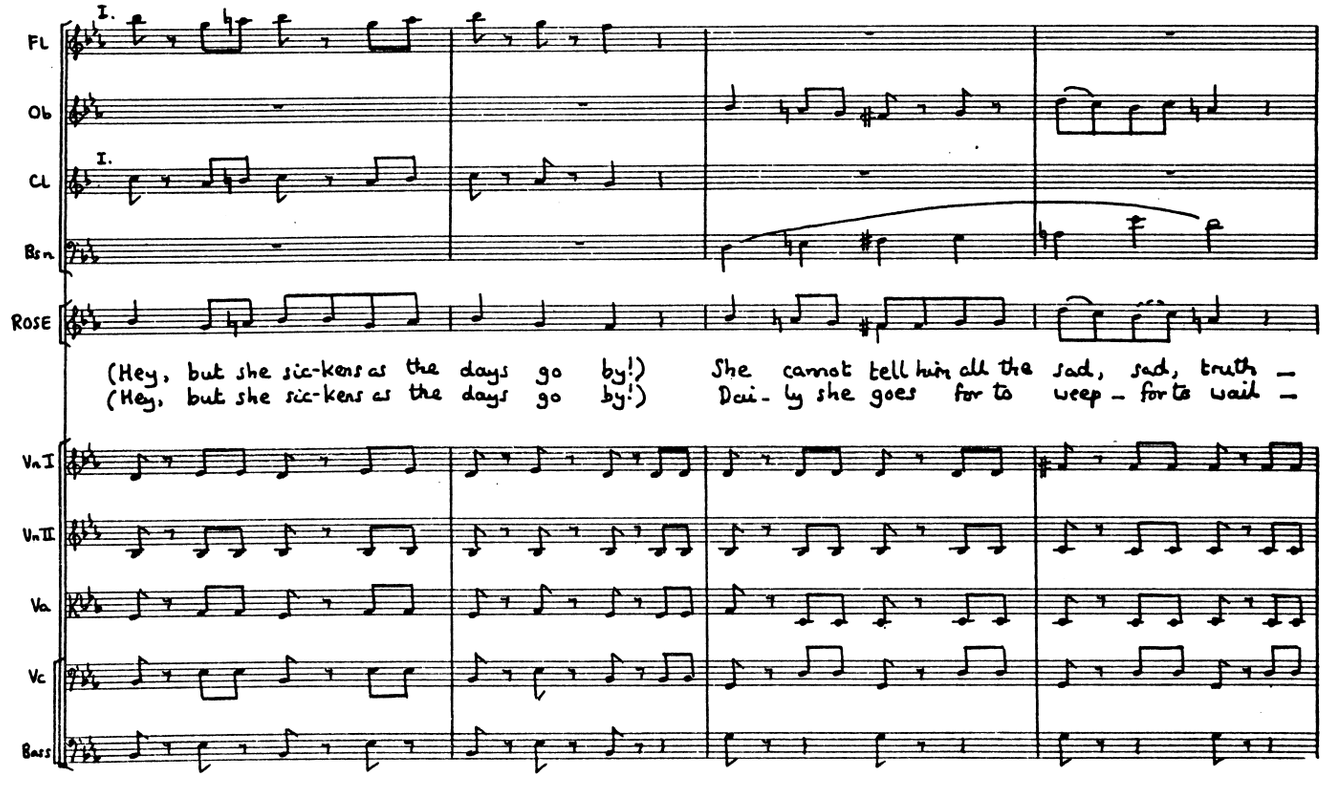
ENCORE

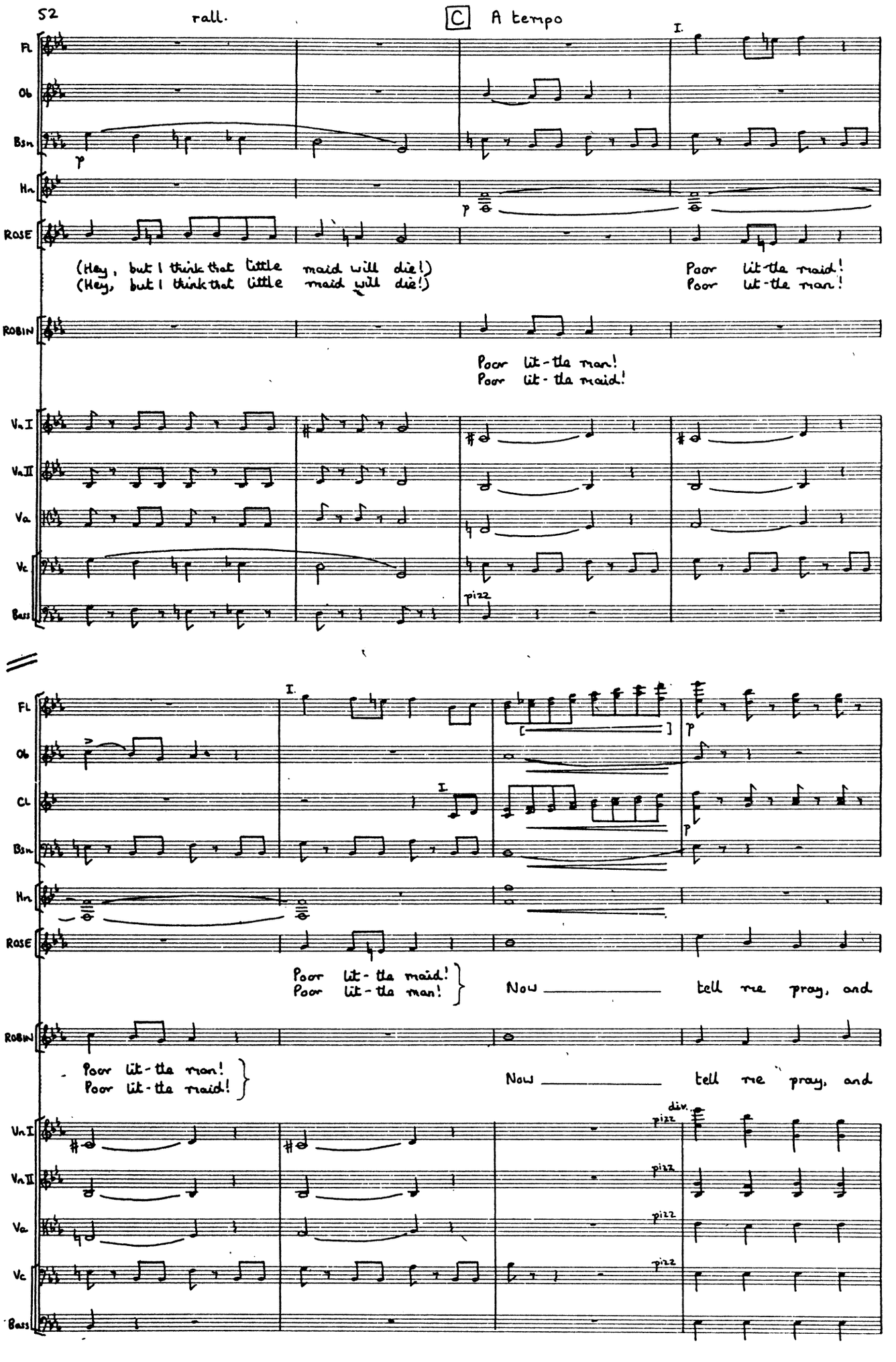
Allegretto grazioso

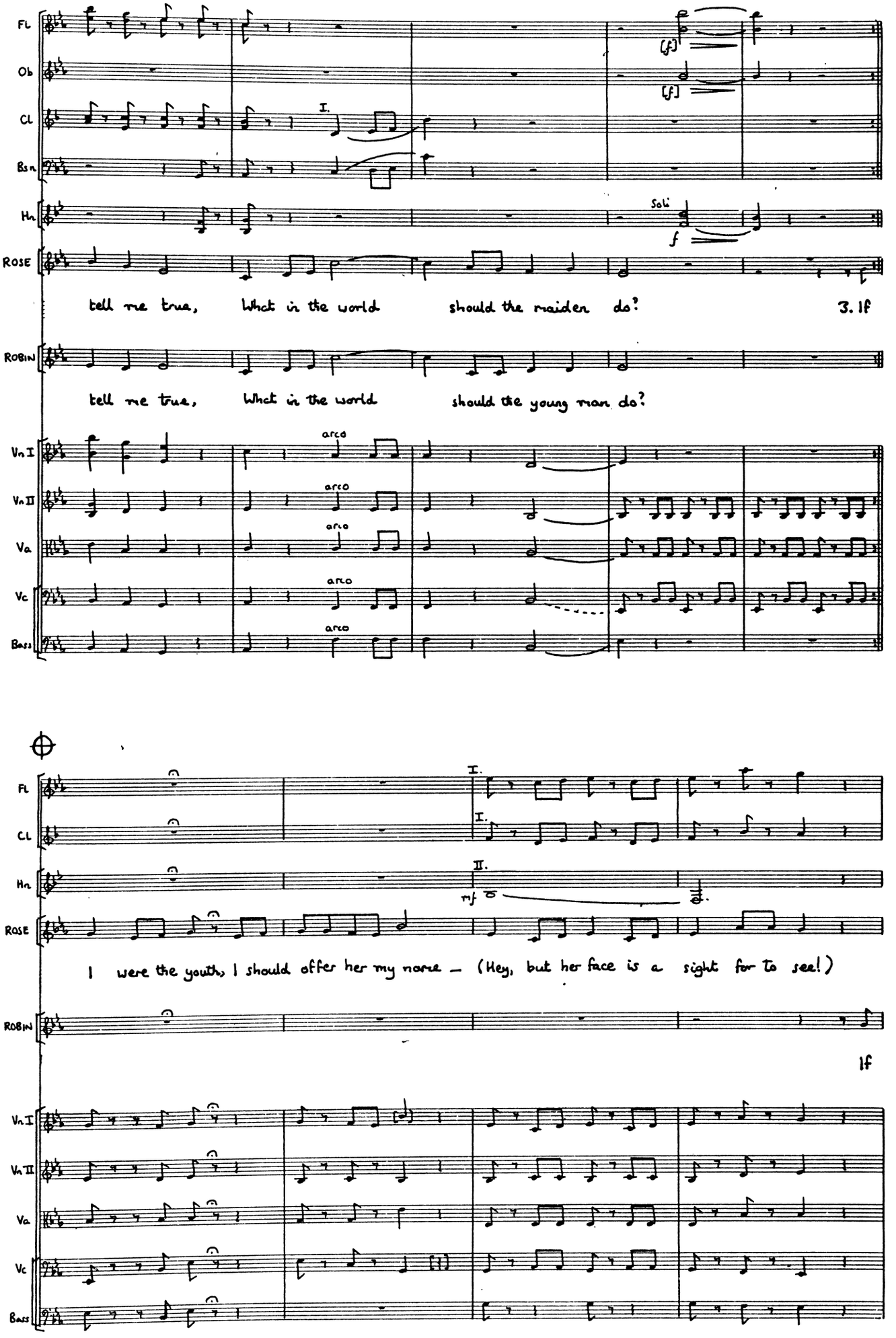


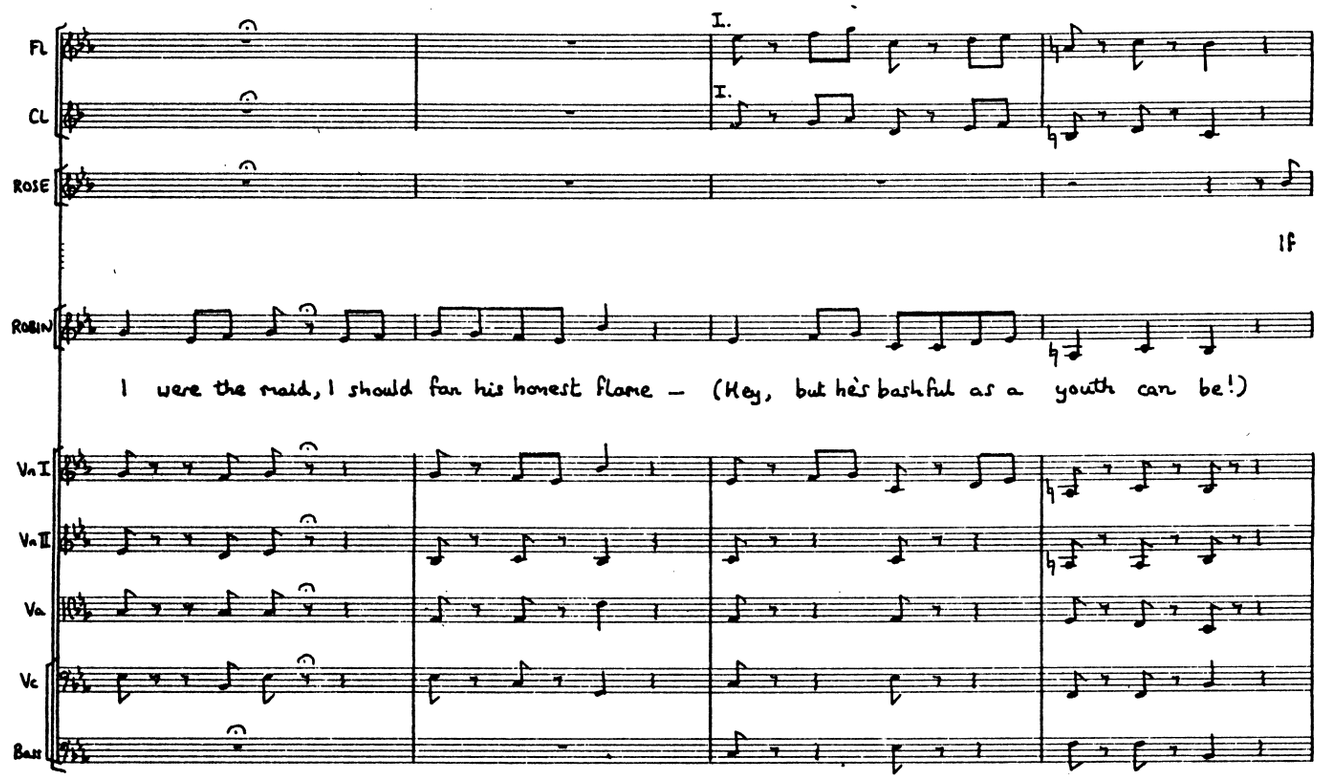


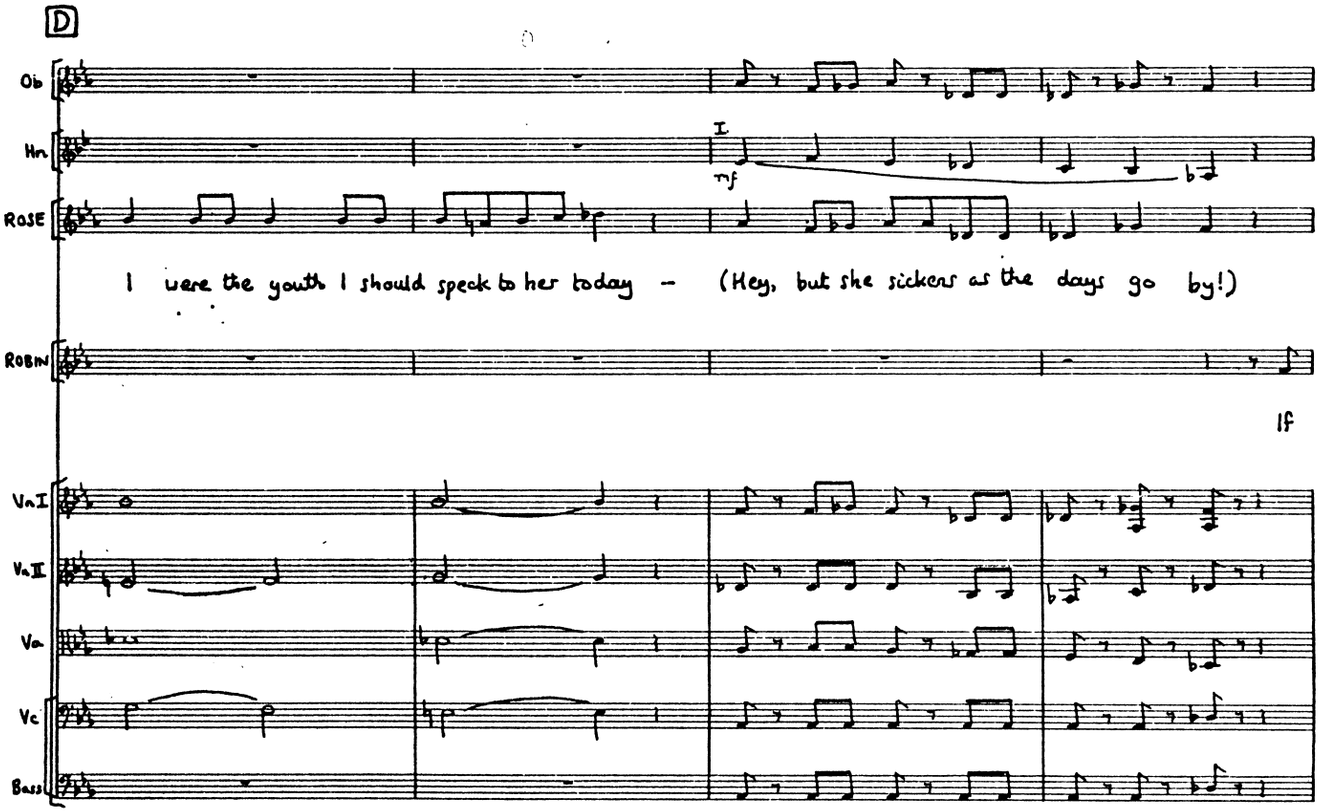

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
mf
ROSE
I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth,
She's ve-ry thin, And she's ve-ry pale,
ROBIN
(Hey, but he's ti-mid as a youth can be!)
(Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

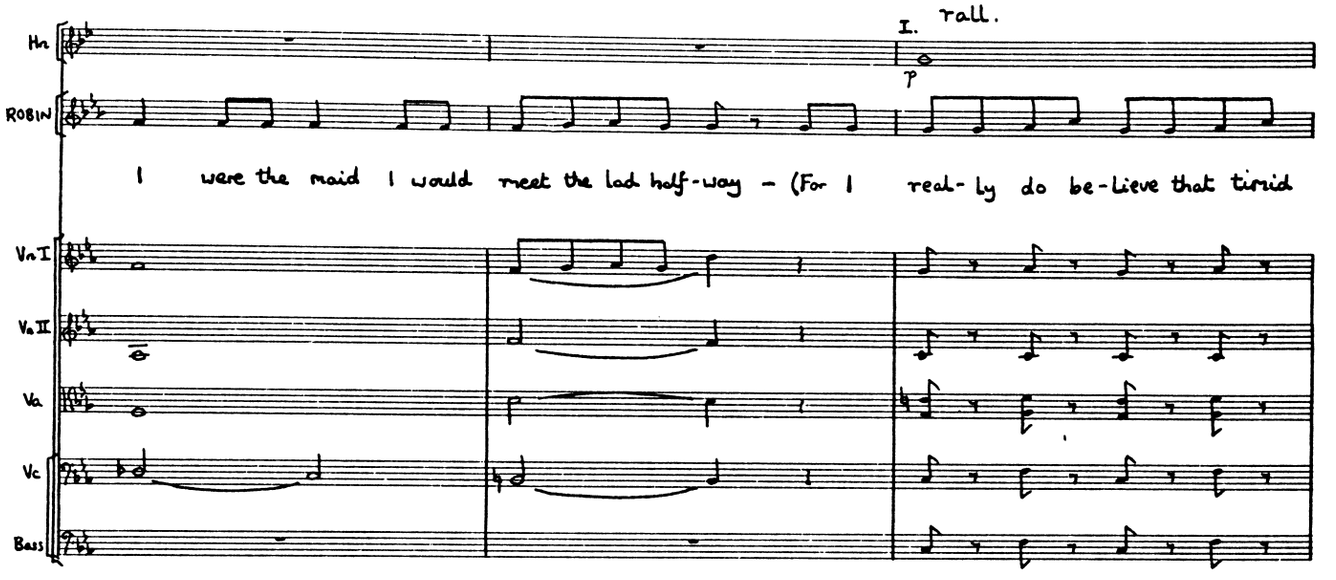

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROSE
(Hey, but she sic-kens as the days go by!)
(Hey, but she sic-kens as the days go by!)
She cannot tell him all the sad, sad, truth –
Dai-ly she goes for to weep – for to wail –
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

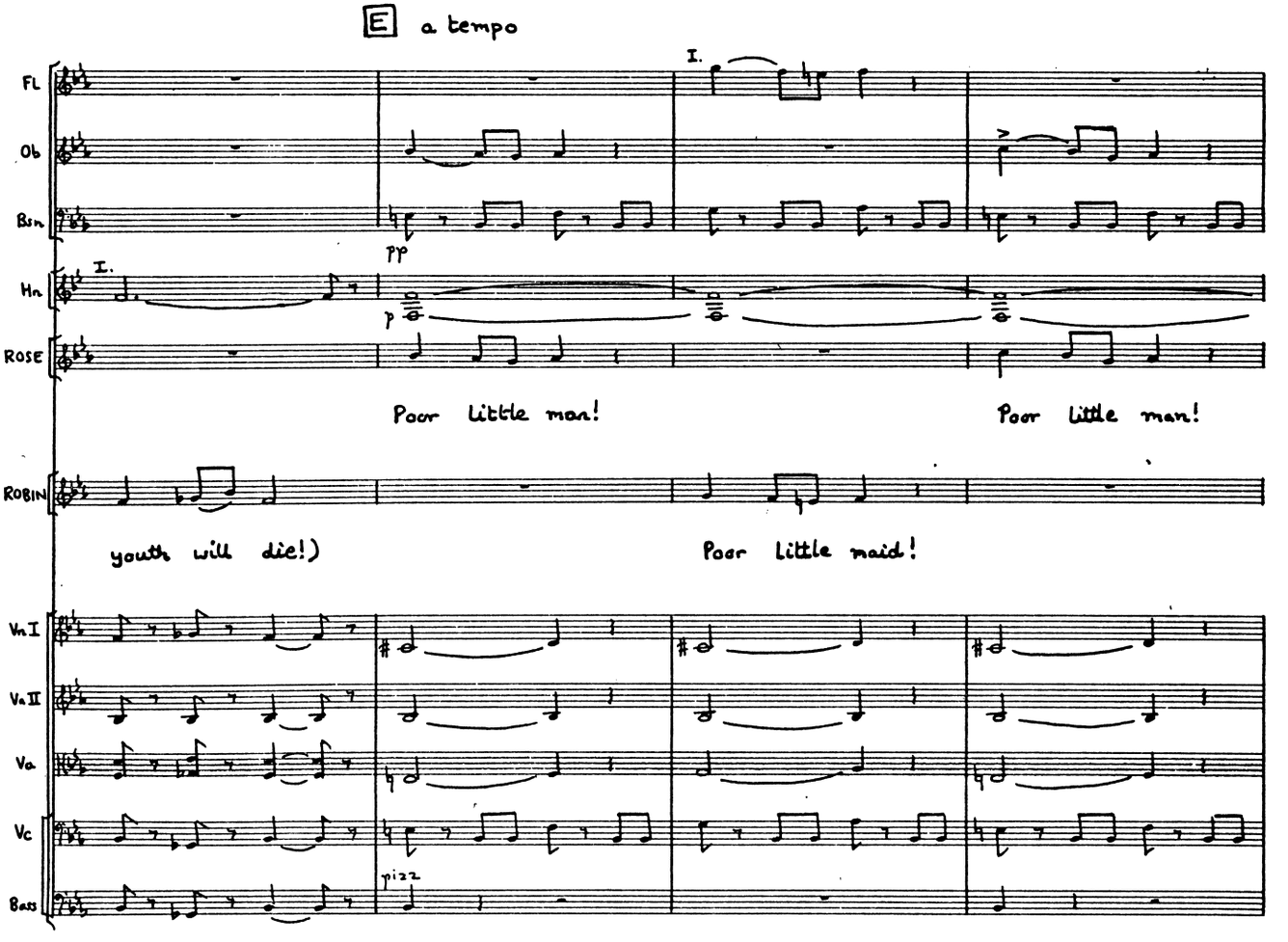

52
rall.
C A tempo
I.
Fl
Ob
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)
Poor lit-tle maid!
Poor lit-tle man!
ROBIN
Poor lit-tle man!
Poor lit-tle maid!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
Poor lit-tle maid!
Poor lit-tle man!
Now ____ tell me pray, and
ROBIN
Poor lit-tle man!
Poor lit-tle maid!
Now ____ tell me pray, and
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
div.
pizz
pizz
pizz

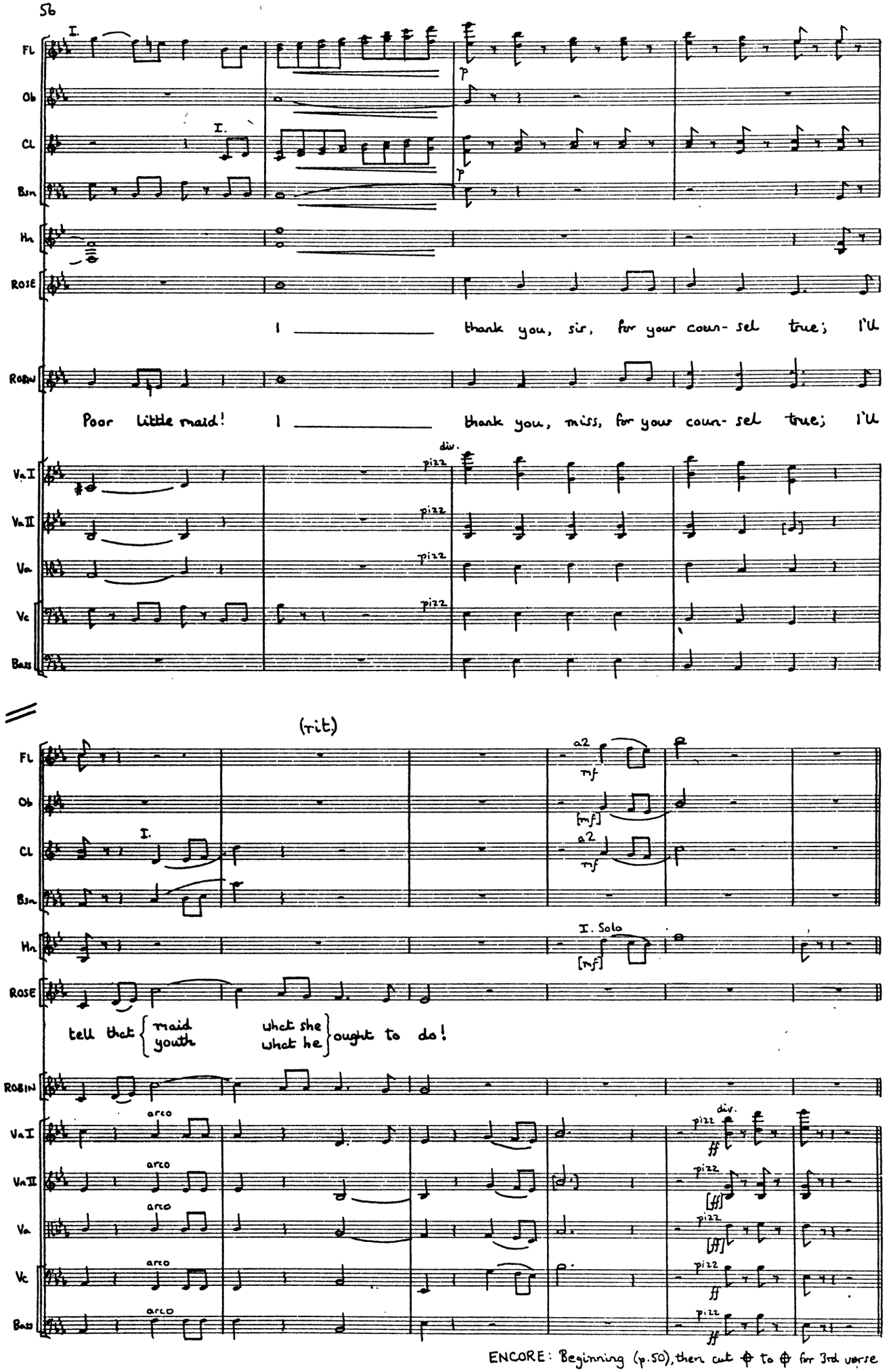

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
ROBIN
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
Soli
arco
tell me true, What in the world should the maiden do?
3. If
tell me true, What in the world should the young man do?
I were the youth, I should offer her my name — (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)
If


Fl
Cl
ROSE
ROBIN
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
I.
If
I were the maid, I should fan his honest flame – (Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)


D
Ob
Hn
ROSE
ROBIN
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I
mf
If
I were the youth I should speak to her today – (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)


Hn
I. rall.
p
ROBIN
I were the maid I would meet the lad half-way – (For I real-ly do be-lieve that timid
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


E a tempo
I.
Fl
Ob
Bsn
pp
I.
Hn
p
ROSE
Poor little man!
Poor little man!
ROBIN
youth will die!)
Poor little maid!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
pizz
Bass


I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
I thank you, sir, for your coun- sel true; I'll
ROBIN
Poor little maid! I thank you, miss, for your coun- sel true; I'll
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc
Bass
div.
pizz
(rit.)
a2
mf
[mf]
I. Solo
tell that { maid / youth } { what she / what he } ought to do!
arco
ENCORE: Beginning (p.50), then cut ⊕ to ⊕ for 3rd verse

ROBIN — Poor child! I sometimes think that if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture — but no, no — even then I should be unworthy of her!

ADAM — My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd —

ROBIN — Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title, and with it the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day, for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

ADAM — Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the sea-side!

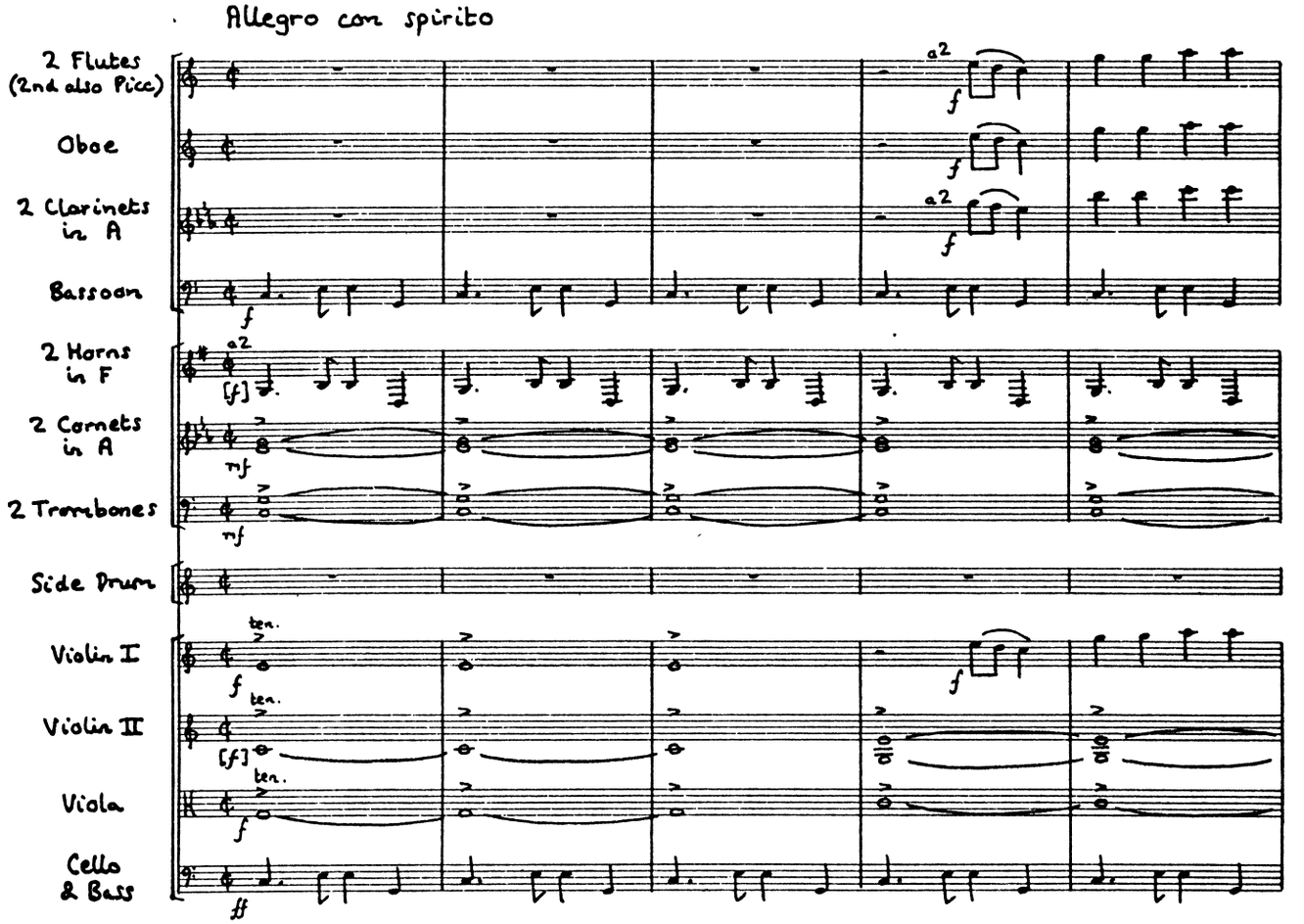
ROBIN — My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

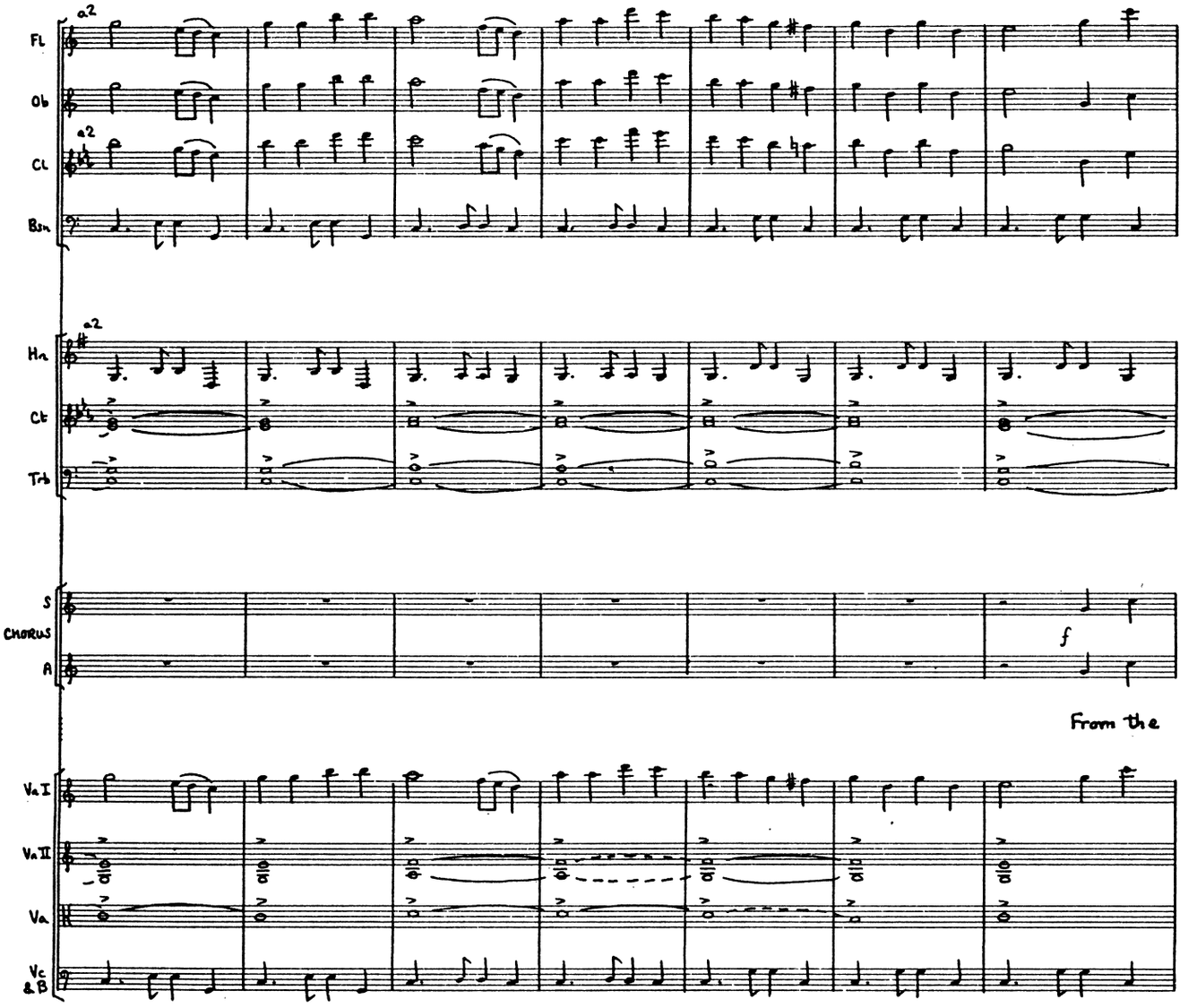
ADAM — Would there were indeed! But I bring you good tidings. Your foster-brother, Richard, has returned from sea — his ship the Tom-Tit rides yonder at anchor, and he himself is even now in this very village!

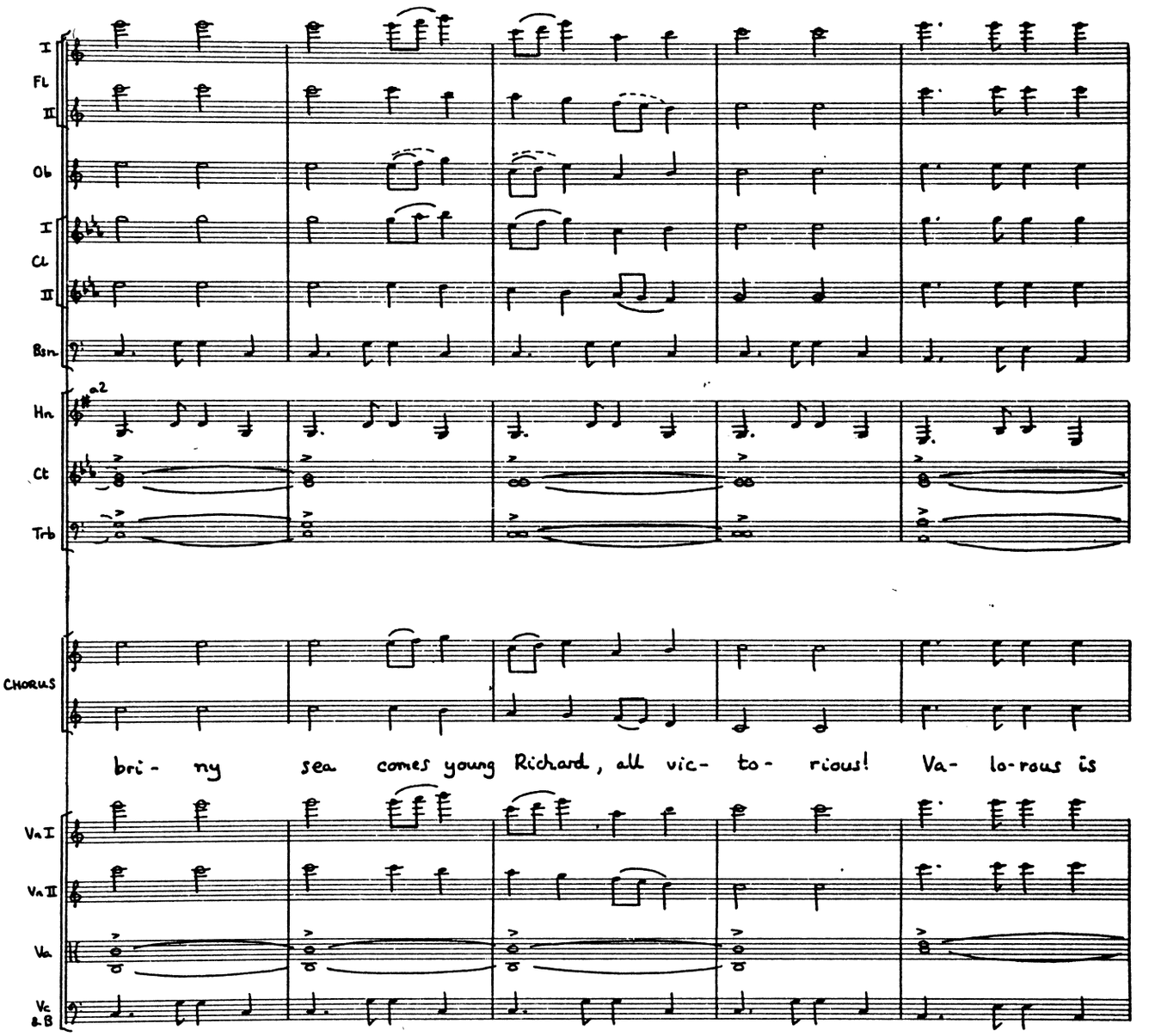
ROBIN — My beloved foster-brother? No, no — it cannot be!

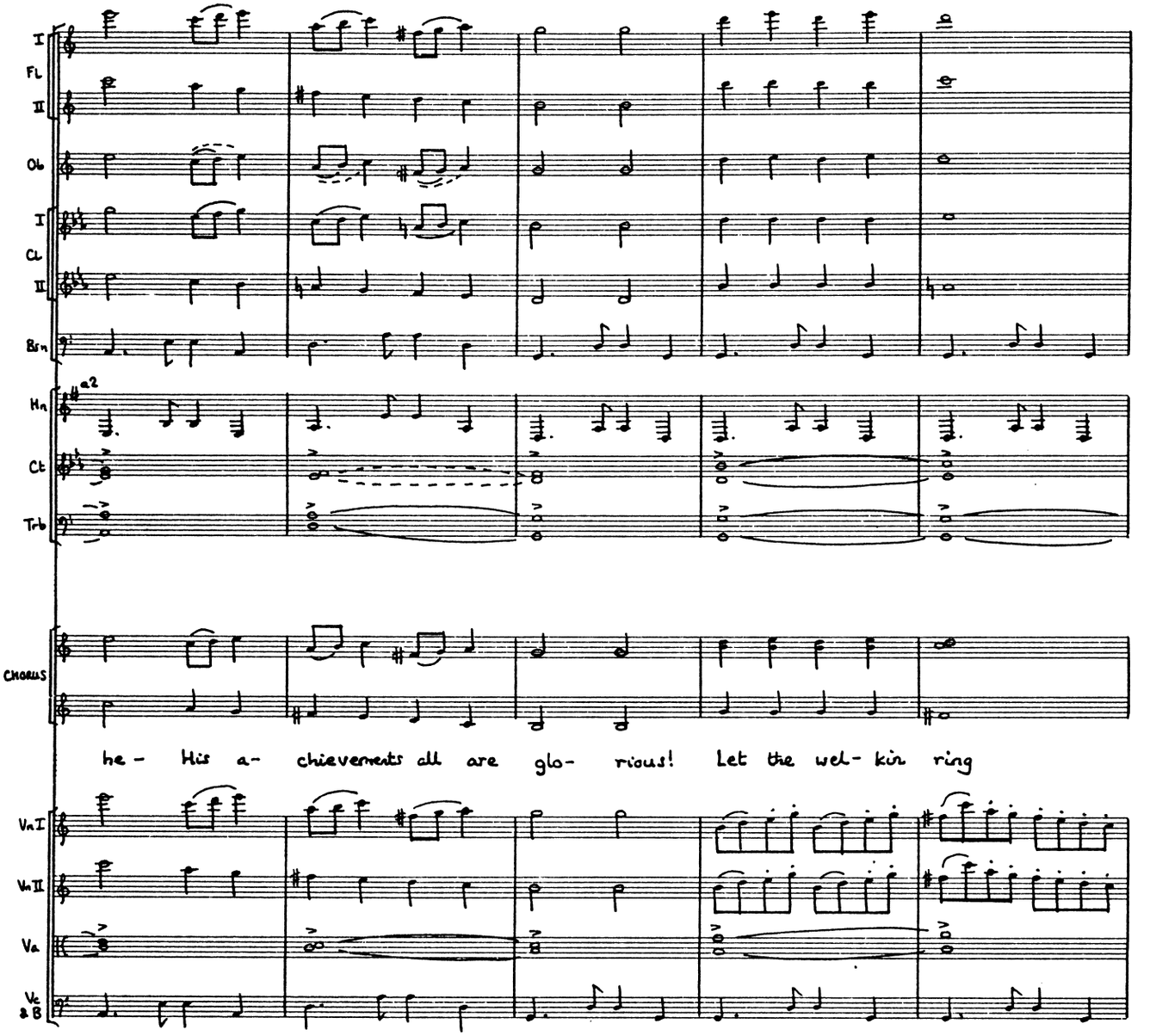
ADAM — It is even so — and see, he comes this way!

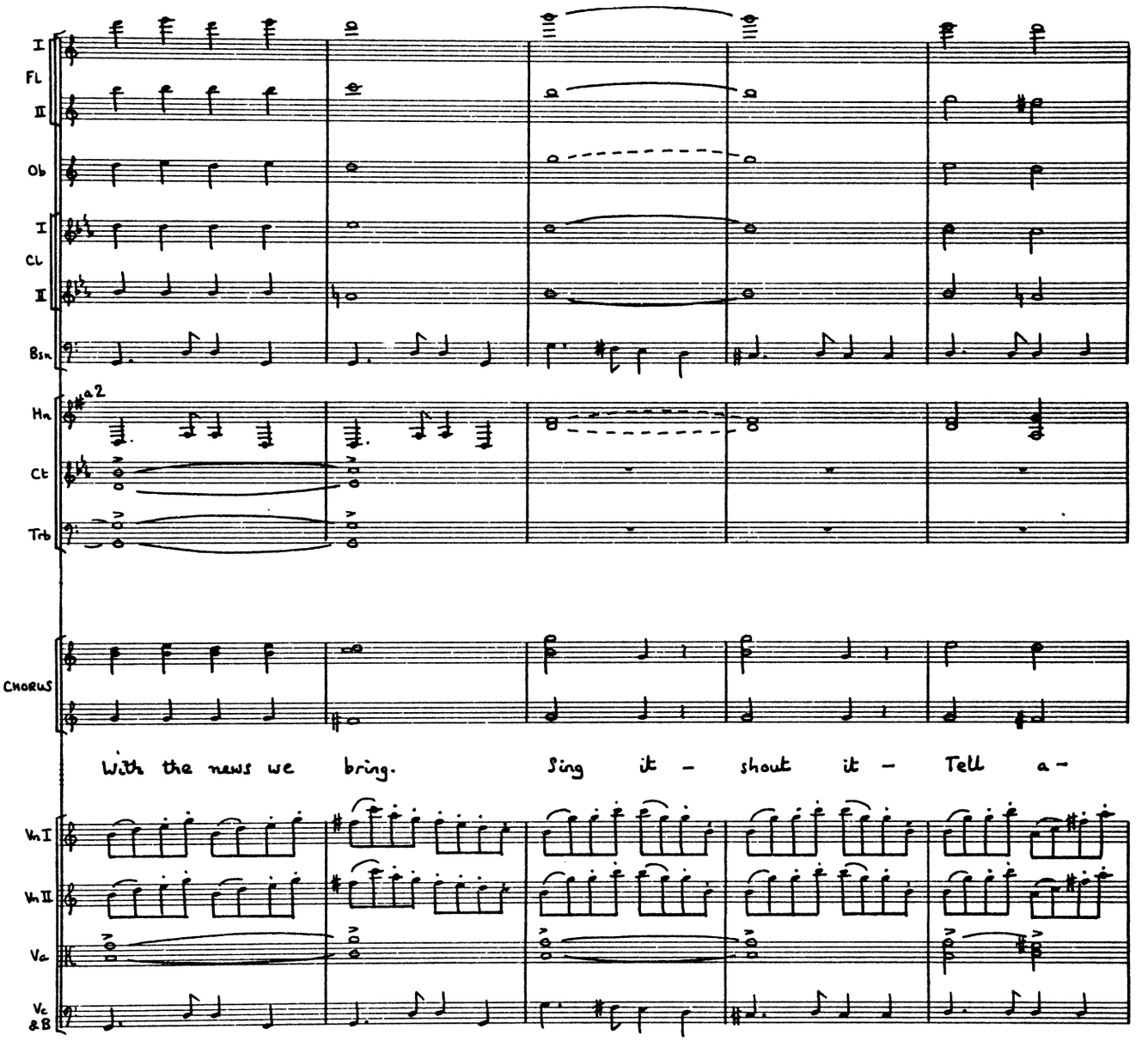
No. 5 & 6
CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS & SONG (Richard)

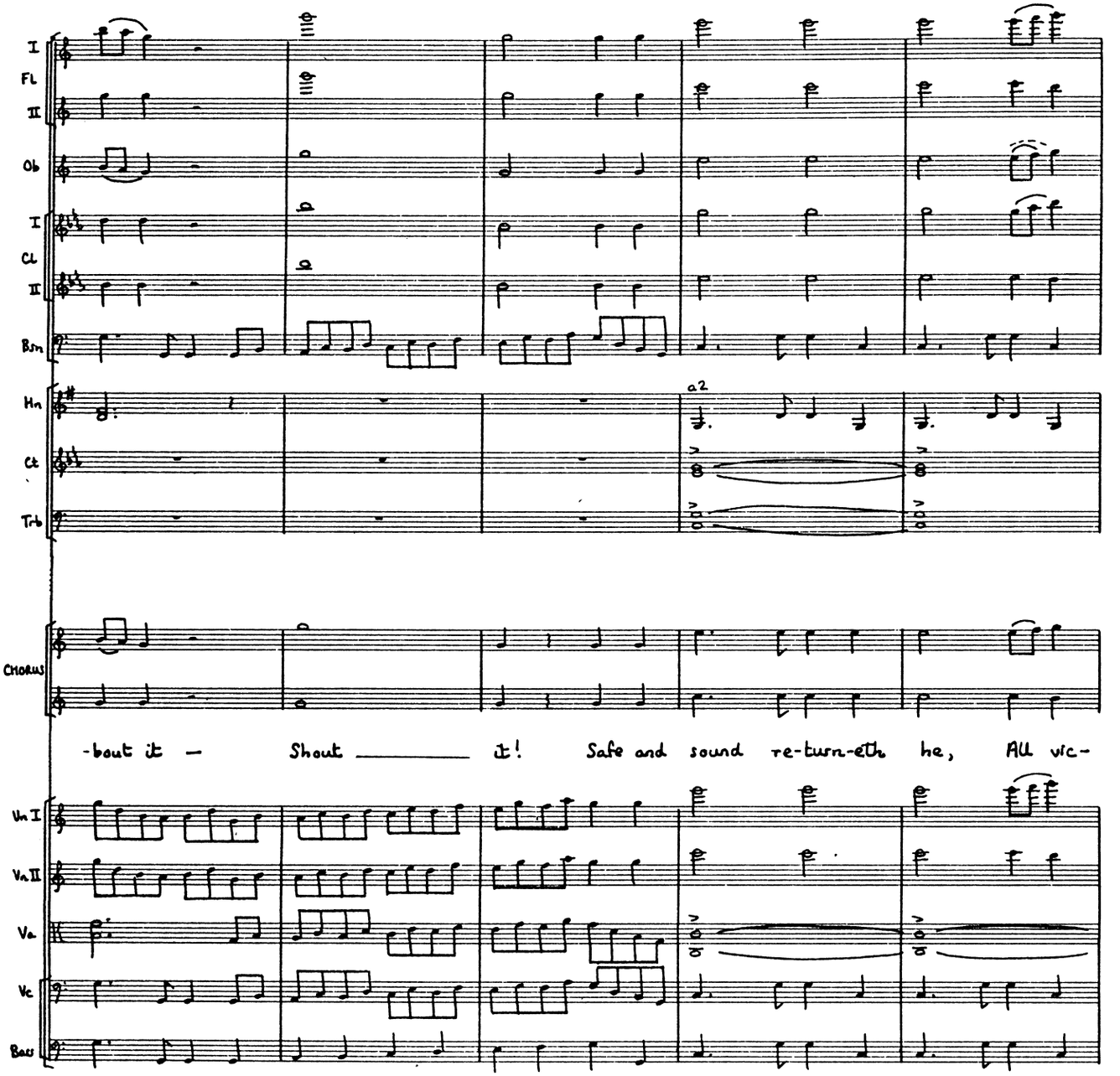


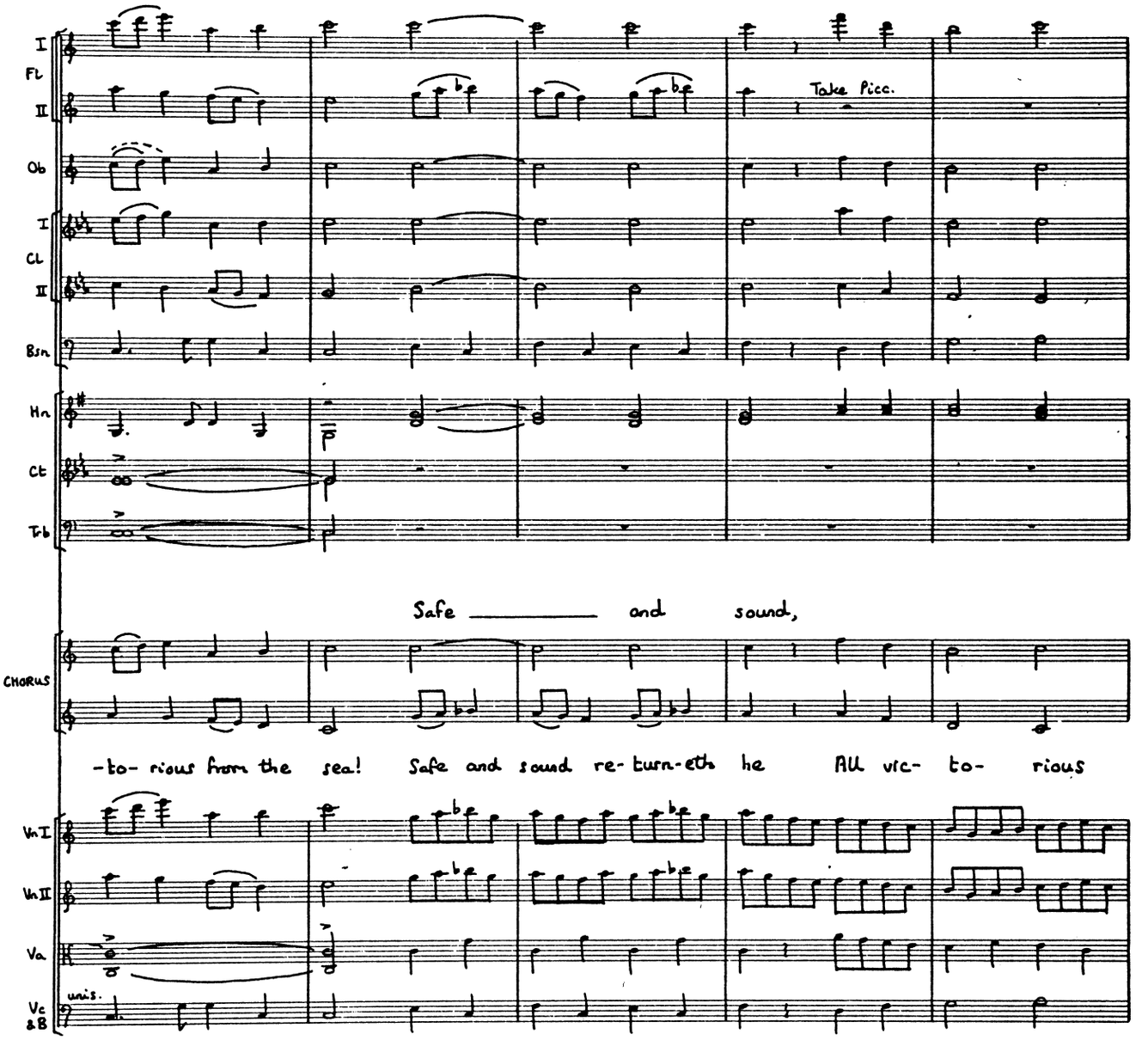

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
S
CHORUS
A
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc & B
a2
f
From the

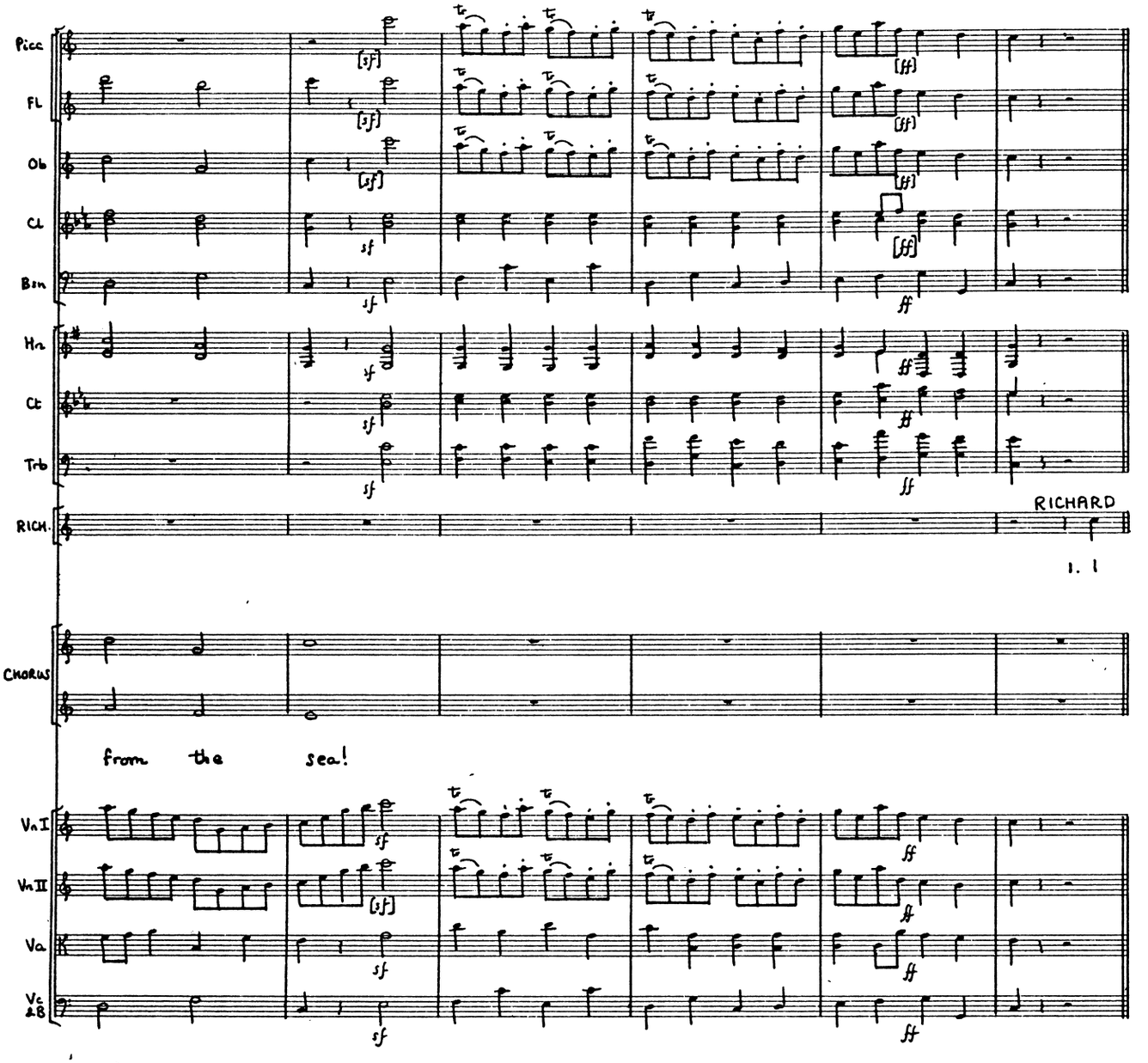

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
a2
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
bri- ny sea comes young Richard, all vic- to- rious! Va- lo-rous is
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B

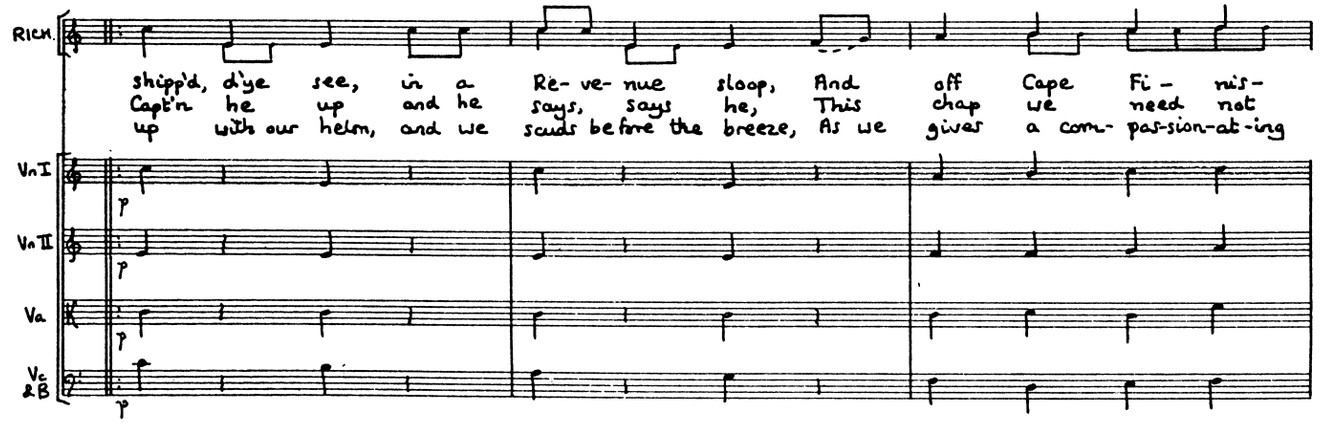

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
a2
Hn
Ct
Trb
Chorus
he - His a- chievements all are glo- rious! Let the wel- kin ring
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B

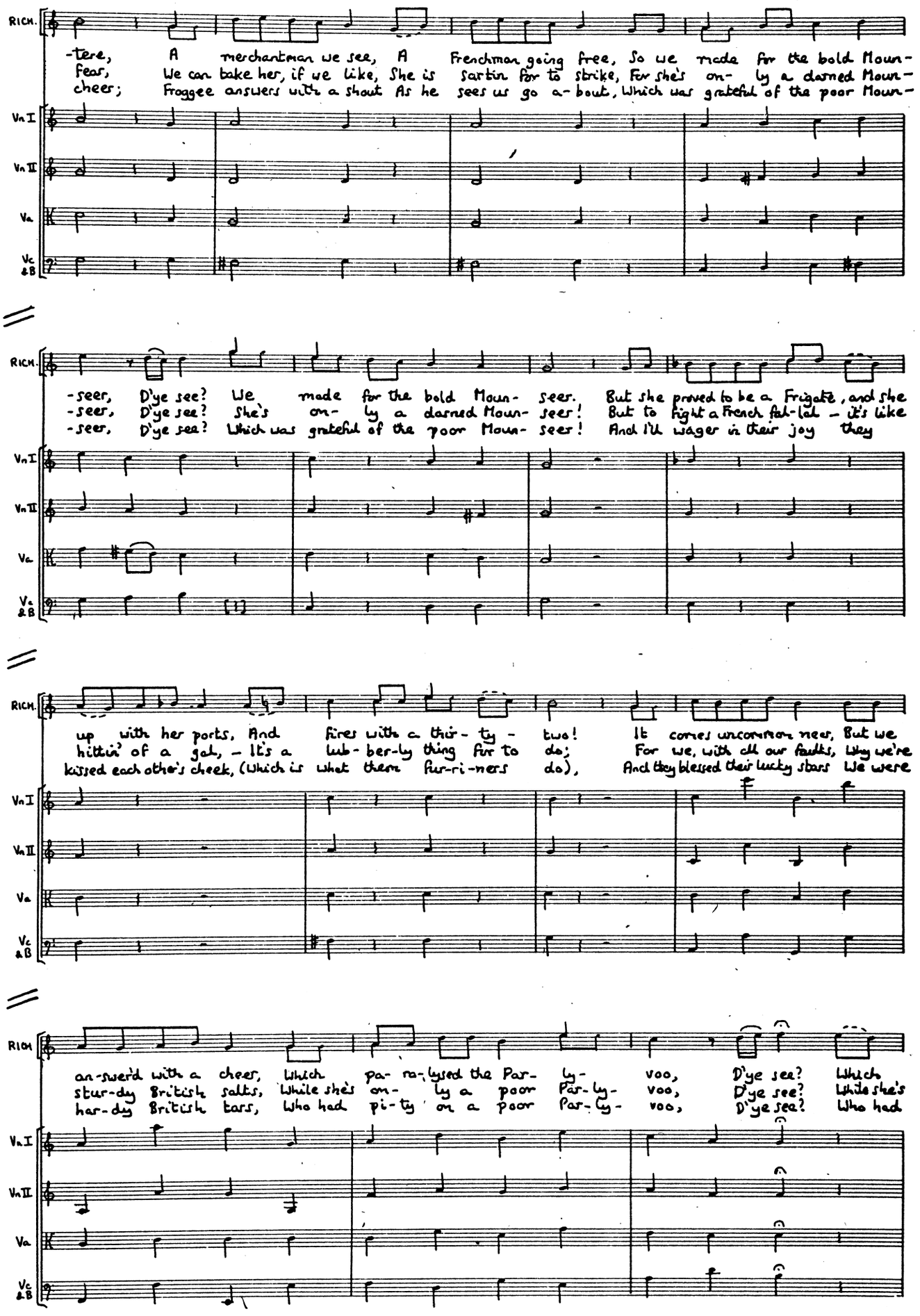

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
a2
Hn
Ct
Trb
Chorus
With the news we bring. Sing it - shout it - Tell a -
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B

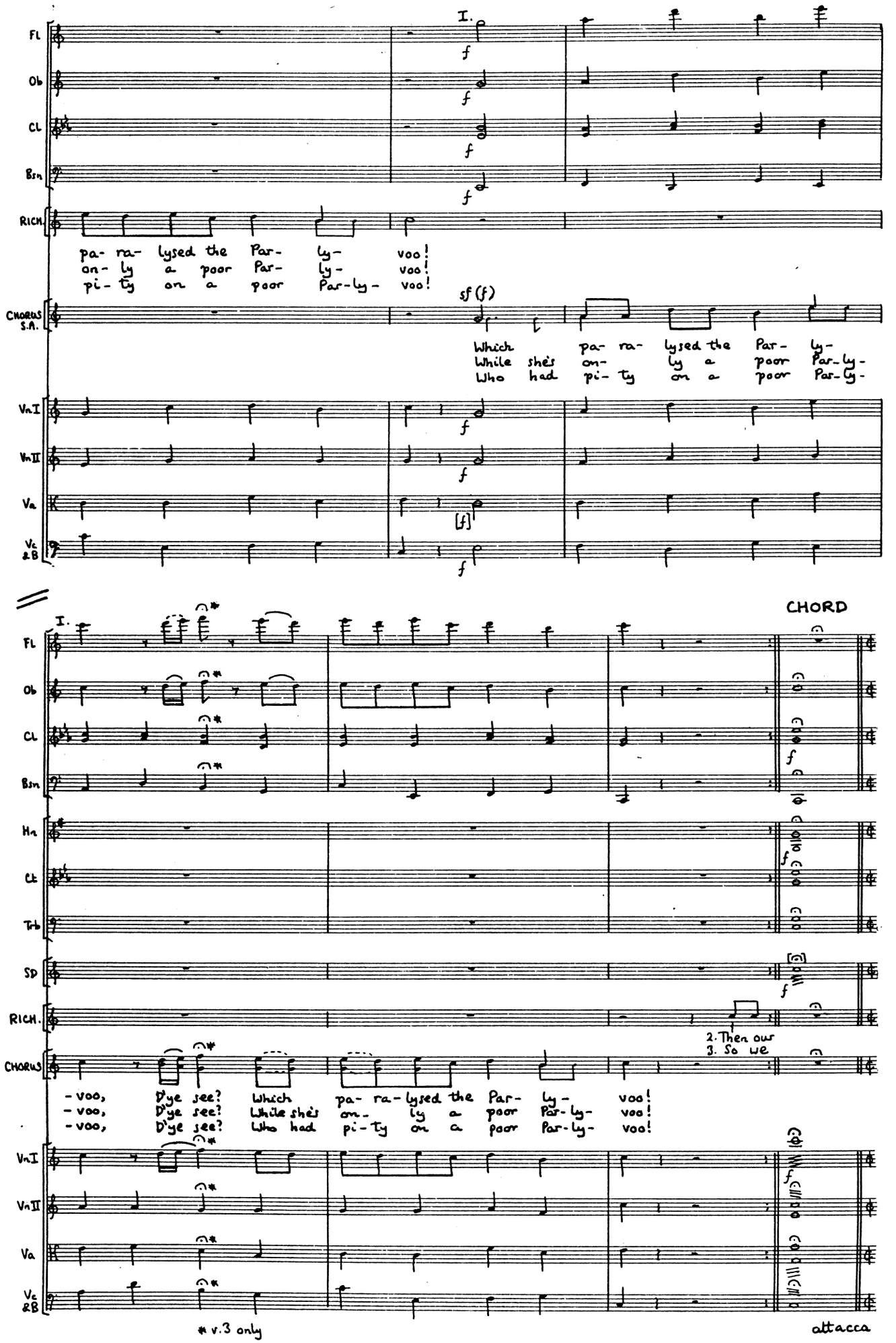

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
a2
Ct
Trb
Chorus
-bout it — Shout ____ it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

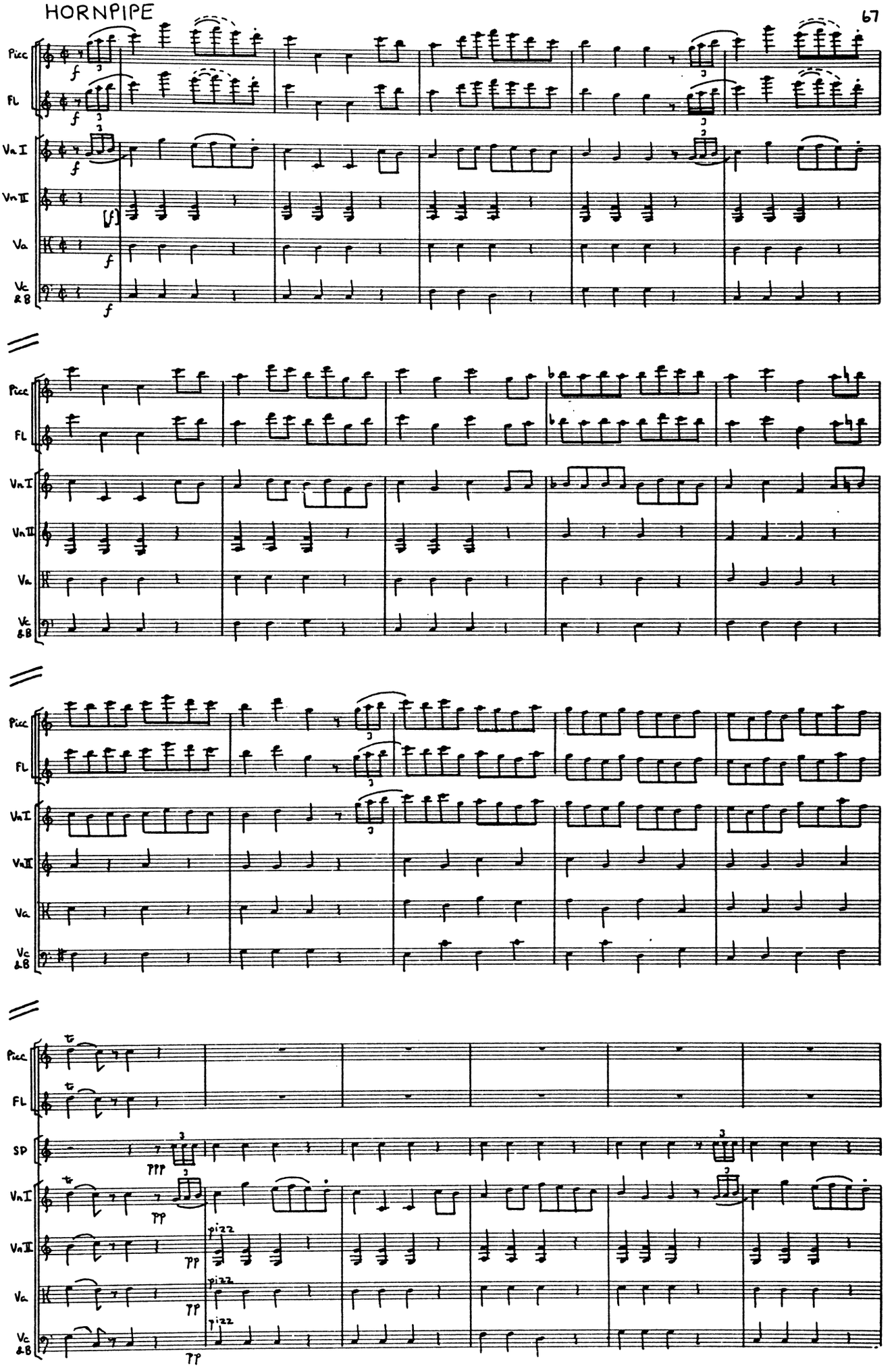

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Tb
Take Picc.
Safe ____ and sound,
CHORUS
-to- rious from the sea! Safe and sound re- turn-eth he All vic- to- rious
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
unis.

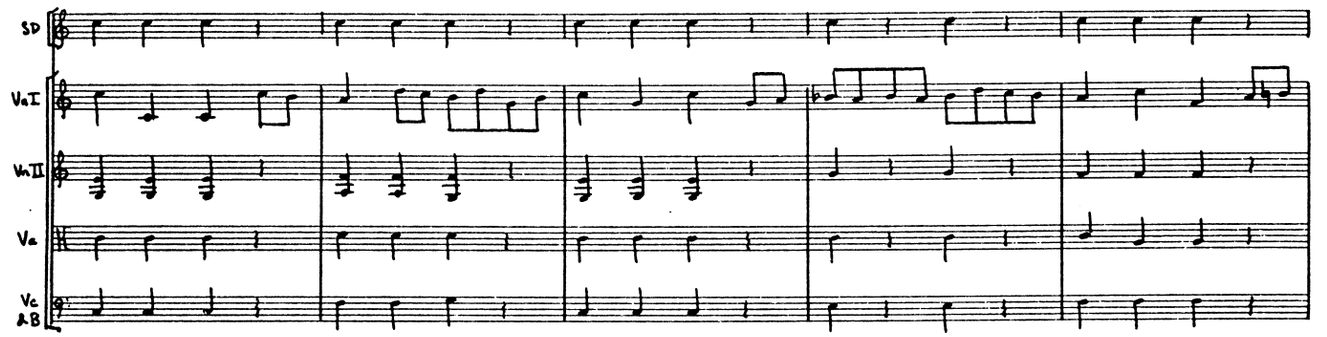

Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
RICH.
RICHARD
1. I
CHORUS
from the sea!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

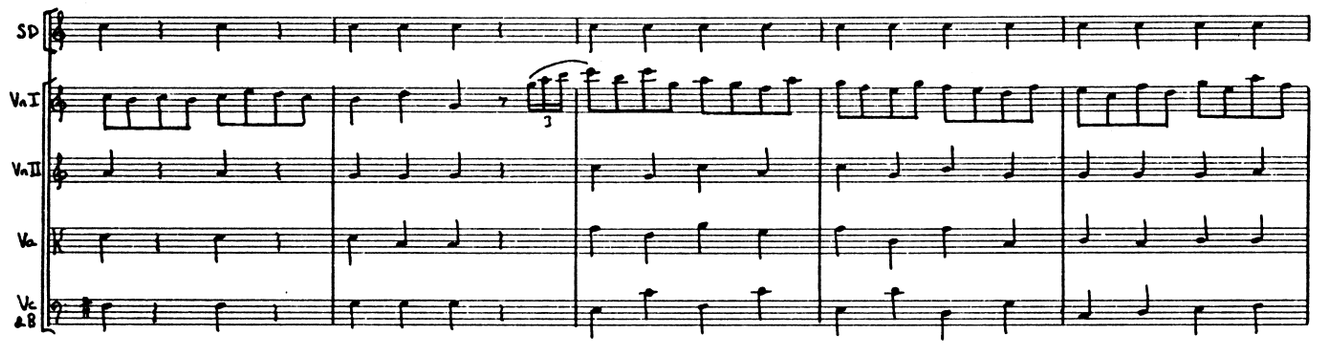

RICH.
shipp'd, d'ye see, in a Re- ve- nue sloop, And off Cape Fi - nis-
Capt'n he up and he says, says he, This chap we need not
up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze, As we give a com- pas-sion-at-ing
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

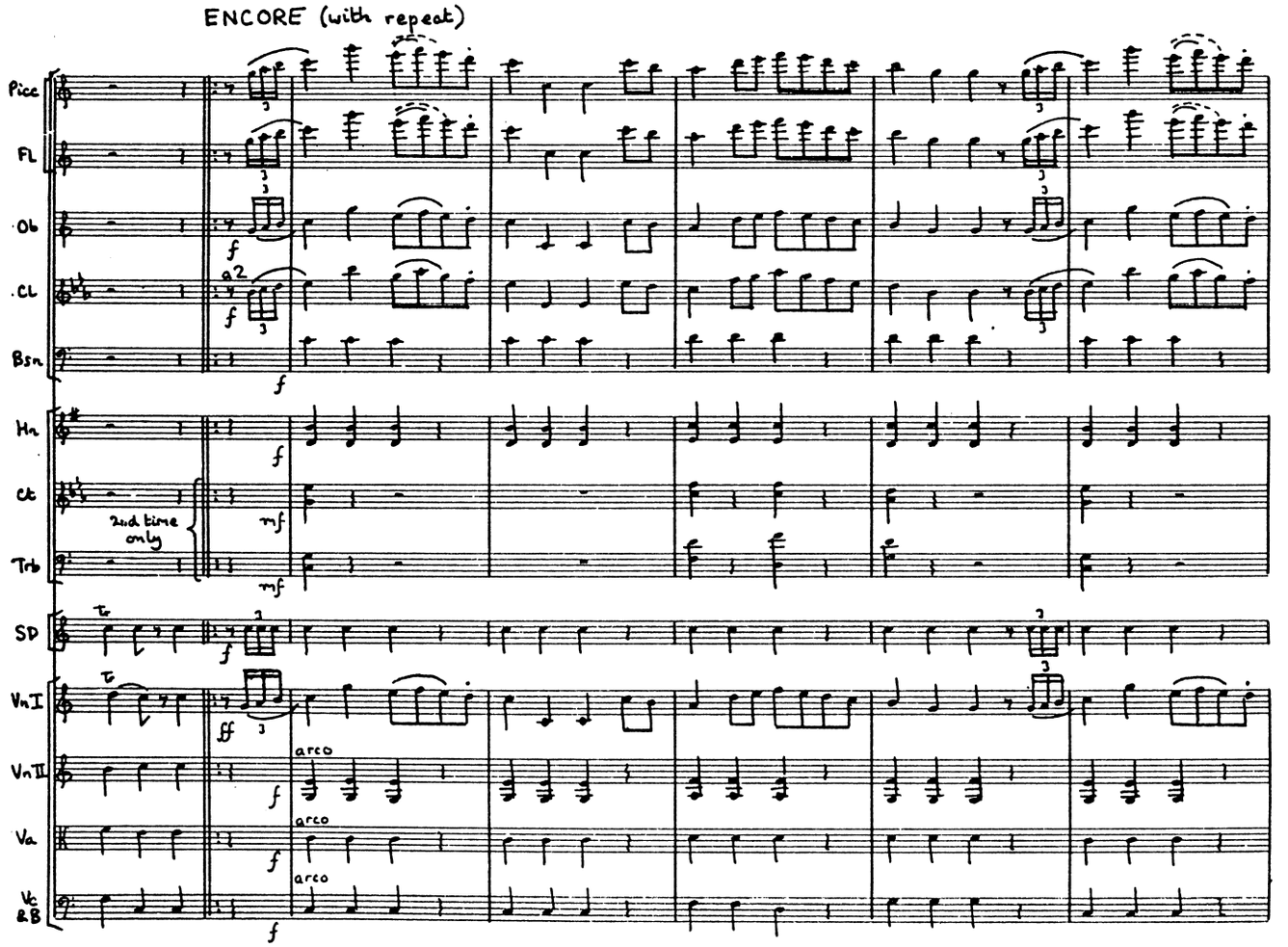

RICH.
-tere, A merchantman we see, A Frenchman going free, So we made for the bold Moun-
fear, We can take her, if we like, She is sartin for to strike, For she's on- ly a darned Moun-
cheer; Froggee answers with a shout As he sees us go a- bout, Which was grateful of the poor Moun-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
RICH.
-seer, D'ye see? We made for the bold Moun- seer. But she proved to be a Frigate, and she
-seer, D'ye see? She's on- ly a darned Moun- seer! But to fight a French fal-lal - it's like
-seer, D'ye sea? Which was grateful of the poor Moun- seer! And I'll wager in their joy they
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
RICH.
up with her ports, And fires with a thir- ty - two! It comes uncommon neer, But we
hittin' of a gal, - It's a lub- ber-ly thing for to do; For we, with all our faults, Why we're
kissed each other's cheek, (Which is what them fur-ri-ners do), And they blessed their lucky stars We were
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
RICH
an-swer'd with a cheer, Which pa- ra-lysed the Par- ly- voo, D'ye see? Which
stur-dy British salts, While she's on- ly a poor Par-ly- voo, D'ye see? While she's
har-dy British tars, Who had pi-ty on a poor Par-ly- voo, D'ye see? Who had
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
RICH.
pa- ra- lysed the Par- ly- voo!
on- ly a poor Par- ly- voo!
pi- ty on a poor Par-ly- voo!
CHORUS S.A.
sf (f)
Which pa- ra- lysed the Par- ly-
While she's on- ly a poor Par-ly-
Who had pi- ty on a poor Par-ly-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
CHORD
Hn
Ct
Tb
SD
RICH.
2. Then our
3. So we
CHORUS
-voo, D'ye see? Which pa- ra-lysed the Par- ly- voo!
-voo, D'ye see? While she's on- ly a poor Par-ly- voo!
-voo, D'ye see? Who had pi-ty on a poor Par-ly- voo!
* v.3 only
attacca

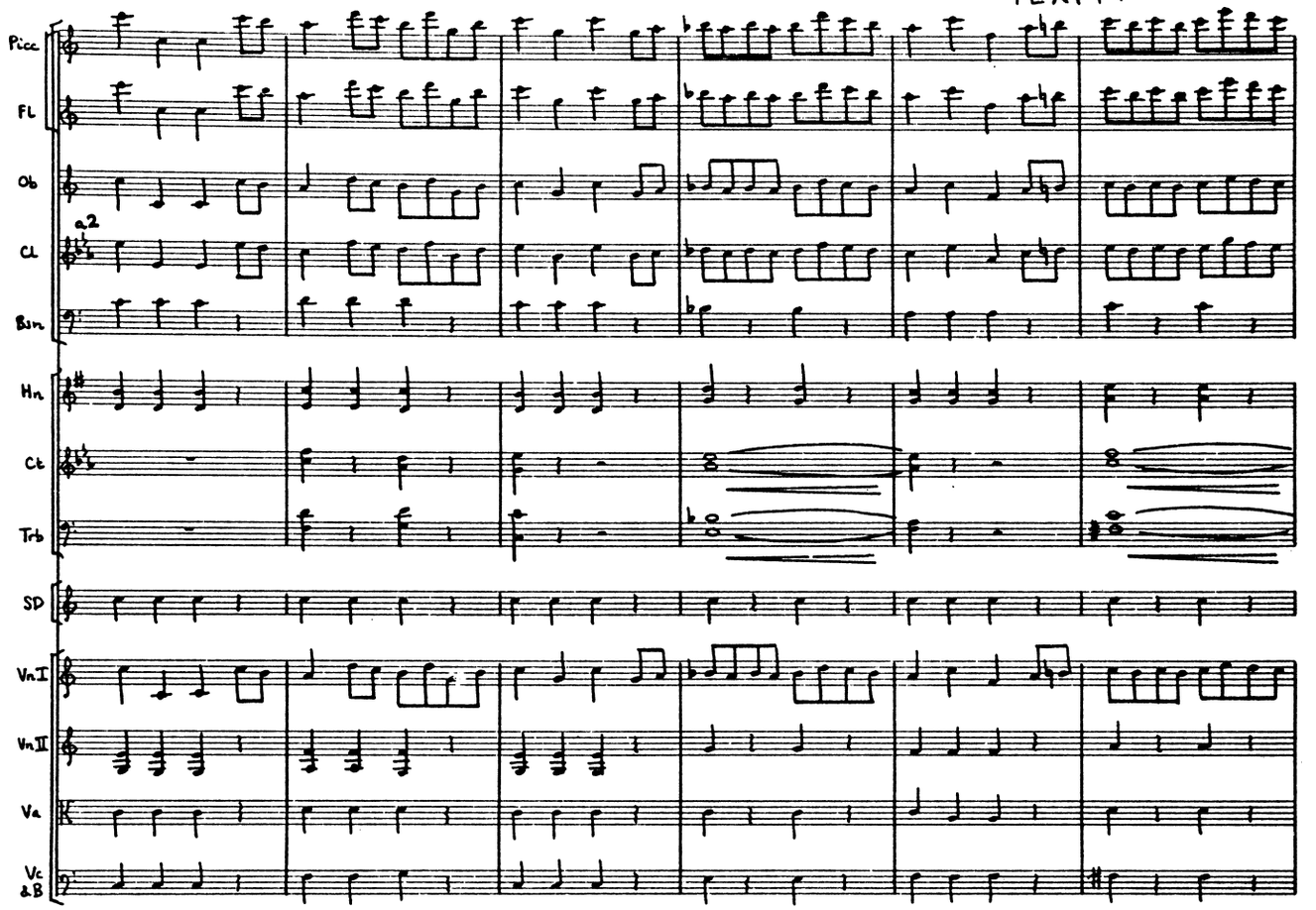

Picc
Fl
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
SP
pizz
pizz
pizz

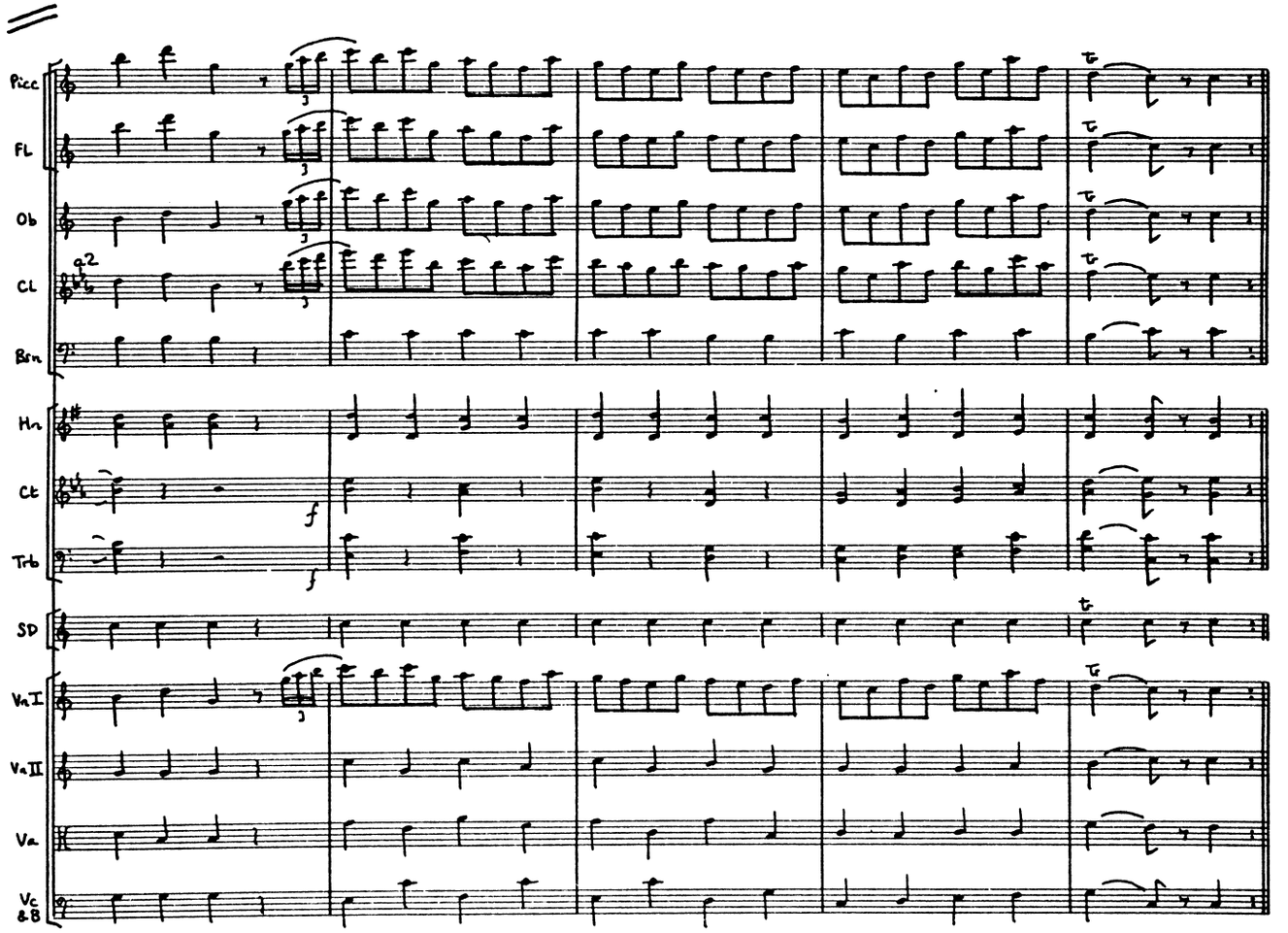

SD
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B


SD
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B


ENCORE (with repeat)
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
2nd time only
Trb
SD
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
arco
arco
arco

EXIT*





* forte, without Cornets, Trombones & Side Drum

ENCORE: 3rd & 4th times
Segue EXIT

ROBIN Richard!

RICHARD Robin!

ROBIN My beloved foster-brother, and very dearest friend, welcome home again after ten long years at sea! It is such deeds as yours that cause our flag to be loved and dreaded throughout the civilized world!

RICHARD Why, lord love ye, Rob., that's but a trifle to what we have done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the marciful little Tom-Tit has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But 'taint for a British seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay. (ROBIN sighs) But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought you all a-cockbill?

ROBIN Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

RICHARD You love in vain? Come, that's too good! Why you're a fine strapping muscular young fellow — tall and strong as a to'-gall'n-m'st — taut as a fore-stay — aye, and a barrow-knight to boot, if all had their rights!

ROBIN Hush, Richard — not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love — happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy — nervous — modest — retiring — diffident — and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell her! Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

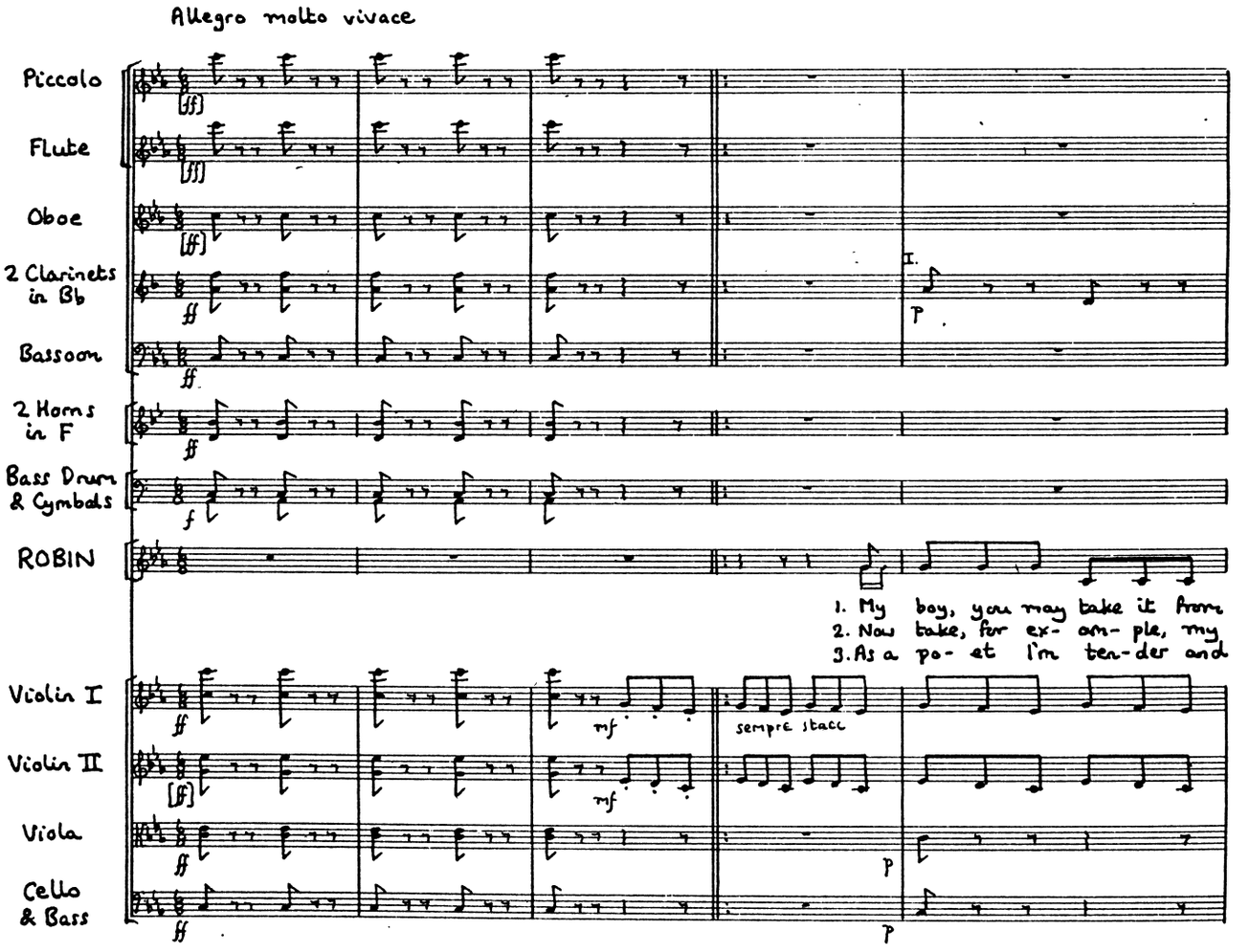
RICHARD Robin, do you call to mind how, years ago, we swore that, come what might, we would always act upon our heart's dictates?

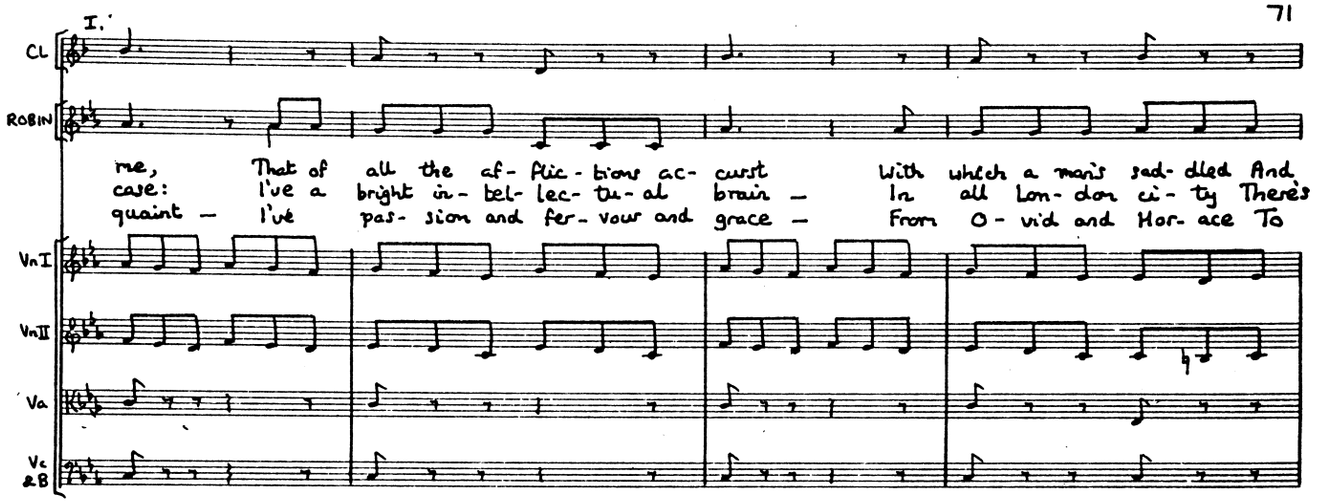
ROBIN Aye, Dick, and I've always kept that oath. In doubt, difficulty and danger, I've always asked my heart what I should do, and it has never failed me.

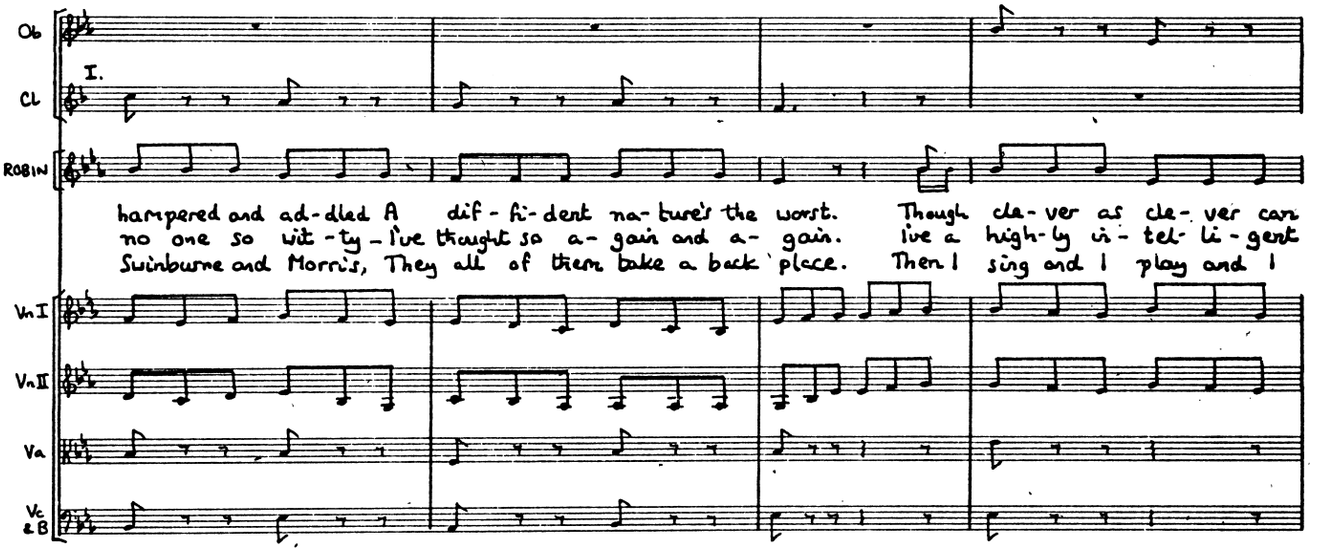
RICHARD Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binnacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks and quicksands! Well, now, what does my heart say in this here difficult situation? Why it says "Dick," it says — (it calls me "Dick" acos it's known me from a babby) — "Dick," it says, "you ain't shy — you ain't modest — speak you up for him as is!" Robin, my lad, just you lay me alongside, and when she's becalmed under my lee, I'll spin her a yarn that shall sarve to fish you two together for life!

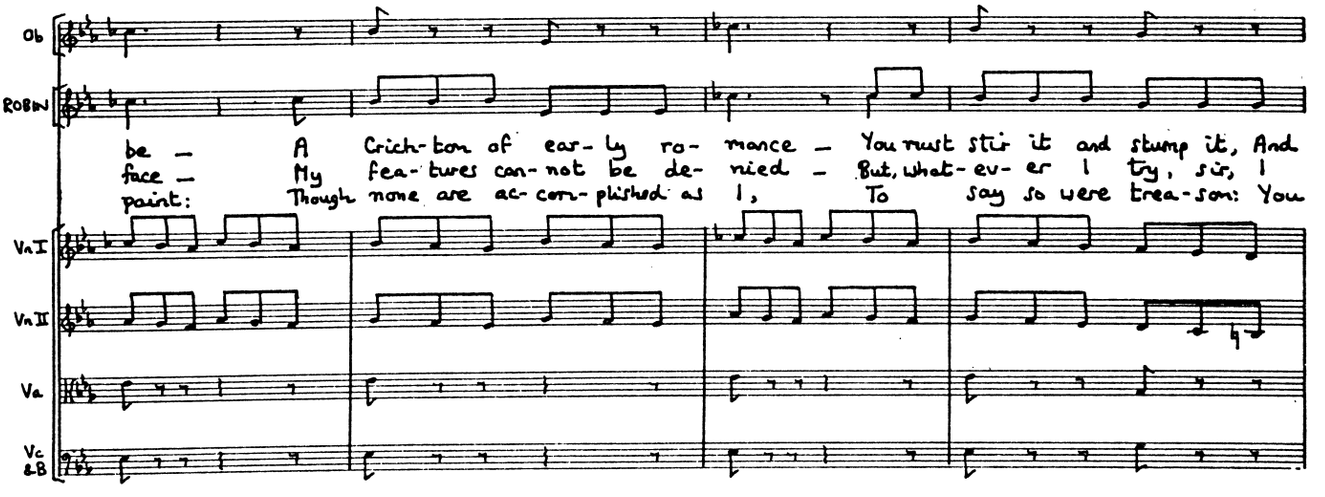
ROBIN Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes. There's no false modesty about you. Your — what I would call bumptious self-assertiveness (I mean the expression in its complimentary sense), has already made you a bos'n's mate, and it will make an admiral of you in time, if you work it properly, you dear, incompetent old imposter! My dear fellow, I'd give my right arm for one tenth of your modest assurance!

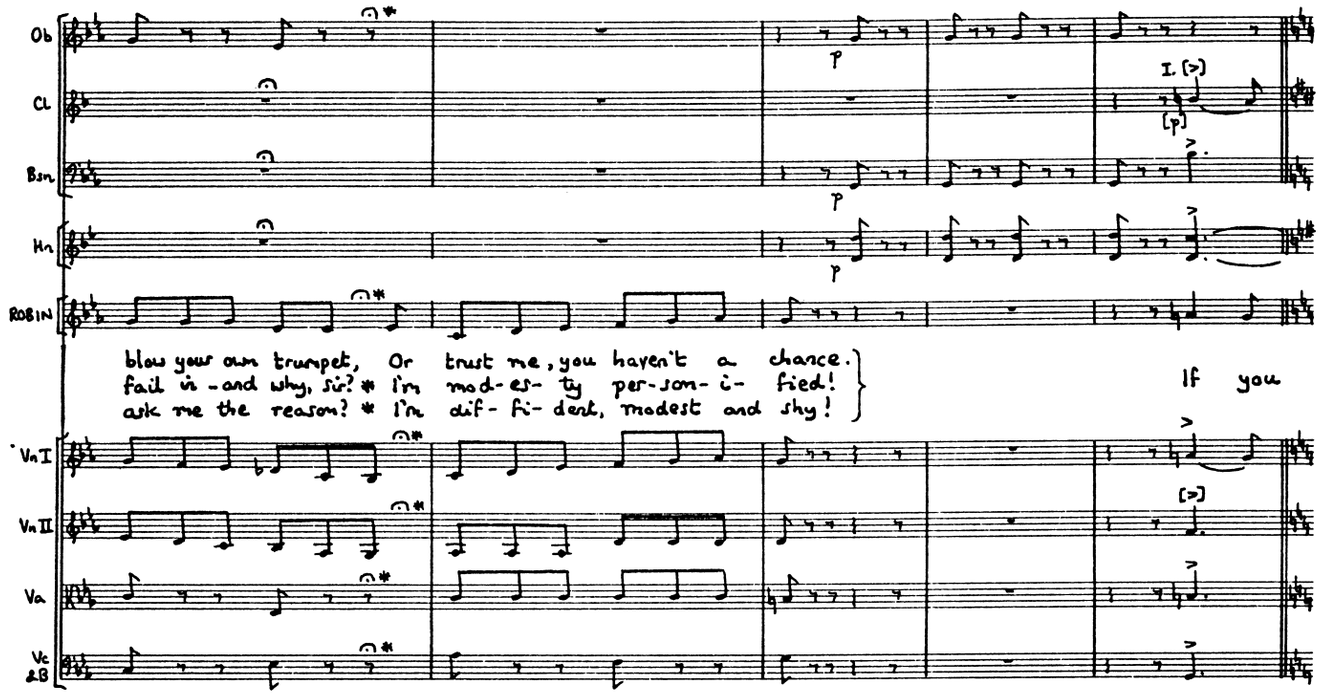
No.7. SONG (Robin, with Richard)



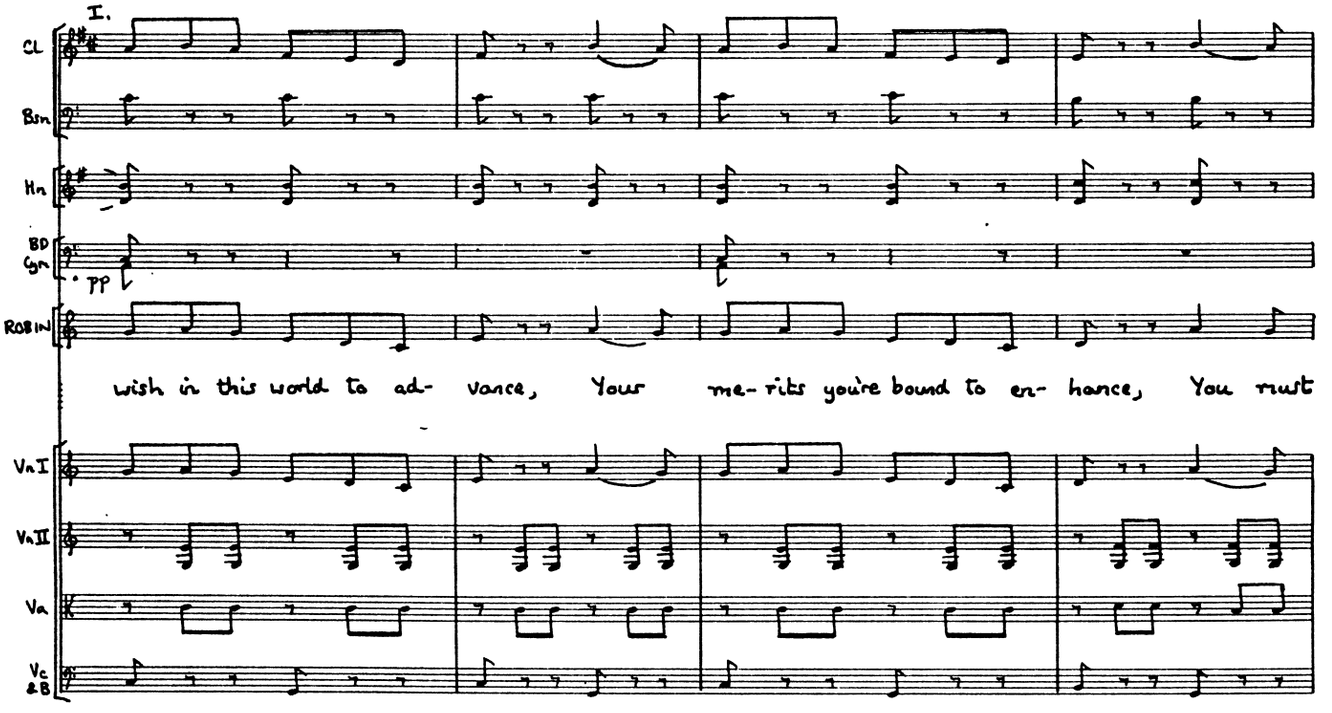

I.
Cl
ROBIN
me, That of all the af- flic- tions ac- curst With which a man's sad- dled And
case: I've a bright in- tel- lec- tu- al brain — In all Lon- don ci- ty There's
quaint — I've pas- sion and fer- vour and grace — From O- vid and Hor- ace To
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

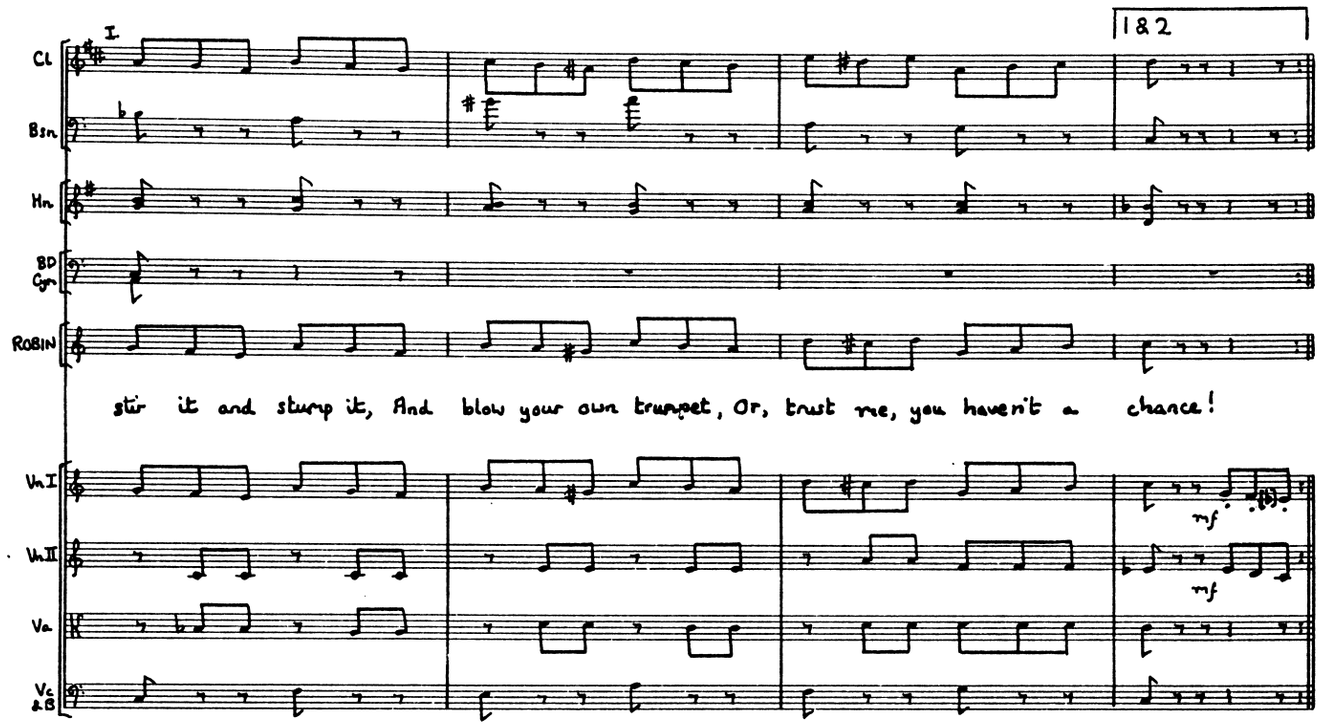

Ob
I.
Cl
ROBIN
hampered and ad- dled A dif- fi- dent na- ture's the worst. Though cle- ver as cle- ver can
no one so wit- ty — I've thought so a- gain and a- gain. I've a high- ly in- tel- li- gent
Swinburne and Morris, They all of them take a back place. Then I sing and I play and I
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

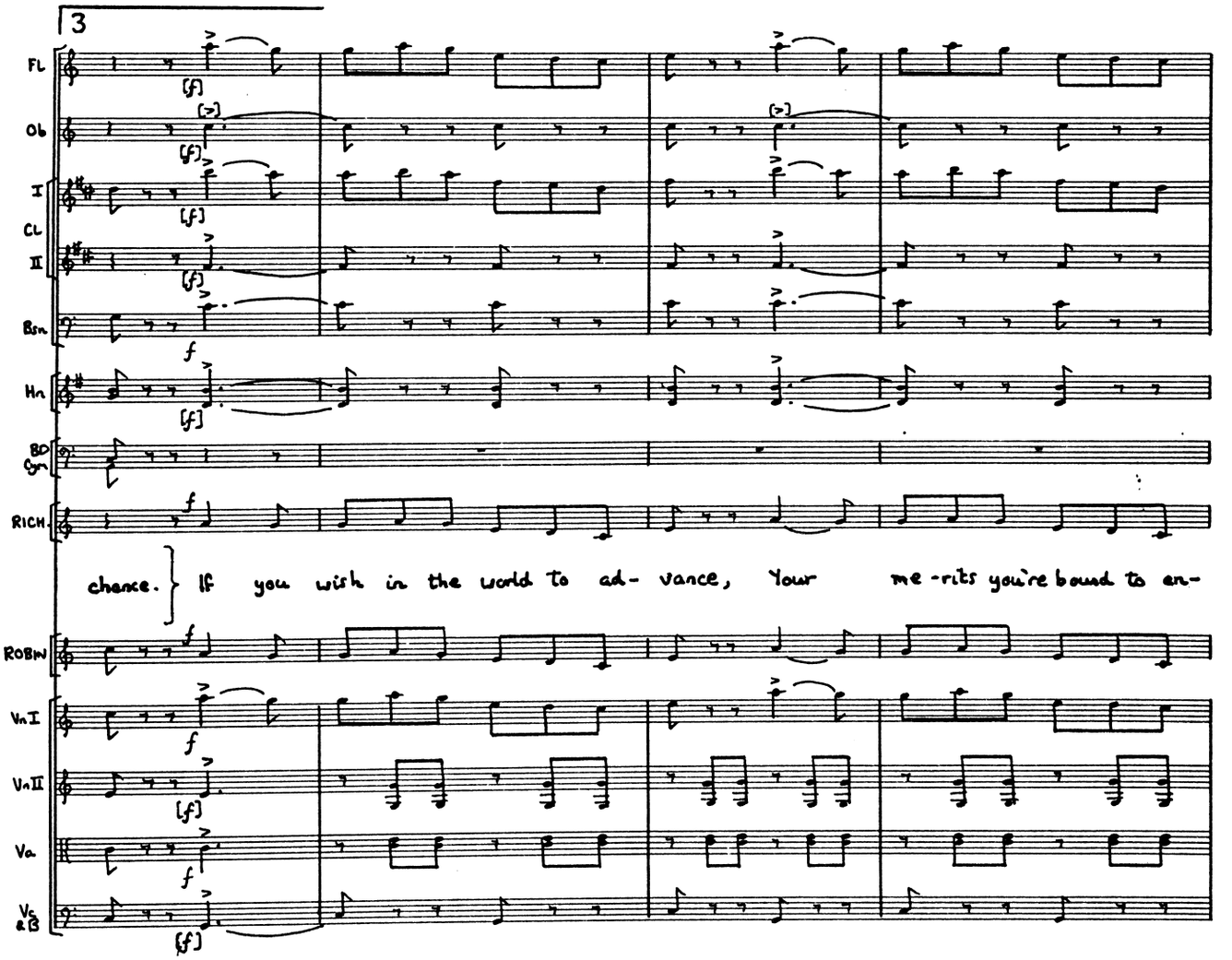

Ob
ROBIN
be — A Crich- ton of ear- ly ro- mance — You must stir it and stump it, And
face — My fea- tures can- not be de- nied — But, what- ev- er I try, sir, I
paint: Though none are ac- com- plished as I, To say so were trea- son: You
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

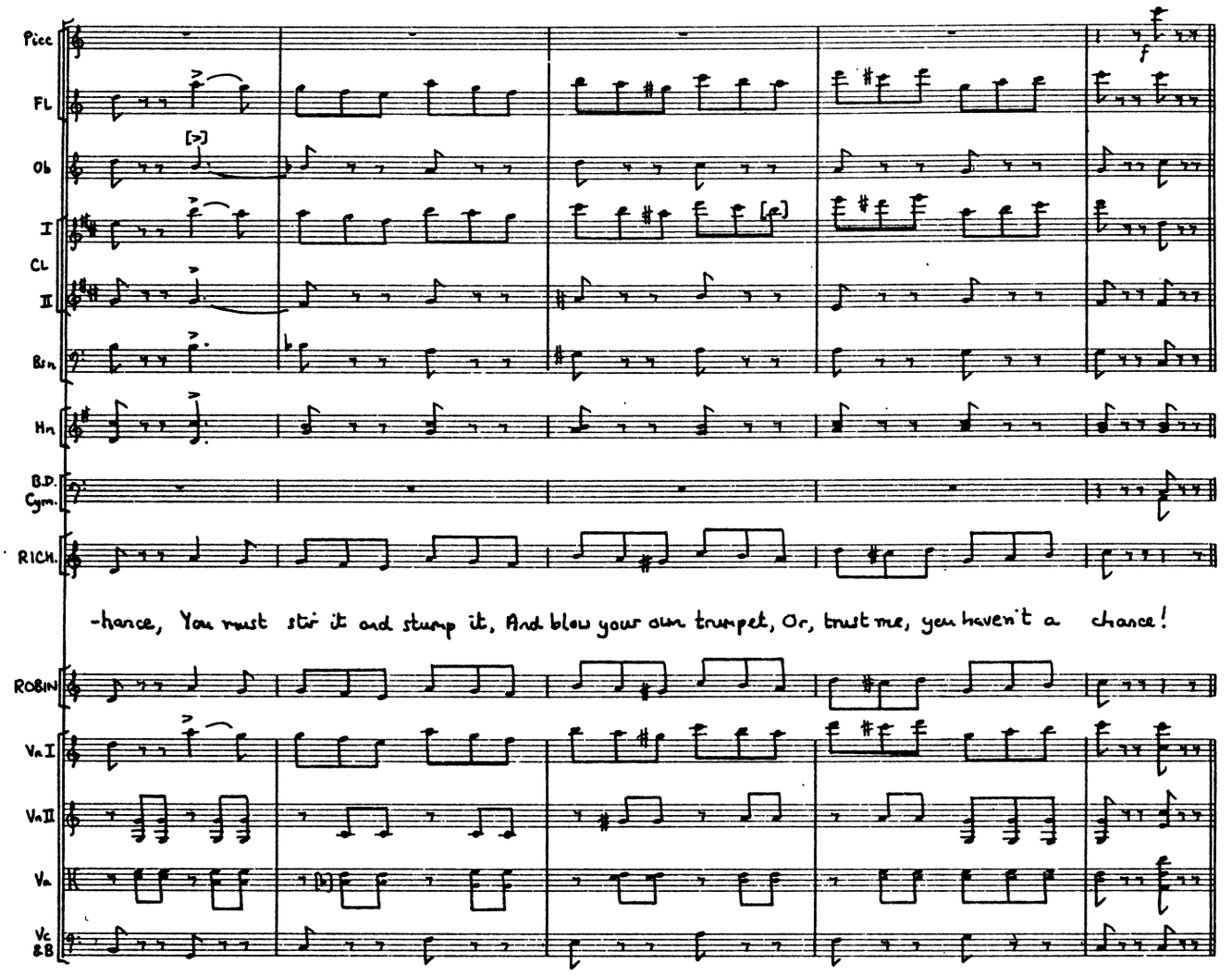


* 2nd & 3rd verses only.
Traditional interjections by Richard:
2. I don't know!
3. No I didn't!




1&2
Cl
Bsn
Hn
BD Cym
ROBIN
stir it and stump it, And blow your own trumpet, Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
mf
mf


3
Fl
Ob
I
CL
II
Bsn
Hn
BD Cym
RICH
chance. If you wish in the world to ad- vance, Your me-rits you're bound to en-
ROBIN
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
[f]
f



RICHARD Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father" — that's what my heart's a-remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is! By the Port Admiral but she's a tight little craft! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet — she's fit to marry Lord Nelson! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved.

ROSE Sir, you are agitated —

RICHARD Aye, aye, my lass, well said! I am agitated, true enough! — took flat aback, my girl, but 'tis naught — 'twill pass. (Aside) This here heart of mine's a-dictatin' to me like anythink. Question is, have I a right to disregard its promptings?

ROSE Can I do aught to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble? This apple —

RICHARD No, my lass, 'taint that — I'm — I'm took flat aback — I never see anything like you in all my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There — I can't say fairer than that, can I?

ROSE No. (Aside) The question is, is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? Yes, — "Always speak the truth."

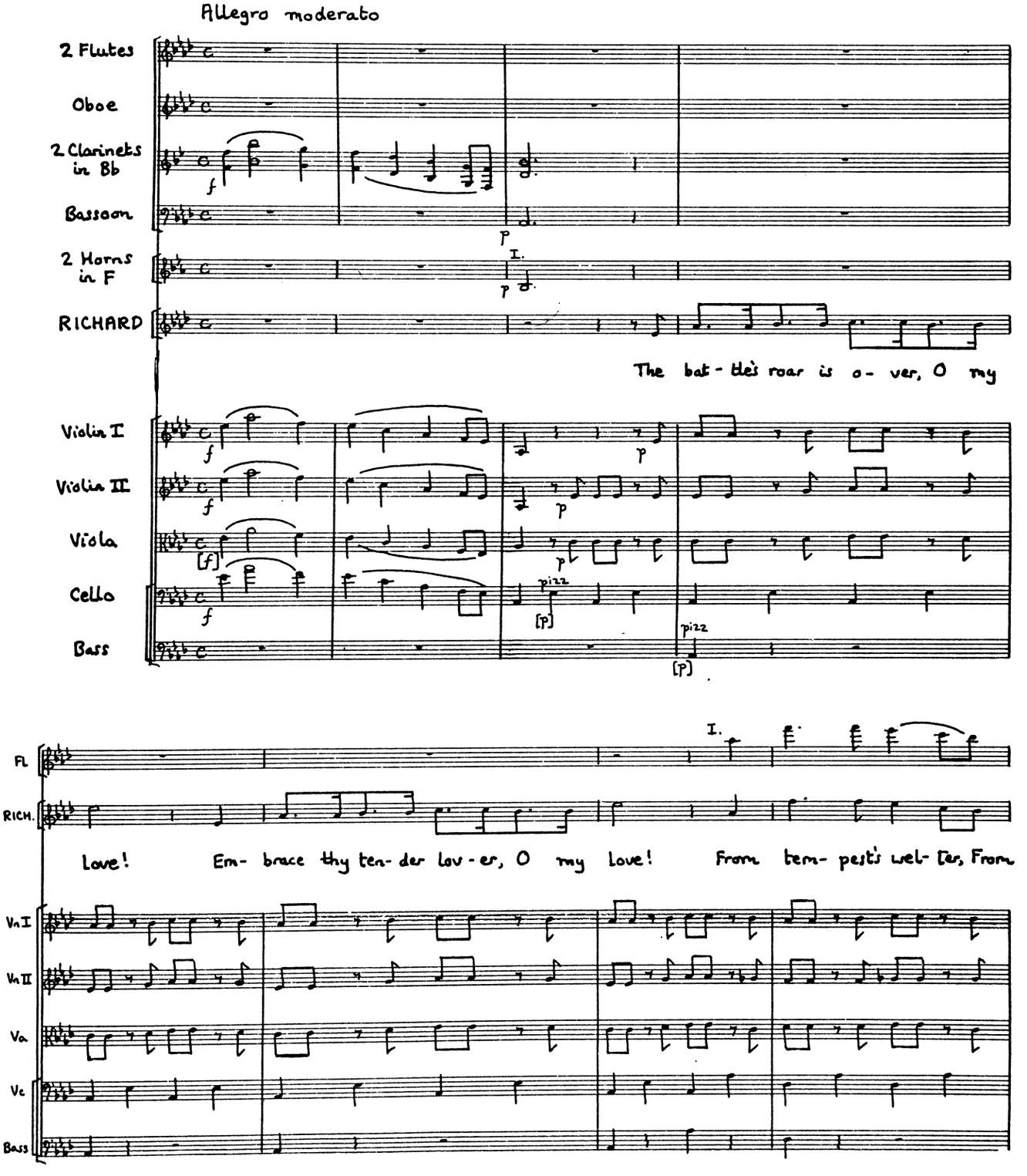
RICHARD I'd no thoughts of sayin' this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another; but when I see you my heart it up and it says, says it, "This is the very lass for you, Dick" — "speak up to her, Dick," it says — (it calls me Dick acos we was at school together) — "tell her all, Dick," it says, "never sail under false colours — it's mean!" That's what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a-tremblin', miss. Lookye here — That's narvousness!

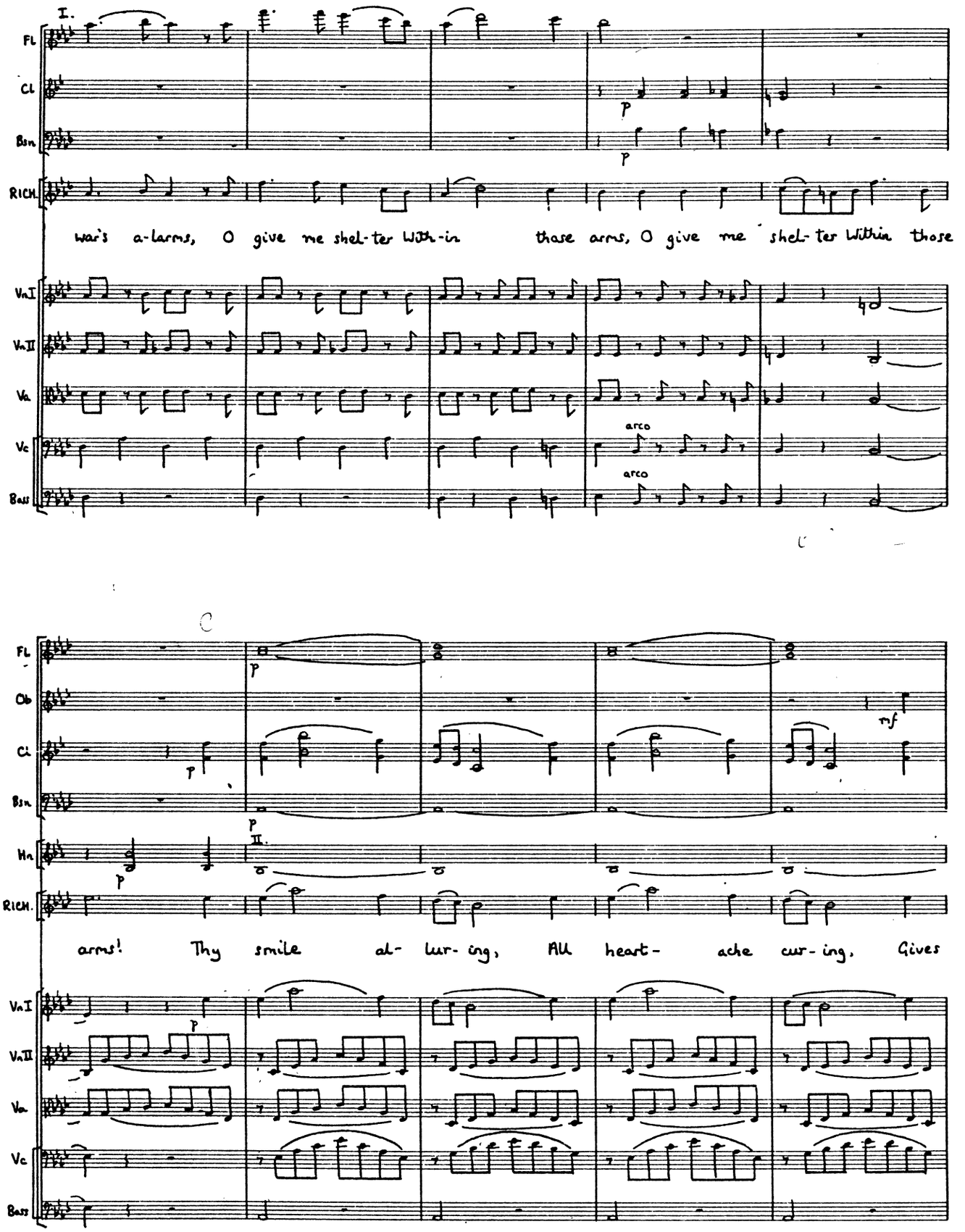
ROSE (Aside) Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one? "Keep no one in unnecessary suspense." (Aloud) Behold, I will not keep you in unnecessary suspense. (Aside) "In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation." (Aloud) I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. (Aside) "Avoid any appearance of eagerness." (Aloud) Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. (Aside) "A little show of emotion will not be misplaced!" (Aloud) Pardon this tear!

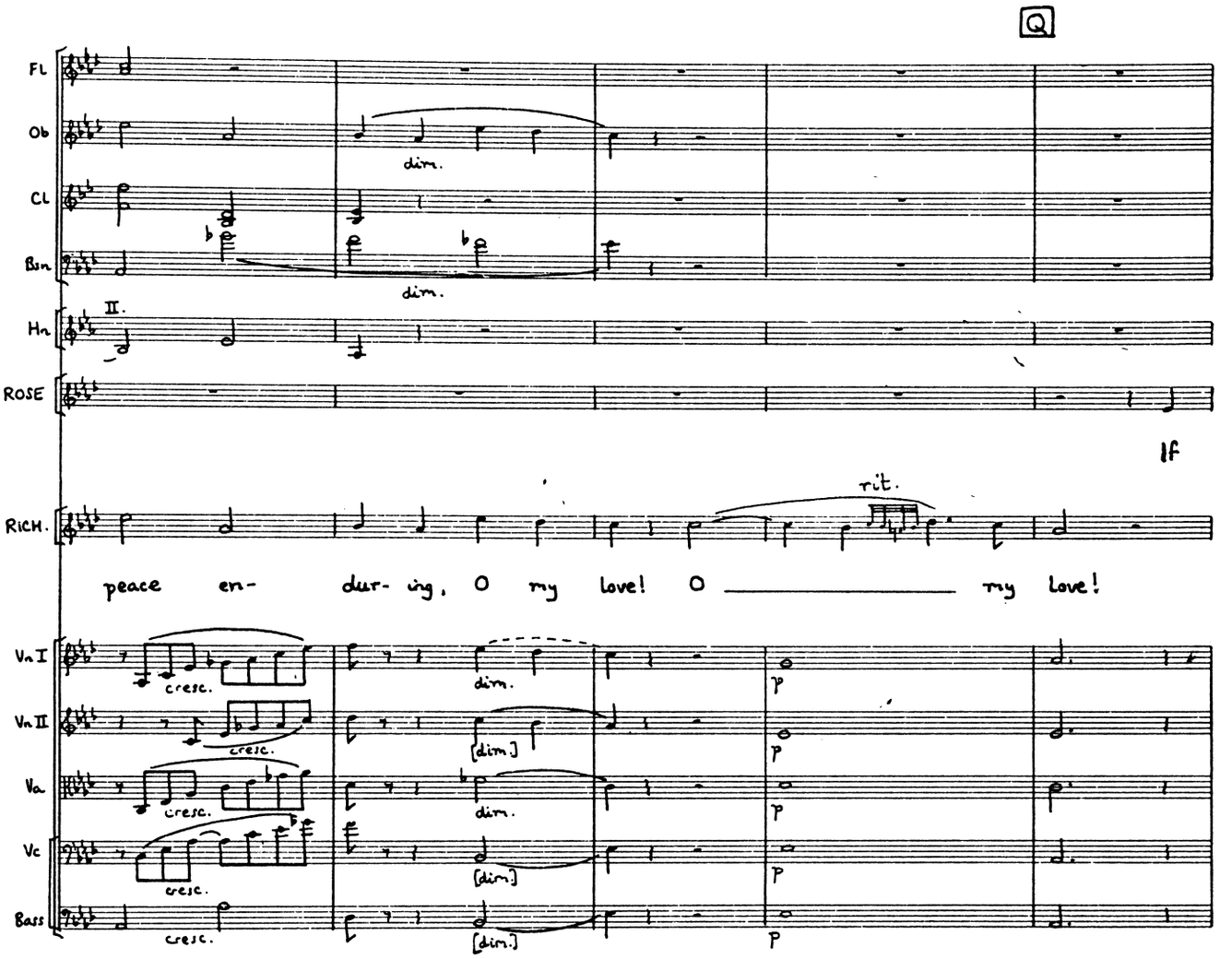
RICHARD Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a-huggin' of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss, might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm a-goin' to sail under?

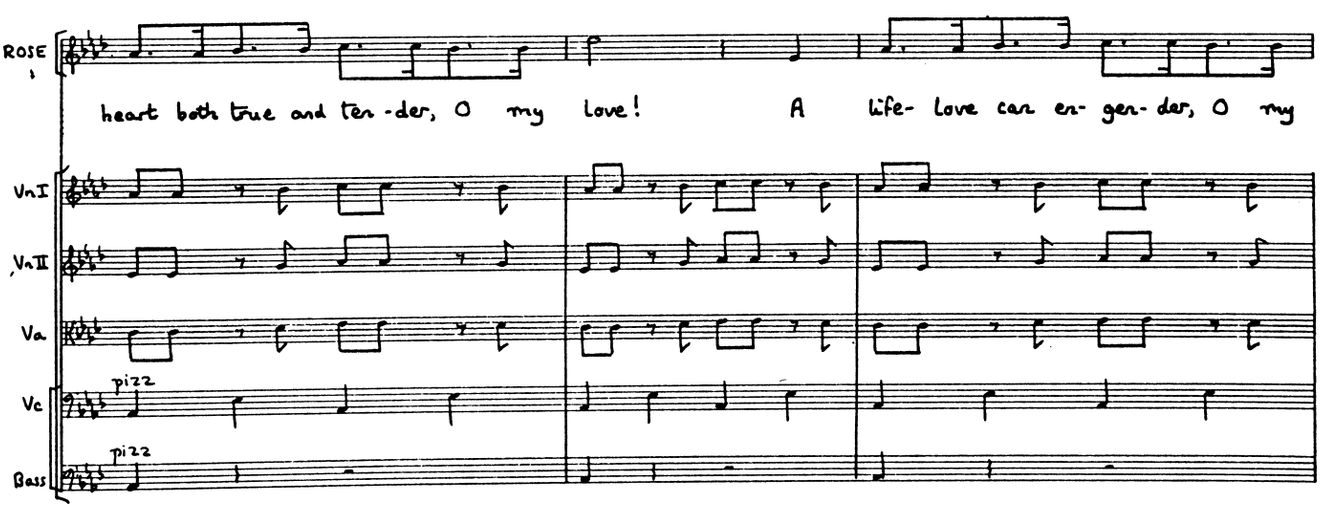
ROSE (Aside) "An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities." (Aloud) Once!

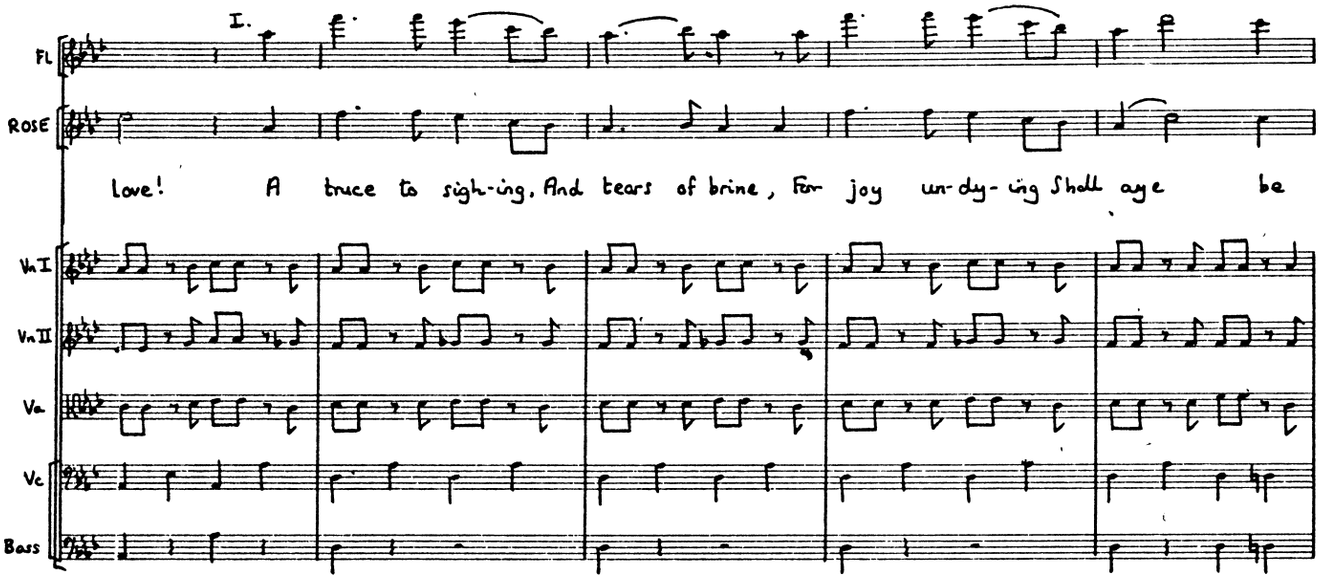
No. 8. DUET
(Rose & Richard)

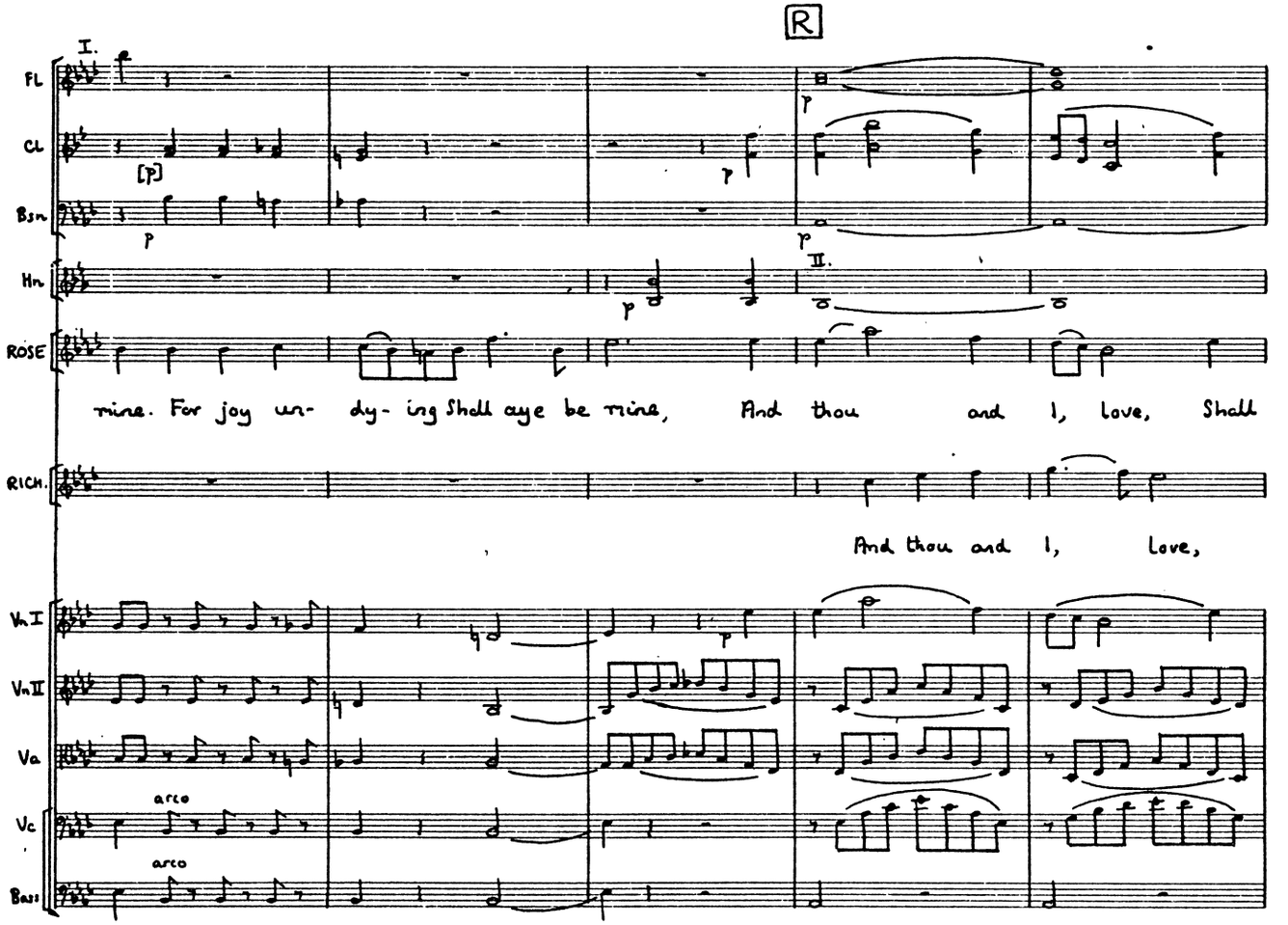


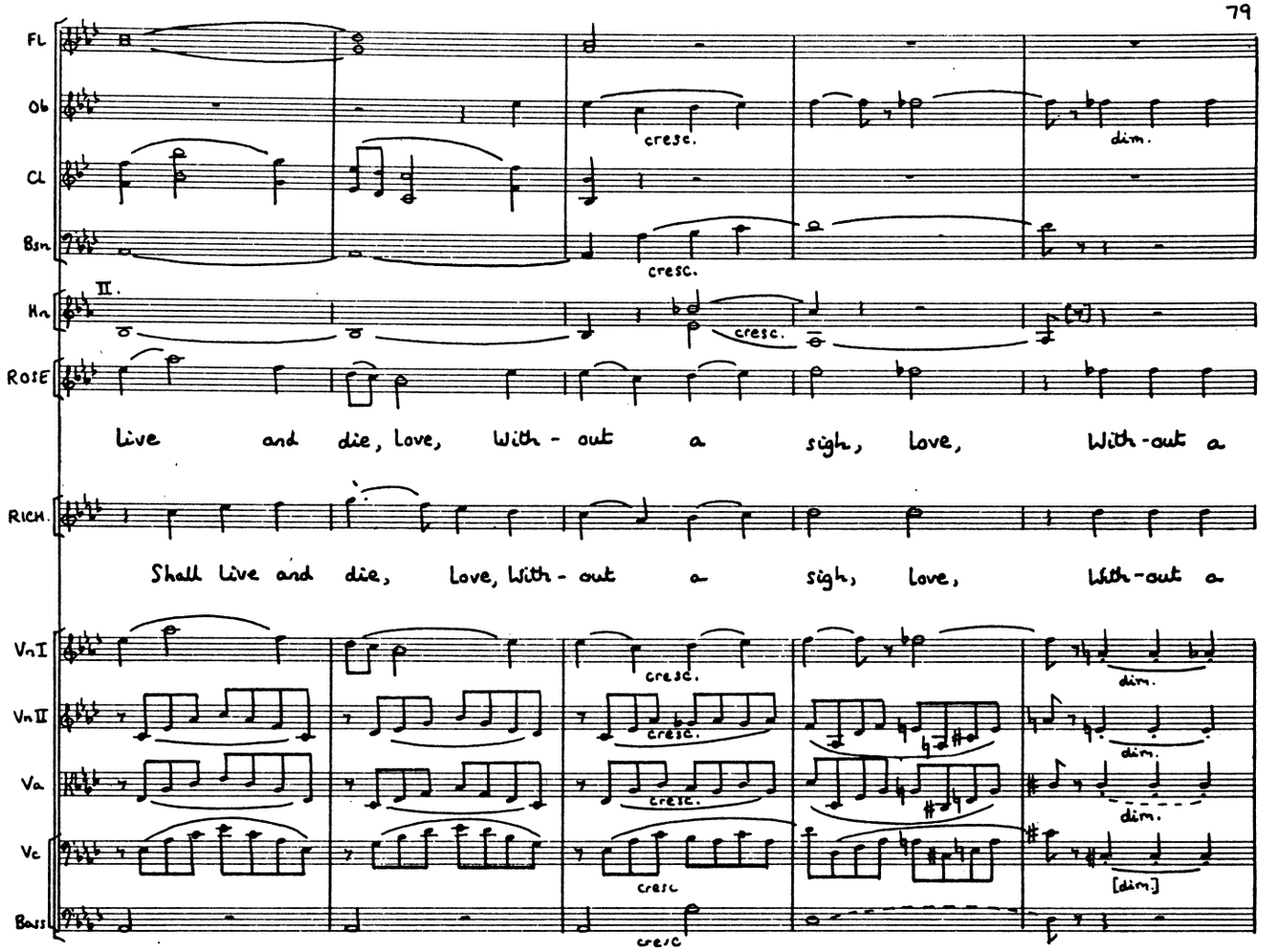

I.
Fl
Cl
Bsn
RICH.
p
p
war's a-larms, O give me shel-ter With-in thase arms, O give me shel-ter Within those
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
arco
C
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
RICH.
p
p
p
II.
p
mf
arms! Thy smile al- lur- ing, All heart- ache cur- ing, Gives
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
p

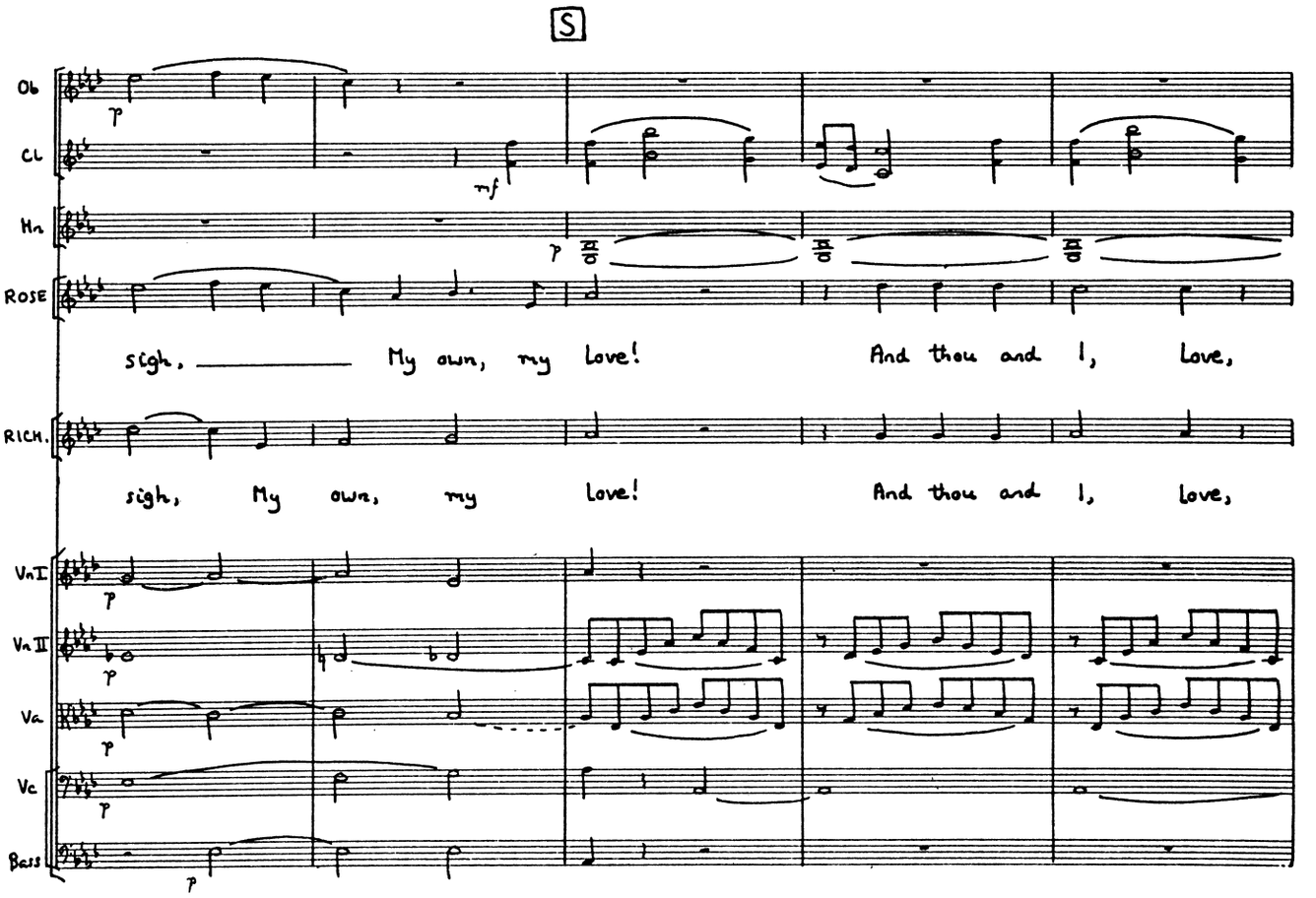

Q
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
RICH.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
dim.
cresc.
rit.
If
peace en- dur- ing, O my love! O ___ my love!
p

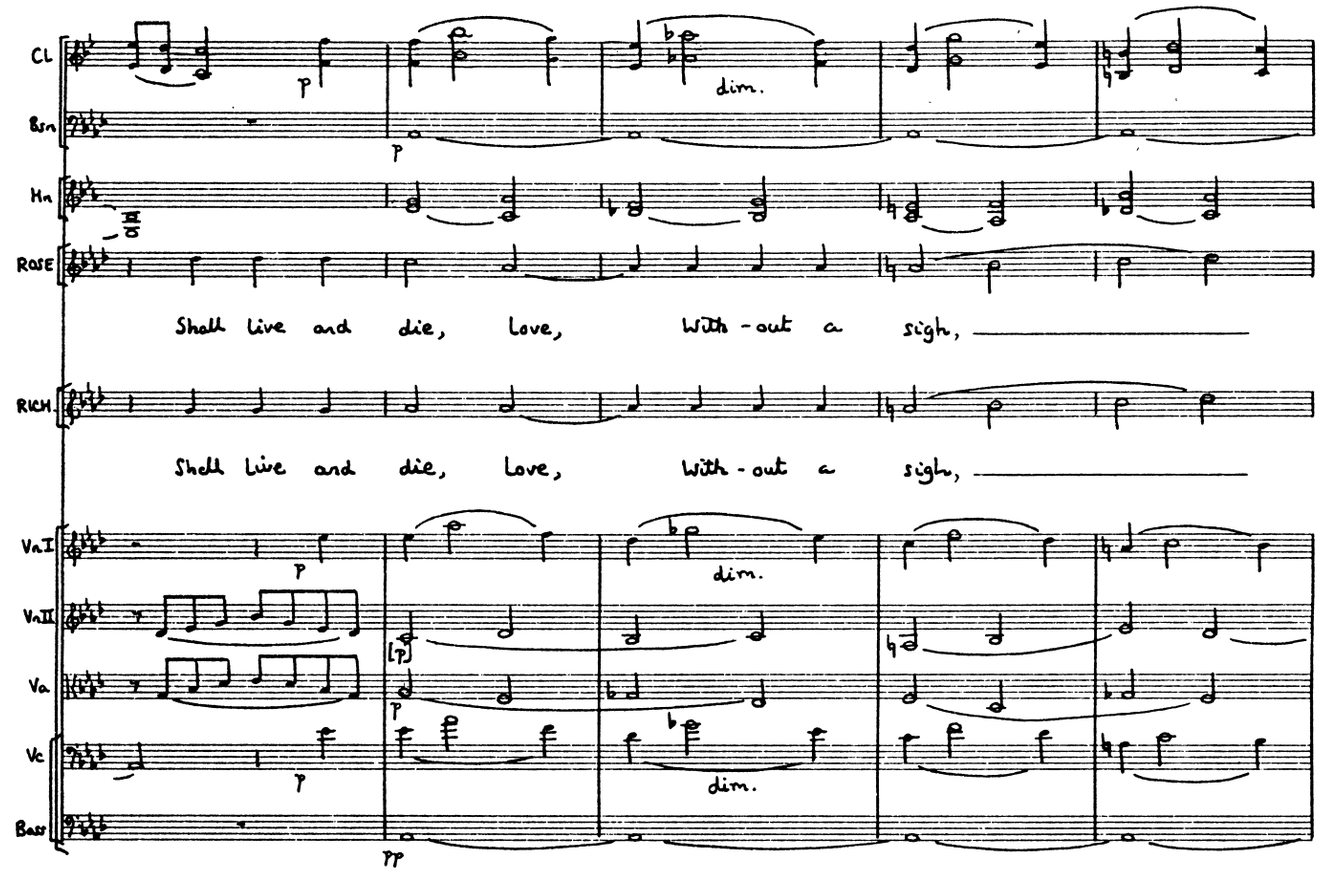

ROSE
heart both true and ten-der, O my love! A life- love can en- gen- der, O my
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
pizz

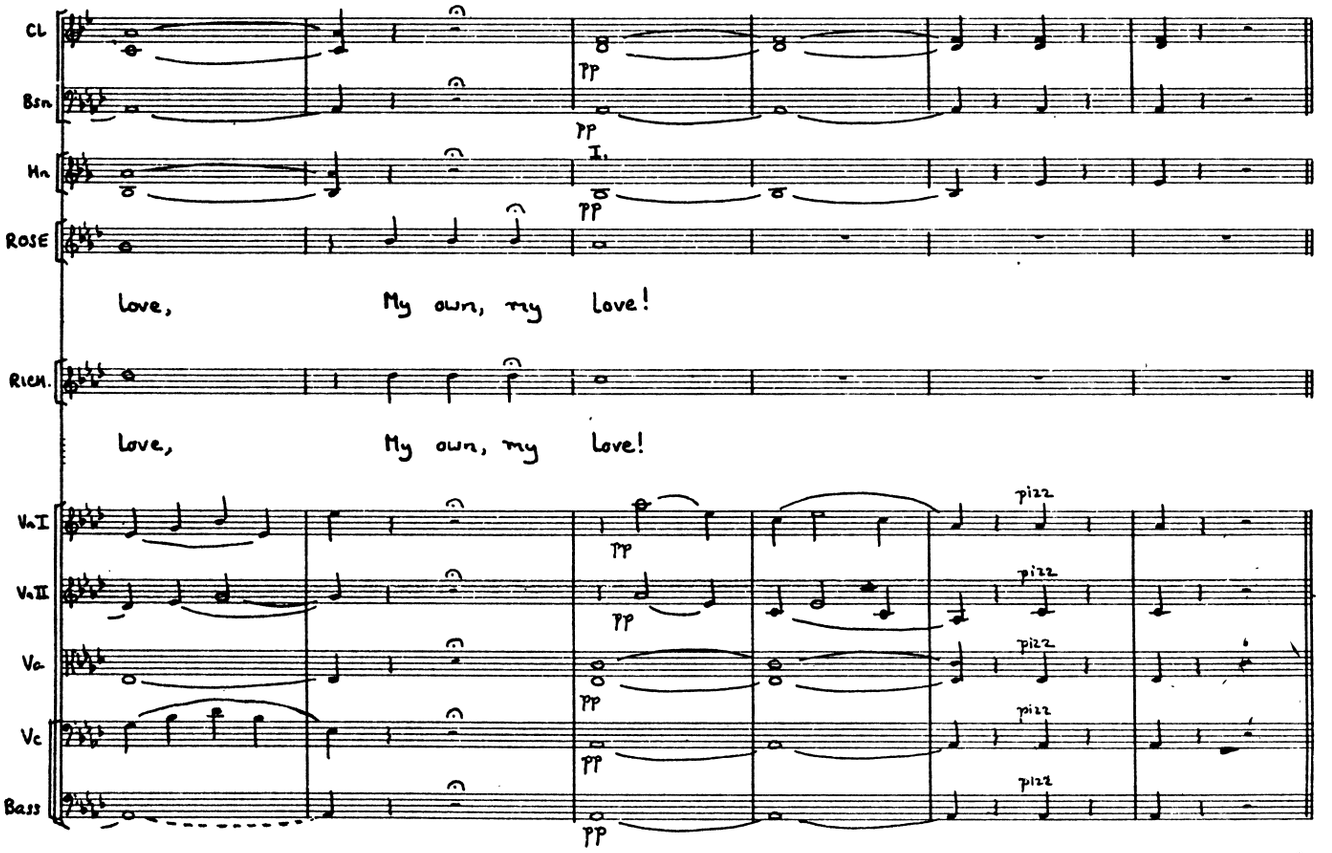

I.
Fl
Rose
Love! A truce to sigh-ing. And tears of brine, For joy un-dy-ing Shall aye be
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


R
I.
Fl
Cl
[p]
Bsn
p
Hn
II.
Rose
mine. For joy un- dy- ing Shall aye be mine, And thou and I, love, Shall
Rich.
And thou and I, love,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
arco
Bass
arco


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
II.
cresc.
dim.
ROSE
Live and die, love, With - out a sigh, love, With-out a
RICH.
Shall Live and die, love, With - out a sigh, love, With-out a
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
[dim.]

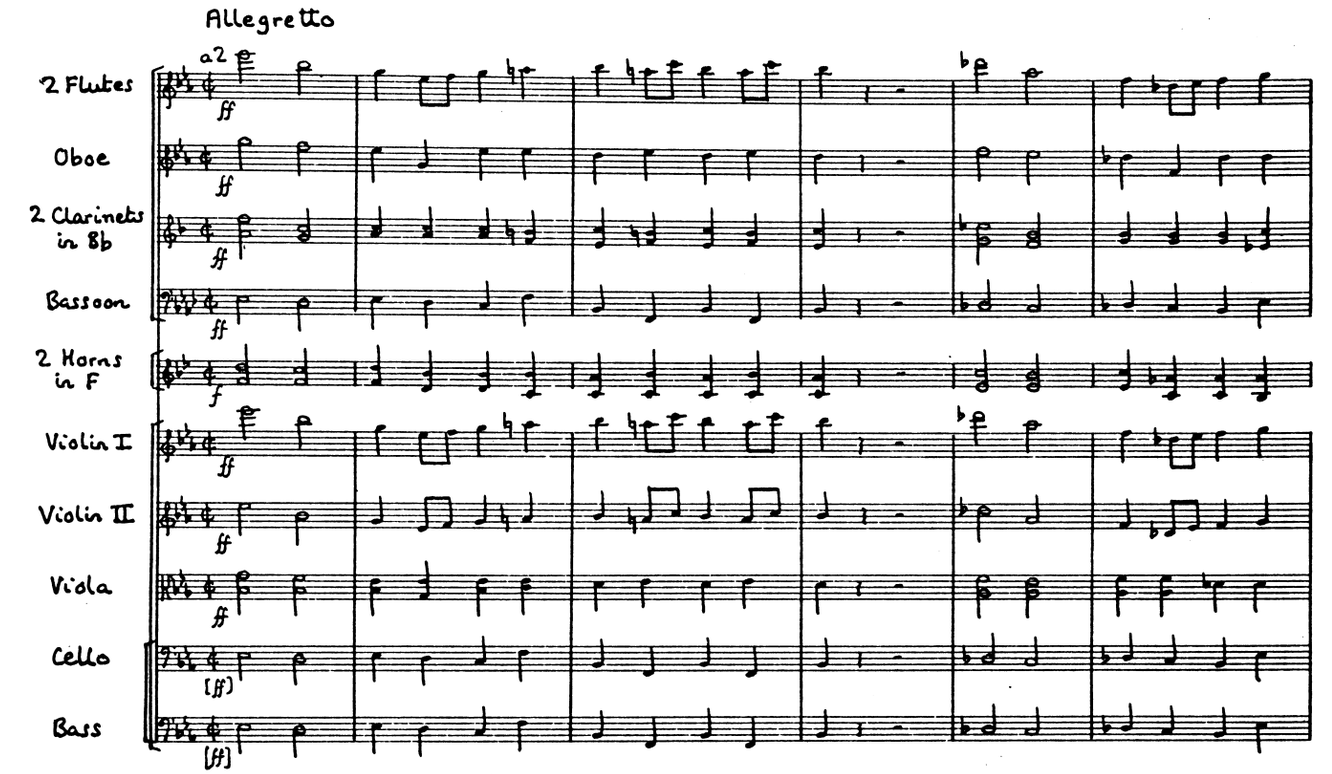

S
Ob
Cl
Hn
ROSE
sigh. My own, my love! And thou and I, Love,
RICH.
sigh, My own, my love! And thou and I, love,
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
p
mf

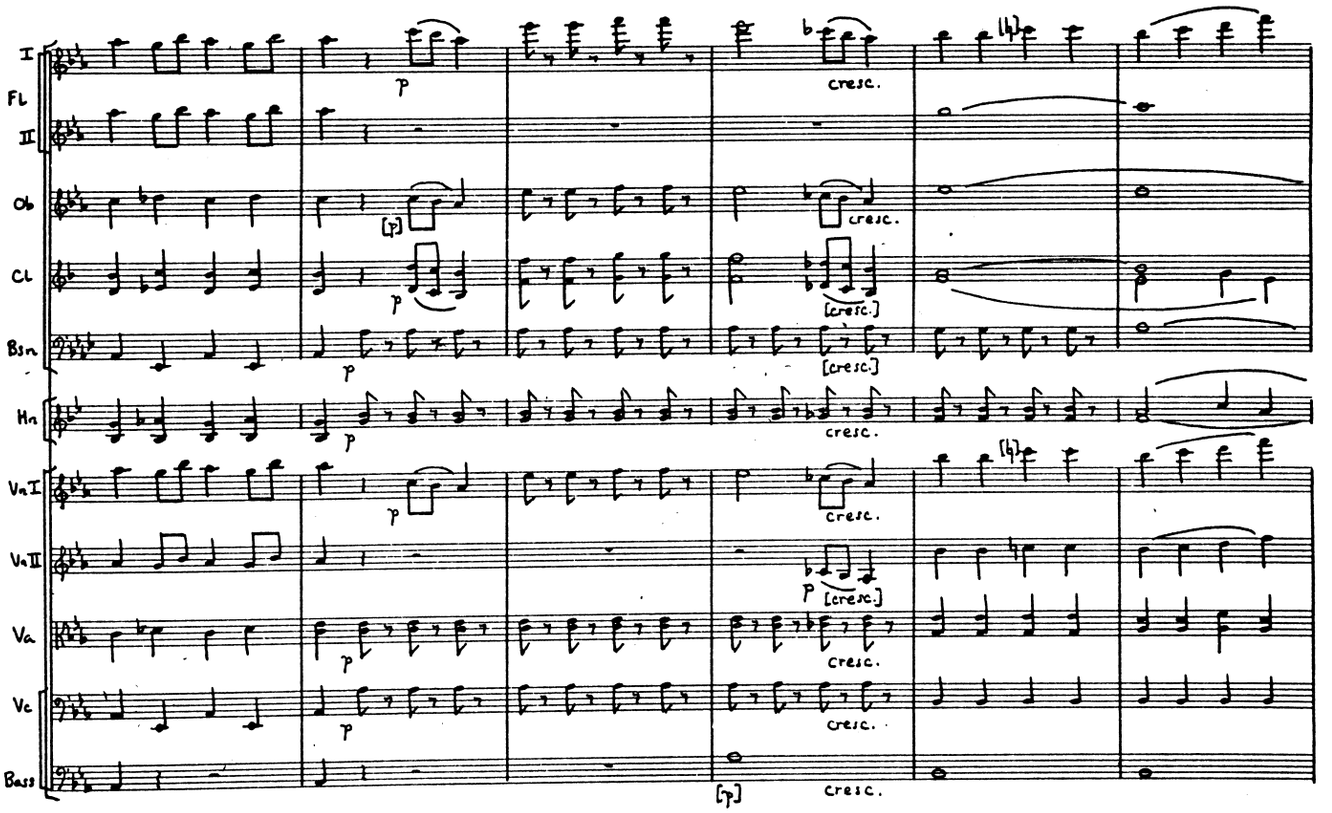

Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
Shall live and die, love, With-out a sigh,
RICH.
Shall live and die, love, With-out a sigh,
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
p
dim.
pp

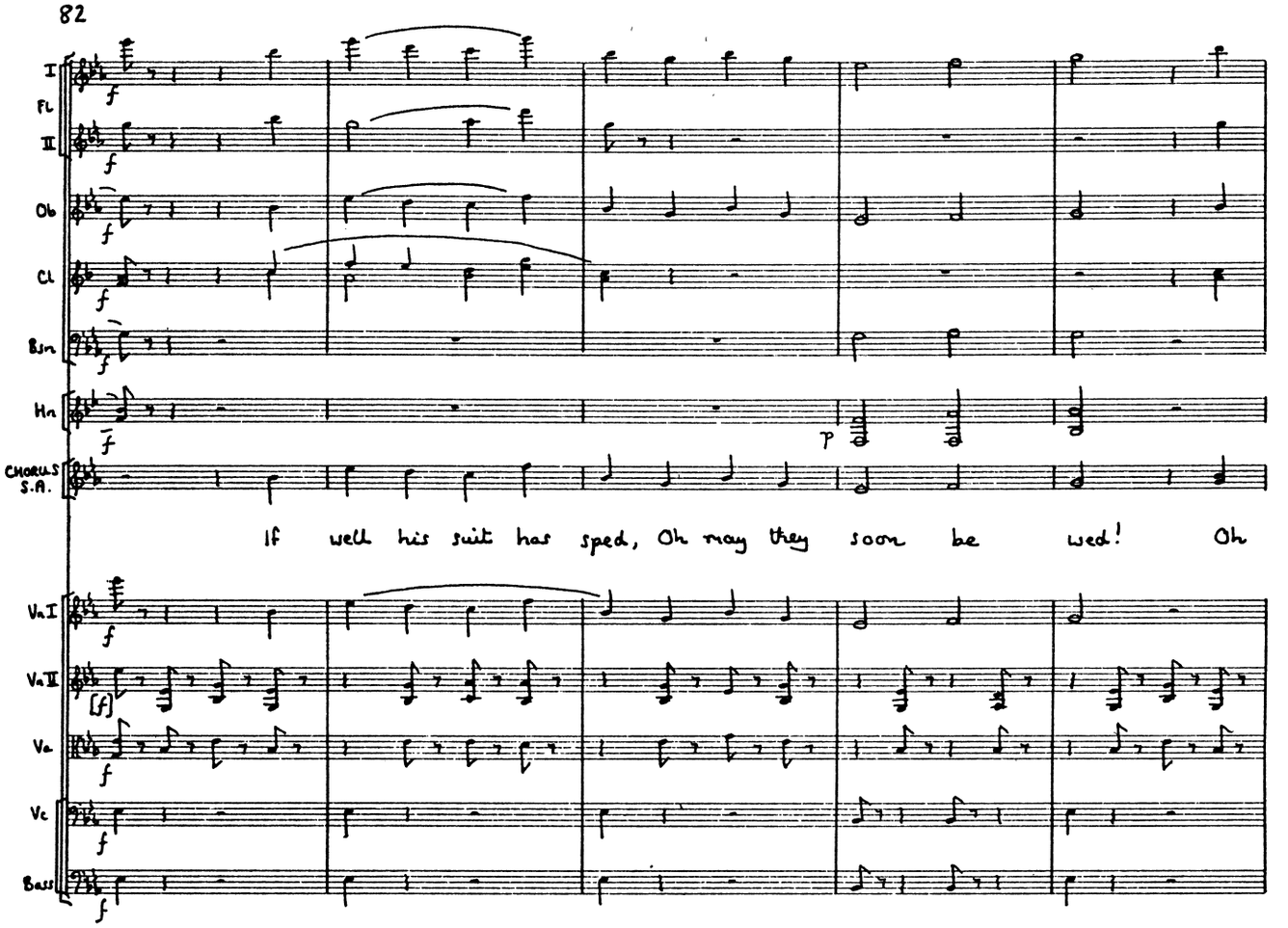

Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
Love, My own, my love!
RICH.
Love, My own, my love!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
pp
pizz

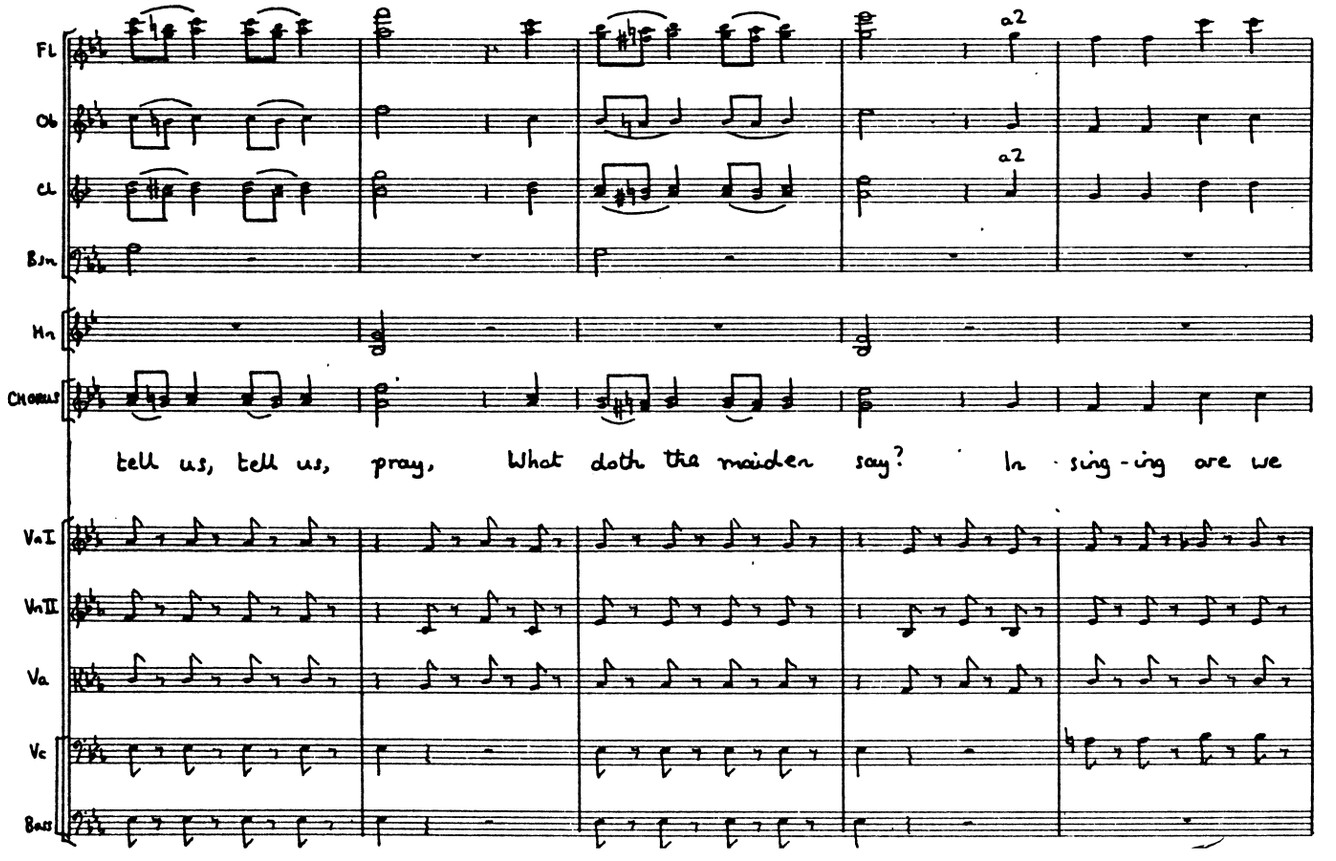
segue no. 9

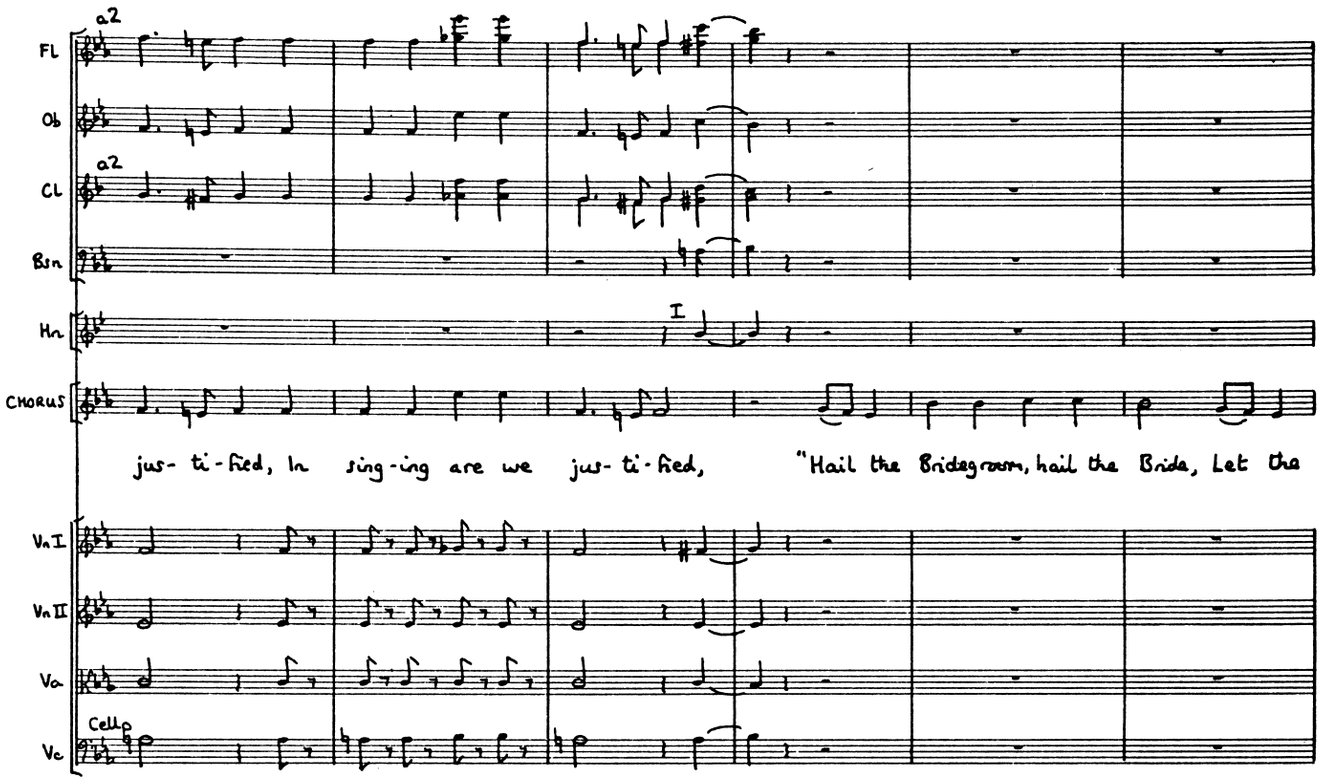
No. 9
ENTRANCE OF BRIDESMAIDS

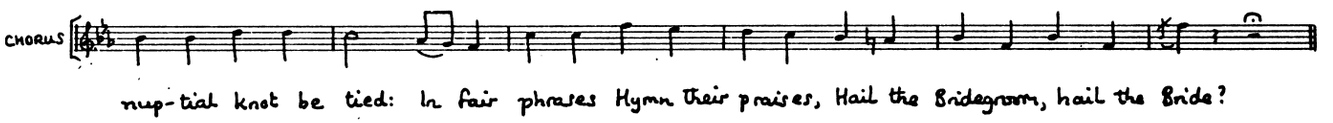





I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
CHORUS
S.A.
If well his suit has sped, Oh may they soon be wed! Oh
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
CHORUS
a2
a2
tell us, tell us, pray, What doth the maiden say? In sing-ing are we
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass





ROBIN — Well — what news? Have you spoken to her?

RICHARD — Aye, my lad, I have — so to speak — spoke her.

ROBIN — And she refuses?

RICHARD — Why, no, I can't say she do.

ROBIN — Then she accepts! My darling!

BRIDESMAIDS — "Hail the Bridegroom — hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied ..." (etc.)

ROSE — (aside) Now, what should a maiden do when she is embraced by the wrong gentleman?

RICHARD — Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

ROSE — Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you!

RICHARD — You see, it's like this: she accepts — but it's me!

ROBIN — You!

BRIDESMAIDS — "Hail the Bridegroom — hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied ..."

ROBIN — Hold your tongues, will you! Now then, what does this mean?

RICHARD — My poor lad, my heart grieves for thee, but it's like this: the moment I see her, and just as I was a-goin' to mention your name, my heart it up and it says, says it — "Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says; "be honest and sailor-like — don't skulk under false colours — speak up," it says, "take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!"

BRIDESMAIDS — "Hail the Bridegroom — hail the Bride! ..."

ROBIN — Will you be quiet! Go away! Vulgar girls!

RICHARD — What could I do? I'm bound to obey my heart's dictates.

ROBIN — Of course — no doubt. It's quite right — I don't mind — that is, not particularly — only it's — it is disappointing, you know.

ROSE — Oh, but, sir, I knew not that thou didst seek me in wedlock, or in very truth I should not have hearkened unto this man, for behold, he is but a lowly mariner, and very poor withal, whereas thou art a tiller of the land, and thou hast fat oxen, and many sheep and swine, a considerable dairy farm and much corn and oil!

RICHARD That's true, my lass, but it's done now, ain't it, Rob?

ROSE Still, it maybe that I should not be happy in thy love. I am passing young and little able to judge. Moreover, as to thy character I know naught!

ROBIN Nay, Rose, I'll answer for that. Dick has won thy love fairly. Broken-hearted as I am, I'll stand up for Dick through thick and thin!

RICHARD Thankye, messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob!

ROSE Yet methinks I have heard that sailors are but worldly men, and little prone to lead serious and thoughtful lives!

ROBIN And what then? Admit that Dick is not a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl. Grant that — he does. It's the truth, and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his good qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the fleet!

RICHARD Thankye, Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye, Rob!

ROSE But it maybe that he drinketh strong waters which do bemuse a man, and make him even as the wild beasts of the desert!

ROBIN Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He does drink — I won't deny it. But what of that? Look at his arms — tattoed to the shoulder! No, no — I won't hear a word against Dick!

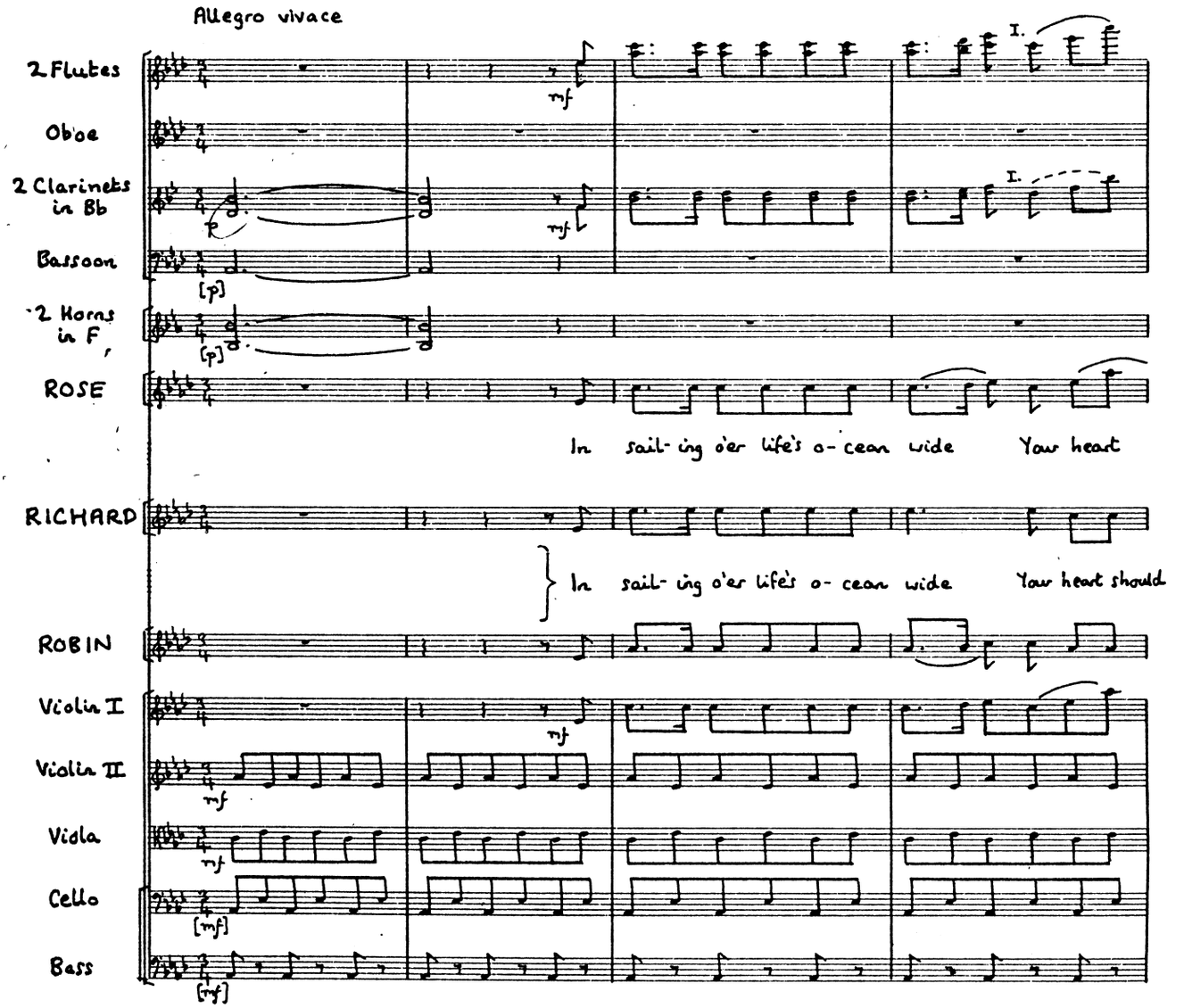
ROSE But they say that mariners are but rarely true to those whom they profess to love!

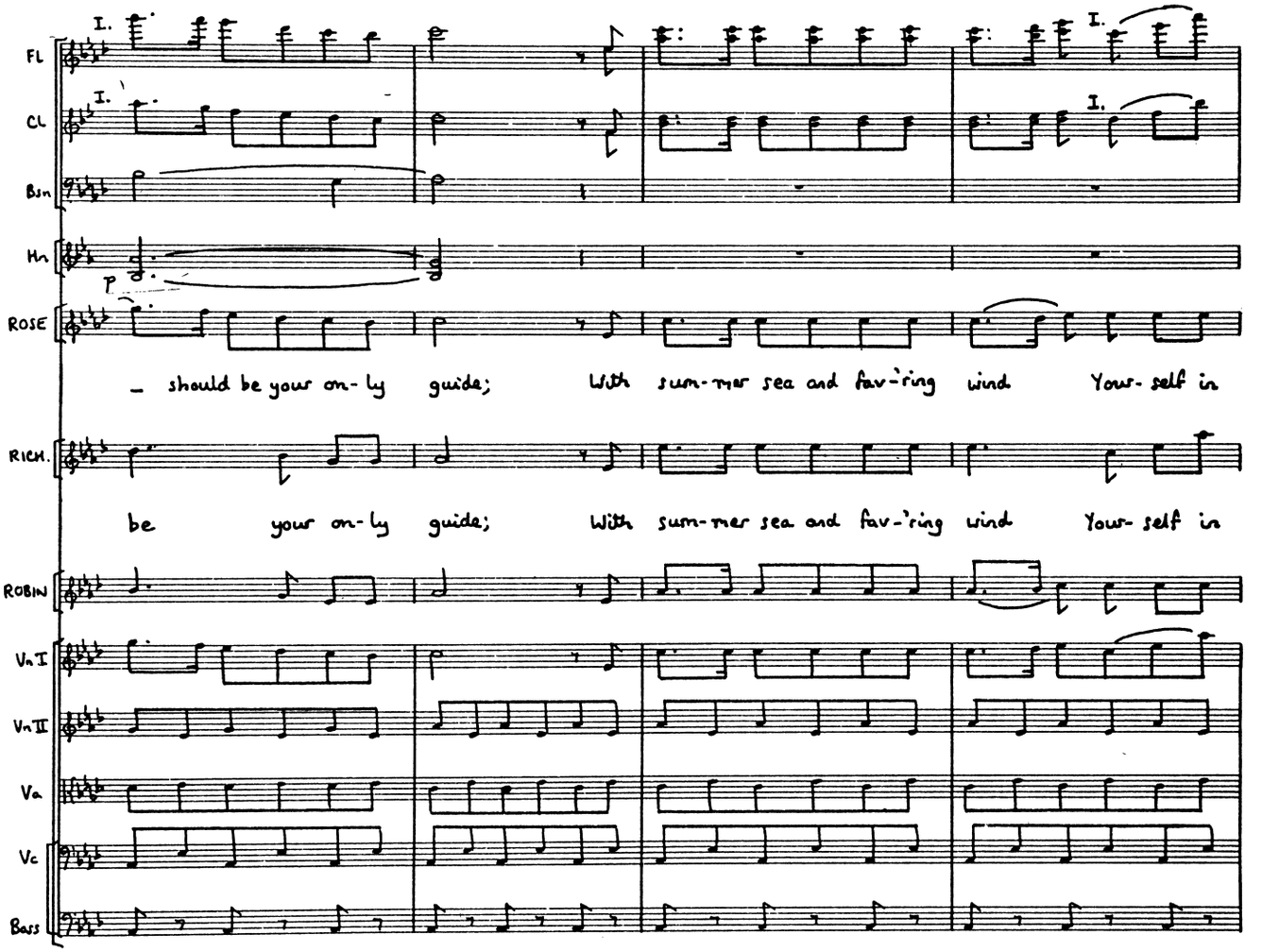
ROBIN Granted — granted — and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. You are, you know you are, you dog! a devil of a fellow — a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning-in a dead-eye don't walk a deck! And what an accomplishment that is in a family man! No, no — not a word against Dick. I'll stick up for him through thick and thin!

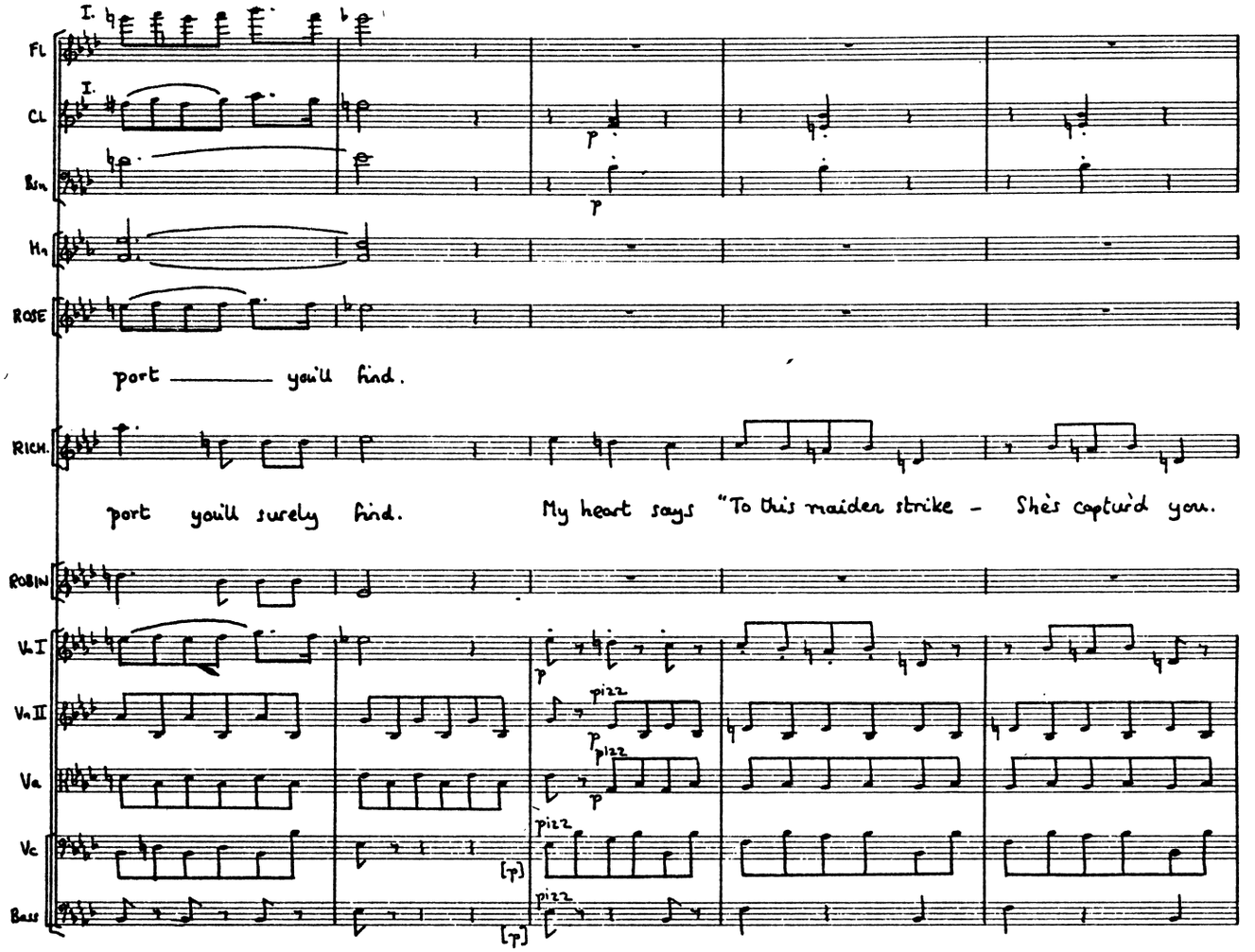
RICHARD Thankye, Rob, thankye. You're a true friend. I've acted accordin' to my heart's dictates, and such orders as them no man should disobey.

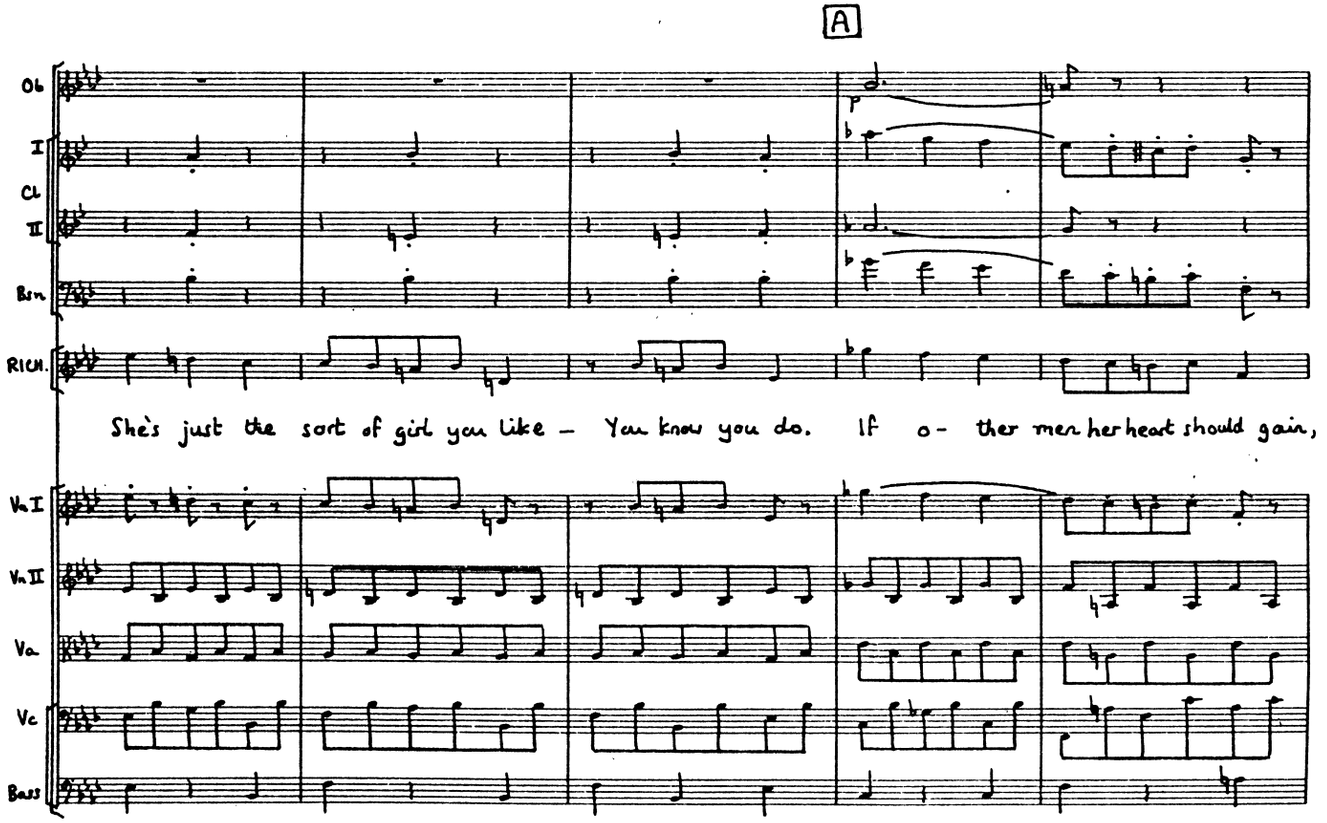
No. 10. TRIO

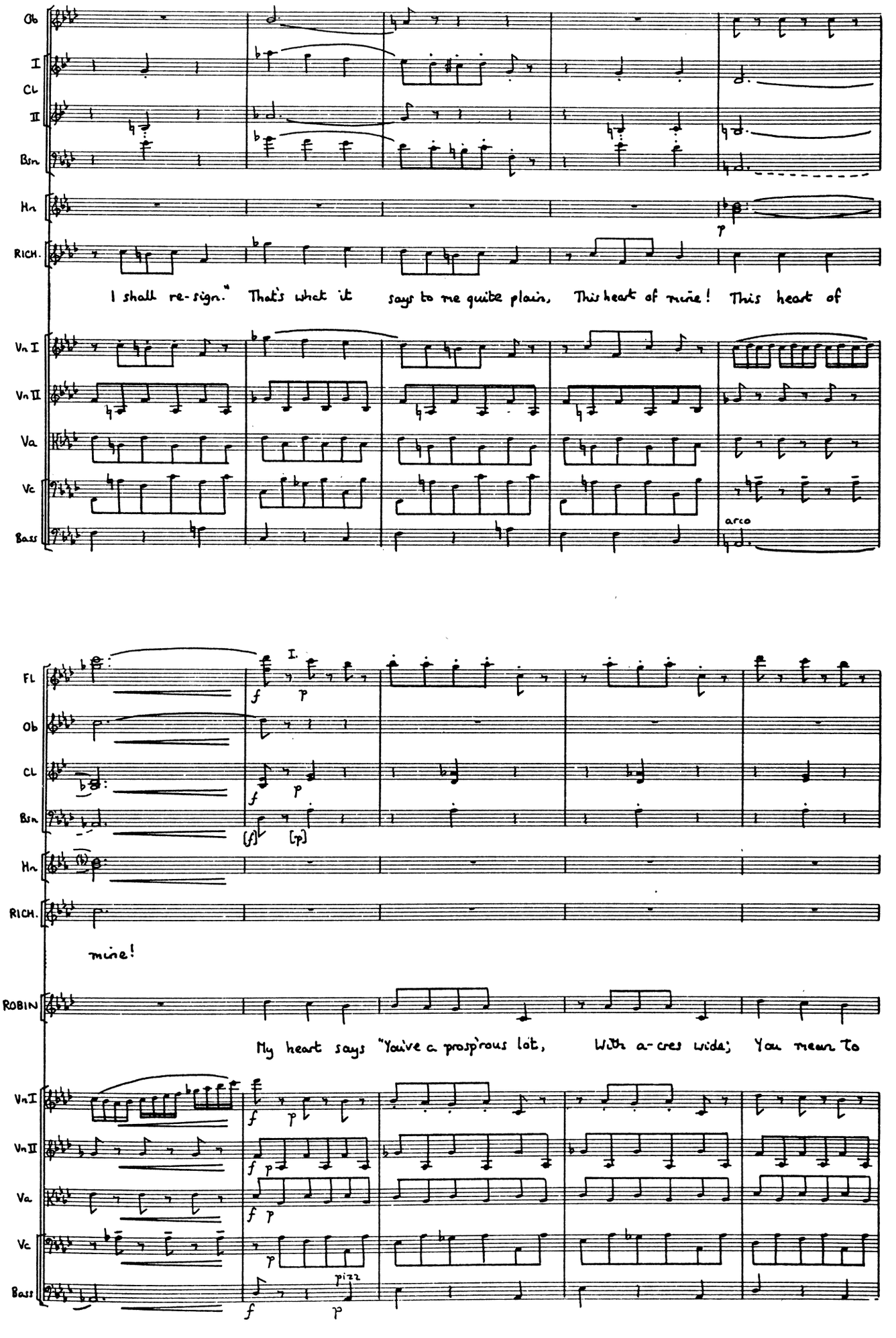
(Rose, Richard & Robin)

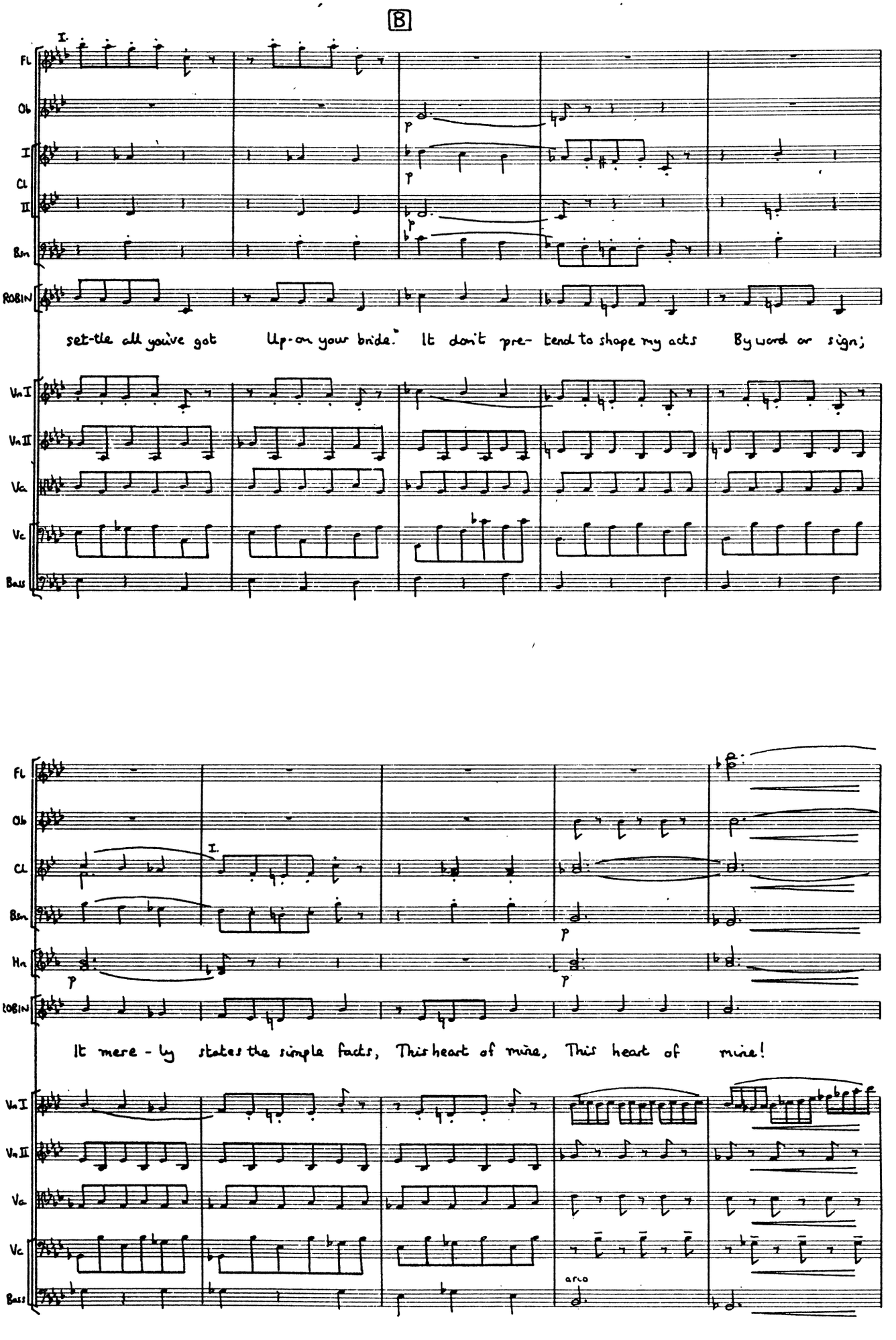


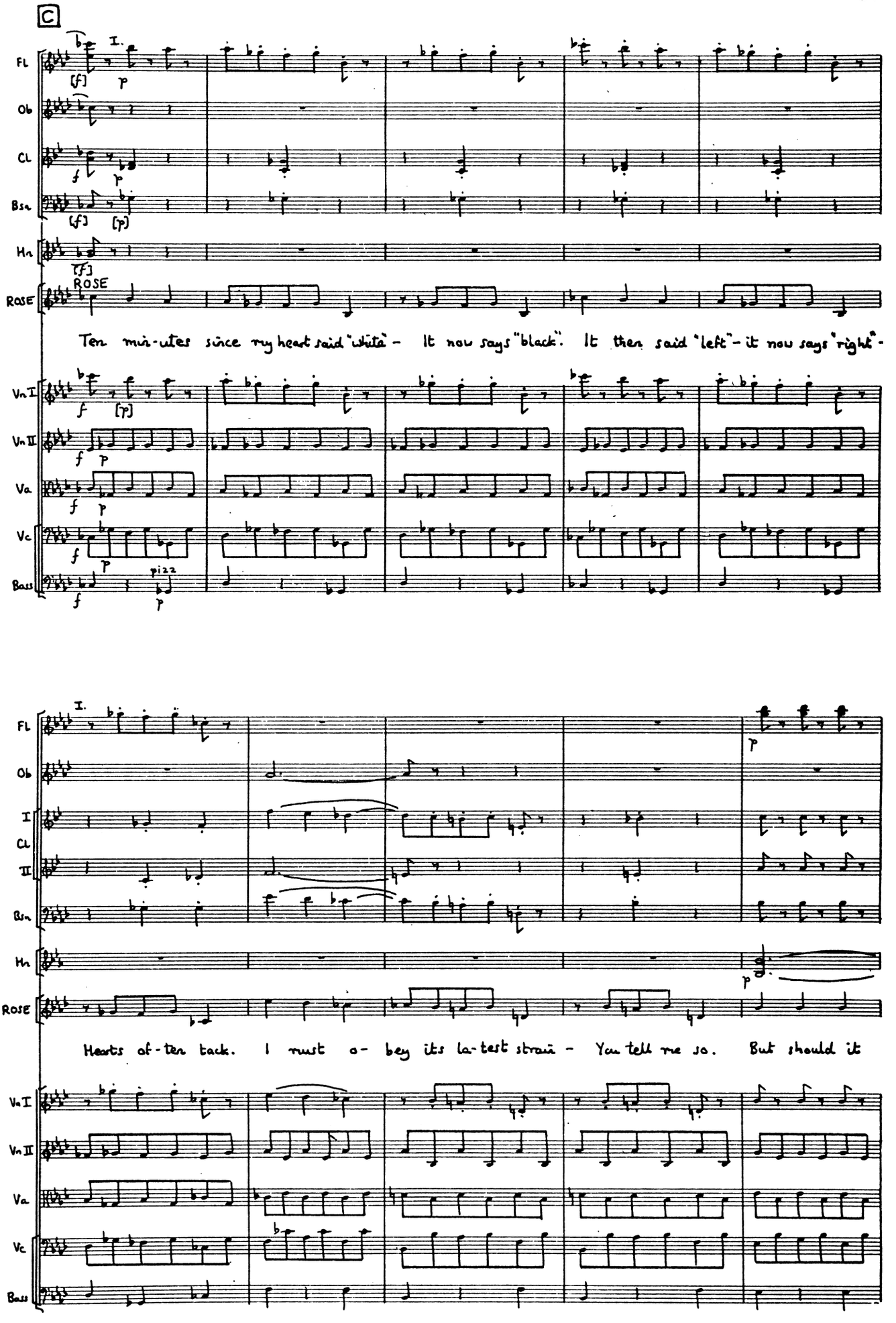

FL
CL
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
RICH.
ROBIN
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
I.
I.
I.
p
– should be your on-ly guide; With sum-mer sea and fav-'ring wind Your-self in
be your on-ly guide; With sum-mer sea and fav-'ring wind Your-self in

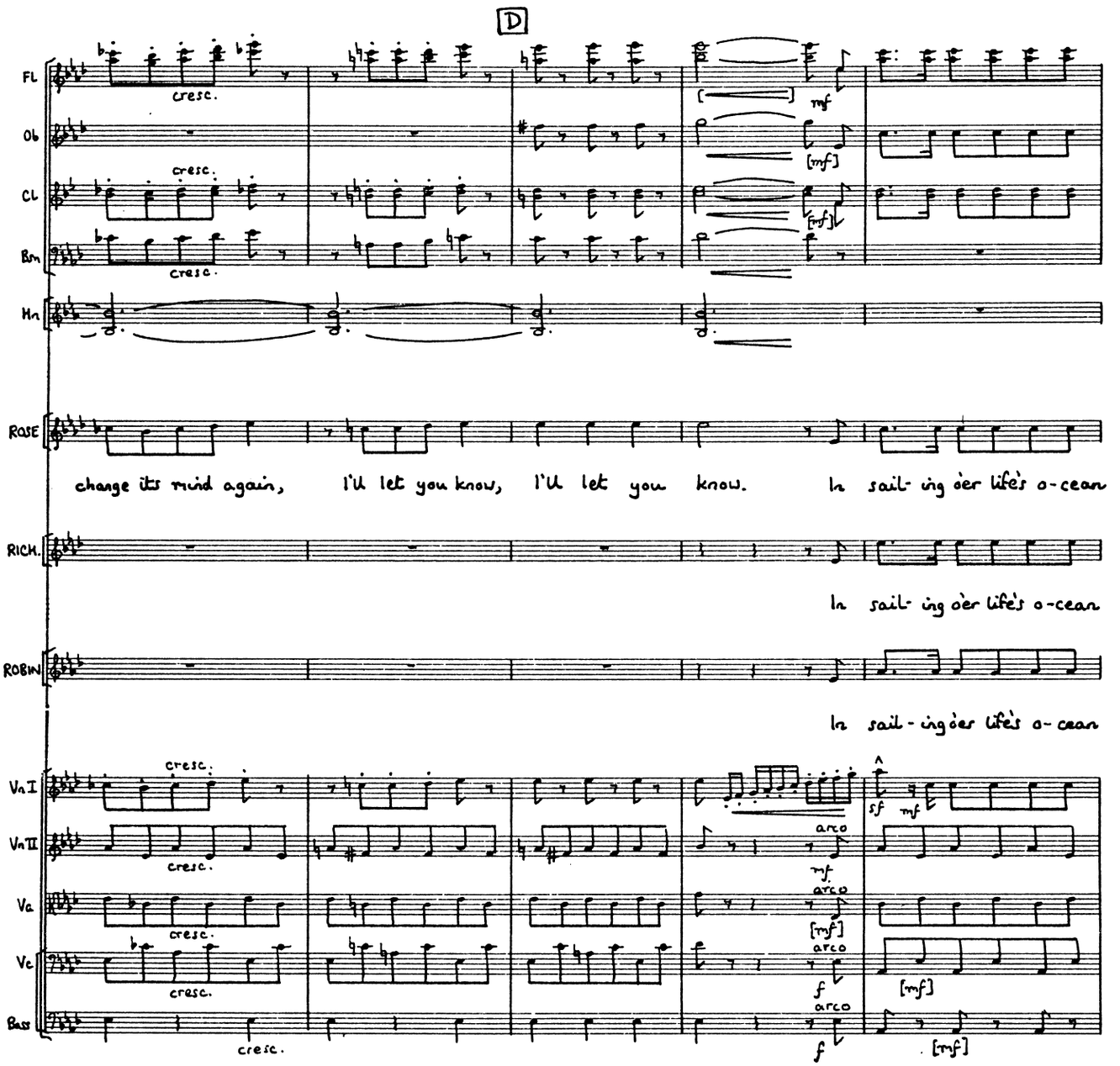

I.
Fl
I.
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
port ——— you'll find.
RICH.
port you'll surely find. My heart says "To this maiden strike - She's captur'd you.
ROBIN
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p
pizz
[p]

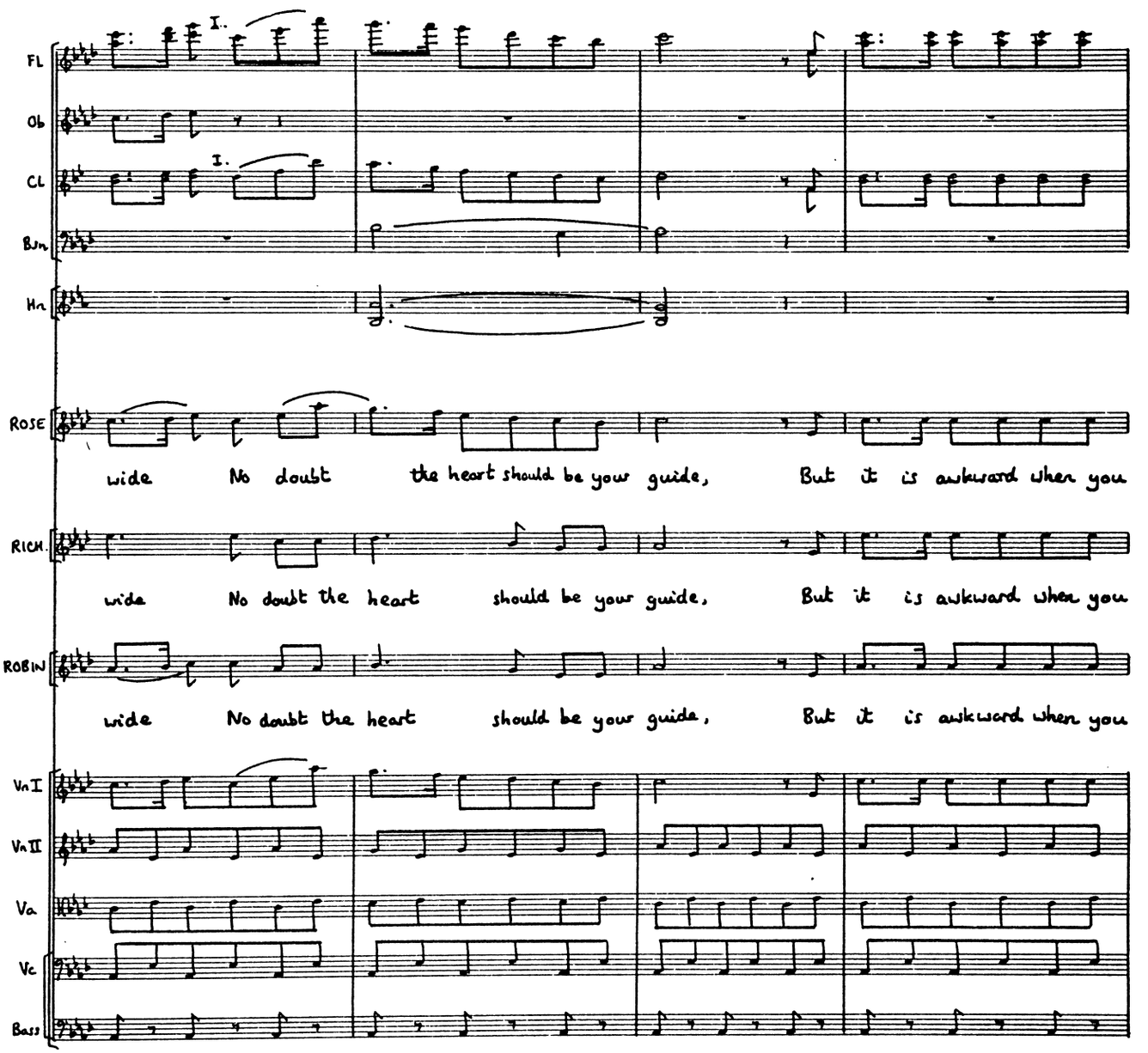

A
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
RICH.
She's just the sort of girl you like - You know you do. If o- ther men her heart should gain,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p

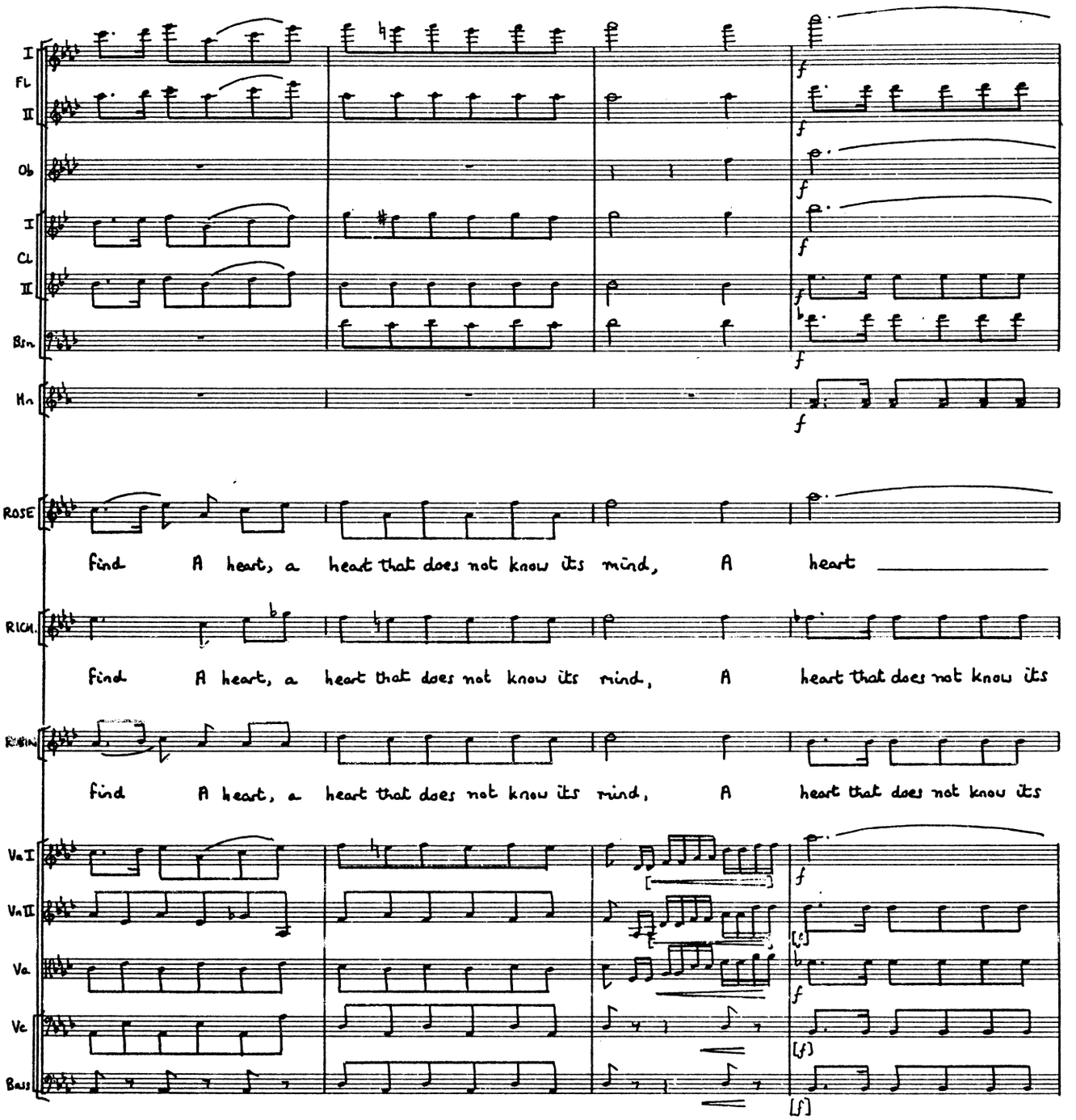

Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
p
Rich.
I shall re-sign." That's what it says to me quite plain, This heart of mine! This heart of
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
Fl
I.
f
p
Ob
Cl
Bsn
(f)
(p)
Hn
Rich.
mine!
Robin
My heart says "You've a prosp'rous lot, With a-cres wide; You mean to
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz

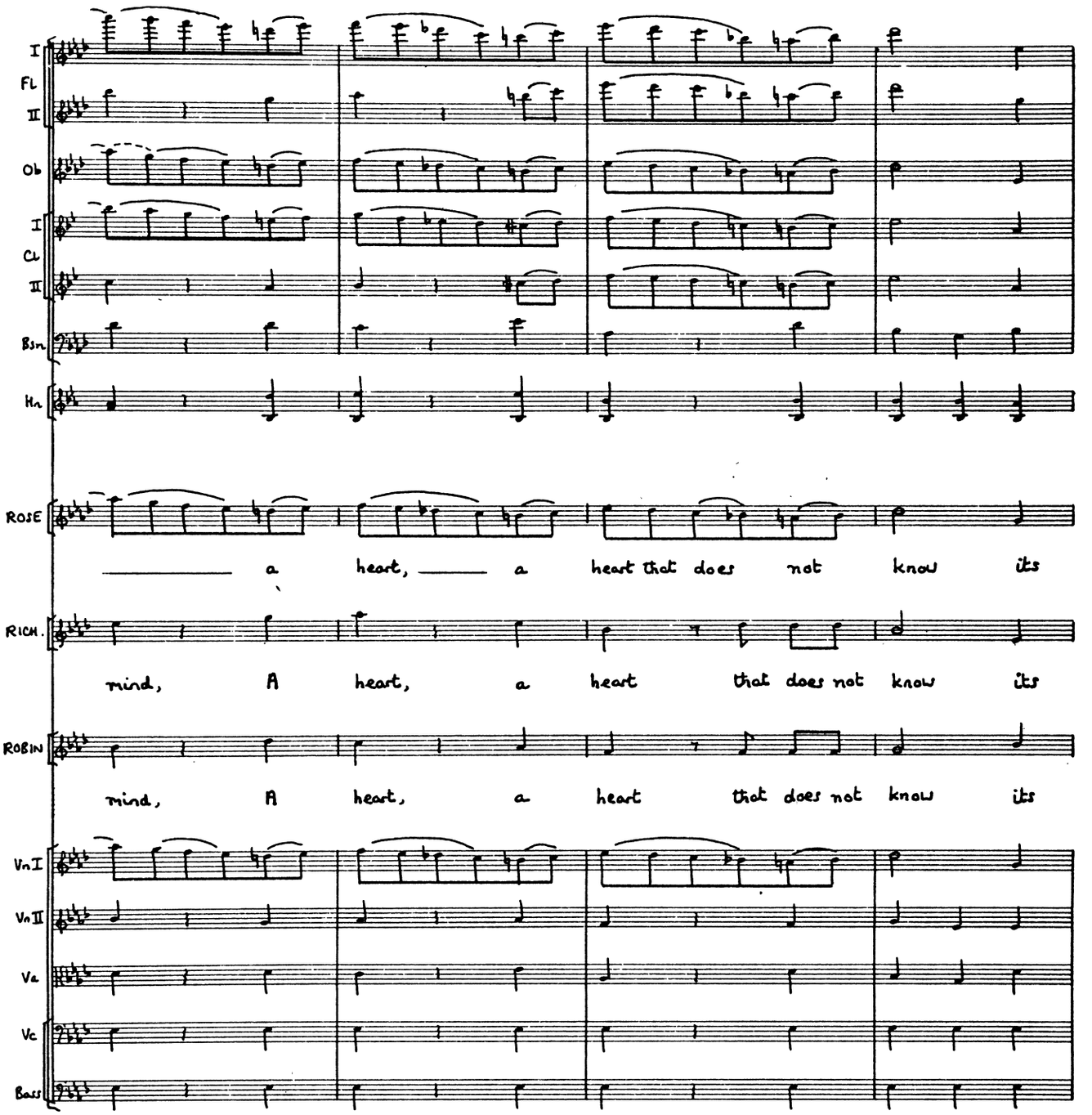

B
I.
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
ROBIN
set-tle all you've got Up-on your bride. It don't pre- tend to shape my acts By word or sign;
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROBIN
It mere - ly states the simple facts, This heart of mine, This heart of mine!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
arco

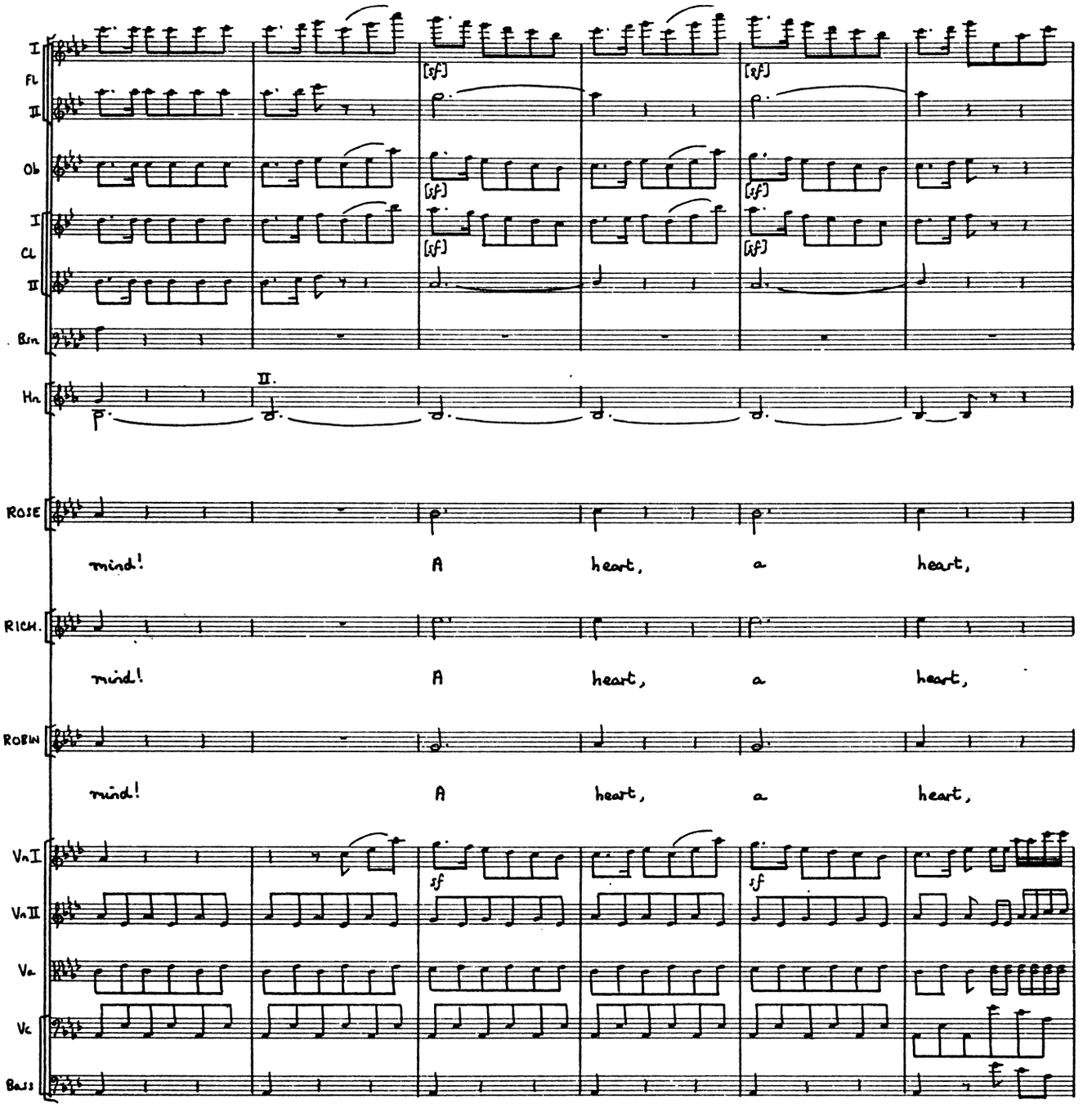

C
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
Ten mi-utes since my heart said "white" - It now says "black". It then said "left" - it now says "right" -
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
I.
Cl
II
Hearts of-ten tack. I must o- bey its la-test strain - You tell me so. But should it

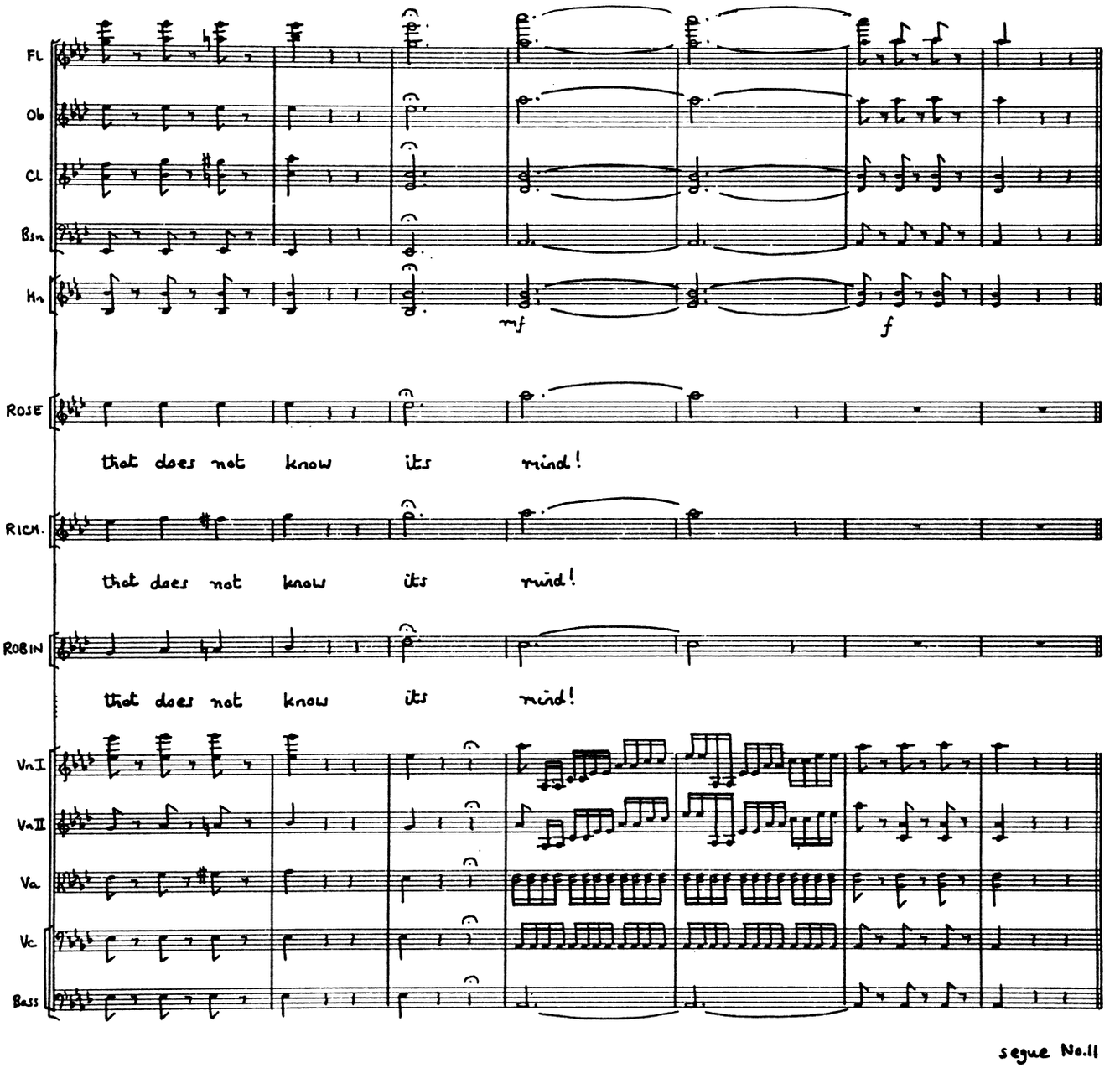

D
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Rose
Rich.
Robin
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
cresc.
mf
[mf]
change its mind again, I'll let you know, I'll let you know. In sail-ing o'er life's o-cean
In sail-ing o'er life's o-cean
In sail-ing o'er life's o-cean
sf
arco
f
[mf]


I.
I.
FL
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
wide No doubt the heart should be your guide, But it is awkward when you
RICH.
wide No doubt the heart should be your guide, But it is awkward when you
ROBIN
wide No doubt the heart should be your guide, But it is awkward when you
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
ROSE
find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A heart
RICH.
find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A heart that does not know its
ROBIN
find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A heart that does not know its
Va I
Va II
Va.
Vc
Bass

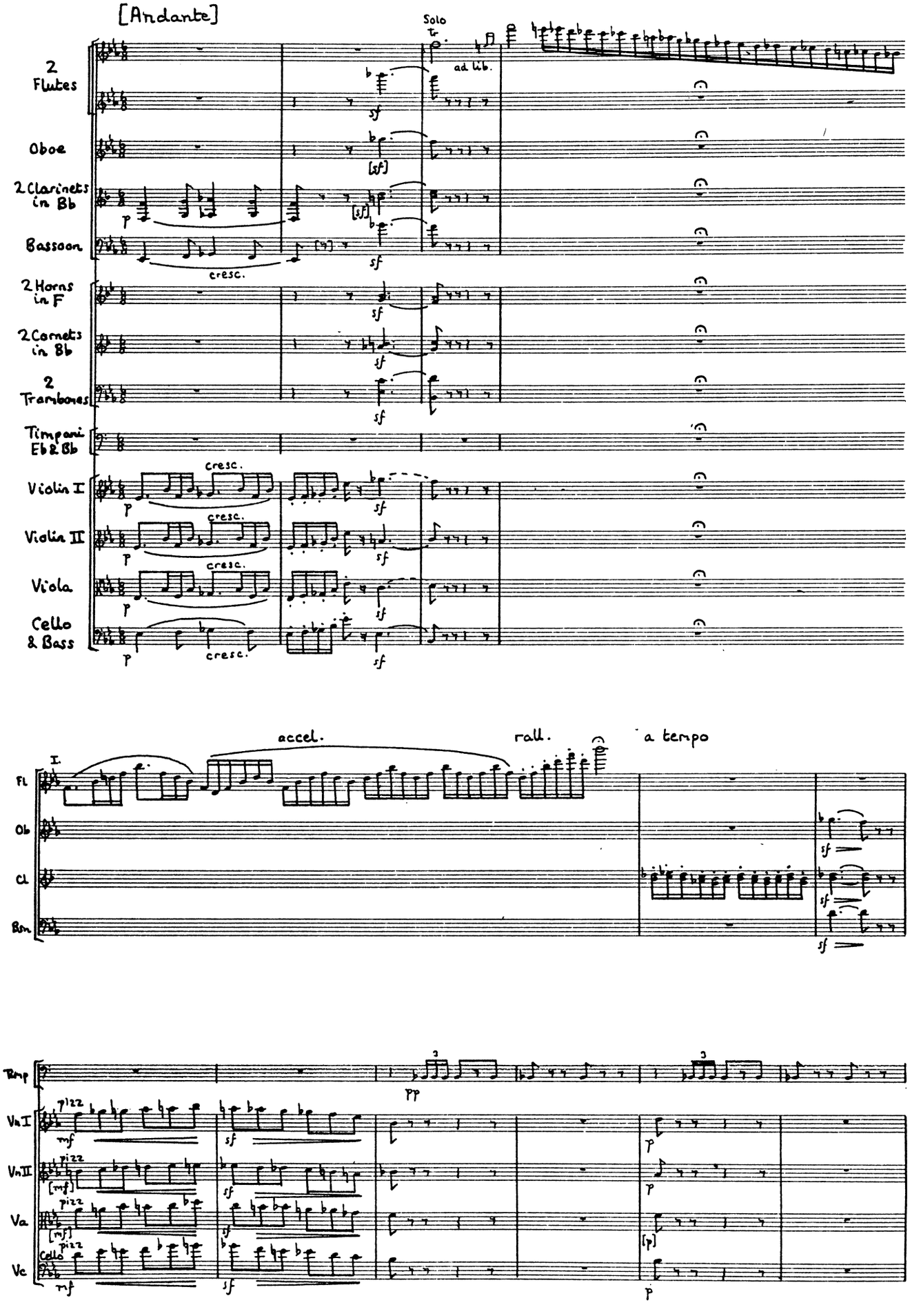

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn.
Hn.
ROSE
a heart, a heart that does not know its
RICH.
mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its
ROBIN
mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

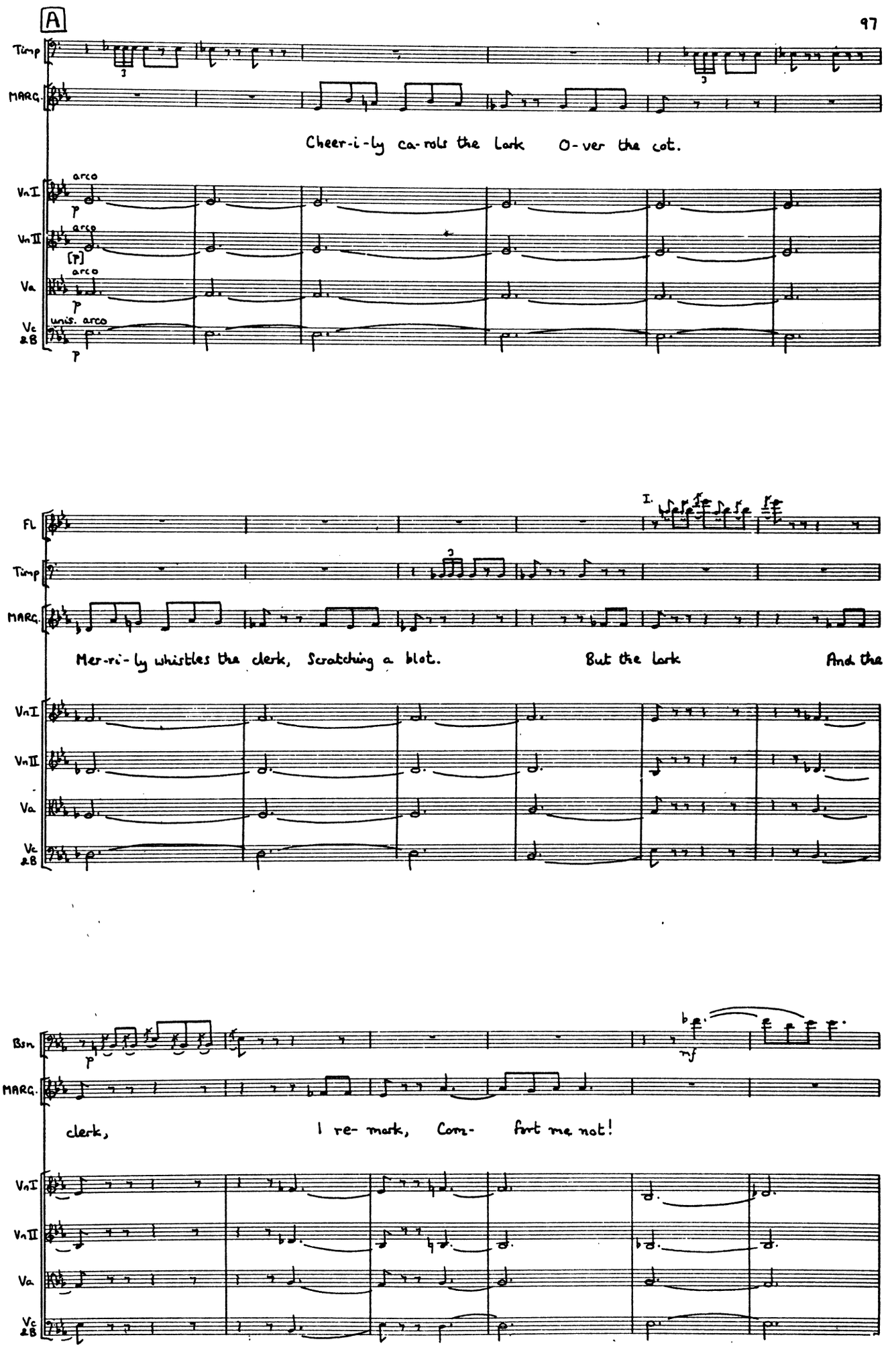

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
II.
ROSE
mind! A heart, a heart,
RICH.
mind! A heart, a heart,
ROBIN
mind! A heart, a heart,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
[sf]
sf

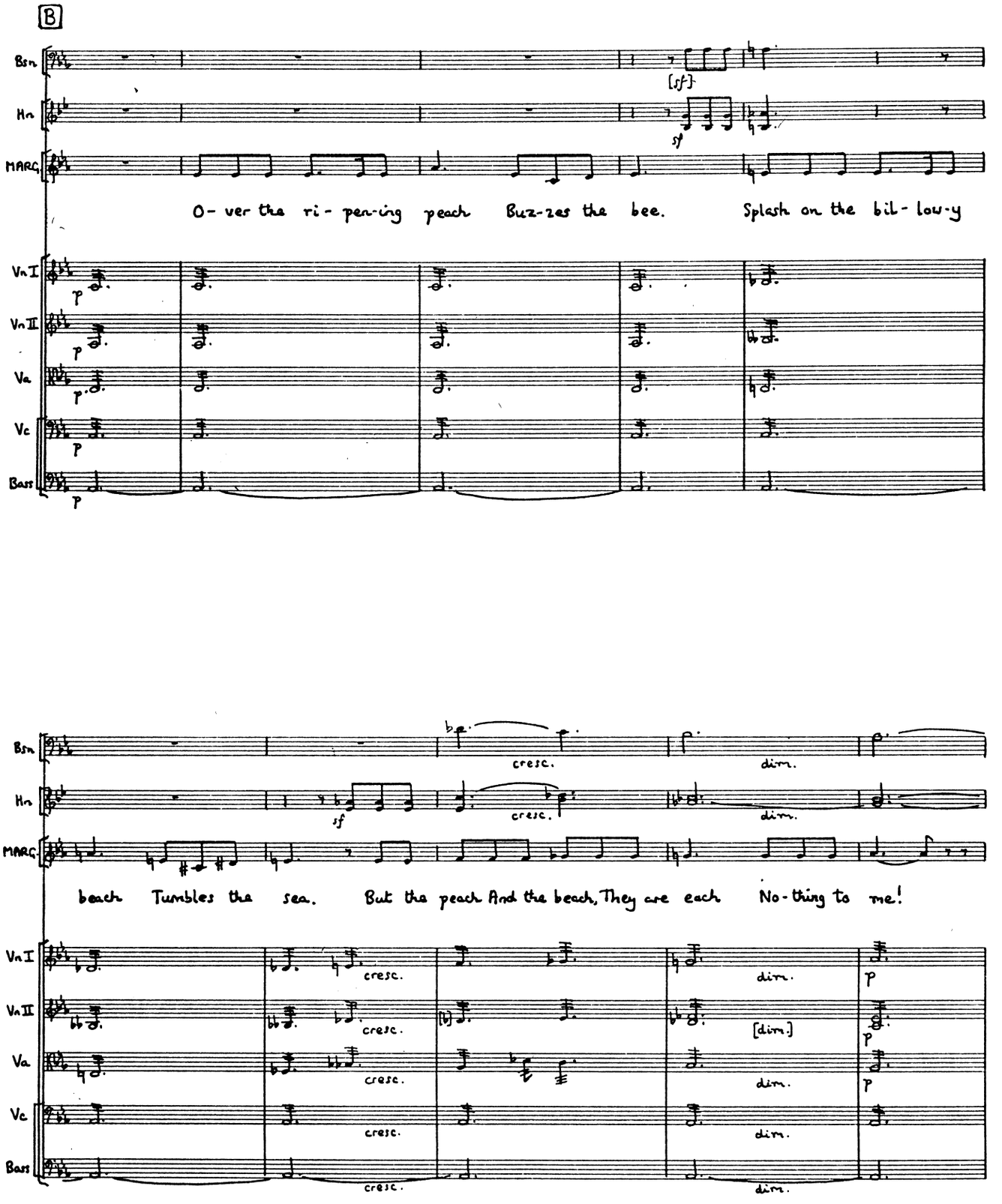

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
mf
f
ROSE
that does not know its mind!
RICH.
that does not know its mind!
ROBIN
that does not know its mind!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

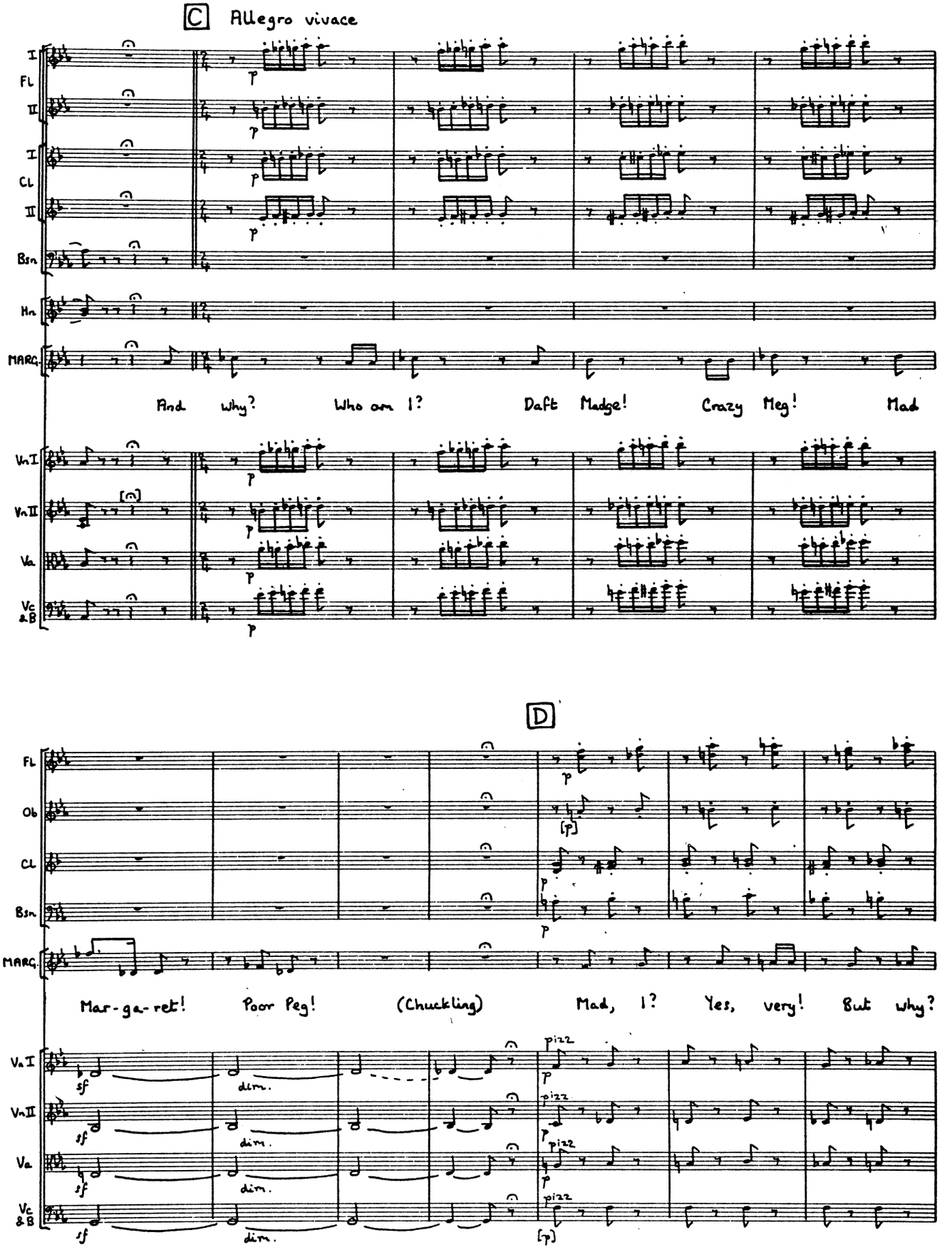
segue No.11

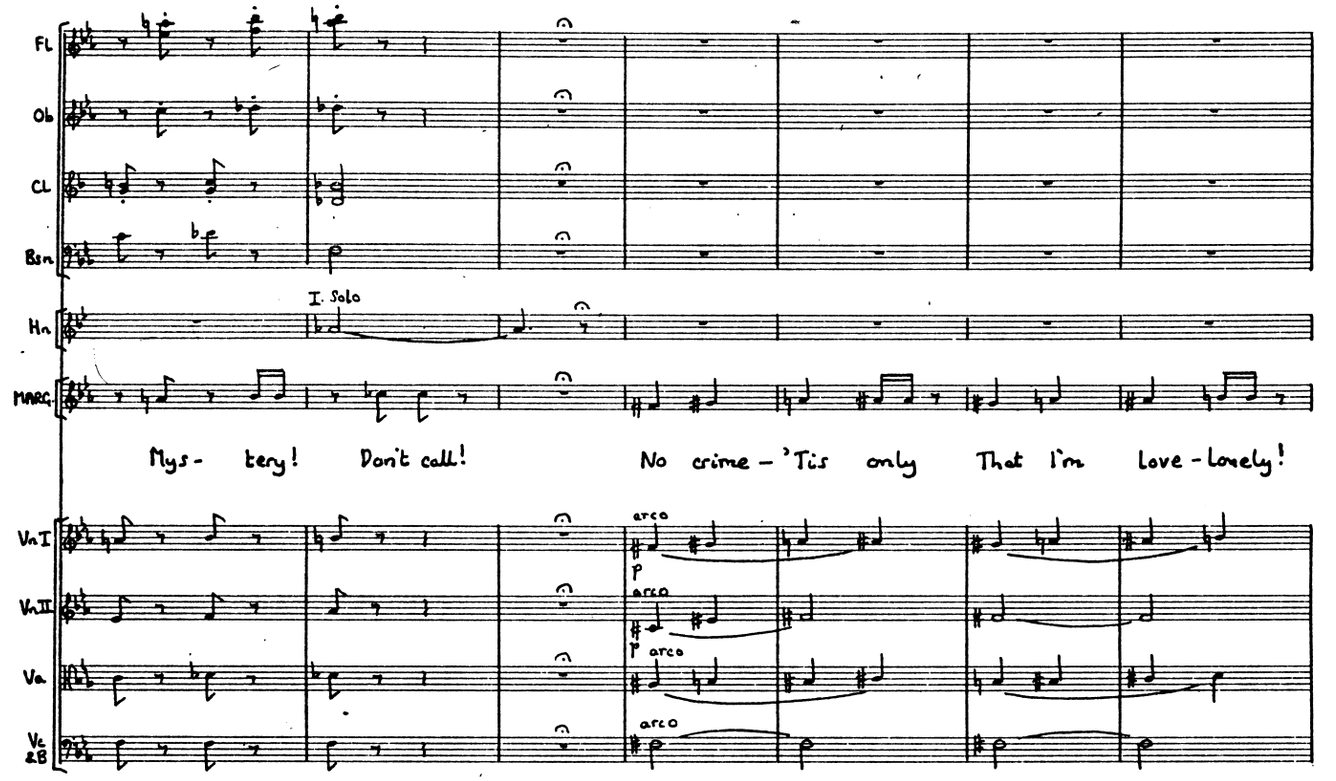
No. 11. RECIT. AND ARIA (Margaret)

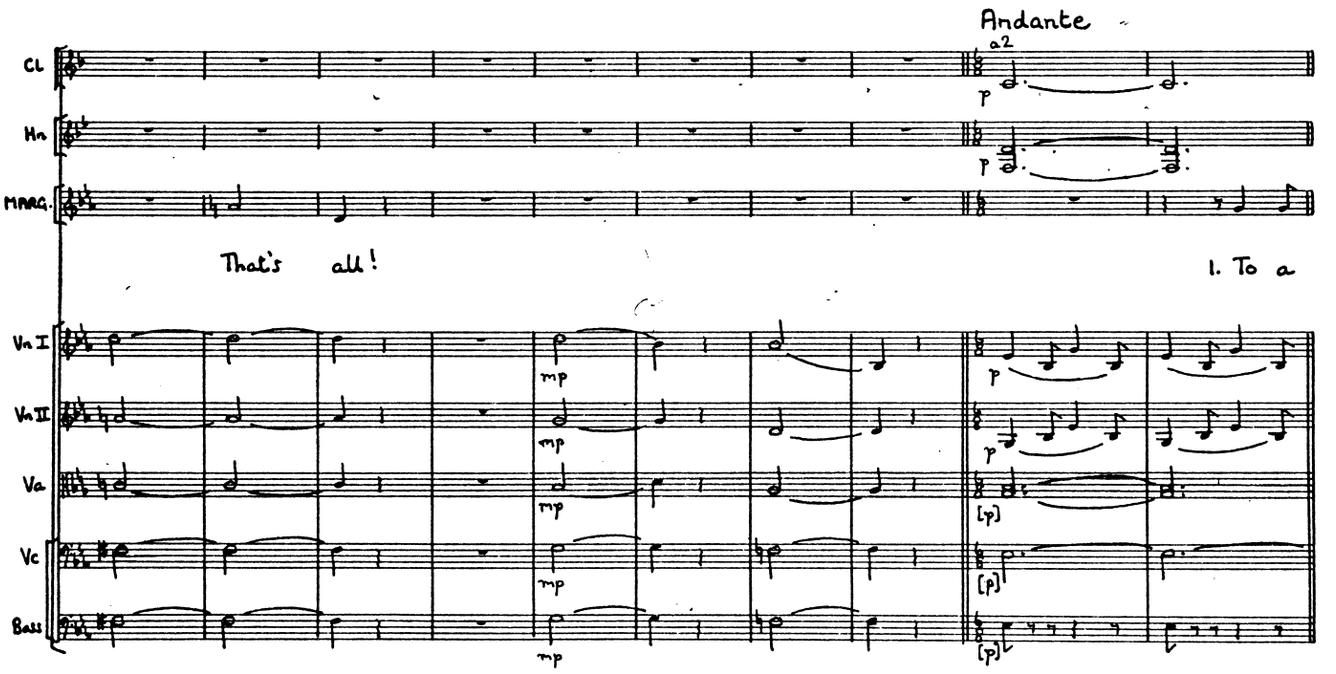


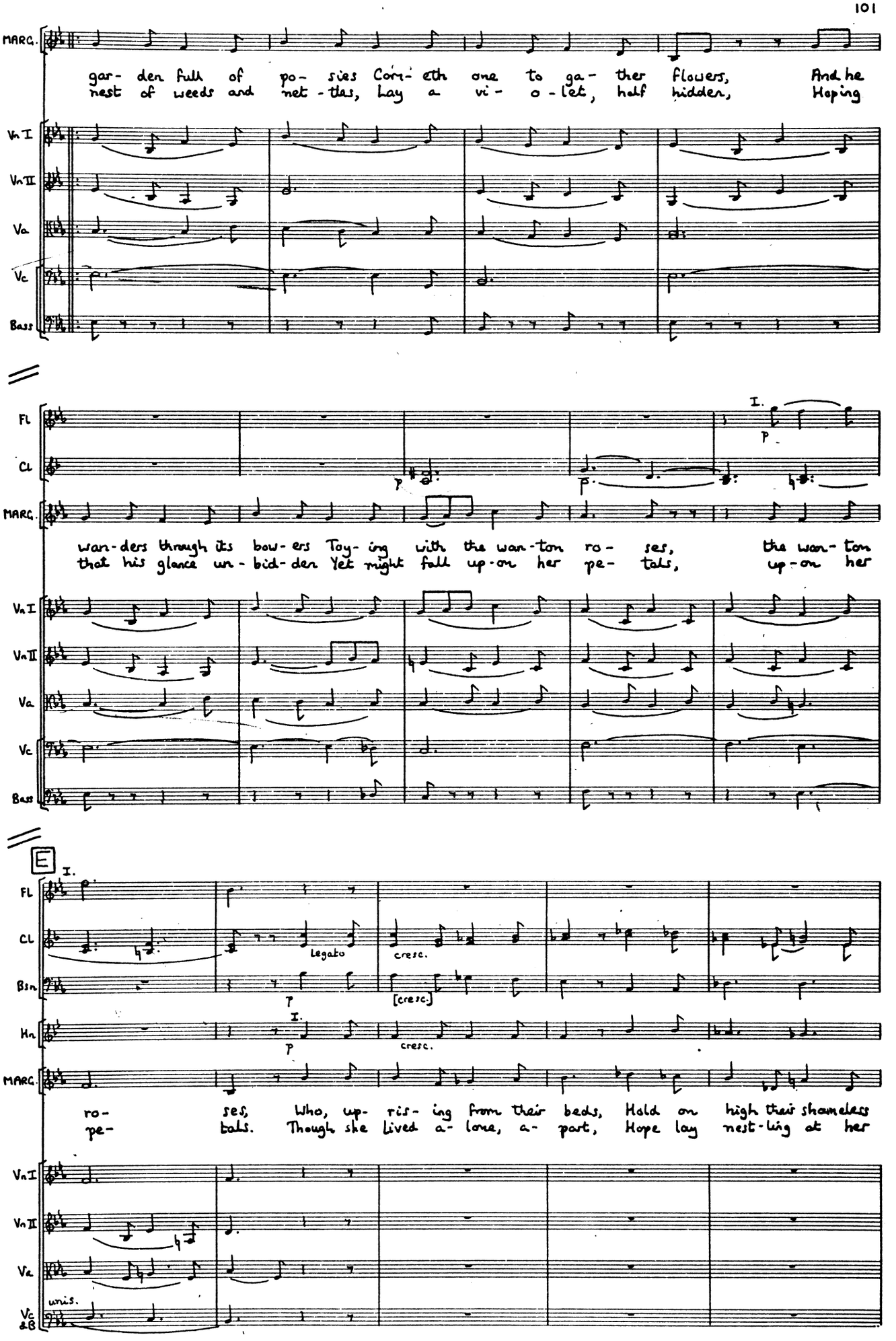

A
Timp
MARC.
Cheer-i-ly ca-rols the lark O-ver the cot.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
arco
p
[p]
unis. arco
Fl
I.
Mer-ri-ly whistles the clerk, Scratching a blot. But the lark And the
Bsn
mf
clerk, I re-mark, Com- fort me not!

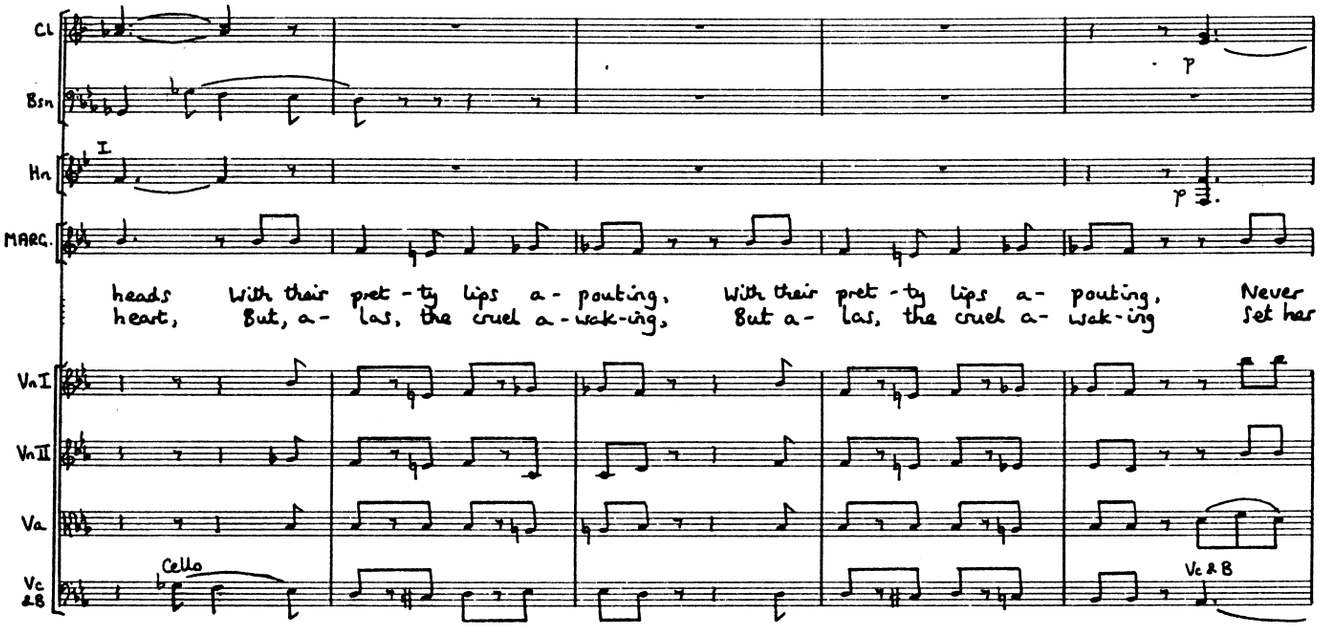

B
Bsn
Hn
MARC.
[sf]
sf
O- ver the ri- pen-ing peach Buz-zes the bee. Splash on the bil- low-y
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
p
cresc.
dim.
beach Tumbles the sea. But the peach And the beach, They are each No-thing to me!
[dim.]

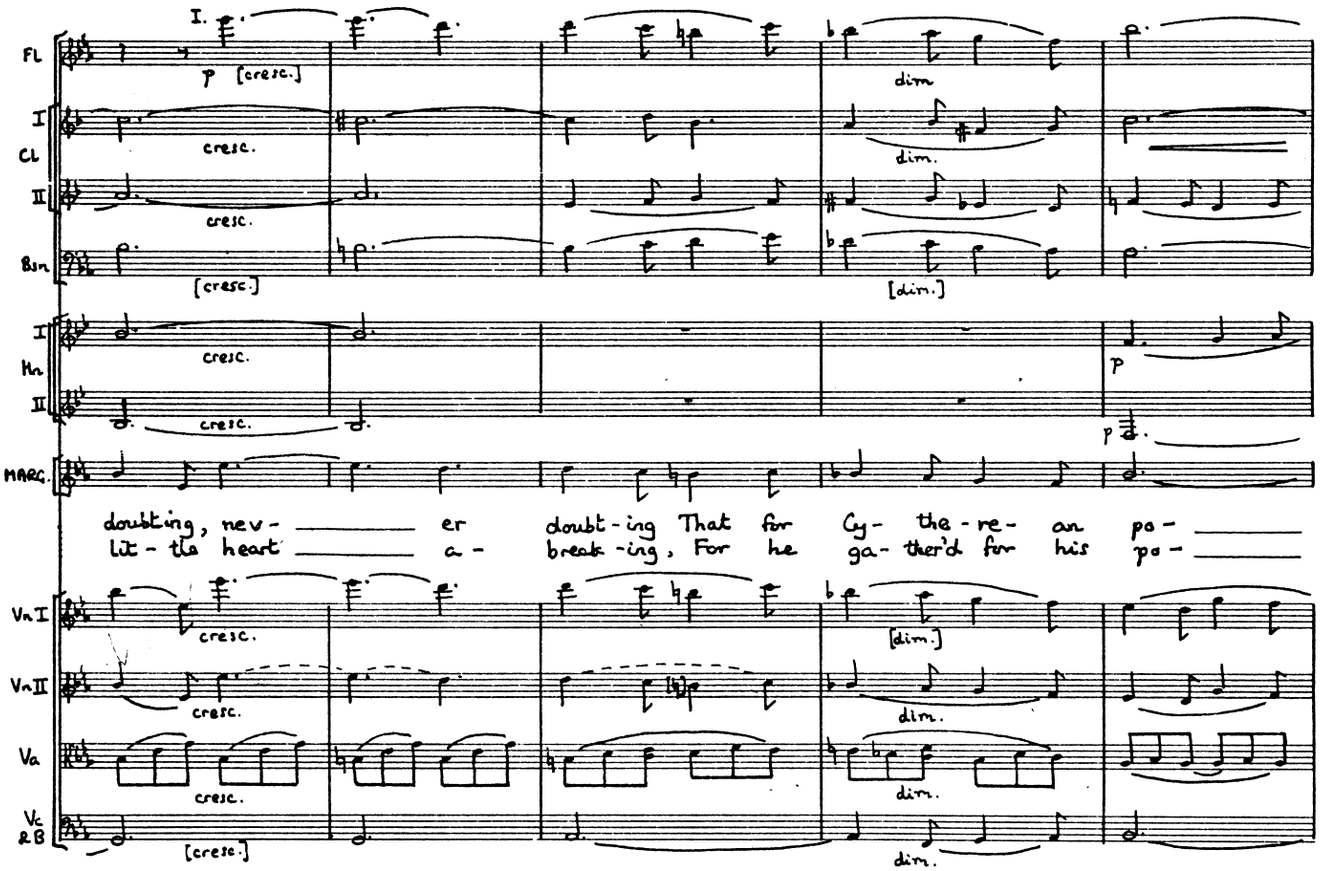

C Allegro vivace
I
Fl
II
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
MARC.
And why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Crazy Meg! Mad
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
D
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
MARC.
Mar-ga-ret! Poor Peg! (Chuckling) Mad, I? Yes, very! But why?
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
sf
dim.
pizz

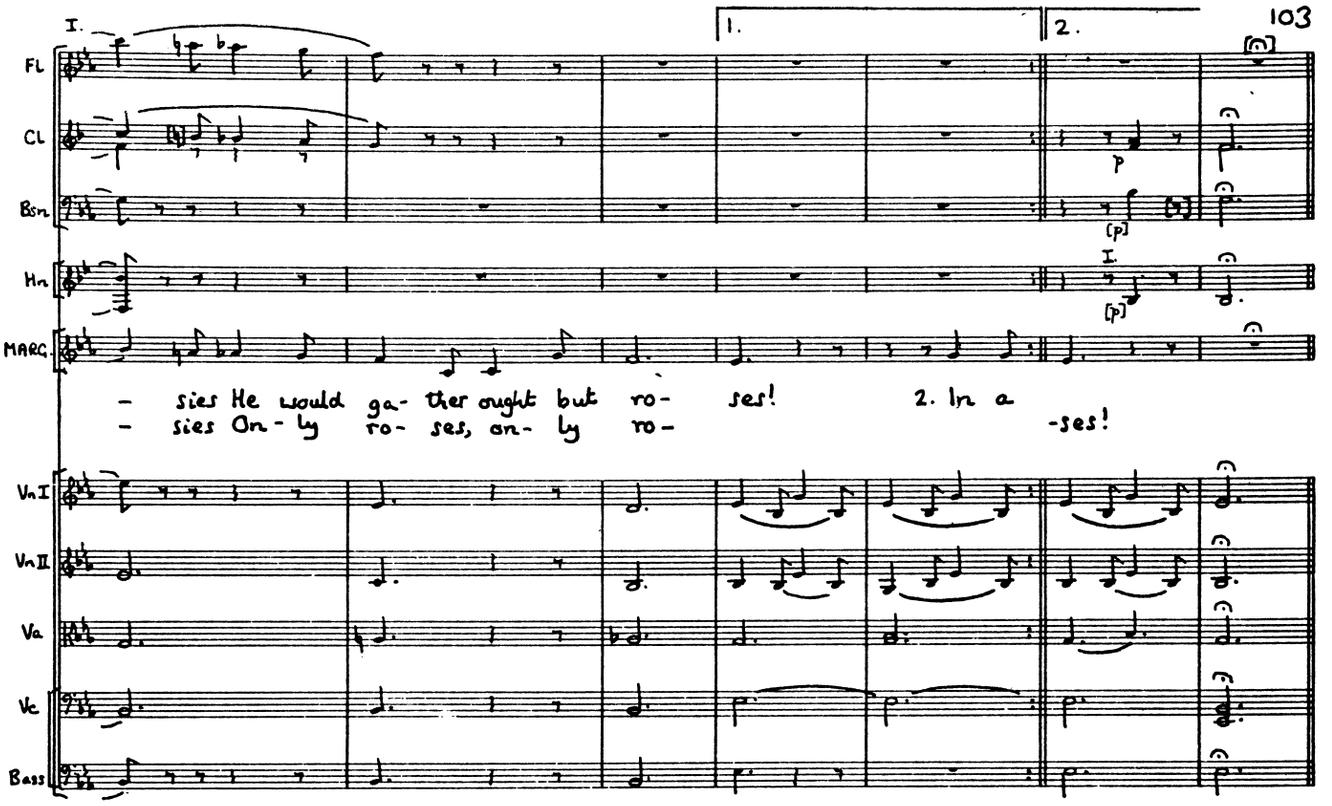

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I. Solo
MARG.
Mys- tery! Don't call! No crime – 'Tis only That I'm Love-lovely!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
arco
p
arco
p
arco
arco


Andante
Cl
a2
p
Hn
p
MARG.
That's all!
1. To a
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
p
p
[p]
[p]
[p]


MARC.
gar- den full of po- sies Com- eth one to ga- ther flowers, And he
nest of weeds and net- tles, Lay a vi- o- let, half hidden, Hoping
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
Fl
Cl
I.
p
MARC.
wan- ders through its bow- ers Toy- ing with the wan- ton ro- ses, the wan- ton
that his glance un- bid- den Yet might fall up- on her pe- tals, up- on her
E
I.
Fl
Cl
Legato
cresc.
Bsn
[cresc.]
Hn
cresc.
MARC.
ro- ses, Who, up- ris- ing from their beds, Hold on high their shameless
pe- tals. Though she lived a- lone, a- part, Hope lay nest- ling at her
unis.
Vc &B


Cl
Bsn
I
Hn
MARC.
heads With their pret-ty lips a-pouting, With their pret-ty lips a-pouting, Never
heart, But, a-las, the cruel a-wak-ing, But a-las, the cruel a-wak-ing Set her
VnI
VnII
Va
Cello
Vc &B
Vc &B


I.
Fl
I
Cl
II
Bsn
I
Hn
II
MARC.
doubting, nev- er doubt-ing That for Cy- the-re- an po-
lit-tle heart a- break-ing, For he ga-ther'd for his po-
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
cresc.
[cresc.]
dim.
[dim.]
p



ROSE A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple —

MARGARET No! Tell me, are you mad?

ROSE I? No! That is, I think not.

MARGARET That's well! Then you don't love Sir Despard Murgatroyd? All mad girls love him. I love him. I'm poor Mad Margaret — Crazy Meg — Poor Peg! He! he! he! he!

ROSE Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, horrible — too horrible!

MARGARET You pity me? Then be my mother! The squirrel had a mother, but she drank and the squirrel fled! Hush! They sing a brave song in our parts — it runs somewhat thus:

"The cat and the dog and the little puppee
Sat down in a — down in a — in a —"

I forget what they sat down in, but so the song goes! Listen — I've come to pinch her!

ROSE Mercy, whom!

MARGARET You mean "who".

ROSE Nay! it is the accusative after the verb.

MARGARET True. I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

ROSE Rose Maybud!

MARGARET Aye! I love him — he loved me once. But that's all gone, fisht! He gave me an Italian glance — thus — and made me his. He will give her an Italian glance, and make her his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her — stamp on her — stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody! No? Why not? Listen — I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it. So it died — pop! So shall she!

ROSE But behold, I am Rose Maybud, and I would fain not die "pop".

MARGARET You are Rose Maybud!

ROSE Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

MARGARET Strange! They told me she was beautiful! And he loves you! No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird — I would rend you asunder!

ROSE Nay, be pacified, for behold I am pledged to another, and lo, we are to be wedded this very day!

MARGARET Swear me that! Come to a Commissioner and let me have it on affidavit! I once made an affidavit — but it died — it died — it died! But see, they come — Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide — they are all mad — quite mad!

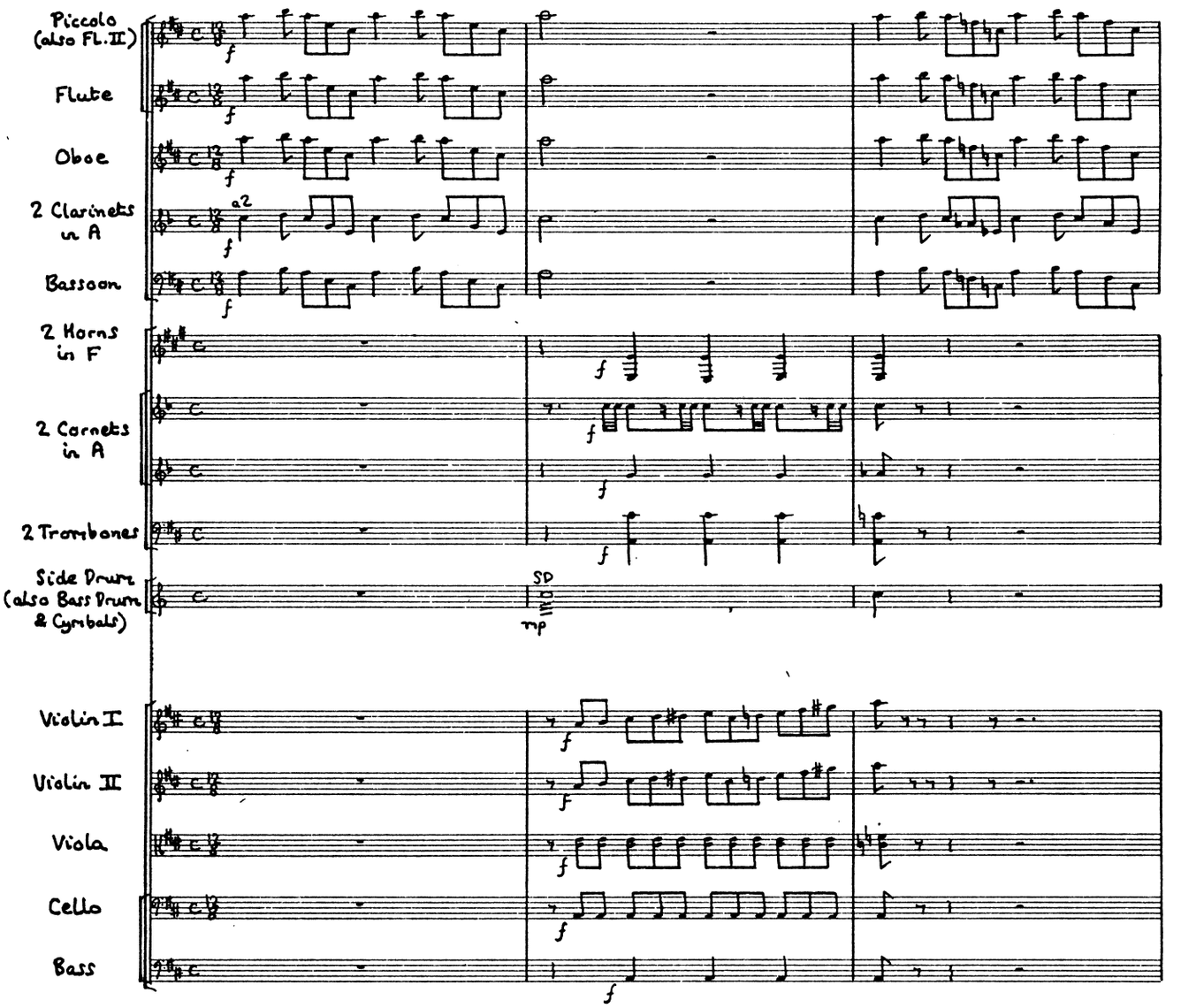
ROSE What makes you think that?

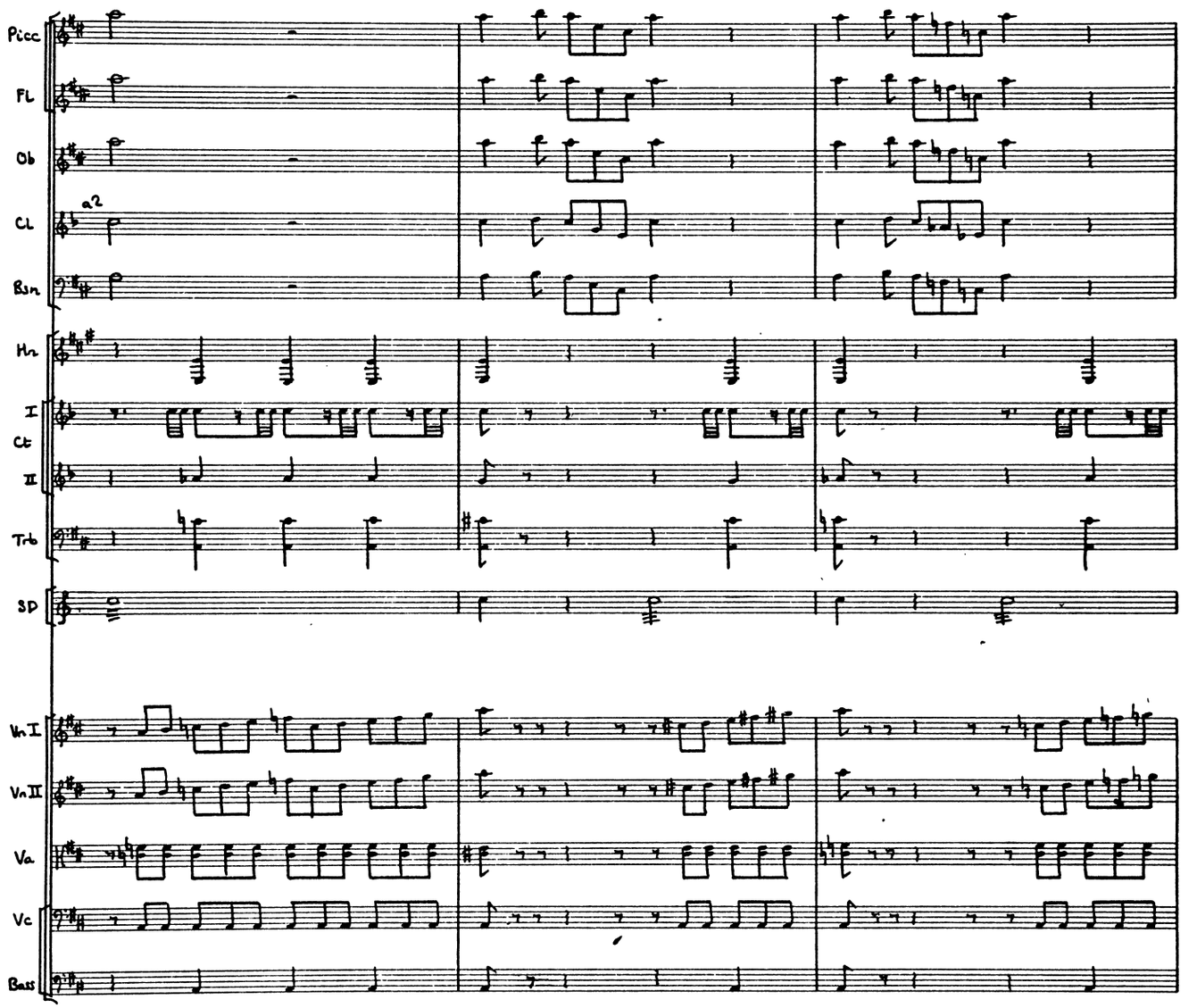
MARGARET Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's mad enough, I think! Go — hide away, or they will seize you. Hush! Quite softly — quite, quite softly!

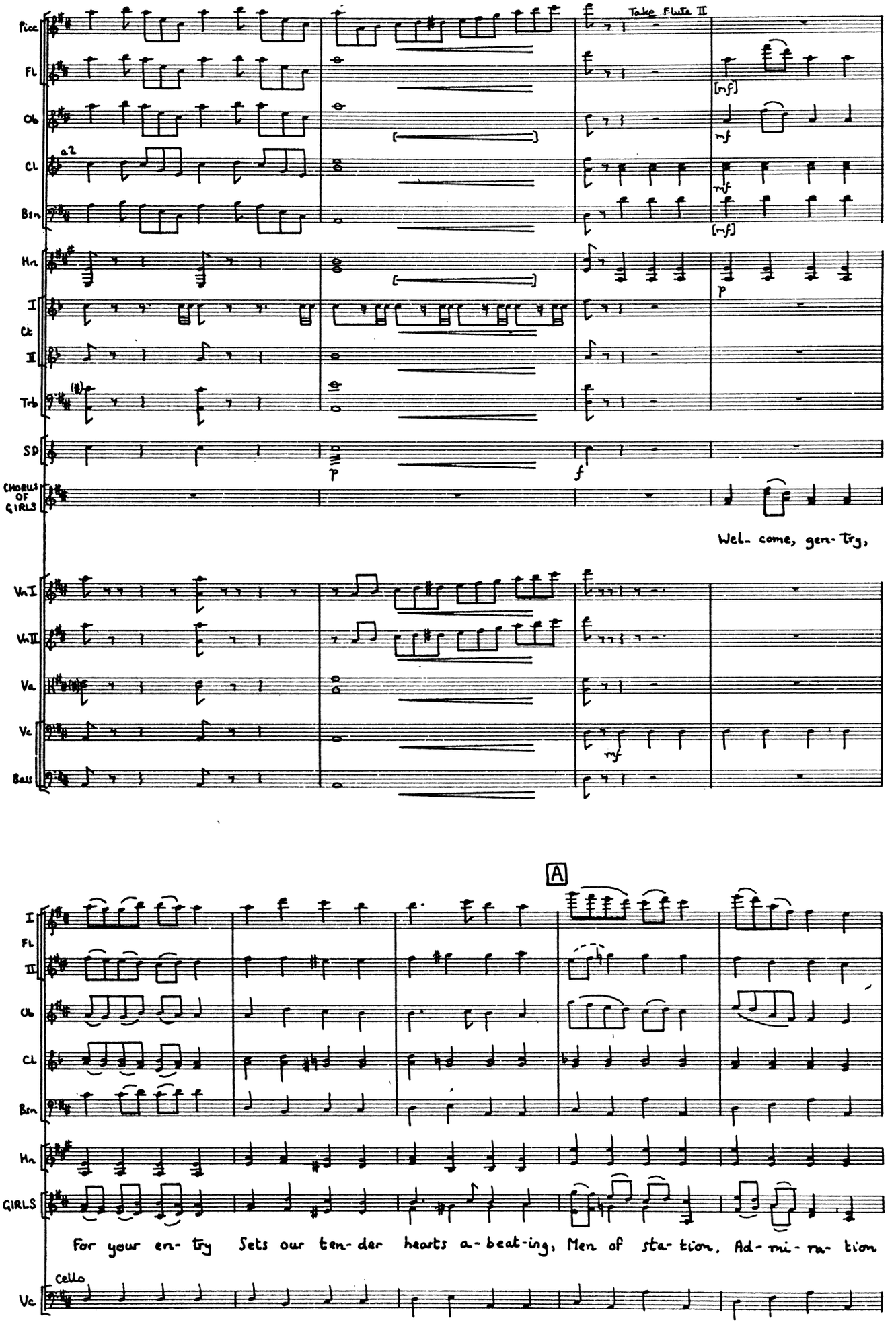
No. 12. CHORUS

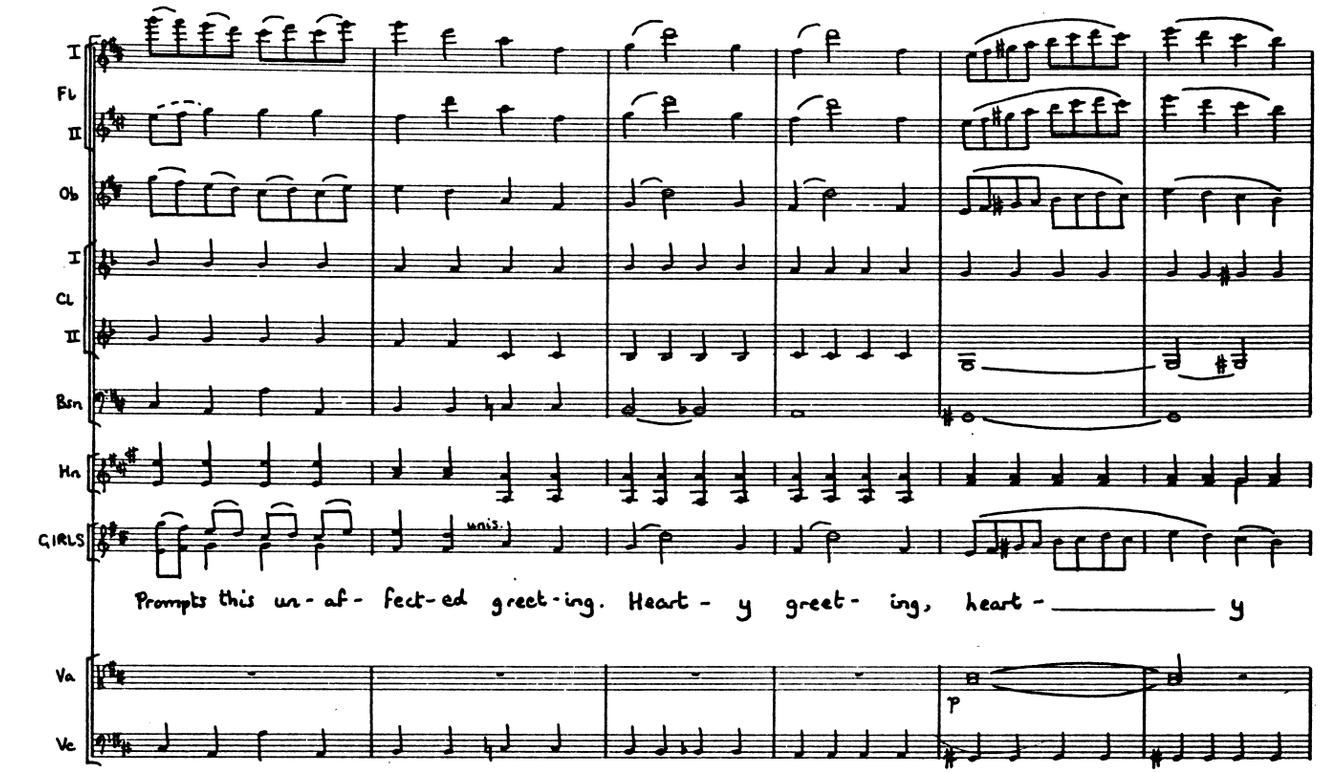
(Bridesmaids,
& Bucks and Blades)

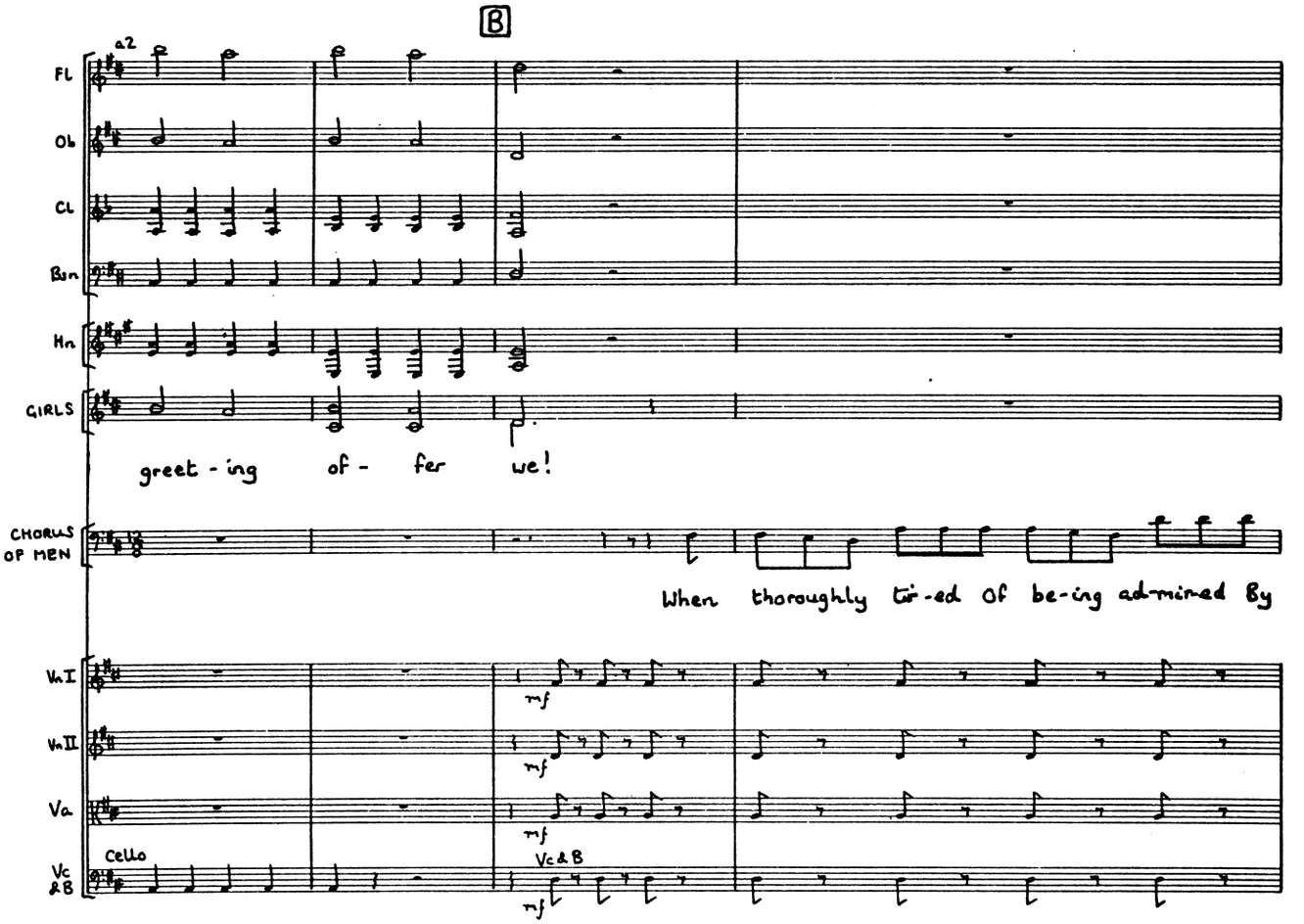
Allegro con brio

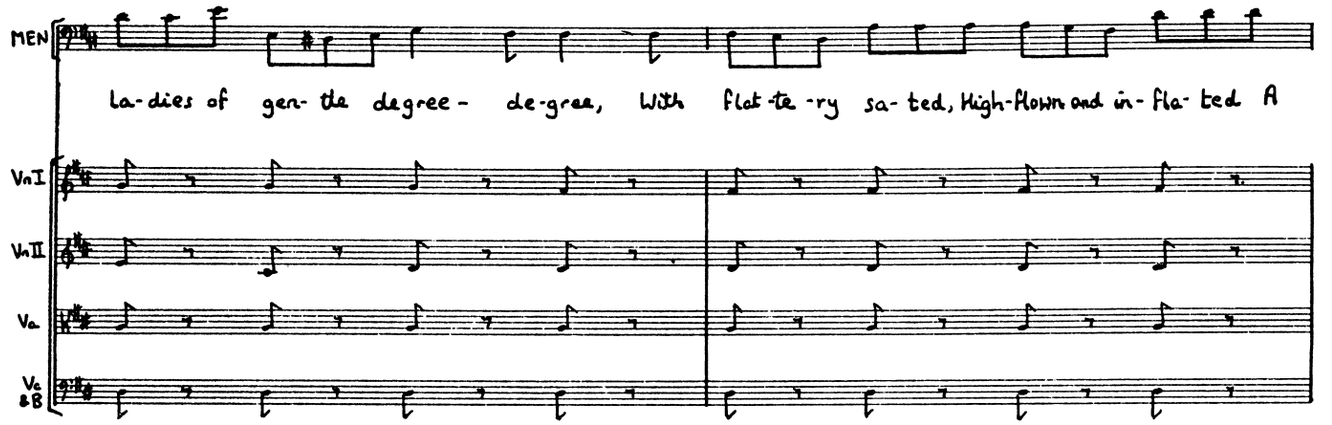


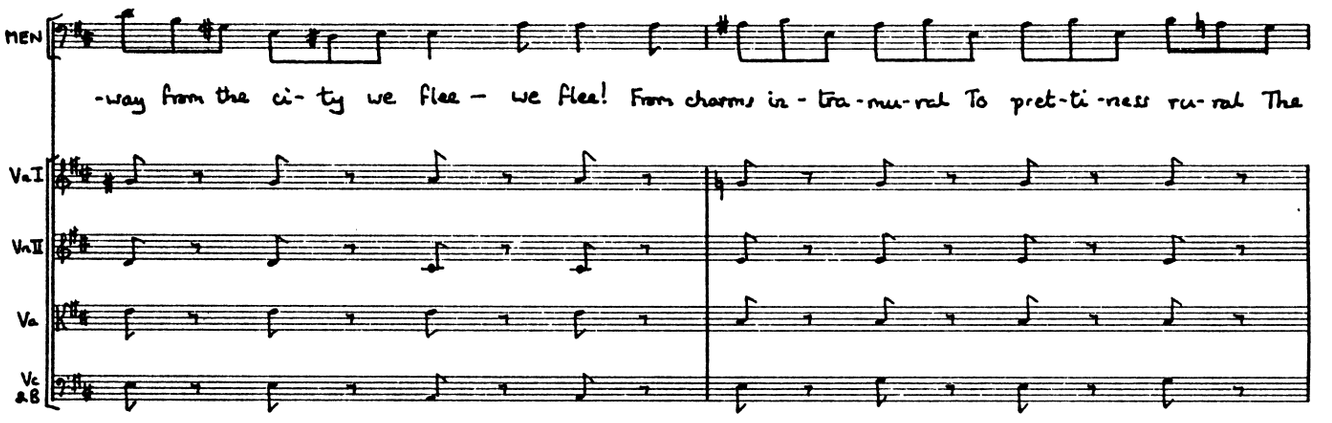

Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
I
Ct
II
Trb
SP
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

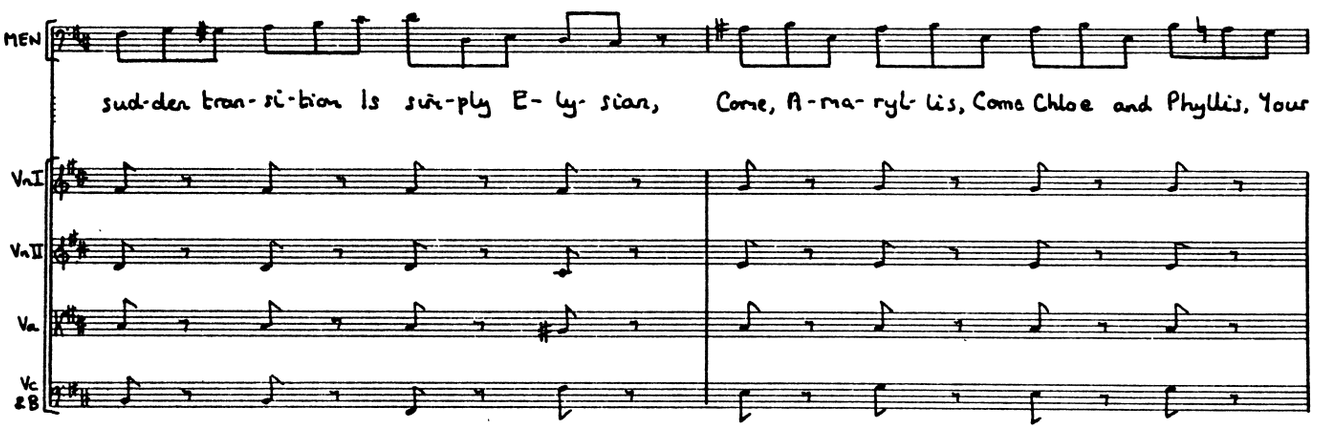

Take Flute II
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I
Cl
II
Trb
SD
CHORUS OF GIRLS
Wel- come, gen- try,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
A
I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
For your en- try Sets our ten- der hearts a- beat- ing, Men of sta- tion, Ad- mi- ra- tion
Cello
Vc

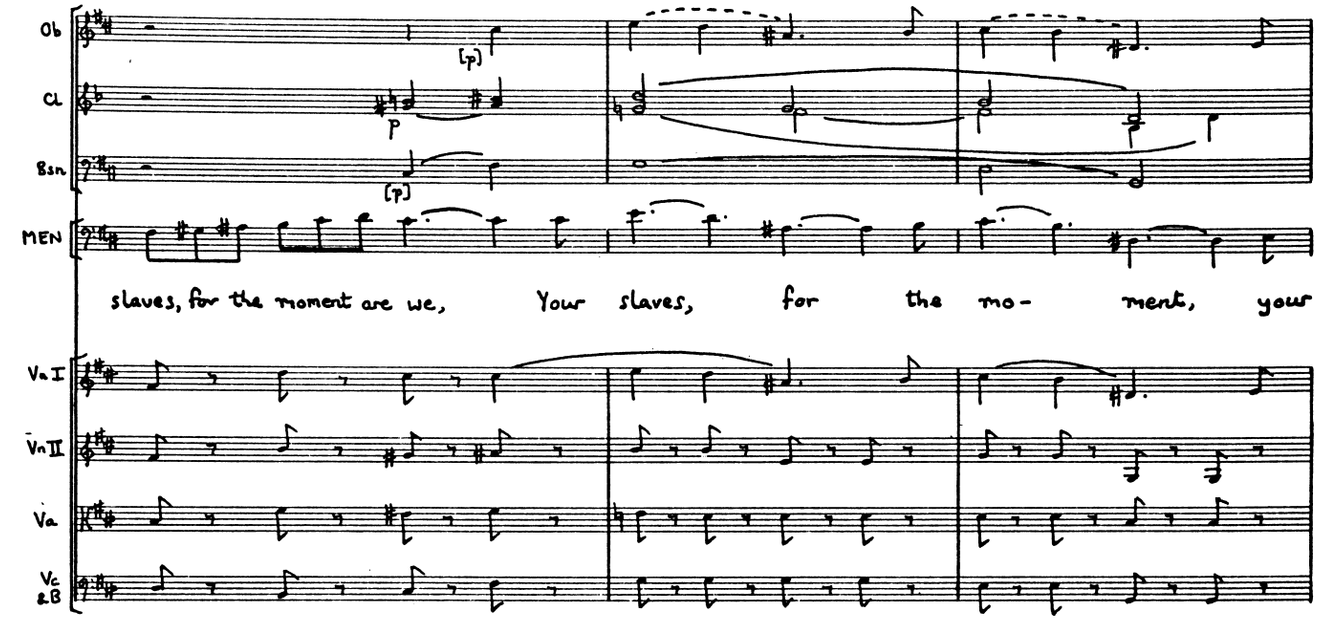

I
Fl
II
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
unis.
Prompts this un - af - fect-ed greet-ing. Heart - y greet- ing, heart - y
Va
Vc
p

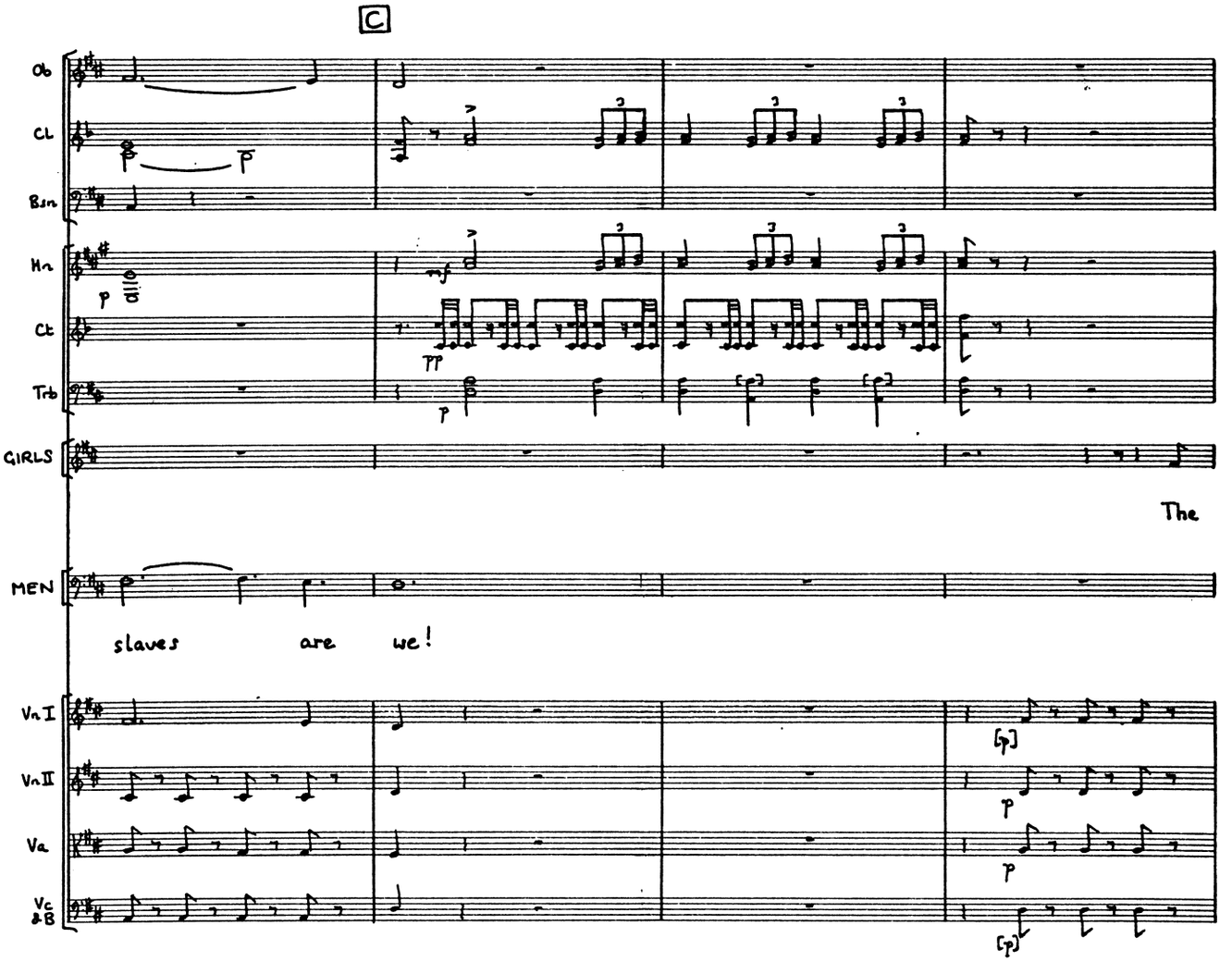

B
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
greet - ing of - fer we!
CHORUS OF MEN
When thoroughly tir-ed Of be-ing ad-mired By
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Cello
mf
mf
mf
mf

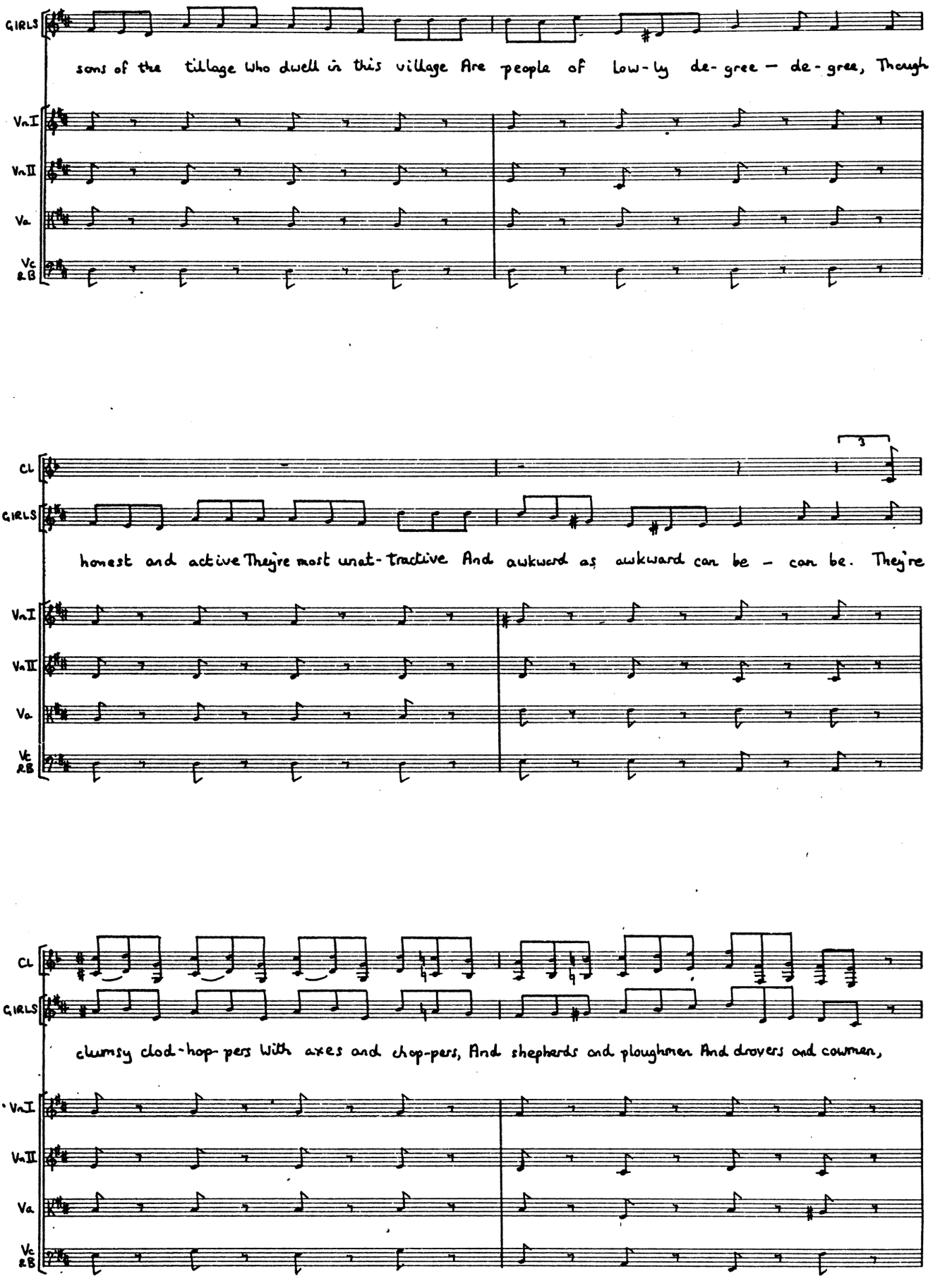

MEN
la-dies of gen-tle degree- de-gree, With flat-te-ry sa-ted, High-flown and in-fla-ted A
VnI
VnII
Va
Va &B

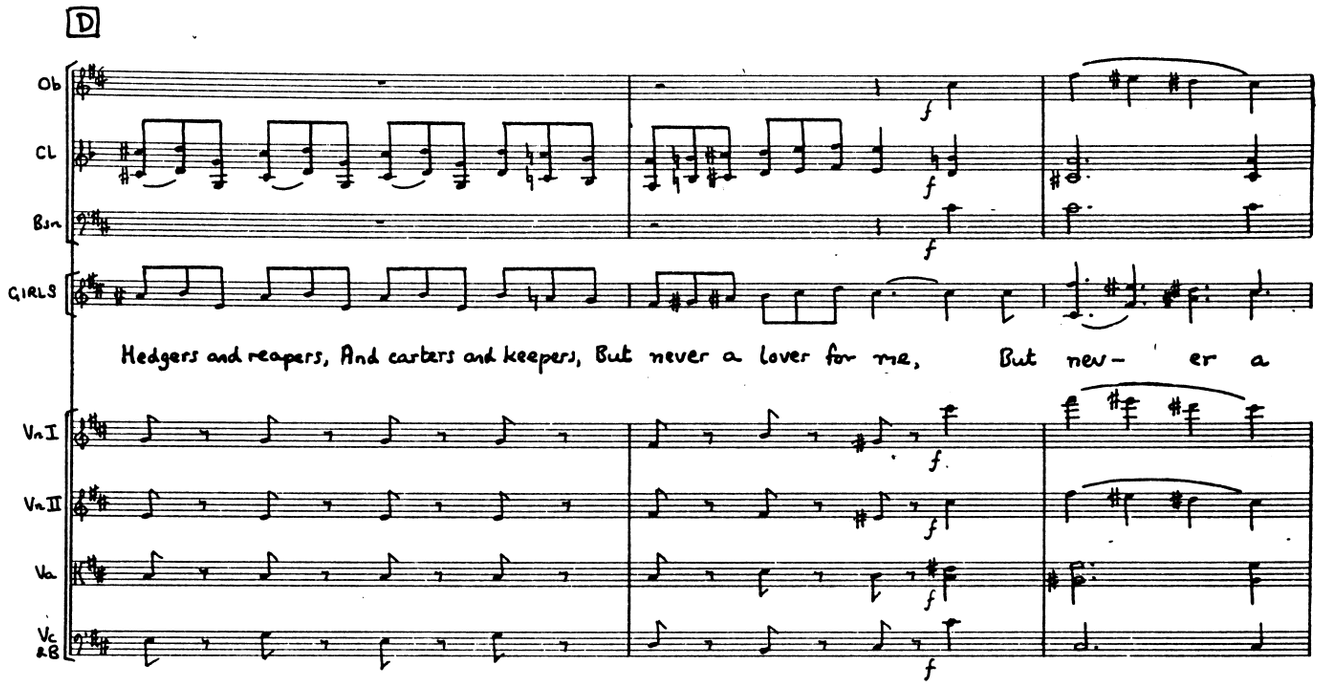

MEN
-way from the ci-ty we flee- we flee! From charms in-tra-mu-ral To pret-ti-ness ru-ral The
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

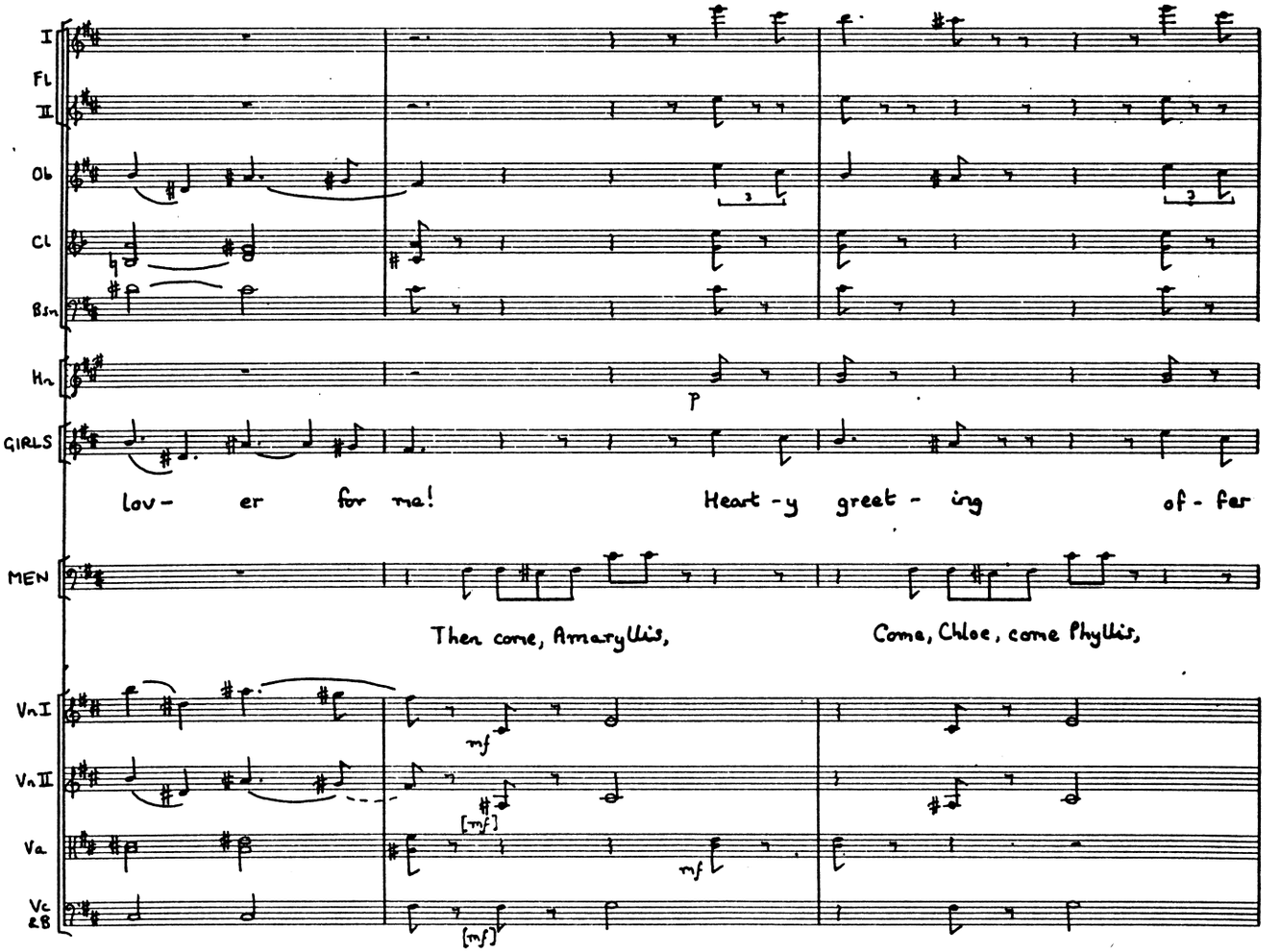

MEN
sud-den tran-si-tion Is sim-ply E-ly-sian, Come, A-ma-ryl-lis, Come Chloe and Phyllis, Your
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

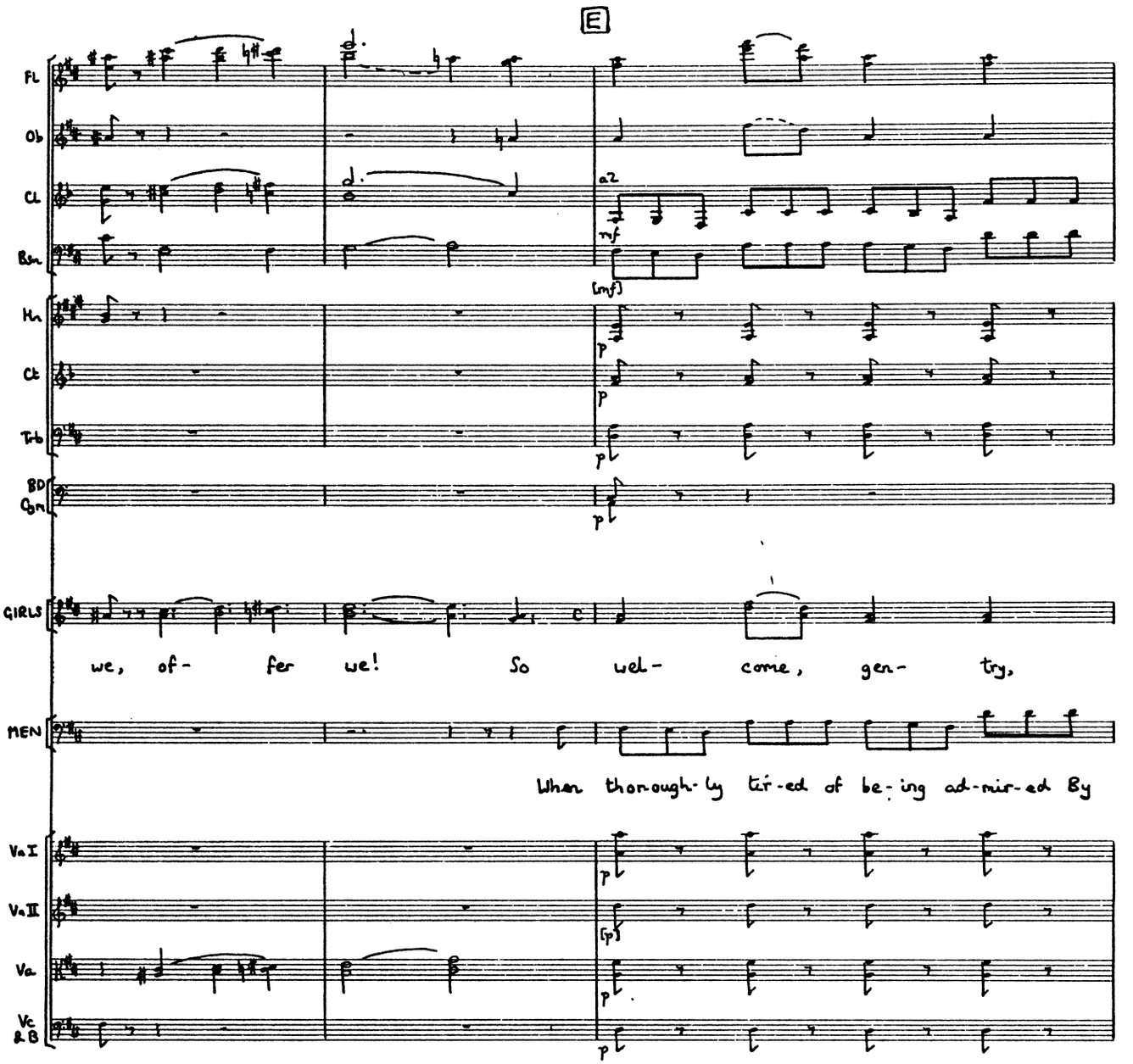

Ob
Cl
Bsn
MEN
slaves, for the moment are we, Your slaves, for the mo- ment, your
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

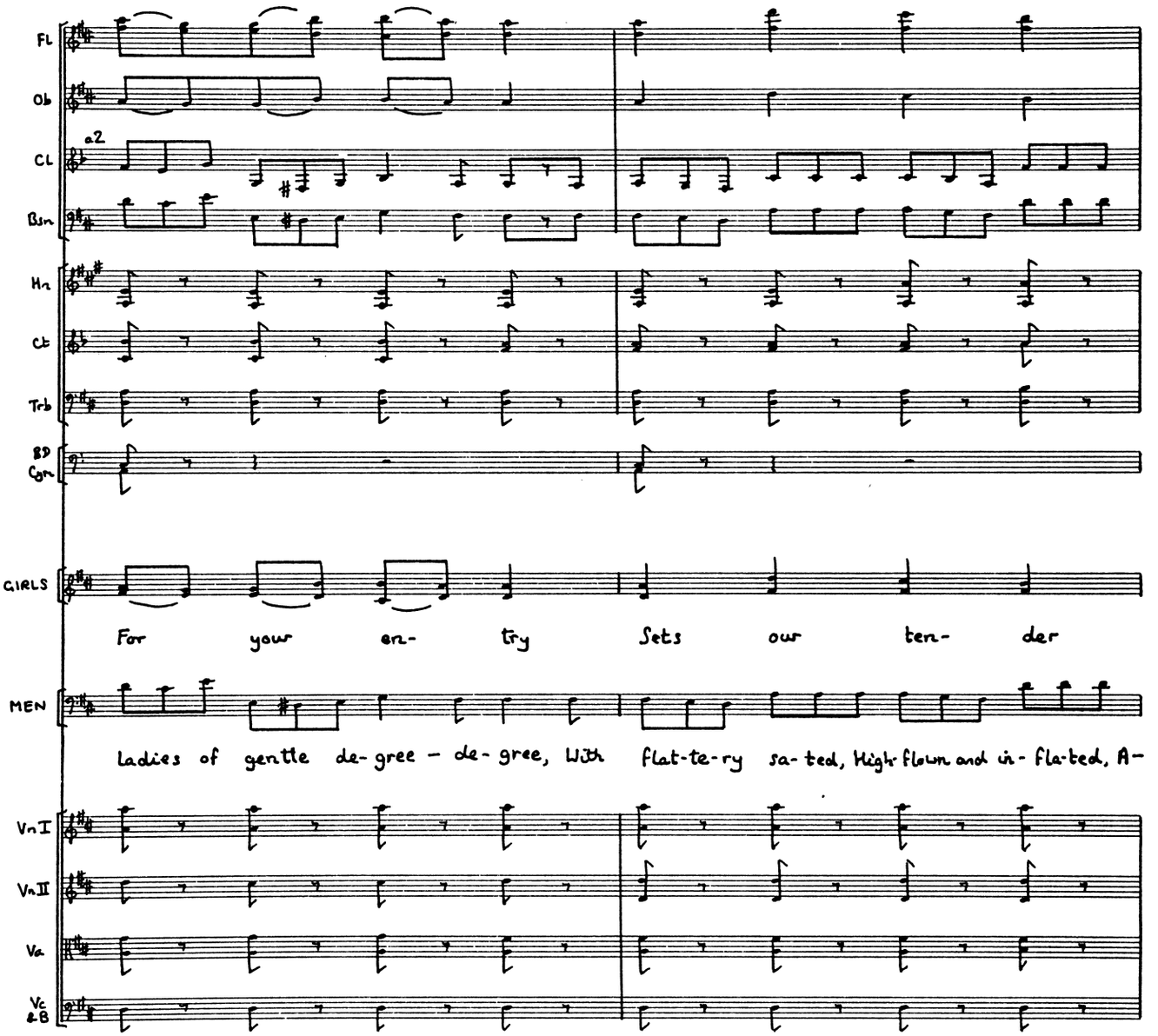

C
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
GIRLS
The
MEN
slaves are we!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

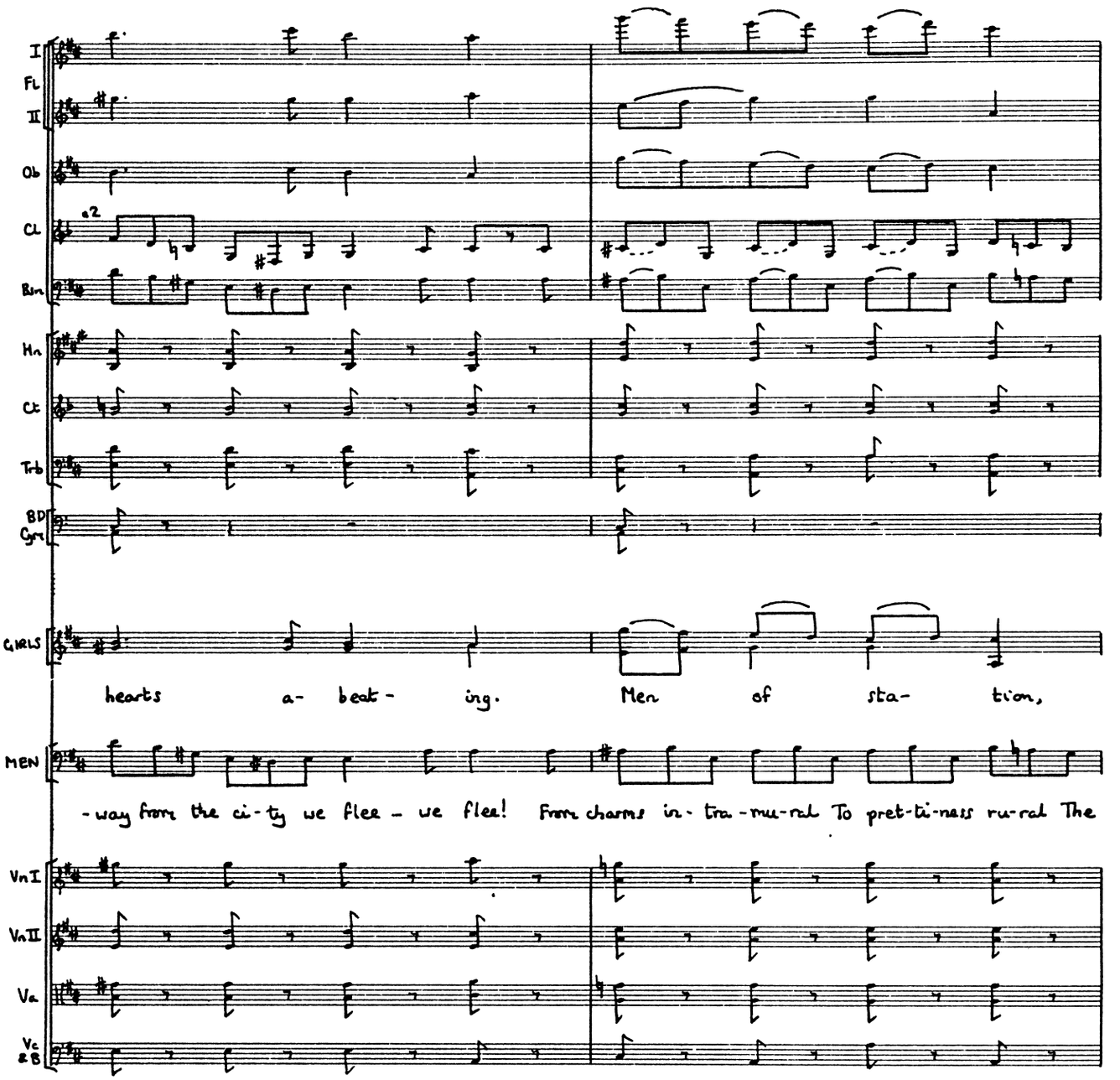

GIRLS
sons of the village who dwell in this village Are people of low-ly de-gree — de-gree, Though
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Cl
GIRLS
honest and active They're most unat-tractive And awkward as awkward can be — can be. They're
3
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Cl
GIRLS
clumsy clod-hop-pers With axes and chop-pers, And shepherds and ploughmen And drovers and cowmen,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

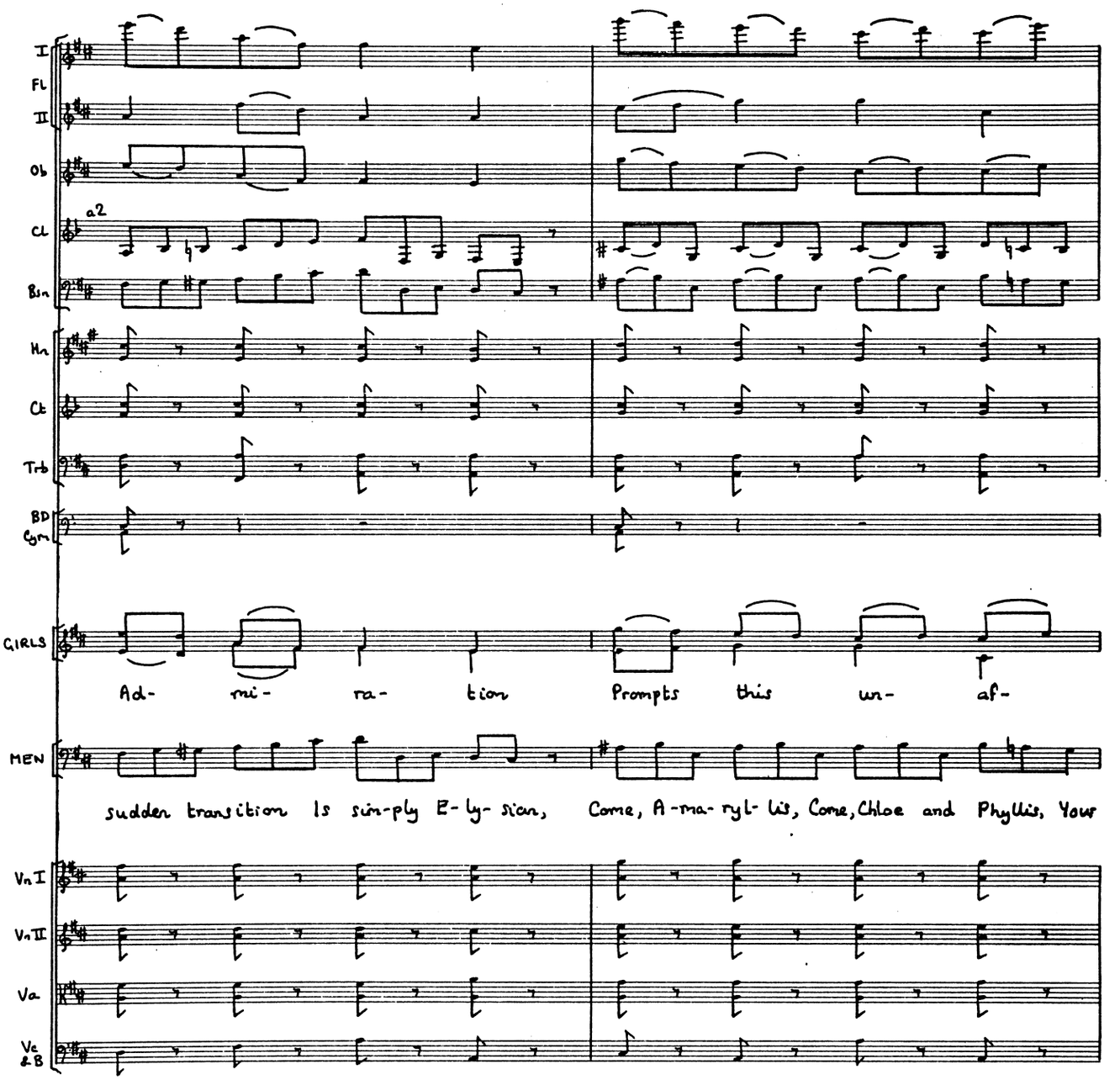

D
Ob
Cl
Bsn
GIRLS
Hedgers and reapers, And carters and keepers, But never a lover for me, But nev- er a
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

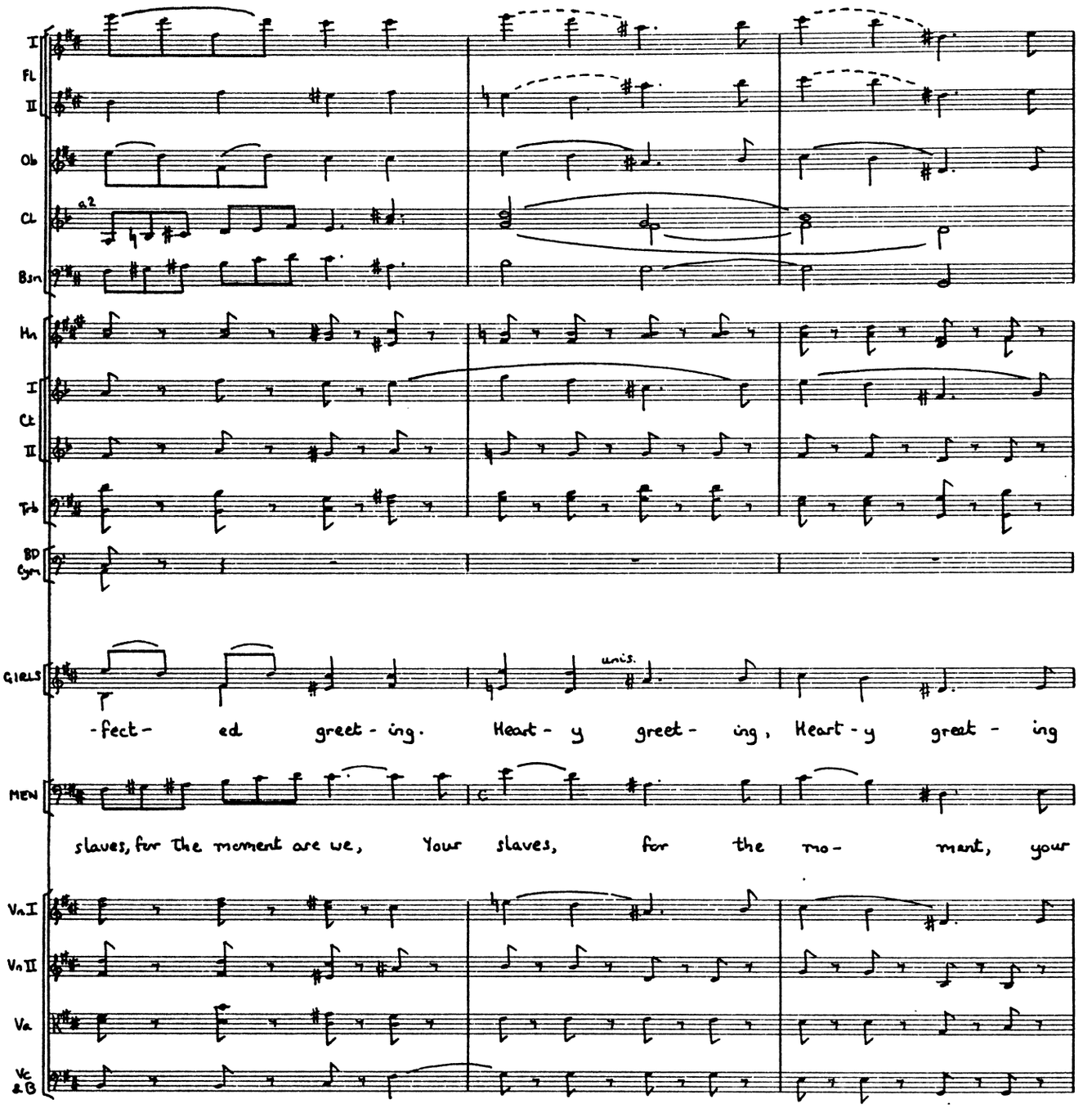

I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
lov- er for me! Heart-y greet-ing of-fer
MEN
Then come, Amaryllis, Come, Chloe, come Phyllis,
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

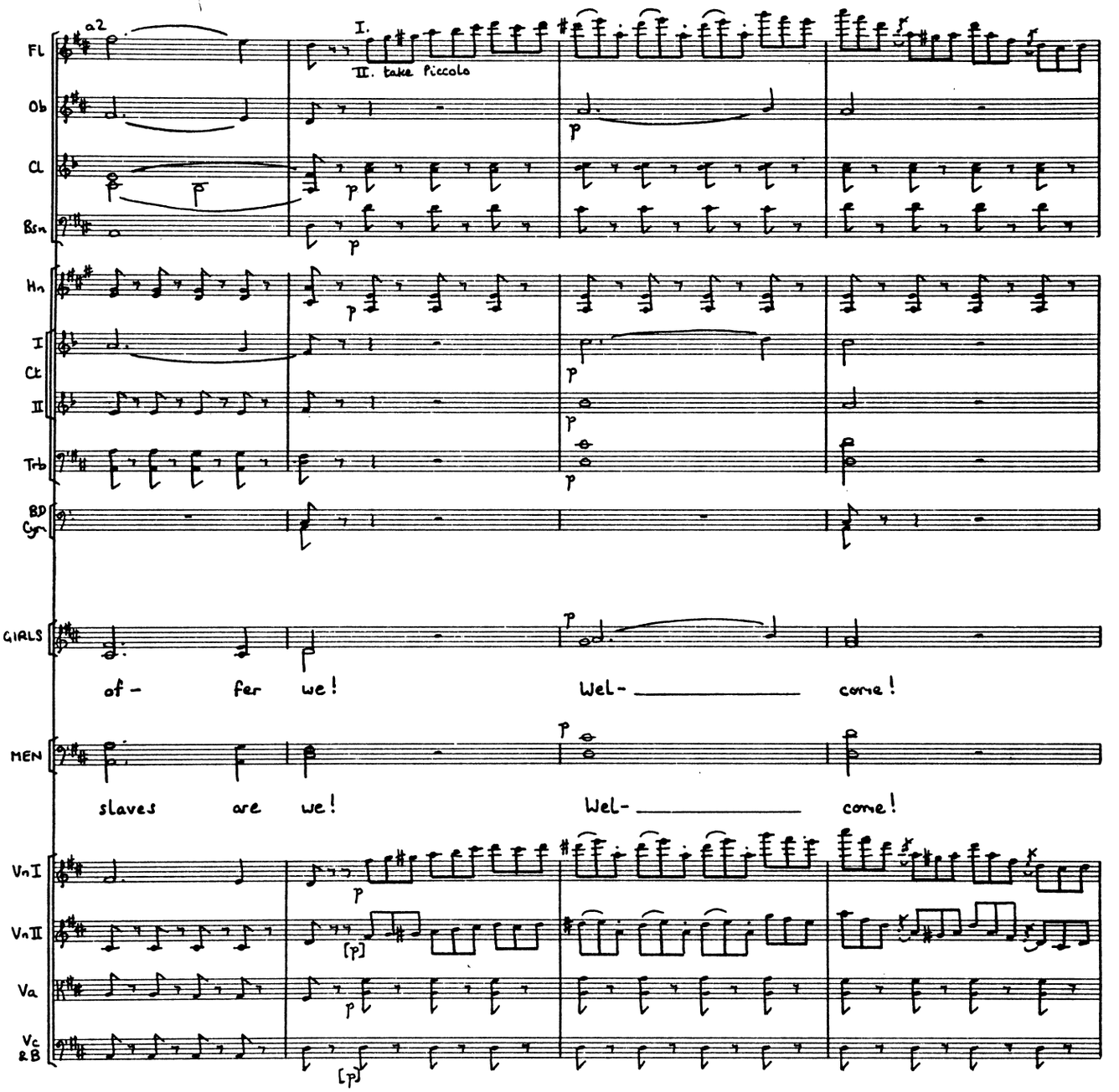

E
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
a2
mf
(mf)
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
p
GIRLS
we, of- fer we! So wel- come, gen- try,
MEN
When thor-ough-ly tir-ed of be-ing ad-mir-ed By
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B
(p)

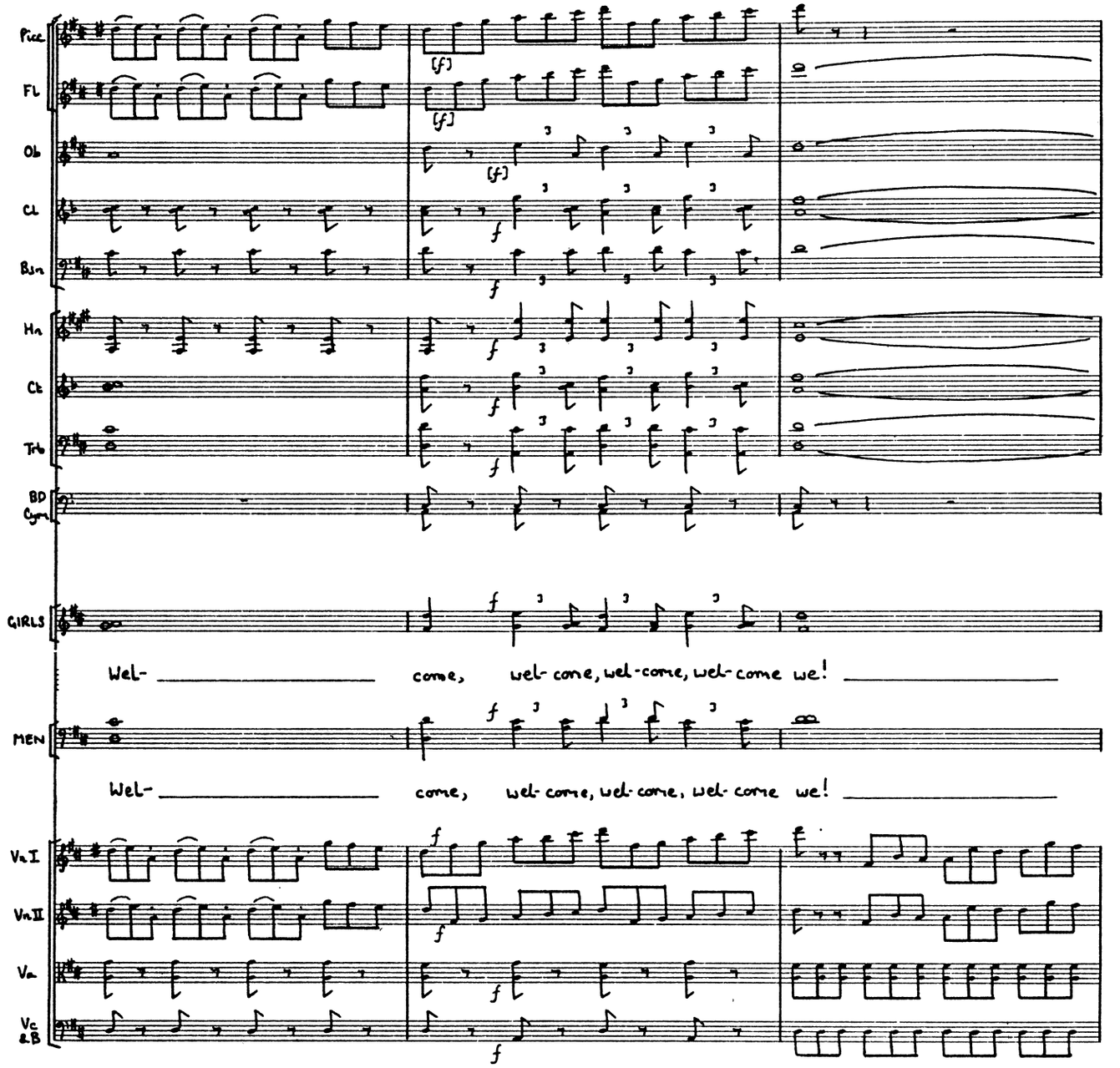

Fl
Ob
a2
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Cb
Trb
BD
Cym
GIRLS
For your en- try Sets our ten- der
MEN
ladies of gentle de- gree – de- gree, With flat-te-ry sa- ted, High flown and in- fla-ted, A-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B

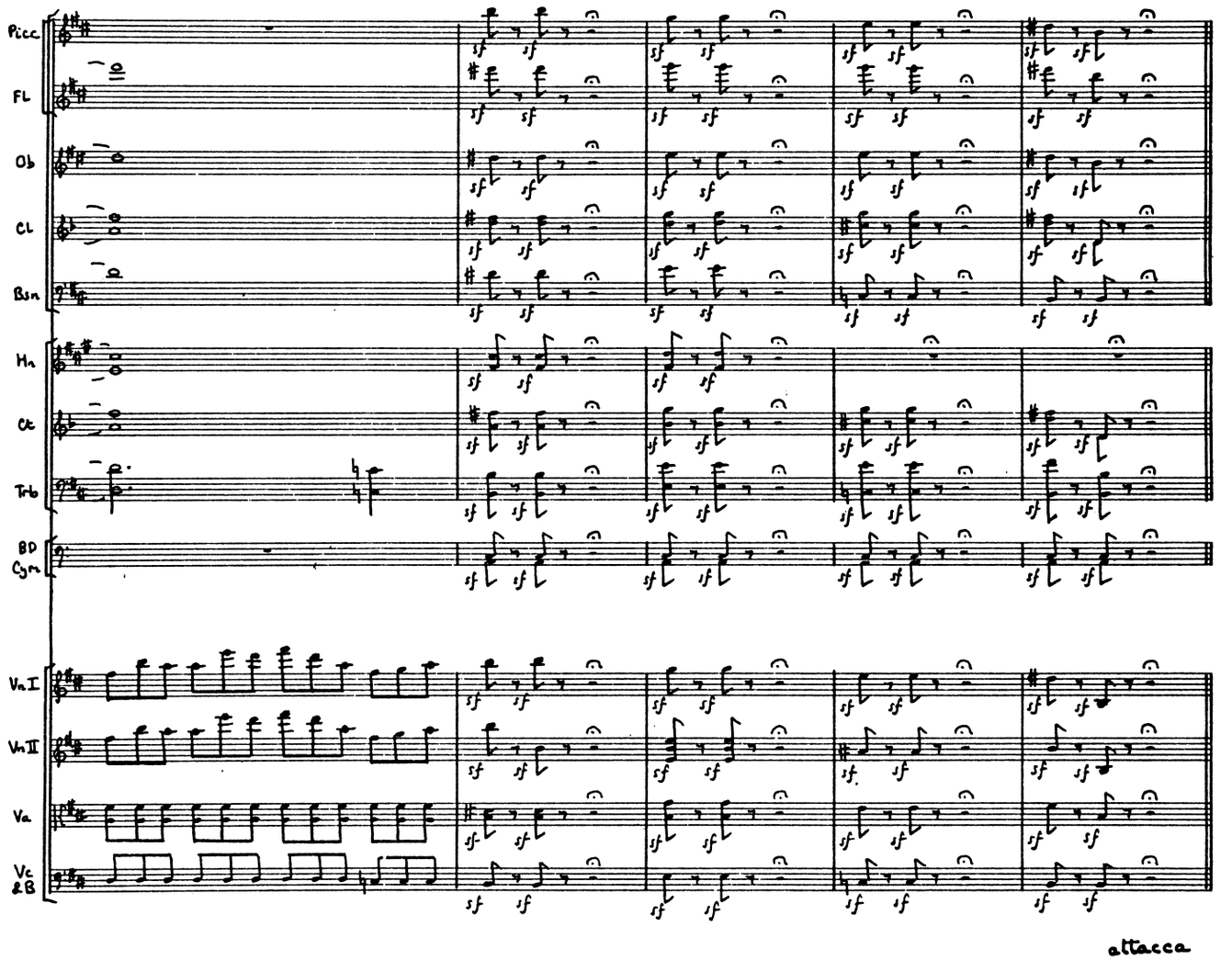

I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
GIRLS
hearts a- beat- ing. Men of sta- tion,
MEN
-way from the ci-ty we flee - we flee! From charms in- tra-mu-ral To pret-ti-ness ru-ral The
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
&B


I
Fl
II
Ob
a2
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
GIRLS
Ad- mi- ra- tion Prompts this un- af-
MEN
sudden transition Is sin-ply E- ly- sian, Come, A-ma- ryl- lis, Come, Chloe and Phyllis, Your
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
I
Ct
II
Trb
BD
Cym
GIRLS
unis.
-fect- ed greet- ing. Heart- y greet- ing, Heart- y great- ing
MEN
slaves, for the moment are we, Your slaves, for the mo- ment, your
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B

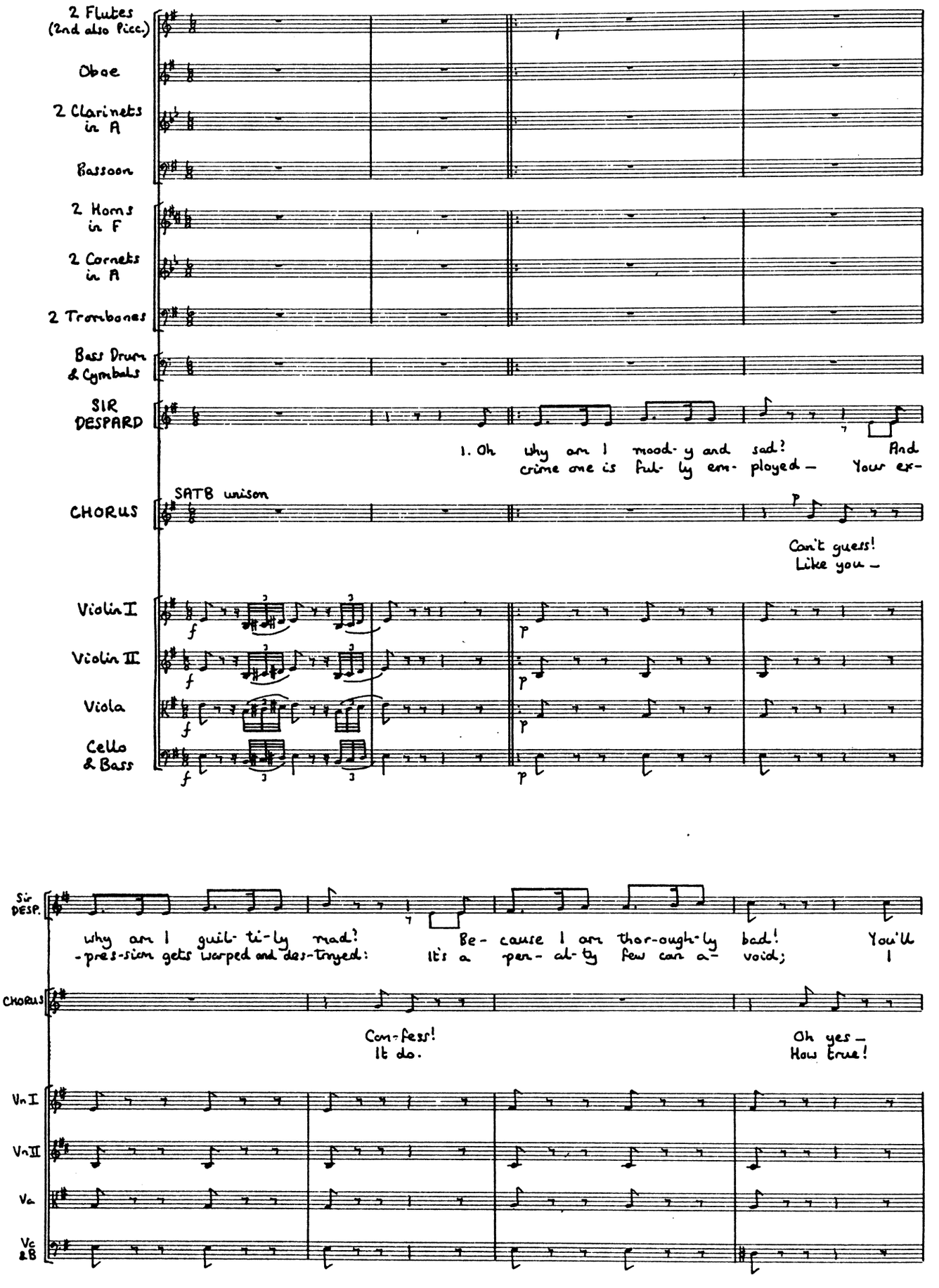

a2
I.
II. take Piccolo
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I
Cl
II
Trb
BD
Cym
GIRLS
of - fer we! Wel- come!
MEN
slaves are we! Wel- come!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
&B


Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Cl
Tpt
BD
Cym
GIRLS
Wel- come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come we!
MEN
Wel- come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come we!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


Picc.
FL
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Cr
Trb
BD
Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B
attacca

No. 13. SONG (Sir Despard, with Chorus)

Andante misterioso



F

Cl
Bsn
Ct
Trb
Sir DESP.

see it at once in my face. Oh why am I hus- ky and hoarse? It's the
once was a nice-looking youth; But like stone from a strong cat-a- pault — I

CHORUS

Ah why?
A trice —

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Sir DESP.

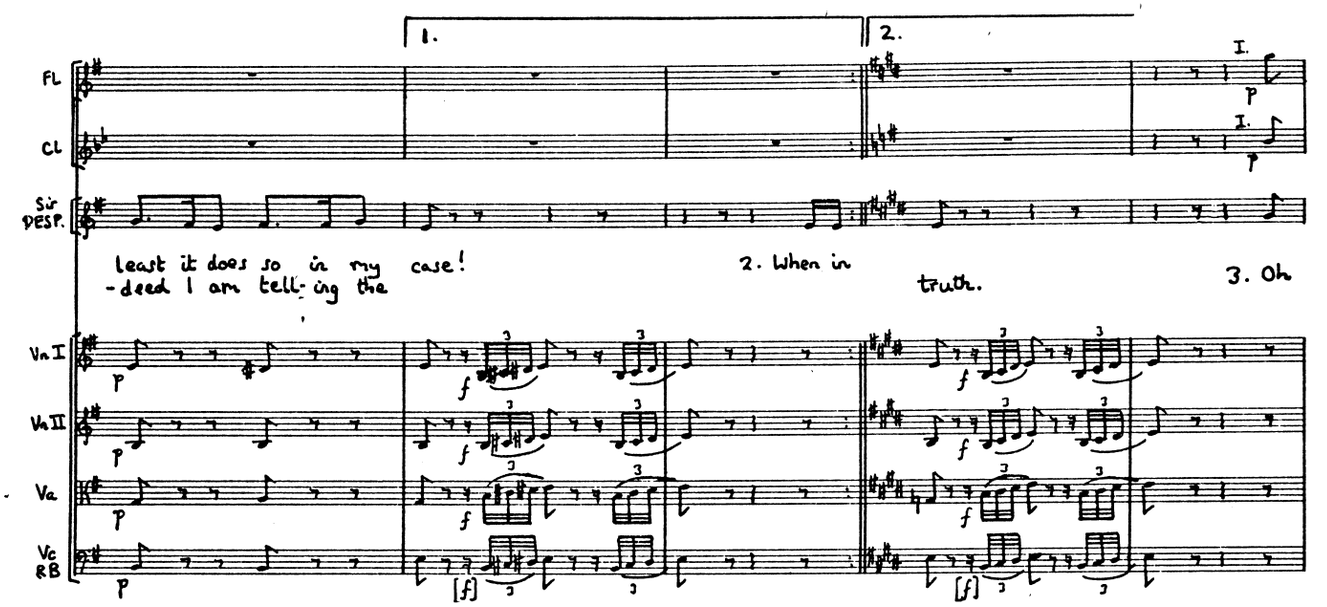
work-ings of con-science of course, And hus- ki-ness stands for re- morse, At
rushed at my Ter - ri-ble cult — Ob - serve the un- pleas-ant re- sult! In-

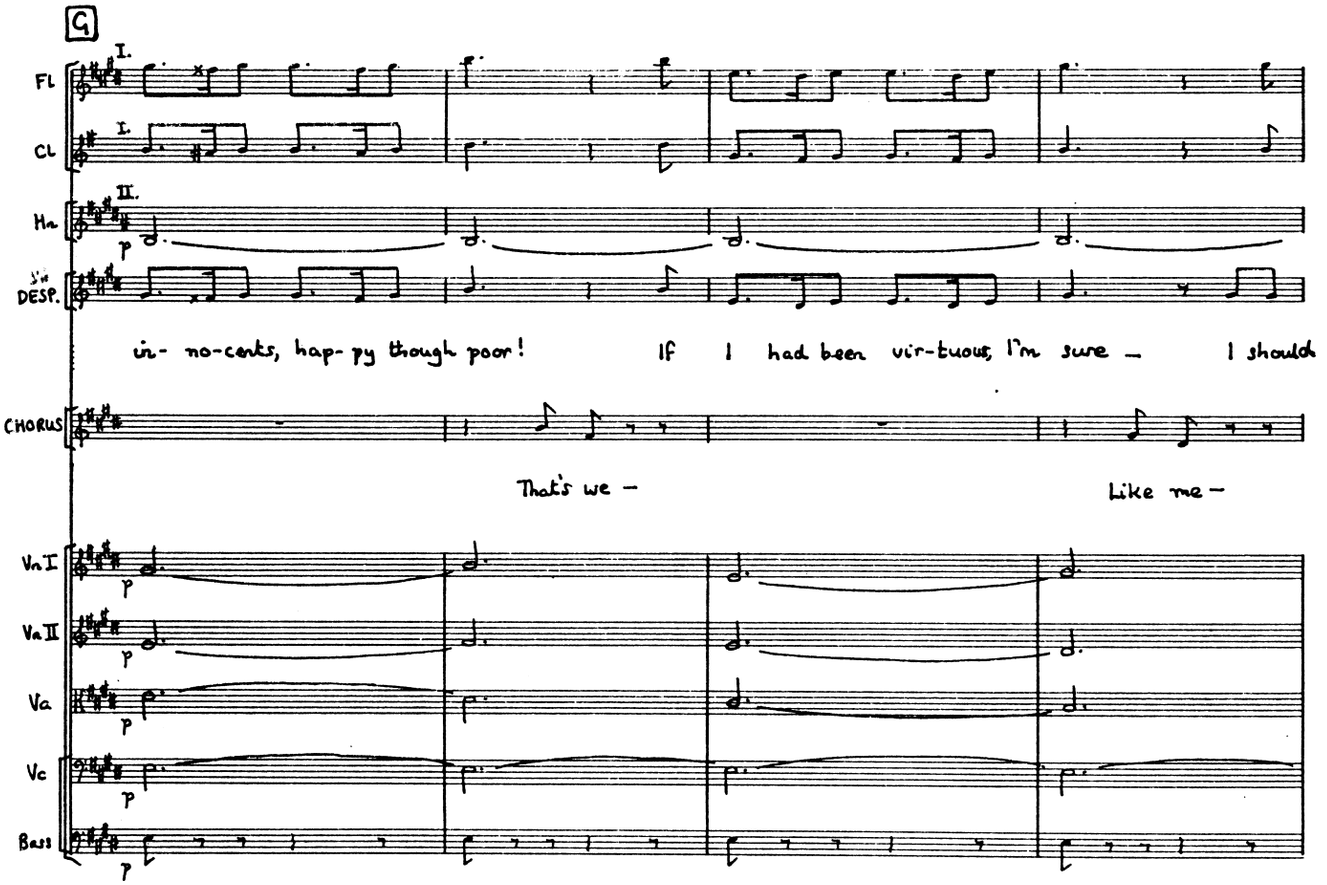
CHORUS

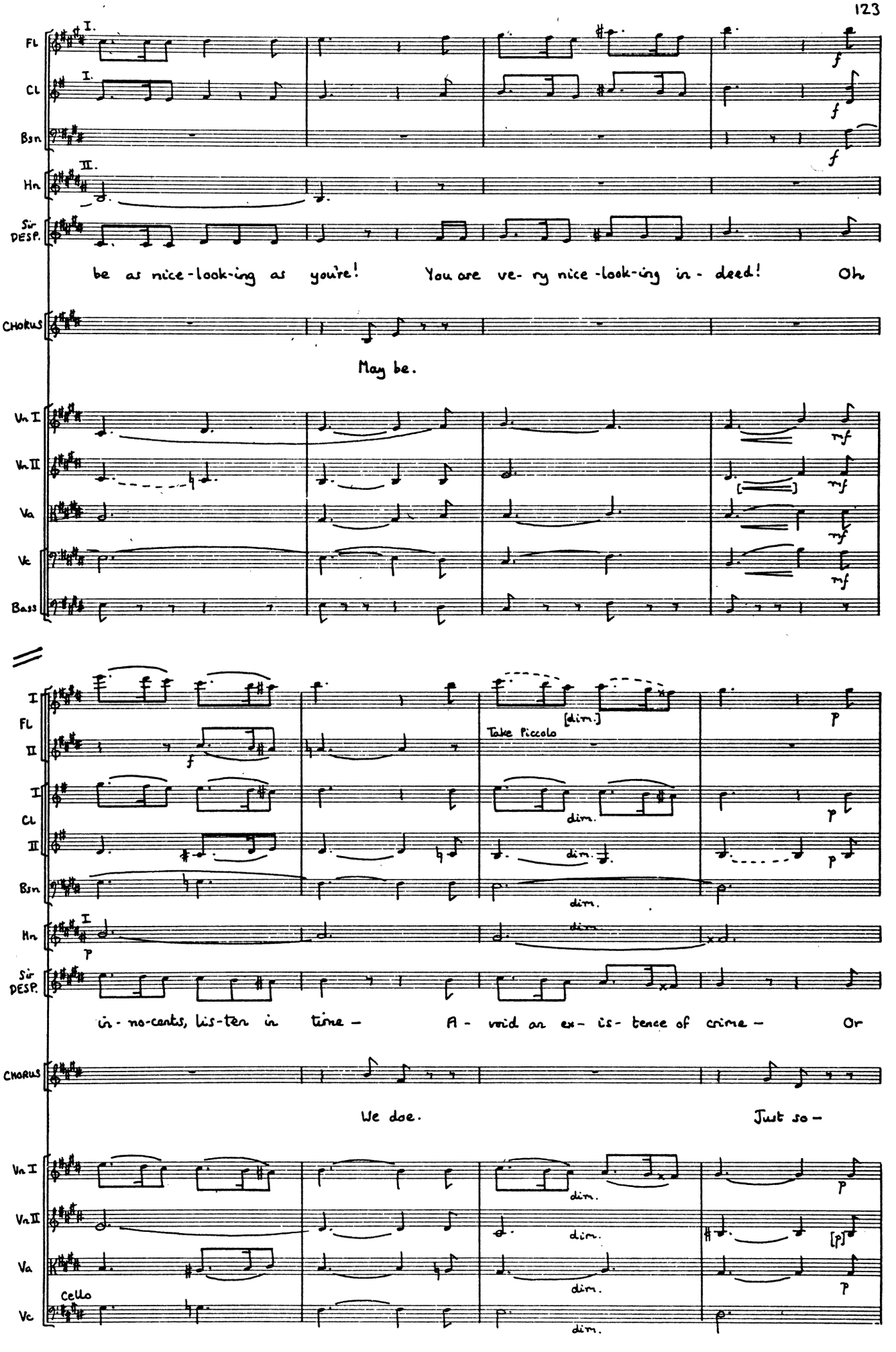
Fie, fie!
That's vice-

Oh my!
Not nice.

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


1.
2.
Fl
Cl
Sir DESP.
least it does so in my case!
-deed I am tell-ing the
2. When in
truth.
3. Oh
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc RB


G
Fl
Cl
Hn
Sir DESP.
in- no-cents, hap- py though poor!
If I had been vir-tuous, I'm sure — I should
CHORUS
That's we —
Like me —
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir DESP.
be as nice-look-ing as you're! You are ve- ry nice-look-ing in- deed! Oh
CHORUS
May be.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir DESP.
Take Piccolo
dim.
in- no-cents, lis-ten in time – A- void an ex- is- tence of crime – Or
CHORUS
We doe.
Just so –
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Cello

H

Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir DESP.

you'll be as ug- ly as I'm — And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

CHORUS

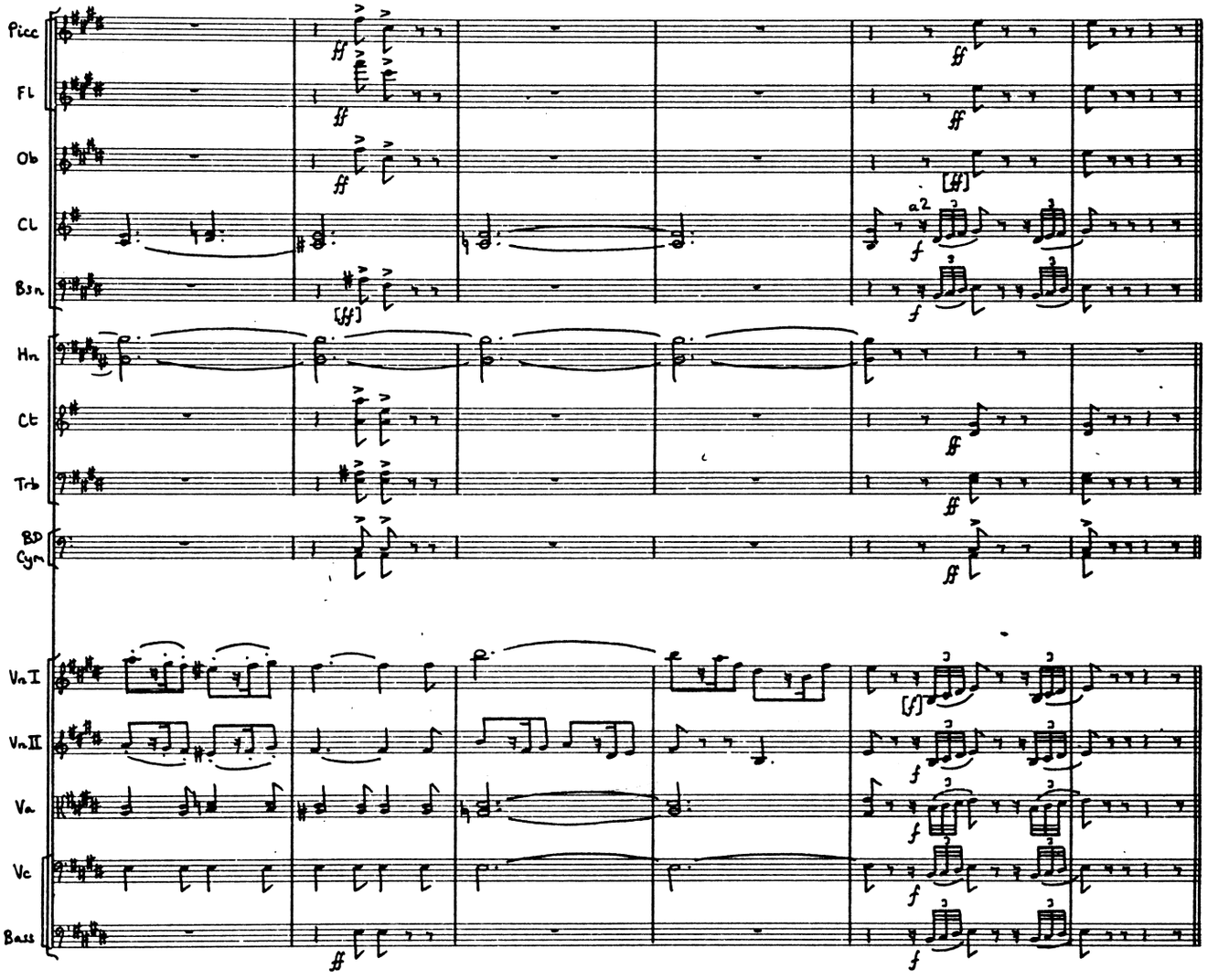
No! no!

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

Cello
Vc & B
Cello

Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD Cym

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass



SIR DESPARD Poor children, how they loathe me — me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little child! But what is a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture-gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am even with them! I get my crime over the first thing in the morning and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good — I do good — I do good! Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. Today I carry off Rose Maybud, and atone with a cathedral! This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the Nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!

RICHARD Ax your honour's pardon, but —

SIR DESPARD Ha! observed! And by a mariner! What would you with me, fellow?

RICHARD Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man, becalmed in the doldrums —

SIR DESPARD I don't know them.

RICHARD And I make bold to ax your honour's advice. Does your honour know what it is to have a heart?

SIR DESPARD My honour knows what it is to have a complete apparatus for conducting the circulation of the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body.

RICHARD Aye, but has your honour a heart that ups and looks you in the face, and gives you quarter-deck orders that it's life and death to disobey?

SIR DESPARD I have not a heart of that description, but I have a Picture Gallery that presumes to take that liberty.

RICHARD Well, your honour, it's like this — Your honour had an elder brother —

SIR DESPARD It had.

RICHARD Who should have inherited your title, and with it its cuss.

SIR DESPARD Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven! —

RICHARD He didn't.

SIR DESPARD He did not?

RICHARD He didn't. On the contrary, he lives in this here very village, under the name of Robin Oakapple, and he's a-going to marry Rose Maybud this very day.

SIR DESPARD Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud! Can this be possible?

RICHARD Now the question I was going to ask your honour is — ought I to tell your honour this?

SIR DESPARD I don't know. It's a delicate point. I think you ought. Mind, I'm not sure, but I think so.

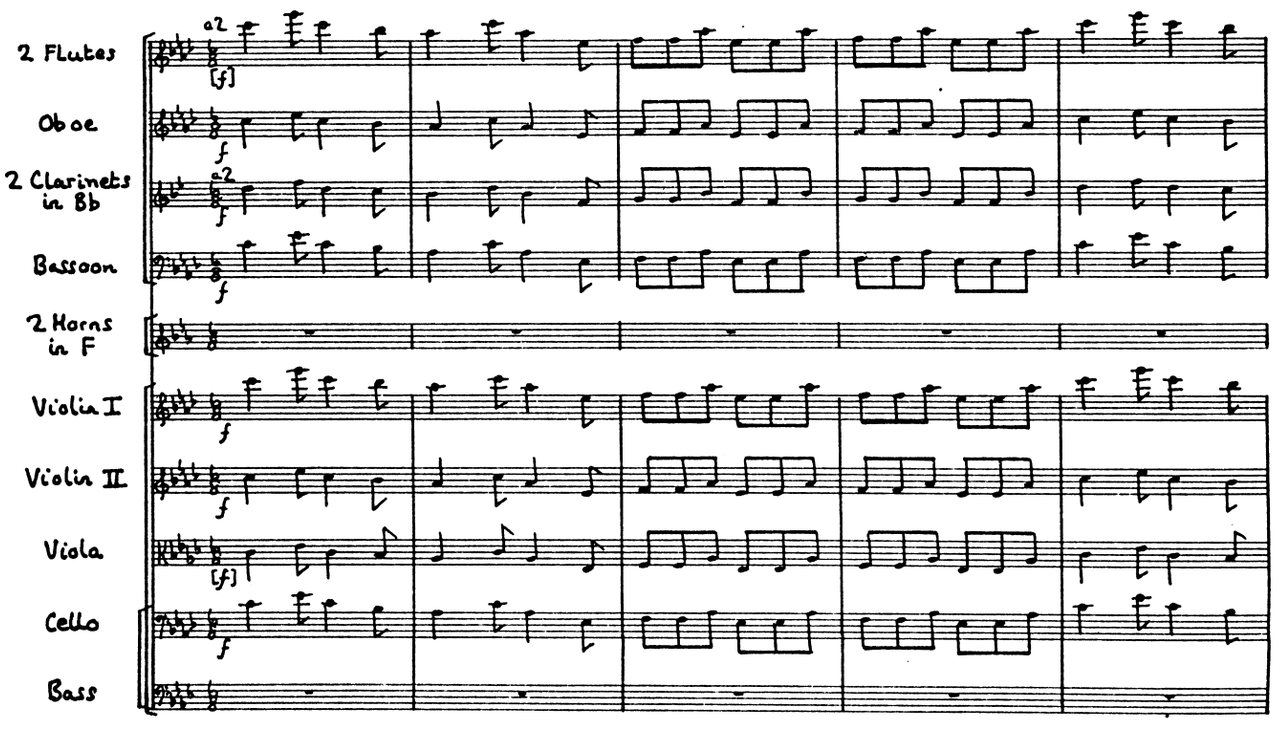
RICHARD That's what my heart says. It says, "Dick," it says, (it calls me Dick acos it's entitled to take that liberty). "That there young gal would recoil from him if she knowed what he really were. Ought you to stand off and on, and let this young gal take this false step and never fire a shot across her bows to bring her to? No," it says, "you did not ought." And I won't ought, accordin'.

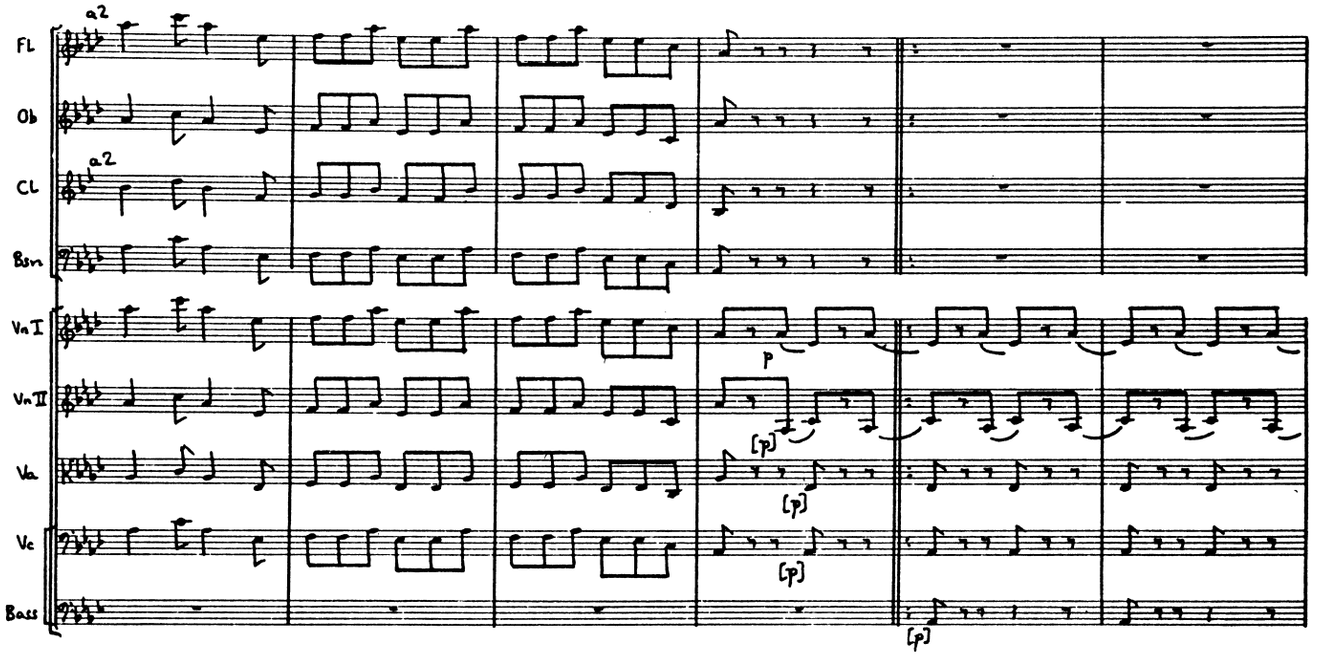
SIR DESPARD Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives — that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thraldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free — free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved and regretted by all who knew me!

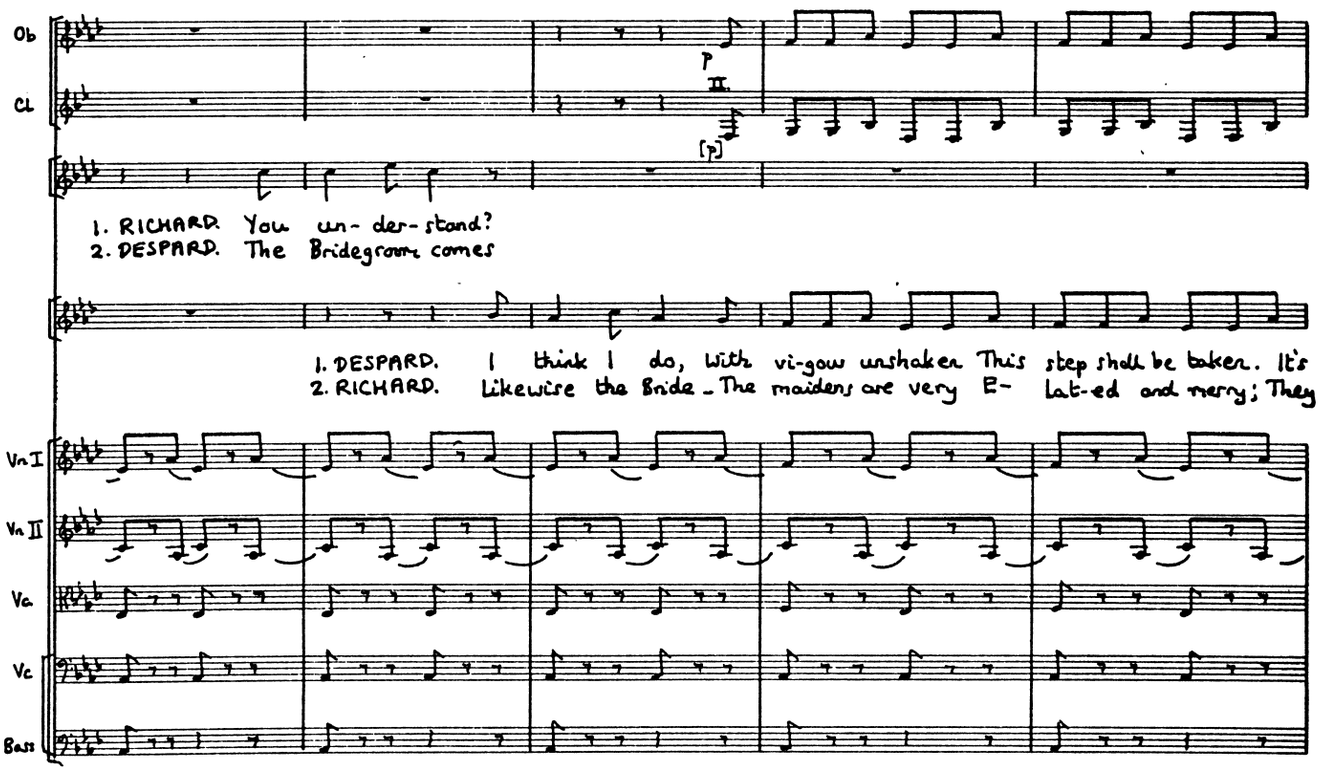
No. 14. DUET
(Richard & Sir Despard)

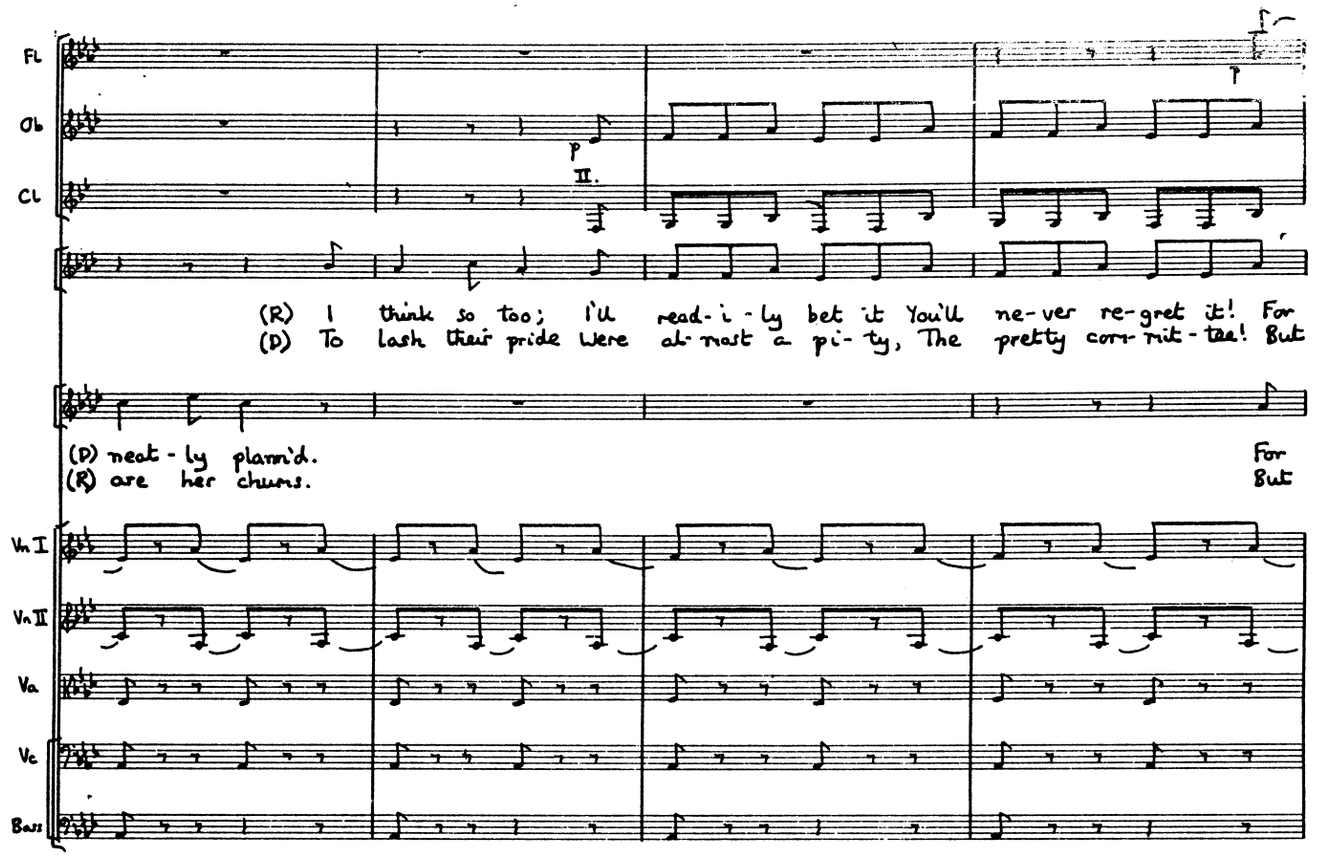
ENCORE

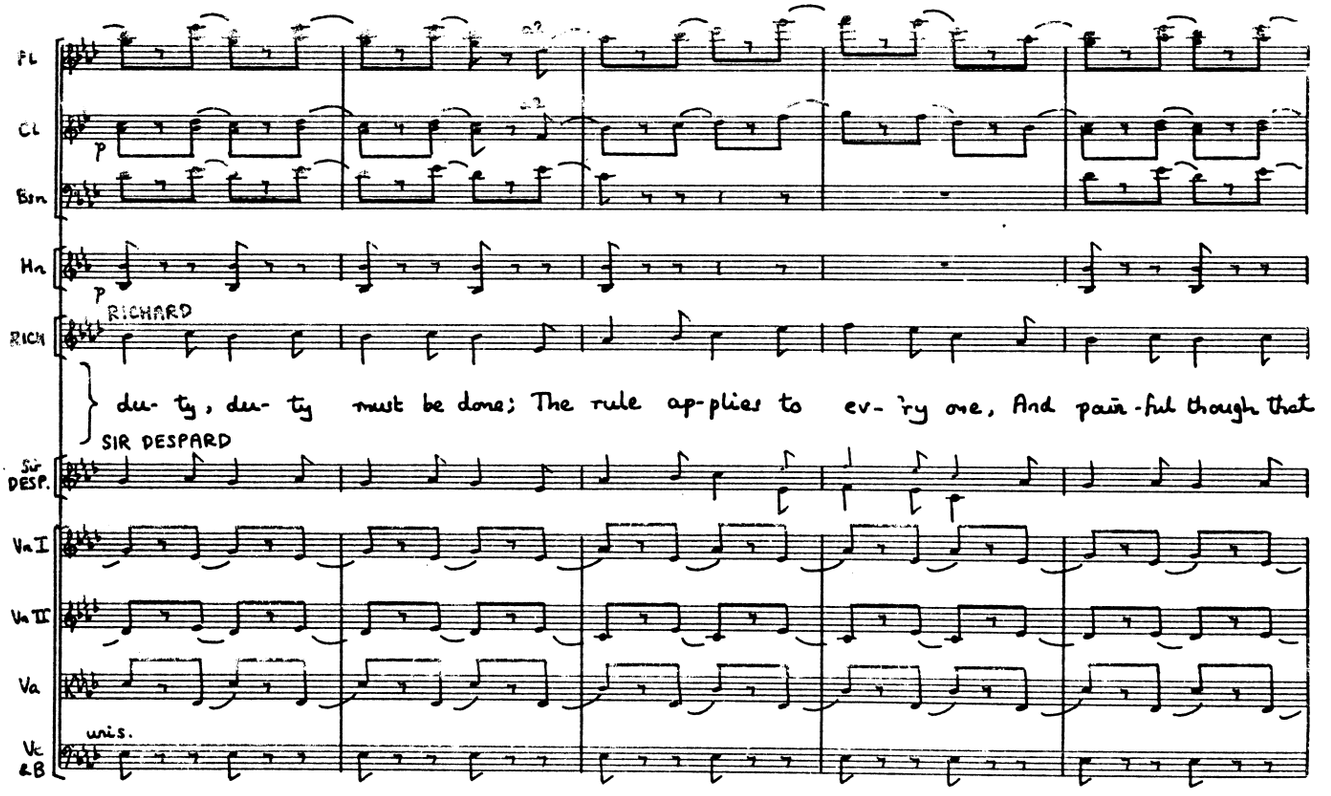
Allegro vivace

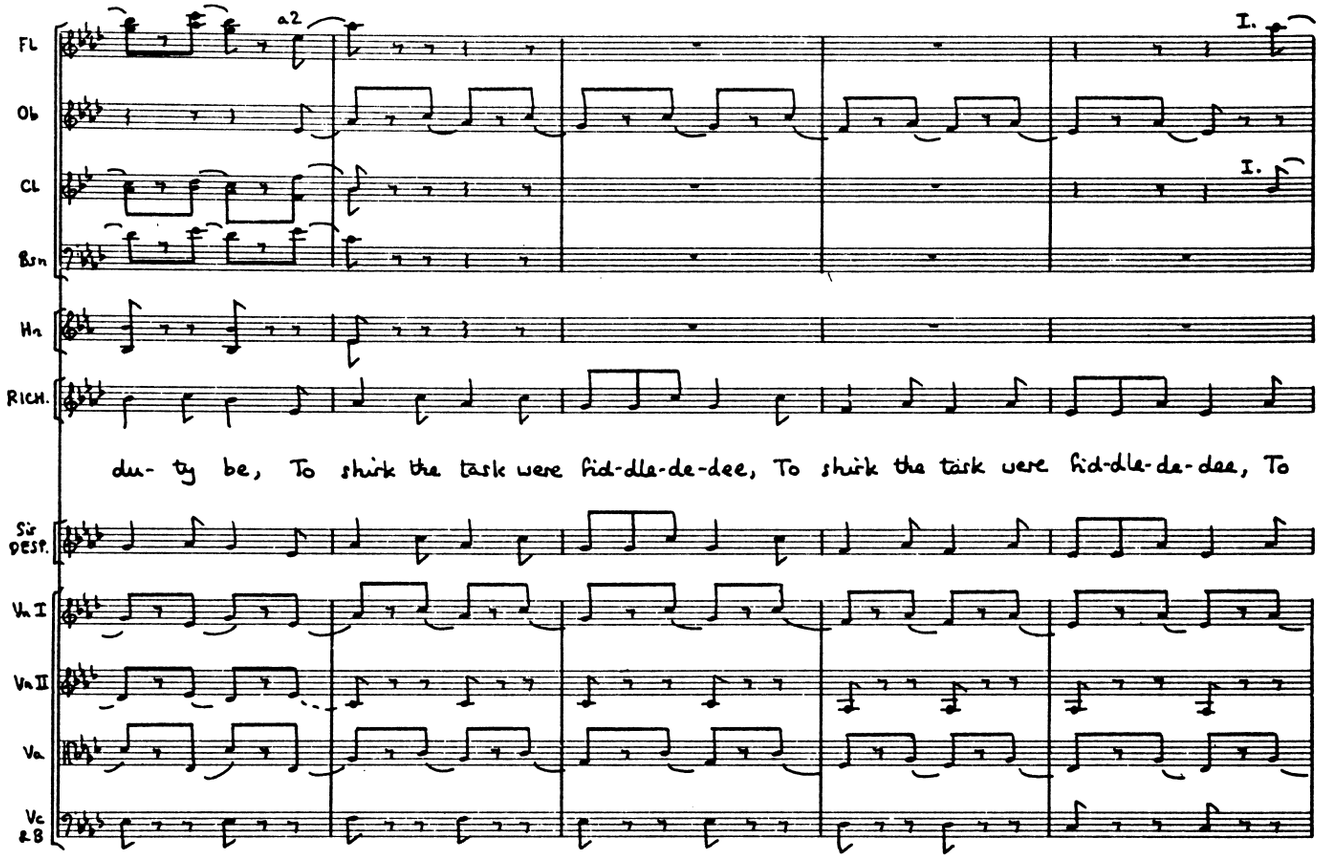


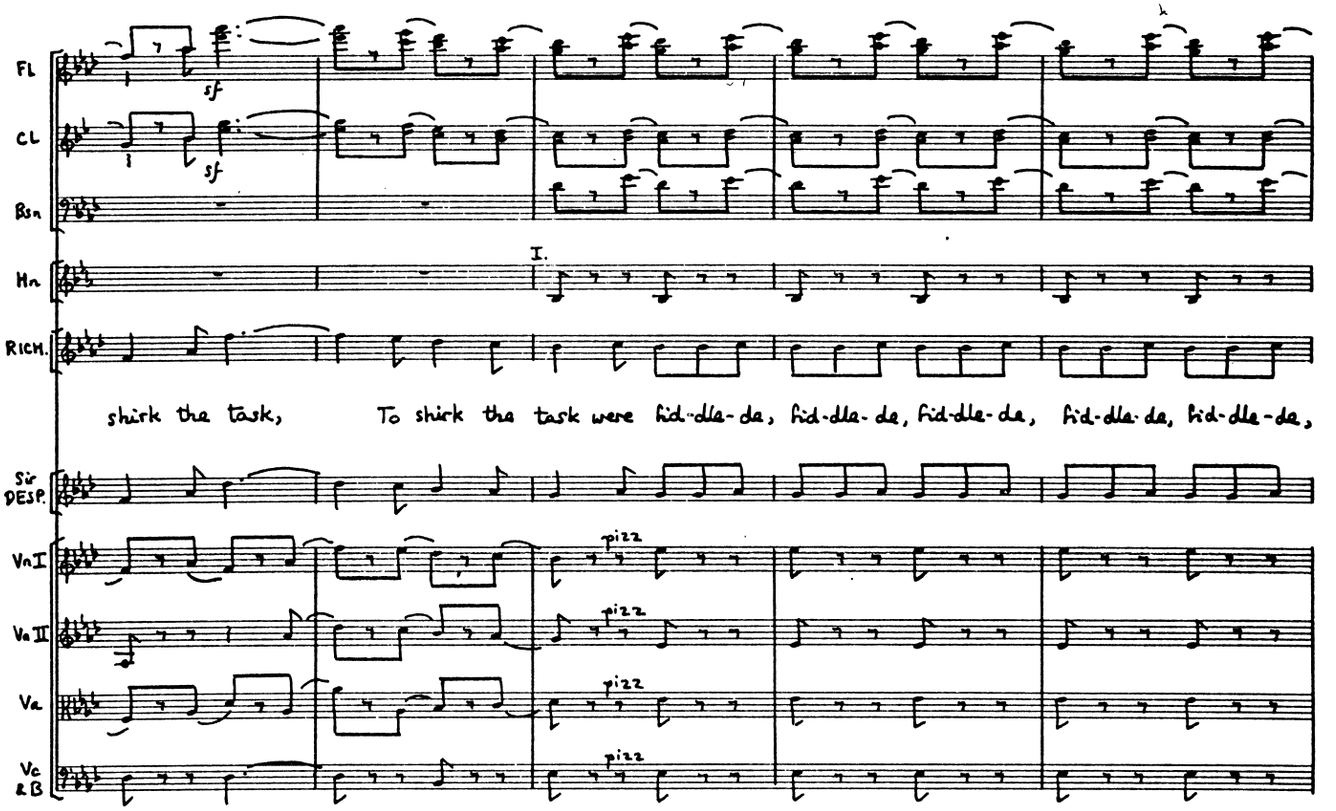

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
a2
p
[p]
[p]
[p]
[p]

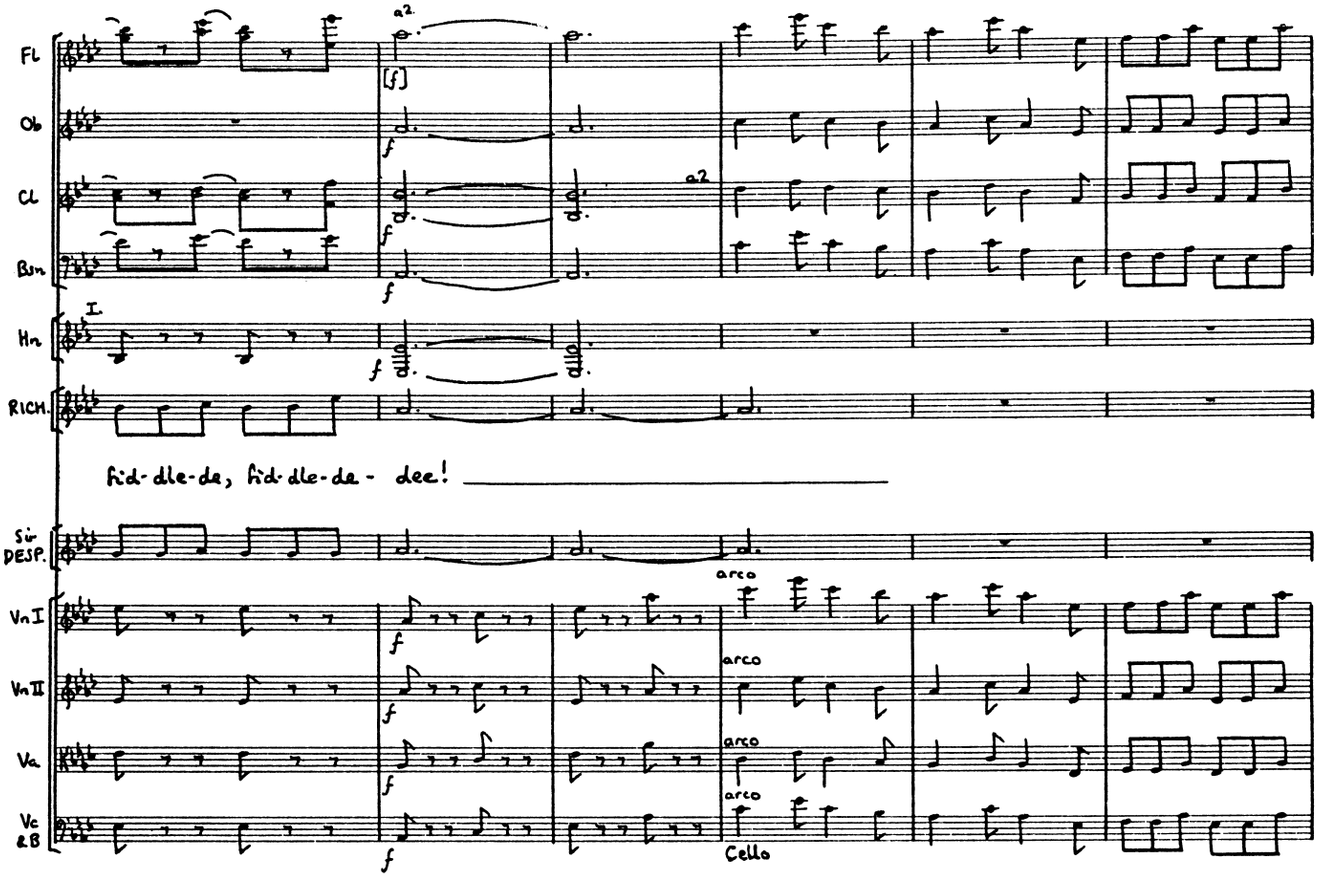

Ob
Cl
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p
II.
[p]
1. RICHARD. You un- der- stand?
2. DESPARD. The Bridegroom comes
1. DESPARD. I think I do, With vi-gour unshaken This step shall be taken. It's
2. RICHARD. Likewise the Bride - The maidens are very E- lat-ed and merry; They

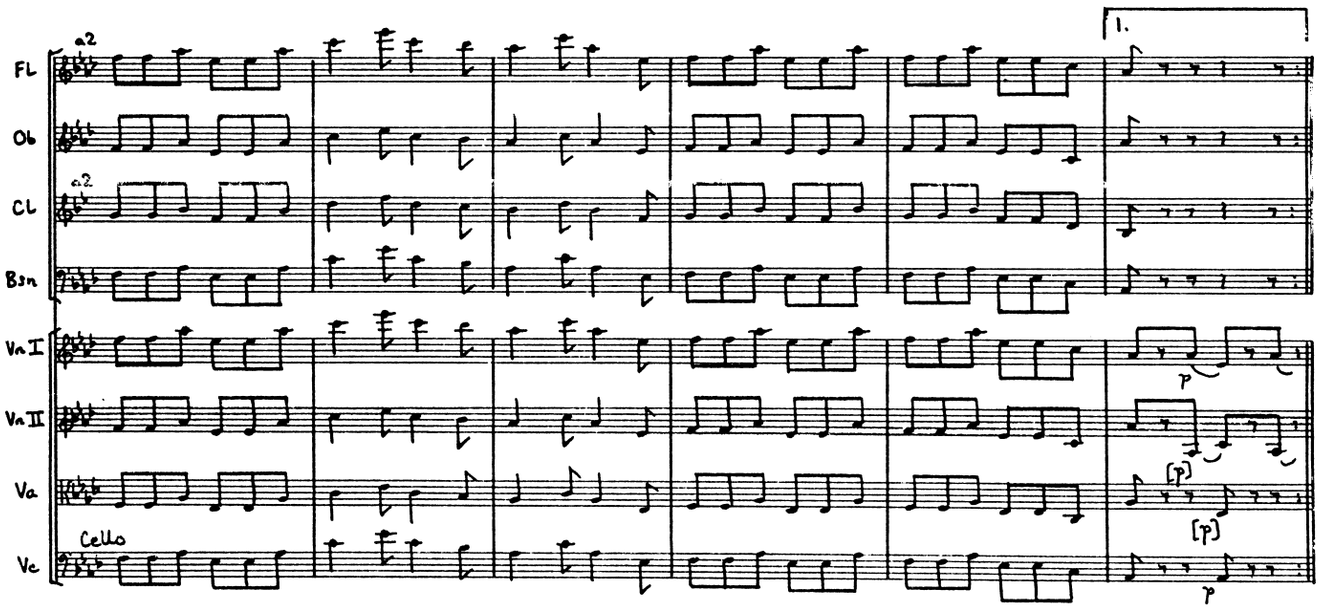

Fl
Ob
Cl
p
II.
(R) I think so too; I'll read-i-ly bet it You'll ne-ver re-gret it! For
(D) To lash their pride were al-most a pi-ty, The pretty corn-rit-tee! But
(D) neat-ly plann'd.
(R) are her chums.
For
But
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

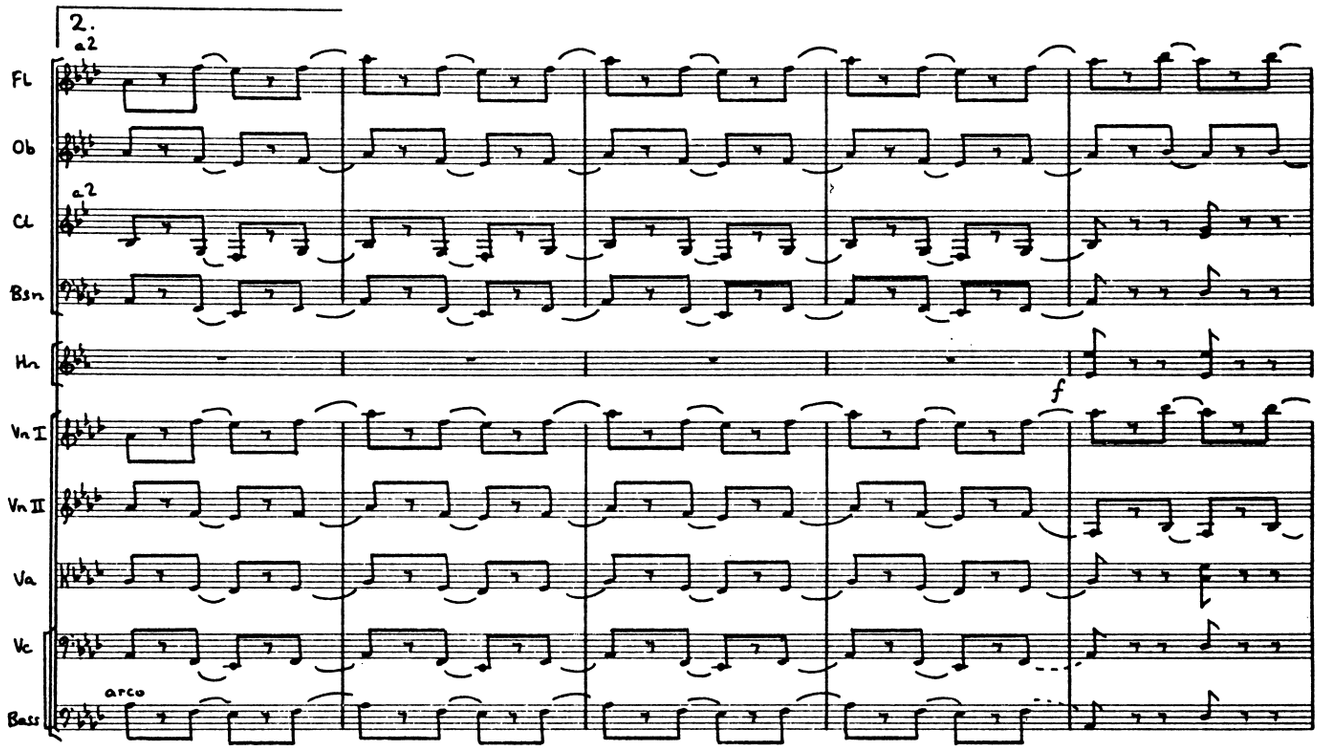

Fl
Cl
p
Bsn
Hn
p
RICHARD
RICH
du-ty, du-ty must be done; The rule ap-plies to ev-'ry one, And pain-ful though that
SIR DESPARD
Sir DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
unis.
Vc &B

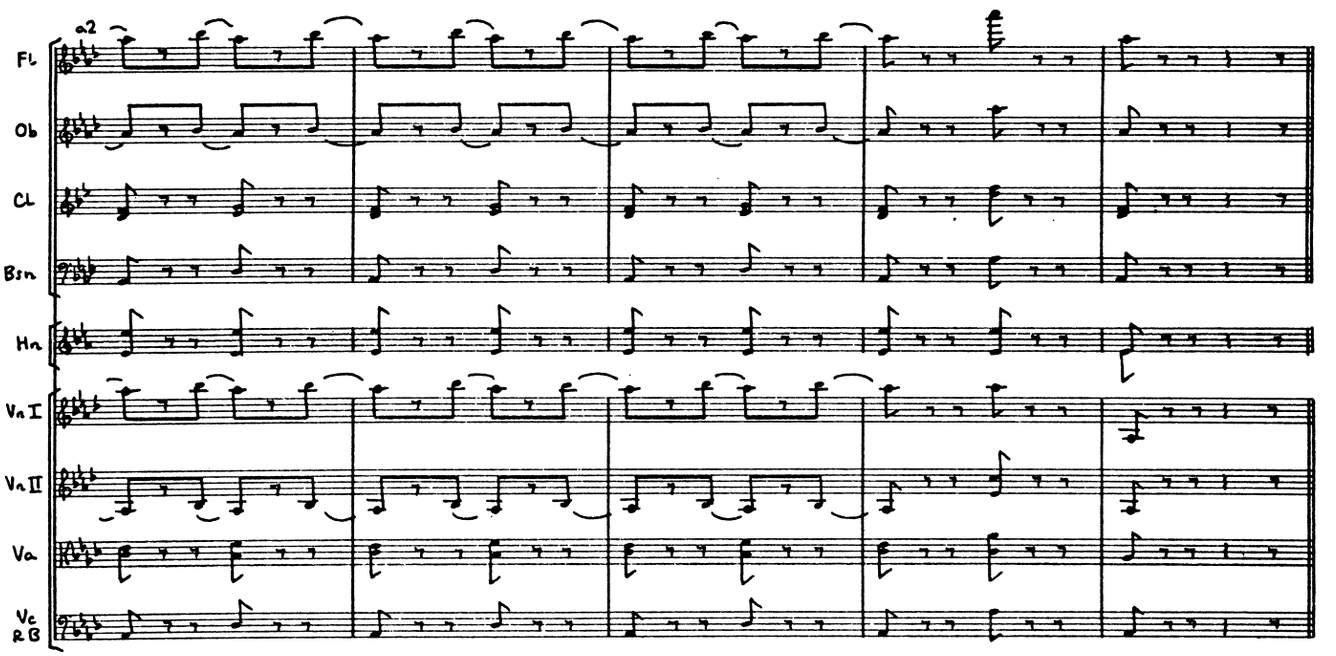

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
RICH.
a2
I.
I.
du- ty be, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To
Sir DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
RICH.
sf
sf
I.
shirk the task, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de,
Sir DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
pizz
pizz
pizz
pizz


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
RICH.
fid-dle-de, fid-dle-da - dee!
Sir DESP.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
a2
I.
arco
Cello


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
a2
Cello
1.

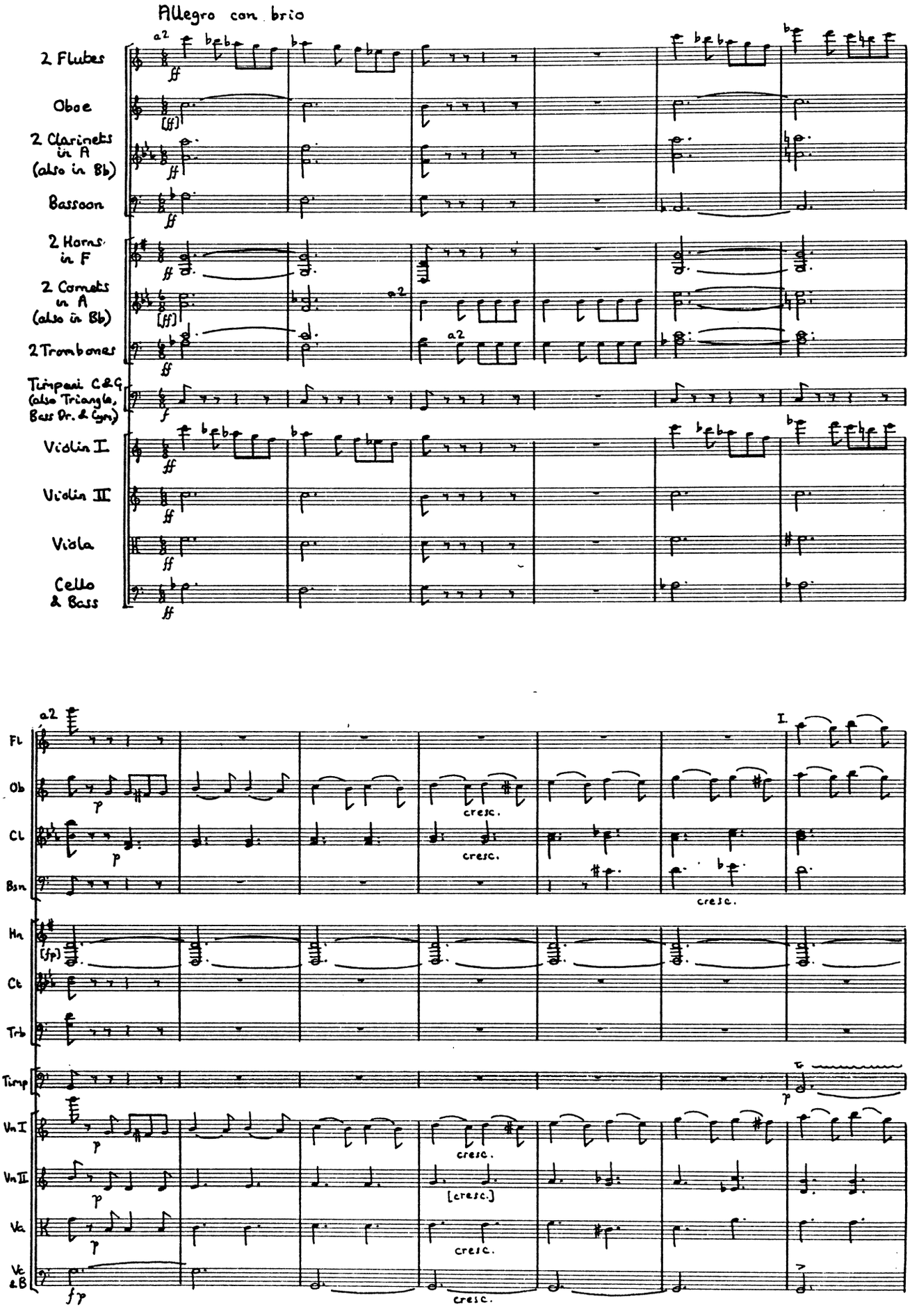


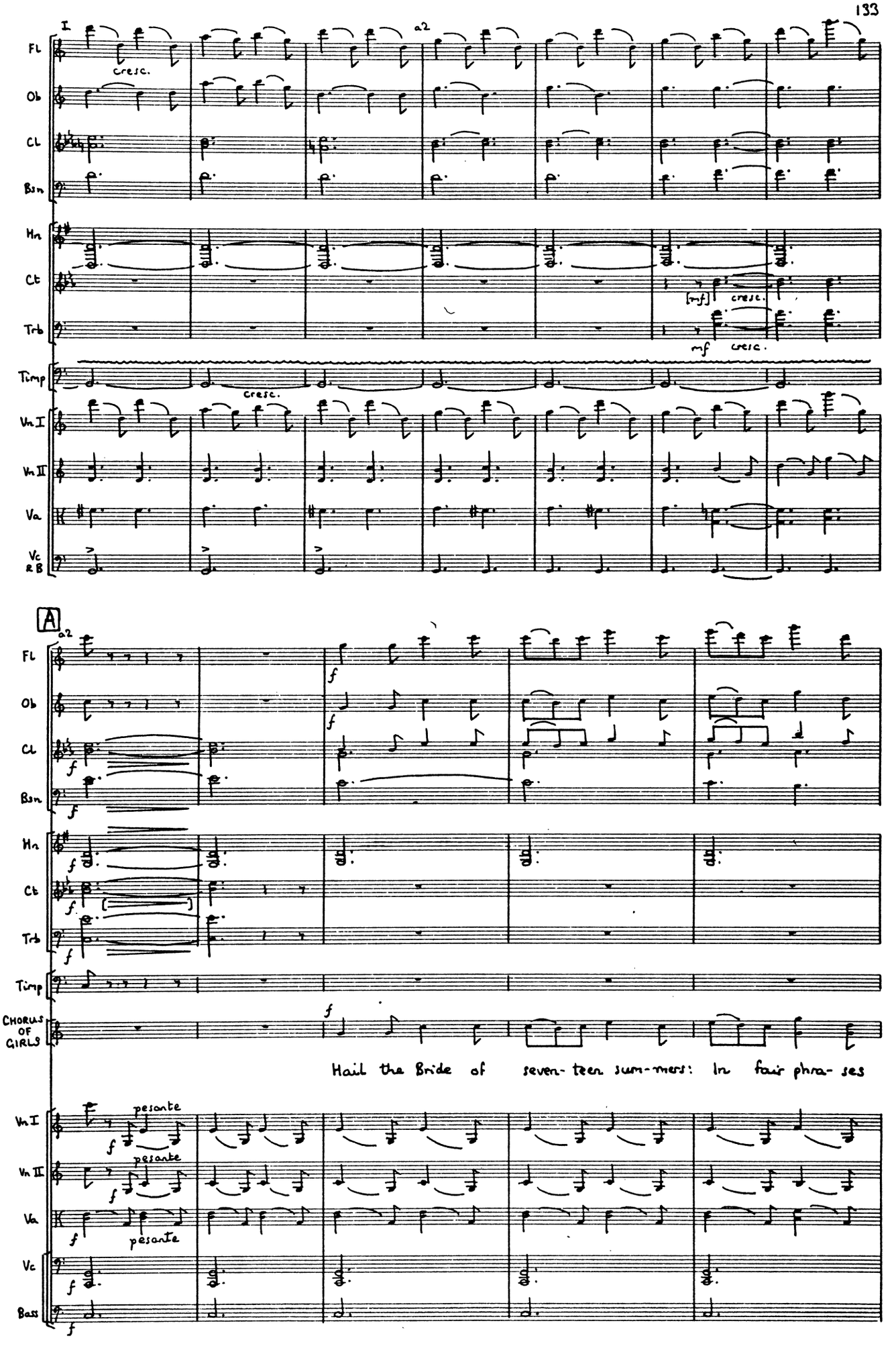


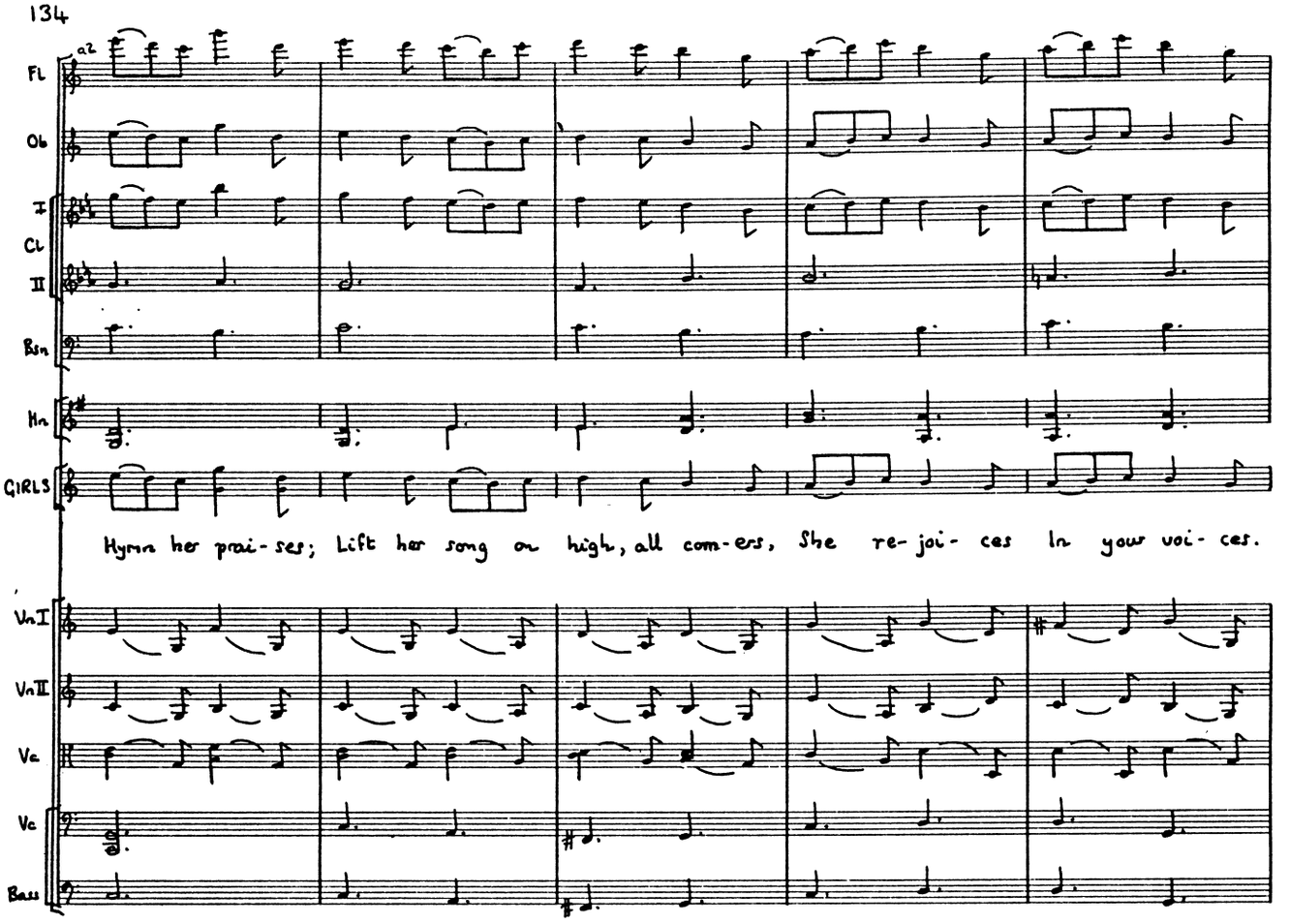
ENCORE: beginning (p. 126) and 2nd verse

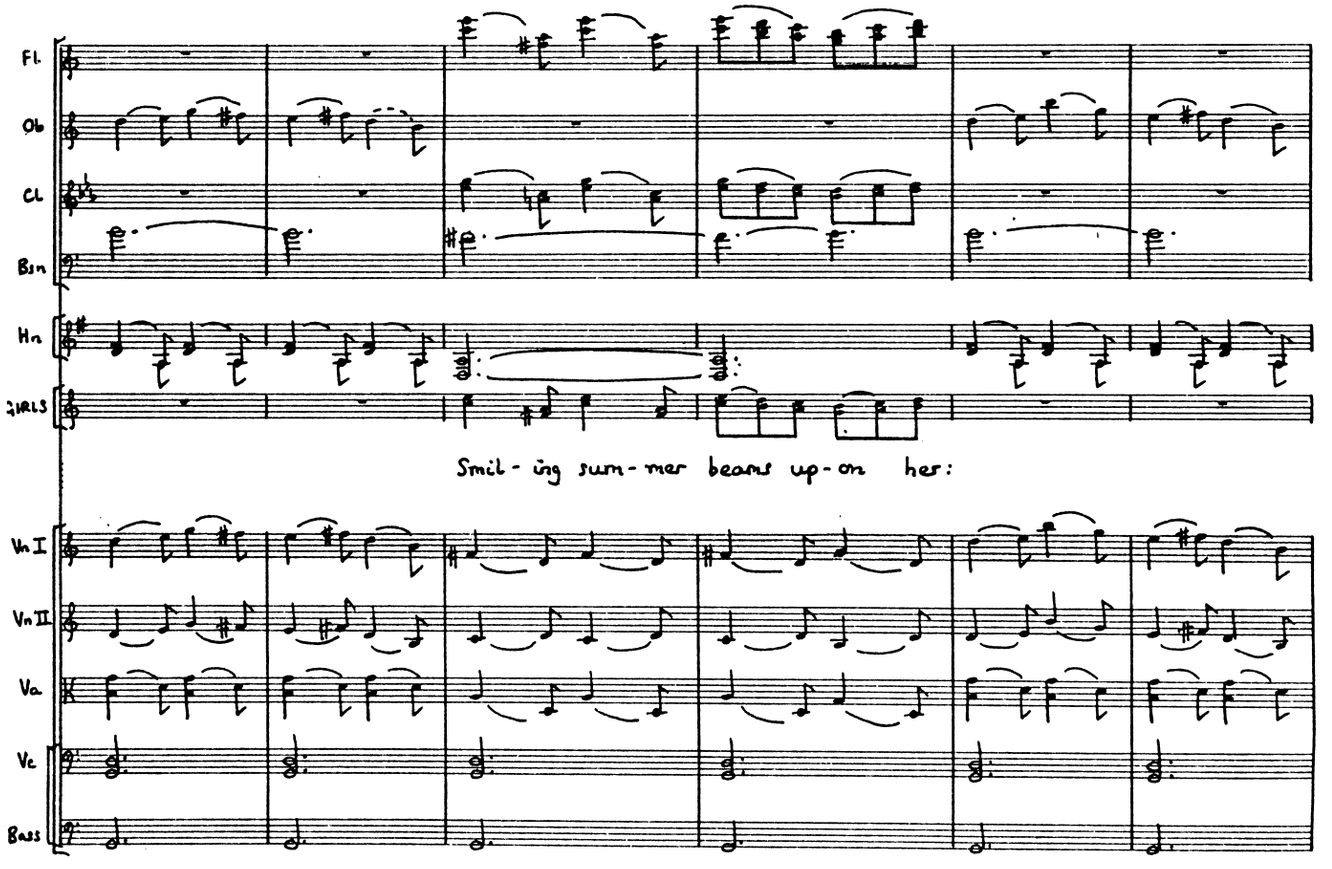
segue no. 15

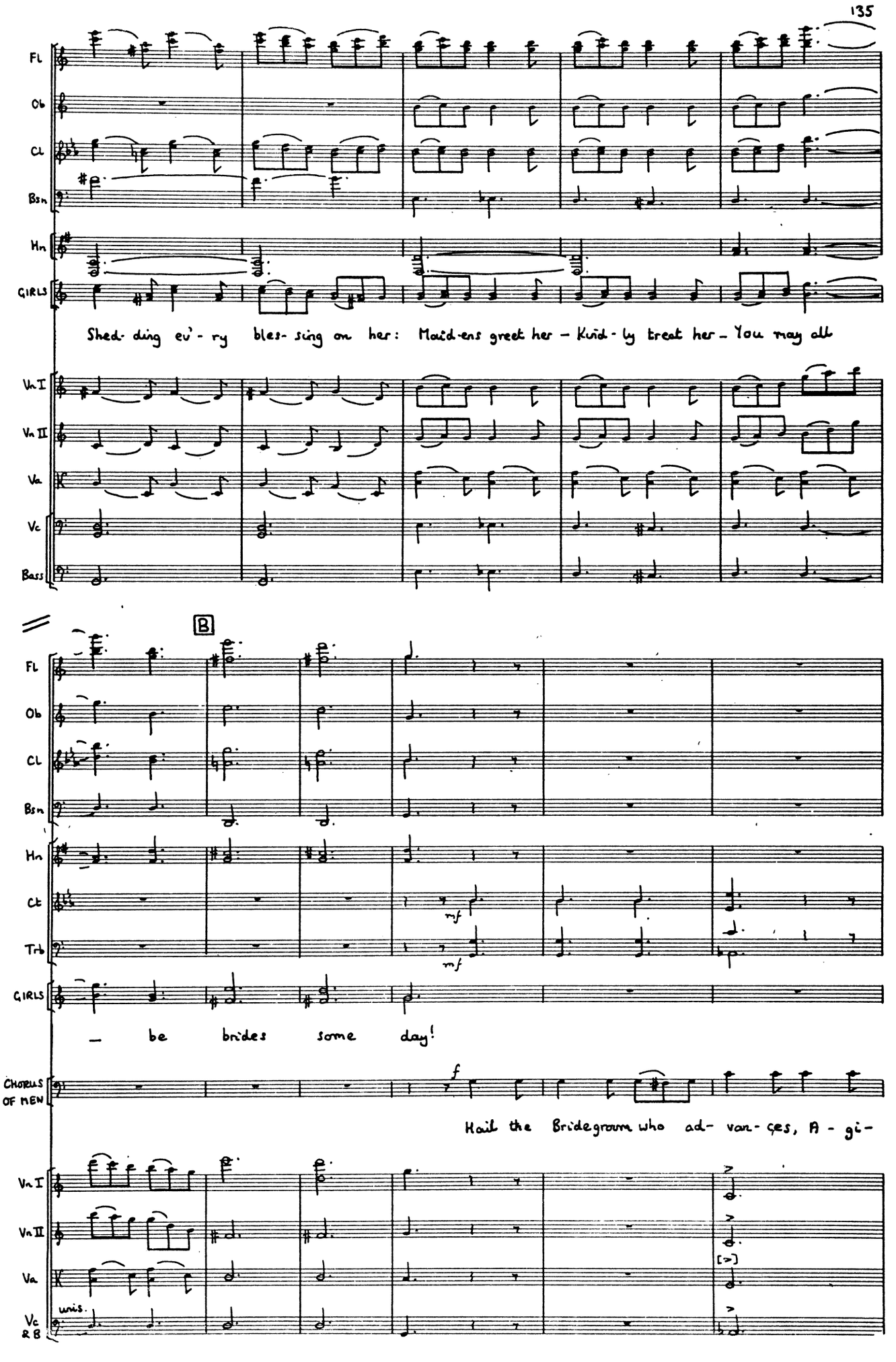
No. 15. FINALE - ACT I

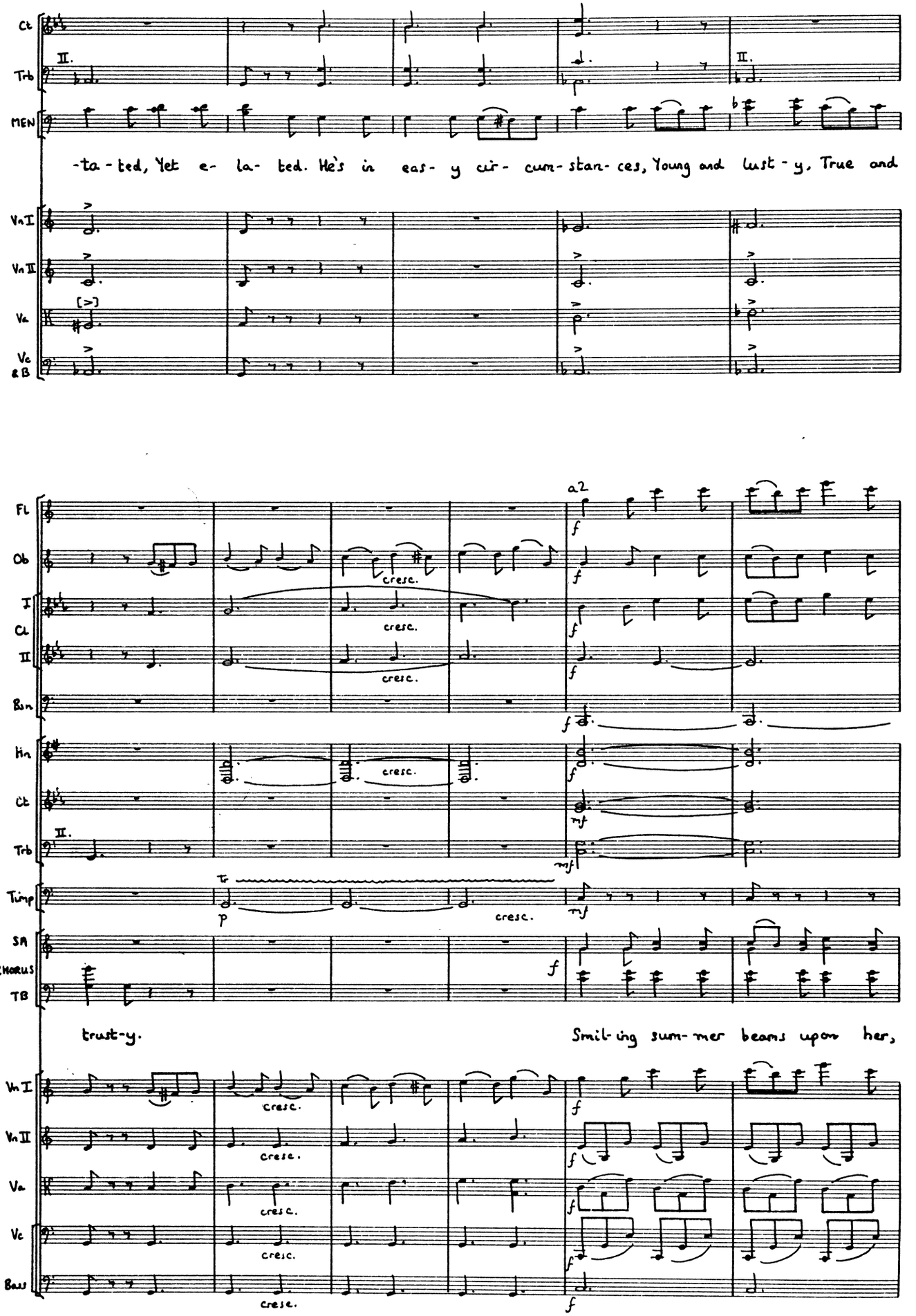


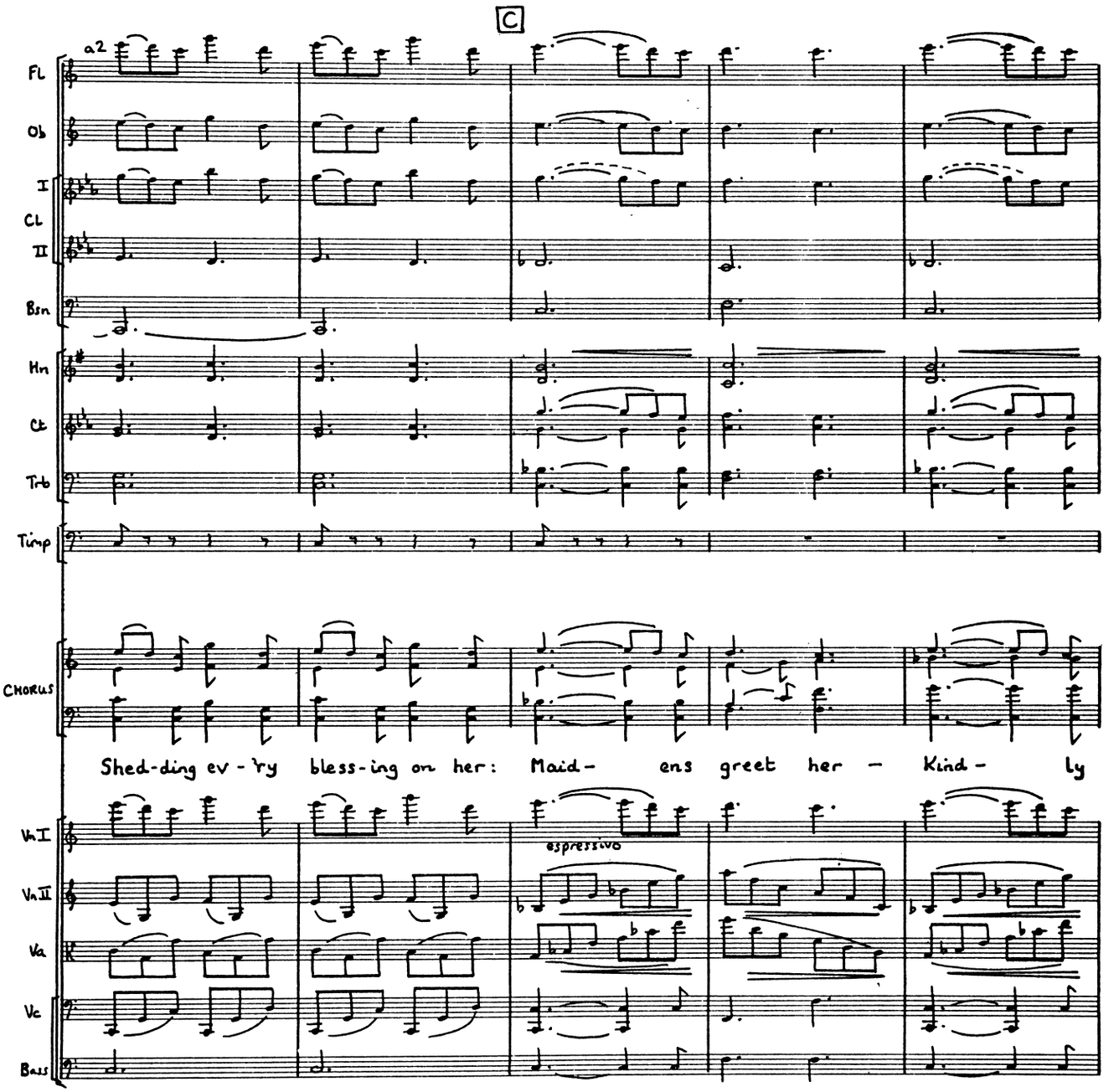

I
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
cresc.
[mf]
mf
A
CHORUS OF GIRLS
Hail the Bride of seven-teen sum-mers: In fair phra-ses
pesante

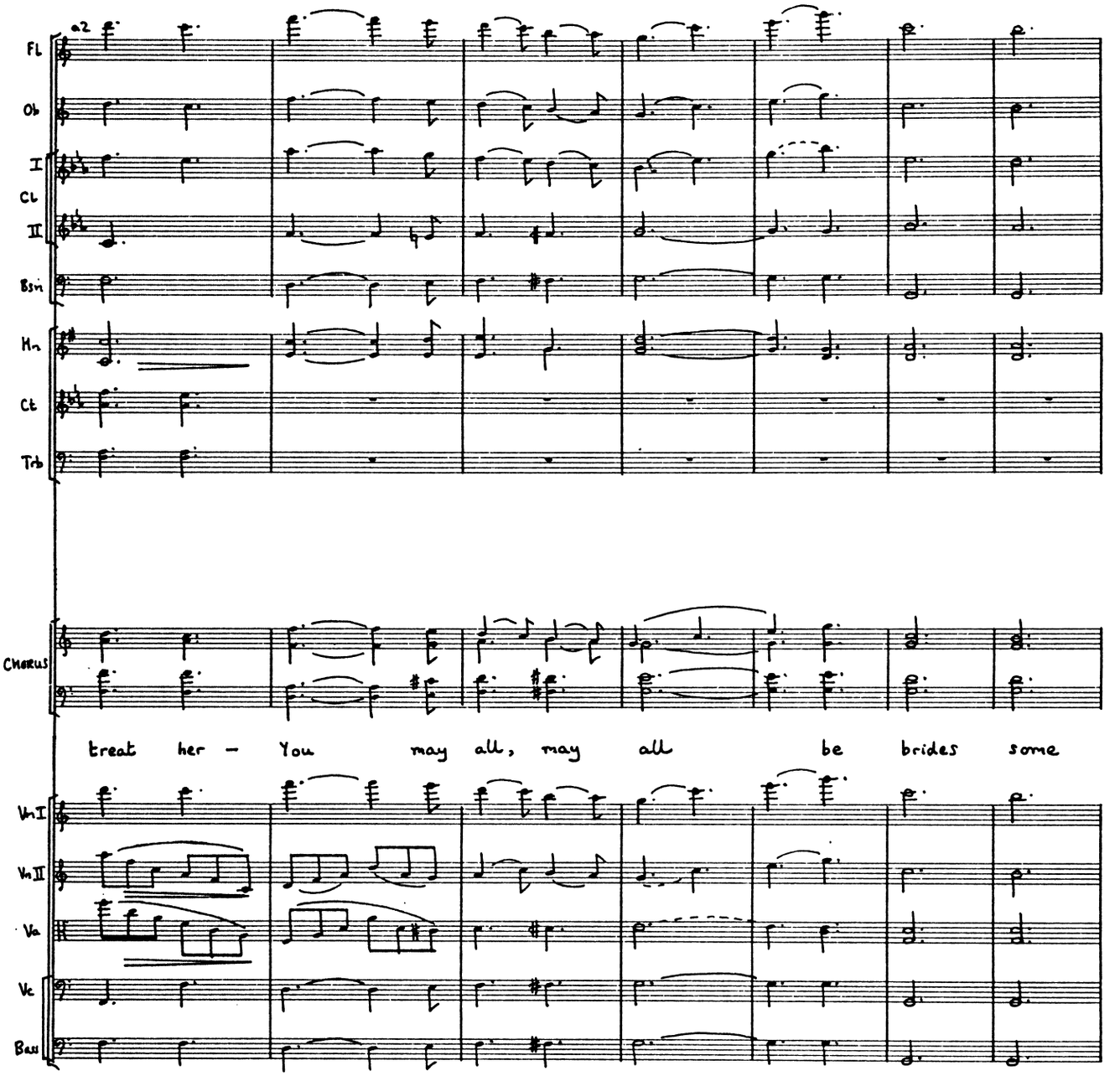

Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
Hymn her prai-ses; Lift her song on high, all com-ers, She re-joi-ces In your voi-ces.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

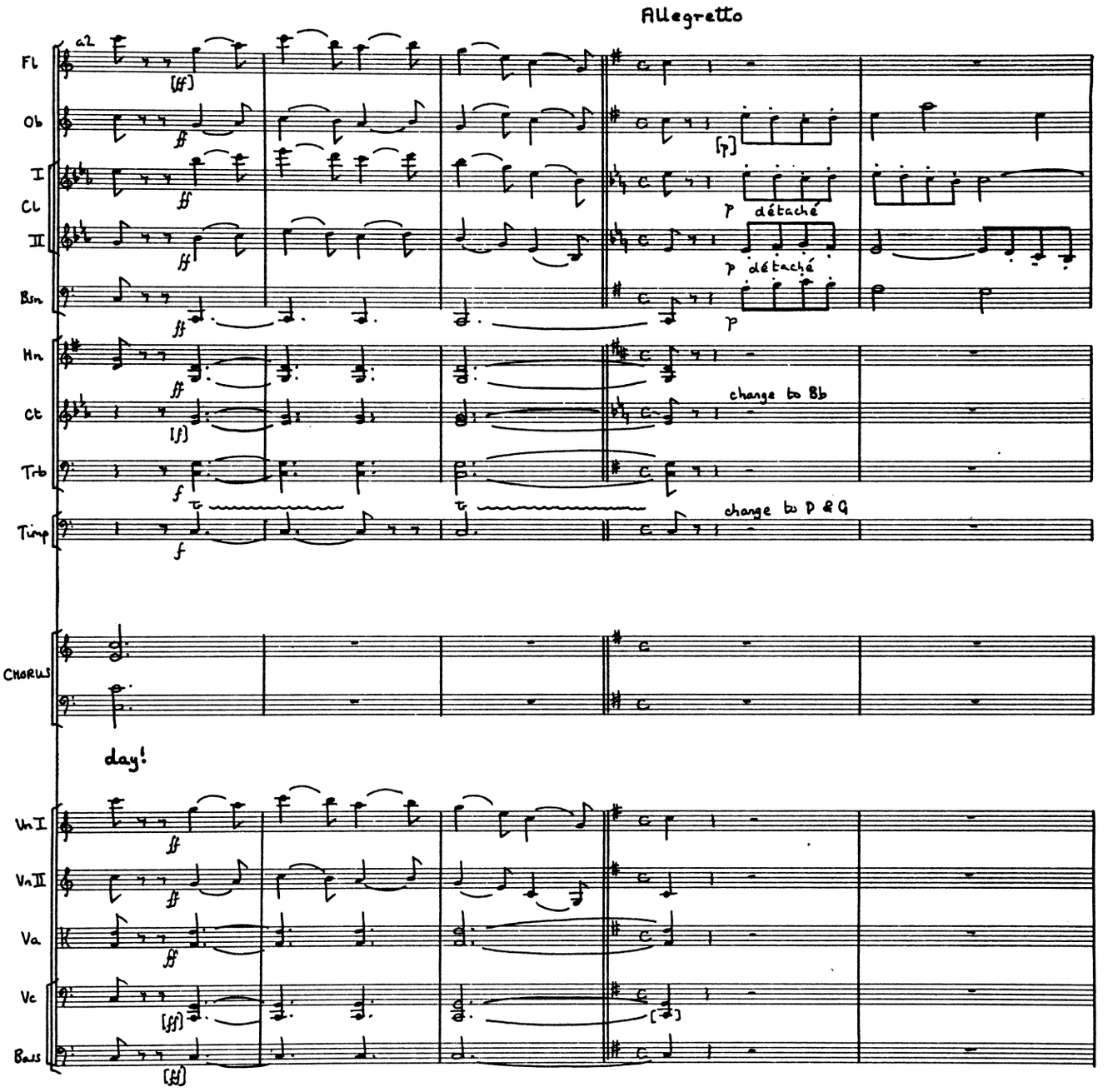

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
Smil-ing sum-mer beams up-on her:
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

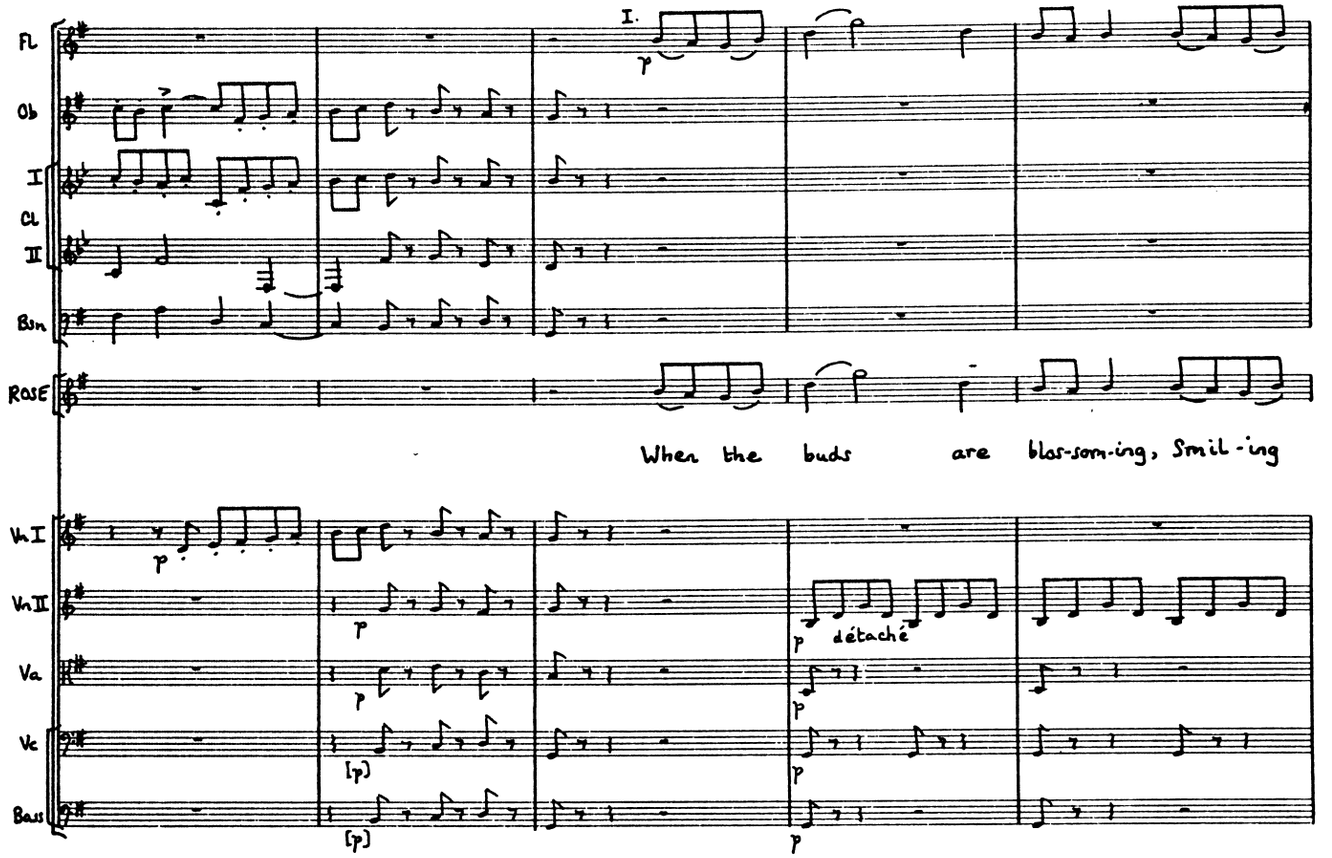

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
GIRLS
Shed- ding ev'- ry bles- sing on her: Maid-ens greet her – Kind- ly treat her – You may all
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
B
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
mf
mf
GIRLS
– be brides some day!
CHORUS OF MEN
f
Hail the Bridegroom who ad- van- ces, A - gi-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
unis.

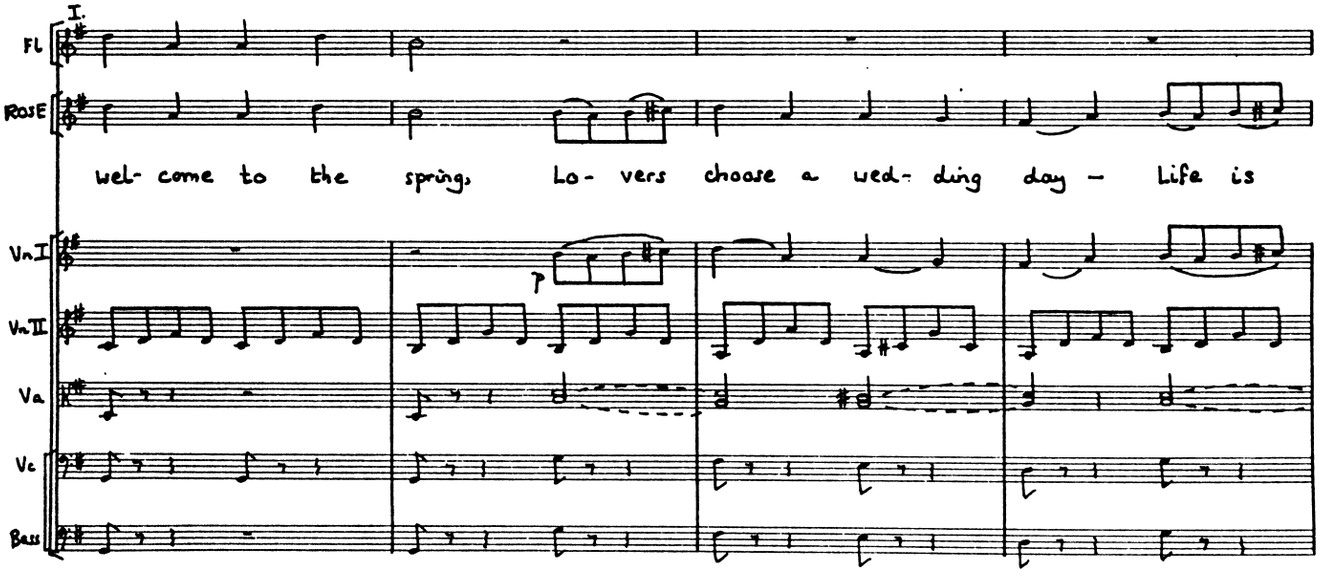

Cl
Trb
MEN
-ta-ted, Yet e- la- ted. He's in eas- y cir- cum-stan-ces, Young and lust-y, True and
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc & B
Fl
Ob
I Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Cl
Trb
Timp
SA
CHORUS
TB
a2
cresc.
trust-y.
Smil-ing sum-mer beams upon her,
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

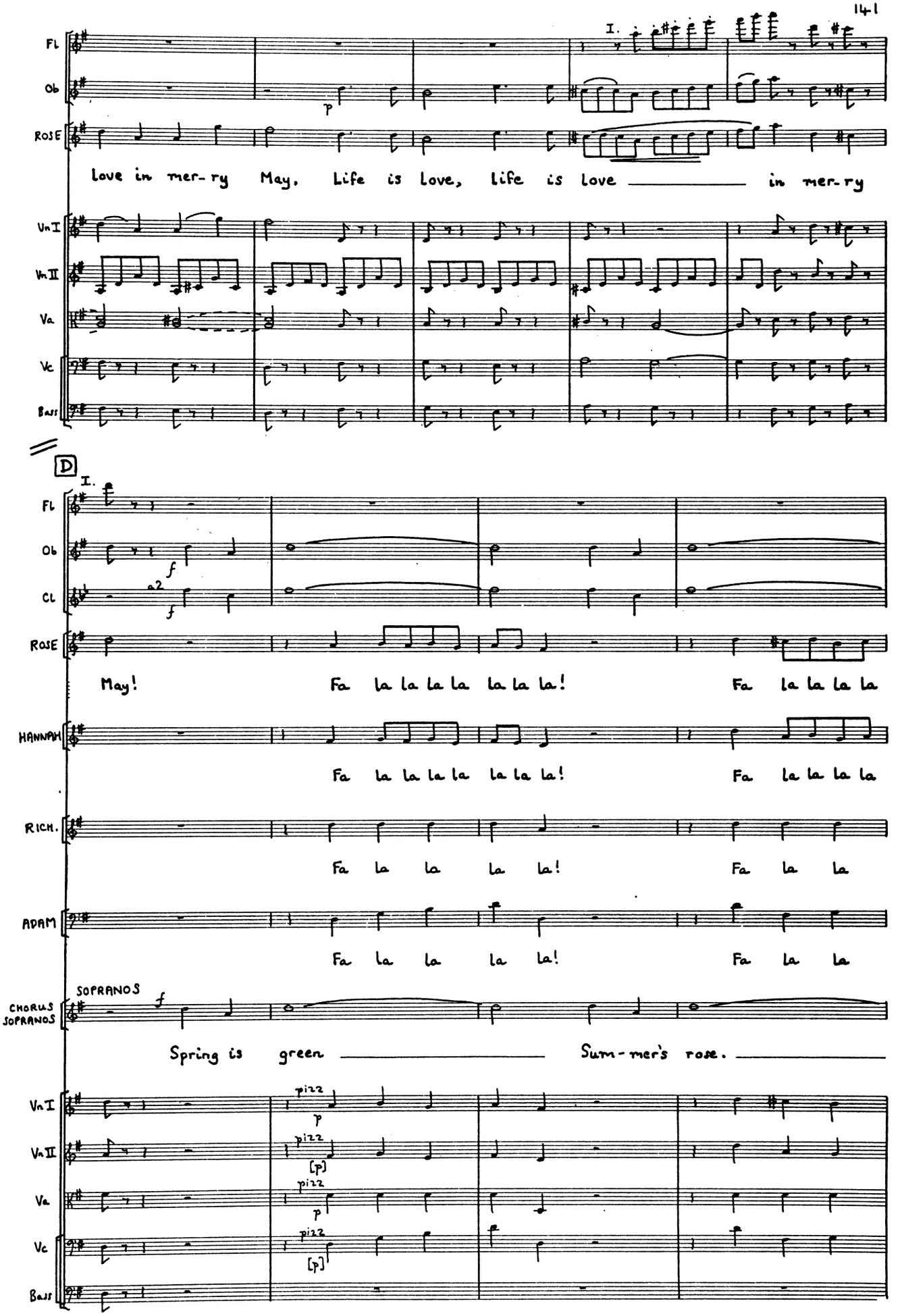

C
a2
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
CHORUS
Shed-ding ev-'ry bless-ing on her: Maid- ens greet her - Kind- ly
espressivo
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

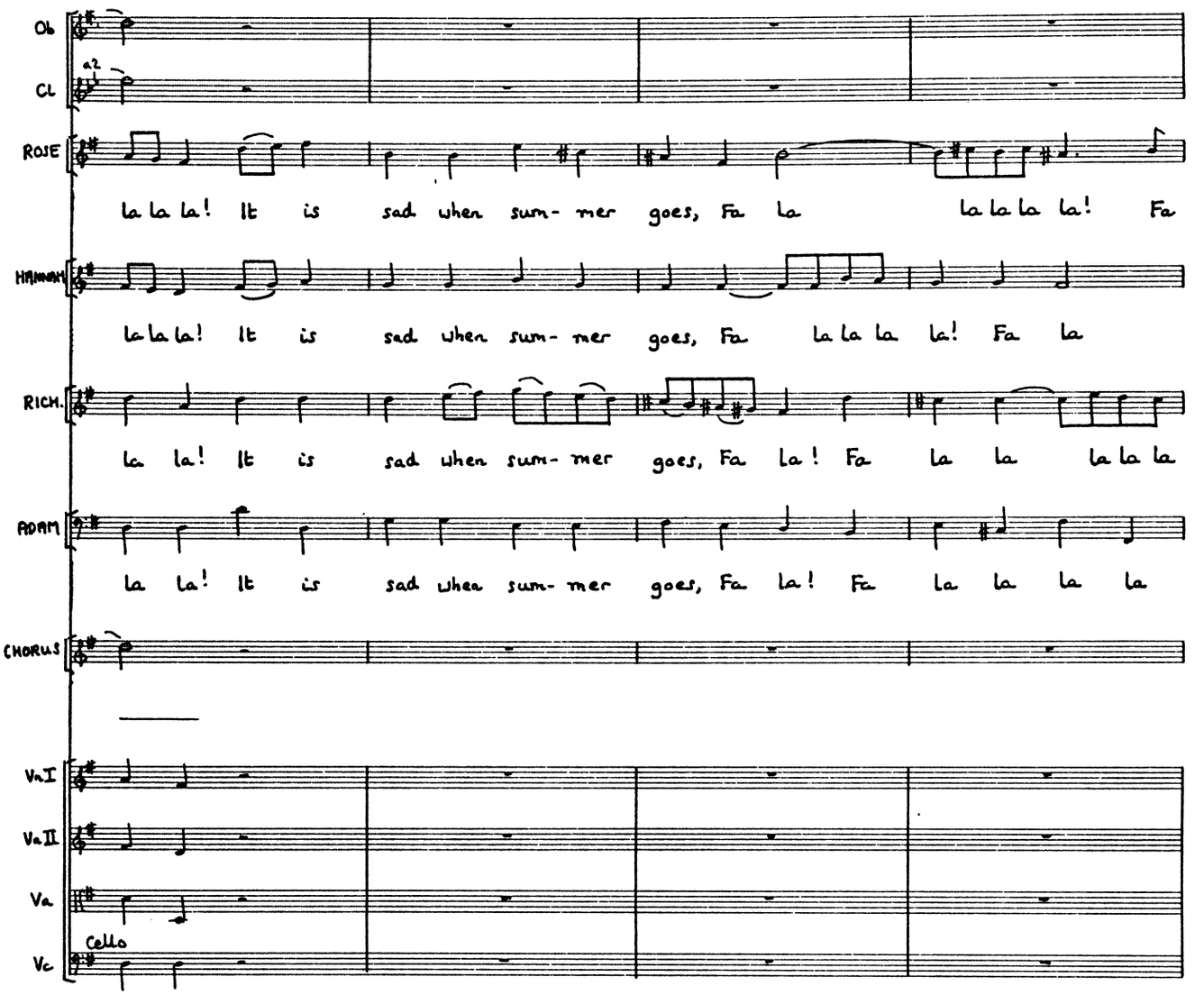

a2
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Chorus
treat her – You may all, may all be brides some
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

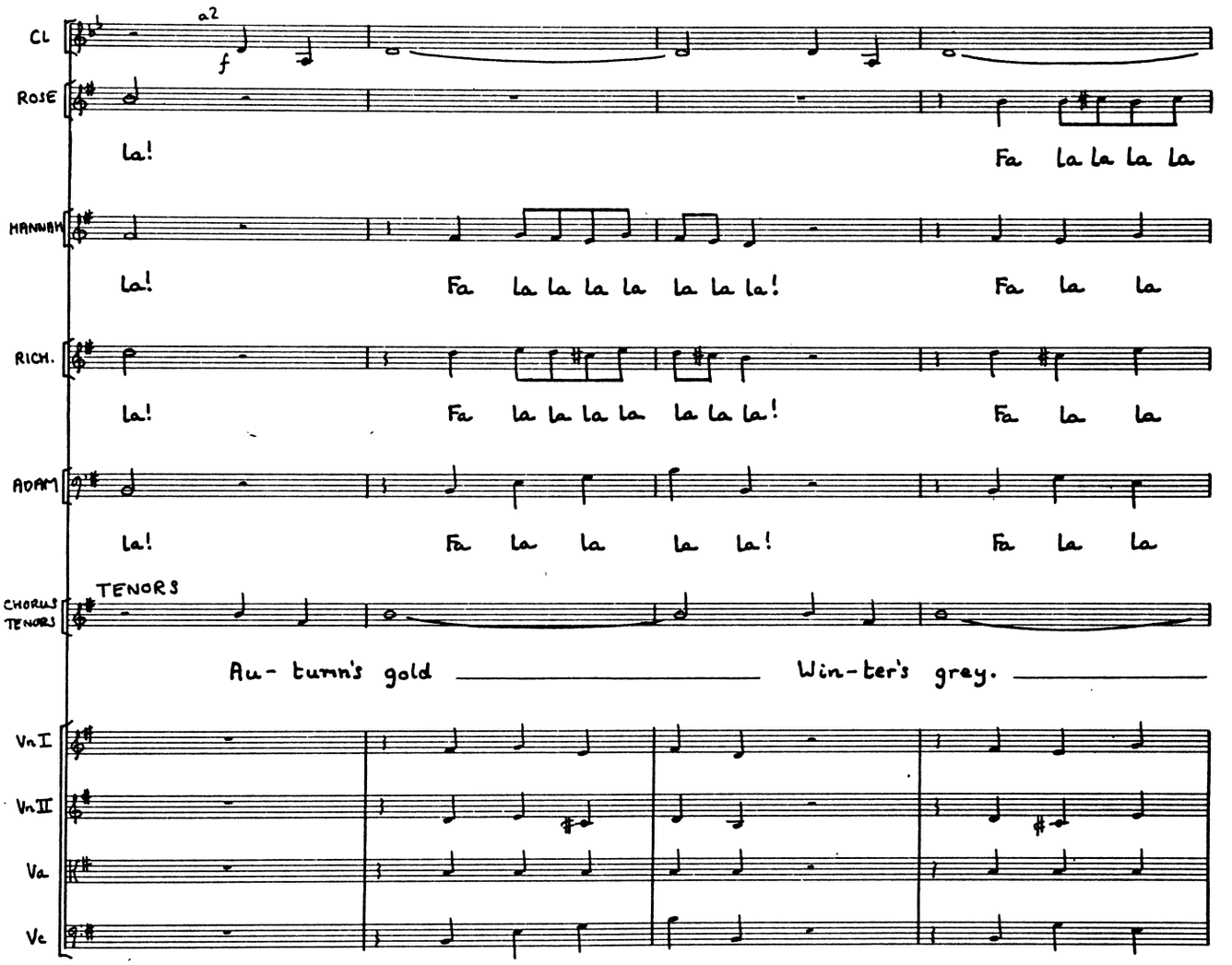

Allegretto
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
CHORUS
day!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
[ff]
ff
[f]
f
[p]
p
détaché
change to Bb
change to D & G
[fff]

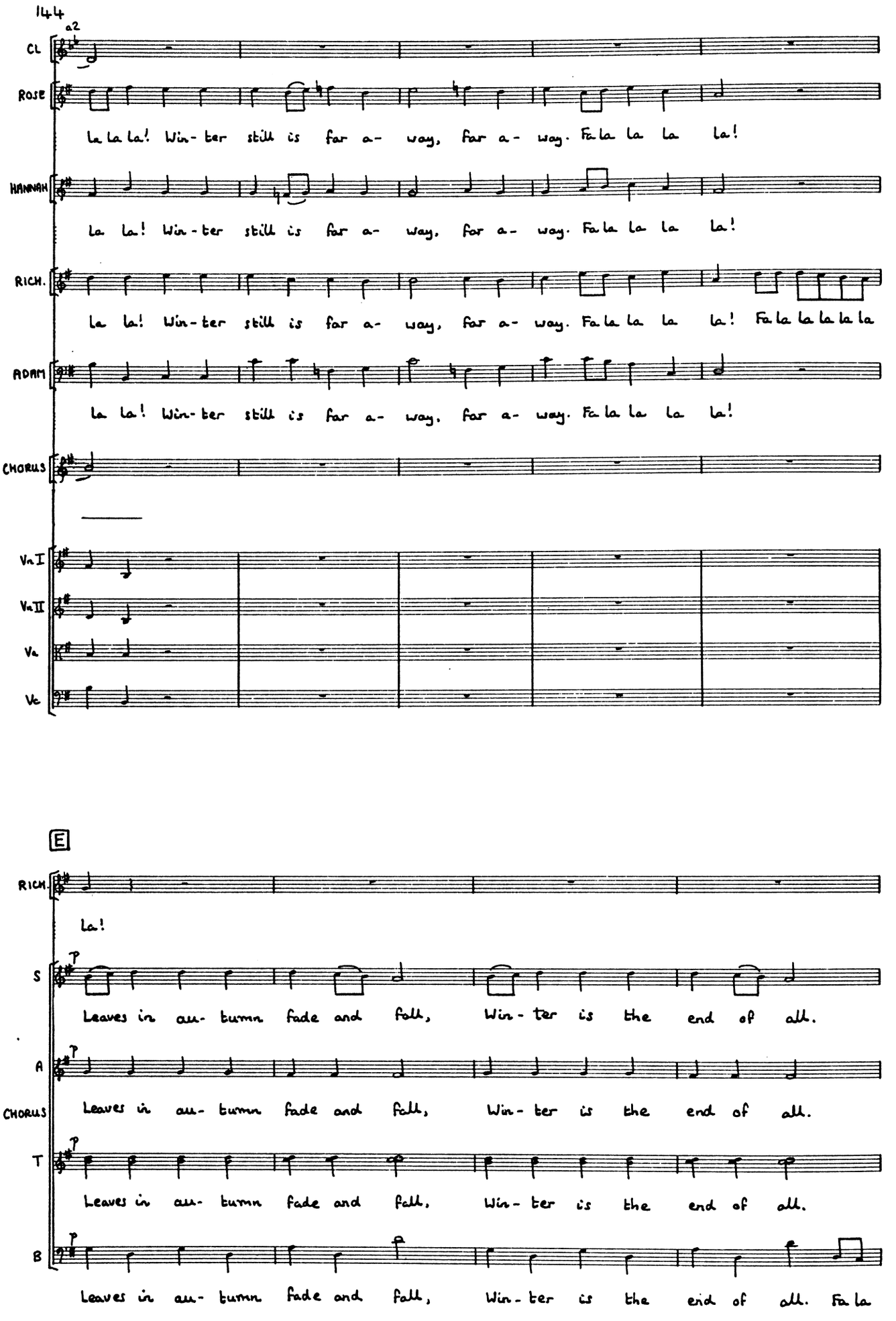

Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
ROSE
When the buds are blos-som-ing, Smil-ing
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
p
détaché
[p]

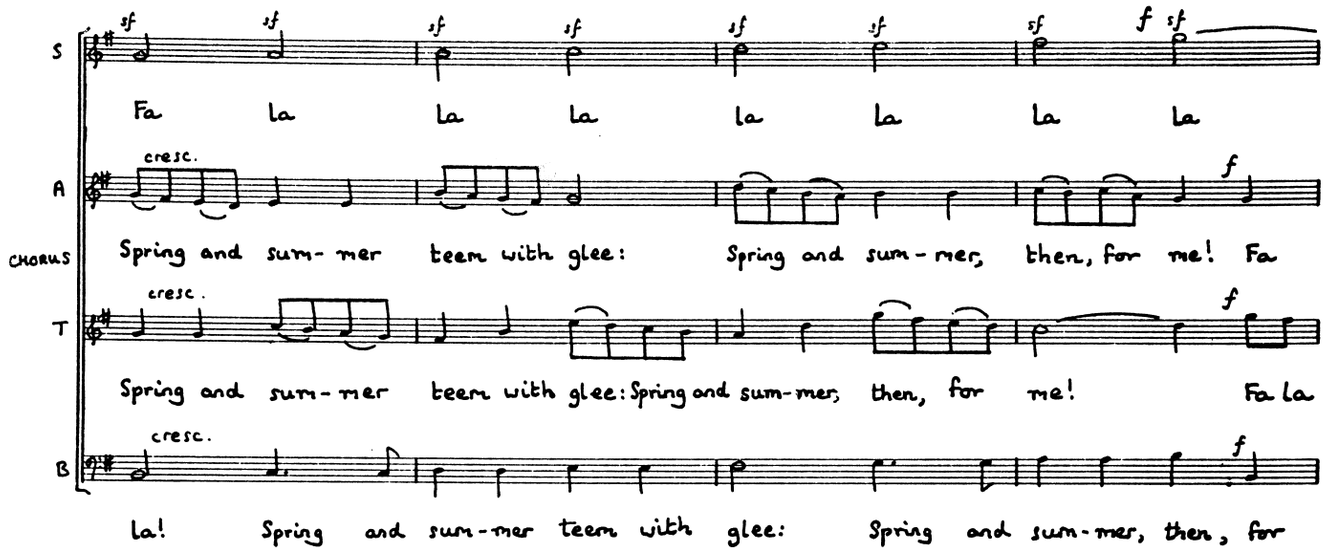

I.
Fl
ROSE
wel- come to the spring, Lo- vers choose a wed- ding day — Life is
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
p

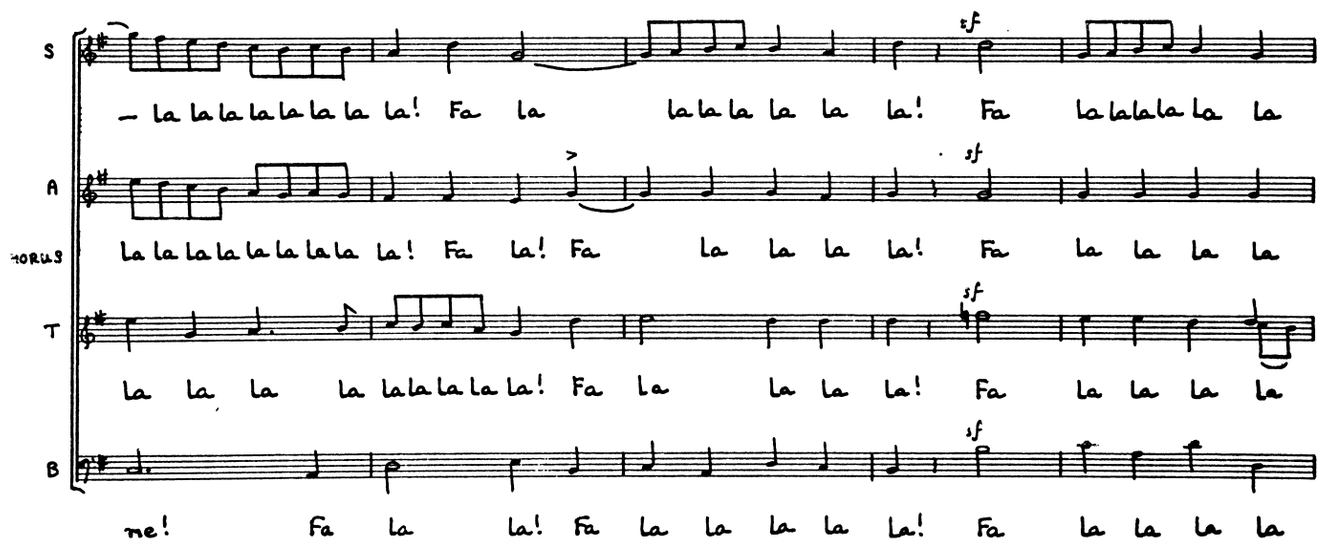

I.
Fl
Ob
ROSE
p
love in mer-ry May, Life is love, life is love in mer-ry
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
D
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
a2
f
ROSE
May! Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la
HANNAH
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la
RICH.
Fa la la la la! Fa la la
ADAM
Fa la la la la! Fa la la
SOPRANOS
CHORUS SOPRANOS
Spring is green Sum-mer's rose.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
p
[p]


Ob
Cl
a2
ROSE
la la la! It is sad when sum- mer goes, Fa la la la la la! Fa
HANNAH
la la la! It is sad when sum- mer goes, Fa la la la la! Fa la
RICH.
la la! It is sad when sum- mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la
ADAM
la la! It is sad when sum- mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la
CHORUS
VnI
VnII
Va
Cello
Vc


CL
a2
f
ROSE
la!
Fa la la la la
HANNAH
la!
Fa la la la la la la la!
Fa la la
RICH.
la!
Fa la la la la la la la!
Fa la la
ADAM
la!
Fa la la la la!
Fa la la
CHORUS
TENORS
TENORS
Au- tumn's gold
Win-ter's grey.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc

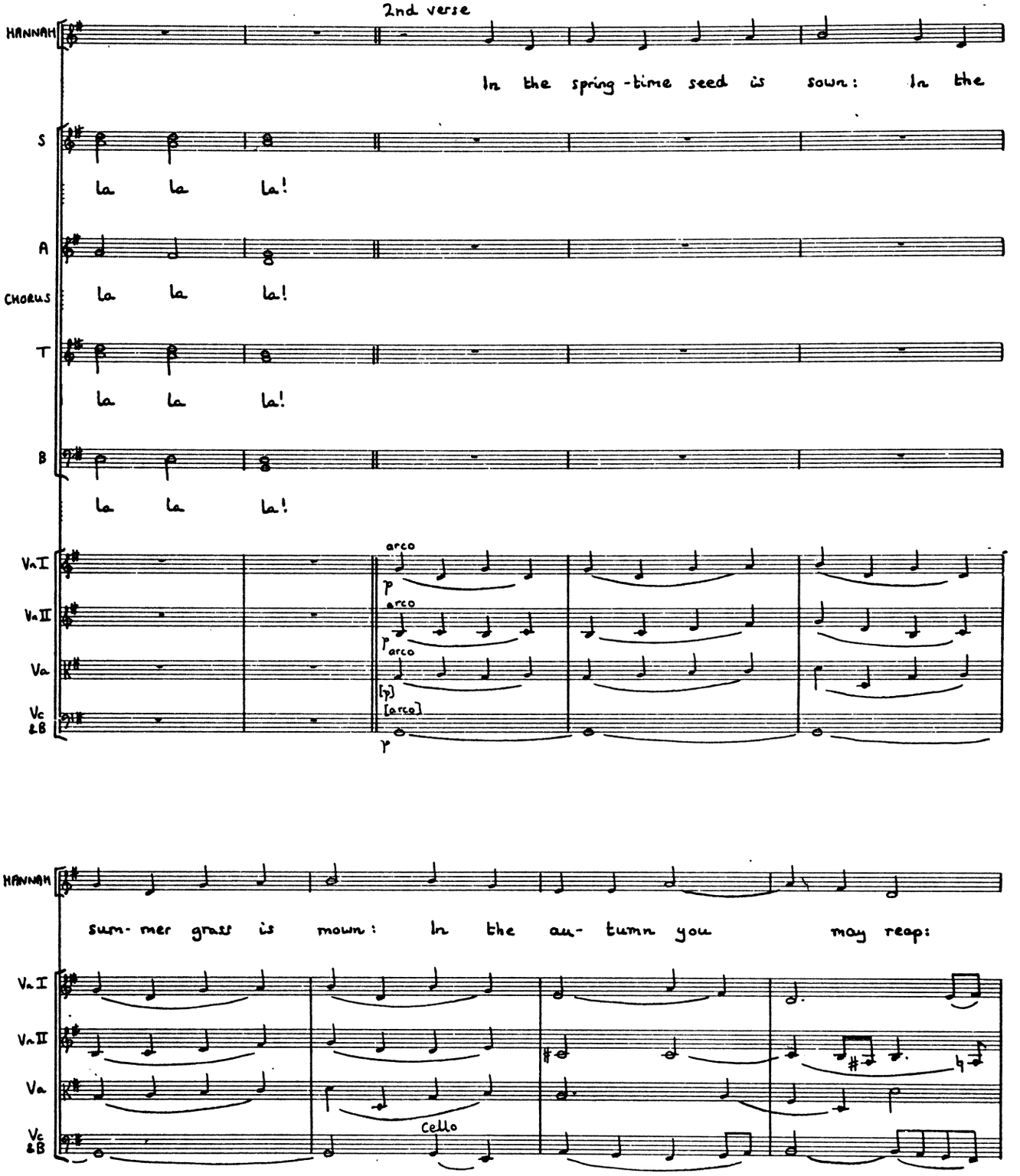

144
a2
Cl
Rose
La la la! Win- ter still is far a- way, far a- way. Fa la la la la!
Hannah
La la! Win- ter still is far a- way, far a- way. Fa la la la la!
Rich.
La la! Win- ter still is far a- way, far a- way. Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la
Adam
La la! Win- ter still is far a- way, far a- way. Fa la la la la!
Chorus
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
E
Rich.
La!
S
p
Leaves in au- tumn fade and fall, Win- ter is the end of all.
A
p
Leaves in au- tumn fade and fall, Win- ter is the end of all.
Chorus
T
p
Leaves in au- tumn fade and fall, Win- ter is the end of all.
B
p
Leaves in au- tumn fade and fall, Win- ter is the end of all. Fa la

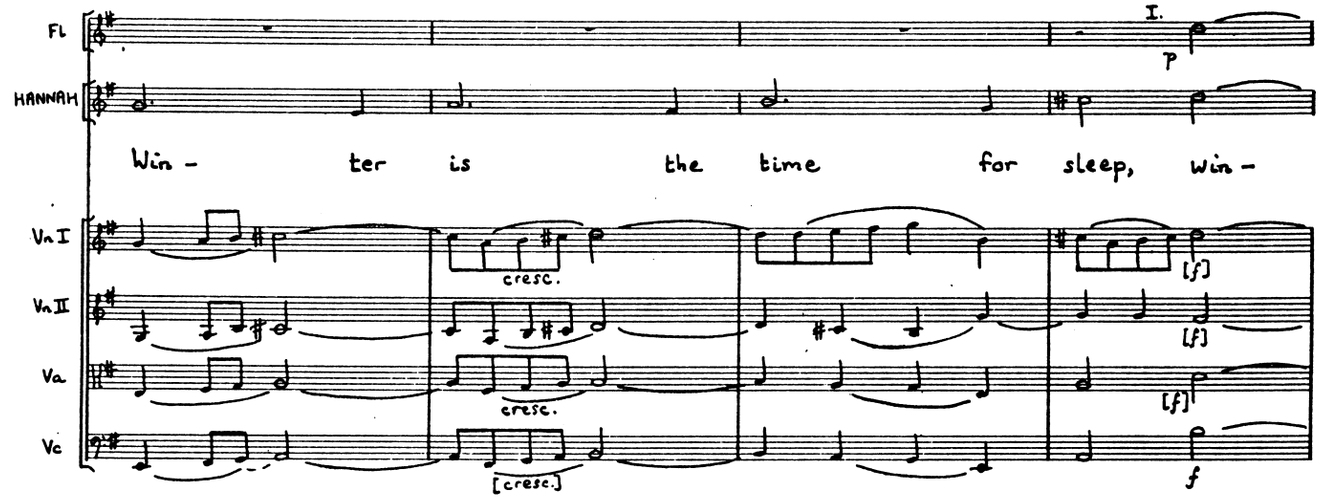

S
A
CHORUS
T
B
sf
f
cresc.
Fa la la la la la la la
Spring and sum-mer teem with glee: Spring and sum-mer, then, for me! Fa
Spring and sum-mer teem with glee: Spring and sum-mer, then, for me! Fa la
la! Spring and sum-mer teem with glee: Spring and sum-mer, then, for

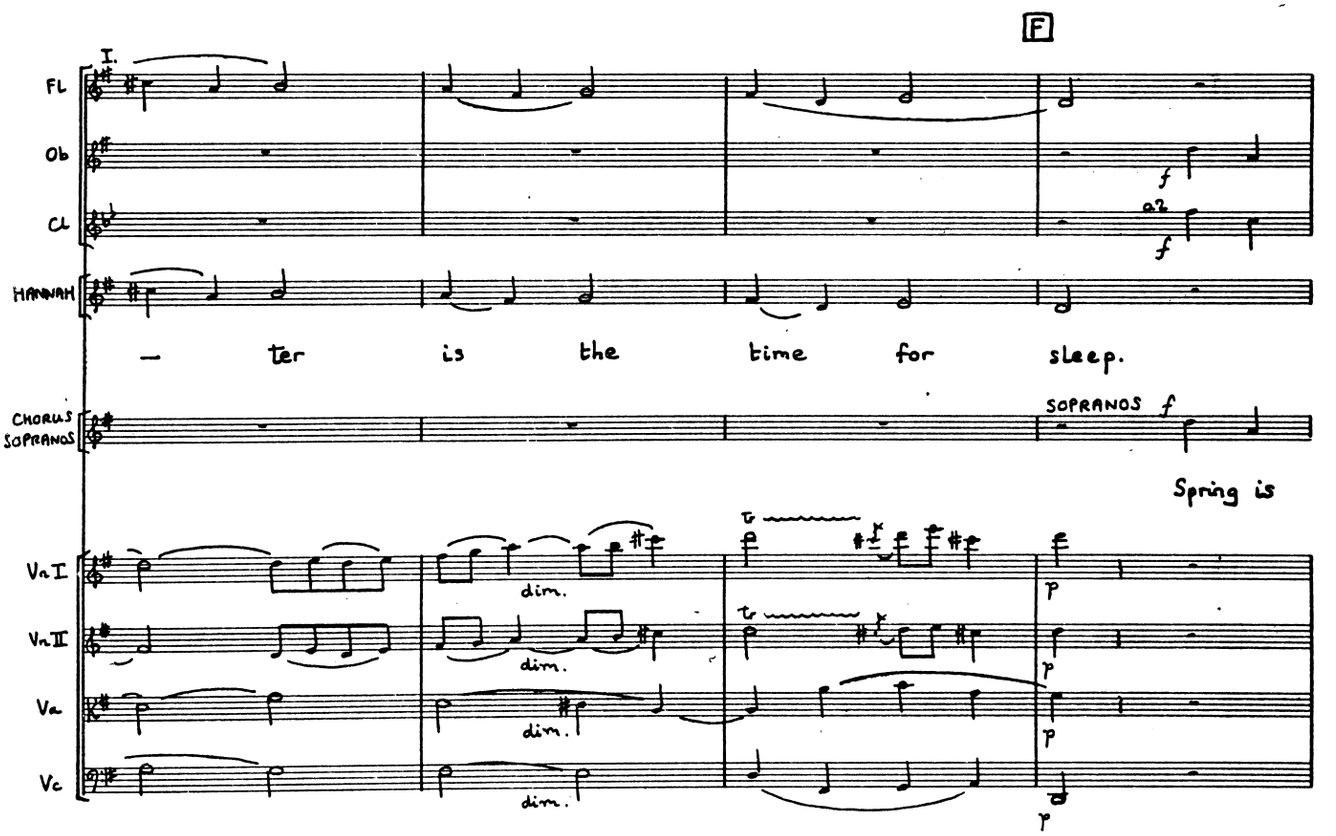

S
A
CHORUS
T
B
sf
– la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la
la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la
me! Fa la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la

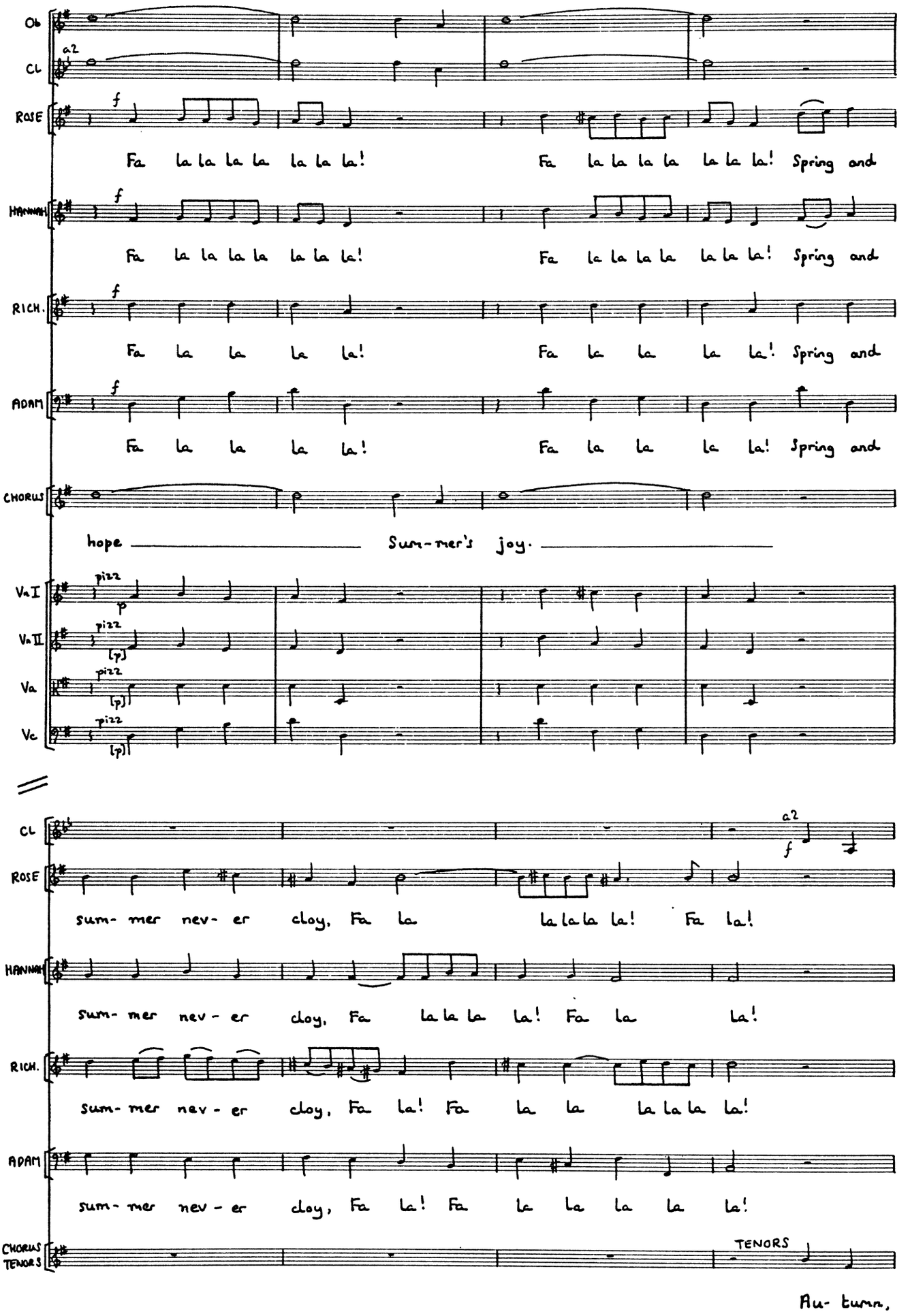
ENCORE

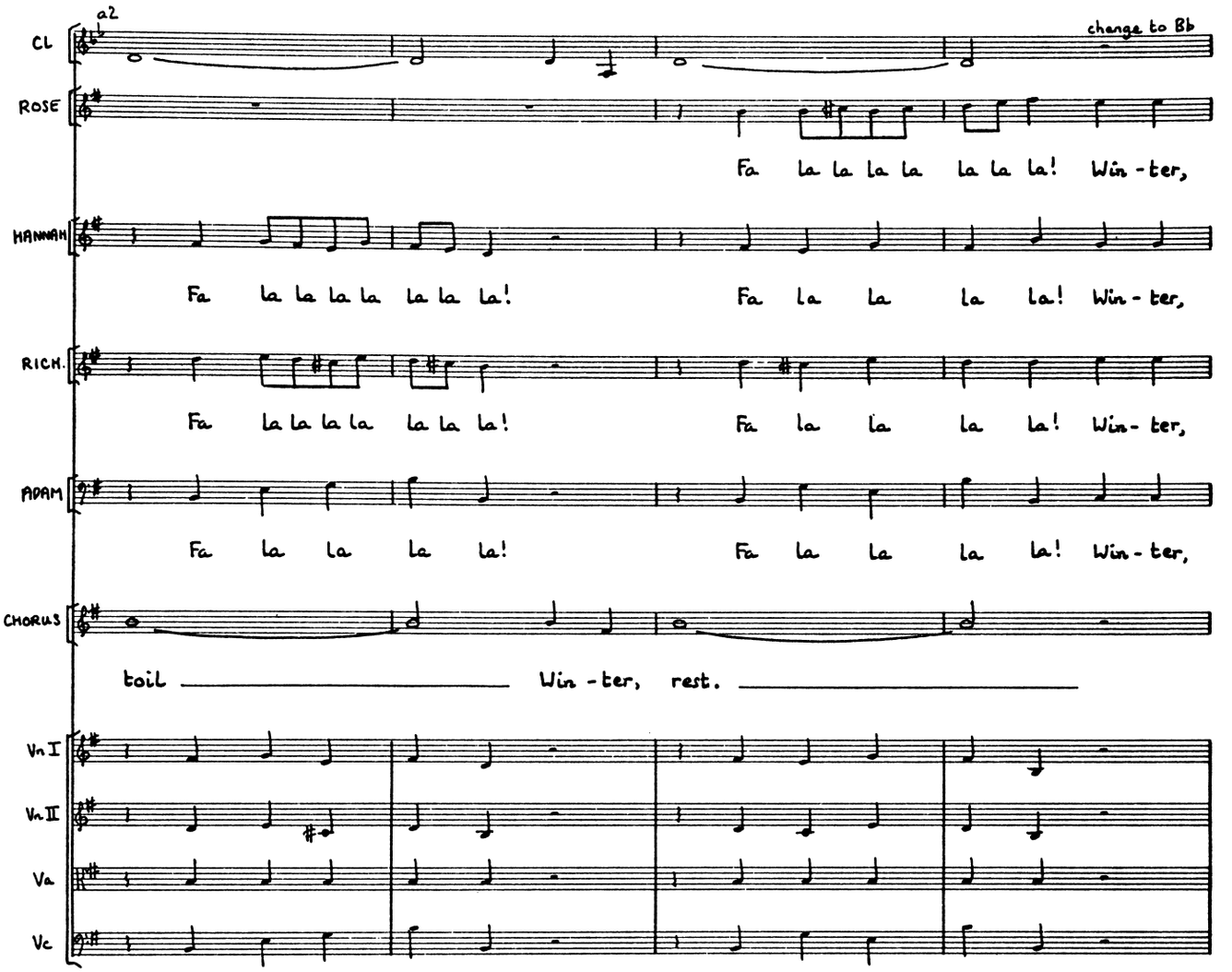
2nd verse

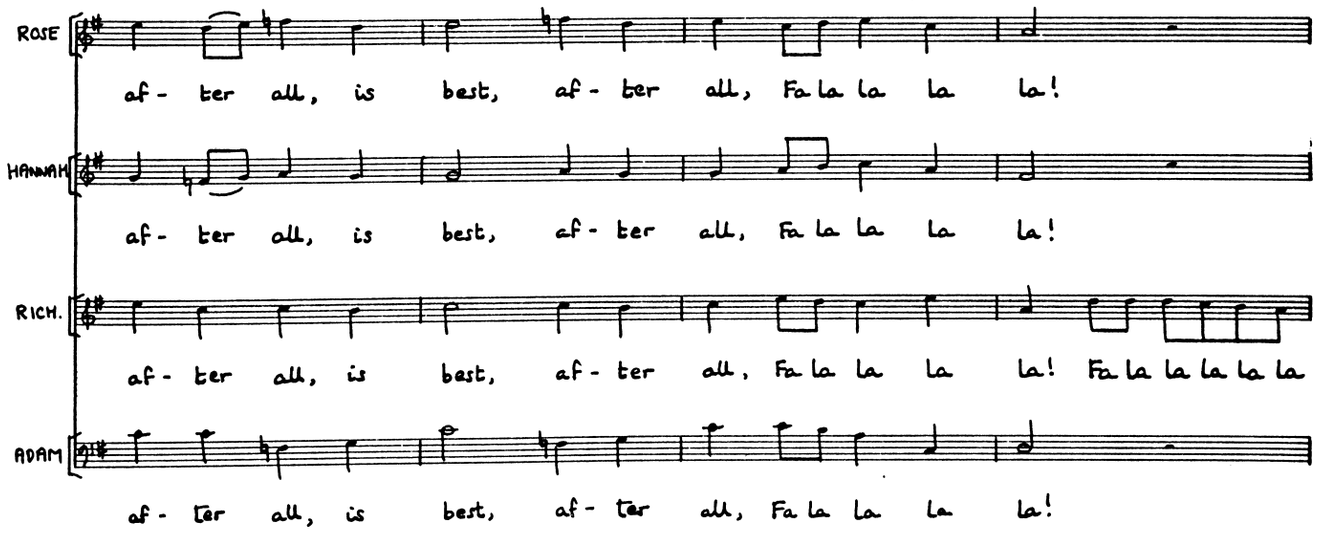


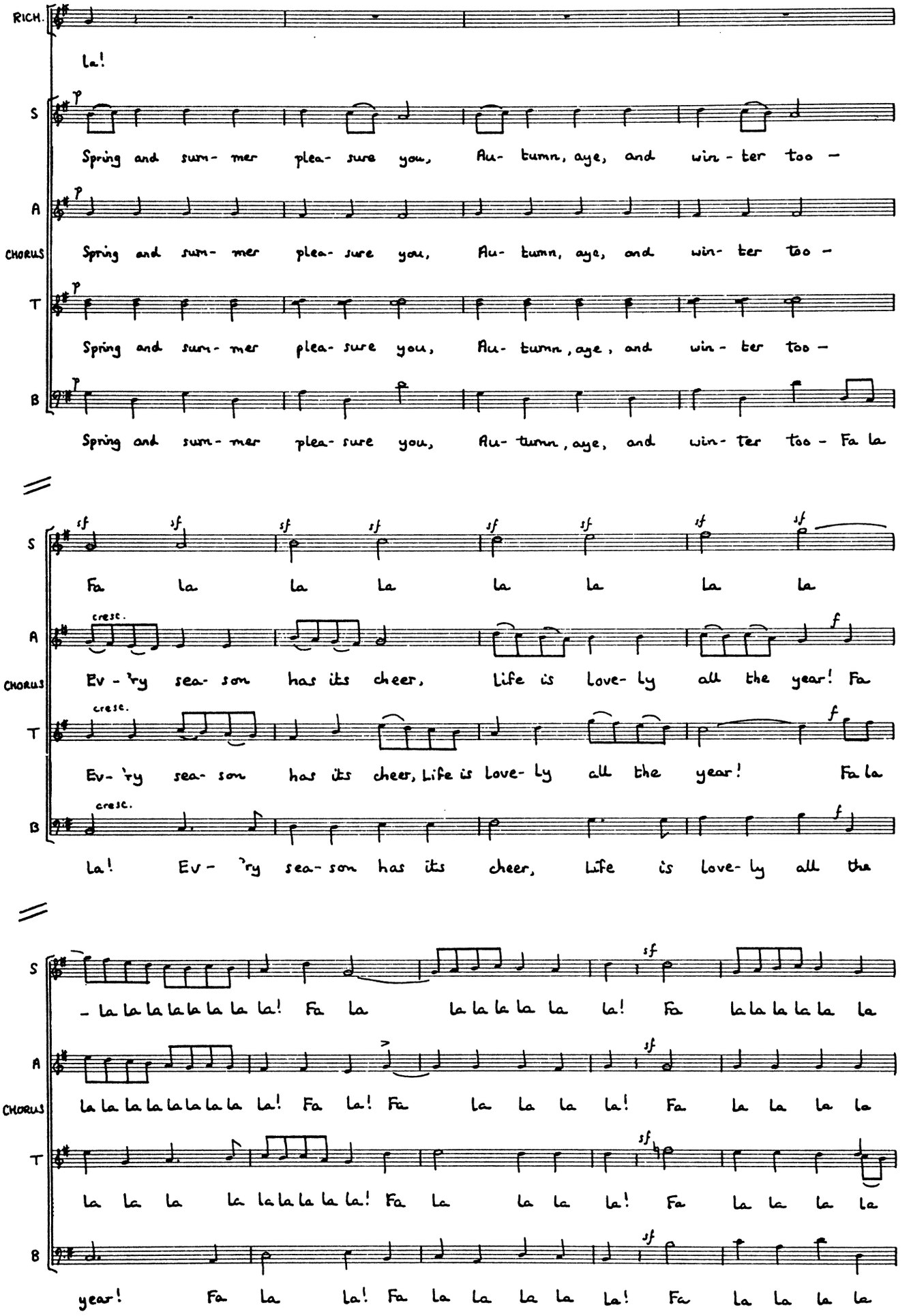

Fl
HANNAH
Win - ter is the time for sleep, win -
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
I.
p
cresc.
[f]
[cresc.]
f

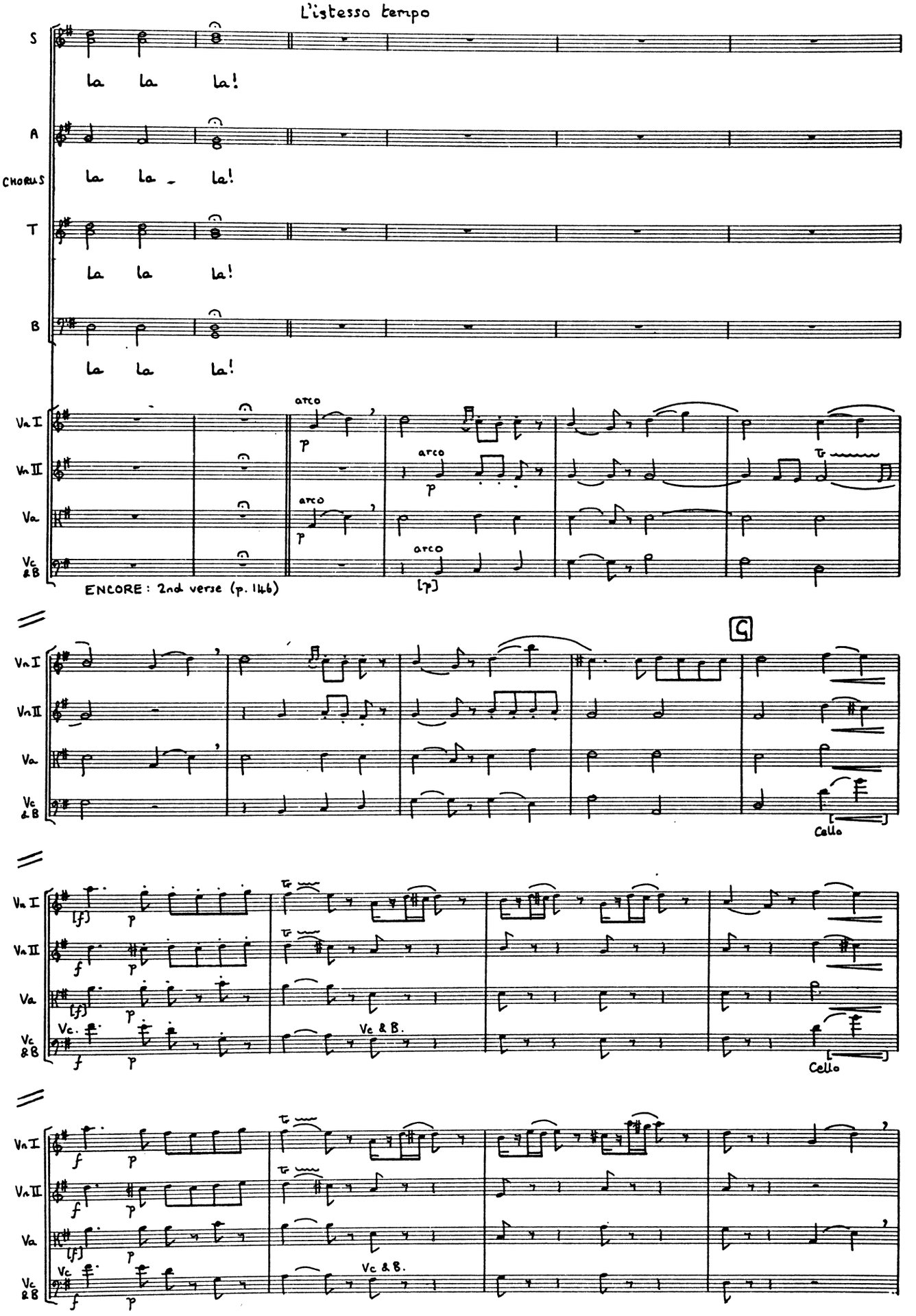

F
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
HANNAH
- ter is the time for sleep.
CHORUS SOPRANOS
SOPRANOS f
Spring is
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
dim.
a2
f
p

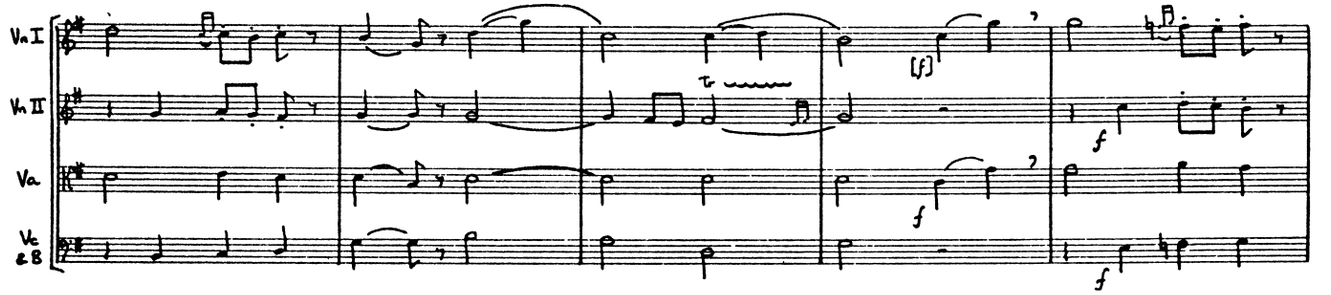

Ob
Cl
a2
ROSE
f
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! Spring and
HANNAH
f
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! Spring and
RICH.
f
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and
ADAM
f
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and
CHORUS
hope Sum-mer's joy.
Va I
pizz
p
Va II
pizz
[p]
Va
pizz
[p]
Vc
pizz
[p]
Cl
a2
f
ROSE
sum- mer nev- er cloy, Fa la la la la la! Fa la!
HANNAH
sum- mer nev- er cloy, Fa la la la la! Fa la la!
RICH.
sum- mer nev- er cloy, Fa la! Fa la la la la la la!
ADAM
sum- mer nev- er cloy, Fa la! Fa la la la la la!
CHORUS TENORS
TENORS
Au- tumn,

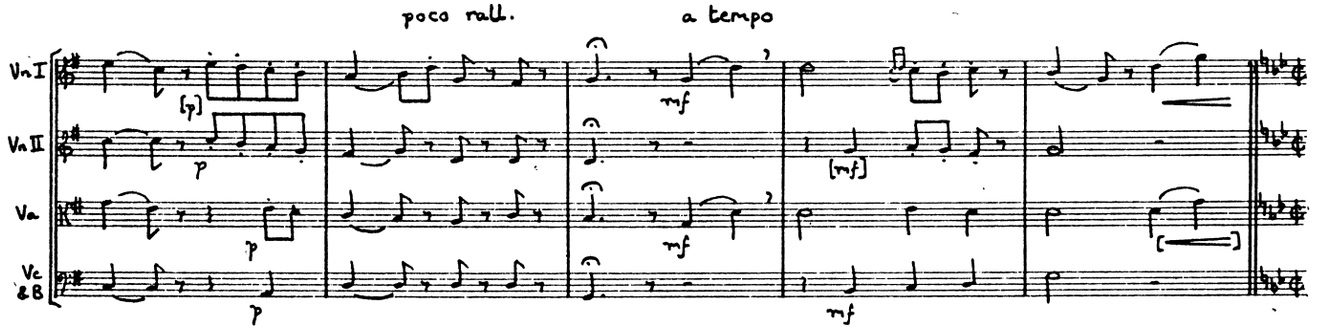

a2
CL
change to Bb
ROSE
Fa la la la la la la la! Win-ter,
HANNAH
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter,
RICH.
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter,
ADAM
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter,
CHORUS
toil Win-ter, rest.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc

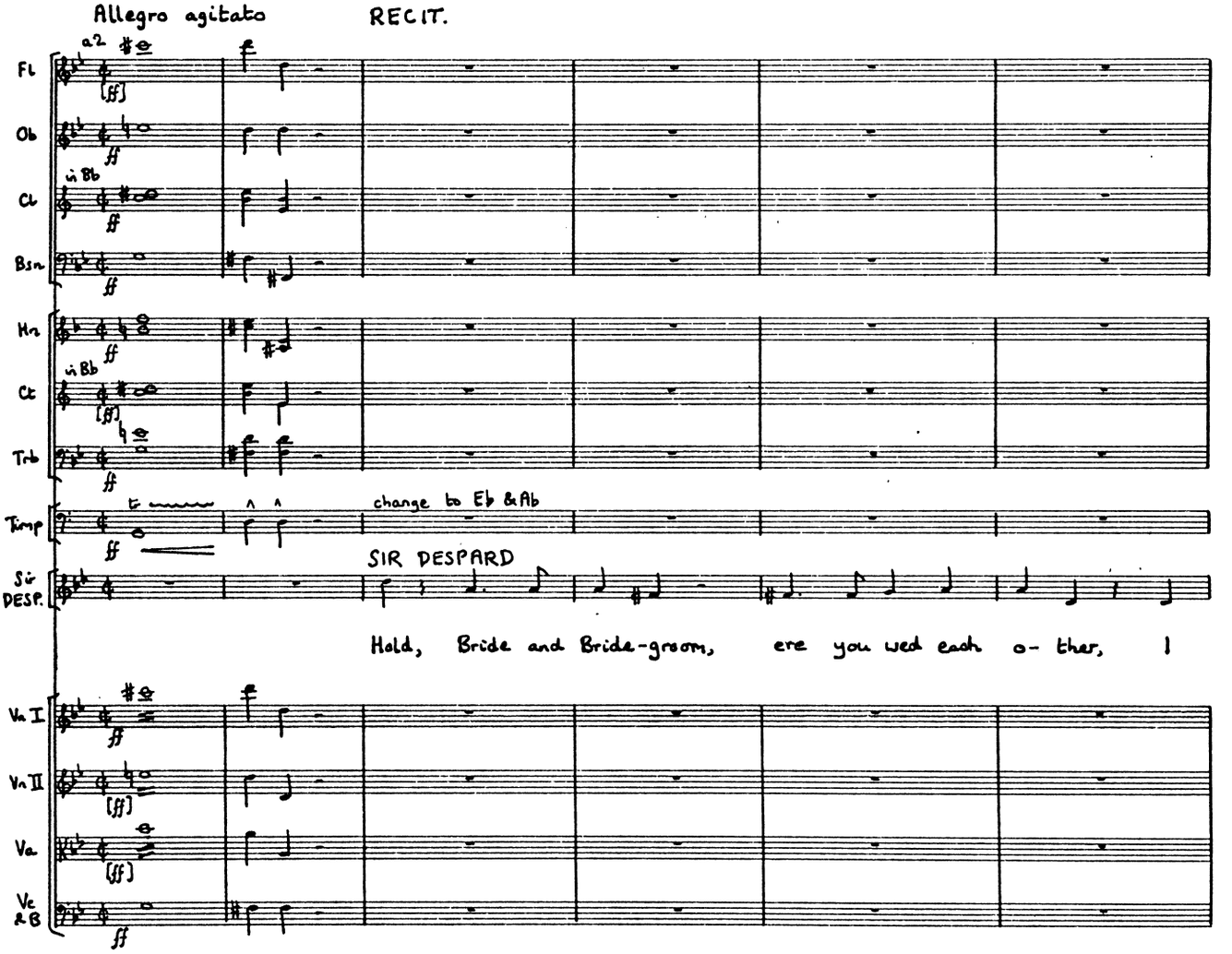

ROSE
af-ter all, is best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!
HANNAH
af-ter all, is best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!
RICH.
af-ter all, is best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la
ADAM
af-ter all, is best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!

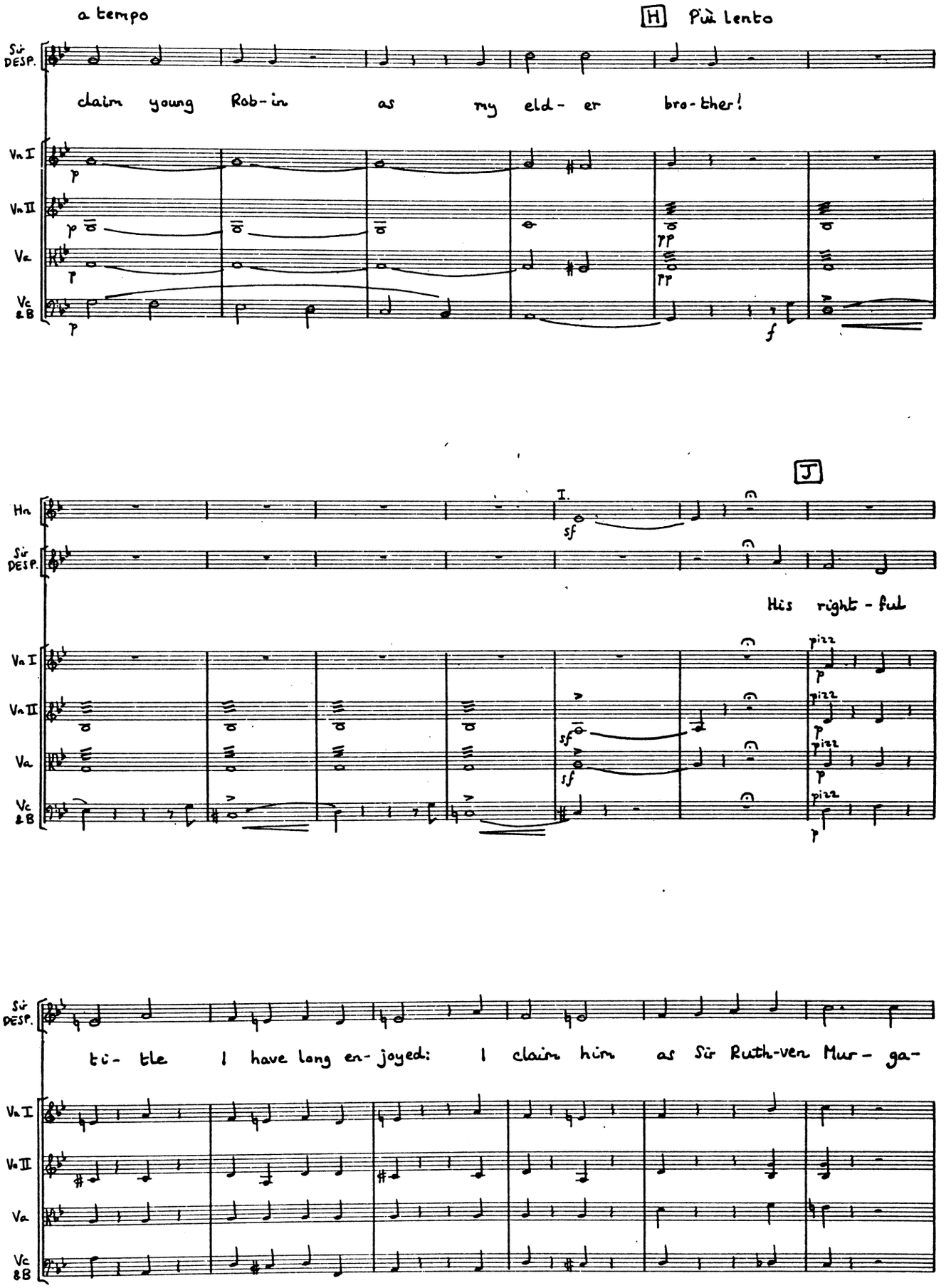

RICH.
La!
S
Spring and sum- mer plea- sure you, Au- tumn, aye, and win - ter too -
A
CHORUS
Spring and sum- mer plea- sure you, Au- tumn, aye, and win- ter too -
T
Spring and sum- mer plea- sure you, Au- tumn, aye, and win- ter too -
B
Spring and sum- mer plea- sure you, Au- tumn, aye, and win- ter too - Fa la
Fa la la la la la la la
cresc.
Ev - 'ry sea- son has its cheer, Life is love- ly all the year! Fa
Ev- 'ry sea- son has its cheer, Life is love- ly all the year! Fa la
La! Ev- 'ry sea- son has its cheer, Life is love- ly all the
- la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la
la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la
la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la
year! Fa la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la

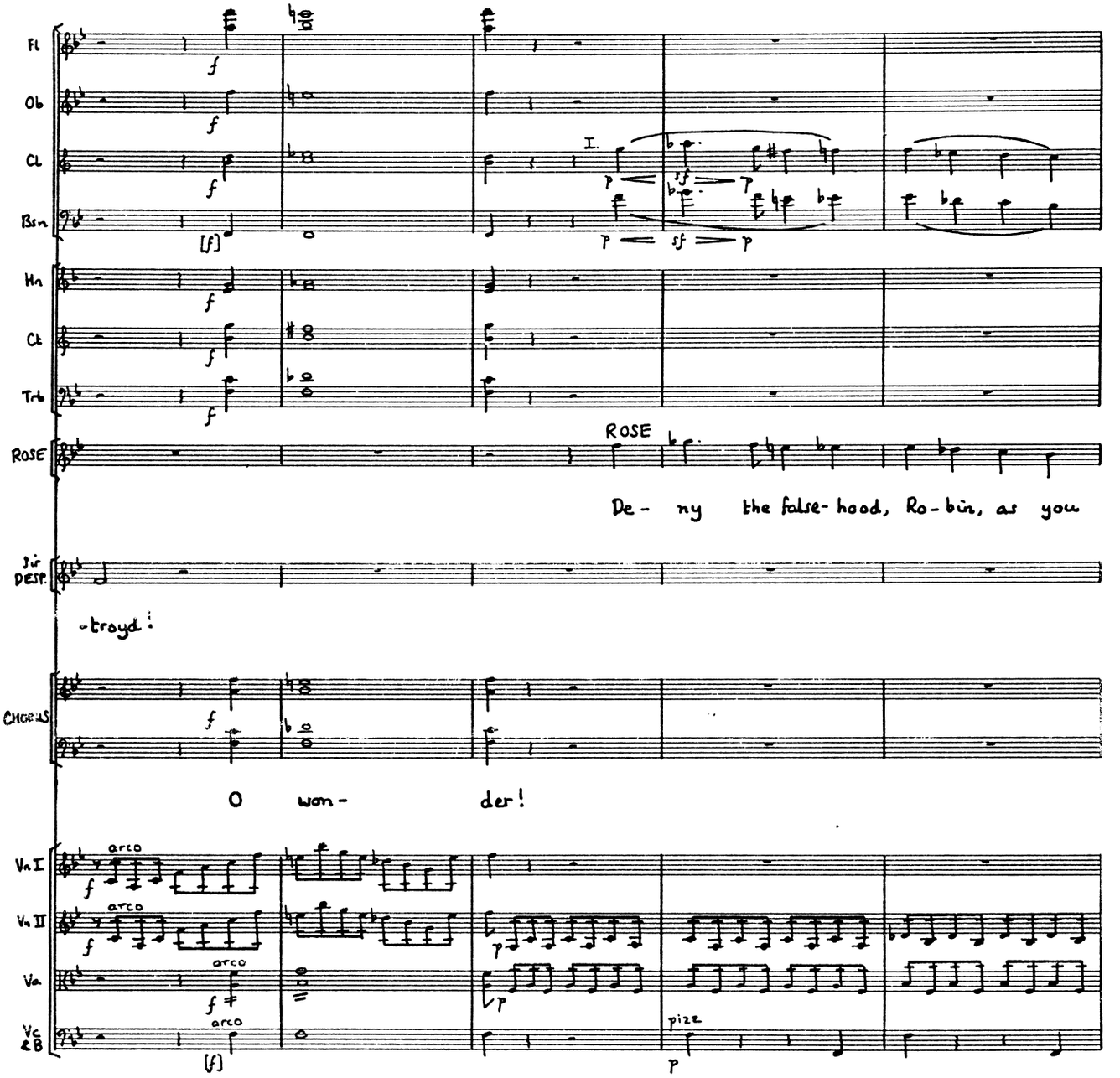

L'istesso tempo
S
la la la!
A
CHORUS
la la la!
T
la la la!
B
la la la!
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc & B
arco
p
arco
p
arco
[p]
Tr
ENCORE : 2nd verse (p. 146)
C
Cello
[f]
p
f
Vc.
Vc & B.
Cello

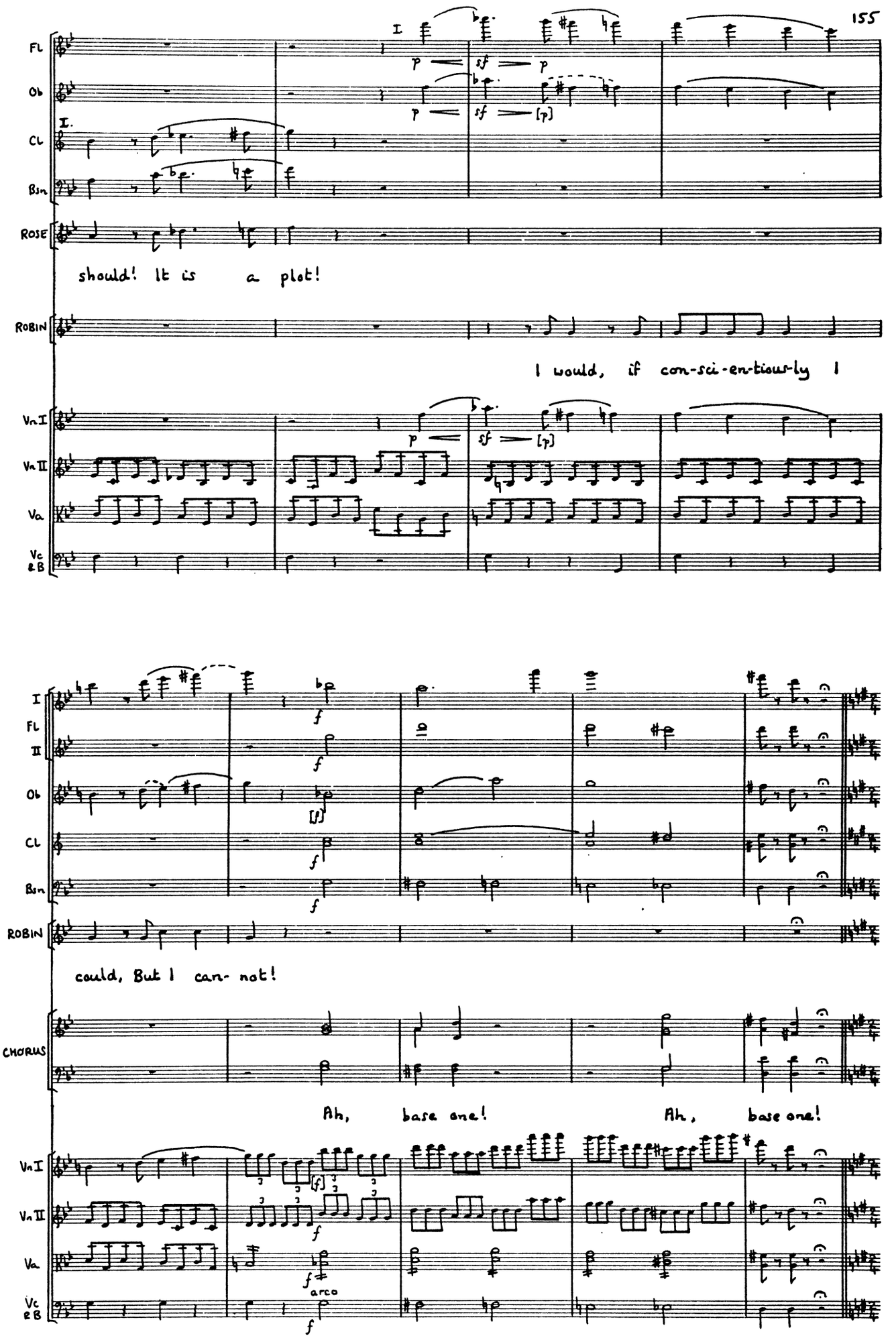

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
[f]
f
f
f

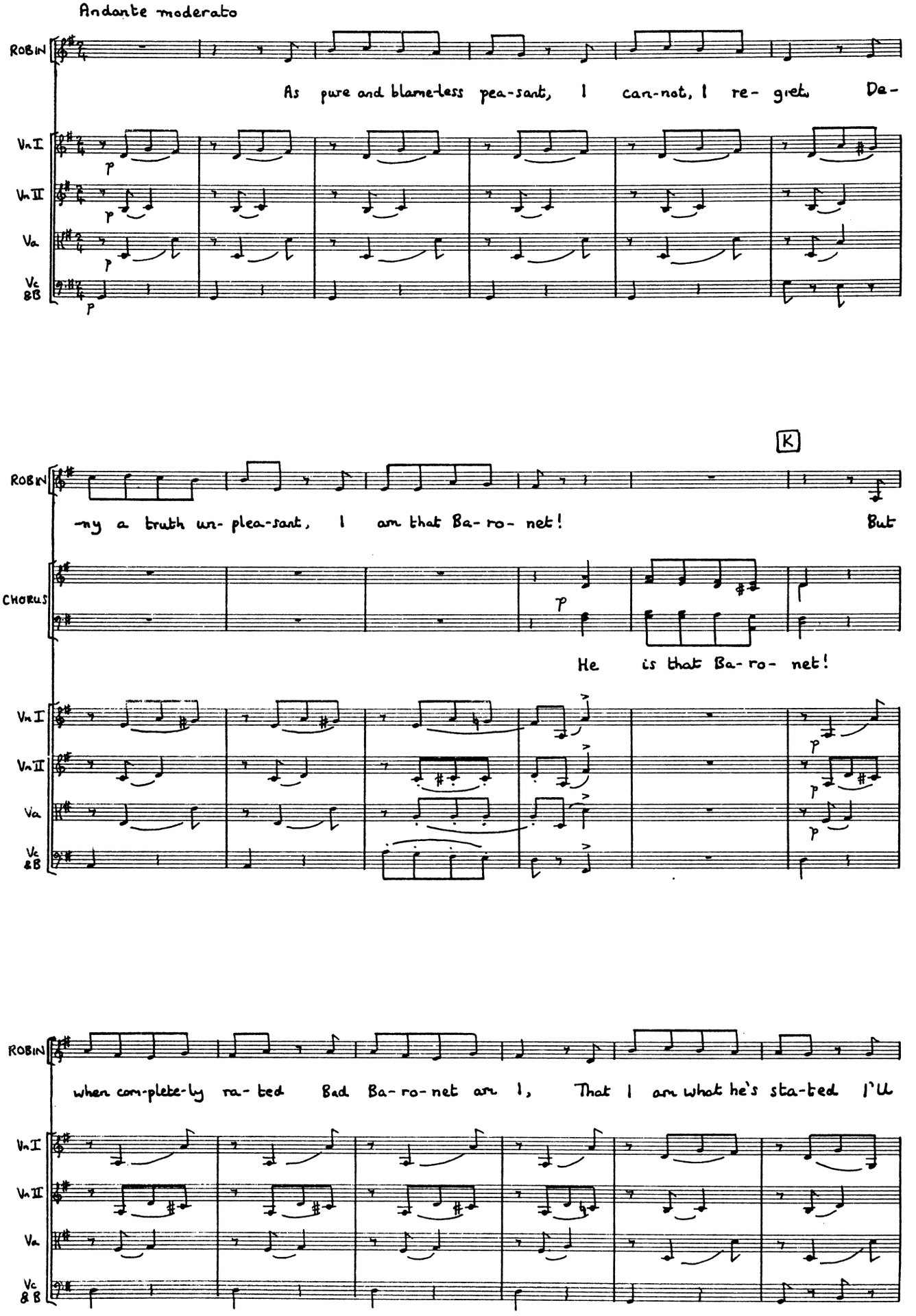

poco rall.
a tempo
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
[p]
p
p
p
mf
mf
[mf]
mf

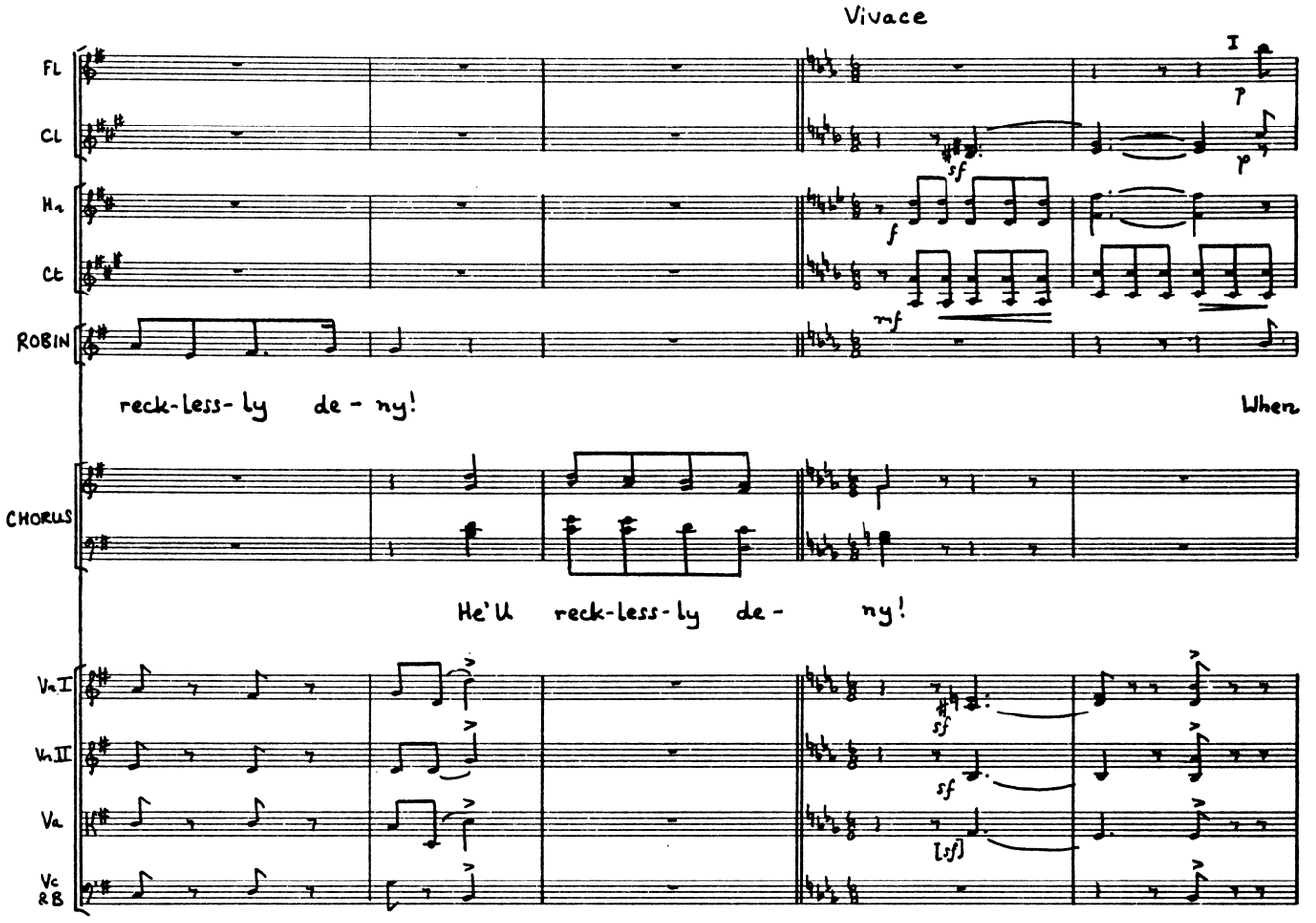

Allegro agitato
RECIT.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
Sir DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
a2
[ff]
ff
in Bb
in Bb
change to Eb & Ab
SIR DESPARD
Hold, Bride and Bride-groom, ere you wed each o- ther, I

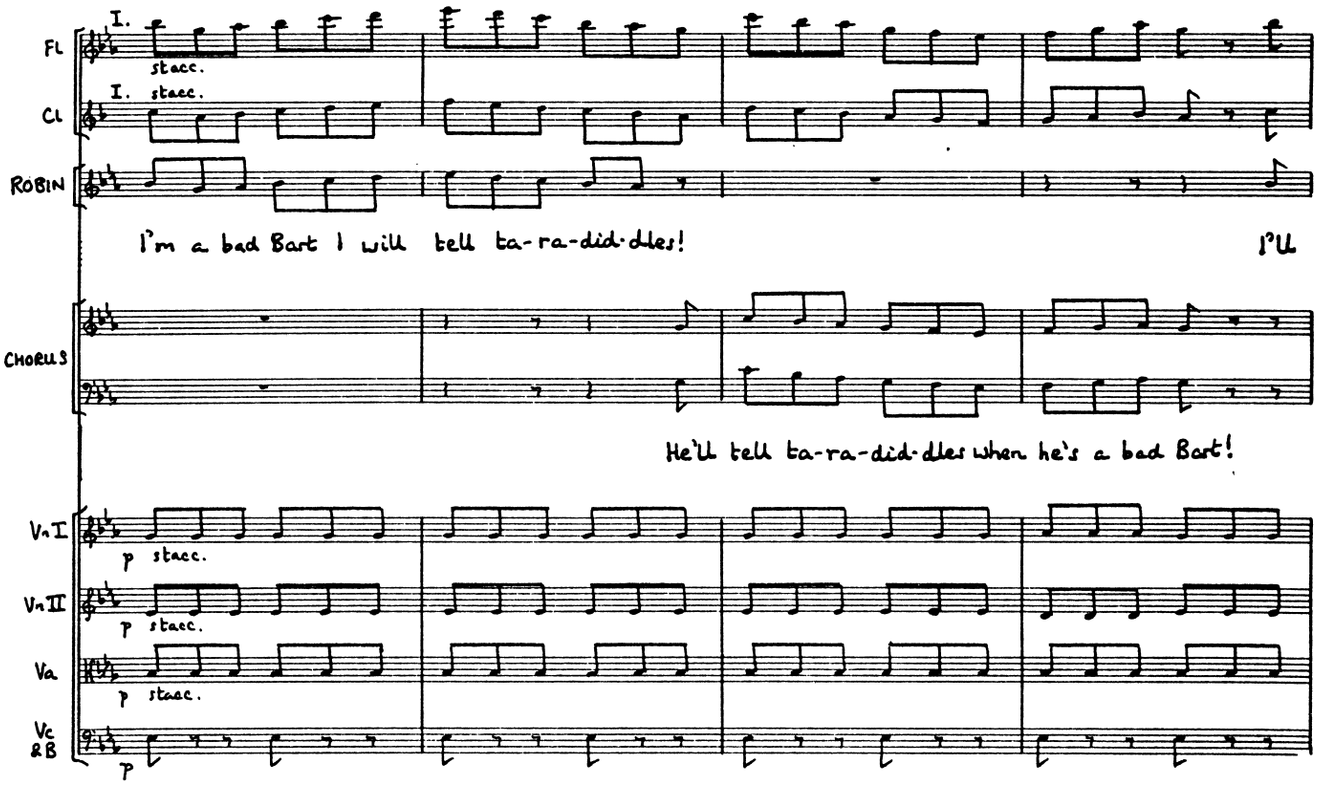

a tempo
H
Più lento
Sir DESP.
claim young Rob-in as my eld- er bro-ther!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Hn
I.
J
His right - ful
pizz
ti- tle I have long en- joyed: I claim him as Sir Ruth-ven Mur- ga-

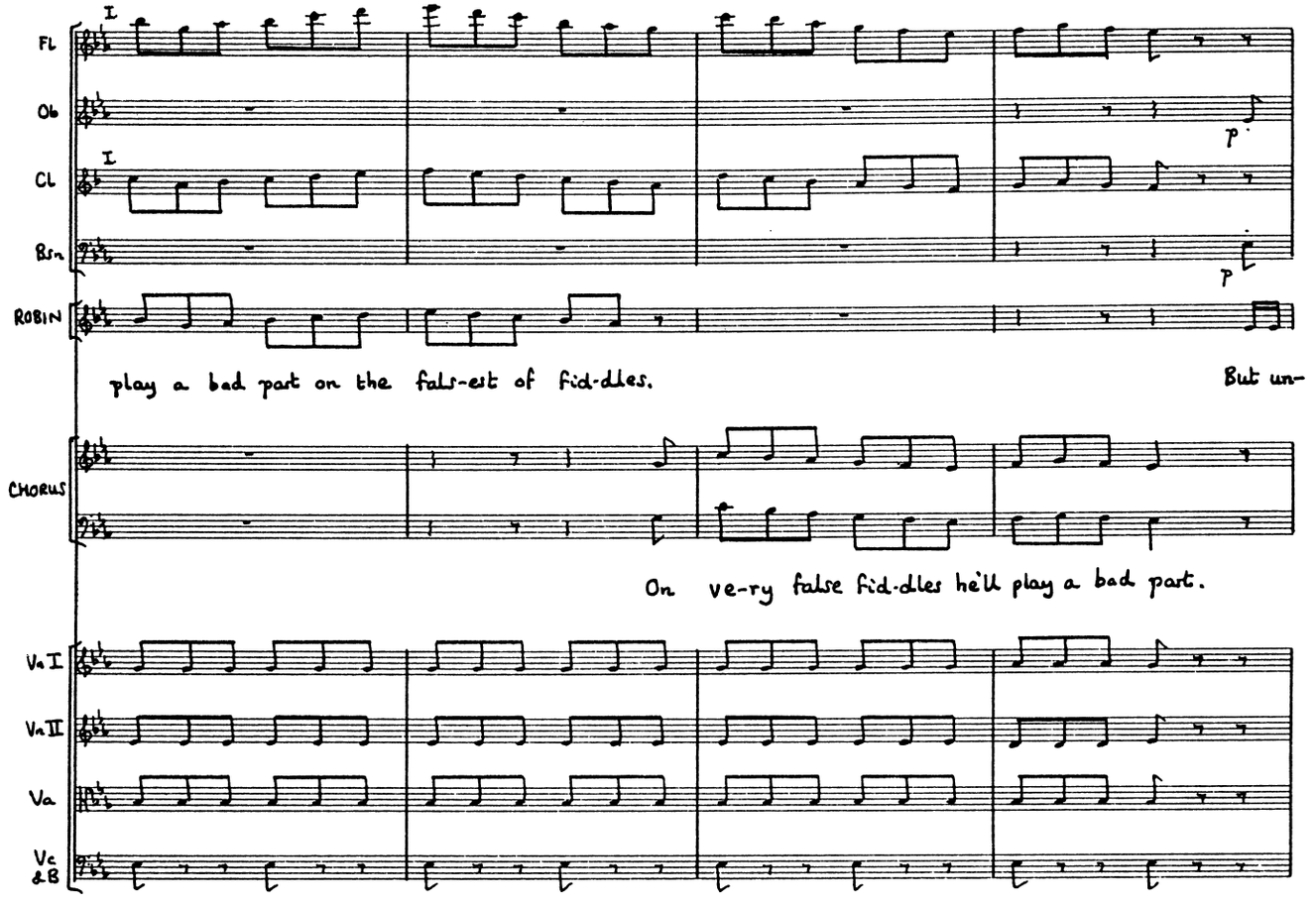

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
ROSE
De- ny the false- hood, Ro- bin, as you
Sir DESP.
-troyd!
CHORUS
O won- der!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
arco
pizz.

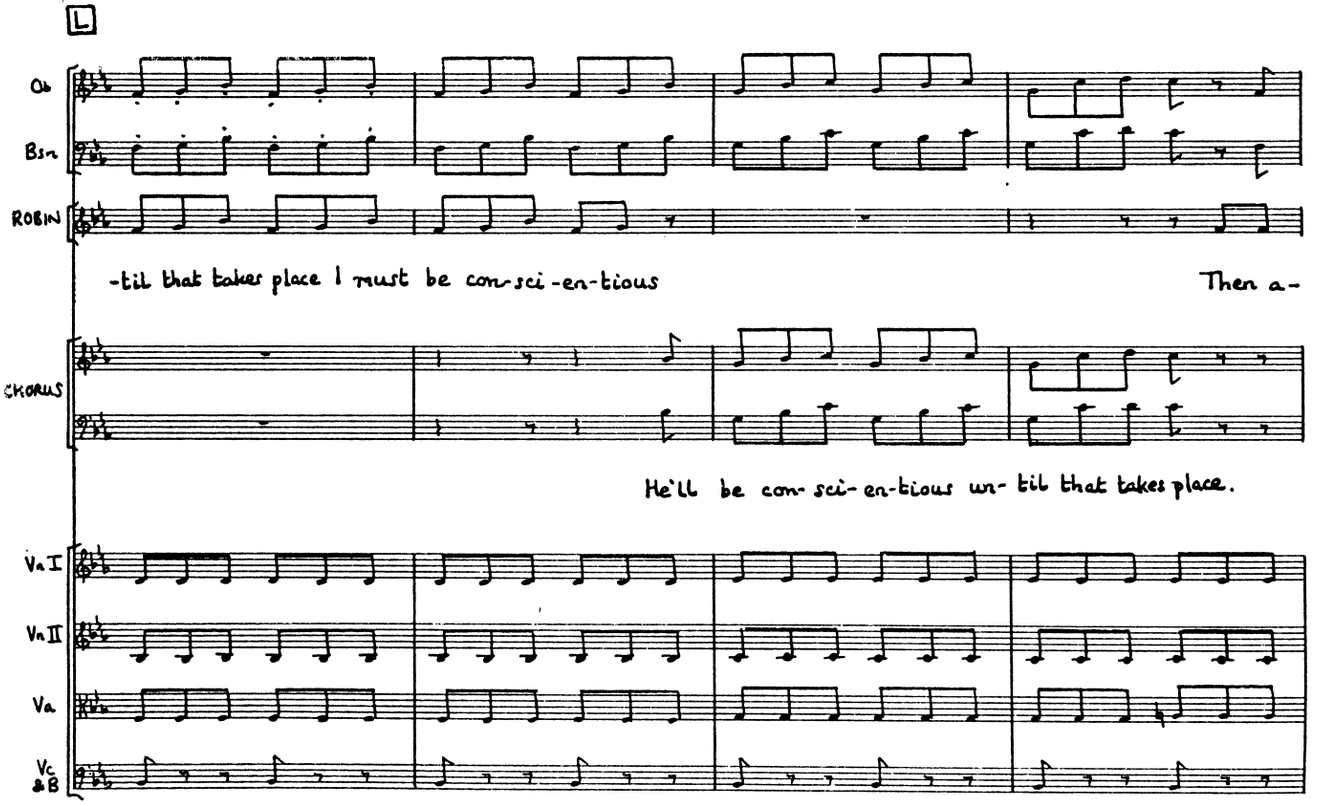

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROSE
should! It is a plot!
ROBIN
I would, if con-sci-en-tious-ly I
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
I
Fl
II
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROBIN
could, But I can- not!
CHORUS
Ah, base one! Ah, base one!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
arco

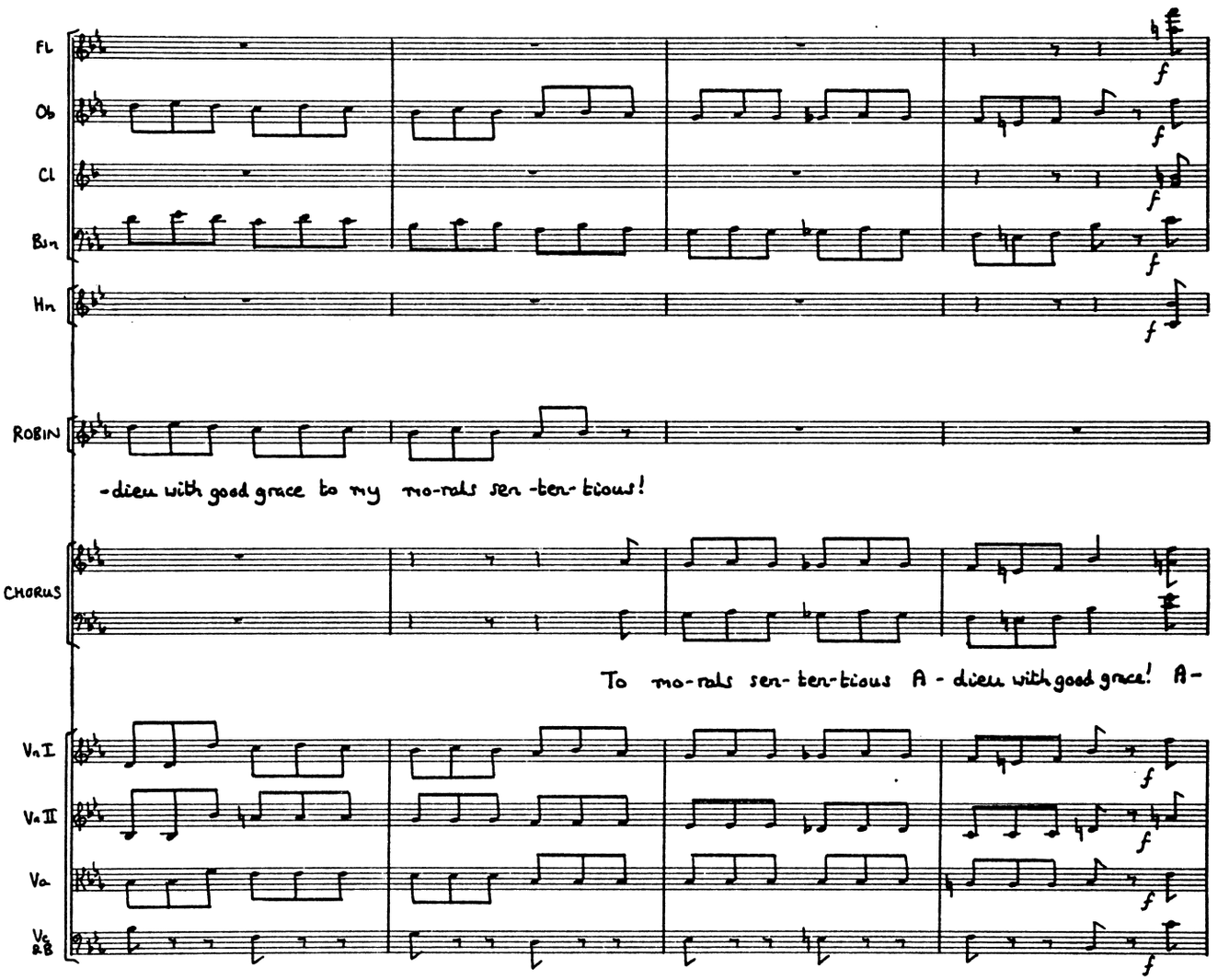

Andante moderato
ROBIN
As pure and blame-less pea-sant, I can-not, I re- gret Da-
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
p
K
-ny a truth un- plea-sant, I am that Ba- ro- net! But
CHORUS
He is that Ba- ro- net!
when com-plete-ly ra- ted Bad Ba- ro- net am I, That I am what he's sta-ted I'll

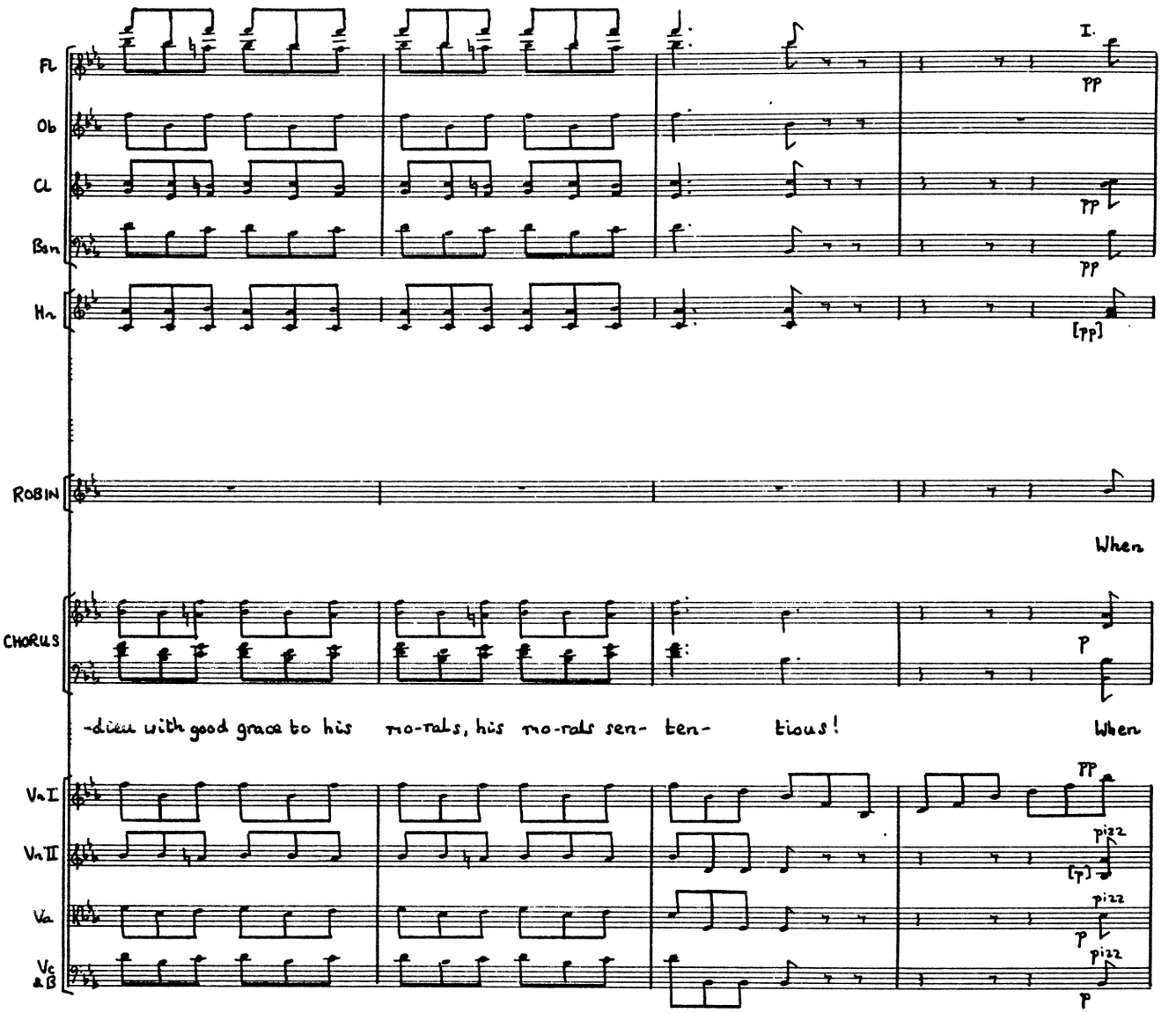

Vivace
Fl
Cl
Hn
Ct
ROBIN
reck-less-ly de-ny!
When
CHORUS
He'll reck-less-ly de- ny!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

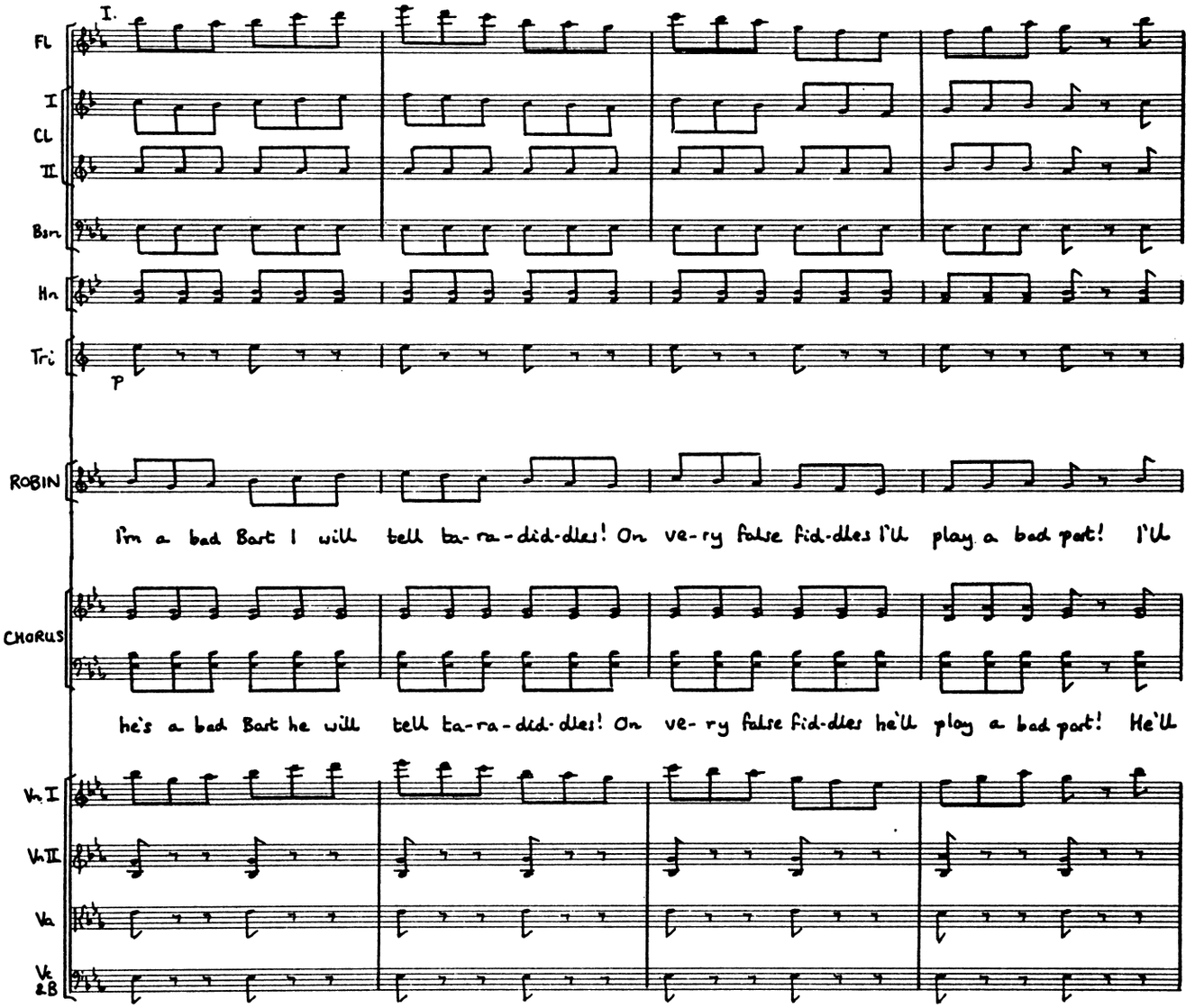

Fl
Cl
ROBIN
I'm a bad Bart I will tell ta-ra-did-dles!
I'll
CHORUS
He'll tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

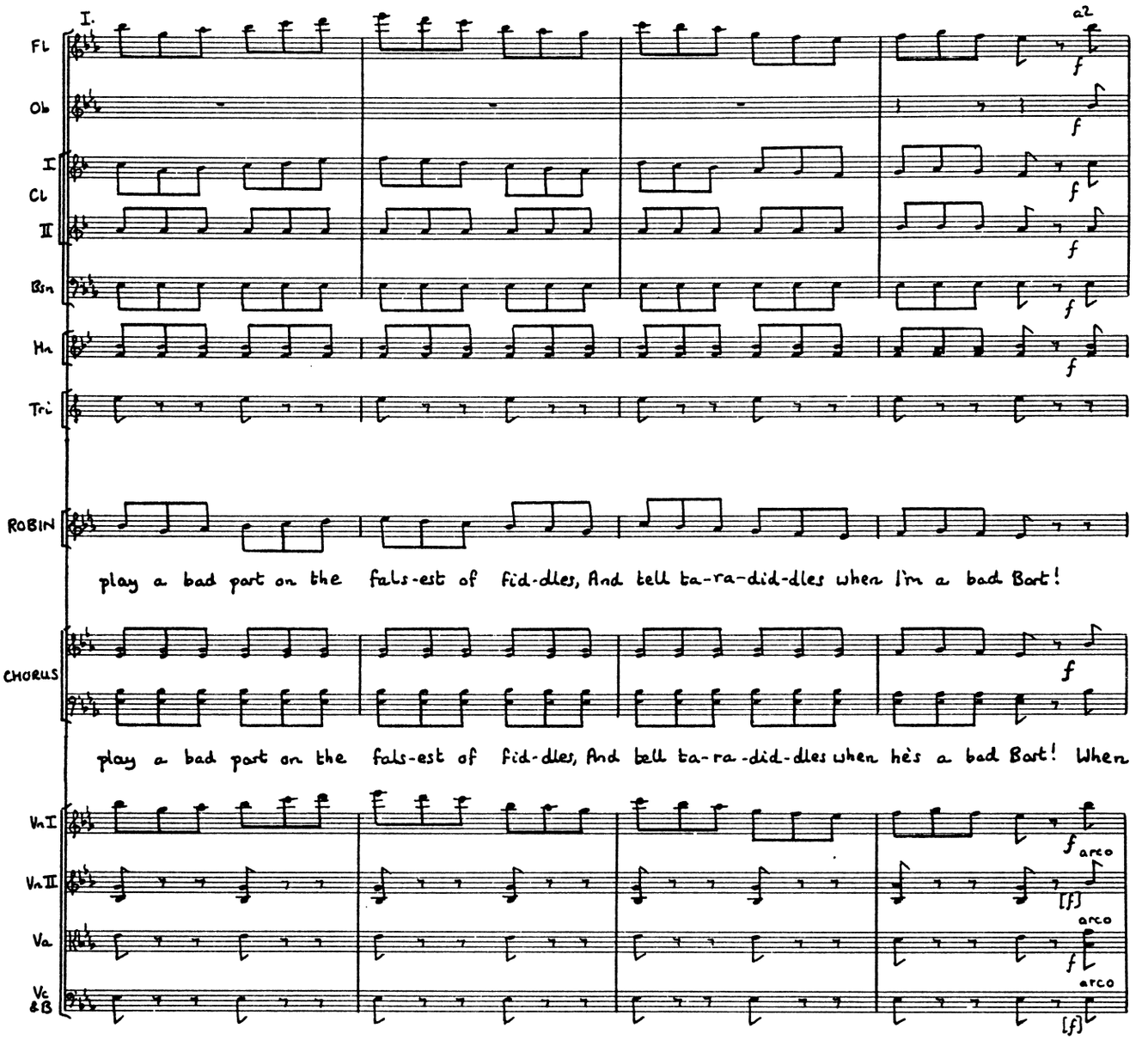

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROBIN
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles.
But un-
CHORUS
On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part.
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc &B

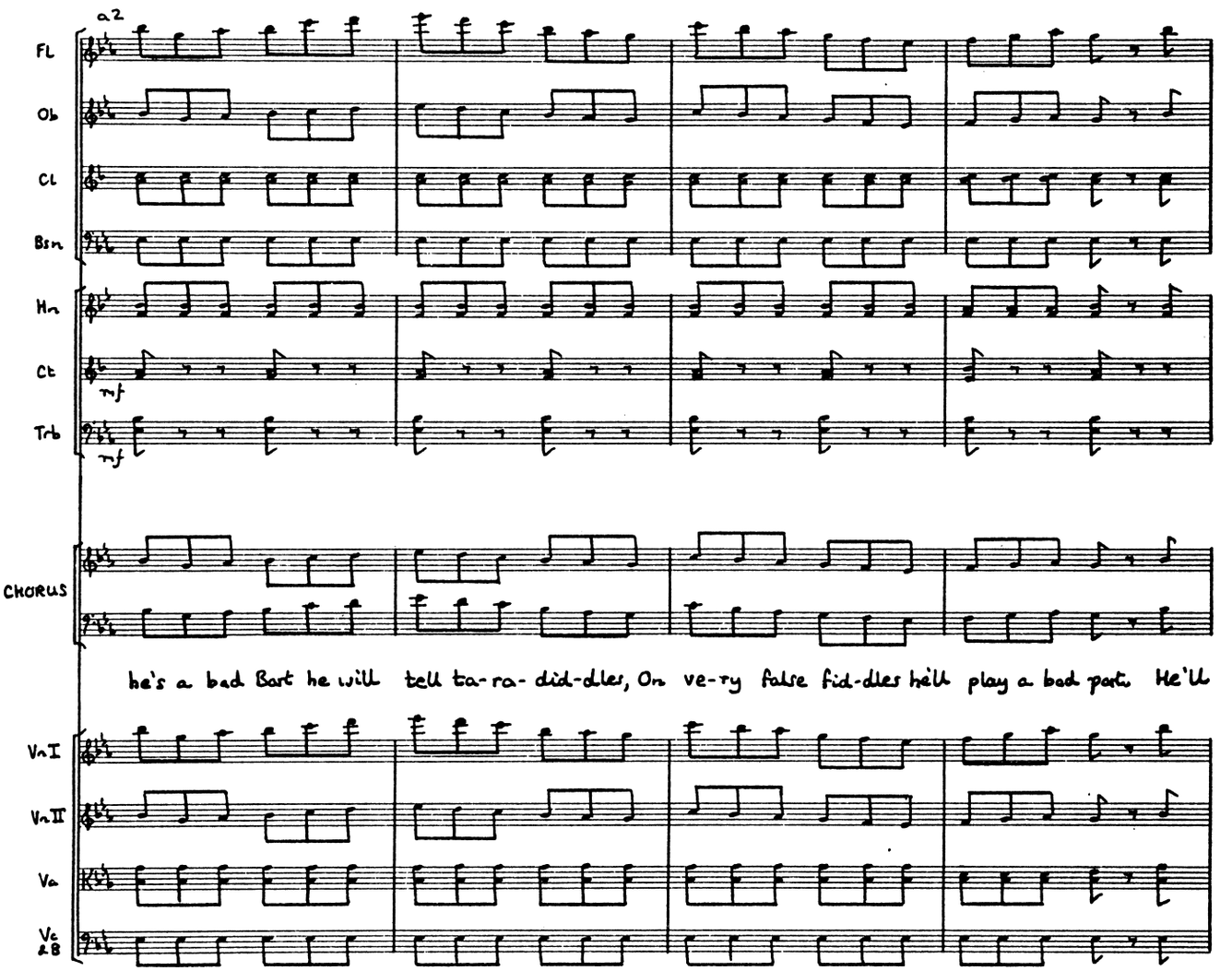

L
Ob
Bsn
ROBIN
-til that takes place I must be con-sci-en-tious
Then a-
CHORUS
He'll be con-sci-en-tious un-til that takes place.
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc &B

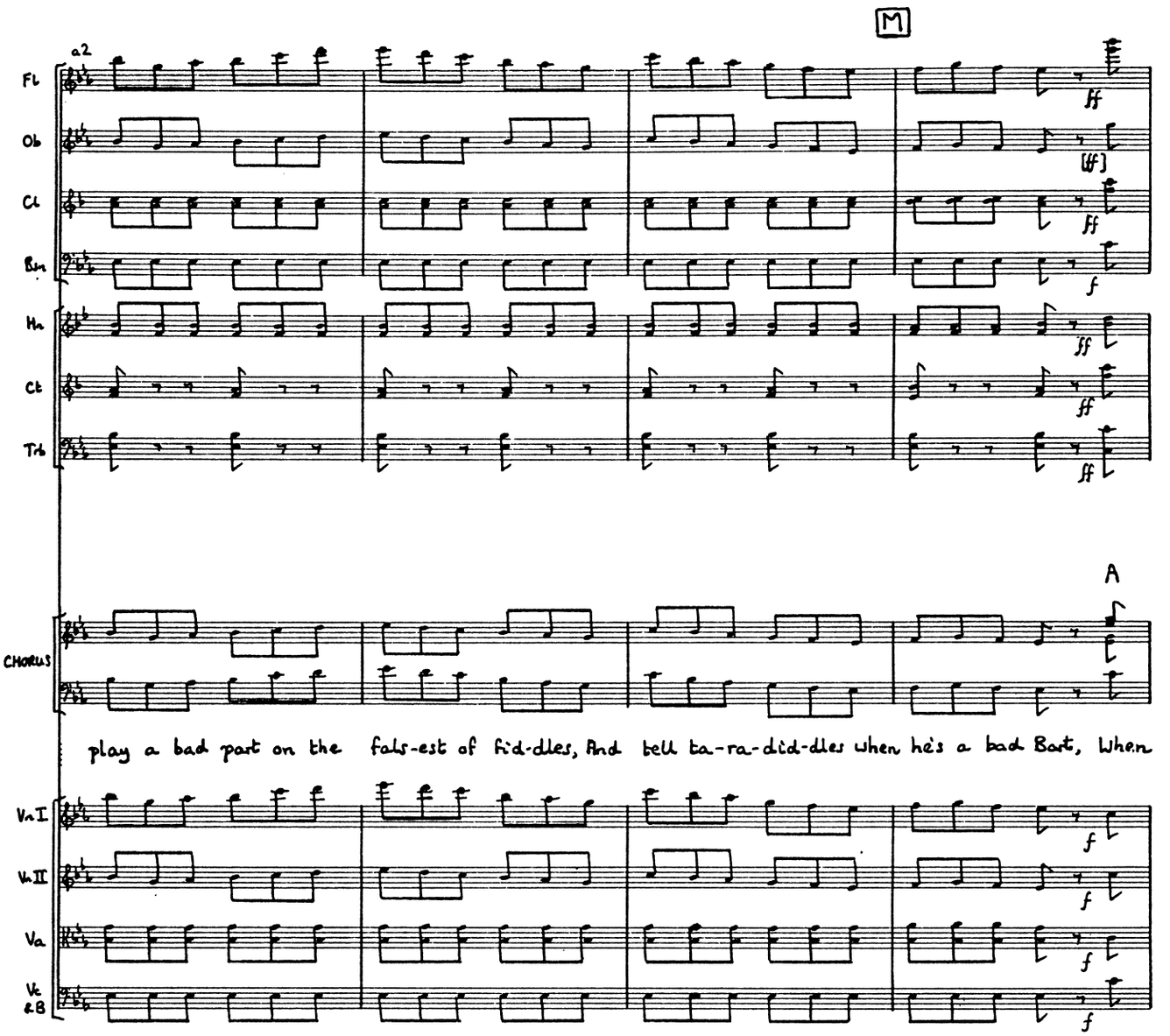

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
ROBIN
-dieu with good grace to my mo-rals sen-ten-tious!
CHORUS
To mo-rals sen-ten-tious A-dieu with good grace! A-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
f

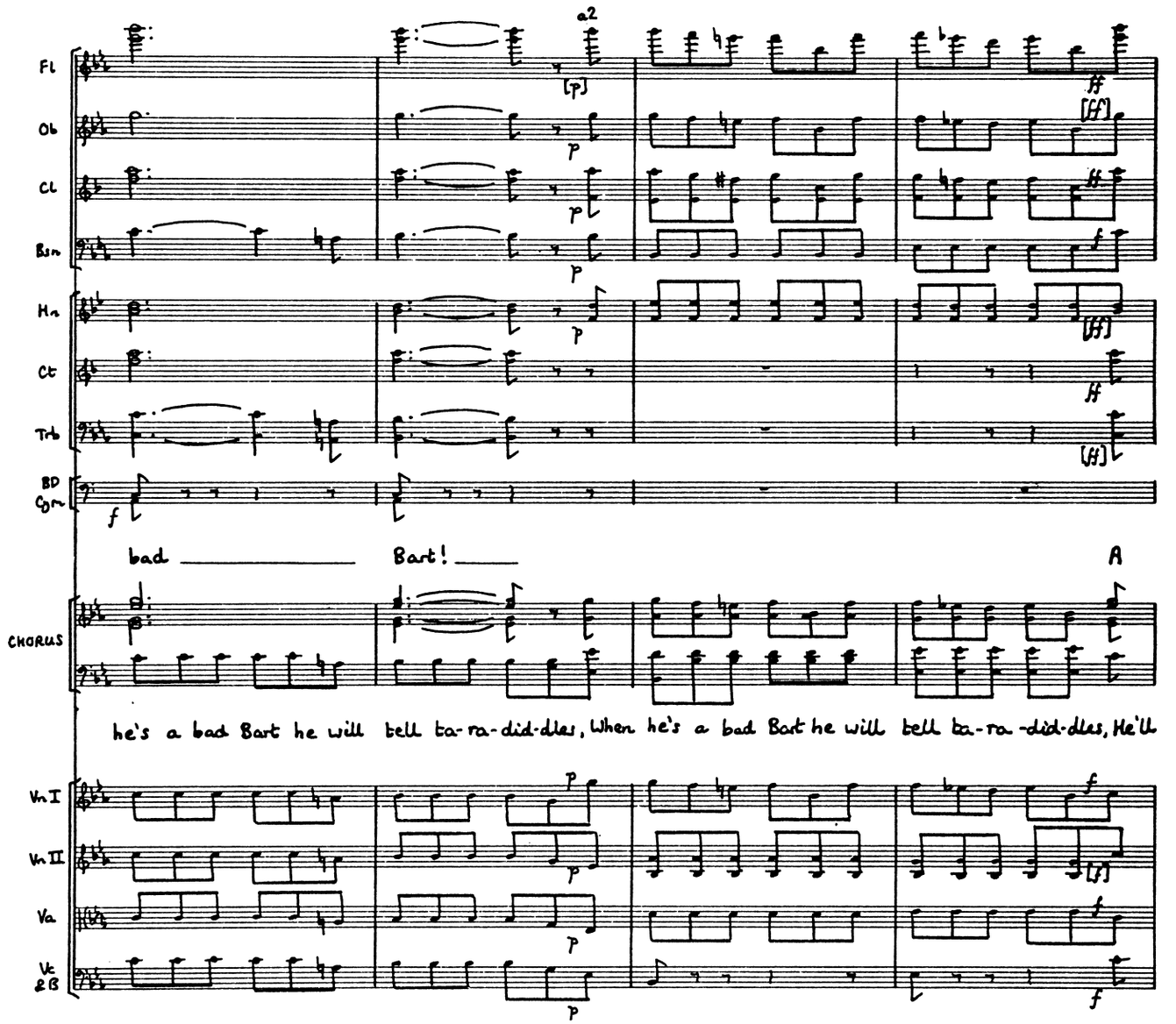

I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
pp
pp
pp
[pp]
ROBIN
When
CHORUS
p
-dieu with good grace to his mo-rals, his mo-rals sen- ten- tious! When
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
pp
pizz
[p]
pizz
p
pizz
p

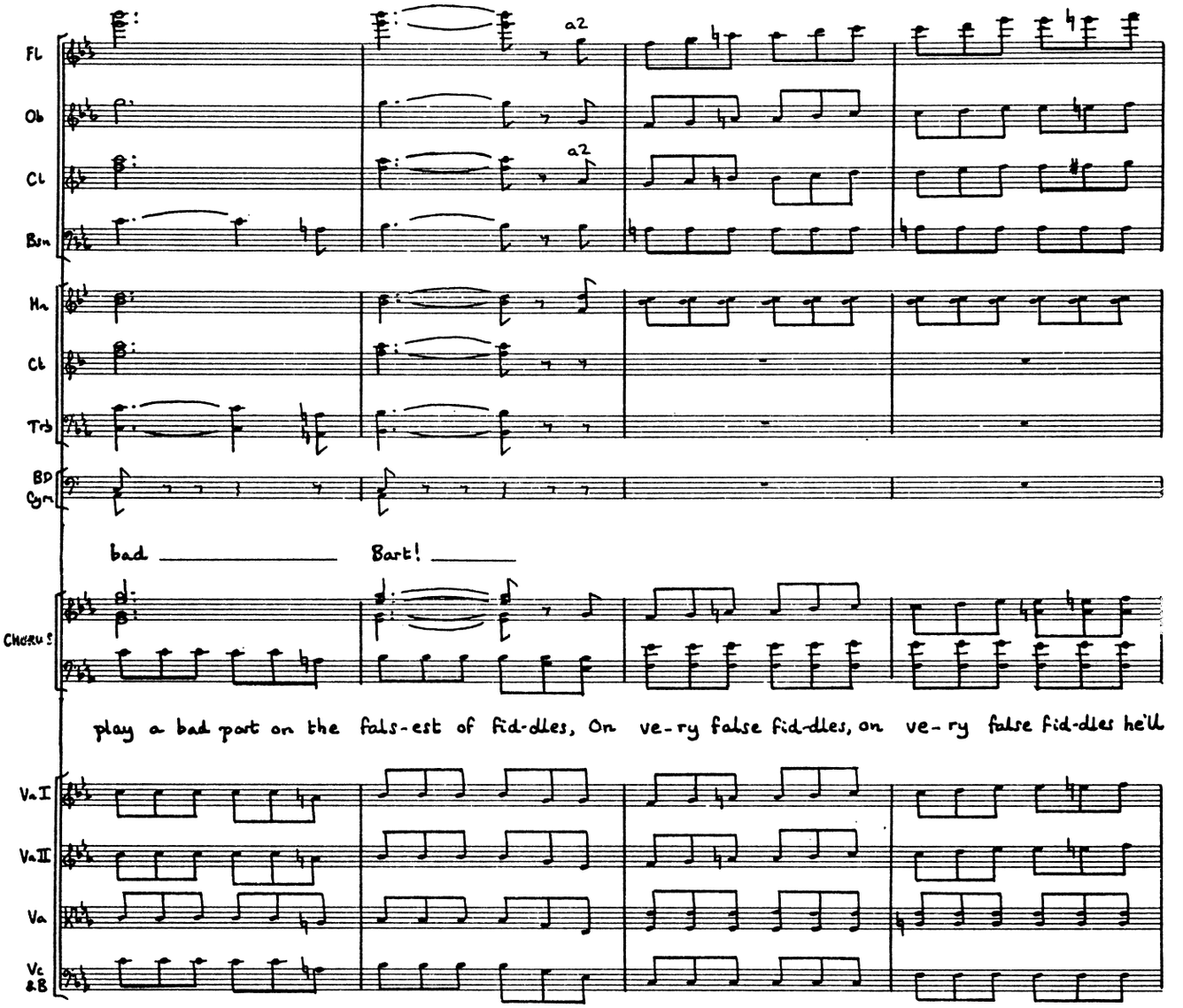

I.
Fl
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Tri
p
ROBIN
I'm a bad Bart I will tell ta-ra-did-dles! On ve-ry false fid-dles I'll play a bad part! I'll
CHORUS
he's a bad Bart he will tell ta-ra-did-dles! On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part! He'll
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

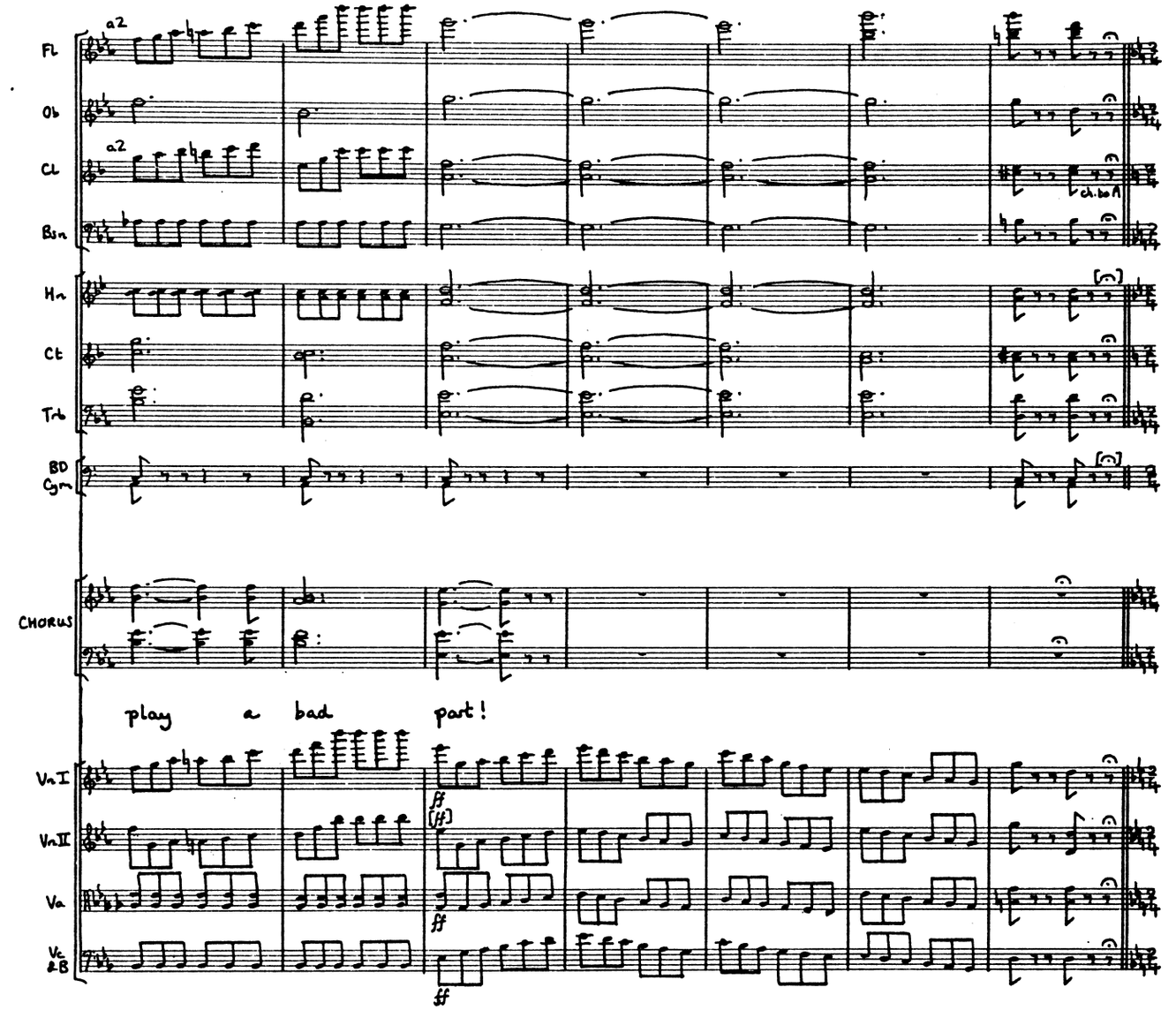

I.
a2
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Tri
ROBIN
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when I'm a bad Bart!
CHORUS
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart! When
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
arco
[f]

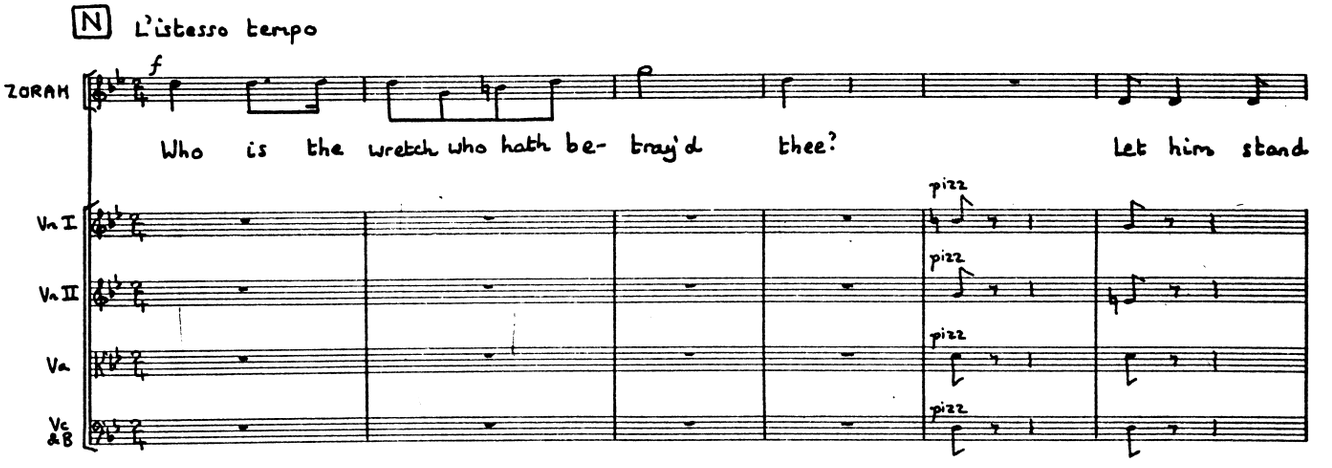

a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
mf
Trb
mf
CHORUS
he's a bad Bart he will tell ta-ra- did-dles, On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part. He'll
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

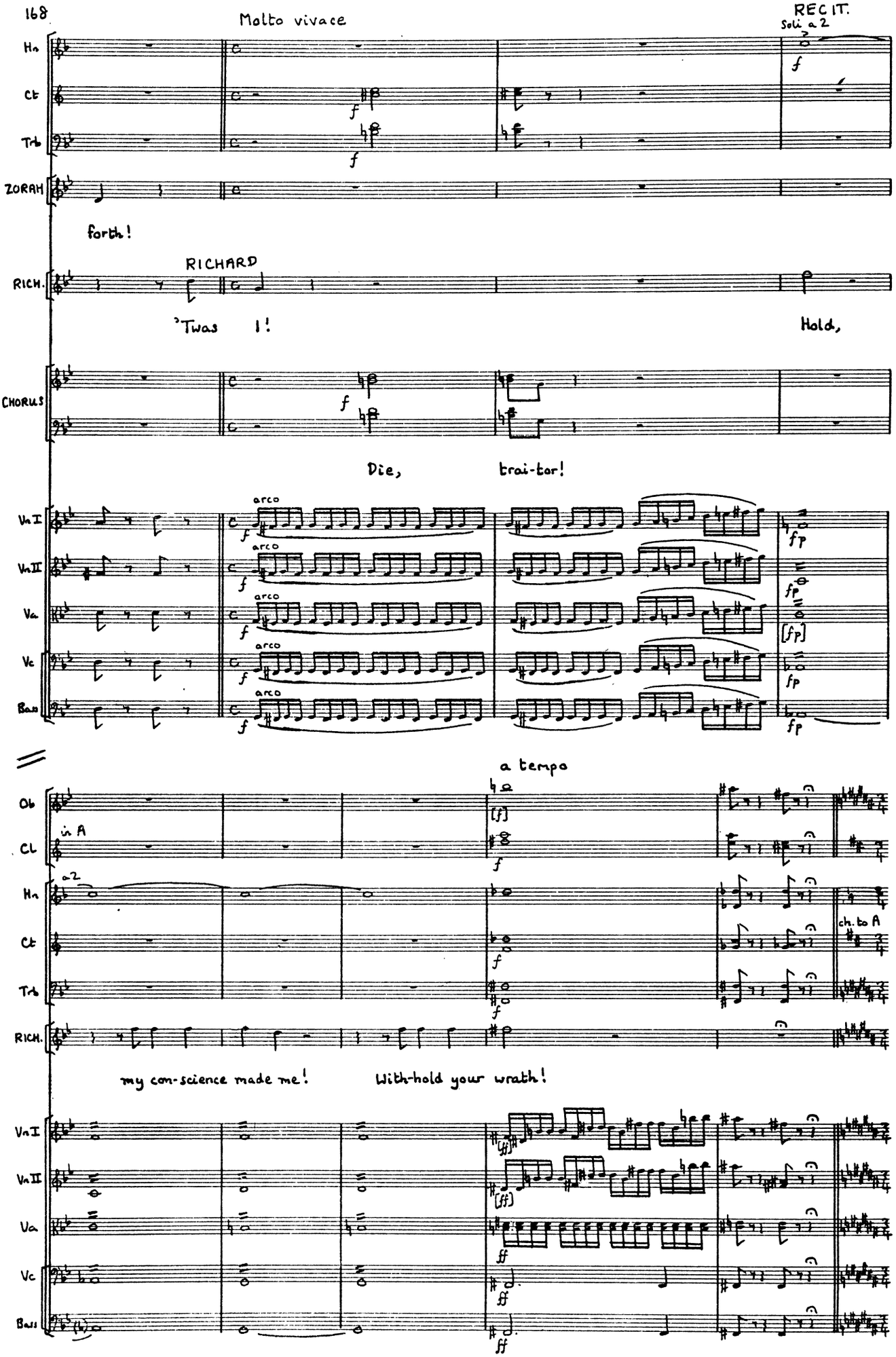

M
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Tbn
ff
[ff]
f
A
CHORUS
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart, When
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

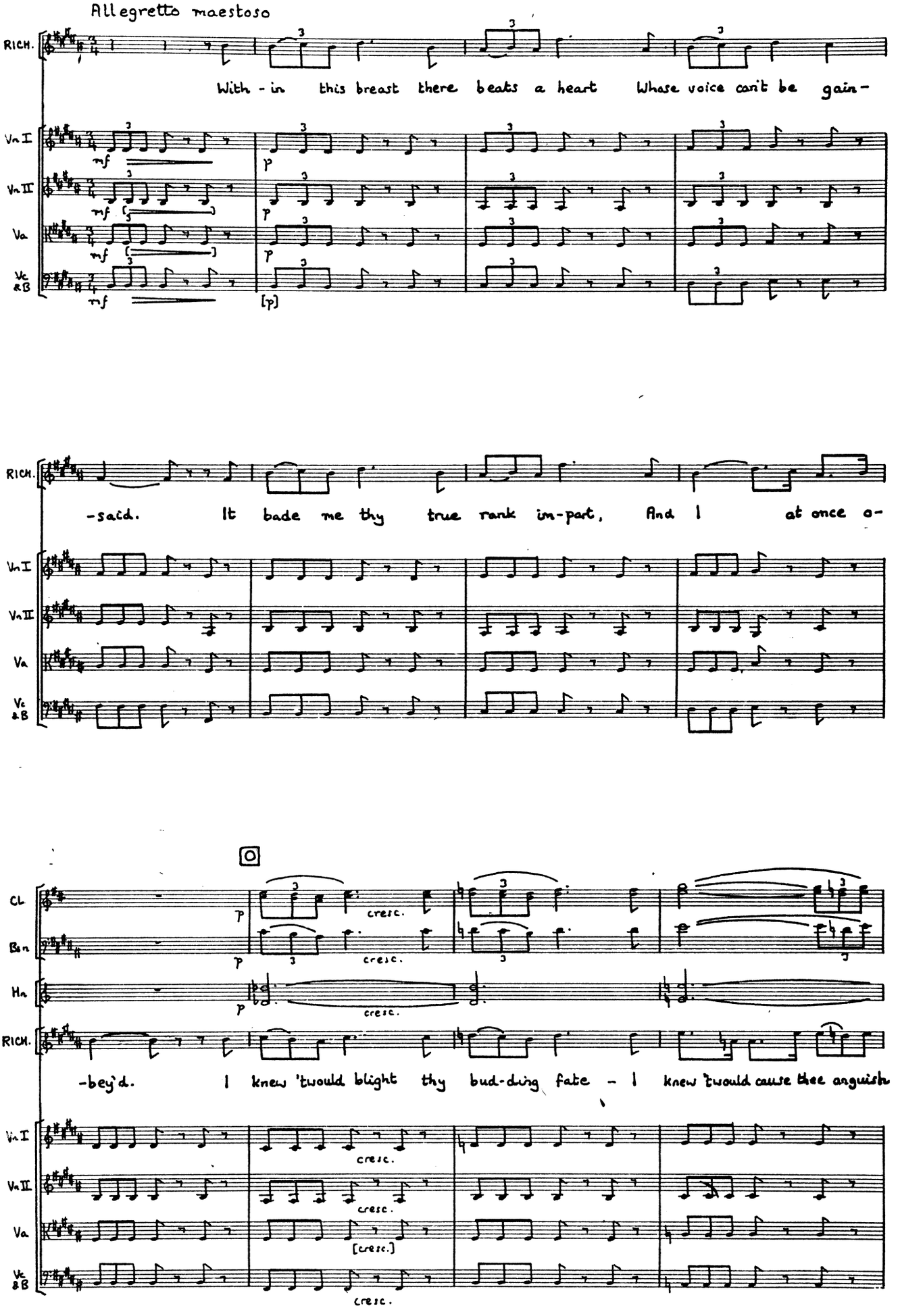

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B
a2
bad
Bart!
A
he's a bad Bart he will tell ta-ra-did-dles, When he's a bad Bart he will tell ta-ra-did-dles, He'll

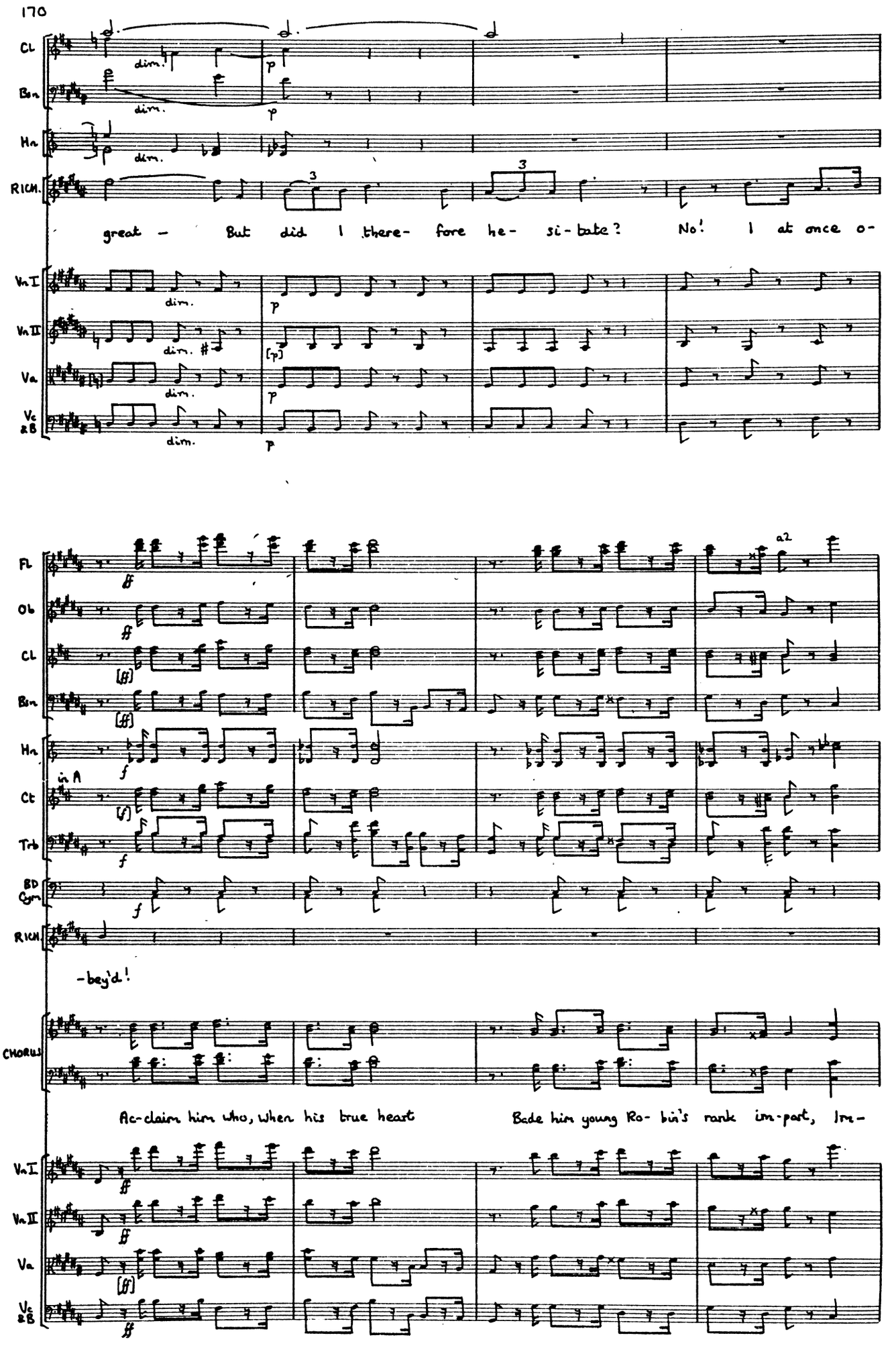

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
a2
a2
Hn
Cl
Tpt
BD
Cym
bad
Bart!
Chorus
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, On ve-ry false fid-dles, on ve-ry false fid-dles he'll
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc &B

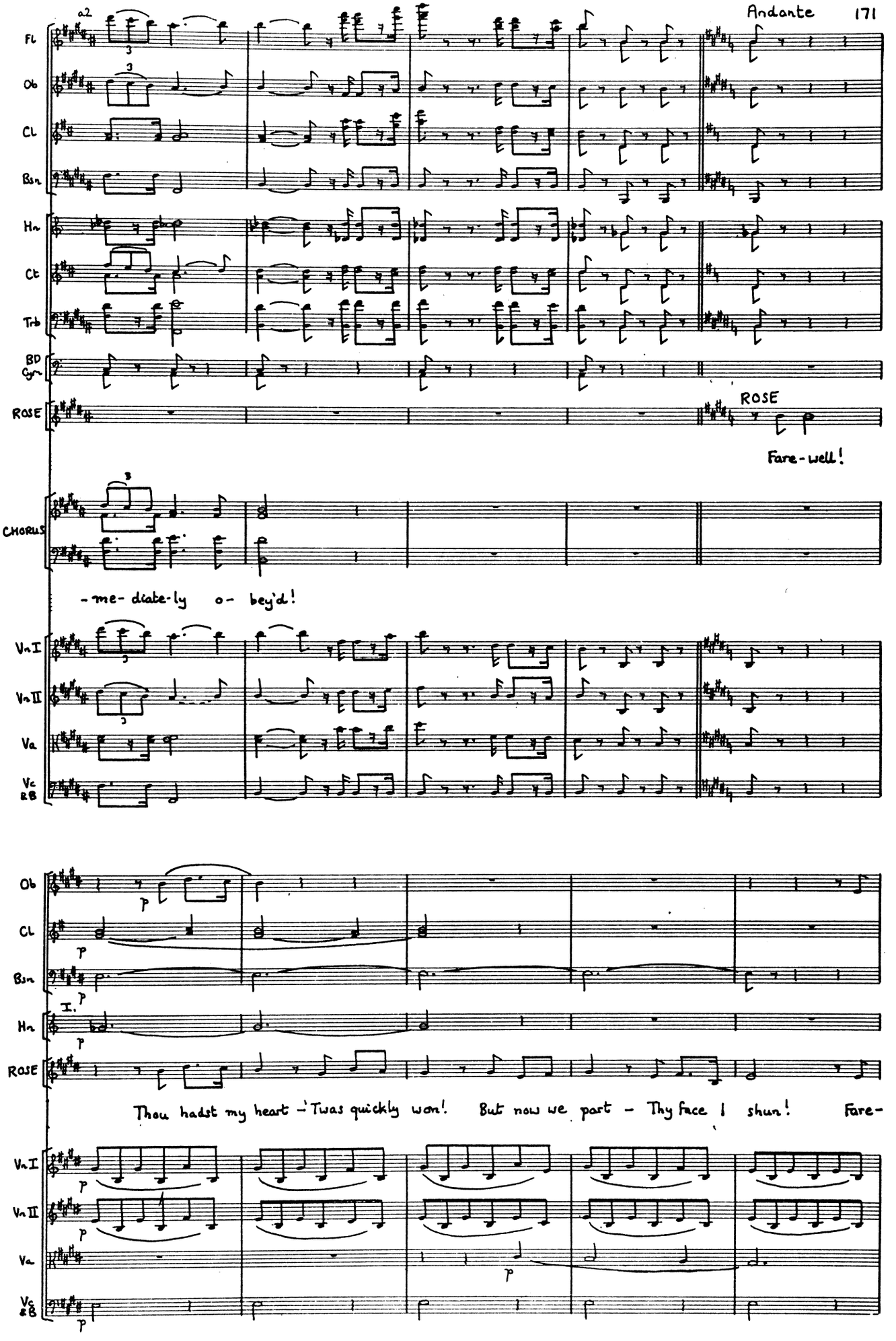

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
CHORUS
play a bad part!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
a2
a2
ff
(ff)
ff
ff
ch. bo A

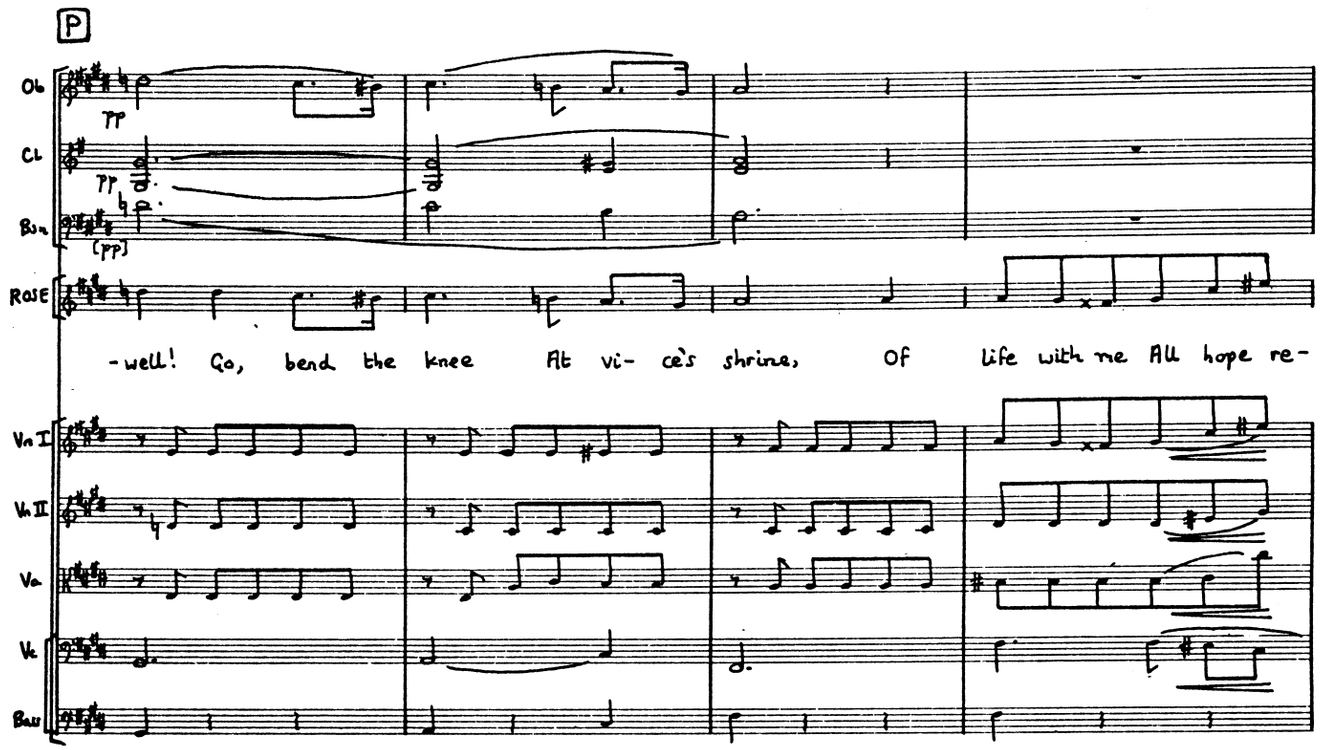

N L'istesso tempo
ZORAH
f
Who is the wretch who hath be- tray'd thee? Let him stand
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
pizz
pizz
pizz
pizz

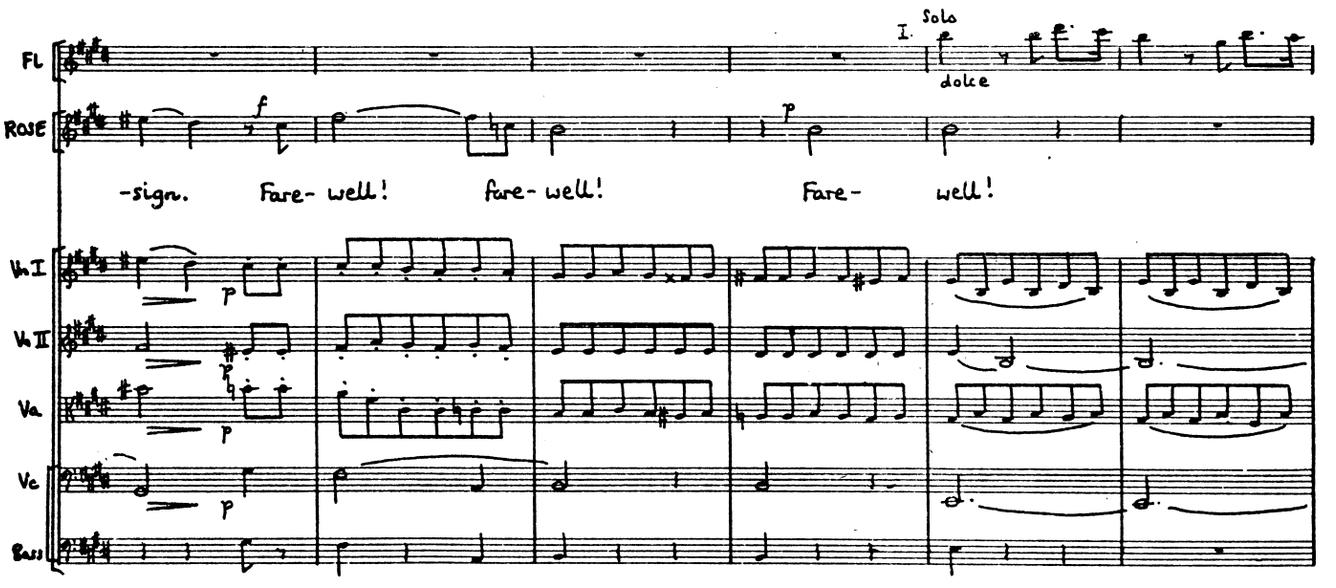

Molto vivace
RECIT.
Soli a 2
Hn
Ct
Trb
ZORAH
forth!
RICHARD
RICH.
'Twas I!
Hold,
CHORUS
Die, trai-tor!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
a tempo
Ob
Cl
in A
a 2
ch. to A
my con-science made me!
With-hold your wrath!

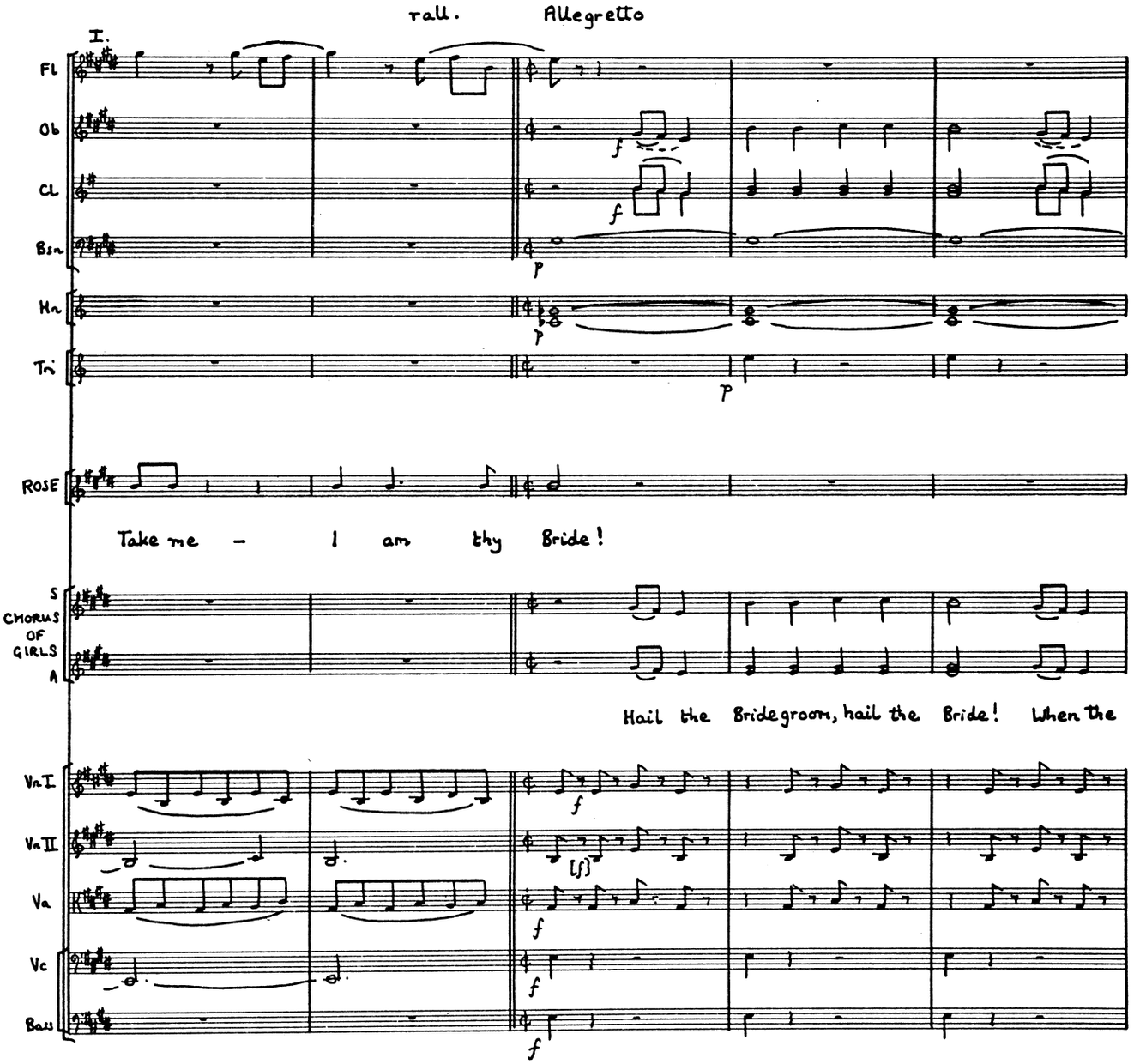

Allegretto maestoso
RICH.
With - in this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can't be gain-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
mf
p
[p]
-said. It bade me thy true rank im-part, And I at once o-
CL
Bsn
Hn
cresc.
-bey'd. I knew 'twould blight thy bud-ding fate - I knew 'twould cause thee anguish
[cresc.]


Cl
Bsn
Hn
RICH.
dim.
p
3
great - But did I there- fore he- si- tate? No! I at once o-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
[p]
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
RICH.
ff
[ff]
f
[f]
in A
a2
-bey'd!
CHORUS
Ac-claim him who, when his true heart
Bade him young Ro- bin's rank im-part, Im-


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD Cym
ROSE
Fare-well!
CHORUS
-me- diate-ly o- bey'd!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Ob
Cl
Bsn
I.
Hn
ROSE
Thou hadst my heart - 'Twas quickly won! But now we part - Thy face I shun! Fare-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


P
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROSE
pp
pp
(pp)
-well! Go, bend the knee At vi- ce's shrine, Of life with me All hope re-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


I.
Solo
dolce
Fl
ROSE
f
p
-sign. Fare- well! fare- well! Fare- well!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p


rall.
Allegretto
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
ROSE
Take me – I am thy Bride!
S
CHORUS OF GIRLS
A
Hail the Bridegroom, hail the Bride! When the
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

Q

Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
GIRLS

nup-tial knot is tied Ev-'ry day will bring some joy That can nev-er, nev-er cloy!

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

sf

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn

a2
p

I.
p

ROSE

ROSE

That's why I wed you!

Sir DESP.

SIR DESPARD

Ex-cuse me, I'm a vir-tuous per-son now - And

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

p
[p]

R RECIT.

I.

Cl

Bsn

MARG. MARGARET

Have I mis-read you? Oh

Sir DESP.

I to Mar-ga-ret must keep my vow!

Vn I

Vn II

Va

Vc

Bass

a tempo

I.

Fl

Ob

Cl

Bsn

Hn

Ct

Trb

change to Bb

MARG.

joy! With new-ly kin-dled rap-ture warrid, I kneel be-fore you!

Sir DESP.

I once dis-

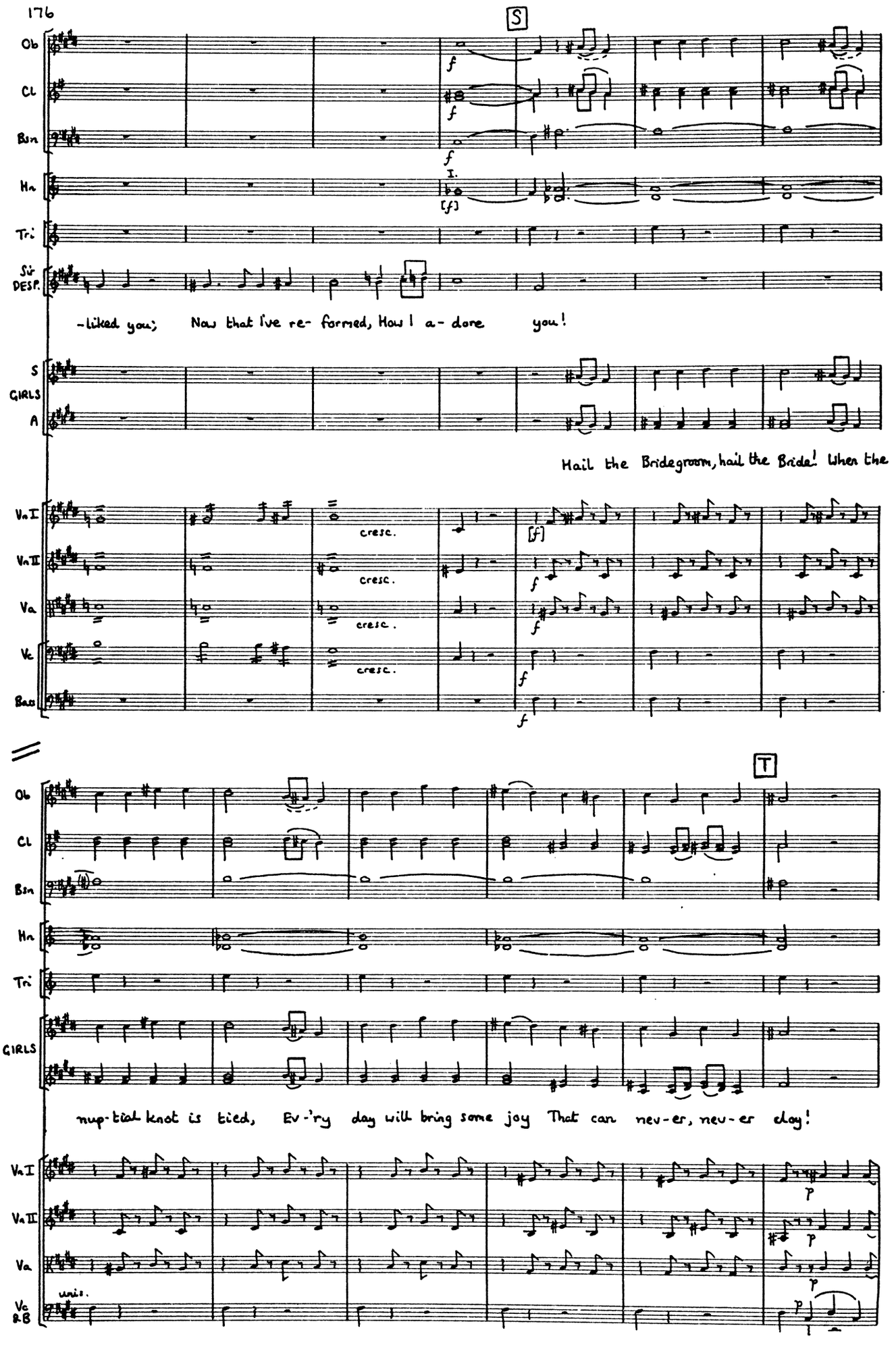
Vn I

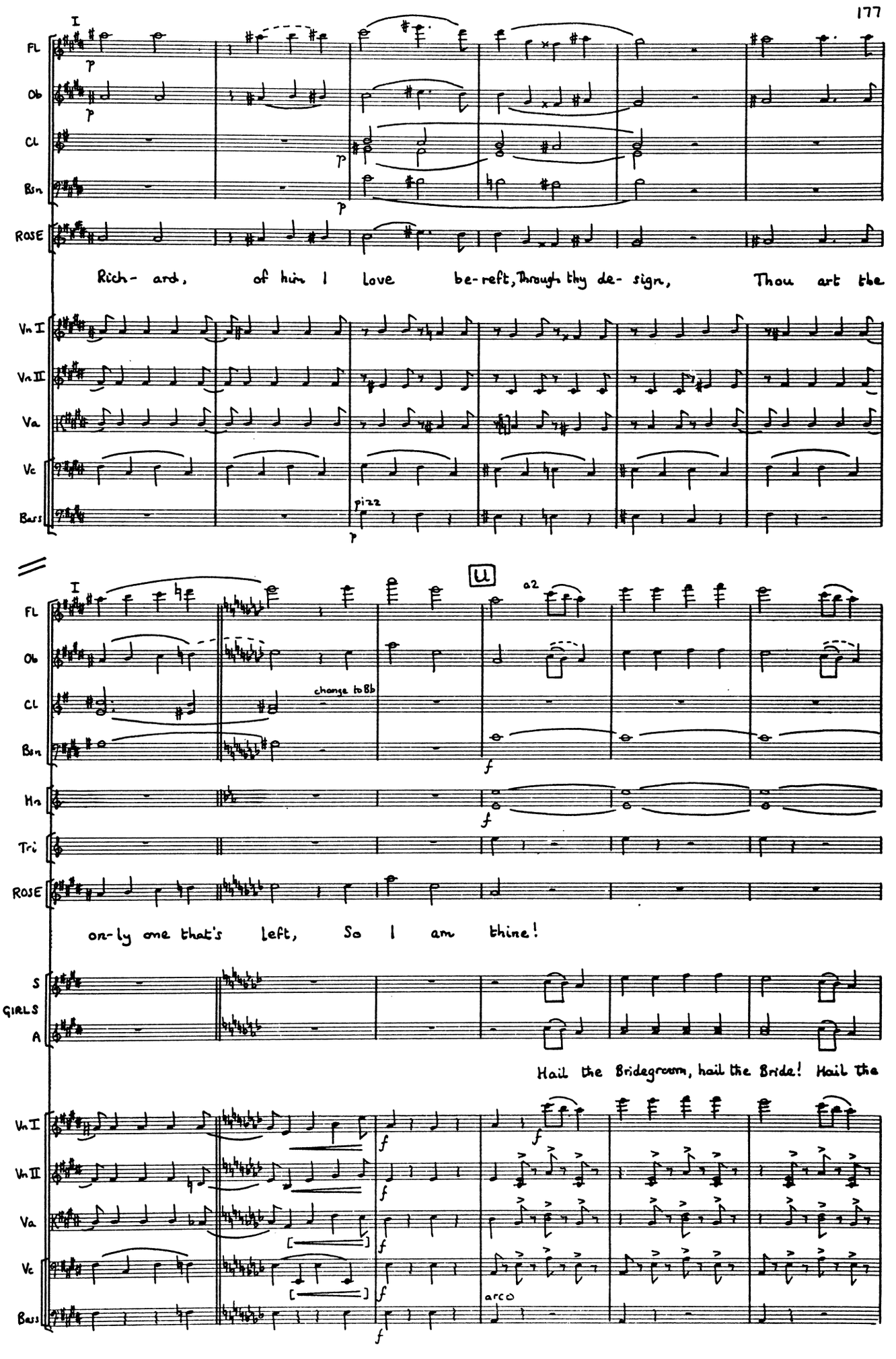
Vn II

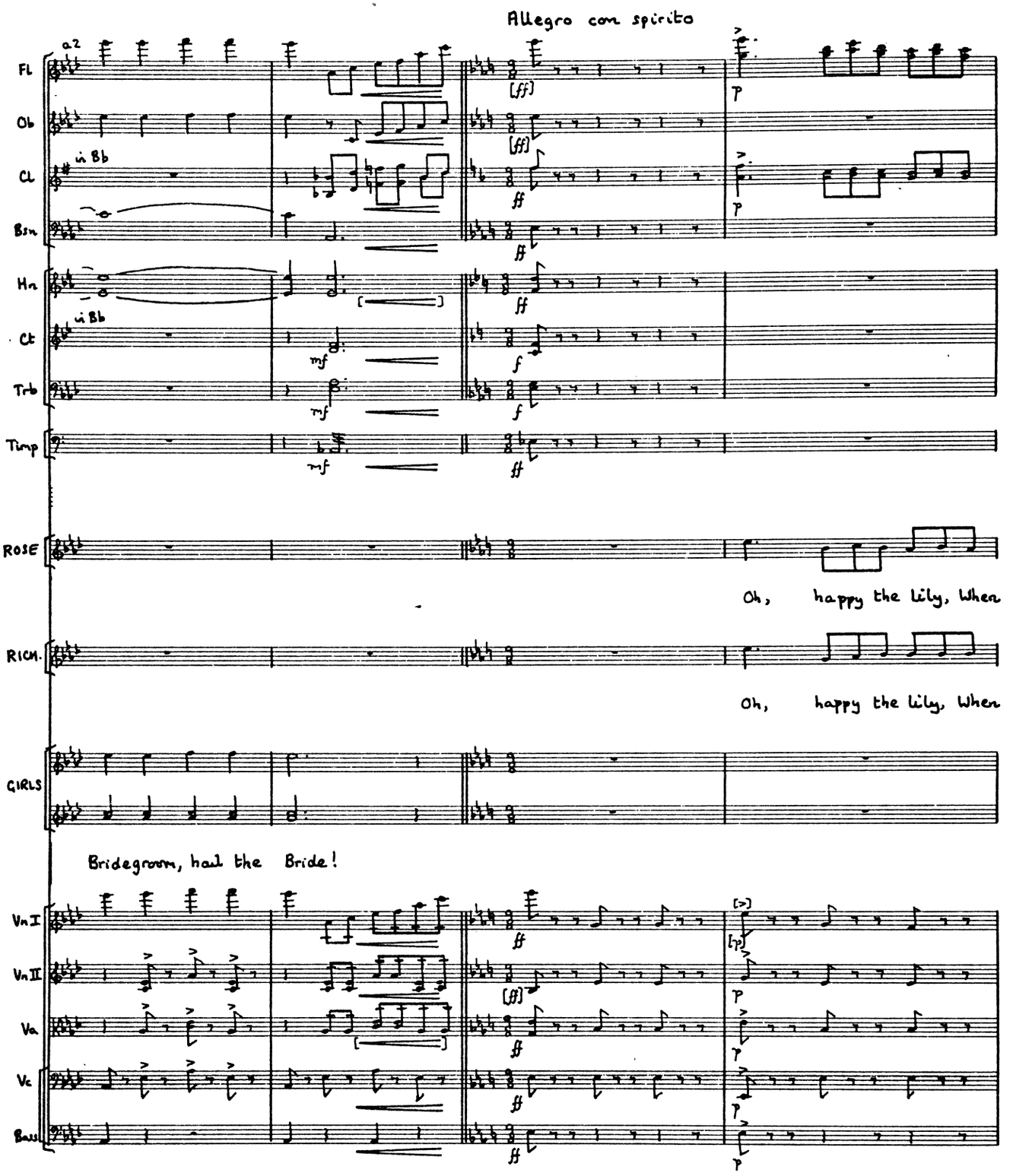
Va

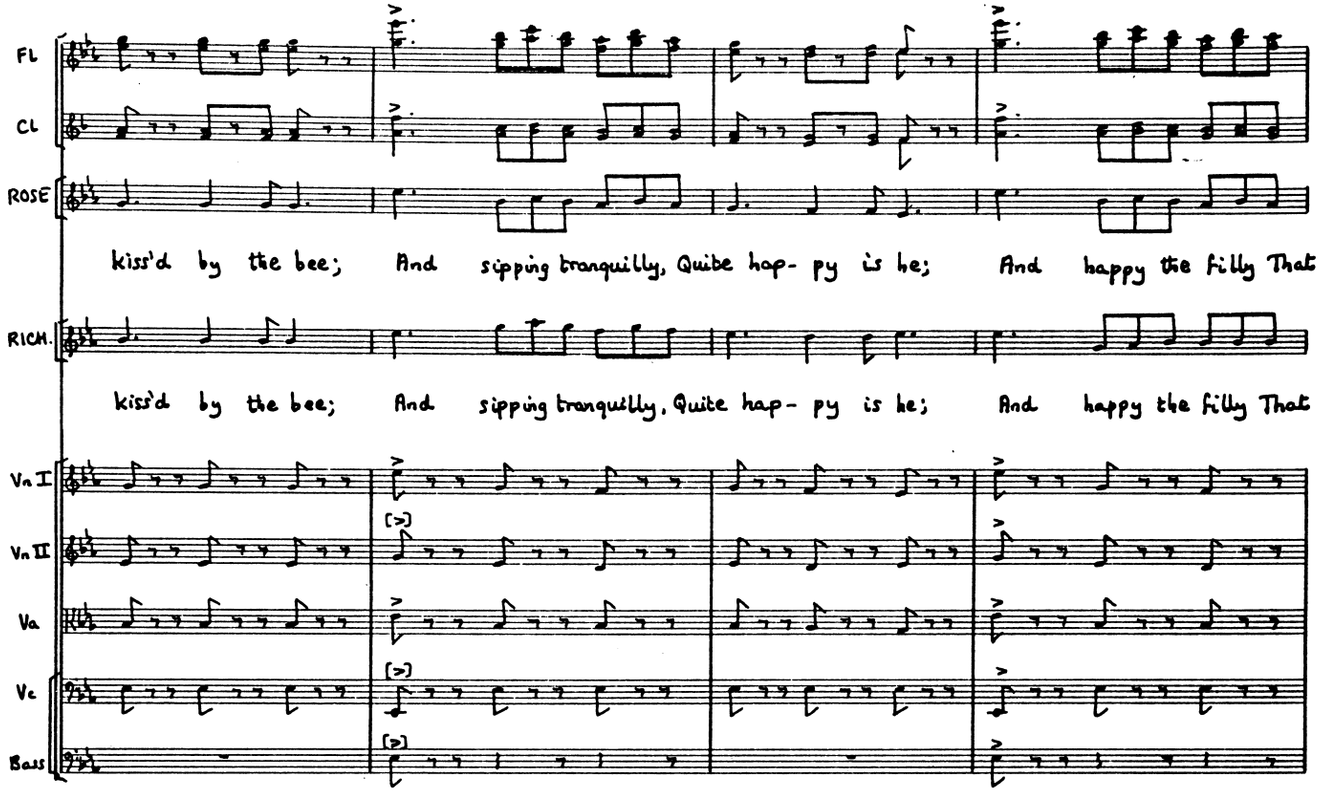
Vc

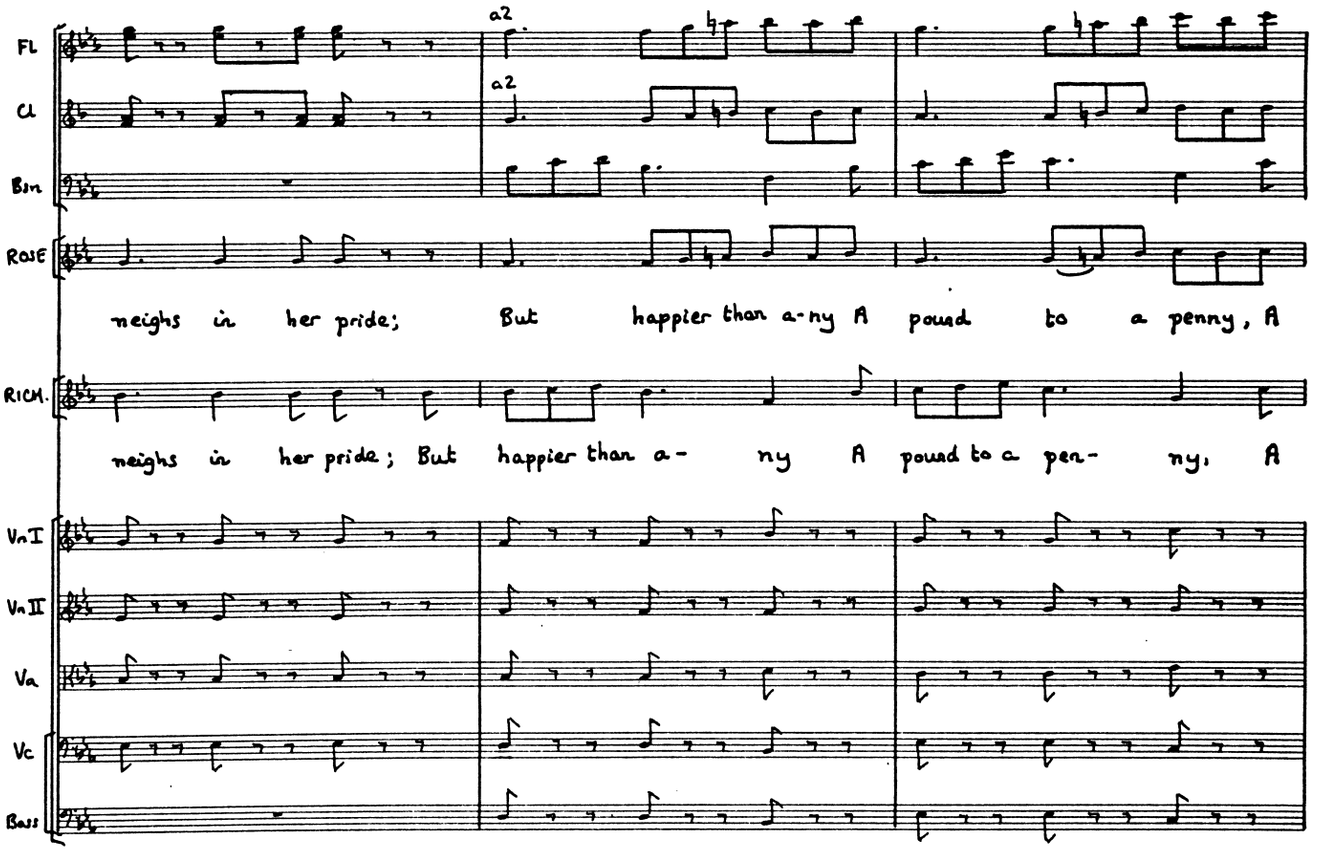
Bass

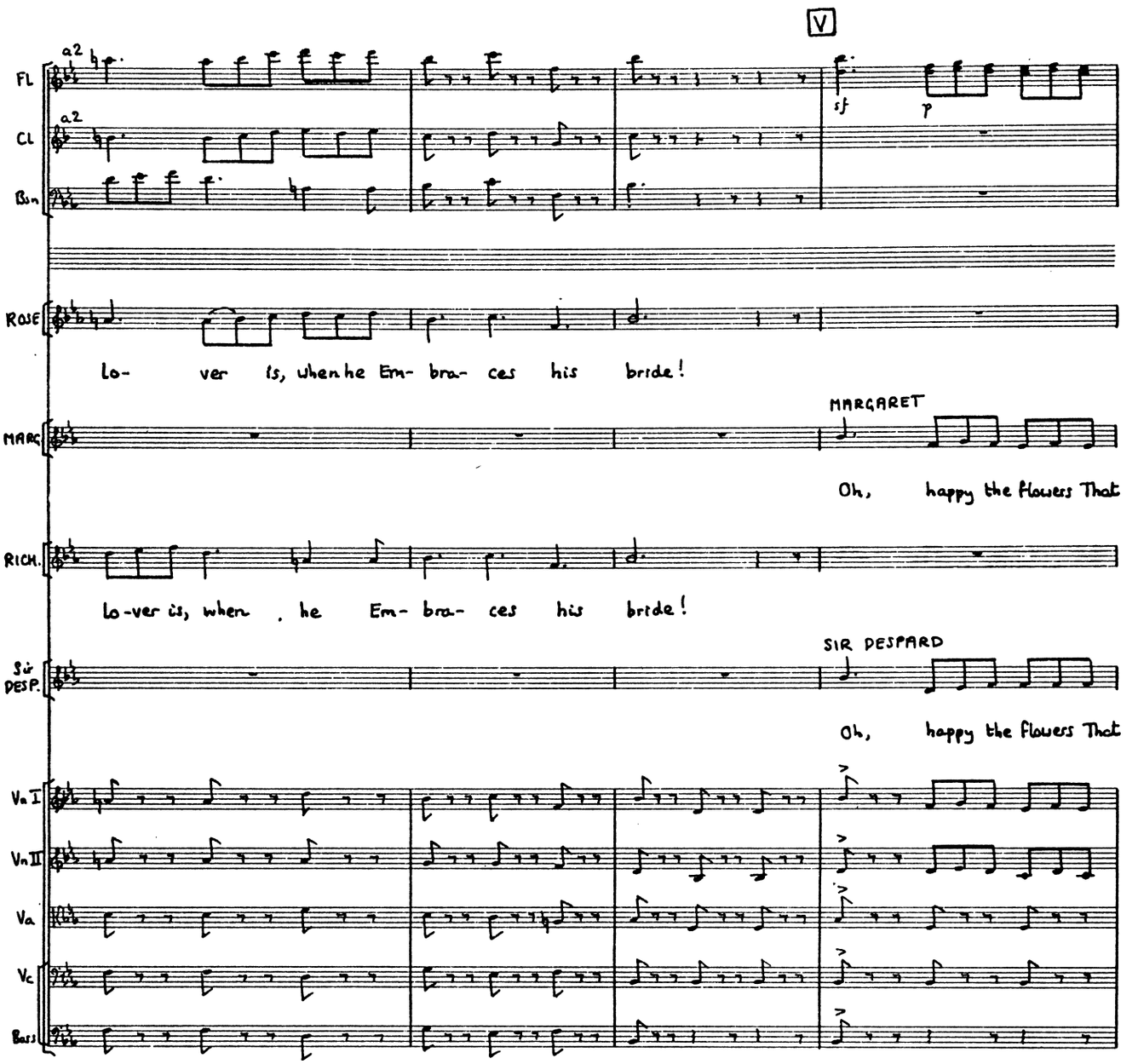

S
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I.
[f]
Tri
Sir DESP.
-liked you; Now that I've re- formed, How I a- dore you!
S
GIRLS
A
Hail the Bridegroom, hail the Bride! When the
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
cresc.
[f]
T
nup-tial knot is tied, Ev-'ry day will bring some joy That can nev-er, nev-er cloy!
unis.
Vc & B

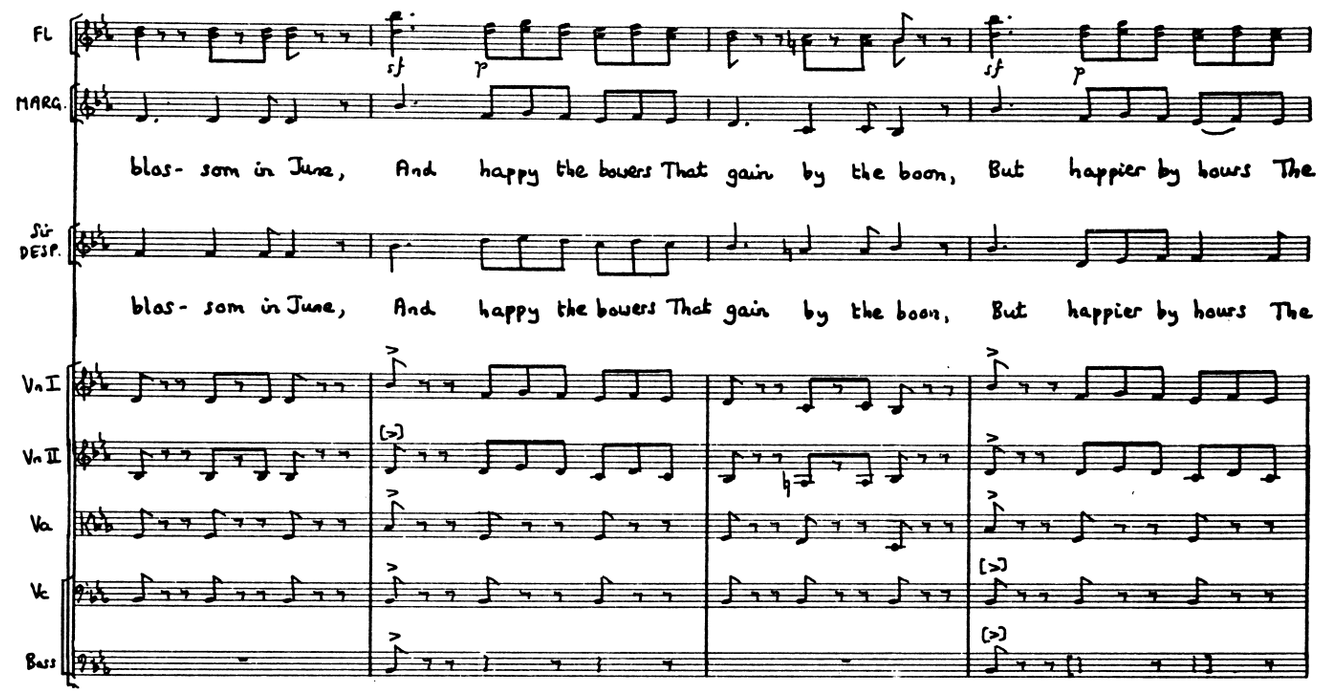

I
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
ROSE
Rich- ard, of him I love be- reft, Through thy de- sign, Thou art the
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
II
a2
change to Bb
Hn
Tri
on- ly one that's left, So I am thine!
S
GIRLS
A
Hail the Bridegroom, hail the Bride! Hail the
arco

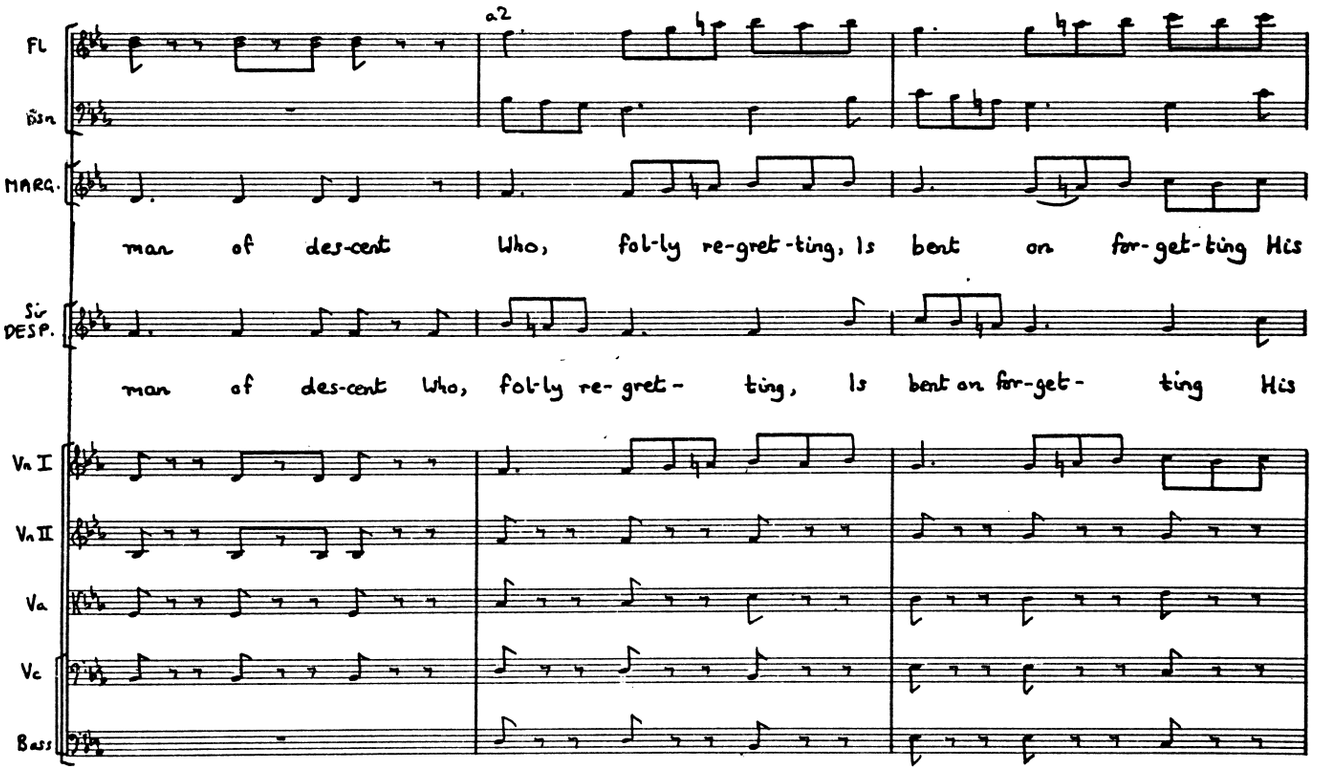

Allegro con spirito
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Timp
ROSE
Oh, happy the lily, When
RICH.
Oh, happy the lily, When
GIRLS
Bridegroom, hail the Bride!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

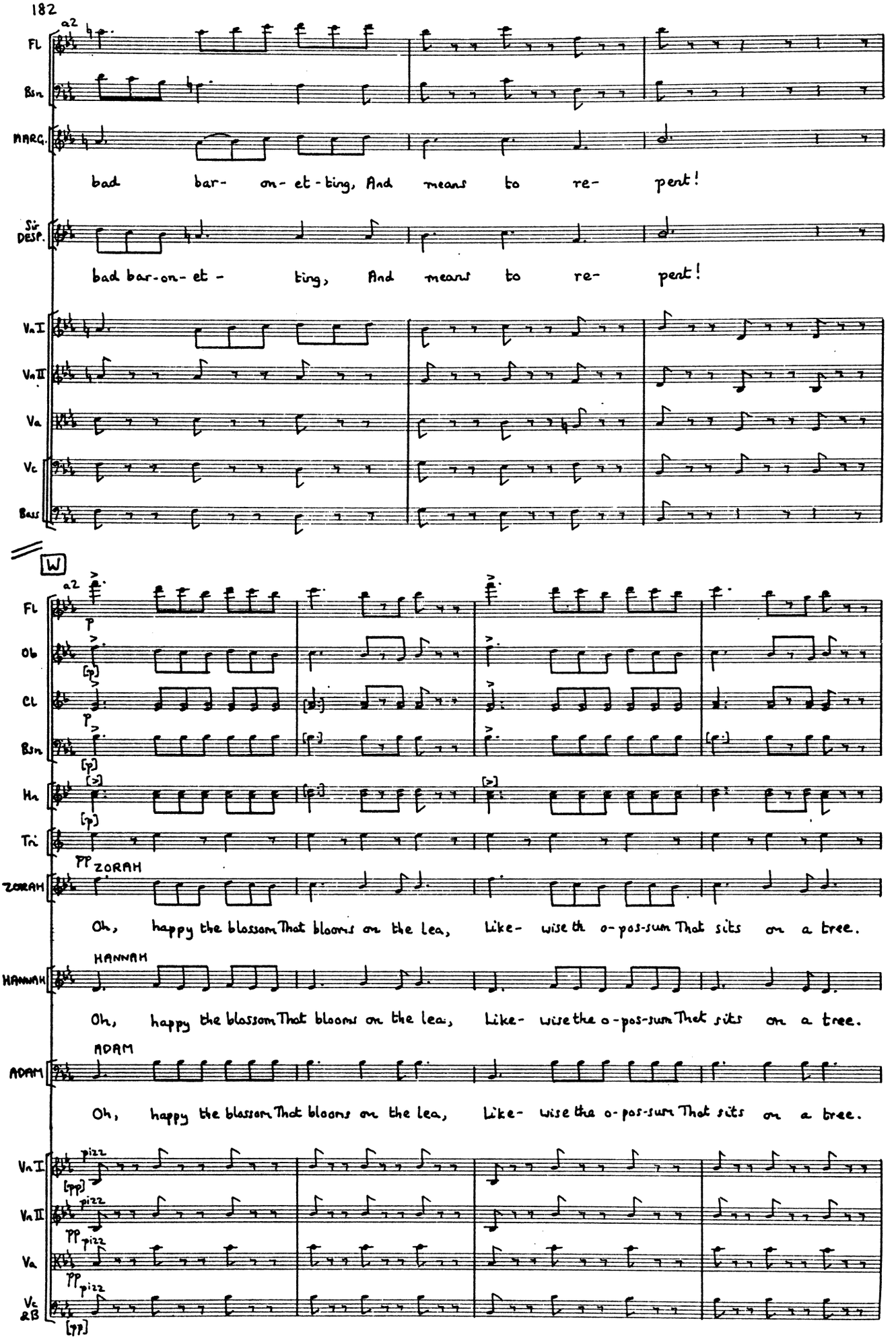

Fl
Cl
ROSE
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap- py is he; And happy the filly That
RICH.
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap- py is he; And happy the filly That
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

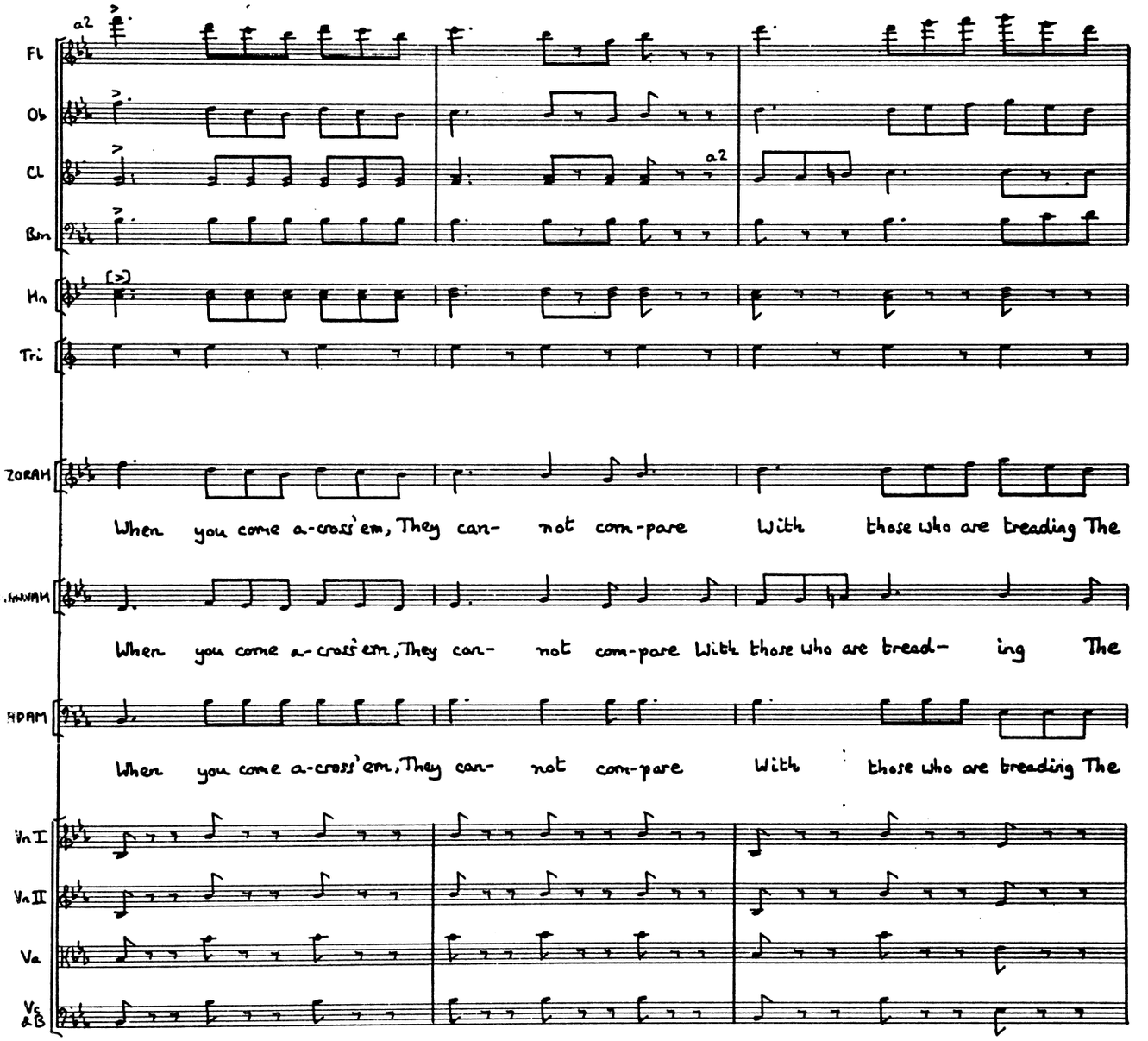

Fl
a2
Cl
a2
Bsn
ROSE
neighs in her pride; But happier than a-ny A pound to a penny, A
RICH.
neighs in her pride; But happier than a- ny A pound to a pen- ny, A
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

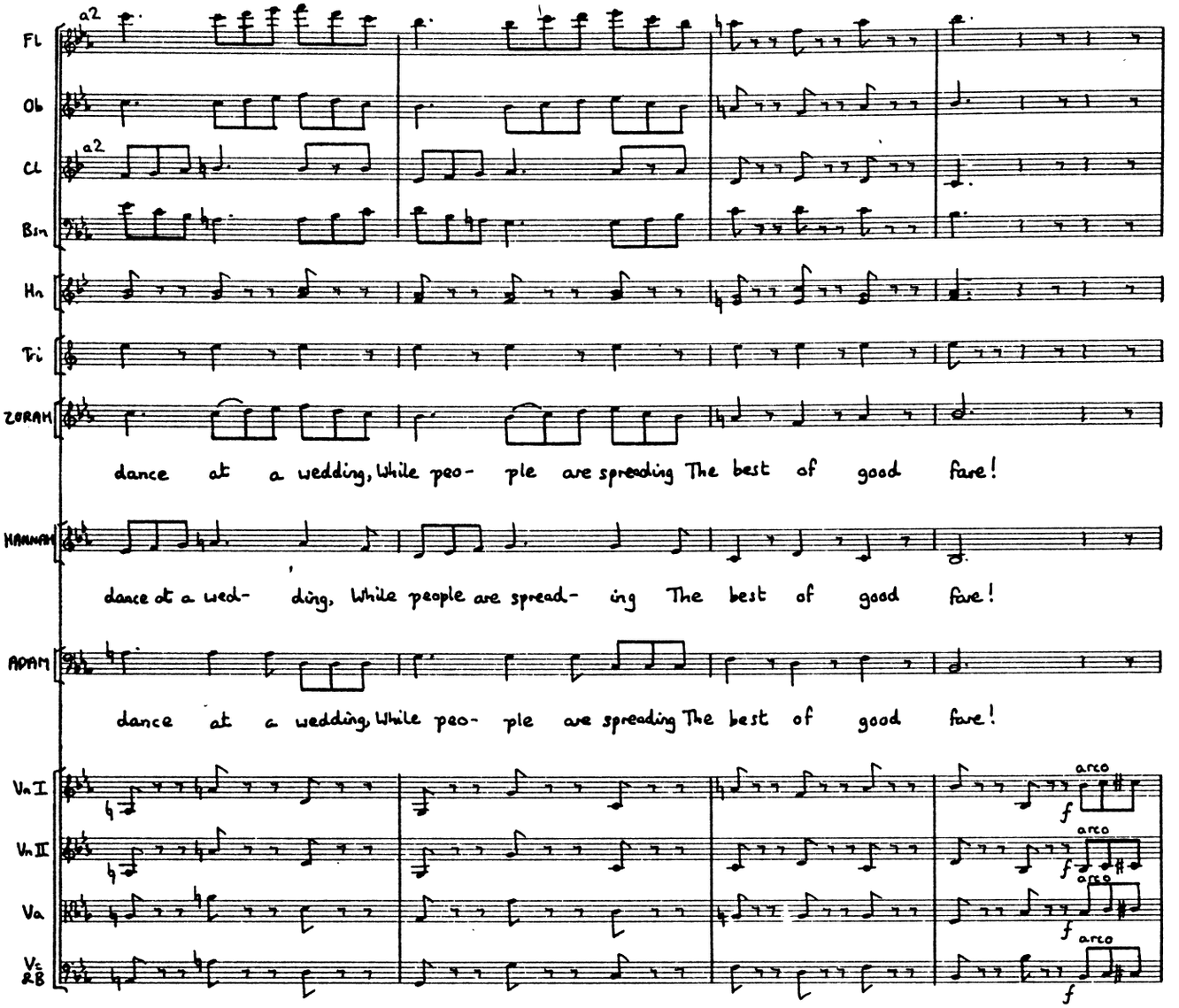

V
Fl
a2
Cl
a2
Bsn
sf
p
Rose
Lo- ver is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride!
Marg.
MARGARET
Oh, happy the flowers That
Rich.
Lo-ver is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride!
Sir Desp.
SIR DESPARD
Oh, happy the flowers That
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

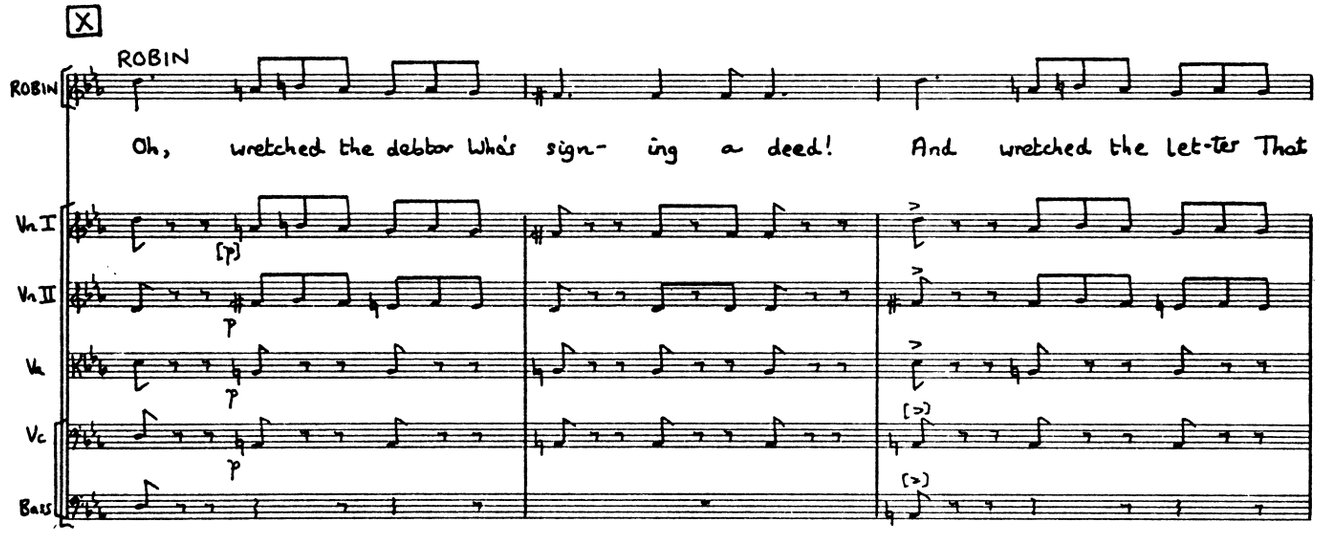

Fl
MARG.
blas- som in June, And happy the bowers That gain by the boon, But happier by hours The
Sir DESP.
blas- som in June, And happy the bowers That gain by the boon, But happier by hours The
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

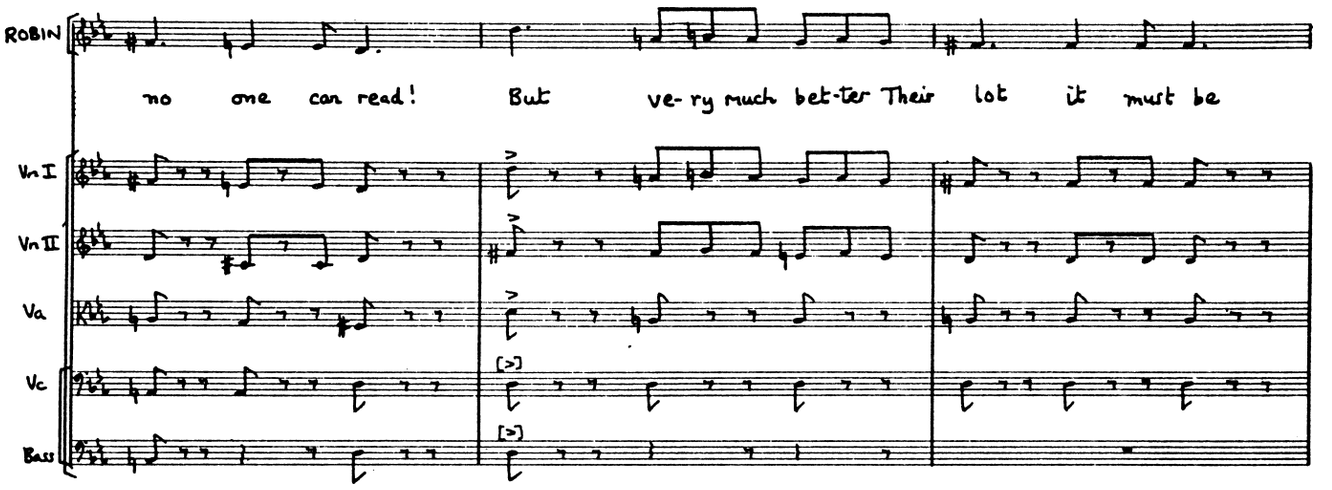

a2
Fl
Bsn
MARG.
man of des-cent Who, fol-ly re-gret-ting, Is bent on for-get-ting His
Sir DESP.
man of des-cent Who, fol-ly re- gret- ting, Is bent on for-get- ting His
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

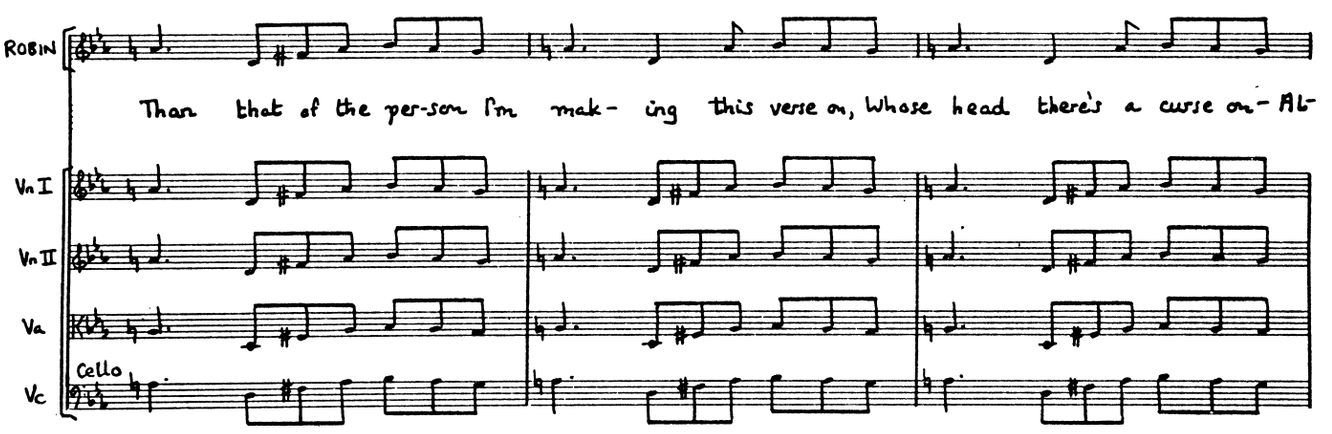

a2
Fl
Bsn
MARC.
bad bar- on- et - ting, And means to re- pent!
Sir DESP.
bad bar-on- et - ting, And means to re- pent!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
W
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
ZORAH
Oh, happy the blossom That blooms on the lea, Like- wise th o-pos-sum That sits on a tree.
HANNAH
Oh, happy the blossom That blooms on the lea, Like- wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree.
ADAM
Oh, happy the blossom That blooms on the lea, Like- wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

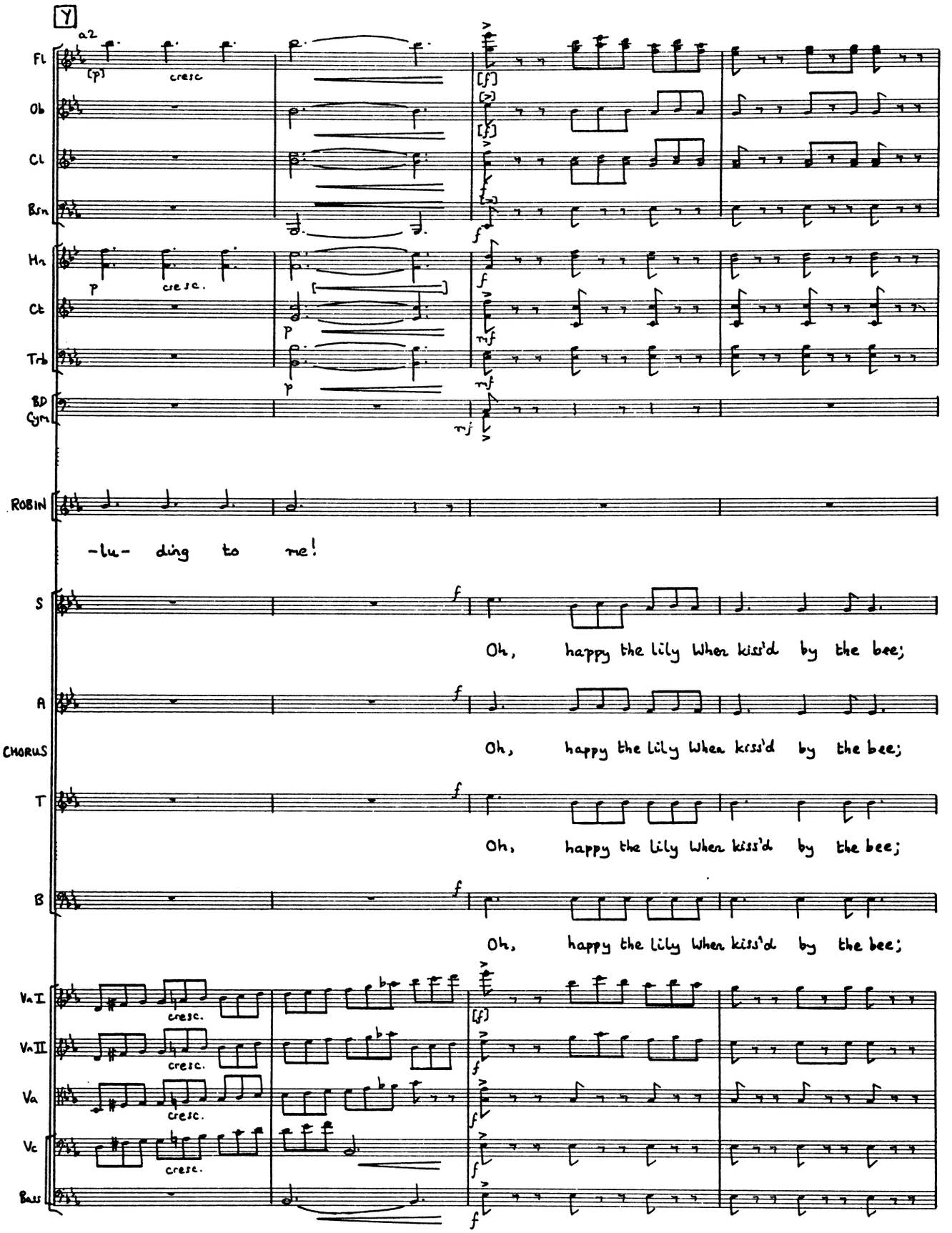

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
ZORAH
When you come a-cross'em, They can- not com-pare With those who are treading The
SHAMAH
When you come a-cross'em, They can- not com-pare With those who are tread- ing The
ADAM
When you come a-cross'em, They can- not com-pare With those who are treading The
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

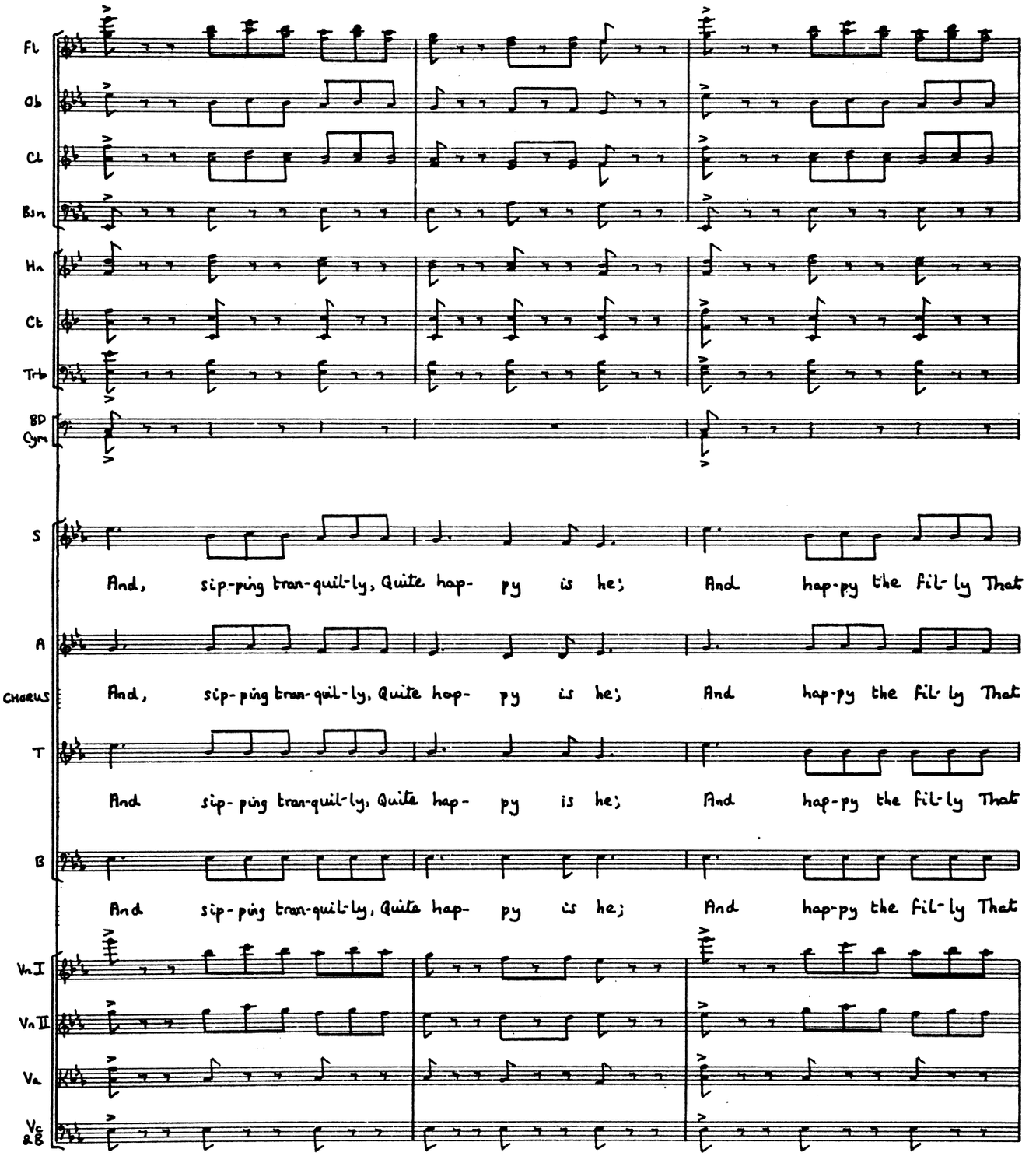

Fl
a2
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
Tri
ZORAH
dance at a wedding, While peo- ple are spreading The best of good fare!
HANNAH
dance at a wed- ding, While people are spread- ing The best of good fare!
ADAM
dance at a wedding, While peo- ple are spreading The best of good fare!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
arco
f

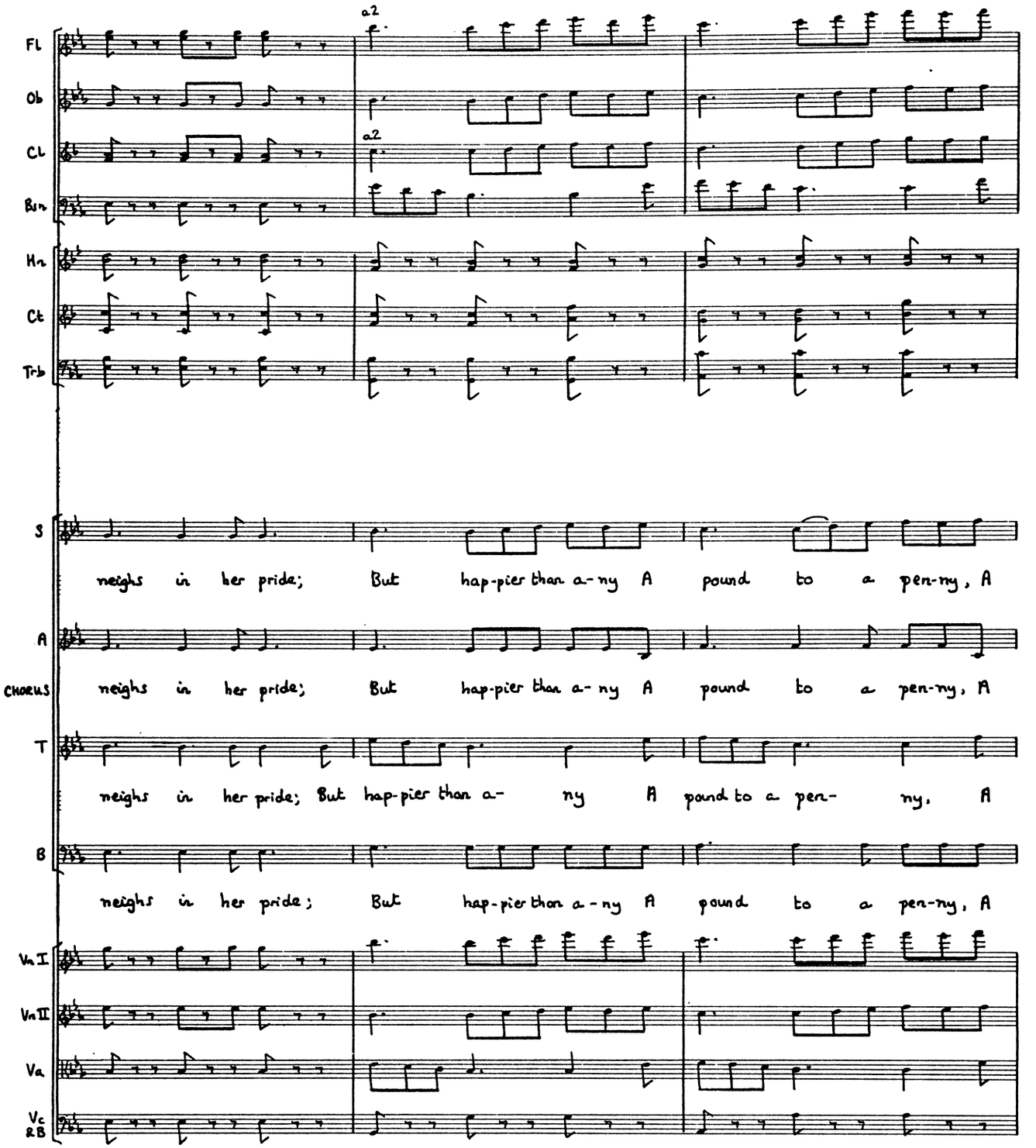

X
ROBIN
ROBIN
Oh, wretched the debtor Who's sign- ing a deed! And wretched the let-ter That
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
[p]
p

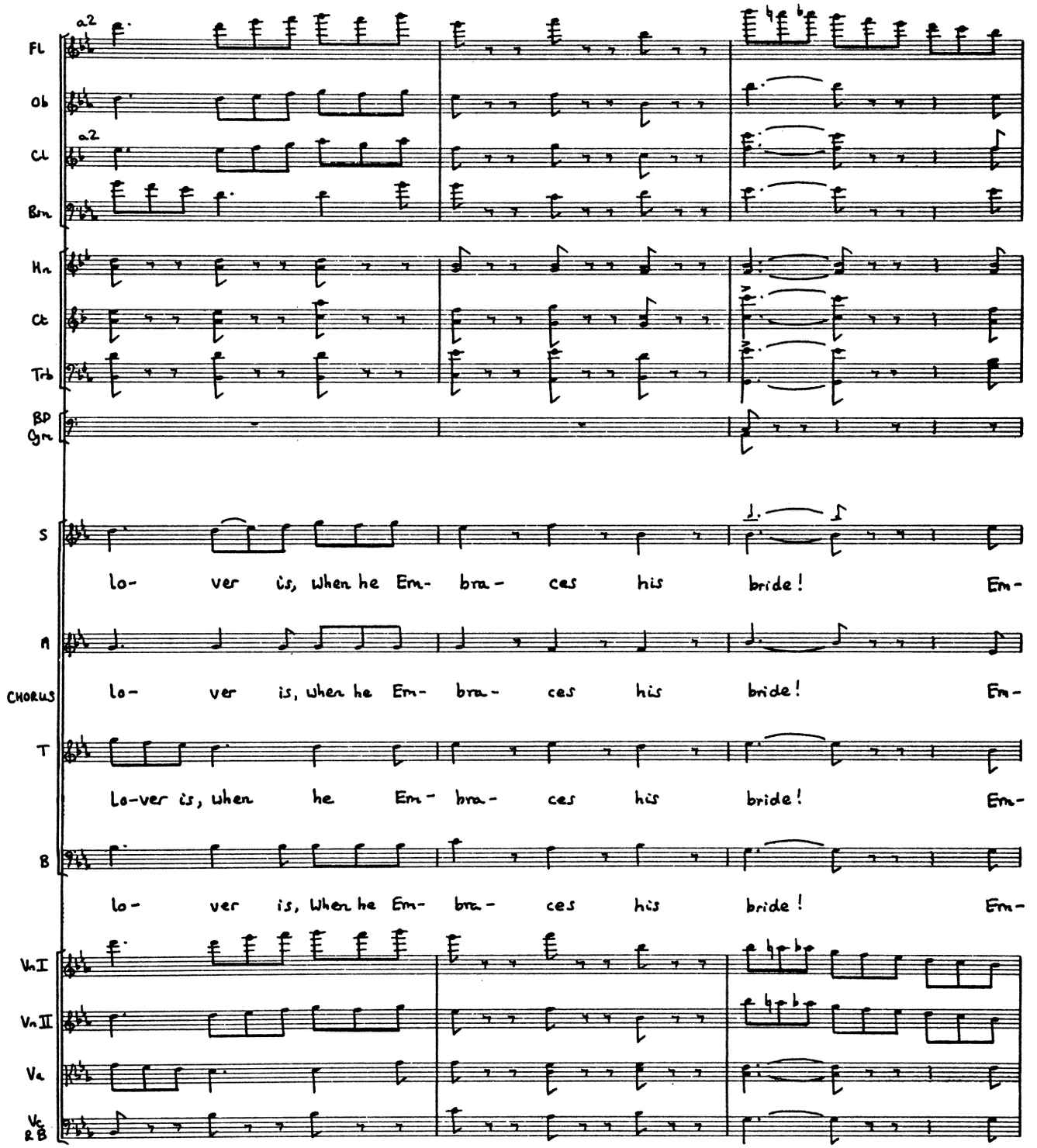

ROBIN
no one can read! But ve- ry much bet-ter Their lot it must be
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

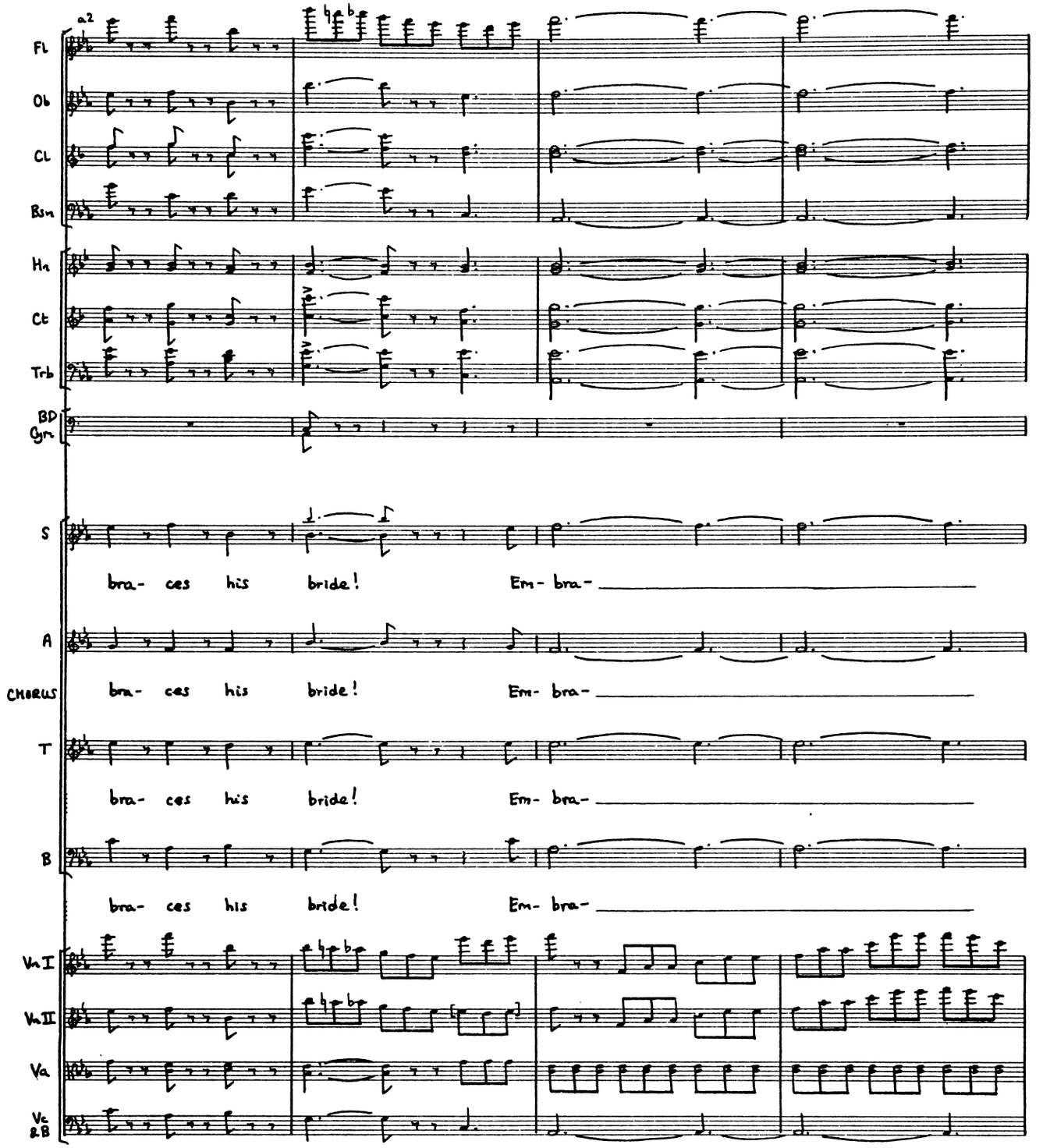

ROBIN
Than that of the per-son I'm mak- ing this verse on, Whose head there's a curse on- Al-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Cello
Vc

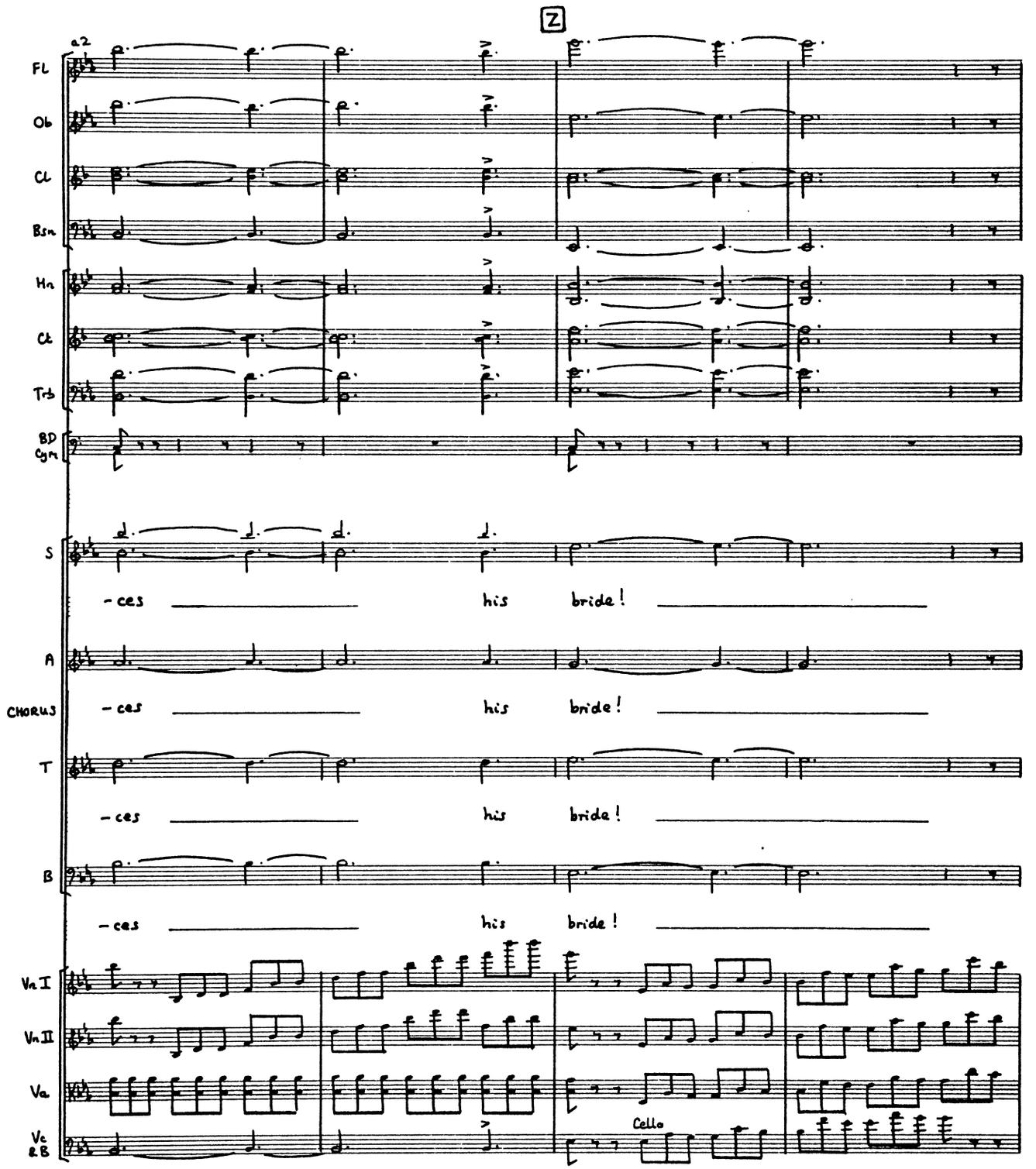

Y
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
ROBIN
-lu- ding to me!
S
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;
A
CHORUS
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;
T
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;
B
Oh, happy the lily When kiss'd by the bee;
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
cresc.

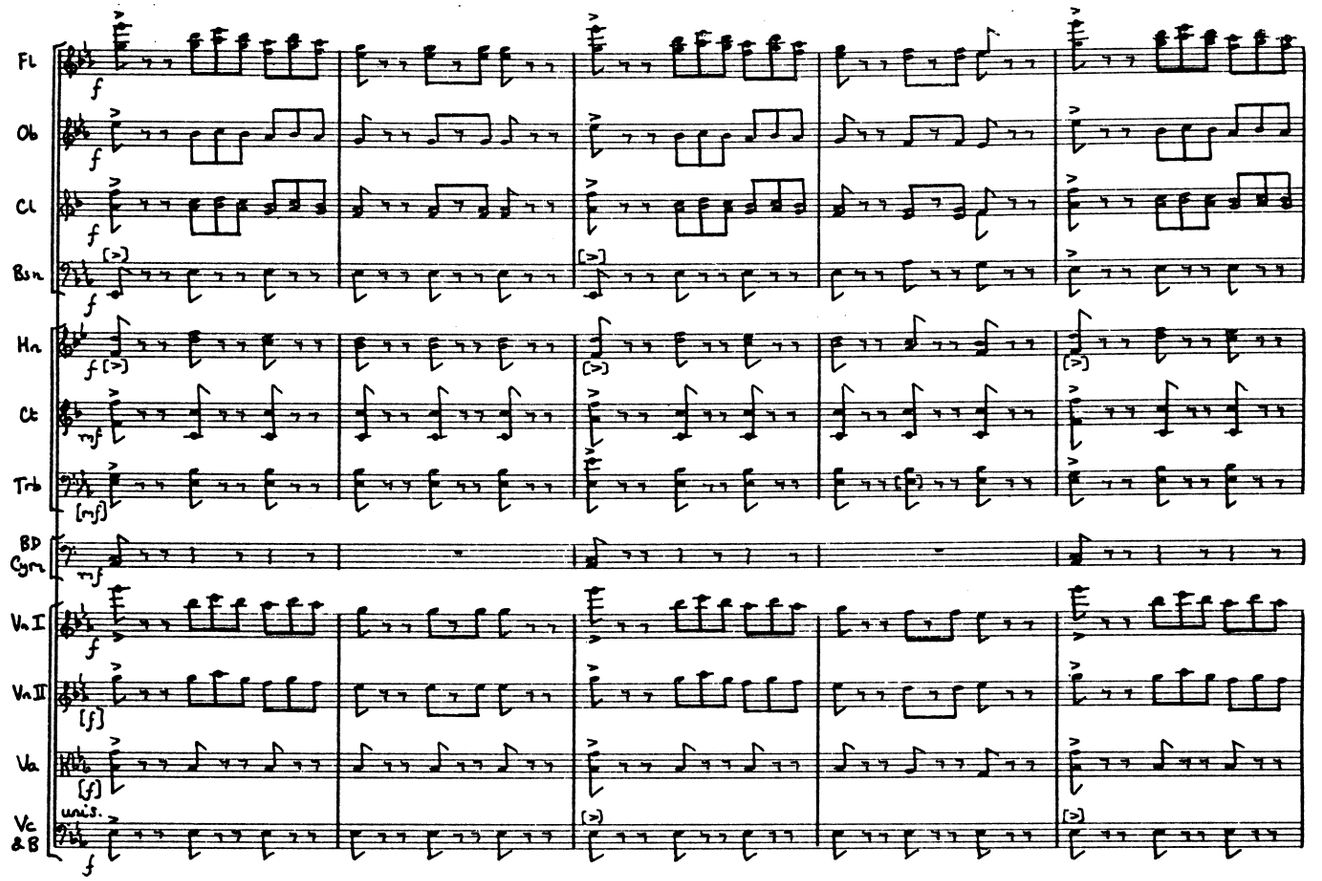

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
S
And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap- py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
A
And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap- py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
CHORUS
T
And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap- py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
B
And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap- py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B

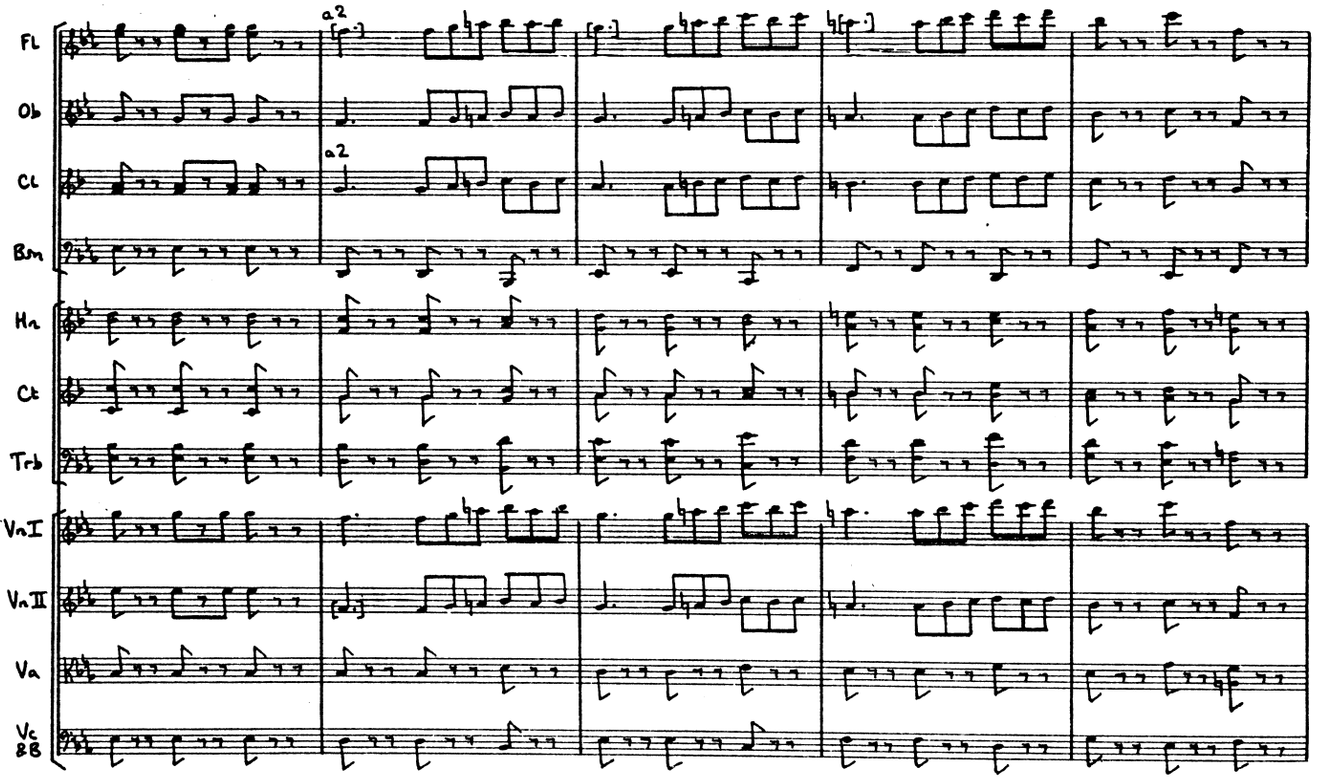

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
a2
a2
S
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a-ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
A
CHORUS
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a-ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
T
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a- ny A pound to a pen- ny, A
B
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a-ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Gtr
S
lo- ver is, When he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em-
A
CHORUS
lo- ver is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em-
T
Lo-ver is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em-
B
lo- ver is, When he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em-
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
&B


a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
S
bra- ces his bride! Em- bra-
A
CHORUS
bra- ces his bride! Em- bra-
T
bra- ces his bride! Em- bra-
B
bra- ces his bride! Em- bra-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B


Z
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
S
-ces his bride!
A
CHORUS
-ces his bride!
T
-ces his bride!
B
-ces his bride!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B
Cello


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B
f
mf
[mf]
[f]
unis.


Fl
Ob
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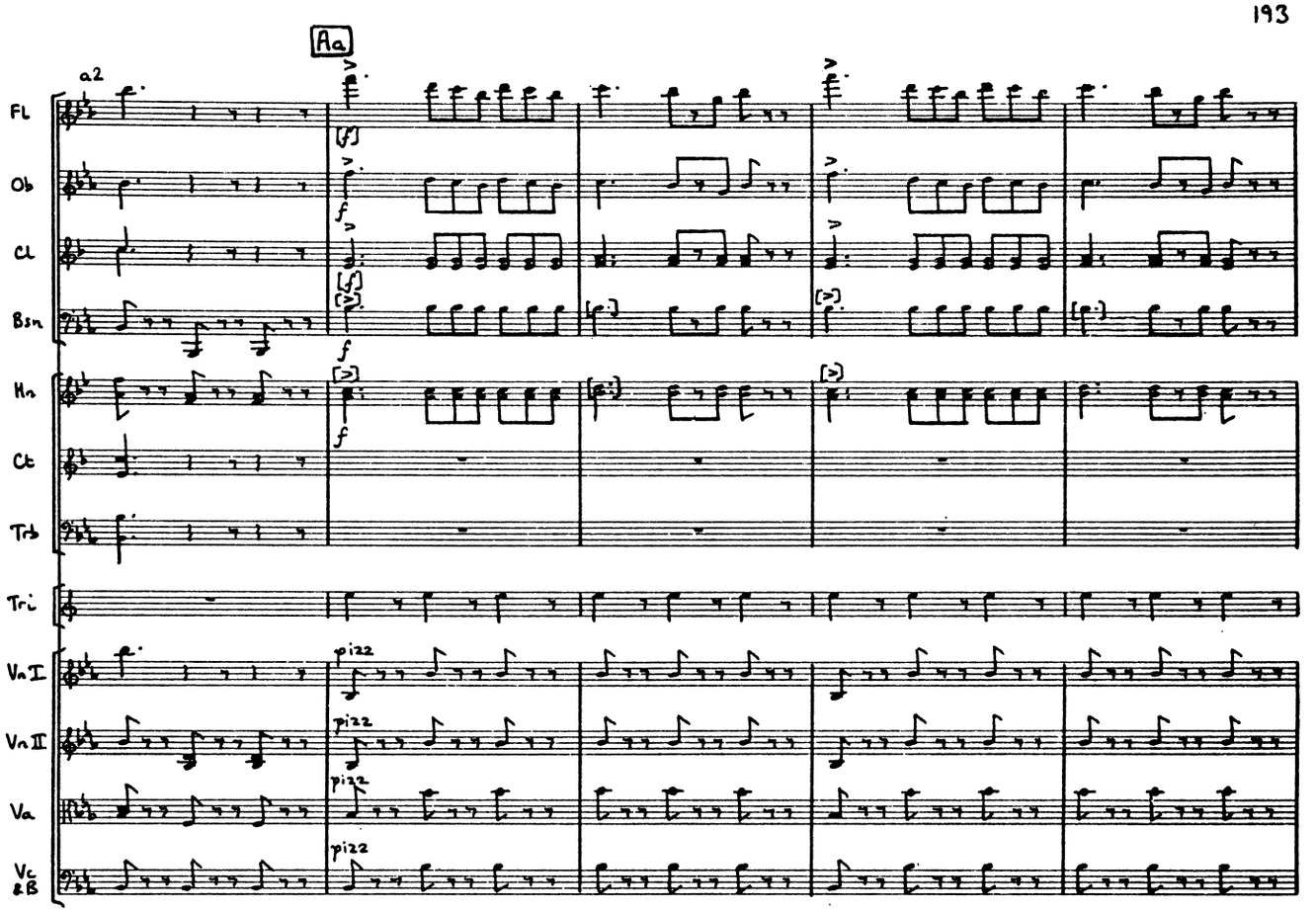
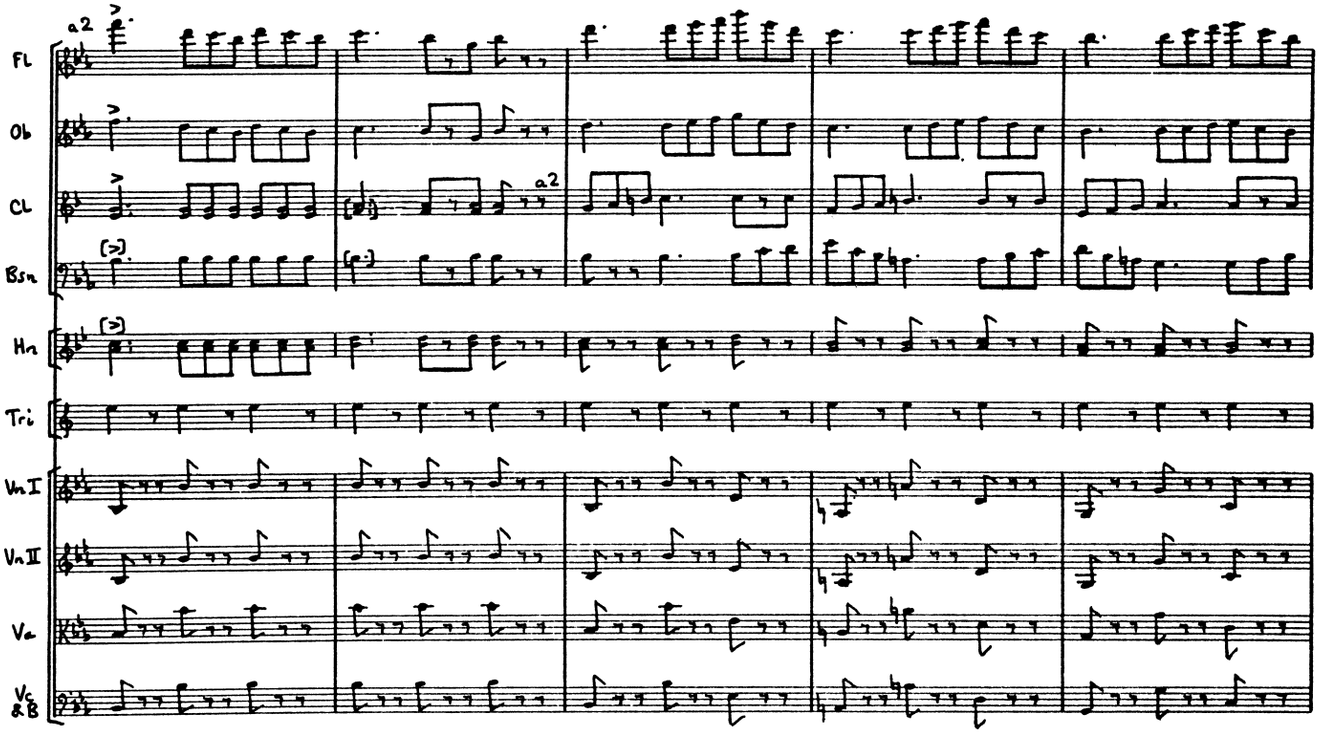
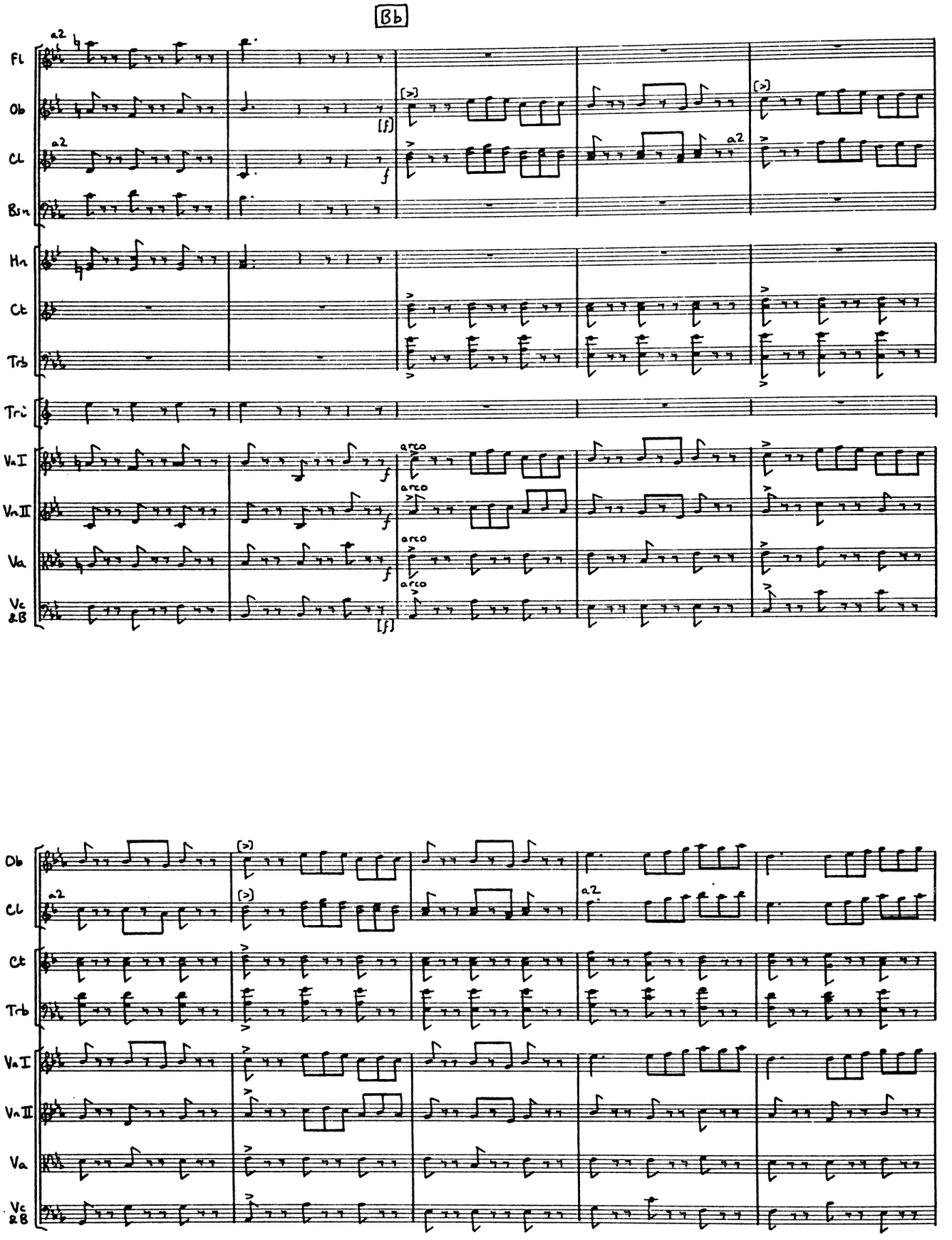
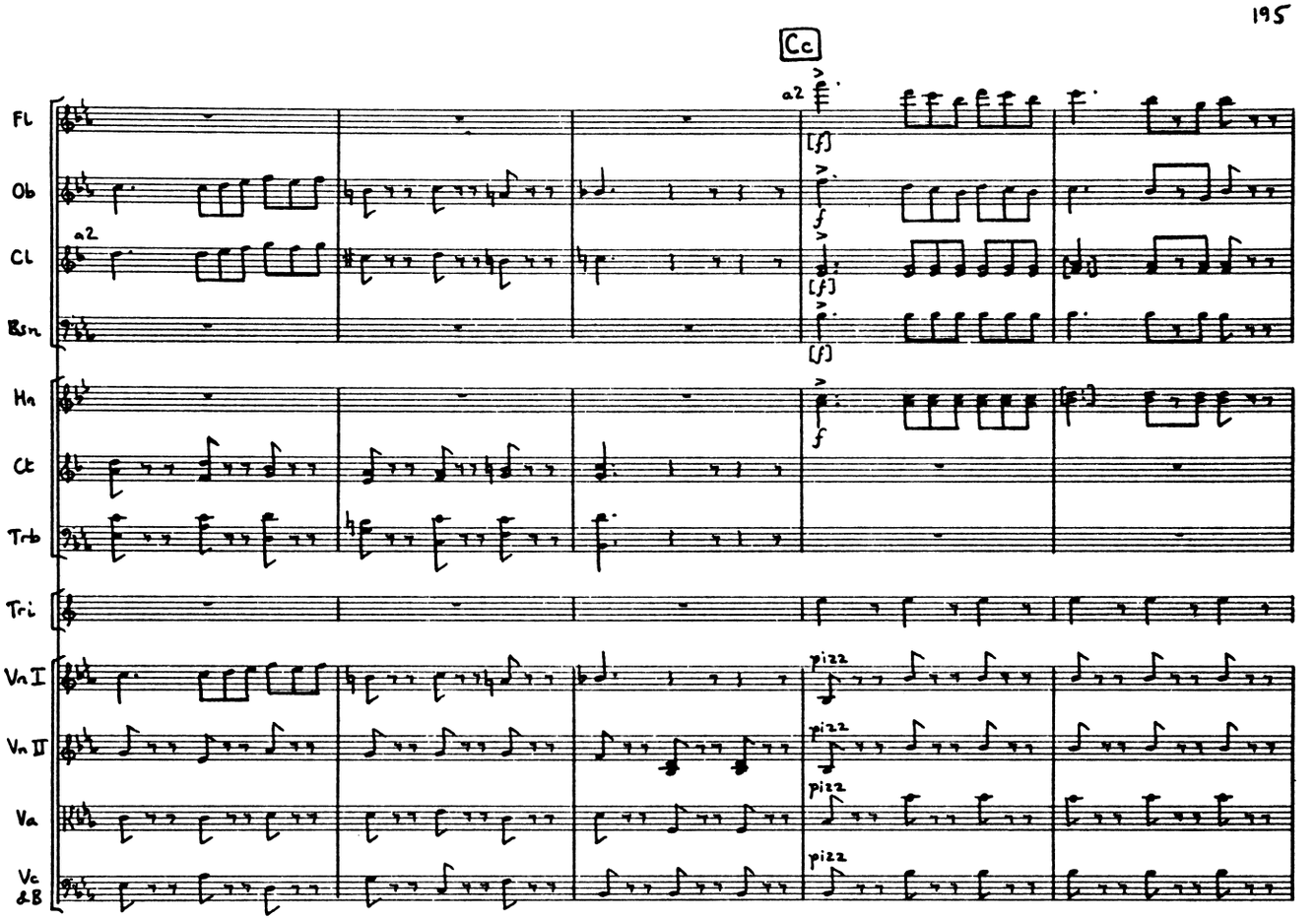
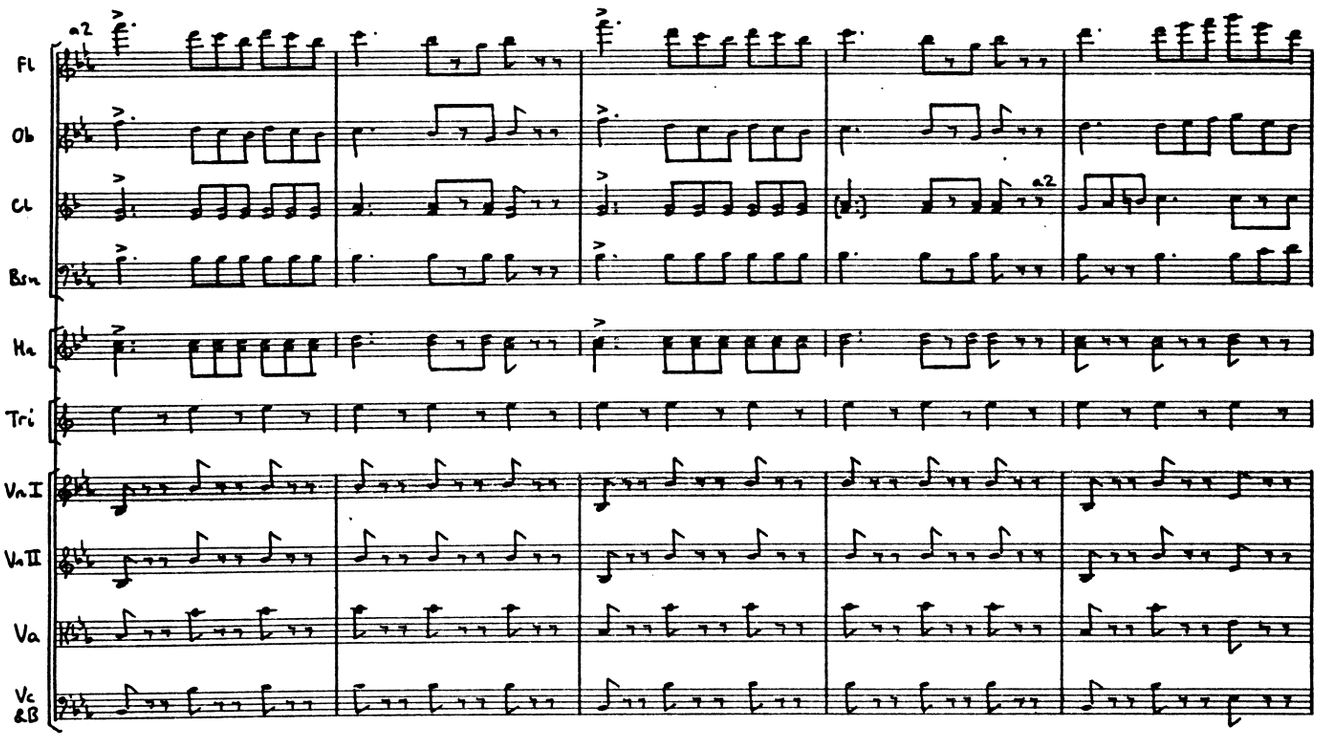
Ct
Trb
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B
a2

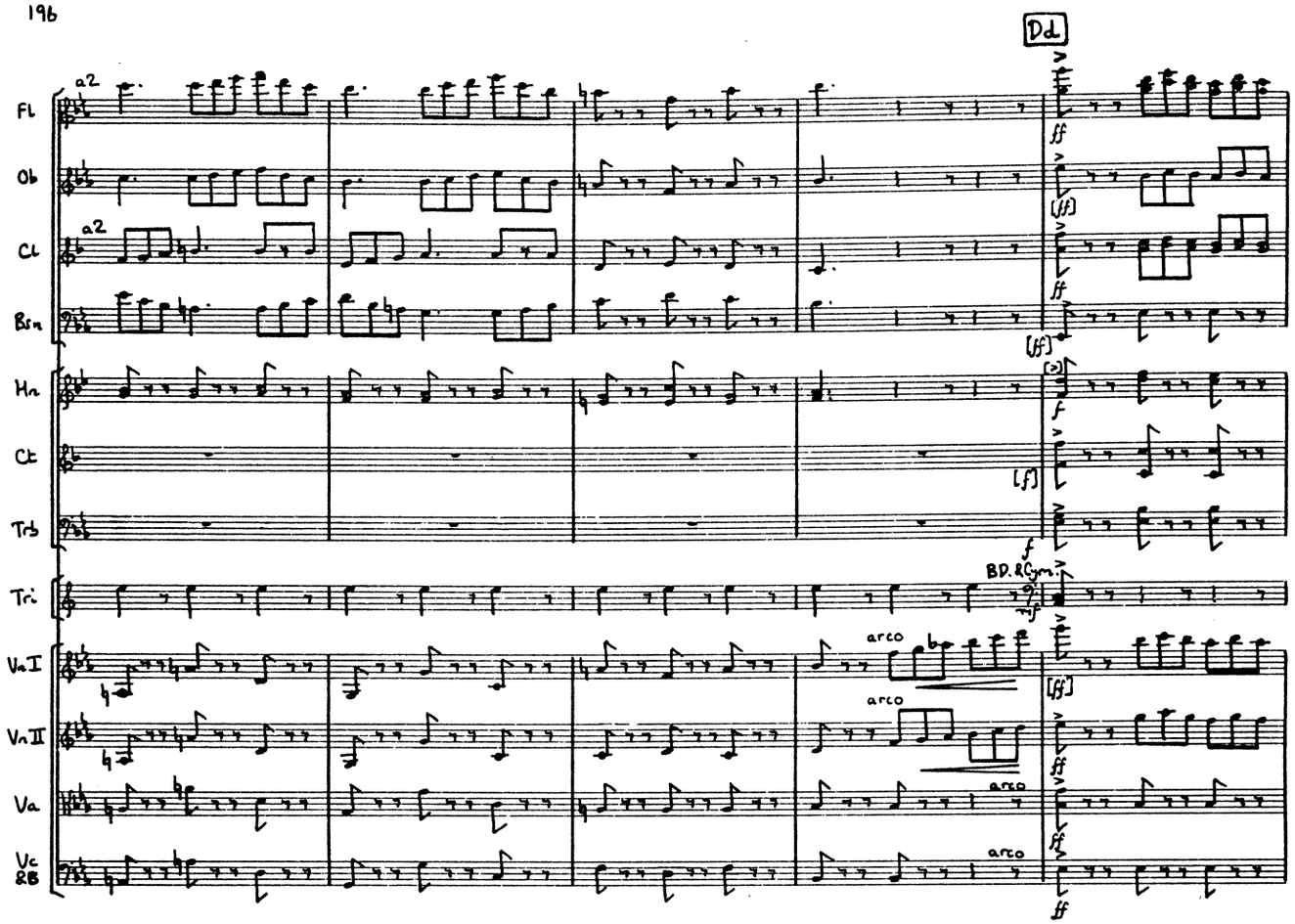

A
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
pizz
f

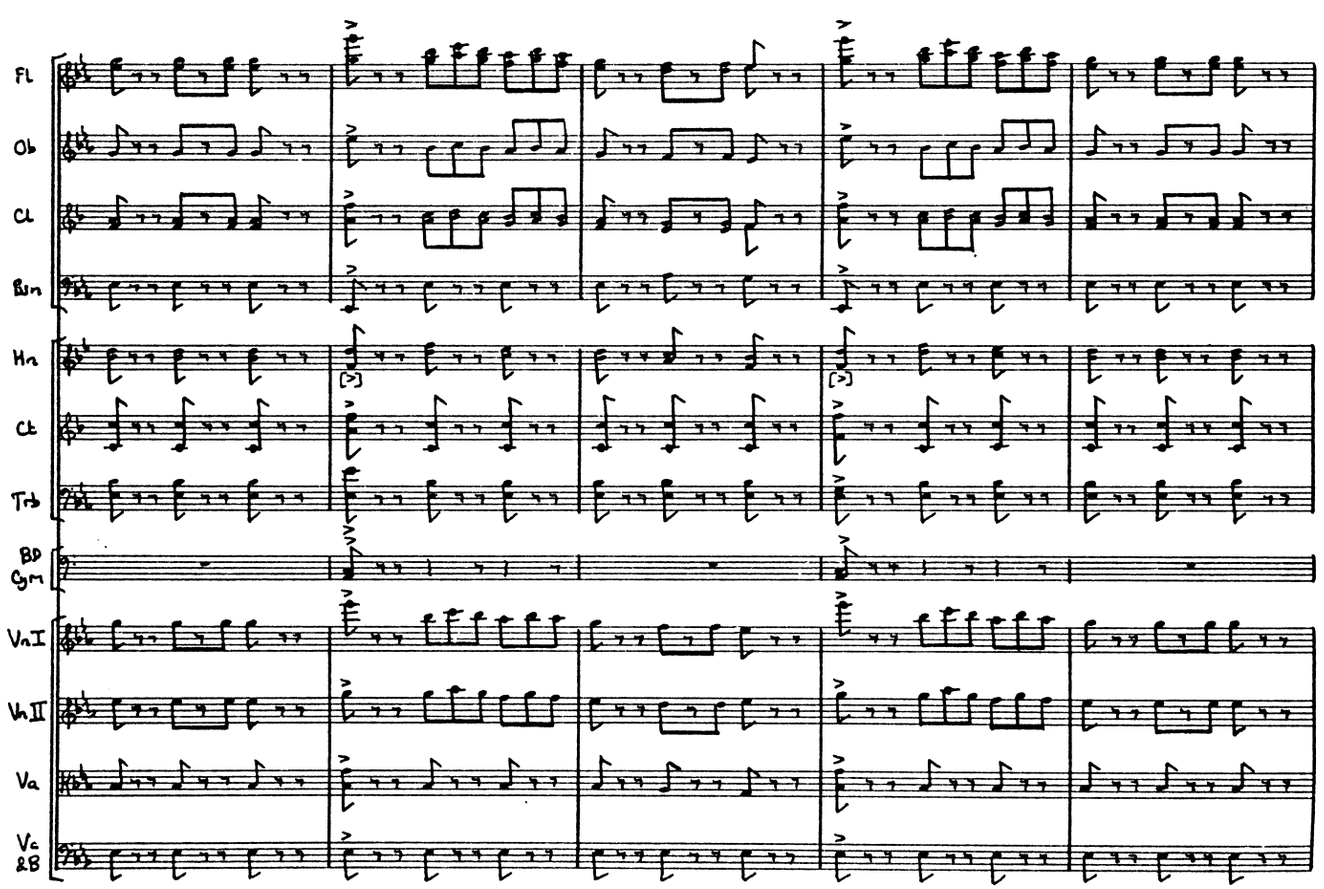

a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

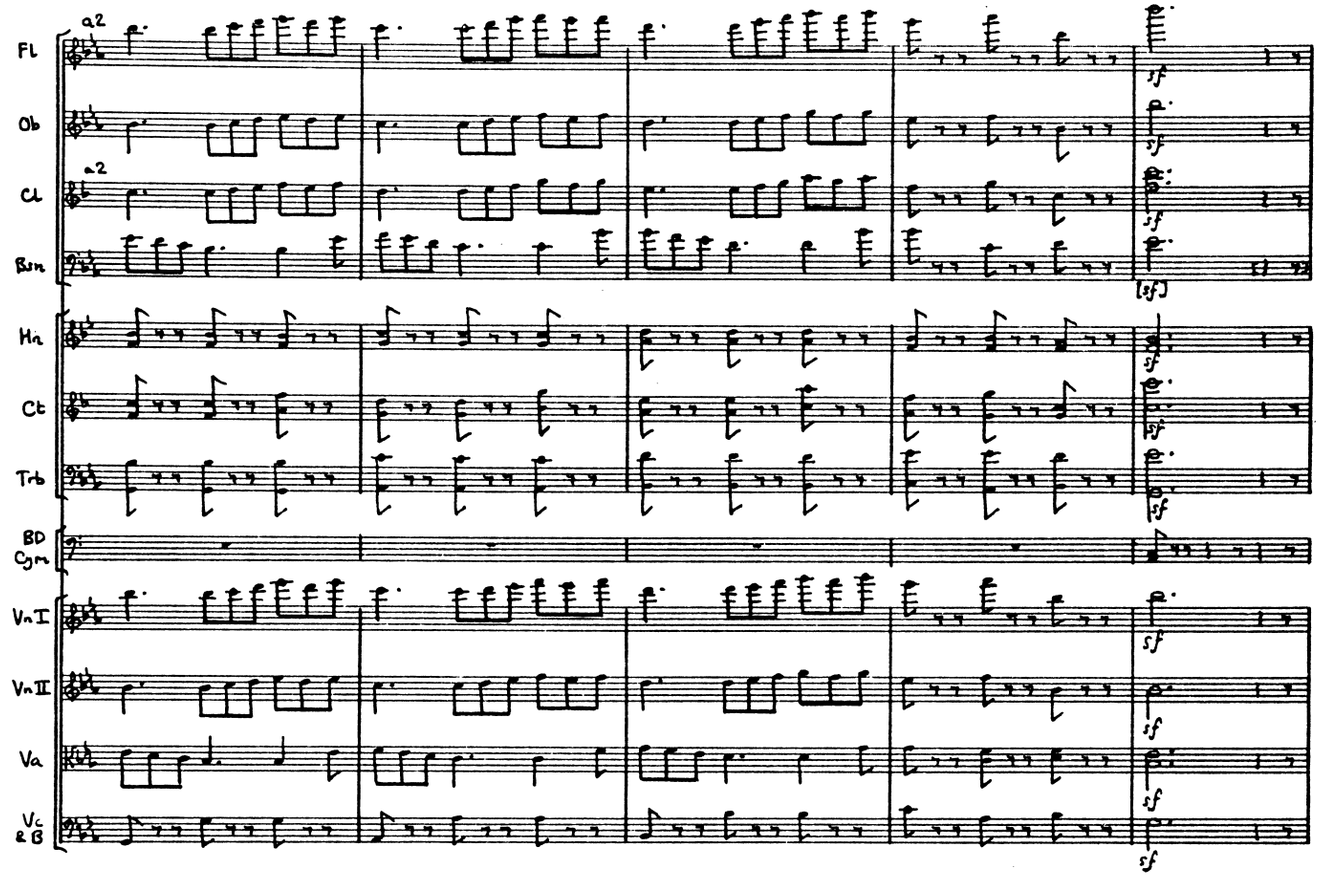

Bb
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B
a2
arco
[f]
f

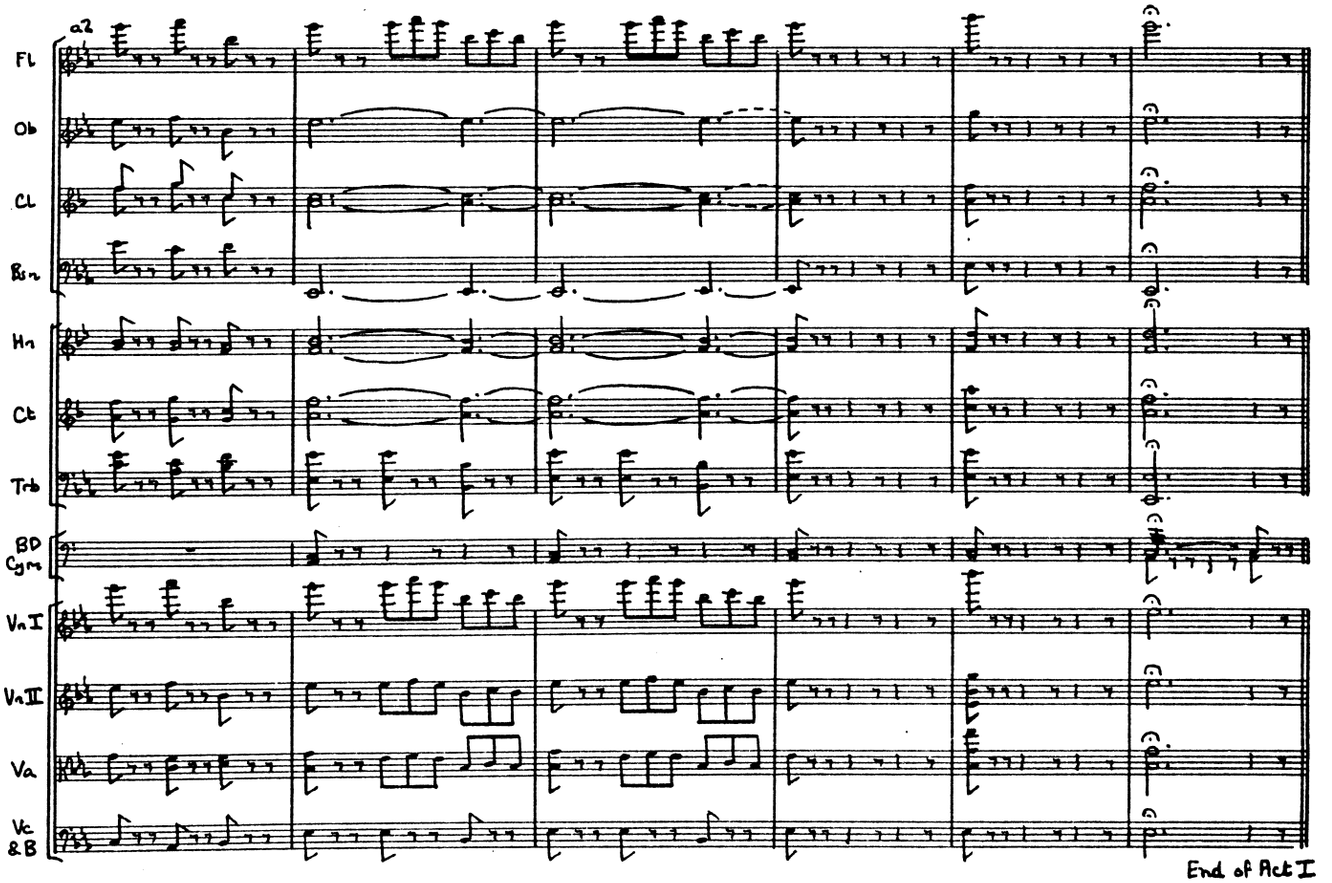

Cc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
a2
[f]
f
pizz


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
a2


Dd
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
a2
arco
BD. & Cym.
ff
f
[ff]
[f]
mf


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B

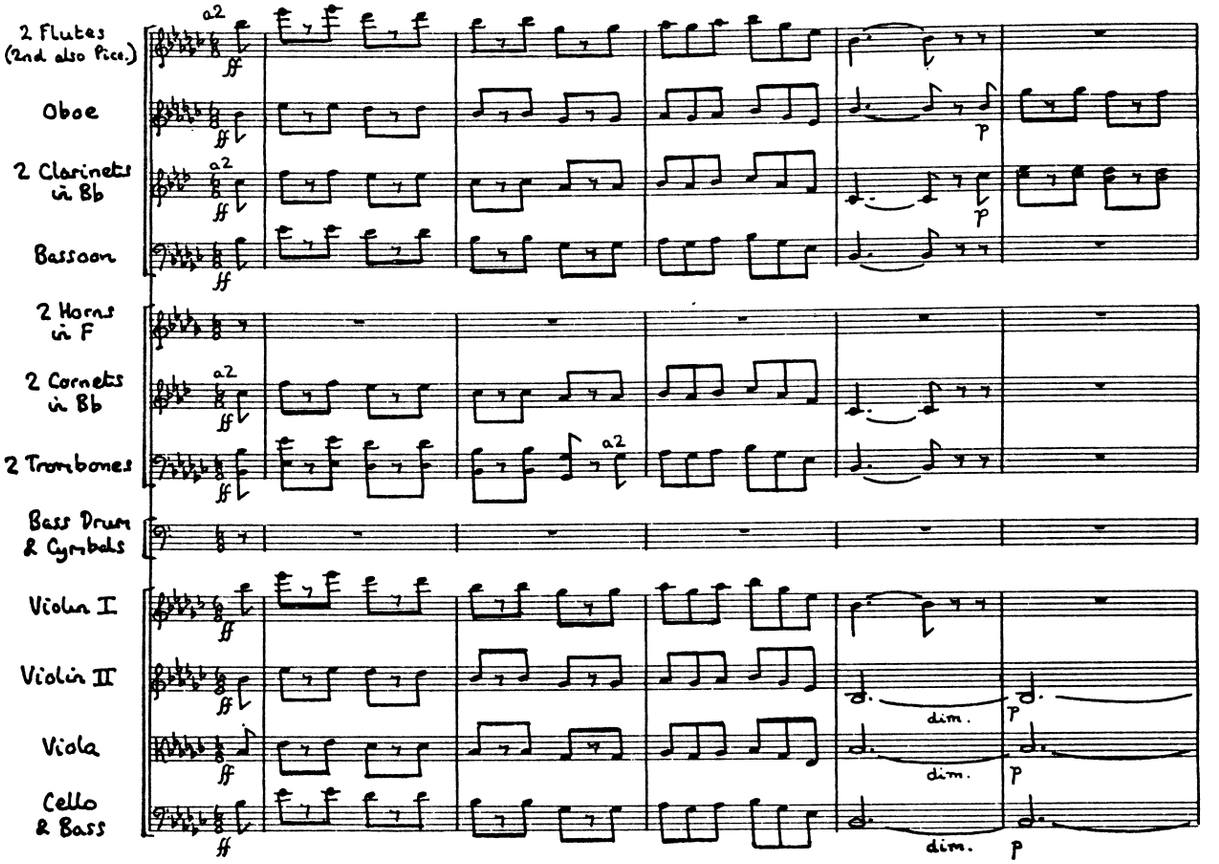

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
& B
a2
sf
[sf]

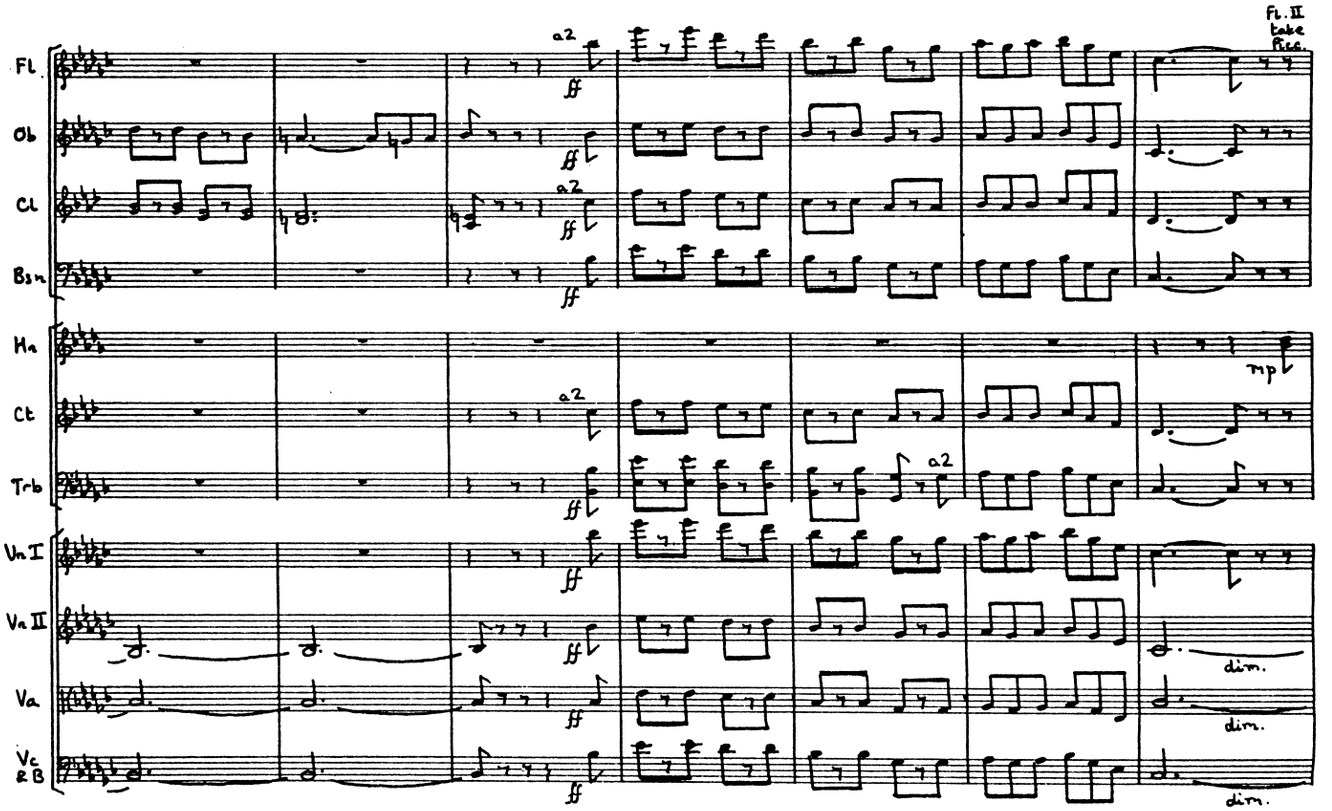

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
& B
a2
End of Act I

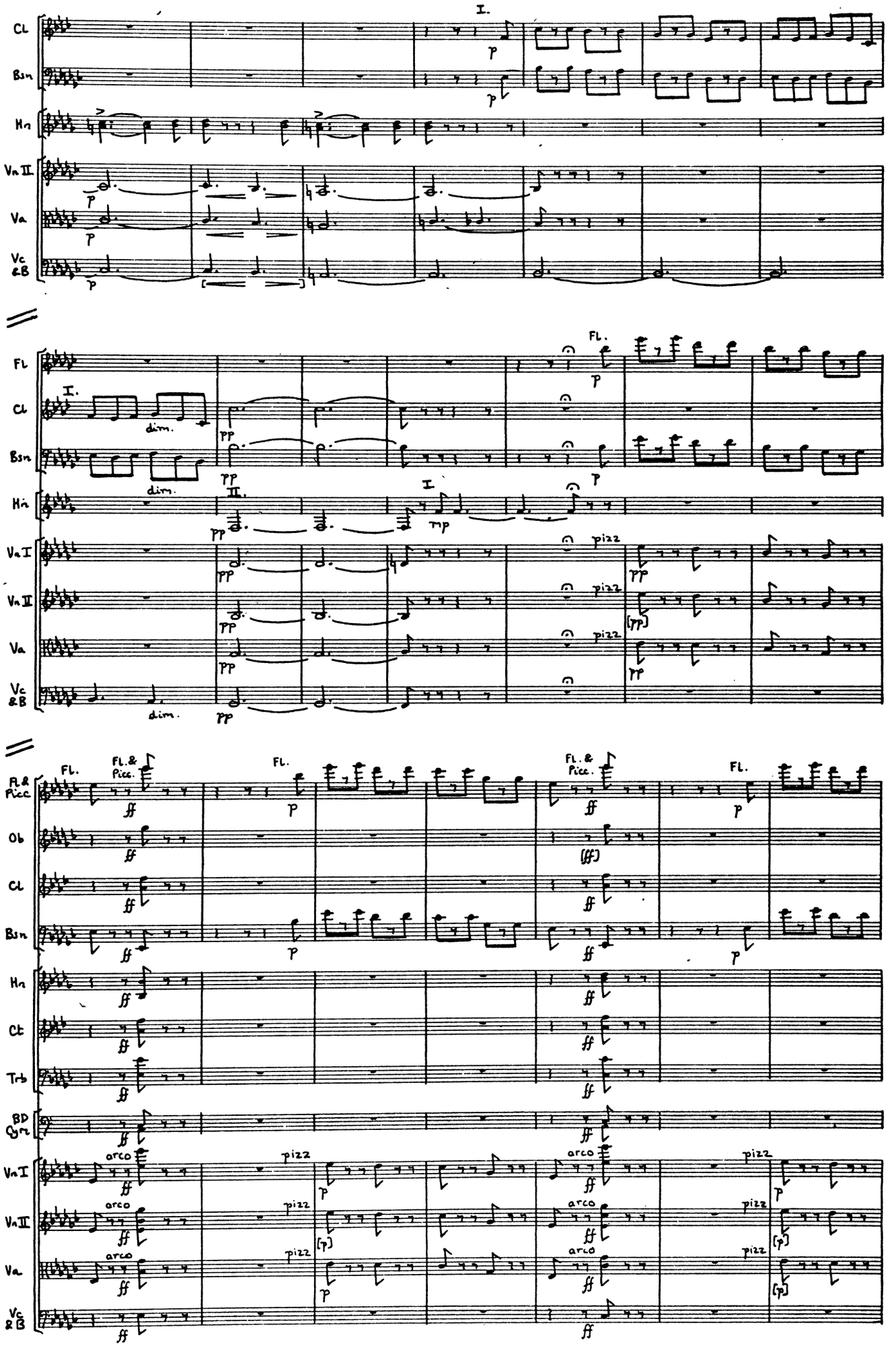
ACT II

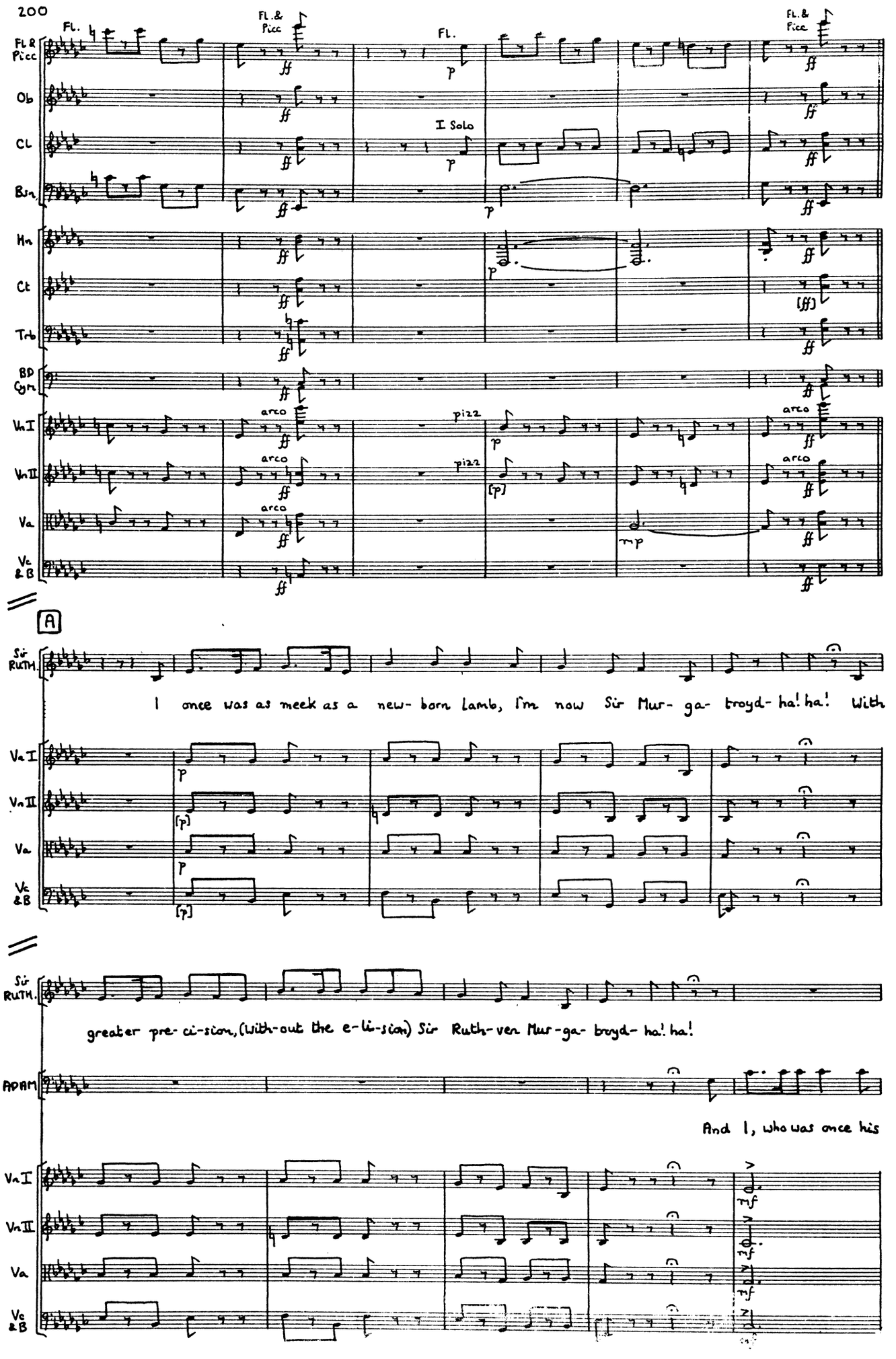
No. 1. INTRODUCTION & DUET (Sir Ruthven & Adam)

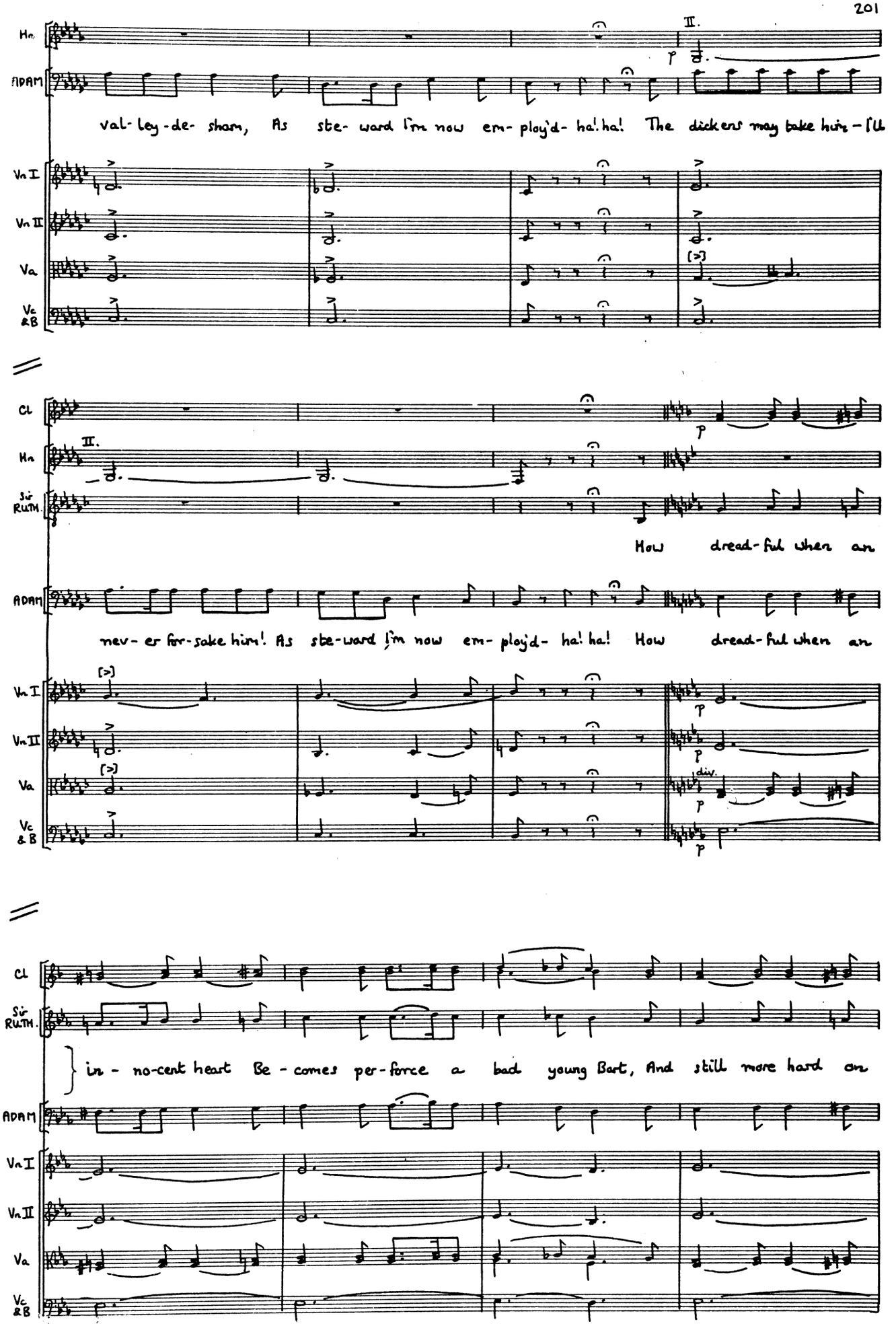
Andante maestoso

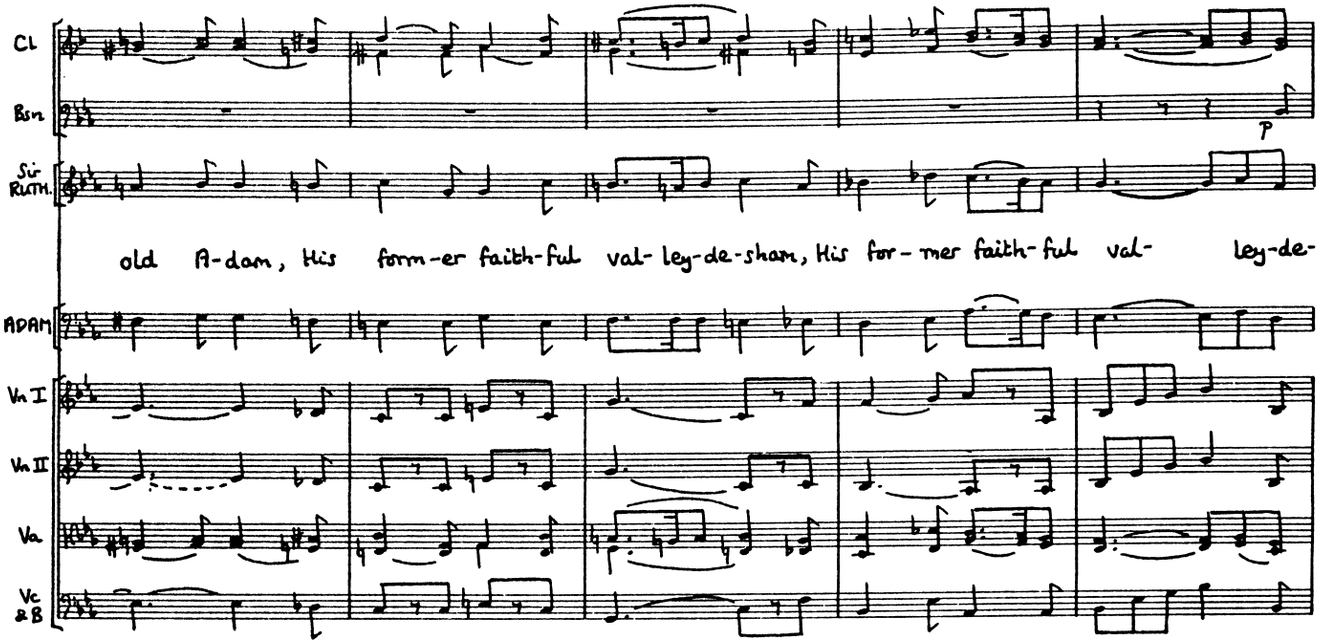


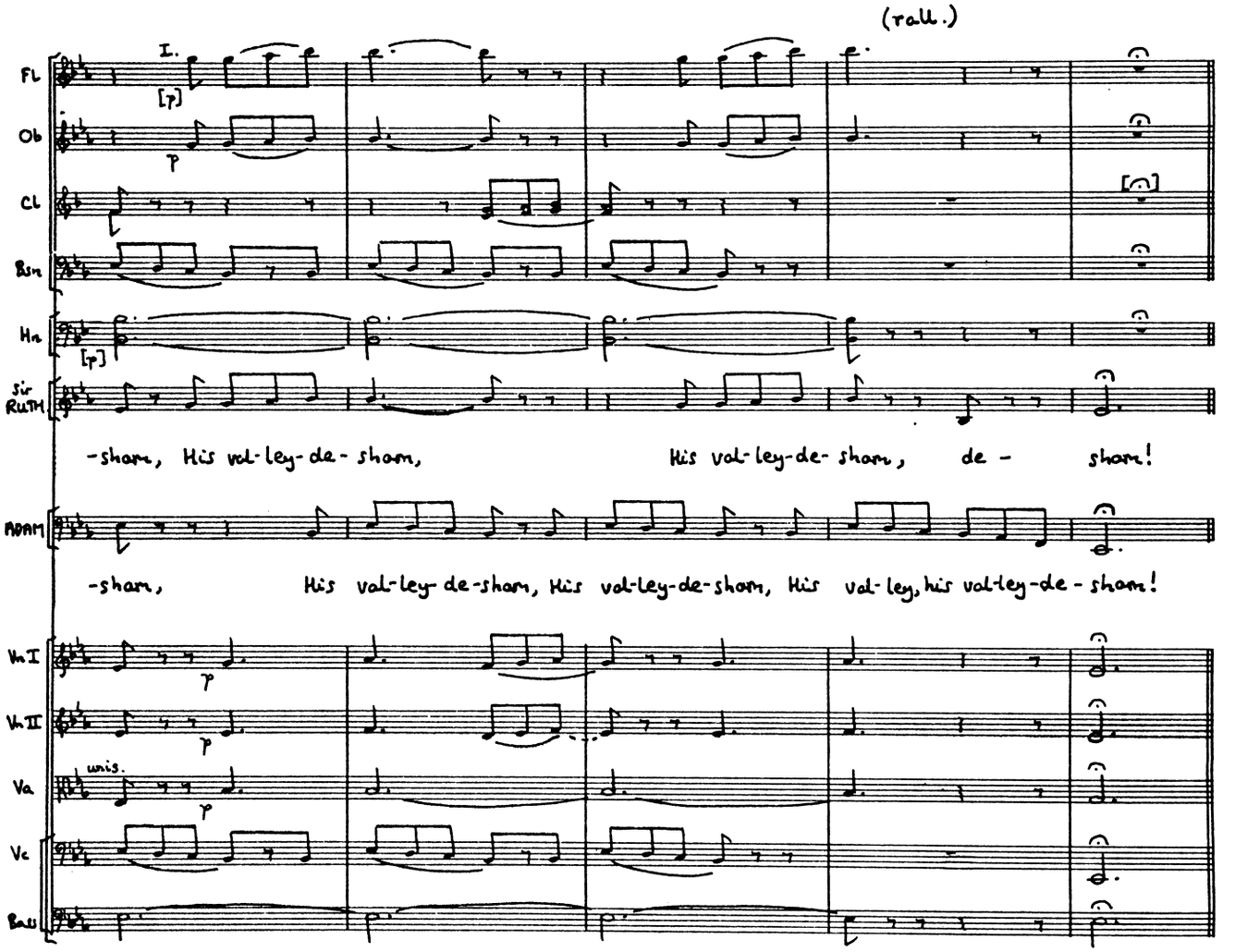



Cl
Bsn
Hn
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
I.
p
Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
dim.
pp
II.
mp
pizz
[pp]
Fl. & Picc.
Ob
Ct
Trb
BD Cym
arco
ff
[ff]
[p]


Fl.
Fl. & Picc
Fl.
I Solo
Fl. & Picc
Fl & Picc
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Tmb
BD Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
arco
pizz
A
Sir RUTH.
I once was as meek as a new- born lamb, I'm now Sir Mur- ga- troyd- ha! ha! With
greater pre- ci- sion, (With- out the e- li- sion) Sir Ruth- ven Mur- ga- troyd- ha! ha!
ADAM
And I, who was once his


Hn
II.
ADAM
val-ley-de-sham, As ste-ward I'm now em-ploy'd- ha! ha! The dickens may take him - I'll
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Cl
Hn
II.
Sir RUTH.
How dread-ful when an
ADAM
nev-er for-sake him! As ste-ward I'm now em-ploy'd- ha! ha! How dread-ful when an
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
div.
Cl
Sir RUTH.
in-no-cent heart Be-comes per-force a bad young Bart, And still more hard an
ADAM
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Cl
Bsn
Sir RUTH.
old A-dam, His form-er faith-ful val-ley-de-sham, His for-mer faith-ful val- ley-de-
ADAM
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


(rall.)
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir RUTH
-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, de - sham!
ADAM
-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, His val-ley, his val-ley-de-sham!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
unis.
Vc
Bass

SIR RUTHVEN — This is a painful state of things, Old Adam!

ADAM — Painful, indeed! Ah, my poor master, when I swore that, come what would, I would serve you in all things for ever, I little thought to what a pass it would bring me! The confidential adviser to the greatest villain unhung! Now, Sir, to business. What crime do you propose to commit today?

SIR RUTHVEN — How should I know? As my confidential adviser, it's your duty to suggest something.

ADAM — Sir, I loathe the life you are leading, but a good old man's oath is paramount, and I obey. Richard Dautnless is here with pretty Rose Maybud, to ask your consent to their marriage. Poison their beer.

SIR RUTHVEN — No — not that — I know I'm a bad Bart, but I'm not as bad a Bart as all that.

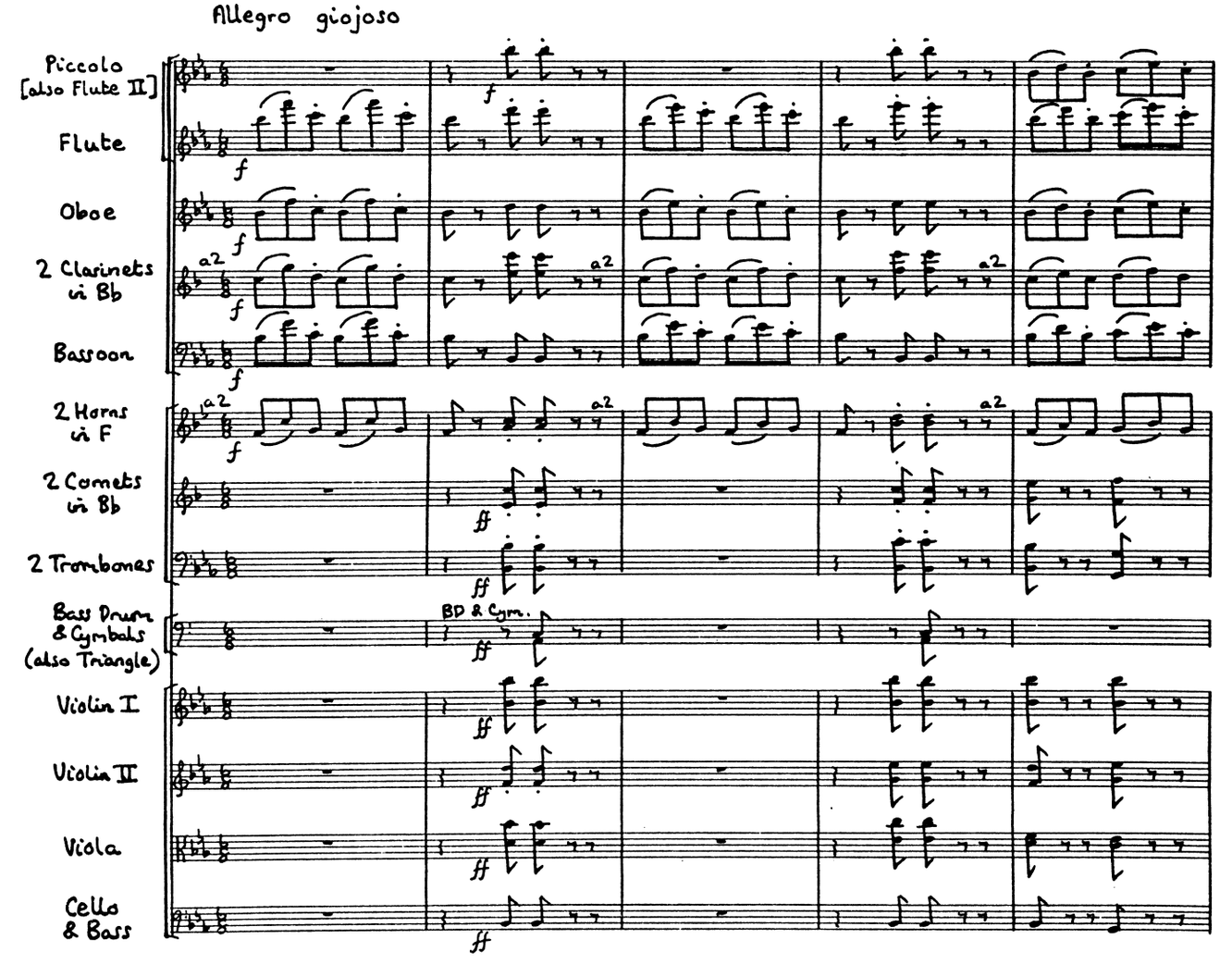
ADAM — Well, there you are, you see! It's no use my making suggestions if you don't adopt them.

SIR RUTHVEN — How would it be, do you think, were I to lure him here with cunning wile — bind him with good stout rope to yonder post — and then, by making hideous faces at him, curdle the heart-blood in his arteries, and freeze the very marrow in his bones? How say you, Adam, is not the scheme well planned?

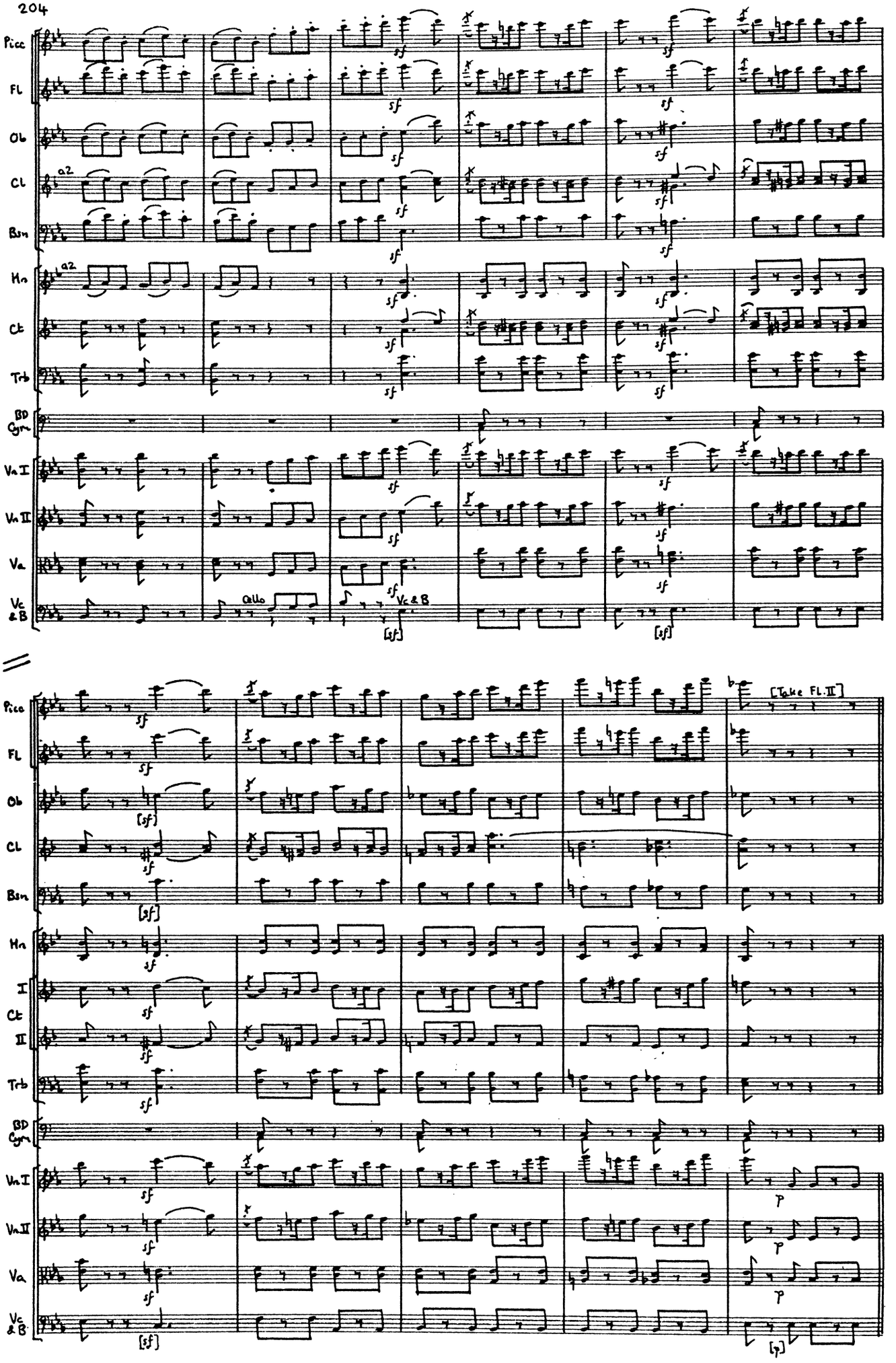
ADAM — It would be simply rude — nothing more. But soft — they come!

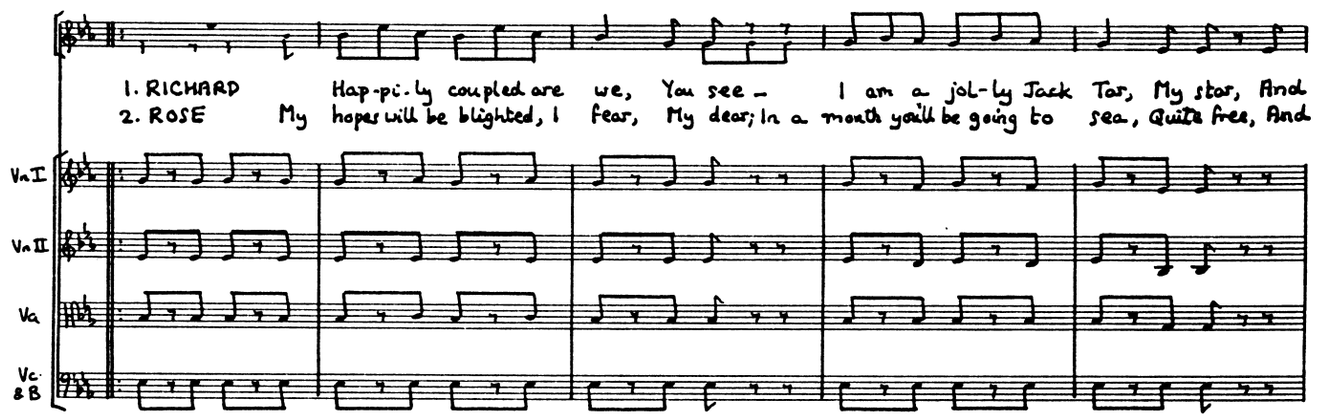
No. 2. DUET

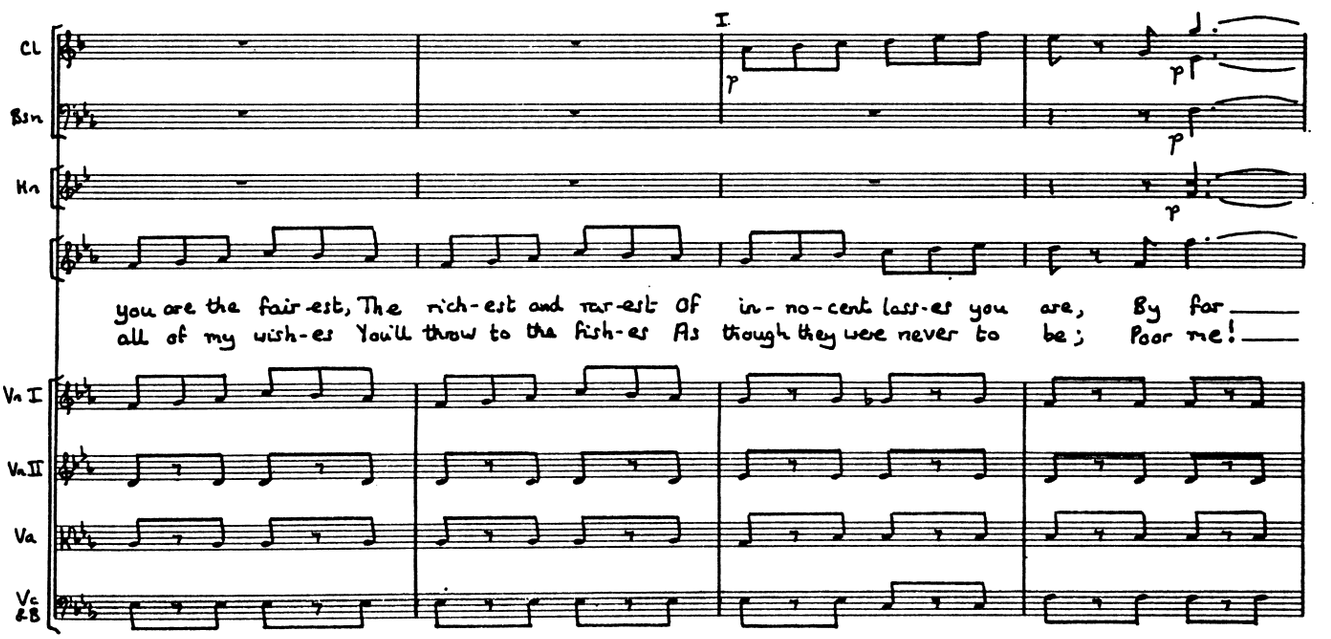
(Richard & Rose, with Chorus of Bridesmaids)

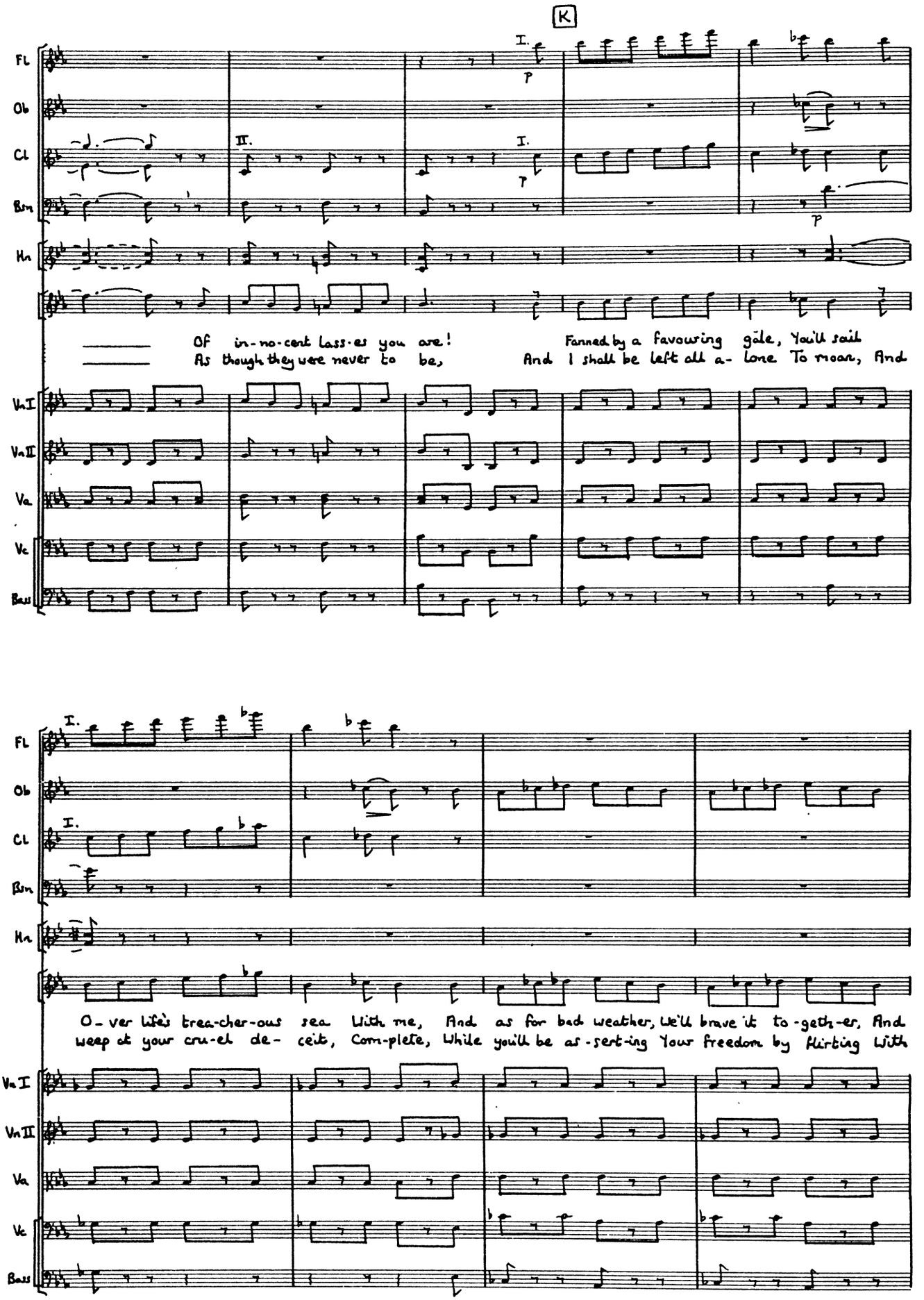


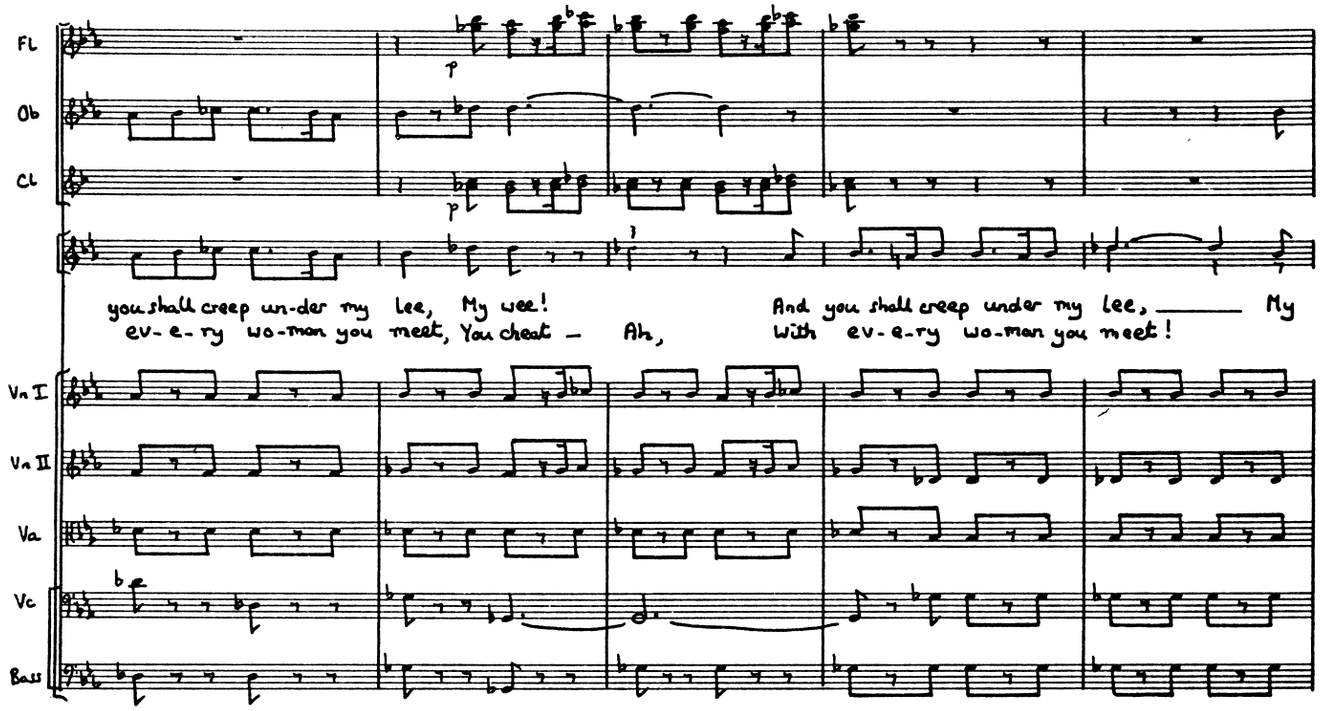
This number may be cut from ⊕ to ⊕

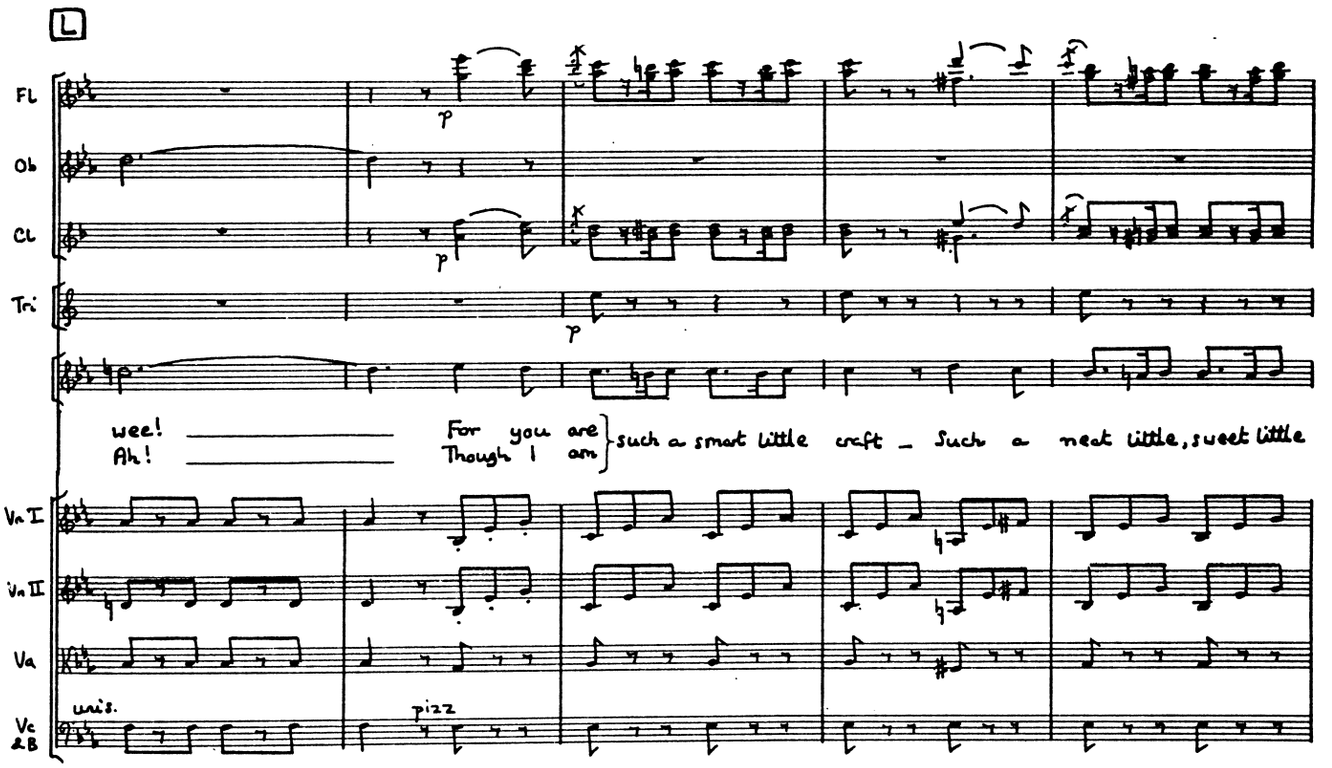

Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
a2
Ct
Trb
BD Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Cello
Vc & B
[sf]
[Take Fl. II]
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I
Ct
II
Trb
BD Cym
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
[sf]
[p]

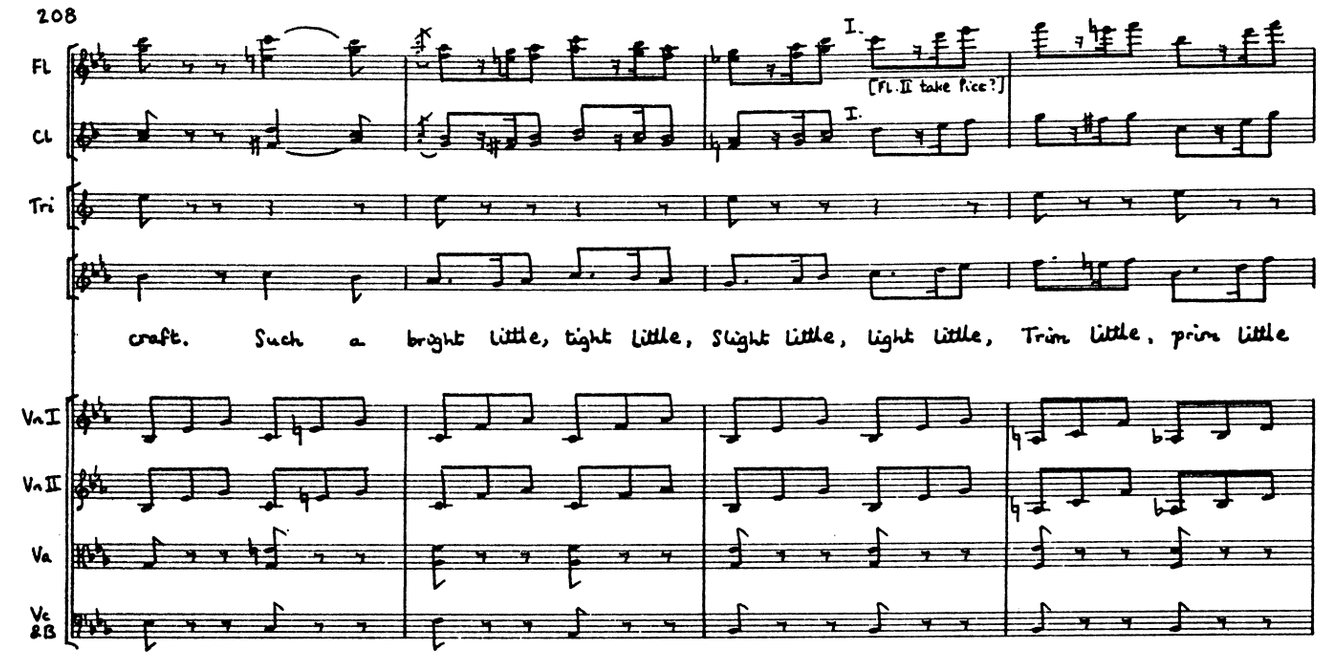

1. RICHARD Hap-pi-ly coupled are we, You see – I am a jol-ly Jack Tar, My star, And
2. ROSE My hopes will be blighted, I fear, My dear; In a month you'll be going to sea, Quite free, And
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

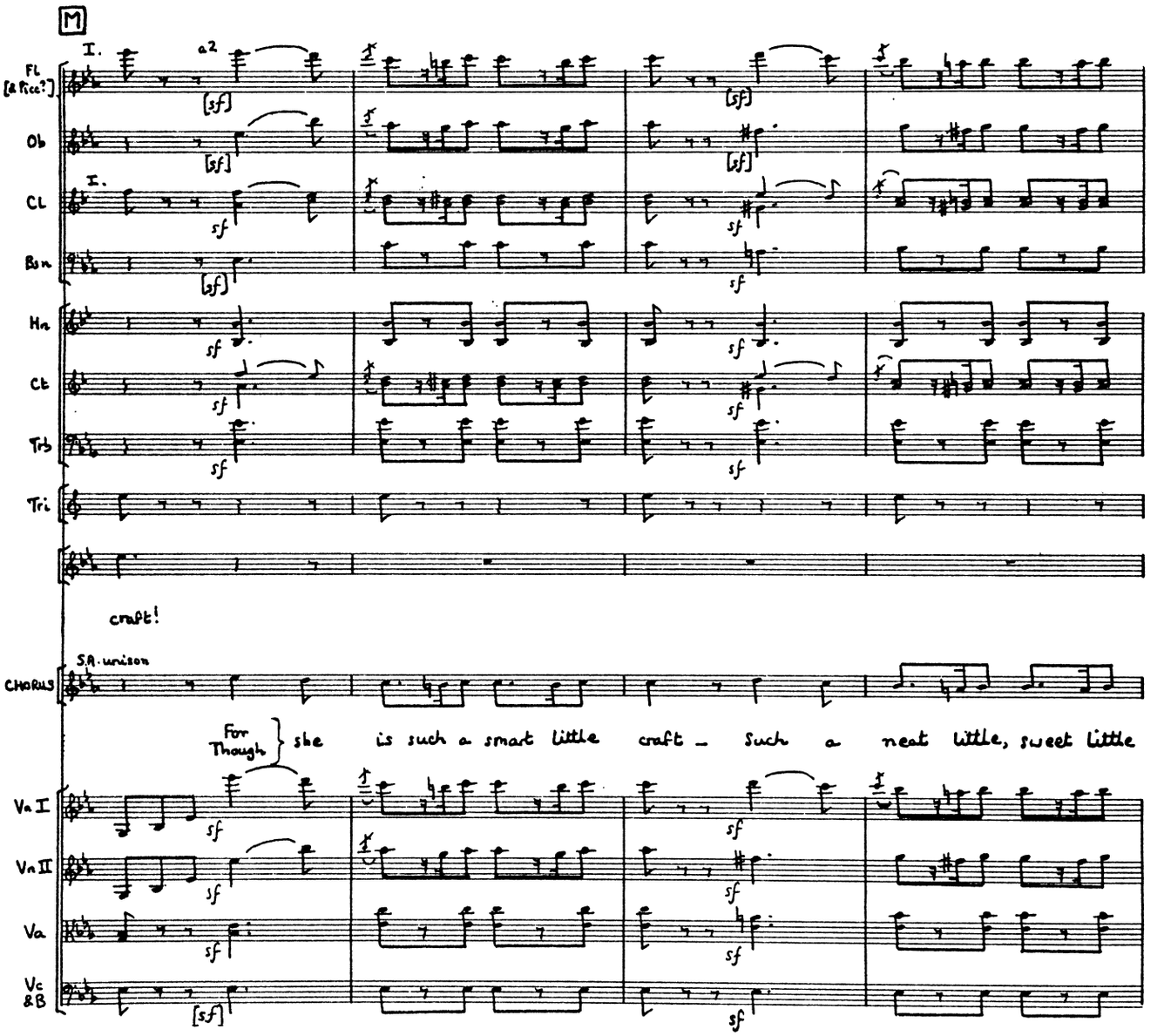

I
Cl
Bsn
Hn
p
p
p
p
you are the fair-est, The rich-est and rar-est Of in-no-cent lass-es you are, By far
all of my wish-es You'll throw to the fish-es As though they were never to be; Poor me!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B

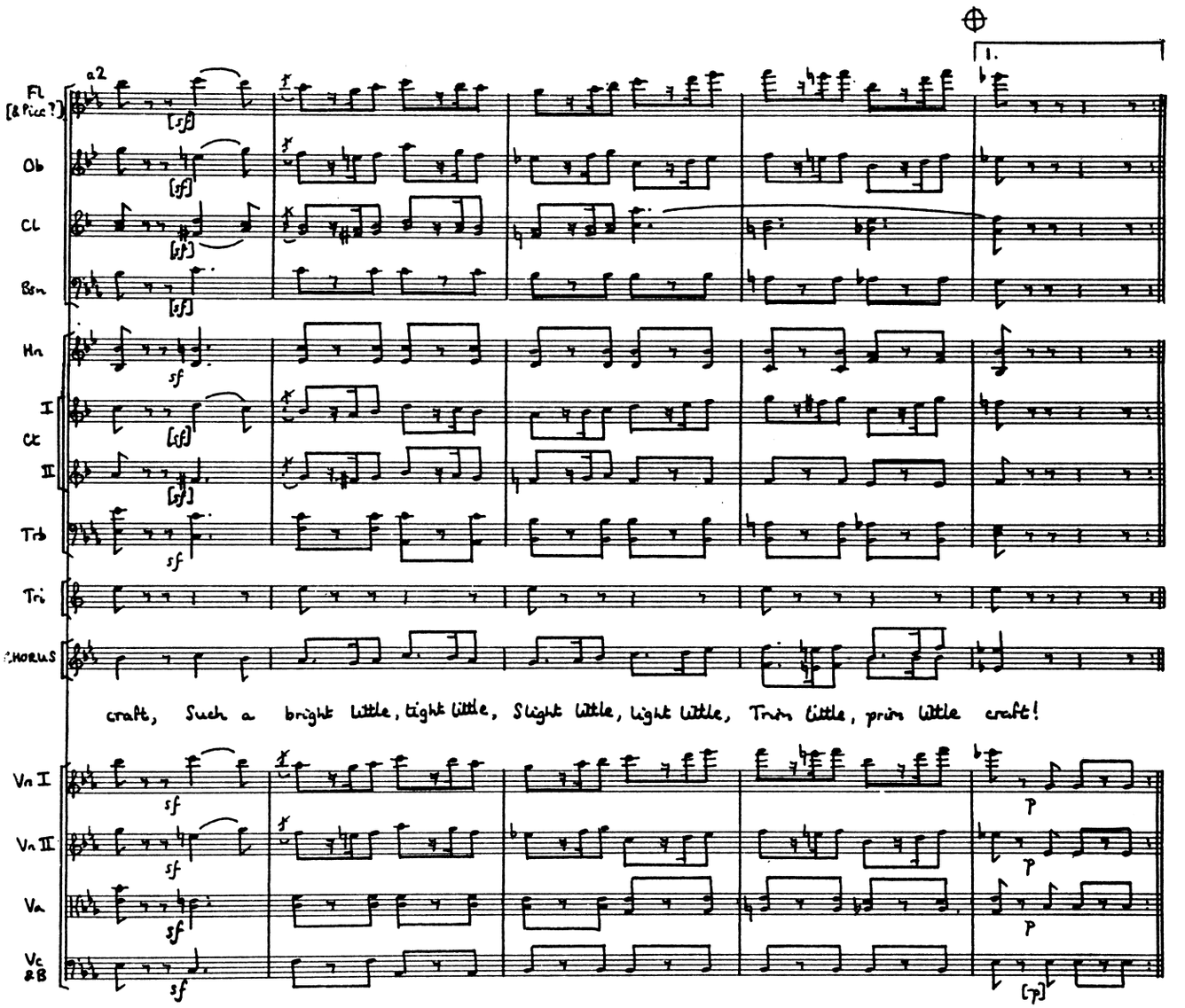

K
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
II.
p
Of in-no-cent lass-es you are!
As though they were never to be,
Fanned by a favouring gale, You'll sail
And I shall be left all a-lone To moan, And
O-ver life's trea-cher-ous sea With me, And as for bad weather, We'll brave it to-geth-er, And
weep at your cru-el de-ceit, Com-plete, While you'll be as-sert-ing Your freedom by flirting With

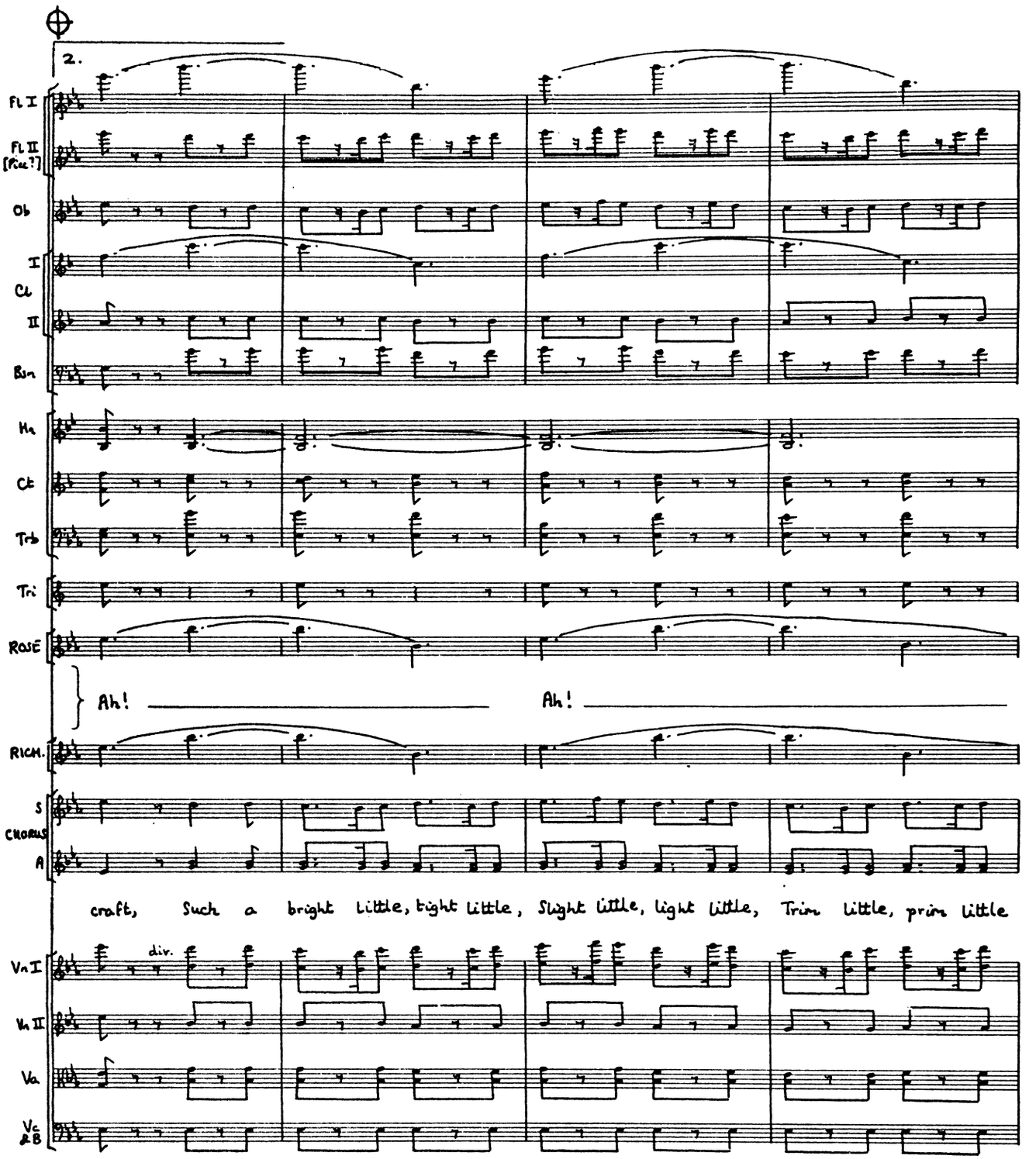

Fl
Ob
Cl
p
you shall creep un-der my lee, My wee!
ev-e-ry wo-man you meet, You cheat — Ah,
And you shall creep under my lee, — My
With ev-e-ry wo-man you meet!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

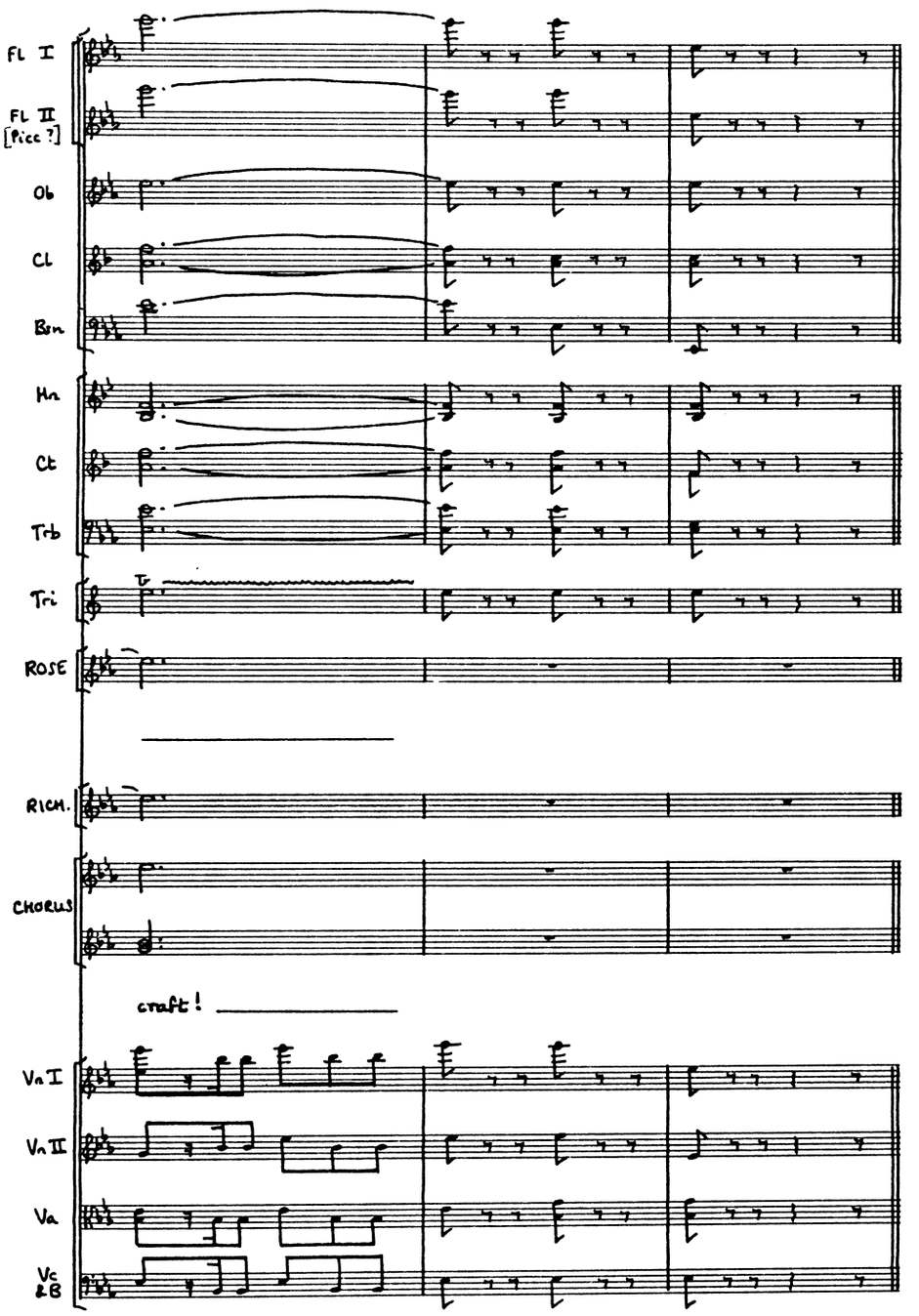

L
Fl
Ob
Cl
Tri
p
wee! —
Ah! —
For you are
Though I am
such a smart little craft — Such a neat little, sweet little
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
unis.
pizz


Fl
Cl
Tri
craft. Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little, Trim little, prim little
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B


M
Fl [a Pice?]
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
craft!
CHORUS
S.A. unison
For Though she is such a smart little craft – Such a neat little, sweet little
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B


1.
a2
Fl
[& Picc?]
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I
Cl
II
Trb
Tri
CHORUS
craft, Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little, Trim little, prim little craft!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B
sf
[sf]
[sf]
[sf]
sf
[sf]
[sf]
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
p
p
p
[p]


2.
Fl I
Fl II [Picc?]
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
ROSE
Ah!
Ah!
RICH.
S
CHORUS
A
craft, Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little, Trim little, prim little
div.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B



SIR RUTHVEN — Soho! pretty one — in my power at last, eh? Know ye not that I have those within my call who, at my lightest bidding, would immure ye in an uncomfortable dungeon? What ho! within there!

RICHARD — Hold — we are prepared for this. Here is a flag that none dare defy, and while this glorious rag floats over Rose Maybud's head, the man does not live who would dare lay unlicensed hand upon her!

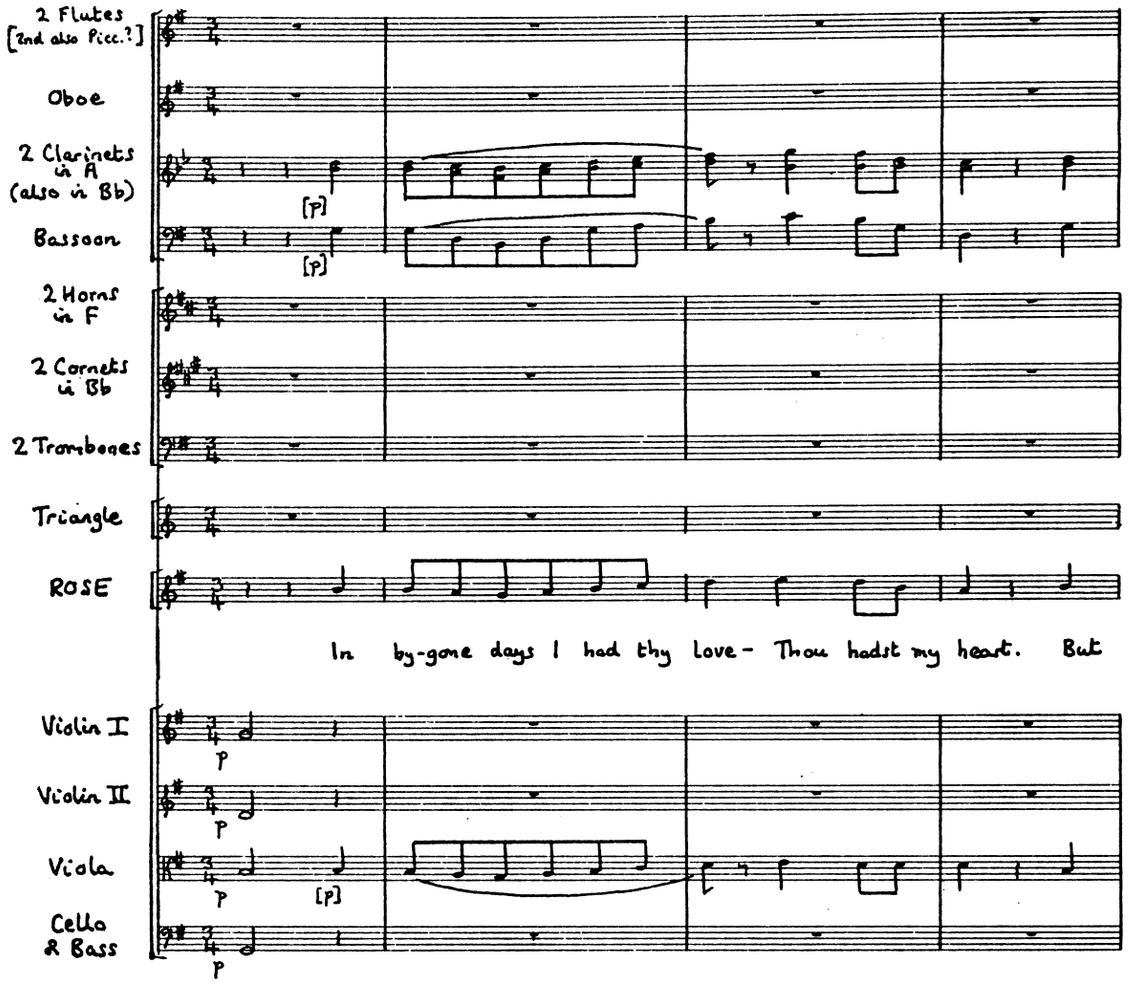
SIR RUTHVEN — Foiled — and by a Union Jack! But a time will come and then —

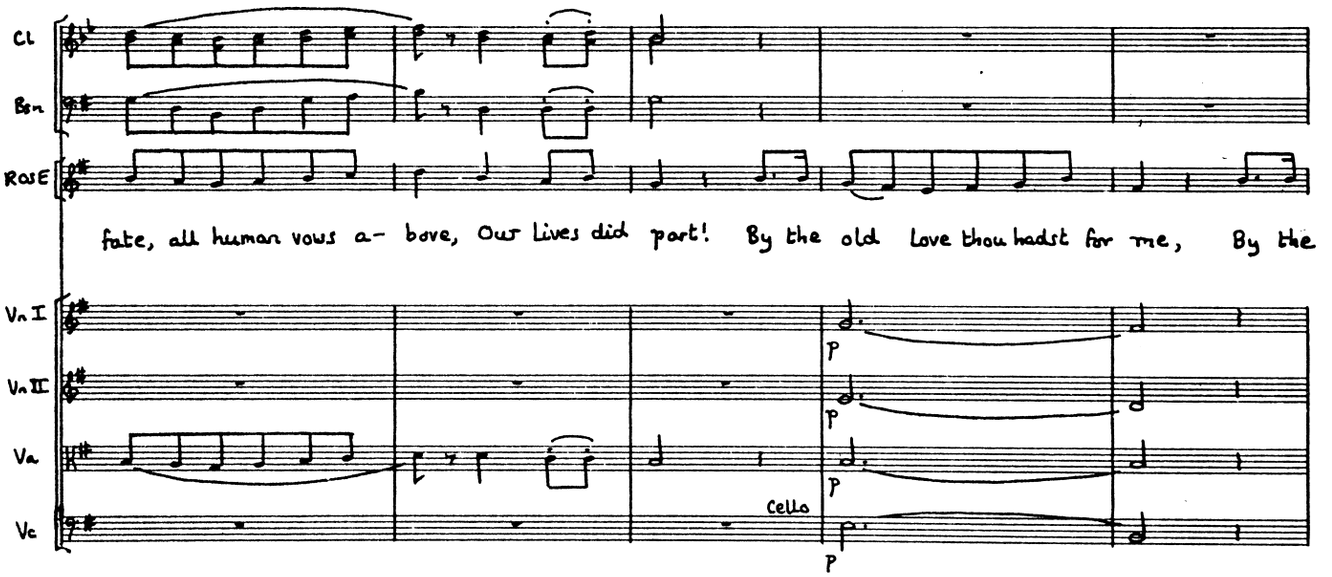
ROSE — Nay, let me plead with him. Sir Ruthven, have pity. In my book of etiquette the case of a maiden about to be wedded to one who unexpectedly turns out to be a baronet with a curse on him is not considered. Time was when you loved me madly. Prove that this was no selfish love by according your consent to my marriage with one who, if he be not you yourself, is the next best thing — your dearest friend!

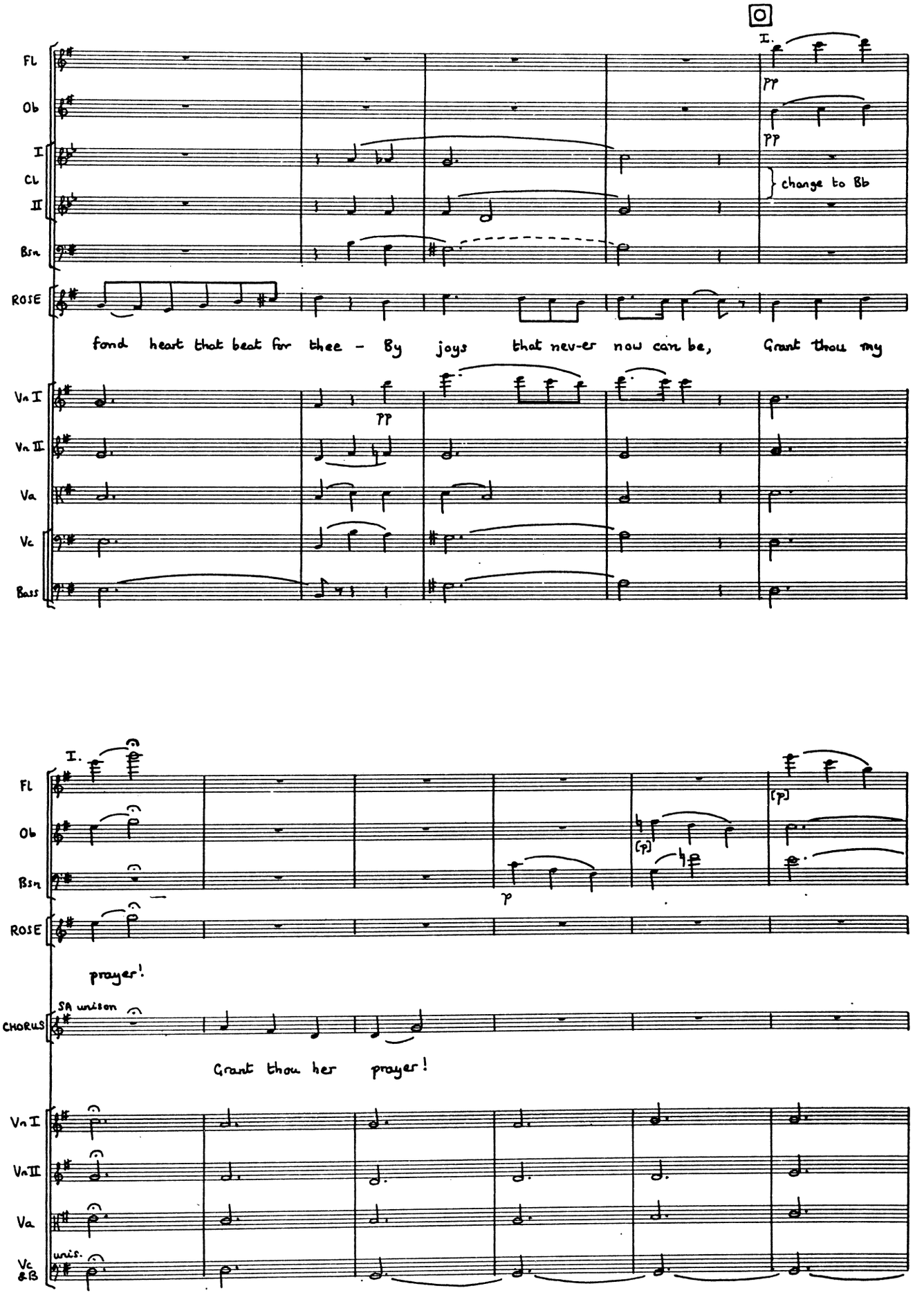
No. 3. SONG

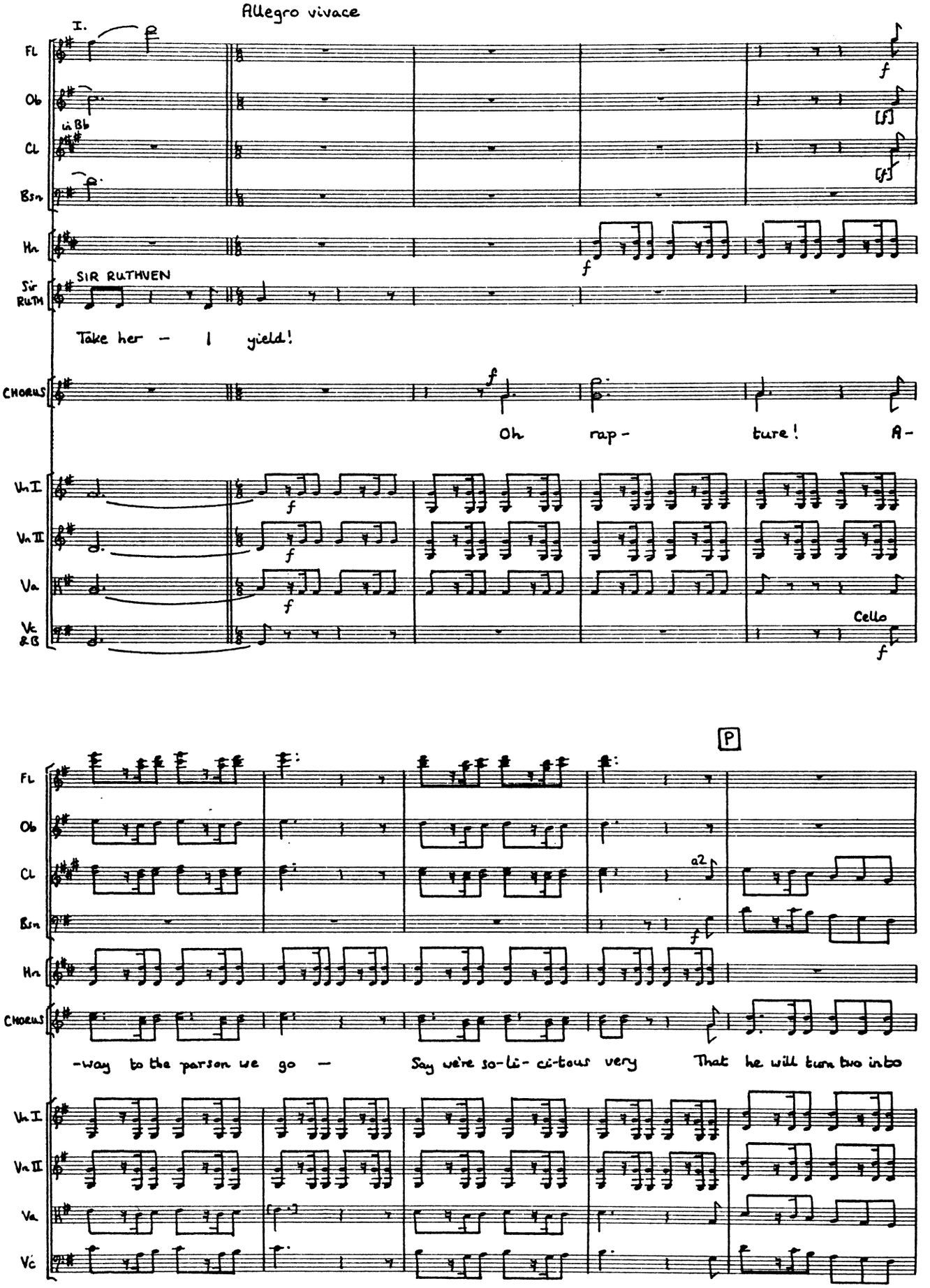
(Rose, with Richard, Sir Ruthven & Chorus of Bridesmaids)

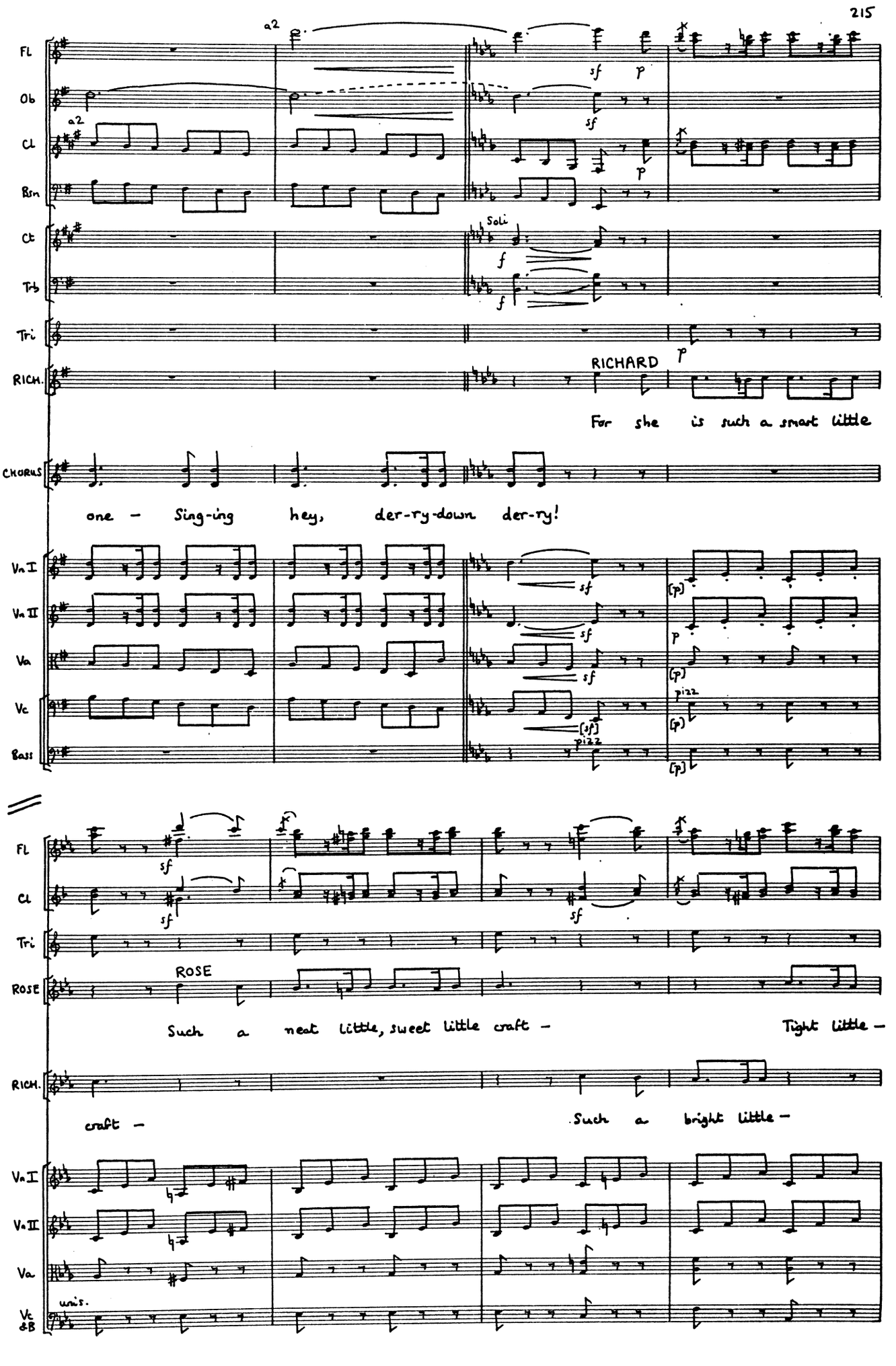
Andante

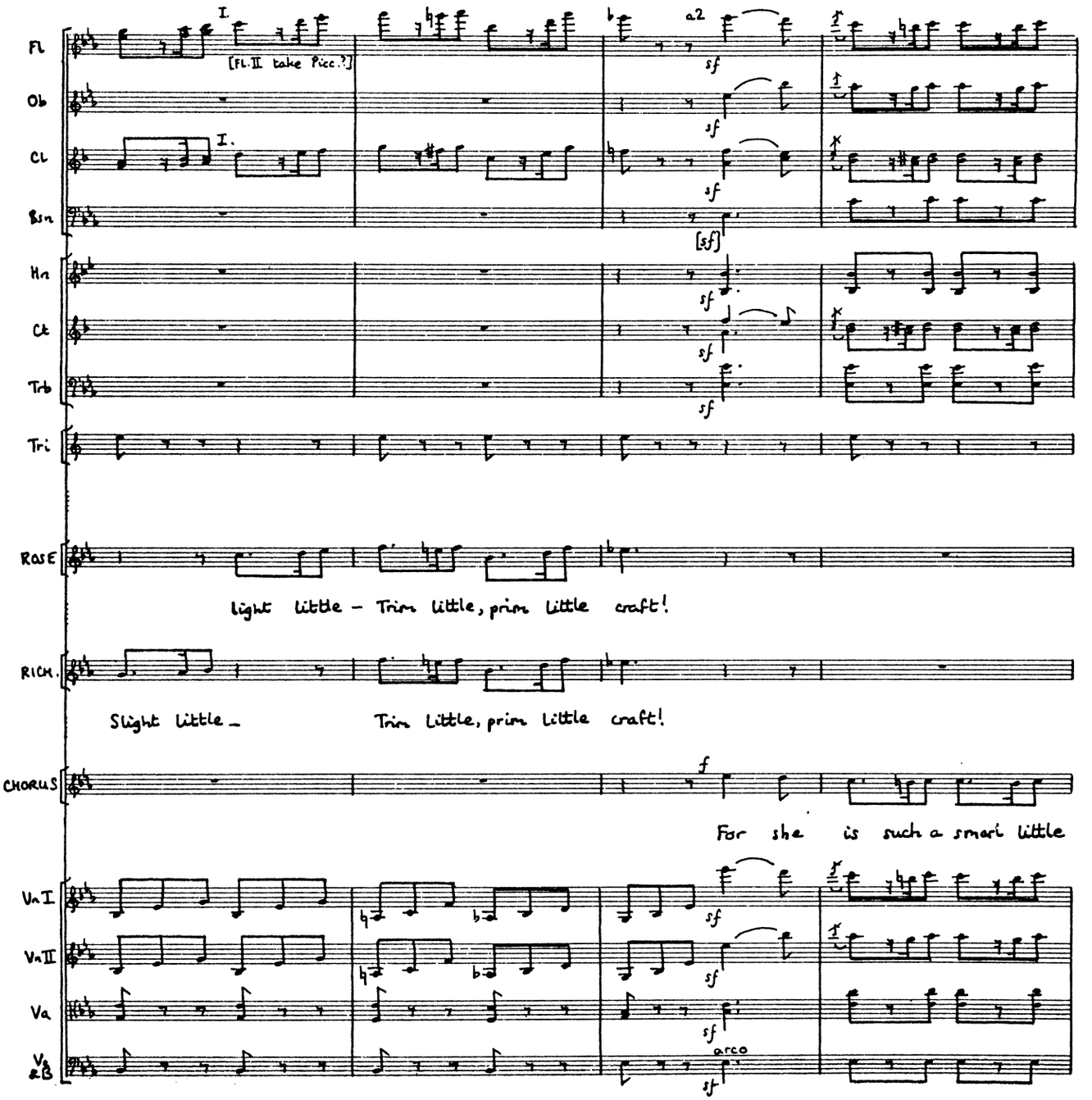


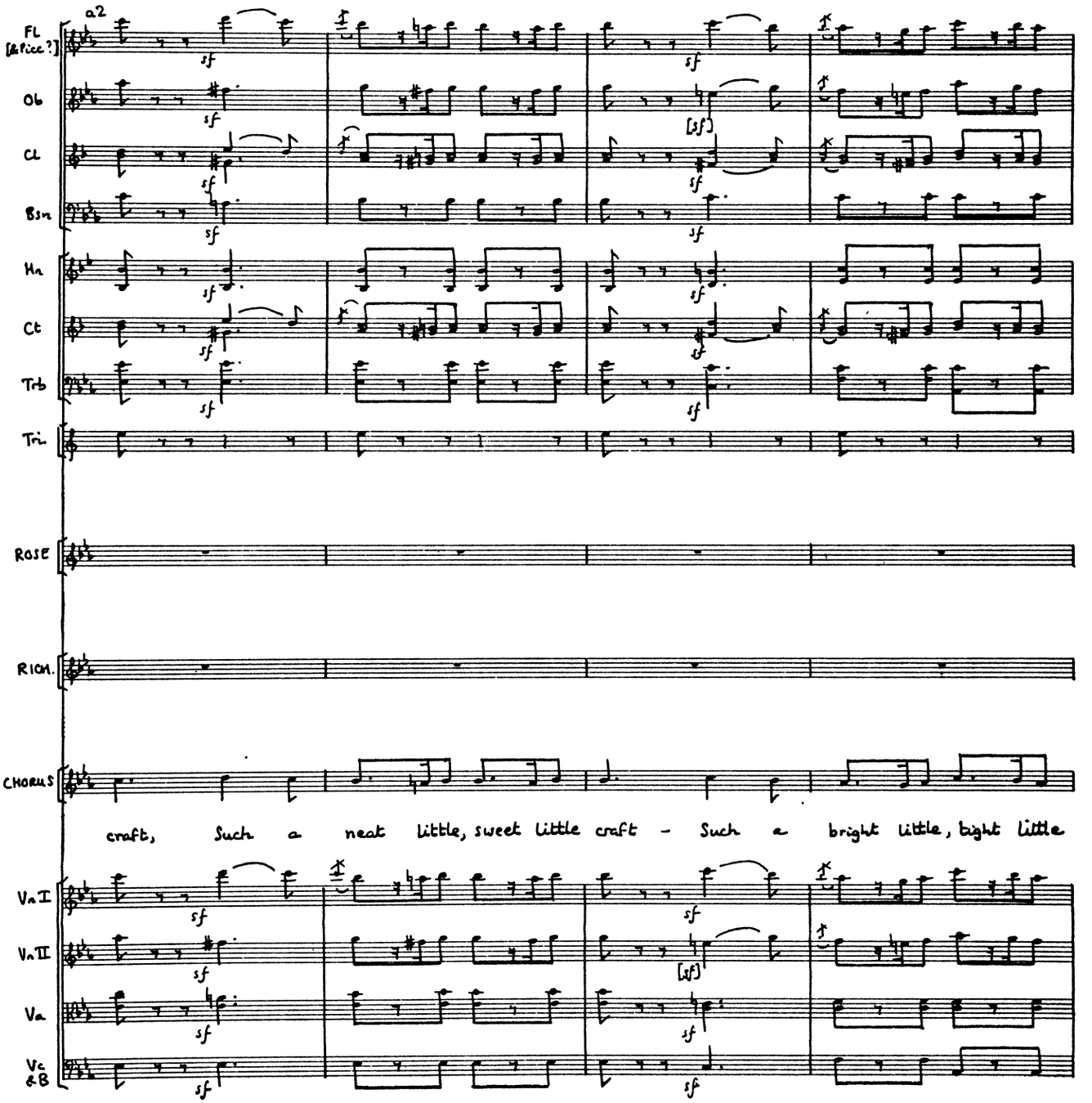


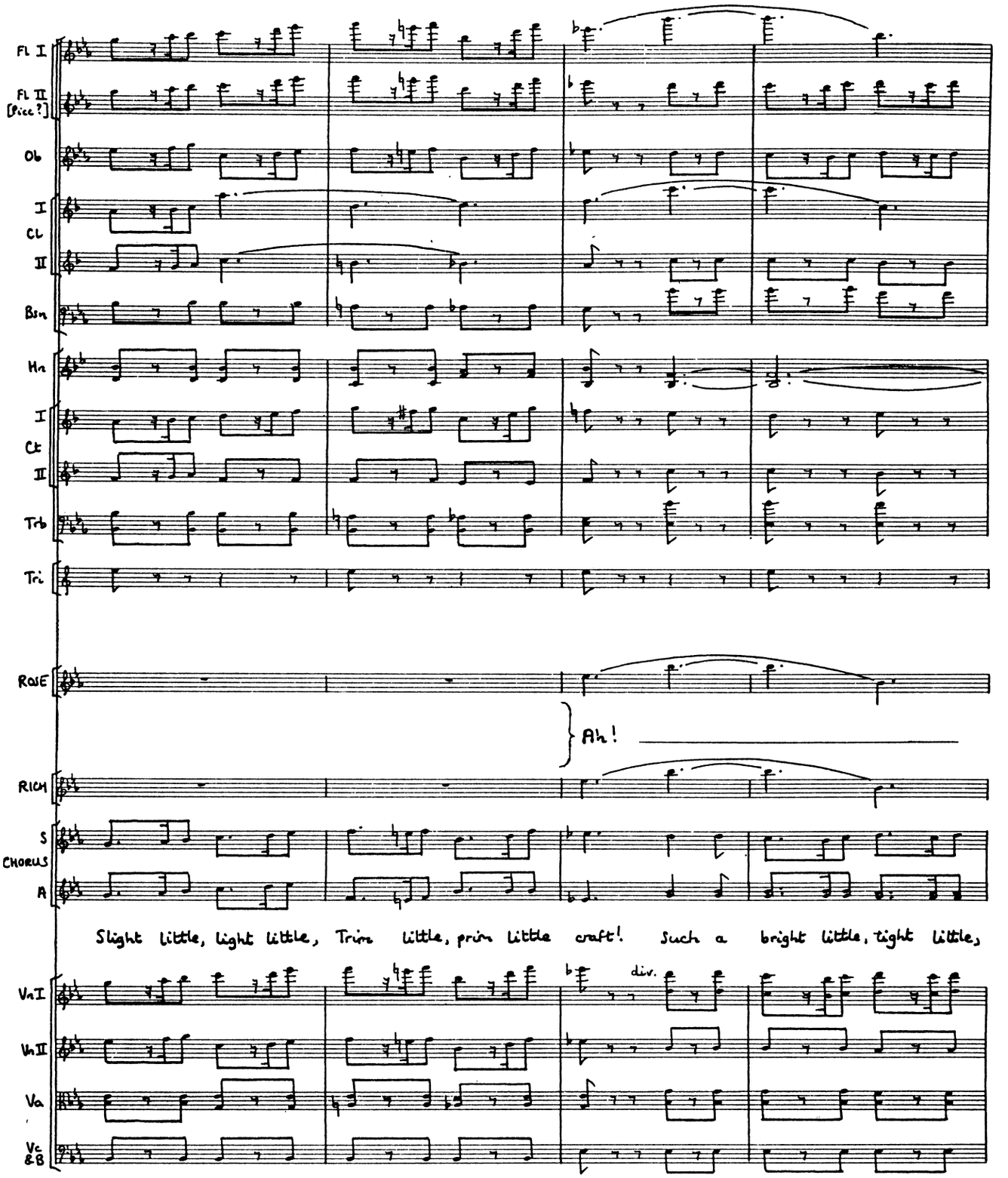

I.
Fl
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
ROSE
pp
pp
change to Bb
fond heart that beat for thee – By joys that nev-er now can be, Grant thou my
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pp
I.
Fl
Ob
Bsn
ROSE
(p)
(p)
p
prayer!
CHORUS
SA unison
Grant thou her prayer!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
unis.

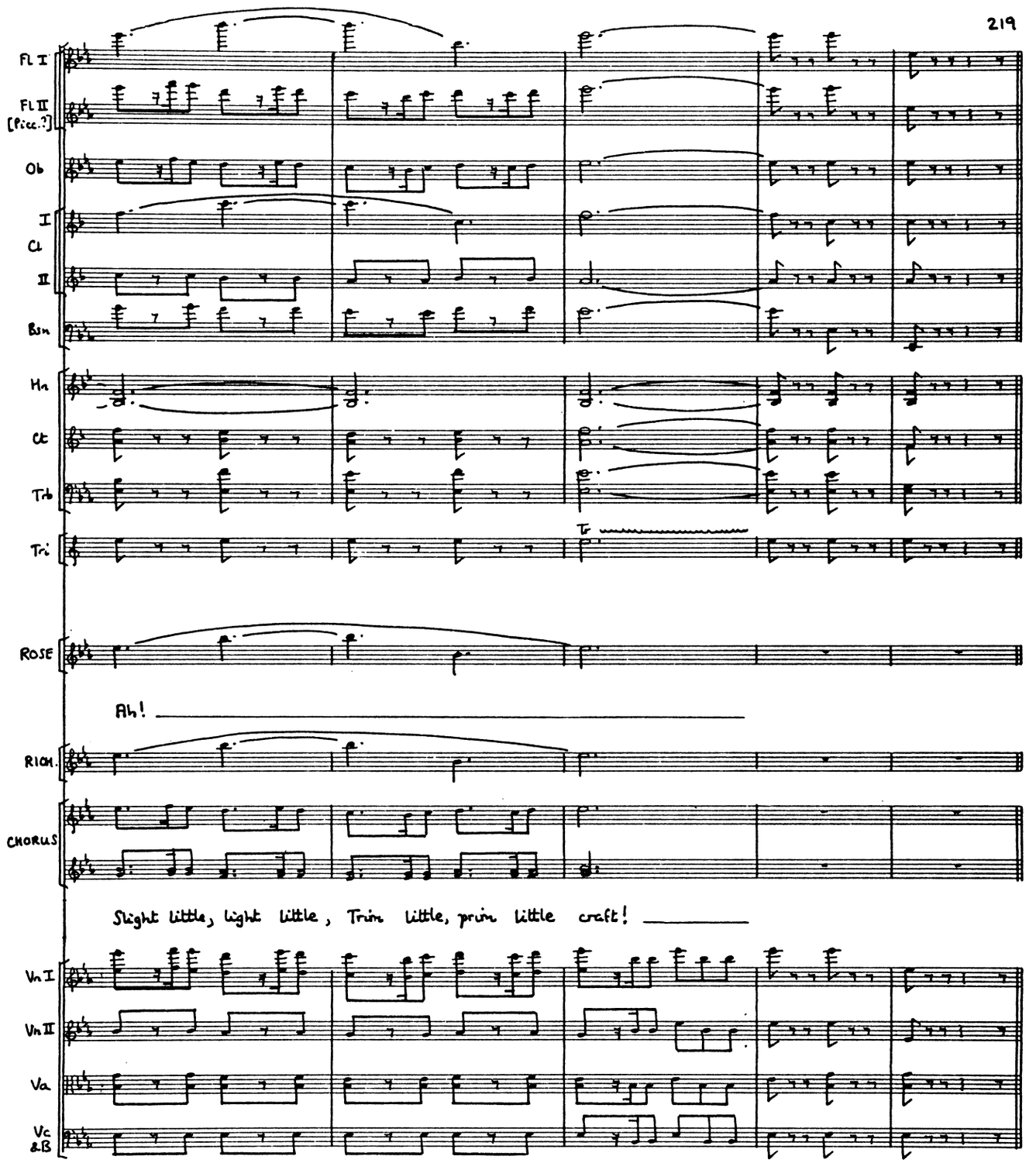

Allegro vivace
I.
Fl
Ob
in Bb
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir Ruth
SIR RUTHVEN
Take her – I yield!
Chorus
Oh rap- ture! A-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Cello
P
a2
-way to the parson we go – Say we're so-li- ci-tous very That he will turn two in-to


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Ct
Tb
Tri
RICH.
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
Soli
RICHARD
For she is such a smart little
one - Sing-ing hey, der-ry-down der-ry!
ROSE
Such a neat little, sweet little craft -
Tight little -
craft -
Such a bright little -
unis.
Vc &B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri
ROSE
RICH.
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
I.
[Fl. II take Picc.?]
a2
sf
[sf]
light little – Trim little, prim little craft!
Slight little –
Trim Little, prim little craft!
f
For she is such a smart little
arco


a2
Fl
[&Picc?]
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Tri.
ROSE
RICH.
CHORUS
craft, Such a neat little, sweet little craft - Such a bright little, tight little
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B

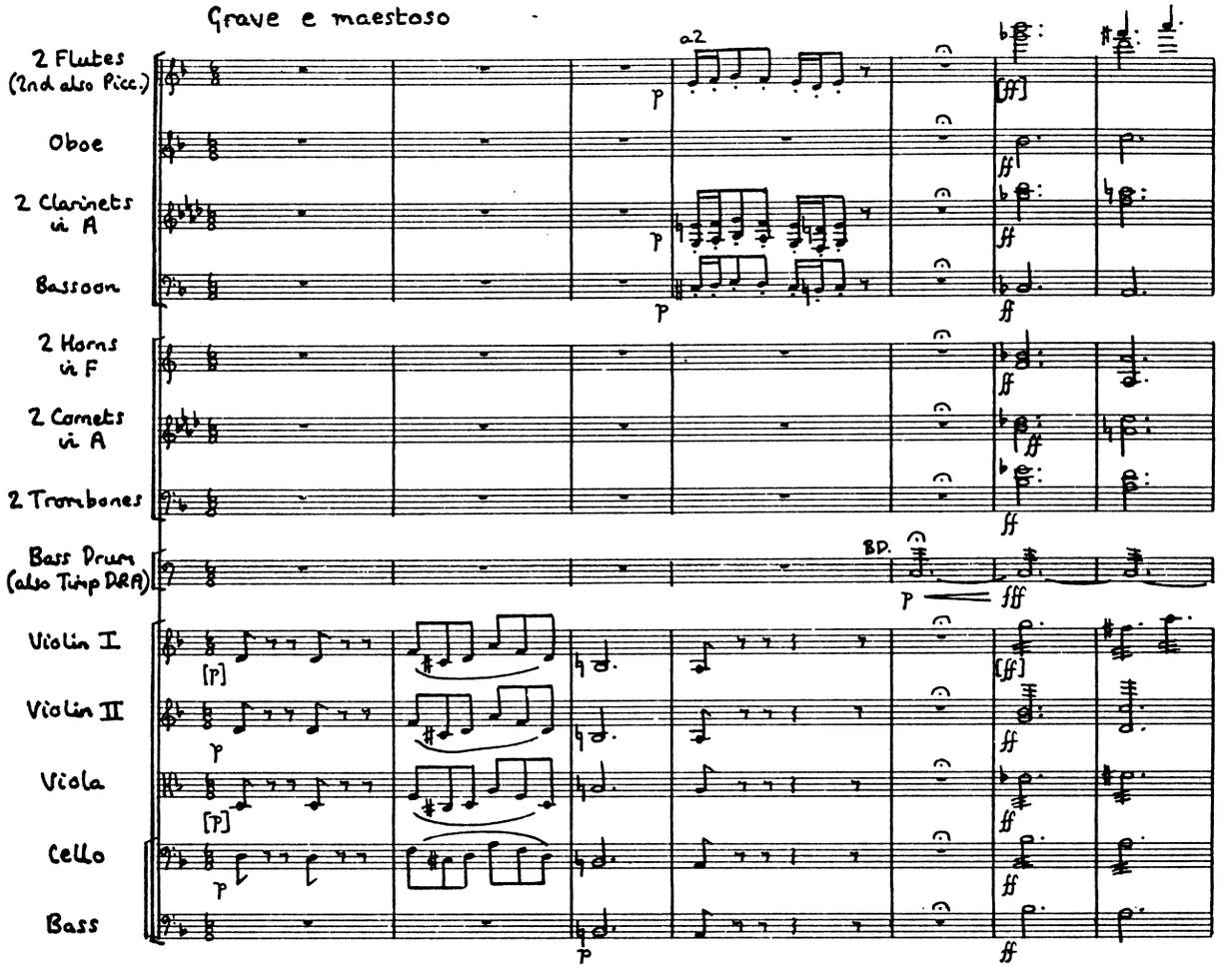

Fl I
Fl II (Picc?)
Ob
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
I
Ct
II
Trb
Tri
RoseE
Ah!
RICH
S
CHORUS
A
Slight little, light little, Trim little, prim little craft! Such a bright little, tight little,
div.
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc &B

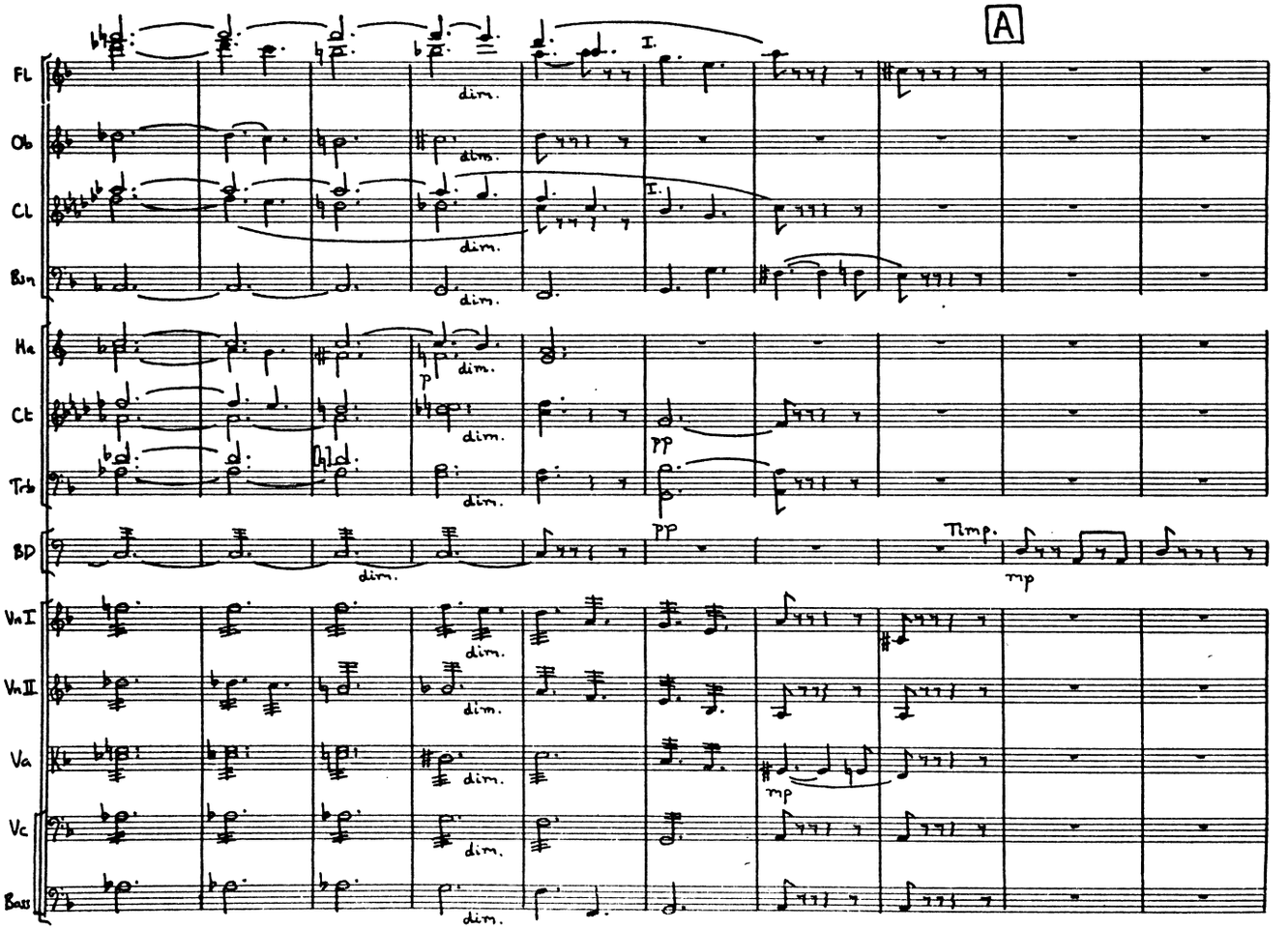


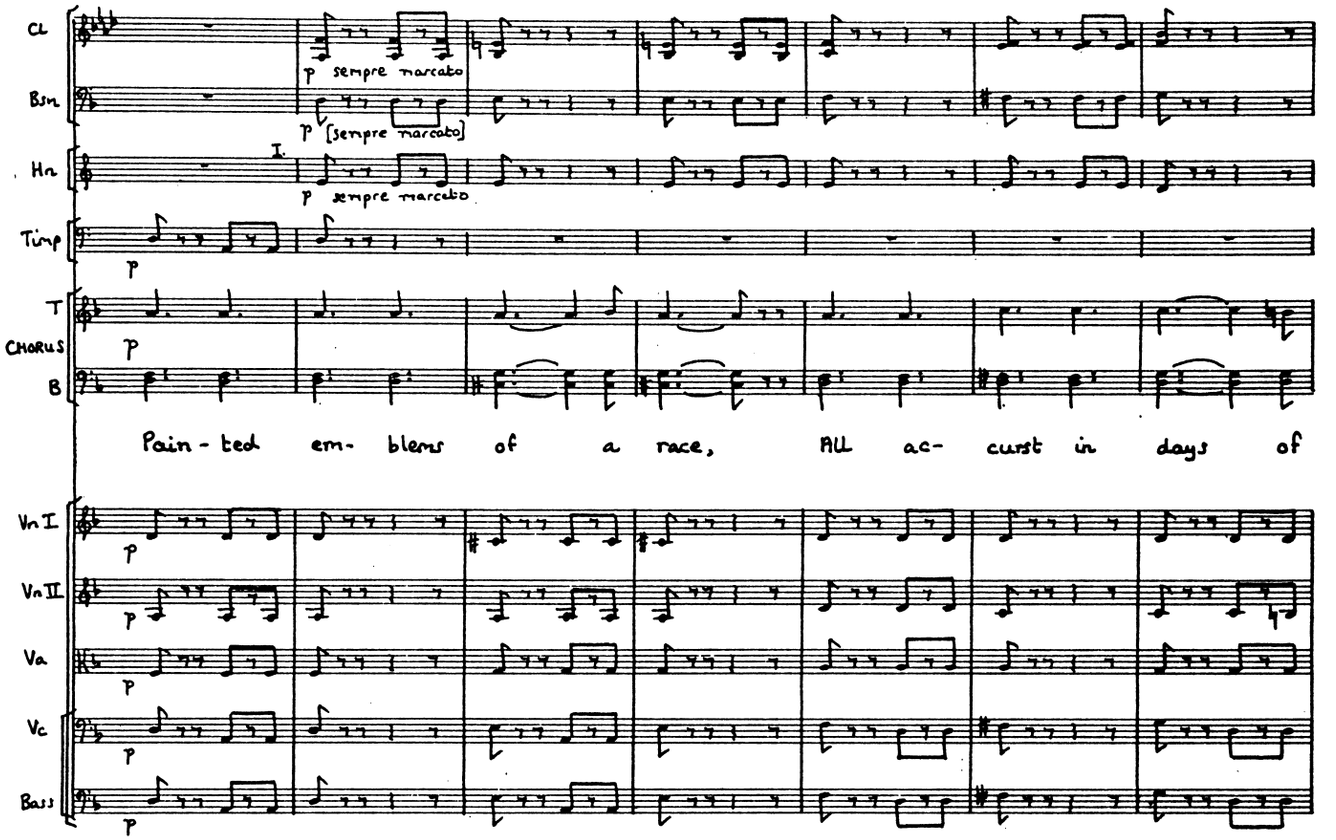
SIR RUTHVEN For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still in the eyes of one as strictly regulated as I used to be, a crime. But will my ghostly ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity!

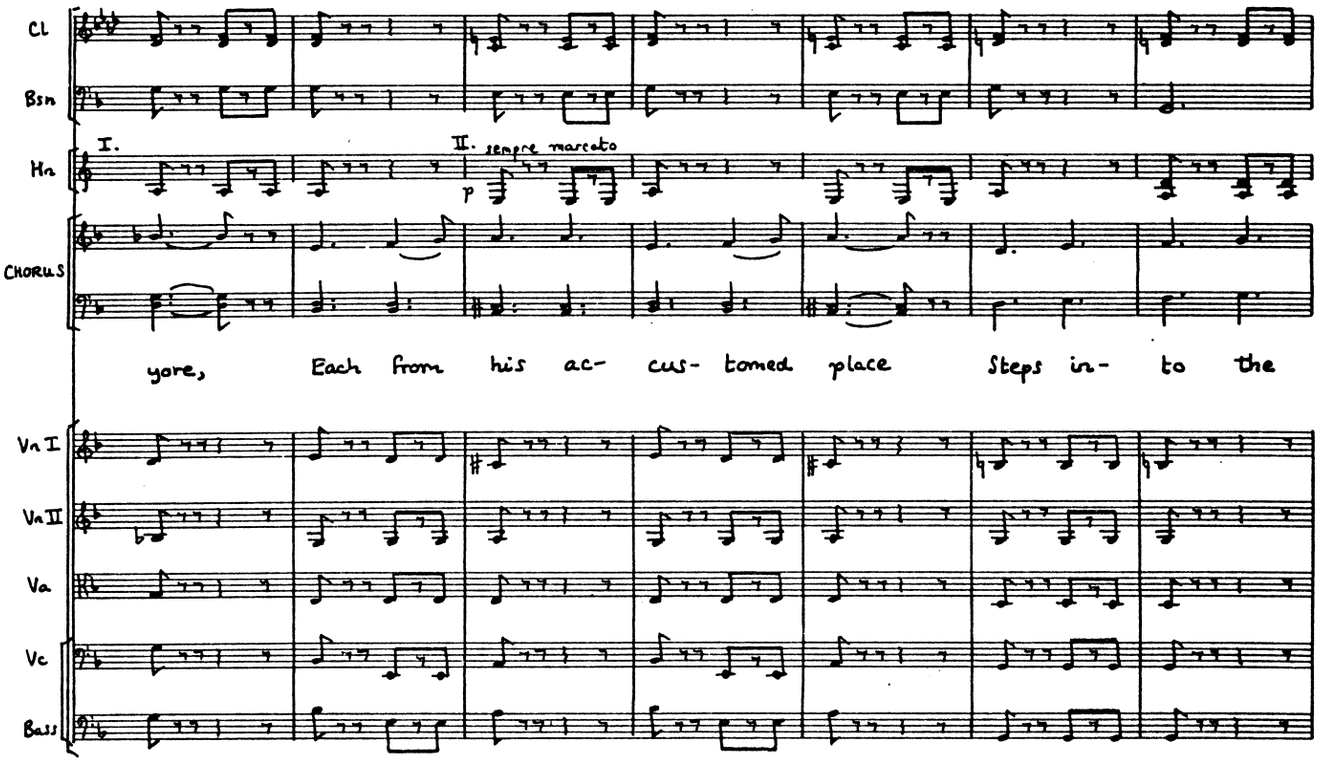
No. 4. CHORUS OF ANCESTORS (with Solos: Sir Ruthven & Sir Roderic)

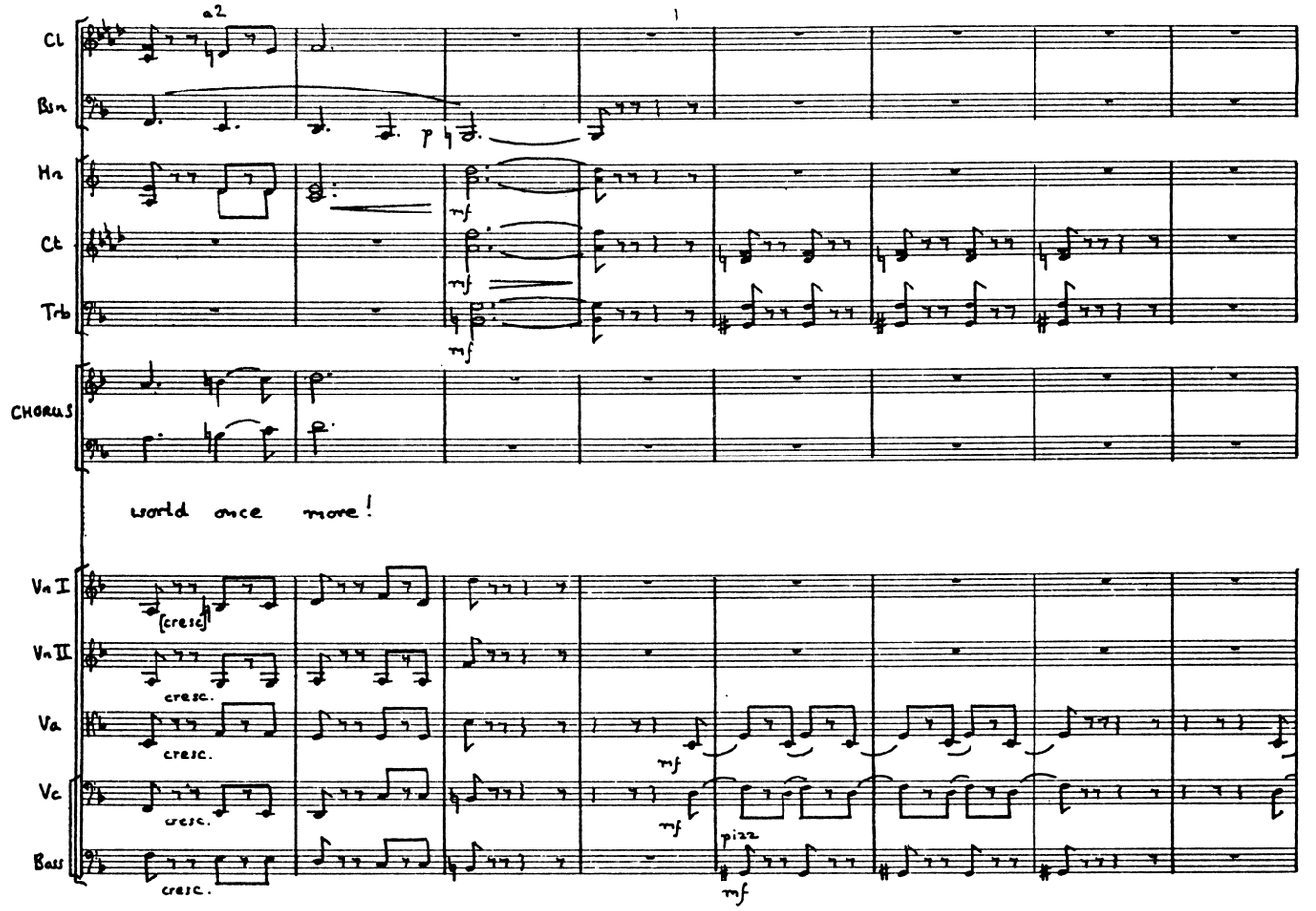
Grave e maestoso

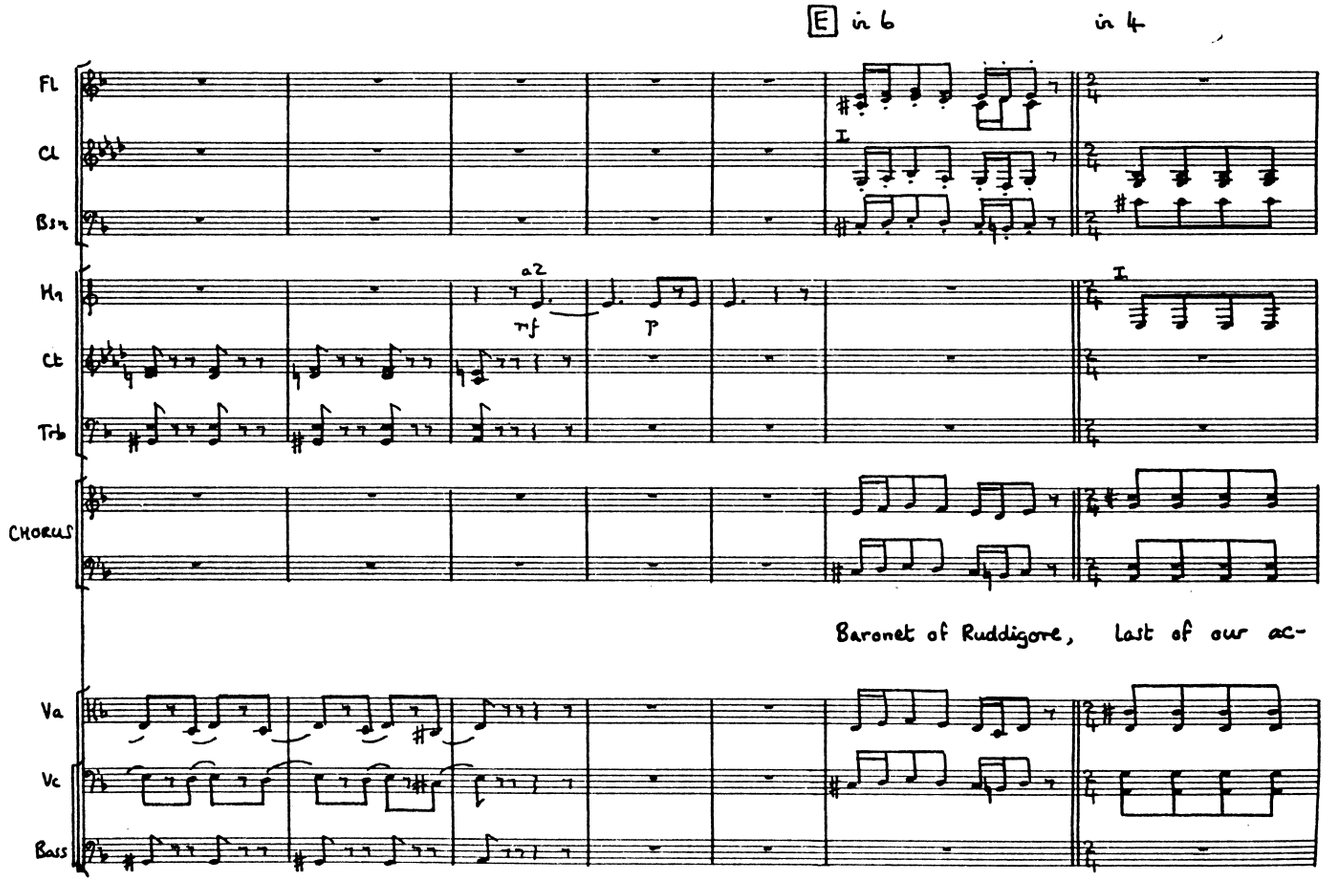


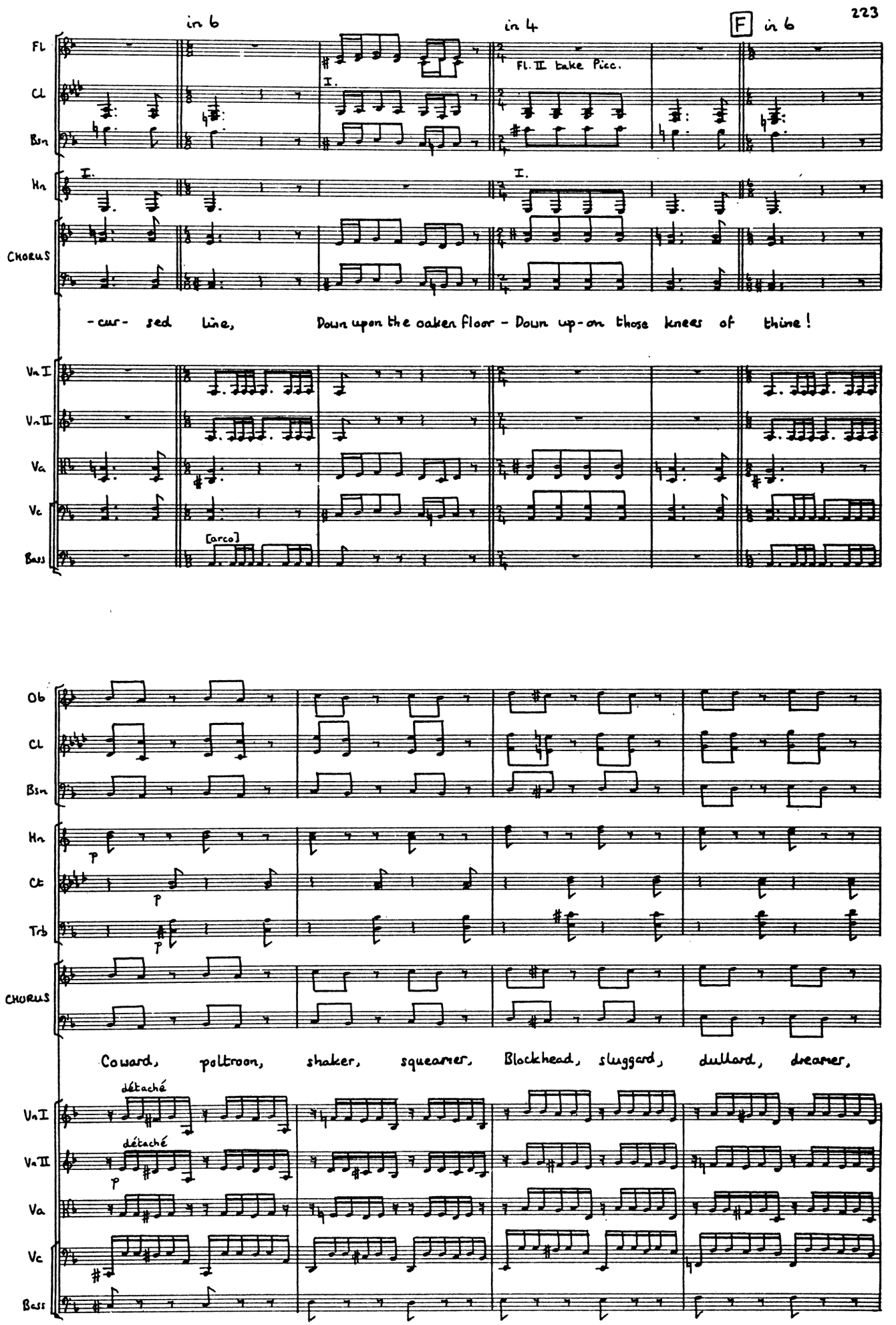


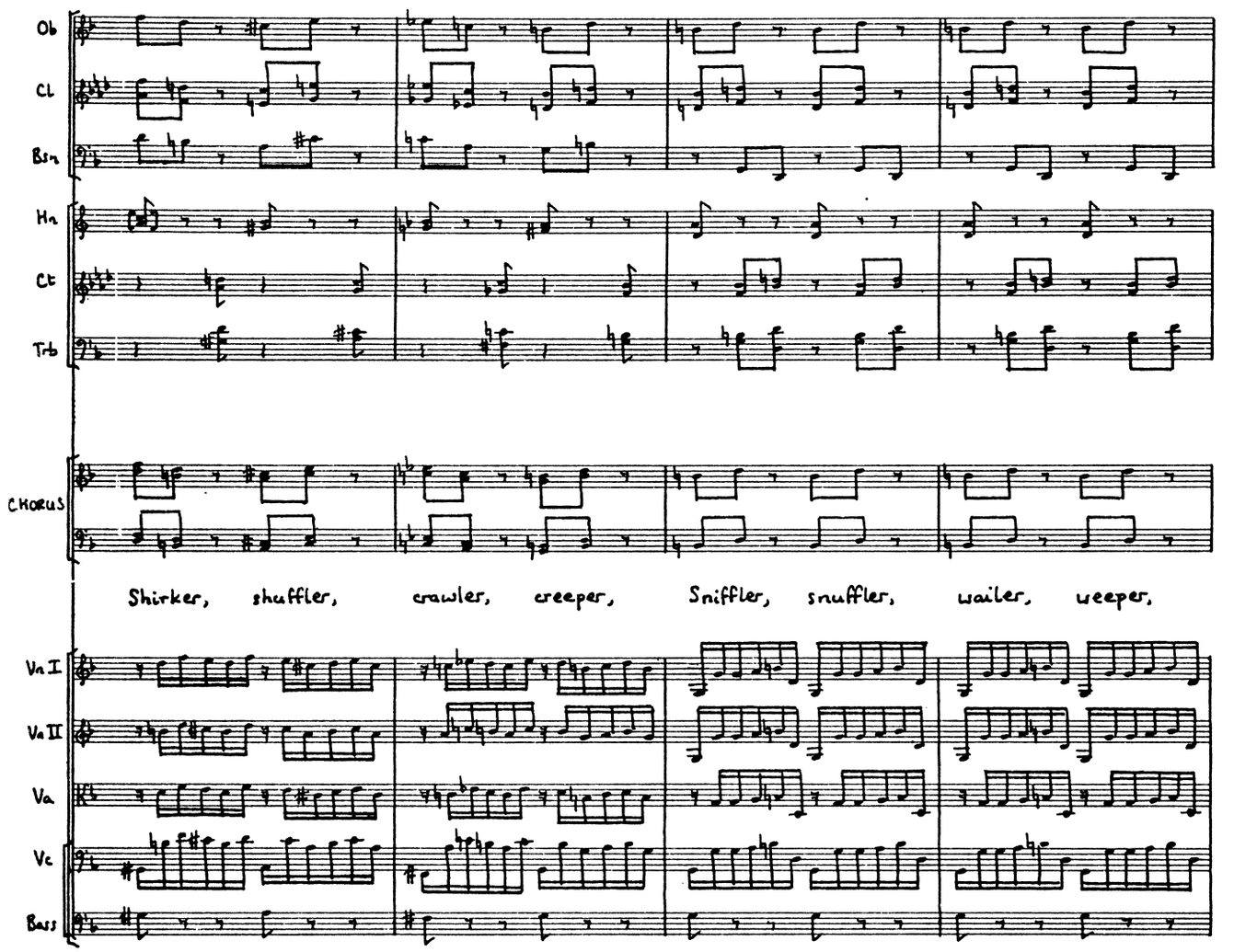

Cl
Bsn
Hn
Timp
T
CHORUS
B
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p sempre marcato
[sempre marcato]
I.
Pain - ted em- blems of a race, All ac- curst in days of

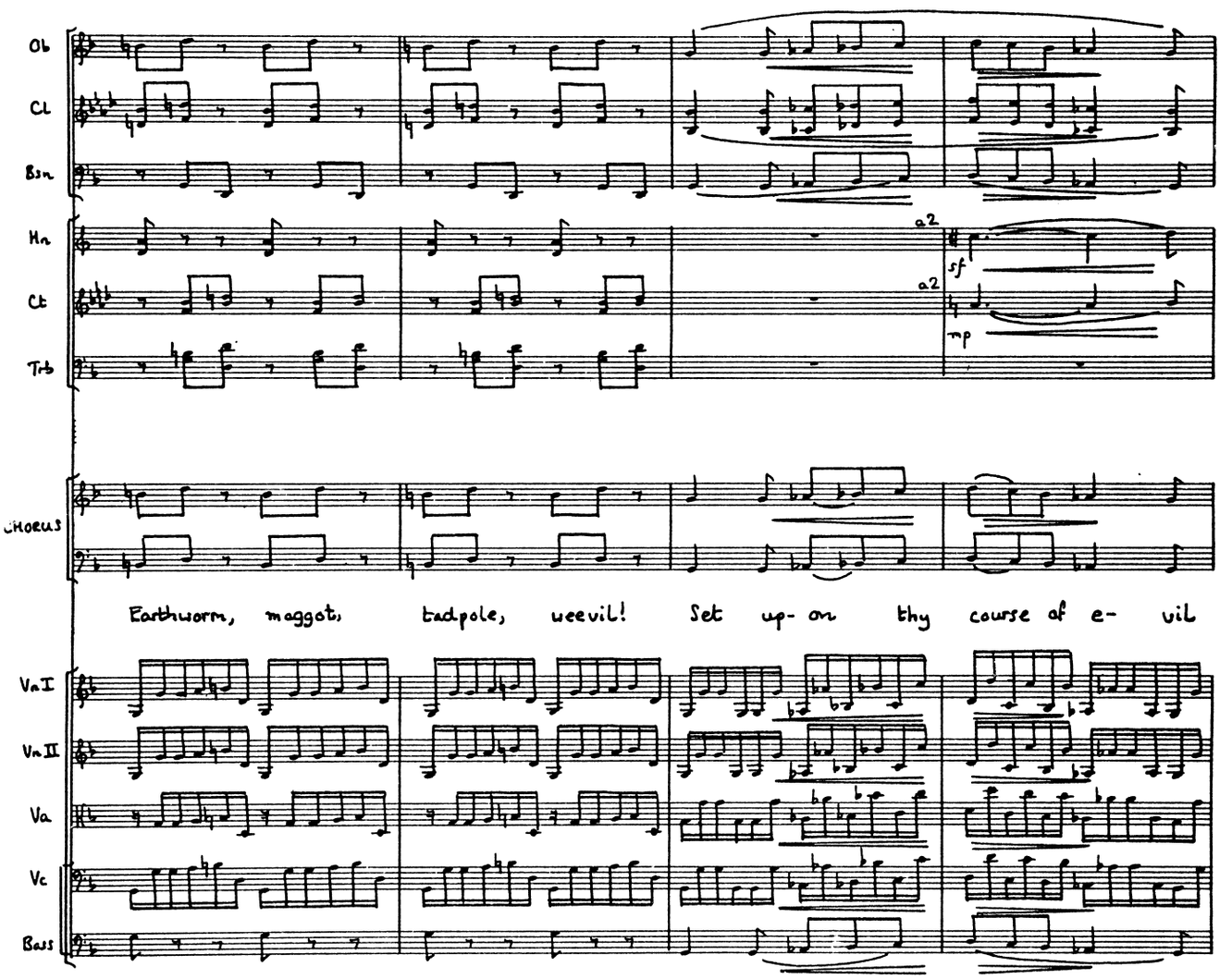

Cl
Bsn
Hn
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I.
II. sempre marcato
yore, Each from his ac- cus- tomed place Steps in- to the

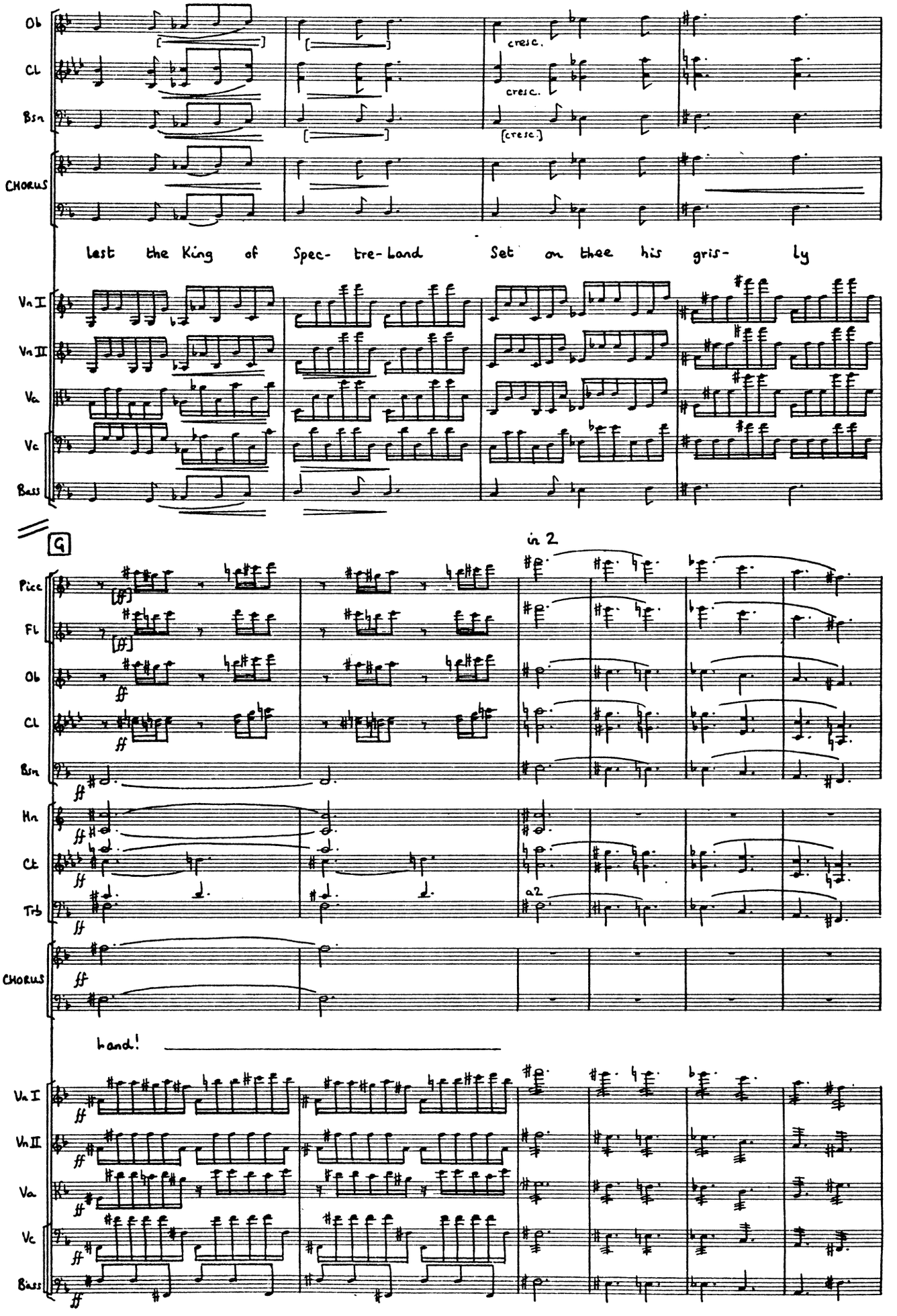

Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
mf
p
cresc.
pizz
world once more!

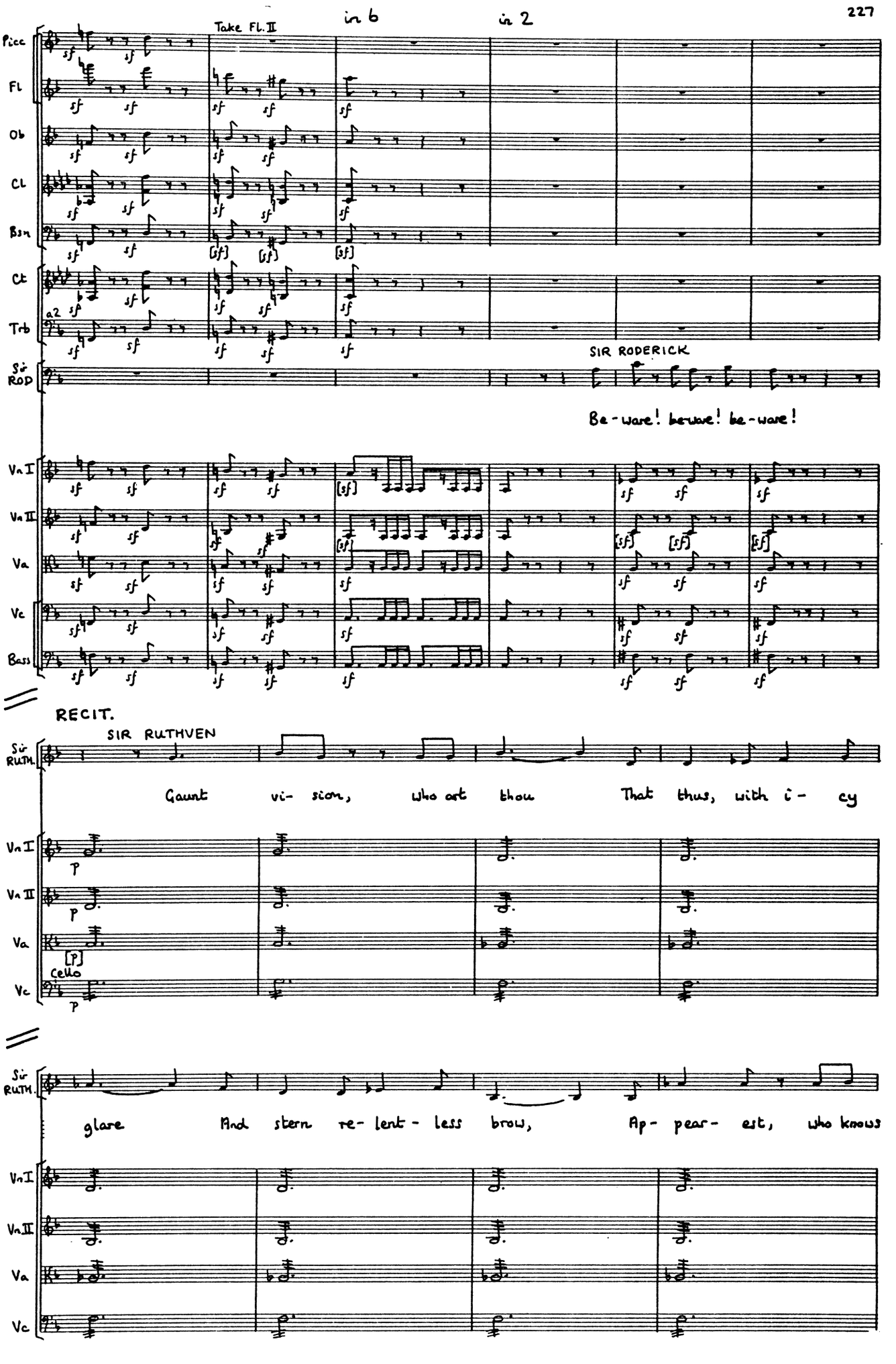

E in 6
in 4
Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
Va
Vc
Bass
I
a2
mf
p
Baronet of Ruddigore, last of our ac-


in 6
in 4
F in 6
Fl
Cl
Bsn
Hn
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
Fl. II take Picc.
I.
-cur- sed line, Down upon the oaken floor - Down up-on those knees of thine!
[arco]
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer, Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,
détaché
p


Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper, Sniffler, snuffler, wailer, weeper,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
a2
a2
sf
mp
CHORUS
Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, ueevil! Set up- on thy course of e- vil
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass


Ob
Cl
Bsn
cresc.
cresc.
[cresc.]
CHORUS
last the King of Spec- tre-Land Set on thee his gris- ly
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
G
in 2
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
a2
CHORUS
hand!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


in 6
in 2
Take Fl. II
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Ct
Trb
a2
Sir ROD
SIR RODERICK
Be-ware! be-ware! be-ware!
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc
Bass
RECIT.
Sir RUTH.
SIR RUTHVEN
Gaunt vi- sion, who art thou That thus, with i- cy
Cello
glare And stern re- lent- less brow, Ap- pear- est, who knows

J a tempo, in b

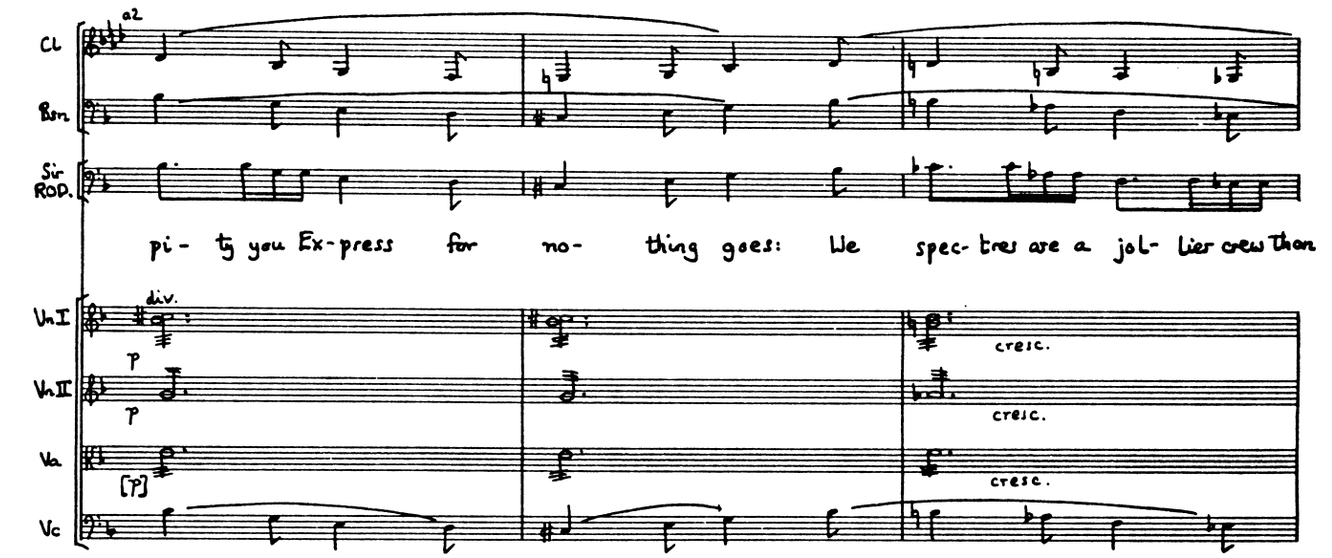
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Sir RUTH.
Sir ROD.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

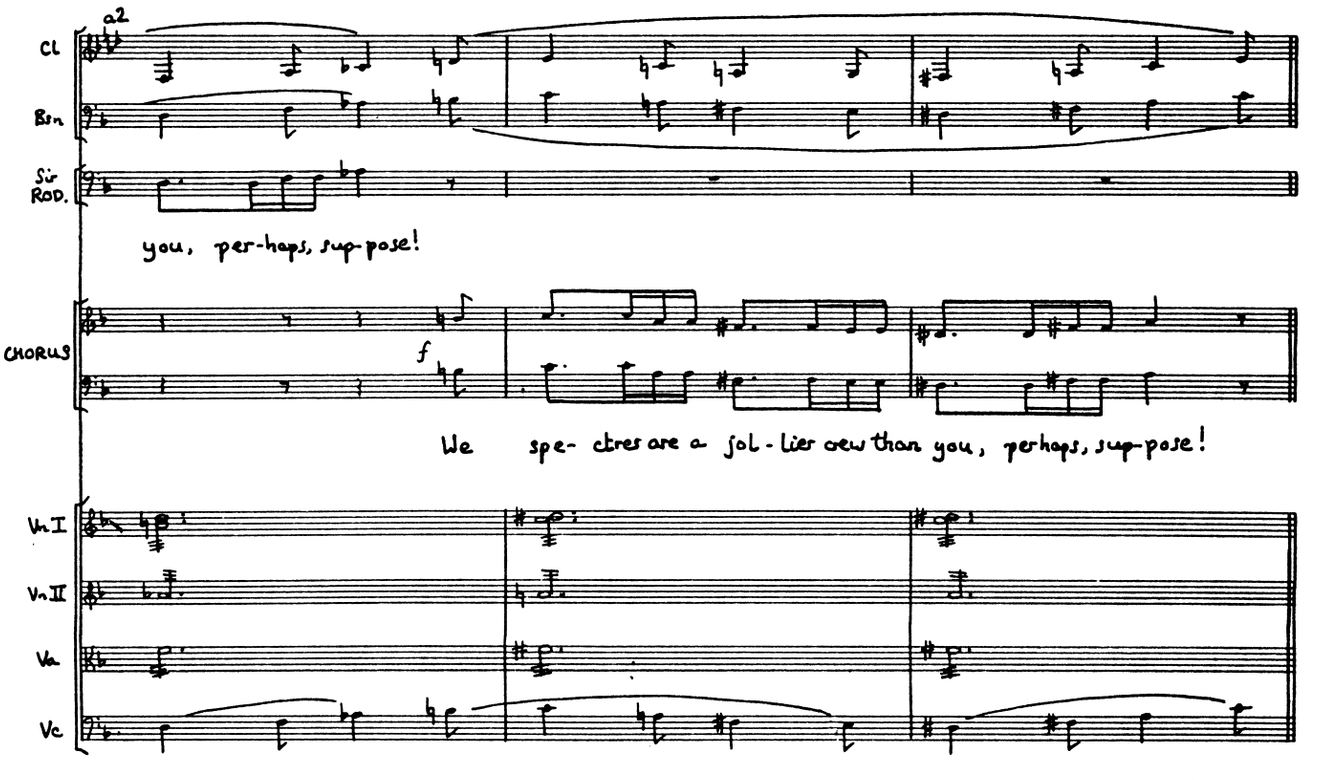
how?

I am the spectre of the late Sir Roderic Mur- ga-troyd, Who

A- las, poor ghost!

comes to warn thee that thy fate Thou canst not now a-void. The

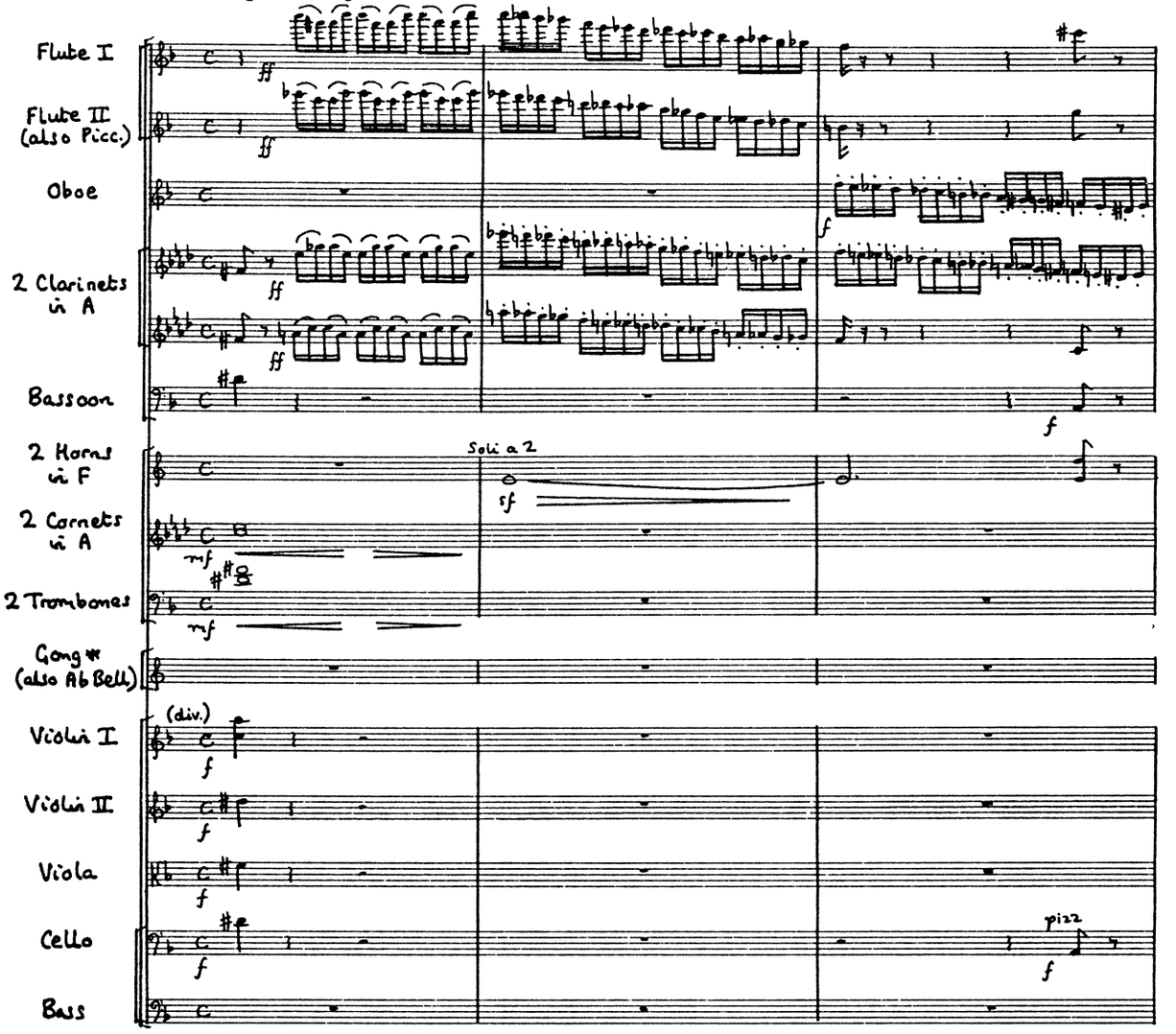

Cl
Bsn
Sir ROD.
a2
pi- ty you Ex-press for no- thing goes: We spec- tres are a jol- lier crew than
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
div.
p
[p]
cresc.


Cl
Bsn
Sir ROD.
a2
you, per-haps, sup-pose!
CHORUS
f
We spe- ctres are a jol- lier crew than you, perhaps, sup-pose!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc

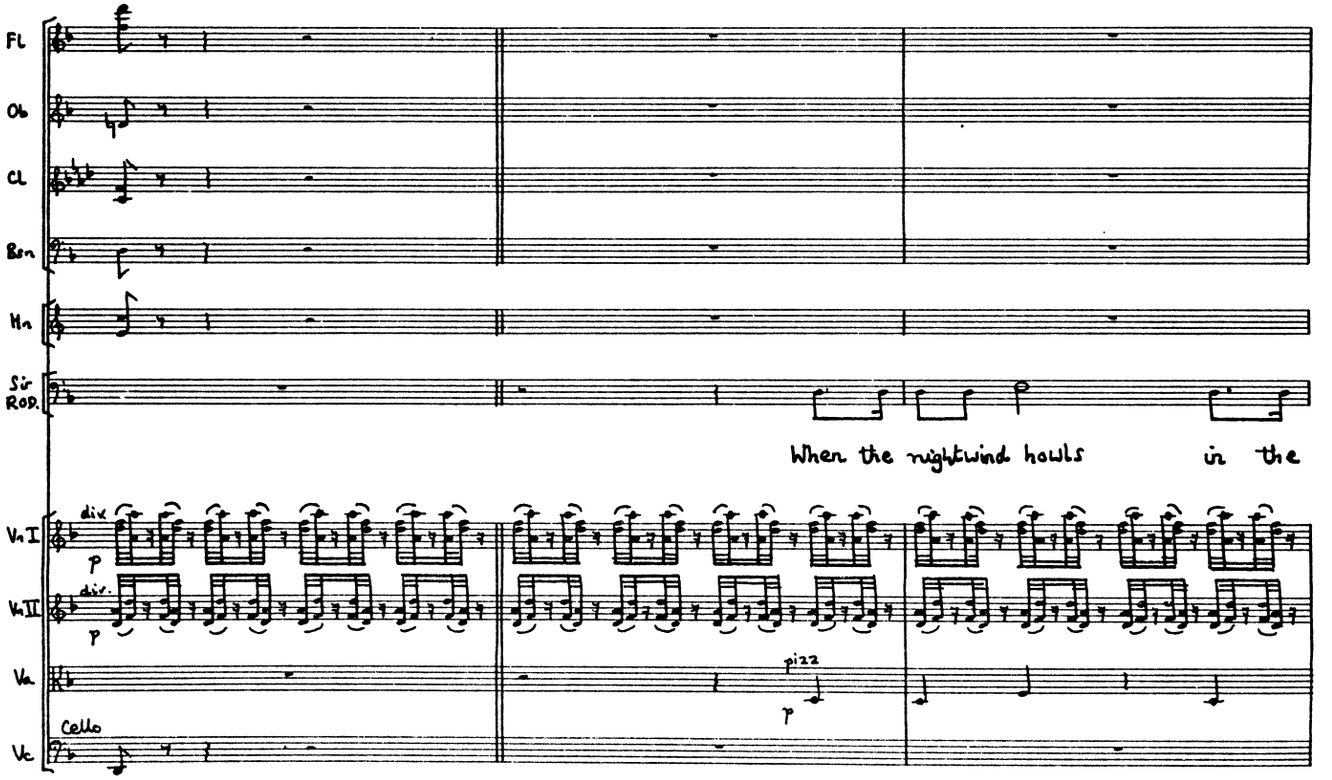
attacca

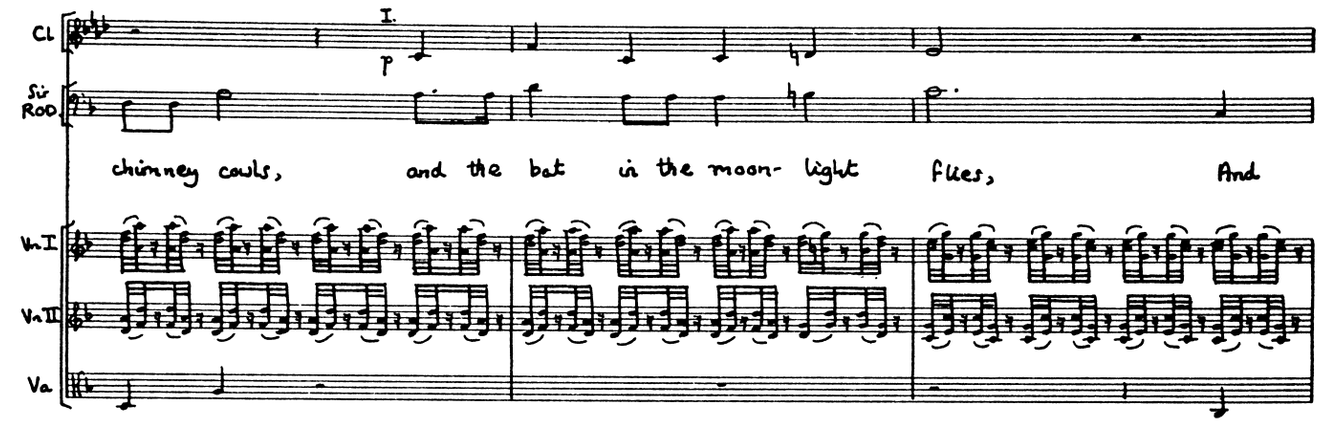
No. 5. SONG (Sir Roderic, with Chorus of Ancestors)

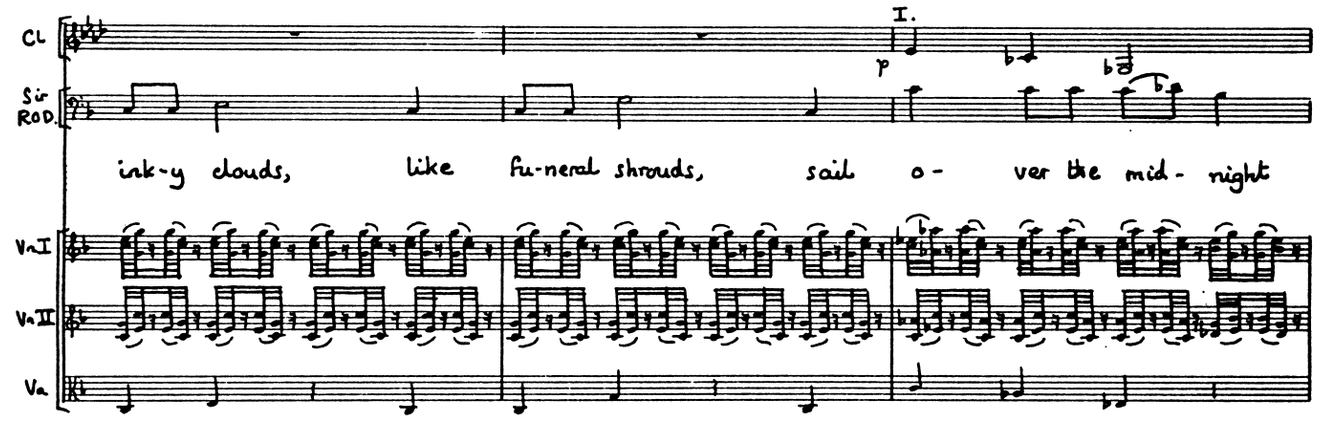
Allegro energico

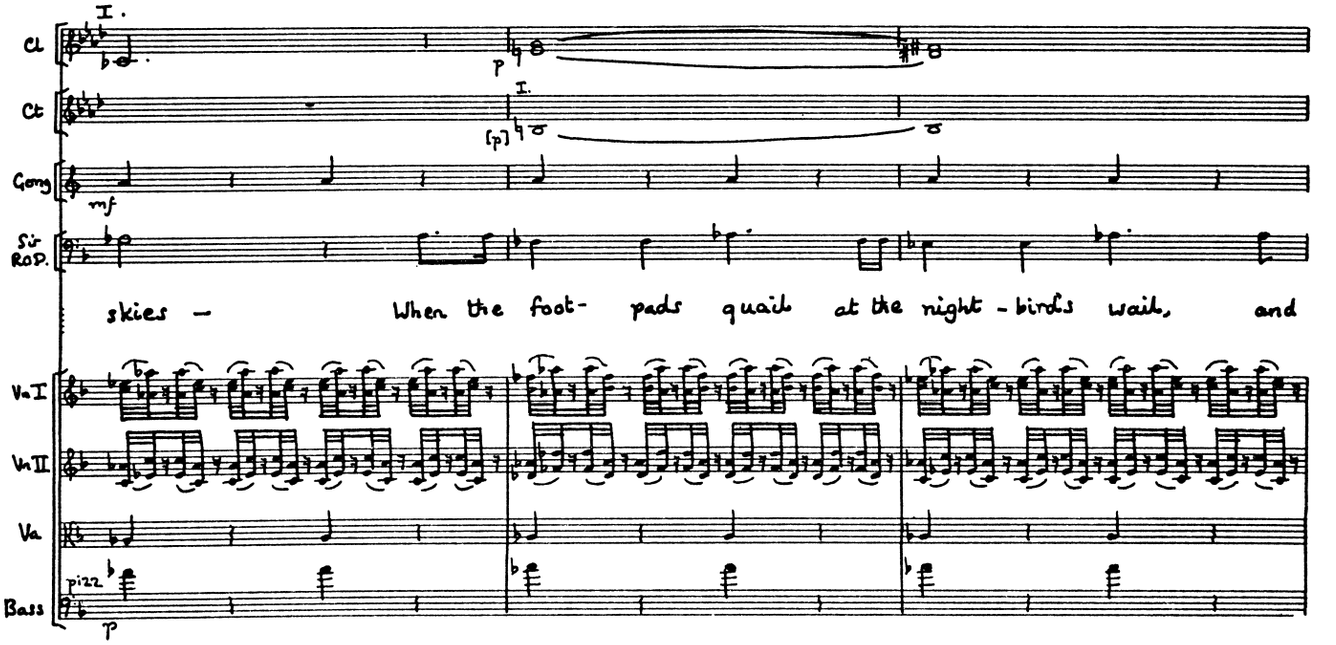


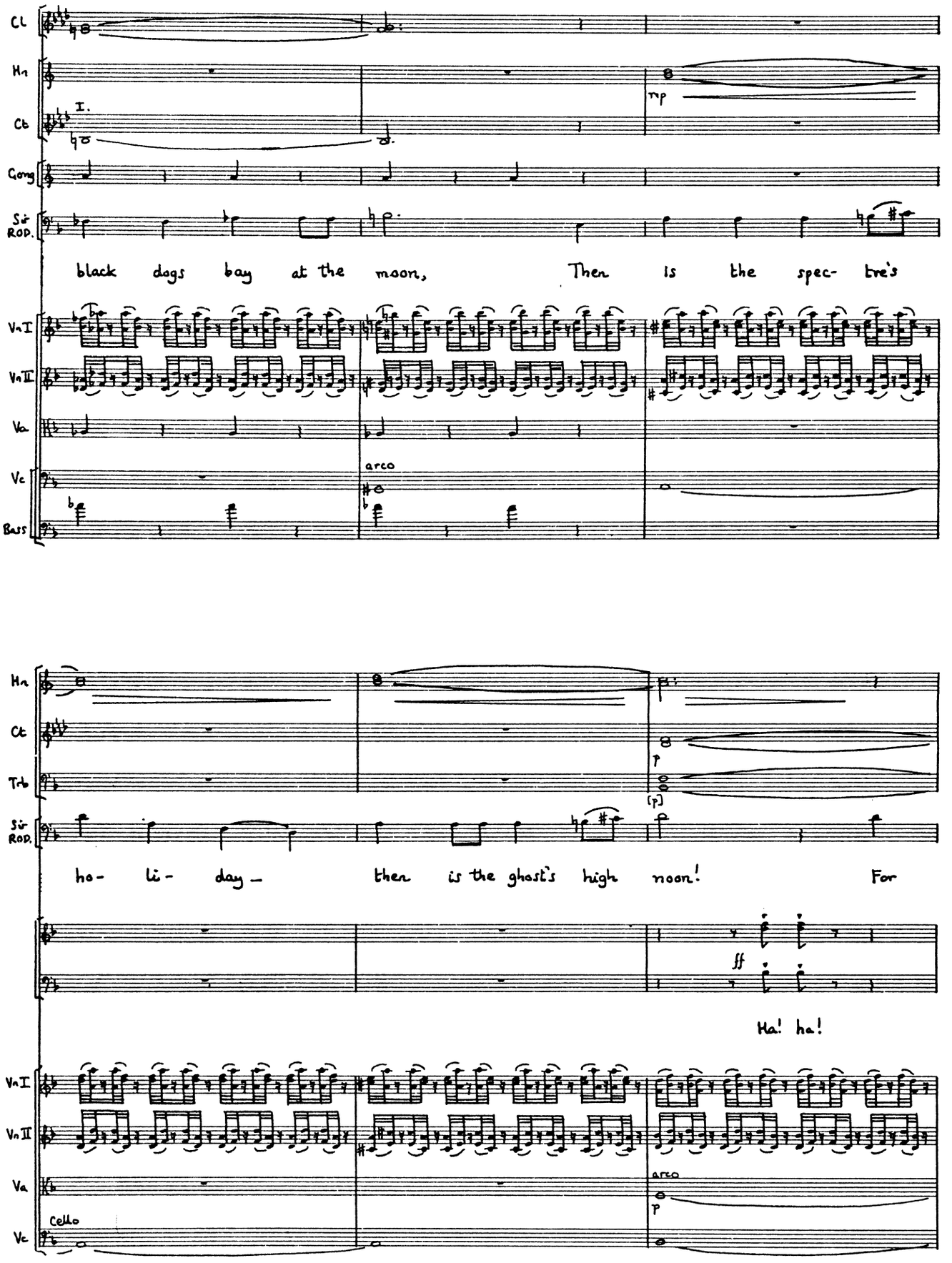
* or Loose Cymbal

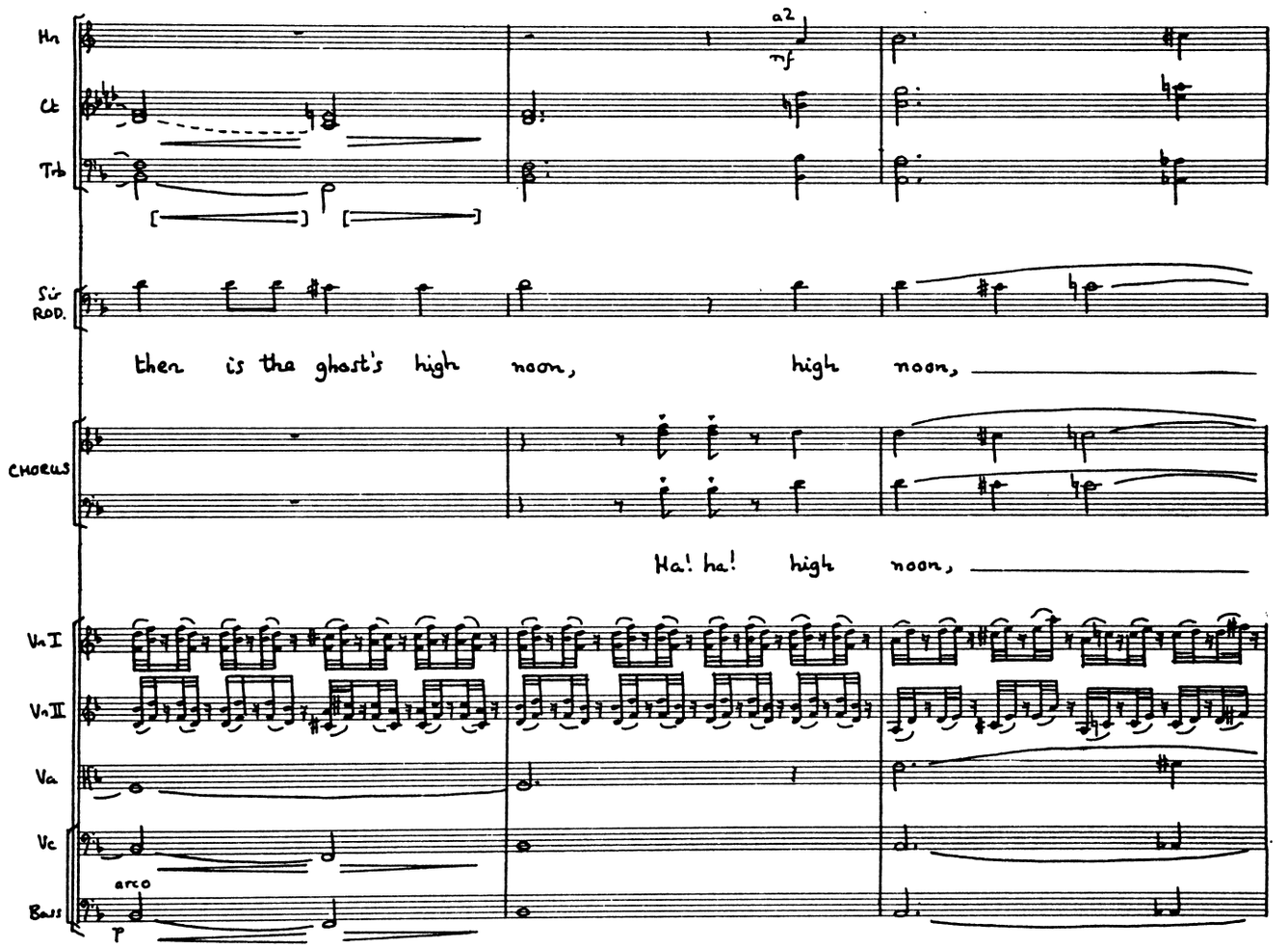


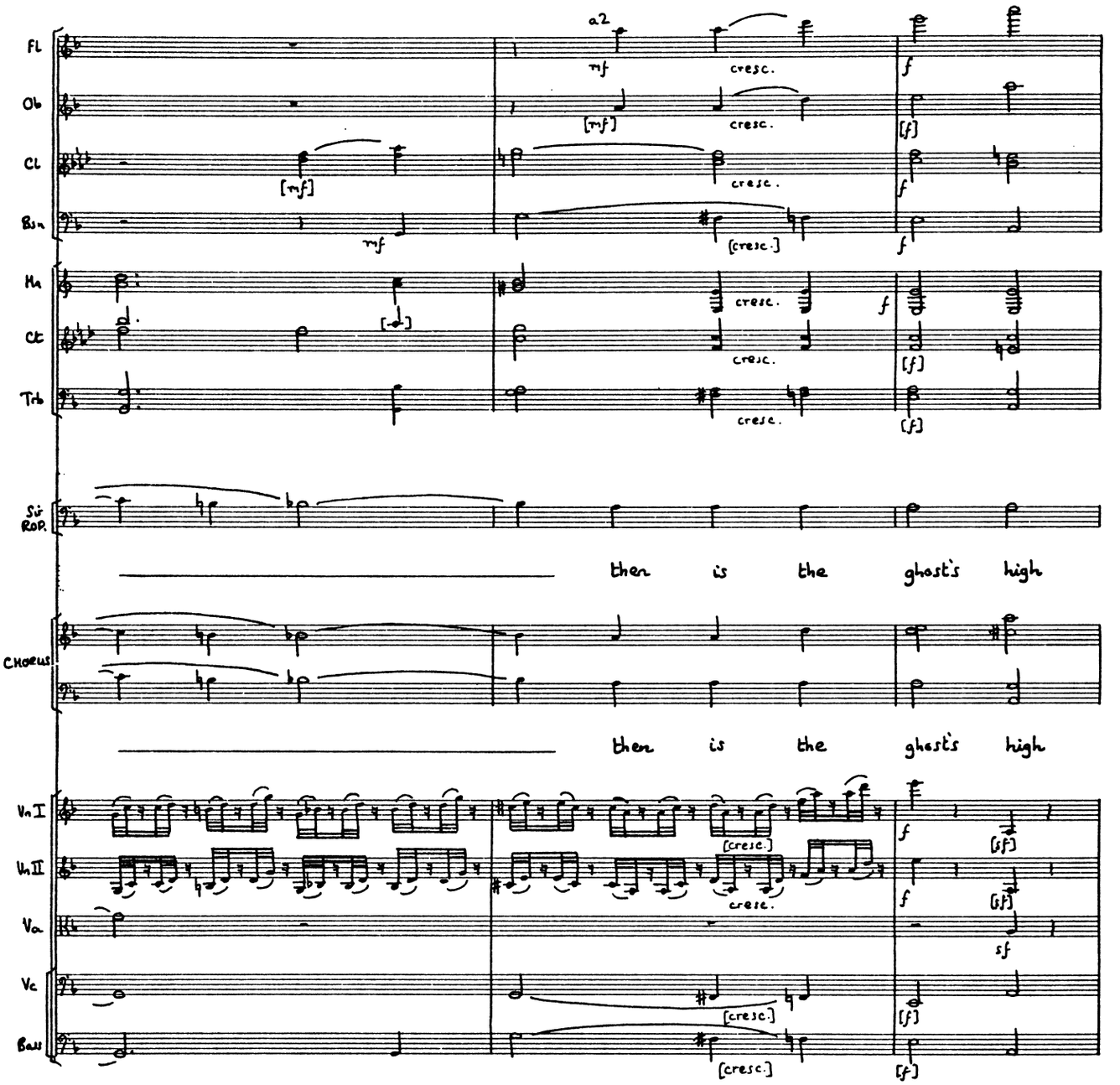

Cl
Sir ROD.
chimney cowls, and the bat in the moon- light flies, And
Vn I
Vn II
Va


Cl
Sir ROD.
ink-y clouds, like fu-neral shrouds, sail o- ver the mid- night
Vn I
Vn II
Va


Cl
Ct
Gong
Sir ROD.
skies — When the foot- pads quail at the night-bird's wail, and
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Bass
pizz


Cl
Hn
I.
Cb
Cong
Sir Rod.
mp
black dogs bay at the moon, Then is the spec- tre's
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
Hn
Cb
Trb
Sir Rod.
p
(p)
ho- li- day — then is the ghost's high noon! For
ff
Ha! ha!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Cello
arco
p


Hn
Ct
Tb
a2
mf
Sir ROD.
then is the ghost's high noon, high noon,
CHORUS
Ha! ha! high noon,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
p


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Sir Rob.
Chorus
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
mf
cresc.
f
[mf]
[cresc.]
[f]
sf
[sf]
then is the ghost's high
then is the ghost's high

2nd verse
Fl. II take Picc:

a2

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Sir ROD.

II.
p
[p]

noon! _____ As the sob of the breeze sweeps

CHORUS

noon! _____

Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

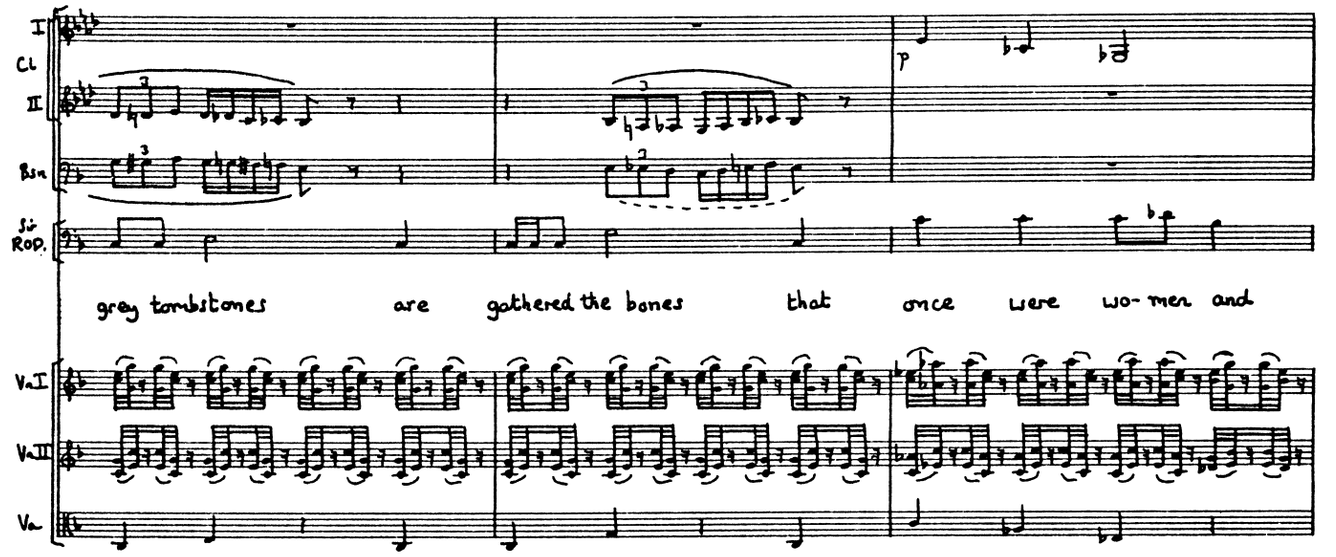
div.
[sf] p
div
[sf] p
sf
pizz
p

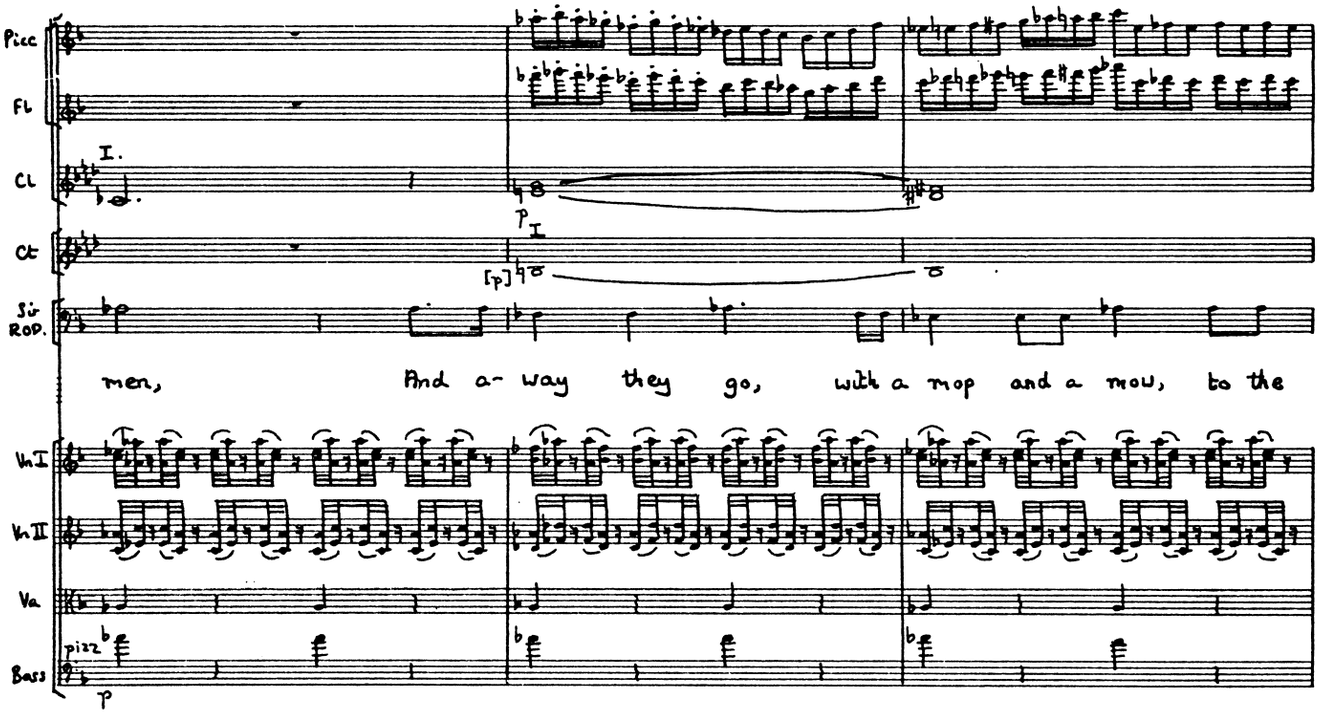
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Sir ROD.

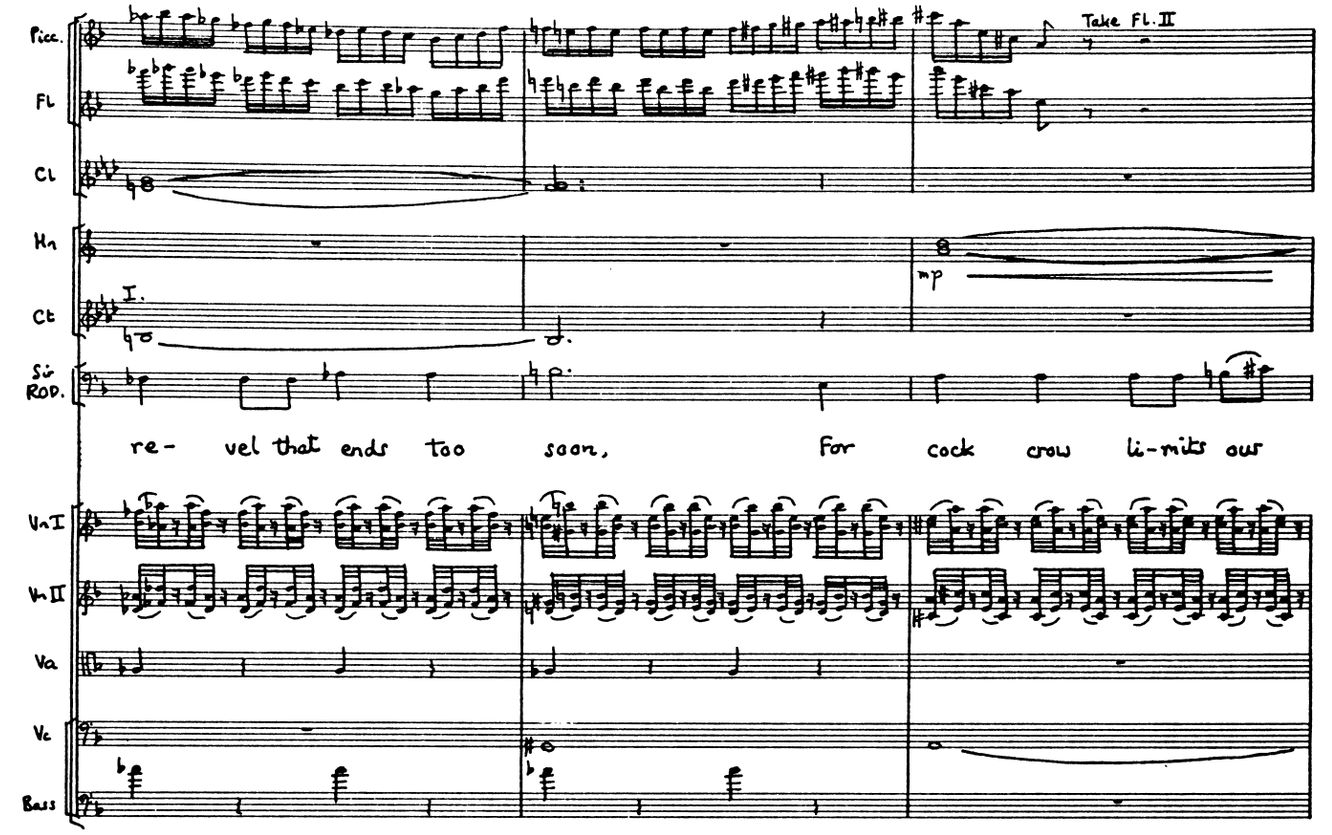
p

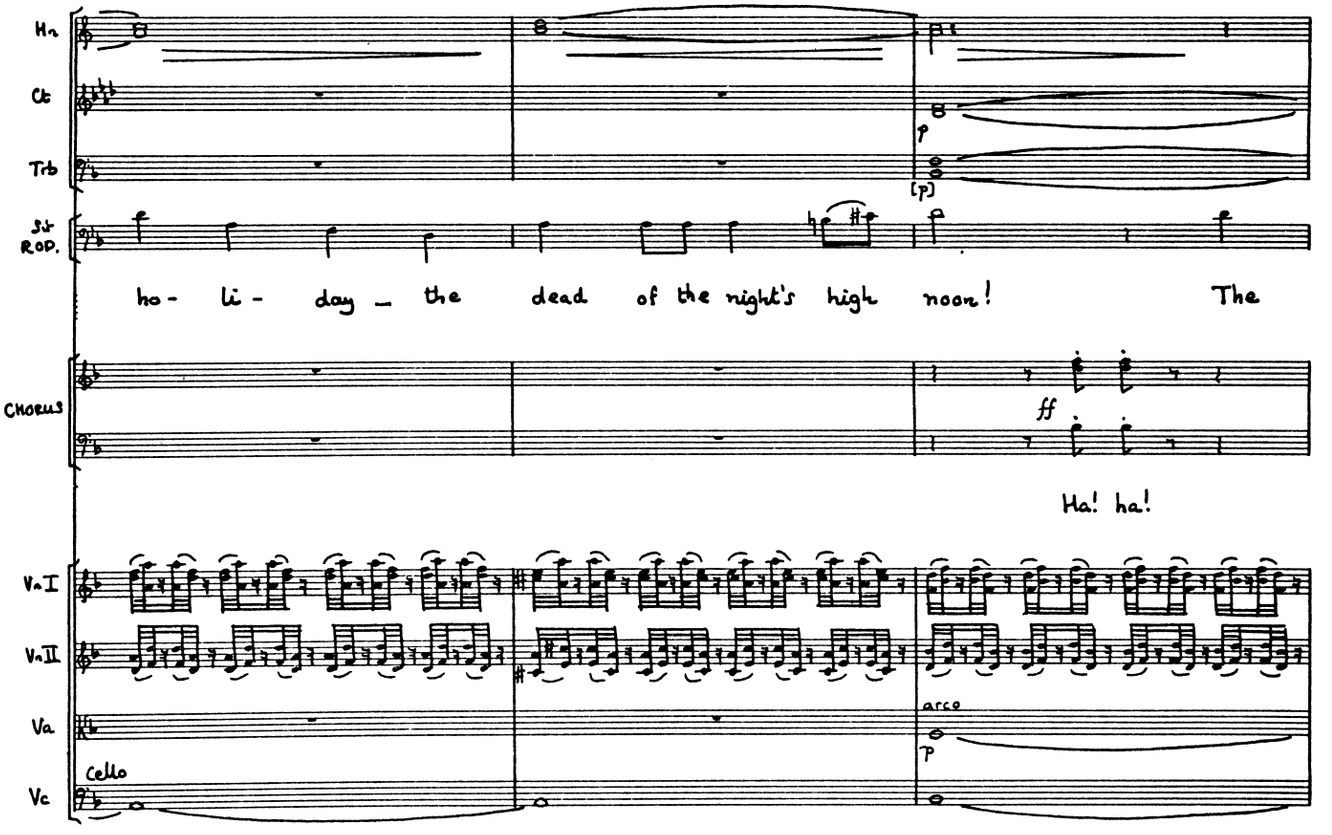
over the trees and the mists lie low on the fen, From

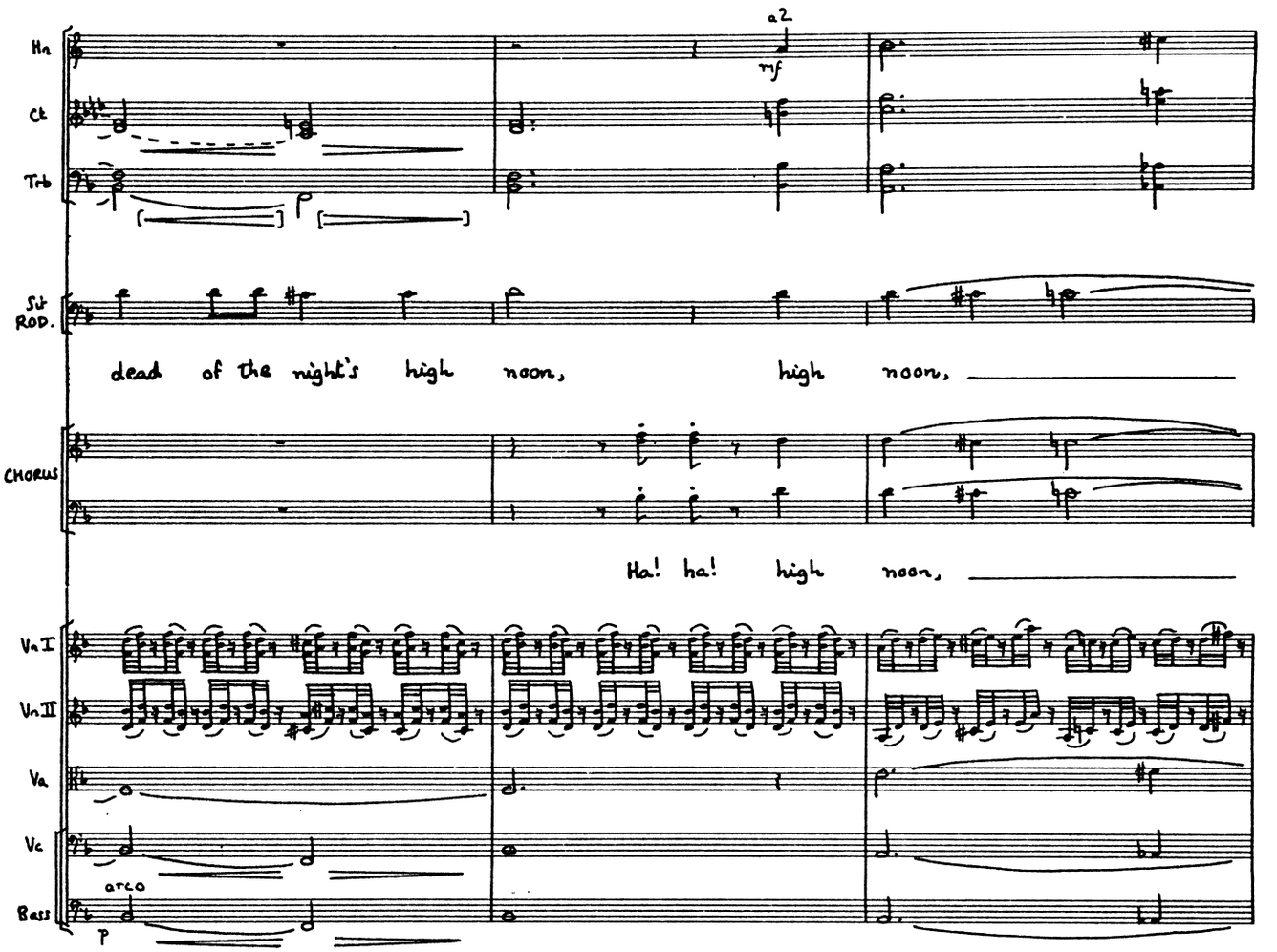
Vn I
Vn II
Va

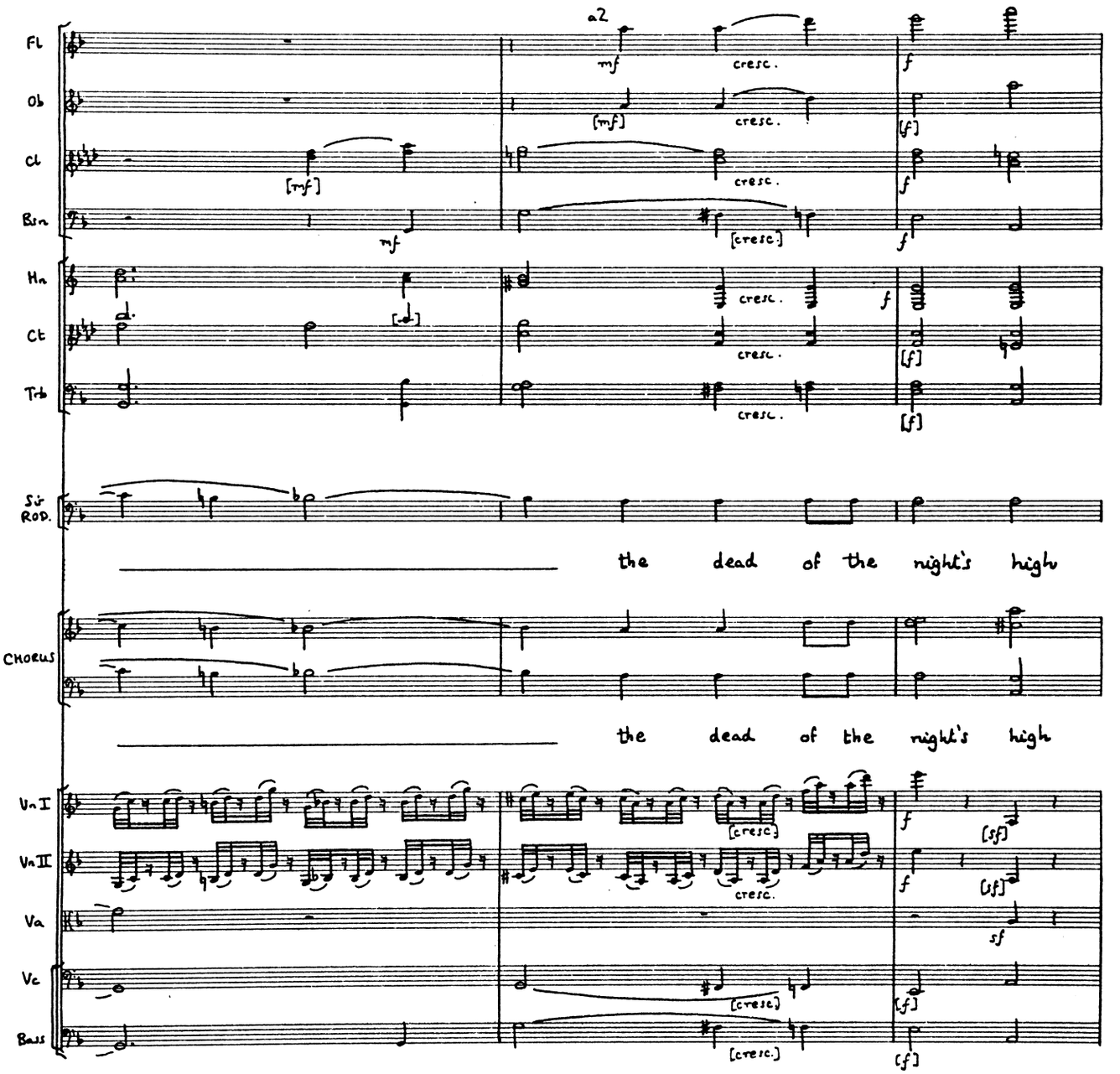

I
Cl
II
Bsn
Sir
Rod.
p
grey tombstones are gathered the bones that once were wo- men and
Vn I
Vn II
Va

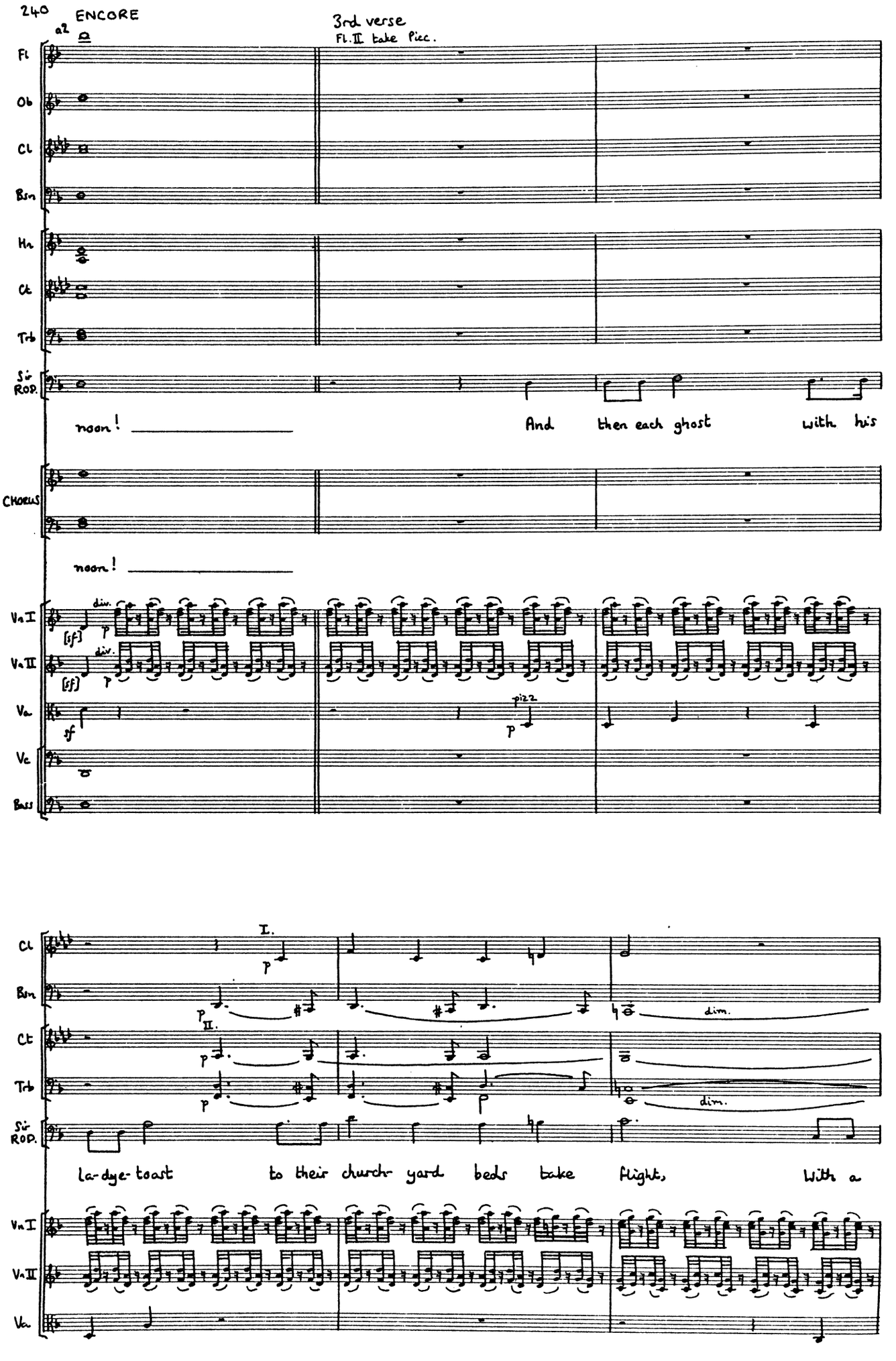

Picc
Fl
I.
Cl
Ct
Sir
Rod.
p
I
[p]
men, And a- way they go, with a mop and a mou, to the
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Bass
pizz
p

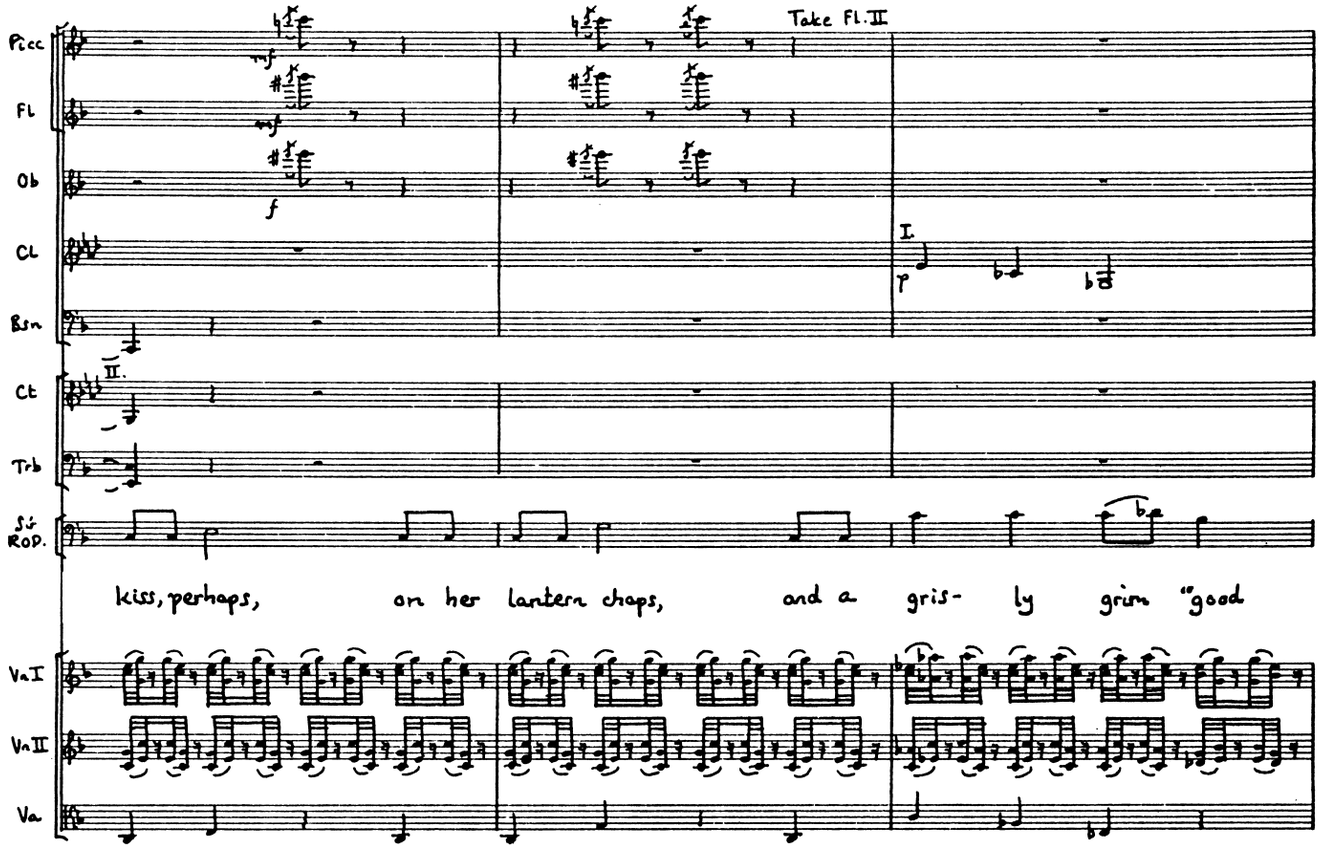

Picc.
Fl
Take Fl. II
Cl
Hn
Ct
I.
mp
Sir ROD.
re- vel that ends too soon, For cock crow li-mits our
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

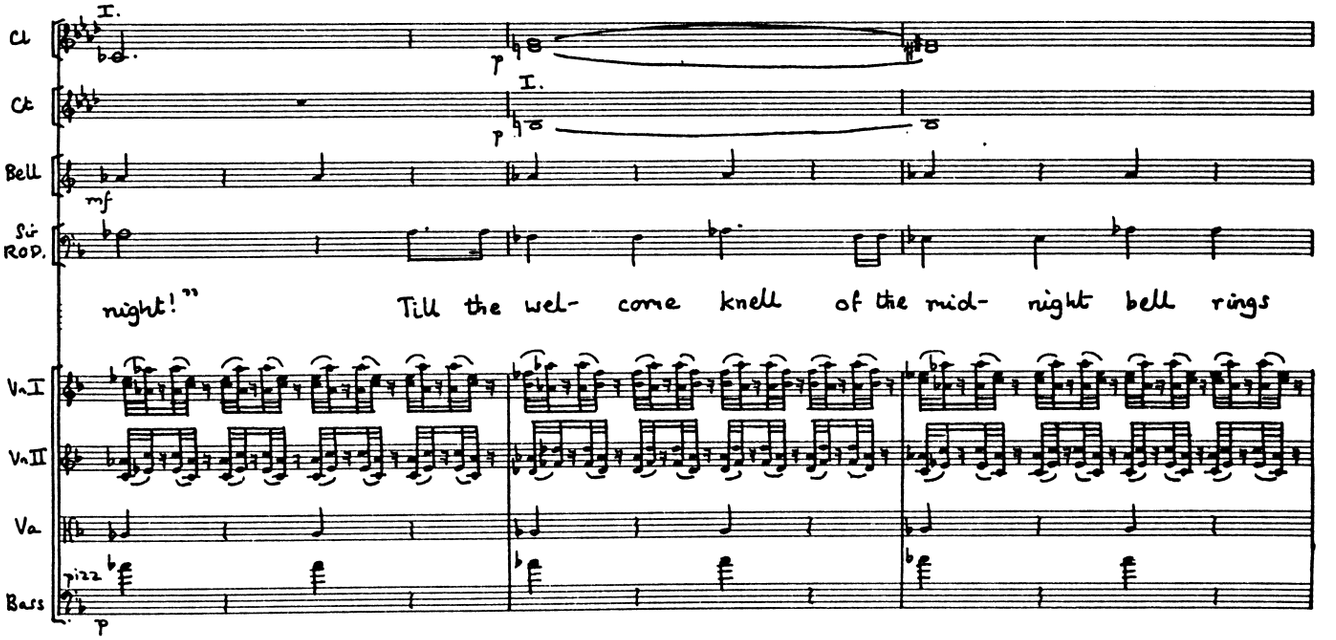

Hn
Ct
p
Trb
[p]
Sir ROD.
ho- li- day — the dead of the night's high noon! The
CHORUS
ff
Ha! ha!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
arco
p
Cello
Vc

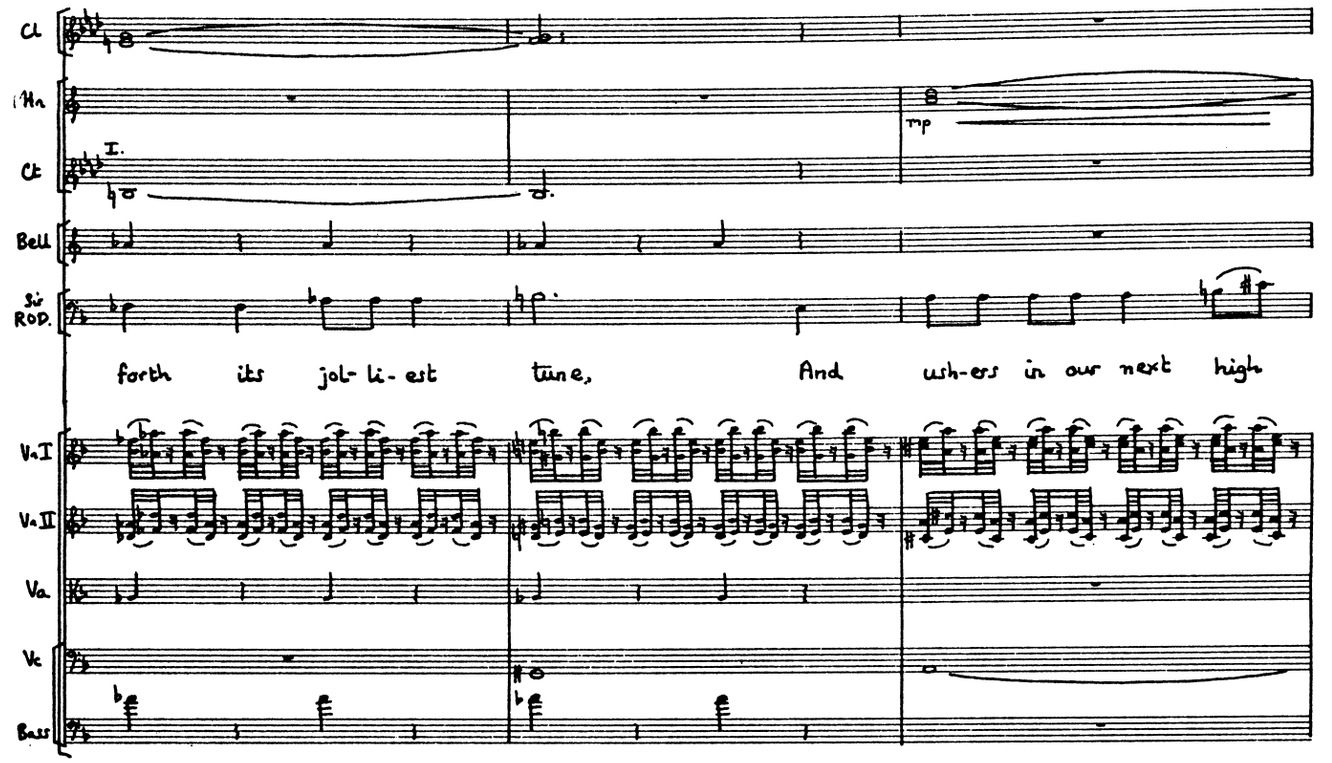

Hn
a2
mf
Cl
Trb
Sit
ROD.
dead of the night's high noon, high noon,
CHORUS
Ha! ha! high noon,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
arco
Bass
p

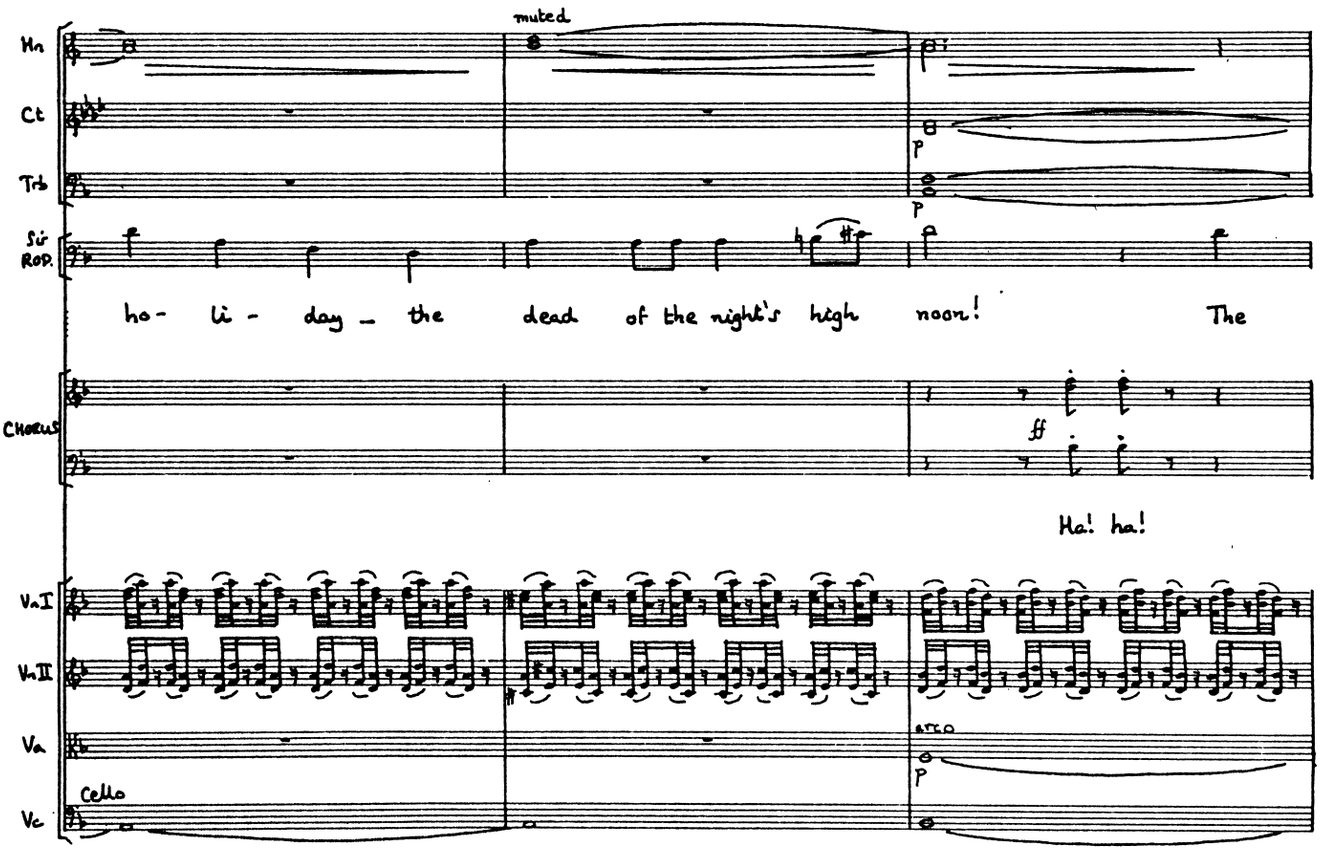

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Tpt
Sir Rod.
Chorus
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
mf
cresc.
f
[mf]
[cresc.]
[f]
[sf]
sf
the dead of the night's high
the dead of the night's high

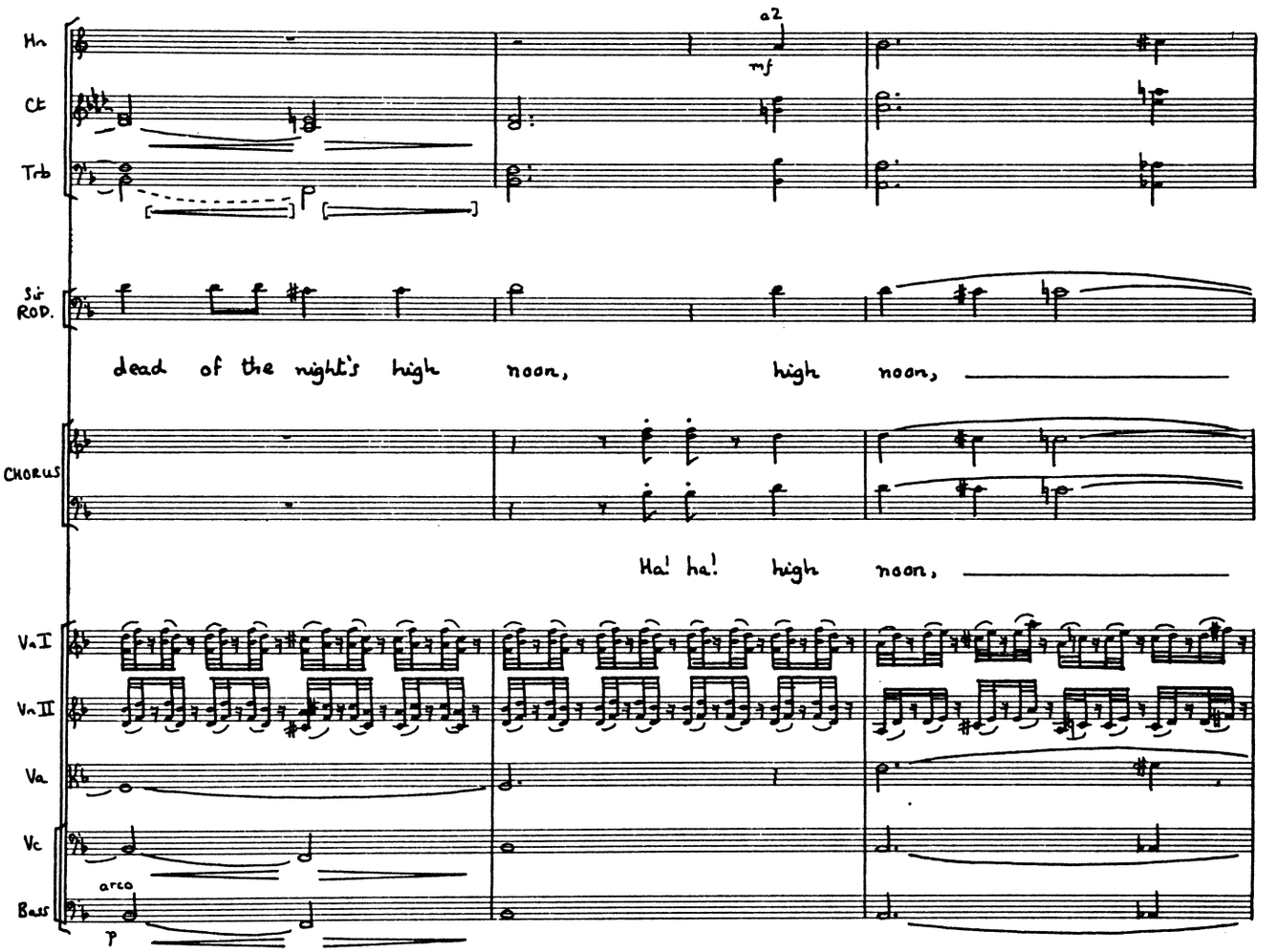

240
ENCORE
a2
3rd verse
Fl. II take Picc.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Sir ROD.
noon! _____ And then each ghost with his
CHORUS
noon! _____
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
div.
[sf]
p
sf
pizz
I.
II.
dim.
la-dye-toast to their church-yard beds take flight, With a

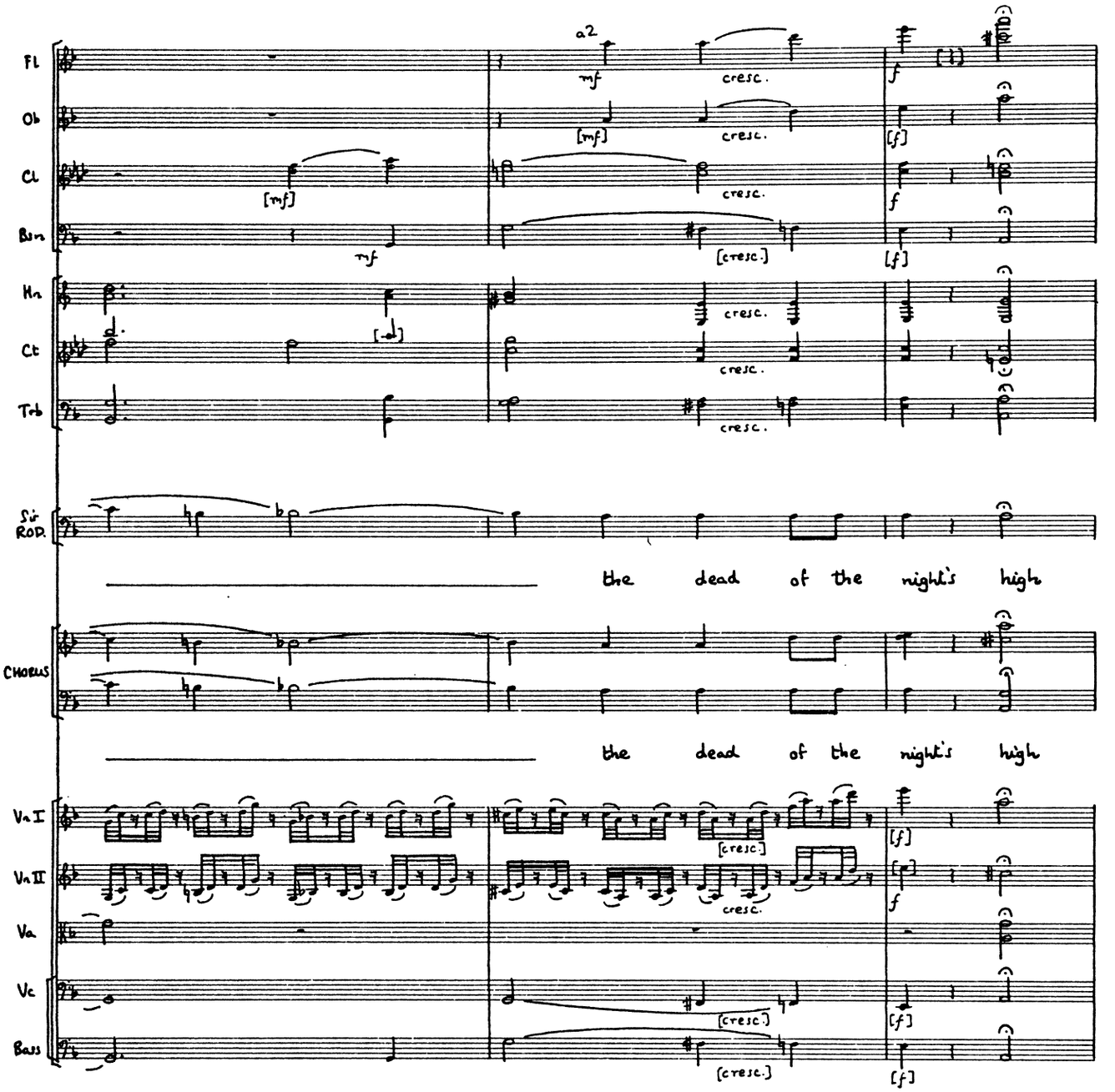

Take Fl.II
Picc
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Ct
Trb
Sir Rod.
kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a gris- ly grim "good
VnI
VnII
Va

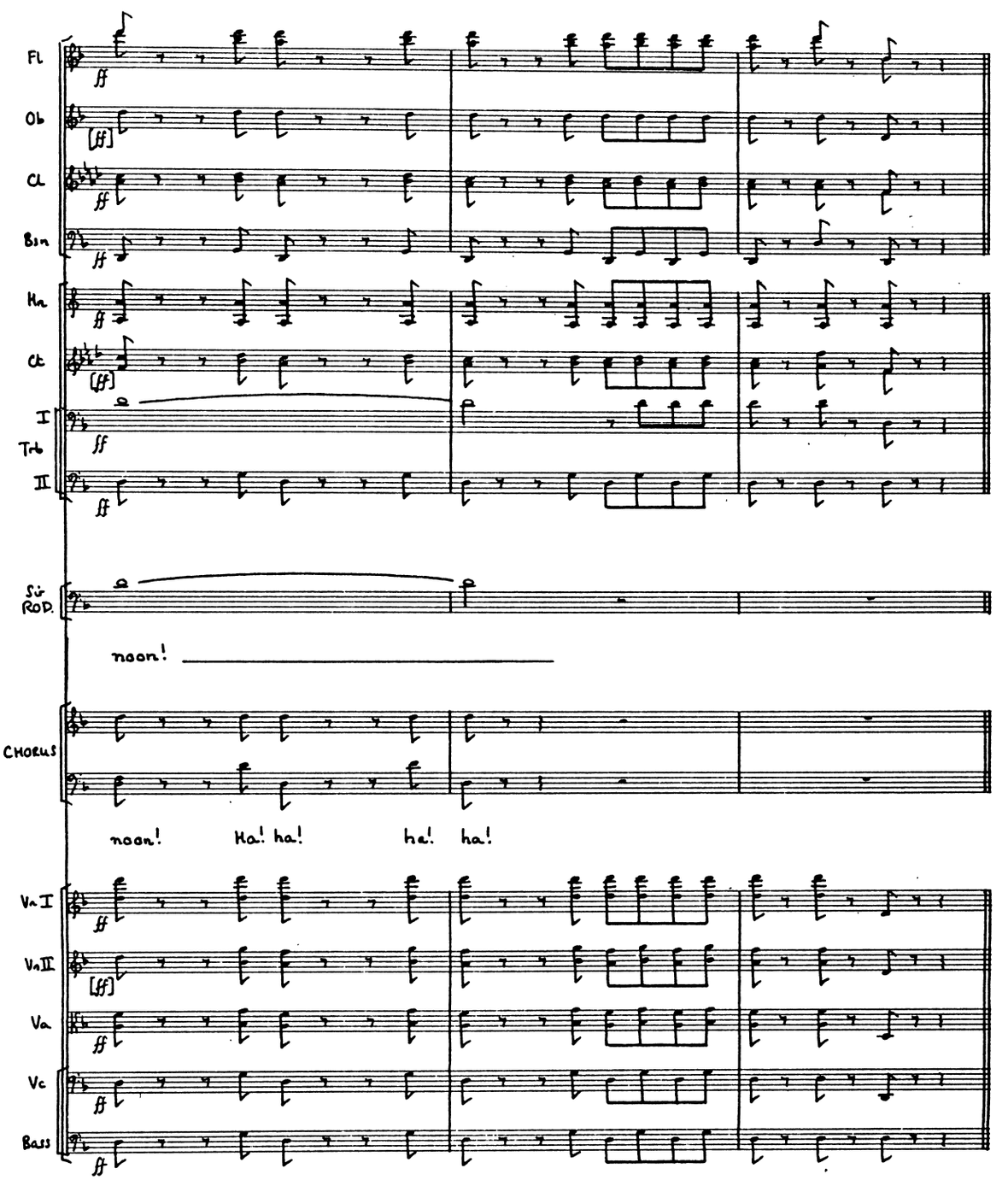

Cl
Ct
Bell
Sir Rod.
night!" Till the wel- come knell of the mid- night bell rings
VnI
VnII
Va
Bass


Cl
Hn
I.
Ct
mp
Bell
Sir ROD.
forth its jol- li- est tune, And ush-ers in our next high
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass


muted
Hn
Ct
p
Trb
p
Sir ROD.
ho- li- day — the dead of the night's high noon! The
CHORUS
ff
Ha! ha!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
arco
p
Cello
Vc


Hn
Cl
Trb
a2
mf
Sir ROD.
dead of the night's high noon, high noon,
CHORUS
Ha! ha! high noon,
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
p


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
Sir ROD.
the dead of the night's high
CHORUS
the dead of the night's high
Va I
Va II
Va
Vc
Bass
a2
mf
cresc.
[mf]
[cresc.]
f
[f]



SIR RUTHVEN I recognize you now — you are the Picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

SIR RODERIC In a bad light. I am.

SIR RUTHVEN Are you considered a good likeness?

SIR RODERIC Pretty well. Flattering.

SIR RUTHVEN Because as work of art you are poor.

SIR RODERIC I am crude in colour, but I have only been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries I shall be an Old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me.

SIR RUTHVEN And may I ask why you have left your frames?

SIR RODERIC It is our duty to see that our successors commit their daily crimes in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion. It is our duty to remind you that you are evading the conditions under which you are permitted to exist.

SIR RUTHVEN Really I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I've committed a crime punctually every day.

SIR RODERIC Let us enquire into this. Monday?

SIR RUTHVEN Monday was a Bank Holiday.

SIR RODERIC True. Tuesday!

SIR RUTHVEN On Tuesday I made a false income-tax return.

ALL Ha! ha!

1st GHOST That's nothing.

2nd GHOST Nothing at all.

3rd GHOST Everybody does that.

4th GHOST It's expected of you.

SIR RODERIC Wednesday?

SIR RUTHVEN On Wednesday, I forged a will.

SIR RODERIC Whose will?

SIR RUTHVEN My own.

SIR RODERIC My good sir, you can't forge your own will!

SIR RUTHVEN Can't I though! I like that! I did! Besides, if a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge?

1st GHOST There's something in that.

2nd GHOST Yes, it seems reasonable.

3rd GHOST At first sight it does.

4th GHOST Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

SIR RUTHVEN A man can do what he likes with his own?

SIR RODERIC I suppose he can.

SIR RUTHVEN Well then, he can forge his own will, stoopid! On Thursday I shot a fox.

1st GHOST Hear, hear!

SIR RODERIC That's better. Pass the fox, I think? Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

SIR RUTHVEN On Friday I forged a cheque.

SIR RODERIC Whose cheque?

SIR RUTHVEN Old Adam's.

SIR RODERIC But Old Adam hasn't a banker.

SIR RUTHVEN I didn't say I forged his banker — I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

SIR RODERIC But you haven't got a son.

SIR RUTHVEN No — not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see — by this arrangement — he'll be born ready disinherited.

SIR RODERIC I see. But I don't think you can do that.

SIR RUTHVEN My good sir, if I can't disinherit my own unborn son, whose unborn son can I disinherit?

SIR RODERIC Humph! These arguments sound very well, but I can't help thinking that, if they were reduced to syllogistic form, they wouldn't hold water. Now quite understand us. We are foggy, but we don't permit our fogginess to be presumed upon. Unless you undertake to — well, suppose we say, carry off a lady? Those who are in favour of carrying off a lady — Those of the contrary opinion? — Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once — I don't care what lady — any lady — choose your lady — you perish in inconceivable agonies.

SIR RUTHVEN Carry off a lady? Certainly not, on any account. I've the greatest respect for ladies, and I wouldn't do anything of the kind for worlds! No, no. I'm not that kind of baronet, I assure you! If that's all you've got to say, you'd better go back to your frames.

SIR RODERIC Very good — then let the agonies commence.

SIR RUTHVEN Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

SIR RODERIC Painful, isn't it? It gets worse by degrees.

SIR RUTHVEN Oh — oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak.

SIR RODERIC Better?

SIR RUTHVEN Yes — better now! Whew!

SIR RODERIC Well, do you consent?

SIR RUTHVEN But it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

SIR RODERIC As you please. Carry on!

SIR RUTHVEN Stop — I can't stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done.

SIR RODERIC Today?

SIR RUTHVEN Today.

SIR RODERIC At once?

SIR RUTHVEN At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

No. 6. CHORUS OF ANCESTORS (with Solo: Sir Ruthven)

Allegro con fuoco

2 Flutes (2nd also Picc.)
Oboe
2 Clarinets in A
Bassoon
2 Horns in F
2 Cornets in A
2 Trombones
Bass Drum & Cymbals (also Timp D&A)
T
CHORUS
B

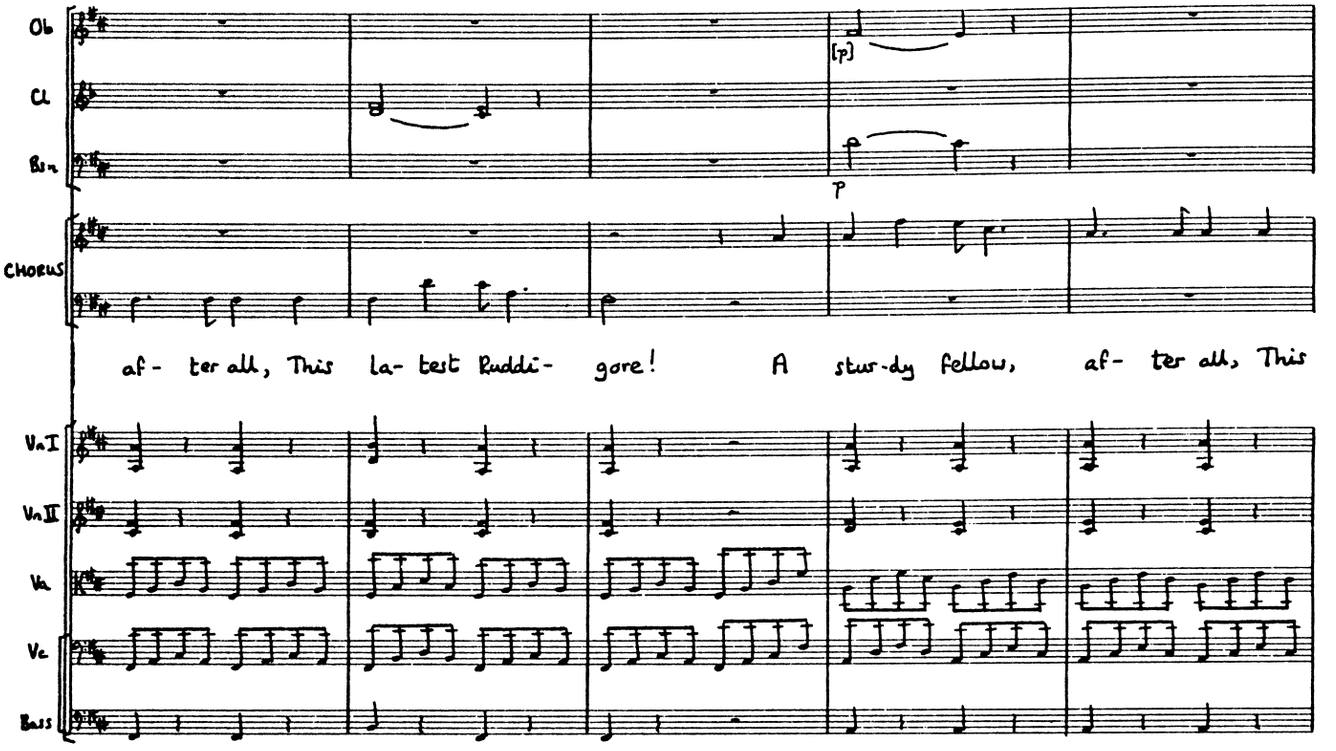
He yields! He yields! He

Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Cello
Bass

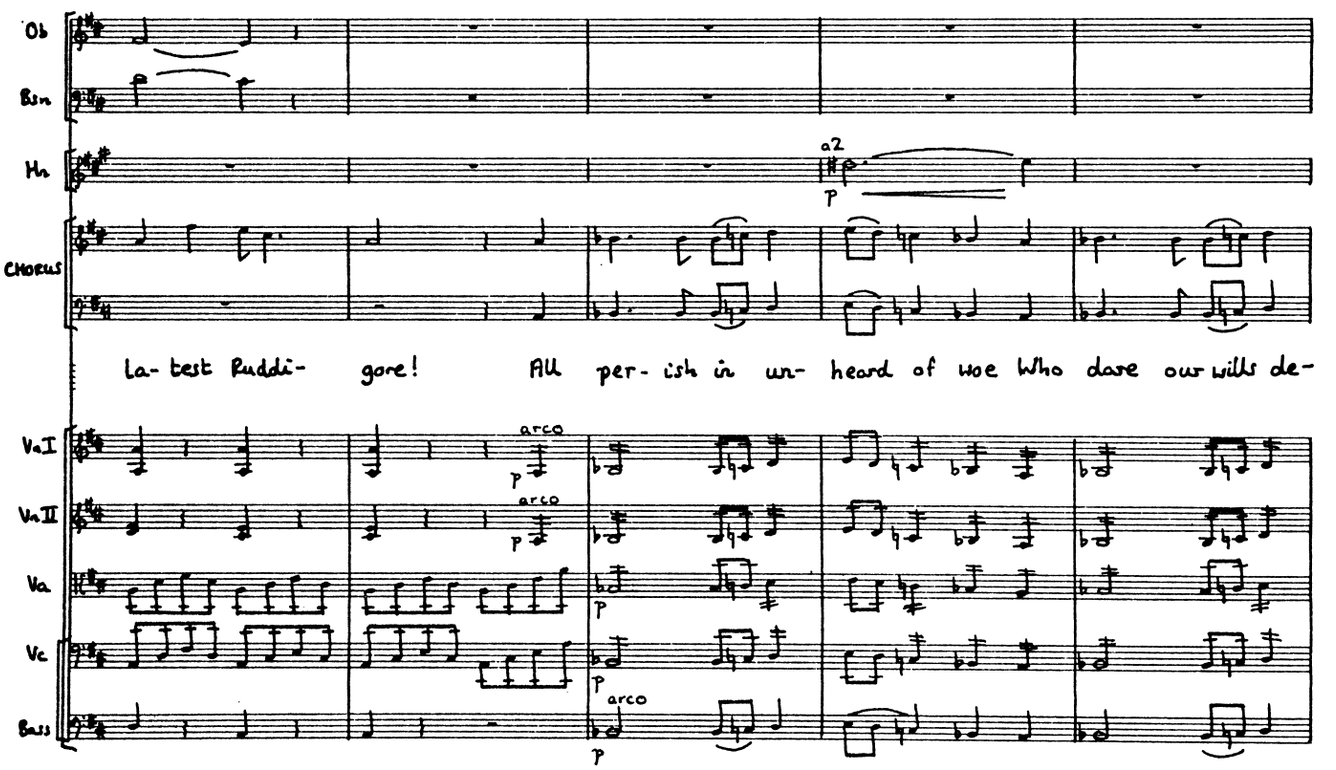
Cl
Bsn
CHORUS

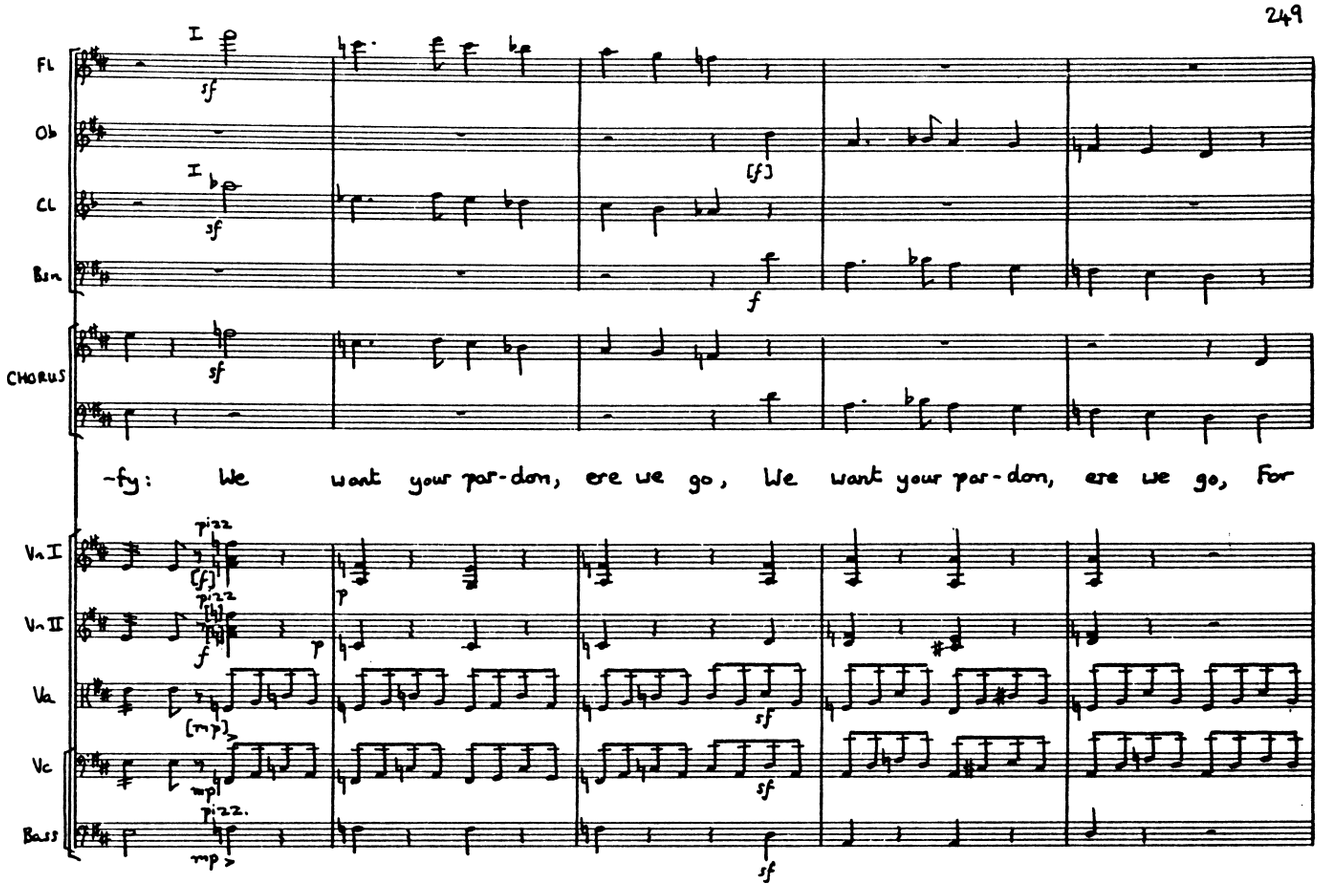
an-swers to our call! We do not ask for more. A stur-dy fellow,

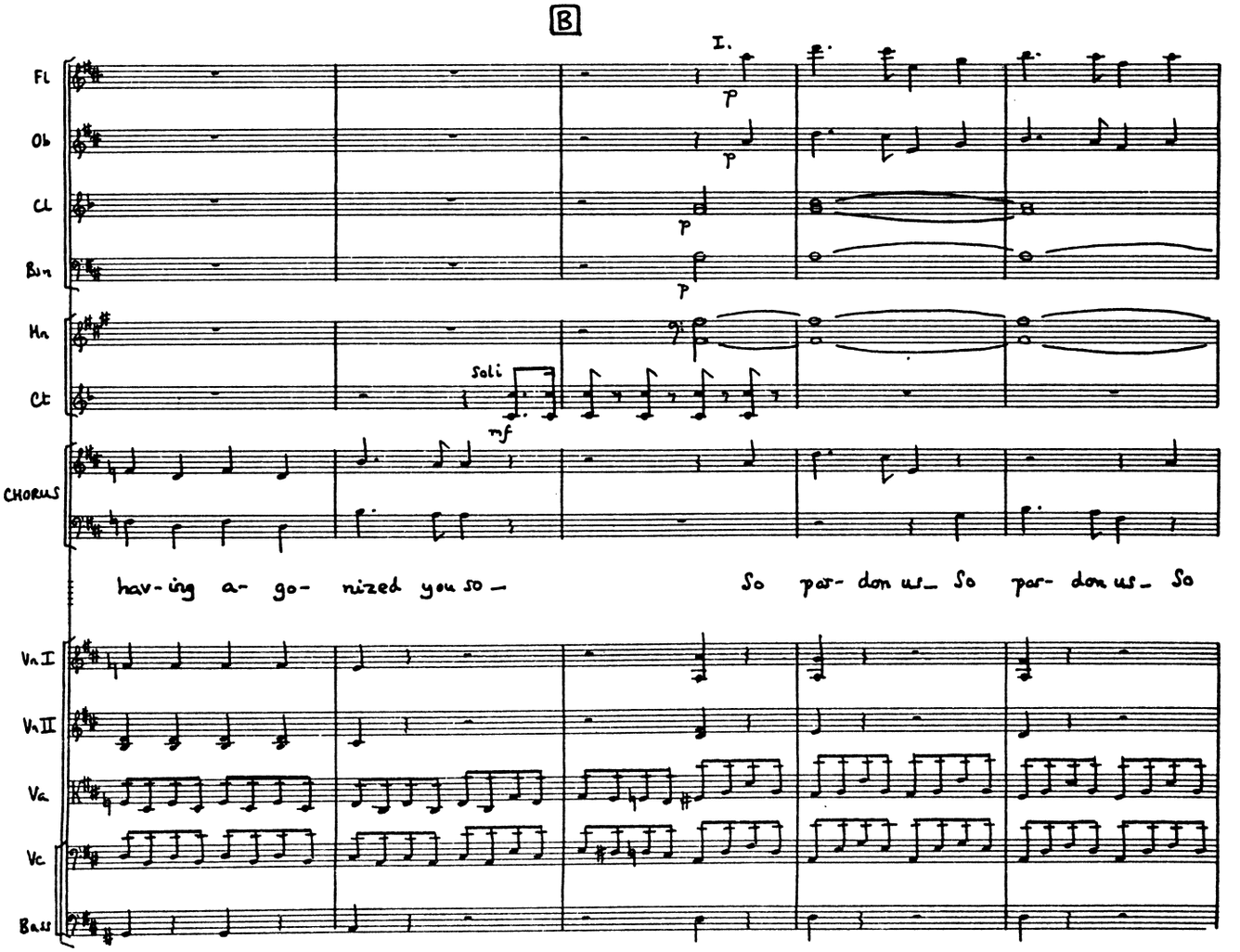
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

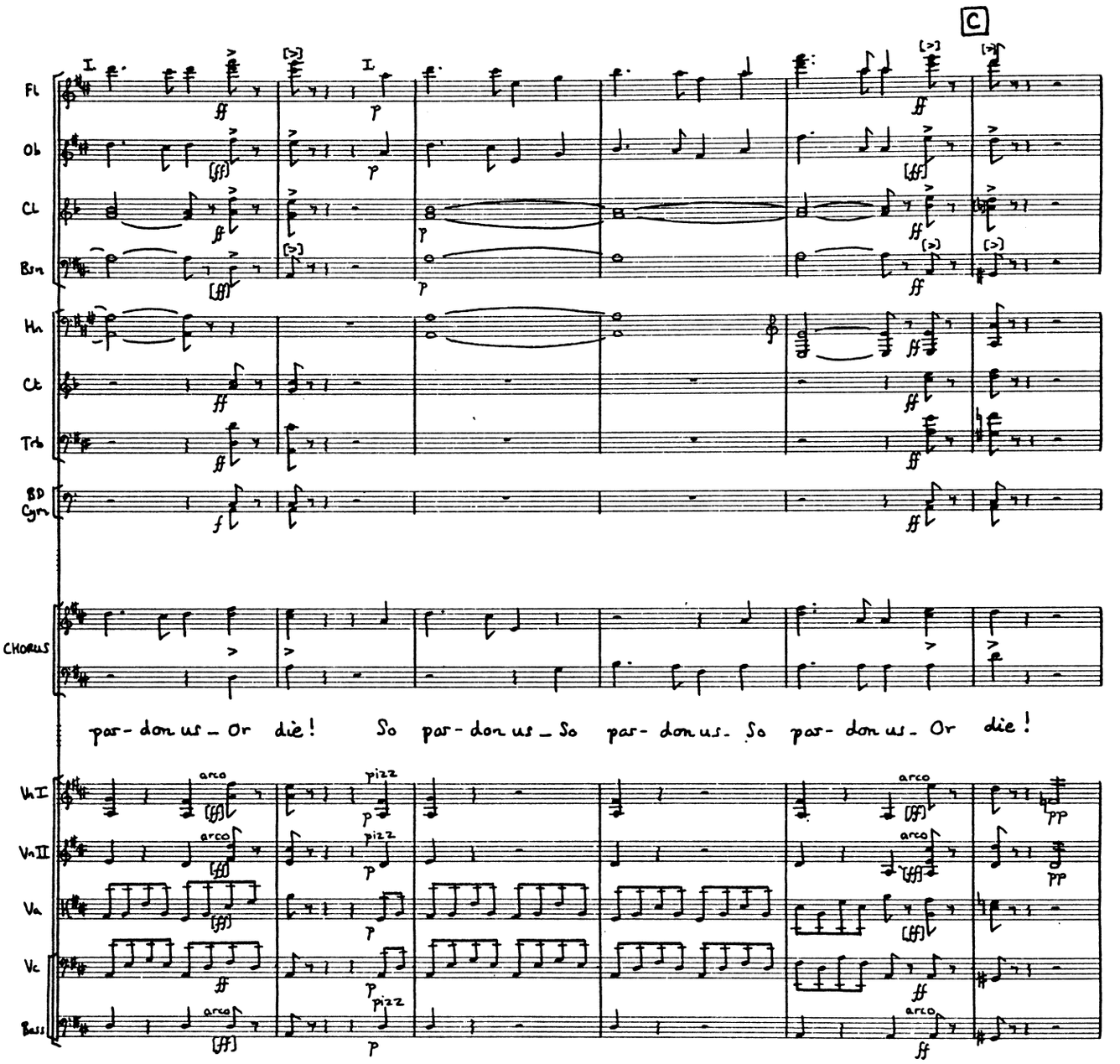

Ob
Cl
Bsn
[p]
p
CHORUS
af- ter all, This la- test Ruddi- gore! A stur-dy fellow, af- ter all, This
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass

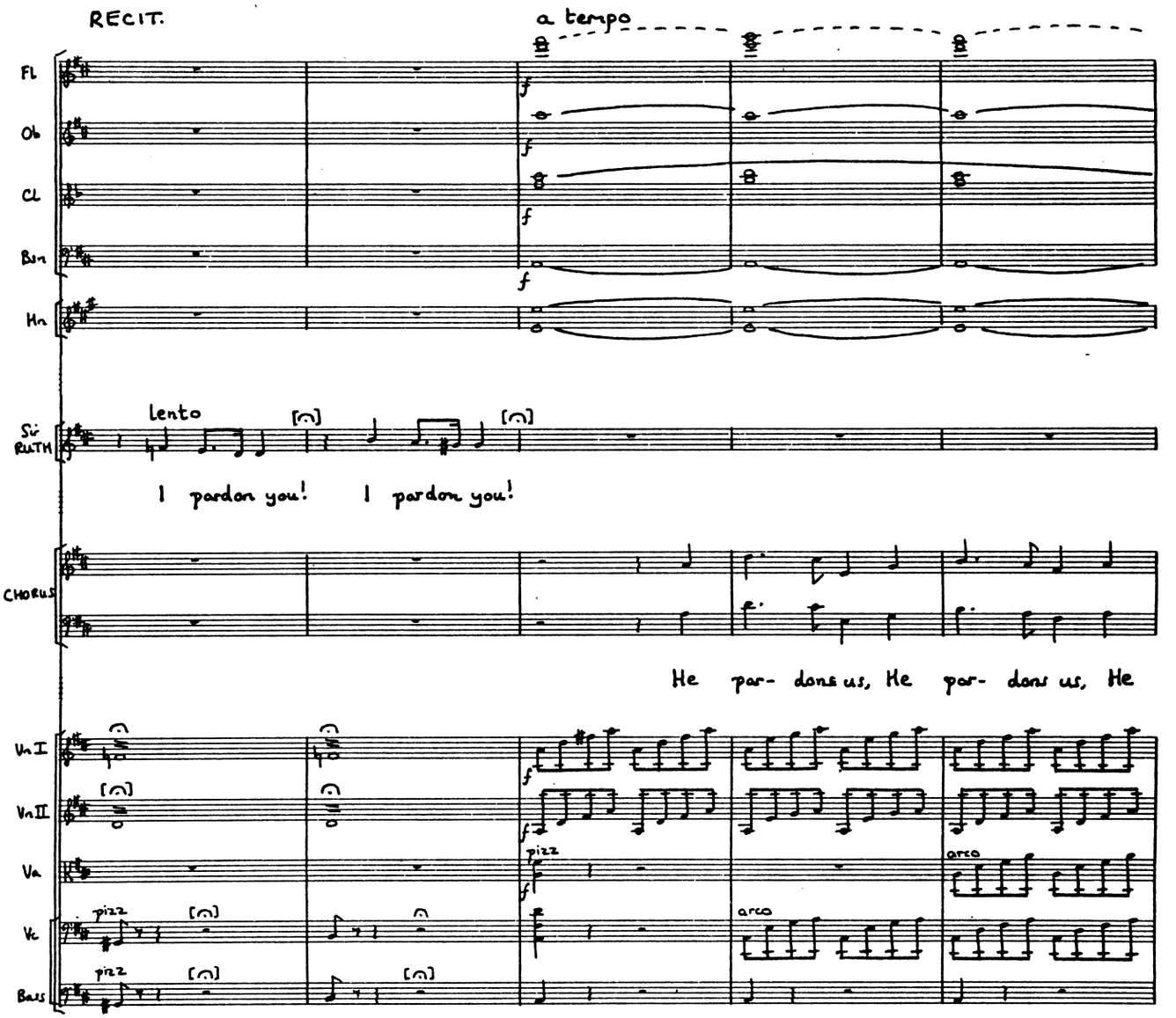
A

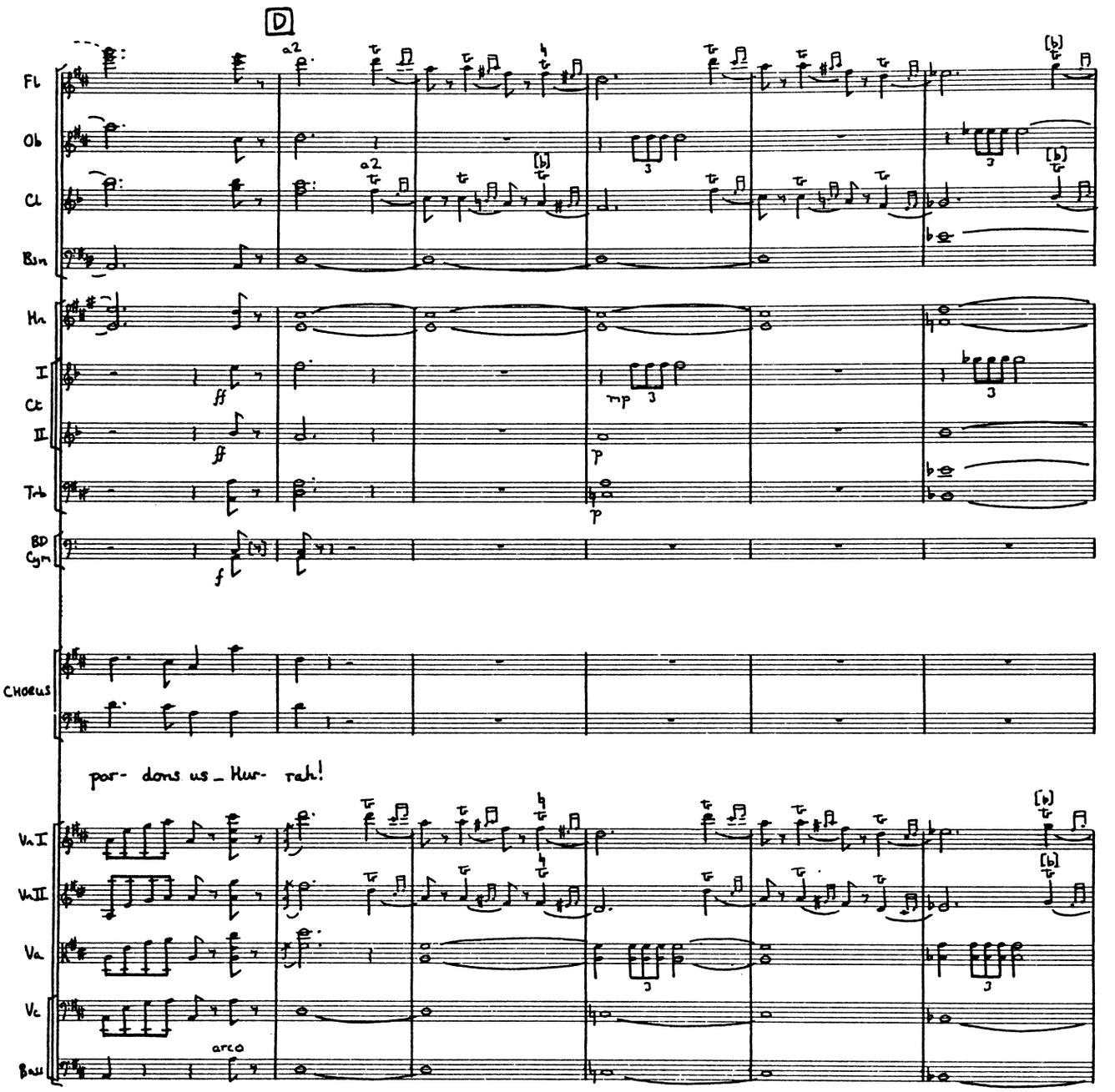

Ob
Bsn
Hn
a2
p
CHORUS
la- test Ruddi- gore! All per- ish in un- heard of woe Who dare our wills de-
VnI
arco
p
VnII
arco
p
Va
p
Vc
p
Bass
arco
p

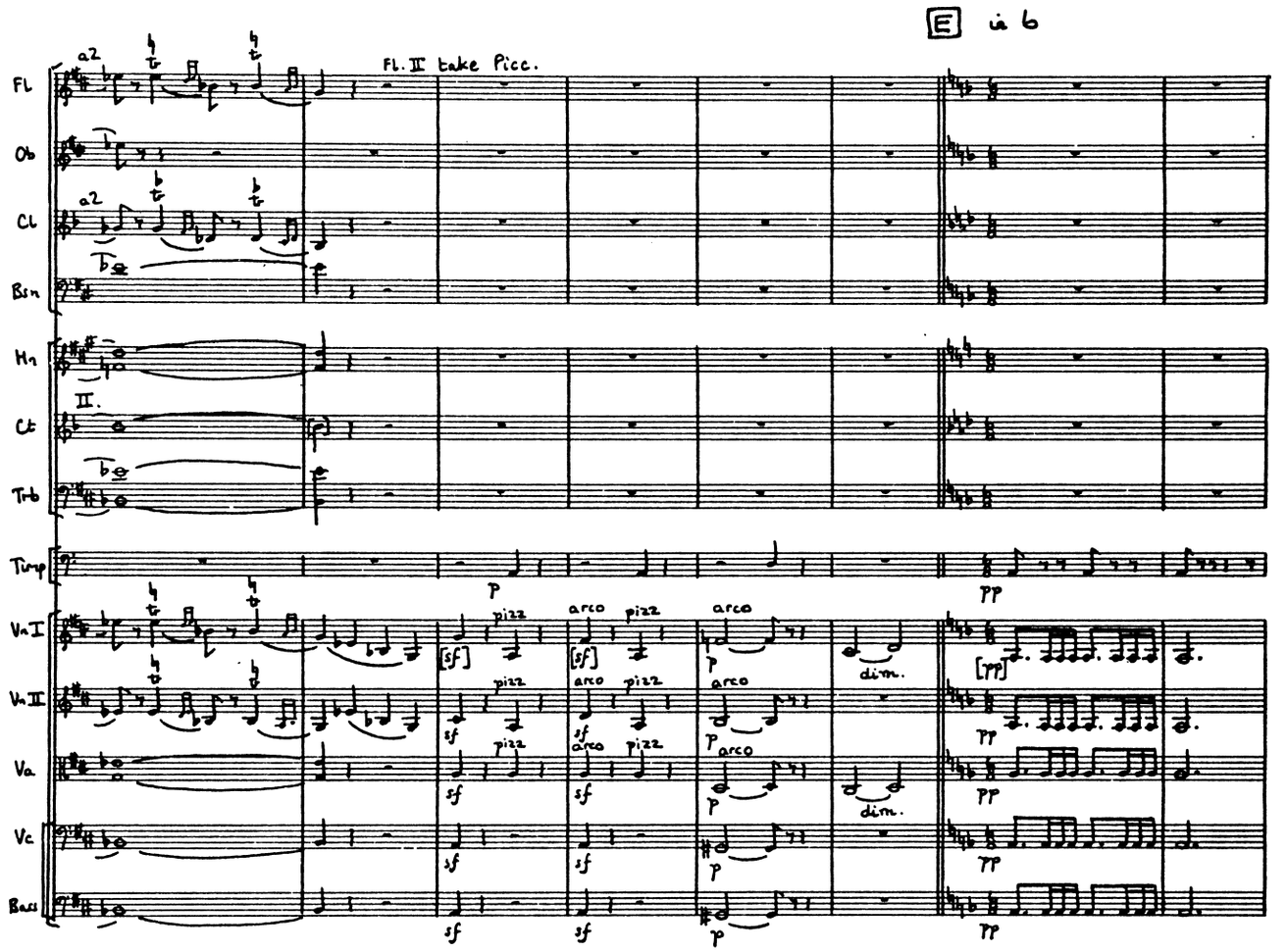

Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I
sf
[f]
f
-fy: We want your par-don, ere we go, We want your par-don, ere we go, For

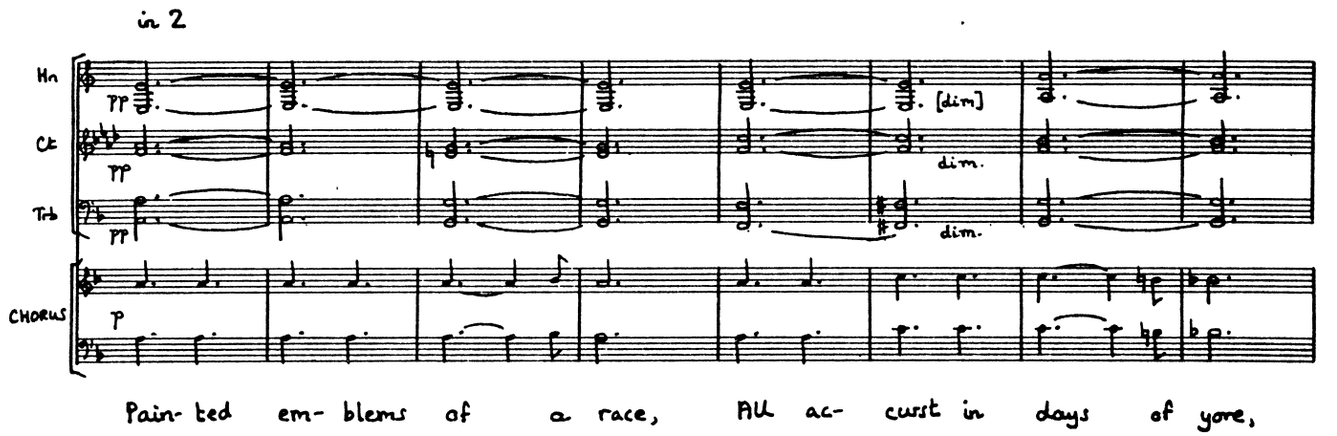

B
I.
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
CHORUS
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p
soli
mf
hav-ing a- go- nized you so — So par- don us_ So par- don us_ So

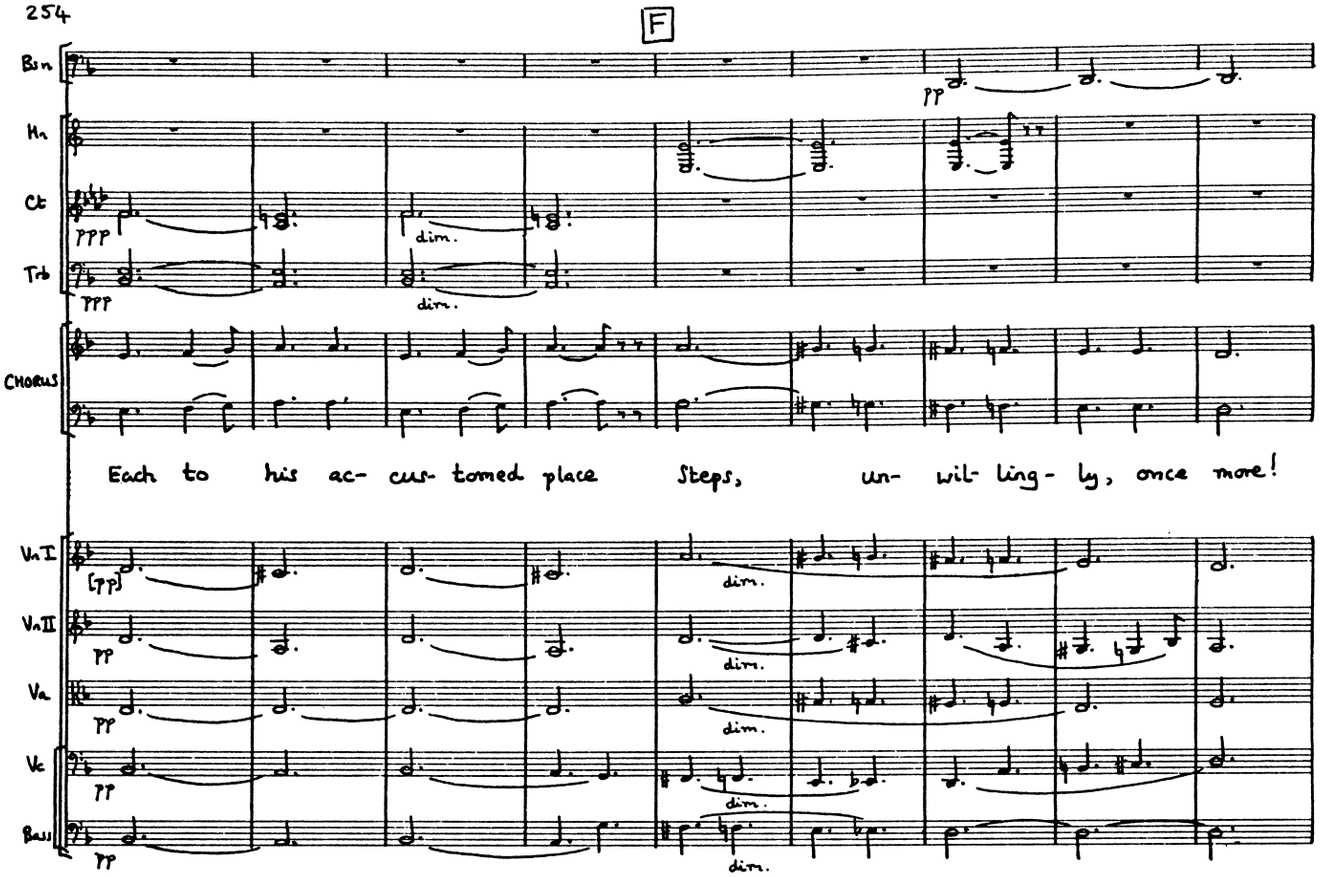

C
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
CHORUS
par- don us _ Or die! So par- don us _ So par- don us. So par- don us _ Or die!
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
arco
pizz

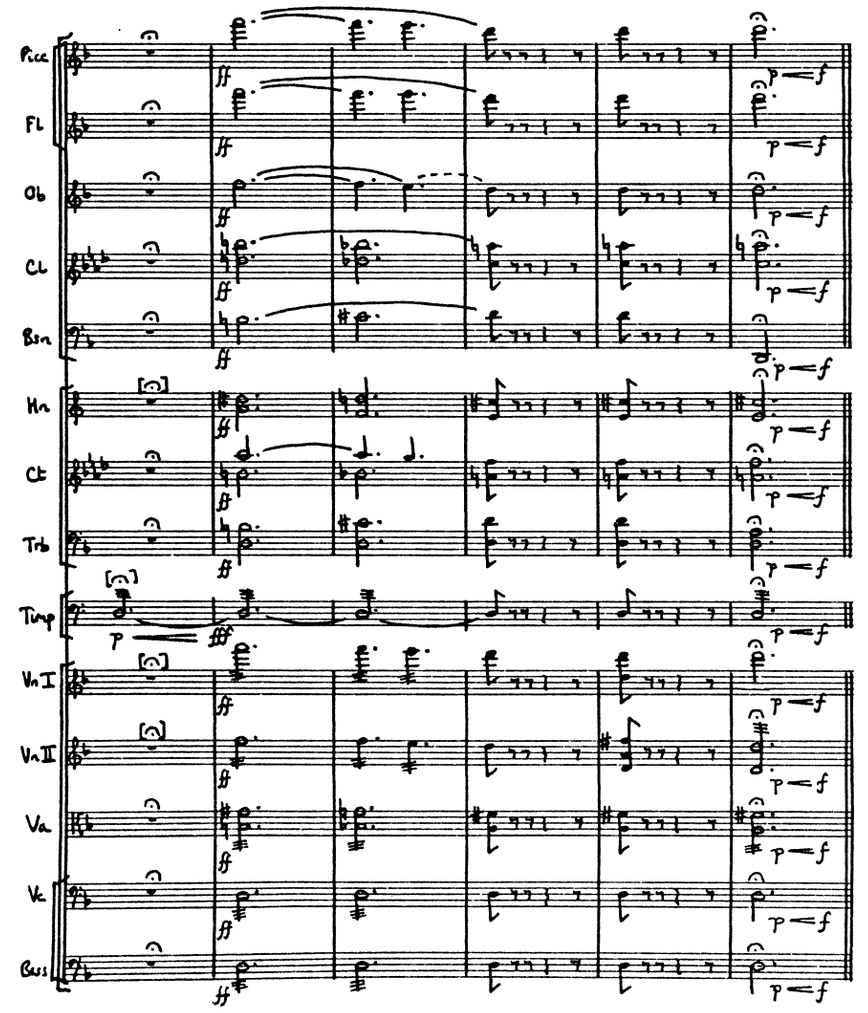

RECIT.
a tempo
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
lento
Si
RUTH
I pardon you! I pardon you!
CHORUS
He par- dons us, He par- dons us, He
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
arco


D
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
I
Ct
II
Tpt
BD
Cym
Chorus
por- dons us_ Hur- rah!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
arco


E in b
Fl. II take Picc.
a2
Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
II.
Ct
Trb
Timp
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
arco
dim.


in 2
Hn
Ct
Trb
CHORUS
[dim]
dim.
Pain- ted em- blems of a race, All ac- curst in days of yore,





ADAM My poor master, you are not well —

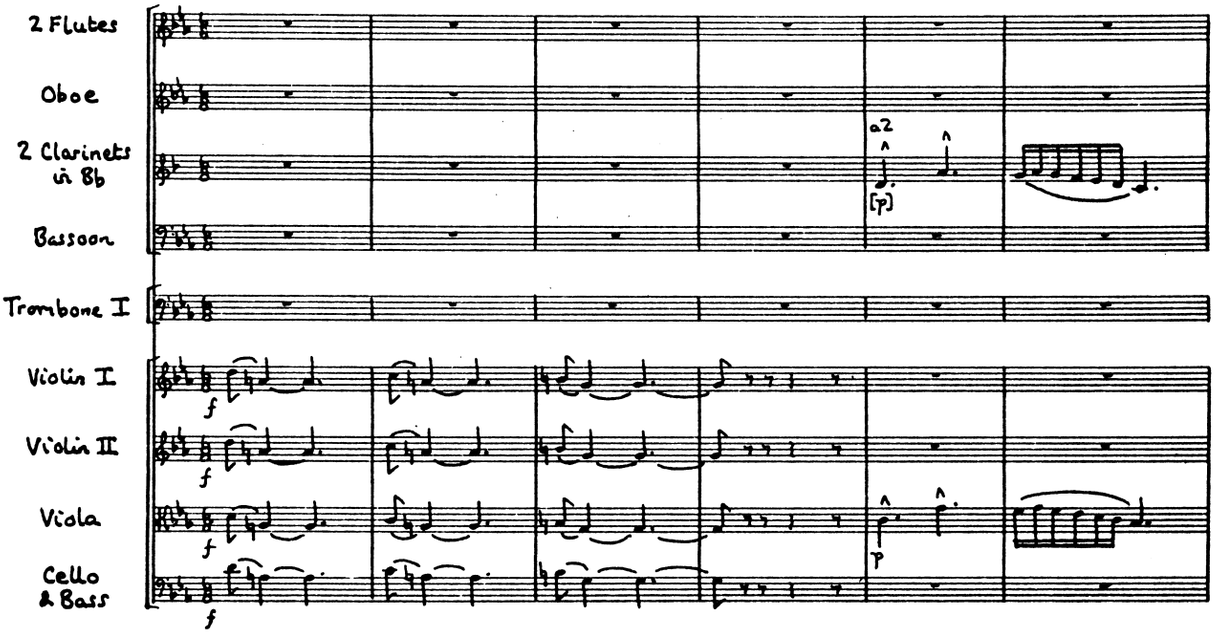
SIR RUTH. Adam, it won't do — I've seen 'em — all my ancestors — they're just gone. They say that I must do something desperate at once, or perish in horrible agonies. Go — go to yonder village — carry off a maiden — bring her here at once — anyone — I don't care which —

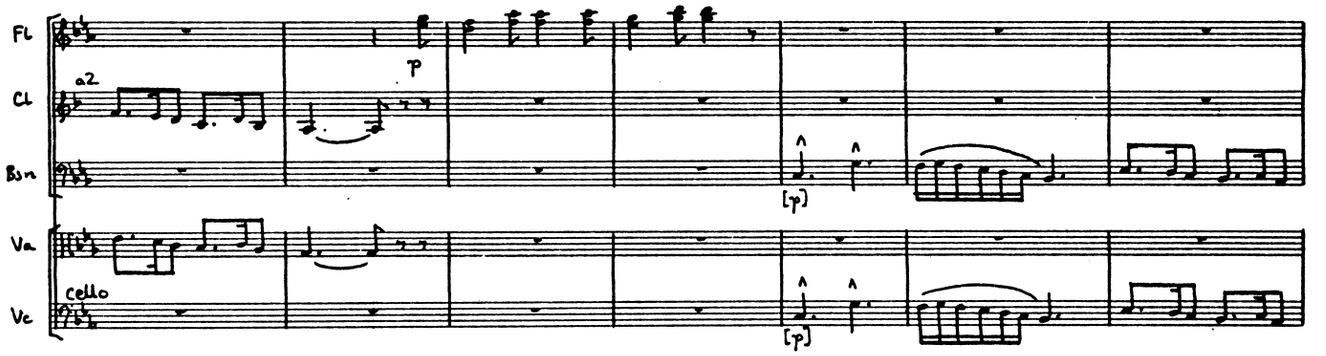
ADAM But —

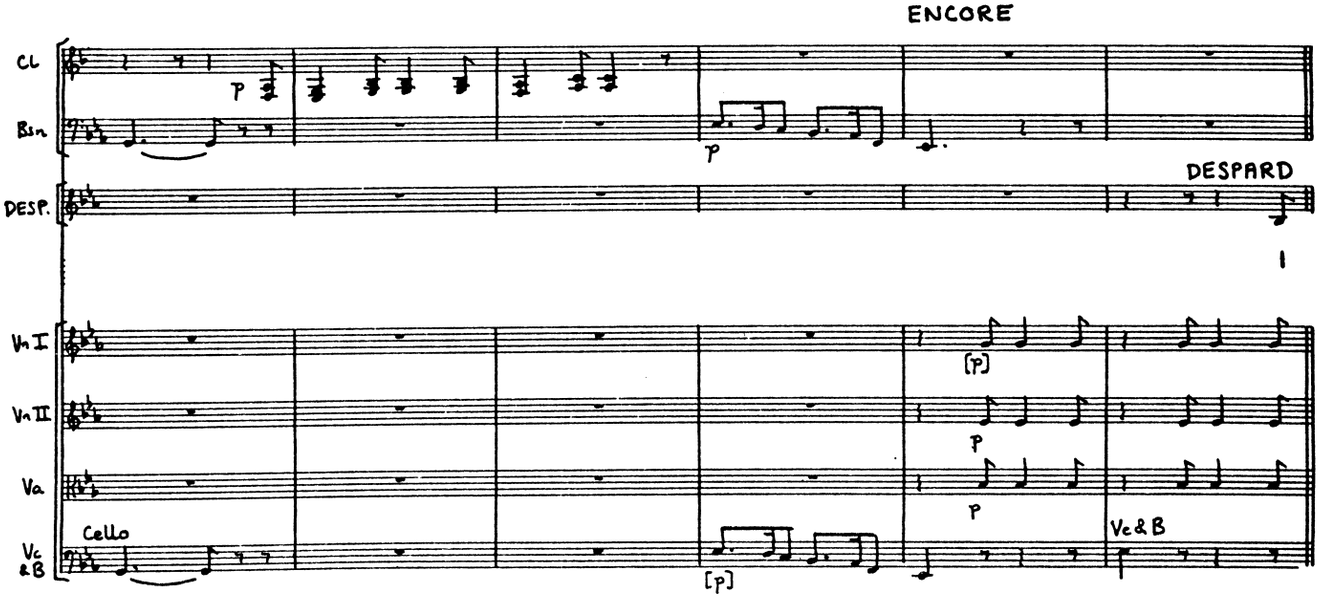
SIR RUTH. Not a word, but obey! Fly!

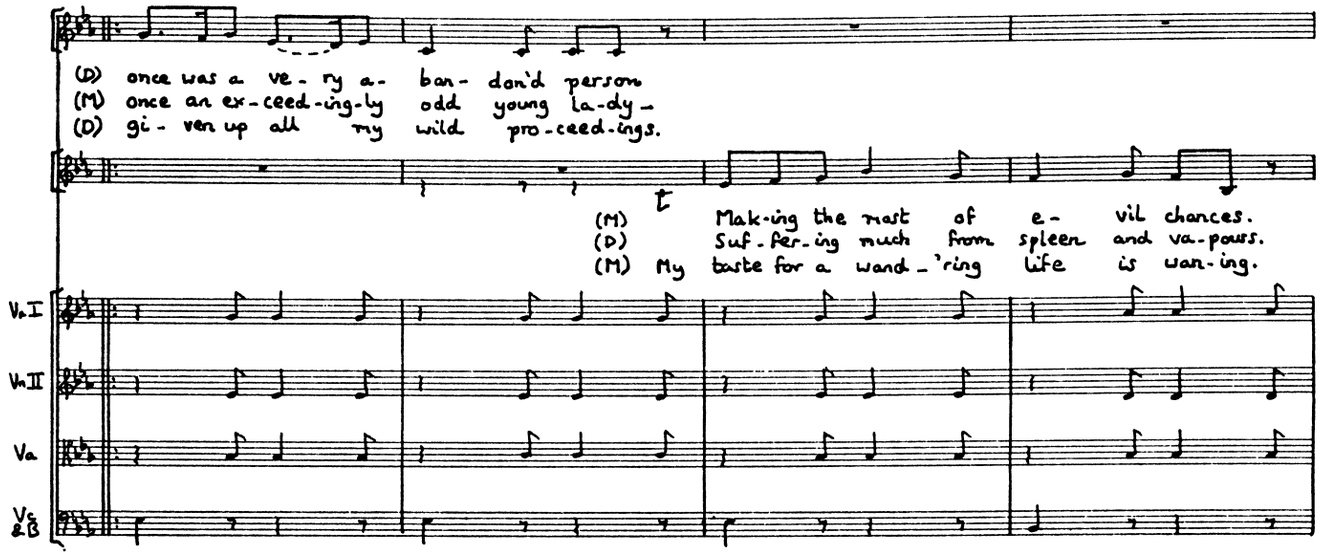
No. 7. DUET
(Margaret & Despard)

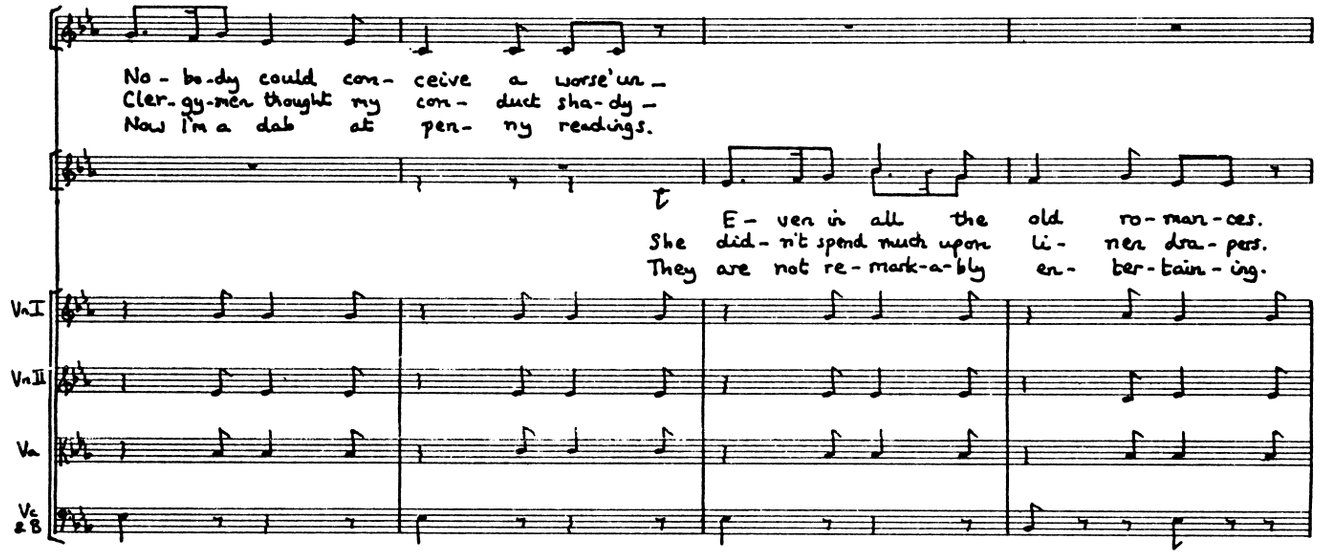
Andante quasi allegretto

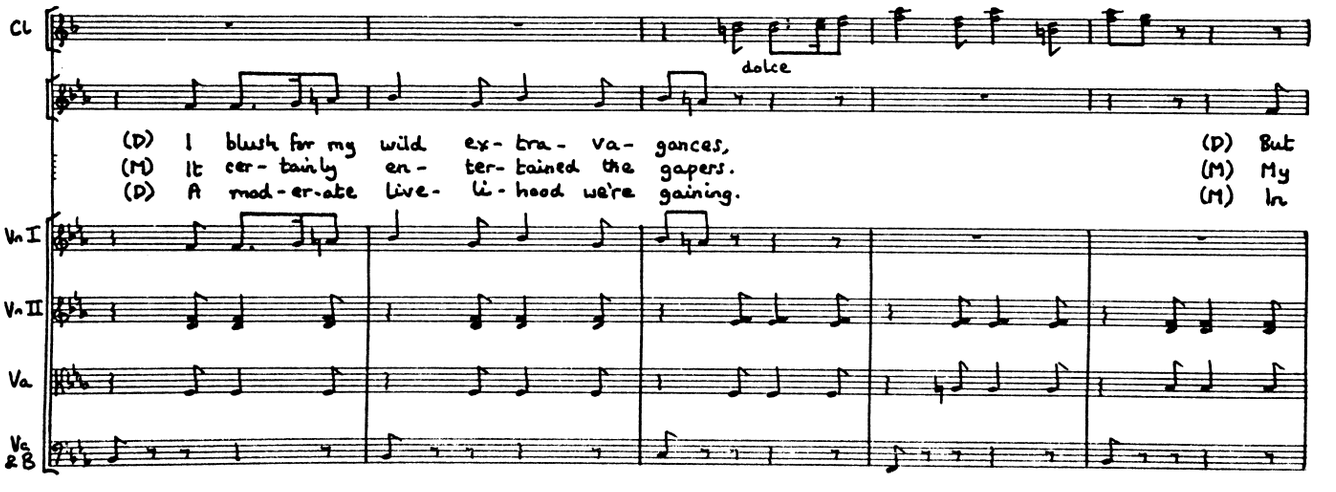


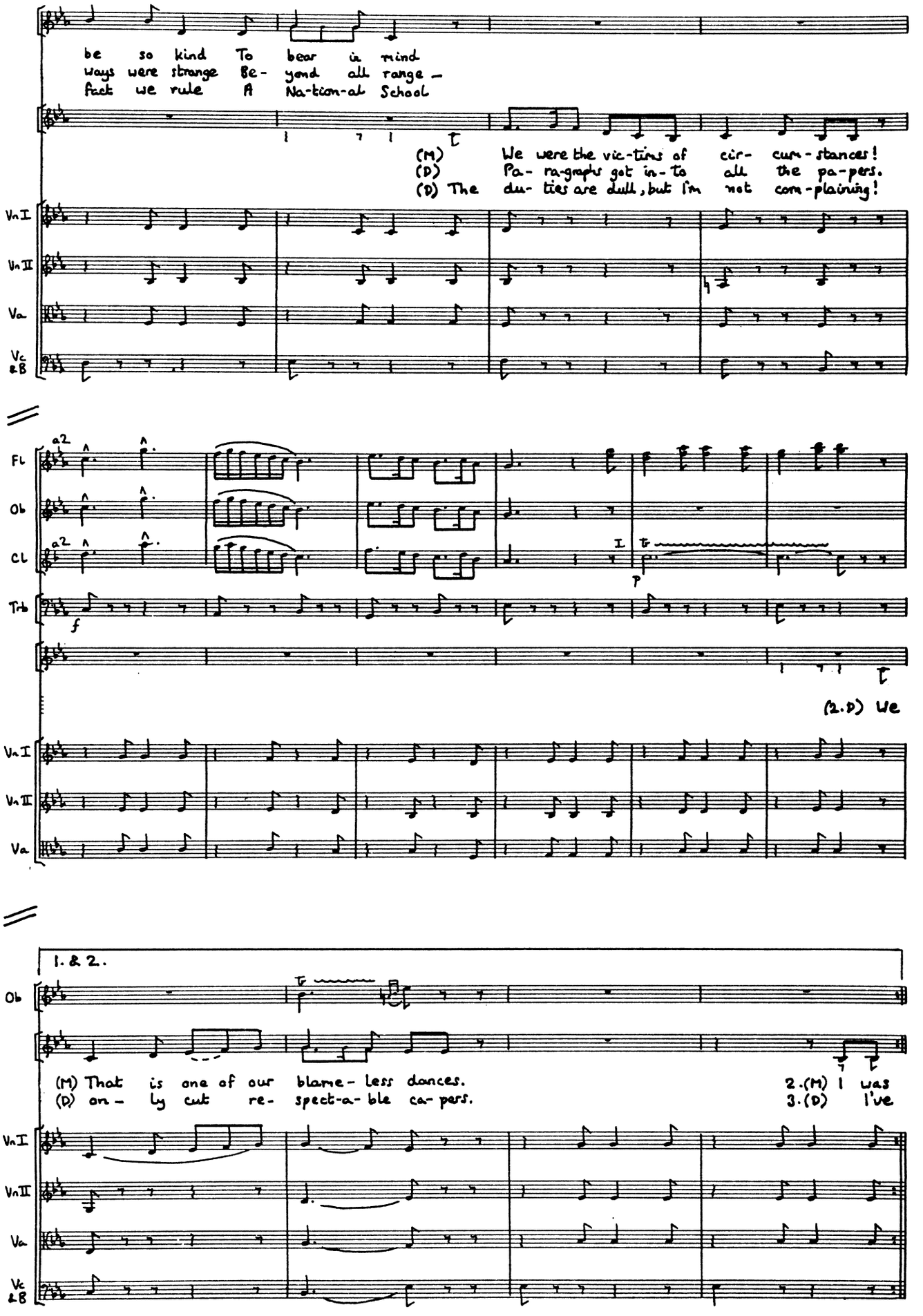


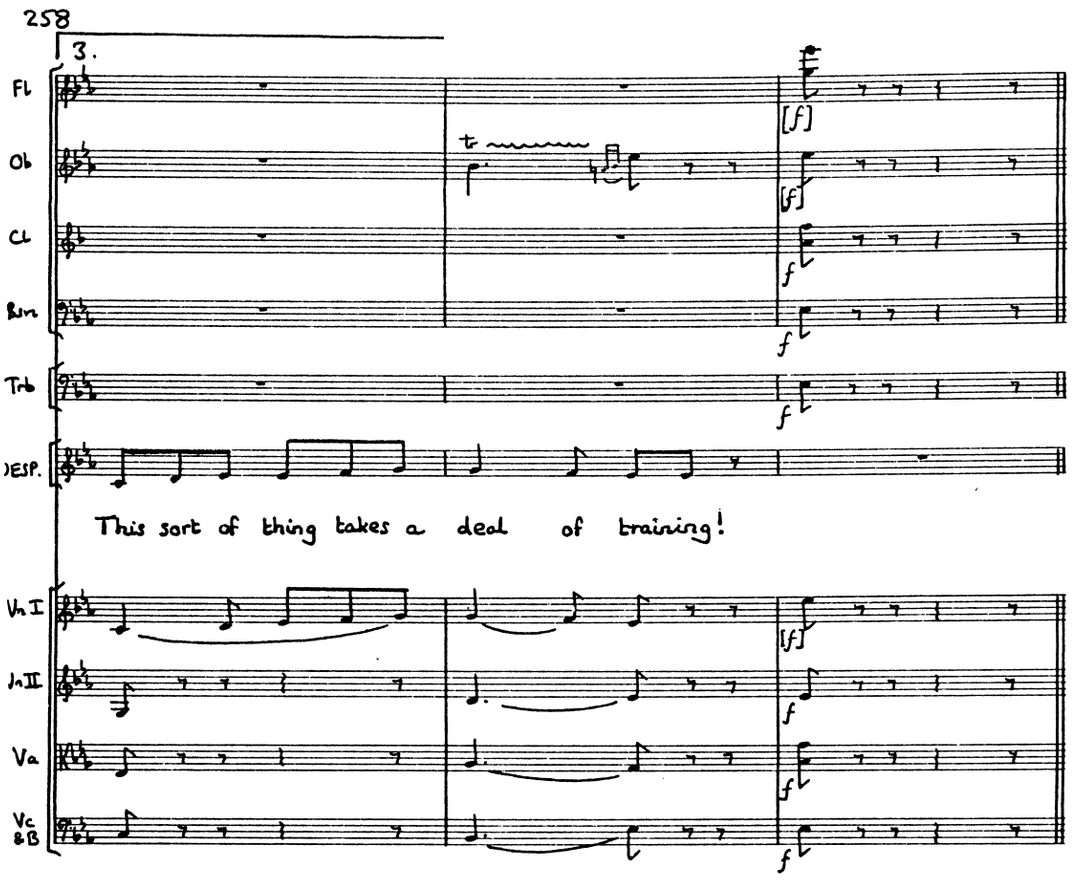



(D) once was a ve - ry a- ban- don'd person
(M) once an ex-ceed-ing-ly odd young la-dy -
(D) gi - ven up all my wild pro-ceed-ings.
(M) Mak-ing the most of e- vil chances.
(D) Suf-fer-ing much from spleen and va-pours.
(M) My taste for a wand-'ring life is wan-ing.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


No - bo-dy could con- ceive a worse'un -
Cler-gy-men thought my con- duct sha-dy -
Now I'm a dab at pen- ny readings.
E - ven in all the old ro-man-ces.
She did- n't spend much upon li- ner dra-pers.
They are not re-mark-a-bly en- ter-tain-ing.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Cl
dolce
(D) I blush for my wild ex- tra- va- ganc es,
(M) It cer- tain ly en- ter- tained the gapers.
(D) A mod-er-ate live- li- hood we're gaining.
(D) But
(M) My
(M) In
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


be so kind To bear in mind
ways were strange Be- yond all range –
fuck we rule A Na-tion-al School
(M) We were the vic-tims of cir- cum-stances!
(D) Pa- ra-graphs got in-to all the pa-pers.
(D) The du- ties are dull, but I'm not com-plaining!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
Fl
Ob
Cl
Tpt
(2.D) We
1. & 2.
(M) That is one of our blame- less dances.
(D) on- ly cut re- spect-a- ble ca- pers.
2.(M) I was
3.(D) I've



DESPARD We have been married a week.

MARGARET One happy, happy week!

DESPARD Our new life —

MARGARET Is delightful indeed!

DESPARD So calm!

MARGARET So unimpassioned! Master, all this I owe to you! See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My face is washed. My boots fit!

DESPARD Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.

MARGARET A gentle district visitor!

DESPARD You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions well under control.

MARGARET I have! Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your knees!

DESPARD Hush! This is not well. This is calculated to provoke remark. Be composed, I beg!

MARGARET Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

DESPARD No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you nurse sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?

MARGARET Why not?

DESPARD Because it's too jumpy for a sick room.

MARGARET How strange! Oh, Master! Master! — how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that —

DESPARD Now!

MARGARET Yes, I know, dear — it shan't occur again. Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's odd thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse — some word that teems with hidden meaning — like "Basingstoke" — it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Daft Meg! Poor Peg! He! he! he!

DESPARD Poor child, she wanders! But soft — someone comes — Margaret — pray recollect yourself — Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

MARGARET Basingstoke it is!

DESPARD Then make it so.

SIR RUTHVEN Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

MARGARET Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I render him asunder? Say but the word and —

DESPARD Basingstoke!

MARGARET Basingstoke it is!

DESPARD Then make it so. My brother — I call you brother, still, despite your horrible profligacy — we have come to urge you to abandon the evil courses to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

SIR RUTHVEN But I've done no wrong yet.

MARGARET No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

DESPARD Basingstoke.

MARGARET Basingstoke it is.

DESPARD My brother — I still call you brother, you observe — you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years — and you are therefore responsible — in the eye of the law — for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

SIR RUTHVEN I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

DESPARD Awful. Wasn't he?

SIR RUTHVEN And I've been going on like this for how long?

DESPARD Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed — by attorney as it were — during that period. Remember how you trifled with this poor child's affections — how you raised her hopes on high (don't cry, my love — Basingstoke, you know), only to trample them in the dust when they were at the very zenith of their fulness. Oh fie, sir, fie — she trusted you!

SIR RUTHVEN Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there — don't cry, my dear, it's all right now. Birmingham, you know — Birmingham —

MARGARET It's Ba — Ba — Basingstoke!

SIR RUTHVEN Basingstoke! of course it is — Basingstoke.

MARGARET Then make it so!

SIR RUTHVEN There, there — it's all right — he's married you now — that is, I've married you — I say, which of us has married her?

DESPARD Oh, I've married her.

SIR RUTHVEN Oh, I'm glad of that. Yes, he's married you now, and anything more disreputable than my conduct seems to have been I've never even heard of. But my mind is made up — I will defy my ancestors. I will refuse to obey their behests, thus, by courting death, atone in some degree for the infamy of my career!

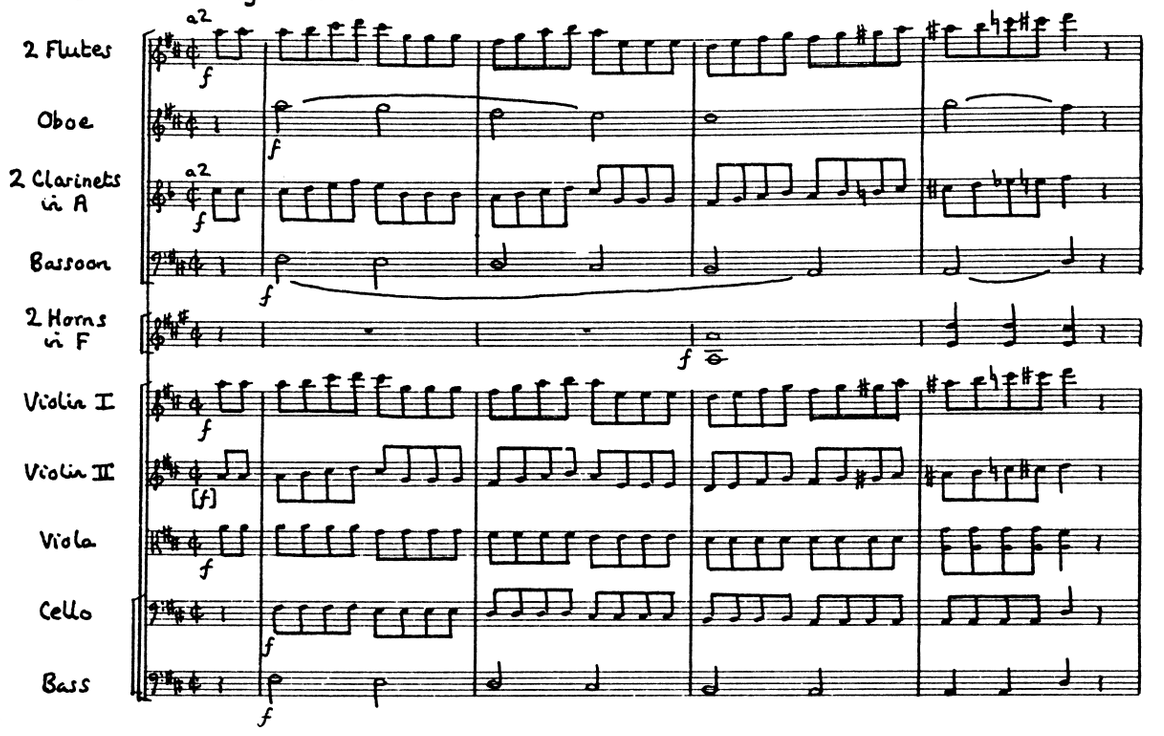
MARGARET I knew it — I knew it — God bless you —

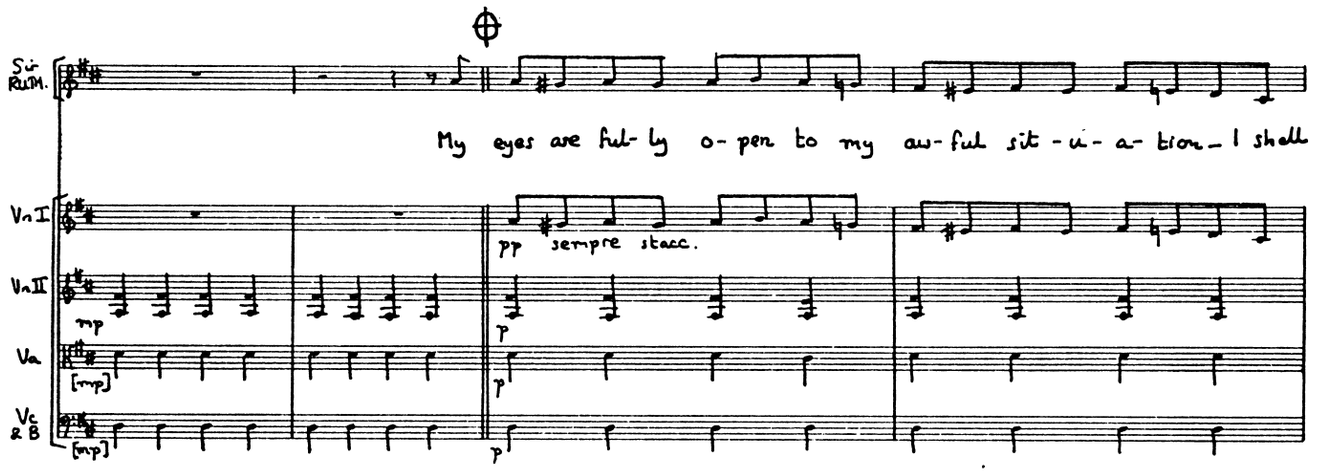
DESPARD Basingstoke!

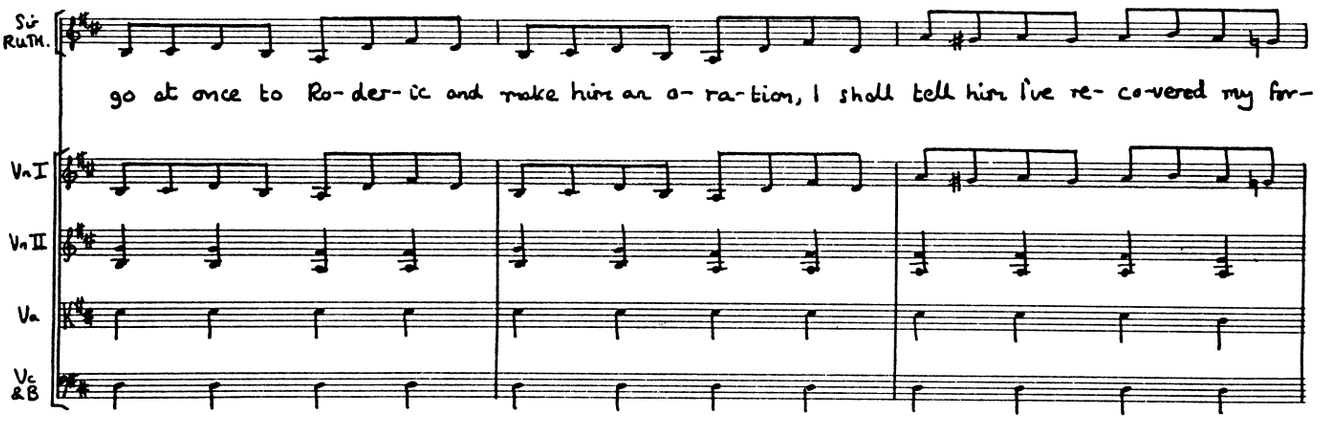
MARGARET Basingstoke it is!

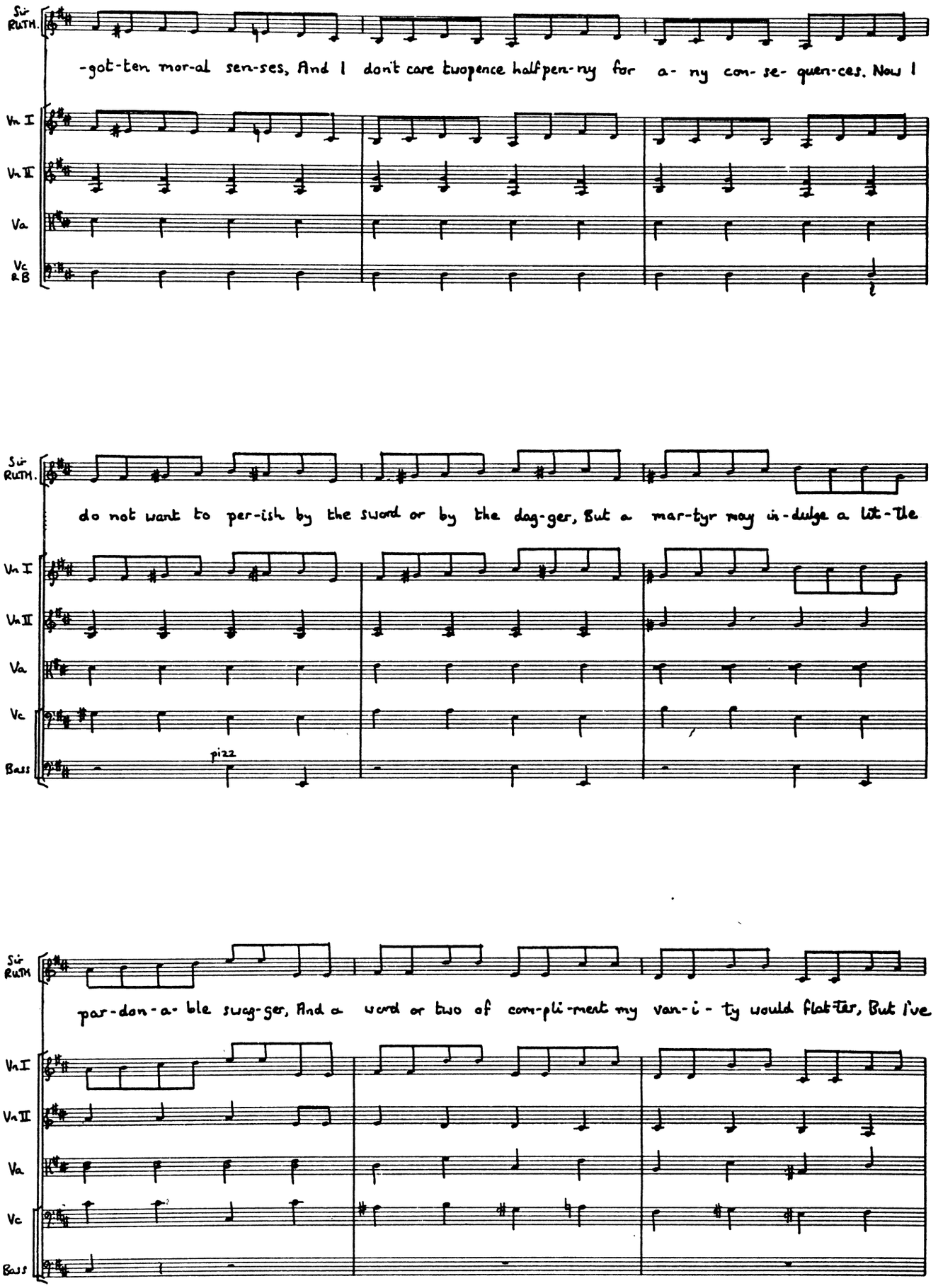
No. 8. TRIO (Margaret, Sir Ruthven & Despard)

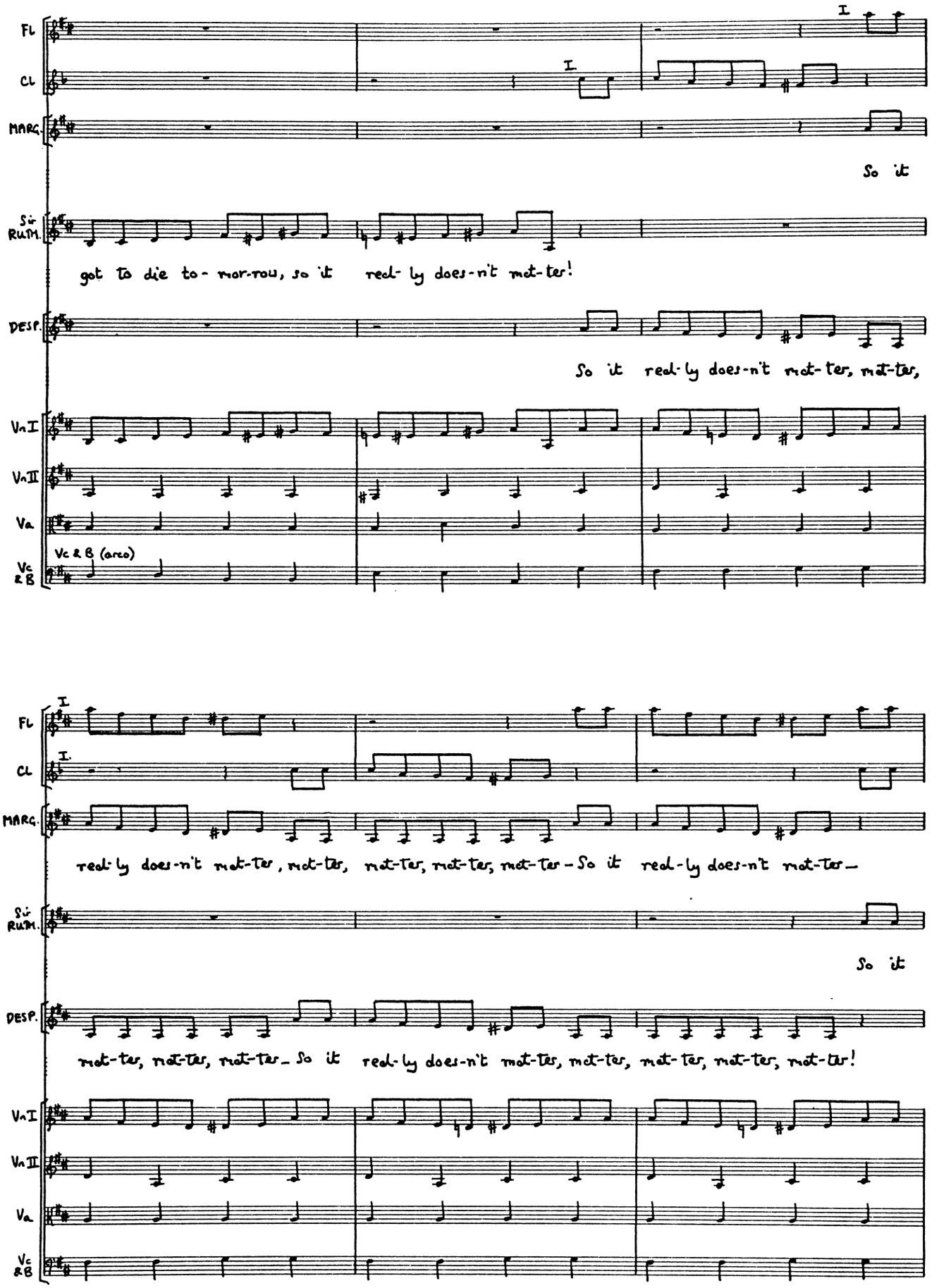
ENCORE Allegro vivace

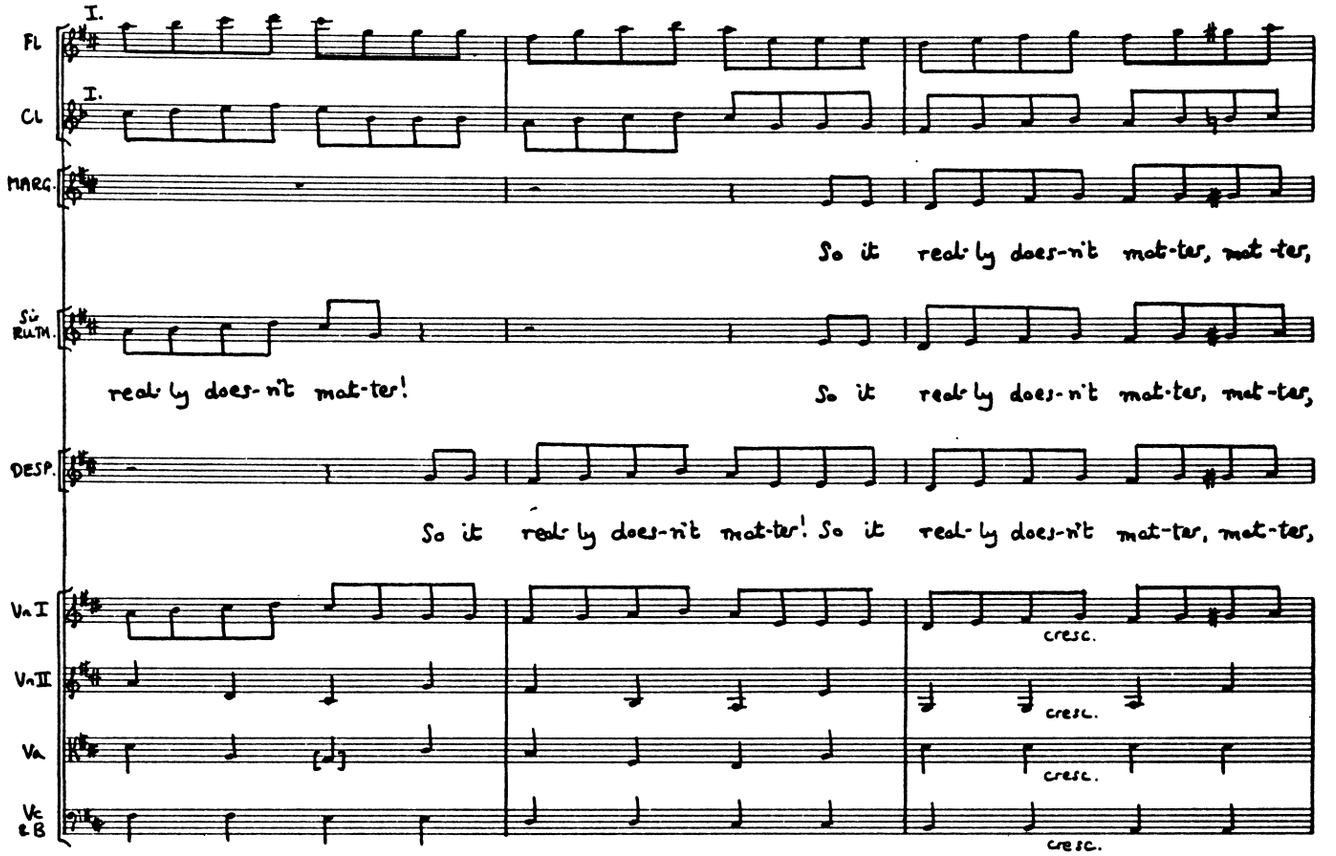


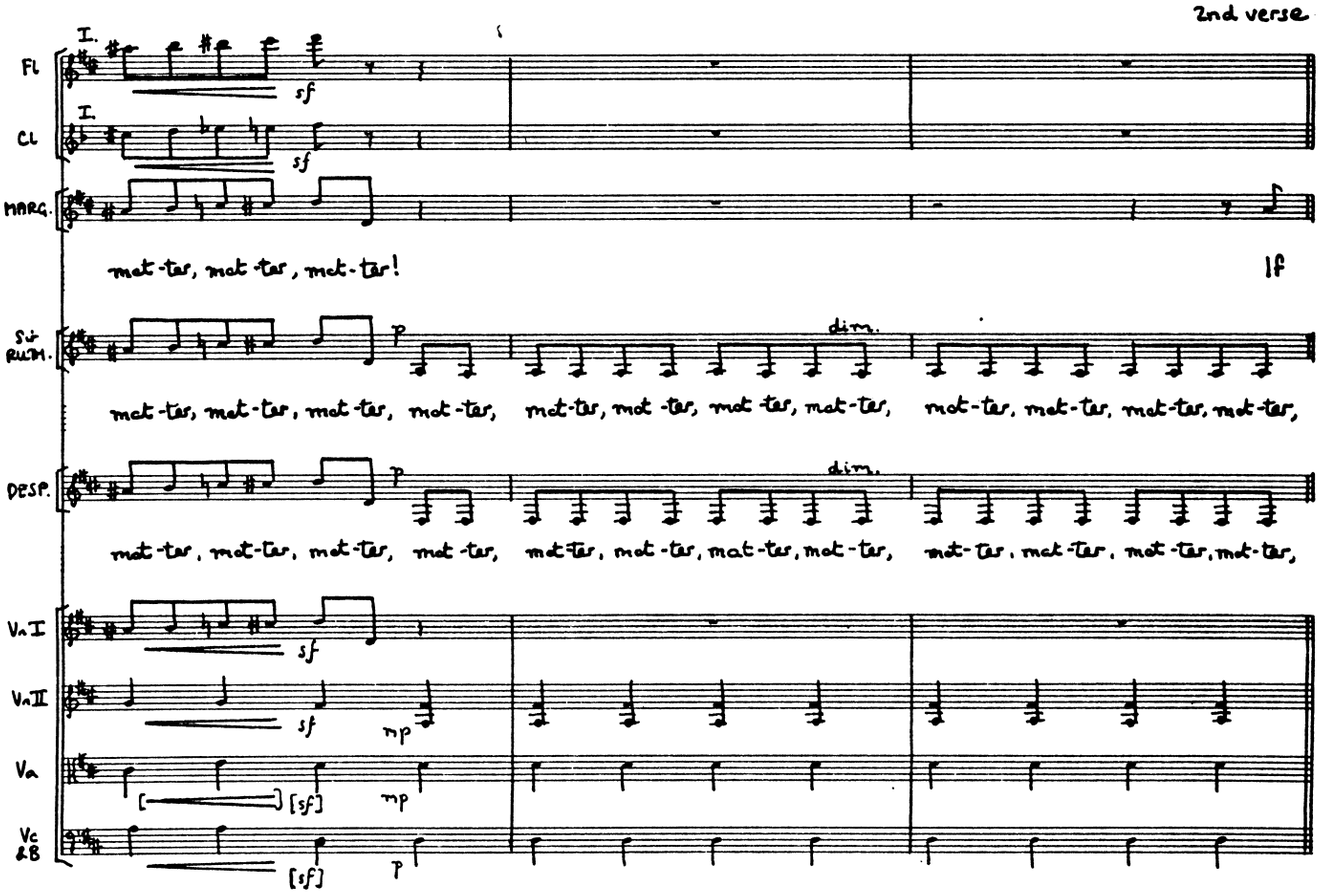


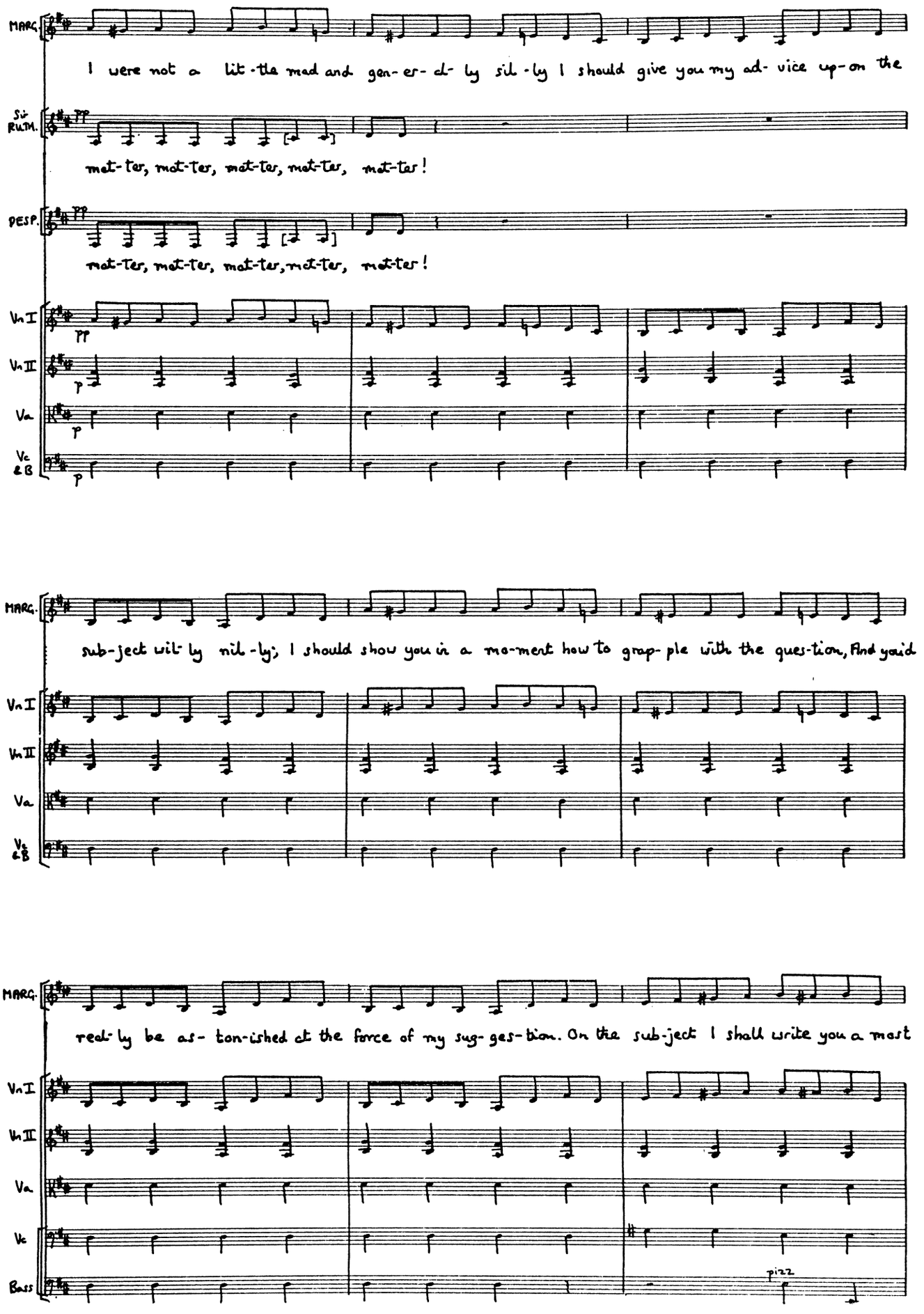


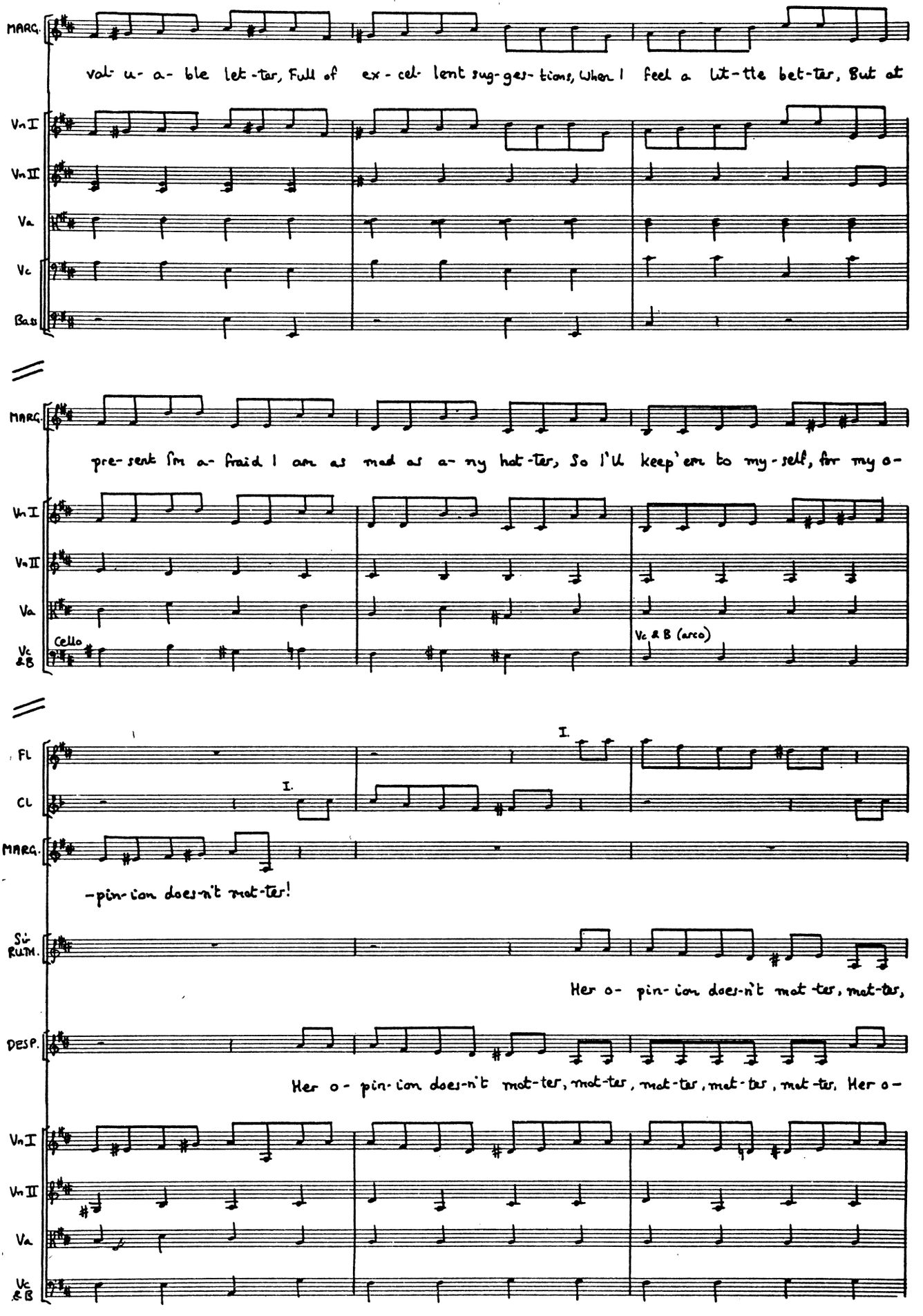

Sir RUTH.
-got-ten mor-al sen-ses, And I don't care twopence halfpen-ny for a- ny con- se- quen-ces. Now I
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Sir RUTH.
do not want to per-ish by the sword or by the dag-ger, But a mar-tyr may in-dulge a lit-tle
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
Sir RUTH
par-don-a- ble swag-ger, And a word or two of com-pli-ment my van-i - ty would flat-ter, But I've
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass

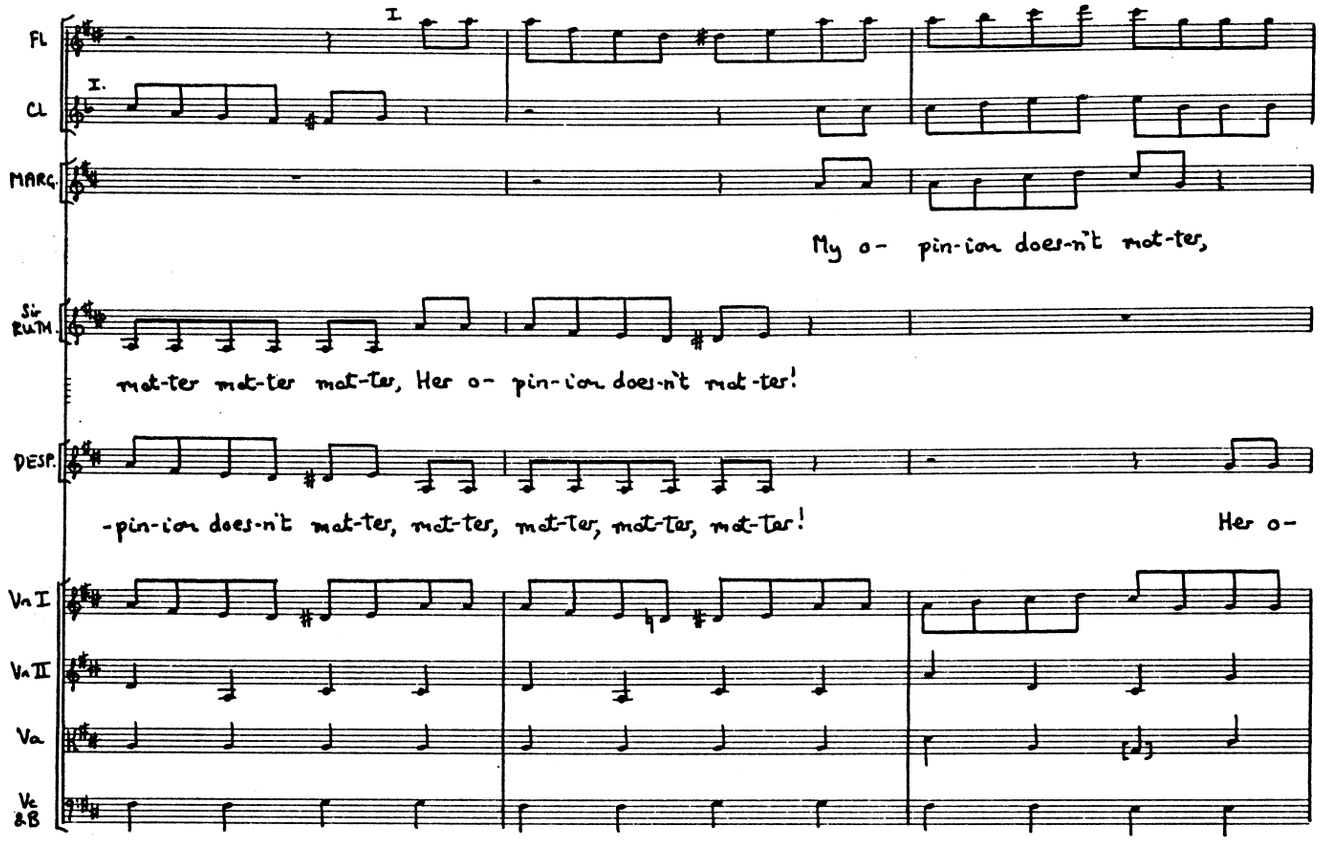

Fl
Cl
MARC.
Sir RUM.
DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Vc & B (arco)
I
So it
got to die to-mor-row, so it real-ly does-n't mat-ter!
So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter - So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter -
So it
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter - So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

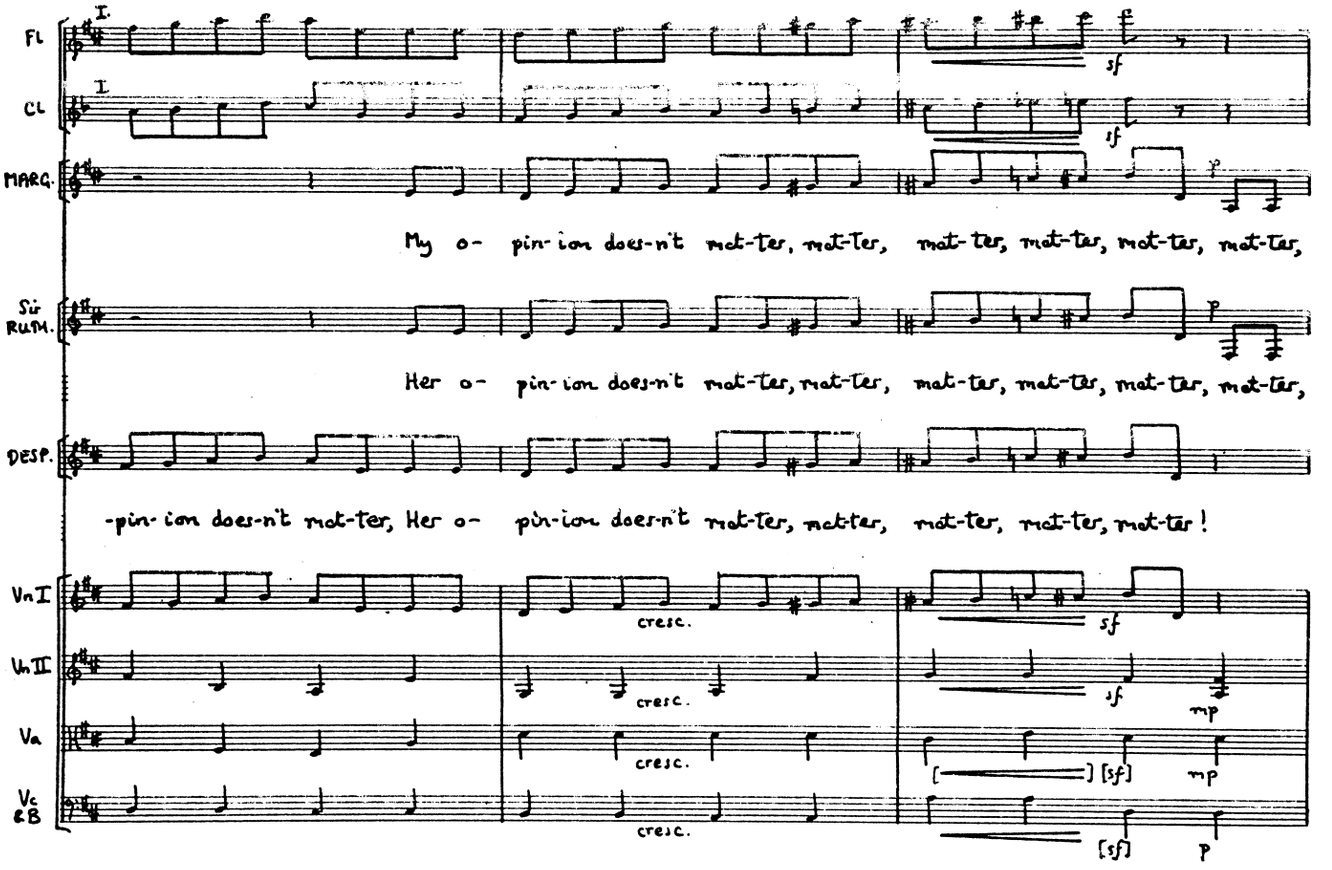

I.
Fl
Cl
MARG.
So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
Sir RUTH.
real-ly does-n't mat-ter!
So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
DESP.
So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter! So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
cresc.


2nd verse
I.
Fl
Cl
sf
MARG.
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!
If
Sir RUTH.
p
dim.
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,
DESP.
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,
Vn I
Vn II
mp
Va
[sf]
Vc & B


MARC.
I were not a lit-tle mad and gen-er-al-ly sil-ly I should give you my ad-vice up-on the
Sir RUTH.
pp
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!
PESP.
pp
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
pp
p
p
p
MARC.
sub-ject wit-ly nil-ly; I should show you in a mo-ment how to grap-ple with the ques-tion, And you'd
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
MARC.
real-ly be as-ton-ished at the force of my sug-ges-tion. On the sub-ject I shall write you a mast
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz


MARC.
val- u- a- ble let-ter, Full of ex- cel- lent sug-ges- tions, When I feel a lit-tle bet-ter, But at
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
MARC.
pre- sent I'm a- fraid I am as mad as a- ny hat-ter, So I'll keep 'em to my- self, for my o-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Cello
Vc & B
Vc & B (arco)
I.
Fl
Cl
MARC.
-pin- ion does-n't mat-ter!
Sir RUTH.
Her o- pin- ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
DESP.
Her o- pin- ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, Her o-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B


Fl
Cl
MARC.
Sir RUTH.
DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
I.
I
My o- pin-ion does-n't mat-ter,
mat-ter mat-ter mat-ter, Her o- pin-ion does-n't mat-ter!
-pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!
Her o-


Fl
Cl
MARC.
Sir RUTH.
DESP.
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
I.
I
sf
My o- pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,
Her o- pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,
-pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, Her o- pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!
cresc.
mp
[sf]
p

3rd verse

MARG. mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,

Sr RUTH. mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,

DESP. If I had been so luck-y as to

Vn I pp

Vn II p

Va [p]

Vc & B [p]

MARG. mat-ter!

Sr RUTH. mat-ter!

DESP. have a stea-dy bro-ther who could talk to me as we are talk-ing now to one an- o- ther, who could

Vn I

Vn II

Va

Vc & B

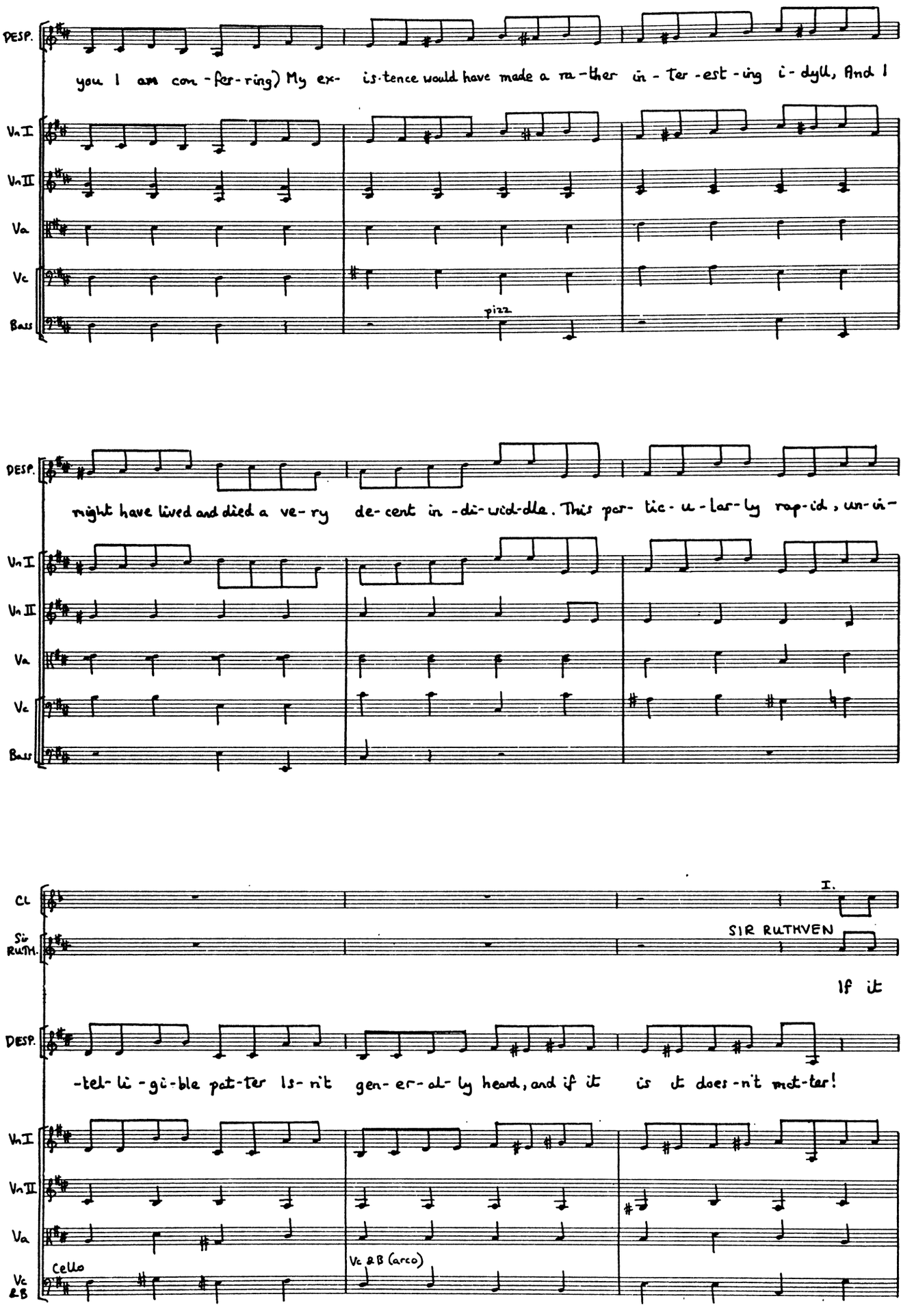
DESP. give me good ad-vice when he dis- cov-ered I was er-ring, (which is just the ve-ry fa-vour which on

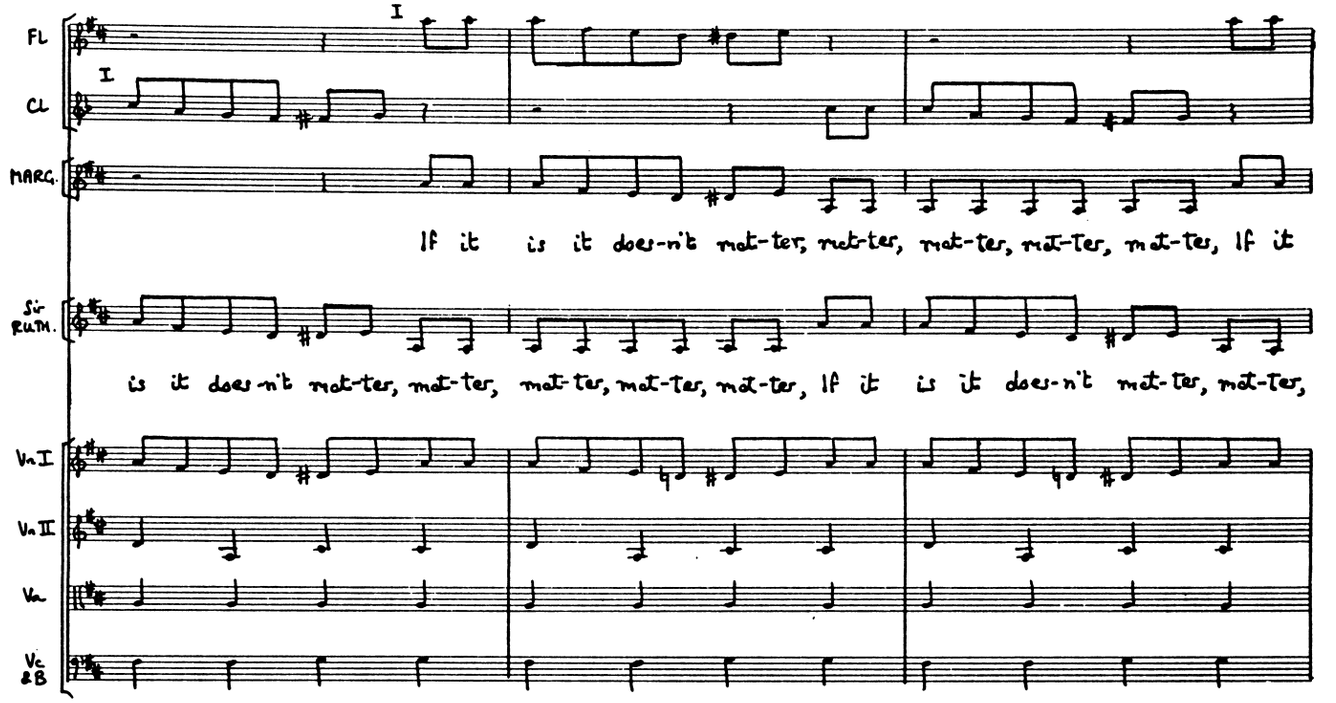
Vn I

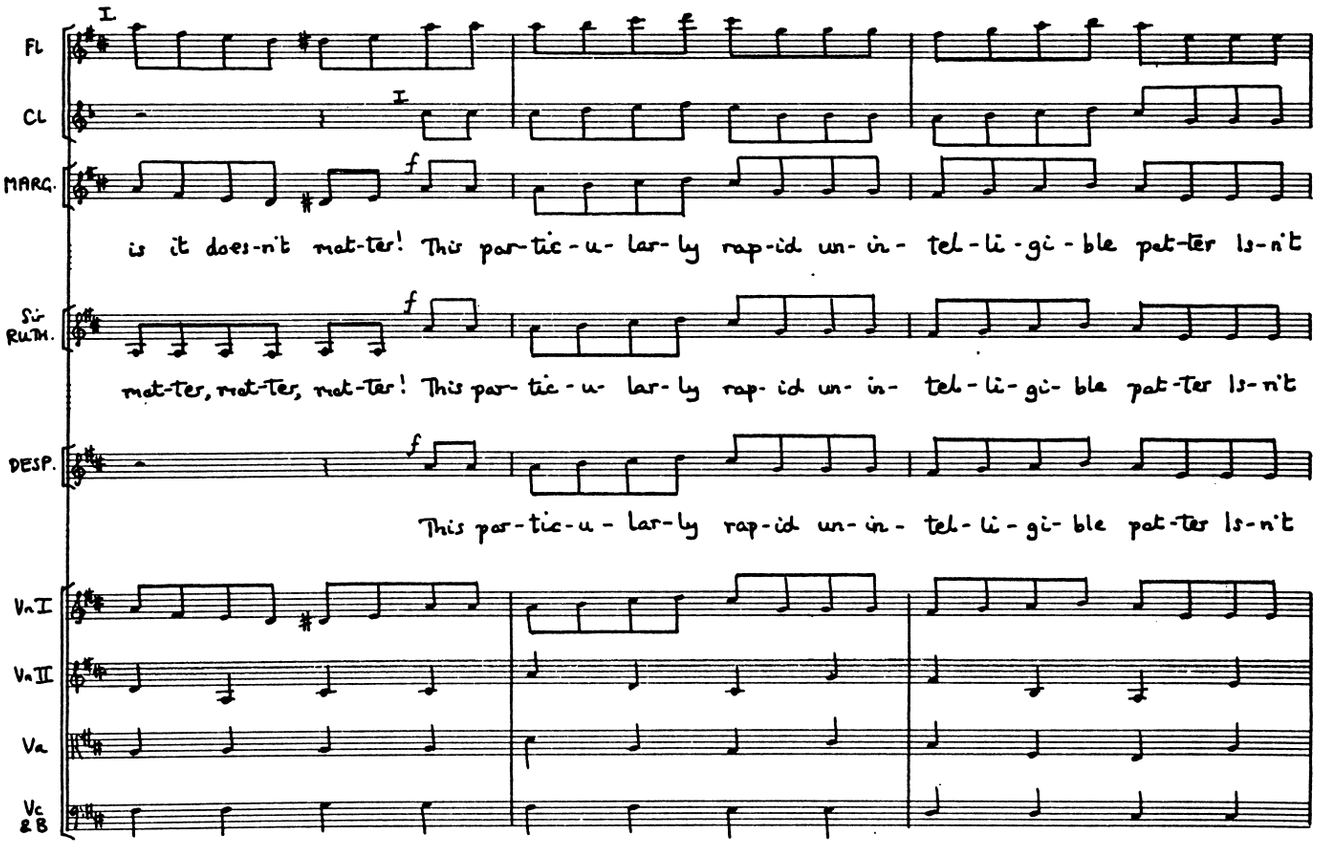
Vn II

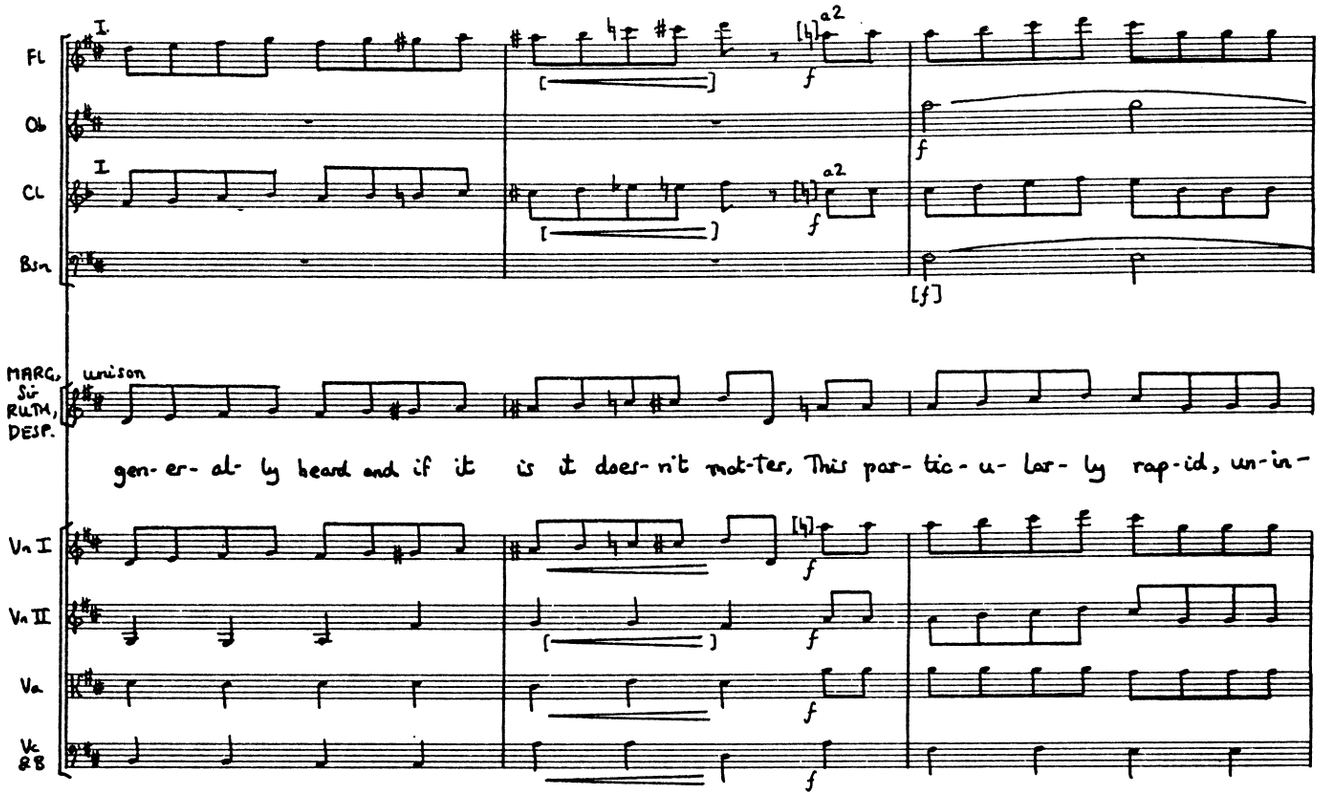
Va

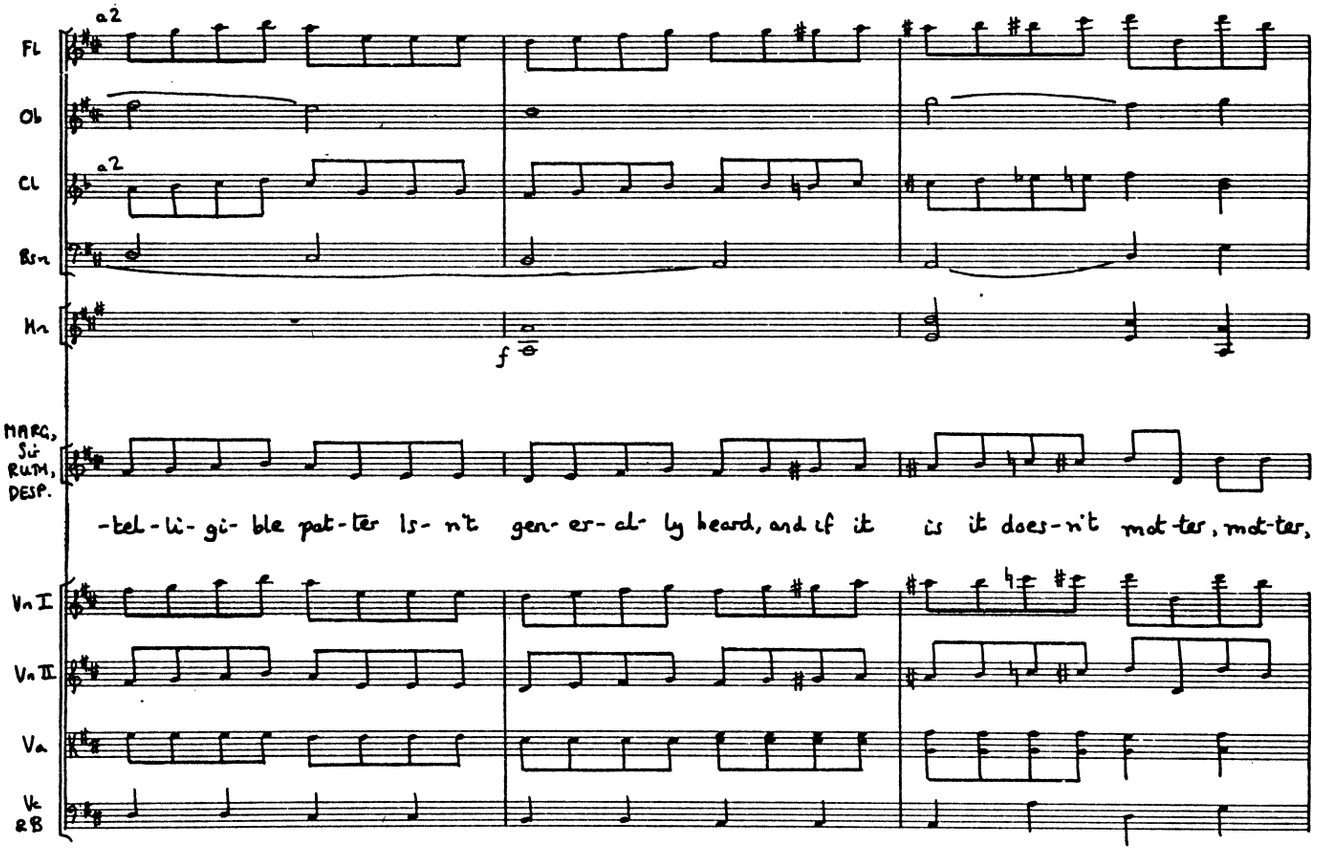
Vc & B

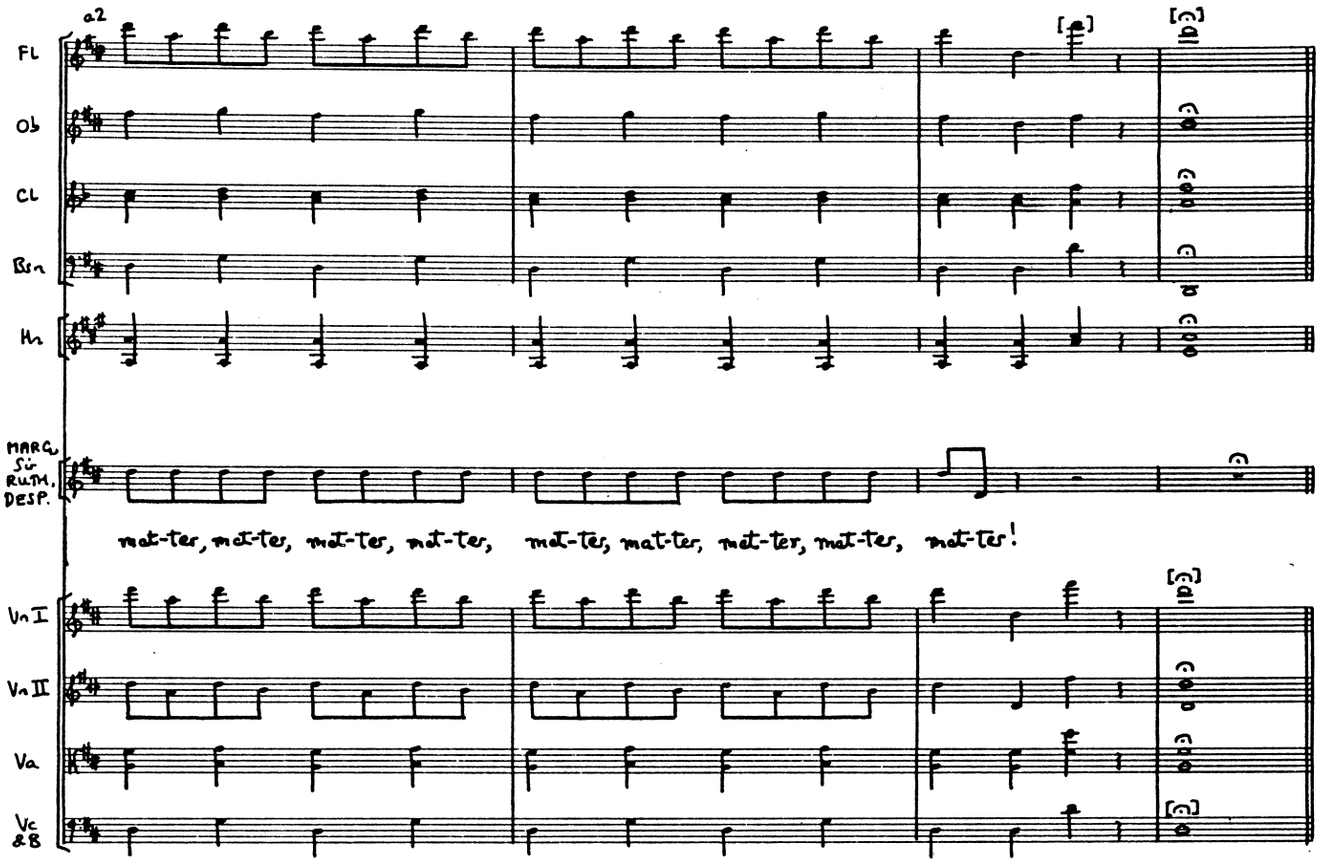

DESP.
you I am con-fer-ring) My ex- is-tence would have made a ra-ther in-ter-est-ing i-dyll, And I
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
pizz
DESP.
might have lived and died a ve-ry de-cent in-di-vid-dle. This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
VnI
VnII
Va
Vc
Bass
Cl
I.
Sir RUTH.
SIR RUTHVEN
If it
DESP.
-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter is-n't gen-er-al-ly heard, and if it is it does-n't mat-ter!
VnI
VnII
Va
Cello
Vc &B (arco)
Vc &B


Fl
Cl
MARG.
If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it
Sir RUTH.
is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Fl
Cl
MARG.
f
is it does-n't mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter is-n't
Sir RUTH.
f
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter is-n't
DESP.
f
This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter is-n't
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
I
I
a2
a2
f
f
f
[f]
MARC, SU RUTH, DESP.
unison
gen- er- al- ly heard and if it is it does- n't mat-ter, This par- tic- u- lar- ly rap-id, un-in-
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B
f
f
f
f


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
a2
a2
f
MARC, SU RUTH, DESP.
-tel- li- gi- ble pat- ter Is- n't gen- er- al- ly heard, and if it is it does- n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B



ENCORE : beginning (p. 262)
then cut 𝄋 to 𝄋 for 3rd verse

ADAM Master — the deed is done!

SIR RUTHVEN What deed?

ADAM She is here — alone, unprotected —

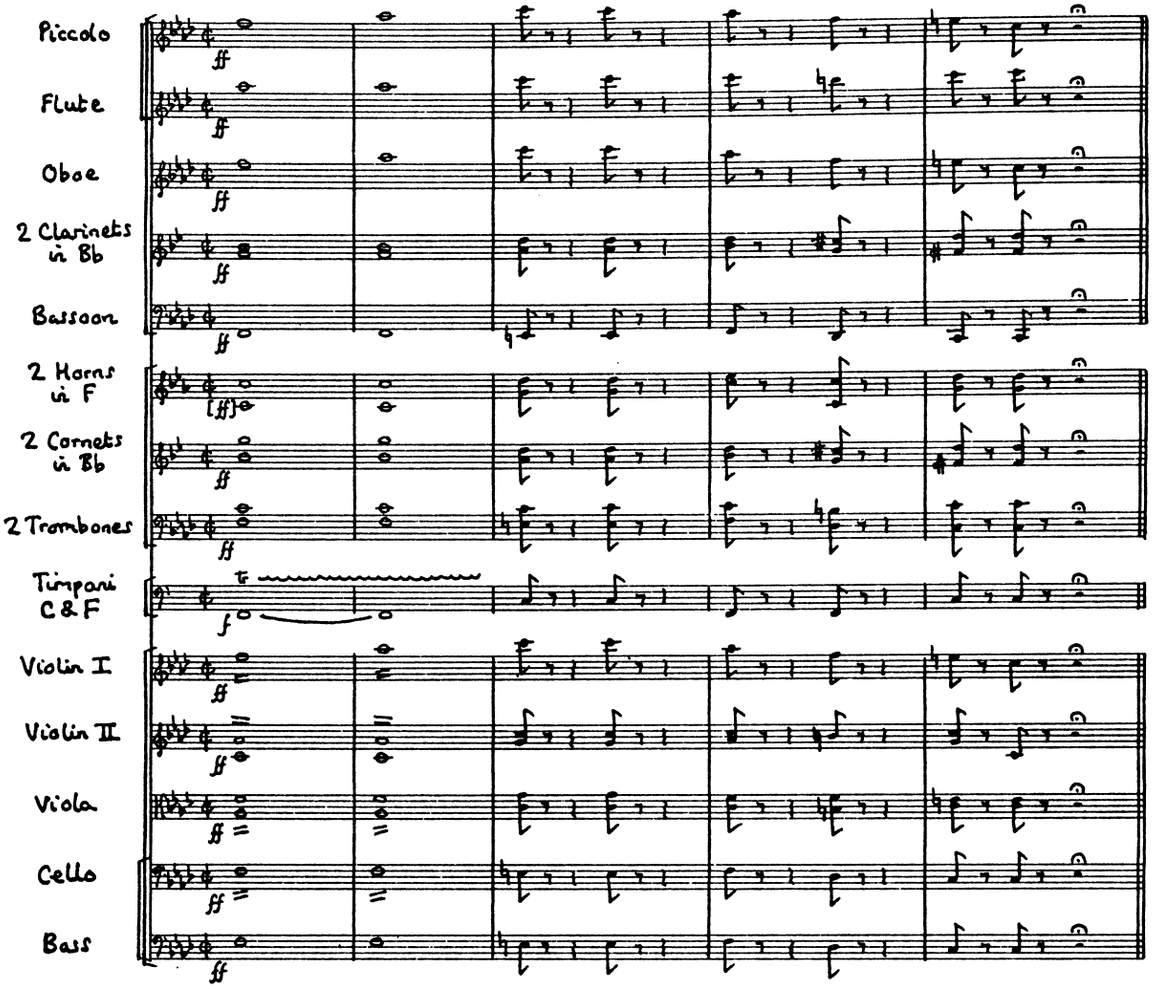
SIR RUTHVEN Who?

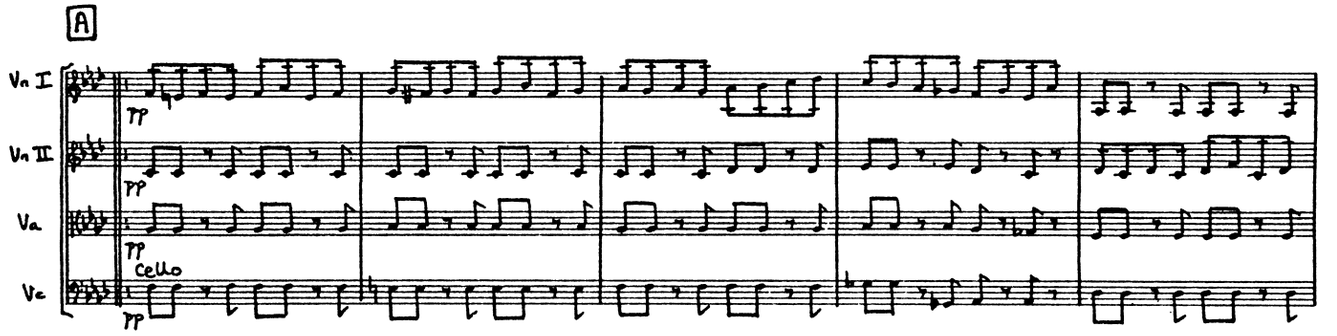
ADAM The maiden. I've carried her off — I had a hard task, for she fought like a tiger-cat!

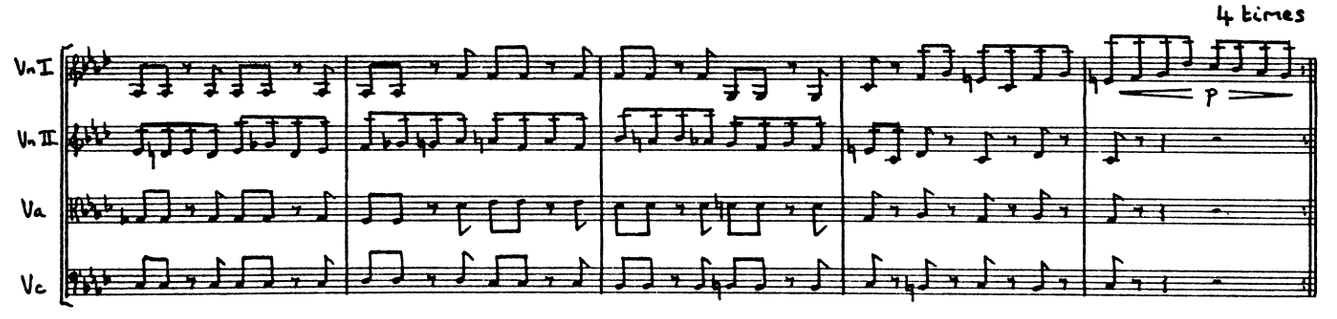
SIR RUTHVEN Great heaven, I had forgotten her! I had hoped to have died unspotted by crime, but I am foiled again — and by a tiger-cat! Produce her — and leave us!

No. 9. MELOS

Allegro agitato







(During music)

SIR RUTHVEN — Dame Hannah! This is — this is not what I expected.

HANNAH — Well, sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely — bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over stiles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling, at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step — nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch — and this poniard shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

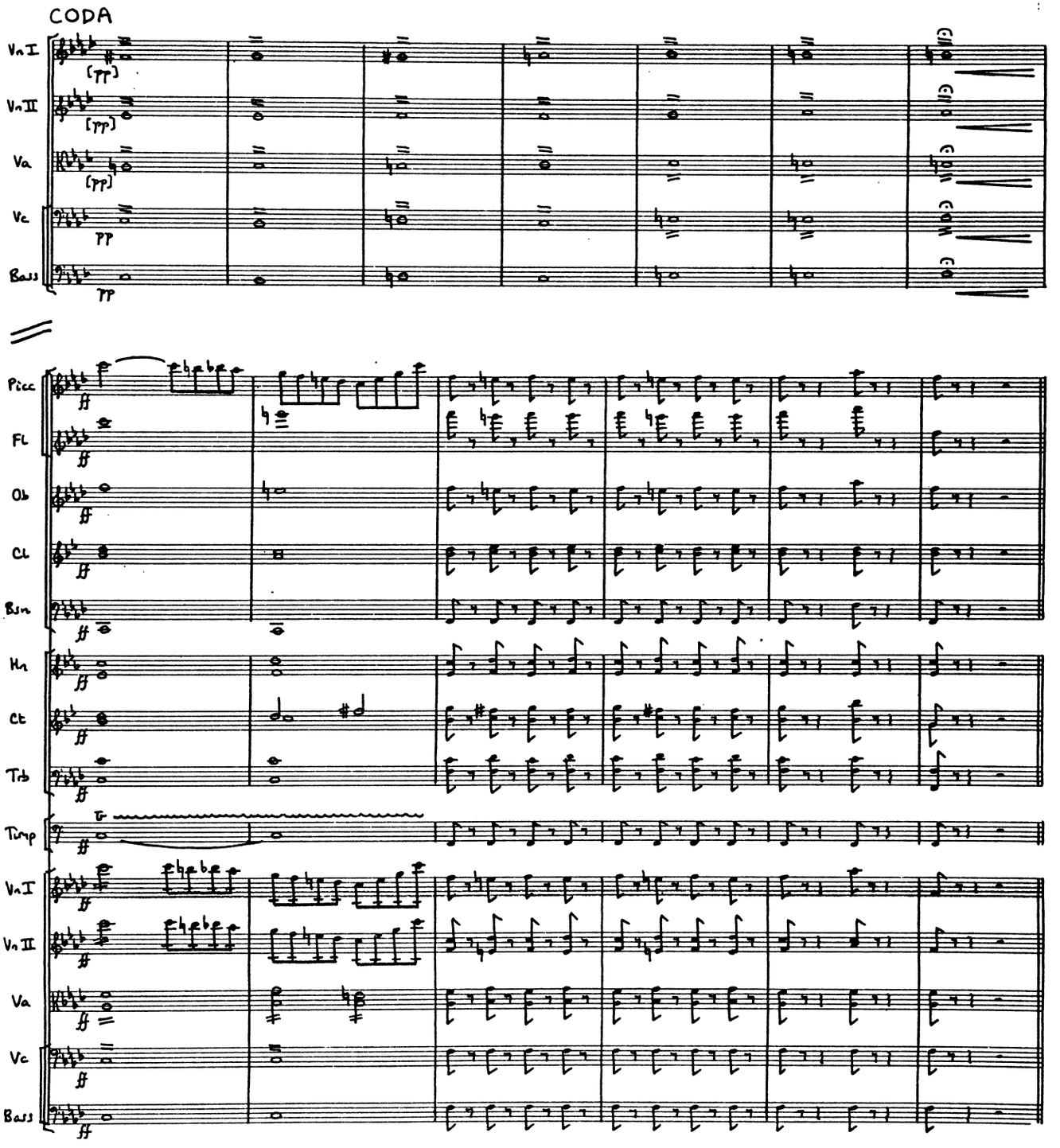
SIR RUTHVEN — Madam, I am extremely sorry for this. It is not at all what I intended — anything more correct — more deeply respectful than my intentions towards you, it would be impossible for anyone — however particular — to desire.

HANNAH — Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

SIR RUTHVEN — And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

HANNAH — Harkye, miscreant, you have secured me, and I am your poor prisoner; but if you think I cannot take care of myself, you are very much mistaken. Now then, it's one to one, and let the best man win!

SIR RUTHVEN — Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! Roderic! Uncle! Save me!



SIR RODERIC What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

SIR RUTHVEN I have — she is there — look at her — she terrifies me!

SIR RODERIC Little Nannikin!

HANNAH Roddy-doddy!

SIR RODERIC My own old love! Why, how came you here?

HANNAH This brute — he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him!

SIR RODERIC Stop! What do you mean by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that, once upon a time, she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry — very angry indeed.

SIR RUTHVEN Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future, not to —

SIR RODERIC Hold your tongue, sir.

SIR RUTHVEN Yes, Uncle.

SIR RODERIC Have you given him any encouragement?

HANNAH Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

SIR RUTHVEN No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more scrupulously correct than your conduct it would be impossible to desire.

SIR RODERIC You go away.

SIR RUTHVEN Yes, Uncle.

SIR RODERIC This is a strange meeting after so many years!

HANNAH Yes. I thought you were dead.

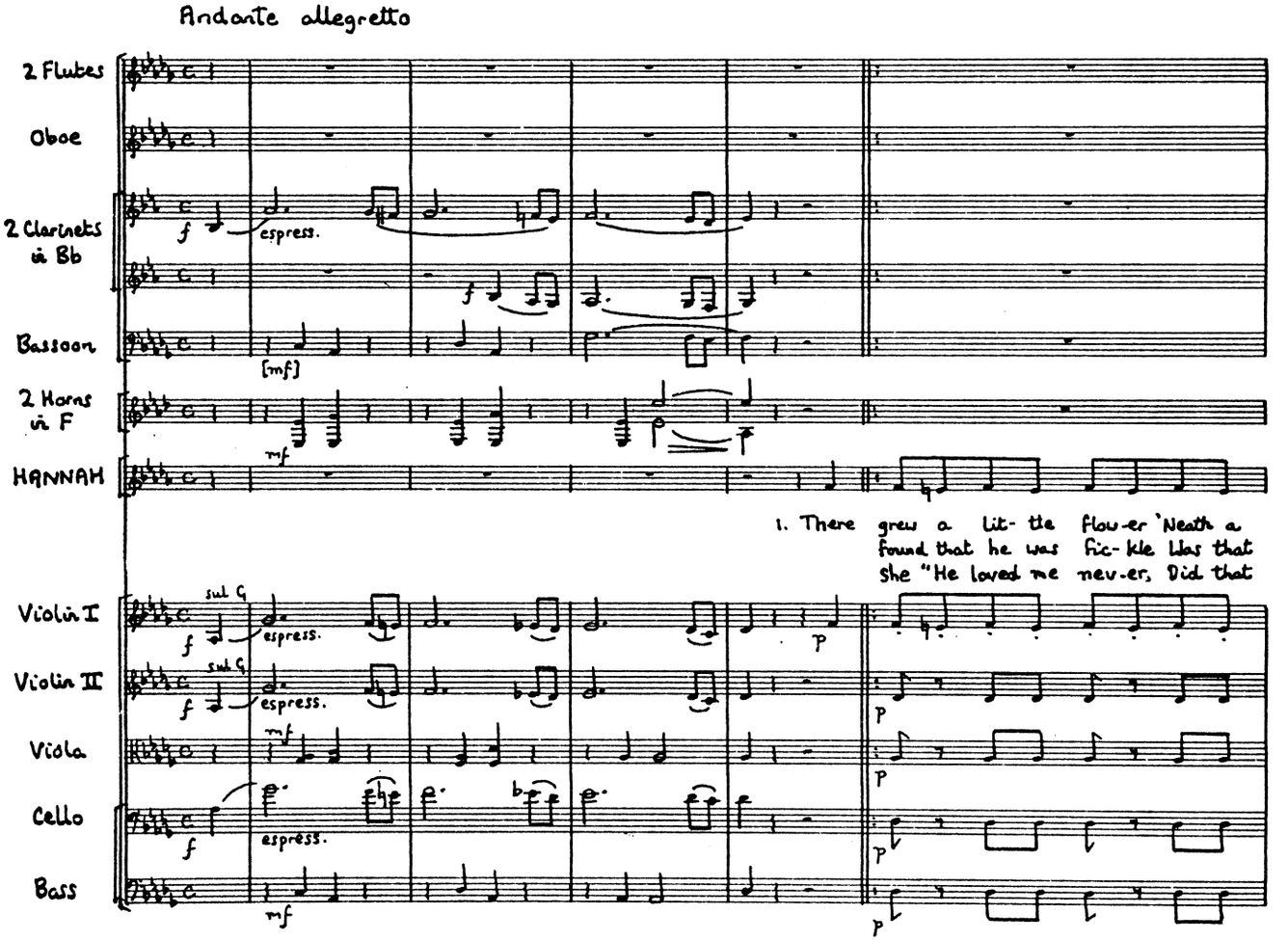
SIR RODERIC I am. I died ten years ago.

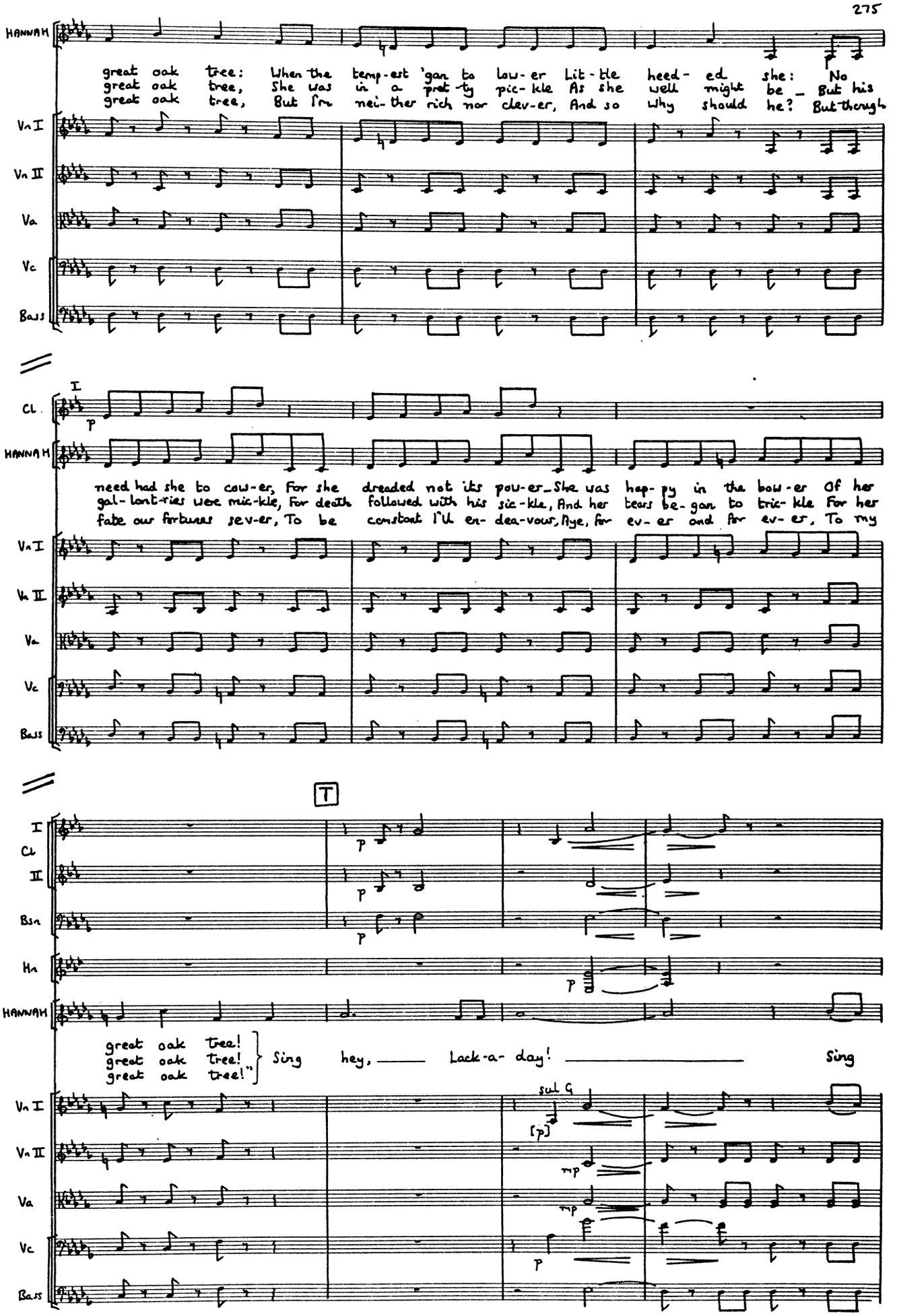
HANNAH And are you pretty comfortable?

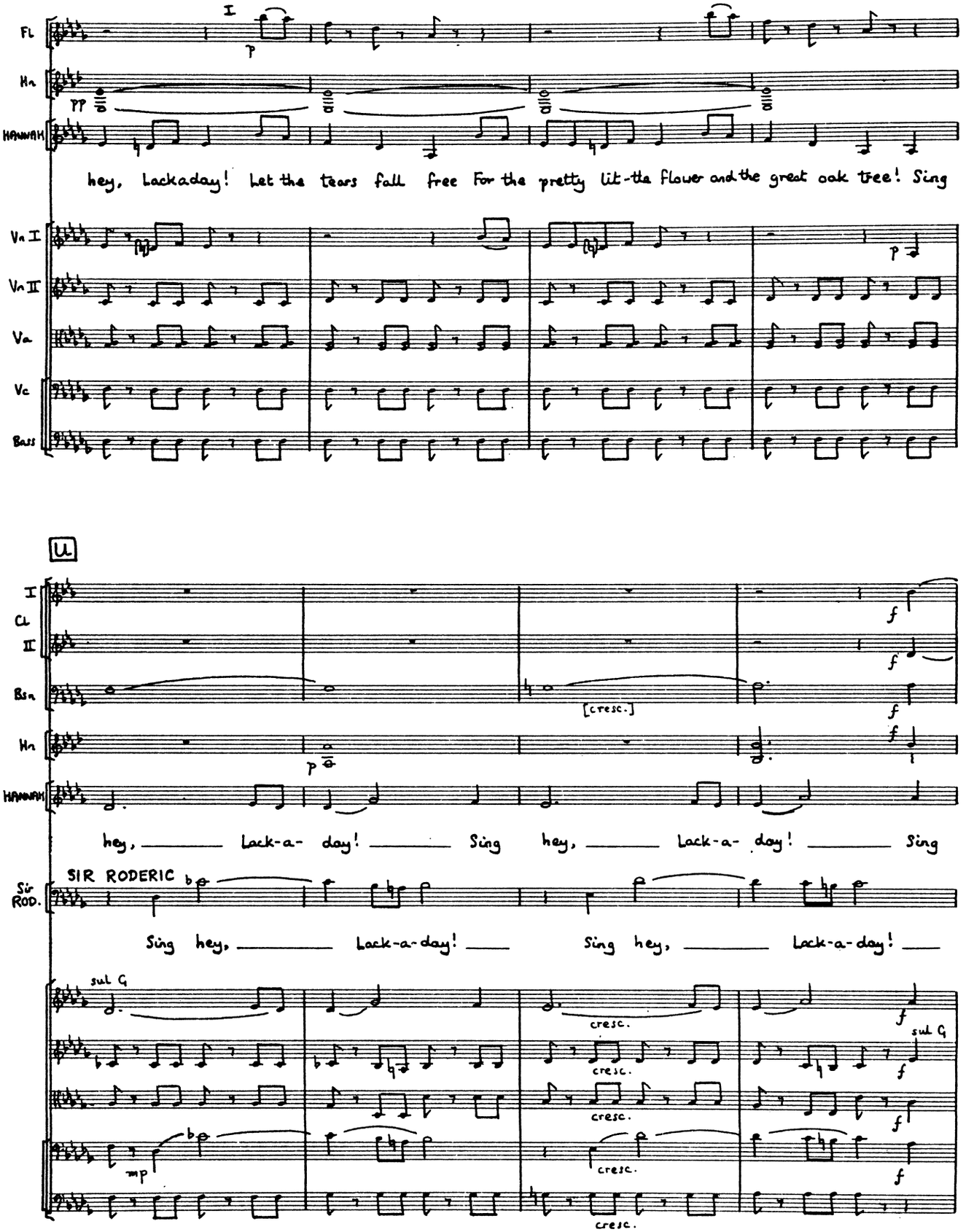
SIR RODERIC Pretty well — that is — yes, pretty well.

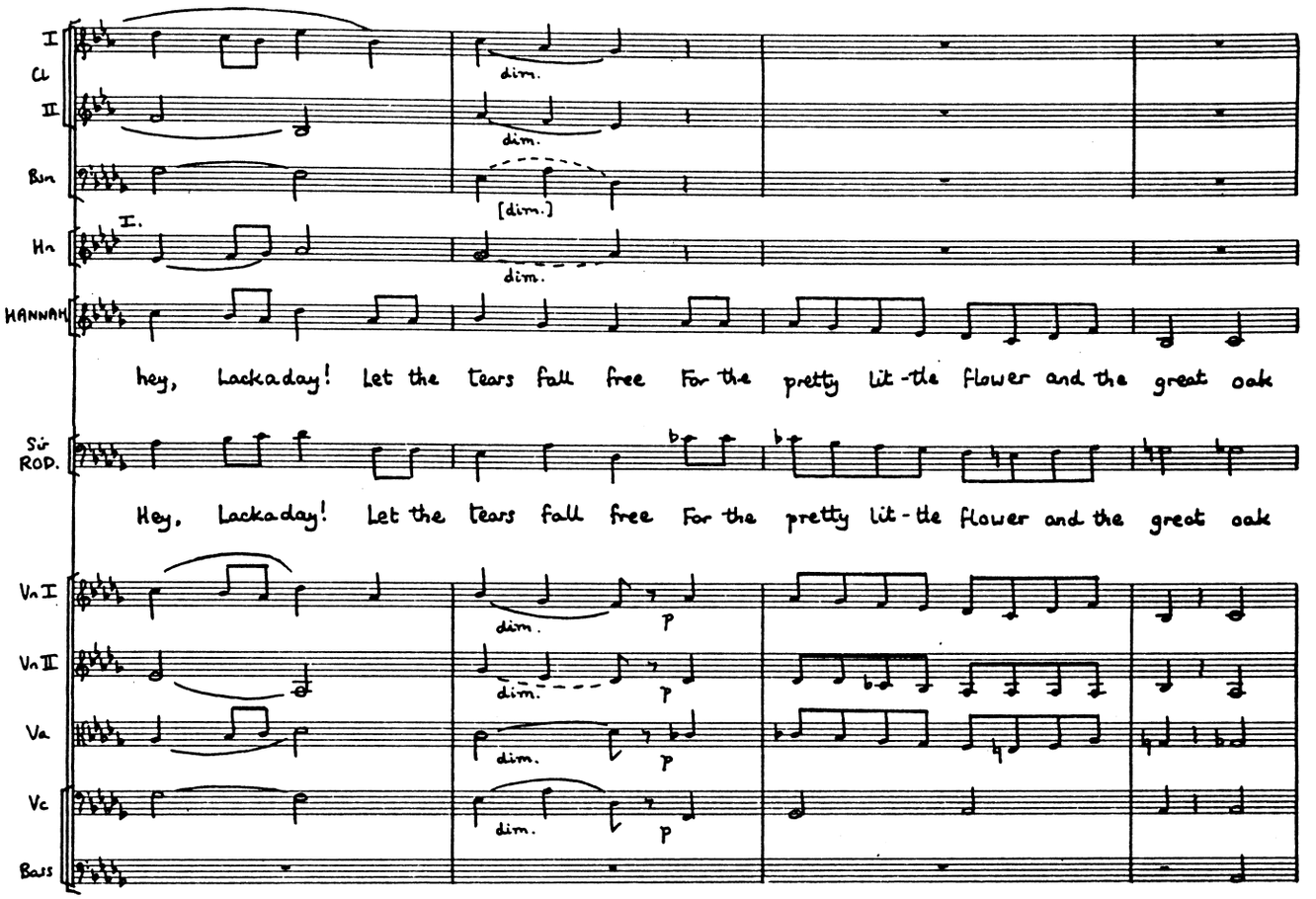
HANNAH You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings on, you bad, bad boy!

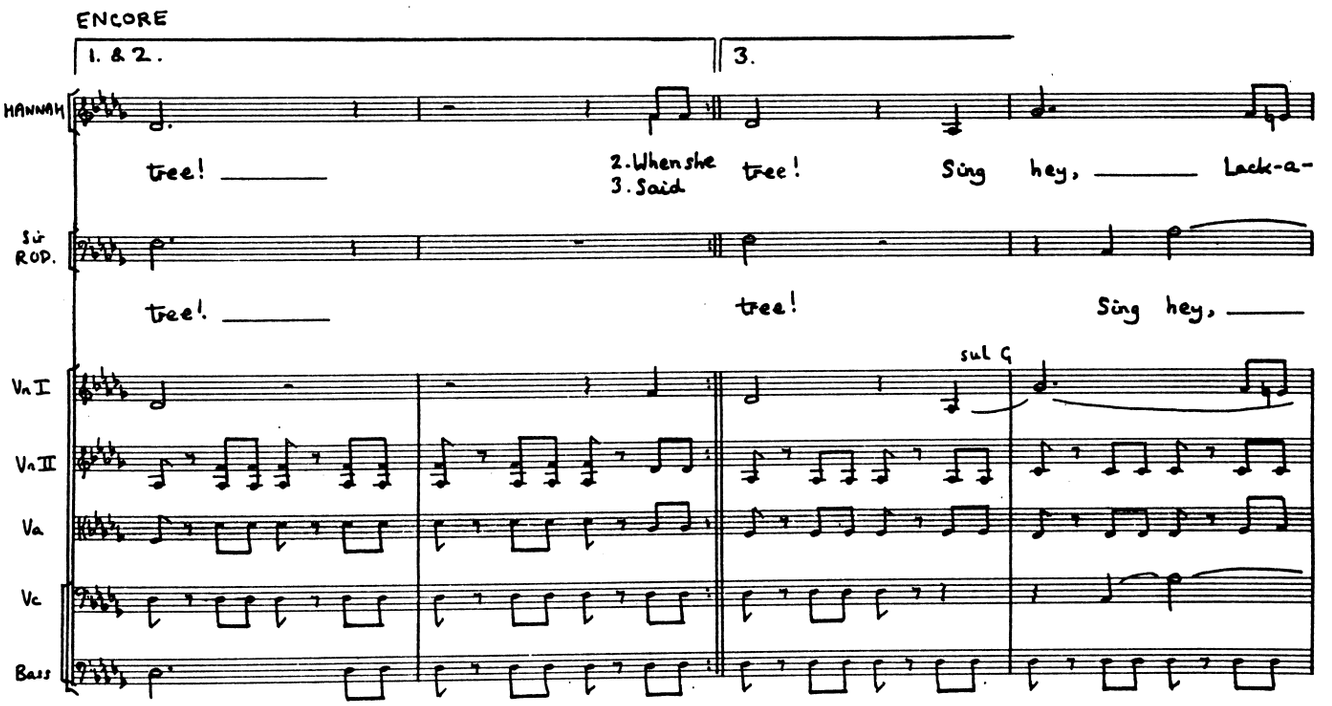
No. 10. SONG (Hannah, with Sir Roderic)

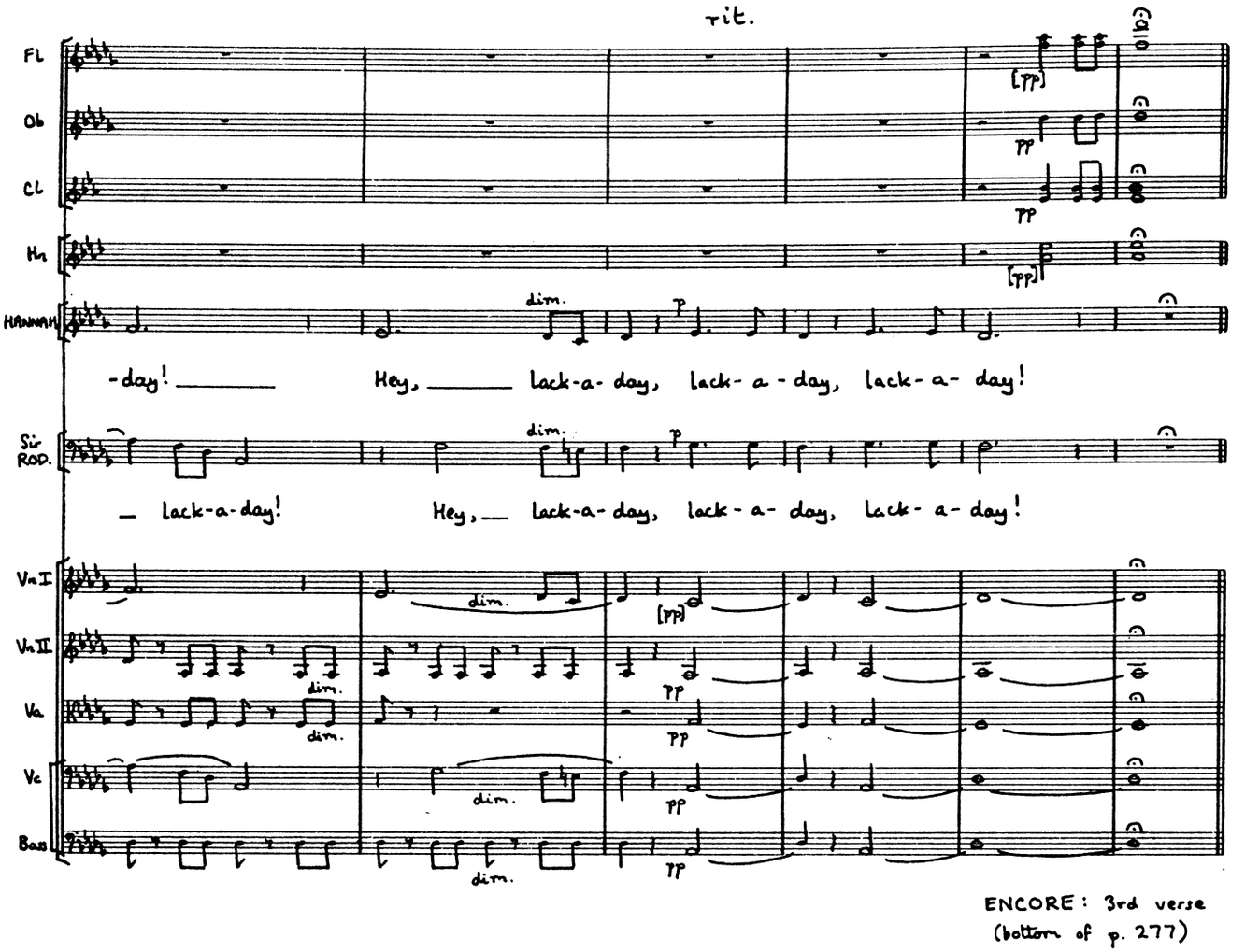



HANNAH
great oak tree: When the temp-est 'gan to low-er Lit-tle heed-ed she: No
great oak tree, She was in a pret-ty pic-kle As she well might be _ But his
great oak tree, But I'm nei-ther rich nor clev-er, And so why should he? But though
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
I
Cl.
p
HANNAH
need had she to cow-er, For she dreaded not its pow-er_She was hap-py in the bow-er Of her
gal-lant-ries were mic-kle, For death followed with his sic-kle, And her tears be-gan to tric-kle For her
fate our fortunes sev-er, To be constant I'll en-dea-vour, Aye, for ev-er and for ev-er, To my
T
I
Cl
II
Bsn
Hn
p
HANNAH
great oak tree!
great oak tree!
great oak tree!"
Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing
sul G
[p]
mp
mp
p


I
Fl
Hn
HANNAH
hey, Lackaday! Let the tears fall free For the pretty lit-tle flower and the great oak tree! Sing
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
II
I
Cl
II
Bsn
[cresc.]
Hn
HANNAH
hey, Lack-a- day! Sing hey, Lack-a- day! Sing
SIR RODERIC
Sir ROD.
Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!
sul G
cresc.
sul G


I
Cl
II
Bsn
I.
Hn
dim.
[dim.]
HANNAH
hey, Lackaday! Let the tears fall free For the pretty lit-tle flower and the great oak
Sir ROD.
Hey, Lackaday! Let the tears fall free For the pretty lit-tle flower and the great oak
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass
p


ENCORE
1. & 2.
3.
HANNAH
tree! _____
2. When she
3. Said
tree! Sing hey, _____ Lack-a-
Sir ROD.
tree! _____
tree!
Sing hey, _____
sul G
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
Bass



ENCORE: 3rd verse
(bottom of p. 277)

SIR RUTHVEN Stop a bit — both of you.

SIR RODERIC This intrusion is unmannerly.

HANNAH I'm surprised at you.

SIR RUTHVEN I can't stop to apologize — an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

SIR RODERIC No doubt.

SIR RUTHVEN Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

SIR RODERIC It would seem so.

SIR RUTHVEN But suicide is, itself, a crime — and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!

SIR RODERIC I see — I understand! Then I'm practically alive!

SIR RUTHVEN Undoubtedly. Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

ROSE Madly, passionately!

SIR RUTHVEN But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly loved Richard instead?

ROSE Passionately, madly!

SIR RUTHVEN But if I should turn out not to be a bad baronet after all, how would you love me then?

ROSE Madly, passionately!

SIR RUTHVEN As before?

ROSE Why, of course!

SIR RUTHVEN My darling!

RICHARD Here, I say, belay!

ROSE Oh, sir, belay, if it's absolutely necessary.

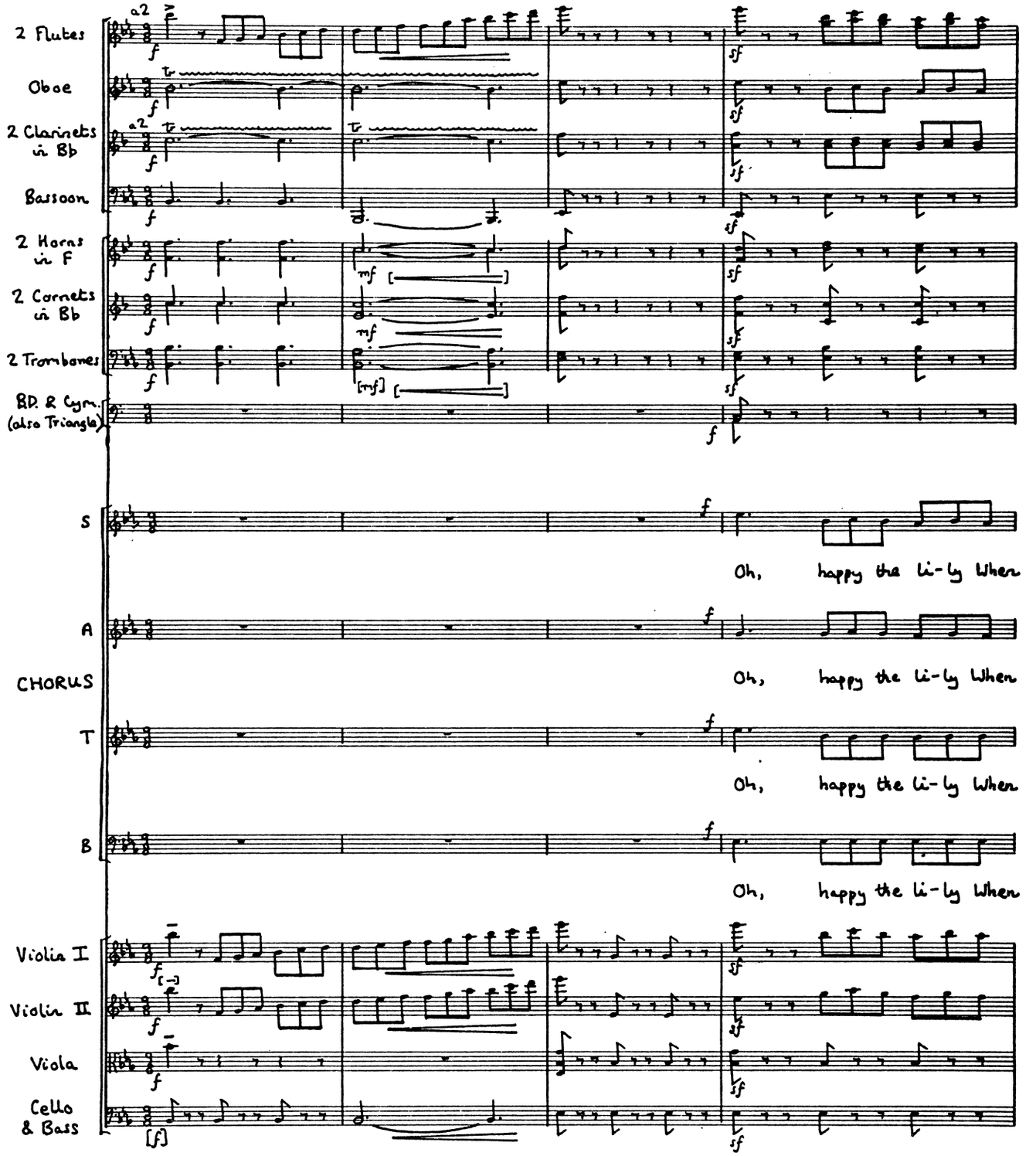
SIR RUTHVEN Belay! Certainly not!

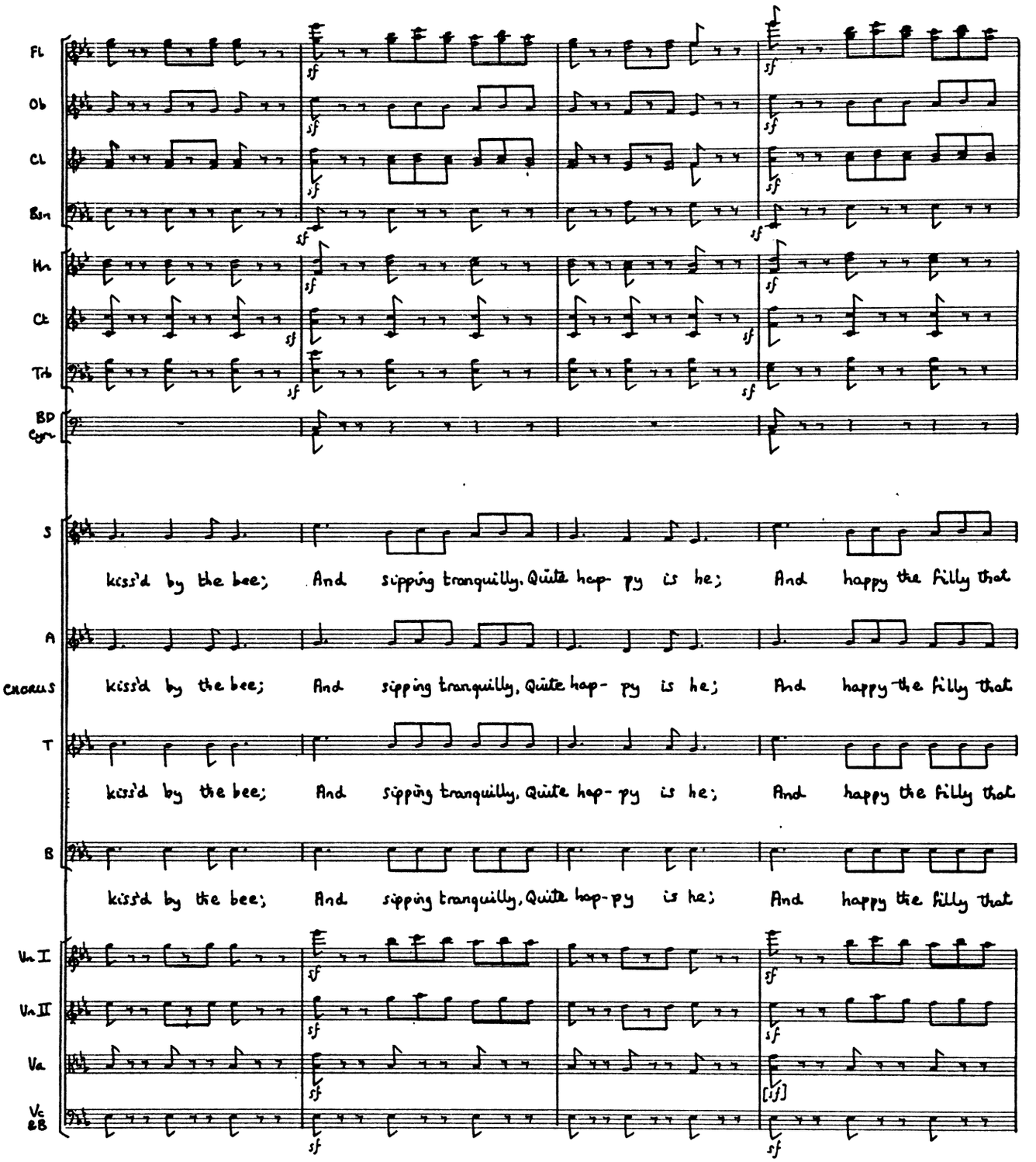
No. 11

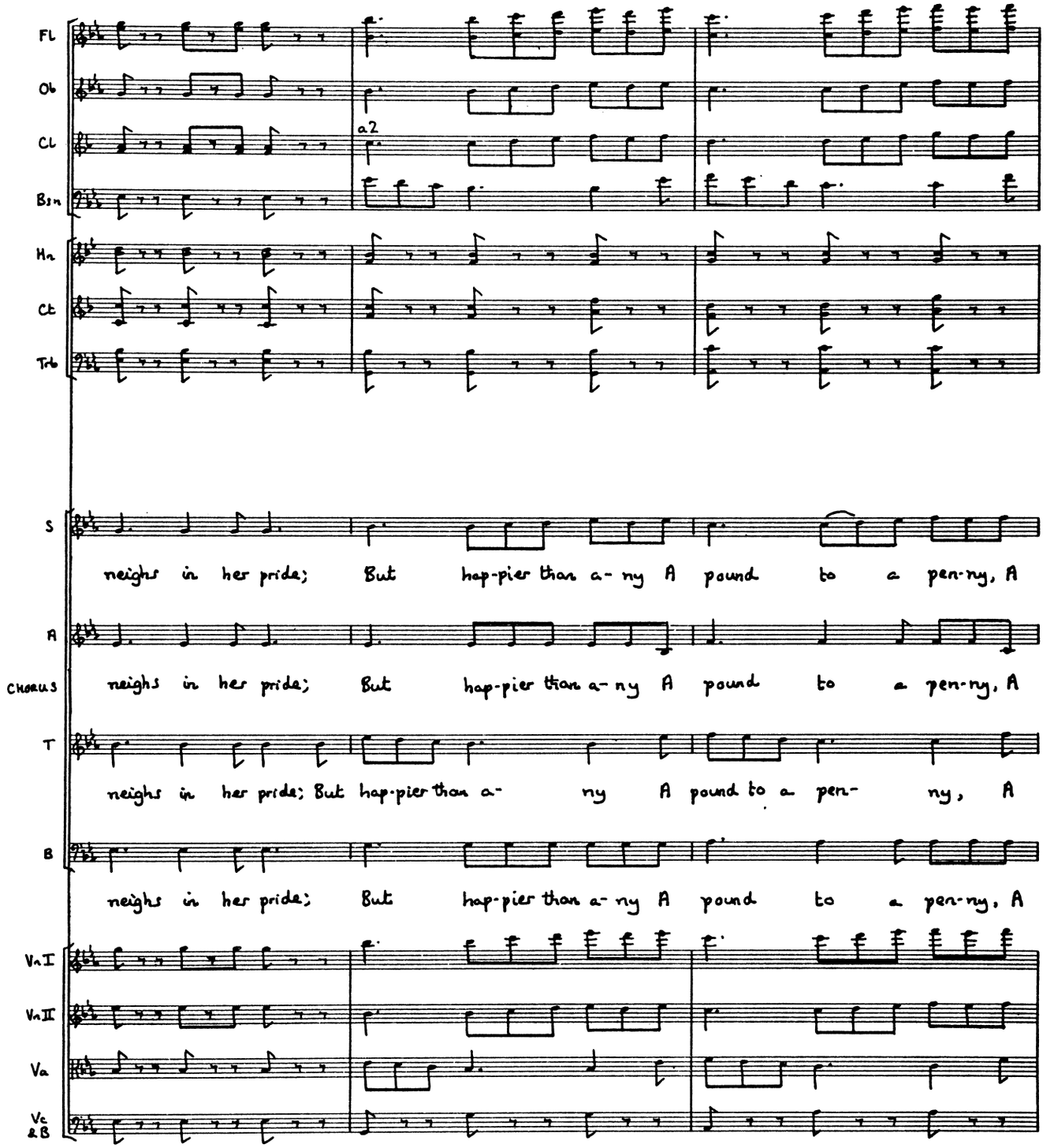
FINALE - ACT II

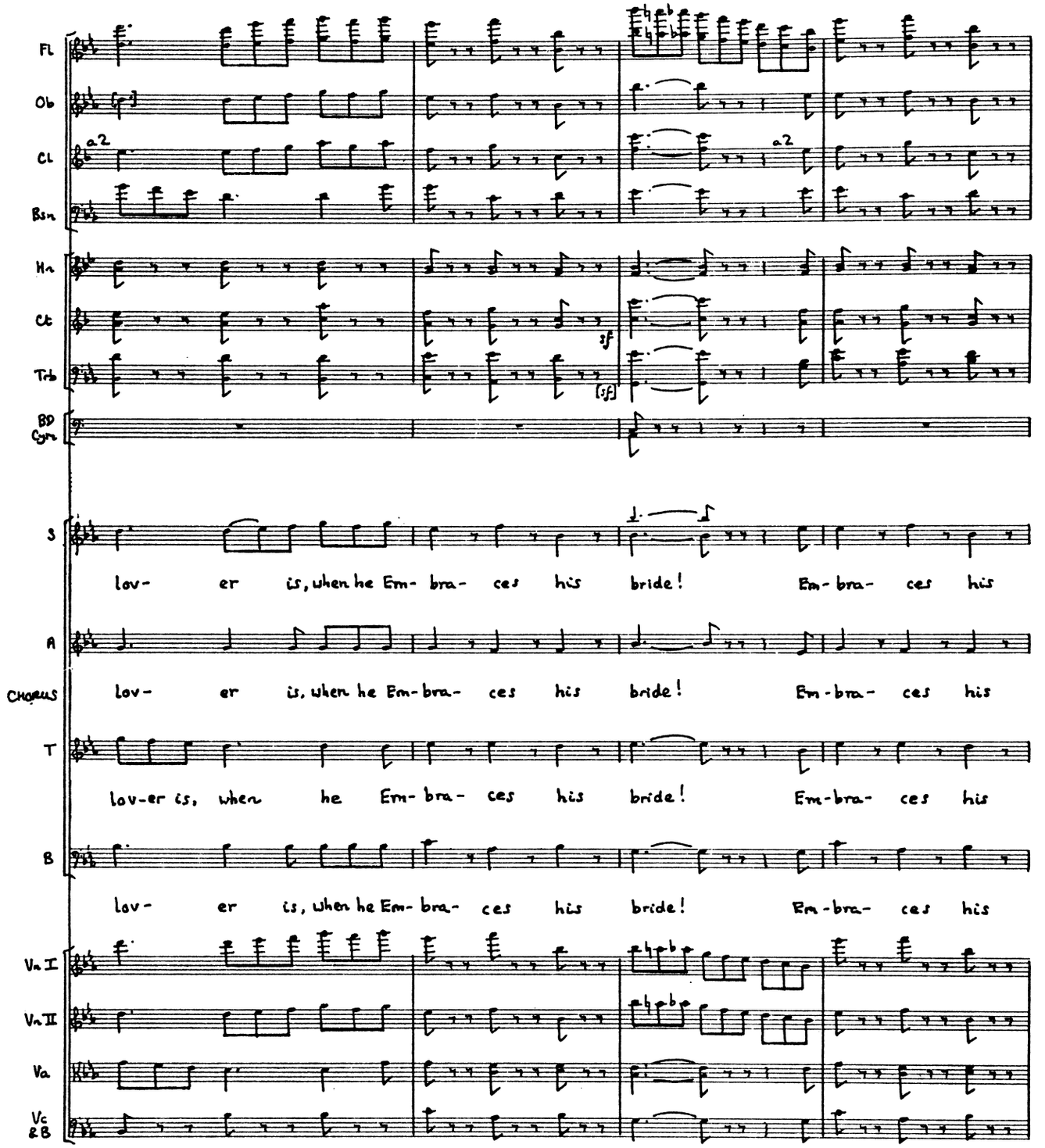
[arr. by G. Toye]

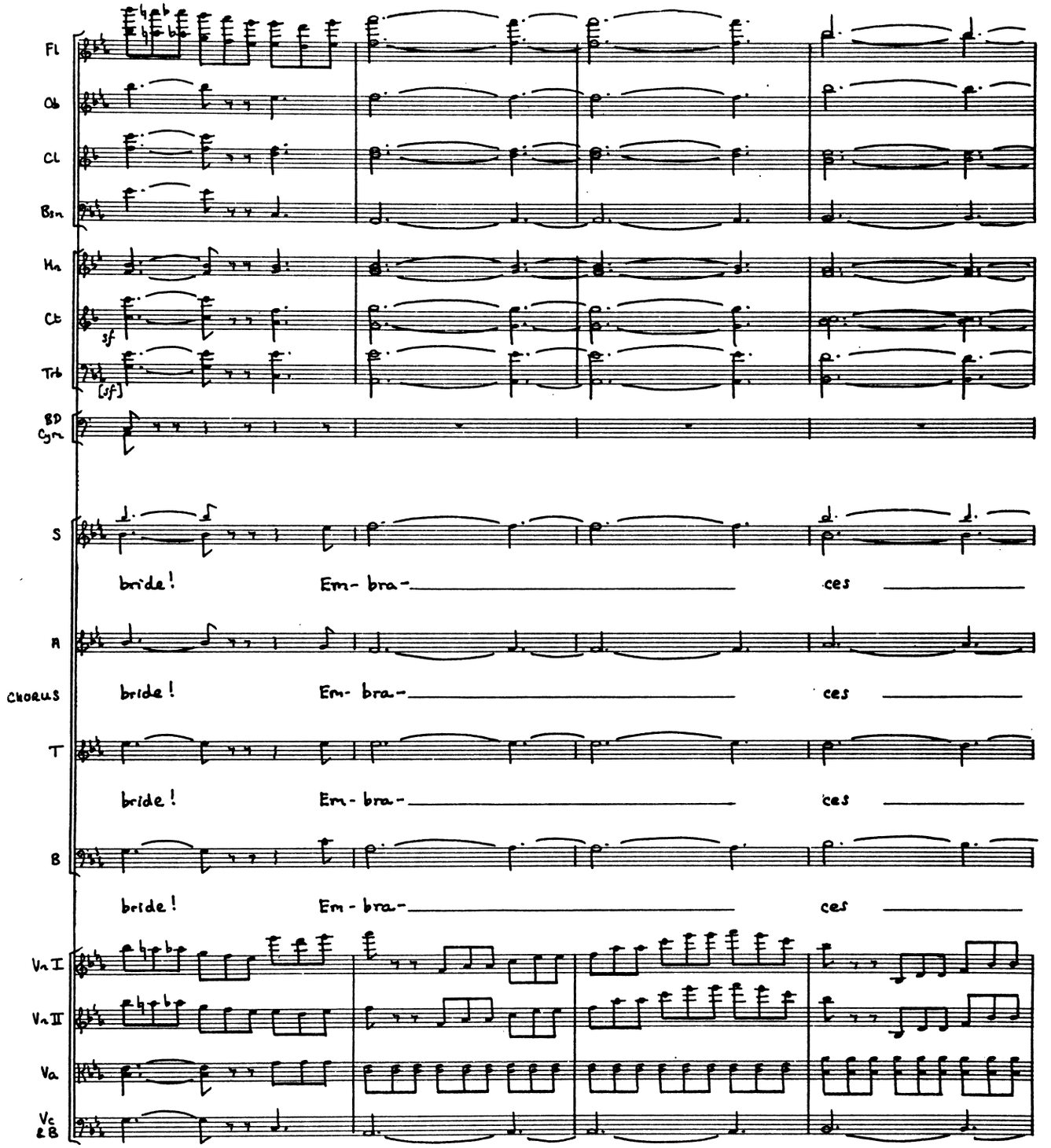
Allegro con spirito




Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Tb
BD
Cym
S
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap- py is he; And happy the filly that
A
Chorus
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap- py is he; And happy the filly that
T
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap- py is he; And happy the filly that
B
kiss'd by the bee; And sipping tranquilly, Quite hap-py is he; And happy the filly that
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B
sf
[sf]


Fl
Ob
Cl
a2
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
S
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a- ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
A
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a- ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
Chorus
T
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a- ny A pound to a pen- ny, A
B
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a- ny A pound to a pen-ny, A
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Fl
Ob
Cl
Bsn
a2
a2
Hn
Ct
Trb
sf
(sf)
BD
Cym
S
lov- er is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em- bra- ces his
A
lov- er is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em- bra- ces his
CHORUS
T
lov-er is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em- bra- ces his
B
lov- er is, when he Em- bra- ces his bride! Em- bra- ces his
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc &B


Fl
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Cb
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Trb
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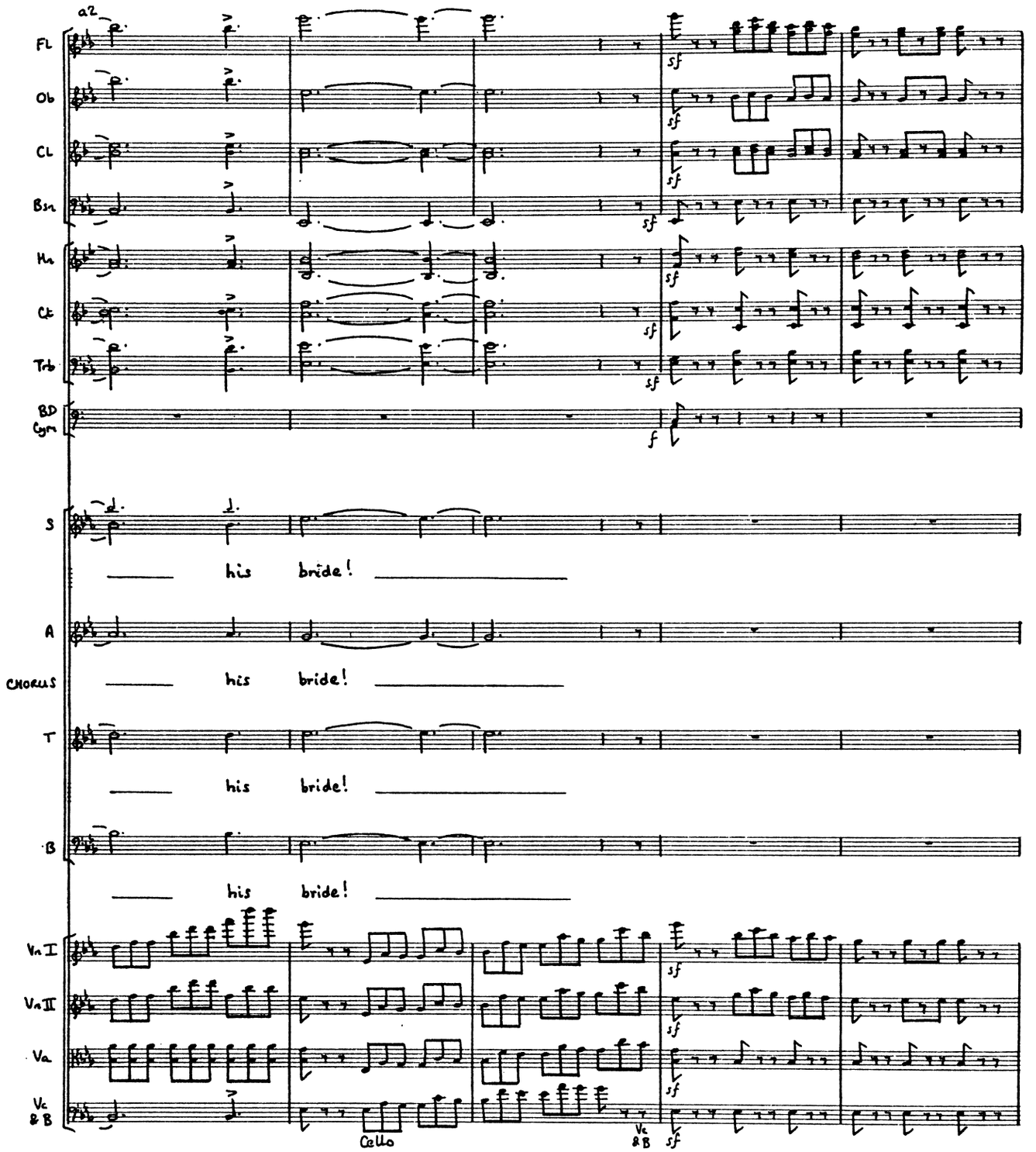
Cym
S
bride!
Em- bra-
ces
A
CHORUS
bride!
Em- bra-
ces
T
bride!
Em- bra-
ces
B
bride!
Em- bra-
ces
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
&B


a2
Fl
Ob
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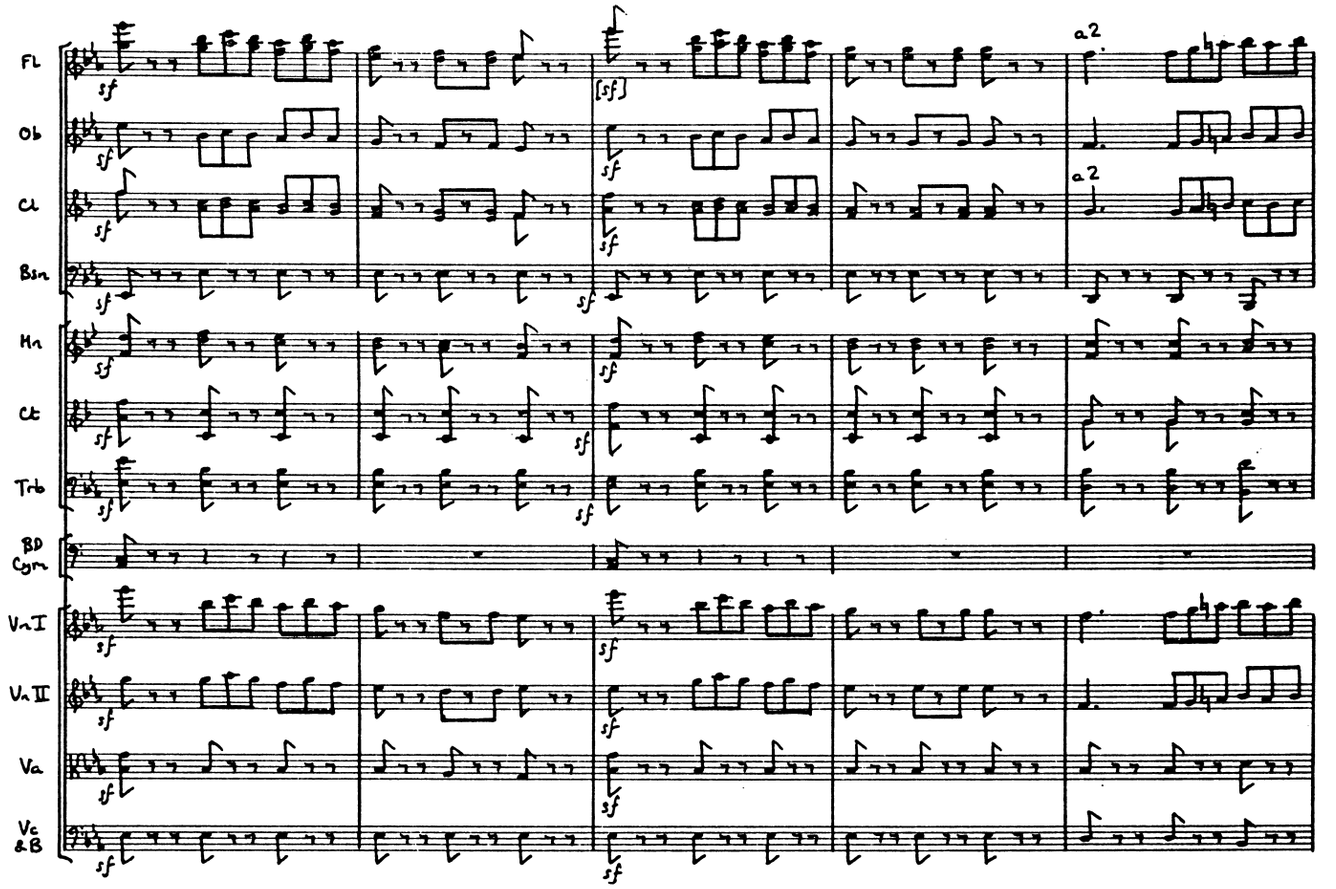
Bsn
Hn
Ct
Trb
BD
Cym
S
his bride!
A
his bride!
CHORUS
T
his bride!
B
his bride!
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
Cello
Vc & B
sf
f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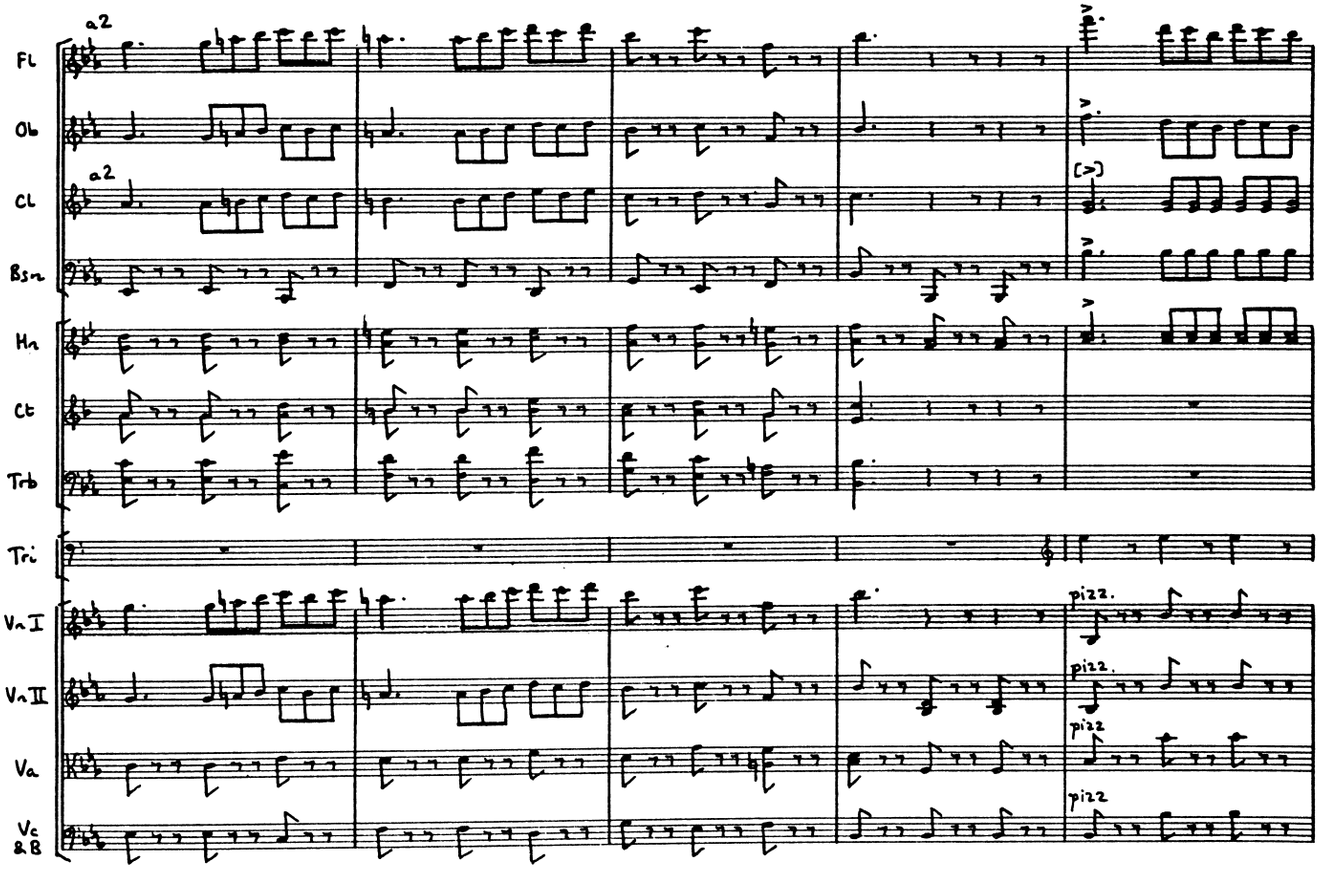
a2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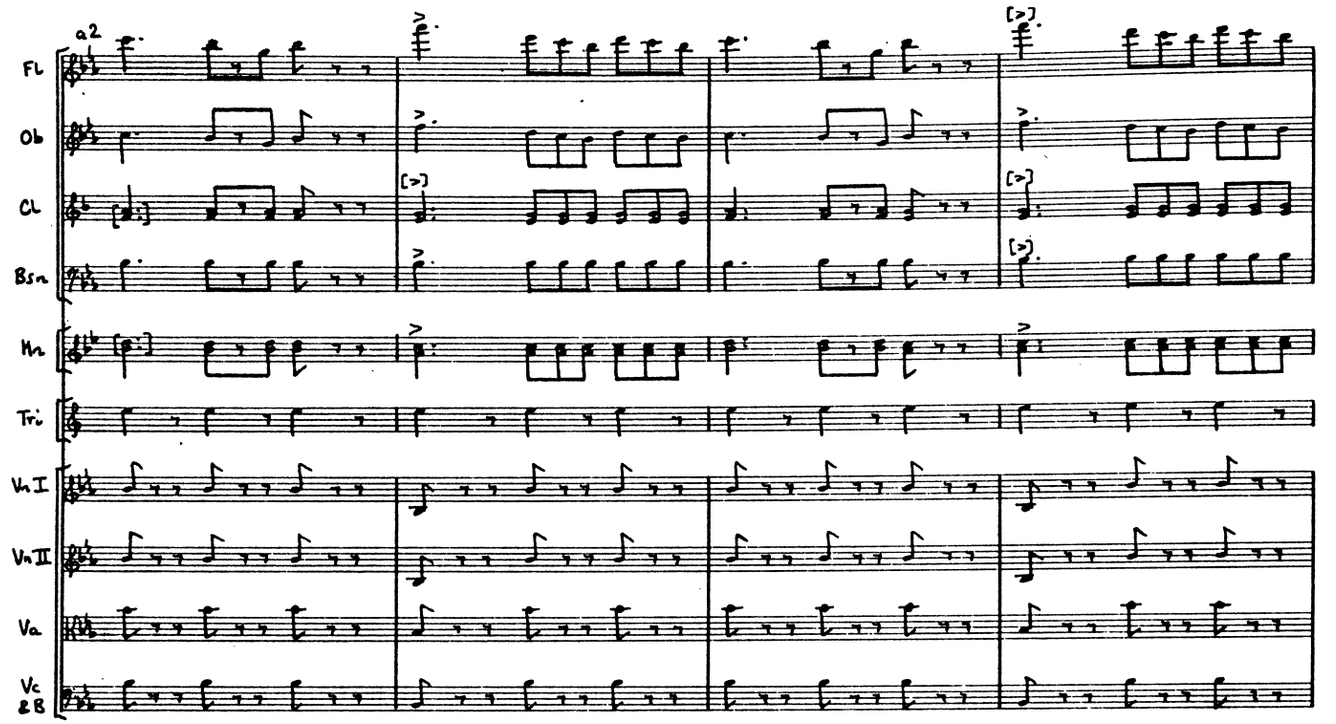
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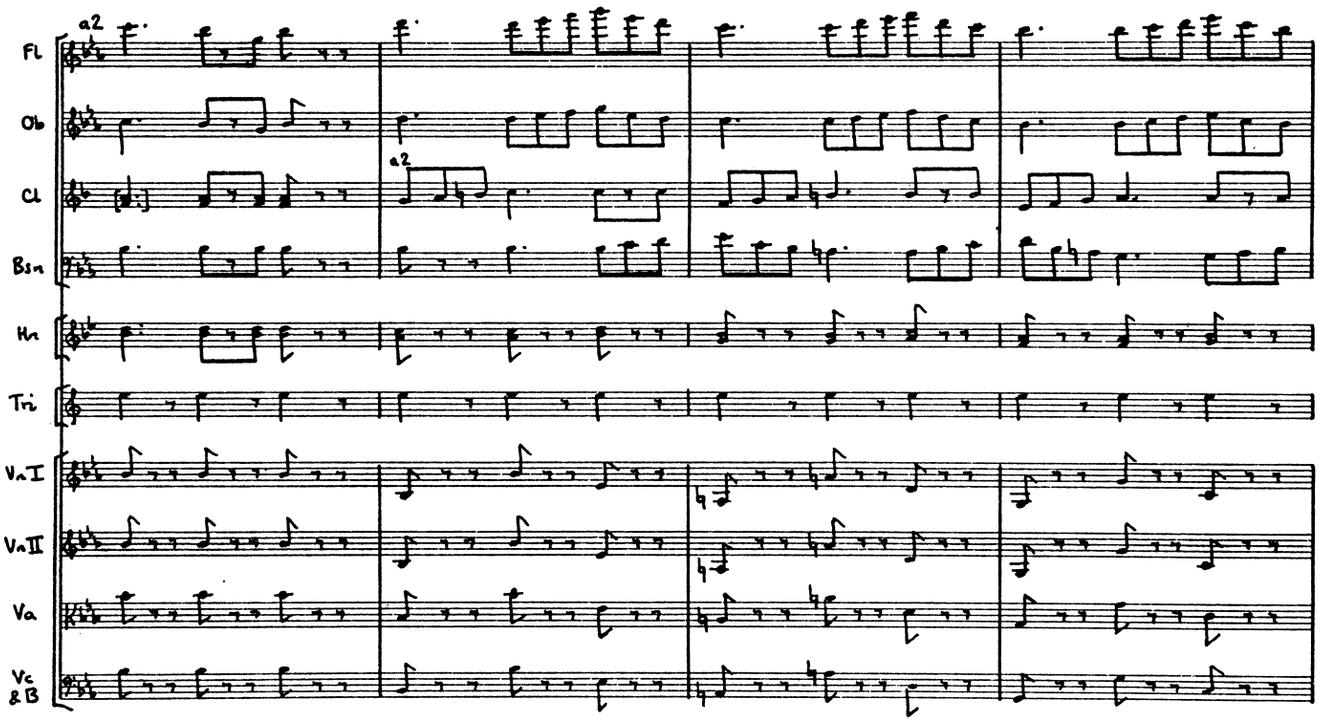
Tri
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B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a2
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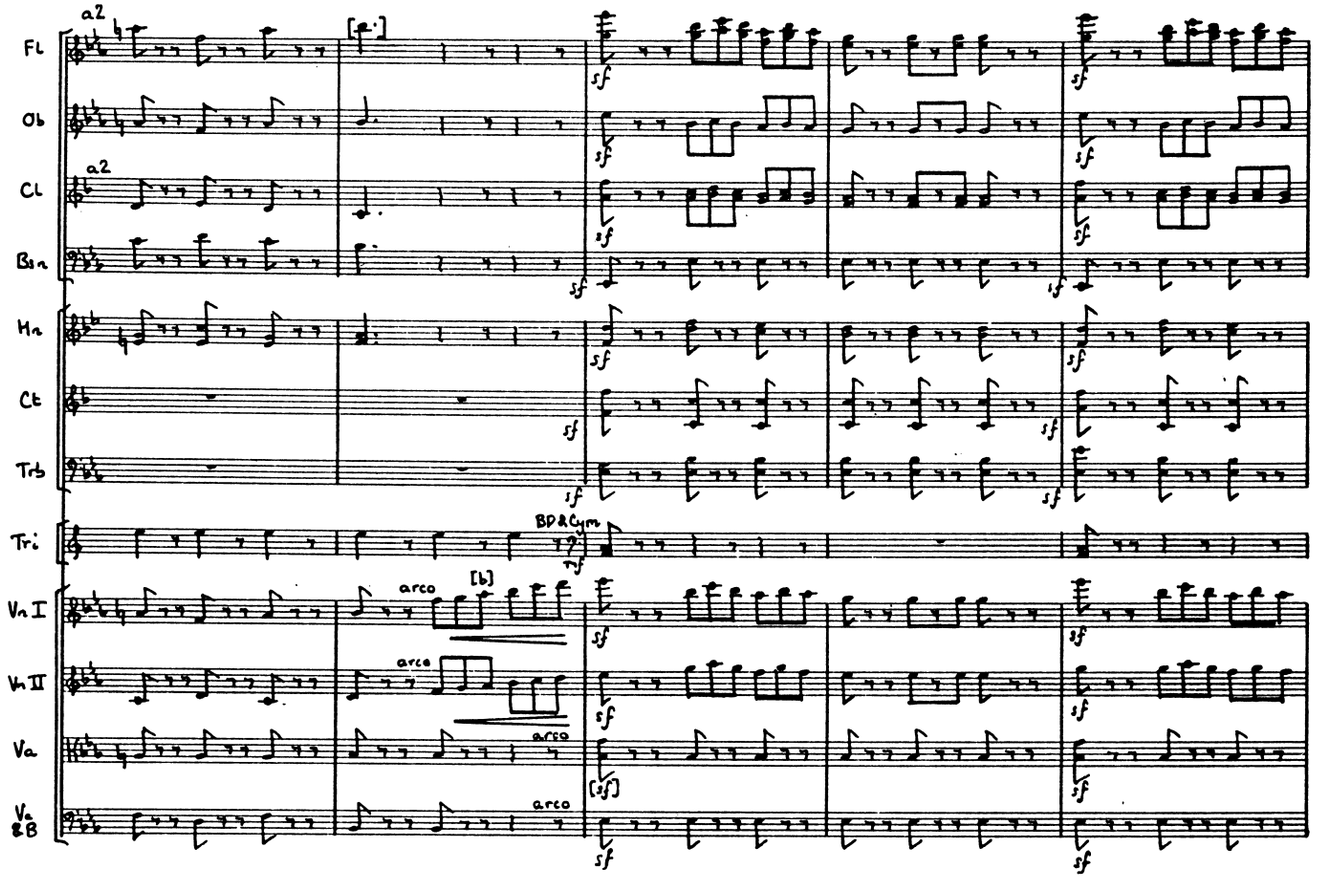
Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B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Bsn
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Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc & B
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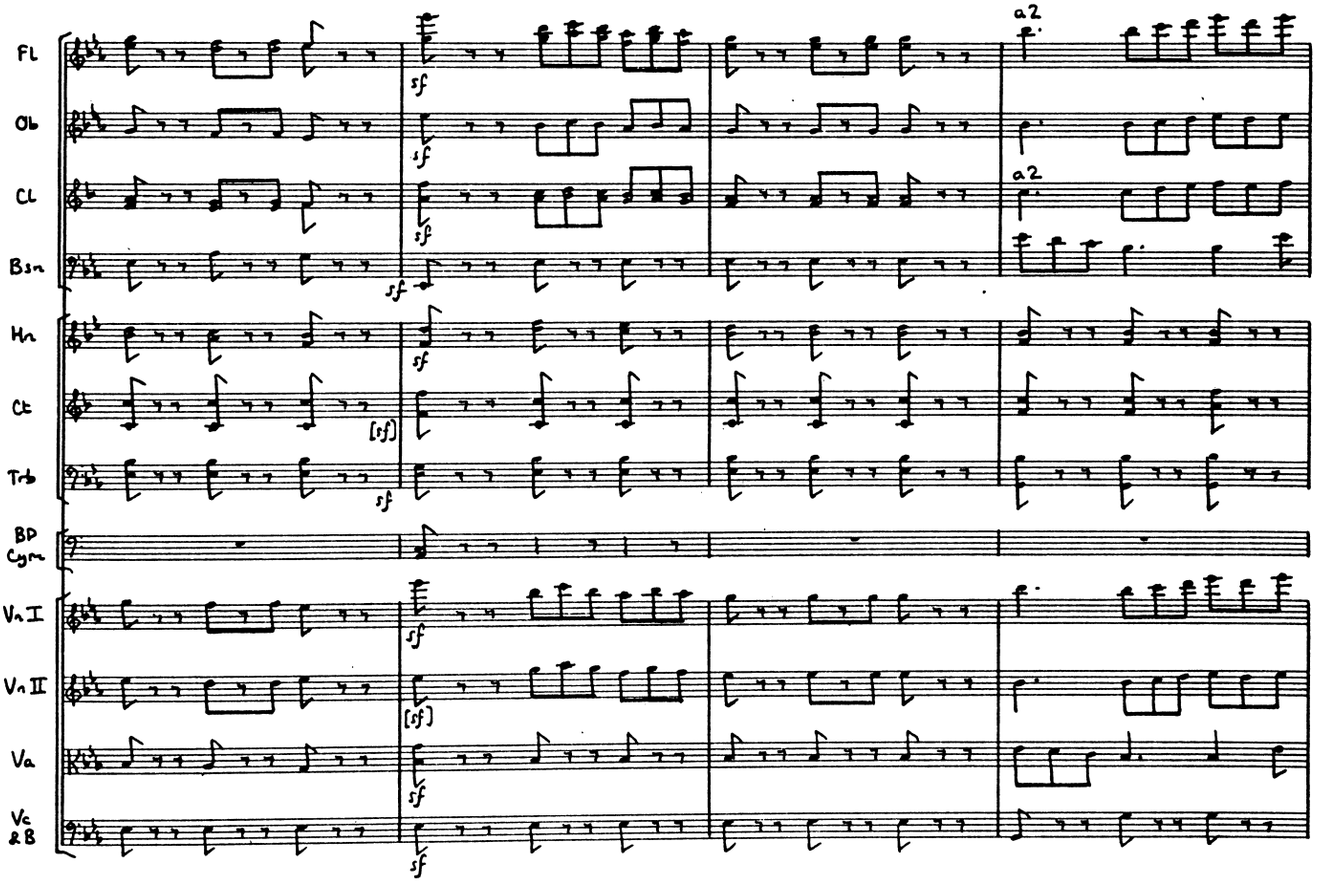
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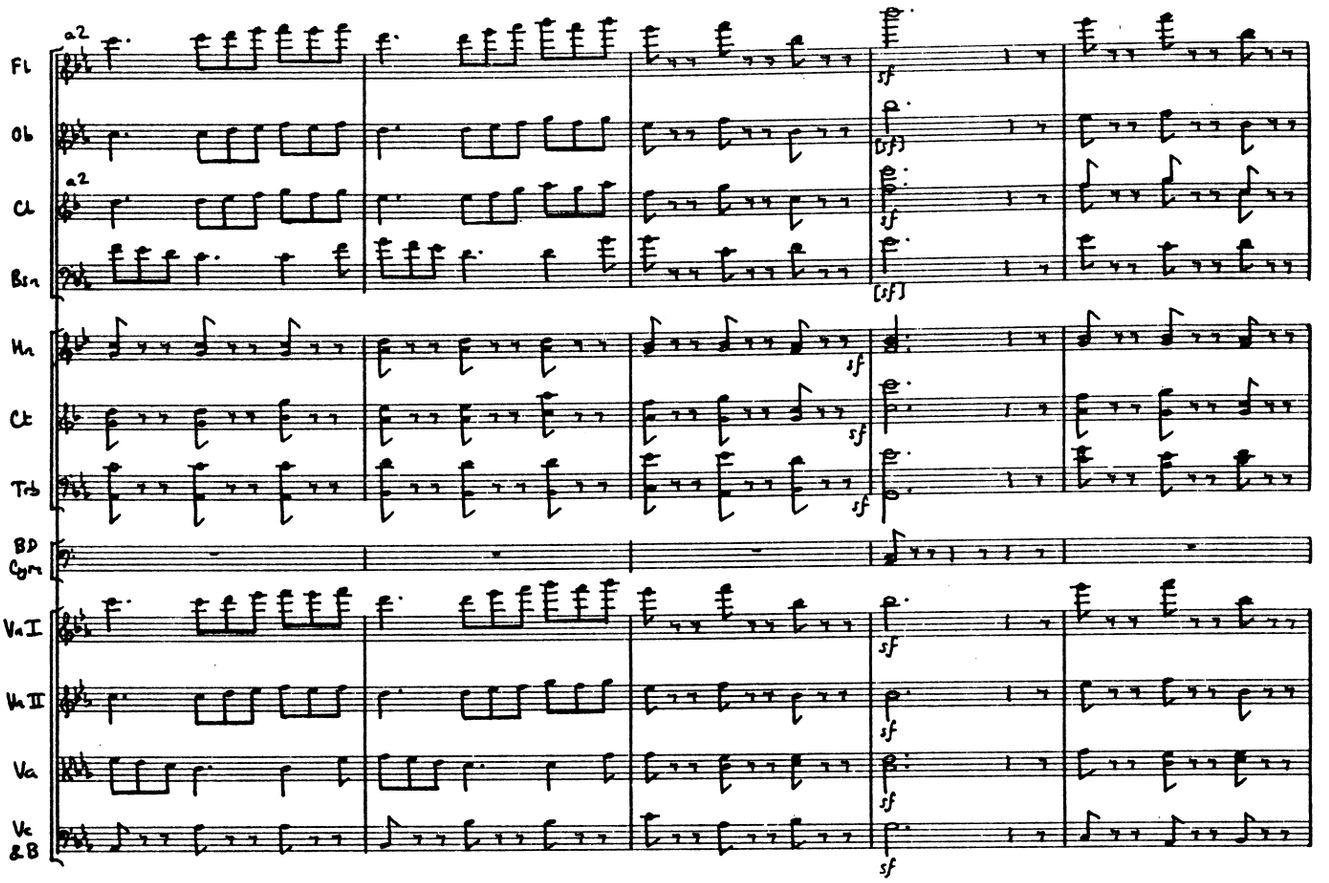
Fl
Ob
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Vn I
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& B
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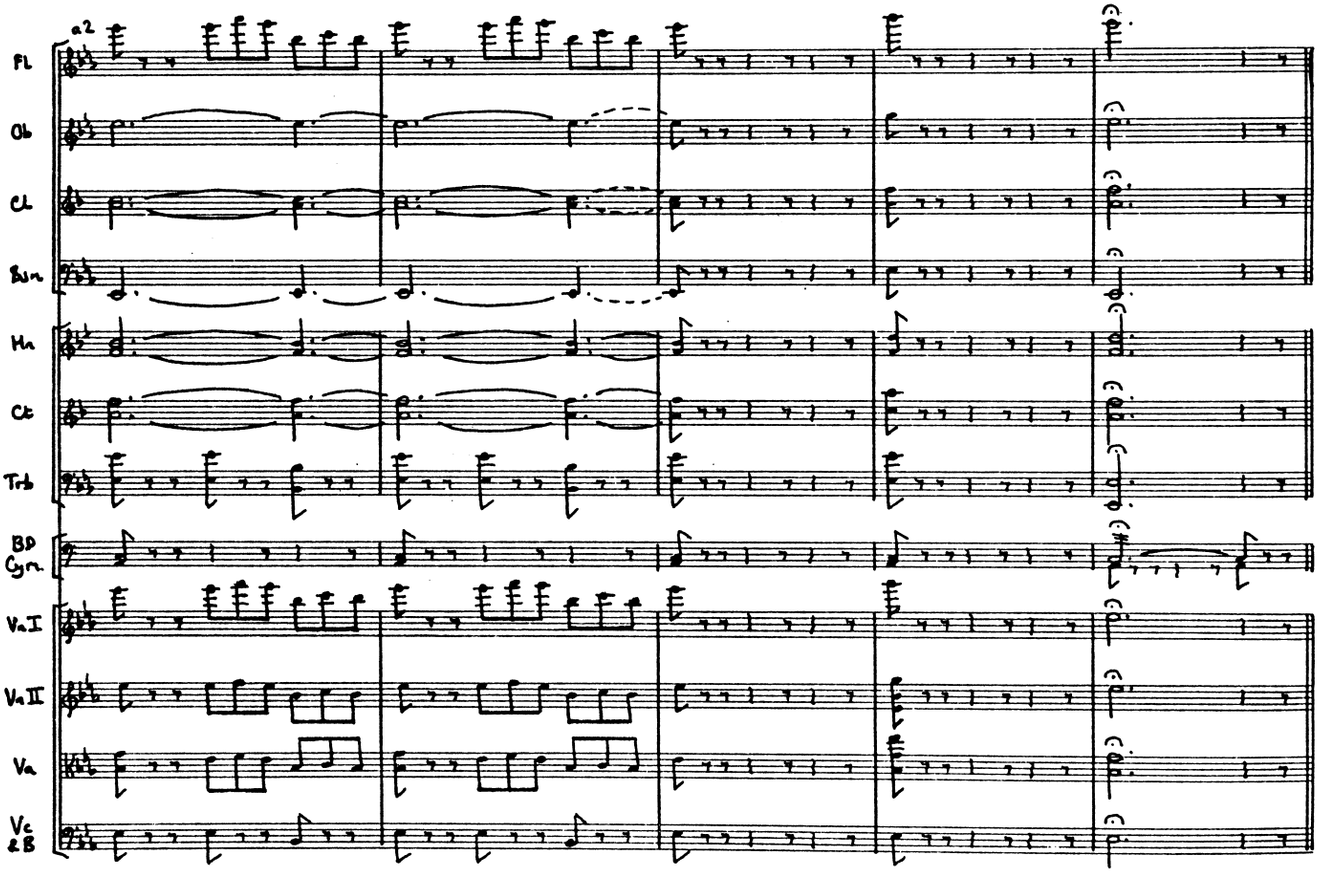
Fl
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Vn I
Vn II
Va
Vc
& B
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End of Opera