1. The Chaunt of the Monks

W S Gilbert

(Scena. A mountain Inn on a picturesque Sicilian pass. A range of mountains, with Etna in the distance. In the middle distance, a Monastery on a steep rocky elevation. As the curtain rises, a procession of Dominican Monks winds down the set pieces on the stage.)
Monks

Mi - se - re - re! Um - bra fe - re!

Pau - per sum _ di - a - bol - us
Sem - per do - lens;

no - lens, vo - lens, _ Mo - na - chus _ moe - stiss - i - mus!
(The procession of Monks exit. As they are going off, Giorgio, a member of the Tamorra Secret Society, appears on the set, and watches them off. As soon as the coast is clear, he comes down, and beckons to the rest of the band, who, headed, by Luigi, appear from various entrances, and come down mysteriously.)
Chorus of Tamorras

Tenors

Basses

We are members of a secret society, (hush!) Working by the moon's uncertain disc, Our _
mot-to is "Re-venge with-out anx-i-e-ty," That is, with-out un-ne-ces-sa-ry
risk. (hush!) We spend our nights on damp straw and squa-lid hay. When
trade is not par-tic-u-lar-ly brisk, (hush!) But now and then we take a lit-tle
holi-day, And spend our honest earnings in a frisk, (hush!)

Five hundred years ago our ancestor's next door neighbour
Had a mother whose brother by some means or other In-
curred three months' hard labour.

Tomors

Three months' hard labour!

wrongful sentence, though, On his head he con-trived to do it, As it

Flute

Flute

tar-nish'd our 'scutch eon which ne'er had a touch on; We swore man-kind should rue it.
Yes, yes, yes, We swore mankind should rue it.
Tenors

Basses

So we're members of a secret society (hush!)

Working by the moon's uncertain taint
Our motto is "Revenge without anxiety."

That is, without unnecessary risk.