Full Score

RUDDIGORE
or
The Witch’s Curse

Written by

W. S. Gilbert

Composed by

Arthur Sullivan

First Performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, 22 January 1887

Version 0.92
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MORTALS

SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD (disguised as Robin Oakapple, a Young Farmer)
RICHARD DAUNTLESS (his Foster-Brother, a Man-o’-war’s man)
SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD (of Ruddigore, a Wicked Baronet)
OLD ADAM GOODHEART (Robin’s Faithful Servant)
ROSE MAYBUD (a Village Maiden)
MAD MARGARET
DAME HANNAH (Rose’s Aunt)
ZORAH and RUTH (Professional Bridesmaids)

GHOSTS

SIR RUPERT MURGATROYD (the First Baronet)
SIR JASPER MURGATROYD (the Third Baronet)
SIR LIONEL MURGATROYD (the Sixth Baronet)
SIR CONRAD MURGATROYD (the Twelfth Baronet)
SIR DESMOND MURGATROYD (the Sixteenth Baronet)
SIR GILBERT MURGATROYD (the Eighteenth Baronet)
SIR MERVYN MURGATROYD (the Twentieth Baronet)
and
SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD (the Twenty-first Baronet)

Chorus of Officers, Ancestors, Professional Bridesmaids, and Villagers

ACT I

The Fishing Village of Rederring, in Cornwall

ACT II

The Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle

TIME

Early in the 19th Century
Preface to the Full Score

When the D’Oyly Carte Opera Company revived Ruddigore during their 1920-21 season at the Prince’s Theatre, it was a significantly different opera from that which had been performed at the Savoy during its initial run. Several musical numbers had been cut, and a new overture arranged by Geoffrey Toye. Although the company eventually restored some of the cut numbers, that was essentially the version of the opera they presented until the company closed in 1982.

Ruddigore had been significantly revised by Gilbert and Sullivan during the early days of its original run: dialogue was pruned, the second verses of a couple of songs were cut, a new song was provided for Robin in Act II, the chorus of “Bucks and Blades” were brought on to provide partners for the Bridesmaids at the end of the opera instead of the chorus of Ancestors who originally had all been brought back to life, and the title was changed from Ruddygore to its present form.

Meanwhile, in 2000, David Russell Hulme (DRH) published a critical edition of Ruddigore with Oxford University Press (OUP) based on Sullivan’s original manuscript. The changes from the Toye version added a few extra measures here and there that make it incompatible with the existing Kalmus orchestra parts. It also restored the original overture.

This vocal score and the accompanying orchestral score integrate all of Hulmes corrections but also show Toye’s changes as well, so you can perform Ruddigore as originally written or with some or all of Toye’s modifications as you wish.

Musical numbers which have these annotations, include numbers 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 12, 15, 20, and 21. In addition, I have unfolded the repeats in #14 (You understand?) to make it more readable.

In #7, (“My boy you may take it from me”) we show Richard’s dialog after the pause in the second and third verses. While these two dialog lines do not appear in the Oxford, Schirmer or Cramer vocal scores, they are in the Kalmus full score. Bradley indicated that these lines were added in the 1930s by D’Oyly-Carte, but Hulme notes that Sullivan marked a pause in verse 2 and 3 in his original score. They may have used those same lines from the start, but we cannot be sure of it.

The libretto was created by Paul Howarth of the G&S archive, and these scores by the undersigned. The accompanying full orchestra score also notes these changes and both scores allows for the playing either version. The full score is available on line and the orchestra parts available from Troupers Light Opera (info@trouperslightopera.org).

James Cooper – 2018
Musical Numbers

ACT I
1. Fair is Rose (Bridesmaids and Zorah)
2. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd (Hannah and Bridesmaids)
3. If somebody there chanced to be (Rose)
4. I know a youth (Robin and Rose)
5. From the briny sea (Bridesmaids and Richard)
6. Hornpipe
7. My boy, you may take it from me (Robin with Richard)
8. The battle’s roar is over (Richard and Rose)
9. If well his suit has sped (Bridesmaids)
10. In sailing o’er life’s ocean wide (Rose, Richard, Robin)
11. Cheerily carols the lark (Margaret)
12. Welcome, gentry (Bridesmaids and men’s chorus)
13. Oh, why am I moody and sad (Sir Despard and chorus)
14. You understand? (Richard and Sir Despard)
15. Hail the bride (Ensemble) Act I Finale
   Gavotte
   Dance

ACT II
16. I once was as meek as a newborn lamb (Robin and Adam)
17. Happily coupled are we. (Richard, Rose, Bridesmaids)
18. In bygone days. (Rose, Bridesmaids, Robin, Richard)
19. Painted emblems of a race (Ancestors, Robin, Sir Roderic)
20. When the night wind howls (Sir Roderic and Ancestors)
21. He yields! (Ancestors, Robin)
22. Away, remorse! (Robin)
23. I once was a very abandoned person (Despard, Margaret)
24. My eyes are fully open (Robin, Despard, Margaret)
25. Melodrama
26. There grew a little flower (Hannah and Sir Roderic)
27. When a man has been a naughty baronet (Ensemble)
Ruddigore Overture
Original version

Arthur Sullivan
Hamilton Clarke
Allegretto

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Fl. 1
Picc.
Ob.
Bn.
Bsn.
Hn.
Cnt.
Tbn.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

Allegro con brio
12/8 + 4/4
Ruddigore Overture
Ruddigore Overture

Fl. 1
Fl. 2
Ob.
Bsn.
Hn.
Cnt.
Tbn.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Ruddigore Overture
Ruddigore Overture
Ruddigore Overture
Ruddigore Overture

Fl. 1

Picc.

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Ruddigore Overture
Ruddigore: Overture

1.

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

\( \text{Gp} \)
Ruddigore Overture
Fl. 1
Fl. 2
Ob.
Bs. Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Cnt.
Tbn.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Ruddigore Overture

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

S.Dr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Ruddigore Overture

Fl. 1

Picc.

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Ruddigore Overture

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

 Bs. Cl.

 Bsn.

Hn.

Cnt.

Tbn.

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
Enter chorus of Bridesmaids. They arrange themselves in front of Rose's cottage.
01. Fair is Rose
01. Fair is Rose

Ob. B♭ Cl. Bsn.

Hn. Trgl.

Sop Alto

Vln. I Vln. II

Vla. Vc. Cb.

day; Soft is Rose as warm west wind; Sweet is Rose as the new-mown hay Rose is queen of maid en -
01. Fair is Rose

Fl.

Ob.

B♭ Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Trgl.

Sop

Alto

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

kind!

Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes, say Is
Fl.
Ob.
B+Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Trgl.
Sop
Alto
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

an y bo dy go ing To mar ry you to day?
Ev'ry day, as the days roll on, Brides-maids' garb we
fa ir is Rose

gai-ly don, Sure that a maid so fairly famed Can't long remain unclaimed. Hour by hour and
Ob.  

B♭ Cl.  

Bsn.  

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

Cb.  

day by day,  
Sev’ral months have passed a-way,  
Though she’s the fair-est flow’r that blows,
No one has married Rose!

Rose, all glowing With virgin blushes, say Is
Hour by hour and day by day,

anybody going to marry you today?

01. Fair is Rose
Months have passed away.

Fair is Rose as bright May day; Soft is Rose as warm west day;
01. Fair is Rose

Zorah with soprano

wind; Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay Rose is queen of maiden kind! Rose, all

Fair is Rose

Zorah with soprano
fair is rose


glowing

With

virgin

blushes,

say

is anybody
going

to

marry

- - - - - -
01. Fair is Rose

you to-day? Fair is Rose, Soft is Rose,
01. Fair is Rose

Rose is the Queen of Maiden-kind!
Enter DAME HANNAH from cottage.

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!

ZOR. 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.

HAN. Nay – that may never be, for I am pledged!

ALL. To whom?

HAN. 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.

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

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

HAN. My child, he was accursed.

ZOR. But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

HAN. 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:
2

02. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Han

Hans

Rupert Murgatroyd His leisure and his riches He cruelly employed In persecuting

witches. With fear he'd make them quake He'd duck them in his lake — He'd break their bones With

troyd His leisure and his riches He cruelly employed In persecuting

watches. With fear he'd make them quake He'd duck them in his lake — He'd break their bones With

watches. With fear he'd make them quake He'd duck them in his lake — He'd break their bones With
staves, And burn them at the stake!___

This sport he much enjoyed, Did Ru- pert Mur-ga-
Once, on the village

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd

No sense of shame. Or pity came to Rupert Murgatroyd!
green, A pal-sied bag, he roast-ed, And what took place, I ween, Shook his com-posure boast-ed; For,

as the torture grim Seized on each withered limb, The writhing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled
forth this curse on him: 

"Each lord of Rud-di-gore, Des-pite his best en-deav-our, Shall

do one crime, or more, Once, ev'ry day, for ev-ver! This doom he can't de-fy, How-ev-er he may
try, For should he stay His hand, that day In torture he shall die! The prophecy came...
true: Each heir who held the title Had, ev’ry day, to do Some crime of import vital;

Un-till, with guilt o’er-plied, "I’ll sin no more!" he cried, And on the day He said that
say, In agony he died!

And thus, with singing cloyed, Has
died each Mur-ga-troyd, And so shall fall, Both one and all, Each com-ing Mur-ga-troyd!
(Exeunt chorus of Bridesmaids.

Enter Rose from cottage, with a small basket under her arm.)

HAN. 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 little Ruth Rowbottom, and a pound of snuff for the poor orphan girl on the hill.

HAN. 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.

HAN. 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 naught 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 (producing a book of etiquette), 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.

HAN. 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 naught!
03. If somebody there chanced to be

some - bo - dy there chanced to be, Who loved me in a man - ner true, My
an - y well-bred youth I knew, Po - lite and gen - i - le, neat and trim, Then

-- - - - - -
heart would point him out to me, And I would point him out to you. But

I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to him. But

(referring to book)
03. If somebody there chanced to be

Here it says, of those who point, their manners must be out of joint. You may not
03. If somebody there chanced to be

point, You must not point It's man-ners out of joint, to point! Ah! Had

Ah! __________ Had

and, You must not hint It says you must-n't hint, in print! Ah! And

Ah! __________ And

503. If somebody there chanced to be
I, if I loved him such as he, Some quiet spot he'd passing through, Then I could

If somebody there chanced to be
03. If somebody there chanced to be

Fl.
Ob.
A Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Rose
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

whis-per it to me, And I could whis-per it to you. But whis-per-ing, I've

(referring to book)
If somebody there chanced to be

somewhere met, does not do Is contr - ary to et - i - quette: Where can it be? Now let me
03. If somebody there chanced to be

Fl.
Ob.
A Cl.
Bsn.

Rose

see see Yes, yes!
"It's con-tra-ry to et-i-quette:

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

pizz. colla voce arco
pizz. colla voce
pizz. colla voce
pizz. colla voce

(finding reference)
3. If somebody there chanced to be
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!

(ROSE is about to go when ROBIN enters and calls her.)

ROBIN. Mistress Rose!
ROSE. (surprised) Master Robin!
ROB. I wished to say that – it is fine.
ROSE. It is passing fine.
ROB. But we do want rain.
ROSE. Aye, sorely! Is that all?
ROB. (sighing) That is all.
ROSE. Good day, Master Robin!
ROB. Good day, Mistress Rose! (Both going – both stop.)
ROSE. I crave pardon, I –
ROB. I beg pardon, I –
ROSE. You were about to say? –
ROB. I would fain consult you –
ROSE. Truly?
ROB. It is about a friend.
ROSE. In truth I have a friend myself.
ROB. Indeed? I mean, of course –
ROSE. And I would fain consult you –
ROB. (anxiously) About him?
ROSE. (prudishly) About her.
ROB. (relieved) Let us consult one another.
04. I know a youth

Robin and Rose

W S Gilbert

Allegretto grazioso

Arthur Sullivan

1. I know a youth who loves a little maid
(Hey, but his face is a)

2. He can not eat and he can not sleep
(Hey, but his face is a)

Hey, but his face is a
04. I know a youth

He's a maiden who loves a gallant youth, (Hey, but she sick-em as the days go by?) She can not tell him all the things she feels for him.

Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid (Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)

Daisy he goes for to wait for to weep (Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)

She's a maiden who loves a gallant youth, (Hey, but she sick-em as the days go by?) She can not tell him all the things she feels for him.
04. I know a youth

Fl.
Ob.
Bsn.
Hn.
Rose
Rob
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

sad, weep for the truth

Poor little man!

Poor little maid!

rall. a tempo

Poor little man!

Poor little maid!

rall. a tempo

A a tempo
Poor little maid! Now tell me pray, and tell me true, What is the world should the maid en

Div. pizz. arco

Vln. I  pizz. arco
Vln. II  pizz. arco
Vla. pizz. arco
Vc. pizz. arco
Cb.
04 I know a youth

If I were the youth I should offer her my name (Hey, but her face is a

do? do? do? I were the youth I should offer her my name (Hey, but her face is a

(HEY, BUT HER FACE IS A
04. I know a youth

I were the youth I should

If I were the maid I should

If I were the maid I should

(Hey, but she sick ens as the

If I were the maid I should

fan his hon est flame

I were the youth I should

Hey, but he's bash ful as a

I were the youth I should

say to her to day

(Hey, but she sick ens as the
days go by!)

If I were the maid I should
04. I know a youth

Fl.

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn.

Rose

Rob

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Poor little man!

Poor little maid!

(Fl.) meet the lad half way (For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)
Poor little man!

I thank you, sir, for your counsel true; I'll tell that maid.

Poor little maid!

I thank you, miss, for your counsel true; I'll tell that youth.

I know a youth
04. I know a youth

Fl.  

Ob.  

B- Cl.  

Bsn.  

Rose  

Rob  

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

Cb.  

"what she ought to do!"

"what he ought to do!"

a tempo

pizz.

Div.
(Exit ROSE.)

ROB. 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!

(He sit desponding. Enter OLD ADAM.)

ADAM. My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd –

ROB. 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! (ROBIN assents.) Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It’s like eight hours at the seaside!

ROB. 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!

ROB. My beloved foster-brother? No, no – it cannot be!

ADAM. It is even so – and see, he comes this way!
From the briny sea
Comes young
05. From the briny sea

Richard, all victorious! Valorous is he. His achievements all are glorious! Let the world...
05. From the briny sea

With the news we bring, Sing it, shout it, Tell a -
05. From the briny sea

\begin{align*}
\text{Fl. 1} & \quad \text{Fl. 2/Pic} \\
\text{Ob.} & \quad \text{Bb Cl.} \\
\text{Bsn.} & \\
\text{Hn.} & \quad \text{Cnt.} \\
\text{Tbn.} & \\
\text{S} & \quad \text{A} \\
\text{Vln. I} & \quad \text{Vln. II} \\
\text{Vla.} & \quad \text{Vc.} \\
\text{Cb.} &
\end{align*}

\text{bout it Shout it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic-to-rious from the sea! Safe and}

\text{it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic-to-rious from the sea! Safe and}

\text{it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic-to-rious from the sea! Safe and}

\text{it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic-to-rious from the sea! Safe and}
and sound, All victorious from the sea!

sound return eth he, All victorious from the sea!

From the briny sea
05. From the briny sea

Richard 1.1

From the briny sea
05. From the briny sea

shipped, 'dy see, in a Rev- enue sloop, And off Cape Fin-i-stere, A mer-chant-man we see, A
up with our helm, and we scuds be-fore the breeze As we gives a compass-ionating cheer; Froggee

Cap-tain he up and he says, says he, 'That chap we need not fear; We can take her, if we like, She is

French-man, go-ing free, So we made for the bold Moun-seer, 'D'ye see? We
sar-tin for to strike, For she's on-ly a darned Moun-seer, 'D'ye see? She's on-ly a darned Moun-

sees us go a-bout, Which was grateful of the poor Moun-seer, 'D'ye see? Which was grateful of the poor Moun-
**Rich Vln. I**

But she proved to be a Fri-gate and she
lal — it's like

Fri-gate and she
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In the Toye version, measure X is omitted and the chorus sings a C on the final fermata.
6. Hornpipe
The Toye version suggests playing 4 verses $f$, $pp$, $f$, $ff$.
In this case, start again from the pickup to letter B.
ROB. Richard!

RICH. Robin!

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

RICH. 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 merciful 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?

ROB. Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

RICH. 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 barrowknight to boot, if all had their rights!

ROB. 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.

RICH. Robin, do you call to mind how, years ago, we swore that, come what might, we would always act upon our hearts’ dictates?

ROB. 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.

RICH. Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binacle 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!

ROB. Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes. (feeling his pulse) 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 impostor! My dear fellow, I’d give my right arm for one tenth of your modest assurance!
7. My boy, you may take it from me

W S Gilbert

Robin and Richard

Arthur Sullivan

Allegro molto vivace

Flute

Piccolo

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Cymbals

Bass Drum

Robin

Richard

Allegro molto vivace

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

My boy, you may take it from me

Arthur Sullivan

Score
7. My boy, you may take it from me

And though I've done the worst,
A different nature's the best.

I've a bright intellectual grace
From Ovid and Horace too.
7. My boy, you may take it from me

Ob.

Rob

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

be face

paint: A Crich-ton of ear-ly ro-

mance You must

face

paint: Though none are ac-

com-plished as I, But, what ev-

er I try, sir. You

my boy, you may take it from me

You must stir it and stump it, And

And I was so were trea-

son: You

stir it, sir, son:

And I You

mancenied I, You

be
tontures are
can-

not be
dem-

med

be
tontures are

can-

not be
dem-

med
7. My boy, you may take it from me

1. Blow your own trump - et, sir? Or, trust me, you have - n't a chance!

2. Rich: "I don't know"
3. Rich: "No I didn't"

If you fail in and why, sir? I'm mod - es - ty per - son - i - fied!
ask me the rea - son? I'm dif - fi - dent, mod - est, and shy!

If you
7. My boy, you may take it from me

Wish in the world to advance, Your merits you're bound to enhance, You must stir it and stump it, And
In the Toye version, Richard only sings after the 3rd verse.
To achieve this, move the repeat to just before letter B. In the OUP all verses repeat to measure 1.
7. My boy, you may take it from me

mer-its you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a
7. My boy, you may take it from me

Fl.

Pic.

Ob.

B+ Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

B. Dr.

Rob

Rich

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

chance!

chance!
(Exit ROBIN.)

RICH. (looking after him). 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-reckonin’ to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is! (Enter ROSE – he is much struck by her.) 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 –

RICH. 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 – (offering a damaged apple).

RICH. (looking at it and returning it). No, my lass, ’tain’t 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? (Refers to book.) Yes – “Always speak the truth.”

RICH. 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 – (holding out his hand). That’s nervousness!

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

RICH. 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 (wiping his lips with his hand), might I be permitted to salute the flag I’m a-goin’ to sail under?

ROSE. (referring to book). “An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities.” (aloud) Once! (RICHARD kisses her.)
8. The battle's roar is over

Richard and Rose

Arthur Sullivan
brace thy tender lover, O my love!
From tempests' welter, From war's alarms, O give me shelter With-
in those arms! O give me shelter With-in those arms! Thy smile alluring, All手臂！
8. The battle's roar is over

Fl.

Ob.

Bb-Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Rose

Rich

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

If heart ache curing, Gives peace enduring, O my love! O

rit. a tempo
8. The battle's roar is over
8. The battle's roar is over
8. The battle's roar is over
8. The battle's roar is over

die, love, Without a sigh, love,

die, love, Without a sigh, love,
8. The battle's roar is over

B♭ Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Rose

Rich

Pizz.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

My own, my love!

My own, my love!

Attacca
9. If well his suit has sped

W S Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Soprano

Alto

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Allegretto moderato \( \dot{=}100 \)

Enter Robin and Chorus of Bridesmaids

Score

Bridesmaids

Arthur Sullivan

9. If well his suit has sped

W S Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Soprano

Alto

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Allegretto moderato \( \dot{=}100 \)

Enter Robin and Chorus of Bridesmaids

Score

Bridesmaids

Arthur Sullivan
9. If well his suit has sped
If well his suit has sped, Oh, may they soon be wed! Oh, tell us, tell us, pray, What doth the maid-en
9. If well his suit has sped

9. If well his suit has sped
ROB. Well – what news? Have you spoken to her?

RICH. Aye, my lad, I have – so to speak – spoke her.

ROB. And she refuses?

RICH. Why, no, I can’t truly say she do.

ROB. Then she accepts! My darling! (Embraces her.)

BRIDESMAIDS. Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride! etc.

ROSE. (aside, referring to her book) Now, what should a maiden do when she is embraced by the wrong gentleman?

RICH. Belay, my lad, belay. You don’t understand.

ROSE. Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you!

RICH. You see, it’s like this: she accepts – but it’s me!

ROB. You! (RICHARD embraces ROSE.)

BRIDESMAIDS. Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride!

When the nuptial knot is tied –

ROB. (interrupting angrily) Hold your tongues, will you! Now then, what does this mean?

RICH. 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 –

ROB. Will you be quiet! Go away! (CHORUS makes faces at him and exeunt.) Vulgar girls!

RICH. What could I do? I’m bound to obey my heart’s dictates.

ROB. 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. (to ROBIN) 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!

RICH. That’s true, my lass, but it’s done now, ain’t it, Rob?

ROSE. Still it may be 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!
ROB. 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!

RICH. (with emotion) Thankye, messmate! that’s well said. That’s spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! (Grasps his hand.)

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

ROB. 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!

RICH. Thankye, Rob! That’s well spoken. Thankye, Rob!

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

ROB. 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 –tattooed to the shoulder! (RICHARD rolls up his sleeves.) 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!

ROB. Granted – granted – and I don’t say that Dick isn’t as bad as any of ’em. (RICHARD chuckles.) 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!

RICH. 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.
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

Rose, Richard and Robin

Allegro vivace

Arthur Sullivan
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

guide; With summer sea and favouring wind, your self in port you'll find. My heart says,
To this maiden strike
She's captured you.
She's just the sort of girl you like
You know you do.

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

310
If oth\-er man her heart should gain, I shall re-sign." That's what it says to me quite plain, This heart of mine, this heart of mine,

- - 4 10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

142
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

This heart of mine.

My heart says, "You've a pros'rous lot, With a-crees wide; You mean to settle all you've got..."
Up on your bride. It don't pretend to shape my acts 
By word or sign; It merely states these simple facts,
Ten minutes since my heart said "white"

This heart of mine, This heart of mine!
It now says "black". It then said "left" it now says "right" Hearts of ten tack. I must obey its last strain.
You tell me so. But should it change its mind again, I'll let you know. (to Richard)

(Turning to Robin, who embraces her)
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you know. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide, No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide, No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide, No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide, No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide, No doubt the heart should be your guide; But it is awkward when you
10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

Fl.

Ob.

B-Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Rose

Rich

Rob

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

heart that does not know its mind!

heart, a heart

heart, a heart

A heart, a heart

stacc.
that does not know its mind!

(Exeunt Robin with Rose left, Richard, weeping, right.)

Attacca
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Margaret

(W. S. Gilbert)

Arthur Sullivan

Score

Andante

Flute 1

Flute 2

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Cornet in B♭

Trombone

Timpani

Margaret

(Enter Mad Margaret. She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters. and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.)

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Solo

Andante

11. Cheerily carols the lark
11. Cheerily carols the lark
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Cheerily carols the lark O ver the cot. Mer ri ly whis tles the

clerk Scratch ing a blot. But the lark And the
11. Cheerily carols the lark

clerk, I re-mark, Com-fort me not!

Over the ri-pen-ing
11. Cheerily carols the lark

peach Buz-zes the bee. Splash on the bil-low-y beach Tum-bles the sea. But the peach And the beach They are...
11. Cheerily carols the lark
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Fl. I

Ob.

Bb. Cl.

Bsn.

Meg

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Meg! Mad Mar-gar-et! Poor Peg! He! He! He! Mad, I? Yes, ve-ry! But why? Mys-te-ry!
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Don't call! Whisht! No crime Tis on-ly That I'm Love-lone-ly! That's all!

Fl. 1
Ob.
Bc Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Andante

To a garden full of posies Cometh one to gather flowers, And he nest of weeds and nettles Lay a violet half-hidden, Hoping

Vln. II

Vln. I

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Fl. I

Bb.Cl.

Bsn.

Meg

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

wan-ders thoughts bow-ers Toy-ing with the wan-ton ro-ses, that his glance un-bid-den Yet might fall up-on her pet-als, The wan-ton ro-

Meg

Meg

11. Cheerily carols the lark
ses, Who, up rising from their beds, Hold on high their shame less heads With their pret ty lips a-

als. Though she lived a lone, a part, Hope lay nest ling at her heart, But, a las, the cruel a-

1. Cheerily carols the lark
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Fl. I

B♭ Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Meg

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pouting, With their pretty lips pouting, Never doubting never doubting That for
waking, But, alas, the cruel waking Set her little heart breaking, For he
11. Cheerily carols the lark

Cy-the-re-an pos-sies He would ga-ther aught but ro-ses! 2. In a ga-ther'd for his pos-sies On-ly ro-ses—on-ly ro-ses!
ROSE. A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple—(offering apple).

MAR. (Examines it and rejects it.) No! (mysteriously) Tell me, are you mad?

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

MAR. 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! (chuckling).

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

MAR. 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: (sings)

“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?

MAR. You mean “who”.

ROSE. Nay! it is the accusative after the verb.

MAR. True. (Whispers melodramatically.) I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

ROSE. (Aside, alarmed.) Rose Maybud!

MAR. Aye! I love him—he loved me once. But that’s all gone. Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance—thus (business)–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.”

MAR. You are Rose Maybud?

ROSE. Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

MAR. 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!

MAR. 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?

MAR. 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!

(Exeunt together, on tiptoe.)
12. Welcome gentry

Bridesmaids with Bucks and Blades

Score
W S Gilbert

Allegro con brio

Flute

Piccolo

Oboe

Clarinet in A

Bassoon

Horn in F

Comet Bb

Trombone

Snare Drum

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Enter chorus of Bucks and Blades heralded by chorus of Bridesmaids

©

Arthur Sullivan
12. Welcome gentry
Wel-come, gen-try. For your en-try
Sets our tender hearts a-beating. Men of station, Admiration Prompts this unaffected greeting. Heartly
12. Welcome gentry

When we offer greeting.

Heart - y greeting.
thoroughly tired of being admired, by
ladies of gentle degree, with flattery sat ed, high flown and inflated, A-

way from the city we flee– we flee! From charms intramural to pretti ness rural the sudden transition is simply Elysian,
Come, A-raly-ly, Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-ly, Your slaves, for the mo-ment, are we! Your slaves, for the mo-ment, your
slaves are we!
sons of the village Who dwell in this village Are people of lowly degree. Though
honest and active, They're most unattractive, And awkward as awkward can be. They're
12. Welcome gentry

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Ob.

A Cl.

Bsn.

S+A

clumsy clod hoppers With axes and chop pers, And shepherds and ploughmen And drovers and cowmen,

Hedgers and reapers And carters and keepers, But never a lover for me! But
When A. Cl.:

Then come A. ma. ry-lis,
Come Chlo-e and Phyl-lis!

Then come A- ma. ry-lis,
Come Chlo-e and Phyl-lis!

Heart-y greet-ing of-fer
we, of-fer we!

So we, of-fer we!

Welcome gentry

176
Welcome, gentry

For your entry
Sets our tender

thoroughly tired Of being ad-mired, By la-dies of gen-tle de-gree, With flat-ter y sat-ed, High-flow and in-flat-ed, A-

D
hearts a beating. 

Men of station,

Admiration

way from the city we flee—

From charms intramural To pretti ness rural The sudden transition Is simply Elysian,
12. Welcome gentry

Prompts this unaffected greeting. Heartily greeting, Heartily greeting.

Come, Amaryllis, Come, Chloë and Phyllis, Your slaves, for the moment, are we! Your slaves, for the moment, your
Welcome gentry

Fl.

Fl.

Ob.

A Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Bb Cor.

Tbn.

B. Dr.

S+A

T+B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
12. Welcome gentry

Wel - - - come, Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come we!
Meas. X thru XX are the Tove ending.
Meas. Y thru YY are Sullivan's original ending.
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?

Sir Despard and Chorus

Andante misterioso

Oh, why am I moody and sad? And why am I guilty mad? Be-

Can't guess! Con-fess!

Arthur Sullivan
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?

cause I am thoroughly bad!
You'll see it at once in my face.
Oh, why am I husky and hoarse
It's the

Oh yes

Ah, why?
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?

workings of conscience, of course. And huskiness stands for remorse, At least it does so in my

Fie, fie!
Oh my!

- - - - -
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?

When in crime one is fully employed Your expression gets warped and destroyed:

It's a case!

Like you

It do.
A Cl.  
Bsn.  
Hn.  
Cor  
Tbn.  
Desp  
Women  
Men  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

pen al ty none can a void;  
I once was a nice-look ing youth;  
But like stone from strong cata pult

How true!

A trice -
30 ι

That's vice

Not nice

deed I am tel ling the

rushed at my ter ri ble cul-

Ob-serve the un-pleas ant re-

sult! In-deed I am tel-ling the

6 13. Oh why am I moody and sad?
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?

truth! Oh, in-no-cent, hap-py though poor! If I had been vir-tu-ous, I'm sure I should

That's we - - - - Like me -
be as nice-looking as you are! You are very nice-looking indeed! Oh, innocents, listen in time—A—
May be
We do
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?
All the girls express their horror at Despard. As he approaches they fly from him terror-stricken. Leaving him alone on stage.

13. Oh why am I moody and sad?
13. Oh why am I moody and sad?
SIR D. 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! (mysteriously) 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! (melodramatically) Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. To-day 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!

(Enter RICHARD.)

RICH. Ax your honour’s pardon, but –

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

RICH. Your honour, I’m a poor man-o’-war’s-man, becalmed in the doldrums –

SIR D. I don’t know them.

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

SIR D. 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.

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

RICH. Well, your honour, it’s like this. Your honour had an elder brother –

SIR D. It had.

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

SIR D. Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!

RICH. He didn’t.

SIR D. He did not?

RICH. 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 D. Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud! Can this be possible?

RICH. Now the question I was going to ask your honour is – ought I to tell your honour this?
SIR D. I don’t know. It’s a delicate point. I think you ought. Mind, I’m not sure, but I think so.

RICH. 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 D. 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!
14. You understand?

Richard and Sir Despard

Arthur Sullivan

Allegro vivace

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Richard

Despard

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Score
14. You understand?
14. You understand?

I think so too; I'll read-i-ly bet it. You'll vi-gour un-sha-ken. This step shall be ta-ken. It's neat-ly planned.
14. You understand?

For duty, duty must be done; The rule applies to every one, And painful though that
14. You understand?
To shirk the task were fiddle-dee, Fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, Fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee - dee!

To shirk the task were fiddle-dee, Fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, Fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee - dee!
14. You understand?
14. You understand?

Like-wise the bride The bride-groom comes
4. You understand?
14. You understand?
14. You understand?
To shirk the task were fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee-
To shirk the task were fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee, fiddl-dee-

1. You understand?
14. You understand?
14. You understand?
14. You understand?
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Act I Finale

W S Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in A
Bassoon
Horn in Eb
Comet in Bb
Trombone
Timpani
Women
Men
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Cello
Contrabass

Allegro non troppo

Enter chorus of Bridesmaids and Bucks and Blades

Score

212
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hail the Bride of sev'n-teen sum-mers: In fair phras-es
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hymn her prai-ses; Lift your song on high, all com-ers. She re-joic-es in your voic-es. Smil-ing sum-mer
Shed ding ev'ry blessing on her: Maid ens greet her Kindly treat her
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

You may all be brides some day!

Hail the bride-groom who advanced, Agiataed, Yet elated. He's in

Be"
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.
Ob.
A Cl
Bsn.
Hn. Eb
Bb Cor.
Tbn.
Timp.
S+A
T+B
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Ob.

A Cl

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Bb Cor.

Tbn.

Timp.

S+A

T+B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Ve.

Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
Enter Robin, attended by Richard and Old Adam
meeting Rose attended by Zorah and Dame Hannah. Rose and Robin embrace.
blos-som-ing, Smil-ing wel-come to the spring, Lover-s choose a wed-ding day— Life is love in mer-ry
May! Life is love, life is love

Fa la la la la la!

Fa la la la!

Fa la la!

Fa la la!

Fa la la!

Fa la la!

Fa la la!

Spring is green

Summer's
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Ob.

A Cl.

S

A

T

B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

In the spring-time seed is sown: In the summer grass is mown: In the
au-tumn you may reap: Winter is the time for sleep, Winter
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Spring is hope, — — Summer's joy.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

\[
\text{Fa la la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Fa la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Fa la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Fa la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Fa la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Fa la la la la! Winter, after all, is best, After all- Fa la la la la!}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]

\[
\text{Spring and summer}
\]
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Ob.

A Cl

S

A

T

B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

p
cresc.

p
cresc.

p
cresc.

p

pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too–
Fa la la la la la

pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too–
Fa la la la la la

pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too–
Fa la la la! Every season has its cheer. Life is lovely all the

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers


\[ \sum_{i=1}^{n} \text{la la la la la la la la} \]

\[ \text{love ly all the year! Fa la la la la la la la la} \]

\[ \text{year! Fa} \]

\[ \text{Fa la la la la la la la la} \]
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
Rally. 

Toye inserts measures 168-170 again here so Despard can interrupt the Gavotte. This is not in Sullivan's score, however.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl. | Allegro agitato
Ob. | Clarinet in Bb
Bb Clar | Recit.
Bsn. |
Hn. Eb |
Bb Cor. |
Tbn. |
Timp. |
Desp |
Vln. I | Recit.
Vln. II |
Vla. |
Vc. |
Cb. |

‘Hold, Bride and Bride-groom, ere you wed each other.’
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Desp

claim young Robin as my elder brother.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Desp

His

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Deny the false-hood, Robin, as you should! It is a plot!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

I would, if conscientiously I could, But I cannot!

Ah base one!

Ah base one!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Andante moderato

As pure and blameless peasant, I cannot, I regret, De-

Ah, base one!

Ah, base one!
ny a truth un-pleasant, I am that Bar-o-net!

But when complete-ly rat-ed Bad Bar-o-net am I, That
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hn. Eb

Bb Cor.

Rob

S+A

T+B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Vivace

I am what he's stated I'll reck-lessly deny!

He'll reck-lessly deny!

Vivace
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

When I'm a bad Bart, I will tell ta-ra-did-dles!
He'll tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart!
I'll play a bad part on the
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

fals'est of fiddles. But un-til that takes place I must be con-sci-en-tious-

On ver-y false fid-dles he'll play a bad part!

He'll

- - - - - -
Then adieu with good grace to my morals sen-tious!

be con-sci-en-tious un-til that takes place.

To morals sen-tious a-

To morals sen-tious a-

Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

When I'm a bad Bart, I will
dieu with good grace!

When he's a bad Bart, he will
dieu with good grace to his
mo-rals, his mo-rals sen-
ten-tious!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Ob.

Bb Clar.

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Bb Cor.

Tbn.

Trgl.

S+A

T+b

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Ve.

Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Bart! On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part on the falsest of fiddles.

Tell ta-ra-diddles bad
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Who is the wretch that hath be-
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hold! my con-science made me! With-hold your wrath!

\[327\]
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

With - in this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can’t be gain - said

It hide me thy true

rank im-part, And I, at once o-beyed

I knew they would blight thy bad lin fate-
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

his true heart
Bade him young Rob in's rank im-part, Im-de-diately o-beyd!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fare well!

Andante

Thous hadst my heart - 'Twas quickly won! But now we

To Triangle
5. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hail the bride-groom—hail the bride!

When the nuptial knot is tied;

Every day will bring some happiness.

---

15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
That's why I wed you!
And I to Margaret must keep my
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Have I mis-read you? Oh, joy! with newly kind-led rapture warm'd, I vow!

Recit.

Have I mis-read you? Oh, joy! with newly kind-led rapture warm'd, I vow!

Recit.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

- I once disliked you;
- Now that I've re-formed, How I adore

kneel before you!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hail the Bride—hail the Bride! When the nuptial knot is tied; Ev'ry day will bring some...
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Richard, of him I love, be-
joy. That can never, never cloy!

Cb.
ref't, Through thy design, Thou art the only one that's left, So I am

Thou art the only one that's left, So I am
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Hail the bride of seventeen summers thine!

Hail the Bride-groom– hail the Bride!

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Ob.

Bb Clar

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Bb Cor.

Tbn.

Rose

Rich

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Allegro con spirito

Clarinet in Bb
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

kissed by the bee; And, sipp-ing tran-quil-ly, Quite hap-py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride;

kissed by the bee; And, sipp-ing tran-quil-ly, Quite hap-py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride;
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

But happier than any, A pound to a penny, A lover is, when he embraces his

Fl. 

Bb Clar 

Bsn. 

Rose 

Rich 

Vln. I 

Vln. II 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Cb. 

61
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Fl.

Bb Clar

Bsn.

Rose

Meg

Rich

Desp

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Ve.

Cb.

bride!

Margaret

Oh, happy the flow'rs That blos - som in June,
And ha-ppy the bo-wers That gain by the boon,

And ha-ppy the bo-wers That gain by the boon,
But happier by hours The man of descent, Who, folly regretting, is bent on forgetting His
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Oh, happy the blossom That blooms on the lea,
bad baro-net-ting, And means to re-pent!
Like wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They can not com-pare

Like wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They can not com-pare With
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

With those who are treading the dance at a wedding, while people are spreading the best of good fare!
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

Oh, wretched the debtor Who's signing a deed! And wretched the letter That no one can read!

But very much better Their lot it must be Than that of the person I'm
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers


\[ \sum_{\alpha} \]

\[ \alpha \] mak ing this verse on, Whose head there's a curse on Al\hst - ding to me!

\[ \alpha \] Oh, hap py the li - ly When

\[ \alpha \] Oh, hap py the li - ly When

\[ \alpha \] Oh, hap py the li - ly When

\[ \alpha \] Oh, hap py the li - ly When

\[ \alpha \] Oh, hap py the li - ly When
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

kissed by the bee; And, sipping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap-py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

But happier than any, A pound to a penny, A lover is, when he embraces his

But happier than any, A pound to a penny, A lover is, when he embraces his

But happier than any, A pound to a penny, A lover is, when he embraces his
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers

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15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
At the end of the Dance, Robin falls senseless on the stage. Picture.
15. Hail the bride of seventeen summers
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb

Robin and Adam

W S Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Flute 1

Flute (Piccolo) 2

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Comet in B♭

Trombone

Cymbals

Robin

Adam

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb
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16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb

Rob

v troyd. Ha ha! With great-er pre-ci-sion (With-out the e- li-sion), Sir Ruth-ven Mur-ga-troyd. Ha ha!

Adam

And I, who was once his

Vln. I

val-ley-de-sham, As stew-ard I'm now em-ployed. Ha ha! The dick-ens may take him I'll nev-er for-sake him! As stew-ard I'm now em-

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Rob

Adam

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb
16. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb

sham! His valley de-sham, His valley de-sham, de-sham!
17. Happily coupled are we

Rose, Richard and Bridesmaids

Arthur Sullivan
17. Happily coupled are we
17. Happily coupled are we

Happily coupled are we, You see— I am a jolly Jack, Tar, My star; And you are the fairest, The rich est and rar est Of in no cent lass es you are, By far— Of in no-cent lass es you are! Fanned by a fa vou ring
417. Happily coupled are we

You'll sail over life's treacherous
sea With me, and as for bad weather, We'll brave it together, And you shall creep under my
17. Happily coupled are we

For you are such a smart little

and you shall creep under my lee! My wee! My wee! My wee!

Happily coupled are we

Triangle
17. Happily coupled are we
17. Happily coupled are we
17. Happily coupled are we
As though they were never to be. And I shall be left all alone To moan, And weep at your cruel de-
Happily coupled are we

ceit, Complete; While you'll be asserting Your freedom by flirting With every woman you meet, You cheat— With
17. Happily coupled are we

Fl. 
Ob. 
B♭ Cl. 
Trgl. 
Rose 

Vln. I 
Vln. II 
Vla. 
Vc. 
Cb. 

Fl. 
B♭ Cl. 
Trgl. 
Rose 

Vln. I 
Vln. II 
Vla. 
Vc. 
Cb. 

Though I am such a smart little craft

neat little, sweet little craft, Such a bright little, tight little, Slight little, light little, Trim little, trim little
17. Happily coupled are we
17. Happily coupled are we
(Enter ROBIN.)

**ROB.** 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? *(calling)* What ho! within there!

**RICH.** Hold – we are prepared for this. *(producing a Union Jack)* Here is a flag that none dare defy *(all kneel)*, and while this glorious rag floats over Rose Maybud’s head, the man does not live who would dare to lay unlicensed hand upon her!

**ROB.** Foiled – and by a Union Jack! But a time will come, and then –

**ROSE.** Nay, let me plead with him. *(To ROBIN.)* 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!
18. In bygone days

Rose, Richard, Robin and Bridesmaids

Arthur Sullivan

W S Gilbert

Andante

Flute 1

Flute 2

Oboe

Clarinet in A

Bassoon

Horn in Eb

Comet Bb

Trombone

Triangle

Rose

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

Score

In bygone days I had thy love—Thou hadst my heart. But Fate, all human vows above, Our lives did part! By the
18. In bygone days

old love thou hadst for me— By the fond heart that beat for thee— By joys that never now can be, Grant thou my prayer!
18. In bygone days

Allegro vivace $\frac{q}{=112}$

Fl. 1

Ob.

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Rob

S

A

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Take her I

Grant thou her pray-er!

Robin

yield!

Allegro vivace $\frac{q}{=112}$

318. In bygone days

320
18. In bygone days

Rapture! Away to the parson we go—Say we're so-lit-ious very That

418. In bygone days
18. In bygone days

Fl. 1
Ob.
Bb Cl
Bsn.
Cec Bb.
Tbn.
Trgl.
Rose
Richard
S
A
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
18. In bygone days

Slight little, light little, bright little, tight little,
Such a smart little craft—Such a neat little, sweet little craft, Such a

neat little, sweet little craft.
18. In bygone days

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

Bb Cl

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Coe. Bb.

Tbn.

Rose

Rich

S

A

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
18. In bygone days

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob.

Bb Cl

Bsn.

Hn. Eb

Coe Bb.

Tbn.

Rose

Rich

S

A

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
ROB. 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? (Addressing Pictures.) 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! (kneeling)

(The stage darkens for a moment. It becomes light again, and the Pictures are seen to have become animated.)
19. Painted emblems of a race

Robin, Sir Roderic and Chorus of Ancestors

Arthur Sullivan

Grave e maestoso \( \frac{q}{\text{=}56} \)

Flute 1

Flute 2

Picc 2

Oboe

Clarinet in A

Bassoon

Horn in F

Comet in A

Trombone

Bass Drum

Robin

Roderic

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

(two sticks)

©
The Pictures step from their frames and march round the stage.
19. Painted emblems of a race
19. Painted emblems of a race


2.

 inflict. sempre piano e marcato

his accustomed place. Steps into the world once more.
19. Painted emblems of a race

```
Hn. F
A Cor.
Tbn.
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

pizz.
```
19. Painted emblems of a race

Baronet of Rudigore, Last of our accursed line, Downup-on the oaken floor— Downup-on those
19. Painted emblems of a race

Lest the King of Spectre-land

Set on thee his
19. Painted emblems of a race

A Cl.  
P
Bsn.  
P
Rod  
I am the spec-tre of the late Sir Rod-er-ic Mur-ga-royd, Who comes to warn thee that thy fate Thou canst not now a-

Vln. I  

Vln. II  

Vla.  

Vc.  

Cb.  

vis-i-on, who art thou That thus, with icy glare And stern re-lent-less brow, Ap-pear-est, who knows how?
19. Painted emblems of a race

The pity you express for nothing goes. We spectres are a jollier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose!


A Cl.  Bsn.  Rod  T  B  Vln. I  Vln. II

Attacca

void.

The pity you express for nothing goes. We spectres are a jollier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose!

T  B  Vln. I  Vln. II

Attacca
20. When the night wind howls

Sir Roderic and chorus of Ancestors

W S Gilbert

Allegro energico \( \frac{112}{\text{quarter note}} \)

Arthur Sullivan
20. When the night wind howls
When the night wind howls,

chimney cowl,s, and the bat in the moonlight

flies, And inky clouds, like

fun'ral shrouds, sail over the midnight
20. When the night wind howls

When the foot-pads quail at the skies—

When the black dogs bay at the

nightbird's wail, and
20. When the night wind howls

\[ \sum \frac{\mu}{\omega} \approx \omega \]

Then is the spectres' moon, Then is the spectres' moon,

\[ \sum \frac{\mu}{\omega} \approx \omega \]

Then is the ghosts' high holiday, then is the ghosts' high holiday.
20. When the night wind howls

When the night wind howls...

moon! For then is the ghosts' high noon!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

then is the ghosts' high noon!

High

High

High
20. When the night wind howls
20. When the night wind howls

Fl. 1
Ob.
A Cl.
Bsn.
D Hn.
A Cor.
Tbn.
Rod
T
B
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

then is the ghosts' high noon!
then is the ghost's high noon!

26
When the night wind howls

As the sob of the breeze sweeps

Over the trees, and the mists lie low on the
When the night wind howls

gathered the bones that once were women and from grey tombstones are
20. When the night wind howls

\[ \sum_{\alpha} - \dot{\mu} \]

men, And away they go, with a

\[ \sum_{\alpha} \dot{\mu} \]

way they go, with a
When the night wind howls, 

mop and a mow, to the 

revel that ends too.
20. When the night wind howls

soon, For cock crow limits our_
20. When the night wind howls

noon! The dead of the night's high noon! High

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! High

arco
20. When the night wind howls


noon,
20. When the night wind howls

- the dead of the night's high moon!
And then each ghost with his
pizz.

lady - toast to their church - yard beds takes

la
dye - toast to their church - yard beds takes
20. When the night wind howls

flight, With a kiss, perhaps, on her
20. When the night wind howls

The A-chime was added by Toye.

The night wind howls, and a grisly grim "good night";
Till the wet come knell of the lantern chaps, and a
20. When the night wind howls

A Cl.

A Cor.

Chime

Rod

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

mid night bell rings forth its jolliest
20. When the night wind howls

A Cl.

D Hn.

Chime

Rod

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

D Hn.

Rod

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

hol i day—the
dead of the night’s high

ush - ers in our next high__

And
20. When the night wind howls
20. When the night wind howls

When the night wind howls
20. When the night wind howls

the dead of the night's high noon!
ROB. I recognize you now – you are the picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

SIR ROD. In a bad light. I am.

ROB. Are you considered a good likeness?

SIR ROD. Pretty well. Flattering.

ROB. Because as a work of art you are poor.

SIR ROD. 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.

ROB. And may I ask why you have left your frames?

SIR ROD. 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.

ROB. 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 ROD. Let us inquire into this. Monday?

ROB. Monday was a Bank Holiday.

SIR ROD. True. Tuesday?

ROB. 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 ROD. Wednesday?

ROB. (melodramatically). On Wednesday I forged a will.

SIR ROD. Whose will?

ROB. My own.

SIR ROD. My good sir, you can’t forge your own will!

ROB. 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!

ROB. A man can do what he likes with his own!

SIR ROD. I suppose he can.

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

1ST GHOST. Hear, hear!

SIR ROD. That’s better. (addressing Ghosts) Pass the fox, I think? (They assent.) Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

ROB. On Friday I forged a cheque.

SIR ROD. Whose cheque?

ROB. Old Adam’s.

SIR ROD. But Old Adam hasn’t a banker.

ROB. I didn’t say I forged his banker – I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

SIR ROD. But you haven’t got a son.

ROB. No – not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see – by this arrangement – he’ll be born ready disinherited.

SIR ROD. I see. But I don’t think you can do that.

ROB. My good sir, if I can’t disinherit my own unborn son, whose unborn son can I disinherit?

SIR ROD. 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? (addressing Ghosts.) Those who are in favour of his carrying off a lady? (All hold up their hands except a Bishop.) Those of the contrary opinion? (Bishop holds up his hands.) 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.

ROB. 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 ROD. Very good – then let the agonies commence.
(Ghosts make passes. ROBIN begins to writhe in agony.)

ROB. Oh! Oh! Don’t do that! I can’t stand it!

SIR ROD. Painful, isn’t it? It gets worse by degrees.

ROB. Oh – Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak.

(SIR RODERIC makes signs to Ghosts, who resume their attitudes.)

SIR ROD. Better?

ROB. Yes – better now! Whew!

SIR ROD. Well, do you consent?

ROB. But it’s such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

SIR ROD. As you please. (to Ghosts) Carry on!

ROB. Stop – I can’t stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done!

SIR ROD. To-day?

ROB. To-day!

SIR ROD. At once?

ROB. At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!
21. He yields!

Robin and chorus of Ancestors

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Allegretto con fuoco $\frac{\text{b} \text{b}}{112}$

Flute 1

Flute 2 (Piccolo) 2

Oboe

Clarinet in A

Bassoon

Horn in F

Comet

Trombone

Cymbals

Bass Drum

(Timpani)

Tenor

Bass

Allegretto con fuoco $\frac{\text{b} \text{b}}{112}$

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

He yields! He yields! He answers to our call! We

He yields! He yields! He answers to our call! We

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.
21. He yields!

do not ask for more.

A stur-dy fel-low, after all, This la-test Rud-di-gore!
21. He yields!

After all, this last Rudigore! All perish in unheard-of woe. Who dare our wills defy; We
want your pardon, ere we go,
For having agonized you so-

We want your pardon, ere we go,

4

21. He yields!
21. He yields!
In the Toye version, measures 37 and 39 are omitted.

Recit lento

I par-don you!

So par-don us—Or die!

par-don us—

Recit lento

In the Toye version, measures 37 and 39 are omitted.
21. He yields!

(The ghosts return to their frames)
21. He yields!
21. He yields!
curst in days of yore, Each to his accustomed place Steps unwillingly once
21. He yields!

(By this time, the ghoss have changed to pictures again. Robin is overcome with emotion)
(By this time the Ghosts have changed to pictures again. ROBIN is overcome by emotion.)

(Enter ADAM.)

ADAM. My poor master, you are not well –

ROB. Old 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 – any one – I don’t care which –

ADAM. But –

ROB. Not a word, but obey! Fly!

(Exit ADAM.)
22. (7.) Away remorse!

Arthur Sullivan

Allegro risoluto

Flute

Piccolo

Clarinet in A

Bassoon

Horn in F

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

A - way, Re - mose! Com - punc - tion, hence! Go, Mo - ral Force! Go, Pen - i - tence!

©
22. (7.) Away remorse!

To Virtue's plea a long fare-well—

Propriety, I ring your lute—

Come,


guiltiness of dead-liest hue!

Come, des-perate deeds of der-ring do!

Allegro comodo
22. (7.) Away remorse!

con - fi - dence-trick-ing, bad coin, po - ck - et - pick - ing. And sev - e - ral oth - er dis - gra - ces—
butch-ery and buck-ery and can - di - lie-trick-nak - ers. Who spew at all things that are tra - de-
coun - try’s good fame, her re - pun, or her shame. You don’t care the snuff of a can - di -

There’s——stamp prig - ging, and then thin - ble - rig - ging. The

Who's thumb - class foxes are em - barrassed by wire. Who

pos - mid - paid - tage—

the n—

bar told thim—

ble - by your rig—

Will —

be
22. (7.) Away remorse!

three-card delusion at a race!

graced by a baronet's handwriting.

A baronet's rank is exceedingly nice, but the li-lee's un-commonly dear at the

long to parade as a lady.

Al low me to offer a word of advice. The li-lee's un-commonly dear at the
22. (7.) Away remorse!

Quick switch to Bb Clarinet

price!

price!
23. I once was a very abandoned person

W S Gilbert

Margaret and Despard

Arthur Sullivan

Score

Andante quasi allegretto $\dot{=}76$

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Trombone

Enter Despard and Margaret.
They are both dressed in sober black of formal cut, and present a strong contrast to their appearance in Act I.

Margaret

Despard

Andante quasi allegretto $\dot{=}76$

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

23. I once was a very abandoned person
Arthur Sullivan
23. I once was a very abandoned person

Making the most of evil chances.

Nobody could conceive a worse un-
I once was a very abandoned person.

Even in all the old romances.

I blush for my wild extravagences.

But
23. I once was a very abandoned person

We were the victims of circumstance!

be so kind To bear in mind,
23. I once was a very abandoned person

That is one of our blame-less dances. I was once an exceedingly odd young lady—

Suffering much from spleen and vapours. She didn't spend much upon linen.
23. I once was a very abandoned person

It certainly entertained the ga-pers. My ways were strange Be-

dolce
23. I once was a very abandoned person

Paragraphe got into all the papers.

(dance)
23. I once was a very abandoned person

We only cut respect-able cap-ers.
I've gi-ven up all my wild pro-ceed-ings.

Now I'm a dab at pen-ny read-ings.
A mod-e-rate
In fact we rule A Na-tion-al School.

The du-ties are dull, but I'm not com-plain-ing.

live li-hood we're gain-ing.

The

In

Not
This sort of thing takes a deal of training!
DES. We have been married a week.

MAR. One happy, happy week!

DES. Our new life –

MAR. Is delightful indeed!

DES. So calm!

MAR. So unimpassioned! (wildly) 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!

DES. Margaret, don’t. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.

MAR. A gentle district visitor!

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

MAR. I have! (wildly) Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your knees! (Doing so.)

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

MAR. Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

DES. 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?

MAR. Why not?

DES. Because it’s too jumpy for a sick-room.

MAR. How strange! Oh, Master! Master! – how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that – (about to throw herself at his feet)

DES. Now! (warningly)

MAR. Yes, I know, dear – it shan’t occur again. (He is seated – she sits on the ground by him.) 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 Meg! He! he! he!
**DES.** Poor child, she wanders! But soft – some one comes – Margaret – pray recollect yourself – Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don’t Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

**MAR.** *(recovering herself).* Basingstoke it is!

**DES.** Then make it so.

*(Enter ROBIN. He starts on seeing them.)*

**ROB.** Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

**MAR.** Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and –

**DES.** Basingstoke!

**MAR.** *(suddenly demure)* Basingstoke it is!

**DES.** *(aside)* Then make it so. *(aloud)* 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.

**ROB.** But I’ve done no wrong yet.

**MAR.** *(wildly)* No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

**DES.** Basingstoke!

**MAR.** *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

**DES.** 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.

**ROB.** I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

**DES.** Awful. Wasn’t he? *(To MARGARET)*

**ROB.** And I’ve been going on like this for how long?

**DES.** 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 fullness. Oh fie, sir, fie – she trusted you!
ROB. Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there – don’t cry, my dear (to MARGARET, who is sobbing on ROBIN’s breast), it’s all right now. Birmingham, you know – Birmingham –

MAR. (sobbing) It’s Ba – Ba – Basingstoke!

ROB. Basingstoke! Of course it is – Basingstoke.

MAR. Then make it so!

ROB. There, there – it’s all right – he’s married you now – that is, I’ve married you (turning to DESPARD) – I say, which of us has married her?

DES. Oh, I’ve married her.

ROB. (aside) Oh, I’m glad of that. (to MARGARET) Yes, he’s married you now (passing her over to DESPARD), 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!

MAR. I knew it – I knew it – God bless you – (hysterically)

DES. Basingstoke!

MAR. Basingstoke it is! (Recovers herself.)
24. My eyes are fully open
Margaret, Robin and Despard

Arthur Sullivan
24. My eyes are fully open

eyes are fully open to my awful situation. I shall go at once to Roderic and make him an oration. I shall.

- - - - - - - -- - -

tell him I've recovered my forgotten moral senses, And I don't care two-pence-half-penny for any consequences. Now I
do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger, But a martyr may indulge a little pardonable swagger, And a

word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter, But I've got to die tomorrow, so it really doesn't matter!

So it
24. My eyes are fully open

So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,
24. My eyes are fully open

So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter.

So it really doesn't matter, So it really doesn't matter, So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.
If I were not a little mad and generally silly I should generally silly I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy-nilly; I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question. And you'd
real-ly be as-ton-ished at the force of my sug-ges-tion. On the sub-ject I shall write you a most val-u-able let-ter. Full of ex-cel-lent sug-ges-tions when I feel a lit-tle bet-ter, But at pres-ent I'm a-fraid I am as mad as any hat-ter, So I'll...
keep 'em to my self, for my opinion does n't matter!

Her opinion does n't matter, matter, matter, matter

Her opinion does n't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.
24. My eyes are fully open

My opinion doesn't matter, my opinion doesn't matter. My opinion doesn't matter, my opinion doesn't matter, my opinion doesn't matter. My opinion doesn't matter, my opinion doesn't matter, my opinion doesn't matter.
24. My eyes are fully open

- Fl.
- A Cl.
- Meg
- Rob
- Desp
- Vln. I
- Vln. II
- Vla.
- Vc.
- Cb.
I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another. Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring (Which is just the very favour which on you I am conferring), My ex-
24. My eyes are fully open

It is tence would have made a rather interesting idyll. And I might have lived and died a very decent indi-wide-dle. This par-

ticular rapid, un-in-tell-li-gible pat-ter is-n't gen-er-al-ly heard, and if it is it does-n't mat-ter!
24. My eyes are fully open

Fl.

A Cl.

Meg

is it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter. If it is it doesn't matter. This particularly rapid, un-

Rob

Desp

mat, matter, matter. If it is it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter. This particularly rapid, un-

Vln. I

This particularly rapid, un-

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

mf

stacc.

stacc.

This particularly rapid, un-

mf
24. My eyes are fully open
24. My eyes are fully open
24. My eyes are fully open

mater, mater, mater, mater, mater, mater!
mater, mater, mater, mater, mater, mater!
Exeunt DESPARD and MARGARET.)

(Enter ADAM.)

ADAM. (guiltily) Master – the deed is done!

ROB. What deed?

ADAM. She is here – alone, unprotected –

ROB. Who?

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

ROB. 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!

(ADAM introduces DAME HANNAH, very much excited, and exits.)
Adam introduces Dame Hannah, very much excited, and exits. Rob: Soho! pretty one— in my power at last, eh?
(During dialog. Play until cue, then Attacca Coda.)

ROB. Dame Hannah! This is – this is not what I expected.

HAN. 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, a
nd 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 approac

ROB. 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 any one – however particular – to desire.

HAN. Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in tim

HAN. 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! (Making for him.)
(Attacca Coda)
Coda

Rob. (in agony of terror) Don't! Don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! Roderic! Uncle! Save me!

(Roderic enters, from his picture. He comes down the stage.)
ROD. What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

ROB. I have – she is there – look at her – she terrifies me!

ROD. *(looking at Hannah)* Little Nannikin!

HAN. *(amazed)* Roddy-doddy!

ROD. My own old love! Why, how came you here?

HAN. This brute – he carried me off! Bodily! But I’ll show him! *(about to rush at ROBIN).*

ROD. Stop! *(To ROBIN)* 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.

ROB. Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future not to –

ROD. Hold your tongue, sir.

ROB. Yes, uncle.

ROD. Have you given him any encouragement?

HAN. *(to ROBIN)* Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

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

ROD. You go away.

ROB. Yes, uncle. *(Exit ROBIN.)*

ROD. This is a strange meeting after so many years!

HAN. Very. I thought you were dead.

ROD. I am. I died ten years ago.

HAN. And are you pretty comfortable?

ROD. Pretty well – that is – yes, pretty well.

HAN. 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!
26. There grew a little flower
Dame Hannah with Roderic

W S Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Andante Allegretto \( q = 106 \)

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in D

Dame Hannah

Sir Roderic

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

\( \text{©} \)
26. There grew a little flower

great-oak tree: When the tem pest-gan to low er Lit tle heed ed be-

great oak tree, She was in a pret ty pick-le, As she well might she

But need had she to cow er, For she-

But I'm nei ther rich nor clev-er, And so why should he? But though fate our for tunes sev er, To be

Death fol lowed with his sick-le, And con stant I'll en deav our, Aye, for

her tears began to trick-le For her

great- oak - tree! Sing hey, Lack a - day,

To my great-oak tree!
26. There grew a little flower

Sing hey, Lack a day! Let the tears fall free. For the pretty little flower. And the great-oak-tree! Sing sul G. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
26. There grew a little flower

1. Hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack a day! Let the tears fall free. For the

2. Hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free. For the

3. Said she, "Let the tears fall free. For the

4. Tears fall free. For the
26. There grew a little flower

Hey, lack a day!

Sing hey, Lack a-day!

Hey, lack-a-day, Lack a-day!

(falls weeping on Sir Roderic's bosom.)
(Enter ROBIN, excitedly, followed by all the characters and Chorus of Bridesmaids.)

ROB. Stop a bit – both of you.

ROD. This intrusion is unmannerly.

HAN. I’m surprised at you.

ROB. 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.

ROD. No doubt.

ROB. Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

ROD. It would seem so.

ROB. But suicide is, itself, a crime – and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!

ROD. I see – I understand! Then I’m practically alive!

ROB. Undoubtedly! (SIR RODERIC embraces DAME HANNAH.) Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

ROB. But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly loved Richard instead?

ROSE. Passionately, madly!

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

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

ROB. As before?

ROSE. Why, of course!

ROB. My darling! (They embrace.)

RICH. Here, I say, belay!

ROSE. Oh, sir, belay, if it’s absolutely necessary!

ROB. Belay? Certainly not!
Allegro con brio

No. 11 -- FINALE, ACT II

(Original version)

Vocal I
When a man has been a naughty baronet,
And express deep repentance and regret,
If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye,
Like on then hear this sad tale of spy.

Vocal II
2nd verse: Richard: (C.)

1st verse: Rose: (C.)

Flute 1

Flute 2

Oboe

Clarinet 1 (Bb)

Clarinet 2 (Bb)

Bassoon

Horn 1 (F)

Horn 2 (F)

Trumpet 1 (Bb)

Trumpet 2 (Bb)

Trombone 1

Trombone 2

Percussion

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Cello

Contrabass
That with Zor-ah for my mis-sis,
Vousheul help him if you're a-ble,
Like the mous-ie in the fa-ble,
That's the teach-ing of my Book of
Et-quette.

There'll be bread and cheese and kiss-es,
Which is just the sort of ra-tion I en-jye!

1. That's the teach-ing of her Book of
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion
Et-quette.

You should help him if you're able,
Like the mouse in the fable,
That's the teaching of my Book of
Etiquette.

That with Zor-ah for my missis,
There'll be bread and cheese and kisses.
Which is just the sort of ration I enjoy!
1st Verse Robin: (C.)

Having been a wicked baronet a week, Once again a modest liberty I seek.

2nd Verse Margaret & Sir Despard (L.C.)

Prompted by a keen desire to evoke All the blessed calm of nutrimony's yoke.

Agricultural employment Is to me a keen enjoyment, For I'm naturally diffident and meek.

We shall toddle off tomorrow From this scene of sin and sorrow, For to settle in the town of Basing-stoke!