**Troupers** Light Opera, Inc

*present*

**The Sorcerer**

Libretto by William S. Gilbert
Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

SIR MARMADUKE POINTDEXTRE, *an Elderly Baronet*
ALEXIS, *of the Grenadier Guards--His Son*
DR. DALY, *Vicar of Ploverleigh*
JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS, *of J. W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers*
LADY SANGAZURE, *a Lady of Ancient Lineage*
ALINE, *her Daughter--betrothed to Alexis*
MRS. PARTLET, *a Pew-Opener*
CONSTANCE, *her Daughter*
NOTARY, *a lawyer*
HERCULES, *a page (speaking role)*

*Chorus of Villagers*

**ACT I--GROUNDS OF SIR MARMADUKE'S MANSION, MID-DAY**
*(Twelve hours elapse between Acts I and II)*
**ACT II--GROUNDS OF SIR MARMADUKE'S MANSION, MIDNIGHT*
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**Rehearsal Numbers**

In this edition, there are 3 kinds of rehearsal numbers. Boxed letters correspond to the rehearsal letters in the orchestra score. Boxed numbers correspond to page numbers in the Kalmus edition. In addition, measure numbers have been added to each piece.

This performing edition was prepared for Troupers Light Opera by Jim Cooper: jim@labsoftware.com. This score is freely downloadable from http://trouperslightopera.org/Troupers/Scores/Sorcerer/sorcerer.htm
The Sorcerer
Overture

Allegro con spirito

Piano

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Act I.
SCENE: Exterior of Sir Marmaduke’s Elizabethan Mansion, mid-day.

1. Ring forth, ye bells
Opening Chorus

Allegro vivace  (Optional chimes introduction)
get your notes Of mournful lay, And from your throats Pour joy today. For today young Alex is Is be trothed to A-line, And that pride of his sex is Of his
At the feast on the green, And that

sex is to be next her, on the green, Oh be sure!

pride of his sex is, of his sex is to be next her, At the feast on the green, on the

green, Oh be sure! Ring forth. ye bells, With clari-

ron
sound, For - get your knells, For joys a - bound, For joys a - bound, For - get your

knells, For joys a - bound. Ring forth, ye bells, With

cla - rion sound, And from your throats Pour joy to
day. Ring forth ye bells With clarion sound, For get your knells, For joys a bound. Ring bound. Ring forth, ye bells, With clarion sound, For get your knells, For joys a
90

bound, Ring, ye bells, Ring, ye bells, Ring, ye

93

bells, With clarion sound, For joys a-bound

96

(Exeunt the men.)
2. Constance, my daughter
Recitative
Mrs. Partlet and Constance

(Enter Mrs. Partlet with Constance, her daughter.)
Mrs P

sad and out of spirits. What is the reason? Speak, my daughter, speak!

Const

Oh, mother do not ask! If my...
No - tice! If my poor limbs should trem - ble with e - mo - tion, Pay no at -

ten - tion, mo - ther, it is no - thing! If long and deep - drawn sighs I

cresc.  

dim.  

cause must ne'er be known!

(Mrs. Partlet motions to Chorus to leave her with Constance. Exeunt ladies of the Chorus.)
2a. When He is Here

Constance

When he is here, I sigh with pleasure, When he is gone, I sigh with grief. My hopeless fear No soul can measure. His love alone Can give my aching heart relief, Can give my aching heart relief! When he is
Constance

cold, I weep for sorrow, When he is kind, I weep for joy. My

Constance

My grief untold Knows no tomorrow.

Constance

woe can find No hope, no solace, no alloy! No hope, no hope, no solace, no alloy!

Constance

loy!

17

21

25

29
When I rejoice, He shows no pleasure, When I am sad, It grieves him not. His solemn voice Has tones I treasure. My heart they glad, They so lace my unhappy lot! They so lace my unhappy heart, When I despond, My woe they chasten, When I take heart, My hope they
Constance

cheer; With folly fond To him I has ten With folly fond To him I

dim.

From him apart, My life is very sad and drear! My life, my life is
cresc. colla voce

ve-ry sad and drear!
mf

Constance

53

rall.

Constance

57

Constance

61

dim. p
MRS. P.    Come, tell me all about it!  Do not fear—
           I, too, have loved; but that was long ago!
           Who is the object of your young affections?
CONST.    Hush, mother!  He is here!  (Looking off)

Enter DR. DALY.  He is pensive and does not see them

MRS. P.   (amazed)       Our reverend vicar!
CONST.    Oh, pity me, my heart is almost broken!
MRS. P.   My child, be comforted.  To such an union
           I shall not offer any opposition.
           Take him—he's yours!  May you and he be happy!
CONST.    But, mother dear, he is not yours to give!
MRS. P.   That's true, indeed!
CONST.    He might object!
MRS. P.   He might.
           But come—take heart—I'll probe him on the subject.
           Be comforted—leave this affair to me.

(They withdraw.)
3. The air is charged

Rev Dr Daly

Recitative

The air is charged with amatory numbers--

Soft madrigals, and dreamy lovers lays.
Peace, peace, old

heart! Why wak-en from its slumbers The ach-ing mem’ry of the old, old days?

Dr D
3a. Time Was When Love and I Were Well Acquainted

Dr Daly

Dr Daly

\textit{Andante}

\begin{music}
\newStaff
dr Daly = \newStaff
\newStaff
\newStaff
\newStaff
\end{music}

was, when Love and I were well acquainted. Time was, when we walk'd ever hand in hand. A saintly youth, with worldly thought untainted.

None better lov'd than I in all the land!
Dr. D

was, when maidens of the noblest station, For-saking even military

men, Would gaze upon me, rapt in adoration. Ah
cresc.

me, ah me, I was a fair young curate
colla voce

then! Had I a
head-ache? sigh'd the maids assembled; Had I a cold? well'd forth the silent

tear; Did I look pale? then half a parish trembled;

And when I cough'd all thought the end was near! I had no

care, no jealous doubts hung o'er me, For I was lov'd beyond all other
men. Fled gilded dukes and belted earls before me, Ah me, ah me, I was a pale young curate then! A pale young curate, a pale young curate, ah me, I was a pale young curate then colla voce.
(At the conclusion of the ballad, Mrs. Partlet comes forward with Constance.)

MRS. P. Good day, reverend sir.

DR. D. Ah, good Mrs. Partlet, I am glad to see you. And your little daughter, Constance! Why, she is quite a little woman, I declare!

CONST. (aside) Oh, mother, I cannot speak to him!

MRS. P. Yes, reverend sir, she is nearly eighteen, and as good a girl as ever stepped. (Aside to Dr. Daly) Ah, sir, I'm afraid I shall soon lose her!

DR. D. (aside to Mrs. Partlet) Dear me, you pain me very much. Is she delicate?

MRS. P. Oh no, sir – I don't mean that—but young girls look to get married.

DR. D. Oh, I take you. To be sure. But there's plenty of time for that. Four or five years hence, Mrs. Partlet, four or five years hence. But when the time does come, I shall have much pleasure in marrying her myself—

CONST. (aside) Oh, mother!

DR. D. To some strapping young fellow in her own rank of life.

CONST. (in tears) He does not love me!

MRS. P. I have often wondered, reverend sir (if you'll excuse the liberty), that you have never married.

DR. D. (aside) Be still, my fluttering heart!

MRS. P. A clergymen's wife does so much good in a village. Besides that, you are not as young as you were, and before very long you will want somebody to nurse you, and look after your little comforts.

DR. D. Mrs. Partlet, there is much truth in what you say. I am indeed getting on in years, and a helpmate would cheer my declining days. Time was when it might have been; but I have left it too long—I am an old fogy, now, am I not, my dear? (to Constance) – a very old fogy, indeed. Ha! ha! No, Mrs. Partlet, my mind is quite made up. I shall live and die a solitary old bachelor.

CONST. Oh, mother, mother! (Sobs on Mrs. Partlet's bosom)

MRS. P. Come, come, dear one, don't fret. At a more fitting time we will try again – we will try again.

(Exeunt Mrs. Partlet and Constance.)

DR. D. (looking after them) Poor little girl! I'm afraid she has something on her mind. She is rather comely. Time was when this old heart would have throbbed in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form! But tush! I am puling! Here comes the young Alexis with his proud and happy father. Let me dry this tell-tale tear!

Enter Sir Marmaduke and Alexis
4. Recit and Minuet

Sir Marmaduke, Dr Daly, Alexis

Dr Daly
Sir Marmaduke—my dear young friend, Alexis—On this most
hap-py-mostau-spi-cious plight—Permit me, as a true old friend, to
ten-der My best, my very best, con-gra-tu-lations! Sir, you are most o-
bleeg-ing. Doctor Daly, My dear old tutor, and my valued pastor, I
thank you from the bot-tom of my heart!

Segue minuetto
4a. Minuet - May Fortune Bless You

Music played under dialog
(Dialog spoken over music)

DR. D.  May fortune bless you! may the middle distance
       Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
       The joyous foreground! and, when you have reached it,
       May that which now is the far-off horizon
       (But which will then become the middle distance),
       In fruitful promise be exceeded only
       By that which will have opened, in the meantime,
       Into a new and glorious horizon!

SIR M.  Dear Sir, that is an excellent example
       Of an old school of stately compliment
       To which I have, through life, been much addicted.
       Will you oblige me with a copy of it,
       In clerkly manuscript, that I myself
       May use it on appropriate occasions?

DR. D.  Sir, you shall have a fairly-written copy
       Ere Sol has sunk into his western slumbers!

(Exit DR. DALY)

SIR M.  (to ALEXIS, who is in a reverie) Come, come, my son—your fiancée will
       be here in five minutes. Rouse yourself to receive her.

ALEXIS.  Oh rapture!

SIR M.  Yes, you are a fortunate young fellow, and I will not disguise from you
       that this union with the House of Sangazure realizes my fondest wishes. Aline is rich,
       and she comes of a sufficiently old family, for she is the seven thousand and
       thirty-seventh in direct descent from Helen of Troy. True, there was a blot on the
       escutcheon of that lady—that affair with Paris—but where is the family, other than my
       own, in which there is no flaw? You are a lucky fellow, sir—a very lucky fellow!

ALEXIS.  Father, I am welling over with limpid joy! No sicklying taint of
       sorrow overlies the lucid lake of liquid love, upon which, hand in hand, Aline and I are to
       float into eternity!

SIR M.  Alexis, I desire that of your love for this young lady you do not speak so
       openly. You are always singing ballads in praise of her beauty, and you expect the very
       menials who wait behind your chair to chorus your ecstasies. It is not delicate.

ALEXIS.  Father, a man who loves as I love—

SIR M.  Pooh pooh, sir! fifty years ago I madly loved your future mother-in-law,
       the Lady Sangazure, and I have reason to believe that she returned my love. But were we
       guilty of the indelicacy of publicly rushing into each other's arms, exclaiming—

"Oh, my adored one!" "Beloved boy!"
"Ecstatic rapture!" "Unmingled joy!"

which seems to be the modern fashion of love-making? No! it was "Madam, I trust you
       are in the enjoyment of good health"—"Sir, you are vastly polite, I protest I am mighty
       well"—and so forth. Much more delicate—much more respectful. But see—Aline
       approaches—let us retire, that she may compose herself for the interesting ceremony in
       which she is to play so important a part.

(Exeunt SIR MARMADUKE and ALEXIS.)

(Enter ALINE on terrace, preceded by Chorus of Girls.)
5. "With Heart and with Voice"

Chorus of Girls

Piano

Allegretto

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A

Sop+Alto

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With heart and with voice Let us welcome this mating. To the youth of her choice; With a
heart pal-pitating, Comes the love-ly A-line!

Comes the love-ly A-line! May their

love never cloy! May their bliss be un-bound-ed! With a hal-lo of

joy May their lives be sur-round-ed! Heaven bless our A-
May their love never cloy! May their bliss be unbound-ed! With a
halo of joy May their lives be sur-round-ed! Heaven
bless A-line!

May their love
ne- ver cloy!
May their bliss be un-

bound- ed! Heaven bless our A- line!

bless our A- line! Heaven bless our A-
My kindly friends, I thank you for this greeting. And as you wish me every earthly joy, I trust your wishes may have quick fulfillment!
6a. Oh, happy young heart
Aria - Aline

Tempo di valse non troppo vivace

Oh, happy young heart! Comes thy young lord a-woo-ing.

With joy in his eyes, And pride in his
breast. Make much of thy prize, For he is the best That e- ver came a-
su- ing, That came a- su- ing. Yet, suing, That came a- su-
yet we must part, Young heart! Yet we must part, Yet we must part, Yet we must part, Young heart! Y et we must part!
Oh, merry young heart, bright are the days of wooing!

But happier far the day untired, no sorrow can mar, when Love has
tied
The knot there's no undoing, There's no undoing.

Then, never to part, Young heart! never to part

part. never to part, Then, never to part, Young heart!

Ne never to part, never to part,
Enter Lady Sangazure
7. My child, I join in these congratulations
Recitative
Lady Sangazure

My child, I join in these congratulations:
Heed not the tear that dims this aged eye!
Old memories crowd around me;
Tho' sorrow, Tis for my self, Aline, and not for thee.

Enter Alexis, preceded by Chorus of Men
8. With Heart and Voice
Chorus of Men

With heart and with voice Let us welcome this mat-ting; To the maid of his choice, With a heart pal-pi-tat-ing,
Comes Alexis the brave! With heart

Let us welcome this

maiding To the maid of his choice; To the maid of his
(Sir Marmaduke enters. Lady Sangazure and he exhibit signs of strong emotion at the sight of each other, which they endeavor to suppress. Alexis and Aline rush into each other's arms.)
8a - Oh my adored one
Alexis and Aline
Recitative

Alexis

Aline

Ecstatic rapture!

Unmingled joy!

(They retire up.)
9. Welcome Joy
Sir Marmaduke and Lady Sangazure

(With stately courtesy)

Sir M

Welcome joy! adieu to sadness! As Aurora gilds the

day; So those eyes, twinorbs of gladness, Chase the clouds of care a-

way; Irresistible incentive Bids me
Sir M

hum-bly kiss your hand; I'm your servant most atten-
tive, Most attentive to command. Wild with ador-
ration! Mad with fascination! To indulge my lamentation No oc-
casion do I miss! Goad-ed to distraction By maddening ir-
raction, I find some sa-

A | L'istesso tempo (Aside with frantic vehemence.)
faction in apostrophe like this; 
"San-gazure im-

mortal, San-gazure divine!

Welcome to my portal, Angel, oh be

mine! Immortal, divine!
(Aloud with much ceremony.)

Sir M

Angel, oh, be mine!

Irre-

Sir M

sensible incentive Bids me humbly kiss your

Sir M

hand; I'm your servant most attentive, Most at-

Sir M

tentive to command!
Lady S

Sir,

I thank you most politely for your graceful courtesy.

see; Compliment more truly knightly Never

yet was paid to me! Chivalry is an in
Lady S

63

greatly lacking in our land. Sir, I

66

am your most obedient, Most obedient to com-

69

(Aside with great vehemence.)

mand. Wild with adoration! Mad with fasci-

71

nation! to indulge my lamentation No occasion do I
Lady S

miss! Goad-ed to dis-trac-tion By mad-den-ing in-uc-tion, I find some sa-tis-

fac-tion In a-pos-tro-phe like this: Mar-ma-duke im-

mor-tal, Mar-ma-duke di-vine,

Take me to thy por-tal, Loved one, oh be
85
Lady S

mine!  Immor-tal di-vine!

88
Lady S

Loved one, oh be mine!

91  (Aloud with much ceremony.)

Lady S

Chivalry is an intr-

Sir M

Wild with adora-tion! Mad with fasci-na-tion! To in-

dulge my la-

47
Lady S

Sir M

great
tid
t

t

t

dueling
No occasion do I miss!

Wild with adoration! To indulge my lamentation No occasion do I miss! I'm your

Mad with fascination! To indulge my servant most at

Wild with adoration! To indulge my lamentation No occasion do I miss! I'm your

in our land.

48
102
Lady S

	ta - tion No oc - ca - sion do I miss! To in - dulge my la - men -

ten - tive,

Sir M

Most at -

ten - tive

105
Lady S

	ta - tion No oc - cas - sion do I miss! Wild with a - do - ra - tion! Yes, and mad with fas - ci -

to com - mand! Wild with a - do - ra - tion, Yes, and mad with fas - ci -

Sir M

108
Lady S

	ta - tion! To in - dulge my la - men - ta - tion No oc - ca - sion do I miss!

Sir M

	ta - tion! To in - dulge my la - men - ta - tion No oc - ca - sion do I miss!
(During this, the Notary has entered with the marriage contract.)
10. All Is Prepared
Aline, Alexis, Notary and Chorus

Maestoso

All is prepared for

sealing and for signing, The contract has been drafted as agreed.

Ap-
Notary

Proach the table, Oh ye lovers pinning! With hand and seal now

ex -ecute the deed. Alexis and Aline advance and sign, Alexis supported by Sir Marmaduke, Aline by her mother.

I deliver it, I deliver it, As my act and deed.

Chorus

Alexis

ex -ecute the deed.
Aline

I de-li-ver it, I de-li-ver it, As my act and deed.

Chorus

See, they sign without a qui-ver! It

Chorus

then to seal pro-ceed! They de-li-ver it, They de-li-ver it, As their act and deed.
Aline
I deliver it, I deliver it, As my act and deed.

Alexis
I deliver it, I deliver it, As my act and deed.

Notary
They deliver it, They deliver it, As their act and deed.

Chorus
They deliver it, They deliver it, As their act and deed.

33  37 Allegro come primo
Tenors unis

Chorus
Basses With

 Tempo primo
With heart and with voice Let us welcome thus

heart and with voice let us welcome this mating; Leave them here to re-

joice, With true love palpitating, Alex is the brave!
Sop/Alto

Chorus

Tenor

Bass

With true love palpitating; Heaven

Welcome this mating! Leave them here to rejoice,

Leave them here to rejoice,

Let us
bless our A-line! The love-ly A-

joice, Leave them here to re-joice, A-lex is the

brave! A-lex is the brave And the love-ly A-line!
(Exeunt all but Alexis and Aline)

ALEXIS.  At last we are alone! My darling, you are now irrevocably betrothed to me. Are you not very, very happy?

ALINE. Oh, Alexis, can you doubt it? Do I not love you beyond all on earth, and am I not beloved in return? Is not true love, faithfully given and faithfully returned, the source of every earthly joy?

ALEXIS. Of that there can be no doubt. Oh, that the world could be persuaded of the truth of that maxim! Oh, that the world would break down the artificial barriers of rank, wealth, education, age, beauty, habits, taste, and temper, and recognize the glorious principle, that in marriage alone is to be found the panacea for every ill!

ALINE. Continue to preach that sweet doctrine, and you will succeed, oh, evangel of true happiness!

ALEXIS. I hope so, but as yet the cause progresses but slowly. Still I have made some converts to the principle, that men and women should be coupled in matrimony without distinction of rank. I have lectured on the subject at Mechanics' Institutes, and the mechanics were unanimous in favour of my views. I have preached in workhouses, beershops, and Lunatic Asylums, and I have been received with enthusiasm. I have addressed navvies on the advantages that would accrue to them if they married wealthy ladies of rank, and not a navvy dissented!

ALINE. Noble fellows! And yet there are those who hold that the uneducated classes are not open to argument! And what do the countesses say?

ALEXIS. Why, at present, it can't be denied, the aristocracy hold aloof.

ALINE. Ah, the working man is the true Intelligence after all!

ALEXIS. He is a noble creature when he is quite sober. Yes, Aline, true happiness comes of true love, and true love should be independent of external influences. It should live upon itself and by itself--in itself love should live for love alone!
11. Love feeds on many kinds of food
Alexis

Andante expressivo

Love feeds on many kinds of food, I know; Some love for rank, and some for duty; Some give their hearts a-way for empty show, And others love for youth and beauty. To love for money all the world is prone; Some love themselves, and live all...
lone-ly; Give me the love that loves for love a-lone I love that

love, I love it only! I love that love, I love it only! Give

me the love that loves for love a-lone; I love that love, I love it on-

colla voce

diminuendo
What man for any other joy can thirst, Whose loving wife adores him truly.

Duly? Want, misery, and care may work their worst, If loving woman loves you truly. A lover's thoughts are ever with his own. None truly lov'd is ever lonely;

Give me the love that loves for love alone. I love that
love, I love it only! I love that love, I love it only! Give

me the love that loves for love alone. I love that love, I love it on-

colla voce

diminuendo

ly
ALINE. Oh, Alexis, those are noble principles!
ALEXIS. Yes, Aline, and I am going to take a desperate step in support of them.
Have you ever heard of the firm of J. W. Wells & Co., the old-established Family
Sorcerers in St. Mary Axe?
ALINE. I have seen their advertisement.
ALEXIS. They have invented a philtre, which, if report may be believed, is
simply infallible. I intend to distribute it through the village, and within twelve hours of
my doing so there will not be an adult in the place who will not have learnt the secret of
pure and lasting happiness. What do you say to that?
ALINE. Well, dear, of course a filter is a very useful thing in a house; but still I
don't quite see that it is the sort of thing that places its possessor on the very pinnacle of
earthly joy.
ALEXIS. Aline, you misunderstand me. I didn't say a filter--I said a philtre.
ALINE (alarmed). You don't mean a love-potion?
ALEXIS. On the contrary--I do mean a love potion.
ALINE. Oh, Alexis! I don't think it would be right. I don't indeed. And then--a
real magician! Oh, it would be downright wicked.
ALEXIS. Aline, is it, or is it not, a laudable object to steep the whole village up
to its lips in love, and to couple them in matrimony without distinction of age, rank, or
fortune?
ALINE. Unquestionably, but--
ALEXIS. Then unpleasant as it must be to have recourse to supernatural aid, I
must nevertheless pocket my aversion, in deference to the great and good end I have in
view. (Calling) Hercules.

(Enter a PAGE from tent)

PAGE. Yes, sir.
ALEXIS. Is Mr. Wells there?
PAGE. He's in the tent, sir--refreshing.
ALEXIS. Ask him to be so good as to step this way.
PAGE. Yes, sir. (Exit PAGE)
ALINE. Oh, but, Alexis! A real Sorcerer! Oh, I shall be frightened to death!
ALEXIS. I trust my Aline will not yield to fear while the strong right arm of her
Alexis is here to protect her.
ALINE. It's nonsense, dear, to talk of your protecting me with your strong right
arm, in face of the fact that this Family Sorcerer could change me into a guinea-pig
before you could turn round.
ALEXIS. He could change you into a guinea-pig, no doubt, but it is most
unlikely that he would take such a liberty. It's a most respectable firm, and I am sure he
would never be guilty of so untradesmanlike an act.

(Enter Mr. WELLS from tent)

WELLS. Good day, sir. (ALINE much terrified.)
ALEXIS. Good day--I believe you are a Sorcerer.
WELLS. Yes, sir, we practice Necromancy in all its branches. We've a choice assortment of wishing-caps, divining-rods, amulets, charms, and counter-charms. We can cast you a nativity at a low figure, and we have a horoscope at three-and-six that we can guarantee. Our Abudah chests, each containing a patent Hag who comes out and prophesies disasters, with spring complete, are strongly recommended. Our Aladdin lamps are very chaste, and our Prophetic Tablets, foretelling everything--from a change of Ministry down to a rise in Unified--are much enquired for. Our penny Curse--one of the cheapest things in the trade--is considered infallible. We have some very superior Blessings, too, but they're very little asked for. We've only sold one since Christmas--to a gentleman who bought it to send to his mother-in-law--but it turned out that he was afflicted in the head, and it's been returned on our hands. But our sale of penny Curses, especially on Saturday nights, is tremendous. We can't turn 'em out fast enough.
12. My name is John Wellington Wells

Mr Wells

Piano

Vivace

My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells.
In blessings and curses, And ever fill'd purses,
In prophesies, witches and knells.

If you
Wells

want a proud foe to “make tracks.” If you’d melt a rich uncle in wax. You’ve

but to look in On the resident Djinn, Number seventy-Simmetry Axe. We’ve a

first rate assortment of magic; And for raising a posthumous shade, With ef-

fects that are comic or tragic, there’s no cheaper house in the trade. Love

philatre, we’ve quantities of it! And for knowledge if anyone burns, We’re

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keep-ing a ve-ry small pro-phet, a pro-phet Who brings us un-bound-ed re-turns.

For he can pro-phe-cy With a wink of his eye, Peep with se-cu-ri-ty in-to fu-tu-ri-ty,

Sum up your his-to-ry, Clear up a mys-te-ry, Hu-mour pro-cli-vi-ty For a na-ti-vi-ty,

for a na-ti-vi-ty; He has an-swers o-ra-cu-lar, Bo-gies spec-ta-cu-lar,

Tet-ra-pods trag-i-cal, Mir-rors so ma-gi-cal, Facts as-tro-nom-i-cal, Sol-enn or co-mi-cal,
And, if you want it, he makes a reduction on taking a quantity! Oh...

If anyone anything lacks, he'll find it all ready in stacks, if he'll only look in on the resident Djinn, Number seventy, Simmetry.

Axe!
Wells

He can raise you hosts Of ghosts. And that, without re-

cÇd

Wells

glers: And creepy things with wings And gaunt and gris-

cÇd

Wells

spec-tres; He can fill you crowds Of shrouds, And hor-

cÇd

Wells

vast-ly; He can rack your brains With chains, And gib-

cÇd

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ghast - ly!  Then, if you plan it, he Chang-es or-ga-ni-ty, With an ur-ban-i-ty

Full of sa-tan-i-ty, Vex-es hu-man-i-ty With an in-an-i-ty Fa-tal to van-i-ty,

Driv-ing your foes to the verge of in-san-i-ty!  Bar-ring tau-to-lo-gy,

In de-mon-o-logy, Lec-tro bi-o-logy, Myt-ic no-so-lo-gy, Spi-rit phil-o-lo-gy,
High class astrology. Such is his knowledge, he isn't the man to require an apology!

Oh! My name is John Wellington Wells, I'm a dealer in magic and spells. In blessings and curses, and ever fill'd purses, in prophecies, witches and knells. And if anyone anything lacks, he'll...
find it already in stacks, If he'll only look in on the resident Djinn, Number-

seven Sim-mery Axe.
ALEXIS. I have sent for you to consult you on a very important matter. I believe you advertise a Patent Oxy-Hydrogen Love-at-first-sight Philtre?

WELLS. Sir, it is our leading article. (Producing a phial.)

ALEXIS. Now I want to know if you can confidently guarantee it as possessing all the qualities you claim for it in your advertisement?

WELLS. Sir, we are not in the habit of puffing our goods. Ours is an old-established house with a large family connection, and every assurance held out in the advertisement is fully realized. (Hurt)

ALINE. (aside) Oh, Alexis, don't offend him! He'll change us into something dreadful--I know he will!

ALEXIS. I am anxious from purely philanthropical motives to distribute this philtre, secretly, among the inhabitants of this village. I shall of course require a quantity. How do you sell it?

WELLS. In buying a quantity, sir, we should strongly advise your taking it in the wood, and drawing it off as you happen to want it. We have it in four-and-a-half and nine gallon casks--also in pipes and hogsheads for laying down, and we deduct 10 per cent from prompt cash.

ALEXIS. I should mention that I am a Member of the Army and Navy Stores.

WELLS. In that case we deduct 25 percent.

ALEXIS. Aline, the villagers will assemble to carouse in a few minutes. Go and fetch the tea-pot.

ALINE. But, Alexis--

ALEXIS. My dear, you must obey me, if you please. Go and fetch the teapot.

ALINE (going). I'm sure Dr. Daly would disapprove of it!

(Exit ALINE.)

ALEXIS. And how soon does it take effect?

WELLS. In twelve hours. Whoever drinks of it loses consciousness for that period, and on waking falls in love, as a matter of course, with the first lady he meets who has also tasted it, and his affection is at once returned. One trial will prove the fact. Enter ALINE with large tea-pot

ALEXIS. Good: then, Mr. Wells, I shall feel obliged if you will at once pour as much philtre into this teapot as will suffice to affect the whole village.

ALINE. But bless me, Alexis, many of the villagers are married people!

WELLS. Madam, this philtre is compounded on the strictest principles. On married people it has no effect whatever. But are you quite sure that you have nerve enough to carry you through the fearful ordeal?

ALEXIS. In the good cause I fear nothing.

WELLS. Very good, then, we will proceed at once to the Incantation.

The stage grows dark.
13. Incantation
Aline, Alexis, Mr Wells, and Chorus

[Music score] Allegretto quasi lento

Wells

Sprites of earth and air. Fiends of flame and

Wells

fire! Demon souls, come here in shoals, This fearful deed in
Noisome hags of night! Imps of deadly shade!

Palpitate, arise in hosts, And lend me all your aid!

Pear! Appear! Appear!

Good master we are
Alexis; <Chorus>

Hark! hark! they assemble.

These fiends of the night!

Oh, Alexis, I tremble!

Seek safety in flight!

Let us fly to the far off land, Where peace and plenty dwell. Where the
sigh of the silver strand Is echoed in every shell. To the

joys that land will give On the wings of love we'll fly, In

in - no - cence there to live, In in - no - cence
Aline

there to die,
In innocence there to
cresc.

Aline

live,
there to die

89

52 a tempo
to live and die.

too late too
cresc.

Too
colla voce.

Chorus

a tempo
Aline
Alexis
Wells;
Chorus
?

not for thee

not for thee!

not for thee!

Aline
Alexis
Wells;
Chorus

Andante moderato

Now shri-ved hags, with poison bags Dis-charge your loath-some loads!
Wells

Spit flame and fire, unholy choir! Belch forth your venom toads! Ye demons fell, with

Wells

yelp and yell, Shed curses far afield. Ye fiends of night, your

Wells

filthy blight In noisome plenty yield!

Wells

(same business)

Chorus

Number one! unis.

Chorus

It unis.

Wells

(pouring vial into teapot.)

(same business)

(flash)

(flash)
Aline; Alexis

Chorus

? 

far off land, Where peace and plenty

Set us free! set us

dwell, Where the sigh of the

too late! too late!

free!

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Aline

silver strand Is echoed in ev'ry shell. Let us

Alexis

silver strand Is echoed in ev'ry shell.

Wells

unis.

Chorus

Too late! Too late! Too late! it may not be! That happy

set us free! set us free! ha! ha! ha!

Aline

fly! let us fly! let us fly! let us fly!

Alexis

Let us fly! let us fly! let us fly!

Wells

late! Too late! too late! it may not be! That happy

Chorus

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
14. Finale
Now to the Banquet We Press
Chorus

Now for the mustard and cress, Now for the strawberry jam!

Chorus

Now for the tea of our host! Now for the rollicking bun,

Chorus

Now for the muffin and toast, And now for the gay Sally Lunn!
Chorus

Now for the muffin and toast, And now for the gay Sally Lunn! The

Chorus

eggs and the ham And the strawberry jam, The rolling bun And the gay Sally Lunn! The

Chorus

eggs eggs and the ham And the strawberry jam, The rolling bun And the gay Sally Lunn! The

Chorus

cresc.
Chorus

eggs and the ham And the strawberry jam, And the rollicking bun

Chorus

rollicking bun And the gay Sally Lunn And the strawberry jam, jam, jam,

Chorus

Oh, the strawberry, strawberry jam, bun, bun, Oh!

bun, Oh! the strawberry, strawberry jam, jam, jam, Oh!
Chorus

the rollicking rollicking bun!

the rollicking, rollicking bun!

Sir M

Be happy all, the feast is spread before ye!

segue recit.
Sir M

Fear nothing but enjoy yourselves, I pray!

Eat, aye, and drink, be mery, I implore ye; For

once let thoughtless folly rule the day!

Eat, drink and be
Sir M

Gay! Banish all worry and sorrow, Laugh gaily to

Day, Weep (if you're sorry) tomorrow! Come, pass the cup

Round, I will go bail for the liquor; It's strong, I'll be

Bound, For it was brew'd by the vicar! It's strong, I'll be
None so knowing as

None so knowing as

None so knowing as

None so knowing as

None so knowing as

None so knowing as

Sir M & Notary

bound, For it was brew'd by the vicar!

None so knowing as

Sir M & Notary

None so knowing as

None so knowing as
he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff

he - At brewing a jor - um of tea, Ha! ha! ha! ha! A pret - ty stiff
Chorus

Aline

Const

LdyS+MrsP

Alexis

Dr D

Sir M & Not

Wells

jo - rum of tea.
Aline

See! see! they drink, All thought un-

Alexis

See! see! they drink, All thought un-

Wells

See! see! they drink, All thought un-

Aline

heeding, The teacups clink, They are ex-

Alexis

heeding, The teacups clink, They are ex-

Wells

heeding, The teacups clink, They are ex-
(During this verse, Constance has brought a small teapot, kettle, caddy and cosy to Dr Daly. He makes tea scientifically.)
(with the teapot)
gone in a hurry! Toil, sorrow and plot

Fly away quicker and quicker, Three spoons to the pot, That is the

brew of your vicar! Three spoons to the pot, That is the
Aline

Const

LdyS+MrsP

Alexis

Dr D

Sir M & Not

Wells

Chorus

Sir M & Not

Andante
Oh love, true

Oh love, true

love! Unwordly, abiding! Source of all pleasure, true fountain of

love! Unwordly, abiding! Source of all pleasure, true fountain of

joy. Oh love, true love, divinely confiding, Exquisite

joy. Oh love, true love, divinely confiding, Exquisite
It becomes evident by the strange conduct of the characters that the charm is working. All rub their eyes, and stagger about the stage as if under the influence of a narcotic.
They must regain their senses, restoring reason's law,
Or

They must regain my senses, restoring reason's law,
Or

They must regain their senses, restoring reason's law,
Or

They must regain their senses, restoring reason's law,
Or

They must regain my senses, restoring reason's law,
Or

They must regain my senses, restoring reason's law,
The company will draw.
Aline

Const

LdyS+MrsP

Alexis

Dr D

Sir M & Not

Wells

Chorus

lous il lusion! Oh
lous il lusion! Oh
vel lous il
vel lous il
vel lous il
vel lous il
lution! Oh ter ri ble sur
lution! Oh ter ri ble sur
lution! Oh ter ri ble sur

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prise! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
Oh marvelous illusion! Oh terrible surprise!
prise! Oh terrible surprise!
Aline

What is this strange confusion That veils their aching eyes, That

Const

What is this strange confusion That veils my aching eyes, That

LdyS+MrsP

What is this strange confusion That veils my aching eyes, That

Alexis

What is this strange confusion That veils their aching eyes, That

Dr D

What is this strange confusion That veils my aching eyes, That

Sir M & Not

What is this strange confusion That veils my aching eyes, That

Wells

What is this strange confusion That veils their aching eyes, That

Chorus

What is this strange confusion That veils my aching eyes, That
(Those who have partaken of the philtre struggle in vain against its
effects, and, at the end of the chorus, fall insensible on the stage.)