THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

or

The Merryman and His Maid

Written by

W.S. GILBERT

Composed by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

First produced at the Savoy Theatre, 3rd October 1888.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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

Chorus of YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, GENTLEMEN, CITIZENS, etc.

SCENE: Tower Green

TIME: 16th Century
The Yeomen of the Guard

Overture

1. When maiden loves – Phoebe
1a. When jealous torments rack my soul – Wilfred
2. Tower warders under orders – People, Yeomen, 2nd Yeoman
3. When our gallant Norman foes – Dame Carruthers
3a. A Laughing boy but yesterday – Sergeant Meryll
4. Alas I waiver to and fro – Phoebe, Leonard, Meryll
5. Is life a boon? - Fairfax
6. Here’s a man of jollity – People
7. I have a song to sing, O! Elsie and Point
8. How say you maiden, will you wed – Elsie, Point, Lieutenant
9. I’ve jibe and joke -- Point
10. ‘Tis done, I am a bride -- Elsie
11. Were I thy bride – Phoebe
12. Oh, Sergeant Meryll is it true? - Ensemble
13. Night has spread her pall once more – Dame Carruthers and Women
14. Oh, a private buffoon is a light hearted loon – Point
15. Hereupon we’re both agreed – Wilfred and Point
16. Free from his fetters grim – Fairfax
17. Strange adventure –Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, Meryll
18. Hark! What was that sir? – Meryll, Wilfred, Lieut. Point, Dame C, Chorus
19. A man who would woo a fair maid – Fairfax, Elsie, Phoebe
20. When a wooer goes a wooing – Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax, Point
21. Rapture, rapture – Dame Carruthers and Sergeant Meryll
22. Comes the pretty young bride – Ensemble

This is the 1.0 version of a performing score prepared for Troupers, November 17, 2008. Page numbering revisions were made in May, 2022. Contact Jim Cooper, jim@labsoftware.com with suggested corrections and improvements.
**Introduction**

This score was prepared by scanning clearer old score copies and importing the scan into a music publishing program. The purpose of this edition is

1. To correct the many hundreds of reported errors in the Schirmer score
2. To provide a more readable edition with more room for notes
3. To add the cut songs back in
4. To add the cut 2nd verse in the Act I Finale for the 3rd and 4th Yeomen,
5. To unwind some of the repeats onto separate pages as a favor to accompanists.
6. To make the dialog pages more readable.

The piano-vocal midi files of “Jealous torments” and “A laughing boy” were prepared by Larry Byler and were imported. The piano reduction of “Jealous torments” is by Ed Munzer. The text is taken from the script published on the G&S Archive. All of the errors reported by Steve Lichtenstein at the G&S archive have been corrected.

The cover painting is by W. Russell Flint.

**Rehearsal Numbers**

There are 3 types of rehearsal numbers in this score: measure numbers, boxed letters and circled numbers. The boxed letters correspond to the rehearsal letters in the Schirmer score and the orchestra parts. The circled numbers correspond to the page numbers in the Schirmer score.

Please report all errors to Jim Cooper jim@labsoftware.com. New editions will be published as frequently as needed.
The Yeomen of the Guard
Overture

Allegro brilliante e maetoso

Brass

Viol brilliante

Sullivan
1. When maiden loves, she sits and sighs

Introduction and song - Phoebe

(Scene: Tower Green, a grass-covered yard overlooking the river. A low wall crosses the stage at the back, beyond which is seen the river and houses on the opposite bank. Downstage R is the house of the Lieutenant, with a bench against the wall, beyond the door. The quarters of his house-keeper, Dame Carruthers, are in the same building, with an entrance (not seen) upstage at the back. Up R. is a tower, and beside it, against the wall, is the platform for the Headsman and the Block. Up L. is a large gateway leading to the cells, and below this, down L., the door into Sergeant Meryll's quarters.)
1. When maiden loves, she sits and sighs, She wanders to and fro; Unbidden tears-drops fill her eyes, And to all questions she replies With a sad "Heigh ho!"

So soft, 'tis scarcely heard—
"Heigh-ho!"

An idle breath—Yet life and death May

---

A

B

a tempo
hang up on a maid's "Heigh-ho!"

Yet life and death may hang up

When maiden loves, she mopes a part, As owl mopes on a tree; Al-

though she keenly feels the smart, She cannot tell what ails her heart, with its sad "Ah, me!"
"Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"

"Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"

"Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"

"Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"

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"Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"
-  

in a maid's "Ah, me!" a tempo

(Phoebe weeps)

in a maid's "Ah, me!" a tempo

(Phoebe weeps)
(Enter Wilfred)

WILFRED. Mistress Meryll!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILFRED. Curse him!

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

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

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

WILFRED. You used to like ’em.

PHŒBE. I used to pretend I liked them. It was mere politeness to comparative strangers.

(Exit PHŒBE, with spinning wheel.)

WILFRED. I don’t believe you know what jealousy is! I don’t believe you know how it eats into a man’s heart – and disorders his digestion – and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior.

[the following song “Jealous torments” was cut before opening night]
1a. When jealous torments rack my soul

Wilfred

Allegro con brio

Piano arr.: Ed Munzer

1. When jealous torments rack my soul, My ag-o-nies I can't con-trol. Oh bet-ter sit on ker-chief on your neck of snow I look on as a dead-ly foe. It go-eth where I red hot coal Than love a heart-less jade: The red hot coal will hurt, no doubt, But dare not go And stops there all day long. The belt that holds you in its grasp Is, red hot coals in time die out. But jeal-ous-y you can-not rout, Its fires will nev-er to my peace of mind, a rasp. It clasp-eth what I can-not clasp. Cor-rect me if I'm
faded.

It's much less painful on the whole, To

Wrong.

much less painful on the whole, To

go and sit on red hot coal ‘Til you're completely flayed. Or ask a kindly friend to crack your

wretched bones upon the rack Than love a heartless jade. Than love a heartless jade.

Poco meno mosso
The bird that break-fasts on your lip, I would I had him in my grip. He sip-peth where I dare not sip, I can't get o-ver that. The cat you fon-dle soft and sly, He lay - eth where I dare not lie. We're not on terms, that cat and I. I do not like that cat. It's much less pain-ful,
on the whole To go and sit on red hot coal 'Til you're completely flayed. Or ask a kindly friend to crack your wretched bones up on the rack Than love a heartless jade, Than love a heartless jade.

friend to crack your wretched bones up on the rack Than love a heartless jade, Than love a heartless jade.

Or ask a kindly friend to

To go and sit on red hot coal 'Til you're completely flayed. Or ask a kindly friend to crack your wretched bones up on the rack Than love a heartless jade, Than love a heartless jade.

Or ask a kindly friend to

To go and sit on red hot coal 'Til you're completely flayed. Or ask a kindly friend to crack your wretched bones up on the rack Than love a heartless jade, Than love a heartless jade.
2. Tower warders, under orders
Double chorus and 2nd Yeoman

(The people enter excitedly)

(Allegro vivace)

(Tower warders under orders)

(The Yeomen enter in double file. Meryll is last, and so is in front of their line when they are in place)

(Tow - er ward - ers)

(S. A. T. B.)

Tow - er ward - ers

(valiant sworders)

(gallant pike men)

2. Tower warders, under orders

Double chorus and 2nd Yeoman

(The people enter excitedly)
Brave in bearing foe men scar ing In their by gone days of dar ing.

Ne'er a stranger There to dan ger Each was o'er the world a ran ger:

To the sto ry of our glo ry Each a bold, a bold con tri bu to ry!
Our impetuous May and June.

Our impetuous May and June.

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

by-gone noon, We re-call without repining All the heat, We re-call,

All the heat, We re-call, 

All of by-gone noon.

All the heat of by-gone noon.

This the autumn
This the evening of our day; Weary we of battle strife, But our year is not so spent, And our days are not so faded, But that we with
one consent, Were our loved land invad-ed, Still would face a foreign foe,

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

days of long a-go, As in days of long a-go,
As in days of long ago, still would face a foreign foe, 
As in days of long ago.

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

S A
T B

under orders
gallant pike-men
valiant sword-ers
Brave in bearing

108

S A
T B

foemen scaring
In their by-gone days of daring.
Tower ward-ers

112

Yeo

Yeomen - Tenors
Yeomen - Basses
This the

sost.
sost.

This the
Under orders gallant pike men

Autumn of our

Valiant sworders Brave in bearing foe men scaring In their by gone

Life, This the evening of our

In their by gone

Foe men scaring Evening of our
days of daring. Ne'er a stranger There to danger— Each was o'er the
day; Weary we of battle
days of daring. Ne'er a stranger There to danger— Each was o'er the

world a ranger: To the story of our glory Each a bold, a bold contributor
strife, Weary we of mortal
world a ranger: To the story of our glory Each a bold, a bold contributor

strife, Weary we of mortal
To the story of our glory Each a bold contributor! Each a
fray This the autumn of our life. This the
evening of our day.
DAME. A good day to you!

2ND YEOMAN. Good day, Dame Carruthers. Busy today?

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

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

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

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

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

DAME. Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I’ve grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there’s not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.
When our gallant Norman foes
Made our merry land their own, And the
Saxons from the Conqueror were flying. At his bidding it arose, In its
panoply of stone, A sentinel unliving undying. In sensible, I trow, As a
sentinel should be, Though a queen to save her head should come assuming; There's a

legend on its brow That is eloquent to me, And it tells of duty

done and duty doing. "The screw may twist and the

rack may turn, And men may bleed and men may burn, O'er
London town and its golden hoard, I keep my silent

watch and ward!

O'er London town and all its

hoard,

The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And

men may bleed and men may burn,

O'er London town and its

hoard,  

f
cresc.
I keep my silent, silent watch and
golden hoard. I keep—my silent watch and
ward!

With—ward!"

in its wall of rock. The flower of the brave. Have perished with a constancy un—
shaken. From the dungeon to the block, From the scaffold to the grave, Is a

journey many gallant hearts have taken. And the

wick-ed flames may hiss Round the heroes who have fought For conscience and for home in all its

beauty; But the grim old for-ta-lace Takes lit-tle heed of aught That
comes not in the measure of its duty.

"The screw may twist and the rack may turn, And men may bleed and men may burn, O'er London town and its golden hoard I keep my silent watch and ward!"

"The screw may twist and the..."
O'er London town and all its hoard,
And men may bleed and men may burn,
O'er London town and all its
rack may turn,
And men may bleed and men may burn,
O'er London town and all its
golden hoard I keep
silent, silent watch and ward!

silent, silent watch and ward!
Phœbe. Father! Has no reprieve arrived for the poor gentleman?

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

Phœbe. Oh, that he may!

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

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

Meryll. And not otherwise?

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

Meryll. All brave men?

Phœbe. Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me – they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and –

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

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

Meryll. Nay, he’ll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phœbe! He’s a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant’s orchard.

(The following song “A laughing boy” was cut after opening night.)
3a. A laughing boy but yesterday
Sgt Meryll

Allegro marziale

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

2. When at my Leonard's deeds sublime,
   A soldier's pulse beats double time,
   And grave hearts thrill, as brave hearts will,
   At tales of martial glory.

I burn with flush of pride and joy,
Whose deeds of soldierly renown
Are now the boast of my brave brown,
A pride untarnished by alloy.

To find my boy, my
London town, A ver-
ter-ran to-
voicemorrow, to-

day a

war-
ning boy The theme of song and

mor-
row! To find my

boy, my dar-
ing boy, the theme of song and

colla voce
Enter LEONARD MERYLL.

LEONARD. Father!

MERYLL. Leonard! my brave boy! I’m right glad to see thee, and so is Phœbe!

PHŒBE. Aye – hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax’s reprieve?

LEONARD. Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

PHŒBE. Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!

LEONARD. Aye, I would I had brought better news. I’d give my right hand – nay, my body – my life, to save his!

MERYLL. Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

LEONARD. Aye, father – I’m no braggart. Did he not save thy life? and am I not his foster-brother?

MERYLL. Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

LEONARD. Well?

MERYLL. None has seen thee but ourselves?

LEONARD. And a sentry, who took scant notice of me.

MERYLL. Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I’ll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I’ll convey a suit of Yeoman’s uniform to the Colonel’s cell – he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I’ll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother Yeomen, I’ll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel’s cell? (To PHŒBE.) The key is with they sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

PHŒBE. (demurely) I think – I say, I think – I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think – mind I say, I think – you may leave that to me.

MERYLL. Then get thee hence at once, lad – and bless thee for this sacrifice.

PHŒBE. And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

LEONARD. And thine. eh? Humph! Thy love is new-born; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.
4. Alas! I waiver to and fro
Phoebe, Leonard and Meryll

Allegro un poco agitato

Phoebe:

Alas! I waive to and fro—Dark danger hangs up-on the deed!

Leonard:

Dark danger hangs up-on the deed! The scheme is rash and quail.

Meryll:

Dark danger hangs up-on the deed!

Leonard:

Well may fail; But ours are not the hearts that quail, The
hands that shrink the cheeks that pale in hours of need.

No, ours are not the hearts that quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that shrink, the cheeks that pale, The hands that

The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale,– that
Phoebe

Leonard

Meryll

(Meryll goes up C., looking off L. and R. anxiously. He returns.)

The air I

breathe to him I owe: My life is his– I count it naught.
Thy life is his, so count it naught.

And shall I reckon risks I run? When

services are to be done To save the life of such an one?

Unworthy thought! Unworthy thought!
And shall we reck-on risks we run—To save the life of such an

one? Un-worthy thought!_______ Un-worthy

Un-worthy thought!_______ Un-worthy

Un-worthy thought!_______ Un-worthy
We may succeed— who can fore-tell?

Phoebe

thought!

Leonard

thought!

Meryll

thought!

We may succeed— who can fore-tell?

Phoebe

May heav'n help our hope—

Leonard

May heav'n

Meryll

May heav'n help our hope—

May heav'n
Phoebe: help our hope, fare

Leonard: help our hope, fare

Meryll: help our hope, fare

Phoebe: well!

Leonard: well! May

Meryll: well! May heav'n help
Leonard embraces Meryll and Phoebe, and then runs off.
Phoebe, weeping, goes upstage to watch him go.
MERYLL. Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.

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

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

Enter Fairfax, guarded. The Lieutenant enters, meeting him.

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

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

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

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

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

MERYLL. My poor lass!

FAIRFAX. Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. (Sees MERYLL.) Sergeant Meryll, is it not? (to LIEUTENANT.) May I greet my old friend? (Shakes MERYLL’S hand.) Why, man, what’s all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow – we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well – for, in sooth, I have tried both.
5. Is life a boon?
Fairfax

Andante expressione

1. Is life a boon? If so, it must be—

fall That Death when-e'er he call, Must call too soon. Though four-score years he
give, Yet one would pray to live—An other moon! What kind of plaint have

I, Who perish in July, Who perish in July? I might have had to
die, Per-chance in June! I might have had to die, Per-chance, in

June!

2. Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay, count it not a whit! Man is well done, with

it; Soon as he's born He should all means es-say To put the
plague away; And I, war-worn, Poor captured fugi-

rall. un poco D a tempo

colla voce

other mom! I might have had to live, another mom!

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

LIEUT. As thou wilt most surely do.

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

LIEUT. How?

FAIRFAX. By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Enter Jack Point. and Elsie Maynard, pursued by a crowd of men and women. Point and Elsie are much terrified; Point, however, assuming an appearance of self-possession.)
6. Here's a man of jollity

People, Elsie, Jack Point

Allegro con brio

Here's a man of jollity,
Jibe, joke. jolly - fy!

Give us of your qual - i - ty,
Come, fool fol - li - fy!

Here's a man of jollity,
Jibe, joke. jolly - fy!

Give us of your qual - i - ty,
Come, fool fol - li - fy!

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If you vapour vap-id-ly, Riv-er run-neth rap-id-ly, In-to it we_fling Bird who does n’t_sing!

If you vapour vap-id-ly, Riv-er run-neth rap-id-ly, In-to it we_fling Bird who does n’t_sing!

Give us an ex-per-i-ment In the art of mer-ri-ment; In-to it we_throw Cock who does-n’t_crow!

Give us an ex-per-i-ment In the art of mer-ri-ment; In-to it we_throw Cock who does-n’t_crow!

Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty, And with all ra-pid-i-ty Give us quip and quid-di-ty– Wil-ly nil-ly, O!

Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty, And with all ra-pid-i-ty Give us quip and quid-di-ty– Wil-ly nil-ly, O!
River none can mollify;
Into it we throw

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

And with all rapidity
Give us quip and quididity
Willy nilly, O!

(Conversation continues through this pianissimo incidental music.)
(On cue "Therein is song and dance, too" attacca No. 7)
POINT. (alarmed) My masters, I pray you bear with us, and we will satisfy you, for we are merry folk who would make all merry as ourselves. For, look you, there is humour in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and to make the most of it.

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

POINT. (to 1st Citizen) Ha! Didst thou hear her say, ‘Hands off’?

1ST CITIZEN. Aye, I heard her say it, and I felt her do it! What then?

POINT. Thou dost not see the humour of that?

1ST CITIZEN. Nay, if I do, hang me!

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

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

ALL. Aye, the Merryman and his Maid!
7. I have a song to sing, O!
Elsie and Point

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

It is sung to the moon by a love-loved loon, Who fled from the mocking throng, O! It's the song of a merry-man, moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who
sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a lady. Heigh-dy!

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

I have a song to sing, O! What is your song, O! It is sung with the ring of the songs maids sing Who
love with a love life-long, O! It's the song of a merry-maid, peerly proud, Who loved a lord, and who

laughed aloud at the moan of a merry-man, moping mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose

glanced was glum, Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

lady. Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Misery me, lack-a-day dee! He sipped no sup and he
craved no crumb as he sighed for the love of a la-dy! I have a song to sing, O!

Sing me your song! O!

It is sung to the knell of a churchyard—bell, And a doleful ding-dong, ding—dong.

It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born. Even tied—

It loved a lord, and who turned up his noble nose with scorn At the humble merry-maid, peerly proud, Who loved a lord, and who

It is sung to the knell of a churchyard—bell, And a doleful ding-dong, ding—dong.

It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born. Who loved a lord, and who

It loved a lord, and who turned up his noble nose with scorn At the humble merry-maid, peerly proud, Who loved a lord, and who
laughed a-loud At the moan of a mer-ry-man, mop-mum, Whose soul was sad and whose

---

glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

---

la-dye! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day dee! He sipped no sup and he

---

craved no crumb as he sighed for the love of a la-dye!

---

I have a song to
Sing me your song, O!
It is sung with a sigh
And a tear in the eye, For it tells of a right-ed wrong, O!
It's a song of the mer-ry maid, once so gay, Who turned on her heel and tripped a-way
From the pea-cock pop-in-jay, brave-ly born, Who turned up his no-ble nose with scorn
At the hum-ble heart that he did not prize; So she begged on her knees, with
down-cast eyes, For the love of a mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad and whose

glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who

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

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73
Elsie and Point

Sopranos

Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day dee! His pains were o'er, and he

Altos

Oo

Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day dee! His pains were o'er, and he

Tenors and Basses

sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a la-dye! Heigh-dy!

Ah!

sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a la-dye! Heigh-dy!

lived in the love of a la-dye!
Heigh - dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day dee! His pains were o'er, and he
sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a la-dye!

His pains were o'er, and he
lived in the love of a la-dye!
1ST CITIZEN. Well sung and well danced!
2ND CITIZEN. A kiss for that, pretty maid!
ALL. Aye, a kiss all round.
ELSIE. (drawing dagger) Best beware! I am armed!
POINT. Back, sirs – back! This is going too far.
2ND CITIZEN. Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all
things – even in this. (Trying to kiss her.)
ELSIE. Help! Help!

Enter LIEUTENANT. with Guard. Crowd falls back.

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

Lieut. man a-bout to lose his head? For half an hour You'll be a wife, And

then the dower Is yours for life. A head-less bride-groom why re-fuse?
If truth the poets tell, Most bride-grooms, ere they marry,

A strange proposal you render.

Lose both head and heart as well.

Veal, it almost makes my senses reel. Alas I'm very poor in

Elsie
deed, And such a sum I sore-ly need. My moth-er, sir, is

like to die, This mon-ey life may bring. Bear this is mind, I

pray, if I con-sent to do this thing!

Though as a gen-ral
(The Lieutenant moves up-stage and beckons off R. Enter Wilfred. The Lieutenant whispers instructions, Wilfred goes off.)

Yet if the fee is promptly paid, And he, in

well-earned grave, With-in the hour is du-ly laid, Ob- jec-tion I will waive!

Yes, ob- jec-tion I will waive!
Temp-ta-tion, oh, temp-ta-tion, Were we, I pray, in-tended To shun, what-e'er our
sta-tion, Your fas-ci-na-tions splendid; Or fall, when-e'er we view you,

Temp-ta-tion, oh, temp-ta-tion, Were we, I pray, in-tended To shun, what-e'er our
sta-tion, Your fas-ci-na-tions splendid; Or fall, when-e'er we view you,
Elsie Point Lieut.

Head over heels into you? Head over heels, Head over heels into you?

Head over heels into you? Head over heels, Head over heels into you?

Head over heels, Head over heels, Head over heels into you?

---

Oh, to you! Head over heels, Head over heels, Head over heels, Head over heels.
(Wilfred returns with a white handkerchief, and remains up R. awaiting instructions.)

Elsie

Heels, Head o-ver, Head o-ver, Head o-ver, Head o-ver

Lieut.

Right in-to you! Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels.

Oh, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels.

Elsie

Temp-ta-tion,
temp - ta - tion,

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

Oh,

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

temp

Heads, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
(The Lieutenant beckons to Wilfred, who comes down, puts handkerchief over Elsie's eyes, and takes her off into Tower.)
LIEUT. And so, good fellow, you are a jester?
POINT. Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.
LIEUT. I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post?
POINT. Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue’s tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once; I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests – ancient and modern – past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you – a pretty, pretty wit!
9. I've jibe and joke
Point

Allegretto
(Dance)

I've jibe and joke Andquipand crank Forlow-ly folk Andmen of rank.

I ply my craft And know no fear, But aim my

shaft At prince or peer. At peer or prince— at prince or peer, I
aim my shaft and know no fear!

1. I've wis-dom from the East and from the west, That's sub-ject to no ac-a-dem-ic rule; You may find it in the jeer-ing of a jest Or dis-til it from the fol-ly of a fool. I can teach you with a quip; if I've a mind; I can
trick you in- to learn- ing with a laugh; Oh, win-now all my fol- ly, fol- ly fol- ly and you'll find A

grain or two of truth a-mong the chaff! Oh, win-now all my fol- ly, fol- ly, fol- ly and you'll find A

set a brag-gart quail-ing with a quip The up-start I can with-er with a whim; He may
wear a mer-ry laugh up-on his lip, But his laugh-ter has an ech-o that is grim! When they're
of-fered to the world in mer-ry guise, Un-ple-asant truths are swal-lowed with a will, For
he who'd make his fel-low, fel-low, fel-low crea-tures wise Should al-ways gild the phil-o-sophic
pill! For he who'd make his fel-low fel-low, fel-low crea-tures wise Should
always gild the philosophic pill.
LIEUT. And how came you to leave your last employ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIEUT. A truce to this fooling – follow me.

POINT. Just my luck; my best conundrum wasted!

*Exeunt. Enter Elsie from Tower, led by Wilfred, who removes the bandage from her eyes, and exit.*
10. Tis done, I am a bride!

Elsie

Moderato

Tis done! I am a bride! Oh, lit-tle ring, That bear-est in thy circ-let all the
glad-ness That lov-ers hope for, and that po-ets sing.
What bring-est thou to
me but gold and sadness? A bride-groom All unknown, save in

this wise, To-day he dies! To-day, a-las, he dies!

Though tear and long-drawn sigh Ill fit a

bride, No sadder wife than I The whole world
Yet maids there be who would consent to
lose the very rose of youth,
The flow'r of life, To be, in honest truth, A wedded wife,
No matter...
whose! No matter whose! Ah, me what profit we, O maids that sigh, Though gold _ should live, If wed - ded love _ must die?

Ere half an hour has rung, A
Ah, Heav'n, he is too young,

Too brave to die! Ah, me!

Yet wives there be So wea-ry worn, I trow, That they would scarce com-plain,

Ah,
So that they could in half an hour attain to widowhood,

No matter how!

O weary wives, who widowhood would win,

Rejoice, that ye have time to weary in!
90
O wea-ry wives____ Who

95
wi-dow-hood would win,____ Re-joice,
re-joice, re-

99
Ox-sia
brill.

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

joye,____ O wea-ry, wea-ry wives, re-joice!

103
WILFRED. (looking after ELSIE) ’Tis an odd freak for a dying man and his confessor to be closeted alone with a strange singing girl. I would fain have espied them, but they stopped up the keyhole. My keyhole!

(Enter PHÆBE with MERYLL. MERYLL remains in the background, unobserved by WILFRED.)

PHÆBE. (aside) Wilfred – and alone!

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

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

WILFRED. None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

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

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

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

WILFRED. Oh, they say that, do they?

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

WILFRED. Oh yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

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

(PHÆBE slyly takes bunch of keys from WILFRED'S waistband and hands them to MERYLL, who enters the Tower, unnoticed by WILFRED.)

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

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

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

PHÆBE. Perhaps. I do not know.

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

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

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

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

WILFRED. Aye! – wert thou my bride –?

PHŒBE. Oh, how I would love thee!
11. Were I thy bride
Phoebe

Allegro grazioso

Were I thy bride, Then all the world be-

side Were not too wide To hold my wealth of love– Were

I thy bride! Up– on thy

wealth of love–
Wer’ all a heart with thine, and in that shrine Our hap-pi-ness would dwell.

This heart of mine Would

And still on his knee.

She takes him to the bench

My lov-ing head would rest, as on her nest The ten-der turt-le dove—

Wer’ e my bride!
It thy bride!

And all day long Our lives should be a song: No grief, no wrong Should make my heart rebel–

We're night owl's hoot To my low whispered coo–

(She rises and goes R.C. He follows.)
(Meryll enters, gives keys to Phoebe, who replaces them in Wilfred's belt, unnoticed by him. Exit)

I thy bride!

The sky-lark's trill Were but discordance

shrill To the soft thrill of woo-ing as I'd woo-

I thy bride!

The rose's sigh Were
as a car- rion's cry To lull-a- by Such as I'd sing to thee, Were
I thy bride!
A feath- er's press Were
lead- en heav-i- ness To my car- ess. But then, of course you see

(He is about to kiss her. She pushes him down and runs off laughing.)

I'm not thy bride!

107
Wilfred. No, thou’rt not – not yet! But, Lord, how she woo’d; I should be no mean judge of wooing, seeing that I have been more hotly woo’d than most men. I have been woo’d by maid, widow, and wife. I have been woo’d boldly, timidly, tearfully, shyly – by direct assault, by suggestion, by implication, by inference, and by innuendo. But this wooing is not of the common order: it is the wooing of one who must needs woo me, if she die for it!

Exit Wilfred. Enter Meryll, cautiously, from Tower.

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

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

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

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

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

Meryll. Now, sir, put a bold face on it, for they come.
12. Oh, Sergeant Meryll, is it true

Finale of Act I

Ensemble

(The Yeomen enter left.)

109
Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll is it true—The
wel-come news we read in or-ders. Thy son, whose deeds of der-ring do are
echoed all the country through, Has come to join the Tower ward-ers? If

so, we come to meet him, That we may fit-ly greet him, And wel-come his ar-ri-val here With
shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

Ye Tower-warders, nursed in War's a-larums.

Suck-led on gun-pow-der and weaned on glo-ry, Be-hold my son,
whose all-subduing arms Have formed the theme of many a
song and story! Forgive his aged father's pride; nor jeer His
aged father's sympathetic tear!

(Pretending to weep.)

Tenors

Leonard Merilly!

Basses

Leonard Merilly!
Leonard Meryll! Dauntless he in time of peril!

Leonard Meryll! Dauntless he in time of peril!

Man of power, Knight hood's flower,

Man of power, Knight hood's flower,

Welcome to the grim old Tower;

Welcome to the grim old Tower;

To the
Forbear, my friends, and spare me this ovation: I have small claim to such consideration. The tales that of my prowess are narrated, have been prodigiously exaggerated, pro-
---
digiously exag-ger-a-ted!

'Tis e-ver thus! Wher-ev-er va-lour true is found, True

mod-es-ty will there a-bound.

mod-es-ty will there a-bound.
Andante allegretto

(The entire second verse was cut before opening night)

1st Yeoman

Didst thou not, oh, Leon-ard Mer-yll! Standard lost in last cam-

3rd Yeoman

paign, Rescue it at dead-ly per-il. Bear it safe-ly home a-
yore, With her-oi-c res-os-lu-tion Snatched a sword and killed a

p

score!

gain?

2nd Yeoman

Leon-ard

Dids't thou Then es-

Mer-yll, at his

Leon-ard

Mer-yll, Leon-ard

per-il, Bore it safe-ly back a-gain!

Mer-yll, Snatched a

Mer-yll, Leon-ard

sword and killed a

score.

Bore it safe-ly back a-gain!

Snatched a

score.
not, when pris'ner ta-ken- And de-barred from all es-cape, Face, with
cap-ing from the foe-men, Bol-tered with the blood you shed, You, de-
gal-lant heart un-shak-en, Death in most ap-pall-ing shape?
fi-a-ant, fear-ing no men, Saved your hon-our and your head!
Leon-ard Leon-ard

Leon-ard Leon-ard

Leon-ard Leon-ard
Mer- yll, Leon- ard Mer- yll, Saved his Mer- yll, Leon- ard Mer- yll, Saved his most ap- palling shape! most ap- palling shape!

Mer- yll faced his Mer- yll faced his Mer- yll, Leon- ard Mer- yll, Saved his Mer- yll, Leon- ard Mer- yll, Saved his most ap- palling shape! most ap- palling shape!

Tru- ly I was to be pit- ied, Hav- ing but an hour to live. I re- luc- tant- ly sub- mit- ted, I had no al- ter- ma- tive. Oh! The tales that are nar-

True, my course with judg- ment shap- ing, Fav- oured, too, by luck- y star. I suc- ceed- ed in es- cap- ing Pri- son bolt and pri- son bar! Oh! the tales that have been

--- - - -- - -
rated Of my deeds of der-ring - do Have been much ex-ag-ger - a-ted, Ver - y

rated Of my deeds of der-ring - do Have been much ex-ag-ger - a-ted, Ve - ry

much ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Scarce a word of them is true! Scarce a word of them is much ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Scarce a word of them is true! Scarce a word of them is true!

You, when true!

3rd Yeoman They are

true!

1.

2.

They are

2.
not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

Scarce a word of them is true!

Scarce a word of them is true!

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

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not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.

not exaggerated, Not at all exaggerated, Could not be exaggerated.
[142] Allegro

(Enter Phoebe L, Enter Wilfred R.U.E.)

Fairfax (puzzled)

I beg your par-don!

Phoebe

Leo-nard!

[146] Fairfax (still puzzled)

Phoe-be! Is this Phoe-be?

Don't you know me? I'm lit-tle Phoe-be!

[150] (aside)

What? Little Phoe-be? Who the deuce may she be?
It can't be Phoe-be surely?

Wilfred

Yes, 'tis Phoe-be—Your sister

Phoe-be. Your own lit-tle sis-ter!

Chorus of Men

Aye, he speaks the truth;
163

Fairfax

Sis-ter Phoe-be!

Tis Phoe-be!

167

Phoebe

Why, how you've grown! I did not re cog-nize you!

Oh, my bro-ther!

So
Phoebe

Faith

Wilfred

Phoebe

Oh, my brother!

Oh, sister!

Oh, sister!

Oh, brother!

Aye, hug him girl! There are
three thou mayst hug— Thy fa— ther and they bro— ther and— my—

Thy self, for— sooth? And who art thou thy— self?

O more or less—

(Fairfax turns inquiringly to Phoebe)
But rather less than more!

To thy fond care I do commend thy sister.

Be to her an ever-watchful guardian—eagle-eyed!

And when she feels (as sometimes she does feel) Disposed to indiscriminate care, Be
thou at hand to take those fa-vours from her!

Be thou at hand to take those fa-vours from her!

Yes, yes, Be thou at hand to take those fa-vours from me!

Wilfred, 1st verse

1. To
Allegro non troppo

Phoebe, 2nd verse

Wilfred, 1st verse

a-mia-ble I've grown, So in-no-cent as
thy fra-ter-nal care Thy sis-ter I com-

225

well, That if I'm left a lone The
mend; From ev'-ry lurk-ing snare Thy

230

con-se-quen-ces fell No mor-tal can fore-tell, So
love-ly charge de-fend: And to a-chieve this end, Oh!
grant, I pray, this boon— Oh! grant this boon—

boon— I shall not leave thy sight: From mom to after noon
From afternoon to night— From sev'n o'clock to

morn to afternoon From afternoon to night— From sev'n o'clock to
two From two to e - ven-tide From dim twilight to 'lev'n at night, from
dim twilight to 'lev'n at night I shall not quit thy side!
from mom to af-ter-noon From af-ternoon to 'lev'n at night She shall not quit thy side!
1. With brotherly readiness, For my fair
side!

2. So side!

sister's sake.

At once I

answer "Yes"– That task I undertake–
My word I never break— I freely grant this boon, And I'll repeat my plight— From mom to afternoon From afternoon to night From sev'n o'clock to two— From two to evening meal— From dim twilight to 'lev'n at night, From dim twilight to
'tis hand in hand, That compact I will seal.

From morn to afternoon From afternoon to

'I'll v'n at night He freely grants that boon.

(The bell of St Peter's begins to toll. The crowd enters, the block is brought on to the stage from L. and the Headman takes his place. The Yeomen of the Guard from up R. The Lieutenant enters, and takes his place, and tells Fairfax and two others to bring the prisoner to execution. Wilfred, Fairfax and two Yeomen exclaim into Tower.)

Andante
The pris\textsuperscript{\textasciitilde}ner comes to meet his doom; The block, the headsman and the
tomb. The fun'ral bell begins to toll; May Heav'n have

mercy on his soul!

Heav'n have mercy on his soul!
Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-

Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-

Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-

Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-

Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-

Oh, Mercy thou whose smile has shone So many a captive heart up-
363

\textit{dim.}

\begin{align*}
\text{on; Of all im\text{-}mured with\text{-}in these walls, The wor\text{-}thy\text{-}est,}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{on; Of all im\text{-}mured with\text{-}in these walls, The ve\text{-}ry}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{wor\text{-}thy\text{-}est falls!}
\end{align*}

\textit{dim.}

\begin{align*}
\text{Oh, Mer\text{-}cy!}
\end{align*}

\textit{dim.}

\begin{align*}
\text{wor\text{-}thy\text{-}est falls! Oh Mer\text{-}cy, Oh, Mer\text{-}cy!}
\end{align*}

\textit{dim.}

\begin{align*}
\text{Oh Mer\text{-}cy, Oh, Mer\text{-}cy!}
\end{align*}
Allegro agitato

Doppio movimento

My lord! my lord! I know not how to tell The news I bear! I and my comrades sought the pris’ner's cell—

He is not there!
He is not there! They sought the pris'ner's cell—He is not there!

As escort for the pris'ner We sought his cell, in duty bound; The double grat-ings op-en were, No pris'on-er at all we found! We
400

We hunted high! We hunted low.

2nd & 3rd Yeomen

We hunted here! The

We hunted there, The

man we sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air! The

man we sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air! The
man we sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air!

man we sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air!

Now by my troth the news is fair, The man has vanished into air! As escort for the prisoner We escort for the prisoner They escort for the prisoner They

Sopranos & Altos

Tenors & Basses

As escort for the prisoner They

News is
sought his cell, in duty bound; The double gratings open were, No prisoner at all we found! We
sought his cell, in duty bound; The double gratings open were, No prisoner at all they found! They

hunted high! We hunted here! The
hunted low! They hunted here! The

hunted high! They hunted low! The
man we sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air! The

man they sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air! The

man they sought with anxious care Had vanished into empty air! The

vanished into empty air! The

vanished into empty air! The
news! The pris'ner fled!
Thy life shall forfeit be in-

(Wilfred is arrested)

stead!

My lord, I did not set him free,

I hate the man—my rival be!
Thy life shall gape!

Meryll

The pris’ner gone— I’m all a-gape!

forfeit be instead!

Who could have helped him to escape?

Wilfred

Lieut.

My lord,
440
In deed I can't im - a - gine who! I've no i - dea at all have
did not set him free!

131

443
What have I

Of his es - cape no trac - es lurk, En - chant - ment must have been at work!

(Enter Point)
Phoebe

In-deed I can't im-a-gine who! I've no i-dea at all have Phoebe

Dame Carruthers

In-deed I can't im-a-gine who! I've no i-dea at all have Dame Carruthers

Point

free! Oh! woe is you? Your an-guish sink! Oh, woe is Point

446 done! Oh, woe is me! I am his bride and he is 449 132 free! Oh! woe is you? Your an-guish sink! Oh, woe is 449
me, I rath-er think! Oh, woe is me, I rath-er think! Yes, woe is me, I rath-er think! What-e'er be-

tide, You are his bride, And I am left A-lone be-ref! Ye, woe is me, I rath-er think, Yes woe is me, I rath-er think! Yes woe is me, I rath-er think, Yes woe is me, I rath-er think!
All frenzied, frenzied with des-pair I rave, The grave is cheated of its due. Who is, who

Phoebe and Dame C with altos

All frenzied, frenzied with des-pair they rave, The grave is cheated of its due. Who is, who

Lieut.

is the mis-be-got-ten knave Who hath con-trived this deed to do?
Let search, let search be made throughout the land, Or my vindictive anger

dread—A thousand marks, a thousand marks I'll hand Who brings him alive or

dread—A thousand marks, a thousand marks he'll hand Who brings him alive or
dead, Who brings him here, alive.

or dead! A thou sand marks, a

or dead! A thou sand
sand marks, a-live, a-live or dead, a-live, a-live or
thou-sand marks, a-live, a-live or dead, a-live, a-live or

sand marks, a-live, a-live or dead, a-live, a-live or

dead, Who brings him here a-live, a-live, or
dead, Who brings him here a-live, a-live, or
dead, Who brings him here a-live, a-live, or

or

or

or
(At the end, Elsie faints in Fairfax's arms, all the Yeomen and populace rush off the stage in different directions to hunt for the fugitive, leaving only the Headsman on the stage, and Elsie insensible in Fairfax's arms.)
Act II

13. Night has spread her pall once more

People, Yeomen and Dame Carruthers

(Scene: the same, –moonlight. Two days have elapsed. The curtain may rise slowly early in the Introduction. It is night, and the search for Fairfax has been fruitless. The Yeomen come in by twos and threes, some with lanterns; they greet each other and gradually form a group L., while some women who have been gossiping up-stage left, come down on the right, and are followed by stragglers from L.U.E, until all the crowd is on stage.)
Night has spread her pall once more, And the prisoner still is free: Open is his dungeon door, Useless his dungeon key! He has shaken off his yoke— How, no mortal man can tell! Shame on loutish

Sopranos and Altos

Sopranos
jailer folk
Shame on sleepy sentinel!

Dame Carruthers

Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye ward?
Bolt, bar, and key, Shack-les and card. Fet-ter and chain,

Dungeon of stone, All are in vain Pris-on-er's flown!
Spite of ye all, he is free— he is free!

Whom do ye ward? Pret-ty ward-ers are ye!

Pret-ty ward-ers are ye! Whom do ye ward? Spite of ye all, he is free— he is free!
Up and down, and in and out, Here and there and round about Ev'ry chamber ev'ry house,

Ev'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev'ry crevice in the keep,

Ev'ry chink that holds a mouse, Ev'ry crevice in the keep,

Ev'ry chamber ev'ry house,
Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-ry outlet ev-ry drain, Have-we

Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-ry outlet ev-ry drain, Have-we

Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-ry outlet ev-ry drain, Have-we

Where a bee-tle black could creep, Ev-ry outlet ev-ry drain, Have-we

searched but all in vain, all in vain!

searched but all in vain, all in vain!

Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye

Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye
ward?

Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye

Ev'-ry house, ev'-ry chink, ev'-ry drain,

Ev'-ry house, ev'-ry chink, ev'-ry drain,

ward?

cham-ber ev'-ry outlet Have we searched but all in

cham-ber ev'-ry outlet Have we searched but all in
Night has spread her pall once more, And the vain! Ward-ers are we, Whom do we ward?

pris-ner still is free: Op- pen is his Whom do we ward?

Ward-ers are we, Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?
S+A

dungeon door, Use- less his dun-

T

gear

B

Ward- ers are we.

Whom do we ward?

S+\A

Spite of us all, he is free, he is

T

free! Pr e-t- y ward- ers are we, he i s

B

free, he is free!

Spike of us all, he is free, he is

Spike of us all, he is free, he is

pen is his

pen is his

free!
S+T+B

Spite of us all, he is free, he is free! Pretty ward-ers are we, he is free! He is free! Pretty ward-ers are ye, he is free! Pretty ward-ers are we!

(The Yeomen go off left, some through the archway while the crowd goes off L.U. E.)

148
Exeunt all.

Enter Jack Point, in low spirits, reading from a huge volume.

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

Enter Wilfred, also in low spirits.

Wilfred. (sighing) Ah, Master Point!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Point. Difficult? Nothing easier. Nothing easier. Attend, and I will prove it to thee!
14. Oh! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon

Point

Allegro comodo

1. Oh! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon, If you
2. If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need To con-
3. If your master is surely from getting up early (And
4. Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D. D. - Oh, be-
5. Though your head it may rack with a bilious at-tack, And your

listen to popular rumour; From the mom to the night he's so
sider each persons au-ricular: What is all right for B would quite
tem-pers are short in the morn-ing) An in-op-tune joke is e-
ware of his anger pro-voking. Better not pull his hair-or stick
sens-es with tooth-ache you're los-ing. Don't be mo- py and flat-they don't
joy-ous and bright, And he
scan-da-lize C, (For C is so ver-y par-tic-u-lar); And D may be dull, and E's
nough to pro-voke Him to give-you, at once, a month's warn-ing. Then if you re-frain, he is
pins in his chair: He don't un-der-stand prac-ti-cal jok-ing. If the jests that you crack have an
fine you for that, If you're pro-per-ly quaint and a-mus-ing! Though your wife ran a-way with a

prose and verse Yet though
ver-y thick skull Is as emp-ty of brains as a la-dle; While F is F sharp and will
at you a-gain, For he likes to get val-ue for mon-ey; He'll ask then and there, with an
or-tho-do x smack, You may get a bland-ness from these sag-es But should they by chance, be im-
sol-dier that day, And took with her your tri-fle of mon-ey Bless your heart, they don't mind--they're ex-

fam-i-ly fools Must ob-serve, if they love their pro-fes-sion! There are one or two rules that all
cry with a carp That he's known your best joke from his cra-dle! When your
in-so-lent stare "If you know that you're paid to be fun-ny? It
port-ed from France, Half a crown is stopped out of your wag- es! It's a
ceed-in-ly kind-- They don't blame you as long as you're fun-ny! It's a
one or two rules, Half a dozen may be, That all
hu-mour they flout, You can't let your-
self go And it does put you out When a
adds to the tasks Of a mer-
y-
ry-
mans place, When your
prin-ci-
pal asks, With a
gen-e-
ral rule, Tho' your zeal it may quench, If the
com-fort to feel, If your part-
ner should flit, Though you suf-
fer a deal, they don't
ev-er de-
gree,
per-son says, "Oh,
scowl on his face,
joke that's too French,
mind it a bit–

Must ob-
serve, if they love their pro-
es-sion.
I have known that old joke from my cn-dle!"
If you know that you're paid to be fun-ny?
Half-
a-
crown is stopped out of his wag-es!
They don't blame you– so long as you're

fes cra fun
wag!

sion.
es!

1, 2, 3, 4.
1, 2, 3, 4.

5.
5.
fun-ny!

5.

5.
POINT. And so thou wouldst be a jester eh?

WILFRED. Aye!

POINT. Now, listen! My sweetheart, Elsie Maynard, was secretly wed to this Fairfax half an hour ere he escaped.

WILFRED. She did well.

POINT. She did nothing of the kind, so hold thy peace and perpend. Now, while he liveth she is dead to me and I to her, and so, my jibes and jokes notwithstanding, I am the saddest and the sorriest dog in England!

WILFRED. Thou art a very dull dog indeed.

POINT. Now, if thou wilt swear that thou didst shoot this Fairfax while he was trying to swim across the river – it needs but the discharge of an arquebus on a dark night – and that he sank and was seen no more, I’ll make thee the very Archbishop of jesters, and that in two days’ time! Now, what sayest thou?

WILFRED. I am to lie?

POINT. Heartily. But thy lie must be a lie of circumstance, which I will support with the testimony of eyes, ears, and tongue.

WILFRED. And thou wilt qualify me as a jester?

POINT. As a jester among jesters. I will teach thee all my original songs, my self-constructed riddles, my own ingenious paradoxes; nay, more, I will reveal to thee the source whence I get them. Now, what sayest thou?

WILFRED. Why, if it be but a lie thou wantest of me, I hold it cheap enough, and I say yes, it is a bargain!
15. Hereupon we're both agreed
Point and Wilfred

1. Here-up-on we're both a-greed All that we two Do a-gree to, We se-
   cure by sol-enn deed, To pre-vent all Er-ror men-tal. You on El-sie are to call With a

2. In re-turn for my own part I am mak-ing Un-der-tak-ing To in-
   struct you in the art (Art a-maz-ing, Won-der rais-ing) Of a jes-ter, jesting free. Proud po-

---
Point

Wilf

18

story Grim and gory; situation High ambition!

How this Fair-fax died, and all I declare to, You're to

And a lively one I'll be, Wag-a-wag-ging, Ne- ver

I to swear to! I to swear to! I to swear to!

Wag-a-wag-ging Wag-a-wag-ging Wag-a-wag-ging

swear to! flag-ging.

I de-clare to, I de-clare to, I de-

Nev-er flag-ging, Nev-er flag-ging, Nev-er flag-ging.

I to Ne- ver

I to Wag-a-wag-ging

swear to, You de-clare to I to swear to!

Tell a tale of

flag-ging Wag-a-wag-ging Nev-er flag-ging

tell a tale of

clare to, You're to swear to, I de-clare to.

Tale a tale of

wag-ging Nev-er flag-ging Wag-a-wag-ging!

tale of
cock and bull, Of convincing detail full!

Tale tremendous, Heav'n defend us! What a tale of cock and bull!

Point

Wilf

cock and bull, cock and bull, cock and bull! Heavn de-fend us What a tale of cock and bull!

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

Andante con express.

Free both in life and limb— In all but heart! Bound to an
un-known bride For good and ill; Ah, is not one so tied— A pris—ner

Free from his fetters grim— Free to de-part;—

175
still, A pris'ner—still?

Ah, is not one so tied—A pris'ner

still?

Free, yet in fetters held Till his last

hour,—Gyves that no smith can weld, No rust devour!

Althought a mon-arch's hand Had set him free, Of all the captive
FAIRFAX. Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

MERYLL. Well enough, sir. She is quite strong again, and leaves us tonight.

FAIRFAX. Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

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

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

MERYLL. (aside) It's coming.

FAIRFAX. (laughing) I'faith, I think I'm, not wanted here. (going)

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

FAIRFAX. (aside) True. I'm one of the family; I had forgotten!
DAME. ’Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KATE. Aye, aunt, ’tis even so.

FAIRFAX. Art thou sure of all this?

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

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

MERYLL. (aside) Is it true, sir?

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

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

MERYLL. (aside) Aye, I know one of them!
17. Strange adventure
Kate, Dame C, Fairfax, Meryll

Allegretto, tempo di Gavotta

Kate

Dame C

Fairfax

Meryll

Strange ad-ven-ture! Maid-en wed-ded To a groom's he'd nev-er seen!
Strange ad-ven-ture that we're troll-ing: Modest maid and gallant groom!

Strange ad-ven-ture! Maid-en wed-ded To a groom's he'd nev-er seen! Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er
Strange ad-ven-ture that we're troll-ing: Modest maid and gallant groom! Gallant, gallant, gallant

dim.
Kate

Groom about to be beheaded, in an hour on Tower seen! Groom about to be beheaded, in an hour on Tower seen! Groom about to be beheaded, in an hour on Tower

Dame C

While the fun‘ral bell is tolling, Tolling, tolling, Bim-While the fun‘ral bell is tolling, Tolling, tolling, Bim-

Fairfax

a—bo—t to be be—he—d—ed, In an hour on Tow—er a—bout to be be—he—d—ed, In an hour on Tow—er a—bout to be be—he—d—ed, In an hour on Tow—er

Meryll

While the fun‘ral bell is tolling, Tolling, tolling, Bim-While the fun‘ral bell is tolling, Tolling, tolling, Bim-

in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Groom in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Groom in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Green! Tow—er, Tow—er, Tow—er Green! Groom in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Green! Tow—er, Tow—er, Tow—er Green! Groom in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Green! Tow—er, Tow—er, Tow—er Green! Groom in dreary dungeon will not tar—ry; Though but

Groom as

Mod—est maid-en will not tar—ry; Though but

Mod—est maid-en will not tar—ry; Though but

Mod—est maid-en will not tar—ry; Though but

Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom!

Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom!

Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom!

Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom! Green boom! Bim a, Bim—a—boom!
good as dead, or dying, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing Pret-ty
six-teen year she car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry, Though the

 al-tar be a tomb- Tow-er, Tow-er,

dim.

 al-tar be a tomb- Tow-er, Tow-er,

dim.

 al-tar be a tomb-

1. 

 al-tar be a tomb-

1.
Kate

Dame C

Fairfax

Meryll

Though the tomb! Though the tomb! Though the tomb!

al tar be a tomb! Tow er, Tow er, Tow er tomb!

al tar be a tomb! Tow er, Tow er, Tow er tomb!

al tar be a tomb! Tow er, Tow er, Tow er tomb!
Exeunt Dame Carruthers, Meryll, and Kate.

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

Enter Elsie.

Fairfax. Mistress Elsie!

Elsie. Master Leonard!

Fairfax. So thou leavest us tonight?

Elsie. Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

Fairfax. And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

Elsie. Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

Fairfax. Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

Elsie. It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

Fairfax. Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

Elsie. Thou? And of whom?

Fairfax. Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

Elsie. Of Colonel Fairfax?

Fairfax. Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie – I love thee, ardently, passionately! (Elsie alarmed and surprised.) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days – which is a long time – and I would fain join my life to thine!

Elsie. Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

Fairfax. Jesting? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever – with a love that is a frenzy – with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?

Elsie. (aside) Oh, mercy! What am I to say?

Fairfax. Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

Elsie. I love all brave men.

Fairfax. Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest them all, I withdraw my thanks.

Elsie. I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen – I am not free – I – I am a wife!
FAIRFAX. Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered – nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?

ELSIE. Oh, sir! keep my secret – it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

FAIRFAX. The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!

ELSIE. It is very like. He is naught to me – for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die – and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!

FAIRFAX. He was to have died, and he did not die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain! Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.

ELSIE. I now wish I had!

FAIRFAX. (aside) Bloodthirsty little maiden! (aloud) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine – he will never know – he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie – we will be married tomorrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

ELSIE. Master Leonard! I am amazed! Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed – not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty. and – oh, sir! – thy words terrify me – they are not honest – they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee!

FAIRFAX. Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee – (Shot heard.)
18. Hark! What was that, sir?
Elsie, Phoebe, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, Wilfred Point, Lieutenant, Sergeant Meryll, and Chorus

Allegro con fuoco

F

A

Meryll

Recit.

Hark! What was that, sir?

Fairfax

Why an arquebus fired from the wharf unless I much mis-

take.

Meryll

Strange—and at such an hour! What can it mean?

(The crowd and Yeomen enter excitedly.)

a tempo

cresc.
Now what can that have been—
A shot so late at night,
E-

nough to cause af-fright! What can the por-tent mean?
Are foes men in the land? Is London to be wrecked?

What are we to expect? What danger is at hand?

Let us understand. What danger is at hand.
Who fired that shot! At once the truth declare!

My lord, 'twas I– to rash-ly judge for–

bear!

Allegro con brio

188
Wilfred

Like a ghost his vigil keeping

I should rather call it crawling—

Point

Or a spectre appalling

He was crawling—

Crawling!
He was crawling—

Crawling!

creeping—

He was creeping, creeping—

Not a

moment's hesitation—

I myself upon him flung,

With a

hurried exclamation To his draperies I hung;

Then we
closed with one another In a rough-and-tumble smother, Col’nel

Fairfax and no other Was the man to whom I clung!

Fairfax and no other, Col’nel

Fairfax and no other, Col’nel

Fairfax and no other, Col’nel
Fairfax and no other Was the man to whom he clung!

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

It resembled more a struggle–

After mighty tug and tussle–

He, by dint of stronger muscle–

Or, by some infernal juggl–

From my

Wilfred
I should rather call it sliding–

With the clutch-es quickly sliding–

Or escaping to the ship-ping–

view, no doubt, of hid-ing–

With a--

I'd de-scribe it as a shiver–

gasp, and with a quiv-er–

down he
dived into the river, And, alas, I cannot swim!

It's e-

nough to make one shiver, With a gasp and with a quiver, Down he
gasp and with a quiver, Down he

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

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

82

I should rather call it seizing—

bus from sentry snatch-ing

With an

ounce or two of lead I dis-patched him through the head!

With an

With an

Tutti
ounce or two of lead He dispatched him through the head!

ounce or two of lead He dispatched him through the head!

charged it without winking, Little time I lost in thinking. Like a

I should say a lump of lead. He dis-

He dis-

Wilfred

point

stone I saw him sinking—
charged it without blinking, Little time he lost in thinking!
charged it without blinking, Little time he lost in thinking!

Like a 

I should say a lump of lead.

Point 

Like a heavy lump of lead.

Like a 

stone, my boy, I said—

Like a
Like a heavy lump of lead.

Any stone, my boy, I said—

Any how the man is dead. Whether stone or lump of lead!

Tutti

Any how, the man is dead, And whether stone or lump of lead, Arque...
bus from sentry seizing, With a view his King of pleasing, Arque-

bus from sentry seizing, With a view his King of pleasing, Arque-

bus from sentry seizing, With a view his King of pleasing, Wilfred

bus from sentry seizing, With a view his King of pleasing, Wilfred

shot him through the head, And he's very very dead! And it

shot him through the head, And he's very very dead! And it

shot him through the head, And he's very very dead! And it
It matters very little whether stone or lump of lead, it is

ver - y cer - tain that he's ver - y ver - y dead!

The riv - er must be dragged—no time be lost;
bod-y must be found at an-y cost. To this at- tend with-out un-due de-
lay; So set to work with what dis-patch ye

Yes, yes, we'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!

Yes, yes, we'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!
Did this deed of der-ring do!
Honours wait on

such an one;
By my head, ’twas bravely

(Wilfred is lifted shoulder high)
(Wilfred is carried off through the archway. All go off, leaving Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax and Point.)

done! Now, by my head, 'twas bravely done! Now, by my head, 'twas bravely done!

---
POINT. (to Elsie, who is weeping) Nay, sweetheart, be comforted. This Fairfax was but a pestilent fellow, and, as he had to die, he might as well die thus as any other way. 'Twas a good death.

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

FAIRFAX. And thou didst see all this?

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

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

POINT. Aye, and a plaguey ill-favoured face too. A very hang-dog face – a felon face – a face to fright the headsman himself, and make him strike awry. Oh, a plaguey, bad face, take my word for it. (PHŒBE and FAIRFAX laugh.) How they laugh! 'Tis ever thus with simple folk – an accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard,' and they roar their ribs out!

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

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

FAIRFAX. Tush, man, thou knowest not how to woo. 'Tis not to be done with time-worn jests and thread-bare sophistries; with quips, conundrums, rhymes, and paradoxes. 'Tis an art in itself, and must be studied gravely and conscientiously.
19. A man who would woo a fair maid

Fairfax, Elsie and Phoebe

Elsie, 2nd verse

2. If he's made the best use of his time,___
His twig he'll so carefully

Fairfax, 1st verse

1. A man who would woo a fair maid, ___
Should 'pren-tice him-self to the

Elsie

lime_______ That ev-e-ry bird Will come down at his word,______
trade,_______ And stud-y all day, In me-thod-i-cal way, How to

Fair.
ev-er it plum-age or clime. He must earn that the thrill of a touch May mean

flatter, ca-jole, and per-suade; He should 'prentice him-self at four-teen, And

lit-tle, or noth-ing or much; It's an in-stru-ment rare, To be

prac-tice from morn-ing to e'en; And when he's of age, If he

han-dled with care, And ought to be treated as such. Ought ______ to be treated as

will, I'll en-gage, He may cap-ture the heart of a queen the heart - - of a
Elsie

Phoe. Fair.

It is purely a matter of skill, Which
such.

It is purely a matter of skill, Which
queen!

Both times

It is purely a matter of skill, Which
all may attain if they will: But every Jack, He must study the knack If he

---

Phoe. Fair.

all may attain if they will: But every Jack, He must study the knack If he
Elsie wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

Phoe. wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

Fair. wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

Dance

1. Elsie, 2nd verse
2. Phoebe
3. Then a glance maybe tim - id or free It will

It is

...
vary in mighty degree, From an impudent stare To a
look of despair That no maid without pity can see! And a glance of despair is no
guide— It may have its ridiculous side; It may draw you a tear Or a
box on the ear; You can never be sure till you've tried! Ne—ver be sure till you've
It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

Elsie and Phoebe sing:

It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

Elsie and Phoebe sing:

It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

It is purely a matter of skill, Which tried!

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

all may attain if they will. But every Jack, He must study the knack If he learned it once."

Elsie and Phoebe sing:
wants to make sure of his Jill, If he wants to make sure ______ of his

wants to make sure of his Jill, If he wants to make sure ______ of his

Jill! But ev-'ry Jack, Must study the knack, But ev-'ry Jack, Must study the
Elsie

Jill! If he wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes,

Phoe.

If he wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes,

Fair.

knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes,

Elsie

ev-e-ry Jack Must study the knack If he wants to make sure of Jill!

Phoe.

If he wants to make sure of Jill!

Fair.

ev-e-ry Jack Must study the knack If he wants to make sure of Jill!

Jill! If he wants to make sure of Jill! Yes,
FAIRFAX. *(aside to POINT.*) Now, listen to me – ’tis done thus – *(aloud)* – Mistress Elsie, there is one here who, as thou knowest, loves thee right well!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FAIRFAX. So men say.

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

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

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

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

FAIRFAX. My own dear love! *(Embracing her.)*

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

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

FAIRFAX. Nay, that is for Elsie to say. I promised thee I would show thee how to woo, and herein lies the proof of the virtue of my teaching. Go thou, and apply it elsewhere! *(PHEBE bursts into tears.)*
20. When a wooer goes a-wooing
Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax, Point

Elsie
Allegetto grazioso

When a woo-er goes a woo-ing, Naught is truer than his

Fair.
joy.

Mai-den hush-ing all his su-ing, Bold-ly blush-ing, brave-ly coy! Brave-ly
Boldly flushing
Bravely coy!

Oh, the happy days of

Oh, the happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a

Oh, the happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a

Oh, the happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the singing! When a
wooer goes a-wooing, Oh, the sweet that never cloy! (Weeping)

When a brother leaves his sister For another, sister weeps. Tears that trickle, Tears, that blister—Tis but...
Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point

Phoe. Point
woo-ing, And a sob-bing sis-ter weeps.

woo-ing, And a sob-bing sis-ter weeps.

woo-ing, And a sob-bing sis-ter weeps!

When a jest-er is out-wit- ted, Feel- ings

fes-ter, heart is lead! Food for fish-es on-ly fit- ted, Jest- er wishes he was dead! Food for fish-es on-ly fit- ted, J est- er wishes he was dead!
Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!

Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!

Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!

Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!

Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!

Oh, the doing and undoing, Oh, the sighing and the singing, When a
jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wishes he—was dead!
Elsie, Phoe., Fair.

Point

...
Exeunt all but Phœbe, who remains weeping.

Phœbe. And I helped that man to escape, and I’ve kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I was his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I’ll turn nun, and be sister to everybody – one as much as another!

Enter Wilfred.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wilfred. Is that sure?

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

Wilfred. My beloved. (Embraces her.)
PHEBE. (aside) Ugh!

Enter LEONARD MERYLL, hastily.

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

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

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

PHEBE. Oh, my dear – my dear, I’m wellnigh crazed with joy! (Kissing LEONARD.)

WILFRED. Come away from him, thou hussy – thou jade – thou kissing, clinging cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, devil take thee, I’ll rip thee like a herring for this! I’ll skin thee for it! I’ll cleave thee to the chine! I’ll – oh! Phœbe! Phœbe! Who is this man?

PHEBE. Peace, fool. He is my brother!

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

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

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

Exit LEONARD.

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

Enter SERGEANT MERYLL, excitedly, followed by DAME CARRUTHERS, who listens, unobserved.

MERYLL. Phœbe, hast thou heard the brave news?

PHEBE. (still in WILFRED’S arms) Aye, father.

MERYLL. I’m nigh mad with joy! (Seeing WILFRED.) Why, what’s all this?
PHEBE. Oh, father, he discovered our secret thorough my folly, and the price of his silence is –

WILFRED. Phœbe’s heart.

PHEBE. Oh, dear, no – Phœbe’s hand.

WILFRED. It’s the same thing!

PHEBE. Is it?

Exeunt Wilfred and Phœbe.

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

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

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

DAME. (bashfully) Sergeant Meryll!

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

DAME. Meryll’s heart?

MERYLL. No, Meryll’s hand.

DAME. It’s the same thing!

MERYLL. Is it?
Allegro vivace con brio

Dame Carruthers

Dame Carruthers

Rapture rapture! when love's vo-ta-ry, Flushed with cap-ture, Seeks the no-ta-ry,

Dame Carruthers

Joy and jol-li-ty Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap-ture, rap-ture! Joy and jol-li-ty

Dame Carruthers

Then is po- li-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap-ture, rap-ture. Sergeant Meryll

Dole-ful, dole-ful!
When hu-man-i-ty With its soul full Of sat-an-i-ty, Court-ing priv-i-ty,

Down de-cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty! Dole-ful dole-ful! Court-ing priv-i-ty,

Joy-ful, joy-ful!

Down de-cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty! Dole-ful dole-ful!
When vir-gin-i-ty seeks, all coy-ful, Man's af-fin-i-ty; Fate all flow-er-y,

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

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

Ghast-y ghast-y!
When man sorrowful, First ly last ly Of to mor row full, After tar ry ing,

Joy ful, joy ful!

Yields to har ry ing, Goes a mar ry ing, Ghast ly ghast ly!

Joy ful, joy ful! Joy ful, joy ful, Ghast ly ghast ly.

Ghast ly ghast ly. Ghast ly, ghast ly! Ghast ly ghast ly
cresc.
joy-ful!  Rap-ture, rap-ture!  When love's vo-ta-ry
ghast-ly!  Dole-ful, dole-ful!  When hu-man-i-ty

Seeks the no-ta-ry,  Joy and jol-li-ty

Rap-ture, rap-ture!  Joy and jol-li-ty

Dole-ful, dole-ful!  Cour-ting priv-i-ty

Then is pol-i-ty;

Flushed with cap-ture,

Down de-cliv-i-ty

Reigns fri-vo-i-ty!

Then is pol-i-ty;

Of sat-an-i-ty, Cour-ting priv-i-ty,
Dame C

Reigns_ fri-vol-i-ty!  
Rap-ture, rap-ture!

Meryll

Seeks_c ap-tiv-i-ty  
Dole-ful, dole-ful!

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Dame C

Rap-ture, rap-ture!

Meryll

Dole-ful, dole-ful  
Dole-ful, Dole-ful

---

Dame C

Joy and  
Rap-ture, rap-ture, rap-ture!

Meryll

dole-ful, dole-ful  
Dole-ful! Court-ing

---
jolly Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vo-i-ty! Rapt-ure, rap-

priv-i-ty Down de-cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty! Dole-

She dances him off.)

(She dances him off.)

(She dances him off.)
22. Comes the pretty young bride

Ensemble

Andante grazioso

(The women enter and sing towards the house. As they sing, the Yeomen enter.)

Comes the pretty young bride, 

blushing, timidly shrinking– Set all they fears aside– cheerfully, pretty young bride!

Comes the pretty young bride, 

blushing, timidly shrinking– Set all they fears aside– cheerfully, pretty young bride!

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Brave is the youth to whom thy
lot thou are willing-ly link-ing!

Brave is the youth to whom thy
lot thou are willing-ly link-ing!

Flow-er of val-our is he–
Lov-ing as lov-ing can be!

Bright-ly thy sum-mer is shin-ing,
Bright-ly thy sum-mer is shin-ing,
Brightly thy summer is shining, Fair as the dawn, as the dawn of the day;
Tender his due to him—
Honour him,

(Enter Elsie from house in bridal array, escorted by Dame C and Phoebe.)

Take him, be true to him—
Ten-der his due to him—
Honour him,

Ten-der his due to him—
Honour him,
said that joy in full perfection Comes only to woman-kind—That,
said that joy in full perfection Comes only to woman-kind—That,
other times, on close inspection, Some lurking bitter we shall find. If this be

so, and men say truly, My day of joy has broken dully. With happiness my
soul is cloyed— With happiness my soul is cloyed— With happiness my
soul is cloyed— With happiness is cloyed— With happiness my
soul is cloyed— This is my joy—

This is my joy— un-alloyed, un-alloyed, This is my joy—
This is my joy— un-alloyed, un-alloyed, This is my joy—
This is my joy— un-alloyed, un-alloyed, This is my joy—

This is my joy— un-alloyed, un-alloyed, This is my joy
Sopranos & Altos

Tenors & Basses

Yes, yes. With happiness her soul is cloyed, This is her joy day unaloyed!

Moderato marziale
(Enter Lieutenant)

Hold, pretty one! I bring to thee news—good or ill, It is for thee to say.

Thy husband lives—And he is free,

And comes to claim his bride this very
Un poco meno mosso ed agitato

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

day!

Phoebe and Dame Carruthers

Oh, day of ter-ro-ror! Oh, day of ter-ro-ror! The man to whom thou are al-

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

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

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Elsie

Phoebe and Dame Carruthers

Lieut., Meryll & Wilfred

Oh, Leo nard, lied

The man to whom thou art al lied

Ap pears to claim thee as his bride.

Come, dry these un be com ing tears, Most joy ful tid ings greet thine ears.

Day of terror!

The man to whom thou are al lied

Who is the man who in his

day of tears! Who is the man who in his
The man to whom thou art allied appears to claim thee as his bride. As his pride claims thee as thy loving bride. Day of terror! day of tears!
All thought of Leonard Meryll set aside.

Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride!

Thou art his own! Alas! he claims thee as his bride!

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

Mine is a heart of massive rock, unmov ed by sent i mental

Thy husband—

Thy husband—he!

Leonard my loved one—

Elsie

Con molto tenerezza

Andante express. e con moto

Dim.
come to me. They bear me hence away!

But though they take me far from thee My heart is thine for aye!

My bruised heart, My broken heart, Is thine, my own, for aye!
Un poco piu' vivo

thine, my own, is thine for

Un poco piu' vivo

aye!

Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride;

But ere the fa-tal hour I said that placed me in thy pow'r, Would I have died!
Sir, I obey! I am thy bride!

Leo

Elsie

Ah!

My own!

With happiness my soul is cloyed,

This is our

With happiness my soul is cloyed,

This is our
joy-day un-al-loyed!

Yes, yes! With hap-pi-ness their souls are cloyed,

This is their joy-day un-al-loyed!

joy-day un-al-loyed!

Yes! Yes! With hap-pi-ness their souls are cloyed,

This is their joy-day un-al-loyed!

joy-day un-al-loyed!
With happiness their souls are cloyed, This

joy day un-alloyed

is their joy-day un-alloyed, their joy-day un-alloyed, un-alloyed!

Oh thought less crew! Ye know not what ye do! At -
tend to me, and shed a tear or two— For I have a song to tend to me, and shed a tear or two— For I have a song to

Sing me your song, O!
Sing me your song, O!

It is sung to the moon By a love-loon, Who
fled from the mocking throng, O! It's the song of a merry man moping mum, Whose

soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he

sighed for the love of a lady!

Heigh-dy, Heigh-dy! Mis-ery me,

Oo!

Oo!
lack-a-day dee! He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a

I have a song to sing, O!

What is your song, O?

It is sung with the ring of the songs maids sing Who love with a love life -
long, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-maid nest-ling near, Who loved her lord, and who

dropped a tear At the moan of a mer-ry man, mop-ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose

glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a
la-dye! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Mis-ery me, lack-a-day dee! He

Phoebe and Dame C with Elsie

sipped no sup and me craved no crumb as he sighed for the love of a la-dye! Heigh-dy!

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Heigh-dy! Mis-er-ry me, lack-a-day dee! He sipped no sup and me craved no crumb as he

sighed for the love of a la-dye!
Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy!
(Fairfax embraces Elsie, as Point falls senseless at their feet.)