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EDITOR'S NOTE

This vocal score of *Ruddigore* is part of a full set of performing materials available from OUP, and accompanies a full score, which includes the libretto, a preface, and full critical commentary, and orchestral parts. The musical and literary texts of *Ruddigore* published here correspond with the critical edition of the full score and libretto, with editorial additions, amendments, etc. tacitly incorporated.

The piano part printed in the first edition of the vocal score, published by Chappell in 1887, was extracted from Sullivan's autograph full score by George Lowell Tracy. The arranger set out not simply to transcribe the orchestral textures but also to present the music effectively for performance with piano—the medium through which it was expected to reach its widest audience. Thus redistribution of notes within chords, omission or addition of melodic and/or octave doublings, and other deviations from a literal reduction of the full score are apparent throughout. We do not know how much of a hand, if any, Sullivan had in shaping the piano part; nevertheless, the first edition of the vocal score gives us the voice and piano arrangement of *Ruddigore* that the composer authorized for publication and performance.

The vocal parts of the present vocal score are extracted from the OUP full score; the piano part largely follows Tracy's authoritative arrangement. However, phrasing, dynamics, and other performance indications are standardized with the full score. Occasional changes elsewhere eliminate arbitrary inconsistencies, improve distribution between hands, or achieve a closer representation of the orchestral texture where this could be effected without disservice to the original. Much of the pedalling in Tracy's arrangement obscures the harmonic changes and has therefore been abandoned, even though this has made some longer notes (usually in the bass) impractical to sustain. Dynamic requirements in the orchestral score that are not achievable on the piano (e.g. *cresc.* through a sustained note) are nevertheless included for information. Vocal lines doubled by the piano in Tracy's arrangement but not present in the orchestra appear in small notation. In the vocal lines alternative notes printed in smaller notation represent the composer's preferred options.

The full and vocal scores include various discarded musical treatments as appendices. Although the editor does not necessarily advocate their restoration in performance, they are conveniently positioned in the orchestral parts to facilitate inclusion.

DAVID RUSSELL HULME

RUDDIGORE

Overture

Libretto by
W. S. GILBERT

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante maestoso

Piano

pp mf mf f ff

7

dim. p ff

13

dim. p

21

dim. pp p

Allegretto

29

p

35

f dim. p

41

ff *p*

p

C (12/8)

Allego con brio

46

f

C (12/8)

50

f

54

sf *mf*

60

f

66

p *f*

72

72

76

76

80

80

85

85

89

89

93

93

D

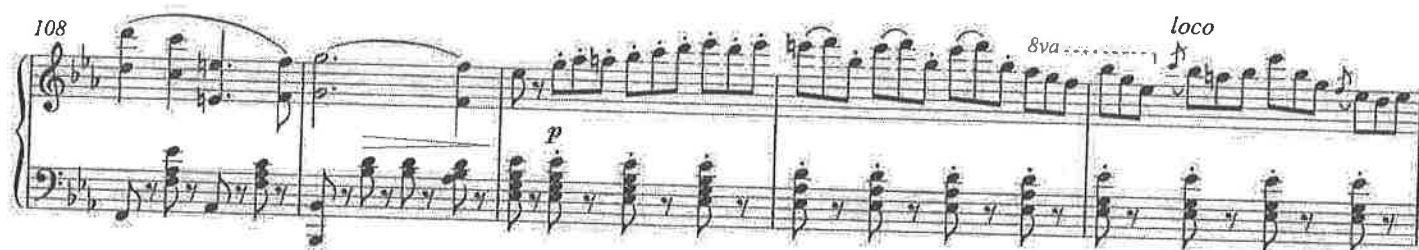
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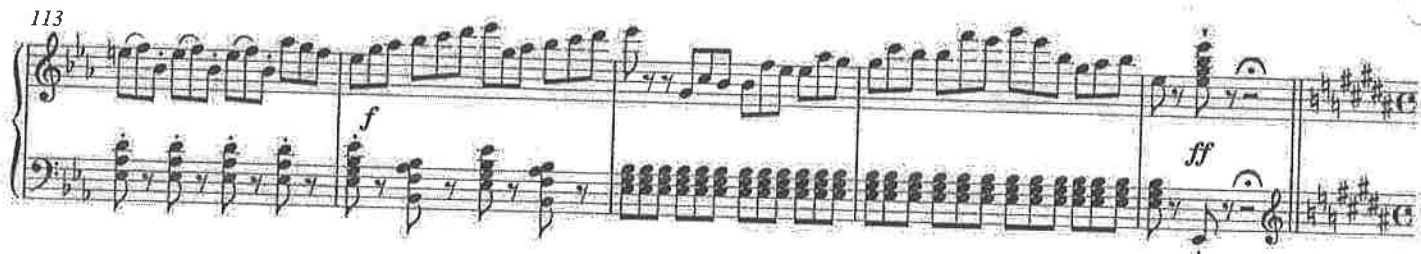
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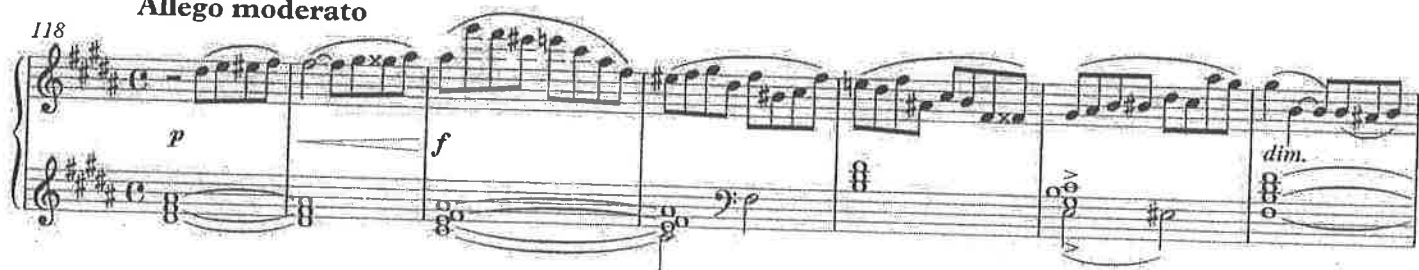


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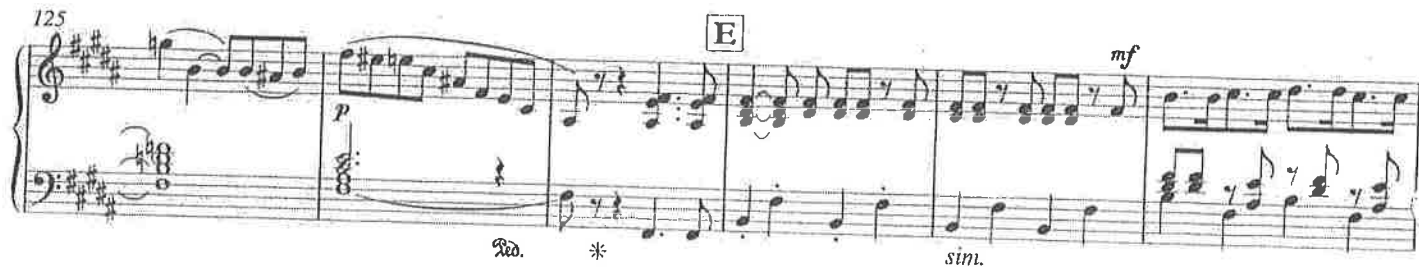
Allego moderato

118



125

E



131

136

142

148

rit. **F** a tempo

154

162 **Allegro con brio**

168

p *f*

174 **G**

p *stacc.*

181

f *stacc.* *p*

188

194 **H**

f

201

p *cresc.* *ff*

207

I stacc.

p

213

cresc.

f *mf* *ff*

219

J

225

p *cresc.* *f*

230

ff

235

ff

ACT I

SCENE—The fishing village of Rederring (in Cornwall). Rose Maybud's cottage is seen left.

No. 1 Chorus of Bridesmaids

with Solo: Zorah

Allegretto moderato

ZORAH

Soprano

CHORUS

Alto

Allegretto moderato

Piano

ff

Enter CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. They range themselves in front of Rose's cottage.

7

p

14

21 **A**

cresc.

f

28

(ZORAH with soprano)

B

CHORUS

f

Fair is

f

34

Rose as bright May day; Soft is Rose as warm west - wind; Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay - Rose is

40

Queen of - maid - en - kind!

Rose, all glow-ing With vir - gin blush - es,

45

say- Is an - y - bo - dy go - ing To mar - ry you to - day?

51

[C] ZORAH

Ev - 'ry day, as the days roll on,

57

Brides-maids' garb we gai - ly don, Sure that a maid so - fair - ly famed Can't long re-main un - claimed.

63

Hour by hour, and day by day, Sev-'ral months have pass'd a-way, Though she's the fair-est flow'r that blows,

69

D

No one has mar-ried Rose! CHORUS *f* Rose, all glow-ing With vir-gin blush-es, say- Is

75

ZORAH

Hour by hour and day by day, an-y-bo-dy go-ing To mar-ry you to-day?

81

E

Months have pass'd a - way.

CHORUS *f*

Fair is Rose as bright May day; Soft is Rose as warm west -

f

87

(ZORAH with soprano)

- wind; Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay - Rose is Queen of maid-en - kind! Rose, all

93

glow-ing With vir - gin blush - es, say - Is an - y - bo - dy go - ing To

mf

98 F *mp*

mar - ry you to - day? Fair is Rose, Soft is

mp

f *mp*

104

Rose, Rose ——— is the Queen of — maid - en - kind!

Enter OLD HANNAH, from cottage.

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

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

Ruth. This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of professional bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four—and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted! 10

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

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

All. To whom?

Han. To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who woo'd me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and the uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again. 20

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

Ruth. All baronets are bad; but was he worse than other baronets? 30

Han. My child, he was accursed.

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

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

No. 2 Song: Hannah & Chorus of Bridesmaids

Andante allegretto

HANNAH

CHORUS S.
A.

Sir

Andante allegretto

Piano

9

Ru - pert Mur - ga-troyd His lei - sure and _____ his rich-es He cru - el-ly em-ploy'd In per - se -

15

A

- cu - ting witch-es. With fear he'd make them quake- He'd duck them in his lake- He'd break their bones With

22

sticks and stones, And burn them at the stake! — CHORUS unis. *p*

This sport he much en - joy'd, — Did Ru - pert Mur-ga -

*) see Editor's note

29

HANNAH

B

Once, on the vil - lage
 - troyd- No sense of shame Or pi - ty came To Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd!

p

37

green, A pal - sied hag — he roast-ed, And what took place, I ween, Shook his — com-po — sure

43

boast-ed, For, as the tor-ture grim Seized on each pal-sied limb, The writh-ing dame, 'Mid fire and flame, Yelled

p

^{*)}

50

C

forth this curse on him! "Each Lord of Rud-di-gore, De-spite his best en-deav-our, Shall do one

f

mf

^{*)} see Editor's note

58

crime, or more, Once, ev-'ry day, for ev-er! This doom he can't de - fy How - ev - er he may try, For

65

D

should he stay His hand, that day In tor-ture he shall die! - The pro - phe - cy came true: Each heir who held — the

72

Recit.

ti - tle Had, ev - 'ry day, to do Some crime of im - port vi - tal; Un-til, with guilt o'er-

78

- plied, "I'll sin no more!" he cried, And on the day He said that say, In a - go - ny he

85 **a tempo** **E**

died!

CHORUS *un. p*

And thus, with sin-ning cloyed, Has died each Mur-ga-troyd; And so... shall fall, Both

a tempo

pp *p* *cresc.*

92 *Exeunt CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.*

one _ and all, Each com-ing Mur-ga - troyd!

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

Enter ROSE MAYBUD from cottage, with small basket on her arm.

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

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

Han. Ah, Rose, pity that so much goodness should not help to make some gallant youth happy for life! Rose, why dost thou harden that little heart of thine? Is there none hereaway whom thou could'st love? 10

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

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

Rose. Hush, dear aunt, for thy words pain me sorely. Hung in a plated dish-cover to the knocker of the workhouse door, with nought that I could call mine own, save a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette, little wonder if I have 20 always regarded that work as a voice from a parent's tomb. This hallowed volume (*producing a book of etiquette*), composed, if I may believe the title-page, by no less an authority than the wife of a Lord Mayor, has been, through life, my guide and monitor. By its solemn precepts I have learnt to test the moral worth of all who approach me. The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature, and he who has not acquired the proper way of entering and leaving a room is the object of my pitying horror. There are those in this village who bite their nails, dear Aunt, and nearly all are wont to use 30 their pocket combs in public places. In truth I could pursue this painful theme much further, but behold, I have said enough.

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

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

No. 3 Song: Rose

Tempo di Valse. Moderato

ROSE

Piano

10 ROSE

1. If some - bo - dy there chanced to be Who loved me in a man - ner true,
 2. If an - y well-bred youth I knew, Po - lite and gen - tle, neat and trim,

18

My heart would point him out to me, And I would point him out to
 Then I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to

25

A

(referring to book)

you. But here — it — says of those — who point, Their man - ners must be out of
 him. But here — it — says, in plain - est print, "It's most un - la - dy - like to

33

joint-hint." You may not point- You must not point- It's man - ners out of
You may not hint, You must not hint- It says you must-n't

40

rall.**a tempo**

joint, to point! Ah! Had I the love of such - as he, Some
hint, in print! Ah! And if I loved him through and through- (True

49

B

qui et spot he'd take - me to, Then he could whis - per it to me, And
love and not a pass - ing whim), Then I could speak of it to you, And

57

(referring to book)

I could whis - per it to you, But whis - per - ing, I've some - where
you could speak of it to him. But here I find it does - n't

64 C (searching book)

met, Is con - tra - ry to e - ti - quette; Where can it be? Now let me
do To speak un - til you're spo - ken to. Where can it be? Now let me

72 (finding reference) v. 1 (showing it to HANNAH)

see- Yes, yes! It's con - tra - ry to e - ti - quette. V. take book + close hand
see- Yes, yes! "Don't speak un - til you're spo - ken to!" back

colla voce

81

1 2 Exit HANNAH.

take book she takes book

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

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

Rob. Mistress Rose!

Rose. (surprised) Master Robin!

Rob. I wished to say that—it is fine.

Rose. It is passing fine.

Rob. But we do want rain.

Rose. Aye, sorely! Is that all?

Rob. (sighing) That is all.

Rose. Good day, Master Robin!

Rob. Good day, Mistress Rose! (both going—both stop)

Rose. } I crave pardon, I—

Rob. } I beg pardon, I—

Rose. You were about to say?—

Rob. I would fain consult you—

Rose. Truly?

Rob. It is about a friend.

Rose. In truth I have a friend myself.

Rob. Indeed? I mean, of course—

Rose. And I would fain consult you—

Rob. (anxiously) About him?

Rose. (prudishly) About her.

Rob. (relieved) Let us consult one another.

No. 4 Duet: Rose & Robin

Allegretto grazioso

ROSE

ROBIN

1. I know a youth who loves a lit - tle maid - (Hey, but his face is a
 2. He can-not eat, and he - can-not sleep - (Hey, but his face is a

Allegretto grazioso

Piano

f *p* *p*

6 ROBIN

sight for to see!) Si - lent is he, for he's mo - dest and a - fraid - (Hey, but he's tim - id as a youth can be!)
 sight for to see!) Dai - ly he goes for to wail - for to weep, (Hey, but he's wretch - ed as a youth can be!)

11 ROSE

I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth, (Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!)
 She's ve - ry sad, and she's - ve - ry pale, (Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!)

15

ROSE

rall.

A

a tempo

She can-not tell him all the sad, sad, truth-
Dai - ly she goes for to weep-for to wail-

(Hey, but I think that lit-tle maid will die!)
(Hey, but I think that lit-tle maid will die!)

ROBIN

Poor lit-tle man!
Poor lit-tle maid!
a tempo

rall.

20

Poor lit-tle maid!
Poor lit-tle man!

Poor lit-tle maid! }
Poor lit-tleman! }

Now

tell me pray, and

Poor lit-tle man! }
Poor lit-tle maid! }

Now

tell me pray, and

25

tell me true, What in the world__ should the maid - en do?

1,2

3

3. If

tell me true, What in the world__ should the young man do?

30

I were the youth, I should of-fer her my name- (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

If

34

I were the maid, I should fan his hon-est flame- (Hey, but he's bash-ful as a youth can be!)

If

38

B

I were the youth I should speak to her to-day- (Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!)

If

42

ROBIN

rall.

I were the maid I would meet the lad half-way- (For I real-ly do be-lieve that tim-id youth will _ die!)

C a tempo

46

ROSE

Poor lit-tle man! Poor lit-tle man! I thank you, sir, for your

ROBIN

Poor lit-tle maid! Poor lit-tle maid! I thank you, miss, for your

a tempo

52

rit.

a tempo

Exit ROSE.

coun-sel true; I'll tell that maid— what she ought to do!

coun-sel true; I'll tell that youth— what he ought to do!

rit.

a tempo

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

He sits desponding. Enter OLD ADAM.

Adam. My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—

Rob. Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title and with it, the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day, 10 for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

Adam. Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! (ROBIN assents) Sir Ruthven 20 Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the sea-side!

Rob. My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

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

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

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

No. 5 Chorus of Bridesmaids & Song: Richard

Allegretto con spirito

RICHARD

Enter CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Soprano

CHORUS

Alto

Allegretto con spirito

Piano

ten.

ten.

ten.

ten.

CHORUS

From the bri - ny sea Comes young

Rich-ard, all vic - tor - ious! Val - or-ous is he- His a - chieve-ments all are glor - ious!

21

Let the wel-kin ring With the news we bring. Sing it- shout it-

27

B

Tell a - bout it- Shout it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth he, All vic -

33

- tor - ious from the sea! Safe _____ and sound, All vic - tor - ious

Safe and sound re - turn - eth he,

38

Enter RICHARD. The GIRLS welcome him as he greets old acquaintances.

RICHARD

from the sea!

tr tr tr

f

C

44

shipp'd, d'ye see, in a Re - ve - nue sloop, And - off Cape Fi - nis - tere, A
 Capt'n he up and he says, says he, "This - chap we need not fear - We can
 up with our helm, and we scuds be - fore the breeze, As we gives a com - pas - sion - at - ing cheer; Frog - gee

p

48

mer - chant - man we see, A - French - man go - ing free, So we made for the bold Moun - seer, D'ye see? We
 take her, if we like, She is sar - tin for to strike, For she's on - ly a darned Moun - seer, D'ye see? She's
 an - swers with a shout As he sees us go a - bout, Which was grate - ful of the poor Moun - seer, D'ye see? Which was

52

made for the bold Moun - seer. But she proved to be a Fri - gate, and she up - with her ports, And -
 on - ly a darned Moun - seer! But to fight a French fal - lal - it's like hit - tin' of a gal - It's a
 grate - ful of the poor Moun - seer! And I'll wa - ger in their joy they - kissed each oth - er's cheek, (Which is

56

fires with a thir - ty - two! It comes un-com-mon near, But we an-swer'd with a cheer, Which
lub - ber - ly thing for to do; For we with all our faults, Why we're stur - dy Brit - ish salts, While she's
what them fur - ri - ners - do), And they bless'd their luck - y stars We were har - dy Brit - ish tars, Who had

60

pa - ra-lysed the Par - ley - voo, D'ye see? Which pa - ra-lysed the Par - ley - voo!
on - ly a poor Par-ley - voo, D'ye see? While she's on - ly a poor Par - ley - voo!"
pi - ty on a poor Par-ley - voo, D'ye see? Who had pi - ty on a poor Par ley - voo!

(v. 3) CHORUS *f sf*
Which
"While she's
Who had

64

pa - ra-lysed the Par - ley - voo, D'ye see? Which pa - ra-lysed the Par - ley - voo!
on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo!"
pi - ty on a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? Who had pi - ty on a poor Par-ley - -voo!

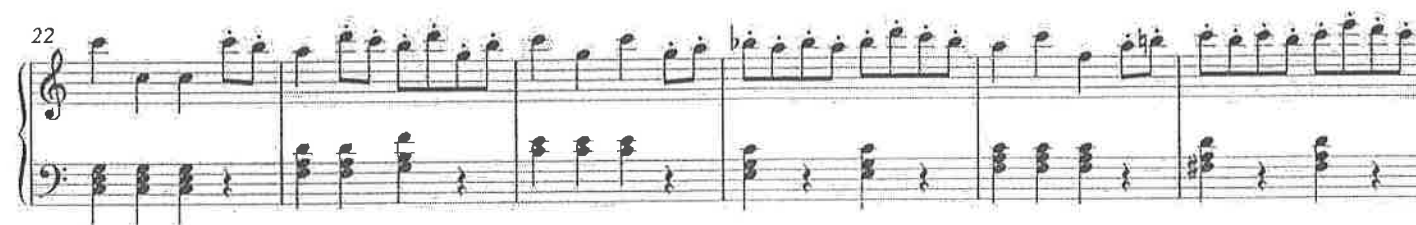
1, 2 3
2. Then our
3. So we

Attacca Hornpipe

No. 6 Hornpipe

L'istesso tempo

Piano



33 **B**

39

*Exeunt CHORUS, as ROBIN comes forward.*

44

**Rob.** Richard!**Rich.** Robin!

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

Rich. Why, lord love ye, Rob., that's but a trifle to what we have done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the marcful little Tom-Tit has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But there, 'taint for a British 10 seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay! (ROBIN sighs) But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought you all a-cockbill?

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

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

Rob. Hush, Richard—not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are 20 better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love—happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy—nervous—modest—retiring—diffident—and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell

her! Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

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

Rob. Aye, Dick, and I've always kept that oath. In doubt, 30 difficulty and danger, I've always asked my heart what I should do, and it has never failed me.

Rich. Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binnacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks and quicksands! Well now, what does my heart say to me in this here difficult situation? Why it says "Dick," it says—(it calls me "Dick" acos its known me from a babby)—"Dick," it says, "*you ain't shy—you ain't modest—* 40 *speck you up for him as is!*" Robin, my lad, just you lay me alongside, and when she's becalmed under my lee, I'll spin her a yarn that shall sarve to fish you two together for life!

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

No. 7 Song: Robin

with Richard

Allegro molto vivace

RICHARD

ROBIN

Allegro molto vivace

Piano

1. My boy, you may take it from
2. Now take, for ex - am-ple, my
3. As a po - et I'm ten-der and

6

ROBIN

me, That of all the af-flic-tions ac-curst With which a man's sad-dled And ham-pered and ad-dled, A
 case: I've a bright in-tel-ec-tu-al brain- In all Lon-don ci-ty There's no-one so wit-ty- I've
 quaint- I've pas-sion and fer-vour and grace- From O-vid and Ho-race To Swin-burne and Mor-ris, They

11

dif-fi-dent na-ture's the worst.
 thought so a-gain and a-gain.
 all of them take a back place.

Though cle-ver as cle-ver can be-
 I've a high-ly in-tel-li-gent face-
 Then I sing and I play and I paint:

A
 My
 Though

15

(vv. 2, 3 //

(vv. 2, 3 //

Crich-ton of ear - ly ro - mance -
fea - tures can - not be de - nied -
none are ac - com - plished as I,

You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum - pet, Or
But, what - ev - er I try, sir, I fail in - and why, sir? I'm
To say so were trea - son: You ask me the rea - son? I'm

(vv. 2, 3 //

(vv. 2, 3 //

19

A

trust me, you have - n't a chance,
mod - es - ty per - son - i - fied!
dif - fi - dent, mod - est and shy!

If you wish in this world to ad - vance, Your

p

25

me - rits you're bound to en - hance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum - pet, Or, trust me, you have - n't a

30 **RICHARD** *f* **B**

If you wish in the world to ad-vance, Your — me-rits you're bound to en-hance, You must
chance! If you wish in the world to ad-vance, Your — me-rits you're bound to en-hance, You must

35

1, 2 3

stir it and stump it, And blow you own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance! chance!

stir it and stump it, And blow you own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance! chance!

Exit ROBIN.

Rich. (*looking after him*) Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father"—that's what my heart's a remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is!

Enter ROSE—he is much struck by her.

By the Port Admiral but she's a tight little craft! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet—she's fit to marry Lord Nelson! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved. 10

Rose. Sir, you are agitated—

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

Rose. Can I do ought to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble? This apple—(*offering a damaged apple*)

Rich. (*looking at it and returning it*) No, my lass, 'taint that: I'm—I'm took flat aback—I never see anything like you in all 20
born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There—I can't say fairer than that, can I?

Rose. No. (*aside*) The question is, is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? (*refers to book*) Yes,—
"Always speak the truth."

Rich. I'd no thoughts of sayin' this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another; but when I see you my heart it up and it says, says it, "This is the very lass for you Dick"—"speak up to her, Dick," it says—(it calls me Dick acos we was at school together)—"tell her all, Dick," it says, "never sail under false colours—it's mean!" That's what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a tremblin' miss. Lookye here—(*holding out his hand*). That's narvousness! 30

Rose. (*aside*) Poor fellow! Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one? (*consults book*) "Keep no one in unnecessary suspense." (*aloud*) Behold, I will, not keep you in unnecessary suspense. (*refers to book*) "In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation." (*aloud*) I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. (*refers to book*) "Avoid any appearance of eagerness." (*aloud*) Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. (*refers to book*) "A little show of emotion will not be misplaced!" (*aloud*) Pardon this tear! (*wipes her eye*) 40

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

Rose. (*referring to book*) "An engaged young lady should 50
not permit too many familiarities." (*aloud*) Once! (*RICHARD kisses her*)

No. 8 Duet: Rose & Richard

Allegro moderato

ROSE

RICHARD

Allegro moderato

Piano

The bat - tle's roar is o - ver, O my

5

RICHARD

Love!

Em - brace thy ten - der lov - er, O my love!

From tem - pest's wel - ter, From

sim.

9

war's a-larms, O give me shel - ter With-in — those arms, O give me shel-ter With-in those

14

A

arms!

Thy

smile —

al -

lur - ing,

All

heart

ache

cur - ing,

Gives

Red.

* Red.

* Red.

* Red.

*

rit. **B** ROSE a tempo

19

RICHARD

peace en - dur - ing, O my love! O my love!

If heart both true and ten - der, O my

cresc. *p*

rit. *a tempo*

Red. *

25

ROSE

love! A life - love can en - gen - der, O my love! A truce to sigh - ing, And

sim.

29

tears of brine, For joy un - dy - ing Shall aye — be mine, For joy un - dy - ing Shall aye be

34 **C** ROSE

mine, And thou — and I, — love, Shall live — and die, love, With —

RICHARD

And thou and I, — love, Shall live and die, — love, With —

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

39

D

out a sigh, love, With-out-a sigh, My own, my love!

out a sigh, love, With-out-a sigh, My own, my love!

cresc. *dim.* *p* *mf*

And. *

45

And thou and I, love, Shall live and die, love, With-out a

And thou and I, love, Shall live and die, love, With-out a

p *dim.*

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

50

sigh, love, My own, my love!

sigh, love, My own, my love!

pp

And. *

Attacca

No. 9 Entrance of Bridesmaids

Allegretto*Enter ROBIN with CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.*

CHORUS S. A.

Piano *ff*

7

p *cresc.*

13 **A** *unis. f*

If well his suit has sped, Oh may they soon be wed! Oh

f

18

tell us, tell us, pray, What doth the maid-en say? In sing-ing are we

23

B

jus-ti-fied, In sing-ing are we jus-ti-fied, "Hail the Bride-groom-hail the Bride! Let the

29

nup-tial knot be tied: In fair phra-ses Hymn their prais-es, Hail the Bride-groom-hail the Bride?"

Rob. Well—what news? Have you spoken to her?

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

Rob. And she refuses?

Rich. Why, no, I can't truly say she do.

Rob. Then she accepts! My darling! (*embraces her*)

No. 9a Chorus of Bridesmaids

Allegro

CHORUS S. *unis. f*

A. Hail — the Bride-groom—hail the Bride! Let — the nup — tial knot be

4 tied: In — fair phra — ses Hymn their prais — es, Hail the Bride-groom—hail the bride!

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

Rich. Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

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

Rob. Belay?

Rich. You see, it's like this: she accepts—but it's *me*!

Rob. You. (*RICHARD embraces ROSE*)

Bridesmaids.

(*singing to the melody of No. 9a until interrupted*)

Rob. (*as they begin to sing*)

Hail the Bridegroom— 10
hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot
is tied—
Wait 'till I tell you!

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

Rich. My poor lad, my heart grieves for thee, but it's like this: the moment I see her, and just as I was a-goin' to mention your name, my heart it up and it says, says it—"Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says; "Be honest and sailor-like—don't skulk under false colours—speak up," it says, "take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!" 20

Bridesmaids. (*singing No. 9a until interrupted*)

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!—

Rob. Will you be quiet! Go away! (*CHORUS make faces at him and exeunt*) Vulgar girls!

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

Rob. Of course—no doubt. It's quite right—I don't mind—that is, not particularly—only it's—it is disappointing, you know. 30

Rose. (*to ROBIN*) Oh, but, sir, I knew not that thou did'st seek me in wedlock, or in very truth I should not have hearkened to this man, for behold, he is but a lowly mariner, and very or withal, whereas thou art a tiller of the land, and thou hast fat oxen, and many sheep and swine, a considerable dairy farm, and much corn and oil!

Rich. That's true, my lass, but its done now, aint it Rob.?

Rose. Still it maybe that I should not be happy in thy love. I am passing young and little able to judge. Moreover, as to thy character I know naught! 40

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

Rich. (*with emotion*) Thankye messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! (*grasps his hand*)

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

Rob. And what then? Admit that Dick is *not* a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl.—Grant that—he does. It's the truth, 50 and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his *good* qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the fleet!

Rich. Thankye Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye Rob! (*RICHARD dances*)

Rob. (*as RICHARD dances*) There! That's only a bit of it.

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

Rob. Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He *does* drink—I won't deny 60 it. But what of that? Look at his arms—tattooed to the shoulder! (*RICHARD rolls up his sleeves*) No, no—I won't hear a word against Dick!

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

Rob. Granted—granted—and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. (*RICHARD chuckles*) You are, you know you are, you dog! a devil of a fellow—a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning-in a dead-eye don't walk a deck! And what an accomplishment *that* is in a family man! No, no—not a word against Dick. I'll stick up for him through thick and thin! 70

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

No. 10 Trio: Rose, Richard & Robin

Allegro vivace

ROSE *f* In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide — Your heart —

RICHARD *f* In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide Your heart should

ROBIN *f* In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide — Your heart should

Allegro vivace

Piano *mf* *stacc.*

5

— should be your on - ly guide; With sum - mer sea and fav - 'ring wind — Your - self in port — you'll

be your on - ly guide; With sum - mer sea and fav - 'ring wind Your - self in port you'll sure - ly

be your on - ly guide; With sum - mer sea and fav - 'ring wind — Your - self in port you'll sure - ly

10

A

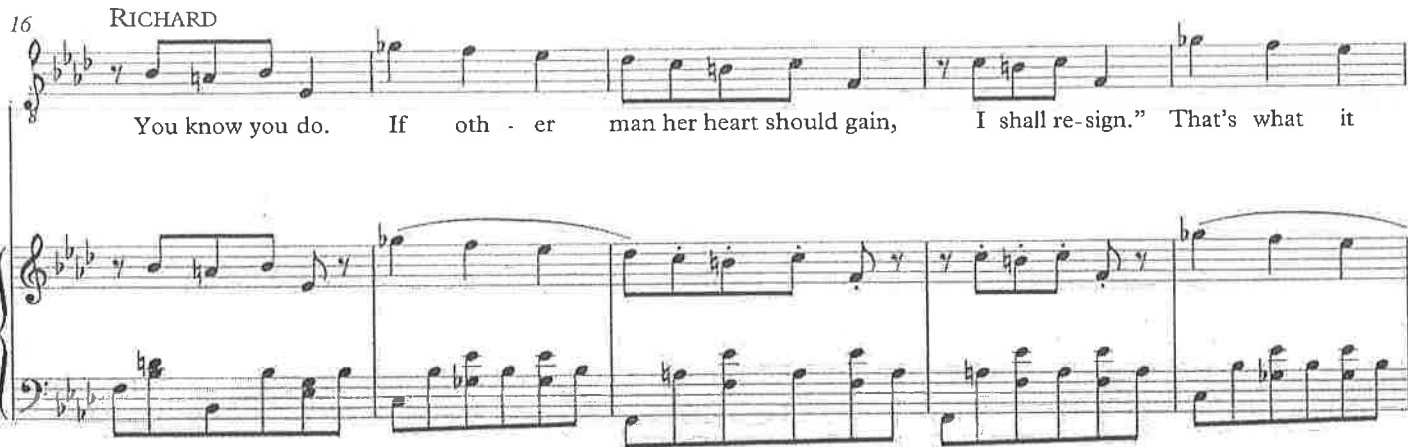
find.

find. My heart says, "To this maid - en strike — She's cap - tur'd you. She's just the sort of girl you like —

find.

stacc. *p*

16 RICHARD



You know you do. If oth - er man her heart should gain, I shall re-sign." That's what it

21 RICHARD

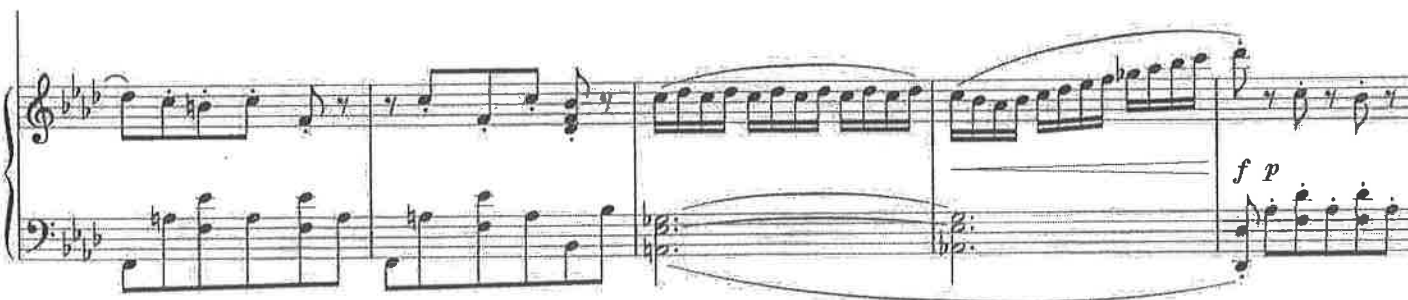


says to me quite plain, This heart of mine, This heart of mine!

B

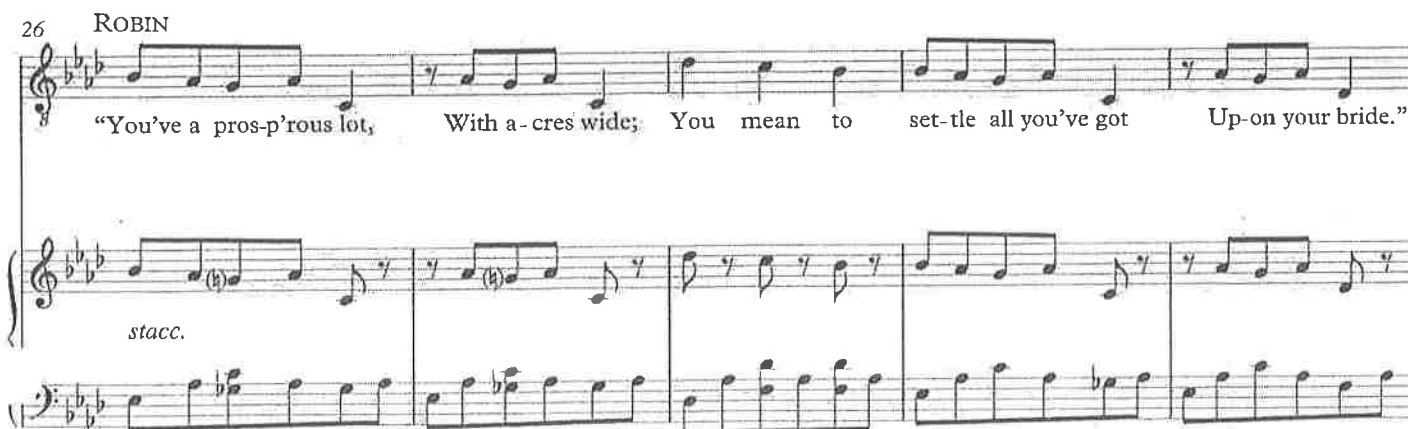
ROBIN

My heart says,



f p

26 ROBIN



"You've a pros-p'rous lot, With a - cres wide; You mean to set-tle all you've got Up-on your bride."

stacc.

31

It don't pre - tend to shape my acts By word or sign; It mere - ly states the sim - ple facts,

36

C

ROSE

Ten min - utes since my heart said "white" -

ROBIN

This heart of mine, This heart of mine!

41

ROSE

It now says "black". It then said "left" - it now says "right" - Hearts of - ten tack. I must o

46

to RICHARD

(turning from RICHARD to ROBIN who embraces her)

- bey its la-test strain- You tell me so. But should it change its mind a-gain, I'll let you know,

cresc.

51 **D** ROSE

I'll let you know. In sail - ing o'er life's o-cean wide — No doubt, — the heart should be your

RICHARD

In sail - ing o'er life's o-cean wide No doubt the heart should be your

ROBIN

In sail - ing o'er life's o-cean wide — No doubt the heart should be your

sf mf stacc.

56

guide, But it is awk-ward when you find — A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

guide, But it is awk-ward when you find A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

guide, But it is awk-ward when you find — A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

61

heart, a heart, a heart that does not know its
heart that does not know its mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its
heart that does not know its mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its

66

E

mind! A heart, a heart
mind! A heart, a heart
mind! A heart, a heart

72

*Exeunt ROBIN with ROSE left, and
RICHARD, weeping, right.*

that does not know its mind!
that does not know its mind!
that does not know its mind!

Attacca

No. 11 Recitative & Aria: Margaret

Andante

Enter MAD MARGARET.

She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.

MARGARET

Piano

The musical score for Margaret's entrance is written in 8/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line for Margaret is a recitative, consisting of several measures of whole and half notes, some with fermatas. The piano accompaniment begins with a series of eighth notes in the right hand, moving from a low register to a higher one, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *fsf* (fortissimo sfz). A trill (*tr*) is marked in the vocal line. The tempo is marked *Andante*. The score concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction.

The Aria section begins at measure 5, marked *a tempo*. The vocal line features a series of eighth notes, some with fermatas, and a final measure with a triplet. The piano accompaniment is more complex, featuring a series of eighth notes in the right hand, some with fermatas, and a final measure with a triplet. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *sf* (sforzando), and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked *a tempo*.

17

A

MARGARET

Cheer-i-ly ca-rols the lark O-ver the cot.

18

Mer-ri-ly whis-tles the clerk Scratch-ing a blot.

But the lark

24

And the clerk,

I re-mark, Com - fort me not!

31

B

O-ver the ri - pen-ing peach Buz-zes the bee.

Splash on the bil - low-y

trem.

p

36

beach Tum-bles the sea, But the peach And the beach They are each Noth-ing to me! — And

cresc. *dim.* *p*

Allegro vivace

42

why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Cra-zy Meg! Mad Mar-ga-ret!

p *cresc.* *sfz*

47

portamento (chuckling) **C**

Poor Peg! He! he! he! Mad, I? Yes, ve-ry! But why? Mys-ter-y!

dim. *p*

54

legato

Don't call! No crime— 'Tis on-ly That I'm love— lone-ly!

p

60

Andante

That's all! 1. To a

70

gar - den full of po - sies Com - eth one to ga - ther flow - ers, And he wan - ders through its
nest of weeds and net - tles, Lay a vi - o - let, half hid - den, Hop - ing that his glance un -

75

bow - ers Toy - ing with the wan - ton ro - ses, the wan - ton ro - ses, Who, up -
bid - den Yet might fall - up - on her pe - tals, up - on her pe - tals, Though she

81

ris - ing from their beds, Hold on high their shame - less heads, With their pret - ty lips a - pout - ing, With their
lived a - lone, a - part, Hope lay nest - ling at her heart, But, a - las, the cruel a - wak - ing - But, a -

87

pret - ty lips a - pout-ing, Ne-ver doubt-ing-ne ver doubt-ing That for Cy - the - re - an
- las, the cruel a - wak-ing Set her lit - tle heart a break - ing, For he ga - ther'd for his

93

po po sies He would ga - ther aught but ro - ses! 2. In a - ses! (bursts into tears)
po sies On - ly ro - ses - on - ly ro - ses!

Enter ROSE.

Rose. A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple—(offering apple)

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

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

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

Rose. Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, 10
horrible—too horrible!

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

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

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

Rose. Mercy, whom!

Marg. You mean "who".

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

Marg. True. (whispers melodramatically) I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

Rose. (aside, alarmed) Rose Maybud!

Marg. Ay! I love him—he loved me once. But that's all gone, Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance—thus—(business)—and made me his. He will give her an Italian glance, and make her his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her—stamp on her—stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody?

Rose. Mercy, no! 30

Marg. No? Why not? Listen—I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it. So it died—pop! So shall she!

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

Marg. You are Rose Maybud!

Rose. Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

Marg. Strange! They told me she was beautiful! And he loves you! No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird—I would rend you asunder! 40

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

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

Rose. What makes you think that?

Marg. Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's mad enough, I think! Go—hide away, or they will seize you. Hush! Quite softly—quite, quite softly! 50

Exeunt together, on tiptoe.

No. 12 Chorus

Allegro con brio*Enter CHORUS OF BUCKS AND BLADES, heralded by CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.*

CHORUS

S. A. T. B.

Allegro con brio

Piano

S. A.

Wel - come, gen - try, For your en - try Sets our ten - der

sf mf

A

unis.

hearts a - beat - ing. Men of — sta - tion, Ad - mi - ra - tion Prompts this — un - af - fect - ed greet - ing.

18

Heart - y greet - ing, heart - y — greet - ing of - fer

24 **B**

S. A. *we!*

T. B. *unis. f*

When tho-rough-ly tir-ed Of be-ing ad-mir-ed By la-dies of gen-tle de-gree- de-gree, With

(*mf*)

27

T. B.

flat - ter - y sa - ted, High-flown and in - fla - ted, A - way from the ci - ty we flee - we flee! From

29

charms in - tra - mu - ral To pret - ti - ness ru - ral The sud - den tran - si - tion Is sim - ply E - ly - sian,

31

Come, Am-a-ryl-lis, Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-lis, Your slaves, for the mo-ment, are we, — Your slaves, for — the

34

C

mo ment, — your slaves — are we!

38

S.
A.

unis.

mf

The sons of the til-lage Who dwell in this vil-lage Are peo-ple of low-ly de-gree- de-gree. Though

41

hon - est and ac - tive They're most un - at - trac - tive And awk - ward as awk - ward can be - can be. They're

43

clum-sy clod-hop-pers With ax-es and chop-pers, And shep-herds and plough-men And dro-vers and cow-men,

45

Hed-ers and reap-ers And cart-ers and keep-ers, But nev-er a lov-er for me, — But ne ver a

48

lov-er — for me! Heart-y greet-ing of-fer

Then come, Am-a-ryl-lis, Come Chlo-e, and Phyl-lis!

51

we of-fer we! So wel-come, — gen-try, When tho-rough-ly tir-ed Of be-ing ad-mir-ed By

54

For your en try Sets our ten der

la - dies of gen - tle de - gree - de - gree, With flat - ter - y sa - ted, High-flown and in - fla - ted, A -

56

hearts a - beat ing, Men of sta - tion,

- way from the ci - ty we flee - we flee! From charms in - tra - mu - ral To pret - ti - ness ru - ral Th'

58

Ad mi ra tion Prompts this un af

sud - den tran - si - tion Is sim - ply E - ly - sian, Come, Am - a - ryl - lis, Come, Chlo - e and Phyl - lis, Your

60 *unis.*

fect - ed greet - ing. Heart - y greet - ing, heart - y greet - ing of fer

slaves, for the mo - ment are we, — Your slaves, — for the mo - ment, your slaves are

64 **E**

wel Wel come! Wel

wel! *p* *loco*

68 *f* *3* *3* *3*

- come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come wel!

f *3* *3* *3*

71 *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

Attacca

No. 13 Song: Sir Despard & Chorus

Andante misterioso

SIR DESPARD

Oh why am I mood-y and sad? And

CHORUS

S. A. unis. *p*

T. B. unis. Can't guess! *p*

Piano

f *p*

Andante misterioso

5

why am I guilt - i - ly mad? Be - cause I am tho - rough - ly bad! You'll see it at once in my

Con - fess! Oh yes -

10 [A]

face. Oh why am I hus - ky and hoarse? It's the work - ings of con - science of course, And

Ah, why? Fic, fie!

B

15

hus - ki-ness stands for re - morse, *mf* At least it does so in my case! When in

Oh my! *mf*

20

crime one is ful - ly em-ployed- *p* Your ex - pres - sion gets warped and des-troyed:- It's a pen - al-ty few can a -

Like you - *p* It do.

C

25

- void; I once was a nice - look-ing youth; But like stone from a strong ca-ta - pult- I _

How true! A trice-

30

rushed at my ter - ri-ble cult- Ob-serve the un-pleas-ant re - sult! In - deed I am tell - ing the

(explaining to each other) That's vice - Not nice.

35

D

truth! Oh in - no-cent, hap-py though poor! If I had been vir-tuous, I'm

That's we-

40

sure- I should be as nice-look-ing as you're! You are ve - ry nice-look-ing in - deed! Oh

Like me- May be.

45

in - no - cents, lis - ten in time - A - void an ex - is - tence of crime - Or you'll be as ug - ly as

We doe, Just so-

f *dim.* *p*

50

I'm - And now, if you please, we'll pro - ceed. E

ff *(loudly)* No! No!

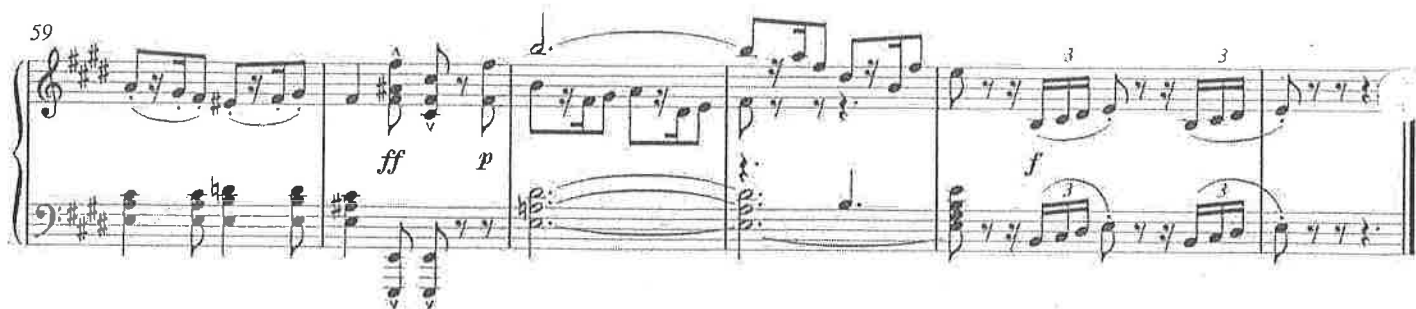
ff *p*

All the GIRLS express their horror of SIR DESPARD.

As he approaches them they fly from him, terror-stricken, leaving him alone on stage.

54

ff *p* *ff* *p*



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

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ax your honour's pardon, but—

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

Rich. Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man, 20
becalmed in the doldrums—

Sir Desp. I don't know them.

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

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

Rich. Aye, but has your honour a heart that ups and looks you in the face, and gives you quarter-deck orders that it's life and death to disobey? 30

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

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

Sir Desp. It had.

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

Sir Desp. Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!—

Rich. He didn't.

Sir Desp. He did *not*? 40

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Desp. Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives—that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thralldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free—free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved and regretted by all who knew me! 60

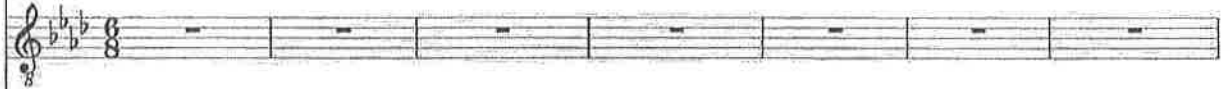
No. 14 Duet: Richard & Sir Despard

Allegro vivace

RICHARD



SIR DESPARD

**Allegro vivace**

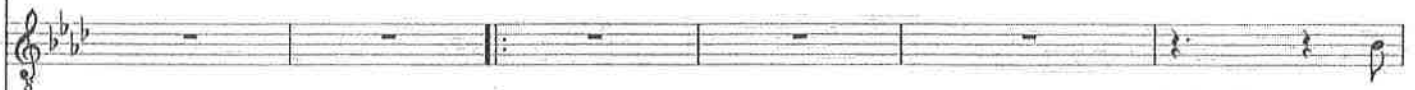
Piano



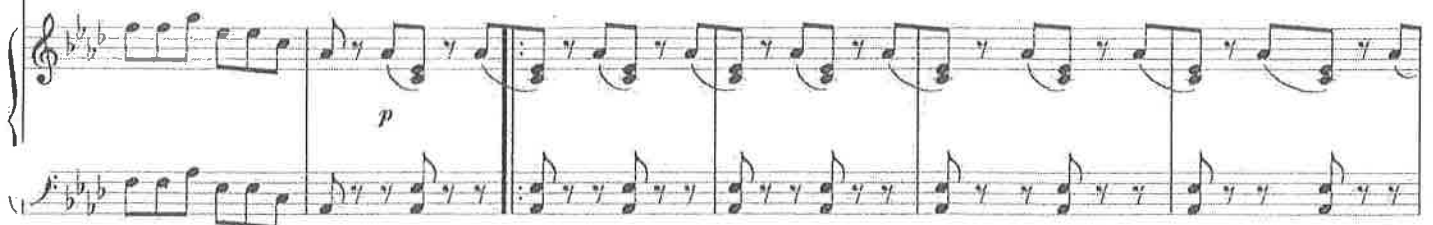
8

A

1. RICHARD: You un - der - stand?
 2. SIR DESPARD: The Bride - groom comes -



1. SIR DESPARD: I
 2. RICHARD: Like -



14

(1. RICH.) I think so too; I'll
(2. SIR DESP.) To lash their pride Were

think I do, With vi-gour un-sha-ken This step shall be ta-ken. It's neat - ly plann'd.
- wise the Bride- The maid-ens are ve-ry E - la - ted and mer-ry; They are her chums.

19 (RICH.)

vv. 1 & 2

(1.) read-i - ly bet it You'll nev-er re-gret it! For du - ty, du - ty must be done; The rule ap-plies to ev - 'ry-one, And
(SIR DESP.) vv. 1 & 2
(2.) al-most a pi-ty, The pret-ty com-mit-tee! For du - ty, du - ty must be done; The rule ap-plies to ev - 'ry-one, And

25

[B]

pain - ful though that du - ty be, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To
pain - ful though that du - ty be, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To shirk the task were fid-dle-de-dee, To

31

shirk the task, ____ To shirk the task were fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de

shirk the task, ____ To shirk the task were fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de, fid-dle-de

37

C

-dee!

-dee!

f

44

1

2

p

50

Attacca Finale

No. 15 Finale: Act I

Allegro non troppo

ROSE

ZORAH

MARGARET

HANNAH

RICHARD

ROBIN

SIR DESPARD

ADAM

Enter CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS and BUCKS AND BLADES.

S. A.

CHORUS

T. B.

Allegro non troppo

Piano

ff

cresc.

molto

7

14

21 **A** (ZORAH with soprano) CHORUS S. A. unis. *f*

Hail the Bride of sev'n-teen sum-mers: In _ fair phra-ses Hymn her prais-es;

f *pesante*

27 unis.

Lift her song on high, all com-ers. She _ re-joi-ces In _ your voi-ces. Smil-ing sum-mer

34

beams up-on _ her, Shed-ding ev - 'ry bless-ing on _ her: Maid-ens, greet her-

40 **B**

S. A. kind-ly treat her- You may all _ _ _ _ _ be brides some day! unis. *f*

T. B. Hail the Bride-groom who _ ad-

mf

47 *unis.*

T. B. - van - ces, A - gi - ta - ted, Yet e - la - ted. He's in eas - y cir - cum - stan - ces, Young and lust - y, True and

53

S. A. *f* Smil - ing sum - mer beams up - on her, Shed - ding ev - 'ry

T. B. trust - y: *f*

60 **C**

bless - ing on her: Maid - ens, greet - her - Kind - ly treat her - You ____ may

You ____ will

66

all, may all be brides some day!

all be bride grooms some fine day!

Allegretto

Enter ROBIN, attended by RICHARD and OLD ADAM, meeting ROSE attended by ZORAH and DAME HANNAH. ROSE and ROBIN embrace.

74

ROSE

When the buds are

80

blossoming, Smiling welcome to the spring, Lovers choose a wedding day— Life is

85

love in merry May, Life is love, life is love in merry

D

90

ROSE

May!

HANNAH

RICHARD

ADAM

CHORUS

S.

Spring is

green—

Sum-mer's rose—

96

goes, Fa la _____ la la la la! Fa la!

Fa la la la la

goes, Fa _____ la la la la! Fa la la!

Fa la la la la la la la!

Fa la la

goes, Fa la! Fa la la _____ la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la!

Fa la la

goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la!

Fa la la

CHORUS

T.

Au-tumn's gold,

Win-ter's grey,

102 ROSE

E

la la la! Win-ter still is far a - way, far a - way- Fa la la la la!

HANNAH

la la! Win-ter still is far a - way, far a - way- Fa la la la la!

RICHARD

la la! Win-ter still is far a - way, far a - way- Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la!

ADAM

la la! Win-ter still is far a - way, far a - way- Fa la la la la!

CHORUS

p Leaves in au-tumn

p Leaves in au-tumn

p Leaves in au-tumn

p Leaves in au-tumn

pp

108

fade and fall, Win-ter is the end of all. *sf cresc.* Fa la la la *sf*

fade and fall, Win-ter is the end of all. *cresc.* Spring and sum-mer teem with glee: *sf*

fade and fall, Win-ter is the end of all. *cresc.* Spring and sum-mer teem with glee: Spring and *cresc.*

fade and fall, Win-ter is the end of all. Fa-la la! Spring and sum-mer teem with *p*

cresc.

113 *sf sf sf f sf sf*

la la la la — la la la la la la la! Fa la — la la la la la la! Fa

Spring and sum-mer, then, for me! Fa la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa — la la la la! Fa

sum - mer, then, for me! — Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Fa

glee: Spring and sum - mer, then, for me! Fa la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa

mf

*)

F

HANNAH

119

In the spring-time seed is sown: In the sum-mer grass is

la la la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la!

la la la la — la la la!

la la la la la la la!

p

*) see Editor's note

126 HANNAH

mown: In the au-tumn you _____ may reap: Win - ter is the time for

cresc.

132

G

ROSE

f

Fa la la la la

HANNAH

sleep, Win - ter is the time for sleep.

f

Fa la la la la

RICHARD

f

Fa la la

ADAM

f

Fa la la

CHORUS

f

Spring is hope-_____

f *dim.* *p* *f* *p*

tr

138

la la la! Fa la la la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er cloy, Fa la la la la! Fa la

la la la! Fa la la la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er cloy, Fa la la la la! Fa la

la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and sum - mer nev - er cloy, Fa la! Fa la la la la la la

la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er cloy, Fa la! Fa la la la la la

Sum-mer's joy—

f *p*

144

la! Fa la la la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is

la! Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is

la! Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is

la! CHORUS *f* Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is

T. Au-tumn, toil— Win-ter, rest—

f *p* *f* *p*

150

ROSE

H

best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!

HANNAH

best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!

RICHARD

best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la!

ADAM

best, af-ter all, Fa la la la la!

CHORUS

Spring and sum-mer plea-sure you, Au-tumn, aye, and

Spring and sum-mer plea-sure you, Au-tumn, aye, and

Spring and sum-mer plea-sure you, Au-tumn, aye, and

Spring and sum-mer plea-sure you, Au-tumn, aye, and

156

win-ter too -

*sf cresc.**cresc.*

Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer,

Life is love - ly all the year! Fa

win-ter too -

cresc.

Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is love - ly all the year! Fa la

win-ter too - Fa la la! Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is love - ly all the

*cresc.**mf*

*) see Editor's note

*)

161

la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la!

year! Fa la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la!

168 **L'istesso tempo**

174

179

184

Allegro agitato

After Gavotte, enter SIR DESPARD

190

rall.

p

ff

Attacca

Recit.

SIR DESPARD

a tempo

196

Hold, Bride and Bride-groom, ere you wed each oth-er, I claim young Ro-bin as my eld-er

204 **J** Più lento

bro-ther!

pp trem. sempre

p

212

SIR DESPARD

His

K

220

right - ful ti - tle I have long en - joyed: I claim him

225

ROSE (*wildly*)

SIR DESPARD

De - ny the false-hood,

as Sir Ruth-ven Mur - ga - troyd!

CHORUS

S. *f* O won - der!

A. *f* O won - der!

T. *f* O won - der!

B. *f* O won - der!

f *p*

231 ROSE

Ro - bin, as you should! It is a plot!

ROBIN

sf I would, if con-sci-en-tious-ly I

236 ROBIN

could, But I can - not!

CHORUS

f Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

f Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

f Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

f Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

f Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

Segue

Andante moderato

241

ROBIN

As pure and blame-less peas-ant, I can-not, I re - gret, De - ny a truth un -

248

L

- pleas-ant, I am that Ba-ron - et! CHORUS But when com-plete-ly ra - ted Bad

S. A. He is that Ba-ron - et!

T. B. *p*

p

255

ba-ron-et am I, That I am what he's sta-ted I'll reck-less-ly de - ny! CHORUS

He'll reck-less-ly de-

f

262

Vivace

When I'm a bad Bart. I will tell ta-ra-did-dles!

- ny! unis. *p*

He'll unis. *p*

Vivace

f *p stacc.*

sf *sf*

268

I'll play a bad part on the fal-sest of fid-dles.
 tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart! On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll

273

But un-til that takes place I must be con-sci-en-tious - Then a -
 play a bad part! He'll be con-sci-en-tious un - til that takes place.

278

- dieu with good grace to my mo-rals sen-ten-tious!
 To mo-rals sen-ten-tious a - dieu with good grace! A -

282

M

When I'm a bad Bart. I will

- dieu with good grace to his mo-rals, his mo-rals sen - tious! When he's a bad Bart. he will

p

p

287

tell ta-ra-did-dles! On ve-ry false fid-dles I'll play a bad part! I'll play a bad part on the fal-sest of fid-dles, And

tell ta-ra-did-dles! On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part! He'll play a bad part on the fal-sest of fid-dles And

f

292

tell ta-ra-did-dles when I'm a bad Bart.!

unis. *f*

tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart.!

unis. *f*

When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-did-dles, On ve-ry false fid-dles he'll

297

play a bad part, He'll play a bad part on the fal-est of fid-dles, And tell ta-ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart., A When

302

N

bad Bart.! When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-did-dles, A bad he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-did-dles, *p* *f* He'll play a bad part on the

307

unis.

Bart.! On ve-ry false fid-dles, on ve-ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad fals-est of fid-dles,

312

part!

L'istesso tempo

317 *f*

ZORAH

Who is the wretch who hath be-tray'd thee? Let him stand forth!

RICHARD (coming forward)

'Tw

L'istesso tempo

Molto vivace

325 RICHARD

II Hold, my con-science

CHORUS *f*

S. A. Die, trai - tor!

T. B. *f*

Molto vivace

329

RICHARD

made me! With-hold your wrath!

ff

333

Allegretto maestoso

With-in_ this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can't be gain - said. — It

p

338

O

bade me thy true rank im-part, And I — at once o - bey'd. — I knew 'twould blight thy

p

343

bud-ding fate- I knew 'twould cause thee an-guish great- But did I there - fore he - si-tate?

cresc. *dim.* *p*

348

RICHARD

No! I at once o-bey'd!

CHORUS *ff*

S. A. Ac-claim him who, when his true heart Bade him young Ro-bin's rank im-part, Im -

T. B. *ff*

ff

353

- me - diate-ly o - bey'd!

ff

Andante

358 ROSE (addressing ROBIN)

Fare-well! Thou hadst my heart— 'Twas quick-ly won! But now we part— Thy face I shun! Fare-

p *pp*

364 **P** - well! Go, bend the knee At vi - ce's shrine, Of life with me All hope re - sign. - Fare-well! - Fare-

f

p

370 *p* (to SIR DESPARD) **rall.**

- well! Fare - well! Take me - I am thy

mp dolce

Allegretto

376

ROSE

bride!

CHORUS

S.

A.

All: Hurrah!

Hail the Bride-groom- hail the Bride! When the nup-tial knot is

Allegretto

f

381

Q Enter MARGARET,
who listens.

tied; Ev - 'ry day will bring some joy — That can nev - er, nev - er cloy!

sf

386

ROSE

That's why I wed you!

SIR DESPARD

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

*mp**mf**p**stacc.*

391

SIR DESPARD

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

p

396

Recit.

MARGARET

f **R** a tempo

Have I mis-read-you? Oh joy! — With new - ly — kin - dled rap - ture warm'd, I —

f

sf

401

(kneels)

kneel — be - fore you!

SIR DESPARD

I once dis - liked you; Now that I've re -

p

406 SIR DESPARD

(they embrace)

- formed, How I a - dore you!

CHORUS
f

Hail the Bride-groom-hail the Bride! When the

cresc. *f*

411

nup-tial knot is tied; Ev - 'ry day will bring some joy — That can ne - ver, nev - er

416 S ROSE

Rich - ard, of him I love _____ be -

cloy!

p

420

ROSE

- reft, Through thy de - sign, Thou art the on - ly one that's

424

ROSE

(they embrace)

left, So I am - thine!

CHORUS
f

Hail the Bride-groom-hail the Bride! Hail the

f

sim.

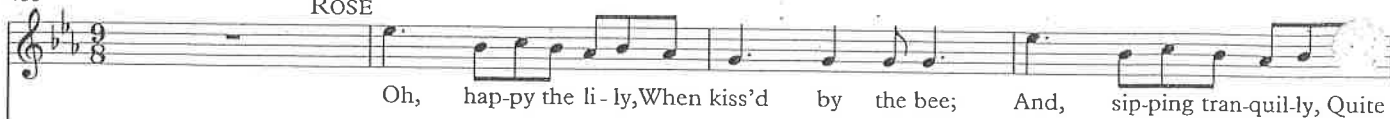
429

Bride-groom- hail the Bride!

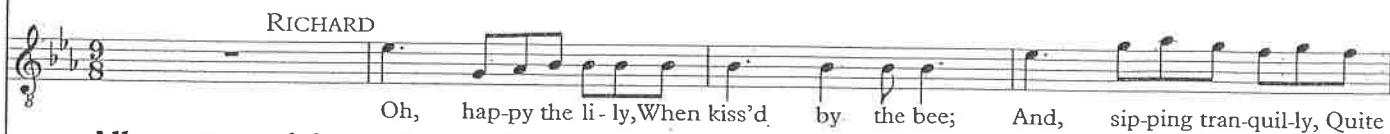
Allegro con spirito

435

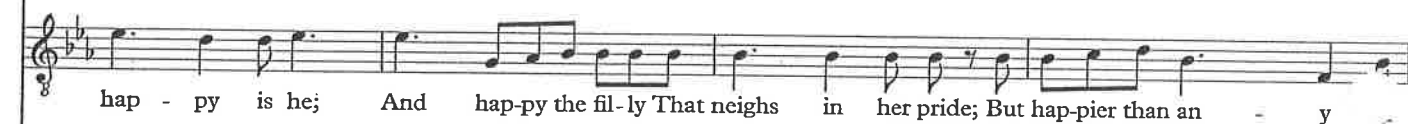
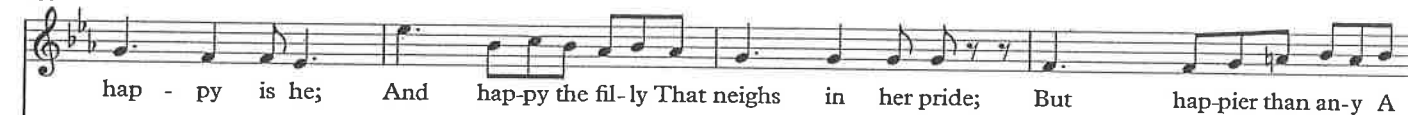
ROSE



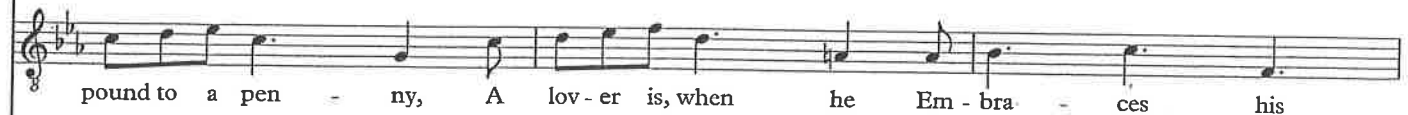
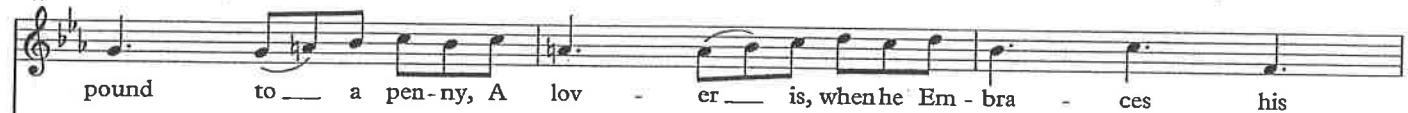
RICHARD

**Allegro con spirito**

439



443



446

ROSE

T

bride!

MARGARET

Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bow-ers That

RICHARD

bride!

SIR DESPARD

Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bow-ers That



450

MARGARET

gain by the boon, But hap-pier by hours The man of des-cent, Who, fol-ly re-gret-ting, Is

SIR DESPARD

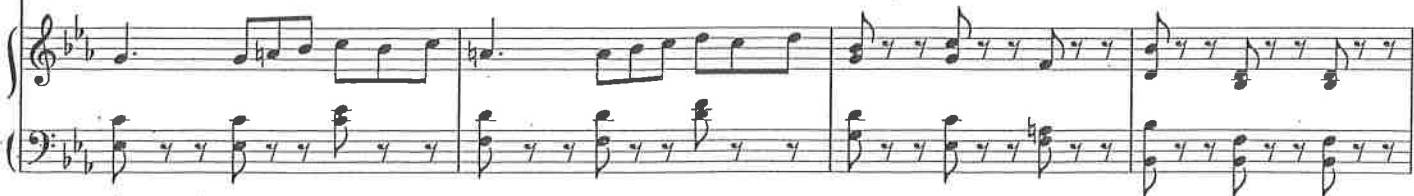
gain by the boon, But hap-pier by hours The man of des-cent, Who, fol-ly re-gret - ting, Is



454

bent on - for-get-ting His bad ba - ronetting, And means to re - pent!

bent on for-get - ting His bad ba-ron-et - ting, And means to re - pent!



U

458 ZORAH

Oh, hap-py the blos-som That blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,

HANNAH

Oh, hap-py the blos-som That blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,

ADAM

Oh, hap-py the blos-som That blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,

p

462

When you come a - cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The

When you come a - cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread - ing The

When you come a - cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The

465

dance at — a wed-ding, While peo - ple — are spread-ing The best of good

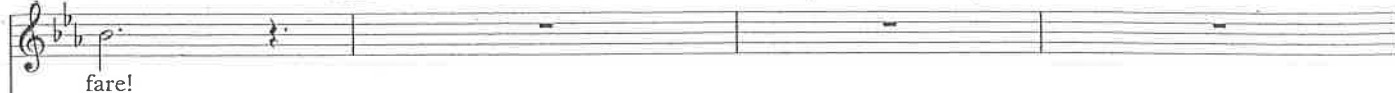
dance at a wed - ding, While peo-ple are spread - ing The best of good

dance at a wed-ding, While peo - ple are spread-ing The best of good

468

ZORAH

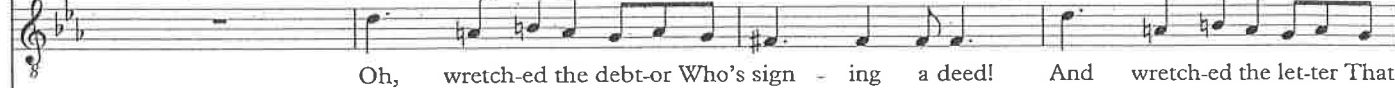
V



HANNAH



ROBIN



ADAM

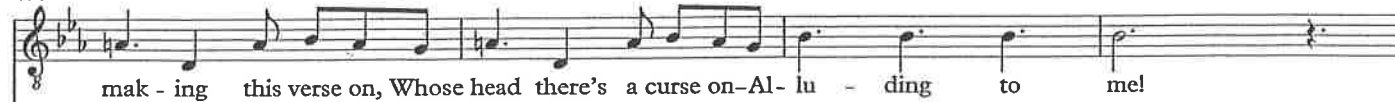


472

ROBIN



476



W CHORUS

480 *f*

S. Oh, hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

A. *f* Oh, hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

T. *f* Oh, hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

B. *f* Oh, hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

fsf sf

484

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an - y A pound to a pen - ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

sf

488

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

493

- bra - - - ces his bride! —

- bra - - - ces his bride! —

- bra - - - ces his bride! —

- bra - - - ces his bride! —

loco

8

X Dance

499

sf *sf* *sf*

504

509

Y

mf sf *sf*

514

519

Z

sf *sf*

524

Aa

529

534

Bb

539

544

At the end of the dance ROBIN falls senseless on the stage. Picture.

549

554

End of Act I

ACT II

SCENE.—The Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle. The walls are covered with full length portraits of the Baronets of Ruddigore from the time of James I—the first being that of Sir Rupert, alluded to in the legend; the last, that of the last deceased Baronet, Sir Roderic.

No. 1 Duet: Robin & Adam

Andante moderato

ROBIN

ADAM

Piano

Andante moderato

7

15

24

32

[A] Enter ROBIN and ADAM melodramatically. They are greatly altered in appearance, ROBIN wearing the haggard aspect of a guilty roué; ADAM, that of the wicked steward to such a man.

ff *dim.* *p* *pp* *p* *ff* *pp* *ff* *p* *ff*

40 ^{*)} ROBIN **B**

I once was as meek as a new-born lamb, I'm now Sir Mur - ga - troyd- ha! ha! With

45

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

ADAM

And I, who was once his

50 ADAM

val-ley-de-sham, As stew-ard I'm now em-ploy'd- ha! ha! The dick-ens may take him-I'll ne-ver for-sake him! As

55 ROBIN **C**

How dread-ful when an in - no-cent heart Be-comes, per-force, a

ADAM

stew-ard I'm now em-ploy'd- ha! ha! How dread-ful when an in - no-cent heart Be-comes, per-force, a

*) See p. 158 for earlier working (Appendix I)

60

ROBIN

bad young Bart., And still more hard on old A-dam, His form - er faith - ful val-ley-de-sham, His for-mer faith-ful

ADAM

bad young Bart., And still more hard on old A-dam, His form - er faith - ful val-ley-de-sham, His for-mer faith-ful



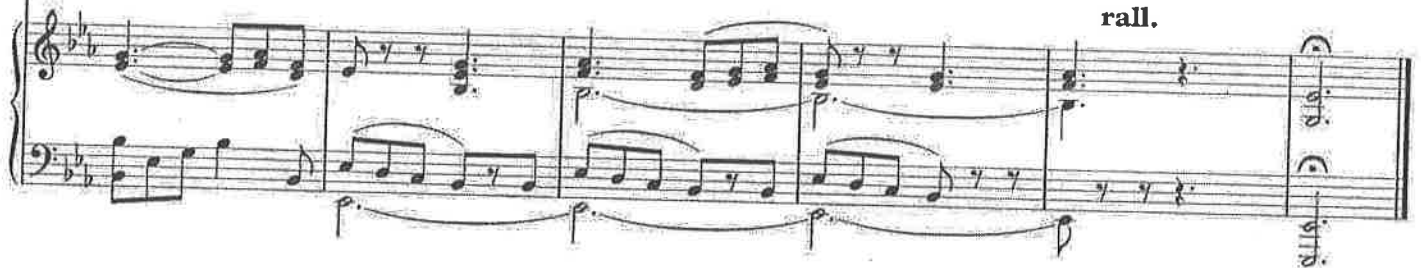
66

rall.

val ley-de-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, — His val-ley-de-sham, de sham!

val ley-de-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, His val-ley-de-sham, His val-ley, his val-ley-de-sham!

rall.



Both. Ha! ha!

Rob. This is a painful state of things, Old Adam!

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

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

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

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

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

Rob. (*melodramatically*) How would it be, do you think, were I to lure him here with cunning wile—bind him with good stout rope to yonder post—and then, by making hideous faces at him, 20 curdle the heart-blood in his arteries, and freeze the very marrow in his bones? How say you, Adam, is not the scheme well planned?

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

ADAM and ROBIN retire up as RICHARD and ROSE enter,
preceded by CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

No. 2 Duet: Rose & Richard with Chorus of Bridesmaids

Allegro gioioso

ROSE

RICHARD

Soprano

CHORUS

Alto

Piano

Allegro gioioso

7

13

18 RICHARD

Hap-pi-ly cou-pled are we, You see - I am a jol-ly Jack Tar, My star, And you are the fair-est, The rich-est and rar-est Of

24

B

in-no-cent lass-es you are, By far— Of in-no-cent lass-es you are! Fanned by a fa-vour-ing

30

gale, You'll sail O-ver life's treach-er-ous sea With me, And as for bad weath-er, We'll brave it to-geth-er, And

35

you shall creep un - der my lee, My weel! And you shall creep un - der my lee, — My

40

C

weel! — For you are such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft— Such a

46 RICHARD

bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! CHORUS

S. For she is such a smart lit-tle

A. *f*

f

ff

craft- Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft- Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,

sf

sf

56

D

ROSE

My hopes will be blight-ed, I fear, My dear; In a month you'll be go-ing to

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

p

62 ROSE

sea, Quite free, And all of my wish-es You'll throw to the fish-es As though they were nev-er to

66

be; Poor mel _____ As though they were nev-er to be, And I shall be left all a -

71

- lone To moan, And weep at your cru-el de- ceit, Com-plete; While you'll be as- sert-ing Your

75

free-dom by flirt-ing With ev-er-y wo-man you meet, You cheat - With

79

F

ev - er-y wo-man you meet! Ah! _____ Though I am such a smart lit-tle

sim.

84

craft - Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft - Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,

89

ROSE

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

CHORUS

f

S. _____

A. _____

Though she is such a smart lit-tle craft - Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle

f

ff

sf

94

ROSE

Ah!

S. craft— Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! Such a

A. bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

99

Ah!

bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

8va

loco

Enter ROBIN.

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

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

Rob. Foiled—and by a Union Jack! But a time will come 10 and then—

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

No. 3 Song: Rose & Chorus of Bridesmaids *)

with Richard & Robin

Andante

ROSE

In by-gone days I had thy love— Thou hadst my heart. But Fate, all hu-man vows a -

RICHARD

ROBIN

Soprano

CHORUS

Alto

Andante

Piano

6 ROSE

- bove, Our lives did part! By the old_ love thou hadst for me, By the fond heart that beat for thee-- By

*) See p. 161 for earlier working (Appendix II)

12 A

joys that nev-er now can be, — Grant thou my prayer! CHORUS
p (*kneeling*)
 Grant thou her prayer!
p
pp

18 ROBIN **Allegro vivace**

Take her— I yield! *f*
 Oh rap *f*
Allegro vivace
f

25

- ture! A - way to the par - son we go — Say we're so - li - ci-tous ve - ry That

30 B RICHARD

For she is such a smart lit-tle

he will turn two in - to one - Sing-ing hey, der - ry-down der-ry!

sf p

35 ROSE

Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft- Tight lit-tle- Light lit-tle-

RICHARD

craft- Such a bright lit-tle- Slight lit-tle-

40 ROSE

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

RICHARD

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! CHORUS

S. *f* For she is such a smart lit-tle craft, Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle

A. *f*

f sf sf

45

ROSE

Ah!

RICHARD

Ah!

craft- Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! Such a

50

Ah!

Ah!

Exeunt ALL but ROBIN,

bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

loco

8va

Rob. For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a-day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still a crime. But will my ghostly ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? (*addressing Pictures*) Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there

came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity! (*kneeling*)

No. 4 Chorus of Ancestors

with Solos: Robin & Sir Roderic

Grave e maestoso

*The stage darkens for a moment.
It becomes light again, and the Pictures
are seen to have become animated.*

ROBIN

SIR RODERIC

Tenor

CHORUS

Bass

Piano

p

ff

*The Pictures step from their frames
and march round the stage.*

8

dim.

A

CHORUS

T.

B.

p

p

Paint - ed em - blems of _____ a race, _____ All ac

22

- curst in days ____ of yore, ____ Each from _ his ac - cus - tomed place ____

B

29

cresc.

Steps in - to the world once _ more!

unis.

cresc.

p

36

C

44 *p*

Ba-ron-et of Rud-di-gore, Last of our ac - cur - sèd line, Down up-on the oak-en floor-

49

Down up-on those knees of thine! Cow-ard, pol-troon, sha-ker, squeam-er,

54

Block-head, slug-gard, dull-ard, dream-er, Shirk-er, shuf-fler, crawl-er, creep-er,

58

Snif-fler, snuf-fler, wail-er, weep-er, Earth-worm, mag-got, tad-pole, wee-vil!

62

Set up-on thy course of e-vil Lest the King of Spec-tre-Land

66

Set on thee his gris-ly hand!

D *ff*

ff
8va

The spectre of SIR RODERIC descends from his frame.

70

89 SIR RODERIC

I am the spec-tre of the late Sir Rod-eric Mur - ga - troyd, Who comes to warn thee that thy

93

ROBIN

SIR RODERIC

A - las, poor ghost!

fate Thou can'st not now a - void.

The pi - ty you Ex-press, for noth - ing goes: We

trem.

99

SIR RODERIC

spec-tres are a jol-lier crew Than you, per-haps, sup-pose!

CHORUS

f

We spec-tres are a jol-lier crew Than you, per-haps, sup-pose!

f

crêsc.

Attacca

No. 5 Song: Sir Roderic & Chorus of Ancestors

Allegro energico

SIR RODERIC

Tenor

CHORUS

Bass

Allegro energico

Piano

*8va**f ff**loco**sf*

3

SIR RODERIC

When the

*sim.**p*

6

night wind howls

in the chim-ney cowl,

and the bat

in the moon - light

9

flies, And ink - y clouds, like fu - n'ral shrouds, sail

12

o - ver the mid - night skies - When the foot - pads quail at the

15

night - bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the moon, Then

A

18

is the spec - tre's - ho - li - day - then is the ghosts' high -

21 SIR RODERIC

- noon! CHORUS *ff* For then is the ghosts' high - noon, high
 T. Ha! ha! Ha! ha! high
 B. *ff*

24
 - noon, then is the ghosts' high-
 - noon, then is the ghosts' high-
cresc. *f* *sf*

28 [B]

- noon! As the sob of the breeze sweeps
 - noon!
sf *sim.* *p*

31 SIR RODERIC

o-ver the trees and the mists lie low on the fen, From

34

grey tomb-stones are ga-thered the bones that once were wo-men and

37

men, And a - way they go, with a mop and a mow, to the

40

C

rev - el that ends too soon, For cock - crow li - mits our —

43 SIR RODERIC

ho - li - day - the dead of the night's high - noon! CHORUS *ff* The

T. *ff* Hal ha!

B. *ff*

46 dead of the night's high - noon, high - noon,

ff Hal hal high - noon,

49 the dead of the night's high - noon!

the dead of the night's high - noon!

cresc. *f* *f* *f*

D

53

SIR RODERIC

sim. And then each ghost with his la - dye-toast to their

56

church - yard beds take flight, With a kiss, per-haps, on her

59

lan - tern chaps, and a gris - ly grim, — "good - night"; Till the

62

wel - come knell of the mid - night bell rings forth its jol - li - est

65

E

tune, And ush - ers in our next high - ho - li - day - the

68 SIR RODERIC

dead of the night's high - noon! CHORUS *ff* The dead of the night's high

T. *Ha! ha!*

B. *ff*

71 - noon, high - noon, *Ha! ha! high - noon,*

74 the dead of the night's high - noon! the dead of the night's high - noon! *Ha! ha! Ha! ha!*

cresc. f ff

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

Sir Rod. In a bad light. I am.

Rob. Are you considered a good likeness?

Sir Rod. Pretty well. Flattering.

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

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

Rob. And may I ask why you have left your frames? 10

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

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

Sir Rod. Let us enquire into this. Monday?

Rob. Monday was a Bank Holiday.

Sir Rod. True. Tuesday? 20

Rob. On Tuesday I made a false income tax return.

All. Ha! ha!

Sir Rupert. That's nothing.

Sir Jasper. Nothing at all.

Sir Conrad. Everybody does that.

Sir Gilbert. It's expected of you.

Sir Rod. Wednesday?

Rob. (*melodramatically*) On Wednesday, I forged a will.

Sir Rod. Whose will?

Rob. My own. 30

Sir Rod. My good sir, you can't forge your own will!

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

Sir Mervyn. There's something in that.

Sir Desmond. Yes, it seems reasonable.

Sir Lionel. At first sight it does.

Sir Rupert. Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

Rob. A man can do what he likes with his own?

Sir Rod. I suppose he can.

Rob. Well then, he can forge his own will, stoopid! On 40 Thursday I shot a fox.

All. Hear, hear!

Sir Rod. That's better. (*addressing GHOSTS*) Pass the fox, I think? (*they assent*) Yes, pass the fox. On Friday?

Rob. On Friday I forged a cheque.

Sir Rod. Whose cheque?

Rob. Old Adam's.

Sir Rod. But Old Adam hasn't a banker.

Rob. I didn't say I forged his banker—I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son. 50

Sir Rod. But you haven't got a son.

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

Sir Rod. I see what you mean. But I don't think you can do that.

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

Sir Rod. Humph! These arguments sound very well, but I can't help thinking that, if they were reduced to syllogistic form, they wouldn't hold water. Now quite understand us. We are foggy, but we don't permit our fogginess to be presumed upon. Unless you undertake to—well, suppose we say, carry off a lady? (*addressing GHOSTS*) Those who are in favour of his carrying off a lady—(*all hold up their hands except a BISHOP*). Those of the contrary opinion? (*BISHOP holds up his hands*) Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once—I don't care what lady—any lady—choose your lady—you perish in inconceivable agonies. 60

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

Sir Rod. Very good—then let the agonies commence.

Rob. Don't tire yourself! (*GHOSTS make passes. ROBIN begins to writhe in agony.*) Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

Sir Rod. Painful, isn't it? It gets worse by degrees.

Rob. Oh—Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak. Whew! Oh, dear! (*SIR RODERIC makes signs to GHOSTS who resume their attitudes.*) Oh, dear me! 80

Sir Rod. Better?

Rob. Yes—better now! Whew!

Sir Rod. Well, do you consent?

Rob. But it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

Sir Rod. As you please. (*to GHOSTS*) Carry on!

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

Sir Rod. To-day?

Rob. To-day! 90

Sir Rod. At once?

Rob. At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

No. 6 Chorus of Ancestors

with Solo: Robin

Allegro con fuoco

ROBIN

Tenor

CHORUS

Bass

Piano

Allegro con fuoco

f

ff

sf

p

He yields! He yields! He an-swers to our

call! We do not ask for more.

A stur-dy fel-low, af-ter all, This la-test Rud-di

A stur-dy fel-low, af-ter all, This la-test Rud-di - gore! All per-ish in un-

- gore!

A

p

18

heard of woe Who dare our wills de - fy; We want your par - don, ere we go,

We

sf

23

B

For hav - ing a - go - nized - you so- So

want your par - don, ere we go,

28

par - don us- So par - don us- Or die! So par - don us- So

So par - don us- So par - don us-

ff *p*

Grave e maestoso

52 D

T. *p* Paint-ed em-blems of a race,

B. *p*

Grave e maestoso

sf *p* *dim.* *pp* *p*

61

All ac - curst in days of yore, Each to his ac - cus - tomed place Steps, un -

By this time the GHOSTS have changed to pictures again.
ROBIN is overcome by emotion.

71

- will - ing - ly, once more!

ff *p < f >*

Red. *

Enter ADAM.

Adam. My poor master, you are not well—

Rob. Old Adam, it won't do—I've seen 'em—all my ancestors—they've just gone. They say that I must do something desperate at once, or perish in horrible agonies. You've no idea

what those agonies are like. Go—go to yonder village—carry off a lady—bring her here at once—anyone—I don't care which—

Adam. But—

Rob. Not a word, but obey! Fly!

Exit ADAM

No. 7 Recitative & Song: Robin ^{*)}**Allegro risoluto**

ROBIN

A-way, Re-morse! Com-punc-tion, hence! Go, Mo-ral

Force! Go, Pen-i-tence! To Vir-tue's plea A long fare-well- Pro-pri - e - ty, I ring thy

Più lento

14

knell! Come guilt-i-ness of dead-liest hue, Come des-perate deeds of der-ring-do!

Allegro comodo

21

1. Hence-forth all the crimes that I
2. Ye well-to-do squi - res, who
3. Ye sup-ple M. P.s, who go

*) See p. 166 for earlier working (Appendix V)

27

find in the *Times* I've pro-mised to per-pe-trate dai-ly; To-mor-row I start, with a
 live in the shi-res, Where pet-ty dis-tinc-tions are vi-tal, Who found A-then-æ-ums and
 down on your knees, Your pre-cious i-den-ti-ty sink-ing, And vote black or white as your

31

pet-ri-fied heart, On a re-gu-lar course of Old Bai-ley. There's con-fi-dence-trick-ing, bad
 lo-cal mu-se-ums, With views to a ba-ron-et's ti-tle- Ye butch-ers and ba-kers and
 lead-ers in-dite (Which saves you the trou-ble of think-ing), For your coun-try's good fame, her re-

35

coin, pock-et-pick-ing, And se-ve-ral oth-er dis-gra-ces- **A**
 can-dle-stick ma-kers Who sneer at all things that are trade-y-
 -pute, or her shame, You don't care the snuff of a can-dle- There's post-age stamp prig-ging, and
 Whose mid-dle class lives are em- But you've paid for your game when you're

39

then, thim-ble rig-ging, The three-card de-lu-sion at ra-ces! Oh! a -
 - bar-rased by wives_ Who long to pa-rade as "My La-dy", Oh! al -
 told that your name Will be graced by a ba-ron-et's han-dle- Oh! al -

43

bar-on-et's rank is ex-ceed-ing-ly nice, But the ti-tle's un-com-mon-ly dear at the
 - low me to of-fer a word of ad-vice, The ti-tle's un-com-mon-ly dear at the
 - low me to give you a word of ad-vice- The ti-tle's un-com-mon-ly dear at the

47

price!
 price!
 price!

Exit ROBIN.

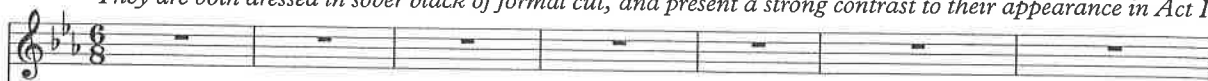
f *f*

Attacca

No. 8 Duet: Margaret & Despard

Andante quasi Allegro*Enter DESPARD and MARGARET.**They are both dressed in sober black of formal cut, and present a strong contrast to their appearance in Act I.*

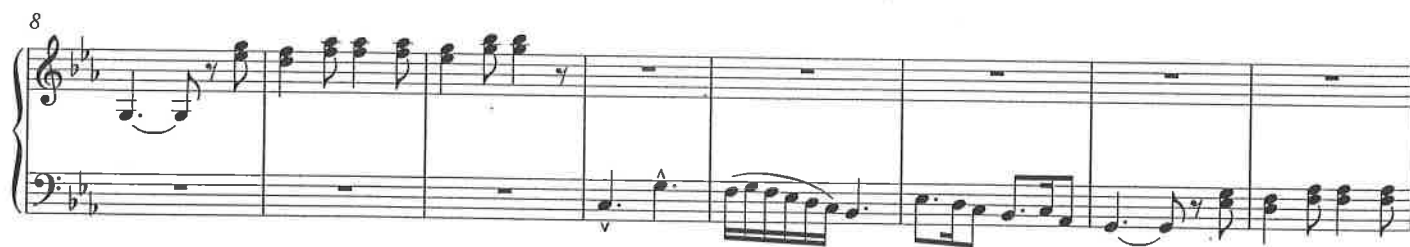
MARGARET



DESPARD

**Andante quasi Allegro**

Piano



16

A

DESPARD

I once was a ve - ry a - ban - don'd per-son-



22 MARGARET
 Mak-ing the most of e vil chan-ces. E - ven in all the

DESPARD
 No - bo-dy could con-ceive a worse 'un-

27
 old ro-man-ces,

I blush for my wild ex-tra - va - gan-ces, But

mp dolce

33 **B** (dance)
 We were the vic-tims of cir - cum-stan-ces!

be so kind To bear in mind,

p

39

MARGARET

C

That is one of our blame-less dan-ces.

46

MARGARET

I was once an ex-ceed-ing-ly odd young la-dy-

DESPARD

Suf-fer-ing much from spleen and va-pours.

51

Cler-gy-men thought my con-duct sha-dy-

It cer-tain-ly

She did - n't spend much up-on lin - en dra-pers.

56

MARGARET

D

en - ter-tained the ga-pers.

My ways were strange Be-yond all range-

mp dolce *p*

62

DESPARD

(dance)

Pa - ra-graphs got in-to all the pa-pers!

p

We on - ly cut re-spect-a-ble ca-pers.

I've giv - en up all my

75

MARGARET

My taste for a wand-'ring life is wan-ing.

They are not re-mark-a-bly

DESPARD

wild pro-ceed-ings.

Now I'm a dab at pen - ny read-ings.

81

en - ter-tain-ing. In

A mo-der-ate live - li-hood we're gain-ing.

mp dolce

87

E

fact we rule A Na-tion-al School. (dance)

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

p

93

DESPARD

This sort of thing takes a deal of train-ing!

f

Desp. We have been married a week.

Marg. One happy, happy week!

Desp. Our new life—

Marg. Is delightful indeed!

Desp. So calm!

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

Desp. Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor. 10

Marg. A gentle district visitor!

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

Marg. I have! (*wildly*) Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles, I worship your knees! (*doing so*)

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

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

Desp. No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to 20
eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you visit the sick, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?

Marg. Why not?

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

Marg. How strange! Oh, Master! Master!—how shall I 30
express the all-absorbing gratitude that—(*about to throw herself at his feet*)

Desp. Now! (*warningly*)

Marg. Yes, I know, dear—it sha'n't occur again. (*He is seated—she sits on the ground by him.*) Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's odd thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse—some word that teems with hidden meaning—like—like 40
"Basingstoke"—it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Crazy Meg! Poor Peg! He! he! he!

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

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

Desp. Then make it so.

Enter ROBIN. He starts on seeing them.

Rob. Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

Marg. Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? 50
Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and—

Desp. Basingstoke!

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

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

Rob. But I've done no wrong yet.

Marg. (*wildly*) No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you 60
hear that!

Desp. Basingstoke.

Marg. (*recovering herself*) Basingstoke it is.

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

Rob. I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I 70
very bad?

Desp. Awful. Wasn't he? (*to MARGARET*)

Rob. And I've been going on like this for how long?

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

Rob. Did she? What a degraded scoundrel I must have been, 80
to be sure! There, there—don't cry, my dear (*to MARGARET, who is sobbing on ROBIN's breast*), it's all right now. Birmingham you know—Birmingham—

Marg. (*sobbing*) It's Ba—Ba—Basingstoke!

Rob. Basingstoke! of course it is—Basingstoke.

Marg. Then make it so!

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

Desp. Oh, I've married her. 90

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

Marg. I knew it—I knew it—God bless you—(*hysterically*)

Desp. Margaret! Margaret, my love, Basingstoke! Margaret!

Marg. Oh, Basingstoke it is! (*recovers herself*)

No. 9 Trio: Margaret, Robin & Despard

Allegro vivace

MARGARET

ROBIN

DESPARD

Piano

Allegro vivace

ROBIN

My eyes are ful-ly o-pen to my aw-ful si-tu-a-tion-I shall go at once to Rod-er-ic and
sempre stacc.

pp

10

make him an o-ra-tion. I shall tell him I've re-cov-ered my for-got-ten mo-ral sen-ses, And I

13

ossia

don't care two-pence half-pen-ny for an-y con-se-quen-ces. Now I do not want to per-ish by the

16
 8 sword or by the dag-ger, But a mar-tyr may in-dulge a lit-tle par-don-a-ble swag-ger, And a

19 **A**
 word or two of com-pli-ment my van-i-ty would flat-ter, But I've got to die to-mor-row, so it

22
 MARGARET
 ROBIN So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
 real-ly does-n't mat-ter! DESPARD
 So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter- So it

25
 mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter- So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter-
 So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter,
 real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter- So it

28

So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter!
 So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
 real - ly does - n't mat - ter! So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,

cresc. *sf* *pp*

31

[illegible]

34

ge - ne - ral - ly sil - ly I should give you my ad - vice up - on the sub - ject, wil - ly nil - ly; I should
mat - ter!
mat - ter!

37

MARGARET

show you in a mo-ment how to grap-ple with the ques-tion, And you'd real-ly be as-ton-ished at the

40

force of my sug-ges-tion. On the sub-ject I shall write you a most va-lu-a-ble let-ter, Full of

43

ex-cel-lent sug-ges-tions when I feel a lit-tle bet-ter, But at pre-sent I'm a-fraid I am as mad as an-y hat-ter, So I'll

47

MARGARET

keep 'em to my-self, for my o - pin-ion does-n't mat-ter!

ROBIN Her o -

DESPARD Her o - pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,

D

pp
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

pp
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

I had been so luck-y as to have a stead-y bro-ther Who could talk to me as we are talk-ing now to one an-oth-er Who could

sempre stacc.

63 DESPARD

give me good ad-vice when he dis-cov-ered I was err-ing, (Which is just the ve-ry fa-vour which on

ossia

My sto-ry would have

66

you I am con-fer-ring). My ex-ist-ence would have made a ra-ther in-ter-est-ing id-yl, And I

E

69

might have lived and died a ve-ry de-cent in-di-wid-dle. This par-tic-u-lar-ly ra-pid, un-in-

72

MARGARET

ROBIN

DESPARD

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter!

- tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't ge - ne - ral - ly heard, and if it is it does-n't mat-ter!

76

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter! This par -

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter! This par -

This par -

79

- tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't ge - ne - ral - ly heard and if it

- tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't ge - ne - ral - ly heard and if it

- tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't ge - ne - ral - ly heard and if it

82

F

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par-tic-u-lar-ly ra-pid, un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter Is-n't ge-ne-ral-ly heard, and if it

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par-tic-u-lar-ly ra-pid, un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter Is-n't ge-ne-ral-ly heard, and if it

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par-tic-u-lar-ly ra-pid, un-in-tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter Is-n't ge-ne-ral-ly heard, and if it

f *p cresc. al fine*

*Exeunt DESPARD
and MARGARET.*

86

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

(f)

Enter ADAM.

Adam. (*guiltily*) Master—the deed is done!

Rob. What deed?

Adam. She is here—alone, unprotected—

Rob. Who?

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

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

No. 10 Melodrame

Allegro

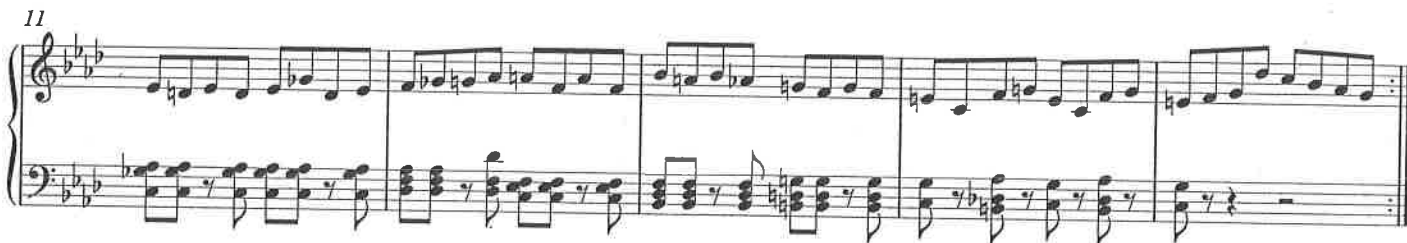
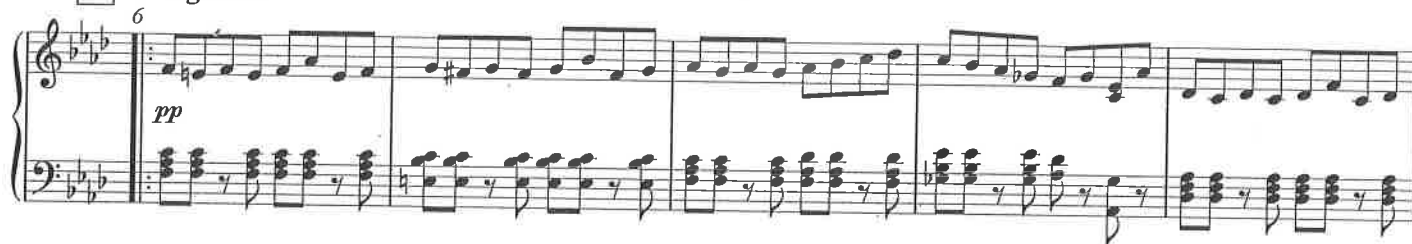
ADAM introduces DAME HANNAH, very much excited, and exit.

Rob. Soho! pretty one—in my power at last, eh?

Piano



(During dialogue. Play until cue then Attacca Coda.)

A Agitato

(Music recommences)

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

Han. Well sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely—bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over styles, and across a very difficult country, and left me here, alone and unprotected at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step—nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch—and this poniard (*produces a very small dagger*) 10 shall teach ye what it is to lay unlicensed hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

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

Han. Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unlicensed hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter! 20

Rob. And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

HANNAH, who has taken a formidable dagger from one of the armed figures, throws her small dagger to ROBIN.

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

(Attacca Coda)

Coda

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

16

pp trem. *cresc.*

SIR RODERIC enters, from his picture. He comes down the stage.

23

ff

Sir Rod. What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

Rob. I should think I have—she is there—look at her—she terrifies me!

Sir Rod. (*looking at HANNAH*) Little Nannikin!

Han. (*amazed*) Roddy-doddy!

Sir Rod. My own old love! Why how came you here?

Han. This brute—he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him! (*about to rush at ROBIN*)

Sir Rod. Stop! (*to ROBIN*) What do you mean, Sir, by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that, once upon a time she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry—very angry indeed. 10

Rob. Now I hope this will teach you a lesson in future, not to—

Sir Rod. Hold your tongue, sir.

Rob. Yes, uncle.

Sir Rod. Have you given him any encouragement?

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

Rob. No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more aggressively correct than your conduct, it would be impossible to desire. 20

Sir Rod. You go away.

Rob. Yes, uncle.

Exit ROBIN.

Sir Rod. This is a strange meeting after so many years!

Han. Very. I thought you were dead.

Sir Rod. I am. I died ten years ago.

Han. And are you pretty comfortable?

Sir Rod. Pretty well—that is—yes, pretty well.

Han. You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings on, you bad, bad, boy! 30

No. 1:1 Song: Hannah

with Sir Roderic

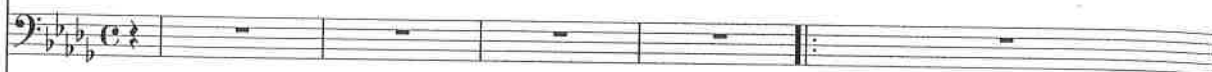
Andante allegretto

HANNAH



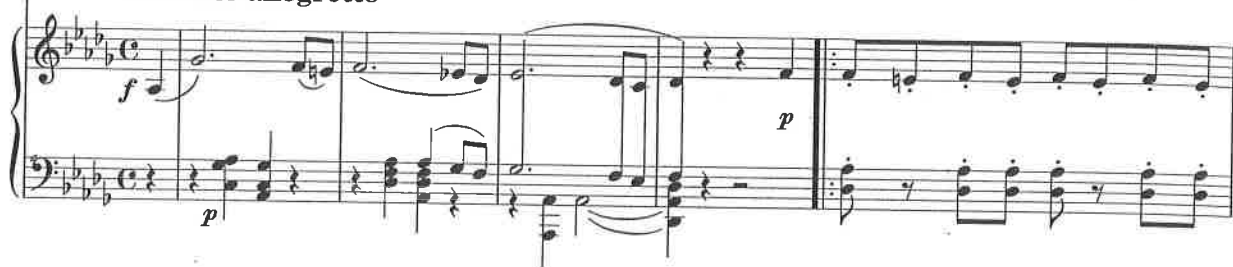
1. There grew a lit - tle flow-er 'Neath a
found that he was fick-le, Was that
she, "He loved me nev-er, Did that

SIR RODERIC



Andante allegretto

Piano



6



great oak tree: When the tempest 'gan to low-er Lit-tle heed - ed she: No need had she to cow-er, For she
great oak tree, She was in a pret-ty pick-le, As she well might be- But his gal-lant-ries were mick-le, For Death
great oak tree, But I'm nei-ther rich nor clev-er, And so why should he? But though fate our for-tunes sev-er, To be



10



dread-ed not its pow-er- She was hap-py in the bow-er Of her great oak tree!
fol-lowed with his sick-le, And her tears be-gan to trick-le For her great oak tree! } Sing hey, Lack-a - day! —
con-stant I'll en-deav-our, Aye, for ev - er and for ev - er, To my great oak tree!"



15 **A**

Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow'r and the

19 HANNAH

B

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

SIR RODERIC
Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey,

cresc.

23

- day! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the great oak

Lack-a-day! Hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the great oak

f *dim.* *p*

1, 2 3

28

tree! 2. When she tree! Sing hey, Lack-a -

3. Said

tree! Sing hey, —

30

dim. rit. *(falls weeping on SIR RODERIC'S bosom)*

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

dim. p

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

rit. pp

dim.

Ad. *

Enter ROBIN, excitedly, followed by all the characters and
CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

Rob. Stop a bit—both of you.

Sir Rod. This intrusion is unmannerly.

Han. I'm surprised at you.

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

Sir Rod. No doubt.

Rob. Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is 10 tantamount to suicide!

Sir Rod. It would seem so.

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

Sir Rod. I see—I understand! Then I'm practically alive!

Rob. Undoubtedly! (SIR RODERIC embraces HANNAH) Rose,

when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

Rose. Madly, passionately!

Rob. But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly 20 loved Richard instead?

Rose. Passionately, madly!

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

Rose. Madly, passionately!

Rob. As before?

Rose. Why, of course!

Rob. My darling! (they embrace)

Rich. Here, I say, belay.

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

Rob. Belay? Certainly not!

No. 12 Finale: Act II

Allegro con brio

ROSE (v. 1)

1. When a man has been a naugh-ty

MARGARET

RICHARD (v. 2)

2. If you ask me why I do not

ROBIN

DESPARD

Soprano

Alto

CHORUS

Tenor

Bass

Allegro con brio

Piano

f

p

6 ROSE

(1) ba - ron - et, And ex-press-es deep re - pen-tance and re - gret, You should help him, if you're a - ble,

RICHARD

(2) pipe my eye, Like an hon-est Brit-ish sail - or, I re - ply, That with Zo - rah for my mis-sis,

10

(1) like the mou-sie in the fa-ble, That's the teach-ing of my book of e-ti-quette.

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

13

MARGARET (v. 2)

2. Promp-ted by a keen de-si-re to e-voke,

ROBIN (v. 1)

DESPARD (v. 2)

1. Hav-ing been a wick-ed ba-ron-et a week,

CHORUS

2. Promp-ted by a keen de-si-re to e-voke,

S. 1. That's the teach-ing of her book of e-ti-quette.
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en-jye!

A. 1. That's the teach-ing of her book of e-ti-quette.
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en-jye!

T. 1. That's the teach-ing of her book of e-ti-quette.
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en-jye!

B. 1. That's the teach-ing of her book of e-ti-quette.
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en-jye!

A

17

MARGARET

(2) All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke, We shall tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row,

ROBIN

(1) Once a - gain a mo - dest live-li-hood I seek, Ag - ri - cul-tur-al em-ploy-ment Is to me a keen en-joy-ment,

DESPARD

(2) All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke, We shall tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row,

21

1

(2) For to set-tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke!

(1) For I'm na-tur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

(2) For to set-tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke!

f CHORUS

f For he's na - tur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

f For he's na - tur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

f For he's na - tur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

f For he's na - tur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

CHORUS & PRINCIPALS

23 *f*

S. Prompt-ted by a keen de - si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke,

A. *f*

Prompt-ted by a keen de - si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke,

T. *f*

Prompt-ted by a keen de - si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke,

B. *f*

Prompt-ted, by a keen de - si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri - mo - ny's yoke,

27 **B**

They will tod - dle off to - mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle in the town of

They will tod - dle off to - mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle in the town of

They will tod - dle off to - mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle in the town of

They will tod - dle off to - mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle in the town of

*) See p. 169 for earlier working (Appendix VI)

30

Bas - ing - stoke! For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod - dle off to - mor - row,

Bas - ing - stoke! For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod - dle off to - mor - row,

Bas - ing - stoke! For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod - dle off to - mor - row,

Bas - ing - stoke! For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod - dle off to - mor - row,

sf

34

From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle in the

From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle in the

From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle in the

From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle in the

sf

37

town of Bas ing

town of Bas ing

town of Bas ing

town of Bas ing

sf *sf*

43

C

- stoke! For hap - py the li - ly, the li - ly when kiss'd by the bee;

- stoke! For hap - py the li - ly, the li - ly when kiss'd by the bee;

- stoke! For hap - py the li - ly, the li - ly when kiss'd by the bee;

- stoke! For hap - py the li - ly, the li - ly when kiss'd by the bee;

3 3 3 3

49

But hap - pier than an - y, but hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is, when he Em -

But hap - pier than an - y, but hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is, when he Em -

But hap - pier than an - y, but hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is, when he Em -

But hap - pier than an - y, but hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is, when he Em -

55

- bra - ces his bride!

- bra - ces his bride!

- bra - ces his bride!

- bra - ces his bride!

61

Fine

APPENDIX I

Duet: Robin & Adam

(earlier conclusion to Act II, No. 1)

(Andante moderato)

A1

ROBIN

1. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb, I'm now Sir Mur-ga-
face is the index to my mind, All ve-nom and spleen and

ADAM

Piano,

5

troyd- ha! ha! With great er pre-ci sion, (With-out the e-li-sion) Sir
gall- ha! ha! Or, pro-per ly speak-ing, It soon will be reek-ing With

8

Ruth- ven Mur- ga- troyd- ha! ha!
ve-nom and spleen and gall- ha! ha!
ADAM

1. And I, who was once his
2. My name from A-dam

mf

11 ADAM

val - ley - de - sham, As stew-ard I'm now em - ploy'd - ha! ha! The dick-ens may take him - I'll
Good-heart you'll find I've changed to Gi - deon Crawle. ha! ha! For a bad Bart.'s stew-ard whose

15

ROBIN

A2

nev - er for-sake him! As stew-ard I'm now em - ploy'd - ha! ha! How dread - ful when an
heart is much too hard, Is al - ways Gi - deon Crawle. ha! ha! How pro - vi - dent - ial

19

in - no-cent heart Be - comes, per - force, a bad to young Bart., And still more hard on
when you find The face an in - dex to the mind, And ev - il men com -

23

old - pelled A - dam, His form - er faith - ful val - ley - de - sham, His
- pelled to call Them - selves by names like Gi - de - on Crawle! To

26

for - mer faith - ful val - ley - de - sham, His val - ley - de - sham,
call by names - like Gi - de - on Crawle, Like Gi - de - on Crawle,
for - mer faith - ful val - ley - de - sham, His val - ley - de - sham,
call by names - like Gi - de - on Crawle, Like Gi - de - on Crawle, like

30

(v. 2: rall.)

His val - ley - de - sham, de - sham! 2. My Crawle!
Like Gi - de - on, Gi - de - on val - ley - da - sham, His val - ley, his val - ley - de - sham!
Gi - de - on Crawle, like Gi - de - on, Gi - de - on Crawle!

(v. 2: rall.)

APPENDIX II

Song: Rose & Chorus of Bridesmaids

with Robin (& Richard)

(earlier opening of Act II, No. 3)

Andante

ROSE

1. In by-gone days I had thy love— Thou hadst my heart. But Fate, all hu-man vows a -
heart that once in truth was thine, An - oth - er claims— Ah, who can laws to love as -

(RICHARD)

ROBIN

Soprano

CHORUS

Alto

Andante

Piano

6 ROSE

-bove, Our lives did part! By the old — love thou hadst for me, By the fond heart that beat for thee— By
-sign, Or rule its flames? Our plight-ed heart-bond gent - ly bless, The seal of thy con-sent im-press Up -

12

A1

vv. 1, 2

joys - on that nev - er now hap can be, Grant thou my
our pro - mised pi ness—

15

1

prayer! —

CHORUS (*kneeling*)

2. My

S. *p* Grant thou her prayer! —

A. *p* Grant thou her prayer! —

pp

17b

2

ROBIN

Take her—

I

prayer! —

APPENDIX III

March: Ancestors

(deleted from Act II, No. 4)

(Grave e maestoso)

Piano

p *sim.*
sempre piano e marcato

9

8va

17

B1

26

34

B2

42

APPENDIX IV

Solo with Chorus: Sir Roderic & Ancestors

(deleted from Act II, No. 4)

(Grave e maestoso)

SIR RODERIC

By the curse up-on our race-

Tenor

CHORUS

Dead and hears-èd All ac -

Bass

(Grave e maestoso)

Piano

(ff)

p

7.

6

Each in - he - riting this place-

Must, per-force, or yea or

- curs-èd

Sor - rows shake it! Dev - il take it!

The piano accompaniment for the second system consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a more active, rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Grave e maestoso'.

12

D1

nay- Do a dead - ly crime each day!

Yea or nay-ing Be o - bey-ing! Fire and

17

Be-

thun-der, We knocked un-der- Some a - tro - cious crime com-mit-ted Dai - ly ere the world - we quit-ted!

APPENDIX V

Recitative & Song: Robin

(Act II, No. 7 as first performed)

Allegro risoluto

ROBIN

A-way, Re-morse! Com-punc-tion, hence! Go, Mo-ral

Piano *f* *sf* *sf*

Force! Go, Pen-i-tence! To Vir-tue's plea A long fare-well- Pro-pri-e-ty, I ring thy

f *f* *p* 8 8 8 8

Più lento

14

knell! Come guilt-i-ness of dead-liest hue, Come des-perate deeds of der-ring-do!

8 8 8 8

Allegretto moderato

21

1. For

Red. *

26

thir - ty - five years I've been so - ber and wa - ry— My fa - vour - ite tip - ple came straight from a dair - y— I
rest of my life I a - ban - don pro - pri - e - ty— Vi - sit the haunts of Bo - hem - ian so - ci - e - ty,
man who has spent the first half of his teth - er, On all the bad deeds you can brack - et to - geth - er, Then

30

kept gui - nea - pigs and a Bel - gian ca - na - ry— A squir - rel, white - mice, and a small black - and - tan. I
Wax - works, and oth - er re - sorts of im - pi - et - y, Placed by the mo - ral - ists un - der a ban. My
goes and re - pents - in his cap it's a feath - er— So - ci - e - ty pets him as much as it can. It's a

34

played on the flute, and I drank lem-on squash-es- I wore cham-ois leath-er, thick boots, mac-in-tosh-es, And ways must be those of a re-gu-lar sa-tyr, At car-ry-ings-on I must be a first-ra-ter- Go com-fort to think, if I now go a crop-per, I shan't, on the whole, have done more that's im-pro-per Than

38

things that will some day be known as ga-losh-es, The type of a high-ly re-spect-a-ble man!
 night af-ter night to a wick-ed the-ay-ter- It's hard on a high-ly re-spect-a-ble man!
 he who was once an a-ban-doned tip-top-per, But now is a high-ly re-spect-a-ble man!

42

1, 2 3

2. For the
3. Well, the

APPENDIX VI

Ensemble: Chorus & Principals

(Conclusion to Finale: Act II as first performed)

2

Soprano

Alto

CHORUS & PRINCIPALS

Tenor

Bass

Piano

f

Prompt-ed by a keen de-si-re to e-voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri-mo-ny's yoke,

f

Prompt-ed by a keen de-si-re to e-voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri-mo-ny's yoke,

f

Prompt-ed by a keen de-si-re to e-voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri-mo-ny's yoke,

f

Prompt-ed by a keen de-si-re to e-voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat-ri-mo-ny's yoke,

f

5

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke!

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke!

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke!

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke!

9

For hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

For hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

For hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

For hap-py the li-ly When kiss'd by the bee; And sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap - py is he;

13

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an - y A pound to a pen - ny, A

And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y A pound to a pen-ny, A

17

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

lov - er is, when he Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-bra - ces his bride! — Em-

22 **A1**

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

27

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

- bra ces his bride!

After lunch 2/1 - Holy Trinity