THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

An Operetta in One Act based upon "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow"

by Washington Irving

Libretto by
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Music by
DOUGLAS MOORE

To the Faculty and Students of the Bronxville Schools

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THE CHARACTERS

KATRINA VAN TASSEL

CORNELIUS VAN TASSEL, her father, a wealthy farmer

Brom Van Brunt (Brom Bones)

ICHABOD CRANE, the village schoolmaster

Boys and GIRLS of Sleepy Hollow

SMALL FRY (small boys and girls) of the village school

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

PLACE: Sleepy Hollow, in the State of New York.

Time: circa 1830.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

(LIBRETTO)

Scene: The main road of the Van Tassel farmhouse at Sleepy Hollow, in 1830,—large, comfortable, cluttered, Dutch, with furniture, etc., of the period. Door, left, opening to outdoors; door, right, opening to rest of house. Large practicable window, back and right, through which may be seen a glimpse of autumn landscape.

TIME: The Fall, around sunset.

AT RISE: At rise of curtain, KATRINA VAN TASSEL and her FRIENDS among the girls of Sleepy Hollow are holding a quilting-bee. Bright-colored quilts scattered about; girls working on them, etc. The girls still wear the wide skirts and Dutch caps of their forebears.

No. 1. OVERTURE (page 21)

No. 2. Opening Chorus (page 28)

KATRINA and GIRLS

We're maidens of Dutch descent, With none of your French fal-las, And most of our time is spent Obeying our good mamas; We churn and we bake and brew, For diligent maids are we. And to gossip and its dangers we are always utter strangers -Except at a quilting bee! Oh, we never, never prattle of that sort of tittle-tattle, Except at a quilting bee!

(Having made this statement, they immediately go into a Gossiping Chorus, putting their heads together as they buzz to each other.)

Chorus (Gossiping)

Quilt and patch, patch and quilt, bzz, bzz, bzz! I said to him, he said to you, and don't you think he is? His eyes are black, his hair is brown, he's quite the nicest boy in town, Of course mama pretends to frown, but, bzz, bzz, bzz!

KATRINA and GIRLS

Each maid has a wide, wide skirt, Each maid has a sparkling eye, But we never are known to flirt, While our good mamas are by! The suitor who comes to woo We greet with the loud "Tee-hee!" And to all his vows romantic we're as cool as the Atlantic, Except at a quilting bee! Yes, each enterprising suitor finds our hearts as hard as pewter, Except at a quilting bee!

Chorus (Gossiping)

Quilt and patch, patch and quilt, bzz, bzz! She said to me, he said to her, and what d'ye think it was? He hated her, 'twas just last Spring! She curls her hair with darning string! Well, he can have the mean old thing! bzz, bzz!

KATRINA and GIRLS

There's a time for the shyest miss When her heart goes pit-a-pat, But, as for a stolen kiss, We never have heard of that! Though they say that our good mamas, When they walked by the Zuyder Zee,—

(Quickly)

But we never, never mention such an indiscreet attention, Except at a quilting bee! No, we really wouldn't care to, and we simply couldn't dare to, Except at a quilting-bee!

Chorus (Gossiping)

Quilt and patch, patch and quilt, bzz, bzz, bzz!
Said his mama to my mama, and my papa to his,
We met beside the Wishing-Well, we wandered homeward through the dell,
I know, my dear, I shouldn't tell, but, bzz, bzz!

(At the end of the song they fold up the quilts, dancing. When the dance is over they fling themselves down upon the bright patchwork heaps of quilts.)

1st GIRL: I wonder what there is about a quilting party that makes us all feel romantic?

2ND GIRL: My mama says quilting's like marriage—sometimes the ugliest-looking patches turn out best in the end. But I like the handsome ones!

KATRINA (suddenly): Oh, bother your mama! Bother the quilts! Bother everything!

(She puts her face in her hands and begins to cry.)

GIRLS: Katrina! Katrina dear! Why, Katrina, what's the matter? etc.

(They crowd about her, trying to comfort her.)

KATRINA: It's nothing—I tell you it's nothing. Oh, well, you might as well know! I'm betrothed!

GIRLS (in great excitement): Betrothed! Katrina! Katrina, why didn't you tell us? Katrina, you sly puss!

KATRINA: At least I'm not betrothed yet, exactly. But I'm going to be to-night. That's why father's letting me give this quilting party. I couldn't bear telling you before.

GIRLS: But, Katrina, who is he? Is he handsome? Is he rich? Is he Claus Van Joost? Is he Wouter Van Meer?

KATRINA: No,—it isn't Claus Van Joost,—it isn't Wouter Van Meer—heaven knows I don't like either of them, and Claus sniffles, but I wish it were one of them instead. It's—it's——(She can't go on.)

GIRLS (breathlessly): Who? Who?

KATRINA: It's our schoolmaster—Ichabod Crane!

(Silence.)

1st Girl (after a pause): Well, of course, he's not very handsome-

2ND GIRL: Nor bery young-

3nd Girl: And he talks about algebra all the time-

4TH GIRL: And when he smiles (she giggles) it reminds you of a hungry jack-o-lantern!

5тн Girl (dwifully): But we all hope you'll be very happy, Katrina dear!

GIRLS: Yes, yes, we all hope you'll be very happy!

(GIRLS sing, rather off key, and without the slightest enthusiasm.)

No. 3. Chorus (page 36)

Dear Katrina, happy bride, When the nuptial knot is tied, We shall dance and we shall sing Fol-de-rol-de-rol, O!

KATRINA: But I don't want to sing fol-de-rol-de-rol, O! And I don't want you to do it either! I'd rather jump in the Hudson than marry Ichabod!

1st GIRL (soothingly): But Katrina, dear,—just think,—you'll have such a pretty—wedding!

KATRINA (dubiously): I-I suppose so.

3RD GIRL: And a house of your own!

KATRINA: Right next the schoolhouse! Ugh!

4TH GIRL: And—and—perhaps if he were well fed, he wouldn't look quite so hungry!

(KATRINA silent.)

2ND GIRL (Rather a fool): And you know, my mama says quilting's like marriage. Sometimes the ugliest-looking ones turn out to be the—

KATRINA: Oh, bother your mama! Bother her again! I'd rather marry The Headless Horseman than Ichabod!

But—

STH GIRL: Then why do you marry him?

GIRLS: Yes, why?

5TH GIRL: I'm sure my papa would never make me marry anybody I really, really objected to—unless there were a very good reason. And your papa's always been so nice—

4TH GIRL: Yes, I'm sure if we all went to Mr. Van Tassel and told him how Katrina feels-

(They start to buse and talk about doing this. KATRINA stops them.)

KATRINA (wearily): Stop! You don't understand! Father's awfully tender-hearted, but even he can't do anything about it. You see, it's a tradition in the Van Tassel family.

2ND GIRL: What's a tradition?

KATRINA: It's a tradition in the Van Tassel family. It's been since time immemorial. The eldest Van Tassel daughter has to marry a schoolmaster, or else—

GIRLS (breathlessly): Yes?

KATRINA: Or else she's carried away by a ghost and never heard of again!

GIRLS: How awfull How frightfull What can we do? What can we say?

KATRINA: Nothing! I certainly don't want to be carried away by a ghost! And I certainly don't want to marry Ichabod! But I've got to do one or the other!

No. 4. Chorus (page 38)

Alas, alas!
We've come to a pretty pass,
When the only choice a maid can boast
Is Ichabod Crane or a family ghost!
Alas, alas, alas!

KATRINA (drying her eyes): Thank you, thank you, your sympathy consoles me—a little. We'll say no more of it. I intend to enjoy this last evening of freedom just as much as if I weren't going to be betrothed at all. I'll dance and be gay, if it kills me! And remember—the boys will be coming soon!

2ND GIRL (in raptures): Oh, yes, yes, the boys will be coming soon! Brom Bones and his—(She claps her hand over her mouth.)

(A shocked murmur runs through the GIRLS.)

KATRINA: What did you say?

2ND GIRL: N-nothing. But I did think—at least we all of us thought—that if you ever did marry anybody it would be Brom van Brunt! There!

KATRINA (sorrowfully): I thought so, too.

No. 5. Chorus (page 40)

(GIRLS turning on 2nd GIRL)

For shame! For shame!

Why mock her with that name?

For the saddest sound to a maiden's ear

Is the lover's name she may not hear,

For she weds another, extremely queer,

For shame! For shame!

2ND GIRL (defiantly): Well, I certainly didn't mean to hurt Katrina's feelings. But, after all, we did think-

1st GIRL (cutting in): But listen, 'Katrina! If you love Brom and he loves you—can't he do something about this terrible quandary?

3RD GIRL: Yes. Why, Brom's the strongest youth in the village!

4TH GIRL: And the handsomest!

5TH GIRL: And the most daring! Why, if Brom would only—(she dreams).

KATRINA: Poor Brom! He does love me, and—oh, if it were only a question of tying Ichabod up in knots like a pretzel, or kicking him like a football, I'd call upon Brom at once. But, if he does that, you see, it still doesn't help about the ghost! Oh, if Brom were only a schoolmaster!

2ND GIRL: Couldn't he try to be a schoolmaster?

KATRINA: I'm afraid not. You see, it took him three years to get through seventh grade. I think it was really Ichabod's fault. He always gave Brom zero—even when I did his lessons for him.

GIRLS: How mean!

KATRINA: It was mean. But it discouraged Brom. Three years in the seventh grade would discourage anybody. Oh dear, and I'll have to tell him to-night that I'm marrying Ichabod! I hope it doesn't make him run off and be a pirate or something!

2ND GIRL: Is he thinking of becoming a pirate?

KATRINA: He has some wild plan in his mind—I'm sure I don't know what it is,—but the boys tell me his lamp burns late at night, and he keeps talking about a message from New York he's expecting. And New York's such a dangerous place—almost two days away by canal boat, and full of pirates! Oh dear! I wish girls weren't so responsible for everything!

(A whistle is heard outside the window. KATRINA starts.)

His whistle!

GIRLS: His whistle! Brom Bones' whistle!

(The whistle is repeated. Brow Bones appears at the window.)

Brom Bones: Katrina!

KATRINA: Brom!

(Brom Bones motions to his gang of boys.)

Brom Bones: Come, gang—the girls await us! (He leaps in through the window.

No. 6. Chorus (page 42)

Boys: We come, we come with a dashing song!

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

We hope you haven't been waiting long!

GIRLS: Oh no, oh no, oh no!

Boys: And, while we mention it, may we say

You're all as pretty as buds in May!

-And when is supper, just by the way?

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

(They dance with the GIRLS.)

Boys: For youth and beauty we all adore,

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

We really couldn't adore 'em more!

GIRLS: Oh no, oh no, oh no!

Boys: But a small collation of something slight

Is also good on a frosty night, And we've an excellent appetite!

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

GIRLA: You shall be fed!

Boys: Hurrah!

GIRLS: But first, assist us!

Boys: We knew there was a catch in it somewhere!

GIRLS: Stand by our sides and tell us how you've missed us,

While we refreshments for the eve prepare!

Come to the kitchen, come to the kitchen, come!

Boys: Yo ho, yo ho!

Like willing slaves we go!

(Boys and GIRLS dance off to the kitchen, leaving BROM BONES and KATRINA alone.)

KATRINA (timidly): Brom!

Brom Bones: (not paying attention to her, but looking after boys and girls.)

And to think that a short while ago I was but one of them—interested in nothing but food and football and putting tacks in the schoolmaster's chair! Ah, childish sports!

(Rather wistfully.)

But they were sharp tacks! It is you who have changed me, Katrina!

KATRINA: Brom-please- I have something to tell you-

BROM BONES: I have something to tell you, Katrina-

No. 7. Solos and Duet (page 54)

Solo: Brow Bones

When I was a reckless, roving youth,
The worst bad boy in the Hollow,
I'd a very poor notion, to tell the truth,
Of the course that I ought to follow!
A life on the rolling wave I'd planned
With the Skull-and-Bones above me!
But that was before I sought your hand
Or hoped that some day you'd love me!

A bellicose lad, of manners bad And a blow-the-man-down demeanor! But that was ere I met you, fair Katrina, O Katrina! Katrina, dear Katrina, Now, I live and die for your glancing eye, Katrina, O Katrina!

Solo: KATRINA

I well remember the day we met,
I shall till my memory ceases;
And the garter-snake—'twas a darling pet—
That you put in my desk at recess!
I knew when you dipped my braids in ink
That our true love nought could sever!
Ah, happy days! How I hate to think
They are gone, gone, gone forever!

Solo: Brow Bones (startled)

What, gone forever?

Solo: KATRINA

Gone for aye!
And it makes my pain the keener!
For we must part, though it break my heart,
Katrina, poor Katrina!
Katrina, sad Katrina,
Forgive, forget, that you ever met

Katrina, poor Katrina! Solo: Brow Bones

Yet you loved me truly—or so you said,— Were your vows but an airy nothing?

Solo: KATRINA

Alas! 'tis my father makes me wed A man that I view with loathing!

Solo: Brom Bones

On his cowardly bones a tune I'll play Till he groans like a concertina!

Solo: KATRINA

Then a ghost will carry me off for aye And you'll never see more Katrina!

Duet: Brow and Katrina

We must part, part, part with an aching heart! It couldn't be worse or meaner, For our love was bright as the starry night, Katrina, O Katrina! Katrina, sad Katrina, Nay, one last kiss, ere we lose our bliss, Katrina, O Katrina!

(They rush into each other's arms.)

(Enter Katrina's father, Mijnheer Cornelius Van Tassel)

VAN TASSEL: Potztausend, donnerwetter! What is this?

KATRINA: My father! Brom Bones: Her father!

CHORUS (re-entering): Ah, her father!

VAN TASSEL: Katrina, I am ashamed of you! Brazen boy, do you not know who I am?

Brom Bones: My, yes, Mijnheer Van Tassell-but-

No. 8. Solo and Chorus. (page 62)

Solo: VAN TASSEL

Cornelius Van Tassel's my name! And I state, without shyness or shame,

That Van Rennselaers and such are extremely Low Dutch

Compared to the name I proclaim! For I am Cornelius Van Tassel!

Chorus

To family pride he's a vassal!

And even his cows, as they peacefully browse,

Solo: VAN TASSEL

Rejoice in the name of Van Tassel!

(Angrily.)

Katrina, my temper is mild! (Stamps foot.)
And you are my favorite child! (Stamps foot.)

But to find you like this in the depths of a kiss (Stamps.)

Is enough to drive anyone wild! (Stamps.)

For I am Cornelius Van Tassel!

Chorus

To family pride he's a vassal!

For he thinks, in his sleeve, that both Adam and Eve

Solo: VAN TASSEL

Were Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel! Cornelius Van Tassel's my name! And I freely pronounce and proclaim

That for kissing my daughter-why, damme, you oughter

Be burned in a very slow flame! For I am Cornelius Van Tasse!

Chorus

To Family pride he's a vassall

Rash lover, bewarel You have roused from its lair

Solo: VAN TASSEL

The pride of Cornelius Van Tassell

Brow Bongs: Mijnheer, I admit I have kissed your daughter Katrina!

VAN TASSEL: Potztausendi

BROM BONES: More than that, I wish to marry her!

VAN TASSEL: Donnerwetter!

BROM BONES: Why not? She loves me—I love her. We have loved since childhood. I admit the name of Van Brunt is little beside the great and glorious name of Van Tassel. But since she has chosen me—surely you would not force her to marry another against her will?

VAN TASSEL (somewhat mollified): Well, of course—in the usual way of things—no. But, you see—it's a tradition in our family. If the eldest daughter marries anyone who isn't a schoolmaster, she is immediately carried away by a ghost and never heard of again. (Proudly.) It's one of the oldest traditions in Dutch family history. So, you see, I have no recourse. Katrina must marry a schoolmaster—and the nearest one, for then she will continue to live in Sleepy Hollow, as a true Van Tassel should.

BROM BONES: But when was the last time this happened?

KATRINA: Yes, father, when?

VAN TASSEL: The last time what happened? You confuse me.

BROM BONES: The last time a Van Tassel daughter refused to marry a schoolmaster.

VAN TASSEL: Oh, that was in 1621. Annetje Van Tassel. The foolish girl said she was in love with a fiddler, instead.

KATRINA: And-

VAN TASSEL: She was, quite promptly, carried away by a ghost. The family never heard of her again.

KATRINA: Oh! (She turns pale, and is supported by her comrades.)

BROM BONES (desperate): But, Mijnheer Van Tassel-after all, that was more than a century ago-and in Holland. And now we are in America and-

VAN TASSEL: Impudent younker! Do you dare to assert that a Van Tassel ghost is incapable of crossing the Atlantic Ocean?

BROM BONES: Well, not exactly—but—at least if it's a hundred years since it happened—he might be a little forgetful—

VAN TASSEL (inexorably): A Van Tassel never forgets. Come, come, let us have no more of this. I am not a cruel man.

ALL (breathlessly): Ah!

VAN TASSEL: No, I am not a cruel man. A cruel man would let his daughter be carried away by a ghost to teach her a lesson. I am not a cruel man—and Katrina shall marry Ichabod Crane. A pity he isn't a Van Tassel, but he is a schoolmaster, and one can't have everything.

As for you, Brom Van Brunt, you come of a good family, and I have no objection to your presence at Katrina's betrothal feast, provided you behave yourself. But—donder und blitzen!—there must be no more love-making! Understand me!

Brom Bones: And-if I were a schoolmaster-

(To Brow Bones.)

VAN TASSEL: If you were a schoolmaster! (Laughs.) Show me a license signed by the New York Board of Regents, and we will discuss the matter!

BROM BONES (sorrowfully): Alas, I cannot!

VAN TASSEL: Then you must do as Peter Simple did—save your breath to cool your porridge. Come, come, I'm a sensible man—young love is all very well,—but a marriage in our family is an alliance, and not to be sneezed at. Come with me, Katrina, and see if your husband-to-be is coming up the road from the schoolhouse. It is time he were here.

(KATRINA gives a last longing look at Brom.)

Katrina (stamping), do you hear me?

KATRINA (sadly): Yes, father, I obey.

(VAN TASSEL and KATRINA with GIRLS exit to outdoors.)

(Brom Bones sits dejectedly on a table, his head in his hands.)

No. 9. Chorus (page 65)

(Boys, singing softly.)
Alas, alas, for the loving pair!
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
It makes us sorrow, we all declare,
With woe, with woe!
For he must suffer and sigh in vain,
And she must marry Ichabod Crane!
Is there no hope for the luckless twain?
Ah no, ah no, ah no!

BROM BONES (straightening up suddenly): I have it!

CHORUS: What?

BROM BONES: A plan! Aye, do not doubt me!

CHORUS: We do not, but what good will planning do?

Brom Bones: Lend me your ears and gather close about me

While I explain my subtle scheme to you!

(They cluster about him.)
Now, gang, are you with me?

Boys: We are!

BROM BONES: Well, then, (drops his voice) in the first place-

Boys: Yes! Fine! But I don't see! We'll help, but-

BROM BONES: But then, I'll-(drops his poice and whispers.)

Boys (all talking): Good! Hurrah! I see what he means! We'll help-

Brom Bones: And so, finally—(drops his voice and whispers.)

Boys: Three cheers! A wonderful plan! A wonderful plot! We'll-etc.

No. 10. Chorus and Dialogue (page 69)

Hurrah, hurrah for our leader brave!
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
He's plotted a plot his love to save!
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
He's plotted a plot and he's planned a plan
To save his love from the learned man!
So, stop him, Ichabod, if you can!
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

BROM BONES (silencing them): Quiet! Quiet! I hear the girls returning! Now, remember what you are to do!

And if Mijnheer Van Tassel should drive me forth ere our plot is ripe—

Boys: Yes! Suppose he does that!

BROM BONES: You must stay here at all costs till you hear from me.

But I shall try not to irritate him unduly. Now, quiet!—Soft!—I hear them approaching!

(Off stage is heard the Chorus of SMALL FRY—small boys and girls of the village school—heralding the approach of ICHABOD CRANE.)

No. 11. Chorus (page 74)

Hail our teacher, hail! Hail his glasses! Hail his most instructive classes! Hail his look of cold molasses! Hail our teacher, hail! (As this most unattractive song approaches, Brom Bones and his "gang" show symptoms of disgust and revulsion. However, they try to control themselves, and, on the next verse, Ichabod Crank enters, with Katrina unwillingly on his arm, preceded by the Small Fry and followed by Mr. Van Tabbel and the Chorus of Girls.)

SMALL FRY

Hail our teacher, hail!

Hail his ruler and his switches!

When he dusts the bad boys' britches,

How it sets us all in stitches!

Hail our teacher, hail!

(They are in now, and ICHABOD is bowing affably, like a conquering hero to all and sundry.)

Hail our teacher, hail!

Down with football, rude and bloody!

Down with baseball, rough and muddy!

Let us spend our time in study!

Hail, our teacher, hail!

Our teacher, hail!

ICHABOD: Thank you, children—thank you! (He rubs his hands. He salutes some of the Boys and GIRLS.)

Annetje—Betje—Brom—Jan—Well, well, what an occasion—what a very pleasant occasion!

All my little flock gathered together for healthful recreation—the healthful recreation that sends us back to the schoolhouse with freshened bodies and sharpened minds! I'm sorry not to have been able to join in your innocent revels ere now. But a very interesting point in Latin grammar detained me—perhaps I can explain it to you, after supper. Tell me, Katrina dear, what were you and your little friends doing before my arrival?

KATRINA: Quilting, Master Crane.

ICHABOD (shaking his finger at her): Tut, my dear—Ichabod, you know—Ichabod. A Biblical name. The root is from the beautiful Hebraic tongue.

KATRINA (dutifully): Yes, Ichabod.

ICHABOD: That's better. Quilting, eh—a charming occupation for young girls. The boys naturally would not be quilting—ha, ha—no, we could hardly expect that from our worthy Brom Bones and his friends.

No doubt they were engaged—ha, ha—in more intellectual pastimes—

BROM BONES (bitterly): Quite right, Master Crane. We were telling ghost-stories.

KATRINA (pleadingly): Brom!

ICHABOD: Tch-tch-Is this true, Katrina?

(KATRINA nods.)

I am surprised at you, my dear,—deeply surprised.

SMALL FRY (clustering about him): Oh, Teacher! Teacher! Won't you tell us a ghost-story, Teacher? Won't you make it scary? I bet you could tell a wonderful ghost-story, Teacher!

ICHABOD: Certainly not, children, certainly not! You all know what I think of ghost stories. They are stuff and nonsense—only fit for such minds as—well—ahem—our worthy Brom's.

VAN TASSEL (flaring up): Donnerwetter, Master Crane! You say the Van Tassel ghost is stuff and nonsense? ICHABOD (cringing): Oh, my dear Mijnheer Van Tassel, of course not! The Van Tassel ghost is, I am sure, a delightful and well-authenticated spook, sprite or spirit. I congratulate you on having such a ghost in the family!

VAN TASSEL: Dot's better! (But he gives ICHABOD an unpleasant look.)

ICHABOD: The Van Tassel ghost—quite another pair of shoes. But most ghosts are merely fables. I've never seen a ghost in my life. And I certainly never expect to.

ONE of SMALL FRY: But what would you do if you did see one, Master Crane?

ICHABOD: Do? Tell it to vanish at once, of course, like a sensible man.
SMALL FRY: Oo, isn't Teacher brave? Aren't you brave, Teacher?

A GIRL: But wouldn't you be afraid?

ICHABOD: Afraid? Of what? A phantom, a spirit? On the contrary—I should teach it to be afraid of mel

BROM BONES: Even if it were The Headless Horseman, Master Crane? ICHABOD: The Headless Horseman? Pooh! What sort of ghost is that?

Brow Boxes: Well, of course you're rather new to Sleepy Hollow, Master Crane—you don't know all our legends. But I can tell you, The Headless Horseman is a pretty terrible spectre. I don't know anybody who wouldn't be afraid of him!

ICHABOD: Nonsense!

BROM BONES: It's all very well to say "Nonsense"! But I wouldn't even want to tell you about him! I'd be afraid he'd hear me. (He shiners.)

And if he did-

ICHABOD: Rubbish! I can assure you, it would take more than your silly stories—or a Headless Horseman to frighten me!

Brost Boxes: All right, then. But, remember, I warned you!

(Music page 74)

You see, the thing about The Headless Horseman is-

No. 12. Solo and Chorus (page 76)

Solo: Brow Bours

I have a fearful tale to tell, So gather round about, you.

Chorus: GIRLS

The tale you tell we know too well And yet we cannot doubt you.

Solo: Bross Bowes

A Headless Horseman gallops here At night! I won't deceive you!

Chorus: Girls

You freeze our maiden blood with fear,

And yet we must believe you!

Chorus: Bross Bours and Boys

So, beware! Oh, beware!

Of the Homeman without a head!

For when Sleepy Hollow is tucked in tight,

His galloping hoofs ring down the night,

And your flesh will creep and your cheek turn white

If you see that sight of dread!

Oh, beware of The Headless Horseman!

No shy little spectre, he,

But a pedigreed phantom, herce and fell,

With a pride in his trade I'd hate to tell,

And a manner of giving the phantom's yell

That would scare a whole armee!

So, beware!--Take care!

Beware of The Headless Horseman!

(ICHABOD makes gesture to show that he doesn't believe a word; but the song continues.)

Solo: Brow Bones

Some say he was a pirate bold, A gory walk-the-planker.

Chorus: GIRLS

Some say he hoarded Hessian gold,

An evil-minded banker.

Solo: BROM BONES

Some say that he's Old Nick himself!

I view that with dubiety. But all agree the direful elf Adores our best society!

Chorus: BROM BONES and BOYS

So, beware! Oh, beware!

Of the Horseman without a head!

For he loves to come for a cozy chat

When you've opened the door and put out the cat;

But, when he politely lifts his hat,

There's nothing there instead!

Oh, beware of The Headless Horseman!

Beware of his ghostly knock!

For the guests he invites to toast and tea

In the old graveyard where the headstones be,

Are usually found by a blasted tree

In a state of nervous shock!

So, beware!—Take care!

Beware of The Headless Horseman!

(ICHABOD's protests grow more violent, but are drowned out.)

Solo: BROM BONES

I'll harrow you no longer, now.

Chorus: GIRLS

We wish that it were morning!

Solo: BROM BONES

But, ere I end, you must allow

A final word of warning!

His favorite season is the Fall!

Chorus: GIRLS

The Fall's his favorite season!

Solo: Brom Bones

So, if he should drop in to call, To-night, you'll know the reason!

Chorus: Brow Bones and Boys

So, beware —oh, beware

Of the Horseman without a head!

And if you hear, in the moonlit lane,

A horse that tugs at a phantom rein,

Just cover your head with the counterpane

And jump right into bed!

Oh, beware of The Headless Horseman!

And see that your doors will lock!

For my Uncle Peter, one dreadful day,
Was foolish enough not to run away,
And, ever since then, I grieve to say,
He thinks he's a cuckoo-clock!
So, beware!—Take care!
Beware of The Headless Horseman!
(ICHABOD, finally making himself heard.)

ICHABOD: Enough! Enough! Stuff and nonsense! Ridiculous!

Van Tassel (bouncing up): Enough? It's too much! Out of my house you go, Brom Bones!

First I find you making love to my daughter—then you sing about The Headless Horseman, and scare everybody to death but the schoolmaster! Not even a Van Tassel ghost you sing about—you sing about a ghost that appeared to your Uncle Peter! Brr! Out of my house, I say!

KATRINA: Oh, but, Father, -please, -after all, Master Crane asked him-

ICHABOD: Your father is right, Katrina. I may have asked Brom to sing—but I certainly did not expect him to sing a song of this sort. Of course, it could not frighten me—but I must think of the young minds committed to my care! And on the night of our betrothal, too! Go, Brom Bones—out of the house!

Brom Bones (bitterly): Oh, I'm going! A happy betrothal to you, Katrina! And to you, too, Master Crane! And some day when a long black, rakish-looking vessel sails up the Hudson with the Jolly Roger at her peak—remember Brom Bones! (He flings out of the house.)

KATRINA: He's gone! he's gone to be a p-p-pirate! Oh dear, I always knew he would. (She weeps.)

VAN TASSEL: For shame, Katrina! Tears on your betrothal day!

KATRINA: I'm sorry, father! I don't mean to be a cry-baby! But Brom and I have been playmates ever since childhood and—oh—(Weeps.)

VAN TASSEL: Potztausend! Are you not a Van Tassel? Are you not getting married? Stop crying, I tell you! ICHABOD: My dear Mijnheer Van Tassel—allow me. If you will just leave us together for a moment—I am sure I can soothe her.

VAN TASSEL: Good, good! Now, Katrina, dear, you just listen to Master Crane. And then we have supper—hey? Come, boys and girls—get the tables ready!

Boys and Girls: Yes, sir-oh, yes, Mijnheer Van Tassel-etc. etc.

(They set a table for supper, singing softly to the "Yo-ho" tune. The SMALL FRY exit inconspicuously during the process.)

No. 13. Chorus: (page 85)

For youth and beauty we all adore,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
We really couldn't adore 'em more!
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
But when grief and sorrow the heart congeal,
The surest cure for the woes we feel
Is an excellent and sustaining meal,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

(Meanwhile, ICHABOD has been soothing KATRINA.

At last, when the table has been set:)

ICHABOD: There, my betrothed one, do you feel better now?

KATRINA: Y-yes, thank you, Master Crane.

Існавор: Ichabod—dear. Катама: Yes—Ichabod. ICHABOD: I thought my presence would have a soothing effect. Ah, Katrina, when we are married, how beautiful life will be!

KATRINA: Will it?

ICHABOD: Of course, pet. You already possess the rudiments of a sound elementary education. But, married to me, you will be given such opportunities of mental development as fall to the lot of few. What a world of scientific wonders will open out before you! Geology, conchology, ichthyology—my guiding hand shall lead you like a lamb through the flower-strewn pastures of the higher education.

KATRINA: Will that be nice?

ICHABOD: Nice? I shall make it my life work to make you the best educated young female in York State. Even our days of courtship shall be mingled with higher things!

No. 14. Solos and Duet (page 93)

Solo: ICHABOD

Not with a wistful sueing,
Under the moonlight's shine,
Shall I pursue the wooing,
Dear, that will make you mine.
Happy we'll be together,
Swiftly the days will fly,
Merrily finding whether
X is the square of Y!

If A and B both chop a tree, but B chops twice as fast,
Pray tell me by the "Rule of Three" how long our love will last?

Duet

Oh, intellect shall be our guide and scholarship our quest, When we are snugly settled in our cozy little nest!

Solo: KATRINA

Say, will you bring me flowers?

Solo: ICHABOD

Flowers and fairest fruits,
Gathered from Learning's bowers,
Flowers with Latin roots!
Free from the mortal flaws that
Blemish the floral race,
While we discuss the laws that
Govern the Dative Case!
Darius was a Persian king, but Cyrus was a Mede,
So, after that, a wedding-ring is all we really need!

Duet

And, if you can locate Constantinople, we'll be blest, When we are snugly settled in our cozy little nest!

(Dance)

Solo: KATRINA

Say, will there be no moments Idle and full of dreams?

Solo: ICHABOD

Yes! for instructive comments
Made on constructive themes!

Down where the brook is glassy,
Where the brown ripples flow,
How we shall joy to classiFy them as H₂O!
If who chased who how many times along what famous street,
How many dozen dozen dimes will make two hundred feet?

Duet

Oh, life will be one grand and free examination-test, When we are snugly settled in our cozy little nest! (Enter a Little Girl, excitedly, from the kitchen.)

LITTLE GIRL (excitedly): Oh, Master Crane, come quickly! Annetje's stuck in the molasses candy!

(ICHABOD goes out with her, and KATRINA, with a wry smile, looks after them; then walks over to the window, looks out sadly, and sings:)

No. 15. Solo: Katrina (page 99)

O sun, be quick to bow your head!
O moon, be slow to rise!
And all you small familiar stars
Shut up your bright eyes!
I cannot bear your shining beams,
They pierce me through and through;
For I am to be married,—
Oh, what shall I do?

I loved my true love with a 'T'; My dear love with an 'L'; He could not pass his algebra, But I loved him well. I'd rather lie within his arms, Beneath the churchyard mould, Than have an education, And live to be old!

Now I must wed a hateful man; But ere my troth I plight, I'll eat a poisoned toadstool And perish, to-night! And all my friends will sadly say: "What was she thinking of?" But I shall die a maiden, And true to my love!

No. 16. Chorus (page 103)

(Chorus re-enters, singing "Dear Katrina, happy bride."

They take their places at the table. VAN TABBEL at the head, KATRINA on one side, ICHABOD on the other.

Night has now completely fallen. The room is lit by lamps and candles. The curtains of the window back have not been drawn, and the dark sky is seen through it.)

No. 17. Music and Melodrama (page 10.5) VAN TASSEL (approvingly, when all have taken their places): Very pretty, very pretty! (He rises.) And now, friends and neighbors of Sleepy Hollow-(Ominous music.) KATRINA (nervously): Father! What was that? VAN TASSEL: Please don't interrupt me, child. I'm making a speech-your betrothal speech. Friends and neighbors-(Ominous music, louder, and the beat of horsehoofs beginning.) KATRINA: But it was something, Father. Listen! (They listen for a moment.) VAN TASSEL (angrily): Some old horse has got out of his pasture! That's all! Now don't interrupt me any further! (Music, and lights flicker. He stares around.) I say, don't interrupt me! Give me your hand, Katrina,-that's right,-and your hand, Master Crane. (He takes their hands and addresses the company.) Friends,—neighbors,—it gives me the greatest pleasure on this auspicious occasion to announce the solemn betrothal of my daughter Katrina to Master Ichabod Crane-(Music, very loud, and Phantom's yell, off stage.) (VAN TASSEL drops their hands.) Donder und blitzen!-What's that? (Music swells.) A Boy: Horsehoofs! A GIRL: Galloping! A GIRL: Listen—galloping, galloping! A Boy: Horsehoofs, horsehoofs! ALL: It's coming here! It's a horseman! The Headless Horseman! KATRINA (trembling): Oh, father, father, save me! I'm afraid! I'm a. aid! VAN TASSEL (also trembling): Now, my dear, keep perfectly calm: Look at me! It can't be The Headless Horseman! (Phantom's yell, again.) Boys and Girls: Oh, beware of The Headless Horseman! Beware of his ghostly knock! VAN TASSEL (shaking all over): Donnerwetter! Stop that song! Do you want him to come in here and gobble us all up? Master Crane,—Master Crane,—you're a learned man!—You do something!—Keep him away! (He clutches at the embarrassed ICHABOD.) ICHABOD: I-I-I-(Everybody turns to ICHABOD.) Boys and Girls: Oh, Master Crane, -- Master Crane, -- save us! -- Help us! -- Keep him away! -- Tell him to vanish! You said you'd tell him to vanish! ICHABOD (trembling): 1-1-1-of course! Exactly! There are no ghosts! (Music perv terrifying.) I say there are no ghosts!

(Music worse. They huddle behind him and push him toward the door.)

(Knock at the door. VAN TASSEL dives under the table. The GIRLS scream.)
There aren't any ghosts!—But I have a very bad headache. I—I want to lie down.

ICHABOD: Stop pushing me!—There's robody there at all!

(They have pushed him into the center of the room, facing the door, and have retreated. He looks around desperately. Knock is repeated.)

Katrina! Neighbor Van Tassel! Keep it out! Don't let it in! Help me! Save me! Ohh——! (The door flies open, and The Headless Horseman appears: a terrifying spectre in white, carrying a pumpkin-head—lighted, if possible—under one arm. Ichabod gives it one look, then, with a terrific yell, dives through the window, pursued by The Headless Horseman, who throws the pumpkin-head after him. The Horseman turns, sweeps off his disguise, is revealed as Brom Bones, and takes the fainting Katrina in his arms.)

BROM BONES: It's all right, darling! It's only me-Brom Bones!

ALL (peering around tables and chairs): Brom Bones!

Brom Bones: Brom Bones, Himself!

As you see,—as you see,—

I'm the horseman that haunts the hill!

But my spectral garb is a counterpane,

And the head I threw at Ichabod Crane

Was a pumpkin-head for a pumpkin-brain,

But I think he's running still!

So, cheer for The Headless Horseman!

And cheer for his blushing bride!

For Ichabod Crane is away, away!

And I think, on the whole, I can safely say

That he won't be back for our wedding day

When the nuptial knot is tied!

So, rejoice—with one voice!

Be glad of The Headless Horseman!

(Kisses KATRINA.)

VAN TASSEL (crawling out from under his table): Stop! Stop this at once! I forbid it!

Brow Bongs: Why?

VAN TASSEL: The Van Tassel tradition! Katrina must marry a schoolmaster!

BROM BONES: But I am a schoolmaster.

VAN TASSEL and OTHERS: You-Brom Van Brunt-a schoolmaster?

BROM BONES: Certainly. As soon as I first heard of the Van Tassel tradition, I started taking extension courses at King's College. My lessons arrived every week by canal-boat, and I sent back the answers by the same means. I wanted to keep it a secret until I got my degree, so I always studied at night, and let Sleepy Hollow believe I was training for a career of piracy, instead. But, to-night—

Boys and Girls: Yes, yes?

Bross Bones (modestly): I graduated. My diploma arrived by the evening canal-boat, and I presented it to myself in a short but impressive ceremony while I was dressing up as The Headless Horseman. (Reflectively.)

I suppose I really should have made myself a baccalaureate address. But that seemed a little inappropriate while I was wearing a pumpkin head. However,—here they are,—my diploma,—my teacher's certificate signed by the Board of Regents—

(He displays them.)

VAN TASSEL (falling into his arms): My son-in-law to be! I give you my Katrina freely! When do you two dear children wish to be married?

KATRINA: As soon as possible, father dear. After all, Sleepy Hollow needs a schoolmaster badly, now Master Crane has run away—

BROM BONES: And I need Katrina. Besides, there are one or two ideas on progressive education I'd like to

put in force immediately.

Boys and GIRLS: Progressive education? What's that?

BROM BONES: I'll explain.

No. 18. FINALE: Solos and Chorus (page 1/6)

Solo: Brom Bones

When I'm a pedagog,

Solo: KATRINA

I know you'll be a wonder!

Solo: Brow Bones

I'll never, never flog
An urchin for a blunder!
I'll reason with the little brat,
Exceeding calm and cool,
And, if he's good with ball and bat,
Why, he can say the earth is flat.
We're not responsible for that
In our progressive school!

Chorus

In his progressive school, In our progressive school, We'll all be free as free can be, In our progressive school!

Solo: KATRINA

When I teach English eight,

Solo: BROM BONES

I know you'll be delightful!

Solo: KATRINA

I'll never ask a date,
I think they're all too frightful!
I'll teach my girls the modern way
By self-expression's rule,
And, should a pretty maiden say
That Shakespeare lived in Baffin's Bay,
We always mark the paper "A"
In our progressive school!

Chorus

In her progressive school, In our progressive school, We love each new and novel view In our progressive school!

Solo: VAN TASSEL

And I am Cornelius Van Tassel!
To family pride I'm a vassal!
But I hereby proclaim that Van Brunt is a name
Deserving to wed with Van Tassel!

Chorus

While, as for the rest of us here,
The wedding-bells ring in our ear,
And we wish to the loves of these two turtle doves
A happiness lasting and dear!

Solo: KATRINA

So, let us dance and sing!

Solo: Brom Bones

The under-dog's the upper! I'm happy as a king!

Chorus: Boys

Yo ho, for love and supper!

Solo: VAN TASSEL

So, cut the gay betrothal bun And let contentment rule!

Solos: Brom Bones and Katrina
For laughter will be Subject One
Required of every mother's son,
And lessons never will get done
In our progressive school!

Full Chorus

In his progressive school, In her progressive school, We'll dance and play the livelong day In our progressive school!

Solo: BROM BONES

Come, dear, one kiss!

BROM and KATRINA

We have found our bliss!

Chorus

Hail our teacher, hail!

CURTAIN

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

(Musical Numbers)

Nº1. OVERTURE



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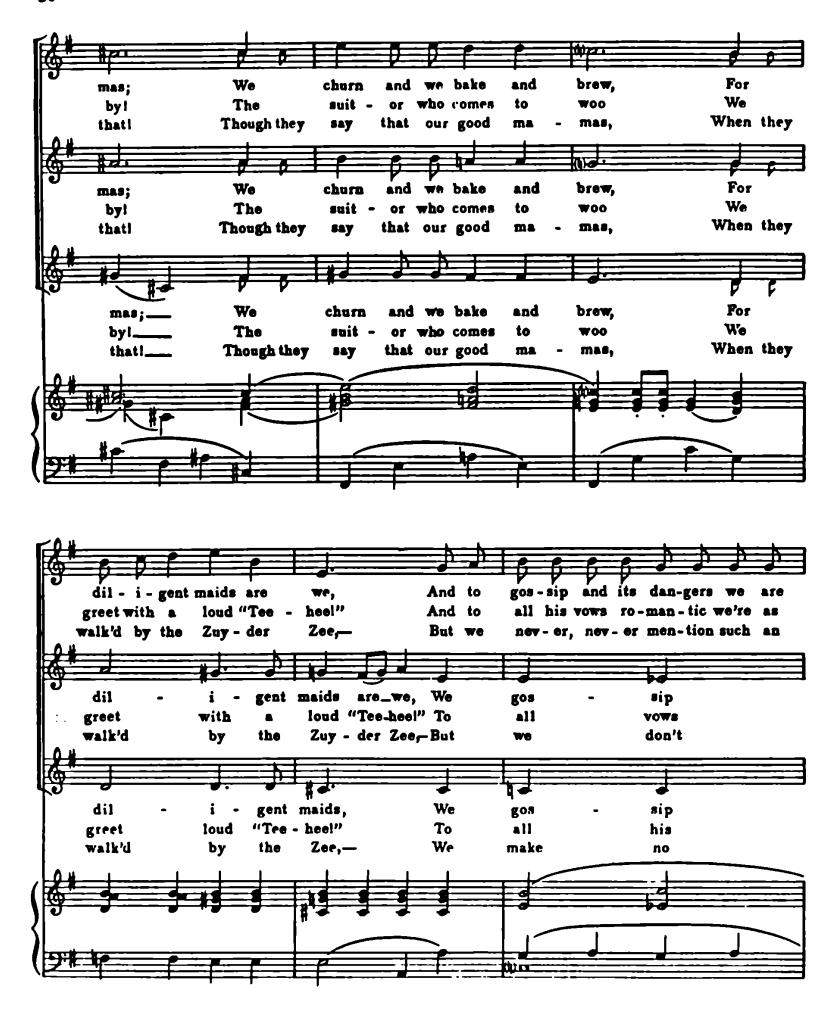


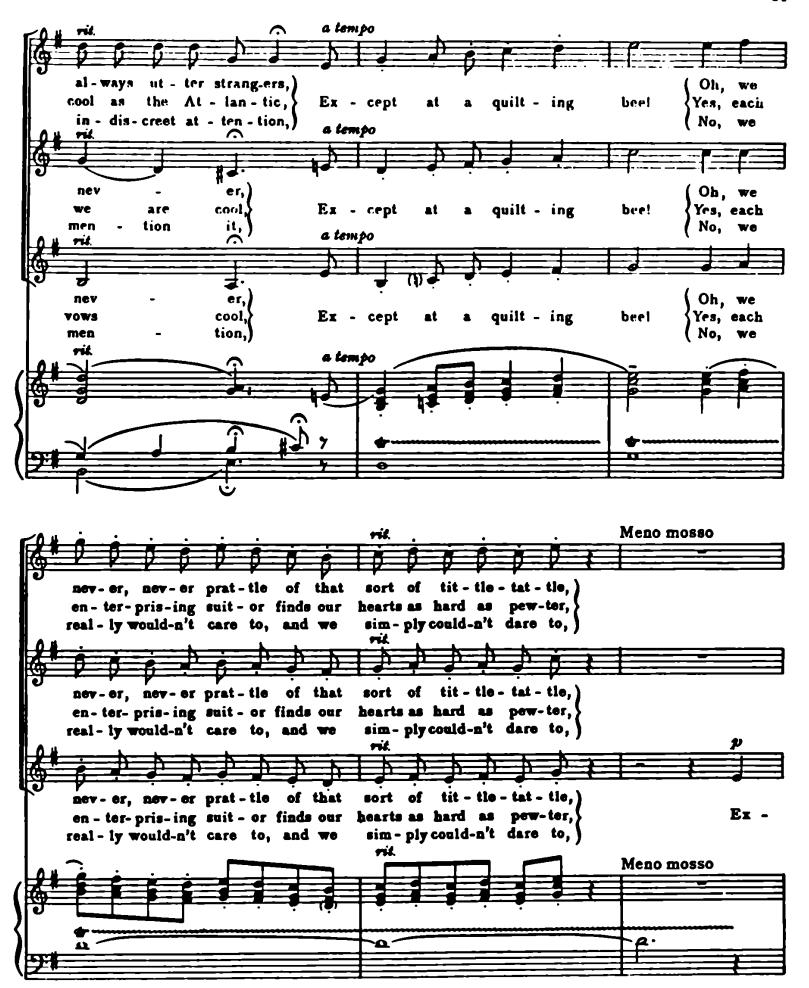


Nº2. We're maidens of Dutch descent



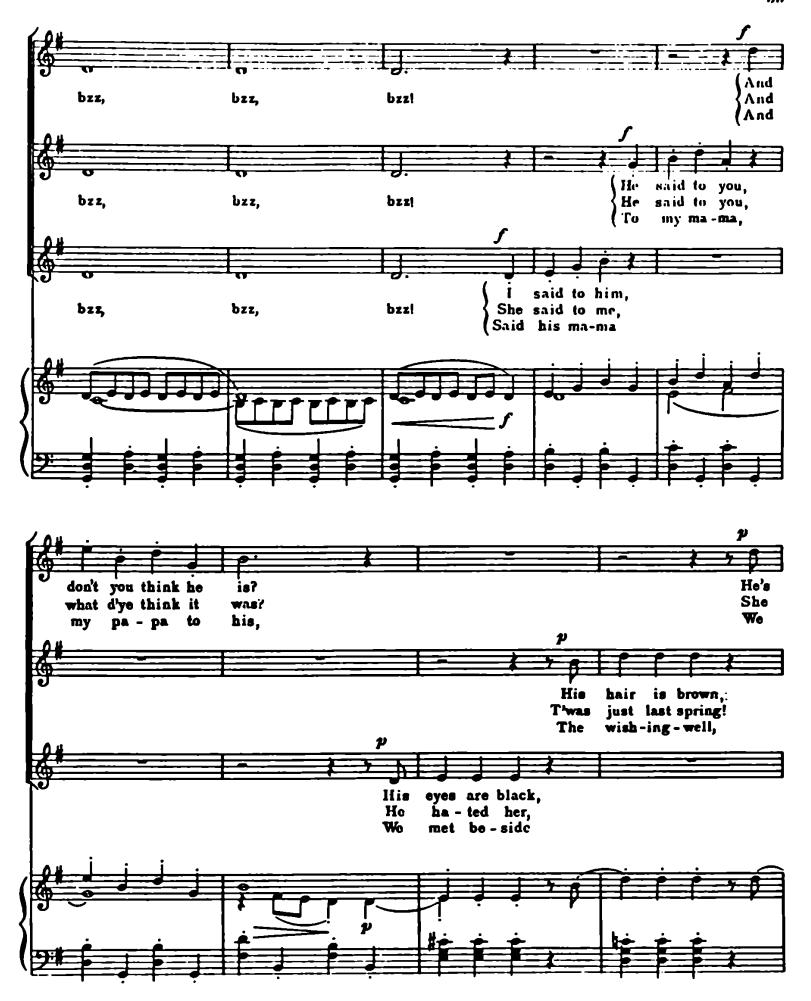














E.C.S. Nº 1062



Nº3. Dear Katrina, happy bride

Madrigal: for Chorus of Girls (Unaccompanied)





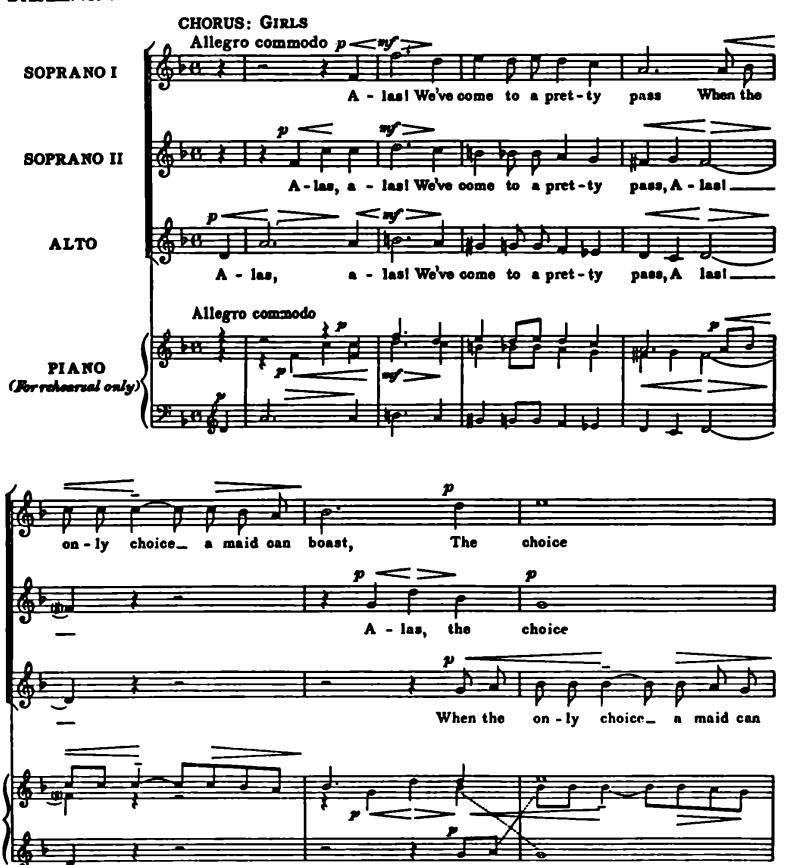


Nº4. Alas, alas!

Madrigal: for Chorus of Girls (Unaccompanied)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

DOUGLAS MOORE





Nº5. For shame! For shame!

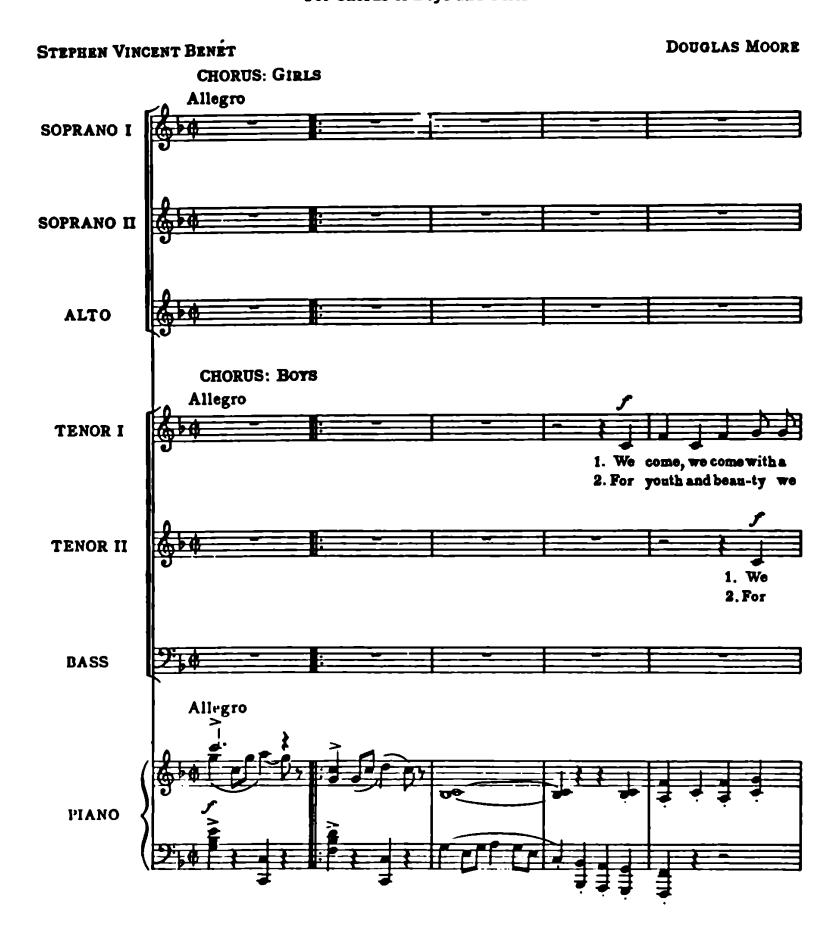
Madrigal: for Chorus of Girls (Unaccompanied)



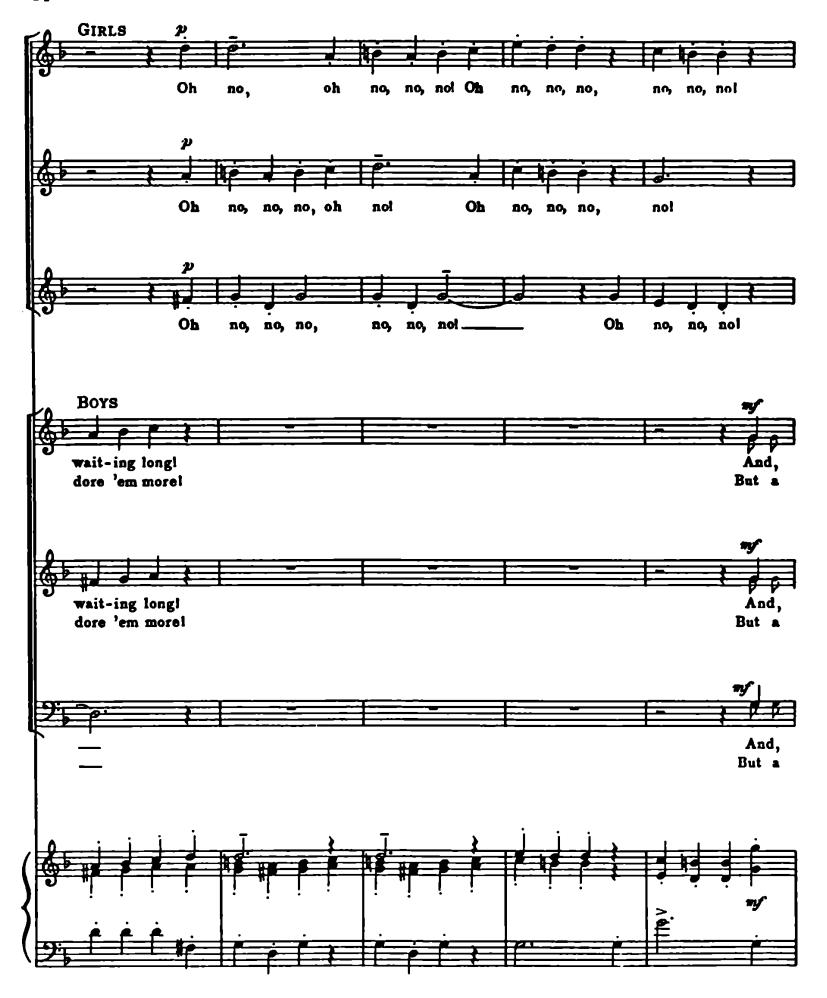


Nº 6. We come with a dashing song!

(Entrance of Boys)
For Chorus of Boys and Girls



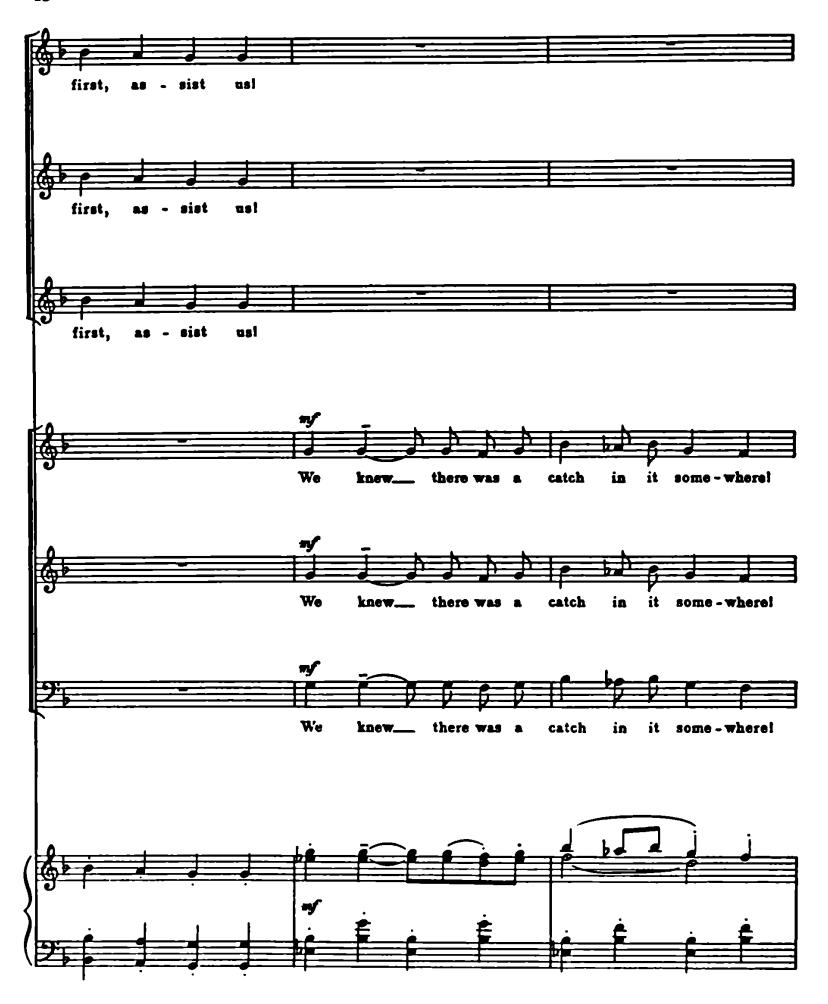




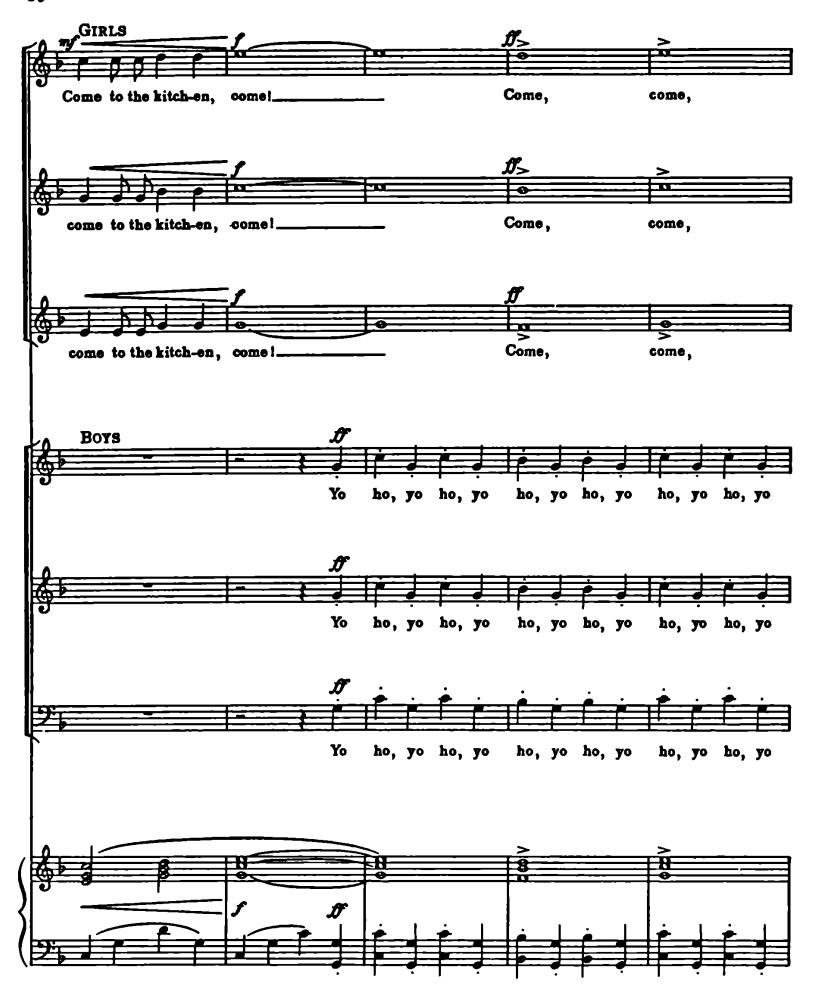




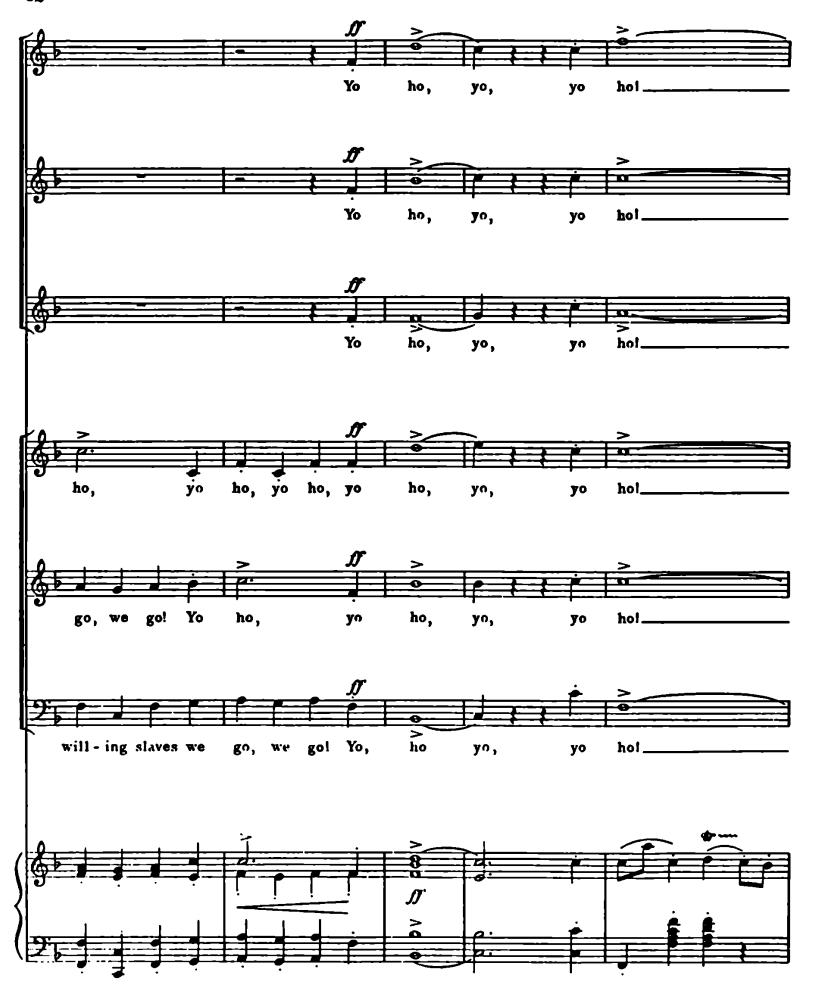








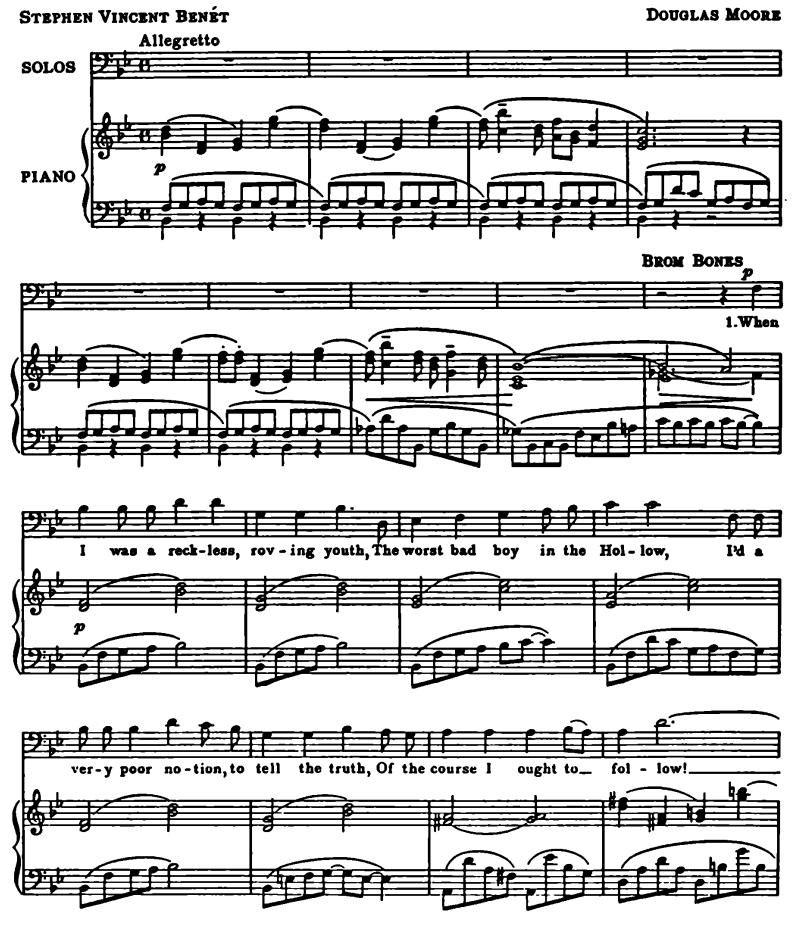






Nº7. When I was a reckless, roving youth

SOLOS and DUET: BROM BONES and KATRINA







^{*}If so desired, the interlude between verse one and two may be shortened by the omission of the four measures indicated by brackets.



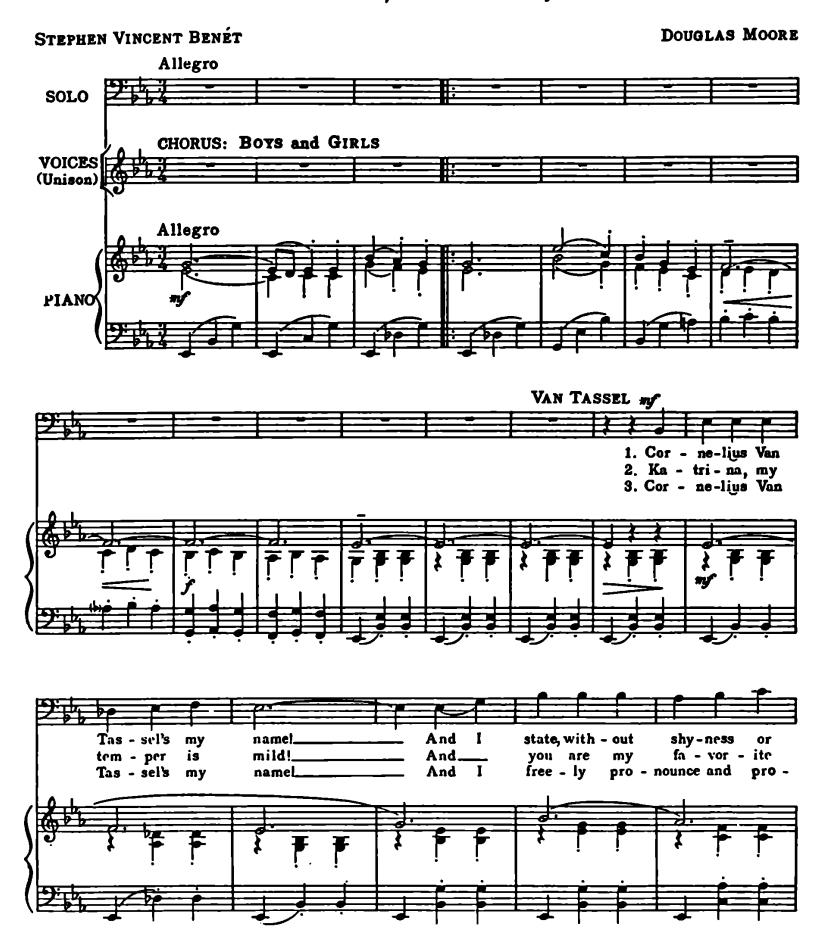








Nº8. Cornelius Van Tassel's my namel solo: Van Tassel, and Chorus of Boys and Girls







Nº9. Alas, alas, for the loving pair!

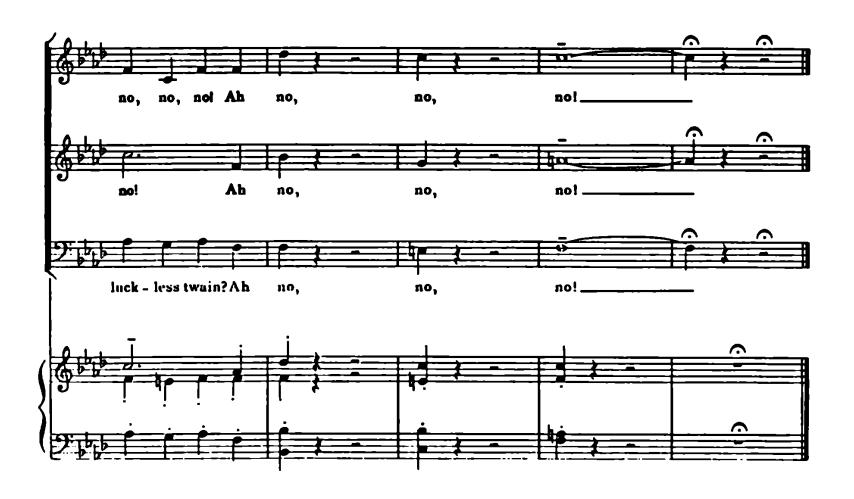
Reprise: for Chorus of Boys











Nº 10. Hurrah, hurrah for our leader brave!

Reprise: for Chorus of Boys,

and Dialogue with BROM BONES STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT DOUGLAS MOORE CHORUS: Boys Allegro moderato TENOR I Hur rah, hur - rah for our TENOR II Hur BASS Allegro moderato lead - er bravel Yo ho. lead - er bravel Yo sah, Hus-sah ho, for our 3.0 lead - er brave! Yo Hur hur-rah for our ho, yo







(Nº 11 follows without pause)



Nº11. Hail our teacher, hail!

(Entrance of ICHABOD)
Chorus of Children: SMALL FRY

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

DOUGLAS MOURE



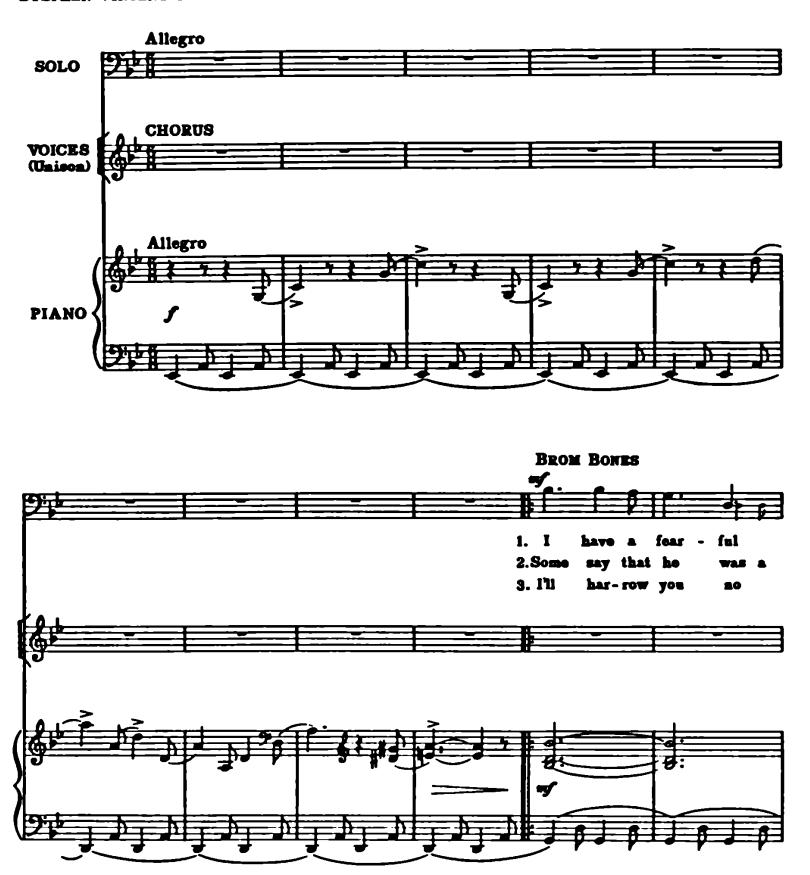


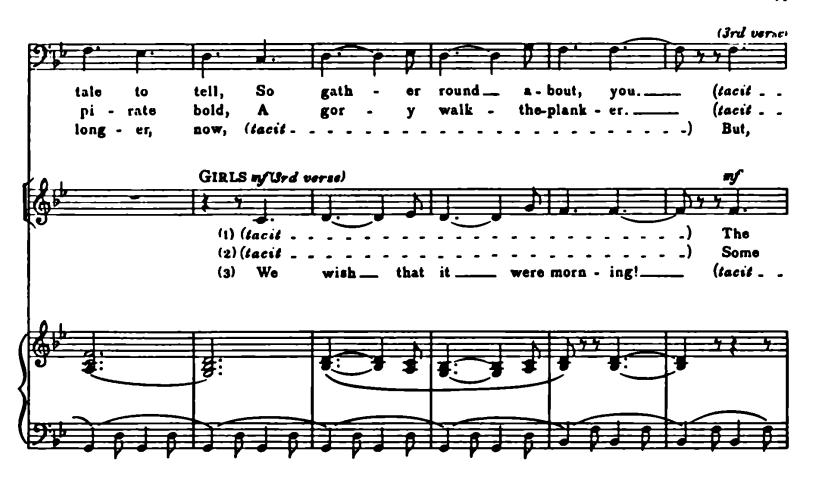
Nº12. I have a fearful tale to tell

SOLO: BROM BONES, and Chorus of Boys and Girls

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

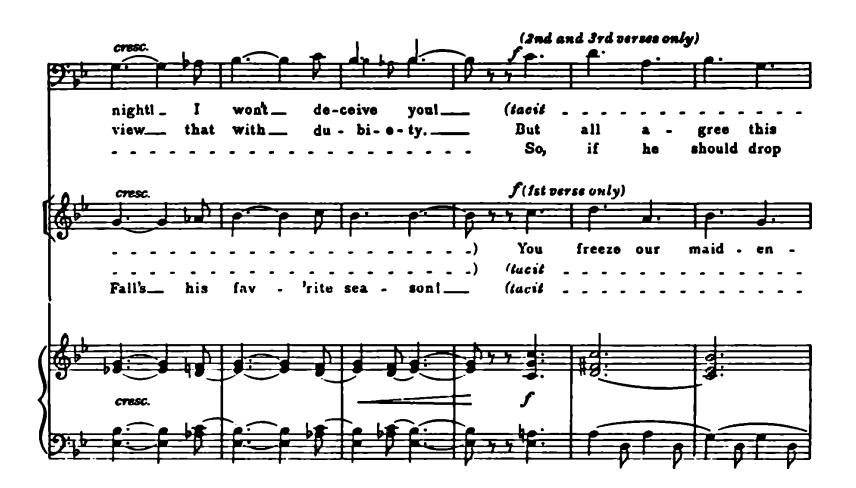
DOUGLAS MOORE

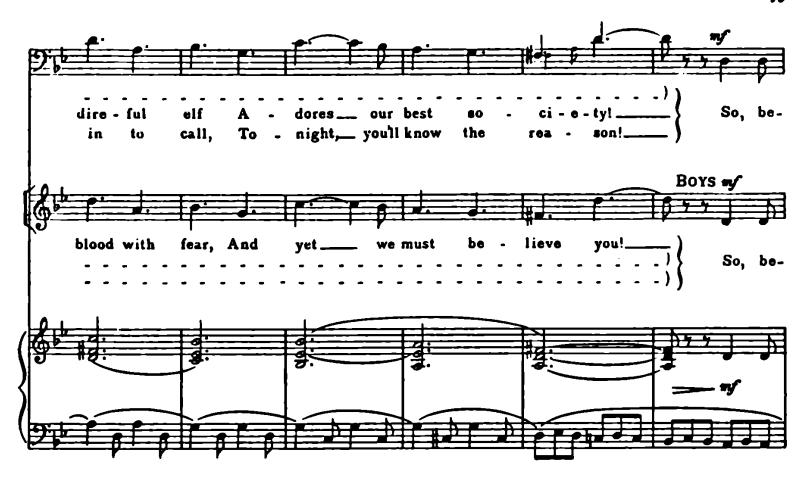




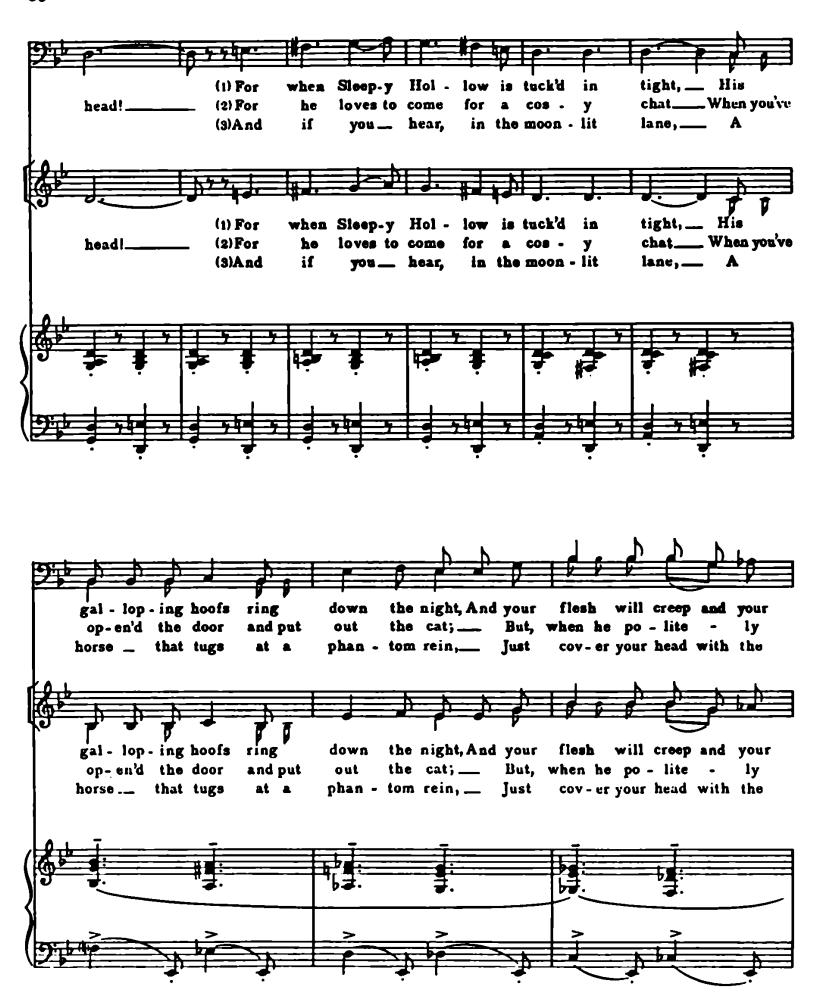






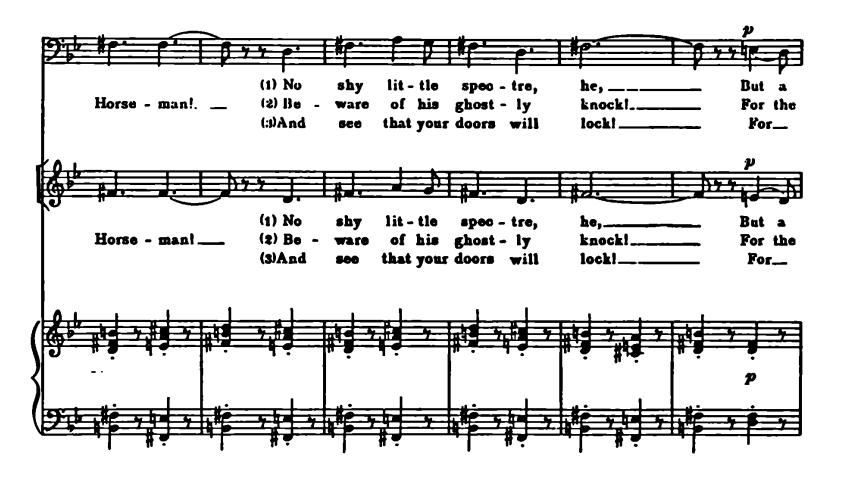


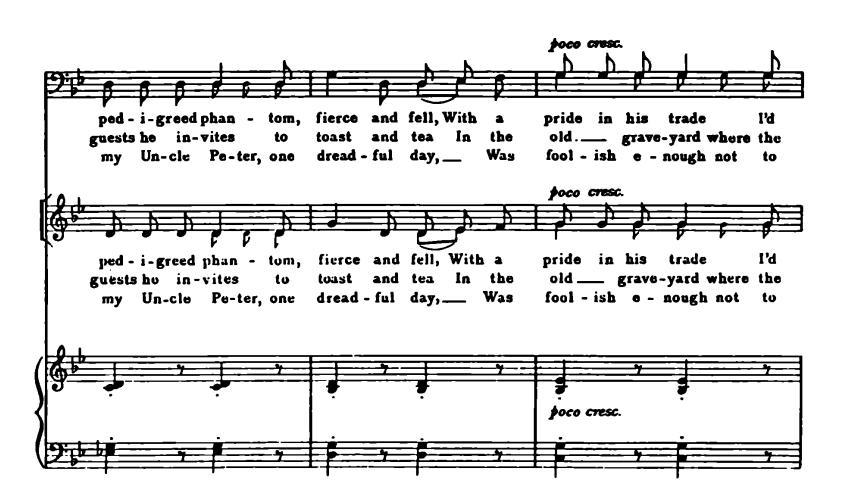
















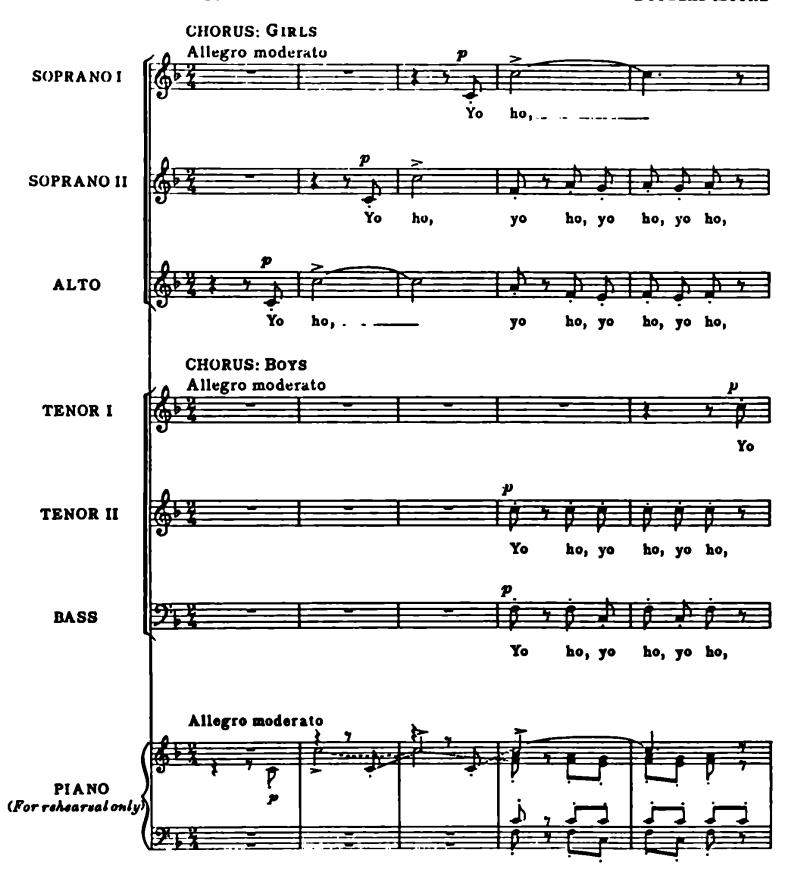


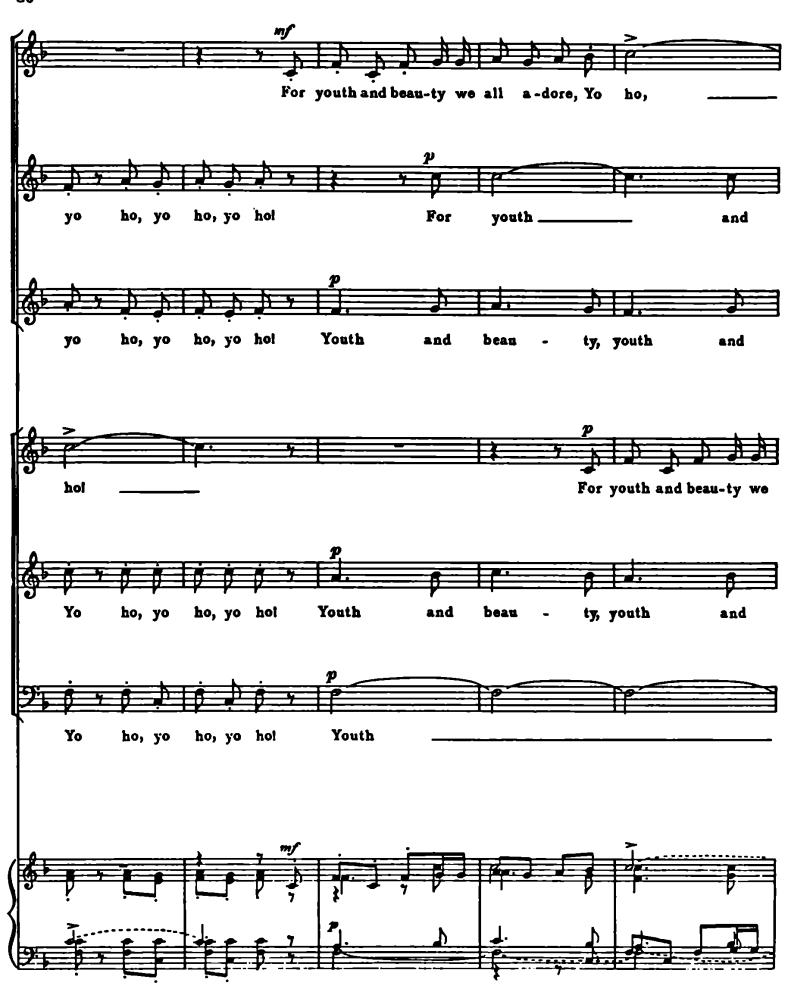
Nº13. For youth and beauty we all adore

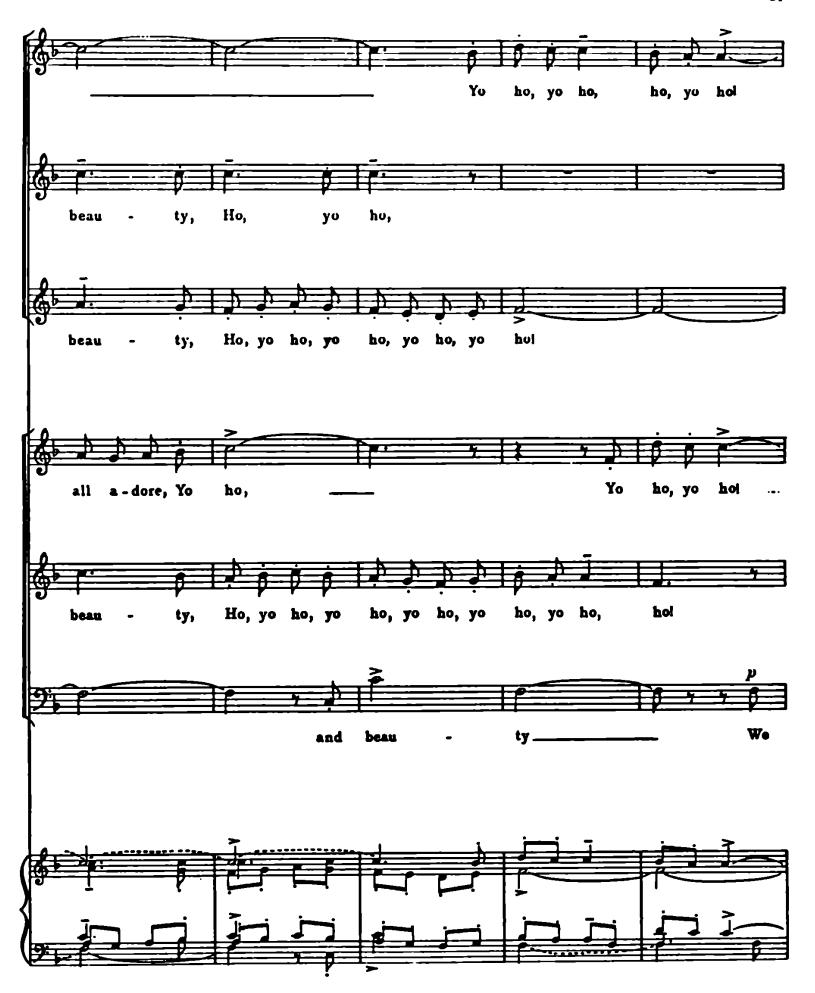
For Chorus of Boys and Girls (Unaccompanied)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

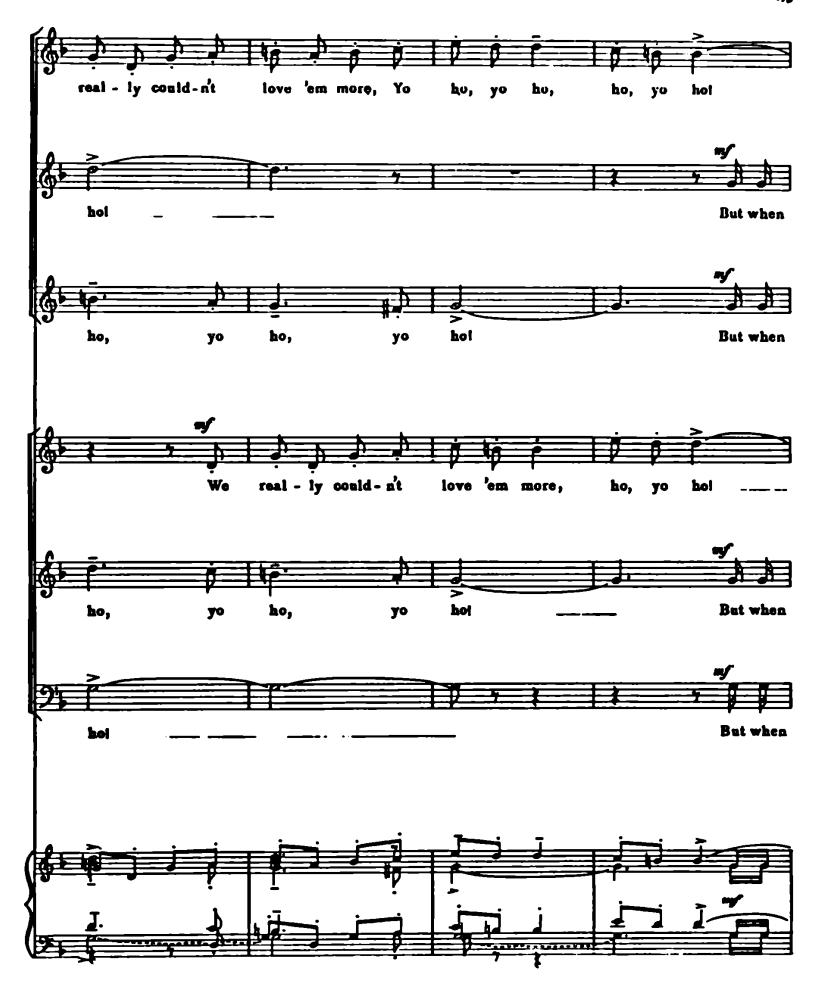
DOUGLAS MOORE

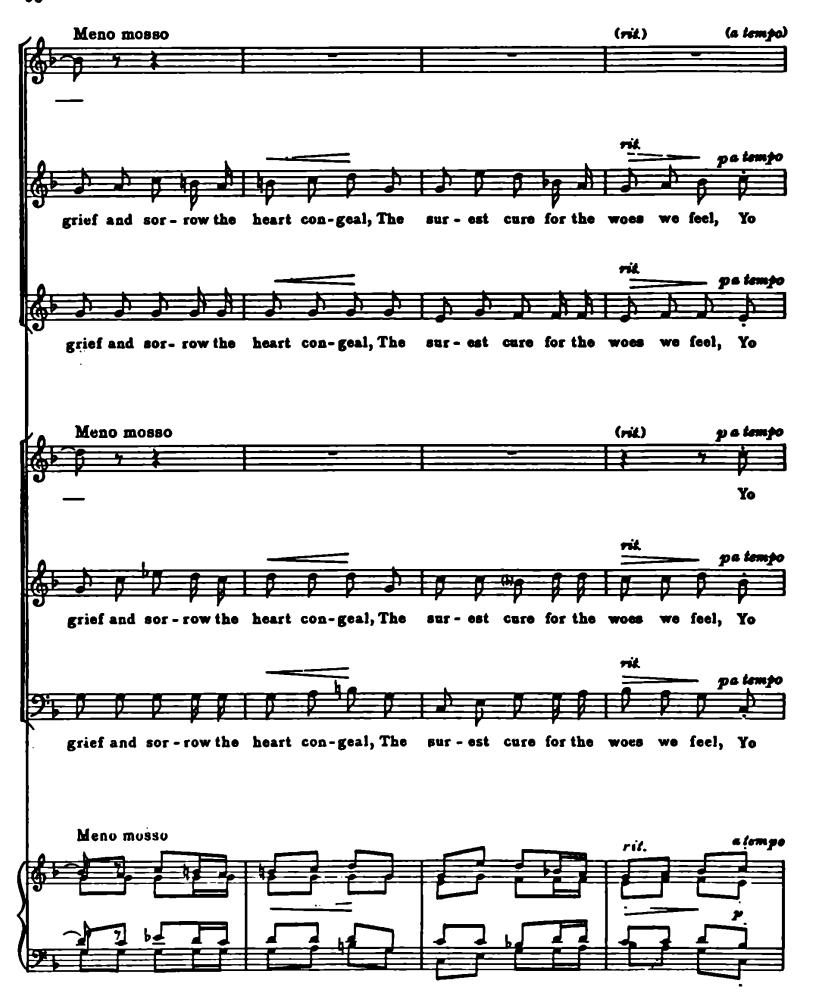


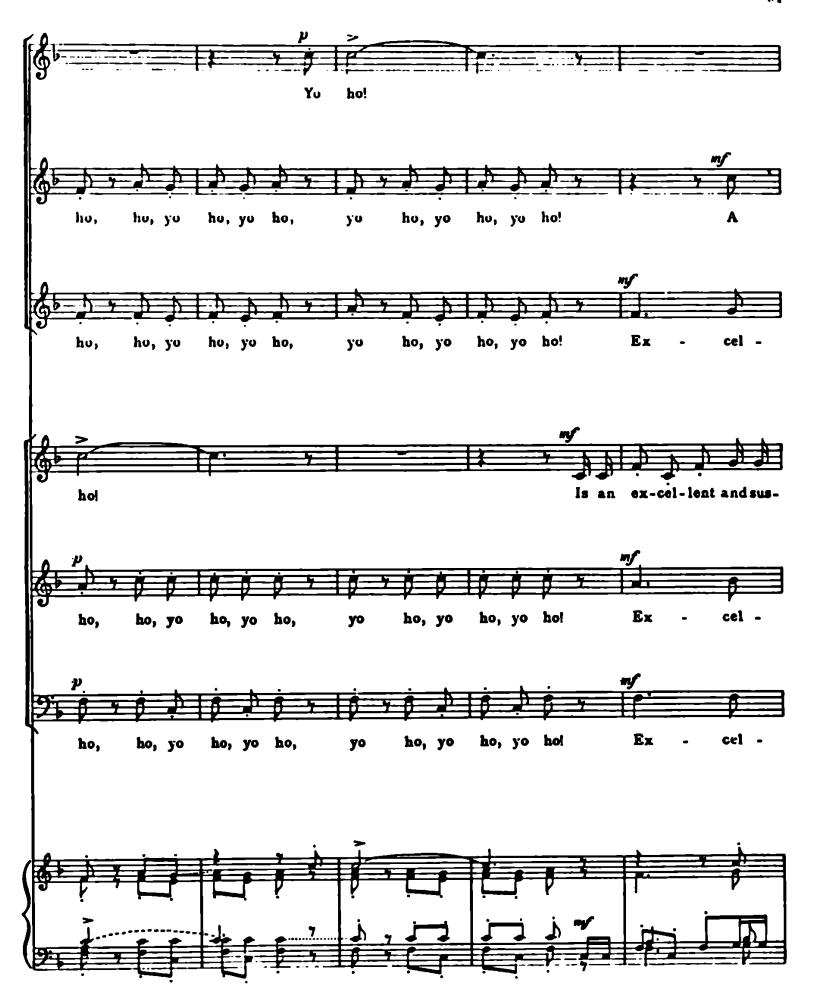










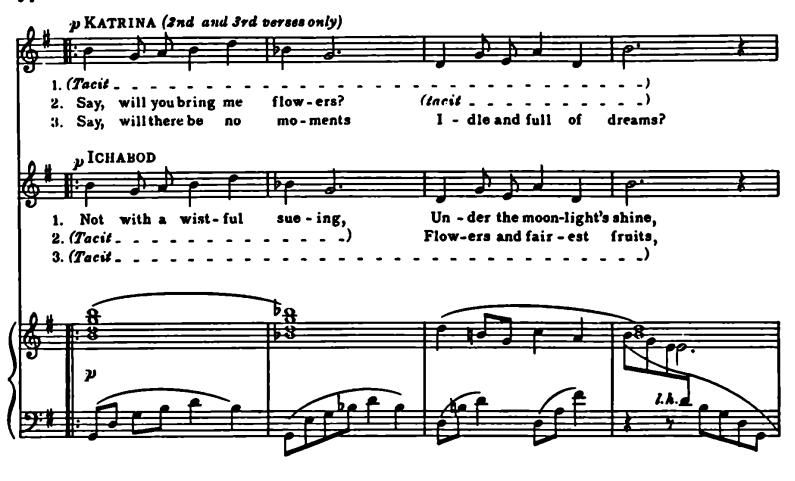




Nº 14. Not with a wistful sueing

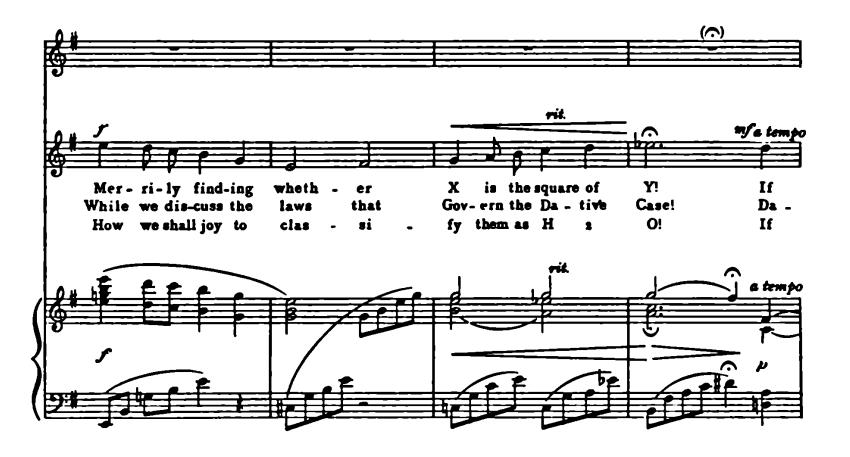
SOLOS and DUET: ICHABOD and KATRINA

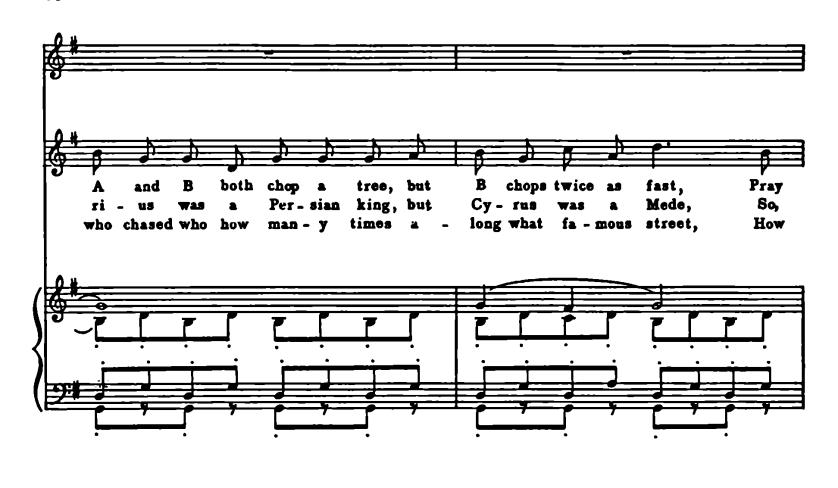
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT DOUGLAS MOORE

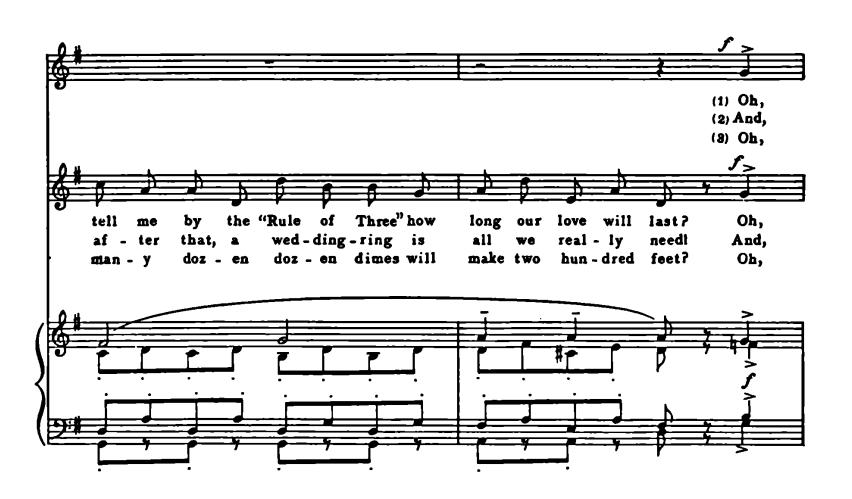


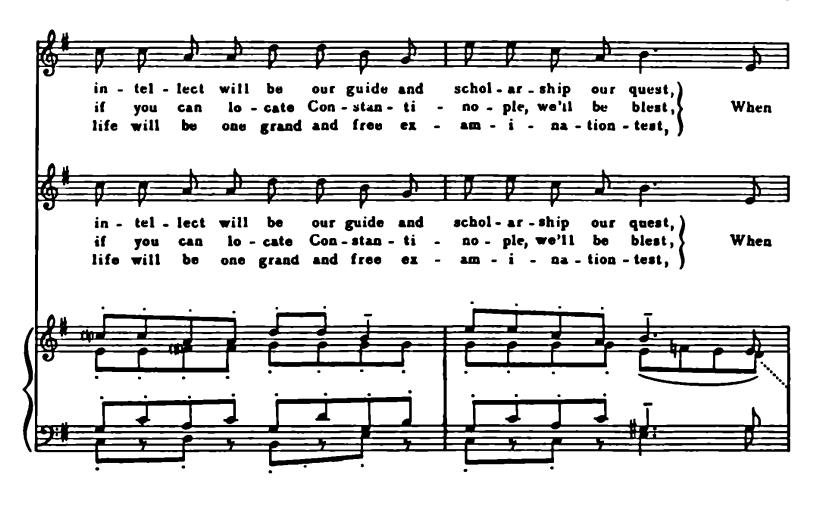














Nº 15. O sun, be quick to bow your head!











Nº 16. Dear Katrina, happy bride

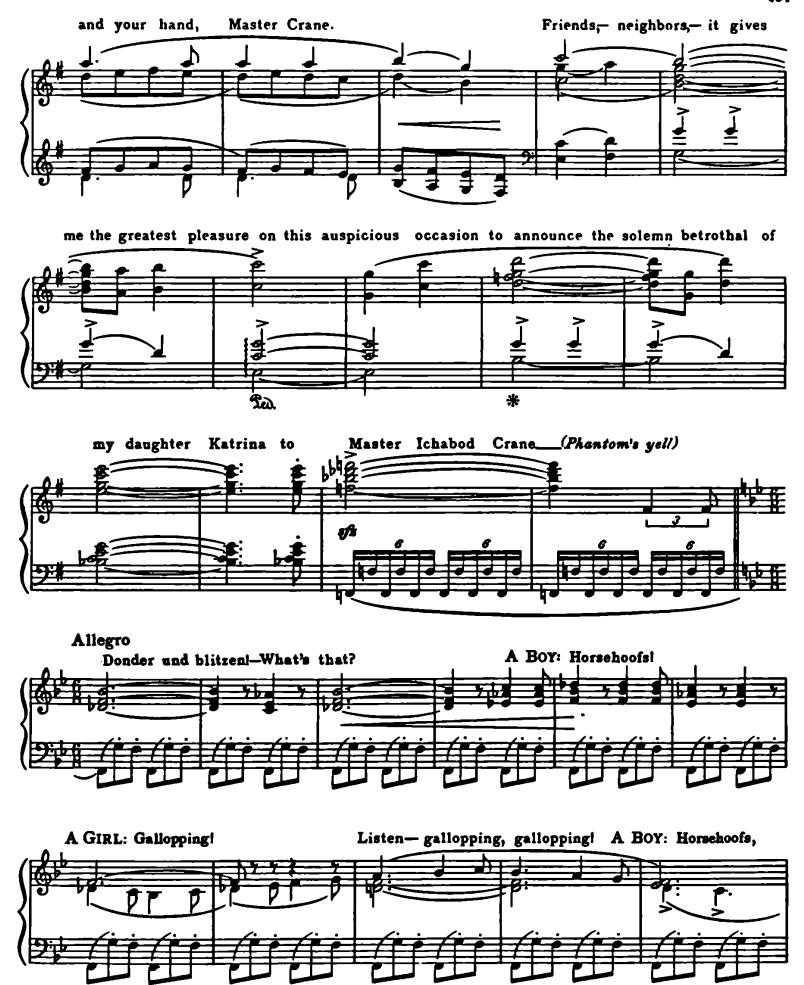




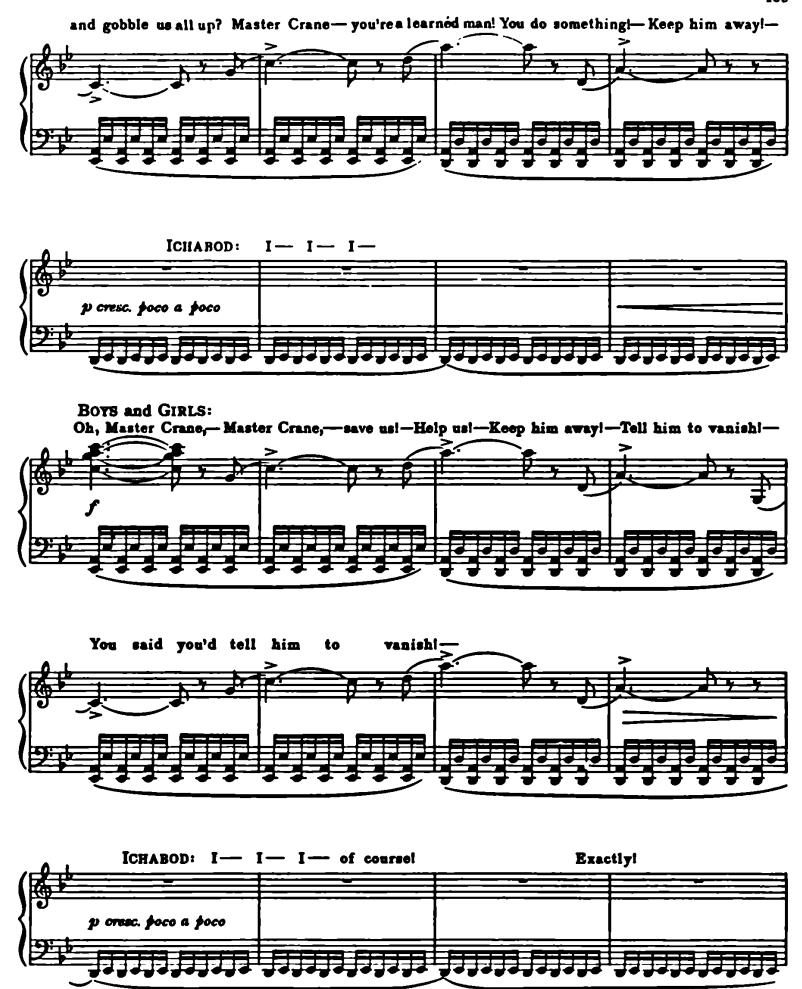
Nº 17. Melodrama and Reprise

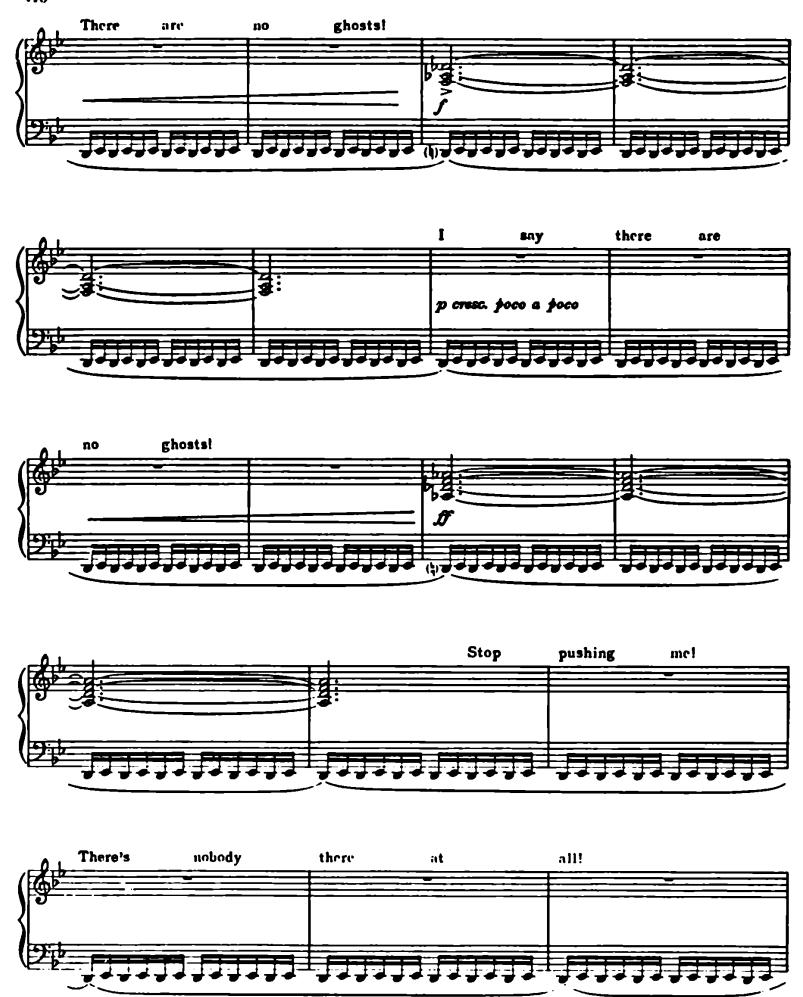


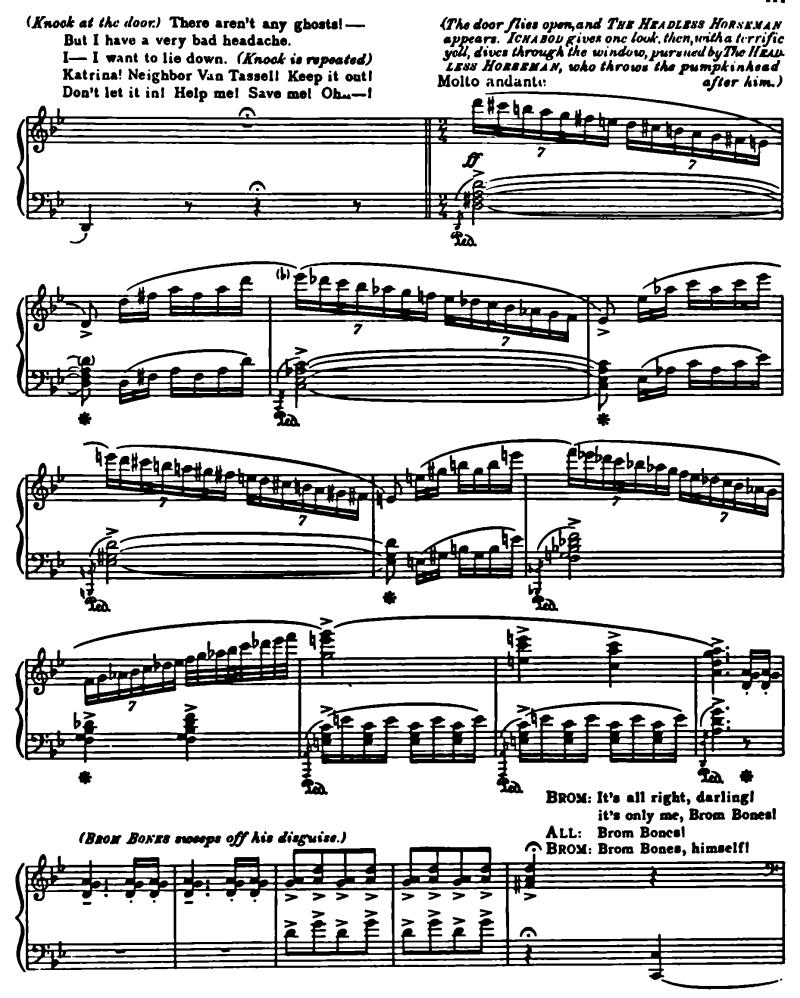




















Nº18. FINALE

SOLOS: BROM BONES, KATRINA and VAN TASSEL,

























