G. SCHIRMER EDITION OF

RUDDIGORE

or The Witch's Curse

BOOK BY

W. S. Gilbert

MUSIC BY

Arthur Sullivan

This score contains all the dialogue

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Authentic Version Edited by

EDMOND W. RICKETT

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G. SCHIRMER, *Inc.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MORTALS

SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD *(disguised as Robin Oakapple, a young farmer)*

RICHARD DAUNTLESS *(his foster-brother, a Man-o'-war's-man)*

SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD, OF RUDDIGORE *(a Wicked Baronet)*

OLD ADAM GOODHEART (*Robin's Faithful Servant*)

ROSE MAYBUD *(a Village Maiden)*

MAD MARGARET

DAME HANNAH *(Rose's Aunt)*

ZORAH, RUTH *(Professional Bridesmaids)*

GHOSTS

SIR RUPERT MURGATROYD *(the First Baronet)*

SIR JAŠPER MURGATROYD *(the Third Baronet)*

SIR LIONEL MURGATROYD *(the Sixth Baronet)*

SIR CONRAD MURGATROYD *(the Twelfth Baronet)*

SIR DESMOND MURGATROYD *(the Sixteenth Baronet)*

SIR GILBERT MURGATROYD *(the Eighteenth Baronet)*

SIR MERVYN MURGATROYD (*the Twentieth Baronet*)
and
SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD (*the Twenty-first Baronet*)

Chorus of Officers, Ancestors, Professional Bridesmaids, and Villagers.

ACT I

THE FISHING VILLAGE OF REDDERING, IN CORNWALL

ACT II

THE PICTURE GALLERY IN RUDDIGORE CASTLE

TIME

EARLY IN THE 19TH CENTURY

RUDDIGORE
or THE WITCH'S CURSE

This, the eighth full-length opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, was produced in 1887, following the highly successful *Mikado,* in which the collaborators reached the top of their form. But *Ruddigore* was received with marked coolness by the press and the public at its premiere. It does, however, contain much of the best work of its authors, and now has an assured place in public favor. The opera is, essentially, a parody of the domestic melodrama so popular in its day.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA

An early Baronet of Ruddigore had a witch burned at the stake, and she cursed him and all his line, dooming them to commit at least one crime a day, under penalty of dying in unspeakable agony. Dame Hannah narrates this legend to the Chorus of Professional Bridesmaids, gathered around the cottage of Rose Maybud, an attractive young damsel who has not yet found a husband. Robin Oakapple, a young farmer, is in love with Rose, but is too bashful to declare his passion. We now learn through Adam, an old retainer, that Robin is really Sir Ruthven (pronounced "Rivven") Murgatroyd, the true Baronet of Ruddigore, who has fled from the Curse, leaving it, with the title and estates, to his younger brother, Despard. His foster-brother, Richard Dauntless, who has just returned from sea, also knows Robin's true identity. Learning of the deadlock in Robin's love-affair, Richard volunteers to see the lady and clear up the situation. On meeting Rose, however, he too falls in love with her, and, as his guiding principle is to obey "the dictates of his heart", avows his love to her, and is accepted. But when Rose learns of Robin's love for her, she promptly transfers her affections to him, remarking that while Richard is a penniless sailor, Robin is a prosperous farmer.

Mad Margaret enters, and we learn that she had been in love with the present bad baronet, Despard. In a song, Despard reveals the depths of his infamy, but notes that he makes a point of atoning for every bad action by following it with a good one. Richard, still obeying the "dictates of his heart", reveals to him that his brother, Sir Ruthven, is alive, and is in this very village, masquerading as Robin Oakapple. Robin now enters with his promised bride and the Chorus of Bridesmaids to celebrate the nuptials. But the wedding is rudely interrupted by the revelation that Robin is really the Bad Baronet. Rose promptly offers herself to Sir Despard, who declares that he, being no longer the Bad Baronet but a virtuous person, will be true to Mad Margaret. So Rose, not at all abashed, once more falls back on Richard, and a Dance ends the first act.

The second act takes place in the gloomy Picture Gallery of Ruddigore Castle, where the portraits of his ancestors look grimly down upon a sadly changed Robin. Richard and Rose dance in with their train of Bridesmaids to ask Robin's consent to their marriage. After some trouble, they obtain it, and depart. Robin then makes an impassioned appeal to his ancestors to relieve him of the necessity of doing a daily crime. Stepping down from their frames, and led by his uncle Roderic, they accuse him of evading the terms of the Curse, and order him to do something really wicked — carry off a maiden that very day. When he refuses, they give him a sample of the "agonies" they have the power to inflict, and he is compelled to yield. The ancestors return to their frames, and Robin orders Adam to go at once and bring him a maiden — any maiden!

A reformed Despard and Margaret now appear, soberly attired, and describe themselves as District Visitors engaged in charitable activities. They have come to implore Robin to forswear his wicked ways. He declares he will do so, when, upon their departure, Adam enters with the "maiden" he was sent to abduct. She turns out to be none other than the mature Dame Hannah, who proves so well able to protect herself that Robin has to call upon his uncle Roderic for help. Roderic steps down from his frame, and we learn that he and Hannah were once lovers. Robin is summarily dismissed, and the reunited pair indulge in a sentimental duet. Their reunion is interrupted by the excited entrance of Robin — he has the solution of the whole business. Pointing out that, as a refusal to fulfil the terms of the Curse amounts to suicide, and as suicide is itself a crime, it follows that the Curse is inoperative! So Roderic finds that he must still be alive, Rose at once becomes the bride of a reformed Robin, Richard appropriates the chief bridesmaid, and all ends in general rejoicing.

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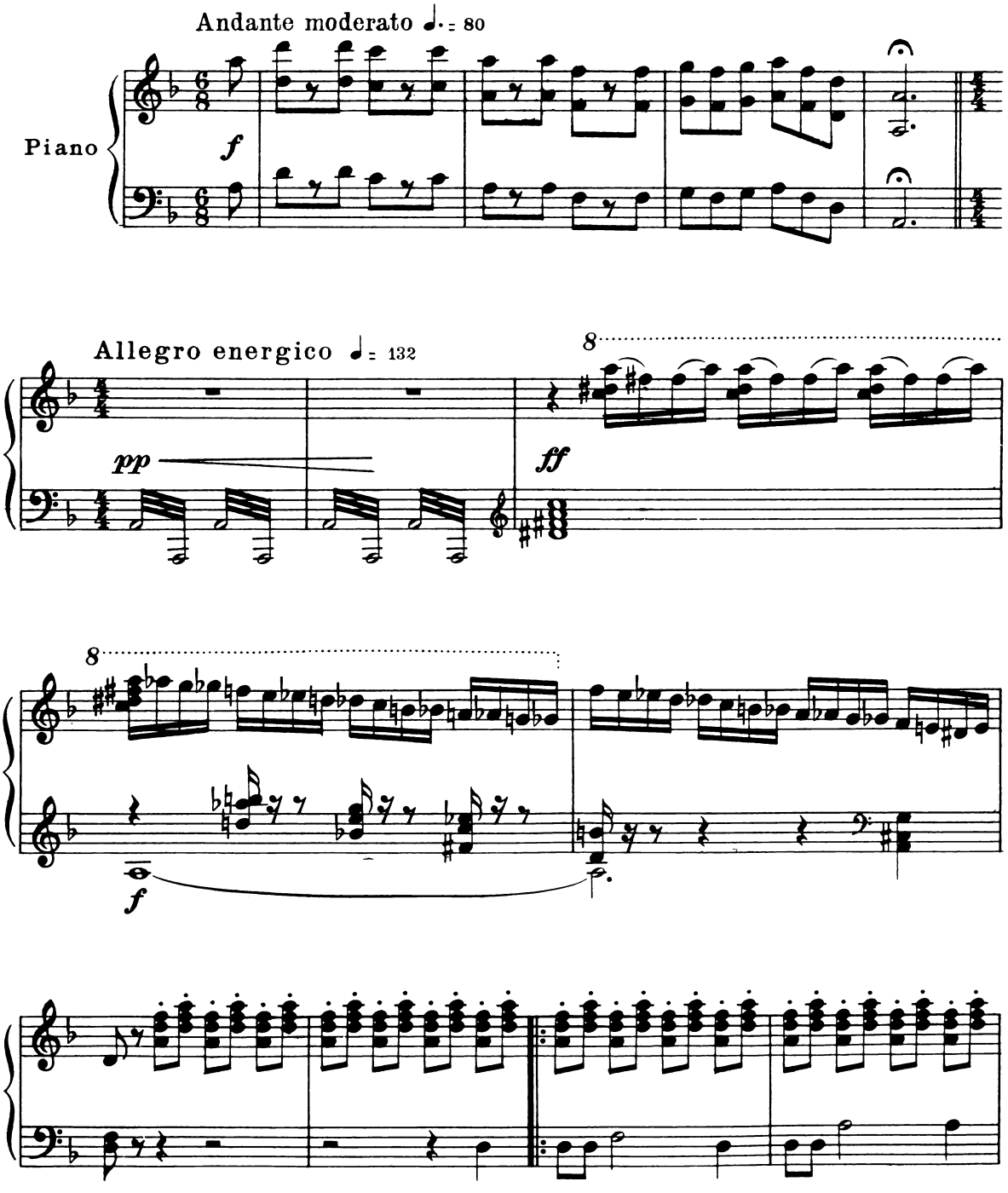
Ruddigore

or

The Witch's Curse

W. S. Gilbert — Arthur Sullivan

Overture



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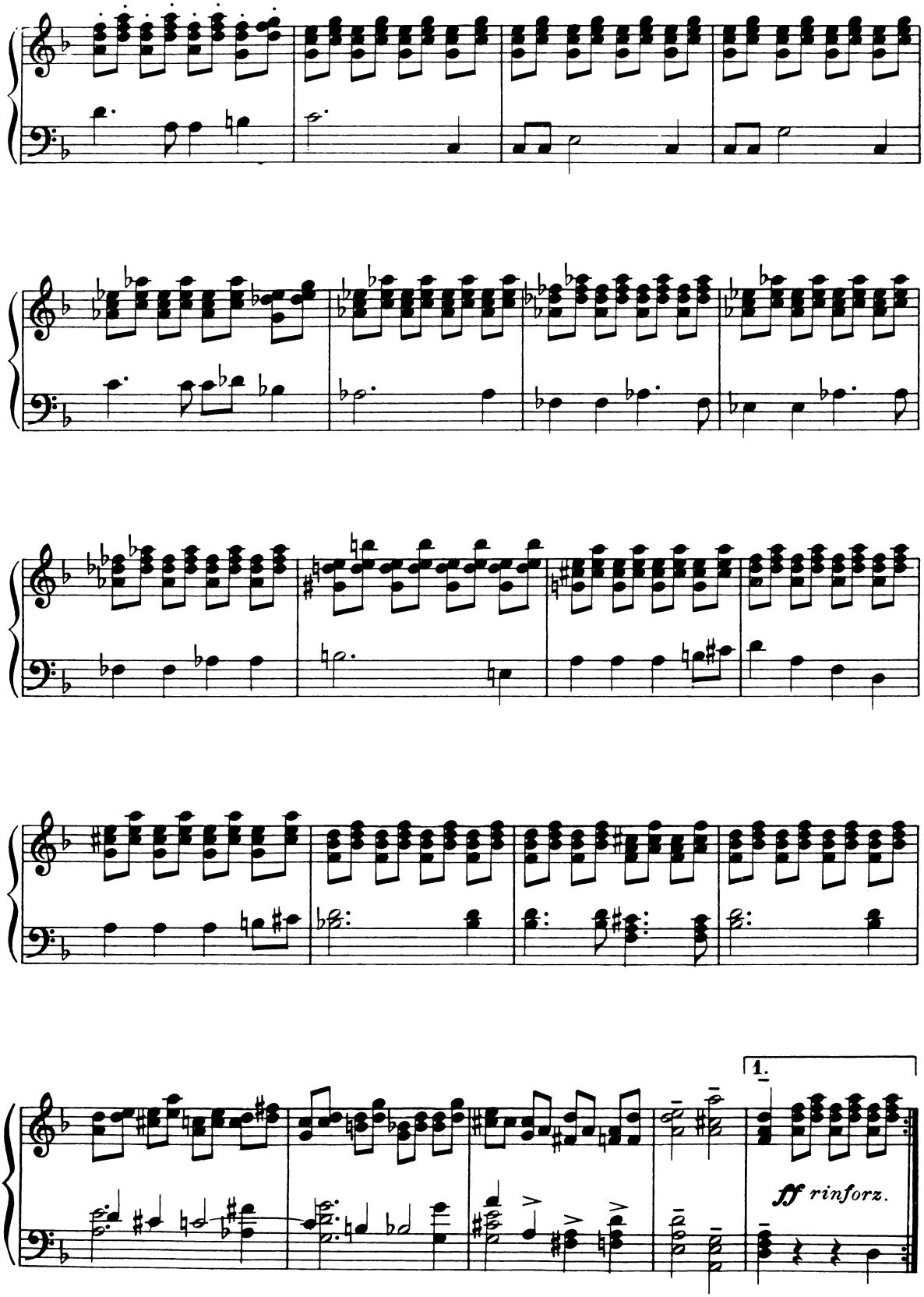
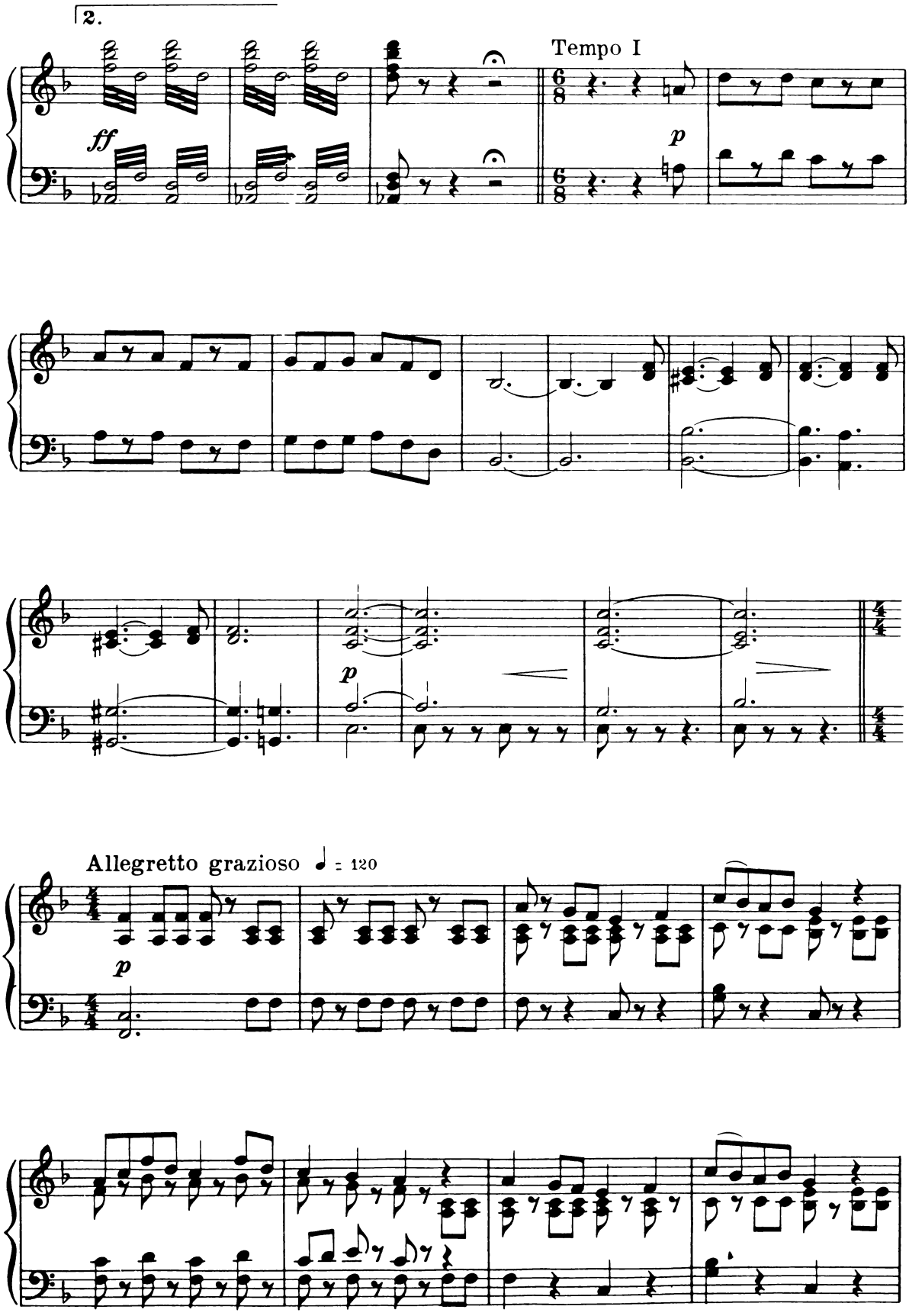
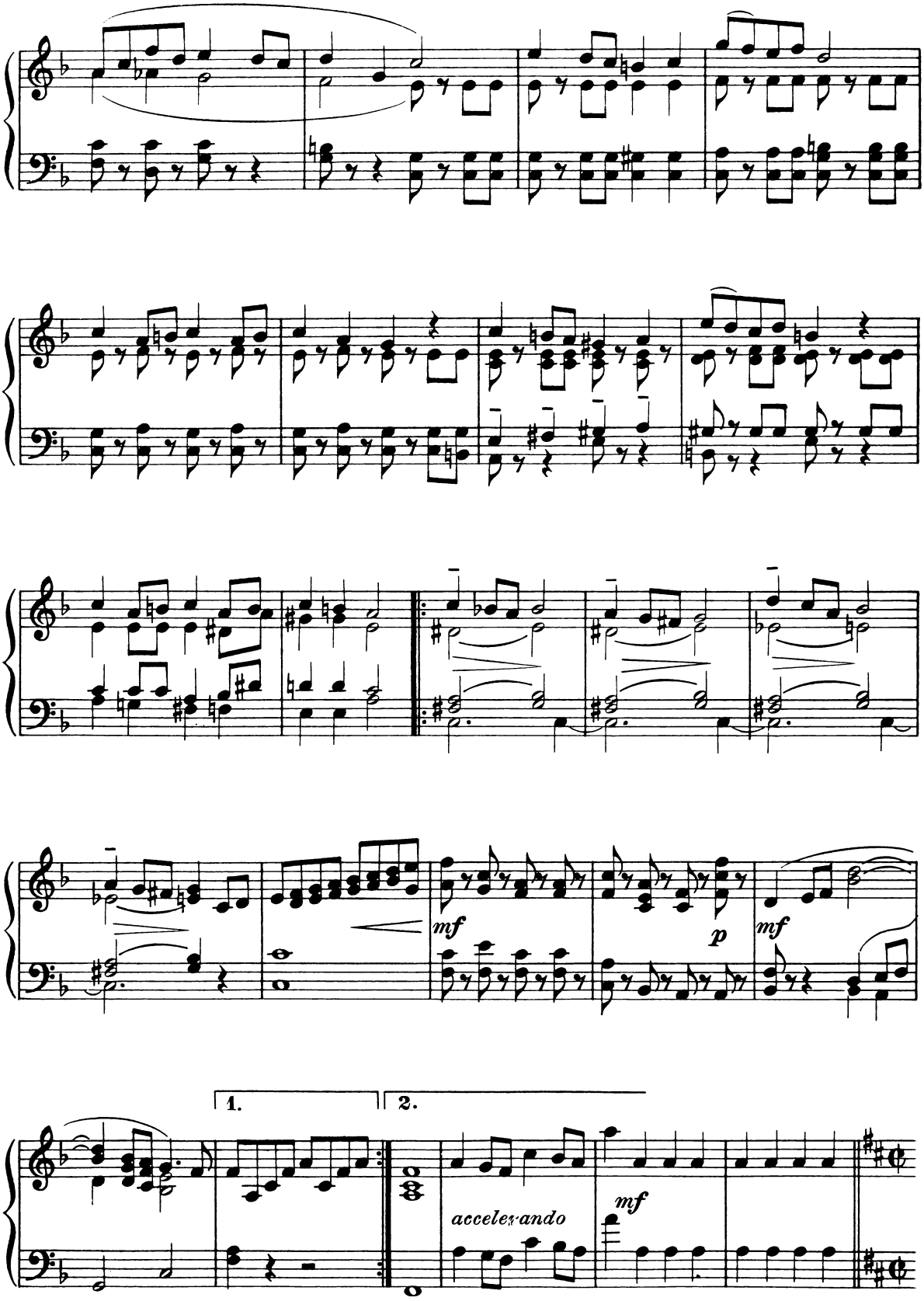
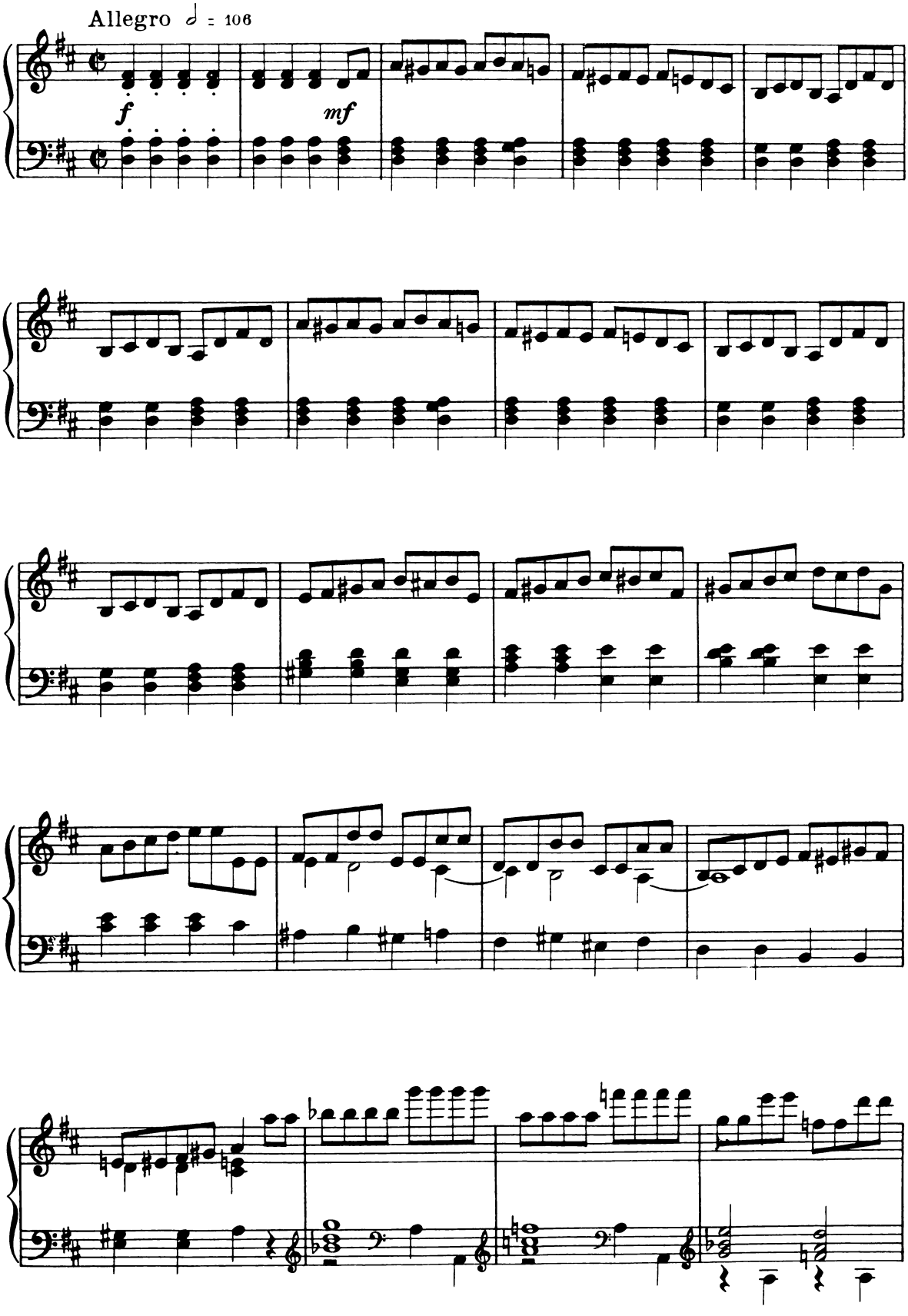

1.
fff rinforz.


2.
Tempo I
ff
p
p
Allegretto grazioso ♩ = 120
p


mf
p
mf
1.
2.
accelerando
mf


Allegro ♩ = 106
f
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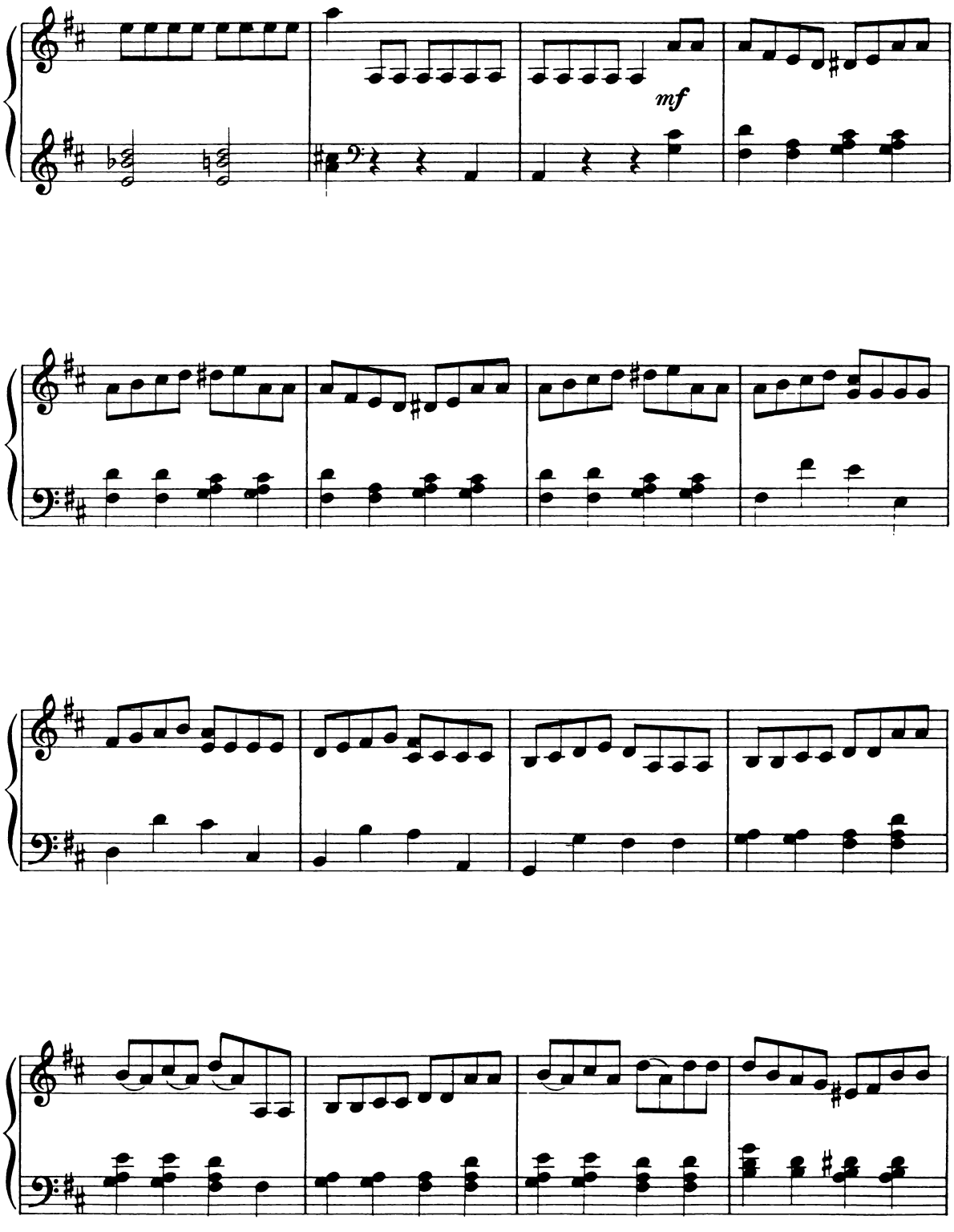
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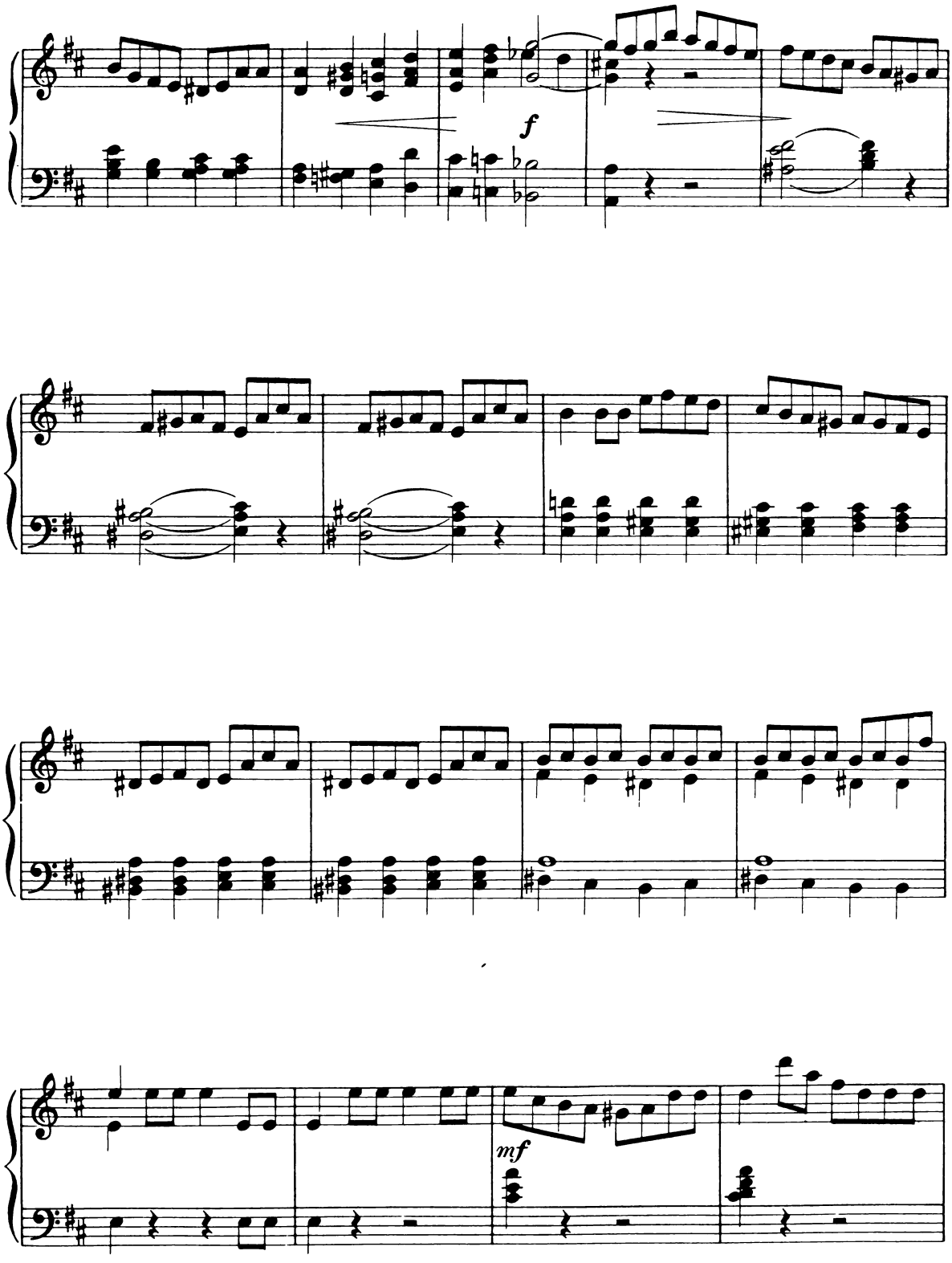
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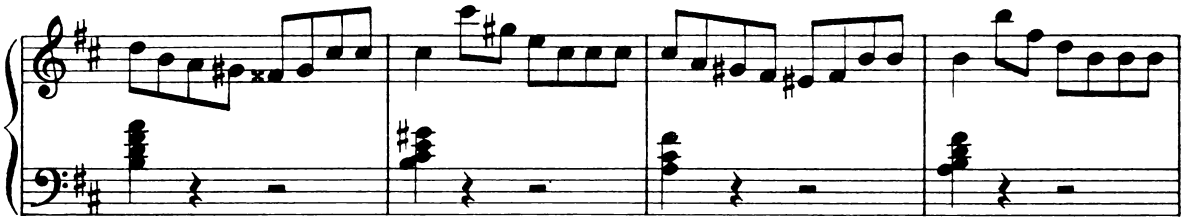

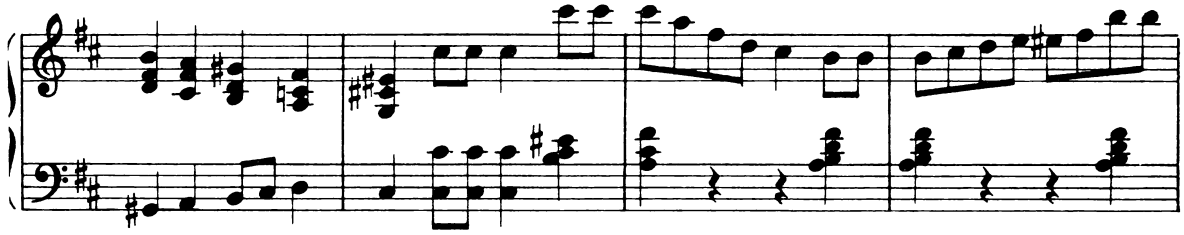

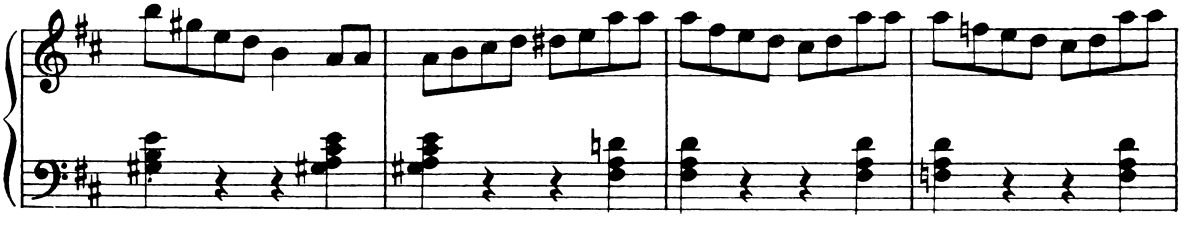

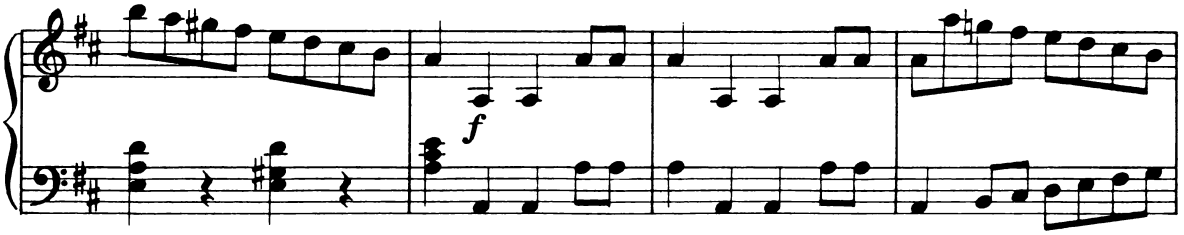
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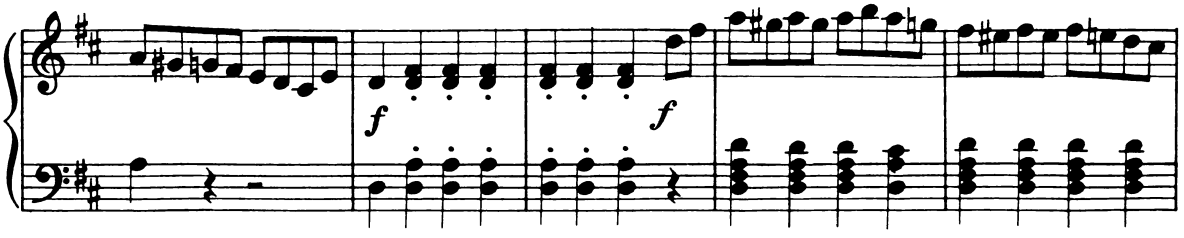
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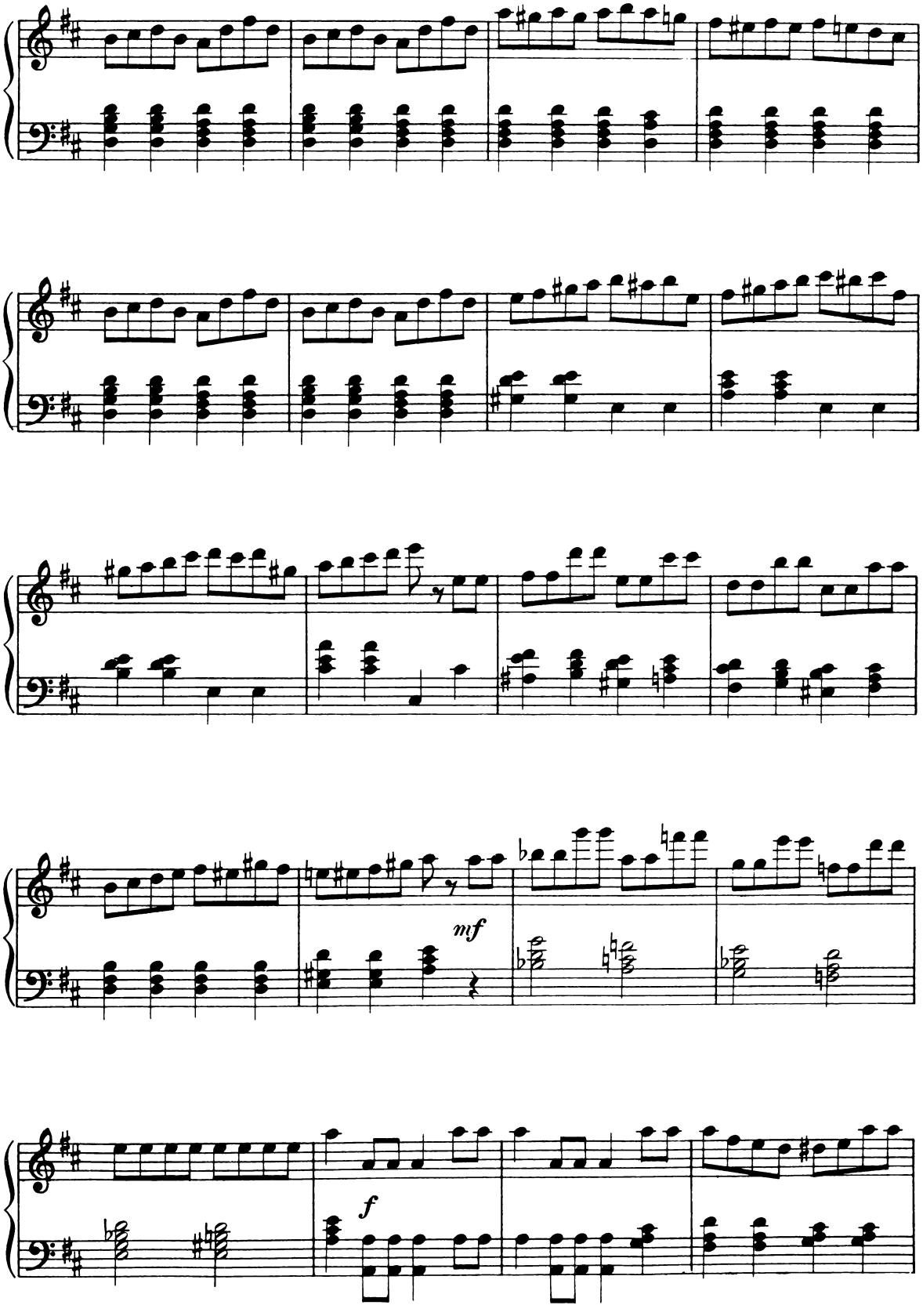
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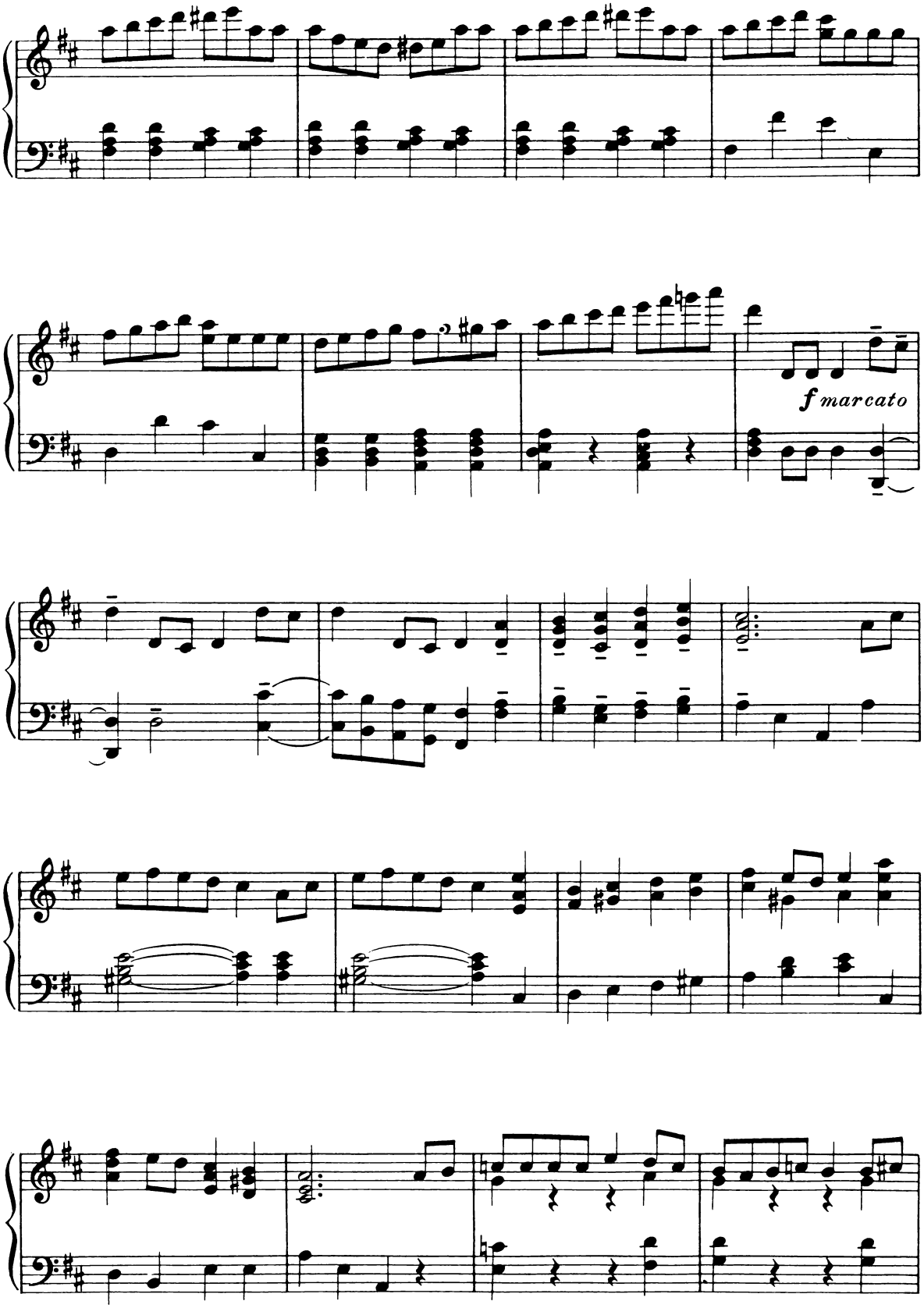
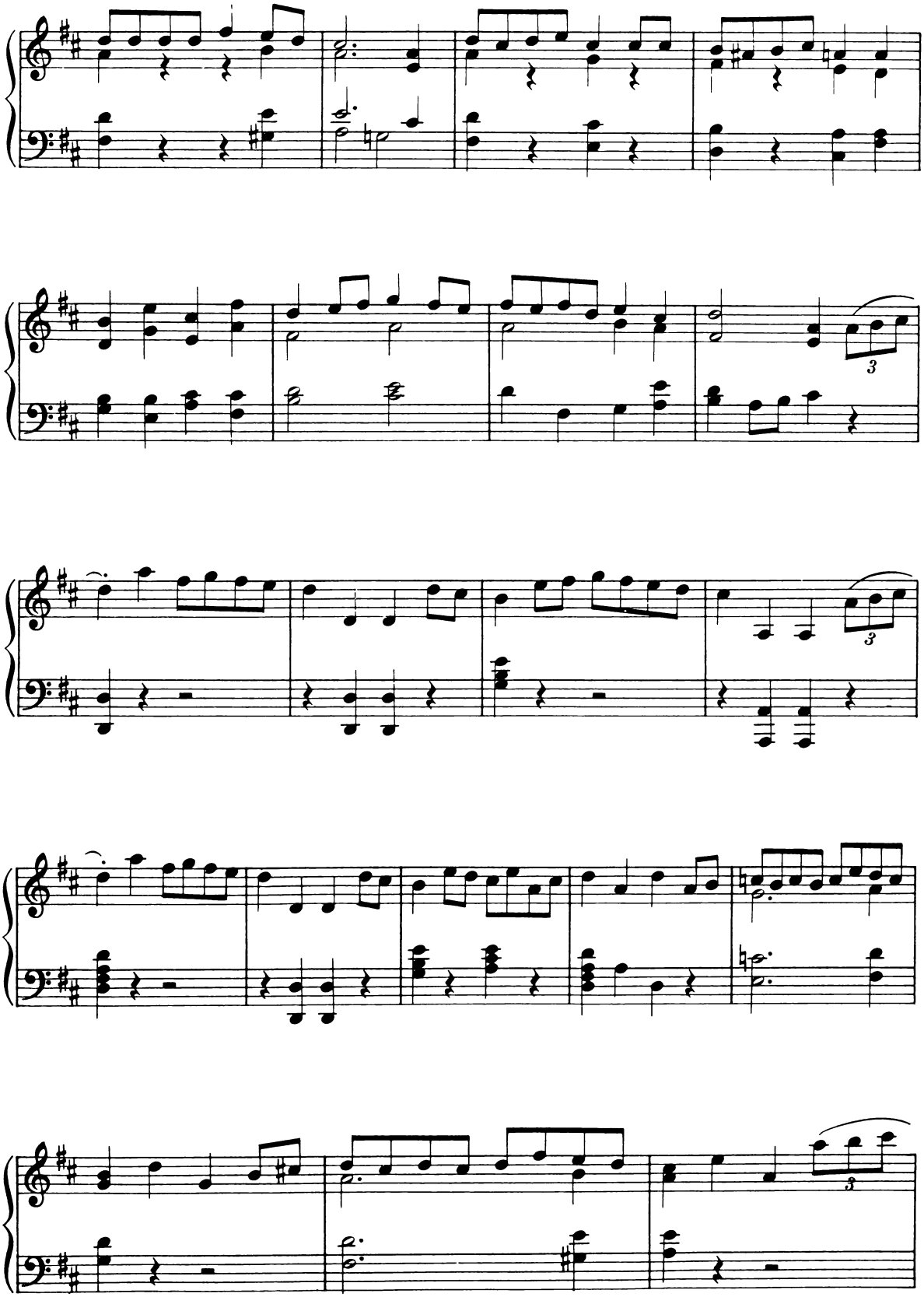
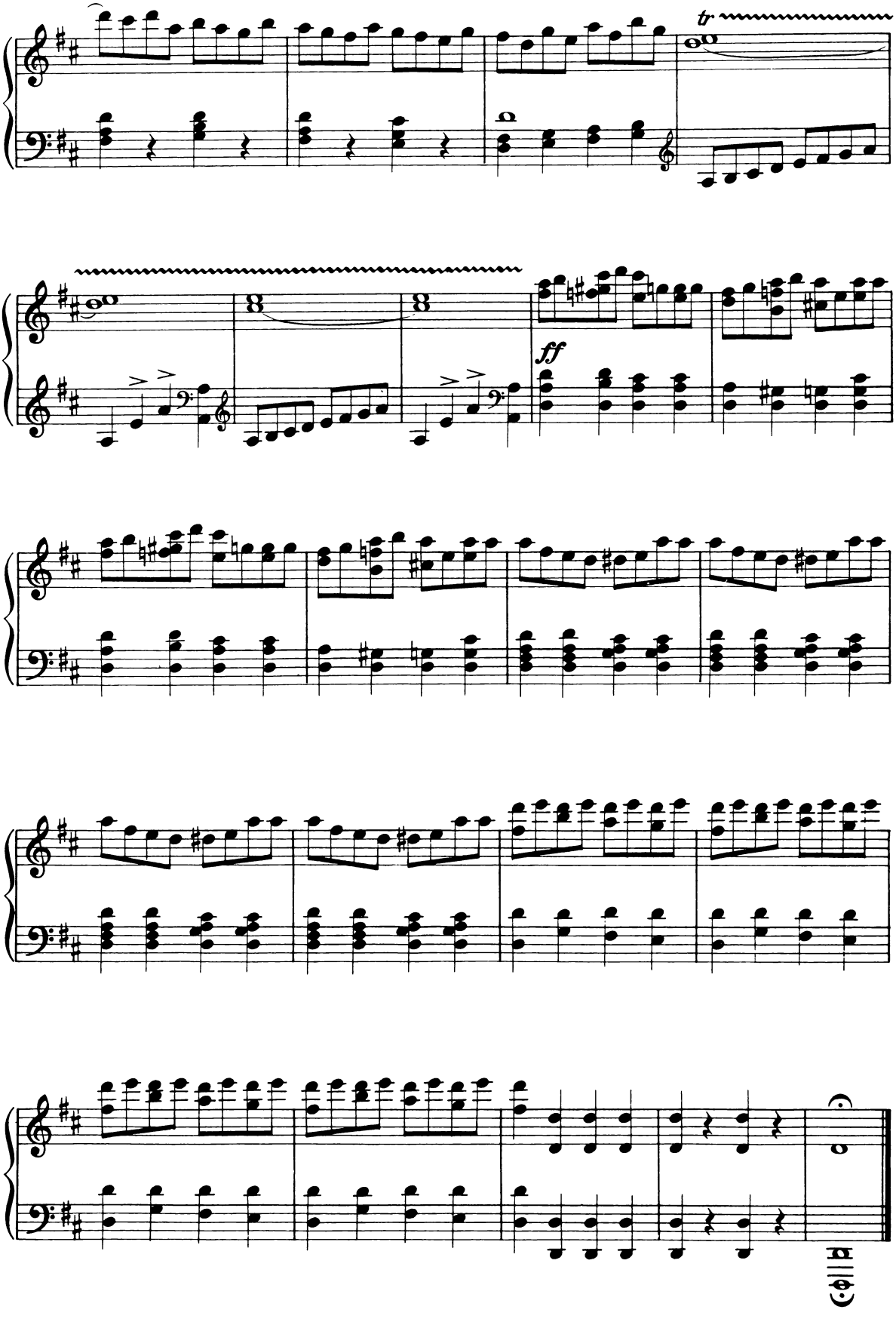

f marcato




tr
ff

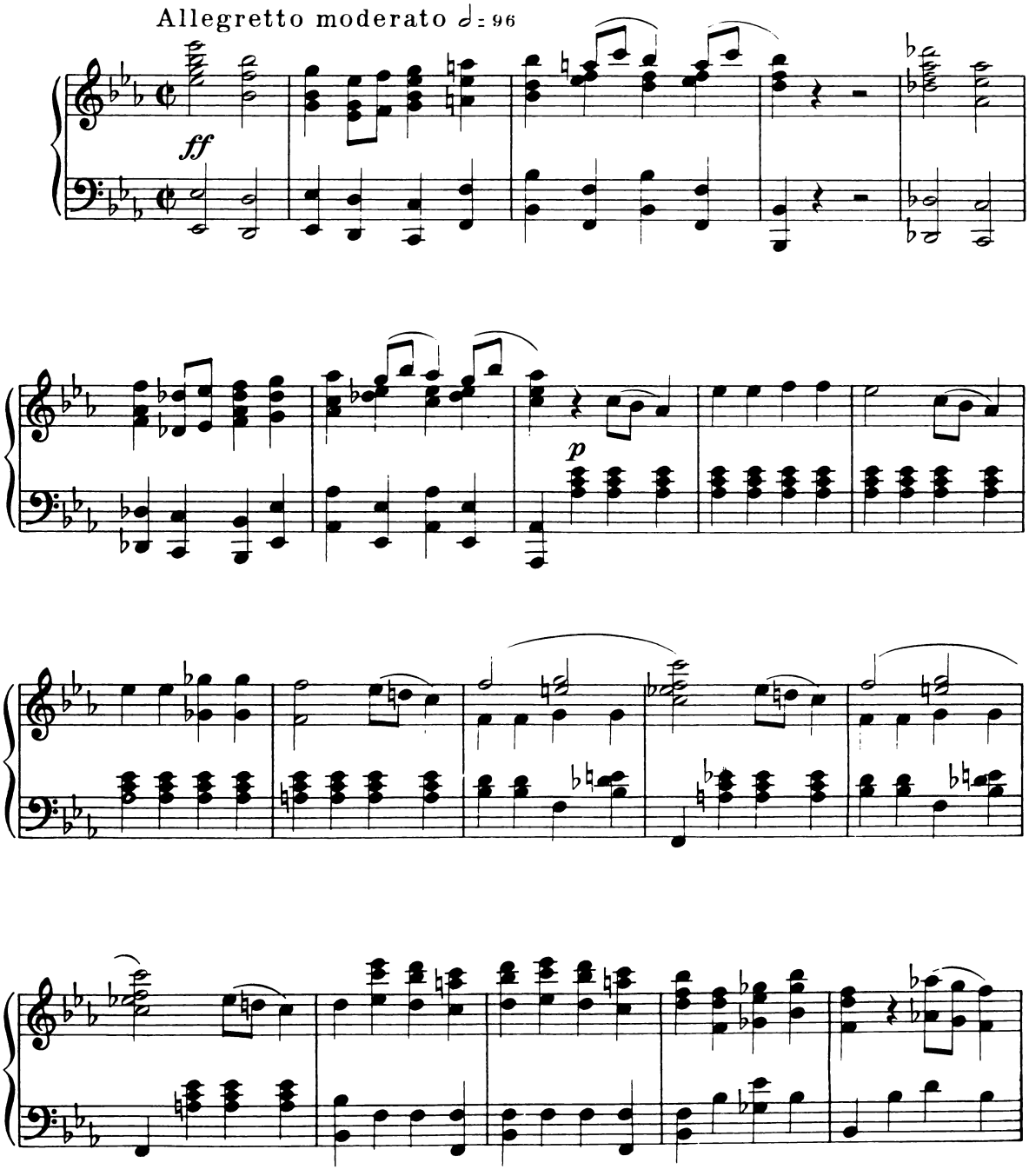
Act I

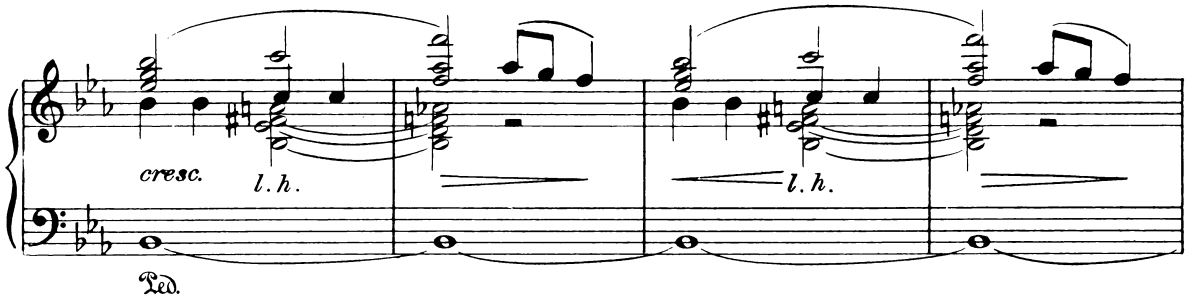
(Scene: *The fishing village of Rederring, in Cornwall. Rose Maybud's cottage is Left. Below the door is a bench against the wall. At the back is open sea, with a ship riding at anchor. Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids. They range themselves in a diagonal line, facing Rose's cottage.*)

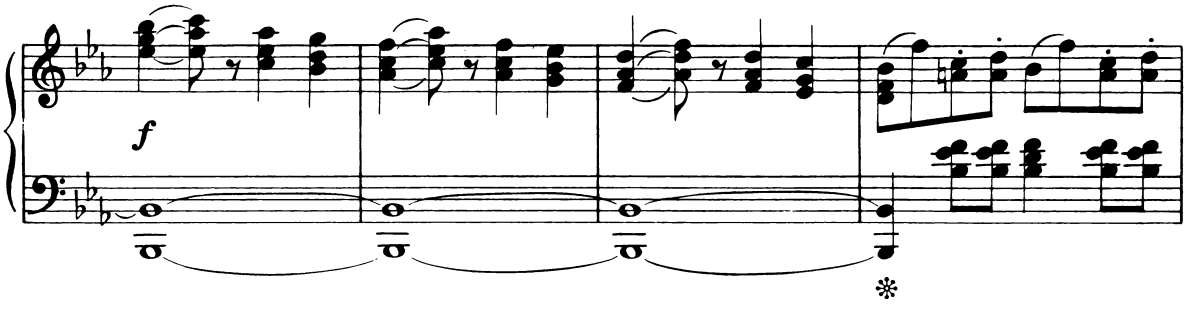
No. 1. Fair is Rose

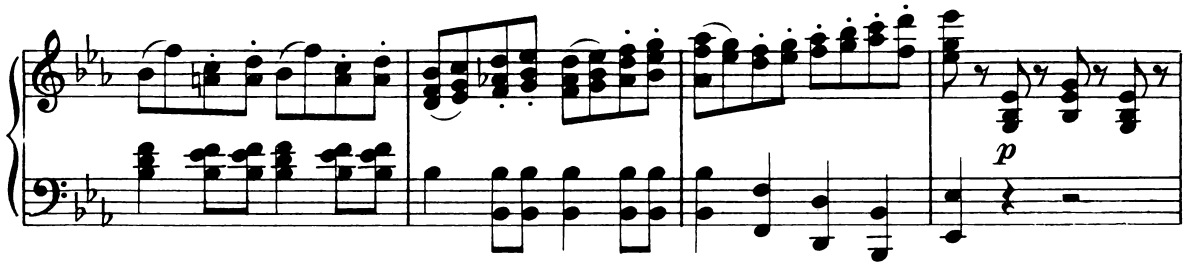
Opening Chorus and Solo

Bridesmaids and Zorah

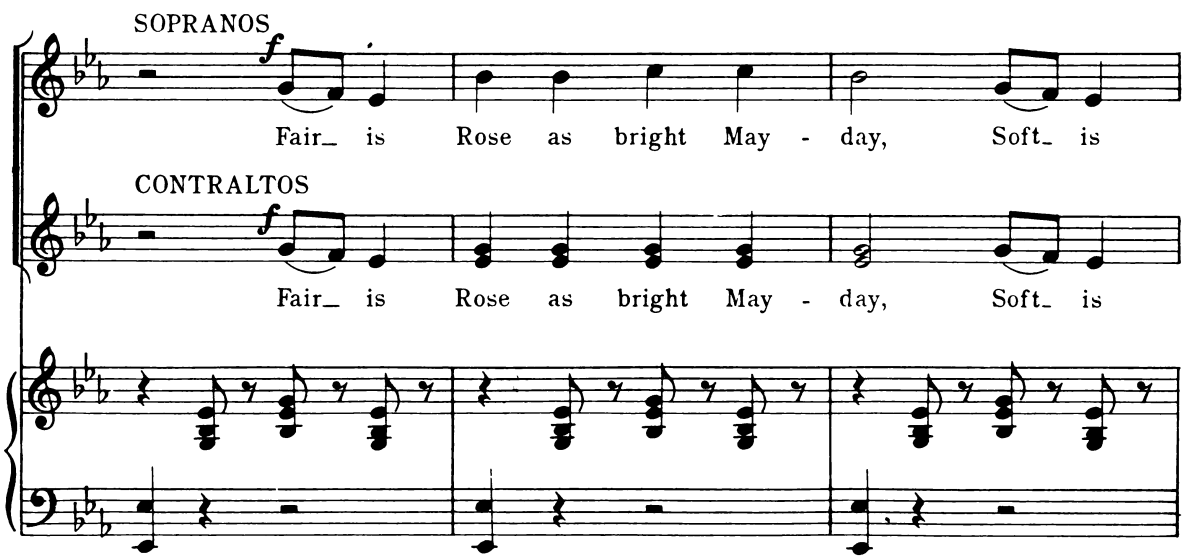


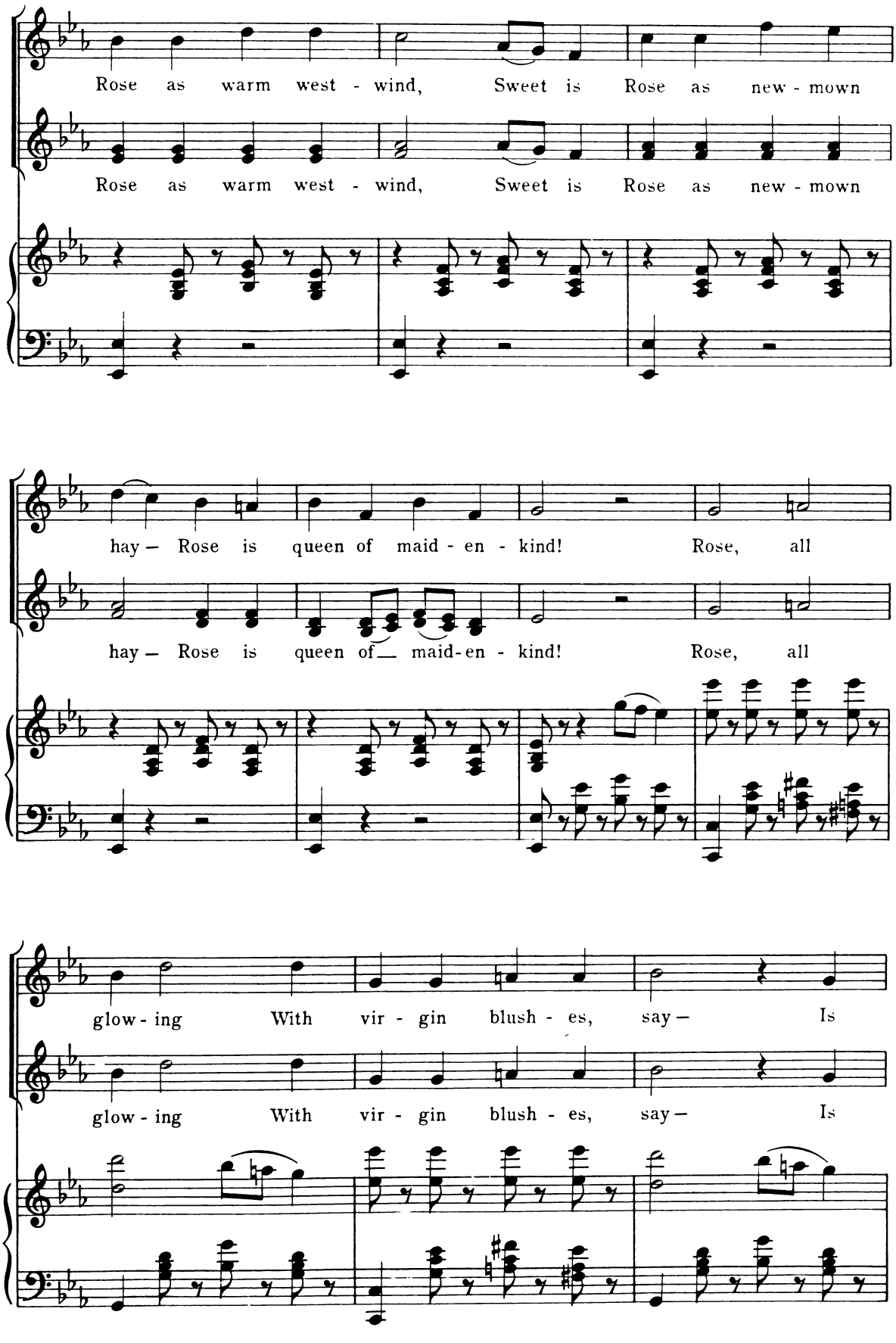


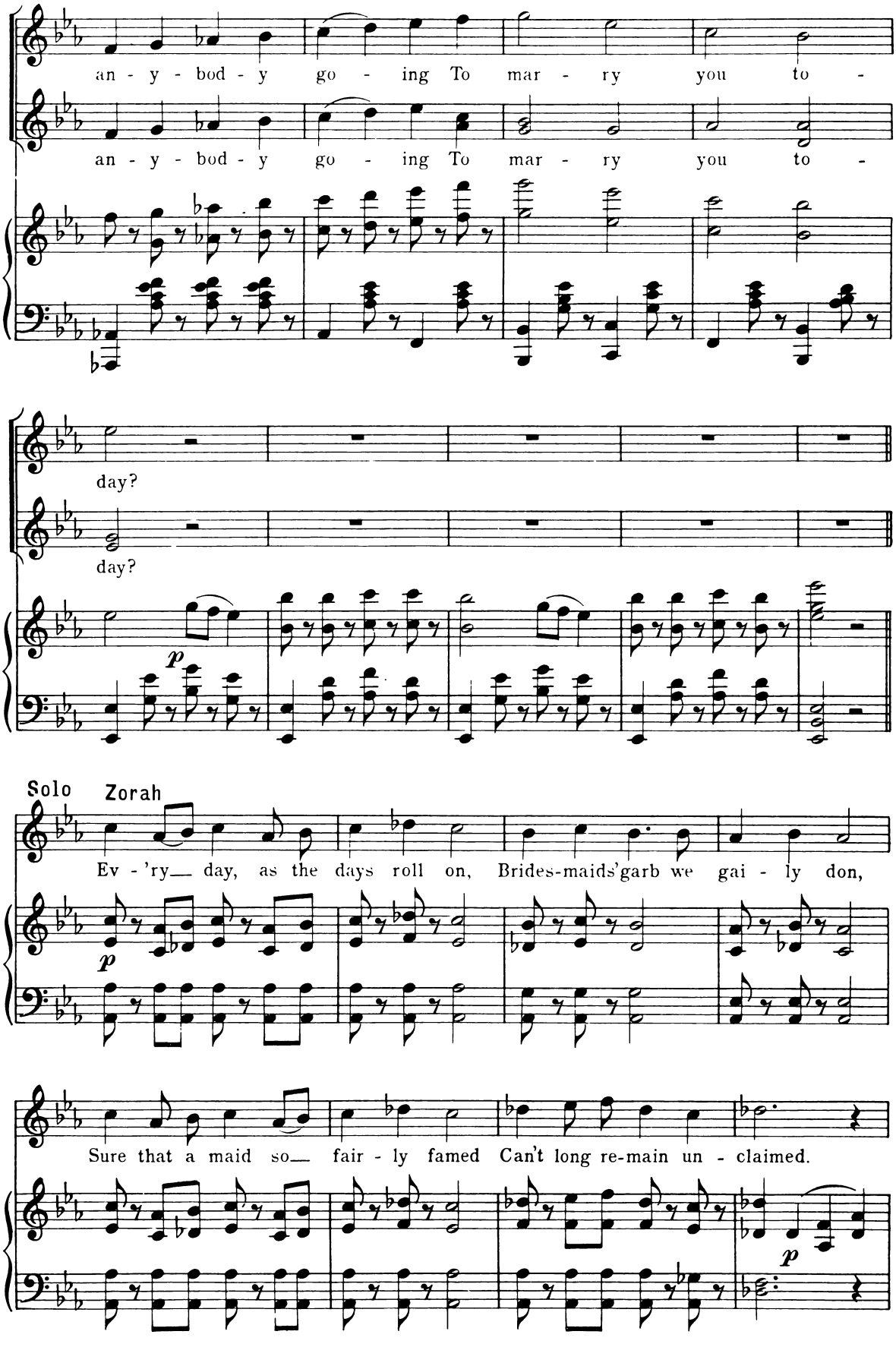


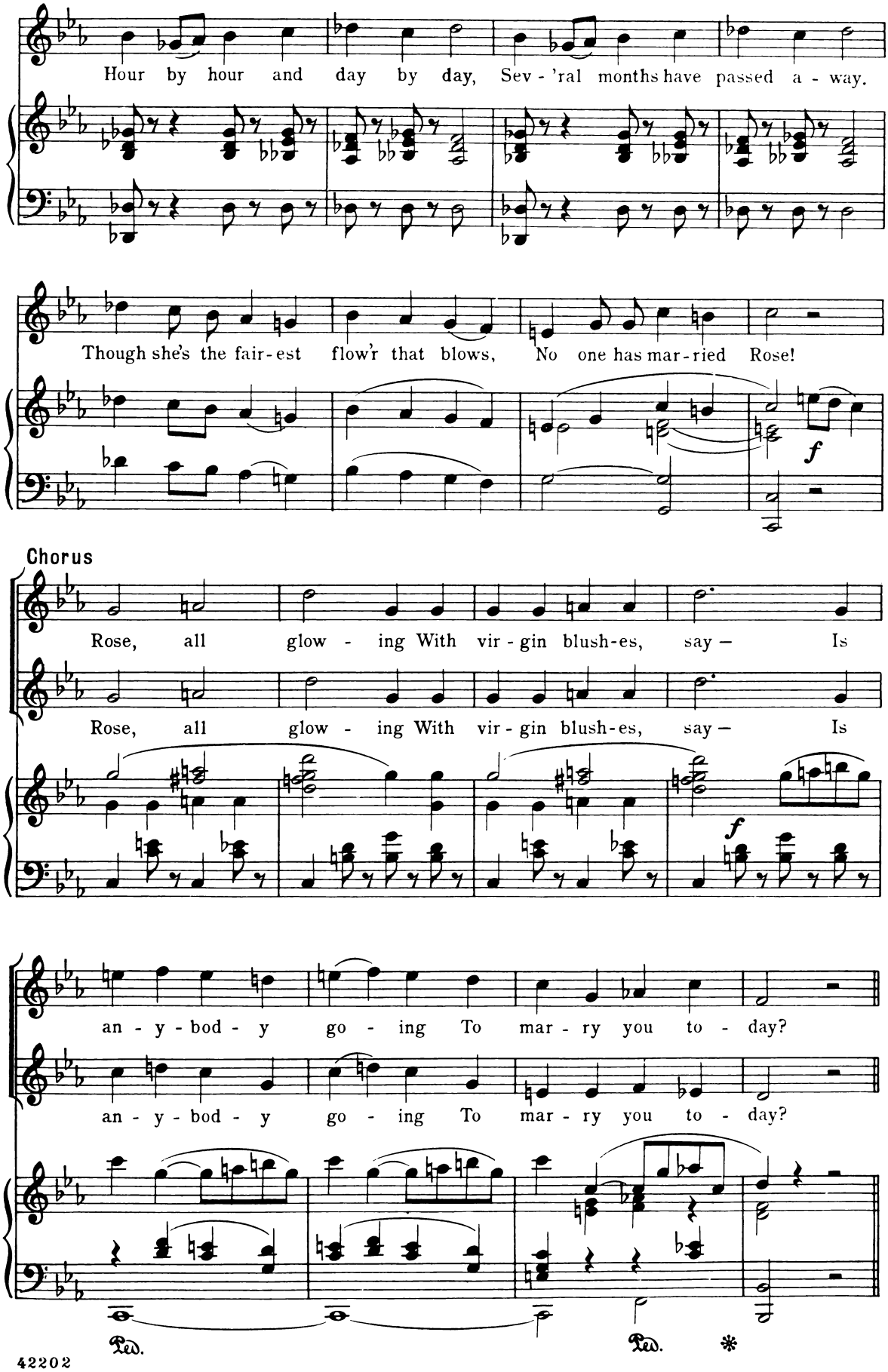


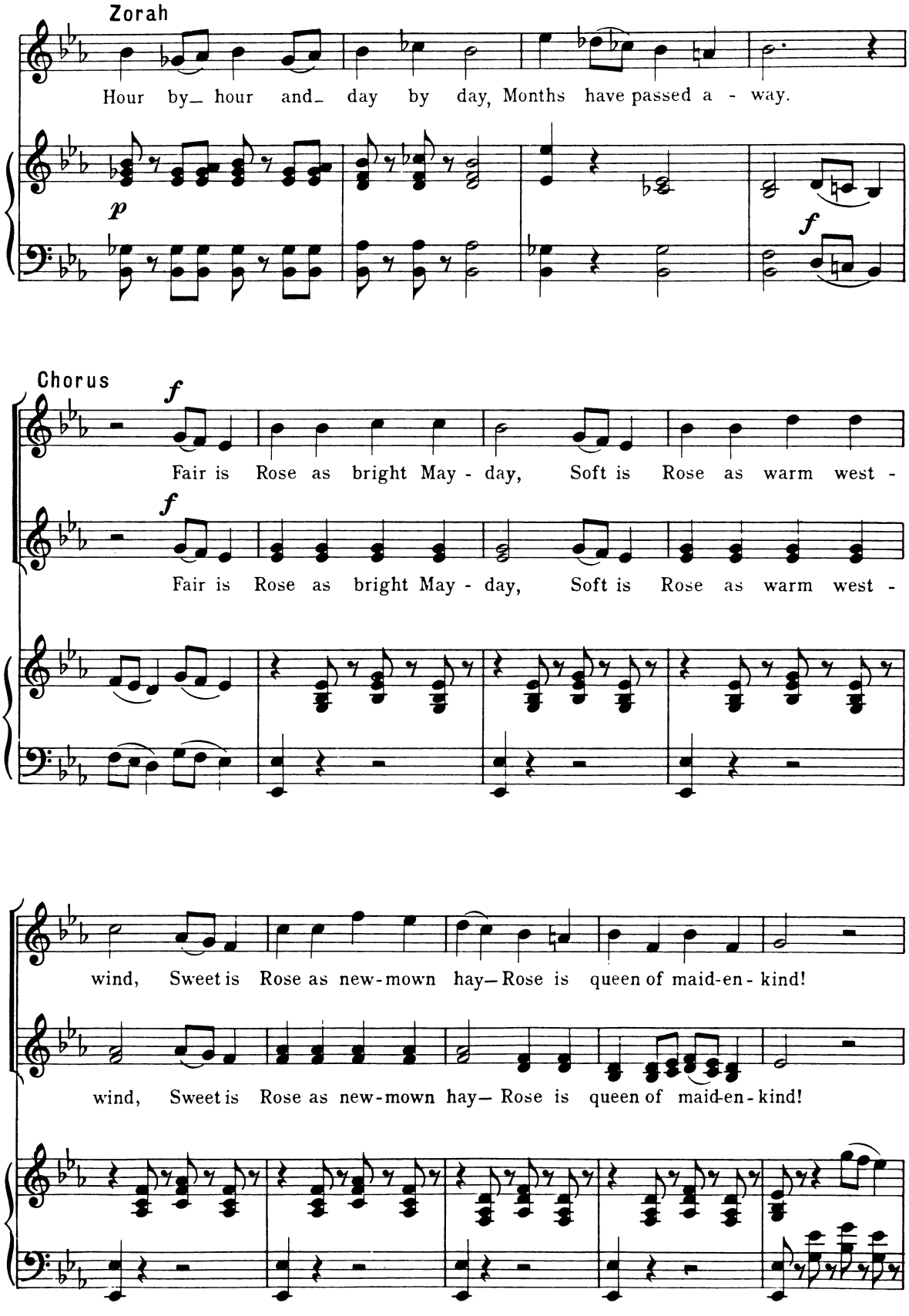
Chorus of Bridesmaids

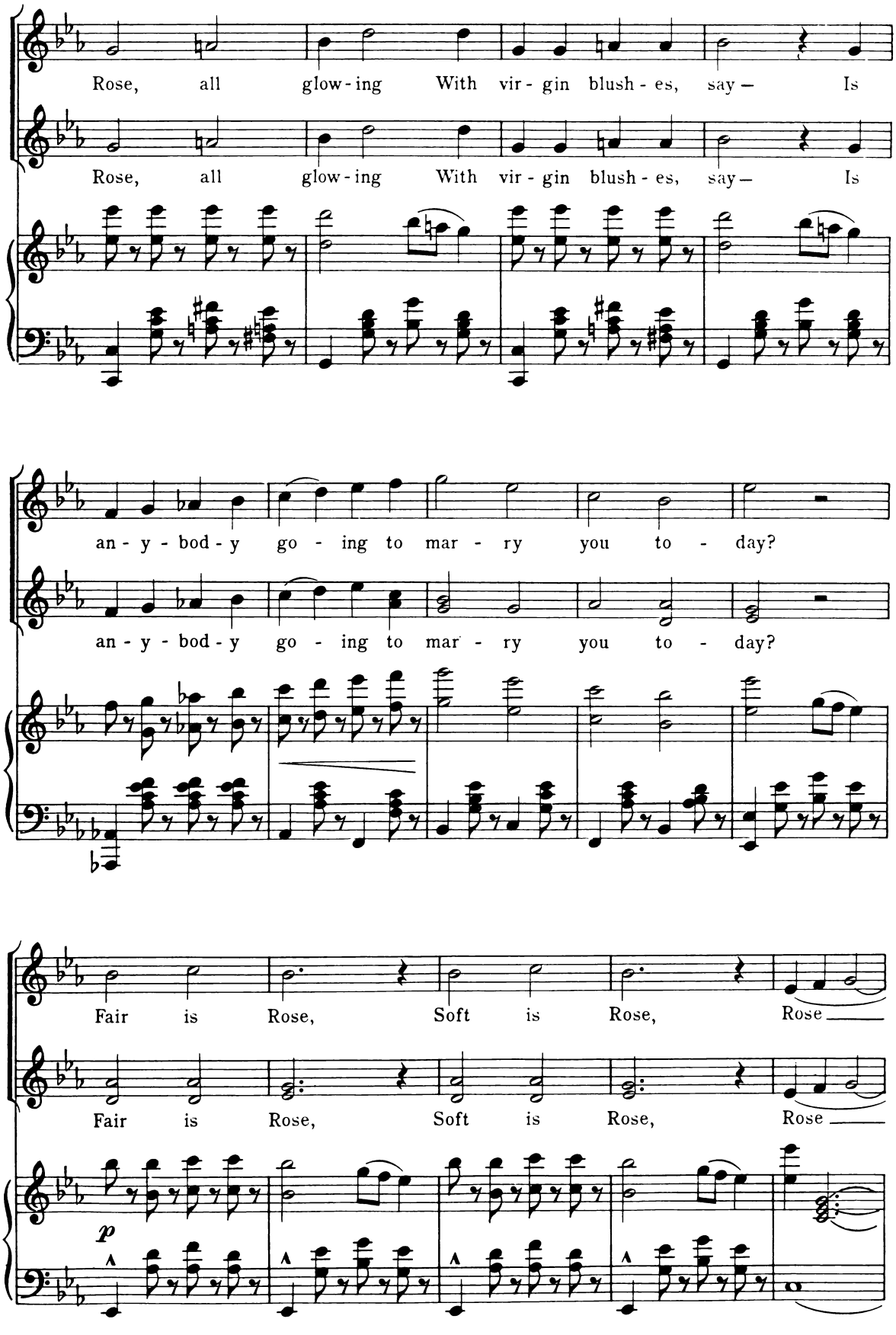


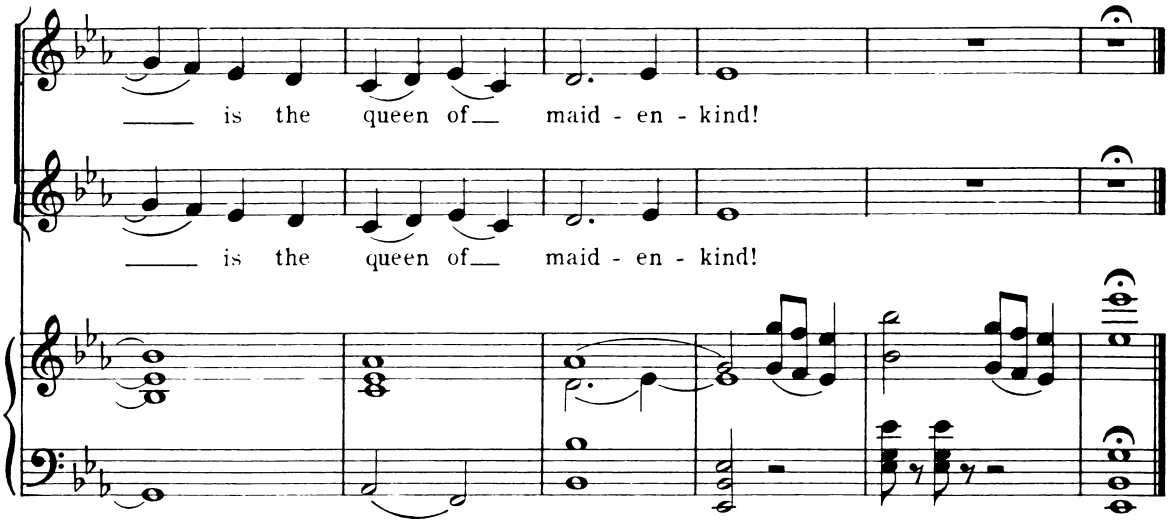

Rose as warm west - wind, Sweet is Rose as new - mown
Rose as warm west - wind, Sweet is Rose as new - mown
hay — Rose is queen of maid - en - kind! Rose, all
hay — Rose is queen of maid-en - kind! Rose, all
glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say — Is
glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say — Is


an - y - bod - y go - ing To mar - ry you to -
an - y - bod - y go - ing To mar - ry you to -
day?
day?
p
Solo Zorah
Ev - 'ry day, as the days roll on, Brides-maids'garb we gai - ly don,
p
Sure that a maid so fair - ly famed Can't long re-main un - claimed.
p


Hour by hour and day by day, Sev - 'ral months have passed a - way.
Though she's the fair-est flow'r that blows, No one has mar-ried Rose!
f
Chorus
Rose, all glow - ing With vir-gin blush-es, say — Is
Rose, all glow - ing With vir-gin blush-es, say — Is
f
an - y - bod - y go - ing To mar - ry you to - day?
an - y - bod - y go - ing To mar - ry you to - day?
Ped.
Ped.
*


Zorah
Hour by_ hour and_ day by day, Months have passed a - way.
p
f
Chorus
f
Fair is Rose as bright May - day, Soft is Rose as warm west -
f
Fair is Rose as bright May - day, Soft is Rose as warm west -
wind, Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay— Rose is queen of maid-en - kind!
wind, Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay— Rose is queen of maid-en - kind!


Rose, all glow-ing With vir-gin blush-es, say— Is
Rose, all glow-ing With vir-gin blush-es, say— Is
an-y-bod-y go-ing to mar-ry you to-day?
an-y-bod-y go-ing to mar-ry you to-day?
Fair is Rose, Soft is Rose, Rose
Fair is Rose, Soft is Rose, Rose
p



(Enter Dame Hannah, from cottage.)

Hannah: Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heartfree, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

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

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

Zorah: 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.

Hannah: Nay, that may never be, for I am pledged!

All: To whom!

Hannah: To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who wooed 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 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.

Zorah: But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

Ruth: All baronets are bad, but was he worse than other baronets?

Hannah: My child, he was accursed.

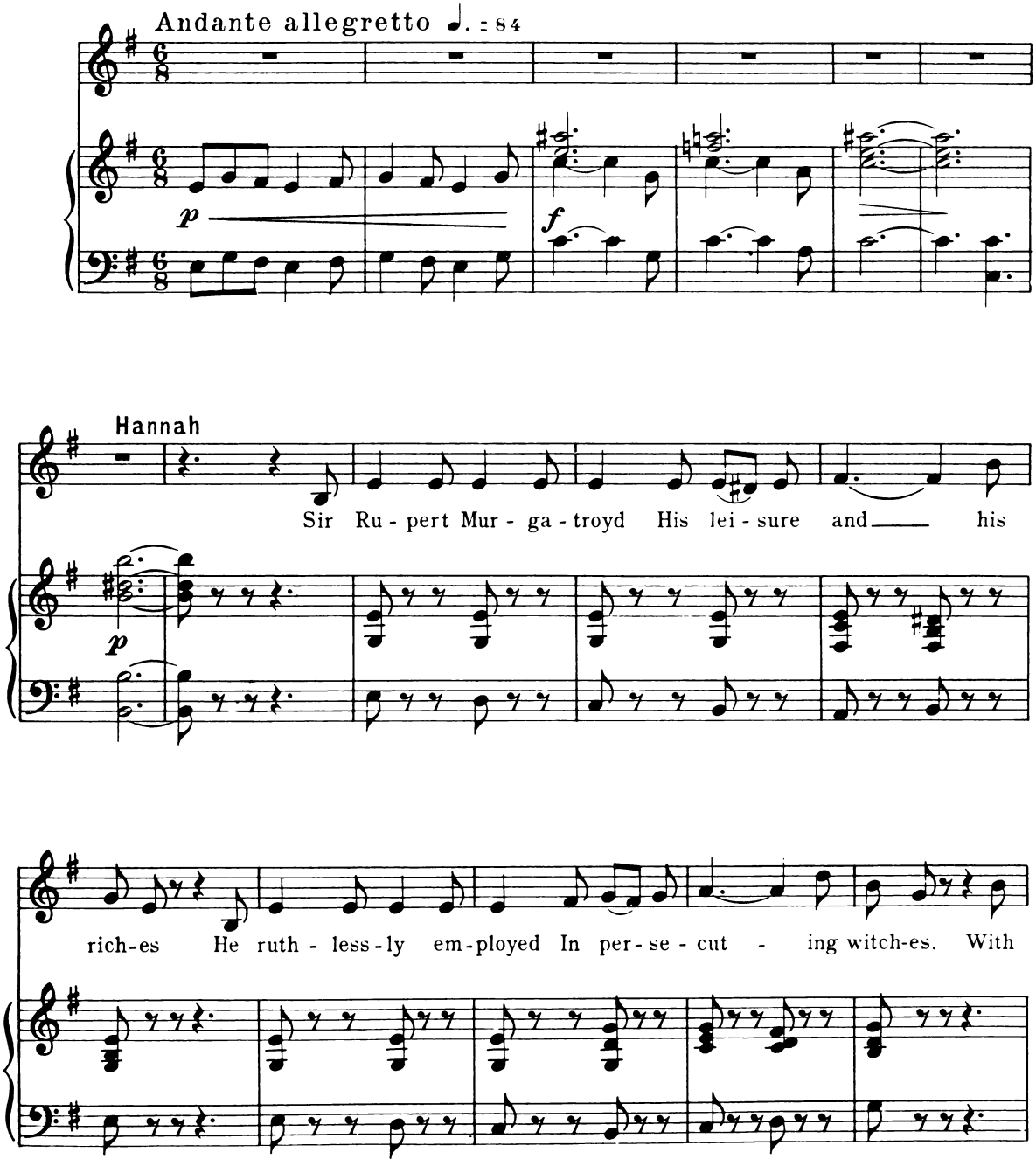
Zorah: But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

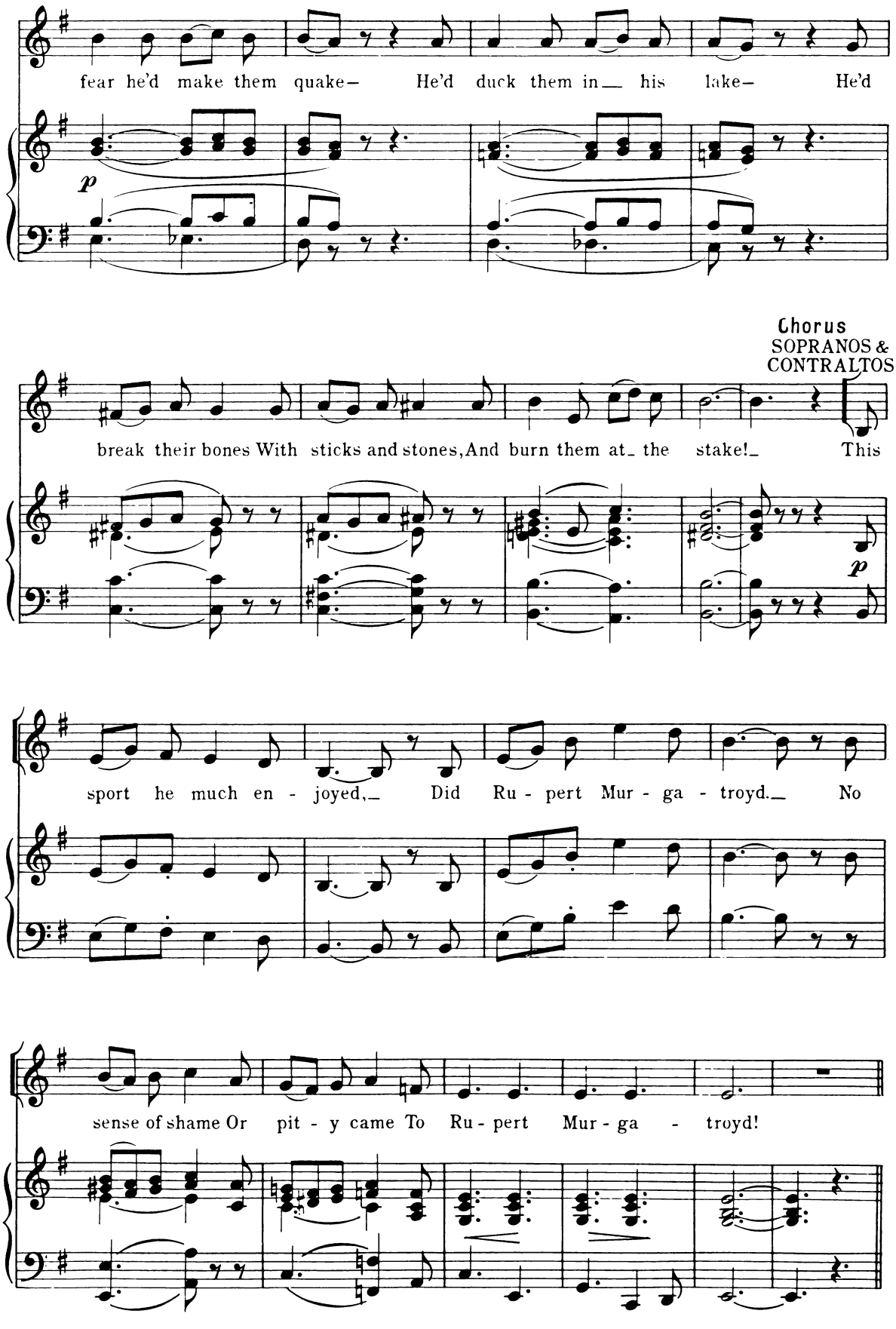
Hannah: The curse is on all his line, and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend. ***(She comes C. and the Bridesmaids gather round her.)***

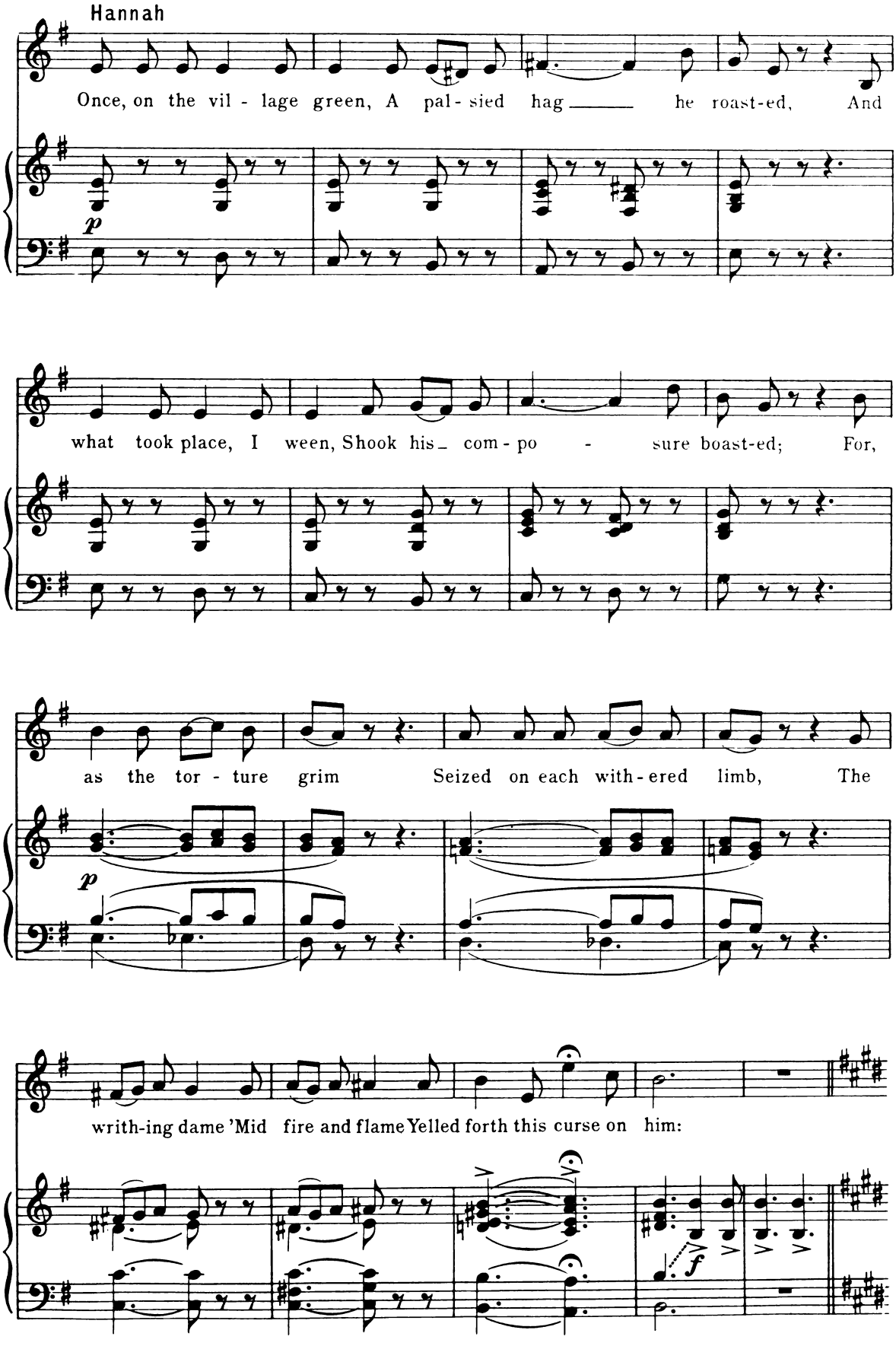
No. 2. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd

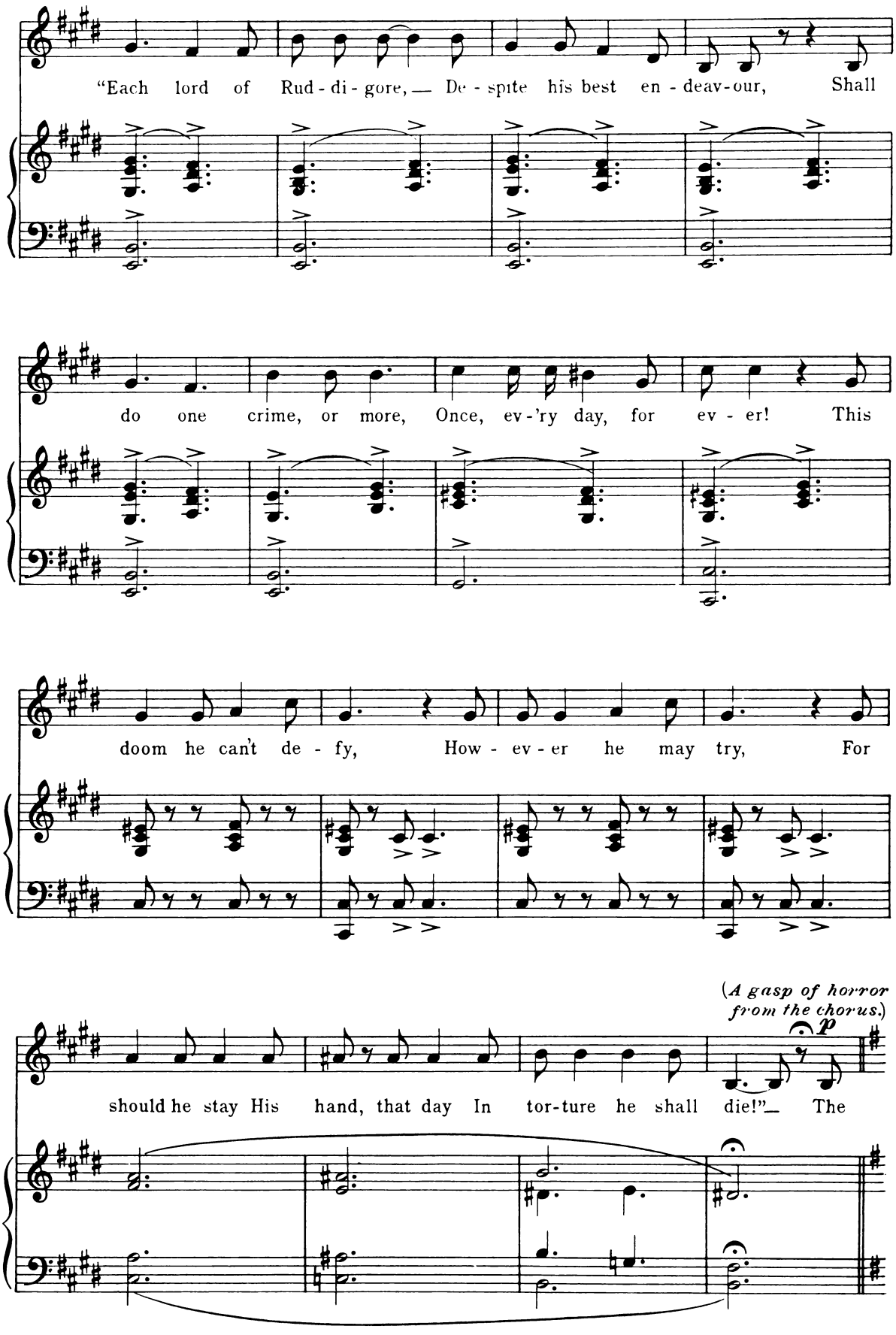
Song

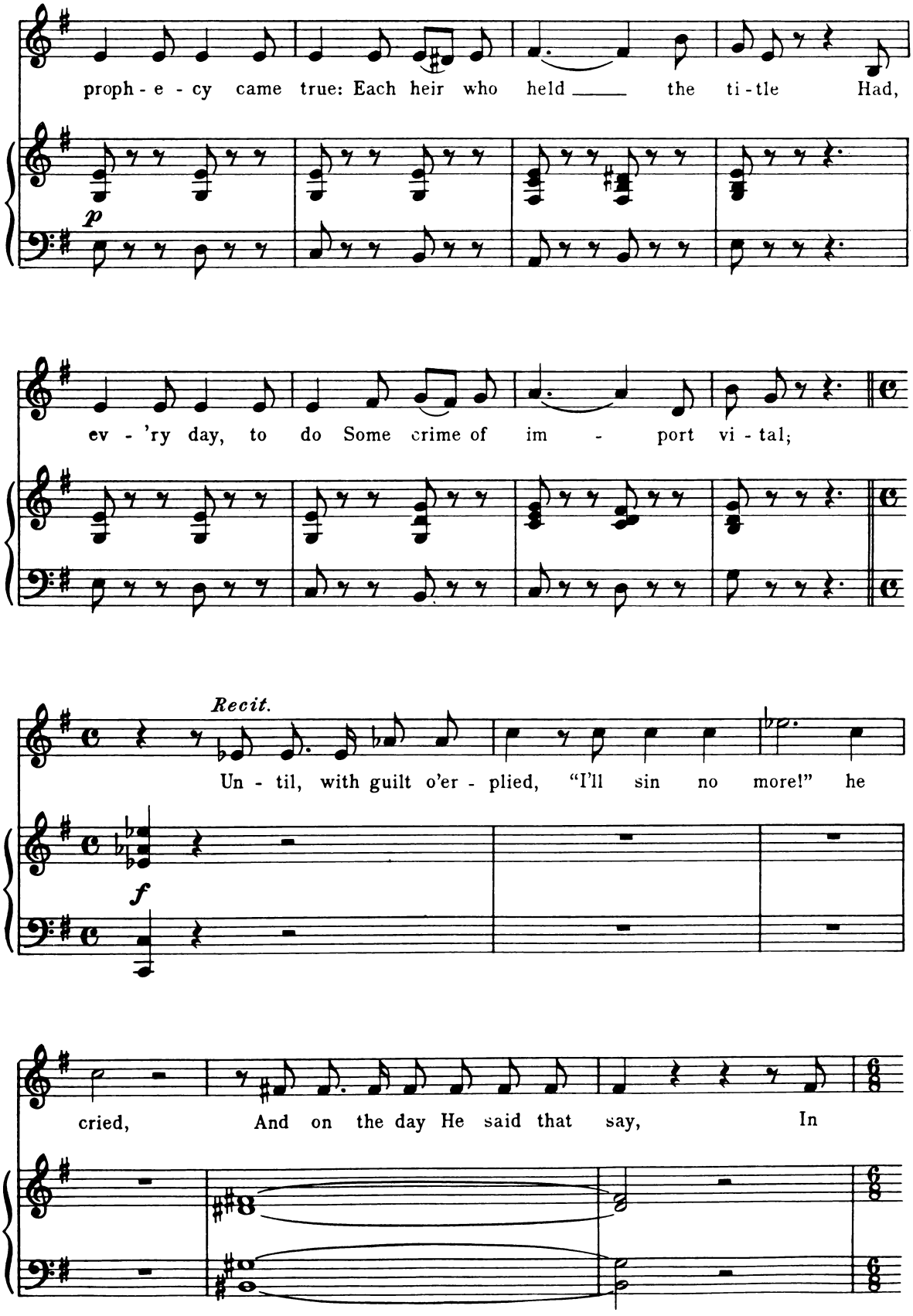
Hannah and Chorus

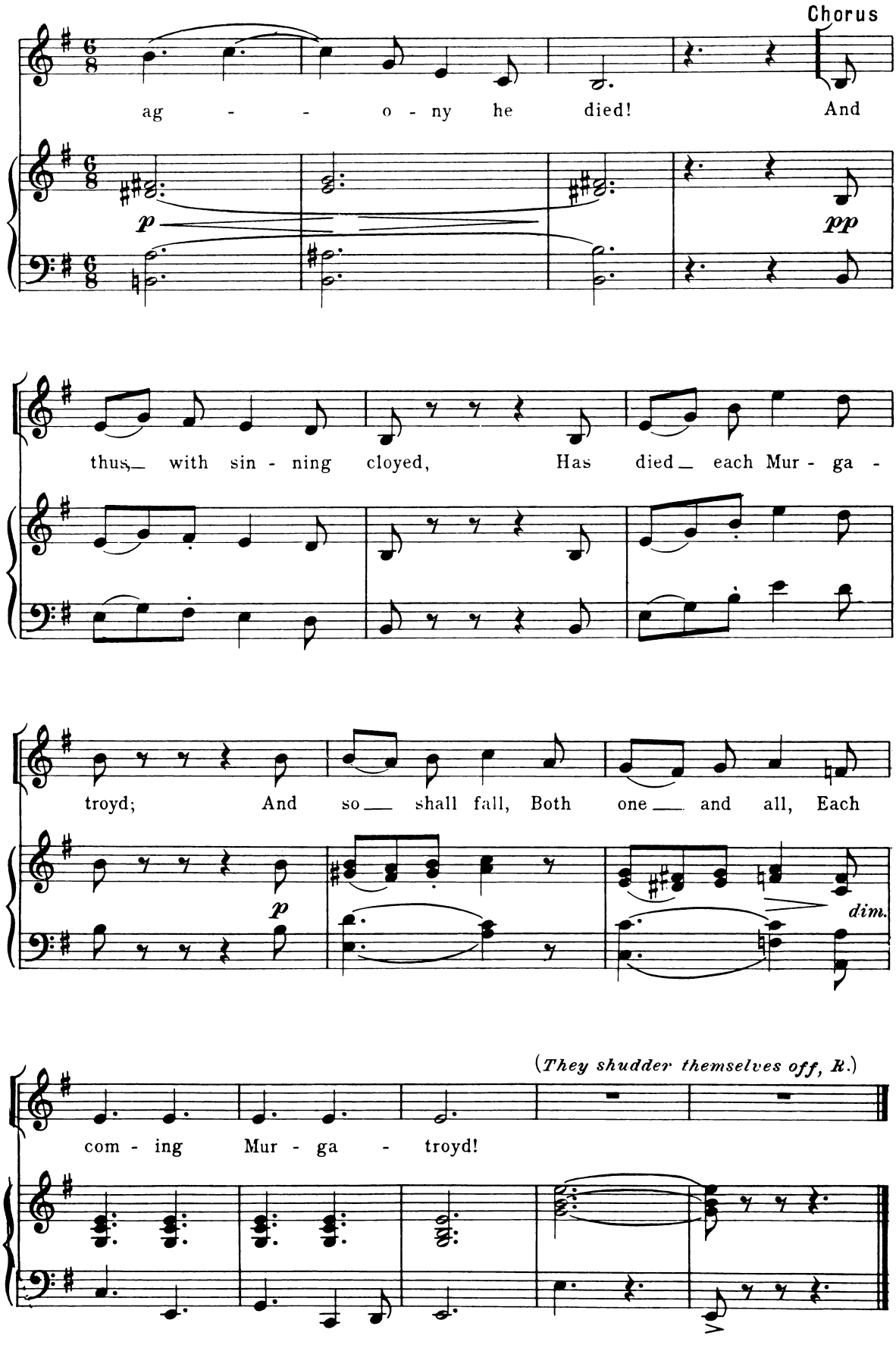



fear he'd make them quake– He'd duck them in__ his lake– He'd
p
Chorus
SOPRANOS &
CONTRALTOS
break their bones With sticks and stones, And burn them at_ the stake!_ This
p
sport he much en - joyed,_ Did Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd._ No
sense of shame Or pit - y came To Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd!


Hannah
Once, on the vil - lage green, A pal - sied hag ___ he roast-ed, And
p
what took place, I ween, Shook his_ com - po - sure boast-ed; For,
as the tor - ture grim Seized on each with - ered limb, The
p
writh-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on him:
f


"Each lord of Rud - di - gore, — De - spite his best en - deav-our, Shall
do one crime, or more, Once, ev-'ry day, for ev - er! This
doom he can't de - fy, How - ev - er he may try, For
(A gasp of horror from the chorus.)
p
should he stay His hand, that day In tor-ture he shall die!"— The


proph - e - cy came true: Each heir who held ___ the ti - tle Had,
p
ev - 'ry day, to do Some crime of im - port vi - tal;
Recit.
Un - til, with guilt o'er - plied, "I'll sin no more!" he
f
cried, And on the day He said that say, In


Chorus
ag - - o - ny he died! And
p
pp
thus_ with sin - ning cloyed, Has died_ each Mur - ga -
troyd; And so_ shall fall, Both one_ and all, Each
p
dim.
(They shudder themselves off, R.)
com - ing Mur - ga - troyd!

(Hannah goes up-stage, L. Enter Rose Maybud from the cottage, with a small basket on her arm. As she crosses the stage, she is stopped C. by Dame Hannah.)

Hannah: 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.

Hannah: 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 couldst love?

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

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

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

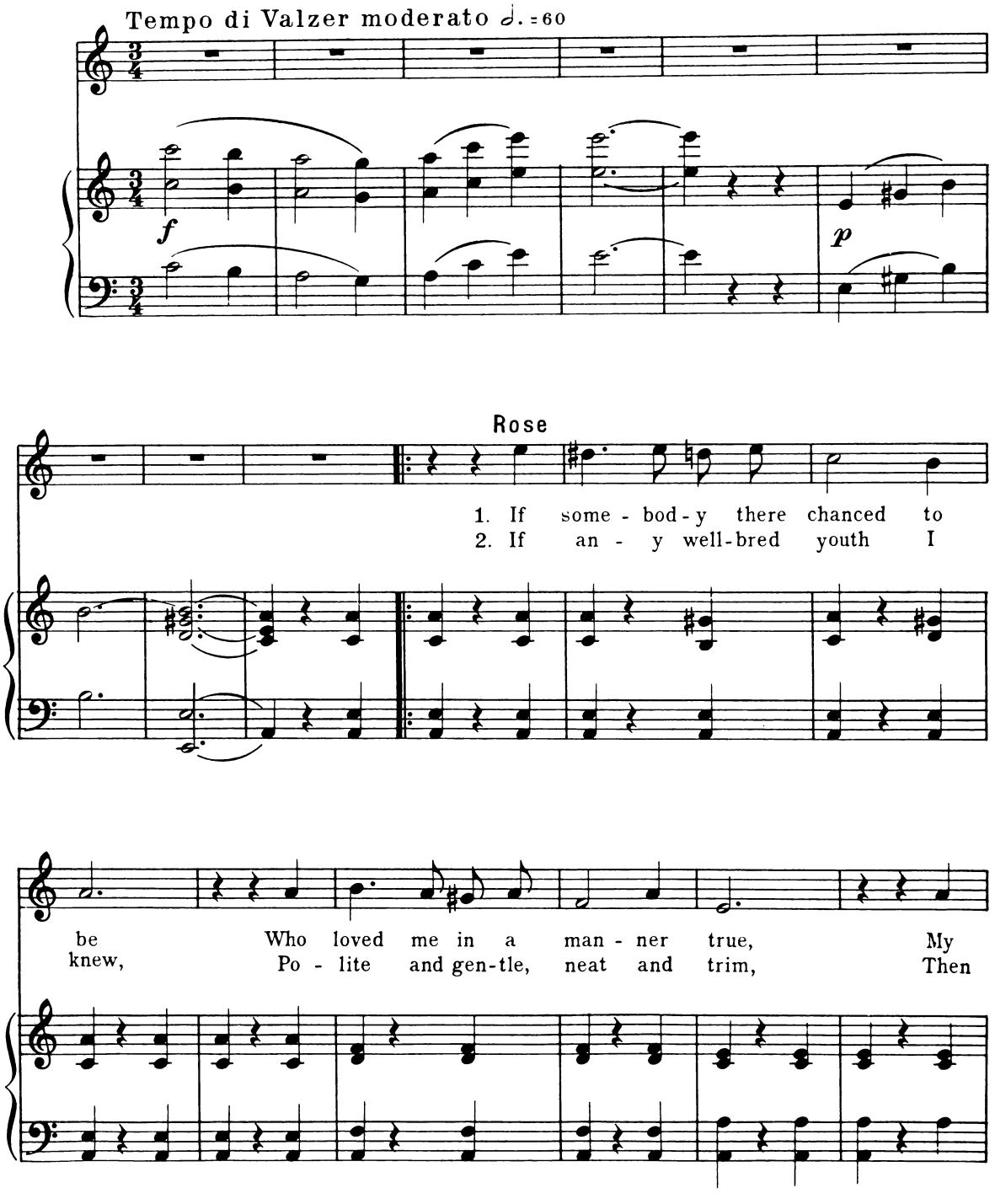
Hannah: But is there not one among them who is faultless in thine eyes? For example—young Robin. He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. Couldst thou not love *him?*

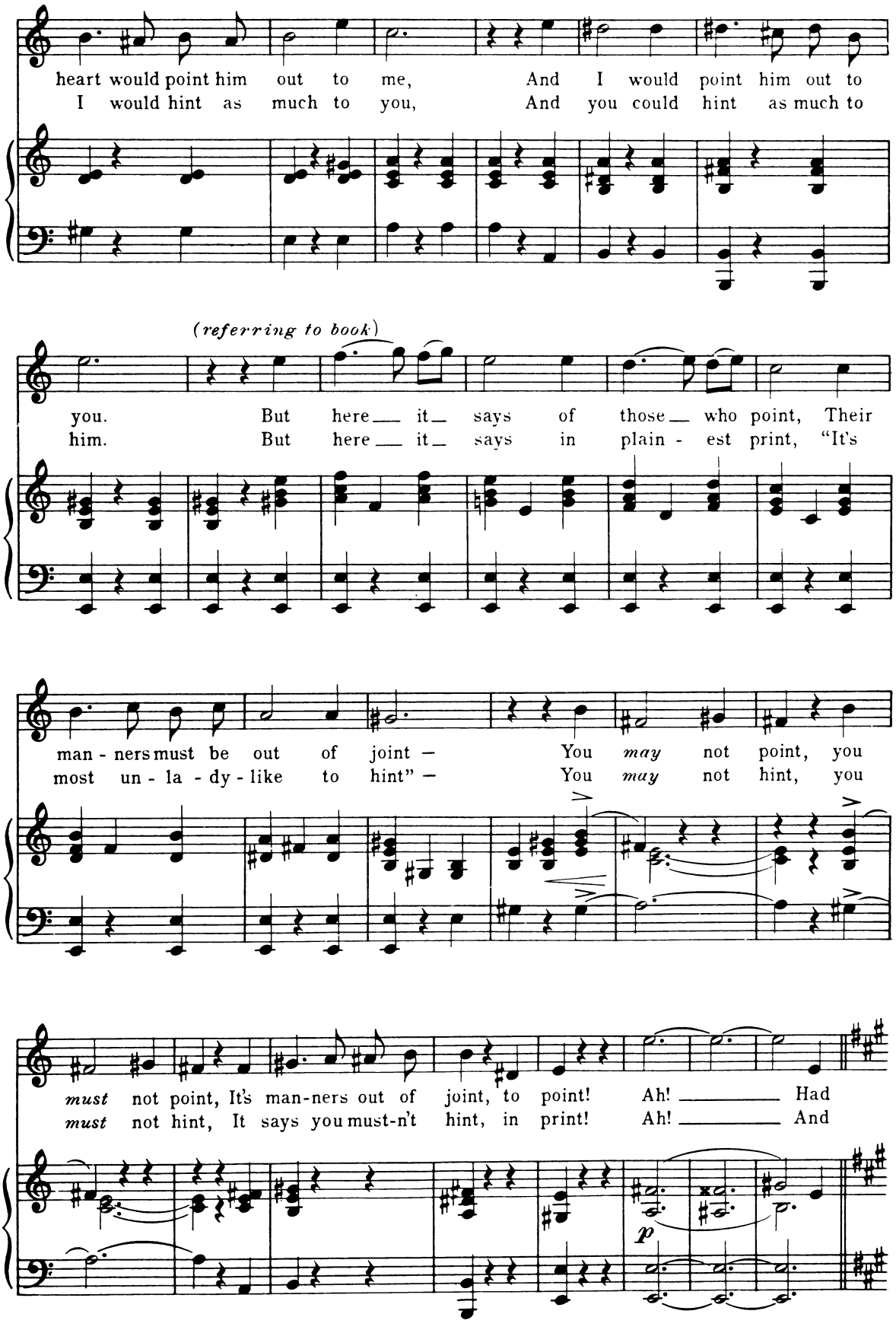
Rose: And even if I could, how should I confess it unto him? For lo, he is shy, and sayeth naught!

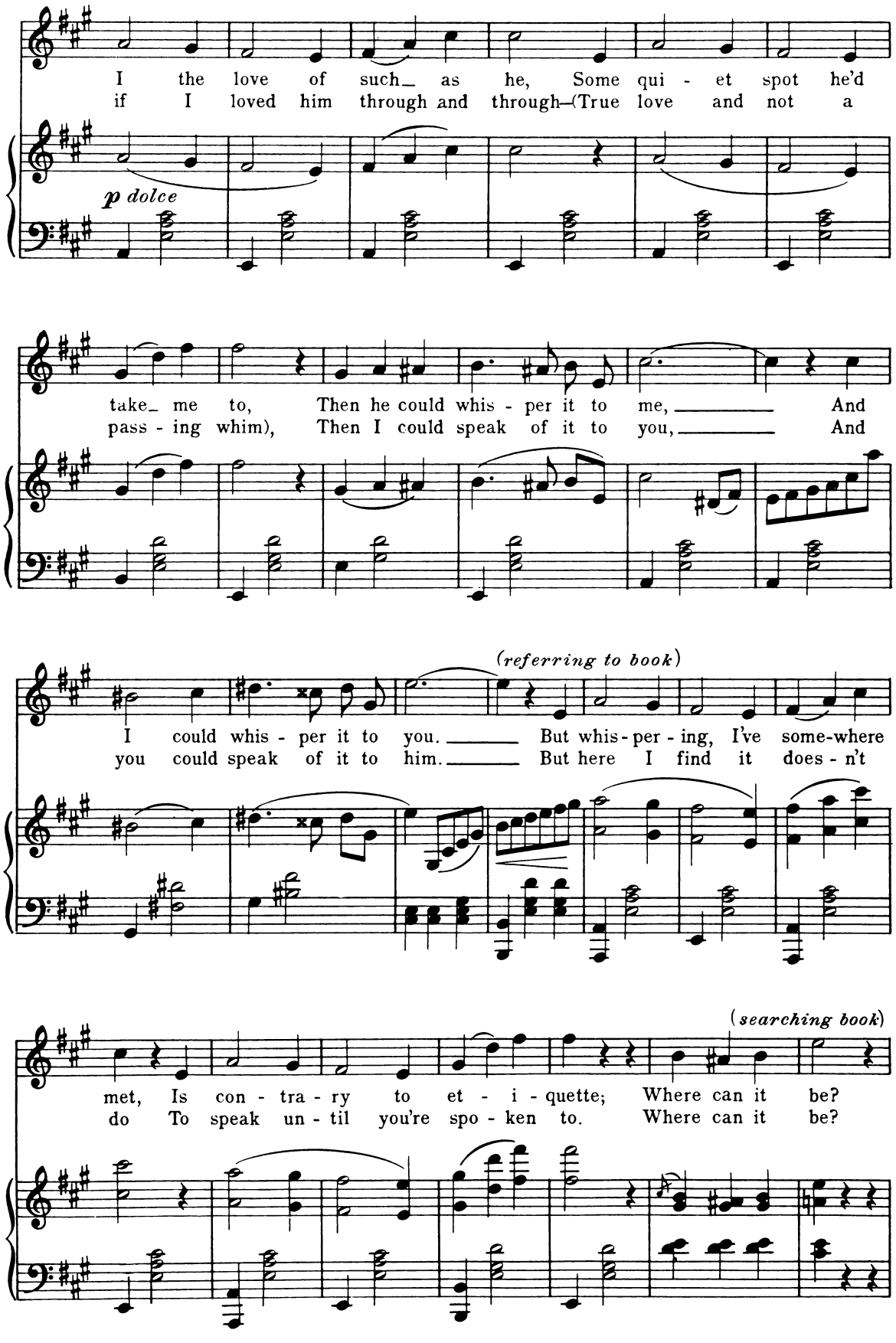
No. 3. If somebody there chanced to be

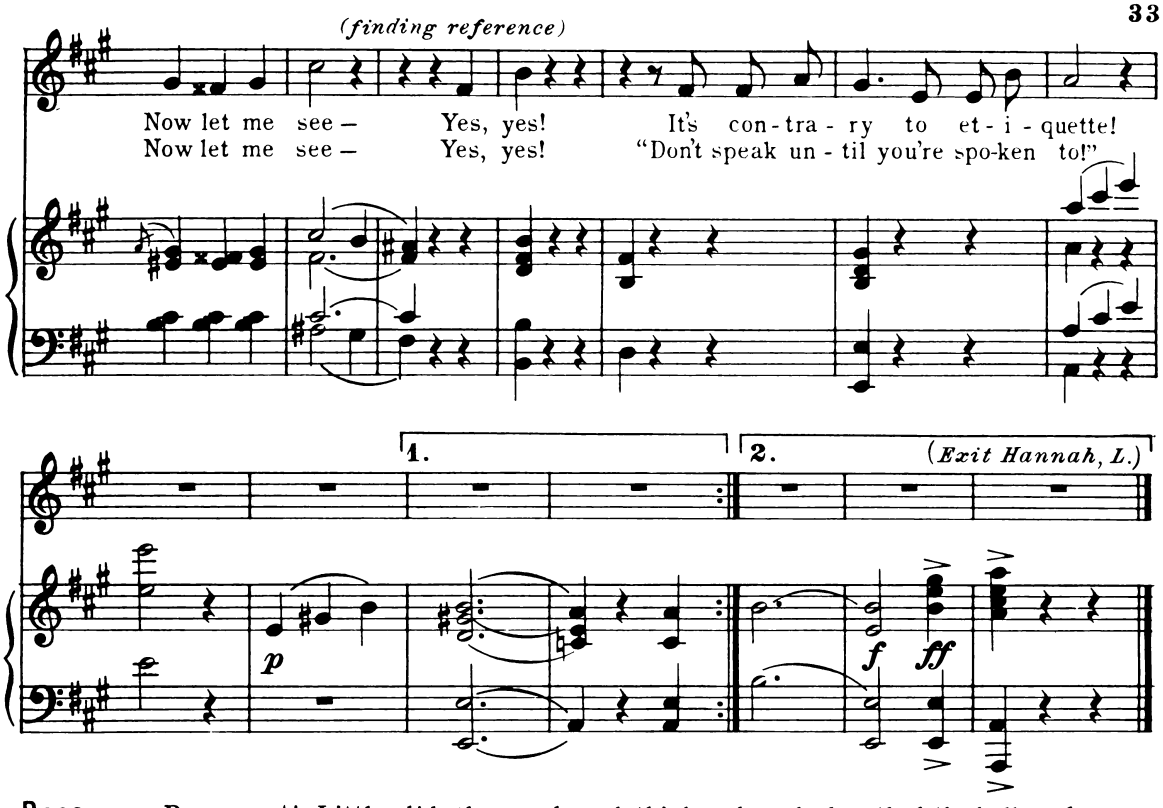
Song

Rose




heart would point him out to me, And I would point him out to
I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to
(referring to book)
you. But here it says of those who point, Their
him. But here it says in plain - est print, "It's
man - ners must be out of joint — You may not point, you
most un - la - dy - like to hint" — You may not hint, you
must not point, It's man-ners out of joint, to point! Ah! Had
must not hint, It says you must-n't hint, in print! Ah! And
p


I the love of such_ as he, Some qui - et spot he'd
if I loved him through and through—(True love and not a
p dolce
take_ me to, Then he could whis - per it to me, _____ And
pass - ing whim), Then I could speak of it to you, _____ And
(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
(searching book)
met, Is con - tra - ry to et - i - quette; Where can it be?
do To speak un - til you're spo - ken to. Where can it be?



Rose: Poor aunt! Little did the good soul think, when she breathed the hallowed name of Robin, that he would do even 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! *(As she starts to leave L., Robin enters R. and calls her.)*

Robin: Mistress Rose!

Rose: *(surprised)* Master Robin!

Robin: I wished to say that. . . it is fine.

Rose: It is passing fine.

Robin: But we do want rain.

Rose: Aye, sorely! *(a pause)* Is that all?

Robin: *(sighing)* That is all.

Rose: Good day, Master Robin!

Robin: Good day, Mistress Rose! *(Both going– both stop and speak together.)*

Rose: I crave pardon, I. .

Robin: I beg pardon, I.

Rose: You were about to say?

Robin: I would fain consult you–

Rose: Truly?

Robin: It is about a friend.

Rose: In truth I have a friend myself.

Robin: Indeed? I mean, of course–

Rose: And I would fain consult you–

Robin: *(anxiously)* About him?

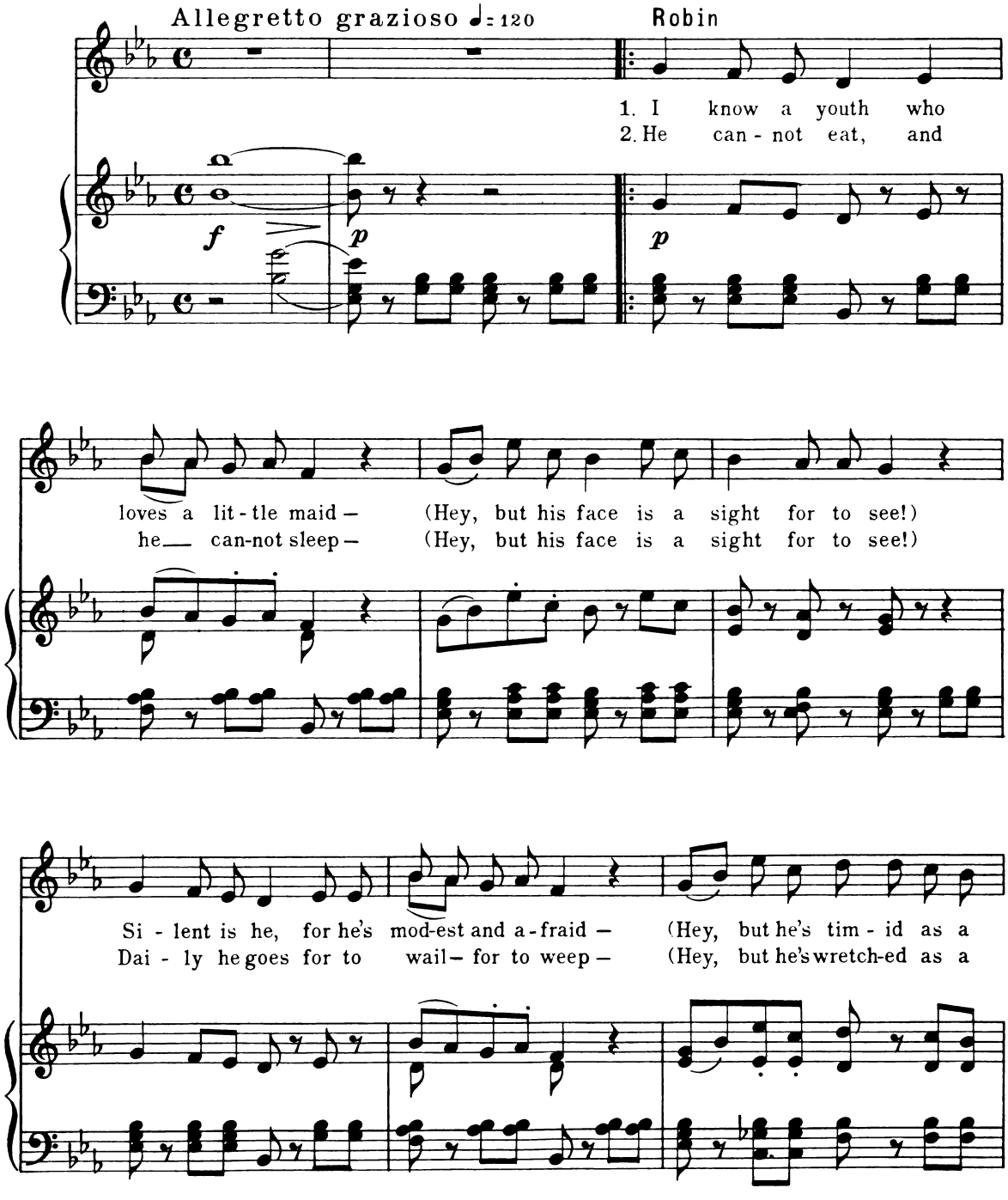
Rose: *(prudishly)* About *her.*

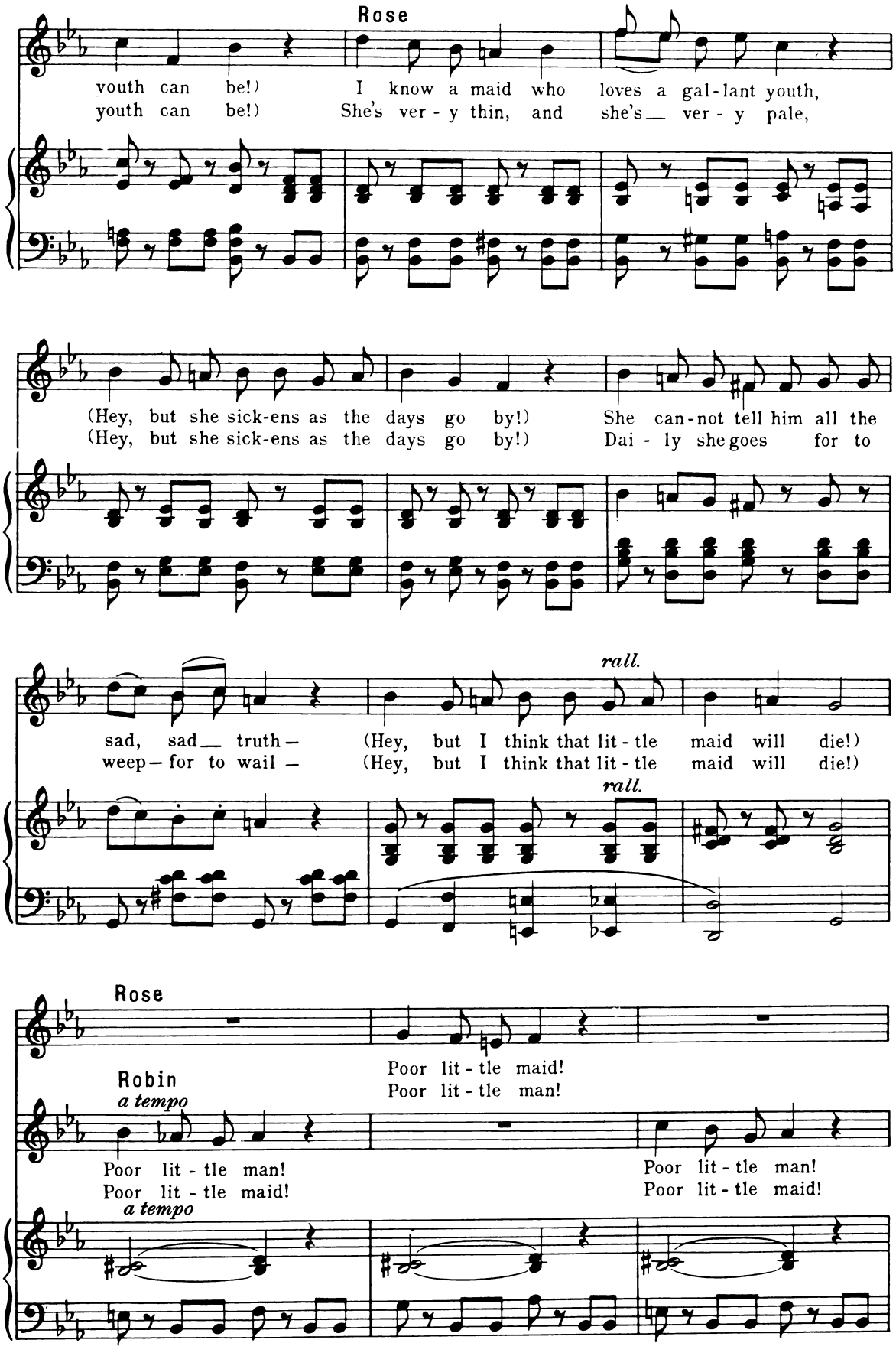
Robin: *(relieved)* Let us consult one another.

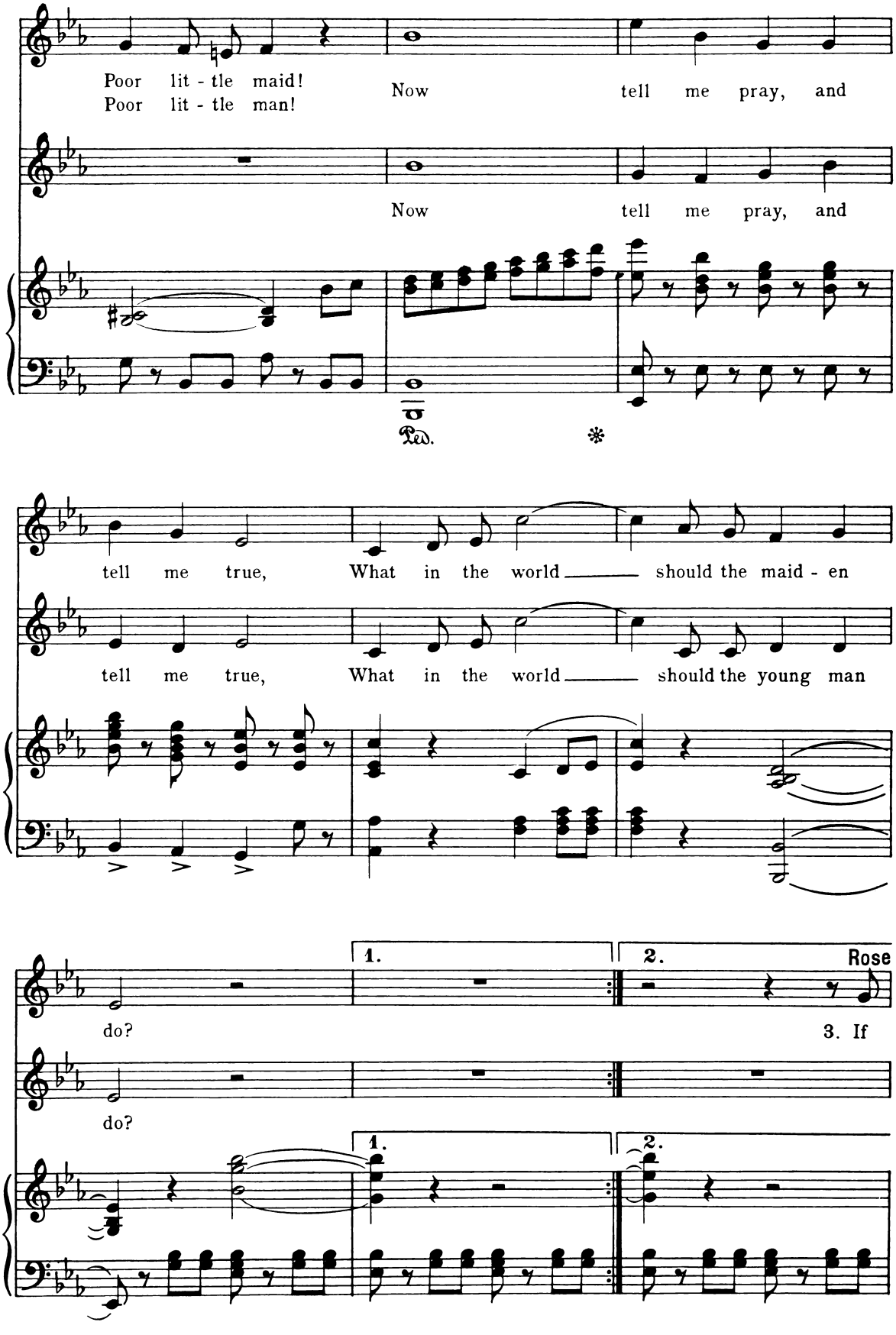
No. 4. I know a youth

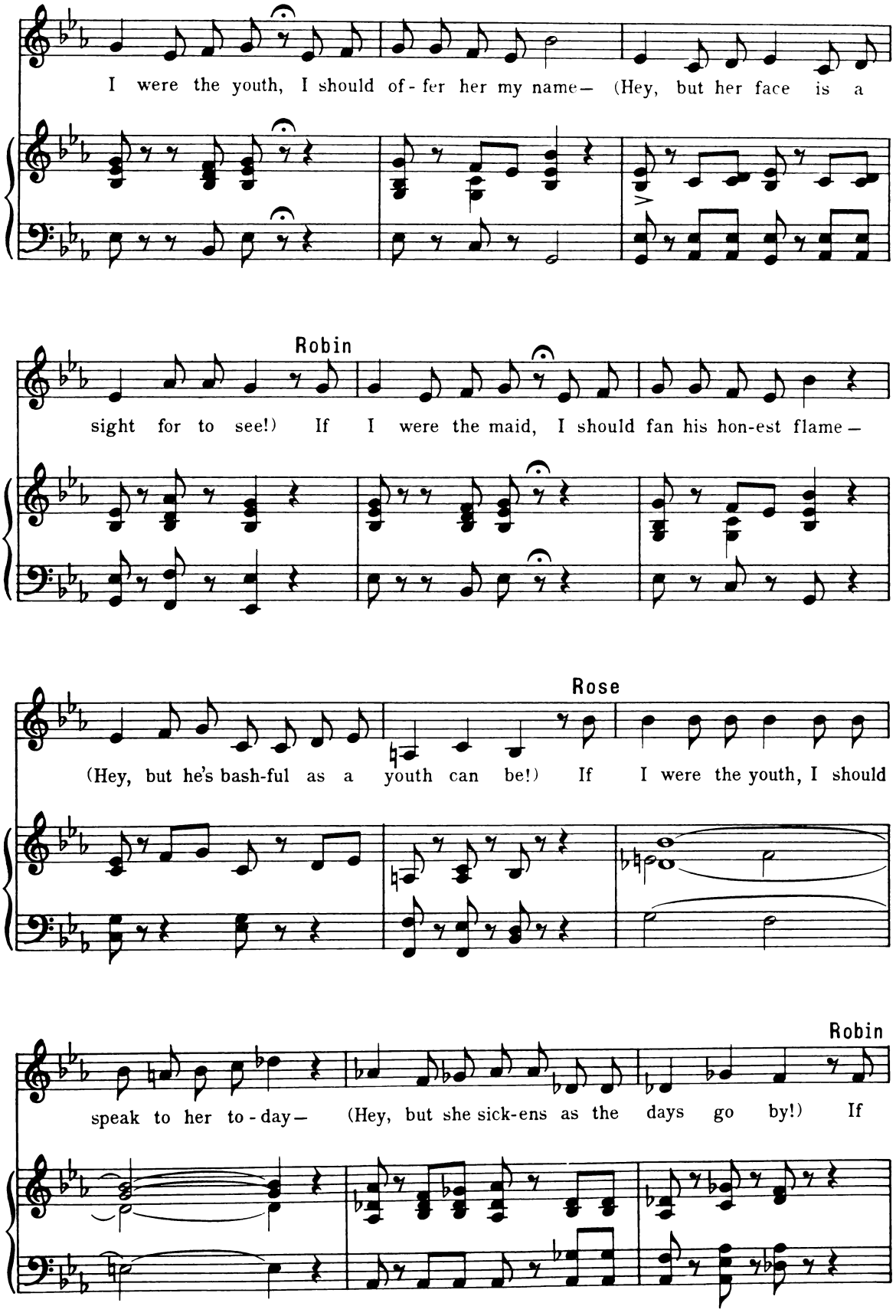
Duet

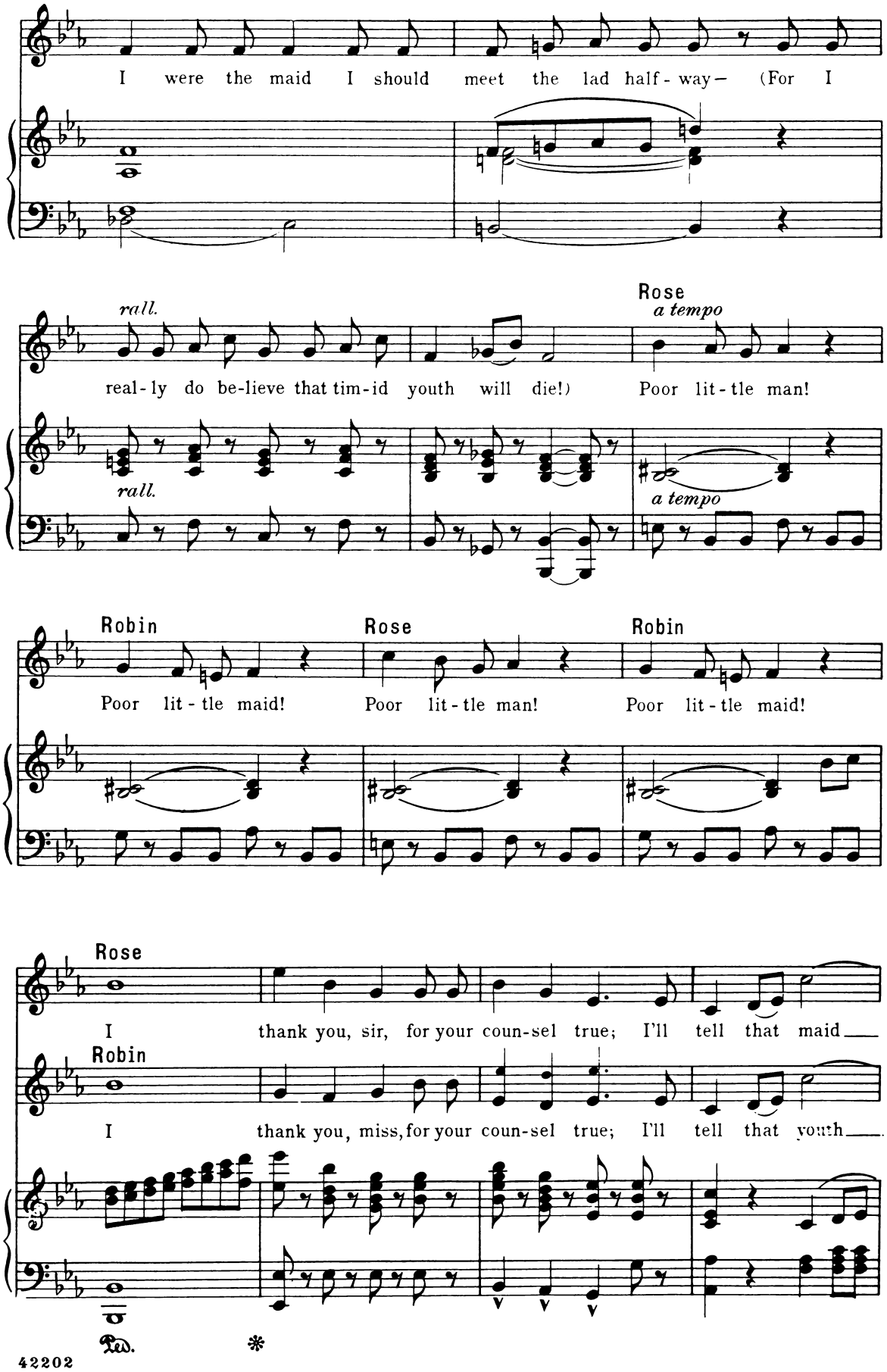
Robin and Rose

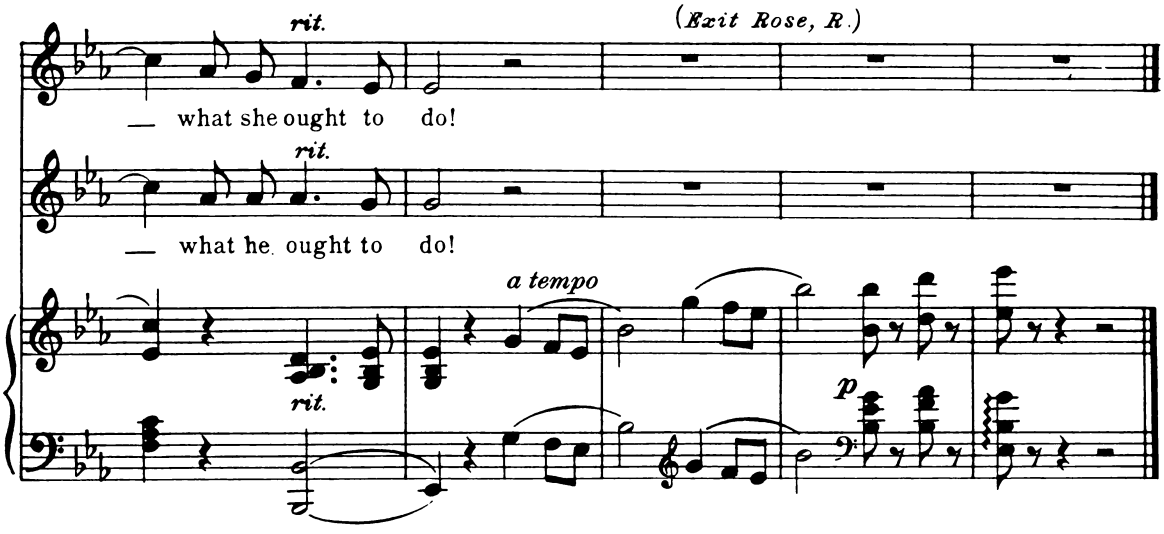



Rose
youth can be!)
youth can be!)
I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth,
She's ver-y thin, and she's ver-y pale,
(Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!)
(Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!)
She can-not tell him all the
Dai-ly she goes for to
rall.
sad, sad truth—
weep—for to wail—
(Hey, but I think that lit-tle maid will die!)
(Hey, but I think that lit-tle maid will die!)
rall.
Rose
Poor lit-tle maid!
Poor lit-tle man!
Robin
a tempo
Poor lit-tle man!
Poor lit-tle maid!
Poor lit-tle man!
Poor lit-tle maid!
a tempo


Poor lit - tle maid!
Poor lit - tle man!
Now tell me pray, and
Now tell me pray, and
Ped.
*
tell me true, What in the world ____ should the maid - en
tell me true, What in the world ____ should the young man
1.
2.
Rose
do?
3. If
do?
1.
2.


I were the youth, I should of - fer her my name— (Hey, but her face is a
Robin
sight for to see!) If I were the maid, I should fan his hon-est flame—
Rose
(Hey, but he's bash-ful as a youth can be!) If I were the youth, I should
Robin
speak to her to - day— (Hey, but she sick-ens as the days go by!) If


I were the maid I should meet the lad half-way— (For I
rall.
real-ly do be-lieve that tim-id youth will die!)
Rose
a tempo
Poor lit-tle man!
rall.
a tempo
Robin
Poor lit-tle maid!
Rose
Poor lit-tle man!
Robin
Poor lit-tle maid!
Rose
I thank you, sir, for your coun-sel true; I'll tell that maid
Robin
I thank you, miss, for your coun-sel true; I'll tell that youth
Ped.
*



Robin: Poor child! I sometimes think if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture– but no, no– even then I should be unworthy of her! *(He goes L. and sits on the bench. Enter Old Adam, R.)*

Adam: My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven* Murgatroyd–

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

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

Robin: My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

Adam: Would there were indeed! But I bring you glad 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!

Robin: My beloved foster-brother? No, no– it cannot be!

Adam: It is even so– and see, he comes this way!

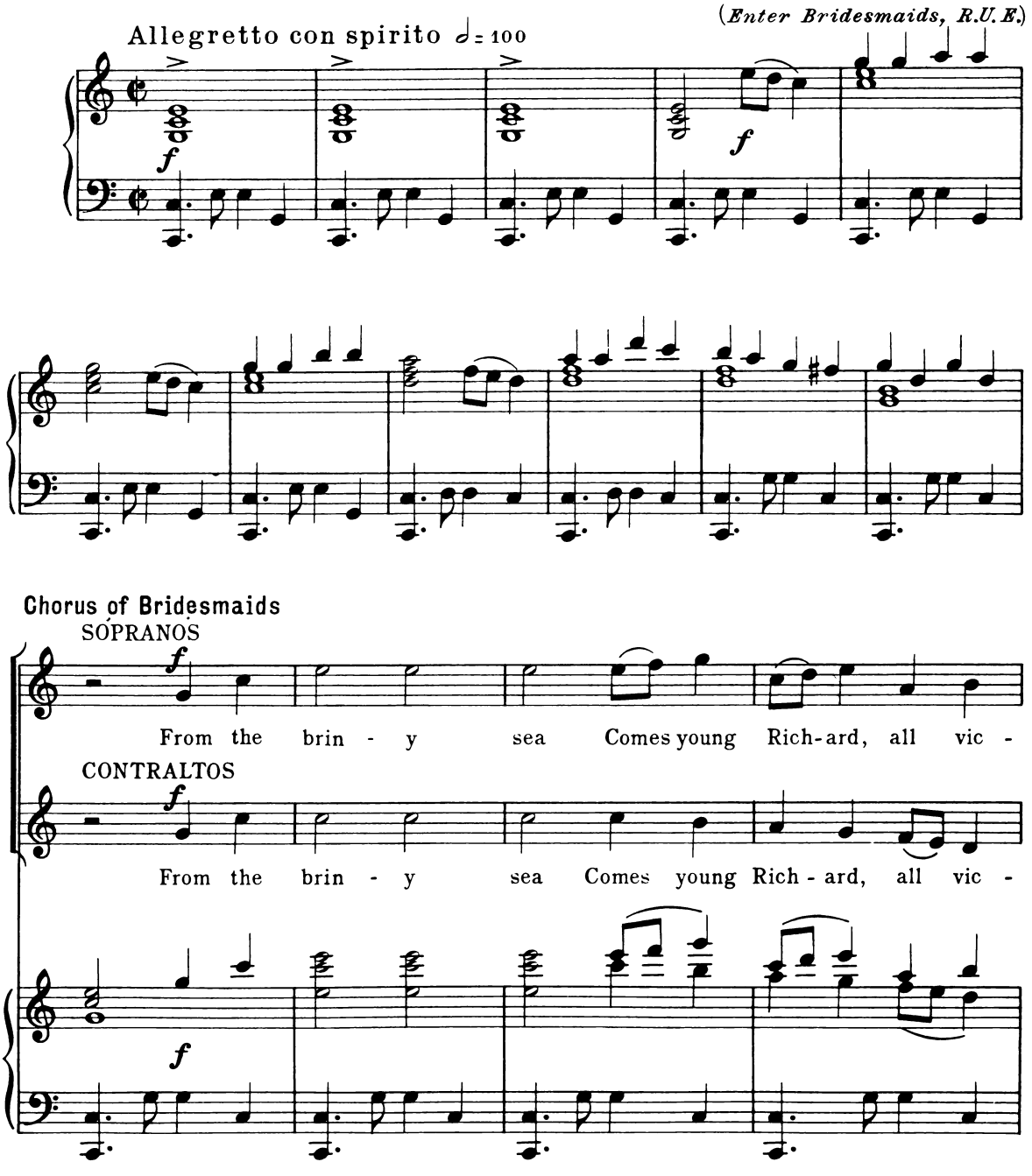
(Exeunt together, R.)

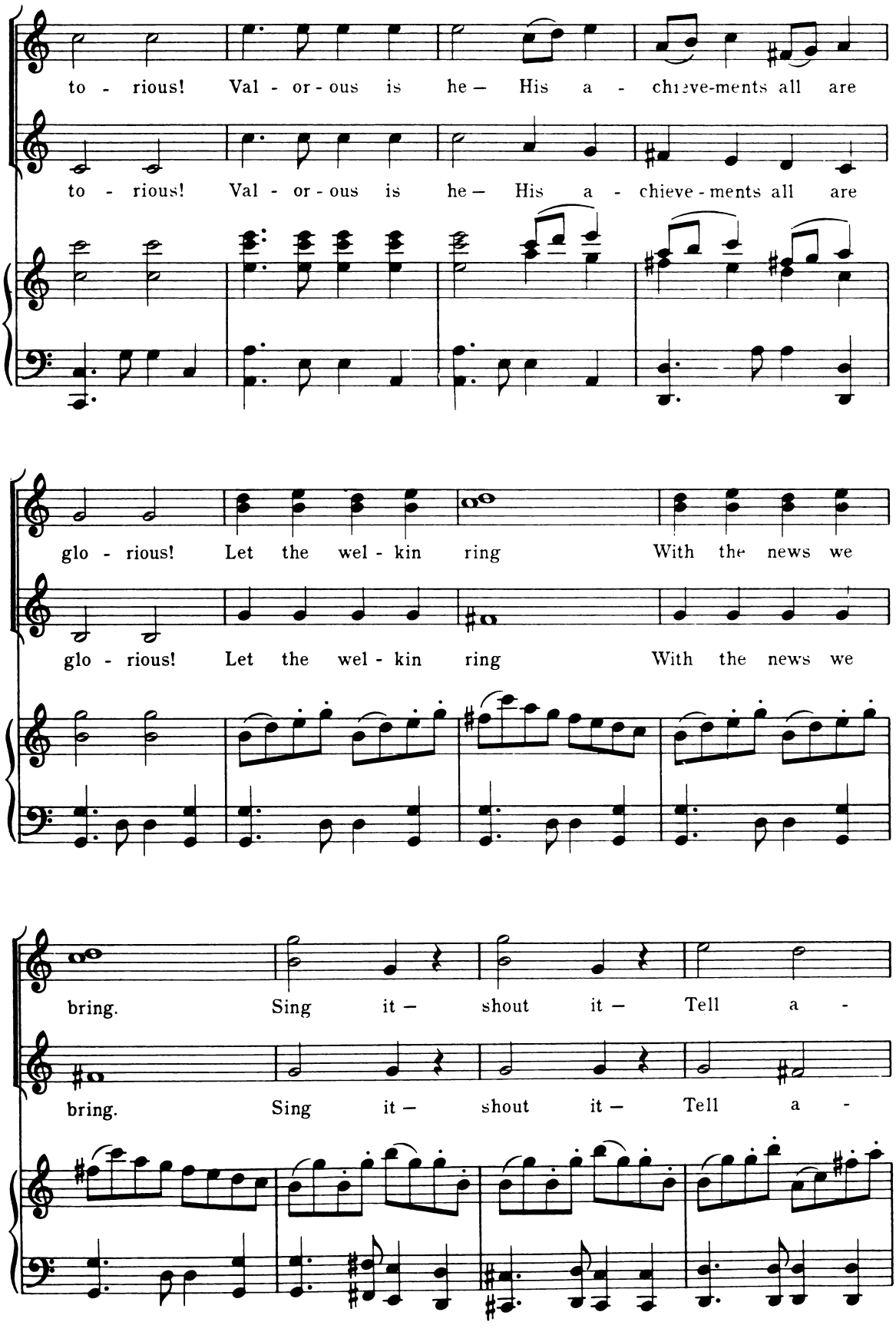
*Pronounced "Rivven"

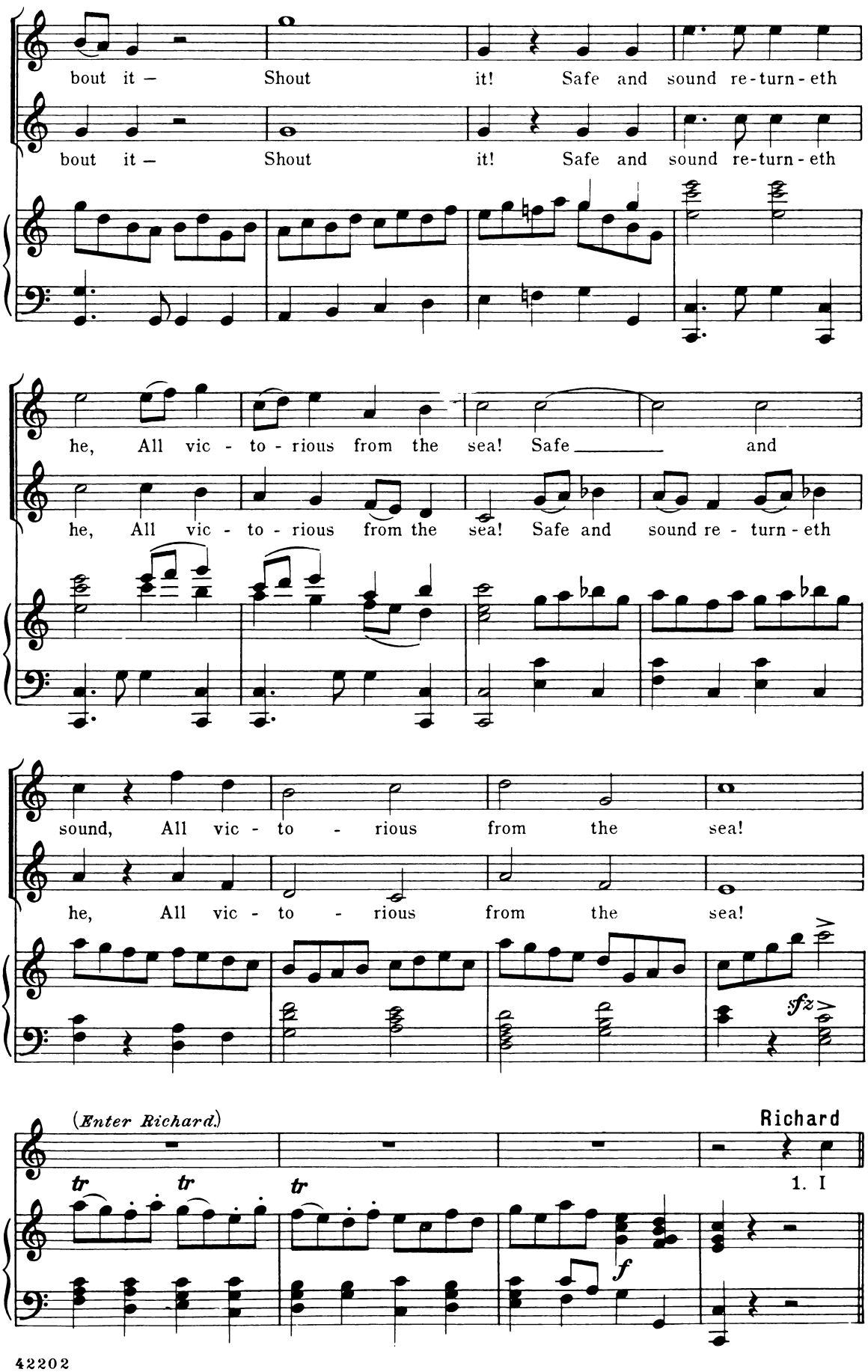
Nos. 5&6. From the briny sea

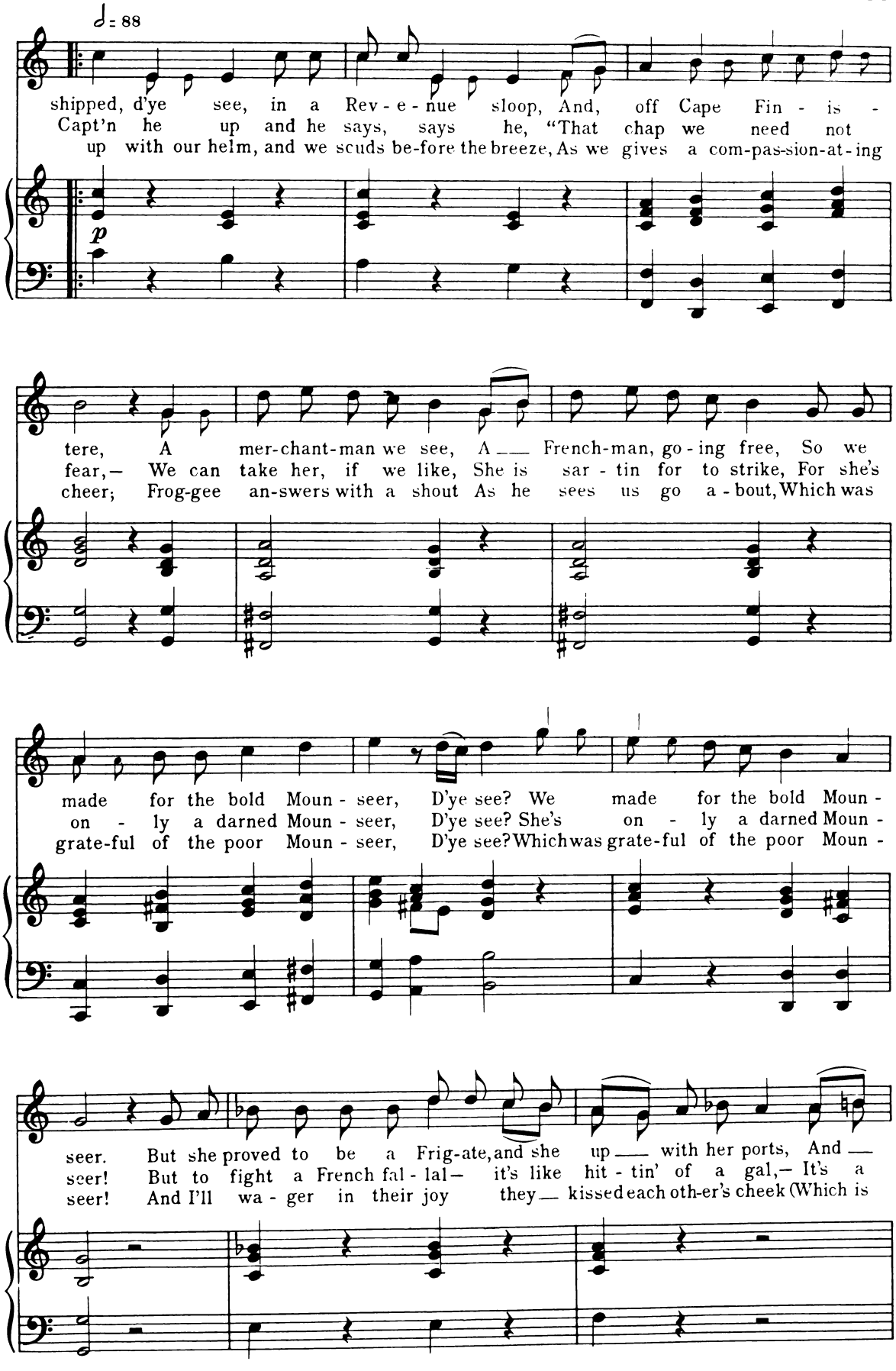
Chorus and Song

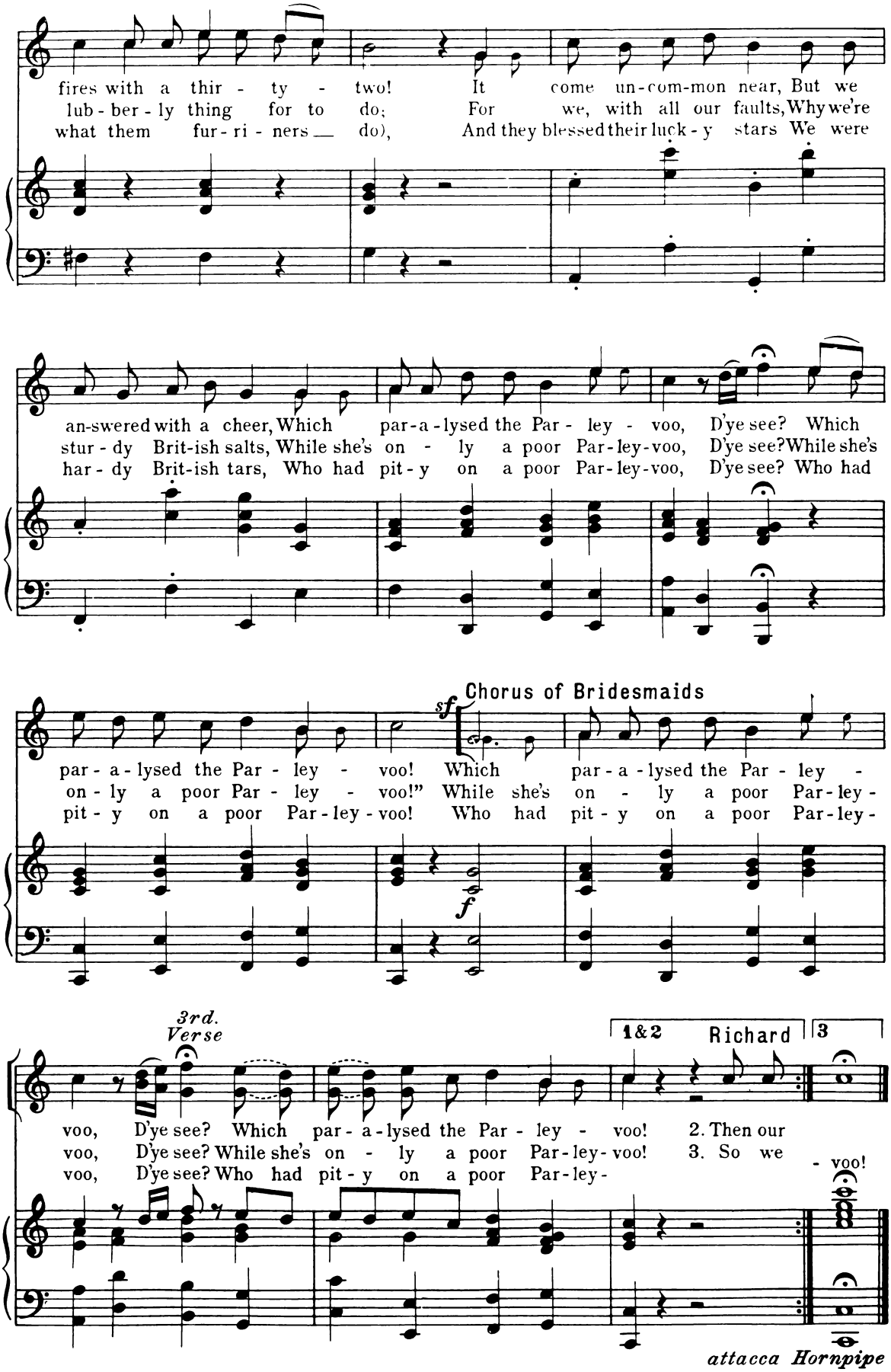
Bridesmaids and Richard



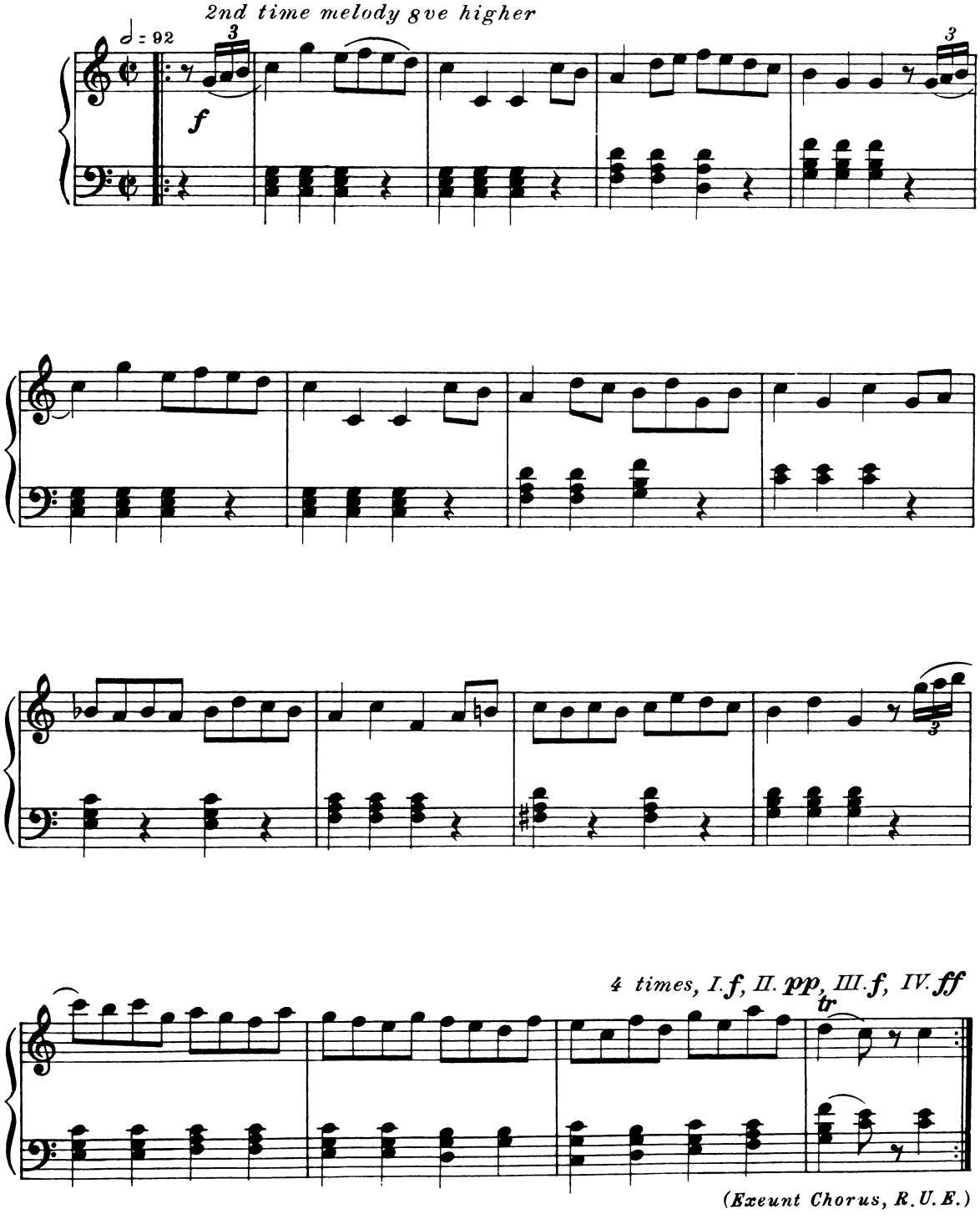

to - rious! Val - or - ous is he — His a - chieve-ments all are
to - rious! Val - or - ous is he — His a - chieve - ments all are
glo - rious! Let the wel - kin ring With the news we
glo - rious! Let the wel - kin ring With the news we
bring. Sing it — shout it — Tell a -
bring. Sing it — shout it — Tell a -


bout it — Shout it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth
bout it — Shout it! Safe and sound re-turn-eth
he, All vic - to - rious from the sea! Safe and
he, All vic - to - rious from the sea! Safe and sound re - turn-eth
sound, All vic - to - rious from the sea!
he, All vic - to - rious from the sea!
sfz
(Enter Richard.)
Richard
1. I
tr
tr
tr
f


♩= 88
p
shipped, d'ye see, in a Rev - e - nue sloop, And, off Cape Fin - is -
Capt'n he up and he says, says he, "That chap we need not
up with our helm, and we scuds be-fore the breeze, As we gives a com-pas-sion-at-ing
tere, A mer-chant-man we see, A___ French-man, go - ing free, So we
fear,— We can take her, if we like, She is sar - tin for to strike, For she's
cheer; Frog-gee an-swers with a shout As he sees us go a - bout, Which was
made for the bold Moun - seer, D'ye see? We made for the bold Moun -
on - ly a darned Moun - seer, D'ye see? She's on - ly a darned Moun -
grate-ful of the poor Moun - seer, D'ye see? Which was grate-ful of the poor Moun -
seer. But she proved to be a Frig-ate, and she up___ with her ports, And___
seer! But to fight a French fal - lal— it's like hit - tin' of a gal,— It's a
seer! And I'll wa - ger in their joy they___ kissed each oth-er's cheek (Which is


fires with a thir - ty - two! It come un-com-mon near, But we
lub - ber - ly thing for to do; For we, with all our faults, Why we're
what them fur - ri - ners — do), And they blessed their luck - y stars We were
an-swered with a cheer, Which par-a-lysed the Par - ley - voo, D'ye see? Which
stur - dy Brit-ish salts, While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? While she's
har - dy Brit-ish tars, Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? Who had
sf
Chorus of Bridesmaids
par - a - lysed the Par - ley - voo! Which par - a - lysed the Par - ley -
on - ly a poor Par - ley - voo!" While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley -
pit - y on a poor Par - ley - voo! Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley -
f
3rd. Verse
1&2
Richard
3
voo, D'ye see? Which par - a - lysed the Par - ley - voo! 2. Then our
voo, D'ye see? While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo! 3. So we
voo, D'ye see? Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley-
- voo!
attacca Hornpipe

No. 6a. Hornpipe



(Enter Robin, R.)

Robin: Richard!

Richard: Robin! *(Hugs him.)*

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

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

Robin: Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

Richard: *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 forestay— aye, and a barrowknight to boot, if all had their rights!

Robin: Hush, Richard– not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love– happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy– nervous– modest– retiring – diffident– and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell her! *(crossing L.)* Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

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

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

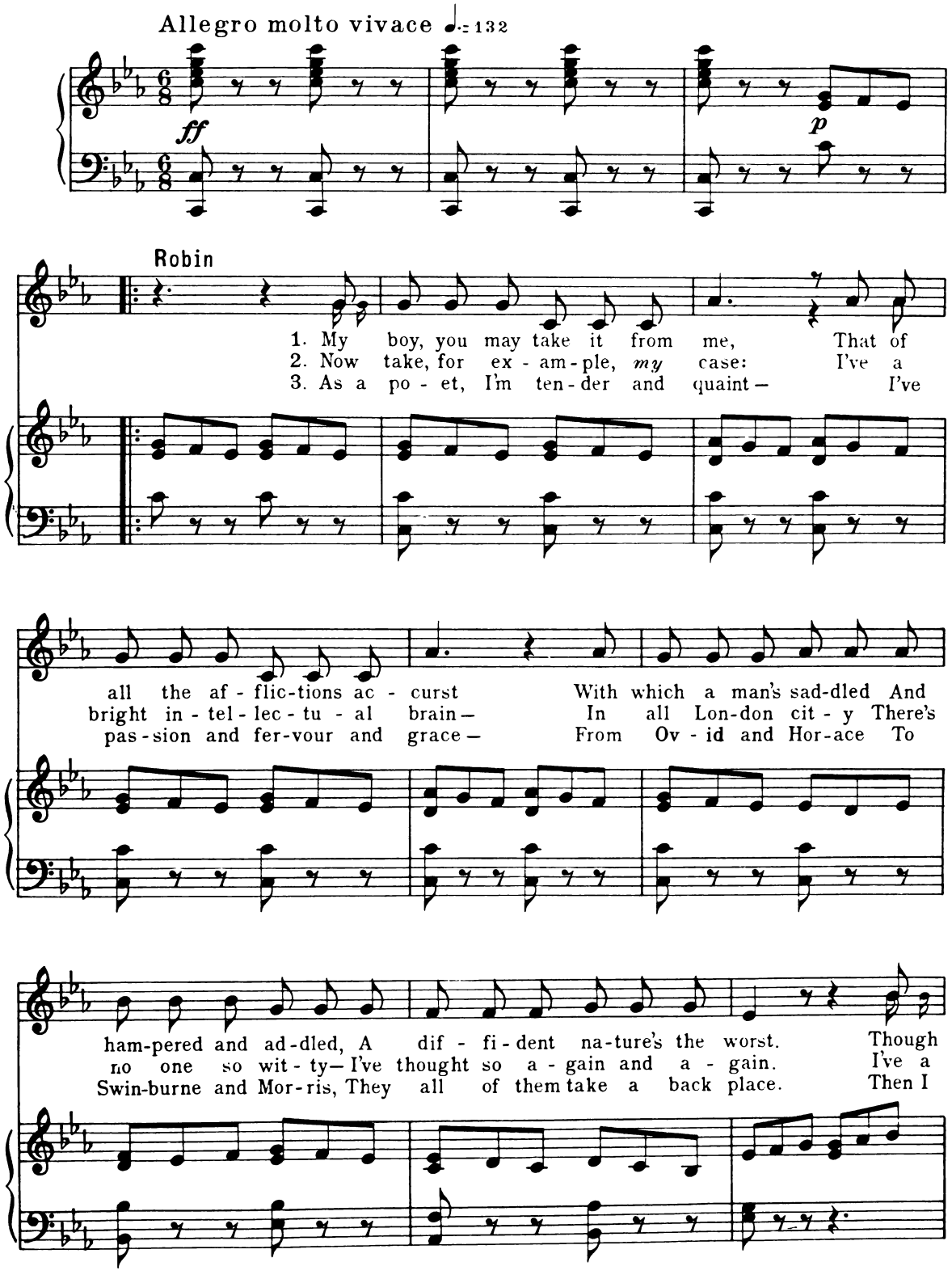
Richard: Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your bin - nacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks, and quicksands! Well, now, what does my heart say in this here difficult situation? Why, it says, "Dick", it says— (it calls me Dick acos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

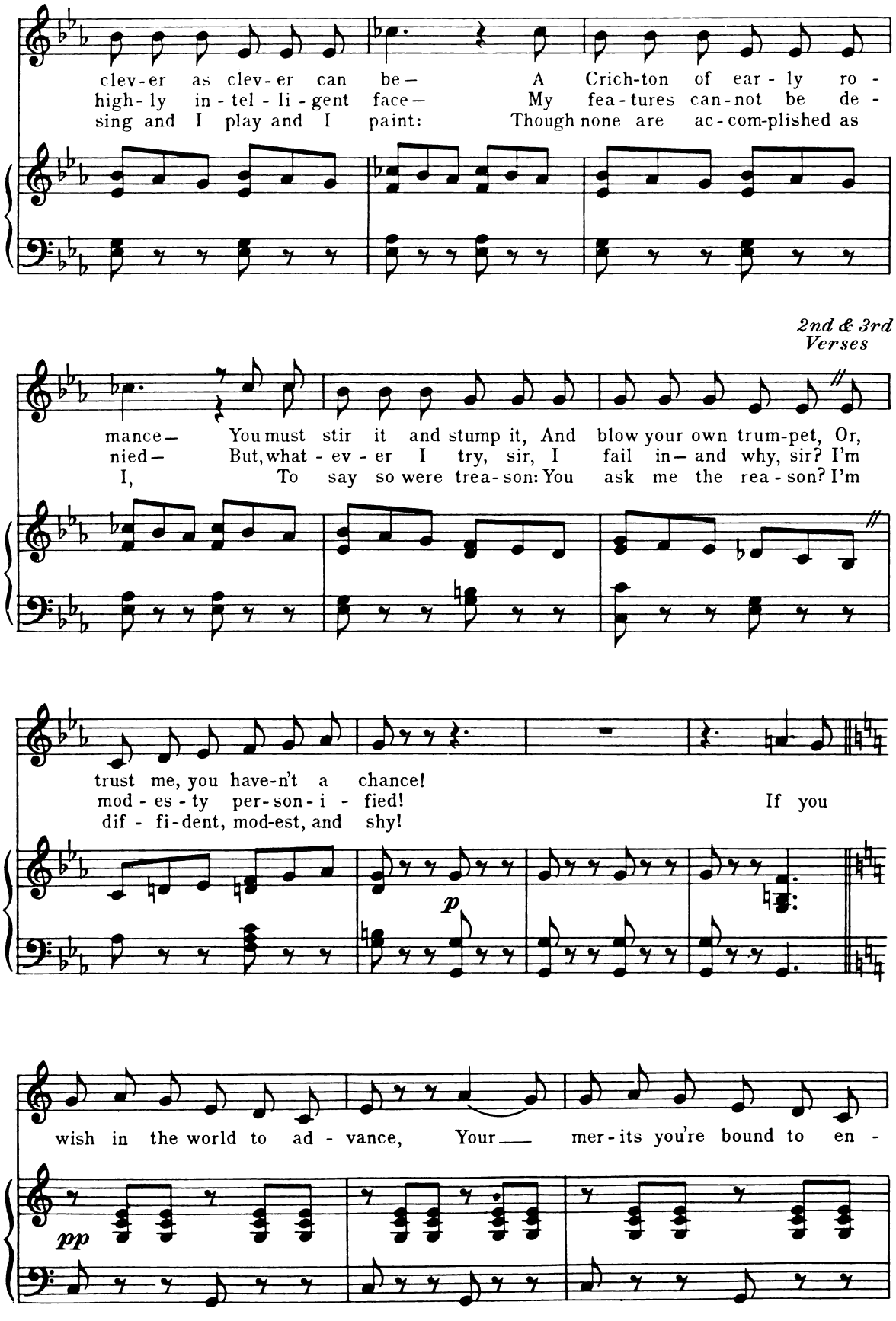
Robin: Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes *(feeling his pulse).* There's no false modesty about *you.* Your– what I would call bumptious self-assertiveness (I mean the expression in its complimentary sense) has already made you a bos'n's mate, and it will make an admiral of you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

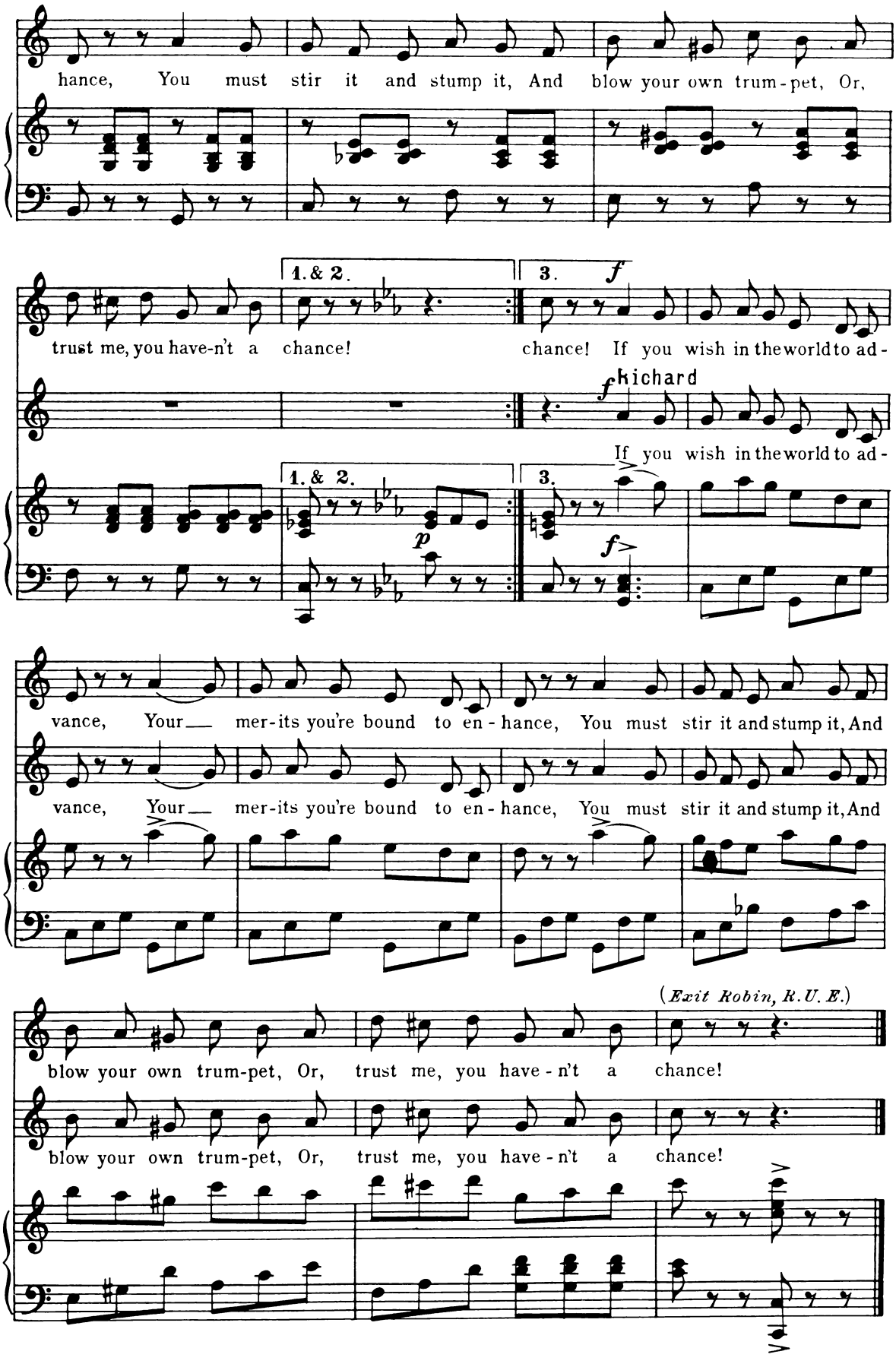
No.7. My boy, you may take it from me

Song

Robin with Richard




clev-er as clev-er can be— A Crich-ton of ear-ly ro-
high-ly in-tel-li-gent face— My fea-tures can-not be de-
sing and I play and I paint: Though none are ac-com-plished as
2nd & 3rd Verses
mance— You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or,
nied— But, what-ev-er I try, sir, I fail in— and why, sir? I'm
I, To say so were trea-son: You ask me the rea-son? I'm
trust me, you have-n't a chance!
mod-es-ty per-son-i-fied! If you
dif-fi-dent, mod-est, and shy!
p
wish in the world to ad-vance, Your— mer-its you're bound to en-
pp


hance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or,
1. & 2.
3.
f
trust me, you have-n't a chance!
chance! If you wish in the world to ad-
f Richard
If you wish in the world to ad-
1. & 2.
3.
p
f
vance, Your mer-its you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And
vance, Your mer-its you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And
(Exit Robin, R.U.E.)
blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance!
blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance!

Richard: *(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.

Rose: Sir, you are agitated–

Richard: 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 it's promptings?

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

Richard: *(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 my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There – I can't say fairer than that, can I?

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

Richard: I'd no thoughts of saying 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 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!

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

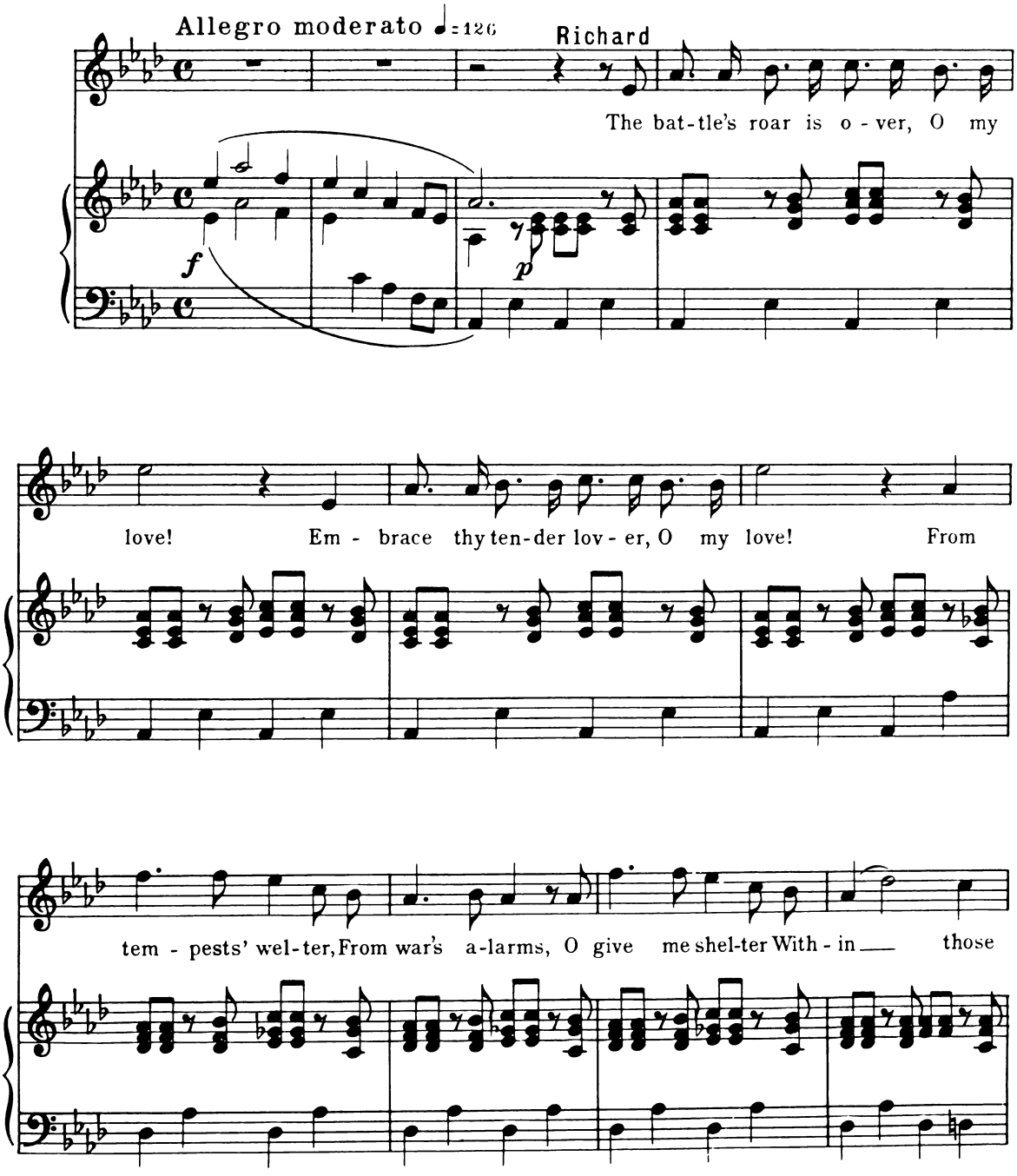
Richard: Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a-hugging of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss *(wiping his lips with his hand),* might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm going to sail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

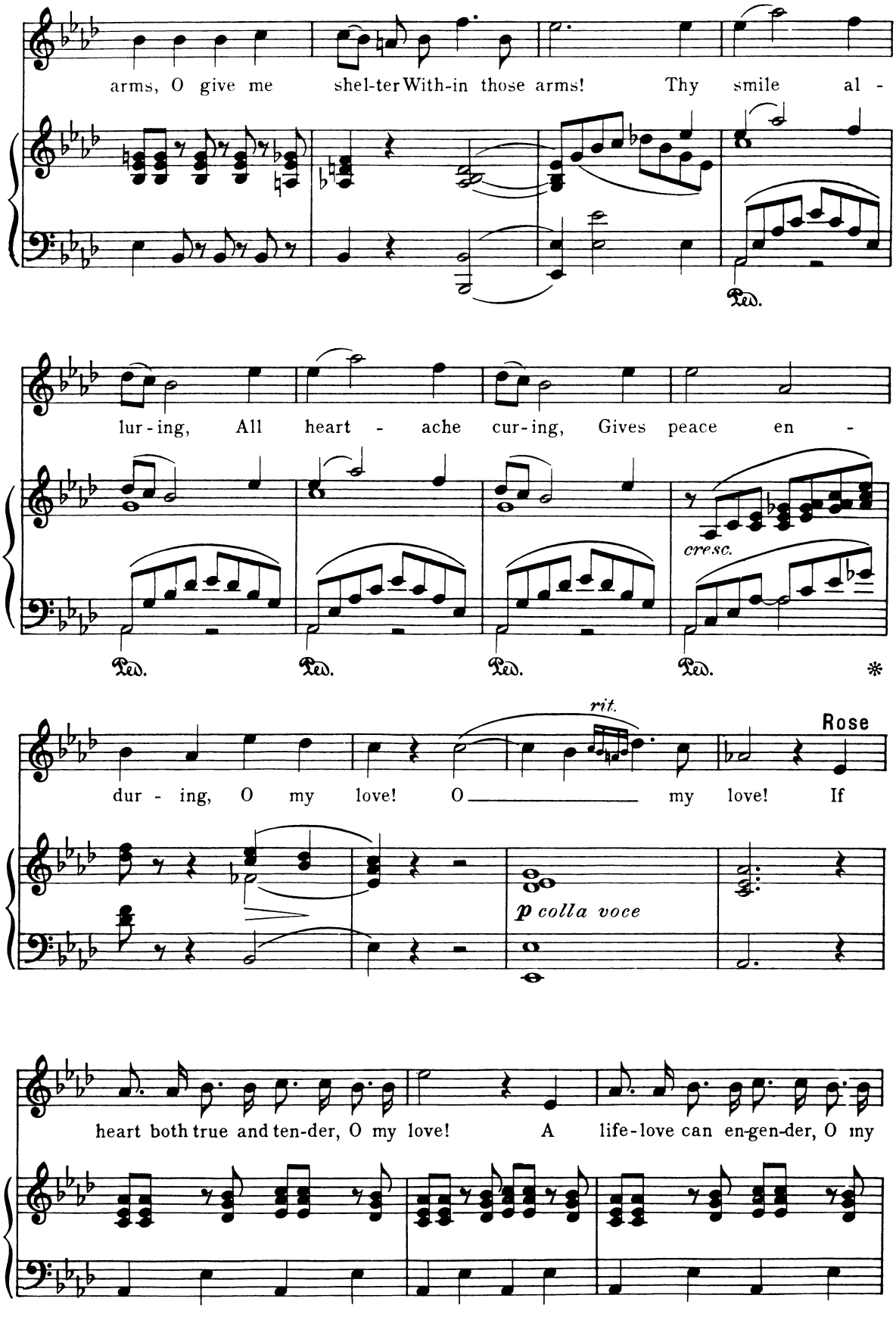
Rose: *(referring to book)* "An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities. *(aloud)* Once! *(Richard kisses her.)*

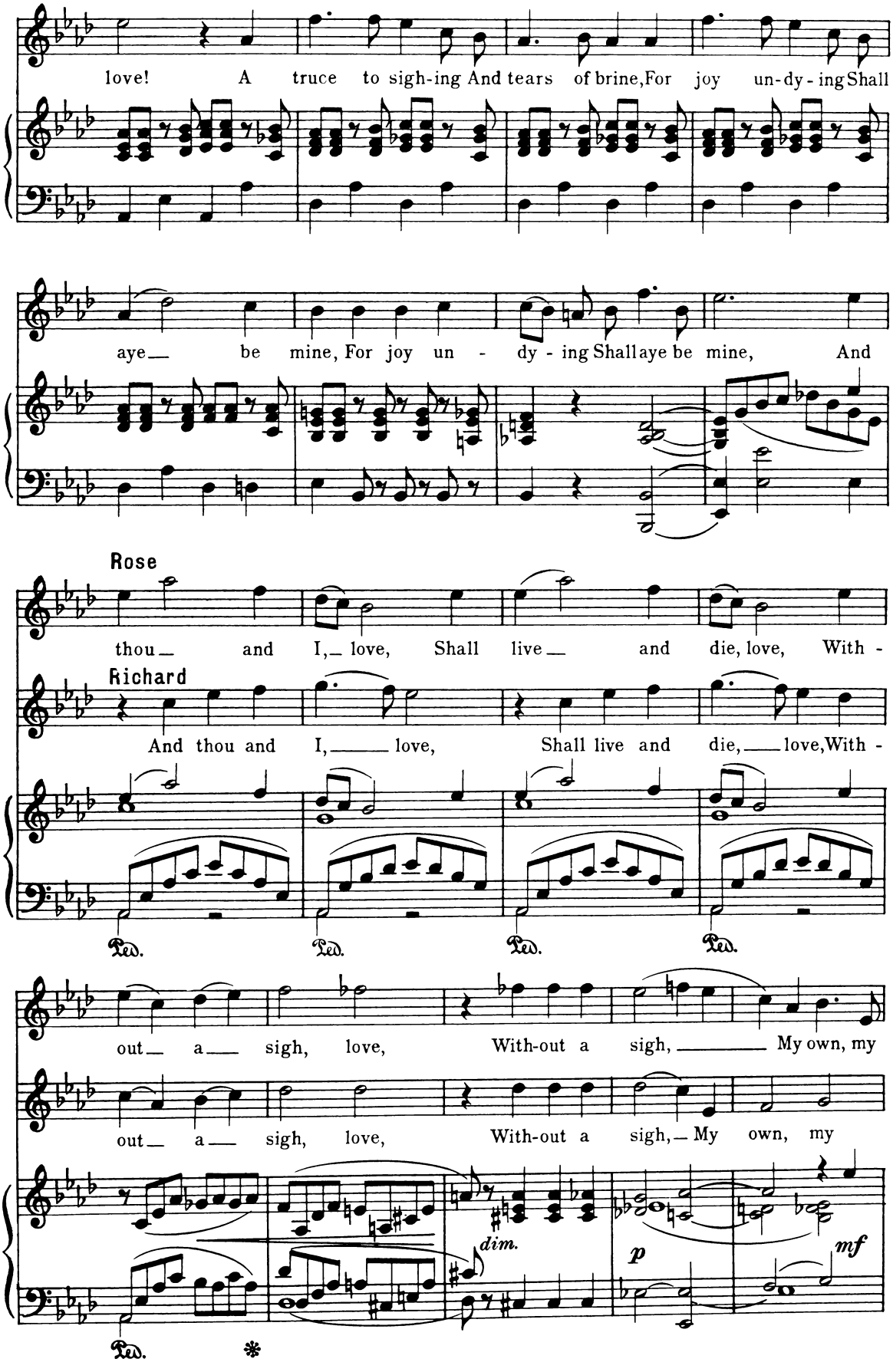
No. 8. The battle's roar is over

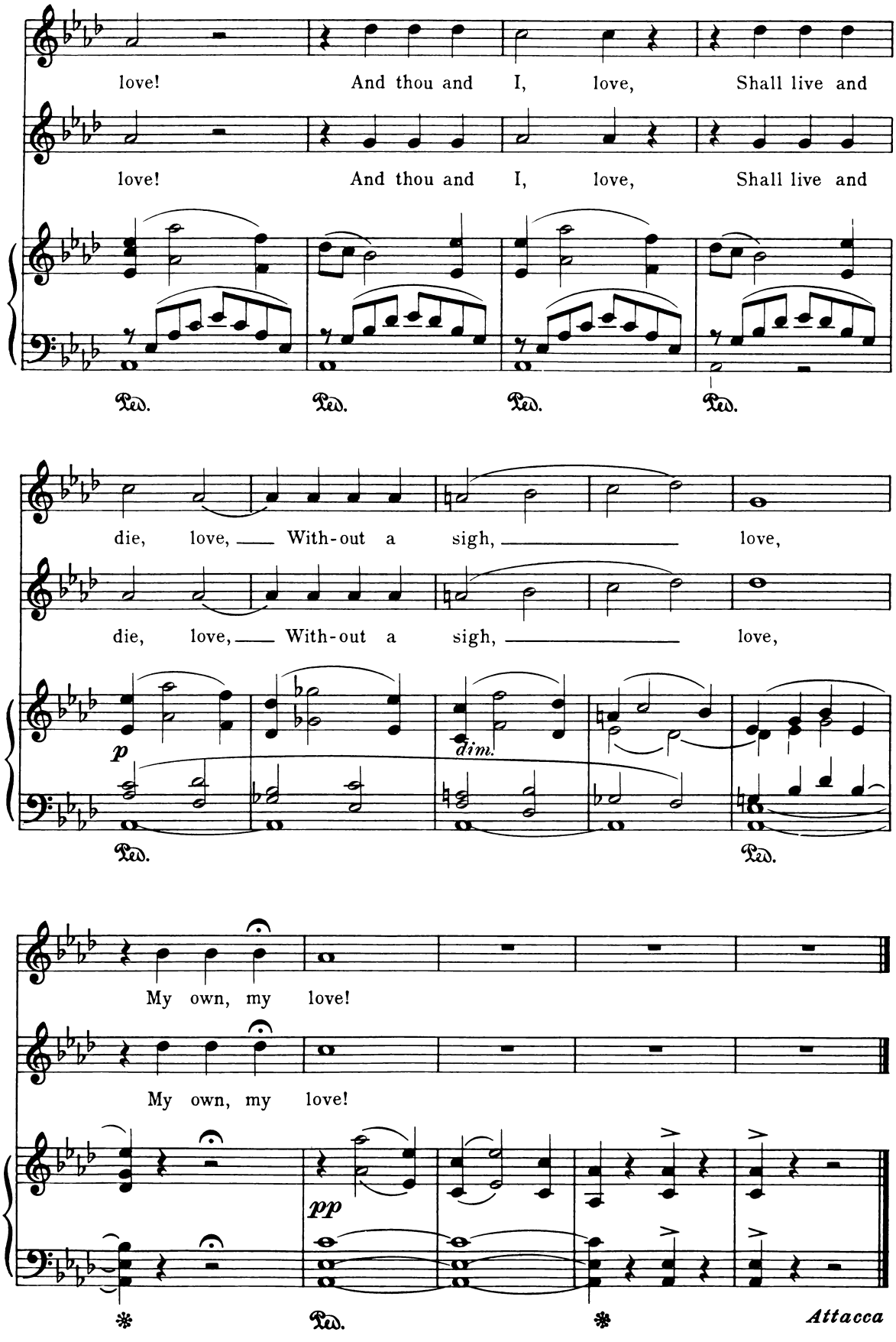
Duet

Richard and Rose



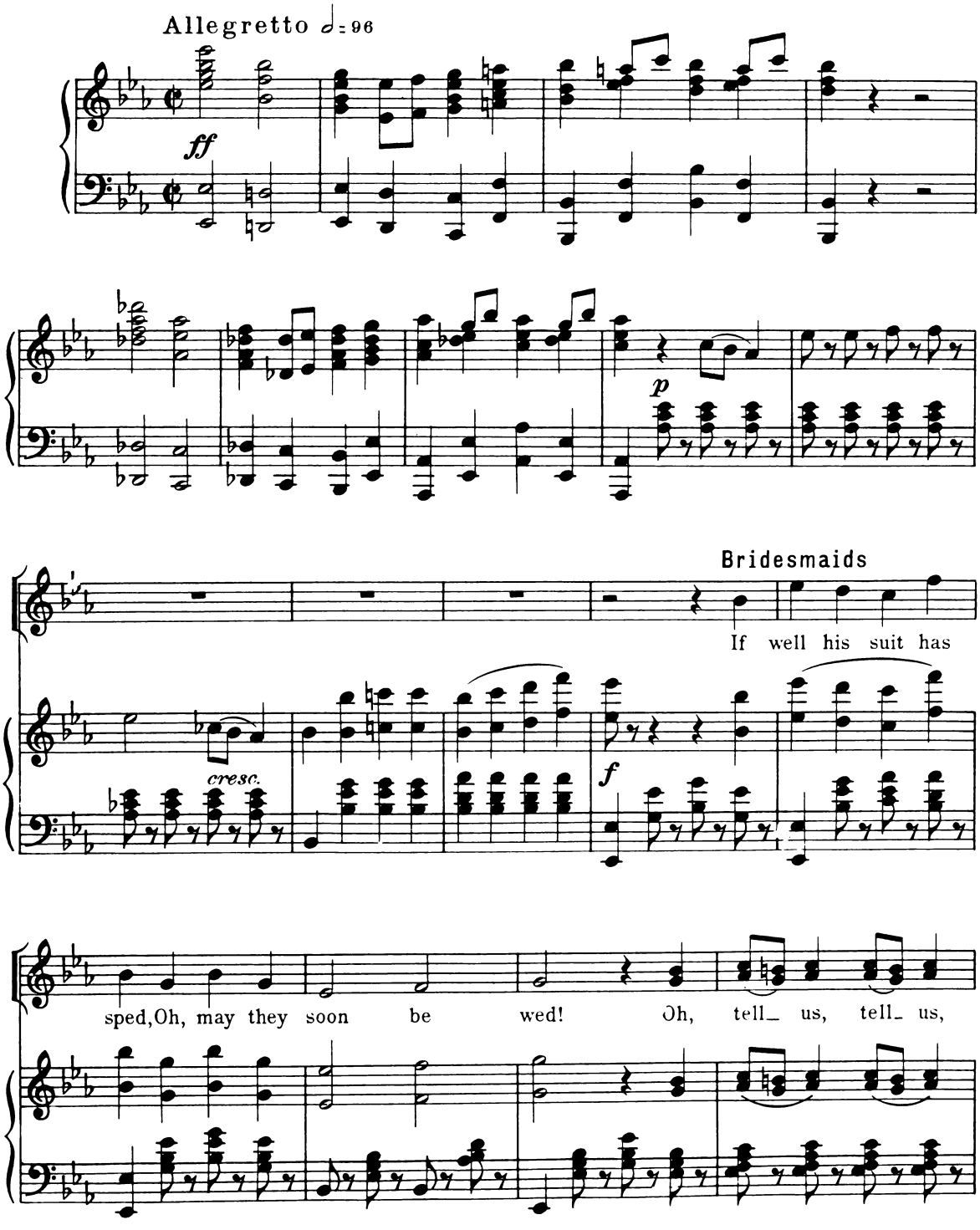

arms, O give me shel-ter With-in those arms! Thy smile al -
Ped.
lur - ing, All heart - ache cur - ing, Gives peace en -
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *
rit.
Rose
dur - ing, O my love! O my love! If
p colla voce
heart both true and ten-der, O my love! A life-love can en-gen-der, O my

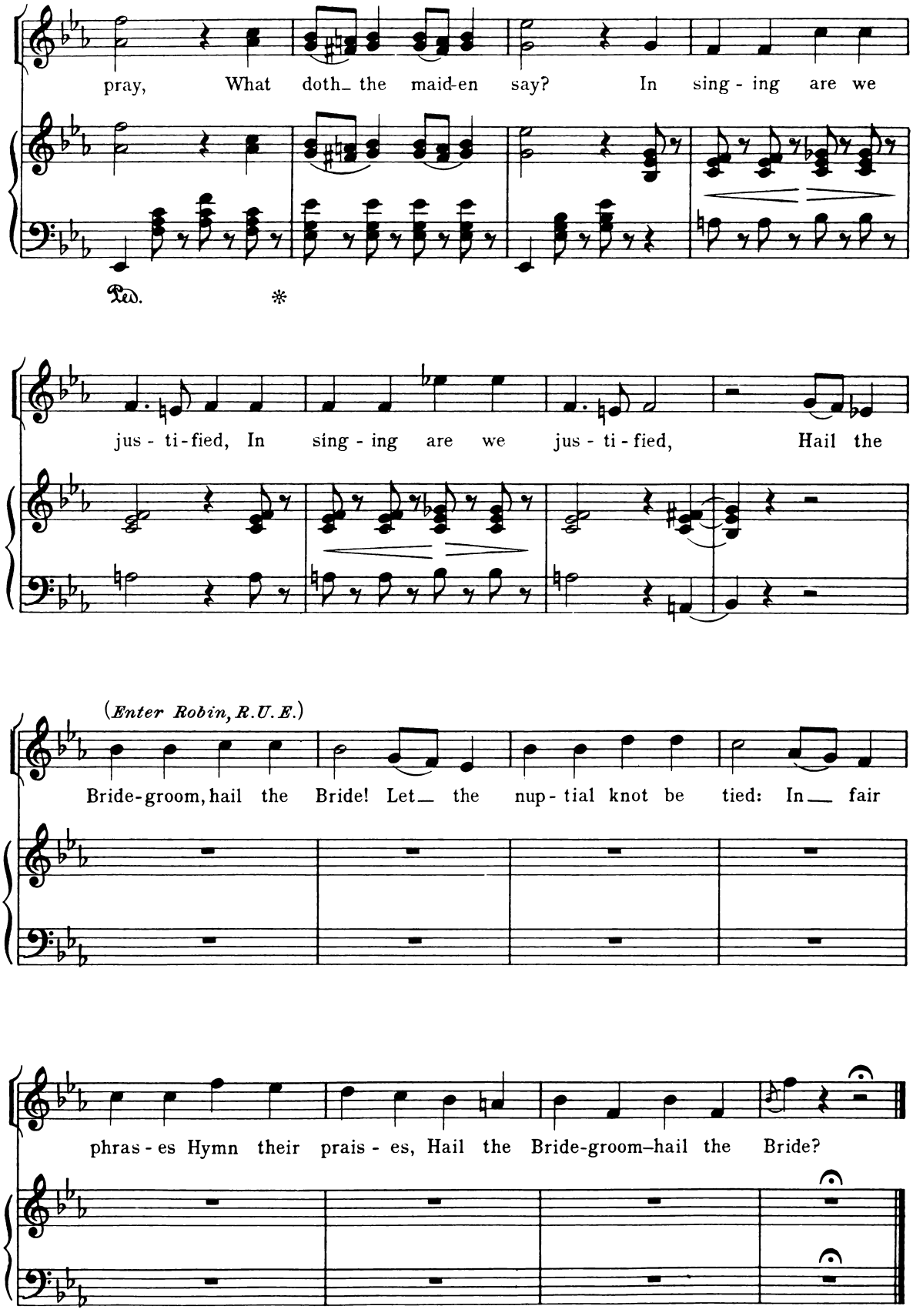

love! A truce to sigh-ing And tears of brine, For joy un-dy-ing Shall
aye be mine, For joy un - dy - ing Shall aye be mine, And
Rose
thou and I, love, Shall live and die, love, With -
Richard
And thou and I, love, Shall live and die, love, With -
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
out a sigh, love, With-out a sigh, My own, my
out a sigh, love, With-out a sigh, My own, my
dim.
p
mf
Ped. *


love! And thou and I, love, Shall live and
love! And thou and I, love, Shall live and
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
die, love, With-out a sigh, love,
die, love, With-out a sigh, love,
p
dim.
Ped. Ped.
My own, my love!
My own, my love!
pp
Ped.
Attacca

No.9. If well his suit has sped

Entrance of Bridesmaids




pray, What doth_ the maid-en say? In sing - ing are we
Ped. *
jus - ti-fied, In sing - ing are we jus - ti - fied, Hail the
(Enter Robin, R.U.E.)
Bride-groom, hail the Bride! Let_ the nup - tial knot be tied: In_ fair
phras - es Hymn their prais - es, Hail the Bride-groom–hail the Bride?

Robin: Well– what news? Have you spoken to her?

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

Robin: And she refuses?

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

Robin: Then she accepts! My darling! *(Embraces her.)*

Bridesmaids: Hail the bridegroom, hail the bride!

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

Richard: Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

Rose: Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you! *(disengaging herself)*

Richard: *(coming between them)* You see, it's like this: she accepts–but it's *me!*

Robin: *(R.C.)* You! *(Richard embraces Rose.)*

Bridesmaids: Hail the Bridegroom, hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied. . .

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

Richard: 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 says, says it– "Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says; "Be honest and sailor–like– don't skulk under false colours– speak up," it says, "take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!"

Bridesmaids: Hail the Bridegroom, hail the Bride!. . .

Robin: Will you be quiet! Go away! *(Chorus makes faces at him and exeunt, R.U.E.)* Vulgar girls!

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

Robin: Of course–no doubt. It's quite right– I don't mind– that is, not particularly– only it's– it *is* disappointing, you know.

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

Richard: That's true, my lass, but it's done now, ain't it, Rob?

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

Robin: *(coming between them)* 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!

Richard: *(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!

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

Richard: Thankye, Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye, Rob!

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

Robin: Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He *does* drink – I won't deny it. But what of that? Look at his arms – tattooed to the shoulder! *(Richard rolls up 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!

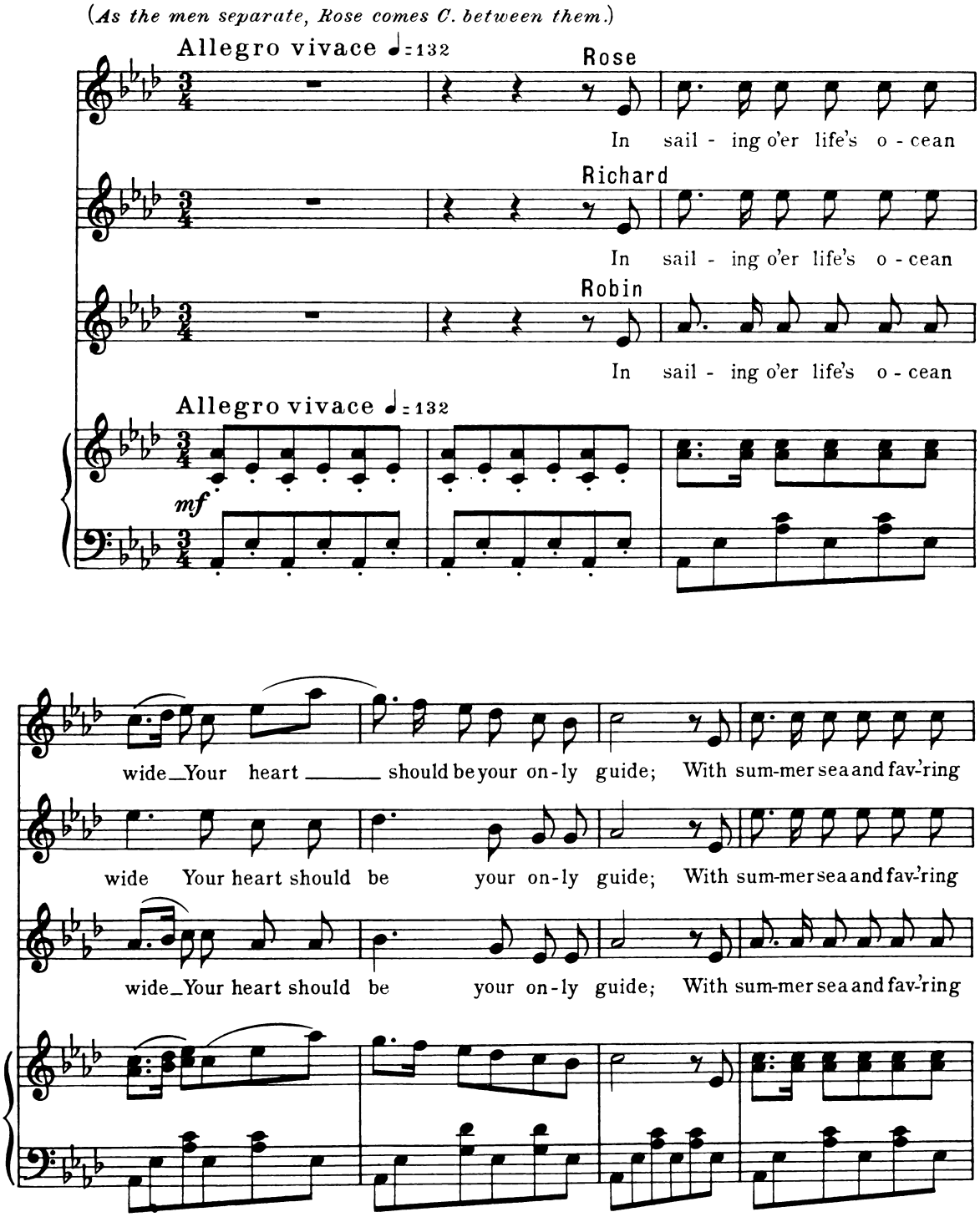
Robin: Granted– granted– and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. *(Richard chuckles.)* You are, you know you are, you dog! *(Digs him in the ribs.)* A devil of a fellow– a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning in a deadeye don't 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!

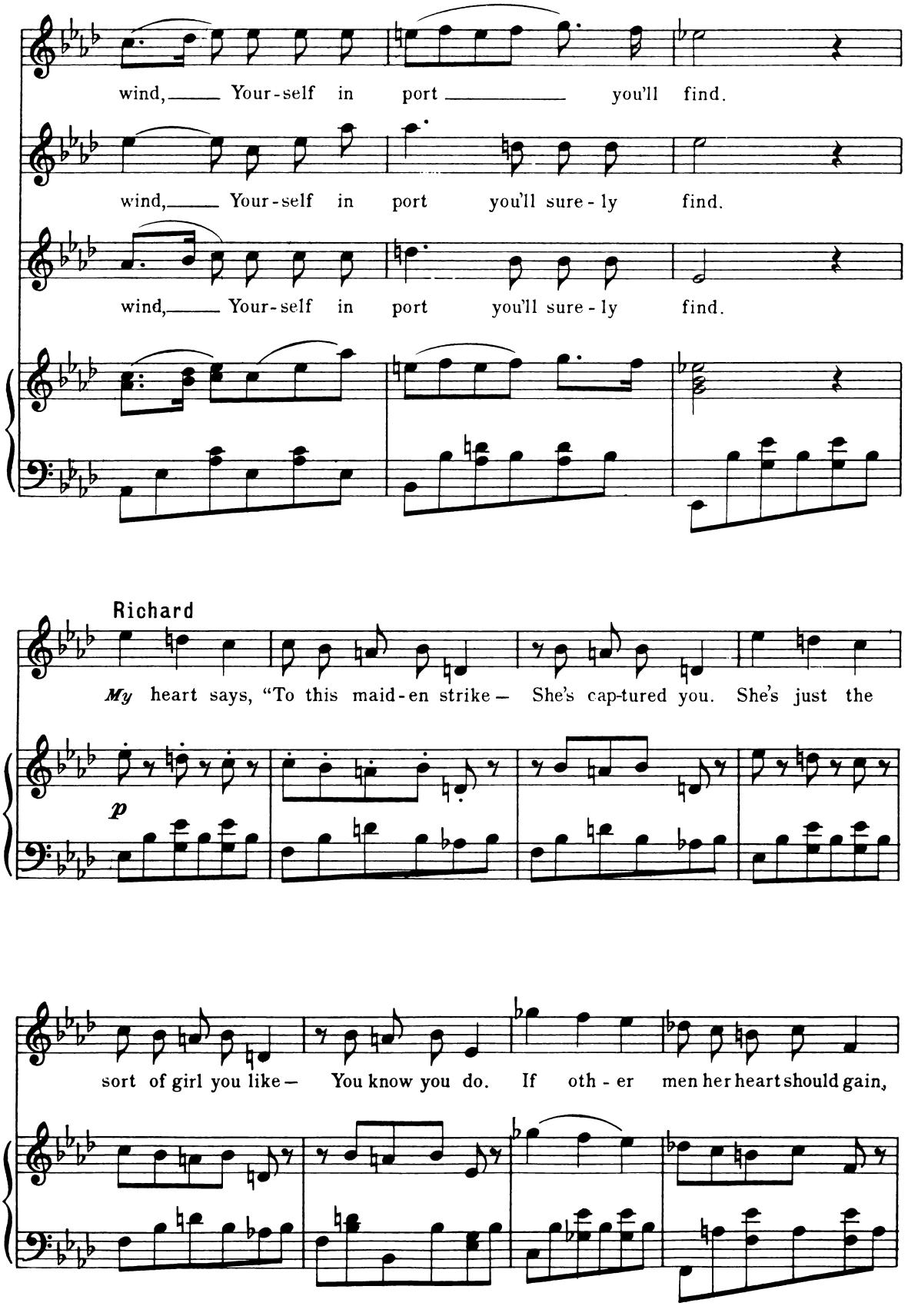
Richard: Thankye, Rob, thankye! You're a true friend. I've acted accordin' to my heart's dictates, and such orders as them no man should disobey.' *(They shake hands.)*

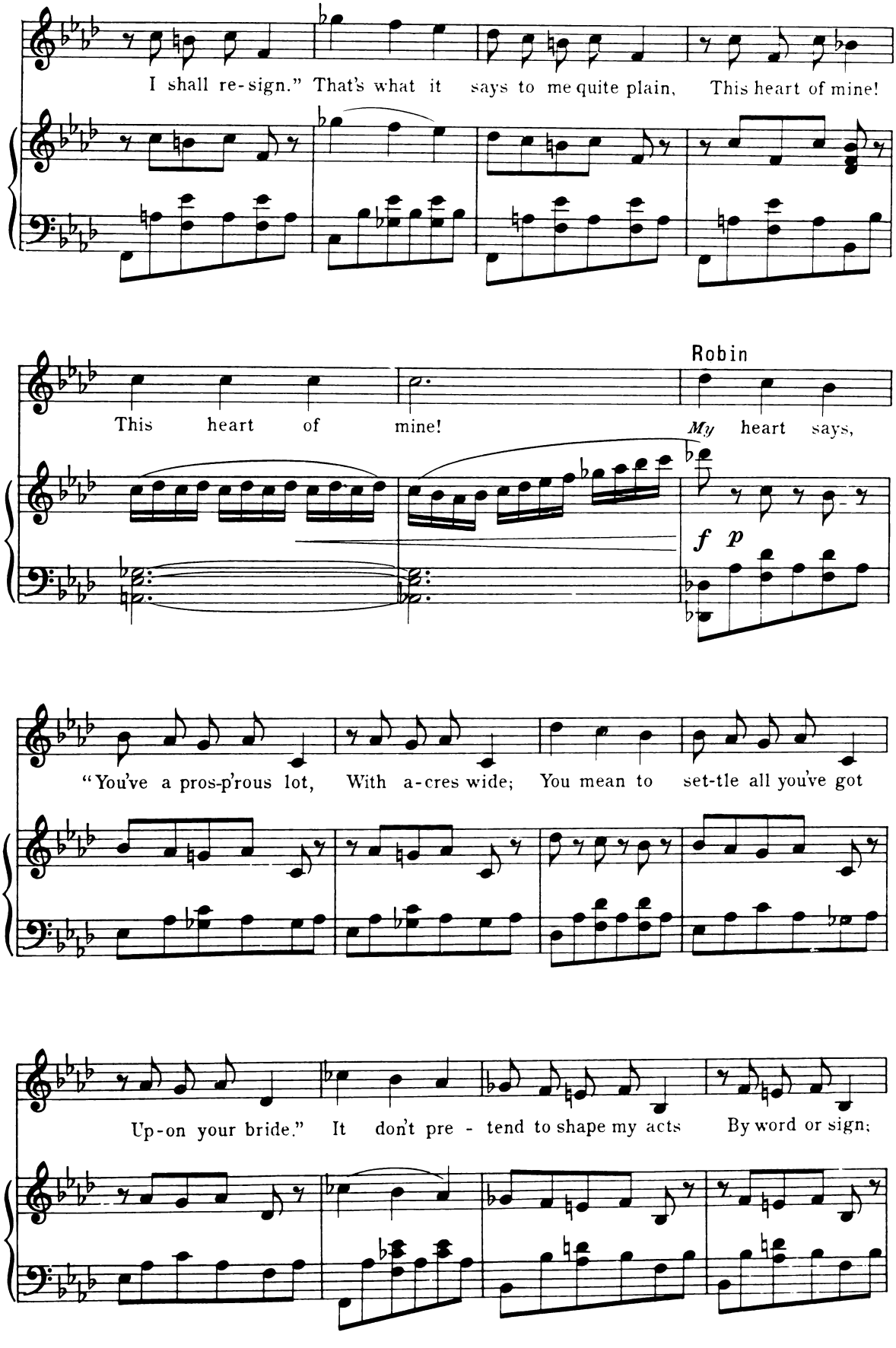
No. 10. In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

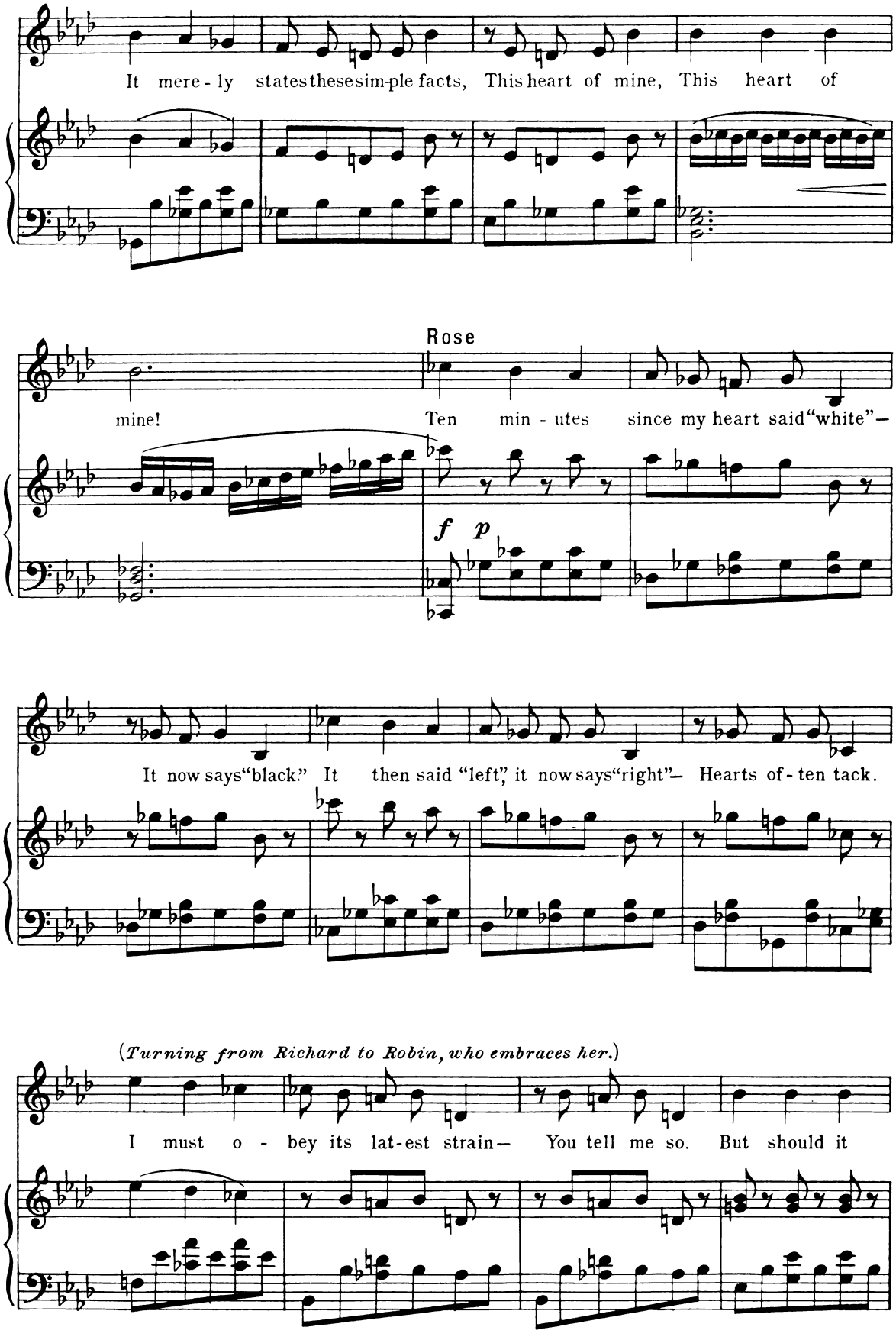
Trio

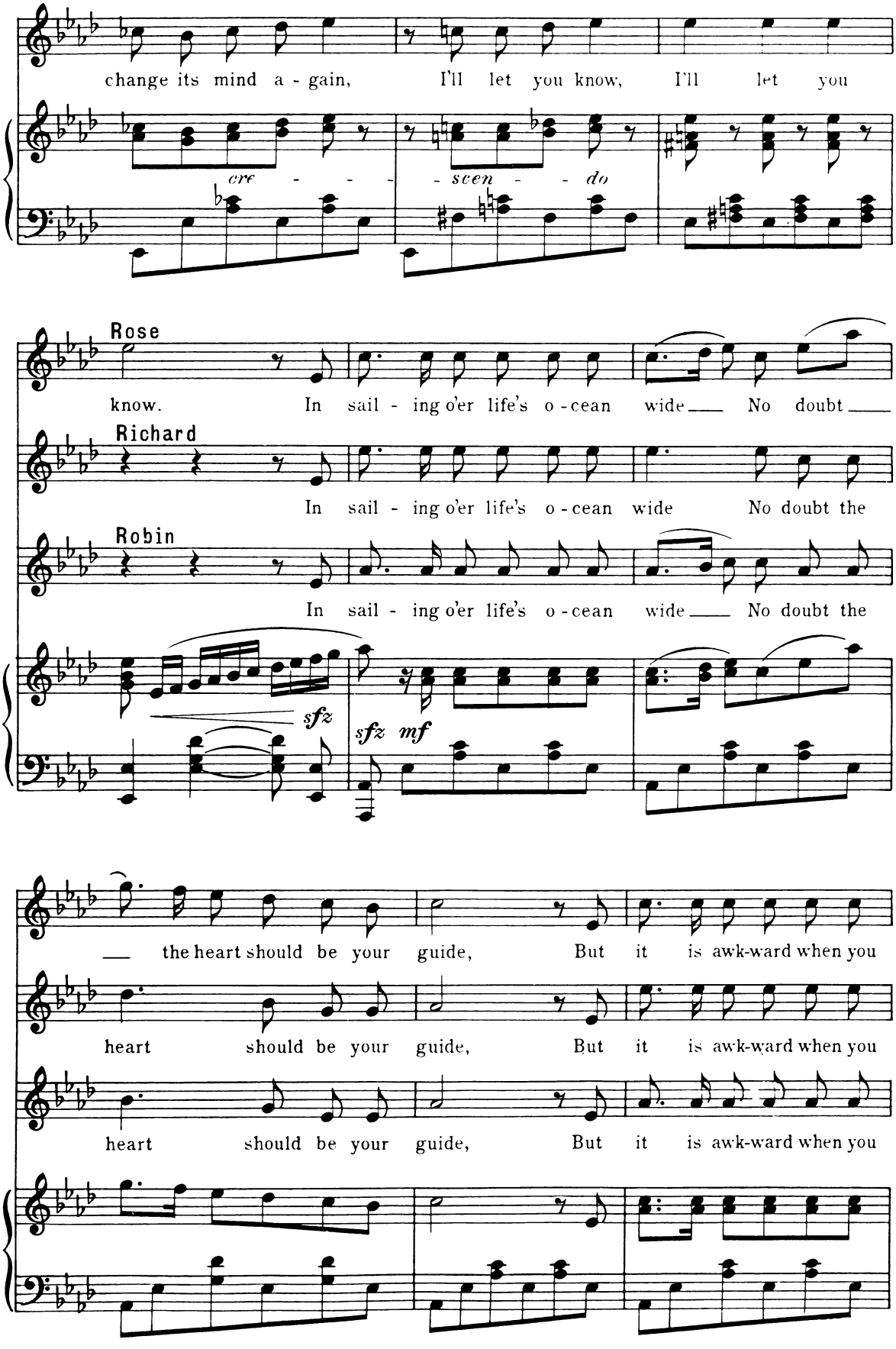
Rose, Richard, and Robin

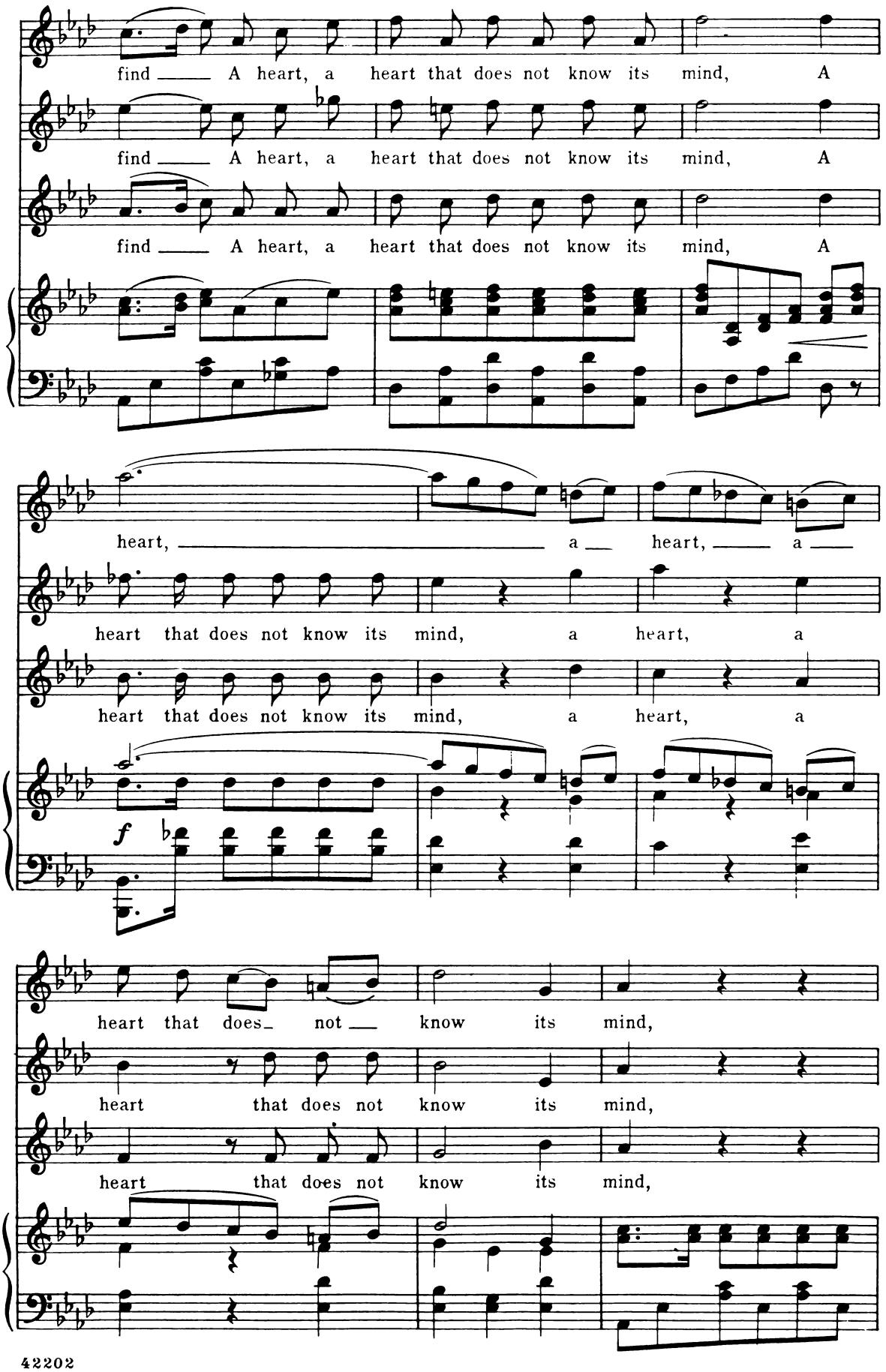


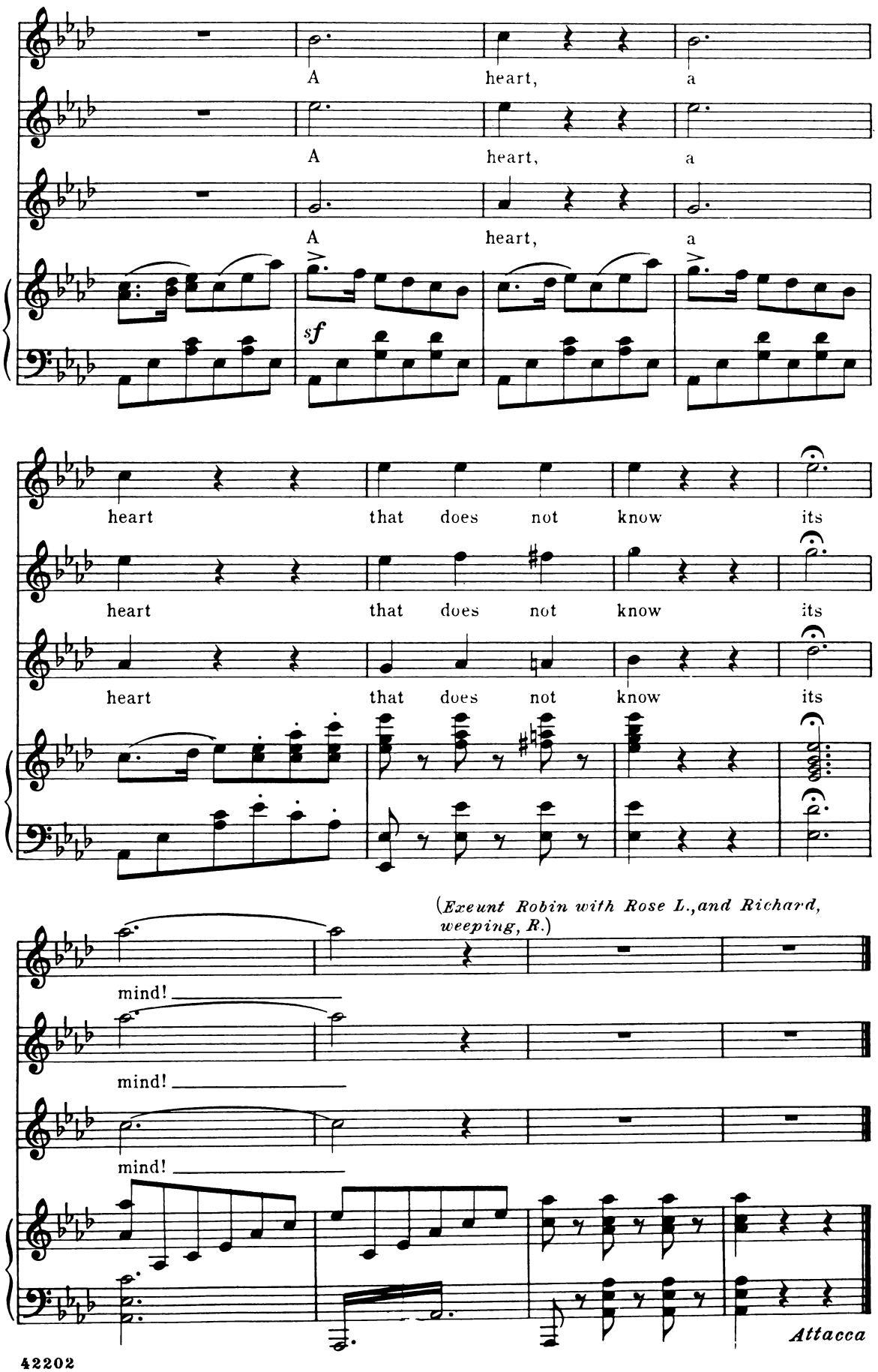

wind, Your-self in port you'll find.
wind, Your-self in port you'll sure-ly find.
wind, Your-self in port you'll sure-ly find.
Richard
My heart says, "To this maid-en strike— She's cap-tured you. She's just the
p
sort of girl you like— You know you do. If oth-er men her heart should gain,


I shall re-sign." That's what it says to me quite plain, This heart of mine!
This heart of mine!
Robin
My heart says,
f p
"You've a pros-p'rous lot, With a-cres wide; You mean to set-tle all you've got
Up-on your bride." It don't pre - tend to shape my acts By word or sign;


It mere - ly states these sim-ple facts, This heart of mine, This heart of
Rose
mine!
Ten min - utes since my heart said "white"—
f p
It now says "black." It then said "left," it now says "right"— Hearts of - ten tack.
(Turning from Richard to Robin, who embraces her.)
I must o - bey its lat-est strain— You tell me so. But should it


change its mind a - gain, I'll let you know, I'll let you
cre - - - - scen - - do
Rose
know. In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide No doubt
Richard
In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide No doubt the
Robin
In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide No doubt the
sfz
sfz mf
the heart should be your guide, But it is awk-ward when you
heart should be your guide, But it is awk-ward when you
heart should be your guide, But it is awk-ward when you


find ___ A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A
find ___ A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A
find ___ A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A
heart, ___ a ___ heart, ___ a ___
heart that does not know its mind, a heart, a
heart that does not know its mind, a heart, a
f
heart that does ___ not ___ know its mind,
heart that does not know its mind,
heart that does not know its mind,

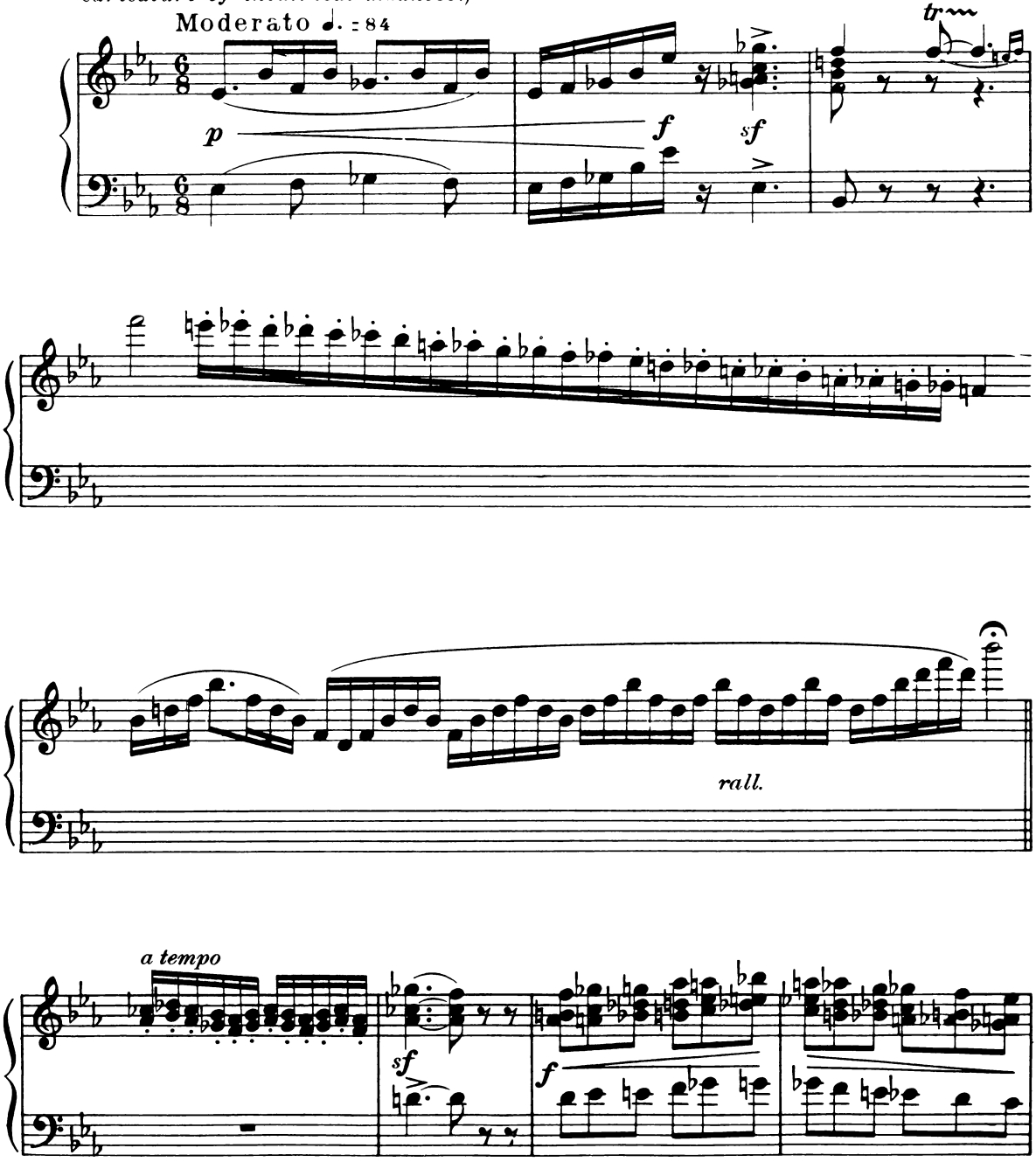

A heart, a
A heart, a
A heart, a
sf
heart that does not know its
heart that does not know its
heart that does not know its
(Exeunt Robin with Rose L., and Richard, weeping, R.)
mind!
mind!
mind!
Attacca

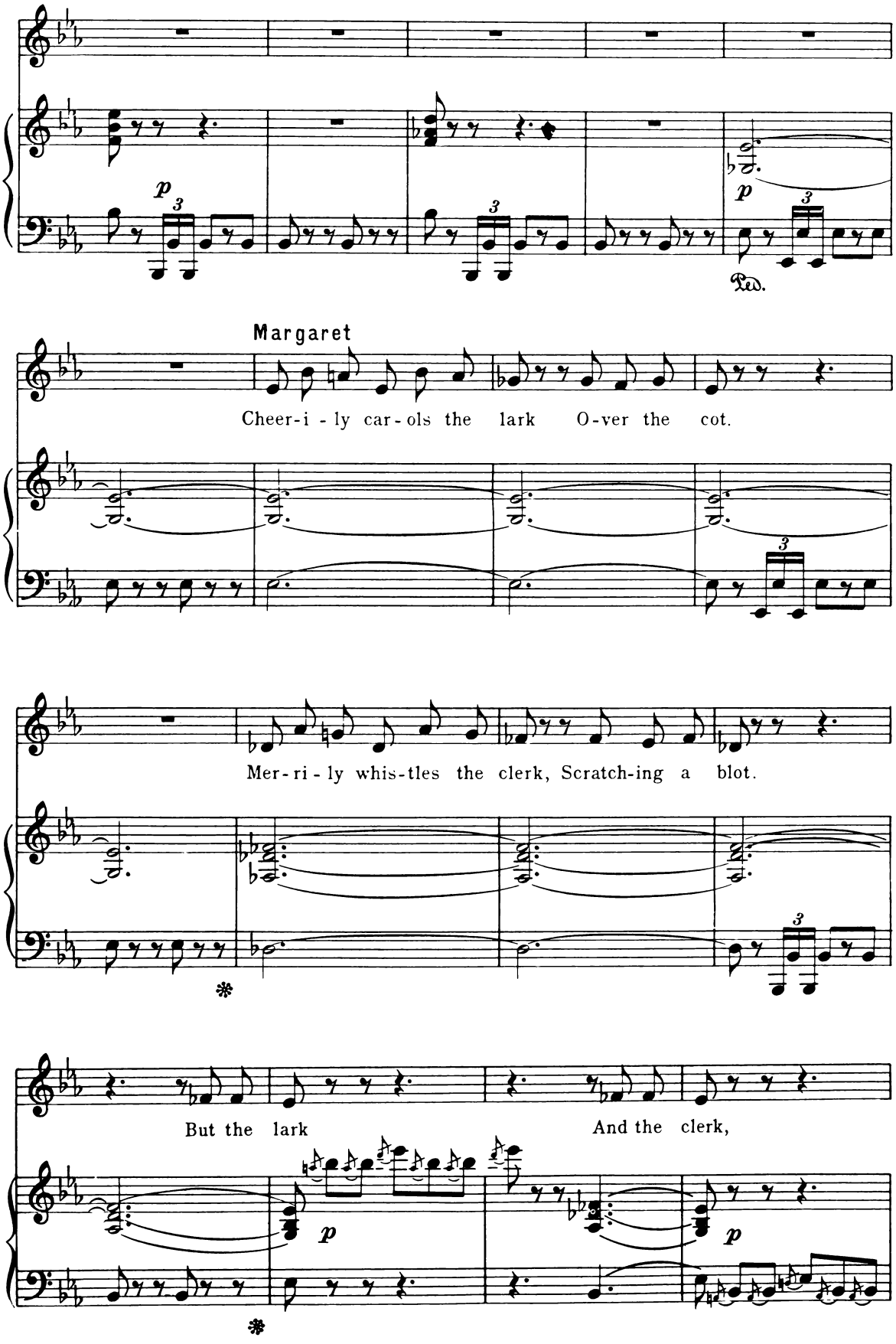
No.11. Cheerily carols the lark

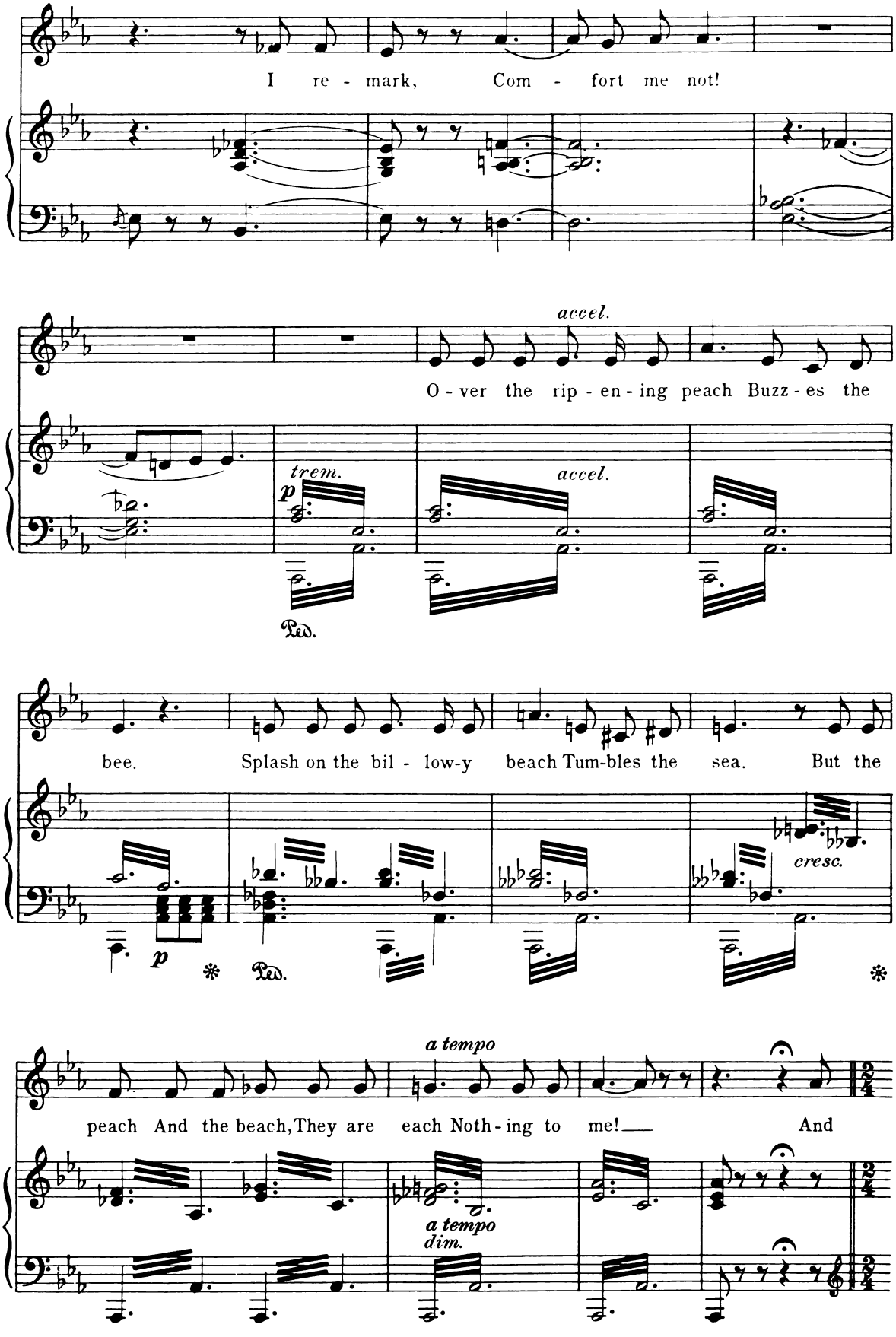
Recitative and Aria

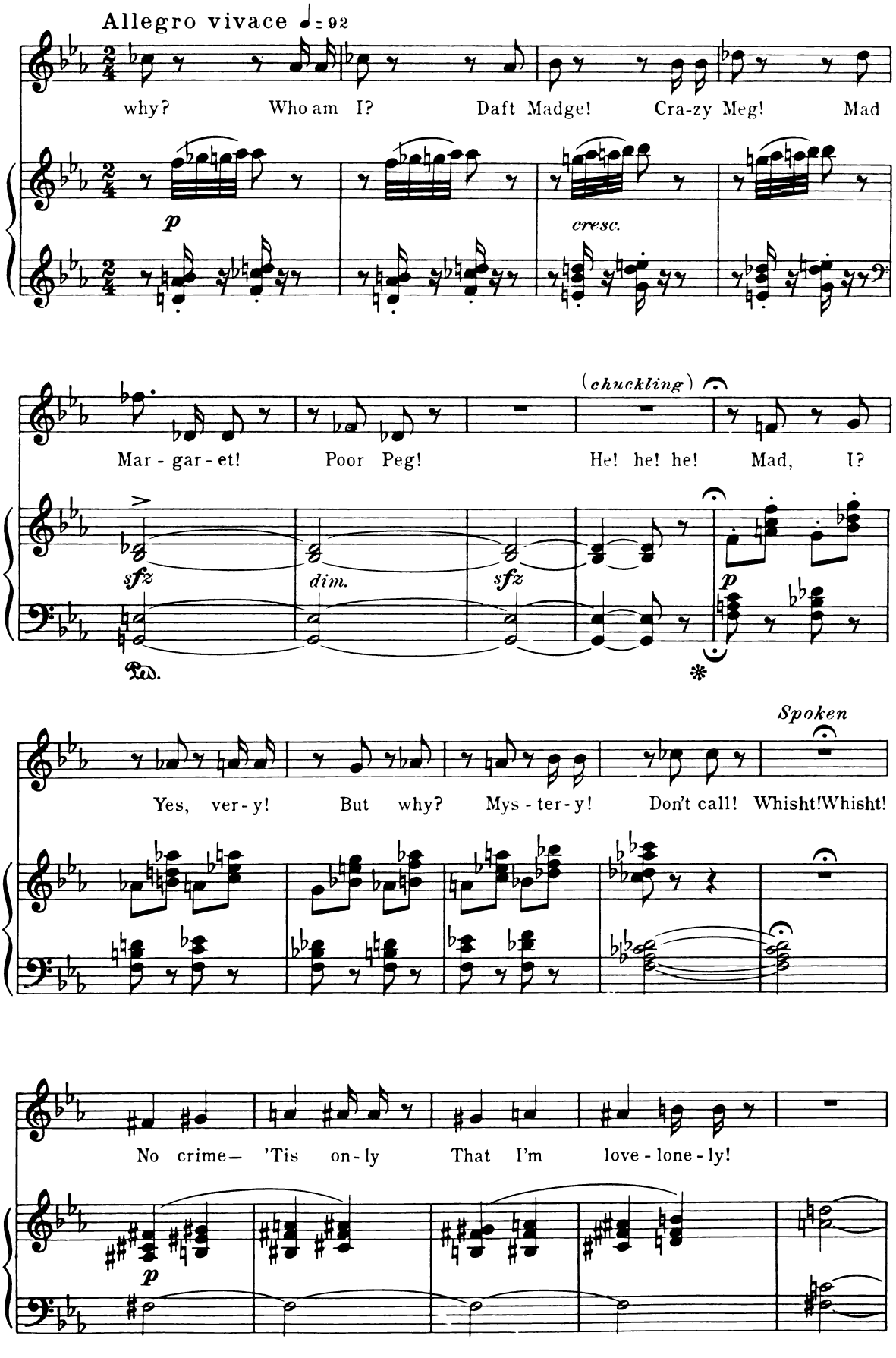
Margaret

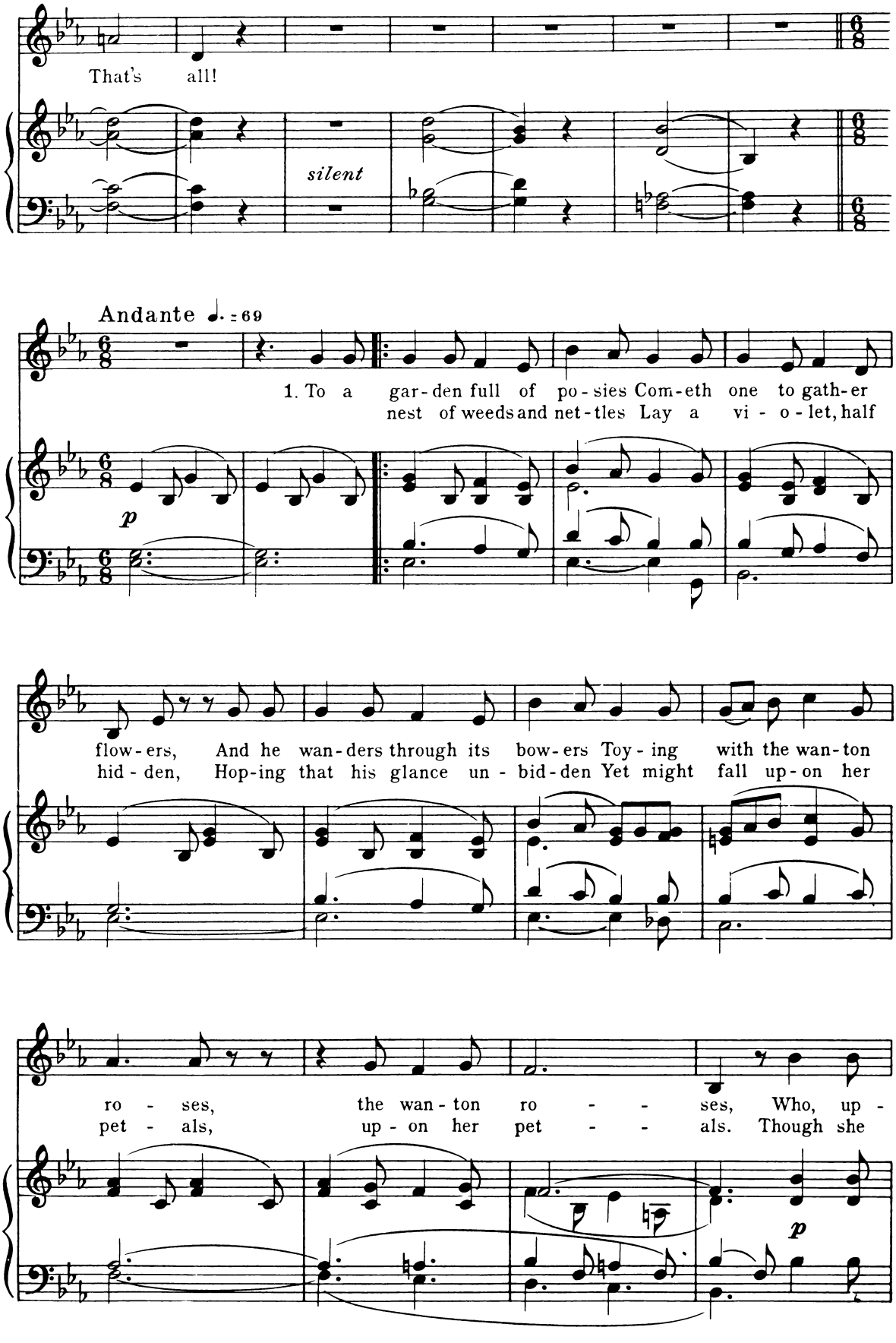
(Enter Mad Margaret. She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.)

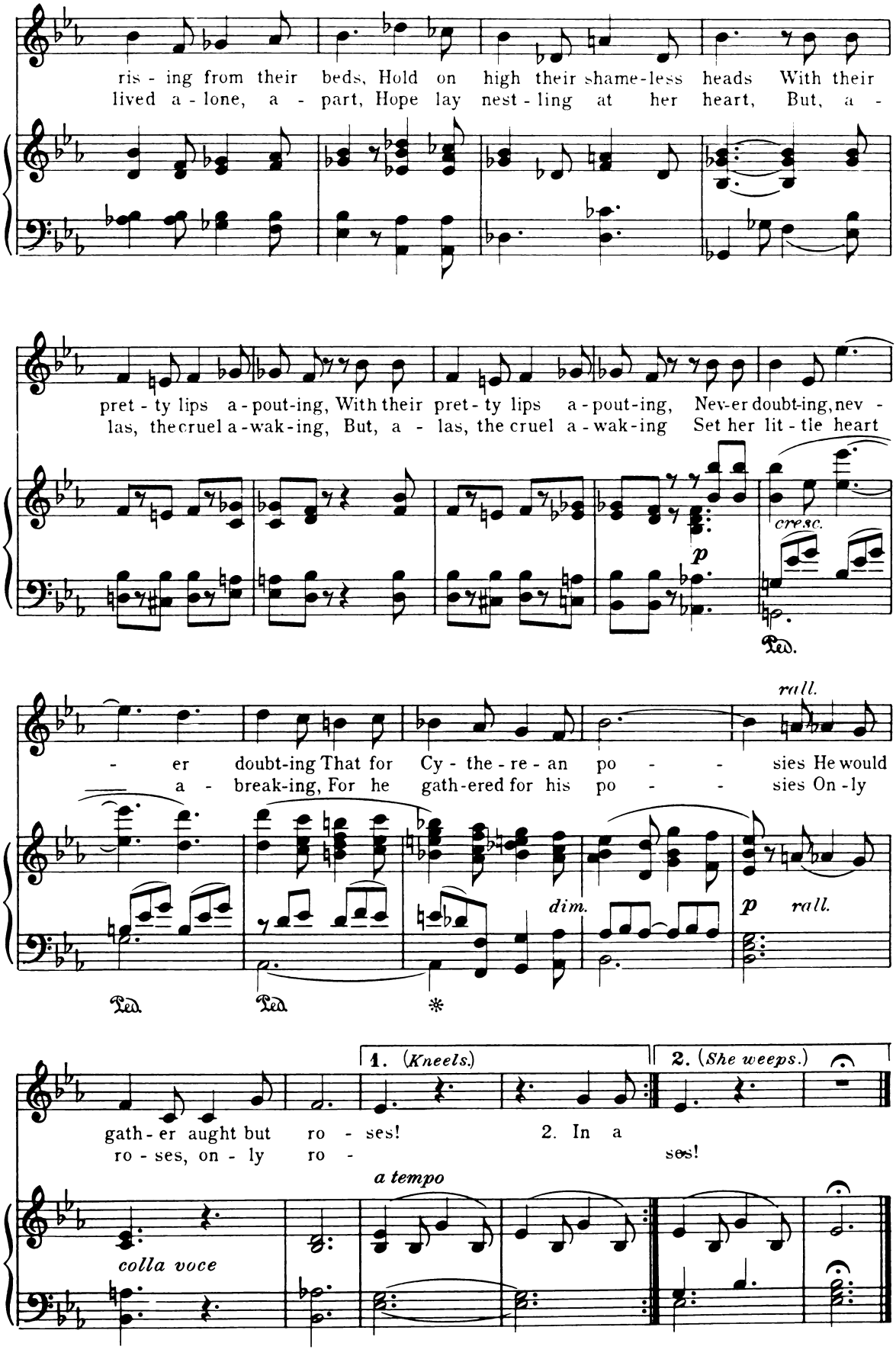



p
Ped.
Margaret
Cheer-i - ly car-ols the lark O-ver the cot.
Mer-ri - ly whis-tles the clerk, Scratch-ing a blot.
But the lark
And the clerk,
p
p


I re - mark, Com - fort me not!
accel.
O - ver the rip - en - ing peach Buzz - es the
trem.
p
accel.
Ped.
bee. Splash on the bil - low-y beach Tum-bles the sea. But the
p
cresc.
Ped.
a tempo
peach And the beach, They are each Noth - ing to me! And
a tempo
dim.


Allegro vivace ♩= 92
why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Cra-zy Meg! Mad
p
cresc.
(chuckling)
Mar - gar - et! Poor Peg! He! he! he! Mad, I?
sfz
dim.
sfz
p
Ped.
*
Spoken
Yes, ver - y! But why? Mys - ter - y! Don't call! Whisht!Whisht!
No crime— 'Tis on - ly That I'm love - lone - ly!
p


That's all!
silent
Andante ♩. = 69
1. To a gar-den full of po-sies Com-eth one to gath-er
nest of weeds and net-tles Lay a vi-o-let, half
p
flow-ers, And he wan-ders through its bow-ers Toy-ing with the wan-ton
hid-den, Hop-ing that his glance un-bid-den Yet might fall up-on her
ro-ses, the wan-ton ro-ses, Who, up-
pet-als, up-on her pet-als. Though she
p


ris - ing from their beds, Hold on high their shame-less heads With their
lived a - lone, a - part, Hope lay nest - ling at her heart, But, a -
pret - ty lips a - pout-ing, With their pret - ty lips a - pout-ing, Nev-er doubt-ing, nev -
las, the cruel a - wak - ing, But, a - las, the cruel a - wak - ing Set her lit - tle heart
cresc.
p
Ped.
rall.
- er doubt-ing That for Cy - the - re - an po - - - sies He would
a - break-ing, For he gath-ered for his po - - - sies On - ly
dim.
p
rall.
Ped.
Ped.
*
1. (Kneels.)
2. (She weeps.)
gath - er aught but ro - ses! 2. In a
ro - ses, on - ly ro - ses!
a tempo
colla voce

(Enter Rose, L.)

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

Margaret: *(R.C. Examines it and rejects it.)* No! *(mysteriously)* Tell me, are you mad?

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

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

Rose: Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, horrible– too horrible! *(She turns away to L.C.)*

Margaret: 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! *(coming C. to Rose)*

Rose: Mercy, whom?

Margaret: You mean "who."

Rose: Nay! It is the accusative after the verb.

Margaret: True! *(Whispers melodramatically.)* I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

Rose: *(alarmed)* Rose Maybud?

Margaret: Aye! I love him– he loved me once. But that's all gone. Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance– thus *(business)*– and made me his. He will give *her* an Italian glance, and make *her* his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her– stamp on her– stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody? No? Why not? Listen– I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it. So it died– pop! So shall she!

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

Margaret: You are Rose Maybud?

Rose: Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

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

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

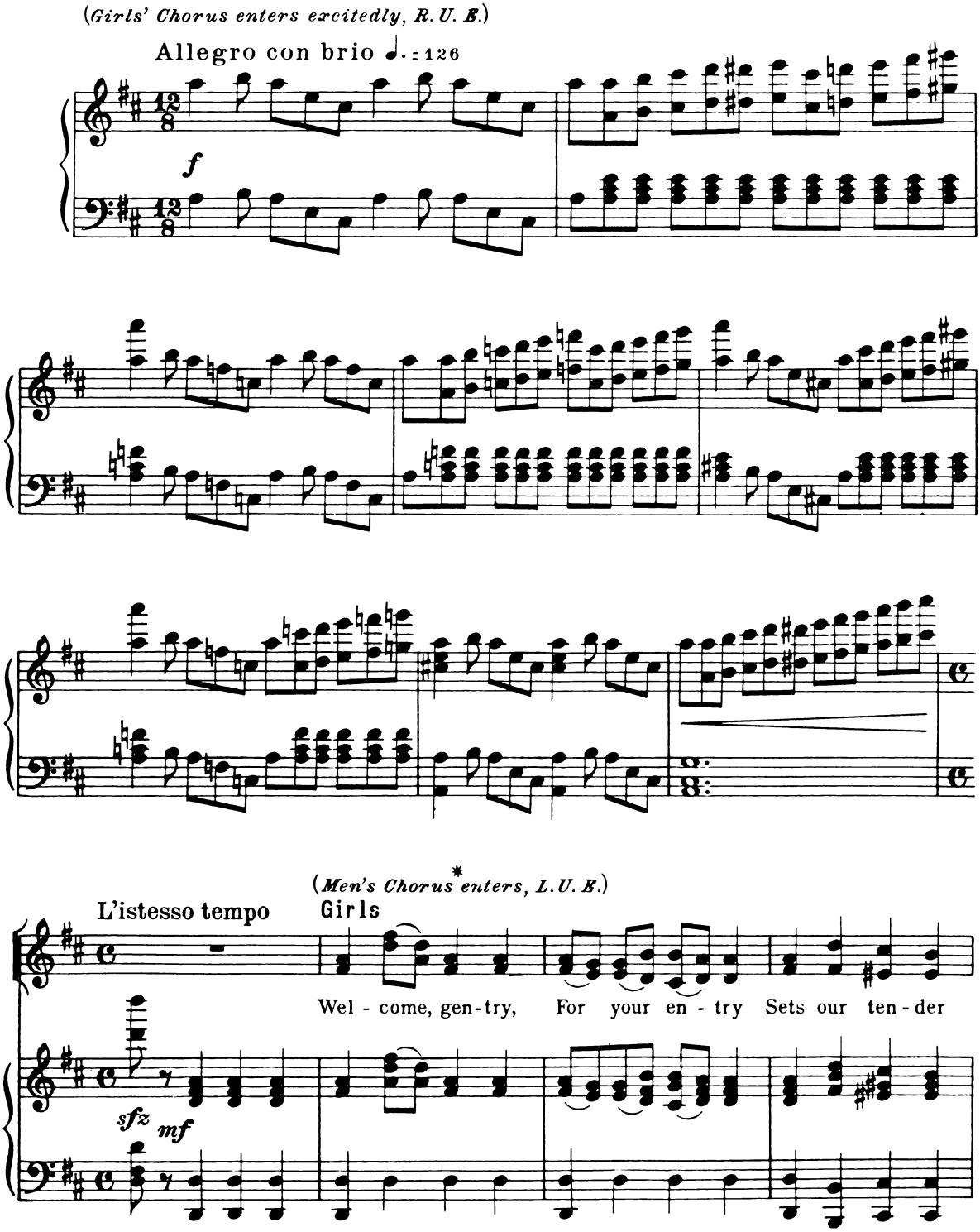
Margaret: Swear me that! Come to a Commissioner and let me have it on affidavit! *I* once made an affidavit– but it died– it died–it died! But see, they come– Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide– they are all mad– quite mad!

Rose: What makes you think so?

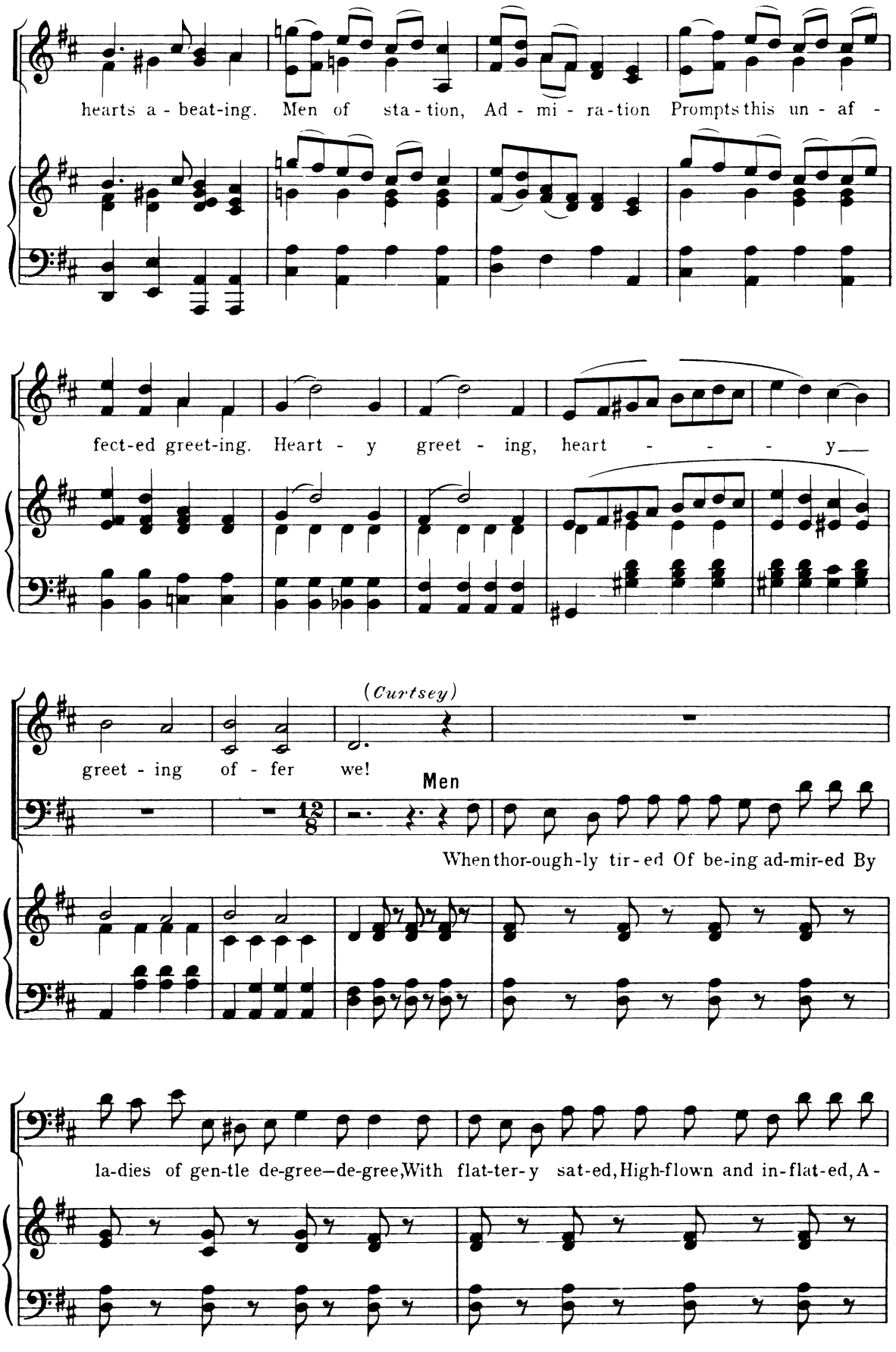
Margaret: Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's mad enough, I think! Go– hide away, they will seize you! Hush! Quite softly– quite, quite softly! *(Takes Rose's hand, and they exeunt together on tiptoe, L.)*

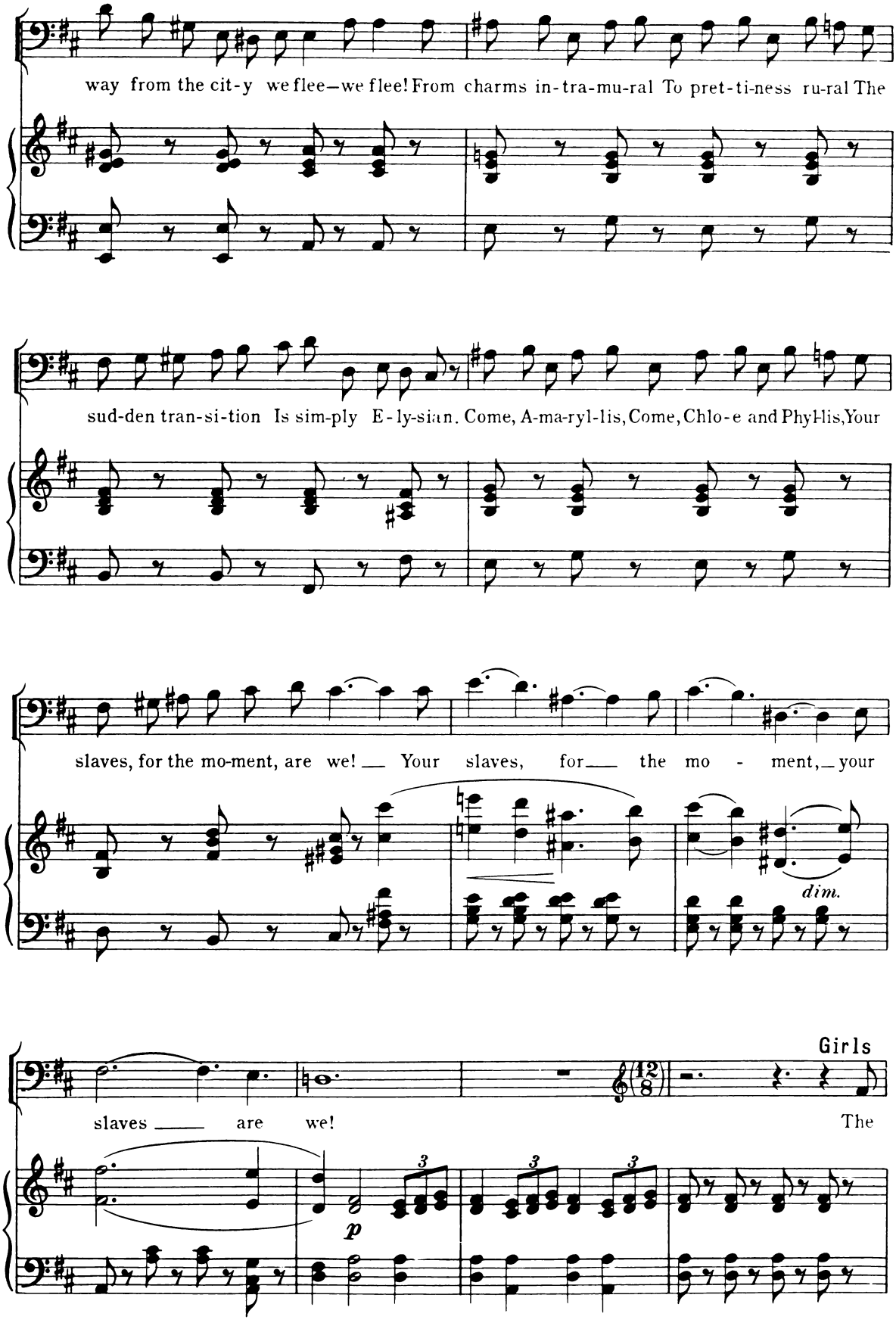
No. 12. Welcome, gentry

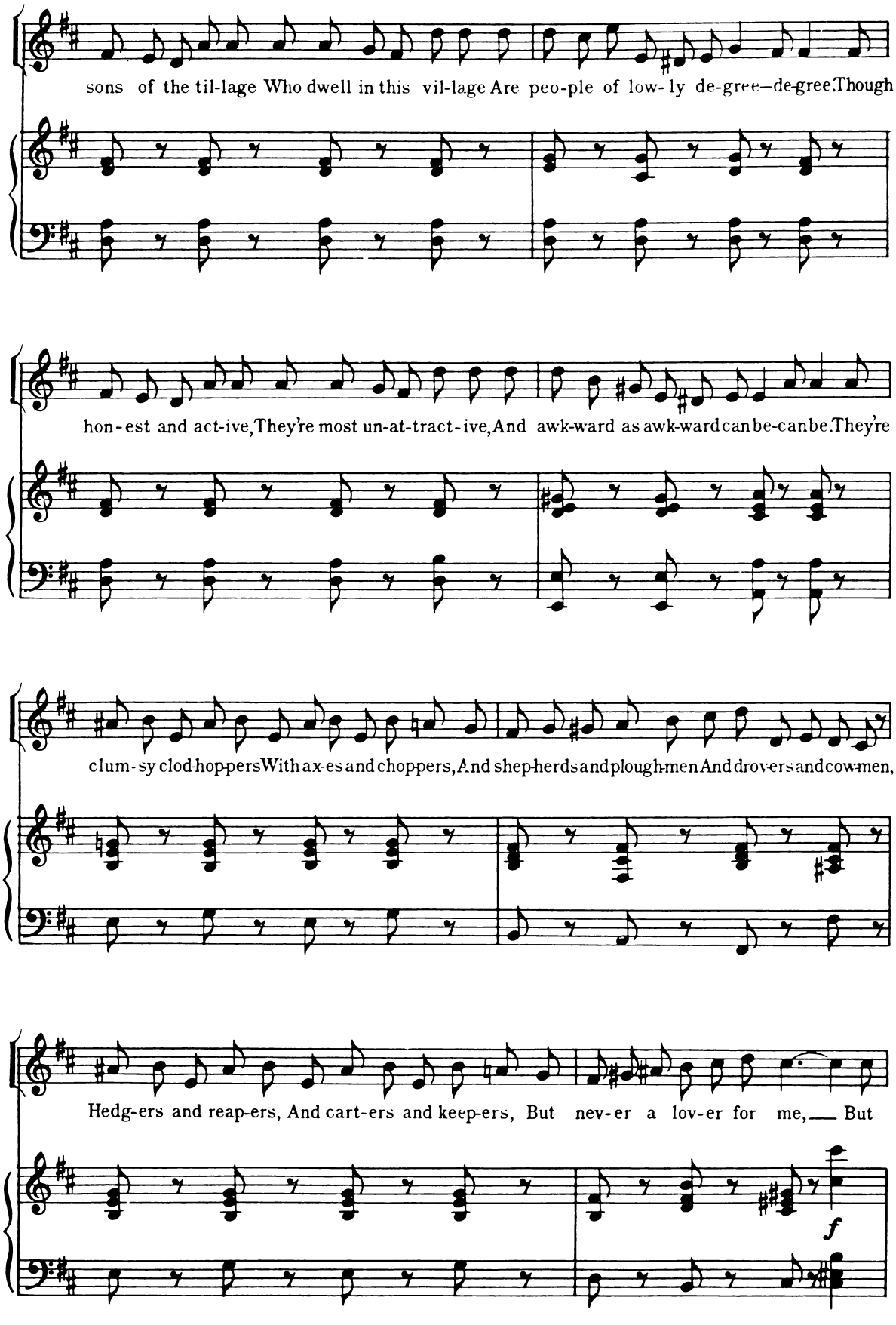
Chorus

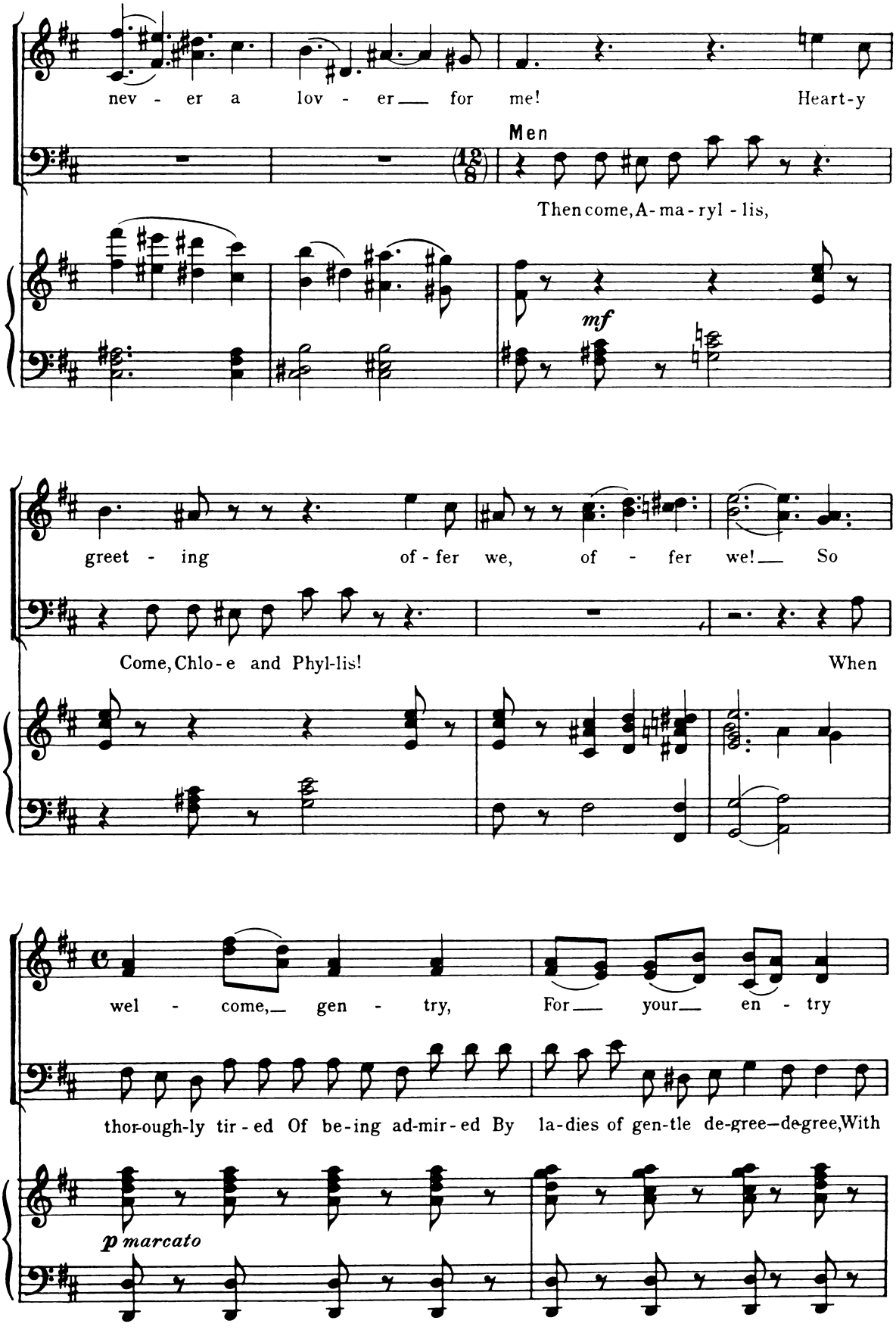


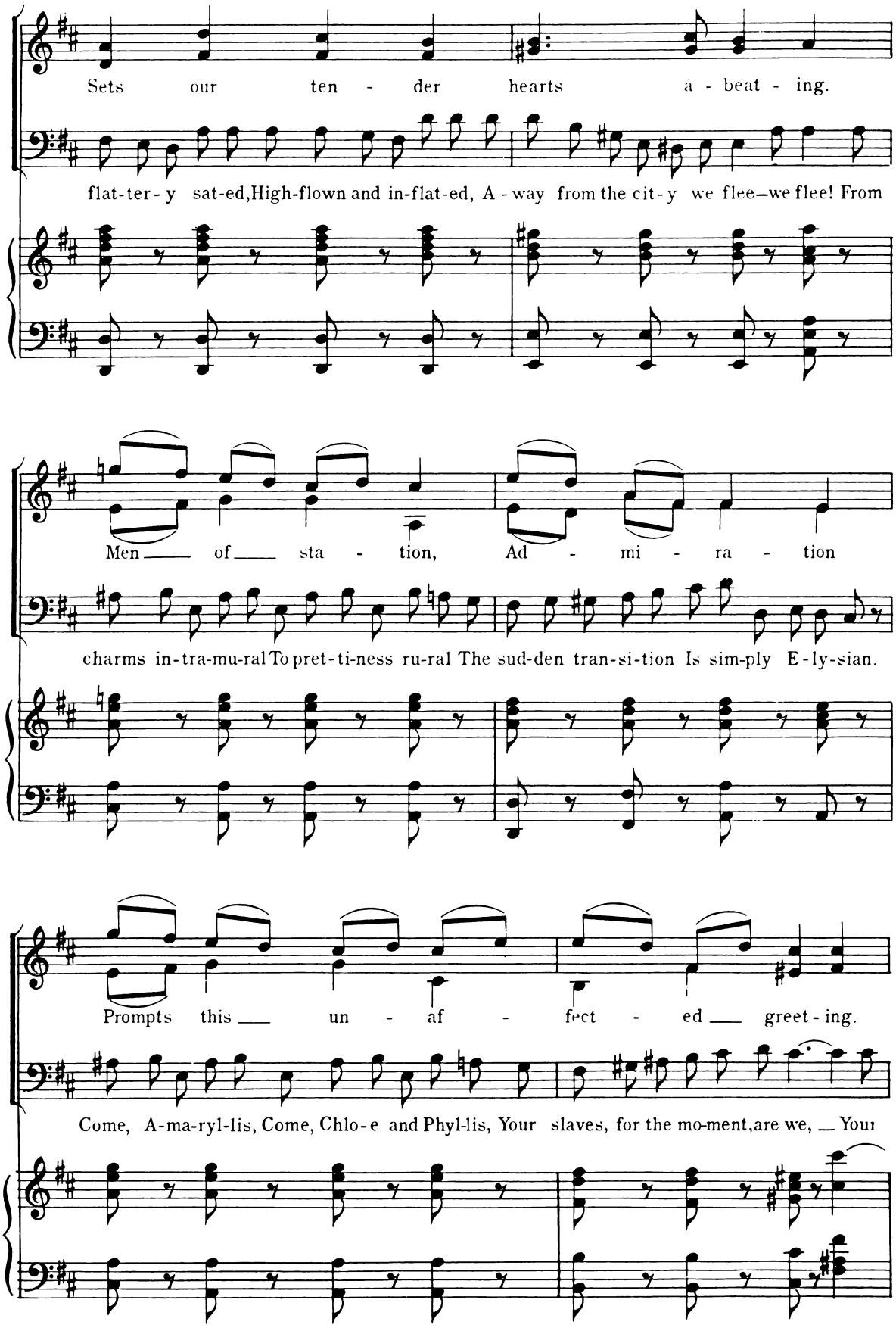
*In Gilbert's original libretto, the Men's Chorus is called "Chorus of Bucks and Blades."

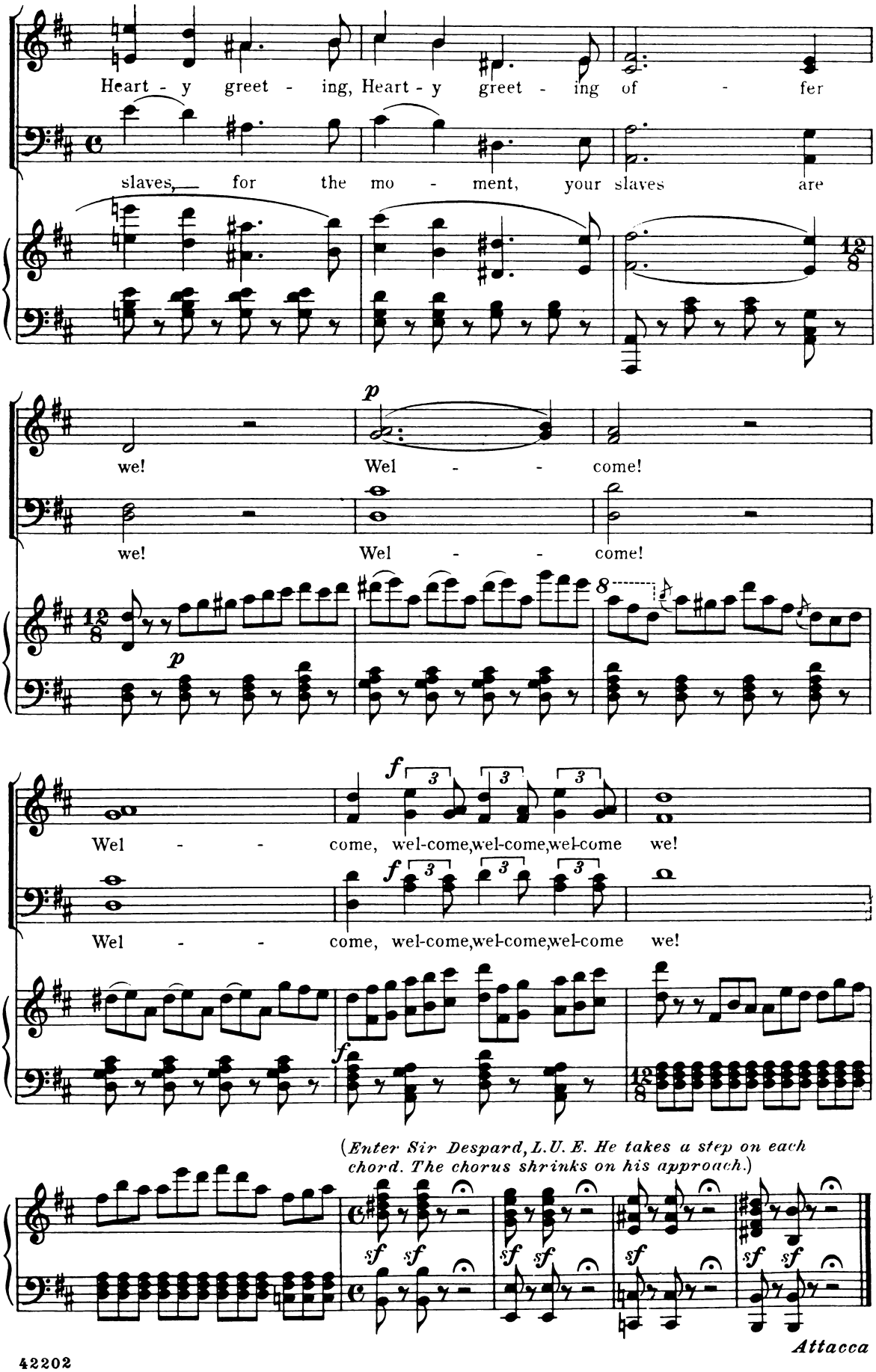

hearts a - beat-ing. Men of sta - tion, Ad - mi - ra - tion Prompts this un - af -
fect-ed greet-ing. Heart - y greet - ing, heart - - - y—
(Curtsey)
greet - ing of - fer we!
Men
When thor-ough-ly tir - ed Of be-ing ad-mir-ed By
la-dies of gen-tle de-gree—de-gree, With flat-ter-y sat-ed, High-flown and in-flat-ed, A -


way from the cit-y we flee—we flee! From charms in-tra-mu-ral To pret-ti-ness ru-ral The
sud-den tran-si-tion Is sim-ply E-ly-sian. Come, A-ma-ryl-lis, Come, Chlo-e and Phyllis, Your
slaves, for the mo-ment, are we! — Your slaves, for — the mo - ment, — your
dim.
Girls
slaves — are we!
The
p


sons of the til-lage Who dwell in this vil-lage Are peo-ple of low-ly de-gree—de-gree.Though
hon-est and act-ive,They're most un-at-tract-ive,And awk-ward as awk-ward can be-can be.They're
clum-sy clod-hoppers With ax-es and chop-pers,And shep-herds and plough-men And drov-ers and cow-men,
Hedg-ers and reap-ers, And cart-ers and keep-ers, But nev-er a lov-er for me,___ But
f


nev - er a lov - er___ for me! Heart-y
Men
Then come, A-ma-ryl-lis,
mf
greet - ing of - fer we, of - fer we!___ So
Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-lis! When
wel - come,___ gen - try, For___ your___ en - try
thor-ough-ly tir-ed Of be-ing ad-mir-ed By la-dies of gen-tle de-gree—de-gree, With
p marcato

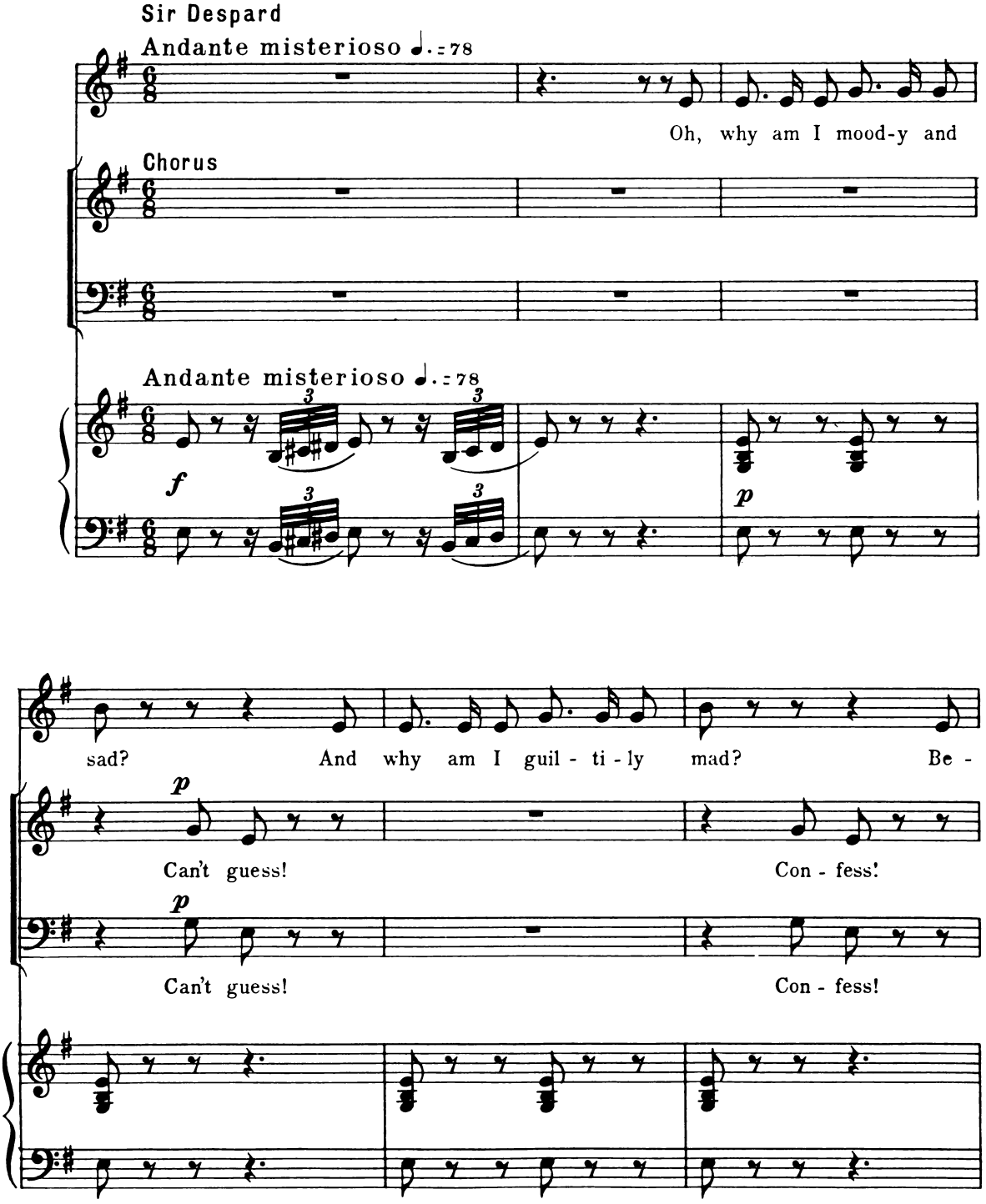

Sets our ten - der hearts a - beat - ing.
flat-ter-y sat-ed,High-flown and in-flat-ed, A-way from the cit-y we flee—we flee! From
Men of sta - tion, Ad - mi - ra - tion
charms in-tra-mu-ral To pret-ti-ness ru-ral The sud-den tran-si-tion Is sim-ply E-ly-sian.
Prompts this un - af - fect - ed greet-ing.
Come, A-ma-ryl-lis, Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-lis, Your slaves, for the mo-ment,are we, Your

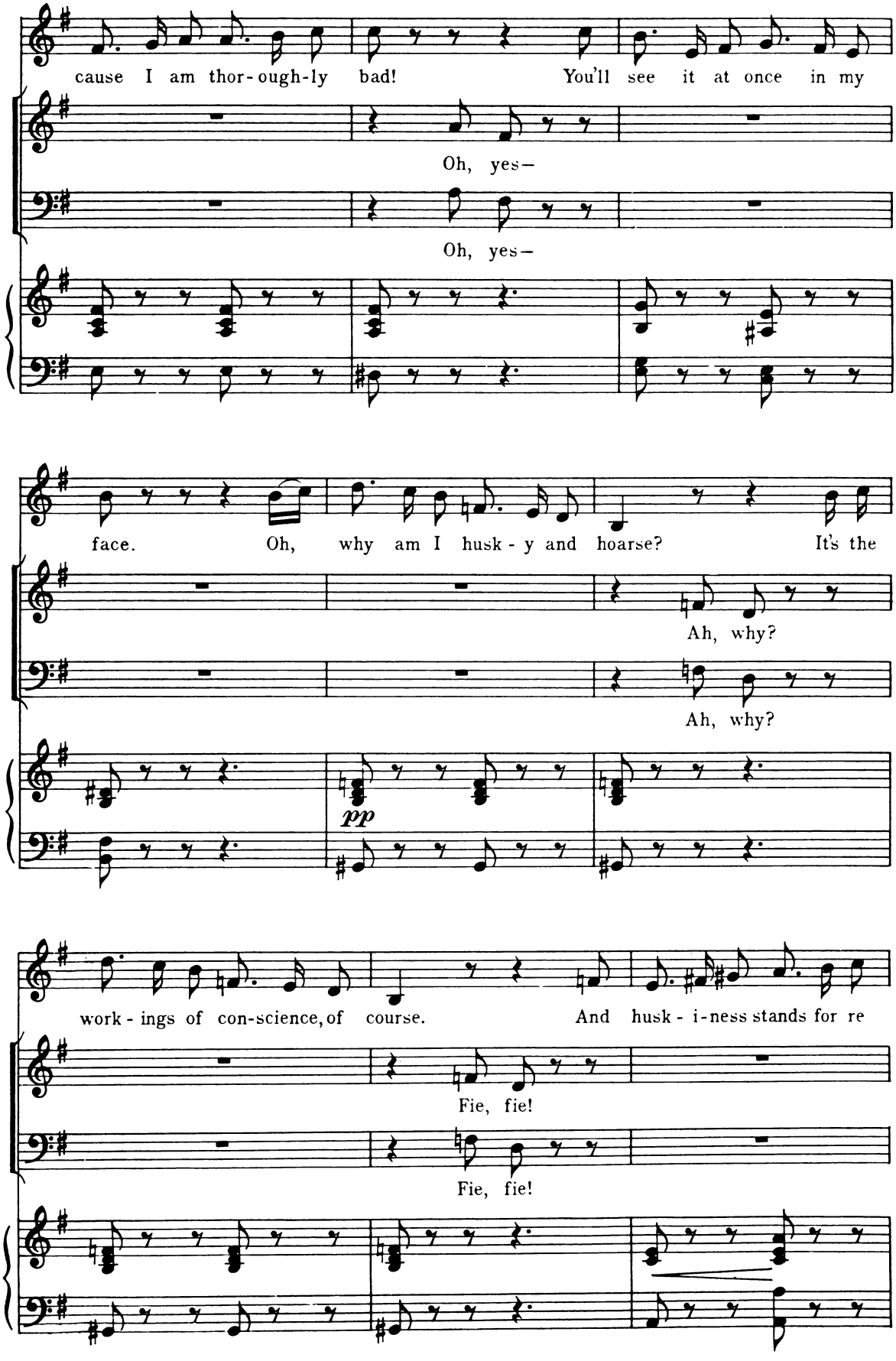

Heart - y greet - ing, Heart - y greet - ing of - fer
slaves, for the mo - ment, your slaves are
we! Wel - - come!
we! Wel - - come!
Wel - - come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come we!
Wel - - come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come we!
(Enter Sir Despard, L.U.E. He takes a step on each chord. The chorus shrinks on his approach.)
Attacca

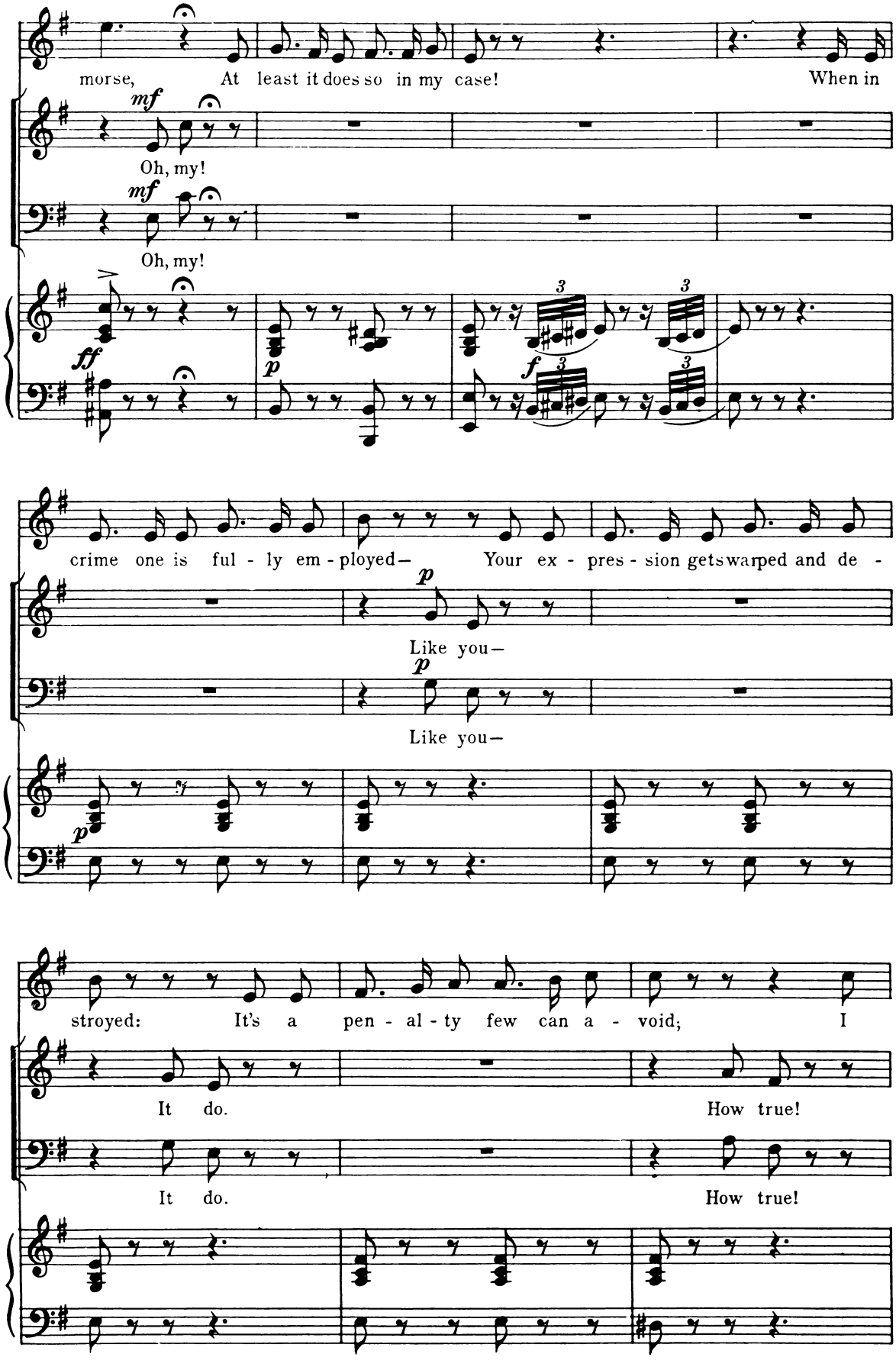
No. 13. Oh, why am I moody and sad?

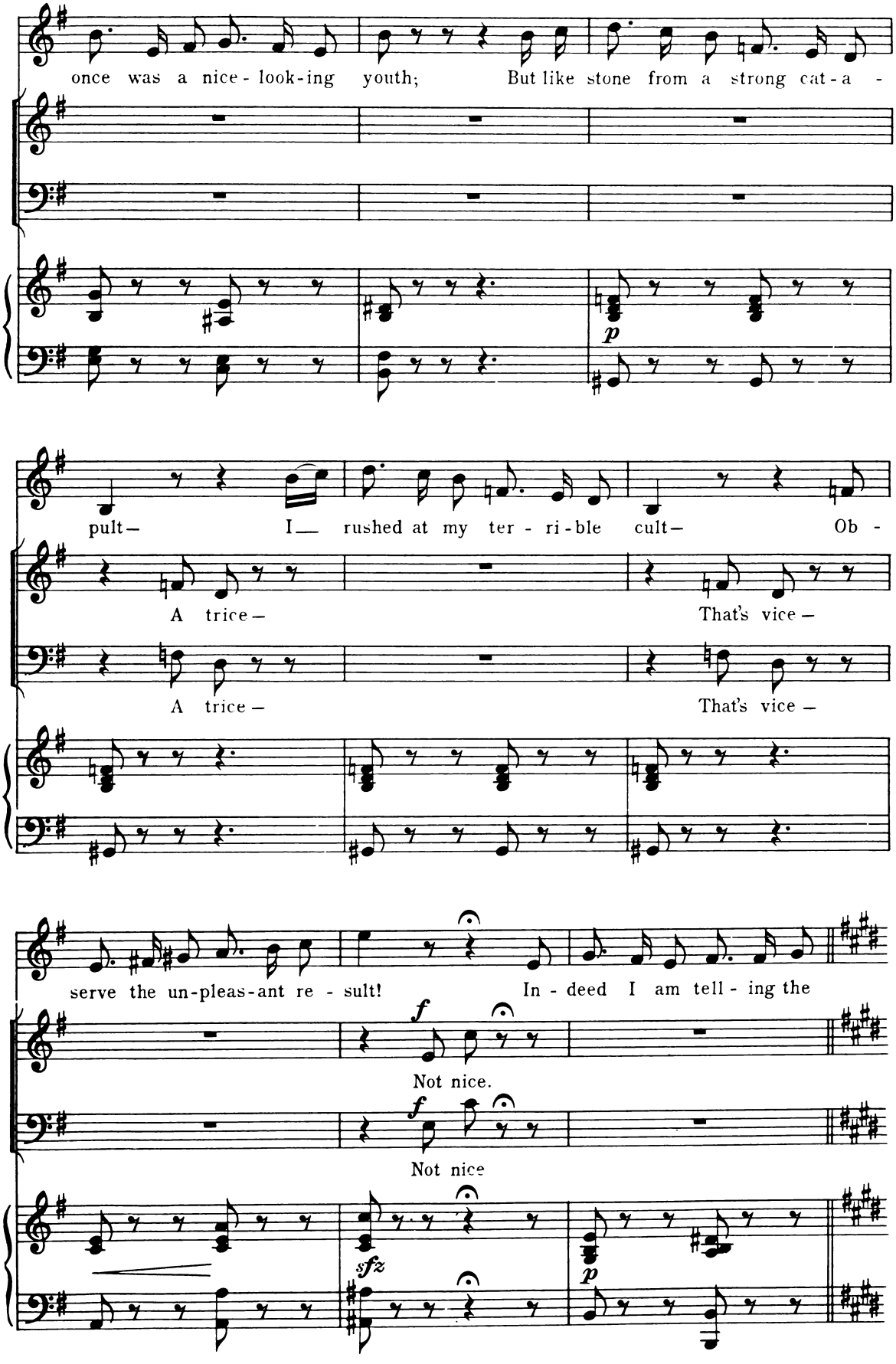
Song

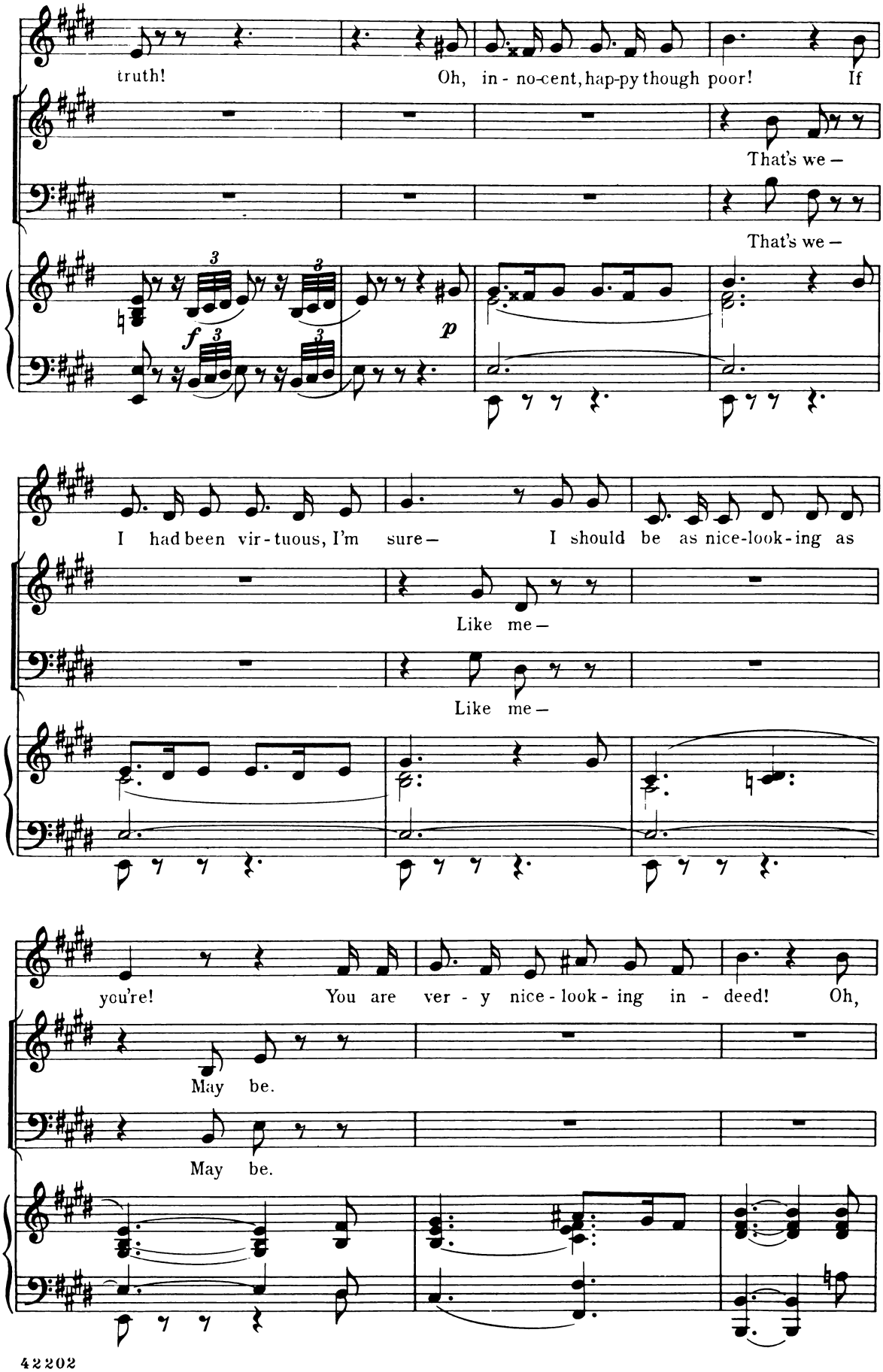
Sir Despard and Chorus

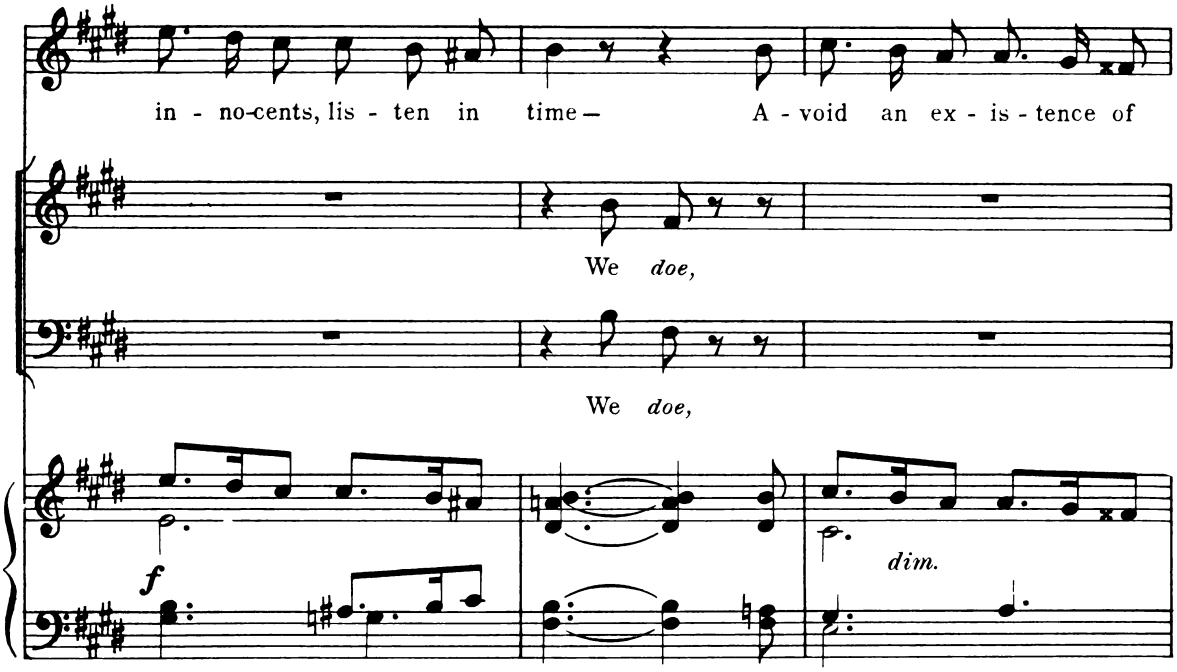


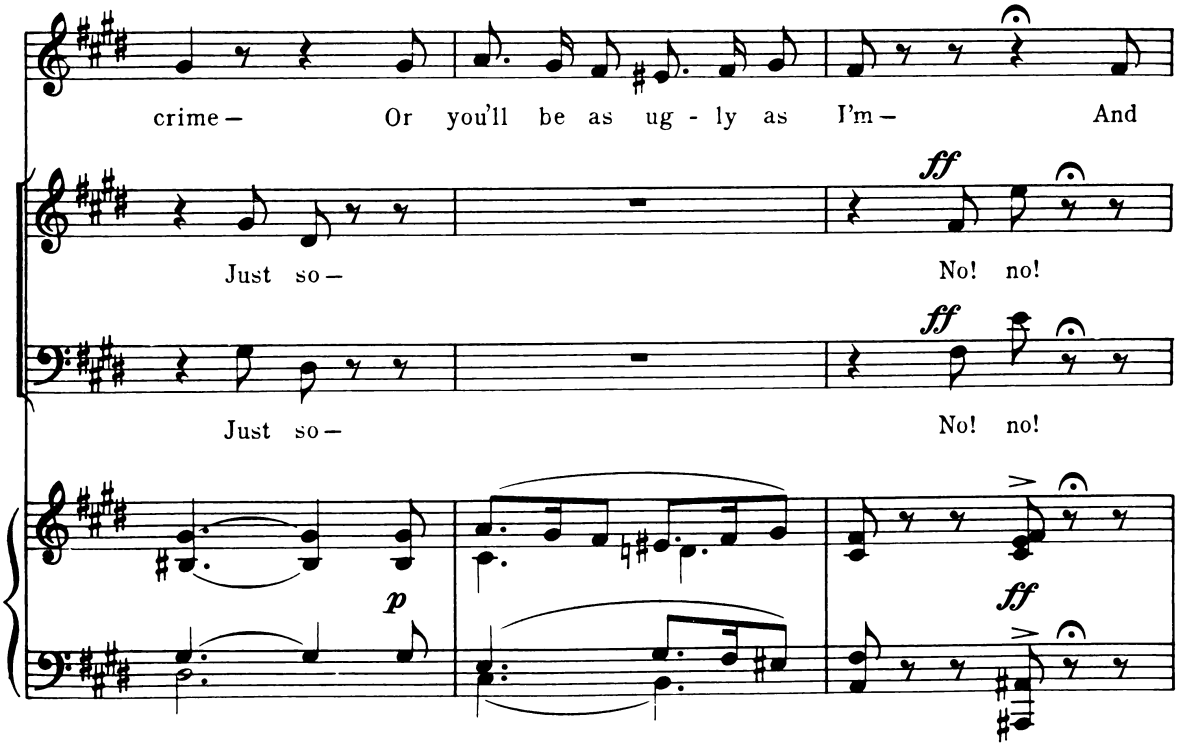

cause I am thor-ough-ly bad! You'll see it at once in my
Oh, yes—
Oh, yes—
face. Oh, why am I husk-y and hoarse? It's the
Ah, why?
Ah, why?
pp
work-ings of con-science, of course. And husk-i-ness stands for re
Fie, fie!
Fie, fie!

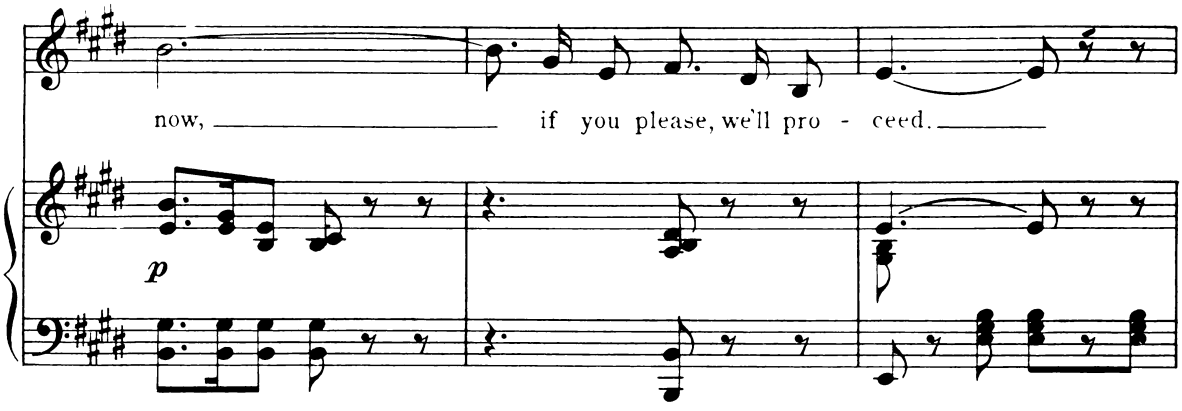

morse, At least it does so in my case! When in
mf
Oh, my!
mf
Oh, my!
ff
p
f
crime one is ful - ly em - ployed— Your ex - pres - sion gets warped and de -
p
Like you—
p
Like you—
p
stroyed: It's a pen - al - ty few can a - void; I
It do. How true!
It do. How true!


once was a nice - look-ing youth; But like stone from a strong cat-a -
p
pult— I— rushed at my ter - ri-ble cult— Ob -
A trice— That's vice—
A trice— That's vice—
serve the un-pleas-ant re - sult! In - deed I am tell - ing the
f
Not nice.
f
Not nice
sfz
p

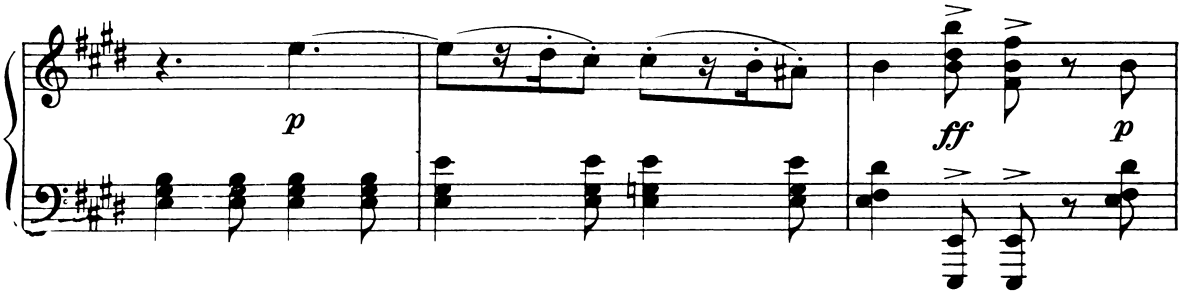

truth!
Oh, in - no-cent, hap-py though poor!
If
That's we –
That's we –
f
p
I had been vir-tuous, I'm sure –
I should be as nice-look-ing as
Like me –
Like me –
you're!
You are ver - y nice-look - ing in - deed!
Oh,
May be.
May be.


in - no-cents, lis - ten in time— A - void an ex - is - tence of
We doe,
We doe,
f
dim.

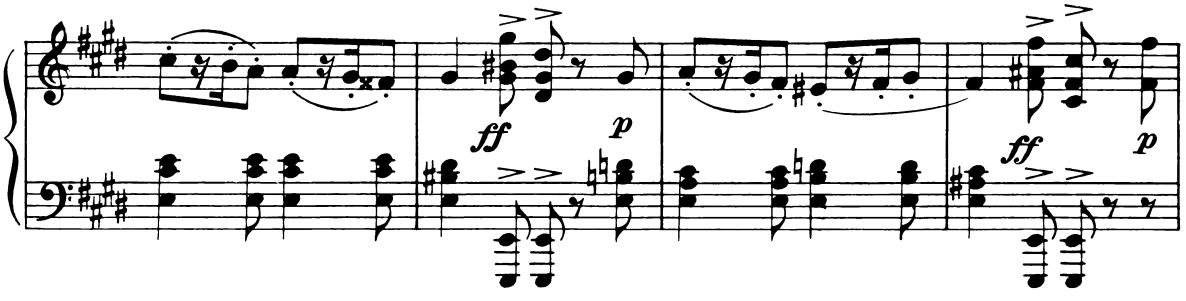

crime— Or you'll be as ug - ly as I'm— And
Just so—
ff
No! no!
Just so—
ff
No! no!
p
ff

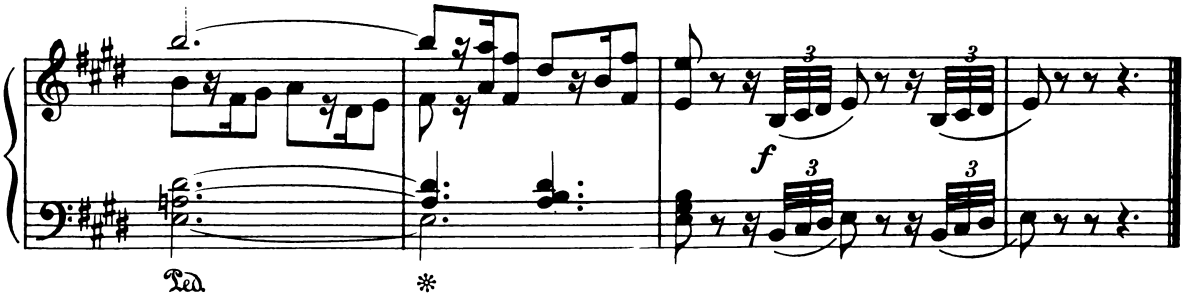


(*He goes from side to side of the stage. As he stamps on the*



chords, the chorus shrinks and runs off, L. and R., the Girls shrieking.)





Despard: *(C.)* Poor children, how they loathe me– me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little child. But what *is* a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am even with them! *(mysteriously)* I get my crime over the first thing in the morning, and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good! I do good– I do good! *(melodramatically)* Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. Today 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, R.)

Richard: Ax your honour's pardon, but –

Despard: Ha! observed! And by a mariner! What would you with me, fellow?

Richard: Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man,becalmed in the doldrums–

Despard: I don't know them.

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

Despard: 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.

Richard: 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?

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

Richard: Well, your honour, it's like this– your honour had an elder brother–

Despard: It had.

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

Despard: Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!

Richard: He didn't.

Despard: He did *not?*

Richard 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.

Despard: Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud? Can this be possible?

Richard: Now the question I was going to ask your honour is-ought I to tell your honour this?

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

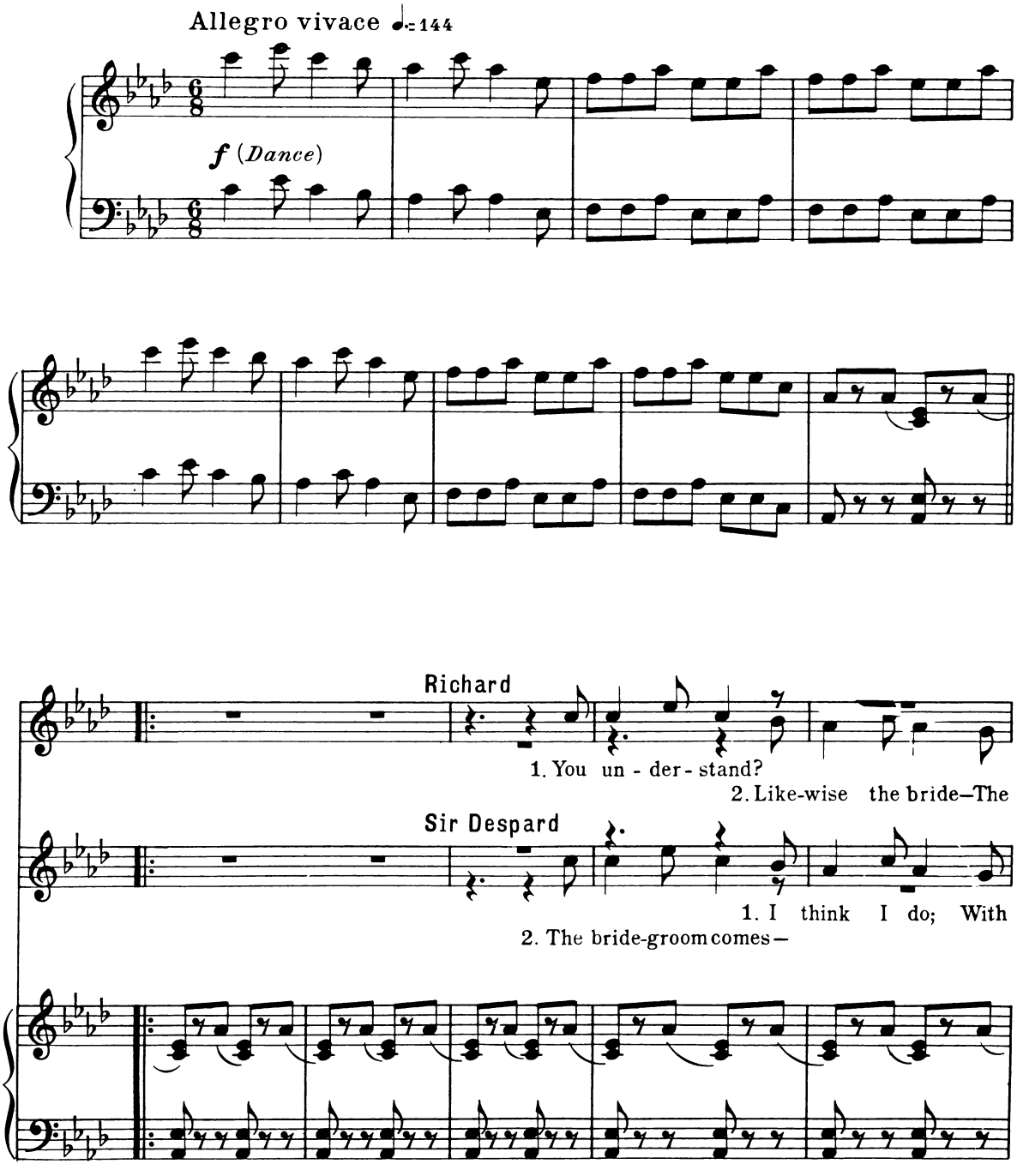
Richard: That's what my heart says. It says,"Dick," it says (it calls me Dick acos it's entitled to take that liberty),"that there young gal would recoil from him if she knowed what he really were. Ought you to stand off and on, and let this young gal take this false step and never fire a shot across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

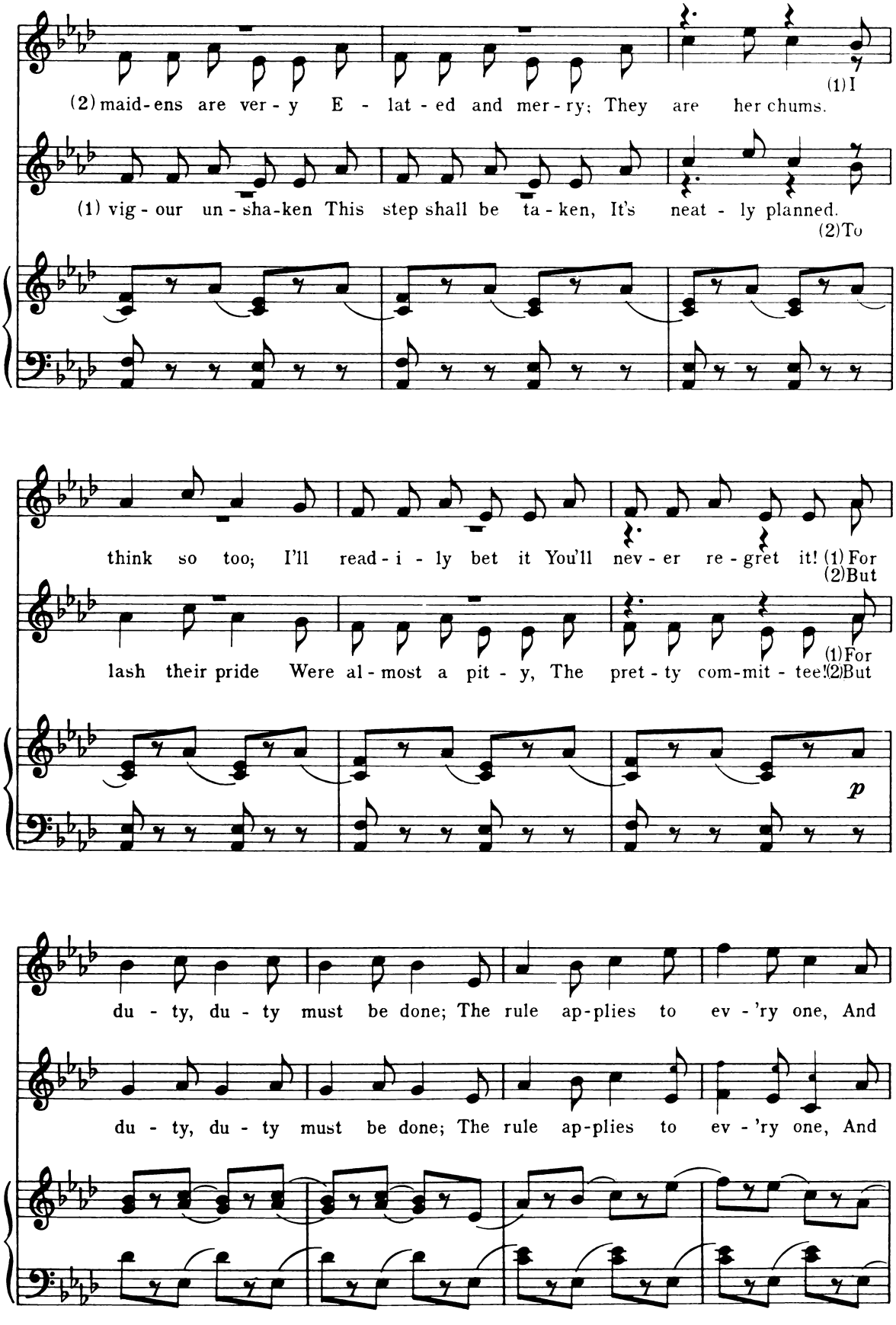
Despard: Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives – that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thraldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free– free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved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

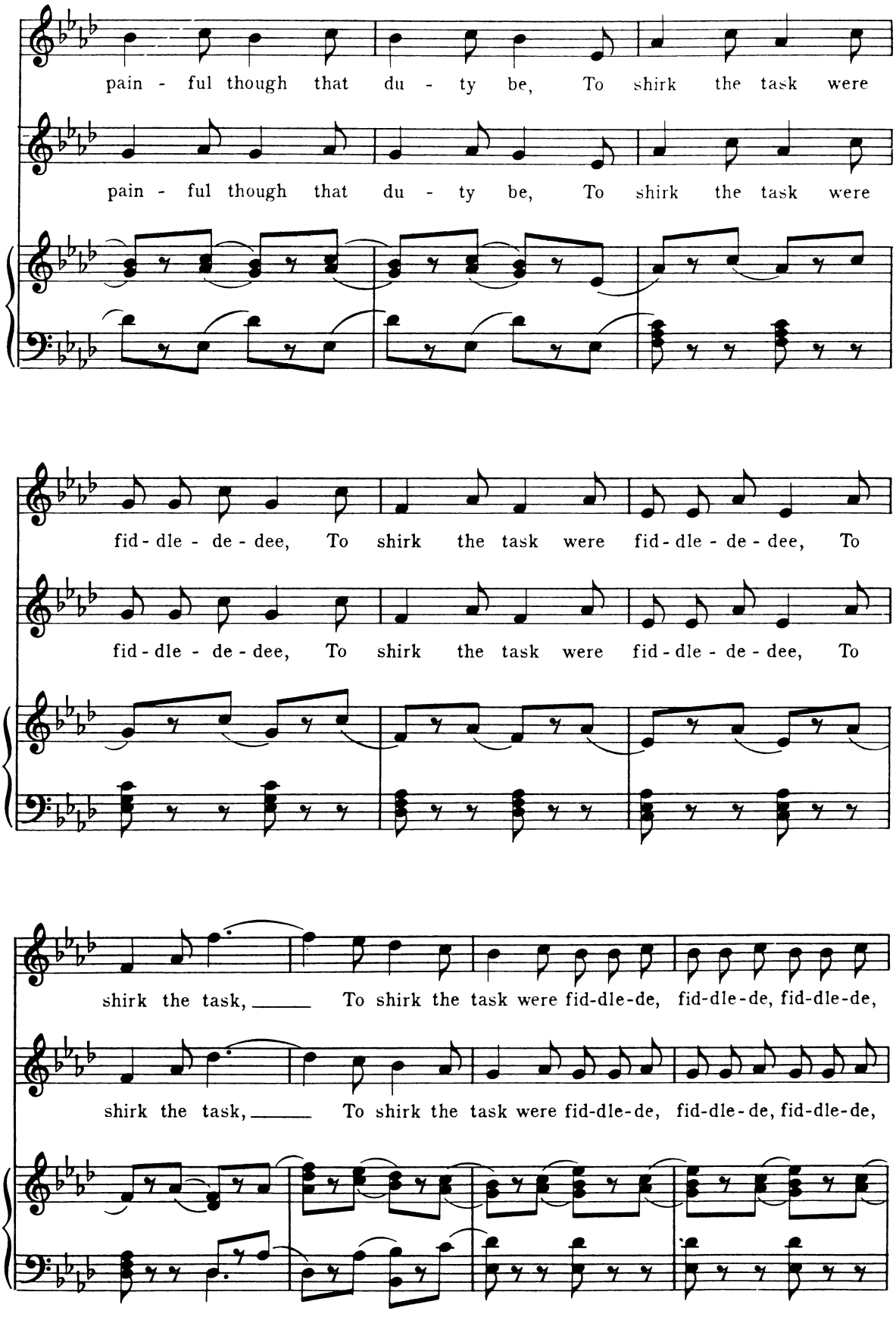
No.14. You understand?

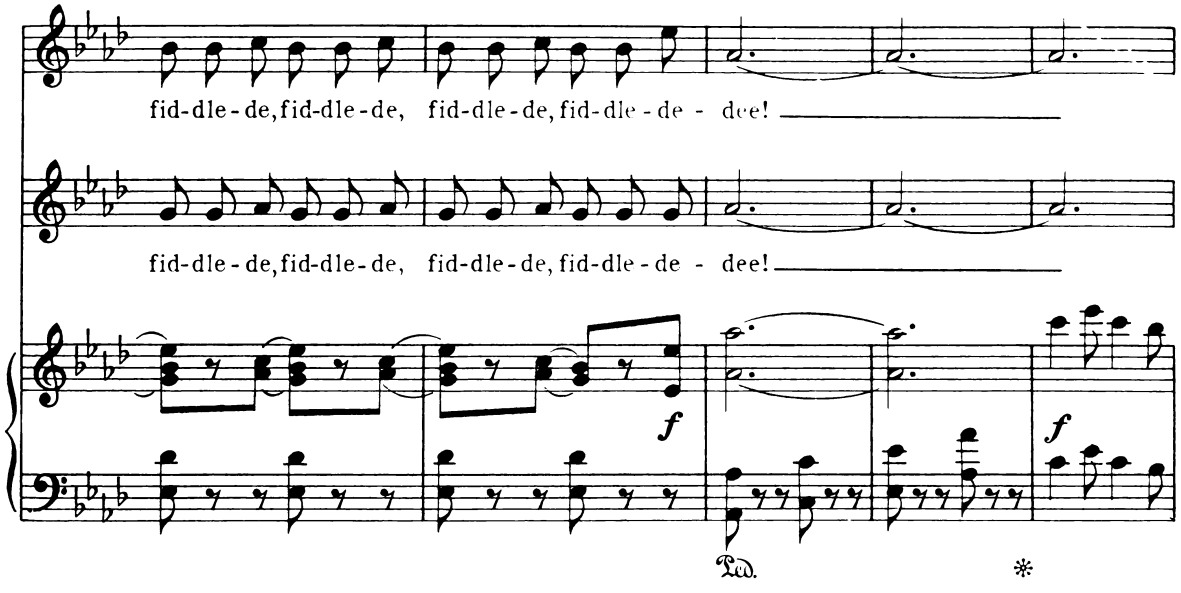
Duet

Richard and Sir Despard

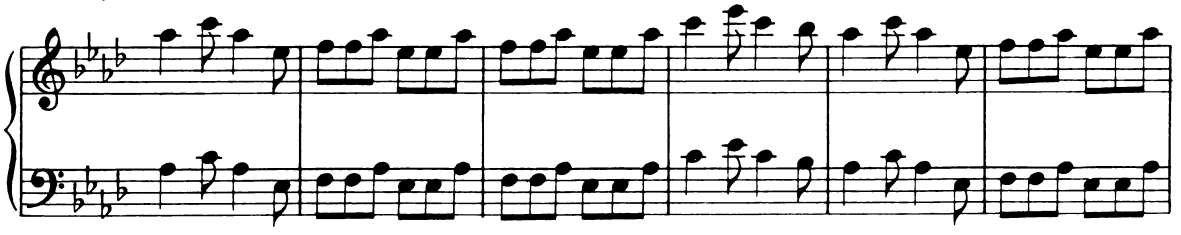


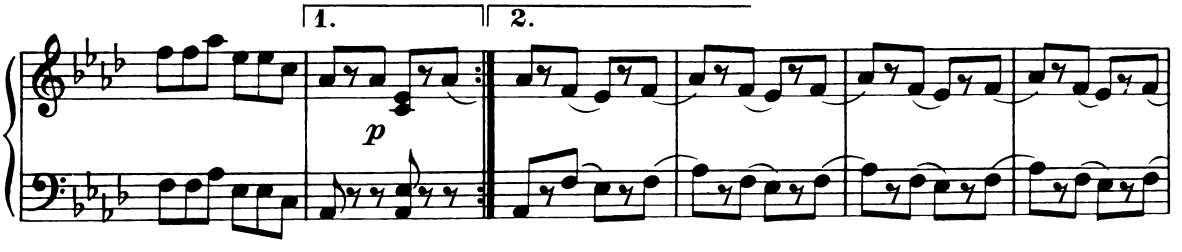

(2) maid-ens are ver-y E-lat-ed and mer-ry; They are her chums.
(1) I
(1) vig-our un-sha-ken This step shall be ta-ken, It's neat-ly planned.
(2) To
think so too; I'll read-i-ly bet it You'll nev-er re-gret it!
(1) For
(2) But
lash their pride Were al-most a pit-y, The pret-ty com-mit-tee!
(1) For
(2) But
p
du-ty, du-ty must be done; The rule ap-plies to ev-'ry one, And
du-ty, du-ty must be done; The rule ap-plies to ev-'ry one, And


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

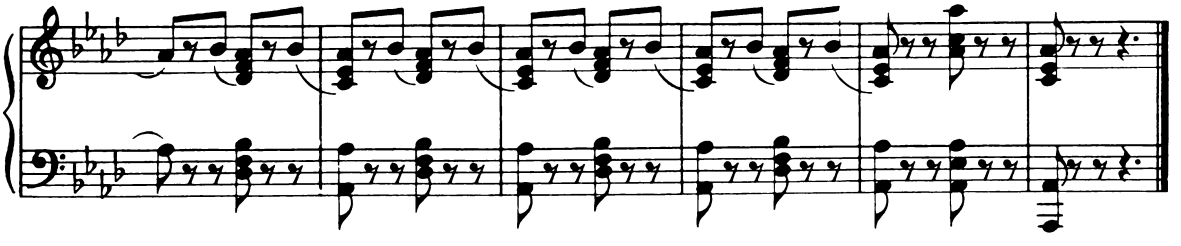


(Dance)





(They dance off, Sir Despard, L., Richard, R.)

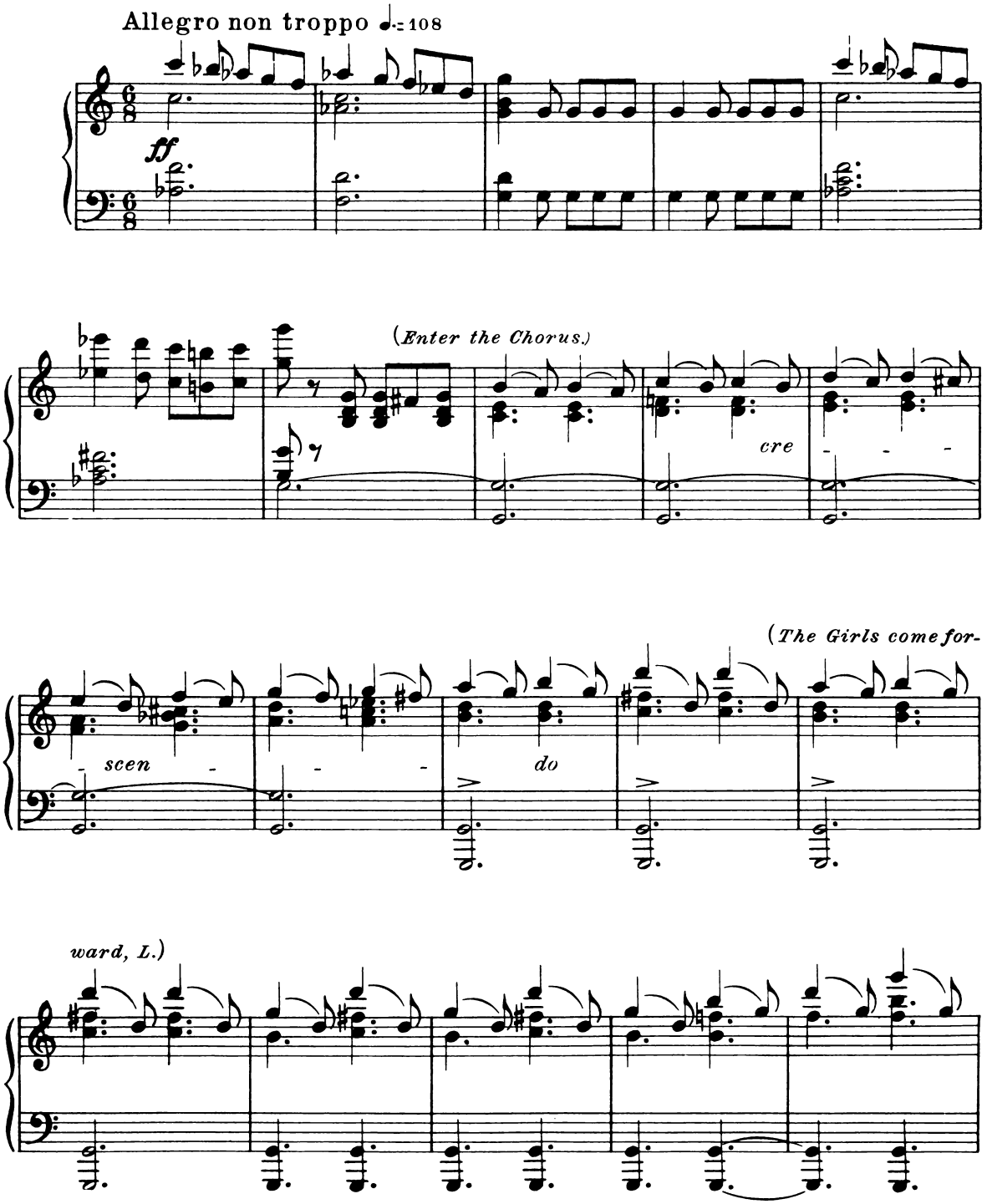


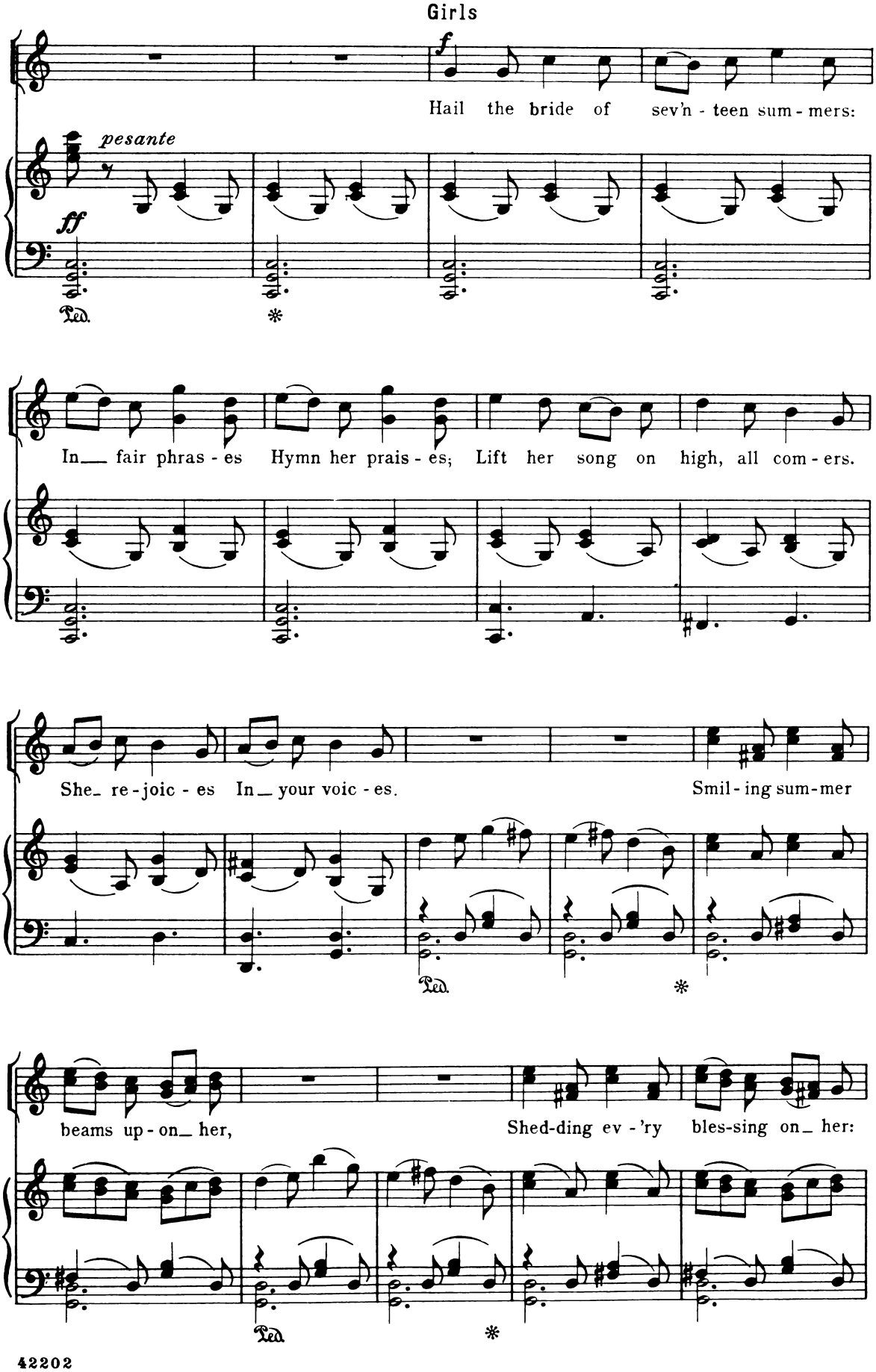
Attacca

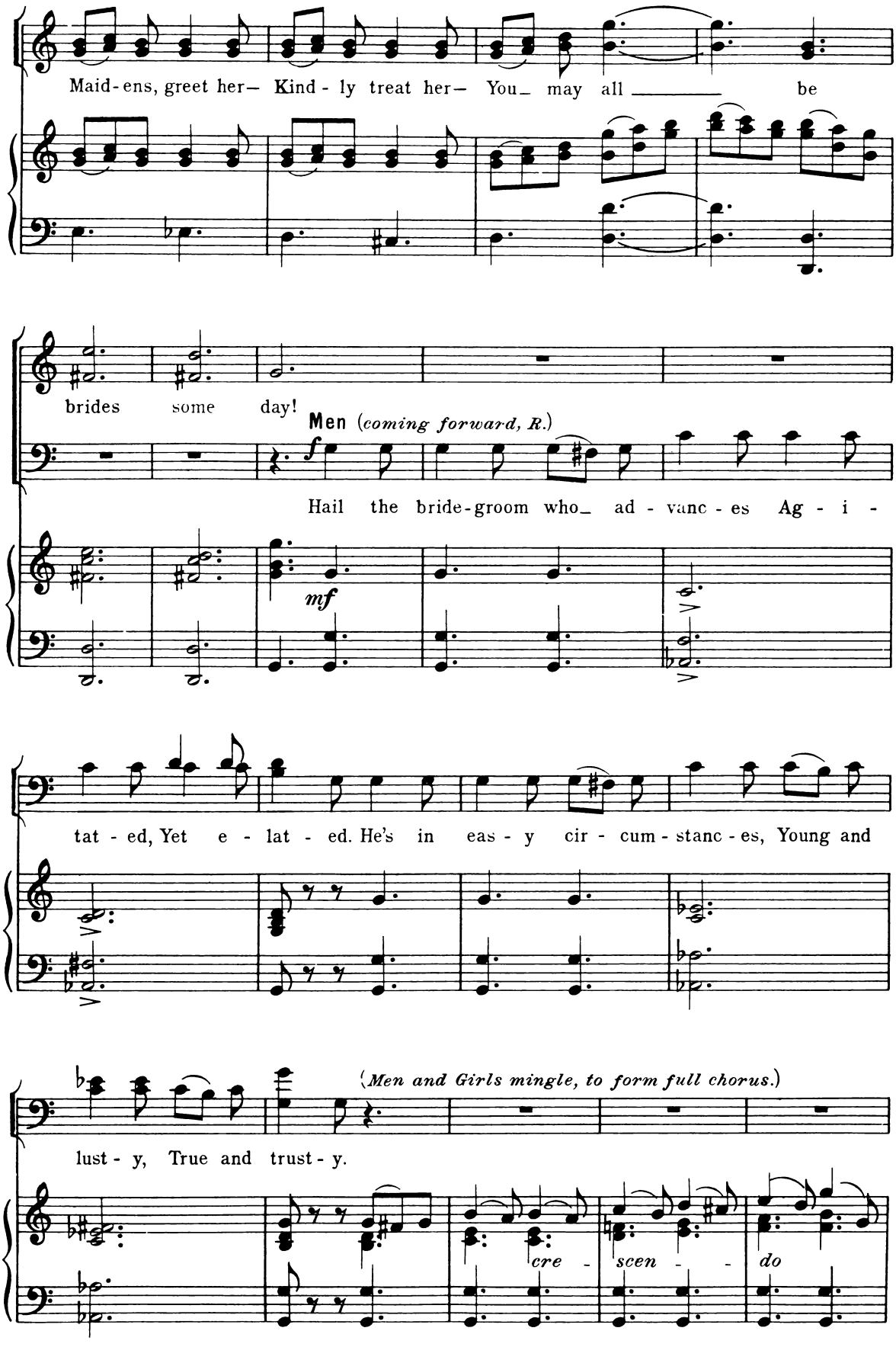
No. 15. Hail the bride

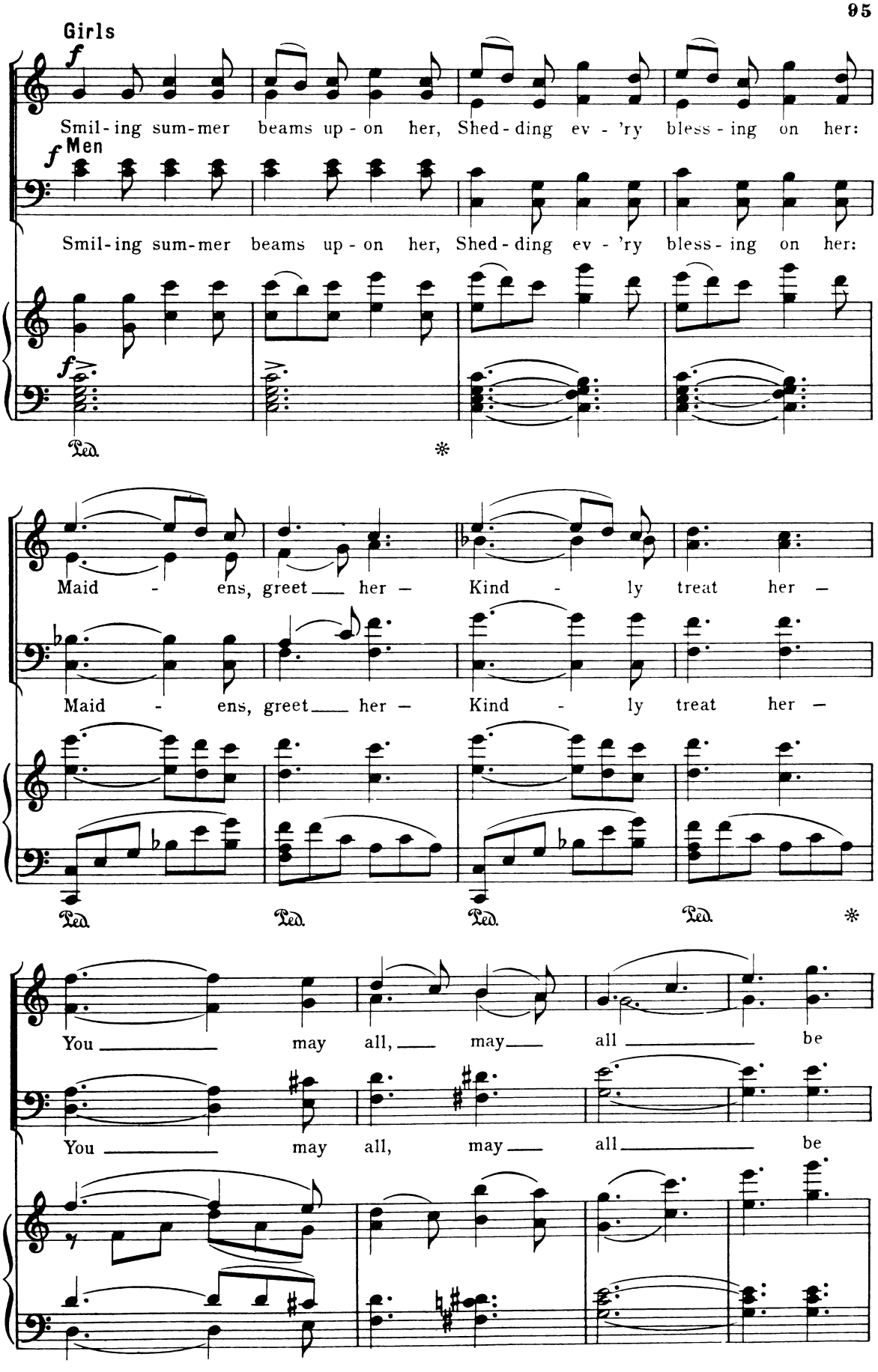
Finale of Act I

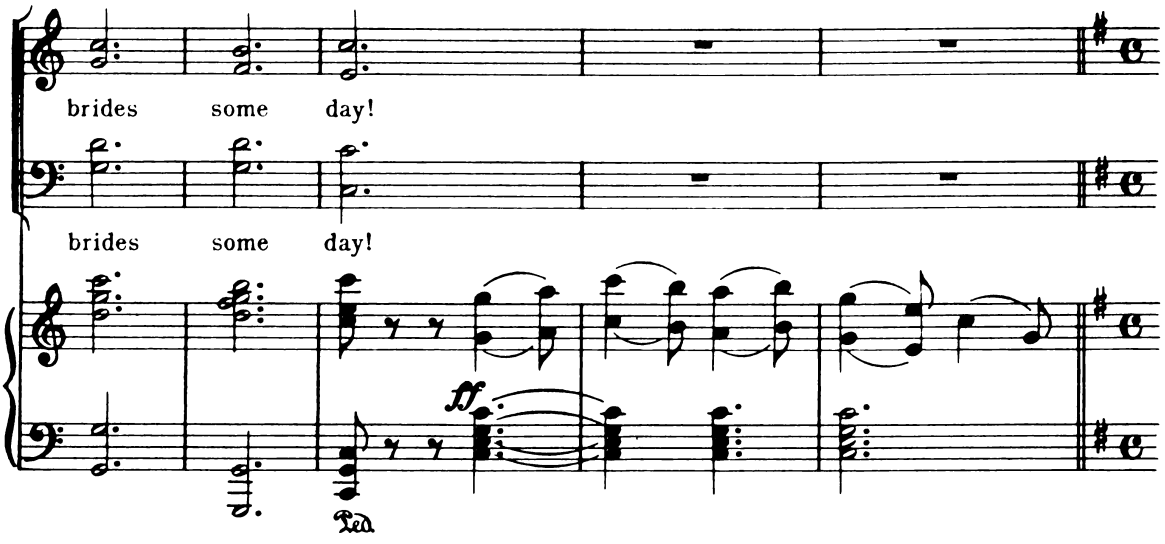
Ensemble




Girls
f
Hail the bride of sev'n - teen sum - mers:
pesante
ff
Ped.
*
In fair phras - es Hymn her prais - es; Lift her song on high, all com - ers.
She re - joic - es In your voic - es. Smil - ing sum - mer
Ped.
*
beams up - on her, Shed - ding ev - 'ry bles - sing on her:
Ped.
*

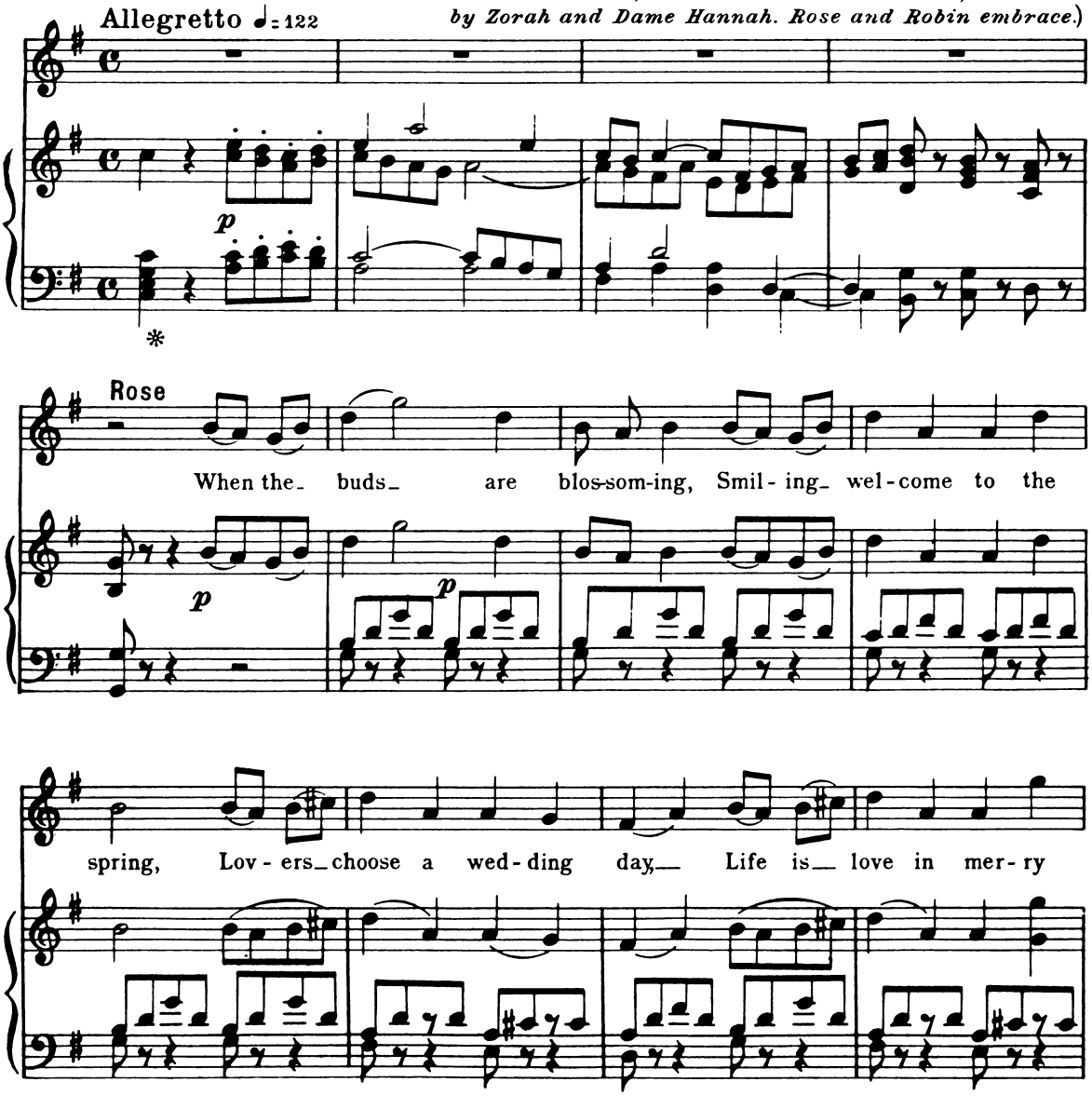

Maid-ens, greet her— Kind-ly treat her— You_ may all _____ be
brides some day!
Men (coming forward, R.)
f
Hail the bride-groom who_ ad-vanc-es Ag-i-
mf
tat-ed, Yet e-lat-ed. He's in eas-y cir-cum-stanc-es, Young and
(Men and Girls mingle, to form full chorus.)
lust-y, True and trust-y.
cre-scen-do

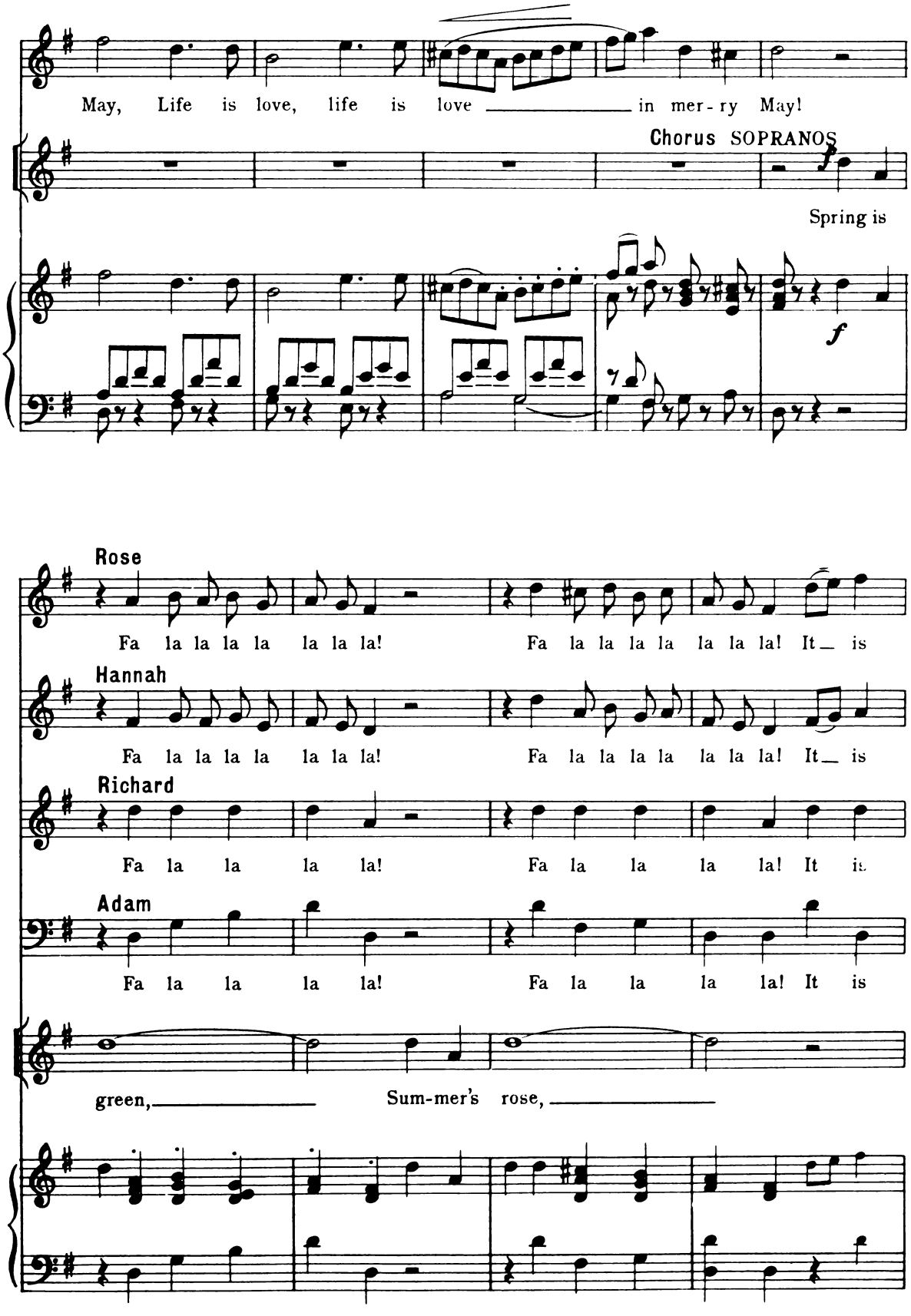

Girls
f
Smil-ing sum-mer beams up-on her, Shed-ding ev-'ry bless-ing on her:
f Men
Smil-ing sum-mer beams up-on her, Shed-ding ev-'ry bless-ing on her:
Ped. *
Maid-ens, greet her — Kind-ly treat her —
Maid-ens, greet her — Kind-ly treat her —
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *
You may all, may all be
You may all, may all be

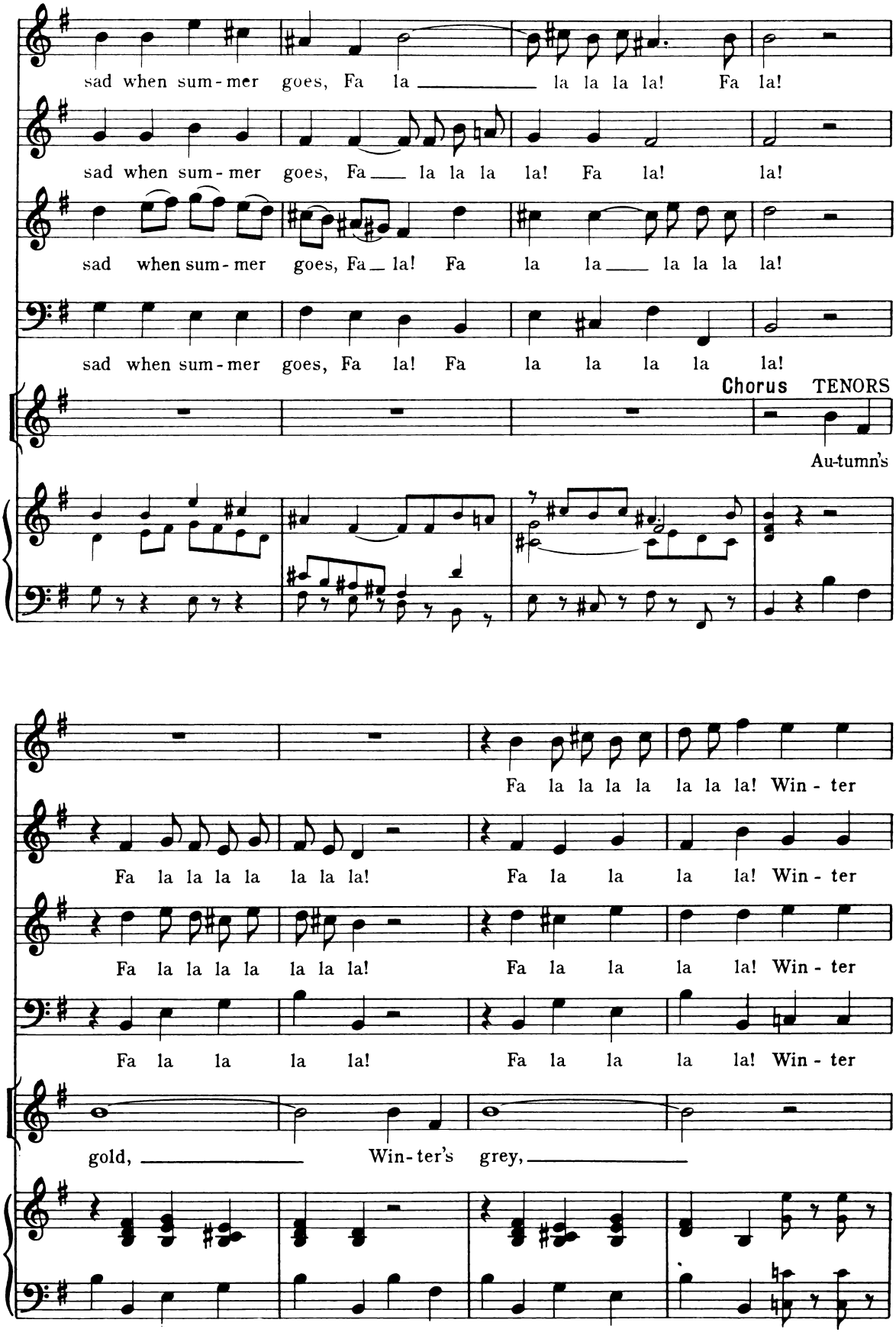


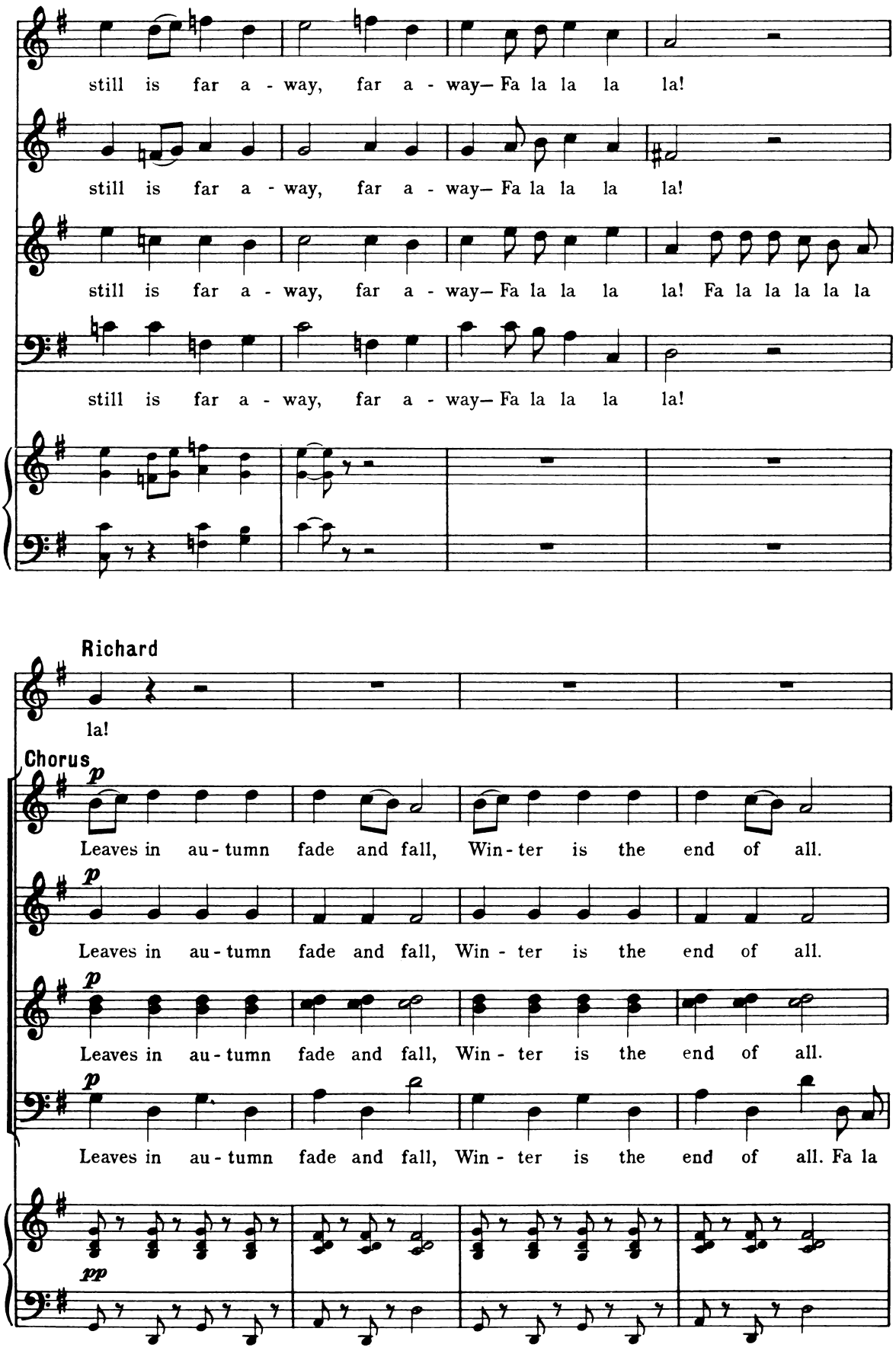
Madrigal

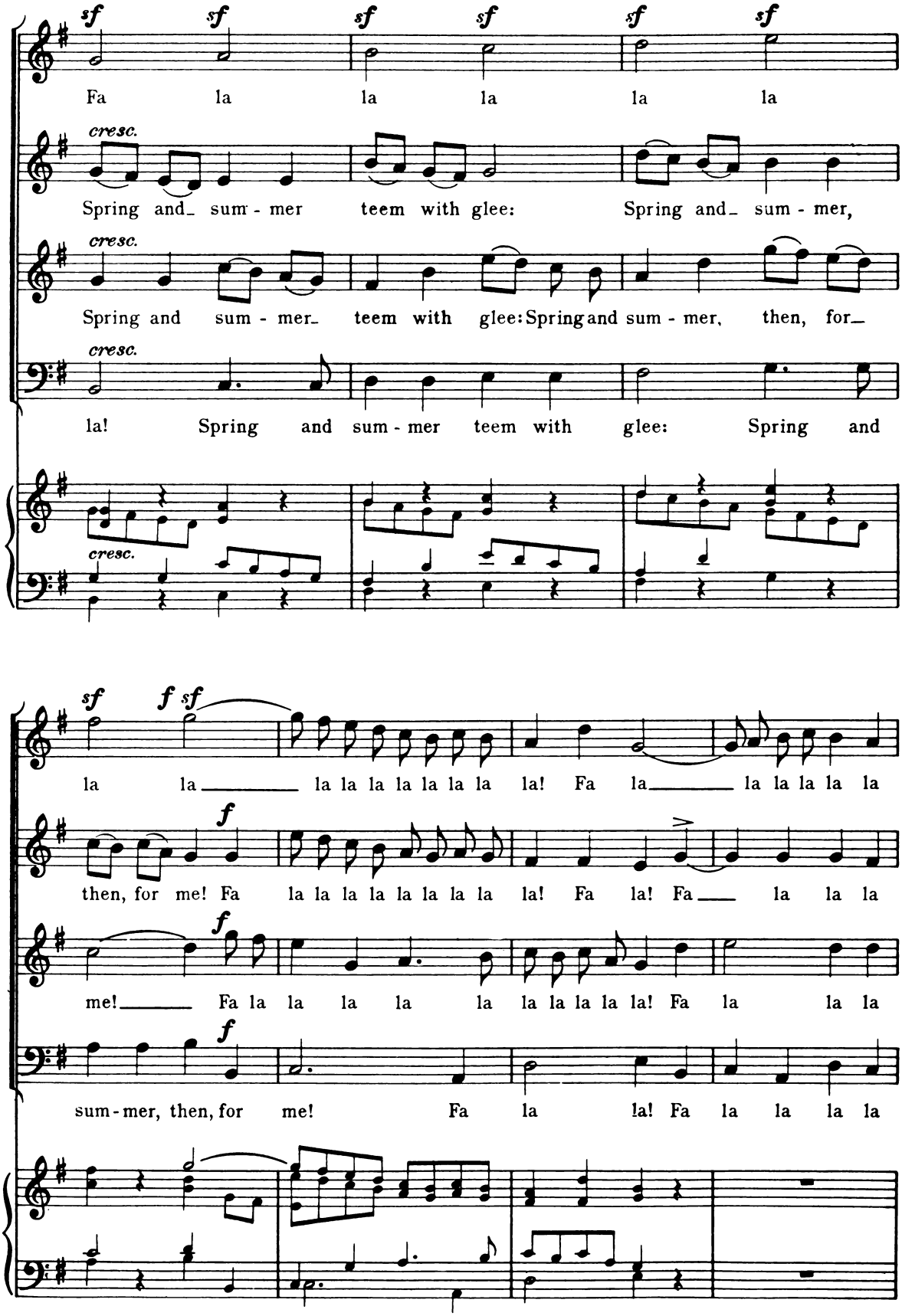
(*Enter Robin, R., attended by Richard and Old Adam, meeting Rose, who enters, L., attended by Zorah and Dame Hannah. Rose and Robin embrace.*)

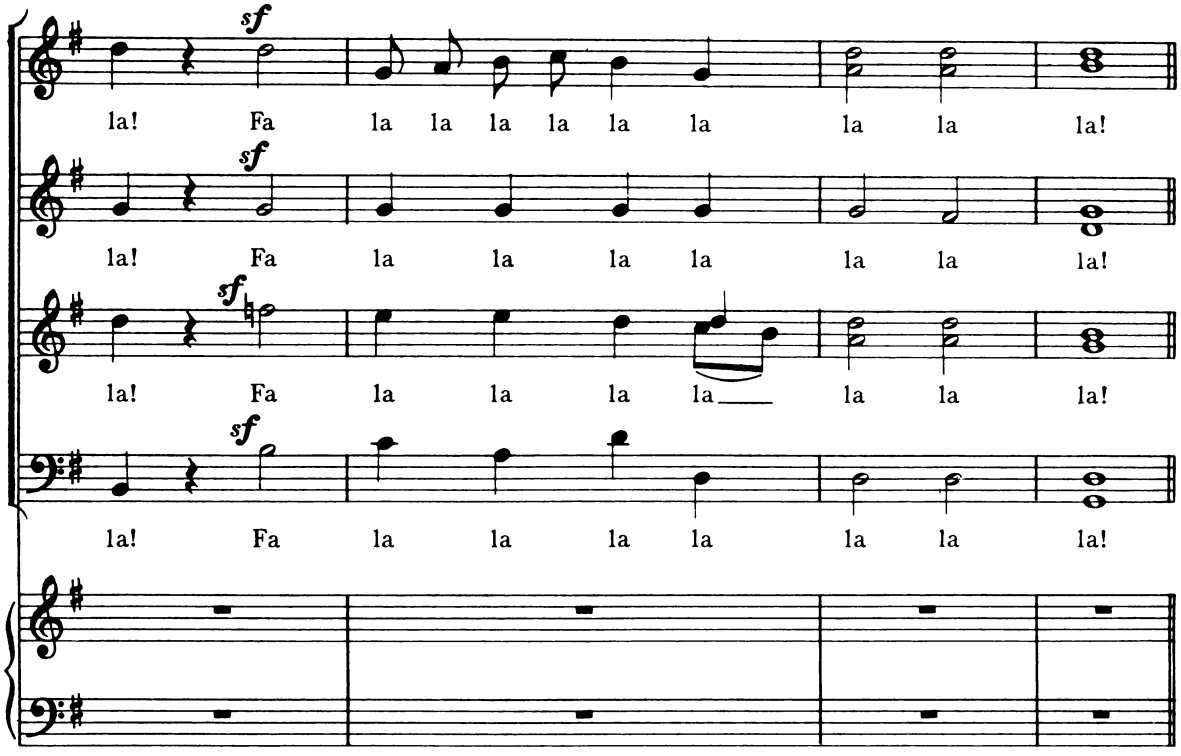


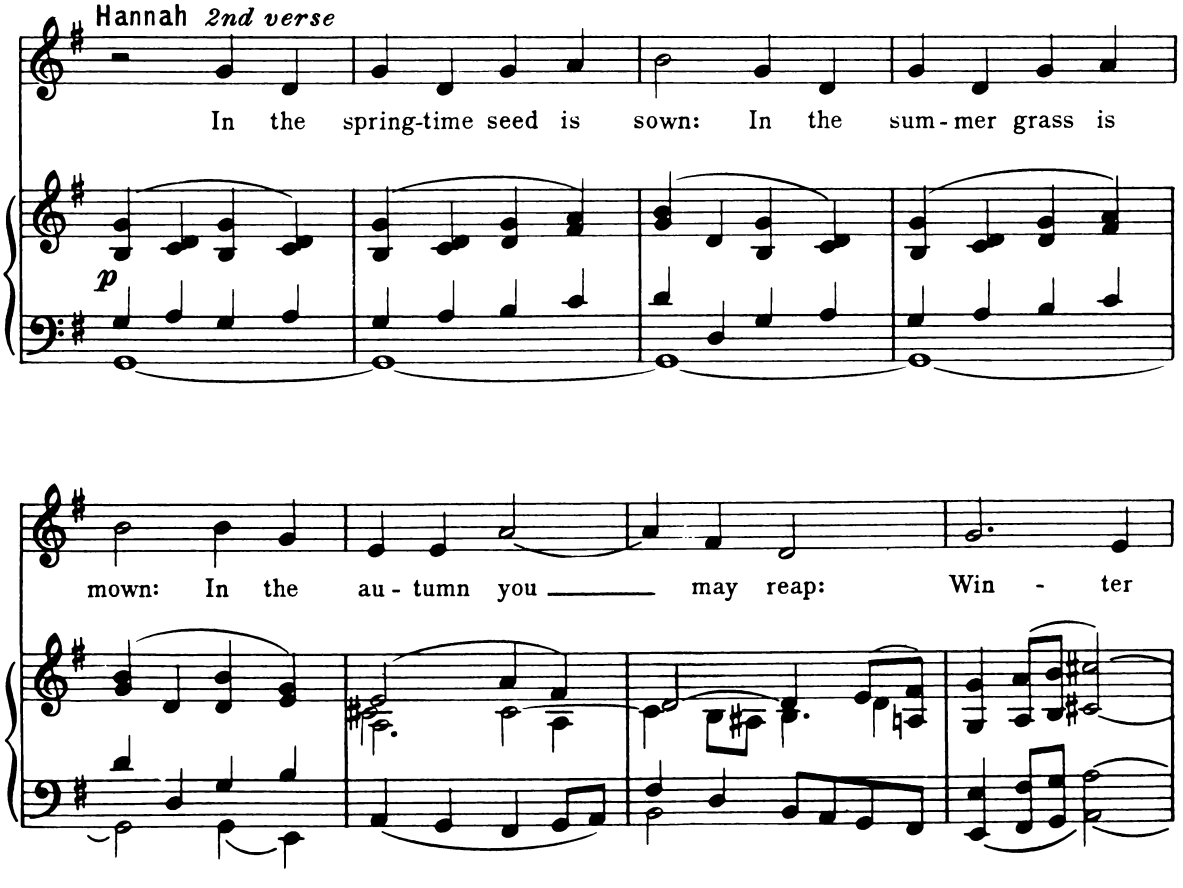

May, Life is love, life is love in mer-ry May!
Chorus SOPRANOS
Spring is
Rose
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! It is
Hannah
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! It is
Richard
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! It is
Adam
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! It is
green, Sum-mer's rose,

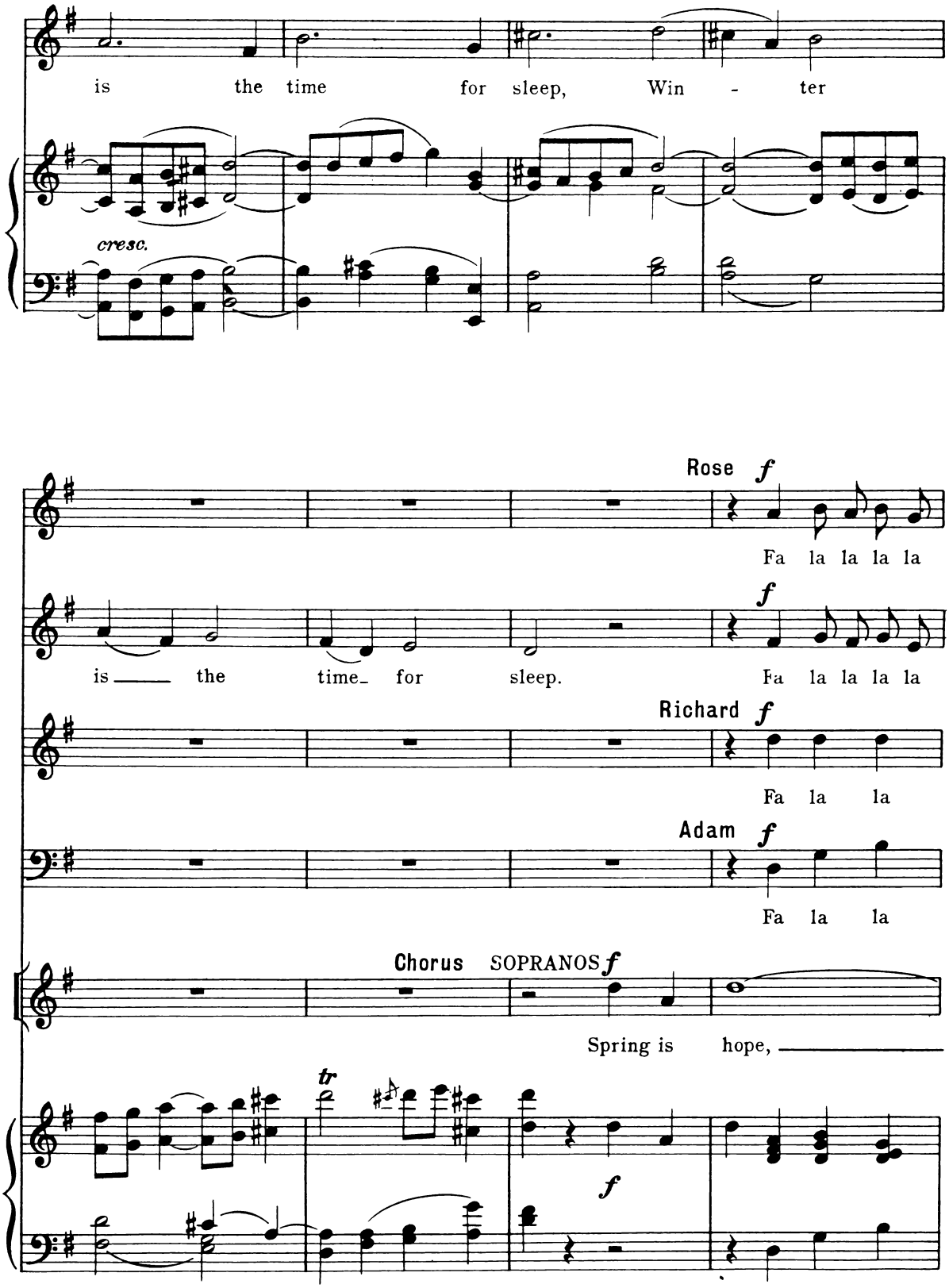

sad when sum-mer goes, Fa la la la la! Fa la!
sad when sum-mer goes, Fa la la la la! Fa la! la!
sad when sum-mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la!
sad when sum-mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la!
Chorus TENORS
Au-tumn's
Fa la la la la la la la! Win-ter
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter
gold, Win-ter's grey,

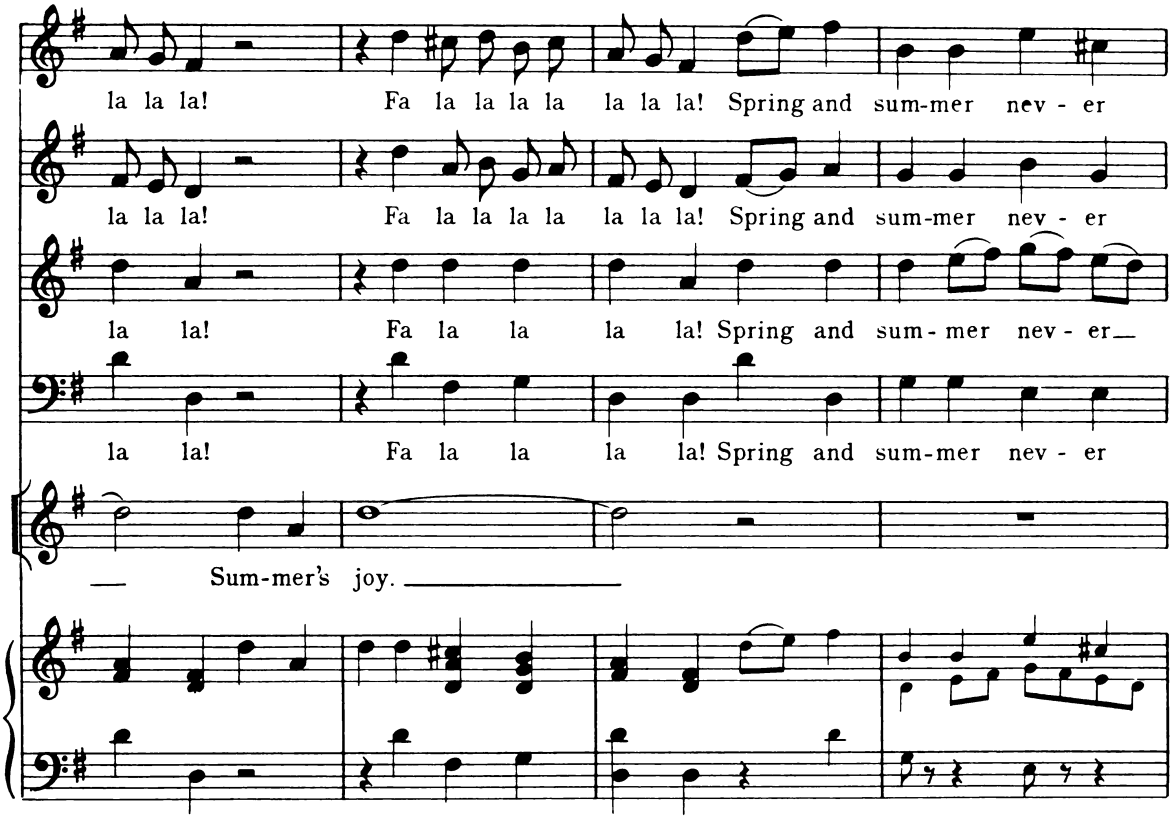

still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!
Richard
la!
Chorus
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all. Fa la
pp

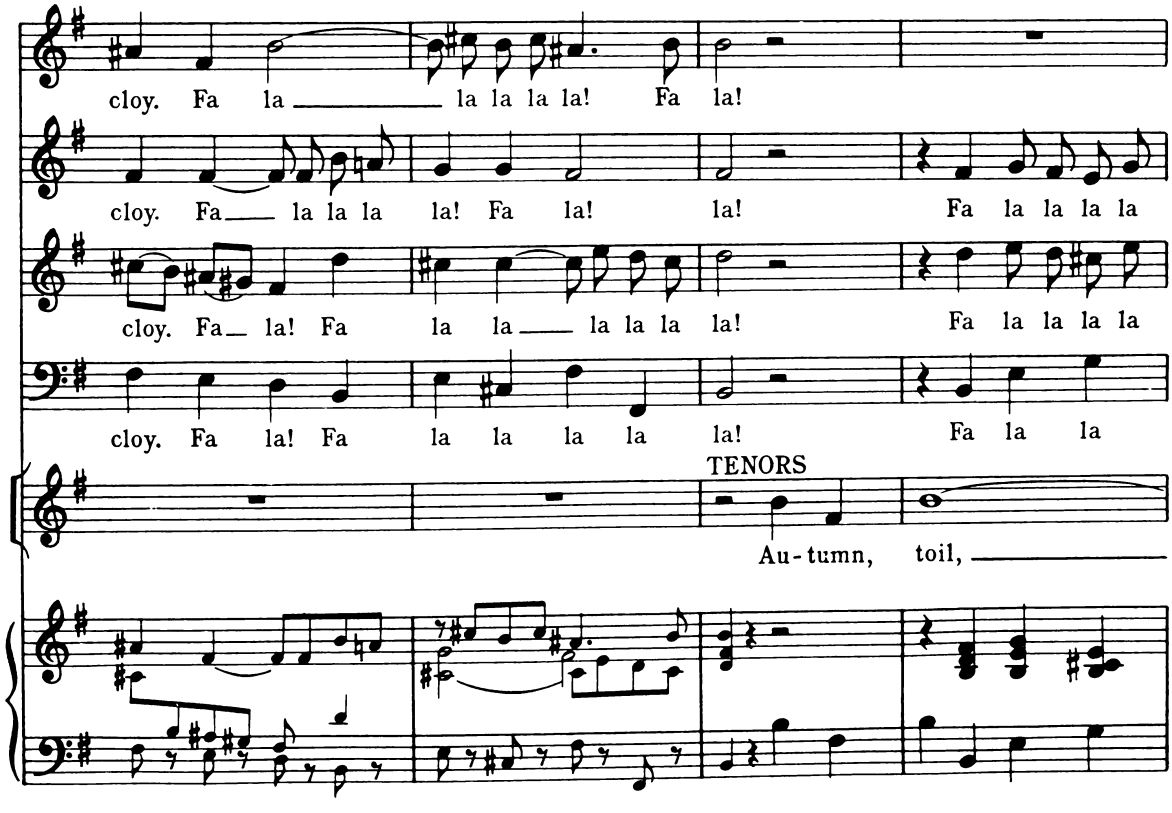

sf sf sf sf sf sf
Fa la la la la la
cresc.
Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and sum - mer,
cresc.
Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and sum - mer, then, for
cresc.
la! Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and
sf f sf
la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la
f
then, for me! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa la la la
f
me! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la
f
sum - mer, then, for me! Fa la la! Fa la la la la

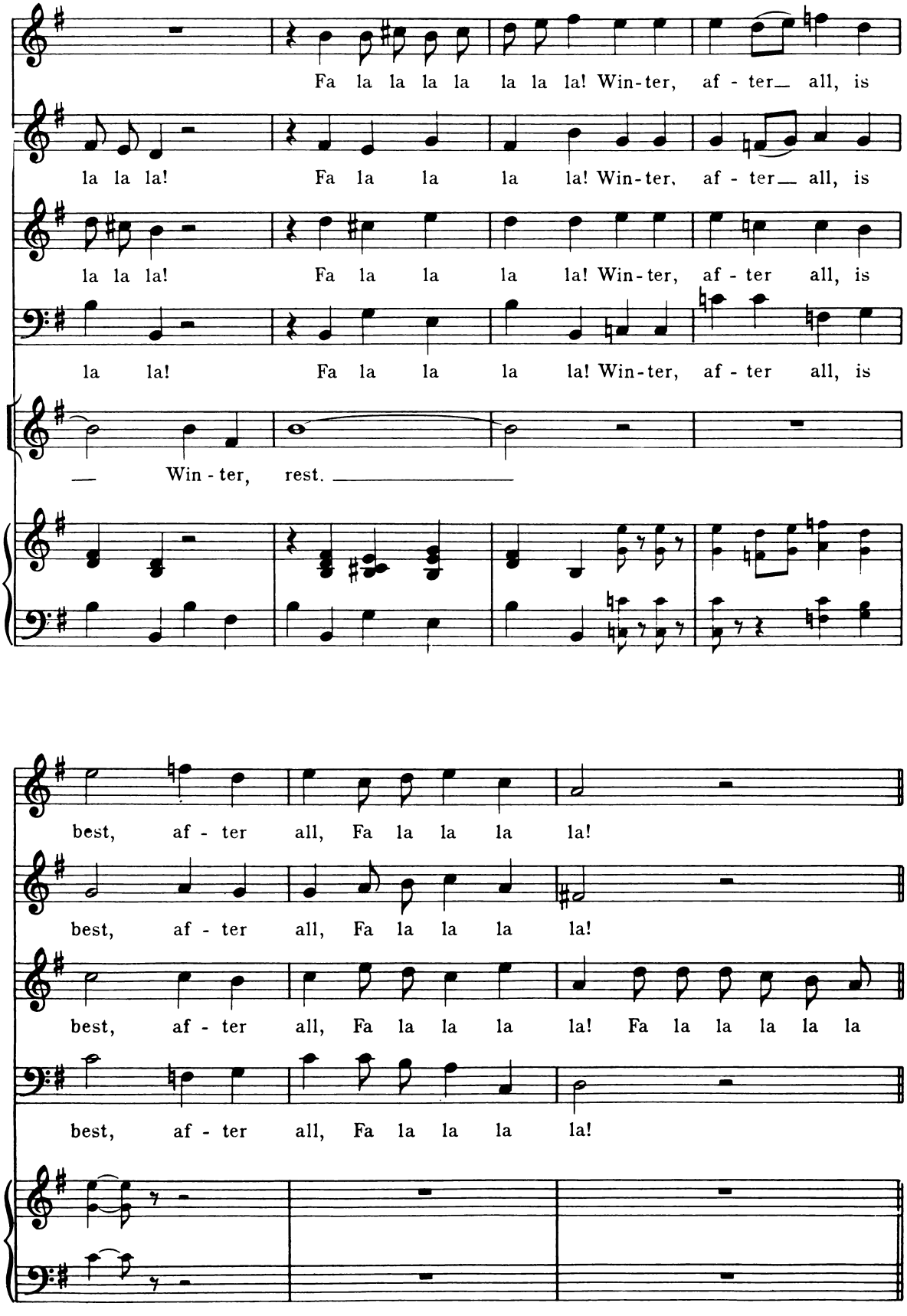

sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!

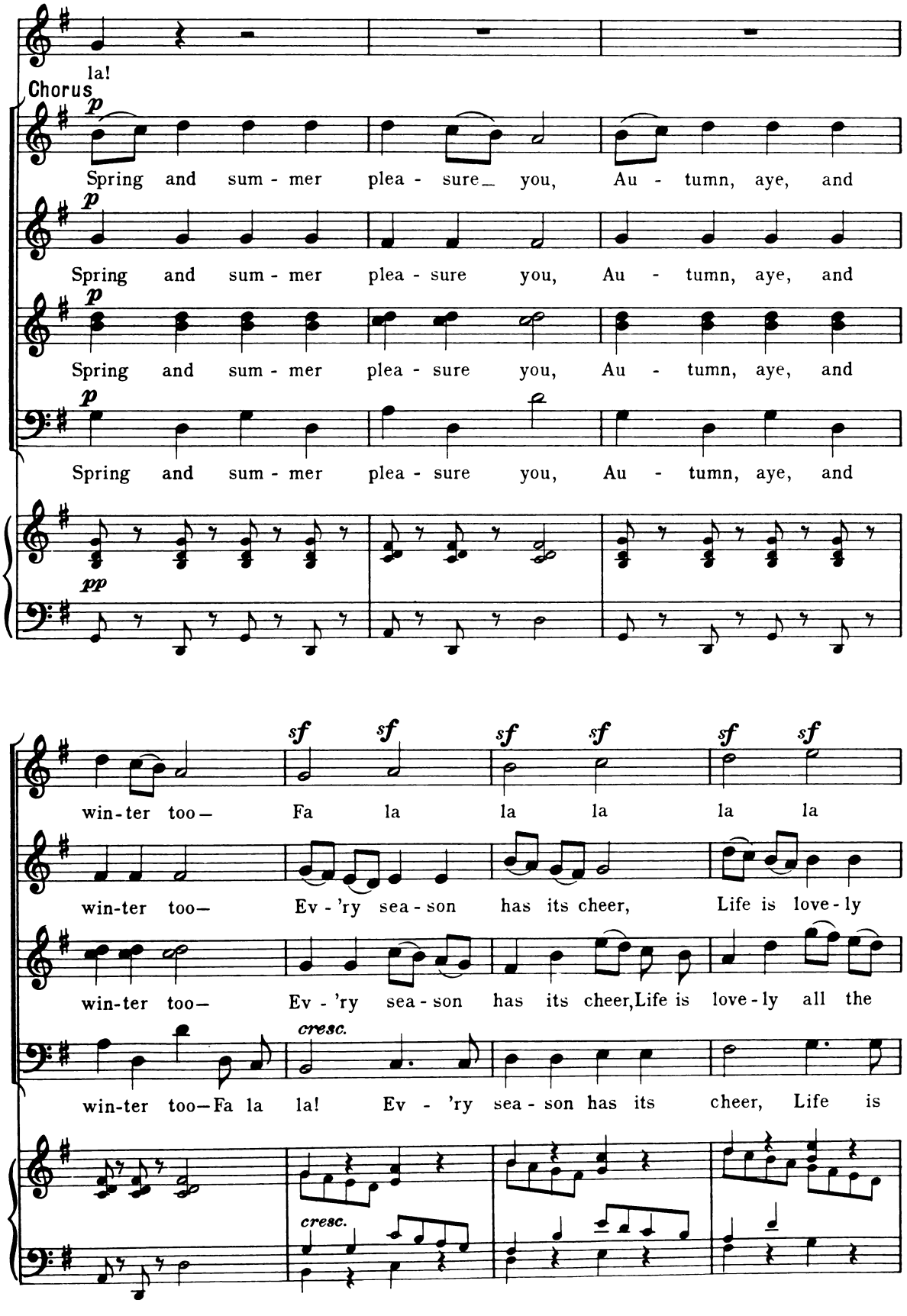

Hannah 2nd verse
In the spring-time seed is sown: In the sum-mer grass is
p
mown: In the au-tumn you may reap: Win-ter

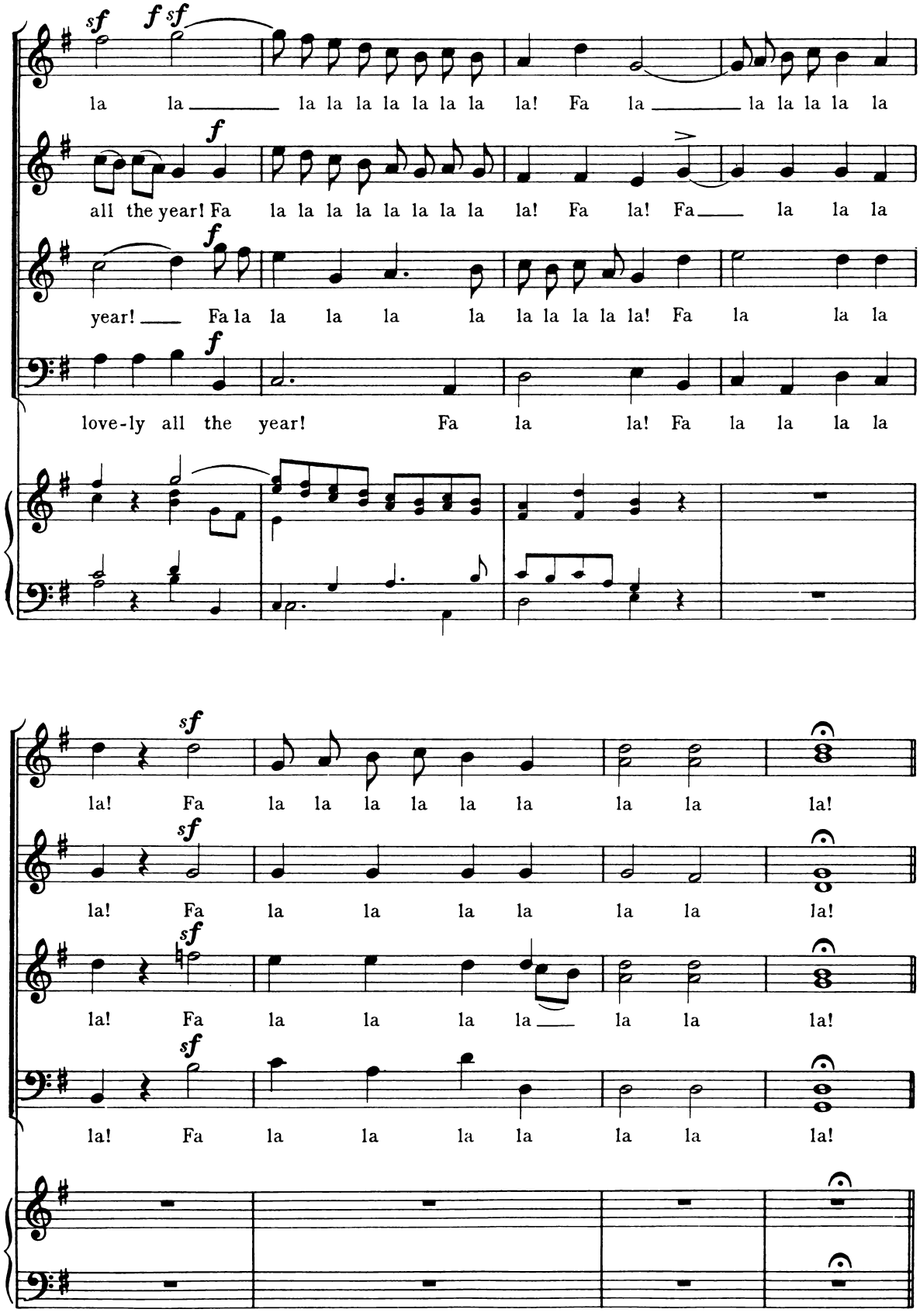

is the time for sleep, Win - ter
cresc.
Rose f
Fa la la la la
is the time for sleep.
f
Fa la la la la
Richard f
Fa la la
Adam f
Fa la la
Chorus SOPRANOS f
Spring is hope,
tr
f


la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er
la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er
la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and sum - mer nev - er
la la! Fa la la la la! Spring and sum-mer nev - er
Sum-mer's joy.


cloy. Fa la la la la la! Fa la!
cloy. Fa la la la la! Fa la! la! Fa la la la la
cloy. Fa la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la la la la
cloy. Fa la! Fa la la la la la! Fa la la
TENORS
Au-tumn, toil,


Fa la la la la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is
la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is
la la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is
la la! Fa la la la la! Win-ter, af - ter all, is
Win - ter, rest.
best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la!
best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la!
best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la
best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la!

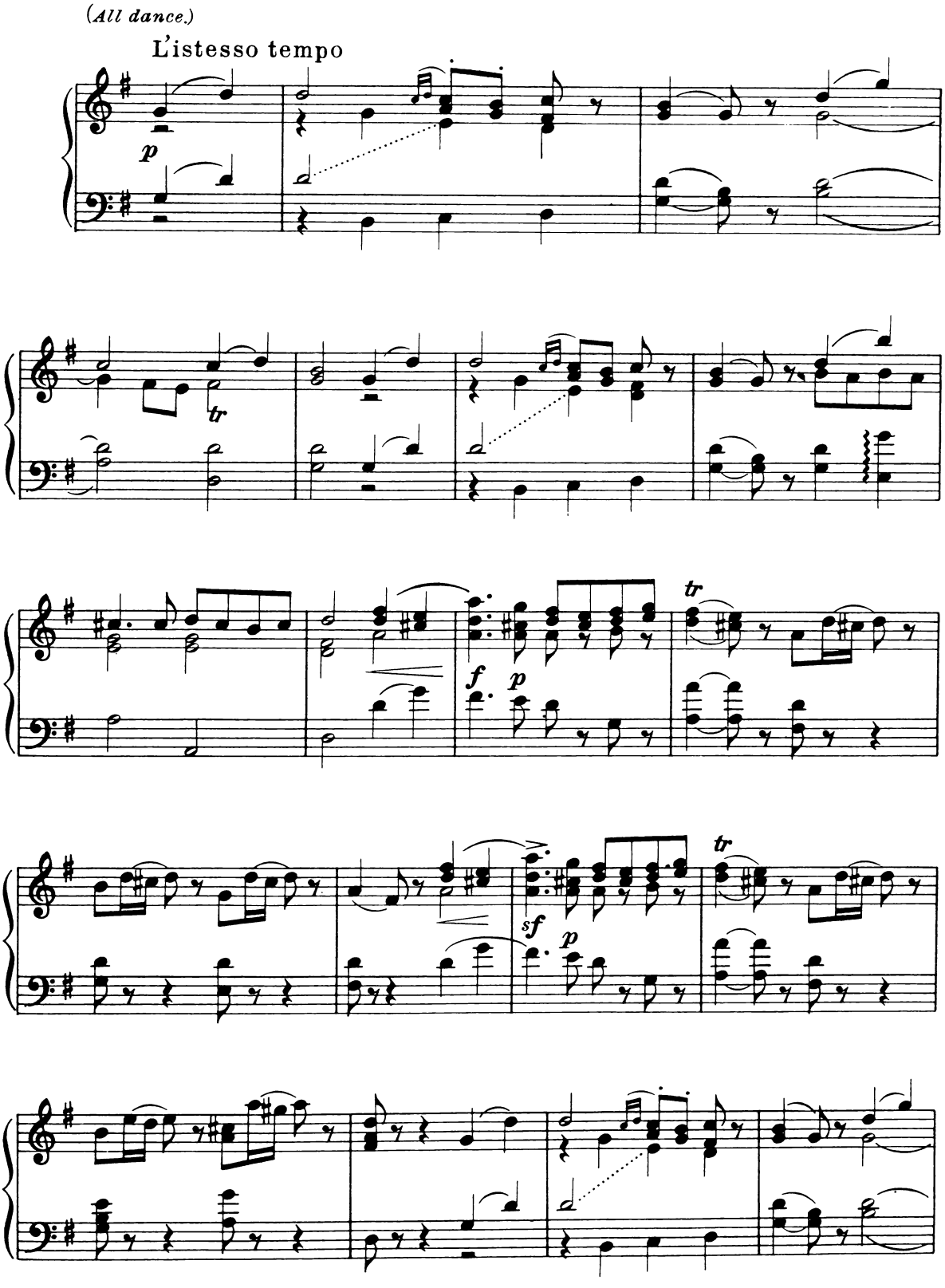

la!
Chorus
p
Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you, Au - tumn, aye, and
Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you, Au - tumn, aye, and
Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you, Au - tumn, aye, and
Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you, Au - tumn, aye, and
pp
sf
win-ter too— Fa la la la la la
win-ter too— Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is love - ly
win-ter too— Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is love - ly all the
win-ter too— Fa la la! Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is
cresc.

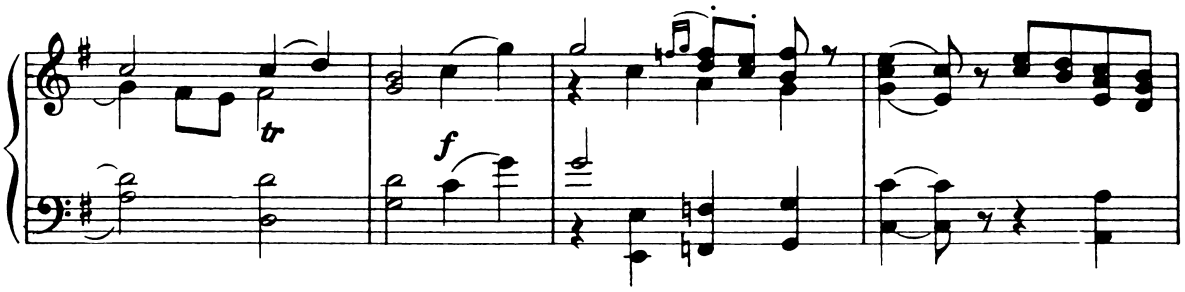

la la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la
all the year! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa la la la
year! Fa la la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la
love-ly all the year! Fa la la! Fa la la la la
la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!

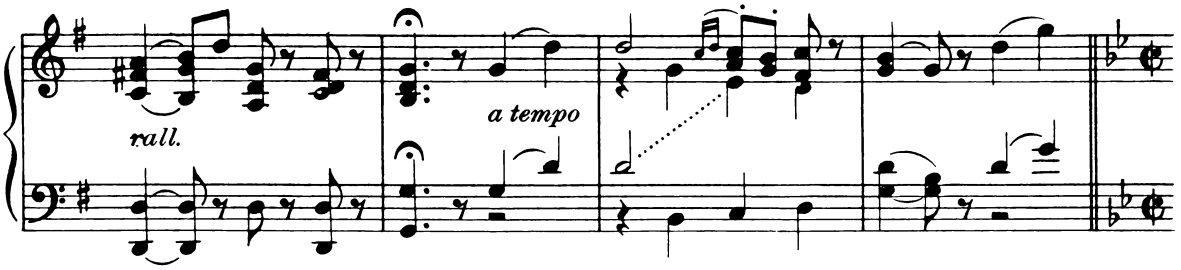
Gavotte

(All dance.)

L'istesso tempo







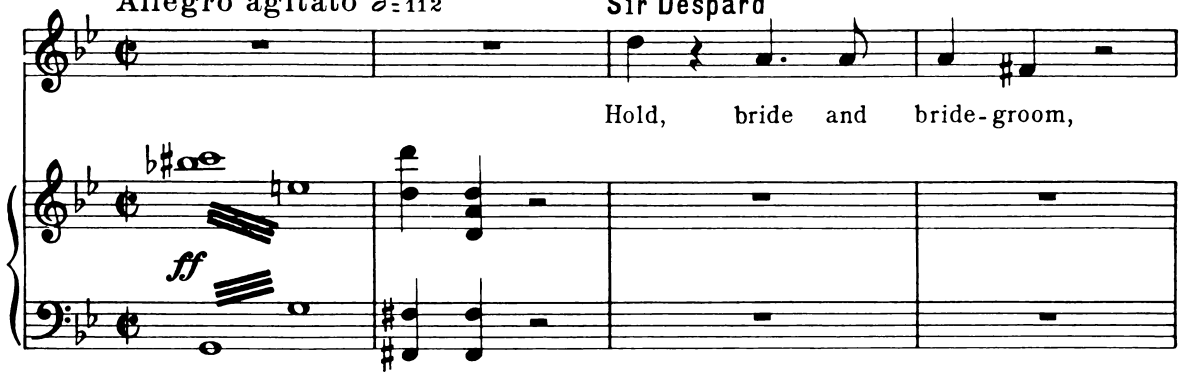
(*Enter Sir Despard, L.*)

Allegro agitato ♩= 112

Recit.

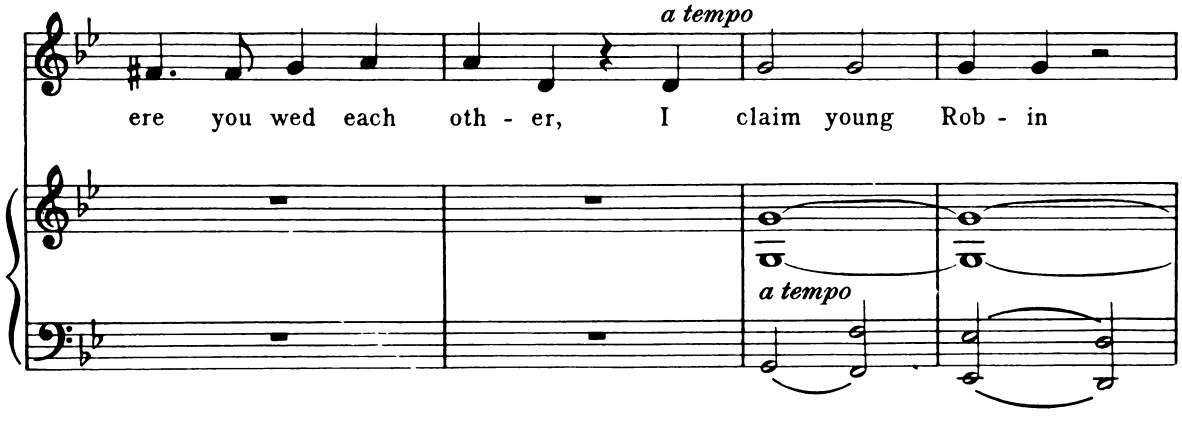
Sir Despard

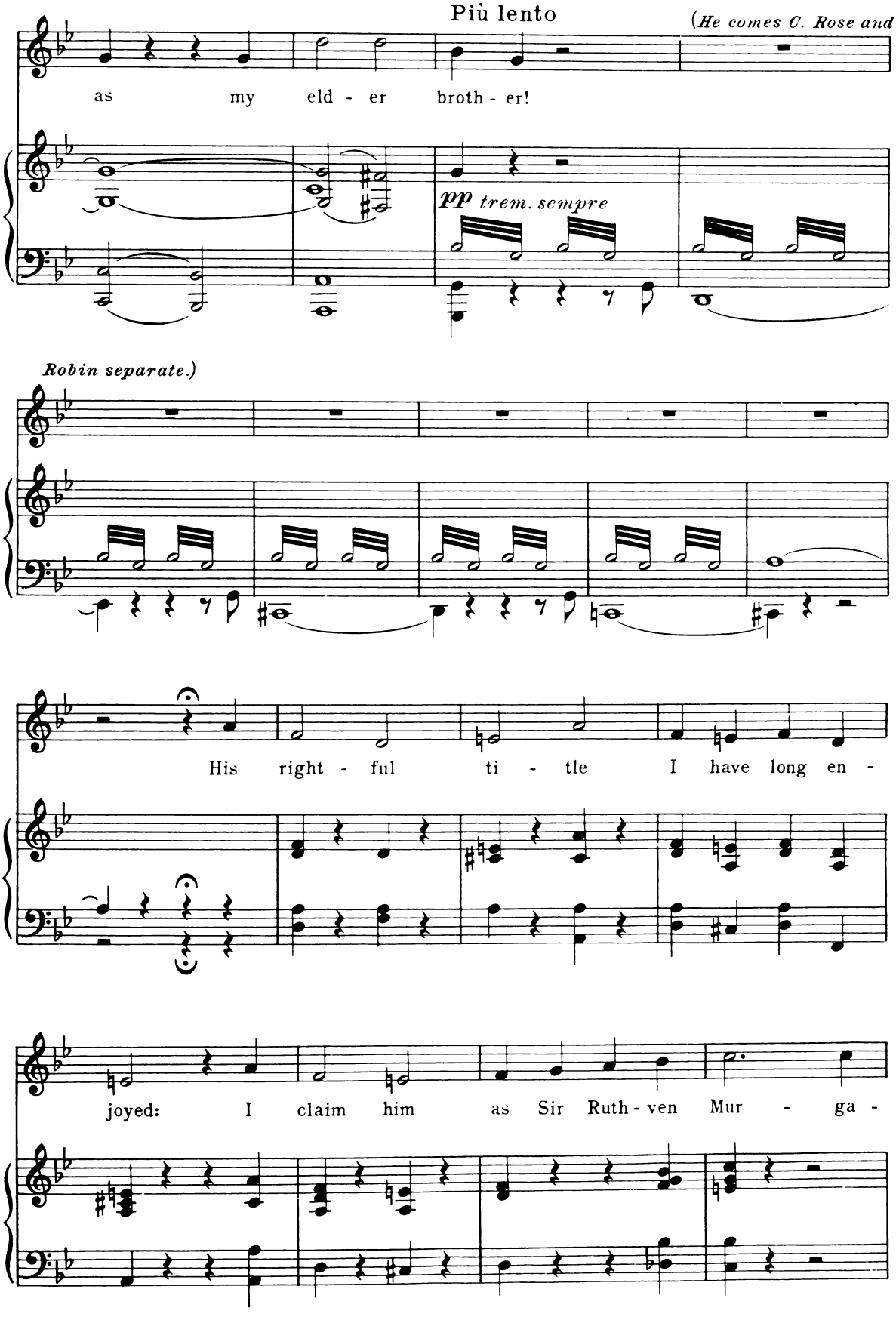
Hold, bride and bride-groom,

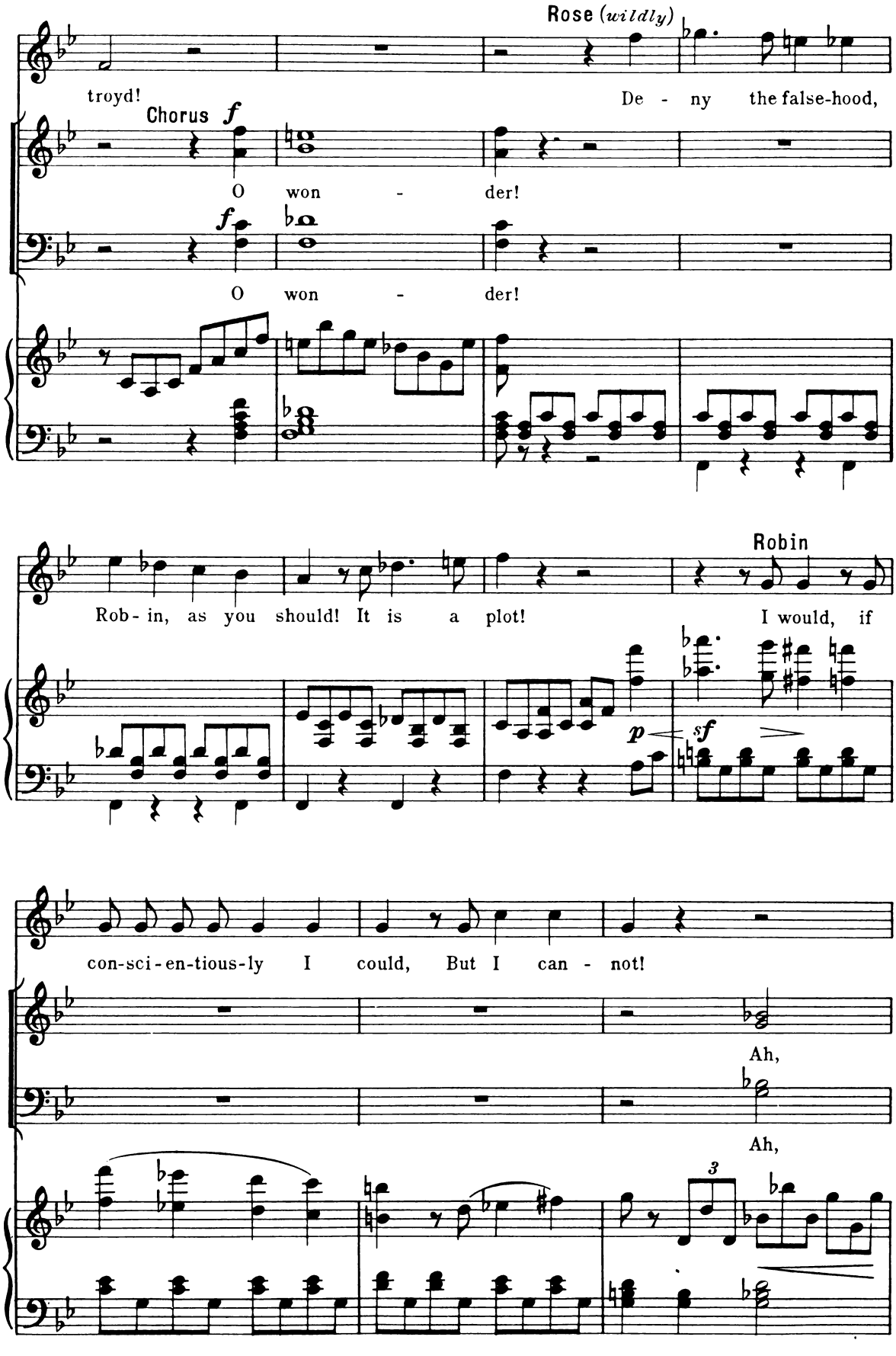


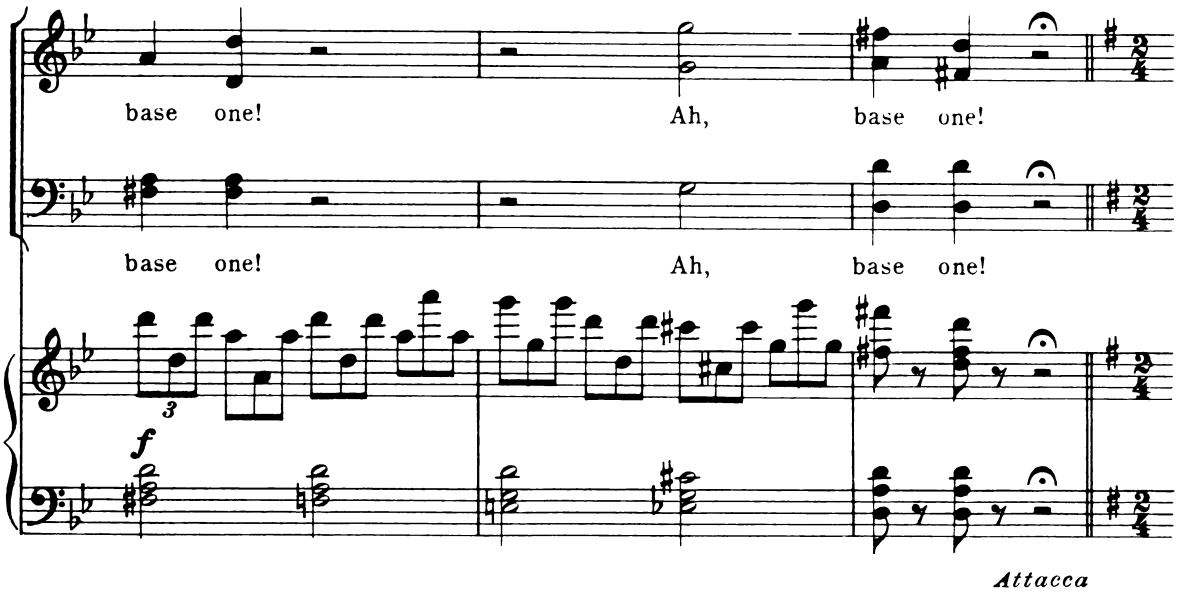
a tempo

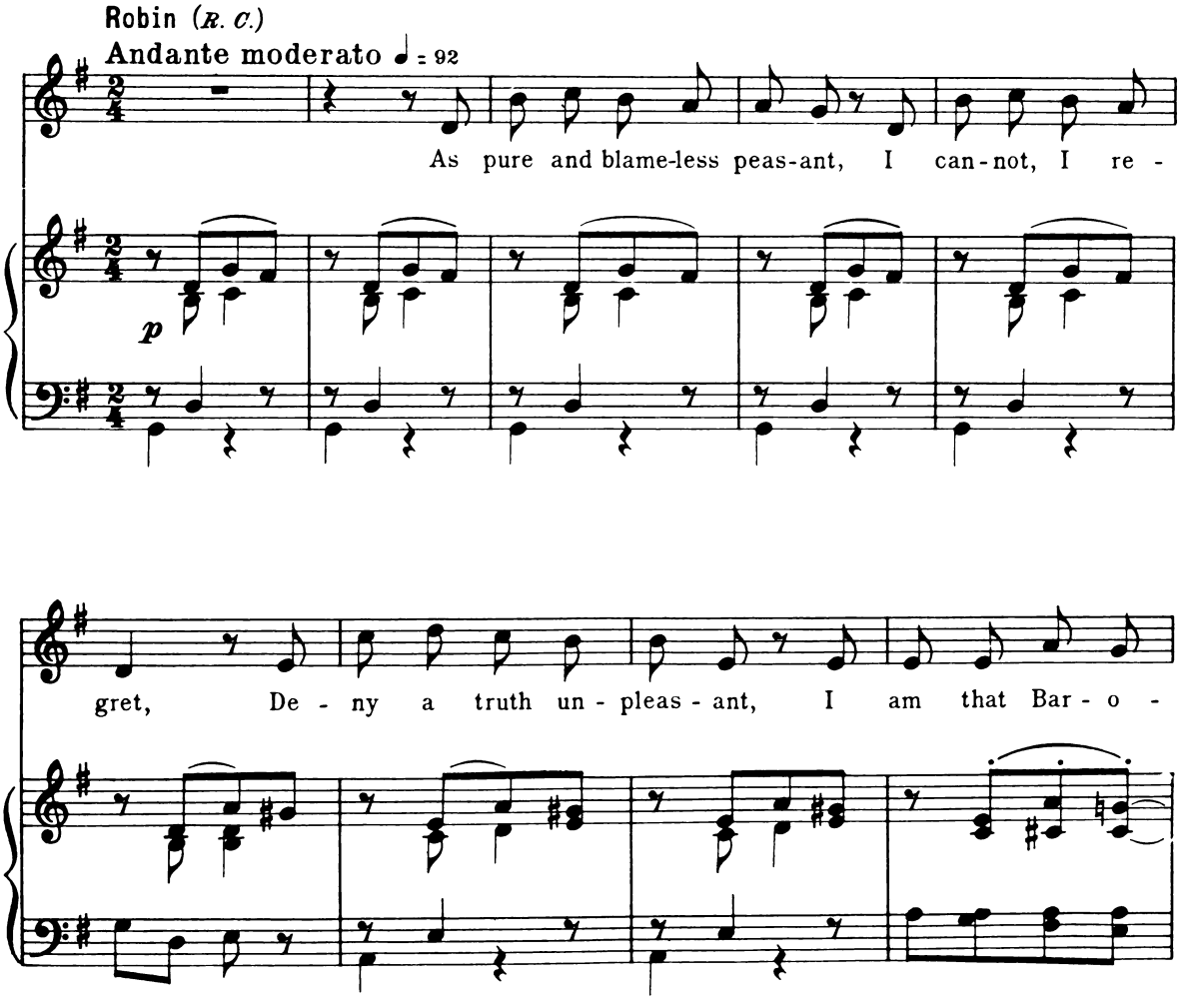
ere you wed each oth - er, I claim young Rob - in

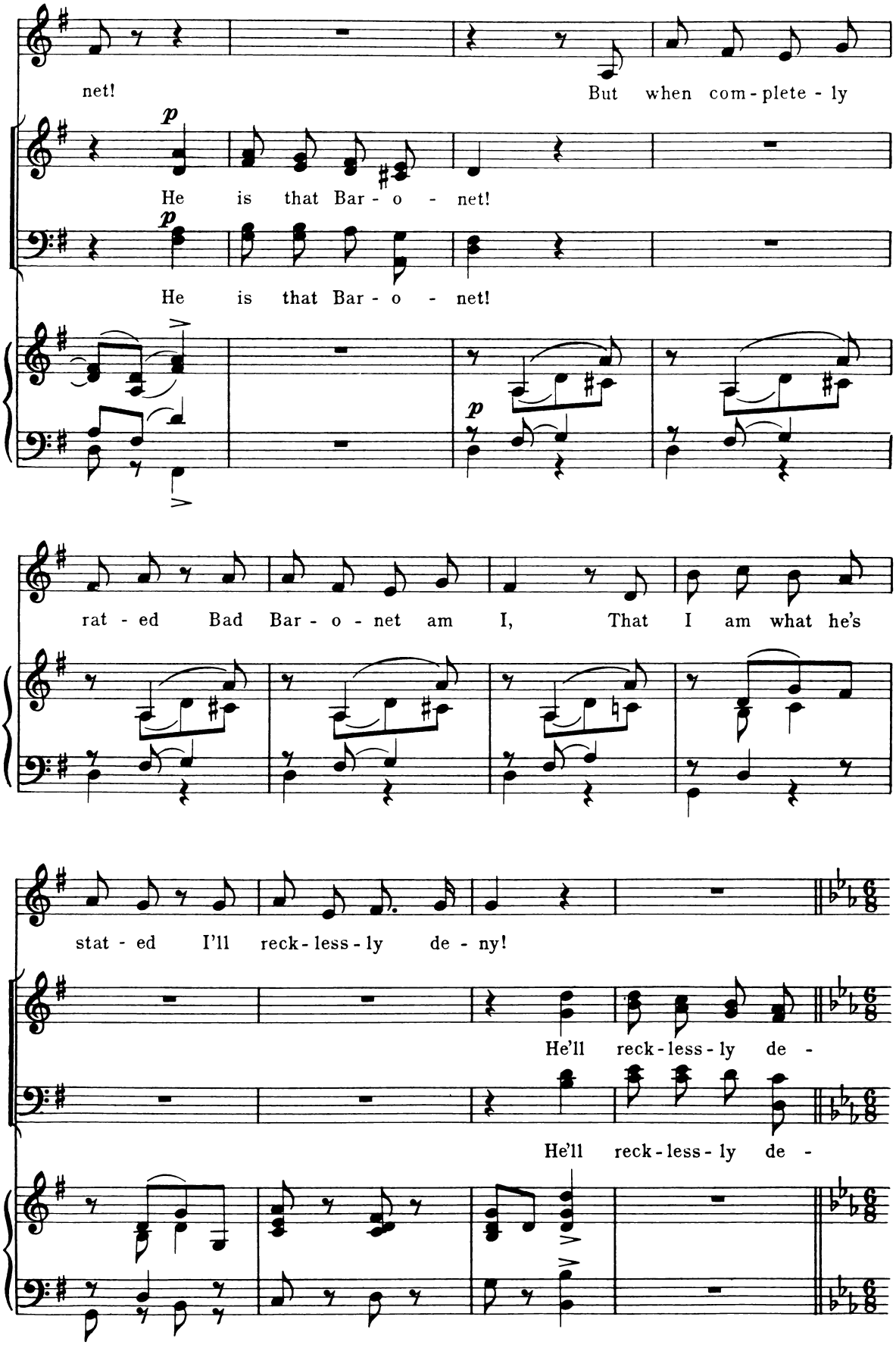


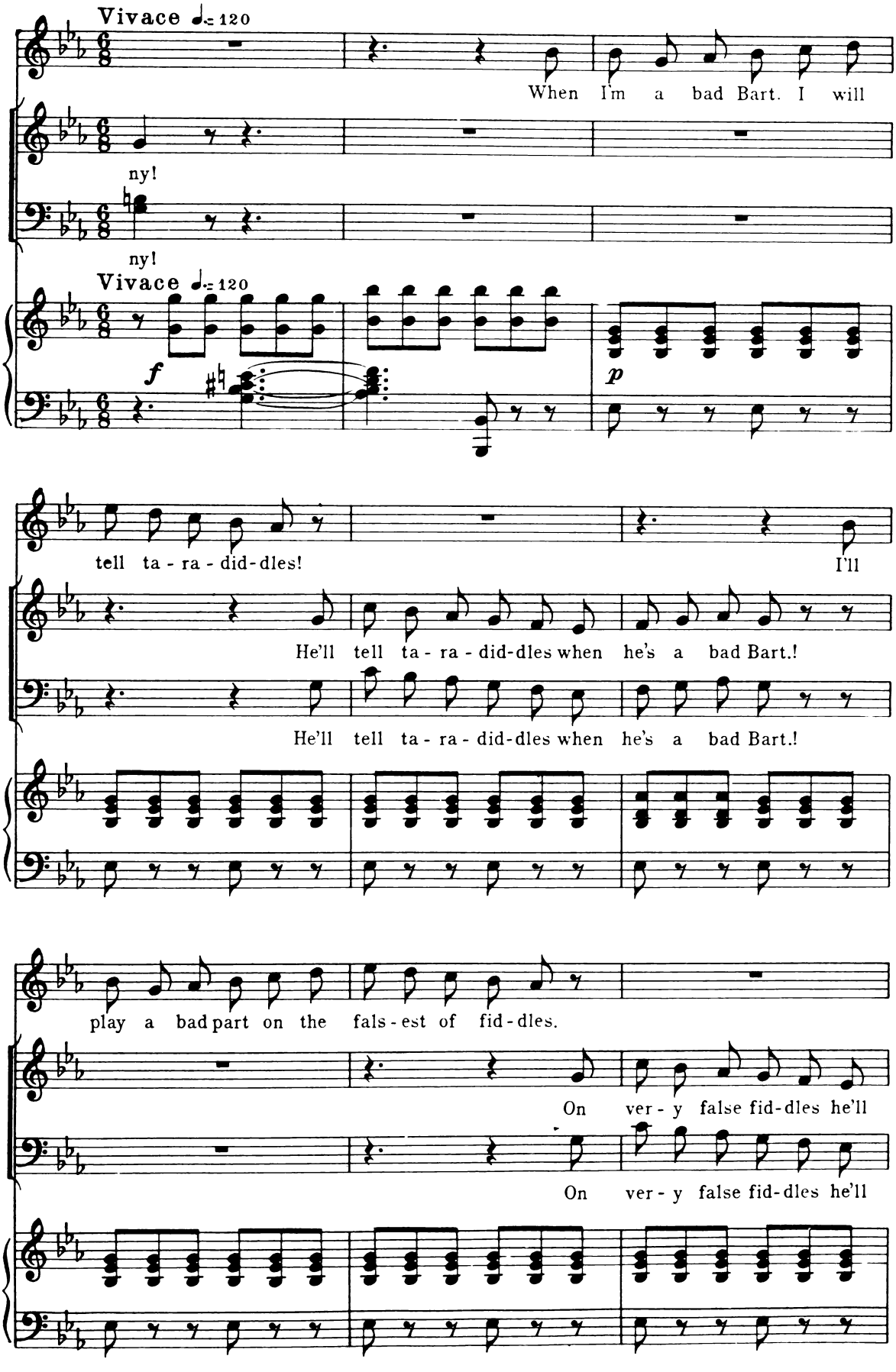

Più lento
(He comes C. Rose and
as my eld - er broth - er!
pp trem. sempre
Robin separate.)
His right - ful ti - tle I have long en -
joyed: I claim him as Sir Ruth - ven Mur - ga -

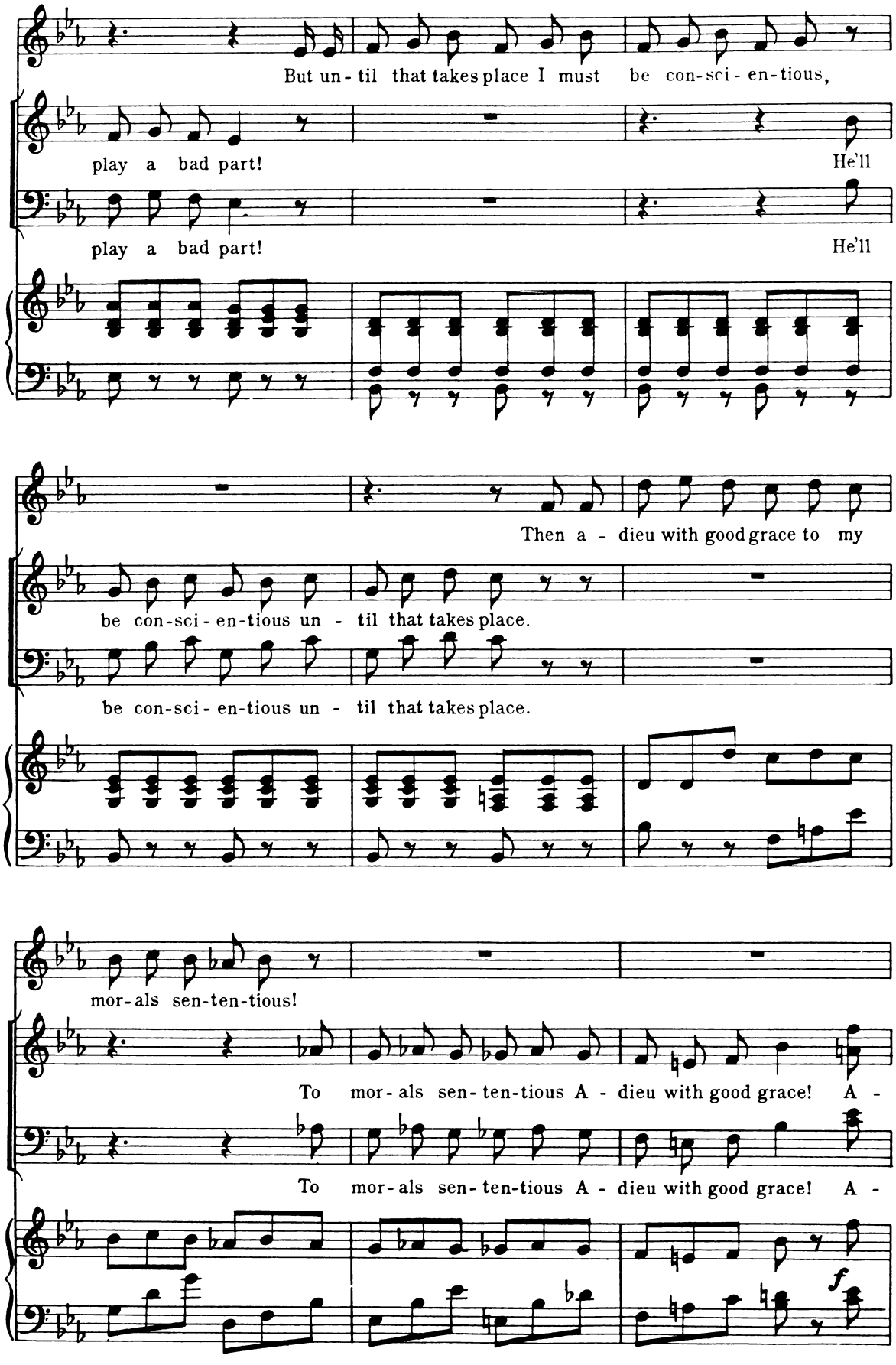

Rose (wildly)
troyd!
De - ny the false-hood,
Chorus f
O won - der!
f
O won - der!
Robin
Rob - in, as you should! It is a plot!
I would, if
p
sf
con-sci-en-tious-ly I could, But I can - not!
Ah,
Ah,
3

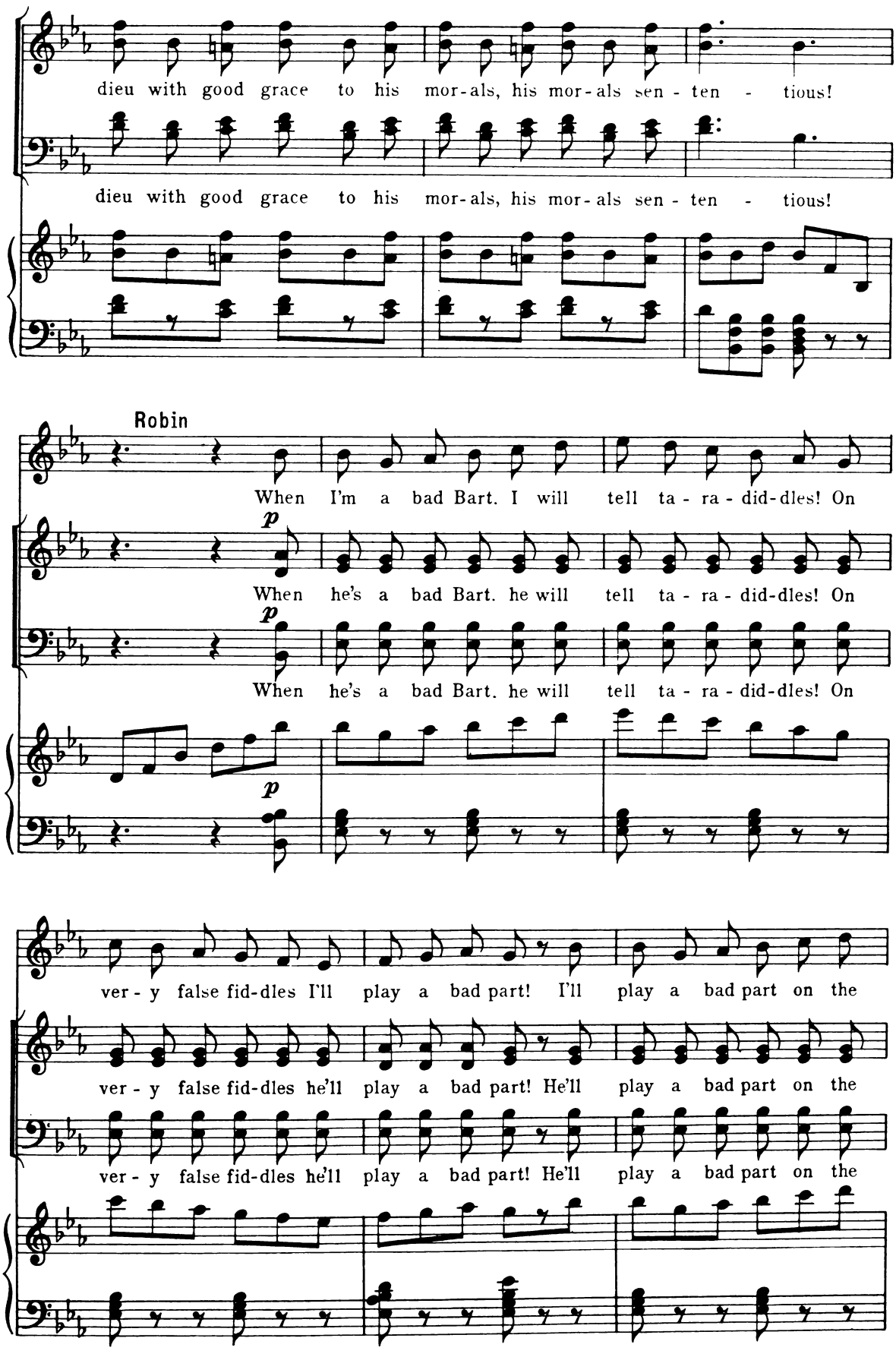

base one!
Ah, base one!
base one!
Ah, base one!
f
Attacca

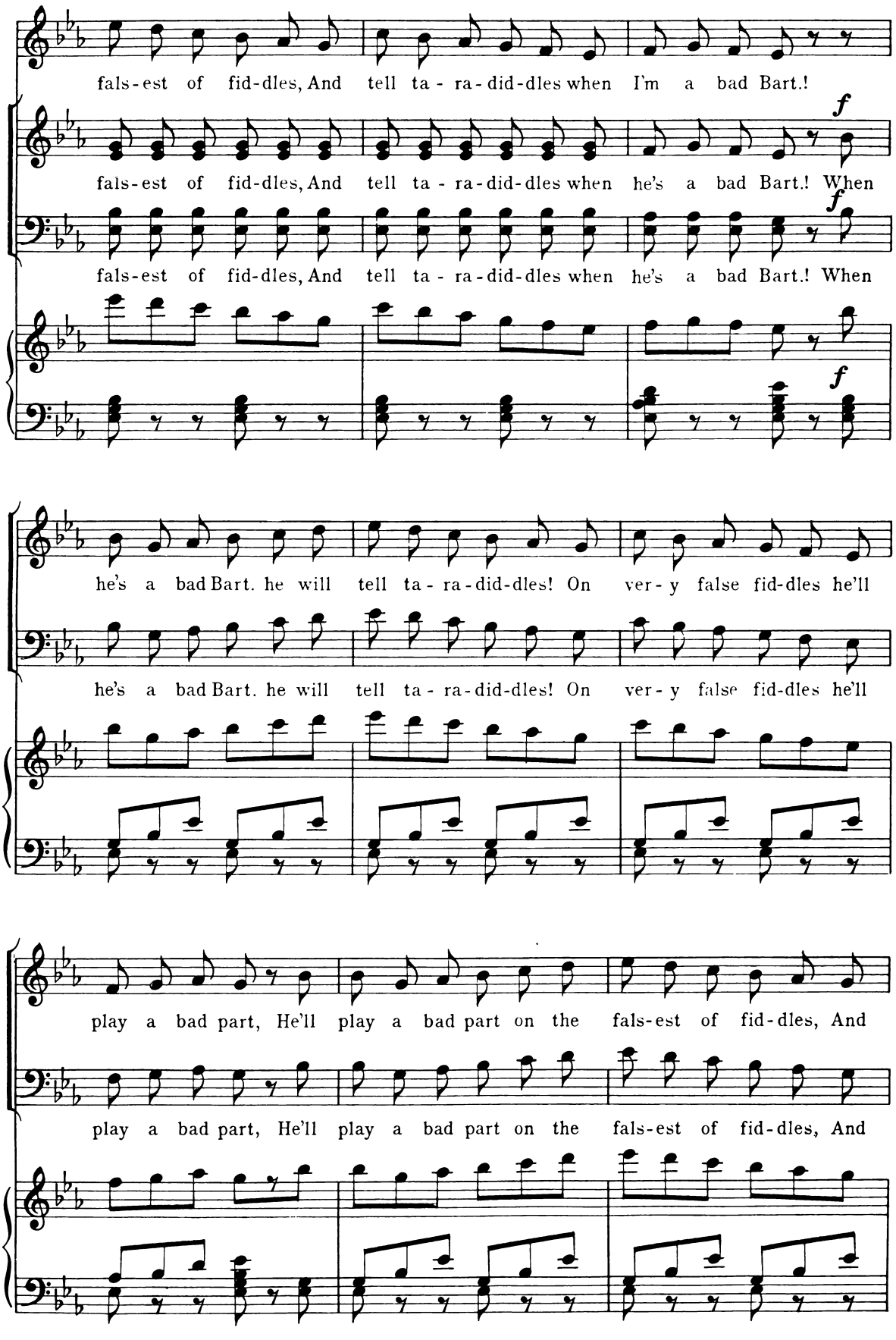

Robin (R. C.)
Andante moderato ♩ = 92
As pure and blame-less peas-ant, I can-not, I re -
p
gret, De - ny a truth un - pleas - ant, I am that Bar - o -

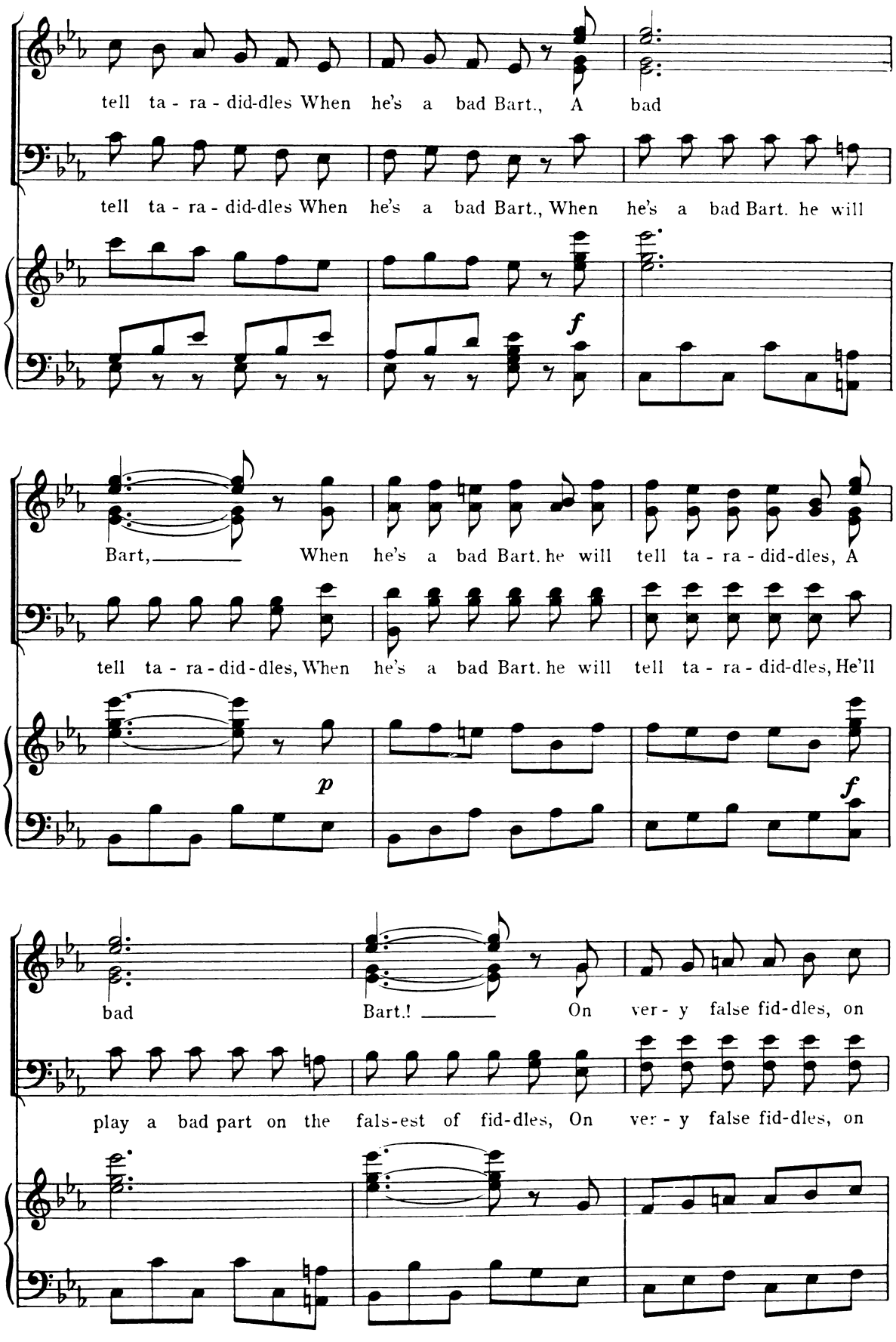

net!
But when com - plete - ly
He is that Bar - o - net!
He is that Bar - o - net!
rat - ed Bad Bar - o - net am I, That I am what he's
stat - ed I'll reck - less - ly de - ny!
He'll reck - less - ly de -
He'll reck - less - ly de -

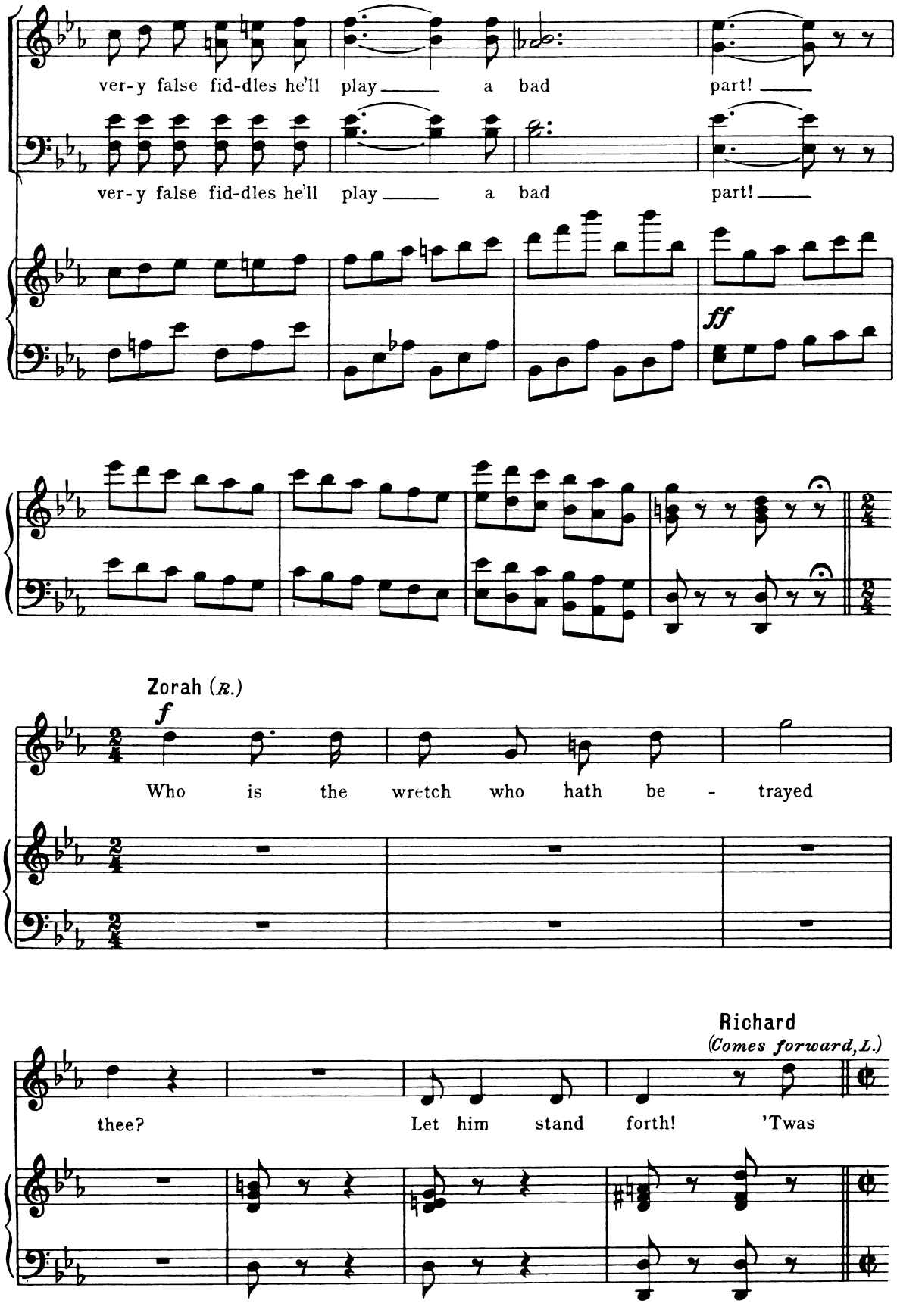

Vivace ♩= 120
When I'm a bad Bart. I will
ny!
ny!
Vivace ♩= 120
f
p
tell ta - ra - did-dles!
I'll
He'll tell ta - ra - did-dles when he's a bad Bart.!
He'll tell ta - ra - did-dles when he's a bad Bart.!
play a bad part on the fals - est of fid - dles.
On ver - y false fid-dles he'll
On ver - y false fid-dles he'll

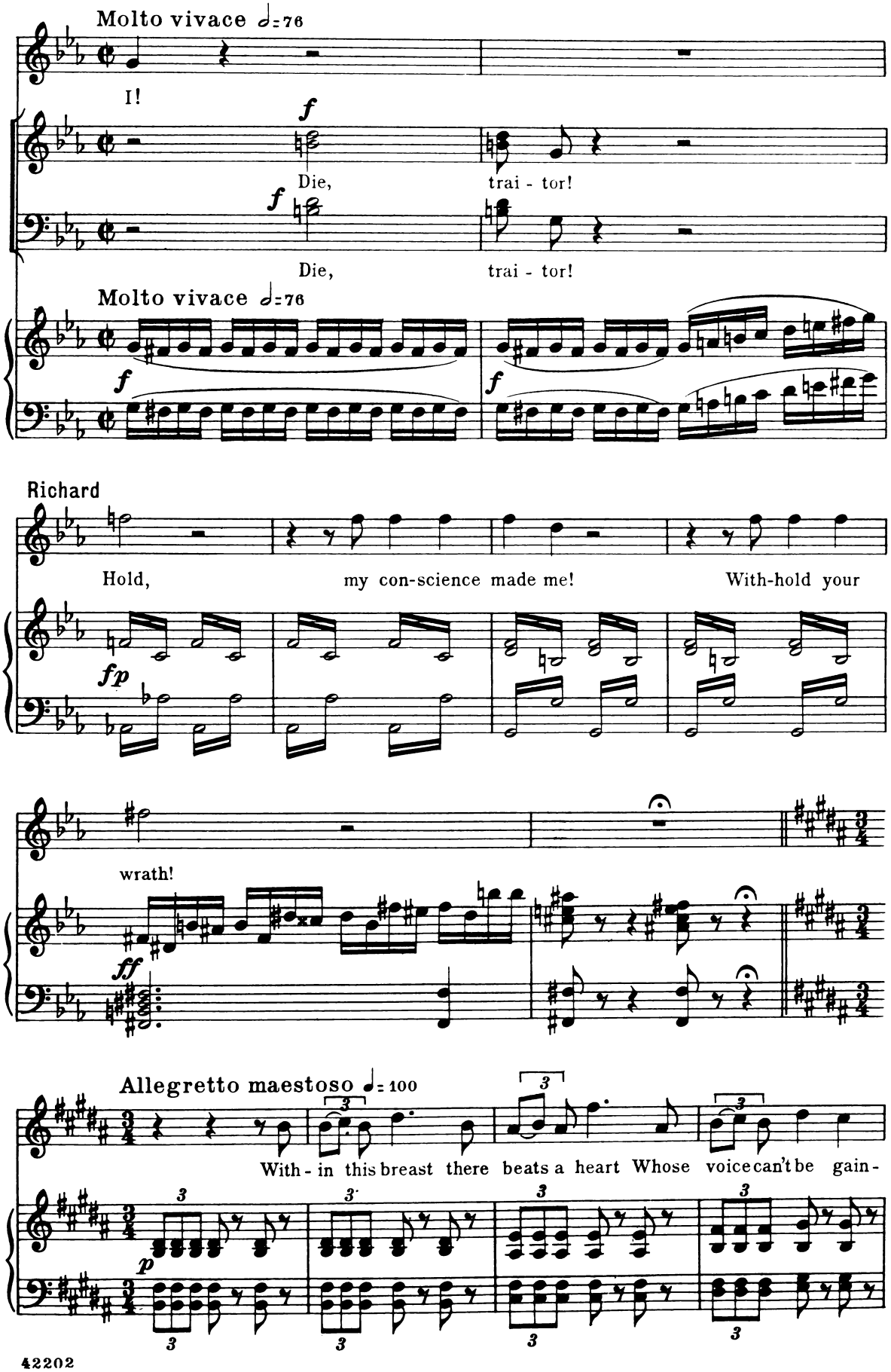

But un - til that takes place I must be con-sci - en-tious,
play a bad part!
He'll
play a bad part!
He'll
Then a - dieu with good grace to my
be con-sci - en-tious un - til that takes place.
be con-sci - en-tious un - til that takes place.
mor-als sen-ten-tious!
To mor - als sen - ten-tious A - dieu with good grace! A -
To mor - als sen - ten-tious A - dieu with good grace! A -
f

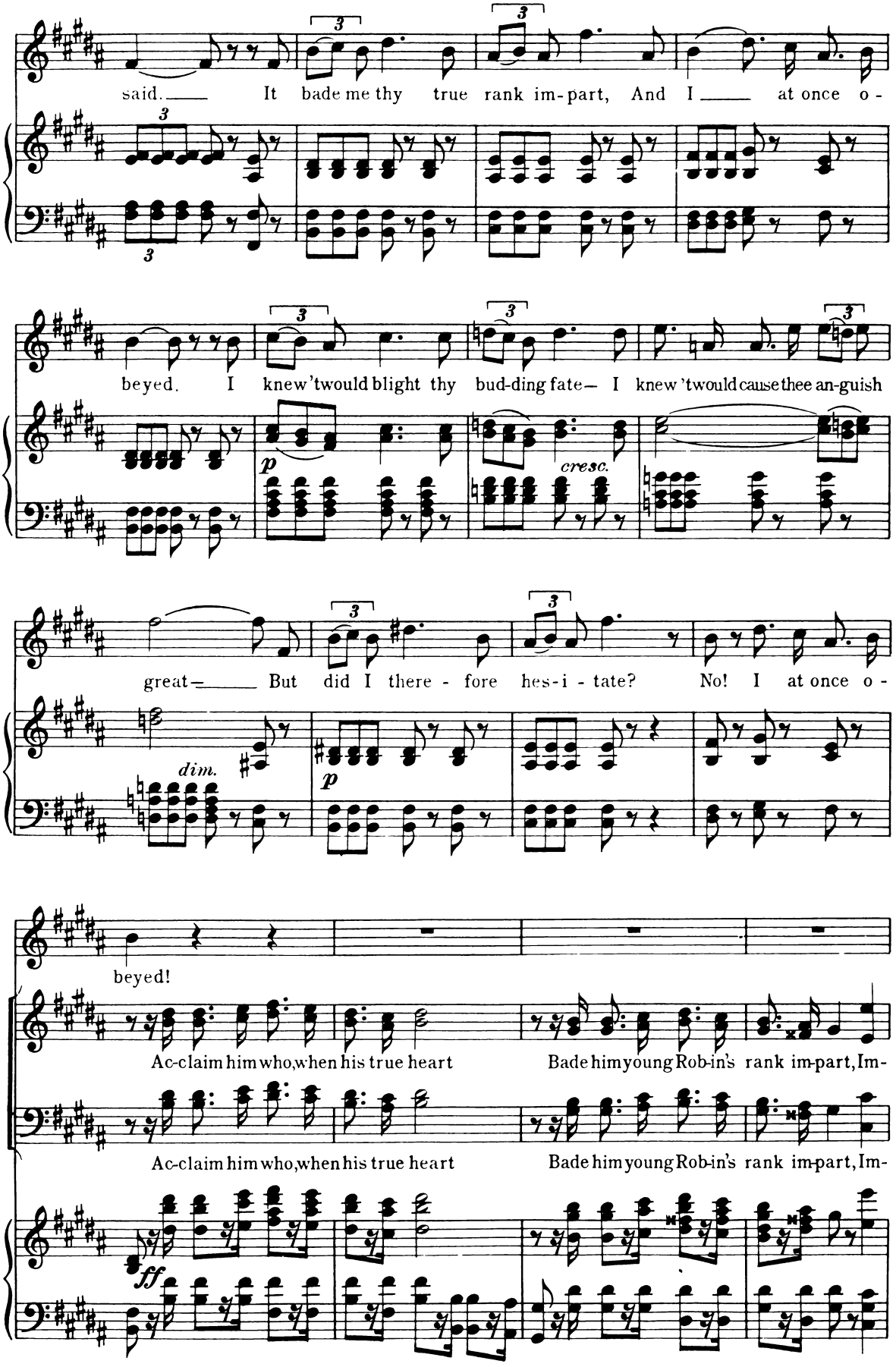

dieu with good grace to his mor-als, his mor-als sen-ten-tious!
dieu with good grace to his mor-als, his mor-als sen-ten-tious!
Robin
When I'm a bad Bart. I will tell ta-ra-did-dles! On
p
When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-did-dles! On
p
When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta-ra-did-dles! On
p
ver-y false fid-dles I'll play a bad part! I'll play a bad part on the
ver-y false fid-dles he'll play a bad part! He'll play a bad part on the
ver-y false fid-dles he'll play a bad part! He'll play a bad part on the

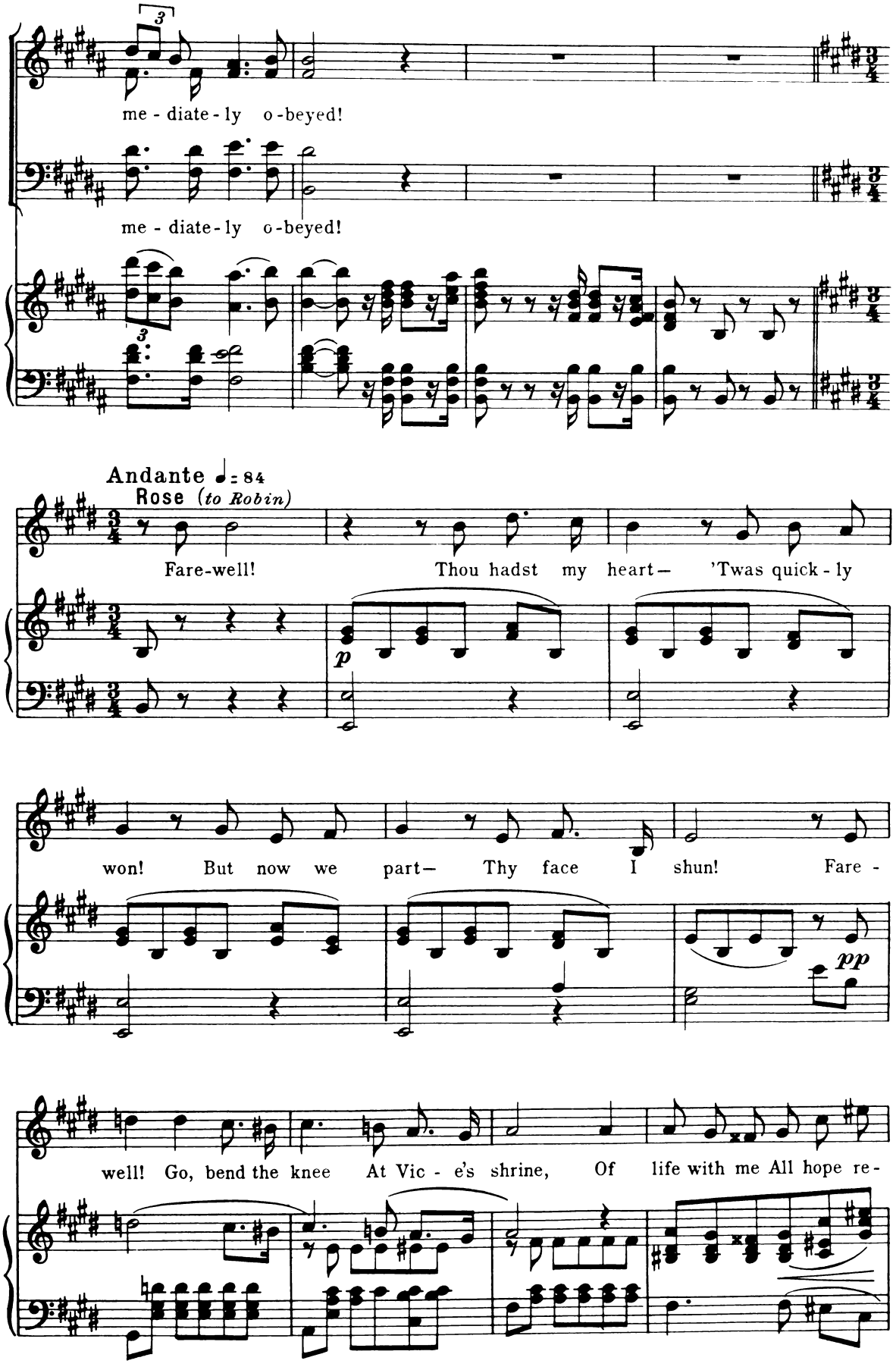

fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta - ra-did-dles when I'm a bad Bart.!
fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta - ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart.! When
fals-est of fid-dles, And tell ta - ra-did-dles when he's a bad Bart.! When
he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra-did-dles! On ver - y false fid-dles he'll
he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra-did-dles! On ver - y false fid-dles he'll
play a bad part, He'll play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And
play a bad part, He'll play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, And

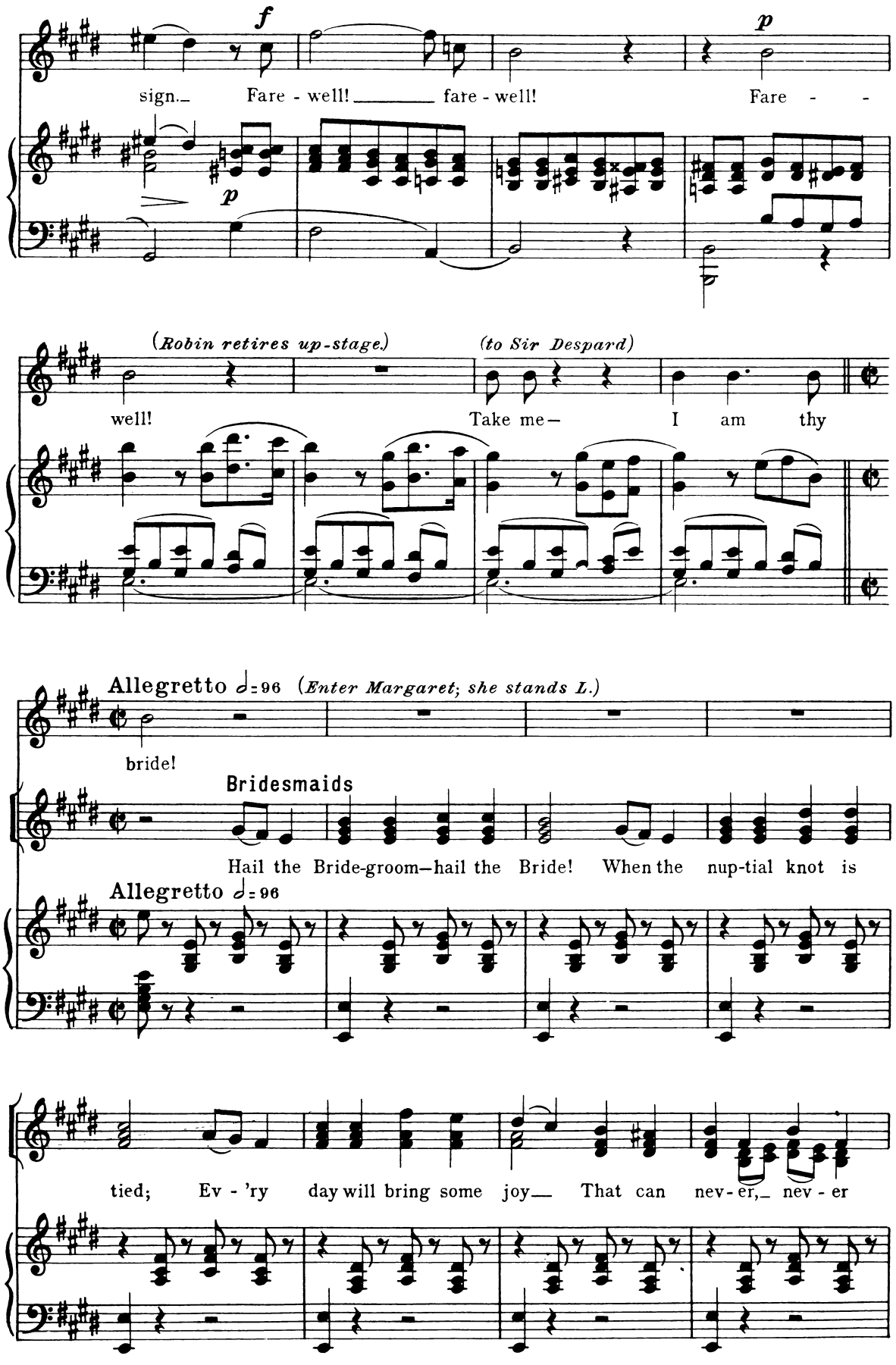

tell ta - ra - did-dles When he's a bad Bart., A bad
tell ta - ra - did-dles When he's a bad Bart., When he's a bad Bart. he will
f
Bart, When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra - did-dles, A
tell ta - ra - did-dles, When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra - did-dles, He'll
p
f
bad Bart.! On ver - y false fid-dles, on
play a bad part on the fals-est of fid-dles, On ver - y false fid-dles, on

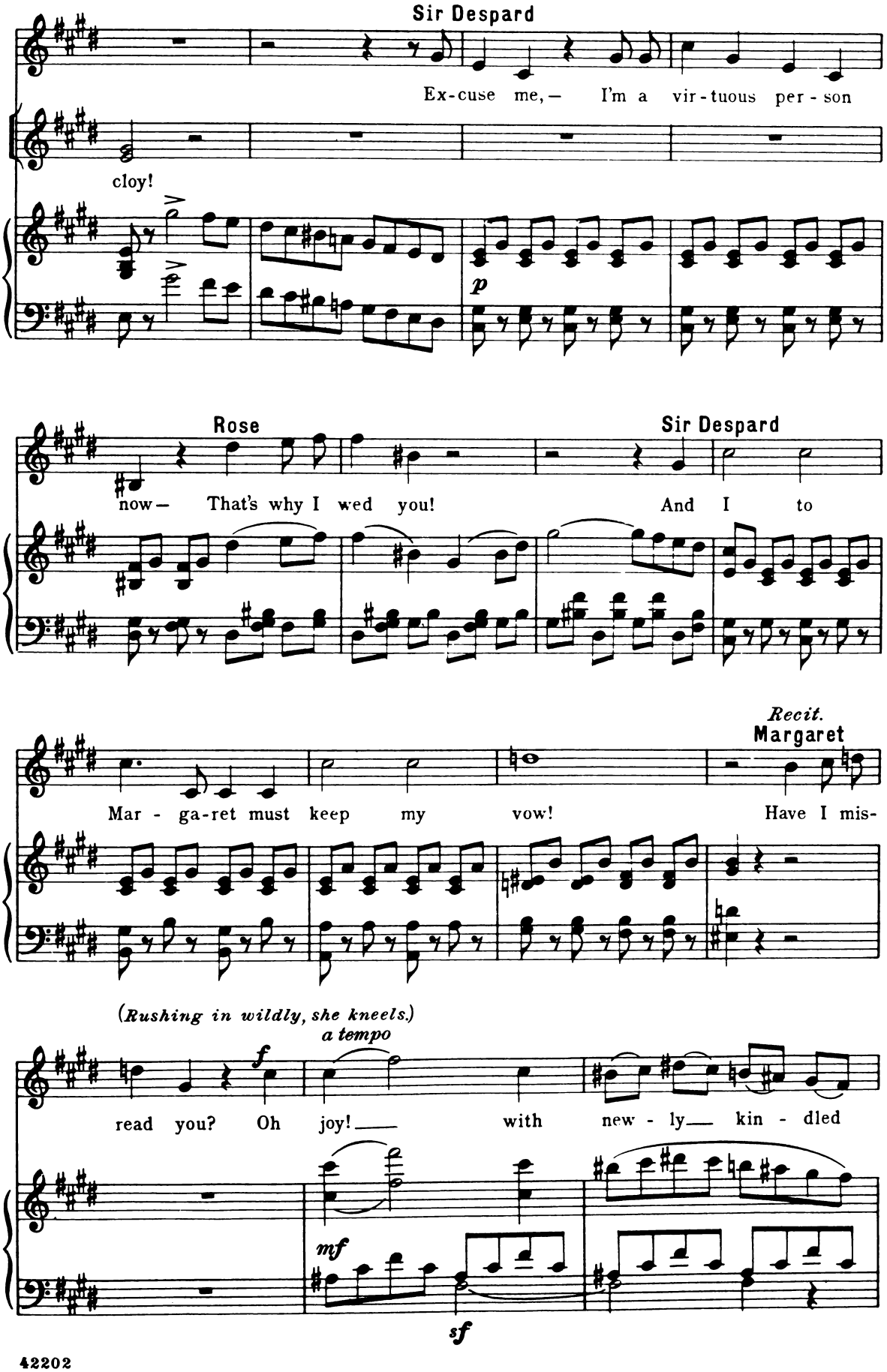

ver-y false fid-dles he'll play a bad part!
ver-y false fid-dles he'll play a bad part!
ff
Zorah (R.)
f
Who is the wretch who hath be - trayed
Richard
(Comes forward, L.)
thee? Let him stand forth! 'Twas

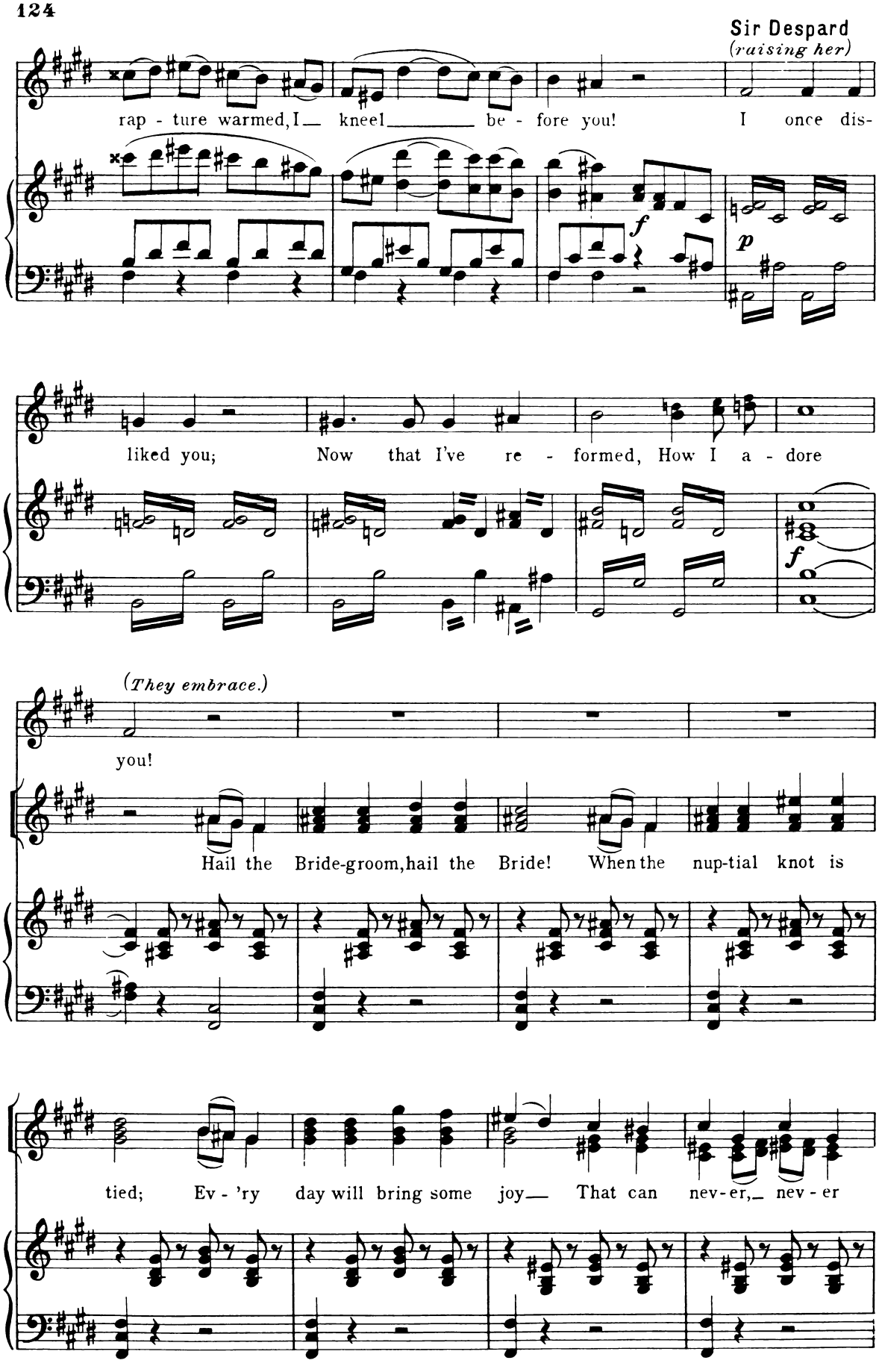

Molto vivace ♩=76
I!
f
Die, trai - tor!
f
Die, trai - tor!
Molto vivace ♩=76
f
f
Richard
Hold, my con-science made me! With-hold your
fp
wrath!
ff
Allegretto maestoso ♩= 100
With - in this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can't be gain -
p

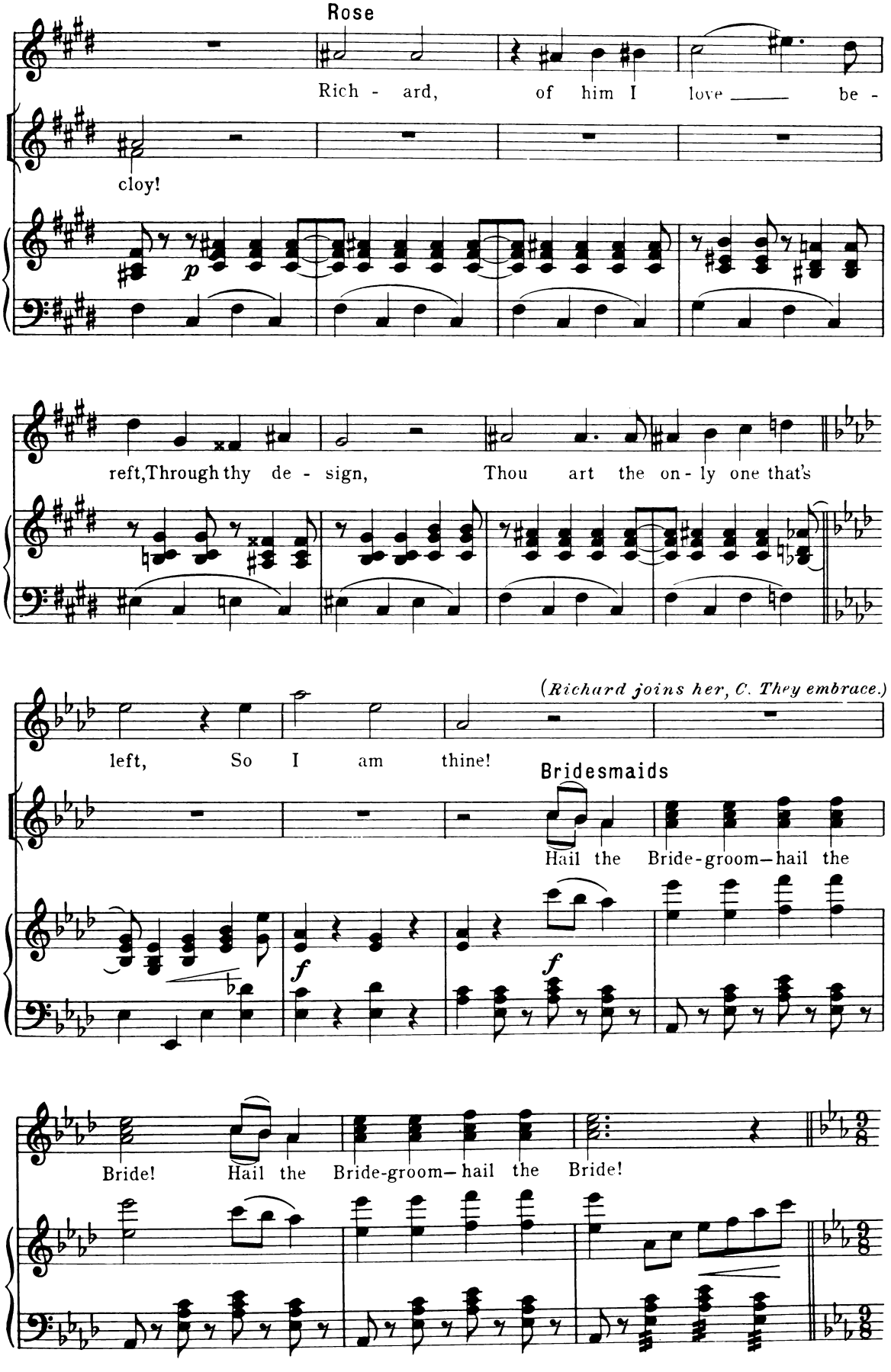

said. It bade me thy true rank im-part, And I at once o-
beyed. I knew 'twould blight thy bud-ding fate— I knew 'twould cause thee an-guish
p
cresc.
great— But did I there - fore hes-i - tate? No! I at once o-
dim.
p
beyed!
Ac-claim him who, when his true heart Bade him young Rob-in's rank im-part, Im-
Ac-claim him who, when his true heart Bade him young Rob-in's rank im-part, Im-
ff

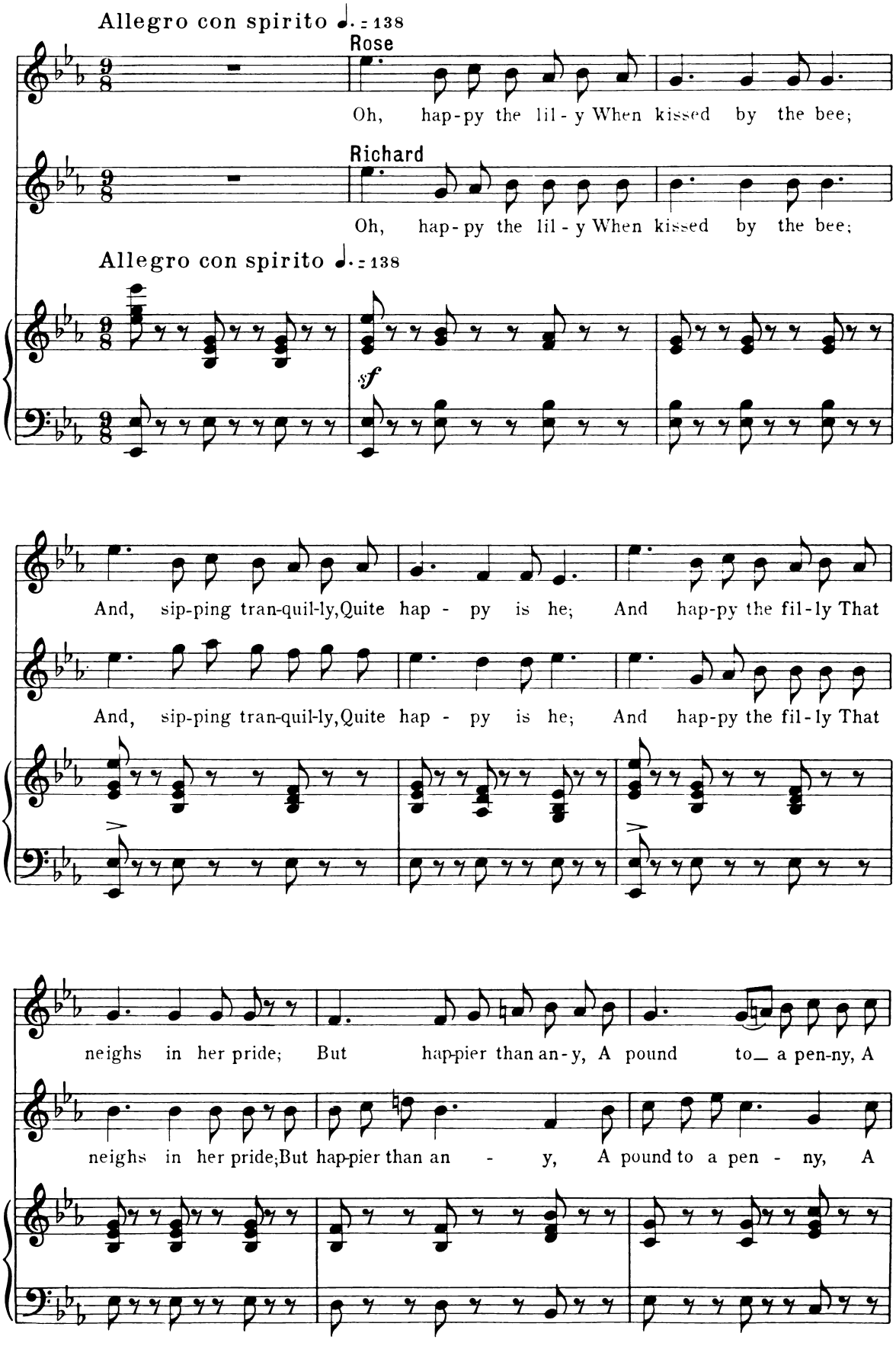

me - diate - ly o - beyed!
me - diate - ly o - beyed!
Andante ♩= 84
Rose (to Robin)
Fare-well! Thou hadst my heart— 'Twas quick - ly
p
won! But now we part— Thy face I shun! Fare -
pp
well! Go, bend the knee At Vic - e's shrine, Of life with me All hope re -

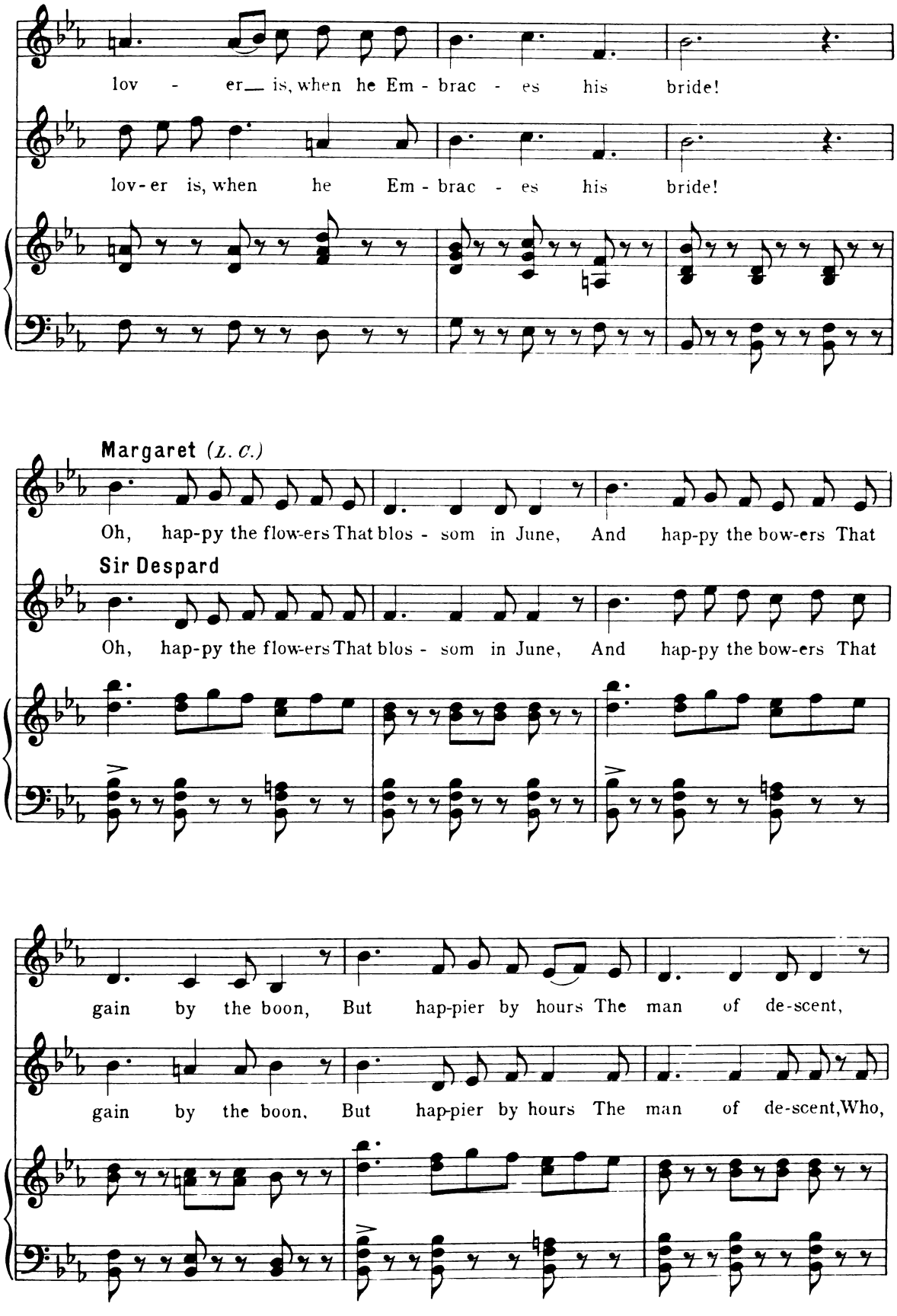

f
sign. Fare - well! fare - well!
p
Fare - -
p
(Robin retires up-stage.)
(to Sir Despard)
well!
Take me—
I am thy
Allegretto ♩=96
(Enter Margaret; she stands L.)
bride!
Bridesmaids
Hail the Bride-groom—hail the Bride! When the nup-tial knot is
Allegretto ♩=96
tied; Ev - 'ry day will bring some joy That can nev-er, nev - er

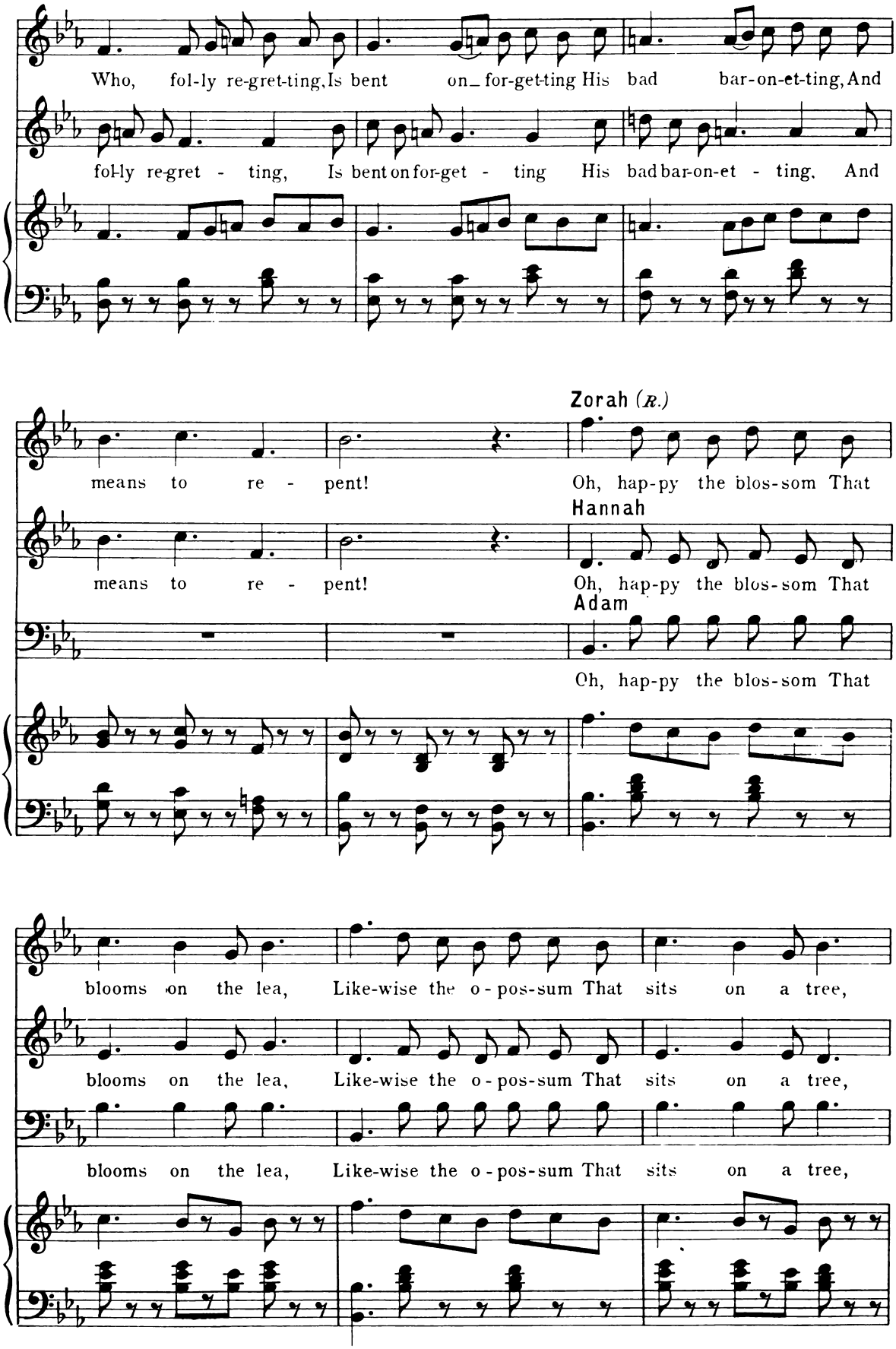

Sir Despard
Ex-cuse me,— I'm a vir-tuous per-son
cloy!
p
Rose
Sir Despard
now— That's why I wed you! And I to
Recit.
Margaret
Mar - ga-ret must keep my vow! Have I mis-
(Rushing in wildly, she kneels.)
a tempo
f
read you? Oh joy!___ with new - ly___ kin - dled
mf
sf

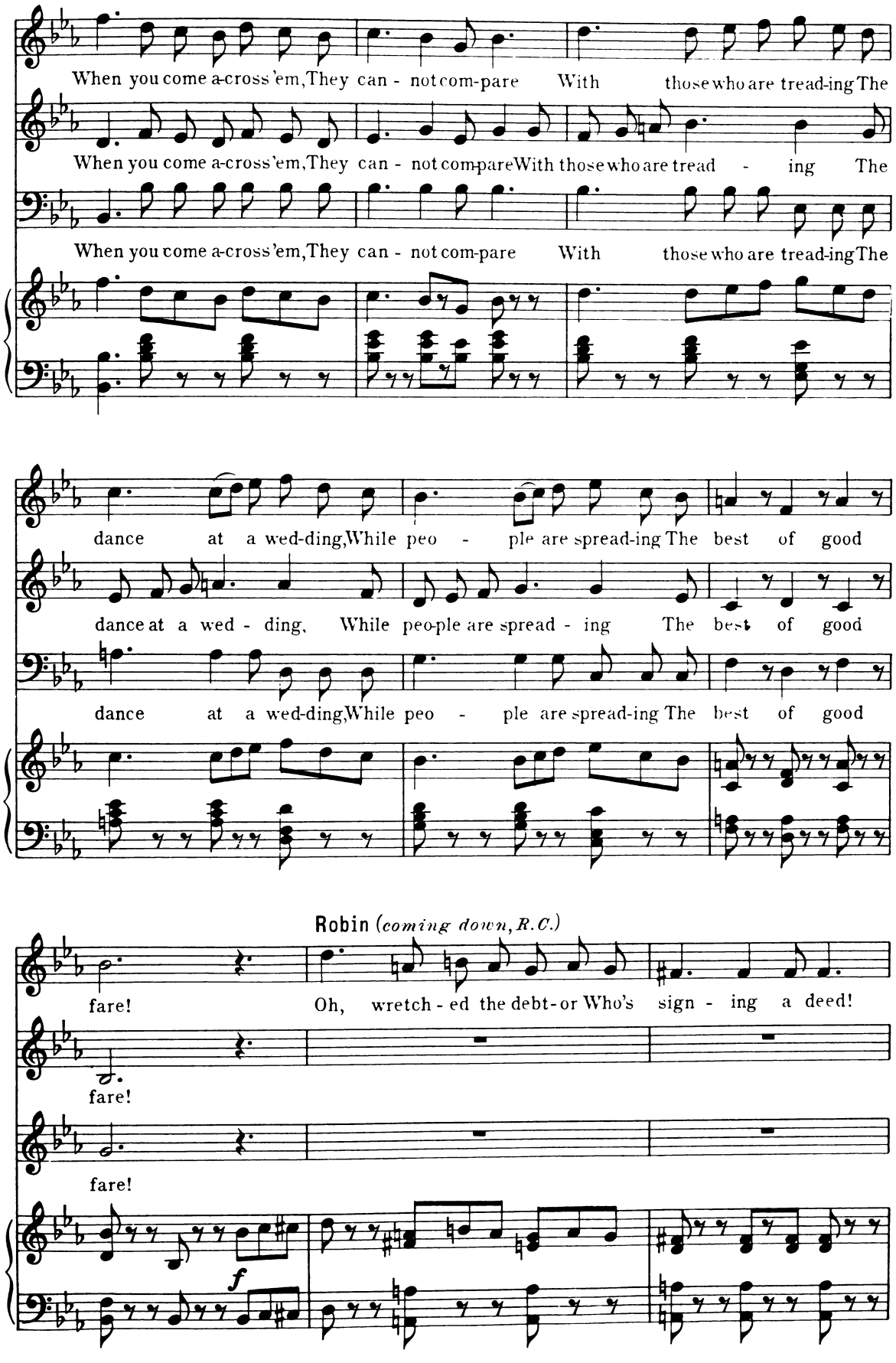

Sir Despard
(raising her)
rap - ture warmed, I kneel be - fore you!
I once dis-
liked you;
Now that I've re - formed, How I a - dore
(They embrace.)
you!
Hail the Bride-groom, hail the Bride!
When the nup-tial knot is
tied;
Ev - 'ry day will bring some joy
That can nev-er, nev - er

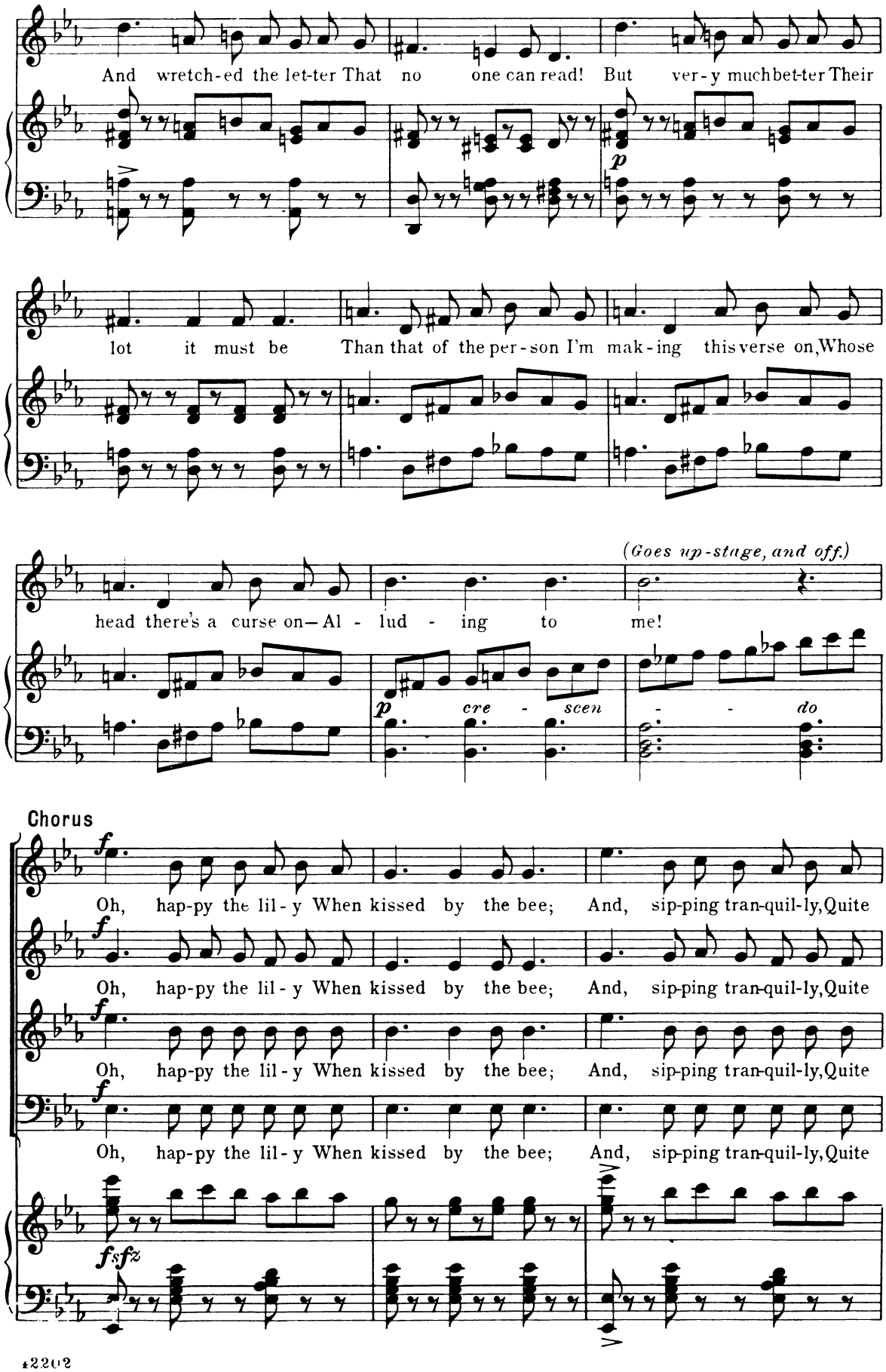

Rose
Rich - ard, of him I love be -
cloy!
p
reft, Through thy de - sign, Thou art the on - ly one that's
(Richard joins her, C. They embrace.)
left, So I am thine!
Bridesmaids
Hail the Bride-groom— hail the
f
f
Bride! Hail the Bride-groom— hail the Bride!

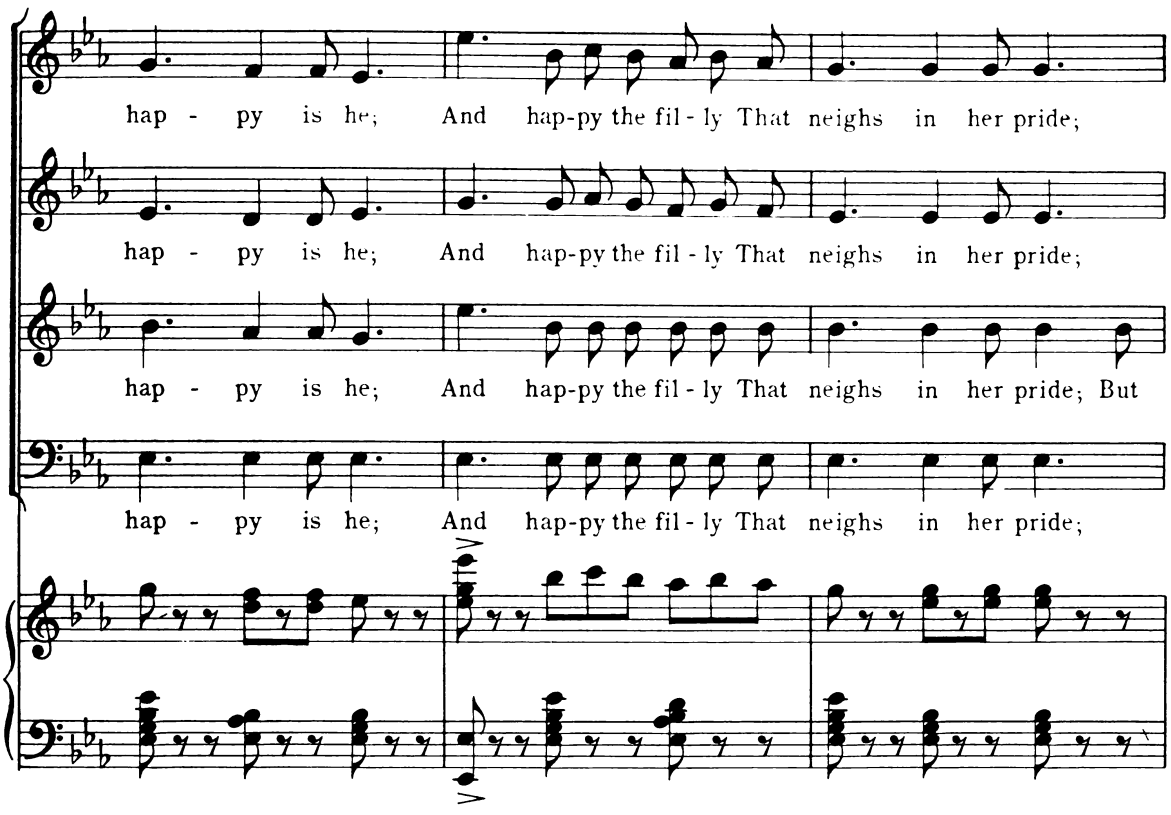

Allegro con spirito ♩. = 138
Rose
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee;
Richard
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee;
Allegro con spirito ♩. = 138
sf
And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap-py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite hap-py is he; And hap-py the fil-ly That
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A
neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A

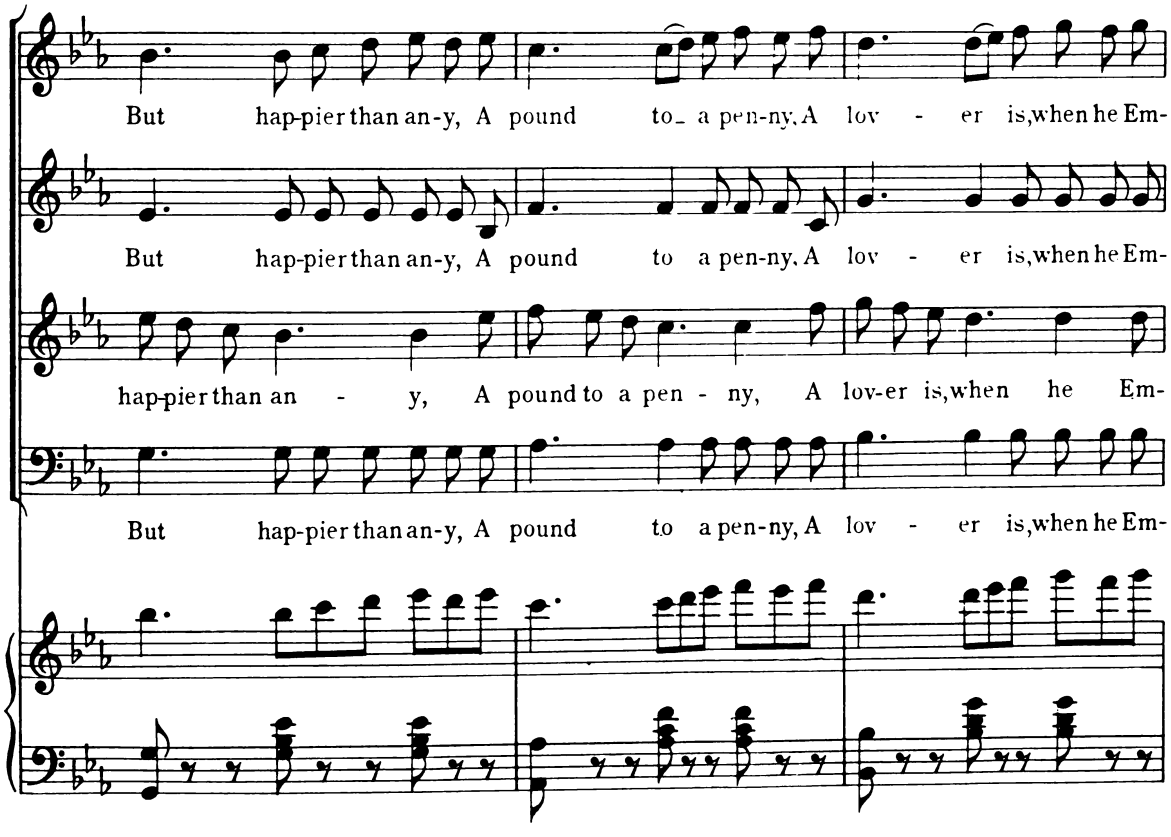

lov - er is, when he Em - brac - es his bride!
lov-er is, when he Em - brac - es his bride!
Margaret (L. C.)
Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bow-ers That
Sir Despard
Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bow-ers That
gain by the boon, But hap-pier by hours The man of de-scent,
gain by the boon, But hap-pier by hours The man of de-scent, Who,

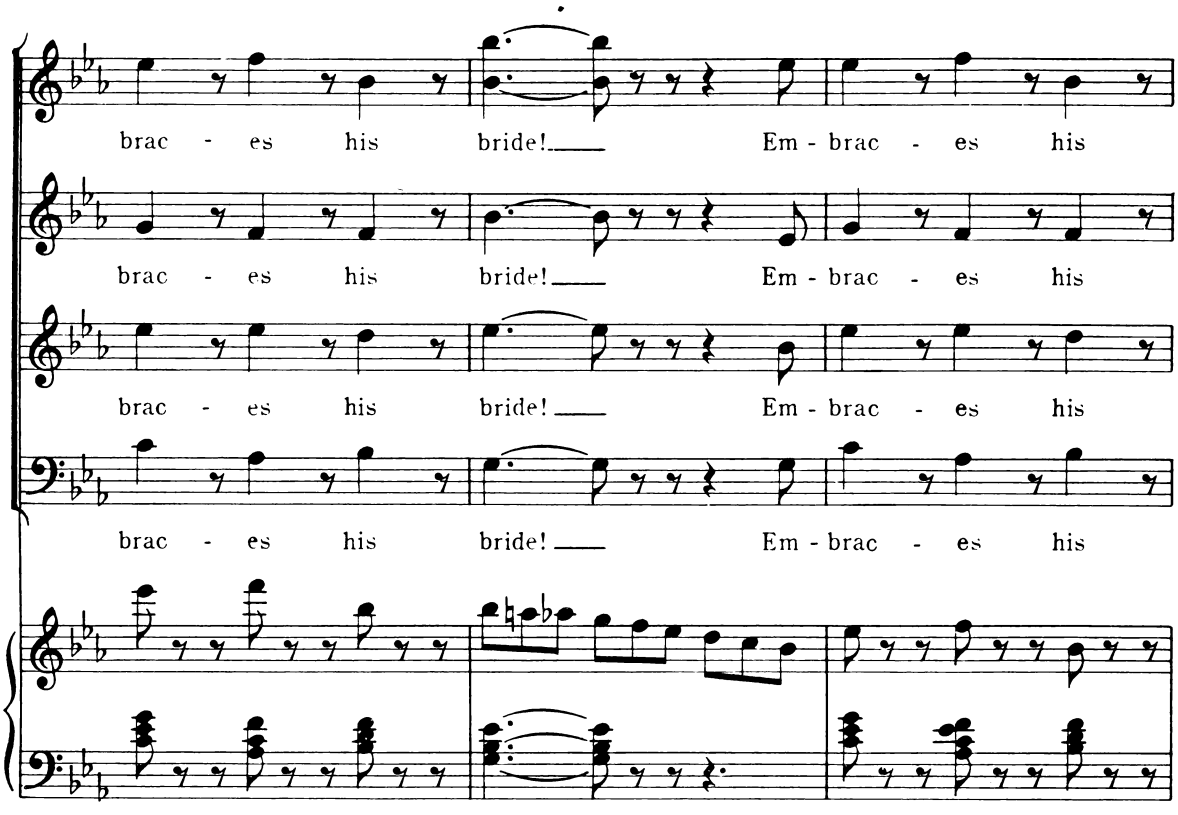

Who, fol-ly re-gret-ting, Is bent on_ for-get-ting His bad bar-on-et-ting, And
fol-ly re-gret - ting, Is bent on for-get - ting His bad bar-on-et - ting, And
means to re - pent!
Zorah (R.)
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
means to re - pent!
Hannah
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
Adam
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o - pos-sum That sits on a tree,
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o - pos-sum That sits on a tree,
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o - pos-sum That sits on a tree,

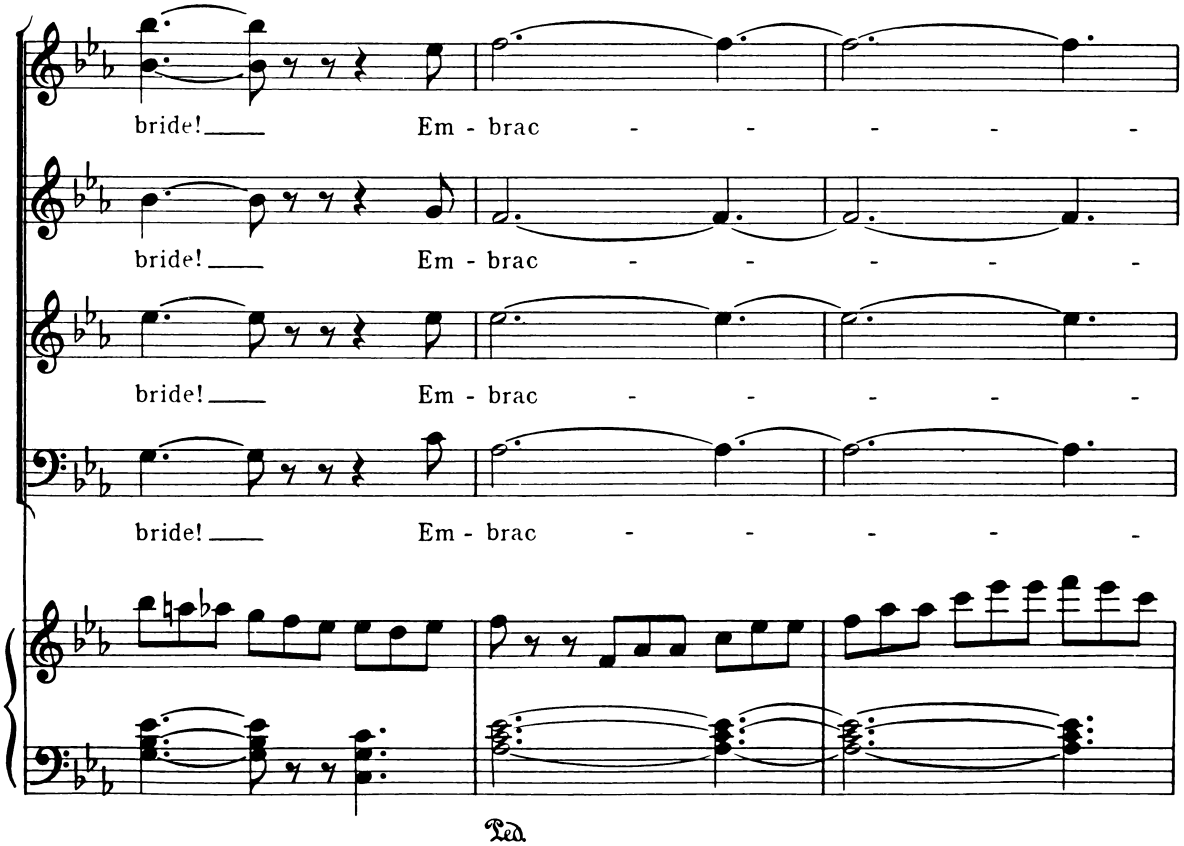

When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The
When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread - ing The
When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The
dance at a wed-ding, While peo - ple are spread-ing 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
Robin (coming down, R.C.)
fare! Oh, wretch - ed the debt - or Who's sign - ing a deed!
fare!
fare!
f

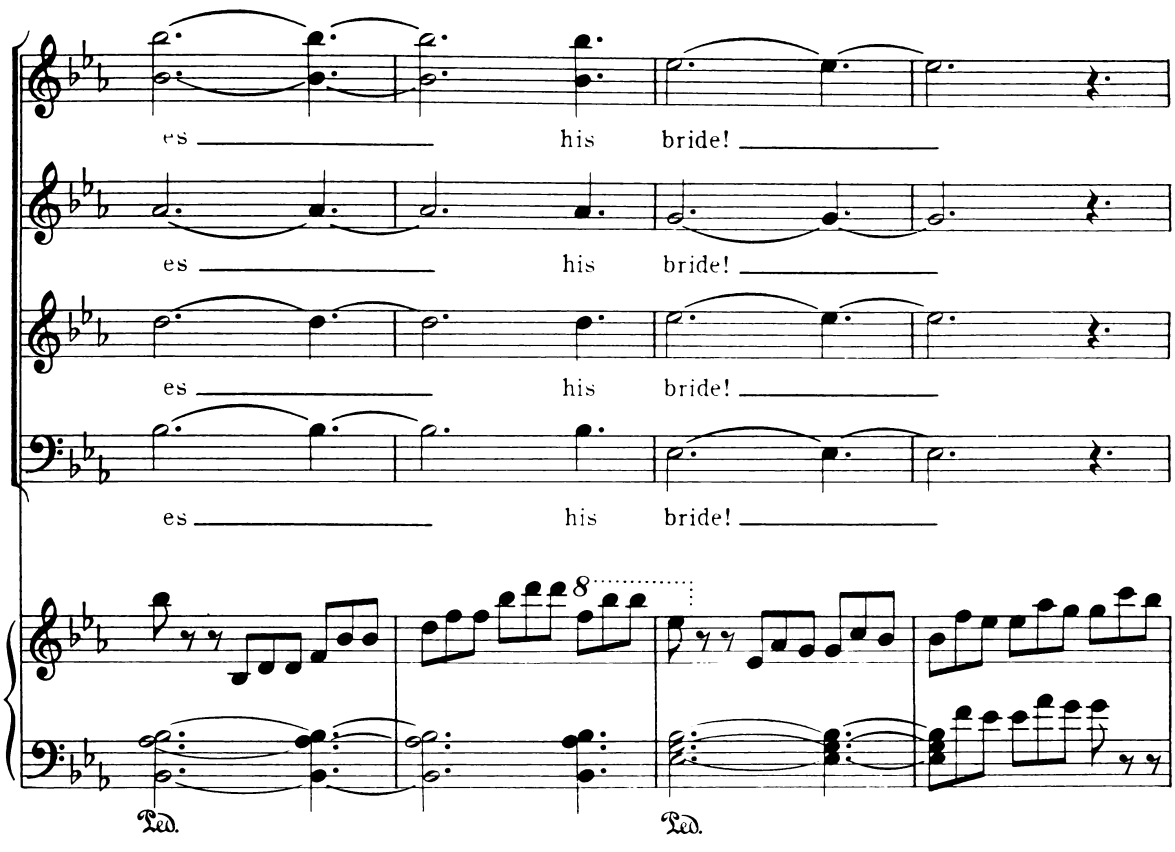

And wretch-ed the let-ter That no one can read! But ver-y much bet-ter Their
lot it must be Than that of the per-son I'm mak-ing this verse on, Whose
(Goes up-stage, and off.)
head there's a curse on— Al - lud - ing to me!
p cre - scen - do
Chorus
f
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
fsfz


hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride; But
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;

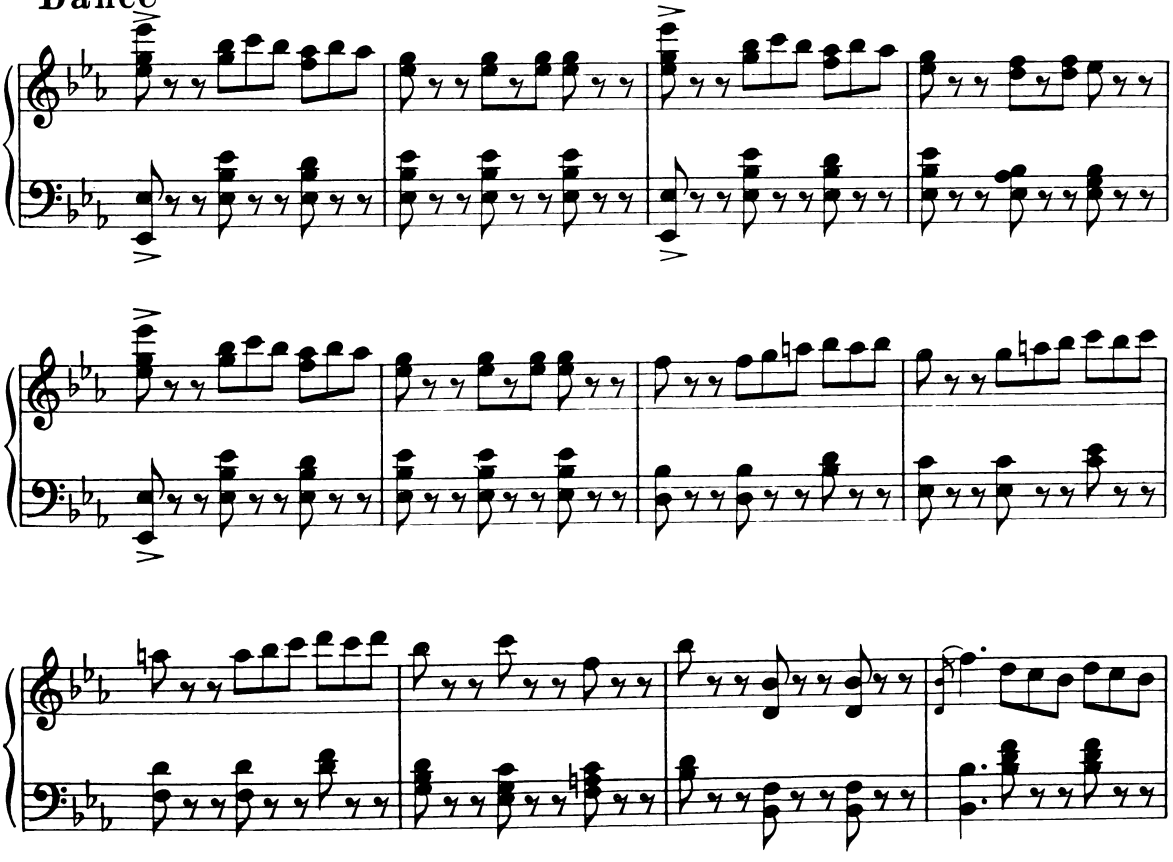

But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-
But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-
hap-pier than an - y, A pound to a pen - ny, A lov-er is, when he Em-
But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-

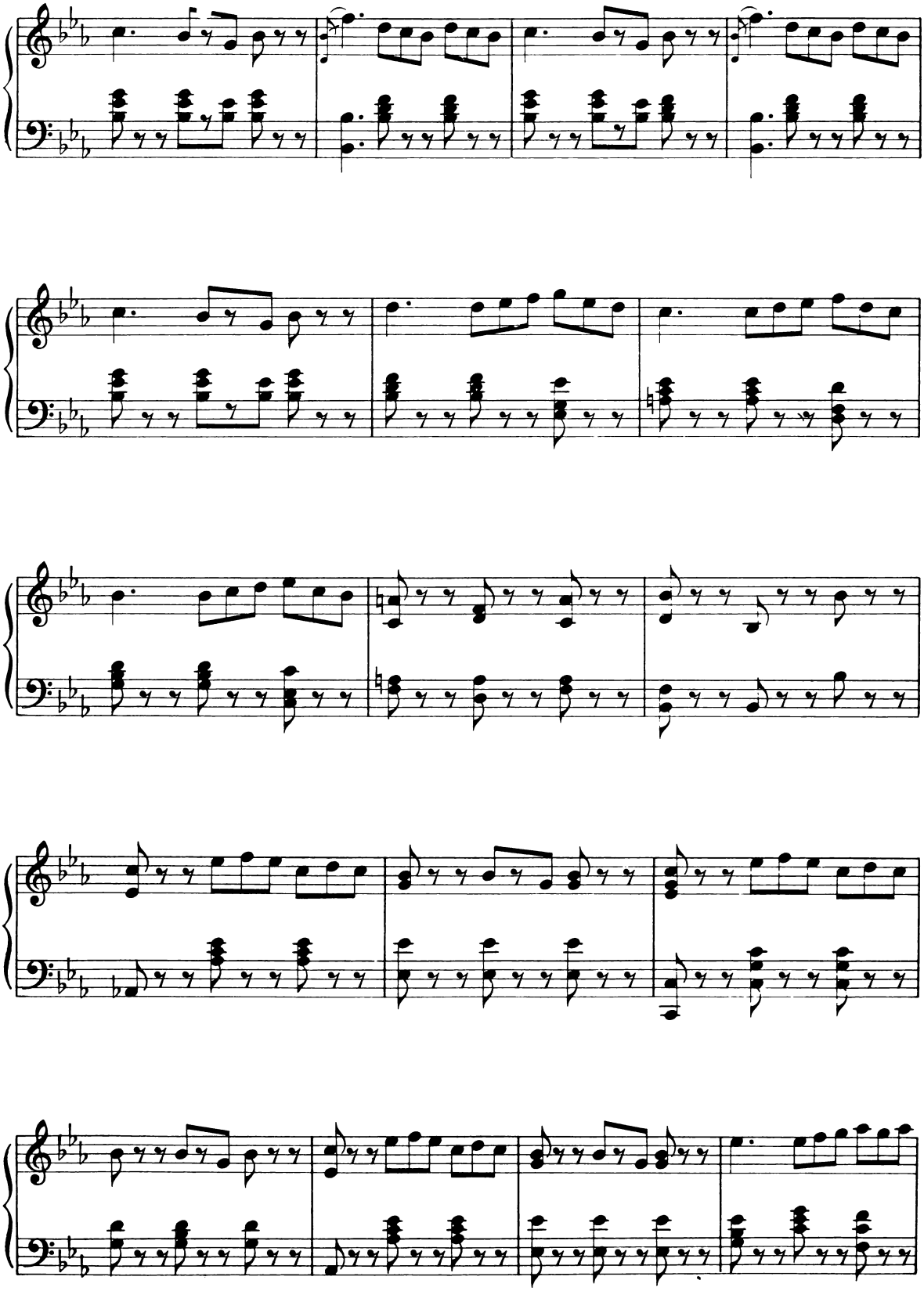

brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his

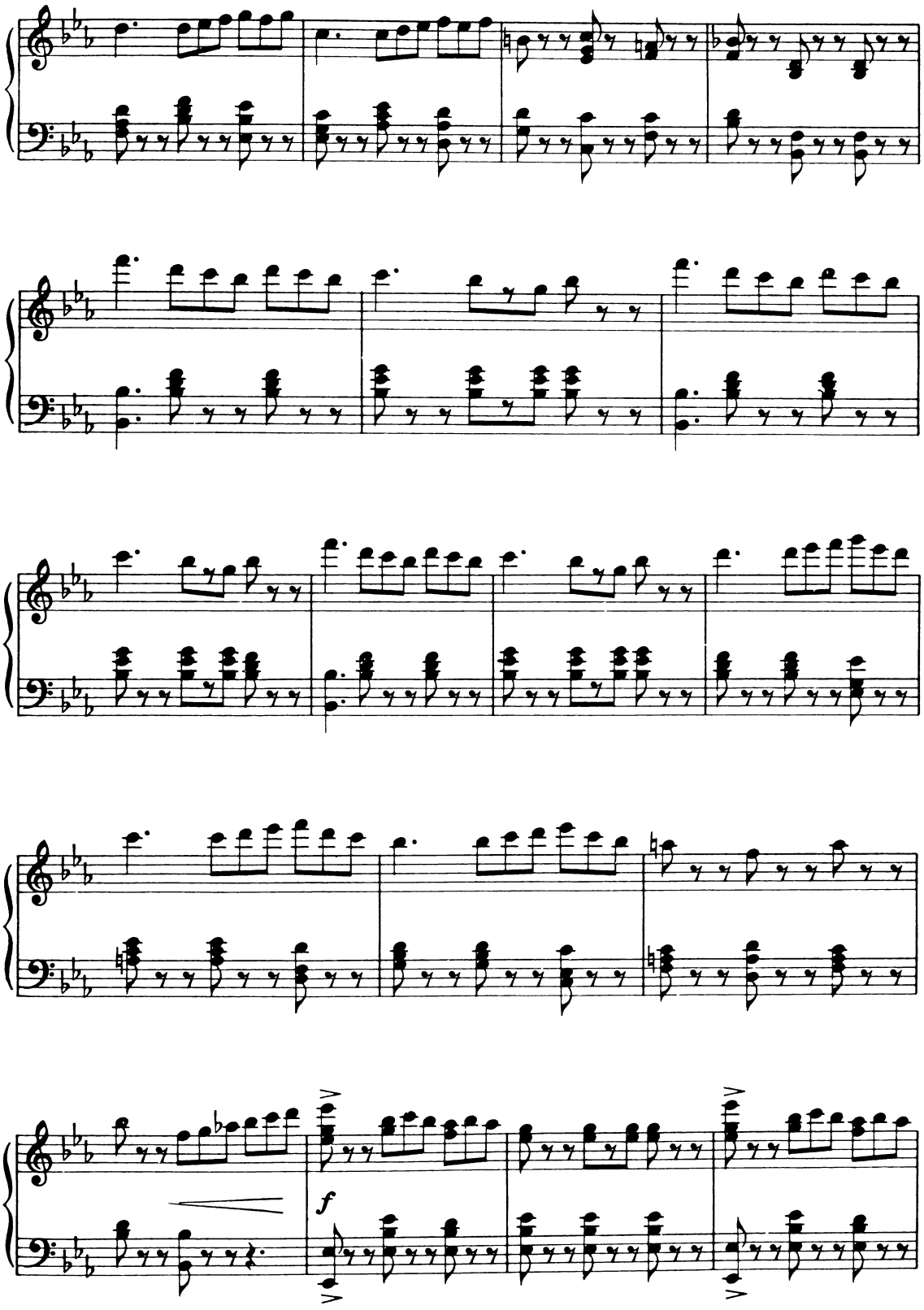

bride! Em - brac - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - -
Ped.



Dance



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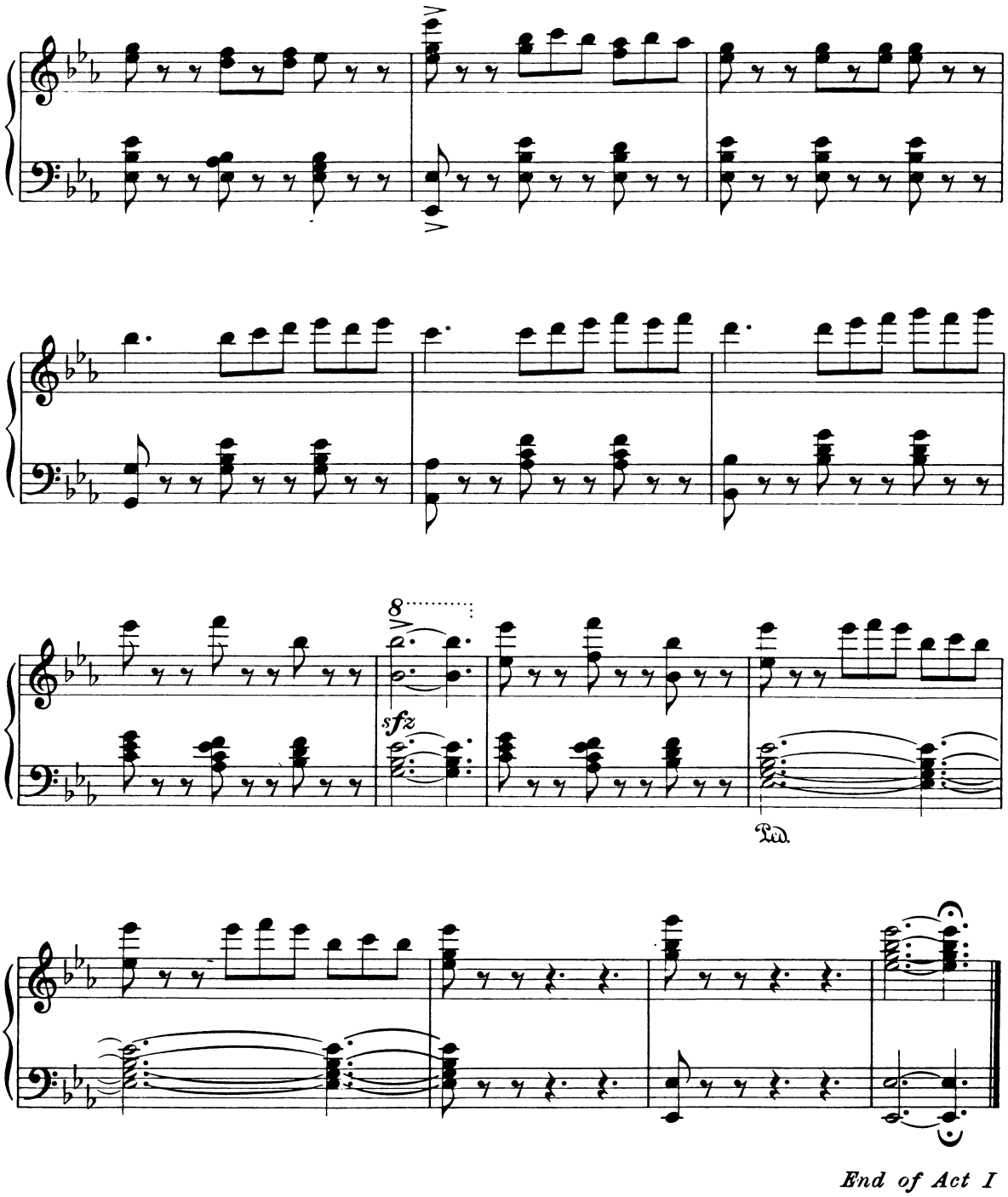


End of Act I

*The original ending: Robin re-enters near the end of the music, makes a vain appeal to Rose, and falls senseless on the stage as the curtain falls. A variant has been found effective: he returns violently, in his character of the Bad Baronet; all shrink from him, and he stands with folded arms, scowling fiercely, as the curtain falls. Or, another variant: when he assumes his position as above, everybody points at him, and bursts into uncontrollable peals of laughter.

Act II

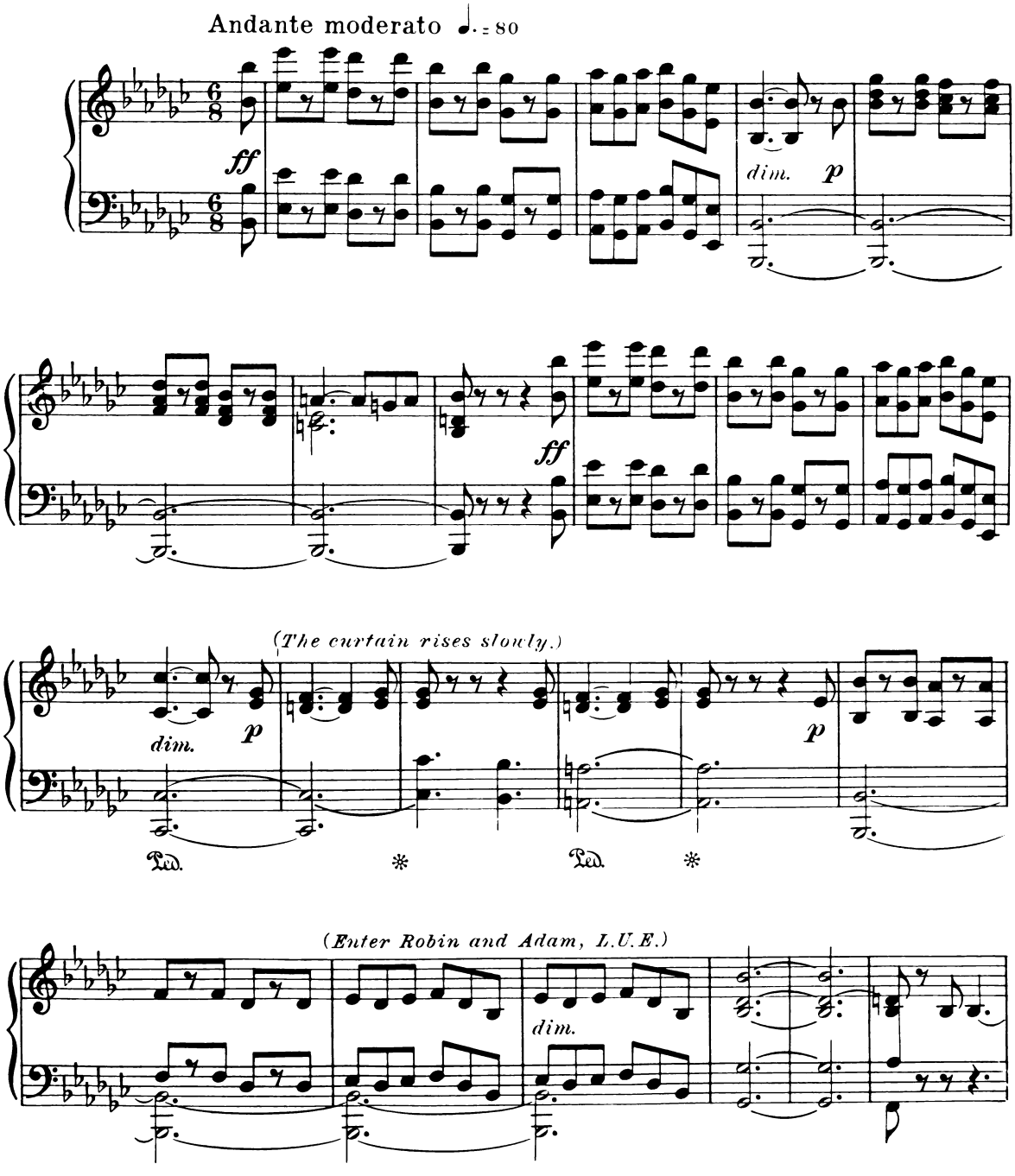
(Scene: *Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the Baronets of Ruddigore from the time of James I - the first being that of Sir Rupert, alluded to in the legend: the last that of the deceased Baronet, Sir Roderic, which is in the center, at the back, and has a curtain that can be drawn in front of it.*

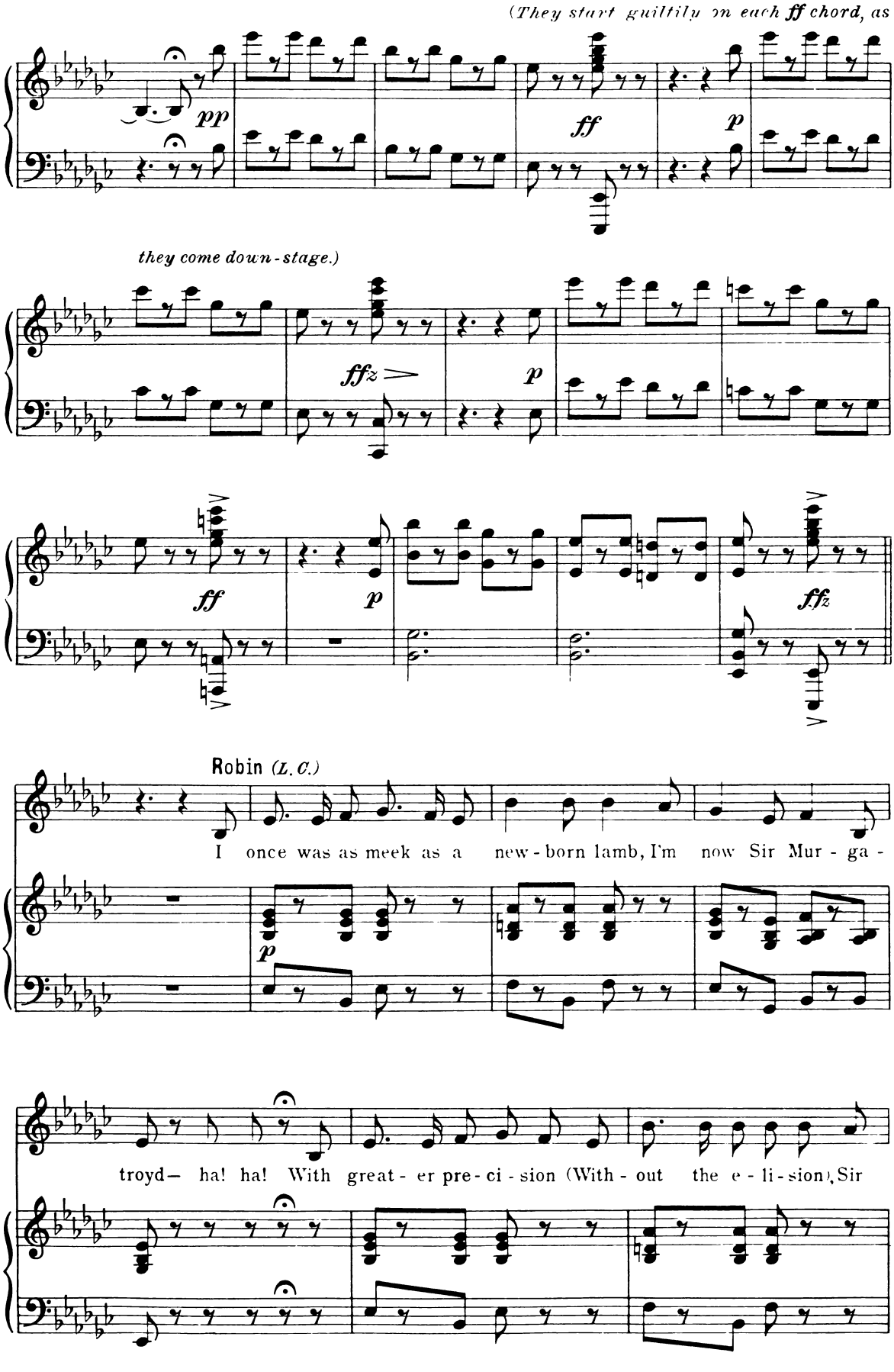
Enter Robin and Adam melodramatically. They are greatly altered in appearance, Robin wearing the aspect of a guilty roué; Adam that of the wicked steward to such a man.)

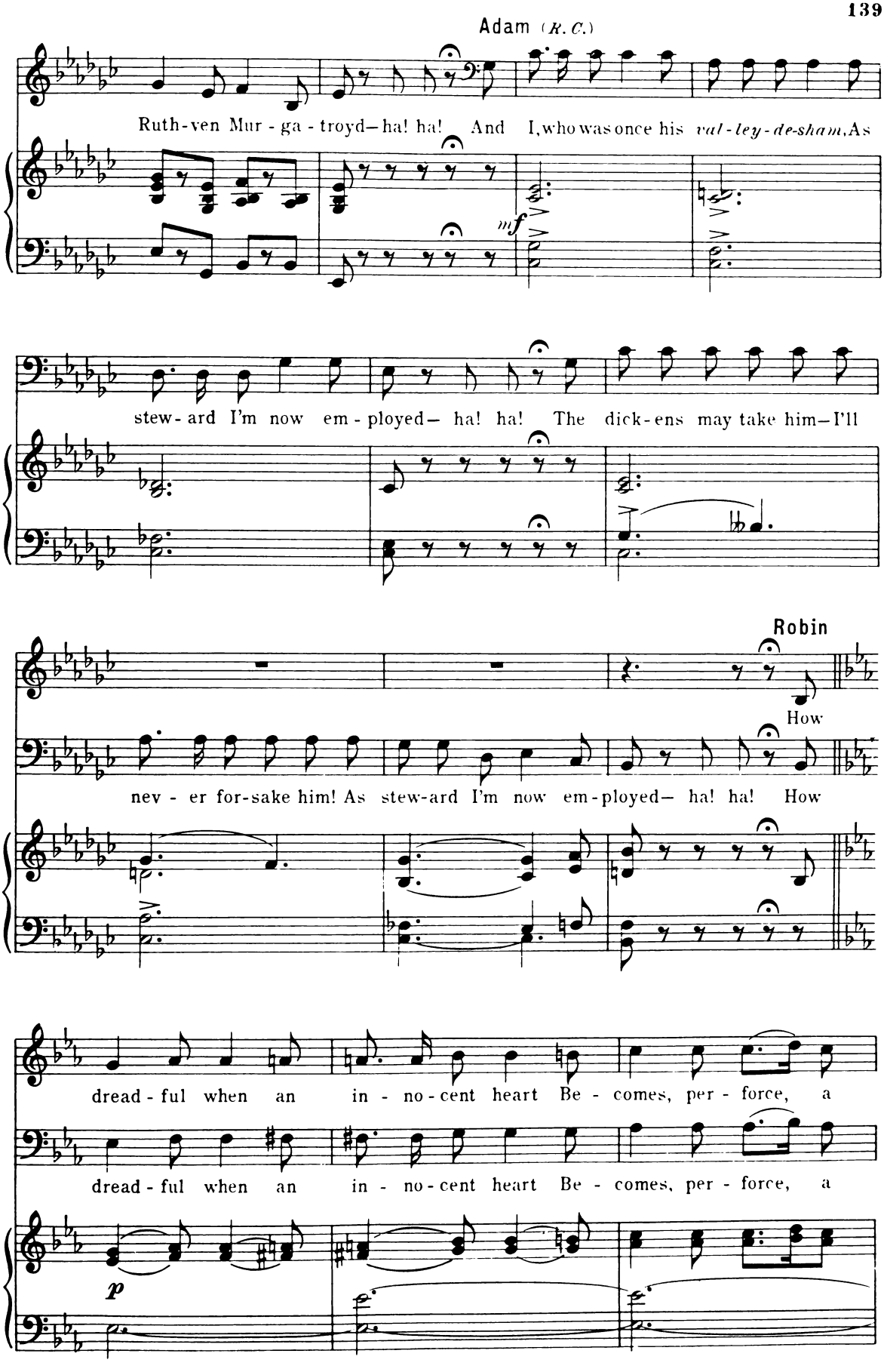
No. 16. I once was as meek

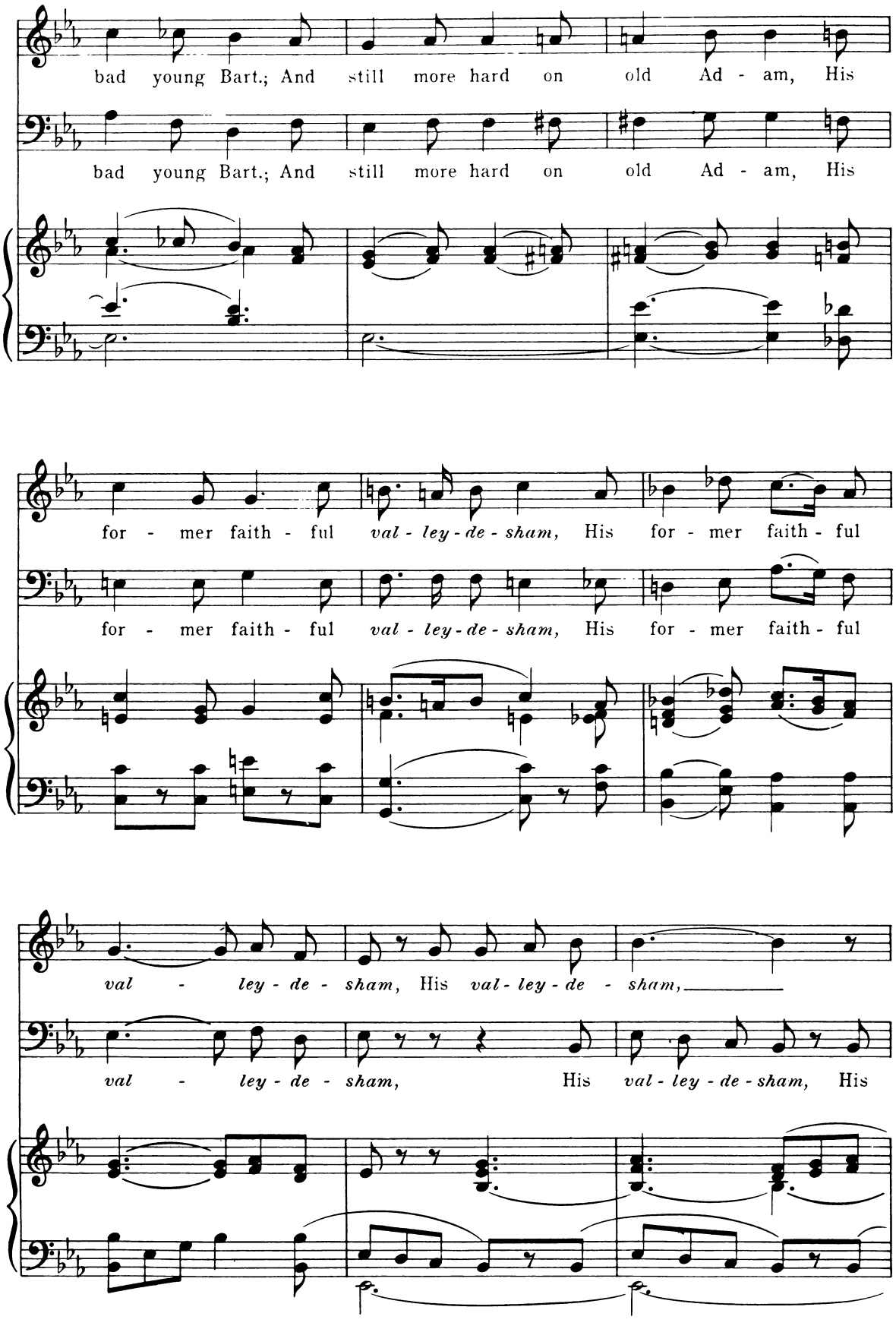
Duet

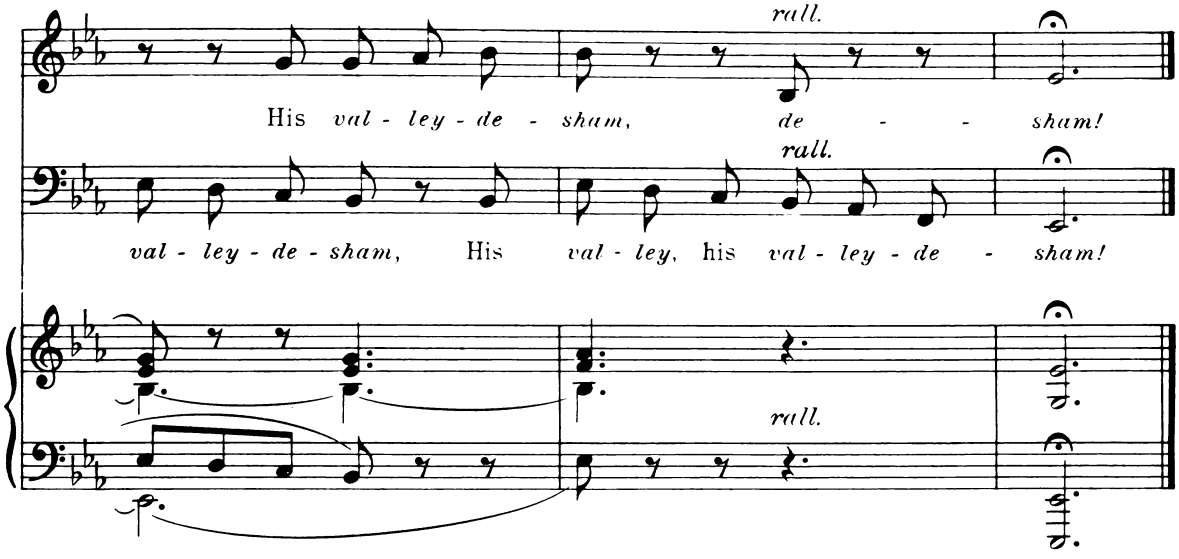
Robin and Adam




(They start guiltily on each ff chord, as
pp
ff
p
they come down-stage.)
ffz
p
ff
p
ffz
Robin (L. C.)
I once was as meek as a new-born lamb, I'm now Sir Mur-ga-
p
troyd— ha! ha! With great-er pre-ci-sion (With-out the e-li-sion), Sir


Adam (R. C.)
Ruth-ven Mur - ga - troyd—ha! ha! And I, who was once his val-ley-de-sham, As
mf
stew- ard I'm now em - ployed— ha! ha! The dick-ens may take him—I'll
Robin
How
nev - er for-sake him! As stew-ard I'm now em-ployed— ha! ha! How
dread - ful when an in - no - cent heart Be - comes, per - force, a
dread - ful when an in - no - cent heart Be - comes, per - force, a
p


bad young Bart.; And still more hard on old Ad - am, His
bad young Bart.; And still more hard on old Ad - am, His
for - mer faith - ful *val - ley - de - sham,* His for - mer faith - ful
for - mer faith - ful *val - ley - de - sham,* His for - mer faith - ful
val - ley - de - sham, His *val - ley - de - sham,*
val - ley - de - sham, His *val - ley - de - sham,* His



Robin: 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 today?

Robin: 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.

Robin: 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.

Robin: *(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, 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?

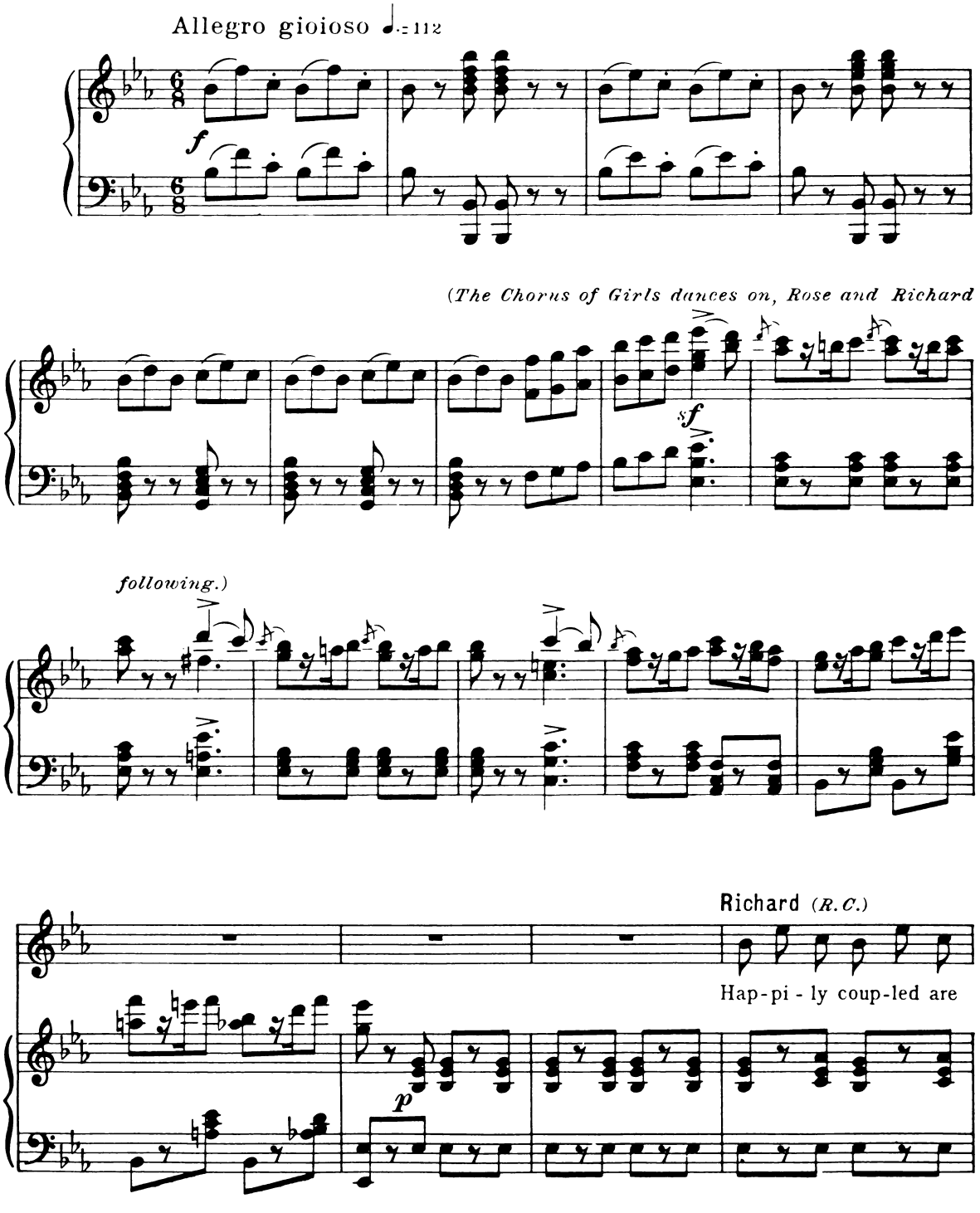
Adam: It would be simply rude– nothing more. But soft– they come!

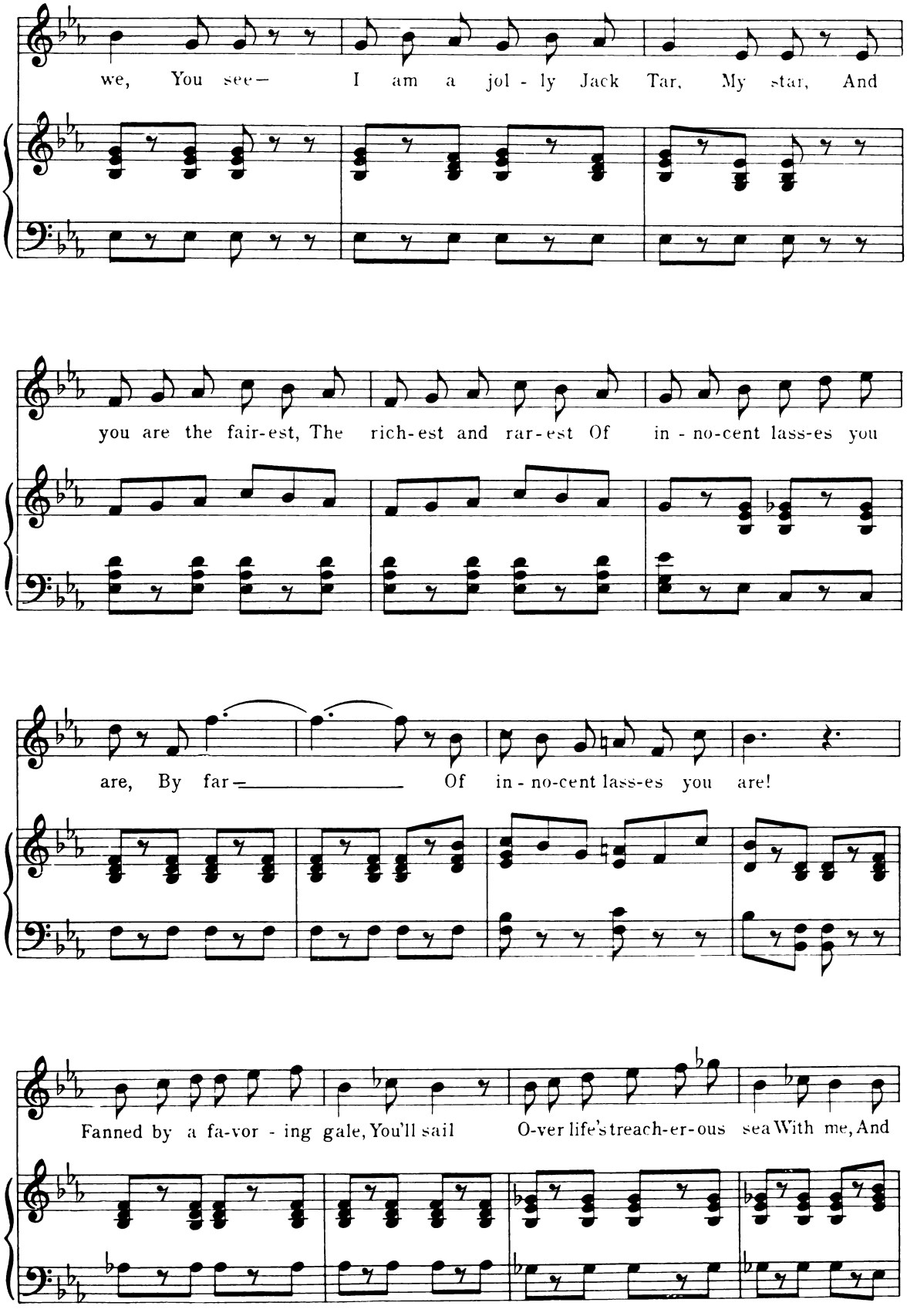
(Adam and Robin retire up L. and off, as Richard and Rose enter, preceded by Chorus of Bridesmaids, R. U. E.)

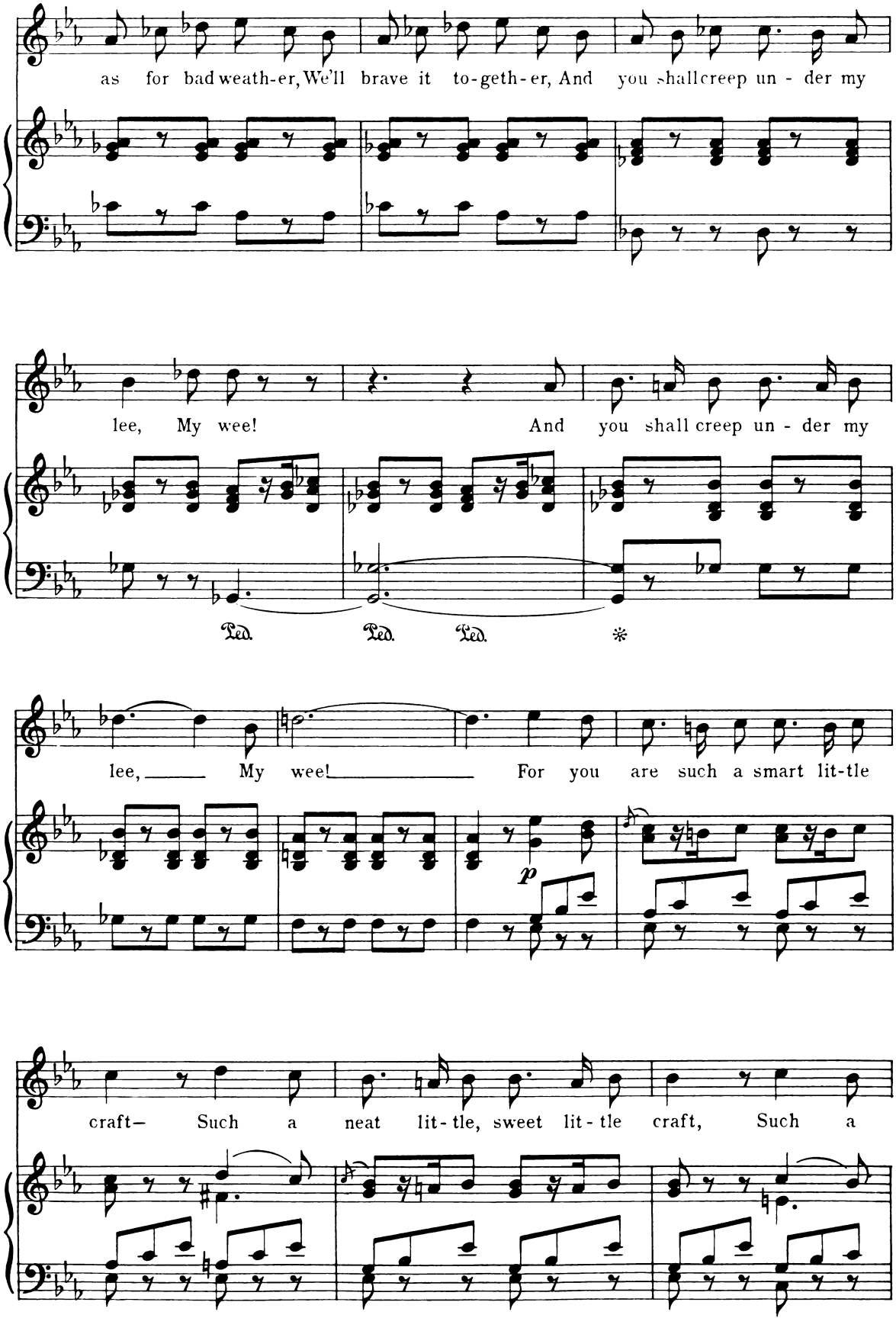
No. 17. Happily coupled are we

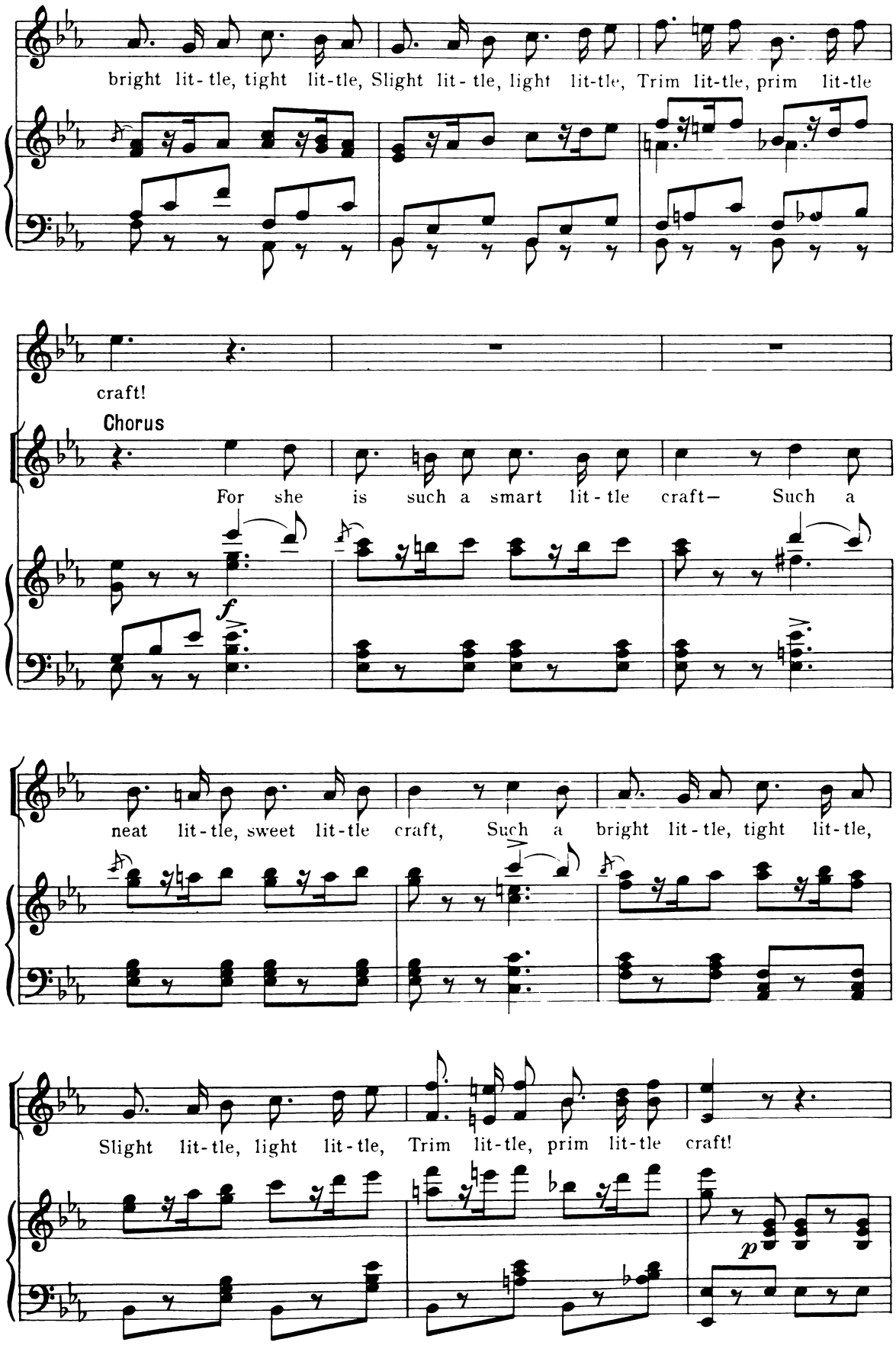
Duet and Chorus

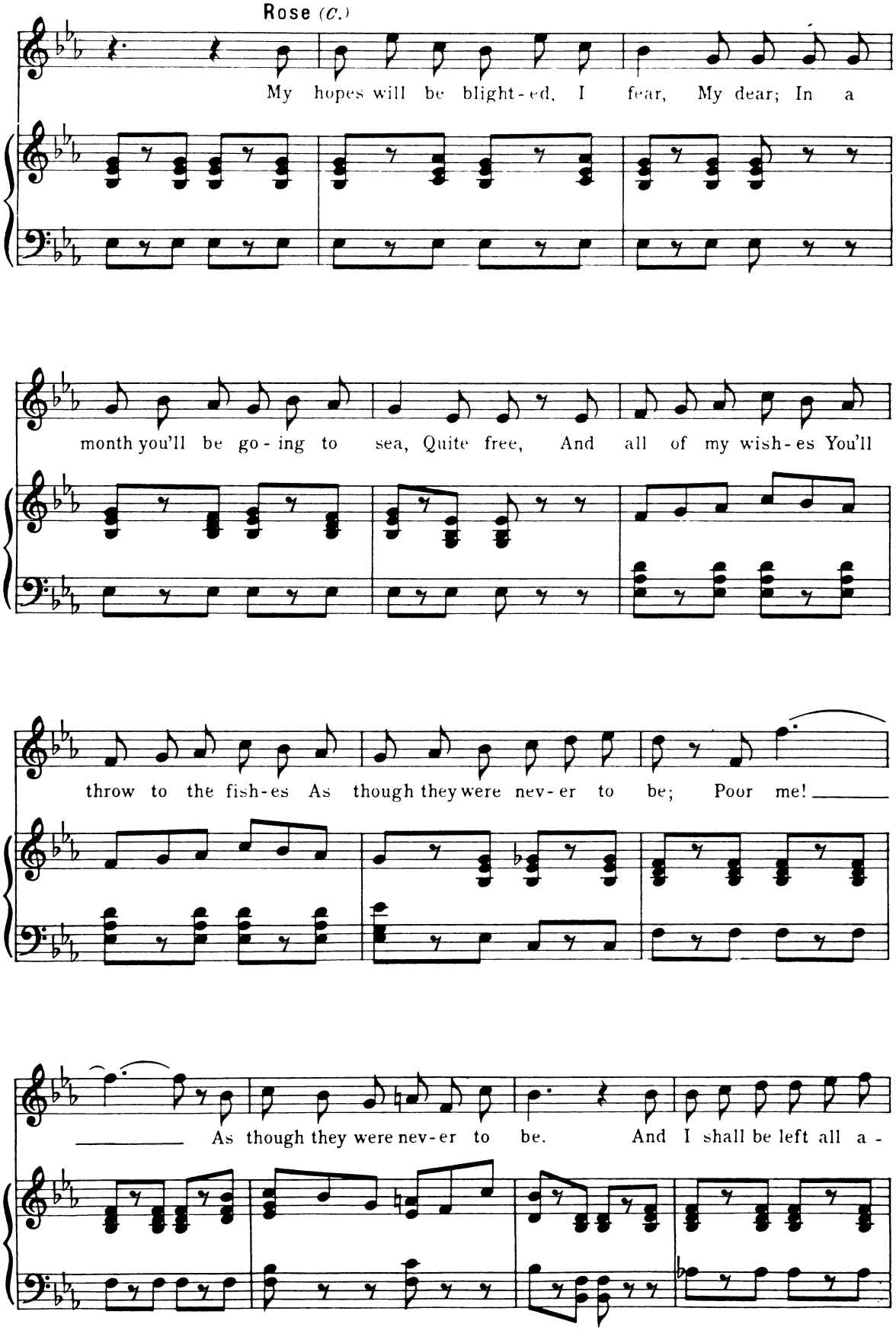
Richard, Rose, and Chorus of Bridesmaids

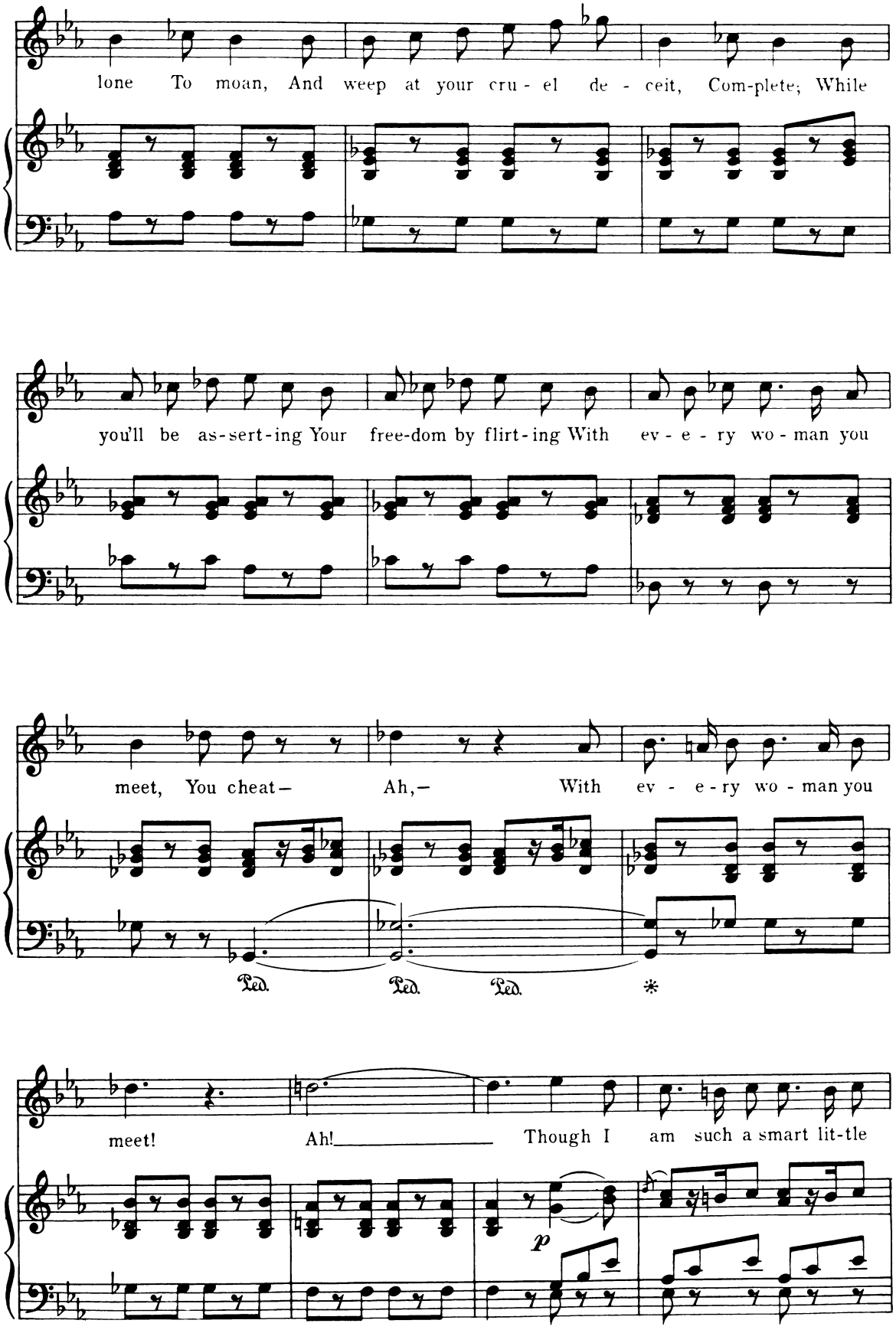


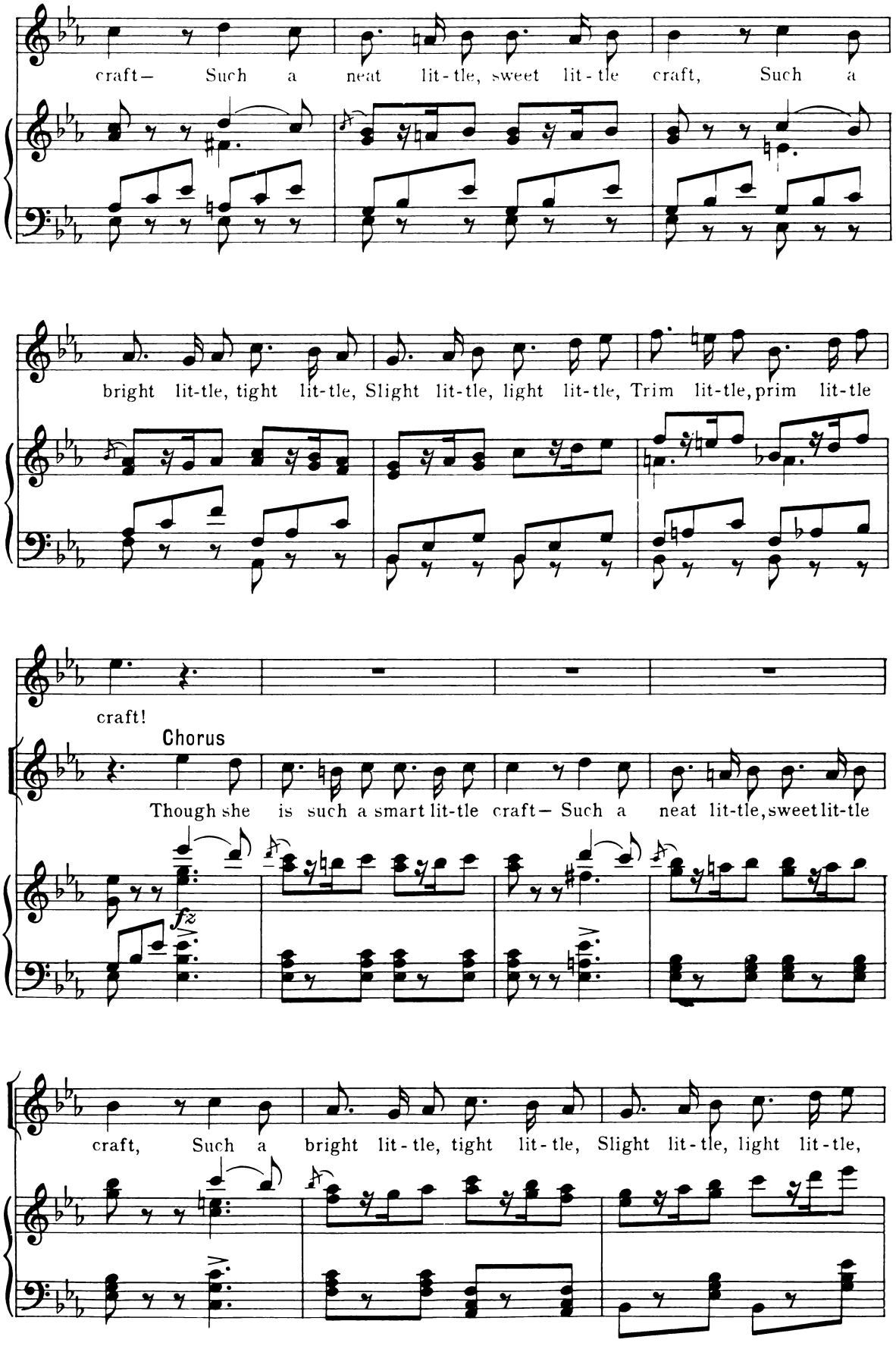

we, You see— I am a jol - ly Jack Tar, My star, And
you are the fair-est, The rich-est and rar-est Of in - no-cent lass-es you
are, By far— Of in - no-cent lass-es you are!
Fanned by a fa-vor - ing gale, You'll sail O-ver life's treach-er-ous sea With me, And

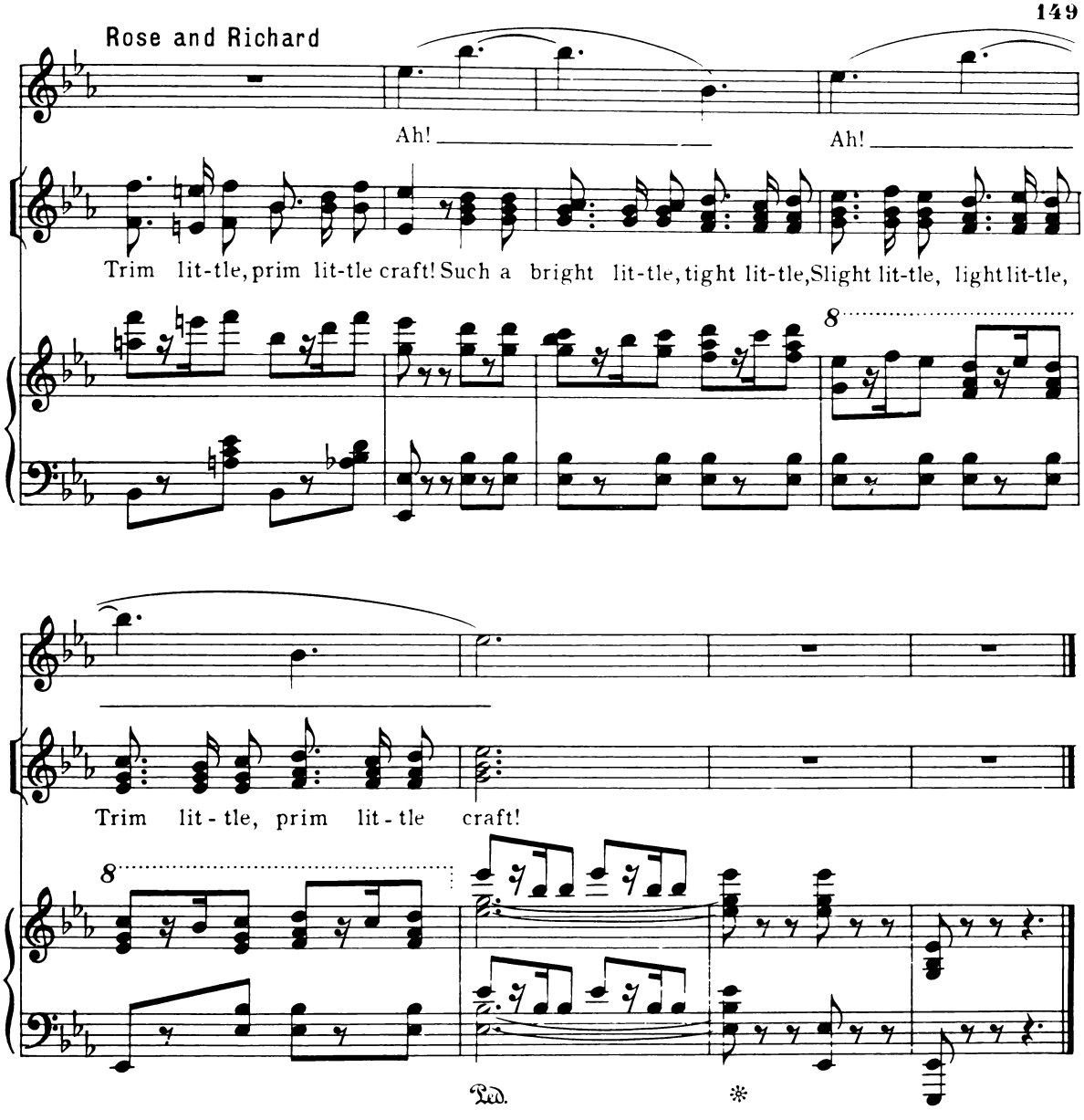

as for bad weath-er, We'll brave it to-geth-er, And you shall creep un - der my
lee, My wee! And you shall creep un - der my
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
lee, My wee! For you are such a smart lit-tle
p
craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a


bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle
craft!
Chorus
For she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a
f
neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle,
Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!
p


Rose (C.)
My hopes will be blight-ed, I fear, My dear; In a
month you'll be go-ing to sea, Quite free, And all of my wish-es You'll
throw to the fish-es As though they were nev-er to be; Poor me!
As though they were nev-er to be. And I shall be left all a-


lone To moan, And weep at your cru - el de - ceit, Com-plete; While
you'll be as-sert-ing Your free-dom by flirt-ing With ev - e - ry wo - man you
meet, You cheat— Ah,— With ev - e - ry wo - man you
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
meet! Ah!_____ Though I am such a smart lit-tle
p


craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a
bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle
craft!
Chorus
Though she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle
craft, Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,



(Enter Robin, R. U. E.)

Robin: 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!

Richard: 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 above Rose Maybud's head, the man does not live who would dare to lay unlicensed hand upon her! *(All rise.)*

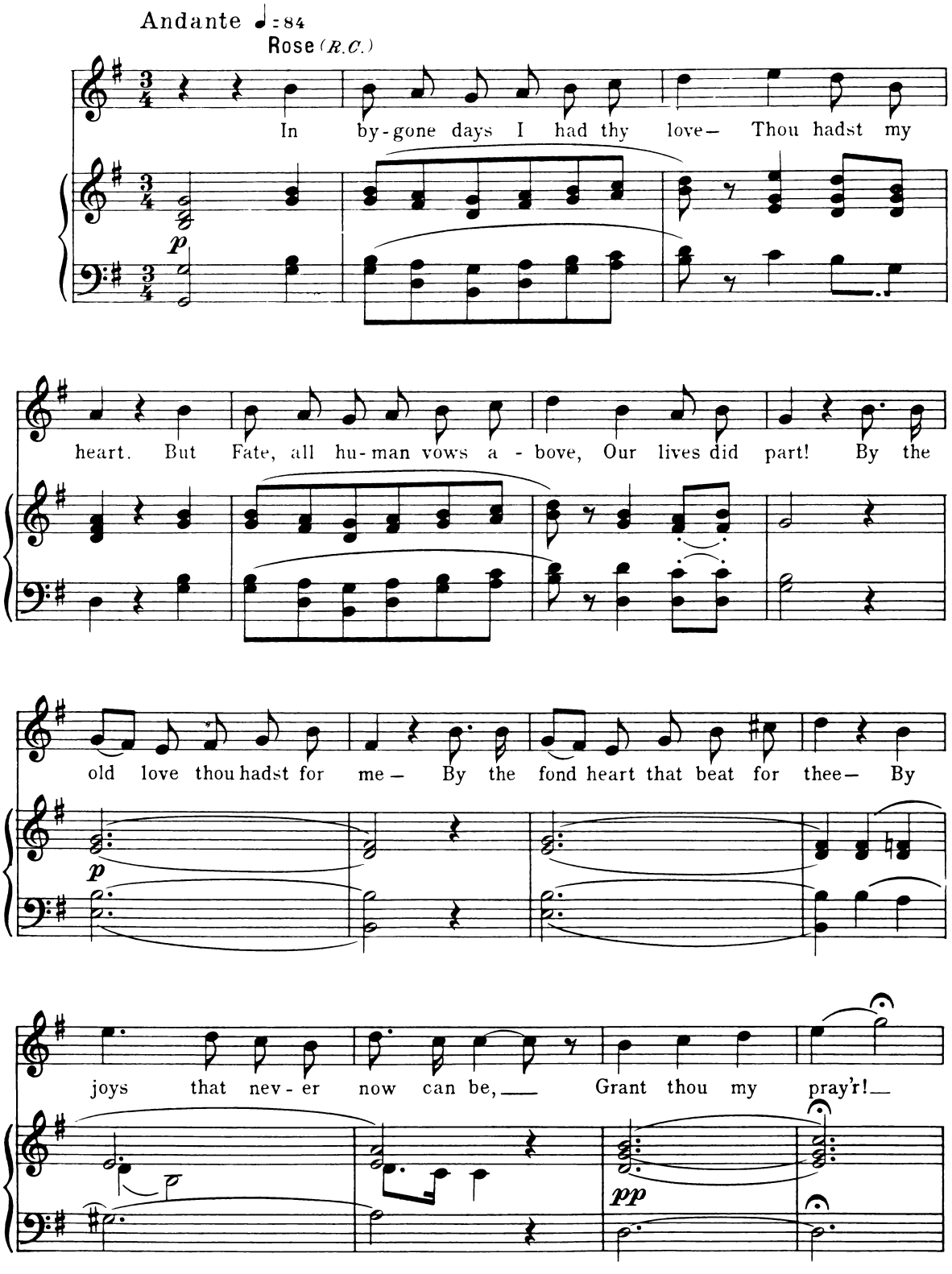
Robin: Foiled – and by a Union Jack! But a time will come, and then –

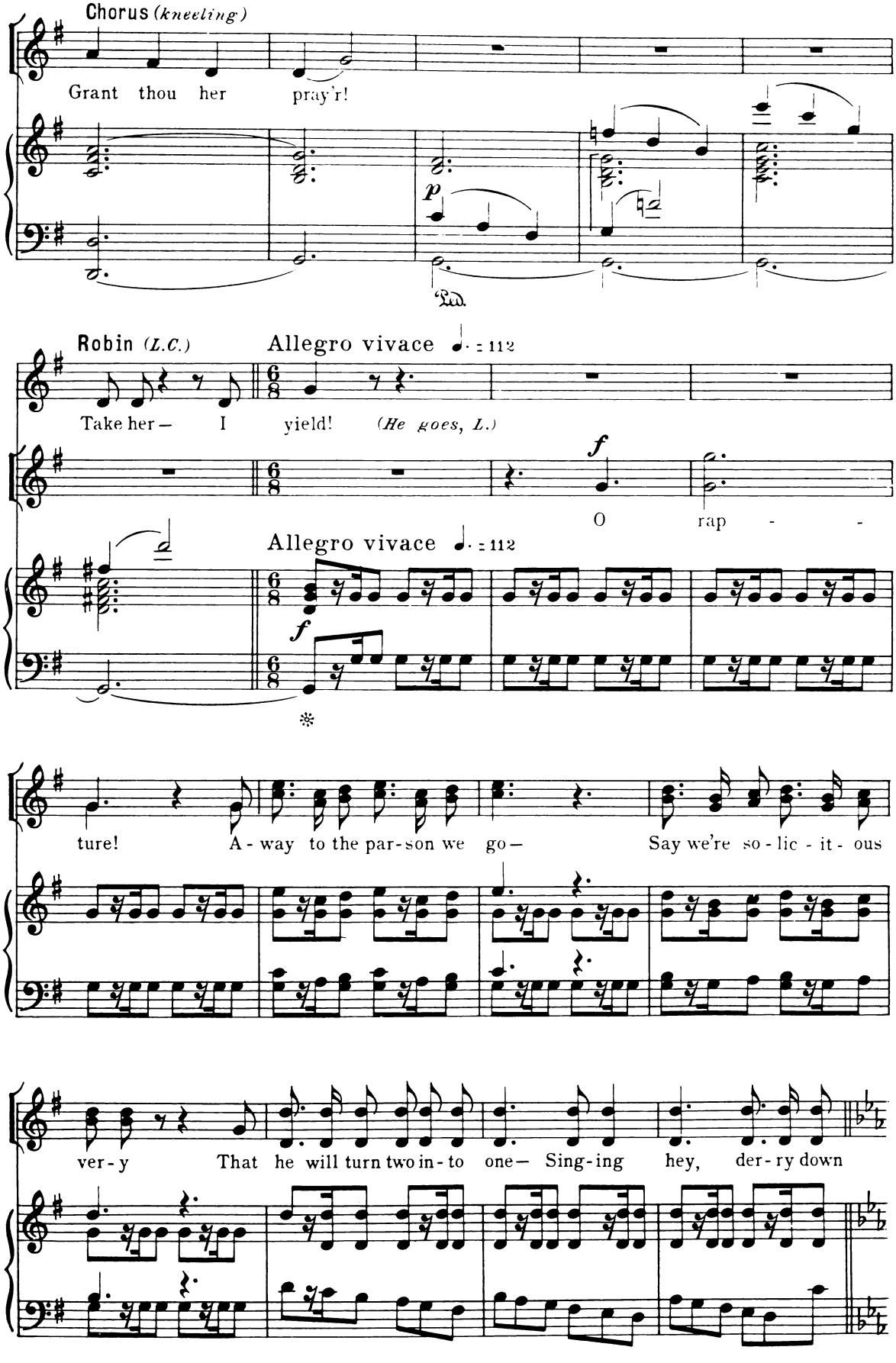
Rose: Nay, let me plead with him. *(to Robin)* Sir Ruthven, have pity. In my book of etiquette the case of a maiden about to be wedded to one who unexpectedly turns out to be a baronet with a curse on him is not considered. Time was when you loved me madly. Prove that this was no selfish love by according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

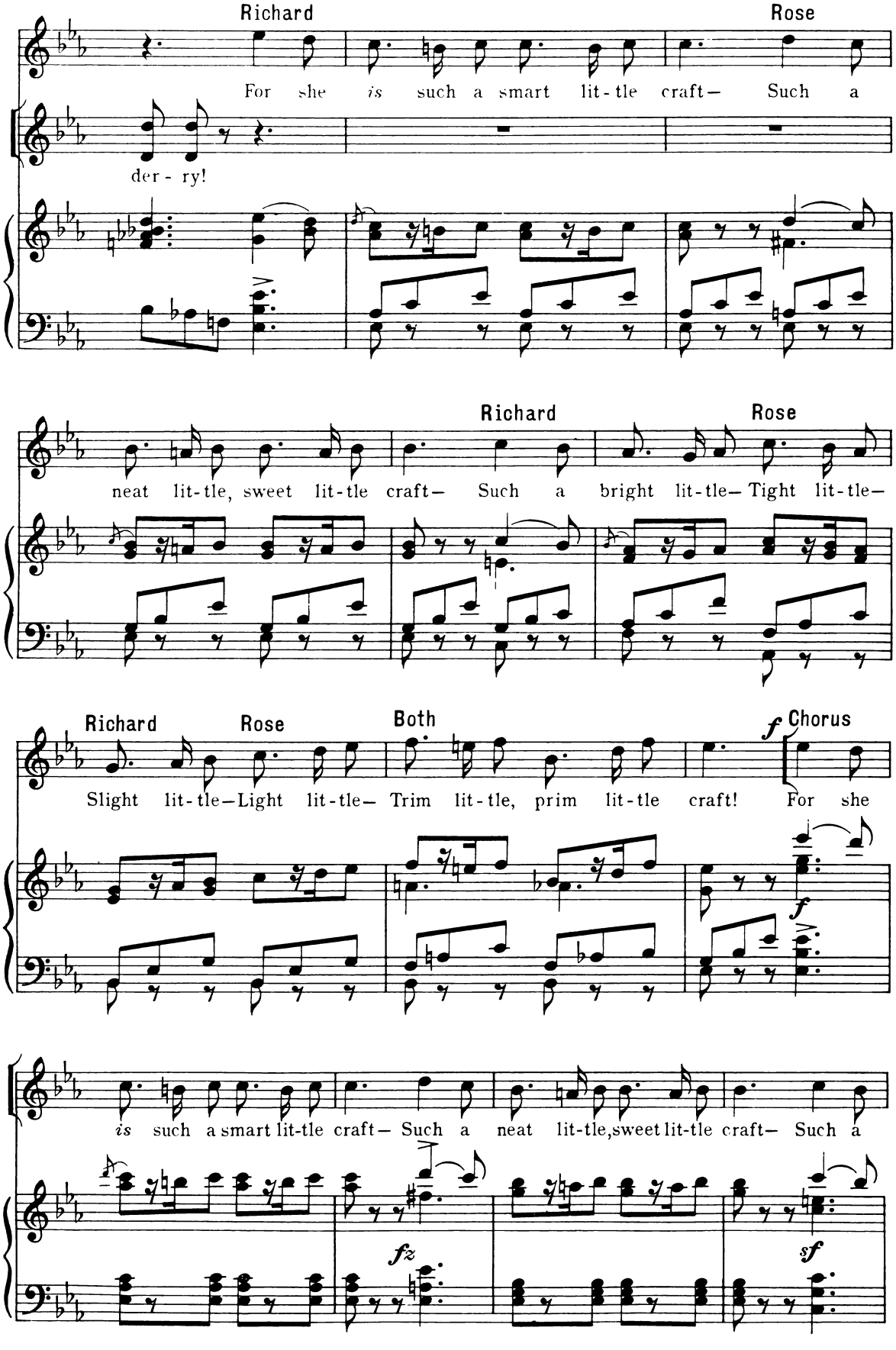
No. 18. In bygone days

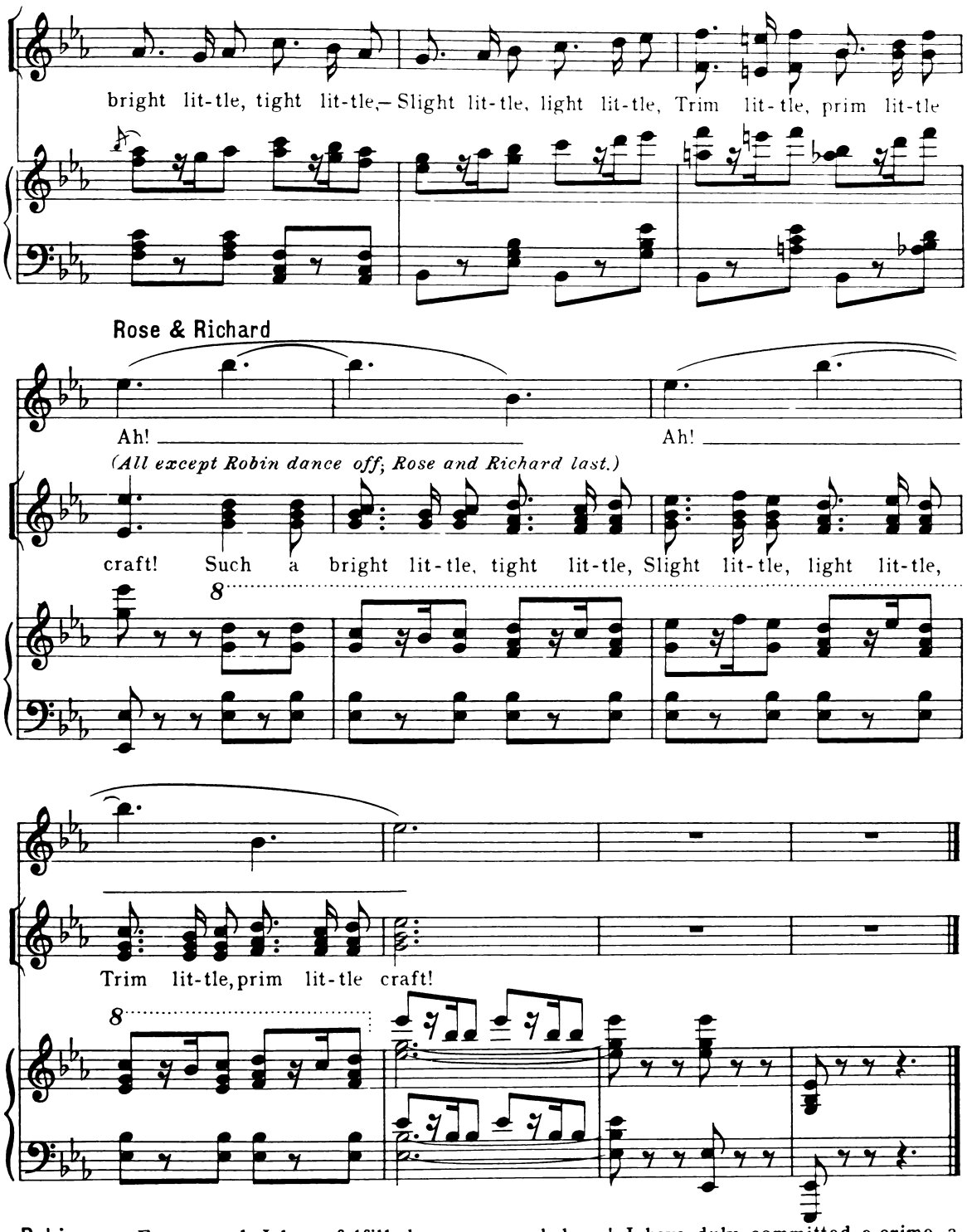
Ballad

Rose, with Chorus of Bridesmaids, Robin, and Richard




Chorus (kneeling)
Grant thou her pray'r!
Ped.
Robin (L.C.)
Allegro vivace ♩. = 112
Take her— I yield! (He goes, L.)
O rap - -
Allegro vivace ♩. = 112
ture! A - way to the par-son we go— Say we're so - lic - it - ous
ver - y That he will turn two in - to one— Sing - ing hey, der - ry down


Richard
Rose
For she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a
der-ry!
Richard
Rose
neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft— Such a bright lit-tle— Tight lit-tle—
Richard
Rose
Both
f Chorus
Slight lit-tle—Light lit-tle— Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! For she
f
is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft— Such a
fz
sf



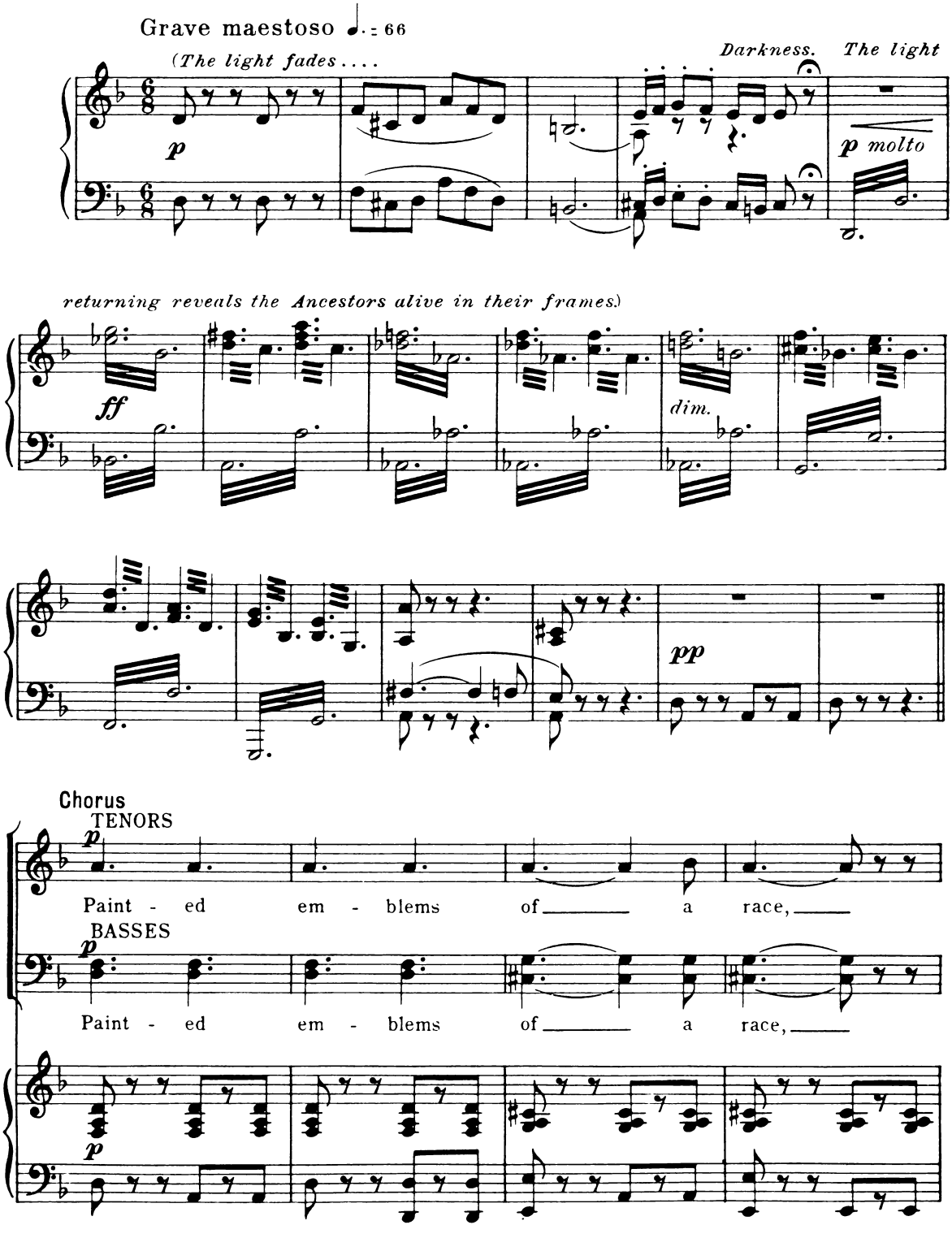
Robin: For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still, in the eyes of one as strictly regulated as I used to be, a crime. But will my ghostly ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? *(addressing pictures)* Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity!

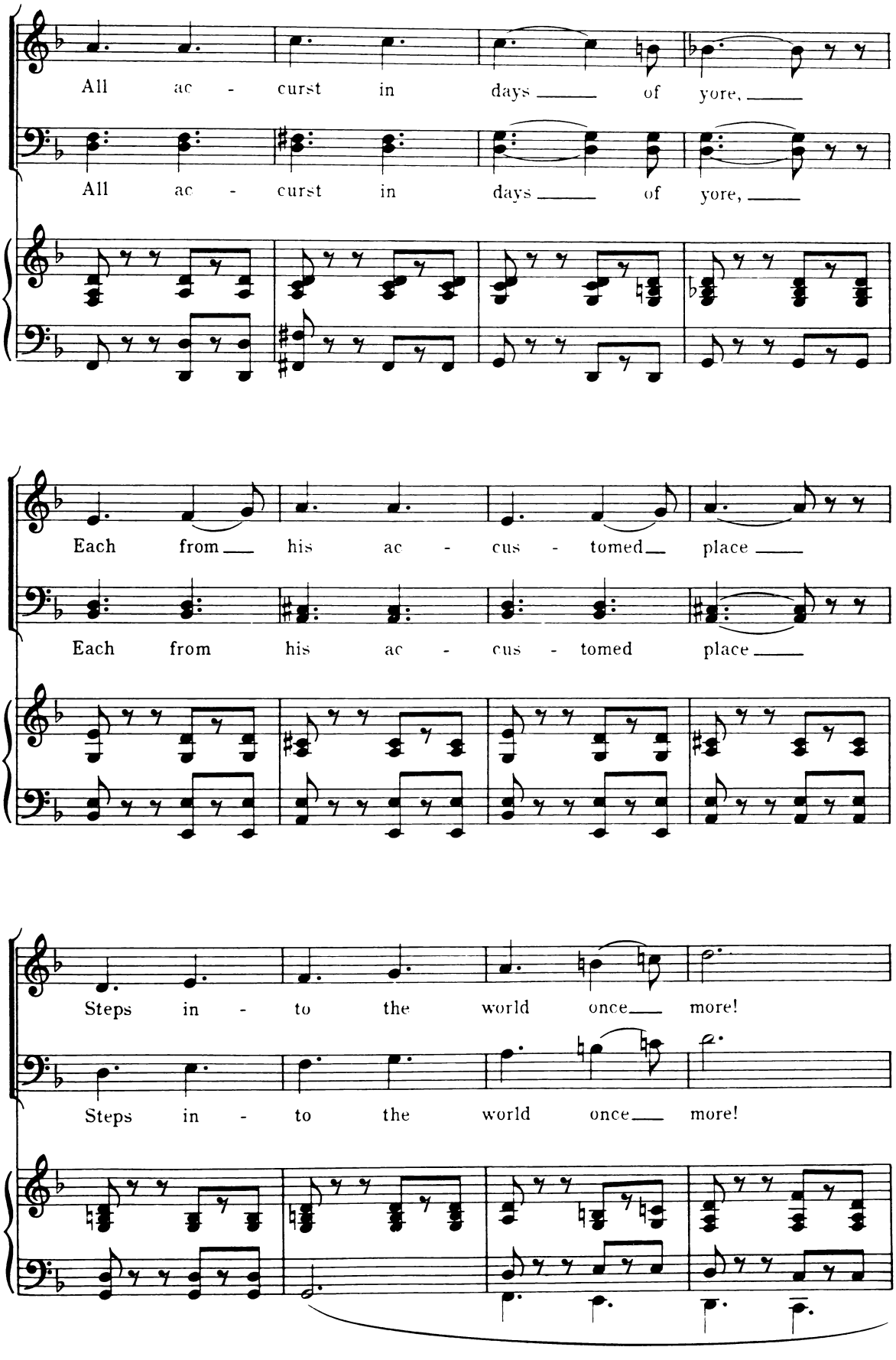
(kneeling C.)

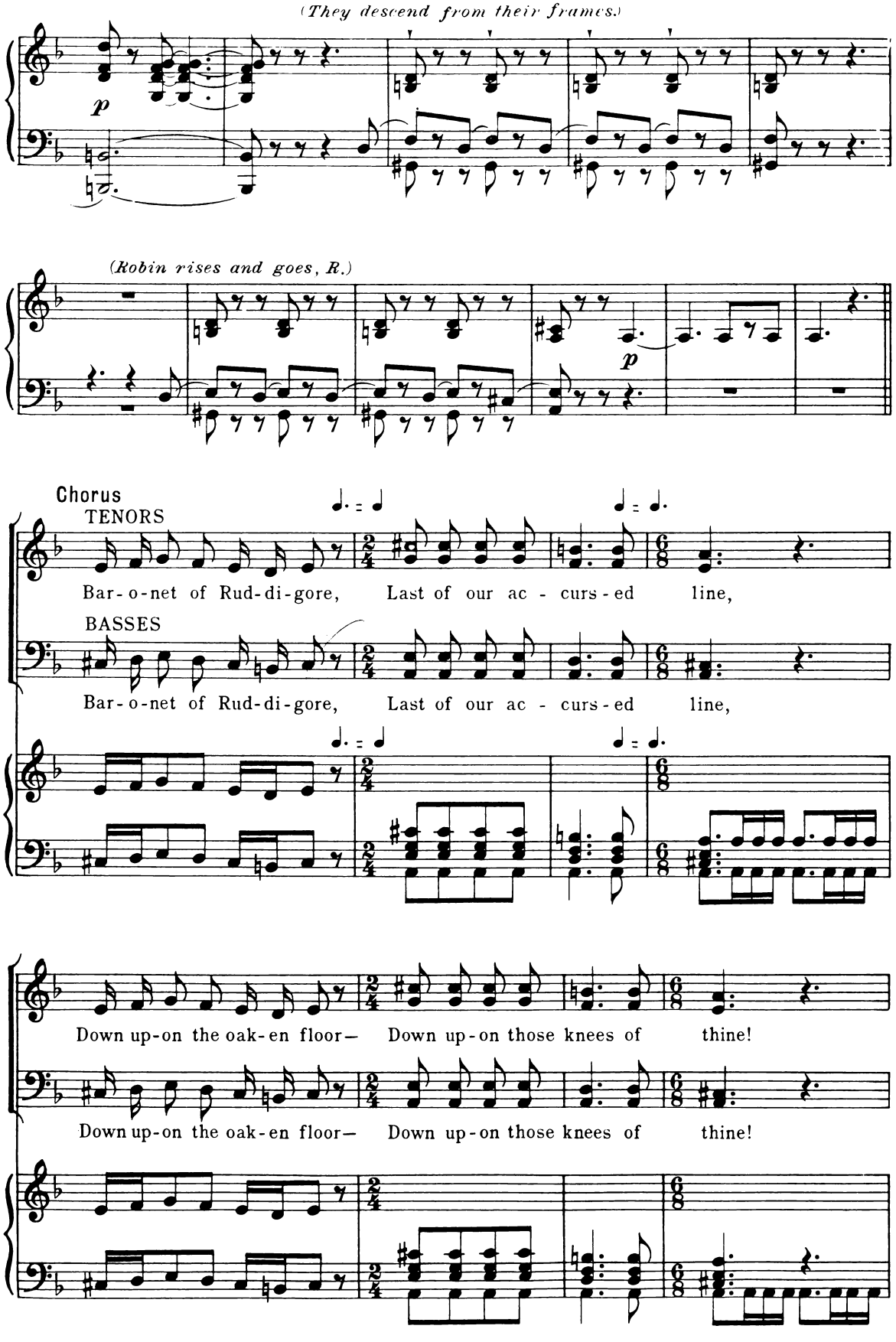
No. 19. Painted emblems of a race

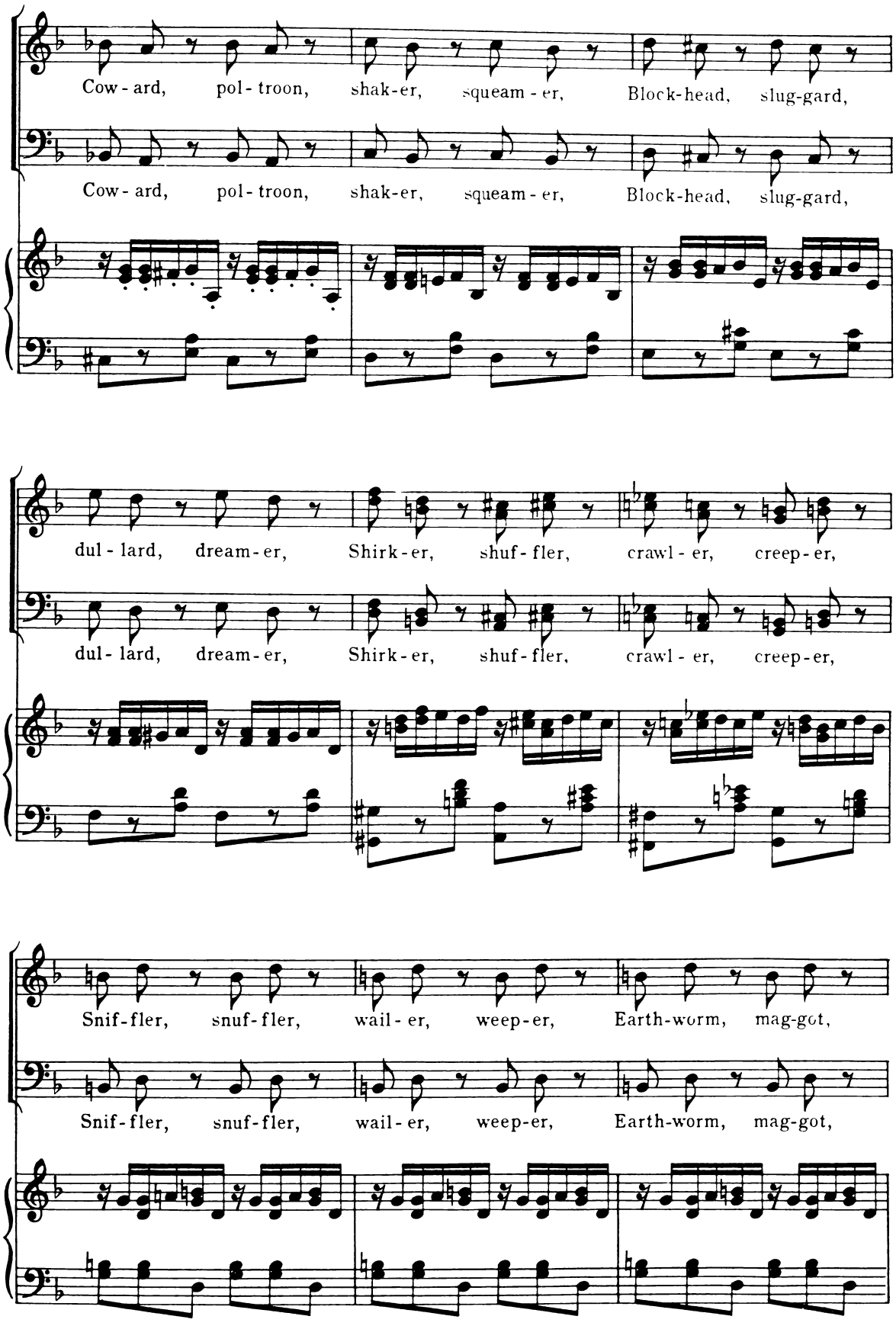
Chorus and Soli

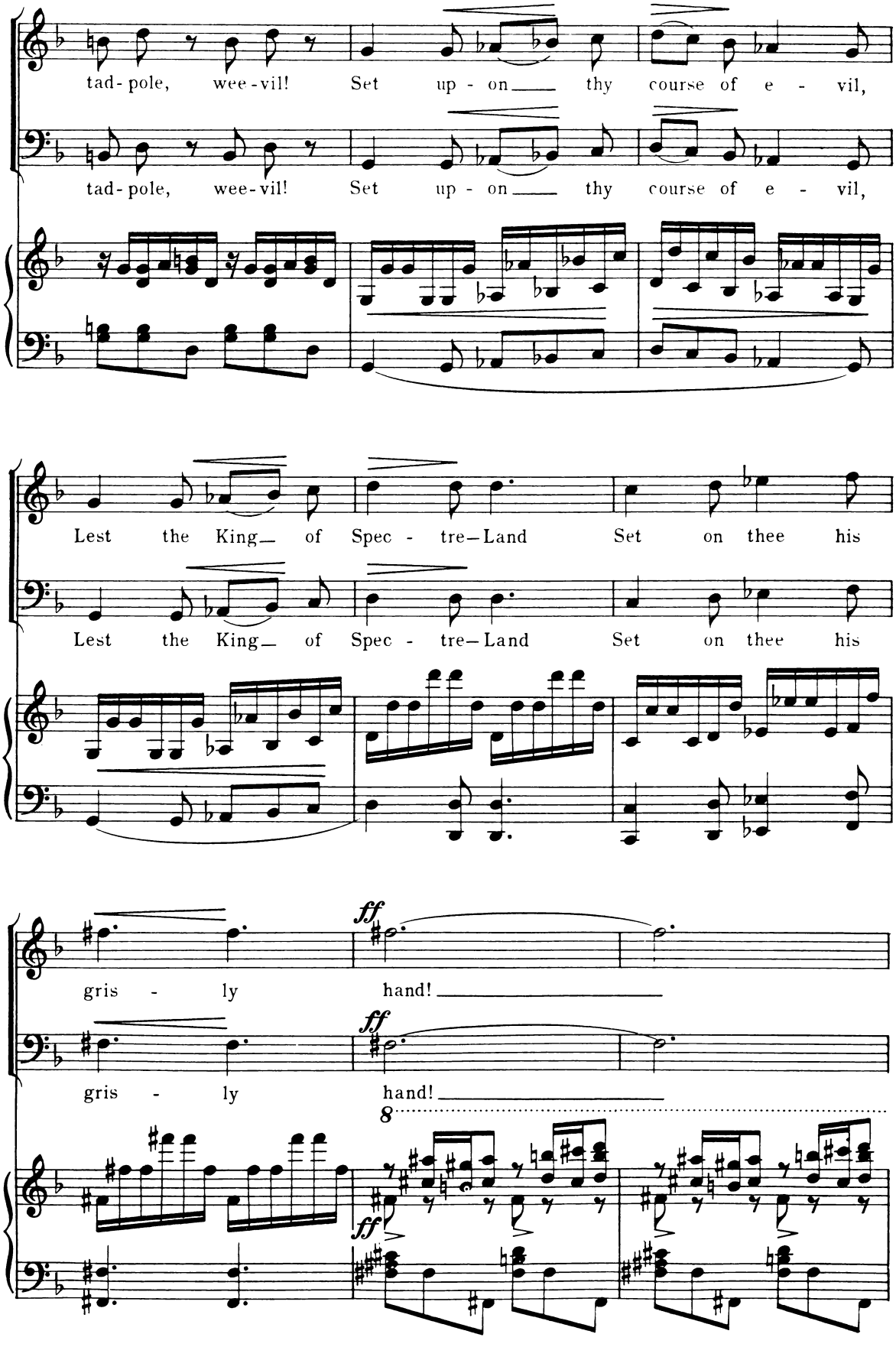
Ancestors, Robin, and Sir Roderic

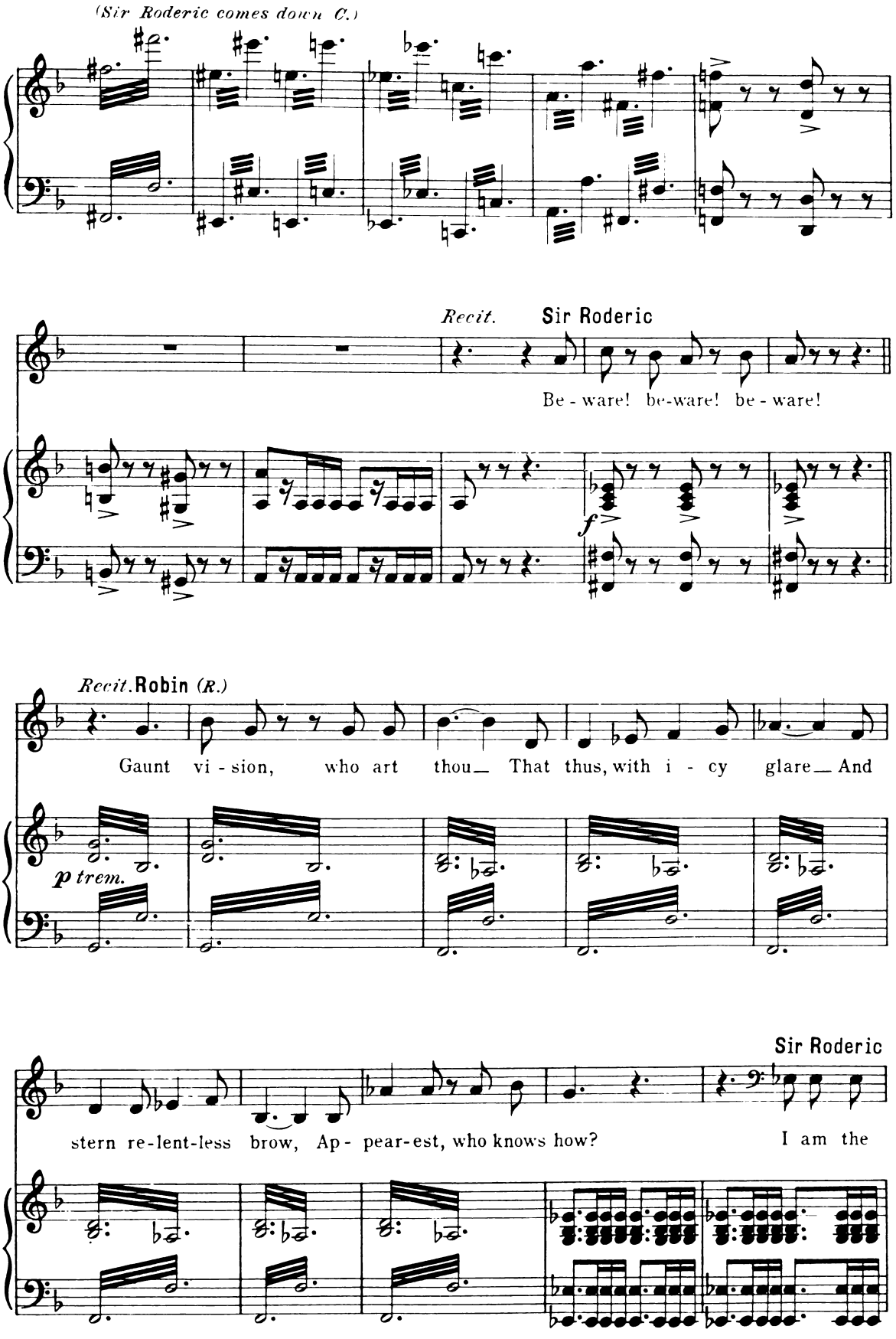


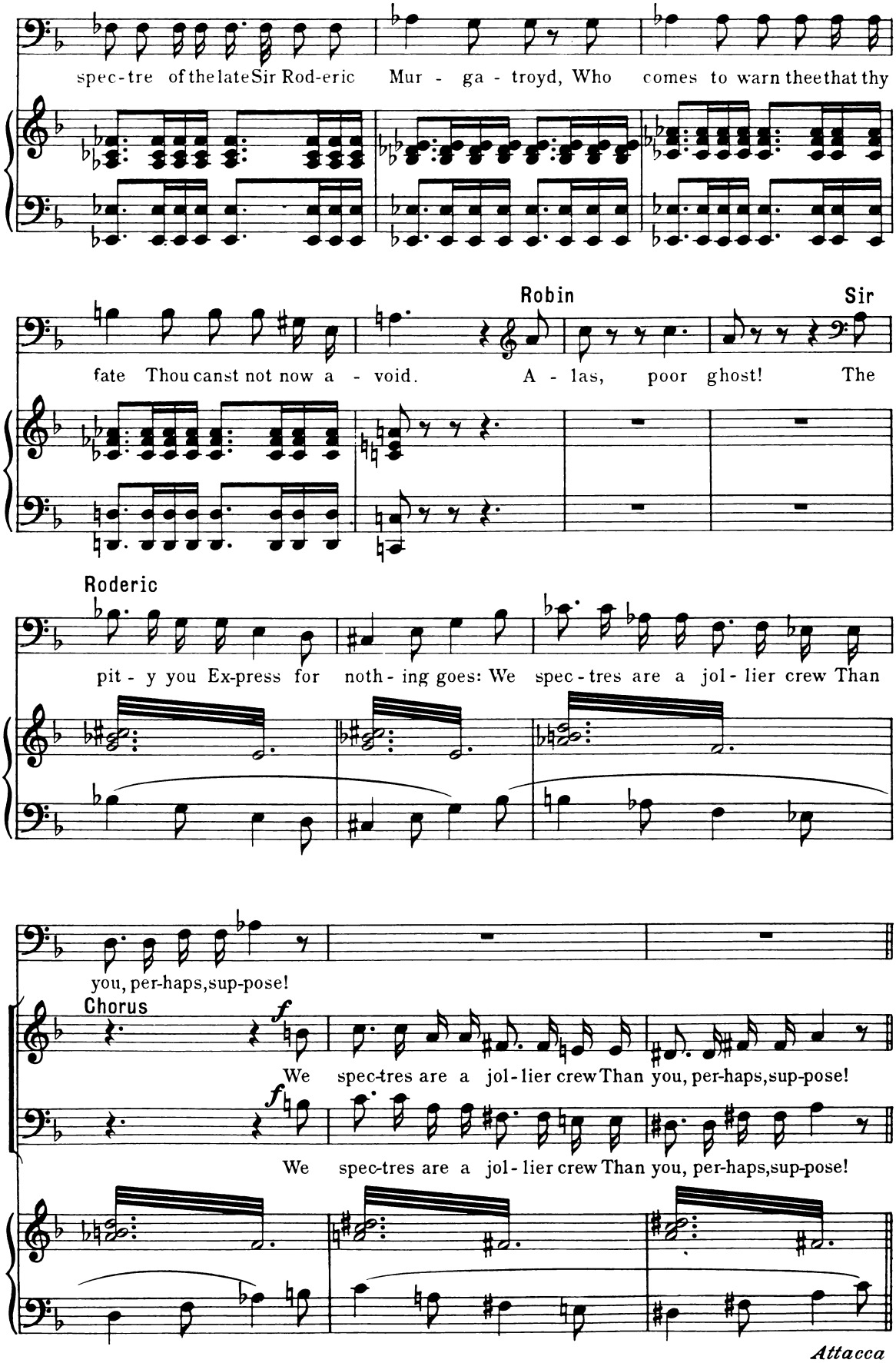

All ac - curst in days of yore,
All ac - curst in days of yore,
Each from his ac - cus - tomed place
Each from his ac - cus - tomed place
Steps in - to the world once more!
Steps in - to the world once more!


(They descend from their frames.)
p
(Robin rises and goes, R.)
p
Chorus
TENORS
Bar-o-net of Rud-di-gore, Last of our ac - curs-ed line,
BASSES
Bar-o-net of Rud-di-gore, Last of our ac - curs-ed line,
Down up-on the oak-en floor— Down up-on those knees of thine!
Down up-on the oak-en floor— Down up-on those knees of thine!


Cow - ard, pol - troon, shak-er, squeam - er, Block-head, slug-gard,
Cow - ard, pol - troon, shak-er, squeam - er, Block-head, slug-gard,
dul - lard, dream - er, Shirk - er, shuf - fler, crawl - er, creep - er,
dul - lard, dream - er, Shirk - er, shuf - fler, crawl - er, creep - er,
Snif - fler, snuf - fler, wail - er, weep - er, Earth-worm, mag-got,
Snif - fler, snuf - fler, wail - er, weep - er, Earth-worm, mag-got,


tad-pole, wee-vil! Set up-on thy course of e-vil,
tad-pole, wee-vil! Set up-on thy course of e-vil,
Lest the King of Spec-tre-Land Set on thee his
Lest the King of Spec-tre-Land Set on thee his
ff
gris-ly hand!
ff
gris-ly hand!
8
ff

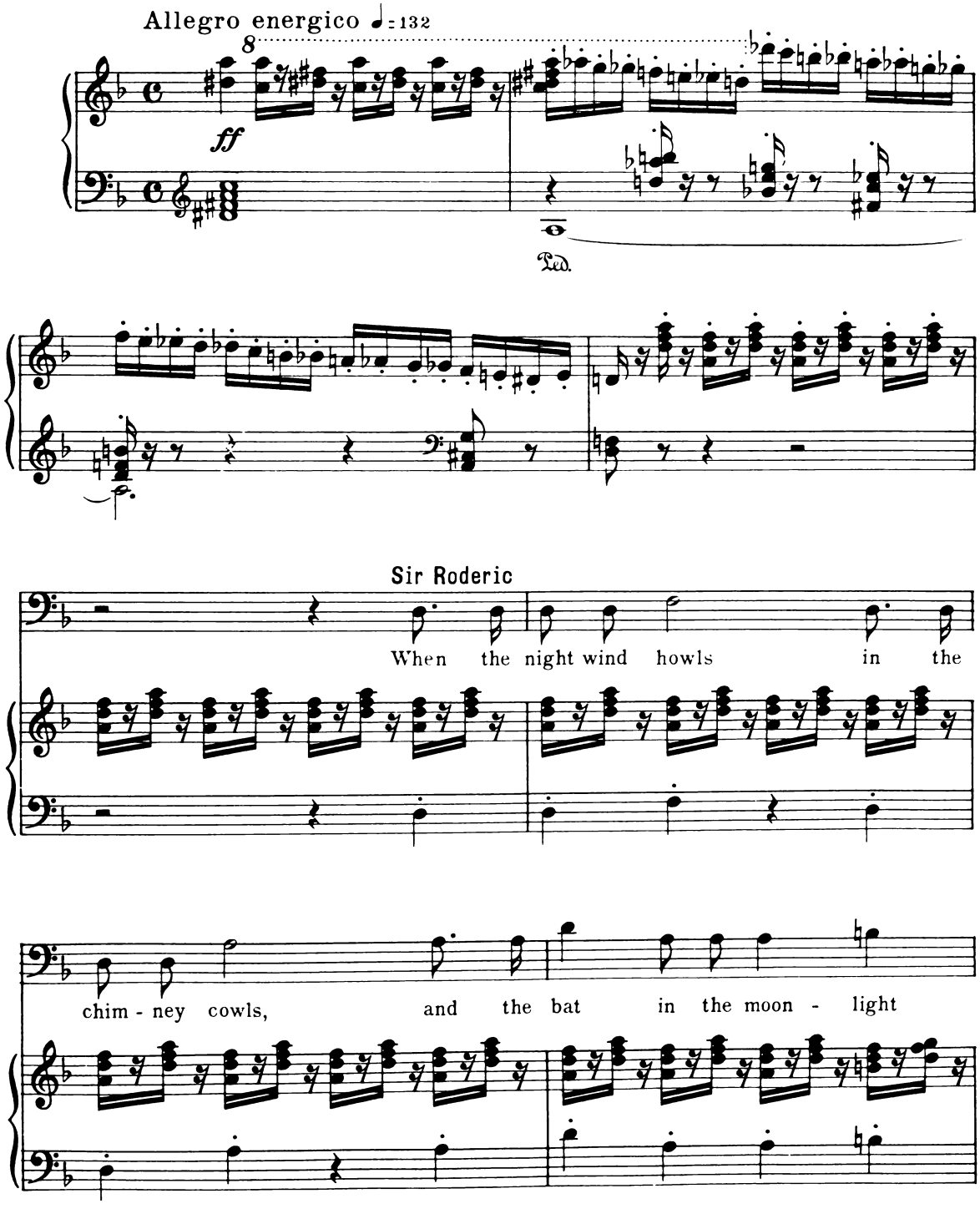

(Sir Roderic comes down C.)
Recit.
Sir Roderic
Be - ware! be-ware! be - ware!
f
Recit. Robin (R.)
Gaunt vi - sion, who art thou_ That thus, with i - cy glare_ And
p trem.
Sir Roderic
stern re-lent-less brow, Ap - pear-est, who knows how? I am the

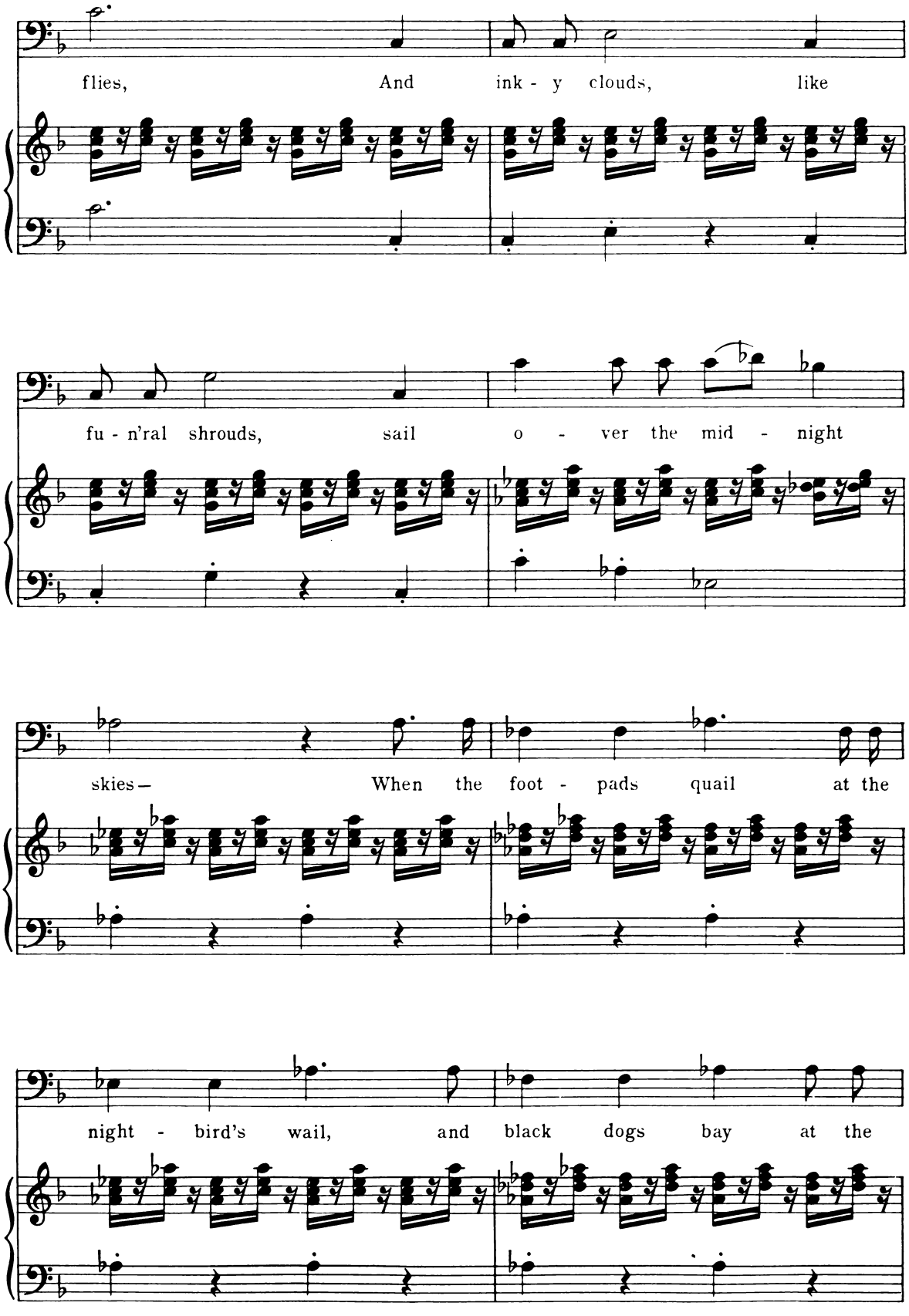

spec-tre of the late Sir Rod-eric Mur - ga - troyd, Who comes to warn thee that thy
Robin
Sir
fate Thou canst not now a - void. A - las, poor ghost! The
Roderic
pit - y you Ex-press for noth - ing goes: We spec - tres are a jol - lier crew Than
you, per-haps, sup-pose!
Chorus
f
We spec-tres are a jol - lier crew Than you, per-haps, sup-pose!
f
We spec-tres are a jol - lier crew Than you, per-haps, sup-pose!
Attacca

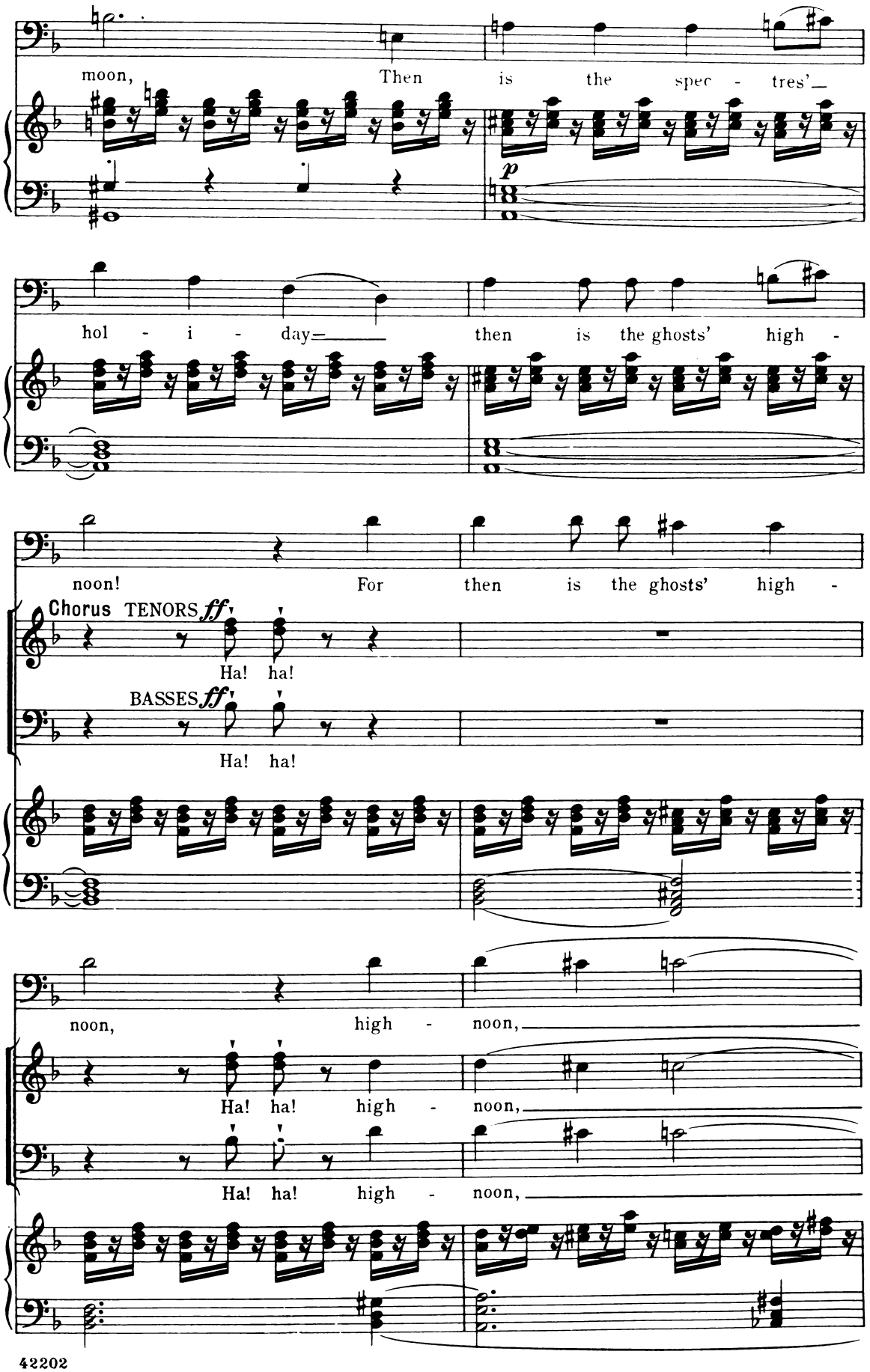
No. 20. When the night wind howls

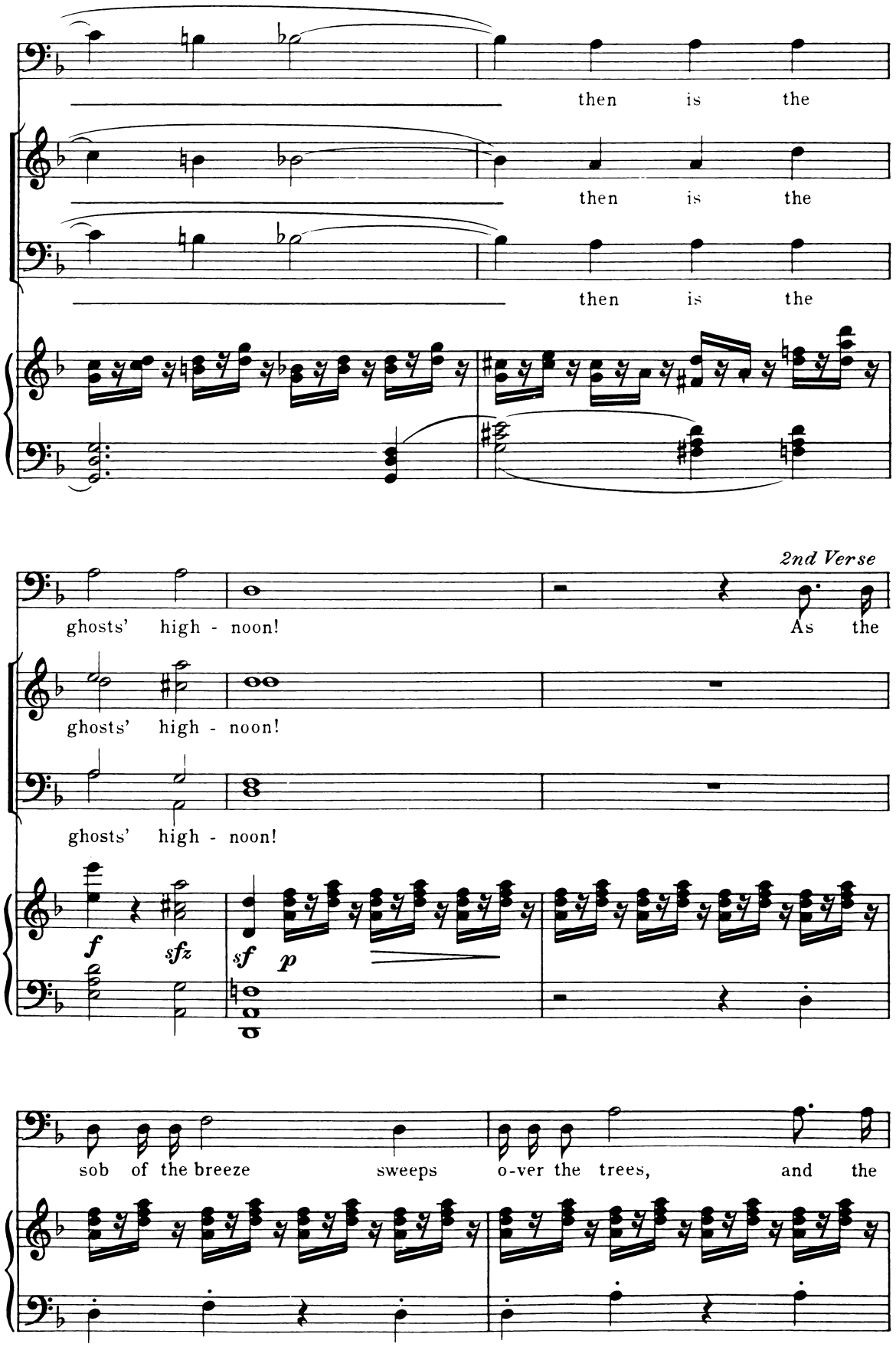
Song and Chorus

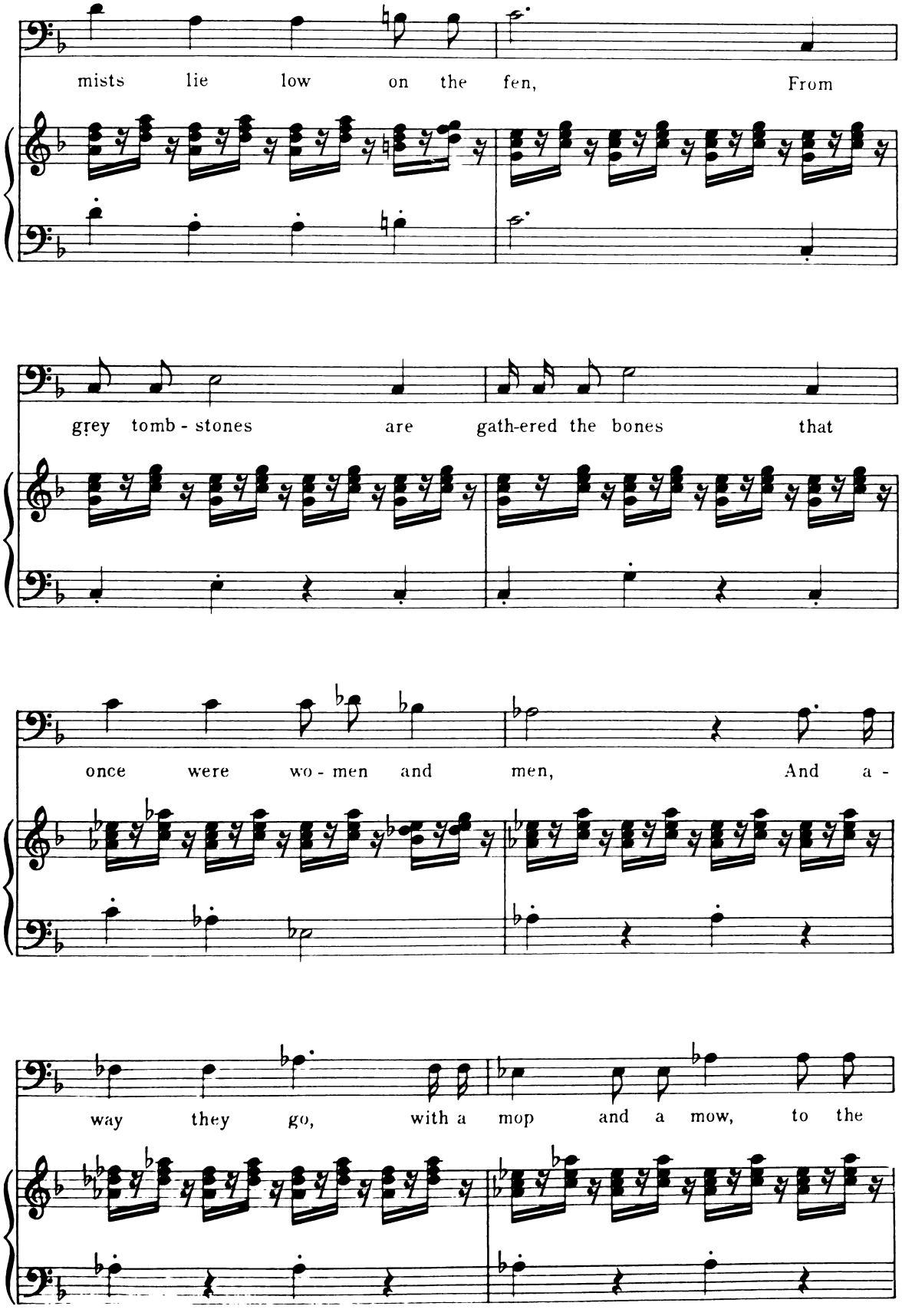
Sir Roderic and Ancestors

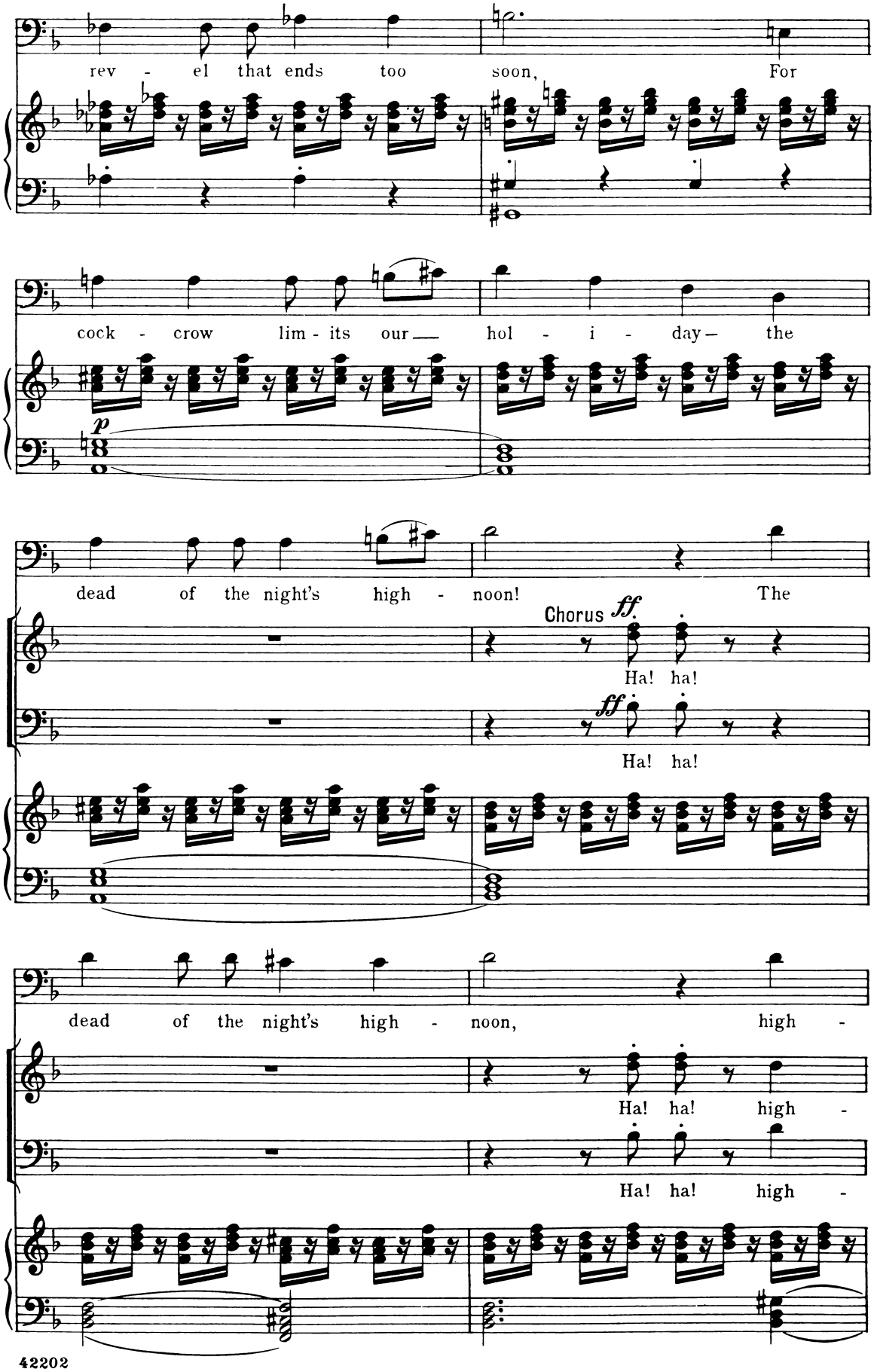


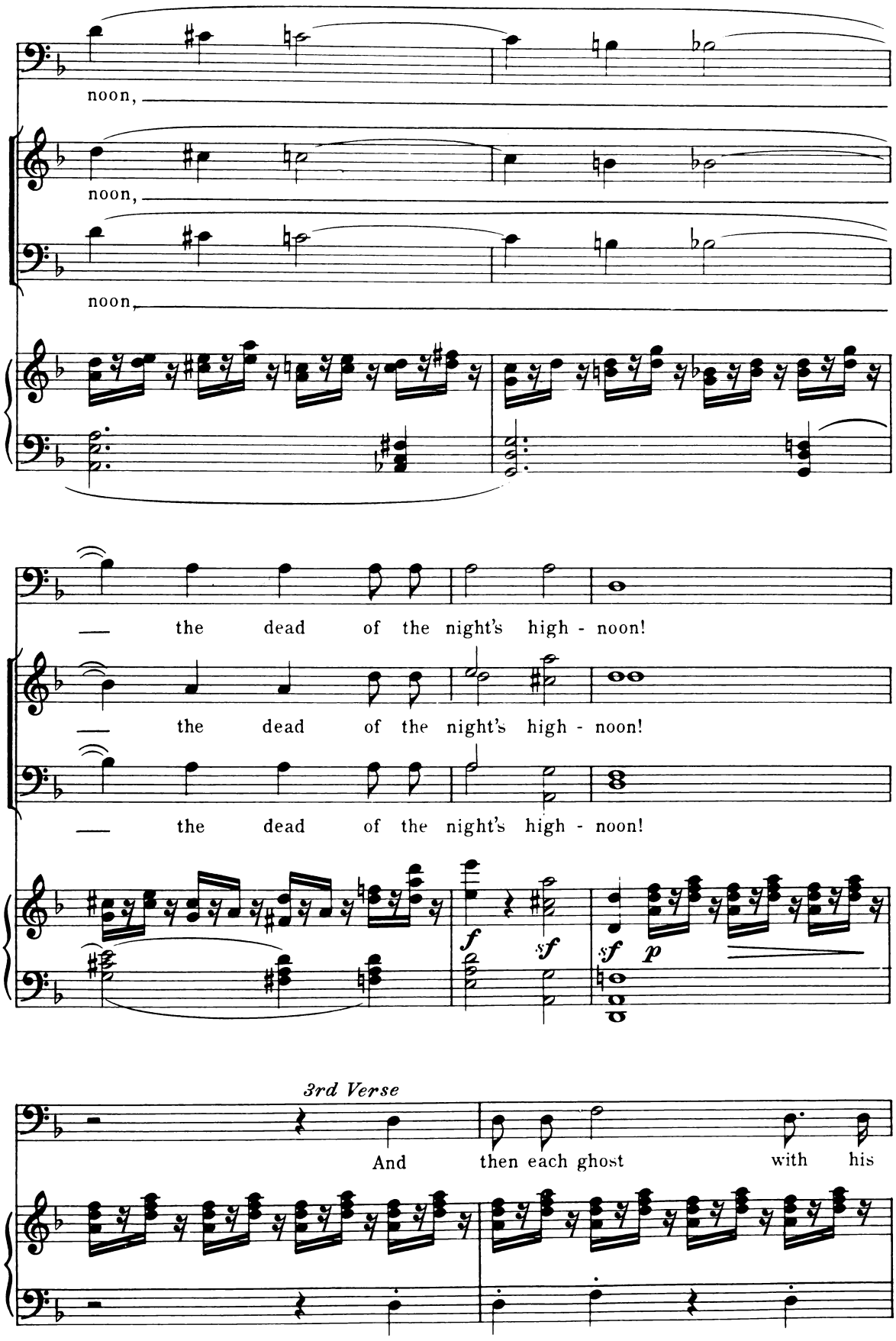

flies, And ink - y clouds, like
fu - n'ral shrouds, sail o - ver the mid - night
skies— When the foot - pads quail at the
night - bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the

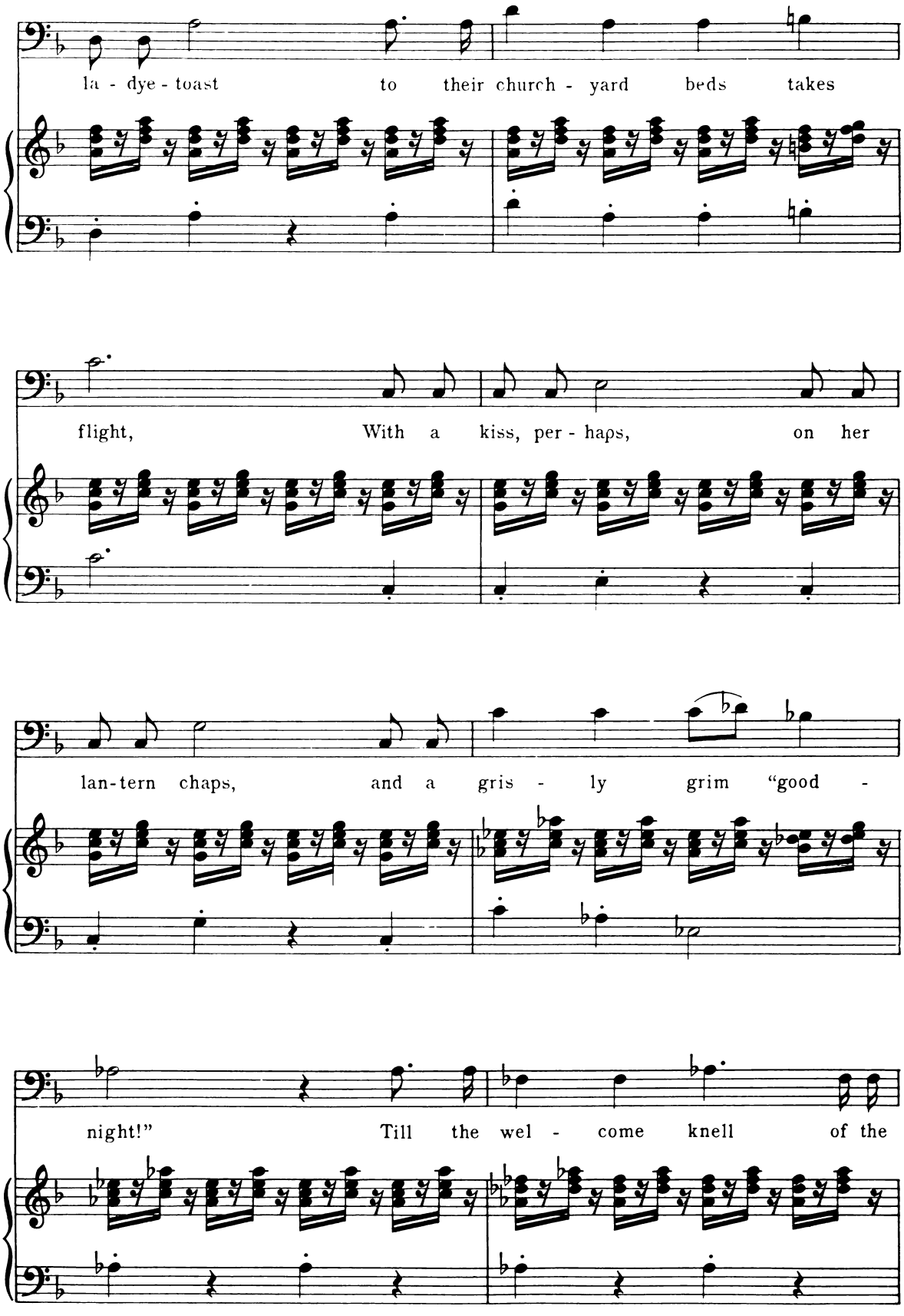

moon, Then is the spec - tres'_
p
hol - i - day_ then is the ghosts' high -
noon! For then is the ghosts' high -
Chorus TENORS ff
Ha! ha!
BASSES ff
Ha! ha!
noon, high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,

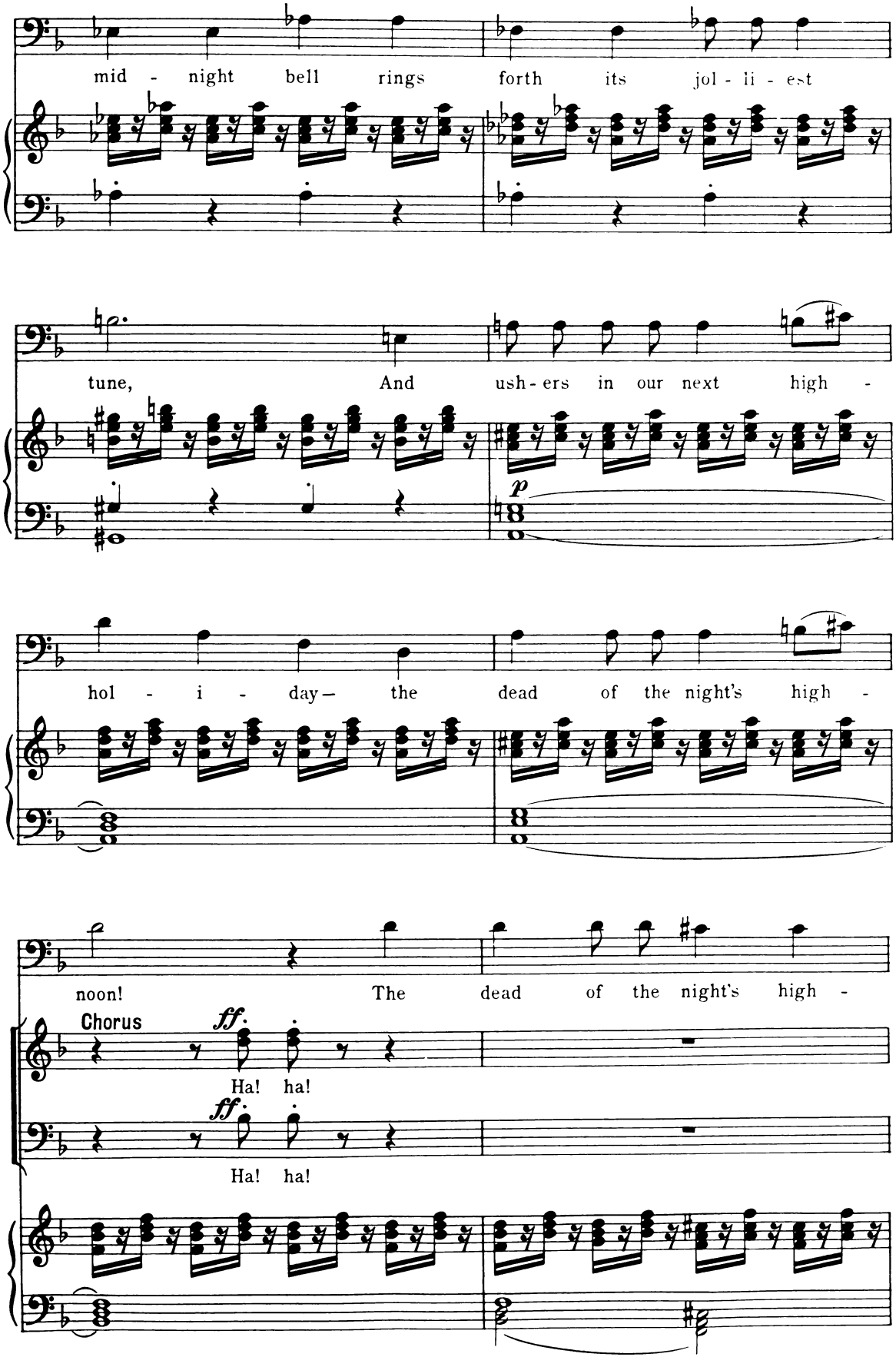

then is the
then is the
then is the
2nd Verse
ghosts' high - noon!
As the
ghosts' high - noon!
ghosts' high - noon!
f
sfz
sf
p
sob of the breeze
sweeps
o-ver the trees,
and the

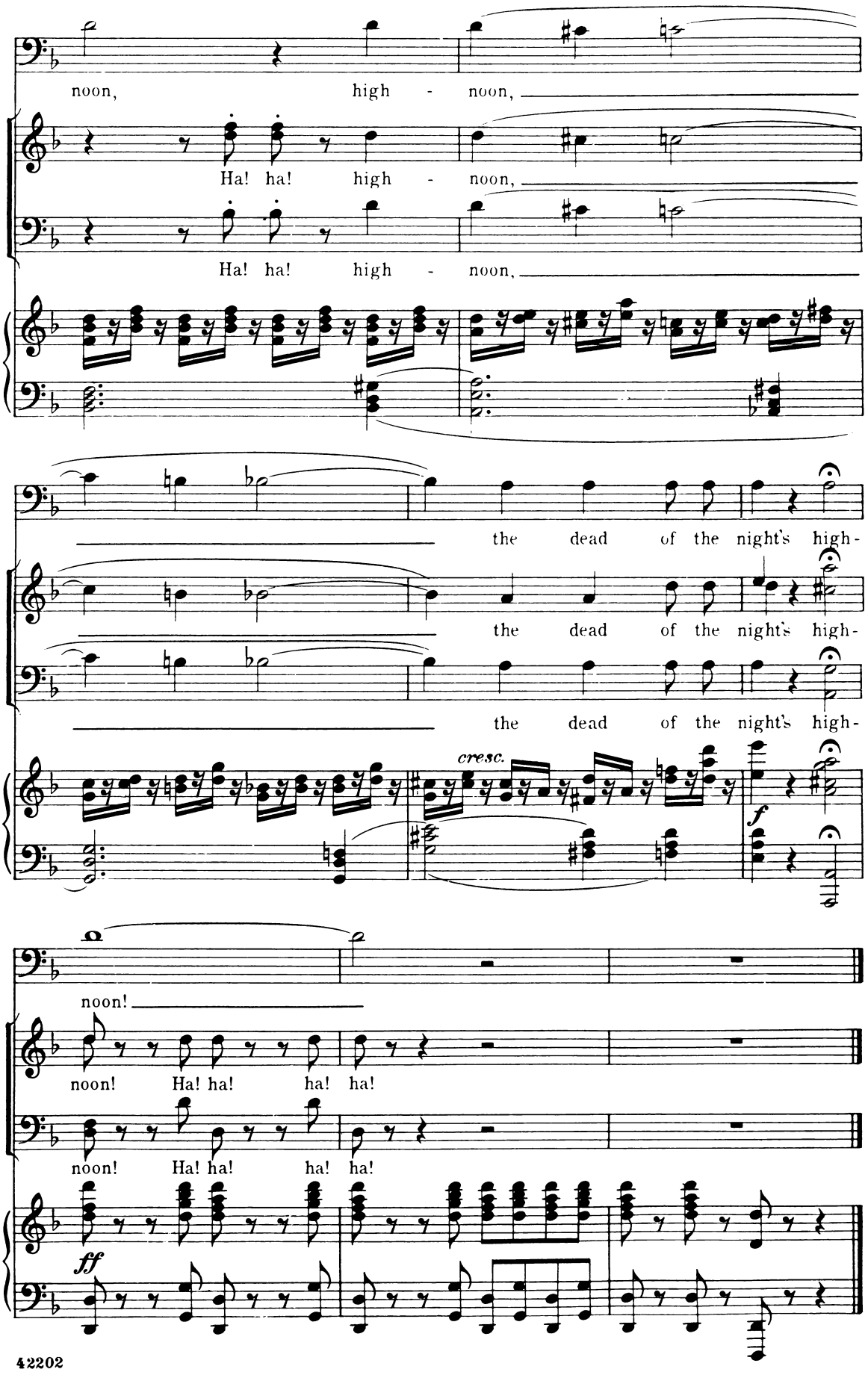

mists lie low on the fen, From
grey tomb - stones are gath-ered the bones that
once were wo - men and men, And a -
way they go, with a mop and a mow, to the


rev - el that ends too soon, For
cock - crow lim - its our hol - i - day the
p
dead of the night's high - noon! The
Chorus ff
Ha! ha!
ff
Ha! ha!
dead of the night's high - noon, high -
Ha! ha! high -
Ha! ha! high -


noon,
noon,
noon,
— the dead of the night's high - noon!
— the dead of the night's high - noon!
— the dead of the night's high - noon!
f
sf
sf
p
3rd Verse
And then each ghost with his


la - dye - toast to their church - yard beds takes
flight, With a kiss, per - haps, on her
lan-tern chaps, and a gris - ly grim "good -
night!" Till the wel - come knell of the


mid - night bell rings forth its jol - li - est
tune, And ush - ers in our next high -
p
hol - i - day— the dead of the night's high -
noon! The dead of the night's high -
Chorus
ff.
Ha! ha!
ff.
Ha! ha!


noon, high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,
the dead of the night's high-
the dead of the night's high-
the dead of the night's high-
cresc.
f
noon!
noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
ff

Robin: I recognize you now– you are the picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

Sir Rod: In a bad light. I am.

Robin: Are you considered a good likeness?

Sir Rod: Pretty well. Flattering.

Robin: 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.

Robin: And may I ask why you have left your frames?

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

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

Sir Rod: Let us inquire into this. Monday?

Robin: Monday was a Bank Holiday.

Sir Rod: True. Tuesday?

Robin: On Tuesday I made a false income-tax return.

All: Ha! ha!

1st Ghost: That's nothing.

2nd Ghost: Nothing at all.

3rd Ghost: Everybody does that.

4th Ghost: It's expected of you.

Sir Rod: Wednesday?

Robin: *(melodramatically)* On Wednesday I forged a will.

Sir Rod: Whose will?

Robin: My own.

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

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

1st Ghost: There's something in that.

2nd Ghost: Yes, it seems reasonable.

3rd Ghost: At first sight it does.

4th Ghost: Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

Robin: A man can do what he likes with his own?

Sir Rod: I suppose he can.

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

1st Ghost: Hear, hear!

Sir Rod: That's better. *(addressing Ghosts)* Pass the fox, I think? *(They assent.)* Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

Robin: On Friday I forged a cheque.

Sir Rod: Whose cheque?

Robin: Old Adam's

Sir Rod: But old Adam hasn't a banker.

Robin: I didn't say I forged his banker– I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

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

Robin: No– not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see– by this arrangement – he'll be born already disinherited.

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

Robin: 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 a contrary opinion? *(Bishop holds up both hands.)* Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once– I don't care what lady– you perish in inconceivable agonies.

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

Sir Rod: Very good– then let the agonies commence.

*(Ghosts make passes, Robin begins to writhe in agony.)**

Robin: Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

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

Robin: Oh! Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak.

(Sir Roderic makes signs to the Ghosts, who resume their positions.)

Sir Rod: Better?

Robin: Yes, better now! Whew!

Sir Rod: Well, do you consent?

Robin: But it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

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

Robin: Stop– I can't stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done!

Sir Rod: Today?

Robin: Today!

Sir Rod: At once?

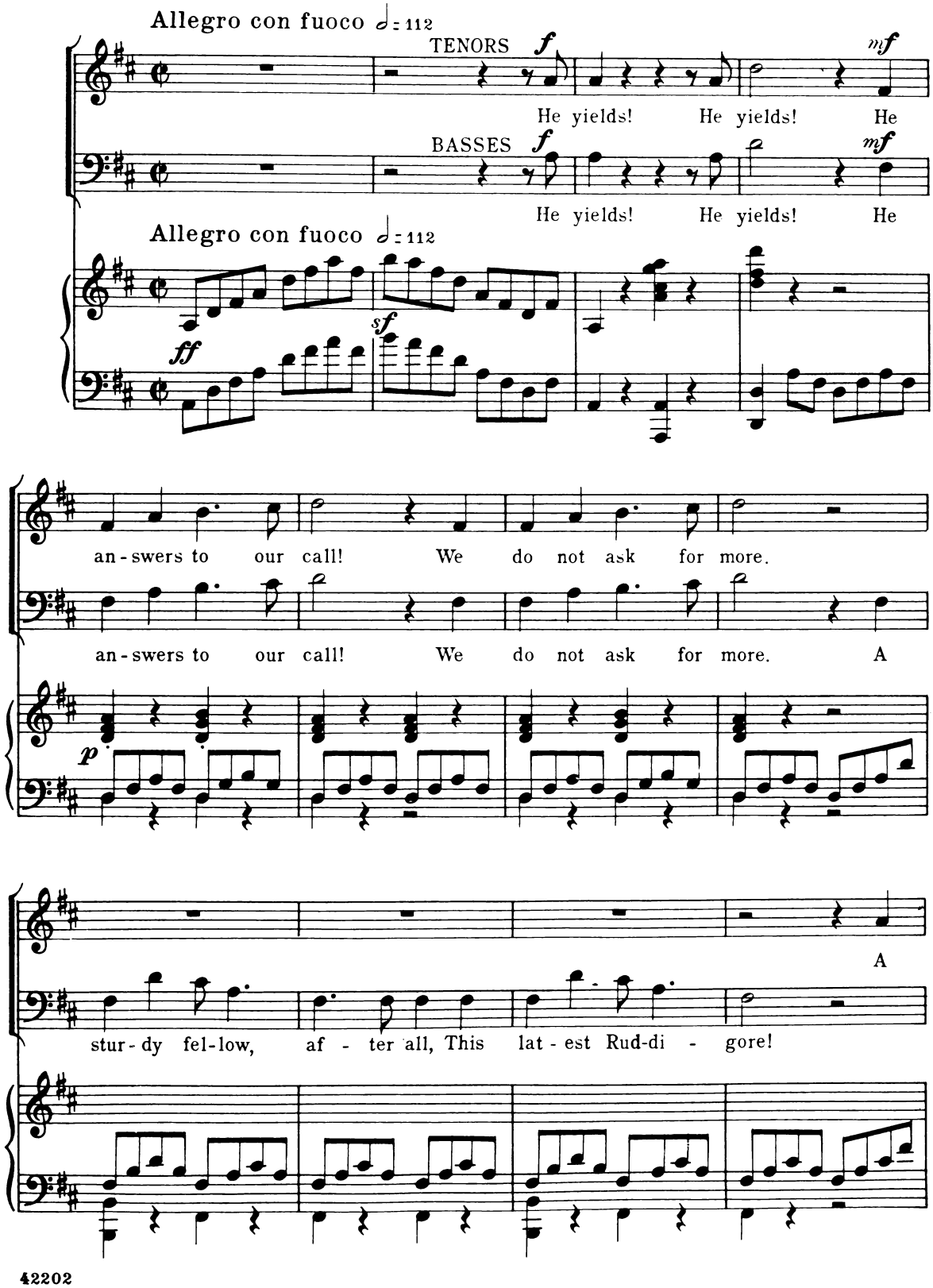
Robin: At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

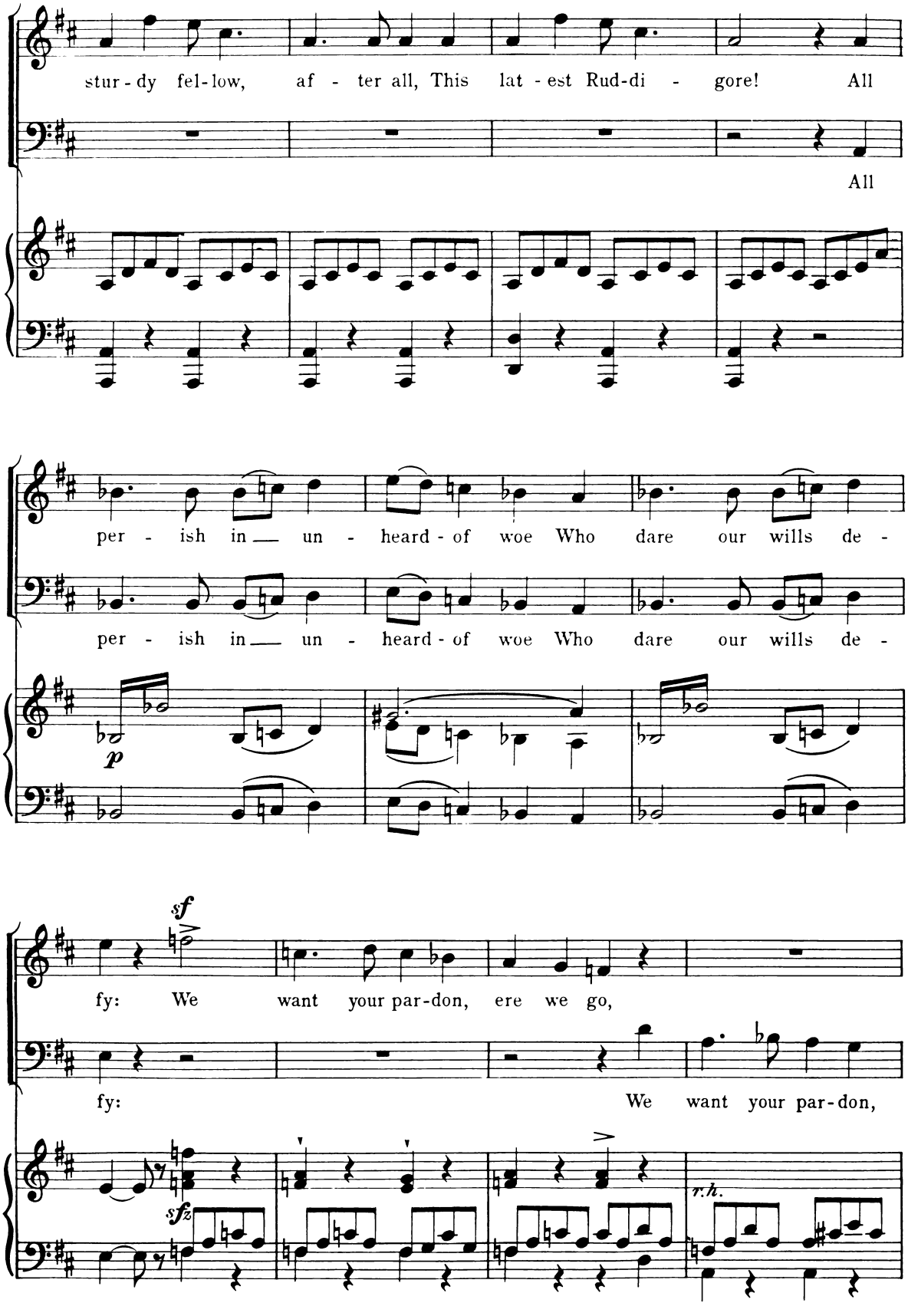
*This is the printed stage direction. The original and very effective staging was as follows: The Ghosts are in an arc across the stage, Roderic being in front, center. Robin has walked to center as he ends his last speech. The Ghosts, taking their cue from Roderic, all raise their right arms, then throwing all their weight onto a step forward, bring down their arms with all forefingers pointing at Robin, who promptly falls to the ground on his "Oh! Oh!" They resume their position, and repeat the gesture. Robin says "Don't do that!" They do it again, and he says "I can't stand it!" Roderic speaks, and they repeat their gestures once more, and then drop their arms at a sign from Roderic. When he says "Carry on!" they again repeat this gesture, holding it until Robin says "At once!" Then they relax, and laugh as they go into their Chorus.)

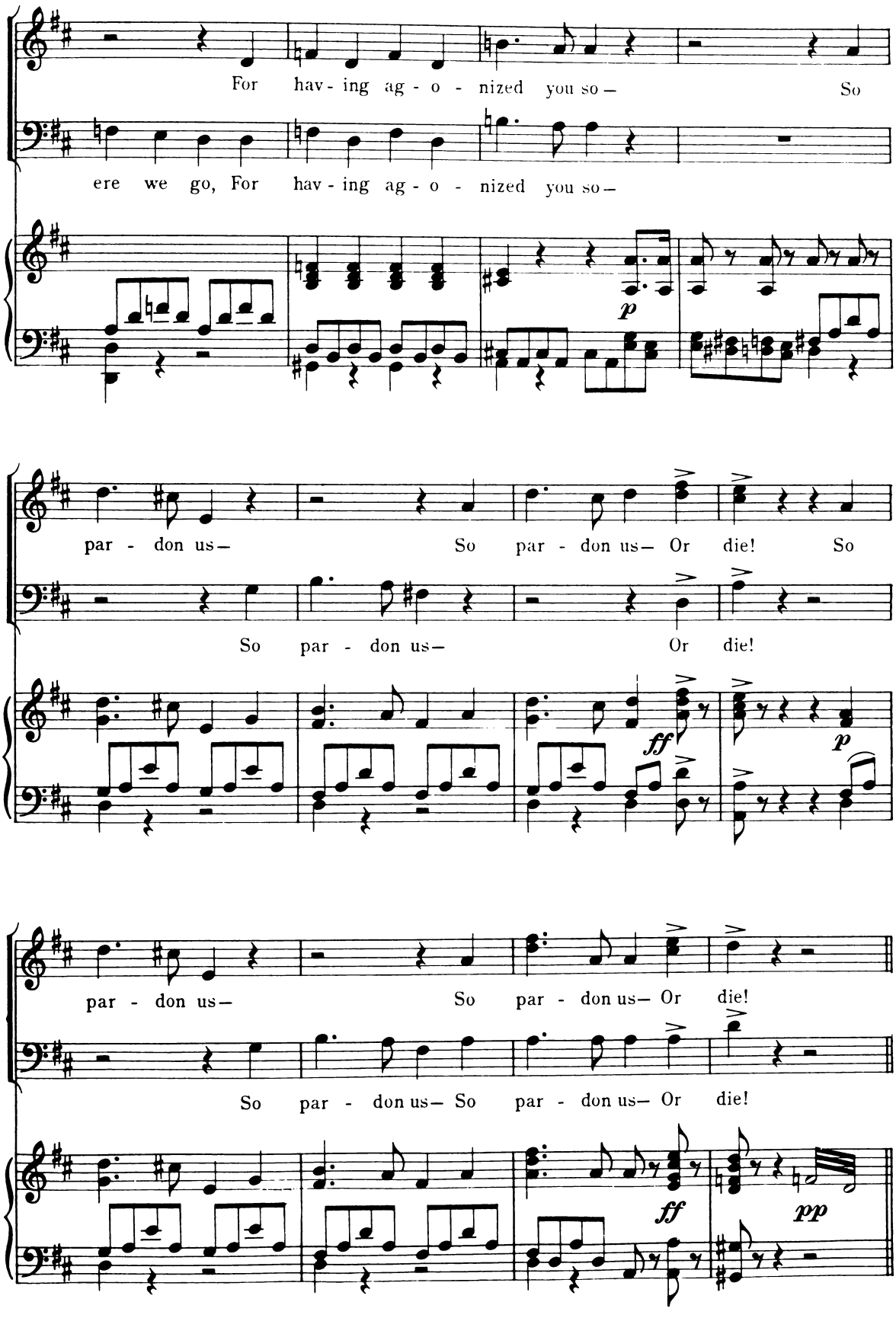
No. 21. He yields!

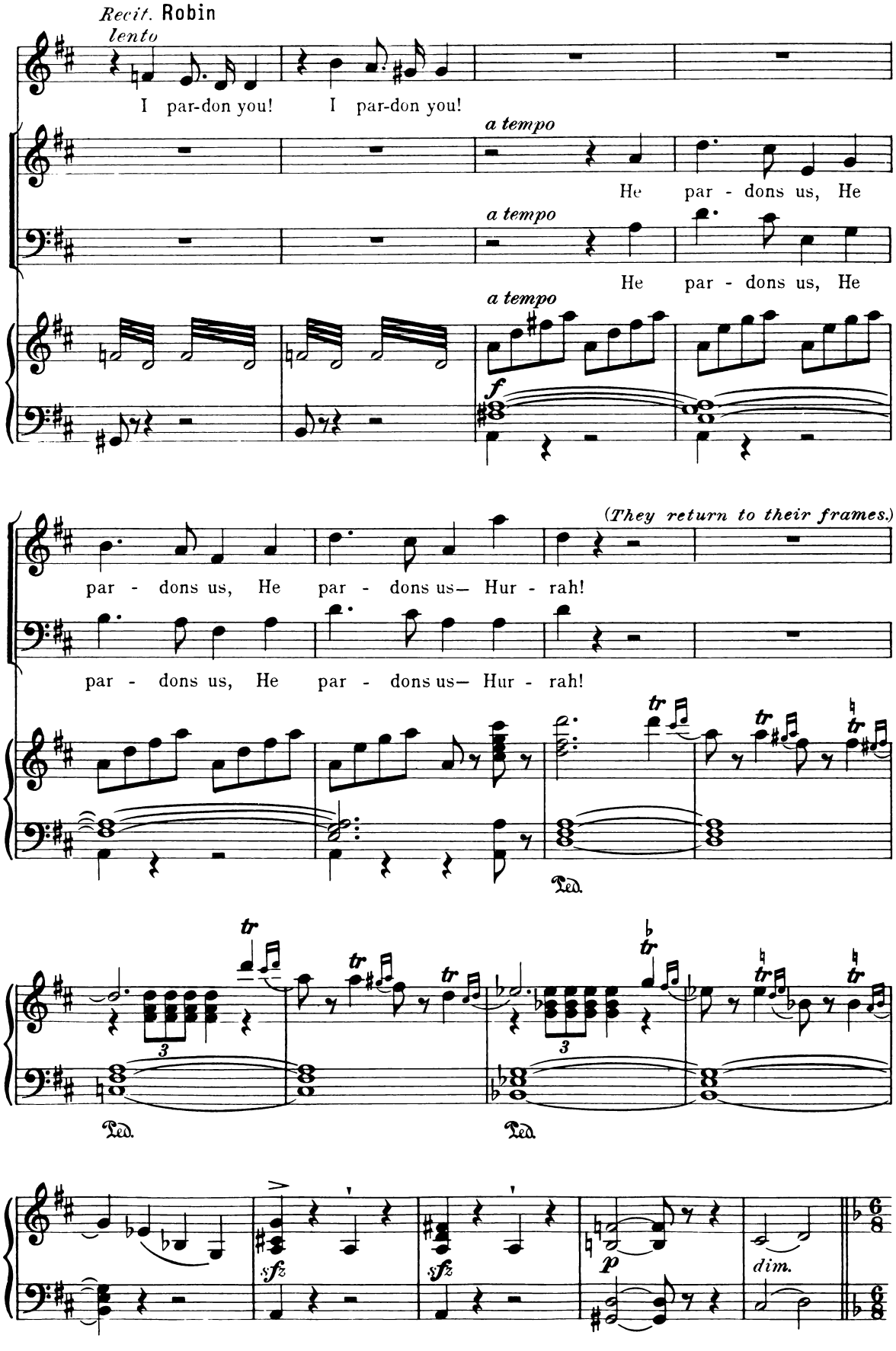
Chorus

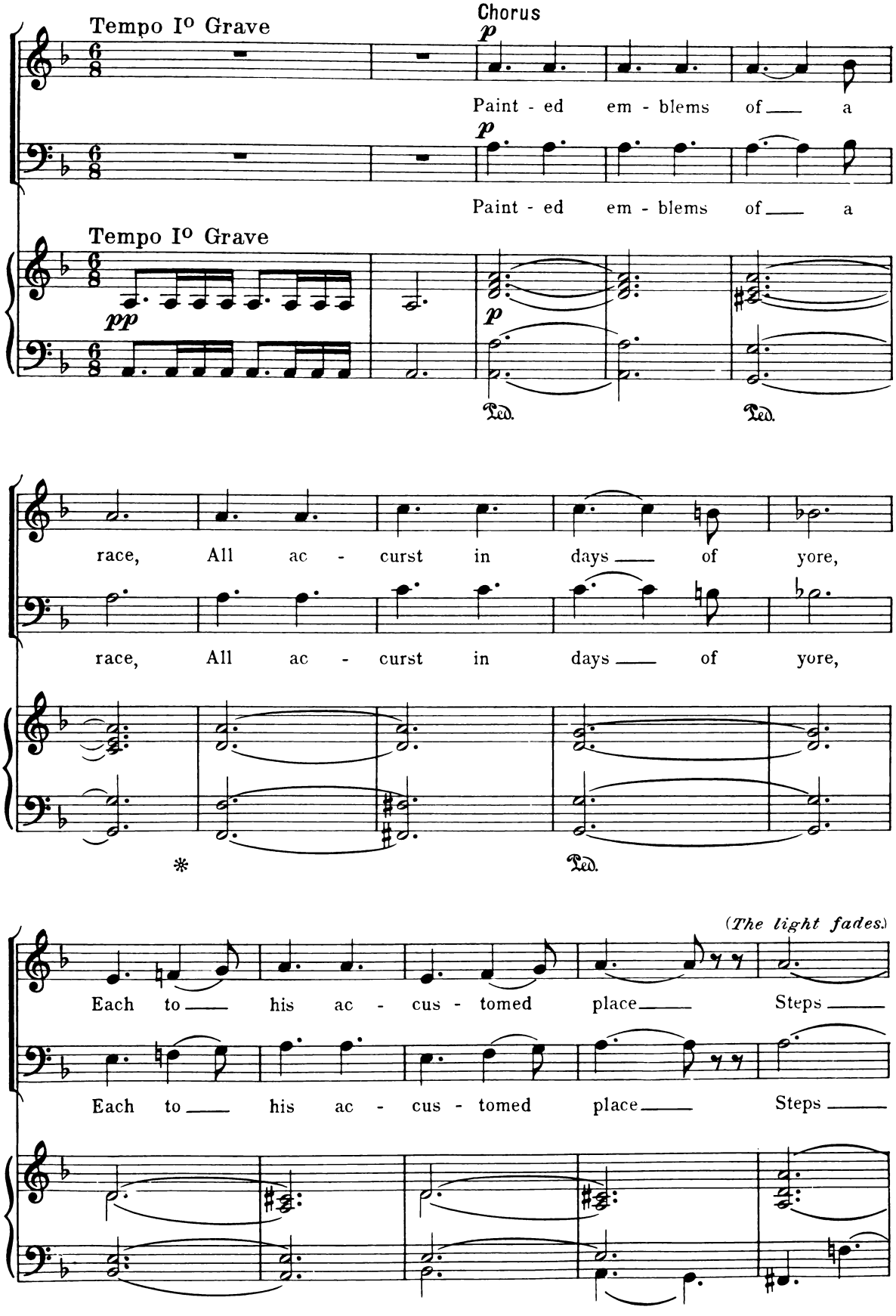
Ancestors

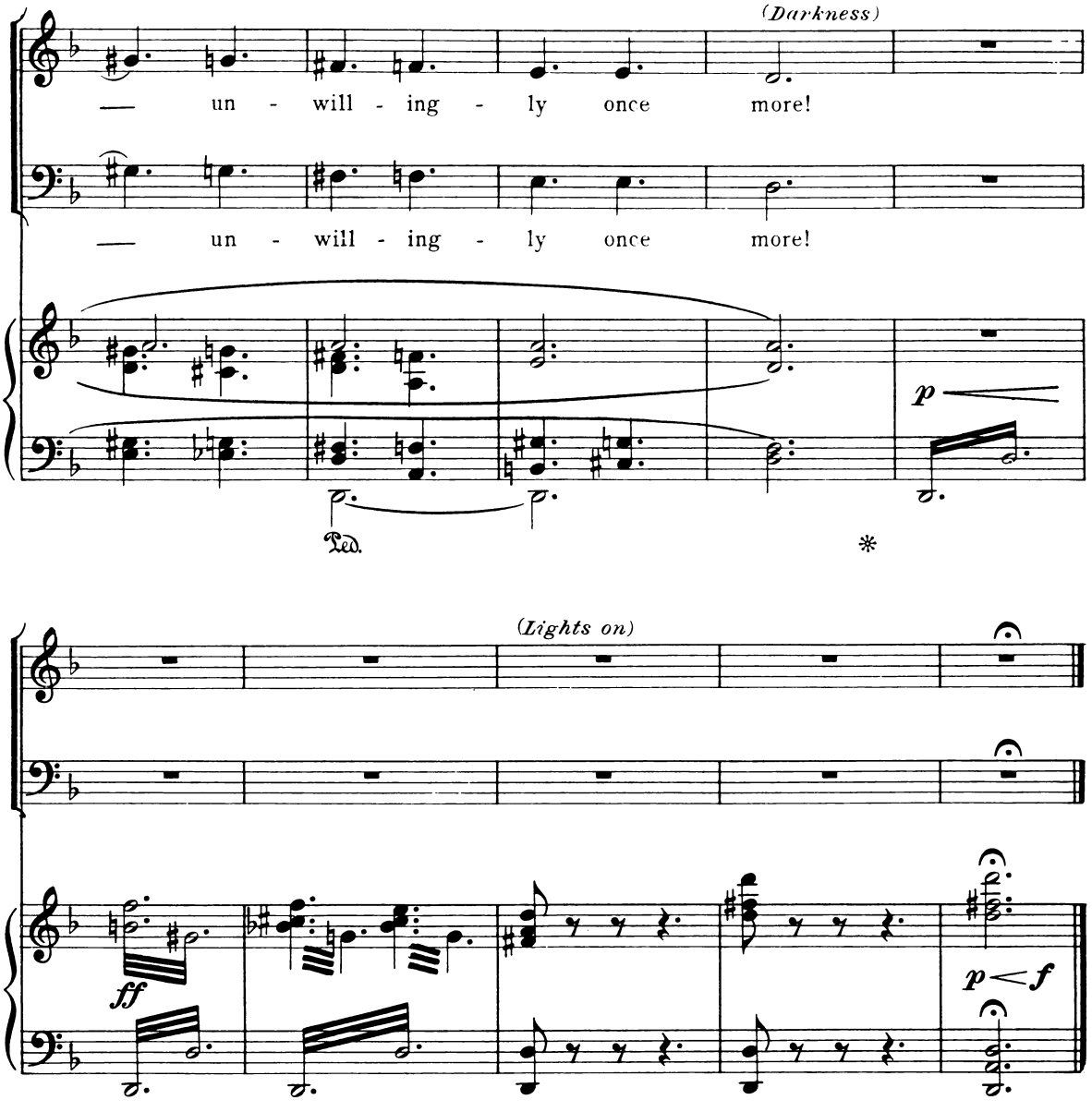



stur - dy fel - low, af - ter all, This lat - est Rud-di - gore! All
All
per - ish in un - heard - of woe Who dare our wills de -
per - ish in un - heard - of woe Who dare our wills de -
p
sf
fy: We want your par-don, ere we go,
fy: We want your par-don,
sfz
r.h.


For hav - ing ag - o - nized you so — So
ere we go, For hav - ing ag - o - nized you so —
p
par - don us — So par - don us — Or die! So
So par - don us — Or die!
ff
p
par - don us — So par - don us — Or die!
So par - don us — So par - don us — Or die!
ff
pp


Recit. Robin
lento
I par-don you! I par-don you!
a tempo
He par - dons us, He
a tempo
He par - dons us, He
a tempo
f
(They return to their frames.)
par - dons us, He par - dons us— Hur - rah!
par - dons us, He par - dons us— Hur - rah!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sfz
sfz
p
dim.


Tempo Io Grave
Chorus
p
Paint - ed em - blems of a
p
Paint - ed em - blems of a
Tempo Io Grave
pp
p
Ped.
Ped.
race, All ac - curst in days of yore,
race, All ac - curst in days of yore,
*
Ped.
(The light fades.)
Each to his ac - cus - tomed place Steps
Each to his ac - cus - tomed place Steps



(Enter Adam, L.U.E.)

Adam: My poor master, you are not well–

Robin: Gideon Crawle, it won't do– I've seen 'em– all my ancestors– they're just gone. They say I must do something desperate at once, or perish in horrible agcnies. Go– go to yonder village– carry off a maiden– bring her here at once–any one– I don't care which–

Adam: But–

Robin: Not a word, but obey! Fly!

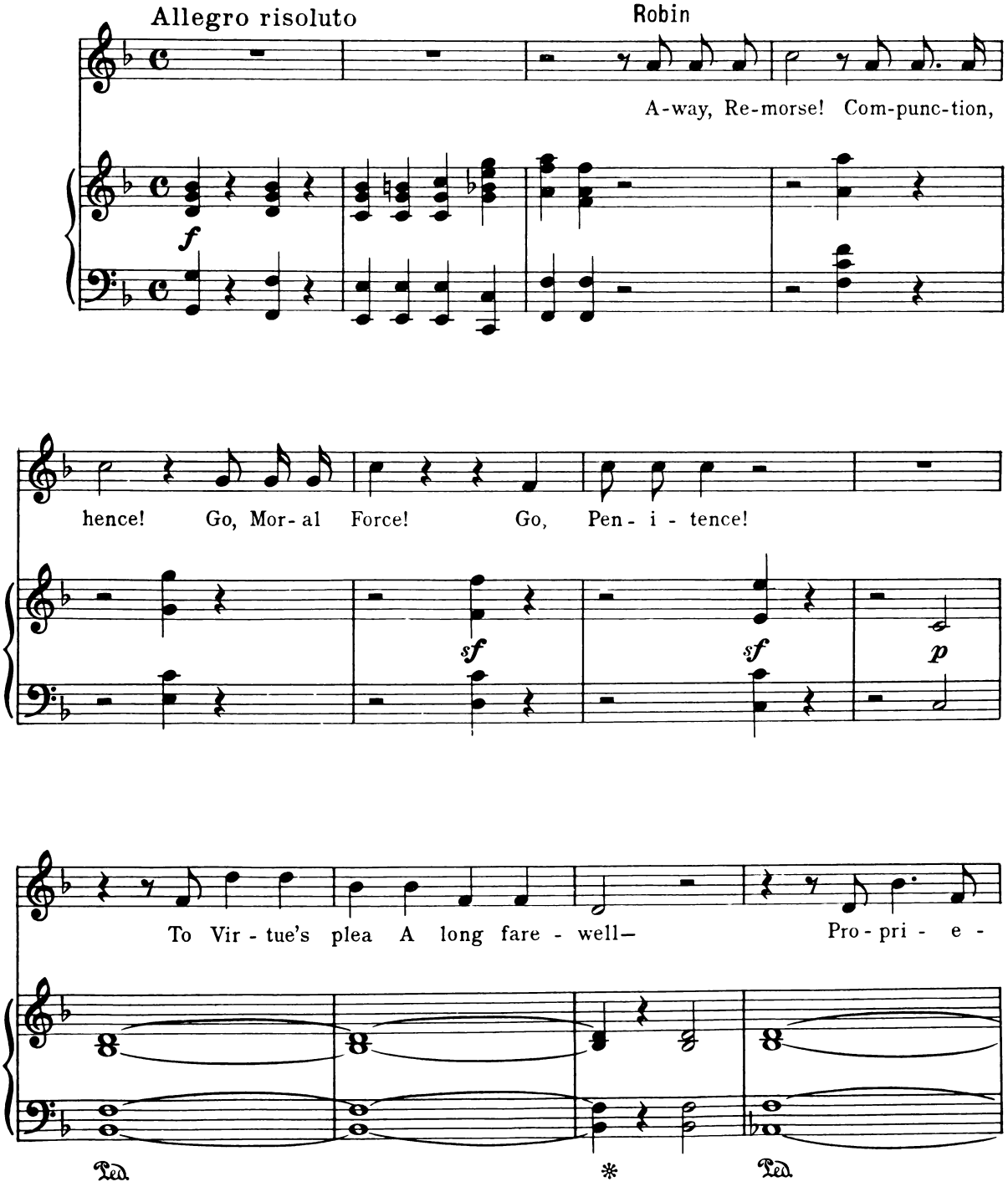
(Exit Adam, R.)

No. 22. Away, Remorse!*

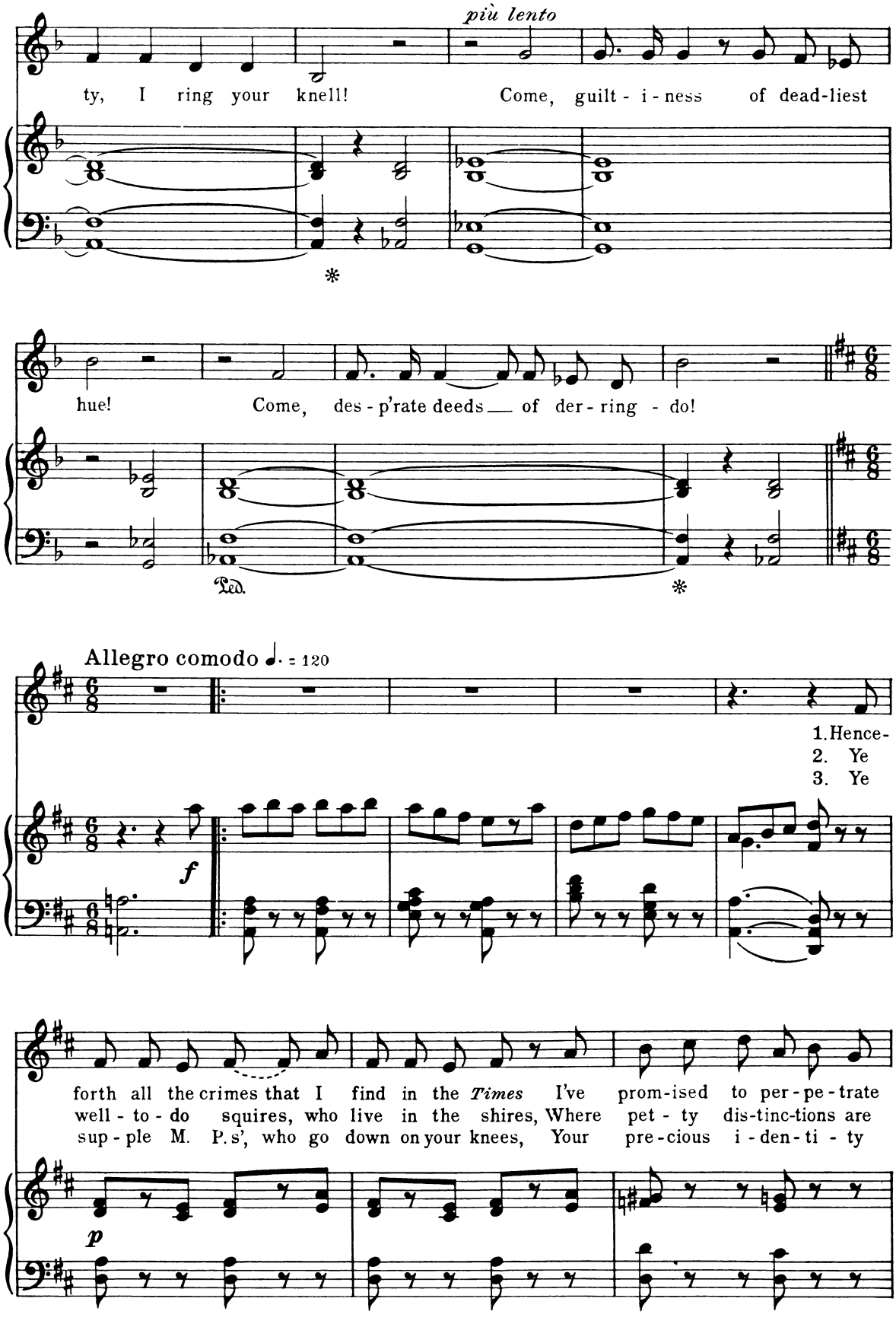
Recitative and Song

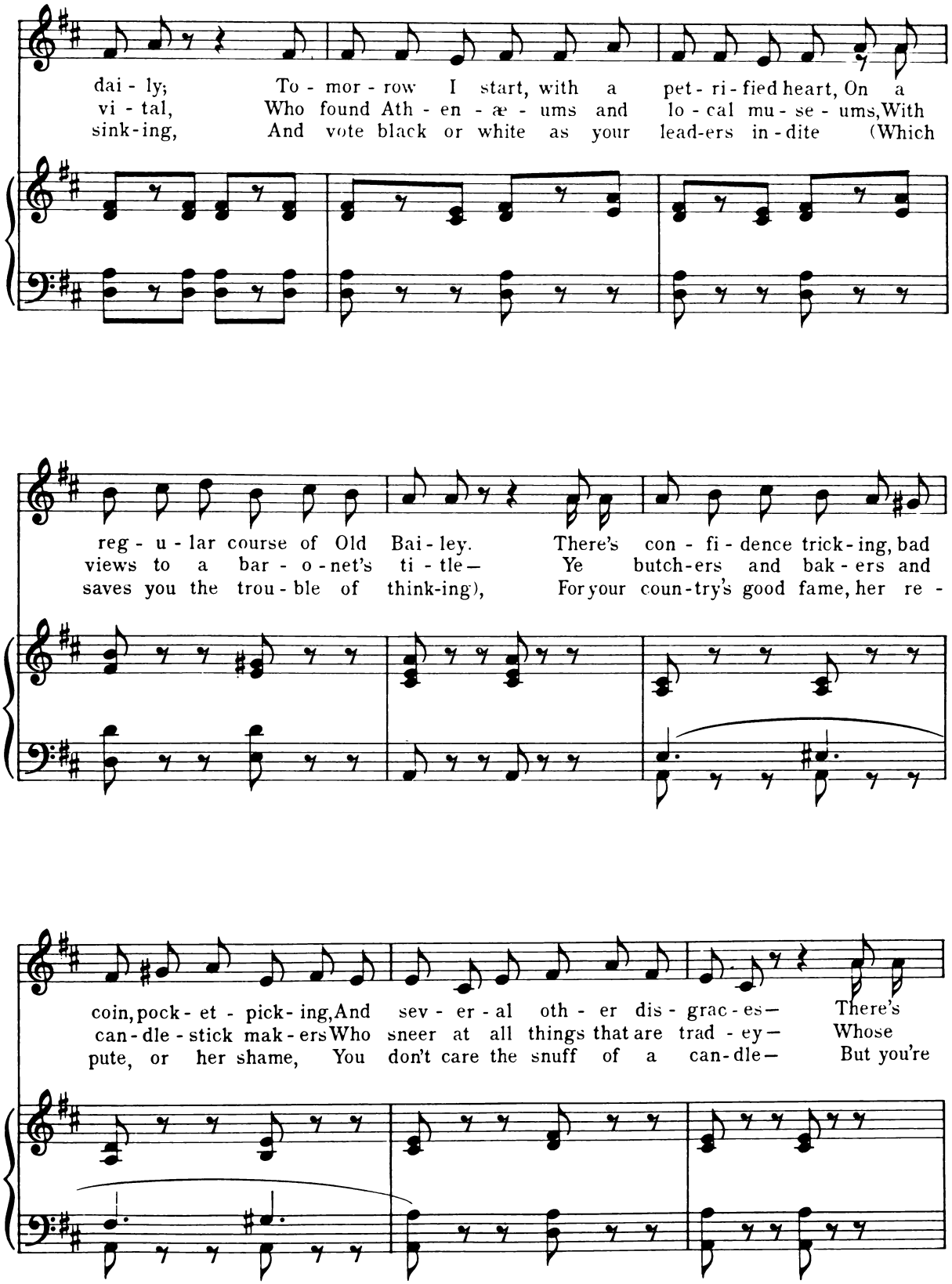
Robin

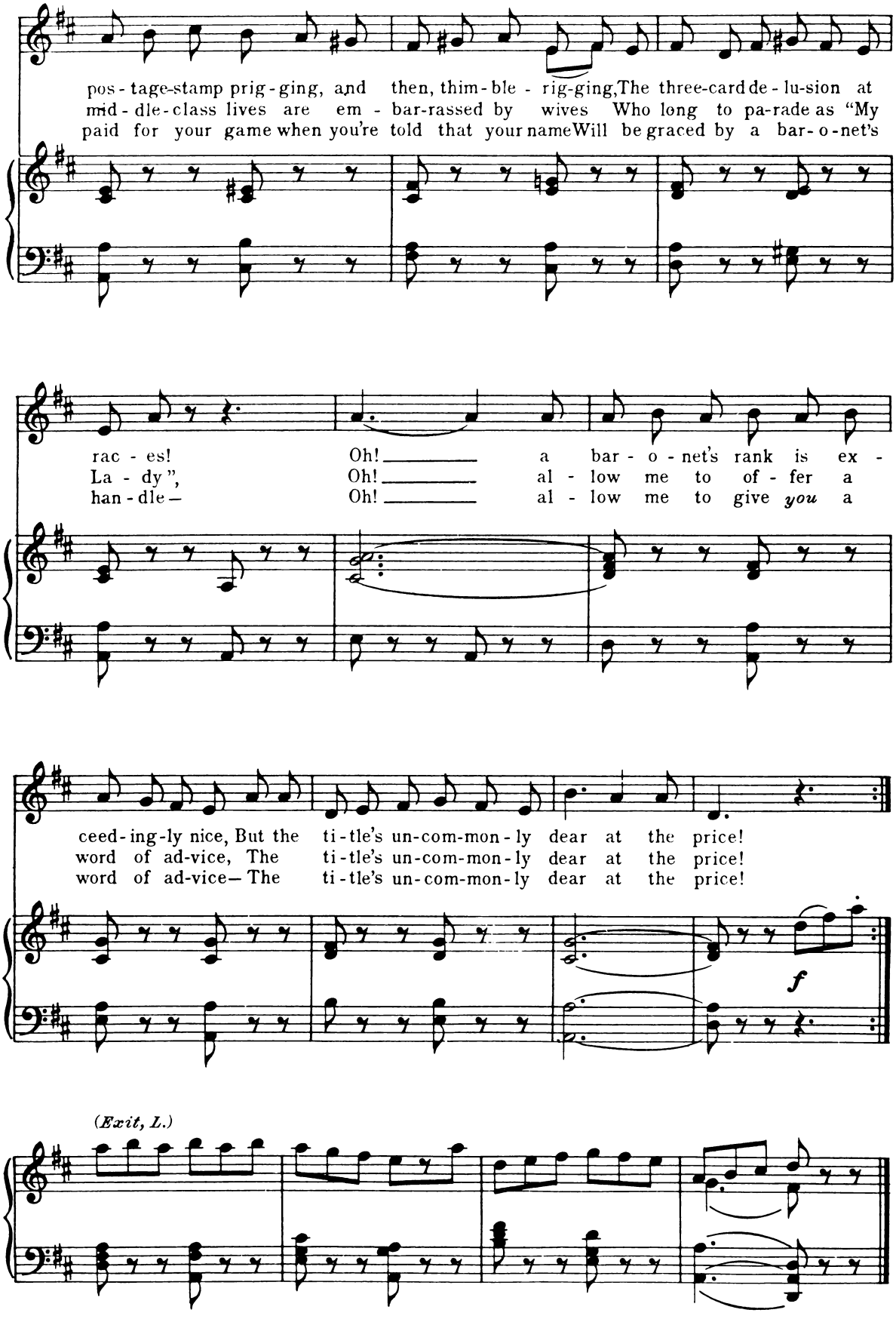
(*Robin draws the curtain over Sir Roderic's portrait.*)



* This song is frequently omitted.


più lento
ty, I ring your knell! Come, guilt - i - ness of dead-liest
hue! Come, des - p'rate deeds of der - ring - do!
Ped.
Allegro comodo ♩. = 120
1. Hence-
2. Ye
3. Ye
f
forth all the crimes that I find in the Times I've prom-ised to per - pe - trate
well - to - do squires, who live in the shires, Where pet - ty dis-tinc-tions are
sup - ple M. P.s', who go down on your knees, Your pre - cious i - den - ti - ty
p


dai - ly; To - mor - row I start, with a pet - ri - fied heart, On a
vi - tal, Who found Ath - en - æ - ums and lo - cal mu - se - ums, With
sink - ing, And vote black or white as your lead - ers in - dite (Which
reg - u - lar course of Old Bai - ley. There's con - fi - dence trick - ing, bad
views to a bar - o - net's ti - tle— Ye butch - ers and bak - ers and
saves you the trou - ble of think - ing), For your coun - try's good fame, her re -
coin, pock - et - pick - ing, And sev - er - al oth - er dis - grac - es— There's
can - dle - stick mak - ers Who sneer at all things that are trad - ey— Whose
pute, or her shame, You don't care the snuff of a can - dle— But you're

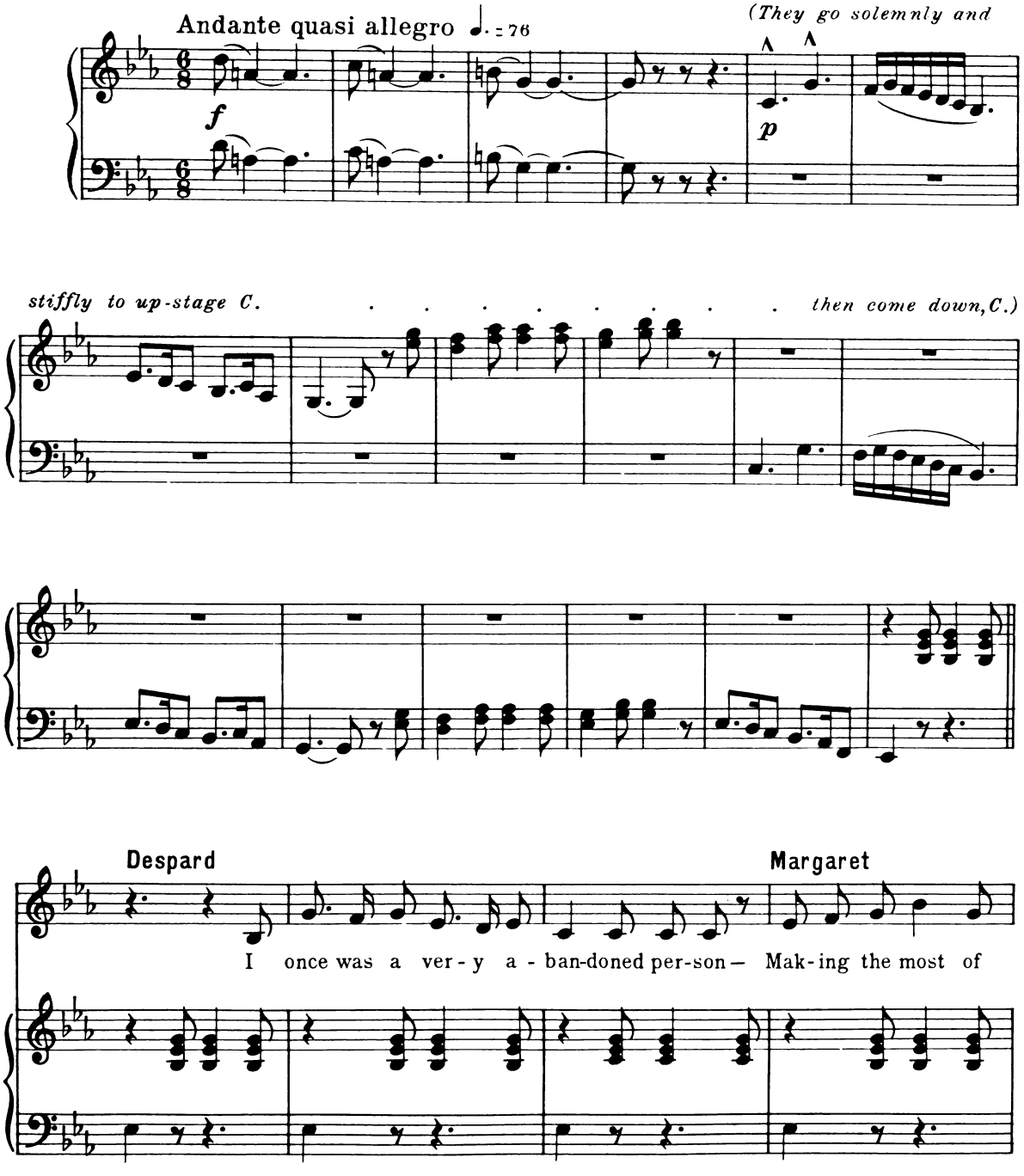

pos - tage-stamp prig - ging, and then, thim - ble - rig-ging, The three-card de - lu-sion at
mid - dle-class lives are em - bar-rassed by wives Who long to pa-rade as "My
paid for your game when you're told that your name Will be graced by a bar - o - net's
rac - es! Oh! a bar - o - net's rank is ex -
La - dy", Oh! al - low me to of - fer a
han - dle— Oh! al - low me to give you a
ceed - ing - ly nice, But the ti - tle's un - com - mon - ly dear at the price!
word of ad-vice, The ti - tle's un - com - mon - ly dear at the price!
word of ad-vice— The ti - tle's un - com - mon - ly dear at the price!
f
(Exit, L.)

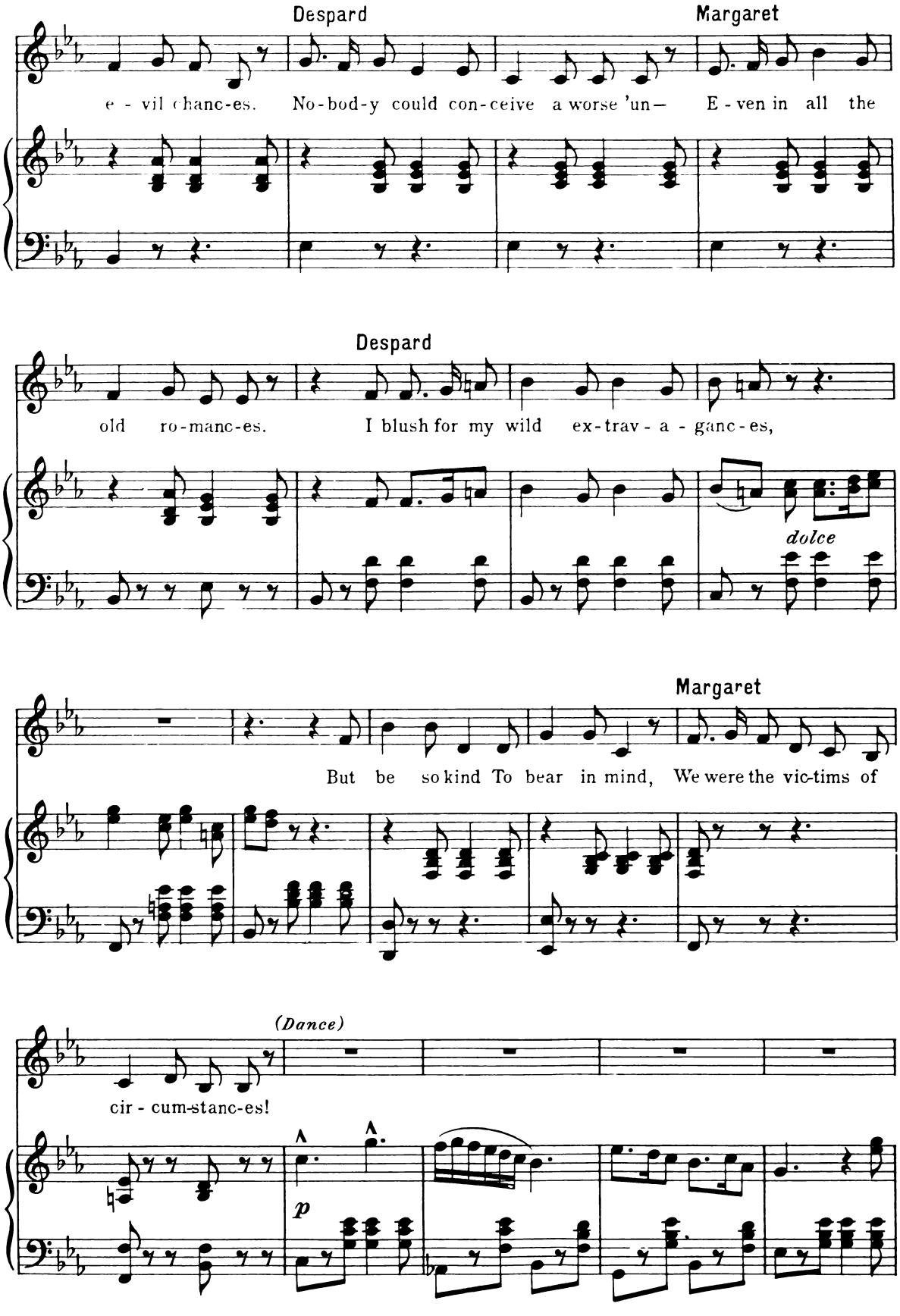
No. 23. I once was a very abandoned person

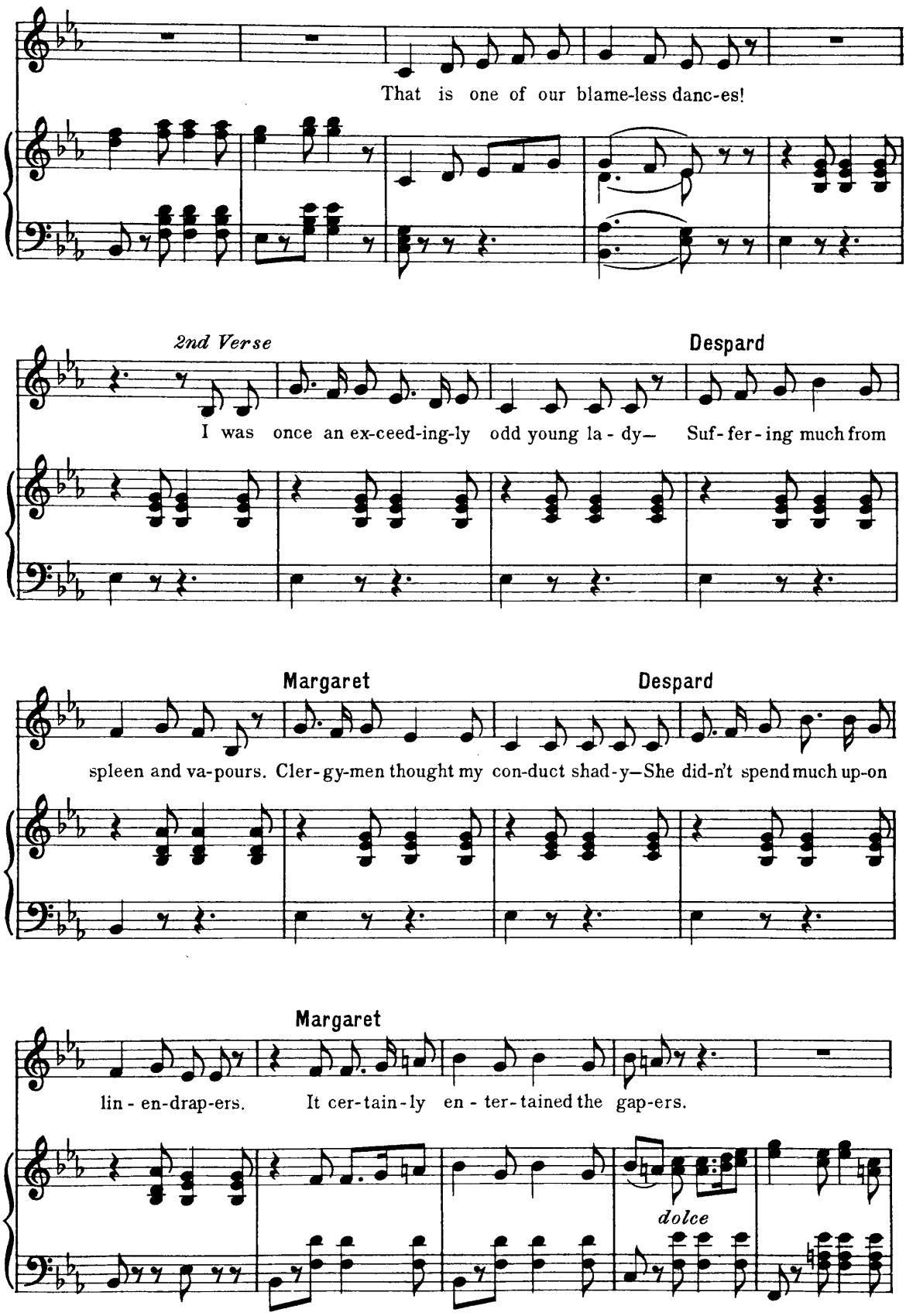
Duet

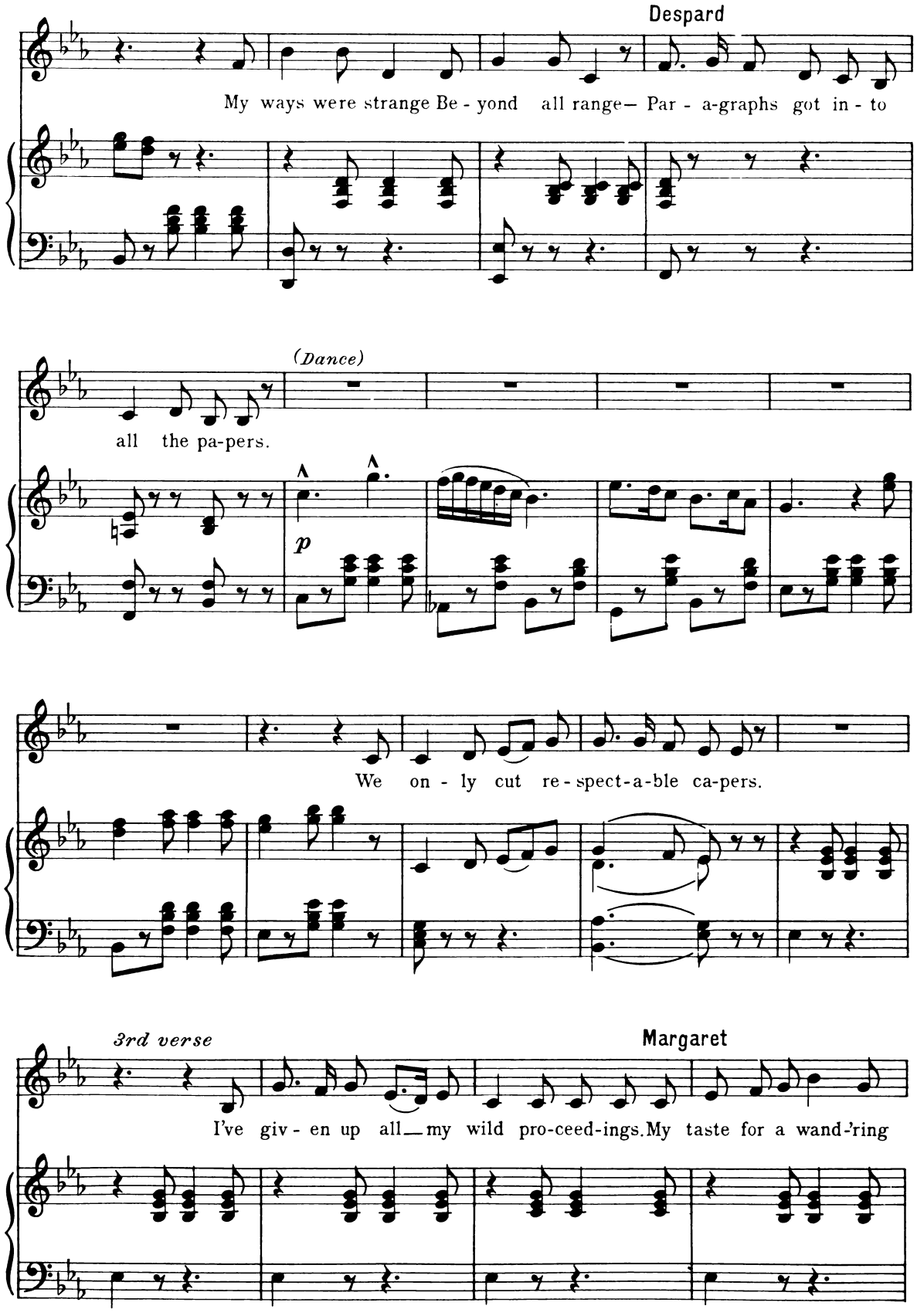
Despard and Margaret

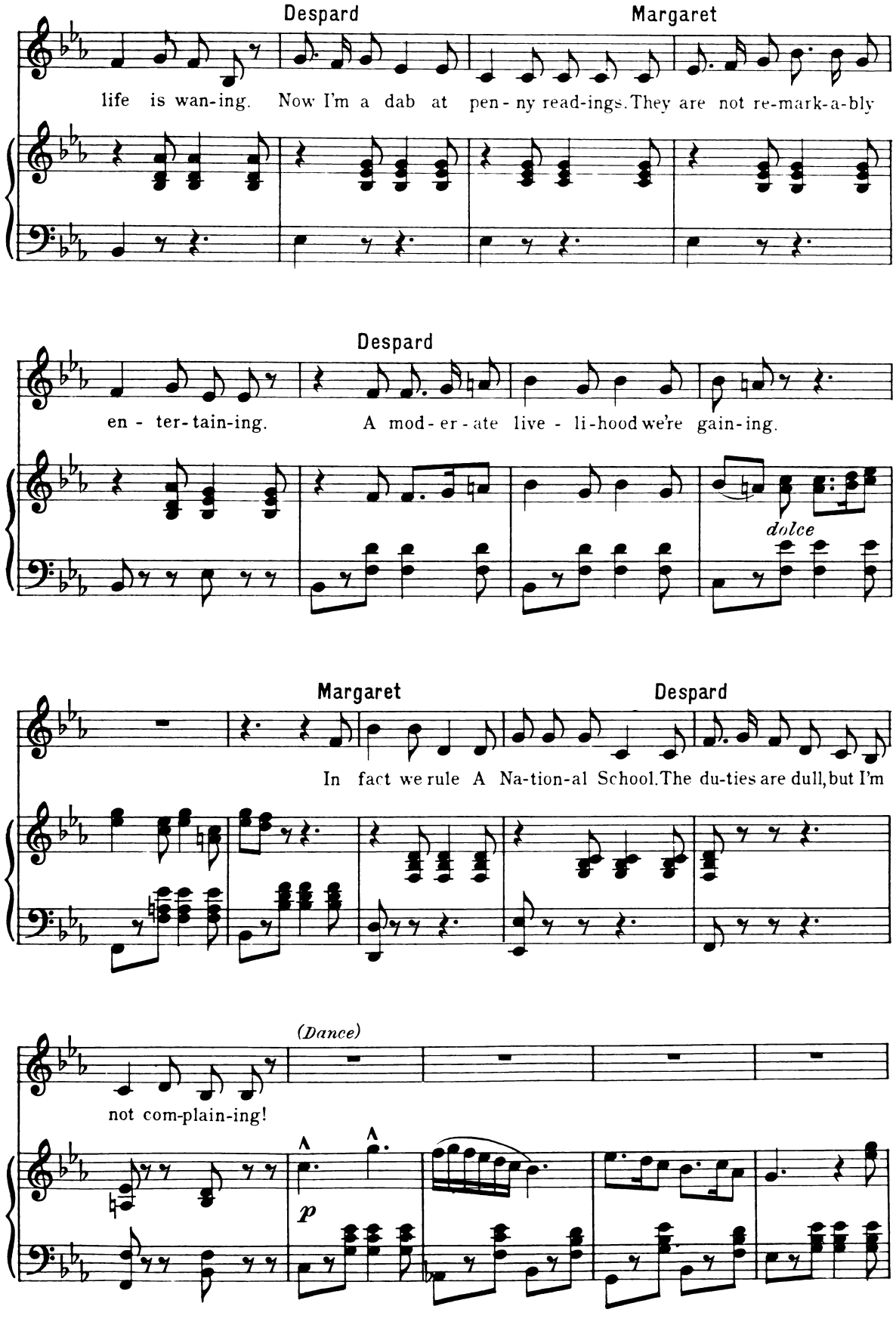
(Enter Despard and Margaret, R. They are both dressed in sober black of formal cut, and present a strong contrast to their appearance in Act I.)

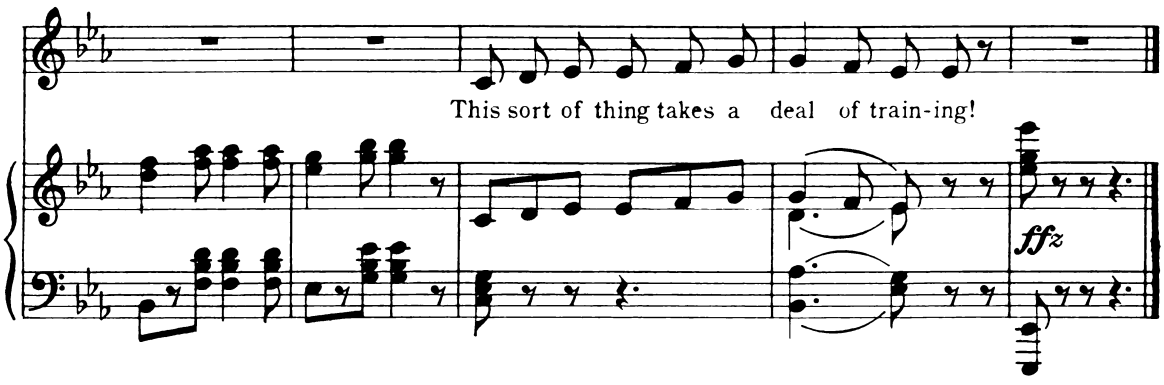



Despard
Margaret
e - vil chanc-es. No-bod-y could con-ceive a worse 'un— E - ven in all the
Despard
old ro-manc-es. I blush for my wild ex-trav - a - ganc-es,
dolce
Margaret
But be so kind To bear in mind, We were the vic-tims of
(Dance)
cir - cum-stanc-es!
p


That is one of our blame-less danc-es!
2nd Verse
Despard
I was once an ex-ceed-ing-ly odd young la - dy— Suf - fer - ing much from
Margaret
Despard
spleen and va-pours. Cler-gy-men thought my con-duct shad-y—She did-n't spend much up-on
Margaret
lin - en-drap-ers. It cer-tain-ly en - ter-tained the gap-ers.
dolce


Despard
My ways were strange Be - yond all range— Par - a-graphs got in - to
(Dance)
all the pa-pers.
p
We on - ly cut re - spect-a-ble ca-pers.
3rd verse
Margaret
I've giv - en up all my wild pro-ceed-ings. My taste for a wand-'ring


Despard
Margaret
life is wan-ing. Now I'm a dab at pen-ny read-ings. They are not re-mark-a-bly
Despard
en-ter-tain-ing. A mod-er-ate live-li-hood we're gain-ing.
dolce
Margaret
Despard
In fact we rule A Na-tion-al School. The du-ties are dull, but I'm
(Dance)
not com-plain-ing!
p



Despard: We have been married a week.

Margaret: One happy, happy week!

Despard: Our new life–

Margaret: Is delightful indeed!

Despard: So calm!

Margaret: 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!

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

Margaret: A gentle district visitor!

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

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

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

Margaret: Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

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

Margaret: Why not?

Despard: Because it's too jumpy for a sick-room.

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

Despard: Now! *(warningly)*

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

Despard: Poor child, she wanders! But soft– someone comes– Margaret– pray recollect yourself– Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: Then make it so.

(Enter Robin. He starts on seeing them.)

Robin: Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

Margaret: Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and–

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: (*suddenly demure*) Basingstoke it is!

Despard: (*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 course to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

Robin: But I've done no wrong yet!

Margaret: *(wildly)* No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: 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.

Robin: I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

Despard: Awful. Wasn't he? *(to Margaret)*

Robin: And I've been going on like this for how long?

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

Robin: Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there– don't cry, my dear *(to Margaret, who is sobbing on Robin's breast)*, it's all right now. Birmingham, you know– Birmingham–

Margaret: *(sobbing)* It's Ba– Ba– Basingstoke!

Robin: Basingstoke! of course it is– Basingstoke.

Margaret: Then make it so!

Robin: 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?

Despard: Oh, *I've* married her.

Robin: *(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!

Margaret: I knew it– I knew it– God bless you– *(hysterically)*

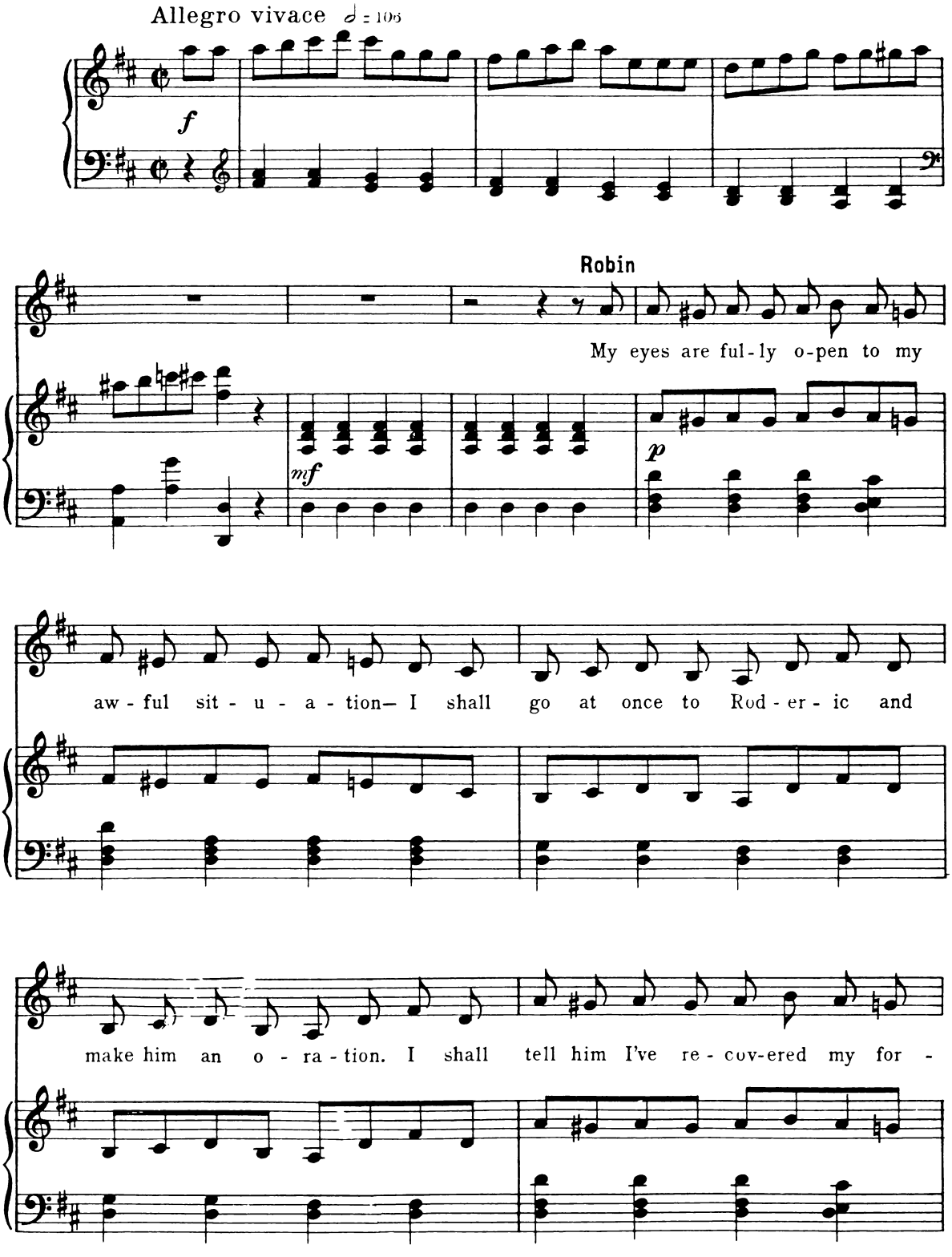
Despard: Basingstoke!

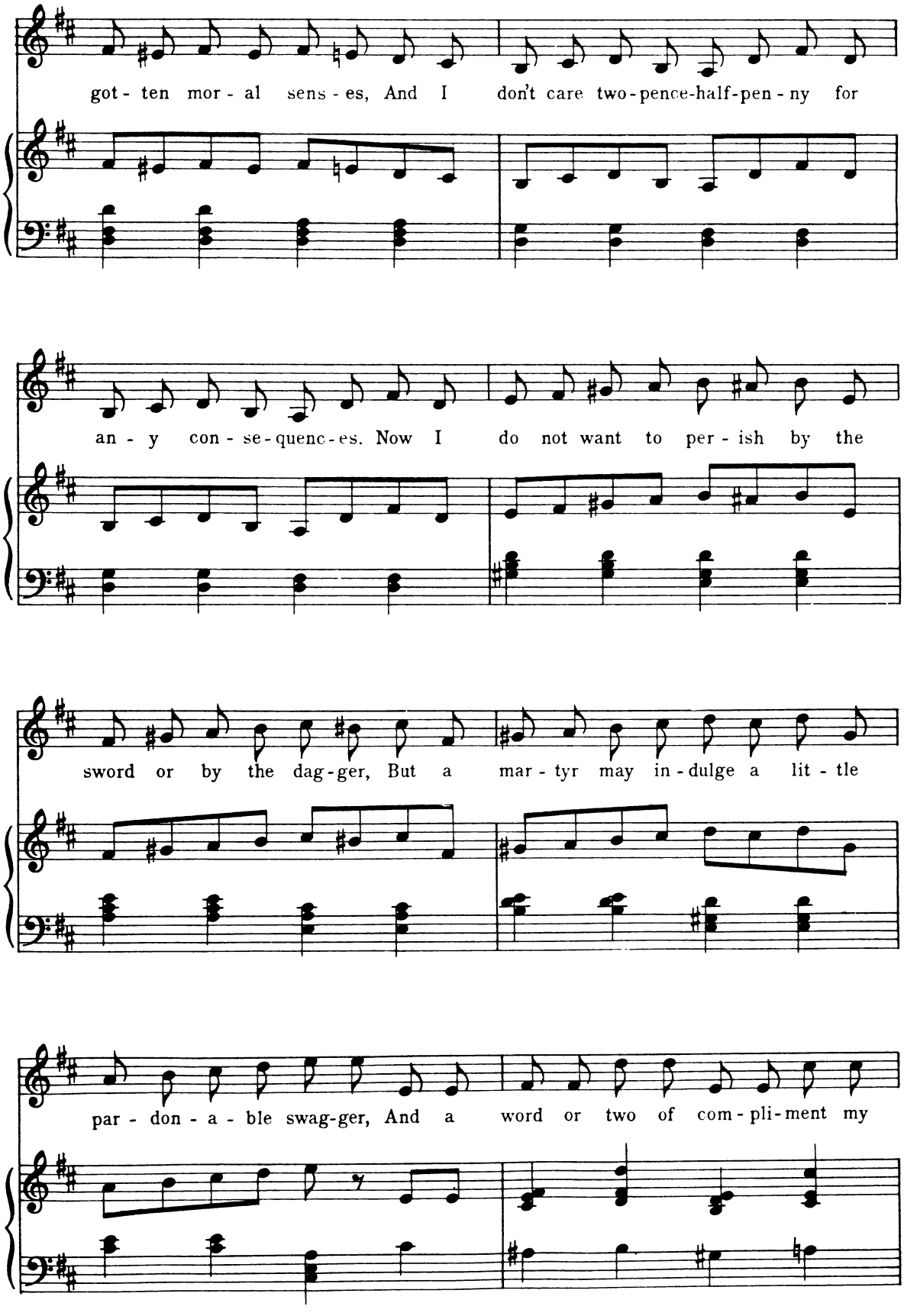
Margaret: Basingstoke it is! *(Recovers herself)*

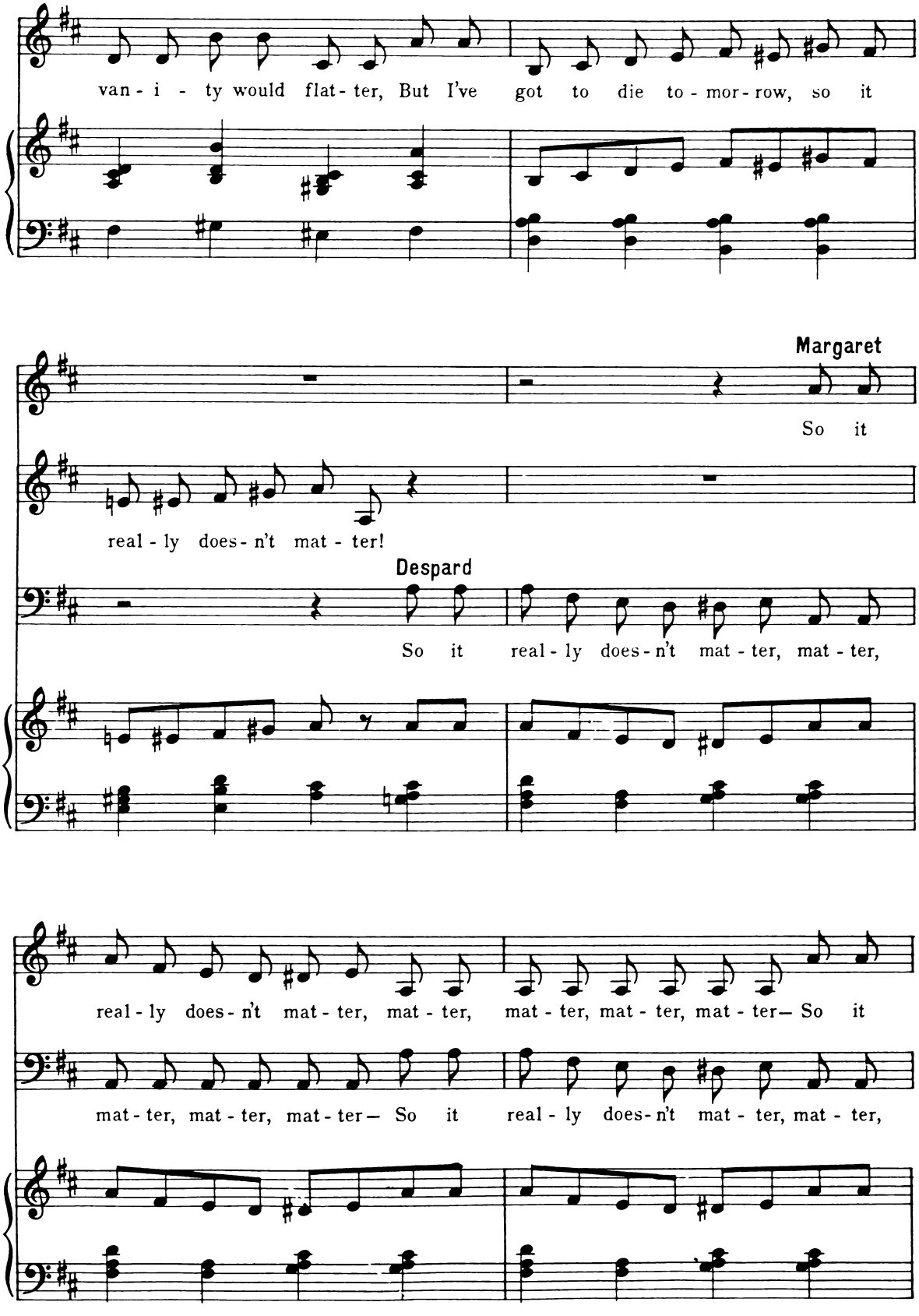
No. 24. My eyes are fully open

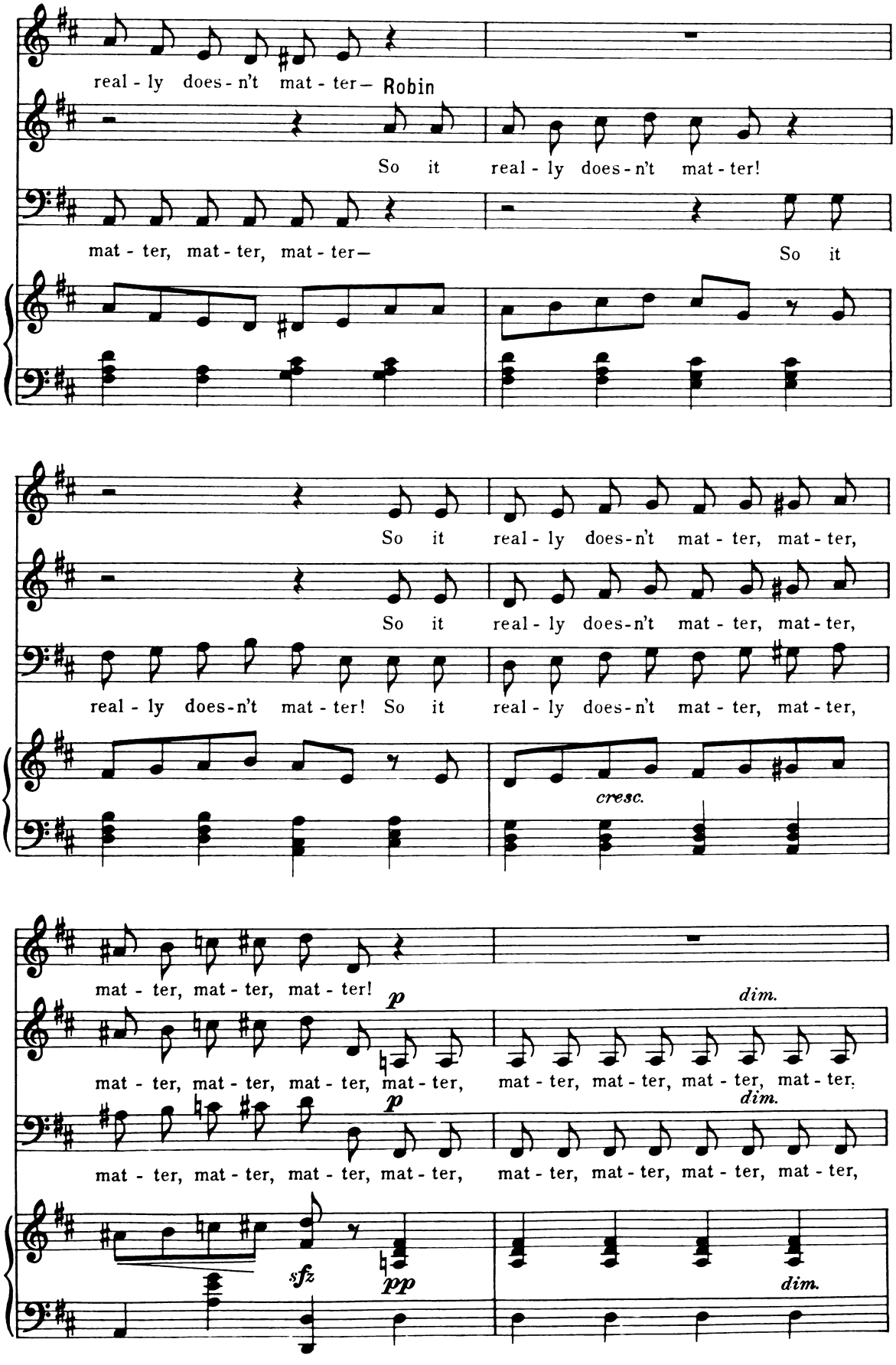
Trio

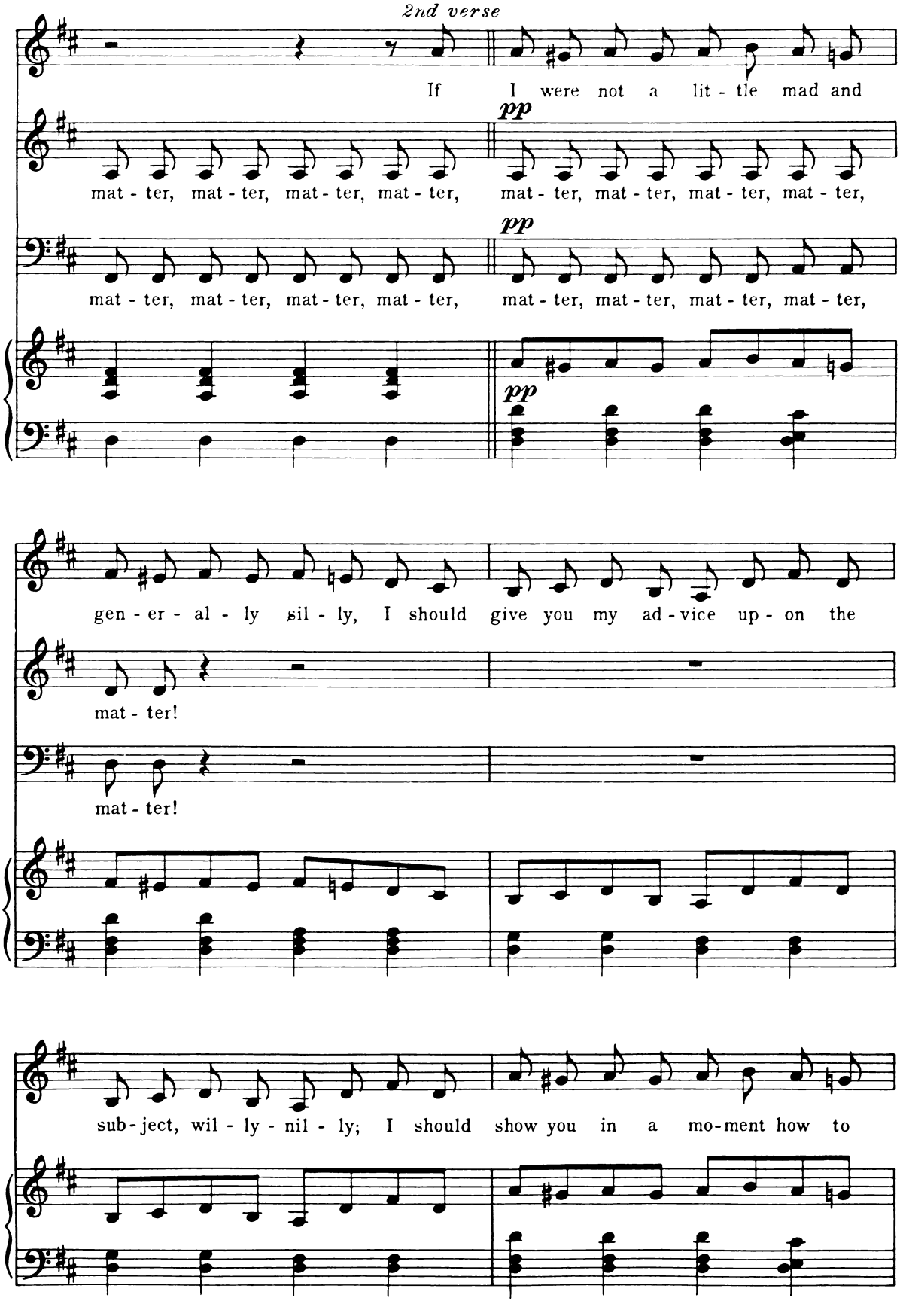
Robin, Despard, and Margaret

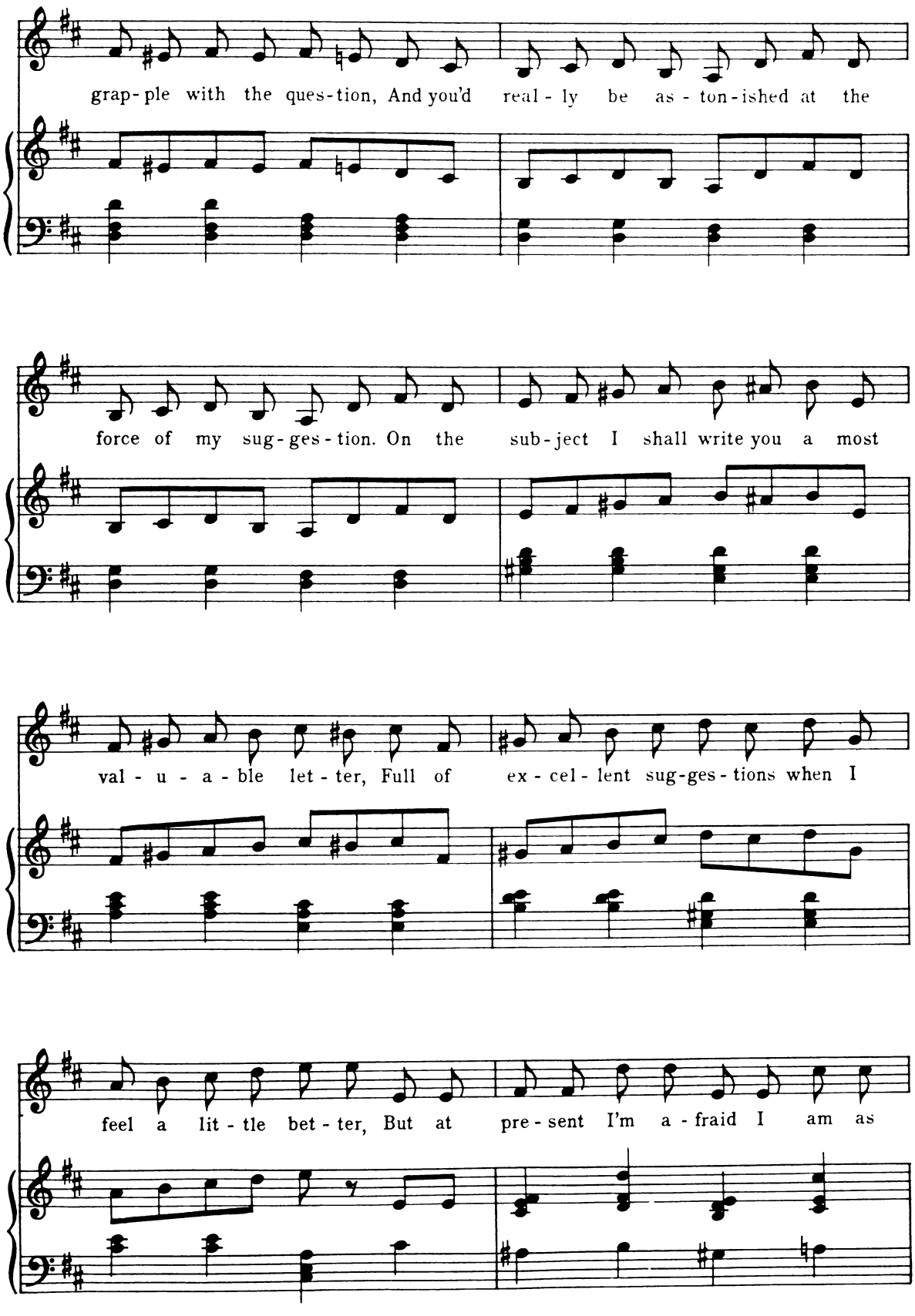


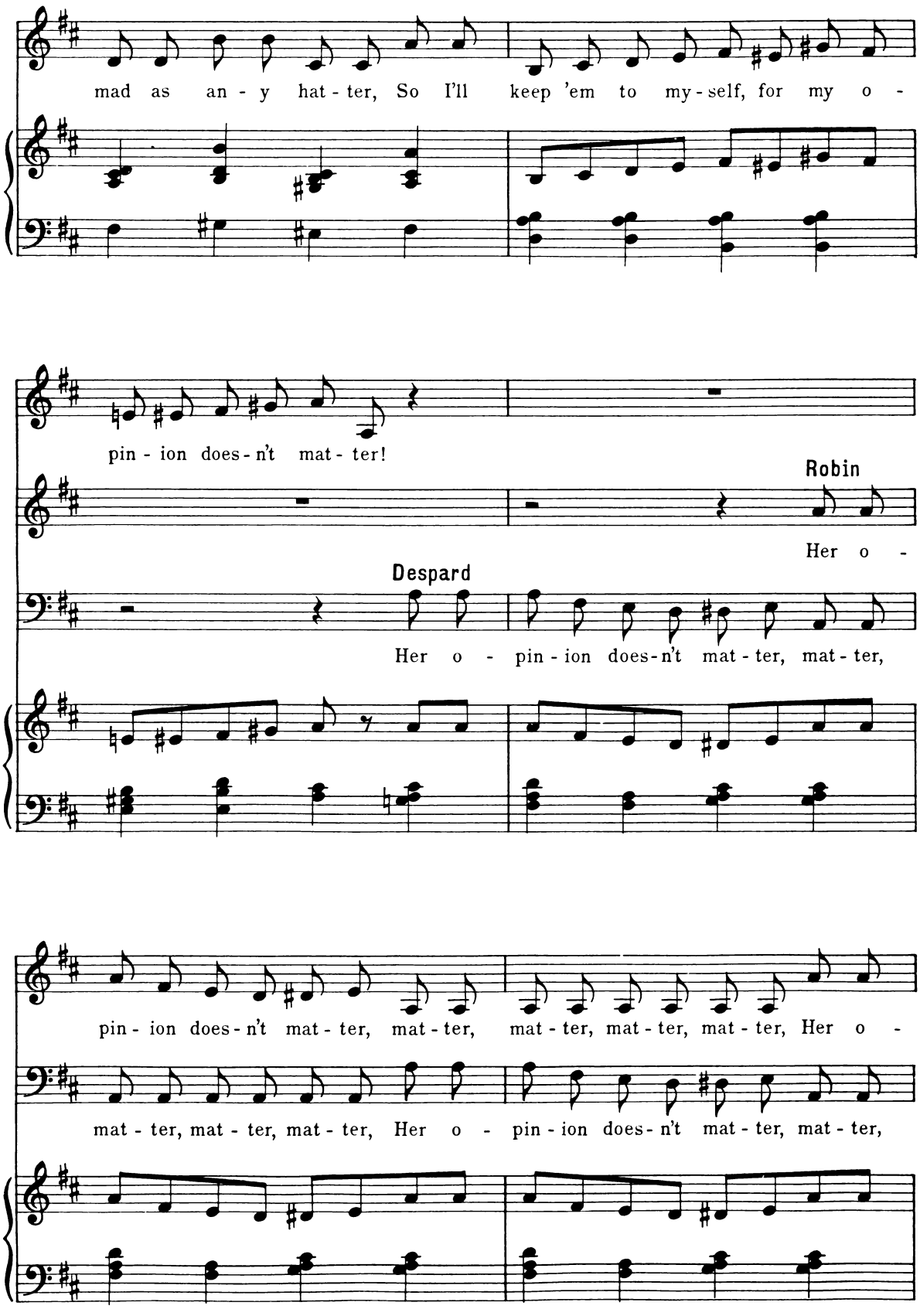

got - ten mor - al sens - es, And I don't care two-pence-half-pen - ny for
an - y con - se - quenc - es. Now I do not want to per - ish by the
sword or by the dag - ger, But a mar - tyr may in - dulge a lit - tle
par - don - a - ble swag - ger, And a word or two of com - pli - ment my

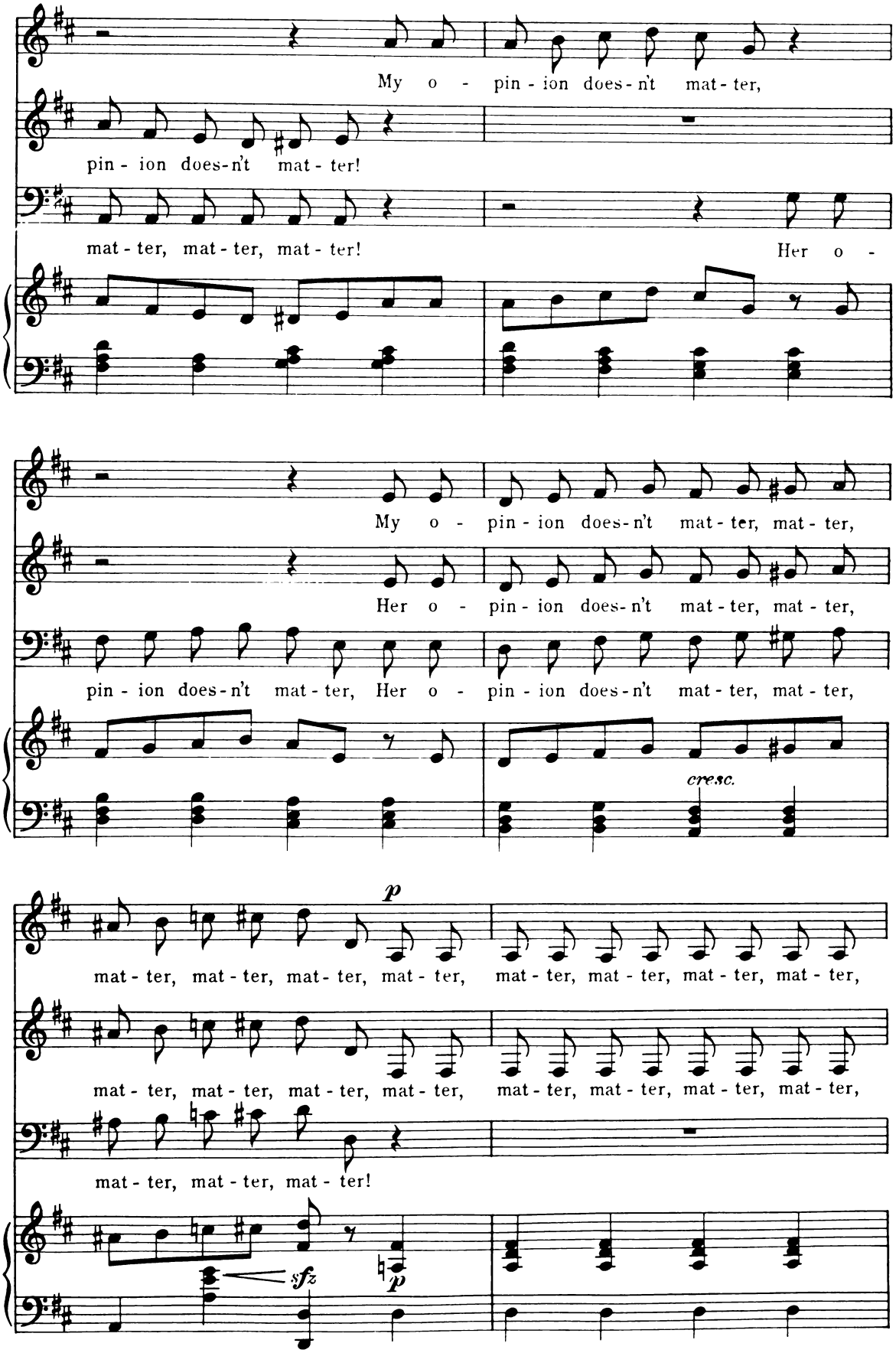

van - i - ty would flat - ter, But I've got to die to - mor - row, so it
Margaret
So it
real - ly does - n't mat - ter!
Despard
So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter— So it
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter— So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,

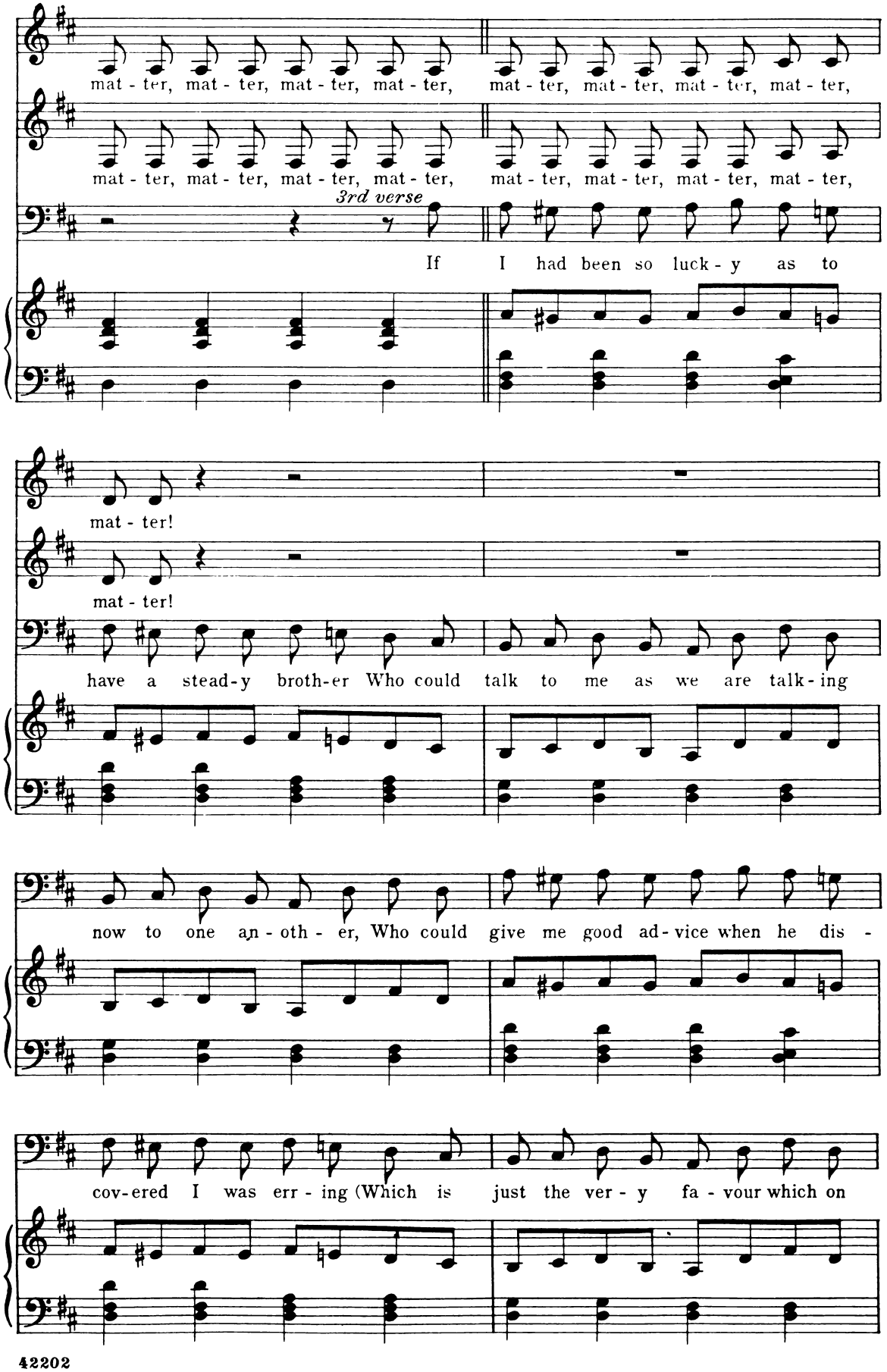

real - ly does - n't mat - ter— Robin
So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter!
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter— So it
So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
real - ly does - n't mat - ter! So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
cresc.
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter!
p
dim.
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
p
dim.
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
sfz
pp
dim.

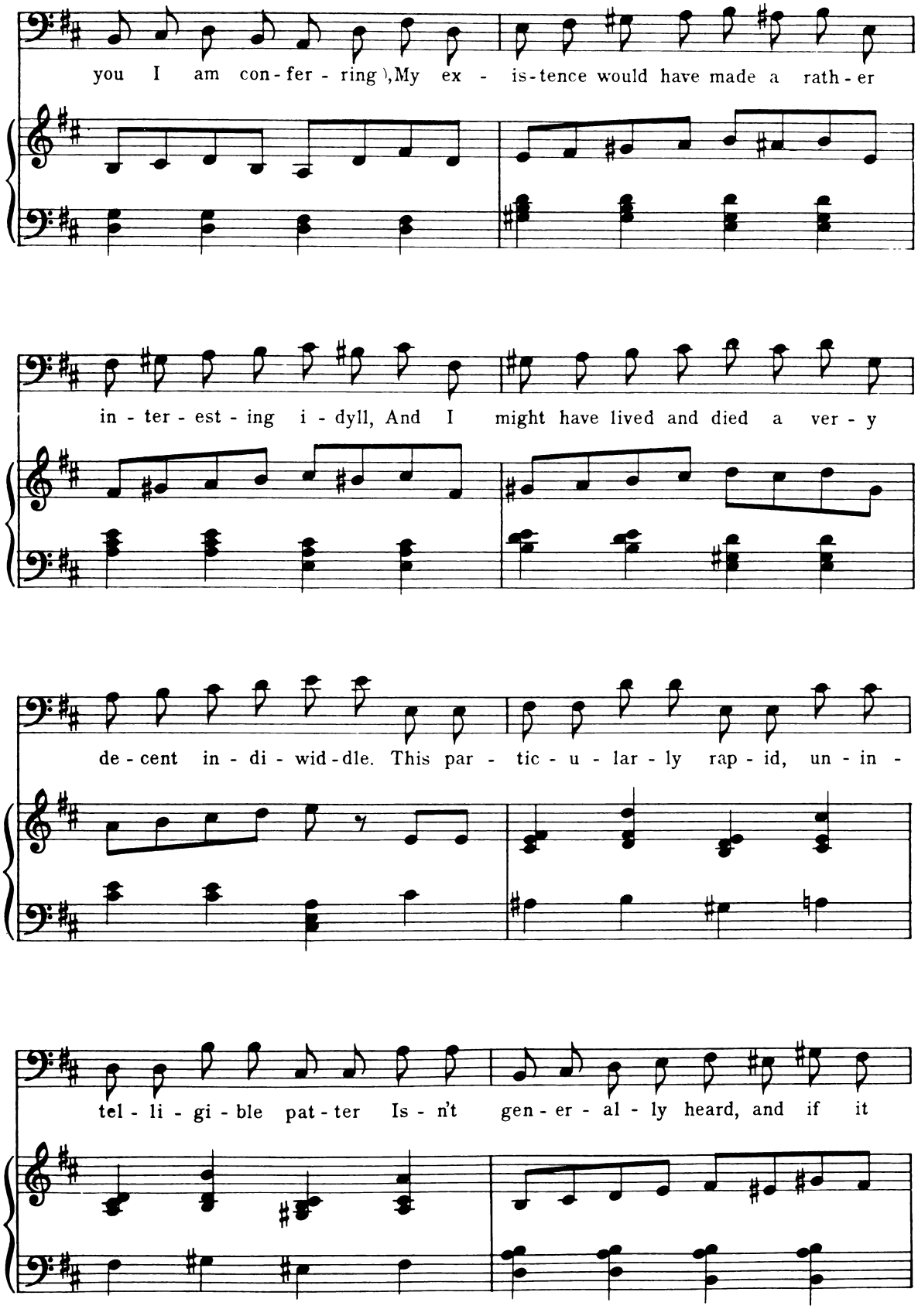

2nd verse
If I were not a lit - tle mad and
pp
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
pp
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
pp
gen - er - al - ly sil - ly, I should give you my ad - vice up - on the
mat - ter!
mat - ter!
sub - ject, wil - ly - nil - ly; I should show you in a mo - ment how to

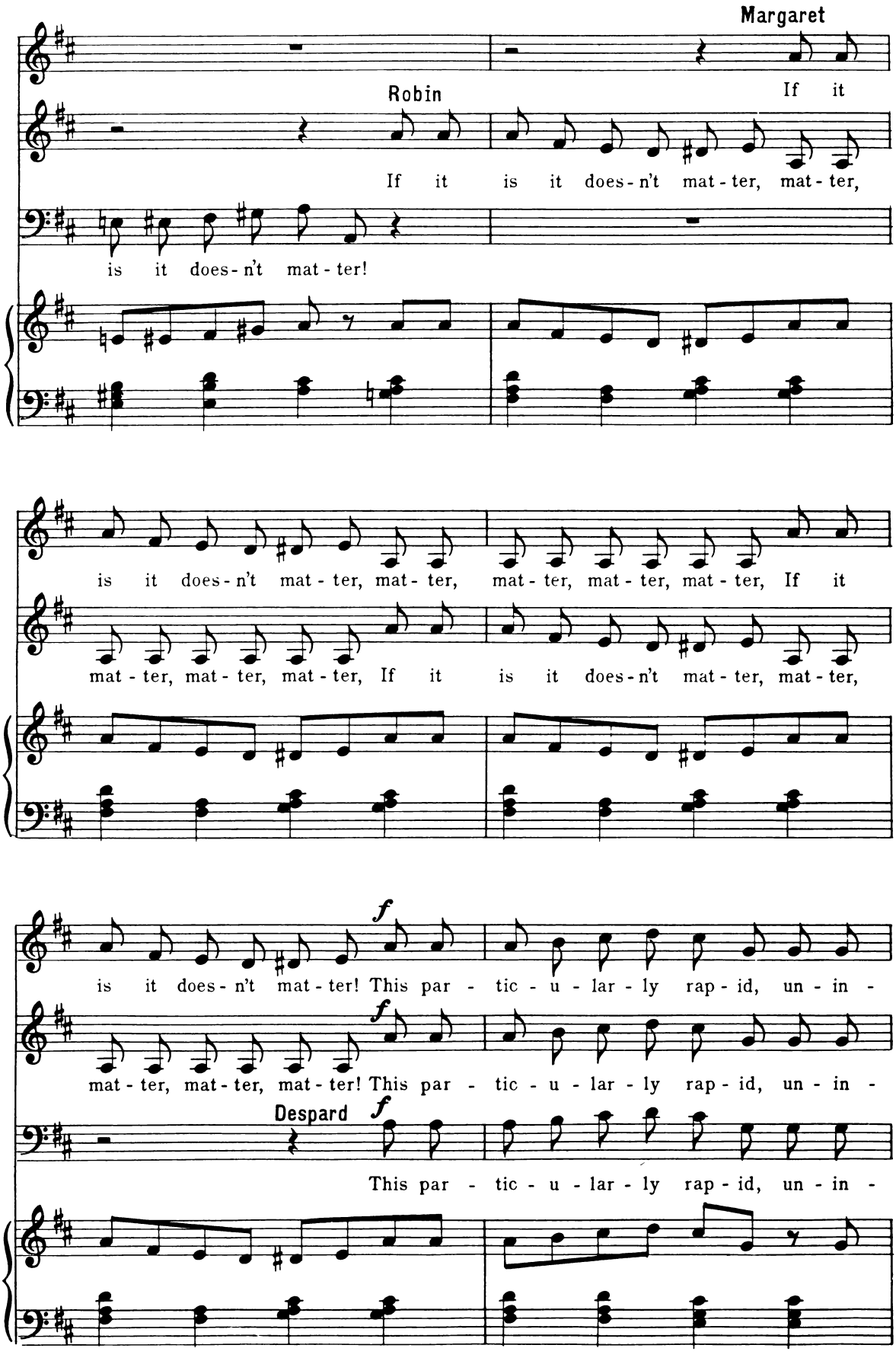

grap-ple with the ques-tion, And you'd real-ly be as-ton-ished at the
force of my sug-ges-tion. On the sub-ject I shall write you a most
val-u-a-ble let-ter, Full of ex-cel-lent sug-ges-tions when I
feel a lit-tle bet-ter, But at pre-sent I'm a-fraid I am as

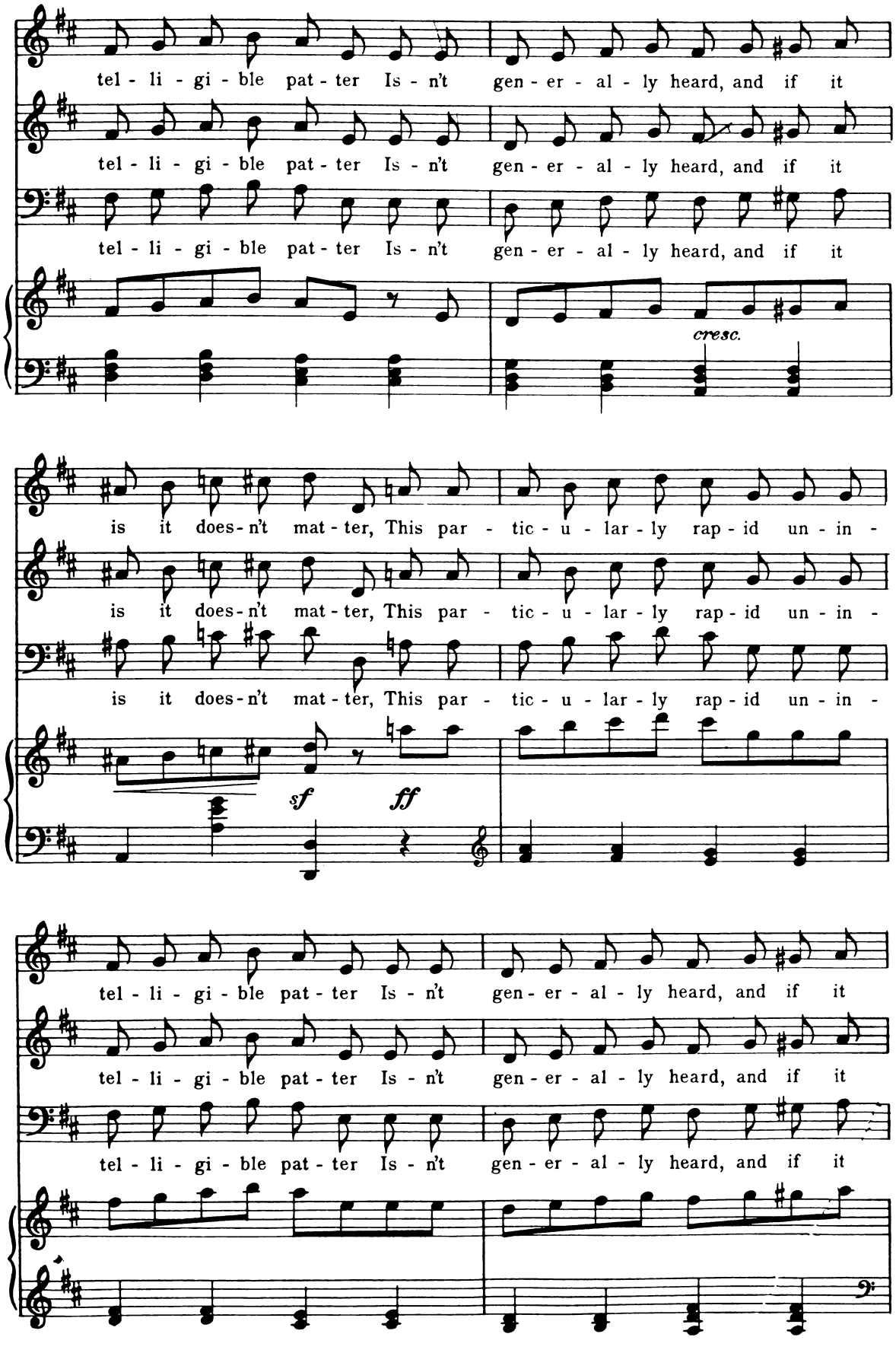

mad as an - y hat - ter, So I'll keep 'em to my - self, for my o -
pin - ion does - n't mat - ter!
Robin
Her o -
Despard
Her o - pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, Her o -
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, Her o - pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,

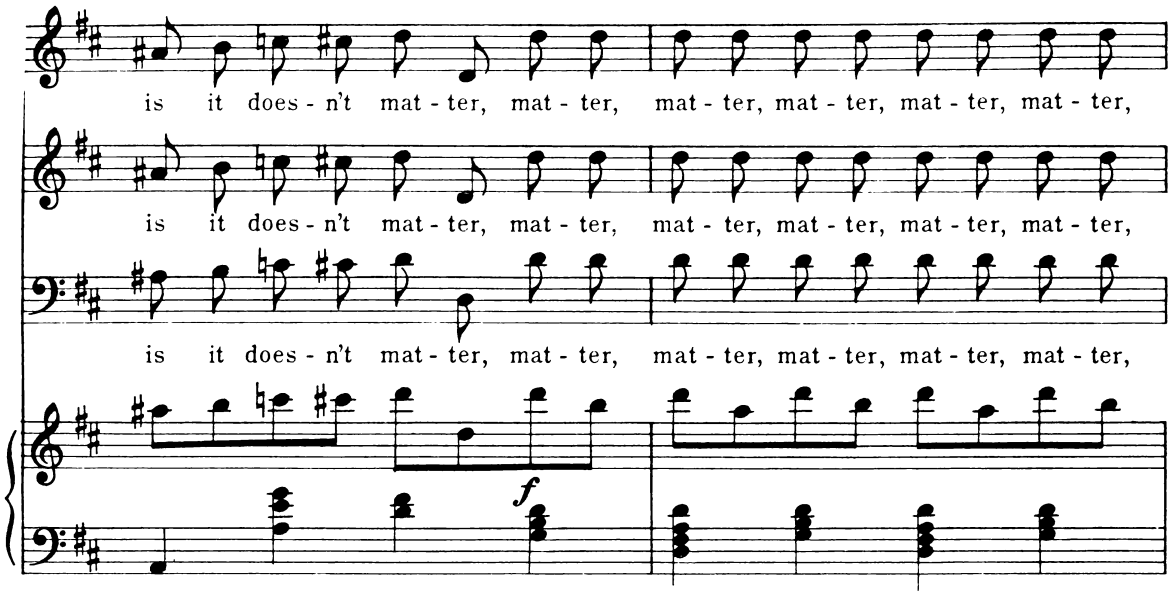

My o - pin - ion does-n't mat - ter,
pin - ion does-n't mat - ter!
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter!
Her o -
My o - pin - ion does-n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
Her o - pin - ion does-n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
pin - ion does-n't mat - ter, Her o - pin - ion does-n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
cresc.
p
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter!
sfz
p


mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter,
3rd verse
If I had been so luck - y as to
mat - ter!
mat - ter!
have a stead-y broth-er Who could talk to me as we are talk - ing
now to one an - oth - er, Who could give me good ad - vice when he dis -
cov-ered I was err - ing (Which is just the ver - y fa - vour which on

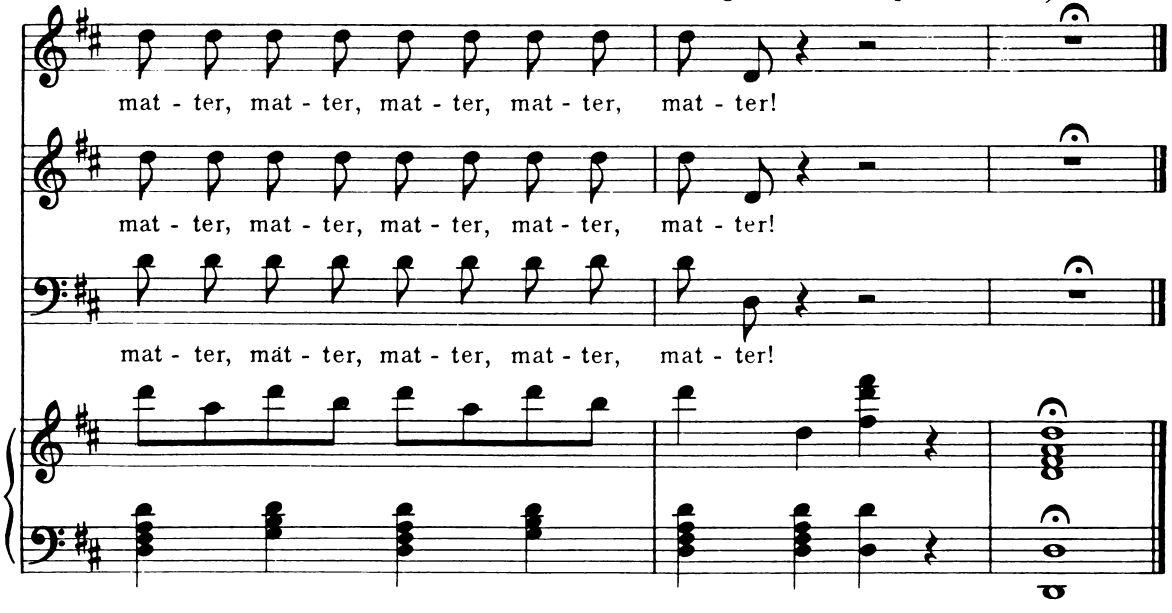

you I am con-fer-ring),My ex- is-tence would have made a rath-er
in-ter-est-ing i-dyll, And I might have lived and died a ver-y
de-cent in-di-wid-dle. This par- tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter Is-n't gen-er-al-ly heard, and if it


Margaret
Robin
If it
If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
is it does-n't mat-ter!
is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
f
is it does-n't mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
f
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
Despard
f
This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-


tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it
tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it
tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it
cresc.
is it does - n't mat - ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id un - in -
is it does - n't mat - ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id un - in -
is it does - n't mat - ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id un - in -
sf
ff
tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it
tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it
tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it



(Margaret and Despard exeunt, L. U. E.)



(Enter Adam, R.U.E.)

Adam: *(guiltily)* Master– the deed is done!

Robin: What deed?

Adam: She is here– alone, unprotected–

Robin: Who?

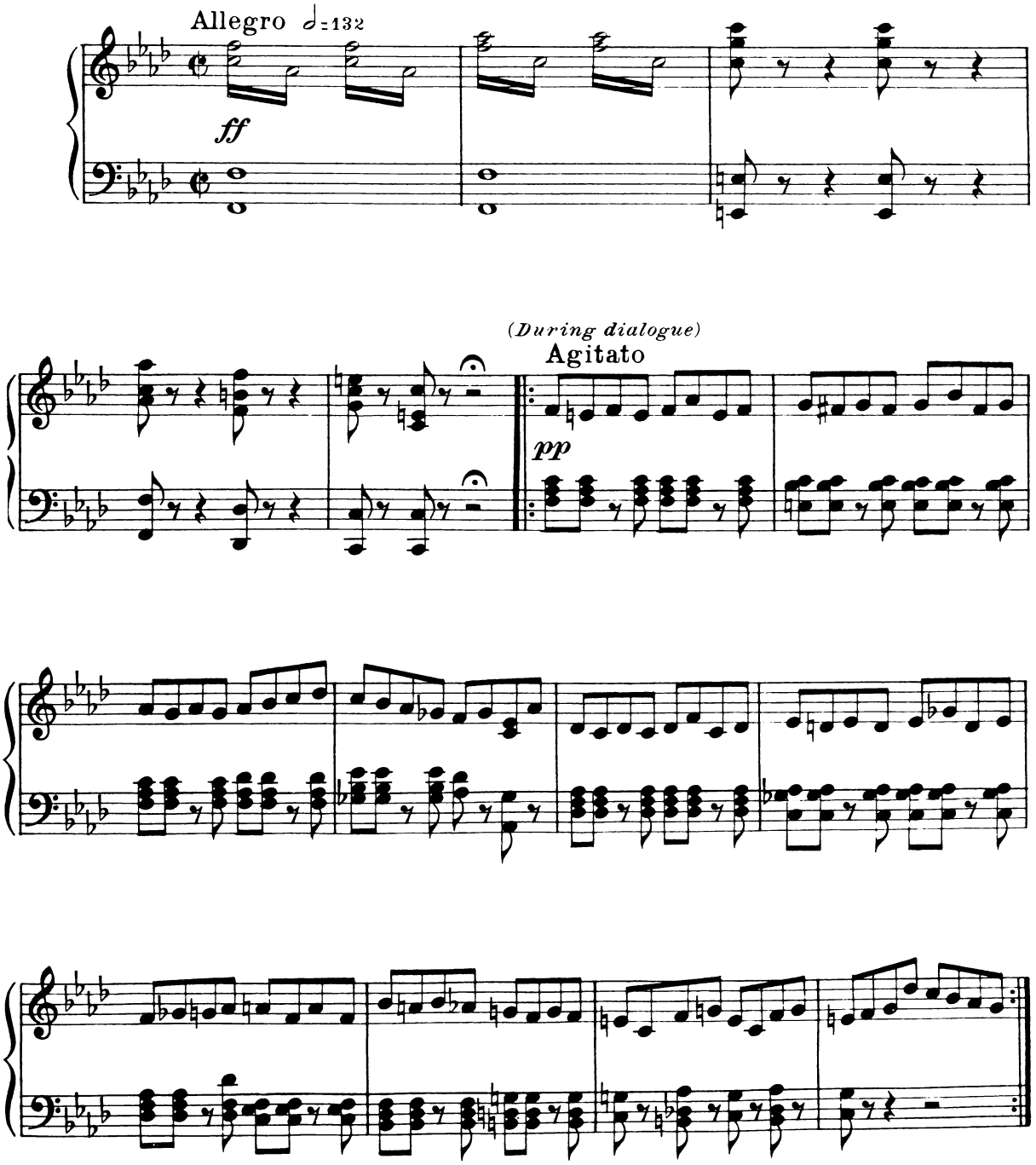
Adam: The maiden. I've carried her off– I had a hard task, for she fought like a tiger-cat!

Robin: 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!

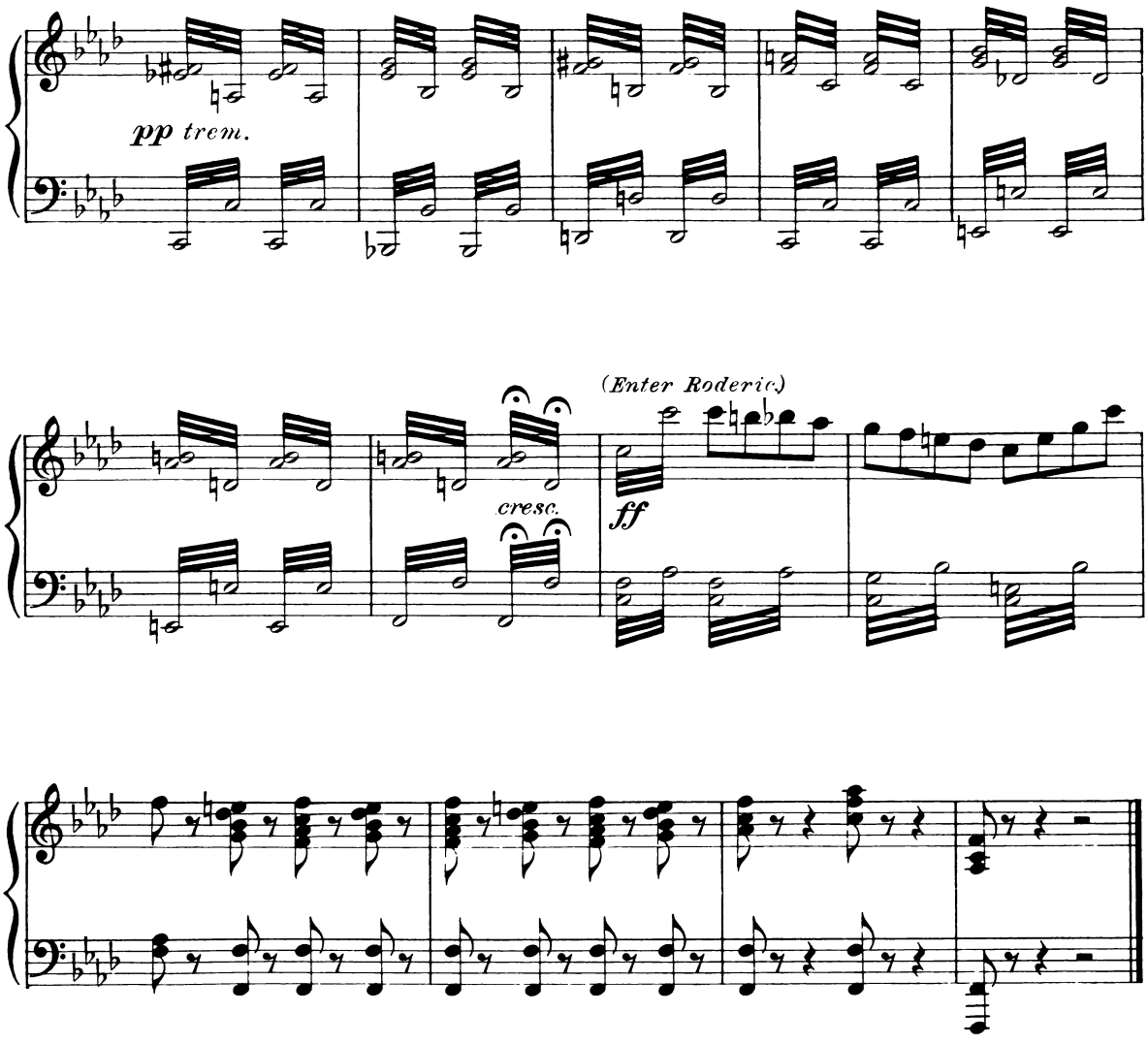
No. 25. Melodrama

[Usually omitted]

(*Entrance of Adam with Hannah.*)



Coda



(Adam introduces Dame Hannah, very much excited, and exits, R.)

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

Hannah: 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 stiles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling, 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.)* shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: 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.

Hannah: 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 unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: 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.)

Hannah: 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)*

Robin: *(in an agony of terror)* Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! *(She chases him around the stage. He falls down before the curtain that hides Sir Roderic's picture.)* Roderic! Uncle! Save me! *(Sir Roderic enters, from his picture. He comes down-stage.)*

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

Robin: I have – she is there – look at her – she terrifies me!

Sir Rod: *(looking at Hannah)* Little Nannikin!

Hannah: *(amazed)* Roddy-doddy!

Sir Rod: My own old love! Why, how came *you* here?

Hannah: 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 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.

Robin: Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future not to –

Sir Rod: Hold your tongue, sir.

Robin: Yes, uncle.

Sir Rod: Have you given him any encouragement?

Hannah: *(to Robin)* Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

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

Sir Rod: You go away.

Robin: Yes, uncle. *(Exit Robin, R.)*

Sir Rod: *(They come down-stage.)* This is a strange meeting after so many years!

Hannah: Very. I thought you were dead.

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

Hannah: And are you pretty comfortable?

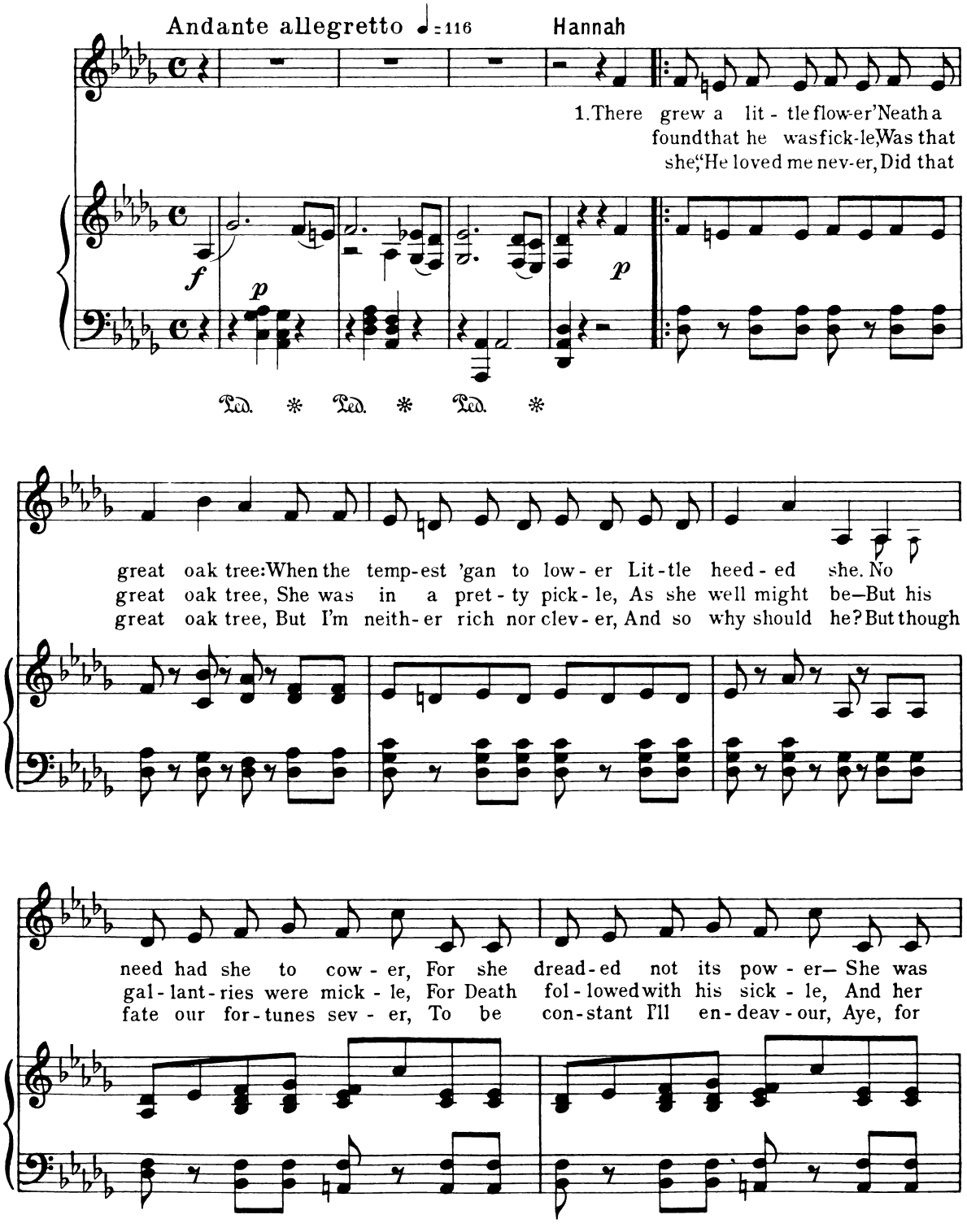
Sir Rod: Pretty well – that is – yes, pretty well.

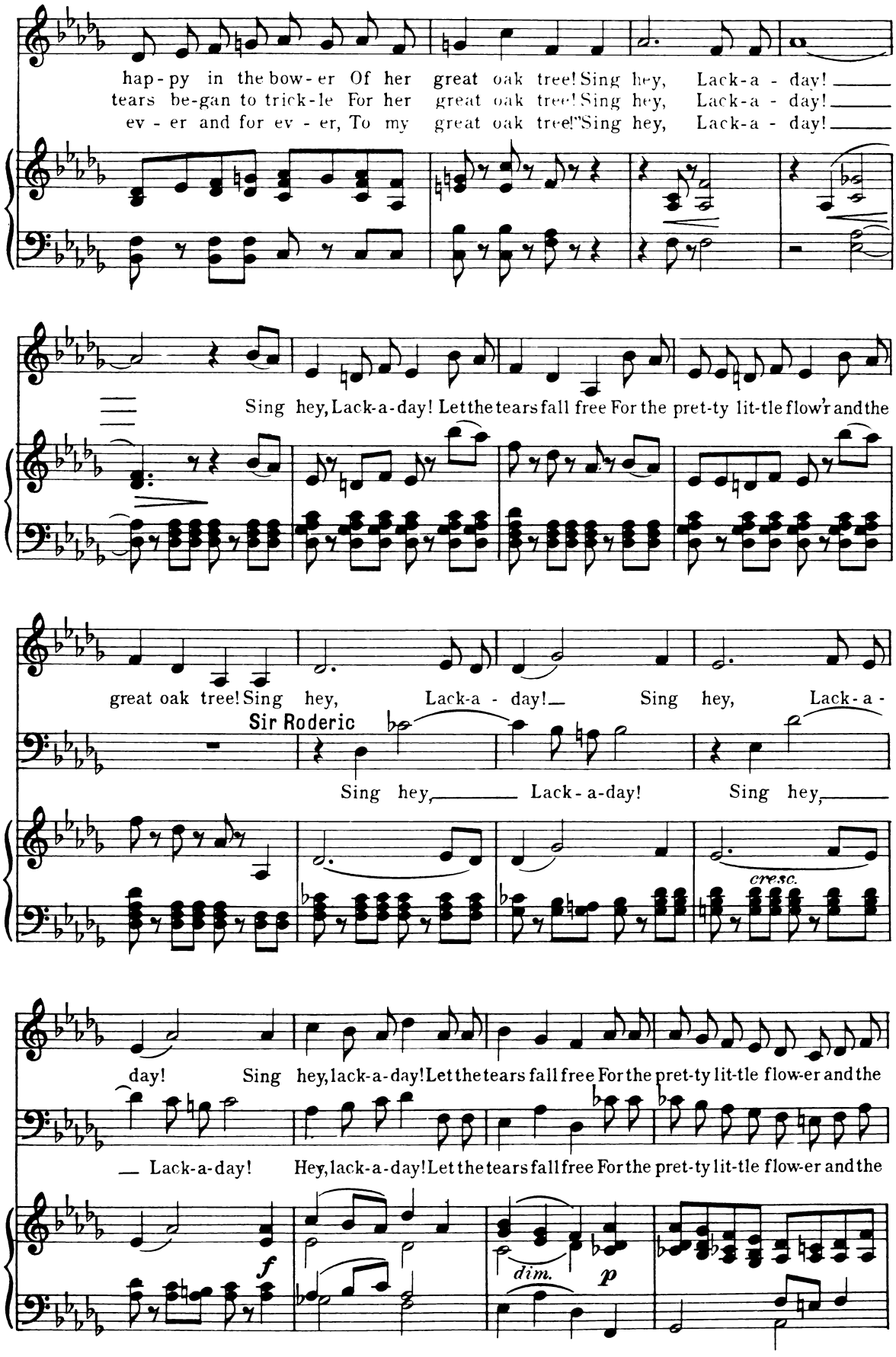
Hannah: You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings-on, you bad, bad boy!

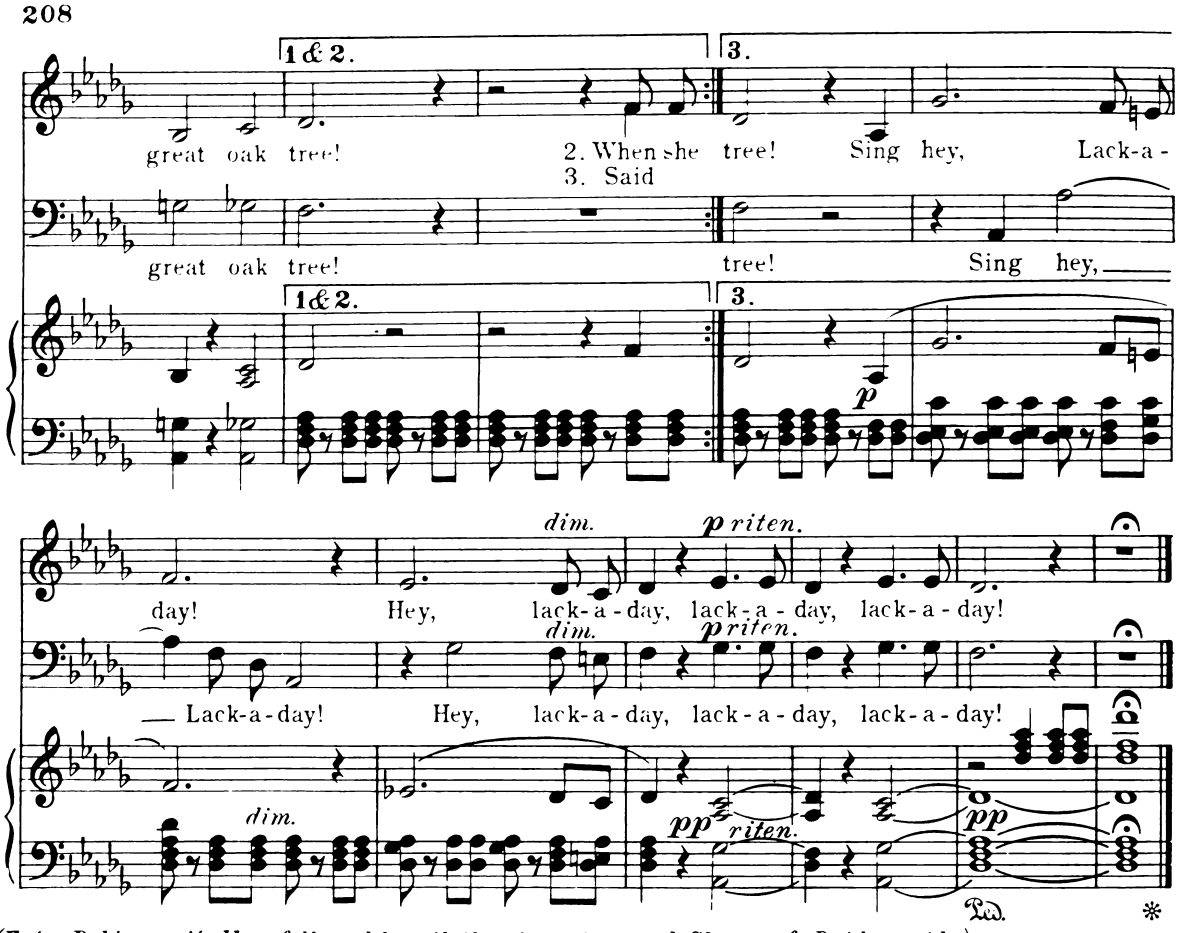
No. 26. There grew a little flower

Ballad

Hannah with Sir Roderic




hap-py in the bow-er Of her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!
tears be-gan to trick-le For her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day!
ev-er and for ev-er, To my great oak tree!" Sing hey, Lack-a-day!
Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow'r and the
great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey, Lack-a-
Sir Roderic
Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Sing hey,
cresc.
day! Sing hey, lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the
Lack-a-day! Hey, lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the
f
dim.
p



(Enter Robin, excitedly, followed by all the characters and Chorus of Bridesmaids.)

Robin: Stop a bit– both of you.

Sir Rod: This intrusion is unmannerly.

Hannah: I'm surprised at you.

Robin: I can't stop to apologize– an idea has just occurredto me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

Sir Rod: No doubt.

Robin: Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

Sir Rod: It would seem so.

Robin: But suicide is, 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 am practically alive!

Robin: Undoubtedly! *(Sir Roderic embraces Hannah.)* Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

Rose: Madly, passionately!

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

Rose: Passionately, madly!

Robin: As before?

Rose: Why, of course!

Robin: My darling! *(They embrace.)*

Richard: Here, I say, belay!

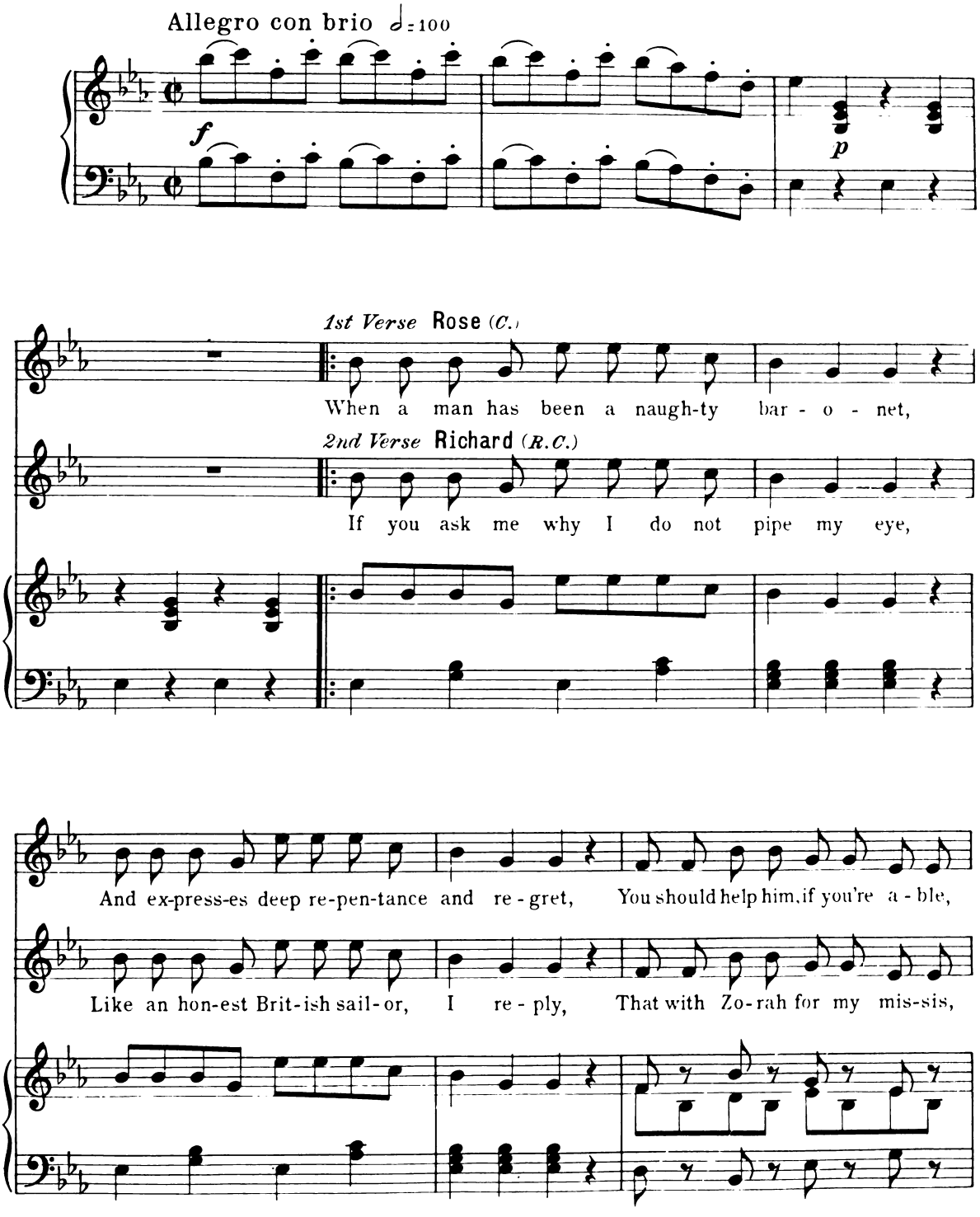
Rose: Oh sir, belay, if it's absolutely necessary!

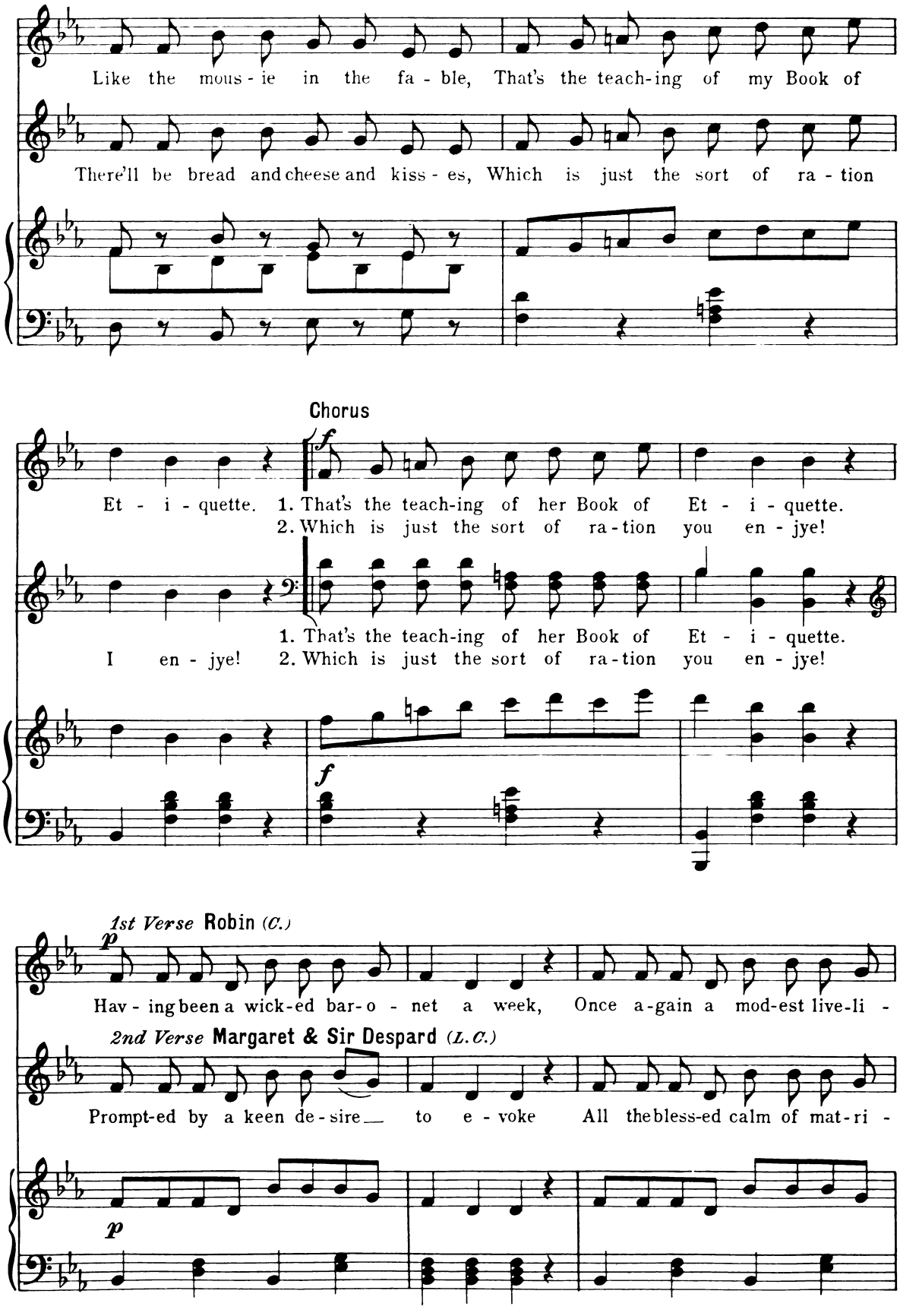
Robin: Belay? Certainly not!

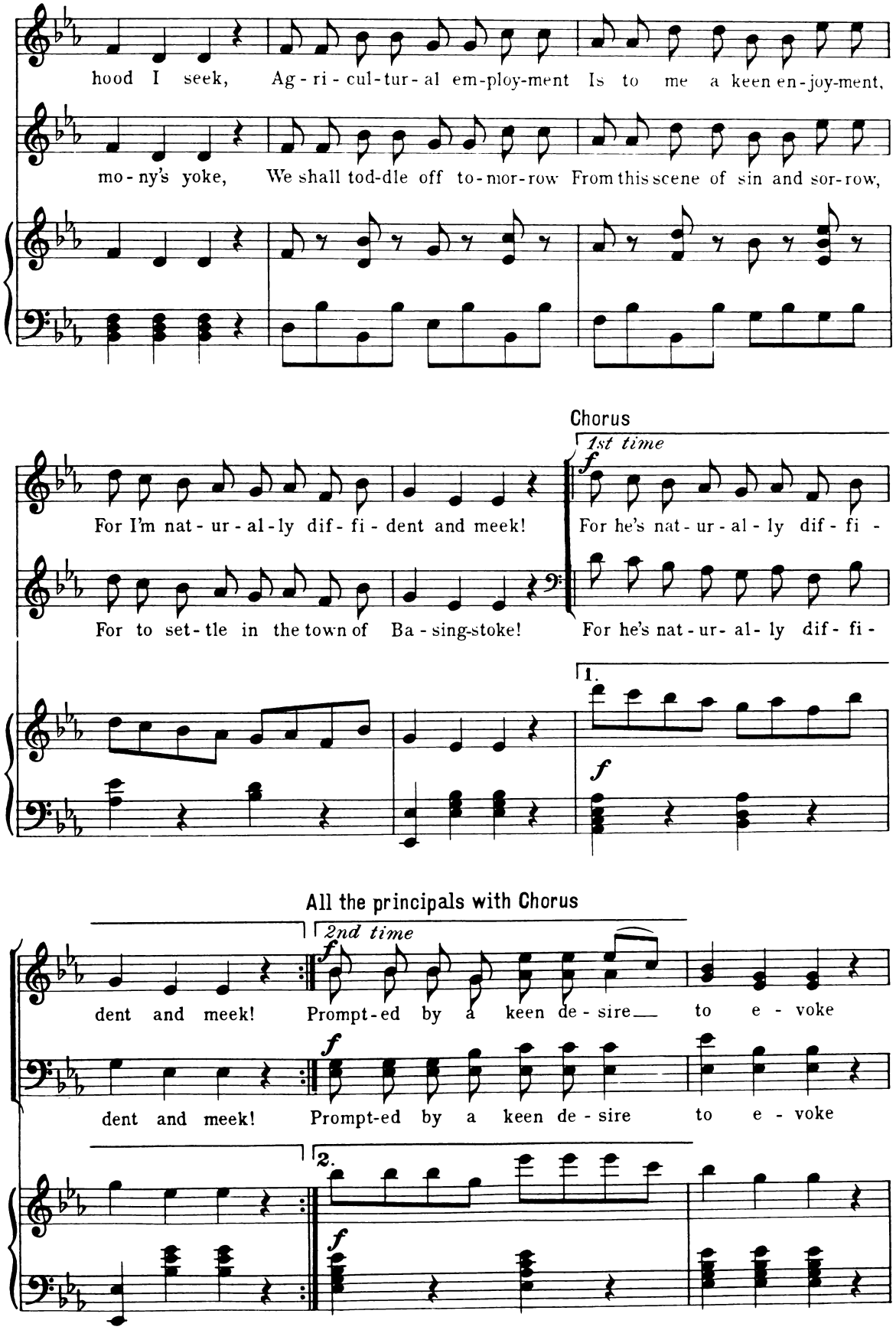
No. 27. When a man has been a naughty baronet

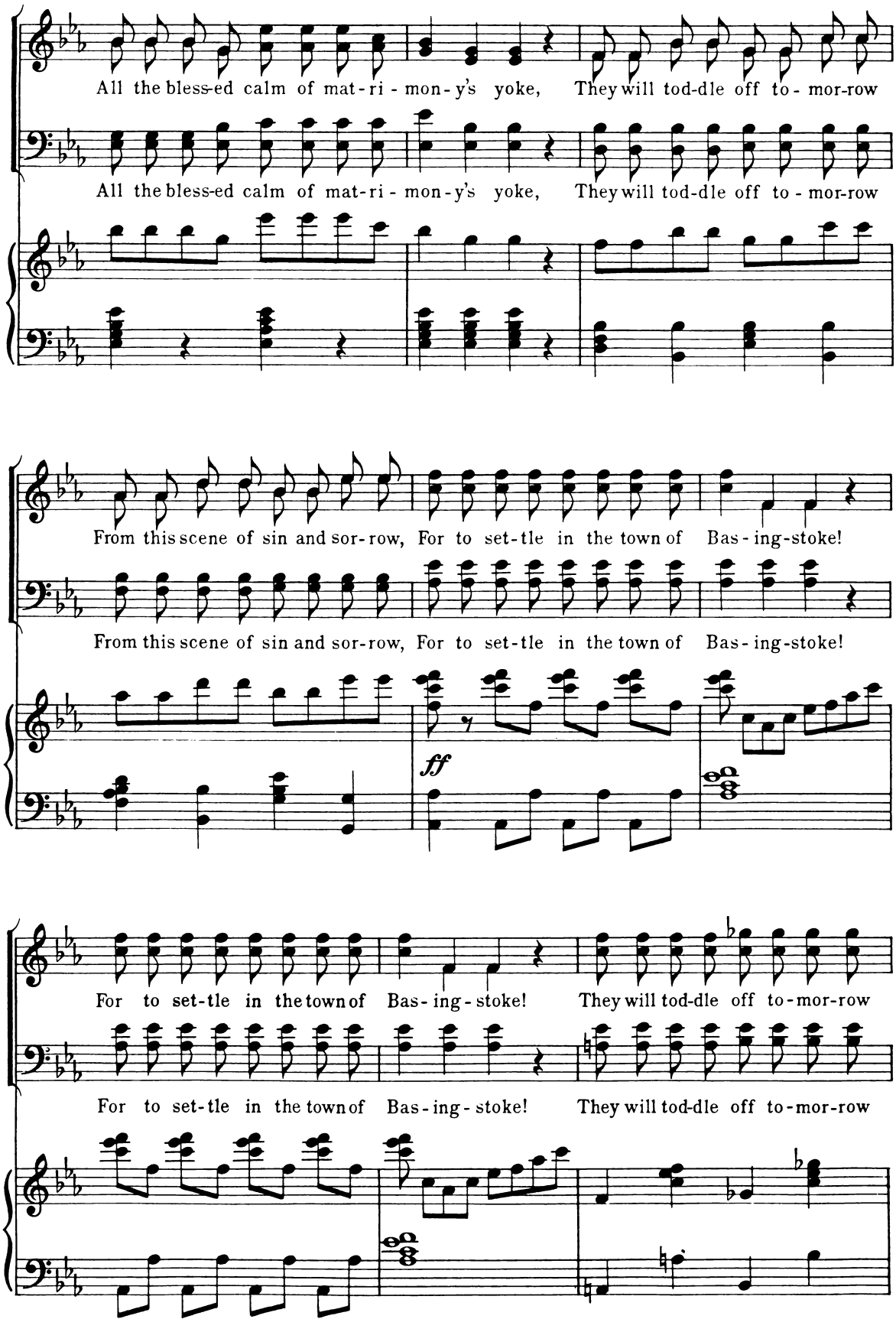
Finale

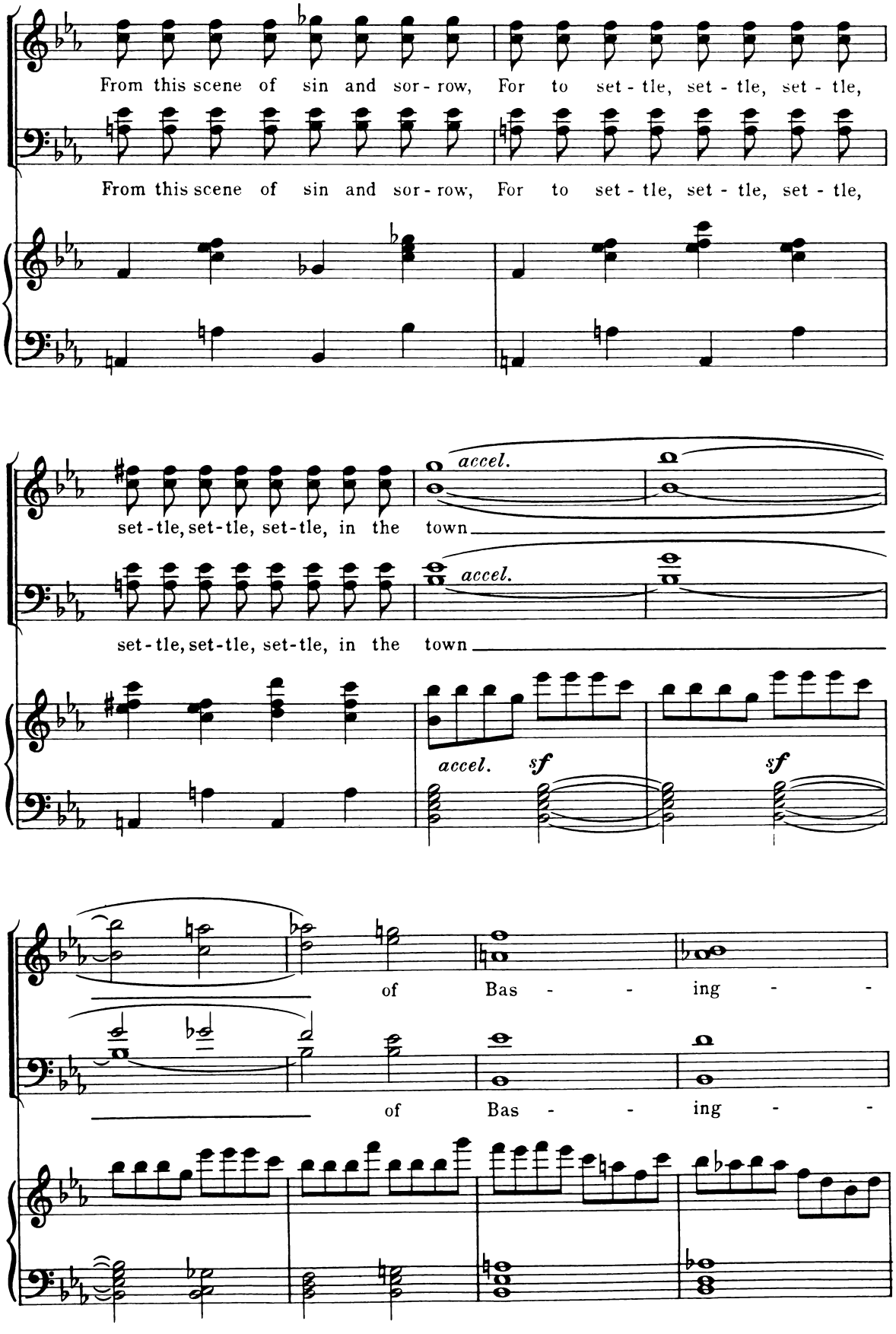
Ensemble

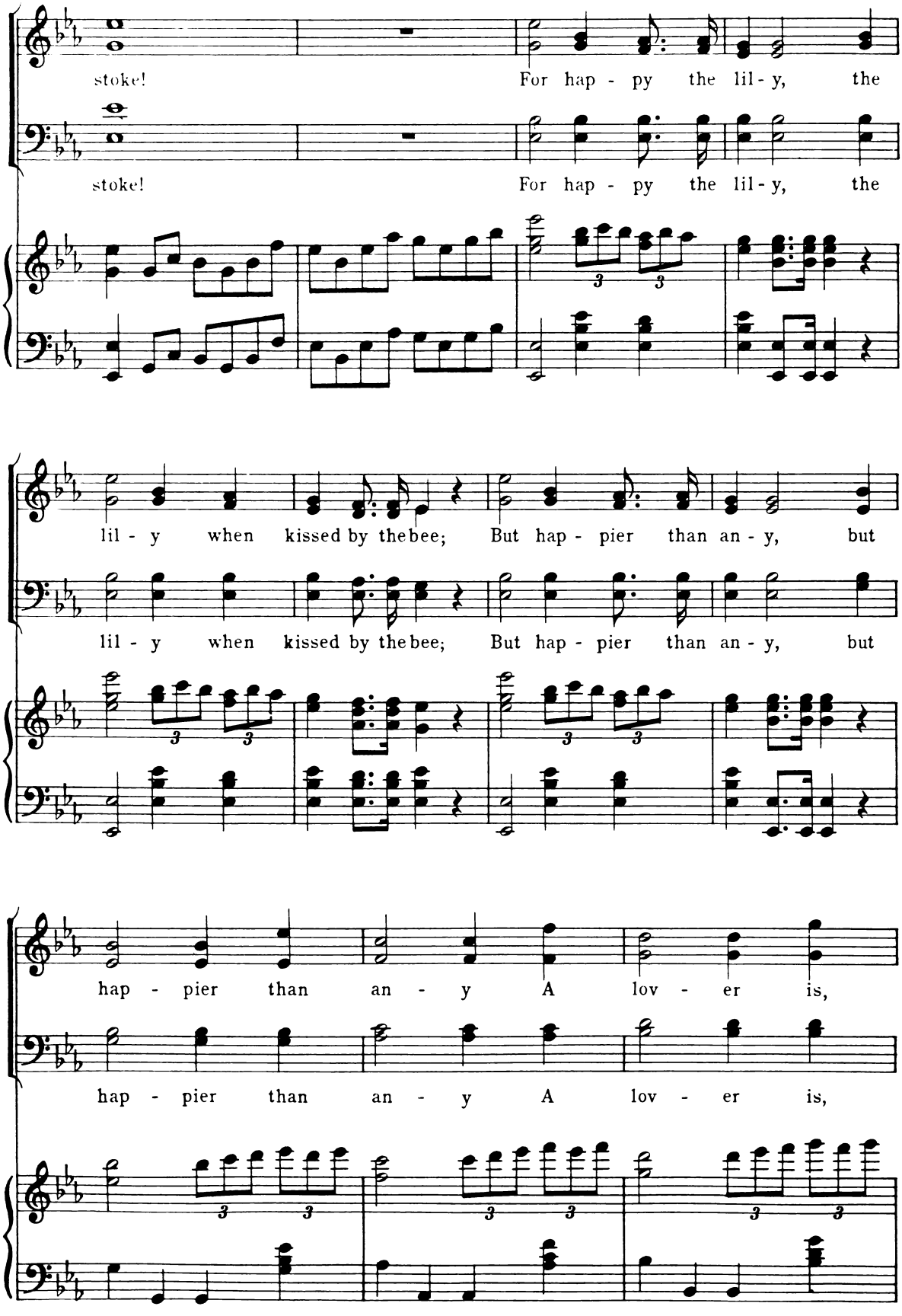


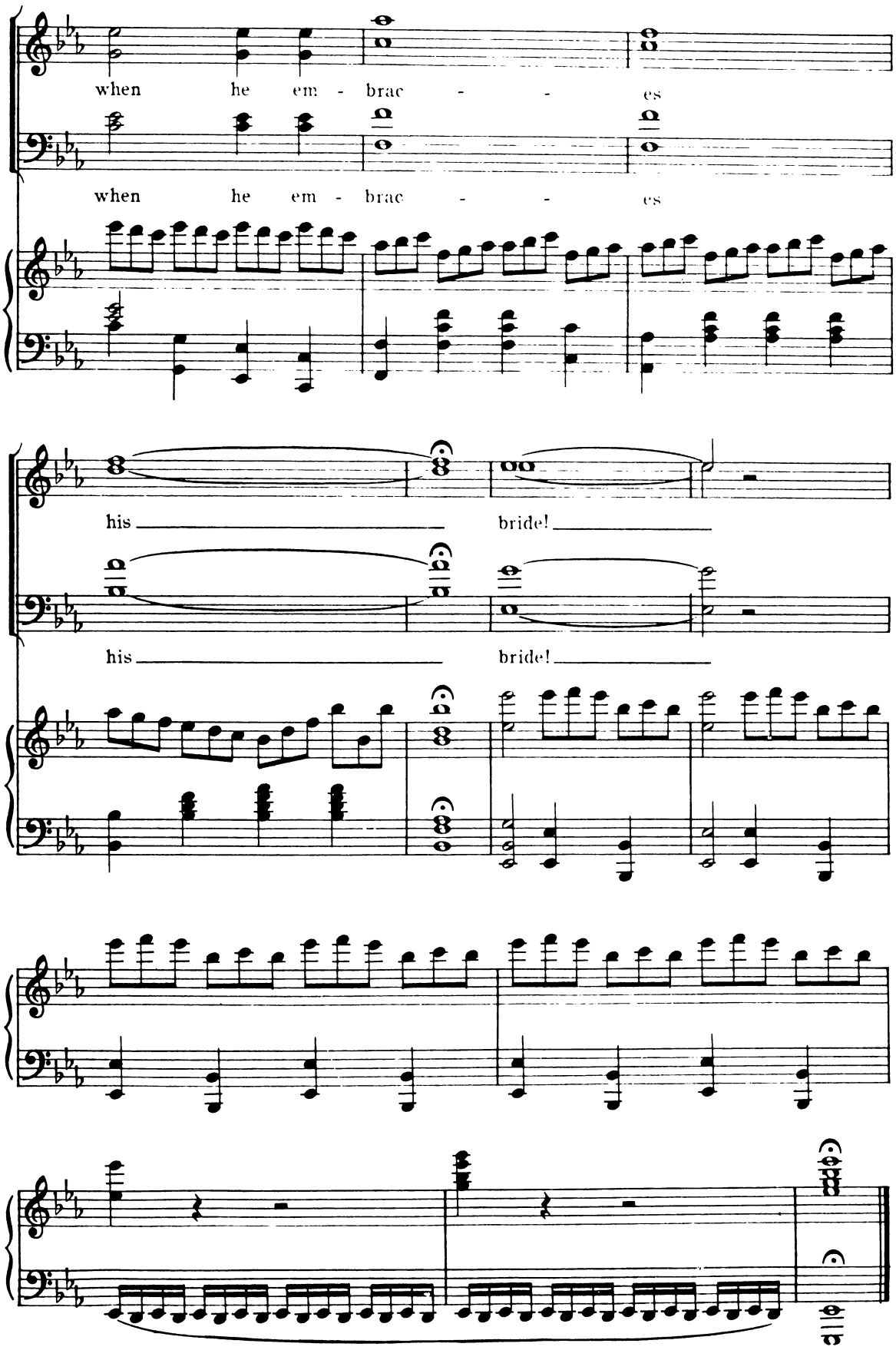

Like the mous - ie in the fa - ble, That's the teach-ing of my Book of
There'll be bread and cheese and kiss - es, Which is just the sort of ra - tion
Chorus
Et - i - quette. 1. That's the teach-ing of her Book of Et - i - quette.
2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en - jye!
1. That's the teach-ing of her Book of Et - i - quette.
I en - jye! 2. Which is just the sort of ra-tion you en - jye!
1st Verse Robin (C.)
Hav - ing been a wick-ed bar-o - net a week, Once a-gain a mod-est live-li -
2nd Verse Margaret & Sir Despard (L.C.)
Prompt-ed by a keen de-sire to e - voke All the bless-ed calm of mat-ri -


hood I seek, Ag - ri - cul - tur - al em-ploy-ment Is to me a keen en-joy-ment,
mo - ny's yoke, We shall tod-dle off to-mor-row From this scene of sin and sor-row,
Chorus
1st time
For I'm nat - ur - al - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!
For he's nat - ur - al - ly dif - fi -
For to set - tle in the town of Ba - sing-stoke!
For he's nat - ur - al - ly dif - fi -
1.
All the principals with Chorus
2nd time
dent and meek! Prompt-ed by a keen de - sire to e - voke
dent and meek! Prompt-ed by a keen de - sire to e - voke
2.


All the bless-ed calm of mat-ri-mon-y's yoke, They will tod-dle off to-mor-row
All the bless-ed calm of mat-ri-mon-y's yoke, 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!
From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke!
ff
For to set-tle in the town of Bas-ing-stoke! They will tod-dle off to-mor-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, set - tle, set - tle,
From this scene of sin and sor - row, For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle,
accel.
set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, in the town
accel.
set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, in the town
accel.
sf
sf
of Bas - - ing - -
of Bas - - ing - -


stoke!
For hap - py the lil - y, the
stoke!
For hap - py the lil - y, the
lil - y when kissed by the bee; But hap - pier than an - y, but
lil - y when kissed by the bee; But hap - pier than an - y, but
hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is,
hap - pier than an - y A lov - er is,



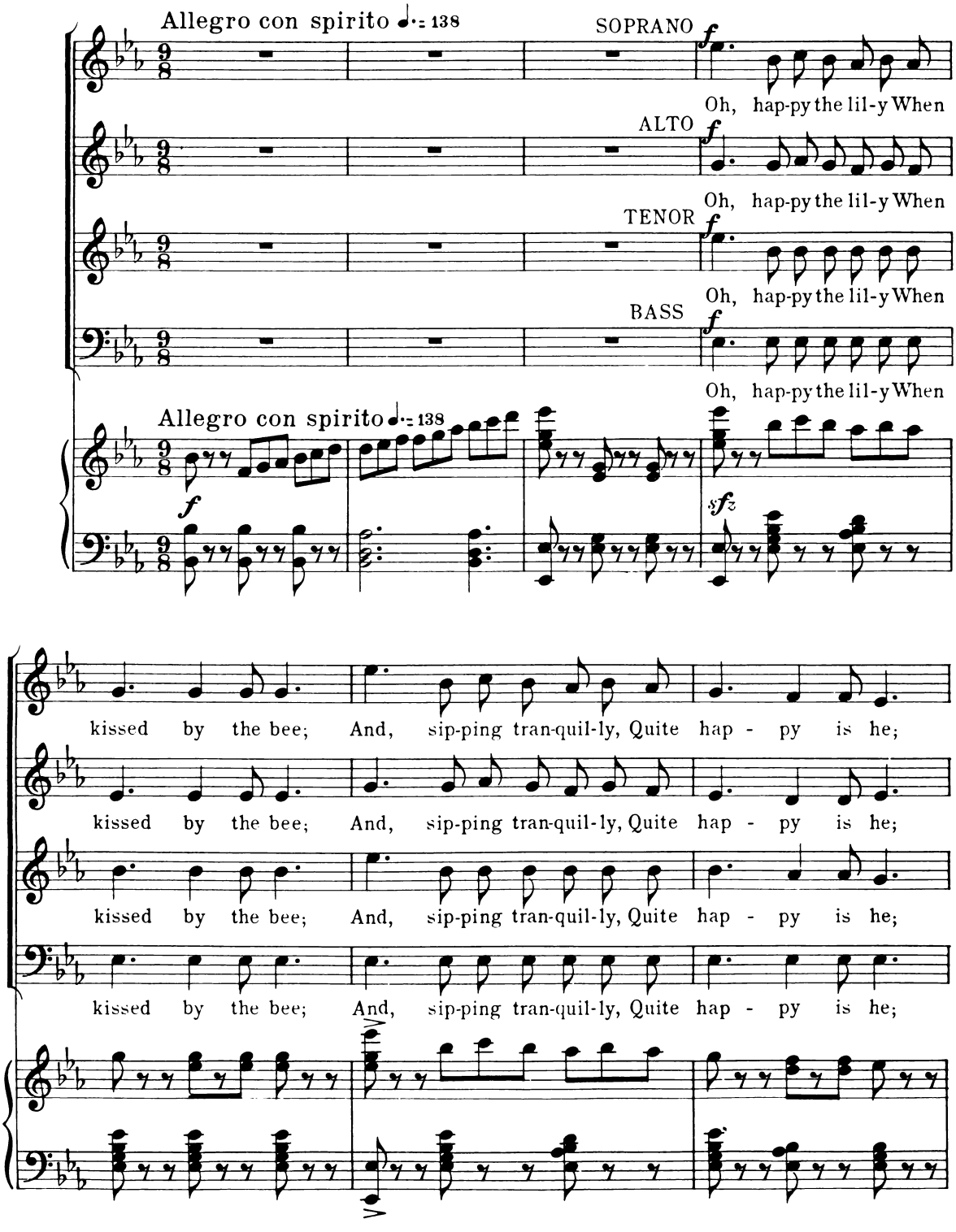
End of Opera

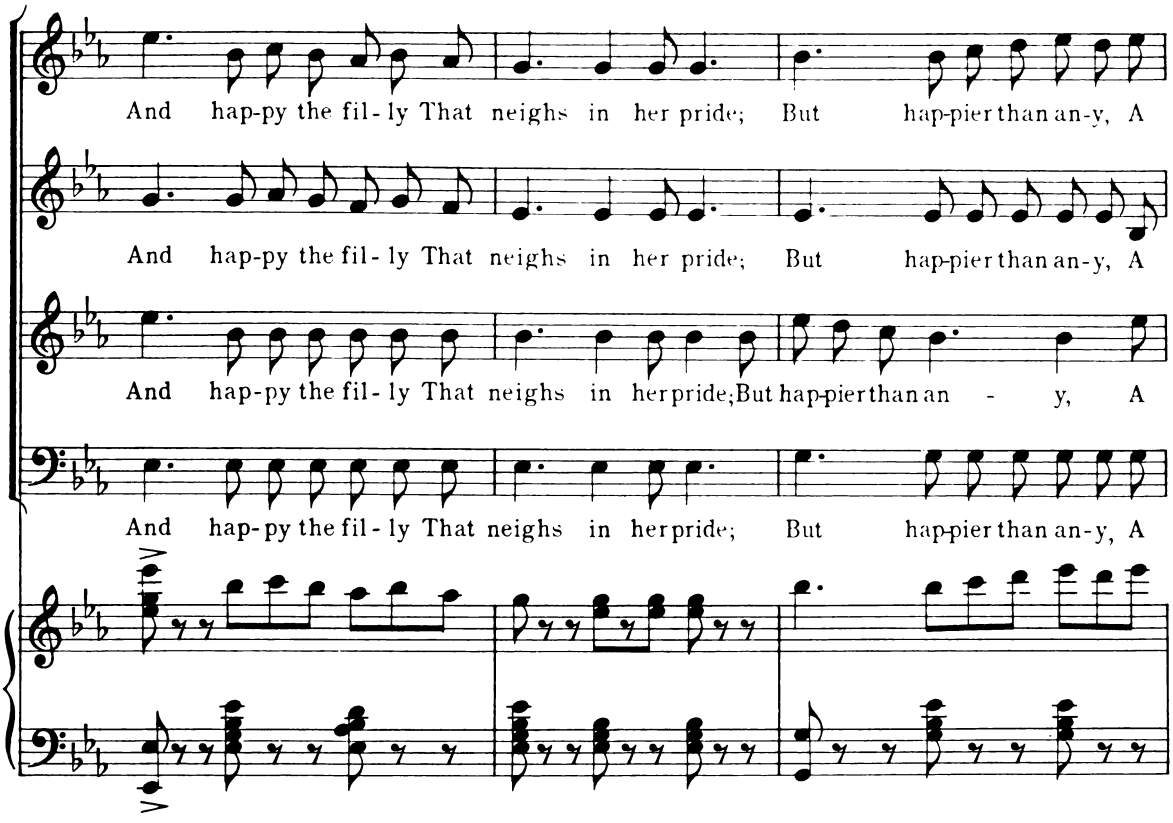
The preceding Finale was the first one written and published. At the Savoy Theatre, however, the opera ended with a repetition of the Finale to Act I, shortened as follows:

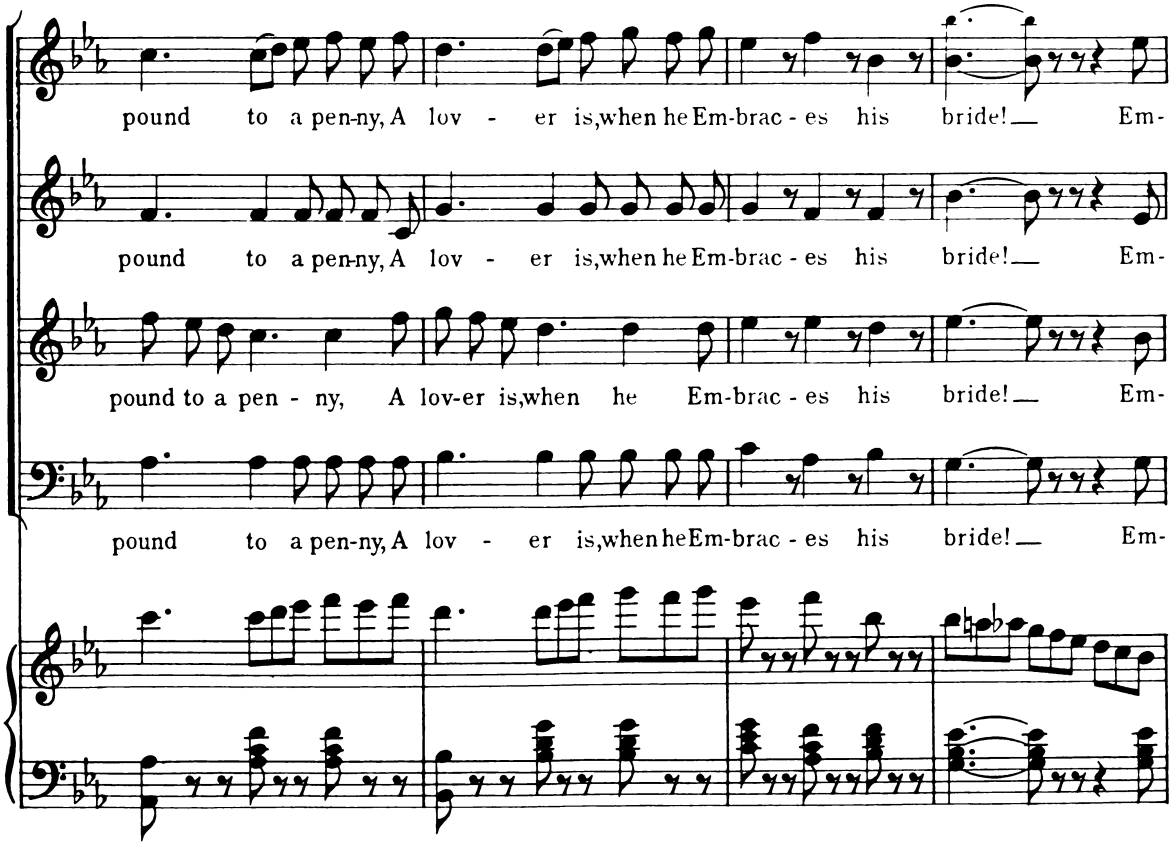
No. 27a. Oh, happy the lily

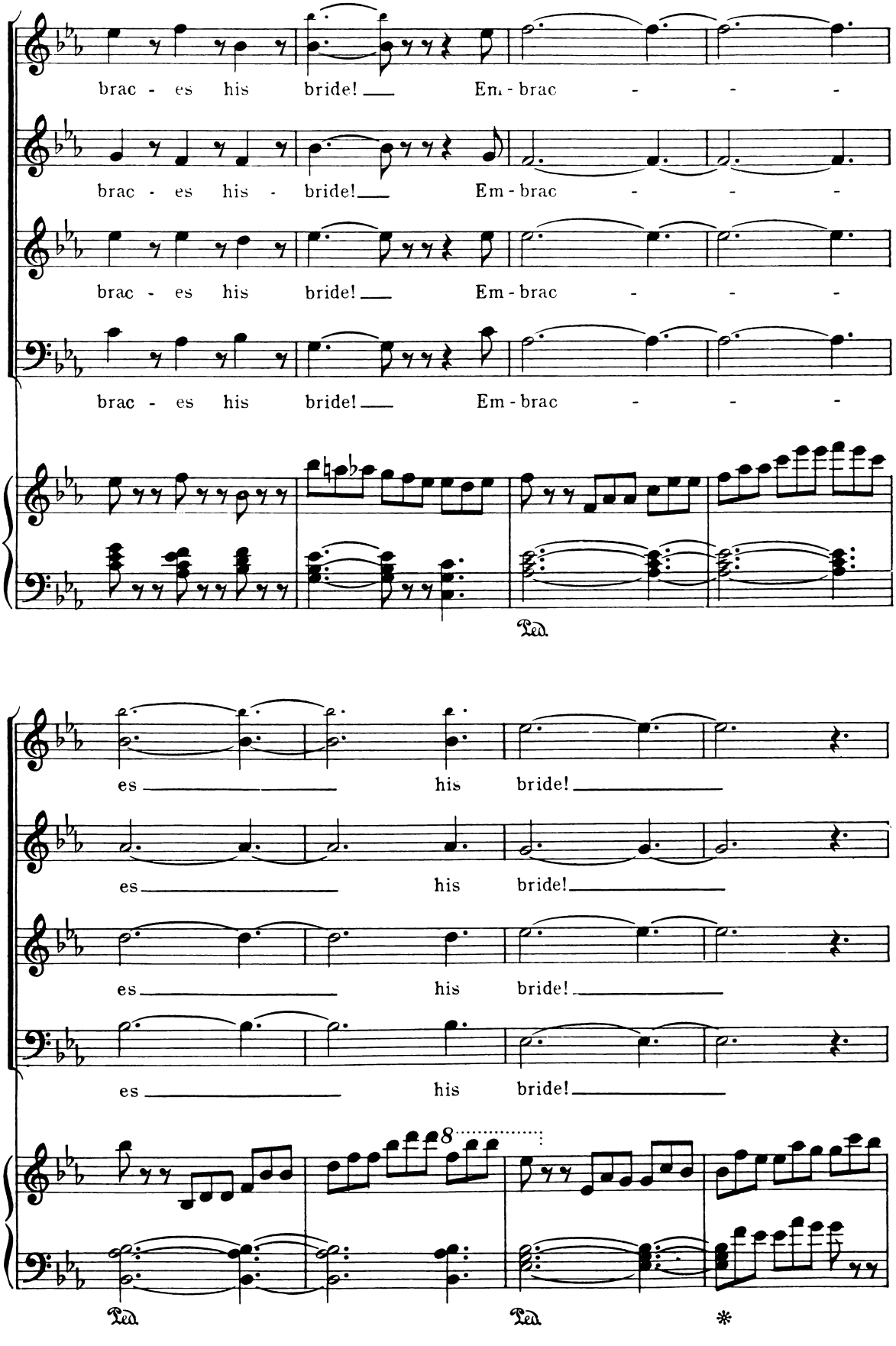
Finale

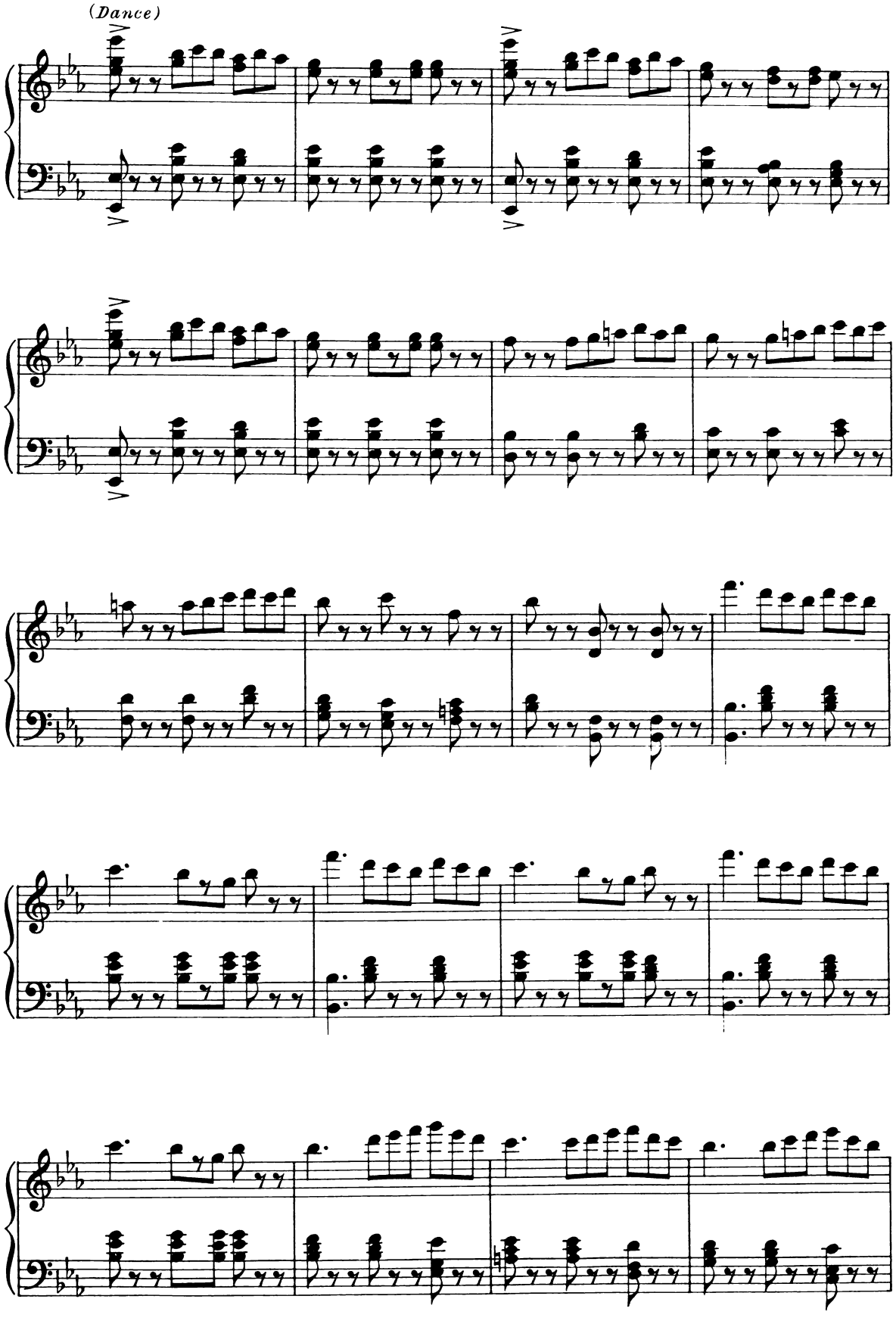
Ensemble

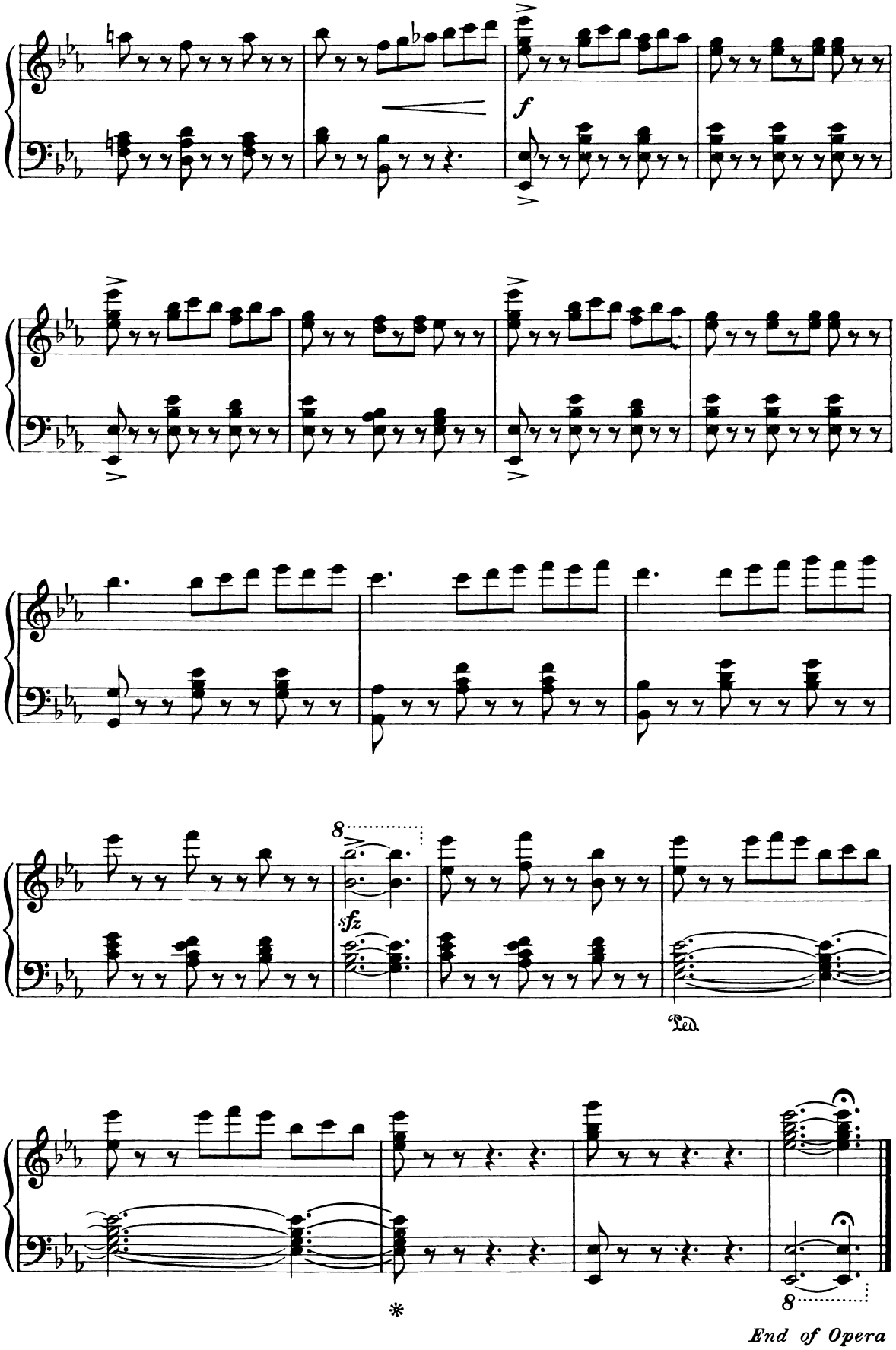



And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y, A
And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y, A
And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an - y, A
And hap-py the fil-ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than an-y, A


pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-brac - es his bride! Em-
pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-brac - es his bride! Em-
pound to a pen - ny, A lov-er is, when he Em-brac - es his bride! Em-
pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-brac - es his bride! Em-


brac - es his bride! Em - brac - - -
brac - es his - bride! Em - brac - - -
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - - -
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - - -
Ped.
es his bride!
es his bride!
es his bride!
es his bride!
8
Ped.
Ped.
*


(Dance)



End of Opera