THE GRAND DUKE

OR,

THE STATUTORY DUEL

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

WORDS BY
W. S. GILBERT

MUSIC BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Edited with an Introduction by Marc Shepherd

Oakapple Press
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THE GRAND DUKE
Dramatis Personæ.

Rudolph (Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpfennig)
Ernest Dummkopf (a Theatrical Manager)
Ludwig (his Leading Comedian)
Dr. Tannhäuser (a Notary)
The Prince of Monte Carlo
Viscount Mentone
Ben Hashbaz (a Costumier)
Herald
The Princess of Monte Carlo (betrothed to Rudolph)
The Baroness von Krakenfeldt (betrothed to Rudolph)
Julia Jellicoe (an English Comédienne)
Lisa (a Soubrette)
Olga
Gretchen
Bertha
Elsa
Martha

(Members of Ernest Dummkopf’s Company)

Chamberlains, Nobles, Actors, Actresses, &c.

Act I.—Public Square of Speisesaal.
Act II.—Hall in the Grand Ducal Palace.

Date: 1750

First produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. R. D’Oyly Carte, on Saturday, 7th March, 1896.
The Grand Duke

OVERTURE.

Andante allegretto.

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT.

The Grand Duke

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT.

OVERTURE.

Andante allegretto.
Allegro vivace e con brio.
Overture
Overture

Original Version: mm. 214a–223a

Revised Version: mm. 214b–221b
Act I.

No. 1. Opening Chorus with Solos.

Scene.—Market Place of Speiseaal, in the Grand Duchy of Pfennig Haltpfennig. A well, with decorated iron-work, up l.c. Gretchen, Bertha, Olga, Martha, and other members of Ernest Dummkopf’s theatrical company are discovered, seated at several small tables, enjoying a repast in honour of the nuptials of Ludwig, his leading comedian, and Lisa, his soubrette.
Won't it be a pretty wedding?

Won't it be a pretty wedding? Won't it be a pretty, pretty

Won't it be a pretty wedding? Won't it be a pretty wedding?

Won't it be a pretty wedding? Won't it be a pretty wedding?

Such a pretty, pretty wedding. Will not Lisa look delightful? Smiles and tears in plenty shedding,

Such a pretty, pretty wedding. Will not Lisa look delightful? Smiles and tears in plenty shedding,

Such a pretty, pretty wedding. Will not Lisa look delightful? Smiles and tears in plenty shedding,
Chorus 19

shed ding— Which in brides of course is right ful.

One could

shed ding— Which in brides of course is right ful.

Smiles and tears in plen ty shed ding— Which in brides of course is right ful.

One could

say, if one were spite ful, Con tra diction lit tle dread ing, Her bou quet is sim ply

One could say, if one were spite ful, Con tra diction lit tle dread ing, Her bouquet is simply, sim ply

The Grand Duke
Chorus

24

frightful— Still it will be a pretty wedding! Oh, 'twill be a pretty wedding! Oh, 'twill be a pretty wedding!

27

wedding! Such a pretty, pretty wedding! Such a pretty wedding, such a charming, such a charm -

10/'09

Act I
Chorus

Sign, charming, charming, charming wedding!

Elsa.

If her dress is badly fitting, theirs the fault who made the trousseau.

Bertha.

If her gloves are always
splitting, Cheap kid gloves, we know, will do so. If up on her train she stumbled, On one's

Olga's always treading. If her hair is rather tumbled, Still'twill be a pretty wedding! Such a

pretty, pretty wedding!

Such a very, very pretty wedding! Won't it be a pretty wedding?

Such a very, very pretty wedding! Won't it be a pretty wedding?
wedding? Oh, ’twill be a pretty wedding, Such a pretty, pretty wedding, Such a pretty wedding.

Oh, ’twill be a pretty, pretty wedding, Such a pretty, pretty wedding, Such a pretty wedding.

wedding, Such a charming, charming, charming, charming,

wedding, Such a charming, charming, charming, charming,

wedding, Such a charming, charming, charming, charming,

wedding, Such a charming, charming, charming, charming,
Act I

vorce, divorce or death shall part

vorce, divorce or death shall part

vorce, divorce or death shall part

vorce, divorce or death shall part

part

part

part

part

vorce or death shall part

vorce or death shall part

vorce or death shall part

vorce or death shall part

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.

them. Here they come, the couple plight-ed.
No. 1a. **Duet—(Lisa & Ludwig) with Chorus.**

*(Ludwig and Lisa come forward.)*

\[\text{76} \quad \text{E Allegretto. Tempo di Valse.} \]

Lisa

Ludwig

\[\text{81} \quad \text{fair and tasty, Tell me now, and tell me truly,} \]

\[\text{87} \quad \text{Have'n't you been rather hasty?} \]
Ludwig

92

Have n't you been rash undu ly? Am I quite the

dashing spo so That your fancy
could depict you? P'r'aps you

think me on ly so so? Well, I will not con tra dict you!

(She expresses admiration.)

Ludwig

97

Ludwig

101

Ludwig

105

Act I
The Grand Duke

No, he will not contradict you!

No, he will not contradict you!

No, he will not contradict you!

No, he will not contradict you!

No, he will not contradict you!

No, he will not contradict you!

Who am I to raise objection? I'm a child, un-

taught and home— When you tell me you're per-

Lisa
Lisa

128

fec-tion, Ten-der, truth-ful, true, and come-ly—

133

That in quar-rel no-one’s bold-er, Tho’ dis-

130

sen-sions al-ways grieve you— Why, my love, you’re

143

so much old-er That, of course, I must be-lieve you!
Yes, of course, she must believe you!

If he ever acts unkindly, Shut your...
Chorus

160

eyes and love him blindly— Should he call you

eyes and love him blindly— Should he call you

eyes and love him blindly— Should he call you

eyes and love him blindly— Should he call you

165

names uncomely, Shut your mouth and love him

names uncomely, Shut your mouth and love him

names uncomely, Shut your mouth and love him

names uncomely, Shut your mouth and love him
The Grand Duke

Chorus

170

\[K\] [cresc.]

dumb - ly— Should he rate you right - ly— left - ly—

Chorus

175

\[K\] [cresc.]

Shut your ears and love him deaf - ly. Ha! ha! ha!

The Grand Duke

10/'09
Ludwig’s wife may hold her

own!

(LUDWIG and LISA sit at table.)
Enter Notary Tannhäuser.

Notary. Hallo! Surely I’m not late?

(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)

Notary. But, dear me, you’re all at breakfast! Has the wedding taken place?

(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)

Notary. My good girls, one at a time, I beg. Let me understand the situation. As solicitor to the conspiracy to dethrone the Grand Duke—a conspiracy in which the members of this company are deeply involved—I am invited to the marriage of two of its members. I present myself in due course, and I find, not only that the ceremony has taken place—which is not of the least consequence—but the wedding breakfast is half eaten—which is a consideration of the most serious importance.

(LUDWIG and LISA come down.)

LUDWIG. But the ceremony has not taken place. We can’t get a parson.

Notary. Can’t get a parson! Why, how’s that? They’re three a penny!

LUDWIG. Oh, it’s the old story—the Grand Duke!

ALL. Ugh!

LUDWIG. It seems that the little imp has selected this, our wedding day, for a convocation of all the clergy in the town to settle the details of his approaching marriage with the enormously wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt, and there won’t be a parson to be had for love or money until six o’clock this evening!

LISA. And as we produce our magnificent classical revival of Troilus and Cressida to-night at seven, we have no alternative but to eat our wedding-breakfast before we’ve earned it. So sit down, and make the best of it.

GRETHELEN. Oh, I should like to pull his Grand Ducal ears for him, that I should. He’s the meanest, the cruellest, the most spiteful little ape in Christendom!

OLGA. Well, we shall soon be freed from his tyranny. To-morrow the Despot is to be dethroned.

LUDWIG. Hush, rash girl! You know not what you say.

OLGA. Don’t be absurd! We’re all in it—we’re all tiled, here.

LUDWIG. That has nothing to do with it. Know ye not that in alluding to our conspiracy without having first given and received the secret sign, you are violating a fundamental principle of our Association?
No. 2. \( \text{Solo—(Ludwig) with Chorus.} \)

Allegro marziale e misterioso. \( \text{p} \)

By the mystic regulation Of our

dark Association, Ere open conversation With another kindred soul, You must

If, in

You must eat a sausage-roll! A sausage-roll!

You must eat a sausage-roll! A sausage-roll!

You must eat a sausage-roll! A sausage-roll!

You must eat a sausage-roll! A sausage-roll!
turn, he eats another, That's a sign that he's a brother—Each may
fully trust the other. It is quaint and it is droll, But it's
bilious on the whole.

It's a

Ve-ry bilious, ve-ry bilious on the whole.

Ve-ry bilious, ve-ry bilious on the whole.

Ve-ry bilious, ve-ry bilious on the whole.

Ve-ry bilious, ve-ry bilious on the whole.
Ludwig greasy kind of pastry. Which, perhaps, a judgment has-ty Might con-

Ludwig sider ra-ther tas-ty: Once (to speak without disguise) It found

Ludwig fa-vour in our eyes.

It found fa-vour, it found fa-vour in our eyes.

It found fa-vour, it found fa-vour in our eyes.

It found fa-vour, it found fa-vour in our eyes.
But when you've been six months feeding (As we have) on this exceeding Bilious food, it's no ill-breeding. If at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise! Our of-

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!

Yes, at these repulsive pies Our of-fended gor-ges rise!
But, but, By the mystic regulation Of our fend-ed gorges rise! Our gorges rise! But, By the mystic regulation Of our mys-tic regu-la-tion Of our o-ther kin-dred soul, You must dark As-so-cia-tion, Ere you o-pen con-ver-sa-tion With an-o-ther kin-dred soul, You must dark As-so-cia-tion, Ere you o-pen con-ver-sa-tion With an-o-ther kin-dred soul, You must dark As-so-cia-tion, Ere you o-pen con-ver-sa-tion With an-o-ther kin-dred soul, You must dark As-so-cia-tion, Ere you o-pen con-ver-sa-tion With an-o-ther kin-dred soul, You must
Act I

Ludwig

eat a sausage-roll!

S

eat a sausage-roll! You must eat a sausage-roll, a sausage-roll, A roll, a roll, a roll, a

A

eat a sausage-roll! You must eat a sausage-roll, a sausage-roll, A roll, a roll, a roll, a

Chorus

eat a sausage-roll! You must eat a sausage-roll, a sausage-roll, A roll, a roll, a roll, a

T

eat a sausage-roll! You must eat a sausage-roll, a sausage-roll, A roll, a roll, a roll, a

B

eat a sausage-roll! You must eat a sausage-roll, a sausage-roll, A roll, a roll, a roll, a

Vibrato.
Martha. Oh, bother the secret sign! I’ve eaten it until I’m quite uncomfortable! I’ve given it six times already to-day—and (whimpering) I can’t eat any breakfast!

Bertha. And it’s so unwholesome. Why, we should all be as yellow as frogs if it wasn’t for the make-up!

Ludwig. All this is rank treason to the cause. I suffer as much as any of you. I loathe the repulsive thing—I can’t contemplate it without a shudder—but I’m a conscientious conspirator, and if you won’t give the sign I will. (Eats a sausage roll with an effort.)

Lisa. Poor martyr! He’s always at it, and it’s a wonder where he puts it!

Notary. Well now, about Troilus and Cressida. What do you play?
LUDWIG (struggling with his feelings). If you'll be so obliging as to wait until I've got rid of this feeling of warm oil at the bottom of my throat, I'll tell you all about it. (Lisa gives him some brandy.) Thank you, my love; it's gone. Well, the piece will be produced upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. It is confidently predicted that my appearance as King Agamemnon, in a Louis Quatorze wig, will mark an epoch in the theatrical annals of Pfennig Halbfennig. I endeavoured to persuade Ernest Dummkopf, our manager, to lend us the classical dresses for our marriage. Think of the effect of a real Athenian wedding procession cavorting through the streets of Speisesaal! Torches burning—cymbals banging—flutes tootling—citharae twanging—and a throng of fifty lovely Spartan virgins capering before us, all down the High Street, singing:

No. 2a.  

SOLO—(LUDWIG).

Dialogue if No. 2a is Included
LUDWIG. It would have been tremendous!

NOTARY. And he declined?

LUDWIG. He did, on the prosaic ground that it might rain, and the ancient Greeks didn’t carry umbrellas! If, as is confidently expected, Ernest Dummkopf is elected to succeed the dethroned one, mark my words, he will make a mess of it.

[Exit LUDWIG with LISA.

OLGA. He’s sure to be elected. His entire company has promised to plump for him on the understanding that all the places about the Court are filled by members of his troupe, according to professional precedence.

ERNEST enters in great excitement.

BERTHA (looking off). Here comes Ernest Dummkopf. Now we shall know all about it!

ALL. Well—what’s the news? How is the election going?

ERNEST. Oh, it’s a certainty—a practical certainty! Two of the candidates have been arrested for debt, and the third is a baby in arms—so, if you keep your promises, and vote solid, I’m cocksure of election!

OLGA. Trust to us. But you remember the conditions?

ERNEST. Yes—all of you shall be provided for, for life. Every man shall be ennobled—every lady shall have unlimited credit at the Court Milliner’s, and all salaries shall be paid weekly in advance!

GRETCHEN. Oh, it’s quite clear he knows how to rule a Grand Duchy!

ERNEST. Rule a Grand Duchy? Why, my good girl, for ten years past I’ve ruled a theatrical company! A man who can do that can rule anything!
LUDWIG (struggling with his feelings). If you'll be so obliging as to wait until I've got rid of this feeling of warm oil at the bottom of my throat, I'll tell you all about it. (Lisa gives him some brandy.) Thank you, my love; it's gone. Well, the piece will be produced upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. It is confidently predicted that my appearance as King Agamemnon, in a Louis Quatorze wig, will mark an epoch in the theatrical annals of Pfennig Halbpfennig. I endeavoured to persuade Ernest Dummkopf, our manager, to lend us the classical dresses for our marriage. Think of the effect of a real Athenian wedding procession cavorting through the streets of Speisesaal! Torches burning—cymbals banging—flutes tootling—citharæ twanging—and a throng of fifty lovely Spartan virgins capering before us, all down the High Street, singing “Eloia! Eloia! Opoponax, Eloia!” It would have been tremendous!

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[Exit LUDWIG with LISA.]

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GRETCHEN. Oh, it's quite clear he knows how to rule a Grand Duchy!

ERNST. Rule a Grand Duchy? Why, my good girl, for ten years past I've ruled a theatrical company! A man who can do that can rule anything!
No. 3.  

Song—(Ernest) with Chorus.

Allegro con brio.

Piano

Ernest

1. Were I a king in very truth, And

2. had a son— a guileless youth— In probable succession;

3. To teach him patience, teach him tact, How

---

The Grand Duke

10/09
promptly in a fix to act, He should adopt, in point of fact, A

manager's profession. To that condition

he should stoop (Despite a too fond mother), With eight or ten "stars"

in his troupe, All jealous of each other! All jealous
of each other! Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew, Each

member a genius (and some of them two), And manage to hum them, early and late, Can

govern this tup-pen-ny State!

Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew, Each

Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew, Each
mem-ber a ge-nius (and some of them two), And man-age to hu-mour them, ear-ly and late, Can
mem-ber a ge-nius (and some of them two), And man-age to hu-mour them, ear-ly and late, Can

gov-ern this State,______

gov-ern this State!

gov-ern this State,______

gov-ern this State! this____ poor

gov-ern this State,______

gov-ern this State!

gov-ern this State,______

gov-ern this State! this____ poor

State!

State!
Ernest

2. Both A and B re-

Ernest

hear sal slight— They say they’ll be “all right at night” (They’ve both to go to

Ernest

school yet);

C in each act must

Ernest

change her dress, D will at tempt to “square the press”; E won’t play Ro - me-
Ernest claims all hoydens as her rights (She's play'd them thirty seasons); And
G must show herself in tights For two convincing reasons— Two

very well-shap'd reasons! Oh, the man who can drive a the-
Ernest

92

a-tri-cal team, With wheel-ers and lead-ers in or-der su-preme, Can gov-ern and rule, with a

[f] [p] [mf]

96

wave of his fin, All Eu-robe—with Ire-land thrown in!

Chorus

100

Oh, the man who can drive a the-

a-tri-cal team, With wheel-ers and lead-ers in or-der su-preme, Can

[f] [mf]
gov ern and rule, with a wave of his fin, All Europe, all Eu rope— with

Ire land— thrown in!

(Exeunt all but Ernest.)
Ernest. Elected by my fellow-conspirators to be Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpfennig as soon as the contemptible little occupant of the historical throne is deposed—here is promotion indeed! Why, instead of playing Troilus of Troy for a month, I shall play Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpfennig for a lifetime! Yet, am I happy? No—far from happy! The lovely English comédienne—the beautiful Julia, whose dramatic ability is so overwhelming that our audiences forgive even her strong English accent—that rare and radiant being treats my respectful advances with disdain unutterable! And yet, who knows? She is haughty and ambitious, and it may be that the splendid change in my fortunes may work a corresponding change in her feelings towards me!

Enter Julia Jellicoe.

Julia. Herr Dummkopf, a word with you, if you please.

Ernest. Beautiful English maiden—

Julia. No compliments, I beg. I desire to speak with you on a purely professional matter, so we will, if you please, dispense with allusions to my personal appearance, which can only tend to widen the breach which already exists between us.

Ernest (aside). My only hope shattered! The haughty Londoner still despises me! (Aloud.) It shall be as you will.

Julia. I understand that the conspiracy in which we are all concerned is to develop to-morrow, and that the company is likely to elect you to the throne on the understanding that the posts about the Court are to be filled by members of your theatrical troupe, according to their professional importance.

Ernest. That is so.

Julia. Then all I can say is that it places me in an extremely awkward position.

Ernest (very depressed). I don’t see how it concerns you.

Julia. Why, bless my heart, don’t you see that, as your leading lady, I am bound under a serious penalty to play the leading part in all your productions?

Ernest. Well?

Julia. Why, of course, the leading part in this production will be the Grand Duchess!

Ernest. My wife?

Julia. That is another way of expressing the same idea.

Ernest (aside—delighted). I scarcely dared even to hope for this!
Julia. Of course, as your leading lady, you’ll be mean enough to hold me to the terms of my agreement. Oh, that’s so like a man! Well, I suppose there’s no help for it—I shall have to do it.

Ernest (aside). She’s mine! (Aloud.) But—do you really think you would care to play that part? (Taking her hand.)

Julia (withdrawing it). Care to play it? Certainly not—but what am I to do? Business is business, and I am bound by the terms of my agreement.

Ernest. It’s for a long run, mind—a run that may last many, many years—no understudy—and once embarked upon there’s no throwing it up.

Julia. Oh, we’re used to these long runs in England: they are the curse of the stage—but, you see, I’ve no option.

Ernest. You think the part of the Grand Duchess will be good enough for you?

Julia. Oh, I think so. It’s a very good part in Gerolstein, and oughtn’t to be a bad one in Pfennig Halbpfennig. Why, what did you suppose I was going to play?

Ernest (keeping up a show of reluctance). But, considering your strong personal dislike to me and your persistent rejection of my repeated offers, won’t you find it difficult to throw yourself into the part with all the impassioned enthusiasm that the character seems to demand? Remember, it’s a strongly emotional part, involving long and repeated scenes of rapture, tenderness, adoration, devotion—all in luxuriant excess, and all of the most demonstrative description.

Julia. My good sir, throughout my career I have made it a rule never to allow private feeling to interfere with my professional duties. You may be quite sure that (however distasteful the part may be) if I undertake it, I shall consider myself professionally bound to throw myself into it with all the ardour at my command.

Ernest (aside—with effusion). I’m the happiest fellow alive! (Aloud.) Now—would you have any objection—to—to give me some idea—if it’s only a mere sketch—as to how you would play it? It would be really interesting—to me—to know your conception of—of—the part of my wife.

Julia. How would I play it? Now, let me see—let me see. (Considering.) Ah, I have it!
No. 4. **SONG**—(JULIA) & **DUET**—(JULIA & ERNEST).

Allegretto grazioso.

How would I play this

part— The Grand Duke’s Bride? All ran-cour in my_ heart I’d du-ly

hide— I’d drive it from my_ re-col-lec-tion And’whelm him with_ a_
mock affection,  Well calculated to defy detection— That’s how I’d play this part— The

Grand Duke’s Bride.  With many a winsome smile I’d witch and woo; With
gay and girlish guile I’d frenzy you—  I’d mad-den you with

my caressing,  Like turtle, her first love confession—  That it was “mock” no mortal
Julia would be guess-ing— With so much win-some wile I’d witch and woo!

Did a - ny o - ther maid With you suc - ceed, I’d pinch the for-ward jade— I would in -

deed! With jea - lous fren-zy a-gi - ta - ted (Which would, of course, be sim-u-la-ted), I’d

make her wish she’d nev-er been cre-a-ted— I’d make her wish she’d nev-er been cre-a-ted— I’d
Julia

54. **Con fuoco.**

make her wish she'd never been created—Did any other maid With you succeed!

And

58. **Tempo i mo.**

should there come to me, Some summers hence, In all the childish

63. **[rall.]**

glee Of innocence, Fair babes, a - glow with beauty vernal,

68. **My heart would bound with joy diurnal! This sweet display of sympathy maternal,**

Tempo i mo.
Well, that would also be a mere pretence! My histrionic art, Though you de ride, That's how I'd play that part— The Grand Duke's bride! My boy, when two joy! when two...
glowing young hearts, From the rise of the curtain, Thus

throw themselves into their parts, Success is most certain! most

 rôle you're prepar'd, you're prepar'd to endow, to endow With such delicate

The
Julia

rôle I'm pre-par'd to en-dow With most del-i-cate touch-es!

Ernest
touch-es, By the heav'n, by the heav-en a-bove us, I vow You shall

with most del-i-cate heav'n, by the heav-en above us, I vow You shall

Julia

Yes, the rôle I'm pre-par'd to en-dow With most
de-del-i-cate touch-es, By the heav-en, the heav-en a-bove us, I vow, I

Ernest
de-del-i-cate touch-es, By the heav-en, the heav-en a-bove us, I vow, I
No. 5.  

**Chorus & Song—(Ludwig).**

*Enter all the Chorus with Ludwig, Notary, and Lisa—all greatly agitated.*

**Allegro agitato.**

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**Excited Chorus.**

My good-ness me! what shall I do? Why, what a dreadful sit-u-a-tion!
It's all your fault, you boo—y you— you lump of in-dis-crim-in-a-tion!

I'm sure I don’t know where to go— it's put me into such a tet-ter—

But this, at all e-vents, I know— the soon-er we are off, the bet-ter!

Yes, the soon-er off, the bet-ter! Yes, the soon-er off, the
What means this *a-gi-ta-to?* What d’ye seek? As your Grand...

**Ernest**

Recit.

The Grand Duke...

**Ernest**

Duke e-lect I bid you speak!

**Ludwig**

1. Ten min - utes since I met a chap Who bow’d an ea-sy sa-lu -
Ludwig

- Thinks I, “This gentle-man, may-hap, Be-longs to our As-soc-i-a-tion.” But,

on the whole, Un-certain yet, A sau-sage-roll I took and eat—That chap re-plied (I
don’t em-bel-lish) By eat-ing three with ob-vi-ous rel-ish.

Act I
pow'rs, No chum of ours Could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish! No
pow'rs, No chum of ours Could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish! No
pow'rs, No chum of ours Could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish! No
pow'rs, No chum of ours Could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish! No

chum of ours Could eat, could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish!
chum of ours Could eat, could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish!
chum of ours Could eat, could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish!
chum of ours Could eat, could eat three sausage-rolls with rel-ish!

2. Then

The Grand Duke

10/09
57 Ludwig

re-assur'd, I let him know Our plot—each incident explaining; That

61 Ludwig

stranger chucked much, as though He thought me highly entertaining. I

65 Ludwig

told him all, Both bad and good; I bade him call— He said he would: I

69 Ludwig

added much— the more I muckled, The more that chuckling
The Grand Duke

Chorus

Ludwig

chum-my chuckled!

(angrily)

A bat could see He couldn't be A chum of

T

(angrily)

A bat, a bat could see He couldn't be A chum of

B

(angrily)

A bat could see, a bat could see He couldn't be A chum of

S

ou-rs if he chuckled! He couldn't, couldn't be A chum of ours if he

A

ou-rs if he chuckled! He couldn't, couldn't be A chum of ours if he

Chorus

ou-rs if he chuckled! He couldn't, couldn't be A chum of ours if he

T

ou-rs if he chuckled! He couldn't, couldn't be A chum of ours if he

B

ou-rs if he chuckled! He couldn't, couldn't be A chum of ours if he
3. Well, as I bow'd to his applause, Down dropp'd he with hys-te-ric bel-low— And chuc-kled!

that seem'd right e-nough, because I am a dev'lish fun-ny fel-low. Then sud-den-ly, As still he squeal'd, It flashed on me That I'd re-veal'd Our plot, with all de-
tails effective, To Grand Duke Rudolph's own detective!

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—What
colla voce.

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—What
colla voce.

What foolishly fell, To go and tell—

What foolishly, foolishly fell, To go and tell Our plot to
don—

What foolishly, foolishly fell, To go and tell Our plot to
don—

What foolishly, foolishly fell, To go and tell Our plot to
don—
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! What fol-ly fell, Our plot to tell To
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! What fol-ly fell, Our plot to tell To
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! What fol-ly fell, Our plot to tell To
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! What fol-ly fell, Our plot to tell To
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! You boo-by dense—You oaf im-mense, With
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! You boo-by dense—You oaf im-mense, With
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! You boo-by dense—You oaf im-mense, With
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! You boo-by dense—You oaf im-mense, With
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! Boo-by, boo-by! O you oaf! Boo-by,
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! Boo-by, boo-by! O you oaf! Boo-by,
a-ny-one’s de-tec-tive! Boo-by, boo-by! O you oaf! Boo-by,
Chorus

no pre-tence To com-mon sense! A stu-pid muff Who’s made of stuff Not worth a pinch of
boo-by! O you oaf! Stu-pid muff Who’s made of stuff Not worth a puff of can-dle-

no pre-tence To com-mon sense! A stu-pid muff Who’s made of stuff Not worth a pinch of

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-

snuff! Pack up at once and off we go, un-less we’re an-xious to ex-
Act I

Chorus

hi-bit Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up on the Castle

hi-bit Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up on the Castle

hi-bit Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up on the Castle

hi-bit Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up on the Castle

hi-bit Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up on the Castle

gib-bet! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at

gib-bet! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at

gib-bet! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at once, off we go! Pack up at
S

A

Chorus

T

B

(Exeunt Chorus. Manent Ludwig, Lisa, Ernest, Julia, and Notary.)
JULIA. Well, a nice mess you’ve got us into! There’s an end of our precious plot! All up—pop—fizzle—bang—done for!

LUDWIG. Yes, but—ha! ha!—fancy my choosing the Grand Duke’s private detective, of all men, to make a confidant of! When you come to think of it, it’s really devilish funny!

ERNEST (angrily). When you come to think of it, it’s extremely injudicious to admit into a conspiracy every pudding-headed baboon who presents himself!

LUDWIG. Yes—I should never do that. If I were chairman of this gang, I should hesitate to enrol any baboon who couldn’t produce satisfactory credentials from his last Zoological Gardens.

LISA. Ludwig is far from being a baboon. Poor boy, he could not help giving us away—it’s his trusting nature—he was deceived.

JULIA (furiously). His trusting nature! (To LUDWIG.) Oh, I should like to talk to you in my own language for five minutes—only five minutes! I know some good, strong, energetic English remarks that would shrivel your trusting nature into raisins—only you wouldn’t understand them!

LUDWIG. Here we perceive one of the disadvantages of a neglected education!

ERNEST (to JULIA). And I suppose you’ll never be my Grand Duchess, now!

JULIA. Grand Duchess? My good friend, if you don’t produce the piece how can I play the part?

ERNEST. True. (To LUDWIG.) You see what you’ve done.

LUDWIG. But, my dear sir, you don’t seem to understand that the man ate three sausage-rolls. Keep that fact steadily before you. Three large sausage-rolls.

JULIA. Bah!—Lots of people eat sausage-rolls who are not conspirators.

LUDWIG. Then they shouldn’t. It’s bad form. It’s not the game. When one of the Human Family proposes to eat a sausage-roll, it is his duty to ask himself, “Am I a conspirator?” And if, on examination, he finds that he is not a conspirator, he is bound in honour to select some other form of refreshment.

LISA. Of course he is. One should always play the game. (To NOTARY, who has been smiling placidly through this.) What are you grinning at, you greedy old man?

NOTARY. Nothing—don’t mind me. It is always amusing to the legal mind to see a parcel of laymen bothering themselves about a matter which to a trained lawyer presents no difficulty whatever.

ALL. No difficulty!

NOTARY. None whatever! The way out of it is quite simple.
All. Simple?

Notary. Certainly! Now attend. In the first place, you two men fight a Statutory Duel.

Ernest. A Statutory Duel?

Julia. A Stat-tat-tatutory Duel! Ach! what a crack-jaw language this German is.

Ludwig. Never heard of such a thing.

Notary. It is true that the practice has fallen into abeyance through disuse. But all the laws of Pfennig Halbpfennig run for a hundred years, when they die a natural death, unless, in the meantime, they have been revived for another century. The Act that institutes the Statutory Duel was passed a hundred years ago, and as it has never been revived, it expires to-morrow. So you're just in time.

Julia. But what is the use of talking to us about Statutory Duels when we none of us know what a Statutory Duel is?

Notary. Don't you? Then I'll explain.