

Christmas at the Tower Libretto

Overture – Yeomen of the Guard abridged

(Point sticks his head through the curtain)

Point Si puo? My mistake. Welcome to the Ardensingers annual Christmas ghost story. This year instead of the Ghosts of Christmas Past and Yet to Come, you have me, Jack Point, at your service. I will shepherd you safely through the fearsome ghosts and revelers of the Tower of London. Not everyone can see the ghosts, and I will strive to ensure you never see the truly malicious ones. As a Certified Fool, I am available and visible only to fools and children. *(smiling at the audience)* Hmm...

And now I welcome you to the Christmas party of the newly married Sergeant and Mistress Meryll! *(Point follows the SR curtain and remains on the steps down)*

As the curtain opens on the Tower, Sgt and Mrs. Meryll are preparing and listening. Offstage, we hear the end of Strike up Your Instruments.

Mistress (nee Carruthers) They will rehearse one more piece and then arrive in good appetite.

Sergeant And greater thirst!

Choral conductor (offstage) Most excellent, and no need for more effort at this Merry Christmas season. Let us sing our good monarch's celebratory anthem and proceed to the Merylls' hospitality.

Meryll **Our mistake, chuck!**

Mistress (shoving him) The bowl, the bowl, you nincompoop! And I must check if Kate has finished the Boar's Head.

The company arrives, singing. Mistress and Sergeant welcome them, possibly getting in each other's way doing so. She leaves and comes back.

Pastime with good company

I love and shall until I die

grudge who lust but none deny

so God be pleased thus live will I

for my pastance

hunt sing and dance

my heart is set

all goodly sport

for my comfort

who shall me let

youth must have some dalliance

of good or ill some pastance

Company methinks then best

all thoughts and fancies to digest.

for Idleness

is chief mistress

of vices all
then who can say.
but mirth and play
is best of all.

Company with honesty
is virtue vices to flee.
Company is good and ill
but every man has his free will.
the best ensue
the worst eschew
my mind shall be.
virtue to use
vice to refuse
thus shall I use me.

Mistress goes off SL)

Sgt (*with cups which he hands out*) Welcome, welcome! Indulge yourselves before we help celebrate the Lieutenant's Yule, and then our own.

Mistress (coming back) The Boar's Head is prepared, if its servitors will go fetch it? (*BH carriers move towards exit. Two Young Cast members crash into them and bounce into Sgt., causing him to drop metal tankards.*)

Sgt (*from floor?*) The cast for the Mummers play appears to have arrived.

Mistress And hath anyone seen their master? They must be supervised within the Tower whilst we're gone.

Sgt He'll be here anon. Aha, I have it! Let us practice the Boar's Head song once more before we take it to the Lieutenant. That will give the Master time to arrive.

Phoebe The Lieutenant is hosting his Christmas celebration, yes? Has Colonel Fairfax been invited? May I –

Sgt. and Mistress No!

Phoebe He's not invited, or I am not –

Sgt. and Mistress No! (*Mistress nudges Sgt*)

Sgt. Wilfred, would'st thou come here? (*to Phoebe*) Thy betrothed needs thy help with the ravens-

Wilfred I do?

Sgt. Yes, of course. And littering down the wild beasts. (*He takes one of the Head's front rails*)

Phoebe **That's not true, but let it pass.**

Sgt. The boar's head in hand bring I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio

CHORUS

Caput apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino

John The boar's head, as I understand,

Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us *servire cantico*.

CHORUS

Wilfred Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss;
Which on this day to be servèd is
In Reginensi atrio.

CHORUS

Sgt. (*as the cast leaves, to Wilfred*) The ravens? (*Wilfred is hurt that he can't sing for the Lieutenant, but beckons to Phoebe, and leaves in a different direction. Phoebe tries to join the BH group*)

Mistress (*barring Phoebe from joining them*) Thy father said Ravens, (*more Young Cast arrive*) but until their Master arrives, t'would be better if thou wast in care of these holy innocents. (*Young Cast crashes into her*) Unholy demons! (*recovering*) Stay here, out on the Green with Phoebe, and keep your friends from wandering till your Master arrives.

YC 1 But the Tower is such fun!

YC 2 Spooky and scary!

Mistress Spooky indeed, and you should be terrified. Those who come through Traitors Gate were **evil in life and more evil now. Beware the Tower's ghosts.** (*She shudders and leaves. Boar's Head audible in distance, which makes her hurry.*)

**(That musical cue is for the offstage Boar's Head, which tapers off under this scene:)
Scene for Phoebe and Sean arriving. (Phoebe exits towards Boar's Head.)**

Scene for Point and Young Cast, including *I have a Song to sing, O.*

I have a song to sing, O!

YC's Sing me (us?) your song O!

Point It is sung to the moon by a love-lorn loon, Who fled from the mocking throng, O!
It's the song of a merryman, moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Misery me, lack-a-day-dee!
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

I have a song to sing, O!

YC's Sing me (us?) your song O!

Point It is sung to the knell of a churchyard bell, and a doleful dirge, ding dong, O!
It's the song of a popinjay bravely born, Who turned up **the merry-maid's nose with scorn,**
And made the merry-maid peerly proud, So she loved this lord, and she laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, **And he died** for the love of a ladye.
Heigh-dy! Heigh-dy! Misery me, lack-a-day-dee!
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, **And he died** for the love of a ladye.

Some line to be determined *Boar's Head carolers return singing Good Christian Men.*
Young cast tries to look innocent, and drinks are refreshed.

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born to-day;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!
(all move to new place)
Christ is born to-day!
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!
(all move to new place)
Christ was born for this!
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain his everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save!
(all move to stage)
Christ was born to save!

Wilfred *(to Phoebe as they arrive on stage)* Thou didst not help me with the ravens,
but thou-
Phoebe No, I will NOT help with the wild beasts! *(They move upstage to continue an
argument)*
Meryll To celebrate the season, and bring good Yuletide cheer, we must appoint our
Lord of Misrule. For the duration of this night, we will bow to this Lord, who will
charge us with the duties that he sees fit. I shall blindfold, hmm, that one *(catches
___)*, **who will find our Lord whilst the others sing the Choosing Catch.**

1:00

While the Young Cast sings Oranges and Lemons,

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

(spoken) Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!
Chip chop chip chop the last man is dead

The chooser is blindfolded, wanders around, and almost falls off the stage, but is saved by Lisette, who stands up in the pit and prevents the accident.

Chooser I declare you the Lord, er, Mistress of Misrule.

L of M My first decree is that I am the Lord. *(As the L of M dons some regalia, Wilfred says something funny, at which Phoebe laughs. See a possibility at the end)* And my second is that we all sing my favorite music the way that I demand. **Begin with** *While Shepherds Watched their flocks by night.*

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2. "Fear not!" said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
4. "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:
6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease!"

Pete Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Look there! *(pointing SR to Canon and Daughter)*

Daughter You should never have set those angels around the manger. Aquinas says-
Canon And you presume to speak up against my sermon!?

Dau Aquinas says an angel is said to be in a corporeal place by application of the
angelic power-

Canon You forget that old papist said- *(they continue the argument in mime)*

Bette Her father the Canon will annihilate her.

Lynda No, listen!

Dau No, your memory is as poor as your theology. He said-

Canon Silence! Never dare quote that papist on Tower Green, where Papists only come to die! *(they return to mime)*

___He will annihilate us all!

Lord of **M** No, it shall not be! I decree that music, which hath power to soothe the savage beast, will save us all from the Canon's roar. Let us sing and dance The Holly and the Ivy.

Women grab ivy garlands, men the holly ones, converging on and separating the Canon and daughter, and making them join the strings.

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

(Interlude)

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our dear Saviour:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

(Interlude)

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as the gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all:
O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer

The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

(A group exits SL and returns with someone looking terrified)

Ira A tankard here, quickly! *(It is provided during dialogue)*

Steve Which ghost?

Ira He said it was bloated and blue, and smelt of Malmsey.

Pete Clarence, he was always harmless. Now, in the Beauchamp Tower- *(Mistress finally collapses)*

L of M Silence! Pray, let the Sergeant take his good wife in and succor her, *(this is happening)* and let my tankard be filled, and yours, and... *(L of M is vamping until Mistress is gone)*...Now! let us hear more about the ghosts! *(Everyone starts describing their experiences)* Silence! **Peter, you have the best story. Begin!**

Pete In the tower of London, large as life, the ghost of Anne Bolyn walks they declare.
Poor Anne Bolyn was once King Henry's wife until he made the headsman bob her hair.
Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years ago and she comes up at night to tell him so,
With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour.
She comes to haunt King Henry. She means giving him what for. Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off. She's feeling very sore,
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore, she's has her head tucked underneath her arm.

Tutti With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour.

Wilfred The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in and when they had a few they shout, "Is Army going to win?"

They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Ann Bolyn with her head tucked underneath her arm.

Sgt Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread for all his pals and gals and ghostly crew.
The headsman craves the joint and cuts the bread then in comes Anne Bolyn to queer the do.
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop and Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!"

Tutti With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour.

Pete Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes,
She often catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows,
And it's awf'ly awkward for the Queen to have to blow her nose
With her head tucked underneath her arm!

Tutti With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour.

One night she caught King Henry, he was in the canteen bar. Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Bolyn, or Katherine Parr?"

How the sweet san perryann do I know who you are
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"

(Mistress returns proudly during verses, with Sgt)

Sgt *(to some)* Of course she is fine. The Tower is is her home, and nothing in it can harm her.

Mistress Nothing indeed! I was born in the old keep, and I've grown gray in it, and please God I shall die and be buried in it; and there's not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.

4:30

(Finale) *When our Gallant Norman Foes.*

When our gallant Norman foes Made our merry land their own,
And the Saxons from the Conqueror were flying,
At his bidding it arose, In its panoply of stone,
A sentinel unliving and undying.
Insensible, I trow, As a sentinel should be,
Though a queen to save her head should come a suing,
There's a legend on its brow That is eloquent to me,
And it tells of duty done and duty doing.
The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And men may bleed and men may burn,
O'er London Town and its golden hoard,
I keep my silent watch and ward!

(Chorus)

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

Within its wall of rock, The flower of the brave
Have perished with a constancy unshaken.
From the dungeon to the block, From the scaffold to the grave,
Is a journey many gallant hearts have taken.
And the wicked flames may hiss Round the heroes who have fought
For conscience and for home in all its beauty;
But the grim old fortalice Takes little heed of aught
That comes not in the measure of its duty.
The screw may twist, etc.

And the play cast scatters to look for ghosts!

Point may make a comment through the closing curtain, that the audience is guaranteed a twenty minute intermission while the play cast is rounded up.

Act II

Mummers Play, ending with Father Christmas's lines:
...Money in your pocket and a pudding in the pot!

Sgt *(as applause is almost done)* **And a drink in your hand!**
(he sings the first verse)

Wassail, wassail, all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
 Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
 And a good piece of beef that we all may see
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye
 Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie
 And a good Christmas pie that we may all see
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn
 May God send our master a good crop of corn
 And a good crop of corn that we may all see
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear
 Pray God send our master a happy new year
 And a happy new year as e'er he did see
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 And here is to Colly and to her long tail
 Pray God send our master, he never may fail
 A bowl of strong beer, I pray you draw near
 And our jolly wassail, it's then you shall hear
 Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock
 Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock
 Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin
 For to let these jolly wassailer's in
 Wassail, wassail, all over the town
 Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
 Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 Drink to thee, drink to thee
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

Mistress (*to YC Master*) The Lieutenant's cook-maid hath burned Phoebe's cakes,
 but the head cook will send a fresh batch when they are out of the Tower's oven.
 Canst thou keep the cherubs out of mischief till then?

YC Master I can but try.

(YC Leapfrog game begins under this dialog)

Lynda Children's games and beloved Christmas music. Oh, it's too much happiness!
 Megan Sing my favorite! *(Babble as everyone makes suggestions. Wilfred's voice dominates)*

Wilfred Let us sing Personent Hodie.

(some are shocked, but L of M silences everyone firmly)

L of M Let us have peace and quiet. Of course! **Oaken leaves!** *(divides up the group into parts)*

Oaken leaves in the merry wood so wild. When will you grow green-a?

Fayrest Maid, an thou be with child, Lullaby may'st thou sing-a:

Lul-la, lullaby, lul-la lul-la lullaby, lullaby may'st thou sing-a.

Canon's Daughter *(to her father)* And still I say that angels can indeed-

John No, since they are an incorporeal substance, they can not-

L of M *(coming between them)* Angels sing, they do not cause discord! They **bend near the earth, and create a glorious song** *(introduction to standard version begins)*

No, not THAT glorious song, the other one! Arthur Sullivan's! *(Plays the first line on the trumpet)*

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old
 From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold
 Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, from heav'n's all gracious king
 The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.
 Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurl
 And still their heavenly music floats, O'er all the weary world.
 Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.
 O ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low
 Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow
 Look now for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing
 O rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.
 For lo the days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old
 When with the ever circling years shall come the time foretold
 When the new heaven and earth shall own the prince of peace their King
 And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.

Orchestra member (*gesturing to Lord of Misrule*) Psst! (*L of M bends down*) You misquoted the great poet. It's "soothe the savage breast," not "beast."

L of M He will misquote me. He hasn't been born yet!

O M Neither has Sullivan.

(*YC tap-on-Sean's-shoulder antics*)

Wilfred And now let us sing Personent Ho-

Phoebe, Emily, Lynda **Good King Wenceslaus!** (*L of M nods*)

Good King Wenceslas looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen
 When the snow lay round about
 Deep and crisp and even
 Brightly shone the moon that night
 Though the frost was cruel
 When a poor man came in sight
 Gathering winter fuel
 Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou knowst it, telling
 Yonder peasant, who is he?
 Where and what his dwelling?
 Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain
 Right against the forest fence
 By Saint Agnes fountain.
 Bring me flesh and bring me wine
 Bring me pine logs hither
 Thou and I shall see him dine
 When we bear them thither.
 Page and monarch, forth they went
 Forth they went together
 Through the rude winds wild lament
 And the bitter weather
 Sire, the night is darker now
 And the wind blows stronger
 Fails my heart, I know not how
 I can go no longer.
 Mark my footsteps, good my page
 Tread thou in them boldly
 Thou shall find the winters rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.
 In his masters step he trod
 Where the snow lay dinted

Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed
Therefore, Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing
Ye, who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

(YC tug-of-war antics)

Wilfred (*sings*) Personent- (*The Canon, standing sternly behind him, taps him on the shoulder, or Point does*)

Canon Surely you are aware that Latin is no longer the language of the Church.
(*Wilfred and others look terrified*) However, I will permit it as we are not within a church and it is Christmas. (*relief evident*) Under one condition. (*Relief evaporates*)
We sing my daughter's favorite first.

Daughter **Gaudete! Thank you, Father!**

Gaudete

2:30

Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Tempus adest gratiae, hoc quod optabamus
Carmina laetitiae devote redamus
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Deus homo factus est natura mirante
Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Ezechielis porta clausa per transitur
Unde lux est orta salus invenitur
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Ergo nostra cantio psallat iam in lustro
Benedicat domino salus regi nostro
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine, gaudete

Mistress (*to Sgt*) I shall just check to see if those cakes are ready at the Lieutenant's yet. (*exits*)

L of M (*overhearing*) If music be the food of love, **I believe you two must be starving.**
Eat! Plays burden of: Hail Mary

(Burden) (*sung by cast*) Hail Mary, full of grace, mother in virginity.

(Verse) The Holy Ghost is to thee sent from the Father omnipotent;
Now is God within thee went, when the angel said Ave.

When the angel Ave began, flesh and blood together ran;

Mary bore both God and Man through virtue and through dignity.

So saith the gospel of Saint John: God and man is made but one,
In flesh and blood, body and bone, one God in persones three.

And the prophet Jeremy told in his prophecye
That the Son of Mary should die for us on roode-tree.

Muche joy to us was grant and in earthe peace y-plant,
When that born was this 'fant in the land of Galilee.

Mary, grant us the bliss, there thy Sonnes woning is;
Of that we han done amiss pray for us pour charite.
Amen

(Cast commends Phoebe and Wilfred while Mistress enters and pulls Sergeant downstage)

Mistress That pesky Morris team has sent a note to the Lieutenant saying it cannot come. His steward hath asked if thou wouldst at least give them a jig?

Sgt I shall go and don my kit.

Mistress There is no great rush. The minstrels have just begun their set of ballads.

(Sgt nods and remains to sing Personent, leaving afterwards)

L of M **And now Personent hodie.** *(Wilfred's cap is snatched by Point unobtrusively. As the others arrange themselves, Wilfred sees his cap being waved over someone's head, and chases after it, offstage. L of M notes that, and points to Phoebe to begin it)*

3:00

Personent hodie

Personent hodie
voces puerulae,
laudantes iucunde
qui nobis est natus,
summo Deo datus,
et de virgineo ventre procreatus.
In mundo nascitur,
pannis involvitur
praesepi ponitur
stabulo brutorum,
rector supernorum.
perdidit spolia princeps infernorum.
Magi tres venerunt,
parvulum inquirunt,
Bethlehem adeunt,
stellulam sequendo,
ipsum adorando,
aurum, thus, et myrrham ei offerendo.
Omnes clericuli,
pariter pueri,
cantent ut angeli:
advenisti mundo,
laudes tibi fundo.
ideo gloria in excelsis Deo.

L of M Too much sanctity, not enough mirth. I demand a lascivious song *(Canon is shocked, tries to interfere, but is restrained or impeded)* My dears, *(to Phoebe and*

Wilfred) I think that you canst lead us in something that is not the Old Hundredth!
Greensleeves! **Let lasciviousness reign!**

Phoebe Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.
Chorus: **Tutti**
Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady greensleeves.

Wilfred Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
Now I remain in a world apart
But my heart remains in captivity.
chorus, Tutti
Phoebe and *Wilfred* I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waded life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
chorus
Phoebe Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
but still thou hadst it readily.
Wilfred Thy music still to play and sing;
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
chorus
Phoebe and *Wilfred* Well, I will pray to God on high,
that thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.
chorus

Mistress And here is my dear husband, all prepared to do the Lieutenant's bidding.
May he rehearse once for us all before he goes?
Sgt (*introduces the jig, and possibly the musician*)

Morris Jig

____ May we come watch?
Mistress Yes, and we shall collect those cakes from the Cook!
(*Sergeant waves an invitation, and crowd follows them off. As Wilfred leaves, Point snatches his hat again*)
Wilfred (*turning*) Master Point! Why must thou always snatch my hat?
Point Thou canst see me. Strange.
Wilfred How is it strange? (*snatching the hat back and putting it on*) I see many a ghost in this old Tower.
Point This is passing strange! Ah, but of course! I am a Fool, and thou art one too!
Wilfred (*happily*) Thou namest me a Fool? I, a qualified Fool!
Point A veritable fool among fools. Thou hast the knack of it, lacking merely the gift of Apollo.
Wilfred What would an old Greek have for me?

Point Merely good advice. Know thyself. Aha, and I know how to teach thee! Sit!
(Wilfred sits) Bark! (he does) Now crawl. (He begins to crawl, but rebels and tries to hit Point but is forced to twist into a pretzel and pant. Phoebe enters)

Phoebe Wilfred! What manner of foolery art thou at now? Stand up, you fool!

Wilfred (gasping) Can't. Help me, Phoebe! It's Jack Point, and he has me in his power. *(Point lets him go)*

Phoebe There's no jester here. Stand up and act like a man, not a fool.

Wilfred But Phoebe, he's right there, Jack Point the Jester! *(Wilfred has to contort himself again)* Doest not see him?

Phoebe I see naught but a fool. *(She turns to exit, but Wilfred circles to cut her off)*

Duet, *Like a Ghost.*

Wilfred	Like a ghost his vigil keeping--
Point	I'm a spectre all appalling--
Wilfred	I beheld this creature creeping--
Point	And then I had you crawling!
Wilfred	I was creeping!
Point	You were crawling!
Wilfred	I was creeping, creeping--
Point	Crawling!
Wilfred	With a moment's hesitation, I my fist upon him swung, But my efforts to subdue him Were only just begun. When we closed with one another, He could almost make me smother; T'was the Jester and no other T'whom I wish that I had clung!
Point	I'm the Jester and no other, I'm the Jester and no other, I'm the Jester and no other, T'whom he never could have clung!
Wilfred	I tried and tried to tussle--
Point	It did Not look like a struggle--
Wilfred	He without lifting a muscle--
Point	It's my own infernal juggle!
Wilfred	From my clutching deftly sliding--
Point	I should rather call it slipping!
Wilfred	With a view no doubt of hiding--
Point	No, from you I'm merely skipping!
Wilfred	As I gasped and as I quivered--
Point	I'd describe it as a Gong! (gong sound)
Wilfred	That doesn't rhyme with River!

(Phoebe giggles at the sight of Point being chased off by some chorus members)
 Mistress *(Fanning herself)* Another ghost, and an untidy one, I am certain of it. *(Sgt. holds her up as she reels)*
 Sgt An thou desire my daughter's hand, the word is "backside."
 Wilfred *(looking depressed)* An she will have me.
 Phoebe *(waving the broom)* After such a fight? Come – I am thy Phoebe - thy very own – and we will be wed, in a day –
 Wilfred Or two?
 Phoebe Or three!
 Both At the very most! *(They hug/giggle and move upstage)*
 Sgt *(still holding Mistress)* Art ready for another celebration, chuck?
 Mistress *(She has recovered)* Indeed! And think of the possibilities after! You and I finally alone with the long, long evenings before us! (And no TV!) Hast thou a kiss for thy adoring mistress? *(They join them upstage)*
 Lord of M And so we celebrate! **Strike up, oh whatever it was we just rehearsed!**

Strike up your Instruments of Joy.

Strike up your instruments of joy to honor this, the Day of Days.
 Trumpets, your stirring voice employ, employ in golden phrase on phrase.
 Strike up your instruments of joy to honor this, the Day of Days.
 Trumpets, your stirring voice employ, employ in golden phrase on phrase.
 Let drums beat and oboes play In mazes of delight.
 Cymbals sharp and tambour may Ring bold through day and night.
 Strike up your instruments of joy to honor this, the Day of Days.
 Trumpets, your stirring voice employ, employ in golden phrase on phrase.
 Let sire and dame proclaim the joy that pulses free through every vein,
 Maids too and every lively boy take up the fresh and brave refrain.
 Rebecs, shawms and curtails trace A thousand golden ways;
 Clarions and rackets race to join in lovely praise.
 Strike up your instruments of joy to honor this, the Day of Days.
 Trumpets, your stirring voice employ, employ in golden phrase on phrase.