

No. 20. When the night wind howls

Song and Chorus

Sir Roderic and Ancestors

Allegro energico $\text{♩} = 132$

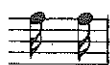
8

ff

Sir Roderic

When the night wind howls in the

chim - ney crows, and the bat in the moon - light



that thy



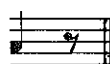
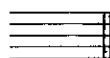
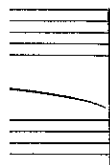
Sir



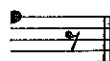
The



w Than



ose!



ose!



Attacca

flies, And ink - y clouds, like

fu - n'ral shrouds, sail o - ver the mid - night

skies - When the foot - pads quail at the

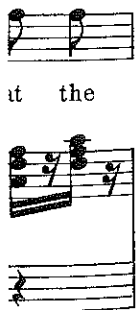
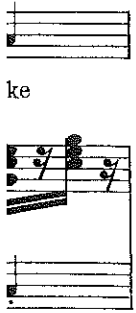
night - bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the

moo!

hol

noor
Chorus

noo



moon, Then is the spec - tres' -

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!

ghosts' high - noon!

ghosts' high - noon!

As the

sfz *sf* *p*

sob of the breeze sweeps o-ver the trees, and the

mists

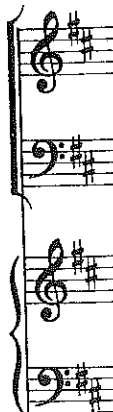
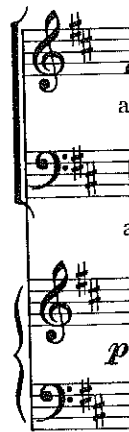
grey to

once

way

- 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 pusses, 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. 24. My eyes are fully open

Trio

Robin, Despard, and Margaret

Allegro vivace $\text{♩} = 108$

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Robin's vocal entry. The melody begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "My eyes are ful-ly o-pen to my". The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a moving bass line in the left hand, marked *mf* and *p*.

Continuation of Robin's vocal line with the lyrics "aw-ful sit-u-a-tion- I shall go at once to Rod-er-ic and". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

Continuation of Robin's vocal line with the lyrics "make him an o-ra-tion. I shall tell him I've re-cov-ered my for-". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

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 - dulse 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,

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,

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



and



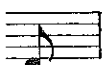
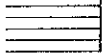
ter,



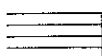
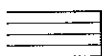
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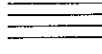
the



the



to



to



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

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,

p

n

[illegible]

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

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of a vocal line (soprano) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 2/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The first measure of the vocal line is 'in', and the first measure of the piano accompaniment is 'The'.

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

musical score for the song "If It Does Not Matter". The score is written for three parts: Robin (soprano), Margaret (alto), and Piano (accompaniment). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: Robin: "If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,"; Margaret: "is it does-n't mat-ter!". The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

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,

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Song of the Shirt." It features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "is it does - n't mat - ter! This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id, un - in - mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter! This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id, un - in - Despard This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id, un - in -". The piano part consists of a melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The score is written in a traditional musical notation style with a large, clear font for the lyrics.

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:

Robin:

(Hannah, dagger to)

Hannah:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

Sir Rod:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Robin:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

Sir Rod:

Hannah:

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

Andante allegretto $\text{♩} = 116$

Hannah

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

Red. * Red. * Red. *

great oak tree: When the temp-est 'gan to low-er Lit-tle heed-ed she. No
great oak tree, She was in a pret-ty pick-le, As she well might be- But his
great oak tree, But I'm neith-er rich nor clev-er, And so why should he? But though

need had she to cow-er, For she dread-ed not its pow-er- She was
gal-lant-ries were mick-le, For Death fol-lowed with his sick-le, And her
fate our for-tunes sev-er, To be con-stant I'll en-deav-our, Aye, for

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, —

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

cresc.
dim. *p*

1 & 2. 3.

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

3. Said tree! Sing hey, —

1 & 2. 3.

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

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

dim. riten. pp

(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 occurred to 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.

