

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-dic-tatin' 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?

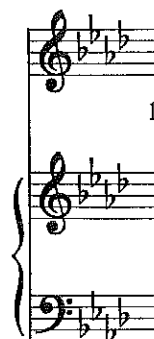
Rose: No. (*aside*) The question is, Is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? (*Refers to book.*) Yes— "Always speak the truth!"

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.*)



Richard
to high
Ab

No.8. The battle's roar is over

Duet

Richard and Rose

Allegro moderato ♩=126

Richard

arms, O give me shel-ter With-in those arms! Thy smile al -

lur-ing, All heart - ache cur-ing, Gives peace en -

dur - ing, O my love! O my love! If

heart both true and ten-der, O my love! A life-love can engen-der, O my

lov

ay

Ro
the
Ric
Rose

ou
ou

It mere-ly states these simple 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 - - - - - seen - - - 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

heart that does not know its mind,

heart that does not know its mind,

heart that does not know its mind,

obvious

p 3 *p* 3 *Red.*

Margaret

Cheer-i - ly car-ols the lark O-ver the cot.

3

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!

O - ver the rip - en - ing peach Buzz - es the

accel.

trem. *p*

accel.

Re.

bee. Splash on the bil - low - y beach Tum - bles the sea. But the

cresc.

p * *Re.*

peach And the beach, They are each Noth - ing to me! — And

a tempo

a tempo dim.

Alle

wh

M

Allegro vivace ♩ = 92

why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Cra-zy Meg! Mad

p *cresc.*

Mar - gar - et! Poor Peg! (chuckling) He! he! he! Mad, I?

sfz *dim.* *sfz* *p*

Yes, ver-y! But why? Mys - ter - y! Don't call! Whisht! Whisht!

Spoken

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

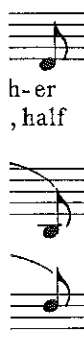
flow-ers, And he wan-ders through its bow-ers Toy-ing with the wan-ton
hid-den, Hop-ing that his glance un-bid-den Yet might fall up-on her

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
Red.



- 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

rall.
dim. *p* *rall.*
Red. *Red.* *



gath - er aught but ro - ses!
ro - ses, on - ly ro -

1. (Kneels.) 2. (She weeps.)
2. In a 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.)

(Girl



*In Gilbert's