

Act II.

Nº 16.

CHORUS (Men only) with SOLO (Dan.)

Arthur Sullivan.

Allegretto non troppo vivace.

Piano.

TENORS.

CHO. Is there

BASSES.

Is there

CHO. Walk.in,'

an - y - one ap - proach.in' Is the coast quite clear?

Walk.in,'

CHO. Is there

run.nin', rid.in', coach.in', Is there an.y.bo.dy near? Is there an.y.bo.dy near? Is there

Is there an.y.bo.dy near?

CHO. an - y.thing to fear? Is there an - y - bo.dy poachin' On the pri.va.cy of our pre -

Is there an - y - bo.dy poachin' On the pri.va.cy of our pre -

CHO. - serves? We're get - tin' *misterioso* ner - vous, We're get - tin'

- serves? We're get - tin' *misterioso* ner - vous, We're get - tin'

DAN. No! No one

CHO. ner - vous!

ner - vous!

DAN. comes! The coast is clear! But dis - tant

The first system of the score consists of a bass line for the dancer (DAN.) and piano accompaniment. The bass line has lyrics: "comes! The coast is clear! But dis - tant". The piano accompaniment is in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand with some triplets.

DAN. drums, dis - tant drums I faint - ly hear!

CHO. Tho' the
Tho' the

The second system includes a bass line for the dancer (DAN.) with lyrics "drums, dis - tant drums I faint - ly hear!". It also features a vocal line for the choir (CHO.) with lyrics "Tho' the" and "Tho' the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar melodic and harmonic patterns.

CHO. sum.mer night is dumb in My at - ten - tive - ear, And there's
sum.mer night is dumb in My at - ten - tive - ear, And there's

The third system features a vocal line for the choir (CHO.) with lyrics "sum.mer night is dumb in My at - ten - tive - ear, And there's" and "sum.mer night is dumb in My at - ten - tive - ear, And there's". The piano accompaniment includes a prominent melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

CHO. no-bo.dy a com-in' To dis-turb us, ne-ver fear, ne-ver fear! Yet I

no-bo.dy a com-in' To dis-turb us, ne-ver fear, ne-ver fear! Yet I

CHO. fan.cy I can hear Now and then a dis-tant drummin', And it gets up-on my high-strung

fan.cy I can hear Now and then a dis-tant drummin', And it gets up-on my high-strung

ppp

CHO. nerves! The saints pre-serve us! pre-serve us! pre-serve us!

nerves! The saints pre-serve us! pre-serve us! pre-serve us!

pp

Mick. Halt there!

Dan. What do you see, Mick?

Mick. Somebody that's keepin' invisible!

(All Men retire into caves out of sight.)

Dan. *(to Mickie).* Stay where ye are, sentry. It's an honourable post ye are holdin', mind that.

Mick. Holdin' the post, am I? Didn't ye tie me to it yourself with your own two hands and one of my braces? Bedad, it's the post that's holdin' me, not me the post at all!

Ter. *(heard off).* Erin-go-bragh!

Dan. Maybe it's only Terence, after all.

Ter. *(entering).* It is. Where are the boys?

Dan. They thought you was the soldiers.

Ter. I see. Have they gone far?

Dan. Not far, considerin' the start they had.

(Men re-enter.)

Ter. Well, you need think no more of the red-coats.

Dan. It's little enough we think of them. We treat them with contempt.

Ter. They have refused to come here, and we are perfectly safe.

All. Hooroo!

Ter. Professor Bunn, our new recruit, succeeded in persuading them that this place is haunted by fairies. They are frightened to death of coming here.

Dan. And it's the little Professor did that?

Ter. He was mainly responsible for the details of the plan.

Dan. Then it's a credit to Ireland he is. What do ye say, boys?

No 17.

CHORUS and DANCE of Peasants.

MEN ONLY.

Edward German.

Allegro giocoso.

Men.

Be . . dad, it's for him that we'll al . . ways em . . ploy A

f

Ad. *

MEN.

name that St Pat . rick him . . self would en . . joy, For St Pat . rick him . . self was a

Ad. *

MEN.

TENORS.

"broth of a boy,"— And he liked to be called it in Ire . . . land! St

MEN. BASSES.

Pat - rick him . self was a "broth of a boy." St Pat - rick him . self was a

Ad. *

MEN. TENORS. TUTTI

"broth of a boy." St Pat - rick him . self was a "broth of a boy,"- And

Ad. *

MEN.

liked to be called it in Ire - land, in Ire - land!

Ad. * *Ad.*

MEN.

— Be - dad, it's for him that we'll al - ways ent.ploy A name that St Pat - rick him.

* *Ad.* *

MEN. *And.* ***

sel would en . joy, For St Pat . rick him . self was a "broth . of a boy," And he

MEN. *ff*

liked to be called it in Ire . land!

f animato

MEN. *sf* *ff*

In

MEN. *sf*

Ire land!

Mick. Halt there!

Ter. What is it?

Mick. The swatest enemy ye ever saw. It's Kathleen, the darlin', and the other colleens.
(Enter Kathleen, followed by women.)

No. 18.

JIG.

Edward German.

Piano.

Presto. ♩ = 184

DANCE.

ff

ff pp

ff

Ad. * Ad. *

Ad. *

fp

1.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a slur over the first four measures. The bass clef staff contains a bass line with chords. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The system concludes with the instruction *Ped.* followed by an asterisk and another *Ped.*.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line with a slur. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. The system concludes with the instruction *Ped.*.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. The system concludes with the instruction ** Ped.* followed by an asterisk, ** Ped.* followed by an asterisk, and another asterisk.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line with accents. The bass clef staff continues the bass line with accents. The system concludes with the instruction *Ped.* followed by an asterisk, ** Ped.* followed by an asterisk, ** Ped.* followed by an asterisk, ** Ped.* followed by an asterisk, and another asterisk.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line with a slur. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. The system concludes with a sharp sign (#) and a chord symbol.

CHO.

Ah! ah!

Ad. *

This system contains the first two systems of music. The top two staves are for the choir (CHO.), with the vocal line in treble clef and the bass line in bass clef. The vocal line has two phrases of "Ah!" with a long note and a slur. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords. The first system ends with a fermata and the marking "Ad. *".

CHO.

ah!

p

This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The vocal staves continue with the "ah!" phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a fermata.

This system contains the fifth and sixth systems of music, which are piano accompaniment only. The fifth system shows the continuation of the piano part, and the sixth system concludes with a fermata.

CHO.

Ah! ah! ah!

Ah! ah! ah!

ff *ff* *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

CHO.

— — — — —

— — — — —

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

CHO. Ah! ah! ah!

CHO. In St. Pat . rick was a broth of a boy!

CHO. For St. Pat . rick was a "broth of a boy" For St.

CHO. *Prestissimo.*

Pat. rick was a "broth of a boy."

Pat. rick was a "broth of a boy."

The first system of music includes a choir part and piano accompaniment. The choir part consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with the lyrics "Pat. rick was a 'broth of a boy.'" written below. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The tempo is marked "Prestissimo." There are dynamic markings "ff" and "Ped." (pedal) in the piano part.

CHO.

The second system of music includes a choir part and piano accompaniment. The choir part consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. There are dynamic markings "ff" and "Ped." (pedal) in the piano part.

CHO.

sf *Cresc.* *rit.*

The third system of music includes a choir part and piano accompaniment. The choir part consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. There are dynamic markings "sf", "Cresc.", and "rit." in the piano part.

Ter. I am sorry you are out of breath, for I gather you have brought news of importance. Am I right? If you cannot speak, nod your heads.

(All the Women nod vehemently.)

(Enter Molly.)

Mol. Ye are all goin' to be killed.

Ter. Dear me! That is calculated to take one's breath away. Can you tell me any more?

(Molly shakes her head.)

Nora. Where's my Mickie?

Mick. Here I am, Nora dear, stickin' to my post like a blessed martyr to his stake.

Nora. For what are ye stayin' up there alone to be shot at?

Mick. I'm bound to stay, darlin', and that's the truth. My runnin' away would mean my undoin'.

(Nora releases him.)

Mol. You are surrounded. The Lord Lieutenant and the soldiers are coming here.

Ter. But the soldiers said they were afraid to come.

Kath. They changed their minds.

Dan. That's like the soldiers—the cowards! And it's my belief the little Professor was deceivin' you all the time, and not the soldiers. It's a traitor and a spy he is.

Ter. It is possible.

Dan. What do ye say, boys?

No. 18a

CHORUS of Peasants.

Edward German.

Presto.

Chorus. Och! the spal .peen, let him drown!

Piano.

CHO. Hang him! Bang him! Knock him down! Thrash him! Bash him!

Hang him! Bang him! Knock him down! Thrash him! Bash him!

CHO. Crack his crown! He's a trai - tor to Old Ire - land!

Crack his crown! He's a trai - tor to Old Ire - land!

Dan. Whist now—what's that?

(Bagpipe heard in distance.)

Ter. Is it a pig in pain? *(Goes up.)*

Mol. Not at all. It's Blind Murphy with his music.

Kath. It's Blind Murphy has taken service with the Lord Lieutenant.

Dan. What's that?

Nora. The truth.

Dan. Then it's comin' here as a spy he is.

Mol. Not at all. He thinks he can get cured by the fairies—he said so.

Dan. A spy would say anything.

All. Och, the spalpeen! Etc.

Mol. Stop your foolishness!

Dan. It's while the stable door's still open I'll not wait here to be taken like a horse in a trap.

Nora. It's surrounded your trap is—ye can't get out of it by leavin' it.

Dan. Then it's the Book of Fate that's written dead against us. What do ye say?

Mol. Say? That if the Book of Fate is written against us, it's the Book of Fate wants re-writin', and it's the old Irish character we'll use in doin' it. For Dame Fortune, the old schoolmistress, may put an Irish boy in a corner, but it's his back he'll put to the wall in spite of her. Eh, Terence?

Ter. Yes; Black Care will never ride a winner in the Irish race, while I'm in it.

No. 19.

SONG (Terence) with CHORUS.

Arthur Sullivan.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

TERENCE.

TER. 1. Oh,— have you met a man in debt and
not a - fraid of man or maid, and
learnt each vice, from drink to dice, that's

TER. al - most out at el - bows? Who all the while Can show a style As
thinks fair play a jew - el, Who'll kiss your wife, But give his life To
known from here to Han - ley, But all the time Com - mits no crime That's

TER. grand as an - y swell beau's? Who loves a horse, And tho; of - course, He'll
miss you in the du - el! Who bor - rows what He has - n't - got To
call'd un - gen - tle - man - ly! So we'll for - give The way you live, Tho'

TER. choose the best to ride on, Will hunt the fox On an - y crocks That
lend a poor - er bro - ther, And when he pays You, ne - ver says He
some may call it sha - dy; You'd soon - er die Than tell a lie, Ex -

TER. he can get a - stride on, That he can get a - stride on, That *un poco rit.*
used it for an - o - ther, He - used it for an - o - ther, He -
- cept to save a la - dy, Ex - cept to save a la - dy, Ex -

TER. he can get a - stride on! Whose life's a race at break-neck pace, With *a tempo*
used it for an - o - ther! Who's al - ways near a laugh or tear, Just
- cept to save a la - dy! True chip of block, old fight - ing stock Who

TER. care dropp'd well be - hind him! If you've not met that por - trait yet, It's *un poco rit.*
as you may re - mind him! If you've not met that por - trait yet, It's *a tempo*
ne - ver look'd be - hind 'em! If you've not met good sol - diers yet, You

colla voce

TER. *f*
 Ire - land where you'll find him.
 Ire - land where you'll find him.
 know where you may find 'em.

GIRLS. *f*
 Whose life's a race at
 Who's al - ways near a
 True chip of block old

MEN. *f*

CHO.
 break-neck pace, With care dropp'd well be - hind him, If you've not met that
 laugh or tear, Just as you may re - mind him, If you've not met that
 fight - ing stock Who ne - ver look'd be - hind 'em, If you've not met good

1 & 2. TERENCE.

TER. *f*

CHO.
 por - trait yet, It's Ire - land where you'll find him.
 por - trait yet, It's Ire - land where you'll find him.

2. Who's
 3. Who's

1 & 2.

ff

3. *a tempo*

TER. You know _____ where you may

CHO. sol - diers yet- You know _____ where you may

sol - diers yet- You know _____ where you may

3. *a tempo*

TER. find 'em!

CHO. find 'em!

find 'em!

ff

Dan. Good for you, Terence, avick. It's to you that we'll trust to get us out of our distress, and not to any mesmerizin', ventriquoizin', advertisin' quack of a Cockney character impersonator. It's surrounded with spies we are, and he's one of 'em, and Blind Murphy's another—and what's this if it's not two more?

(Enter Rosie and Susan.)

Rosie. Terence! *(She throws herself into his arms.)*

Dan. The Lord Lieutenant's own daughter! How's that for spyin'?

Mol. *(to Dan).* It's the gentleman's sweetheart she is.

Dan. What's that?

Ter. Yes; I did not tell you before, this lady and I are engaged.

Rosie. Not quite engaged, dearest. You are engaged to me, but I cannot be engaged to you without Papa's consent, and that we shall never have. We are lovers, indeed—but engaged, alas, no!

Susan. Handkerchief, my lady? *(Handing it.)*

Rosie. Thank you, Susan. *(Drying her eyes.)*

Dan. And is it you, Terence O'Brian, rebel and patriot, that are contemplatin' unholy matrimony with one of those Saxon serpents that trample our country under their heels? It's a double-faced traitor ye are. What do ye say, boys?

All: Och, the spalpeen! Etc.

Dan. *(to Terence).* And smilin', too! It's a handful of slugs shall fly in your smilin' face! *(Getting blunderbuss.)*

Rosie. *(to Terence).* Don't let them throw slugs at us, dear, will you? Not even snails. I couldn't bear it.

Ter. No, darling, don't be afraid.

Susan. Salts, my lady?

Rosie. Thank you, Susan.

Ter. (*as Dan advances with blunderbuss*). My friends, perhaps I owe you an explanation. This lady and I met in London before we understood the incongruities of our positions. We fell in love, and have never yet succeeded in falling out. You will not blame us when you hear the peculiar circumstances of our first meeting.

No 20.

DUET (Rosie & Terence) with CHORUS.

Arthur Sullivan.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano.

mf

TERENCE.

p

'Twas in Hyde Park be -

TER.

- side the Row That she and I first met; A -

TER.

- gainst the rails I pressed my suit, (Al - though the paint was

TER. wet, was wet) I said, "Love me, and

GIRLS. Ah me! the paint was wet,

CHO. MEN. Ah me! the paint was wet,

TER. I'll love you,' She could not answer "No!" For

Rev. *

TER. she was one and I was two, That day in Rot - ten

Rev. *

TER. Row, For she was one and I was two, That

B

TER. day in Rot - ten Row.

CHO. Oh, she was one and

Oh, she was one and

CHO. he was two, That day in Rot - ten Row.

he was two, That day in Rot - ten Row.

accel.

f brillante

C ROSIE. *brillante, a la Valse.*

'Twas at a ball, the lights were low, And

p

ROS. he and I had met, He told me of that

ROS. hope less suit, I felt my eyes grow wet;

ad lib. *D a tempo*

CHO. She felt her
She felt her

p

colla voce *a tempo mf*

ROS. He whis-per'd, "How can I win you?" I

CHO. eyes grow wet;
eyes grow wet;

p

ROS. *un poco ad lib.* *a tempo*
 an - - - swered, "I don't know, For I - - - was won when

colla voce *a tempo*
 Red. *

ROS. you - - - were too, That day - - - in Rot - ten Row," "For

Red. *

ROS. I - - - was won when you - - - were too, That day - - - in Rot - ten

ROS. Row?"

CHO. For she - - - was won when he - - - was too, That day - - - in Rot - ten

For she - - - was won when he - - - was too, That day - - - in Rot - ten

ROS.  La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

TER.  For she was won and I was too, _____ And I was

CHO.  Row, For she was
Row, For she was

pp 

ROS.  la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

TER.  too, When I was two and she was one, _____ and she was

CHO.  won, When he was
won, When he was



ROS. la, For I was won

TER. one, For you were won

CHO. too, For she was one when he was two, One

too, For she was one when he was two, One

cresc. *f.*

cresc. *f.*

cresc.

ROS. — when you were too, That day in Rot - ten Row, In - Rot - ten,

TER. — and I was too, That day in Rot - ten Row!

CHO. — when he was two, That day in Rot - ten Rot - ten Row!

— when he was two, That day in Rot - ten Rot - ten Row!

F un poco ad lib.

ROS. *a tempo* Rot - - - ten Row! Rot - - - ten Row, Rot - - *p*

TER. In Rot - ten, Rot - - - ten Row, Rot - -

CHO. *a tempo* In Rot - ten, Rot - - - ten Row, In Rot - ten, *p*

In Rot - ten, Rot - - - ten Row, In Rot - ten, *p*

Red. *

ROS. - - - ten Row!

TER. - - - ten Row!

CHO. Rot - ten, Rot - ten Row! *f*

Rot - ten, Rot - ten Row!

trem. *accel.*

f

Ter. Now do you still think a man a traitor for being faithful to the lady he loves?

Mol. Is it you, Black Dan, will say that with Kathleen there hangin' on your arm and every word ye speak!

Rosie. What a nice girl! Have you a lover?

Mol. No, ma'am.

Susan. Poor thing! *(A whistle is heard.)*

Ter. Listen!

Bunn. *(offstage)*. Erin-go-bragh!

Ter. The password.

Dan. Then it's either the Professor or Blind Murphy—one of the two—and spies both. Whichever it is shall have a warm welcome. What will we do?

All: Och, The spalpeen! Etc.

Mol. No! Get out of sight and hearin', while I see which it is. *(All exeunt silently.)*
(Enter Bunn cautiously. He is dressed as on his first entrance, Act I.)

Bunn. Is this the place? Erin-go-bragh! Erin-go-bragh! No; there's no one here. No one at all.

Mol. *(coming down)*. Ye're not Pat, but the Professor—the Saints be praised!

Bunn. Eh? Erin-go-bragh, my dear, Erin-go-bragh a thousand times. *(Shaking her hand warmly.)*
Are you so glad to see me?

Mol. I am that. I was afraid it might be—someone else.

Bunn. *Afraid* it might be? *(Ogling her.)* Are we alone?
(Enter Susan.)

Mol. You've a sweetheart here?

Bunn. I can see *that*. *(Looking at Molly.)*

Mol. Then it's a double-faced lover ye must be, seein' she's behind you.

Bunn. *(turning)*. Susan! *(Greeting her effusively.)*

Susan. (*aside*) My detective! Are you going to arrest them all and drag them off by force?

Bunn. Not by force. I employ stratagem with any number of criminals over ten. (*To Molly.*)
Where are the—er—b-hoys?

Mol. They are preparin' a warm welcome for ye.

Bunn. Really? I didn't know I was so popular.

(*Enter Chorus. They seize Bunn.*)

All: Och, the spalpeen! Etc.

(*At the end his coat is torn up the back.*)

(*Enter Terence and Rosie.*)

Bunn. I really did *not* know I was such a favourite. You've nearly torn me to pieces. Really, I'm a perfect scarecrow.

Ter. Listen, boys, and you, Mr. Bunn. Lady Rosie has kindly given me an idea. It's as a scarecrow you were employed by me; you undertook to scare the soldiers—and failed. You shall have one more chance. We are surrounded and are going to be attacked by a regiment of English infantry, eight hundred strong. If you succeed in frightening them away, your life shall be spared by us. If you fail—

Bunn. Yes, if I fail—it is not likely—but *if* I fail—?

Ter. As one of us you will, of course, suffer death at their hands.

Bunn. Leave everything to me, sir.

Ter. Everything *is* left to you—except a way of escape. What do you propose?

Rosie. Might he not have a minute for reflection?

Bunn. Reflection? Now you've given *me* an idea. Have you ever heard of Professor Bunn's apparitions?

Rosie. No.

Bunn. (*surprised*). Dear me, how large the world is! Where is the young person who appeared as the Fairy Cleena last evening?

Mol. I'm here.

Bunn. This time I will improve your appearance. I'll make you appear weird—terrible—unearthly.

Mol. I'm mighty obliged to you.

Bunn. Listen! Every passer-by that sets foot in this place you will address in terms of passionate affection, and invite him to stay with you for fifty years.

Mol. I will not.

Bunn. Eh?

Mol. What would I do that for?

Bunn. To frighten him away. The Fairy Cleena is supposed to do it.

Mol. That's her affair; there's nothin' *I'd* do it for.

Bunn. Why on earth not?

No 21.

ENSEMBLE.

Edward German.

Molto allegro a la Valse.

MOLLY.

Molly.

Piano.

I can - not, can - not

Red. * Red. *

MOL.

play at love — But when I love, —

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

MOL.

Glad - ly I'll say I love, — For then I'll

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

MOL.

love. — But if I love — not you, — How

21266 Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

MOL. shall I say— I do? Love then— would be a

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

MOL. *p dim.* lie,— And Love is true! *p dim.* Some maids have

KATHLEEN.

Red. * Red. *

KATH. played at love— Who're not in love;

Red. * Red. * Red. *

KATH. But where's the maid in love— who's got a love—

Red. * Red. * Red. *

KATH. — Some— maids have played at love— Who're not in

pp

Red. * Red. * Red. *

KATH. love; Some maids have played at love — Who're

KATH. not in love; Who'll think "I love's" — a

KATH. thing, a thing — Light - ly to say or sing To

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

KATH. ev - ry pas - ser by — That's list - en -

p dim.

KATH. - ing? BUNN. Did you

21266 *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

Animato.
BUNN.

Ev - er? Well, I ne - ver! No, I ne - ver, ne - ver did! Pret - ty

BUN.

Mol - ly, Miss O' Gra - dy I'm un - cha - ri - ta - bly chid, I'm sug - gest - ing no - thing

BUN.

sha - dy, For the feel - ings of a la - dy I have the deep - est

BUN.

ROSIE.

sym - pa - thy, of course. Vul - gar var - let, does .n't scar - let Your un -

ROS.

hap - py face suf - fuse? In the pre - sence of a la - dy Kind - ly mind your P's and

ROS.

meno mosso

Q's: Tho' a hum - ble peas - ant mai - die She has feelings of a la - dy, Your -

p

ROSIE & KATHLEEN.

animato

con - duct is un - par - don - a - bly coarse, Ah!

f

Red.

Your con - duct is un - par - don - a - bly coarse.

ROS. KATH. MOL. *rall:* **Allegro.**
 Ah! But if I love — not

DAN. BUN. Hearken, mi-nion! her o-pi-nion Is i-
 Did you ev-er? well I ne-ver! No, I

CHO. Ah! But if I love — not

mf Lis-ten, stu-pid! has-nt Cu-pid ev-er

Allegro.

rall: *f*

*Red. * Red. **

ROS. KATH. MOL. you — How shall I say — I do?

DAN. BUN. -den-ti-cal-ly mine: She's a mod-est lit-tle mai-die, And her feel-ings ve-ry
 ne-ver, ne-ver did! Pret-ty Pol-ly, Miss O' Gra-dy, I'm un-cha-ri-ta-bly

CHO. you — How shall I say — I do?

tak-en you in hand? That the feel-ings of a la-dy You can so mis-un-der-

*Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. **

ROS. KATH. MOL.
 — Love then — would be a lie — and
 fine. In a hum - ble peas - ant mai - die The re - fine - ment of a la - dy, A
 DAN. BUN.
 chid. I'm sug - gest - ing no - thing sha - dy, For the feel - ings of a la - dy I
 CHO.
 — Love then — would be a lie — and
 — stand? Don't you think a peas - ant mai - die Has the feel - ings of a la - dy? I

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

ROS. KATH. MOL.
 love is true. But
 DAN. BUN.
 feel - ing that I thor - ough - ly en - dorse. Heark - en
 have the deep - est sym - pa - thy, of course. Did you
 CHO.
 love is true. But
 hope that you are bit - ten by re - morse. Lis - ten, stu - pid! Lis - ten,

Red. * Red. * Red. *

ROS. KATH. MOL. ²
 true. Some maids have played at
 DAN. BUN. *course.* Hearken, mi-nion! Her o-pi-nion is i-den-ti-cal-ly
 Did you ev-er? Well, I ne-ver! No, I ne-ver, ne-ver
 CHO. true. Some maids have played at
course. Lis-ten, stu-pid! Lis-ten, stu-pid! has'nt Cu-pid Ev-er tak-en you in

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.*

ROS. KATH. MOL.
 love — who're not in love —
 DAN. BUN. mine; She's a mod-est lit-tle mai-die, And her feel-ings ve-ry fine. In a
 did! Pret-ty Mol-ly. Miss O-Grady, I'm un-cha-ri-ta-bly chid, I'm sug-
 CHO. love — who're not in love —
 hand? That the feel-ings of a la-dy You can so mis-un-der-stand? Don't you

* *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

ROS. KATH. MOL.
 DAN. BUN.
 CHO.

But where's the maid in love — Who's got
 hum - ble pea - sant mai - die. The re - fine - ment of a la - dy, A feel - ing that I
 - gest - ing no - thing sha - dy. For the feel - ings of a la - dy I have the deep - est

think a pea - sant mai - die Has the feel - ings of a la - dy? I hope that you are

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.*

ROSIE & KATHLEEN with Sopranos.
 MOLLY with Altos.

ROS. KATH. MOL.
 DAN. BUN.
 CHO.

a love? Some maids who're
 tho - rough - ly en - dorse, that I tho - rough - ly en - dorse. Some maids who're
 sym - pa - thy, of course, deep - est sym - pa - thy, of course. Some maids who're

bit - ten by re - morse, bit - ten, bit - ten by re - morse. Some maids who're

* *Red.* * *Red.* *

ROS.
KATH.
MOL.

DAN
BUN.

CHO.

not in love, Some maids who're not in love Have

not in love, Some maids who're not in love Have

not in love, Some maids who're not in love Have

not in love, Some maids who're not in love Have

ped. * ped. * ped. * ped. * ped. *

ROS.
KATH.
MOL.

DAN
BUN.

CHO.

played _____ at love; Some maids, some maids have

played, have played at love; _____ Some maids, some maids have

played _____ at love; Some maids, some maids have

played, have played at love; _____ Some maids, some maids have

ped. * ped. * ped. * ped.

(*Exeunt all except Bunn and Susan.*)

Susan. It strikes me there's mysteries on mystery's head. How is it that you, a detective and a nero, let yourself be put upon?

Bunn. Ah! That's where I'm clever; that's where I'm cunning. Don't you see, it's part of the game?

Susan. It seems to me the game's hockey, with you for the ball and everyone else with a stick.

Bunn. I dare say it does look a little like that, at *first*.

Susan. It looks more like it every minute.

Bunn. Susan, will you endeavour to recollect that there *are* such things as wolves in sheep's clothing—and I am one of them? Will you kindly remember that this is an age of shams, and that, as any Irishman will tell you, The English rose by climbing over the shamrock?

No 22

SONG. - Bunn.

Edward German.

Bunn. *Allegro.* **BUNN.**
1. Oh, the

Piano. *mf*

BUNN.
age in which we're liv-ing, strikes a man of a . ny sense, As an age of make-be-live and im-i-
vulgar im-i-ta-tion of a true phil-an-thropist Who sends a hundred thousand to be

BUNN.
-ta-tion and pre-tence: And it's grad-u-al-ly grow-ing more im-pos-si-ble to see. The
published in a list- Which pur-chas-es a ti-tle (as he pos-si-bly in-tends), With an

BUNN.
dif-fer-ence be-tween what people are and seem to be! Our la-dies grow more youthful now, the
im-i-ta-tion coat of arms, and im-i-ta-tion friends Then his wife- a charming la-dy with an

ten.

BUNN.

longer they're a live, And re - duce their ag - es an - nu - al - ly af - ter thir - ty - five; But for
im - i - ta - tion blush - Will hold a big re - ception, Where So - ci - e - ty will rush To —

BUNN.

such mis - cal - cu - la - tions they will al - ways make am - ends, By lib - er - al - ly adding to the
see her im - i - ta - tion of a Duchess, in the style Of her im - i - ta - tion welcomes with an

BUNN. *rall.*

SUSAN.

BUNN. *f*

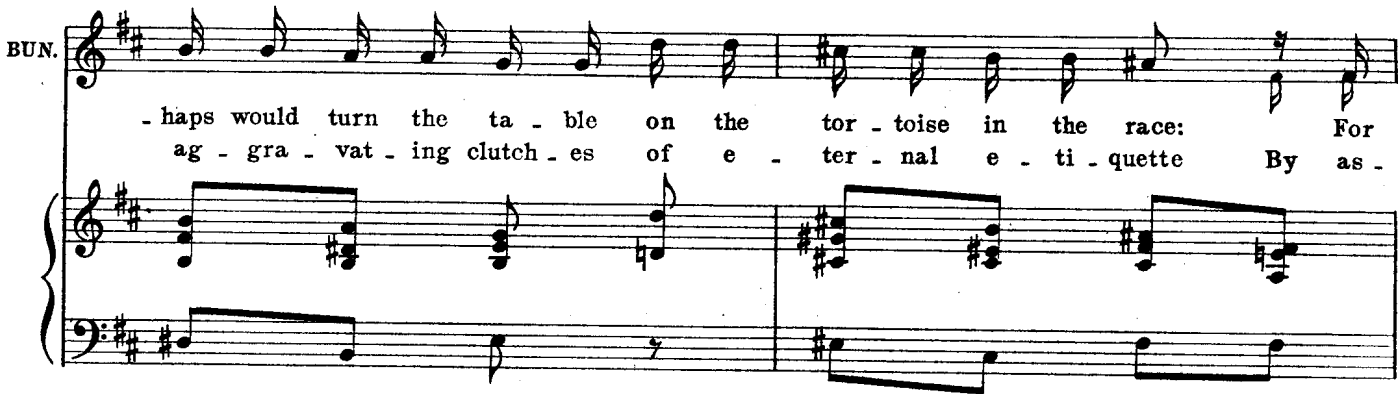
ag - es of their friends, By lib - er - al - ly ad - ding to the ag - es of their friends.
im - i - ta - tion smile! Of her im - i - ta - tion welcomes with an im - i - ta - tion smile!

f *rall.*

BUNN. *a tempo*

Ah! And if Ae - sop wrote his fa - bles' in the pres ent year of grace, He per -
Ah! But a bo - na - fi - de Duchess Will en - dea - vour to for - get The

p

BUN. 

- haps would turn the ta - ble on the tor - toise in the race: For
 ag - gra - vat - ing clutch - es of e - ter - nal e - ti - quette By as -

BUN. 

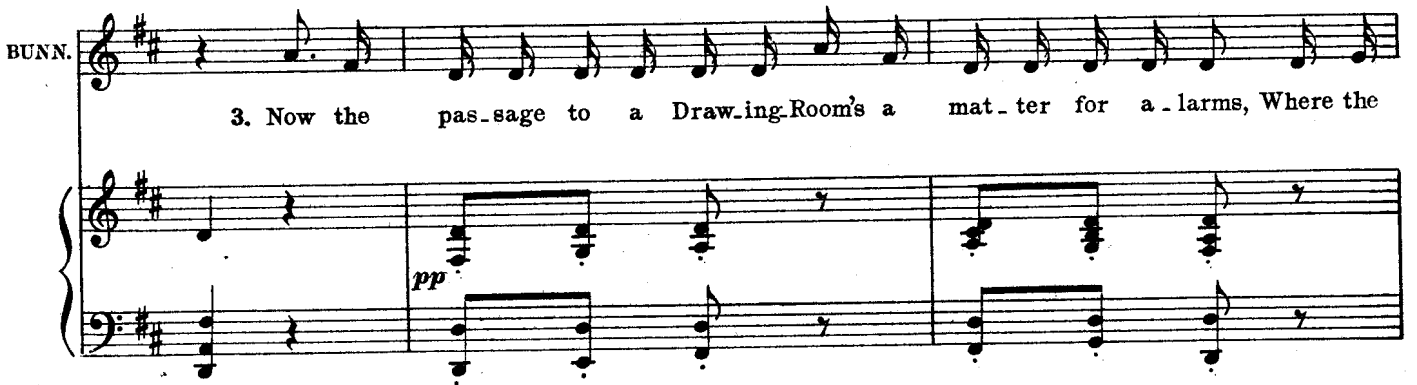
which goes quick - er on a - head and stays the fast - er there, The
 - sist - ing at an im - i - ta - tion cha - ri - ty ba - zaar As an

BUN. 

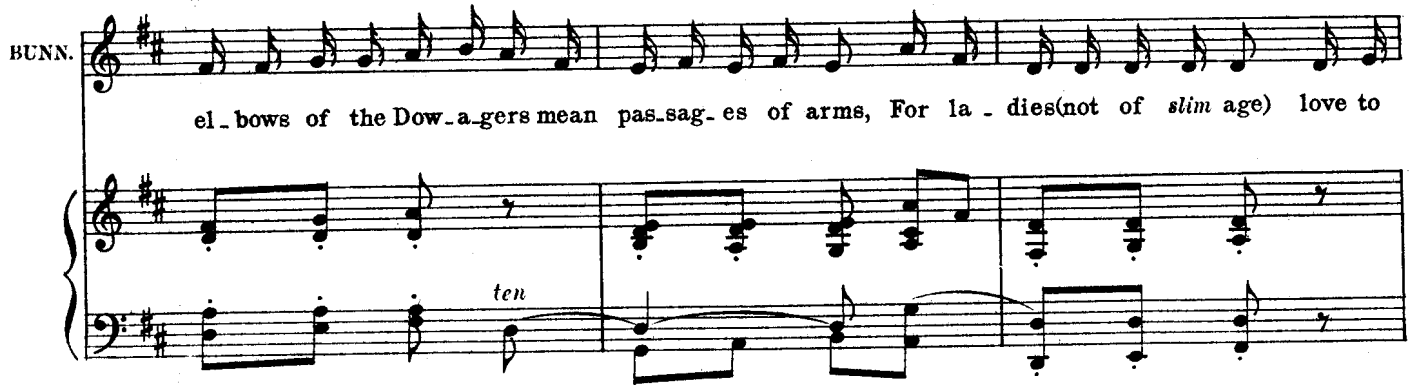
im - i - ta - tion tor - toise shell or im - i - ta - tion hair!
 im - i - ta - tion bar - maid in a im - i - ta - tion bar!

2nd Verse. 

There's the

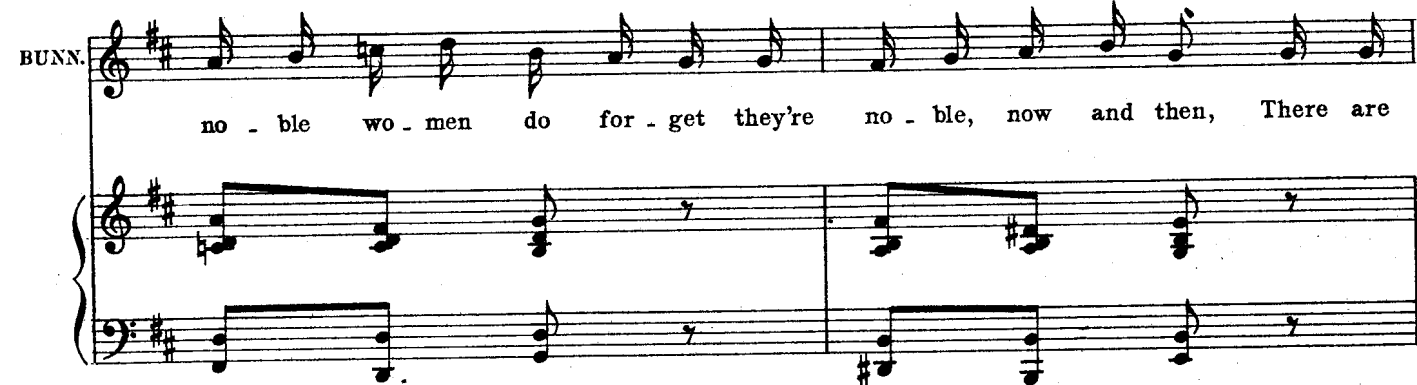
BUNN.  3. Now the pas-sage to a Draw-ing-Room's a mat-ter for a-larms, Where the

pp

BUNN.  el-bows of the Dow-a-gers mean pas-sag-es of arms, For la-dies(not of *slim* age) love to

ten

BUNN.  push and fight and scratch, To im-i-tate a scrimmage in a Rug-by foot-ball match! But if

BUNN.  no-ble wo-men do for-get they're no-ble, now and then, There are

BUNN. *plenty of young ladies who behave as gentlemen. There's the*

BUNN. *tailor maid, who imitates the cheeriest of "chaps" (And owes a pretty figure to her*

SUSAN. *rall.*
 BUNN. *f*
rall.

tailor too perhaps,) (And owes her pretty figure to her tailor too perhaps,)

BUNN. *a tempo.*

Ah! While silly servant maids dress in imitation silk, And

BUNN.

think *they* look like la - dies when they're tak - ing in the milk - But

BUNN.

though they take the *milk* in, that's the on - ly thing they do, And the

BUNN.

milk takes them in some-times be - ing im - i - ta - tion too!

(Enter Terence and Rosie, and afterwards Chorus.)

Ter. Mr. Bunn, Lady Rosie has another idea for you. As there is a difficulty about the *fairy* appearance, why not alarm the soldiers by letting them see a weird and *grotesque* figure skipping about the mountain in the moonlight? Why not impersonate a *goblin*?

Bunn. Well, sir—why not? I dare say you would do it very nicely.

Rosie. (to Bunn). Oh, of course I meant *you* to do it.

Bunn. Me? My dear lady—have you ever *seen* a goblin?

Rosie. No, never—have you?

Bunn. No; but I have seen their pictures. The generally accepted idea of a goblin is something ugly—small and mean-looking.

Rosie. Yes, I know.

Bunn. A mixture of the insignificant and the grotesque.

Rosie. Yes, I know.

Bunn. Well, there you are, you see—I really can't make myself plainer.

Rosie. No; I know. I didn't think you'd want to.

Ter. (Men *entering*). You see, unless you do something—and we can think of nothing else—I know I shall not be able to restrain the temper of this meeting—they will summon Judge Lynch in a moment.

(Dan and Men and Women have entered.)

Dan. It's arrived he is now, your honour. (With *blunderbuss*.)

Susan. (*aside, to Bunn*). Hasn't the time come yet to arrest them?

Bunn. Patience. (To Dan.) Wait—I will make one more attempt to—to save your lives. If this young lady will assist me, I *will* impersonate a goblin, running after a fairy. It won't be quite the old-fashioned idea of a goblin. I dare say it will look more like a scene out of "Romeo and Juliet." But it is all I can do for you. I will make myself as frightful as I can.

Nº 23.

CONCERTED PIECE and DANCE.

Arthur Sullivan.

Allegro con grazia.

Piano.

The first system of the piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The right hand begins with a melodic line marked *f* (forte) and *Ad.* (Adagio). The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes, also marked *Ad.*. The system concludes with a dynamic shift to *p* (piano) and a repeat sign.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand features a melodic line with a crescendo leading to a *f* (forte) dynamic. The left hand continues with chords and single notes, marked *Ad.* and ** Ad.*.

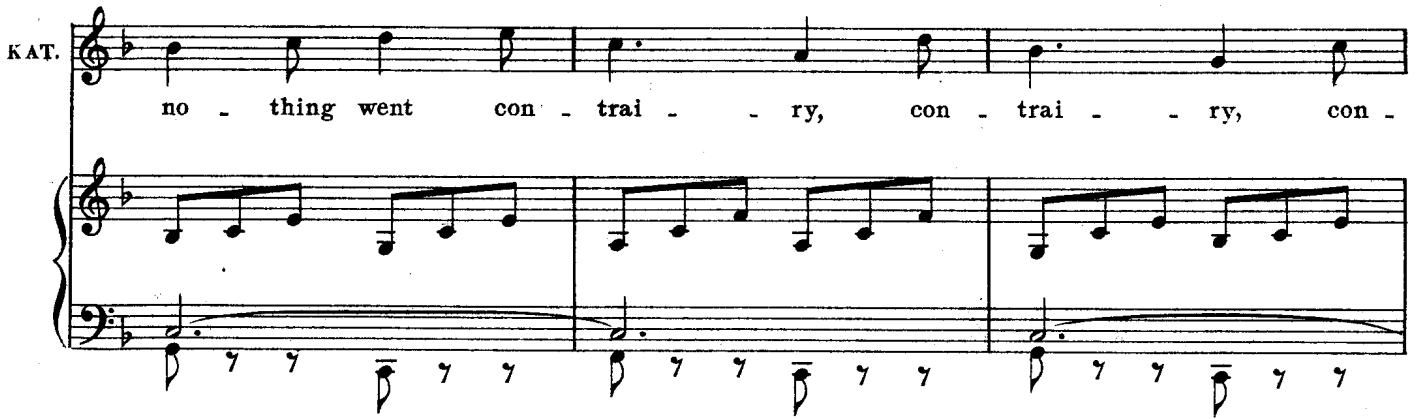
The third system of the piano accompaniment shows the right hand with a melodic line and a *ten.* (tenuto) marking. The left hand continues with chords and single notes, marked *Ad.* and ** Ad.*.

KATHLEEN.

Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on - a time," — When

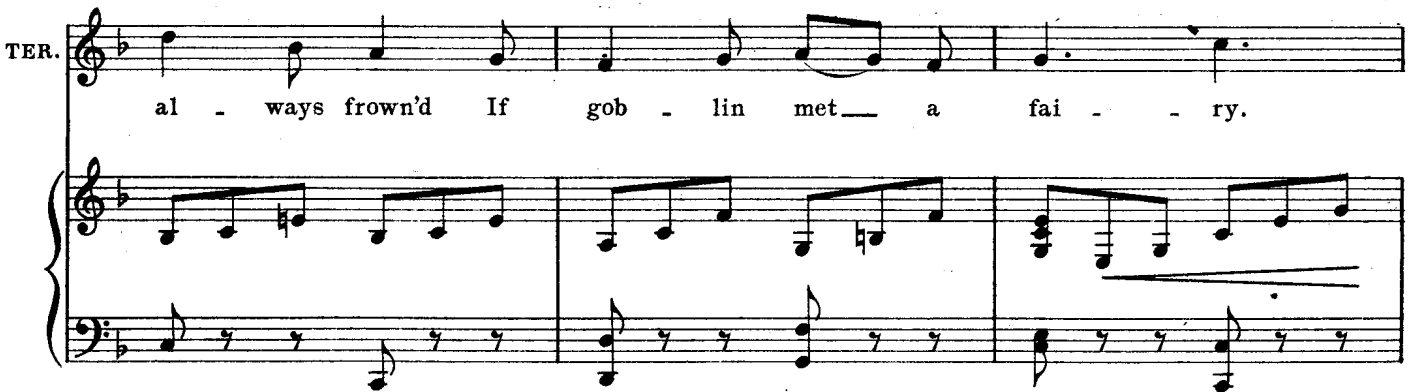
sempre legato

The 'KATHLEEN' section consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef and begins with the lyrics 'Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on - a time," — When'. The piano accompaniment is in a treble clef and features a melodic line marked *p* (piano) and *sempre legato*. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes, marked *Ad.* and ** Ad.*.

KAT. 
 no - thing went con - trai - - ry, con - trai - - ry, con -

KAT. **TERENCE.** 
 - trai - - ry! When gob - lins all lived un - der - ground, In

TER. 
 spite of all the gold they found, Be - cause a fai - ry

TER. 
 al - ways frown'd If gob - lin met - - a fai - - ry.

CHO. *f* Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on - a time," — The
 The

Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on a time," —

CHO. gob - lin and the fai - - ry.
 gob - - lin and — the fai - - ry.

The gob - - lin and — the fai - - ry.

CHO. *ff* Sing a rhyme — Of
ff Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on - a time," — When

Sing a rhyme — Of "Once up - on a time," — When

CHO.

no - thing went con - trai - - ry, con - trai - - ry, con - trai - ry!

no - - thing, no - thing went con - - trai - ry!

SUSAN.

I'm a lit - tle fem - i - nine fai - ry -

BUNN

p I'm a gob - lin grim and gla - ry -

SUS.

Ai - ry fai - ry! Fai - ry Queen and Gob - lin King.

BUN.

Hob - lin' Gob - blin! With a

BUN.

leap and a creep and a cat - like spring, The fai - ries' match is the

SUSAN.

BUN.

Gob - lin King. Fai - ry catch - es a glimpse of you,

SUS.

BUNN.

She runs one - way, you run too. Hob - blin' Gob - lin!

SUSAN.

BUNN.

SUSAN.

Wa - ry fai - ry! Lit - tle con - trai - ry, Wise and wa - ry,

p *f* *p*

SUS. In - no - cent fai - ry - Fai - ry Queen and Gob - lin King.

BUN. Light - er than ai - ry,

f *p* *ad.* * *ad.* *

CHO. Tune your lay, Tune your lay.

Tune your lay, Tune your lay.

mf *mf*

ROSIE. Tune your lay ——— To quite an - o - ther day ——— When

p *sempre legato.*

TERENCE.

ROS. maids are mer - ce - na - - ry, -ce - na - - ry, -ce - na - - ry. And

TER. gob - lins bring the gold they've found To tempt the fai - ries un - der-ground- And

TER. that's the rea - son, I'll be bound, One sel - dom sees - a fai - - ry.

CHO. Tune your lay - - - To quite an - o - ther day, - - - A A

Tune your lay - - - To quite an - o - ther day, - - -

CHO. gob - lin and a fai - - ry.
gob - - lin and a fai - - ry.

A gob - - lin and a fai - - ry.

CHO. Tune your lay — To
Tune your lay — To quite an - o - ther day — When

Tune your lay — To quite an - o - ther day — When

CHO. maids are mer - ce - na - - ry, -ce - na - - ry, -ce - na - - ry.
maids, when maids are mer - - ce - - na - - ry.

SUSAN.



I'm a lit - tle Van - i - ty Fai - ry,

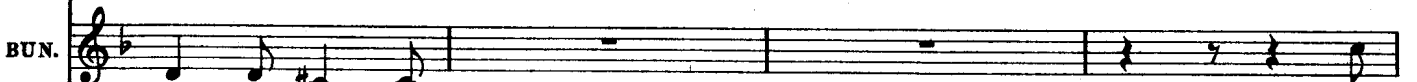
BUNN.



I'm a mon - ster Mil - lion - ai - ry,

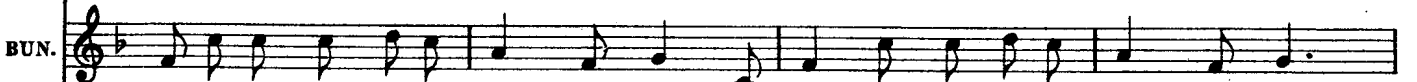
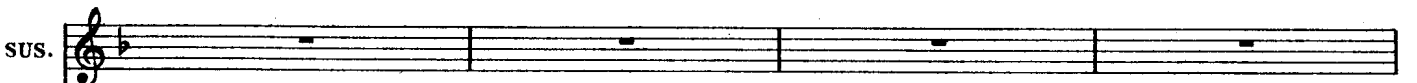


An - gle, Dan - gle, Fai - ry Queen and Gold - en King.




Gold - fish, (Old - fish)

Oh,



I am the catch of the Lon - don Spring, The great - est match is the Gold - en King.



SUS. 
Fai - ry catch - es a glimpse of you, You run one way, she runs too.

BUN. 



SUS. 
Wa - ry fai - ry, Hap - py Pai - ry,

BUN. 
Hob - blin' Gob - lin - Han - o - ver Squa - ry,



SUS. 
Van - i - ty Fai - ry, Fai - ry Queen and Gob - lin King.

BUN. 
Mil - lion - ai - ry,



CHO. *mf* Sing a rhyme, sing a rhyme,
mf Sing a rhyme, sing a rhyme,

mf
Ad. * *Ad.* *

CHO. *ff* Sing a rhyme
ff Sing a rhyme Of "Once up - on a
 Sing a rhyme Of "Once up - on a

ff
Ad. *

CHO. time," The gob - lin and the fai - ry, the fai - ry, the
 time," The gob - lin and the fai - ry,

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

ROSIE.
Sing a rhyme, _____

TERENCE.
Sing a rhyme, _____

CHO. FEMALES.
Sing a rhyme _____ Of "Once up - on a
fai - - ry, The gob - lin and the fai - ry, - the gob - lin and the

MALES.
fai - - ry, The gob - lin and the fai - ry, the gob - lin and the



ROS.
Sing a rhyme, _____

TER.
Sing a rhyme, _____

time" _____ Sing a rhyme, _____ the

CHO. FEMALES.
fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - ry, - the

MALES.
fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - ry, the



CHO. gob - lin and the fai - - - ry, the gob - - lin and the

gob - lin and the fai - - - ry, the gob - - lin and the

Ad. ** Ad.*

ROSIE.
SUSAN & KATHLEEN. The gob - - - lin and the

TERENCE.
BUNN. The gob - - - lin and the

CHO. fai - - - ry, the gob - - - lin and the

fai - - - ry, the gob - - - lin and the

f. *f.* *f.* *f.* *f.*

** Ad.* *** *Ad.* *** *Ad.* ***

ROS.
S.&K.

fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - -

TER.
BUN.

fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - -

CHO.

fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - -

fai - - ry, the gob - lin and the fai - - -

cresc. *ff* *cresc.* *ff* *cresc.* *ff* *cresc.* *ff*

* *ad.* * *ad.* *

ROS.
S.&K.

- ry. - - -

TER.
BUN.

- ry. - - -

CHO.

- ry. - - -

- ry. - - -

ad. *ad.* *ad.* *dim.* *p* *pp*

(Molly enters.)

Mol. There's someone coming this way now. But it's not frightened he seems.

Ter. If you cannot arrange to frighten *any one*, Mr. Bunn—

Bunn. It shall be done, sir—it shall be done. (*To Molly.*) Have you any objection to making the appearance I mention, *without* delivering the impassioned love-address?

Mol. I have not.

Bunn. Then kindly step into that cave.

Mol. (*aside.*) It's Blind Murphy that's comin'—he'll not notice my appearance. (*Exit Molly into cave.*)

Bunn. (*to Rosie.*) Excuse me, miss—do you sing?

Rosie. Oh, yes!

Bunn. Love-songs?

Rosie. Oh, yes!

Bunn. Do you know any love-song of a *cheerful* nature, one that implies that the singer has a sweetheart from whom she never means to separate—in fact, a love-song *without* the phrase “good-bye,” or “farewell,” or “we must part” occurring in it?

Rosie. Oh, no! There are none published.

Bunn. I thought not.

Ter. You forget the set of verses, darling, that I wrote for you on your birthday. They are not published, but—

Rosie. But they are a *gentleman's* love-song.

Ter. They were intended to represent the lady's feelings as well. I see no objection to your singing them to *me*.

Bunn. Then will you kindly step behind that rock and begin singing them when I sneeze twice? Your voice will appear to come from the apparition. I will arrange my apparatus. (*Exit into cave.*)

Rosie. If you think it right, darling, / do. Everything you ever think right, I will always think right.

Ter. Our minds, like our hearts, are one, darling. That's why I know we shall be happy together.

(Enter Bunn.)

Bunn. I have arranged the apparatus in the cave. Kindly step behind this rock.

Rosie. We are quite ready. (*Exeunt behind rock by side of cave.*)

(Enter Murphy.)

Bunn. Oh! It's Blind Murphy, the imposter, is it?

Mur. It is that, at present. But it's not blind I'll be any more when I've pretended I've spoken with the fairies. That's why I'm here. Have the boys all gone?

Bunn. Yes; they heard your—er—music—and thought it might be coming nearer. Listen. Did you really believe it was the Fairy Cleena that appeared in Molly's shape last evening?

Mur. I did not. I saw through that. But I believe in tellin' Molly I've come here and had a talk with the real Cleena and got my sight back from her. It'll be the miraculous cure I'm lookin' for.

Bunn. Look there! (*Pointing to cave on right.*)

(*Molly's reflection appears.*)

Mur. Saints preserve us!

Bunn. Can you see through *that*? Do you notice it's transparent?

Mur. (*awed*). It's Molly's shape, but it's not flesh and blood this time. Is that you, Cleena, ma'am? Speak, Cleena, and say you're not yourself at all, but only Molly as ye were the last time—speak, for the love of—

Bunn. Speak, lady—speak! (*Sneezes.*)

Rosie. (*from behind rock*). Do you wish me to speak or sing Mr. Bunn?

Mur. It's not her voice. It was Molly's shape and Molly's voice before—but this is only her shadow, and not her voice at all. It's the real Cleena this time, sure enough, that I never believed in, the Saints forgive me!

Bunn. Sing, lady, as thou wouldst only sing to one thou lovest; and tell me this—am / the one thou lovest?

Rosie. How dare you say that, Mr. Bunn?

196C

Bunn. (*to* Murphy). You see it's not me she loves, so it's *you*.

Mur. Divil a doubt—I'm the happy man, bad luck to it! What will I do?

Bunn. Listen—and then run and warn the soldiers and the Lord Lieutenant, and tell 'em to keep away—a good long way. (*Sneezes and exit.*)

No. 24.

SCENA.- (Rosie, Terence and Murphy.)

Edward German.

Allegro moderato.

Rosie. *pp* Listen!

Piano. *pp*

mysterioso

Red. *

ROS. Hear-ken, my lo-ver, hear-ken, to my voice, Hear-ken and re-joice, re-joice — I

ROS. *f animato* love thee! I love thee, I love thee! —

MURPHY. *pp* I have no

f *pp* *fugitato*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

MUR. choice — She loves me, she loves, she loves

MUR.

me

Allegro agitato.
ROSIE.

ROS.

Nought shall di- vide, shall di- vide and tear our souls a- sun- der! Nor

sf *mp*

ROS.

land, nor tide, nor hail, nor rain nor thunder! Nor

ROS.

hail, nor rain, nor thun- der! I love thee, I

f

ROS.

love thee, I love thee,

p *accel.*

ROS. *rall.* *a tempo*
Nought shall di-

MURPHY.
I have no choice, she loves me, she loves me, *rall.* *a tempo*

MUR. *3*
-vide, shall di- vide and tear our souls a - sunder! Nor land, nor

MUR. *amoroso*
tide, nor hail, nor rain, nor thunder! My arms en -

amoroso

MUR. *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *
-fold thee, My love shall hold thee, For ev - er, for

MUR. *ad lib.*
ev - er, shall hold, shall hold, thee for

21266 *Red.* * *Red.* *

ROSIE.
 ev - er, for ev - er, for ev -

TERENCE
 My love shall hold, shall hold thee, shall hold thee for

MURPHY.
 Her charms will hold me for ev - er, Her charms will

*Red. * Red. * accel.*

ROS.
 - er, my love shall hold thee, shall hold thee for ev -

TER.
 ev - er, shall hold thee for ev -

MUR.
 hold me, will hold, will hold me for ev -

*Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. **

ROS.
 - er!

TER.
 - er!

MUR.
 - er!

Bis. f accel. molto Red.

(Enter Bunn, Molly, Kathleen, Nora, Dan, Women, and Men.)

Bunn. (to Terence). I fancy I've frightened someone this time, sir.

Nora. Who is it?

Kath. It's Blind Murphy.

Mol. Oh, it's frightened to death he's been! (*Kneeling by him.*)

Rosie. Oh, and I helped to do it!

Ter. No, no; he has only fainted.

Bunn. A success at last, sir, eh?

Ter. No, Mr. Bunn—a failure. The idea was that he should run off and tell the soldiers, and frighten them away; and instead of that he has fallen in a faint. Another failure, Mr. Bunn, and I think the last one.

Bunn. Oh, never say die, sir!

Ter. No, I'll leave it to the Lord Lieutenant to say that.

Bunn. We'll have one more trial, sir.

Ter. Yes, and we will all be tried together. Listen, Mr. Bunn: if you try to save your own skin by playing a double game, I shall put a bullet through your brain, or, at any rate, through your head. I think it is perhaps a kindness to let you know this.

Bunn. Thank you, sir. You've taken quite a fancy to me! (*Exit into cave.*)
(*Murphy shows signs of regaining consciousness.*)

Mol. Did the lady frighten you with her singing, Pat?

Mur. Molly! Is it really you, Molly?

Mol. Who else would it be?

Mur. I thought I saw—

Mol. If ye thought ye *saw* anything, it's dreamin' ye must have been, bein' blind, poor boy.

Mur. Yes, bein' blind.

Ter. (*to* Murphy). You are accused of having come here as a spy.

Dan. It's hangin' is too good for him, but it's all we have to offer. (*Preparing a rope.*)

Ter. He must be tried first and sentenced afterwards.

Dan. The other's the safest way with spies. But have it your own way.

Ter. Who will stand as the prisoner's friend?

Dan. It's no friend he has among us, to stand or lie for him!

Mol. That's where ye're wrong. It's a strange thing that the only man among ye should be a girl! I'll stand as his friend, your honour—it's what I'd do for anyone.

Ter. You can question the prisoner. The cross-questions will come after.

Mol. It's not cross mine will be at all. I'm just doing this out of kindness—ye understand that, your honour?

Ter. Yes, I understand. Go on.

Mol. (*to* Murphy). Now, Blind Murphy, ye are charged with bein' a traitor. Are ye a traitor?

Mur. I am not.

Mol. That's every bit good enough for me. (*To* Terence.) Will ye be wantin' to hear any more evidence, your honour?

Ter. Yes; he is accused of writing an anonymous letter to the Lord Lieutenant warning him of our society.

Mol. The Lord Lieutenant *we* overheard readin' an anonymous letter—did ye write it?

Mur. I never put my name to such a document in my life.

Mol. (*triumphantly*). Hear that now!

Ter. He is accused of coming here as a spy.

Mol. A spy! (*To* Murphy.) How could ye be spyin' if ye were blind? Tell me that.

Mur. I could not.

Rosie. There's some sense in that.

Mol. There's no sense in it, ye mane. A blind man can't be a spy—that's proved—and it's one more question will close the case. Haven't ye been blind since ye were a gossoon that little? Speak, Pat dear—ye've only got to say it on your oath, and the case is concluded. It's the aisiest thing in life; askin' the question at all is like puttin' a frill on a ham-bone—it's not a necessity, but makes a finish. Come now, haven't ye been blind since ye were a gossoon?

Mur. No, I've never been blind at all. It's a lyin' thief that I've been—I've never been blind. I never had the heart to tell ye, Molly, till ye put me on my oath. I hadn't the heart to tell ye, seein' that ye pitied me—and pity's near akin to love, they say—though it's a mighty poor relation. I've never been blind—I wish I had before I saw ye look like that, Molly!

Mol. Ye've never been blind—and me holdin' your hand, and peelin' your praties—and pretendin' it was the fairies!

Dan. Wouldn't such be a spy?

Ter. Yes. (*To Molly.*) Have you anything more to say?

Mol. Yes—no.

Rosie. He has spoken the truth now.

Mol. They say that will shame the divil. I know it has shamed me.

Ter. He is banished. (*To Murphy.*) You have been able to see all these people when they didn't know it—if they know it, you shall never see them again.

(Exeunt all, leaving Molly and Murphy)

(Before her exit Rosie goes to Molly and quietly kisses her.)

Mur. (*to Molly.*) Have you stayed to say good-bye, Molly?

Mol. It's not sure I am that I have.

Mur. Then it's only the cold stones of my native town that I'll be sayin' it to.

No 25.

SONG.- (Murphy.)

Edward German.

Andante con moto.

Murphy.

Piano.

MUR.

p con espress:

Good - bye, my na - tive town- Wrapped in your sum - mer gown, —

MUR.

No tears are run - ning down Your pret - ty face, —

MUR.

You can - not feel nor hear, — Why should you shed a

MUR. *tear? — How can you know how dear, how dear I hold this*

MUR. *place? — It's on - ly you and*

mf animato

accel:

mf

Red. *

MUR. *I That have to say — good - bye; Ah! Won't you heave one*

MUR. *sigh — When I — de - part? Why do you*

f accel:

MUR. *look so gay? Why do you look so gay, so gay?*

cres.

f

Red.

MUR. *Wont you pre - tend to say, - "Pat, if ye go a way I'll break my*

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a key with three flats. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

MUR. *heart, I'll break my heart?"*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *accel:*, indicating changes in volume and tempo.

MUR. *Good - bye, my na - tive place - Almost a*

Tempo I.

The third system introduces a tempo change to *Tempo I.* The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Good - bye, my na - tive place - Almost a". The piano accompaniment features a *rall:* marking and a *Red.* (ritardando) marking.

MUR. *hu - man face, Al - most a wo - man's grace You have for*

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains a steady accompaniment pattern.

MUR. *me. You know there's nev - er been One*

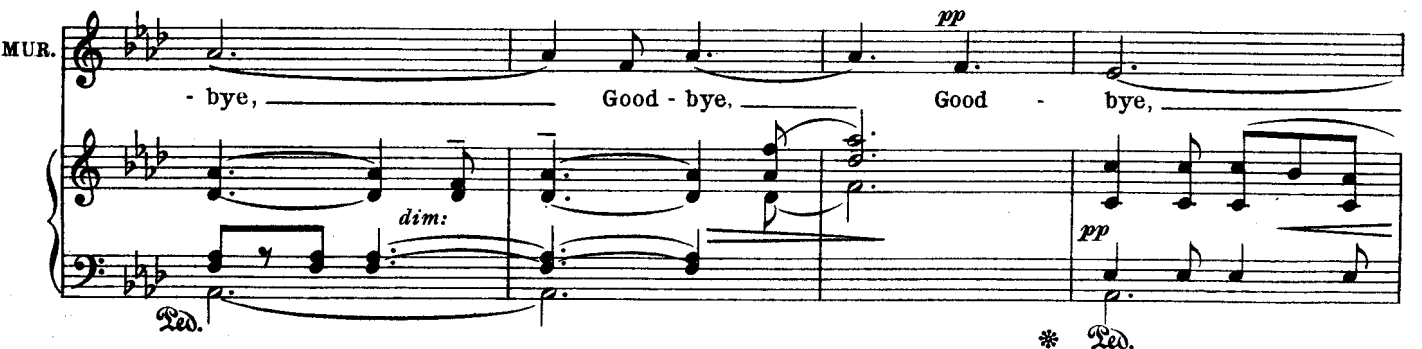
The fifth system concludes the vocal phrase and piano accompaniment for this section. The piano part continues with its accompaniment pattern.

MUR. 

word of love... be - tween Me and a real

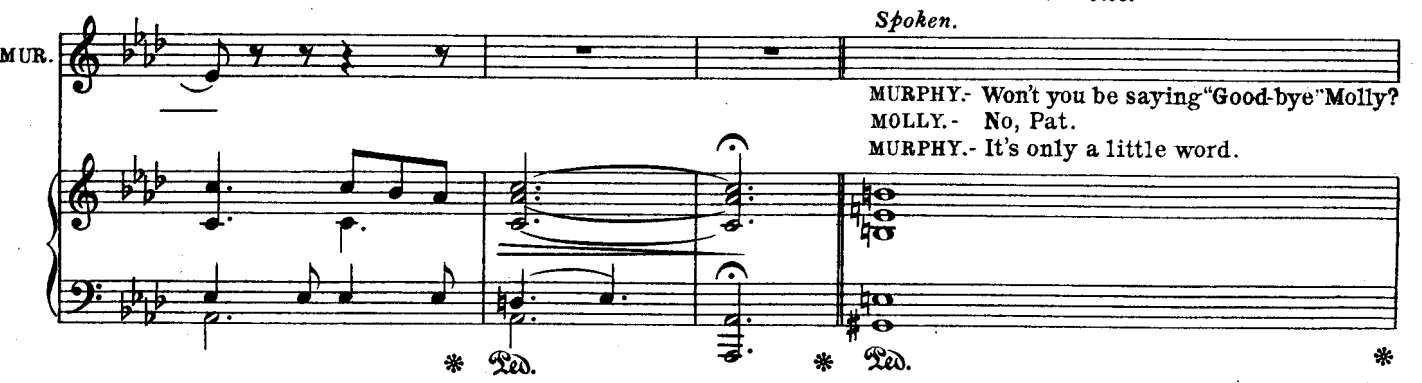
MUR. 

Colleen, There'll nev - er, there'll nev - er be. Good - bye, Good -

MUR. 

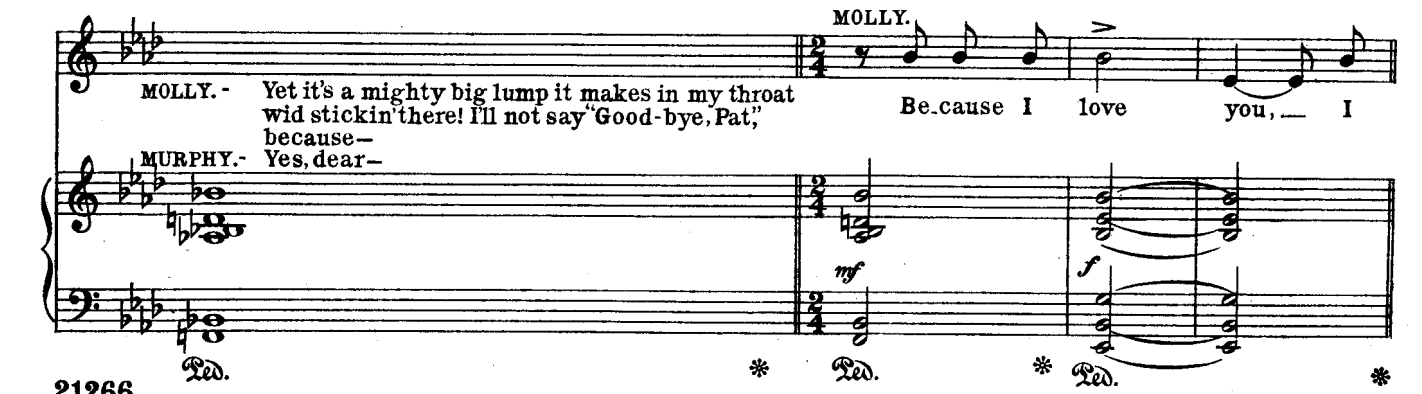
- bye, Good - bye, Good - bye,

pp *mf* *pp*

MUR. 

Spoken.

MURPHY - Won't you be saying "Good-bye" Molly?
 MOLLY - No, Pat.
 MURPHY - It's only a little word.

MOLLY. 

MOLLY. - Yet it's a mighty big lump it makes in my throat
 wid stickin' there! I'll not say "Good-bye, Pat,"
 because I love you, I
 because -
 MURPHY. - Yes, dear -

No 26.

DUET.- Molly and Murphy.

Allegro moderato.

Edward German.

Molly.

love you! I love you! What joy can com- pare With all the sweet madness That

f *pp*

Red. *

MOL.

lo- vers may share? For an o- cean of sad-ness, A world of des- pair— Are

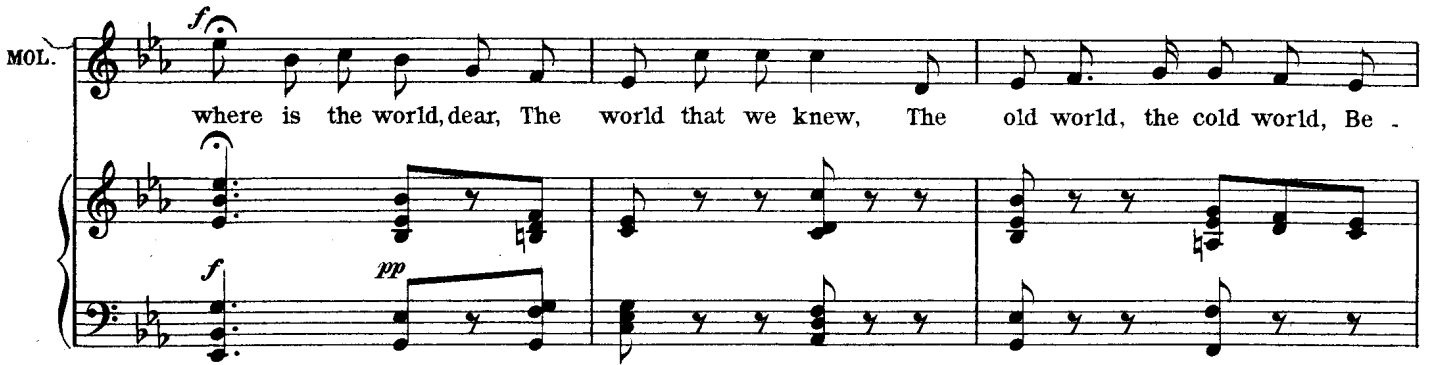
MOL.

lost in "I love you, I love you" my dar- lin', I do! Ah!

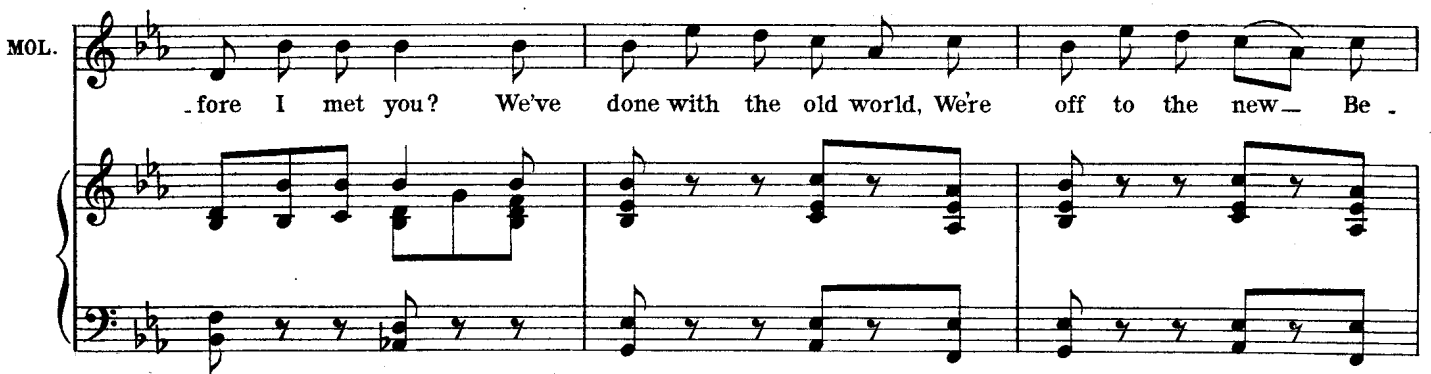
p *dim: molto* *pp*

p *dim: molto* *pp*

MOL. *f*
where is the world, dear, The world that we knew, The old world, the cold world, Be .

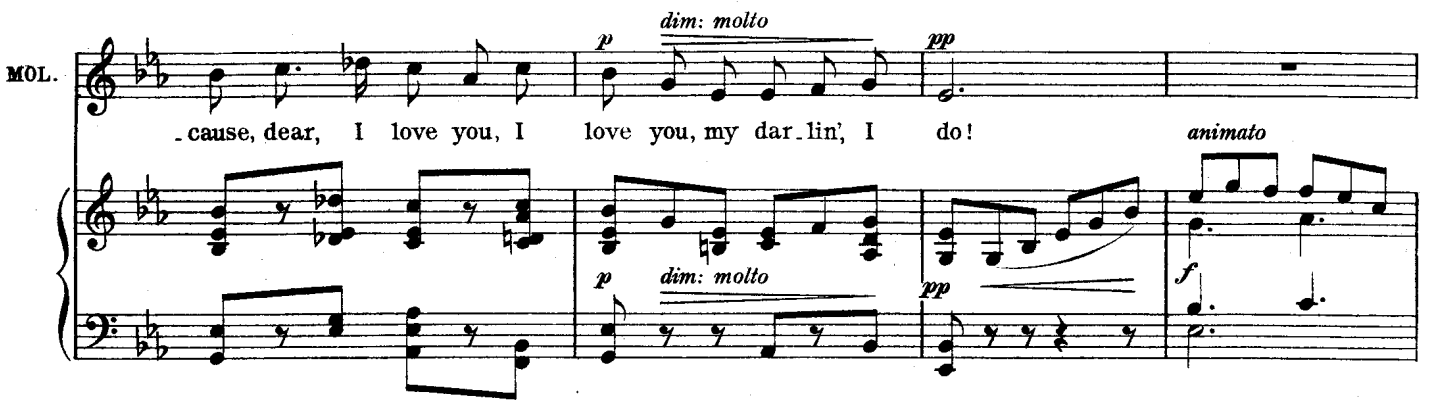


MOL.
fore I met you? We've done with the old world, We're off to the new— Be .



MOL. *p* *dim: molto* *pp*
cause, dear, I love you, I love you, my dar.lin', I do!

animato



MOL. *mf*
Our love is our new world, A

f animato *pp*



MOL.

world of our own, Where I may be queen, dear, Be - cause we're a - lone, Tho' our

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (MOL.) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "world of our own, Where I may be queen, dear, Be - cause we're a - lone, Tho' our". The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and some melodic lines.

MOL.

home may be mean, dear, I'll sit on a throne, Be - cause, _____ I

meno mosso

The second system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (MOL.) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "home may be mean, dear, I'll sit on a throne, Be - cause, _____ I". The tempo marking *meno mosso* is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and some melodic lines.

MOL.

love you! _____

MUR.

I love, _____ I love you! _____

cres:

The third system of the musical score. It consists of two vocal lines (MOL. and MUR.) and a piano accompaniment. The MOL. vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats, with lyrics "love you! _____". The MUR. vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats, with lyrics "I love, _____ I love you! _____". The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and some melodic lines. The tempo marking *cres:* is placed above the piano accompaniment.

rall: *a tempo*

MOL. I love, I love! What

MUR. I love you, I love you! What joy can compare With

rall:

Ed. *

MOL. joy, what joy can compare With all

MUR. all the sweet mad.ness That lo.vers may share? For an o.cean of sad.ness, A

MOL. the mad.ness That lo.vers may share, That lo.vers may

MUR. world of des.pair Are lost in "I love you," I love

MOL. *accel.*
share, That lo - vers may share, That lo - vers, that lo - vers may share?
MUR.
you, Are lost in "I love you," Are lost in I love!
accel.
Ped.

MOL. *Largamente.*
I love you, I love
MUR. I love you, I love
colla voce
* Ped. *

MOL. *pp*
you!
MUR. *pp*
you!
meno mosso
ppp
Ped.

(Molly and Murphy exit.)

(Sergeant Pincher enters stealthily, as if searching for some one concealed. Kathleen, Nora, and Women enter to him. Other Soldiers follow the Sergeant. Terence enters.)

Kath. (to Sergeant). Are ye lookin' for anything—or anybody?

Ser. Ess—rebels. (*Regarding Terence and Girls.*) Be you a gatherin' o' rebels?

Ter. No, we are a-gathering of mushrooms. Sir, you will no doubt think me very stupid, but what are you waiting here for? And hadn't you better go away?

Ser. Well, of awl the chubble-'eaded vules! We be under orders to wait for the Lord Lieutenant.

Ter. Poor fellows! And at any moment the Fairy Cleena, who haunts this spot, may catch sight of you, and fall in love with you, and keep you here for fifty years. What will Mary Hooper and Mary Cooper and Jane Tucker and the rest of them think then?

Ser. There be Mary Hooper and Mary Cooper and Jane Tucker and Emily Snugg and Susan Wickens—

Ter. I know—I know. But where will *they* be in fifty years? What will become of them—and of you?

Ser. Aw! I an't a-thort nort about that!

Ter. Poor fellows! Pawns in the game of government. Playthings of unprincipled politicians! Poor deluded, patient, wooden soldiers!

Ser. Eh?

Ter. Listen. I wouldn't dishearten you for worlds, but—listen!

Nº 27.

SONG (Terence) with CHORUS.

Arthur Sullivan.

Allegretto moderato con espress.

Terence.

Musical score for the introduction. The Terence part is a single staff with a treble clef and common time, containing a whole rest followed by a repeat sign. The Piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a simple bass line.

TER.

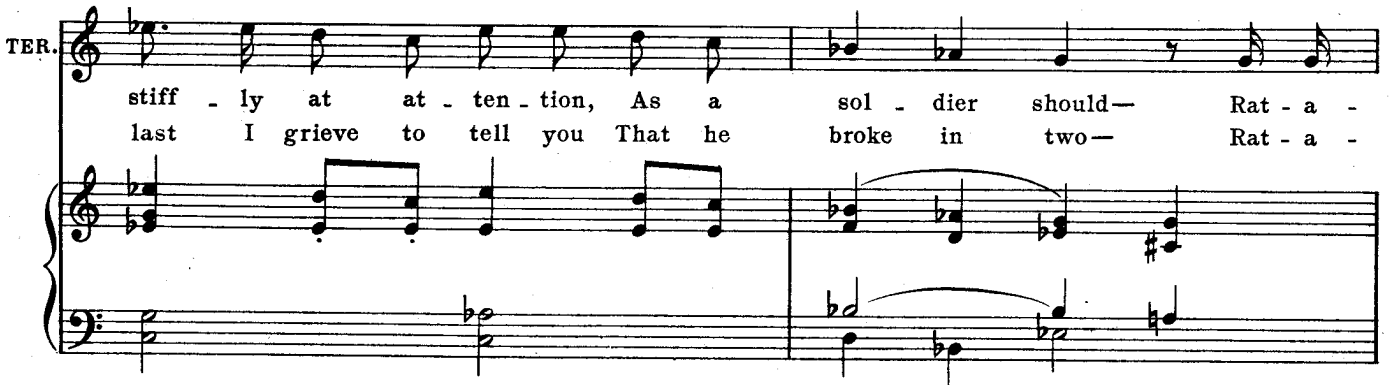
1. There was once a lit - tle sol - dier Who was
2. Now that lit - tle wood - en sol - dier (As we

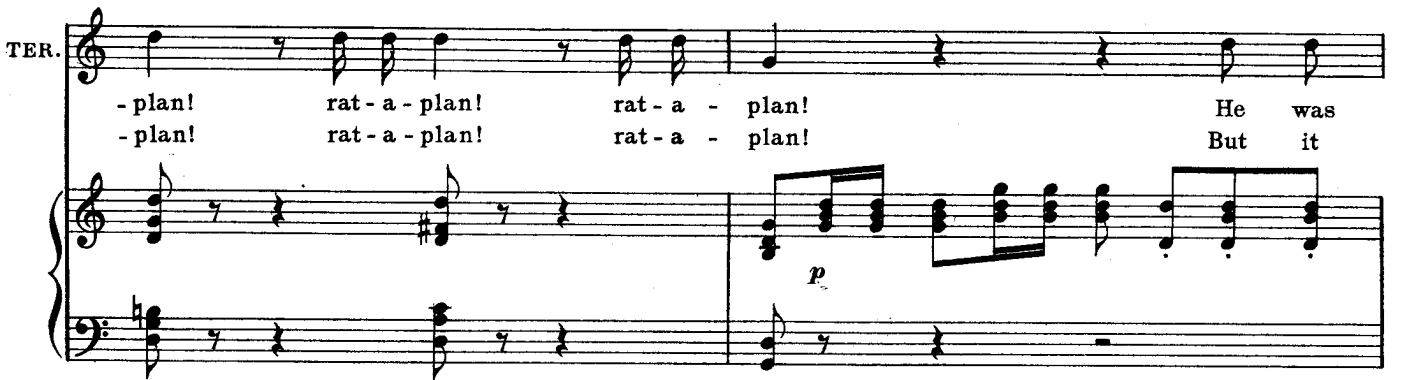
Musical score for the first line of the song. The Terence part is a single staff with a treble clef and common time, containing a whole rest followed by a melodic line. The Piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains a rhythmic accompaniment. The bass staff contains a simple bass line.

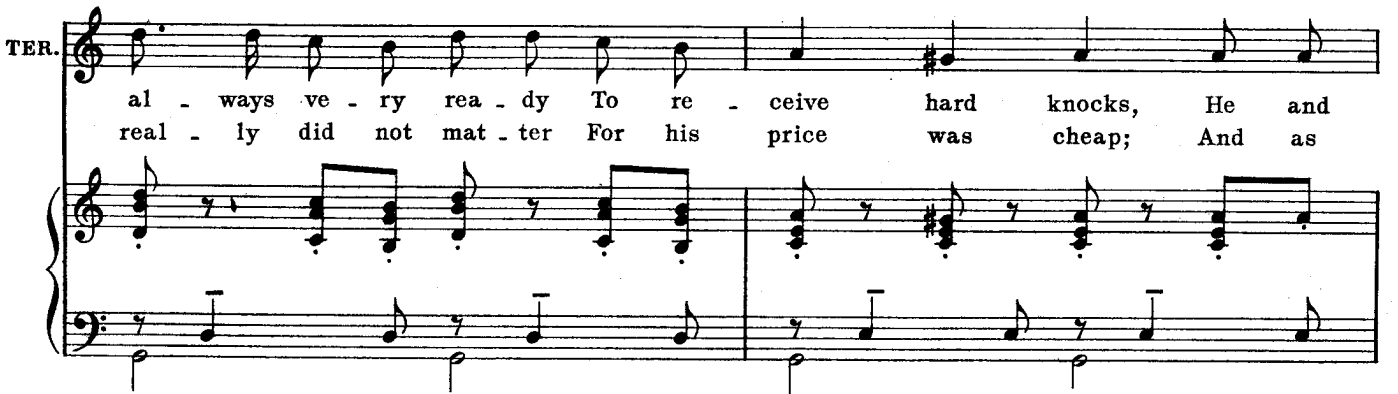
TER.

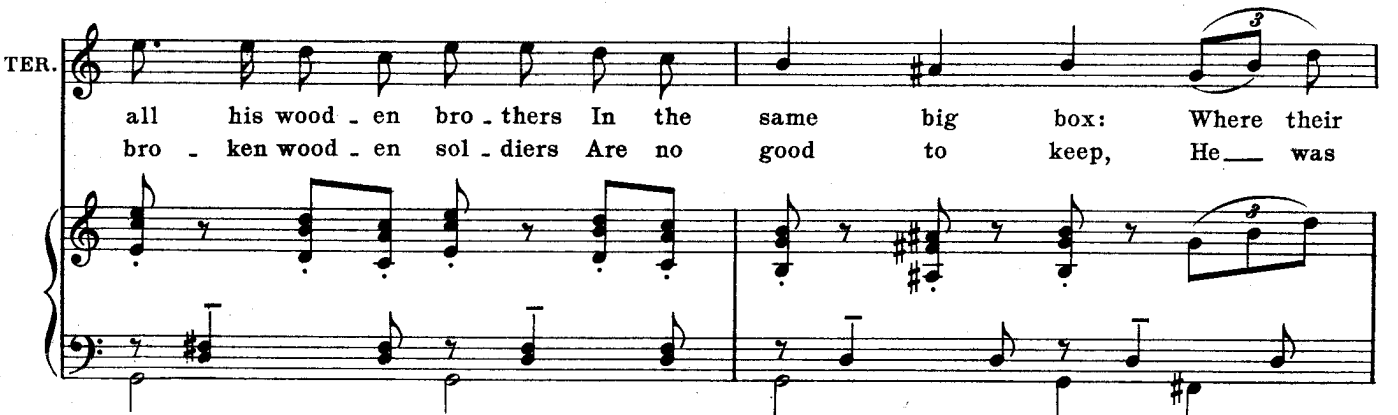
made of wood: He al - ways did his du - ty, And he proud - ly stood Ve - ry
all must do) Grew grad - u - al - ly old - er Then he was when new, Till at

Musical score for the second line of the song. The Terence part is a single staff with a treble clef and common time, containing a melodic line. The Piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. The treble staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment. The bass staff contains a simple bass line.

TER. 
 stiff - ly at at - ten - tion, As a sol - dier should— Rat - a -
 last I grieve to tell you That he broke in two— Rat - a -

TER. 
 - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! He was
 - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! But it

TER. 
 al - ways ve - ry rea - dy To re - ceive hard knocks, He and
 real - ly did not mat - ter For his price was cheap; And as

TER. 
 all his wood - en bro - thers In the same big box: Where their
 bro - ken wood - en sol - diers Are no good to keep, He was

TER. mas - ter chose to put them They would stand like rocks - Rat - a -
 thrown with o - ther rub - bish On a rub - bish heap - Rat - a -

TER. - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! Rat - a -
 - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! Rat - a -

TER. - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! Rat - a -
 - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! Rat - a -

TER. - plan! rat - a - plan! Rat - a - plan, plan, plan! He
 - plan! rat - a - plan! That's the plan, plan, plan! "You

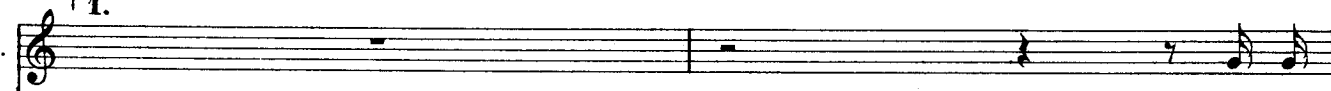
TER. did his du - - ty just like a man! But
do your work as long as you can - But

TER. *un poco rit.* kind - ly re - mem - ber, if you can, He was but a
no - bo - dy wants a bro - ken - man? Said the brave lit - tle *a tempo*


TER. wood - en sol - - - dier!
wood - en sol - - - - - dier!


GIRLS. Rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a -
MEN. Rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a -

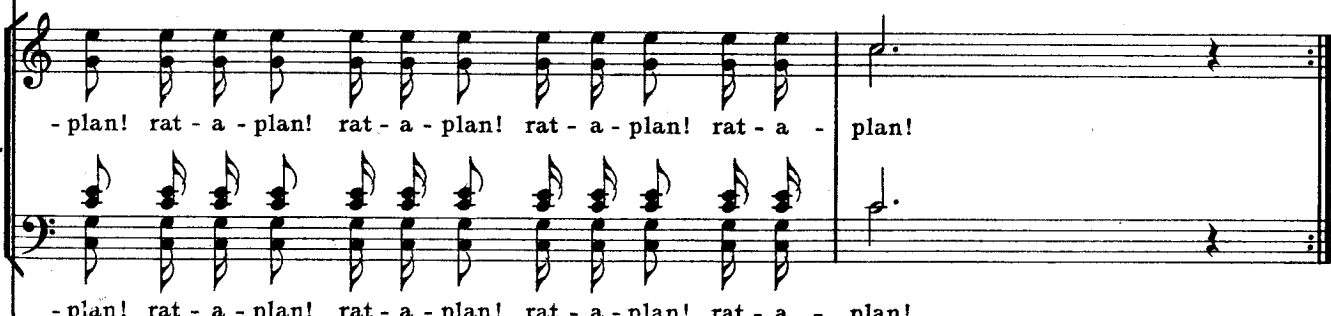
1.


TER.  Rat - a -

CHO.  - plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! Rat - a -
- plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! Rat - a -

 1. *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

TER.  - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan!

CHO.  - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan!
- plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan! rat - a - plan!

 *Ad.* *

2.

TER. But

CHO. - plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! rat - a -

- plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! rat - a -

Red. * *Red.* *

Meno mosso.

TER. no - bo - dy wants a bro - ken man, Said the

CHO. - plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! Rat - a -

- plan, plan, plan! rat - a - plan, plan, plan! Rat - a -

pp Meno mosso.

TER. *cresc. molto* *ff*
brave lit-tle wood - en sol - - - - - dier!

CHO. *cresc. molto* *ff*
- plan! rat-a-plan! rat-a - plan! rat-a - plan!

cresc. molto *ff*
- plan! rat-a-plan! rat-a - plan! rat-a - plan!

ff
ff
ff
Ped. *

TER.

CHO.

ff

(Exit Terence, with Kathleen and Women.)

Ser. Now diddee iver zee sich a chubble-‘eaded vule’s er is in awl—

(Enter Lord Lieutenant and Countess. The Soldiers range themselves in rank.)

Lord L. There are no rebels here—as I expected.

Here truly’s military expedition

That sets out after rebels and arrives

Before them. We are first upon the field.

Coun. Looking back

At English history, I do not know

Of any Queen who, on the eve of battle,

Kissed every single soldier in the ranks!

Lord L. I think we should have heard of such a thing.

Coun. We should; for ‘twould have been a graceful act.

And our posterity *shall* hear of it—

From me.

(Enter Bunn, unnoticed.)

Coun. Sergeant, come here, and I will kiss you first.

(He comes down reluctantly, Bunn by his side, hidden from Countess and Lord Lieutenant.)

(The Soldiers gradually exeunt by the closing step.)

Bunn. (to Sergeant). Do what I tell you, and you sha’n’t be kissed.

(As Countess and Lord Lieutenant go aside, Sergeant bends down and Bunn whispers to him.)

Lord L. (to Countess). I may presume, I think,

That you intend to kiss the soldiers on

Their foreheads?

Coun. Certainly; the kind of kiss

You give the debutantes at Drawing Rooms.

Lord L. Such are too often only blank salutes

Of powder—which goes off when I discharge

That canon of my duty.

Coun. (to Sergeant). Can you bend

Gracefully, like a willow, from the waist?

I cannot reach your brow unless you do.

(Bunn, standing behind Sergeant, nudges him.)

Ser. I be a turmit hawer,

From Debbenshire I came;

My parents be ‘ard-warking vokes

An’ I be just the zame.

*An' tha vly, ha, ha!
Tha vly, ha, ha!
Tha vly be on tha turmits,
An' tez awl my eye vur me tu try
To keep min off tha turmits.*

Lord L. He's either hard of hearing or insane!
He thinks that we have asked him to recite
Some poem of his childhood.

Coun. (*to Sergeant, speaking a little louder*). Can you bend?
I cannot kiss your forehead as you are.

Ser. *'Twas on a Vriday marning,
Avore the break ov day,
That I tuked up my turmit haw
An' tridged dree miles away.*

Lord L. No, no, my man, to-morrow you shall join
My Elocution Classes, but to-night
The Countess wishes—

Ser. *I zune did get a place ov wark,
I tuked it by the job;
An' ef I 'ad my time again
I'd zunder go to quod.
An' tha vly, ha, ha!
Tha vly, ha, ha!
Tha vly be on tha turmits.
An' tez awl my eye vur me tu try
To keep min off tha turmits.*

Bunn. (*appearing to Lord Lieutenant.*) Good morning! The Lord Lieutenant, I think?

Lord L. Are you a rebel?

Bunn. No, my lord, no! I am—amongst other things—a member of the Society for Psychological Research. I've come here in search of fairies—and, by Jingo, sir, I've found 'em; the place is full of 'em.

Ser. *There's zome delights in haymaking,
And a few delights in mawing,*

*But ov awl tha trades that I like best,
Gie me tha turmit hawing.*

Bunn. It's easy enough to see what's the matter with this poor man—he's bewitched. It's not safe to stay here, that's very certain. If I were you, my lord, I should go home to bed.

Lord L. Sir, you amaze me!

Bunn. Ah! (*Pleased.*)

Lord L. I see at length
My Chaplain is approaching; he is stout
Tho' staunch, and lagged behind; he'll prove to you
That fairies can't exist. Come, Dr. Fiddle. (*Enter Fiddle; he is panting.*)
Endeavour to remember that you are
A learned Doctor of Divinity,
And not a grampus.
I want you, if you please, or if you don't,
To preach your sermon to this gentleman,
Who thinks this place haunted. I perceive
That to your faults of literary style
The Countess has already shut her eyes—
As I will do, I promise you. Begin.

(Lord Lieutenant sits, and prepares to slumber.)

Fid. (*taking bulky packet from pocket and addressing Bunn.*)
This sermon I intended for to-morrow,
In which I deal with vulgar superstitions
So rife among the peasantry of Ireland.
This sermon providentially I carry
In my tail pocket—it is somewhat bulky,
For I have made it thoroughly exhaustive—
In fact, it is a question which will be, sir,
The most exhausted when the sermon's ended
Myself, my subject, or my congregation.
The subject I divide into ten headings,
Each heading into twenty sub-divisions,
Bristling with arguments and long statistics,
Which prove entirely to my satisfaction,
And will, I think, to yours, when you have heard them,
That there are not, have never been, and cannot
At any future time be in existence
Such things as Fairies, Pixies, Nymphs, or Brownies,

Hobgoblins, Gnomes, or other apparitions.

Bunn. (*having made several unavailing attempts to interrupt and escape from the Chaplain, who has buttonholed him*). Your Excellency, I am quite satisfied—

Lord L. That fairies don't exist? I'm glad of that;
And I myself am also satisfied
There are no rebels here.

Coun. I do not think
That anyone in Ireland—

Lord L. Would rebel
Against the Lord Lieutenant. So I think! (*Producing the anonymous letter.*)
The man who wrote this letter telling me
Of rebels is the first, the very first
And only man who ever tried to hoax
The Lord Lieutenant. He shall be the last!
A thousand guineas is the sum I offer
For his discovery, or information
That leads to it!

Bunn. (*taking letter*). Permit me. I am Professor Bunn, the eminent expert in handwriting. Ah! I thought so; I can tell you who wrote this. I wrote it myself. A thousand guineas I think you said? (*Chuckles.*)

Lord L. I never break my word; and you shall have
The thousand guineas.

Bunn. Thank you, my lord. I knew I could trust the word of a nobleman.

Lord L. I never break my word; and I have said
That I will shoot all rebels that I catch.
You, in this letter, prove that you are one.

Bunn. Against my will, my lord!

Lord L. (*to Sergeant*). Let him be shot at once; if that be not
Enough, let him be shot at twice, or thrice—

Bunn. My lord—

Lord L. Summon the firing party!

Bunn. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them!

(He is carried off by Sergeant.)

(Enter Molly and Murphy.)

Mol. Listen, Lord Lieutenant! It's banished my Pat has been for bein' a traitor to the rebels. And it's us that's goin' to show them we wouldn't betray them for the world. Come out of your hiding, boys! *(Men and Women begin to enter.)* Now, Pat, spake the truth and shame your accusers!

Mur. Is it me that ever wrote a letter to ye in my life, Lord Lieutenant? Me that cannot write at all?

Mol. Why didn't ye say that before?

Mur. It's not a thing worth mentioning. *(To Lord Lieutenant.)* It's not your friend I am at all! I'm the reddest rebel here!

Chorus. *(to Murphy).* Hooroo! Whiroo!

(Soldiers enter.)

Lord L. Arrest these men, and let *them* all be shot at once—if that be not enough—

(Soldiers prepare their muskets. Enter Terence.)

Ter. Stop! I am the leader of these men! If anyone is shot—

Lord L. Let him be shot at once; if that be not—

(Terence stands out. Susan runs across and throws herself into his arms, between him and the Soldiers.)

Susan. No! My mistress would wish this done if she was here—

(Enter Rosie.)

Rosie. I am. Thank you, Susan.

Susan. Shall I stay here, my lady?

Rosie. No, thank you, Susan. *(Takes her place in Terence's arms.)*

Lord L. *(to Rosie).* Who is this gentleman? Though you forget Yourself, can you inform me who he is?

Coun. A common rebel.

Rosie. Nay, a Commoner, whom love has crowned my King!

Coun. Tush!

Lord L. Listen, girl!
 Apart from being daughter of a Viceroy,
 Remember you're of ten times royal birth;
 For, as is generally now the case
 Among the English aristocracy,
 Some of the richest if not bluest blood
 Of all America flows in your veins.
 Your ancestors (upon the other side)
 Comprise two Railway Kings, a Copper Queen,
 And half-a-dozen Pork-pie Potentates.
 The democratic principles that must
 Lie in your blood with such an ancestry
 Will prompt you, I am sure, to love a Lord,
 And no one else. Release my daughter, sir.

Rosie. Papa, this gentleman is—(*To Terence.*) Tell Papa who and what you are.

Ter. I'm descended from Brian Boru.

Peasants. Hooroo!

Ter. My blood is the elegant hue—

Peasants. True Blue!

Ter. That flows in the veins of the fortunate few who are sons of the Kings of Erin!

Lord L. I did not know that your descent was royal.
 That fact removes the first objection which
 I have to you as husband for my daughter.
 But one objection still remains; 'tis one
 Which is, I fear, quite insurmountable.
 I cannot let my daughter marry one
 Who has been shot for treason—as you will
 Be shot in half an hour. I think that you
 Will understand that is impossible.

Ter. Yes. If in company with these rebels I am to suffer a felon's death in half an hour, I cannot expect you to trust your daughter's happiness to me. I quite see that. There is nothing more to be said. It is a perfectly reasonable objection.

(Bunn has been brought on.)

Bunn. Pardon me. There is this to be said. It has just struck me. (To Lord Lieutenant.) If we had guessed, as we ought to have guessed, that you, being a scion of a noble English house, had so much American blood in your composition, we should not have rebelled against you. America is the friend of Ireland. You are an English nobleman. Therefore you are nowadays more than half American. Therefore you are our friend. How do you do? I am glad we met. We are no longer rebels. It would be absurd to shoot us.

Lord L. That sounds conclusive—

Bunn. It is conclusive. What do you say, b-hoys?

No. 28.

FINALE

Arthur Sullivan
and Edward German.

Allegro con brio.

TUTTI.

Chorus.

With a big shil-lagh, tho'

With a big shil-lagh, tho'

f

CHO.

some-bo-dy may ac-ci-dent-al-ly knock ye down With a fright-fulwhack on the

some-bo-dy may ac-ci-dent-al-ly knock ye down With a fright-fulwhack on the

CHO.

dig-ni-fied back of your typ-i-cal Sax-on crown! It's your-self that 'll take, (For your

dig-ni-fied back of your typ-i-cal Sax-on crown! It's your-self that 'll take, (For your

CHO. dig - ni - tys sake), lit - tle no - tice of that at all! If you'll not for - get it's the

The first system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with lyrics: "dig - ni - tys sake), lit - tle no - tice of that at all! If you'll not for - get it's the". The piano accompaniment is written for both hands in a grand staff, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

CHO. strict et - i - quette of a typ - i - cal I - rish Ball! _____

The second system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with lyrics: "strict et - i - quette of a typ - i - cal I - rish Ball! _____". The piano accompaniment is written for both hands in a grand staff, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. An "accel:" marking is present in the piano part.

Presto.

CHO. Ah! _____

The third system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with lyrics: "Ah! _____". The piano accompaniment is written for both hands in a grand staff, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo marking "Presto." is at the beginning of the system.

CHO. For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a
For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a

Led. * Led. * Led.

CHO. boy," For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a boy,"
boy," For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a boy,"

* Led. *

CHO. For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a
For St Pat - rick was "a broth of a

Led. *

DANCE.

CHO.

boy"
boy"

This system contains the first two systems of the score. The top system features a vocal line for a choir (CHO.) with the lyrics "boy" and "boy". The bottom system shows the piano accompaniment for the first two systems, including a piano introduction with a *Red.* marking.

* Red. *

Prestissimo.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the third system, marked *Prestissimo.* It features a rapid melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fourth system, continuing the *Prestissimo* section with complex melodic and harmonic textures.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fifth system, concluding the *Prestissimo* section with a final cadence.