

Act Three  
 No.11. - SONG - Bunthunder

*Andante maestoso*

Piano

*p* *sf* *mf*

3

Piano

*sf* *mf*

5

Piano

*Curtain.*

*sf* *p*

10

Bunthunder

^ Though call'd up-on I've ne-ver been To

Piano

^ *pf* *colla voce*

15

Bunthunder

court a war-ri-or's tomb, Or to de-fend my so-ver-eign Queen In

Piano

19

Bunthunder

bat-tle's dread boom boom! Re - sist-less I, when I am stirr'd to

Piano

23

Bunthunder

dough-ty deeds of wrath, So on my-self I have con-ferr'd The

Piano

27

Bunthunder

Or - der of the Bath! You trace my hum-our's de - vi-ous path? You

Piano

*sf* *p*

31 *rit:*

Bunthunder  
see my mean-ing through? The knight-ly Or-der of the Bath... I

Piano  
*rit:* *pp*

35

Bunthunder  
don't be-lieve you do! Let

Piano  
*p* *pf*

39

Bunthunder  
me ex - plain....you're in the dark..... The "Bath's" a high de -

Piano

42

Bunthunder  
gree Con - ferr'd on war - ri - ors of mark, But

Piano  
*p*

45

Bunthunder

not con-ferr'd on me. From "Bath" we eas - i - ly de-rive This

Piano

49

Bunthunder

foot-bath.... com-mon delf.... And that's the com-pli - ment that I've Con -

Piano

53

Bunthunder

ferr'd up-on my - self. This bath.... of crock-er - y\_\_\_ or delf.... A

Piano

57

Bunthunder

play on mean - ings twain. I'm sor - ry..... I for -

Piano

*rit:*

60

Bunthunder

got my - self..... It shan't oc - cur a - gain!

Piano

*pp* *pp* *ff*

*Bun.* It's a most extraordinary thing that my wife should not have returned - I can't understand it at all. My wife said to me this morning, at a quarter to nine o'clock, "Bunthunder, I'm going out to buy a pint of Barcelona nuts," and it's now twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, and she has not returned. By dint of worrying myself about her I've got a splitting headache, and for a splitting headache there's nothing like putting one's feet in hot water. Where can she be? (*Rising.*) Oh, Leonora, Leonora, if I thought you were deceiving me, there is no vengeance that would be too dire! (*Knock at the street door.*) There she is - there she is at last! she's coming upstairs. (*Resuming his seat. Knock at room door.*) Come in, come in! I'm taking a footbath, but come in.

*Attacca No.12.*