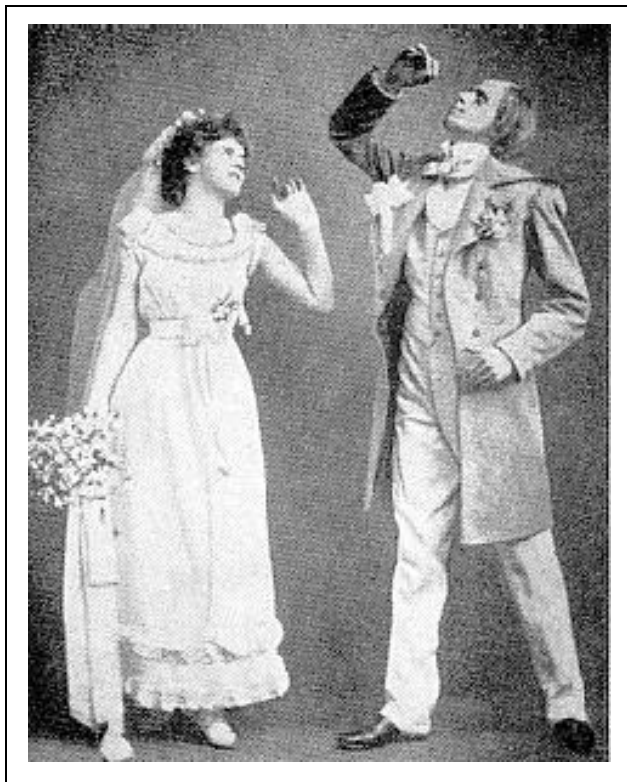


An Italian Straw Hat



or, “Haste to the Wedding”

An Operetta in Three Acts

Written by W. S. Gilbert

Composed by George Grossmith

with additional music by

Frank Osmond-Carr, Alfred Cellier, Corney Grain,

Sydney Jones and Arthur Sullivan

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*The piece is original only as far as regards its musical setting.
The plot is a very free adaptation of "Le Chapeau de Paille
d'Italie" by Eugène Labiche, previously translated by Gilbert
as "The Wedding March" and produced at the Royal Court Theatre
on the 15th November 1873.*

*First produced as “Haste to the Wedding” at the Criterion Theatre, London, under the personal direction of the Authors
on Wednesday, July 27th, 1892.*

Libretto Privately Published by Ian C. Bond at 2 Kentisview, Kentisbeare, CULLOMPTON EX15 2BS. - ©1998

Vocal Score Privately Published by Ian C. Bond at 2 Kentisview, Kentisbeare, CULLOMPTON EX15 2BS. - ©2000

Index

Page No:

Forward

Dramatis Personæ

Libretto i

Vocal Score

Prelude 1

Act One, Scene One

No.1 DUET - Patty and Jackson - "Today at eleven" 3

No.2. SONG - Woodpecker - "Maria is simple and chaste" 10

No.3. SOLO - Maguire (with Chorus) - "Ring ye joybells" 20

No.3a. CHORUS - "Ring ye joybells" 31

Supplemental No.1. SONG - Maria - "It's my opinion" 32

No.3b. AIR 43

No.3c. CHORUS - "Ring ye joybells" 44

No.3d. CHORUS - "Ring ye joybells" 45

No.3e. AIR 47

Act One, Scene Two

No.4. SONG - Bella - "By dreams of ample profits" 48

No.5. RECIT and BALLAD - Bella and Woodpecker 55

No.5a. AIR 66

Supplemental No.2. SONG - Foodle with Chorus 67

No.6. DUET - Cripps and Maguire with Chorus 74

No.6a. EXIT 91

No.6b. PROMENADE 91

No.6c. FINALE ACT 1 92

Index

| | |
|-----------|----|
| Entr'acte | 93 |
|-----------|----|

Act Two

| | | |
|--------|--|-----|
| No.7. | SONG - Duke - "Oh butcher, oh baker" | 95 |
| No.8. | DUET - Woodpecker and Marchioness - "The slave of impulse" | 106 |
| No.8a. | HOPPING EXIT | 115 |
| No.9. | RECIT and SONG - Maguire - "Now, Woodpecker" | 116 |
| No.10. | CHORUS - "Hurrah! for the bride" | 122 |

Act Three, Scene One

| | | |
|--------------------|--|-----|
| No.11. | SONG - Bunthunder - "Though call'd upon" | 126 |
| No.12. | DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder - "Your pardon sir" | 131 |
| No.12a. | AIR | 141 |
| No.13. | SONG - Maguire - "If you value a peaceable life" | 142 |
| Supplemental No.3. | SONG - Maria - "My wedded life" | 156 |
| No.14. | DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder - "I've come across hats" | 164 |
| No.14a. | Entr'acte | 179 |

Act Three, Scene Two

| | | |
|--------------------|---|-----|
| Supplemental No.4. | SONG - Bopaddy and Chorus - "Linger longer" | 180 |
| No.14b. | AIR | 189 |
| No.14c. | AIR | 190 |
| No.15. | FINALE ACT THREE | 191 |

About this libretto

My intention in creating this series of libretti is not to publish an in-depth, scholarly appraisal of each of the works included, that can, and has been done far more effectively by others. My aim is to issue the libretti of the operas and choral works of Gilbert and Sullivan, both in partnership with each other, and with others, and of the works of other librettists and composers whose operas appeared at the Savoy Theatre in the 1890's and early 1900's, in as complete a form as possible.

Hopefully, these libretti will appeal to:

1. Those who share an interest in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and their contemporaries, but who have had little if any opportunity to read and evaluate these works, many of which have been out of print for decades, for themselves.
2. Enterprising amateur and professional companies who, due to the lack of printed material, have fought shy of presenting some of these works.

In each of these publications I have endeavoured to include as much material as it has been possible to unearth, including dialogue and lyrics cut before or during the original productions and, where known, ad-libs, both sanctioned and unsanctioned.

Each libretto is printed to order, and in general follows the same standard layout:

- a) standard text and lyrics are printed in black.
- b) text and lyrics cut before or during production are printed in blue.
- c) ad-libs are printed in blue.
- d) stage directions are printed in red.
- e) other variations from the standard text are printed in green.

Advances in modern technology have also enabled me to include 'lost' musical numbers in some of the libretti - for example, the Despard/Margaret Duet "If you attempt to take the girl" in RUDDYGORE. It is hoped at a later stage to be able to produce Vocal Scores for some of the more obscure works.

The ink used in printing **will smudge or run** if brought into contact with liquid or left in a damp atmosphere for any length of time, and will also fade if subjected to prolonged direct sunlight.

Several of the libretti in this series have already been used for production purposes and it has been found that the A4 format is the most convenient. However, any comment about the layout, format, or content, will be most welcome. I hope very much that you will enjoy this libretto.

Ian C. Bond

“HASTE TO THE WEDDING” / AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT

In his monumental two volume survey of “The British Musical Theatre”¹, Kurt Gänzl questions the need for music in connection with the famous Labiche farce, “The Italian Straw Hat”, and in the case of the work in question argues that the piece, ‘did not need the songs it got -’. I can conceive that, in a badly staged, poorly paced production, this operetta could be deadly dull; but anyone who saw the revivals at either Chichester (1975) or Exeter (1976), will know what a tremendous piece this is.

Rather than cutting or tightening the action, the Chichester/Exeter production took Gilbert's original 1873 translation, “The Wedding March”, as their starting point, added the lyrics and music from “Haste to the Wedding”, added a few more lyrics of their own (with music adapted from Offenbach's “Barbe-Bleue”), and called the resulting confection “The Italian Straw Hat”. The production was a riot from start to finish, and although I cannot speak for Chichester, I do know that the Northcott was full at every performance from 29th January to 21st February, a total (with matinées) of 28. **This current version retains Gilbert's original libretto whilst adding extra music from the British comic opera, operetta and music hall traditions.**

“HASTE TO THE WEDDING” first appeared at the Criterion Theatre on the 27th July 1892, and played for just 22 performances. Maybe, as with the ill-fated JANE ANNIE, this work was too zany for the audiences of 1892. Today it is tremendous fun. The original cast is given below with the Chichester/Exeter cast beside for comparison.

| <u>“HASTE TO THE WEDDING”</u> | <u>THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT</u> |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Woodpecker - Frank Wyatt | Woodpecker - Jeremy Arnold |
| Maguire - Lionel Brough | Maguire - Malcolm Mudie |
| Bopaddy - William Blakely | Bopaddy - Clifford Mollison |
| Foodle - George Grossmith Jnr. | Foodle - Edward Harbour |
| Duke of Turniptopshire - David James | Duke of Deal - John Biggerstaff |
| Bunthunder - Sidney Valentine | Bunthunder - Basil Lord |
| Cripps - Welton Dale | Cripps - Basil Lord |
| Wilkinson - Percy Brough | Wilkinson - Anthony Guilloyle |
| Bapp - Frank Atherley | Bapp - Alan Gill |
| Barns - Fred Bond | Barns - Anthony Guilloyle |
| Jackson - W. R. Shirley | Jackson - John Biggerstaff |
| Marchioness - Ellis Jeffreys | Marchioness - Judith Paris |
| Bella Crackenthorpe - Sybil Carlisle | Bella Beauperthuis - Michelle Magorian |
| Leonora - Day Ford | Leonora - Judith Paris |
| Patty - Haidee Crofton | Patty - Lynda Rooke |
| Maria - Marie Studholme | Maria - Helena Breck |
| | Bronwyn - Theresa Streatfeild |
| | Gwyneth - Janet Smith |
| | Lythin - Jonathan Kiley |
| | Dido, Lady Popton - Michelle Magorian |
| | Algernon Sopwith - Jonathan Kiley |
| | Basil, Bishop of Bayswater - Basil Lord |
| | Sophie - Theresa Streatfeild |

¹ Macmillan Press Music Division - 1986 - ISBN 0-333-39839-4 v. I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WOODPECKER TAPPING, a Bridegroom

MR. MAGUIRE, a Market Gardener

UNCLE BOPADDY

COUSIN FOODLE

THE DUKE OF TURNIPTOPSHIRE, an Emotional Peer

MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER

CRIPPS, a Milliner's Bookkeeper

WILKINSON, a Policeman

BARNS, a Family Retainer

JACKSON, a Valet

CAPTAIN BAPP

**THE MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH, an Emotional
Peeress**

LADY POPTON

MARIA, a Bride

BELLA CRACKENTHORPE, a Milliner

PATTY PARKER, a Lady's Maid

LEONORA BUNTHUNDER

Chorus of: Wedding Guests and Members of the Upper Aristocracy

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I, Scene 1 - A Room in Woodpecker Tapping's London Home

ACT I, Scene 2 - A Milliner's Show-room

**ACT II - A handsomely furnished front and back drawing-room in Carlton
Gardens**

ACT III, Scene 1 - Dressing-room in Major-General Bunthunder's House

ACT III, Scene 2 - A Street, with Square in the distance

TIME - 1873

ACT I, Scene 1

Supplementary - PRELUDE ²

SCENE - Room in MR. WOODPECKER TAPPING'S house. Door C. Doors R. and L. JACKSON discovered dusting chairs. Enter PATTY on tip-toe C. from L.

Patty. Is it all right, Mr. Jackson?

Jackson. All is right, Patty. (*Kisses her.*)

Pat. Now, none of that, if you please. Your master, Mr. Woodpecker Tapping, is to be married to-day, and you told me I might come and see the wedding presents. Where are they?

Jack. In the next room - you shall see them presently.

Pat. But how comes it that the wedding takes place from the bridegroom's house, and why are all the wedding presents sent there?

Jack. Because the bride, Miss Maria Maguire, lives at Pettywiddllm, in a remote corner of Wales - and as Mr. Tapping can't get leave to go down to a remote corner of Wales, a remote corner of Wales has to come to him.

No.1. - DUET - Patty and Jackson

Jack. Today, at eleven,
Young Woodpecker Tapping
Will enter the heaven
Of matrimonee -
To 'Ria Maguire
That beauty entrapping
Woodpecker Esquire
United will be.

Both. *Dancing.*) And the bells they will jingle,
The wine it will bubble,
As Woodpecker single,
Turned Woodpecker double,
Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

Pat. ³ Young Woodpecker Tapping
(Professed lady-killer)
Is rarely caught napping
By widow or maid,

² From UTOPIA (LIMITED) (1893) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan.

³ The original printed libretto allocates this verse to Patty but the published Vocal score indicates Jackson.

But her fascinations -
Her gold and her siller -
All considerations,
Have thrown in the shade.

Both. (*Dancing.*) So the bells they will jingle,
The wine it will bubble,
As Woodpecker single,
Turned Woodpecker double,
Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

Enter UNCLE BOPADDY, who catches them dancing. They stop abruptly when they see him. He is very deaf, and carries a band-box

Bopaddy. Don't mind me - it's only Uncle Bopaddy - nobody minds Uncle Bopaddy!
Anybody come yet?

Jack. (*with a great show of deference*). Not yet, you ridiculous old rag-bag! Not yet, you concentrated essence of disreputable senility!

Pat. (*aside to JACKSON*). Hush! hush! you'll make the old gentleman angry.

Jack. Oh, no - he's as deaf as a post - he can't hear. (*Shouting to him*). You can't hear, can you? (*To PATTY*). I always talk to him like that; it amuses me very much. (*To BOPADDY, who is much struck with PATTY*). Don't you think at your age you might find something better to do than to go about chucking young girls under the chin, you disreputable old vagabond?

Bo. Yes, yes - you are perfectly right. I told him so myself; but, bless you, you might as well talk to a post! (*To PATTY*). Here, my dear, take this (*giving her parcel*). It's a little present for the bride - now, don't crush it, there's a nice little gal!

Pat. All right, old sixpennorth of halfpence!

Bo. (*much amused*). Yes - you're quite right. I often do myself. Ha, ha! (*Exit PATTY with parcel*). What a nice little gal! Very nice little gal! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer little gal!

Jack. Go along, you wicked old pantaloon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age! (*Gives him a chair*). There, sit down and hold your wicked old tongue!

Exit JACKSON.

Bo. (*sits*). Thankee kindly. Remarkably civil, well-spoken young man to be sure! Don't know that I ever met a nicer-spoken young man.

Enter WOODPECKER TAPPING.

Wood. Well, here's a pretty piece of business!

Bo. My nephew - my dear nephew (*shaking his hand*). Where's the wedding party - have they arrived?

Wood. They're coming - in eight cabs. But listen to my adventure. I was riding in Hyde Park just now, and I accidentally dropped my whip -

Bo. (*shaking his hand*). My boy, those sentiments do honour to your head and your heart.

Wood. What sentiments? Oh, I forgot - he's deaf. No matter. Well, I dismounted and picked it up, and then discovered that the noble animal had bolted, and was at that moment half a mile away.

Bo. But I go farther than that. I go so far as to say that a good husband makes a good wife.

Wood. Here's an old donkey!

Bo. Thank you, my boy, I am - I always was.

Wood. Well, after a long run I came up with my spirited grey, and found him in the act of devouring a Leghorn hat belonging to a young and lovely lady who was indulging in an affectionate tête-à-tête with a military gentleman who may or may not have been her betrothed. I jumped on my horse - apologized to the lady, threw her a sovereign (or it might have been a shilling - I'm sure I don't know), and this is all the change I got out of it (*showing the remains of a straw hat*).

Bo. Dear me, that's a very nice straw - a very nice straw! I don't know that I ever saw a nicer straw! Ha! now that's very curious.

Wood. Eh?

Bo. Nothing. It's curious - it's a coincidence. It's just like the one I've given Maria for a wedding present. Hah! At what time is the wedding?

Wood. Eleven (*shows him on fingers*).

Bo. Eh?

Wood. Eleven (*shouting*).

Bo. You must speak a good deal louder - I can't hear.

Wood. Eleven (*whispering*).

Bo. Oh! eleven. Why didn't you say so at first? (*Looking at watch.*) Half-past ten - just time for a glass of sherry. I saw it on the sideboard as I came up - you'll find me at the sideboard as you go down.

Exit BOPADDY.

Wood. So in one hour I shall be a married man! Married to the daughter of a human porcupine - one of the most ill-tempered, crotchety, exacting old market-gardeners in Great Britain! Maria is a charming girl - she has only one drawback - a cousin, Alfred Foodle, who was brought up with her. He kisses her. It's permitted in some families. It's permitted in hers. I don't quite see why - he's as big as I am. The best of it is, I'm not allowed to. Of course it's all right, because they were brought up together. At the same time, I wish he wouldn't.

No.2. - SONG - Woodpecker

Maria is simple and chaste -
She's pretty and tender and modest -
But on one or two matters of taste
Her views are distinctly the oddest.
Her virtue is something sublime -
No kissing - on that there's a stopper -
When I try, she says "All in good time -
At present it's highly improper."
Such virtue heroic I call
To complain were the act of a noodle
She's allowed to kiss no one at all
But her cousin - her cousin: young Foodle.

Now a maiden could never offend
By embracing her father or brother;
But I never could quite comprehend
Why cousins should kiss one another.
Of course it's an innocent whim -
Beneath it no mischief is hidden.
But why is that given to him
Which to me is so strictly forbidden?
It's as innocent as it can be;
He's a kind of performing French poodle.
But why withhold kisses from me
Which are freely accorded to Foodle?

Enter CAPTAIN BAPP and LEONORA.

Wood. Who's this?

Bapp. This is the scoundrel's house, and (*seeing WOODPECKER*) this is the scoundrel!

Wood. Confusion! It's the lady of the Leghorn hat and her military admirer!

Leo. Dear Captain Bapp, be careful!

Bapp. Leonora, leave this to me. (*To WOODPECKER.*) Well, sir, suppose you offer this lady a seat. (*WOODPECKER gives LEONORA a chair, and is about to take another.*) Don't sit down yourself, sir! How dare you attempt to sit down in this lady's presence? Now, sir, to business. You have grossly insulted this lady.

Wood. How?

Bapp. In the first place, you devoured this lady's hat.

Wood. Pardon me - my horse devoured her hat.

Bapp. A quibble sir; you are responsible for his actions. You devoured this lady's hat; and you then have the audacity to throw her this contemptible coin as compensation! (*Showing WOODPECKER a shilling.*)

Wood. (*aside.*) It was a shilling! I thought it was. (*Aloud.*) Sir, it was a mistake - allow me to rectify it. (*Gives him a sovereign.*)

Bapp. Fire and fury! What's this?

Wood. That is a sovereign - or pound - for the hat.

Bapp. Insult upon insult! We have not come here for compensation.

Wood. Then what the deuce have you come for?

Bapp. In the first place, an apology.

Leo. No, no; I forgive him! Come away - it's not necessary.

Bapp. Leonora, will you leave this to me? Well, sir, the apology.

Wood. Well, sir, I apologize.

Bapp. Unreservedly?

Wood. Unreservedly. Now, what is the moral of all this, Leonora?

Leo. Sir!

Bapp. By the God of War - !

Wood. I call you Leonora because I don't know your other name. The moral of this is - if you will walk out in Hyde Park with surreptitious captains in the Army -

Leo. Sir, you are in error. This gentleman is my cousin. We were brought up together.

Wood. Oh, I see; he's your Foodle.

Bapp. This lady's what, sir?

Wood. Her Foodle. I say you're her Foodle. You don't know what I mean; but you may depend upon it you are. I wish you'd go.

Bapp. Oh, but I haven't done yet. This hat, sir, is a present from the lady's husband.

Wood. What! There's a husband, is there? Oh, Leonora, I should have expected this from Bapp, but I'm surprised at you.

Leo. My husband is the most jealous man in the world, and if I go home without it, he'll kill me. There's only one thing to be done - you must get another exactly like it.

Wood. With pleasure - to-morrow.

Bapp. To-morrow! And what's to become of the lady in the mean time?

Leo. Oh, I'll remain here *(sits)*.

Wood. Here! - in my house? On my wedding-day? Impossible!

Mag. *(without)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. The wedding party has arrived, and do not suppose that that is the Bull of Bashan. No - it's my father-in-law elect! *(Shouts.)* Coming! *(To LEONORA.)* Stop - I see a way of doing it. I'll invent an excuse to call at the milliner's on the way to the registrar's, and tell her to send one here.

Mag. *(without)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. Coming! *(to BAPP.)* Will that do?

Bapp. *(to LEONORA.)* Will that do?

Leo. *(to BAPP.)* That will do.

Bapp. *(to WOODPECKER.)* That will do.

Mag. *(furiously)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. He's coming up - he mustn't find you here. Go in there - quick! *(Places BAPP in room R. and LEONORA in room L.)* Just in time!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter the wedding party, composed of semi-grotesque old-fashioned and countrified couples. They dance round the stage. MARIA, in bridal dress, dances on with FOODLE, a loutish simpleton; BOPADDY follows, and finally MAGUIRE in a towering rage.

No.3. - SOLO - Maguire and Chorus

Chorus. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Mag. *(furiously)*. It's off! It's off!

Wood. What's off?

Mag. The wedding! I won't have it!

SONG - Maguire

You've kept us all waiting outside!
Such insults I never foresaw
You've insulted your beautiful bride -
You've insulted your father-in-law!
You've insulted our excellent guests -
You've pooh-poohed the connubial knot -
You've insulted the flyman
Who'd drive you to Hymen -
By George, you've insulted the lot!

All. Yes, yes, yes,
By George, you've insulted the lot!

Mag. It's off! Her affection's misplaced!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! such a man I disown!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! Take your arm from her waist!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! let the lady alone!

All. It's off!

Mag. And to your beautiful bride, who belongs
To a father who never ignores
Insults by the dozen,
She'll marry her cousin -
Here, Foodle, be happy - she's yours!

All. Yes, yes, yes,
Here, Foodle, be happy - she's yours!

(MARIA goes weeping to FOODLE, who embraces her.)

CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Wood. St! st! st! Suppose I apologize.

Mag. Then it's on again.

Wood. Then I apologize.

Mag. *(joyfully)*. It's on again! *(To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.)* Foodle, my boy,
it's on again!

Food. *(releasing her)*. Oh, Maria! *(MARIA reverts to WOODPECKER.)*

No.3a. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -

Supplemental 1. - SONG - Maria. ⁴

It's my opinion - though I own
In thinking so I'm quite alone -
In some respects I'm but a fright.
You like my features, I suppose?
I'm disappointed with my nose:
Some rave about it - perhaps they're right.
My figure just sets off a fit;
But when they say it's exquisite
(And they *do* say so), that's too strong.
I hope I'm not what people call
Opinionated! After all,
I'm but a goose, and may be wrong.

When charms enthrall
There's some excuse
For measures strong;
And after all
I'm but a goose,
And may be wrong!

My teeth are very neat, no doubt;
But after all they *may* fall out:
I think they will - some think they won't.
My hands are small, as you may see,
But not as small as they might be,
At least *I* think so - others don't.
But there, a girl may preach and prate
From morning six to evening eight,
And never stop to dine,
When all the world, although misled,
Is quite agreed on any head -
And it is quite agreed on mine.

⁴ From THE MOUNTBANKS (1892) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Alfred Cellier.

All said and done,
It's little I
Against a throng.
I'm only one,
And possibly
I may be wrong!

Chorus. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Maria. Oh! *(screams)*.

Mag. What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, something's pricking me!

Wood. A pin? Allow me *(proceeds to remove it)*.

Mag. *(stopping him)*. How dare you, sir?

Maria. How dare you?

All. For shame!

Mag. Foodle, remove the pin! *(FOODLE crosses to MARIA and removes the pin, kisses it, and pricks his lip accidentally.)* They were brought up together *(addressing WOODPECKER, who is furious)*. Now then, are we all ready? Then away we go!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding," the guests are dancing off.

No.3b. AIR

Wood. Stop! *(music and guests stop short - aside)*. I must find some excuse to stop at the milliner's - what shall I say? I can't tell them I've got to stop and buy a hat for one lady on my way to be married to another.

Mag. *(who has been standing on one leg in the exact attitude in which he was stopped)*. Nearly finished your soliloquy, Woodpecker?

Wood. *(aside)*. Ha, I know! *(Aloud)*. Hullo! It's very awkward - I've lost the licence!

Mag. What!

All. Lost the licence!

Mag. It's off! Another instance of insulting neglect! It's off! Foodle shall have her! *(Hands her to FOODLE.)*

Food. *(embracing her)*. Maria!

No.3c. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -

Wood. Stop! Don't be absurd - it's easily rectified. We must call at Doctor's Commons on the way to the church, and get another. You can remain below in the cabs while I apply for it. *(Aside.)* They're all country people, and don't know the difference between Doctor's Commons and a milliner's shop! *(Aloud.)* Will that do?

Mag. It's on again! It's on again! *(To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.)* Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

No.3d. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Mag. Will you stop that? Foodle, take the bride - pair off and away we go!

Music. "Haste to the Wedding." All dance off, WOODPECKER last.

No.3e. - AIR

Wood. *(over music.)* If ever I get married again, it shall be into a family without a Foodle!

Exit after the others.

ACT I, Scene 2

Scene: A Milliner's Show-room. Some bonnets and two common dolls' heads on table up L. High desk with ledger R. Wide opening C., with doors R. and L.

Enter BELLA CRACKENTHORPE.

Bella. *(calling off)*. Now, make haste, young ladies - attend to your work and don't chatter. Upon my life, I've been very fortunate! I only purchased this business four months ago, and I've quite a large connection already! Ah! it's not everywhere that civility and punctuality, combined with the latest Paris fashions, are to be obtained at a moderate advance on Store prices.

No.4. - BALLAD - Bella

By dreams of ample profit lured,
And overflowing till,
By easy payments I secured
Stock, fixtures, and goodwill.
But fixtures are but means to end,
Goodwill's a term misplaced,
Unless you with them deftly blend
Politeness and Good Taste.
Without you, money paid is waste,
So hail, Politeness and Good Taste!

Without your calm unpurchased aid,
Work hardly as one may,
The finest business in the trade
Falls off and fades away.
The stock depreciates in tone,
The goodwill dwindles fast,
The humble fixtures, they alone
Are faithful to the last!
Ye fixtures, though but means to ends,
You do your best, my humble friends!

Enter WOODPECKER (in breathless haste).

No.5. - RECIT and DUET - Bella and Woodpecker

Wood. I want a hat of finest straw,
At once - a handsome one.
Trimmed with an armadillo's claw,
Three truffles and a bun,
Two thingummies of peacock blue,
A what-its-name on each,
A snuff-box and a cockatoo
Two mackerel and a peach.
If you have such a thing in stock,
I'll buy it - *(looking at watch)* half-past ten o'clock!

RECIT

Bella. (*recognizing him*). Ah, heavens! 'Tis Woodpecker!
Oh judge and juries!

Wood. (*aghast*). 'Tis Bella Crackenthorpe,
By all the furies!
(*aloud*). You've nothing like it in your shop?
No consequence - good morning!

Bella. (*holding his coat-tails*) Stop!
Ah, false one!

(WOODPECKER much depressed.)

BALLAD - Bella (with Woodpecker)

You offer to take me, one fine day,
To the Naval Exhibition;
You borrow the money from me to pay
The price of our admission.
The rain pours down on my brand-new dress,
And boots of thin prunella.
Do you stand me a hansom?
Oh dear, no!
You stand me under a portico,
Like a shabby young fellow, and off you go
To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Wood. Poor Bella!

Bella. To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Wood. Did I stand her a hansom?
Oh dear, no!
I stood her under a portico,
Like a shabby young fellow, I off did go
To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Bella. The rain goes on, and the days they grow -
To months accumulating;
And patiently under that portico
They find me waiting - waiting.
To her allegiance staunch and true
Stands your deserted Bella.
At length six weary months have passed;
The weather, no longer overcast,
Clears up - and you return at last
Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. Poor Bella!

Bella. Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. Although six weary months had passed;
The weather, no longer overcast,
Cleared up - and I returned at last
Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. I forgot the umbrella. I'll go and fetch it. *(Going.)*

Bella. *(stops him)*. Not if I know it!

Wood. *(aside)*. Confound it! And the wedding party at the door, in eight cabs!

Bella. To think that this contemptible creature actually promised to marry me!

Wood. Marry you? Why, of course I did! Marry you? Certainly I will!

Bella. You will?

Wood. Why, of course! What do you take me for?

Bella. And you didn't desert me in order to run after somebody else?

Wood. Ha, ha! As if I'd dream of anybody else!

Bella. Oh, what a relief! Oh, Woodpecker! *(in his arms)*.

Wood. Now, then; I want a Leghorn hat trimmed with a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel one peach, three truffles, and a bun.

Bella. *(jealous)*. Oh, for some young lady, I suppose.

Wood. For some young lady! That's very likely; come, you know me better than that. No; it's for a Captain in the Guards, who wants it as a birthday present for - for his Colonel.

Bella. Well, by an odd coincidence, I believe I happen to have the very thing; and you shall have it on one condition: that we dine together at Simpson's this afternoon -

Wood. *(aside)*. Very likely!

Bella. And that you take me to the Adelphi Theatre this evening!

Wood. Capital! Excellent idea! I was just saying to myself as I came in, "What in the world shall I do with myself this evening?" and the Adelphi Theatre is the very thing. Now, then, where's the hat?

Bella. In the next room. Come along, and don't let me catch you making eyes at the young ladies!

Exit BELLA.

Wood. *(in despair)*. Here's all the wedding party coming up the stairs!

(Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, MARIA, FOODLE, BOPADDY, and the wedding party, two and two, dancing round the stage. The guests range themselves on the left of the scene.)

No.5a. - AIR

Mag. So here we are in Doctor's Commons. *(To WOODPECKER.)* I think you told us this was Doctor's Commons?

Wood. Yes, yes - but why in the world have you left your cabs?

Mag. Never mind that - have you got the licence?

Wood. No - the - the Registrar has not arrived yet; that is, he's busy. Go back to your cabs and I'll go and fetch him. Oh, dim! dim! dim!

WOODPECKER exits hurriedly after BELLA.

Mag. It's all right - it is Doctor's Commons. My friends, let us behave ourselves, we are in Doctor's Commons. Let those who have their gloves put them on. I - I am much agitated: and you, my child?

Maria. Papa, the pin is still there!

Mag. Walk about my child, and it will work down. Foodle, my boy, sing Maria a song to take her mind off the pin.

Supplemental 2. - SONG - Foodle and Chorus ⁵

There were three anglers young and gay,
Sing, ho for the rod and line o!
Sat fishing in a punt one day!
Sing, ho for the rod and line o!
They fish'd throughout the live-long day,
But ne'er a single bite had they,
But still they caroll'd forth this lay,
This merry roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum,*
And a pretty little wriggling *wum,*
And a pretty little wriggling *wum!*

Foodle. Full fifty years have passed away,
Ah me! the rod and line o!
Still side by side those anglers stay,
Ah me! the rod and line o!

Their backs are bent, their beards are grey,
Yet ne'er a single bite have they,
But still they quaver forth this lay,
This trembling roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum!*

Foodle. But where are now, those anglers gay?
Oh woe! the rod and line o!
Buried side by side are they,
Oh woe, the rod and line o!
They all three died the self same day,
Yet never a single bite had they,
But still they sing - so old folks say -
This ghostly roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum!*

Mag. (*Goes to desk.*) Here is the entry-book. We shall all have to sign our names in it.

Maria. Papa, what are they going to do to me?

Mag. Nothing, my child. The Registrar will say to you, "Do your parents consent to this marriage?" and you'll reply, "I am" (*looking off*). Oh, the Registrar is coming. (*To FOODLE who has only got one glove on.*) Put on your other glove, will you?

Food. I can't - I've lost it!

Mag. Then put your hand in your pocket. (*FOODLE puts the gloved hand in his pocket.*) Not that one, stupid! the other one! (*FOODLE does so.*) Now, then, prepare to receive the Registrar!

Enter CRIPPS, out of breath and wet through.

No.6. - DUET - Cripps and Maguire (with Chorus)

⁵ "The Three Anglers" from A LEGEND OF THE THAMES written and composed by Corney Grain, (dedicated to George Grossmith Esq.).

Cripps. Gracious, how I have been running,
 Backwards, forwards, in the rain -
 Impecunious clients dunning;
 All my trouble, too, in vain!

Chorus. Bow to the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar! (*All bow to CRIPPS.*)

Cripps. Sitting in wet things is odious,
Rheumatiz my nature loathes;
So, behind my desk commodious,
I'll at once change all my clothes!

Chorus. This is the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar!

(In the meantime, CRIPPS has dived under the desk and is concealed from their view.)

RECIT

Mag. Why, where's he gone?
He's disappeared from view!
Hallo, you sir! Hallo! (*Craning over desk.*)

Cripps. (*showing his head only*). Good day to you!

Mag. This is my daughter, sir.

Cripps. One moment, pray.

Mag. These are her bridesmaids - this her bridal day!

Cripps. (*aside*). No doubt a wedding party, come to make
Some purchases!

Mag. Our names, perhaps, you'll take?

CRIPPS, who has taken off his wet coat, puts it on again, and prepares to take their names.

Mag. My name is Anthony Hurricane Egg,
Bartholomew Capperboy Property Skegg -
I haven't done yet - Conolly Maguire -

Cripps. But really -

Mag. I haven't quite finished, Esquire!
Do not forget the "Esquire!"

Chorus. His name is Anthony Hurricane Egg,
Bartholomew Capperboy Property Skegg -

Cripps. But really -

Chorus. *(rising from their seats and dancing up to the Registrar and back again.)*

Also Conolly Maguire -
Pray, pray, pray,
Do not forget the "Esquire!"
Do not forget the "Esquire!"

All sit down suddenly.

Cripps. *(speaking.)* Sir, the Christian names are immaterial.

Mag. Oh! *(Sings)*

Oh, I was born at Pettybun

Chorus. On a Saturday - on a Saturday -

Cripps. *(speaking.)* Your place of birth is also immaterial.

Mag. Oh! *(Sings)*

In eighteen hundred and twenty-one,

Chorus. On the fourth of May - on the fourth of May -

Cripps. *(angrily.)* My dear sir, I don't want your biography - you have told me quite enough!

Mag. Very good. *(To BOPADDY.)* Now it's your turn. *(Loudly.)* Now it's your turn.
(In a whisper.) Now it's your turn.

Bo. Oh! - my turn *(advancing with dignity.)* Sir *(to CRIPPS)*, before I consent to become a witness in this matter -

All. *(bursting into chorus.)* On a Saturday - on a Saturday!

Bo. I should like to express my views as to the qualifications of a witness -

All. *(as before.)* On the fourth of May - on the fourth of May!

Cripps. What's he talking about?

Bo. In the first place he should be of full age. I am. In the second, he should be a Briton by birth. I am. In the third -

Chorus. Bow to the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar!

All sit suddenly.

Food. *(looking off.)* Oh, uncle, uncle! look here!

During the dialogue that follows BOPADDY has been much fascinated with the two milliner's dolls' heads, flirting first with one, then with the other, as if unable to make up his mind which of them he prefers.

Mag. What! my son-in-law elect kissing a young woman! It's off! It's off! Foodle, my daughter is yours!

Food. Maria! *(putting his arms round her).*

Enter WOODPECKER C. from R.

Wood. Why in the world haven't you gone back to your cabs?

Mag. Sir, it's off! It's off!

Wood. Very good.

Mag. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Wood. What have I done?

Mag. You dare to ask that when I saw you through that door with a young woman in your arms!

Wood. *(aside).* He saw me! *(Aloud).* I admit it, sir!

Maria. *(crying).* He owns to it!

All. *(crying).* He owns to it!

Food. My darling! *(embracing MARIA).*

Wood. Will you stop that hugging?

Food. She's my cousin - we were brought up together.

Mag. It's quite allowable - she's his cousin.

Wood. His cousin? Oh, then, the lady I was embracing was my cousin!

All. Oh indeed - that's quite another matter!

Mag. It's on again! Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

Food. *(relinquishing MARIA).* Old teetotum!

Mag. Introduce me to your cousin - I'll invite her to the wedding.

Wood. *(aside).* Bella at Maria's wedding! *(Aloud).* It's of no use - she can't come - she's in mourning.

Mag. What, in a pink dress?

Wood. Yes - it's for her husband.

Mag. (*convinced*). Oh - well, we're quite ready, sir, when you are (*to CRIPPS*).

All sit in a row opposite desk.

Wood. What are they doing?

Cripps. I really must make a complete change. I'll go into the next room - there's no one there. (*Going towards the door R. with his dry clothes under his arm.*)

Mag. Where are you going?

Cripps. I shall catch my death of cold if I don't - I really can't help it - you must excuse me.
Exit door R.

Mag. My friends, let us follow the Registrar.

Music. They all dance after CRIPPS in couples, BOPADDY last, with one of the doll's heads, kissing his hand to the others. Off R.

No.6a. - EXIT

Wood. Where the deuce are they all going?

Enter BELLA C. from R.

Bella. Here's your specimen (*giving remains of hat*). I'm very sorry, but I can't match it.

Wood. What!

Bella. If you like to wait three weeks I can get you one from Florence.

Wood. Three weeks!

Bella. I only know of one like it in London.

Wood. I buy it - mind, I buy it.

Bella. Impossible! I sold it a week ago to -

Wood. To whom?

Bella. The Marchioness of Market Harborough! (*Exit.*)

Wood. This is pleasant! A Marchioness! I can't call on a Marchioness and ask her how much she wants for her hat!

No.6b. - PROMENADE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes under his arm, pursued by the wedding party dancing as before, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. They exeunt after CRIPPS.

Music forte while they are on - pianissimo when they are off.

Wood. Hi! Mr. Maguire, where are you going? (*Is about to follow.*)

Enter JACKSON.

Jack. Sir, I've just come from home.

Wood. Well, is the Captain there still?

Jack. Yes, he's there, but he ain't still. The lady has fainted, and can't leave the house.

Wood. Wrap her up in a blanket and send her home at once! (*Exit JACKSON.*) I must have this hat at any rate. (*Refers to Blue Book.*) The Marchioness of Market Harborough - Carlton Gardens. I'll get married first, and then I'll call on her. But what shall I do with the wedding party? I know. I'll shut 'em up in the Duke of York's Column. I'll say to the keeper, "I engage this Column for twenty-four hours - let no one out." (*Exit.*)

No.6c. - FINALE ACT ONE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes, very breathless.

Cripps. (*spoken over music*). Why the deuce do the people follow me everywhere? It's impossible for me to change my clothes!

Enter all the wedding party as before. Music forte. CRIPPS runs round the stage and off, followed by the wedding party, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. He is much exhausted with running.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE. - A handsomely furnished front and back drawing-room in Carlton Gardens. The two rooms separated by handsome double curtains which are closed during the early part of the Act. A sumptuous luncheon is laid on the table in the back-room, but concealed from the audience by the curtains. Doors R. L. Window up stage L. Small table R. with vase and bouquet. Grand piano L.C.

Supplemental - ENTR'ACTE ⁶

Enter BARNS, an old family retainer.

Barns. (*announcing*). The Duke of Turniptopshire!

Enter DUKE. Exit BARNS.

Duke. Admirable! Magnificent! What gorgeous decorations! What refined taste! What have we here? (*Looks through curtains.*) A most luxurious cold collation! Seven-and-sixpence a head, if it cost a penny! I wonder if (*looking around him*) there's no one coming - I wonder if I might venture to take just one tartlet! I will - (*Takes a tartlet from table and eats it.*)

Enter the MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH.

March. Well Duke.

Duke. Marchioness (*embarrassed, with his mouthful*) - I - I - delighted to see you.

March. (*more in sorrow than in anger.*) Ah, Duke, Duke - you've been picking the luncheon again! Now that's too bad!

Duke. I'm sorry - very, very sorry. Forgive me, it was thoughtless - criminal if you will, but I was ever a wayward child, accustomed to have his every whim gratified, and now, in middle age, I find it difficult to shake off the shackles that custom and education have rivetted on me. (*in tears.*)

March. (*in tears.*) You were my late husband's early friend!

Duke. (*with an effort*). And now, my dear Marchioness, whom do you expect at your concert this morning? Tell me all - do not fear - you can trust me implicitly!

March. I feel I can! Well, then, there's Lord and Lady Popton, the Duke and Duchess of Deal, Colonel Coketown, the Dowager Duchess of Worthing, Lord and Lady Pentwhistle, and the Archbishop of Bayswater.

Duke. (*aside*). All dem snobs! (*Aloud*). And who sings?

March. The most delightful creature in the world - no other than the distinguished falsetto, Nisnardi, who arrived only a week ago from Bologna, and who has already turned all the crowned heads of Europe. He can go up to G!

Duke. Gad bless me, what a gift!

March. You have no idea how deliciously eccentric he is.

Duke. Well, you know, a man who can touch an upper G is not like us common fellers: he's a genius - a genius.

March. Exactly. I asked him to sing two songs this afternoon, and sent him a cheque for 3,000 guineas; here is his reply: *(reads)*, "Madam, you ask me to sing two songs. I will sing three; you offer me 3,000 guineas - it is not enough - "

Duke. Dem foreigner!

March. "It is not enough; my terms are - a flower from your bouquet!"

Duke. A what?

March. "A flower from your bouquet!" Is it not romantic?

Duke. It's a poem - a "ballade!" Pardon this weakness! *(Wiping his eyes.)*

March. Dear, dear Duke! *(Wiping her eyes.)* You know the Princess Polpetti - with the pretty feet?

Duke. I know her pretty feet.

March. What do you think were his terms for singing at her concert?

Duke. I don't know. He seems fond of flowers - perhaps a pot of mignonette?

March. Nothing of the kind - one of her old slippers!

Duke. *(in tears)*. Don't - demme, I can't stand it - I can't, indeed.

March. What tenderness - what sympathy! *(Pressing his hand.)* You were my late husband's early friend! *(Noise and carriage heard.)* Here are my guests, and I've been crying! I mustn't be seen in this state! Duke, oblige me by receiving them - I'll be down in one minute! *(Exit MARCHIONESS.)*

Duke. *(takes out snuff-box, opens it and is about to take snuff, produces a powder-puff, and powders his face to remove traces of tears)*. Why am I cursed with this tremulous sensitiveness? Why are my heartstrings the sport and toy of every wave of sympathetic second-hand sentiment? Ah! ye small tradesmen and other Members of Parliament, who think rump steak and talk bottled beer, I would give ten years of my life to experience, for one brief day, the joy of being a commonplace man!

No.7. - SONG - Duke

Oh butcher, oh baker, oh candlestick-maker,
 Oh vendors of bacca and snuff -
 And you, licensed vittler, and public-house skittler,
 And all who sell stick sweet-stuff -

⁶ From THE SORCERER (1877) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan.

Ye barbers, and Messrs. the Bond Street hair-dressers
(Some shave you, and others do not) -
Ye greasy porkpie men - ye second-hand flymen -
All people who envy my lot (*taking up tambourine*) -

Let each of you lift up his voice -
With tabor and cymbal rejoice
That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
An over-devotional,
Super-emotional,
Hyper-chimerical,
Extra-hysterical,
Wildly-æsthetical,
Madly phrenetical,
Highly-strung sensitive Duke!

You men of small dealings, of course you've your feelings
There's no doubt at all about that -
When a dentist exacting your tooth is extracting,
You howl like an aristocrat.
But an orphan cock-sparrow, who thrills to the marrow
A duke who is doubly refined,
Would never turn paler a petty retailer
Or stagger a middle-class mind!

Let each of you lift up his voice -
With tabor and cymbal rejoice
That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
An over-devotional,
Super-emotional,
Hyper-chimerical,
Extra-hysterical,
Wildly-æsthetical,
Madly phrenetical,
Highly-strung sensitive Duke!

(Dances to tambourine accompaniment.)

Enter BARNS.

Barns. Your Grace, a gentleman is below who desires to speak with her ladyship.

Duke. (*seizing him by the throat, with startling energy*). His name - his name! Do not deceive me, varlet, or I'll throttle you!

Barns. I have known your Grace, man and boy, these eighteen months, and I have never told you a lie yet. The gentleman declines to give his name, but he says that he wrote to her ladyship this morning.

Duke. It is he - the falsetto - the supreme Nisnardi! Show him up, and treat him with the utmost courtesy. He can touch an upper G!

Barns. An upper G! Gad bless me, what a gift. *(Exit in amazement.)*

Enter WOODPECKER timidly.

Wood. *(mistaking the DUKE for a servant).* I say - Chawles, come here, my man. Half-a-crown for you. *(Gives him money.)* Now then, just give this note to her ladyship *(gives him a note)*, there's a good fellow.

Duke. *(pocketing the coin).* In one moment; the Marchioness will be here directly. In the meantime, permit me to introduce myself - the Duke of Turniptopshire!

Wood. The what!

Duke. The Duke -

Wood. Go on, you're joking!

Duke. Not at all - observe - *(Twirls round and postures.)* Are you convinced?

Wood. I am! *(Aside.)* And I took him for a flunkey! I've given a live Duke half-a-crown - and I'm going to ask a live Marchioness how much she wants for her hat! I shall never be able to do it!

Duke. *(aside).* He speaks English very well, but he's clearly an Italian, he has such a rummy waistcoat. I'll draw him out a bit. *(Aloud.)* Princess - pretty feet - old slippers - ah, you dog!

Wood. Pretty feet?

Duke. Yes, pretty feet - pretty little tootsicums! I've heard all about you, you see.

Wood. *(aside).* The upper circles appear to have a method of expressing themselves which is entirely and absolutely their own. *(Aloud).* Could I see the Marchioness?

Duke. Yes. I'll send word to her. Ha! ha! *(with deep meaning).* Songs - old slippers - flower from a bouquet - three thousand guineas! My dear sir, you're delicious - you're simply delicious!

Exit DUKE R.

Wood. It's quite clear to me that I shall never be equal to the intellectual pressure of aristocratic conversation. So I'm married at last - really and truly married. On leaving Bella's, we started for the Church - Maria and I were made one - and now if I can only get the hat from the Marchioness, everything will end happily. *(Looking out of window.)* There's the wedding party - in eight cabs - waiting patiently until I come down. I told them - ha! ha! - that this was St. James's Hall, and that I would go up and make arrangements for the wedding breakfast! and they believed it! Oh, yes, they believe it! I hear the Marchioness. I hope she got my note.

Enter MARCHIONESS R. She approaches him melodramatically.

March. Stop - don't move! Let me gaze upon you until I have drunk you in. Oh! thank you. (*WOODPECKER, much astonished, exhibits symptoms of nervousness - buttoning his coat, putting on his hat and taking it off again.*) Ah, you are cold - cold - cold! You are unaccustomed to the rigour of our detestable climate.

Wood. As you say, it's a beast of a climate -

March. Ah, sir, I can offer you a hospitable welcome and an appreciative company, but I cannot - alas! I cannot offer you an Italian sky!

Wood. Pray don't name it - it's not of the least consequence. (*Aside.*) I shall never understand the aristocracy!

March. Ah, Bella Italia! It's a lovely country!

Wood. It's a dooced lovely country! Oh, I beg pardon!

March. What a wealth of Southern emphasis! What Italian fervour of expression.

Wood. I - I did myself the honour of writing a note to your ladyship -

March. A most delightful note, and one that I shall always carry about with me as long as I live.

Wood. Thank you. (*Aside.*) She's very polite. (*Aloud.*) In that note I ventured to ask you to grant me a slight favour.

March. Oh, of course - how extremely dull of me! Well, you shall have what you want.

Wood. Really?

March. Really - though you are a bold bad man! (*Turns to bouquet.*)

Wood. At last, at last the hat is mine! I wonder how much she wants for it. Shall I beat her down? No, no, you can't beat down a Marchioness! She shall have her price.

March. (*giving him a flower*). There is the flower you asked for - bold bad man!

Wood. A flower? There's some mistake - I want an article of attire.

March. An article of attire?

Wood. Yes; didn't you get my note?

March. Yes, here it is. (*Taking note from her bosom.*) "My terms are - a flower from your bouquet - Nisnardi."

Wood. Nisnardi? What's that?

March. Hush, eccentric creature - my guests are arriving.

Enter BARNES.

Barns. (*announcing.*) Lord and Lady Popton, Colonel Coketown, the Marquis of Barnsbury, Lady Pentwhistle, the Archbishop of Bayswater, and the Duke and Duchess of Deal. (*Exit door L.*)

Enter LORD and LADY POPTON, COLONEL COKETOWN, and other guests.

March. My dear Duke - my dear Lady Popton allow me to present to you the incomparable Nisnardi!

(All bow reverentially to WOODPECKER.)

Lady P. (*crossing to him*). And are you really Nisnardi?

Wood. (*aside*). I must brazen it out. (*Aloud.*) I am!

Lady P. Incomparable falsettist!

Wood. (*aside*). Good heavens, I'm a singer - a falsettist! Why, I'm a bad baritone!

Lady P. And are you really about to favour us with a specimen of your marvellous talent?

March. Signor Nisnardi is most kindly going to sing three songs.

(How delightful!
All. { Charming!
(What a treat!

Wood. (*aside*). I must get out of this fix at once. (*Aloud.*) Marchioness, I have a most extraordinary and - I am afraid you will say - unreasonable request to make.

March. Oh name it, name it!

Wood. But it's a secret!

March. Oh, but I'm sure our friends will excuse us.

Guests bow, and exeunt R. and L.

Wood. Marchioness, I am the slave of impulse!

March. I know you are.

Wood. Eh? Oh! Well, it's a most remarkable thing, but when a whim enters my head, I lose my voice until it is gratified. A whim has just entered my head, and listen!
(*Grunt.*)

March. Heavens, what is to be done?

No.8. - DUET - Woodpecker and Marchioness

Wood. The slave of impulse I,
Born 'neath the azure sky
Of beautiful Firenze.

With fierce desires I brim,
When I conceive a whim,
That whim becomes a frenzy!
A wish ungratified,
Wounds my Italian pride,
Like stab of sharp stiletto.
My blood is turned to gall,
I cannot sing - I squall,
And, this is worst of all -
Away goes my falsetto,
My exquisite falsetto!

March. (*aside*). Oh, heavens! should it befall,
My guests it will appal,
If, when assembled all -
Away goes his falsetto!
His exquisite falsetto!

Wood. My blood is turned to gall,
I cannot sing - I squall,
And, this is worst of all -
Away goes my falsetto,
My exquisite falsetto!

March. Lord of the Upper G,
By peers of high degree
Assiduously courted!
Falsettist all divine,
No heaven-sent whim of thine
Ought ever to be thwarted.
Society should strain
Each nerve to spare thee pain,
Whatever's on the tapis;
The impulse I admire
That's born of Southern fire;
I know what you require -
Here - take it, and be happy.

(Takes off her shoe and gives it to him.)

March. (*hopping*). The impulse I admire
That's born of Southern fire:
I know what you require -
So take it, and be happy!

Wood. (*puzzled*). Although I much desire
A part of your attire,
That's not what I require -
That will not make me happy!

Wood. But this is not what I want.

March. (*hopping*). You said it was an article of my attire.

Wood. Yes - but - it's the other end!

March. The other end?

Wood. You wear a straw hat?

March. I was - I mean I do -

Wood. It is for that straw hat that I have conceived this indescribable longing! Is it not a mad idea?

March. Mad? Not a bit - most reasonable. I understand perfectly - you want it as a pendant to the slipper.

Wood. *(aside)*. The aristocratic mind seems to go about in slippers!

March. You shall have it at once, oh divine creature!

Exit MARCHIONESS, hopping off.

No.8a. - HOPPING EXIT

Wood. In two minutes the hat will be mine, and then I must be off before they have time to discover the imposture. I'll tell Maguire that they've no private room to spare at St. James's Hall. I wonder how the old boy is by this time. *(Goes to window.)* There are the cabs - eight of them! Ha! ha! I can almost hear him growl.

Enter MAGUIRE through curtains, rather tipsy, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other. WOODPECKER is leaning out of the window.

No.9. - RECIT and SONG - Maguire (with Chorus)

Mag. Now, Woodpecker! until you come, my dear sir,
We cannot budge a peg!

Wood. Why, what the dickens are you doing here, sir?
Explain yourself, I beg!

SONG - Maguire

Why, we're all making merry
On port and on sherry,
It's liberal, very -
At price you don't sti-hickle!
When you spoke of our fooding,
Thinks I, he's allooding
To chops and to pooding,
Bread, cheese, and a pi-hickle -
All very good things to tuck into our frames.
But that's not the menoo at the Hall of St. James!

Why, bless us, there's dishes
Of fowls and of fishes -
Of all that's delishes -
There's muckle and mi-hickle!

There's puddings and ices.
And jambong in slices -
And other devices our palates to ti-tickle!
Fine Frenchified fixings -
I don't know their names.
But they do the thing well at the Hall of St. James!

Chorus (within).

There's puddings and ices.
And jambong in slices -
And other devices our palates to ti-tickle!
Fine Frenchified fixings -
I don't know their names.
But they do the thing well at the Hall of St. James!

Wood. Here's a pleasant state of things! We shall be kicked out - given into custody - a honeymoon in Holloway Jail!

Enter MARCHIONESS still hopping.

March. Well, have they brought you the hat?

Wood. *(trying to hide MAGUIRE)*. Not yet, my lady. If you would kindly ask them to hurry a little -

March. *(seeing MAGUIRE)*. Who is this nobleman?

Wood. That nobleman? Oh, this nobleman is a nobleman who always accompanies me - everywhere!

March. Your accompanist? Indeed, a good accompanist is invaluable. And you, sir, are also Italian?

Mag. *(also hopping sympathetically)*. I? Oh, I come from Pettytwiddllm.

Wood. *(hastily)*. Pettytwiddllm, a romantic village on the Abruzzi. His name is Magghia; he was formerly a brigand, but he's reclaimed. He's quite harmless.

March. A reclaimed brigand? How supremely interesting. Then, if everything is ready, my guests shall come in - they're dying to hear you. *(To MAGUIRE.)* Will you oblige me with your arm?

Mag. *(gives his arm to MARCHIONESS)*. More guests! What a wedding this is, to be sure!

Exeunt, both hopping.

Wood. I'm going mad - I feel it! My reason totters on its throne!

Enter PATTY with band-box.

Patty. Here's the straw hat!

Wood. The straw hat! Hurrah! Saved - saved! Take this sixpence - and be happy. *(Opens band-box and takes out a black straw hat.)* A black straw! Positively a black straw! Come here, miss; there's some mistake. I want a Leghorn hat, trimmed with a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel, one peach, three truffles, and a bun!

Patty. Oh! my lady gave that one to her niece, Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder.

Wood. All the ground to go over again! Where does she live?

Patty. 12, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

Wood. Right! Vanish! *(Exit PATTY.)* My course is clear - I must be off, and leave my father-in-law and the wedding party to square matters with the Marchioness.

Exit rapidly.

Re-enter MARCHIONESS and MAGUIRE with the MARCHIONESS'S guests.

March. Now, if you will kindly take your places, the concert will begin. Why, where's Signor Nisnardi?

Enter DUKE, leading WOODPECKER by the ear.

Duke. He was actually bolting! I napped him just as he was getting into eight cabs.

Wood. No - no - you are mistaken. I had forgotten my tuning-fork, and I was going to fetch it! *(Aside.)* Oh, dim! dim! dim!

All. *(applauding)*. Bravo! Bravo!

Wood. *(aside)*. This is most awkward! I'm a bad baritone! What in the world shall I sing them!

MAGUIRE sits at piano and strikes a few discords. WOODPECKER begins on a ridiculously high note.

Bo. *(behind curtains.)* Ladies and Gentlemen!

All. Eh! *(Movement of surprise.)*

Bo. As the oldest friend of Maria Tapping, I beg to propose the health of the bride!

Exclamations from MARCHIONESS and her guests.

Wedding Guests. *(behind curtains.)* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

No.10. - FINALE ACT TWO

Chorus of Wedding Guests.

Hurrah for the bride with a right good will -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the bridegroom bold who pays the bill -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For his father-in-law give three times three,
And three for her cousin - young Foodle he -
And three for this capital companee -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BARNS rushes on and draws the curtains, discovering the wedding party at luncheon. BOPADDY on a chair on the table, with doll's head in on hand and glass of wine in the other. Music changes to "Haste to the Wedding." Party all rise and come down dancing two and two. They cross the stage from R. to L. dancing off L., BOPADDY last with doll's head, WOODPECKER having disappeared as soon as the curtains opened. MARCHIONESS faints in DUKE's arms. General consternation among her guests.

Curtain.

END OF ACT II

ACT III, Scene 1

SCENE - Dressing-room in MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER'S House. Doors R. and L. Large screen R., with double hinges to fold both away. The MAJOR-GENERAL is discovered within the screen in full uniform, taking a footbath; a blanket conceals his legs. His boots are on the floor L. of screen. A hot-water can stands near them.

No.11. - SONG - Bunthunder

Though called upon I've never been
To court a warrior's tomb,
Or to defend my Sovereign Queen
In battle's dread boom - boom!
Resistless I, when I am stirred
To doughty deeds of wrath,
So on myself I have conferred
The Order of the Bath!
You trace my humour's devious path?
You see my meaning through?

(impressively.) The knightly Order of the Bath -

(disappointed.) I don't believe you do!

Let me explain - you're in the dark -
The "Bath's" a high degree
Conferred on warriors of mark,
But not conferred on me.
From "Bath" we easily derive
This footbath - common delf -
And that's the compliment that I've
Conferred upon myself.

(explaining.) This bath - of crockery or delf
A play on meanings twain.

(mortified.) I'm sorry; I forgot myself -
It sha'n't occur again.

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 yet 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 to dire! *(Knock at 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.

No.12. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder

Wood. Your pardon, sir.
Am I addressing
The Major-General Bunthunder
I greatly wonder?
In search of him I roam.

Bun. I am, as you are rightly guessing,
That most unhappy warrior -
No man sorrier -
But I am not at home.

Wood. (*suspiciously*). You're not at home?

Bun. No, sir, I'm not at home.

Wood. This information is distressing;
If you will shortly be returning,
My soul is burning
With keen anxiety to know?

Bun. I've gone abroad on business pressing;
When home from places foreigneering
I shall be steering
Is quite uncertain! Go!

Wood. (*doubtfully*). Uncertain? Oh!

Bun. It's quite uncertain! Go!

SOLO - Woodpecker.

From the Marchionesses,
Whom nobody guesses
To be of the rank of a peeress or peer -
In courtesy lacking
They sent us all packing,
And each with a very fine flea in his ear.
Those Johnnies and Jackies
The overfed lackies
They "went for" the bride and her guests with a rush -
The combat was heated
But we were defeated
By insolent armies of powder and plush.
And Mister Maguire,
Who's raging with ire,
Has taken an oath by the powers that he,

That restaurant-keeper,
Shall not close a peeper
Until she has published an apologee!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Until she has published an apologee!

Bun. Well, sir, what's all that to me, sir? Will you go, sir?

Wood. Oh, I see (*raising blanket*), you're taking a footbath.

Bun. (*furious*). I won't listen to you. I'm not well. I've got a headache! Who are you?

Wood. Woodpecker Tapping - married this morning: the wedding party is at your door, in eight cabs.

Bun. I don't know you, sir! What do you want?

Wood. Your wife.

Bun. (*rising*). My wife! Do you know my wife?

Wood. Not at all, but she possesses something that I am most anxious to purchase.

Bun. We don't sell it. Will you go?

Wood. Not till I've seen Mrs. Bunthunder.

Bun. She's not at home. (*Sings.*)

Wood. Nonsense, I know better! I dare say she's in here - at all events, I mean to look.

WOODPECKER closes screen round BUNTHUNDER, concealing him from the audience, and leaving his boots outside on his L. WOODPECKER then runs into room R.

Bun. He's a thief - he's a burglar! Wait one moment - only one moment, until I've finished dressing!

Enter MAGUIRE L., limping.

Mag. My son-in-law is a most remarkable person; he invites us to his house, and when he gets there, he shuts the door in our faces! Fortunately the lock didn't catch, and here I am. Now, now I shall be able to take off these confounded tight boots which have been bothering me all day.

Bun. (*in screen*). One moment - only one moment! (*Taking his trousers, which are hanging over the top of the screen.*)

Mag. Hallo, Woodpecker! He's in there. Ha! (*seeing BUNTHUNDER'S boots.*) The very thing; that's uncommonly lucky! (*Takes off his own boots and puts on BUNTHUNDER'S.*) The very thing! (*They are much too large for him.*) Dear me, what a relief! (*Puts his own boots by screen, where BUNTHUNDER'S were.*)

Bun. *(reaching round screen for his boots, and takes MAGUIRE'S).* Now for my boots - wait one moment - only one moment!

Mag. I say, my boy, your wife's below.

Bun. Oh, my wife's below, is she? Just one moment - I'm nearly ready!

Mag. All right! I'll go downstairs and tell them all to come up.

Exit MAGUIRE. At the same moment enter BOPADDY.

Bun. *(in screen).* My feet seem much swollen, I can scarcely get my boots on; but no matter. Now then! *(Coming out of screen, sees BOPADDY, whom he mistakes for WOODPECKER, and swings him round.)* Now, you scoundrel, I've got you!

Bo. Don't - I don't want to dance - I'm quite tired out!

Bun. It's not the same - it's another of the gang! *(Noise heard within.)* He's in there! *(Rushes off R.)*

Bo. Another wedding guest, and in regimentals, too! Dear, dear - Woodpecker is certainly doing it uncommonly well!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, FOODLE, MARIA, and the wedding party, all dancing on in couples. They dance round the stage and range themselves at the back.

No.12a. - AIR

Mag. That's right my dears - stop there, because Woodpecker hasn't quite finished dressing - he's behind the screen, and he won't be a minute, and you mustn't look, any of you. *(The screen is now open.)* Woodpecker, my boy, your wife is here; and while you're completing your toilet, I'll give you both a bit of matrimonial advice, drawn from my own experience.

No.13. - SONG - Maguire (with Chorus)

If you value a peaceable life,
This maxim will teach you to get it:
In all things give into your wife, -
I didn't - I lived to regret it.
My wife liked to govern alone,
And she never would share with another;
Remarkably tall and well grown,
She had plenty of muscle and bone,
With an excellent will of her own -
And my darling takes after her mother!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,

We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Mag. Never wake up her temper, - I did -
And smash went a window, instanter;
Invariably do as you're bid, -
I didn't - bang went a decanter.
Give in to each whim, - I declined -
At my head went a vinegar-cruet.
Whatever inducement you find,
Never give her advice of a kind
That is known as "a bit of your mind," -
I did - and the crockery knew it!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Mag. Though her aspect was modest and meek,
She could turn on the steam in a minute:
Her eruptions went on for a week -
Vesuvius, my boy, wasn't in it.
Give your wife of indulgence her fill,
Though your meals be unpleasantly scrappy -

Never look at her milliner's bill;
Gulp down that extravagant pill,
And you may, and probably will,
Be bankrupt - and thoroughly happy!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Wedding party all dance off.

MARIA remains and addresses herself to the screen, still thinking WOODPECKER is behind it.

Supplemental 3. - SONG - Maria ⁷

My wedded life
Must every pleasure bring
On scale extensive!
Now I'm your wife
I must have everything
That's most expensive -
A lady's maid -
(My hair alone to do
I am not able) -
And I'm afraid
I've been accustomed to
A first-rate table.
These things one must consider when one marries -
And everything I wear must come from Paris!
Oh, think of that!
Oh, think of that!
I can't wear anything that's not from Paris!

⁷ From HIS EXCELLENCY (1894) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Frank Osmond-Carr.

From top to toes
Quite Frenchified I am,
If you examine.
And then - who knows? -
Perhaps some day a fam -
Perhaps a famine!
My argument's correct, if you examine,
What should I do, if there should come a f - famine!

Though in green pea
Yourself you needn't stint
In July sunny,
In Januaree
It really costs a mint -
A mint of money!
No lamb for us -
House lamb at Christmas sells
At prices handsome:
Asparagus,
In winter, parallels
A Monarch's ransom:
When purse to bread and butter barely reaches,
What is your wife to do for hot-house peaches?
Ah! tell me that!
Ah! tell me that!
What is your wife to do for hot-house peaches?
Your heart and hand
Though at my feet you lay,
All others scorning!
As matters stand,
There's nothing else to say
Except - good-morning!
Though virtue be a husband's best adorning,
That won't pay rates and taxes - so, good-morning!

Exit MARIA, R. Enter WOODPECKER L., with several hats in one hand, and the specimen in the other.

No.14. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder

Wood. I've come across hats of all colours and sorts,
But none like this specimen, demme!

Enter BUNTHUNDER L.

Bun. (*seizing him*). Thief! Burglar! Away to the Criminal Courts,
With your skeleton keys and your jemmy!

Wood. Excuse me, you're really mistaken in that -
I'll prove it, if patient you'll be, sir:
This morning my horse ate a young lady's hat -

Bun. Well, what does that matter to me, sir?

Wood. But she's now at my lodgings - and leave 'em she won't
Until I've procured her another!

Bun. By all that is prudent and proper, why don't
The young lady go home to her mother?
Already too long she has tarried -
Why don't the young widow withdraw?

Wood. Young widow? good gracious, she's married,
And her husband can claim her by law!

Bun. *(tickled)*. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog! *(Digging WOODPECKER in the ribs.)*

Wood. *(same business)*. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, her husband's a jealous old fellow,
A savage old Tartar, no doubt,
A middle-class, white-washed Othello -
One leg in the grave, and one out -

Bun. *(amused)*. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, you'd think he'd abuse her or thrash her,
Just to give her a kind of a fright.

(Spoken.) My dear sir, he'd simply and silently smasher her!

Bun. *(emphatically)*. And, by George, he'd be perfectly right!
Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Sly dog!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, assist me if you could be brought to,
We'd hoodwink Othello, I bet -

Bun. No, really I don't think I ought to,
I don't think I ought to - and yet -
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. (*producing specimen*). Here are the fragments - decorated they,
With choicest gifts of Flora's.

Bun. (*recognising them*). By all the blighting tricks that devils play,
That hat is Leonora's!
(*Pointing to name in hat*). Her name, sir - Leonora's!

Wood. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Bun. Be quiet, sir!
The married lady
For whom, with motives base and shady,
A furnished lodging you've provided,
Turns out to be my wife misguided!

Wood. What!

Bun. (*seizing him*). Scoundrel, villain, scurvy traitor
Peace of mind exterminator!
So, for private tater-tater,
With my wife you've made a fixture!

Wood. Let me go, sir - you're mistaken -
Or my anger you'll awaken;
I object thus to be shaken
Like an eighteenpenny mixture!

ENSEMBLE

Bunthunder. Fire and fury!
Judge in ermine
(With a jury)
Shall determine
How to treat this social
wrong, sir -
Come along, sir - come along,
sir!

Woodpecker. Cease your fury!
Judge in ermine
My injury
Shall determine!
Your remarks are clearly
wrong, sir -
Much too strong, sir - much
too strong, sir!

***BUNTHUNDER drags WOODPECKER off L. Music changes to "Haste to the Wedding."
The wedding party enter C., dance in couples across the stage, after them. BOPADDY last
with the doll's head.***

SCENE CHANGE

ACT III, Scene 2

SCENE. - A Street, with Square in the distance. A rainy night.

WOODPECKER'S house L., another house beyond it. Police-station R. A lamp C. supported by brackets from each side of the stage. A lamp-post L.U.E. Window of first floor of police-station is practicable. Door-steps to WOODPECKER'S, a light in one window. A gutter crosses the stage.

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Wedding party enter dancing in couples round the stage with umbrellas up. BOPADDY politely holding umbrella over doll's head

No.14a. - ENTR'ACTE

Mag. *(leading them).* This way, my friends - this way! Hallo! look out for the gutter!

He jumps over it - all the wedding party follow, jumping over it in succession.

Maria. Oh, papa, where's Woodpecker?

Mag. Eh? Isn't he here? Why, he has given us the slip again!

Maria. Papa dear, I'm so tired - I can't go any farther. *(Sits on step of WOODPECKER'S house.)*

Food. And my new boots hurt me so that I must sit down!

(Crosses and sits by her.)

Mag. *(stamping about in Major-General's boots.)* Ha, ha! so did mine, but I've changed 'em!

Maria. Oh, papa, why did you send away the cabs?

Mag. Why? I've paid 'em eleven pounds fifteen already - isn't that enough? But where are we?

All. I don't know!

Maria. Woodpecker told us to follow him to his house, No. 8, Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square.

Mag. Perhaps this is Mulberry Square. *(To BOPADDY.)* Your great grandfather used to live in London - is this Mulberry Square?

Bo. Yes - yes it is - splendid - splendid weather for ducks and peas! Ha, ha! Oh, yes - for ducks and peas!

Mag. He's doting - doting!

Enter WILKINSON, a policeman. WILKINSON sneezes.

Mag. Here's a policeman, I'll ask him. *(Very politely.)* I beg your pardon, but will you be so polite as to tell me is this is Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square?

Wilk. *(sternly).* Move on! *(Exit.)*

Mag. And I pay taxes to support that overbearing underling! I feed him, I clothe him, I lodge him, and I pay him; and in return he tells me to move on! Insupportable bureaucrat!

Food. (*who has climbed up lamp-post and read name of street*). Hurrah! Little Pickleboy Gardens! It's all right - here we are!

Mag. And here is No. 8. (*To MARIA, who is sitting on the doorstep*.) Get up, my dear.

Maria. Papa, dear, it's no use - I must sit down somewhere.

Mag. Not in a muddy road, in a thirty-seven and sixpenny wedding dress, my love. Why don't they come? (*Knocks*.)

Food. There's a light on the first floor.

Mag. Then Woodpecker must have arrived before us. (*Calls*.) Woodpecker! Woodpecker!

All. Woodpecker! Woodpecker!

Enter WILKINSON, R.I.E.

Wilk. (*to BOPADDY, who has fallen asleep on step*). Now, then, can't have that noise here. (*Shakes him*.) Move on! Move on, will you? (*Pushing his shoulder, which is muddy*.)

Bo. Thank you, my dear friend; don't you trouble to brush it off; I'll do that when I go in.

Exit WILKINSON, L.U.E.

Bo. (*to doll's head*.) It was a nice 'ickle gal! It was a very nice 'ickle Lucy! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer 'ickle Lucy Loo!

Supplemental 4. - SONG - Bopaddy and Chorus ⁸

"Love laughs at lock-smiths" - so they say -
But don't believe it's true,
For I don't laugh when lock'd away
From my own darling Loo,
You'd feel like me if you could see
The girl who owns my heart,
And understand my misery
Whenever we've to part.
I seem as tho' cut in two,
My heart is my own no more,
And so I sing to little Loo
To keep her at the door -

⁸ From the Gaiety Burlesque DON JUAN (1893) written by Willie Younge, composed by Sydney Jones.

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Bopaddy. You should have seen my Loo and me
Once strolling side by side,
The day I ask'd her if she'd be
My little blushing bride;
She hung her head, her face grew red,
Her eyes glanc'd up to mine,
An in a trembling voice she said,
"Yes, darling I'll be thine,"
We then had a loving kiss,
I murmur'd "Once again,"
And to prolong such perfect bliss
I sang the old refrain -

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Bopaddy. And now I'm counting every hour
Till she becomes my wife,
Until this beauteous, budding flow'r
Is grafted on my life.
And when it's done, and we are one,
Still strolling side by side,
We'll face the world,
And know there's none
Will dare us to divide.
As we wander hand in hand,
As each to each we cling,
All those who look will understand
The reason why I sing -

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

DANCE

All. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

JACKSON opens door of WOODPECKER'S house.

Mag. Hurrah! Here we are! Come in!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding" as the wedding party begin to dance into the house.

No.14b. - AIR

Jack. Stop. *(All stop suddenly in arrested attitudes.)* Out of the question!

Mag. Eh?

Jack. Impossible; more than my place is worth. Why, the lady is still upstairs!
(Movement.)

Mag. A lady! What lady?

Jack. The lady who is stopping with master - the lady without a hat.

Mag. A lady stopping with your master!

Food. On his wedding-day!

Maria. And without a hat! *(Faints into FOODLE'S arms.)*

Mag. *(furiously)*. It's off! It's off! I'll get you divorced, my dear. Foodle shall have you!

Food. Maria!

Mag. Come along back to Pettytwiddllm. There's a train at eleven; we shall just catch it.

Maria. Oh, papa - papa -

Mag. What is it my child?

Maria. *(tragically)*. Am I never - never to see Woodpecker again?

Mag. Never!

Maria. Woodpecker, whom I loved so fondly, and who was the very music of my little life?

Mag. Never!

Maria. Oh, then hadn't I better take back my wedding presents?

Mag. My dear, you're a very sensible girl. To be sure you had. *(to JACKSON.)* Go and bring out all my daughter's wedding presents - mind- every one!

Exit JACKSON into house.

Enter WOODPECKER, as if pursued.

All. Here is the monster!

Mag. It's off! It's off! You - you serpent!

Wood. Hold your tongue - be quiet! I hear him - he's coming!

Mag. Who's coming?

Wood. Major-General Bunthunder. *(Listening)*. No - he's missed me - he's got tight boots and he can't run. There'll be time to get Leonora out of the house before he arrives.

Mag. Oho! So, sir, you own to Leonora?

Wood. Of course I own to Leonora!

All. Oho! He owns to Leonora!

Enter JACKSON from the house with his arms full of wedding presents, done up in parcels.

Jack. Here are the wedding presents.

Mag. My friends, let us each take a parcel *(JACKSON gives a parcel to each, MAGUIRE gets the band-box given by BOPADDY in Act I.)* And now off we go to Pettytwiddllm!

Wood. What's all this?

Jack.. Wedding presents, sir.

Wood. Oh, this won't do! Drop those things directly!

All drop their parcels.

Mag. Nonsense - pick them all up again!

All pick up parcels. WOODPECKER and MAGUIRE struggle for the band-box.

Bo. Take care - you'll crush it! It's a Leghorn hat worth twenty pounds!

Wood. What!

Bo. It's my little present - I'm in the trade. I sent to Florence for it, for my little niece!

Wood. Give it here. *(Takes band-box from MAGUIRE - takes out straw hat and compares it with the fragments.)* Good heavens, it's the very thing! Here's the cockatoo - and the armadillo's claw - and the mackerel - and the peach - why, it's the very thing I've been looking for all day! *(Shakes hands with BOPADDY, holding band-box under his arm).*

Mag. *(aside)*. A hat worth twenty pounds! He sha'n't have it, the scamp! *(Takes hat out of band-box unobserved, and shuts box again.)*

Wood. *(who believes that the hat is in the box)*. Wait one moment - I'll give her the hat and then we'll all go in and enjoy ourselves. *Exit into house.*

Mag. *(who has watched him off)*. Now, my friends - off we go to Pettywiddllm.

All going.

Enter WILKINSON.

Wilk. Hallo! what's all this? What are you doing with these parcels?

Mag. We - we are moving.

Wilk. What! at this time o'night? This won't do, you know - I know you!

Mag. Sir!

Wilk. What have you got here, eh?

Mag. That? Oh, that's a - a carriage clock.

Wilk. *(opens muff-box and finds a muff)*. That's very like a carriage clock! Come along - all of yer, in yer go!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." They all dance into station-house, except BOPADDY, who is walking off slowly, talking to doll's head.

No.14c. - AIR

Bo. *(to doll's head)*. It was a nice 'ickle gal! It was a very nice 'ickle gal! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer 'ickle gal!

Wilk. *(coming out of station-house, crosses to BOPADDY)*. Now then - come along - in yer go!

WILKINSON taps BOPADDY on the shoulder, and points to station. BOPADDY mildly expostulates, and resumes his flirtation with the doll's head. WILKINSON seizes him roughly. BOPADDY again remonstrates. WILKINSON shakes him, BOPADDY suddenly turns furious, flies at WILKINSON, knocks him down, seizes him, thrashes him soundly, and finally drags him off triumphantly into station.)

Enter WOODPECKER, CAPTAIN BAPP, and LEONORA from house.

Wood. Come along, you are saved! I've found the hat! Make haste, put it on and be off before your husband arrives.

He gives them the band-box. They open it.

All. Empty.

Wood. It was there - I'll swear it was! My old villain of a father-in-law has stolen it. *(Enter WILKINSON from station-house.)* Where is my father-in-law?

Wilk. Where? Station-'us.

Wood. And my wedding party?

Wilk. Station-'us. Run 'em all in. *(Exit WILKINSON.)*

Wood. And they've got the hat! What is to be done?

Bapp. Wait a moment - I know the inspector - he'll give it to me if I explain the facts.

Exit into station-house.

Bun. *(without)*. Stop! Cabman! Hi! Put me down here!

Leo. Heavens! my husband! I'll run and hide in your house!

Wood. Not for worlds! He's coming to search it!

Leo. But what shall I do?

Wood. I know! I'll give you in charge. Hi! policeman. *(Re-enter WILKINSON.)* Take this woman away. Drunk and disorderly.

Wilk. *(R. crosses to her)*. What, agin? Come along - I know yer! *(Walks her into station)*.

Enter BUNTHUNDER, hobbling.

Bun. So, here you are! Open your door! I'll blow her brains out, and your brains out, and my brains out!

Wood. By all means - only take me last!

Exit BUNTHUNDER into house.

CAPTAIN BAPP appears at window of station-house, first floor.

Bapp. Quick! quick! here's the hat!

Wood. Throw it out - make haste!

BAPP throws hat, which rests on the lamp - just out of reach.

Wood. Confound it! *(Tries to unhook it with his umbrella, but in vain.)*

Re-enter BUNTHUNDER from house.

Bun. She's not there! Forgive me, I've been unjust!

Wood. You have. Come under my umbrella. *(Takes BUNTHUNDER'S arm, and puts up umbrella to conceal hat. They both stand under the lamp.)*

Bun. No, no - it doesn't rain! Put the umbrella down. It's quite fine overhead.

Wood. But it's so wet underfoot.

Bun. That's true. I've made a great fool of myself, sir.

Wood. You have. *(He jumps to unhook the hat with his umbrella, and makes BUNTHUNDER jump too.)*

Bun. I apologize, sir.

Wood. I think you should, sir. *(Jumps.)*

Bun. Forgive me, sir.

Wood. I do, sir. *(Jumps.)*

Bun. What are you jumping for?

Wood. Violent cramp - indigestion. Can't help it - always takes me so.

Bun. Indeed! Have you tried - *(WOODPECKER jumps again and comes down on BUNTHUNDER'S toes.)* Don't, sir! I won't be trodden on by bridegrooms!

Enter LEONORA from station, followed by MAGUIRE, BOPADDY, and all the guests - one of whom unhooks the hat, which falls to the ground.

Mag. It's all right - it's all right! The Captain has squared the Inspector, and we leave the Court without a stain on our characters! Oh, it's a great country!

No.15. - FINALE ACT III

Chorus.⁹ Free, free! Hurrah!
Free, free! Hurrah!
False charges fade into thin air -
(This is a great Countree!)
When English justice; nobly fair -
(This is a great Countree!)
Is freely tipped with English gold!
For then the wicked oppressor is sold,
And all stray lambs come back to the fold -
This is a great Countree!
Yes -
This is a great Countree!

Leo. (*Coming forward, wearing the hat*). So, sir - I found you out at last!

Wood. (*aside, astonished*). She's got the hat!

Leo. At your assurance I'm aghast!

Bun. (*aside, astonished*). She's got the hat!

Leo. While you've been on clandestine jaunts -

Bo.¹⁰ (*aside, astonished*). She's got my hat!

Leo. I've waited for you - at my aunt's!
I've waited, waited, waited, waited -
All day I've waited for you - at my aunt's!

CHORUS

She's got the hat - she's got the hat
(We don't know how, but never mind that) -
It's tat for tit, and tit for tat -
She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

Bun. Forgive me - I have been unjust!

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. You'll overlook the past, I trust?

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. But, stop! The gate of Heaven shuts!

⁹ Although printed in all versions of the libretto, this Chorus does not appear in the Vocal Score.

¹⁰ For some reason the Vocal Score allocates this to Bunthunder, which is obviously incorrect.

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. Where are the Barcelona nuts?
The Barcelona - lona - lona -
You have not got the Barcelona nuts!

CHORUS

Well, what of this and what of that -
Somehow or other she's got the hat -
It's tat for tit, and tit for tat -
She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

FINAL CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's bosom swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

During these lines the Bride and Bridegroom bid farewell to the guests and go towards the house. All the others gradually move off R., except BOPADDY, who, still carrying the doll's head, proposes to enter the house with the bridal couple. He is brought back by MAGUIRE as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT III

AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT

or, "Haste to the Wedding"

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by George Grossmith

Prelude - (Composed by Arthur Sullivan)

Vivace

Piano *f*

6

11

16

21

Piano *p*

26

The musical score is for a piano prelude in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The first system begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The second system starts at measure 6. The third system starts at measure 11. The fourth system starts at measure 16 and includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The fifth system starts at measure 21 and includes a piano 'p' dynamic. The sixth system starts at measure 26. The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

Piano

31

Piano

36

ff

Piano

42

Piano

48

Piano

54

Piano

60

ACT ONE - SCENE 1

No.1. - DUET - Patty and Jackson.

Cue. Jack. Because the bride, Miss Maria Maguire, lives at Pettytwiddllm, in a remote corner of Wales - and as Mr. Tapping can't get leave to go down to a remote corner of Wales, a remote corner of Wales has to come to him.

Allegretto vivace.

Piano

4

Patty

Jackson

To - day, at e - le-ven, Young

Piano

8

Patty

Jackson

Wood-peck-er Tap-ping Will en-ter the hea-ven of ma-tri-mo-nee To

Ma-tri-mo-nee

Piano

12

Patty

Jackson

Piano

p

U -

Ri - a Ma-guire that beau-ty en - trap-ping, Wood - peck-er Es-quire u - ni-ted will be.

16

Patty

Jackson

Piano

ni - ted will be. The

And the bells they will jin-gle,

20

Patty

Jackson

Piano

wine it will bub-ble, Turned

As Wood - peck-er sin-gle,

Cresc.

Cresc.

24

Patty

Wood-peck-er dou-ble! Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Jackson

Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Piano

28

Patty

in-to the hea-ven of ma-tri-mo-nee! Re - form-ing his way which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Jackson

in-to the hea-ven of ma-tri-mo-nee! Re - form-ing his ways which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Piano

32

Patty

in - to the hea-ven of ma - tri-mo-nee, ma-tri-mo-nee!

Jackson

in - to the hea-ven of ma - tri-mo-nee, ma-tri-mo-nee!

Piano

mf

36

Patty

Jackson

Piano

p

Young

40

Patty

Jackson

Piano

(Pro - fess'd la-dy kill-er)

Wood-peck-er Tapping (Pro - fess'd la-dy kill-er)

Is rare-ly caught napping By

44

Patty

Jackson

Piano

Her gold and her sil-ler

wi-dow or maid, But her fa-ci-na-tions Her gold and her sil-ler All

48

Patty

Quite in the shade! To

Jackson

con-si-der-a-tions Have thrown in the shade! To

Piano

mf

52

Patty

day at e-le-ven Young Wood-peck-er Tap-ping Will en-ter the hea-ven Of ma-tri-mo-nee!

Jackson

day at e-le-ven Young Wood-peck-er Tap-ping Will en-ter the hea-ven Of ma-tri-mo-nee!

Piano

p *rall:*

56

Patty

The

Jackson

a tempo

So the bells they will jin-gle,

Piano

a tempo *mf*

60

Patty

wine it will bub-ble, Turned

Jackson

As Wood - peck-er, sin-gle,

Piano

64

Patty

Wood-peck-er dou-ble! Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Jackson

Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Piano

68

Patty

in-to the hea-ven of ma-tri-mo-nee! Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Jackson

in-to the hea-ven of ma-tri-mo-nee! Re - form-ing his ways, which are ra - ther too free, Jumps

Piano

72

Patty

in - to the hea - ven of ma - tri - mo - nee!

Jackson

in - to the hea - ven of ma - tri - mo - nee!

Piano

ff

No.2 - SONG - Woodpecker.

Cue.

Exit BOPADDY

Wood. So in one hour I shall be a married man! Married to the daughter of a human porcupine - one of the most ill-tempered, crotchety, exacting old market-gardeners in Great Britain! Maria is a charming girl -she has only one drawback - a cousin, Alfred Foodle, who was brought up with her. He kisses her. It's permitted in some families. It's permitted in hers. I don't quite see why - he's as big as I am. The best of it is, I'm not allowed to. Of course it's all right, because they were brought up together. At the same time, I wish he wouldn't.

Allegretto moderato.

Woodpecker

Piano

f *p*

Ma -

7

Woodpecker

Piano

sf *p*

ri - a is sim-ple and chaste She's pret-ty and ten-der and

13

Woodpecker

mo-dest But on one or two mat-ters of taste Her

Piano

p *sf* *p*

19

Woodpecker

views are dis - tinct-ly the odd-est. Her vir-tue is some-thing su

Piano

8

25

Woodpecker

blime No kiss - ing on that there's a stop - per When I

Piano

31

Woodpecker

try, she says, "All in good time.... At pre-sent it's high-ly im - pro-per,

Piano

rit:

colla voce
p

38

Woodpecker

a tempo p Im - pro-per, it's strict-ly im - pro-per, *mf* Such vir-tue he

Piano

a tempo

rit:

44

Woodpecker

ro - ic I call, to com - plain were the act of a noo-dle

legato sempre

Piano

p

50

Woodpecker

She's al - low'd to kiss no one at all But her cou-sin, her cou-

Piano

56

Woodpecker

-sin, young Foo - dle. Such vir - tue he - ro - ic I

Piano

f con passione.

8va

f legato sempre

61

Woodpecker

call, To com - plain were the act of a noo-dle- She's al-

Piano

loco

mf

cres:

67

Woodpecker

low'd to kiss no one at all But her cou-sin, young Foo - dle, Foo-dle.

Piano

f

8va

74

Woodpecker

Piano

ff

f

p

80

Woodpecker

Now a maid-en could ne-ver of - fend By em - brac-ing her

Piano

sf

p

86

Woodpecker

fa - ther or bro - ther; But I ne - ver could quite com - pre -

Piano

91

Woodpecker

-hend Why cou - sins should kiss one - an -

Piano

95

Woodpecker

-o - ther. Of course it's an in - no - cent

Piano

99

Woodpecker

whim- - - Be - neath it no mis - chief lies hid - den. But - -

Piano

8va loco

105

Woodpecker

why is that gi - ven to him... - - Which to me is so strict - ly for - bid - den?

Piano

f mf rit: colla voce p

112

Woodpecker

a tempo For - bid - den, so strict - ly for - bid - den? *mf* It's as in - no - cent

Piano

a tempo rit: p legato sempre

118

Woodpecker

as it can be; He's a kind of per - form-ing French poo-dle.

Piano

124

Woodpecker

But - - why with-hold kiss-es from me Which are free-ly ac - cor---

Piano

130

Woodpecker

-ed to Foo-dle? It's as in - no - cent as it can

Piano

f con passione

f legato sempre

135

Woodpecker *mf* *cres:*

be; He's a kind of per - form-ing French poo-dle. But - -

Piano *mf* *cres:*

141

Woodpecker *f*

why with-hold kiss-es from me Which are free-ly ac - cor - ded to

Piano *f*

147

Woodpecker

Foo - dle, Foo - dle,

Piano

151

Woodpecker

Foo - dle--, Noo - dle--, Foo - dle--, Poo - dle--?

Piano

p

155

Woodpecker

cres:

Why with - hold kiss-es from me Which are free - ly ac - cord - ed to

Piano

161

Woodpecker

Foo - dle?

Piano

accel.

No.3. - SOLO - Maguire and Chorus.

Cue. Mag. (*Furiously.*) Woodpecker!

Wood. He's coming up - he mustn't find you here. Go in there - quick! (*Places BAPP in room R. and LEONORA in room L.*) Just in time!

Music "Haste to the Wedding." Enter the wedding party, composed of semi-grotesque old-fashioned and countrified couples. They dance round the stage. MARIA, in bridal dress, dances on with FOODLE, a loutish simpleton; BOPADDY follows, and finally MAGUIRE in a towering rage.

The musical score is for a scene titled "Haste to the Wedding." It features three parts: Soprano & Alto, Tenor & Bass, and Piano. The tempo is marked "Allegro vivace." and the key signature is two sharps (D major). The time signature is 2/4. The Soprano & Alto part begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "Ring ye joy bells, long and loud - ly," with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The Tenor & Bass part also begins with a rest, followed by the same lyrics, also with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The Piano part begins with a forte (sf) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano part features a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics "Ring ye joy bells, long and loud - ly," are repeated in the vocal parts.

5

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

Hap-py hearts to-- - ge-ther tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

Hap-py hearts to - gether tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

9

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

cres: As he takes his blush-ing bride, *p* blush ing bride,

cres: As he takes his blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

cres: *p*

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver

Sop. & Alt.

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Ten. & Bass

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Piano

cres.

Allegro furioso
(Enter MAGUIRE.)

18

Piano

ff

22

Piano

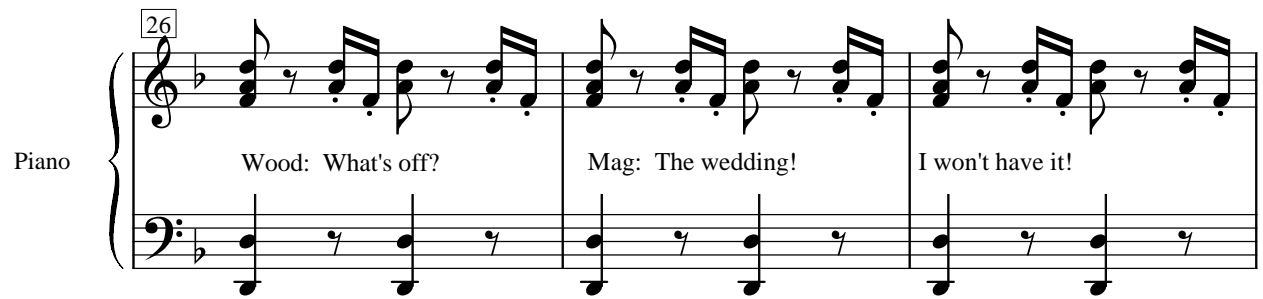
sf

Mag: (furiously.)
It's off! It's off!

26

Piano

Wood: What's off? Mag: The wedding! I won't have it!



29

Maguire

You've kept us all wait-ing out - side! Such

Piano



32

Maguire

in-sults I ne-ver fore - saw: You've in - sult-ed your beau-ti - ful

Piano



35

Maguire

bride, You've in - sult - ed your fa - ther - in - law! You've in -

Piano

38

Maguire

-sul - ted our ex - cel - lent guests, You've pooh pooh'h the con - nu - bi - al

Piano

41

Maguire

knot. You've in - sult - ed the fly - men Who'd take you to hy - men, By

Piano

44

Maguire

George, you've in-sult-ed the lot!

Sop. & Alt.

ff

Yes, yes, yes, By

Ten. & Bass

ff

Yes, yes, yes, By

Piano

sf *ff*

48

Maguire

It's off! Her af-fec-tion's mis-plac'd! It's

Sop. & Alt.

f

George, you've in-sult-ed the lot. It's off!

Ten. & Bass

f

George, you've in-sult-ed the lot. It's off!

Piano

sf *sf* *sf*

52

Maguire

off! Such a man I dis - own! It's off! Take your arm from her waist! It's

Sop. & Alt.

f It's off! *f* It's off!

Ten. & Bass

f It's off! *f* It's off!

Piano

sf

56

Maguire

off! Let the la - dy a - lone! And your beau - ti - ful bride, who be -

Sop. & Alt.

It's off!

Ten. & Bass

It's off!

Piano

sf

59

Maguire

-longs To a fa-ther who ne-ver ig - nores - - In-

Piano

62

Maguire

-sults by the do-zen, Shall mar-ry her cou-sin- Here, Foo-dle, be hap-py- she's yours!

Piano

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

66

Maguire

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

f

ff

Yes, yes, yes, Foo-dle, be hap-py She's

Yes, yes, yes, Foo-dle, be hap-py She's

70

Maguire

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

yours! Ring! Ring! Ring! - -

yours! Ring! Ring! Ring! - -

yours! Ring! Ring! Ring! - -

74

Maguire

Bride - groom's breast is swell - ing proud - ly

Sop. & Alt.

Bride - groom's breast is swell - ing proud - ly

Ten. & Bass

Bride - groom's breast is swell - ing proud - ly

Piano

76

Maguire

As he takes his blush-ing bride, Blush-ing bride,

Sop. & Alt.

As he takes his blush-ing bride, Blush-ing bride,

Ten. & Bass

As he takes his blush-ing bride, Blush-ing bride,

Piano

cres: *p*

80

Maguire

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!
Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!
Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

cres:

85

Piano

sf

Wood. *St! st! st! Suppose I apologise.*

Mag. *Then it's on again.*

Wood. *Then I apologise.*

Mag. *(joyfully). It's on again! (To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.) Foodle, my boy, it's on again!*

Food. *(releasing her). Oh, Maria! (MARIA reverts to WOODPECKER.)*

Attacca No.3a.

No: 3a. - CHORUS

Vivace.

Soprano & Alto

Chorus

Tenor & Bass

Piano

f Ring, ye joy bells, long and loud-ly, Hap-py hearts to - ge - ther tied -

Ring ye joy bells, long and loud-ly, Hap-py hearts to - ge - ther tied-

Attacca Supplemental No.1.

Supplemental No.1. - SONG - Maria

Written by W. S. Gilbert

Composed by Alfred Cellier

Andante.

Maria

Andante.

Piano

mf

cres:

mf

p

It's my o-

Maria

5

-pin - ion- tho' I own In think - ing so I'm quite a - lone- In some res -

Piano

Maria

7

pects- I'm but a fright, You like my

Piano

9

Maria

tea - tures, I sup - pose? I'm dis - ap - point - ed with my nose: Some rave a -

Piano

11

Maria

bout it - per - haps they're right. My fi - gure

Piano

13

Maria

just sets off a fit; but when they say it's ex - qui - site (And they

Piano

stacc.

stacc.

15

Maria

do say so), that's too strong. I hope I'm

Piano

17

Maria

not what peo - ple call O - pin - ion - a - ted! Af - ter all, I'm but a

Piano

19

Maria

goose, and may be wrong! When charms en-

Piano

21

Maria

-thral! There's some ex - cuse For mea - sures strong; And af - ter

Piano

23

Maria

all I'm but a goose, And may be wrong! When charms en-

Piano

cres:

25

Maria

-thral There's some ex - cuse for mea - sures strong; And af - ter all I'm but a

Piano

rit:

27

Maria

goose, And may be wrong! - -

Piano

pp *mf*

29

Maria

My teeth are

Piano

p

33

Maria

ve - ry neat, no doubt; But af - ter all they may fall out: I think they

Piano

35

Maria

will- some think they won't. My hands are

Piano

37

Maria

small, as you can see, But not as small as they might be, At least, I

Piano

39

Maria

think so- o - thers don't. But there, a

Piano

41

Maria

girl may preach and prate From morn - ing six to eve - ning eight, And

Piano

stacc.

43

Maria

nev - er stop to - - dine, When all the

Piano

tr *stacc.*

45

Maria

world, al - tho' mis - led, Is quite a - greed on a - ny head, And it is

Piano

47

Maria

quite a - greed on mine. All said and

Piano

49

Maria

done, it's lit - tle I A - gainst a throng. I'm on - ly

Piano

51

Maria

one, And pos - si - bly I may be wrong! All said and

Piano

53

Maria

done, It's lit-tle I A-gainst a throng. I'm on-ly one, And pos-si-bly I may be

Piano

rit:

ad lib.

rit:

56

Maria

wrong! - -

Piano

cres:

f

Attacca Supplemental No.1. CHORUS

Supplemental No.1. - CHORUS

Vivace.

Soprano & Alto

Tenor & Bass

Piano

Ring, ye joy bells, long and loud - ly,

Ring, ye joy bells, long and loud - ly,

5

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

Hap-py hearts to-- - ge-ther tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

Hap-py hearts to - gether tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

9

Sop. & Alt. *cres:* As he takes his blush-ing bride, *p* blush-ing bride,

Ten. & Bass *cres:* As he takes his blush-ing bride, *p* blush-ing bride,

Piano *cres:* *p*

13

Sop. & Alt. *cres:* Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver
Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Ten. & Bass *cres:* Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver
Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Piano *cres:*

18

Piano

Maria. (*screams.*) Oh!

Mag. What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, something's pricking me!

Wood. A pin? Allow me. (*proceeds to remove it.*)

Mag. (*stopping him.*) How dare you, sir?

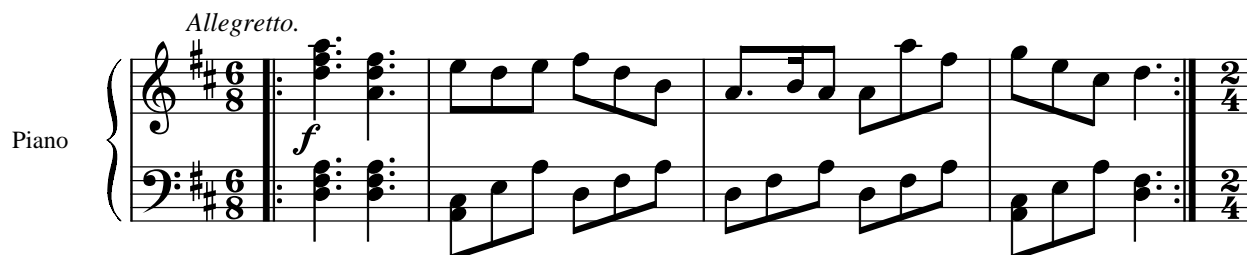
Maria. How dare you?

All. For shame!

Mag. Foodle, remove the pin! (*FOODLE crosses to MARIA and removes the pin, kisses it, and pricks his lip accidentally.*) They were brought up together. (*Addressing WOODPECKER, who is furious.*) Now then, are we ready? Then away we go!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding," the guests are dancing off.

No.3b. - AIR - "Haste to the Wedding."



Wood. Stop! (*music and guests stop short - aside.*) I must find some excuse to stop at the milliner's - what shall I say? I can't tell them I've got to stop and buy a hat for one lady on my way to marry another.

Mag. (*who has been standing on one leg in the exact attitude in which he was stopped.*) Nearly finished your soliloquy, Woodpecker?

Wood. (*aside.*) Ha, I know! (*aloud.*) Hullo! It's very awkward - I've lost the licence!

Mag. What!

All. Lost the licence!

Mag. It's off! Another instance of insulting neglect! It's off! Foodle shall have her! (*Hands her to FOODLE.*)

Food. (*embracing her.*) Maria!

No.3c. - CHORUS

Vivace.

Sop. & Alt. *mf* Ring, ye joy bells,-- long-- and-- loud---ly, Hap-py hearts to-- - ge---ther-- tied----

Cho. *mf* Ring, ye joy bells,-- long-- and-- loud---ly Hap-py harts to-- - ge---ther-- tied----

Ten. & Bass *mf* Ring, ye joy bells,-- long-- and-- loud---ly Hap-py harts to-- - ge---ther-- tied----

Piano *mf*

Wood. Stop! Don't be absurd - it's easily rectified. We must call at Doctor's Commons on the way to the church, and get another. You can remain below in the cabs while I apply for it. (aside.) They're all country people, and don't know the difference between Doctor's Commons and a milliner's shop! (aloud.) Will that do?

Mag. It's on again! It's on again! (To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.) Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

Attacca No.3d.

No. 3d. - CHORUS

Vivace.

Soprano & Alto

Tenor & Bass

Piano

Ring, ye joy bells, long and loud - ly,

Ring, ye joy bells, long and loud - ly,

[5]

Sop. & Alt.

Ten. & Bass

Piano

Hap-py hearts to-- - ge-ther tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

Hap-py hearts to - gether tied- Bride-groom's breast is swell-ing proud-ly

9 *cres:* *p*

Sop. & Alt. As he takes his blush-ing bride, blush ing bride,

Ten. & Bass As he takes his blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Piano *cres:* *p*

13 *cres:*

Sop. & Alt. Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e-ver
Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Ten. & Bass *cres:*
Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush-ing bride!

Piano *cres:*

18

Piano

Mag. Will you stop that? Foodle, take the bride - pair off and away we go!

No.3e. - AIR

Music. "Haste to the wedding." All dance off, WOODPECKER last.

Violin

Allegro vivace

Piano

mf

Violin

5

Piano

Wood. **(over music.)** If ever I get married again, it shall be into a family without a Foodle!

Violin

9

Piano

WOODPECKER exit after the others. End of Act One, Scene One

ACT ONE - SCENE 2

*Scene: A Milliner's Show-room. Some bonnets and two common dolls' heads on table up L.
High desk with ledger R. Wide opening C., with doors R. and L.*

Enter BELLA CRACKENTHORPE.

Bella. (calling off). Now, make haste, young ladies - attend to your work and don't chatter. Upon my life, I've been very fortunate! I only purchased this business four months ago, and I've quite a large connection already! Ah! it's not everywhere that civility and punctuality, combined with the latest Paris fashions, are to be obtained at a moderate advance on Store prices.

No.4. - SONG - Bella

Tempo di Mazurka.

Bella

con grazia

By dreams of am-ple pro-fits

Piano

p legato

4

Bella

lured, And o-ver-flow - - ing till, By

Piano

7

Bella

ea - sy pay - ments I se - cured 3 Stock, fix - tures and - - good-

Piano

10

Bella

-will. But fix - tures are but means to end--

Piano

sf

13

Bella

Good-will's a term-- mis - plac'd- Un - less with them you deft - 3 - ly

Piano

pp

16

Bella

blend Po - lite - - ness and Good Taste. With-

Piano

with feeling

19

Bella

with feeling

-out you, mo - ney paid - - is waste- So hail - - Po - lite - ness

Piano

legato sempre

22

Bella

and - - Good Taste- So hail - - Po - lite - ness and - - Good Taste, So

Piano

dim: *rit:*

25

Bella

hail Po - lite - ness and - - Good Taste.

Piano

colla voce

sf

3

27

Bella

With - out your calm un-pur - chas'd

Piano

p

3

30

Bella

aid; Work hard - ly as - - you may, The

Piano

3

3

33

Bella

fi - nest busi - ness in the trade 3 Falls off and fades - - a-

Piano

36

Bella

-way. The stock de - pre - ci - ates in tone, The

Piano

sf

39

Bella

good-will dwin - - dles fast, The hum-ble fix-tures, they - - a-

Piano

pp

42

Bella

-lone Are faith - - - ful to the last! Ye

Piano

with feeling

45

Bella

with feeling

fix - tures, tho' but means - - to ends, You do your best, my

Piano

legato sempre

48

Bella

hum - - - ble friends, You do - - your best, my hum - - - ble friends, You

Piano

dim: rit:

51

Bella

do your best, my hum - - - ble

Piano

rit:

colla voce

53

Bella

friends!

Piano

a tempo

3

And.

Enter WOODPECKER (in breathless haste).

Attacca No.5.

No.5. - RECIT and BALLAD - Bella and Woodpecker

Woodpecker *Allegro* *mf*

I want a hat of fi-nest straw, At

Piano *mf* *sempre staccato*

4

Woodpecker

once- a hand-some one. Trimm'd with an ar-ma-dil-lo's claw, Three truf-fles and a bun, Two

Piano

7

Woodpecker

what's-his-names of pea-cock blue, A thing-um-my on each, A snuff box and a cock-a-too, Two

Piano

10

Woodpecker

a little slower *(looks at watch)*

macker-ell and a peach. If you have such a thing in stock, I'll buy it- Half past ten o'clock!

Piano

sf

15

Bella

Recit. ad lib.

Ah heav-ens! 'tis Wood-peck-er! oh Judge and Jur-ies!

Piano

trem.

15

Piano

presto

16

Woodpecker

'Tis Bel - la Crack - en - thorp, by all the fu - ries!

Piano

17 *Allegretto Moderato.* ***p***

Bella

You of-fer to take me, one fine day, To the

Piano

21

Bella

Na-val Ex - hi - bi-tion; You bor-row the mon-ey from me to pay The

Piano

25

Bella

price of our ad - mis - sion. The rain pours down on my brand new dress, And

Piano

29

Bella

boots of thin pru - nel - la. Do you stand me a han-som? Oh dear, no! You

Piano

33

Bella

stand me un-der a por-ti-co, Like a shab-by young fel-low, and off you go To--

Piano

37

Bella

bor-row a friend's um - brel-la! um - brel-la! To

Woodpecker

Poor Bel - la!

Piano

p

41

Bella

bor-row a friend's um - brel - la! Ah! - - - poor--

Woodpecker

Did I stand her a han - som?

Piano

f

f

^

^

44

Bella

Bel - la! Ah! - - - poor -- Bel - la! Like a

Woodpecker

Oh dear, no! I stand her un - der a por - ti - co, Like a

Piano

^

^

47

Bella

shab-by young-- fel - low off you go *p* To -- bor-row a friend's um-

Woodpecker

shab-by young fel-low I off did go *p* To -- bor-row a friend's um-

Piano

50

Bella

-brel-la! um - brel-la! um - brel-la! *ff* To bor-row a friend's um-

Woodpecker

-brel-la! um - brel-la! um - brel-la! *ff* To bor-row a friend's um-

Piano

54

Bella

-brel-la!

Woodpecker

-brel-la!

Piano

58

Piano

63

Bella

p

The rain goes on, and the days they grow- To

Piano

p

67

Bella

months ac - cu - mu - la - ting; And pa - tient - ly un - der that pro - ti - co They

Piano

71

Bella

find me wait - ing - wait - ing To her al - le - gi - ance staunch and true Stands

Piano

75

Bella

your de-sert-ed Bel - la, At length six wea-ry months have pass'd; The

Piano

79

Bella

wea-ther no long-er o - ver-cast, Clears - - up- and you re - turn at last With--

Piano

cres:

p

83

Bella

-out that friend's um - brel-la! um - berl-la! With-

Woodpecker

Poor Bel - la!

Piano

p

ff

87

Bella

out that friend's um - brel - la! Ah - - - poor - -

Woodpecker

Al - though six wea - ry

Piano

f

90

Bella

Bel - la! Ah - - - Poor-- Bel - la! Like a

Woodpecker

months had pass'd, The wea-ther no long - er o - ver-cast Clear'd - -

Piano

93

Bella

shab-by young-- fel-low you re - turn'd at last With-- - out that friend's um-

Woodpecker

up, and I re - turn'd at last With-- - out that friend's um-

Piano

p

96

Bella

Woodpecker

Piano

ff

ff

-bre-la! Um - bre-la! young fel-lah! With - out that friend's um-

-bre-la! um - bre-la! poor Bel-la! With - out that friend's um-

100

Bella

Woodpecker

Piano

-bre-la!

-bre-la!

f *p*

104

Piano

ff

3

No.5a. - AIR.

Cue. *Bella. In the next room. Come along, and don't let me catch you making eyes at the young ladies.*

Exit BELLA.

Wood. **(in despair).** *Here's all the wedding party coming up the stairs!*

Music. *"Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, MARIA, FOODLE, BOPADDY, and the wedding party, two and two, dancing round the stage. The guests range themselves on the left of the scene.*

Allegro.

Piano

ff

[7]

Pno.

[13]

Pno.

DC. fff

The musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the dynamics start with 'ff' (fortissimo). The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 6. The second system starts at measure 7 and continues to measure 12. The third system starts at measure 13 and ends with a double bar line. The notation includes various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines in both hands. There are several accents (^) over notes in measures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. In measure 13, there is a 'DC.' (Da Capo) marking followed by a 'fff' (fortississimo) dynamic marking. The score concludes with a final chord in measure 13.

Supplemental No.2. - SONG - Foodle with Chorus

Words and Music by Corney Grain.

Cue. *Maria. Papa, the pin is still there!*

Mag. Walk about my child, and it will work down. Foodle, my boy, sing Maria a song to take her mind off the pin.

Andantino.

p

Foodle

Piano

mf *con spirito.* *p*

There were three ang-lers

[6]

Foodle

Piano

young and gay, Sing ho for rod and line o! Sat fish-ing in a

[10]

Foodle

Piano

punt one day, Sing ho for rod and line o! They fish'd through-out the live-long day, But

f *Red.* *

15

Foodle

ne'er a sin - gle bite had they, But still they ca - roll'd

Piano

And. *

18

Foodle

fort this lay, This mer - - - ry round - e - lay--

Piano

21

The Roundelay

con spirito

Foodle and Chorus

Hey no non-ny non-ny, Hey no non-ny non-ny! Pri-thee lit-tle fish-es come, We've a

Piano

f

25

Foodle and Chorus

nice lit-tle gen-tle on the end of a hook, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, wum, wum, And a

Piano

p e leggiero *f*

[29] *Rall:* *lento.*

Foodle and Chorus

pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum!

Piano

Rall:

[33] *con spirito.*

Foodle

Full fif-ty years have

Piano

mf *p*

[38]

Foodle

pass'd a-way, Ah me! the rod and line o! Still side by side those

Piano

f *p*

[42]

Foodle

ang-lers stay, Ah me! the rod and line o! Their backs are bent, their beards are grey, Yet

Piano

f *Red.* *

47

Foodle

ne'er a sin - gle bite have they, But stil they qua - ver

Piano

And.

50

Foodle

forth this lay, This tremb - ling round - e - lay..

Piano

53 Imitate an old man's voice.

Foodle and Chorus

Hey no non-ny non-ny, Hey no non-ny non-ny! Pri-thee lit-tle fish-es come, We've a

Piano

f

[57]

Foodle and Chorus

nice lit-tle gen-tle on the end of a hook, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, wum, wum, And a

Piano

p e leggiero

f

[61] **Rall:** *lento.*

Foodle and Chorus

pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum! But

Piano

Rall: *lento.*

Foodle (alone)

[65] *con tristezza.*

Foodle

where are now those ang-lers gay? Oh woe! the rod and line o! Bur-ied side by

Piano

con tristezza.

Ad.

70 *con molto espressione*

Foodle

side are they, Oh woe! the rod and line o! They all three died the self-same day, Yet

Piano

con molto espressione

8^{va} 8 8

75 *misterioso.*

Foodle

nev-er a sin-gle bite had they, But still they sing-so old folks say-This

Piano

misterioso.

8 8 8

79 **Rall:**

Foodle

ghost-ly round-e - lay -

Piano

Rall:

THE BELL

pp

8^{va} 8^{va} 8^{va}

84 *con spirito.*

Foodle and Chorus

Hey no non-ny non-ny, Hey no non-ny non-ny, Prit-hee lit-tle fish-es come, We've a

Piano

con spirito.

f

88

Foodle and Chorus

nice lit-tle gen-tle on the end of a hook, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, wum, wum, And a

Piano

P e leggiero.

f

92

Rall: *lento.*

Foodle and Chorus

pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum, And a pret-ty lit-tle wrig-gling wum!

Piano

Rall: *lento.*

Mag. *(goes to desk.)* Here is the entry-book. We shall all have to sign our names in it.

Maria. Papa, what are they going to do with me?

Mag. Nothing my child. The Registrar will say to you, "Do your parents consent to this marriage?" and you'll reply, "I am" *(looking off)*. Oh, the Registrar is coming. *(To FOODLE who has only got one glove on.)* Put on your other glove, will you?

Food. I can't - I've lost it!

Mag. Then put your hand in your pocket. *(FOODLE puts the gloved hand in his pocket.)* Not that one, stupid! the other one! *(FOODLE does so.)* Now, then, prepare to receive the Registrar!

Enter CRIPPS, out of breath and wet through.

Attacca No.6.

No.6. - DUET - Cripps and Maguire with Chorus

Allegro vivace.

Piano

Enter CRIPPS.



Piano

5

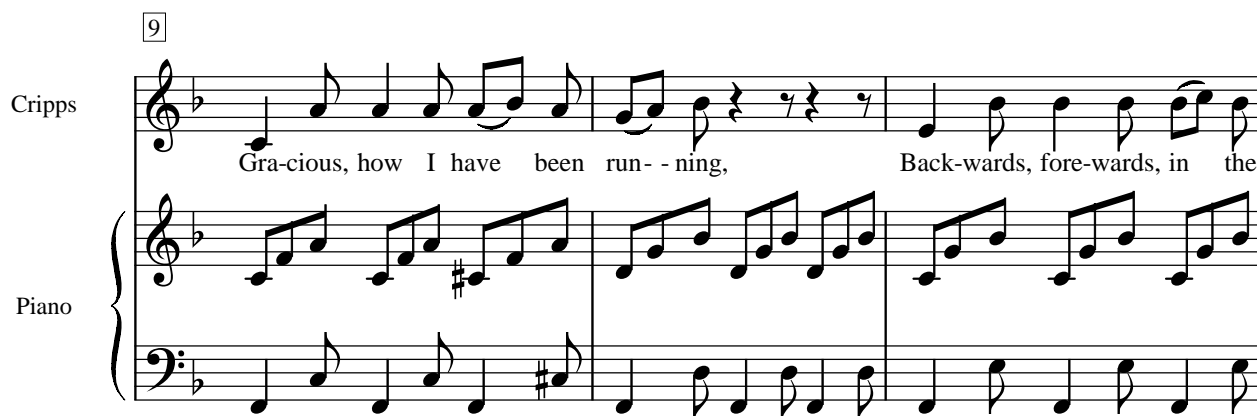


Cripps

Piano

9

Gra-cious, how I have been run- - ning, Back-wards, fore-wards, in the



12

Cripps

rain Im - pe-cu-ni ous cli - ents dun - ning;

Piano

15

Cripps

All my trou - ble, too -, in vain!

Piano

18

Sop & Alt

Bow.. to the Re-gis-trar! Bow.. to the Re-gis-trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow.. to the Re-gis-trar! Bow.. to the Re-gis-trar!

Piano

22

Sop & Alt

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow.. to the Re - gis - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow.. to the Re - gis - trar!

Piano

26

Sop & Alt

He can the li - cence grant - He is the man we want -

Ten & Bass

He can the li - cence grant - He is the man we want -

Piano

30

Sop & Alt

Bow, _____ Bow, _____ Bow - to the Reg - is - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow, _____ Bow, _____ Bow - to the Reg - is - trar!

Piano

sf

34

Cripps

Sit - ting in wet things is od - i - ous, Rheu - ma - tics my na - ture

Piano

37

Cripps

loathes; So, be - hind this desk - - com - mo - di - ous,

Piano

40

Cripps

I'll at once - - change all my clothes, - - change my clothes, - - all my

Piano

p

43

Cripps

clothes! - -

Piano

mf

46

Sop & Alt

mf This - - is the Re-gis-trar! This - - is the Reg-is-trar!

Ten & Bass

mf This - - is the Reg-is-trar! This - - is the Reg-is-trar!

Piano

mf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

50

Sop & Alt

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow..... to the Reg - is - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow..... to the Reg - is - trar!

Piano

mf *f*

54

Sop & Alt

He can the li - - cence grant..... He is the man - - we want.....

Ten & Bass

He can the li - cence grant..... He is the man we want.....

Piano

58

Sop & Alt

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg-is - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg-is - trar!

Piano

sf

62

Maguire

Recit.

Why where's he gone? He's dis-ap-pear'd from view! Hal -

Piano

mf

p

66

Cripps

Good day to you!

Maguire

lo you sir, Ha-lo!

Piano

70

Cripps

Maguire

Piano

Tempo di Minuet

p \wedge

This is my daugh-ter, sir.

sf *p* *sf*

74

Cripps

Maguire

Piano

One mo-ment, pray.

These are her brides - - maids -

sf

78

Cripps

No doubt a wed-ding

Maguire

This her bri-dal day!

Piano

p

81

Cripps

par-ty, come to make Some pur-chas-es!

Piano

84

Maguire

Our names per-haps you'll take? Our names per-

Piano

87

Maguire

haps you'll take, you'll ve-ry kind-ly take?

Piano

8va

rall:

90

Maguire

Tempo Primo.

My name is An-tho-ny Hur-ri-cane Egg,

Piano

8va

p *mf*

93

Maguire

Bar - tho - lo-mew Cap-per-boy Pro-per-ty Skegg..... I have-n't done

Piano

96

Cripps

Maguire

Piano

But real - ly.....

yet - - Co-nol-ly Ma-guire.....

I have - n't quite fin-ish'd-Es-quire!

99

Maguire

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

Do not for-get the "Es-quire!"

His name is

His name is

102

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

An-tho-ny Hur-ri-cane Egg, Bar-tho-lo-mew Cap-per-boy Pro-per-ty Skegg.....

An-tho-ny Hur-ri-cane Egg, Bar-tho-lo-mew Cap-per-boy Pro-per-ty Skegg.....

105

Cripps

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

But real - ly.....

Al-so Co-nol-ly Ma-guire..... Pray, pray, pray,

Al-so Co-nol-ly Ma-guire..... Pray, pray, pray,

dim:

dim:

dim:

108 *p* *ff*

Sop & Alt

Do not for-get the "Es-quire!" Do not for-get the "Es-quire!"

Ten & Bass

Do not for-get the "Es-quire!" Do not for-get the "Es-quire!" (*All sit*)

Piano

p *pp* *fff*

Cripps. Sir, the Christian names are immaterial.

112

Maguire

Oh, I - - was born at Pet-ty-bun

Sop & Alt

On a Sa-tur-day.... On a

Ten & Bass

f On a Sa-tur-day.... On a

Piano

p *f*

117

Maguire

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

Sa-tur - day! In eigh - teen hun - dred twen - ty one, On the

Cripps: Your place of birth is also immaterial.

f

p

122

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

fourth of May..... On the fourth of May.....

fourth of May..... On the fourth of May.....

Cripps. (angrily.) My dear sir, I don't want your biography - you have told me quite enough!

Mag. Very good. (To BOPADDY.) Now it's your turn. (Loudly.) Now it's your turn. (In a whisper.) Now it's your turn.

Bo. Oh! - my turn (advancing with dignity.) Sir (to CRIPPS.), before I consent to become a witness in this matter -

125

f

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

On a Sat-ur - day..... On a Sat-ur - day..... *Bo. I shoud like to* On the
express my views
as to the qualifications
of a witness -

130

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

fourth of May..... On the fourth of May.....

Cripps. What is he talking about?

Bo. In the first place he should be of full age. I am. In the second, he should be a Briton by birth. I am. In the third -

134

Sop & Alt

Bow - - to the Reg - is - trar! Bow - - to the Reg - is - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow - - to the Reg - is - trar! Bow - - to the Reg - is - trar!

Piano

sf *f sf* *sf*

Red. *

138

Sop & Alt

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg - is - trar!

Ten & Bass

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg - is - trar!

Piano

mf *f*

142

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

He can the li - cence grant..... He is the man we want.....

He can the li - cence grant..... He is the man we want.....

146

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

rit:

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg - is - trar!

Bow, - - Bow, - - Bow to the Reg - is - trar!

ff rit: fff

150

Piano

Cue. Cripps. *I shall catch my death of cold if I don't - I really can't help it - you must excuse me.*
(Exit door R.)

Mag. *My friends, let us follow the Registrar.*

Music. *They all dance after CRIPPS in couples, BOPADDY last, with one of the doll's heads, kissing his hand to the other. Off R.*

No.6a. - EXIT

Piano

p ad lib.

Cue. Wood. *I buy it - mind I buy it.*

Bella. *Impossible! I sold it a week ago to -*

Wood. *To whom?*

Bella. *The Marchioness of Market Harborough! (Exit.)*

Wood. *This is pleasant! A Marchioness! I can't call on a Marchioness and ask her how much she wants for her hat!*

No.6b. - PROMENADE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes under his arm, pursued by the wedding party dancing as before, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. They exeunt after CRIPPS.

Music forte while they are on - pianissimo when they are off.

Piano

p ben marcato

f

Cue. Wood. Wrap her up in a blanket and send her home at once! **(Exit JACKSON.)** I must have this hat at any rate. **(Refers to Blue Book.)** The Marchioness of Market Harborough - Carlton Gardens. I'll get married first, and then I'll call on her. But what shall I do with the wedding party? I know. I'll shut 'em up in the Duke of York's Column. I'll say to the keeper, "I engage this Column for twenty-four hours - let no one out. **(Exit.)**

No.6c. - FINALE ACT ONE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes, breathless.

11

Piano

Cripps. Why the deuce do the people follow me everywhere? It's impossible for me to change my clothes!

15

Piano

Enter all the wedding party as before. Music forte. CRIPPS runs round the stage and off followed by the wedding party, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. He is much exhausted with running.

19

Piano

Curtain.

END OF ACT ONE.

Entr'acte

(Composed by Arthur Sullivan)

Tempo di menuetto

Piano

f

The first system of the piano score for 'Entr'acte' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a simple bass line with some rests.

8

Pno.

p

The second system starts at measure 8 and continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand continues with its melodic and harmonic patterns, and the left hand maintains its supporting bass line.

14

Pno.

p

The third system begins at measure 14. The piano (*p*) dynamic is maintained. The right hand shows more complex chordal textures, and the left hand continues its steady accompaniment.

19

Pno.

The fourth system starts at measure 19. The right hand features a more active melodic line with eighth notes, while the left hand continues with a simple bass line.

Pno.

23

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

cresc.

Pno.

29

ff

Pno.

34

rall.

Act Two

No.7. - SONG - Duke of Turniptoptonshire

Cue: Duke. - Ah! ye small tradesmen and other Members of Parliament, who think rump steak and talk bottled beer, I would give ten years of my life to experience, for one brief day, the joy of being a commonplace man!

Allegro Vivace

Piano

Moderato affettuoso

[5] *Legato*

Duke

Oh butch - er, oh ba - ker, oh can - dle - stick ma - ker, Oh

Piano

p colla voce

[7]

Duke

ven - dors of bac - ca and snuff... And you, li - cens'd vitt - ler, and

Piano

10

Duke

pub - lic house skitt - ler, And all who sell stick - y sweet - stuff... Ye

Piano

cres:

13

Duke

bar - bers, and Mess - rs the Bond Street hair - dress - ers (Some

Piano

15

Duke

shave you, and o - thers do not) Ye greas - y pork - pie - men, Ye

Piano

18

Duke

se - cond hand fly - men, All peo - ple who en - vy my

Piano

20

Duke

lot, All peo - ple who en - vy my lot, Let

Piano

rall:

p

rall:

(with tambourine.)
Allegro vivace

23

Duke

each of you lift up his voice.... With ta - bor and cym - bal re -

Piano

mf

ff

mf

Hit tambourine

26

Duke

tam.

joyce That you're not, by some hor - ri - ble fluke, A

Piano

mf

ff

29

Duke

tam.

high - ly - strung sen - si - tive Duke! An o - ver de - vo - tion - al,

Piano

mf

ff

p

32

Duke

accel.

su - per - e - mo - tion - al, Hy - per - chim - er - i - cal, Ex - tra - hys - ter - i - cal,

Piano

accel.

35

Duke

Wild-ly æs - the - ti - cal, Mad-ly phre-ne - ti - cal, High-ly strung sen - si - tive

Piano

38

Duke

Duke, A high - ly strung sen - si - tive Duke!

Piano

mf *tam.*

ff *mf colla voce* *ff*

41

Duke

Piano

f *sf* *mf* *sf*

45 *Affettuoso*

Duke

You men of small deal - ings of course praise your feel - ings - There's

Piano

p colla voce

47

Duke

no doubt at all a - bout that... When a den - tist ex - act - ing your

Piano

50

Duke

tooth is ex - tract - ing, You can howl like an ar - is - to - crat. But an

Piano

cres:

53

Duke

or - phan cock - spar - row, who thrills to the mar - row A

Piano

55

Duke

Duke who is dou - bly re - fined, Would ne - ver turn pa - ler a

Piano

58

Duke

tink - er or tai - lor, Or stag - ger a mid - dle - class

Piano

60

rall: *Allegro vivace.*

Duke

mind, Or stag-ger a mid-dle-class mind! So

Piano

p *rall:*

63

tam.

Duke

each of you lift up your voice.... With cym-bal and ta-bor re-

Piano

ff *mf*

66

tam. *tam.*

Duke

joice, That you're not, by some hor-ri-ble fluke, A

Piano

ff *ff*

69

Duke

high - ly strung sen - si - tive Duke! An ov - er de - vo - tion - al

Piano

mf *ff* *p* *tam.*

72

Duke

su - per - e - mo - tion - al, Hy - per - chim - er - i - cal, Ex - tra hys - ter - i - cal,

Piano

accel.

75

Duke

Wild - ly æs - the - ti - cal, Mad - ly phre - ne - ti - cal, High - ly strung sen - si - tive

Piano

78 *tam.* *tam.*

Duke, A high - ly strung sen - si - tive Duke!

mf *ff* *mf colla voce* *ff*

Duke

Piano

81 Dance. *tam. tam. tam. tam.*

sf sf sf sf mf

Piano

87 *tam. tam. tam. tam. tam. tam.*

sf sf sf sf mf

Piano

92 *tam. tam. tam. tam.*

ff

Piano

97 *tam. tam. tam. tam.*

Piano

mf sf sf sf mf

Measures 97-102: The piano part consists of a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The dynamics are *mf*, *sforzando* (*sf*), *sf*, *sf*, and *mf*. The *tam. tam. tam. tam.* markings are placed above the melody in measures 98, 99, 100, and 101.

103 *tam. tam. tam. tam. tam. tam.*

Piano

sf sf sf sf mf

Measures 103-107: The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The dynamics are *sforzando* (*sf*), *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, and *mf*. The *tam. tam. tam. tam. tam. tam.* markings are placed above the melody in measures 103, 104, 105, 106, and 107.

108 *tam. tam. tam. tam. tam.*

Piano

ff

Measures 108-112: The piano part concludes with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The dynamics are *ff* and *tam.* The *tam. tam. tam. tam. tam.* markings are placed above the melody in measures 108, 109, 110, 111, and 112.

No.8. - DUET - Woodpecker and Marchioness

Cue: Wood. Eh? Oh! Well, it's a most remarkable thing, but when a whim enters my head, I lose my voice until it is gratified. A whim has just entered my head, and listen! (*Grunt.*)

March. Heavens, what is to be done?

Allegro agitato.

Woodpecker

The slave of im - pulse I,

Piano

mp legg. e stacc.

p

4

Woodpecker

Born 'neath the a - zure sky Of beau - ti - ful Fi - ren - ze. With

Piano

7

Woodpecker

fierce de-sires I brim, When I con-ceive a whim, That whim be-comes a

Piano

sf

10

Woodpecker

fren - zy! A wish un-gra - ti-fied, Wounds my I-ta - lian pride, Like

Piano

13

Woodpecker

stab of sharp sti - let - to. My blood is turn'd to gall; I

Piano

f *agitato* *cres:*

agitato *cres:* *sf*

17

Woodpecker

can - - not sing.... I squall; Ant this is worst of

Piano

mf *dim:*

sf *dim:*

20

Woodpecker

all A - way, a - way, a - way goes my fal -

Piano

cres: *f*

24

Marchioness

Woodpecker

Piano

dim:

set-to, My ex - qui-site fal - set-to! My

Oh

27

Marchioness

Woodpecker

Piano

Hea - vens! should it be - fall, My guests it will ap -

blood is turn'd to gall, I can - - not sing.... I

sf

30

Marchioness

Woodpecker

Piano

pal, If, when as - sem - bled all... A -

squall And, this is worst of all... A -

sf *dim:* *p*

33 *cres:* *p*

Marchioness *p*
way, a - way, a - way goes his fal - set-to, His

Woodpecker *cres:*
way, a - way, a - way goes my fal - set-to, My

Piano *cres:*

37

Marchioness
ex - quisite fal - setto!

Woodpecker
ex - quisite fal - setto!

Piano *p*

41 *Andante affettuoso.*

Marchioness
Lord of the Up-per G, By peers of

Piano *pp*

46

Marchioness

high de - gree as - sid - u - ous - ly court - ed;

Piano

51

Marchioness

Fal - set - tist all di - vine, No heav'n sent whim of thine Ought e - ver

Piano

56

Marchioness

to — be thwar - ted. So - ci - e - ty should strain

Piano

Tempo primo.

60

Marchioness

Each nerve to spare thee pain, what e - - ver's on the ta - pis; The

Piano

62

Marchioness

im - pulse I ad - mire That's born of South - ern

Piano

sf

65

Marchioness

fire: I know what you re - quire.... Here -

Piano

mf

sf

dim:

68

Marchioness

take it, and be hap - py, Take it, and be

Piano

colla voce

71 *cres:*

Marchioness
hap-py! The im_____ pulse I ad - mire_____ That's

Woodpecker
Al - though_____ I much de - sire_____ A

Piano
cres:

74

Marchioness
born_____ of South - ern fire;_____ I know_____ what you re -

Woodpecker
part_____ of your at - tire,_____ That's not_____ what I re -

Piano
sf

77

Marchioness
quire_____ I know_____ what you re - quire_____ Too

Woodpecker
quire,_____ That's not_____ what I re - quire,_____ That's

Piano
sf

80

dim:

Marchioness
well _____ what you re - quire _____ Here take it,

Woodpecker
not _____ what I re - quire _____ That

Piano
dim:

ad lib à la exaggerated Italian Opera

83

Marchioness
take it, Take it, and be hap - py, Take it, and be

Woodpecker
that No, that will not, no that will not make me

Piano

87 *Tempo primo accel.*

Marchioness
hap - py!

Woodpecker
hap - py!

Piano
ben marcato

90

Piano

The musical score for Piano, measures 90-92, is written on a grand staff. Measure 90 features a treble staff with a series of chords (F#4, G#4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5) and a bass staff with a series of notes (F#3, G#3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4). Measure 91 features a treble staff with a series of chords (F#4, G#4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5) and a bass staff with a series of notes (F#3, G#3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4). Measure 92 features a treble staff with a series of chords (F#4, G#4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5) and a bass staff with a series of notes (F#3, G#3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4). The score is marked with a piano (p) dynamic and a fortissimo (sf) dynamic.

No.8a. - Hopping Exit

Cue. Wood. (*aside.*) *The aristocratic mind seems to go about in slippers!*

Marc. *You shall have it at once, oh divine creature!*

Exit MARCHIONESS, hopping off.

Piano

Piano

The image shows a piano score for a piece titled 'Hopping Exit'. It consists of two systems of music, each for a grand piano (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system has four measures. The second system has four measures, with a repeat sign at the end. The music is characterized by a hopping, staccato rhythm, with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and frequent rests. There are also some chords and longer notes interspersed. The word 'Piano' is written to the left of each system.

Wood. *In two minutes the hat will be mine, and then I must be off before they have time to discover the imposture. I'll tell Maguire that they've no private room to spare at St. James's Hall. I wonder how the old boy is by this time. (*Goes to window.*) There are the cabs - eight of them! Ha! ha! I can almost hear him growl.*

Enter MAGUIRE through curtains, rather tipsy, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other. WOODPECKER is leaning out of the window.

Attacca No.9.

No.9. - RECIT & SONG - Maguire and Chorus

Moderato ben marcato

Piano

3 *Recit.*

Maguire

Now, Wood-peck-er! un - til you come, my dear sir, we can-not budge a

Piano

colla voce

3 *Quickly.*

Woodpecker

Why! what the dick-ens are you do - ing here, sir? Ex-plain your-self, I

Maguire

peg!

Piano

3

Woodpecker

Maguire

Piano

We are all mak - ing mer - ry On_

p *stacc.*

7

Maguire

Piano

port and on sher-ry, It's li - ber-al, ve-ry.... At_ price you don't sti-hick- le! When you

8va

10

Maguire

Piano

spoke of our food-ing, Thinks I, he's al-loo-ding To chops and to pood-ing, Bread

loco

13

Maguire

cheese and a pi-hick-le All ve-ry good things to tuck in-to our frames. But that's

Piano

mf

8va

16

Maguire

not the me - noo at the Hall of St. James!

Piano

f

19

Maguire

Why, — bless us, ther's dish - es Of —

Piano

p

21

Maguire

fowls and of fish-es Of all that one wish-es There's muc-kle and mi-hick-le! There's

Piano

8va

24

Maguire

pud-dings and i-ces, And jam-bong in sli-ces.... And o - ther de-vi-ces, Our

Piano

27

Maguire

pa-lates to ti-hick-le! Fine French-i - fied fix-ings; I don't know their names. But they

Piano

30

Maguire

do the thing well, in the Hall of St. James! *f*

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

There's_

There's_

Piano

32

parlante

Maguire

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

pud - dings and i - ces, And jam - bong in sli - ces.... And

pud - dings and i - ces And jam - bong in sli - ces.... And

I - ces

Sli - ces

34

parlante

Maguire

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

o - ther de - vi - ces Our pa - lates to ti - hick - le! Fine Frence - i - fied fix - ings, We

o - ther de - vi - ces Our pa - lates to ti - hick - le! Fine French - i - fied fix - ings, We

Vi - ces!

Ti - hick - le!

37

rall:

Maguire

Oh, they do the thing well in the Hall of St. James!

rall:

Sop & Alt

don't know their names. But they do the thing well in the Hall of St. James!

rall:

Ten & Bass

don't know their names. But they do the thing well in the Hall of St. James!

rall:

Piano

No.10. - CHORUS (behind curtains)

Cue. Bo. (*behind curtains.*) As the oldest friend of Maria Tapping, I beg to propose the health of the bride!

Exclamations from MARCHIONESS and her guests.

Wedding Guests. (*behind curtains.*) Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Soprano & Alto
 Tenor & Bass
 Piano

Vivace.

Hur - rah! for the bride with a

Hur - rah! for the bride with a

ff *fff*

8

Sop & Alt
 Ten & Bass
 Piano

4

right good will, Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! For the

right good will, Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! For the

sf

7

Sop & Alt

bride - groom bold who pays the bill, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

Ten & Bass

bride - groom bold who pays the bill, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

Piano

10

Sop & Alt

rah! For his fa - ther-in - law — give three times three, And

Ten & Bass

rah! For his fa - ther-in - law give three times three, And

Piano

13 *cres:*

Sop & Alt

three for her cou - sin young Foo - dle he; And three for this ca - pi - tal

Ten & Bass

three for her cou - sin young Foo - dle he; And three for this ca - pi - tal

Piano

16 *(shouting)*

Sop & Alt

com - pa - nee. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

Ten & Bass

com - pa - nee. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! *(Haste to the Wedding)*

Piano

20

Piano

25

Piano

8va

2/4

29

Piano

8va

cres: e accel.

33

Piano

8va

Curtain.

sf

37

Piano

8va

END OF ACT II.

Act Three
No.11. - SONG - Bunthunder

Andante maestoso

Piano

p sf mf

[3]

Piano

sf mf

[5]

Piano

Curtain.

sf p

[10]

Bunthunder

Piano

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

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

sf *p*

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 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.

No.12. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder

Con spirito.

Piano

(Enter WOODPECKER.)

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo/style is marked 'Con spirito'.

[5] *Chant.*

Woodpecker

Your pardon sir. Am I addressing The Major-General Bunthunder I greatly wonder? In search of him I roam.

Piano

This section is a duet between the Woodpecker and the Piano. The Woodpecker part is a vocal line with lyrics. The Piano part provides accompaniment with sustained chords in the right hand and a more active bass line. The tempo/style is marked 'Chant'.

[7] *Con spirito.*

Piano

The piano continues with a more active accompaniment, featuring sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The tempo/style is marked 'Con spirito'.

11

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

You're not at home?

I am, as you are not at home. No, sir, I'm not at home.

I am, as you are rightly guessing,
That most unhappy warrior - No man
Sorrier, But I am

16 *Con spirito.*

Piano

20 *Chant.*

Woodpecker

Piano

This information is distressing -
If you will shortly be returning,
My soul is burning With keen anxie -

ty to know?

22 *Con spirito.*

Piano

26

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

Un -

I've gone abroad on business pressing; When
home from places foreigneering I shall be
steering is quite un -

cer - tain! Go!

28

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

cer-tain? Oh! Oh!

Yes quite un - cer-tain! Go! Go

f con spirito

34

Woodpecker

Piano

From the Mar - chion - ess - es, Whom

sf p sf p

37

Woodpecker

no - bo - dy guess-es To be of the rank of a peer-ess or peer - In

Piano

40

Woodpecker

cour-te - sy lack-ing They sent us all pack-ing, And each with a ve - ry fine

Piano

43

Woodpecker

flea in his ear. Those John-ies and Jack-ies, The o - ver-fed lack-ies, They

Piano

46

Woodpecker

went for the bride and her guests with a rush - The

Piano

48

Woodpecker

com - bat was heat - ed, But we were de - feat - ed By

Piano

50

Woodpecker

in - so - lent arm - ies of pow - der and plush. And

Piano

52

Woodpecker

Mis - ter Ma - guire, - Who's ra - ging with ire, Has tak - en an oath by the

Piano

55

Woodpecker

pow - ers that be, That res - tau - rant keep - er Shall

Piano

57

Woodpecker

not close a peep-er Un - til she has pub-lish'd an ap - o - lo-gee! From the

Bunthunder

Tho'

Piano

60

Woodpecker

Mar - chion-ess-es, Whom no - bo - dy guess-es To be of the rank of a

Bunthunder

call'd up - on I've ne - ver been To court a war - ior's

Piano

63

Woodpecker

peer-ess or peer - In cour-te - sy lack-ing They sent us all pack-ing, And

Bunthunder

tomb, Or to de-fend my Sov - reign Queen in

Piano

66

Woodpecker

each with a ve - ry fine flea in his ear. Those John-ies and Jack-ies, the

Bunthunder

bat - tle's dread boom - boom! Re - sist - less I, when

Piano

69

Woodpecker

o - ver-fed lack-ies, They went for the bride and her guests with a rush - The

Bunthunder

I am stirr'd To dough - ty deeds of wrath, So

Piano

72

Woodpecker

com-bat was heat-ed, But we were de - feat-ed By in - so - lent arm-ies of

Bunthunder

on my - self I have con-ferr'd The or - der of the

Piano

75

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

pow-der and plush, And Mis-ter Ma-guire, Who's ra-ging with ire, Has

Bath You trace my hu-mour's de-vious path? You

78

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

ta-ken an oath by the pow-ers that be, That res-tau-rant keep-er, Shall

see my mean-ing through? The knight-ly Or-der

81

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

not close a pee-per Un-til she has pub-lish'd an ap-o-lo-gee. Ha,

of the Bath - I don't be-lieve you do!

cres:

mf

84

Woodpecker

ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! \wedge Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ho,

Bunthunder

No!

Piano

cres:

87

Woodpecker

ho! \wedge Un - til she has pub-lish'd an ap - o - lo - gee,

Bunthunder

No! \wedge I don't be-lieve you do! I

Piano

mf

90

Woodpecker

Pub-lish'd an ap - o - lo - gee! Ha, ha! *f* *cres: molto* ap - o - lo - gee,

Bunthunder

don't be-lieve you do! No!

Piano

f *cres: molto*

Woodpecker

ap - o - lo - gee, Pub - lish'd an ap - o - lo - gee!

Bunthunder

No! I don't be - lieve you do! *8va*-----

Piano

ff

The musical score is written for three parts: Woodpecker, Bunthunder, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 3/4. The Woodpecker part consists of a single melodic line with lyrics. The Bunthunder part also has a single melodic line with lyrics and an 8va instruction. The Piano part is written for both hands, featuring chords and a forte (ff) dynamic marking.

No.12a. - AIR.

Cue. Bo. Don't - I don't want to dance - I'm quite tired out.

Bun. It's not the same - it's another of the gang! (**Noise heard within.**) He's in there! (**Rushes off R.**)

Bo. Another wedding guest, and in regimentals, too! Dear, dear - Woodpecker is certainly doing it uncommonly well!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, FOODLE, MARIA, and the wedding party, all dancing on in couples. They dance round the stage and range themselves at the back.

The musical score is for a piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro.' and 'ff'. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system starts with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The second system begins with a measure number '7' in a box. The third system begins with a measure number '13' in a box and ends with a double bar line. Above the final measure of the third system is the instruction 'Last time only.' Below the staff in the third system, there is a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction followed by a 'fff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The score features various musical notations including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords.

Mag. That's right my dears - stop there, because Woodpecker hasn't quite finished dressing - he's behind the screen, and he won't be a minute, and you mustn't look any of you. (**The screen is now open.**) Woodpecker, my boy, your wife is here; and while you're completing your toilet, I'll give you both a bit of matrimonial advice, drawn from my own experience.

Attacca No.13.

No.13. - SONG - Maguire.

Allegretto.

Maguire

Piano

If you

5

Maguire

Piano

va - lue a peace - a - ble life, This max - im will teach you to

8

Maguire

Piano

get it: In all things give in - to your wife,-- 1

11

Maguire

did-n't and liv'd to re - gret it. My wife lik'd to go - vern a - lone, And she

Piano

15

Maguire

ne-ver wou - ld share with an - o - ther; Re - mark - a - bly tall and well

Piano

Cres:

18

Maguire

grown, She had plen - ty of mus - cle and bone, With an

Piano

Cres:

21

Maguire

ex - cel - lent will of her own--- And my dar - ling takes af - ter her

Piano

mf *rall:*

mf

24

Maguire

mo-ther! Oh! if ear - ly in life I had hap - pi - ly - known, How to

Piano

p a tempo.

27

Maguire

hum - our a wife With a will - of her own, We should

Piano

30

Maguire

not have been snarl - ing All day at each o - ther

Piano

33

Maguire

And, re - mem - ber, my - dar - ling Takes af - ter her

Piano

36

Maguire

mo - ther!

Sop & Alto

Oh, if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - known How to

Ten & Bass

Oh, if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - known How to

Piano

39

Sop & Alto

hu - mour a wife With a will - of her own, They would

Ten & Bass

hu - mour a wife with a will - of her own, They would

Piano

42

Sop & Alto

not have been snarl - ing All day at each o - ther-- And, re-

Ten & Bass

not have been snarl - ing All day at each o - ther-- And, re-

Piano

46

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

-mem - ber, his dar - ling Takes af - ter her mo - ther!

49

Maguire

Piano

Ne-ver

53

Maguire

Piano

wake up her tem-per;- I did- And smash went a win-dow, in-

56

Maguire

Piano

-stan-ter; In - va - ria-bly do as you're bid,-

59

Maguire

did-n't- bang went a de - can-ter! Give in to each whim, I de - clin'd- At my

Piano

63

Maguire

head went a vi - ne-gar cru-et. What - ev - er in-duce-ment you

Piano

66

Maguire

find, *cres:* Ne-ver give her ad-vice of a kind That is

Piano

cres:

69

Maguire

known as "a bit of your mind"- *mf* I did- and the crock-er - y

Piano

mf

72

Maguire

knew it! Oh! if ear - ly in life I had ha - pi - ly - known, How to

Piano

p a tempo

75

Maguire

hu - mour a wife With a will - of her own, We should

Piano

78

Maguire

not have been snarl - ing All day at each o - ther -

Piano

81

Maguire

And, re - mem - ber, my - dar - ling Takes af - ter her

Piano

84

Maguire

mo - ther!

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

Oh! if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - known How to

Oh! if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - known How to

87

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

hu - mour a wife With a will - of her own, They would

hu - mour a wife With a will - of her own, They would

90

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

not have been snarl-ing All day at each o - ther.... And, re -

not have been snarl-ing All day at each o - ther.... And, re -

94

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

mem - ber, his dar - ling Takes af - ter her mo - ther.

mem - ber his dar - ling Takes af - ter her mo - ther.

97

Maguire

Piano

Tho' her

p

101

Maguire

as - pect was mo - dest and meek, She could turn on the steam in a

Piano

104

Maguire

min - ute: Her e - rup - tions went on for a week..... Ve -

Piano

107

Maguire

su - vius, my boy, wasn't in it! Give your wife of in - dul - gence her fill, Tho' your

Piano

111

Maguire

meals be un - plea - sant - ly scrap - py, Ne - ver look at her mil - li - ner's

Piano

114

Maguire

bill; Gulp down that ex-tra - va-gant pill, And you

Piano

117

Maguire

may..... and you pro-ba-bly will..... Be bank-rupt..... and tho-rough-ly

Piano

mf rall:

120

Maguire

hap-py! Oh! if ear-ly in life I had hap-pi-ly - - known How to

Piano

p a tempo

123

Maguire

hu-mour a wife with a will - - of her own, We should

Piano

126

Maguire

not have been snar-ling All day at each o - ther

Piano

129

Maguire

And, re - mem - ber, my - - dar - ling Takes af - ter her

Piano

132

Maguire

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

Oh! if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - - known How to

Oh! if ear - ly in life He had hap - pi - ly - - known how to

135

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

hu - mour a wife with a will - - of her own, They would

hu - mour a wife with a will - - of her own, They would

138

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

not have been snar-ling All day at each o - ther.... And, re -

not have been snar-ling All day at each o - ther.... And re -

142

Sop & Alto

Ten & Bass

Piano

mem - ber, his dar - ling Takes af - ter her mo - ther!

mem - ber, his dar - ling Takes af - ter her mo - ther!

145 DANCE. [^]

Piano *mf*

149

Piano *cres:*

153

Piano *mf*

157

Piano *cres:*

161

Piano *Exeunt.*

Wedding party all dance off.

MARIA remains and addresses herself to the screen, still thinking WOODPECKER is behind it.

Attacca Supplemental No.3.

Supplemental No.3. - SONG - Maria

Words by W. S. Gilbert

Music by Frank Osmond-Carr

Andante semplice.

Piano

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *Andante semplice* and *p* (piano). It consists of four measures. The right hand plays a melody starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, and finally B3. The left hand plays a bass line starting on C3, moving up stepwise to E3, then down to D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, and finally E2. The melody and bass line are separated by a brace on the left.

[3]

Maria

My wed-ded life Must ev - - ry plea - sure bring On scale ex -

Piano

The first vocal line for Maria starts at measure 3. The melody begins on G4, moves up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, and finally B3. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

[6]

Maria

ten-sive! Now I'm you're wife I must - - have ev - 'ry-thing That's most ex -

Piano

The second vocal line for Maria starts at measure 6. The melody begins on G4, moves up to A4, then down to G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, and finally B3. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

9

Maria

pen - sive A la - dy's maid (My hair a - lone to do I am not

Piano

12

Maria

ab - le) And I'm a - fraid I've been - - ac - cus - tom'd to A first rate

Piano

15

Maria

ta-ble. These things one must con - si-der when one mar-ries And ev-ry-thing I

Piano

18

Maria

wear must come from Pa-ris! Oh, think of that! Oh, think of that! I

Piano

21

Maria

can't wear a - ny - thing that's not from Pa - ris! From top to toes Quite

Piano

24

rall. *a tempo*

Maria

French - i - fied I am, If you ex - am - ine. And then..... who knows?..... Per -

Piano

27

Maria

haps some day a fam.... Per - haps a fam - ine! My

Piano

29

Maria

ar - ru - ment's cor - rect, if you ex - am - ine, What should we

Piano

rall.

31

Maria

do, if there should come a fam - ine!

Piano

pp

pp

$\frac{3}{4}$

34

a tempo

Piano

p

37

Maria

Though in green pea Your-self - - you need - n't stint in Ju - ly

Piano

40

Maria

sun-ny, In Jan - ua - ree It real - - ly costs a mint..... A mint of

Piano

43

Maria

mo-ney! No lamb for us, House lamb at Christ - mas sells At pri - ces

Piano

46

Maria

hand-some! As - par - a-gus, In win - - ter, par - al-lals A Mon-arch's

Piano

49

Maria

ran-some! When purse to bread and but-ter bare-ly rea-ches, What is your wife to

Piano

52

Maria

do for hot-house pea-ches? Ah! tell me that! Ah! tell me that! What

Piano

55

Maria

is your wife to do for hot-house pea-ches? Your heart and hand Though

Piano

58

Maria

at my feet you lay, All o - thers scorn - ing! As mat - ters stand, There's

Piano

61

Maria

no - thing else to say, Ex - cept..... good - morn - ing! Though

Piano

63 *rall.*

Maria

vir - tue be a hus - band's best a - dor - ning, That won't pay rent and

Piano

65

Maria

tax - es..... so, good - morn - ing!

Piano

pp *pp*

Exit MARIA, R. Enter WOODPECKER L., with several hats in one hand, and the specimen in the other.

Attacca No.14.

No.14. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder.

Allegretto. Λ

Woodpecker

ad lib. I've come a-cross hats of all co-lours and sorts, But

Piano

p

5

Woodpecker

none like this spe - ci - men, dem-me!

Bunthunder

Λ Thief! Bur-glar! A - way to the

Piano

sf

8

Woodpecker

Λ Ex -

Bunthunder

cri - mi - nal courts, With your ske - le - ton keys and your jem-my! Λ

Piano

sf

11

Woodpecker

cuse me, you're real-ly mis - ta-ken in that.... I'll prove it, if pa-tient you'll be, sir: *^* This

Piano

sf *^*

15

Woodpecker

morn-ing my horse ate a young la-dy's hat....

Bunthunder

Well, what does that mat-ter to

Piano

sf *sf*

18

Woodpecker

But she's now at my lodg-ings, and leave them she won't, Un -

Bunthunder

me, sir?

Piano

p

21

Woodpecker

til I've pro-cur'd her an - o - ther!

Bunthunder

By all that is pru-dent and

Piano

24

Woodpecker

mo-ther?

Bunthunder

pro-per, why don't The young la - dy go home to her mo-ther?

Piano

27

Bunthunder

mo-ther! Al - rea - dy too long she has tar-ried..... Why

Piano

30

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

Young wi-dow? Young

don't the young wi-dow with - draw? Young wi-dow?

sf

34

Woodpecker

Piano

rall:

wi-dow? good gra-cious, she's mar-ried, And her hus-band can claim her by

colla voce

37

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

a tempo

law! Sly

Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly dog!

sf

40

Woodpecker *accel.*

dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Bunthunder

Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Piano *sf accel.*

43

Woodpecker

dog! Ha, Ha! sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

Bunthunder

dog! Ha, Ha! sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

Piano *ff*

46 *a tempo*

Woodpecker

Now, her hus-band's a jea-lous old fel-low, A

Piano *p*

50

Woodpecker

sav-age old tar-tar, no doubt \wedge A mid-dle class white-wash't O -

Piano

rall:

sf

53

Woodpecker

thel-lo..... One leg in the grave, and one out!

Bunthunder

Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Piano

sf *sf p*

57

Woodpecker

Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Bunthunder

dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Piano

sf *sf accel.*

61

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

dog! Ha, Ha! Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

64

Woodpecker

Piano

Now you'd

66

Woodpecker

Piano

think he's a-buse her or thrash her, Just to give her a kind of a fright.

70 *Parlante ad lib.*

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

My dear sir, he'd sim-ply and si-lent-ly smash her!

And, by

72 *a tempo*

Bunthunder

Piano

a tempo

George, he'd be per-fect-ly right! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

75 *accel.*

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

sf *sf* *accel.*

79

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

dog! Ha, Ha! Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

82

Woodpecker

Piano

Now, as - sist me if you could be brought to, We'd

a tempo

86

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

hood-wink O - thel - lo I bet..... *ad lib.*

No, real - ly I don't think I

colla voce

89 *rall:*

Bunthunder

ought to..... I don't think I ought to, and yet..... Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Piano

rall:

93 *accel:*

Woodpecker

Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Bunthunder

dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly

Piano

sf *sf* *accel:*

97

Woodpecker

dog! Ha, Ha! Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

Bunthunder

dog! Ha, Ha! Sly dog! Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

Piano

ff

100 *Recit.*

Woodpecker

Here are the frag-ments, de-cor-a-ted they, With choic-est gifts of Flo-ra's.

Piano

100

Bunthunder

By all the bligh-ting tricks that de-vil's play, This hat is Le - o -

Piano

100

Woodpecker

Quite right, It's Le - o -

Bunthunder

no-ra's! Her name, sir..... Le - o - no-ra's!

Piano

sf p *sf p*

102 *a tempo* *Allegro*

Woodpecker

no-ra's Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho! Sly dog!

Bunthunder

Be quiet, sir! Be

Piano

f *ff* *Allegro p* *p*

Quasi parlante

107

Bunthunder

qui-et, sir! The mar-ried la-dy For whom, with mo-tives base and sha-dy, A

Piano

111

Bunthunder

furnis-h'd lodg-ing you've pro-vi-ded, Turns out to be my wife mis-gui-ded!

Piano

115

Woodpecker

What? With sheer bad luck my lot is reek-ing; The

Piano

f *p*

- 1/5 -

119

Woodpecker

hat that all day I've been seek-ing Turns out to be the hat ill - fa - ted, My

Piano

123

Woodpecker

my horse this morning mas - ti - ca - ted!

Bunthunder

What?

Piano

ff

127 *Allegro*

Woodpecker

Cease your fu - ry Judge in er - mine My in - ju - ry Shall de - ter - mine!

Bunthunder

Fire and fu - ry! Judge in er - mine (With a ju - ry) Shall de - ter - mine

Piano

Allegro

131

Woodpecker

Your re-marks are clear-ly wrong, sir..... Much too strong, sir..... Much too strong, sir!

Bunthunder

How to treat this so-cial wrong, sir..... Come a - long, sir..... Come a - long, sir!

Piano

135

Woodpecker

Cease your fu - ry! Judge in er - mine My in - ju - ry Shall de - ter - mine!

Bunthunder

Fire and fu - ry! Judge in er - mine (With a ju - ry) Shall de - ter - mine

Piano

139

Woodpecker

Your re-marks are clear-ly wrong, sir..... Much too strong, sir..... Much too strong, sir!

Bunthunder

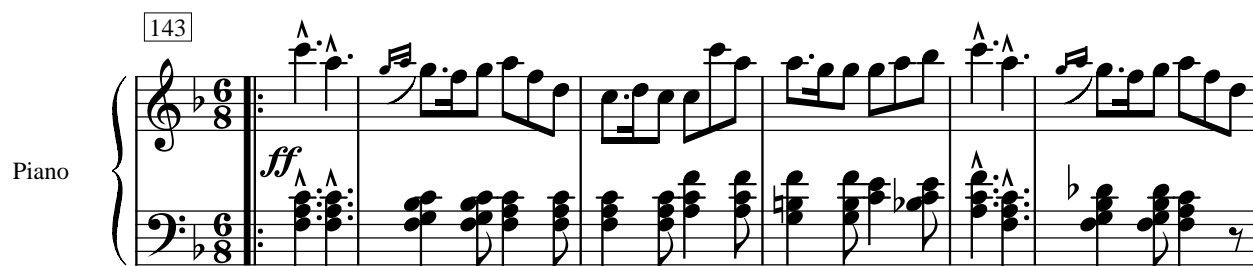
How to treat this so-cial wrong, sir..... Come a - long, sir..... Come a - long, sir!

Piano

HASTE TO THE WEDDING. To be played *ff* while the wedding party is on; *ppp* during change of scene.

Piano

143



Piano

149



Piano

155

Last time only.



END OF ACT THREE, SCENE ONE

Attacca No.14a.

No.14a. - ENTR'ACTE

Allegro

Piano

f

Piano

3

Piano

7

Piano

9

Piano

13

Supplemental No.4. - SONG - Bopaddy and Chorus

Words by Willie Young

Music by Sidney Jones

Cue. Bo. *(to doll's head.)* It was a nice 'ickle gal! It was a very nice 'ickle Lucy! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer 'ickle Lucy Loo!

Andante moderato.

Piano

4

Bopaddy

Love laughs at lock-smiths so they say But don't be-lieve it's true, For
 You should have seen my Loo and me Once stroll-ing side by side, The
 And now I'm count-ing ev-'ry hour Till she be-comes my wife, Un-

Piano

9

Bopaddy

I don't laugh when lock'd a-way From my own dar-ling Loo. You'd feel like me if
 day I ask'd her if she'd be My lit-tle blush-ing bride; She hung her head, her
 til this beau-teous, bud-ding flow'r Is graft-ed on my life. And when it's done, and

Piano

14

Bopaddy

you could see The girl who owns my heart, And un-der-stand my mi - se - ry When
face grew red, Her eyes glanc'd up to mine, And in a trembl-ing voice she said, "Yes,
we are one, Still stroll - ing side by side, We'll face the world, and I know there's none

Piano

19

Bopaddy

ev - er we've to part. I seem as tho' cut in two, My heart is my own no more, And
dar - ling I'll be thine, "We then had a lov - ing kiss, I mur - mur'd" Once a - gain, "And
dare us two di - vide. As we wan - der hand in hand, as each - to each we cling, All

Piano

23

Bopaddy

so I sing to lit - tle Loo To keep her at the door -
to pro - long such per - fect bliss I sang the old re - frain -
those who look will un - der - stand The rea - son why I sing -

Piano

25 *Amoroso*

Bopaddy

Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu - cy..... lin - ger lon - ger, Loo, How I love to lin-ger, Lu-cy -

Piano

pp

28

Bopaddy

lin-ger 'lon-ger you, Lis - ten while I sing..... Ah, pro-mise you'll be true,

Piano

31

Bopaddy

Lin - ger lon - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Piano

Bopaddy

Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu-cy..... lin-ger lon-ger, Loo, How I love to lin - ger, Lu - cy -

Sop & Alt

Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu-cy..... lin-ger lon-ger, Loo, How I love to

Tenor

Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu-cy..... lin-ger lon-ger, Loo, How I love to

Bass

Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu-cy..... lin-ger lon-ger, Loo, How I love to

Piano

The musical score is written for five parts: Bopaddy (Soprano), Sop & Alt (Soprano and Alto), Tenor, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Lin - ger lon - ger, Lu-cy..... lin-ger lon-ger, Loo, How I love to lin - ger, Lu - cy -'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a bass line with chords and single notes in the left hand.

Bopaddy

lin - ger 'lon - ger you, Lis - ten while I sing..... Ah, pro-mise you'll be true,
 lin - ger 'lon - ger you, Lis - ten while I sing..... Ah, pro-mise you'll be true,

Sop & Alt

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro-mise you'll be true,

Tenor

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro-mise you'll be true, And

Bass

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro-mise you'll be true, And

Piano

39



Bopaddy



Lin - ger lon - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Sop & Alt



Lin - ger lon - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Tenor



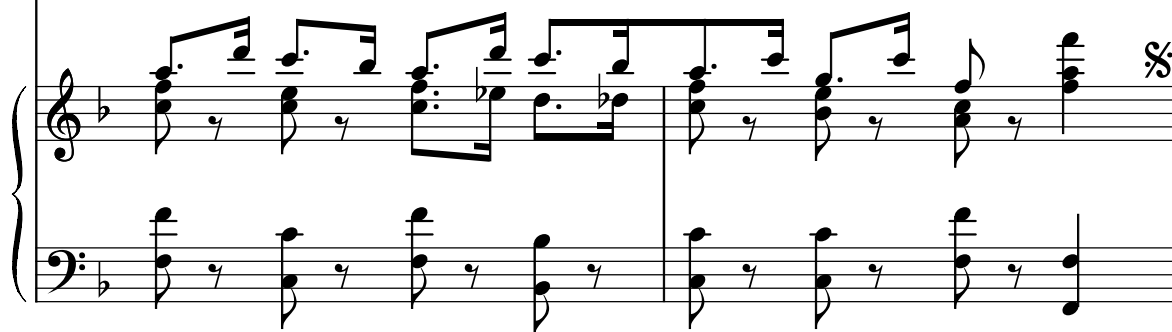
Lin - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Bass



Lin - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Piano



41

DANCE. *Slow.*

Piano



43

Piano



45

Piano

f

47

Piano

mf

49

Bopaddy

pp

Lin - gerlon - gerLu - cy..... lin - gerlon - gerLoo, How I love tolin - gerLu - cy -

Sop & Alt

pp

Lin - gerlon - gerLu - cy..... lin - gerlon - gerLoo, How I love tolin - gerLu - cy -

Tenor

pp

Lin - gerlon - gerLu - cy..... lin - gerlon - gerLoo, How I love to

Bass

pp

Lin - gerlon - gerLu - cy..... lin - gerlon - gerLoo, How I love to

Piano

pp

Bopaddy

lin - gerlon - geryou, Lis - tenwhile I sing..... Ah, pro - misyou'll betrue,

lin - gerlon - geryou, Lis - tenwhile I sing..... Ah, pro - misyou'll betrue,

Sop & Alt

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro - misyou'll betrue,

Tenor

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro - misyou'll betrue, And

Bass

lin - ger Lu - cy Loo! Ah, pro - misyou'll betrue, And

Piano

55

Bopaddy

Sop & Alt

Tenor

Bass

Piano

Lin - ger lon - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Lin - ger lon - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Lin - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

Lin - ger, lon - ger lin - ger, lin - ger lon - ger, Loo.

rit.

a tempo

JACKSON opens the door of WOODPECKER's house.

Mag. Hurrah! Here we are! Come in!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding" as the wedding party begin to dance into the house.

Attacca No.14b.

No.14b. - AIR.

Allegretto

Piano

f

5



Music continues until:-

Jack. Stop. (All stop suddenly in arrested attitudes.) Out of the question.

Mag. Eh?

Jack. Impossible; more than my place is worth. Why, the lady is still upstairs! (Movement.)

No.14c. - AIR.

Cue. Wilk. *What have you got here, eh?*

Mag. *That? Oh, that's a - a carriage clock.*

Wilk. *(opens muff-box and finds a muff.) That's very like a carriage clock! Come along - all of yer, in yer go!*

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." They all dance into the station-house, except BOPADDY, who is walking off slowly, talking to doll's head.

Allegretto

Piano

ff

dim - in - u - en - do as Wedding Party gradually exit.

fff

No.15. - FINALE ACT THREE

Cue. Wood. Violent cramp - indigestion. Can't help it - always takes me so.

Bun. Indeed! Have you tried - **(WOODPECKER jumps again and comes down on BUNTHUNDER's toes.)** Don't, sir! I won't be trodden on by bridegrooms!

Enter LEONORA from station, followed by MAGUIRE, BOPADDY, and all the guests - one of whom unhooks the hat, which falls to the ground.

Mag. It's all right - it's all right! The Captain has squared the Inspector, and we leave the Court without a stain on our characters! Oh, it's a great country!

Allegretto Moderato

Piano

5

Leonora

Woodpecker

Piano

10

Leonora

Woodpecker

Bunthunder

Piano

At your as-sur-ance I'm a-ghost!

got the hat!

She's

14

Leonora

Bopaddy

Bunthunder

Piano

While you've been on clan-des-tine jaunts....

got the hat!

She's

18

Leonora

Bopaddy

Piano

I've wait-ed for you at my aunts! I've

got my hat!

f *mf*

22

Leonora

wait - ed, wait-ed, wait - ed, wait-ed..... All day I've wait-ed for you..... at my aunts!

Piano

sf *p*

26

Leonora

f While you've been on clan - des-tine jaunts..... I've wait - ed for you

Maria

f She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Woodpecker

f She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Maguire

f She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Bopaddy

f She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Bunthunder

f She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Sop & Alt

mf She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Ten & Bass

mf She's got the hat..... She's got the hat (We don't know how, but

Piano

mf

Leonora

at my aunt's, at my aunt's, at my aunt's, All

Maria

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Woodpecker

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Maguire

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Bopaddy

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Bunthunder

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Sop & Alt

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Ten & Bass

ne-ver mind that)..... It's tat for tit, and tit for tat.... She's

Piano

33

Leonora

day I have wait-ed for you at my aunt's!

Maria

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Woodpecker

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Maguire

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Bopaddy

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Bunthunder

got the hat, she's got the hat! For -

Sop & Alt

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Ten & Bass

got the hat, she's got the hat!

Piano

36

Leonora

Maria

Woodpecker

Maguire

Bopaddy

Bunthunder

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

I've got the hat!

She's got the hat!

She's got the hat!

She's got the hat!

She's got my hat!

give me..... I have been un - just!

p She's got the hat!

p She's got the hat!

The musical score is for page 36 and is written in G major (one sharp). It features nine staves. The vocal parts are: Leonora (soprano), Maria (soprano), Woodpecker (alto), Maguire (alto), Bopaddy (alto), Bunthunder (bass), Sop & Alt (soprano and alto), Ten & Bass (tenor and bass), and Piano (piano). The lyrics are: "I've got the hat!", "She's got the hat!", "She's got the hat!", "She's got the hat!", "She's got my hat!", "give me..... I have been un - just!", "*p* She's got the hat!", and "*p* She's got the hat!". The piano part consists of a continuous accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

39

Leonora

Maria

Woodpecker

Maguire

Bopaddy

Bunthunder

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

I've

She's

She's

She's

She's

You'll o - ver - look the past, I trust?

She's

She's

42

Leonora
got the hat!

Maria
got the hat!

Woodpecker
got the hat!

Maguire
got the hat!

Bopaddy
got my hat!

Bunthunder
But, stop! The gate of

Sop & Alt
got the hat!

Ten & Bass
got the hat!

Piano

45

Leonora

f I've got the hat!

Maria

f She's got the hat!

Woodpecker

f She's got the hat!

Maguire

f She's got the hat!

Bopaddy

f She's got the hat!

Bunthunder

She's got my hat!

Sop & Alt

Hea - ven shuts! *mf* Where

Ten & Bass

f She's got the hat!

She's got the hat!

Piano

f *mf*

48

Bunthunder

are the Bar - ce - lo - na nuts? The Bar - ce - lo - na -

Piano

51

Bunthunder

lo - na - lo - na You have - - not got the Bar-ce-lo-na nuts?

Piano

Leonora

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Maria

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Woodpecker

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Maguire

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Bopaddy

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Bunthunder

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Sop & Alt

mf But, stop! The gate of Hea - ven shuts! You

mf Well, what of this, and what of that -

Ten & Bass

Well, what of this, and what of that -

Piano

mf

57

Leonora

Maria

Woodpecker

Maguire

Bopaddy

Bunthunder

Sop & Alt

Ten & Bass

Piano

Some how or o-ther I've got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

Some how or o-ther She's got my hat..... It's tat for tit, and

have not got the Bar-ce-lo-na nuts, The Bar-ce-lo-na nuts, The

Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and

The musical score is for page 57 and is written in G major (one sharp). It features nine vocal parts and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are: Leonora (soprano), Maria (soprano), Woodpecker (bass), Maguire (bass), Bopaddy (bass), Bunthunder (bass), Sop & Alt (soprano and alto), Ten & Bass (tenor and bass), and Piano (piano). The lyrics are: "Some how or o-ther I've got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and" for Leonora, Maria, Woodpecker, Maguire, Bopaddy, and Sop & Alt; "Some how or o-ther She's got the hat..... It's tat for tit, and" for Bunthunder, Ten & Bass, and Sop & Alt; "Some how or o-ther She's got my hat..... It's tat for tit, and" for Bunthunder; and "have not got the Bar-ce-lo-na nuts, The Bar-ce-lo-na nuts, The" for Sop & Alt. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth notes and a left hand with chords.

60

Leonora

tit for tat..... I've got the hat, I've got the hat, I've

Maria

tit for tat..... She's got the hat, She's got the hat, She's

Woodpecker

tit for tat..... She's got the hat, She's got the hat, She's

Maguire

tit for tat..... She's got the hat, She's got the hat, She's

Bopaddy

tit for tat..... She's got my hat, She's got my hat, She's

Bunthunder

Bar-ce-lo-na nuts!

Sop & Alt

tit for tat..... She's got the hat, She's got the hat, She's

Ten & Bass

tit for tat..... She's got the hat, She's got the hat, She's

Piano

brillante

63

Leonora

got the hat I've got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Maria

got the hat She's got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Woodpecker

got the hat She's got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Maguire

got the hat She's got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Bopaddy

got my hat She's got my hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Bunthunder

Ring ye joy-bells,

Sop & Alt

got the hat She's got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Ten & Bass

got the hat She's got the hat! So ring ye joy-bells,

Piano

Leonora

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - - ther tied....

Maria

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - - ge - ther tied....

Woodpecker

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - ther tied....

Maguire

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - ther tied....

Bopaddy

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - ther tied....

Bunthunder

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - ther tied....

Sop & Alt

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - - ther tied....

Ten & Bass

long and loud - ly, Hap - py hearts to - ge - ther tied....

Piano

69

Leonora

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Maria

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Woodpecker

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Maguire

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Bopaddy

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Bunthunder

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Sop & Alt

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Ten & Bass

Bride - groom's bo - som swell - ing proud - ly As he takes his

Piano

72

Leonora

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Maria

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Woodpecker

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Maguire

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Bopaddy

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Bunthunder

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Sop & Alt

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Ten & Bass

blush-ing bride, blush-ing bride,

Piano

p

Leonora

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e - ver blush - ing bride!

Maria

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Woodpecker

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e - ver blush - ing bride!

Maguire

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Bopaddy

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Bunthunder

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Sop & Alt

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e - ver blush - ing bride!

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Blush-ing, blush-ing, blush-ing, e - ver

Ten & Bass

Blush - ing, blush - ing, blush - ing bride!

Piano

Piano

80

mf

Piano

84

cres:

Piano

88

Piano

90

End of Operetta