

AUGENER & C^o EDITION: N^o 9057.

POOR HENRY
Comic Opera
for Children
BY
J. RHEINBERGER.
Translated & Adapted by
W. A. Barrett, M.B.O.
Ent. Sta. Hall.

London
AUGENER & C^o 86, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.
& 1, Foubert's Place, W.

"POOR HENRY."

Singing Characters.

SWITCHEM, a Schoolmaster.
MARGARET, his Wife.
BERTIE, their Son.
HENRY, an Orphan.
DUNDERHEAD, a Constable and Beadle.
MRS. MAKEBATE, a Neighbour.
Chorus of School Children.

Speaking Characters.

MARY, } Switchem's Children.
FLORIE, }
THE COUNT.
GEORGE, his Servant.
THE BAILIFF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The interior of the School-room. Children standing round, SWITCHEM the Schoolmaster, before a Music Stand, conducting.

(No. 1.)

Hail his noble lordship, hail!
Homeward he from far sets sail,
All his friends delighting;
Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,
Heart and voice uniting.

Switchem (stops the Chorus).

You mustn't yell the "Hail!" like that,
'Tis like a scream from scalded cat.
The song's a song of joy, not pain;
We'll start now from the pause again.

(Chorus very softly and slowly).

Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs—

Switchem (stops them again). That's very tame,
And not at all what I require;
More spirit, briskness, courage, fire.

(Sings.)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,

(Chorus very fast.)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,
Heart and voice uniting.

Switchem (strikes the desk).

Stop, stop, don't gallop so—stop, stop!
The trebles must not shriek the top;
Just watch the stick and mark the beat,
Now from the first, the whole repeat.

(Repeat the music.)

There, there! I think that's very fair;
Of all the marks and signs take care,
When we are singing at the fête.
Now go get ready, don't be late.

(The Scholars depart, with much hooting.)

Switchem (alone).

To hear the rout as they go out,
One would suppose, without a doubt,
My task was but an endless bout,
To teach the young idea to shout.
Although my life is toil and work,
To form and conquer each young Turk,
It has its pleasures, such as this,
For really this is not amiss;

(Looking at his Music.)

Although I say it, there's a part,
Effective, striking, good and smart,
Not strained or modern, it is true,
But still I think it well will do.
The idea's sure the Count to please,
And not with tediousness to tease.
I'm told his lordship's good and kind,
A noble heart and noble mind.
Some years have past since here he's been,
And I his face have never seen.
They say to grief he's quite a martyr,
I hope he'll like my new cantata.
Now let me see that all's set right,
And nought forgot, or out of sight.
I trust no fault the piece will tear,
That none their very best will spare,
And sing it so that every one
Will be delighted when we've done.

SCENE II.

MARY and FLORIE with large Bouquets, then HENRY.

Mary, How sweet are these blossoms, how
lovely and fair,

In hue and in odour so rich and so rare;
The dew-drop which on each bright petal
appears,

Are signs of sad mem'ries dissolving in
tears,

Bemoaning the beauty which lasts but a
day,

Lamenting the life preordained to decay.

Florie. Why so dull o'er fading beauties?

Know, they but fulfil their duties.

I think I have the prettier flowers.

Mary. Yours have been culled from gayer
bowers,

And bolder look; my buds are rarer.

Florie. Look at my roses, none are fairer.

Mary. My dear, your bunch was tied in haste,
And your display shows want of taste.

Henry (entering).

What mean these poutings—what's astir?

Florie. It isn't me, I'm sure; 'tis her.

Of Henry let us ask the test.

Henry. You think your bouquet far the best;
All things have two sides: each is fair.

Mary. A wise reply ; now, Florie, there !

Henry. Come, let us sing, for squabbling's wrong.

Florie. Oh, yes, dear boy, the mouse's song.

Henry. Singing is a rare, sweet treasure ;
Mother's out—she hates our pleasure.
Now, mind you chant the chorus neatly,
When I sing of the mouse who was trapped completely.

(No. 2.) *

Once there was a mousy
Wand'ring at his ease,
Saw a little housy
In which hung some cheese ;
Mousy smelt the tempting bait,
Sweet and rich and nice,
And for joy no more did wait :
Popped in in a trice.

(All three) And for joy, &c

Hardly had the mousy
Time to taste the cheese,
When up closed the housy,
Making his blood freeze.
Close confined, he bit and tore
With his little might,
{ Till his teeth a hole did bore
Through the prison tight.
And the little mousy,
Clever little boy,
From the little housy
Crept out full of joy,
From which comes the proverb sage,
They who dangers scout,
{ Like the mousy in the cage,
Bite themselves well out.

SCENE III.

MARGARET and BERTIE enter. BERTIE has a Roll, from which he is learning by heart as he walks up and down the Room.

Marg. (pointing to Henry).

There he is, the worst of lazy boys,
Making nought but horrid useless noise.
I wonder if you think, with all your singing,
You'll come to aught, or aught to home
be bringing ?

Henry. Mother, I am ready to be working,
If there is aught for me to set about.

Marg. Anything to gaze at, duty shirking,
Is what you mean, you lazy lout.
Go earn the shoes you wear, the bread
you eat.

Henry. Why are you angry ?

Marg. Go to the street,
And find some work, you idle scamp.

Henry. Tell me but what.

Marg. No matter, tramp.
'Tis shameful ; he with idleness is sped,
And never cares to use or hands or head.
There's Bertie, far his junior, yet in sooth,
Though only eight, has cut his wisdom
tooth.

It's really beautiful to see him learn,
And he his holiday will richly earn.

Bertie. Mother, now I think that I can say
My verses ; will you hear me ?

Marg. Well-a-day,
Just look at that ! Well, now, my dear,
Think me the Count, the gate this chair.
The boy's a jewel, never fear.

Bertie (reciting with false accentuation, and in a quick, hurried style).

Just like the ruddy sun
Which rises in the East,
Begins his daily run
To shine on man and beast,
So you appear to bright-
En up this village home,
And we sit up all night
To give you glad welcome.
Therefore upon the gate
The flow'ry wreaths appear,
And we in humble state
These verses make you hear.
May sounds of joy
Ne'er you annoy.
O honoured count,
Pray of your bount-
Y let me bear
With all due care,
And at your feet
Lay duly meet
The wishes hearty
Of all the party
Who now as tameritor
Desiring prosperitor
To you and every heritor
Of your family tree ;
May all caressing
And every blessing
Surround without censing
My honourable family.

Marg. Your honourable family, you mean,
Not *my*, I'm sure ; that would be wrong.

Bertie. All right, I know.

Marg. 'Twill soon be seen,
When once his lordship hears the song,
And sees the little poet.

Henry. Perhaps in haste
He'll ride along ; I hope he'll note
The wreaths and flowers, the flags that
float.

Marg. It seems to me your words are mocks ;
For once, my boy, I'll stop your wit ;
You'll stay at home, and bars and locks
Shall keep you—

Henry. I don't mind a bit.

Marg. Your evil temper makes your face
Both wild and vicious.

Henry. In the place
I am content to stay.

Marg. You wretch ;
The last word you will have, eh ? I'll fetch
You such a cuff if you come near ;
Wait till I get you by the ear.

(Chases HENRY, who escapes, and runs into the arms of SWITCHEM, who enters.)

SCENE IV.

Switchem. Now what has happened—what's the rout?

Why do you chase the boy about?

Marg. Once more he may be glad you came
In time to save him. What's the blame?
He is a saucy boy—a disgrace;
He mocked poor Bertie to my face.

Switchem. Scarce fault enough to merit blows.

Marg. But that's not all. You may suppose,
His tongue scorns all things small and great;

He mocks the Count, laughs at the fête,
As though he were a princely lord,
To whom our joys but fun afford.

Come, get you gone, be off, decamp,
You idle, good-for-nothing scamp.

Switchem. Come, wife, be calm, your anger suage;

He's very young, he'll mend with age.

Marg. That may be true, but still you know
You always screen him from the blow.

Switchem. Yes, I protect him, since a child
I found him in the heather wild,

Marg. And gave him shelter, clothes and bread,
Since which time all peace has fled.

Switchem. Poor lad, forsaken by each friend,
Our task shall be you to defend.

Marg. That's very well, the child we've guarded,

And scant thanks have our pains rewarded.

Henry. O mother, could I show you how—

Switchem. Soft bend, not twist the tender bough;
What matters if green leaves abound,
So long as the root is fresh and sound.

Marg. That's very well, mark what I say,
He'll turn and rend you one fine day.
Now, Bertie, dear, come up with me,
We'll dress ourselves the fête to see.

(*Exeunt MARGARET, BERTIE laughing; the Girls follow.*)

SCENE V.

SWITCHEM, HENRY.

Switchem. Get ready, boy, nor mind the
jeering laugh.

Henry. Father, give me a knapsack and a staff,
That I may work, come woe, come danger,
To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

Henry. (No. 3. ARIA.)

I must leave you, seeking yonder
All the love to me denied;
Through the wide world let me wander,
Finding peace for which I've sighed.
O'er the far off purple mountains
I may seek my home once more,
Where the trees and flowers and fountains
Love and peace and hope restore.

My poor heart with sorrow weightied,
Longing yearns that hope to find.

Let me go! for me 'tis fated,
Never rest, or peace of mind.

Let me go, for on the morrow
All my griefs renewed will start;

Pardon, father dear, my sorrow
Swells and breaks my laden heart.

Switchem. How can you your food provide,
Wandering this cruel world so wide?

Henry. If I'd the fiddle, who can tell?
I think I should do very well.

Switchem. The fiddle's not a loaf of bread,
Or ought that may be used instead.
No, Henry, no, you must not go,
You're far too young to travel so;
Besides, you know I'm truly burning
To see you get on with your learning.

Henry. From door to door, to help my need,
The music's voice for me will plead;
I shall do well, my heart would rove
Free as the bird in heav'n above.

Switchem. A vagabond life at the best, my boy;
Rest longer here, your time employ
In learning—you are still quite young.
What, if my good wife has a tongue?
E'en I at times do feel its stings
Without good cause, my brain oft rings
With her shrewd clatter, oft abuse;
She means well, that's her best excuse.
Give up the thought; at any rate
Prepare with me to see the fête,
Its fun and glee and rare delights,
Come share the cheerful sounds and sights

Henry. Dear father, let me here remain,
The fiddle's voice will soothe my pain.
Go you and join the festal throng,
I have no heart for mirth and song.

Switchem. Well, here's the fiddle; be at rest,
Let no sad thoughts disturb your breast,
And in the garden by the rill
Go show the little birds your skill.

(*Exit HENRY, playing a soft, melancholy melody (No. 8), which grows fainter and fainter until it ceases.*)

Switchem. He is indeed a curious child;
His mother, perhaps a gipsy wild.
In narrow house he's ne'er at home,
He loves in open air to roam;
In solitude he takes delight,
The sadness of the gloomy night
Most welcome is to his strange soul.
Listen how wild and sweet the roll
His cadences make on the ear;
Why starts unbid the silent tear?
I love the boy, and he loves me,
Although he's wayward, daring, free;
Would Bertie could but show in part
His tender, loving, truthful heart.

(*Violin ceases.*)

SCENE VI.

When SWITCHEM finishes speaking, BERTIE enters
dancing, dressed up ridiculously.

(No. 4.)

Bertie. Am I not a pretty boy,
Daddy's pet and mammy's joy,
Straight as dart and round as pippin,
Sweet as sugar, fat as dripping;
Chatty as a paroquet,
Am I not a pretty pet?

Switchem. Vain as any marmoset.

Bertie. Dress'd so neat, so spick and span,
Like a little gentleman,
I can talk like book so learned,
Rhymes and verse I've nicely turned;
Head and hands I know to use,
I'm a duck so neat and spruce.

Switchem. Yes, you are a duck or goose.

Bertie. And my mother's shrill tones soften,
When she calls me sugar-cane.

Switchem. Cane, without the sugar, often
Might his self-conceit restrain.

(*Speaking.*)

Tell me, now, you little pet,
Do you know your poem yet?

Bertie. Yes, if nicely you will ask,
I will say to you my task.

Switchem. Well, then, my genius, start away,
Commence the lyric, epic, lay.

Bertie. Just like the ready sun,
Which rises in the East,
Begins his daily run
To welcome you, you beast.

(*Runs off.*)

Switchem. "You beast," quoth he. How droll!
His brain may likened be to sieves;
Nothing keeps in his stupid poll,
And yet his mother him believes
To be a genius, time will show
Which power the greater, most will grow.

SCENE VII.

SWITCHEM, the NEIGHBOUR, and then MARGARET.
(No. 5. TERZETTO.)

Neigh. Think, good master, what's been done,
Out of breath the way I've run.

Switchem. Gracious! is your husband dead?

Neigh. Oh! my grief will turn my head.

Switchem. Have your children smashed their bones,
Or the house blown down, a heap of stones?

Neigh. Dear me, I can't think it true.

Switchem (aside). Pale her face, of ghastly hue.

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. What's this noise, why this cry,
Tell me, tell me, quick reply?

Neigh. I want vengeance, vengeance burning,
Vengeance on the murd'rous hand.

Switchem. For why are you this way turning?

Neigh. That revenge you may command.
Your boy Henry, that wicked monster,
Has—oh, deed without a likeness—
Kill'd and murder'd.

Switchem & Marg. Kill'd and murdered?

Neigh. Give your word the rogue to punish.

Switchem & Marg. We agree the rogue to punish.

Neigh. Know, then, that my dear old tabby,
Gentle, playful as a babby,
Has been slain in manner shabby.

Switchem. So you come with face so flabby,
Bursting like with rage to choke;
Take my word, 'tis all a joke.

Neigh. & Marg. All a joke.

Oh, the poor dear tabby kitten.

Switchem. Laughing will my sides be splitten.

Neigh. Ah! he was so good and pleasing,
Friendly, playful, used his jaws,
Saucy children left their teasing,
When they felt his gentle claws.

Neigh. & Marg. Yes, yes, vengeance, for vengeance I'm
thirsting,

Vengeance, justice on him I'm bent.

Switchem. Ha! with laughter I'm bursting,
As with anger and rage they are spent.

Marg. Now you see, as it appears,
The sort of fruit your pet tree bears.

Neigh. For such a cruel, wicked action,
I must at least have satisfaction.

Marg. The boy shall leave the house to-day,
Nor moment more than needful stay.

Switchem. You might make less ado, at least;
How much will pay you for the beast?

Neigh. Gold won't restore him.

Marg. Poor dear cat;
The boy shall leave the house, that's flat.

Switchem. How was it done? You do not
mention;

The boy'd, I'm sure, no bad intention.

Marg. No matter how 'twas done; we part,
It shows a cruel, wicked heart.

Switchem. Suppose by accident he died?

Marg. Look, there he is the hedge beside.

Switchem (calls him).

Henry, my lad, just step this way.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Yes, father.

Marg. (to Neighbour). Off he packs this day.

Switchem. Why did you kill the pussy cat?

Henry (pointing to Neighbour).

Oh, father, ask, she'll tell you that.

Switchem. Did you of wanton malice slay it?

Henry. Father, to you the truth I'll say it,
But her it can't the least concern.

Neigh. In spite he did this evil turn.

Henry. Knowing so well, why question me?

Marg. Enough, he has confessed, you see;
You find I'd judg'd the wretch correctly.
Pack up your things and leave directly.

Switchem. Wife, mother!

Marg. (peremptorily). Quick, come, out you go.

Henry. You'd scarcely need repeat your cry,
I'm glad to go. Father, good-bye.
God bless you all, perhaps again
We ne'er may meet. (*Exit.*)

Switchem. (runs after him). Henry, remain.

Marg. who, with the Neighbour, keeps Switchem back.

Let him go, 'tis my belief
You'd pray the rogue return. In brief
Would ask him kindly to postpone
His hurried flight, and you'd atone
For all the treatment he's received.
Are these your thanks to me, I ask,
For ending thus a hopeless task?
He's not the first young man been hurled
Alone to battle with the world.

Switchem (aside). If I recall him to the door,
She will not love him aught the more;
Besides, his spirit, proud and high,
Is better free alone to fly.
My heart is sore, and sad bereft,
Without one parting word he's left.
Heav'n grant a happier time, when he
And I may meet and peaceful be.

(*Walks up and down pensively.*)

Marg. I trust the punishment and blame
Have satisfied your vengeful aim.

Neigh. My gratitude I scarce can say.

Marg. See, my dear children, come this way.
Enter MARY and FLORIE, with their Bouquets.
Are they not handsome from shoe to tie.

Neigh. That can be seen with half an eye;
So well behaved, no beauty wanting,
Dear Bertie's smile is most enchanting.

Bertie. Mother, make Florie, quiet, do,
She's pinching me all black and blue.

Marg. Fie, Florie—leave off, cease to tease.

Florie. Why does he pull my flowers, please?

Marg. (to Neigh.).
You may depend one's not mistaken
In bringing children up quite strictly;
It pays for all the trouble taken.

Mary & Florie.
He's sticking us with something prickly.

Marg. Give me the needle, Bertie, dear.
(Takes it from him.)
A serious word excites his fear.
One must perceive 'twas meant in fun.

Bertie. Mother, what has Henry done?

Marg. He's gone; the Bogie's got him tight.

Bertie. What's Bogie like?

Marg. A great red beak, all black and green,
And naughty boys, with great sharp teeth,
He eats them up, no more they're seen.

Bertie. How can you, mother? what a crack!

Marg. Indeed, its true.

Enter DUNDERHEAD, in a green and black uniform, large hat, sword, red nose. The Children run away, saying:
Children. The Bogie black!

(No. 6. QUARTETT.)

Dun. Schoolmaster, schoolmaster.

Switchem. What is it? speak faster.

Dun. Pray send relief,
They're all come to grief.

Switchem. Who are they who have all come to trouble?

Dun. The coach has broken down, and the Count
is bent double.
Call you that nothing?

Switchem. Certainly, pain and grief has come to me.

Marg. Joy now withers

Dun. All to smithers.

Neigh. Dreadful disaster!

Dun. Poor dear master!

Marg. Where didn't shiver?

Dun. By the river.

Switchem. And the festival, you know?

Dun. Might have begun in woe.

QUARTETT.

O tidings, dismaying and frightful,
The fates are for ever so spiteful,
And if in this fearful disaster
He'd fall'n, we no more should had master.
How fast do misfortunes crowd apace,
But, thank heav'n, we shall see his face.

Dun. Right it is all turns out,
The Count is safe, without a doubt;
If't had been wrong, each could discern
The fête to mournful end would turn.

Switchem. I hope you sent a fresh conveyance
To fetch him.

Dun. Yes, thoughts in abeyance
Now crowd my mind, my brain's in throes;
I know I've something to disclose.

Switchem. Something of consequence, I'll swear.

Dun. Yes.

Switchem. Pressing, urgent, have a care.

Dun. True; there's danger in delay.

Switchem. Must it be done this very day?

Dun. It must, and yet I can't recall
Aught about the work at all.

Marg. It can't be much import.

Switchem. I'll go
And see the bailiff, perhaps he'll know.
(Exit.)
(MARGARET takes affectionate leave of the NEIGHBOUR, and exit.)

Dun. (to himself).
I'm worried, wearied, worn to death,
Now here, now there, scarce time for
breath,
I'm sought for, and in turn I seek,
And all for eighteen bob a week;
One half of all I've undertook
Is quite forgot; where is my book?
(Is going.)

(The NEIGHBOUR, having watched MARGARET out of sight, comes forward and keeps DUNDERHEAD back,)
(No. 7. DUETT.)
(Exeunt.)

Neigh. Beadle, let me claim assistance,

Dun. Now good cousin what's the row;

Neigh. My poor cat without resistance,
Henry murdered even now.

Dun. Your poor pussy, how alarming,
Famous mouser? playful, charming?
(Takes out his pocket book and writes.)
Tom cat k'lled, of rare good breeding.
When was't?

Neigh. Just now.

Dun. (writing) Rare good breeding,
Just now. Where was't?

Neigh. By the gate.

Dun. (writing) Breeding, just now, by the gate;
(To the Neighbours.)
Was the cat a tabby gray,

Neigh. Truly, truly,

Dun. (writing) Tabby gray;
Name the miscreant, name the rascal?

Neigh. Henry,

Dun. What else?

Neigh. I can't say.

Dun. He is sure to be a rascal,
Having neither home nor name;
But I'll find him never never fear me,
Him I'll seize if he comes near me;
And I'll check his little game,
I'm the majesty of law.

Neigh. Beadle strong, the boy of sin,
Follow, follow, run him in. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT II.

An open space before the Castle, which is supposed to be on the right. Triumphal Arch, with Flags, Festoons, &c.

SCENE I.

SWITCHEM and MARGARET, talking.

Switchem. Just think how wicked ways are crost:
The boy yet lives, in childhood lost.
They're on his track, and soon will find,
Our Henry had a noble mind.

Marg. Our Henry noble? pray what next?
Be quiet, or you'll make one vex.

Switchem. It may turn out as I suppose.

Marg. (laughing).

You make the tears run down my nose.

Switchem. Just hear the story, hear the tale.
Within a gloomy, lonely vale,
Our Count's young brother lived secure.
One night, when all seemed safe and sure,
A gang of gipsies, wild and savage,
Swooped on the house, to rob and ravage.
The Count was killed, his loving wife
By treach'ry was deprived of life.
Their faithful servant knows it all,
I cannot now his name recall;

(Thinking) Yes, George it was, the danger braved
And by a miracle was saved.

The Count's young son, then five years old
Was stol'n, and perhaps to slav'ry sold.
At all events, some years have past,
And now a clue's obtained at last
Where he is living, safe and sound.
The tale agrees with all the pains
Poor Henry's mem'ry yet retains
Of robbers, flames, and fearful cries,
And now behold the glad surprise
Our Henry, gentle, clever, fair,
May prove to be the noble's heir.

Marg. Your brain's received a violent shock;
He never came of noble stock.

Switchem. The bailiff whom I met just now
Told me this truth I now avow;
He bade me bring the boy in haste
Here to the fête, no time to waste.
His friends can tell the child they stole,
By some peculiar mark or mole.
Alas! I had to tell him straight
He had been driven from our gate.
Oh, had he ne'er been made to flee,
Good fortune to our house might be.
If I but knew which way to go,
I'd seek for him both high and low.
I have sent kindly neighbours out,
To gather tidings round about;
But all is hopeless, for to-day
I cannot lead them, but must stay,
The festal music to direct,
Yet still I can't success expect,
With such a burden on my mind;
I hope they soon will Henry find.

Marg. The past is past, no use to strive
To mend it; see, the folks arrive,
Our chicks in front, oh, best of pleasures,
Bearing wreaths and flow'ry treasures.

Enter the Villagers, headed by MARY, FLORIE, and BERTIE, bearing Wreaths, Flowers, &c.

Switchem (with an important air).

Children, range yourselves in order,
Girls form centre, boys a border;
And when the Count appears, together
Give three cheers, with lungs of leather;
Smallest ones stand in front rank,
Thus you form a flowery bank.
Hold your bouquets lower, flatter,
Silence! silence! do not chatter.
Pay good heed to all I say,
Do not push, more round that way.
You've all got copies, come, don't crowd,
Don't sing too soft, nor yet too loud.

Marg. Now, Bertie, dear, here take your stand,
With three nice bows, stretch forth your hand,

Speak out quite bold, with right goodwill,
His lordship will commend your skill.

(Post-horn heard outside.)

Switchem. Order, now the Count approaches,
Plain I hear the noise of coaches.

Behave well, mind your notes, their bearing,

Nor gape about, with eyes full staring.

(Crosses left.)

Marg. (to Bertie). Keep still do, don't fidget so.

Bertie. My poem I no longer know.

SCENE II.

*Enter the COUNT, the BAILIFF, GEORGE, and a Servant
All cry "Hurrah!"*

Switchem. Your worship, we've assembled here

To welcome you, our mighty Peer,
Our humble efforts pardon pray
For all their best have done to-day.
My little son, if you're disposed,
Will speak a poem he's composed.
Its lines may rough and rude appear,
Yet deign to lend your lordly ear.
The motive's good. Now, Bertie, please,
Step forward and recite at ease.

Bertie (greatly embarrassed.)

Just like the suddy run—no;
Just like the ruddy sun,
Which yeastes in the rise—no;
Which rises in the East,
So you come to our eyes,
To shine like any beast,
So you appear, and we
Sit up all night to see,
The flow'ry wreaths appear
Upon the sands you hear,
And we come—I come—all come—
Giving you a welcome,
And like the ruddy sun—
Begins his daily run—
His daily—daily run—
Just like the ruddy sun—
His run—his daily run.

Neigh. (aside.)

He begins with a run, with a run on he goes,
Runs down with a run, and near falls on
his nose.

Count. Thank you, your verse will bring you
fame.

Tell me this clever scholar's name.

Switchem. His name is Bertie; he's my son.

Count. Well, Bertie, you've good gifts, 'tis true,

Switchem. One third the verse had only run;
May't please you hear the poem through?

Count. Don't trouble him, I'll spare the end,
The rest will gentle fancy lend.

MARY and FLORIE hand their Bouquets, saying:

Together. Please accept these flowers sweet,
Hues and scents combining;
Happiness and glory meet,
Ever on you shining.

Count. Thank you kindly, children, thank you
from my heart,
Thank you, good schoolmaster, for your
friendly part.

(Gives the Bouquets to his Servant.)

Your good intent delights me quite.
You've all the village here in sight.

Switchem. Yes, your worship, all the load,
Now we'll sing our festal ode,
In which our feeling's fully shown,
Words and music all mine own.

Count. Begin, then. *(To the Bailiff)* Is there
more in store?

Bailiff. They've done their best, could do no
more.

Count. Where is the boy whose steps we trace?

Bailiff. My lord, they've driven him from the
place.

A sad mishap, when all seemed sound;
He's run away, and can't be found.
Our scouts return or, failing, halt;
For all our pains, we're now at fault.

*(Continues to talk quietly to the Count, while SWITCHEM
arranges the Choir, and gives the signal to begin.)*

CHORUS No. 1.

Hail! his noble lordship hail! &c.

*(The singing is suddenly interrupted; noise is heard. All
look to the left.)*

Switchem. Will you pay attention? singing
needs improving;
Careless little monkies, what makes you
all keep moving?

Children. Henry is arrested; look! oh, look!
dear master.

Bailiff. Bring him this way, Beadle; can't
you come here faster?

SCENE III.

*(BEADLE brings HENRY handcuffed, his Fiddle slung on
his back.)*

Switchem. Gracious! what's the matter, Henry,
boy—what's this?

Dun. Cease your idle clatter, this is what's
amiss.

O yes! O yes! O yes!
From information I've received,
Although 'twould scarcely be believed,
This lad's got in a mess,
For he with might and main
A Thomas cat has slain;
An infamous proceeding,
A tabby of good breeding;
Beside the garden fence,
In black malice prepense.
Alas! alack a day!
He's kill'd the tabby gray
Against the peace and ord-
Er of our sovereign lord.
For which he's much to blame;
Besides, he has no name.
For this, his greatest crime,
I caught him just in time.
To expiate his sin,
I now will run him in;
Besides, he won't confess,
O yes! O yes! O yes!

Count. (to Henry.) What is your name? *(To
Beadle)* Stand back a while.

Henry. Henry, my lord.

Count. Your other style.

Henry. Ask Dunderhead; he thinks he knows
All about most things, I suppose.

Count. The harmless cat why did you slay?

Henry. 'Twas accident. I sought to stay
His thievish claws from tearing down
A little nest, with birdies brown;
His tigrish neck I held too well,
For when released, he gasped and fell.

Count. Set free his hands, no more delay.
Is this your fiddle? can you play?

Henry. Not much, my lord; I oft play wrong.

Count. Well, let me hear your voice in song.

*(HENRY sings the same Melody as at the end of SCENE V.
ACT I.)*

No. 8.

In all the world so weary,
As far as eye can see,
Through clouds and darkness dreary,
I know not where to flee.
From where buds sweet are blowing,
Where sunshine gilds the sky,
To where the stars are glowing,
Lonely am I.

The stream from mountain swelling,
Flows laughing to the main.
I know no home, no dwelling,
Where rest will ease my pain.
The birds in flocks so gladly,
Fly happily on high,
I wander, wander sadly,
Lonely am I.

George, the Valet (joyfully to the Count).

My lord, this is the boy, I'm sure ;
No longer need our search endure.
He sings his dear lost mother's lay,
Which I've not heard for many a day.

Count. Would it were so ; come near, my lad.
Your voice is good, your music sad.
Come nearer, give your hand as well.
Where is your home ?

Henry. I cannot tell.

Switchem. He is a lonely orphan child.
I found him on the heather wild,
By gipsies he was left behind
While yet he slept. I well do mind
I brought him home, reared him with care,
With loving heart no pains did spare,
Until to-day he left my home,
To please my wife, afar to roam.
Sad sorrow this did bring to me ;

George. I see the scar, my lord, 'tis he.

Count. Schoolmaster, you're confused, art pale.

Switchem (throws himself on his knees).
My lord, forgive me, no avail
Were all my words ; I strove in vain
To get him to come back again.

Henry. 'Twas not his fault, my lord, but mine.
I ran away myself, a sign
Of wilfulness and bad intent.

Count. Rise up, rise up, your kindly bent ;
I recognise—nay, I would kneel
To you, did I do all I feel
I ought, for all your kindly care
Of this poor boy. Name your reward,
My gratitude wealth shall afford.
This is my brother's only son.

(All are astonished.)

Come to my heart, my long lost one.

(Embraces HENRY.)

Switchem. My eyes are dim with joyful tears.

Marg. My conscience plagues with dreadful fears.

My lord, forgive ; had I but known,
Some greater kindness I'd have shown.

Dun. If I'd a known who he'd have been,
I never would have run him in.
O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! O yes !
This Beadle's in a pretty mess.

Count. If by design this had been brought,
No better end could have been wrought.
Accept my thanks for this fair fête.

Switchem. My lord, I'm proud your will to wait.

(To HENRY, bowing.)

My noble sir,

Henry. Dear father, no,
Speak as before, not stiffly so.
I'm just the same, to you at least.
Of noble birth I am, they say,
My right to rank has never ceased,
But no one knew it till this day.

George. My lord, my cup of joy is full.

(Embraces HENRY.)

Count. Let's now within the castle go,
Your history I long to know.
Your rights shall be maintained, and more,
My wealth in time shall swell your store.
To mark this day, I call you all,
To feast now spread in ancient hall.
Each one of Henry's friends, his guest.

Henry, I ask you all, and leave the rest.
Uncle, awhile I'd be alone,
With these good folks I'll come anon.
Dear father, dear mother, forgive me,
your boy,
For all the sad trouble, the pain, and
annoy.

Poor Henry will leave you,

Rich Henry remains,

Nor slighting deceive you

For all your good pains.

Your future rest shall be my care,
Nought shall you lack while I've to spare.
The neighbour's cat, whose blood I spilt,
I'll have well stuffed, and cased with gilt.

His early death has been my rise,
As has been proved to my surprise.

No malice can I bear for that,

For if I had not killed the cat,

Our Beadle had not run me in,

And had I never been in run,

I might have wandered till the sun

Had sunk on me in woe for ever,

Therefore the cat forget we never.

(No. 9. CHORUS.)

Now raise all your voices in joy and in song,
Hurrah for our Henry and may he live long,
Be praised the change in his happy fate,
Be praised the power restoring his state ;
To Him in high heaven, all glory be given,
Sorrow He sendeth, sadness allays,
And leads to His fold every lambkin that strays.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
1. CHORUS: _ "Hail! his noble lordship"	10.
2. SONG AND CHORUS: _ "Once there was a mousy"	14.
3. AIR: _ "I must leave you"	16.
4. DUET: _ "Am I not a pretty boy?"	18.
5. TERZETT: _ "Think, good master, what's been done"	22.
6. QUARTETT: _ "Schoolmaster! Schoolmaster "	31.
7. DUET: _ "Beadle, let me claim assistance"	36.
8. AIR: _ "In all the world so weary"	41.
9. FINALE: _ "Now raise all your voices"	43.

POOR HENRY.

Nº 1. CHORUS.

Jos. Rheinberger.

Allegro non troppo ♩ = 112

Curtain rises. Switchmen with the school children, boys and girls, practising the Song of Welcome

f Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship
f Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship
f Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship

hail! Hail him, Hail him, Haill
 hail! Hail him, Hail him, Haill
 hail! Hail him, Hail him, Haill

mf Home-ward he from far sets sail. All his friends de-

mf Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

mf Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

p

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

f

tongues pro - claim, Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim. Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim. Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

ff

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Switch.(stopping chor-
us) You mustn't yell
the "Hail" like that, etc.
We'll start now from
the pause again.

p very softly

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Switch. That's very
tame.

Bawling.

SWITCH. singing alone.

Welcome thoughts surround his name.

ff

Switch. Stop, stop, try again.

ff CODA after the sign \oplus

CHORUS.

from the commencement.

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill

ff

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill

ff

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Haill

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

Haill Haill Haill Haill Haill

Henry. Mind how you chant the chorus neatly,
When I sing of the mouse who was trapped completely.

Nº 2. SONG AND CHORUS.

Allegretto parlando.

HENRY. GIRLS.

Verses I. II.

HENRY.

Once there was a
Hard - ly had the
And the lit - tle

mous - y, Wand - 'ring at his ease, Saw a lit - - tle
mous - y, Time to taste the cheese, When up closed the

mous - y, Clev - er lit - - tle boy, From the lit - - tle

mous - y, In which hung some cheese, Mous - y smelt the tempt - ing bait,
hous - y, Mak - ing his blood freeze, Close con - fined he bit and tore,
mous - y, Crept out full of joy, From which comes the prov - erb sage,

Sweet and rich and nice, And for joy no more did wait,
 With his lit - tle might, Till his teeth a hole did bore,

They who dan - ger scout, Like the mous - y in the cage,

Terzett (girls.)

Popp'd in in a trice, And for joy no more did wait,
 Thro' the pris - on tight, Till his teeth a hole did bore,

Bite them.selves well out, Like the mous - y in the cage,

Popp'd in in a trice.
 Thro' the pris - on tight.

Bite them.selves well out.

Henry. To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

Nº 3. AIR.

HENRY.

Expressive ♩ = 72.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Expressive' with a tempo of 72 beats per minute. It features a treble and bass staff. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

HENRY.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "I must leave you seek-ing yon - - der, All the love to me de- My poor heart with sor-row weight - ed, Long-ing years that home to". The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- nied, Thrd the wide world let me wan - - der, Find - ing peace for which I've find, Let me go, for me 'tis fa - ted, Nev - er rest or peace of". The piano part continues with similar harmonic support, maintaining the *pp* dynamic.

sighed
mind

O'er the far - - - off pur - ple
Let me go, for on the

moun - tains, I may seek my home once more, Where the trees and flow'rs and
mor - row, All my grief re-new'd will start, Par - don fa - - - ther dear my

foun - tains, Love and peace and hope re - store, Love — and peace and hope re -
sor - row Swells and breaks my lad - en heart, Swells and breaks my lad - en

- store.
heart.

Switchem. His tender loving trustful heart.

Nº 4. DUET.

BERTIE AND SWITCHEM.

Allegretto scherzando. ♩ = 80.

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note runs and accented chords. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando). There are two asterisks (*) below the first and third measures, and a *tra* (trill) marking above the first and fourth measures.

BERTIE.

Bertie's vocal entry begins in the second measure. The melody is simple and melodic. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* (piano). There are two asterisks (*) below the first and third measures, and a *tra* (trill) marking above the first measure.

Am I not a
Dress'd so neat so

The vocal melody continues across four measures. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo). There are two asterisks (*) below the first and third measures, and a *tra* (trill) marking above the first measure.

pret - ty boy, Dad - dy's pet and mam - my's joy, Straight as dart and round as pip - pin,
spick and span, Like a lit - tle gen - tle - man, I cantalk like book so learn - ed,

Sweet as sug - ar, fat as drip - pin', Chat - ty as a par - o - quet, Am I not a
Rhymes and verse I've nice - ly turn - ed, Head and hands I know to use, I'm a duck so

cresc.

SWITCHEM aside.

pret - ty pet, a pret - ty pet. Vain as an - y
neat and spruce, so neat and spruce. Yes, you are a

f

mar - mos - et, as an - y mar - mos - et, a mar - mos - et.
duck or goose, you are a lit - tle goose, a lit - tle goose.

Presto $\text{♩} = 92$.

BERTIE.

And my mother's shrill tones soft - en, When she calls me sug - - ar cane,

p legg: stacc:

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en Might his

self con - ceit re - - strain, Might his self con - ceit re - -

BERTIE.

- strain. And my mother's shrill tones soft - en, When she calls me sug - ar cane.

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en Might his self con -

BERTIE.
 When she calls me sug - ar cane, When she calls me sug - ar

SWITCHEM.
 - ceit re - strain Might his self con - ceit re - strain.

cane, When she calls me sug - ar cane,

Canewith out the sug - ar oft - en, Cane with - out the sug - ar

When she calls me sug - ar cane.

often Might his self con - ceit re - strain.

Switchem. Which power the greater, most will grow.

Nº 5. TERZETT.

NEIGHBOUR. MARGARET. SWITCHEM.

Allegro agitato. $\text{♩} = 144$.

Piano introduction for the Terzett. The music is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro agitato' with a tempo of 144 beats per minute. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cre* (crescendo). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

NEIGHB.

Musical score for the Neighbor's first part. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Think good master what's been done, Out of breath the way I've". The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps. Dynamics include *do.* (do) and *f* (forte).

SWITCH.

NEIGHB.

Musical score for the Switch and Neighbor's second parts. The vocal lines are in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "run. Gracious! is your husband dead? Oh! my grief will turn my". The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *cre* (crescendo).

SWITCH.

cresc.

head! Have your children smash'd their bones, Or the house blown down a heap of

*scen**du*

NEIGHBOUR crying.

stones?

Dear me I can't think it true

*f marc.**dim.**pp*

SWITCH.

MARGARET.

Pale her face of ghastly hue! What's the noise, why this cry? Tell me tell me quick re-

f

NEIGHB.

ply!

I want ven-geance, ven-geance burning,

*dim.**pp*

SWITCH.

f

Ven - geance on the mur - d'rous hand! For why are you this way turning, for why, for

ff *p*

NEIGHB.

Recit.

why? That re - venge you may com - mand. Your boy

marc.

Hen-ry, that wicked monster has, O deed with-out a like-ness, Kill'd and mur-der'd.

p

NEIGHB.

MARG.

SWITCH.

Give your word the rogue to pun-ish. Know then

Kill'd and mur-der'd. We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

Kill'd and mur-der'd. We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

pp *pp*

ff

that my dear old tab-by, Gen-tle, play-ful as a bab-by, Has been slain in man-ner

mp

ff

shab-by.

SWITCH.

So you come with face so flab-by, Burst-ing like with rage to

mp

NEIGHB.

All a joke? a joke?

MARG.

All a joke? a joke?

choke, Take my word 'tis all a joke.

f

Allegro vivo $\text{♩} = 96$

NEIGHB.

MARG.

NEIGHB.

O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by

p

kit-ten. Ah! he was so good and

dolce.

SWITCH.

Laugh-ing will my sides be split-ten.

p

pleas-ing, friend-ly play-ful used his jaws. Laugh-ing will my sides be

SWITCH.

cresc.

split-ten. Sau-cy child-ren left their teas-ing, When they felt his gen-tle

dolce.

p

SWITCH. *marc.* NEIGHB.

claws. Laughing will my sides be split ten. O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten.

MARG.

O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten.

Allegretto vivo ♩: 120. NEIGHB.

MARG.

Yes, Yes,

Yes, Yes, vengeance for vengeance she's thirst-ing

ff

vengeance, for vengeance I'm thirst-ing ven-geance, ven-geance, for ven-geance I

ff

ven-geance ven-geance, for ven-geance I

NEIGHB.

burn. — SWICH. (aside) Ah! he

burn. — Hal with laughter I'm burst-ing, As with anger and rage they are spent. —

NEIGH B. (dolefully.)

was so good and pleas-ing, friend-ly, play-ful used his jaws.

MARG.

friend-ly, play-ful used his jaws.

SWITCH.

Hal with laughter I'm burst-ing, as with

Sau-cy child-ren left their teas-ing, When they felt his gen-tle

When they felt his gen-tle

an-ger and rage they are spent. — full of an-ger full of

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, were burn-ing.

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, were burn-ing.

rage. See with an-ger and rage they are

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning. Vengeance,

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning.

spent. See with anger and rage they are spent.

NEIGHB.
vengeance, yes vengeance dire.

MARG.
Venge-ance, venge-ance, for vengeance burn -

NEIGHB.
Vengeance vengeance, vengeance, Jus-tice on him I am bent,

MARG.
-ing, Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Jus-tice on him I am bent, Vengeance

SWITCH.
And I'm laugh-ing, laugh-ing, laugh-ing as with anger and rage they are spent. Hal I'm

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent. Oh! the poor dear tab-by

vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent.

laughing, laughing, laughing, as with anger and rage they are spent.

Andante.

kit-ten. Friendly playful so well

ritard.

Oh! the poor dear tab-by kit-ten. Ah! he was so good and pleasing.

Oh! the poor dear tab-by kit-ten.

Allegro.

bred. Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance!

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance!

I split my sides with laughing, I split my sides with laughing, hal hal

The Children running away. The Black Bogie.

Nº 6. QUARTETT.

DUNDERHEAD. SWICTHEM, NEIGHBOUR, AND MARGARET.

Vivo. $\text{♩} = 160$.

DUNDERHEAD.

Schoolmas - ter! schoolmas - ter!

SWITCH. DUND. *mysteriously* *pp*

What is it? speak fast-er! Pray send re - lief. They've all come to

SWITCH. DUND.

grief. Who are they who have all come to trouble? The coach has broke

dowll, And the Count is bent double, Call you that no-thing?

p

NEIGHB. *f* MARG.

Certain-ly. Certain-ly. Joy now withers

DUND. (to Women) [^] [^] [^] [^]

Call you that nothing

p

DUND. NEIGHB. DUND. MARG.

All to shivers. Dreadful dis-as-ter! Poor dear master! Where did't

DUND. NEIGHB. DUND.

shiver? By the riv.er. What's that? the riv.er? Close by the riv.er.

SWITCH. DUND.

And the fes-tiv-al you know Might have been be-gun in

NEIGHB.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

MARG.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

SWITCH.

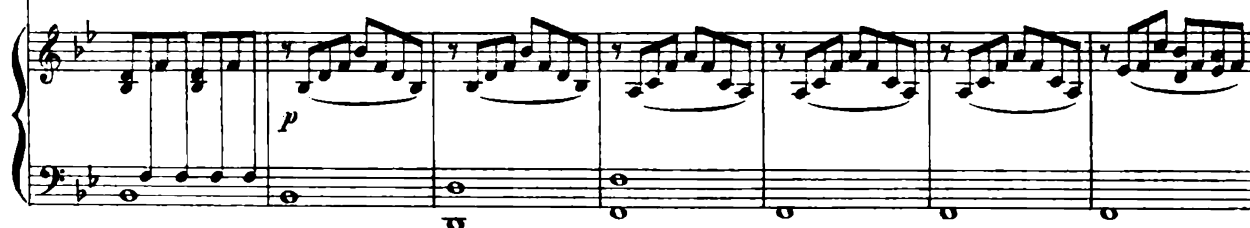
O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

DUND.

woe. O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so



spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

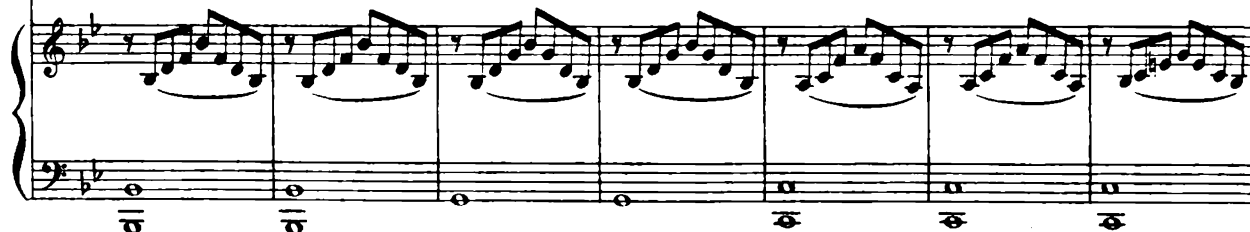
And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no



more should had mas - ter.

more should had mas - ter.

more should had mas - ter. Fast do mis -

more should had mas - ter. How fast do mis - fortunescrowda - pace.

Fast do mis - fortunescrowda - pace. But thank

How fast do mis - fortunescrowda - pace. But thank

- fortunescrowda - pace. But thank

But thank

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand, with a forte (f) dynamic marking at the beginning of the second measure.

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

face. Thank heav'n!

The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic pattern, concluding with a final chord marked with a fermata and a forte (f) dynamic.

Dund. Where is my book? (The neighbour brings him back.)

Nº 7. DUET.

NEIGHBOUR AND DUNDERHEAD.

Moderato. ♩ = 104

NEIGHB. DUND.

Bead - le let me claim ass - is - tance. Now good

NEIGHB.

cous - in what's the row. My poor cat with - out re - sis - tance, Hen - ry mur - der'd ev - en

DUND.

now. Your poor pus - sy? how a - larm - ing, fam - ous mous - er, Play - ful,

(writes)

charm - ing? "Tom cat kill'd of rare good breed - ing."

marc.

NEIGHB.

DUND. Just now. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^

When was't? "Tom cat rare good breed - ing, just now."

p marc.

By the gate. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Where was't? "rare good breed ing, just now by the gate?"

marc.

Tru-ly, tru-ly. (writes.)

Was the cat a tab-by grey? "Just now by the gate, a tab by

marc.

f

Henry. I can't say.

grey." Name the miscreant, name the rascal. What else?

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 182.$

DUND.

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name,

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name, But I'll find him nev - er

fear me, Him I'll seize if he comes near me,

Him I'll seize if he comes near me, And I'll stop his lit - tle

ff

game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of law.

ff (stately)

And I'll stop his lit - tle game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of

NEIGHB.

Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

law. I'm the Bead - le strong and grim fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

p *crsc.*

him in. Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

sf *sf*

fol - low run him in, *O* run him in, Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low,
 fol - low run him in, I'll run him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low,

fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in.
 fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in. I'll

run him in. *O* run him in, run him in, run him in, run him
 run him in. I'll run him in, run him in, run him in, run him

in.
 in.

COUNT. Hear your voice in song.

Nº 8. AIR.

HENRY.

Mournfully.

The piano introduction is in G major, 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts on the second staff with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, followed by a half note F#2, and then a half note E2. The melody continues with a half note D5, a half note C#5, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3. The melody concludes with a half note A4, a half note G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment concludes with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3.

HENRY.
p espress.

The vocal entry is in G major, 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts on the second staff with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, followed by a half note F#2, and then a half note E2. The melody continues with a half note D5, a half note C#5, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3. The melody concludes with a half note A4, a half note G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment concludes with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3.

1. In all the world so wear - y, As far as eye can
2. The stream from moun - tain swell - ing, Flows laugh - . - ing to the

The vocal continuation is in G major, 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts on the second staff with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, followed by a half note F#2, and then a half note E2. The melody continues with a half note D5, a half note C#5, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3. The melody concludes with a half note A4, a half note G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment concludes with a half note D4, a half note C#4, and a half note B3.

see, Through clouds and darkness drear - y, I know not where to
main, I know no home no dwell - ing, Where rest will ease my

flee. From where budssweet are
 pain. The birds in flocks so

blow - ing, Where sun - shinegilds the sky, To where the stars are
 glad - ly. Fly hap - pi - ly on high, I wan - der, wan - der

(sadly)

glow - ing, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am
 sad - ly, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am

I.
 I.

HENRY. Therefore the cat forget we never.

Nº 9. FINALE.

CHORUS.

Allegro molto. $\text{♩} = 104.$

SOPRANO I.

sempre f

SOPRANO II.

Now raise all your

ALTO.

Now raise all your

Now raise all your

marc.

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

long. Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state. To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

giv - en. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. *f* Sor-row He send-eth, *ff* Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays. *ff*

ma re.

AUGENER'S EDITION.

Organ and Harmonium Music. 4to.

D

Organ (Orgue).		s. d	Organ.		s. d	Harmonium & Pianoforte.		s. d
8737a	André. Voluntaries.....	2 Vols. à 3 -	8764a	Lefebvre Wély. 6 Offertoires.....	1 -	8776a	Bennett. The Naiads. Overt.....	2 -
9801	Bach. Organ Works. Vol. I. (Best)	3 -	8765	Mendelssohn. Preludes & Fugues	1 6	8776b	Parisina. do.....	2 -
9802 & 3	E. Vol. II. & III. (Best). à	4 -	8766	Op. 65. 6 Sonatas..... complete	3 -	8776c	Die Waldnymph. do.....	2 -
8740	18 Préludes & Fugues (S. Clark)	3 -	8766a	6 Nos. à	1 -	8777	Chopin. Mazurkas. Op. 7. No. 3	1 -
8742a	Capocci. Perzi Originals. Bks. 1-6	1 -	8770	Mozart. Adagio.....	6 -	8781a	Clark. Flambeaux March.....	1 -
8742a	Ditto. Bks. 7-9. à	1 6	8772	Pauer. March Album.....	4 -	8770a	Gounod. Half-hours with Gounod	2 -
8745	Terra Sonata.....	2 -	8760	Proust. Op. 5. Concerto. Score. 8vo	5 -	8771a	Sacred Half-hours with Gounod	2 -
6751-2	Cecilia. Organ Pieces in diverse styles. Edited by W. T. Best.	12 -	8760a	Organ Part only	3 -	8786a	Löw. Operatic Duets..... 18 Bks. à	1 6
8701-36	Bks. 1-24. Bd. 2 Vols. à	12 -	8761a	Arrangements (Classical). 2 Vols. à	6 -	8787a	Overtures. Fra Diavolo. Zanetta. Egmont. Tell. Siegfried. Corinthe. Freischütz. à	1 6
5837-9	Bks. 37-39. à	1 -	8763	Triumphal March from "Alfred"	1 -	8796	Pauer. March Album. (J. Löw)	6 -
Clark, Scotson. Complete Works:			8771	Rea. 3 Organ Pieces.....	1 6	8788	Proust. Alfred. Score copy.....	7 6
8753a	Vol. I. 15 Marches.....	4 -	8773	Rinck. Selections from his Works	4 -	8789	Triumphal Mch. from "Alfred"	1 6
8753b	Vol. II. 25 Pieces.....	4 -	8774	Organ School..... complete	12 -	8798	Op. 6. Duet.....	3 -
8753c	Vol. III. 23 Pieces.....	4 -	8774a	in 6 Books à	2 6	8785a	Transcriptions..... 3 Bks. à	2 6
8750	First Steps.....	3 -	8767a	Roeckel. Air du Dauphin (Best).....	8 -			
8751	12 Choruses from Handel's Orat.	2 -	Harmonium.					
8752	12 Songs.....	2 -	8775	Bach-Album. (S. Clark).....	3 -	Harmonium Trios & Quartets.		
8754a	Fugues. Collection. (Oblig.) 3 Vols. à	3 -	8775a	Voluntaries..... 3 Bks. à	1 -	7311	Audibert. Andante Relig. <i>H. V. & P.</i>	1 6
8768	Gladstone. Organ Student's Guide	2 6	8778	Clark. S. First Steps.....	3 -	7313	Clark. A te o cara..... <i>H. V. & P.</i>	1 6
8769	Organ Music for Church-use.....	3 -	8779	Voluntaries.....	3 -	7314	Meditation..... <i>H. V. & P.</i>	1 -
Handel-Album for Organ. (Best.)			8780	15 Marches.....	3 -	8781b	Flambeaux March. <i>H. P. V. & C.</i>	1 -
6757-8	2 Vols. bound each 15/-, each	10 6	8782	Frelon. Method.....	3 -	7316	Field. Nocturne (B flat). <i>H. V. & P.</i>	1 6
8757a	in 20 Books, each	1 -	8783	Handel-Album. (S. Clark).....	3 -	Gounod.		
6761	Handel. 1st Organ Concerto (Best)	2 6	8784	Löw. Harmonium Album.....	4 6	6770b	Half-hour with Gounod. 4hs. & <i>H.</i>	2 6
6761a	a Organ 1/6 b Orchestral parts	2 -	8790	Meyerbeer-Album.....	2 6	6771b	Sacred Half-hours..... 4 hs. & <i>H.</i>	2 6
6763	7th Concerto (Best).....	2 6	8797	Pauer. March Album (S. Clark).....	2 6			
6763a	a Organ 1/6 b Orchestral parts	2 -	8791	Rimbault. Harmonium Tutor.....	2 6			
6764	9th Concerto (Best).....	2 6	8792	Verdi-Album. (J. Löw).....	2 6			
6764a	a Organ 1/6 b Orchestral parts	2 -	8793a	Voluntaries..... 4 Bks. à	1 -			
6764b	Handel. 6 Fugues or Voluntaries	2 6	8794a	Wagner-Album..... 2 Vols. à	1 6			
8759	5 Fugues.....	2 6						
8746	Hesse. Organ Works.....	3 -						
8767b	Lee. Gavotte Louis XV. (Gladstone)	8 -						

Vocal Music. Octavo.

A. = Alto. Ch. = Chorus. Cp. = Complete. F. = French. G. = German. I. = Italian. S. = Soprano. T. = Tenor.

Vocal Schools & Exercises.		Songs.		Songs.	
6756	Vocal Exers. & Solfeppios. (Abt)	8809	Abt. F. Favourite Songs. E. & G.	8892	Reinecke. 10 Children's Songs.
6756a	The same. in 2 Bks. à	8811	Children's Songs..... E. & G.	Op. 196. E. 4to	2 -
6783	Balfe. The Italian Sch. of Singing. 4	8806	Beethoven. Songs. E. & G. Bd. 6/6	8893	50 Children's Songs. 4to. Bd. 7/6
6793	Class Singing School (Heale). cp.	8807	Favourite Songs. Transposed..	in 5 Parts. 4to. à	1 -
6793a	I. The Slave, Clefs, Notes, the natural Scale, &c. Exercises, Solfeppgi, & Songs. (All in the key of C)	8810	Bennett. Songs. Op. 23. E. & G.	8894	50 Children's Songs. Voice Part. 8vo
6793b	II. Exercises, Solfeppgi, & Songs, in all major keys	8812	Berlioz. Les nuits d'été..... F.	8896	Rounds (Singing & Dancing) E. & F.
6793c	III. Exercises, Solfeppgi, & Songs, in all minor keys	8813	Brahms. 6 Romances..... E. & G.	Rubinstein. 58 Songs. E. & G.	1 6
6793d	IV. Intervals. Chromatic Scale. Exercises, Solfeppgi & Songs. in two parts; Exercises Solfeppgi, Rounds, & Songs, in 3 parts; Rounds & Songs 4 parts	8814	5 Favourite Songs..... E. & G.	8897	Original Bound 6/6
8822	Concone. 50 Leçons de chant.....	8815	Butlow. Heart's Sacrifice. E. & G. 4to	8897a	in 4 Books. à
8822a	in 2 Books each	8816	Op. 26. 2 Romances. E. & F. 4to	8898	Transposed Edition. Bound 6/6
8805	Voice Part only	8827	Della Morea. 4 Canzonette Toscana. 4to. I.	8898a	in 4 Books à
8805a	in 2 Books each	8828	4 Canzonette Toscana. 4to. I.	8900	Schubert. 1st Vocal Album. (Orig.) E. & G. Bd. 7/6
8823	30 Exercises, Suite des 50 Leçons	English Songs (Standard). Revised, Barrett, Dr. Stainer, Dr. Martin, Gadsby, Caldwell, Horner, J. Barnby. E.		8901	Transposed. Bd. 7/6
8823a	Voice Part only (Class Edition)	8830a	3 Books each 22 Songs.....	8902	2nd Vocal Album. E. & G. Bd. 7/6
6791	40 Leçons de Chant. B. or Barit.	8832	Franz. B. 27 Favorite Songs E. & G.	8903	3rd Vocal Album. E. & G. Bd. 7/6
8802	in 2 Bks. à	8836	Gurliitt. 4 Songs. Op. 126. 4to. E.	8904	Maid of the Mill..... Orig.
8802a	School of Sight Singing..... 4to	8839	Hatton, G. F. 6 Songs.....	8904a	Transp.
8802a	Voice Part only. 8vo	8840	Haydn. 12 Canzonets.....	8906	Winter Journey..... Orig.
8801	25 Singing Lessons..... 4to	8842	Hofmann. Lieder. Op. 61. E. & G. 4to	8906a	Transp.
8801a	Voice Part only. 8vo	8844	Hopekirk, H. 4 Songs..... 4to	8906c	Dying Strains..... Orig.
8803	School of Sight Singing for Bass or Baritone. 4to	8844a	Hullah. 58 English Songs. Bd. 5/6	8906c	Transp.
8803a	Part I. School.....	8848	Jackson. Nursery Rhymes..... E.	8906d	24 Favourite Songs..... Orig.
8803b	Part II. Bass Songs.....	8850	Jensen. Gaudeamus, (for B.) E. & G.	8906d	Transp.
8804	School of Part Singing for two Voices. (Lutgen.) 4to	8851	8 Favourite Songs..... E. & G.	8906e	24 Favourite Songs..... Orig.
8804a	Voice Part only. 8vo	8852	Kücken. 12 Favorite Songs. E. & G.	8906f	Transp.
8804b	Bass Part. 8vo	8853	Lassen. Favorite Songs. E. & G.	8906g	24 Favourite Songs..... Orig.
8800	Lütgen. Singing Lessons..... 4to	8854a	Lieder-Album. German Songs. (M.S.) E. & G. 8 Vols. à	8906h	Elysium..... E. & G.
6794	26 Vocalises C. A. or B.....	8856	Liszt. 5 Favorite Songs. E. & G.	8906i	Schumann-Album. E. & G. Bd. 5/-
6795	Solfege facile à 2 voix.....	8858	Loewe. Archibald Douglas. E. & G.	8906j	(Transposed). Bd. 5/-
6795a	in 3 Bks. à	8860	Mendelssohn. Vocal Album. E. & G. Original Bd. 5/6	8906k	Myrtle Wreath. (Original) E. & G.
6799	Nauenburg. Exers. for all Voices	8861	Transposed. Bound 5/6	8906l	(Transposed)
6801a	Nava. Elements of Vocalisation.	8864	Moszkowski. Vale of Tears. E. & G. 4	8906m	Songs for Children. Op. 79.....
6802a	Répertoire de Solfeppgi progressifs Sopr. 4 Bks. à	8865	3 Songs. Op. 26..... E. & G. 4to	8906n	Requiem Op. 90..... E. & G.
6803	and Répertoire de Solfeppgi Sopr. or M.S.	8866	Mozart. Vocal Album. E. & G. Bound 5/-	8906o	Silcher. Songs for the Young, in 2 & 3 parts, for the use of schools
6803a	in 4 Bks. à	8867	Fav. Songs (Transposed). E. & G.	8906p	24 Songs for the Young. (Heale).
		8873	Nicodé. 3 Songs. Op. 15. E. & G. 4to	8906q	Staff Notation with Piano Accomp.
		8886	Nursery Rhymes.....	8906r	Melody only. Tonic Sol-Fa Edition. (McNaught)
		8889	Peel. 25 Songs for Young Singers	8906s	Volklieder-Album..... E. Bd. 4/-
				8906t	in 2 Books à
				8906u	Wagner-Album. (Operatic) E. & G.
				8906v	Weber. Family Singing Book. Bd. 4/-
				8906w	in 2 Books à
				Songs with Piano & another Instrument.	
				8955ab	Album of Songs with Violin. 2 Vols. à
				8956ab	Ditto with Violoncello. 2 Vols. à
				8957ab	Ditto with Flute. 2 Vols. à

Songs with Piano & another Instrument.

8955a	Album of Songs with Violin. 2 Vols. à	2 6
8955b	Ditto with Violoncello. 2 Vols. à	2 6
8957a	Ditto with Flute..... 2 Vols. à	2 6

In ordering mention "Augener's Edition" and Number only.

London: Augener & Co., 86 Newgate Street, E.C. & 1 Foubert's Place, W.