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THREE

OPERETTAS

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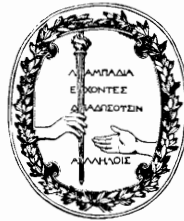
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THREE OPERETTAS

BY
HENRY C. BUNNER

MUSIC BY
OSCAR WEIL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
C. D. WELDON AND C. J. TAYLOR



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WAS

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CHARACTERS

KING THOMAS THE FIRST, *King of the Land of Pie, and head of the House of Grimalkin.*

RINGTAIL, *his Lord High Chamberlain.*

KITCAT, *the Court Jester.*

PRINCE TORTOISESHELL of Caterwaulia	} <i>Princes of neighbor Kingdoms, betrothed to the three Princesses.</i>
PRINCE SPOT of Bacquephensia	
PRINCE VELVET of Miaouwa.....	

PRINCESS KITTY, *the Princess Royal, daughter of King Thomas.*

PRINCESS MALTA..	} <i>Her sisters</i>
PRINCESS ANGORA	

Courtiers and Ladies-in-waiting.

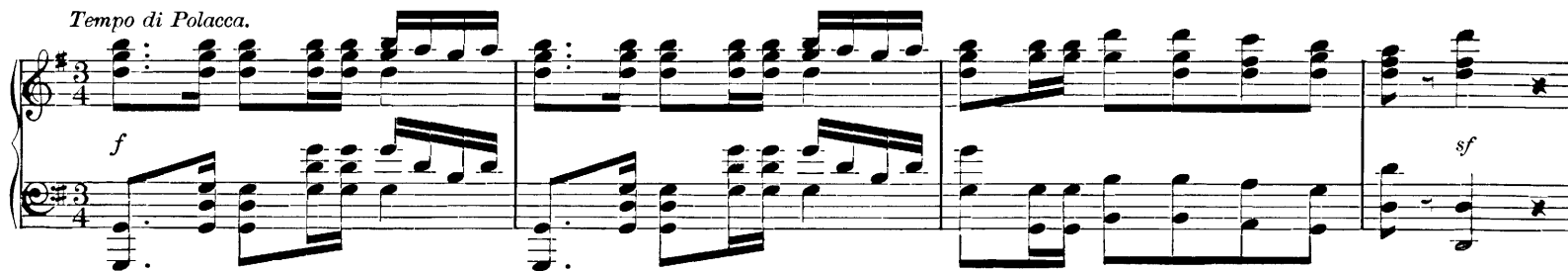
SCENE: The Royal Palace of the Land of Pie.

Time.—Once upon a time.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

INTRODUCTION

Tempo di Polacca.



Tempo di Valse.



THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE



ACT I

A room in the Royal Palace. The King's throne at the back. A lounge on the right-hand side of the room. Princess Kitty is lying on the lounge; Princess Malta the back. and Princess Angora are sitting on low stools, one at the head of the lounge and one at the foot.

KITTY, MALTA, ANGORA, AND CHORUS

Curtain.

Allegro.

f legato.

Sva.....

Sva.

Sva.

sf

sf

sf

CHORUS. *a*

This is the land of Pie, . . . the land of peace and qui - et; we live a lit - tle

p

p

a. "Chorus" always includes all the personages on the stage excepting those who are barred by the dramatic situation.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

SOPRANO.

high, . . . for pie is all our di - et. The du - ty of a man we hold, be-yond all
 The du - ty of a

ALTO.

(The Princesses rise.)

ques - tion, is to eat the most he can, and not get in - di - ges - tion. Our Pies are made of
 man is to eat, etc.

1st SOLO. *a*

2d SOLO.

mince, . . of ap - ple, peach, and cher - ry, of lem - on, currant, quince, and cran and huck - le - ber - ry. We

a These solos may be sung by two of the Princesses.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

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poco lento.

hon - or men of mark with mer - it pies of cus - tard; for those whose lives are dark we make a pie of

vivo. CHORUS. *piu lento.* *vivo.* *Tempo primo.*

mus-tard! A pie of mus-tard! This is the land of Pie, . . . the

SOPRANO.

land of peace and qui - et. We live a lit - tle high, . . . for pie is all our di - et. The

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

du - ty of a man we hold, be - yond all ques - tion, is to eat the most he can, and not get
The du - ty of a man is to eat, etc.

in - di - ges - tion. Dread sug - ges - tion! In - di - ges - tion! *8va.*

poco lento. *piu lento.* *vivo.* *p* *f* *sf*

(Enter, at back, RINGTAIL and KITCAT.)

RINGTAIL (*to the Princesses*). Your Royal Highnesses, | Treasury Pie, which contains the treasures of the royal
I shall now have the pleasure of exhibiting to you the | family.

(Enter, at back, four Courtiers, bearing the huge Treasury Pie. It is full of gold and jewels, which burst out through the crust in various places.)

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

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RINGTAIL AND CHORUS.

Allegro. RINGTAIL.

I'm a Cham-ber-lain lof - ty and

f *p* *non legato.*

stern and se-vere, and a Treas-u-rer al - so am I, and my reg - u - lar task at the

f *p*

CHORUS.

end of the year is to make up the Treas-u - ry Pie. And his reg - u - lar task at the

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

end of the year is to make up the Treas-u - ry Pie. RINGTAIL. Take a pound of fresh ru - bies, a

gal - lon of gold, with pearls heap a quart meas-ure high, a hand - ful of o - pals and

di - a - monds cold, to make up the Treas - u - ry Pie! Our three Prin - cess - es are

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

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soon to be wed to Prin - ces who live ver - y nigh, and each shall re - ceive — so King

CHORUS.

Thom - as has said — a slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie! A slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie, ha, ha! A

ritard. *tempo.* RINGTAIL.

slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie, ha, ha! A slice of the Treas-u - ry Pie! A

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

per - son who hints is the mean - est of men; 'tis a trick that I nev - er would try; but

p

8va.....

when you are mar-ried, oh, rec - ol - lect then that I made you that Treas - u - ry Pie.

p

CHORUS.

A

per - son who hints is the mean - est of men; 'tis a trick that he nev - er would try; But

when {you} are mar-ried, {oh,} rec - ol - lect then that {I made you} that Treas - u - ry Pie!

RINGTAIL. There, young ladies, you behold the Treasury Pie; pastry, but no paste.

THE THREE PRINCESSES (*all together*). Oh, how beautiful!

RINGTAIL (*flattered*). Well, I thought it *was* rather a neat little pun when I made it.

THE PRINCESSES (*all together*). We don't mean the pun; we mean the Pie.

RINGTAIL (*disgusted*). Oh, the Pie! (*To the Courtiers*). Take the Pie away, please.

(*The Courtiers and Ladies-in-waiting all go out at the back, to the music of the first stanza of opening chorus. Ringtail and the Princesses are left on the stage.*)

KITTY. Yes, it is always the same thing, my Lord Chamberlain; you show us the Pie, and then you take it

away from us (*throwing herself on the lounge*). Oh dear me! I am sixteen years old to-day, and I am firmly convinced that the world is a hollow mockery.

MALTA. Yes, one does get such ideas as one grows older.

ANGORA. How very hollow the world must seem to *you*, Lord Ringtail!

RINGTAIL. Young ladies, I can not approve of this sort of talk. Your royal father would be deeply grieved if he heard you. Are you not to be married to three estimable young Princes? Ought not that to make you happy?

ANGORA. It ought to, but it doesn't.

KITTY. You never can tell anything about matrimony.

RINGTAIL (*to Kitty*). Prince Tortoiseshell, who is to

marry you, is a charming young man. Of course—well—I might say—

KITTY (*starting up from the lounge*). Yes, you are quite right. I agree with you entirely. He is unbearable. He is *too* good, *too* brave, *too* handsome, *too* generous, *too* everything. He's too good to live.

RINGTAIL (*to Malta*). And Prince Spot, whom you are to marry, is an excellent young man, although—perhaps—he's rather—

MALTA. I knew you would think so. And it's quite true. He's so lively and vivacious and frivolous and full of fun that he makes my life perfectly gloomy.

RINGTAIL (*to Angora*). And your Prince Velvet—

ANGORA. Yes, that's just it. How you *do* see things, Lord Chamberlain! He's quiet and nice and dignified

and polite, and I hate people who are quiet and nice and dignified and polite. I do wish electricity was invented now; I'd like to give him a shock and wake him up. B-r-r-r!

RINGTAIL (*aside*). Thus do I sow the seeds of discontent in their young minds. They will discard their lovers, and I shall have the Treasury Pie for my own—ha! ha!—my own. (*Aloud.*) Ladies, good-morning.

(*He goes out at back.*)

KITTY. There is no mistake about it, we are the most unhappy girls in the whole world.

MALTA and ANGORA (*together*). We are, we are, we are. So young, so beautiful, and so unhappy!

(*They weep.*)

Trio.—THE PRINCESSES.

Moderato.

KITTY.

I am wea - ry of my love, of my love so brave and true. He is

mp *p non legato.*

much too good for a - ny one, I do not think he'll do; for he nev - er does a sin - gle thing ex -

cept - ing what he should. Yet I feel that I could love him if he would-n't be so good.

MALTA,
I am wear - y of my love, for he's such a live - ly lad that he nev - er gives me chan - ces to be

poco più lento. p *legato.*

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

com - fort - a - bly sad; with his mer - ry ways and man - ners, and his bright and laugh - ing eye, it is

rall. ANGORA. *piu vivace.*

sel - dom I've a chance to get a good, fair cry! I am wear - y of my love, for he's so

p *rall.* *mf Allegretto grazioso e poco leggiero.*

pain - ful - ly po - lite; if he were but some - what rud - er he would just a - bout be right. But his

p

proud and for-mal man-ner, and the stiff-ness of his spine, are so ver-y ir-ri-tat-ing that he

THE THREE. *poco rall.*

nev-er can be mine. We are wear-y of our lov-ers, we are wear-y of our lov-ers, we are

cresc. *poco a poco.*

tempo.

wear-y of our lov-ers for this rea-son and for that. Yes, we know we ought to love them, but we

p. e grazioso.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

don't, and that is flat. We are wear - y of our lov - ers; they are all they ought to

be, but that is just the rea - son why we nev - er can a - gree. We are

un poco crescendo.

wear - y of our lov - ers; they are all they ought to be, but that is just the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics, with a piano instruction *un poco crescendo.* written below the piano part. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in both hands, often with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef.

rea - son why we nev - - - er can a - gree.
8va.....
poco rit.

KITTY. Something must be done at once; that is clear. See! (*she looks off the stage*) here they come to pay us their regular morning call. Let us tell them now, before it is too late, that it never can be. Never!

MALTA. Never!

ANGORA. Never, under any circumstances whatever!

ALL TOGETHER. It never can be!

(*Enter, at back, the three Princes. Each carries a bunch of flowers.*)

Trio.—THE THREE PRINCES. (a)

Tempo di Valse.
p legato e grazioso.
VELVET—I. We

(a) SPOT R; TORTOISESHELL C; VELVET L.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

bring you our po - sies, our po - sies of ro - ses, that ear - ly this morn - ing we gath - ered for

you. Ex - cuse me, but go - ing out ear - ly ex - pos - es one's feet to the chil-blains that

THE THREE.

come from the dew. The gift's not ex - ten - sive, nor ver - y ex - pen - sive, but please to ac -

cept it; 'twas gath-ered for you.

p *poco rall.* *p a tempo.*

SPOT—

2. We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,
That early this morning we gathered for you;
Please lift them with care to your dear little noses,
And put them in water whenever you're through.

THE THREE.—The gift's not extensive, etc.

KITTY. Excuse us—no!

MALTA. Emphatically, distinctly, and decidedly, no!

ANGORA. Just no!

TORTOISESHELL. But what does this mean? You won't have our posies?

KITTY. No. And if you will excuse us, please, we won't have *you*.

TORTOISESHELL. Well, if we hadn't been accepted long ago I should say this was a rejection.

KITTY. It is a rejection. We have changed our minds. I suppose a woman can change her mind?

TORTOISESHELL—

3. We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,
That early this morning we gathered for you;
Each flower a gem of a dew-drop encloses,
And the love that goes with them's clear and as true.

THE THREE.—The gift's not extensive, etc.

Instead of rejecting you first and then accepting you, we have accepted you first and then rejected you. Do you see?

TORTOISESHELL. No. Do we see, Spot?

SPOT. I don't think we do.

TORTOISESHELL. Do we see, Velvet?

VELVET (*bowing*). If the ladies desire it, of course we do.

TORTOISESHELL (*to the Princesses*). Perhaps you'll kindly explain.

KITTY. With pleasure.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

KITTY AND THE PRINCESSES.

Tempo di Valse.

KITTY.

There is a law un-writ-ten,
It's quite a sim-ple mat-ter,

when a girl would an-swer "nay,"
your ad-o-ra-tion bores;

she gives a man a mit-ten,
ex-cuse me if I chat-ter,

and sends him on his
but how's the air out-

way.
doors?

So here's a pret-ty mit-ten,
You seem sur-prised and smit-ten, (a)

it's ver-y neat-ly knit;
you may dis-like the tint;

I hope your
but won't you

(a) She takes a black mitten from her pocket.

hand will fit in,— just let me try a bit. (a) And if your hand won't fit in,
 take the mit-ten, and won't you take the hint? Yes, won't you take the mit-ten,

MALTA.
 ANGORA.

1. why please don't men-tion it. (b)
 and won't you take the hint?

2.

(a) She fits it on TORTOISESHELL'S right hand.

(b) They fit mittens on the hands of the other PRINCES.

TORTOISESHELL. But what have you against us?

KITTY. Nothing, except that you are all—you are all too much so.

MALTA. My idea exactly.

ANGORA. *I* should say that you were all very much too much so.

TORTOISESHELL (*to the Princes*). Gentlemen, what do you call this?

SPOT. I call it the best joke I ever heard.

VELVET. Pardon me; I like a joke well enough, but this isn't the kind of joke I care for.

SPOT. You must need a good deal of a joke when you want to feel funny. What more do you want than this? Don't you think we're about as ridiculous as we can be? Why don't you laugh?

VELVET. If I did feel like laughing I should not laugh *now*. His Majesty the King is coming here—I see him just outside the door—and it would be very improper to laugh.

KITTY, MALTA and ANGORA.

You seem sur - prised and smit - ten, you may dis - like the tint;

KITTY.

but you've got to take the mit - ten, and you'd bet - ter take the hint.

MALTA.

ANGORA.

but you've got to take the mit - ten, and you'd bet - ter take the hint.

TORTOISESHELL (*earnestly, to Kitty*). Dear Kitty, tell me it is only a joke.

KITTY (*smiling*). Yes, it is a joke.

TORTOISESHELL (*eagerly*). Then you do love me?—you will marry me?

KITTY. No; that's the joke.

(Tortoiseshell *clasps his hands in despair*. Enter, at back, the King, preceded by chorus of Courtiers and Ladies. He takes his seat on the throne, while the chorus sings.)

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The first staff is empty, followed by a second staff with the tempo marking "Tempo di Polacca." and a third staff with the dynamic marking "ff Pomposo." The music is written in a grand staff format, with the piano part in the lower staves and the voice part in the upper staves. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the voice part consists of a single line of music. The score is divided into four measures, with the first measure containing the tempo and dynamic markings. The second measure contains the tempo marking "Tempo di Polacca." and the dynamic marking "ff Pomposo." The third measure contains the dynamic marking "sf" and the fourth measure contains the dynamic marking "sf" and a crescendo hairpin.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

CHORUS.

This is the King of the Land of Pie; see him sit on his throne so high! He

sits with grace, and he sits with ease, he sits with grace, and he sits with ease;

but, like oth - er mor - tals, he bends his knees!

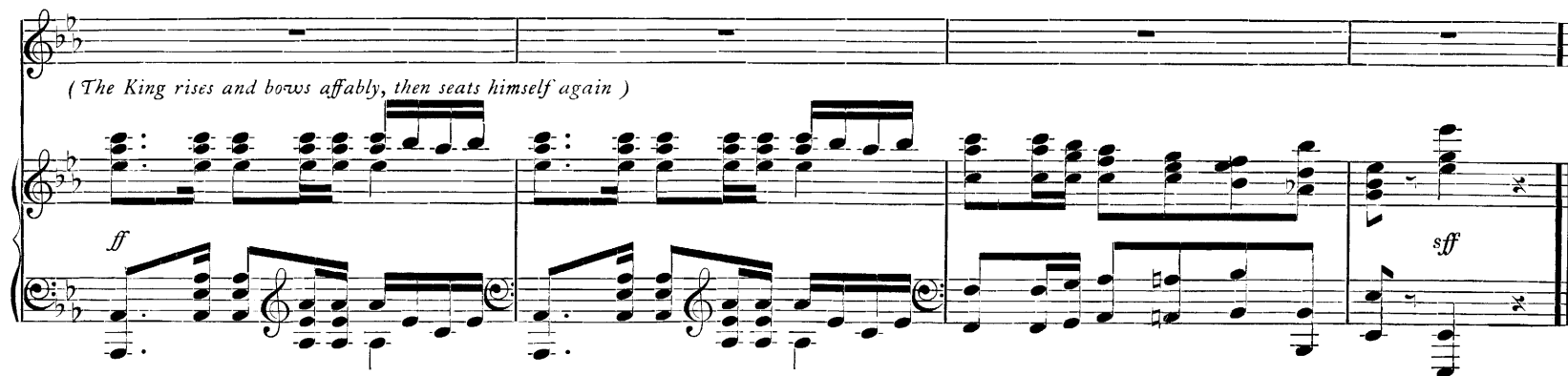
mf

p

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.* *poco a poco.*

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with lyrics about a king in the Land of Pie. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the chorus. The second system contains the second line of the chorus, which includes a piano solo section marked 'cres' - - - - 'cen' - - - - 'do.' followed by 'poco a poco.' The third system contains the third line of the chorus. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *f*. The tempo/mood is indicated by 'poco a poco.' in the second system.



THE KING. Good-morning, my daughters. Good-morning, my future sons-in-law. Good-morning, everybody-else-in-a-lump. Where is my Court Jester?

KITCAT (*entering at back with Ringtail*). Here I am, your Majesty.

RINGTAIL (*severely*). That isn't right.

KITCAT. I beg your pardon. Here we are again, your Majesty. I didn't know I was expected to be funny.

(Ringtail talks with Princes.)

THE KING. Court Jester!

KITCAT. Yes, your Majesty.

THE KING. Jest.

KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty. I am always ready to obey your Majesty and to earn my salary. What will your Majesty have in the way of a jest?

THE KING. Oh, I don't care; anything brilliant, clever, sparkling, and witty—and *new*.

KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty.



KITTY FITS THE MITTEN ON TORTOISESHELL'S RIGHT HAND

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

Riddles—KITCAT AND CHORUS.

Vivace.

Sva.....

f

p

KITCAT.

When is a door not a door?

(a) CHORUS.

KITCAT.

CHORUS.

When it's a - jar; we have heard it be - fore! When is a man not a man? When he's a shav-ing; go

f

p

f

KITCAT.

CHORUS.

on, if you can. Why does a mil - ler wear a white hat? To keep his head warm. We know

f

(a) Take up chorus a little livelier than Kitcat each time.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

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(a)

KITCAT.

all a - bout that, we know all a - bout that, we know all a - bout that, we know all a - bout that. . . . You

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do*.

seem to put spokes in - to all of my jokes, and I think I'll re - tire from the floor; a

p

CHORUS.

joke is no fun, if when it is done, it ap - pears that you knew it be - fore. Yes,

mf

(a) With increasing eagerness.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

we can put spokes in - to all of your jokes, and you'd bet - ter re - tire from the floor; your

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

jokes are no fun, and we've heard every one you be - gun bet - ter done oft be - fore.

(General dance.)

8va.....

f

This system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

This system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE KING. My Lord Chamberlain, is this all the entertainment provided for this morning?

RINGTAIL. No, not quite all, your Majesty. These young gentlemen here have just informed me of something that will greatly entertain your Majesty.

THE KING. Entertain me, then.

RINGTAIL. The Princes have just been rejected by the Princesses, who positively refuse to marry them.

THE KING (*almost falling off his throne*). But—oh!—I say—that won't do. I can't allow that.

RINGTAIL (*aside, to the King*). But it's done, your Majesty.

THE KING (*to Ringtail*). Then it's got to be undone. I've given each one of those Princes, separately and privately, a first mortgage—a *first* mortgage, do you hear, Ringtail?—on the palace, and if my daughters don't marry them, I am a foreclosed King.

KITTY. Yes, papa, we have told the Princes that we will not marry them.

MALTA *and* ANGORA. Yes, papa, all three of us.

KITTY. The fact is, we're tired of them, and so we have given them the mitten. See there!

(*The Princes hold up their hands, with the mittens on them.*)

THE KING. Then take them back at once. Take back those mittens.

TORTOISESHELL. Oh no, your Majesty. When a lady gives a gentleman a present—

VELVET. It wouldn't be polite to give it back.

SPOT. This is really a particularly large joke.

KING (*to Princesses*). Disobedient girls! Hear my commands! Get back those mittens at once, or I disown you. Unless you have those mittens back again before to-morrow you shall never share in the division of the Treasury Pie; and you shall all of you eat mustard tart for the remainder of your lives.

THE PRINCESSES (*falling on their knees*). Oh, horror!

TORTOISESHELL. Your Majesty—be merciful—be merciful to *my* Princess, at least.

THE KING. No! I am firm.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

Finale.—PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

Con fuoco.

THE KING. (a)

No! they shall have no pie!

f

Recitative.

No! they shall have no pie! These naught - y kit - tens have lost their mit-tens, and

tremelo.
p

(a) The part of the King may be declaimed; the rhythm to be preserved as far as possible.

(a) *p* KITTY. *Poco lento, e doloroso*

they shall have no pie! And shall we have no pie! We're al - most read-y to cry; we're

p ANGORA.
p MALTA.

CHORUS. (b)

naught - y kit - tens, we've lost our mit - tens, and we shall have no pie! And they shall have no pie! This

p

listesso tempo. p

(a) The King rises and comes down C.

(b) RINGTAIL, ANGORA, MALTA, KITTY, KING, TORTOISESHELL, SPOT, VELVET, KITCAT. CHORUS grouped around principals.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

comes of look - ing too high! These naught - y kit - tens have lost their mit - tens, and they shall have no

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with triplets. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with triplets and slurs.

TORTOISE. *Allegro moderato.*

pie! I real - ly don't de - ny, they don't deserve their pie; they're

Allegro. f *p* *p* *p*

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with rests. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with slurs and dynamics.

KITTY. poco lento.

naught - y kit-tens, we have got their mit-tens, and they ought to have no pie. And shall we have no

poco lento. THE THREE PRINCESSES.

pie? Not e - ven by and by? Un - for-tu-nate kit-tens, we have lost our mit-tens, but we

CHORUS—*King, Ringtail, Kitcat, Spot, Velvet.*

Allegro. *Allegro.*

No pie! No pie!

8va.....

p *f*

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

With dramatic accent.

want our slice of pie! We're naughty kittens, and have

*Everybody excepting the three Princesses.
Poco più vivace.*

We real - ly can't de - ny, they don't deserve their pie; they're naughty kittens, and have

sf f *p cres*

KITTY.

lost our mittens, we're naught-y kittens, and have lost our mittens, and so we are out of pie. No

lost their mittens, they're naughty kittens, and have lost their mittens, and so they are out of pie.

cen do *sempre.*

pie! oh, my! and so we are out of pie!

Malta and Angora with Chorus.

and so {we/they} are out of pie, and so {we/they} are out of pie!

f *ff* *8va.*

KITTY.

TORTOISE.
out of pie.

MALTA.

ANGORA.
out of pie.

CHORUS.
out of pie.

8va. a tempo. Curtain.

ff ritenuto. *f crescendo.* *ff* *ff* *ff*



“YOUR MAJESTY—BE MERCIFUL—BE MERCIFUL TO MY PRINCESS, AT LEAST!”

INTRODUCTION TO ACT II.

The musical score is divided into four systems, each with a piano (p) and a bass (b) staff. The first system is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro.* and *f* (forte). The second system is in 3/4 time, marked *do.* and *f*, and includes a *rallentando.* section. The third system is in 3/4 time, marked *Tempo di Valse.* and *p e poco leggero.* (piano and a little light). The fourth system is in 3/4 time, marked *p* (piano) and *piu legato.* (more legato).

Allegro.
f
f
f
cres
cen

do.
f
rallentando.

Tempo di Valse.
p e poco leggero.

p
piu legato.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE



ACT II

The same room in the same Palace. Ringtail is discovered, L. Kitcat enters C, but does not observe Ringtail; comes down to R front.

RINGTAIL (*at right of stage, aside*). All goes well for me. If I can only get those Princes dismissed from the court I shall still retain command of the Treasury Pie. How fortunate for me that I was born villainous! I should have been a terrible failure as an honest man.

KITCAT (*at left of stage, aside*). I see his little plot, and I will plot against him. Everybody spoils *my* jokes, and now I am going to see if I can't do a little spoiling myself.

THE KING (*entering hurriedly, right*). Ha, you are

there, my faithful Ringtail! I must consult with you. Kitcat, summon my daughters and the whole court. Now *don't* joke—*please* don't joke—go and hurry them up. [*Exit Kitcat, left.*] Ringtail, what is to be done? If these Princes don't get my daughters they will take the palace. Three first mortgages, Ringtail! Do you understand the situation? They will take the Treasury Pie and everything else; and they'll sell my crown for a muffin-ring. O Ringtail, what shall I do?

RINGTAIL. I feel deeply for your Majesty; but I don't

see what your Majesty can do. The Princesses cannot demand their mittens back again. You know the Constitution and By-laws of the Land of Pie, Article 97, Chapter III.? — “Chip, chip, chay, give a thing away; never take it back again, chip, chip, chay!”

KING (*walking up and down*). But we've got to have them back again, chip, chip, chay!

RINGTAIL. Here they come, your Majesty.

(*Enter at back the Princesses and the Princes, with Kitcat and Chorus.*)

Allegro.

(a) CHORUS.

1. This is a ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble muss; we're in for a hor - ri - ble, hor - ri - ble fuss; we
 2. That is the end of the ter - ri - ble muss; and that is the end of the hor - ri - ble fuss; how

(a) For second time (Exit of CHORUS) begin here.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

SOPRANO.

do not quite see why af-fairs should be thus; it's dis-tress-ing to them and dis-tress-ing to us. It's dis-clev-er it was to ar-range it all thus; if it's pleas-ant for them it is pleas-ant for us. If it's

ALTO, SOPRANO, ALTO, TUTTI.

tress-ing to them! It's dis-tress-ing to us. It's dis-tress-ing to them! It's dis-tress-ing to us. 'Tis a pleas-ant for them, it is pleas-ant for us. If it's pleas-ant for them, it is pleas-ant for us. So the

ter-ri-ble, ter-ri-ble muss; dis-tress-ing to them and dis-tress-ing to us. end of the ter-ri-ble muss is pleas-ant for them and is pleas-ant for us.

1. 2. SPOT. ANGORA.

2. So (Exit Chorus.) Well, ladies! Well, sir?

sf di - - min - u - - en - - do. *p* *dolce.* *pp*

Attacca Subito.

(The Chorus stands at the back of the stage; the King in the centre, with Ringtail on his right, and Kitcat on his left; in front, the Princes on the right and the Princesses on the left.)

THE KING. Ladies and gentlemen, this matter must be settled. I can't have my palace all full of broken engagements. Princes, you must give those mittens back to the Princesses.

THE PRINCESSES (*all together*). But we sha'n't take them back.

THE PRINCES (*all together*). And under those circumstances we sha'n't give them back.

THE KING. This is most annoying. Ringtail, what's to be done?

RINGTAIL. Nothing.

KITCAT. Yes—something.

THE KING. Kitcat, this is no time for jesting.

KITCAT. I'm not jesting, your Majesty; I'm serious.

THE KING. You generally are. What have you to say?

KITCAT. I have a very simple way out of the difficulty, your Majesty. The Princess Malta objects to her lover because he is too lively and frivolous, and the Princess Angora objects to hers because he is too dignified and solemn. Very well; let them change partners. Give Prince Spot to Princess Angora, and Prince Velvet to Princess Malta.

THE KING. Admirable idea! One, two, three — change! (*Leads Spot across to Angora, and Malta across*

to Velvet.) There you are. But how about the Princess Kitty?

KITCAT. That's very simple too. The Princess Kitty won't have Prince Tortoiseshell because he is too good, too gentle, too generous, too brave, and too handsome. Well, let her take my friend here, the Lord Chamberlain.

ALL. What, Ringtail!

KITCAT. Yes, Ringtail. He isn't good, he isn't gentle, he isn't generous, he isn't brave, and nobody can say that he is handsome.

THE KING. Excellent! Kitcat, I shall make you my Prime Minister the next time I have occasion to engage one. I always said you would do better if you weren't a jester. Kitty, are you satisfied?

KITTY (*mournfully*). I don't know, papa. I suppose I ought to be.

THE KING. You certainly ought, if that's what you wanted.

RINGTAIL (*to the King*). But, your Majesty, how about the mortgage you gave to Prince Tortoiseshell?

THE KING (*to Ringtail*). Oh, I'll have the mortgage

transferred to *you*. It's only for fifty thousand sequins.

RINGTAIL. Fifty thousand sequins!

THE KING. Oh, you can afford it. You must have stolen as much as that out of the Royal Treasury.

RINGTAIL (*aside*). I haven't. I have neglected my opportunities. I have stolen only *forty* thousand sequins. But I will make up for lost time. I will go now and steal the other ten thousand.

(*Exit, cautiously, right.*)

THE KING. So that's settled. And now we can all go off and enjoy ourselves. (*To Tortoiseshell.*) My poor fellow, you must feel quite unhappy. Come with me, and I'll give you a stick of slippery-elm. Slippery-elm is very consoling.

TORTOISESHELL. But I don't want to go—

THE KING. Nonsense; come along.

(*Takes his arm and walks him off at back, the Chorus following them. Velvet, Spot, Angora, and Malta are left on the stage.*)

CHORUS (*singing as they go off*).

[For Words and Music see page 43.]

Quartette—SPOT, VELVET, MALTA, AND ANGORA.*Allegro grazioso.*

SPOT—I. It's ver - y nice to change a - bout; a
 glad to find you so po - lite; you're
 ver - y nice to change a - bout; a

most in - ge - nious plan, no doubt; though nei - ther of us chose his bride we hope that you are
 too ac - com - mo - dat - ing, quite; and as to be - ing sat - is - fied, per - haps we'll tell you
 most in - ge - nious plan, no doubt. But still per-haps some folks would say the old way is the

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

THE FOUR.

sat - is - fied.
when we've tried.
bet - ter way.

To change a - bout.
You're so po - lite.
SPOT & VELVET—To change a - bout.

And you, no doubt. We
It suits us quite. Per -
We'll say, no doubt. The

VELVET—1. It's ver - y nice. It suits us both. SPOT & VELVET—2. Per -
ANGORA—2. We're glad to find. But whether or no.
MALTA & ANGORA—3. It's ver - y nice. And yet some folks

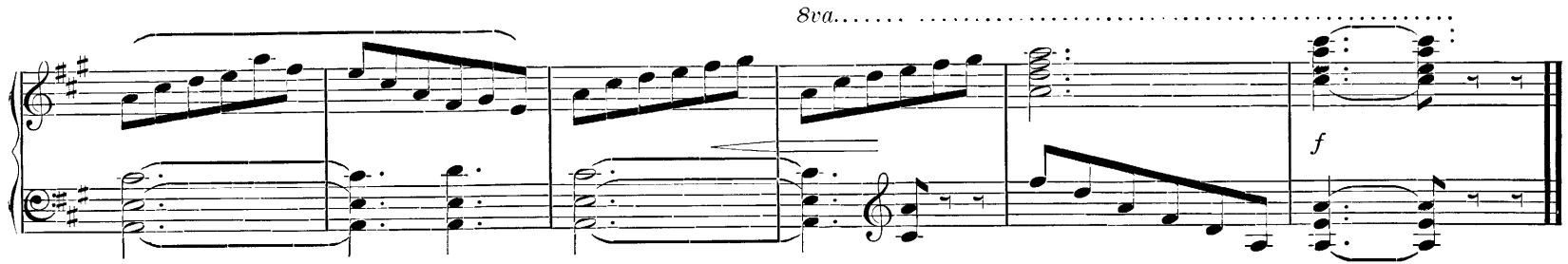
hope that you are sat - is - fied.
haps we'll tell you when we've tried.
old way is the bet - ter way.

1 & 2. 3.

MALTA—2. We're
SPOT & VELVET—3. It's way.

haps you'll tell us when you've tried.

(Short dance.)



SPOT (*to Angora*). Princess—

ANGORA (*excitedly*). Oh, *please* don't begin with any of your horrid jokes. I can't stand them now. Don't you see, my nerves are all unstrung?

VELVET (*to Malta*). Princess—

MALTA. Oh, really, you are too much for any one to bear, with your miserable old politeness! Why don't you do something to cheer me up, when you see that I'm feeling simply wretched?

THE PRINCES. But, ladies—

ANGORA (*half sobbing*). I'm going to my own room!

MALTA (*the same*). So am I!

ANGORA. I am going to cry!

MALTA. So am I!

(*Exeunt, sobbing, Malta right, Angora left.*)

SPOT (*dismally*). It's a great joke, isn't it?

VELVET. I'm glad you like it.

SPOT. Why don't you go and cheer up your Princess?

VELVET. She isn't mine; she's yours.

SPOT. Then I'll go and cheer her up myself.

VELVET. Then I'm going to find Angora.

SPOT. Go! Who cares?

BOTH (*angrily*). Bah!

(*Exeunt quickly, Spot right, Velvet left, just as Kitty enters at back.*)

KITTY. It's really strange that when I have everything just as I like it, I find out that I don't like it at all.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

Song.—KITTY.

*Andante, non troppo lento.*KITTY. *doloroso.*

1. I've had my way; I've said him nay; I've let my lov - er
ver - y strange; I want-ed change, and now I'd change a -

The first system of the musical score for 'Song.—KITTY.' is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking in the piano part.

go. But now, but now— I don't know how— I wish it was - n't so. I
gain. I'd like to know why this is so:— will some - bod - y ex - plain? I

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking in the piano part.

feel like a girl who's a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, and the worst of it is that I
feel like a girl who's a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, and the worst of it is that I

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking in the piano part.

don't know why, I don't know why, (a) I don't know why! 2. It's
 don't know why, I don't know why, I don't know why!

poco lento.

p

(a) A smothered sob.

(While she is singing, Tortoiseshell has entered at back; he stands sadly watching her. At close of song she turns and sees him.)

KITTY. Oh dear! Are you there?

TORTOISESHELL. Yes, *dear*, I am here.

KITTY. I didn't mean "dear" in that way.

TORTOISESHELL. Yes, but *I* did, *dear*.

KITTY. Well, then, you oughtn't to. It isn't proper. I'm engaged to somebody else.

TORTOISESHELL. But *I'm* not engaged to anybody else.

KITTY. You will be, though, won't you?

TORTOISESHELL. Never! I am going to sea. I am going to spend the rest of my life in foreign lands—as foreign as possible.

KITTY. Oh, but then you'll see a great many other girls.

TORTOISESHELL. I don't care.

KITTY. But you ought to care for the society of ladies. And you'll see ever so many girls who are so much nicer than I am (*sighs*).

TORTOISESHELL. No, I sha'n't.

KITTY. Why not?

TORTOISESHELL. Because there aren't any girls who are nicer than you are.

KITTY. Oh yes, there are (*angrily*). Yes, I'm *perfectly sure* that when you get off in those hateful foreign countries you'll find some girl (*almost sobbing*) who's a *great deal* nicer than I am.

TORTOISESHELL. No, indeed, I sha'n't. You are the nicest girl that ever lived in all the whole world, and I should say so even if nobody else agreed with me.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

Song.—TORTOISESHELL.*Allegretto.*

TORTOISESHELL.

1. Heave ho! the an - chor o - ver the bow, and off to sea go
 ho! the bil - lows of Bis - cay Bay, and the stars of the South - ern
 end of the world is a wear - y way, and I know not where it

p *rit.* *p a tempo.*

I. The wild wind blows, and no - bod-y knows that I have you al - ways nigh. . . . Right
 sea; but the dark - haired girls may shake their curls with nev - er a look from me. . . . For the
 lies; and maid - ens fair may smile on me there, and girls with laugh - ing eyes; . . . but in

tenuto.

close in my heart I can keep you here, in mem - 'ry fond and true, ... for there'll nev-er be one like

thought of my love shall be ev - er near, though wide is the o - cean blue, ... and there'll nev-er be one like
all the days of all the year, though I wan-der the whole world through, there'll nev - er be one like

you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!

you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!
you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!

colla voce.

2. Heave
3. The

KITTY. Do you really love me as much as all that?

TORTOISESHELL. Indeed I do. More.

KITTY. Why didn't you ever mention it before?

TORTOISESHELL. Didn't I?

KITTY. Not in that convincing way (*coming close to him*). Oh dear, we might have been so happy!

(*She lets her head fall on his shoulder.*)

TORTOISESHELL (*putting his arm about her*). Kitty, couldn't you love me a little? I'm so sorry I displeased you.

KITTY. I'm sorry I was displeased.

TORTOISESHELL. I'll try to be different. And really, you know, I'm not so good as you think I am.

KITTY. Oh yes, you are.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm quite bad sometimes.

KITTY. I'm sure you're not.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm sometimes cross; and if I had the toothache, I think I could be very disagreeable.

KITTY. Oh no, you couldn't; not even if you tried.

TORTOISESHELL. And as to being brave—well, I think I could be afraid—of an elephant, for instance, if it was a very big elephant.

KITTY (*indignantly*). Tortoiseshell, I won't have you

saying such things of yourself. You're the bravest, best, kindest, nicest Prince in the world, and you know it.

TORTOISESHELL (*sadly*). Then you can't love me at all?
(*He releases her.*)

KITTY. Of course I can—of course I do. Who could help loving you?

TORTOISESHELL. But a while ago you said you hated me for just those very reasons. This is very strange. It isn't quite—consistent.

KITTY (*surprised*). Isn't it?

TORTOISESHELL. No.

KITTY. Do you mind?

TORTOISESHELL (*embracing her*). No; you may be as inconsistent as you please, so long as you are mine.

THE KING (*entering suddenly at back*). Here, young man, what are you doing with that young lady?

KITTY. Oh, papa, we're making up! Please don't interrupt us.

THE KING. But this won't do! She's engaged to the Lord High Chamberlain! (*Calling.*) Here, Ringtail! Here, my courtiers!

(*Enter, right, Ringtail; at back, Kitcat, Velvet, and Angora, Spot and Malta, and Chorus.*)

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

*Allegro.
legato.*

f

What can be the mat-ter? What can be the mat-ter?

What can be the mat-ter? What can be the

Sva.

mf

The musical score is for a chorus piece. It features three staves: Soprano, Alto, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The Soprano and Alto parts are vocal lines, while the Piano part is the accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a section marked 'Allegro. legato.' with a series of ascending and descending eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'What can be the mat-ter? What can be the mat-ter?' and 'What can be the mat-ter? What can be the'. The piano part continues with a section marked 'Sva.' (Sustained) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

What can be the mat - ter, and what can it be? All this fuss and
mat - ter? Won - der now, what can it be?

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with hyphens indicating syllables across measures.

clat - ter, all this fuss and clat - ter made by lov - ers three, by lov - ers three.
All this fuss and clat - ter, clat - ter made by lov - ers three, by lov - ers three.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It features similar musical notation to the first system, with the piano accompaniment providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody. The lyrics continue, maintaining the same structure of syllables across measures. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) to indicate changes in volume.

TORTOISESHELL. The matter is that Kitty and I have made up; and I will defend her right to change her mind. I will defend it with my life!

(He makes a motion as if to draw his sword.)

THE KING. What! you would draw your sword upon a king—a real, genuine king!

RINGTAIL *(to Tortoiseshell)*. Don't draw your sword, young man—draw your mortgage!

THE KING. Ringtail, why don't you claim your bride?

RINGTAIL. The honor is too great for me, your Majesty.

I must respectfully decline it. *(Aside.)* I can't get the rest of the money; it's all in that Treasury Pie, and I can't get at it.

KITCAT. Ha! ha! If I can't *make* a joke, at least I can spoil one.

THE KING. My daughters, what does this mean?

ANGORA. It means, papa, that we should like to have our mittens back.

MALTA *(to the Princes)*. Gentlemen, if we may trouble you for those mittens.

THE THREE PRINCES. With pleasure.

(They bow politely, and return the mittens.)

Finale.—EVERYBODY.

Moderato.

PRINCESSES. PRINCES. PRINCESSES & PRINCES.

Chip, chip, chay, give a thing a-way, some-times take it back a-gain, chip, chip, chay!

Sva. . . . ff

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

PRINCESSES. PRINCES. PRINCESSES & PRINCES. CHORUS.

Chip, chip, chay, when a girl says nay, she sometimes takes it back a - gain, chip, chip, chip, chip, chay! (a) Now

quasi allegro.

all is done, and it was fun, al-though their sto - ry is on - ly be-gun! Un - til they die, time

ought to fly gay - ly in pleas - ure and plent - y and pie, in plent - y and pleas - ure and

(a) Each Princess goes to her Prince. KITTY and TORTOISESHELL are C., the rest grouped R. and L.

Kitty.

pie, in plen-ty and pleasure and pie, in plen-ty and pleas-ure and pie. . . . They

Sva.

say that girls have not a mind, but thus to think I am not in-clined. I had a mind of a

p

CHORUS—SOPRANO.

cer-tain kind, but, tra-la-la-la, I've changed my mind. She's changed her mind,

ALTO.

But, tra-la-la-la, and

p

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

TORTOISESHELL.

she's changed her mind, oh, yes, in-deed, she's changed her mind. The

tra - la - la - la, oh, yes, in-deed, she's changed her mind.

love that is true to you, true to you, true to you, pass - es all love that you seek the world

Tempo di Valse.

round. Des - ert and for - est I'd glad - ly get through to you, on - ly to find you thus

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

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OMNES.

glad to be found. So love $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{us} \\ \text{him} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ for - ev - er and $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{he} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ will be true to you, e - ven for -

p

get - ting the time that $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{you} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ frowned.

p *mf*

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

THE PRINCES. *Allegretto.*

We all shall have some pie, both they and you and I; our

poco rall.

p

THE PRINCESSES.

good lit-tle kit-tens may keep their mit-tens, and all shall have some pie. Yes, we shall have some

mf

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

pie! We'll eat it by - and - by! We'll give our lov - ers the pie with cov - ers, and

CHORUS.

Some pie! and by!

Sva.....

f *mf* *f* *p* *cres - - cen - - do.*

OMNES.

we'll eat cus-tard pie! And { we } shall have some pie; { we'll } have the Treasury Pie; { we're } good little kittens { and have } the

f

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

KITTY.

found our mittens, we are } good lit-tle kittens, { and have found our } mittens, and so we'll say good - bye! Good-

found their mittens, the } have found their }

THE PRINCESSES & PRINCES.

bye, good-bye! And so we'll say good - bye, and so we'll say good - bye,

CHORUS.

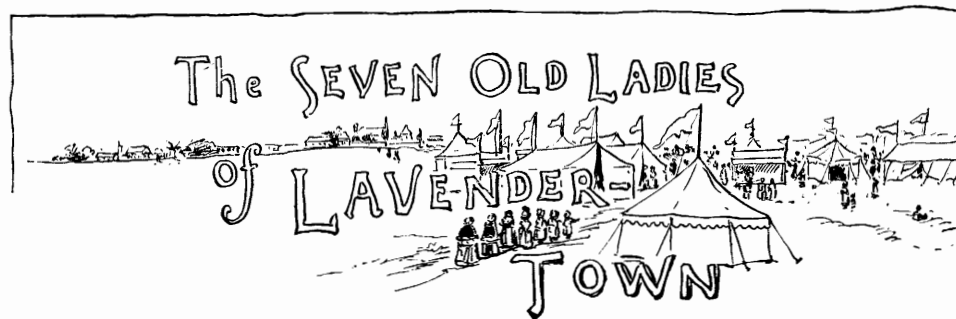
f *crescendo molto.* *8va.*

KITTY.
TORTOISE.
good bye!
MALTA.
ANGORA.
good bye!
CHORUS.

f *f* *8va* *Curtain.* *ff* *ff* *ff*

The musical score is written for four vocal parts (Kitty, Tortoise, Malta, Angora) and a Chorus, plus a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). They all sing the same lyrics: "good bye!". The piano accompaniment is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *8va* (octave up). The piece concludes with a *Curtain.* instruction.

Curtain.



AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

CHARACTERS

LIGHTNING HASKINS, *the Showman.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.....

JULIUS CÆSAR.....

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.....

JOHN SMITH.....

CHARLES C. CONFUCIUS.....

HENRY THE EIGHTH.....

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE FAIRY AUNTY MACASSA. }

THE DUCHESS OF TIDYTOWN. }

MRS. SMITH.....

MRS. BROWN.....

MRS. JONES.....

MRS. ROBINSON.....

MRS. SIMPKINS.....

MRS. TIMPKINS.....

MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI.. ..

A PAGE.

*The Great Mechanical and
Conversational
Agglomeration of Waxworks.*

*The Seven Little Old Ladies of
Lavender Town.*

The Scene is laid in Katereenawayland.

The Time is Once Upon a Time.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

INTRODUCTION

Allegro con fuoco.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and includes a section marked *sf* (sforzando). The second system continues the rhythmic pattern with various dynamic markings. The third system concludes the introduction with a *piu lento.* (more slowly) marking, a final forte (*ff*) dynamic, and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece ends with a double bar line and a common time signature (C).

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

Andante ben legato.

mp *crescendo.* *poco a poco.*

The first system of the musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Andante ben legato.' The first measure is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The first staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A 'crescendo' hairpin is placed over the first staff, and 'poco a poco' is written above the second staff towards the end of the system.

poco piu lento. pp *p* *poco rall.* *p rit.*

The second system continues the piece. It begins with the tempo change '*poco piu lento. pp*' (poco più lento, pianissimo). The first staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the second staff has a more active accompaniment. A 'p' (piano) dynamic is marked in the second staff. The tempo further slows to '*poco rall.*' (poco rallentando) and ends with '*p rit.*' (piano, ritardando). The system concludes with a double bar line.

Allegro moderato. *p grazioso, e poco legiero.*

The third system introduces a new tempo, '*Allegro moderato.*'. The time signature changes to 3/8. The tempo is further specified as '*p grazioso, e poco legiero.*' (piano, graceful, and a little light). The first staff features a melody of eighth notes, and the second staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system continues the 3/8 tempo. The first staff has a melody with eighth notes and rests, while the second staff provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

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8va.....

p *legato.*

8va.....

p *mf*

poco ral - - - len - - - tan - - - do.

a tempo, e poco più animato.

mf *cres* *cen - - -*

8va.....

do. *f*

The first act takes place in the afternoon, and the stage represents the interior of a booth in Tidytown Fair. It is a plain room, with a bench near the door on each side, and at the back a low platform, over which a curtain hangs. On the curtain are letters:

PROFESSOR LIGHTNING HASKINS'S
GREAT MECHANICAL AND CONVERSATIONAL AGGLOMERATION OF
WAXWORKS.

When the play begins this curtain hides the platform. Professor Lightning Haskins is standing at the door to the right.

CHORUS OF FAIR-GOERS (*outside*).

Allegro.

f

Curtain.

The musical score is for a chorus of fair-goers. It is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system of five measures is marked 'Allegro.' and 'f'. The second system of five measures is marked 'Curtain.' and includes a crescendo hairpin. The music is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

CHORUS (*off the stage*).

We are the folks of Ti - dy-town, and clev - er folk are

we; un - to the fair we gay - ly go, the won - drous things to see. And

if our eyes were mi - cro - scopes we'd look with - in each tent, and

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

we'd ad - mire this mer - ry show, and nev - er pay a cent. No,

p

(Haskins speaks.) CHORUS.

nev - er pay a cent! What! nev - er pay a cent?

sf *mf* *sf*

HASKINS (*gloomily*). That's the truth. The people hereabouts won't pay for anything. They get all the sights free if they can; if they can't, they just stand around the door and look at the signs. I've been travelling with these waxworks of mine for seven years to-day, and I never found such a mean fair as this one. People hereabouts don't seem to appreciate true art. [He looks out the door.] There they go, flocking into the show of that fellow with the common old-fashioned wax-

works. Now my waxworks are an extra fine, fairy-made article, and they move their arms and legs and make speeches, and nobody comes to see them. Oh, it's discouraging to an artist! There! There goes a grand lady with a long train. I'll wager she goes over the way. No. Good gracious! she's coming straight here. [Enter, very grand and stately, and muffled in a great cloak, the Duchess of Tidy town. Haskins bows very low.] Good-afternoon, madam.

DUCHESS (*sternly*). Your Grace!

HASKINS. My—what? I beg your pardon, madam.

DUCHESS. Your Grace!

HASKINS (*flattered*). Oh no, madam. That's not my title. Just Professor Lightning Haskins—simply Professor—

DUCHESS (*severely*). Will you call me your Grace?

HASKINS (*meekly*). Oh yes, certainly, madam—your Grace, I mean.

DUCHESS. Do you know who I am?

HASKINS. No, your Grace.

DUCHESS. I am the Duchess of Tidytown.

HASKINS. Delighted to meet your Grace. Allow me to introduce myself—Professor Lightning—

DUCHESS (*paying no attention to him*). I have come here to satisfy myself as to the character of your exhibition.

HASKINS (*going towards the curtain*). Certainly, your Grace. Let me show you the Grand Agglomeration—

DUCHESS. No. I don't want to see it; I only wish to hear about it.

HASKINS. Same price, your Grace. This show is so expensive that I can't afford to talk about it for nothing.

DUCHESS. Here is a guinea—a golden guinea. Give me as little conversation as you can for the money.

HASKINS. As little?

DUCHESS. Just as little as you can, or a trifle less. You have only to answer my questions. I wish to know if your exhibition is a proper one for proper young ladies.

HASKINS. My show is the properest show in all the fair, your Grace. The character of my waxworks is unexcelled, and they utter only the noblest sentiments, out of the copy-books.

DUCHESS. If I am satisfied with your performance, I will send my daughters here this evening. But there must be nothing in the entertainment to offend the daughters of a Duchess.

HASKINS. Madam, your Grace, I mean—my waxworks would not offend anybody. Just look at them. [*He draws the curtain aside.*] Here they are—George Washington, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, John Smith—all excellent men.

DUCHESS. Very respectable, I believe. They have been dead some time, have they not?

HASKINS. I guarantee them to be all dead. Here is Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Henry the Eighth.

DUCHESS. Henry the Eighth! But he was a man who had six wives!

HASKINS. Oh, but he hasn't now. He is quite reformed



THE DUCHESS

since he joined my show. He is now a confirmed old bachelor. *[He closes the curtain.]*

DUCHESS. And you are sure that your exhibition is fit for a Duchess's daughters?

HASKINS. Your Grace, it's fit for two Duchesses' daughters. *[Confidentially.]* I don't mind telling you, your Grace, that I got the whole outfit from a fairy, who sold them out cheap. They are all very respectable people, whom she changed into waxworks because they offended her. They are not at all common waxworks, and they are to be seen every afternoon and evening for the low price of one shilling—three shillings to Duchesses' daughters.

DUCHESS. Very well. I shall expect you to give a private performance, for the entertainment of my daugh-

ters, at precisely seven o'clock this evening. The vulgar public must be excluded.

HASKINS. From what I have seen of this town, your Grace, that will be easy. Going already? Just look once more at the waxworks *[drawing the curtain aside]*. They are as natural as life.

DUCHESS. No, I cannot. If I should look at them any longer, I should want to pinch them, and that would be beneath the dignity of a Duchess.

[She goes out proudly.]

HASKINS. Well, this is something like business at last. Three shillings apiece! I hope she's got a large family. Aha! I feel like the great original Haskins once more.

Song. (a)

Allegro.

1. I dust my wax-works off at night, and in the ear - ly

(a) For text of second and third verses, see p. 78.

First system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The lyrics are: "dawn - ing, O; I hang my sign - board up in sight, and low - er down my". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a continuous eighth-note pattern. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present in the second measure of the piano part.

dawn - ing, O; I hang my sign - board up in sight, and low - er down my

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "awn - ing, O. For I'm Light - ning Has - kins, O, for I'm Light - ning". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note runs. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present in the second measure, and the word *legato.* is written above the piano part in the second measure.

awn - ing, O. For *I'm* Light - ning Has - kins, O, for *I'm* Light - ning

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "Has - kins, O. I do not know a bet - ter show than that of Lightning Has - kins, O." The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo hairpin in the right hand and a decrescendo hairpin in the left hand across the final measures.

Has - kins, O. I do not know a bet - ter show than that of Lightning Has - kins, O.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

For first and second verses. After third verse.

(a) 2. I
3. I

Continue, ad libitum.

f *pp*

2. I putty up the horrid holes
Where people pinch their calveses, O;
I sell admission cards in shoals,
The wholeses and the halveses, O.

For *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O, for *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O.
I do not know a better show than that of Lightning Haskins, O.

3. I rise and speak a little speech
When people come to see them, O;
But though their bloom is like the peach,
I wouldn't like to be them, O.

For *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O, for *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O.
I do not ax to turn to wax, for I am Lightning Haskins, O.

Yes, I am Lightning Haskins, but it does not look as though people generally knew it. [*Looking out.*] Ah! my luck has changed. Here comes an audience—all in a row.

[*Enter* Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Simpkins, Mrs. Timpkins, and Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci.

HASKINS. Very glad to see you, ladies. Lightning Haskins—Professor Lightning Haskins, at your service.

MRS. SMITH. You are very polite, sir. Allow us to introduce ourselves.

(a) A quiet dance step of four or eight measures.

Chorus.—THE SEVEN OLD LADIES.

Ben moderato, e grazioso.

The piano introduction consists of three systems of music. The first system shows a treble and bass staff with a 9/8 time signature and a key signature of two flats. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff and accompaniment in the bass staff. The third system concludes the introduction with a final chord in the treble staff and a descending line in the bass staff. The tempo and mood are indicated as *Ben moderato, e grazioso*.

The first system of the chorus features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with two verses:
 1. We are old la-dies of ex-tra gen-til-i-ty;
 2. When we were young we were no-ted for naught-i-ness,
 followed by a continuation:
 all thro' the world we are wil-ful and pet-u-lant
 The piano accompaniment is marked *mf legato* and *sempre legato*. The key signature remains two flats and the time signature 9/8.

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics:
 wan-der-ing free, and we blend . . . our de-co-rum with lightsome a-gil-i-ty; we're
 per-sons were we; but we all have been prop-er-ly pun-ish-ed for haught-i-ness, we're
 The piano accompaniment is marked *p e dolce* and *p*. The key signature remains two flats and the time signature 9/8.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

anx - ious to see what it is we can see. We're so po - lite and we dress so
hus - band - less now, and we're homeless, you see. We're so po - lite and we dress so

pret - ti - ly, we dis - course un - to all so ver - y wit - ti - ly, that we
pret - ti - ly, we dis - course un - to all so ver - y wit - ti - ly, that we

nev - er re - ceive the least mite of a frown. We're the seven old la - dies of Lav - en - der -
nev - er re - ceive the least mite of a frown. We're the seven old la - dies of Lav - en - der -

Town,
Town,
old la - dies of Lav - en - der Town.
old la - dies of Lav - en - der Town.

mf *poco* *p* *rall.* *p* *rall.* *ten.* *Ped.* *

MRS. SMITH. If you'd like to hear anything more about us, sir, we shall be happy to tell you anything you wish to know. Our history is very interesting.

HASKINS (*pompously*). Not at all—not at all. It's not necessary. I have no doubt that you are properly respectable persons whom I may with propriety admit to my show. The exhibition will now begin. [*He draws aside the curtain.*] Behold, ladies, the— Hold on a moment [*letting curtain close.*] One shilling apiece, if you please.

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Brown has all the shillings, I believe.

MRS. BROWN. Excuse me; I gave them to Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci.

MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI. Mrs. Smith took them away from me when we came to the shop where they sold dolls. I'm so giddy, you know.

MRS. SMITH (*producing money*). Here they are. But I

have only six shillings. Would you mind taking two sixpences for Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci, sir?

HASKINS (*taking money*). Not at all. [*He draws curtain aside.*] You now behold, ladies, the Great Mechanical and Conversational Agglomeration of Waxworks. These, ladies and gentlemen—ladies; I beg your pardon—are the only waxworks in the world that really work. You will now hear them recite their pieces and move their arms and legs, all for one shilling apiece.

MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI. And two sixpences. Oh, I forgot! I oughtn't to talk.

[*The curtain being drawn aside, displays the Waxworks seated in chairs. As Haskins calls upon each one, he rises, speaks his piece with appropriate gestures, and sits down. Haskins walks along the platform, pointing out the characters.*

HASKINS. Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the

great Julius Cæsar. This famous Roman general and world-famed ruler lived several centuries ago, and is now



ONE OF THE OLD LADIES

dead. His most notable action during his life was the burning of his ships—an act of wasteful extravagance, for which he was severely censured by the Roman Senate. He also crossed the Rubicon, an unparalleled feat in those days. Julius Cæsar will now move his arms and legs, and speak his piece. Abracadabra!

JULIUS CÆSAR. All Gaul is divided into three parts—

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES (*together*). Oh, he needn't go on.

HASKINS. Philopena, Julius! [Julius Cæsar *is instantly motionless*.] We will proceed to the next. This, ladies and gentlemen, is George Washington,

the Father of his Country, first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. [*The Waxworks execute the appropriate salute.*] Now, George, Abracadabra! You see, I have only to say Abracadabra to start them, and Philopena to stop them. Abracadabra, George!

GEORGE WASHINGTON. When I arrived at the age of seven years my father presented me with a bright new hatchet, and I at once amused myself with cutting down a valuable cherry-tree to which the old man was greatly attached. When my father arrived and beheld the ruin I had wrought he inquired, in tones of deep feeling, "Who has cut down my cherry-tree?" I immediately replied, "Father, I cannot—"

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES (*together*). Oh, please make him stop! He looks *so* much better with his mouth shut!

HASKINS. Philopena, George! The next one, ladies and gentlemen, is Alexander the Great. Owing to his unfamiliarity with the English language, Alexander is unable to express himself as he would wish to. He will therefore appear only in his celebrated act of weeping for more worlds to conquer. Abracadabra, Alexander! [Alexander *weeps*.] Philopena! We now pass on, ladies and gentlemen, to the world-renowned John Smith, founder of the immortal Smith family. Here you gaze upon the only and original John Smith. All other John Smiths exhibited in any other concern are base and spurious imitations.



ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S GIRLS

MRS. SMITH (*repressing a sob*). Pardon me, sir, but please do not make him talk. You cannot understand, but it awakens painful memories to me.

MRS. JONES. We prefer our waxworks silent.

HASKINS. Certainly, ladies. Here we have the great Confucius—Charles C. Confucius, of China, the gentleman who invented the Chinese alphabet, which contains seventy-one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine letters and three postal cards. This is Henry the Eighth of England. He was a King when he was alive, and he is dusted off twice as often as any other waxwork in the show. And here, ladies and gentlemen, the exhibition closes with the great Napoleon Bonaparte, the original

inventor of white duck trousers. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen the wonders that it is my privilege to exhibit to you, and you may go home and marvel at the gigantic progress of science and art without extra charge.

[During the lecture the Seven Old Ladies have followed Haskins, expressing surprise and pleasure at the sight of each Waxwork. At the close of the discourse they appear much affected. At close of lecture Haskins draws the curtain.]

Chorus.—THE SEVEN OLD LADIES.

Allegro giusto.

1. We're ver-y much pleased with the beauti-ful show; you've told us some things we're de-

mind us too much of the long a-go, these beau-ti-ful folks in your

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

light-ed to know. In your whole ex - hi - bi - tion there's nothing that lacks; we're pleased with your ways, and we're beau - ti - ful show; they re - call the sad time when in an - ger and pride the laws of po - lite - ness we

pleased with your wax. But if you don't mind, we will drop just here a sor-row-ful tear, a bold - ly de - fied. We were rude to our husbands one ter - ri - ble day, and the Fair - y Ma - cas - sa, she

sim - ple tear. The cause of that tear you may not know; 'tis no of - fence to your

took them a - way; and so that is the rea - son, as you may know, that we weep at the sight of your

poco piu lento. *poco ritardando.*

splendid show— Oh, oh, the beau - ti - ful show! 2. They re -

love - ly show— Oh, oh, the beau - ti - ful show!

mf piu lento.

MRS. SMITH (*brokenly*). Thank you, sir. It—is—very—interesting.

MRS. JONES (*almost weeping*). We have been very much interested.

MRS. BROWN (*mournfully*). I feel as if I were going to cry.

MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI (*weeping*). I don't believe I could giggle if I tried.

HASKINS. You seem to take waxworks pretty hard.

MRS. SMITH. You cannot understand, sir. By your leave, I will tell you our sad story. Although we seem so old, we are young and beautiful. Seven years ago we were seven lovely brides, and we lived in Lavender Town, near Rosemary Lane. Alas, we quarrelled with our good husbands, and they quarrelled with us, although we were most desirable wives. To punish us for our bad tempers, the Fairy Aunty Macassa—we had no fairy godmother, but only a fairy aunty—turned us into seven old ladies, and condemned us to roam the world in search of our husbands, whom she turned into something else—we really don't know what.

HASKINS (*aside*). Good gracious! the Fairy Aunty Macassa! Why, that's *my* fairy! And these must be the wives of my waxworks. What will become of my business if they find it out?

MRS. JONES. And all these years we have been wandering about, hoping to find our husbands somewhere. And we have been very much affected by a peculiar coinci-

dence. Your beautiful waxworks have the same first names as our husbands, who were called—

MRS. SMITH (*sobbing*). John!

MRS. JONES (*sobbing*). George!

MRS. BROWN (*sobbing*). Julius!

MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI (*sobbing*). Alexander!

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES (*together, sobbing*). And Henry, and Charles, and Napoleon!

HASKINS (*aside*). I must get them out of here at once,



THE SEVEN YOUNG LADIES

or they will take their husbands away with them. [*Aloud.*] Ladies, you must excuse me, but this show closes promptly at five, and it's two seconds past five now.

MRS. SMITH. Oh, dear me, sir, we're sorry. We won't detain you. But perhaps you will allow us—

HASKINS. I'll allow you anything—only this show closes promptly—

MRS. SMITH. If you'll only allow us to sing one little song before we go!

HASKINS (*desperately*). Well, sing it, and go. Never mind the key. | sing, and if our husbands hear it they will recognize us.

MRS. SMITH. It is a song which the fairy told us to | HASKINS (*aside*). Oh! oh! oh! I'm done for!

Chorus.

Moderato.

legato.

p

THE OLD LADIES—1. Lav - en - der Vil - lage is
THE WAXWORKS—2. Lav - en - der Vil - lage is

far, far a - way, o - ver the hills for a year and a day. Can you re - mem - ber the
far, far a - way. When we were there, oh, why did we not stay? We can re - mem - ber, re -

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

hap - pi - er hours spent in the rose - ma - ry, rose - ma - ry bowers? Out in the gar - den the
mem - ber a - right, when we were there we were not so po - lite. We can re - mem - ber you

poco rall.
p tempo.

tea ta - ble set, out in the gar - den the tea ta - ble set, — Lav - en - der Vil - lage,
got in a pet, we can re - mem - ber you got in a pet. Lav - en - der Vil - lage,

(a) Lav - en - der Vil - lage, Lav - - - - en - der Vil - lage, oh, can you for - get?
Lav - en - der Vil - lage, Lav - - - - en - der Vil - lage, oh, can we for -

mf
Ped. * *Ped.* *

(a) At the close of the act the curtain begins to descend at this point.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a second ending bracket labeled '2.' over a measure containing a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. Below this staff, the lyrics 'get? ' are written. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of two flats. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a more active, flowing line. Dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'rall.' (ritardando). A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present at the end of the piece, followed by an asterisk (*).

HASKINS (*drawing curtain aside*). What is this?

[*Tableau. The Seven Old Ladies and the Waxworks recognize each other. Haskins is desperate.*]

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES. Give us our husbands.

HASKINS. Never! They're mine. I bought them from the fairy. This show closes promptly at five. I don't want to be impolite, but—get out!

MRS. SMITH. We'll have them yet.

[*Haskins tears his hair, and urges The Seven Old Ladies out. They depart, stretching out their arms to the Waxworks, who stretch out their arms, but cannot leave their places. All sing "Lavender Village."* Haskins tears his hair again.

Curtain.

ACT II.

The scene is the same, at night. The curtain of the platform is drawn away, and the Waxworks are seen covered up with sheets or furniture covers. And while they are covered up they sing.

Chorus.—WAXWORKS.

Allegro moderato.

f

Curtain.

p

For life in a wax-work show, for home in a coun - try fair, where you're

p

leggiero.

al - ways, al - ways on the go, we do *not*, do *not* pre - cise - ly care: for life in a wax - work

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appearing in the fourth measure.

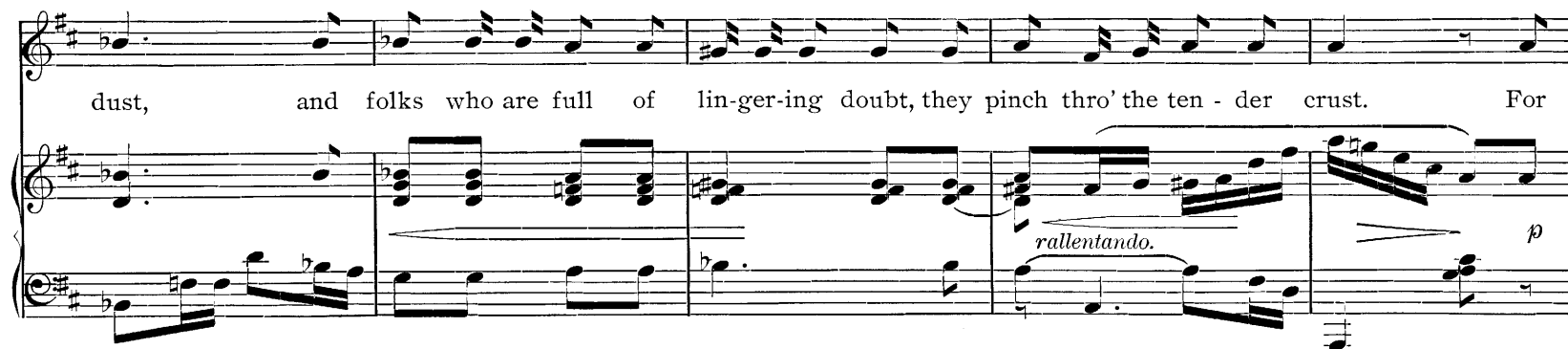
show, for home in a coun - try fair, where you're al - ways, al - ways on the go, we do

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same notation style as the first system. The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appearing in the fourth measure.

not pre - cise - ly care. For our hair is drop - ping out, we're a half - inch thick with

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same notation style as the previous systems. The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appearing in the second measure.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN



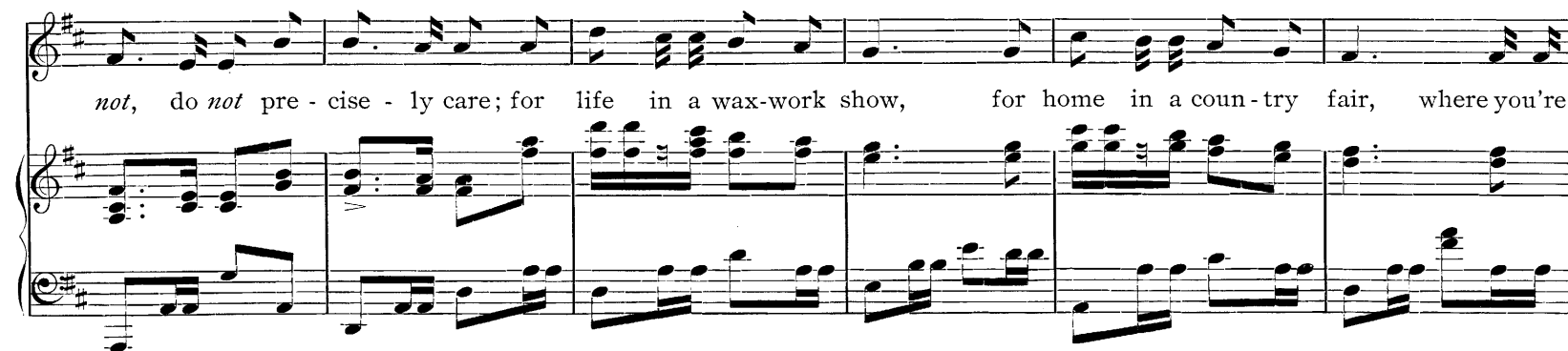
dust, and folks who are full of lin-ger-ing doubt, they pinch thro' the ten - der crust. For

rallentando. *p*



life in a wax-work show, for home in a coun-try fair, where you're al-ways, al-ways on the go, we do

a tempo.



not, do not pre - cise - ly care; for life in a wax-work show, for home in a coun-try fair, where you're



[Haskins enters, and proceeds to take off their covers and dust them off with a feather duster.]

HASKINS. Here's a nice piece of business! If I hadn't that engagement to entertain the Duchess's daughters to-



PROFESSOR HASKINS DUSTING OFF

night, I'd pack up and get out of the town before those women could come back. I've said Abracadabra to these miserable waxworks until I can't say it any more; and the spell doesn't seem to work as it used to. The fairy didn't tell me that these waxworks had wives, or I wouldn't have bought them. Well, it's time for the Duchess's daughters. And here they are, right on time.

[Enter the Duchess's Daughters, cloaked and hooded.]

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

*Chorus.**Allegro grazioso.*

legato.
mf

p
I. Oh,

we are the Duch-ess - 's, the Duch-ess - 's girls, and prop-er young peo-ple are we;..... our
se - ums are hor - ri - bly, oh, hor - ri - bly low, and so are me - nag - e - ries too;..... but

Sva.....
p leggiero.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

95

1ST SOLO.

hair is in tight lit - tle, tight lit - tle curls, and we al-ways take five - o'clock tea. We
you have an ex - cel-lent, ex - cel-lent show, and a man of re - fine-ment are you. So

8va.....

p *p*

2d SOLO.

3d SOLO.

like ver - y much to see shows, if they are in-struc-tive to youth, and
show us no hor - ri - ble shapes, no mon - keys in co - coa-nut trees, no

8va.....

leggiero. *p* *p*

CHORUS.

yours is the kind, we are led to sup - pose, where the show-man strict - ly tells the truth. And
li - ons or ti - gers, hy - e - nas or apes, and no hip - po - po - po - ta - mus, please. No

f

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

yours is the kind, we are led to sup - pose, where the show - man strict - ly tells the truth.
li - ons or ti - gers, hy - e - nas or apes, and no hip - po - po - po - - -

poco rit. *p*

2. Mu - ta - mus, please.

leggiero. *p*

HASKINS (*obsequiously*). Always, young ladies; I always tell the truth, and [*confidentially*] a great deal more. Please be seated. The show—the exhibition—is about to begin. [*They seat themselves on the benches, and he begins his lecture.*] Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the great Julius Cæsar. He is now dead. This was an unparalleled feat in those days. Julius Cæsar will now speak his piece. Abracadabra, Julius.

JULIUS CÆSAR. When I arrived at the age of seven years my father presented me with a bright new hatchet, and I at once—

HASKINS. Hold on! That isn't your piece. "All Gaul is divided into three parts—"

JULIUS CÆSAR. It ain't.

HASKINS. What's that?

JULIUS CÆSAR. It ain't.



"HOLD ON, THAT ISN'T YOUR PIECE"

HASKINS. Never mind if it isn't. You say so.

JULIUS CÆSAR. I won't.

HASKINS. What does this mean?

JULIUS CÆSAR. We've struck.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. We have formed the Waxworks Union.



"WHAT 'LL YOU TAKE FOR THEM?"

ALEXANDER. And we won't waxwork.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Unless we can have our wives again.

[*The ladies applaud.*]

THE DUCHESS (*entering, followed by a Page with a bandbox*). What is this I hear? Unseemly language from waxworks? Is this the exhibition to which I have sent my daughters?

HASKINS (*desperately*). I beseech your Grace's pardon. My waxworks have struck, and I can't do anything with them. [*To the Waxworks.*] Philopena, the whole lot of you.

THE WAXWORKS. Philopena yourself.

DUCHESS. Let us submit this matter to arbitration. What do these gentlemen want?

THE WAXWORKS. We want our wives?

DUCHESS. Quite right and proper. Give them their wives.

HASKINS. I haven't got their wives. I can't give them any wives.

DUCHESS. Then I will.

HASKINS. *You will?*

DUCHESS. Yes. Here they are.

[*The Duchess's Daughters rise and throw off their wraps, appearing as The Seven Old Ladies, only made young again. They form a line and sing.*]

Chorus.—THE SEVEN OLD LADIES.

The chorus is a repetition of the first verse of No. 4 of the first act, with the word "young" substituted for "old."

[*And they all courtesy.*]

HASKINS. But—look here; you can't do that. Nobody can do that sort of thing but the Fairy Aunty Macassa.

DUCHESS. And I am the Fairy Aunty Macassa.

Song.—THE DUCHESS.

Vivace.

1. I am an a - ble pro - fes - sion - al fai - ry,
 2. I am an a - ble pro - fes - sion - al fai - ry,

*f non legato.**sf**f*

lightsome and sprightsome, ca - pri - cious and air - y; high in all fai - ry - land is my po - si - tion, and
 most - ly of sud - den re - pen - tance I'm wa - ry; still, when I see how these wan - der - ers, blight - ed, who

p non legato.

guard - ing your mor - als my ex - cel - lent mis - sion; tho' stern my de - crees when a mor - tal is sin - ning; as
 ear - nest - ly wish to be fast re - u - nit - ed, are prom - is - ing nev - er to quar - rel or squab - ble, and

*cres - - - - - cen**- - - - - do.**mf**cres**- - - - - cen**- - - - - do.*

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

great is my joy when for-give-ness he's win-ning; and here is a case where I'm bound to con-sid-er—the
nev-er from love's nar-row path-way to wob-ble, sweet mer-cy with jus-tice I sure-ly must min-gle, and

case of a wife who must live like a wid-der, a wife who must live like a wid-der.
pit-y the hus-band who lives as if sin-gle, the hus-band who lives as if sin-gle.

8va.....

f *sf* *sf*

Do you not recognize me?

[She throws off her cloak, and appears in a brilliant costume.]

HASKINS. I don't know whether I do or not. Where are your wings?

DUCHESS (*beckoning to the Page*). Here in this band-

box. You don't want to make me go to the trouble of putting them on, do you?

HASKINS. Oh, no, your Grace. But you won't mind my looking at them, will you? *[He takes the wings out.]* What'll you take for them?

DUCHESS. They are not for sale. I use them in my

business. [Haskins *puts them back.*] I have come here to announce that as the seven young married couples of Lavender Town are sincerely penitent for their past naughtiness, I have decided to pardon them, and release them from their spell. By my marvellous power I have changed these Seven Old Ladies back to Seven Young Brides, and by my marvellous power I will now free these seven Waxworks.

[*She takes Haskins's stick and waves it. The Waxworks descend from the platform, and each one embraces his wife.*]

MRS. SMITH. John!
 JOHN SMITH. Jemima!
 MRS. JONES. George!
 GEORGE WASHINGTON. Gloriana!
 MRS. BROWN. Julius!
 JULIUS CÆSAR. Josephine!
 MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI. Alexander!
 ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Anne!
 MRS. ROBINSON, MRS. SIMPKINS, AND MRS. TIMPKINS.
 Our husbands!
 NAPOLEON, CONFUCIUS, AND HENRY THE EIGHTH. Our
 wives!

Chorus.—THE SEVEN OLD LADIES AND THE WAXWORKS.

The musical score is for a chorus in 4/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand features a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the beginning and *p* (piano) later. The instruction *non legato* is written above the final measures of the piano part.

We have made an end of wax and woe, and

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

we're our-selves a - gain, and now we will live to - geth - er un - til—we don't know

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of five measures, with lyrics: "we're our-selves a - gain, and now we will live to - geth - er un - til—we don't know". The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands, with various chords and melodic lines. The key signature has one flat (F major or D minor).

when. It's ver - y much more pleas - ant to live to - geth - er so, than

p *pp* *pp*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has five measures: "when. It's ver - y much more pleas - ant to live to - geth - er so, than". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo). The key signature remains one flat.

trapes - ing round the coun - try or than be - ing in a show, than trapes - ing round the

mf *mf*

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has five measures: "trapes - ing round the coun - try or than be - ing in a show, than trapes - ing round the". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature remains one flat.

coun - try or than be - ing in a show.

8va.....

HASKINS. And I—what will become of me?

DUCHESS. Don't worry. I'll make you a waxwork yourself, and sell you to somebody else.

JULIUS CÆSAR. And now, dear Fairy, pray excuse us if we seem to ask too much, but—

MRS. SMITH. Our husbands are still waxworks.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. If you could conveniently change us back.

DUCHESS. Oh, certainly. I will change you back to your natural shapes.

HASKINS (*maliciously*). Perhaps you'll do that—by your “marvellous power.”

DUCHESS. I will.

HASKINS (*defiantly*). Well, do it, then.

DUCHESS. I will—as soon as the curtain falls.

Finale.

OMNES.

Lav - en - der Vil - lage is far, far a - way, o - ver the hills for a year and a day.

f *p*

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

Well we re-mem-ber the bright, hap-py hours bliss-ful-ly spent in its rose-ma-ry bowers!

WAXWORKS. OLD LADIES.

Leav-ing the show with-out sigh or re-gret. Nev-er a-gain will we get in a pet.

OMNES.

Lav-en-der Vil-lage, Lav-en-der Vil-lage, Lav - - - en-der Vil-lage, we ne'er will for-

mf *p*

Ped. *

get.

Curtain.

mf

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The melodic line begins with a vocal entry marked 'get.'. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Curtain.



By H. C. Bunner.

CHARACTERS :

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

THE EARL OF MUCKLEMUCHKIN.

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF MUCKLEMUCHKIN, *his grandmother, aged 107.*

JEEMS, *the ancestral valet.*

BETTY LOBSTERPOT, *the belle of the village.*

SOLOMON J. LOBSTERPOT, *her father, an old fisherman.*

ALLIE BAZAM, *Betty's friend.*

JANE.....)
MARIA.....)
ANN.....) *Fisher-girls.*
SALLY.....)
EDELGITHA AURORA.)

TOMMASO.....)
THEMISTOCLES.)
ADELBERT) *Fisher-boys.*
PHILOSTRATUS.)
JIM.....)

OTHER FISHER-GIRLS, OTHER FISHER-BOYS.

SCENE :—A fishing village on the coast of England. TIME :—Knee-breeches and
shoebuckles, chintz petticoats and white kerchiefs, and queue tied up with
a ribbon.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

ACT I.—THE MARKET-PLACE.

Chorus of FISHER-GIRLS, passing slowly across stage.

Allegretto.

p legato.

p

grazioso.

1. Out on the sea our lov - ers go to
2. Not that they fear the dan - gers of the

poco rall.

a tempo.

p e legato.

sail, out on the sea our lov - ers go to sail:
 way, not that they fear the dan - gers of the way:

Two SOLO VOICES, CHORUS.

Much we mis - doubt them, much we mis - doubt them, much we mis -
 But there are maid - ens, ah, there are maid - ens, ah, there are

doubt them that their hearts, their hearts may fail, ah, much we mis - doubt them that their
 maid - ens fair in far, in far Cal - ais, ah, but there are maid - ens fair in

hearts, their hearts may fail. . . .
far, in far Cal - ais. . . .

mf

As the girls go out, enter the EARL OF MUCKLE-
MUCKIN *and the* COUNTESS, *followed by* JEEMS
at a distance.

THE EARL. Ah, there they go—all so young and fair.
And I—I am *so* lonely—oh, so lonely!

THE COUNTESS. You ought not to be lonely. You
have had three wives.

THE EARL. Yes; but only one at a time. And they
are all dead, and I am lonely now.

THE COUNTESS. My dear grandson, your wives may
not have been simultaneous, but they were, so to speak,

continuous. The ordinary period of mourning is one
year, but you have always married again within one week
of losing a wife.

THE EARL. I was lonely.

THE COUNTESS. Lonely? Look at me. I have been
lonely ever since your grandfather died.

THE EARL. Yes; but then—you couldn't help it.

THE COUNTESS. I was resigned to my fate. You also
should be content. You desire company? Have you
not Jeems, our ancestral valet, handed down to you from
four generations of ancestors?

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Song.—THE COUNTESS

Tempo di mazurka, ben marcato.

THE COUNTESS—I. I'm a fine old Eng - lish

The first system of the musical score for 'The Countess' by Bobby Shaftoe. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di mazurka, ben marcato.' The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) section followed by a piano (p) section, then returns to 'a tempo.' The vocal line starts with a whole rest and then enters with the lyrics 'THE COUNTESS—I. I'm a fine old Eng - lish'.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'count - ess, and I have a fine es - tate; if I live till next Ju - ly I shall be a'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'hun - dred and eight. The earl he died some time a - go — I don't re - call the date; if he'd'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic marking and concludes the phrase.

lived till now, he would have had a good long time to wait, with this fine old Eng-lish dow-a-ger all

p grazioso.

CHORUS (*outside*).

of the old-en time, with this fine old Eng-lish dow-a-ger all of the old-en time. 2. When THE EARL—3. For

mf

THE EARL (*listening to chorus*). How beautiful the echoes are to-day!

THE COUNTESS. Very beautiful! And how cleverly they catch an idea! [*Sings.*]

THE COUNTESS—

2. When I was quite a little babe, before these locks were gray,
I used to be rolled out by Jeems on every sunny day,

And in my baby carriage he would roll me o'er the way;
And now, though years have passed, I keep this excellent valet,
Like a good old English Countess all of the olden time.

CHORUS (*outside*)—

Like a good old English Countess all of the olden time.

THE COUNTESS. Take pattern by me. With Jeems to wait upon you, be contented and happy. Jeems!



JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. Are you faithful and attentive, Jeems?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Do you think you are an agreeable and entertaining companion, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Do you know that I sometimes get so tired of you that I should like to kick you, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Well, I do. That's the trouble with Jeems. He has never been known to say anything beyond "Yes, my lord," "No, my lady," and that style of conversation palls upon me in the end. [*Sings.*

THE EARL—

3. For though I'm old, it must be told, I'm not of man's estate,
And I am doomed by Jeems's side for years to vegetate;
By the terms of grandpa's will I must a helpless minor wait,
Attended by this tiresome Jeems till I am sixty-eight.

I'm a noble ward in Chancery all of the olden time.

CHORUS (*outside*)—

I'm a noble ward in Chancery all of the olden time.

But let him tell his tale himself. Jeems, give us a specimen of your conversation.

Trio.—JEEMS, COUNTESS, AND EARL.

Allegro moderato.

JEEMS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord; no, no, no, no, no, my la - dy;

EARL. JEEMS.

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord; no, no, no, no, no, my la - dy. Aren't you tire-some? Yes, my lord!

COUNTESS. JEEMS. EARL & COUNTESS. JEEMS.

But you're use - ful? No, my la - dy! You are tire - some, but you're use - ful. Yes, my la - dy;

no, my lord!

THE EARL. That's all that I derive from Jeems's society, morning, noon, and night. And meanwhile I am lonely. (*Brightening up.*) But I shall not be lonely long.

THE COUNTESS. Am I to understand, my grandson, that you are already preparing to make a fourth wife unhappy?

THE EARL (*rubbing his hands*). You are—he! he! he!—you are!

THE COUNTESS. Is one of these peasant maids to be the sufferer?



THE EARL. She is—he! he! he!

THE COUNTESS. Which one?

THE EARL. Pretty Betty Lobsterpot, the daughter of old Lobsterpot, the fisherman. She is at present betrothed to Robert Shaftoe, an able-bodied seaman; but she shall soon be mine—mine—me-yine! Do you hear, Jeems?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS (*angrily*). No, you don't hear, Jeems.

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. I will not permit it, grandson. I will never consent!

THE EARL. That's what *she* says.

THE COUNTESS. What?

THE EARL. She will never consent.

THE COUNTESS. Sensible girl!

THE EARL. Be generous, dear grandmother. I know that although I am sixty-seven years of age, I have not yet attained my majority, according to the terms of my grandfather's will; and I know that pretty Betty is, as yet, far from loving me. Yet let me hope that when she does smile on me, you will smile too.

THE COUNTESS. Never!

THE EARL. Jeems, did you ever see such an unreasonable woman?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, do you not quite approve of my views as an upholder of our ancient aristocracy?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Jeems, isn't she talking nonsense?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, *am* I talking nonsense?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. Come, Jeems, let us go.

THE COUNTESS. Go, Jeems; my grandson is safer under your care. But let him remember that he is but sixty-five, and that for three years to come he is still my ward!

[*Exeunt*, COUNTESS *Right*, EARL and JEEMS *Left*.

Enter BOBBY SHAFTOE and BETTY.

Duet.—BETTY AND BOBBY

Andante, ma non troppo lento.

BOBBY—I. To - day the ship is here, love, and lov - ers true must part; but
fair are maids in Par - is, and fair and full of art; but

far a - way or near, love, you'll hold me in your heart. O wind, blow high, O wind, blow low, o'er
where - so - e'er he tar - ries he holds me in his heart. The wind may blow, or high or low, o'er

BETTY.
BOBBY.
sum - mer seas or fields of snow, but blow one word to cheer me, she holds me in her heart. But
sum - mer seas or fields of snow, if but the word it car - ries, he holds me in his heart. If

blow one word to cheer me, {he} holds me in {his} heart. BETTY—2. Oh!
 but the word it car - ries, {she} holds me in {her} heart.

poco rall. *p* *p*

BETTY. You are quite sure of it? You are going to France, and you will see all those pretty girls, with their naughty artful ribbons and laces, and you'll come home and marry your simple little sweet-heart?



BOBBY. Indeed I will.

BETTY. And you won't forget to bring me some of the ribbons?

BOBBY. You shall have the prettiest ribbons that gold can buy.

BETTY. And you'll not look at one single girl while you are away?

BOBBY. No; only to see what the ribbons are like, you know.

BETTY. Well, I think, under the circumstances, I will have to trust you. But let me tie a knot in your handkerchief, so that you won't forget.

BOBBY. Forget which—you or the ribbons?

BETTY (*tying knot*). Oh, the ribbons—and—and me.

BOBBY. But since we're on the subject of remembering things, I must call your attention to one or two things that *you* must remember. I may have an eye for beauty, but you also are of a sociable disposition. I hope you will remember that I don't like to have Tom carrying your basket to market.

BETTY. I'll try to remember. I'll tie a knot in my own handkerchief. [*Ties knot in his.*]

BOBBY. And that Phil can get along in his singing without any help from you.

BETTY. Yes, dear; that's another knot.

[*Ties as before.*]

BOBBY. And that I have thrashed Jim twice for giving you nosegays, and shall be happy to make it three times.

BETTY. Yes, dear. Another knot for Jim.

BOBBY. Need I make any remarks on the subject of Adelbert?

BETTY. No, dear. I will own that once upon a time Adelbert had a place in my affections. But since the

day when he imposed upon my confidence with red pepper in a caramel, I have torn him from my heart. Still, I will tie a knot for him. There, that's Adelbert, and here's the handkerchief.

BOBBY. But you've tied all *your* knots in *my* handkerchief!

BETTY. Never mind, dear; you can help me to remember them. But now we must go. Your ship is at the wharf.

Duet.—BETTY AND BOBBY

Andante, ma non troppo lento.

BOBBY. BETTY.

The ship is trim and true, dear; the lads are trig and smart. Then

do what you can do, dear, to hold me in your heart. Yes, un - der-neath my shirt of blue a

The musical score is a duet for Betty and Bobby. It is written in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The tempo is 'Andante, ma non troppo lento.' The score consists of two systems. The first system shows Betty's vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The second system shows Bobby's vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'The ship is trim and true, dear; the lads are trig and smart. Then do what you can do, dear, to hold me in your heart. Yes, un - der-neath my shirt of blue a'.

Both.

sail - or's heart shall beat for you, for you, and on - ly you, dear. I'll hold you in my heart— for

you, and on - ly you, dear—I'll hold you in my heart.

Enter LOBSTERPOT, looking after them.

LOBSTERPOT. Aha! there they perambulate. An excellent matrimonial alliance for my beloved offspring. I am but a humble and impecunious piscatorial person, and Robert Shaftoe will, I am confident, rise ultimately to the proud position of superior mariner, sometimes called first mate.

Song.—LOBSTERPOT.*Allegro comodo.*

My pis - ca - to - rial ways are such that points fi - nan - cial are

The first system of the musical score for 'LOBSTERPOT'. It features a vocal melody in G major, 6/8 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by eighth notes for 'My', quarter notes for 'pis - ca - to - rial', eighth notes for 'ways', quarter notes for 'are such that', eighth notes for 'points', quarter notes for 'fi - nan - cial', and eighth notes for 'are'. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, playing a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A piano (p) dynamic marking appears in the second measure of the piano part.

none too much; I pre - fer to the mul - ti - tu - di - nous sea the pe - ru - sal of John - son's Dic - tion - a - ree.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with eighth notes for 'none too much; I', quarter notes for 'pre - fer to the', eighth notes for 'mul - ti - tu - di - nous', quarter notes for 'sea the', eighth notes for 'pe - ru - sal', quarter notes for 'of John - son's', eighth notes for 'Dic - tion - a - ree.', and a final quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern, marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. A 'legato.' marking is placed above the piano part in the second measure of this system.

The moist, un - in - ter - est - ing cod need nev - er fear my

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody begins with a whole rest, followed by eighth notes for 'The moist,', quarter notes for 'un - in - ter - est - ing', eighth notes for 'cod need', quarter notes for 'nev - er fear', and eighth notes for 'my'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern, marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. A piano (p) dynamic marking appears in the second measure of the piano part.

net or rod; the bass and floun - der may for me re - main quite plac - id where they be.

If a - ny one pulls my lob - ster - pot I do not know, but

I do not. To me the shrimp does not ap - peal, no more the limp lu - gu - brious eel, the

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.

limp lu - gu - brious eel. But from my dic - tion - a - ree I fish such

rall. *8va...* *p* *tempo.*

Ped. *

pol - - ly - syl - la - bles as I wish; the more you don't know what they mean, the

more my mind is quite se - rene.

p *f*

Thus my conversation shines with sesquipedalian gems. But who advances hither? Do my optics obfuscate my apprehension, or is it the noble Earl of Mucklemuchkin, attended by his ancestral valet? Oh, that he would stop and speak to a humble fisherman! He little knows the richness of my conversation.

Enter THE EARL and JEEMS.



THE EARL. Ha, my good man, a word with you!

LOBSTERPOT. A word, my lord? I have a whole dictionaryful, at your service. But if you desire only one word, how would phenomenology do? Or polemoscope? Or logomachy? Logomachy is a very elegant example of the English language.

THE EARL. You are old Lobsterpot, the father of pretty Betty, are you not?

LOBSTERPOT. I am, indeed, my lord, the venerable Lobster-receptacle, progenitor of the maiden.

THE EARL. Your daughter is fair.

LOBSTERPOT. She is reputed pulchritudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. I am lonely.

LOBSTERPOT. I regret to receive the information that your lordship is solitudinous.

THE EARL. She must be mine.

LOBSTERPOT. My lord, she is another individual's.

THE EARL. It matters not. She is betrothed to a sailor. His name is Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. That's his appellation, my lord.

THE EARL. I don't care about his appellation. I didn't know that he had an appellation. Is that his name?

LOBSTERPOT. It is his name, my lord; but it is also his appellation.

THE EARL. She must discard him and wed me. I am a giddy-going creature of sixty-five summers, and I must have my way.

LOBSTERPOT. Impossibilitudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. Why?

LOBSTERPOT. Because, my lord, the exalted principles of honor and rectitude may flourish in the breast of a humble piscatorial person as well as in the bosom of the proud aristocrat.

THE EARL. But I have gold.

LOBSTERPOT. H'm! h'm! Your possession of the aureate metal casts a different illumination upon the subject.

THE EARL. Don't talk better English than I do—it isn't respectful. (*Showing purse.*) What is that?

LOBSTERPOT. It is a pecuniary inducement, my lord.

THE EARL. Then you will aid me in my lonely suit?

LOBSTERPOT. You have convinced me, my lord, that Master Robert Shaftoe is an undesirable personage, and possibly a horse-thief.

THE EARL. But it will not be so easy to convince your daughter.

LOBSTERPOT. It will be difficult, I think, for an aristocrat of your personal appearance.

THE EARL. What shall I do? Ha! ha! I have it. Jeems, are you a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Have you ever been a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Well, I want you to be a villain right away.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL. Come with me, both of you. I am going to thicken a plot. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, *with* BETTY and ALLIE.

Chorus.—GIRLS and BOYS

Allegretto, non troppo allegro.

1. A - way they go, a -
way they go, a -

way they go, our boys a-cross the sea;..... oh, will they e'er come back a - gain if
way they go, where blow the breez - es free;..... but fre - er than the breez - es are, the

fair - er lands they see? In this our hap - py Eng - lish land they should con - tent - ed
Eng - lish lad - dies be. And what our lads will do in France we can - not e'en fore-

be; but, oh, it's ver - y hard to speak for boys a - cross the sea; but, oh, it's ver - y
see; but next time we will go with them—our boys a - cross the sea; but next time we will

hard to speak for boys a - cross the sea. 1.
go with them—our boys a - cross the sea. 2. A -

JANE. And of all the untrustworthy boys, Bobby Shaftoe is the most untrustworthy.

BETTY. I'd like to know what chance *you* had to find that out!

MARIA. But he *is*, you know.

BETTY. Perhaps *I* know; *you* certainly don't.

ANN. And I don't think he's so handsome!

BETTY. That's lucky for him. He hates to have girls waste their admiration.

SALLY. Then perhaps he'll take pity on the girls in France.

BETTY (*angrily*). What do you mean?

EDELGITHA AURORA. She means that he'll marry some French girl, and never come here any more.

BETTY. What! my Bobby?

ALL THE GIRLS. Yes, your Bobby!



BETTY. My Bobby Shaftoe?

ALL THE GIRLS. Your Bobby Shaftoe.

BETTY. Bobby Shaftoe forsake me! I don't believe it. He has gone away to make a fortune for both of us, and he will come back with his pockets full of gold and marry me; and then, oh, *won't* you be polite and friendly!

Sings—BETTY, the BOYS, and the GIRLS.

Allegro giusto.

BETTY.

Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea,

8va...

f legato.

mf non troppo legato.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

CHORUS. BETTY. CHORUS. BETTY.

Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! Sil - ver buckles on his knee; Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob-by Shaftoe's

f *mf* *f* *p*

CHORUS.

gone to sea, with sil - ver buck-les on his knee; he'll come back and mar - ry me. Pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe!

poco rall. *f a tempo.*

THE BOYS.

Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea, and we shall see what we shall see, when he's sail-ing fast and free—Pret - ty Bob - by

mf non legato.

BETTY.

Shaf - toe! Bob-by Shaftoe's gone to sea; as true as tru-est steel is he; he has sworn on bend-ed knee —

p *poco rall.*

CHORUS.

THE GIRLS.

pret - ty Bob-by Shaf - toe! Bob-by Shaf-toe's gone to sea, and a fick - le youth is he —

f *p* *e* *legato.*

which is known to two or three — pret - ty Bob-by Shaf - toe! pret - ty Bob-by Shaf - toe!

p *rall.*

BOBBY SHAFTOE

BETTY. CHORUS. BETTY. CHORUS.

Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea; Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! He'll come back to mar-ry me; Bob - by Shaftoe!

mf a tempo. *mf* *f*

Bob - by Shaf-toe's gone to sea; he'll come back to mar-ry me—pret - ty,

BETTY. CHORUS.

Bob - by Shaf-toe! Bob - by Shaf-toe's gone to sea, and a fick - le youth is he—pret - ty,

Sva.....

f *crescendo.*

Curtain.

pret - ty, pret - ty Bob-by Shaf - toe!

Sva.....

f *ff* *ff*

ACT II.—LOBSTERPOT'S COTTAGE.

LOBSTERPOT *discovered seated by the fire, reading the dictionary.* BETTY *on a low stool at his feet, knitting.*



LOBSTERPOT (*sighing*). Ah!

BETTY. What is the matter, father?

LOBSTERPOT (*affecting cheerfulness*). Nothing, my child—a bagatelle!

BETTY. You should not eat such things, father, dear; they always disagree with you.

LOBSTERPOT. My child, you fail to apprehend the significance of my figurative observation.

BETTY (*rising*). My father, leave the dictionary to well-merited repose, and tell me what ails you.

LOBSTERPOT. Why will you not countenance the matrimonial advances of—

BETTY. No dictionary, please.

LOBSTERPOT. Why will you not marry the Earl of Mucklemuchkin?

BETTY. Because I am betrothed to Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. But where is Bobby Shaftoe? He has been three months at sea. He will never return. If the fishes have not digested him by this time, it is because he is very indigestible.

BETTY. I will never believe it. He is alive, and he will come back to me.

LOBSTERPOT. How do you know?

BETTY. Something tells me so.

Song.—BETTY

Andante semplice.

1. For, oh, . . . he will come back to me a - cross the sea so
 2. And, oh, . . . he will come back to me with pock - ets full of

wide, and fast - en on my rib - bons fair, a - stand - ing by my side. You tell me that he
 gold, which is . . . the way of sail - or-men, as far as I am told. He went with sil - ver

is not true; but some - thing says to me that he will bring my rib - bons back — my
 buck - les bright up - on his man - ly knee; but gold will be his buck - les then — my

lov - - er o'er the sea; that he will bring my rib-bons back, my lov - er o'er the sea.
 lov - - er o'er the sea; but gold will be his buck-les then, my lov - er o'er the sea.

LOBSTERPOT. A lover right at your hand is worth a dozen lovers o'er the sea.

BETTY. That depends on the lover.

LOBSTERPOT. But if the lover is an Earl?

BETTY. He may be an ugly Earl.

LOBSTERPOT. Still, he's an Earl.

BETTY. He may be an Earl, but he isn't Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. Oh, Bobby Shaftoe!

BETTY. Yes, Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT (*aside*). How shall I obliterate the image of the absent Shaftoe from her heart? Ah! here approach the noble Earl and the ancestral valet.

(*Enter THE EARL and JEEMS.*) Good-morning, my lord!

THE EARL. Good-morning! Mistress Betty, good-morning!

BETTY. Good-night, my lord!

THE EARL. Eh?

BETTY. Good-night!

THE EARL. What—what do you mean?

BETTY. Isn't it time for you to be going? You're staying a long time.

THE EARL. Cruel Betty, hear me woo!

BETTY. I will, if you will be quick about it.

THE EARL. I will be brief.

Trio.—THE EARL, BETTY AND LOBSTERPOT.

THE EARL.

1. I'm a ver - y an-cient Earl, as you see, as you see—I'm a

f *mf* *non troppo legato.*

BETTY & LOBSTERPOT.

THE EARL.

ver - y an-cient Earl. As we see. I a-dore a charming girl; of her sex she is a pearl, but she's

f *p*

BETTY & LOBSTERPOT.

THE EARL.

BETTY & LOB.

THE THREE.

THE EARL.

cold toward the Earl. Yes, we see, yes, we see! Don't you see? Yes, we see! Don't you see?

2. There are
3. Tho' I'm

mf *mf* *f*

THE EARL—

2. There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see, as you see—
There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see.
But I'm aged and I am wise, and I'm bound to win the prize,
For I still retain my eyes.

BETTY & LOB.— Oh, my eyes! oh, my eyes!

THE EARL— Don't you see?

BETTY & LOB.— Yes, we see!

THE THREE — Don't you see?

THE EARL—

3. Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see, as you see—
Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see—
In the pretty-person line, yet this beauty so divine
Shall be ultimately mine.

BETTY & LOB.— We shall see, we shall see!

THE EARL— Don't you see?

BETTY & LOB.— We shall see!

THE THREE — { We } shall see.
{ You }

Yes, fairest Betty, you shall be mine.

BETTY. Never, while Bobby Shaftoe is true to me.

THE EARL. But he is not true. He has deserted you.

BETTY. I don't believe you. It is false!

THE EARL. No, it is he who is false, and here is the evidence.

This honest fellow (*pointing to JEEMS*) has just returned from a trip to France. He has seen Robert Shaftoe, and he will tell the hideous tale. (*Aside to JEEMS.*) Do you remember your lesson?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL (*aside*). Then speak. (*To BETTY.*) Listen to a tale of deep-dyed villany! Jeems, proceed.

JEEMS (*without punctuation, all in one breath, as though reciting a lesson*). While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of-Calais-I-encountered-Mr.-Robert-Shaftoe-escorting-a-fair-



French-dam-sel-to-a-candy-shop-“I-adore-you”-he-said-in-a-voice-of-thunder-“and-Betty-Lobsterpot-shall-die-an-old-maid-which-will-you-have-caramels-or-peppermint-lose-no-time-for-the-price-of-candy-is-going-up.”

BETTY. You do not mean to tell me—

JEEMS (*as before*). While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of-Calais—

BETTY. I cannot believe it.

JEEMS. While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of—

THE EARL. That will do, Jeems. (*To BETTY.*) Are you convinced? You observe the sordid character of the traitor in the matter of candy?

BETTY. Alas! this evidence is too much for me!

THE EARL. You will be mine?

BETTY. Since I am nobody else's, I suppose I must be yours.

LOBSTERPOT (*advancing*). My progeny, accept my felicitations.

THE EARL. Let us ask the parental blessing.

BETTY. No; it will take too long.

THE EARL. And you will love me—a little?

BETTY. I will love you just as little as I can.

Song.—BETTY

Allegro comodo.

BETTY — I. I

loved a lad and loved him well, and I'd have been his bride, . . . but now my salt - y
well to be a lov - er bold, and brave and young and fair; . . . but this plain state - ment

tears must swell the deep blue o - cean tide. . . . And I may weep be - side the sea full
does not hold when lov - ers are not there. . . . I'm old and I am ver - y plain, but

man - y a wea - ry day, but tears will ne'er bring back to me my Bob - by far a -
 I am here to - day, and clear a - cross the rag - ing main her Bob - by's far a -

way, my Bob - by far a - way.
 way, her Bob - by's far a - way.

1. EARL — 2. 'Tis

2. LOBSTERPOT.

3. My daugh - ter now shall wed an Earl, a gen - u - ine Earl of

high de-gree, and not a nav - i - gat - ing churl who stead - i - ly sails the sa - line sea. The

This system contains the first five measures of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

dic - tion - ar - y has no word quite long e-nough for me to say how glad I am that

This system contains the next five measures. The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking in the final measure, indicated by a hairpin symbol.

I have heard, how full of re - joic - ing I am to have heard that her Bob - by's far a -

This system contains the final five measures. The piano accompaniment includes a *crescendo.* marking in the second measure, indicated by a hairpin symbol.

THE THREE.

way, 4. We can - not tell what mys - tic slip a - waits the fes - tive

rall. *8va.* *p*

cup, the while it jour - neys t'ward the lip that waits to drink it up. We

simp - ly state how mat - ters are, and wait the wed - ding - day, for, oh, we do not

know how far {my} Bob - by is a - way, {my} Bob - by is a - way, {my} BETTY.
her} her} EARL & LOB.

cres - - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Bob - by is a - way. *Curtain.*

ff *ff*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line for Betty at the top, with lyrics 'know how far {my} Bob - by is a - way, {my} Bob - by is a - way, {my} BETTY.' and 'her} her} EARL & LOB.' below it. The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'Bob - by is a - way.' and 'Curtain.' The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The third system shows the piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamics.

ACT III.

EXTERIOR OF LOBSTERPOT'S COTTAGE. EARLY MORNING.

Chorus of Girls and Boys.

Allegro.

f

mf

ff

mf

Al-tho' the

sun is hard - ly up, we've come to drain the fes - tal cup, for in this town we grieve to

The first system of the musical score for 'Bobby Shaftoe'. It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'sun is hard - ly up, we've come to drain the fes - tal cup, for in this town we grieve to'.

say, we don't have wed-dings ev - 'ry day; and so we rise at morn-ing - tide to hail the

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'say, we don't have wed-dings ev - 'ry day; and so we rise at morn-ing - tide to hail the'.

high - ly fav - ored bride. For in-deed is she a for-tu-nate girl who has the luck to

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'high - ly fav - ored bride. For in-deed is she a for-tu-nate girl who has the luck to'.

mar-ry an Earl, for in-deed she is a for-tu-nate girl who has the luck to mar-ry an Earl.

Sca.....

Moderato. BETTY (within).

But the bride a-lone is weep-ing... for a joy that ne'er can be,....

in her heart a mem-'ry keep-ing—luck-less bride is she!..... In her heart a

mem - 'ry keep - ing—luck - less bride is she!

rall. *Allegro moderato.*

Al - tho' the

sun is hard - ly up, we've come to drain the fes - tal cup, for in this town we grieve to

say, we don't have wed - dings ev - 'ry day; and so we rise at morn - ing - tide to hail the

CHORUS.

p. *f* *mf*

high - ly fa - vored bride. For in - deed she is a fort - u - nate girl who has the luck to

mar - ry an Earl, for indeed she is a fort - unate girl who has the luck to marry an Earl.

8va.....

f *ff*

LOBSTERPOT (*entering from cottage*). Ladies and gentlemen, it fills me with sepulchral and cryptogamic gloom to suggest to you that the bride is not attuned to a pitch of jubilation as yet, and that I have not had my breakfast. Perhaps you had better retire, and return later—after breakfast.

Chorus—Going out.

CHORUS.

But all the same, we wish to say, we don't have weddings ev - 'ry day; and

we are bent on mer - ri-ment, and fes - tive is our firm in - tent, and we will come a - gain and a -

gain, and we will come a - gain and a - gain, but that fes - tive cup we are bound to drain, that

fes - tive cup we are bound to drain, we will come a-gain and a-gain and a-gain, but that cup we are bound to

Sva...

(Exit of Chorus.)

drain.

Sva.

piu lento.

rallentando.

p

(a) Molto moderato.

lento, sostenuto.

(Enter Bobby.)

sfz

p

energico.

p

ff



(a) Enter (R.) BOBBY SHAFTOE, in ragged smock-frock, carrying a cutlass.

Ah! faithless girl! I have

BOBBY (*speaks*).
Aha! I am not too late. Her lattice is closed.

p Andante moderato.

heard the tale of your treachery. I know that this day you fling yourself into the arms of the Earl of Mucklemuchkin.

ac - cel - er - an - do ed cres - cen - do.

But you shall not fling without me!
My vengeance shall be complete.

Allegro, con fuoco.
f

For the Earl, for his villain valet, for your heartless father, death—a gory death.

ff

For you, traitress, a nun-nery. And as for the proud Countess, she shall be a—a laundress to a very particular old lady who

will always wear white petticoats. Aha! (a)



(a) Flings himself on a bench, and hides his head in his hand. Enter (L) THE EARL, THE COUNTESS, and JEEMS.

THE EARL. Ah, bright and happy morn that crowns my joy! Sometimes, Jeems, sometimes—mind, I only say *sometimes*—one is repaid for getting up early.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. *You* may be repaid, but Jeems and I don't see any pleasure in it. Do we, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. But who is that on yonder bench? Bobby Shaftoe! It cannot be! Jeems, it cannot be!

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. But it is Bobby Shaftoe, Jeems.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS (*they advance to BOBBY*). Bobby Shaftoe in rags and tatters!

THE EARL. Evidently shipwrecked.

THE COUNTESS. Probably penniless.

THE EARL. His clothes do not fit him.

THE COUNTESS. They must have belonged to some one else.

THE EARL. Suppose we let Jeems kick him.

THE COUNTESS. By all means. Jeems, would you mind?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. Then kick him.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

BOBBY, *springing up.**Allegro moderato, ed energico.*

1. No, not while Bob-by is a Brit-ish sail-or shall Bob-by feel a
for-tune has my gar-ments tat-ter'd, and treacher-y robbed me

lack-ey's toe. Base Earl, turn pale, proud Countess, pal-er, while Jeems shall shame the driv-en snow! While
of my bride, but the groom shall be in piec-es shattered who wounds with a kick my per-son-al pride! Who

Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow! Yes, Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow! Base

wounds with a kick my per - son-al pride! Who wounds with a kick my per - son-al pride! The

mf

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Earl, turn pale, proud Count - ess, pal - er, while Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow!

groom shall be in piec - es shat - tered who wounds with a kick my per-son-al pride!

crescendo. *f* *f*

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *crescendo.*, *f*, and *f*.

1. Mis -

2.



[He draws his cutlass. The others recoil in alarm to L.U.C., and at end of song flee in dismay, THE COUNTESS leaving her long cloak behind her.

BOBBY. Base cravens! It was, then, too true. She loves me no longer. Yet how can I believe her false who was ever true? Even now her parting song rings in my ears. Hark! what is that?

BETTY, at lattice window.

Andante, non troppo lento.

BETTY (To be sung very simply).

Strangely dawns this day for me; I shall shortly

(a) *sfp* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *p* *p*

(a) Use, if practicable, a bell in C on the stage whenever this *Ped.* * occurs, omitting the note on the Piano Forte.

mar-ried be to an Earl of high de-gree. Hark, the church bells ring-ing!

sfp *sfp* *pp*
Ped. * *Ped.* * *rit. molto.*

BOBBY. I will give her constancy one last lingering chance. (*Wraps himself in the Countess's cloak, and sings like an old woman.*)

BOBBY.

Yes, the Earl hath sent for thee, but, I pray thee, tell to me, is it not a-

p a tempo.

BETTY.

cross the sea that thy thoughts are wing-ing? Nay, the wea-ry sea waves swell o-ver one who

p

loved me well; but there is no more to tell, now the bells are ring - ing.

rall.

BOBBY.

Should he come from o - ver - sea, poor and luck - less, and of thee

p a tempo.
*Ped. * Ped. **
p
Ped. simile.

BETTY.

ask that thou his bride should be, would the bells be ring - ing? If he came a

*Ped. **

beg - gar - lad I would give him all I had, and no time should be so glad as

BETTY.

BOBBY.

when the bells were ring - ing, when the bells were ring - ing.

rall. e dim

sf sf p

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

[BETTY closes the lattice.

BOBBY. She is true, by all the powers; she is true, by the mystic grace of love; she is true, by the very tone of her voice; she is true, by—by—by—thunder!

[Exit.

Enter CHORUS OF BRIDEMAIDS.*Allegretto grazioso, a la Valse.*

CHORUS.

And how, . . . and, oh,

how . . . shall we deck the bloom - ing bride? . . . She's white as whit - est ros - es, and

lov - li - er be - side. . . . We'll deck her out with ros - es, and, an - y - way, we'll

make the ros - es look the pret - ti - er, if on - ly for her sake! The

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics underneath. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line, and chords and moving lines in the piano accompaniment.

ros - es look the pret - ti - er, if on - ly for her sake!....

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is visible in the piano accompaniment of the fifth measure.

Enter (L.) the EARL, the COUNTESS, and JEEMS. Enter LOBSTERPOT from house.

*Ensemble**Allegro comodo.*

THE EARL.

And

The Earl's entrance is marked with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is *Allegro comodo.* The music begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo then changes to *a tempo.* with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The Earl's first line of lyrics is: "I'm to be wed this mer - ry day to the maid-en who lives in there, a maid-en who, not hav-ing". The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The Countess's entrance is marked with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is *Allegro comodo.* The music begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo then changes to *a tempo.* with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

much to say, says that lit - tle with charm - ing air. So you'll be wed this mer - ry day. If

you con-ceive it such, you may find mat - ri - mo - ny play; I did - n't like it

This system contains the first five measures of the song. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) appears in the third measure of the piano part.

CHORUS. LOBSTERPOT.
much. She did - n't like it much. The mat - ri - mo - nial nup - tial tie we'll

This system contains measures 6 through 10. It begins with the section heading "CHORUS." and "LOBSTERPOT." above the first two measures. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb) starting in measure 8. The lyrics continue below the vocal line. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) appears in measure 9 of the piano part.

cel - e-brate with rap - tures high, and Hy - men's sym - pho - ny we'll scan, with words ses - qui - ped -

This system contains measures 11 through 15. The key signature remains one flat (Bb). The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the bass register.

CHORUS (*turbulent, and mocking Lobsterpot with great glee*).

al - i - an. Ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ses -

f *cres* *cen* *do.*

qui - ped - al - i - an!

mf *f* *ff* *rit.*

CHORUS OF BOYS (*as they enter*).

Bob - by Shaf-toe has come back from sail - ing; rich in gold and gems is he; he wants to find out

f

what is ail-ing, and he ain't un-der no sort of no kind of sea, and he ain't un-der no sort of

cres - - - cen - - - do.

(Bobby appears). (a) *Allegro. BOBBY.* *(Enter Betty from house). (b)*

no kind of sea, not the least un-der no sort of kind of sea. Bob - by Shaf-toe's come from sea!

rit. molto. *mf*

CHORUS. BETTY. CHORUS.

Bob - by Shaf - toe! Bob - by Shaf - toe! He's come back to mar - ry me! Bob - by Shaf - toe! Bob - by Shaf - toe!

f *mf*

(a) Entering in handsome clothes.

(b) Rushing into BOBBY's arms.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

THE EARL. COUNTESS. LOBSTERPOT.

Bob - by is too much for me. So it seems, and so we see. Pul - chri - tu - di -

JEEMS. (a) BETTY. BOBBY.

nous Bob - bee! Pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe. Bob - by Shaf - toe went to sea, sil - ver buck - les

rall. *f a tempo.*

OMNES.

on his knee. {He's} come back to mar - ry {me.} Pret - - ty! pret - - ty!

rall. *f a tempo.*

BOBBY (*speaks*).
Permit me!
(*Introducing*)
MRS.
ROBERT SHAFTOE!

OMNES. *Curtain.*

Mis - tress Robert Shaf - toe!

ff rit. *f a tempo.* *ff* *ff* *8va.*

A musical score for the song 'Bobby Shaftoe'. It features a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It includes the lyrics 'Mis - tress Robert Shaf - toe!' and is marked with 'OMNES.' and 'Curtain.'. The piano accompaniment is in a similar key signature and includes dynamic markings such as 'ff rit.', 'f a tempo.', and 'ff'. It also features an '8va.' marking indicating an octave rise. The score is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.