

Scene: Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L. Private Willis discovered on Sentry, R. Night.

No. 14. "When all night long a chap remains"

Song

Private Willis

Allegretto moderato

f

p

(A)

cresc.

ff

Pvt. Willis

1. When

(B)

Moderato

all night long a chap re-mains On sen-try-go, to chase mo-not-o-ny He
in that House M. P.'s di-vide, If they've a brain and cer-e-bel-lum, too, They've

ex-er-cis-es of his brains, That is, as-sum-ing that he's got an-y. Tho'
got to leave that brain out-side, And vote just as their lead-ers tell 'em to. But

nev-er nur-tured in the lap Of lux-u-ry, Yet I ad-mon-ish you, I
then the pros-pect of a lot Of dull M. P.'s in close prox-im-i-ty, All

am an in-tel-lec-tual chap, And think of things that would as-ton-ish you. I
think-ing for them-selves, is what No man can face with e-quan-im-i-ty. Then

oft-en think it's com-i-cal— Fal, la!, la! Fal, la!, la! How Na-ture al-ways does con-trive—
 let's re-joice with loud Fal-lal— Fal, la!, la! Fal, la!, la! That

Fal, la!, la, la! That ev-'ry boy and ev-'ry gal That's born in-to the

world a-live, Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-serv-a-tive!

Fal, la!, la! Fal, la!, la! Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-

Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by Leila, Colia, and Flota.

serv-a-tive! Fal, la!, la! 1. 2.
 When

No. 15. "Strephon's a member of Parliament"

Chorus

Fairies and Peers

Allegro vivace

The first system of music consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand starts with a chord and then plays a series of eighth notes with slurs. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and some slurs. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system shows the right hand playing a more active melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand accompaniment continues.

The fourth system continues the melodic and accompanimental patterns. The right hand has a series of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a consistent rhythmic base.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The right hand has a melodic line that ends with a circled 'D' above a note. The left hand accompaniment continues until the final measure, which ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Fairies

Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Car - ries ev - ry bill he choos - es.

The first system of the musical score for 'Fairies' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Car - ries ev - ry bill he choos - es.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

To his mea - sures all as-sent;— Show-ing that fair - ies have their us - es.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'To his mea - sures all as-sent;— Show-ing that fair - ies have their us - es.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

Whigs and Tor - ies Dim their glo - ries,

The third system begins with a circled 'E' above the vocal line, indicating a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'Whigs and Tor - ies Dim their glo - ries,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic structure.

Giv-ing an ear to all his sto - ries—Lords and Com-mons are both in the blues:

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Giv-ing an ear to all his sto - ries—Lords and Com-mons are both in the blues:'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic structure.

Stre-phon makes them shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes!

Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Stre-phon makes them shake in their shoes, in their

F unis.

shoes! Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!

(Enter Peers from Westminster Hall)

Run-ning a-muck of all - a - bus - es, His un-qual - i - fied as-sent

Some - how no - bod - y now re - fus - es.

Whigs and To - ries Dim their glo - ries, Giv - ing an ear - to

all his sto - ries, Car - ry - ing ev - 'ry bill he may wish:

Here's a pret - ty ket - tle of fish! Ket - tle of fish - Ket - tle of fish -

Ket-tle of fish— Ket-tle of fish— Here's a pret-ty ket-tle, a ket-tle of

(G) Fairies

fish! Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!
Peers Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!

Car - ries ev - 'ry bill — he choos - es. To his mea - sures all as-sent;—
Car - ries ev - 'ry bill he choos - es. To his mea - sures all as-sent;—

Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish, Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish:
 Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish, Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish:
 Here's a pret-ty ket-tle of fish!
 Here's a pret-ty ket-tle of fish!

(Enter Lords Tolloller and Mountararat)

Ld. Mount.: Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!

Celia: You seem annoyed.

Ld. Mount.: Annoyed! I should think so! Why, this ridiculous protégé of yours is playing the deuce with everything! Tonight is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.

Ld. Toll.: And he'll carry it, too!

Ld. Mount.: Carry it? Of course he will! He's a Parliamentary Pickford—he carries everything.

Leila: Yes. If you please, that's our fault.

Ld. Mount.: The deuce it is!

Celia: Yes; we influence the members, and compel them to vote just as he wishes them to.

Leila: It's our system; it shortens the debates.

Ld. Toll.: Well, but think what it all means! I don't so much mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs.

Leila: I suppose it must.

Ld. Mount.: I don't want to say a word against brains—I've a great respect for brains; I often wish I had some myself—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

Leila: I never thought of that.

Ld. Mount.: This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.

No. 16. "When Britain really ruled the waves"

Song and Chorus

Lord Mountarat, Fairies and Peers

Lord Mountarat

Maestoso

1. When

Brit-ain real-ly ruled the waves—(In good Queen Bess-'s — time)— The House of Peers made Wel-ling- ton thrashed Bo- na- parte, As ev- 'ry child can tell, The House of Peers through- while the House of Peers with- holds Its leg- is- la- tive hand, And no- ble states- men

no pre- tence, To in- tel- lec- tual em- in- ence, Or schol- ar- ship sub- lime; Yet out the war, Did noth- ing in par- ti- cu- lar, And did it ver- y well. Yet do not itch To in- ter- fere with mat- ters which They do not un- der- stand. As

Brit- ain won her proud- est bays In good Queen Bess- 's glo- ri- ous days! Yet Brit- ain set the world a- blaze In good King George- 's glo- ri- ous days! Yet bright will shine Great Brit- ain's rays, As in King George- 's glo- ri- ous days! As

Chorus
Fairies

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days. Yes,
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days. Yes,
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days. As

Peers

Yes,
 Yes,
 As

ff

1. 2.

2. When
 3. And

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

1. 2.

(Reunt Chorus of Peers)

Leila: (who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song) Charming persons, are they not?

Celia: Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!

Ld. Toll.: Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before it's too late. Think of the mischief you're doing!

Leila: (crying) But we can't stop him now. (Aside to Celia) Aren't they lovely? (Aloud) Oh why did you go and defy us, you great geese?

No. 17. "In vain to us you plead"

Duet and Chorus

Leila, Celia, Fairies, Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller

Leila 1st Verse 1. In vain to us you
 Ceila 2nd Verse 2. Your dis - re - spect - ful

p staccato

p plead— Don't go! Your prayrs we do not
 sneers— Don't go! Call forth in - dig - nant

p heed— Don't go! It's true we sigh, But don't sup - pose A
 tears— Don't go! You break our laws, You are our foe! We

tear - ful eye For - give - ness shows. Oh no! We're
 cry, be - cause we hate you so. You know! You

cresc.

ver - y cross in - deed, Yes ver - y cross.
ver - y wick - ed Peers! You wick - ed Peers!

f *dim.*

p (K) Chorus

Don't go! It's true we sigh— But don't sup-pose A
Don't go! You break our laws, You are our foe! We

p

tear - ful eye For - give-ness shows Oh no! We're
cry, be-cause We hate you so! You know! You

cresc.

ver - y cross in - deed, Yes, ver - y cross, Don't
ver - y wick - ed Peers, You wick - ed Peers, Don't

f *dim.* *p*

1. go!

2. Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount.

go! Our dis- re- spect-ful sneers, ha, ha! Call forth in- dig- nant

Fairies Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mt. & Peers

tears, ha, ha! If that's the case, my dears— Don't go! We'll go!

(Exeunt Mountararat and Tolloller. Fairies gaze wistfully after them. Enter Fairy Queen.)

- Queen: Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?
- Leila: Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.
- Fleta: If it were you'd have to execute us all.
- Queen: Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!
- Celia: We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!
- Leila: We are not all as tough as you are.
- Queen: Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring to Pvt. Willis*). A perfect picture!— (*to Pvt. Willis*) Who are you, sir?
- Pvt. Willis: Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.
- Queen: You're a fine fellow, sir.
- Pvt. Willis: I am generally admired.
- Queen: I can quite understand it.— (*To Fairies*) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.

No. 18. "Oh, foolish fay"

Song and Chorus

Queen and Fairies

Andante

Piano introduction in G-flat major, 3/4 time, marked *p*. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

Queen

1. Oh, fool-ish fay, Think you, be - cause His brave ar - ray My bo - som
 2. On fire that glows With heat in - tense I turn the hose Of com - mon

First two lines of the Queen's song. The vocal line is in G-flat major, 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment is marked *p*.

thaws, I'd dis - o - bey Our fair - y laws? Be - cause I
 sense, And out it goes At small ex - pense! We must main -

Third line of the Queen's song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

fly In realms a - bove, In ten - den - cy To fall in
 tain Our fair - y law; That is the main On which to

Fourth line of the Queen's song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes with a steady accompaniment.

love, Re-semble I The am-'rous dove? Re-semble I the am-'rous dove?
draw— In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw! In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw!

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al - though I dare not say so!
Could thy Bri-gade With cold cas-cade Quench my great love, I won - der!

Chorus

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

Queen

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al-though I dare not say so!
 Could thy' Bri-gade With cold cas-cade Quench my great love, I won - der!

(Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by Fairy Queen)
(Enter Phyllis)

Phyllis: *(half crying)* I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noble-
 men at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable.
 Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl would care for
 a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

(Enter Lord Mountararat)

Ld.Mount.: Phyllis! my own!

Phyllis: Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?

Ld.Mount.: I'm one of them.

Phyllis: Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?

Ld.Mount.: It's a prize for being born first.

Phyllis: Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.

Ld.Mount.: Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.

Phyllis: And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people
 made peers?

Ld.Mount.: The principle is not easy to explain.

(Enter Lord Tolloller, L.)

Ld. Toll.: Phyllis! my darling! *(embraces her)*

Phyllis: Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's to be?

Ld. Toll.: Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up. On
 the whole, we would rather leave it to you.

Phyllis: How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and you
 are both plain.

Ld. Mount.: So we are. At least I am.

Ld. Toll.: So am I.

Ld. Mount.: No, no!

Ld. Toll.: Oh, I am indeed very plain.

Ld. Mount.: Well, well! perhaps you are.

Phyllis: There's really nothing to choose between you. If one of you would forego his title and distribute his estates among his Irish tenantry, why, then I should see a reason for accepting the other. (*Phyllis retires up*).

Ld. Mount.: Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Not even to oblige a lady?

Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Then the only question is, which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

Ld. Toll.: No, I don't know that you are. I really think that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

Ld. Mount.: Again the question arises, which shall it be? Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Not even to oblige a gentleman?

Ld. Toll.: Impossible! The Tollollers have invariably destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect.

Ld. Mount.: I see. Did you swear it before a commissioner?

Ld. Toll.: I did, on affidavit.

Ld. Mount.: Then I don't see how you can help yourself.

Ld. Toll.: It's a painful position, for I have a strong regard for you, George. (*shake hands*)

Ld. Mount.: (*much affected*) My dear Thomas!

Ld. Toll.: You are very dear to me, George. We were boys together—at least I was. If I were to destroy you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

Ld. Mount.: Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me.

Ld. Toll.: No, no!

Ld. Mount.: Ah yes! By our boyish friendship I implore you. (*shake hands*)

Ld. Toll.: (*much moved*) Well! well! be it so. But no, no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

Ld. Mount.: But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much (*shake hands*) but not, perhaps, as much as you like me.

Ld. Toll.: George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

Ld. Mount.: But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week. Remember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas, it would not last a day!

Ld. Toll.: It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at it in that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in a very awkward position.

Phyllis: (*coming down*) Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worth while.

Ld. Toll.: I don't believe it is.

Ld. Mount.: Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my hand against Thomas.

Ld. Toll.: And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.

No. 19. "Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame"

Quartet

Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Private Willis

Allegro moderato Lord Tol.

Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame, The

things are few I would not do In Friend - ship's

Lord Mount.

name! And I may say I think the same; Not

e - ven love Should rank a - bove True Friend - - ship's

(A)

Phyllis

name! Then free me, pray: be mine the blame: For - get your craze And

go your ways, In - Friend - ship's name - in Friend - ship's

(B)

p

name! Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Lord Tol. *p*
 Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Lord Mount. *p*
 Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Sentry *p*
 Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,

(B)

Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

cresc.

prom - ised bride!

prom-ised bride!

prom-ised bride!

prom-ised bride! Ac - cept, oh — Friend-ship, all — the —

p *a piacere* *cresc.*

p

a tempo

f This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! *dim.* *p* Ac - cept this

This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! *dim.* *p* Ac - cept this

This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! *dim.* *p* Ac - cept this

same, This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! *dim.* *p* Ac - cept this

pp (After Quartet, exeunt Phyllis, Lords Toltoller, and Mountarat.)
(Enter Lord Chancellor very miserable.)

pp sac - ri - fice to thy dear name!

pp sac - ri - fice to thy dear name!

pp sac - ri - fice to thy dear name!

pp sac - ri - fice to thy dear name!

p

No. 20. "Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest"

Recitative and Song

Lord Chancellor

Allegro

Piano introduction in G minor, 6/8 time. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, while the left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. The right hand continues the melodic development with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

Recit.
Lord. Chan.

A

a tempo

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The vocal line is in recitative style. The piano accompaniment is mostly silent, with a forte (*f*) chord appearing at the end of the line.

Love, un-re-quit-ed, robs me of my rest:

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The vocal line continues in recitative style. The piano accompaniment is mostly silent, with a forte (*f*) chord appearing at the end of the line.

Love, hope-less love, my ar-dent soul en-cum-bers:

B

Love, night-mare-like, lies heav - y on my chest, And

din.

a tempo

weaves it-self in-to my mid-night slum - bers!

p

fz

Allegro ma non troppo

C

When you're ly-ing a-wake with a

dis-mal head-ache, and re - pose is ta - bood by anx - i - e - ty, I con -

ceive you may use an - y language you choose to in - dulse in, with-out im - pro -

pri - e - ty; For your brain is on fire — the bed-clothes con - spire — of

u - su - al slum-ber to plun-der you: First your coun - ter-pane goes, and un -

co-vers your toes, and your sheet slips de-mure-ly from un-der you; Then the

blank-et-ing tick-les— you feel like mixed pick-les— so ter-ri-bly sharp is the

prick-ing, And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tum-ble and toss till there's

noth-ing'twixt you and the tick-ing. Then the bed-clothes all creep to the

ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan-gle; Next your

pil-low re-signs and po-lite-ly de-clines to re-main at its u-su-al

an-gle! Well, you get some re-^(F)pose in the form of a doze, with hot

eye-balls and head ev-er aching, But your slum-ber-ing teems with such

hor-ri-ble dreams that you'd ver-y much bet-ter be wak-ing; For you

ⓐ

dream you are cross-ing the Chan-nel, and toss-ing a - bout in a steam-er from

pp

Har-wich— Which is some-thing be-tween a large bath-ing ma-chine and a

ver-y small sec-ond-class car-riage— And you're giv-ing a treat (pen-ny

ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations— They're a

rav-en-ous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Ken-sing-ton

Sta-tions. And bound on that jour-ney you find your at-tor-ney (who

start-ed that morn-ing from Dev-on); He's a bit un-der-siz'd, and you

don't feel surpris'd when he tells you he's on - ly e - lev - en. We'll, you're

driv - ing like mad with this sin - gu - lar lad (by - the - bye, the ship's now a four -

wheel - er), And you're play - ing round games, and he calls you bad names when you

tell him that "ties pay the deal - er"; But this you can't stand, so you

throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an i - ci - cle; In your

shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), cross-ing Sal's-bu - ry Plain on a

bi - cy - cle: And he and the crew are on bi - cy - cles too - which they've

some-how or oth - er in - vest - ed in - And he's tell-ing the tars, all the

par - tic - u - lars of a com - pa - ny he's in - ter - est - ed in - It's a

scheme of de - vic - es, to get at low pric - es, all goods from cough mix - tures to

ca - bles (Which tick - led the sail - ors) by treat - ing re - tail - ers, as

though they were all ve - ge - ta - bles - You get a good spades - man to

plant a small trades-man, (first take off his boots with a boot-tree), And his

legs will take root, and his fin-gers will shoot, and they'll blos-som and bud like a

fruit-tree— From the green-gro-cer tree you get grapes and green-pea, cau-li-

flow-er, pine-ap-ple, and cran-ber-ries, While the pas-try-cook plant, cher-ry

bran- dy will grant, ap- ple puffs, and three- cor-ners, and ban-ber-ies— The

sempre p

①
 shares are a pen-ny, and ev-er so man-y are tak-en by Roths-child and

sempre p

Ba- ring, And just as a few are al- lot- ted to you, you a -

②
 wake with a shud-der des- pair- ing— You're a reg- u- lar wreck, with a

pp

crick in your neck, and no won-der you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've

cresc.

nee-dles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a creep, for your

cresc.

left leg's a-sleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some

fluff in your lung, and a fe-ver-ish tongue, and a thirst that's in-tense, And a

dim.

gen-er-al sense that you have-n't been sleep-ing in clo-ver;

cresc.

Ⓢ

But the dark-ness has pass'd, and it's day-light at

p

last, and the night has been long— dit-to, dit-to my

cresc.

song— And thank good-ness they're both of them o -

colla voce

ver! Con fuoco

ff

During the last lines Lords Mountararat and Tolloller have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the Lord Chancellor's distress. At the end of his song they come forward.

Ld. Mount.: I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition.

Ld. Chan.: Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

Ld. Toll.: (*without enthusiasm*) Yes. In a way, it's an enviable position.

Ld. Mount.: Oh yes—no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

Ld. Chan.: I feel the force of your remarks, but I cannot make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here in a double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted with the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, as a suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am overawed by my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to approach myself—it unnerves me.

Ld. Toll.: It's a difficult position. This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever.

Ld. Mount.: But take courage! Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

Ld. Chan.: Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.

No. 21. "He who shies at such a prize"

Trio

Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarat and Lord Chancellor

In modo di Valzer

First system of the piano introduction. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The music is in 3/4 time and the key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

Second system of the piano introduction. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand features a prominent bass line with chords. A dynamic marking of *P* (piano) is present in the right hand.

Lord Tol., 2nd Verse

He who shies At such a prize Is not worth a
 Lord Mount., 1st Verse

If you go in You're sure to win— Yours will be the

Piano accompaniment for the first verse, consisting of two systems. The right hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords, and the left hand provides a simple bass line.

ma - ra - ve - di Be so kind — To bear in mind—

charm - ing mai - die: Be your law The an - cient saw,

Piano accompaniment for the second verse, consisting of two systems. The right hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords, and the left hand provides a simple bass line.

(A)

(Together each verse)

"Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!" Nev - er, nev - er,
 "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!" Nev - er, nev - er,
 Lord Chan.
 Nev - er, nev - er,

(B)

nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"
 nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"
 nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"

(B)

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

p

Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

ff

First system of the piano introduction. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

Second system of the piano introduction. It includes a circled 'D' above the staff, indicating a dynamic change. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand has a section marked 'p' (piano) with sustained chords.

Ld. Chan.

First system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I'll — take heart, And make a start— Though I". The piano accompaniment continues with the established eighth-note patterns.

Second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "fear the pros - pect's sha - dy— Much I'd spend To gain— my". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "end— 'Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!'". The piano accompaniment continues to the end of the system.

(E) Ld. Tol.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

Ld. Mount.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

(E) Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

(F) la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

noth - ing win - Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin -

noth - ing win - Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin -

noth - ing win - Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin -

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round! _____

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round! _____

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round! _____

ff

(Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together. Enter Strephon.)

188 No. 22. "My bill has now been read a second time"

Recitative and Song

Strephon

Allegro pesante

Recit.

My

bill has now been read a second time: His ready vote no member now refuses; In

ver-ity I wield a power sublime, And one that I can turn to mighty uses! What

joy to carry, in the very teeth of Ministry, Cross-Bench, and Op-po-

si-tion, Some rather ur-gent mea-sures— quite be-neath The ken of

pa-triot and pol-i-ti-cian! Fold your flap-ping wings, soar-ing leg-is-

la-ture! Stoop to lit-tle things— Stoop to hu-man na-ture! Nev-er need to

roam, Mem-bers pa-tri-ot-ic, Let's be-gin at home—

Crime is no ex - ot - ic! Bit - ter is your bane - Ter - ri - ble your

rall.
tri - als, - Din - gy Dru - ry Lane! Soap - less Sev - en Di - als!

rall.
dim.

Take a tip - sy lout,
Take a wretch - ed thief,

f *p*

Gath - er'd from the gut - ter - Hus - tle him a - bout - Strap him to a
Through the cit - y sneak - ing, Pock - et hand - ker - chief Ev - er, ev - er

shut - ter: What am I but he, Wash'd at hours
seek - ing: What is he but I Robb'd of all my

p

stat - ed— Fed on fil - a - gree— Clothed and ed - u -
chanc - es— Pick - ing pock - ets by Force of cir - cum -

ca - ted? He's a mark of scorn,— I might be an -
stanc - es? I might be as bad— As un - luck - y,

cresc. *f* *più f*

1.
oth - er, If I had been born Of a tip - sy moth - er!
rath - er—

p *ff*

2.

If I'd on - ly had Fa - gin for a fa - ther!

colla voce *ff*

(Enter Phyllis)

Phyllis: (starting) Strephon!

Strephon: (starting) Phyllis! But I suppose I should say, "My Lady". I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to elect.

Phyllis: I haven't quite decided. You see, I have no *mother* to advise me.

Strephon: No; I have.

Phyllis: Yes, a *young* mother.

Strephon: Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

Phyllis: Oh, she wears well.

Strephon: She does; she's a fairy.

Phyllis: I beg your pardon—a what?

Strephon: Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact—she's a fairy.

Phyllis: A fairy! Well, but—that would account for a good many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy?

Strephon: I'm half a fairy.

Phyllis: Which half?

Strephon: The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

Phyllis: Dear me! (*prodding him with her fingers*) There is nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell me this before?

Strephon: I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm only half a mortal.

Phyllis: (*crying*) But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love than half a dozen I don't.

Strephon: Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.

Phyllis: (*crying*) It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please forgive me.

Strephon: I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

Phyllis: I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

Strephon: You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy. (*embracing her*)

Phyllis: We won't wait long before we marry; we might change our minds.

Strephon: Yes—we'll get married first.

Phyllis: And change our minds afterwards.

Strephon: Yes, that's the usual course.

No. 23. "If we're weak enough to tarry"

Duet

Phyllis and Strephon

Allegro giocoso

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Strephon

Vocal line for Strephon: "If we're weak e-nough to tar-ry Ere we mar-ry, You and I,"
 Piano accompaniment: *p*

Vocal line for Strephon: "Of the feel-ing I in-spire You may tire — By and bye;"
 Piano accompaniment: *p*

Vocal line for Strephon: "For peers with flow-ing cof-fers Press their of-fers, That is why"
 Piano accompaniment: *p*

I am sure we should not tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I.

Phyllis

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You may fly;

(B)
If by chance we should be part - ed, Bro - ken-heart - ed I — should die.

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

Ah, _____ Ah, _____

Strephon

Ah, _____

ad. *

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

p

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You may fly.
Of the feel - ing I in - spire, You may tire — By and bye,

C
You _____ and I, _____
Of the feel - ing I in - spire, You may tire — By and bye —

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,
If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You my fly.

Of the feel - ing I in - spire, — You may tire — By and bye.

p

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere — we mar - ry, Ere we

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere — we mar - ry, Ere we

mar - ry, You — and I, You — and I,

mar - ry, You — and I, You — and I,

p *cresc.*

You and I.
 You and I.
 You and I.
col pedale

Phyllis: But does your mother know you're—I mean, is she aware of our engagement?

(Enter Iolanthe)

Iolanthe: She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law. (*kisses her*)

Phyllis: She kisses just like other people! But the Lord Chancellor?

Strephon: I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can resist your fairy eloquence. You will go to him and plead for us?

Iolanthe: (*Aside*) Go to him?—(*aloud*) No, no! impossible!

Strephon: But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon our obtaining his consent.

Phyllis: Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this?

Iolanthe: You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is my husband!

Strephon: } Your husband?

Phyllis: }

Iolanthe: My husband and your father! (*Strephon overcome*)

Phyllis: Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

Iolanthe: Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to deceive him. But see, he comes! Quick, my veil! (*Retires up*)

(Enter Lord Chancellor. Iolanthe retires with Strephon and Phyllis)

Ld. Chan.. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I hand-somely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

(Iolanthe comes down, Strephon and Phyllis going off.)

But whom have we here?

No. 24. "My lord, a suppliant at your feet"

Recitative and Ballad

Iolanthe

Allegro agitato

Recit.
Iolanthe

My lord, a

f

Recit.

sup-pliant at your feet I kneel, Oh,

f

Recit.

list-en to a moth-er's fond ap- peal! Hear me to -

a tempo

f

night! I come in ur-gent need— 'Tis for my son, young Stre-phon, that I plead'

p

Andante non troppo lento

He loves! If in the by-gone years Thine eyes have ev - er shed Tears—

p

bit - ter, un - a - vail - ing tears— For one un - time - ly dead—

If in the e - ven - tide of life Sad thoughts of her a - rise, Then

let the mem - 'ry of thy wife Plead for my boy— he dies! He

pp

dies! If fond-ly laid a-side In some old cab-in-et, Me-

mo-rials of thy long-dead bride Lie, dear-ly trea-sured yet,

Then let her hal-low'd bri-dal dress—Her lit-tle daint-y gloves—Her

cresc.

with-er'd flow'rs—her fad-ed tress—Plead for my boy—he loves!

f *dim.* *p* *pp*

(The Lord Chancellor is moved by this appeal. After a pause—)

No. 25. "It may not be"

Recitative

Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor and Fairies

Recit.
Ld. Chan.

It may not be— for so the fates de - cide! Learn thou that

Moderato
a tempoⒶ *a tempo vivace*

Phyl-lis is my prom-is'd bride!

Iolanthe

Ld. Chan.

Thy bride! No! No! It shall be so! Those who would sep - arate us,

Ⓑ *ma espress.*
a tempo

Iolanthe

woe be - tide! My doom thylips have spo-ken— I plead in

Chorus (without)

Iolanthe

vain! For - bear! — For - bear! — A vow al-read - y

Fairies

bro - ken, I break — a - gain! For - bear! — For -

Ⓒ

Iolanthe

bear! — (For him— for her— for thee I yield — my

dim. e rit.

Più lento

p

life. Be - hold— it may not be! I am thy

pp

Andante moderato

Fairies

(D)

wife Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Wil-la- loo! —

p *pp*

Recit.

Ld. Chan.

Lento

Iolanthe

— Wil-la- loo! — I - o - lan - the! thou liv - est? Aye! I live! Now let me

pp

Andante

Enter Fairy Queen and Fairies. Iolanthe kneels to her.

die! —

pp

(E)

Once a - gain — thy vows are bro - ken;

p

Thou thy - self thy doom hast spo - ken!

(F) Fairies

Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye -

p

(G) Queen

yah! Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo! Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo! — Bow — thy

pp *p*

head to Des - ti - ny: Death thy doom, and thou — shalt

(H)

Fairies

The musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "die! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Wil-la - ha - lah! Wil-la - loo! Wil-la - ha - lah! Wil-la - loo!". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and later moves to pianissimo (*pp*). The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff.

(The Peers and Strephon enter. The Queen raises her spear. Lord Chancellor and Strephon implore her mercy, Leila und Celia rush forward.)

- Leila: Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.
- Queen: What?
(Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mountarat with Leila; Lord Tolloller with Celia.)
- Celia: We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.
- Ld.Mount.: It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.
- Queen: It seems they *have* helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(After a pause) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (unfolding a scroll) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!
- Ld.Chan.: Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!
- Queen: We like your humor. Very well. (Altering the MS. in pencil)—Private Willis!
- Pvt.Willis: (coming forward) Ma'am?
- Queen: To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?
- Pvt.Willis: Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.
- Queen: You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?
(Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.)
- Ld.Mount.: (to Tolloller) Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use *we* are down here.
- Ld.Toll.: None, whatever.
- Queen: Good! (Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.)—Then away we go to Fairyland!

No. 26. "Soon as we may, off and away"

207

Finale
Ensemble

In modo di Valzer

Phyllis 1st Verse

Soon as we may, Off and a - way!

Ld. Chan. 2nd Verse

Up in the sky, Ev - er so high,

We'll com - mence our jour - ney air - y— Hap - py are we—

Plea - sures come in end - less se - ries: We will ar - range

As you can see, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Hap - py ex - change— House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

(A) Phyllis, 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Iol., 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Queen, 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Ld. Tol., 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

Ld. Mount., 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

Ld. Ch., 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

(A) (B)

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to
 Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to
 Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to
 Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in
 Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in
 Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to
 ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to
 ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to
 Chan - ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - tible
 Chan - ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - tible
 Chan - ce - ry, I shall be sure - ly hap - pier, for I'm such a sus - cep - tible

Tutti
Phyllis

(C)

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Iolanthe

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Queen

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Chorus

Leila with Sop. I Celia with Sop. II

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Lord Tol. with Ten. I Lord Mount. with Ten. II

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Lord Chan. & Strephon with Bass

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

(C)

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

go to ev - 'ry bow, Wards in Chan - ce - ry, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

you've two beaux to ev-'ry string. Chan-cel-lor! _____
 such a sus-cep-tible

1. *ff* 2. *ff*

Ed. *End of Opera*

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