

An Original Light English Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

ENTITLED

HADDON HALL.

WRITTEN BY

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Haddon Hall New Libretto Edition
by David Trutt

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HADDON HALL NEW LIBRETTO EDITION

SOURCES

CHAPPELL & Co. Librettos and Vocal Scores published 1892.

FIRST EDITION LIBRETTO:

Puritan Friends introduced on page 22.

Middle Verse of “In days of old” on page 37.

SECOND EDITION LIBRETTO:

Adds page 14a, “Why weep and wait” and “Red of the rose-bud.”

Instruction to skip pages 15-16.

Deletes ‘Puritan Friends’ and ‘Middle Verse’ of First Edition.

FIRST EDITION VOCAL SCORE.

SECOND EDITION VOCAL SCORE:

Adds pages 52a-d, “Why weep and wait” and “Red of the rose-bud.”

Instruction to skip pages 48-52.

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INTRODUCTION

The HADDON HALL NEW LIBRETTO EDITION presents a complete and accurate libretto for the Arthur Sullivan and Sydney Grundy 1892 “Light English Opera.” It addresses shortcomings in the original Chappell librettos and in the more recent libretto editions:

1. There are many instances where the lyrics in the vocal score do not agree with the libretto. It would appear that Sullivan changed the words as he was setting the music, and the changes were not transferred to the libretto. The New Libretto Edition interpolates these changes into the libretto, while maintaining the libretto wording; the distinctions are clearly noted. Short repetitions of lines are included as they maintain the flow of the song or project a heightened emotional feeling. However, repetitive singing at the end of a verse is not included in the Chappell’s or this libretto.

2. It is well known that Sullivan inserted the Dorothy Vernon songs “Why weep and wait” followed by “Red of the rose-bud” shortly after the opera opened; thus arose the need for a second edition of both libretto and vocal score. The second edition vocal score and libretto include these songs, but do not delete the John Manners song “The earth is fair” nor the Dorothy/Manners duet “Sweetly the morn doth break.” This has caused confusion ever since. The Chappell libretto, among others, leaves it in place, but tells the reader to ignore those pages. Other librettos, as well as the recent CD, place the Manners songs in appendices for the diligent student to find, but not to disturb the alternately constructed opera. Applying the principle of *the thing speaks for itself* to the continued publication of these songs in librettos and vocal scores, the New Libretto Edition includes them in their logical sequence within the flow of the opera.

3. The second edition libretto does not contain some items removed after publication of the first edition. Four of Rupert’s Puritan friends are introduced to the Chorus with one-line descriptions of each. Sullivan kept the names in the vocal score, but deleted the descriptions. But the second edition libretto deleted both descriptions and names, while the vocal score has maintained its original configuration of names only.

Sir George’s two verse song “In days of old” had three verses in the first edition libretto. The middle verse was excised at an early date, and does not appear in any vocal score.

These excisions are re-inserted in the New Libretto Edition. All first and second edition variations are clearly designated for the reader.

4. Unintended deletions, ‘clever’ modifications, dialogue additions, proofreading errors and just errors have crept into the recent libretto editions. The HADDON HALL NEW LIBRETTO EDITION is intended to bring the libretto back to its original state.

The format of the HADDON HALL NEW LIBRETTO EDITION mimics the organization, layout and grammatical conventions used by the Chappell librettos. This is applied on a page-by-page and line-by-line basis. The reader experiences the libretto as presented in the first and second Chappell editions.

Words and phrases which appear in the libretto, but not in the vocal score are underlined. And words and phrases which appear in the vocal score, but not in the libretto are **bolded**. Ignoring the bolded gives the Chappell Libretto version. Ignoring the underlined gives the Chappell Vocal Score version; this is useful for following the CD as its libretto contains many anomalies.

Pages 14a and 14b contain the Sullivan added songs “Why weep and wait” followed by “Red of the rose-bud.” Page 14b contains adjacent sets of three lines, one set underlined and **one set bolded**. The underlined set is in the librettos and the bolded set is in the vocal scores.

Of interest are eight lines on page 22. There are four pairs, consisting of a bold line followed by an underlined line. An editor’s note is placed to the right of the eight lines. It is intended to explain that all eight lines are present only in the first edition libretto and not any following librettos; and that the bold lines are present in all vocal scores, including the first vocal score.

The end of Act I on page 25 has a number of differences between the libretto and vocal score, resulting in a somewhat confusing display. Page 25a: Libretto Only, and page 25b: Vocal Score Only, have been added to present the alternatives in simplified form.

The middle verse of “In days of old,” on page 37, is present only in the first edition libretto. The excised portion is indicated by an editor’s note. This verse is not present in any vocal score.

Chappell appears to use the symbols { and } interchangeably. In order to clarify the types of group singing, this libretto will use the following convention when encountering a Chappell bracket:
 { indicates different lines are sung simultaneously.
 } indicates everyone sings same lines as a group.

On page two of the libretto are two unattributed quatrains. These verses were taken by Sydney Grundy from a poem originally published in the July 1869 issue of BELGRAVIA, A LONDON MAGAZINE. The poem, THE ELOPEMENT DOOR, is by William Kingston Sawyer. It is probable that Grundy saw the verses in another publication and did not know the original source.

An Original Light English Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

ENTITLED

HADDON HALL.

WRITTEN BY

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man!”
SHAKESPEARE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management
of Mr. D'OYLY CARTE, on Saturday, 24th September, 1892.

Characters.

JOHN MANNERS -	}		{	MR. COURTICE POUNDS.
SIR GEORGE VERNON	}	Royalists.	{	MR. RICHARD GREEN.
OSWALD - - -	}		{	MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM.
RUPERT VERNON	}	Roundhead.	{	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
THE MCCRANKIE -	}		{	MR. W. H. DENNY.
SING-SONG SIMEON -	}		{	MR. RUDOLPH LEWIS.
KILL-JOY CANDLEMAS	}	Puritans.	{	MR. W. H. LÉON.
NICODEMUS KNOCK-KNEE	}		{	MR. A. FOWLES.
BARNABAS BELLOWS-TO-MEND	}		{	MR. G. DE PLEDGE.
MAJOR DOMO - - - - -	}		{	MR. H. GORDON.

DOROTHY VERNON - - - - -				MISS LUCILLE HILL.
LADY VERNON - - - - -				MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.
DORCAS - - - - -				MISS DOROTHY VANE.
NANCE - - - - -				MISS NITA COLE.
GERTRUDE - - - - -				MISS CLARIBEL HYDE.
DEBORAH - - - - -				MISS FLORENCE EASTON.

CHORUS OF SIMPLES AND GENTLES.

ACT I.—THE LOVERS.

SCENE.—The Terrace - - - - - W. TELBIN.

“The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
Above the cedars that girdle them rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.”

ACT II.—THE ELOPEMENT.

SCENE I.—DOROTHY VERNON'S Door - - HAWES CRAVEN.

“It is a night with never a star,
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.”

SCENE II.—The Long Gallery - - - - - J. HARKER.

ACT III.—THE RETURN.

SCENE.—The Ante-Chamber - - - - - W. PERKINS.

*NOTE.—The clock of Time has been put forward a century,
and other liberties have been taken with history.*

The Opera produced under the Stage Direction of Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and the Musical Direction of Mr. FRANÇOIS CELLIER. The Dances arranged by Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN. The Costumes designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON and executed by Mmes. AUGUSTE, Madame LÉON, Mr. B. J. SIMMONS, Messrs. ANGEL & SON, and M. ALIAS. Wigs by CLARKSON. Properties by Mr. SKELLY. Stage Machinist, Mr. PETER WHITE.

HADDON HALL.

PROLOGUE.

(CHORUS *behind the scenes.*)

MEN. Ye stately homes of England,
So simple, yet so grand;
Long may ye stand and flourish,
Types of our English land!

WOMEN. Ye stately homes of England,
Such mansions only grew
Where virtue reigned from cot to throne,
And man and wife were true.

ALL. Ye stately homes of England,
Long may your towers stand;
Types of the life of man and wife,
Types of our English land!
**Types of the life of man and wife,
Types of our English land!**

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Terrace.*

CHORUS.

To-day, it is a festal time!
The bridegroom comes to-day,
And we are here to sing a rhyme
To speed him on his way.
To-day, our mistress, ever dear,
Doth plight her virgin troth;
And we are all foregathered here
To sing, God bless them both!

DANCE.

Enter DORCAS.

- DORCAS. But midst our jubilation
Comes the echo of a sigh;
Its full signification
Ye will gather by-and-bye.
Now, lend me your attention
While I tell you all a tale,
Anent a dainty dormouse
And an unattractive snail.
- CHORUS. **A dainty dormouse!**
An unattractive snail!
- SONG.
- DORCAS. 'Twas a dear little dormouse—
A little mouse-maid!
Her papa and mamma
She had always obeyed.
Pit-a-pat went her heart,
And her cheek it grew pale,
When commanded to marry
A stupid old snail.
“Oh, father, I cannot!”
“But, daughter, thou must;
For he has a house,
And we haven't a crust!”
The snail he was ugly,
The snail he was black;
But for all that, he carried
A house on his back.
Said the wily old dormouse,
“When thou art his bride,
He will lend us his house,
And we'll all live inside!”
- CHORUS. “Oh, father, I cannot!”
“But, daughter, thou must;
For he has a house,
And we haven't a crust,
For he has a house,
And we haven't a crust!”
- DORCAS. A gallant young squirrel
Sat perched on a tree,
And he thought to himself,
There's a good wife for me!
On the eve of the wedding
He said to the mouse,
“Wilt thou marry a squirrel
Who hasn't a house?”
“Oh, squirrel, I cannot!”
“But, dormouse, thou must,
Her heart to a squirrel
A dormouse may trust!”

The squirrel was handsome,
 They plighted their vows,
 And the squirrel ran off
 With the little dormouse.
 And I'm sure if you ever
 Set eyes on a snail,
 You will all sympathize
 With the dormouse's wail.

CHORUS. "Oh, father, I cannot!
 Don't tell me I must;
**Though he has a house,
 And we haven't a crust,**
 Though he has a house,
 And we haven't a crust!"
 "But who is the dormouse,
 And **who**, who is the snail?"

Enter SIR GEORGE VERNON, LADY VERNON *and* DOROTHY.

CHORUS. Hail to the Lord of Haddon!
 And thee, his silver bride!
 And to thy daughter, fairest flower
 Of all the country side!

GIRLS.	Nor violet, lily, Nor bluebell we bring, To garland thy pathway With fragrance of spring.	GIRLS: NANCE, GERTRUDE, DEBORAH.
--------	--	--

No beauty of blossom
 That dies in a day
 Can speak an affection
 That blossoms always.

And never a chaplet
 Our hands could entwine
 Could tell the devotion
 That ever is thine.

ALL.	In lieu of the lily And bonny bluebell, We lay on thine altar, We lay on thine altar True love's <i>immortelles</i> .	everlasting
------	--	-------------

DOROTHY. Dear playmates of childhood,
 Right welcome are you!
 More fragrant than lily
 A love that is true.

LADY VERNON. Like flower amaranthine
 Whose blossoms ne'er fade,
 It blooms in the sunshine
 And blooms in the shade.

LADY V, DORCAS. **Right welcome are you, welcome,
 welcome are you.**

RECITATIVE.

SIR GEORGE. Welcome, I bid ye welcome, one and all!
 Let youth and beauty keep their merry May;
 For all too soon the leaves of autumn fall,
 And evening shadows quench the laughing day.

MADRIGAL.

SIR GEORGE. When the budding bloom of May
 Paints the hedgerows red and white,
 Gather then your garlands gay;
 Earth was made for man's delight!

LADY VERNON. May is playtime,—
 DOROTHY. June is haytime,—
 SIR GEORGE. Seize the daytime,—
 SIR G, LADY V, DORCAS. Fa la la!

CHORUS. Carol now the birds of spring!
 Let our hearts in chorus sing!
 Ere the golden day is pale,
 Dawns the silver orb of night;
 Sweetly trills the nightingale,
 "Earth was made for man's delight!"

SIR GEORGE. When the leaves of autumn sigh,
 "Nearer death and further birth!"
 Time enough for hearts to cry,
 "Man was only made for earth!"

LADY VERNON. Youth is pleasant,—
 DOROTHY. Grasp the present,—
 SIR GEORGE. Moons are crescent,—
 SIR G, LADY V, DORCAS. Fa la la!

CHORUS. Time enough for hearts to sigh!
 Now the noonday sun is high!
 Day in cloth of gold is gay,
 Robe of silver wears the night;
 All creation seems to say,
 "Earth was made for man's delight!"

[*Exeunt* CHORUS and DORCAS.]

SIR GEORGE. What ails thee, Doll? This little head might hold
 the cares of empire. Smile on me—smile! To-day, of all days,
 I would have thee merry. What will our cousin Rupert think of
 thee?

DOROTHY. I care not what our cousin Rupert thinks.

LADY VERNON. Methought he liked not merriment?

SIR GEORGE. True, Rupert hath espoused the Roundhead cause;
 but if I judge aright, short commons and long prayers will like not
him! Be not deceived, our cousin's head is rather long than round.
 He serves the parliament—

LADY VERNON. And serves the times.

DOROTHY. In brief, he is not honest.

SIR GEORGE. Honest, as times go. If, when he is thy husband, he is true to thee, heed not his politics.

DOROTHY. I heed them not, nor his truth either, for he will never be husband of mine.

SIR GEORGE. Hearken, Doll. I do not care to plague thy pretty head with musty documents and lawyers' quirks; enough to say that there are some who hold our cousin's title to this fair estate stronger than ours. This marriage puts an end to doubts and questions that have troubled me, and would be grateful to the parliament, which loves me none too well.

LADY VERNON. Then, must Doll wed to please the parliament?

SIR GEORGE. And me!

DOROTHY. From childhood I have striven to please thee, father.

SIR GEORGE. And thou hast pleased me well!

DOROTHY. And I will strive to please thee still in everything save this. Do with me as thou wilt, but spare my heart. I cannot give thee what is not mine own.

SIR GEORGE. Hast thou not yet forgot this youth—whose very name my lips refuse to speak?

LADY VERNON. Manners—John Manners.

SIR GEORGE. Rutland's younger son! Shame on thee—shame! He is beneath thee, Doll. Remember who thou art. Remember that with thee pass all the lands of Haddon and this ancient hall, which smiles there as it smiled even before the Conquest.

DOROTHY. I know well who I am. I know from whom I am descended; nor do I forget their ancient watchword, "Drede God, and honour the King!" God I have ever dreaded; and the king I honour, by loving one whose sword hath served his cause.

SIR GEORGE. If he would sheath that sword—if he would only pay decent respect to parliament.

DOROTHY. He were a traitor, and not worth my love! Oh, father dear, turn not from me in anger! Is it sin to love?

SIR GEORGE. Did I speak harshly? Then forgive me, Doll! Ever since my son—my only son—died, fighting for his country, on the sea—thou art my all in all. It breaks my heart to ruffle thee. Go, tell thy lover—if he sheath his sword—if he acknowledge parliament—which otherwise might forfeit my estate—I will confer with Rupert.

DOROTHY. 'Twere vain to ask him. It were worse than vain.

SIR GEORGE. So be it! Go thy way and I go mine. Remember only that my word is given, and that a Vernon doth not break his pledge.

DOROTHY. I am a Vernon, too, and shall I not keep mine?

SIR GEORGE. Bandy not words with me. No longer do I beg thee—
—I command!

TRIO.

DOROTHY. Nay, father dear, speak not to me
In anger's cruel tone!

LADY VERNON. By all the love she bears to thee—
The love that is thine own!

DOROTHY. Remember all thou art to me;
Remember all I am to thee;
And marvel not that hearts will ache—

DOROTHY *and* } For true love's sake! |DOROTHY|
LADY VERNON. } For true love's sake! |DOROTHY&LADY V|

SIR GEORGE. Go, bid thy lover sheath his sword
And bend his stubborn knee;
Is all thy thought for thine adored,
And hast thou none for me?

LADY VERNON. For true love's sake a heart will sigh!

SIR GEORGE. For true love's sake a heart will die!

DOROTHY. His oath a soldier cannot break!

DOROTHY *and* } For true love's sake! |DOROTHY|
LADY VERNON. } For true love's sake! |DOROTHY&LADY V|

LADY VERNON. { For true love's sake a heart will break! |DOROTHY|
DOROTHY. { For true love's sake a heart will sigh! |LADY VERNON|
SIR GEORGE. { For true love's sake a heart will die!

[Exit SIR GEORGE.]

DUET.

DOROTHY. Mother, dearest mother,
Hearken unto me,
Think not that another
Draws my heart from thee.
Though each day I know him
Brighter shines the sun,
All the love I owe him
Robbeth thee of none.
His I seem to borrow,
All mine own is thine;
In my virgin sorrow
Help me, mother mine!

LADY VERNON. Were but I above him,
 Simple were his task;
 Doth my daughter love him?
 That is all I ask.
 Were but I above him,
 Stranger though he be,
 If my daughter love him,
 Son he is to me!
 Whether wife or maiden,
 All my heart is thine;
 Joy or sorrow laden,
 Thou art daughter mine!

DOROTHY *and* } Whether wife or maiden,
 LADY VERNON. } Thou art mother/daughter mine;
 Joy or sorrow laden,
All my heart is thine,
All my heart is thine,
 All my heart is thine!

DOROTHY. Mother, my own dear mother,
 Both of our lives entwine!
 Couldst *thou* have wed another,
 Had such a love been thine?
 Oh, mother dear,
 I love him so,
 No doubt or fear
 I seem to know!

LADY VERNON. Go on thy way with gladness!
 Happily live the wife!
 And leave to me the sadness,
 And leave to me the strife.

DOROTHY *and* } Whether wife or maiden,
 LADY VERNON. } Thou art mother/daughter mine;
 Joy or sorrow laden,
All my heart is thine,
All my heart is thine,
 All my heart is thine!

[*Exeunt.*

(*Re-enter* CHORUS, *surrounding* OSWALD.)

CHORUS.

Ribbons to sell, ribbons to sell!
 Ribbons to tie up our hair!
Who'll buy? I! I!
 Who'll buy? I! I! and I as well! **I as well!**
 And now for the fun of the fair!

SONG.

- OSWALD. Come, simples and gentles, and gather ye round,
 And for your attention I'll thank'ee;
 I sell by the pennyweight, pottle and pound,
 Wares English, French, German, and Yankee.
 I've wares for the young, nor left out in the cold
 Are their elders, the more is the pity,
 For I can't help remarking you're none of you old
 And noting you're all of you pretty!
 I've articles suited to every taste
 And ev'ry description of weather;
 If any fair lady 'll oblige with a waist,
 We'll try on this girdle together!
- CHORUS. Although on his back he may carry a pack,
 He has hands of a wonderful whiteness;
 And this sympathetic young peripatetic
 A paragon is of politeness!
- OSWALD. My prices are low and my dealings are cash,
 So your pockets I won't dip in deeply;
 Thro' buying my stock at a great London smash
 I am able to sell very cheaply;
 So bid for it boldly, but please bear in mind
 That the rule of cash down is "*de rigueur*."
 The price of each article, ladies, you'll find,
 Has been marked in a very plain figure.
 A complaint the proprietor begs to implore
 In case you're not treated politely,
 For I am a kind of a travelling store—
 In fact, I'm a premature Whitely!
- CHORUS. He bought up a great metropolitan smash
 At a sacrifice truly alarming;
 He doesn't deduct any discount for cash,
 But his manners are perfectly charming!
- OSWALD. Now isn't that beautiful? isn't that nice?
 When I tell you the article's German,
 You'll know it could only be sold at the price
 Thro' a grand international firman.
 A still greater bargain! An article French.
 When I say it's of French manufacture,
 I mean that if worn by a beautiful wench,
 A heart it is certain to fracture.
 But here is the prize—only tuppence—pure gold!
 When I mention, the article's Yankee,
 Well, nobody then will require to be told
 That there can't be the least hanky-panky!

OSWALD. Who'll buy?

CHORUS. Not I!

OSWALD. Who'll buy?

CHORUS. Not I!

OSWALD. A chance like this you mustn't miss!

CHORUS. Oh, yes! oh, yes! the chance we'll miss!

For we've been told, alas!
That what is sold as Yankee gold
Is sometimes Yankee brass!

[*Exeunt* CHORUS.]

OSWALD. This to thy mistress!

DORCAS (*recoiling*). By our lady, nay!

OSWALD. Thou art a comely wench, and thy face tells me thou art to be trusted.

DORCAS. But art *thou* to be trusted? For I do not know thee; and ere now packmen have been found deceivers.

OSWALD. I am no packman! Lo! (*Throws aside his cloak.*) God save the King!

DORCAS. Grammercy! 'tis a gallant gentleman! (*holds out her hand*) Now will I trust thee.

OSWALD. But thou dost not know me, and ere now young men have been found deceivers.

DORCAS. I'll hazard it! (*OSWALD gives her the letter.*) Nay, prithee, do not cover thyself up ere I have had another glimpse of thee. (*OSWALD flings off his cloak.*) (*Aside.*) Truly a most desirable young man! (*Aloud.*) Dost come from London, sir?

OSWALD. From London—aye!

DORCAS (*Aside, clasping hands*). What pretty things they make in London town! (*Aloud.*) Of course, sir, thou art some fine gentleman?

OSWALD. No—but a soldier and a serving-man.

DORCAS. A serving-man! And I a serving-maid! Then this (*indicating letter*) comes not from thee?

OSWALD. From Master Manners. He it is to whom I owe suit and service.

DORCAS. From Master Manners! Then I guess its burden.

OSWALD. Carry that burden to thy mistress, straight!

DORCAS. Is there such haste?

OSWALD. My master is hard by, and he awaits an answer.

DORCAS. Look me in the face! Art thou indeed a servant? or art thou thine own master—in disguise?

OSWALD. Nay, I am only my plain self.

DORCAS. Thank Heaven!
 OSWALD. Oswald, my name!
 DORCAS. Mine, Dorcas.
 OSWALD. Shall we be friends?
 DORCAS. With all my heart! (OSWALD *approaches her, she draws back.*) Hold! our acquaintance is too young for that.
 OSWALD. For what? I did but offer thee my hand.
 DORCAS. Was it thy hand?
 OSWALD. I dared not offer more; but if thou challenge me—
 DORCAS (*recoiling*). Not I!
 OSWALD. Thou art a winsome wench, but thou art coy.
 DORCAS. *Thou* art not coy!
 OSWALD. Life is too brief for modesty (*holding her*).
 DORCAS (*reflectively*). 'Tis rather waste of time.
 OSWALD. We shall not long be young.
 DORCAS. And in the end it comes to the same thing.
 OSWALD. That is philosophy (*kisses her*).
 DORCAS. Enough—for the first lesson. Art thou a great philosopher?
 OSWALD. Aye; for I've read life's riddle. Life holds one secret.
 Live!

DUET.

OSWALD. The sun's in the sky, and
 The grass in the ground;
 Nature maternal,
 Placid, supernal,
 Spreadeth her vernal
 Mantle around.

DORCAS. 'Tis idle repining,
 When summer is gay;
 When from her coffers
 Jewels she offers,
 Scorn not her proffers,
 Say her not nay!

OSWALD. While morning is shining,
 Your garlands entwine;
 Ere evening closes,
 Gather your posies,
 Jasmine and roses,
 Sweet eglantine!

- DORCAS. While yet it is daylight,
Rejoice in the day;
Nought to repent of,
Breath be content of,
Fragrant with scent of
Newly mown hay!
- BOTH. Night will come soon enough—
Starlight nor moon enough!
While there is noon enough,
Let us be gay!
- OSWALD. No grace is in grief, and
No virtue in tears!
Come what may after,
Youth and its laughter
Piercing the rafter,
Gladden the spheres!
- DORCAS. To-morrow we'll sorrow
But now let us sing!
Happy to-day be,
Joyous and gay be,
Plucking while may be
Blossoms of spring!
- OSWALD. Each gift of creation
Is heaven's envoy;
Ne'er a bud springeth,
Ne'er a bird singeth,
But to earth bringeth
Tidings of joy!
- DORCAS. Oh! list to the message
The hemispheres voice!
"Folly is sadness,
Misery, madness,
Holy is gladness—
Thine is the choice!"
- BOTH. Night will come soon enough—
Starlight nor moon enough!
While there is noon enough,
Let us rejoice!

(DOROTHY *is seen coming down the terrace.*)

DORCAS. My mistress comes. Thyself thy missive give.
 (DOROTHY *advances towards her.*)
 OSWALD. Madam, I bow.
 DOROTHY. Sir, who art thou?
 OSWALD. Servant of one whose name I must not tell.
 This from his hand—and from his heart as well.
 (DOROTHY *reads the letter.*)

TRIO.

DOROTHY. Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say,
 What is a maid to do,
 When heart says "Go," and duty "Stay,"
 And she'd to both be true?
 Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say?
 Shall it be rice or rue?
 When heart says "Yea," and duty "Nay,"
 What is a maid to do? **Ah!**

THE THREE. Yea or nay?
 Go or stay?
 To which be false, to which be true?
 When a maiden wavers 'twixt yea and nay—
 Shall it be rice or rue?
Shall it be rice or rue?

OSWALD. Thou askest what is a maid to say,
 What is a maid to do?
 I answer, if her heart say yea,
 Her duty says so too.

DORCAS. I can but tell thee what I should say,
 Tell thee what I should do;
 I'd go in showers of rice away,
 And leave behind the rue. **Ah!**

THE THREE. Yea or nay?
 Go or stay?
 To which be false, to which be true?
 When a maiden wavers 'twixt yea and nay—
 Shall it be rice or rue?
Shall it be rice or rue?
Yea or nay?
Go or stay?
Rice or rue?

[*Exeunt OSWALD and DORCAS.*]

RECITATIVE.

DOROTHY (*reading from letter*).

“Why weep and wait? Why hesitate?
Too soon is better than too late!”—
Ah, yes, I wait; but do not weep!
Thy love has rocked my tears to sleep!

SONG.

Red of the rose-bud,
White of the may,
Why are ye fragrant?
Why are ye gay?
Why are ye blithe as blithe can be?
Whisper your secret low to me!
Why do ye droop when day is done?
Is it because ye love the sun?
Why do ye smile through tears of dew?
Is it because the sun loves you?
Red of the rose-bud,
White of the may,
That is your secret!
Tell me not nay!
Sing the old song that for ever is new—
Ye love your love, and your love loves you!
Sing the old song that for ever is new—
Ye love your love, and your love loves you!



Added in Second Edition

Breast of the robin,
 Why dost thou blush?
 Whence is thy music,
 Throat of the thrush?
 Why do ye flit from tree to tree?
 Warble your secret low to me!
 Why do ye roam the sky above?
 Is it in search of your true love?
 Why do ye build yourselves a nest?
 Is it because your love is blest?

Song of the robin,
Why dost thou hush?
Why art thou silent,
 Throat of the thrush?

Breast of the robin,
Why dost thou blush?
Where is thy music,

Fear not to whisper thy secret to me—
 Thou lov'st thy love, and thy love loves thee!
Fear not to whisper thy secret to me—
Thou lov'st thy love, and thy love loves thee!

Red of the rose-bud,
 White hawthorn-bush,
 Breast of the robin,
 Song of the thrush,
 I am as happy, as happy as ye—
 I love my love, and my love loves me!
I love my love, I love my love,
And my love loves me, my love loves me!

[*Exit* DOROTHY.]

↑
 Added in Second Edition

Enter JOHN MANNERS, *looking cautiously about him.*

MANNERS. Beshrew the knave! What hath become of him? Can they have laid him by the heels? or may it be, love hath outpaced his messenger? Ne'er have I ventured quite so close before. I tread the grass her feet have trod to-day; the blooms that smiled upon her, smile on me; and in the scented breeze, I seem to feel her breath upon my cheek!

SONG.

The earth is fair
 And a beauty rare
 Bespangles lake and lea,
 Ere day is done
 And the setting sun
 Dips down beneath the sea;
 But never a sun in the skies afar
 Bright as the eyes of my lady are,
 My lady who loves me!
 Where in the shining frame above,
 Where in the great design,
 Where in the world is found a love
 Like unto mine and thine?
 Like unto thine and mine, love!
 Like unto mine and thine!

When pale afar
 Is the evening star—
 Sweet orphan of the night!—
 Creation sleeps,
 But its spirit keeps
 Her virgin lamp alight;
 Yet never a star in the heavens above
 Pure as the soul of my lady love,
 Pure as the troth I plight!
 Where in the shining frame on high,
 Where in the great design,
 Where is the love in earth or sky
 Like unto thine and mine?
 Like unto mine and thine, love!
 Like unto thine and mine!
 (DOROTHY *appears on the terrace.*)

DUET.

DOROTHY. Sweetly the morn doth break,
 When love is nigh;
 Hues of the rainbow take
 Landscape and sky;
 Gaily the sun doth shine
 Over my head;
 High heaven itself is mine,
 Sorrow is dead.
 Ever for thy dear sake
 Happy am I;
 Sweetly the morn doth break,
 When love is nigh!

MANNERS. In my life's chalice, love,
Thou art the wine!

DOROTHY. Now shines the sun above,
Now art thou mine! **Now thou art mine!**

BOTH. Hues of the rainbow take
Landscape and sky;
Sweetly the morn doth break,
When love is nigh!

DOROTHY. Kneel not to me!

MANNERS. To whom else should I kneel?
A loyal subject bends before his queen;
And mine art thou!

DOROTHY. Hush! not so loud! Not long have I to stay.
Moments are precious.

MANNERS. When they are with thee.

DOROTHY. Nay, let me speak; for I have much to say.
Our cousin Rupert comes to-day to wed me.

MANNERS. Let twenty cousins come, I fear them not!
Thy word is pledged.

DOROTHY. And 'tis an easy task
To keep an oath one hath no will to break.
But what are vows, if they are vowed in vain?
My father will not hearken to thy suit.

MANNERS. What says he?

DOROTHY. That thou must lay down thine arms,
Ere he will hearken.

MANNERS. I, forswear the king?

DOROTHY. Oh, tell me, sweetheart, is thy love so great
That thou wouldst do this for thy true love's sake?

MANNERS. Great is my love—greater than lord or king—
But there is one thing greater than my love.
False to myself, I should be false to thee,
And heaven would curse our love.
Nay, sweetheart mine, I will not make thy face—
My noonday sun—my morning, evening star—
A haunting spectre, symbol of my shame!

DOROTHY. That is thine answer?
MANNERS. There could be but one.
DOROTHY. Now am I thine for ever! Oh, my love,
That is the answer I had prayed of thee!
Hadst thou said aye, my love for thee had died.
My word I would have kept; but in my heart
Thine image would have fallen from its shrine.
MANNERS. All angels guard thee!
DOROTHY. Hark! the tocsin bell!
Farewell, beloved!
MANNERS. Sweetheart, fare thee well!
[Exeunt severally.]

Enter PURITANS.

PURITANS. Down with princes, down with peoples!
Down with churches, down with steeples!
Down with love and down with marriage!
Down with all who keep a carriage!
Down with lord and down with lady—
Up with everything that's shady!
Down with life and down with laughter!
Down with landlords, down with land!
Whom the soil belongs to after,
We could never understand!
Pleasure—we can do without it;
Down with court and down with king;
And—just while we are about it—
Down with every blessed thing!

Enter RUPERT VERNON.

RUPERT. My faithful friends, you have just been singing, with that accuracy of time and purity of tone which characterize all your vocal efforts, these admirable sentiments, amongst others, "Down with love, and down with marriage; down with landlords, down with land!" And truly these things are vanities—in the abstract; but in the concrete they possess a certain substance. In the abstract, I, Rupert Vernon, am a vanity.

PURITANS. Yea, verily.

RUPERT. But in the concrete, even I possess a certain substance.

PURITANS. Yea, verily.

RUPERT. These brief preliminary observations will have prepared you for the announcement that I am about to marry and become a landlord.

KILL-JOY. This be flat blasphemy!

RUPERT. I was once of that opinion myself. But ever since it hath become a question whether my title to this highly attractive residential property is not superior to that of my cousin, its present occupant, I have given much attention to this subject. As I may shortly be in a position to keep a carriage myself, I am not quite so persuaded as I was of the necessity of “downing” with everybody who indulges in that very harmless luxury.

NICODEMUS (*lifting his hands*). Odd’s fish! odd’s fish!

RUPERT. I fail to see anything odd’s fish about it. Then again, our attitude with regard to the land question—is it quite sound? or is it all sound and no sense?

BARNABAS. There be one land and there be one people, and to the one people the one land belongeth.

RUPERT. Quite so, quite so, my good Barnabas. That is our way of putting it—in public. But this is not the hustings, and as private individuals we know perfectly well that there is *more* than one people—in fact, there are a great many people; and how is the one land to belong to all of them?

SIMEON. The state is the people. Let the land belong to the state.

RUPERT. Thou art minded that the occupier should pay his rent to the state.

PURITANS. No rent! no rent!

RUPERT. But if the occupier is to pay no rent, then each occupier becomes his own landlord.

PURITANS. Even so!

RUPERT. But in that case, you have more landlords than ever.

PURITANS. So we have! (*All scratch their heads.*)

RUPERT. Nor is the subject of celibacy as simple as it appears. Ever since it was arranged that the disputed title to the Haddon estates should be settled by my marriage with fair Mistress Dorothy, my views upon this matter also have undergone a change. I feel the need of female sympathy. Nobody sympathizes with *us*, and when one comes to think of it, why should they?

PURITANS. Why should they?

RUPERT. It must be admitted that we have made ourselves fairly obnoxious of late. We have been particularly busy, and our business has chiefly consisted in interfering with everybody else’s. First and foremost, we have abolished the playhouse.

PURITANS. Grace be praised!

RUPERT. Secondly, we have forbidden dance music in all places of public resort.

KILL-JOY. We have robbed the devil of his best tunes.

RUPERT. But to give that ingenious gentleman his due, he has to some extent circumvented us; for, by the simple expedient of playing the Old Hundredth in double quick time, he has succeeded in evolving from that venerable air something suspiciously resembling the carnal and pernicious polka. (PURITANS *groan*.) Thirdly, to the end that none shall profane the Sabbath by enjoying it, or shall imperil his soul by improving his mind, we have shut all museums, parks, and picture galleries, and turned the day of rest into a night of rust.

PURITANS. Grace be praised!

RUPERT. Fourthly, having deprived the populace of all means of innocent recreation, we have compelled them to seek solace in the consumption of strong drink.

NICODEMUS. Nay, verily; have we not closed all inns and taverns?

RUPERT. It is true that wholesome and necessary refreshment, either for man or beast, can no longer be procured in an open and honourable fashion; but I can give you my personal assurance that there exist scores of places where any quantity of deleterious concoctions can be obtained in a stealthy and disreputable manner.

PURITANS (*with unction*). Grace be praised!

BARNABAS. Verily, these be notable good works.

RUPERT. But who's the better for them, Barnabas? Who is the better for *us*? I will go a step further. Are we the better for ourselves?

PURITANS (*look at one another*). Ask us another!

RUPERT. I will ask you another. Are we comely to look upon?

PURITANS. Nay, verily!

RUPERT. Do we not consistently do everything we can to make everybody about us uncomfortable?

PURITANS. Yea, verily.

RUPERT. Do we enjoy ourselves?

KILL-JOY. All life is sack-cloth and ashes.

SIMEON. But our reward is to come!

RUPERT. Are ye quite sure of that? I have no wish to pose as an alarmist, but suppose we are making a bad debt? After a life spent in the mortification of the flesh, it would be a crowning mortification if it turned out that the flesh was not meant to be mortified; and it would be peculiarly irritating to discover that the flesh was intended to enjoy itself at the precise moment when we had no longer any flesh to enjoy.

BARNABAS. Marry come up!

RUPERT. Well, Barnabas, continue. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that "marry" did "come up"—what then?

BARNABAS. I have nought more to say.

RUPERT. Then hold thy peace, and hearken to a wiser tongue than thine.

SONG.

I've heard it said,
 And it may be read
 In many a trusty tome,
 How, when augurs met
 On the parapet
 Of the walls of ancient Rome,
 As the two passed by,
 Each winked an eye
 With a candour confidential,
 Or stroked his nose—
 Which, goodness knows—
 But it isn't at all essential.
 For every man,
 Since the world began,
 Had his idiosyncrasy,
 And to lunch off a moan
 And to dine on a groan
 With a trickling tear for tea—
 Well, it may suit you
 From your point of view,
 But it doesn't at all suit me!
 As I don't rejoice
 In a deep bass voice—
 Well, it doesn't at all suit me!
 Tho' the world be bad,
 It's the best to be had;
 And therefore, *Q. E. D.*,
 Tho' it mayn't suit you
 And a chosen few,
 It's a good enough world for me,
 It's a good enough world for me!
 Examples show
 That we needn't go
 So far as to ancient Rome,
 For it just occurs
 Unto me, good sirs,
 There are humbugs nearer home.
 When you style the spheres
 A vale of tears,
 Don't you rather beg the question?
 Remember, bards,
 It's on the cards,
 It is nothing but indigestion.
 For every man,
 Since the world began,
 Had his little infirmitee,
 And is apt to mistake
 What is only an ache
 For profound philosophee.

He is not the sphinx
 He sublimely thinks,
 But a man very much like me!
 Not a demon fell,
 Or an archangel,
 But a man very much like me!
 Though the world be bad, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter DORCAS *and* CHORUS.

FINALE.

CHORUS. The bonny bridegroom cometh
 To meet the bonny bride,
 Let all the gates of Haddon
 Their portals open wide!

RUPERT *and the* PURITANS *re-appear on the terrace.*

The bonny bridegroom cometh—
 Your breath together draw!
 Prepare to bid him welcome
 With a hip, hip, hip—oh, law!

(*All avert their faces at the sight of the Puritans.*)

RUPERT. Our first appearance is not a success.

SIMEON. Well, not a triumph.

NICODEMUS. *A succès d'estime.*

BARNABAS. Or less.

RUPERT. Ladies fair, I pray you,
 Do not be afraid;
 Let us not dismay you,
 We but ply our trade.

PURITANS. Do not so disdain us,
 We but ply our trade!

CHORUS. Tho' the objects pain us,
 They but ply their trade.

RUPERT. Once we close the portals,
 Once we shut the shop,
 We're like other mortals,
 Out upon the hop!

PURITANS. Out upon the hop!

CHORUS. Once they close the portals,
 Once they shut the shop,
 They're like other mortals,
 Out upon the hop!
**Once they close the portals,
 They're like other mortals, other mortals,
 Out upon the hop!**

RUPERT. I pray you, pretty ladies,
 Before this audience ends,
 To let me do the honours
 And introduce my friends.

Sing-Song Simeon | VS & First Lib |

DORCAS (*shaking head*). Not an Endymion! | First Lib |

RUPERT. **Nicodemus Knock-Knee.** | VS & First Lib |

NANCE. Sanctimonious cockney! | First Lib |

RUPERT. **Barnabas Bellows-to-Mend.** | VS & First Lib |

DORCAS. All of them fellows to mend! | First Lib |

RUPERT. **Kill-Joy Candlemas.** | VS & First Lib |

CHORUS. Enough! enough! we have put up with four. | First Lib |

CHORUS. Enough! enough! we have suffered galore,
 We cannot suffer more!
 Oh, let's see the back of you,
 Every man-jack of you,
 All of you sillies and all of you sights!
 The sort of old fogies
 That bob up like bogies,
 And keep one awake in the dead of the nights.
 Get away! get away! get away! **get away! get away!**
 (*They go up in dudgeon.*)

RUPERT (*to Audience*). Between ourselves, I candidly confess,
 That I expected neither more nor less.
 (*To Puritans*). My faithful friends, I do not mind confessing
 To all of you, whom I am now addressing,
 That, as a lot, you are not prepossessing.
 It's no use blinking it!

PURITANS. We were just thinking it!

RUPERT. Ladies, pretty ladies, second thoughts are best;
 Pregnant is the proverb, time's the only test.
 Come, ladies fair
 Beyond compare,
 And list to my confessions;
 Be warned by me,
 And never be
 Deceived by first impressions.

MEN. { Go, ladies fair
 { Beyond compare—

GIRLS. { Come, ladies fair
 { Beyond compare—

CHORUS. { And list to his confessions.

RUPERT. { **And list to my confessions.**

RUPERT. When I was but a little lad,
 And cake and toffee made me glad,
 And high the sun at noon!
 My mother came to me one day,
 When I was in the field at play,
 With jam upon a spoon.
 It looked so nice, I thought not twice,
 The jam had vanished in a trice—
 Quite frank are these confessions!
 Alas, the jam concealed a pill
 Which made me very, very ill—
 Deceived by first impressions!

CHORUS. Oh, joy! the jam concealed a pill
 Which made him very, very ill—
 Deceived by first impressions!

RUPERT. Quoth Dr. Doctor Syntax, one fine day,
 “Rupert, I have a word to say.”
 (I had just told a cram.)
 So tenderly he took my hand,
 His tone was so polite and bland,
 I followed like a lamb.
 But once upstairs his manner freezed,
 And all at once he seemed displeased,
 As with Æneas, Dido!
 Then, quick as thought he seized a birch
 And fairly knocked me off my perch—
 Whack, whack, whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

CHORUS. Whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

RUPERT. Now, ladies fair,
 Beyond compare
 Be warned by my confessions;

RUPERT, CHORUS. You surely see
 The vanity—

RUPERT, CHORUS. Of trusting first impressions.
 Whack, whack, whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

Re-enter SIR GEORGE, LADY VERNON *and* DOROTHY.

SIR GEORGE. Hail, cousin Rupert, welcome to our heart!
 Though scarce we know thee in this habit homely.

RUPERT. It doth not suit me, but before we part
 I hope to change it for a garb more comely.

LADY VERNON. A bridegroom’s?

RUPERT. Aye, if this sweet maiden wills.

SIR GEORGE. This maiden aye her father’s wish fulfils.

RUPERT. Cousin fair, to thee I offer
Soul and body, heart and hand.

SIR GEORGE. In exchange, to thee we proffer
Beauty, duty, house and land.

LADY VERNON. Husband, hear me! husband, listen!
Let our daughter's heart reply.
In her eyes the teardrops glisten.
If she wed him, she will die!

DOROTHY. Father, hear me; father, listen!
If I wed him, I shall die!

DOROTHY. {Father, hear me; **hear me** father, listen!

LADY VERNON. {Husband, hear her; husband, **hear her** listen!

DORCAS. {Only hear her, only listen!

SIR GEORGE. {If she wed him, she **will die**, will die!

RUPERT. {**Cousin fair, to thee I offer**

DOROTHY. {If I wed him, I shall die!

LADY VERNON. {If she wed him, she will die!

and CHORUS. {

DORCAS. {**If she wed him, she will die!**

SIR GEORGE. {**If she wed, if she wed him!**

RUPERT. {**Soul and body, heart and hand!**

DOROTHY. When, yestereve, I knelt to pray,
As thou hast taught me to,
I seemed to hear the angels say,
"To thine own heart be true."
Heaven breathed a message through the sphere!
Heaven breathes it every day,
To all who have the ears to hear,
The wisdom to obey.
By golden day and silver night
It rings all nature through;
For ever, in the angels' sight,
To thine own heart be true.
Though storms uprise
And cloud the skies,
And thorns where roses grew;
Come sun or snow,
Come weal or woe,
To thine own heart, **to thine own heart** be true!

CHORUS. Though storms uprise, &c.

DOROTHY (*kneels*). Father, forgive!

SIR GEORGE. Rise! to thy chamber, thou rebellious maid!
My will is law, and law must be obeyed.
Few are my needs; DOROTHY. **Father, forgive!**
I ask not words of duty, I ask deeds.
Away, away!

LADY VERNON. She doth but stay
Farewell to say!

DORCAS. {**Sweet mistress, all my heart is thine!**
DOROTHY. { **Father, forgive!**

SIR GEORGE. Away, away!
No longer art thou daughter mine!

DORCAS. Sweet mistress, all my heart is thine!

RUPERT *and* PURITANS. We are refused!

CHORUS. You are! you are!

PURITANS. **We are! we are!**

CHORUS. **Hurray, hurray,**
Oh, blessed day!

RUPERT *and* PURITANS. A plague upon our natal star!
We are refused!
We are, we are, we are refused!

SIR GEORGE. {Away! Away! **my word obey!**
DOROTHY. {Sir, I obey!

LADY VERNON *and* {
DORCAS. {Oh, fateful day! **Oh, fateful day!**
PURITANS. {Dismay! Dismay! **Oh, fateful day!**
RUPERT. {**Dismay! dismay!** **Oh, fateful day!**
CHORUS. {**Away! away! his word obey!**

DOROTHY / OMNES. **My / Thy duty, with unerring hand,**
Dictates the rightful way!

SIR GEORGE, {
RUPERT, *and* {It is a father's to command!
PURITANS. {

THE REST. {It is for conscience to command!

DOROTHY. {I dare not disobey!
THE REST. {Dare not to disobey!

END OF ACT I.

Editor's Notes:

1. A bracketed group { indicates members singing simultaneously.
2. Underlined indicates words in libretto, but not in vocal score.
3. **Bold** indicates words in vocal score, but not in libretto.
4. Page 25a shows the END OF ACT I as in the libretto only.
5. Page 25b shows the END OF ACT I as in the vocal score only.

Libretto Only.

DOROTHY (*kneels*). Father, forgive!
 SIR GEORGE. Rise! to thy chamber, thou rebellious maid!
 My will is law, and law must be obeyed.
 Few are my needs;
 I ask not words of duty, I ask deeds.
 Away, away!
 LADY VERNON. She doth but stay
 Farewell to say!
 SIR GEORGE. Away, away!
 No longer art thou daughter mine!
 DORCAS. Sweet mistress, all my heart is thine!
 RUPERT *and* PURITANS. We are refused!
 CHORUS. You are! you are!
 RUPERT *and* PURITANS. A plague upon our natal star!

SIR GEORGE. {Away! Away!
 DOROTHY. {Sir, I obey!
 DORCAS. {Oh, fateful day!
 PURITANS. {Dismay! Dismay!

OMNES. Thy duty, with unerring hand,
 Dictates the rightful way!
 SIR GEORGE, {
 RUPERT, *and* {It is a father's to command!
 PURITANS. {
 THE REST. {It is for conscience to command!
 DOROTHY. {I dare not disobey!
 THE REST. {Dare not to disobey!

END OF ACT I.

Vocal Score Only.

DOROTHY (*kneels*). Father, forgive!
 SIR GEORGE. Rise! to thy chamber, thou rebellious maid!
 My will is law, and law must be obeyed.
 DOROTHY. Father, forgive!
 I ask not words of duty, I ask deeds.
 Away, away!

LADY VERNON. She doth but stay
 Farewell to say!

DORCAS. {Sweet mistress, all my heart is thine!
 DOROTHY. { Father, forgive!

SIR GEORGE. No longer art thou daughter mine!
 RUPERT. We are refused!
 PURITANS. We are! we are!
 CHORUS. Hurray, hurray,
 Oh, blessed day!

RUPERT *and* PURITANS. A plague upon our natal star!
 We are refused!
 We are, we are, we are refused!

SIR GEORGE. {Away! Away! my word obey!
 DOROTHY. {Sir, I obey!

LADY VERNON *and* {
 DORCAS. {Oh, fateful day! Oh, fateful day!
 PURITANS. {Oh, fateful day!
 RUPERT. {Dismay! dismay! Oh, fateful day!
 CHORUS. {Away! away! his word obey!

DOROTHY / OMNES. My / Thy duty, with unerring hand,
 Dictates the rightful way!

SIR GEORGE, {
 RUPERT, *and* {It is a father's to command!
 PURITANS. {
 {
 THE REST. {It is for conscience to command!

DOROTHY. {I dare not disobey!
 THE REST. {Dare not to disobey!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DOROTHY VERNON'S *Door*.(RUPERT *and the* PURITANS *are discovered, sheltering from the storm.*)

CHORUS.

PURITANS. Hoarsely the wind is howling—
 Bitterly bites the blast—
 The midnight cat is prowling—
 The rain is falling fast—
 But what of that?
 We'll back ourselves against the howling wind
 And the nocturnal cat—
 At two to one, bar none.

RUPERT. And not a layer find
 Even at that.

PURITANS. Even at that.

RUPERT. The rain falls fast,
 In icy blasts:
 It's the sort of day when people say
 It's much too bad to last.

PURITANS. But it lasts!

RUPERT. It lasts!

RUPERT, PURITANS. It lasts!

RUPERT. My good friend, Simeon, thou who singest songs and art
 by way of being a musician, tell me, what is thy private judgment on
 these strains with which it is our habit to beguile our lighter moments?

SIMEON. I' sooth, they be saintly airs.

RUPERT. At the same time, dost thou not think, something a trifle
 more melodious—

KILL-JOY. Melody! 'tis the invention of Satan!

BARNABAS. To us hath been revealed the higher law, that discord is
 the soul of all true harmony.

RUPERT. Barnabas, thou wert born before thy time. Two centuries
 hence, and thou wouldst be a leader amongst musicians; but as things
 are, thou art an anachronism.

KILL-JOY. Verily, we are all anachronisms.

SIMEON. But conscience is a great comforter.

NICODEMUS. Even in such weather as this.

BARNABAS. Troth, 'tis a gruesome night!

RUPERT (*glancing at windows*). But they seem to be enjoying themselves within. High jinks, within. And why are we out of it? This feast is given in our especial honour, and here we are cooling our heels in this particularly moist and most unpleasant atmosphere, simply because our conscientious scruples will not permit us to countenance such carnal junkettings. But for our consciences we should probably at this moment be enjoying a stoup of something hot—

KILL-JOY. With spice in it! (*ALL sigh and gaze at the windows.*)

RUPERT. Our withdrawal has not cast that gloom over the proceedings which might have been anticipated.

SIMEON. But heed them not! We are the salt of the earth.

RUPERT. My faithful Simeon, is not that an additional reason why we should be kept in a dry place? This excess of moisture without and this phenomenal aridity within are beginning to tell upon me. I feel my Puritanic principles are tottering. It will do me a world of good to refresh myself at the uncompromising fount of The McCrankie.

NICODEMUS. But where is he?

RUPERT. He is certainly late, but he has a long way to come. The Island of Rum is situate in a remote part of the west coast of Scotland; but between you and me, I sometimes wish it were further. The McCrankie is a Puritan above proof, and a little of him goes a long way—especially when he accompanies himself on the national instrument. (*PURITANS groan.*) Let us hope he will leave it behind him. (*The bagpipes are heard in the distance.*) Oh, this is worse than the weather!

Enter THE MCCRANKIE.

SONG.

MCCRANKIE. My name it is McCrankie,
I am lean an' lang an' lanky,
I'm a Moody an' a Sankey,
 Wound upo' a Scottish reel!
Pedantic an' puncteeious,
Severe an' superceelious,
Preceese an' atra-beelious—
 But meanin' vera weel.
I don't objec tae whiskey,
But I say a' songs are risky,
An' I think a' dances frisky,
 An' I've pit the fuitlichts oot!
I am the maist dogmatical,
Three-cornered, autocratical,
Funereal, fanatical,
 O' a' the cranks about!

I'd pit a stap tae jokin',
 An' I wadna sanction smokin';
 An' my nose I wad be pokin'
 Into ilka body's way.
 I'd use my power censorial
 In manner dictatorial;
 To naebody's memorial
 Attention wad I pay;
 I'd stap the kittens' playin'
 An' forbid the horses' neighin',
 But oh, not the ass's brayin',
 For I love the ass's bray!
 I am the maist mechanical,
 Offeecious, puritanical,
 Pragmatic an' tyrannical
 Production o' the day!

RUPERT. So here thou art at last! Thou hast been long on the way.

MCCRANKIE. Houts, mon, business maun be attended tae.

RUPERT. Business? What business?

MCCRANKIE. If thou but ken't how mony gude folk I had made meeserable, thou'd say I'd nae wasted my time. I'd scarce set foot upo' t' bo't that was to hae brought me frae t' Eel o' Rum, when I behelt a sicht that froze me vera bluid. A sailor-laddie, gangin' on a cruise, a cuittlin' an' a cuddlin' a braw lassie on t' quay itsel'!

RUPERT. Perhaps she was his sister?

MCCRANKIE. Aiblins, aiblins! I care nae boddle! Was I tae staun by an' see cuittlin' an' cuddlin' i' a public place? Na, na. Sae I jist steppit ashore an' charged 'em wi' disorderly behaviour. That's hoo I missed t' bo't.

RUPERT. Any more adventures?

MCCRANKIE. The neist sicht that I seen was some wee bairns singin' an' dancin' i' t' oopen air. I jist gang'd up tae 'em, and somethin' i' ma vera face took the de'il oot o' 'em. I said, "Hae ye a singin' an' a dancin' leecence?" They said they hadna; sae I took 'em tae t' jile, an' when I left 'em greetin' oot their een, I couldna help fa'in on ma knees, an' giein' the Laird thanks for ha'en made a mon sae unco guid as me.

RUPERT. No doubt, McCrankie, no doubt, as a work of art thou dost Providence infinite credit.

MCCRANKIE. An' ye may say that. T' best day's work it aye did. I aye said that.

RUPERT. But there is one little matter which rather perplexes me, if I may mention it without offence.

MCCRANKIE. Oot wi' it!

RUPERT. I have never been able to reconcile thy notorious objection to the costume of the *corps de ballet* with this exceedingly liberal display of thine own personal attractions.

MCCRANKIE. Mon, it is saved from offence by the deegnity o' the kilt.

RUPERT. Which is its dignity? That tobacco pouch there?

MCCRANKIE. Houts, thou doil'd dotard, thou may lauch thy fill, but Scots wha hae nae breeks aye worn, nae breeks sall they aye wear.

RUPERT. What art thou about now?

MCCRANKIE. Aweel, aweel, I was jist baskin' i' t' licht o' my ain countenance, an' gie'in' thanks that I was made sae muckle mair guid than ithers.

RUPERT. But, McCrankie, my old comrade, strictly between ourselves, dost think that this exuberant virtue of ours is altogether a matter for thanksgiving? It makes life somewhat dull, doth it not?

MCCRANKIE (*producing flask*). Aweel, aweel, life haes its campensation. Here's t' ye! (*drinks*). Hae a drappie? (PURITANS *gather round*.)

RUPERT. I don't mind if I do. (*Drinks and returns flask*. PURITANS *cough*.)

MCCRANKIE (*puts flask back in his sporran*). Hae ye caulds, a' o' ye?

RUPERT. My friends, you may withdraw. The McCrankie and I are about to propound the Puritan programme of posterity, and it is desirable that we should not be interrupted. Withdraw gracefully, if ye can—but withdraw.

SIMEON. As usual.

NICODEMUS. Out of it.

PURITANS. Always out of it!

[*Exeunt* PURITANS.]

MCCRANKIE. Hae they ga'en awa'?

RUPERT. They have not withdrawn gracefully, but they have withdrawn.

DUET.

RUPERT *and* MCCRANKIE.

RUPERT. There's no one by—no prying eye—
MCCRANKIE. Our solemn secret tae espy—
BOTH. So let us plainly say—
RUPERT. Could we create the world anew,—
MCCRANKIE. What we wad vera quickly do,—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. Like Joshua, we would stop the sun—
MCCRANKIE. The thing is vera simply done—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. We'd pit an end tae heat an' licht— [MCCRANKIE-VS Error]
MCCRANKIE. An' bring aboot eternal nicht—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. We'd supervise the plants and flowers—
MCCRANKIE. Prescribe 'em early-closin' hours— [RUPERT-VS Error]
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. We would forbid the rose to smell—
MCCRANKIE. We'd re-instate the curfew bell—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. No man, in influenza's throes,
MCCRANKIE. Suld be allo'ed tae blaw his nose—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. No cock should crow, no bird should sing,—
MCCRANKIE. Naebody suld dae onything—
RUPERT. Without our license, sealed and signed:—
MCCRANKIE. signed and sealed [VS Error]
BOTH. For we wad dominate monkind—
BOTH. If we but had our way!
RUPERT. We were not, thro' some freak of earth,
Consulted at the planet's birth—
BOTH. Tho' we'd a lot to say!
MCCRANKIE. Had we been on creation's scene,
A great improvement there'd ha' been—
BOTH. If we'd but had our way.
RUPERT. But somehow we were clean forgot,
MCCRANKIE. That's why we'll make things piping hot—
BOTH. And ye the piper pay.
MCCRANKIE. We'll tax ye oop an' tax ye doon,
RUPERT. We'll tax the country, tax the toon,—
BOTH. If we but have our way.
RUPERT. We'll tax ye hip, and tax ye thigh,—
MCCRANKIE. An' sen' the rate-book oop lift-high,—
BOTH. And cry, hurray, hurray!
RUPERT. An' what becomes o' science, art,
MCCRANKIE. The law, the temple an' the mart,
BOTH. We naether ken nor care!

RUPERT. We only know, as sure as shot—
 MCCRANKIE. Wha pays his scot an' bears his lot—
 BOTH. A lot will have to bear.
 RUPERT. We only know, our lack of sense
 MCCRANKIE. Is inconceivably immense!
 RUPERT. And now, we hope, ye plainly see
 MCCRANKIE. That ye are bigger fools than we—
 BOTH. If we but have our way!

(The door is cautiously opened, and DORCAS appears. RUPERT and THE MCCRANKIE withdraw into the shadow. DORCAS comes down the steps.)

DORCAS. Not a sound! Not a whisper! Where can Oswald be?
 This is the hour, and this the trysting place.

(RUPERT and THE MCCRANKIE advance—she screams.)

MCCRANKIE. Dinna be frichtened, leddy.

DORCAS. Who art thou?

RUPERT. Permit me to introduce my old friend, The McCrankie,
 from the Island of Rum—a Scotch puritan of the most uncompromising
 type.

MCCRANKIE. An' wha is this braw lassie?

RUPERT. Mistress Dorcas, handmaiden to fair Mistress Dorothy.

MCCRANKIE. I am richt glad tae mak thine acquaintance.

DORCAS. So am not I. Hands off!

MCCRANKIE. Hout awa', leddy. The nicht is dark—

RUPERT. And there is no one looking.

DORCAS. So much the worse!

MCCRANKIE. Sae muckle the better! Thou'rt a sonsie lassie.

DORCAS. Fie on ye! Fie! Ye are a brace of ill-mannered knaves,
 and ought both to be clapped in the stocks!

TRIO.

RUPERT. Hoity-toity, what's a kiss?

MCCRANKIE. 'Tis nae vera shockin'!

RUPERT. Do not take the thing amiss!

MCCRANKIE. Lass, there's nae ane leukin'!

DORCAS. Hoity-toity, what's a kiss?

Kissing goes by favour!

RUPERT. And when the kiss

Is a stolen bliss—

MCCRANKIE. The sweeter is the savour!

DORCAS. Upon my word,
I never heard
A statement more surprising!
Aren't ye afraid
Of with a maid
Your conscience compromising?

THE THREE. Upon a light
And starry night,
{We might} consult the latter;
{Ye would}

 But when the maid
Is in the shade,
It's quite another matter.

RUPERT. Hoity-toity, who's afraid?

MCCRANKIE. When there's nae ane leukin'!

RUPERT. I could ne'er resist a maid—

MCCRANKIE. When she shows her stockin'!

DORCAS. Hoity-toity, man, be mum!
Hast thou had a glassie?

RUPERT. My friend hath come
From the Isle of Rum—

MCCRANKIE. An' thou'rt a braw, wee lassie!

DORCAS. Behave thyself,
Thou Highland elf,
Thy conduct is past bearing;
I thought ye both
Had taken oath,
Frivolity forswearing.

THE THREE. Like every man,
A Puritan
Admires a waist that's taper,
And on the sly
Will wink his eye
And cut his little caper!

RUPERT. Hoity-toity, what's an oath?

MCCRANKIE. Eyes were made for hookin'.

RUPERT. We are very human, both—

MCCRANKIE. When there's nae ane leukin'!

DORCAS. Hoity-toity, things have come
To a pretty passie!

RUPERT. The Isle of Rum
Is a trifle glum—

MCCRANKIE. An' thou'rt a bonny lassie!

DORCAS. Thou horrid thing!
Thou Highland fling!
I'm sure thou'st had a glassie!
I won't by you—(*box*)
Or any two—(*box*)
Be called a bonny lassie!

RUPERT *and* MCCRANKIE. Oh, hist and whist!
Now, don't resist!

DORCAS. Oh, hist and whist,
Now, do desist,
Or I'll create a clatter!
Do set me free,
And let me be,
And cease your silly chatter.

Why make so great a clatter?
There's none to see,
So what the d——,
The de'il doth it matter?

[*Thunder. Exeunt RUPERT and MCCRANKIE.*]

FINALE.

DORCAS. The West wind howls,
The thunder rolls,
But love keeps warm my heart!
Oh, mistress dear,
To-night and here,
Sweet mistress, must we part?

Enter OSWALD.

OSWALD. The horses are saddled and dark is the night,
The stars in the firmament favour our flight;
Each planet its splendour hath graciously veiled;
And the chaste moon herself her effulgence hath paled.

DORCAS. But the planets are there,
Though their glory they hide;
Though a mask they may wear,
They will smile on the bride!
The stars keep their vigils above her;
Oh, Oswald, dear Oswald, I love her.

OSWALD. Ah, happy maid,
A wife so soon to be,
To be beloved
By one so fair as thee!

DORCAS. Not now! not now!
 To love's sweet vow
 I'll listen all life long;
 Sing love to me,
 And thine I'll be
 And live upon thy song;
 But sing not now!
 If they should take her!
 If they should pursue!
 Do not forsake her,
 Oh, my lover true!
 Promise me, Oswald, promise thy bride,
 That if thou leavst me a maid forlorn,
 To weep the day that I e'er was born,
 Thou wilt not leave her side!

OSWALD. I swear!

DORCAS. Now art thou mine,
 For ever mine!

OSWALD. And I for ever thine! *(Thunder.)*

MANNERS *(Off)*. Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll, thou thunder, roll!
 The heavens crash,
 But peace is in my soul;
 For love is there,
 Serene and blest,
Serene and blest,
 And everywhere
 Where love is, there is rest.
Enter MANNERS.

THE THREE. Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll, thou thunder, roll!
 Thou canst not crush!
 Love reigns from pole to pole!

MANNERS. **DORCAS&OSWALD.**
 And through the black
 Abyss, **the black abyss** above **For love is there,**
 Love rolls thee back, **And everywhere**
 For thou thyself art love. **Where love is, there is rest.**

THE THREE. Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll, thou thunder, roll!
E'en thou art blest;
For love is there,
And everywhere
 Where love is, there is rest.

(The door opens and DOROTHY appears. DORCAS goes up to close the door.)

[Exit OSWALD.]

(Enter DOROTHY.)

MANNERS. Oh, heart's desire,
I see thee once again!
I seem to hear the heavenly choir
Sing, life is not in vain.
When thou art nigh, oh, true my love,
Again the sky is blue, my love.
There is no darkness now!

DOROTHY. There is no light,
When thou art far away;
Thine absence is to me the night,
Thy presence is the day;
For when I am with thee, **with thee**, my love,
Another world I see, my love!
There is no darkness now!

MANNERS. The shadows flit!
There is no darkness now,
For all the stars of heaven sit
Enthroned on thy brow.

BOTH. Again I see thee, true my love!
The sky again is blue, my love!
There is no darkness now!
There is no darkness, oh, my love,
There is no darkness, oh, my love, my love!

Re-enter OSWALD.

OSWALD. The horses are waiting—
DORCAS. And ready am I!
MANNERS. The storm is abating—
Come, love, let us fly!

DOROTHY. Oh, grant me one moment! Dear Haddon, good-bye!
OSWALD. The horses are waiting—
DOROTHY. Dear Haddon, good-bye!

MANNERS. Come, love, let us fly!

DOROTHY. Home of my girlhood, so happy, farewell!
I ne'er may look on thee
Again—
Who can tell?
The sun shine upon thee!
Farewell!

Father, oh father, I love thee! Good-bye!
I have tried to obey thee—
In vain!
Sad am I!
Oh, love me, I pray thee!
Good-bye! **Good-bye!**

(A crash of thunder. She falls in MANNERS' arms.)

DOROTHY. Why do the heavens roar?
Is this thing sin
That I am doing for thy sake?
Ghostly the night!

MANNERS. But calm aye follows storm!

DORCAS. Hush! what was that?

OSWALD. Thy heart thine ear deceives.

MANNERS. 'Twas nought!

DORCAS. Again! Again!

DOROTHY. See yonder form!

ALL. Hush! (*Pause.*)
'Twas but the twinkle of the rustling leaves.

MANNERS. Be not afraid! on my strong arm depend!

DORCAS. See! there is something!

OSWALD. Where?

MANNERS. Amongst the trees.

DORCAS. Yea, there is something moving!

DOROTHY. Saints defend!
(*Pause.*)

ALL. 'Twas but the branches swaying in the breeze!

MANNERS. Now step lightly,
Hold me tightly,
Creep along by yonder wall!

ALL. Hush, Now step lightly!
Hold me tightly!
Where the deepest shadows fall.
Heaven, befriend us!
Saints defend us!
Fare thee well, Haddon Hall!
Fare thee well, old Haddon Hall!
Now step lightly, lightly, lightly.
Hold me tightly,
Creep along by yonder wall!

DOROTHY. **Home of my girlhood, so happy, farewell—farewell!**

ALL. Lightly let our footsteps fall,
Lightly fall, lightly fall, &c.

[*Exeunt, pursued by the* PURITANS.
STORM.

[*As the storm dies away, the scene changes to THE LONG GALLERY,
where SIR GEORGE, LADY VERNON, and CHORUS are discovered.*

Enter MAJOR DOMO.

MAJOR DOMO. Silence all! Attend your host!
Silence all, and pledge the toast!

SIR GEORGE. 'Tis an honoured old tradition,
Open house is Haddon Hall;
Welcome all who seek admission,
Gentle, simple, great and small.
Health and wealth to comrades present,
Welcome one and all the same!

CHORUS. Health to peer and health to peasant!
Health to squire and health to dame!

SONG.

SIR GEORGE. In days of old,
When men were bold,
And the prize of the brave the fair,
We danced and sang
Till the rafters rang
And laughter was everywhere!
Our lives were lives of stress and storm,
But through our veins the blood ran warm—
We only laughed the more,
We only laughed the more!
For mirth was mirth,
And worth was worth
In the grand old days of yore!

CHORUS. To the grand old days,
To the The grand old days!
The grand old days of yore!
The grand old days of yore!

SIR GEORGE.	In time gone by, A man would die For his king and his country's sake; Then eyes of blue Spoke a Saxon true, Who feared neither sword nor stake; Then laughing love made glad the earth, And men were not ashamed of mirth, And loud the table's roar; For breath was breath, And death was death In the grand old days of yore.	In first edition libretto. Not in vocal scores.
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CHORUS. To the grand old days, &c.

SIR GEORGE. Ere life is old,
 And hearts grow cold,
 And the autumn gathers grey,
 With soul and voice
 In your youth rejoice,
 And merrily keep your May;
 Again let love and manly mirth
 And woman's beauty rule the earth
As beauty ruled before,
 As beauty ruled before;
 And once again
 Let men be men
 As they were in days of yore.

OMNES. To the grand old days—
To the The grand old days—
To the grand old days of yore!
 The grand old days of yore!

Enter RUPERT and MCCRANKIE bearing in DORCAS, followed by the
 PURITANS.

RUPERT. Eloped, eloped! Betrayed, betrayed!
 Abetted by this tricky maid!

MCCRANKIE. Eh, mon! eh, mon! t' th' dochter's flown!

SIR GEORGE. Is this my house, sir, or thine own?

RUPERT. Forgive my friend—let me express
 My sorrow for his zeal's excess;
 He has only just come
 From the Isle of Rum,
 And this is his native evening dress.

SIR GEORGE. But *why* has he come—

LADY VERNON } Yes, why has he come—
 and DORCAS. }

CHORUS. Yes, why has he come from the Isle of Rum?

SIR GEORGE. And having come—

LADY VERNON } Yes, having come—
 and DORCAS. }

CHORUS. Yes, having come from the Isle of Rum—

SIR GEORGE. Cannot thy Gaelic friend be dumb?

OMNES. Although he has come from the Isle of Rum.

MCCRANKIE. Eh, mon, eh, mon, ye dinna ken,
T' The dochter's gane wi' evil men!

SIR GEORGE. What is this tale?

LADY VERNON. I fear me!

RUPERT. This tale I will succinctly tell,
 If you will only hear me.

CHORUS. Oh! tell this tale to us as well;
 A tearful tale, I fear me!

RUPERT. We were sheltering all
 Underneath a wall,
 Very damp and most unhappy;
 And to keep us warm
 In the pelting storm—

MCCRANKIE. We were hae'in a wee drappie!

PURITANS. They were having a wee drappie!

RUPERT. We said so, friends!

MCCRANKIE. We said, we a'
 Were bidin' underneath a wa'—

RUPERT. Very damp—

RUPERT. { **And most unhappy!**

MCCRANKIE. { An' maist unhappy!

PURITANS. Oh yes, we were damp,
 And we all had the cramp,
 But *we* had no wee drappie!

DORCAS }
and } That's why you were unhappy?

CHORUS. }

PURITANS. That's why we were unhappy.

MCCRANKIE. I was bidin' there
 Wi' nae breeks tae wear—
 An' a kilt's a wee bit draughty!

RUPERT. When one of the boys
 He heard a noise—

MCCRANKIE. An' we listened, cool an' crafty.

SIMEON (*holding up his hand*).
 Please, *I* was the boy—
 Who heard the noi—

CHORUS (*much interested*). And you listened cool and crafty?
 RUPERT. To voices speaking—
 MCCRANKIE. Footsteeps creaking—
 BOTH. Then a silence deep and dead.
 PURITANS. Need we mention
 Our attention
 Was bestowed on what they said?
 CHORUS. And what did the voices say?
 Tell us, we pray.
 RUPERT (*Whisperingly*). Hush, step lightly!
 MCCRANKIE (*Whisperingly*). Haud me tightly!
 PURITANS *and* Lightly let your footsteps fall—
 BOTH. Lightly, lightly, lightly fall!
Now step lightly! hold me tightly!
 Lightly fall, &c.
 RUPERT. Forward I rushed, this saucy vixen grasping!
 MCCRANKIE. Forrit I fell, an' crackt a Scottish croon!
 PURITANS. Backward we flew, until we pulled up gasping!
 MCCRANKIE. I rose agen again, but some ane knockt me doon!
 RUPERT. A sound of hoofs against the gravel ringing—
 MCCRANKIE. The cluds disperse, that had obscured the moon—
 RUPERT. We see a maiden to a horseman clinging!
 MCCRANKIE. We were too late—
 PURITANS. Or else we were too soon.
 RUPERT *and* } Too late! too late! too late!
 MCCRANKIE. }
 MEN. Or else **perhaps** they were too soon!
 SIR GEORGE. What means this tale? Why interrupt our sport,
 This intrigue of the kitchen to report?
 DORCAS. It means that to-morrow
 Thy daughter and pride
 Will be, to thy sorrow,
 Her true lover's bride.
 SIR GEORGE. { My daughter! **my daughter!**
 LADY VERNON. { My daughter! **my daughter!**
 ALL. { Thy daughter! **thy daughter!**
 RUPERT. My cousin and bride!

DORCAS. Away to the water
 They gallantly ride! (Thunder.)

SIR GEORGE. To horse—to horse—the fugitives pursue!

CHORUS. To horse—to horse—the fugitives pursue!

RUPERT, }
MCCRANKIE, }
 and }
PURITANS. }

SIR GEORGE. Fleet tho' the lightning's flash
 Vanish from view,
 Surely the thunder's crash
 Follows anew.
I will, whatever hap,
 Press thro' the holt,
Close as the thunder-clap
 After the bolt!

CHORUS. Fleet tho' the lightning's flash
 Vanish from view,

SIR GEORGE. To horse—to horse!

CHORUS. Surely the thunder's crash
 Follows anew!

CHORUS. { To horse—to horse—
SIR GEORGE. { To horse—to horse—spare neither steed nor spur!

CHORUS. To horse! To horse!

RUPERT, }
MCCRANKIE, }
 and }
PURITANS. }

ALL. To horse! to horse! the fugitives pursue!

 [*Exeunt SIR GEORGE and a few of the CHORUS, the rest gather round LADY VERNON.*]

LADY VERNON. In vain they will blunder
 Thro' holt and thro' brake;
 Never yet did the thunder
 The lightning o'ertake!

THREE GIRLS. Farewell, our gracious hostess, | GIRLS: |
 Of children both bereft; | NANCE |

 But love, obedience, troops of friends | GERTRUDE |

 Unto thee still are left. | DEBORAH |

 Not ours to break grief's sacred seal
 And on thy woe to dwell,
 But ours to bend a humble knee
 And bid thee fond farewell.

Farewell! Farewell!

LADY VERNON. Farewell!

CHORUS. Farewell!

CHORUS. Time, the Avenger,
 Time, the Controller,
 Time, that unravels the tangle of life,
 Guard thee from danger,
 Prove thy consoler,
 And make thee again happy mother and wife!

[*Exeunt* LADY VERNON and DORCAS.]

SERVANTS *enter, and extinguish the lights, one by one. The*
 CHORUS *disperse, and gradually exeunt, singing:—*

Brief is all life;
 Its storm and strife
 Time stills;
 And thro' this dream
 The nameless scheme
 Fulfils;
 Until one day
 Thro' space is hurled
 A vacant world,
Thro' space is hurled
A vacant world,
 Silent and grey.
Silent, silent and grey!

As the lamps are extinguished, the cold light of dawn steals through the windows. The SERVANTS exeunt, and the curtain falls.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Ante-Chamber.**Enter RUPERT and CHORUS, now arrayed in Puritan costume.*

CHORUS.

(*Aloud.*) Our heads we bow, the rod we kiss—
 (*Aside.*) Did ever you hear such a chorus as this?
 It's a Puritan's notion of heavenly bliss!
 (*Aloud.*) The scales have fallen from our eyes—
 (*Aside.*) We're painfully conscious we're so many guys,
 And we're all of us telling a parcel of lies!
 (*Aloud.*) The truth at last we clearly see—
 (*Aside.*) Oh, hi diddle, diddle! between you and me,
 Our apparent conversion is fiddle-de-dee!
 (*Aloud.*) Oh, priceless gift! Oh blessed boon!
 (*Aside.*) It must have been of this identical tune
 The apocryphal quadruped perished so soon!
 (*Aloud.*) Oh blessed boon!
 (*Aside.*) Oh *what a tune*, *what a tune!*

RUPERT. Very good—excellent! That will conclude our lesson for to-day. As a reward for your good conduct I will now communicate to you a piece of information which I feel sure you will receive with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. The law-suit, which, since the somewhat abrupt departure of Mistress Dorothy with a handsomer—ahem!—with another gentleman—I have been prosecuting with the utmost vigour, has at last terminated in my favour. This hall and these estates now vest in me. Though with my usual good taste I have not insisted on the immediate evacuation of my cousin, Sir George, and his good lady, from this day forth I am the Lord of Haddon—I alone. (*CHORUS continue reading, taking no notice of him. RUPERT comes down.*) My announcement has not been received with the cordiality which I had a right to expect. I have always understood that on such an occasion it was customary for retainers, servants, peasants, &c., to break out in a chorus expressive of delight and admiration. (*Glances at CHORUS.*) I have evidently been misinformed.

Enter LADY VERNON, attended by DORCAS.

'Tis my fair cousin!

LADY VERNON. Sir, without waste of words, it is not our purpose to intrude longer on thy hospitality. My husband awaits thee in the Eagle Tower, prepared to yield to thee the muniments of Haddon and to say farewell.

RUPERT. I will attend him instantly.

[*Exit.*

LADY VERNON (*turning to DORCAS*). And farewell thou. And all of you.

DORCAS. Our hearts go with thee.

LADY VERNON. And ours stay with you—bruised, but not broken. We are Vernons still.

SONG.

Queen of the garden bloomed a rose,
 Queen of the roses round her;
 Never a wayward wind that blows
 Breathed on the briar that bound her;
 The sunset lingered on her face,
 And Phoebus, westward roaming,
 Illumined with a golden grace
 The empress of the gloaming.
 Never a moon at evening rose
 But in the twilight found her
 Regal in rest, in red repose,
 Queen of the roses round her!
 Into her heart a canker crept,
 Into her soul a sorrow;
 Over her head the dewdrops wept,
 "She will be dead to-morrow!"
 But still a smile upon her cheek,
 The morrow found her glowing
 In crimson state, on all who seek
 Her royal grace bestowing.
 Queen of the garden still at noon,
 Queen of the roses round her,
 Not until eve the pallid moon
 Dead in the garden found her!

DORCAS	}	Dead in the garden lay a rose,
and CHORUS.	}	Regal in rest they found her;
LADY V, DORCAS	}	Smiling in death's august repose,
and CHORUS.	}	Queen of the roses round her!

Meanwhile SIR GEORGE *has entered.*

[*Exeunt* DORCAS *and* CHORUS.]

DUET.

SIR GEORGE. Alone—alone!
 No friendly tone
 To bid my heart rejoice.
 My son beneath the sighing sea—
 My daughter dear estranged from me!
 No kindly voice
 To say rejoice!
 Alone! **alone!**

LADY VERNON. Not whilst I live.

SIR GEORGE. Why kneelest thou to me?

LADY VERNON. Husband, forgive!
 A suppliant I to thee!
 'Twas I who urged our daughter's flight—
 Oh! how can I atone?
 Upon that wild and starless night,
 The culprit, I alone!

SIR GEORGE. Then it was thou!

LADY VERNON. My head I humbly bow.

(SIR GEORGE *raises her.*)

SIR GEORGE. Bride of my youth, wife of my age,
 Who, hand in hand and page by page,
 Hast read life's book with me,
 Upon whose knee our son hath slept,
 Together we have smiled and wept
 Over his grave—the sea.
 Until we quit life's chequered scene,
 Love, let us keep our friendship green;
 Friends we have always, always been,
 Friends let us always be.

LADY VERNON. Our years are spent, our heads are grey,
 And slowly ebbs the tide away
 That bears us out to sea.

SIR GEORGE. I print a kiss upon thy brow;
 We are too old to quarrel now;
 What have I left but thee?
What have I left but thee?

BOTH. Until we quit life's chequered scene,
 Love, let us keep our friendship green;
 Friends we have always, always been,
 Friends let us always be!
Friends let us always be!
Friends let us always be!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter RUPERT.

RUPERT. Methought it good taste not to interrupt them, albeit they delay their departure unduly. Sooth to say, the position of my poor cousins is pathetic enough, but it behoves them to accept their lot with philosophy—as I do.

Enter DORCAS excitedly, followed by CHORUS.

How now? How now? Is it so that ye enter our presence?

SCENE.

DORCAS. In frill and feather spick and span,
A gallant is asking for thee;
I told him to go,
But he wouldn't take "no"—
Oh, he is such a nice young man!

NANCE, } We told him to go,
GERTRUDE, } But he wouldn't take "no"—
DEBORAH. } Oh, he *is* such a nice young man!

RUPERT. Oh yes, I know that nice young man!
He travels in coffee and tea;
And if you're not in,
Leaves behind him a tin
Or a packet of bad Bohea.

CHORUS. Oh, we all of us know that nice young man
Who travels in coffee and tea;
And if you're not in,
Leaves behind him a tin
Or a packet of bad Bohea, **of bad Bohea,**
of bad Bohea.

DORCAS. Oh, sir, he's such a handsome youth!
The nicest I ever did see!
To tell thee the truth
I have never seen youth,
Who was quite such a youth as he!

[*Exit DORCAS.*]

NANCE, } To tell thee the truth,
GERTRUDE, } We have never seen youth
DEBORAH. } Who was quite such a youth as he!

RUPERT. Oh yes, I know that self-same youth!
He dabbles a bit in the arts;
He wants you to hire
What you'll never require,
In a series of monthly parts.

- CHORUS. He is partial to hours both dark and late,
 He has a quick eye for the spoons,
 And long will he wait
 With his foot in the gate,
 In the dusk of the afternoons, **the afternoons,**
the afternoons.
- Flourish.* *Re-enter DORCAS with OSWALD in uniform. He salutes
 and gives a parchment to RUPERT.*
- OSWALD. Good General Monk, with others therein named,
 Hath entered London and the King proclaimed.
 And by his order I am here to claim
 This ancient manor, in King Charles's name!
 Dost thou surrender?
- RUPERT. Nothing! I have said!
- OSWALD. So be it, sire; thy blood be on thy head!
 [Salutes and exit.]
- RUPERT. Summon my bodyguard! I fear me, friends,
 Some evil to my person this portends.
- Enter PURITANS, one by one, loafing, with their hands in their pockets.*
 Why this disorder? this rebellious mien?
 Where are your books? and why are ye so clean?
- PURITANS. Bother our books!
 We all intend
 Our evil looks
 And ways to mend.
 We mean to do just what we like,
 So we have all come out on strike.
 Eight hours we'll moan—
 Eight hours we'll sigh—
 Eight hours we'll groan—
 Eight hours we'll pry!
- SIMEON. But for sixteen we will be free!
- PURITANS. And so say I!
- CHORUS. And so say we!
 (CHORUS *fling down their books.*)
- DORCAS. We have thought the matter out
 And we know what we're about,
 And whatever thou mayst do or say,
 We intend to sing in chorus
 With the gallants who adore us,
 And to merry-make the livelong day!
- CHORUS. Singing, Tra, la, la, &c.
- CHORUS. Tra, la, la, &c.

RUPERT. To a word of warning hark,
Ere you recklessly embark
On an undertaking so inane
As to dedicate to Cupid
That particularly stupid
And peculiarly weak refrain

CHORUS. Known as Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS. Tra, la, la, &c.

PURITANS. From the point of view of wit,
We are open to admit
It's a silly sort of thing to say;
But when musically treated
And sufficiently repeated,
It's effective in its simple way.

CHORUS. So, sing, Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS. Tra, la, la, &c.

RUPERT. So, the professional agitator hath been at work here. I must take counsel with McCrankie. His uncompromising puritanism will no doubt find a way out of the difficulty.

Enter MCCRANKIE, in breeches.

Odds troth! what means this metamorphosis? (CHORUS *gather round*.)

MCCRANKIE. Aweel, aweel, I'll tell ye a' about it. I wasna tat weel last nicht, and sae, tae warm my heart, I jist had—

RUPERT. A wee drappie?

MCCRANKIE. Wha tauld thee, mon? Sickerly! I *had* ane wee drappie.

CHORUS. He had one wee drappie!

MCCRANKIE. But somegate I felt waur instead o' better; and sae— weel, I jist had anither wee drappie.

RUPERT. He had two wee drappies!

MCCRANKIE. But twa wee drappies didna reach the cause.

RUPERT. So thou hadst three? (MCCRANKIE *shakes his head*.)

DORCAS. Four?

GERTRUDE. Five?

NANCE. Six?

MCCRANKIE. Weel, I didna jistly coont.

RUPERT. Well, thou wert past arithmetic; what then?

MCCRANKIE. I'd fa'an asleep; an' i' my sleep, got crackin' tae mysel'. An' what dae ye think I said?

RUPERT. Mon, I neither ken nor care.

[*Exit.*]

SONG.

MCCRANKIE. Hech, mon! hech, mon! it gars me greet
 Tae see thy capers mony,
 When nature made the earth sae sweet,
 An' life micht be sae bonny.
 Why nae accept what fortune sen's
 An' learn that earth an' heaven are frien's?
 Eneugh o' hanky-panky—
 Gie ower thy freaks
 An' don the breeks,
 An' be a mon, McCrankie!

PURITANS *and* CHORUS. Thou'st got 'em on!
 MCCRANKIE (*proudly*). I've got 'em on!
 PURITANS *and* CHORUS. Thou'st got 'em on, McCrankie!
CHORUS. Thou'st got 'em on!
MCCRANKIE. I've got 'em on!
CHORUS. Thou'st got 'em on, McCrankie!

MCCRANKIE. At first I thocht the sudden swap
 Was jist a wee bit risky;
 But noo they're fastened o' the tap
 I feel quite young an' and frisky.
 To show ye jist the sort o' thing,
 I'm gaun tae dance a Heeland fling,
 An' if ye'll help, I'll thank' ee.
 A wee bit skirl—
 A wee bit whirl—
 A fling wi' auld McCrankie!

CHORUS. A wee bit skirl—
 MCCRANKIE. A wee bit skirl—
 CHORUS. A fling wi' auld McCrankie!
 CHORUS. A wee bit whirl—
 MCCRANKIE. A wee bit whirl—
 CHORUS. A fling wi' auld McCrankie!

SCOTCH DANCE.

FINALE.

(*Cannonade off.*)

OMNES. Hark! **hark!** the cannon! Where to hide us?
 Hark! again the trumpet's call!
 Friend afar and foe beside us,
WOMEN. { **Friend afar and foe beside us,**
MEN. { **Death confronts us one and all!**
 Death confronts us one and all!

(*Cannonade.*)

*The door is broken open. Enter MANNERS, attended by
 OSWALD and others. Re-enter SIR GEORGE and LADY
 VERNON.*

DOROTHY. Oh, praise me not; the merit is not mine.
 Love breathed a message through the sphere!
 I could not but obey;
 To all who have the ears to hear
 Love breathes it every day.
 Now, in the babbling of the brook,
 It murmurs to our souls;
 Now, thro' the lightning's fiery fork
 Reverberant it rolls.
 It echoes through the solemn night,
 It rings all nature through;
 For ever, in the angels' sight
 To thine own heart be true!

SIR GEORGE,	}	Though storms uprise
LADY VERNON,	}	And cloud the skies,
DOROTHY,	}	And thorns where roses grew,
<i>and</i>	}	Come sun, come snow,
MANNERS.	}	Come weal, come woe,
	}	To thine own heart be true!

ALL. Though storms uprise, &c.
And cloud the skies,
And thorns where roses grew,
Come sun, come snow,
Come weal, come woe,

ALL. {To thine own heart be true!
 DOROTHY. {To thine own heart, To thine own heart be true!

THE END.