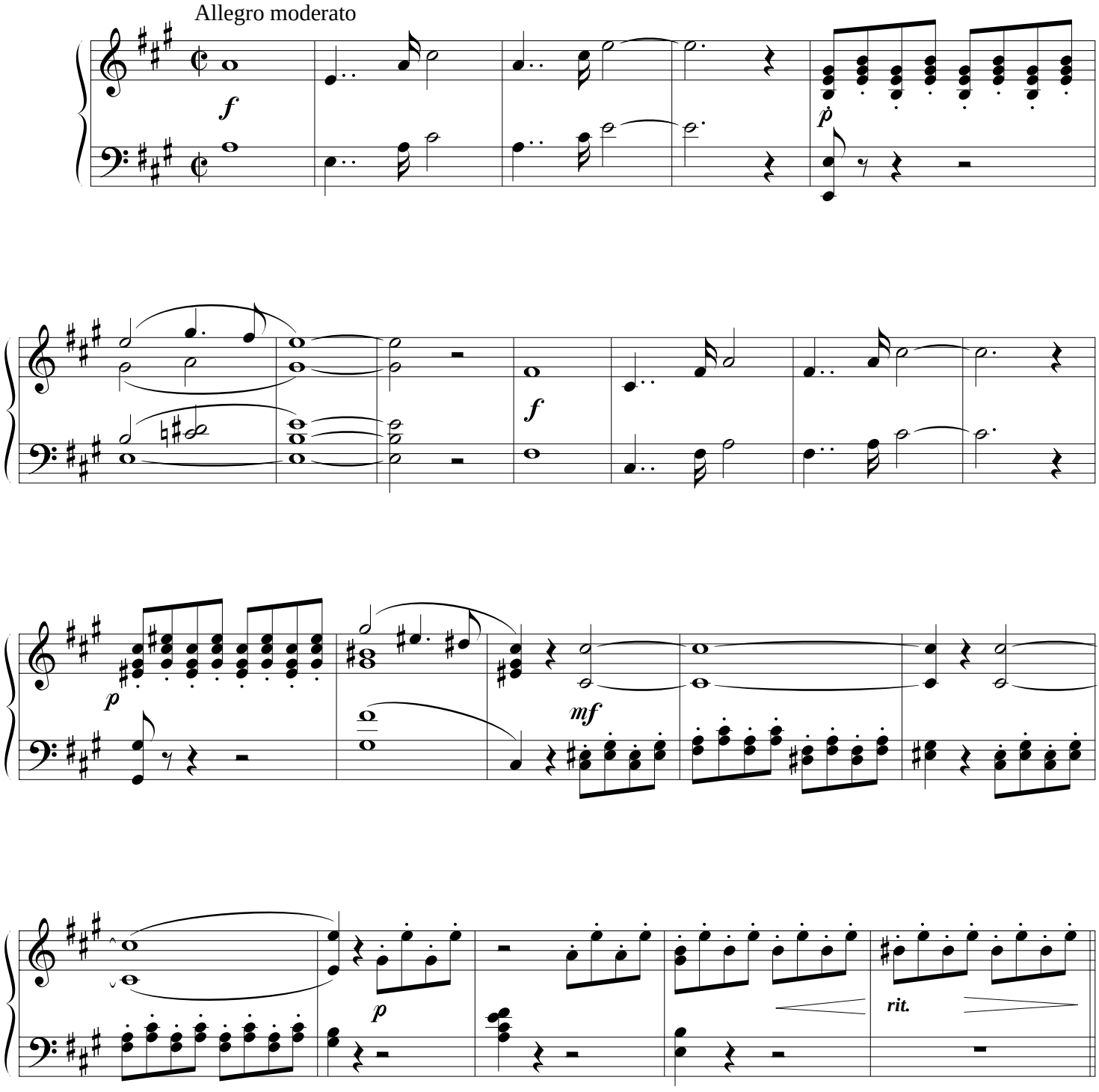
Introduction

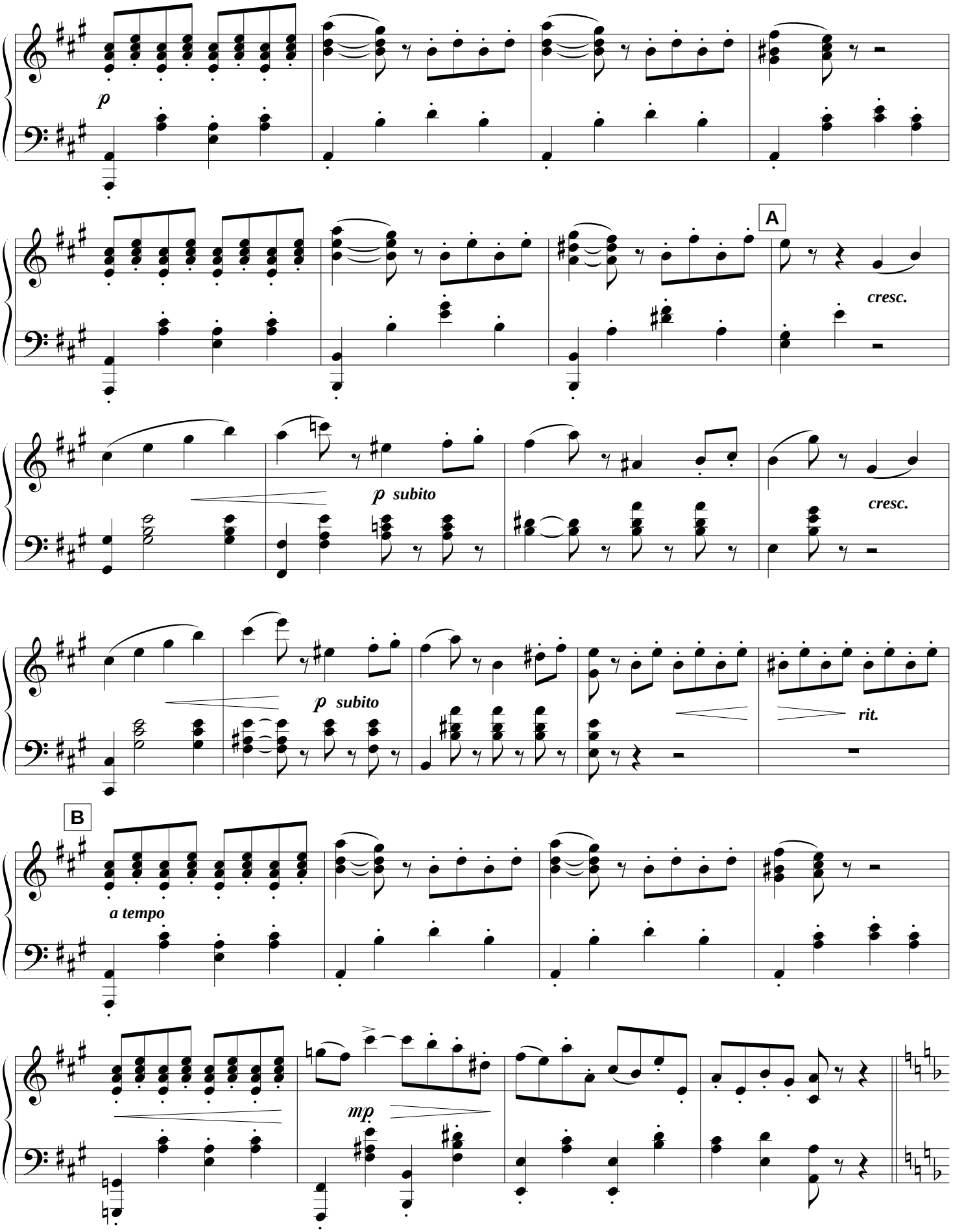
(Instrumental)

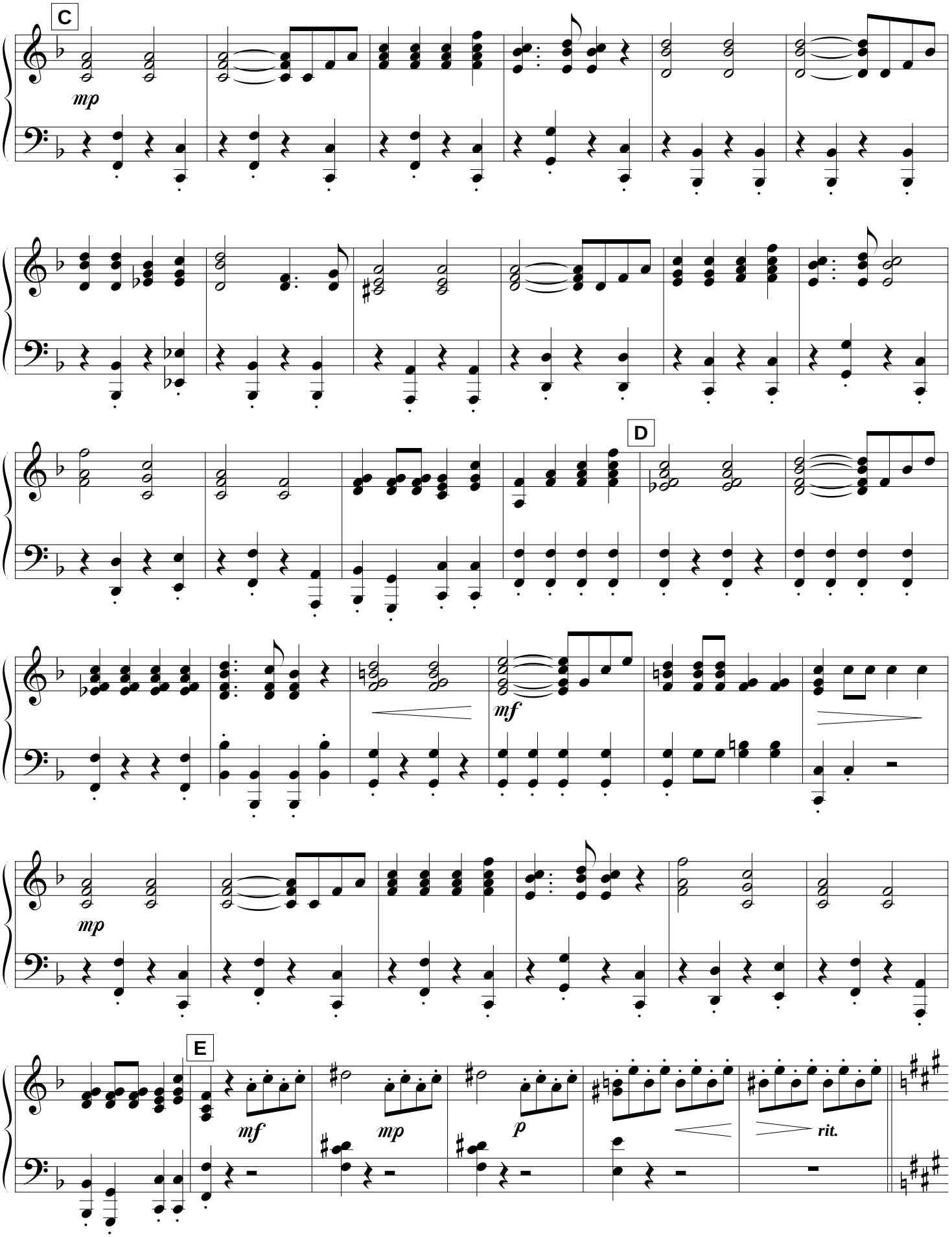
Dialogue and lyrics by:
Sir William S. Gilbert

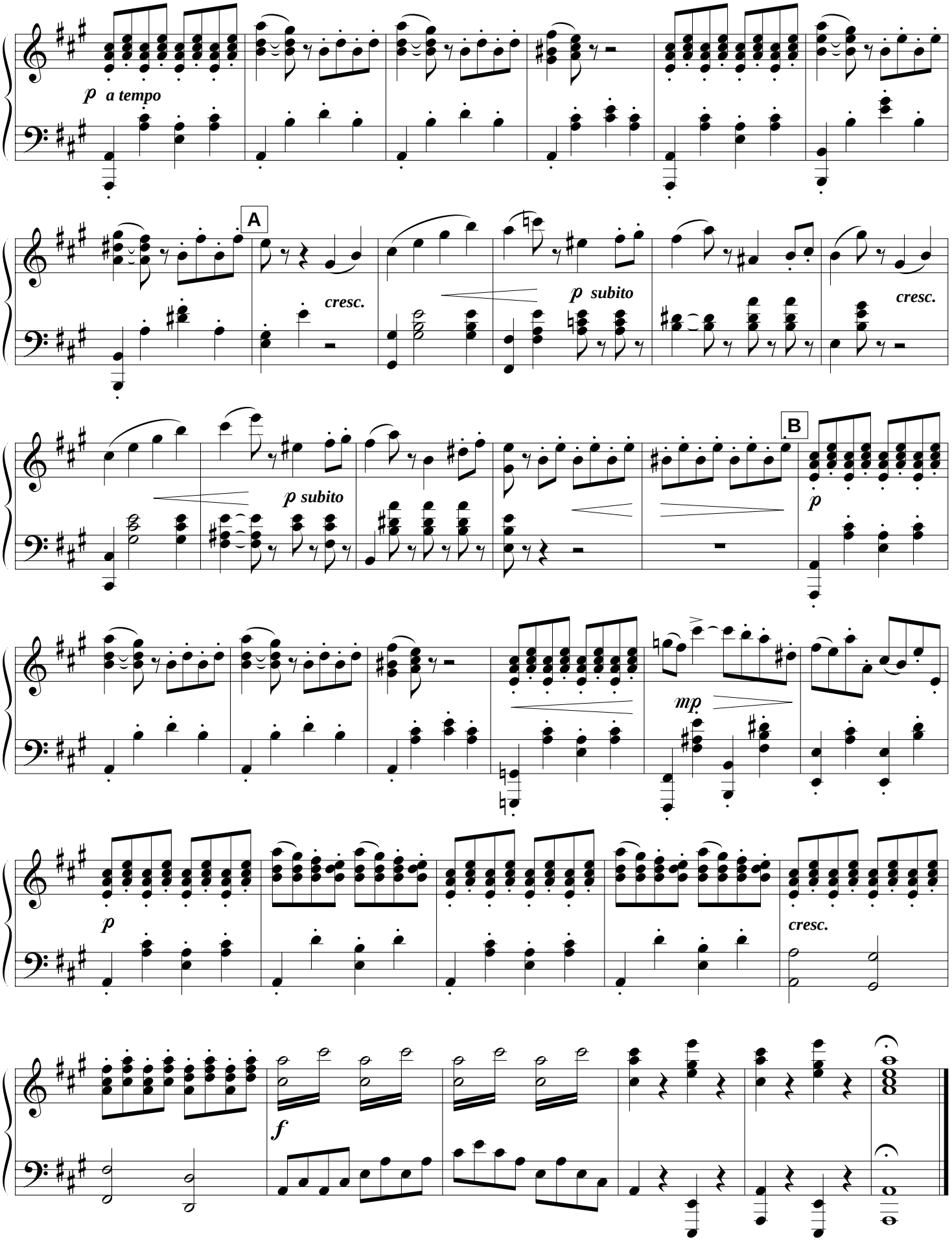
Music by:
Sir Arthur Sullivan



Allegretto grazioso




C
mp
D
mf
mp
E
mf
mp
p
rit.

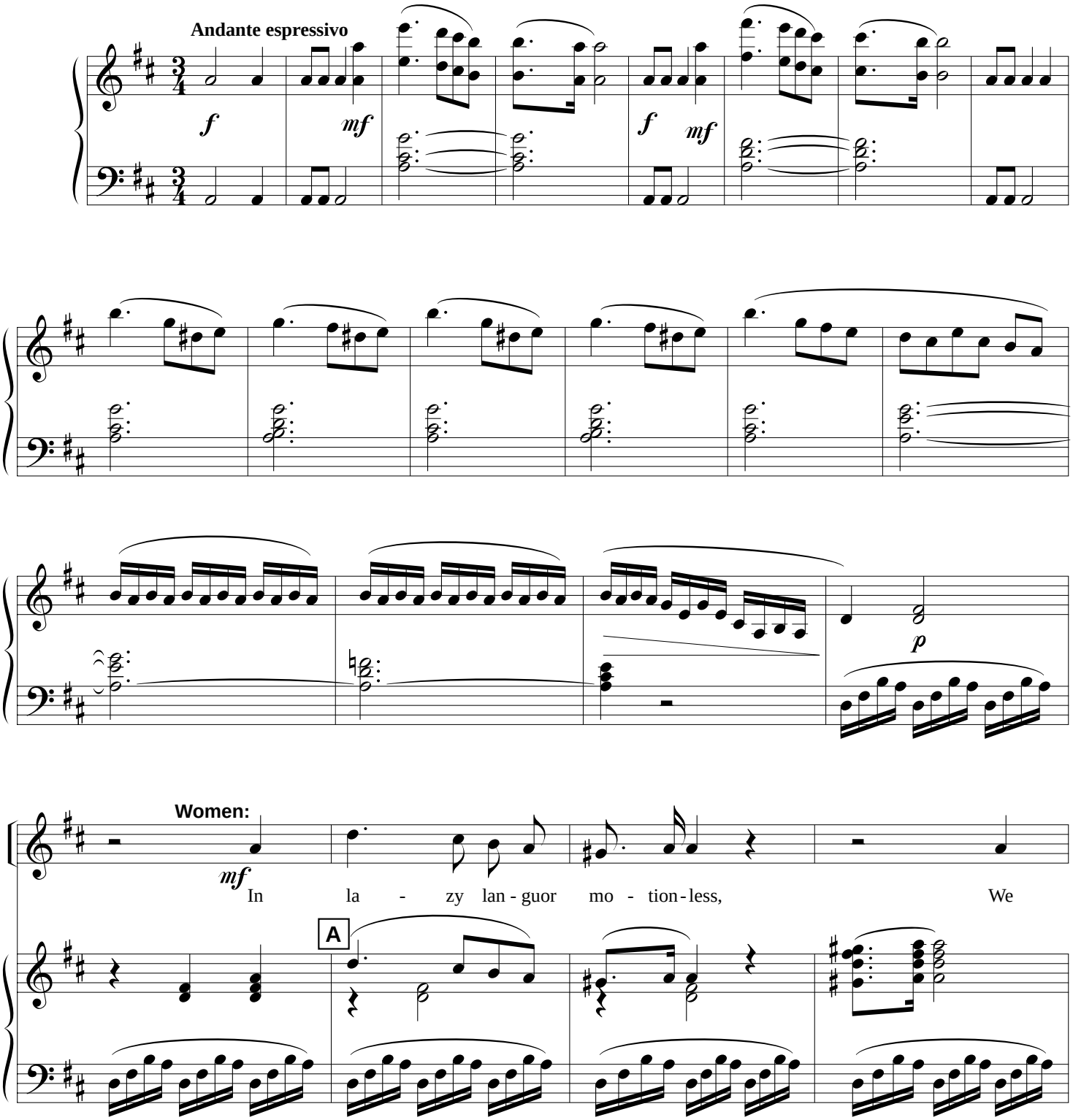

p a tempo
A
cresc.
p subito
cresc.
p subito
B
p
mp
p
cresc.
f

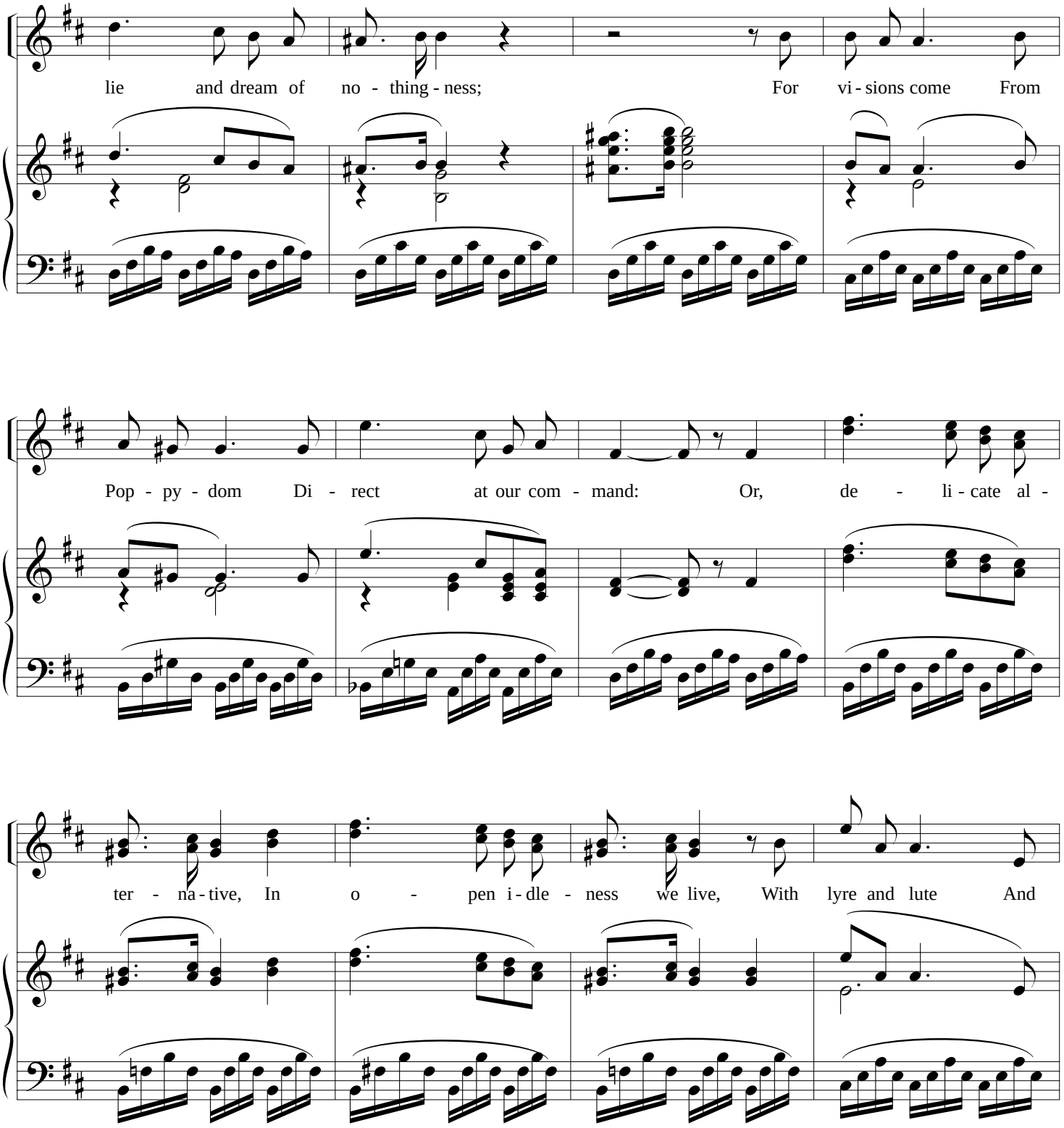
ACT I

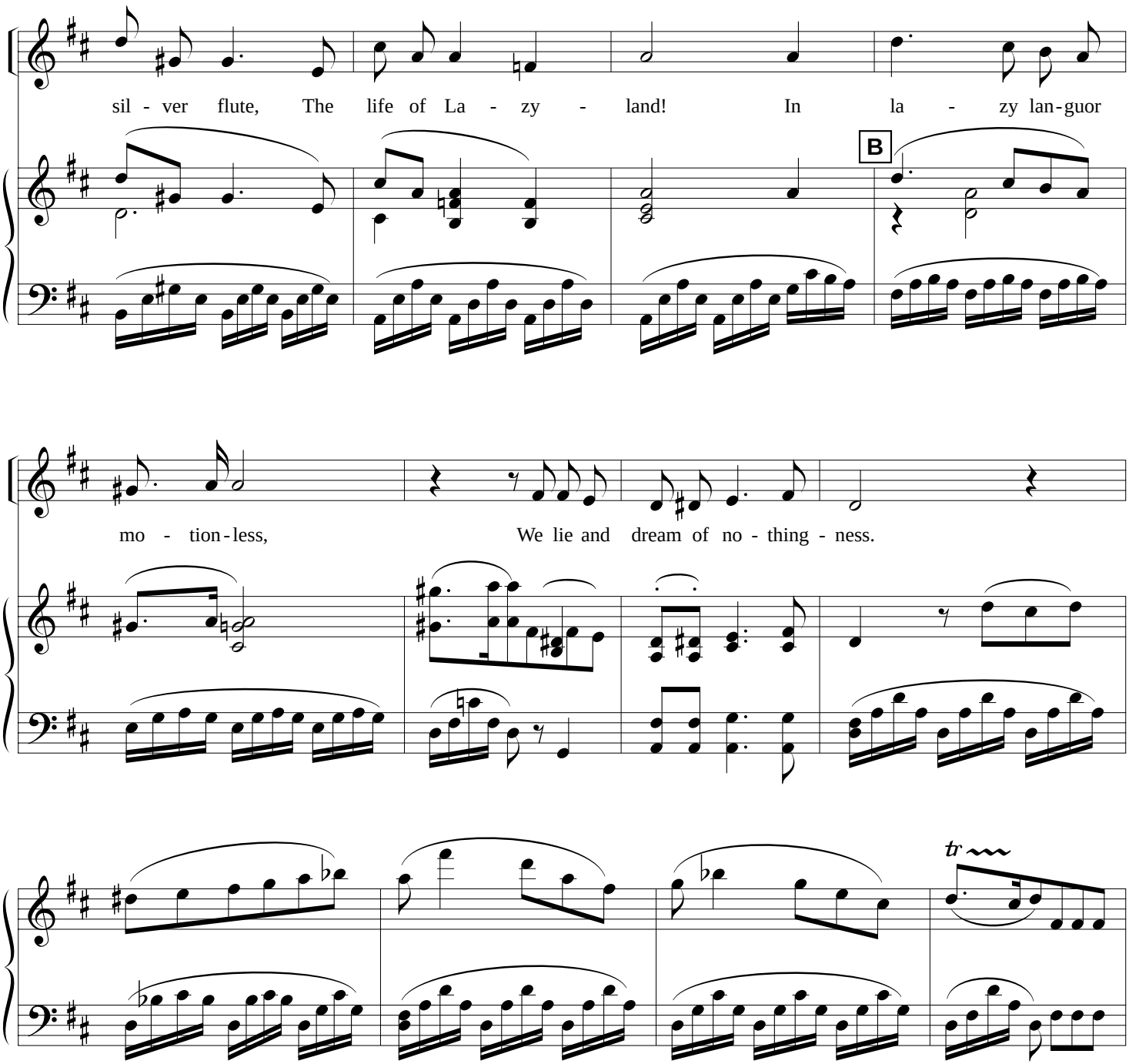
SCENE. -- *A Utopian Palm Grove in the gardens of* KING PARAMOUNT*'s Palace, showing a picturesque and luxuriant tropical landscape, with the sea in the distance.* SALATA, MELENE, PHYLLA, *and other Maidens discovered, lying lazily about the stage and thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotus-eating fashion.*

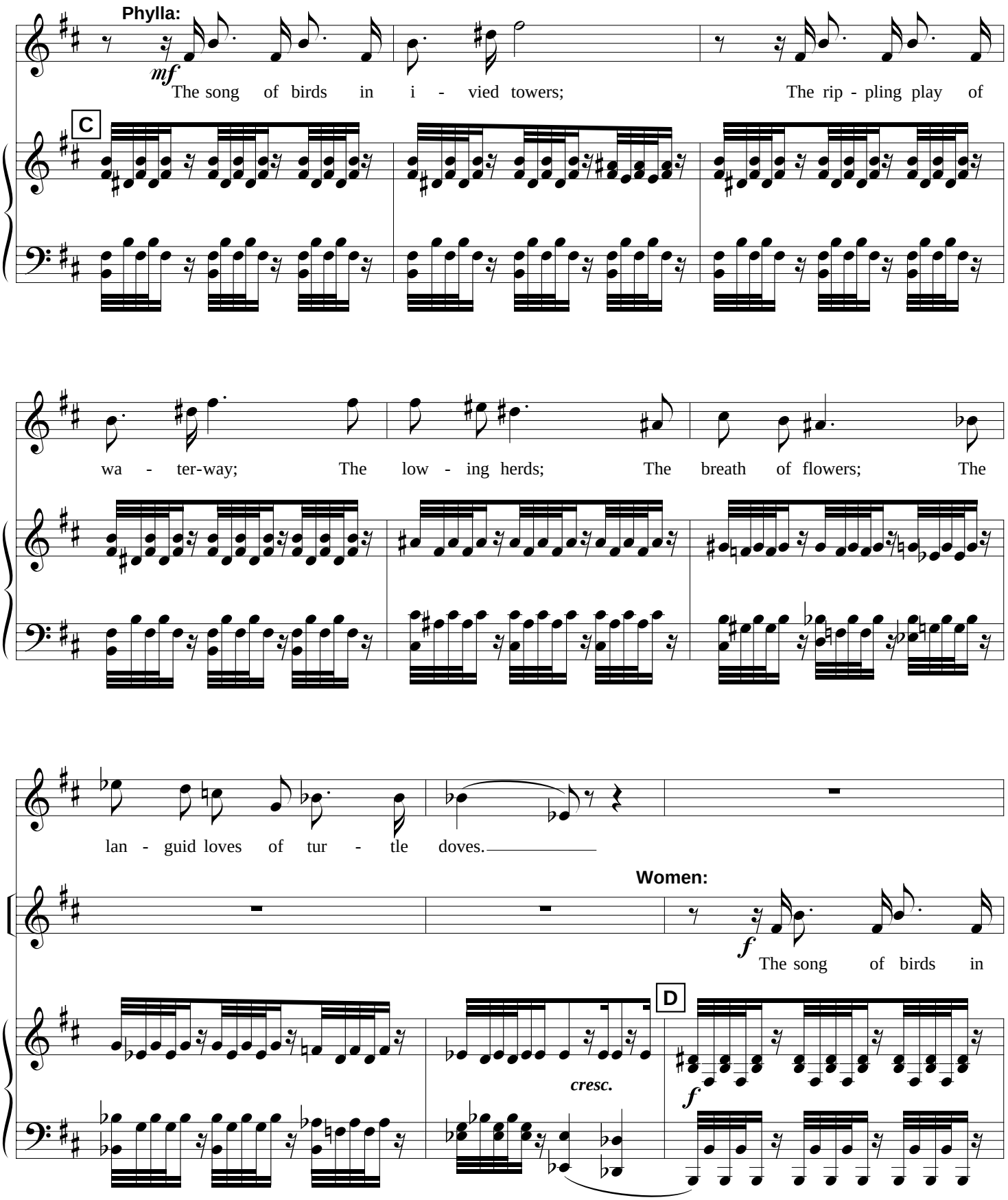
No. 1. In lazy languor motionless

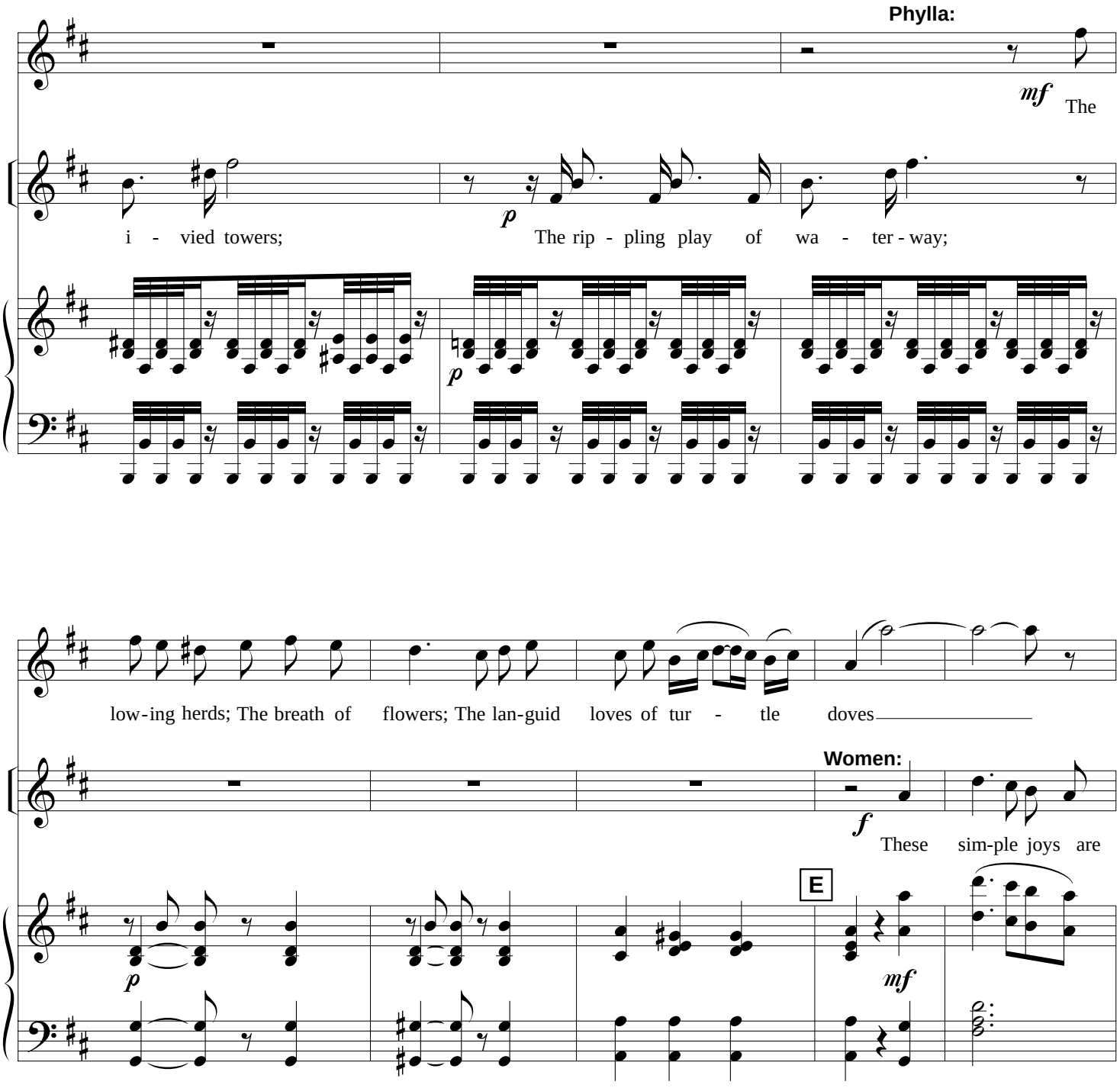
Phylla and Women

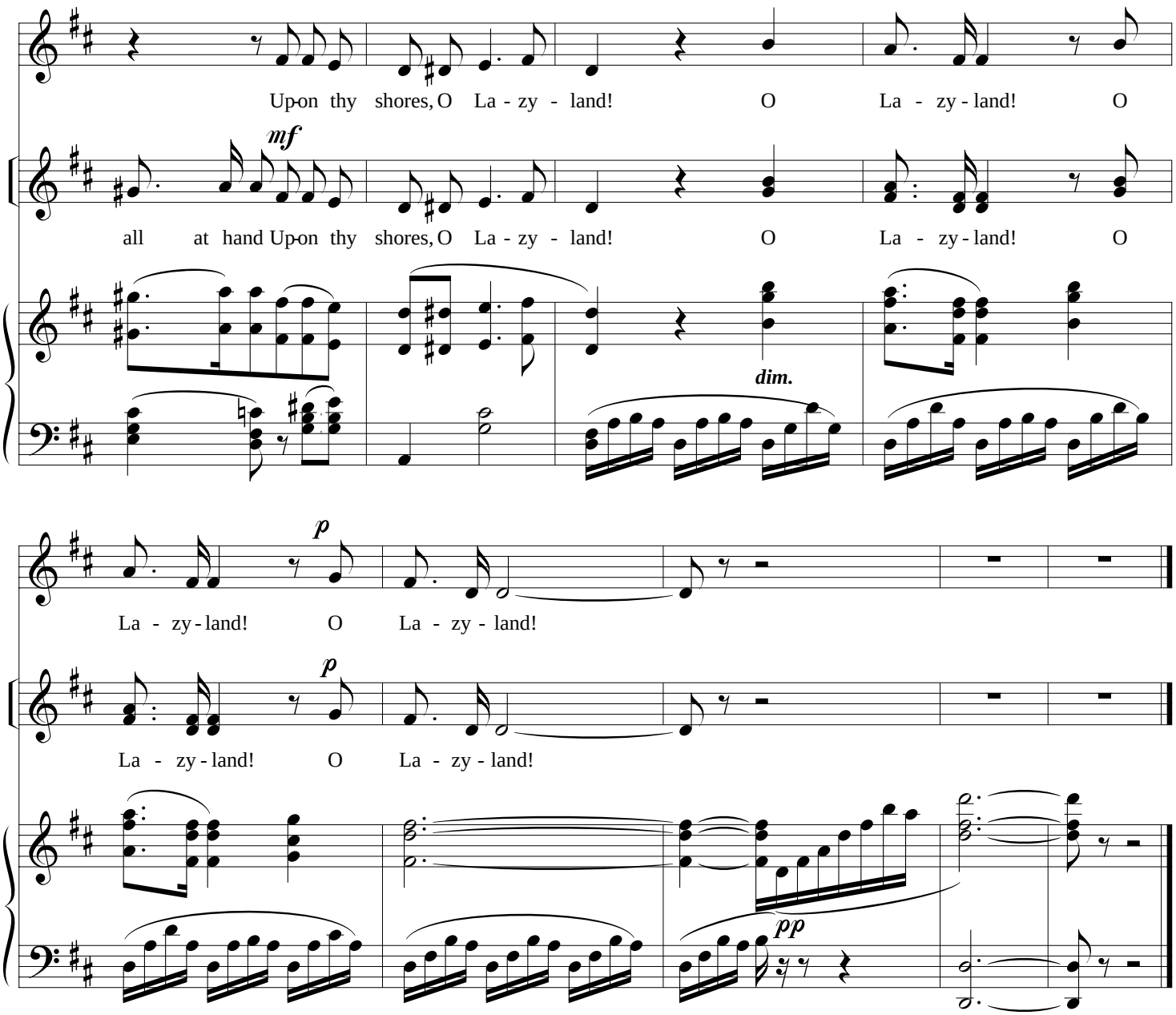



lie and dream of no - thing - ness; For vi - sions come From
Pop - py - dom Di - rect at our com - mand: Or, de - li - cate al -
ter - na - tive, In o - pen i - dle - ness we live, With lyre and lute And


sil - ver flute, The life of La - zy - land! In la - zy lan-guor
B
mo - tion-less, We lie and dream of no - thing - ness.
tr


Phylla:
mf
The song of birds in i - vied towers; The rip - pling play of
C
wa - ter-way; The low - ing herds; The breath of flowers; The
lan - guid loves of tur - tle doves.
Women:
f
The song of birds in
D
cresc.
f

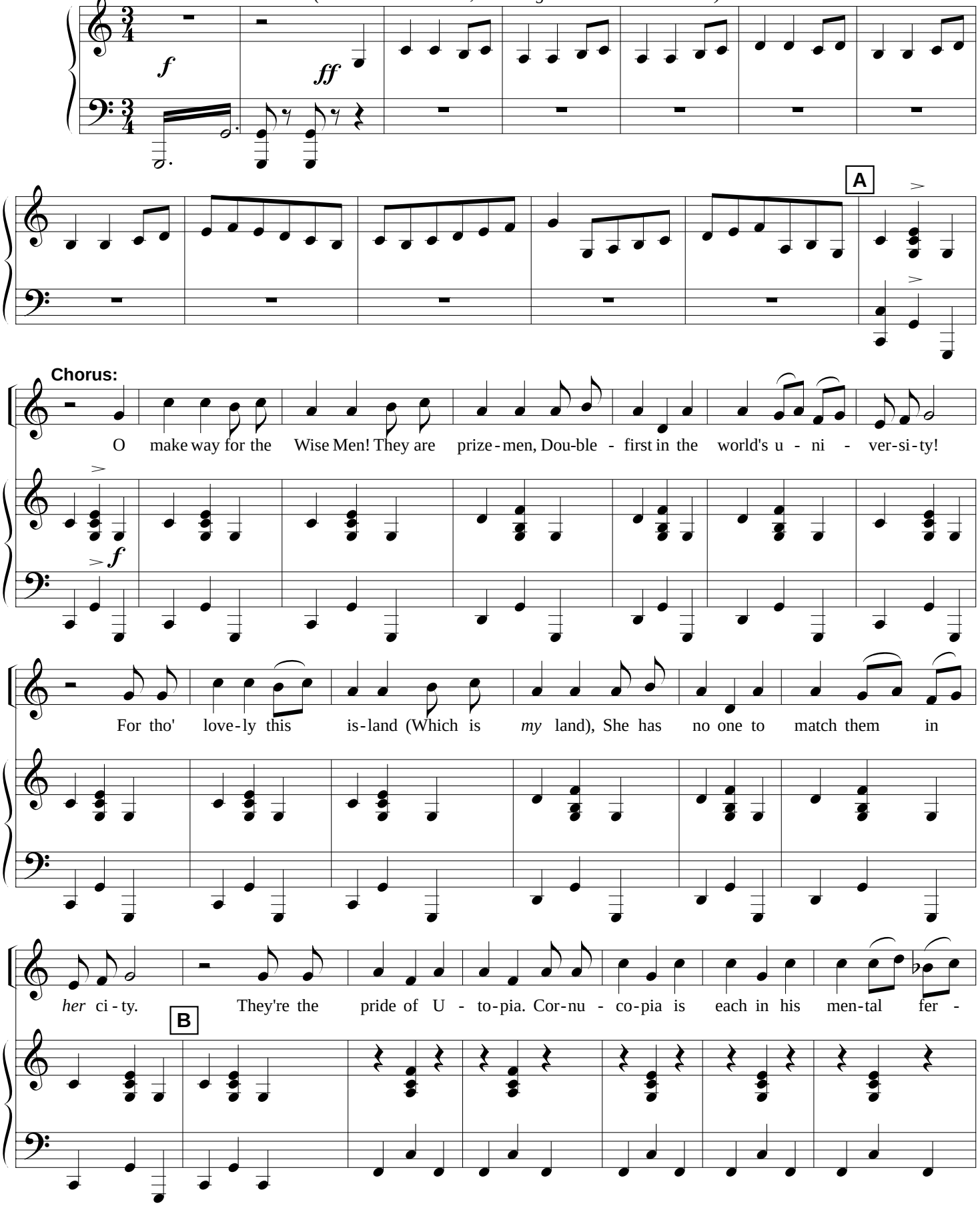

Phylla:
mf
The
i - vied towers;
p
The rip - pling play of wa - ter - way;
p
low - ing herds; The breath of flowers; The lan-guid loves of tur - tle doves
Women:
f
These sim-ple joys are
E
p
mf

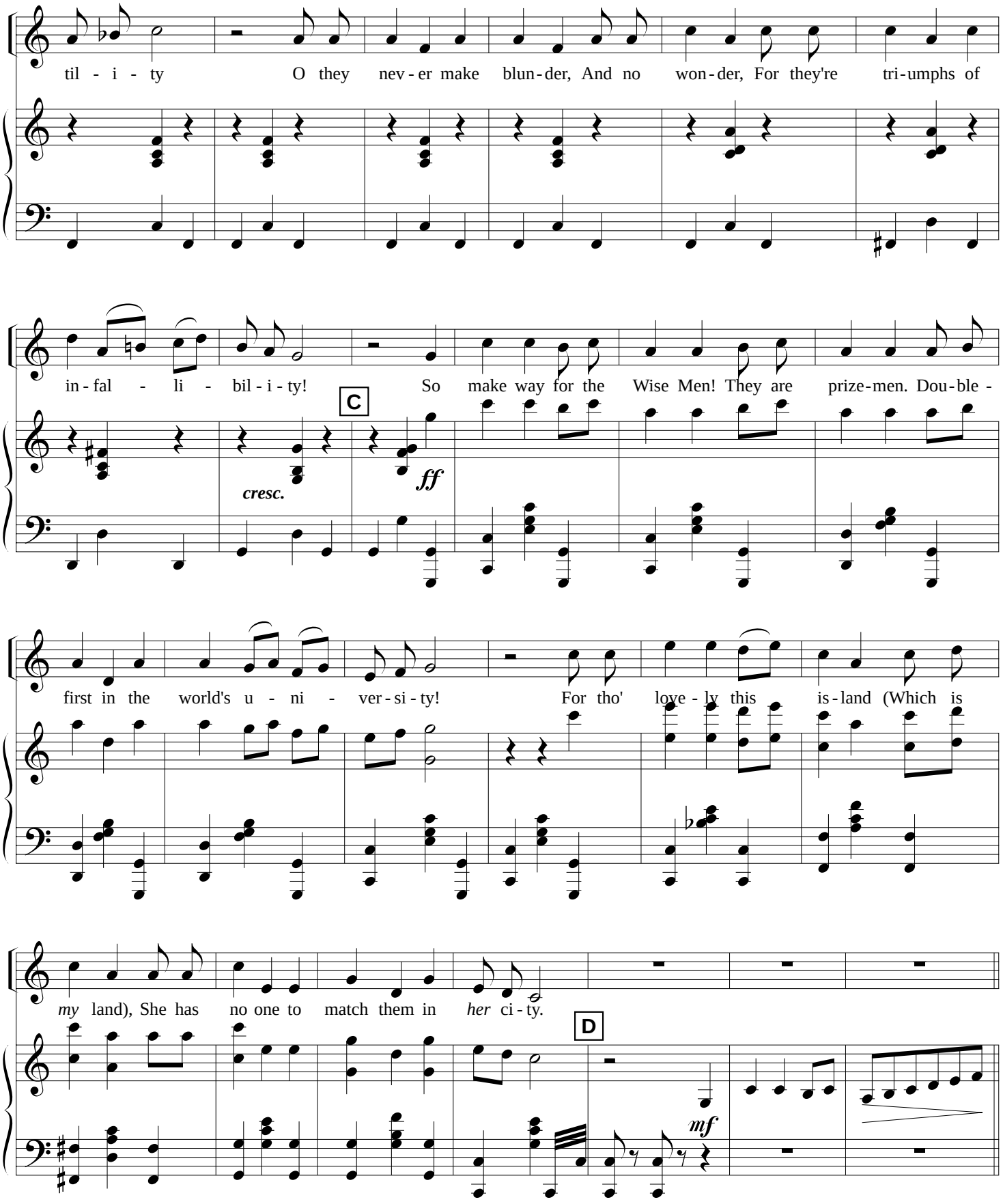

Up-on thy shores, O La - zy - land! O La - zy - land! O
mf
all at hand Up-on thy shores, O La - zy - land! O La - zy - land! O
dim.
p
La - zy - land! O La - zy - land!
p
La - zy - land! O La - zy - land!
pp

No. 2. O make way for the Wise Men!

Chorus

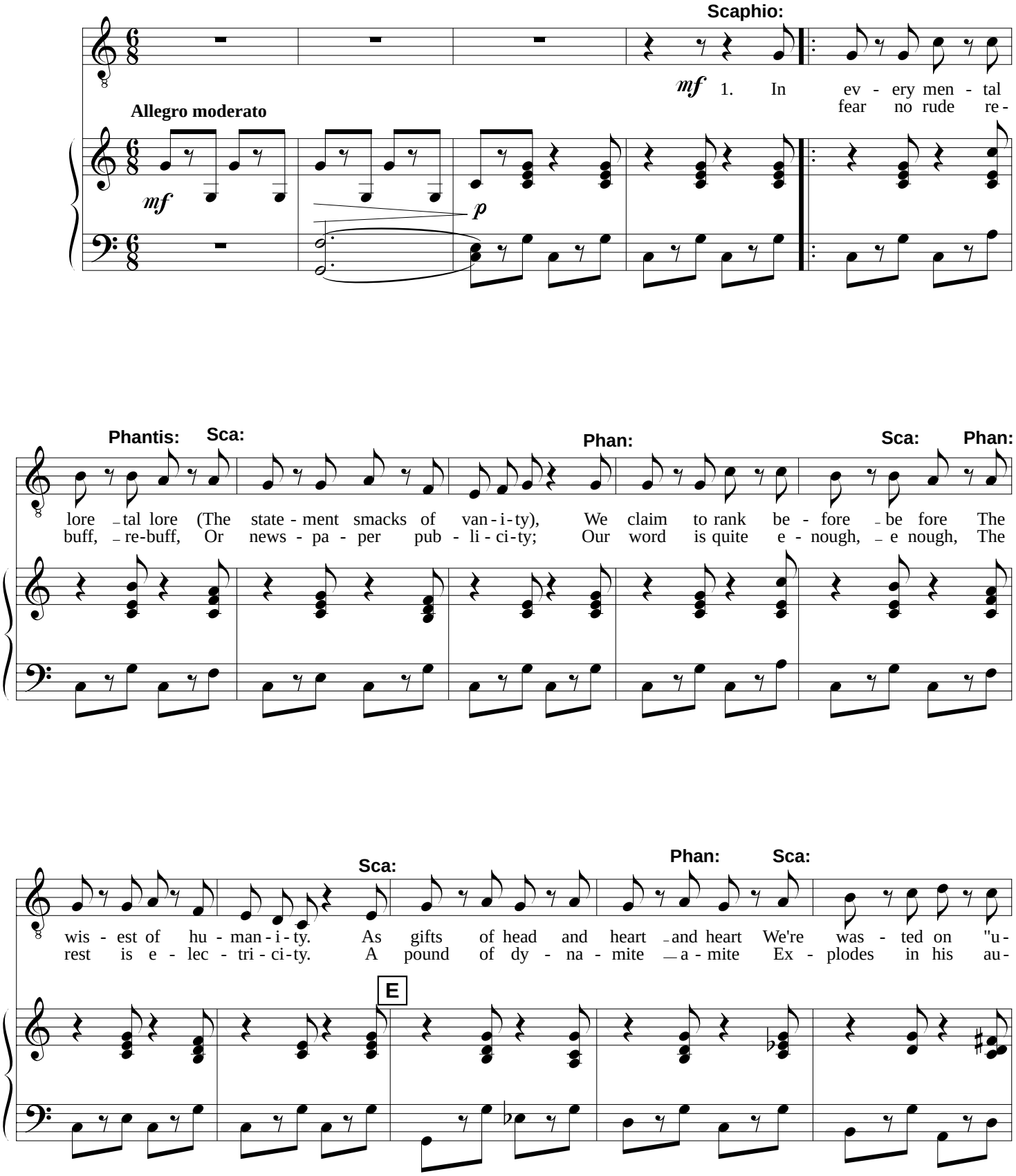
Allegretto pesante *(March. Enter Guard, escorting* SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*)*

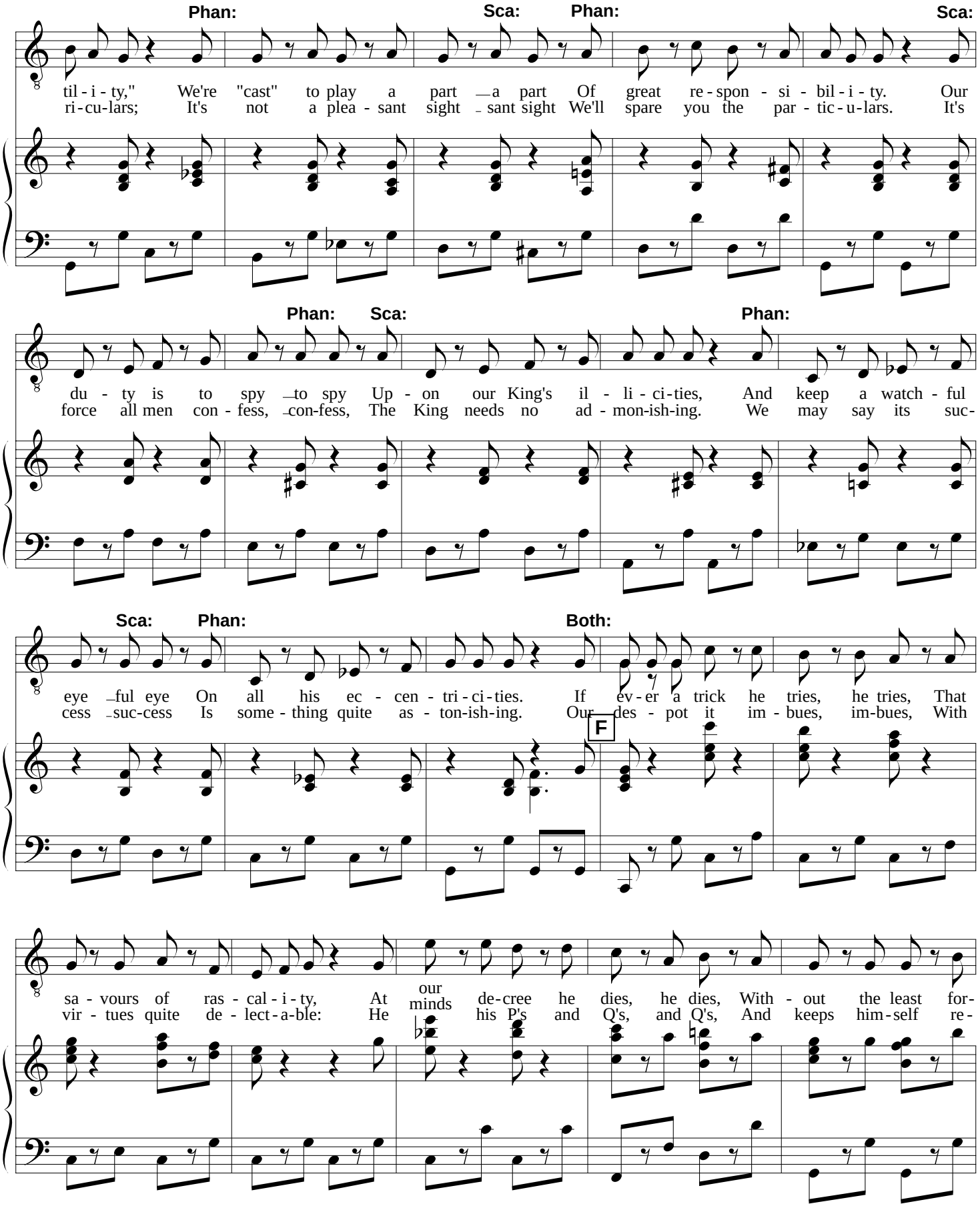


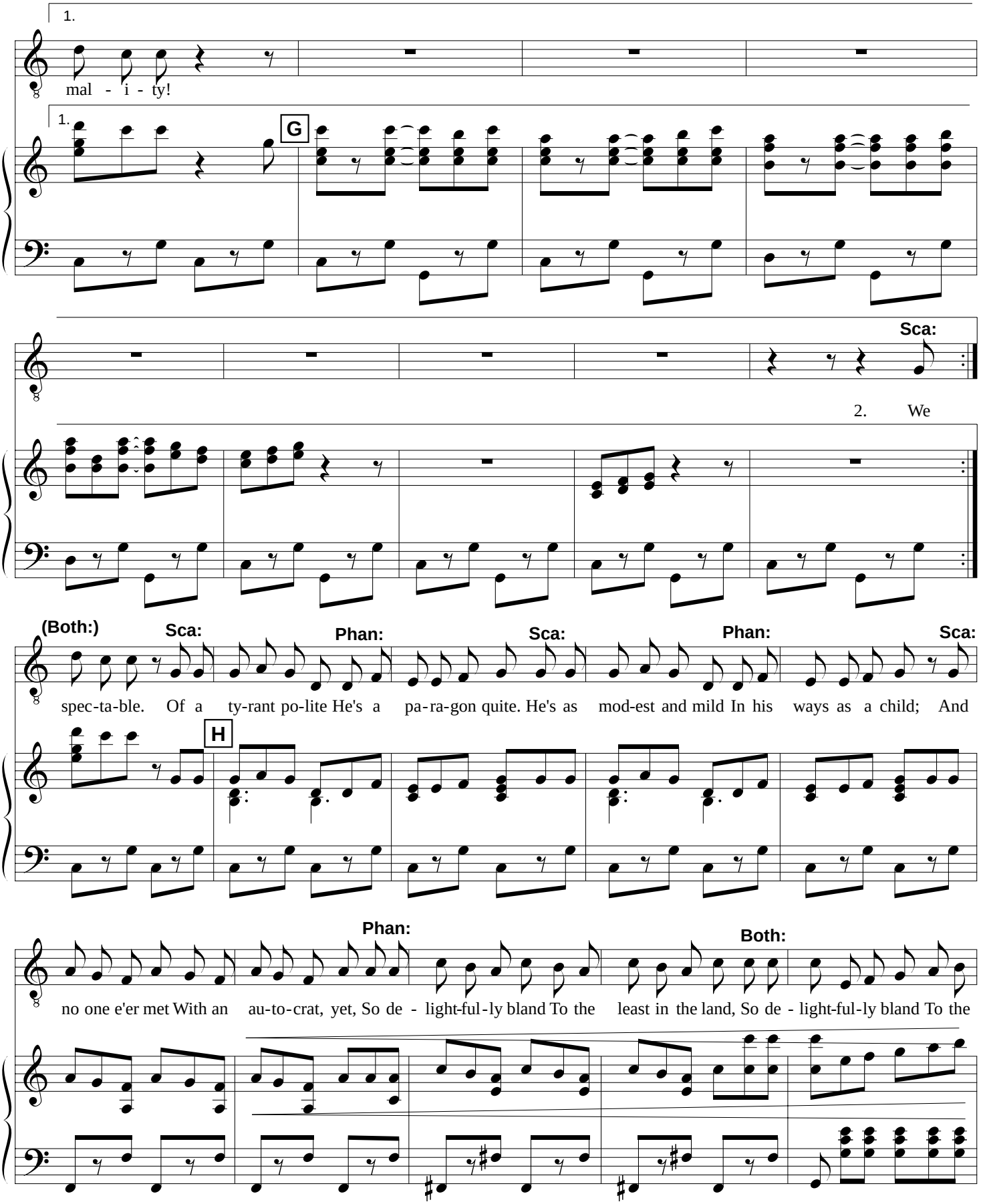

til - i - ty O they nev - er make blun - der, And no won - der, For they're tri - umphs of
in - fal - li - bil - i - ty! So make way for the Wise Men! They are prize - men. Dou - ble -
C
cresc.
ff
first in the world's u - ni - ver - si - ty! For tho' love - ly this is - land (Which is
my land), She has no one to match them in her ci - ty.
D
mf

No. 2a. In every mental lore

Scaphio, Phantis, and Chorus




Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
til - i - ty," We're "cast" to play a part a part Of great re - spon - si - bil - i - ty. Our
ri - cu - lars; It's not a plea - sant sight sant sight We'll spare you the par - tic - u - lars. It's
Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
du - ty is to spy to spy Up - on our King's il - li - ci - ties, And keep a watch - ful
force all men con - fess, con-fess, The King needs no ad - mon-ish-ing. We may say its suc-
Sca:
Phan:
Both:
eye ful eye On all his ec - cen - tri - ci - ties. If ev - er a trick he tries, he tries, That
cess suc-cess Is some - thing quite as - ton-ish-ing. Our des - pot it im - bues, im-bues, With
F
sa - vours of ras - cal - i - ty, At our minds de-cree he dies, he dies, With - out the least for-
vir - tues quite de - lect - a-ble: He his P's and Q's, and Q's, And keeps him - self re -


1.
mal - i - ty!
1.
G
Sca:
2. We
(Both:)
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
spec-ta-ble. Of a ty-rant po-lite He's a pa-ra-gon quite. He's as mod-est and mild In his ways as a child; And
H
Phan:
Both:
no one e'er met With an au-to-crat, yet, So de - light-ful-ly bland To the least in the land, So de - light-ful-ly bland To the

Chorus:

J

f

least in the land, So bla - - - - - nd, so bland! O

f *tr* *ff*

make way for the Wise Men! They are prize - men Dou-ble - first in the world's u - ni -

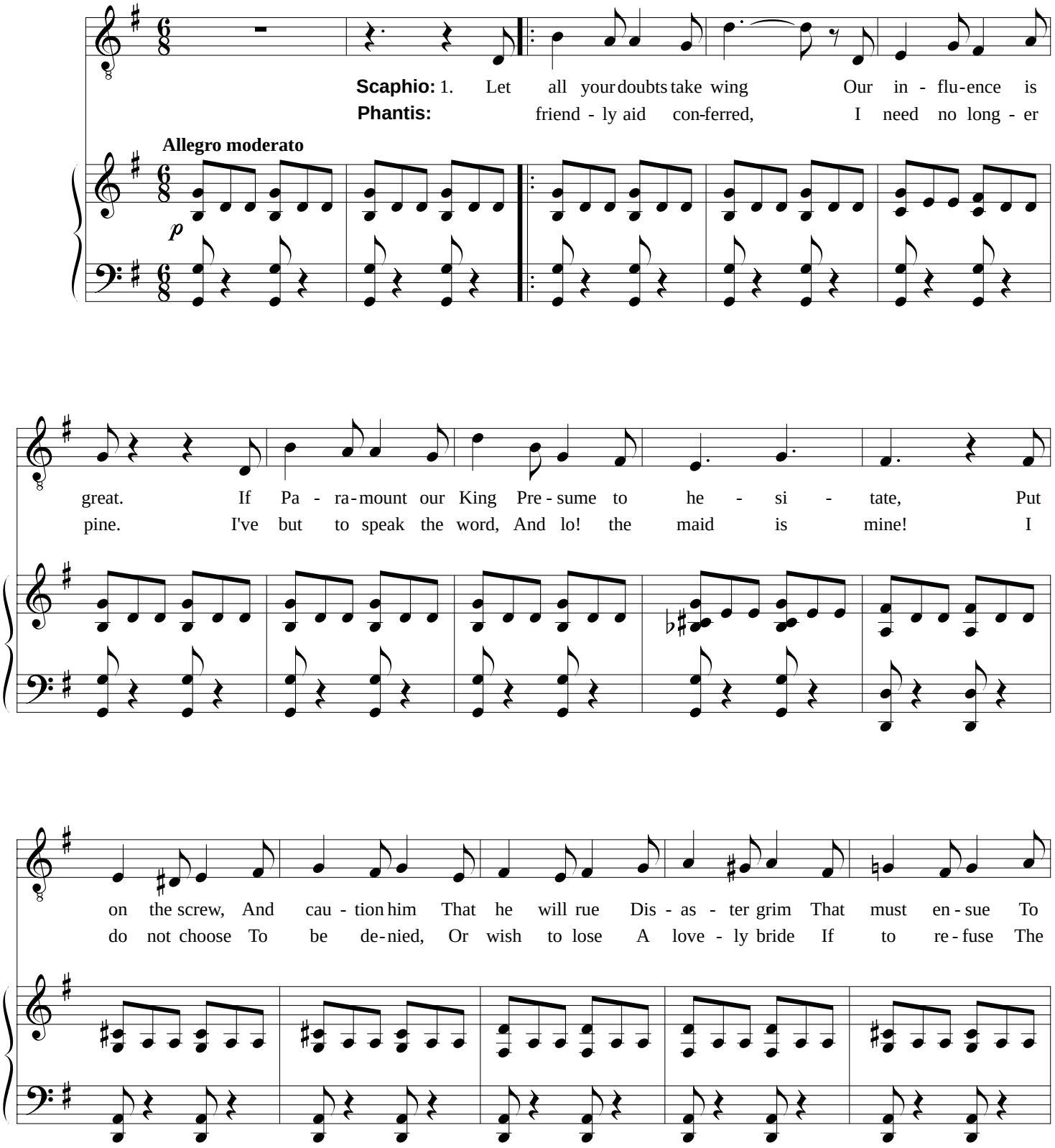
ver - si - ty! For though love - ly this is - land (Which is

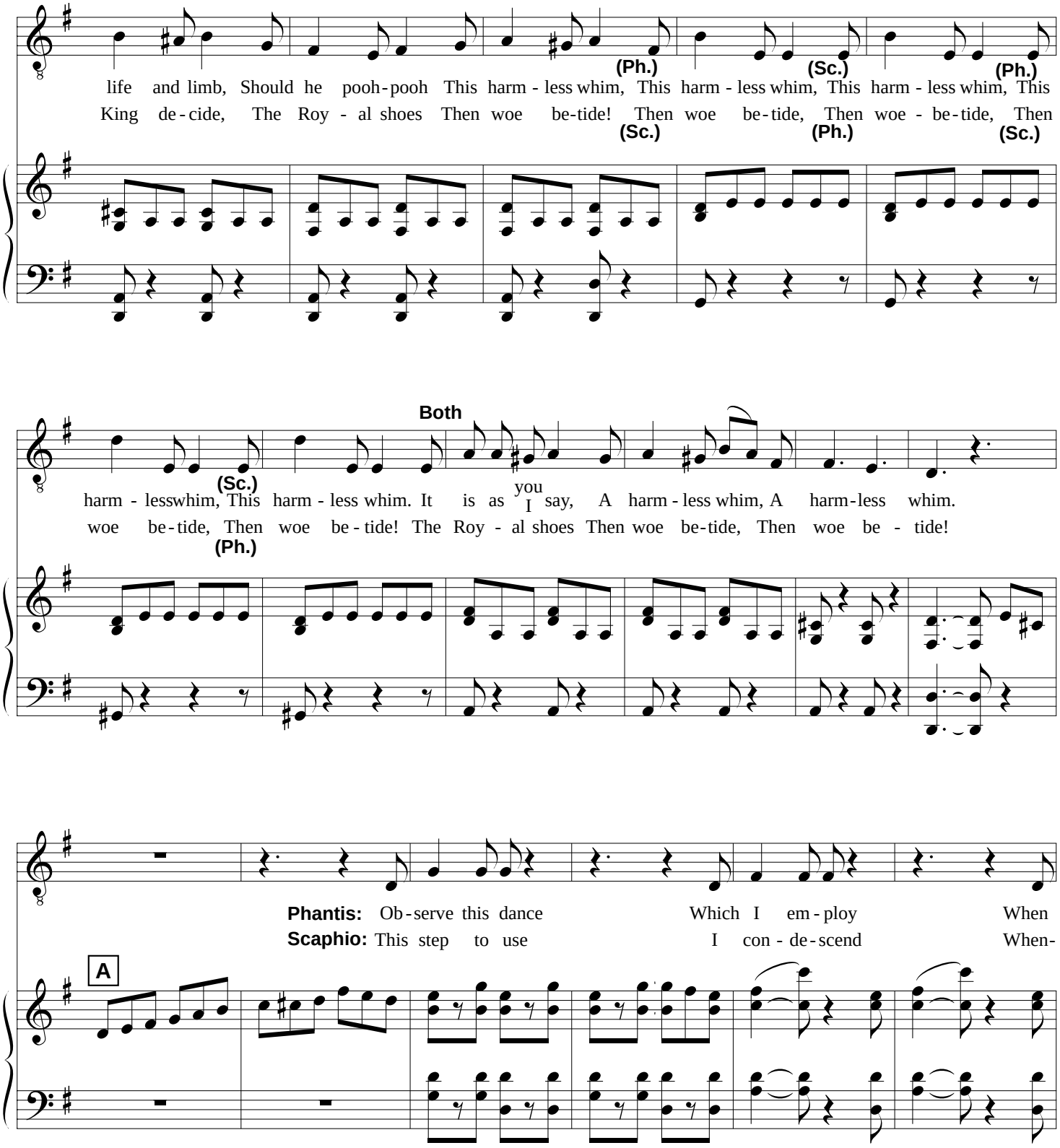
my land), She has no one to match them in *her* ci-ty.

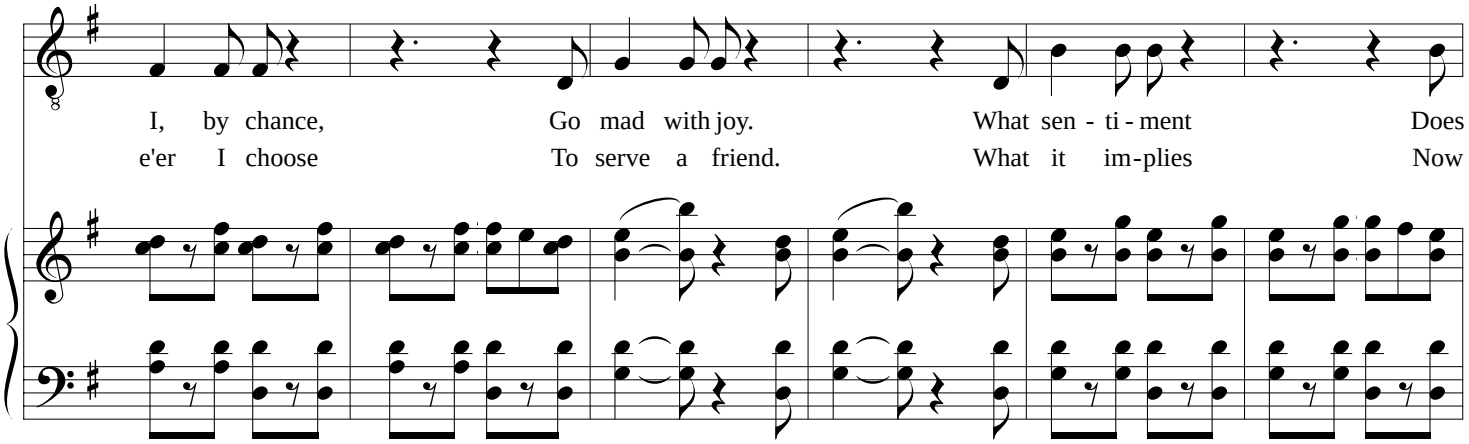
(Exeunt all but SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS.*)*

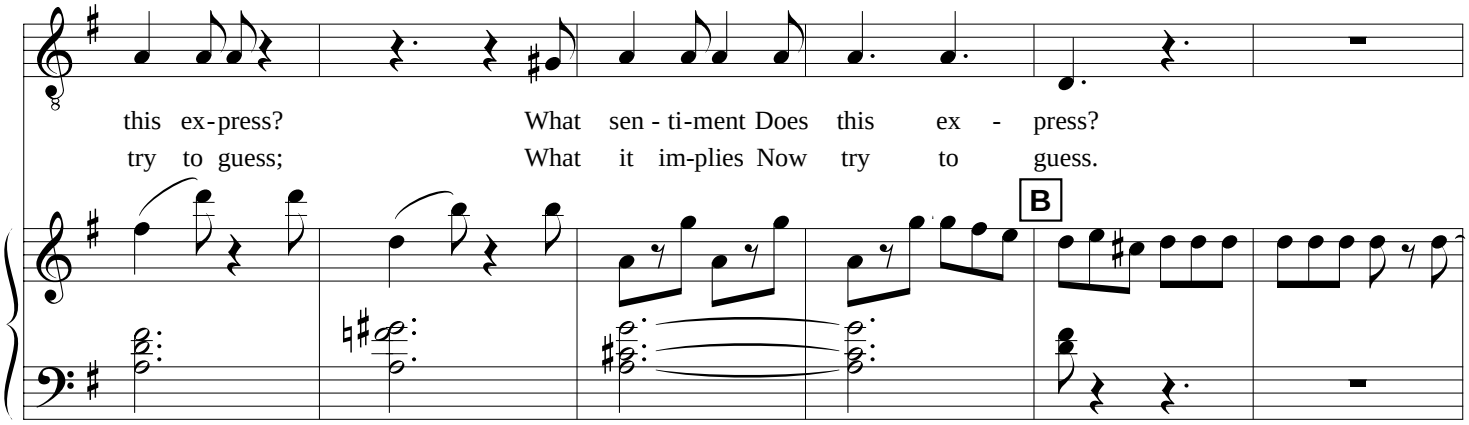
No. 3. Let all your doubts take wing

Scaphio and Phantis

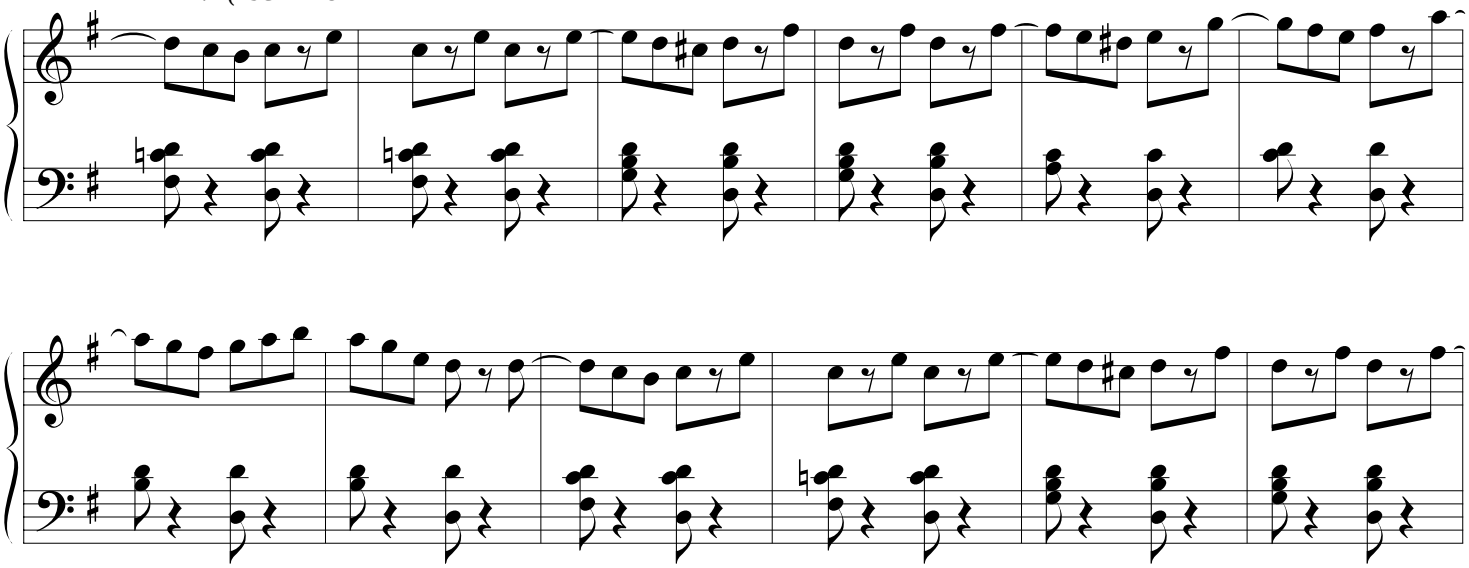


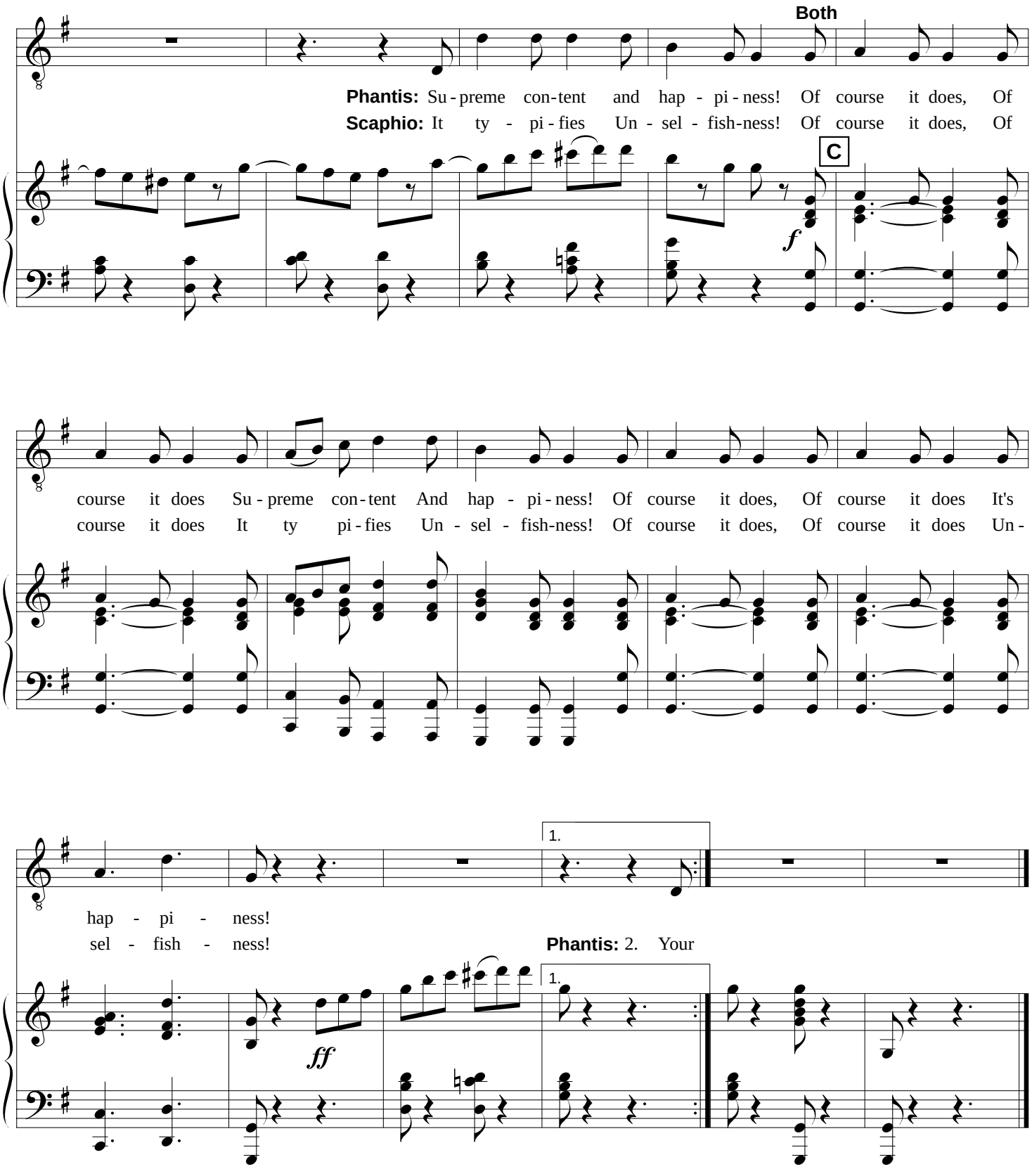

life and limb, Should he pooh-pooh This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This
King de-cide, The Roy-al shoes Then woe be-tide! Then woe be-tide, Then woe-be-tide, Then
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
harm-lesswhim, This harm-less whim. It is as you I say, A harm-less whim, A harm-less whim.
woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide! The Roy-al shoes Then woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide!
Both
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
Phantis: Ob-serve this dance Which I em-ploy When
Scaphio: This step to use I con-de-scend When-
A





1. *(PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO*
2. *(SCAPHIO PHANTIS vainly endeavors to discover its meaning.)*



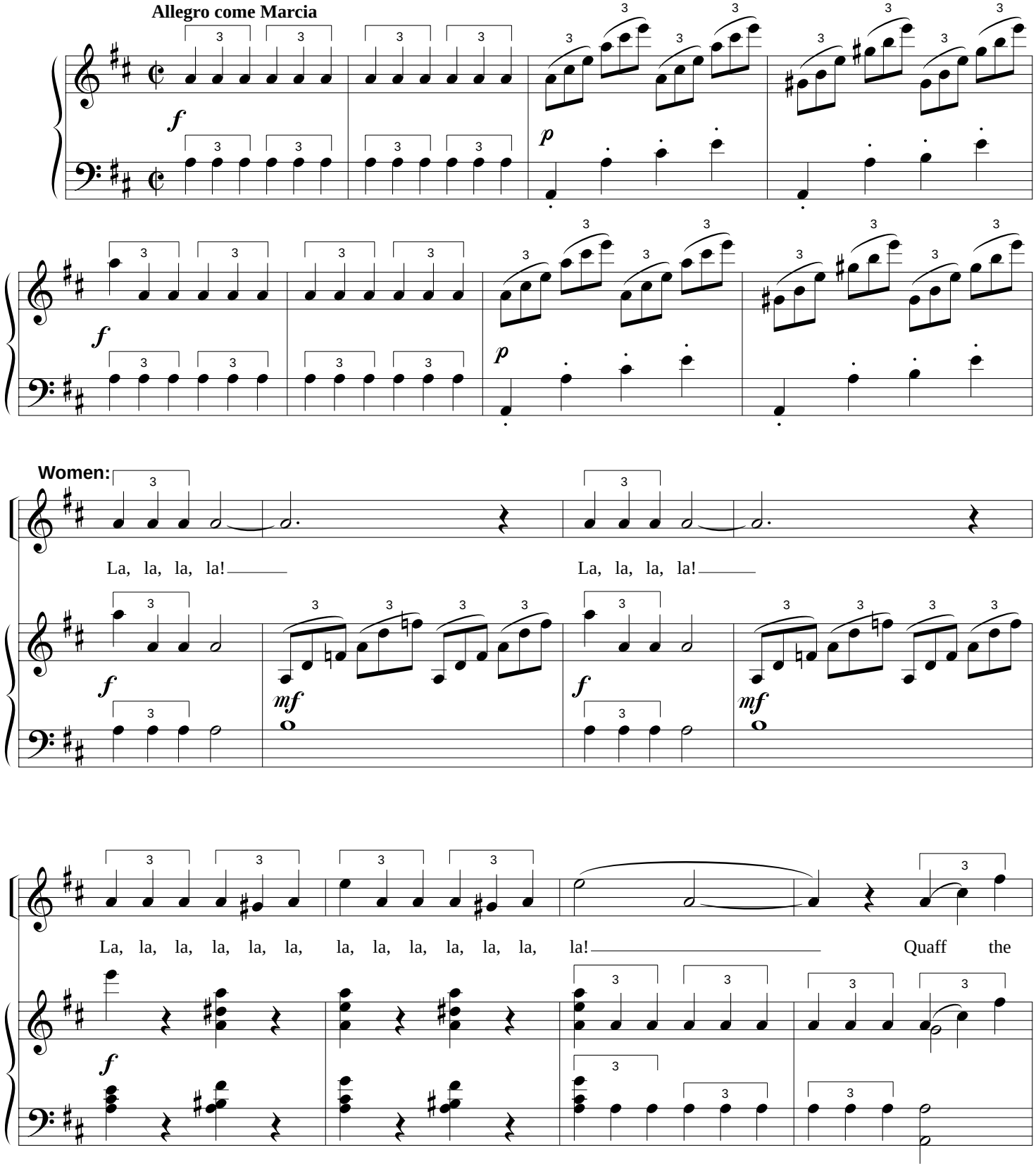


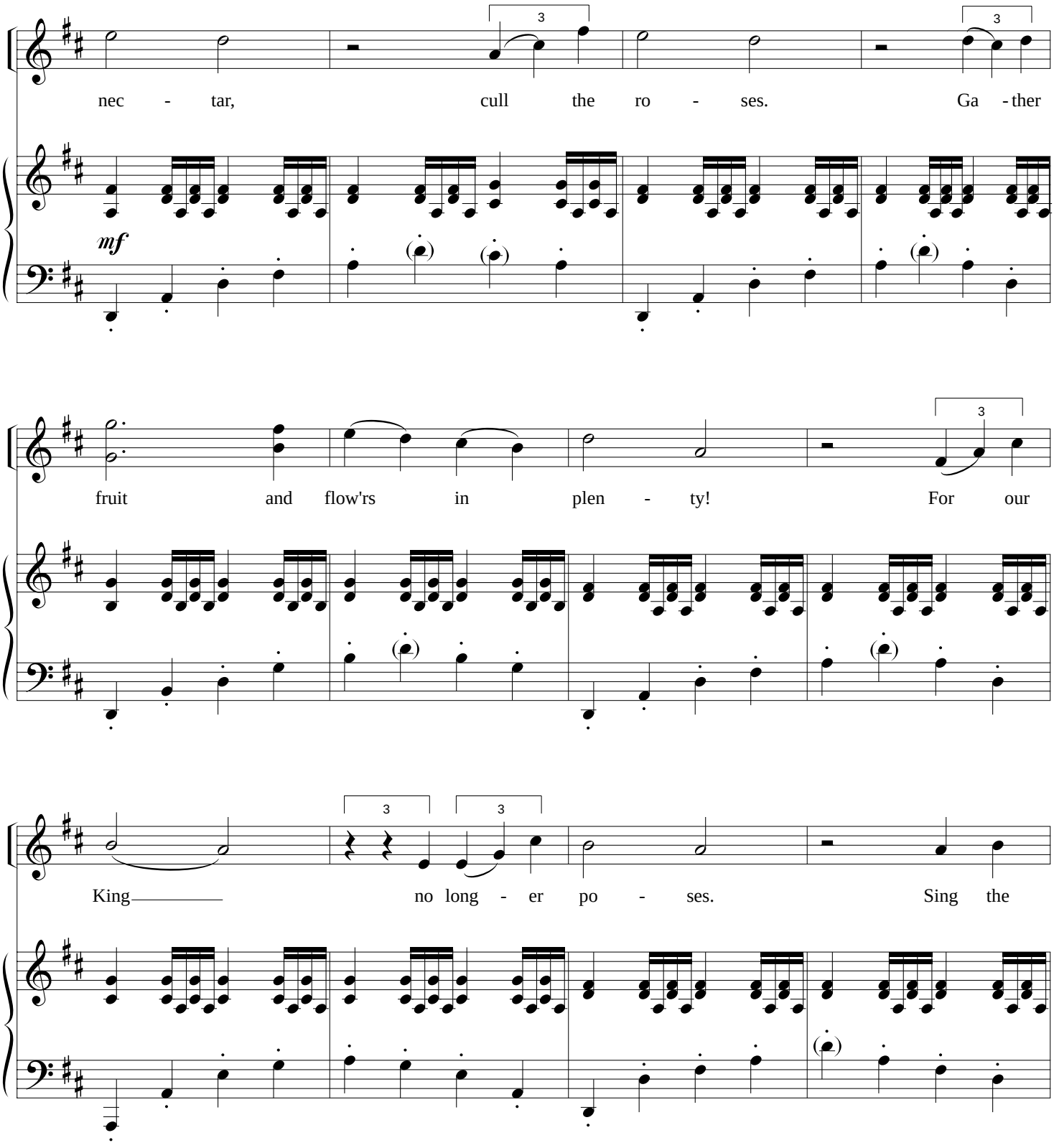
(Exeunt SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*)*

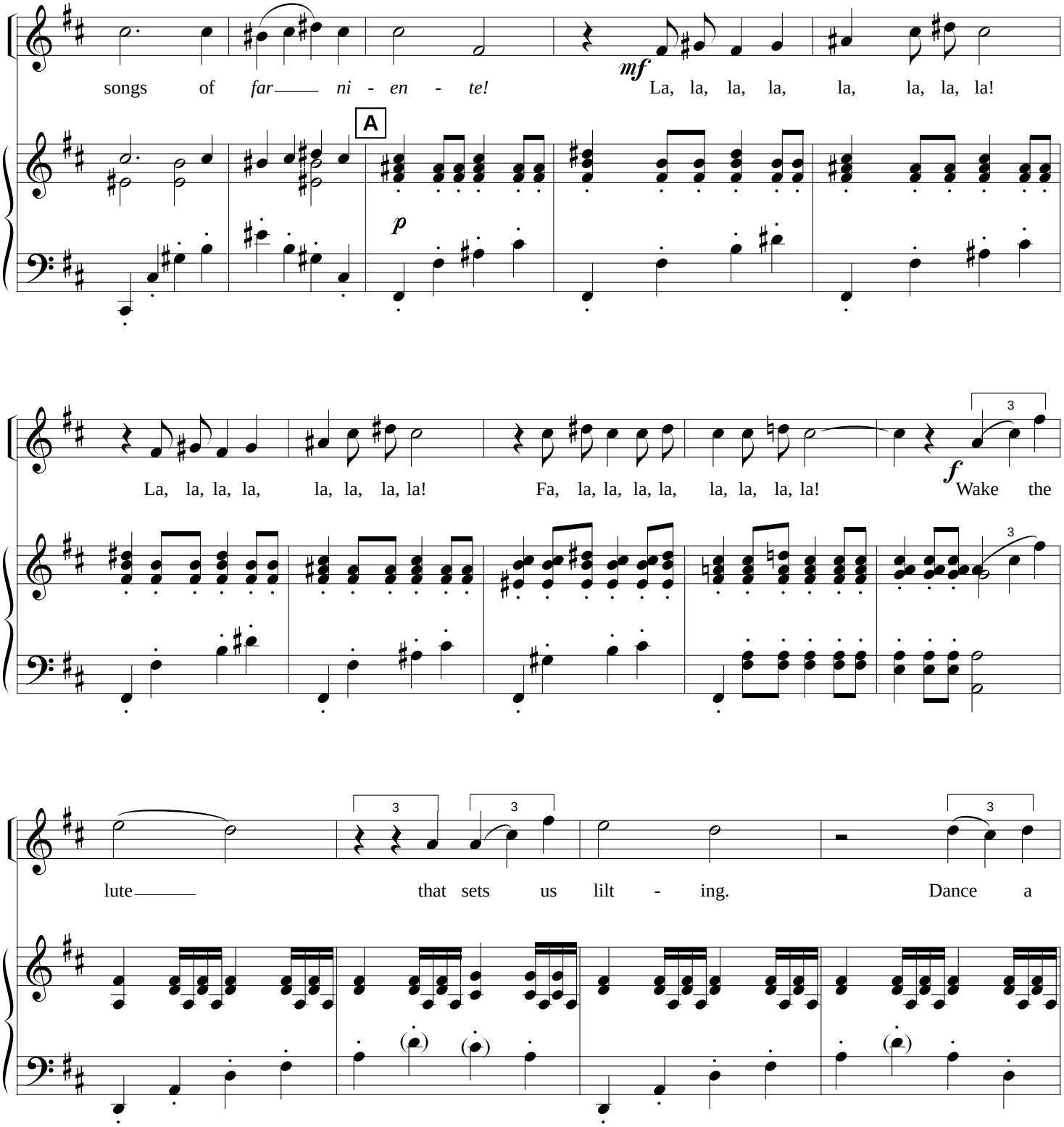
No. 4. Quaff the nectar

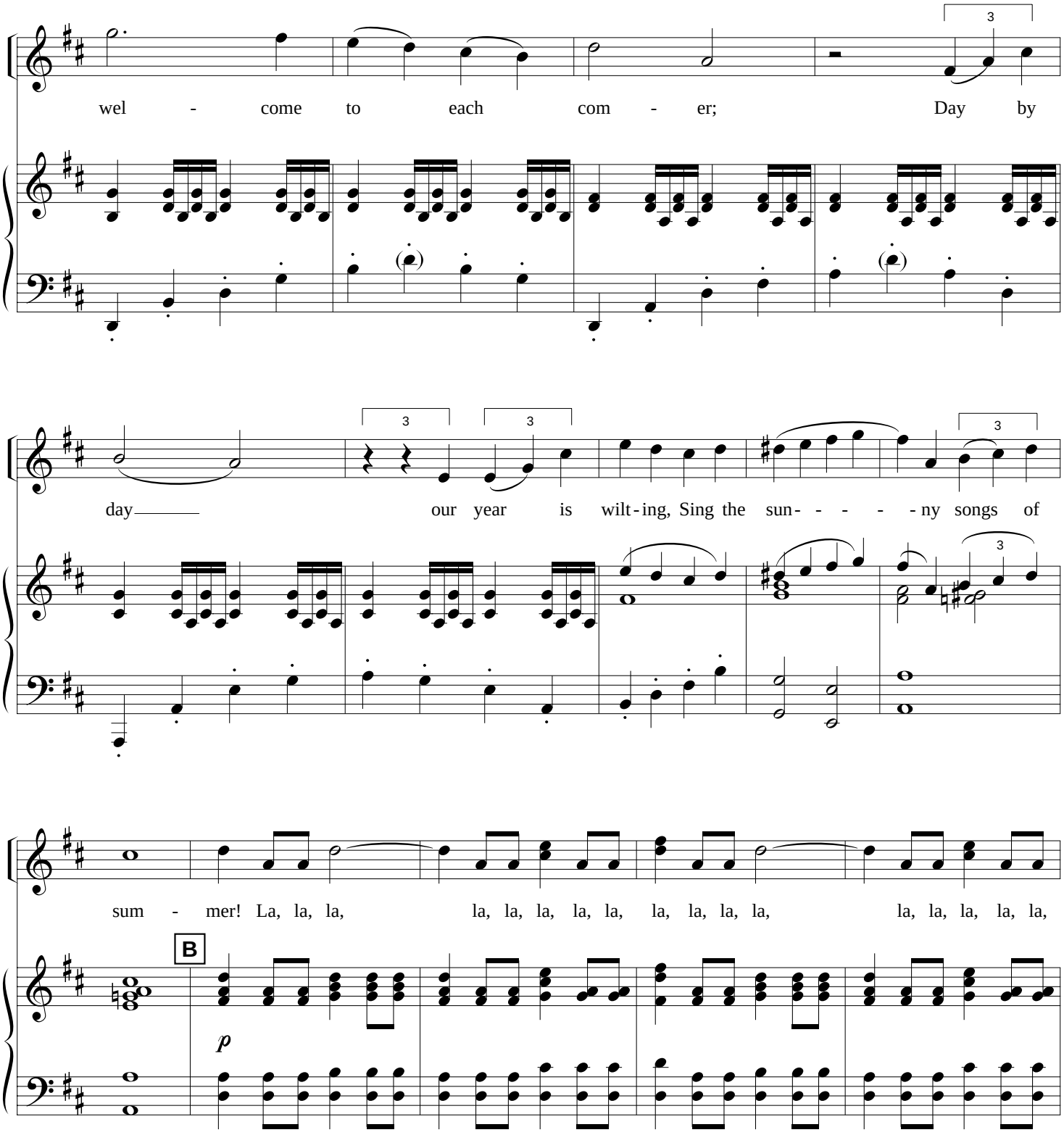
Women

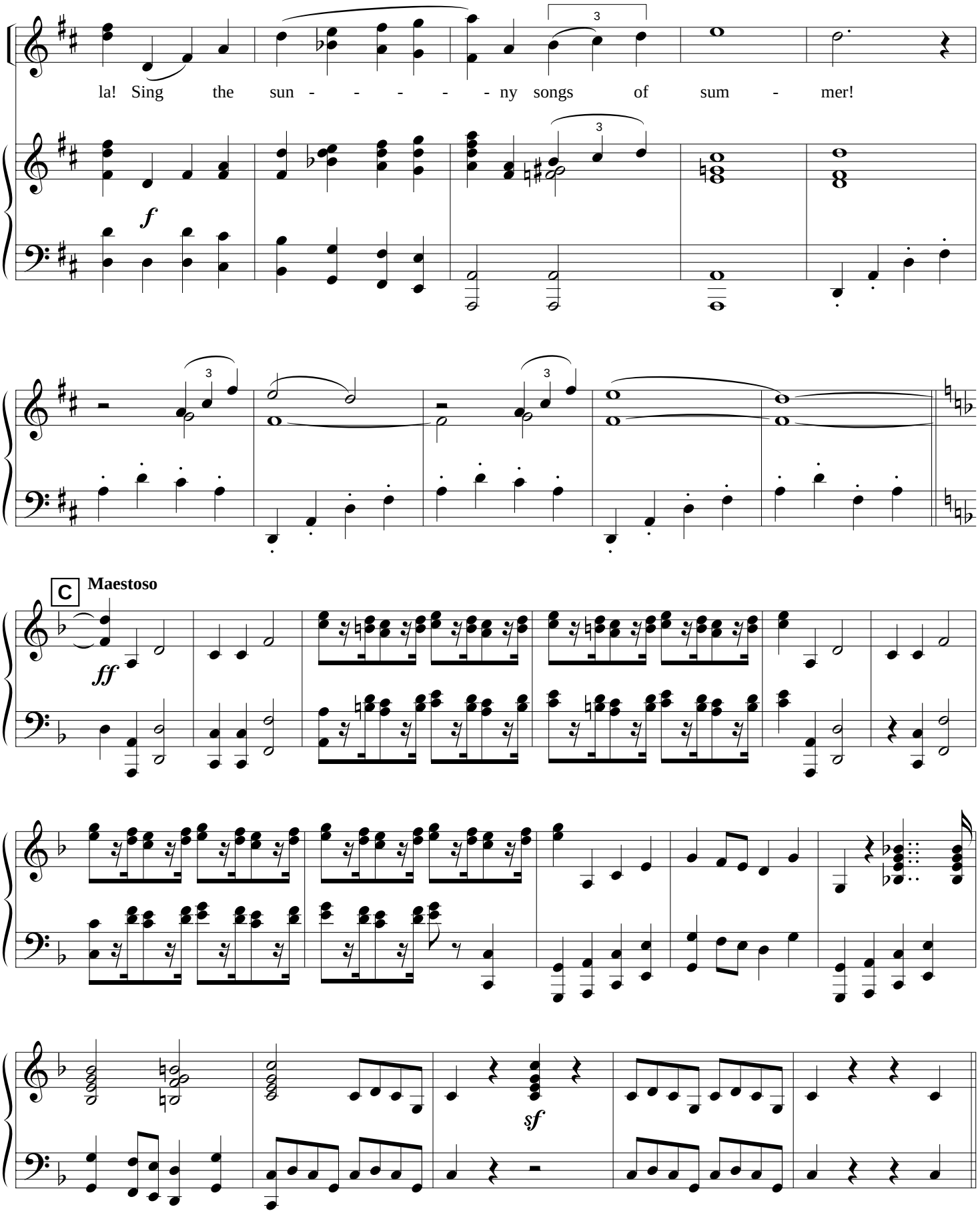
(March. Enter KING PARAMOUNT, *attended by guards and nobles, and preceded by girls dancing before him).*




nec - tar, cull the ro - ses. Ga - ther
mf
fruit and flow'rs in plen - ty! For our
King no long - er po - ses. Sing the


songs of far ni - en - te!
mf
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
A
p
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
f
Wake the
lute
that sets us lilt - ing.
Dance a


wel - come to each com - er; Day by
day our year is wilt-ing, Sing the sun- - - - - ny songs of
sum - mer! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
B
p


la! Sing the sun - - - - - ny songs of sum - mer!
f
C
Maestoso
ff
sf

No. 4a. A King of autocratic power we

King Paramount and Chorus

King:

1. A

Piu lento e pesante

ff

King of au - to - crat - ic pow - er we, A des-pot whose ty - ran-nic will is law, Whose
pen - dous when we rouse our-selves to strike, Re-sist-less when our ty-rant thun-der peals. We

mf

rule is par - a - mount o'er land and sea, A Pre-sence of un - ut - ter - a - ble awe! But
of - ten won-der what ob-struc-tion's like, And how a con - tra - dic - ted mon-arch feels! But

though the awe that I in - spire Must shri-vel with im - pe-rial fire All foes whom it may chance to
as it is our Roy-al whim Our Roy-al sails to set and trim To suit what-ev-er wind may

touch, To judge by what I see and hear, It does not seem to in - ter - fere With pop-u-lar en - joy-ment
blow, What buf-fets con-tra - dic-tion deals, And how a thwart-ed mon-arch feels, We prob-ab-ly shall nev-er

D

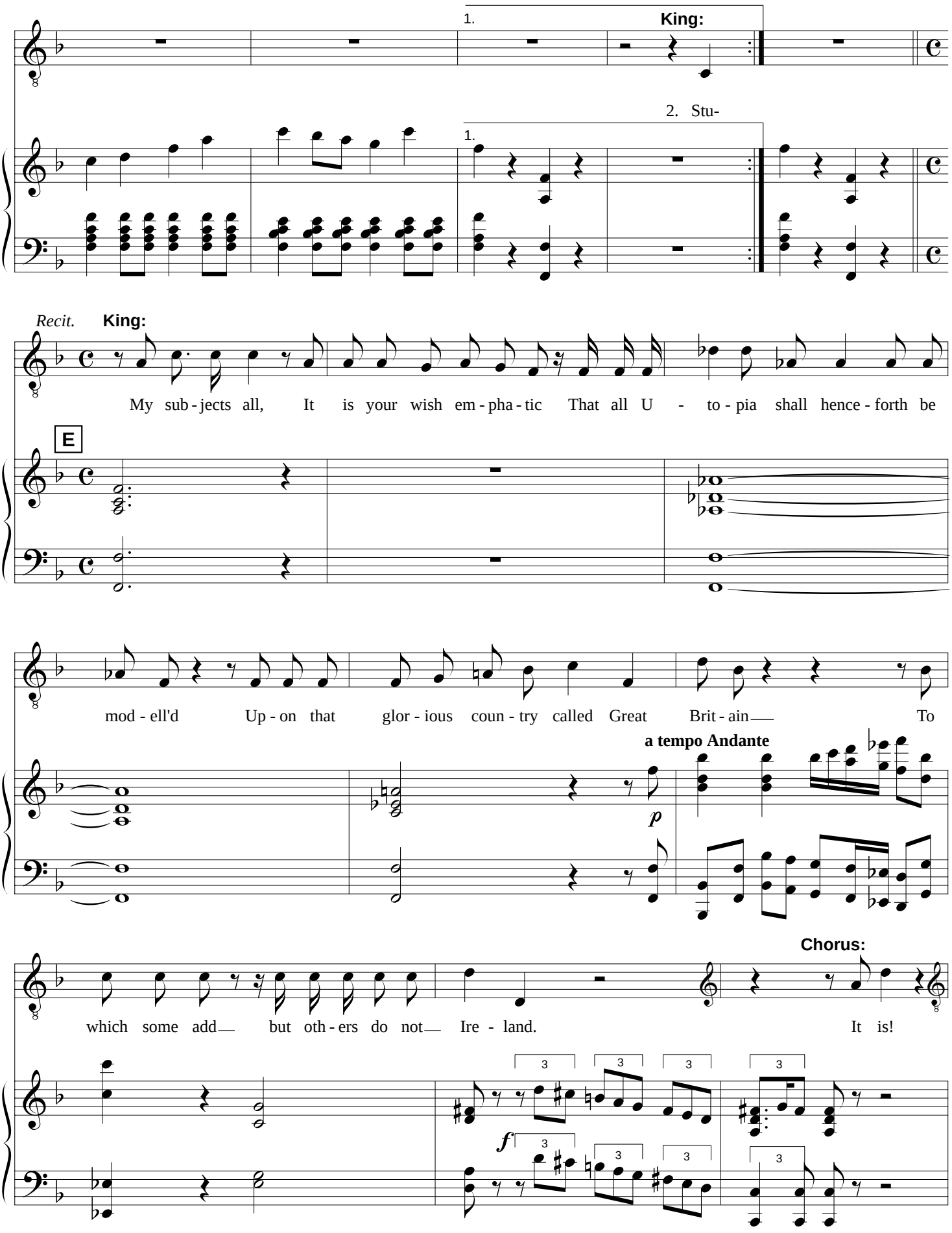
much.
know.

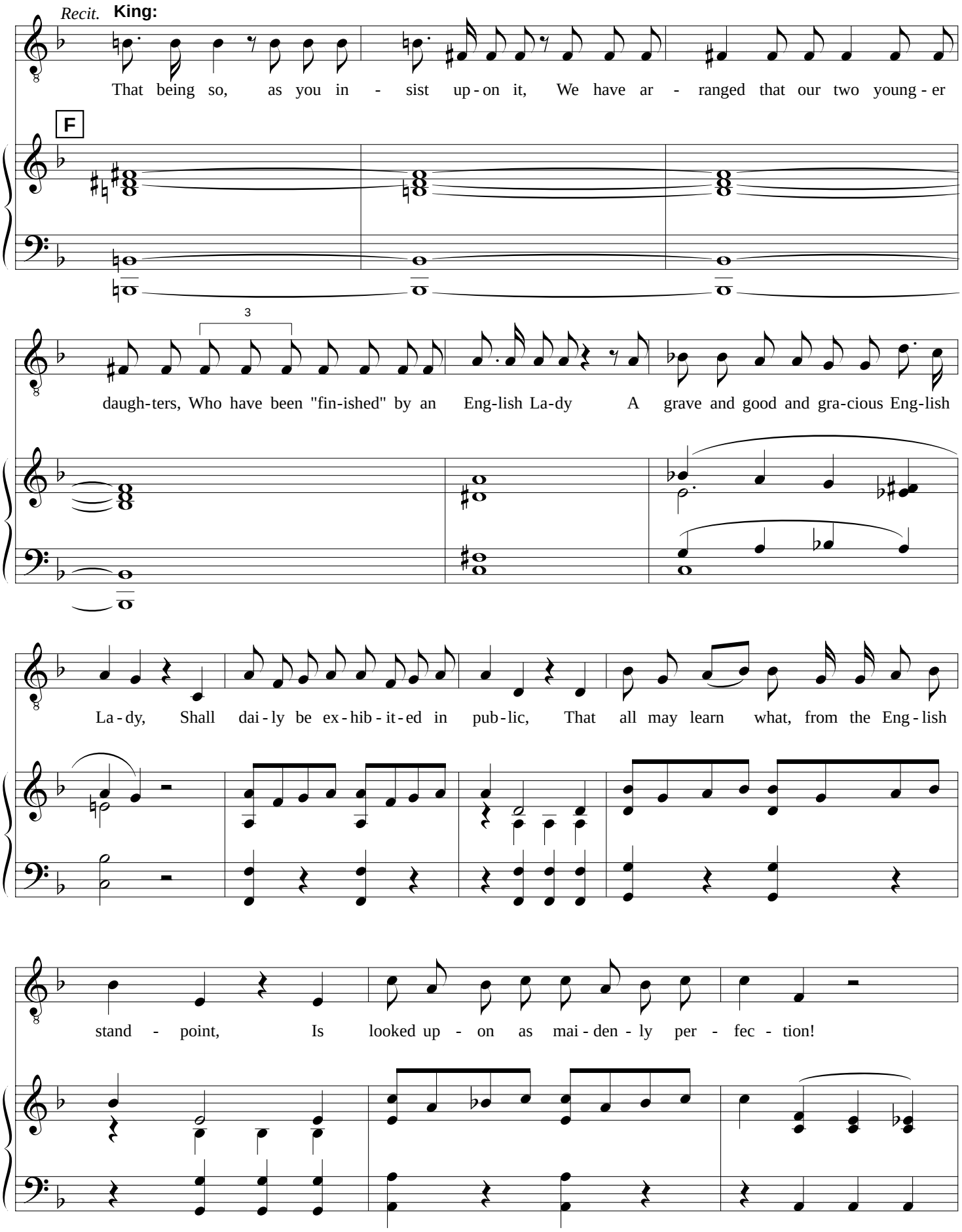
Women: *f*

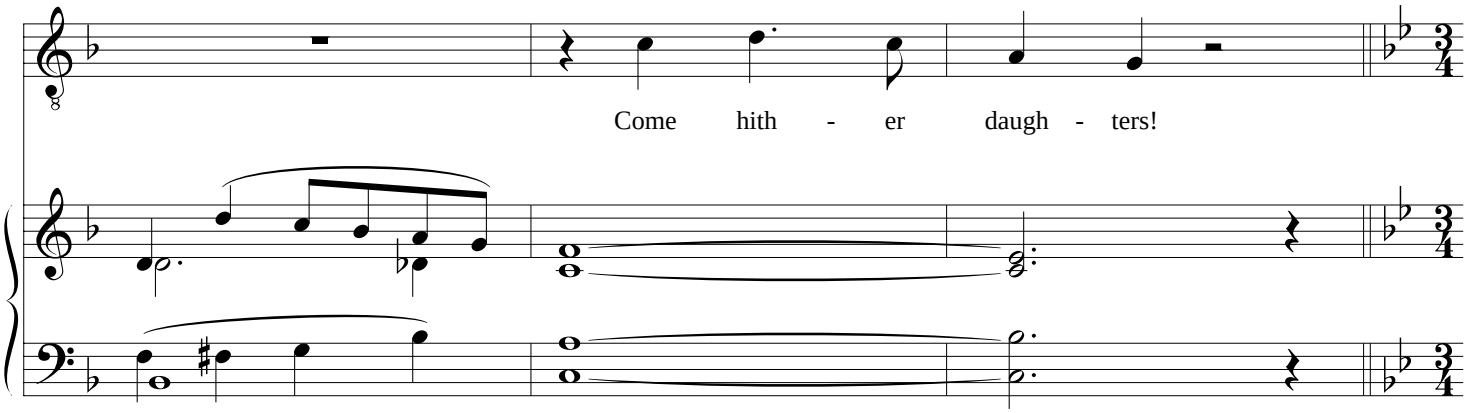
No, no it does not in - ter - fere With our en - joy - ment much.
No, no what thwart-ed mon-arch feels You'll nev - er, nev - er know.

Men: *f*

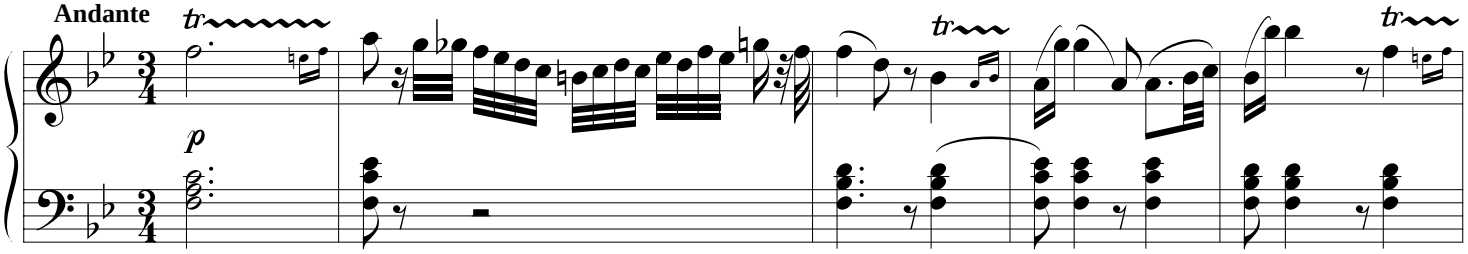
f


1.
King:
2. Stu-
1.
Recit.
King:
My sub - jects all, It is your wish em - pha - tic That all U - to - pia shall hence - forth be
E
mod - ell'd Up - on that glor - ious coun - try called Great Brit - ain To
a tempo Andante
p
Chorus:
which some add but oth - ers do not Ire - land. It is!
f

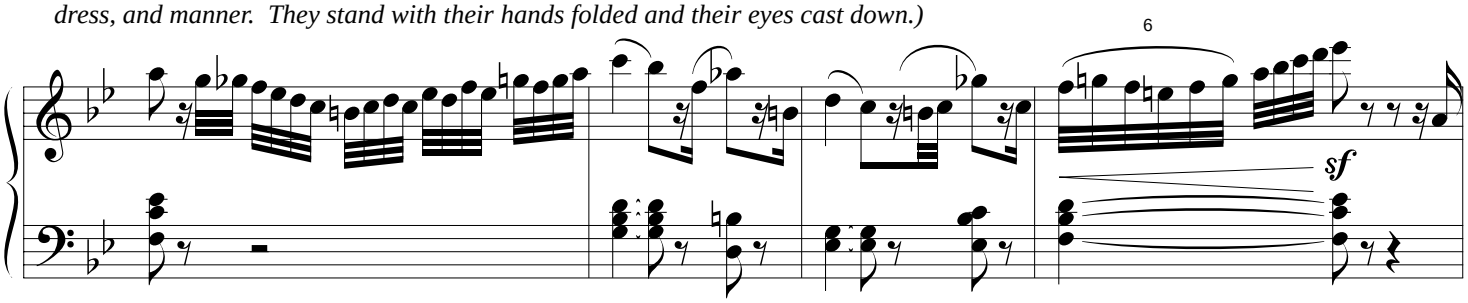

Recit.
King:
That being so, as you in - sist up - on it, We have ar - ranged that our two young - er
F
3
daugh-ters, Who have been "fin-ished" by an Eng-lish La-dy A grave and good and gra-cious Eng-lish
La - dy, Shall dai - ly be ex - hib - it - ed in pub - lic, That all may learn what, from the Eng - lish
stand - point, Is looked up - on as mai - den - ly per - fec - tion!

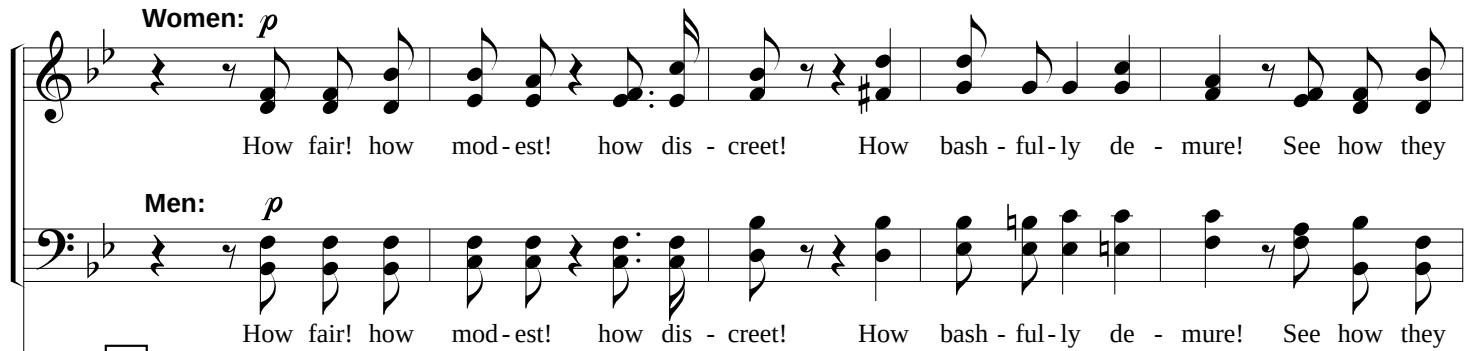


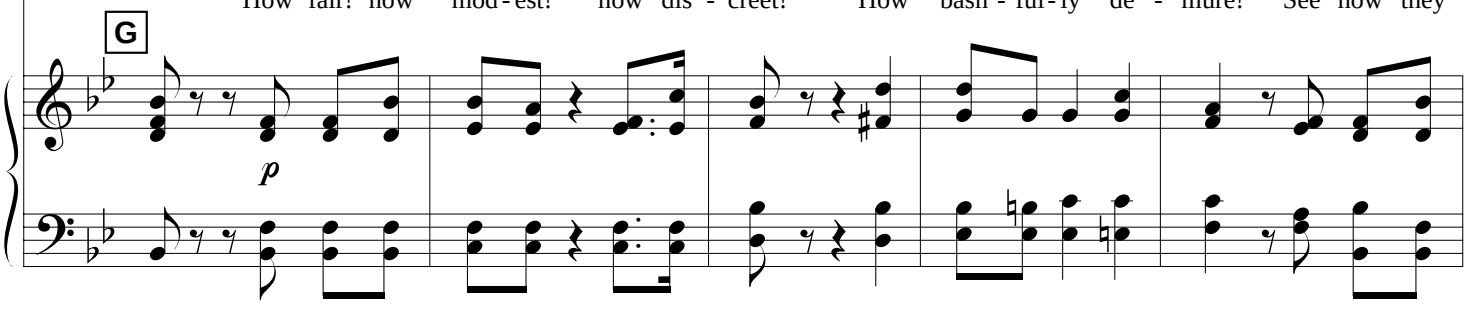
(Enter NEKAYA *and* KALYBA. *They are twins, about fifteen years old, they are very modest and demure in their appearance,*

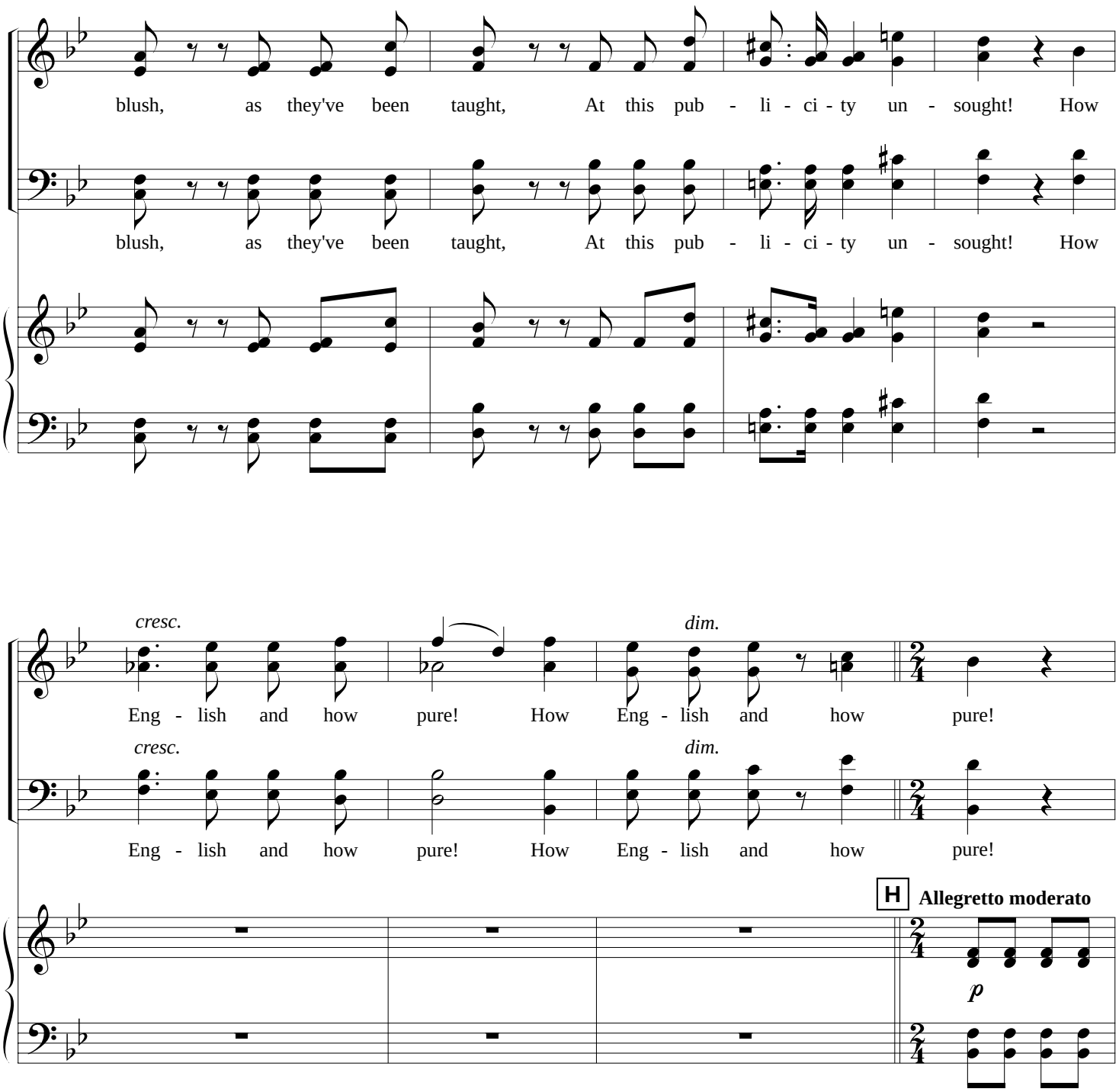


dress, and manner. They stand with their hands folded and their eyes cast down.)








blush, as they've been taught, At this pub - li - ci - ty un - sought! How
blush, as they've been taught, At this pub - li - ci - ty un - sought! How
cresc.
dim.
Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure!
cresc.
dim.
Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure!
H
Allegretto moderato
p

No. 4b. Although of native maids the cream

Nekaya and Kalyba

(1) Nekaya and Kalyba:
(2) Nekaya:

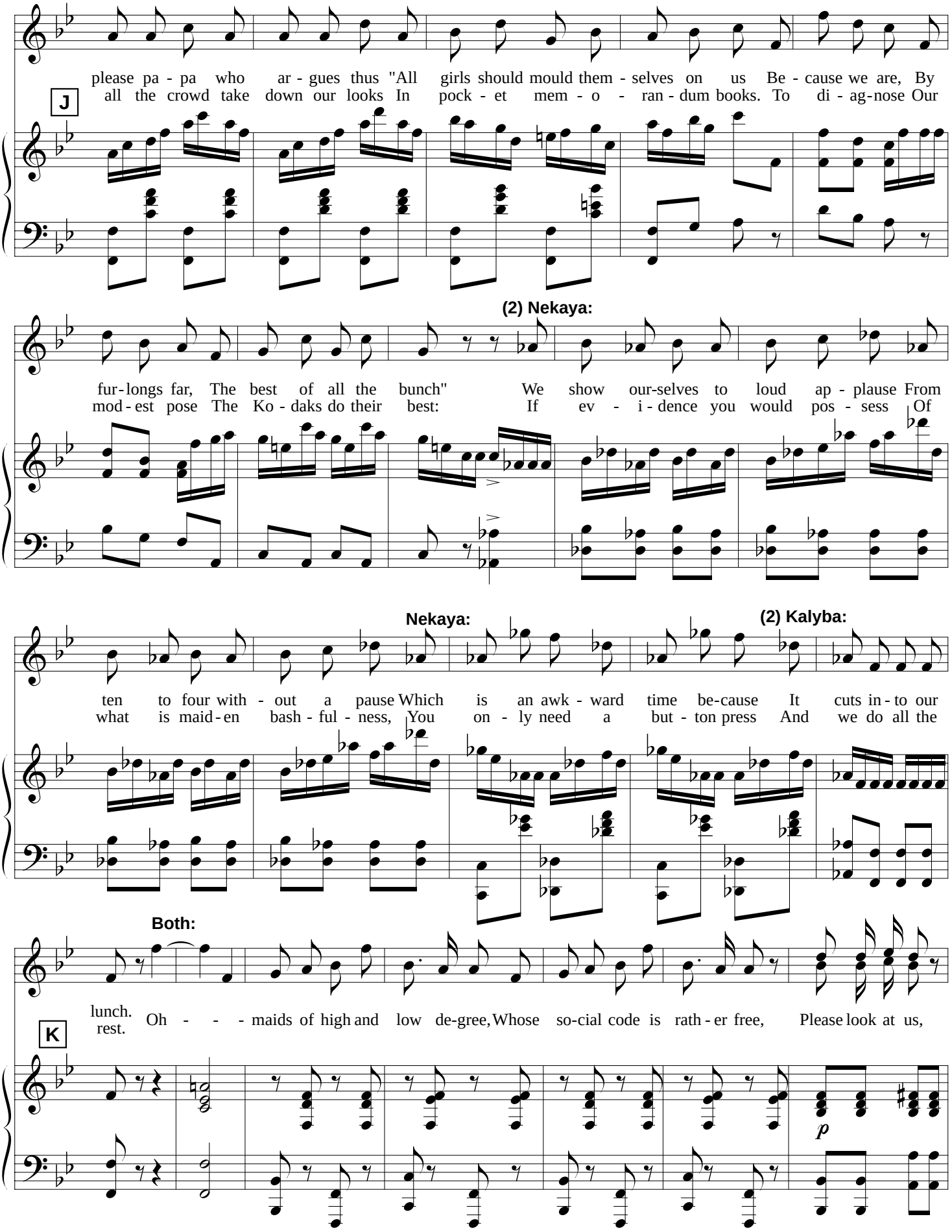
Al - tho' of na - tive maids the cream, We're brought up on the Eng - lish scheme The
And as we stand like clock-work toys, A lec - tur - er whom pa - pa em - ploys Pro -

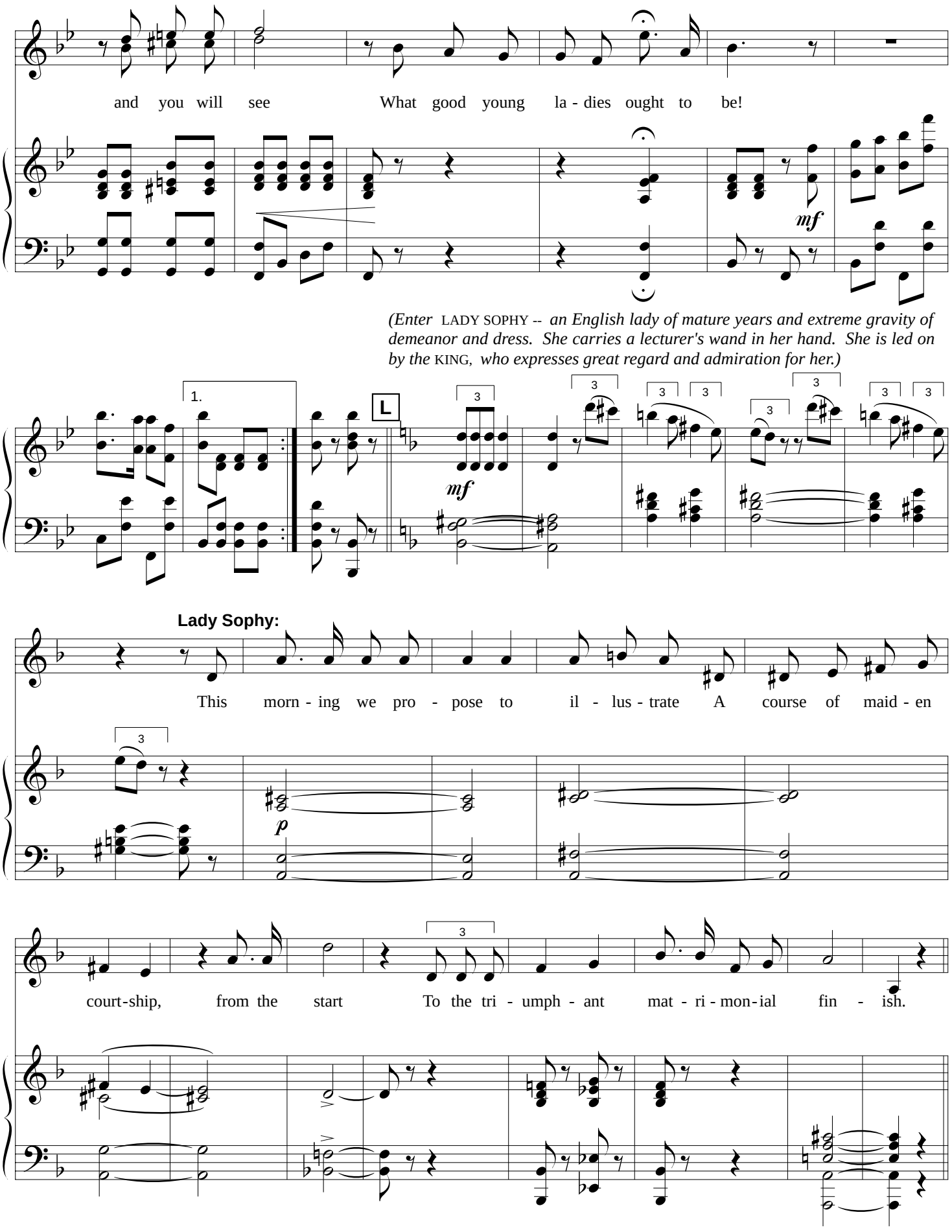
(1) Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:

best of all For great and small Who mod - es - ty a - dore. For Eng - lish girls are good as gold, Ex -
ceeds to praise Our mod-est ways And guile - less char-ac - ter. Our well-known blush our down - cast eyes Our

(2) Nekaya: **Kalyba:**

treme - ly mod-est (so we're told), De - mure - ly coy Di - vine - ly cold And we are that and more. To
fa - mous look of mild sur - prise (Which com - pe - ti - tion still de-fies) Our ce - le-brat-ed "Sir!!!" Then

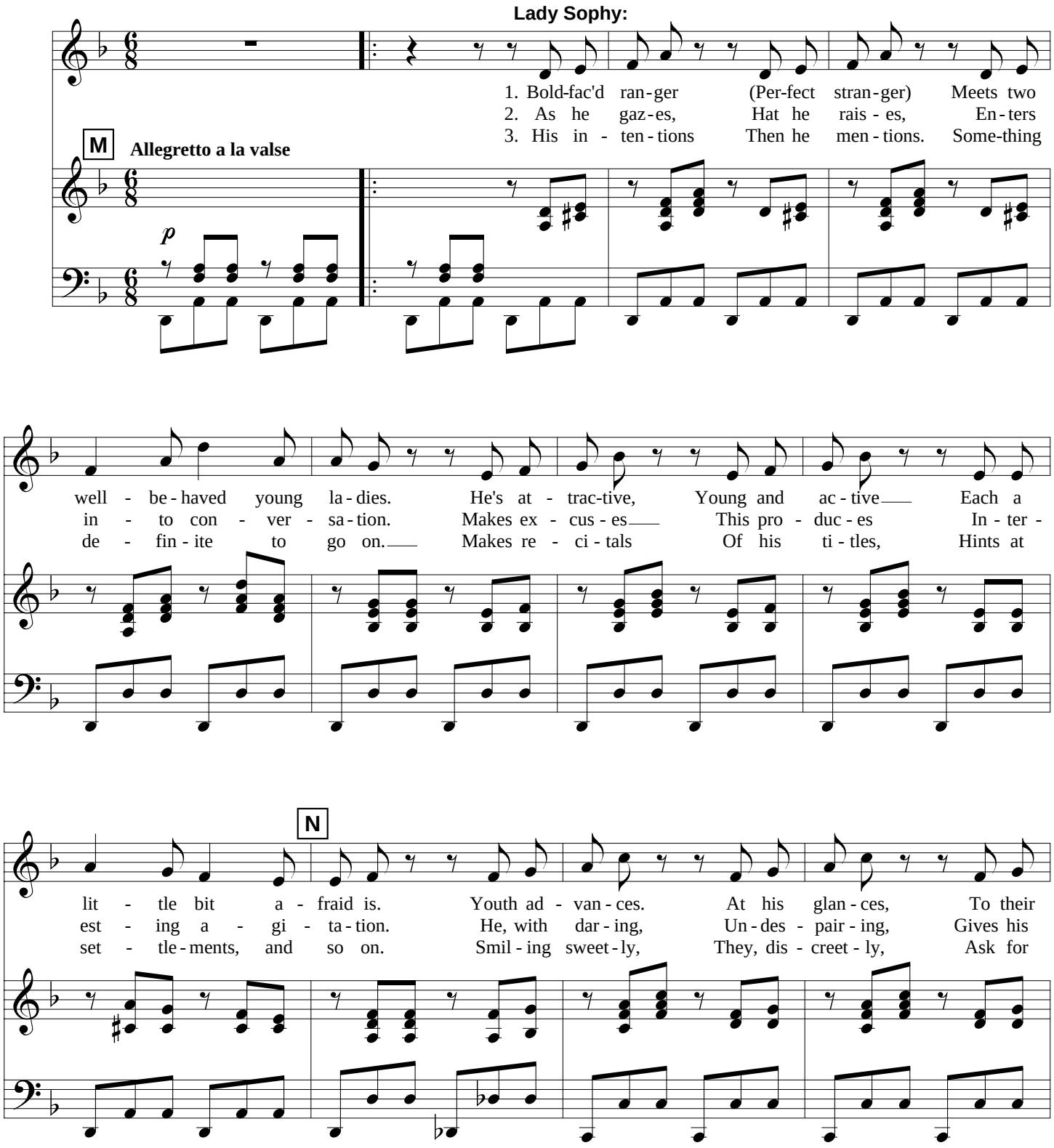

please pa - pa who ar - gues thus "All girls should mould them - selves on us Be - cause we are, By
all the crowd take down our looks In pock - et mem - o - ran - dum books. To di - ag - nose Our
J
(2) Nekaya:
fur - longs far, The best of all the bunch" We show our-selves to loud ap - plause From
mod - est pose The Ko - daks do their best: If ev - i - dence you would pos - sess Of
Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:
ten to four with - out a pause Which is an awk - ward time be-cause It cuts in - to our
what is maid - en bash - ful - ness, You on - ly need a but - ton press And we do all the
Both:
lunch.
rest.
Oh - - - maids of high and low de-gree, Whose so-cial code is rath - er free, Please look at us,
K
p

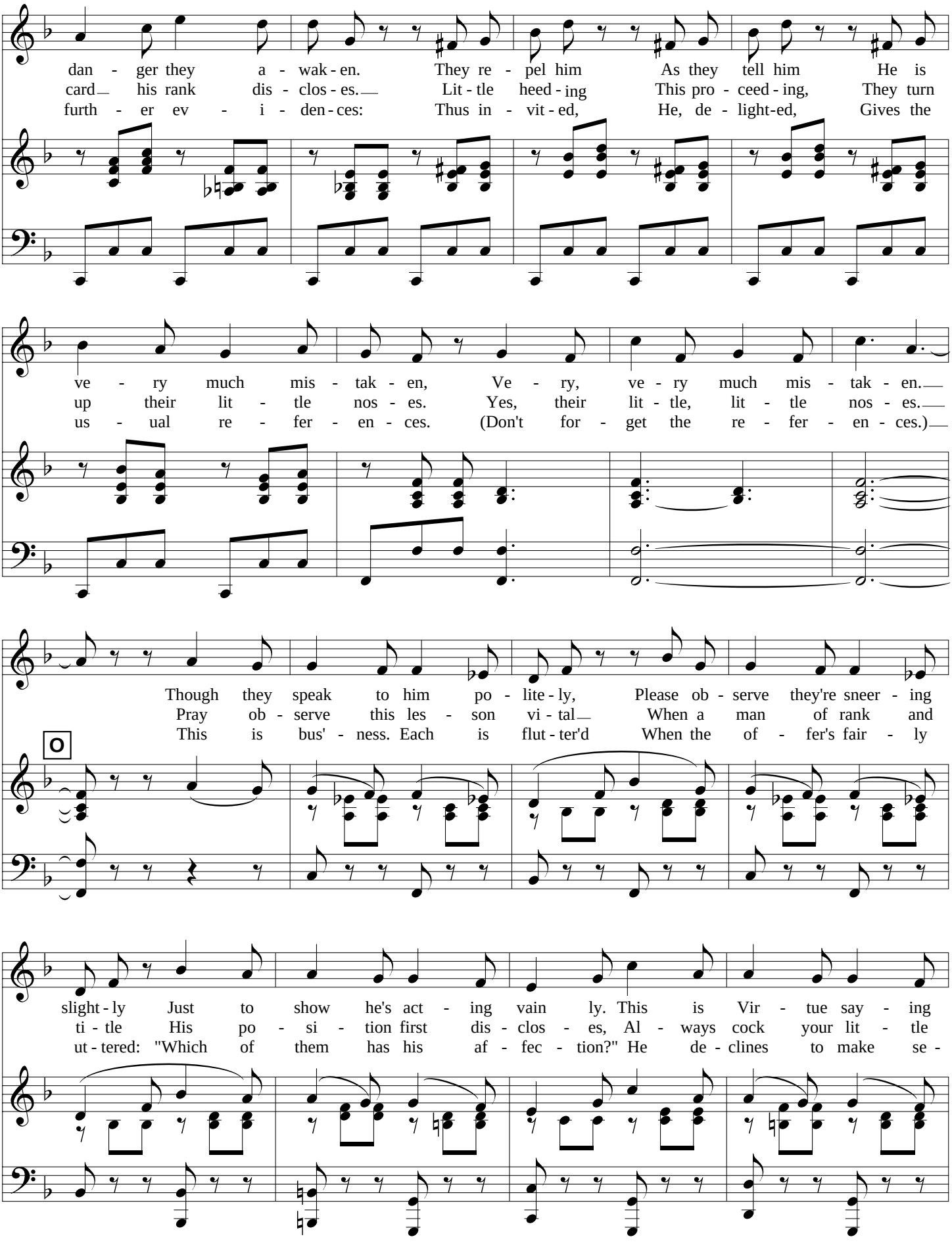

and you will see What good young la - dies ought to be!
mf
(Enter LADY SOPHY -- an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanor and dress. She carries a lecturer's wand in her hand. She is led on by the KING, who expresses great regard and admiration for her.)
1.
L
mf
Lady Sophy:
This morn - ing we pro - pose to il - lus - trate A course of maid - en
p
court-ship, from the start To the tri - umph - ant mat - ri - mon - ial fin - ish.

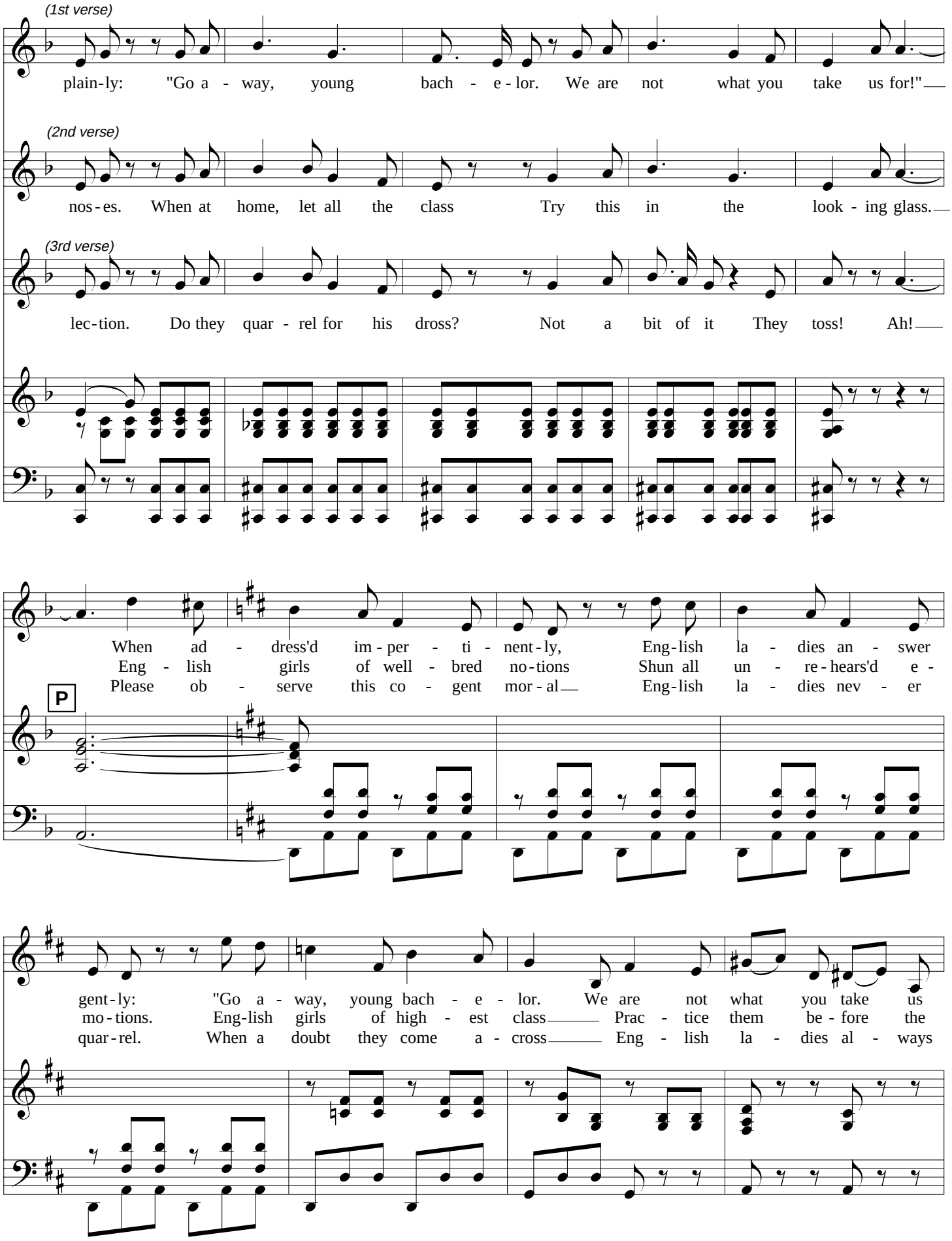
No. 4c. Bold-fac'd ranger

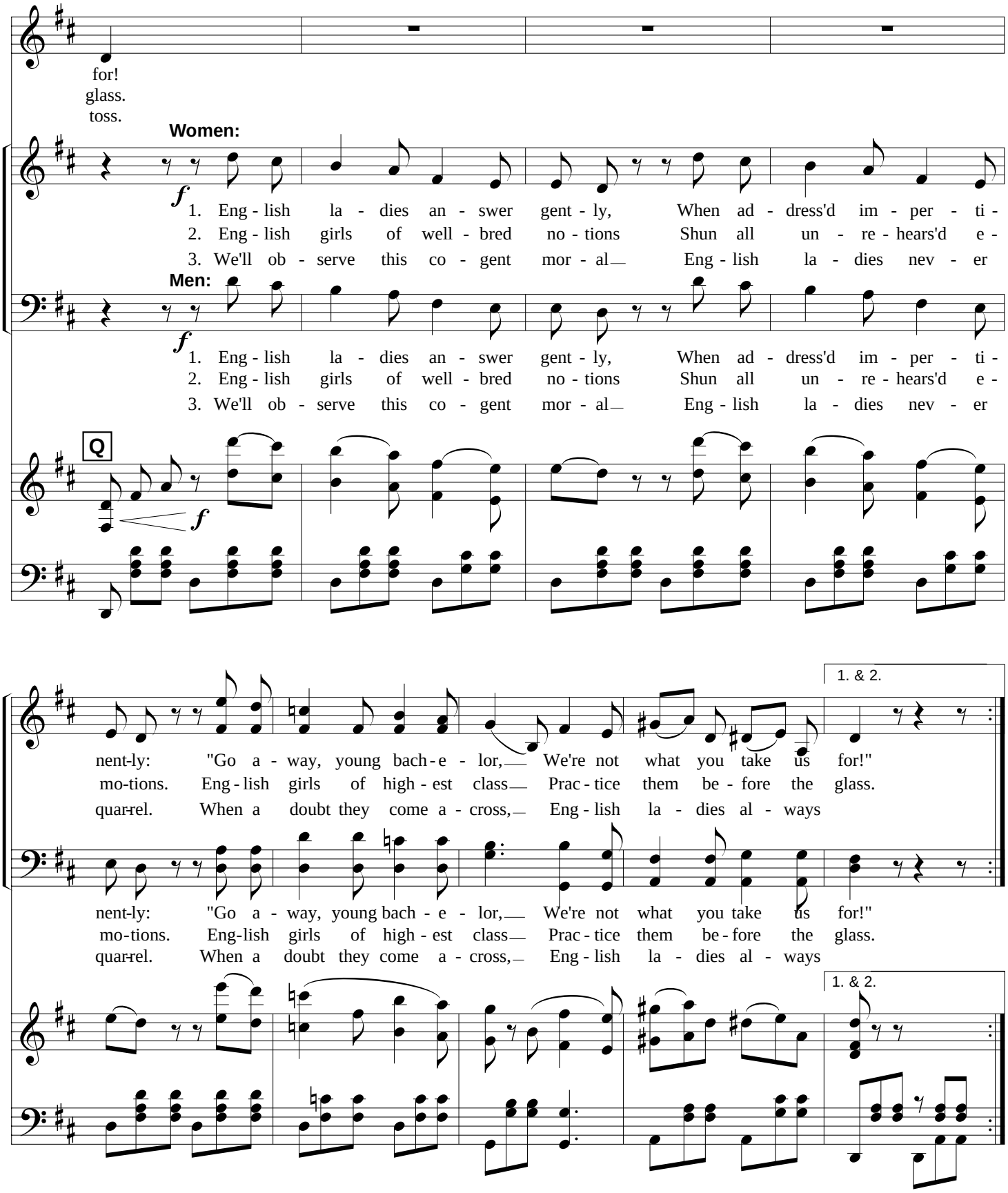
Lady Sophy and Chorus

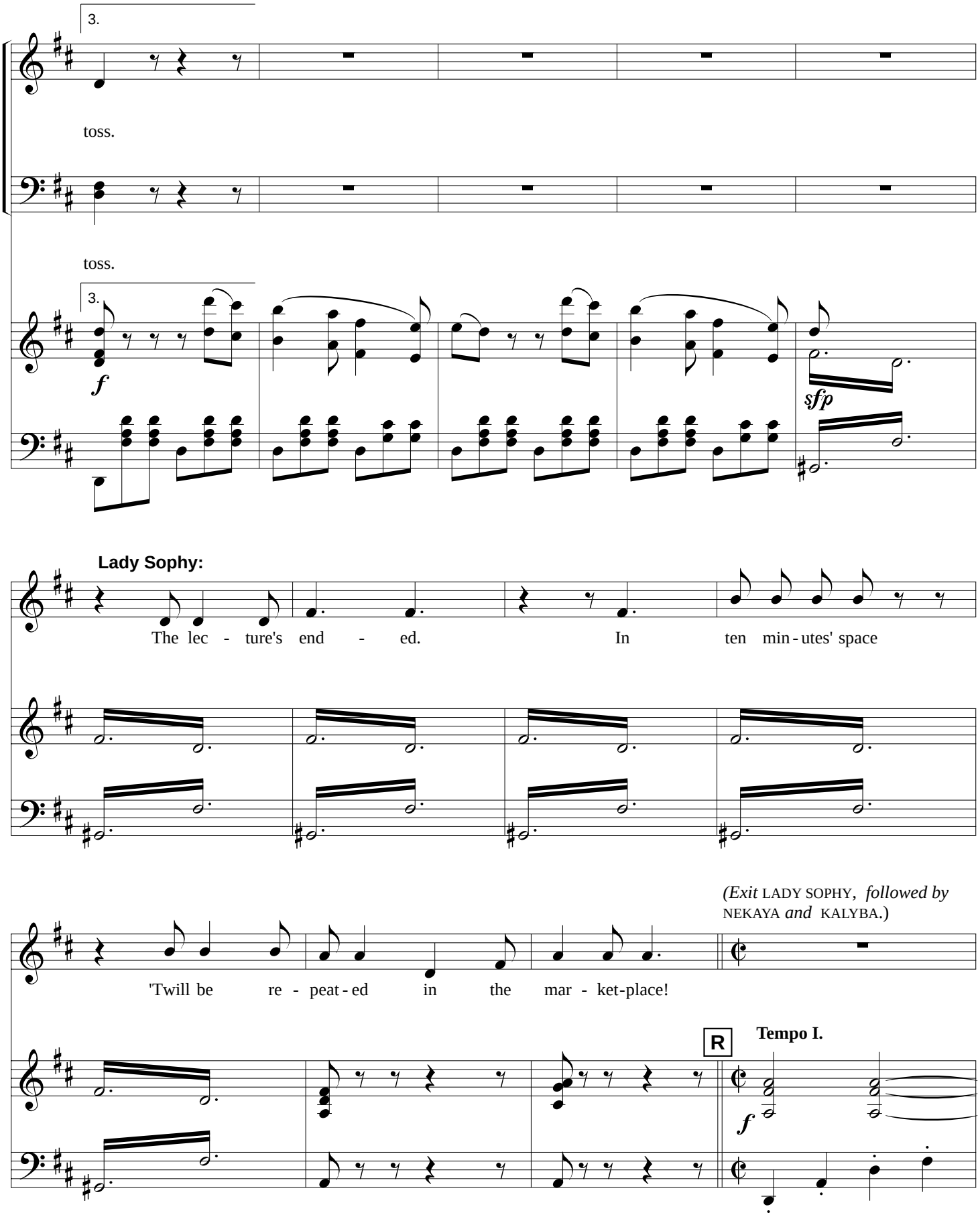
(Through the following song, the two Princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by LADY SOPHY.*)*

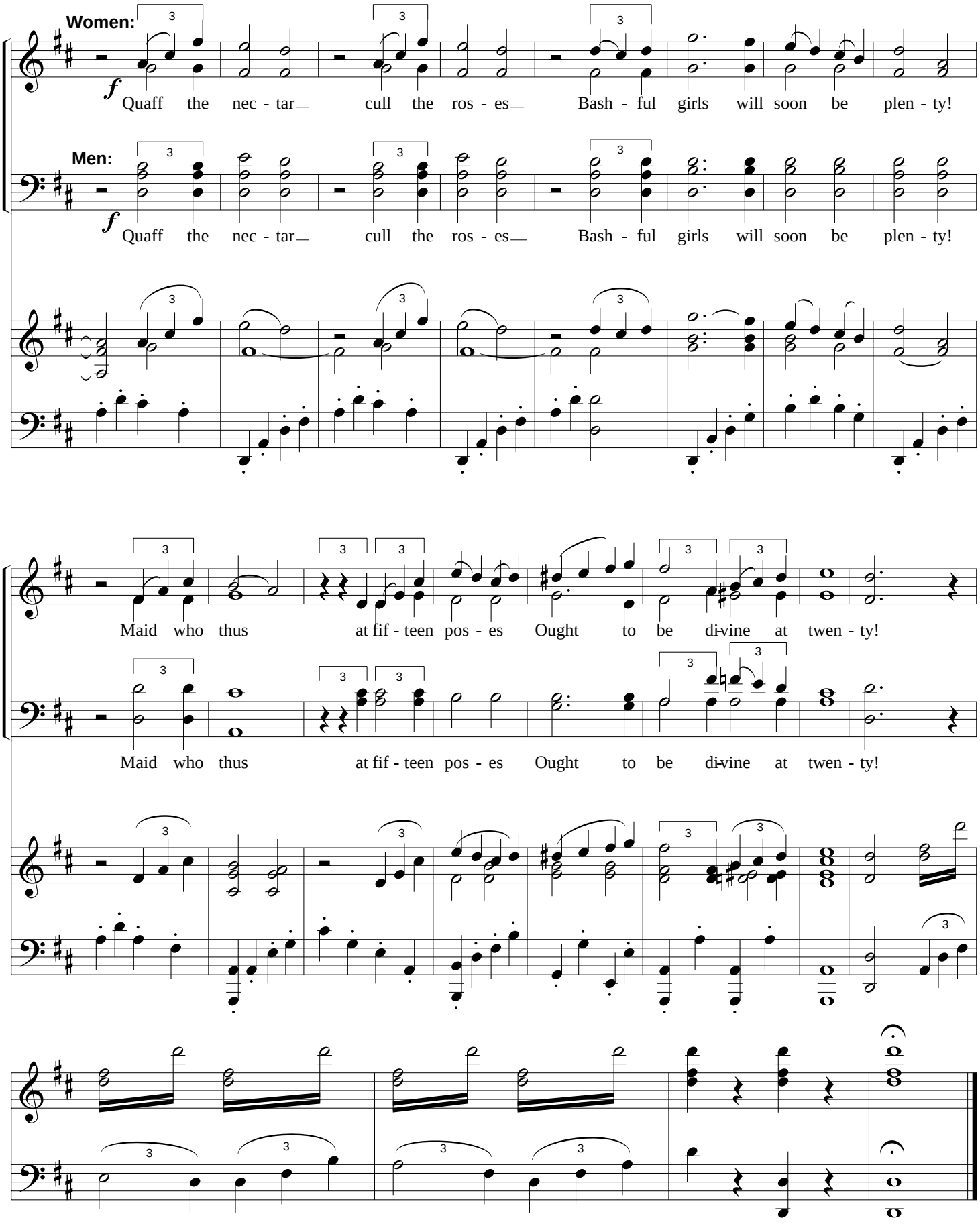



dan - ger they a - wak - en. They re - pel him As they tell him He is
card his rank dis - clos - es. Lit - tle heed - ing This pro - ceed - ing, They turn
furth - er ev - i - den - ces: Thus in - vit - ed, He, de - light - ed, Gives the
ve - ry much mis - tak - en, Ve - ry, ve - ry much mis - tak - en.
up their lit - tle nos - es. Yes, their lit - tle, lit - tle nos - es.
us - ual re - fer - en - ces. (Don't for - get the re - fer - en - ces.)
Though they speak to him po - lite - ly, Please ob - serve they're sneer - ing
Pray ob - serve this les - son vi - tal When a man of rank and
This is bus' - ness. Each is flut - ter'd When the of - fer's fair - ly
O
slight - ly Just to show he's act - ing vain ly. This is Vir - tue say - ing
ti - tle His po - si - tion first dis - clos - es, Al - ways cock your lit - tle
ut - tered: "Which of them has his af - fec - tion?" He de - clines to make se -


(1st verse)
plain-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor. We are not what you take us for!"
(2nd verse)
nos - es. When at home, let all the class Try this in the look - ing glass.
(3rd verse)
lec - tion. Do they quar - rel for his dross? Not a bit of it They toss! Ah!
When ad - dress'd im - per - ti - nent - ly, Eng - lish la - dies an - swer
Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
Please ob - serve this co - gent mor - al Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
P
gent - ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor. We are not what you take us
mo - tions. Eng - lish girls of high - est class Prac - tice them be - fore the
quar - rel. When a doubt they come a - cross Eng - lish la - dies al - ways


for!
glass.
toss.
Women:
f
1. Eng - lish la - dies an - swer gent - ly, When ad - dress'd im - per - ti -
2. Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
3. We'll ob - serve this co - gent mor - al— Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
Men:
f
1. Eng - lish la - dies an - swer gent - ly, When ad - dress'd im - per - ti -
2. Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
3. We'll ob - serve this co - gent mor - al— Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
Q
f
1. & 2.
nent-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor,— We're not what you take us for!"
mo-tions. Eng - lish girls of high - est class— Prac - tice them be - fore the glass.
quar-rel. When a doubt they come a - cross,— Eng - lish la - dies al - ways
nent-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor,— We're not what you take us for!"
mo-tions. Eng-lish girls of high - est class— Prac - tice them be - fore the glass.
quar-rel. When a doubt they come a - cross,— Eng - lish la - dies al - ways
1. & 2.

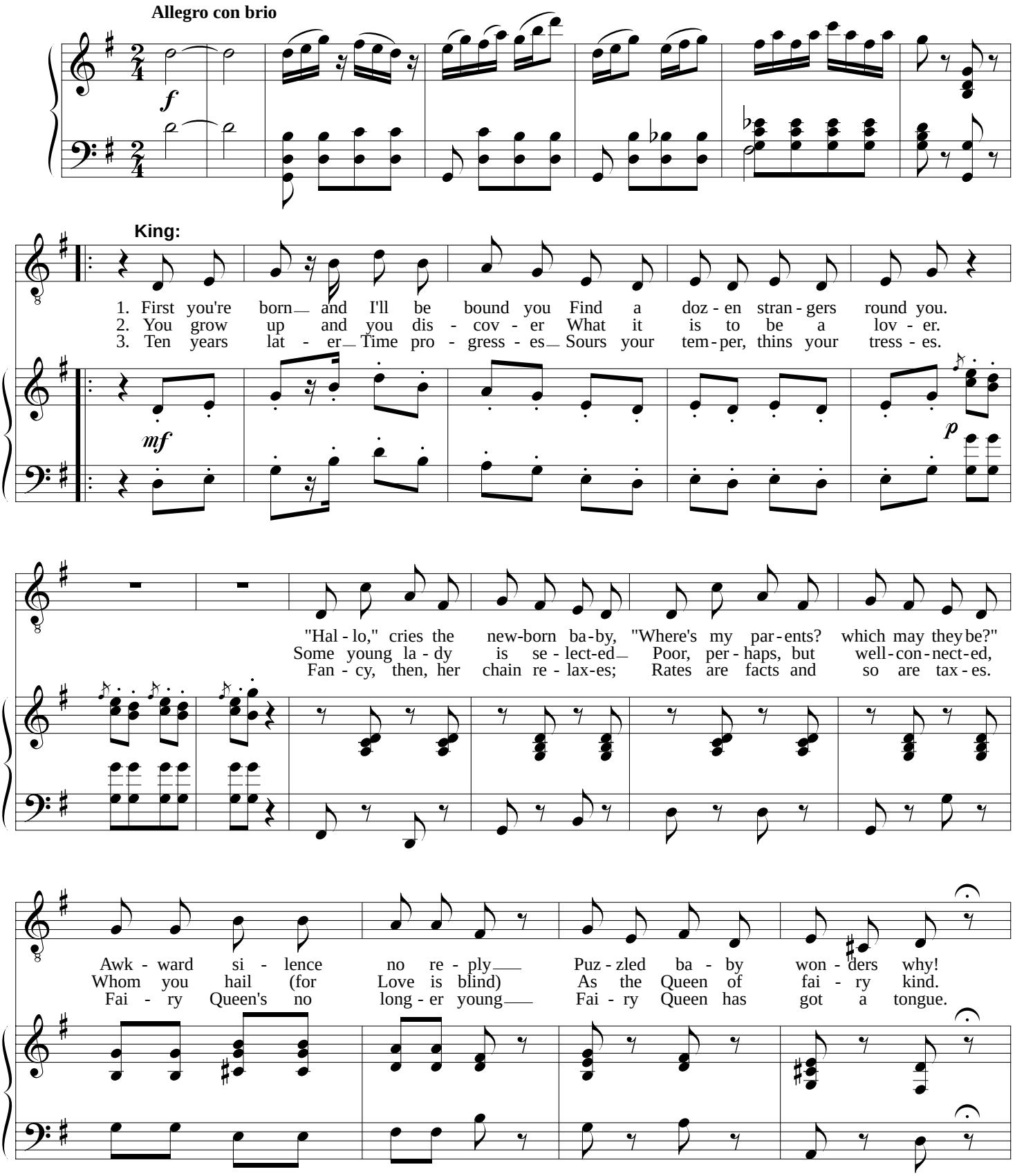

3.
toss.
toss.
3.
f
sfp
Lady Sophy:
The lec - ture's end - ed. In ten min - utes' space
(Exit LADY SOPHY, followed by NEKAYA and KALYBA.)
'Twill be re - peat - ed in the mar - ket-place!
R
Tempo I.
f

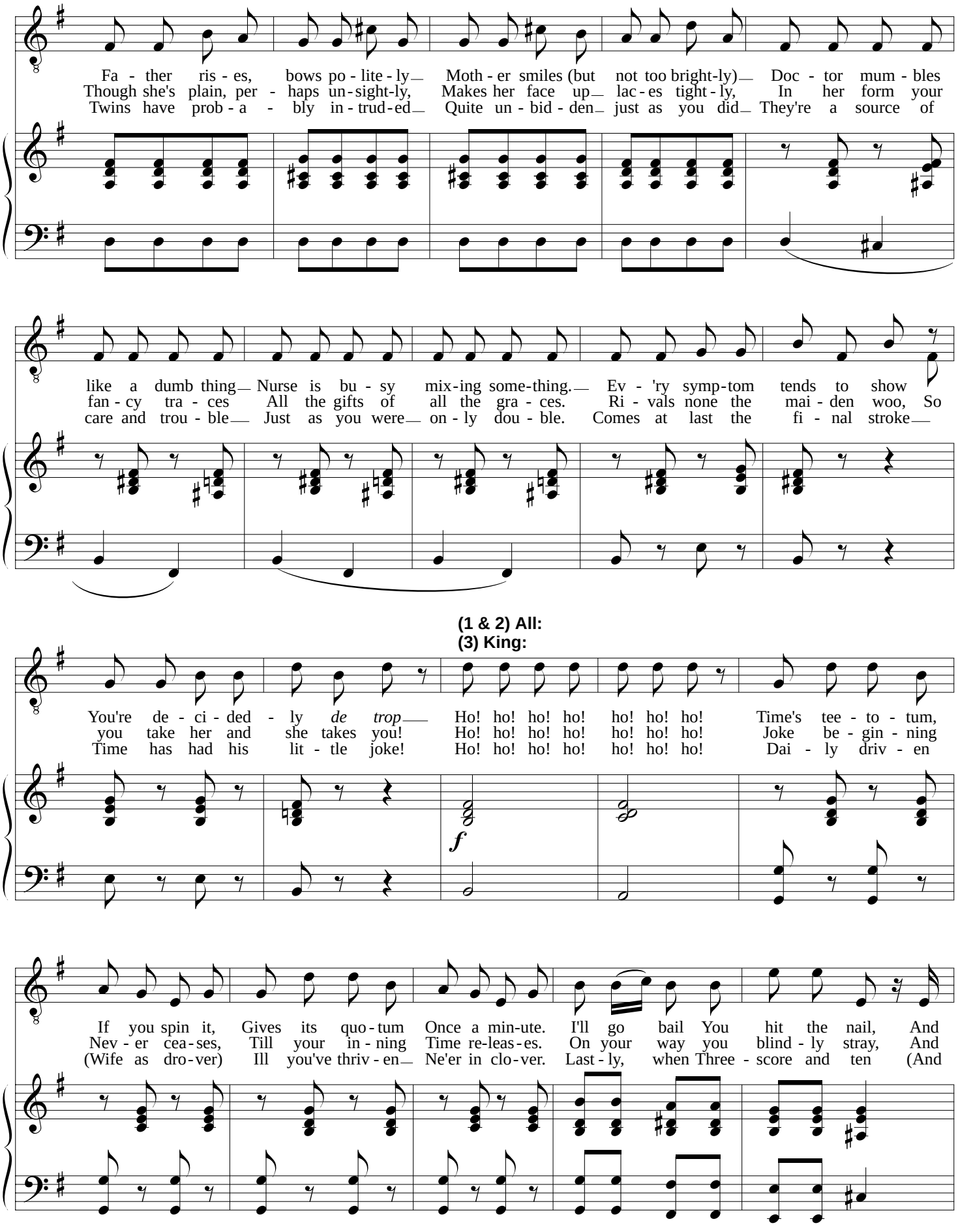


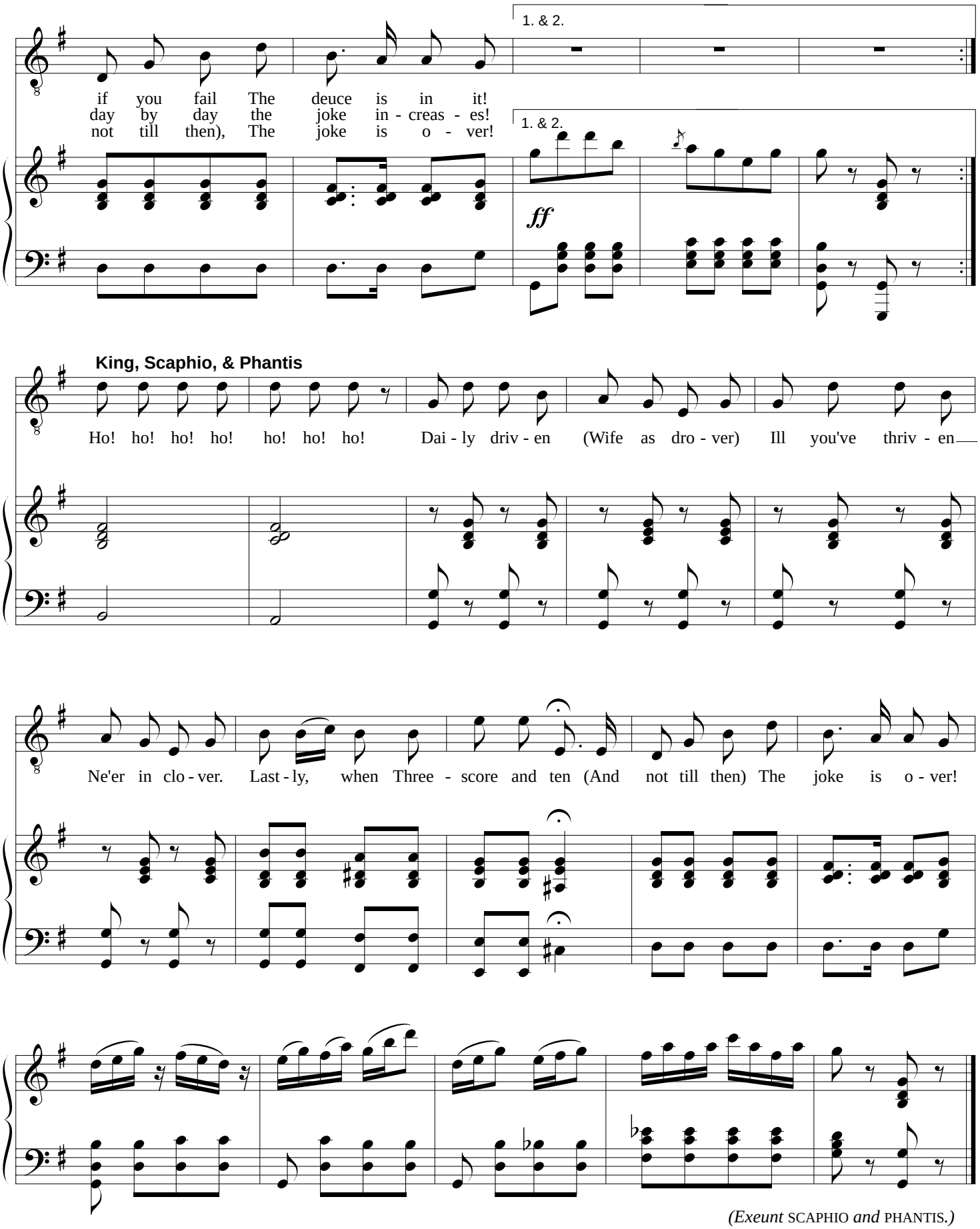
(Exeunt all but KING.*)*

No. 5. First you're born

King, Scaphio, and Phantis



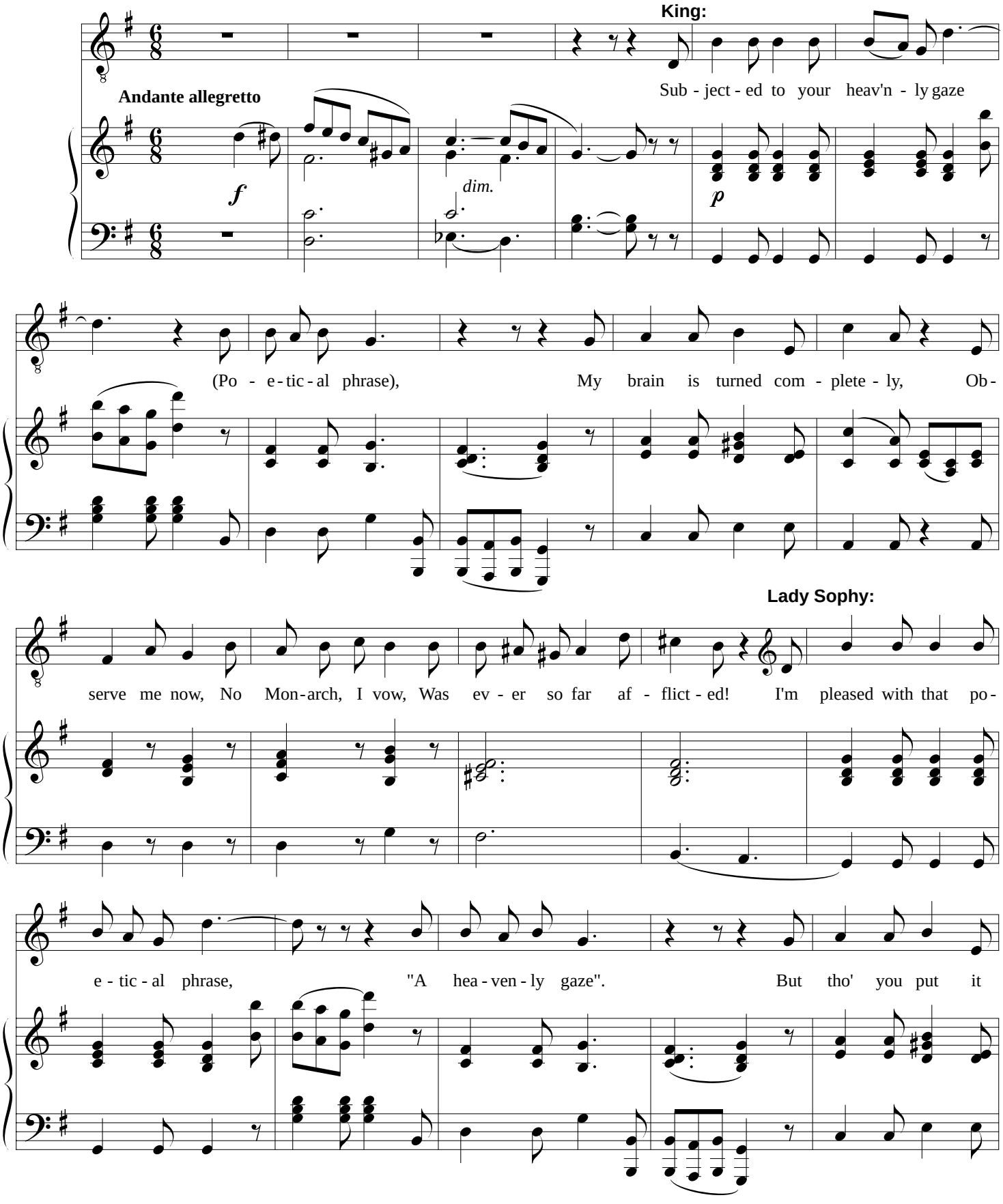

Fa - ther ris - es, bows po - lite - ly— Moth - er smiles (but not too bright-ly)— Doc - tor mum - bles
Though she's plain, per - haps un - sight-ly, Makes her face up— lac - es tight - ly, In her form your
Twins have prob - a - bly in - trud - ed— Quite un - bid - den— just as you did— They're a source of
like a dumb thing— Nurse is bu - sy mix-ing some-thing.— Ev - 'ry symp-tom tends to show
fan - cy tra - ces All the gifts of all the gra - ces. Ri - vals none the mai - den woo, So
care and trou - ble— Just as you were— on - ly dou - ble. Comes at last the fi - nal stroke—
(1 & 2) All:
(3) King:
You're de - ci - ded - ly de trop— Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Time's tee - to - tum,
you take her and she takes you! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Joke be - gin - ning
Time has had his lit - tle joke! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Dai - ly driv - en
f
If you spin it, Gives its quo - tum Once a min-ute. I'll go bail You hit the nail, And
Nev - er cea - ses, Till your in - ning Time re-leas - es. On your way you blind - ly stray, And
(Wife as dro - ver) Ill you've thriv - en— Ne'er in clo - ver. Last - ly, when Three - score and ten (And

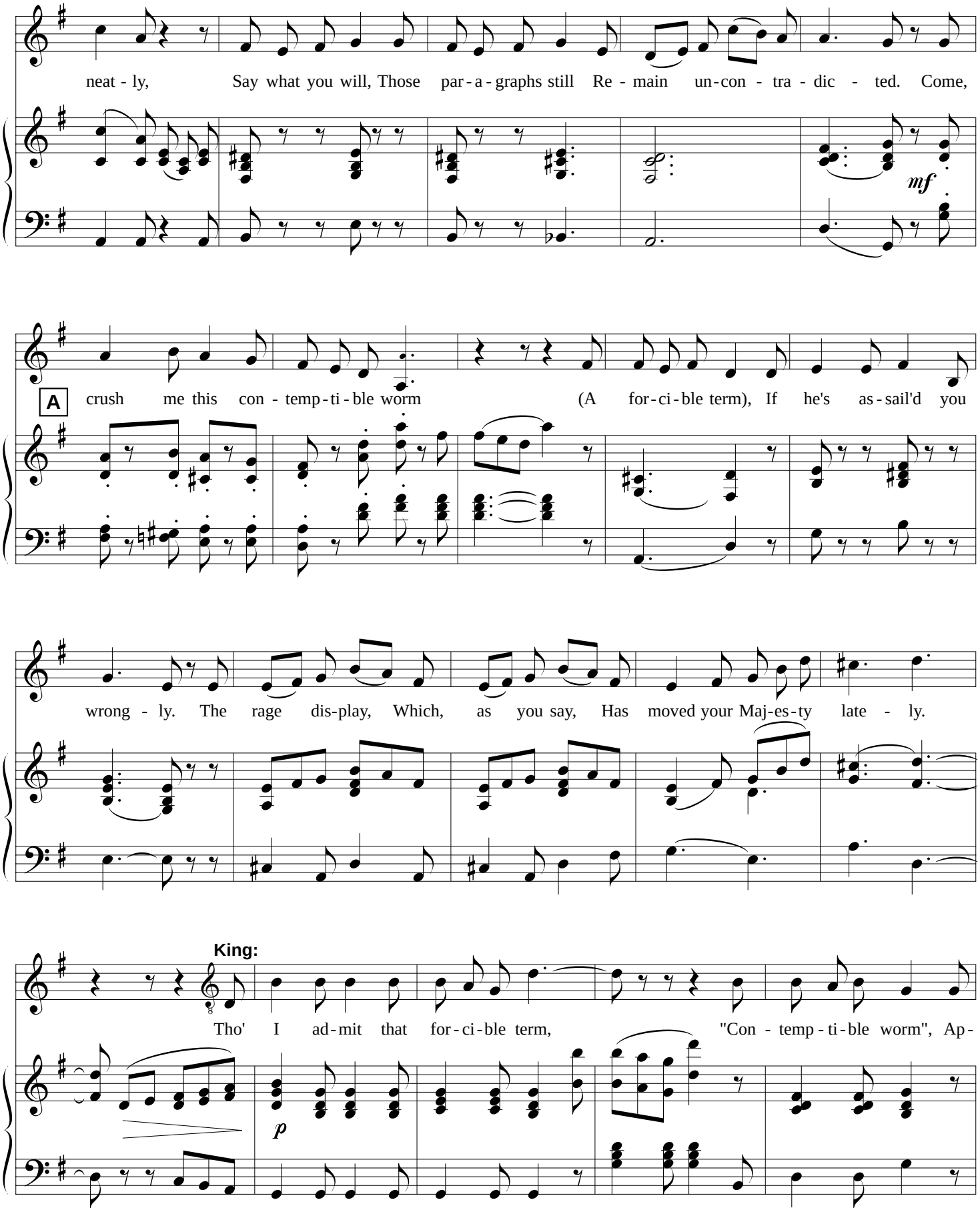


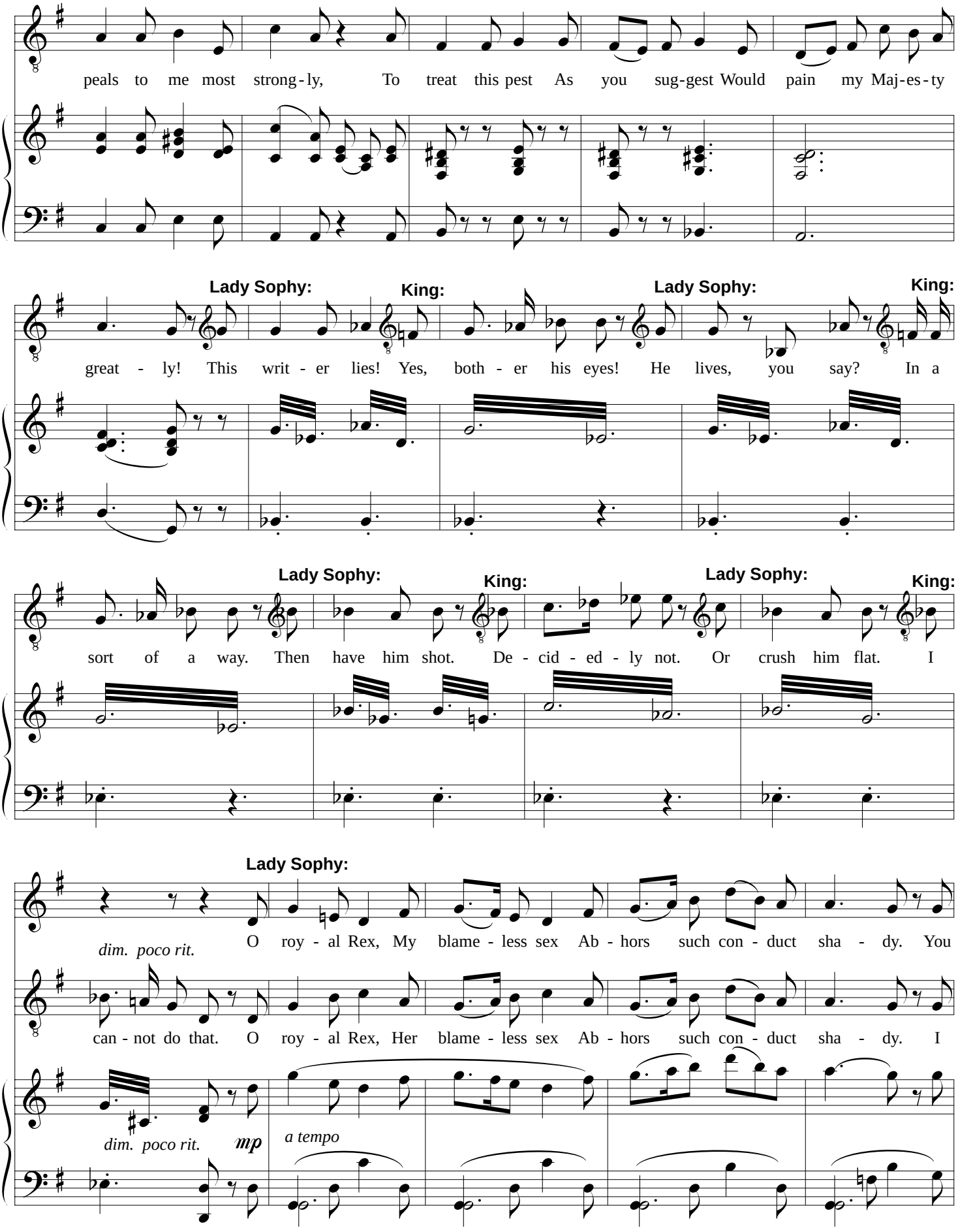
(Exeunt SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS.*)*

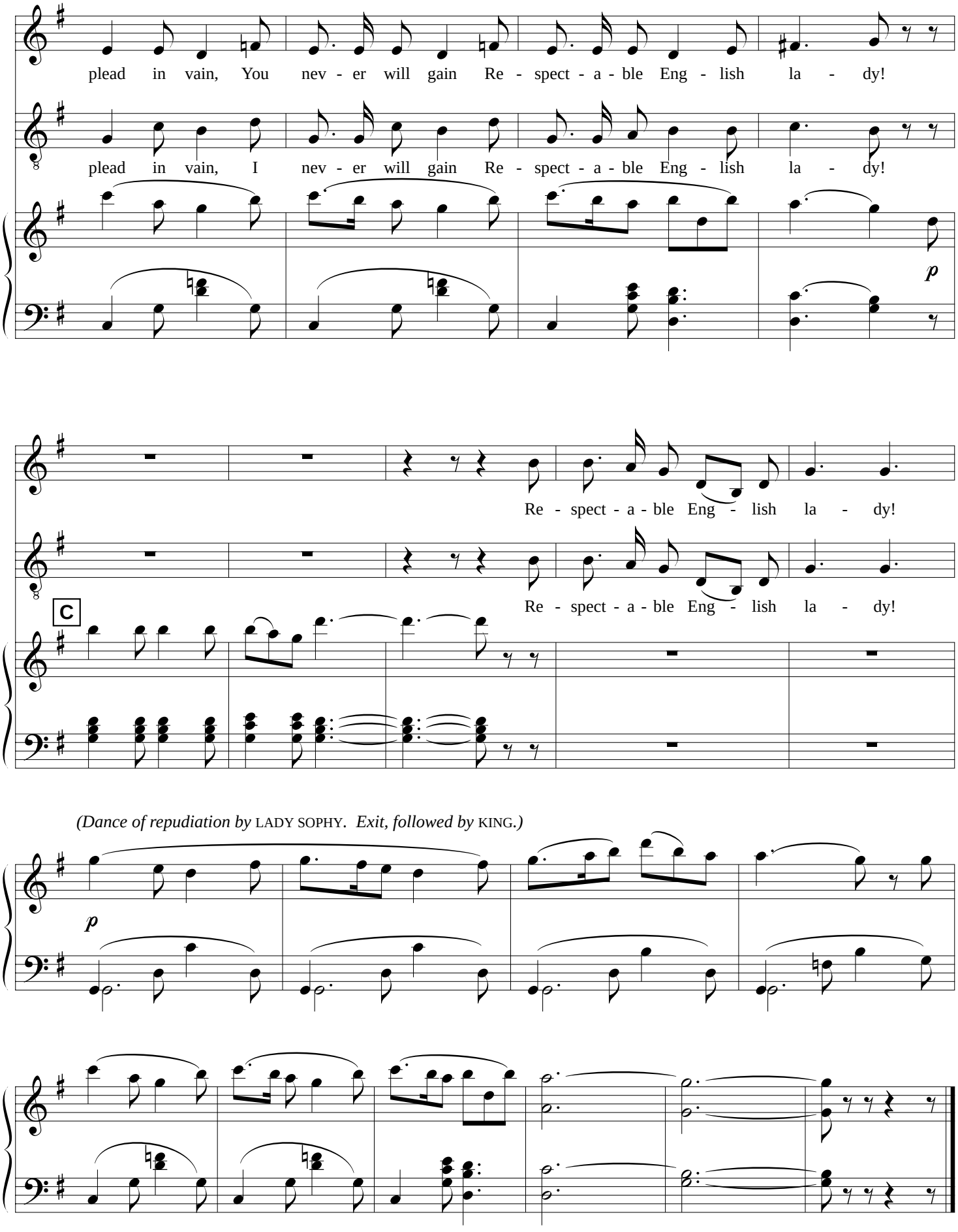
No. 6. Subjected to your heavenly gaze

King and Lady Sophy




neat - ly, Say what you will, Those par - a - graphs still Re - main un - con - tra - dic - ted. Come,
mf
A
crush me this con - temp - ti - ble worm (A for - ci - ble term), If he's as - sail'd you
wrong - ly. The rage dis - play, Which, as you say, Has moved your Maj - es - ty late - ly.
King:
Tho' I ad - mit that for - ci - ble term, "Con - temp - ti - ble worm", Ap -
p

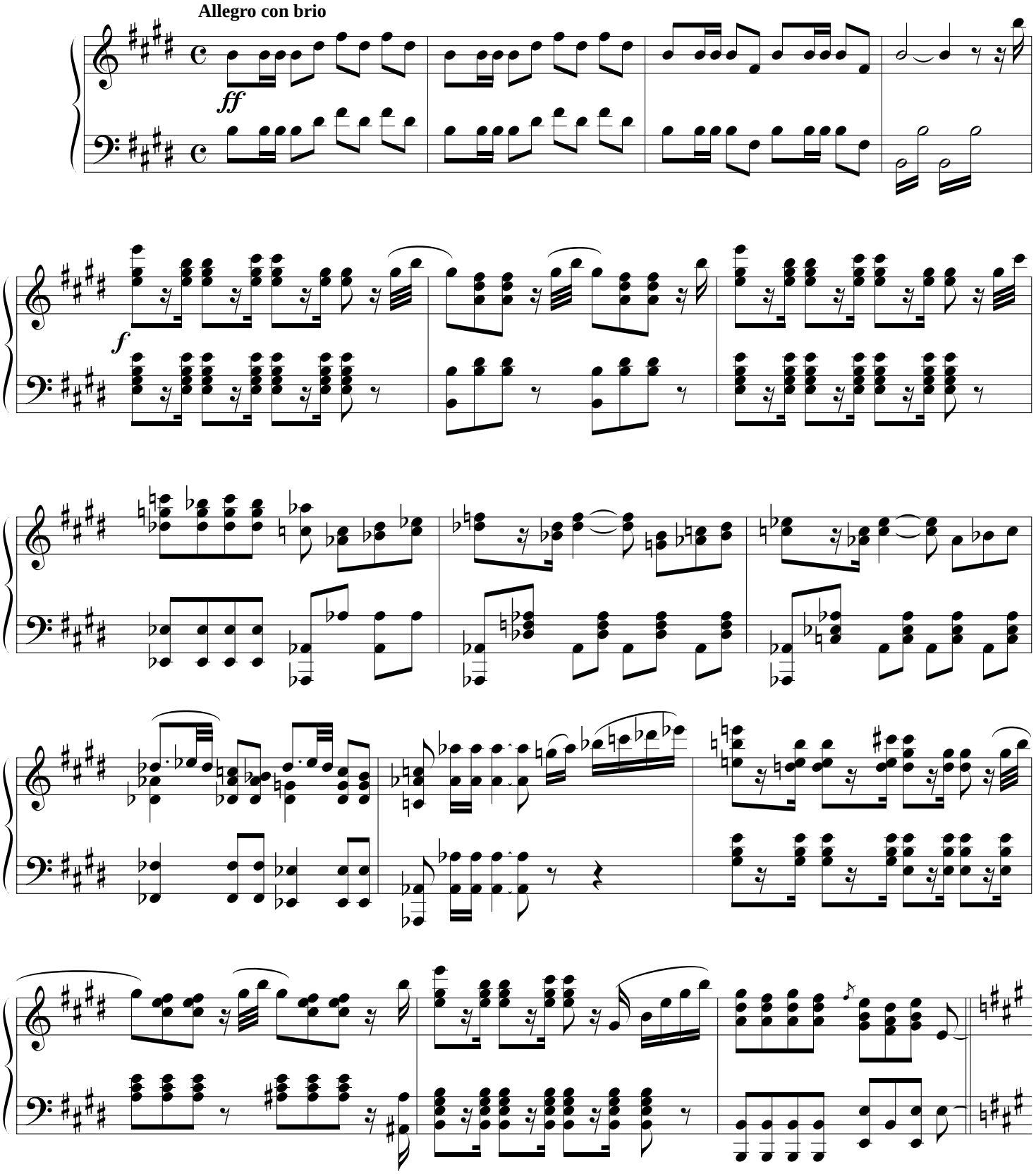

peals to me most strong - ly, To treat this pest As you sug - gest Would pain my Maj - es - ty
Lady Sophy:
great - ly! This writ - er lies!
King:
Yes, both - er his eyes!
Lady Sophy:
He lives, you say?
King:
In a
sort of a way. Then have him shot.
Lady Sophy:
De - cid - ed - ly not.
King:
Or crush him flat.
Lady Sophy:
I
King:
Lady Sophy:
dim. poco rit.
O roy - al Rex, My blame - less sex Ab - hors such con - duct sha - dy. You
can - not do that. O roy - al Rex, Her blame - less sex Ab - hors such con - duct sha - dy. I
dim. poco rit.
mp
a tempo

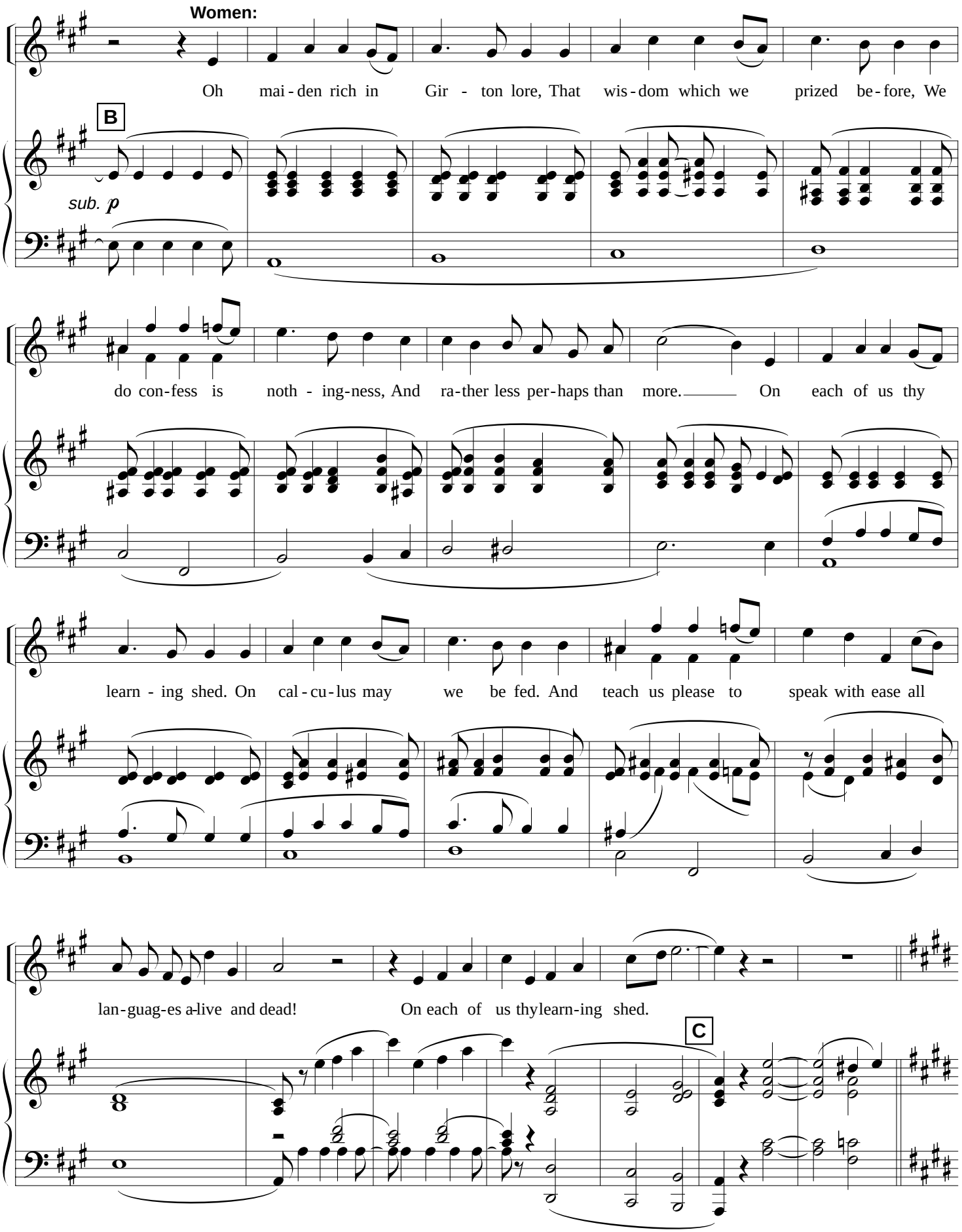

plead in vain, You nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
plead in vain, I nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
p
Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
C
(Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.)
p

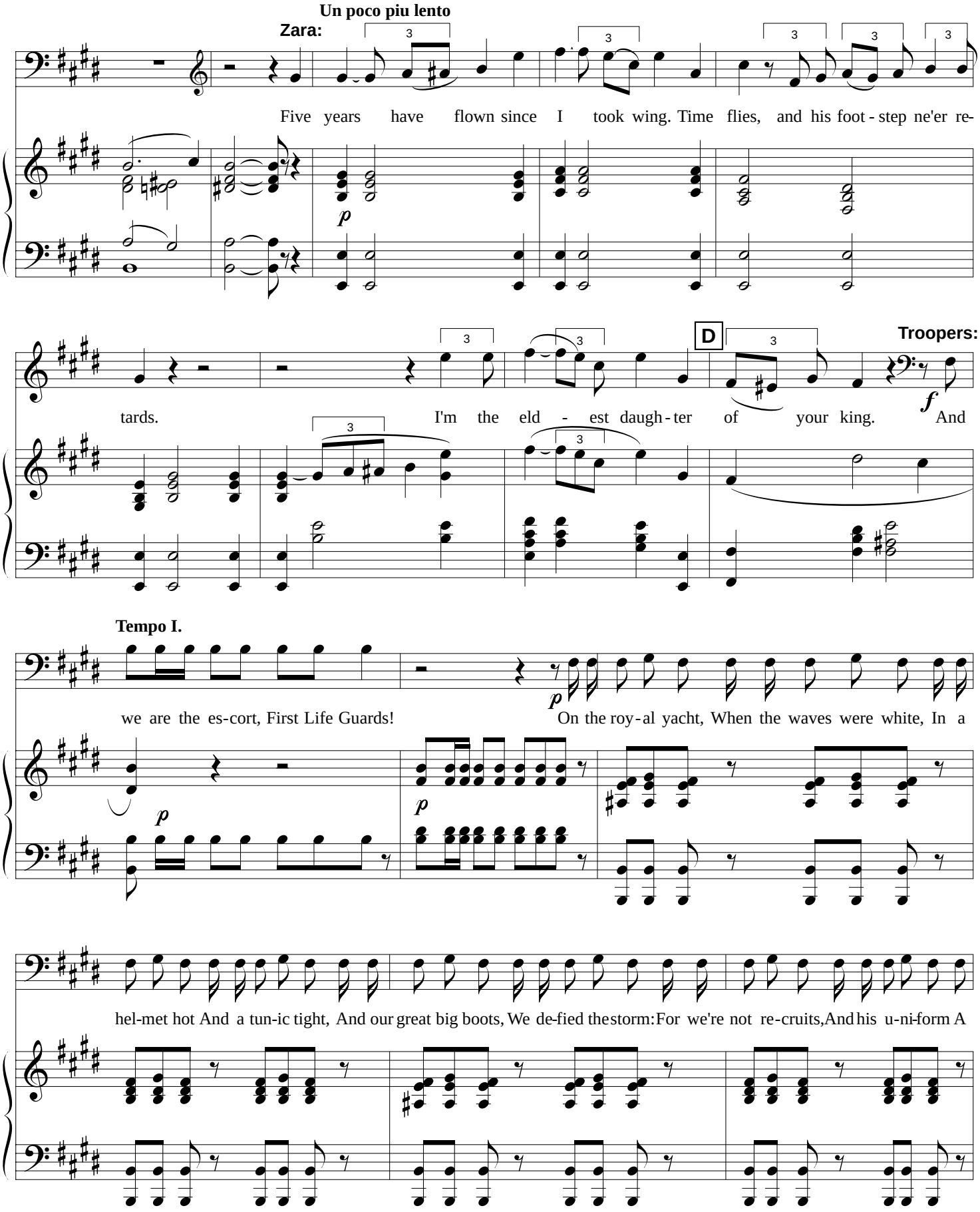
No. 7. Oh maiden rich in Girton lore

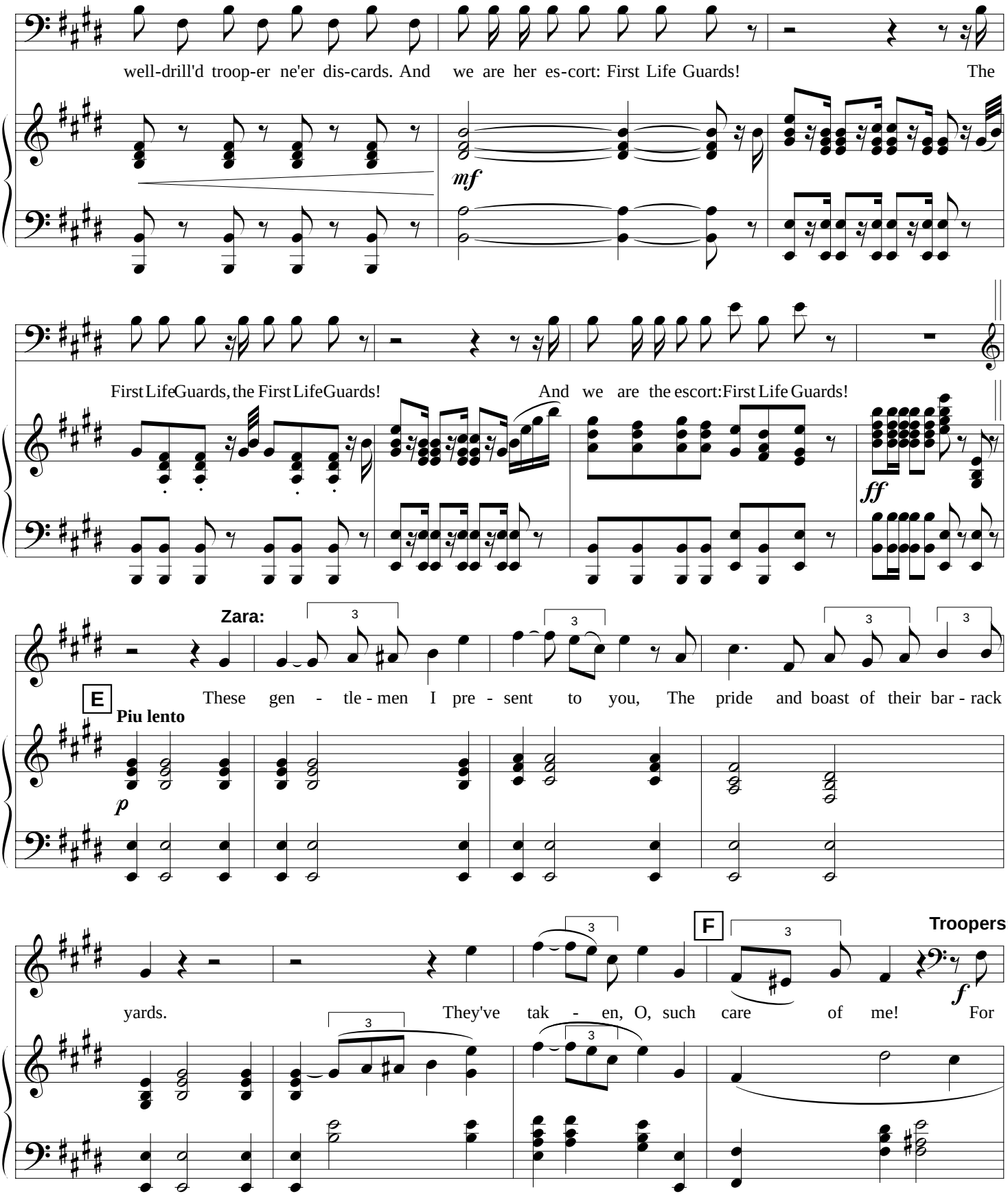
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

March. Enter all the Court, heralding the arrival of the PRINCESS ZARA, *who enters, escorted by* CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE *and four Troopers, all in the full uniform of the First Life Guards.*

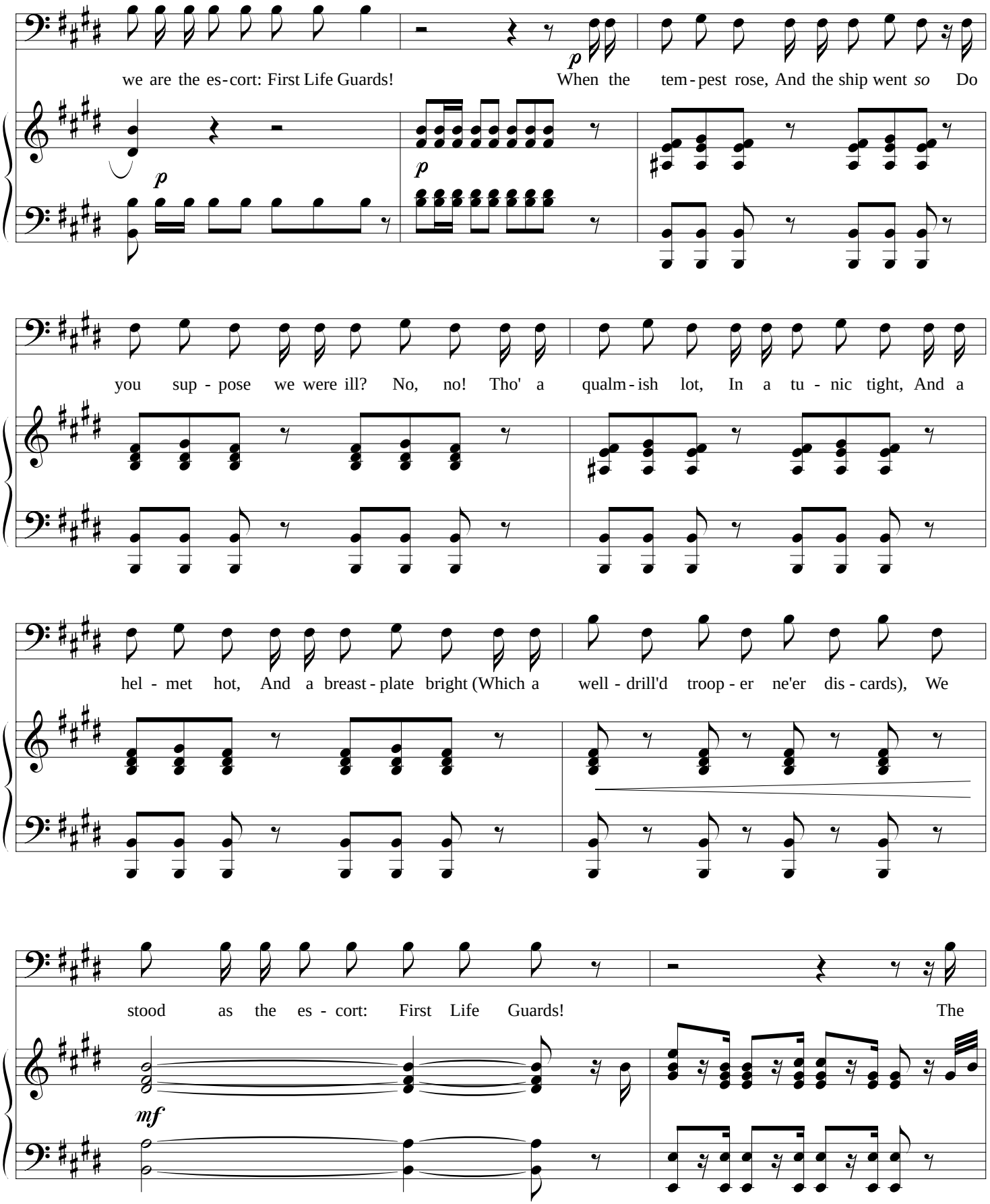


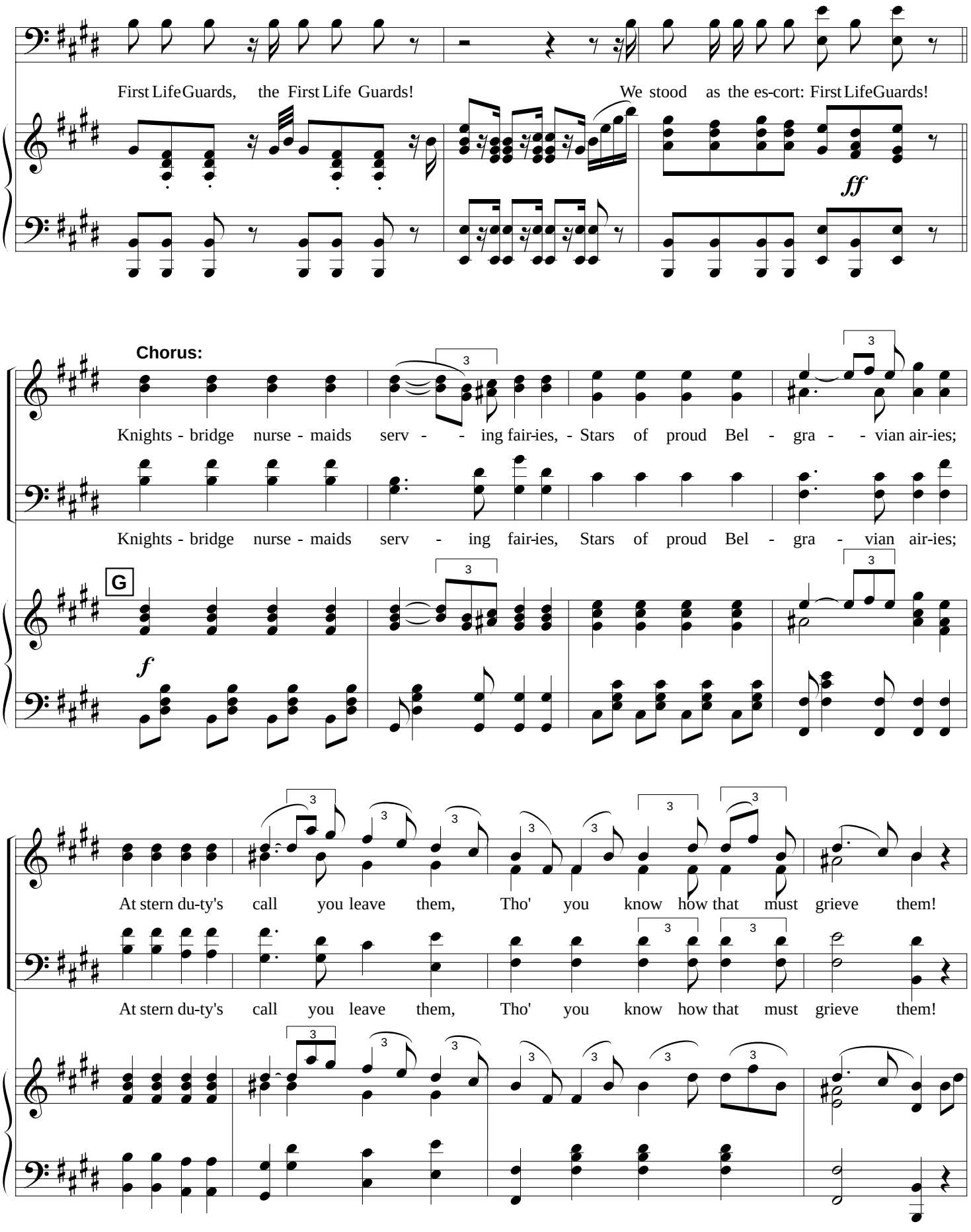

Women:
Oh mai - den rich in Gir - ton lore, That wis - dom which we prized be - fore, We
B
sub. p
do con - fess is noth - ing - ness, And ra - ther less per - haps than more. On each of us thy
learn - ing shed. On cal - cu - lus may we be fed. And teach us please to speak with ease all
lan - guag - es a - live and dead! On each of us thylearn - ing shed.
C

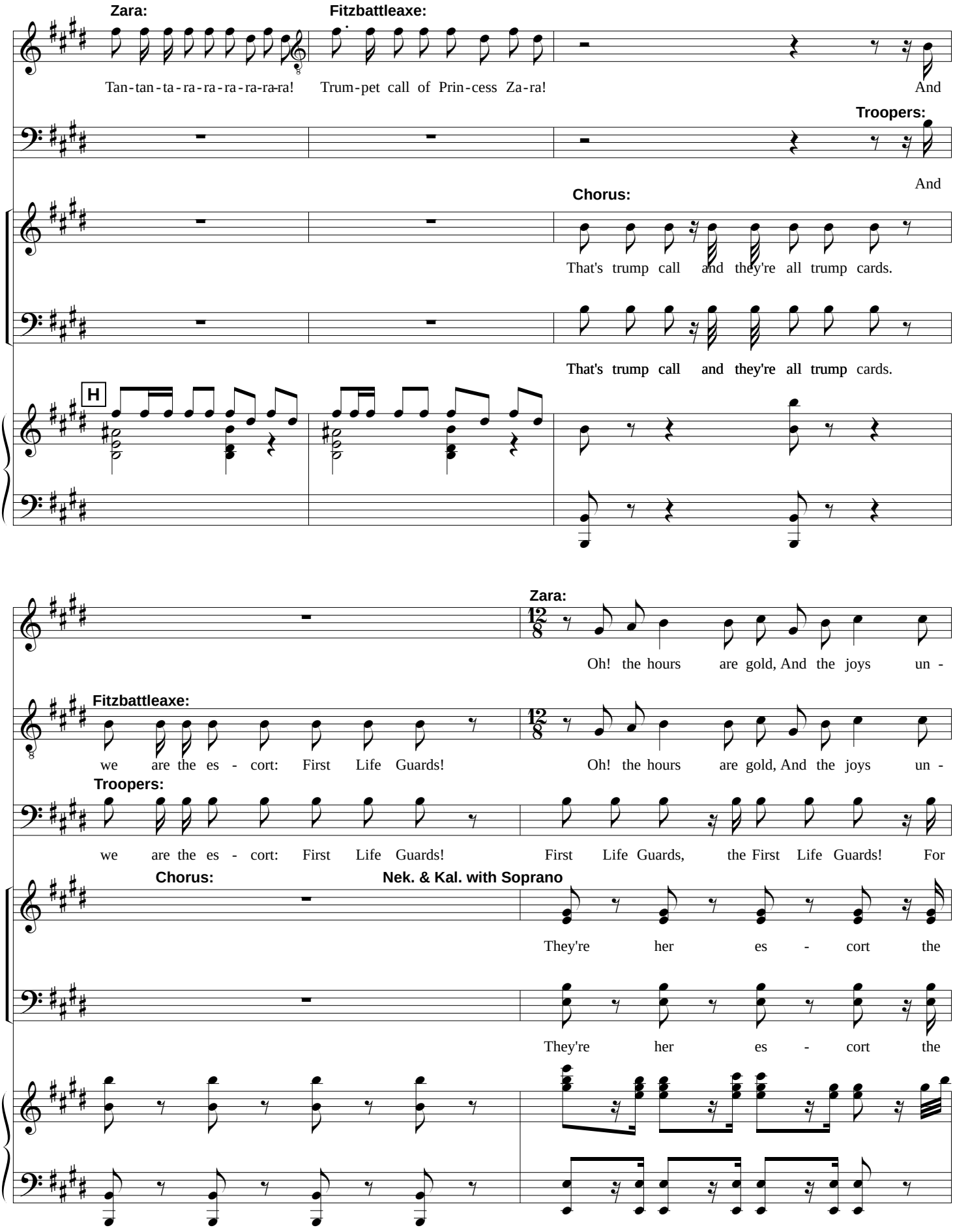

Un poco piu lento
Zara:
Five years have flown since I took wing. Time flies, and his foot - step ne'er re-
tards. I'm the eld - est daugh - ter of your king. And
D
Troopers:
Tempo I.
we are the es-cort, First Life Guards! On the roy - al yacht, When the waves were white, In a
hel-met hot And a tun-ic tight, And our great big boots, We de-fied the storm: For we're not re-cruits, And his u-ni-form A

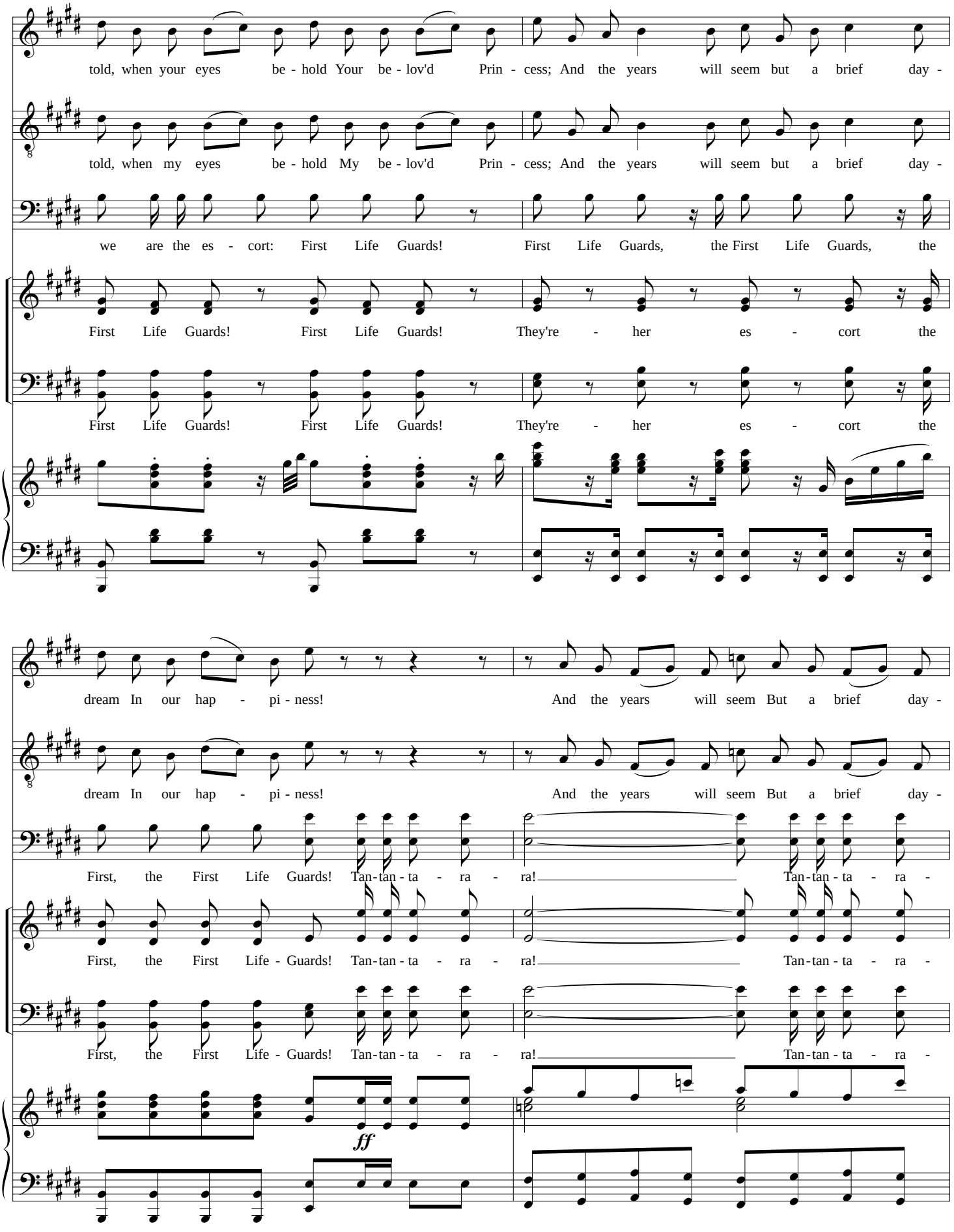

well-drill'd troop-er ne'er dis-cards. And we are her es-cort: First Life Guards! The
mf
First LifeGuards, the First LifeGuards! And we are the escort:First Life Guards!
ff
Zara:
E
Piu lento
These gen - tle - men I pre - sent to you, The pride and boast of their bar - rack
p
F
Troopers:
f
yards. They've tak - en, O, such care of me! For

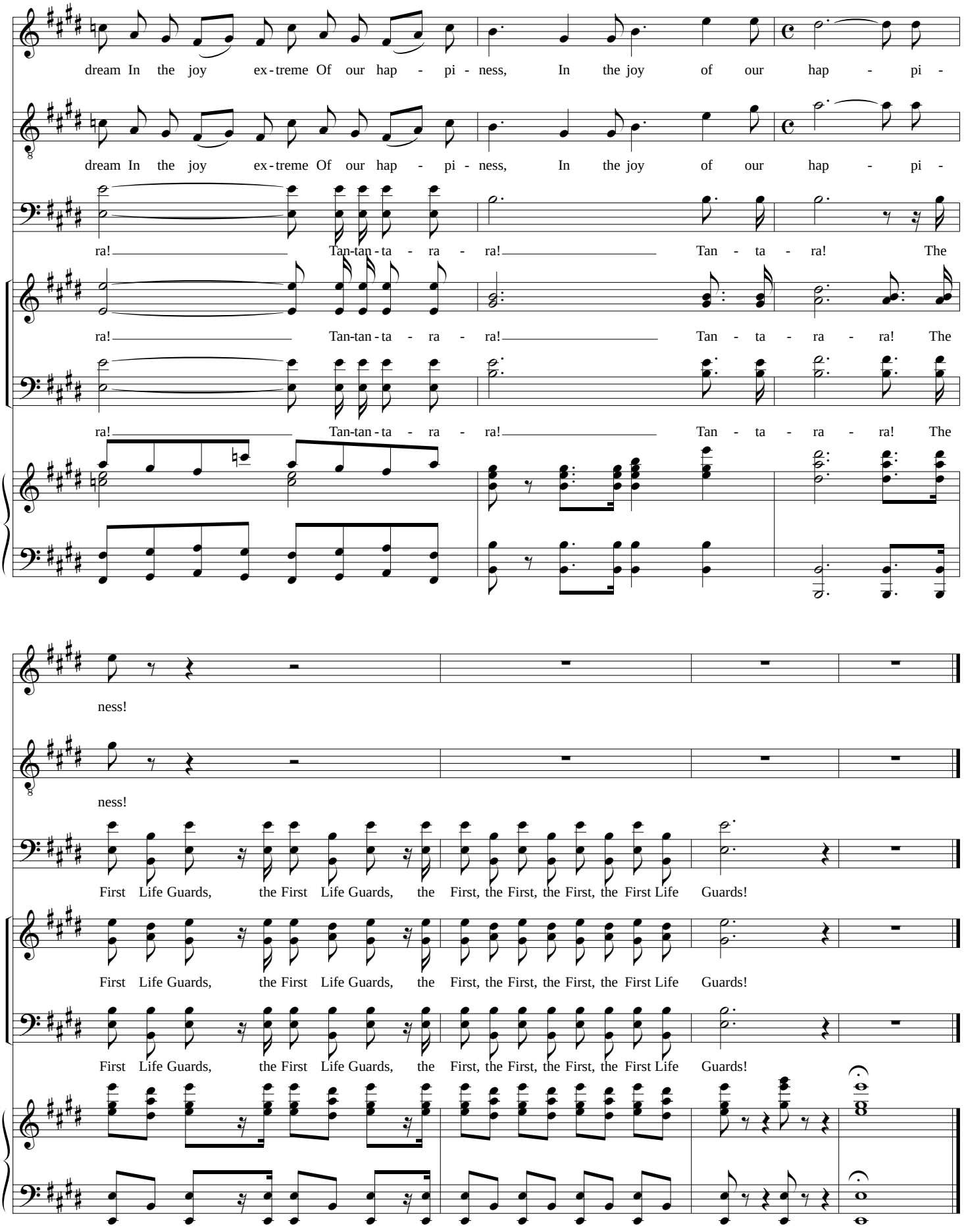
Tempo I.


we are the es-cort: First Life Guards!
When the tem-pest rose, And the ship went so Do
you sup-pose we were ill? No, no! Tho' a qualm-ish lot, In a tu-nic tight, And a
hel-met hot, And a breast-plate bright (Which a well-drill'd troop-er ne'er dis-cards), We
stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!
The
p
mf


First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!
We stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!
ff
Chorus:
Knights - bridge nurse - maids serv - - ing fair-ies, - Stars of proud Bel - gra - - vian air-ies;
Knights - bridge nurse - maids serv - ing fair-ies, Stars of proud Bel - gra - vian air-ies;
G
f
At stern du-ty's call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!
At stern du-ty's call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!

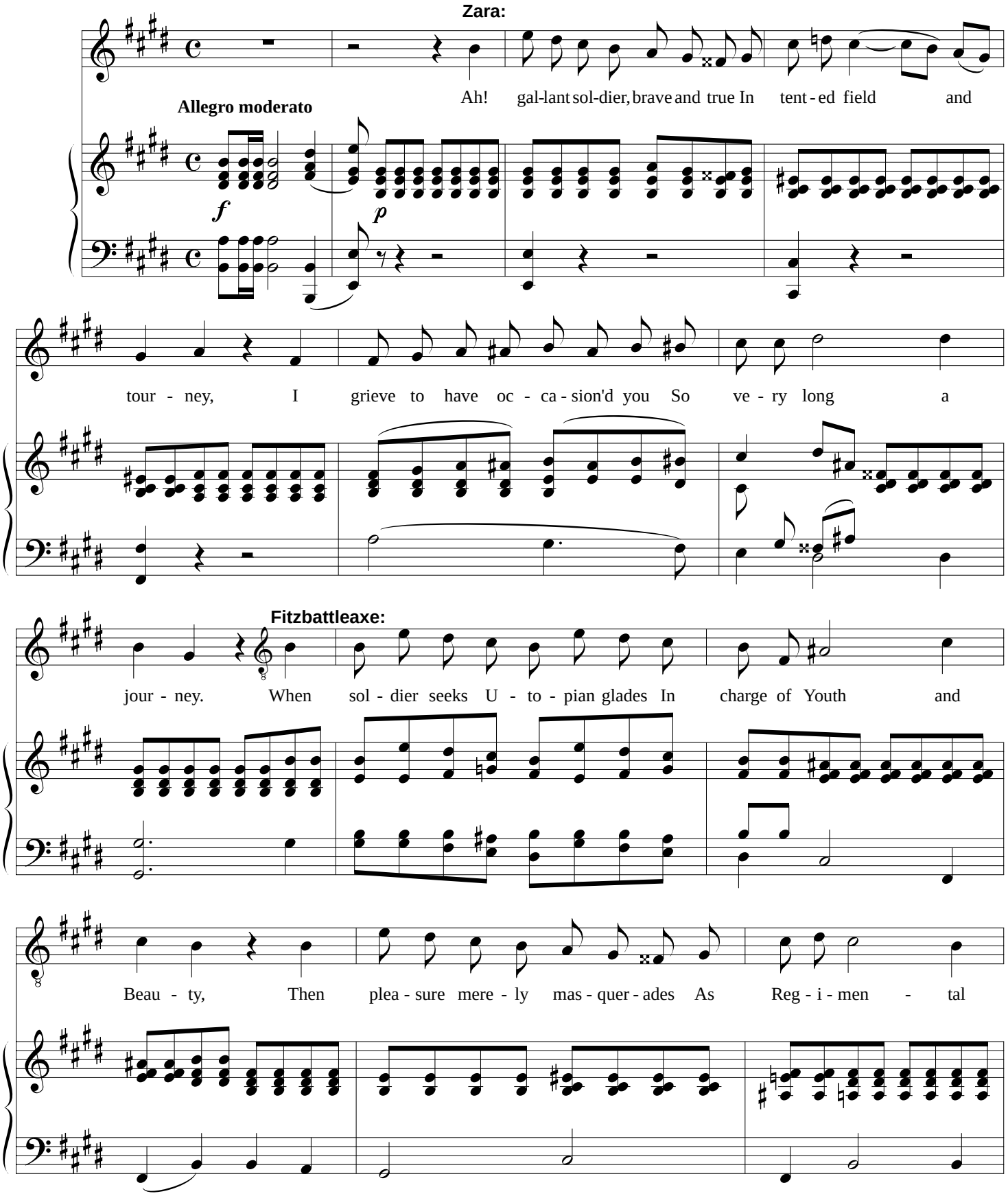

Zara:
Fitzbattleaxe:
Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra! Trum-pet call of Prin-cess Za-ra! And
Troopers:
And
Chorus:
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.
H
Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un -
Fitzbattleaxe:
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards! Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un -
Troopers:
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards! First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! For
Chorus:
Nek. & Kal. with Soprano
They're her es - cort the
They're her es - cort the

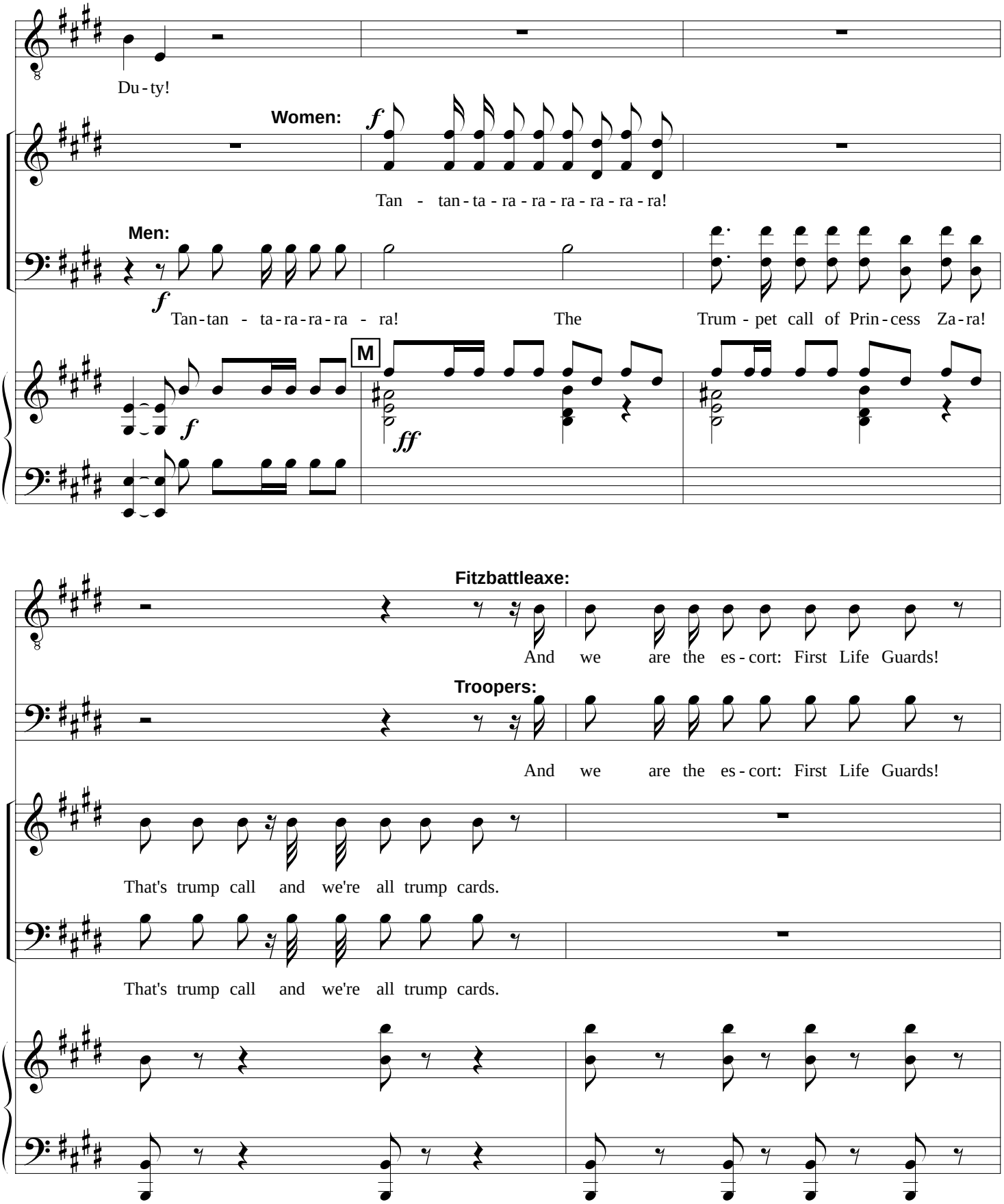

told, when your eyes be - hold Your be - lov'd Prin - cess; And the years will seem but a brief day -
told, when my eyes be - hold My be - lov'd Prin - cess; And the years will seem but a brief day -
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards! First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cort the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cort the
dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -
dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ff

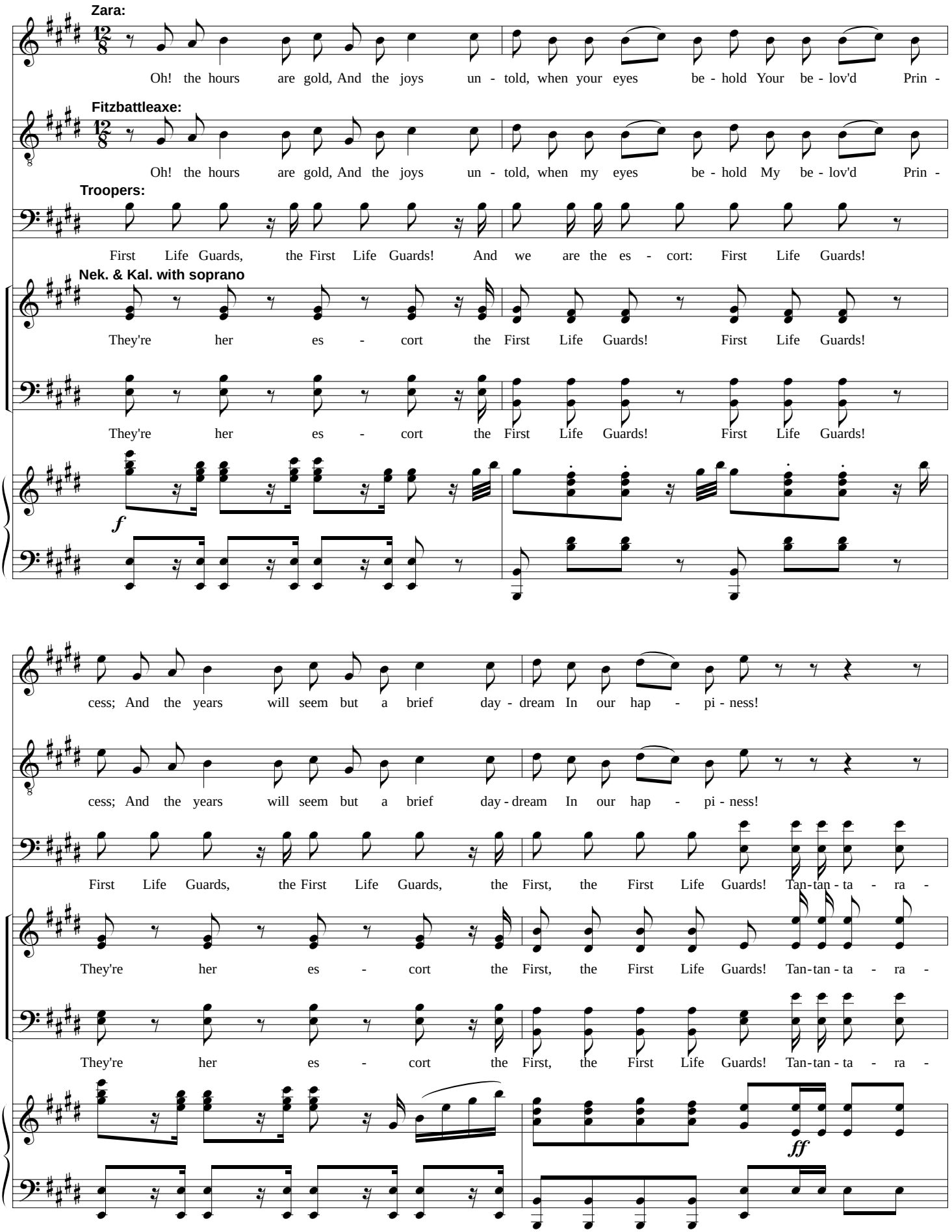

dream In the joy ex-treme Of our hap - pi-ness, In the joy of our hap - pi -
dream In the joy ex-treme Of our hap - pi-ness, In the joy of our hap - pi -
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra! The
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra - ra! The
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra - ra! The
ness!
ness!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!

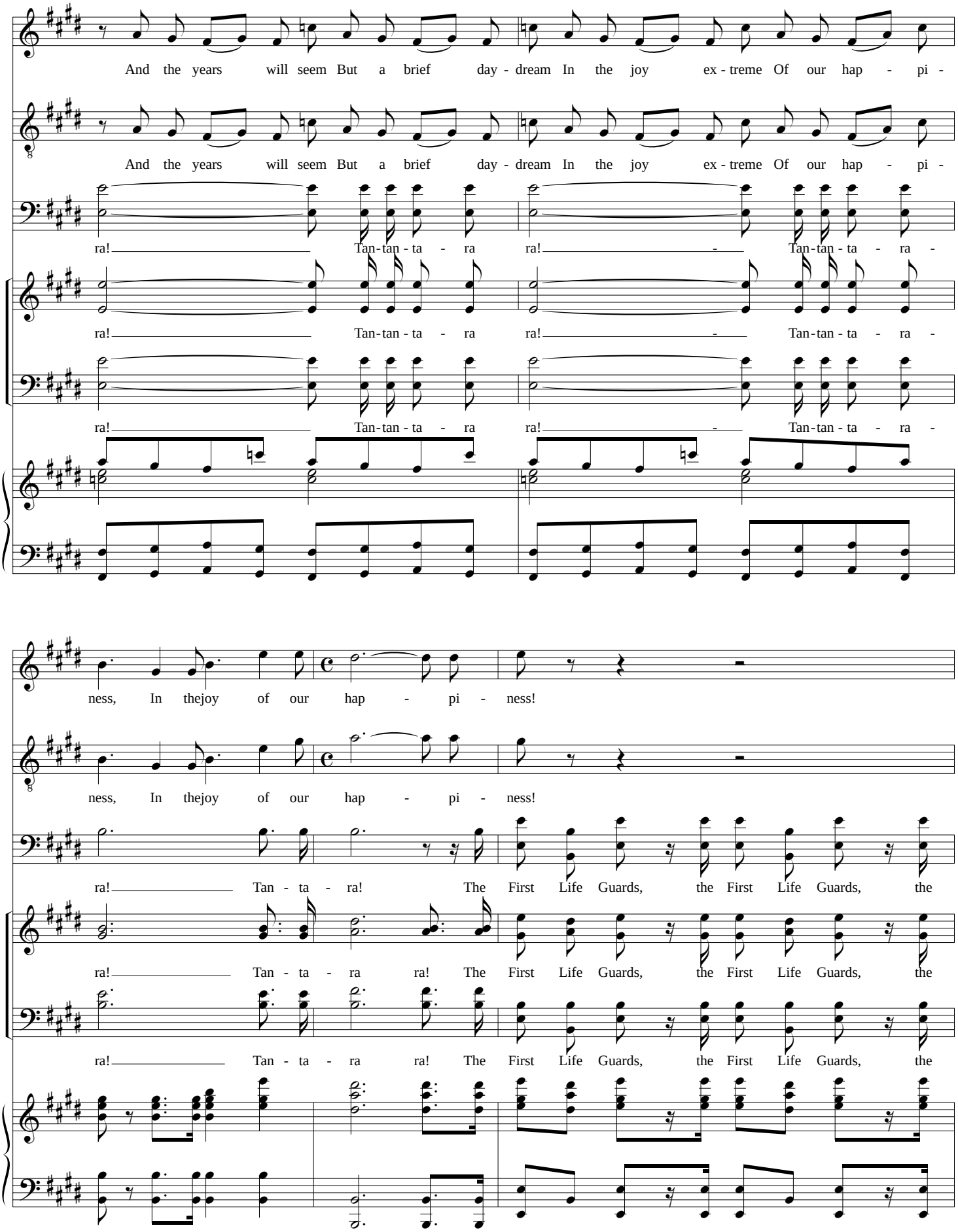
No. 8. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true

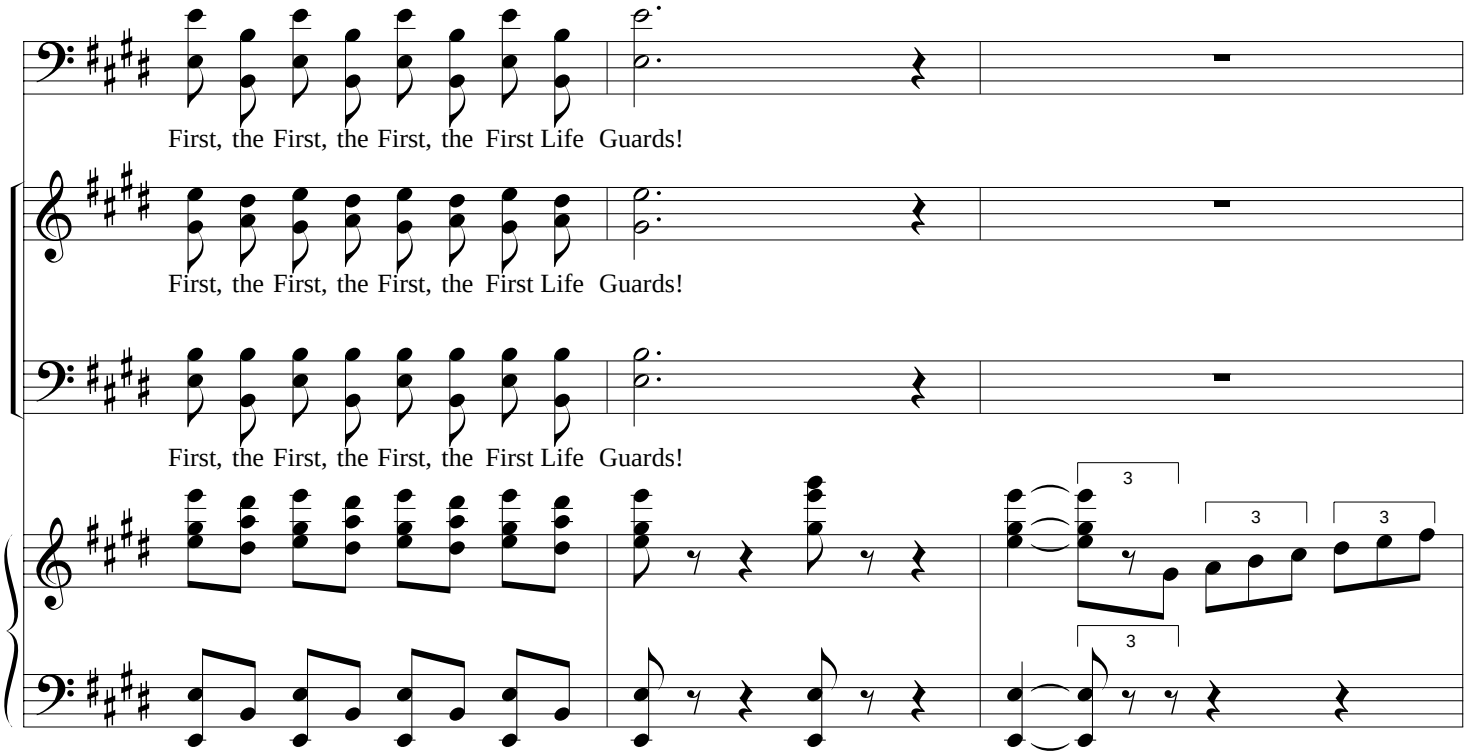
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus



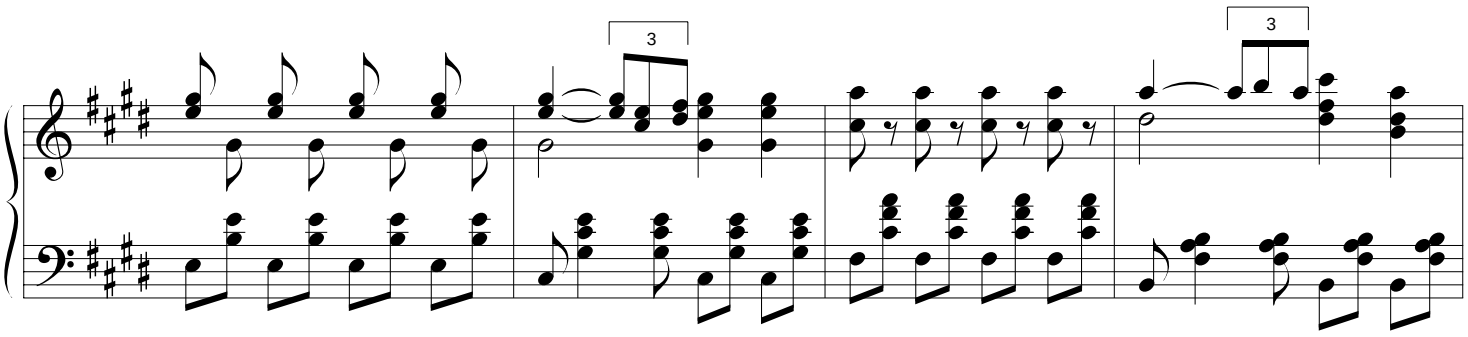

Du - ty!
Women:
Tan - tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra!
Men:
Tan - tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra!
The Trum - pet call of Prin - cess Za - ra!
M
Fitzbattleaxe:
And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
Troopers:
And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.


Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when your eyes be - hold Your be - lov'd Prin -
Fitzbattleaxe:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when my eyes be - hold My be - lov'd Prin -
Troopers:
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
Nek. & Kal. with soprano
They're her es - cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
They're her es - cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
f
cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi - ness!
cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi - ness!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
They're her es - cort the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
They're her es - cort the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ff

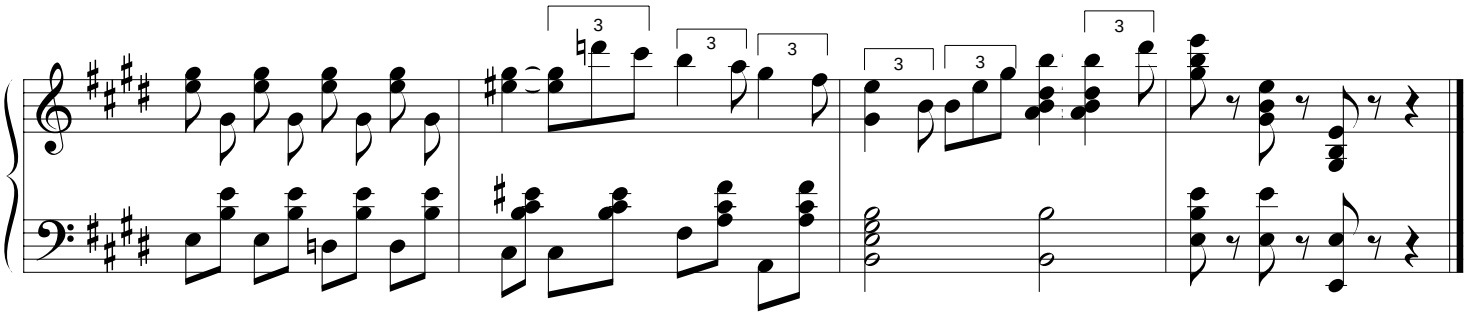

And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ness, In thejoy of our hap - pi - ness!
ness, In thejoy of our hap - pi - ness!
ra! Tan - ta - ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the



(Exeunt KING *and* ZARA *in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction.*

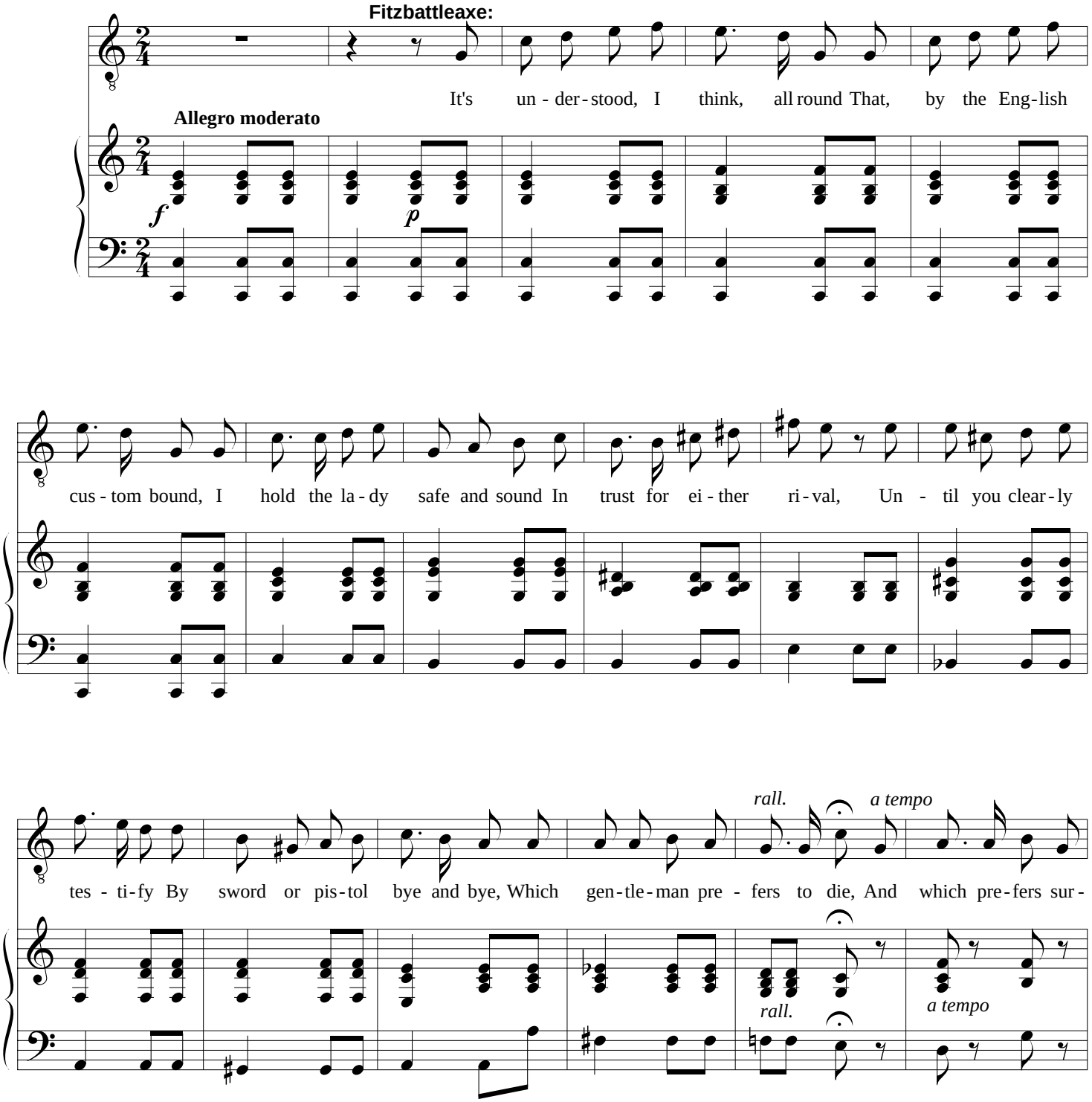


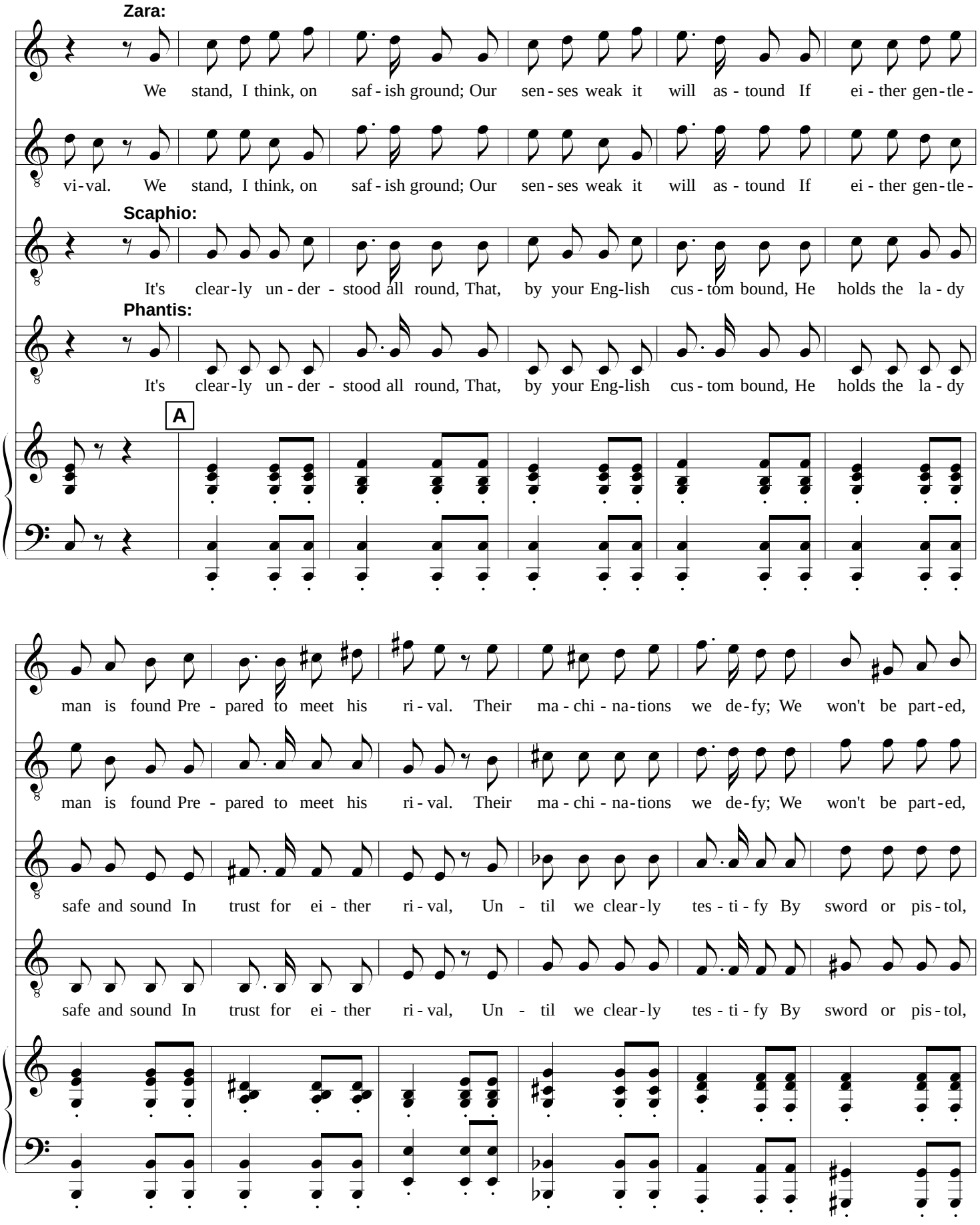
Enter, at back, SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS, *who watch* ZARA *as she goes off.)*

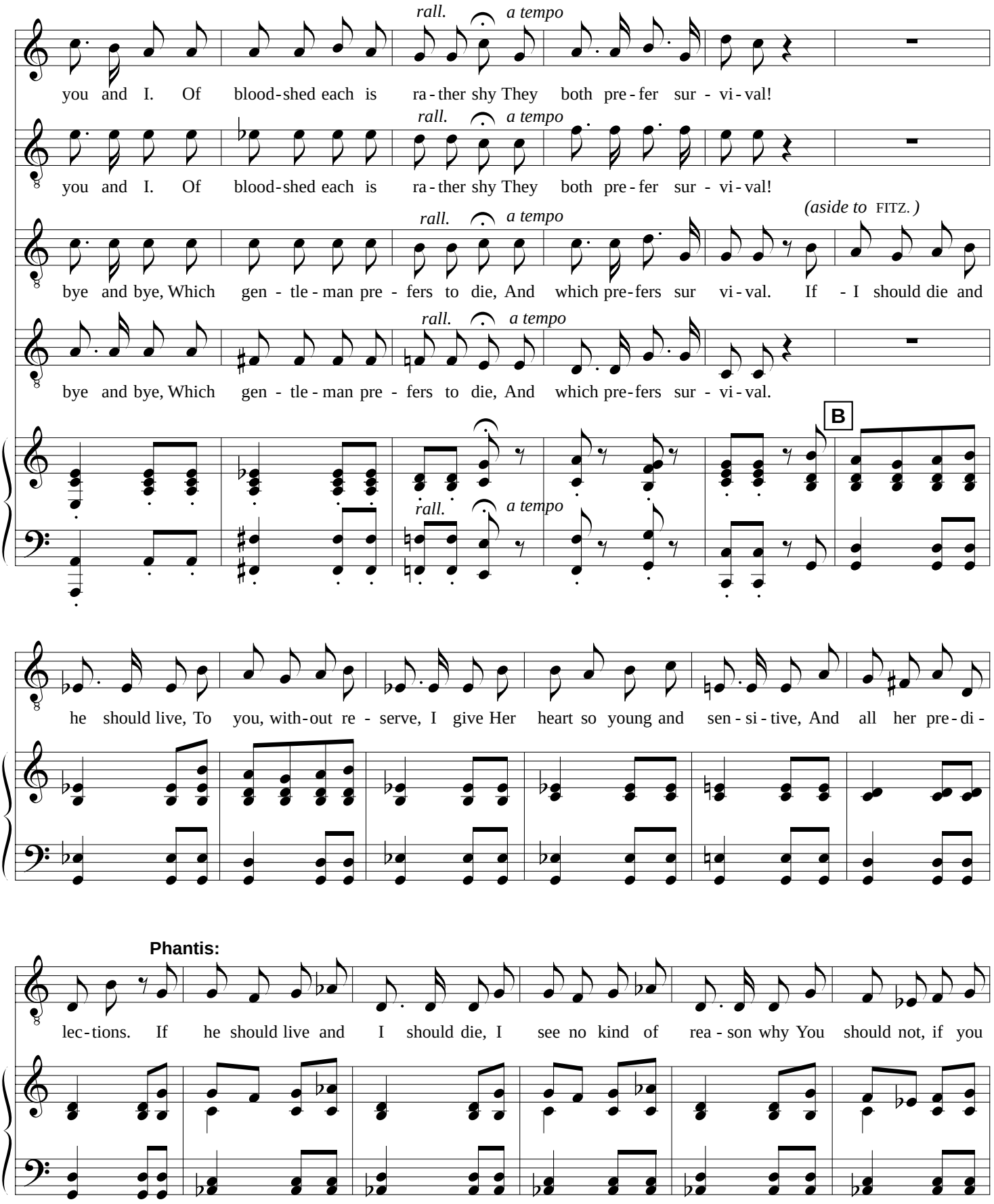


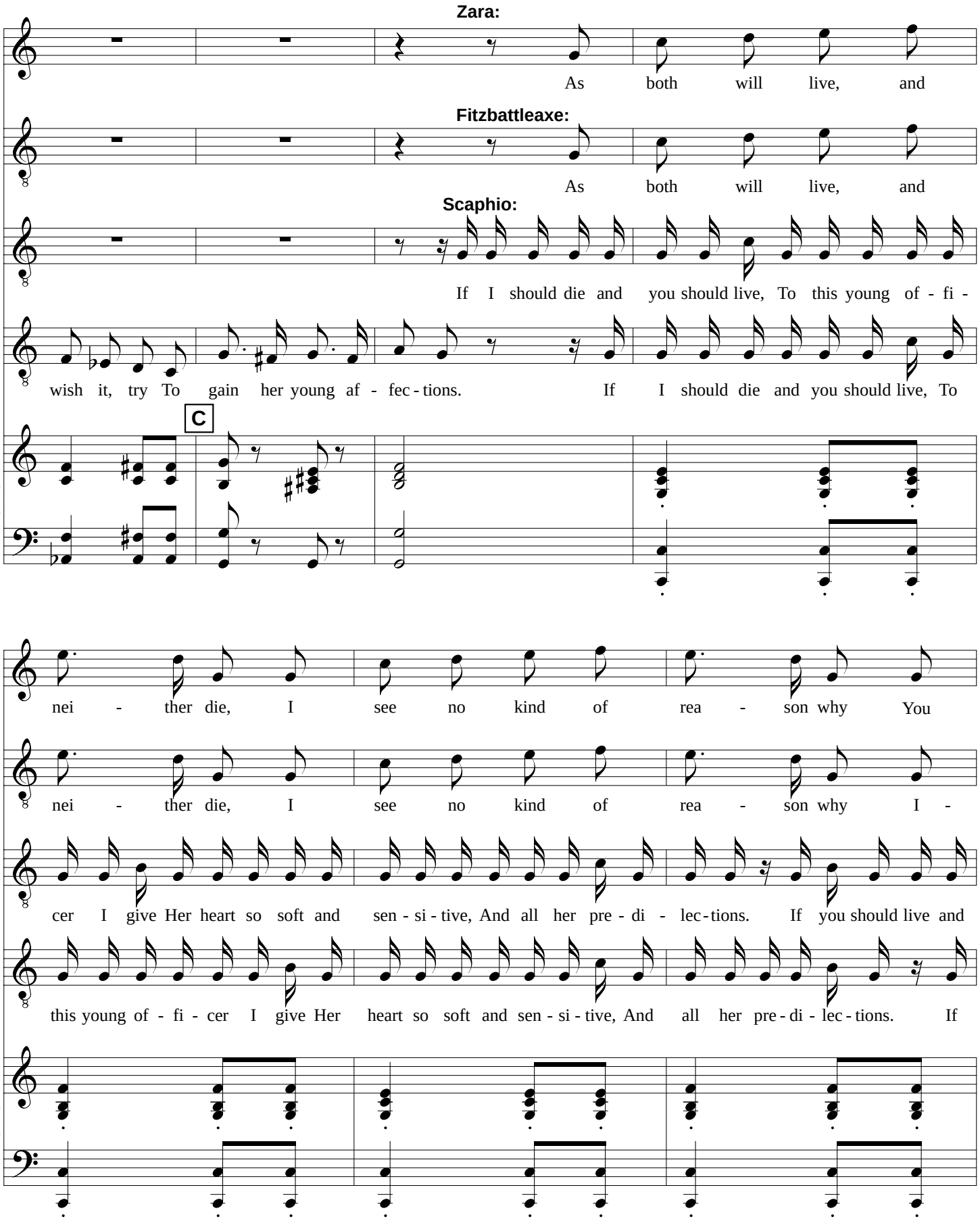
No. 9. It's understood, I think, all round

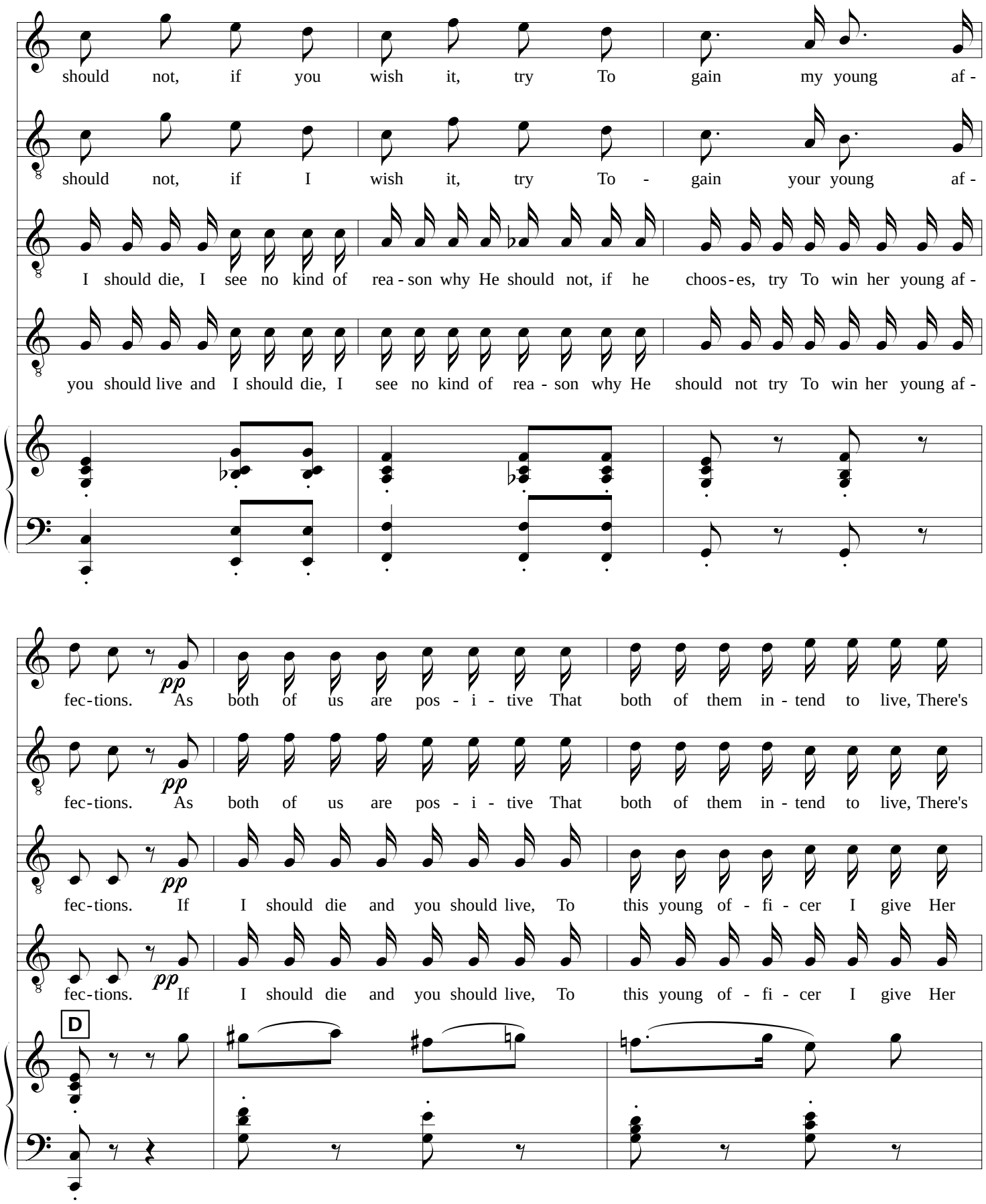
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Scaphio, and Phantis

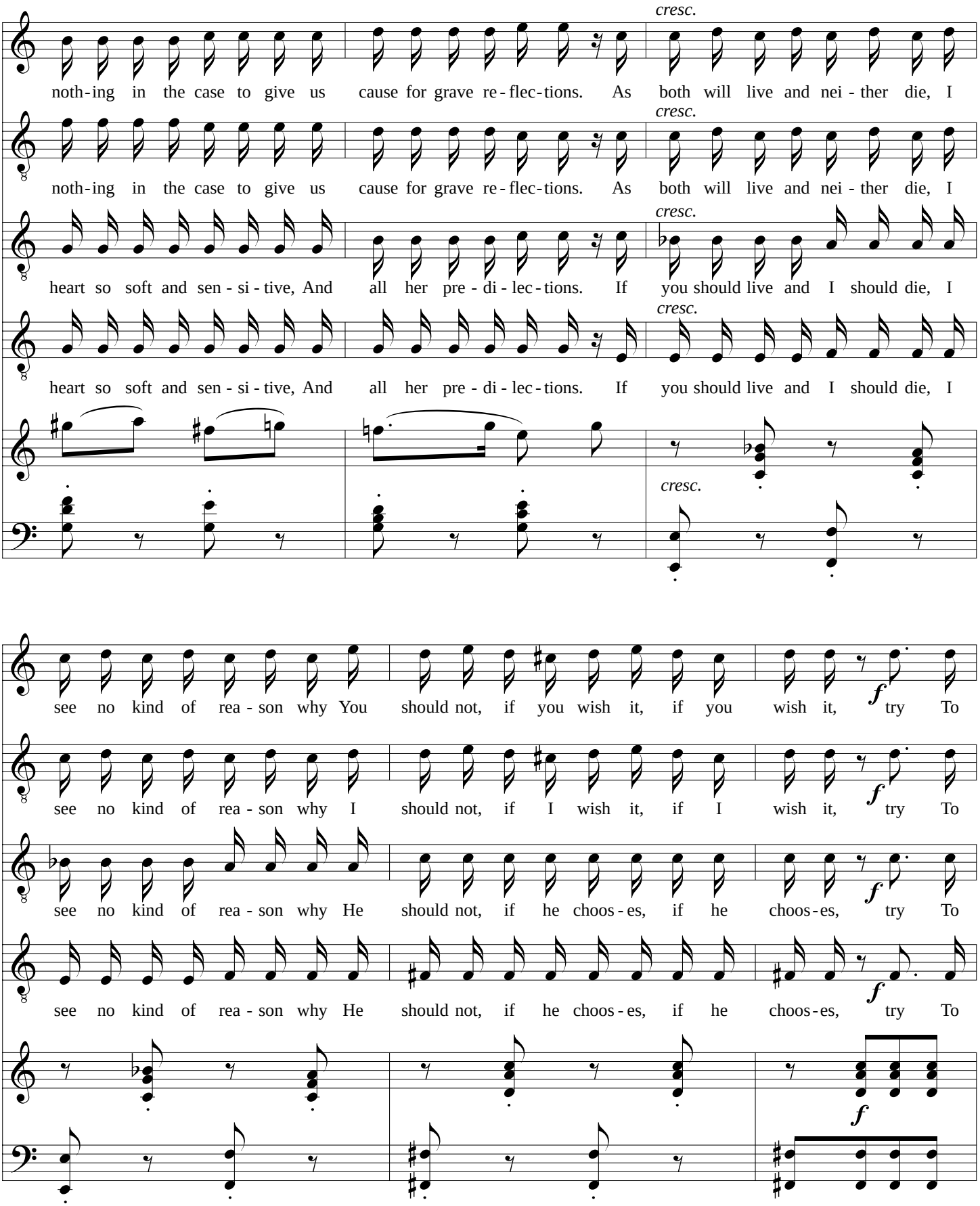


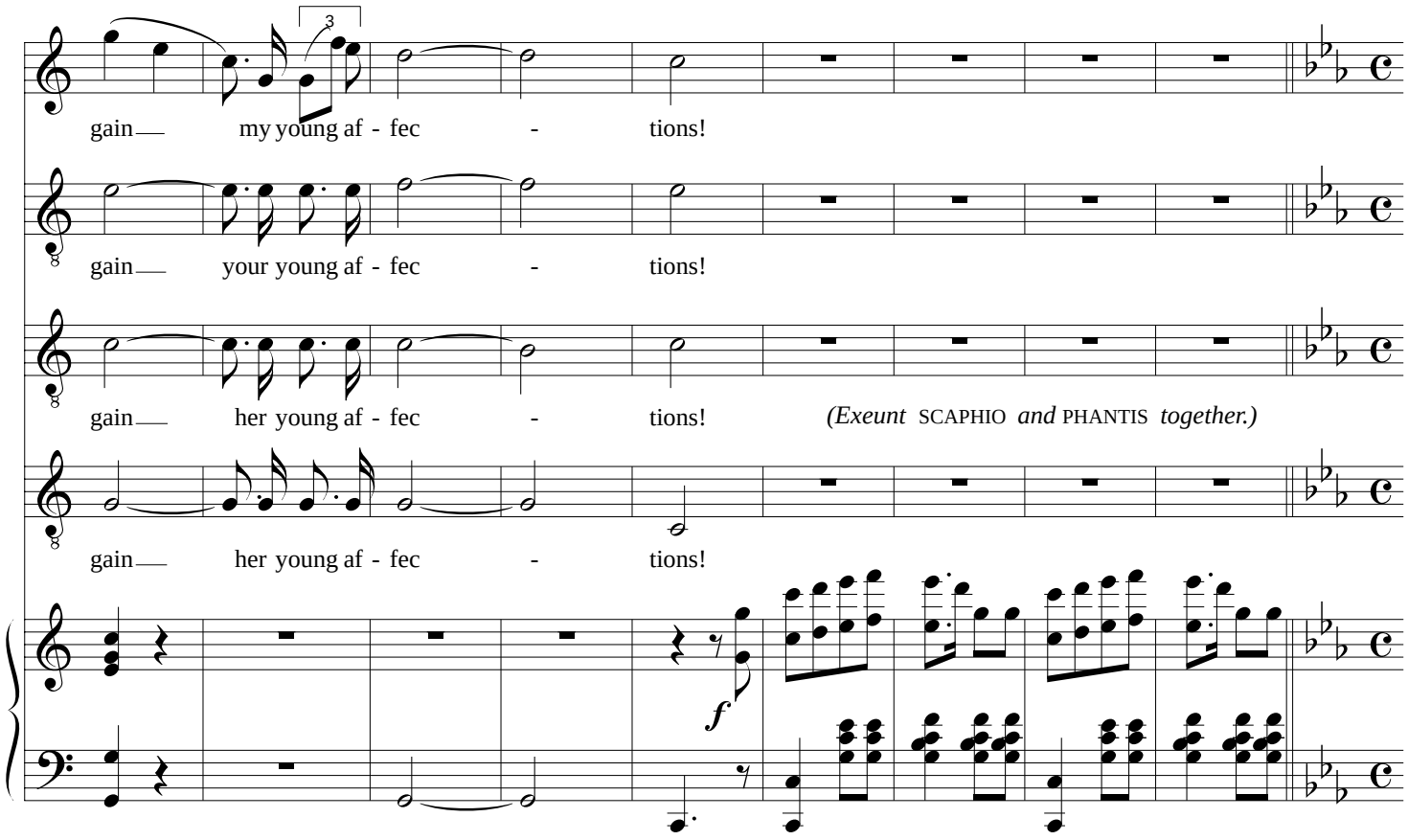

Zara:
We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle -
vi - val. We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle -
Scaphio:
It's clear - ly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy
Phantis:
It's clear - ly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy
A
man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed,
man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed,
safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,
safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,


rall.
a tempo
you and I. Of blood-shed each is ra-ther shy They both pre-fer sur-vi-val!
you and I. Of blood-shed each is ra-ther shy They both pre-fer sur-vi-val!
(aside to FITZ.)
bye and bye, Which gen-tle-man pre-fers to die, And which pre-fers sur vi-val. If - I should die and
bye and bye, Which gen-tle-man pre-fers to die, And which pre-fers sur-vi-val.
B
he should live, To you, with-out re-serve, I give Her heart so young and sen-si-tive, And all her pre-di-
Phantis:
lec-tions. If he should live and I should die, I see no kind of rea-son why You should not, if you


Zara:
As both will live, and
Fitzbattleaxe:
As both will live, and
Scaphio:
If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi -
wish it, try To gain her young af - fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To
C
nei - ther die, I see no kind of rea - son why You
nei - ther die, I see no kind of rea - son why I -
cer I give Her heart so soft and sen - si - tive, And all her pre - di - lec - tions. If you should live and
this young of - fi - cer I give Her heart so soft and sen - si - tive, And all her pre - di - lec - tions. If

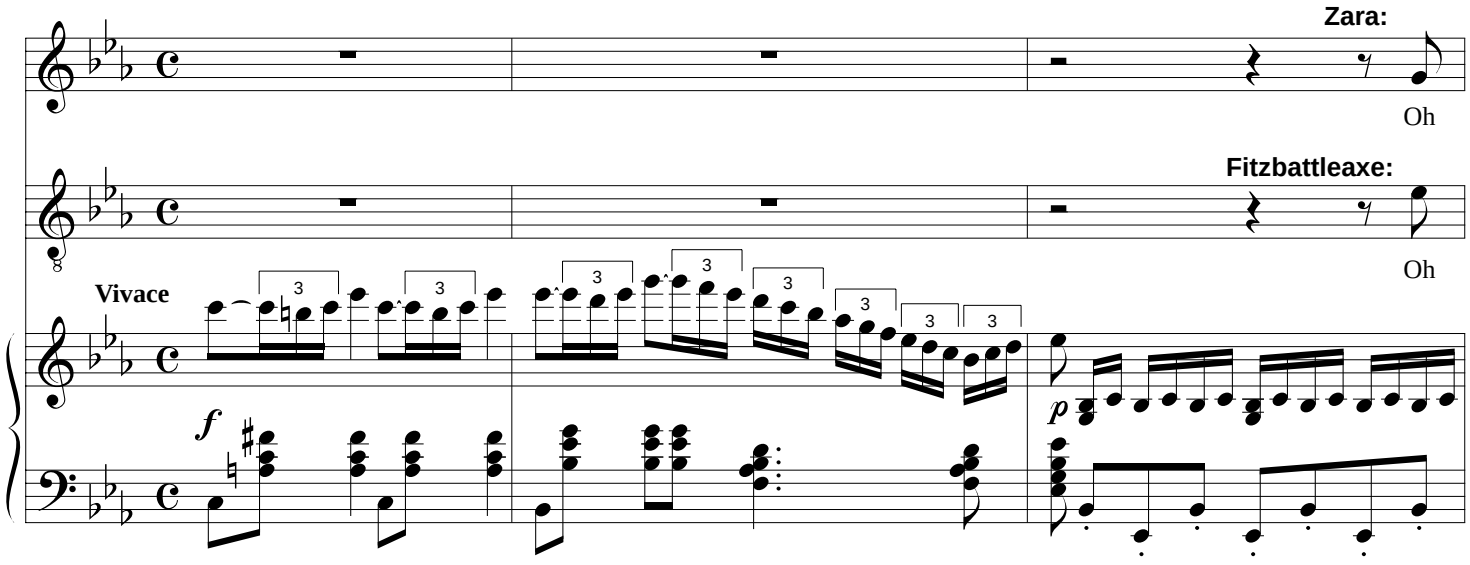

should not, if you wish it, try To gain my young af -
should not, if I wish it, try To - gain your young af -
I should die, I see no kind of rea - son why He should not, if he choos - es, try To win her young af -
you should live and I should die, I see no kind of rea - son why He should not try To win her young af -
pp
fec - tions. As both of us are pos - i - tive That both of them in - tend to live, There's
fec - tions. As both of us are pos - i - tive That both of them in - tend to live, There's
fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi - cer I give Her
fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi - cer I give Her
D

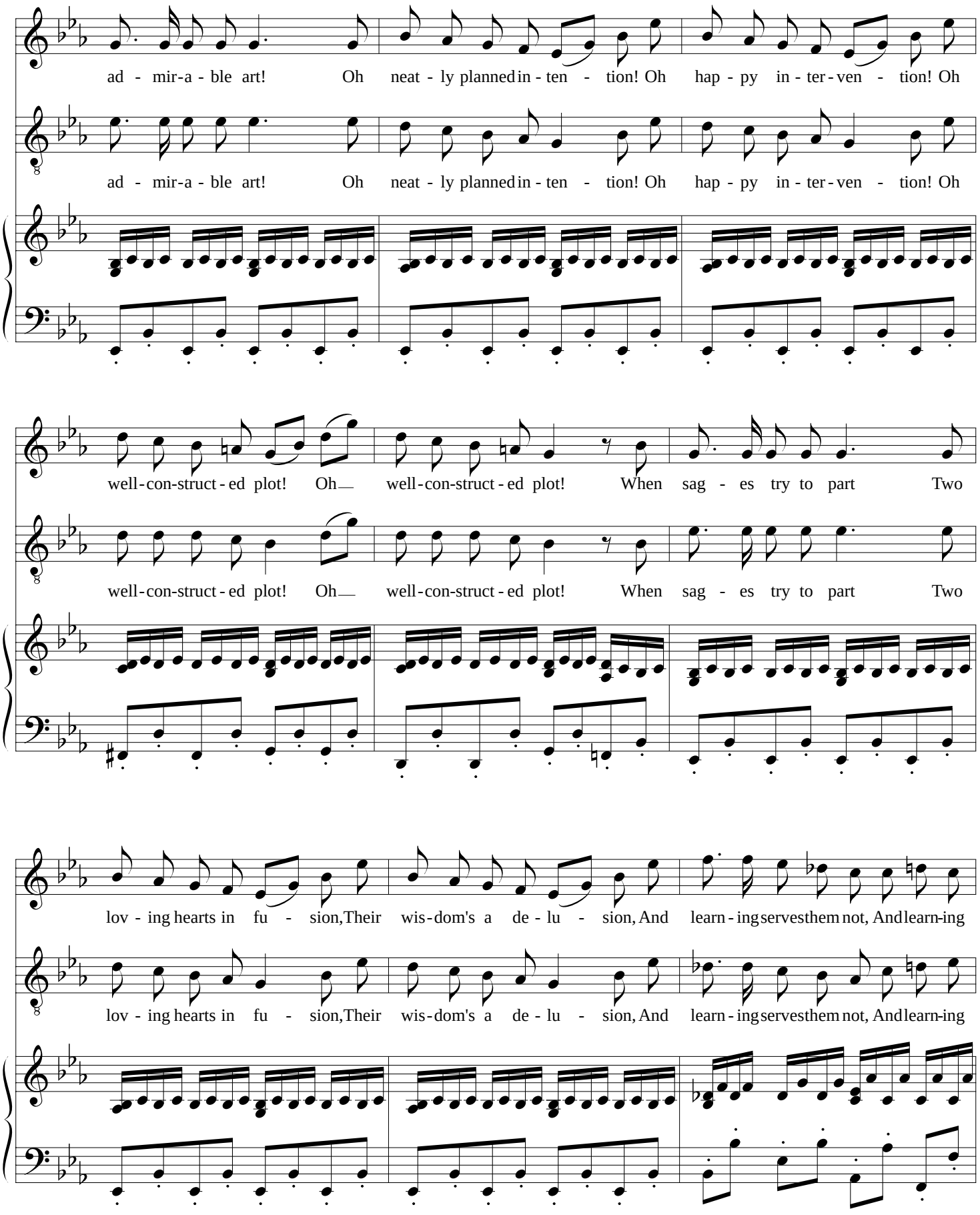

cresc.
noth-ing in the case to give us cause for grave re-flec-tions. As both will live and nei-ther die, I
heart so soft and sen-si-tive, And all her pre-di-lec-tions. If you should live and I should die, I
see no kind of rea-son why You should not, if you wish it, if you wish it, try To
see no kind of rea-son why I should not, if I wish it, if I wish it, try To
see no kind of rea-son why He should not, if he choos-es, if he choos-es, try To
see no kind of rea-son why He should not, if he choos-es, if he choos-es, try To
f

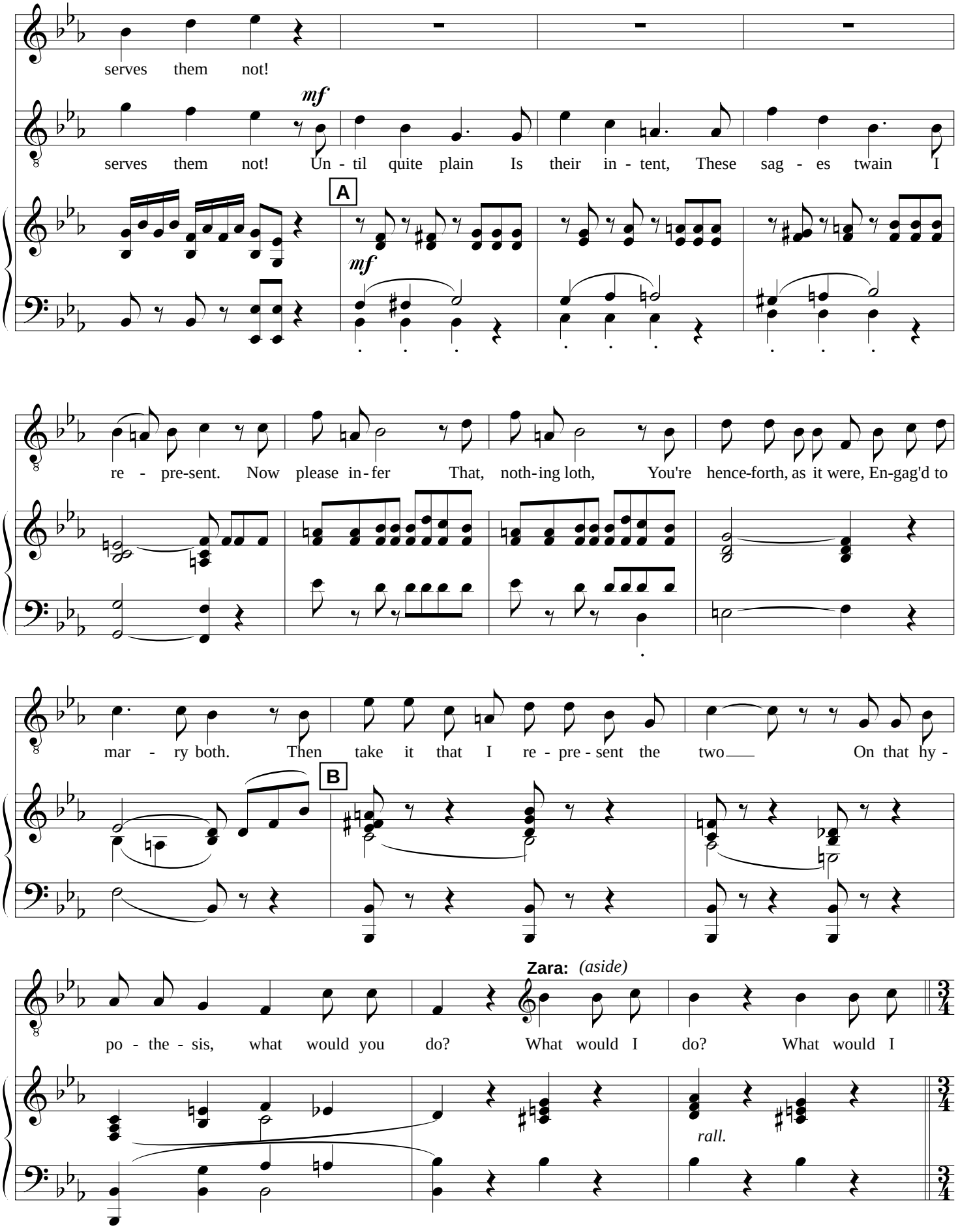


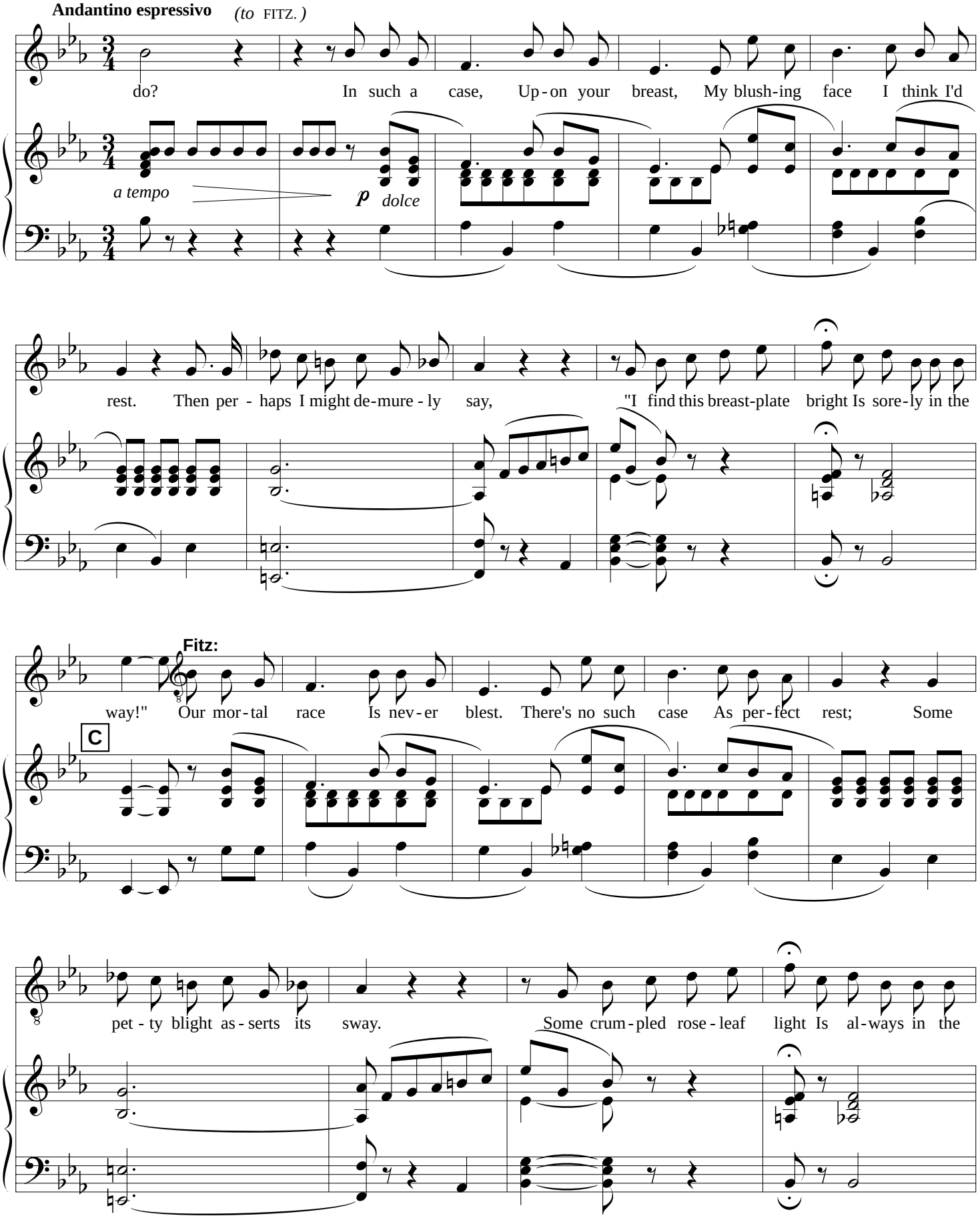
No. 10. Oh admirable art!

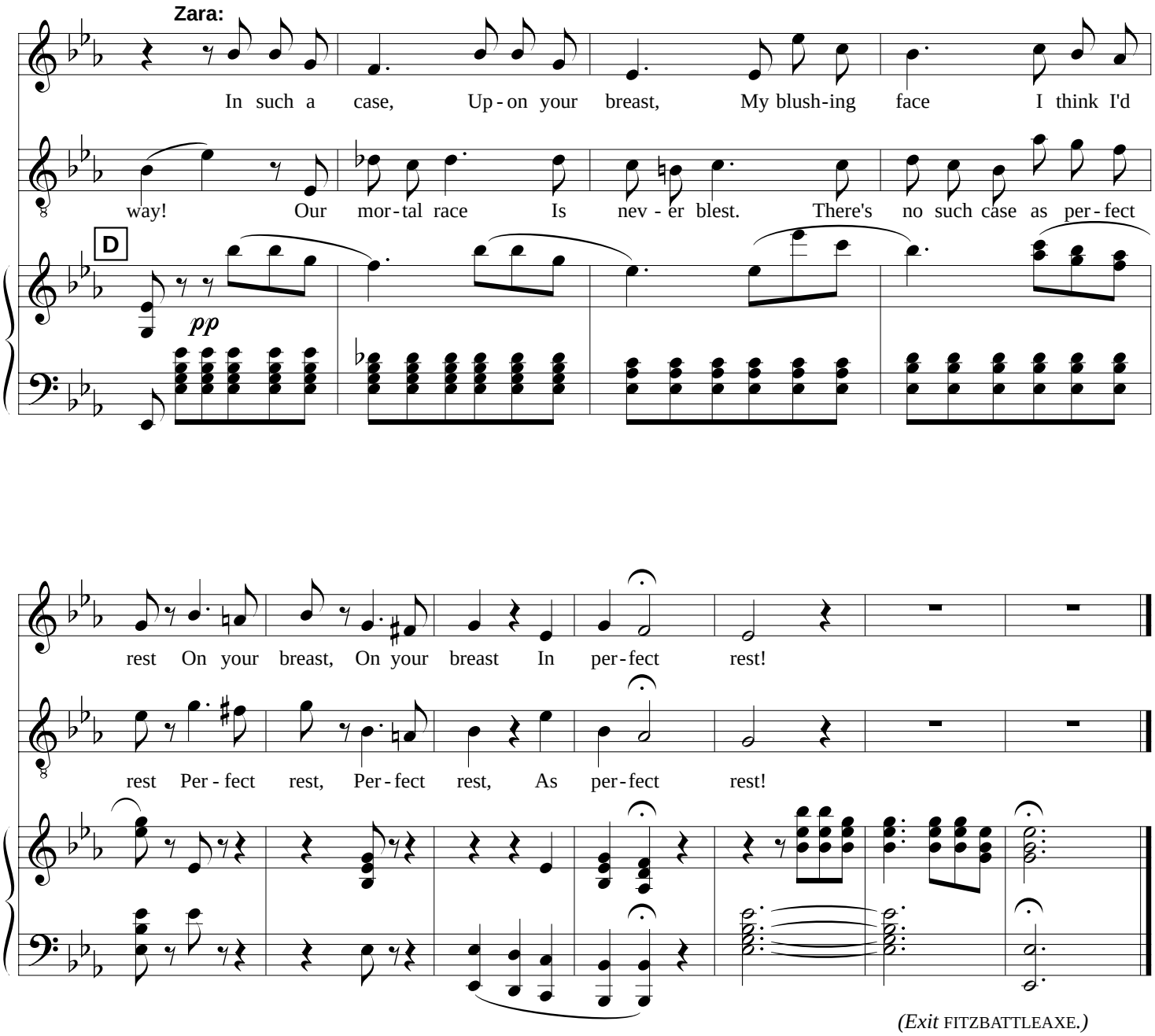
Zara and Capt. Fitzbattleaxe




ad - mir-a - ble art! Oh neat - ly planned in - ten - tion! Oh hap - py in - ter - ven - tion! Oh
ad - mir-a - ble art! Oh neat - ly planned in - ten - tion! Oh hap - py in - ter - ven - tion! Oh
well - con-struct - ed plot! Oh— well - con-struct - ed plot! When sag - es try to part Two
well - con-struct - ed plot! Oh— well - con-struct - ed plot! When sag - es try to part Two
lov - ing hearts in fu - sion, Their wis - dom's a de - lu - sion, And learn - ing serves them not, And learn-ing
lov - ing hearts in fu - sion, Their wis - dom's a de - lu - sion, And learn - ing serves them not, And learn-ing


serves them not!
mf
serves them not! Un - til quite plain Is their in - tent, These sag - es twain I
A
mf
re - pre-sent. Now please in-fer That, noth-ing loth, You're hence-forth, as it were, En-gag'd to
mar - ry both. Then take it that I re - pre - sent the two On that hy -
B
Zara: (aside)
po - the - sis, what would you do? What would I do? What would I
rall.


Andantino espressivo
(to FITZ.)
do? In such a case, Up-on your breast, My blush-ing face I think I'd
a tempo
p dolce
rest. Then per - haps I might de-mure - ly say, "I find this breast-plate bright Is sore-ly in the
Fitz:
way!" Our mor-tal race Is nev-er blest. There's no such case As per-fect rest; Some
C
pet - ty blight as - serts its sway. Some crum-pled rose - leaf light Is al-ways in the

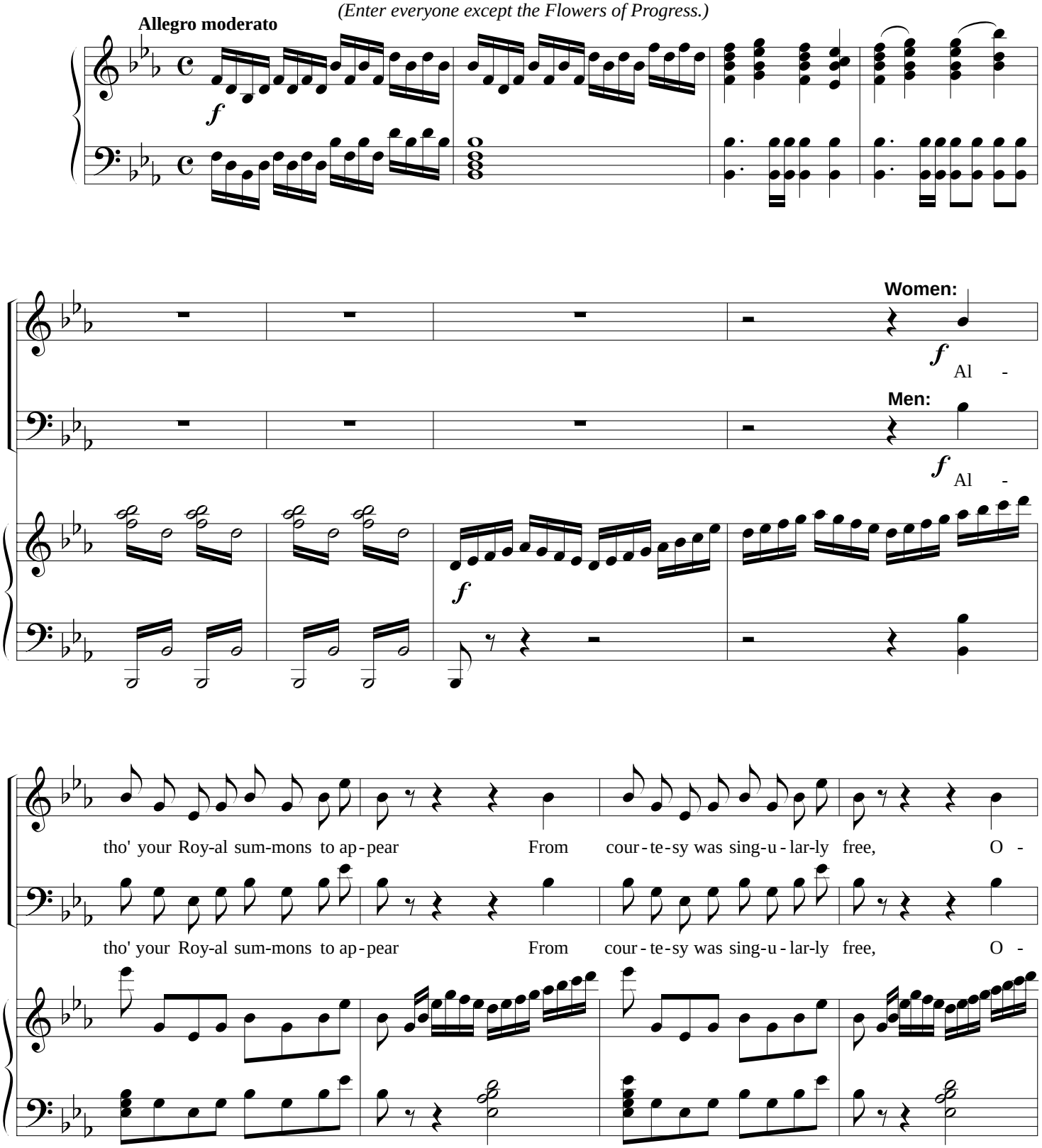


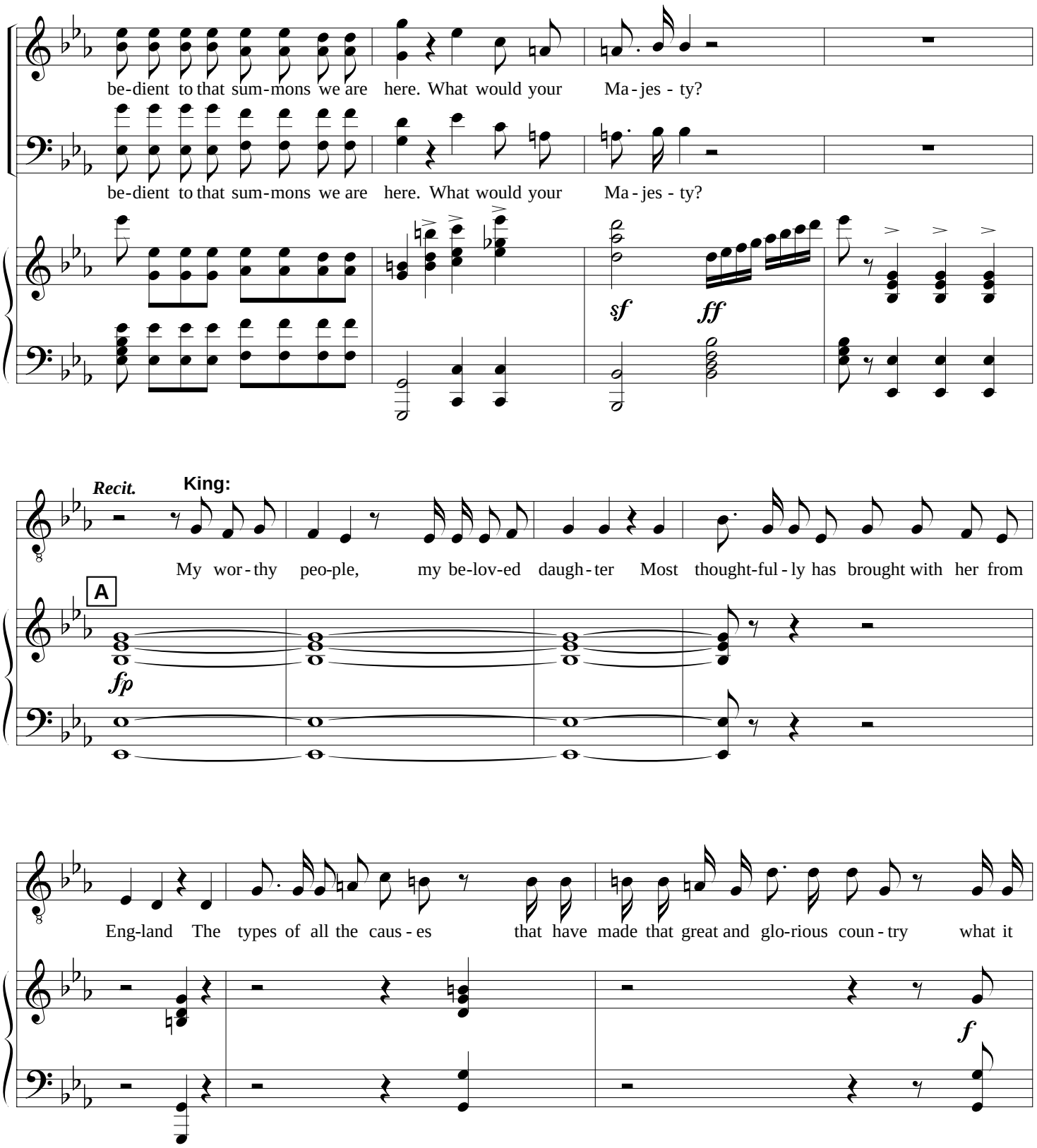
(Exit FITZBATTLEAXE.*)*

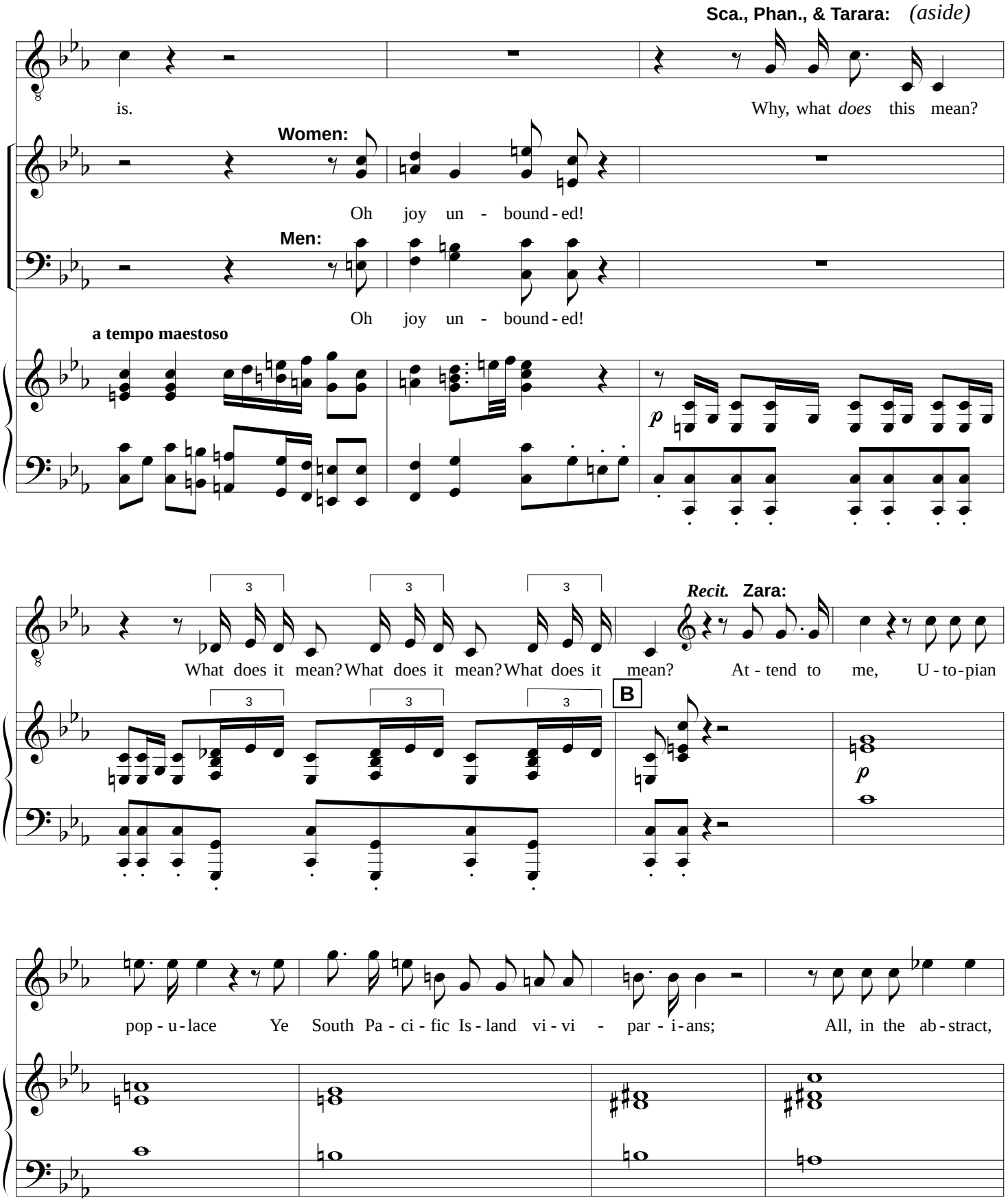
No. 12. Although your Royal summons to appear

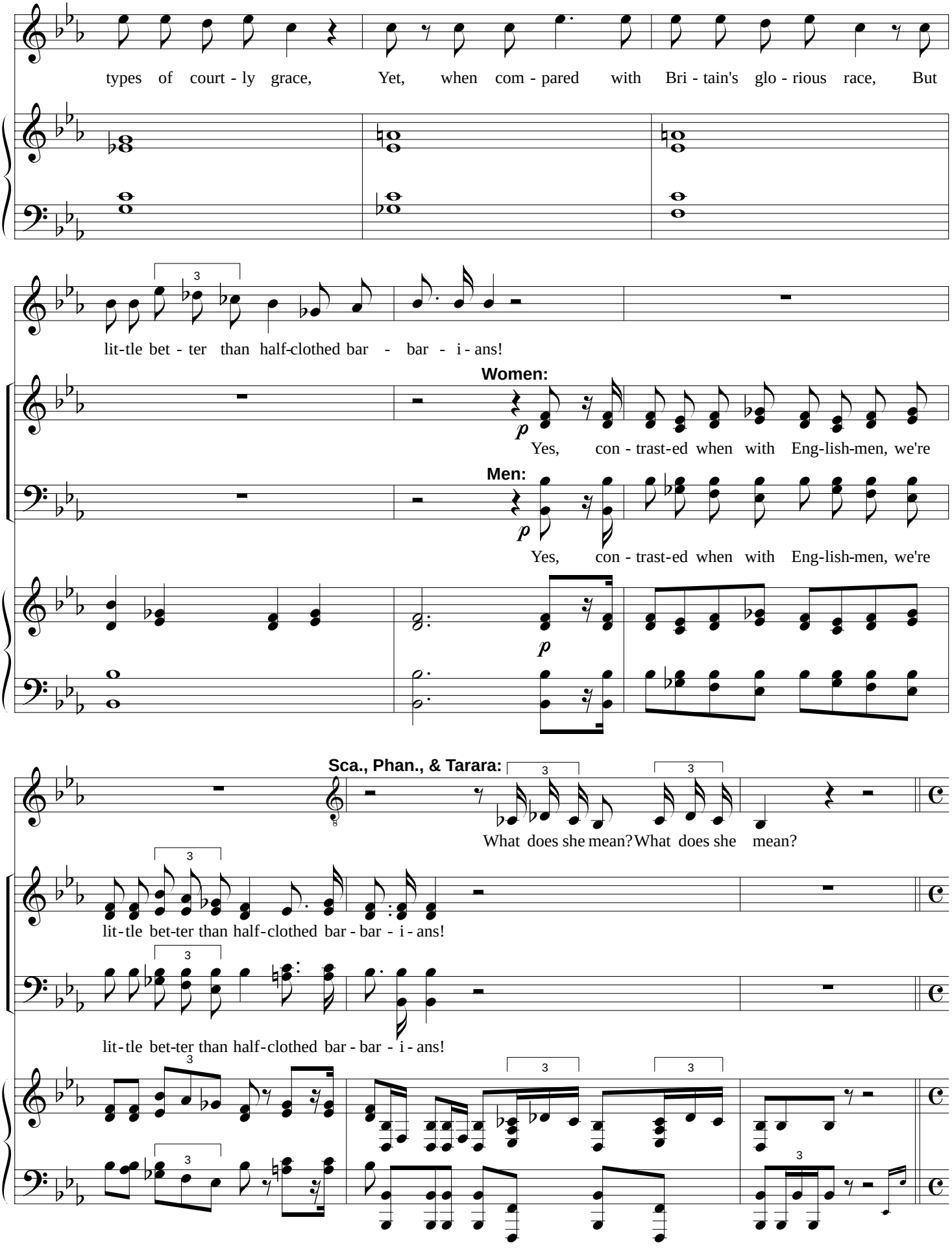
Finale, Act I

(Enter everyone except the Flowers of Progress.)




be-dient to that sum-mons we are here. What would your Ma-jes-ty?
be-dient to that sum-mons we are here. What would your Ma-jes-ty?
sf
ff
Recit.
King:
My wor-thy peo-ple, my be-lov-ed daugh-ter Most thought-ful-ly has brought with her from
A
fp
Eng-land The types of all the caus-es that have made that great and glo-rious coun-try what it
f


Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)
is.
Why, what does this mean?
Women:
Oh joy un - bound - ed!
Men:
Oh joy un - bound - ed!
a tempo maestoso
p
What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean?
Recit. Zara:
At - tend to me, U - to - pian
B
p
pop - u - lace Ye South Pa - ci - fic Is - land vi - vi - par - i - ans;
All, in the ab - stract,


types of court - ly grace, Yet, when com - pared with Bri - tain's glo - rious race, But
lit-tle bet - ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i - ans!
Women:
Yes, con - trast-ed when with Eng-lish-men, we're
Men:
Yes, con - trast-ed when with Eng-lish-men, we're
Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
What does she mean? What does she mean?
lit-tle bet-ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i - ans!
lit-tle bet-ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i - ans!

(Enter all the Flowers of Progress led by FITZBATTLEAXE.*)*

Allegro marziale

C

ff

Zara: *(presenting* CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE*)*

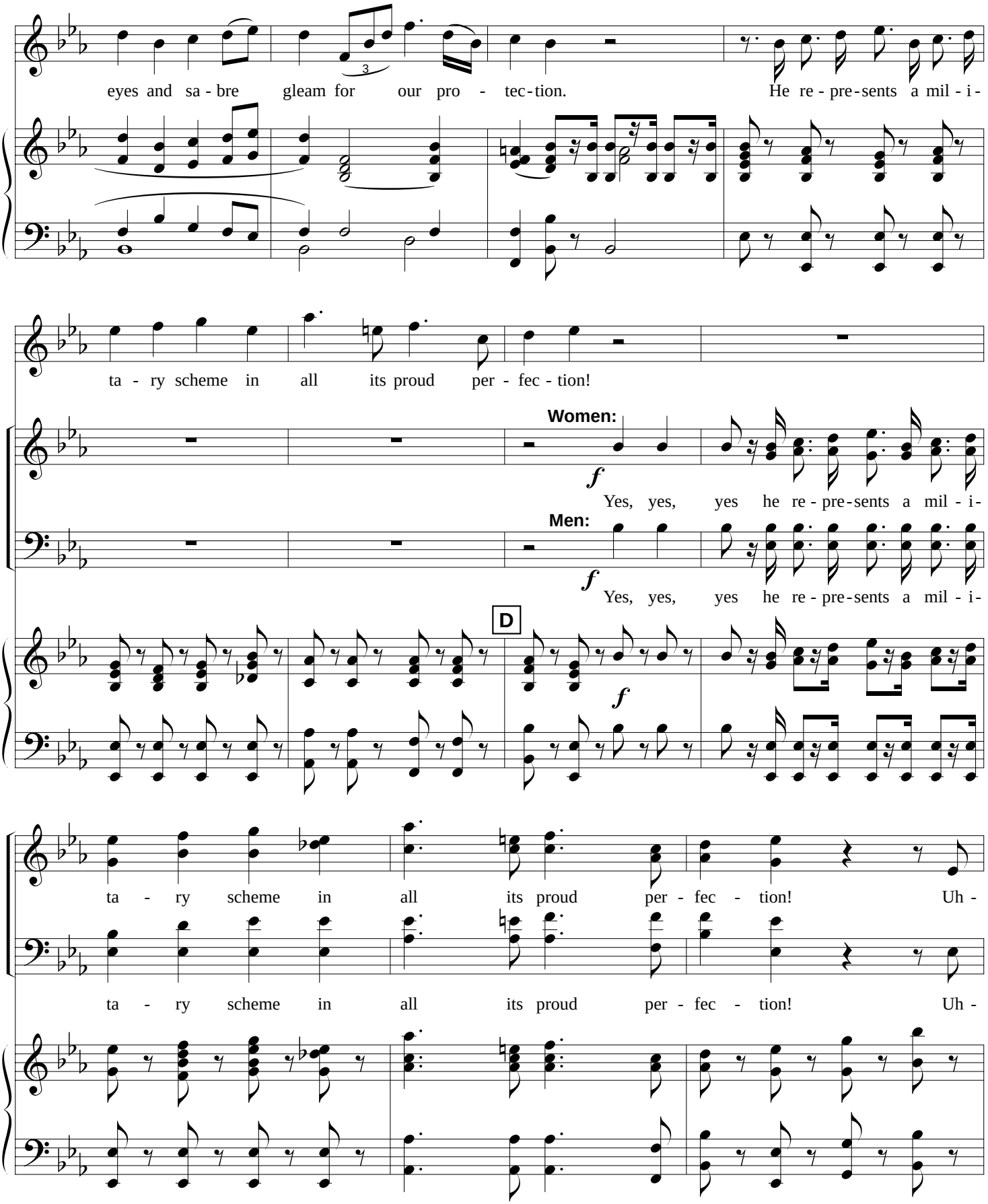
f

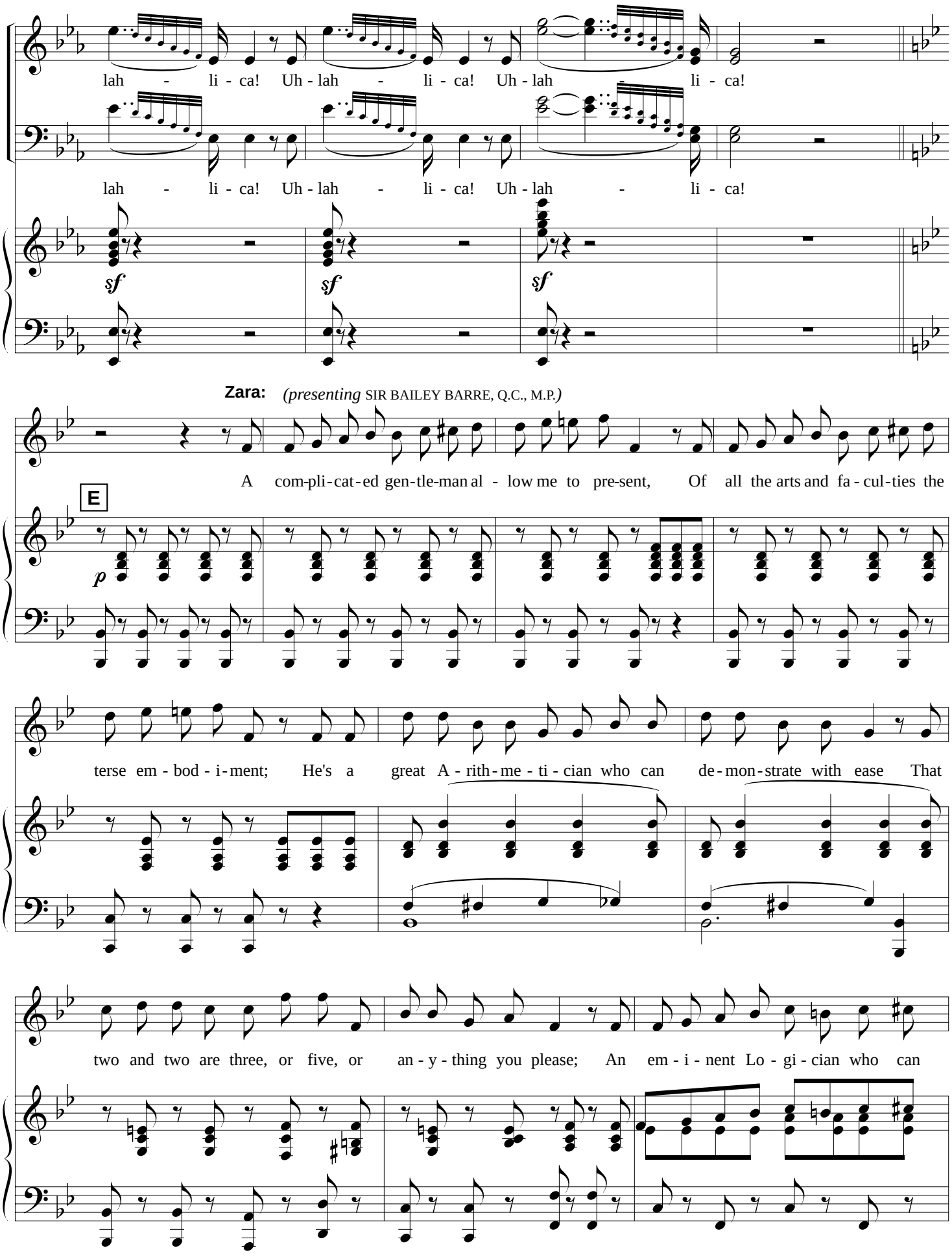
When Bri-tain sounds the trump of

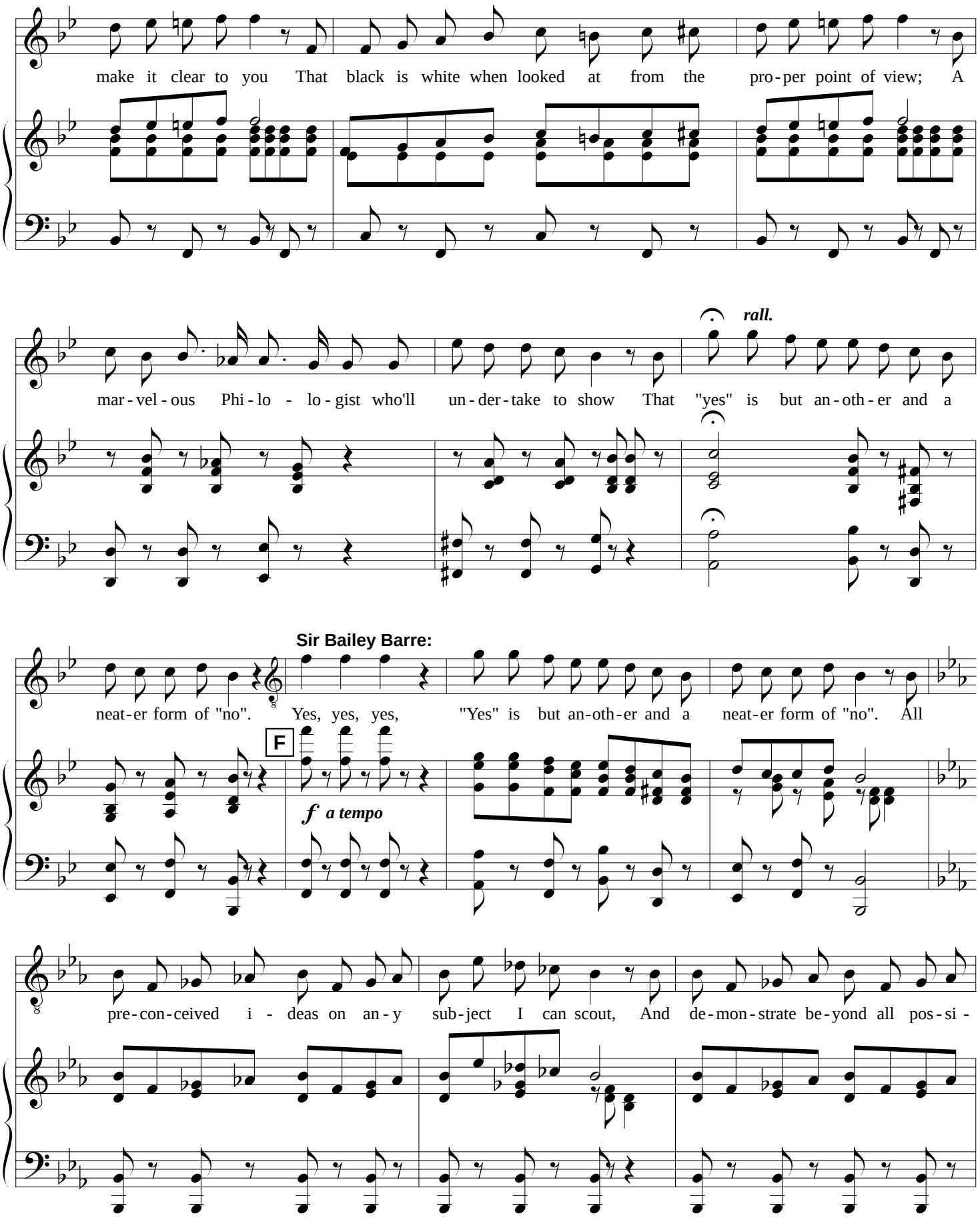
p

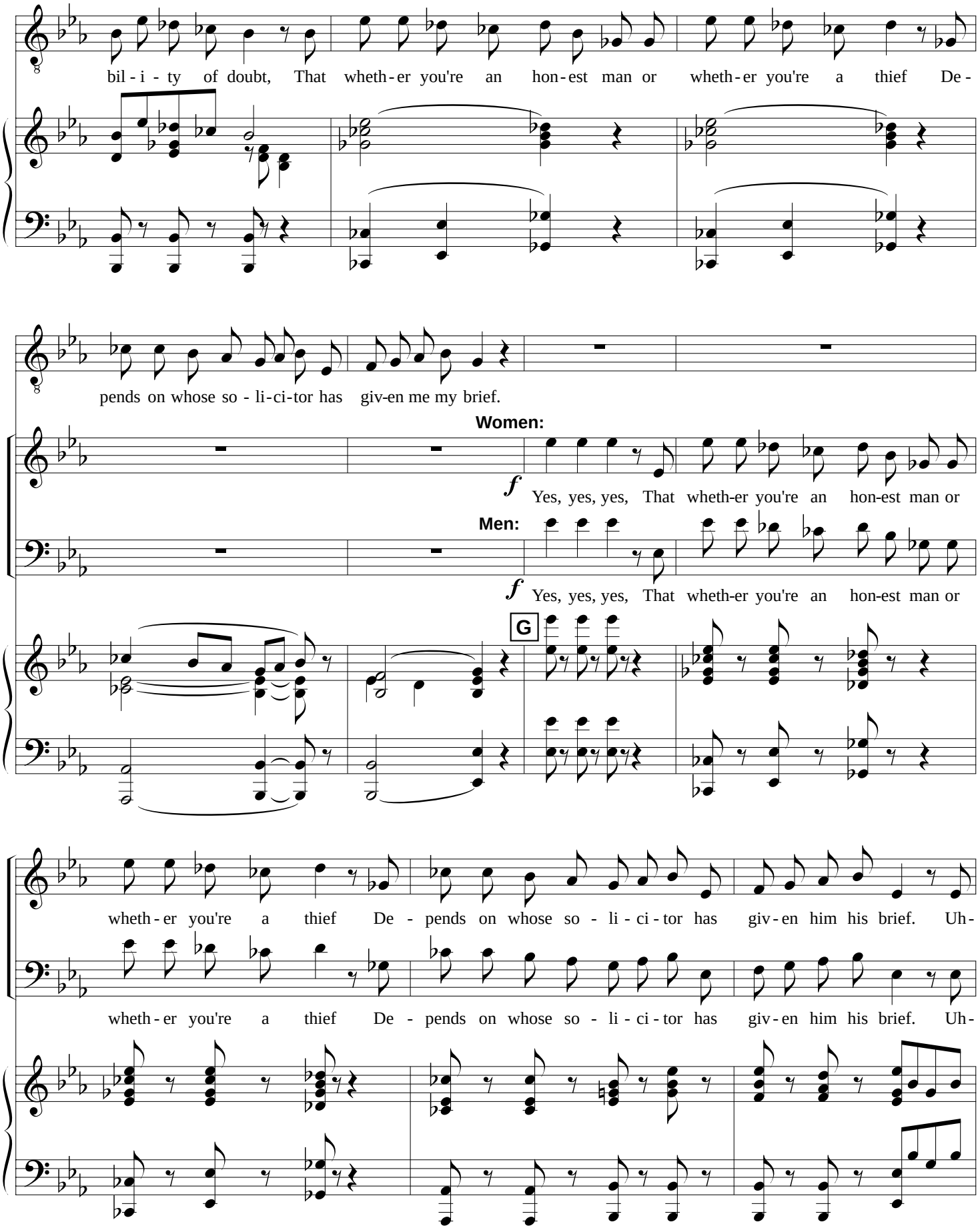
war (and Eu - rope trem - bles), The ar - my of the con - que -

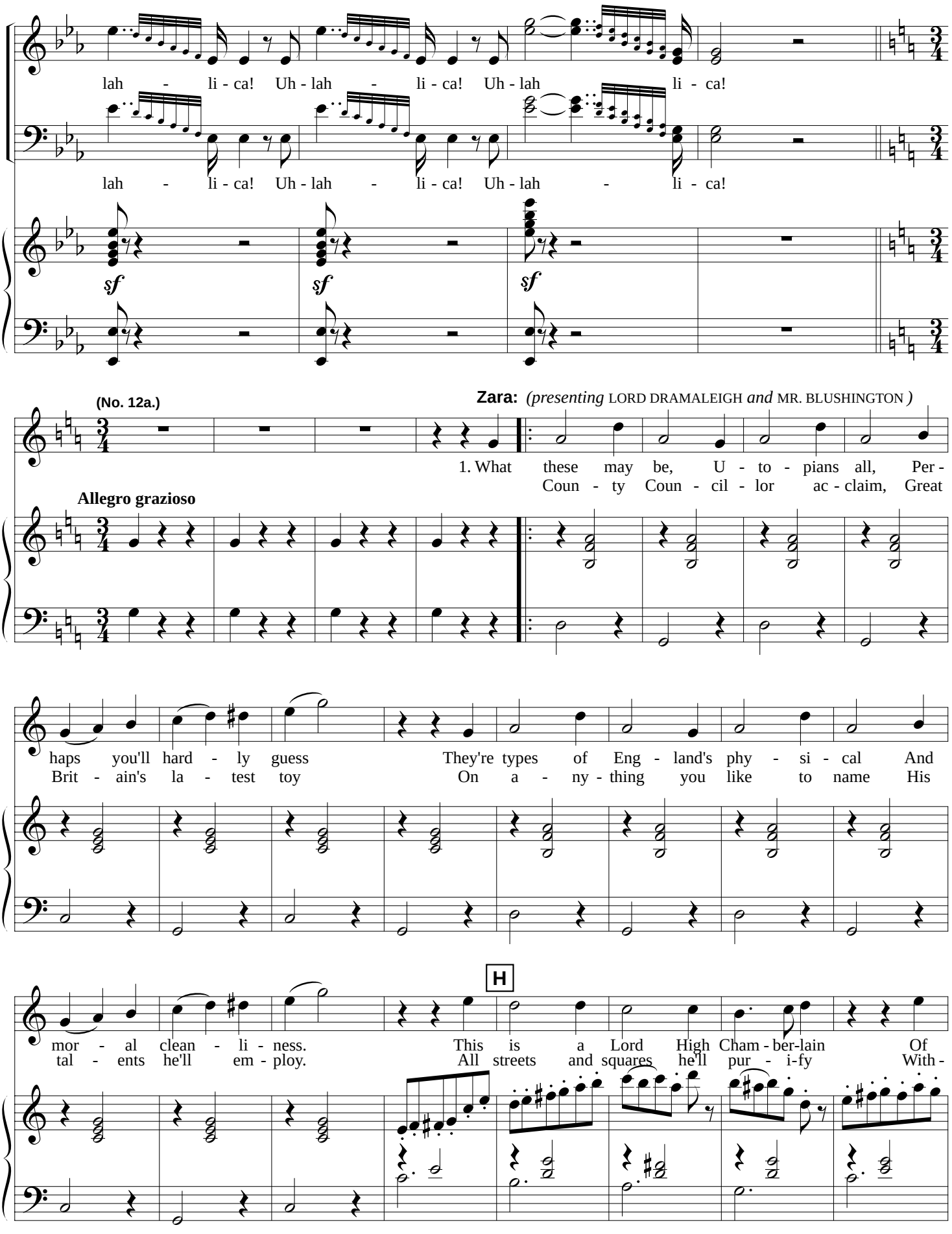
ror in ser - ried ranks as - sem - bles. 'Tis then this war - rior's

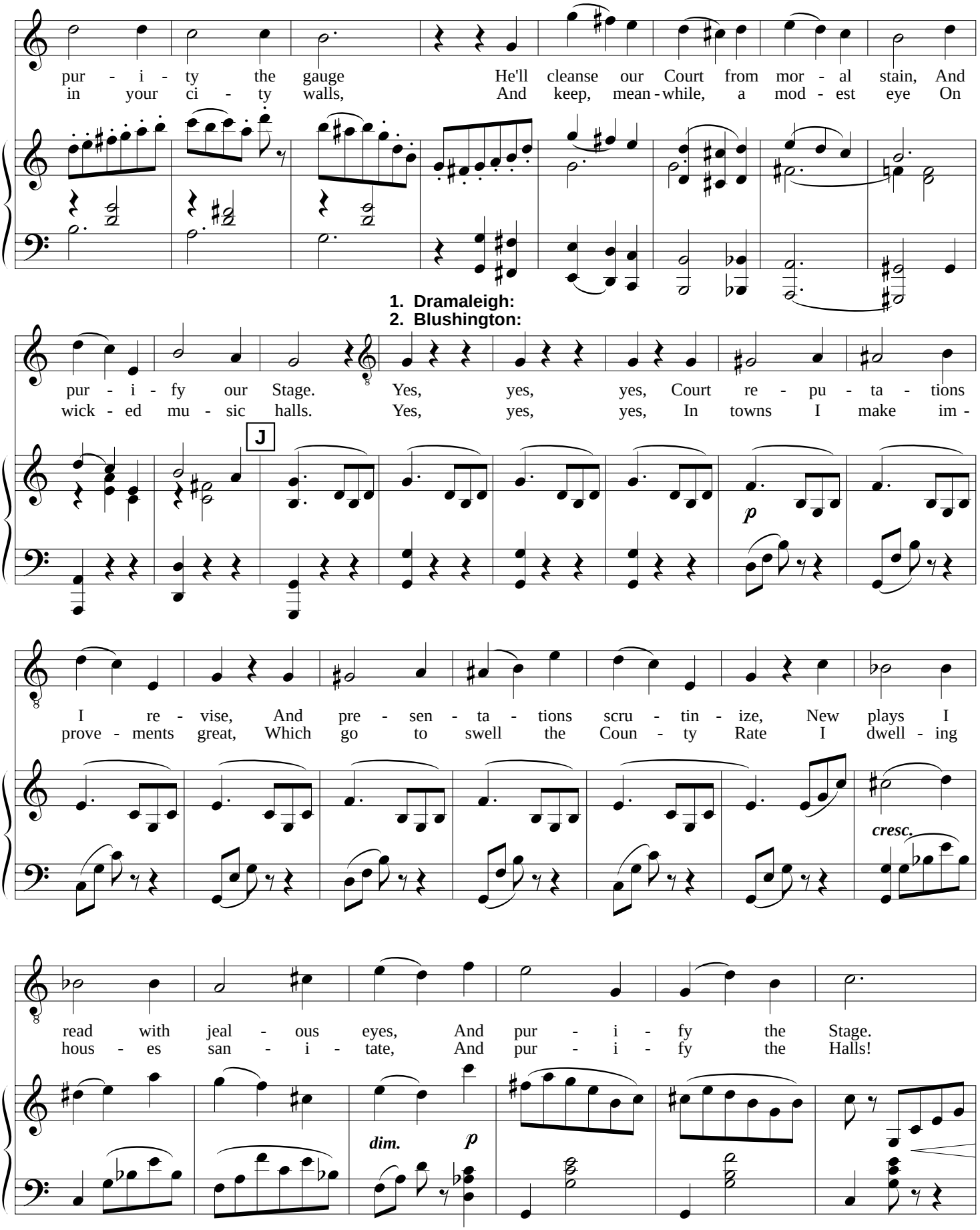

eyes and sa - bre gleam for our pro - tec-tion. He re - pre-sents a mil - i-
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion!
Women:
f
Yes, yes, yes he re - pre-sents a mil - i-
Men:
f
Yes, yes, yes he re - pre-sents a mil - i-
D
f
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion! Uh -
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion! Uh -

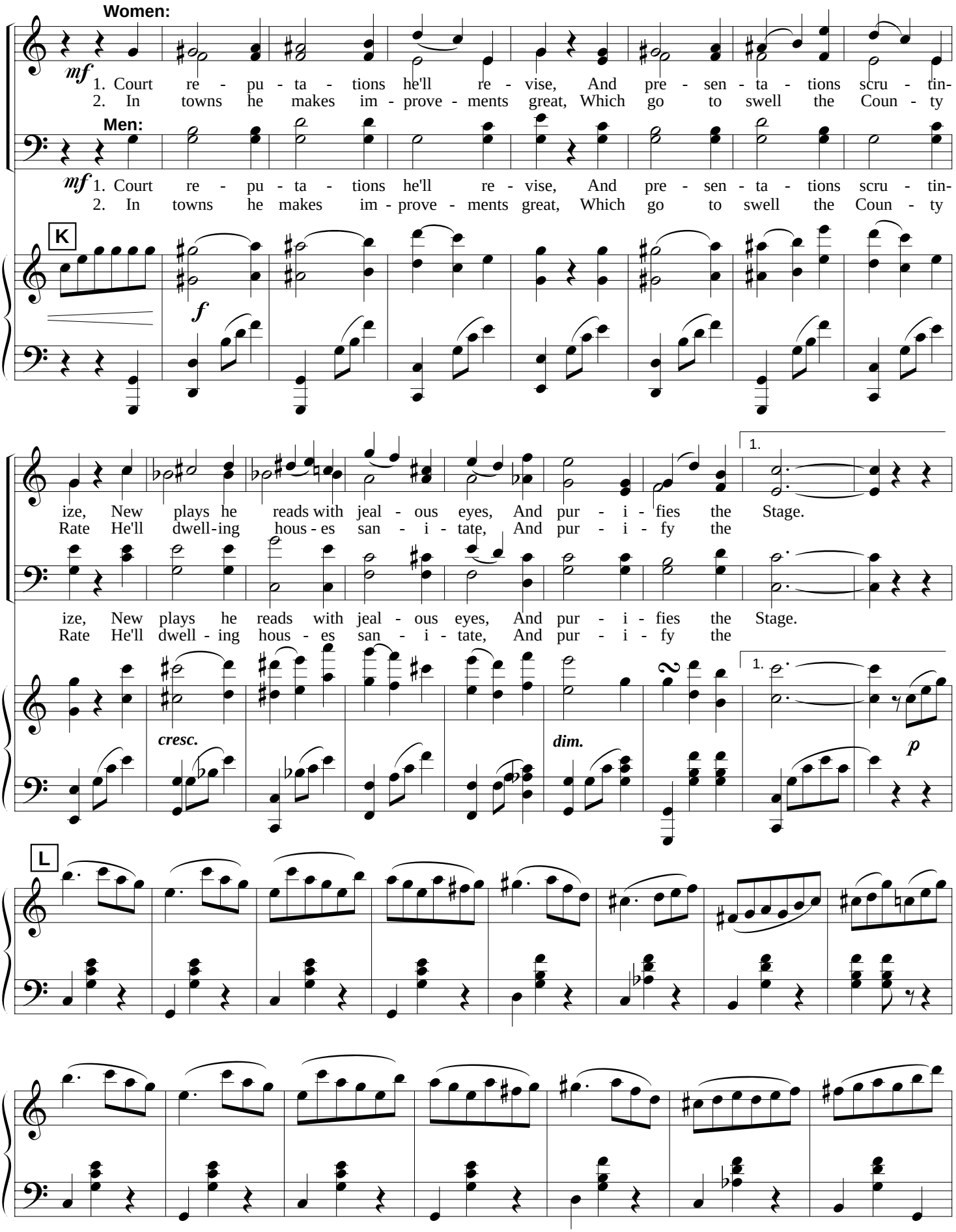

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah li - ca!
lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca!
sf
sf
sf
Zara: (presenting SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.)
A com-pli-cat-ed gen-tle-man al - low me to pre-sent, Of all the arts and fa - cul-ties the
E
p
terse em - bod - i - ment; He's a great A - rith - me - ti - cian who can de - mon - strate with ease That
two and two are three, or five, or an - y - thing you please; An em - i - nent Lo - gi - cian who can


make it clear to you That black is white when looked at from the pro-per point of view; A
rall.
mar-vel-ous Phi-lo - lo-gist who'll un-der-take to show That "yes" is but an-oth-er and a
Sir Bailey Barre:
neat-er form of "no". Yes, yes, yes, "Yes" is but an-oth-er and a neat-er form of "no". All
F
f a tempo
pre-con-ceived i - deas on an-y sub-ject I can scout, And de-mon-strate be-yond all pos-si -


bil - i - ty of doubt, That wheth - er you're an hon - est man or wheth - er you're a thief De -
pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en me my brief.
Women:
f
Yes, yes, yes, That wheth-er you're an hon-est man or
Men:
f
Yes, yes, yes, That wheth-er you're an hon-est man or
G
wheth - er you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh -
wheth - er you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh -


lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah li - ca!
lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca!
sf
sf
sf
(No. 12a.)
Zara: (presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. BLUSHINGTON)
1. What these may be, U - to - pians all, Per -
Coun - ty Coun - cil - lor ac - claim, Great
Allegro grazioso
haps you'll hard - ly guess They're types of Eng - land's phy - si - cal And
Brit - ain's la - test toy On a - ny - thing you like to name His
H
mor - al clean - li - ness. This is a Lord High Cham - ber-lain Of
tal - ents he'll em - ploy. All streets and squares he'll pur - i-fy With -


pur - i - ty the gauge
in your ci - ty walls,
He'll cleanse our Court from mor - al stain, And
And keep, mean - while, a mod - est eye On
1. Dramaleigh:
2. Blushington:
pur - i - fy our Stage.
wick - ed mu - sic halls.
Yes, yes, yes, Court re - pu - ta - tions
Yes, yes, yes, In towns I make im -
J
p
I re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin - ize, New plays I
prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty Rate I dwell - ing
cresc.
read with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fy the Stage.
hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the Halls!
dim.
p


Women:
mf
1. Court re - pu - ta - tions he'll re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin-
2. In towns he makes im - prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty
Men:
mf
1. Court re - pu - ta - tions he'll re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin-
2. In towns he makes im - prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty
K
f
1.
ize, New plays he reads with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fies the Stage.
Rate He'll dwell-ing hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the
ize, New plays he reads with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fies the Stage.
Rate He'll dwell - ing hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the
cresc.
dim.
p
L

Zara:

1.

2. This

1.

Women:

Halls! Uh -

Men:

Halls! Uh -

1.

f

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh lah - - - li - ca!

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - - - li - ca!

sf *sf* *sf*

f

p *sempre staccato*

Zara: *(presenting* MR. GOLDBURY*)*

A Com - pa - ny Pro - mot - er this, with spe - cial ed - u - ca - tion Which teach - es what Con -

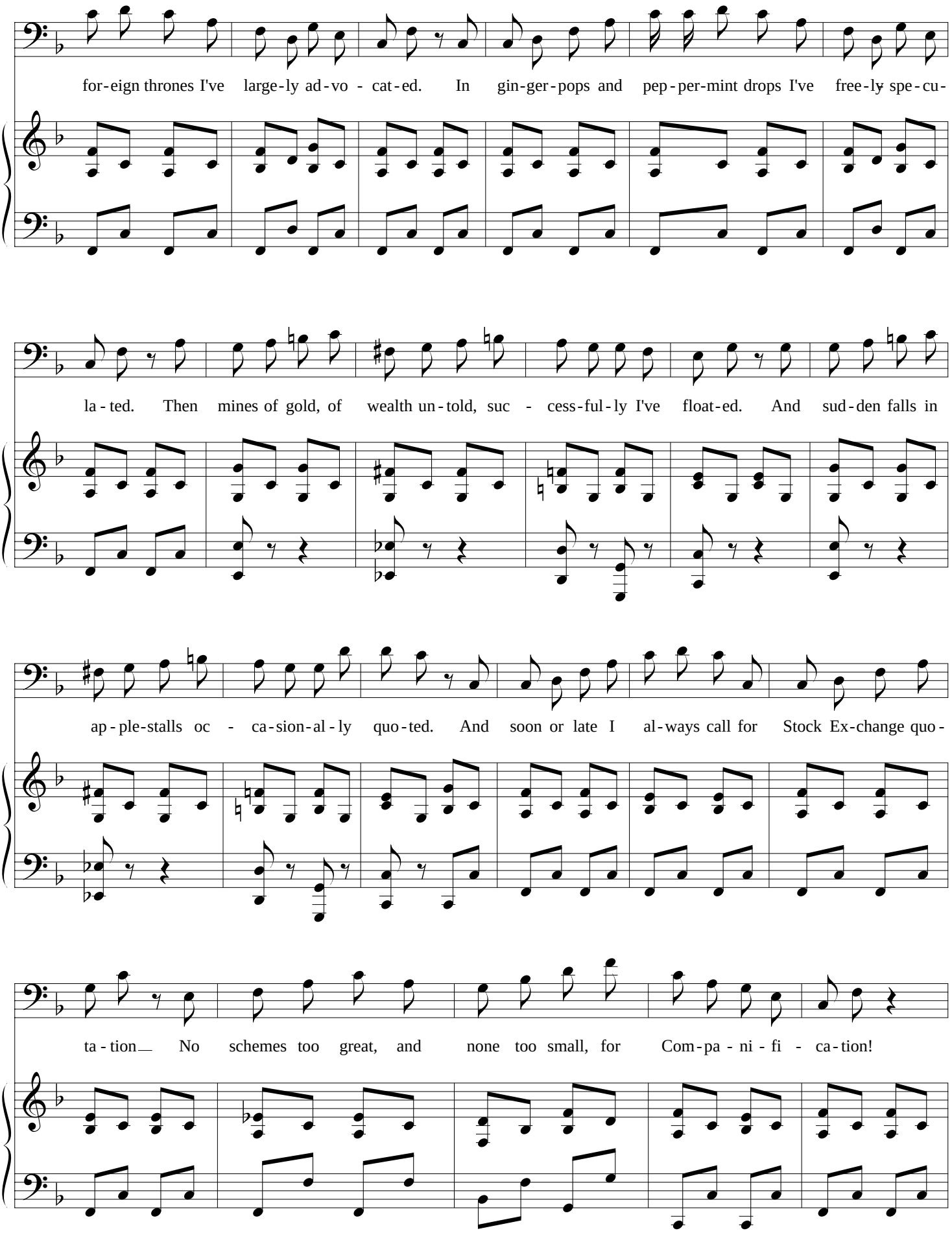
tan - go means and al - so Back - ward - a - tion. To spe - cu - la - tors he sup - plies a grand fi - nan - cial

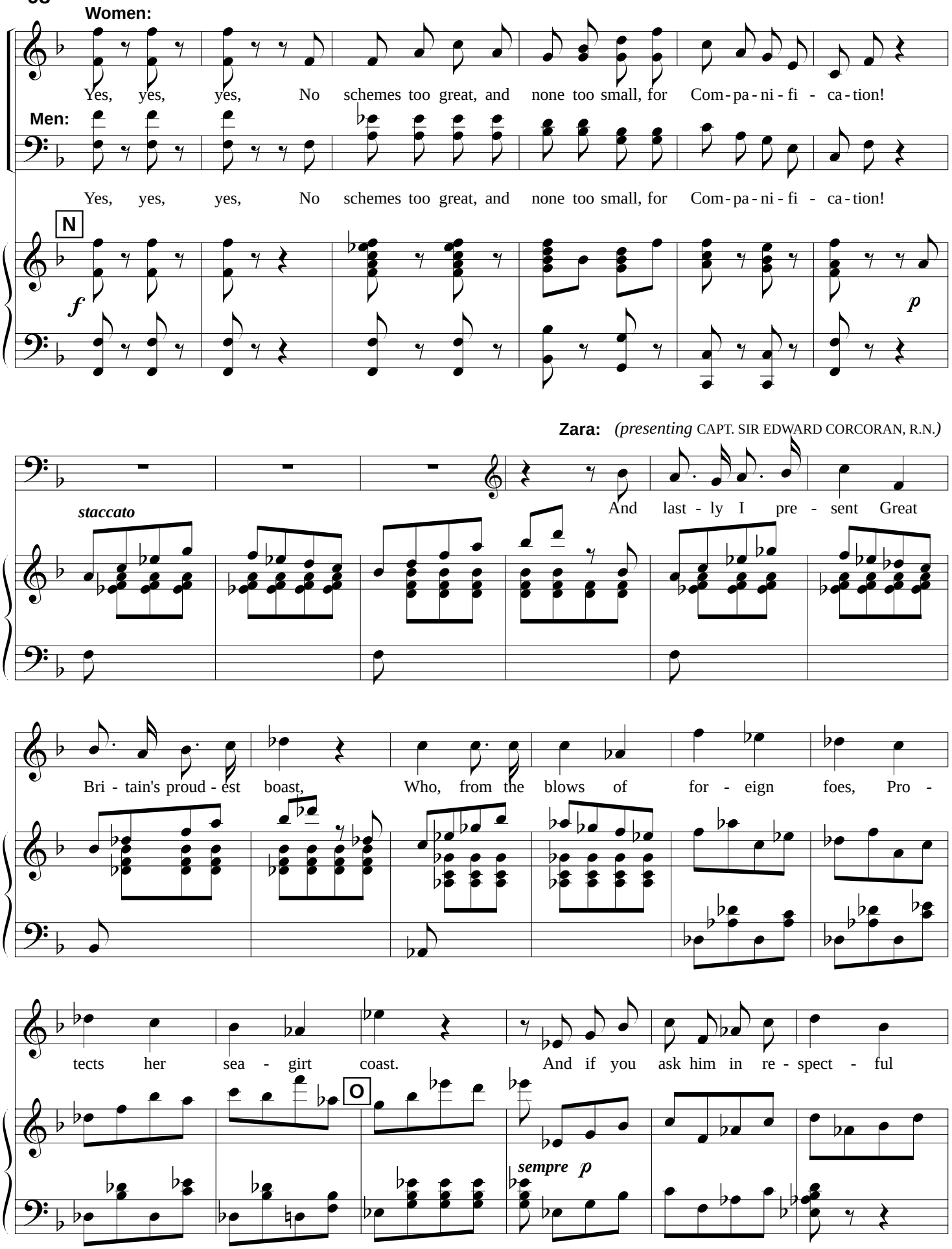
Goldbury:

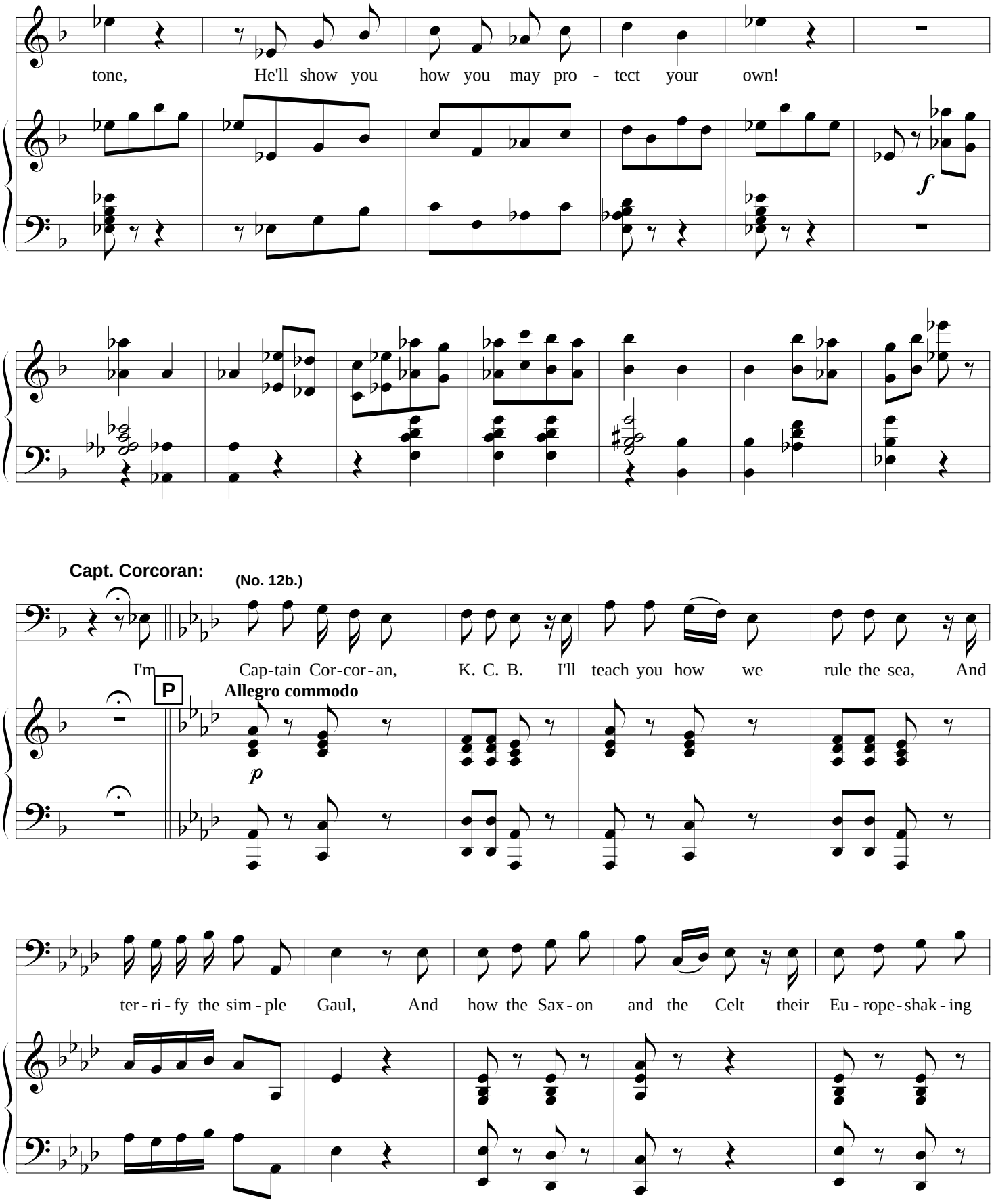
lea - ven, Time was when *two* were com - pa - ny, but now it must be sev - en. Yes, yes,

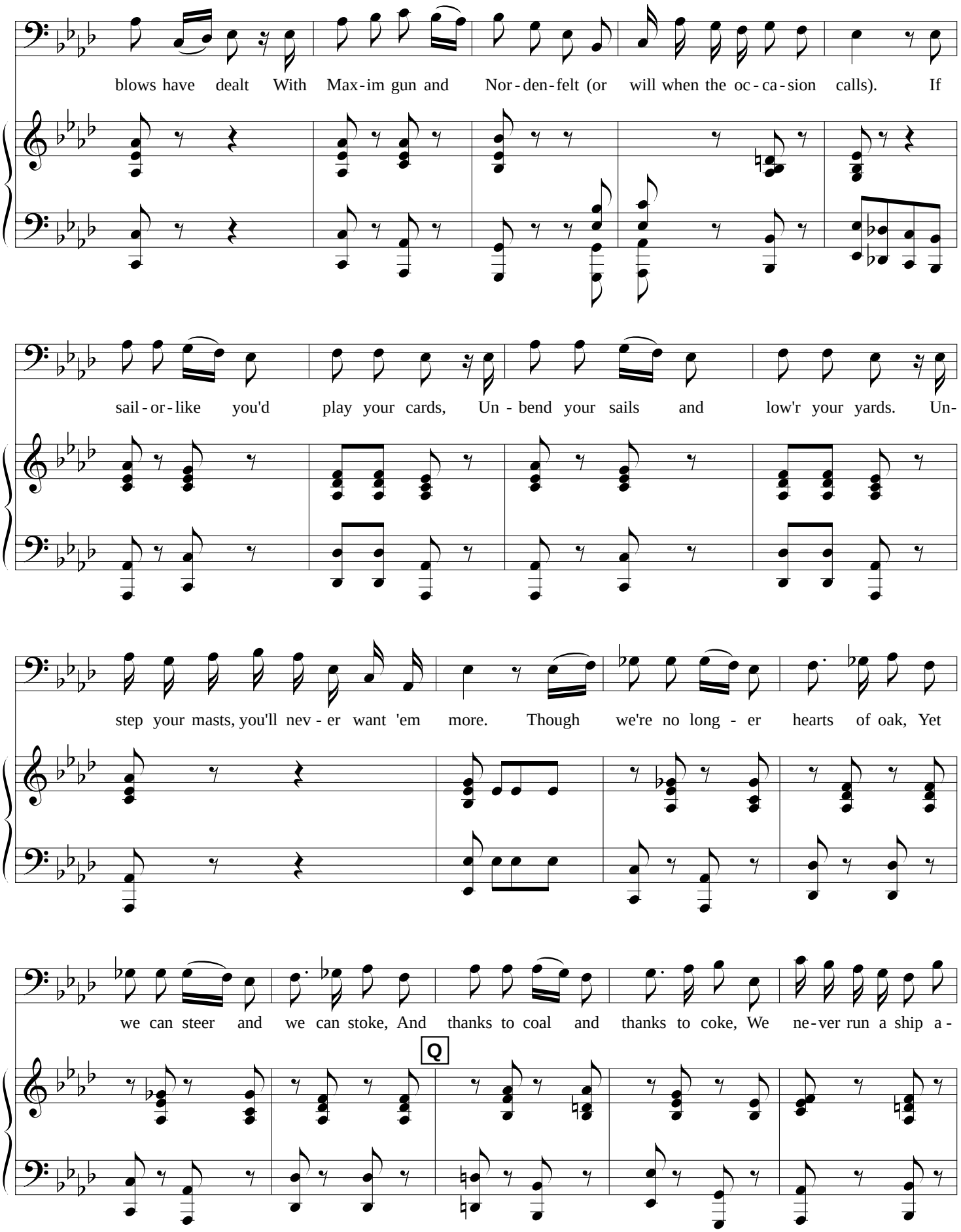
M

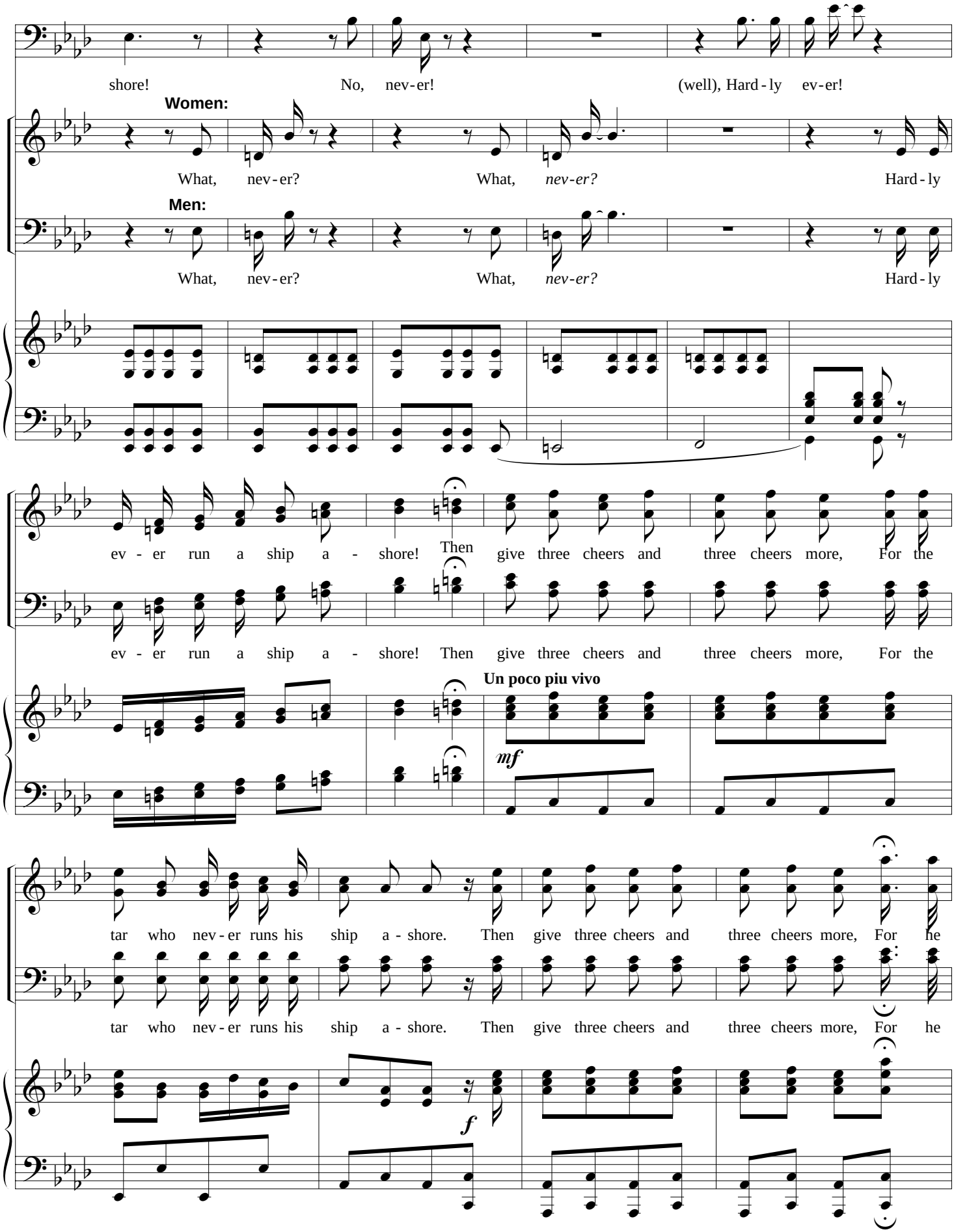
yes, Time was when *two* were com - pa - ny, but now it must be sev - en. Stu - pen - dous loans to

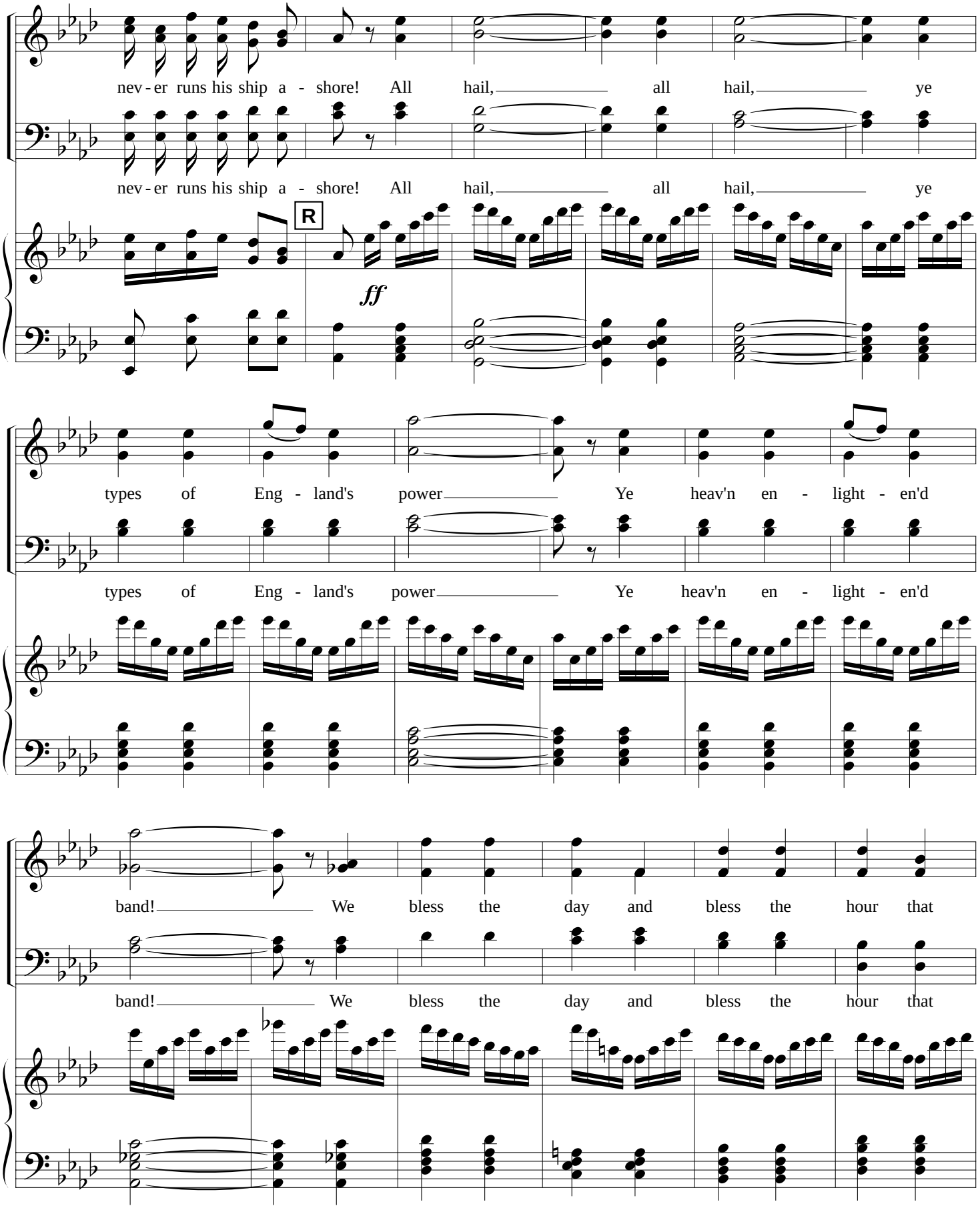

for-eign thrones I've large-ly ad-vo - cat-ed. In gin-ger-pops and pep-per-mint drops I've free-ly spe-cu-
la-ted. Then mines of gold, of wealth un-told, suc - cess-ful-ly I've float-ed. And sud-den falls in
ap-ple-stalls oc - ca-sion-al-ly quo-ted. And soon or late I al-ways call for Stock Ex-change quo-
ta-tion No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi - ca-tion!

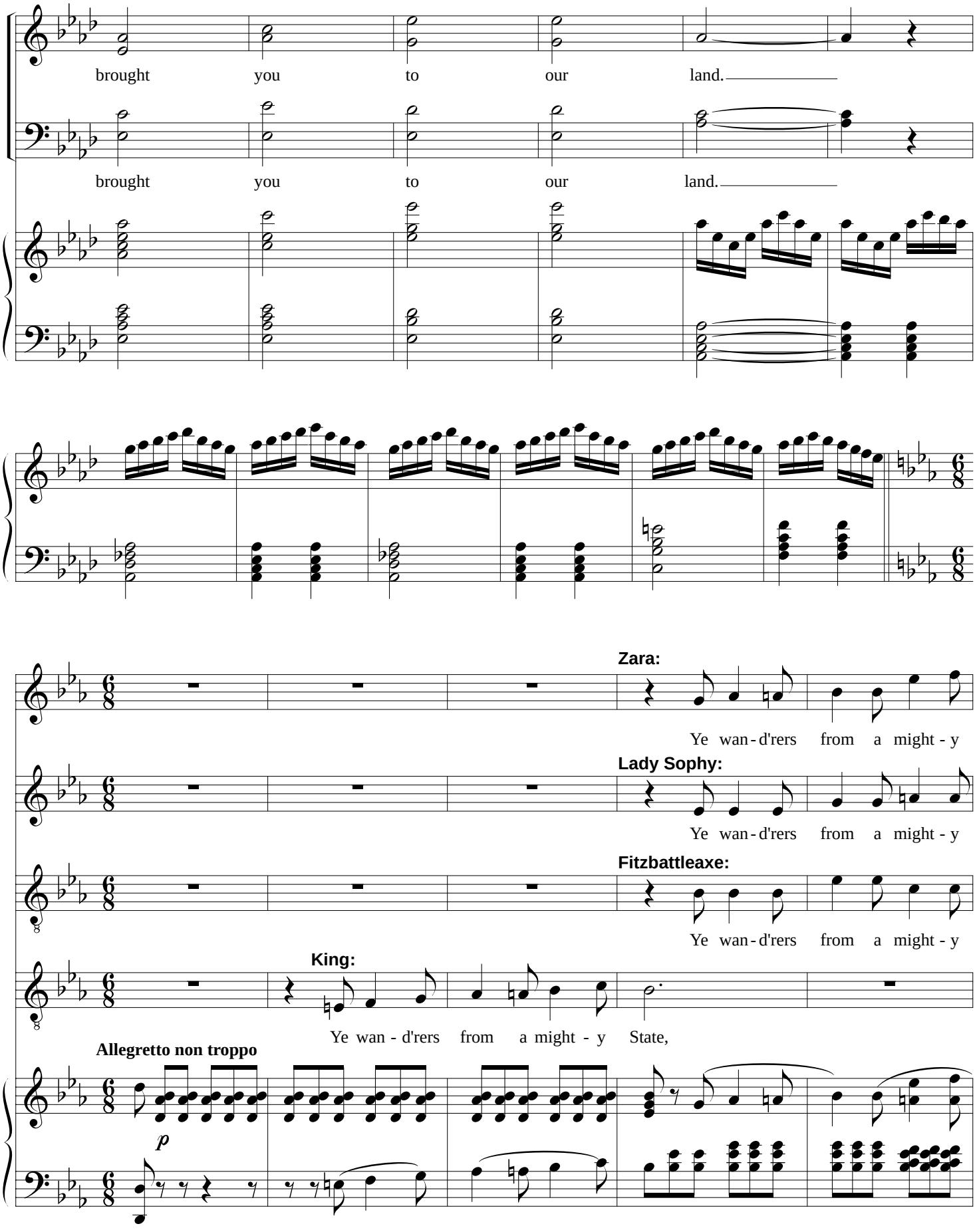

Women:
Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!
Men:
Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!
N
f
p
Zara: (presenting CAPT. SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.)
staccato
And last-ly I pre-sent Great
Bri-tain's proud-est boast, Who, from the blows of for-eign foes, Pro-
tects her sea-girt coast. And if you ask him in re-spect-ful
O
sempre p

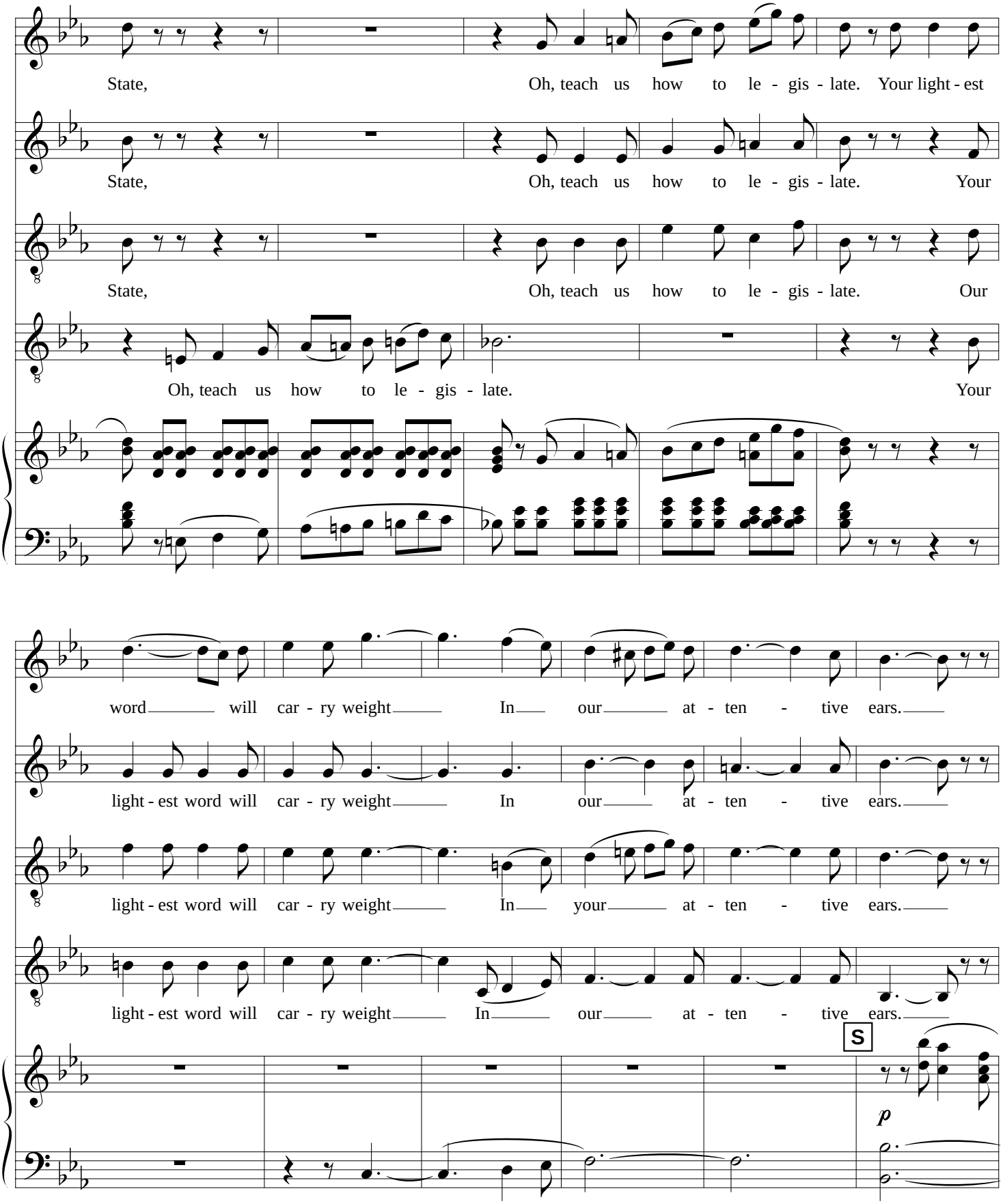

tone, He'll show you how you may pro - tect your own!
f
Capt. Corcoran:
(No. 12b.)
I'm Cap-tain Cor-cor-an, K. C. B. I'll teach you how we rule the sea, And
P
Allegro commodo
p
ter - ri - fy the sim - ple Gaul, And how the Sax - on and the Celt their Eu - rope - shak - ing

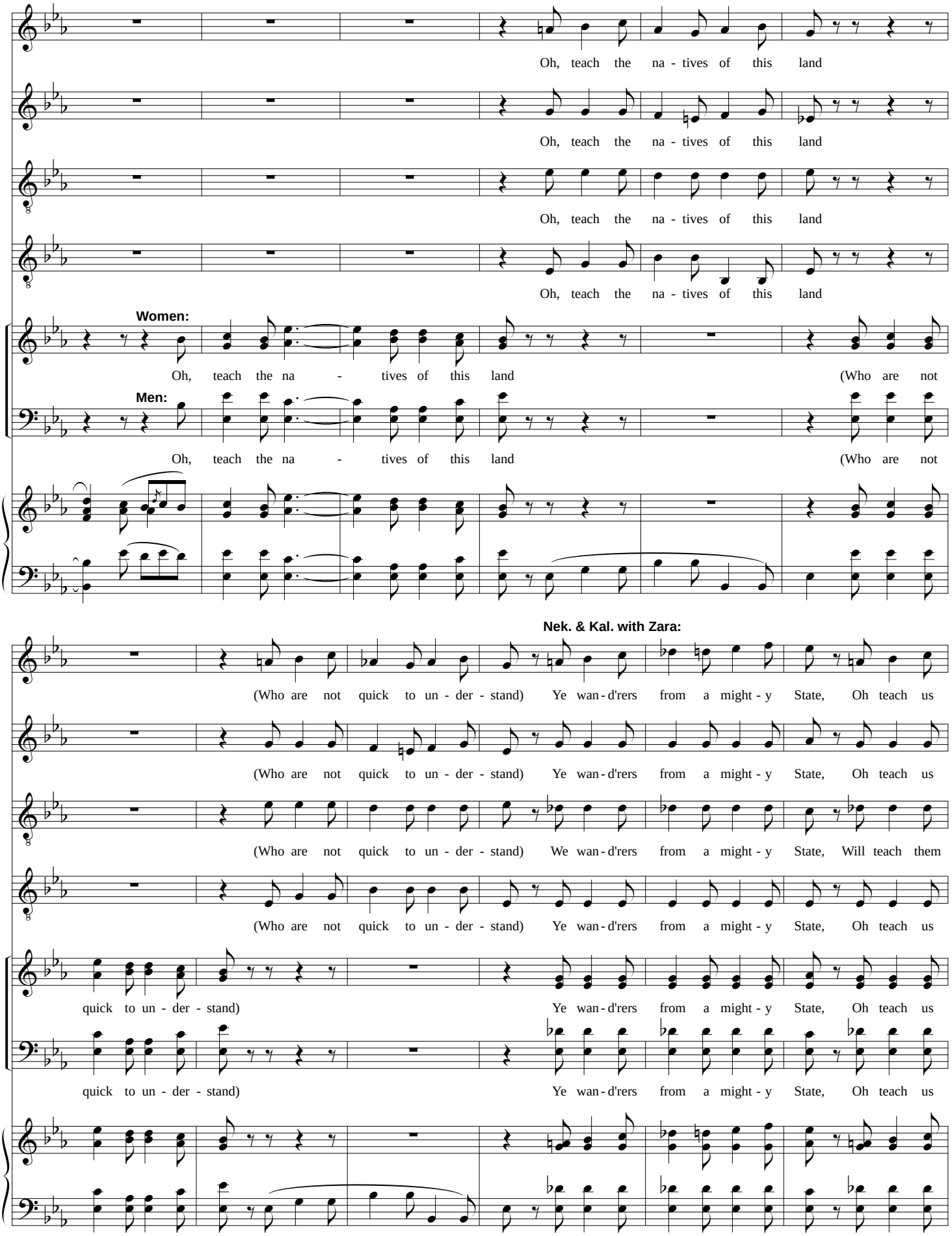

blows have dealt With Max-im gun and Nor-den-felt (or will when the oc-ca-sion calls). If
sail-or-like you'd play your cards, Un-bend your sails and low'r your yards. Un-
step your masts, you'll nev-er want 'em more. Though we're no long-er hearts of oak, Yet
we can steer and we can stoke, And thanks to coal and thanks to coke, We ne-ver run a ship a-
Q

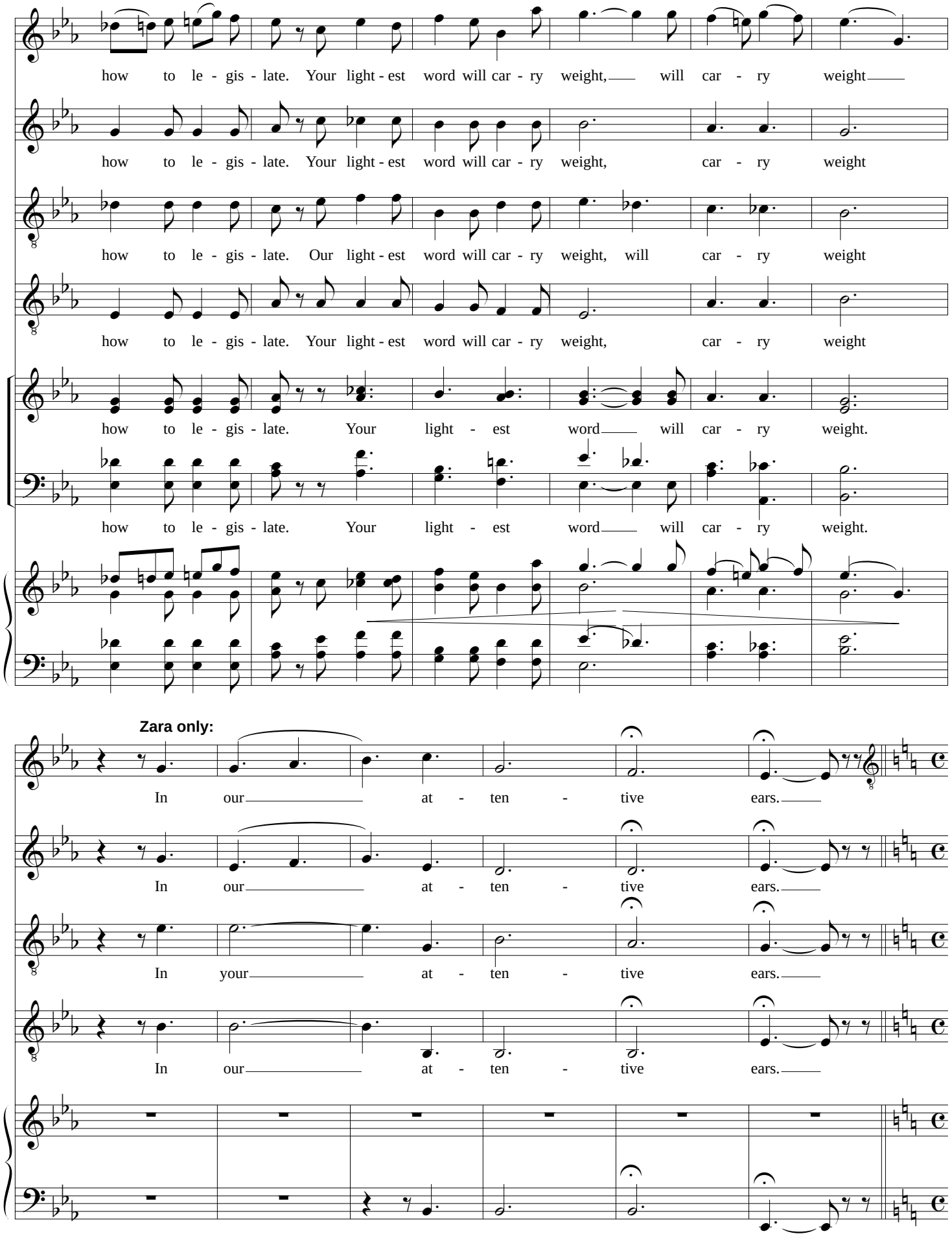

shore! No, nev-er! (well), Hard-ly ev-er!
Women:
What, nev-er? What, nev-er? Hard-ly
Men:
What, nev-er? What, nev-er? Hard-ly
ev - er run a ship a - shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
ev - er run a ship a - shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
Un poco piu vivo
mf
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he
f

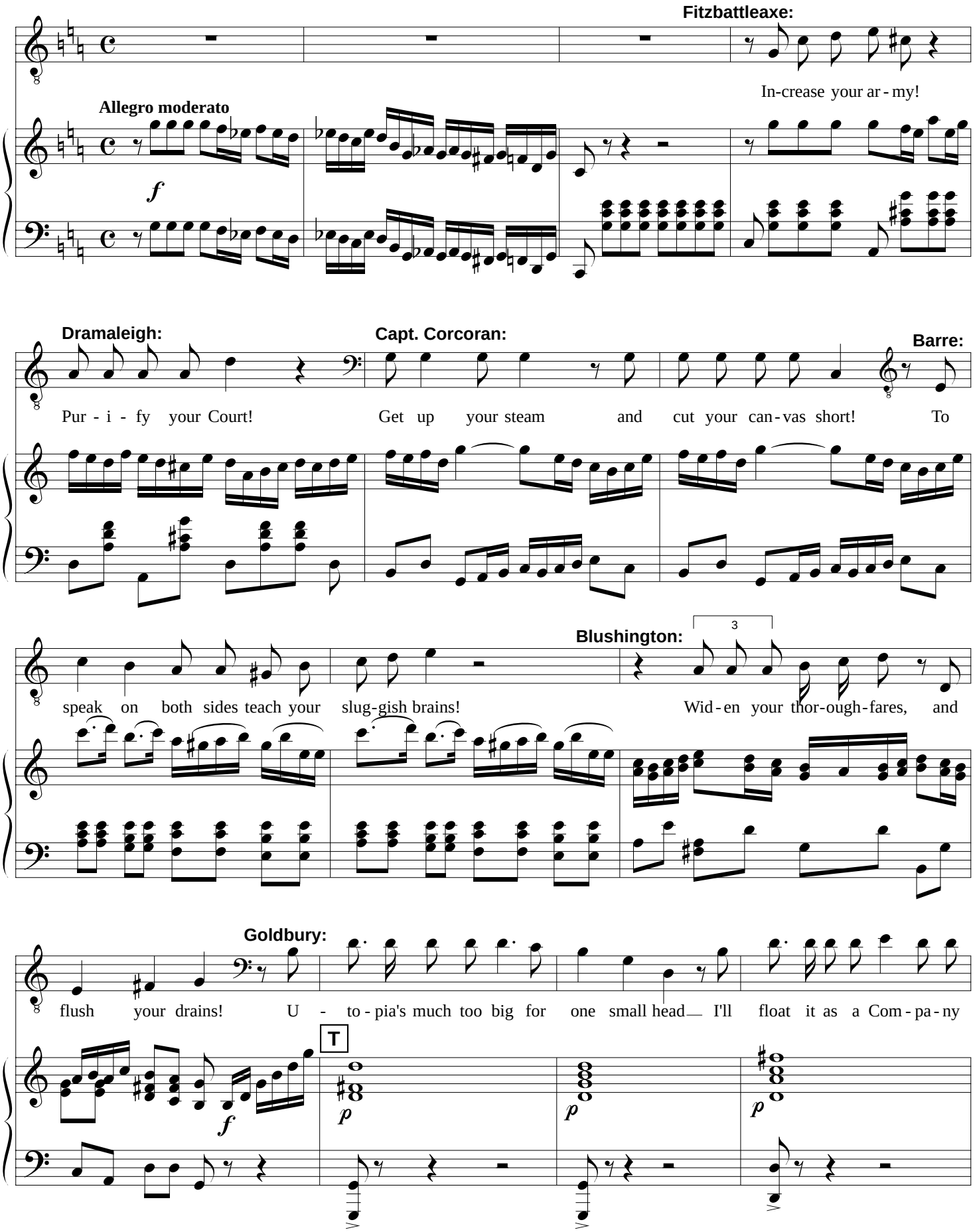

nev - er runs his ship a - shore! All hail, all hail, ye
nev - er runs his ship a - shore! All hail, all hail, ye
R
ff
types of Eng - land's power Ye heav'n en - light - en'd
types of Eng - land's power Ye heav'n en - light - en'd
band! We bless the day and bless the hour that
band! We bless the day and bless the hour that

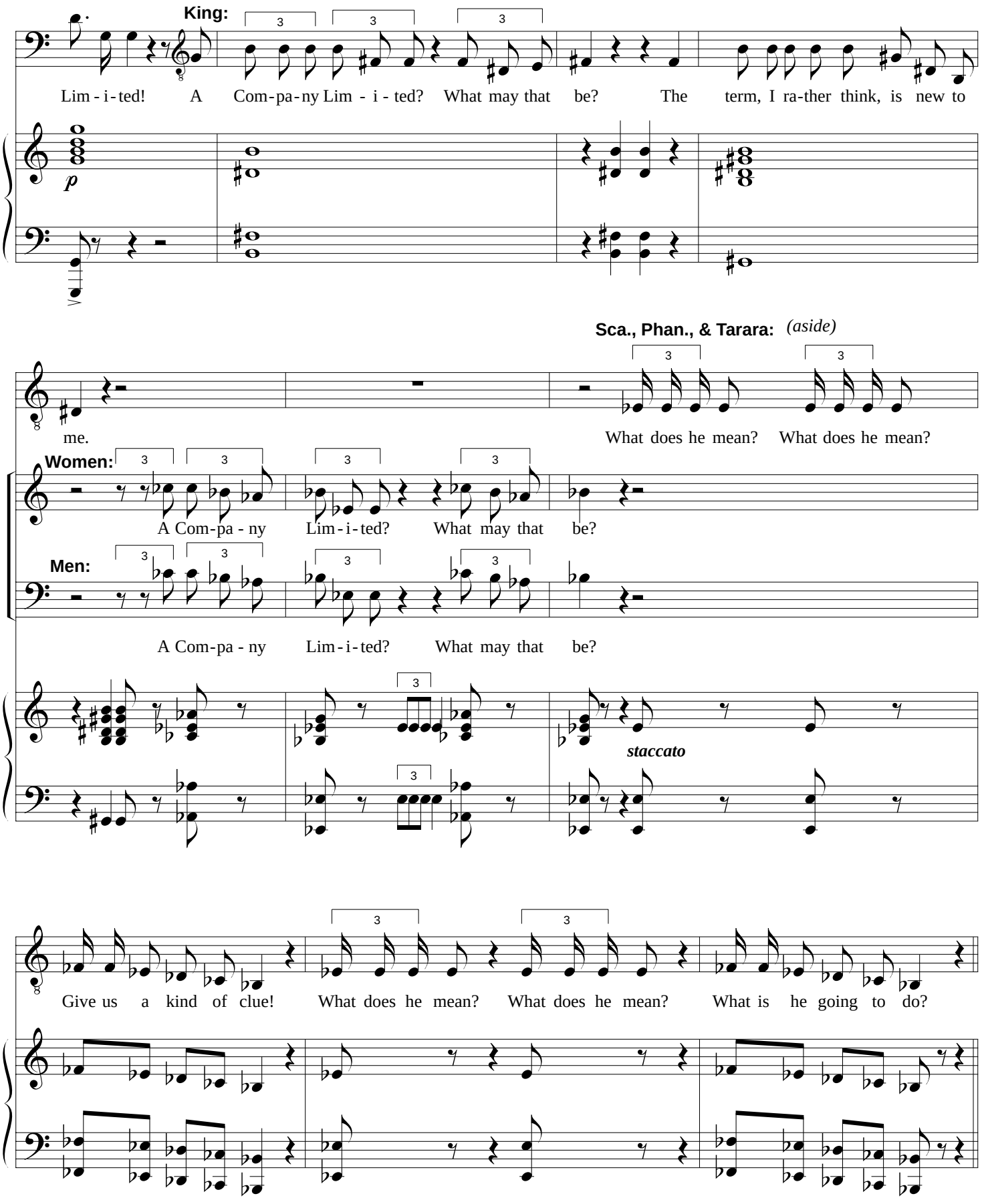

brought you to our land.
brought you to our land.
Zara:
Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y
Lady Sophy:
Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y
Fitzbattleaxe:
Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y
King:
Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State,
Allegretto non troppo
p

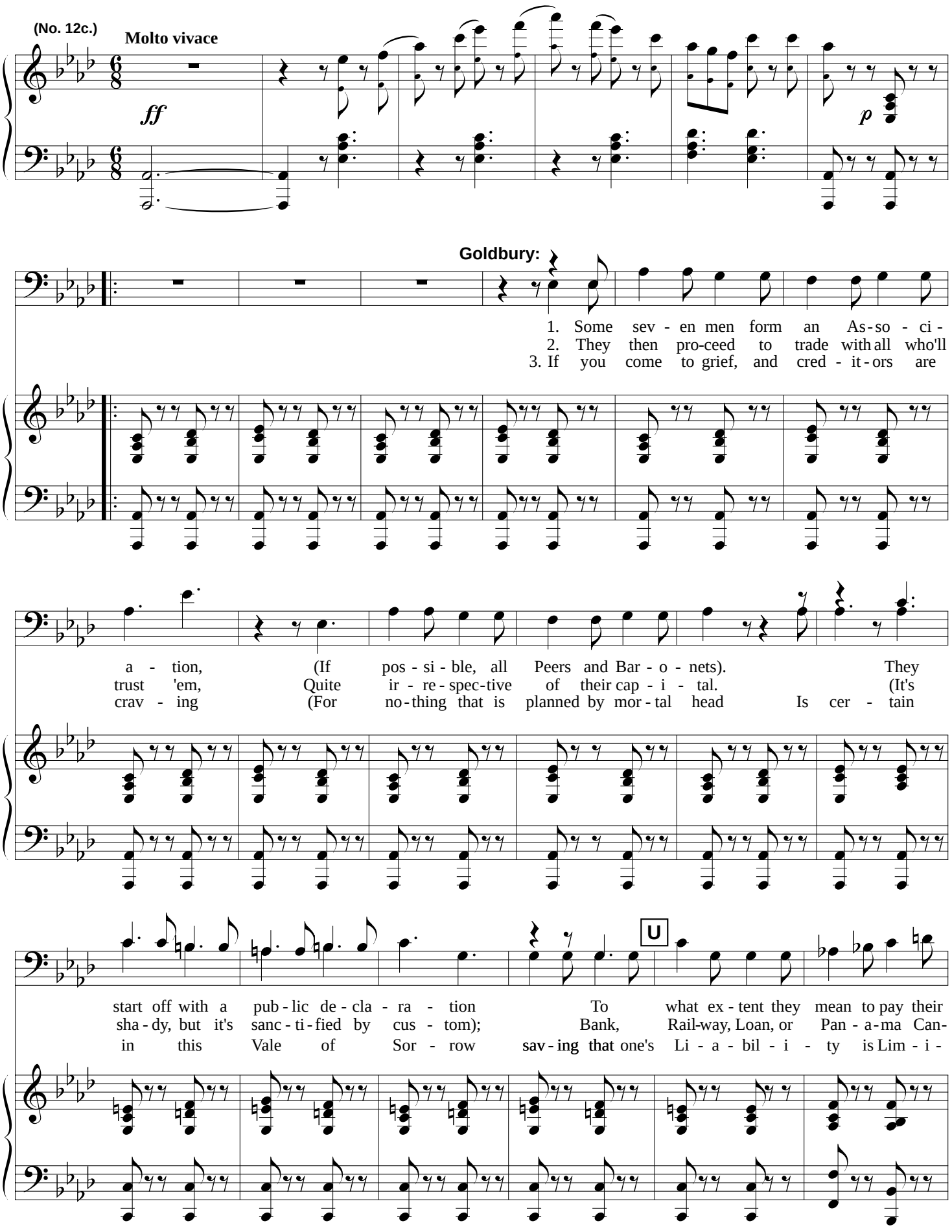

State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your light - est
State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your
State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Our
Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your
word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In your at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
S
p

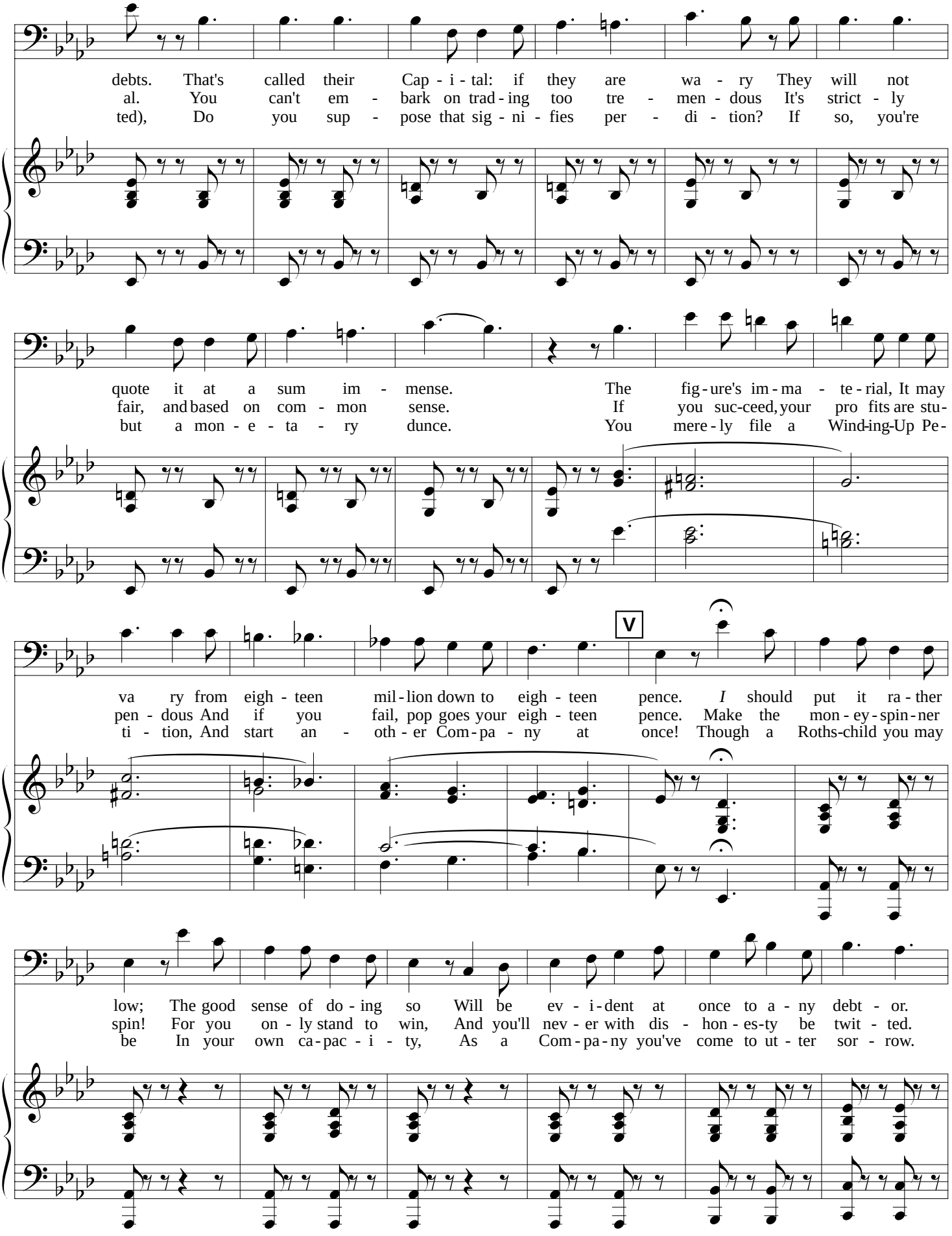

Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Women:
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land (Who are not
Men:
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land (Who are not
Nek. & Kal. with Zara:
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) We wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Will teach them
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us

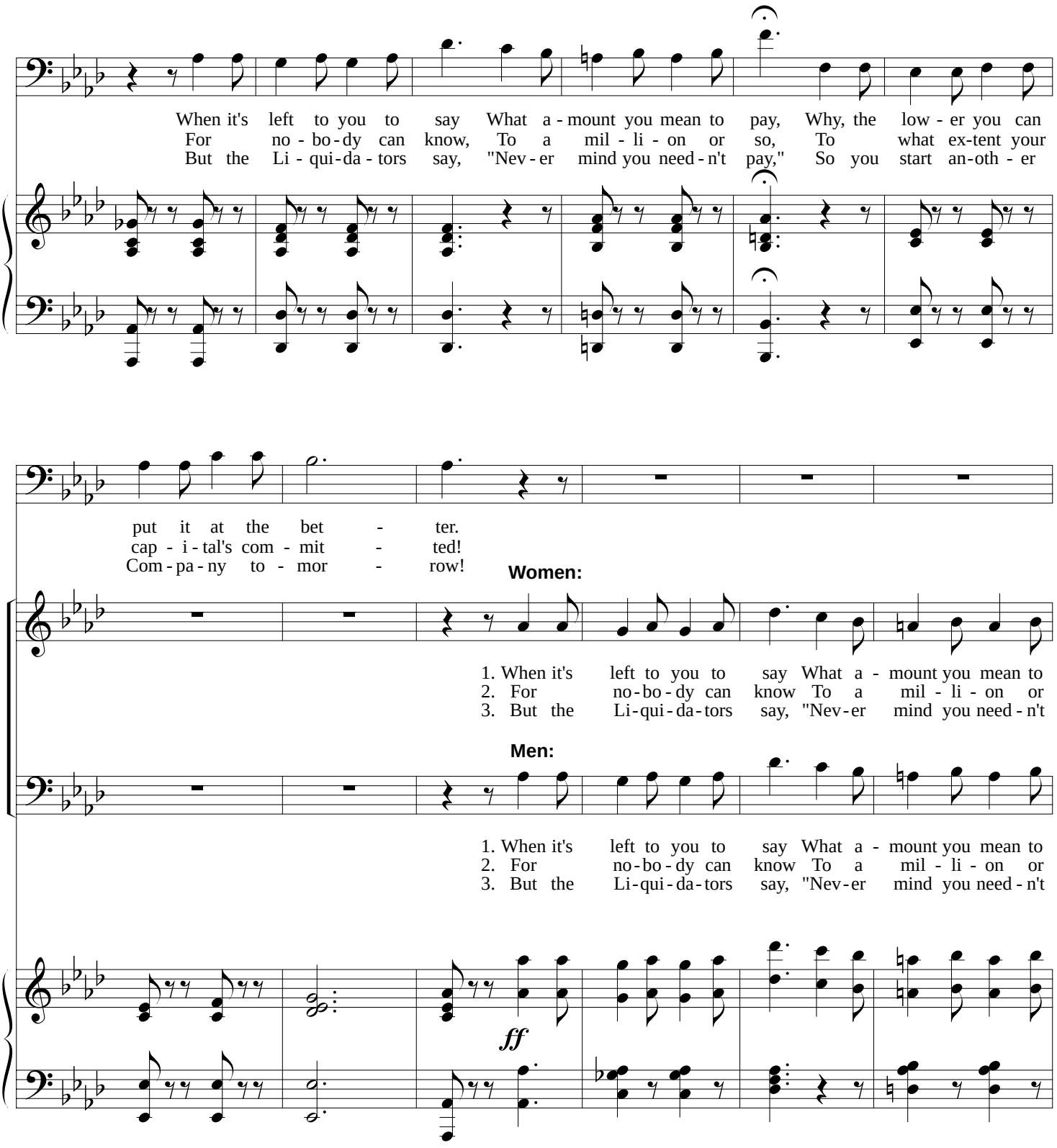

how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, will car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Our light - est word will car - ry weight, will car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight.
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight.
Zara only:
In our at - ten - tive ears.
In our at - ten - tive ears.
In your at - ten - tive ears.
In our at - ten - tive ears.

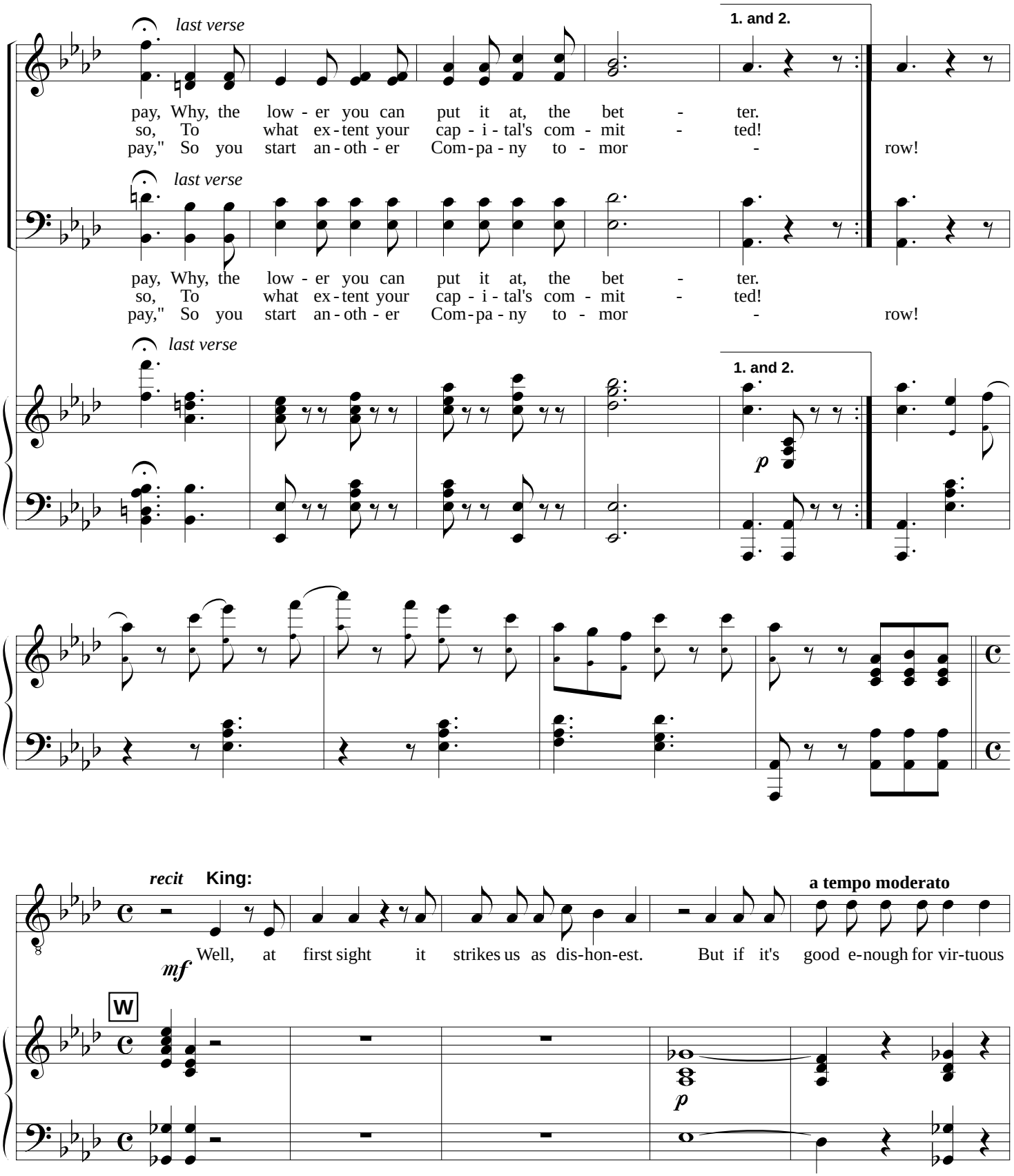

Fitzbattleaxe:
In-crease your ar - my!
Allegro moderato
f
Dramaleigh:
Capt. Corcoran:
Barre:
Pur - i - fy your Court!
Get up your steam and cut your can - vas short!
To
Blushington:
3
speak on both sides teach your slug-gish brains!
Wid - en your thor-ough-fares, and
Goldbury:
flush your drains!
U - to - pia's much too big for one small head — I'll float it as a Com - pa - ny
T
f
p
p
p

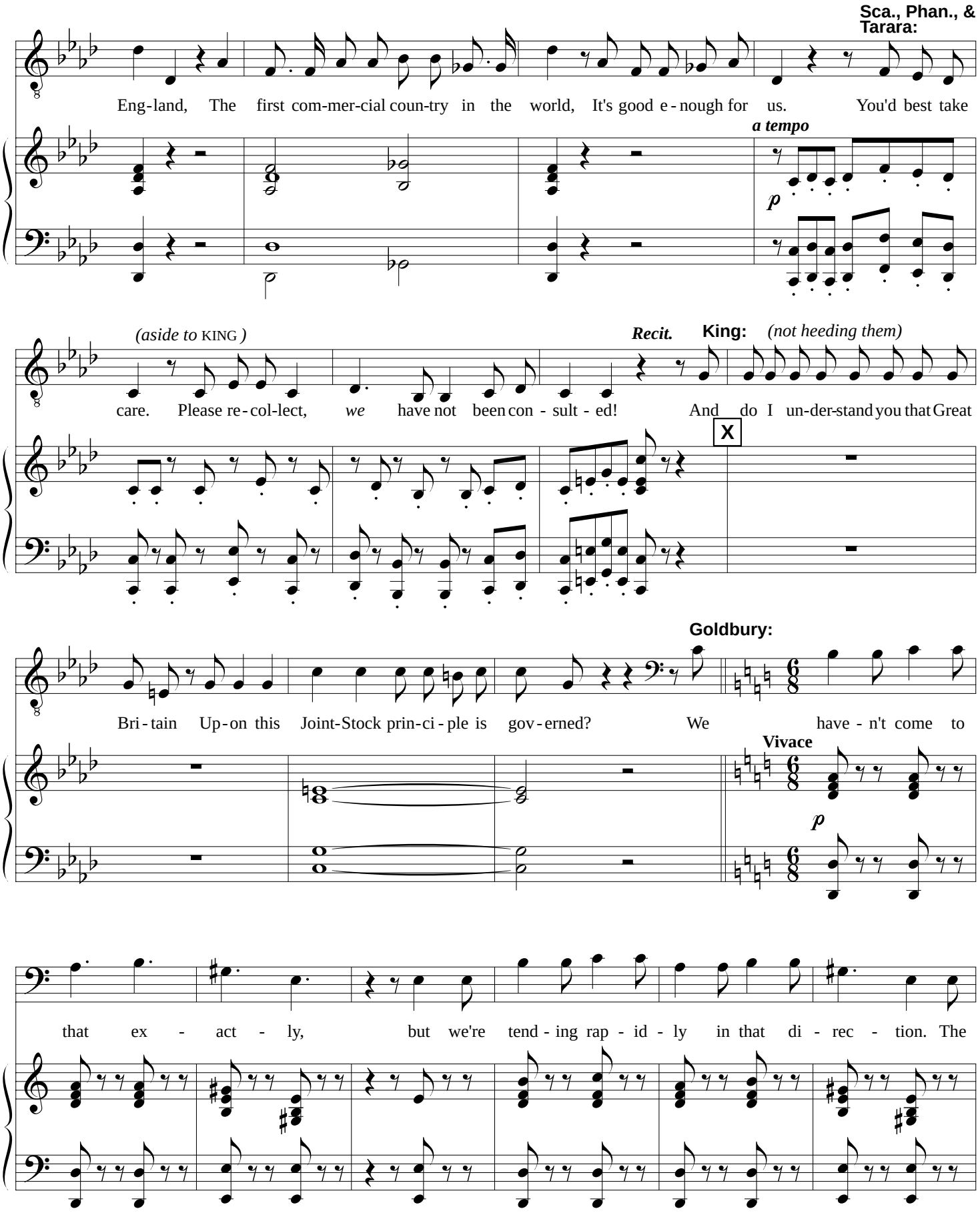

King:
Lim - i - ted! A Com - pa - ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be? The term, I ra - ther think, is new to
p
Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)
me.
What does he mean? What does he mean?
Women:
A Com - pa - ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be?
Men:
A Com - pa - ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be?
staccato
Give us a kind of clue! What does he mean? What does he mean? What is he going to do?

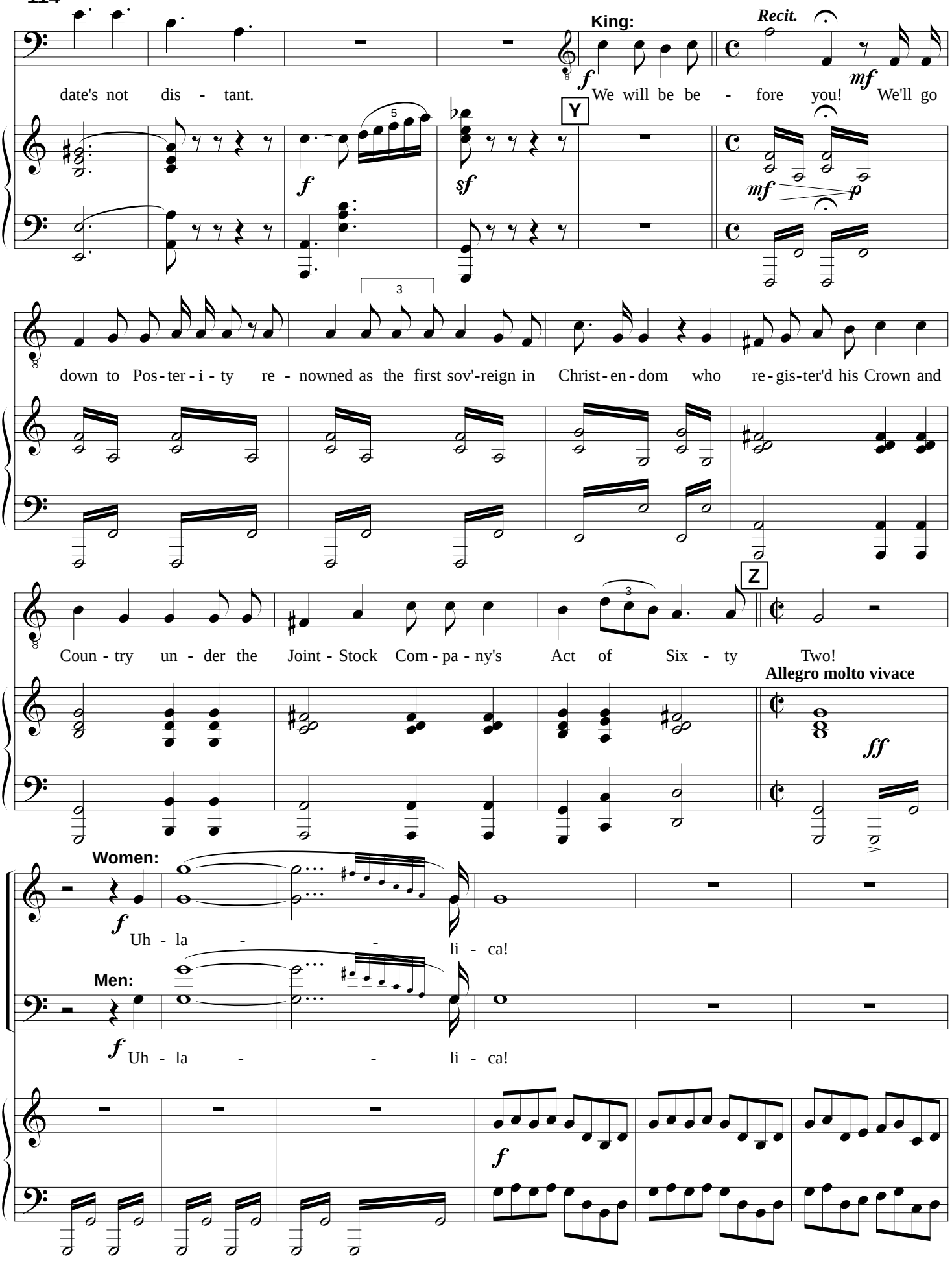

(No. 12c.)
Molto vivace
ff
p
Goldbury:
1. Some sev - en men form an As - so - ci -
2. They then pro-ceed to trade with all who'll
3. If you come to grief, and cred - it - ors are
a - tion, (If pos - si - ble, all Peers and Bar - o - nets). They
trust 'em, Quite ir - re - spec-tive of their cap - i - tal. (It's
crav - ing (For no - thing that is planned by mor - tal head Is cer - tain
U
start off with a pub - lic de - cla - ra - tion To what ex - tent they mean to pay their
sha - dy, but it's sanc - ti - fied by cus - tom); Bank, Rail-way, Loan, or Pan - a - ma Can-
in this Vale of Sor - row sav - ing that one's Li - a - bil - i - ty is Lim - i -

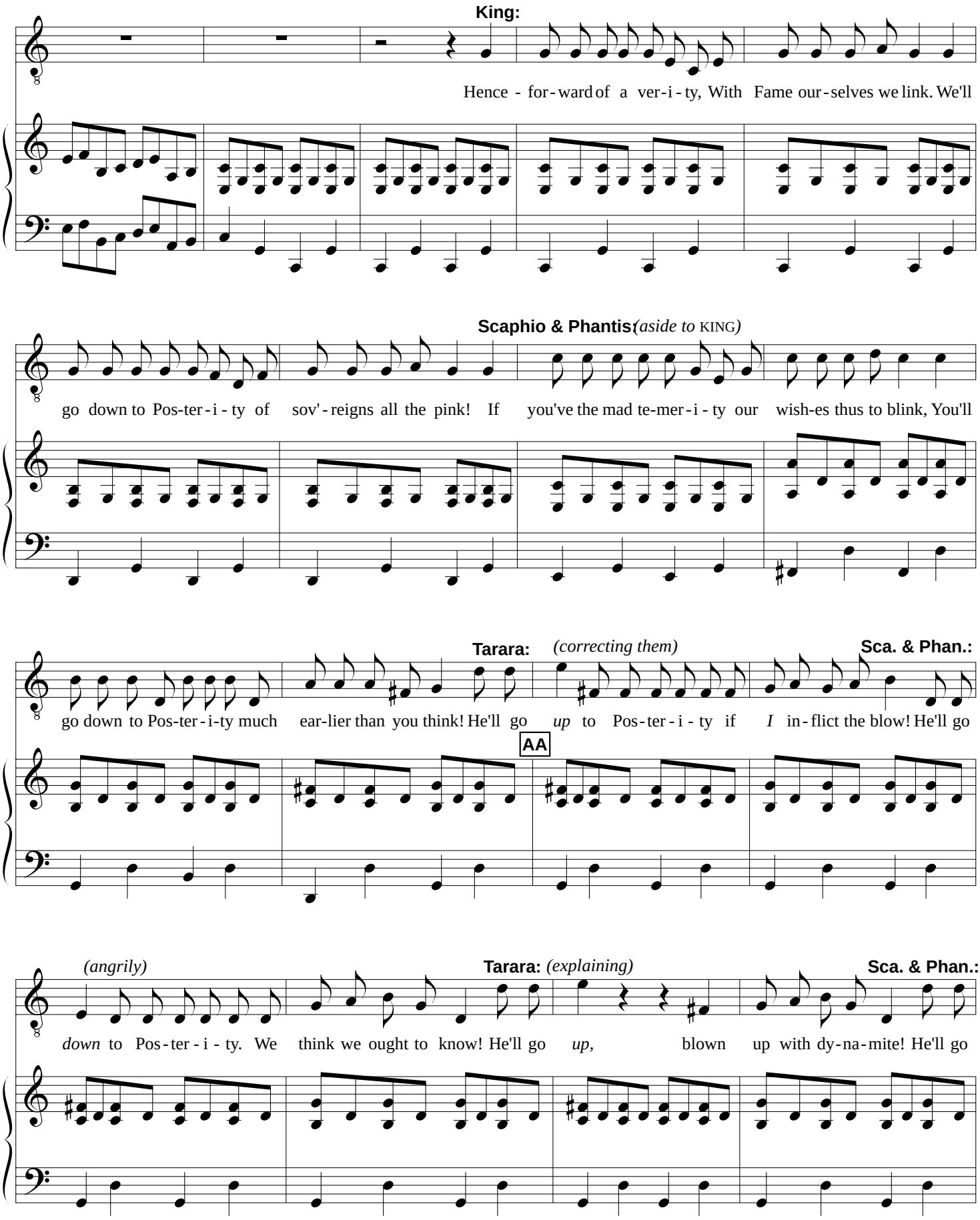

debts. That's called their Cap - i - tal: if they are wa - ry They will not
al. You can't em - bark on trad - ing too tre - men - dous It's strict - ly
ted), Do you sup - pose that sig - ni - fies per - di - tion? If so, you're
quote it at a sum im - mense. The fig - ure's im - ma - te - rial, It may
fair, and based on com - mon sense. If you suc - ceed, your pro fits are stu -
but a mon - e - ta - ry dunce. You mere - ly file a Wind - ing - Up Pe -
V
va ry from eigh - teen mil - lion down to eigh - teen pence. I should put it ra - ther
pen - dous And if you fail, pop goes your eigh - teen pence. Make the mon - ey - spin - ner
ti - tion, And start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny at once! Though a Roths - child you may
low; The good sense of do - ing so Will be ev - i - dent at once to a - ny debt - or.
spin! For you on - ly stand to win, And you'll nev - er with dis - hon - es - ty be twit - ted.
be In your own ca - pac - i - ty, As a Com - pa - ny you've come to ut - ter sor - row.

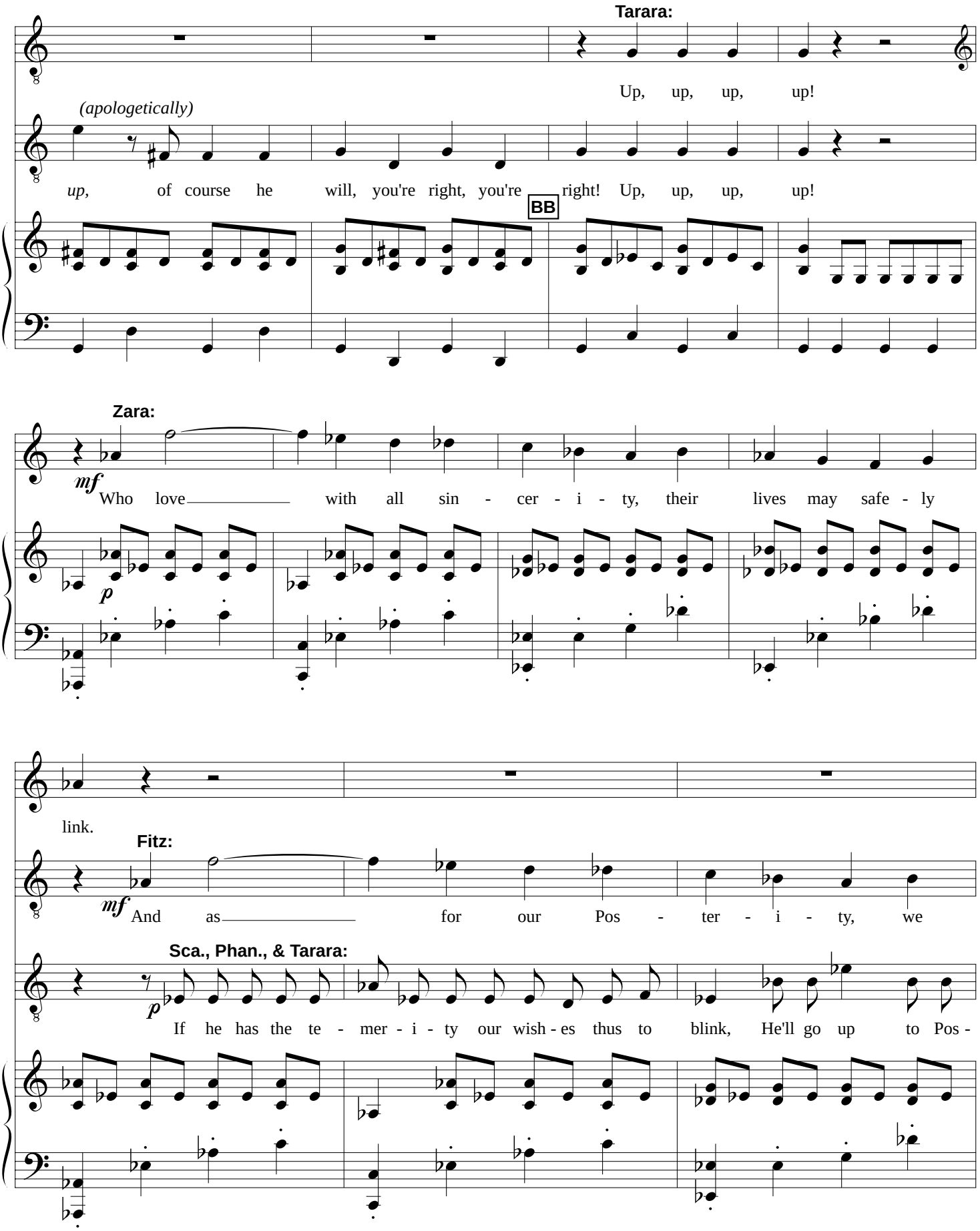

When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to pay, Why, the low - er you can
For no - bo - dy can know, To a mil - li - on or so, To what ex-tent your
But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't pay," So you start an-oth - er
put it at the bet - ter.
cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
Women:
1. When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to
2. For no - bo - dy can know To a mil - li - on or
3. But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't
Men:
1. When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to
2. For no - bo - dy can know To a mil - li - on or
3. But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't
ff

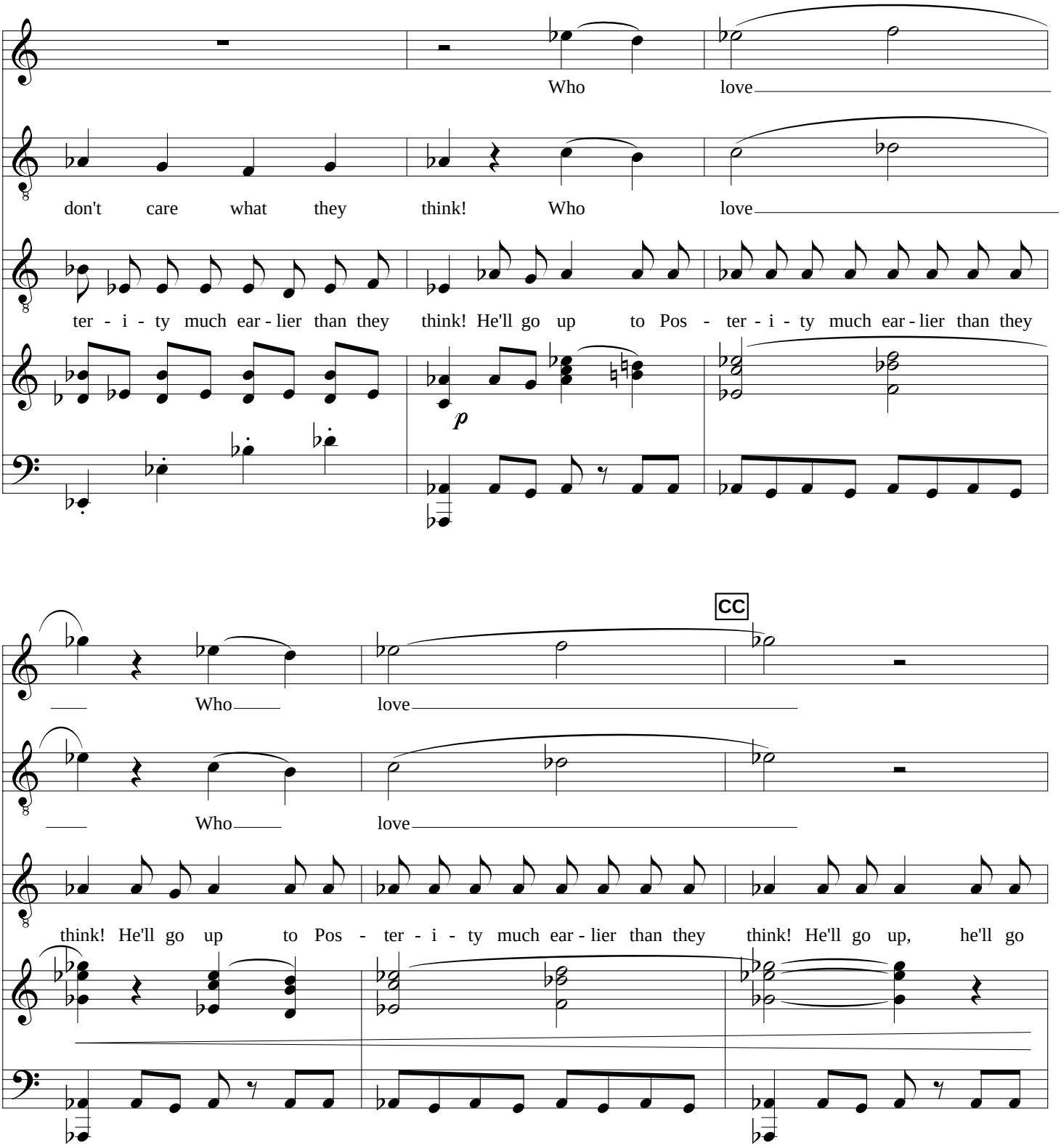

last verse
1. and 2.
pay, Why, the low - er you can put it at, the bet - ter.
so, To what ex - tent your cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
pay," So you start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
last verse
pay, Why, the low - er you can put it at, the bet - ter.
so, To what ex - tent your cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
pay," So you start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
last verse
1. and 2.
p
recit King:
a tempo moderato
Well, at first sight it strikes us as dis-hon-est. But if it's good e-nough for vir-tuous
mf
W
p

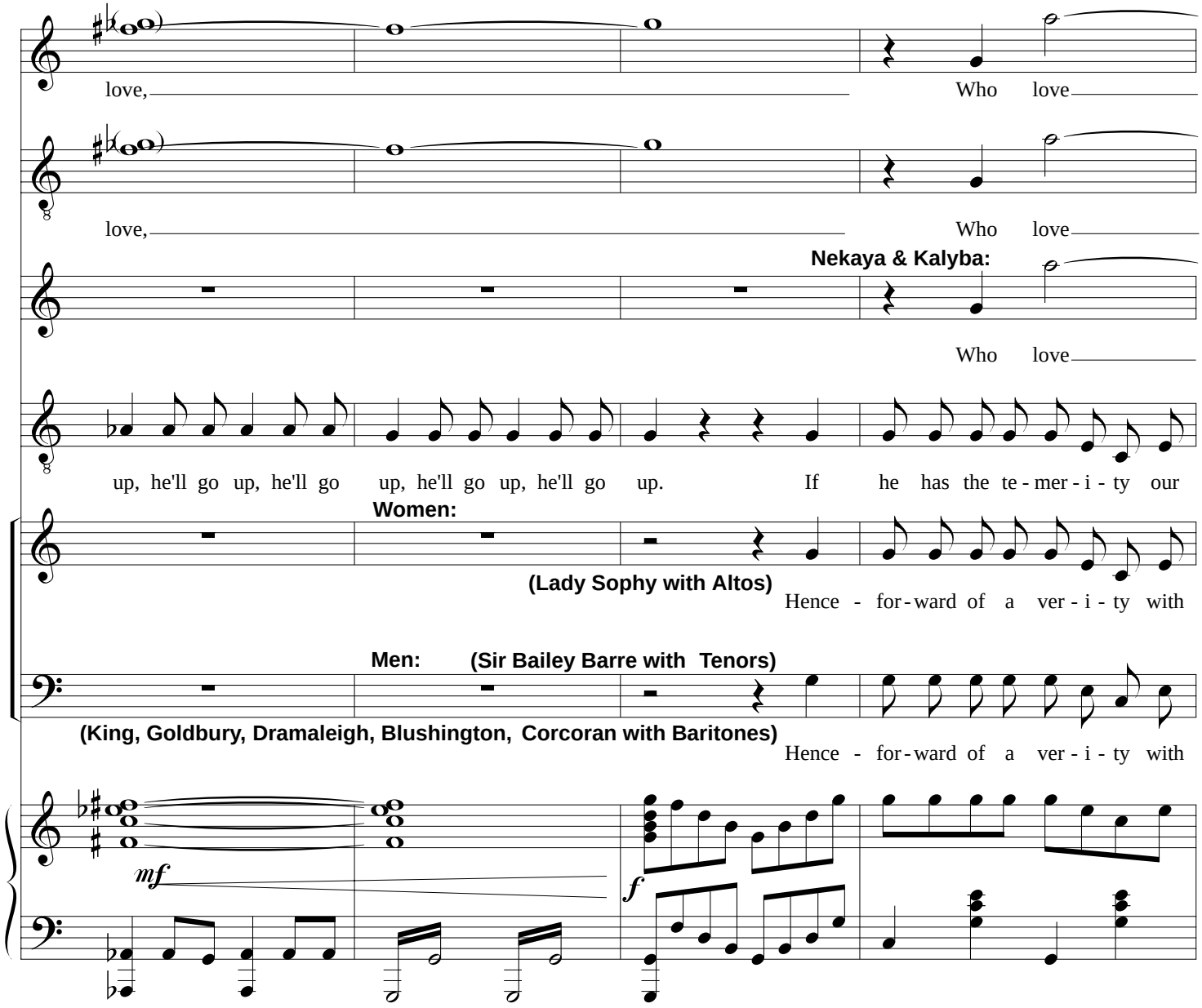

Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
Eng-land, The first com-mer-cial coun-try in the world, It's good e-nough for us. You'd best take
a tempo
p
(aside to KING)
Recit.
King: (not heeding them)
care. Please re-col-lect, we have not been con-sult-ed! And do I un-der-stand you that Great
X
Goldbury:
Bri-tain Up-on this Joint-Stock prin-ci-ple is gov-erned? We have-n't come to
Vivace
p
that ex-act-ly, but we're tend-ing rap-id-ly in that di-rec-tion. The

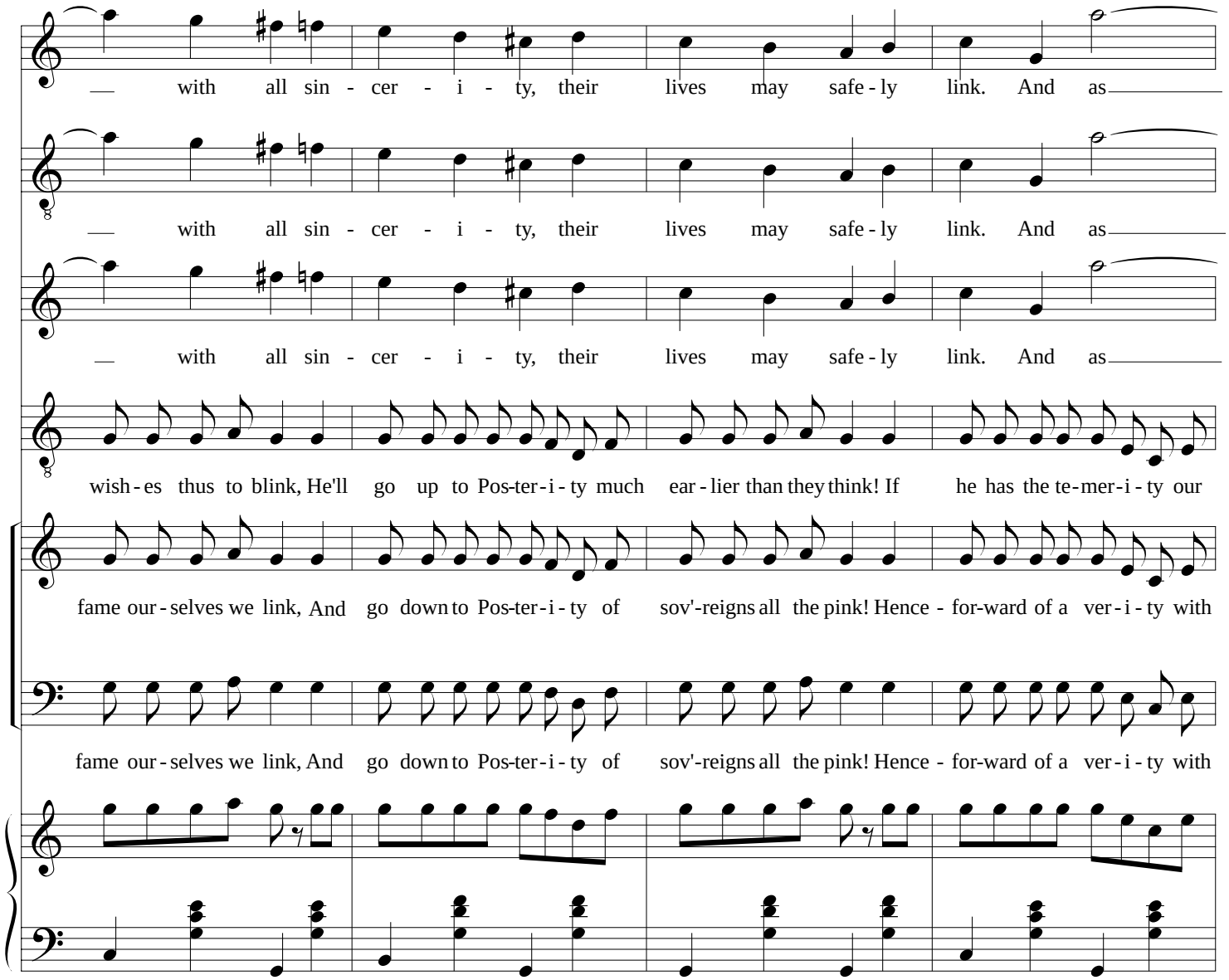

King:
Recit.
date's not dis - tant.
We will be be - fore you!
We'll go
Y
down to Pos - ter - i - ty re - nowned as the first sov'-reign in Christ - en - dom who re - gis-ter'd his Crown and
Z
Coun - try un - der the Joint - Stock Com - pa - ny's Act of Six - ty Two!
Allegro molto vivace
Women:
Uh - la - - li - ca!
Men:
Uh - la - - li - ca!

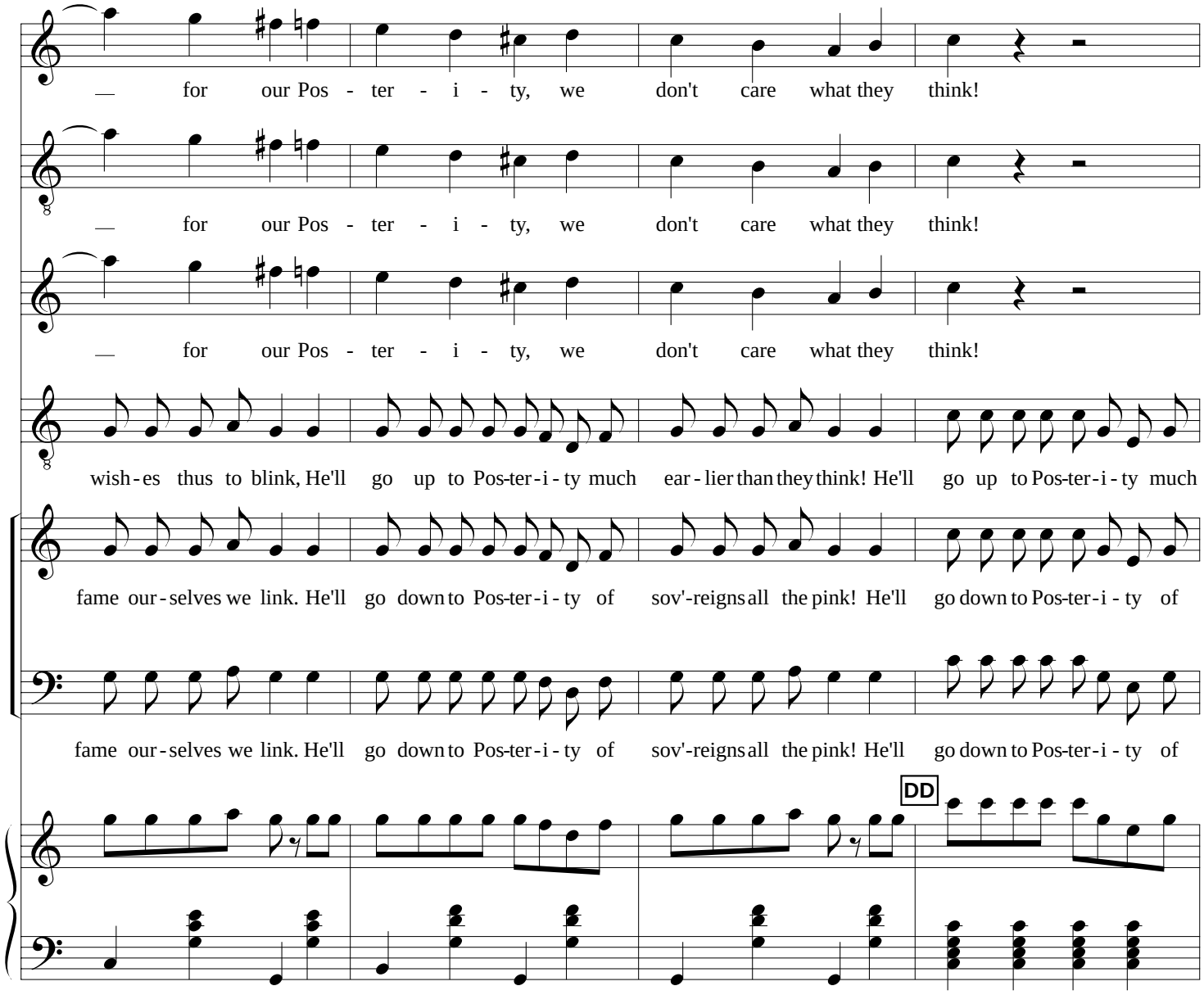

King:
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty, With Fame our - selves we link. We'll
Scaphio & Phantis: (aside to KING)
go down to Pos-ter - i - ty of sov' - reigns all the pink! If you've the mad te-mer - i - ty our wish-es thus to blink, You'll
Tarara: (correcting them)
Sca. & Phan.:
go down to Pos-ter - i-ty much ear-lier than you think! He'll go up to Pos-ter - i - ty if I in - flict the blow! He'll go
AA
(angrily)
Tarara: (explaining)
Sca. & Phan.:
down to Pos-ter - i - ty. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dy-na-mite! He'll go

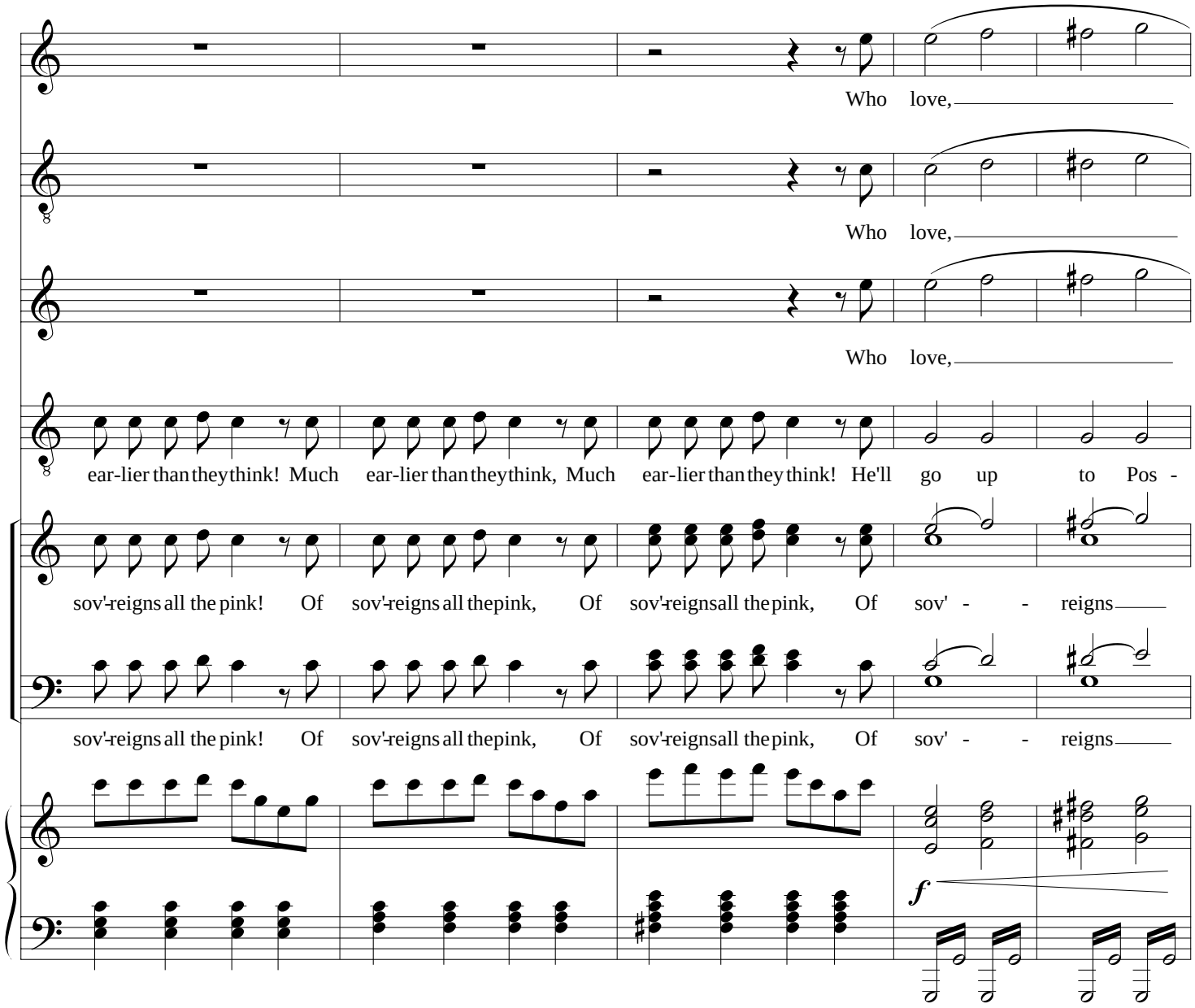

Tarara:
Up, up, up, up!
(apologetically)
up, of course he will, you're right, you're right! Up, up, up, up!
BB
Zara:
mf
Who love with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly
p
link.
Fitz:
mf
And as for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we
Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
p
If he has the te - mer - i - ty our wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos -

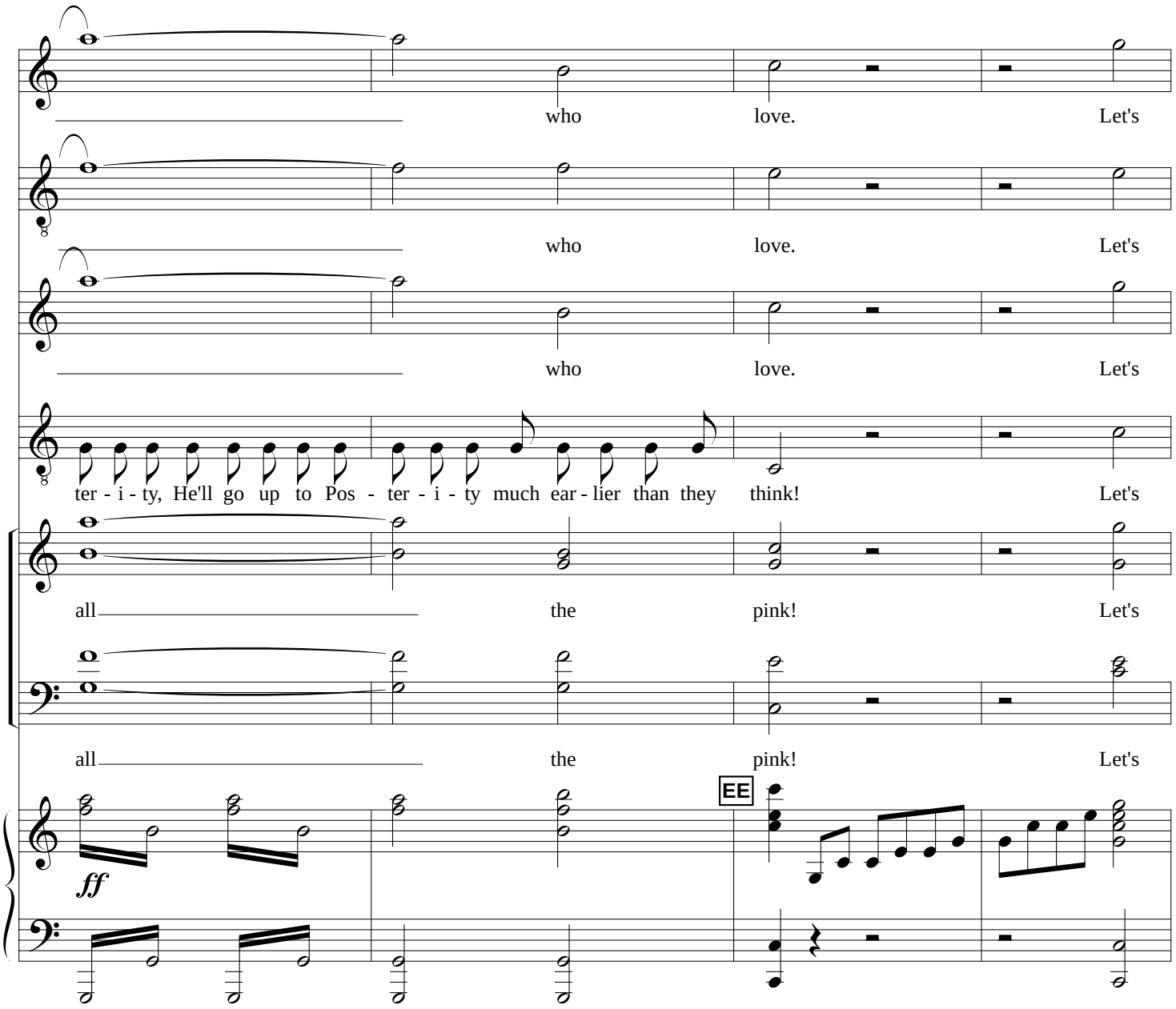

Who love
don't care what they think! Who love
ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they
p
CC
Who love
Who love
think! He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up, he'll go

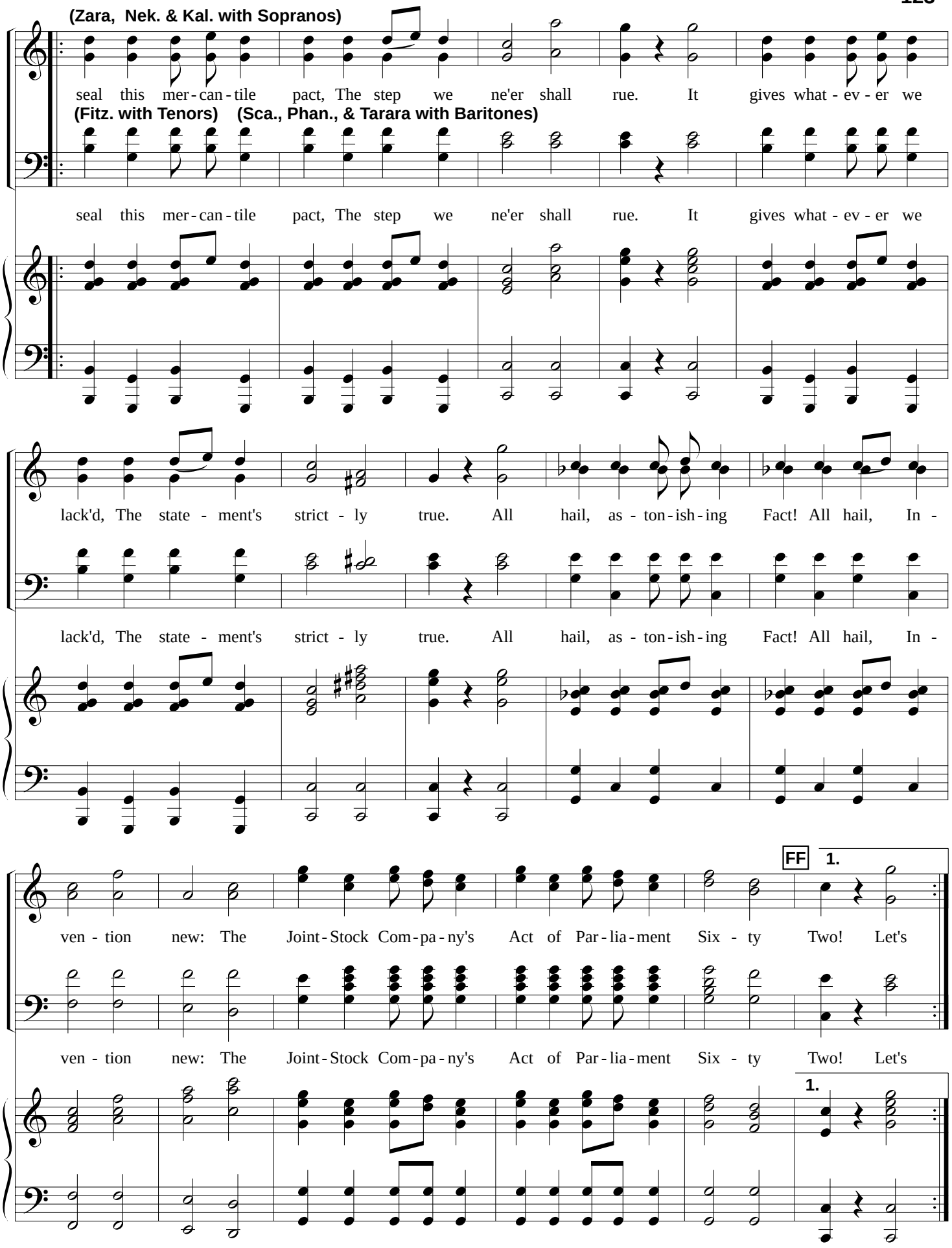

love,
Who love
love,
Who love
Nekaya & Kalyba:
Who love
up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up. If he has the te - mer - i - ty our
Women:
(Lady Sophy with Altos)
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty with
Men: (Sir Bailey Barre with Tenors)
(King, Goldbury, Dramaleigh, Blushington, Corcoran with Baritones)
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty with
mf
f

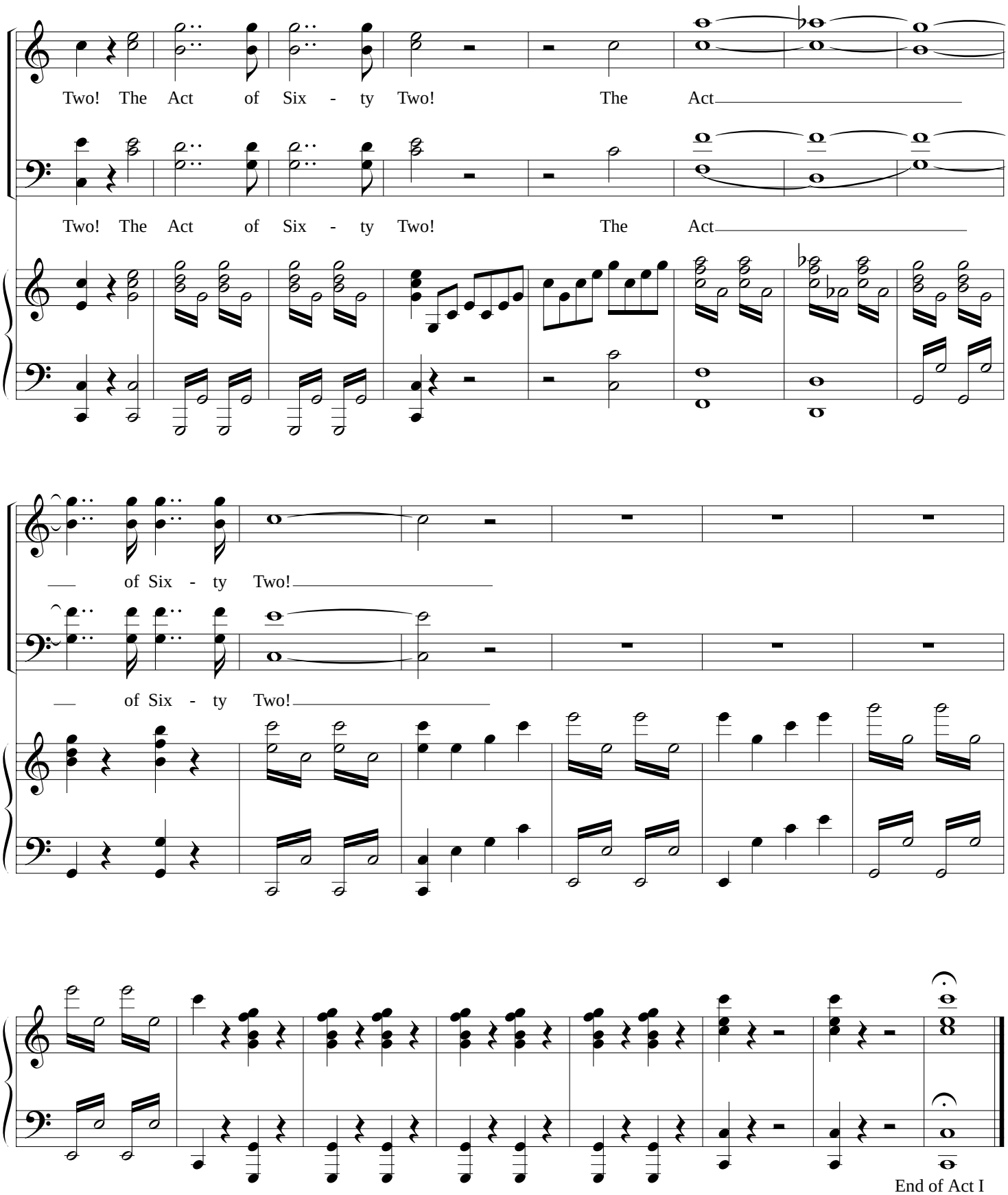

with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much ear - lier than they think! If he has the te-mer-i - ty our
fame our - selves we link, And go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! Hence - for-ward of a ver - i - ty with
fame our - selves we link, And go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! Hence - for-ward of a ver - i - ty with


— for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
— for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
— for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much
fame our - selves we link. He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of
fame our - selves we link. He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of
DD


Who love,
Who love,
Who love,
ear-lier than they think! Much ear-lier than they think, Much ear-lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos -
sov'-reigns all the pink! Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov' - - reigns
sov'-reigns all the pink! Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov' - - reigns
f


who love. Let's
who love. Let's
who love. Let's
ter - i - ty, He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! Let's
all the pink! Let's
all the pink! Let's
EE
ff


(Zara, Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos)
seal this mer - can - tile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what - ev - er we
(Fitz. with Tenors) (Sca., Phan., & Tarara with Baritones)
seal this mer - can - tile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what - ev - er we
lack'd, The state - ment's strict - ly true. All hail, as - ton - ish - ing Fact! All hail, In -
lack'd, The state - ment's strict - ly true. All hail, as - ton - ish - ing Fact! All hail, In -
FF
1.
ven - tion new: The Joint - Stock Com - pa - ny's Act of Par - lia - ment Six - ty Two! Let's
ven - tion new: The Joint - Stock Com - pa - ny's Act of Par - lia - ment Six - ty Two! Let's
1.


Two! The Act of Six - ty Two! The Act
Two! The Act of Six - ty Two! The Act
of Six - ty Two!
of Six - ty Two!
End of Act I

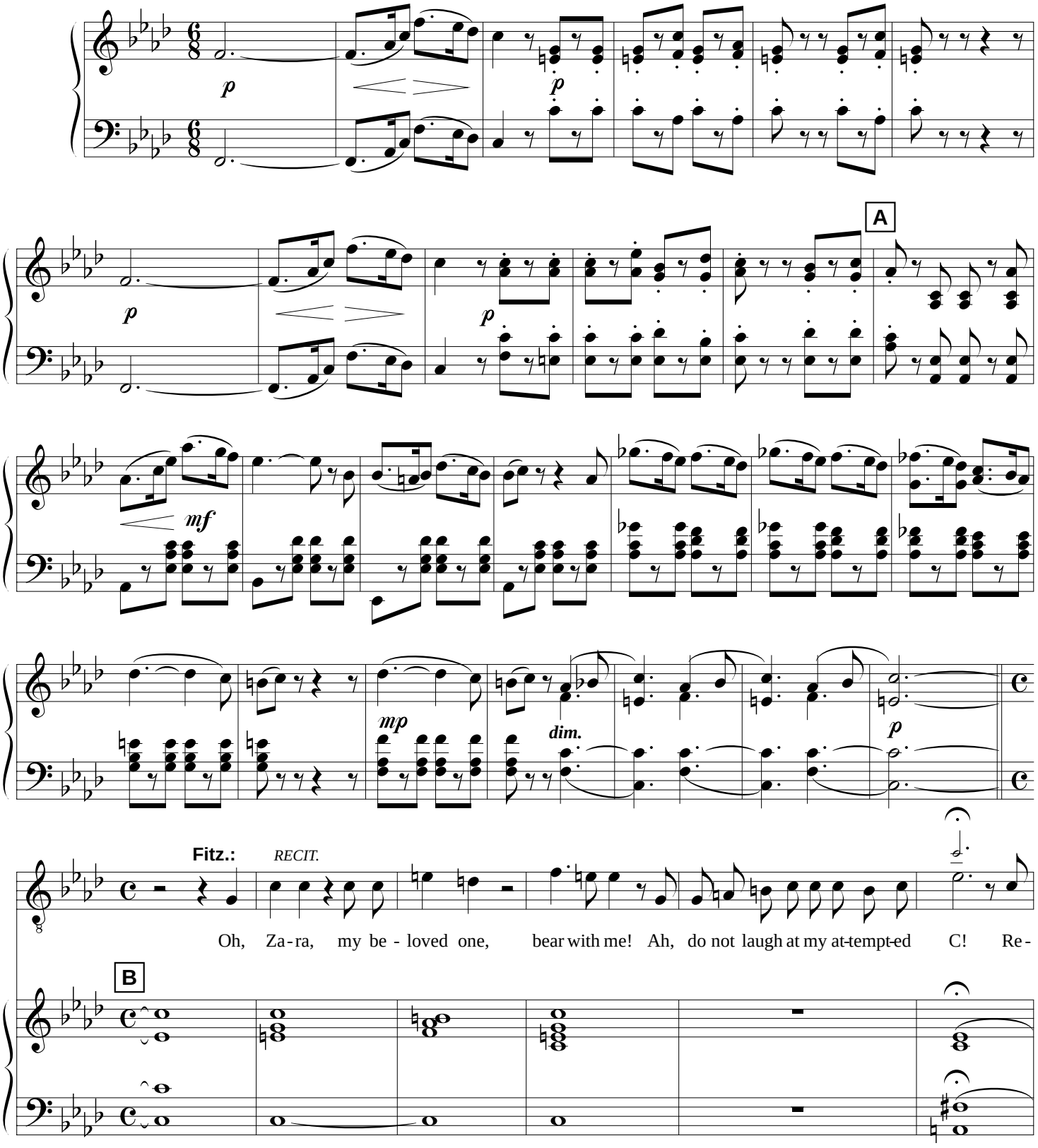
ACT II

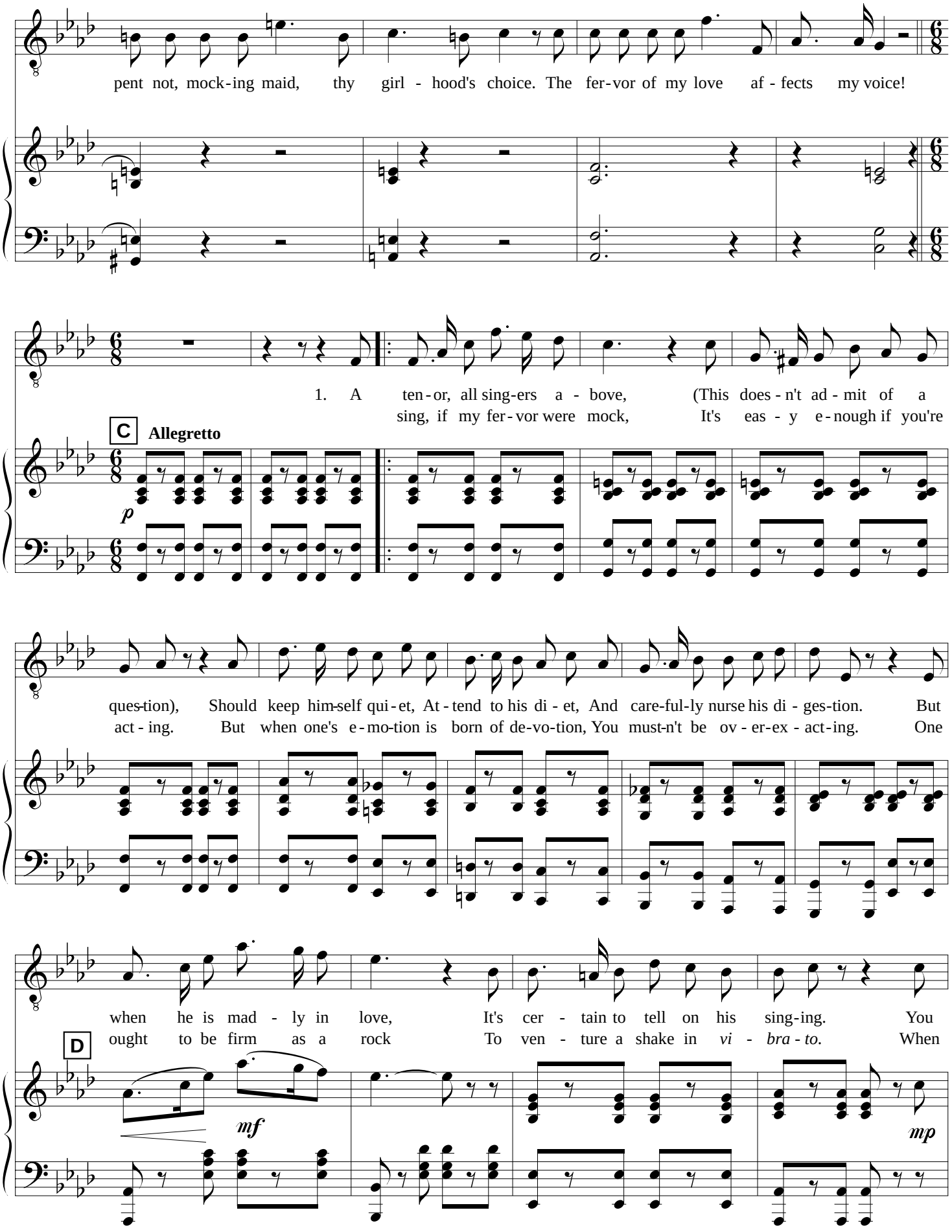
SCENE -- *Throne Room in the Palace. Night.* FITZBATTLEAXE *discovered singing to* ZARA.

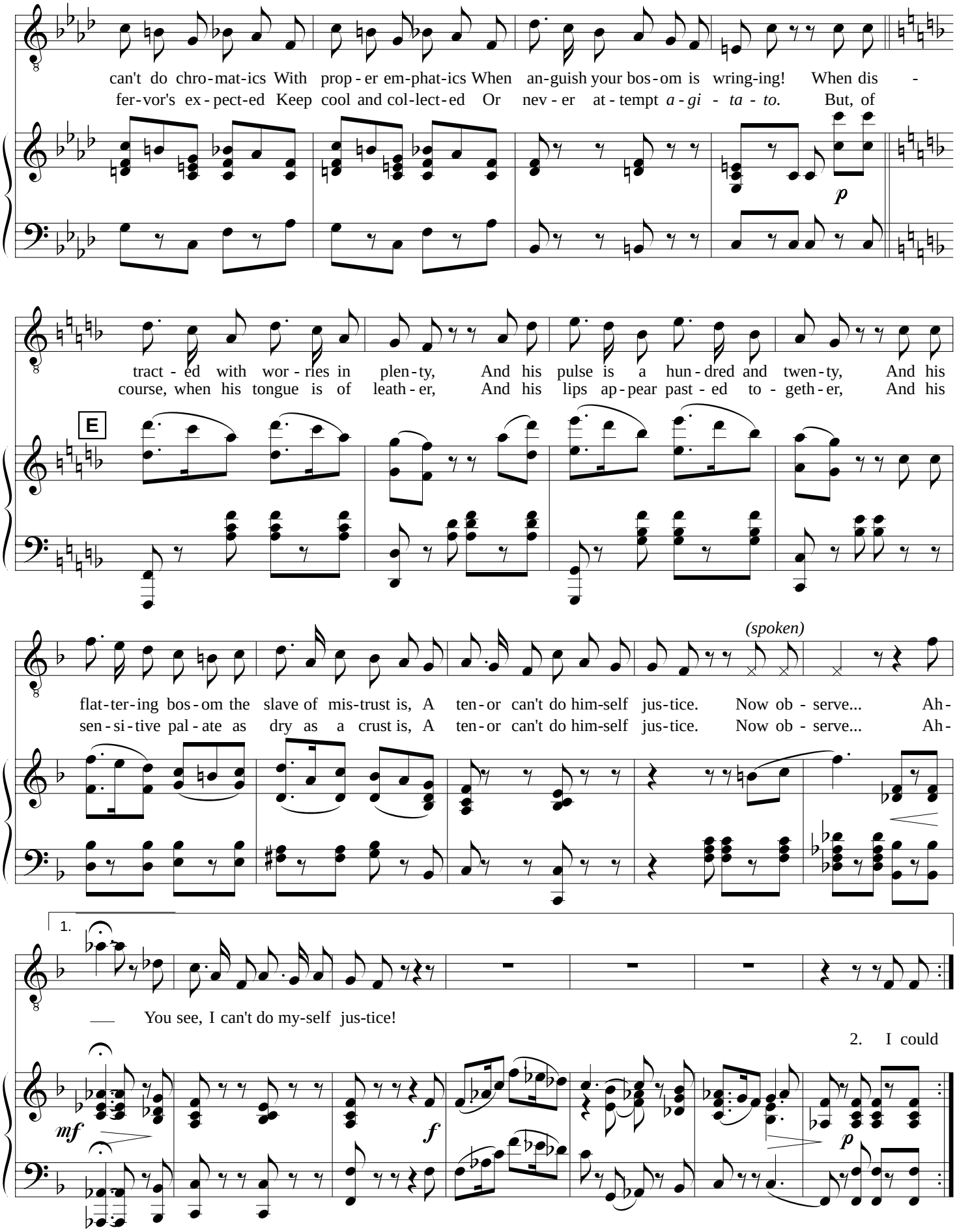
No. 13. Recit: Oh, Zara, my beloved one
Song: A tenor all singers above

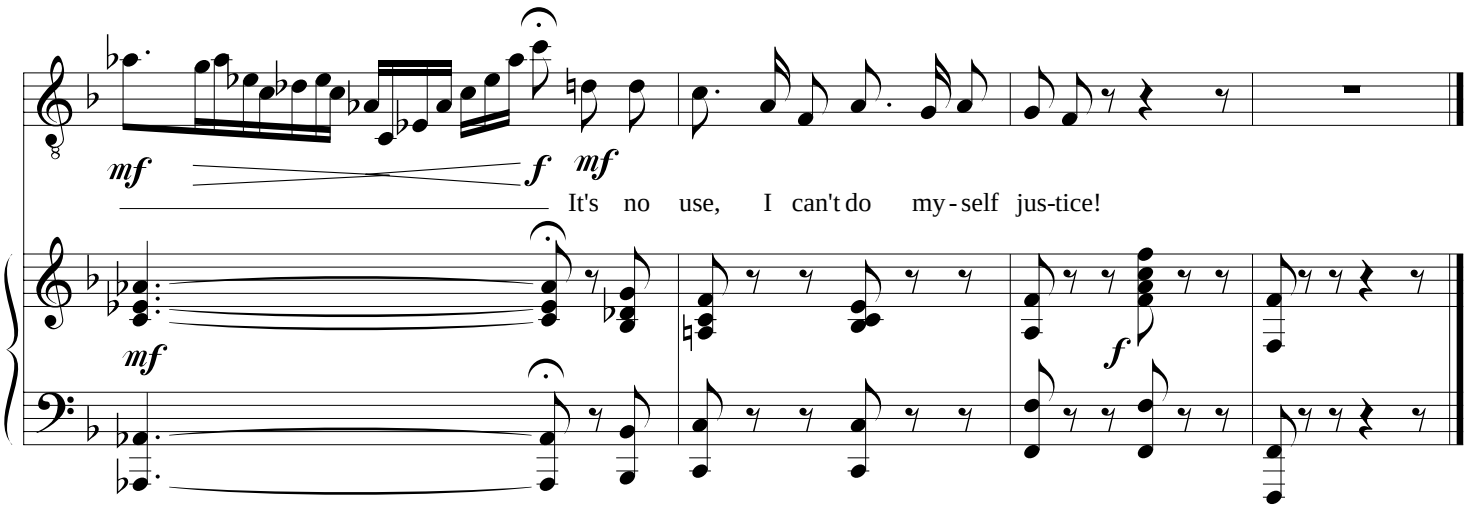
Captain Fitzbattleaxe

Allegretto a la serenata



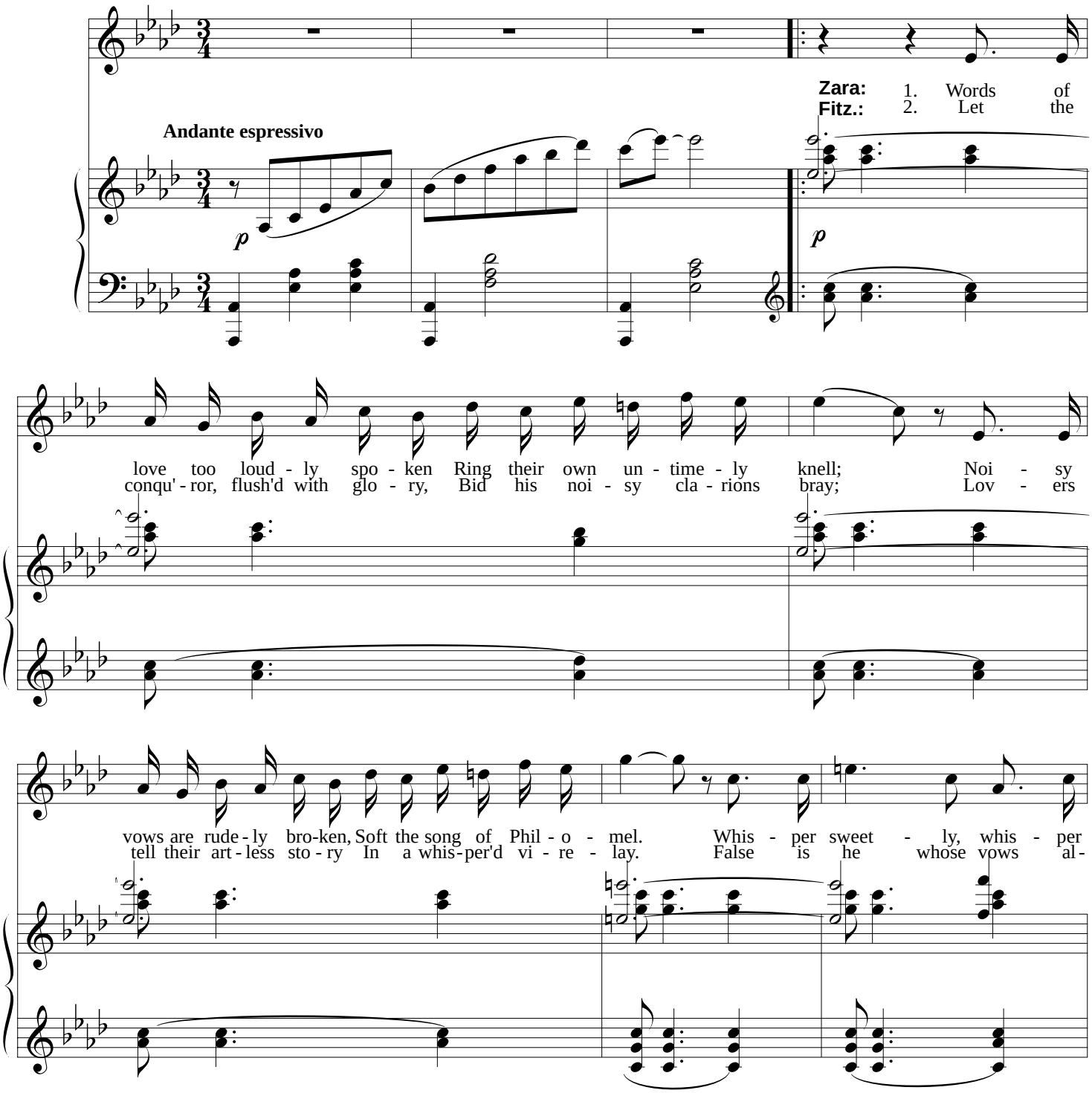

pent not, mock-ing maid, thy girl - hood's choice. The fer-vor of my love af - fects my voice!
1. A ten-or, all sing-ers a - bove, (This does-n't ad-mit of a
sing, if my fer-vor were mock, It's eas - y e-nough if you're
C
Allegretto
p
ques-tion), Should keep him-self qui-et, At-tend to his di - et, And care-ful-ly nurse his di - ges-tion. But
act - ing. But when one's e-mo-tion is born of de-vo-tion, You must-n't be ov - er-ex - act-ing. One
when he is mad - ly in love, It's cer - tain to tell on his sing-ing. You
ought to be firm as a rock To ven - ture a shake in vi - bra - to. When
D
mf
mp

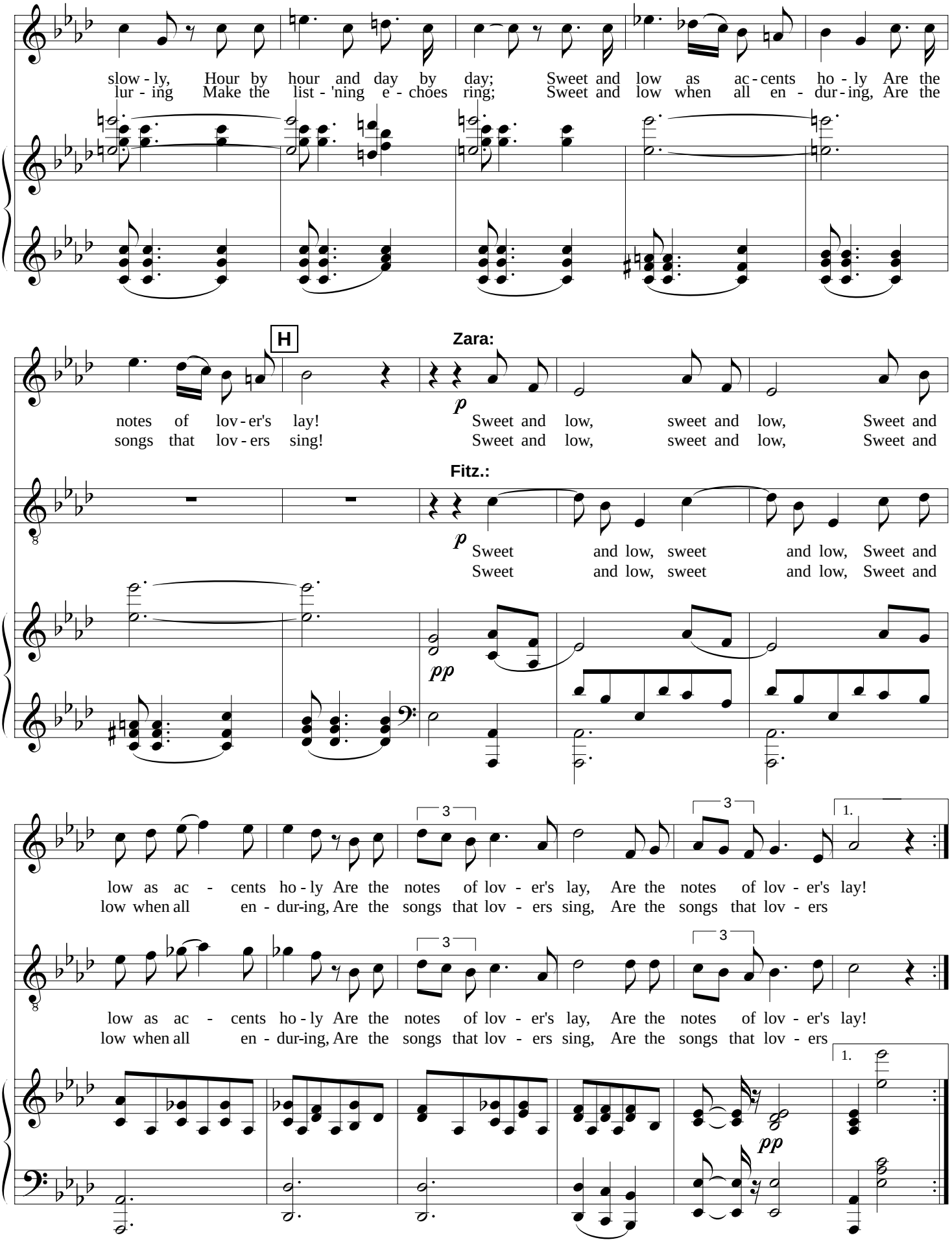

can't do chro-mat-ics With prop-er em-phat-ics When an-guish your bos-om is wring-ing! When dis -
fer-vor's ex-pect-ed Keep cool and col-lect-ed Or nev-er at-tempt *a-gi-ta-to.* But, of
p
tract-ed with wor-ries in plen-ty, And his pulse is a hun-dred and twen-ty, And his
course, when his tongue is of leath-er, And his lips ap-pear past-ed to-geth-er, And his
E
(spoken)
flat-ter-ing bos-om the slave of mis-trust is, A ten-or can't do him-self jus-tice. Now ob-serve... Ah-
sen-si-tive pal-ate as dry as a crust is, A ten-or can't do him-self jus-tice. Now ob-serve... Ah-
1.
You see, I can't do my-self jus-tice!
2. I could
mf
f
p

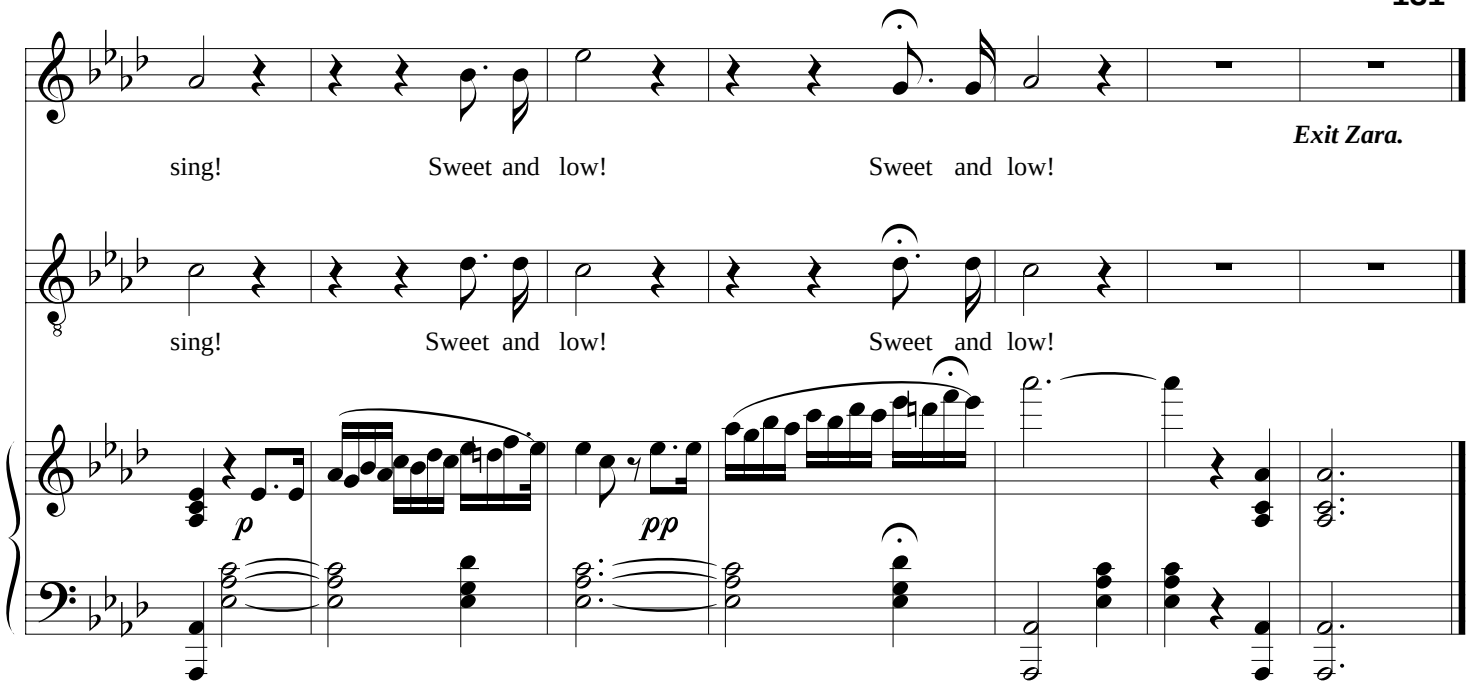

mf
f
mf
It's no use, I can't do my - self jus-tice!
mf
f

No. 14. Words of love too loudly spoken

Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe

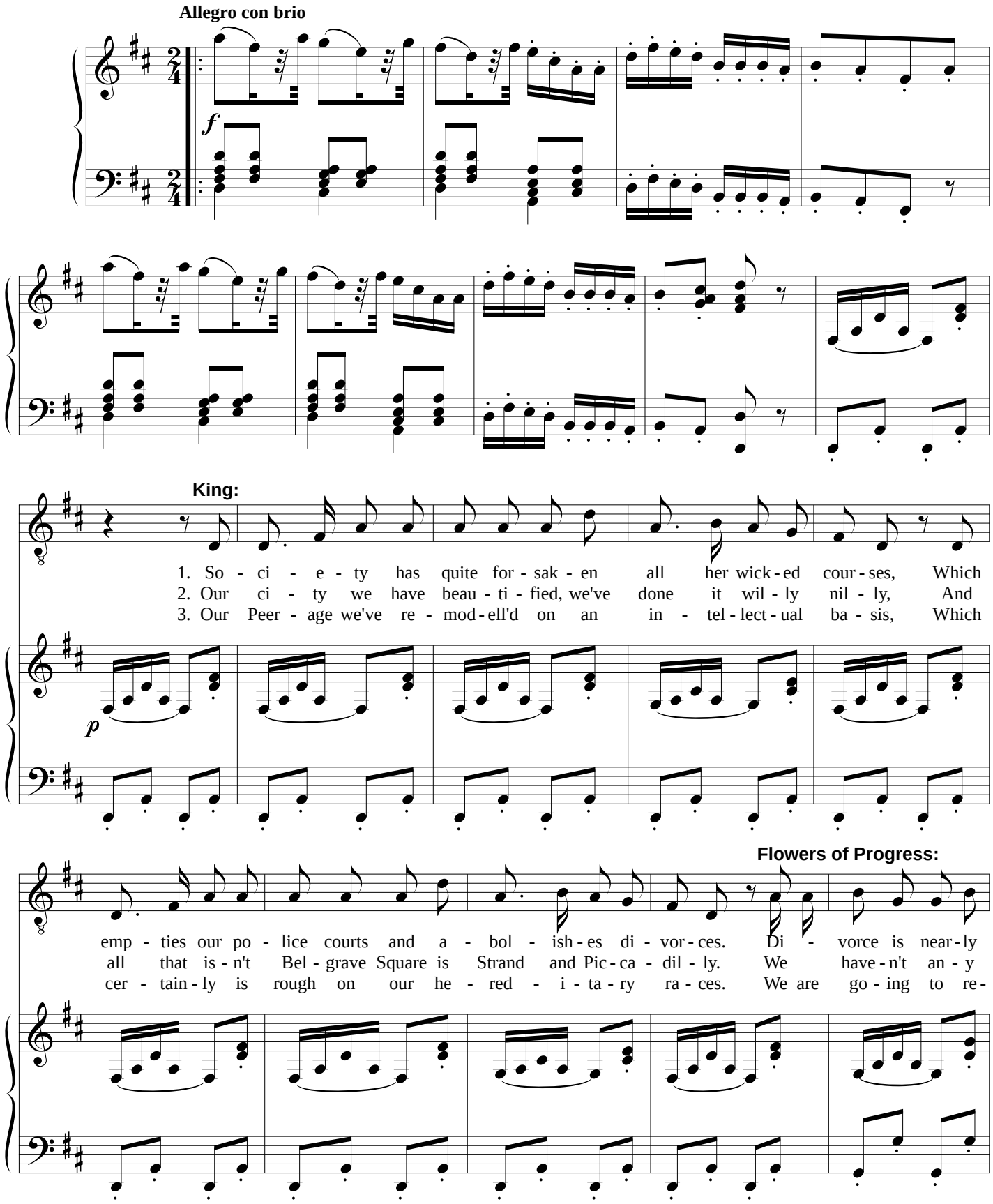



slow - ly, Hour by hour and day by day; Sweet and low as ac - cents ho - ly Are the
lur - ing Make the list - 'ning e - choes ring; Sweet and low when all en - dur - ing, Are the
H
Zara:
notes of lov - er's lay!
songs that lov - ers sing!
p
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and
Fitz.:
p
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and
pp
3
3
1.
low as ac - cents ho - ly Are the notes of lov - er's lay, Are the notes of lov - er's lay!
low when all en - dur - ing, Are the songs that lov - ers sing, Are the songs that lov - ers
low as ac - cents ho - ly Are the notes of lov - er's lay, Are the notes of lov - er's lay!
low when all en - dur - ing, Are the songs that lov - ers sing, Are the songs that lov - ers
pp


sing! Sweet and low! Sweet and low!
Exit Zara.
sing! Sweet and low! Sweet and low!
p
pp

No. 15. Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses

King Paramount with Six Flowers of Progress



King:

ob - so - lete in Eng - land. No tol - er - ance we show to un - de -
slum - mer - ies in Eng - land! We have solv'd the la - bour ques - tion with dis -
mod - el it in Eng - land. The Brew - ers and the Cot - ton Lords no

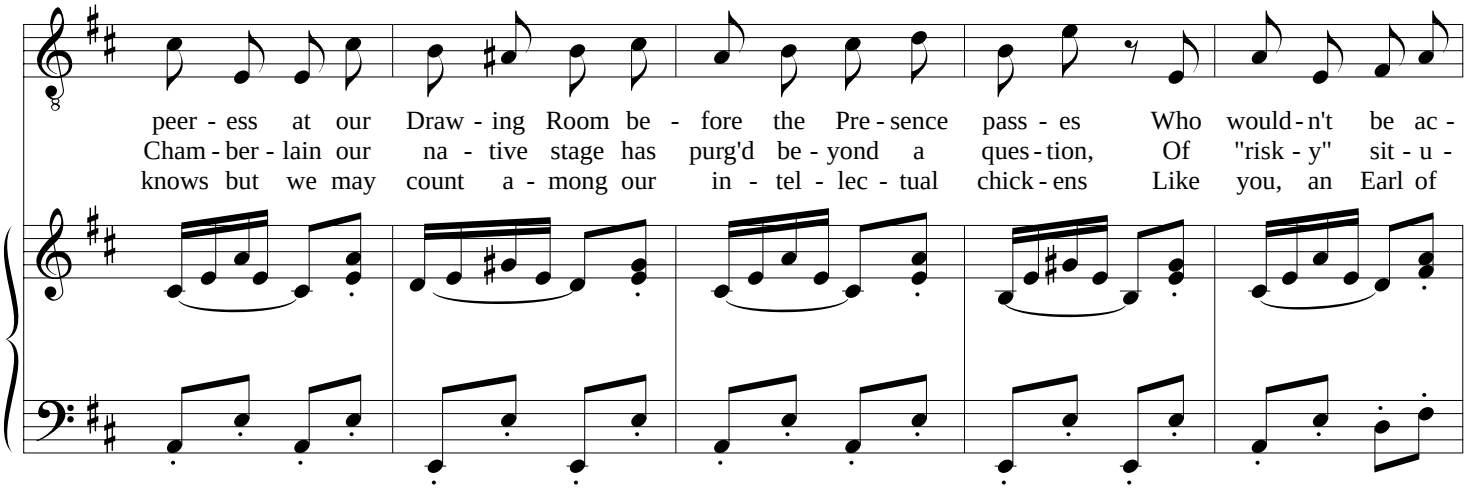
serv - ing rank and splen - dour; For the high - er his po - si - tion is, the great - er the of -
crim - i - na - tion pol - ish'd, So pov - er - ty is ob - so - lete and hun - ger is a -
long - er seek ad - mis - sion, And Lit - er - ar - y Mer - it meets with prop - er re - cog -

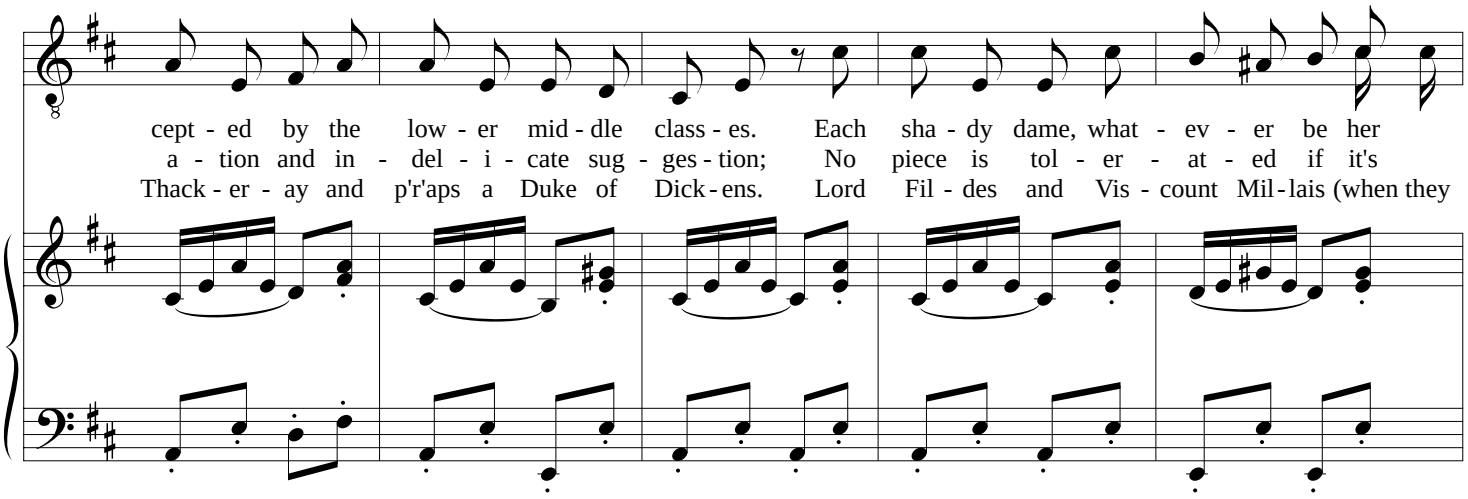
Flowers of Progress:

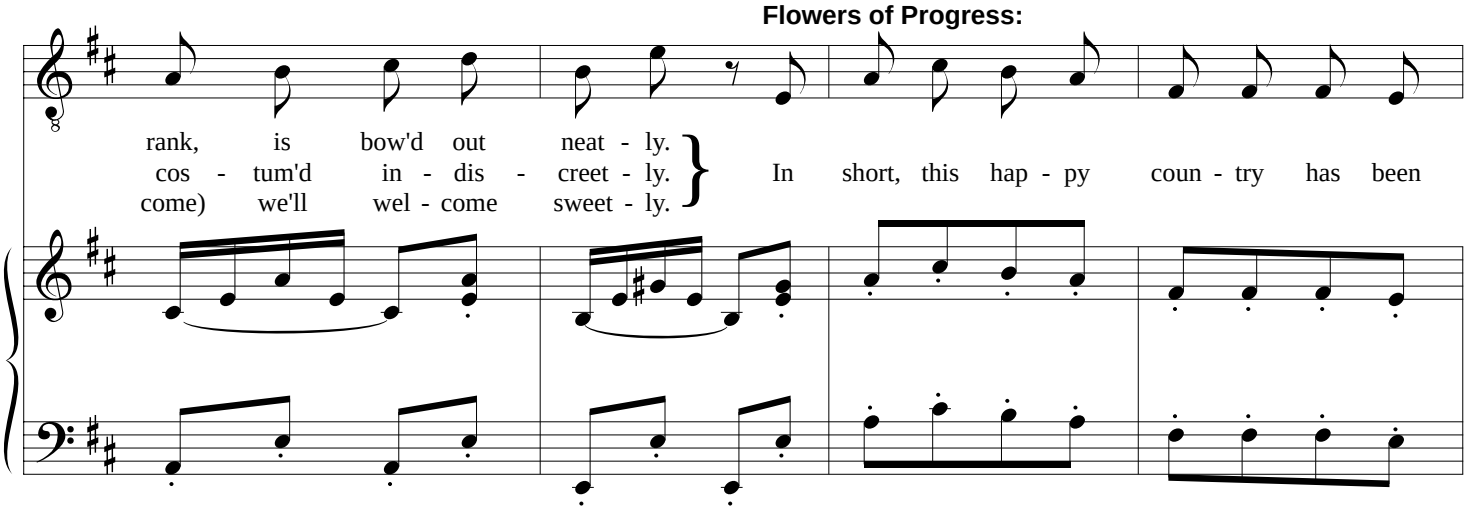
King:

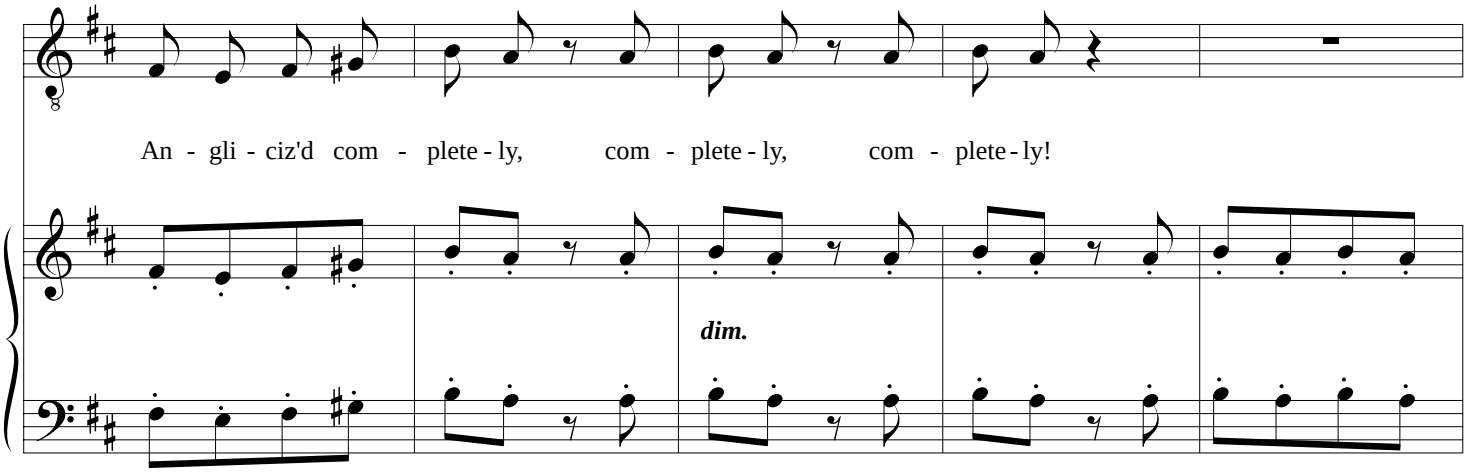
fend - er. That's a max - im that is prev - a - lent in Eng - land. No
bol - ish'd. We are go - ing to a - bol - ish it in Eng - land. The
ni - tion. As Lit - er - ar - y Mer - it does in Eng - land. Who

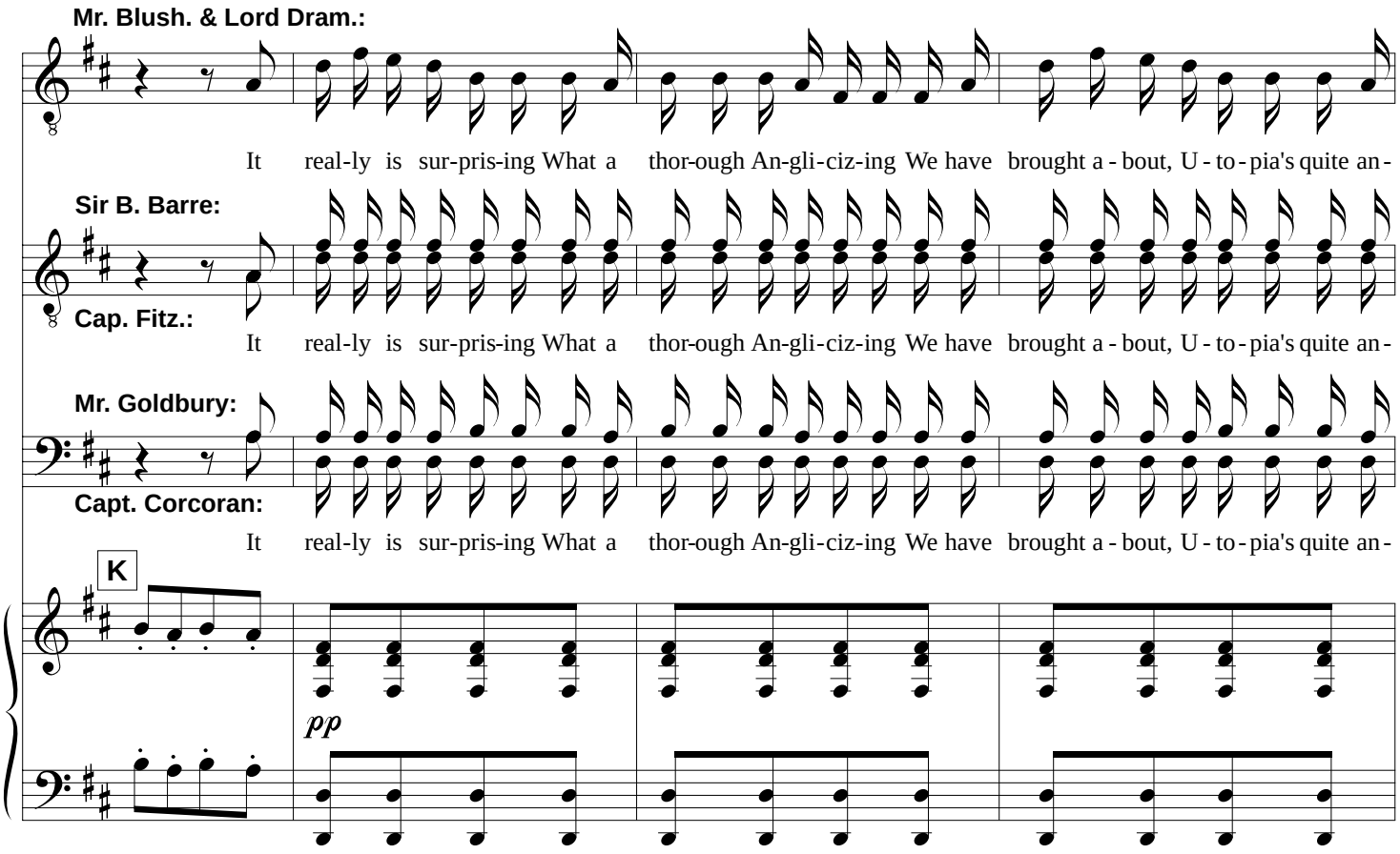
J

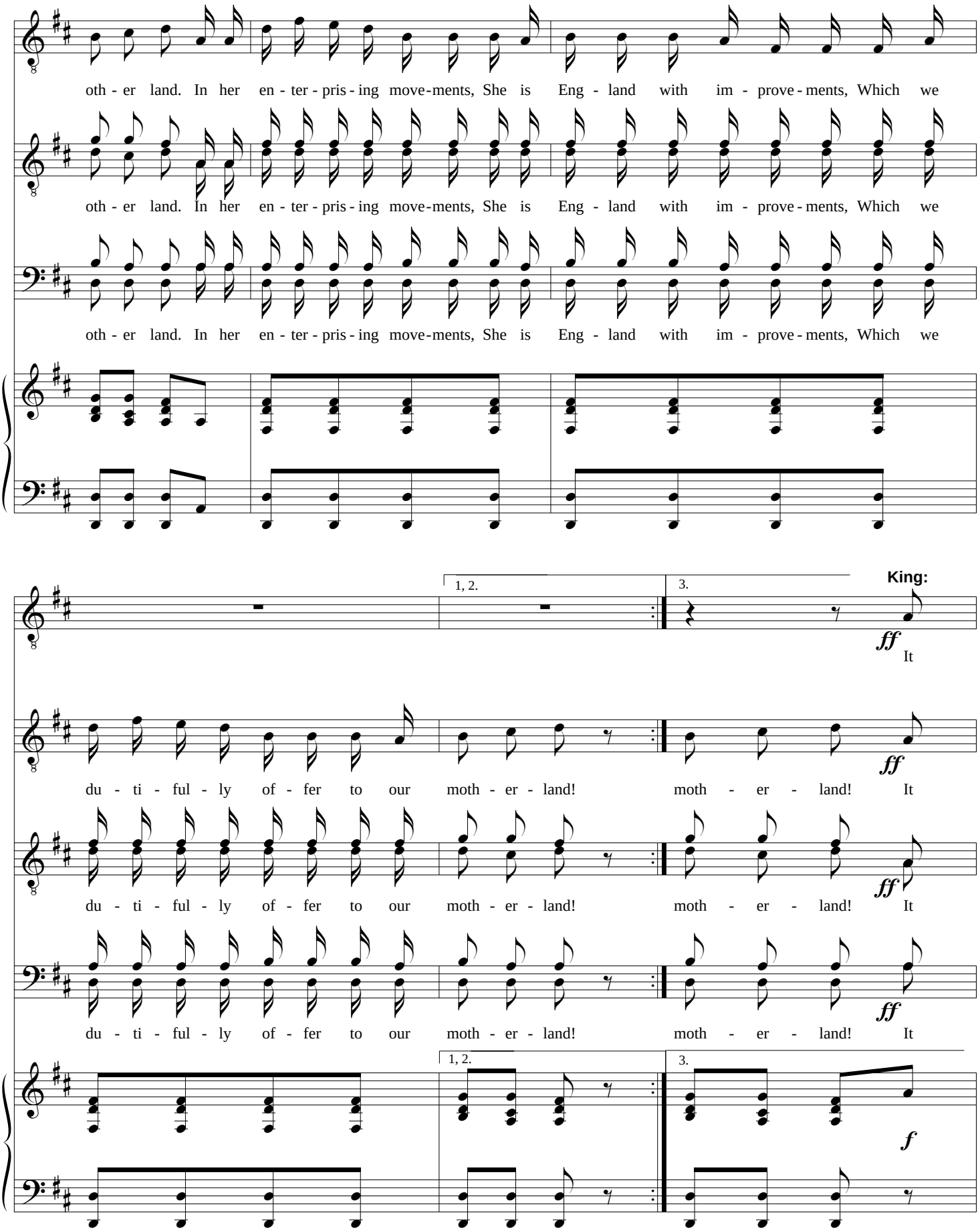

peer - ess at our Draw - ing Room be - fore the Pre - sence pass - es Who would - n't be ac -
Cham - ber - lain our na - tive stage has purg'd be - yond a ques - tion, Of "risk - y" sit - u -
knows but we may count a - mong our in - tel - lec - tual chick - ens Like you, an Earl of


cept - ed by the low - er mid - dle class - es. Each sha - dy dame, what - ev - er be her
a - tion and in - del - i - cate sug - ges - tion; No piece is tol - er - at - ed if it's
Thack - er - ay and p'r'aps a Duke of Dick - ens. Lord Fil - des and Vis - count Mil - lais (when they

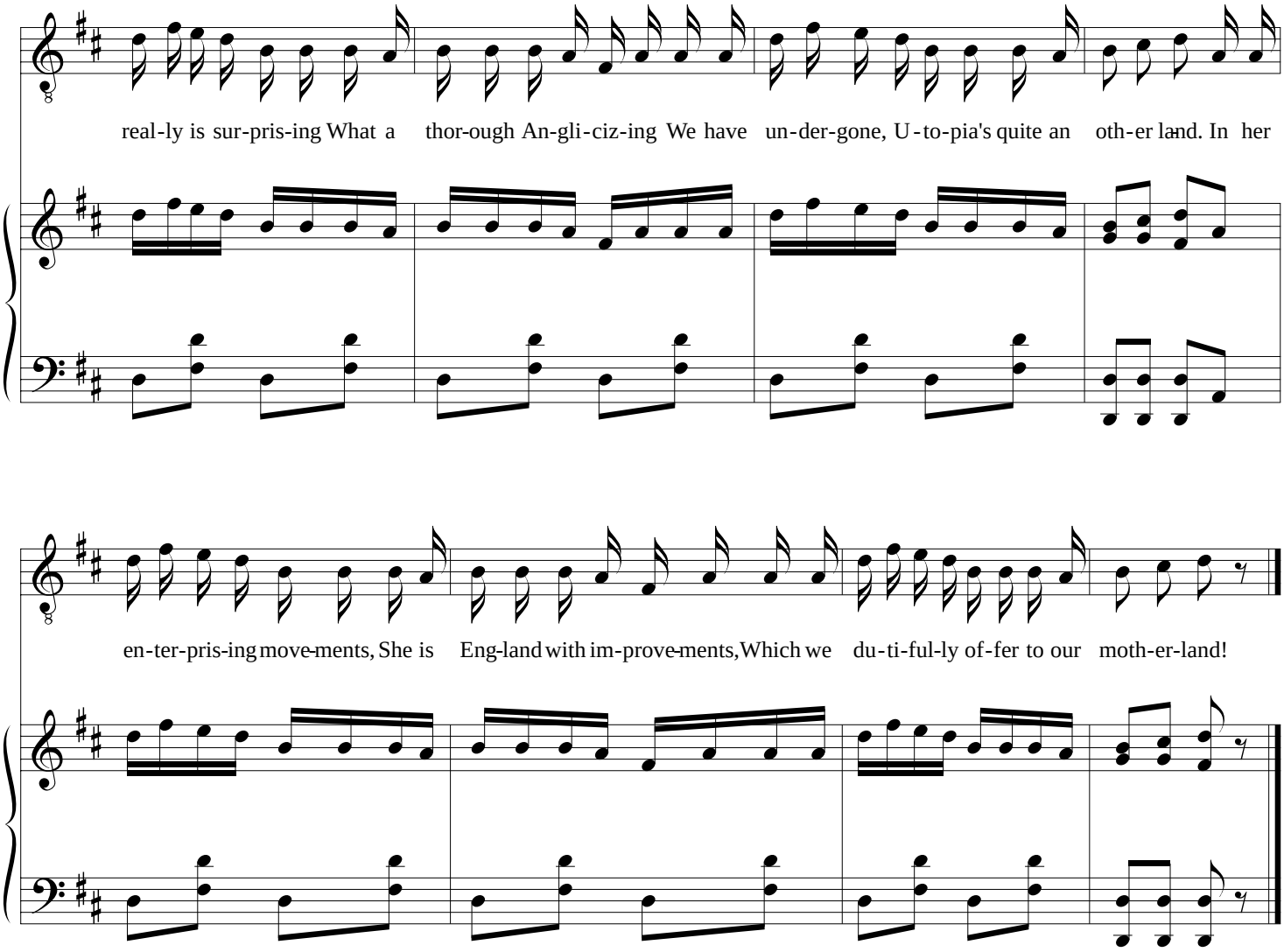

Flowers of Progress:
rank, is bow'd out neat - ly.
cos - tum'd in - dis - creet - ly.
come) we'll wel - come sweet - ly.
In short, this hap - py coun - try has been


An - gli - ciz'd com - plete - ly, com - plete - ly, com - plete - ly!
dim.


Mr. Blush. & Lord Dram.:
It real-ly is sur-pris-ing What a thor-ough An-gli-ciz-ing We have brought a - bout, U - to - pia's quite an -
Sir B. Barre:
Cap. Fitz.:
It real-ly is sur-pris-ing What a thor-ough An-gli-ciz-ing We have brought a - bout, U - to - pia's quite an -
Mr. Goldbury:
Capt. Corcoran:
It real-ly is sur-pris-ing What a thor-ough An-gli-ciz-ing We have brought a - bout, U - to - pia's quite an -
K
pp

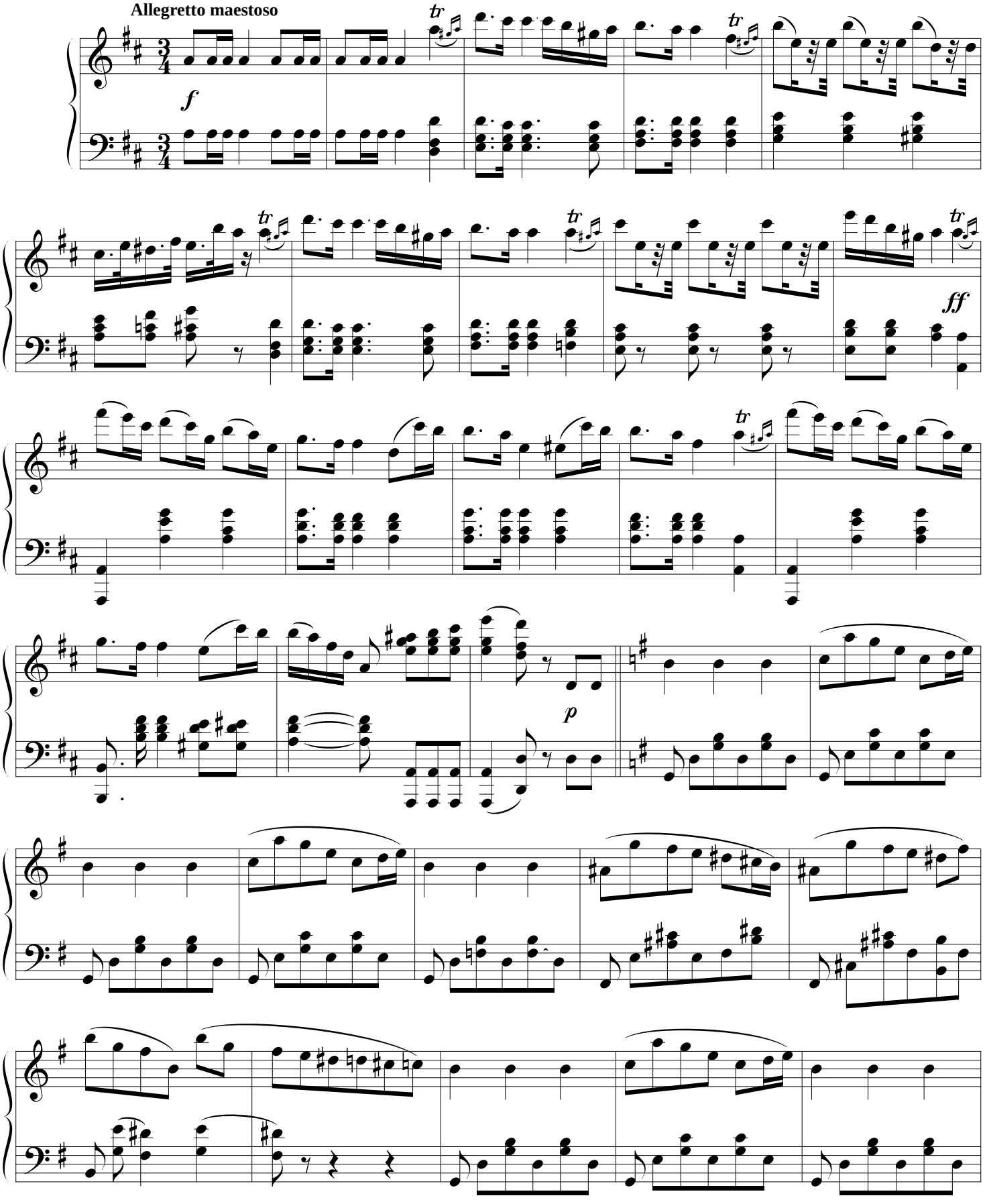

oth - er land. In her en - ter - pris - ing move-ments, She is Eng - land with im - prove - ments, Which we
oth - er land. In her en - ter - pris - ing move-ments, She is Eng - land with im - prove - ments, Which we
oth - er land. In her en - ter - pris - ing move-ments, She is Eng - land with im - prove - ments, Which we
1, 2.
3.
King:
ff
It
du - ti - ful - ly of - fer to our moth - er - land! moth - er - land! It
du - ti - ful - ly of - fer to our moth - er - land! moth - er - land! It
du - ti - ful - ly of - fer to our moth - er - land! moth - er - land! It
1, 2.
3.
f

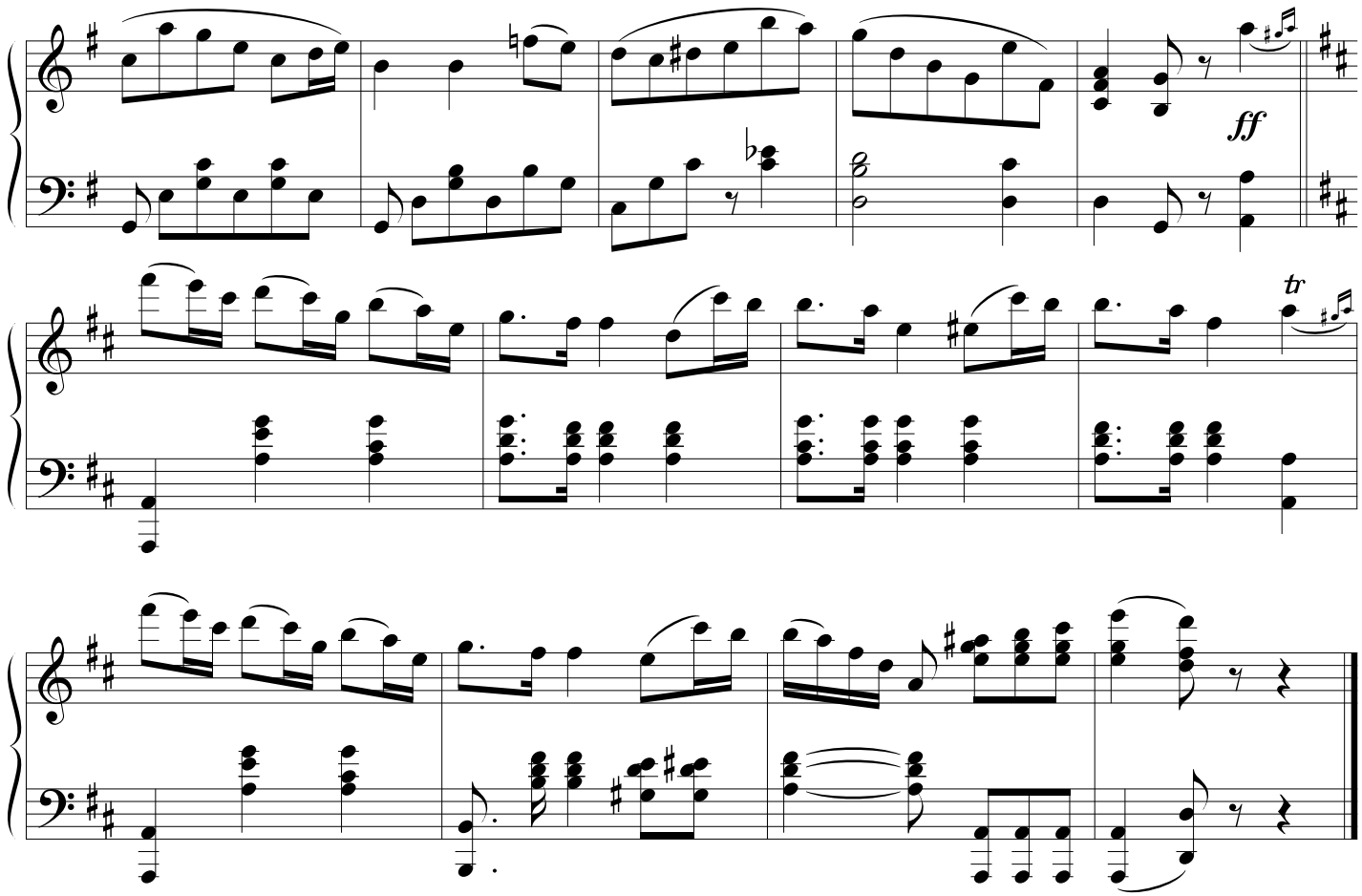
Flowers of Progress with King:



No. 16. Entrance of Court

(Instrumental)

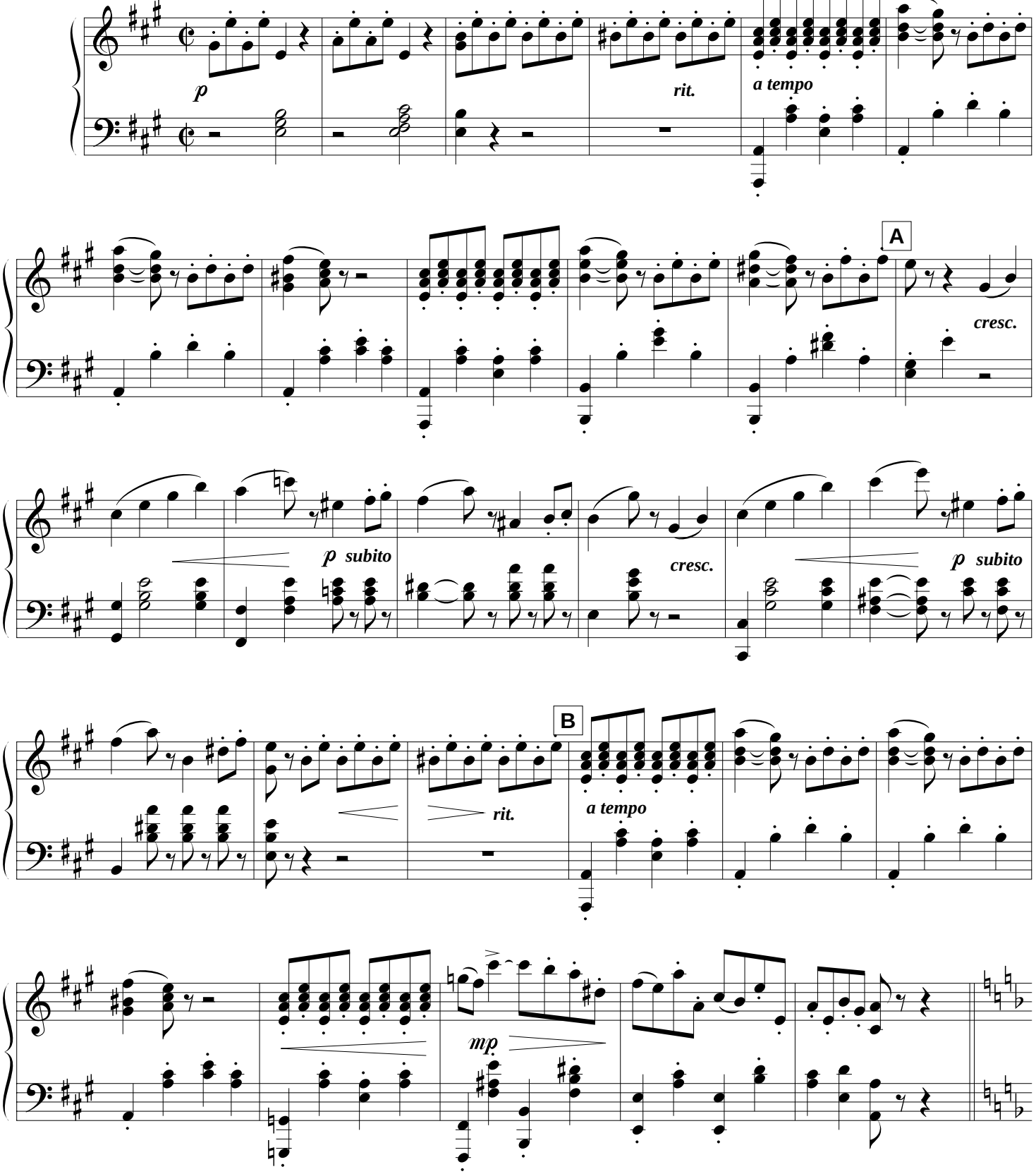


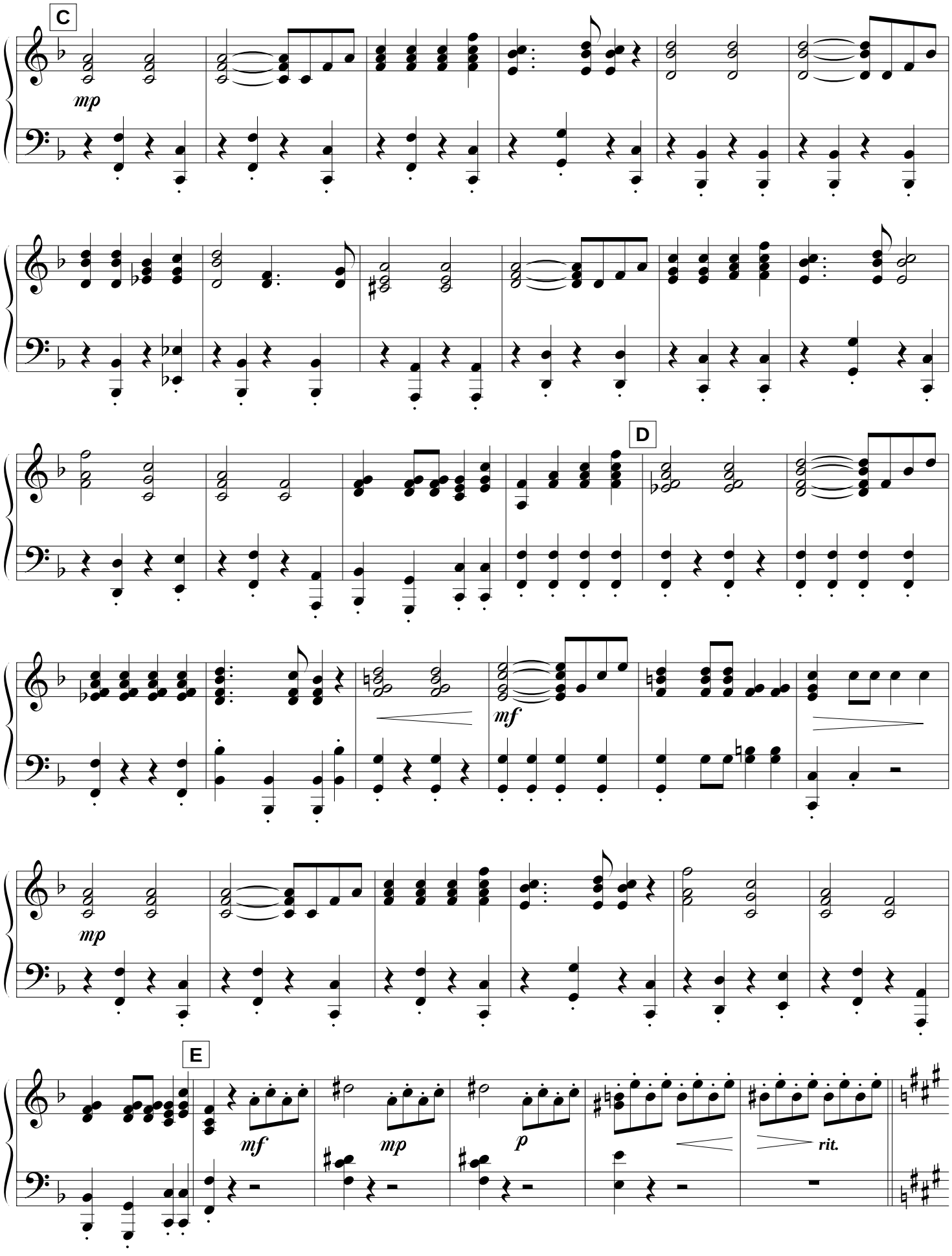

ff
tr

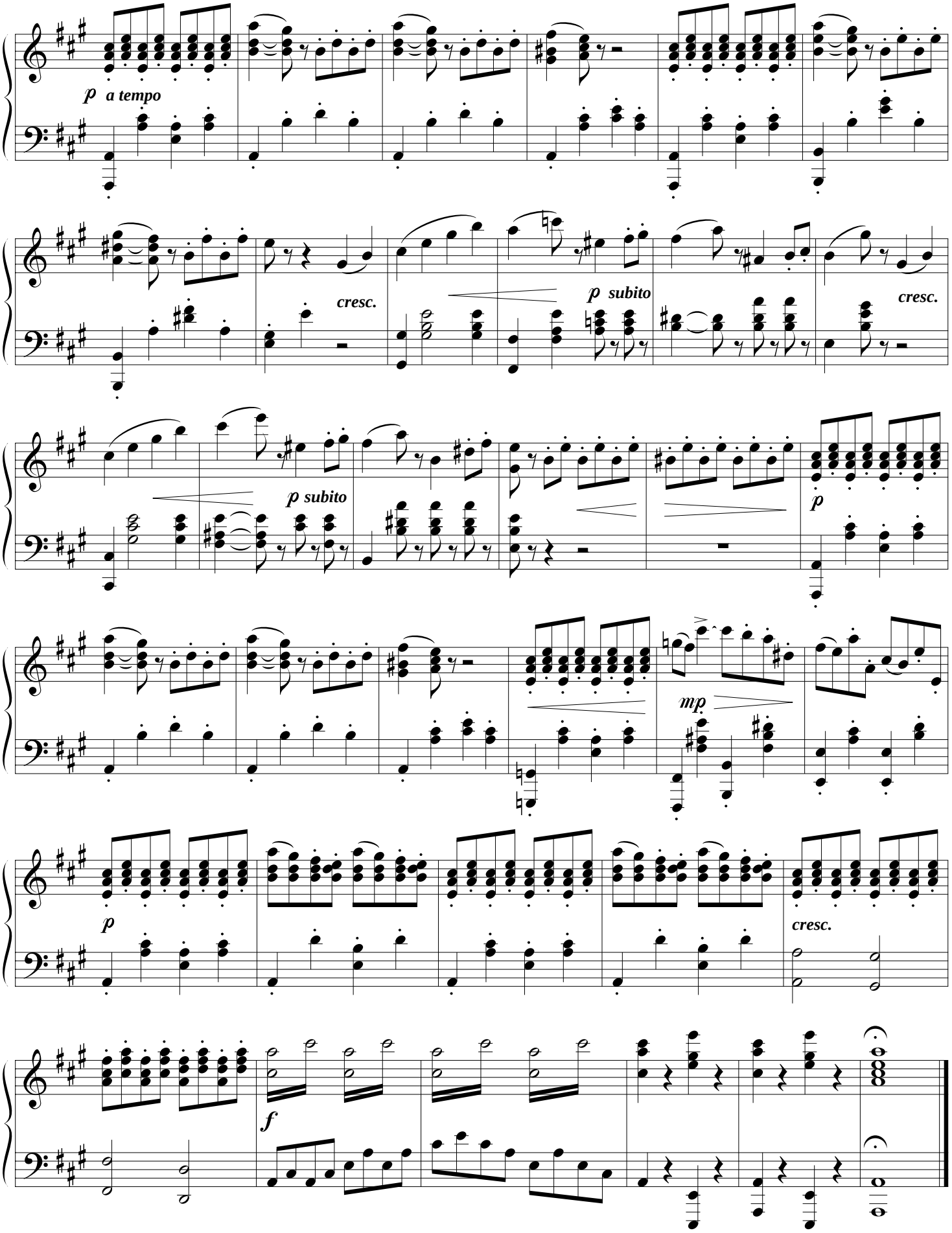
No. 17. Drawing room music

(Instrumental)

Allegretto moderato à la Gavotte

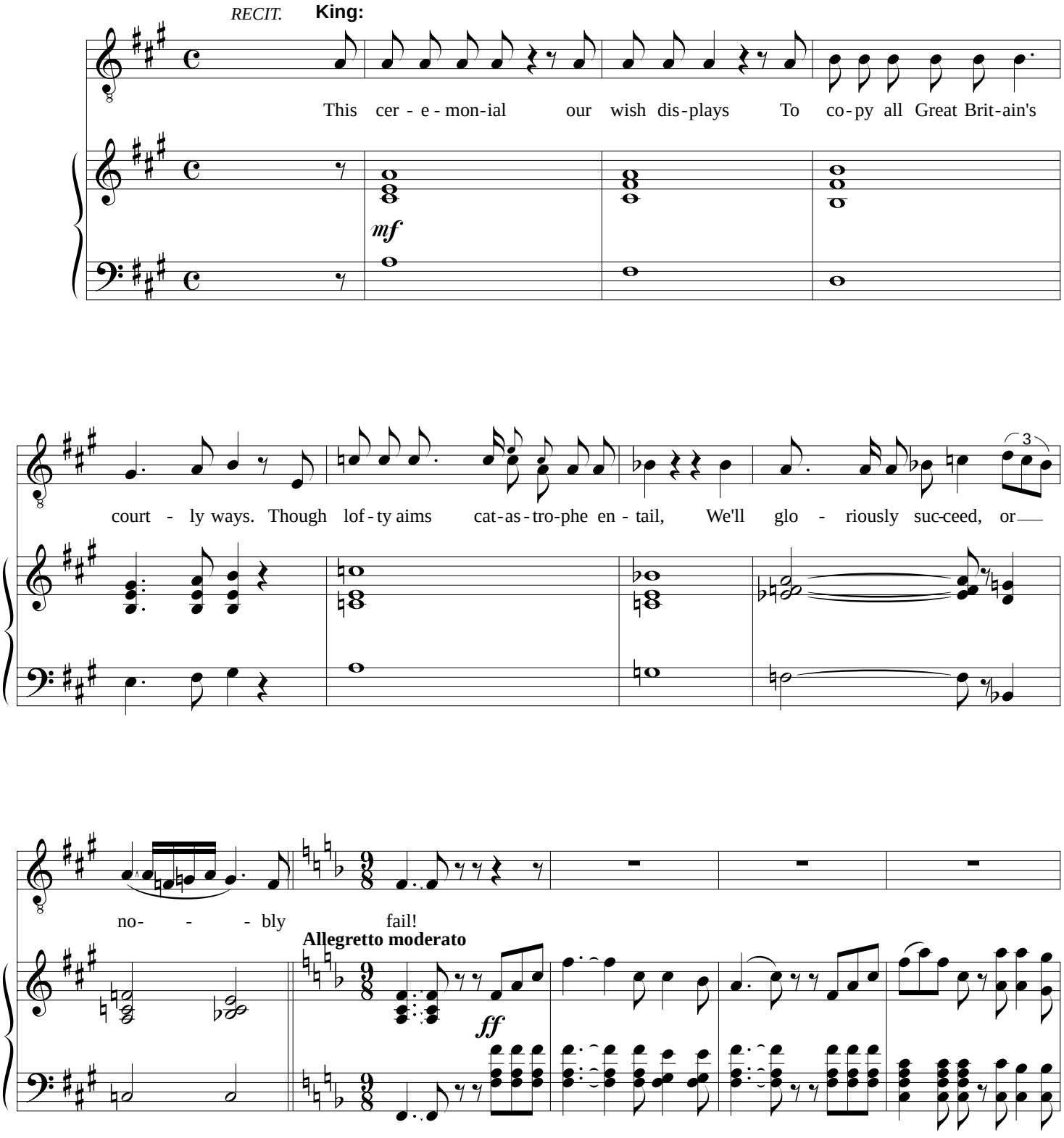


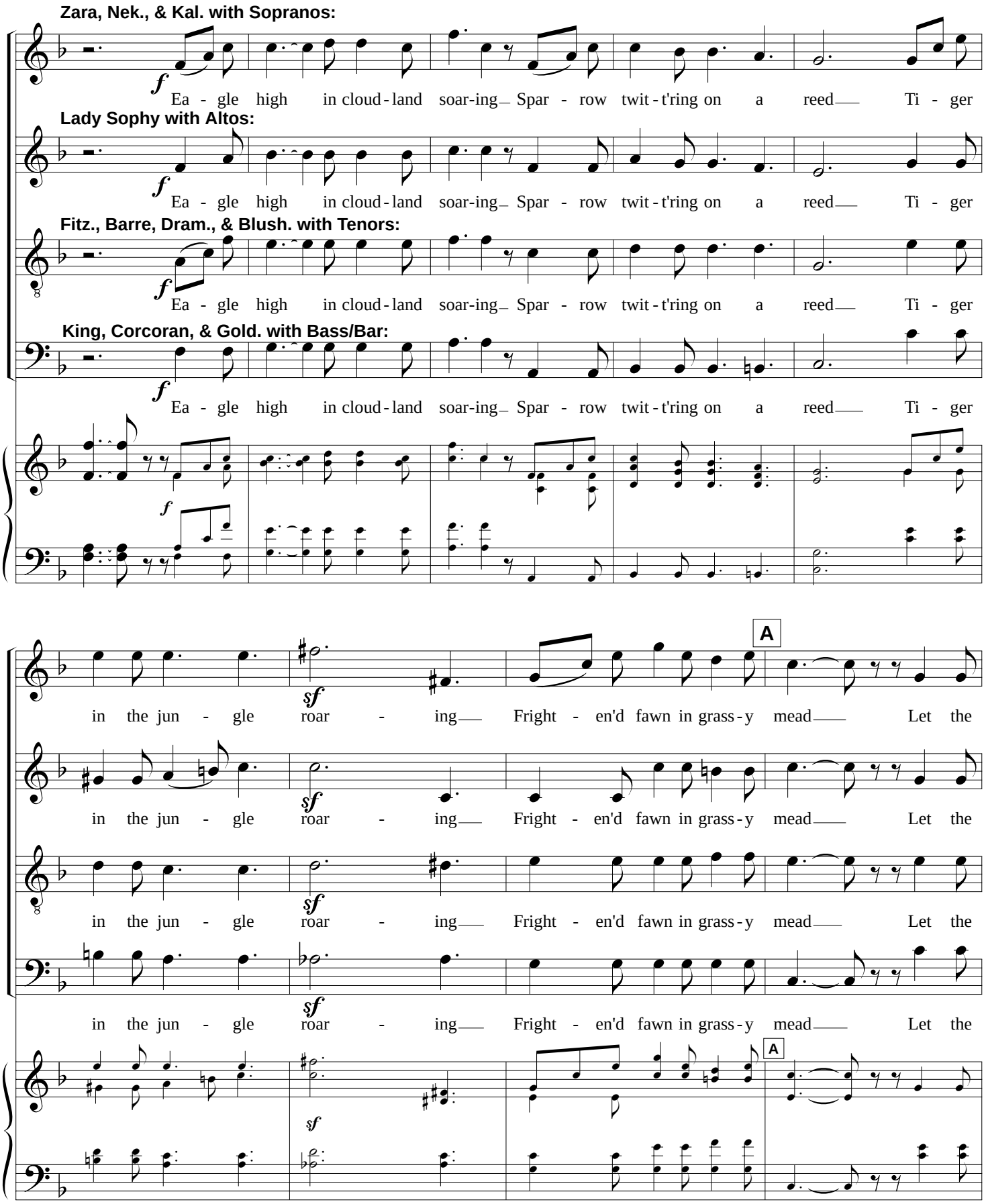

C
mp
D
mf
mp
E
mf
mp
p
rit.

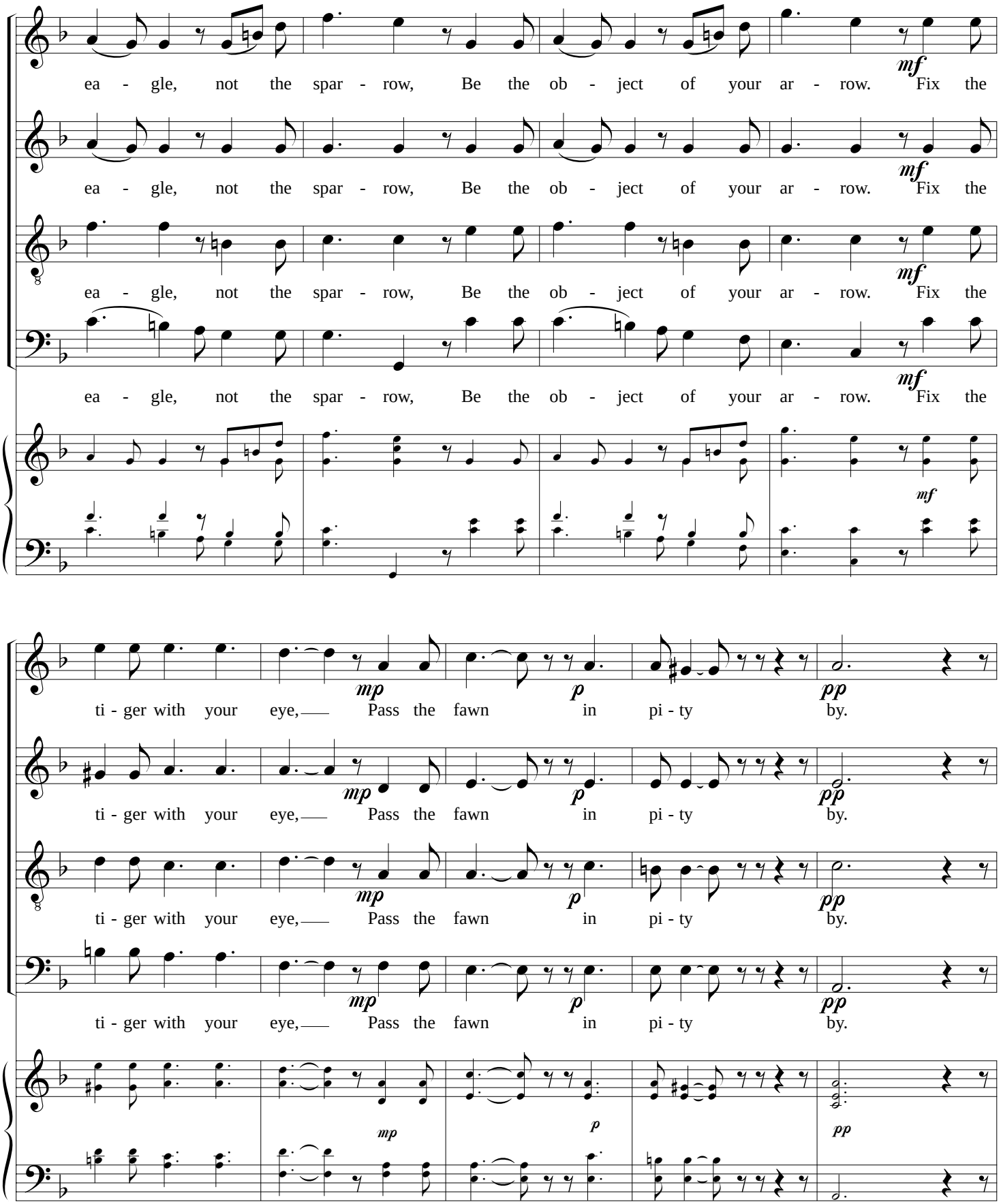

p a tempo
cresc.
p subito
cresc.
p subito
p
mp
p
cresc.
f

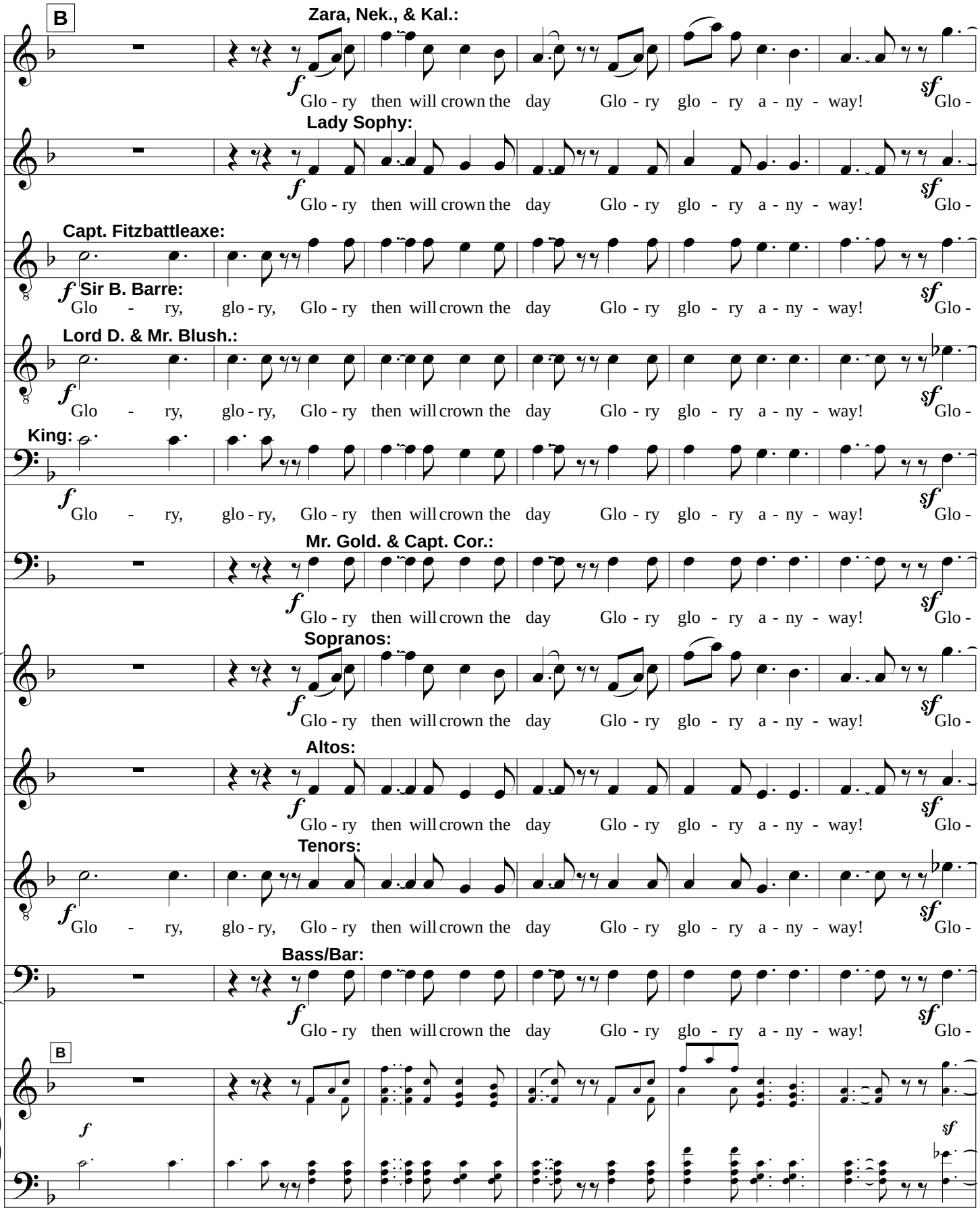
No. 18. Recit:This ceremonial our wish displays
Song: Eagle high

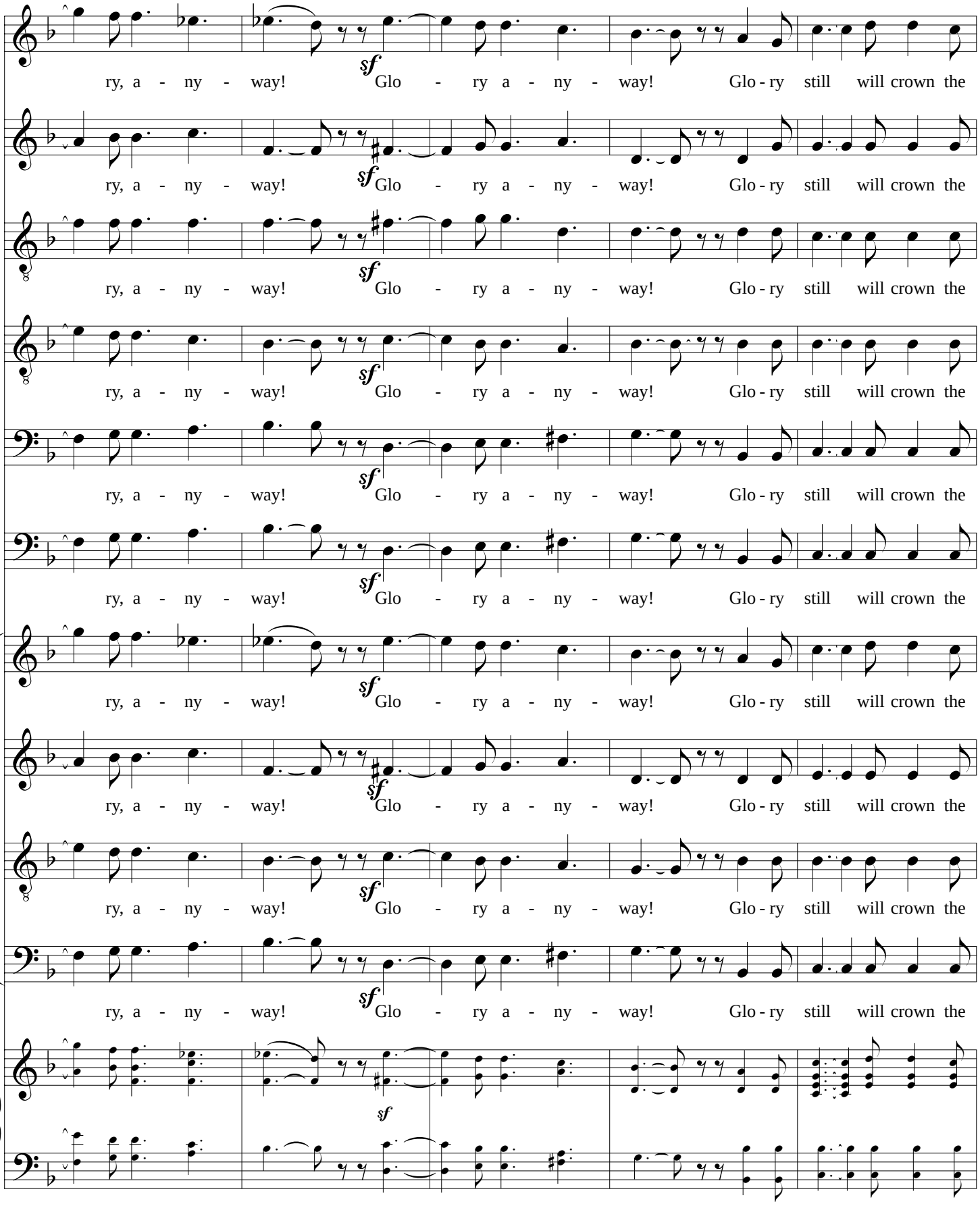
King Paramount and Ensemble

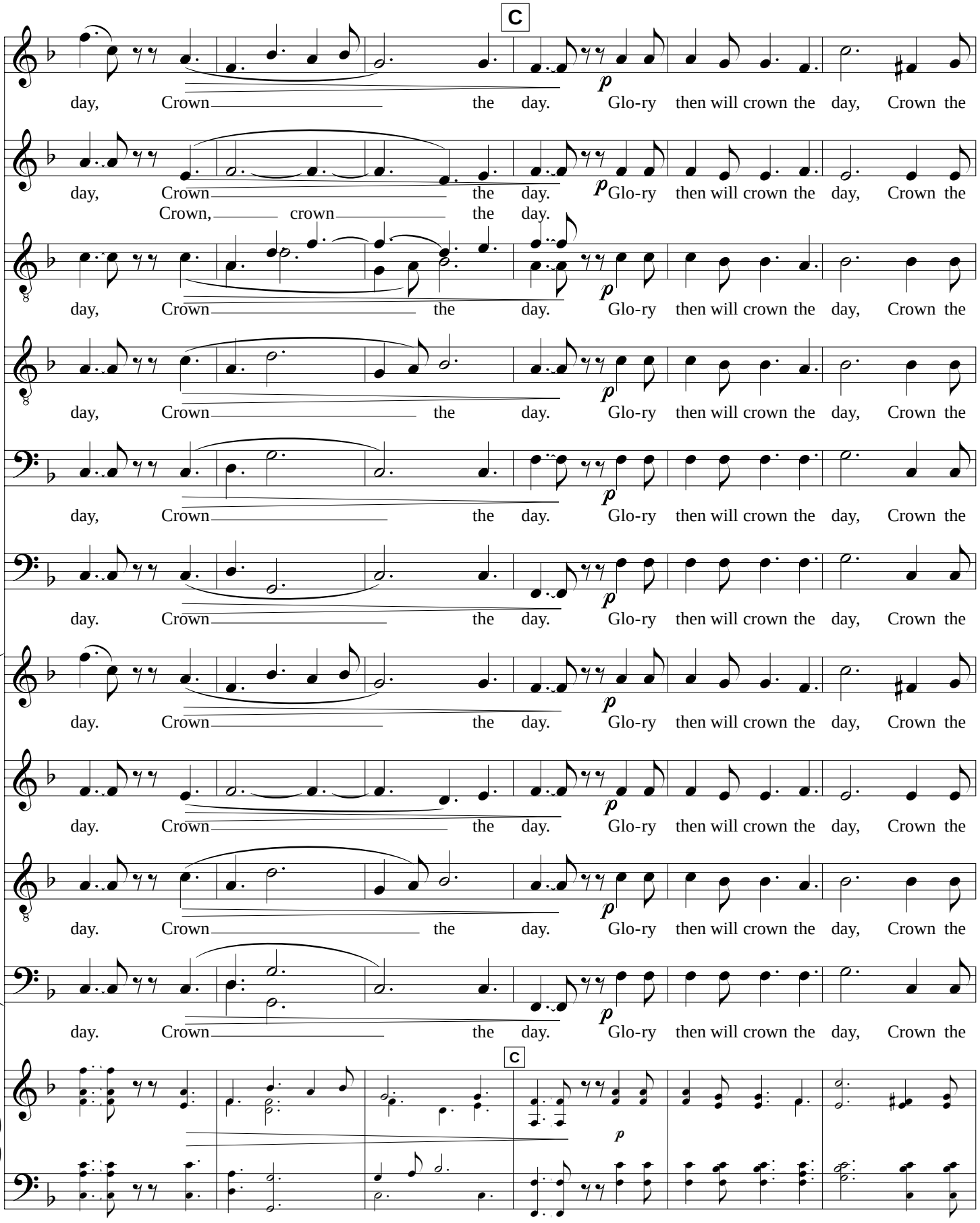


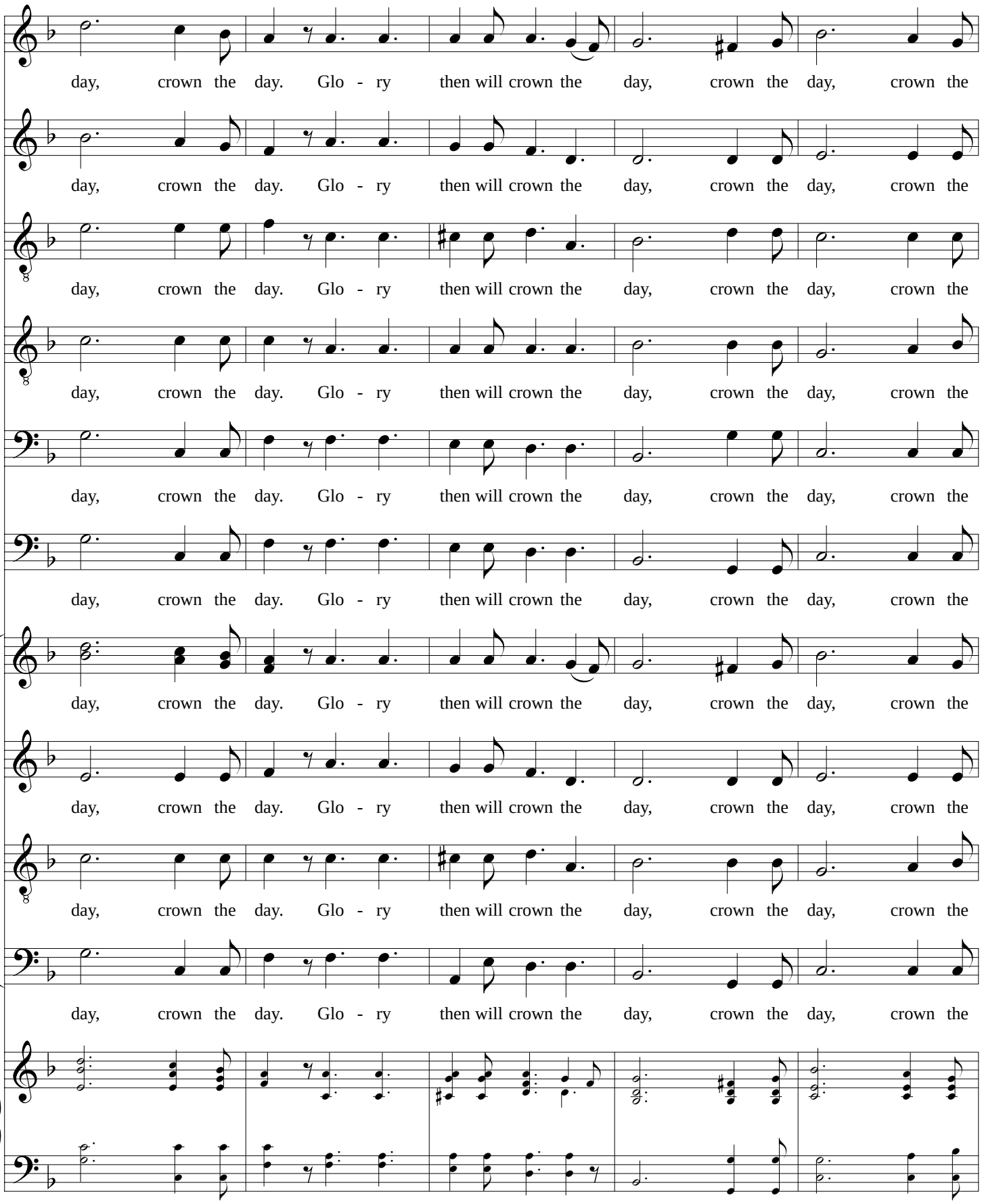

Zara, Nek., & Kal. with Sopranos:
Ea - gle high in cloud - land soar-ing Spar - row twit - t'ring on a reed Ti - ger
Lady Sophy with Altos:
Ea - gle high in cloud - land soar-ing Spar - row twit - t'ring on a reed Ti - ger
Fitz., Barre, Dram., & Blush. with Tenors:
Ea - gle high in cloud - land soar-ing Spar - row twit - t'ring on a reed Ti - ger
King, Corcoran, & Gold. with Bass/Bar:
Ea - gle high in cloud - land soar-ing Spar - row twit - t'ring on a reed Ti - ger
in the jun - gle roar - ing Fright - en'd fawn in grass - y mead Let the
A

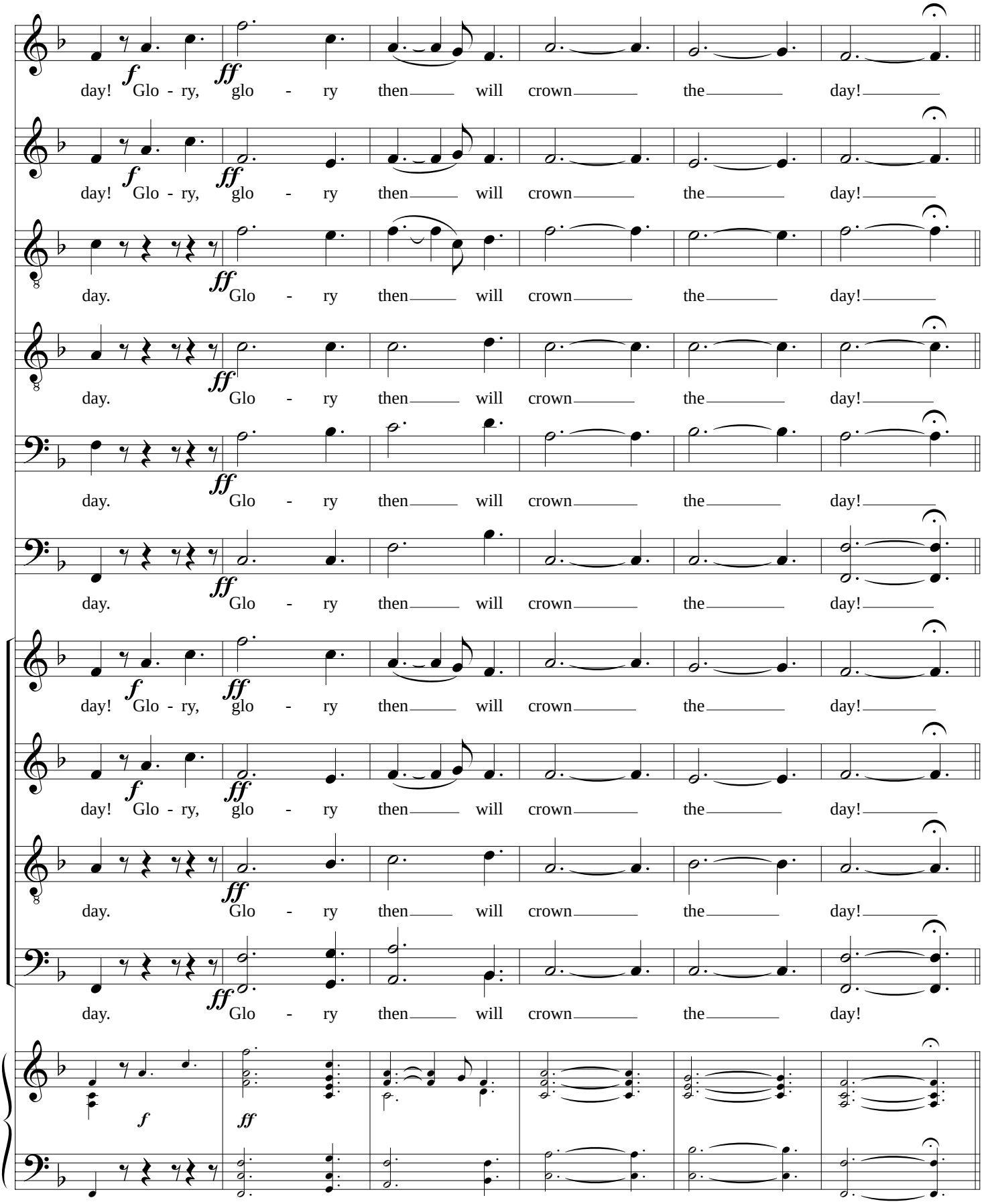

ea - gle, not the spar - row, Be the ob - ject of your ar - row. Fix the
mf
ti - ger with your eye, Pass the fawn in pi - ty by.
mp
p
pp


B
Zara, Nek., & Kal.:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Lady Sophy:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Capt. Fitzbattleaxe:
Sir B. Barre:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Lord D. & Mr. Blush.:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
King:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Mr. Gold. & Capt. Cor.:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Sopranos:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Altos:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Tenors:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
Bass/Bar:
Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo -
B


ry, a - ny - way! Glo - ry a - ny - way! Glo - ry still will crown the


C
day, Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day, Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
Crown, crown the day.
day, Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day, Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day, Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day. Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day. Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day. Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day. Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
day. Crown the day. Glo-ry then will crown the day, Crown the
C
p


day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the


day! Glo - ry, glo - ry then will crown the day!
day! Glo - ry, glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!
day! Glo - ry, glo - ry then will crown the day!
day! Glo - ry, glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!
day. Glo - ry then will crown the day!

(Processional. Exeunt all)

ff

D

mf

tr

dolce

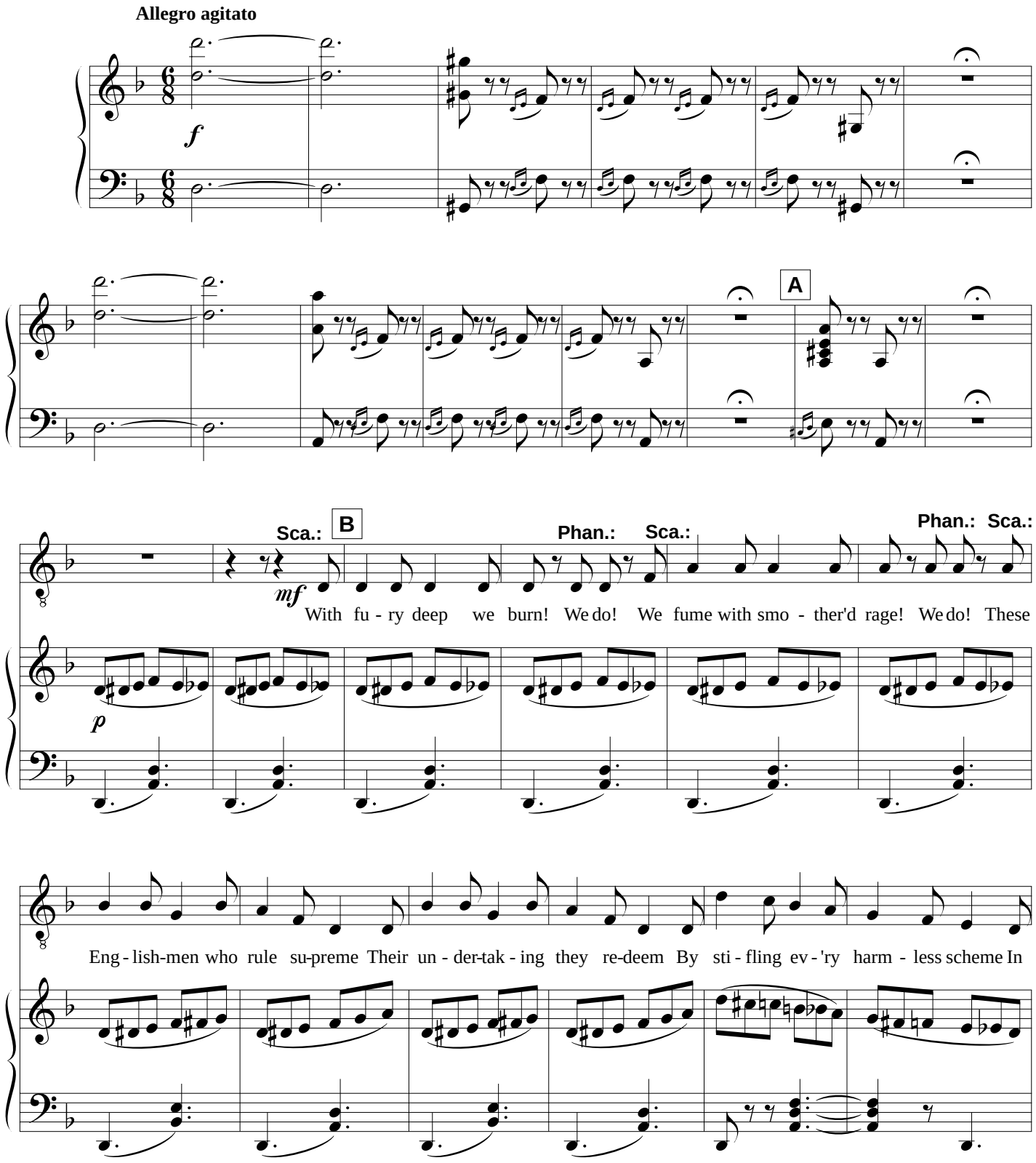
E

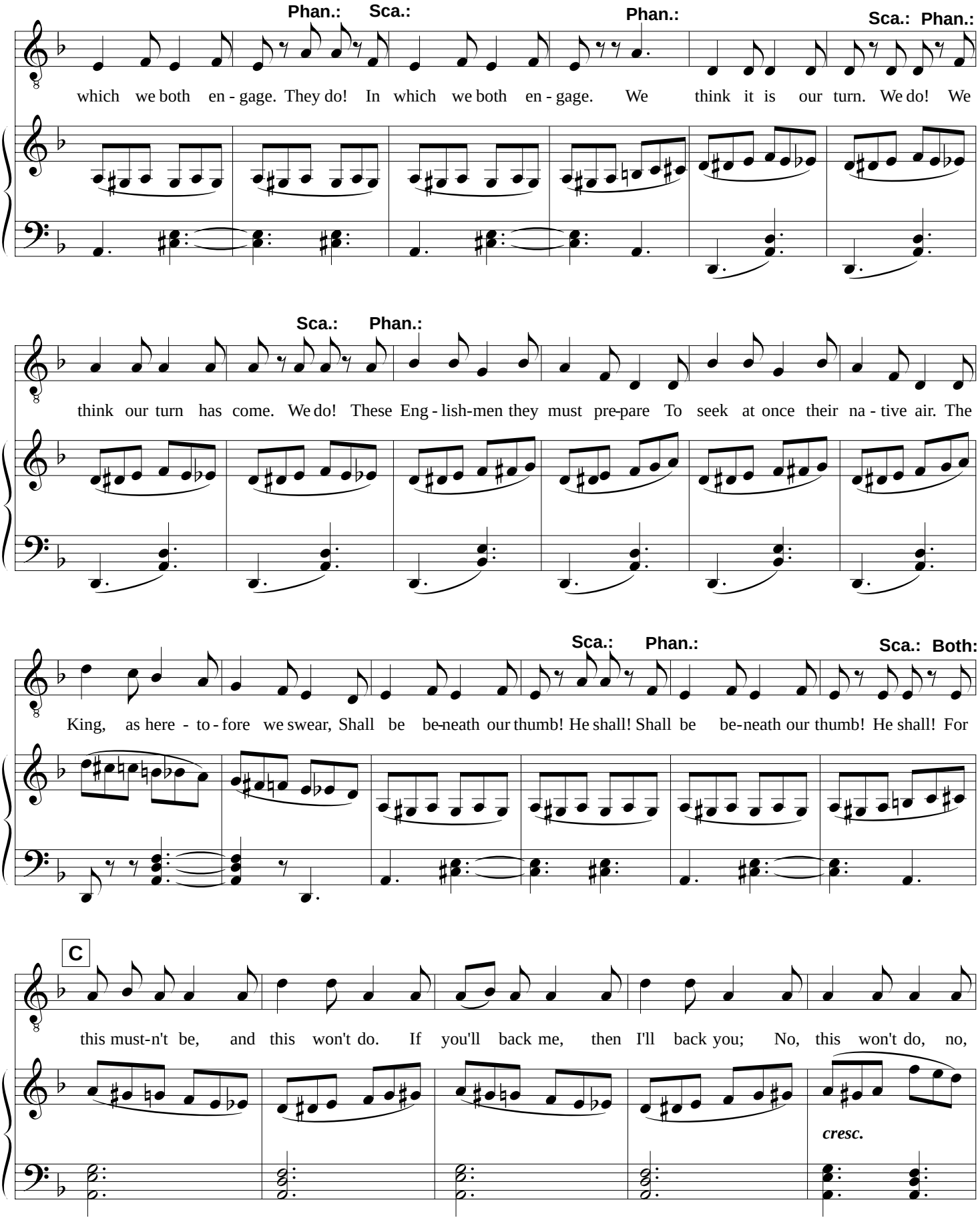
ff

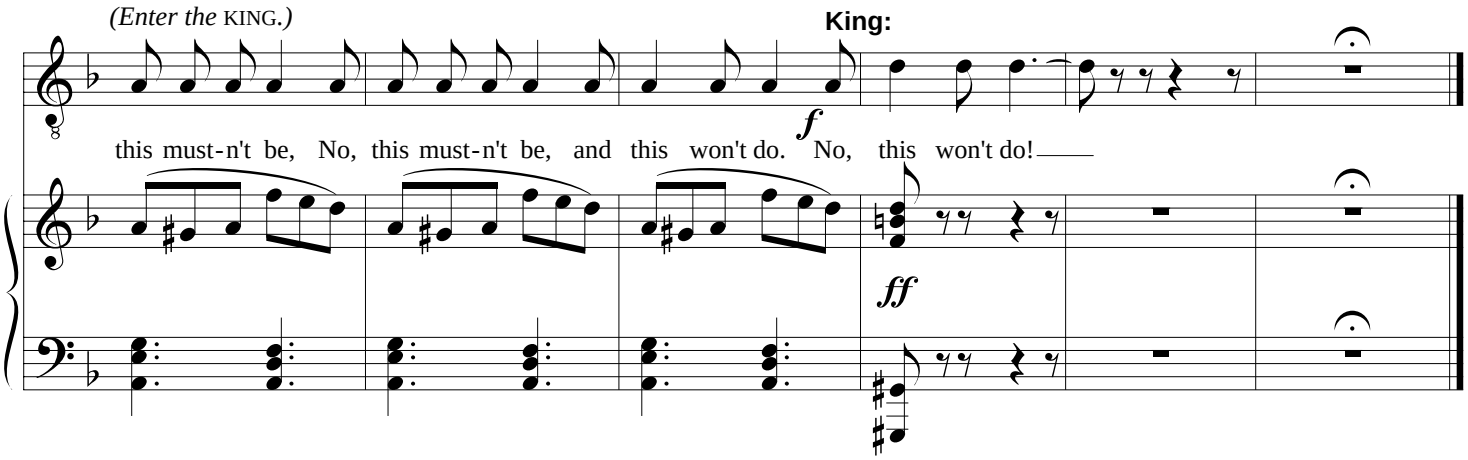
No. 19. With fury deep we burn

Scaphio and Phantis (with King)

Enter SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS, *now dressed as judges in red and ermine robes and undress wigs. They come down stage melodramatically -- working together.*

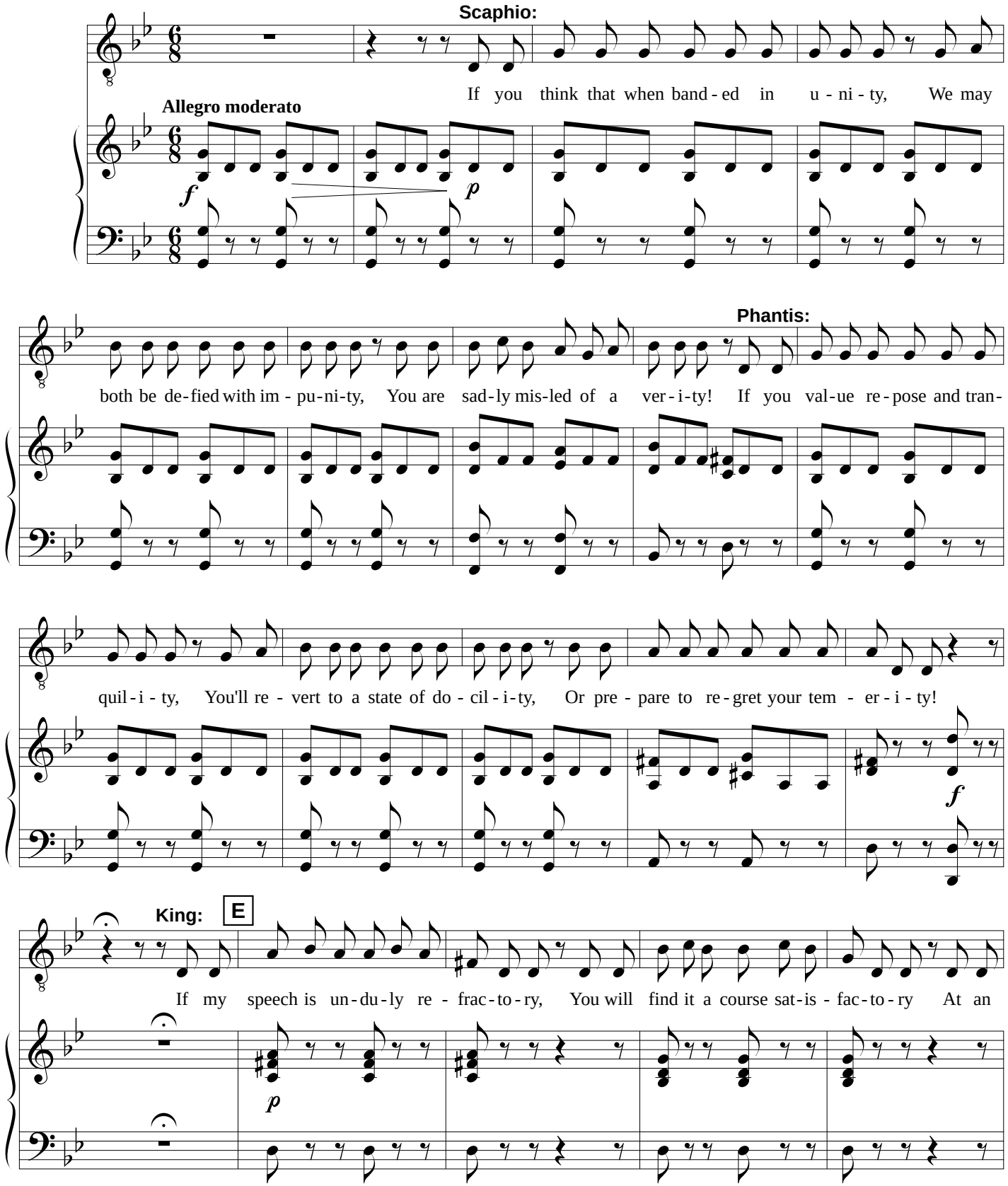


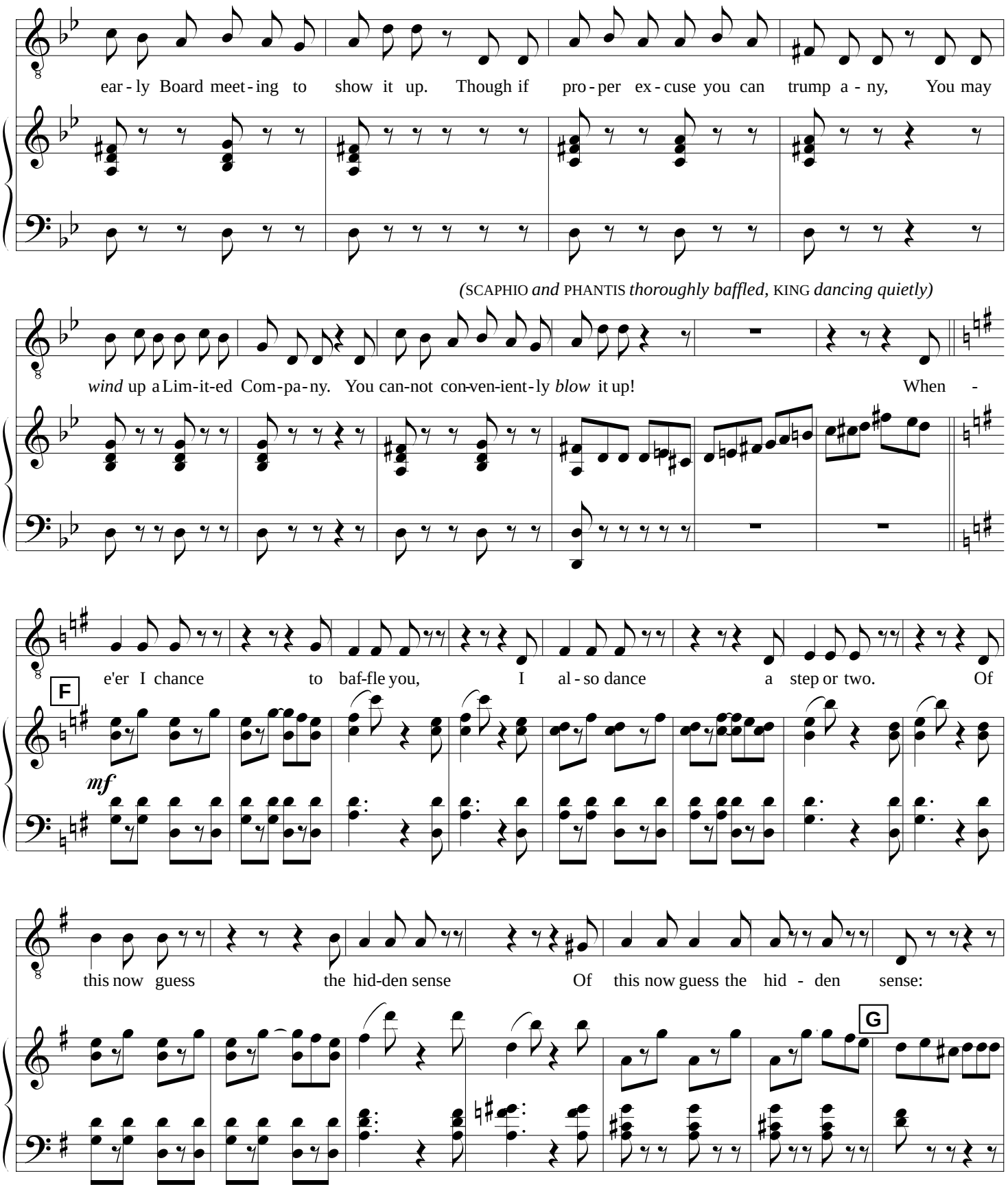

Phan.: Sca.:
Phan.:
Sca.: Phan.:
which we both en - gage. They do! In which we both en - gage. We think it is our turn. We do! We
Sca.: Phan.:
think our turn has come. We do! These Eng - lish-men they must pre-pare To seek at once their na - tive air. The
Sca.: Phan.:
Sca.: Both:
King, as here - to - fore we swear, Shall be be-neath our thumb! He shall! Shall be be-neath our thumb! He shall! For
C
this must-n't be, and this won't do. If you'll back me, then I'll back you; No, this won't do, no,
cresc.


(Enter the KING.)
King:
f
this must-n't be, No, this must-n't be, and this won't do. No, this won't do!
ff

No. 20. If you think that when banded in unity

King, Scaphio, and Phantis




ear - ly Board meet - ing to show it up. Though if pro - per ex - cuse you can trump a - ny, You may
(SCAPHIO and PHANTIS thoroughly baffled, KING dancing quietly)
wind up a Lim-it-ed Com-pa-ny. You can-not con-ven-ient-ly blow it up!
When -
F
e'er I chance to baf-fle you, I al - so dance a step or two. Of
mf
this now guess the hid-den sense Of this now guess the hid - den sense:
G

*(*SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS *consider the question as* KING *continues dancing quietly -- then give it up)*

H

Scaphio and Phantis:

It means com-plete in - dif - fer-ence. Of course it does Of course it does It means com-plete in-

King:

dif - fer - ence. ...in - dif - fer - ence in - dif - fer - ence in - dif - fer - ence!

Scaphio and Phantis:

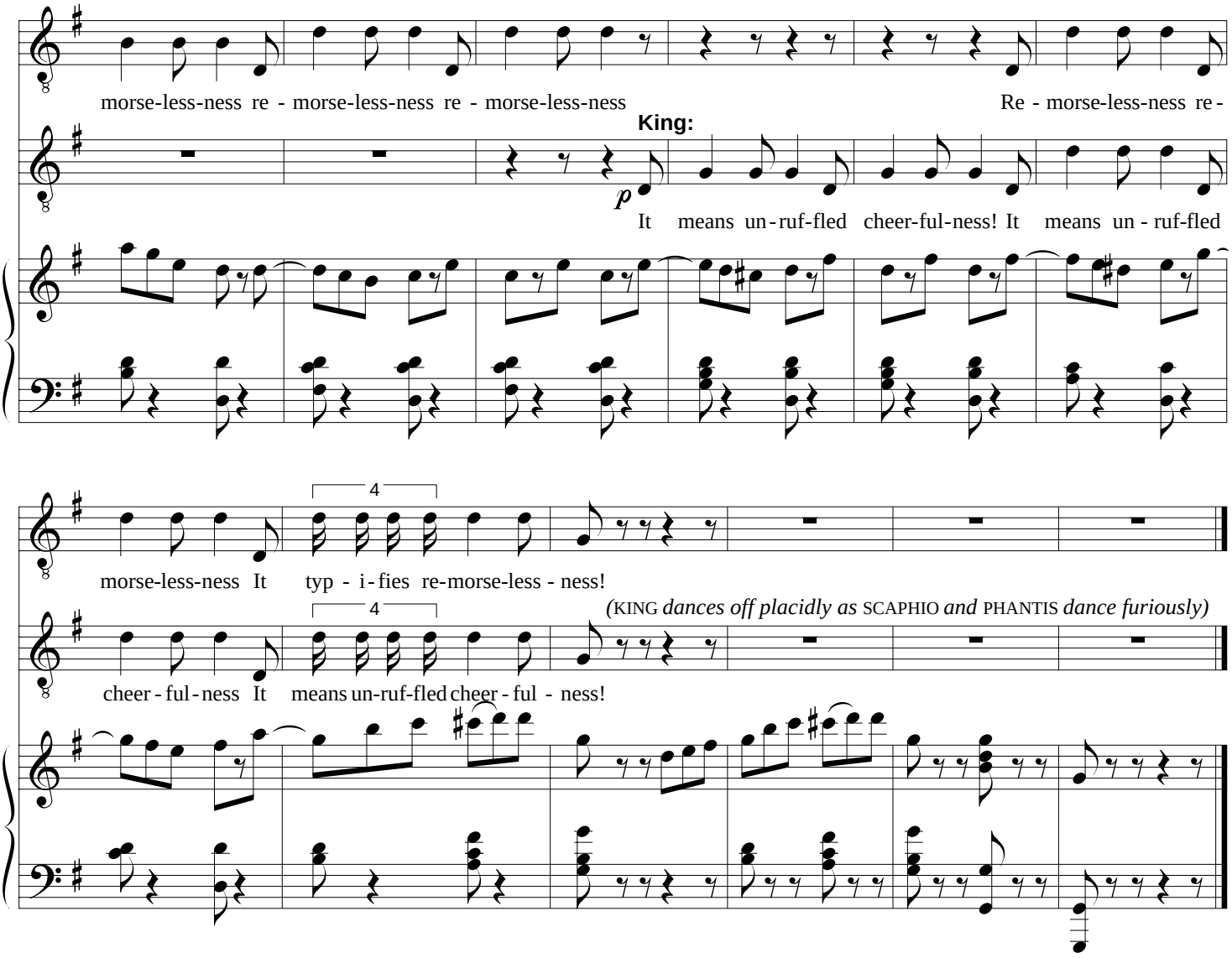
f As we've a dance for

J

mf

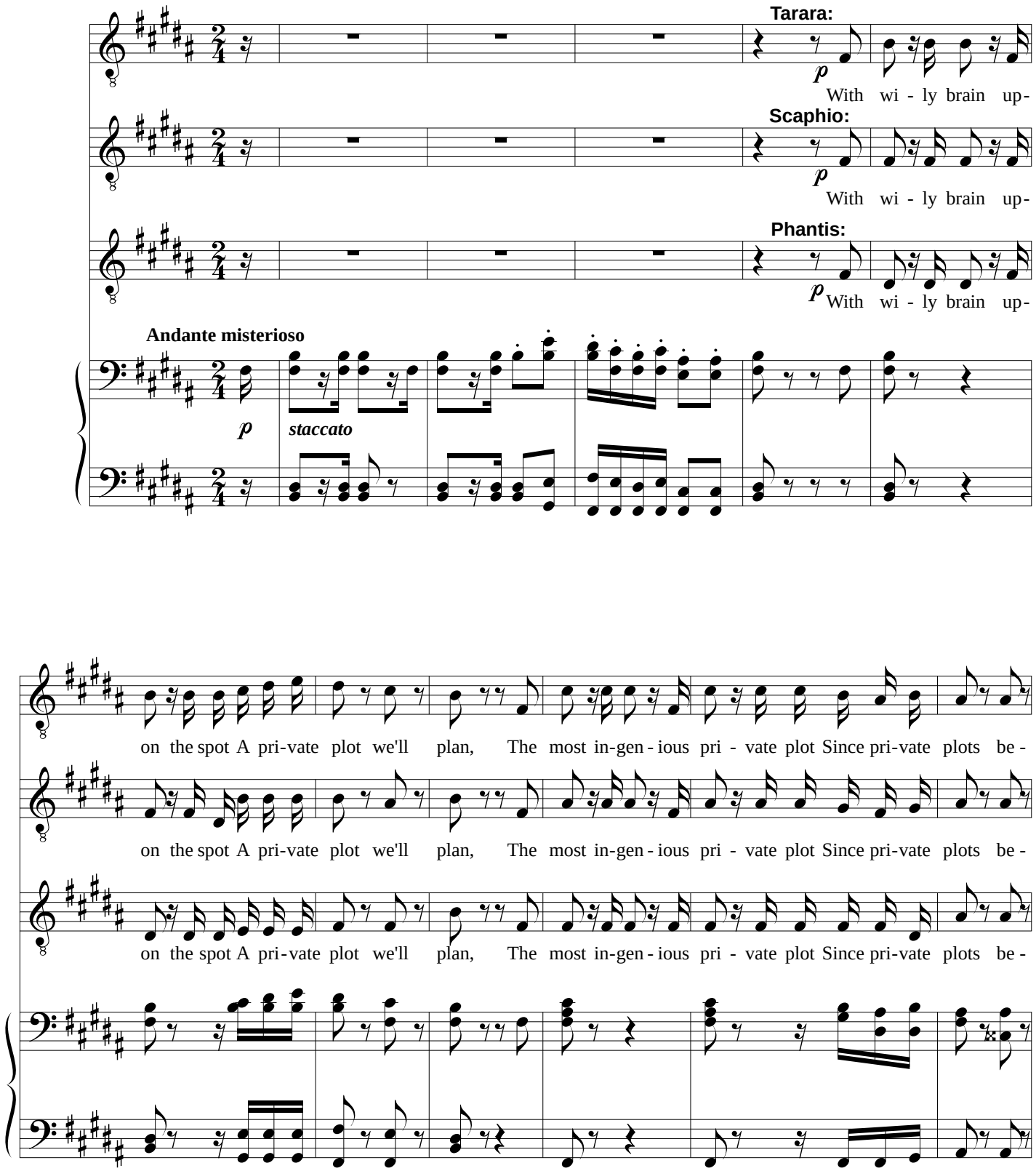
*(*KING *dancing quietly,* SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS *dancing furiously)*

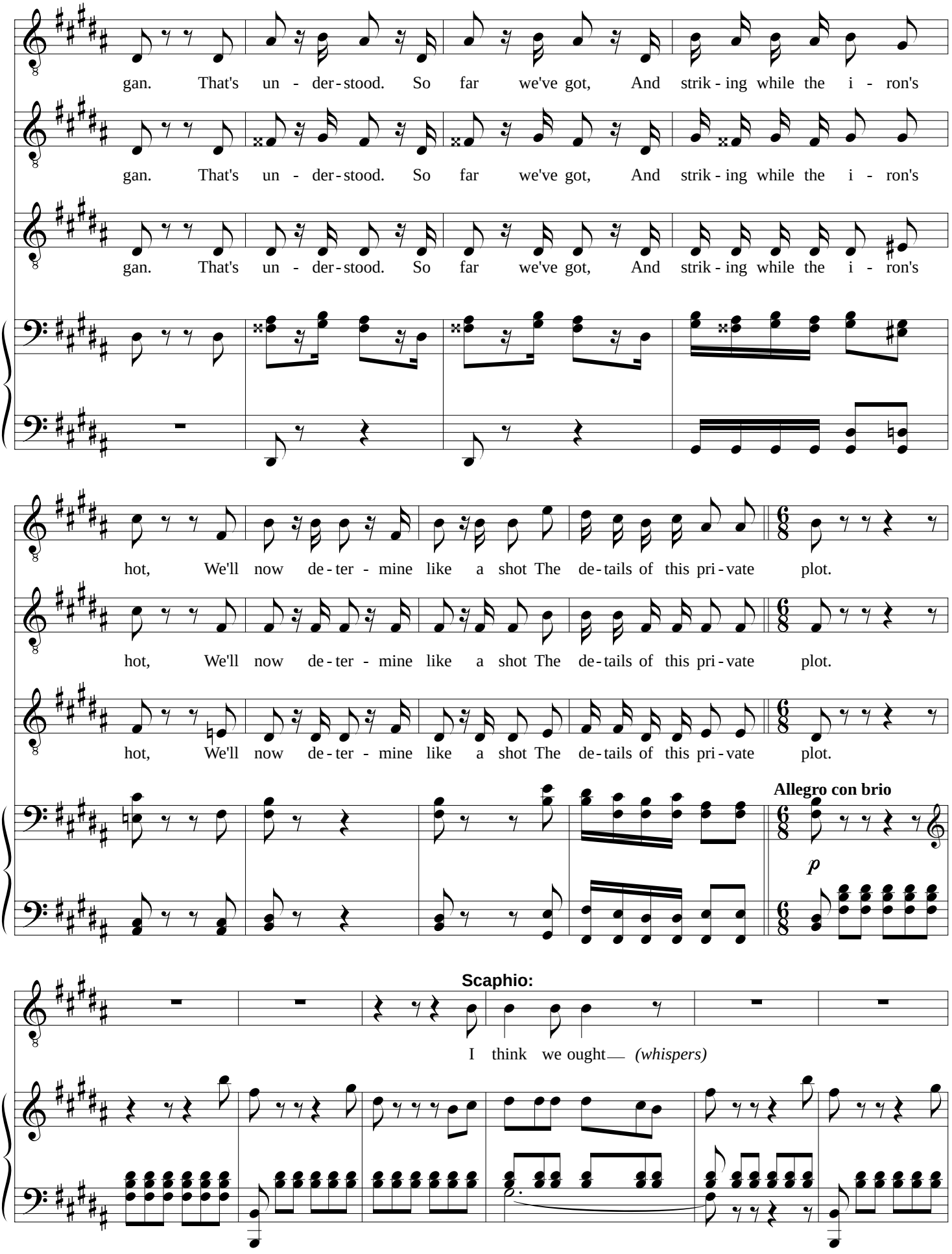
ev - 'ry mood, With *pas de trois* we will con-clude. What this may mean you all may guess It typ - i - fies re -

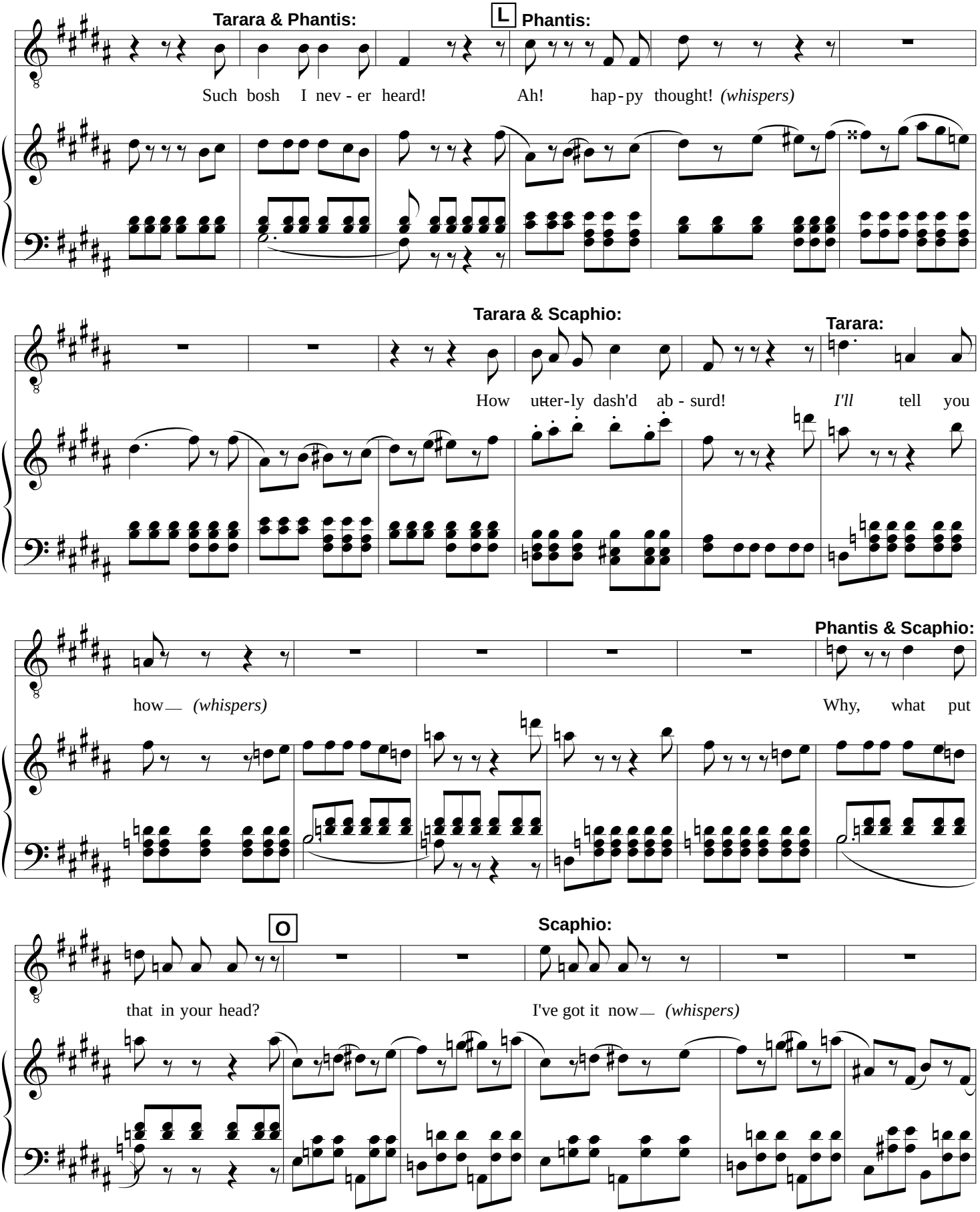

morse-less-ness re - morse-less-ness re - morse-less-ness
Re - morse-less-ness re -
King:
p
It means un - ruf-fled cheer-ful-ness! It means un - ruf-fled
4
morse-less-ness It typ - i - fies re-morse-less - ness!
(KING dances off placidly as SCAPHIO and PHANTIS dance furiously)
4
cheer - ful - ness It means un-ruf-fled cheer - ful - ness!

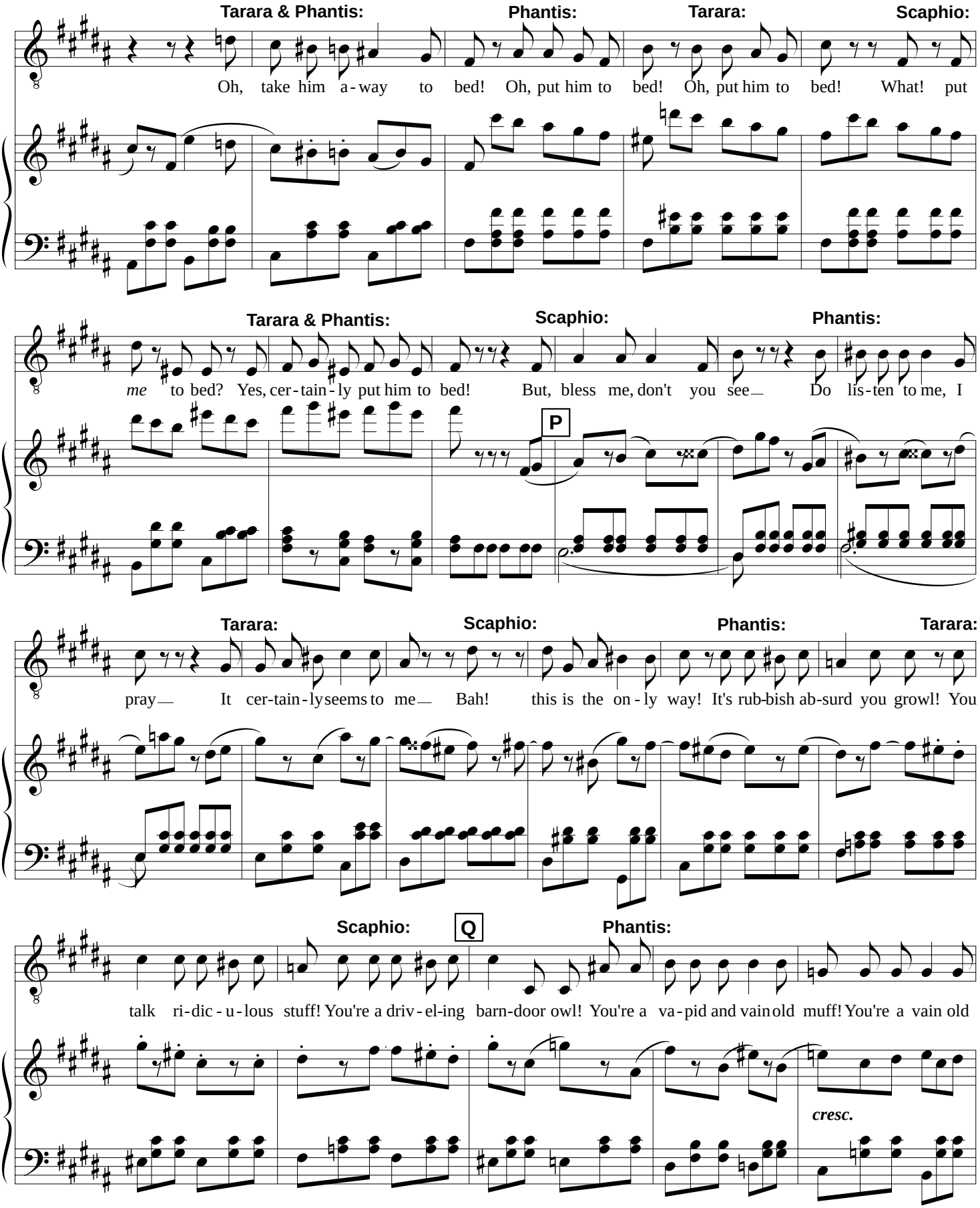
No. 21. With wily brain upon the spot

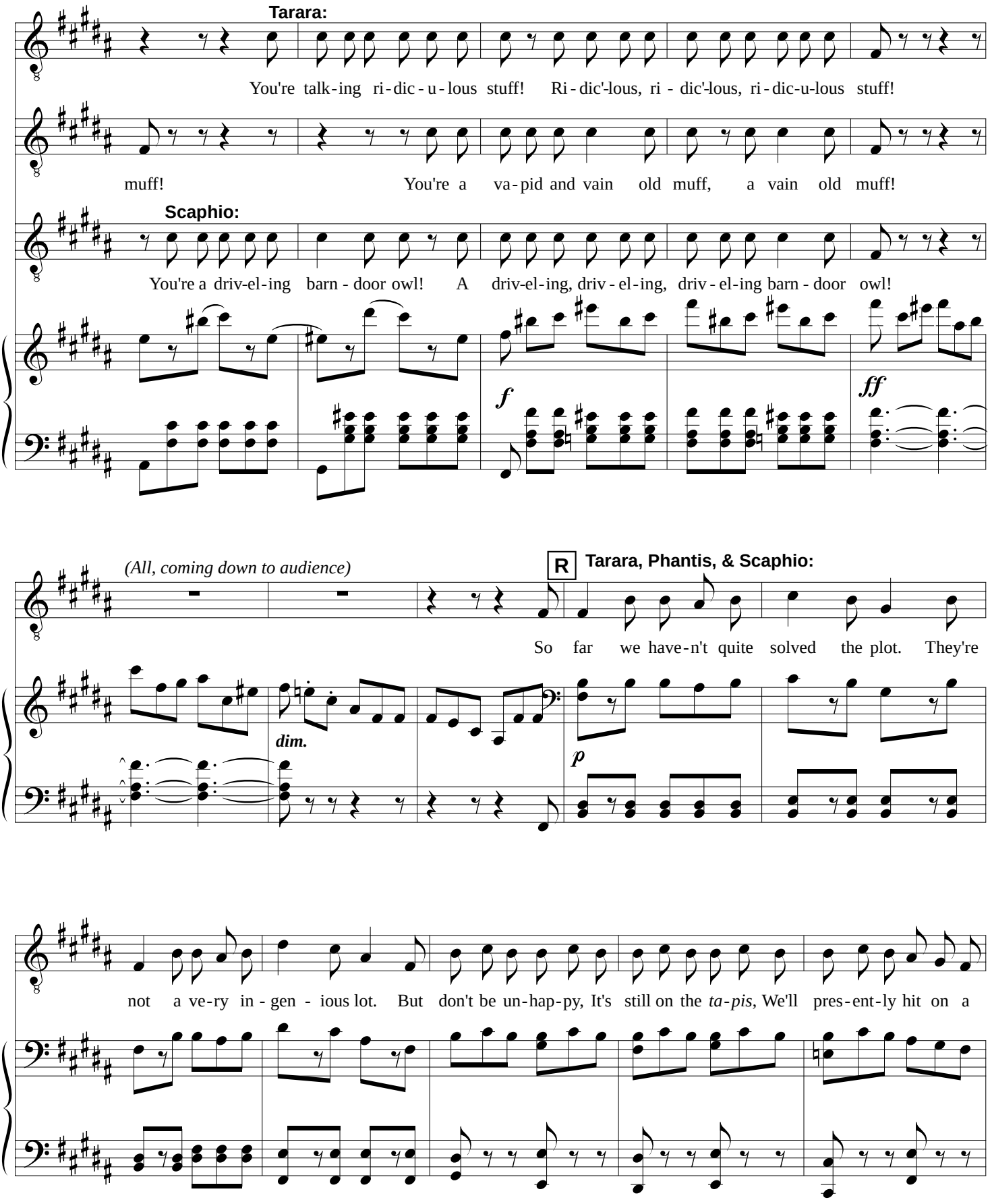
Tarara, Phantis, and Scaphio

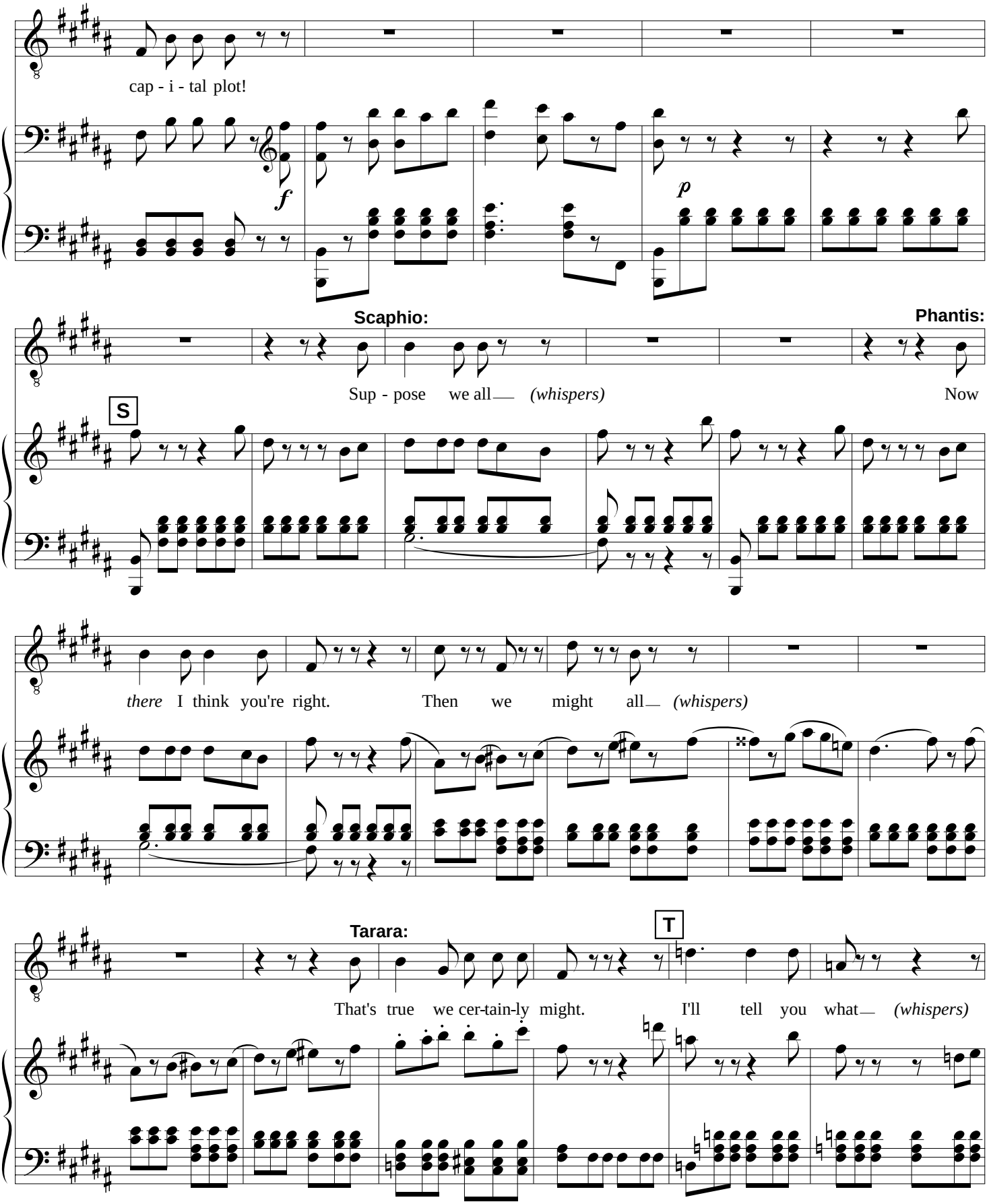


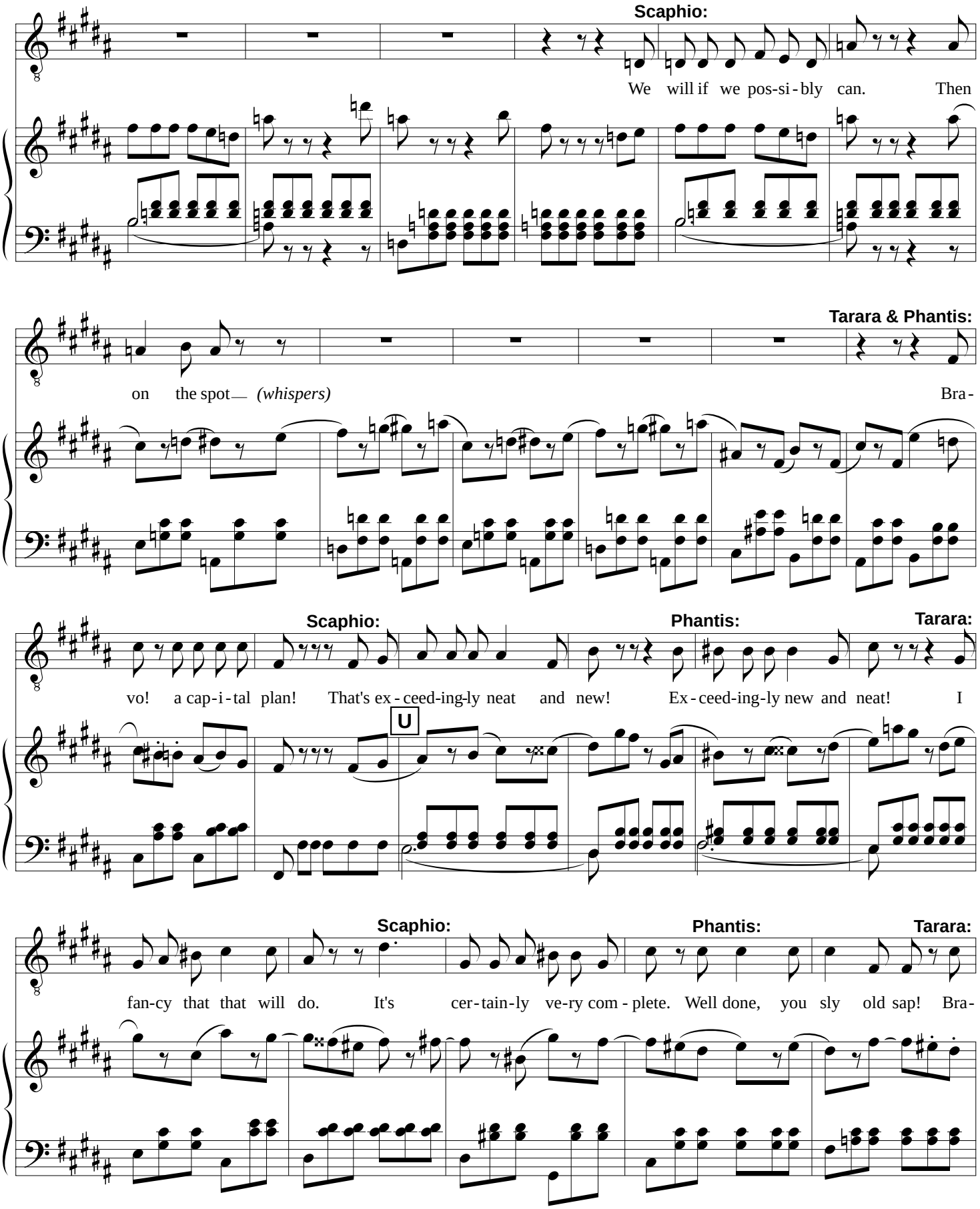

gan. That's un - der - stood. So far we've got, And strik - ing while the i - ron's
gan. That's un - der - stood. So far we've got, And strik - ing while the i - ron's
gan. That's un - der - stood. So far we've got, And strik - ing while the i - ron's
hot, We'll now de - ter - mine like a shot The de - tails of this pri - vate plot.
hot, We'll now de - ter - mine like a shot The de - tails of this pri - vate plot.
hot, We'll now de - ter - mine like a shot The de - tails of this pri - vate plot.
Allegro con brio
p
Scaphio:
I think we ought— (whispers)

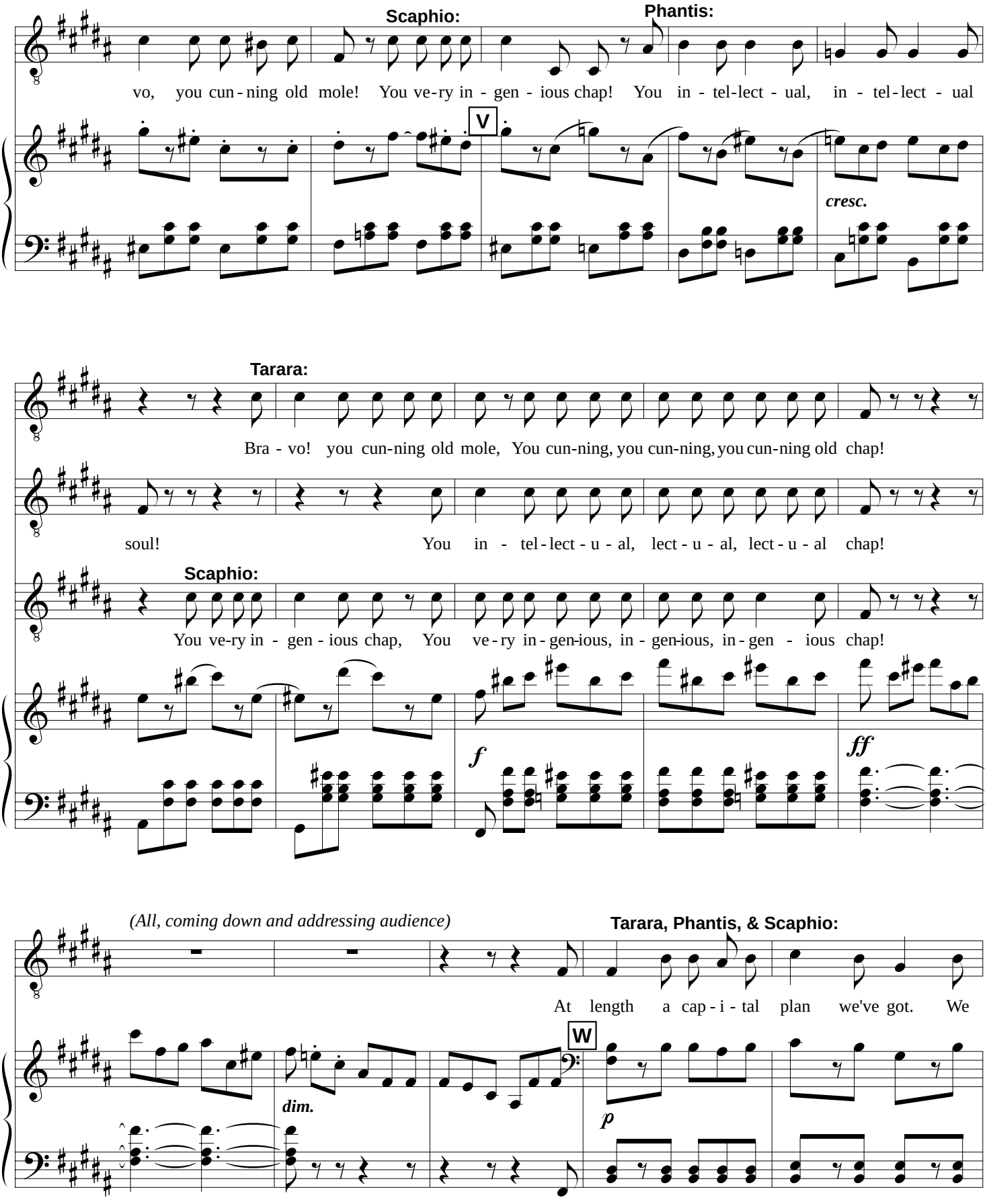

Tarara & Phantis:
L
Phantis:
Such bosh I nev - er heard!
Ah! hap - py thought! (whispers)
Tarara & Scaphio:
Tarara:
How ut-ter-ly dash'd ab - surd!
I'll tell you
Phantis & Scaphio:
how— (whispers)
Why, what put
O
Scaphio:
that in your head?
I've got it now— (whispers)


Tarara & Phantis:
Phantis:
Tarara:
Scaphio:
Oh, take him a-way to bed! Oh, put him to bed! Oh, put him to bed! What! put
Tarara & Phantis:
Scaphio:
Phantis:
me to bed? Yes, cer-tain-ly put him to bed! But, bless me, don't you see— Do lis-ten to me, I
P
Tarara:
Scaphio:
Phantis:
Tarara:
pray— It cer-tain-ly seems to me— Bah! this is the on-ly way! It's rub-bish ab-surd you growl! You
Scaphio:
Q
Phantis:
talk ri-dic-u-lous stuff! You're a driv-el-ing barn-door owl! You're a va-pid and vain old muff! You're a vain old
cresc.


Tarara:
You're talk-ing ri-dic-u-lous stuff! Ri-dic'-lous, ri - dic'-lous, ri-dic-u-lous stuff!
muff! You're a va-pid and vain old muff, a vain old muff!
Scaphio:
You're a driv-el-ing barn - door owl! A driv-el-ing, driv - el-ing, driv - el-ing barn - door owl!
f
ff
(All, coming down to audience)
R
Tarara, Phantis, & Scaphio:
So far we have-n't quite solved the plot. They're
dim.
p
not a ve-ry in - gen - ious lot. But don't be un-hap-py, It's still on the ta-pis, We'll pres-ent-ly hit on a


cap - i - tal plot!
f
p
Scaphio:
Phantis:
Sup - pose we all— (whispers)
Now
S
there I think you're right.
Then we might all— (whispers)
Tarara:
T
That's true we cer-tain-ly might.
I'll tell you what— (whispers)


Scaphio:
We will if we pos-si-bly can. Then
Tarara & Phantis:
on the spot— *(whispers)* Bra-
Scaphio:
Phantis:
Tarara:
vo! a cap-i-tal plan! That's ex-ceed-ing-ly neat and new! Ex-ceed-ing-ly new and neat! I
U
Scaphio:
Phantis:
Tarara:
fan-cy that that will do. It's cer-tain-ly ve-ry com-plete. Well done, you sly old sap! Bra-


Scaphio:
Phantis:
vo, you cun - ning old mole! You ve-ry in - gen - ious chap! You in - tel-lect - ual, in - tel - lect - ual
V
cresc.
Tarara:
Bra - vo! you cun-ning old mole, You cun-ning, you cun-ning, you cun-ning old chap!
soul! You in - tel - lect - u - al, lect - u - al, lect - u - al chap!
Scaphio:
You ve-ry in - gen - ious chap, You ve - ry in - gen-ious, in - gen-ious, in - gen - ious chap!
f
ff
(All, coming down and addressing audience)
Tarara, Phantis, & Scaphio:
At length a cap - i - tal plan we've got. We
W
dim.
p

won't say how and we won't say what. It's safe in my nod-dle, Now off we will tod-dle, And

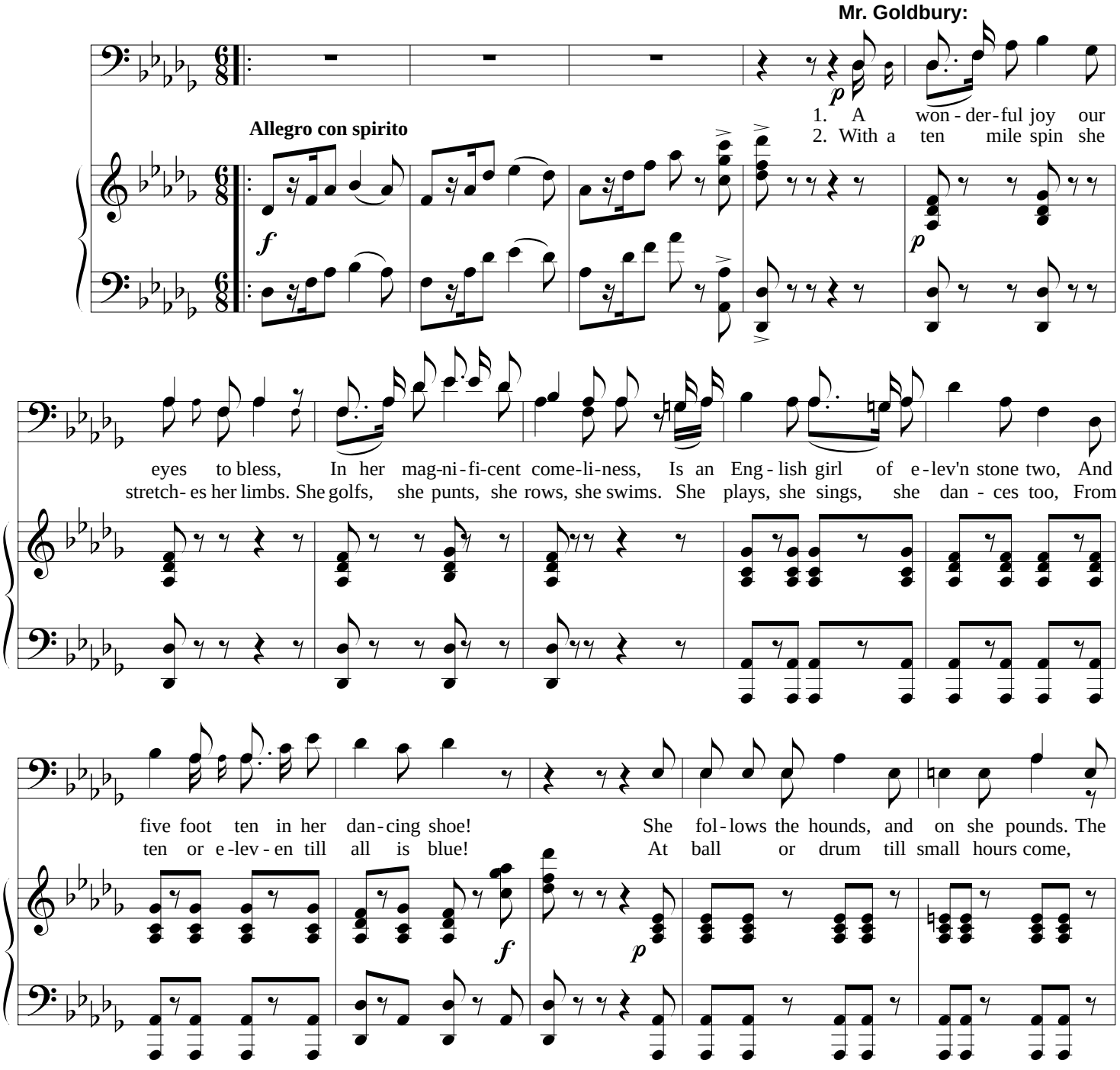
sly-ly de-vel-op this cap-i-tal plot! At last a cap-i-tal plan we've got. We won't say how and we

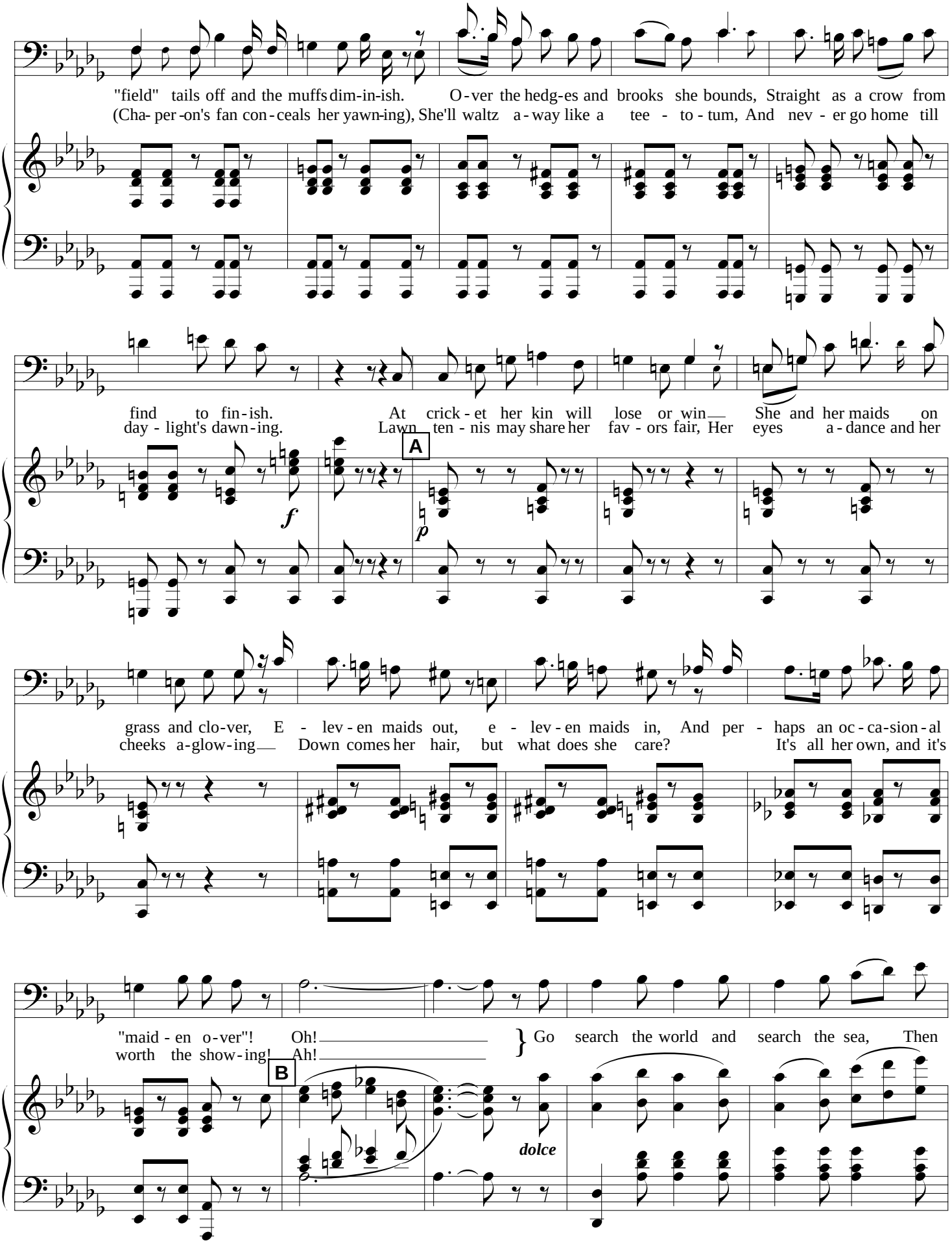
won't say what. It's safe in my nod-dle, Now off we will tod-dle, And sly-ly de-vel-op this cap-i-tal plot!

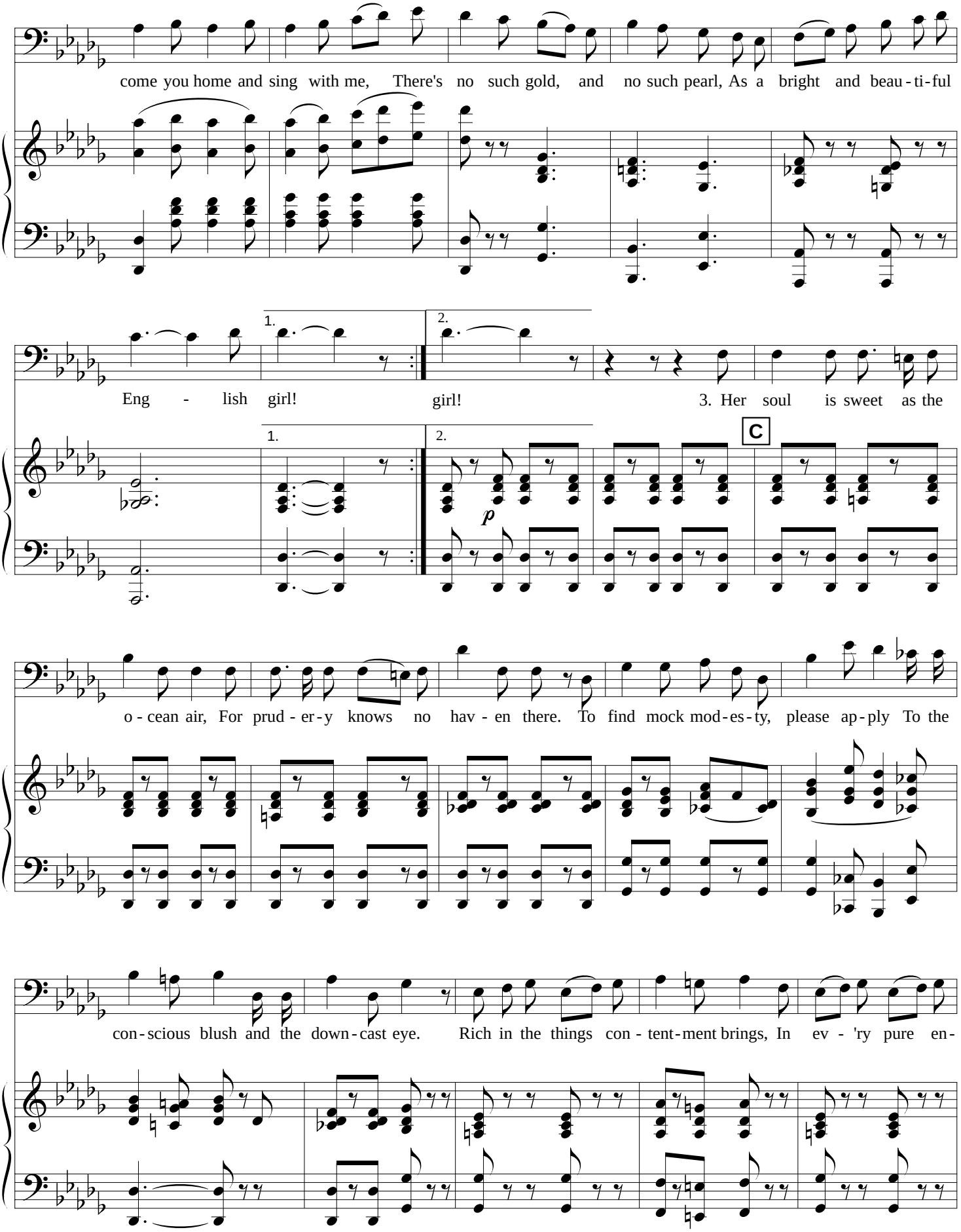
(Business. Exeunt SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS *in one direction, and* TARARA *in the other.)*

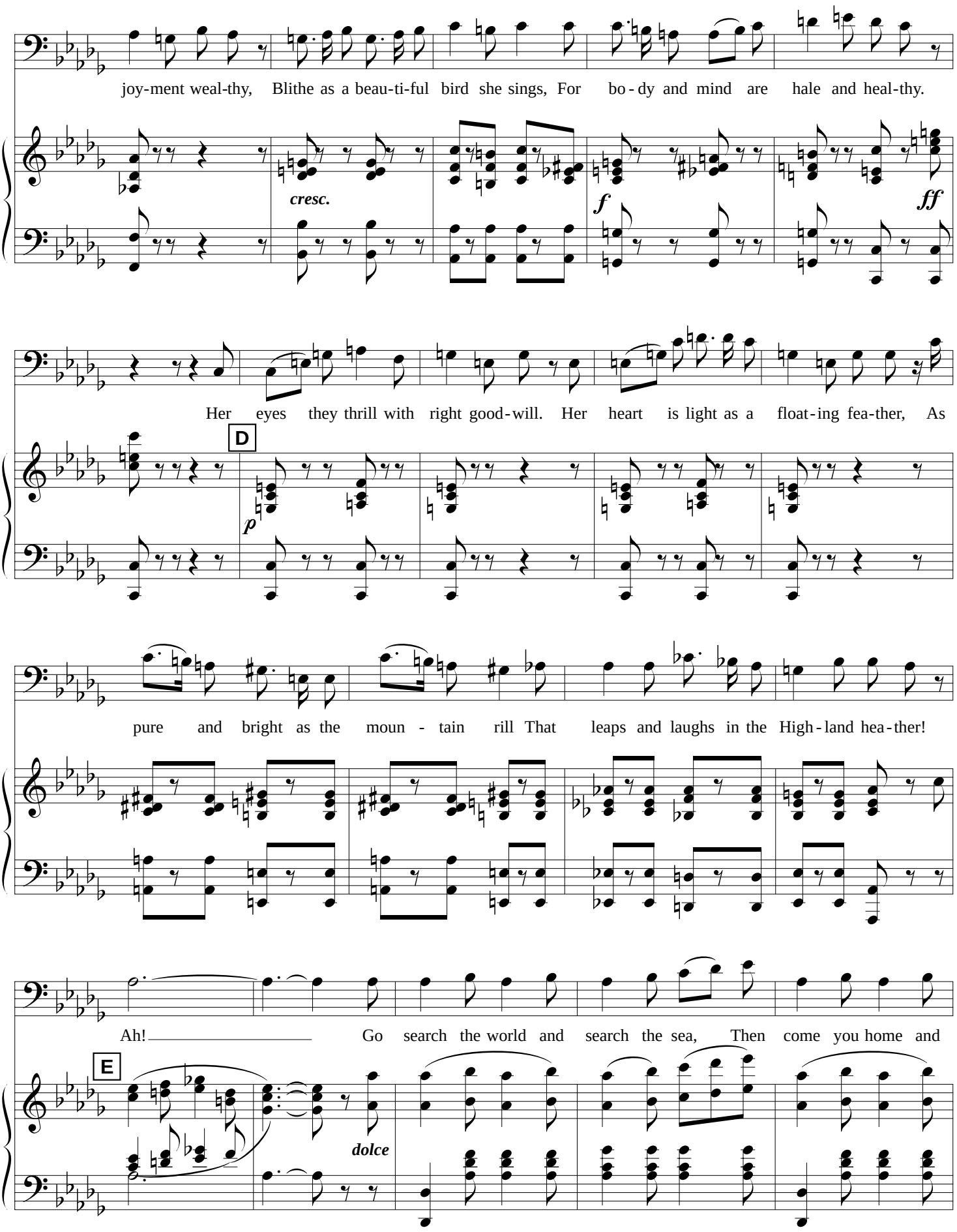
No. 22. A wonderful joy our eyes to bless

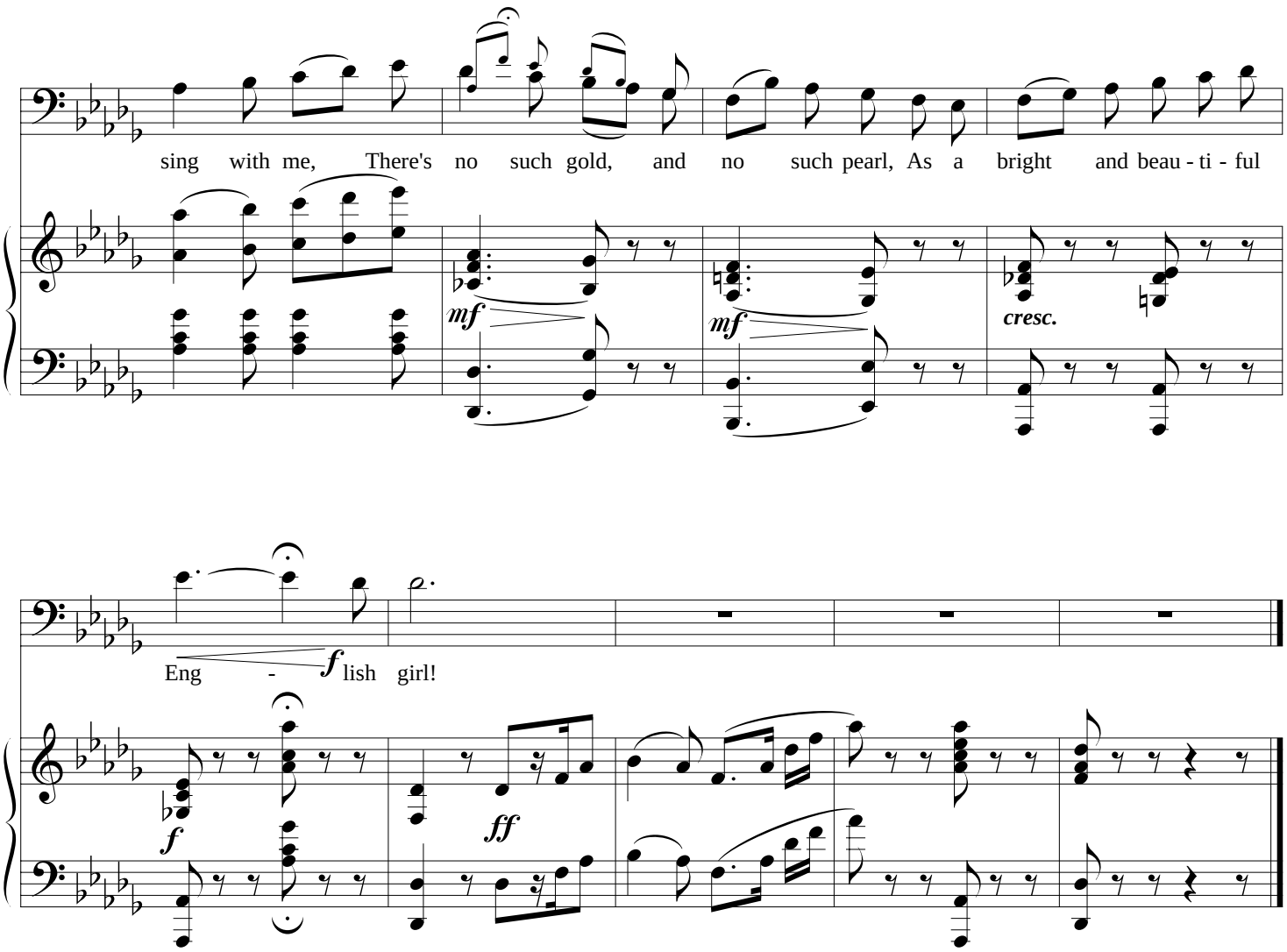
Mr. Goldbury




"field" tails off and the muffs dim-in-ish. O-ver the hedg-es and brooks she bounds, Straight as a crow from
(Cha-per-on's fan con-ceals her yawn-ing), She'll waltz a-way like a tee - to-tum, And nev - er go home till
find to fin-ish. At crick-et her kin will lose or win— She and her maids on
day - light's dawn-ing. Lawn ten-nis may share her fav-ors fair, Her eyes a-dance and her
A
f
p
grass and clo-ver, E - lev-en maids out, e - lev-en maids in, And per - haps an oc-ca-sion-al
cheeks a-glow-ing— Down comes her hair, but what does she care? It's all her own, and it's
"maid-en o-ver"! Oh!
worth the show-ing! Ah!
} Go search the world and search the sea, Then
B
dolce

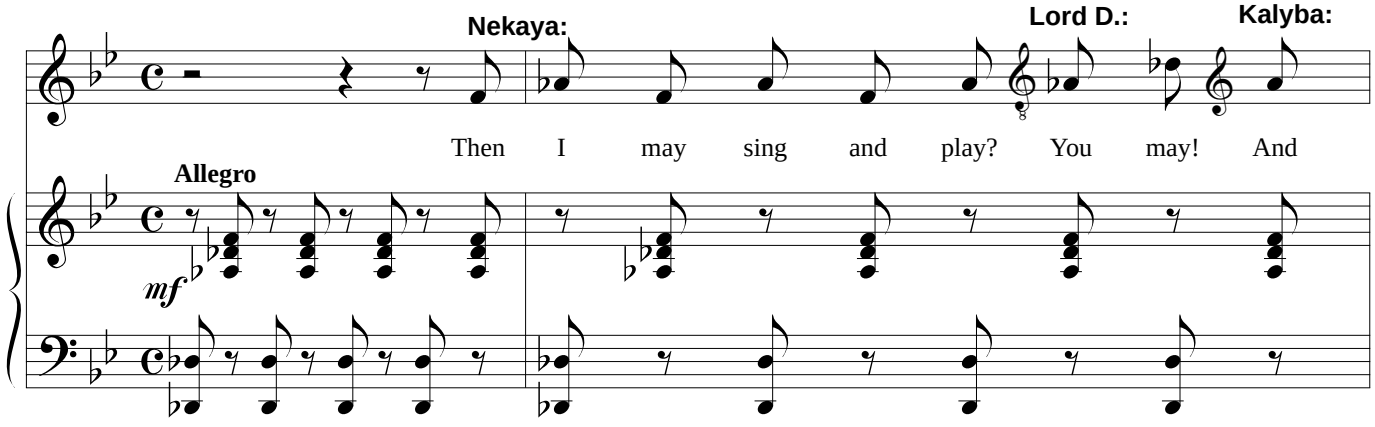

come you home and sing with me, There's no such gold, and no such pearl, As a bright and beau - ti - ful
1.
2.
Eng - lish girl!
girl!
3. Her soul is sweet as the
C
p
o - cean air, For prud - er - y knows no hav - en there. To find mock mod - es - ty, please ap - ply To the
con - scious blush and the down - cast eye. Rich in the things con - tent - ment brings, In ev - 'ry pure en -

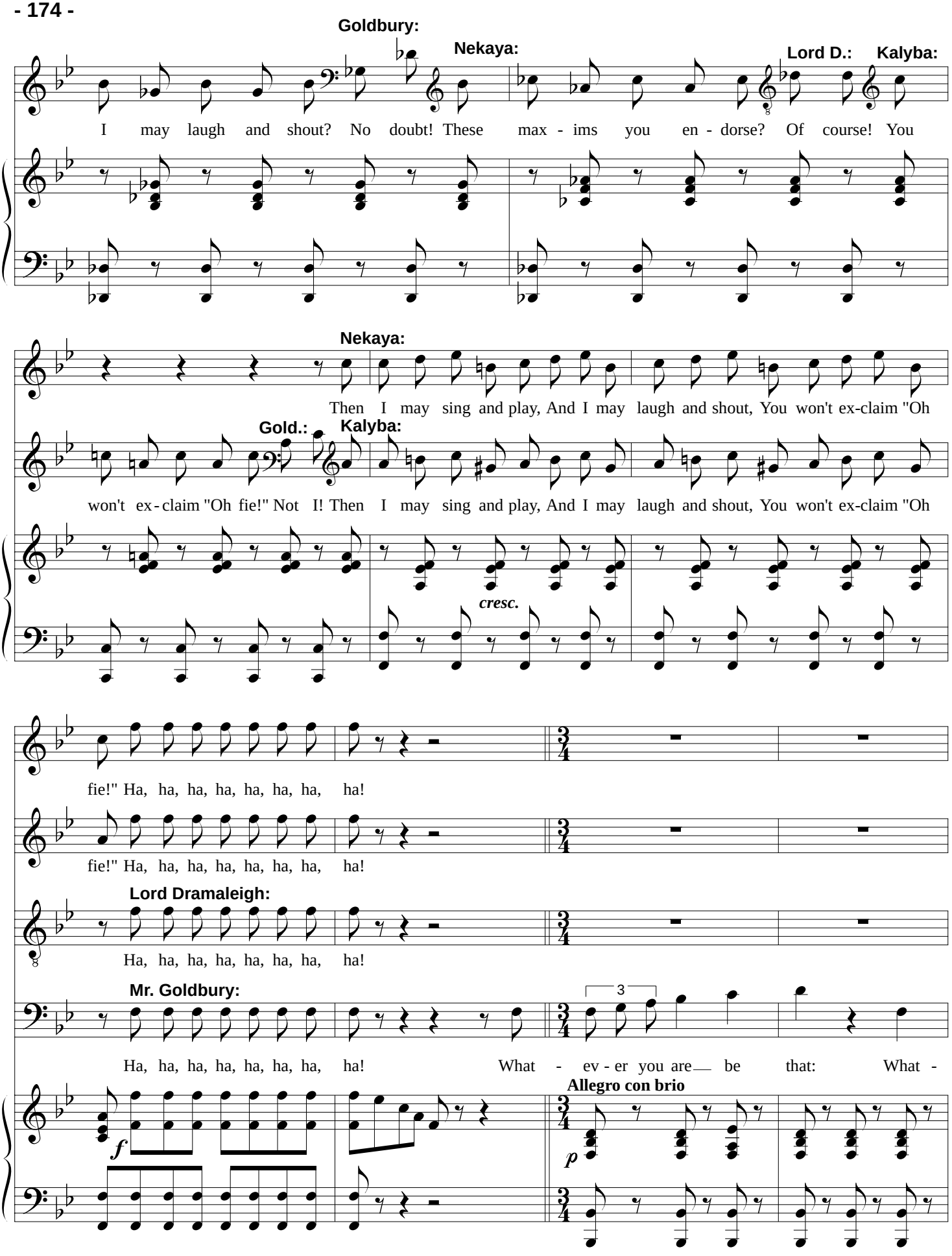

joy-ment weal-thy, Blithe as a beau-ti-ful bird she sings, For bo-dy and mind are hale and heal-thy.
cresc.
f
ff
Her eyes they thrill with right good-will. Her heart is light as a float-ing fea-ther, As
D
p
pure and bright as the moun-tain rill That leaps and laughs in the High-land hea-ther!
Ah! Go search the world and search the sea, Then come you home and
E
dolce

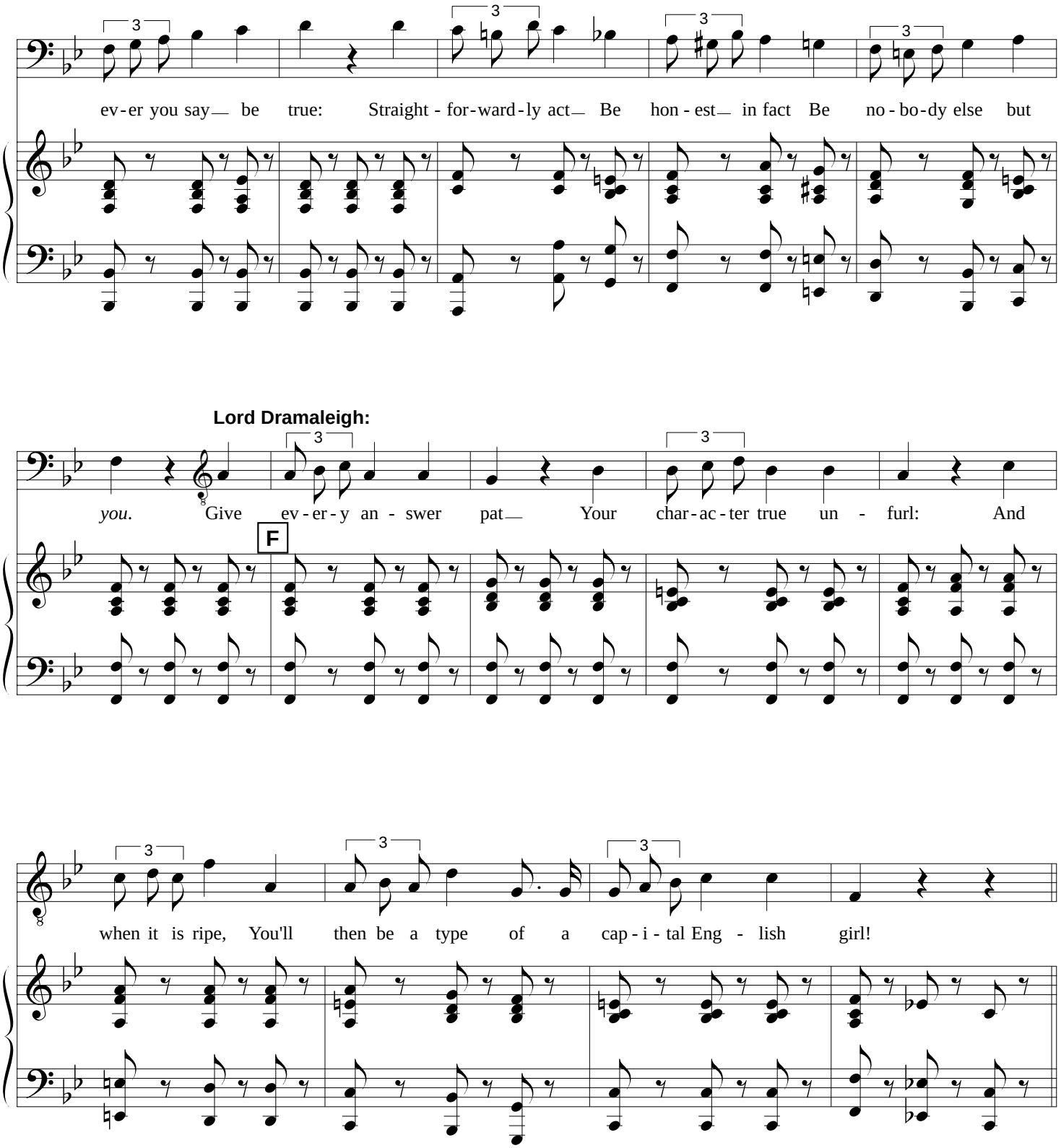

sing with me, There's no such gold, and no such pearl, As a bright and beau - ti - ful
mf
mf
cresc.
Eng - f lish girl!
f
ff

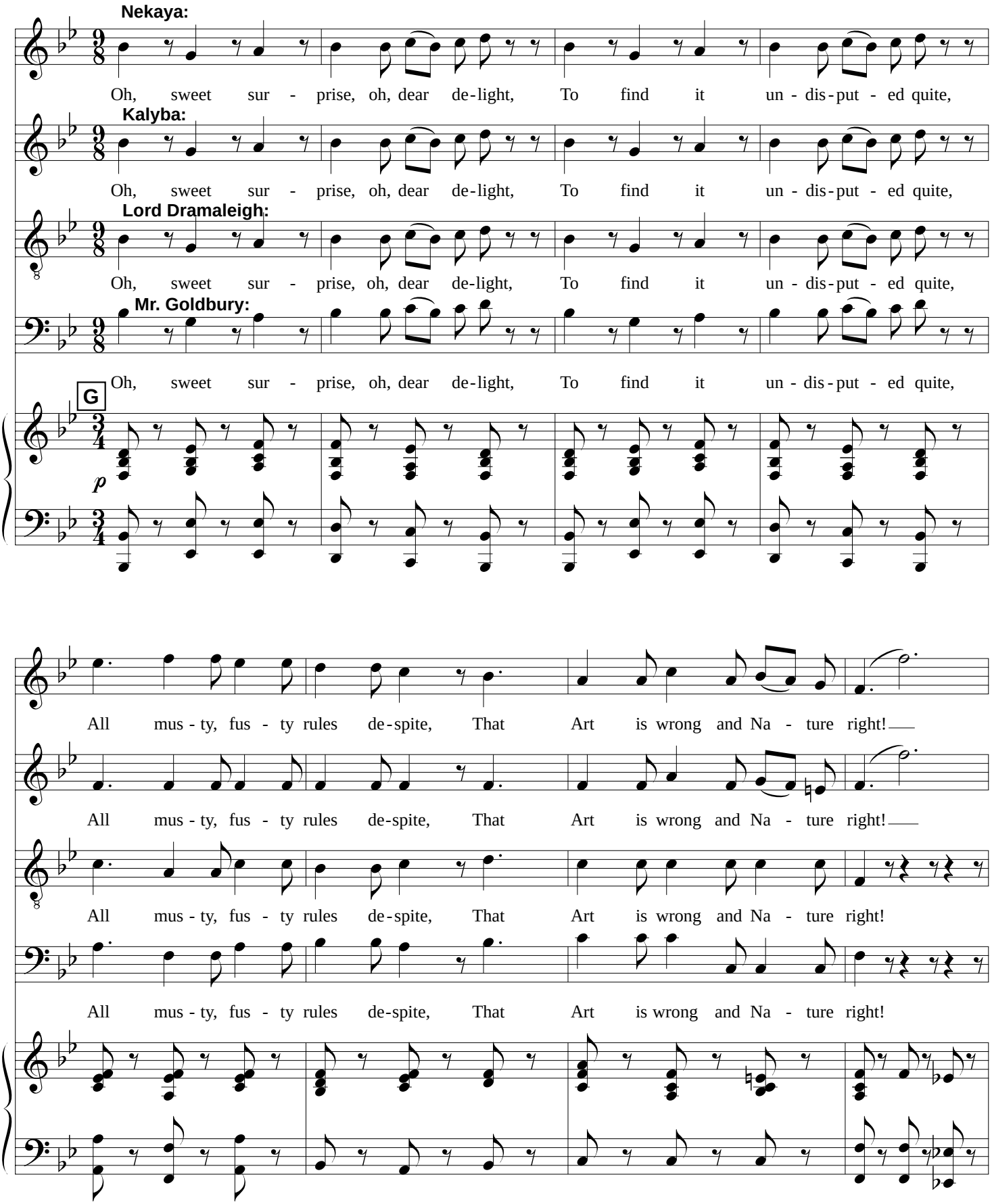
No. 23. Then I may sing and play

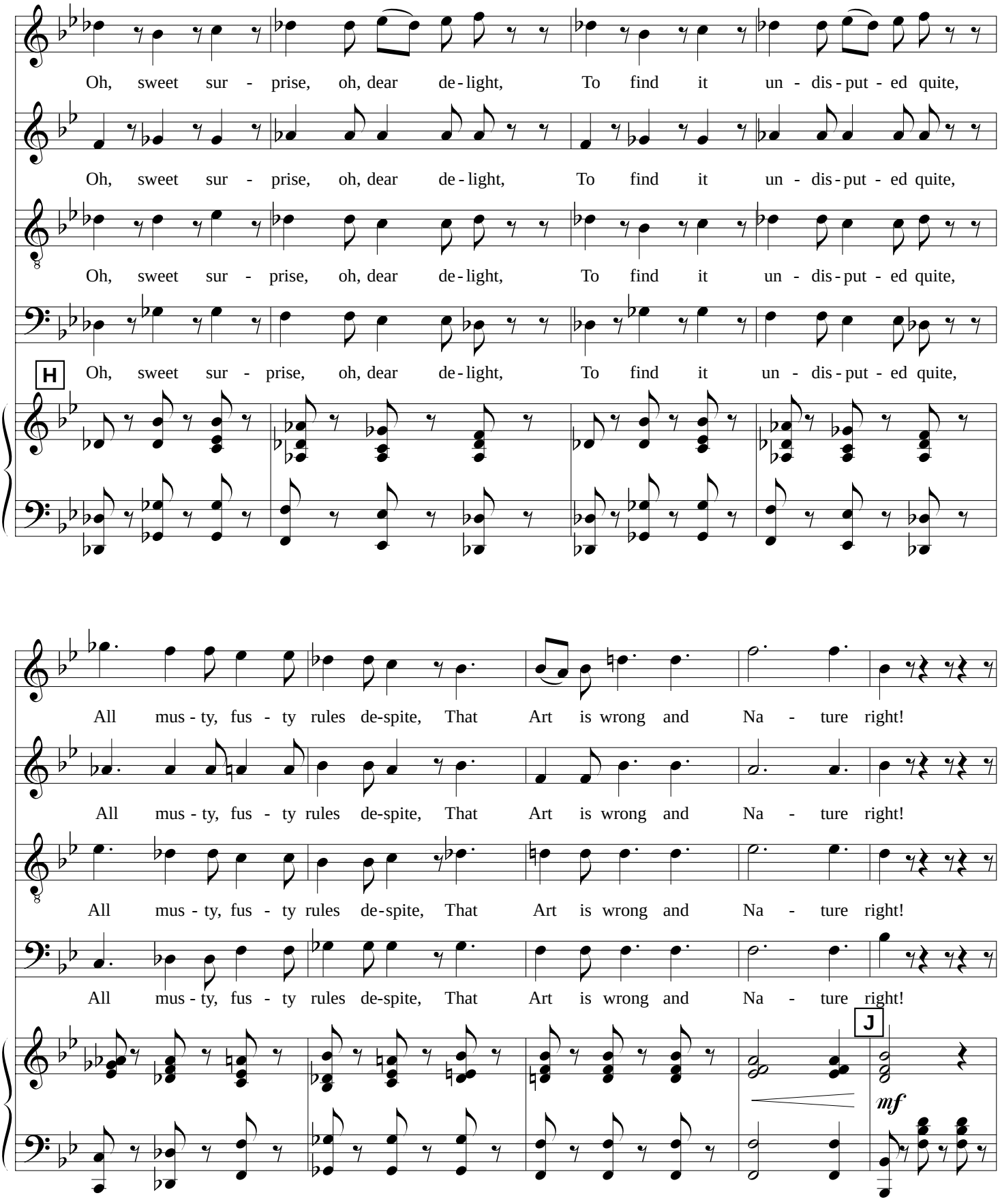
Nekaya, Kalyba, Lord Dramaleigh & Mr. Goldbury

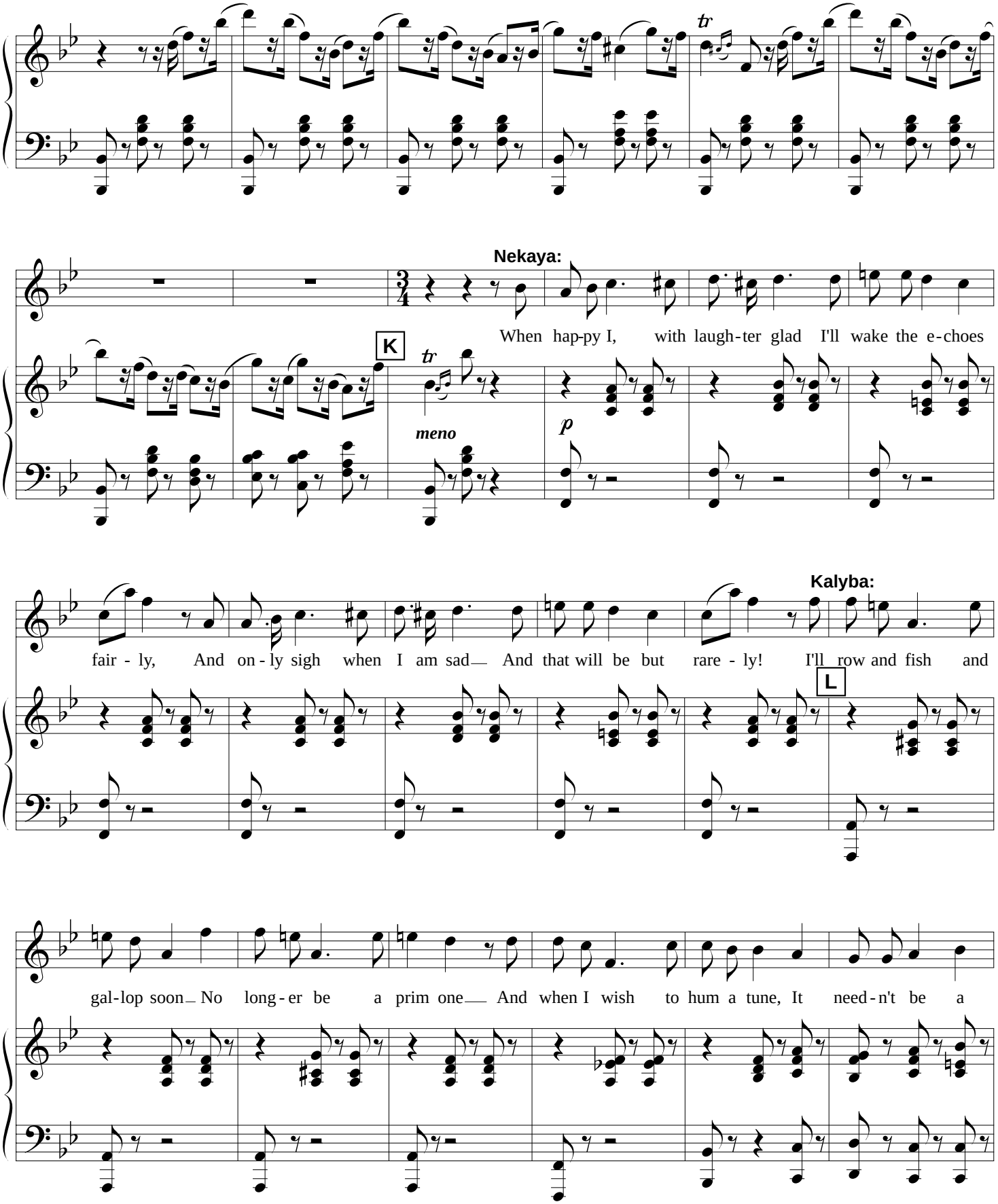


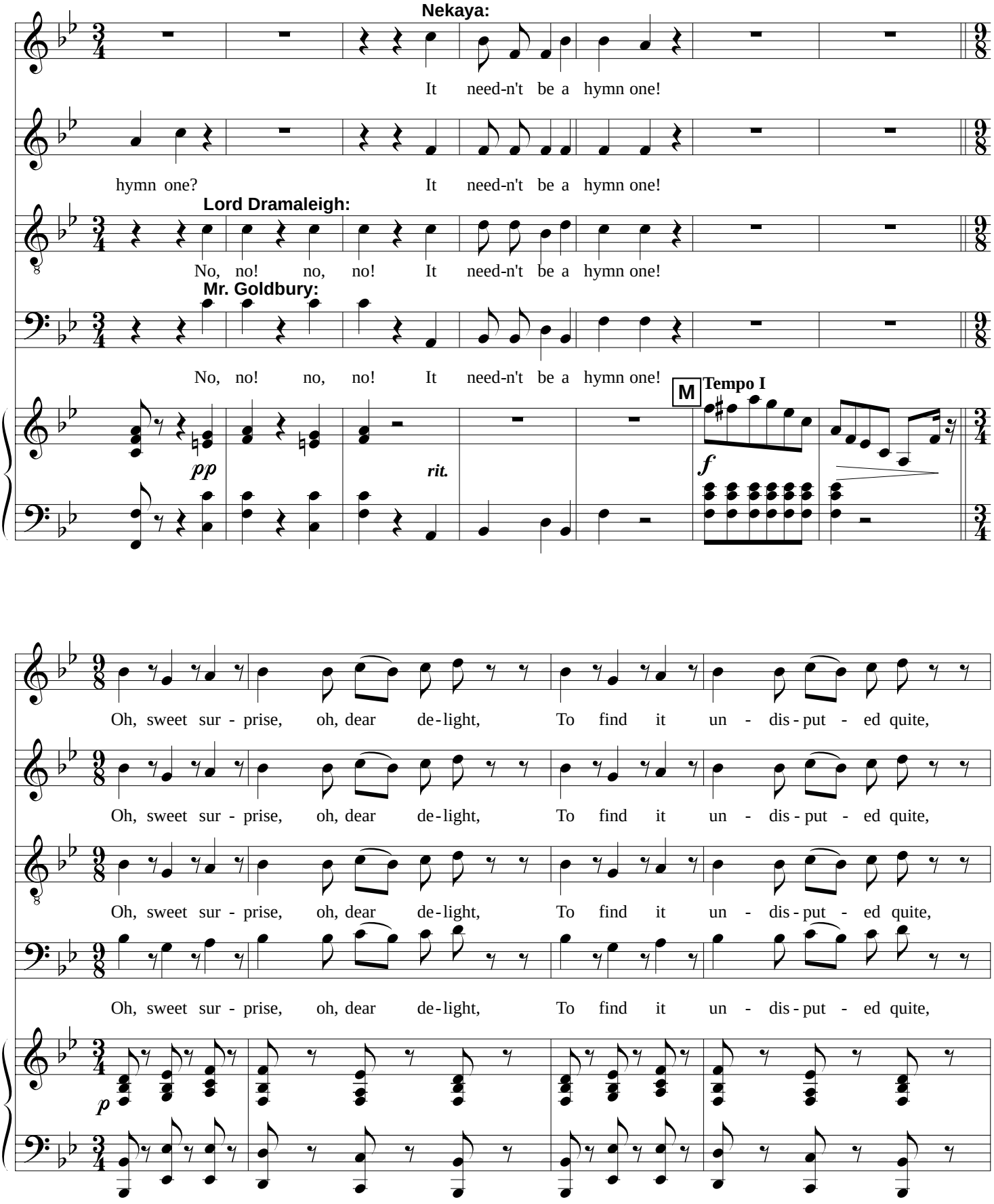

Goldbury:
Nekaya:
Lord D.:
Kalyba:
I may laugh and shout? No doubt! These max - ims you en - dorse? Of course! You
Nekaya:
Then I may sing and play, And I may laugh and shout, You won't ex-claim "Oh
Gold.:
Kalyba:
won't ex - claim "Oh fie!" Not I! Then I may sing and play, And I may laugh and shout, You won't ex-claim "Oh
cresc.
fie!" Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
fie!" Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Lord Dramaleigh:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mr. Goldbury:
3
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! What - ev - er you are be that: What -
Allegro con brio
f
p

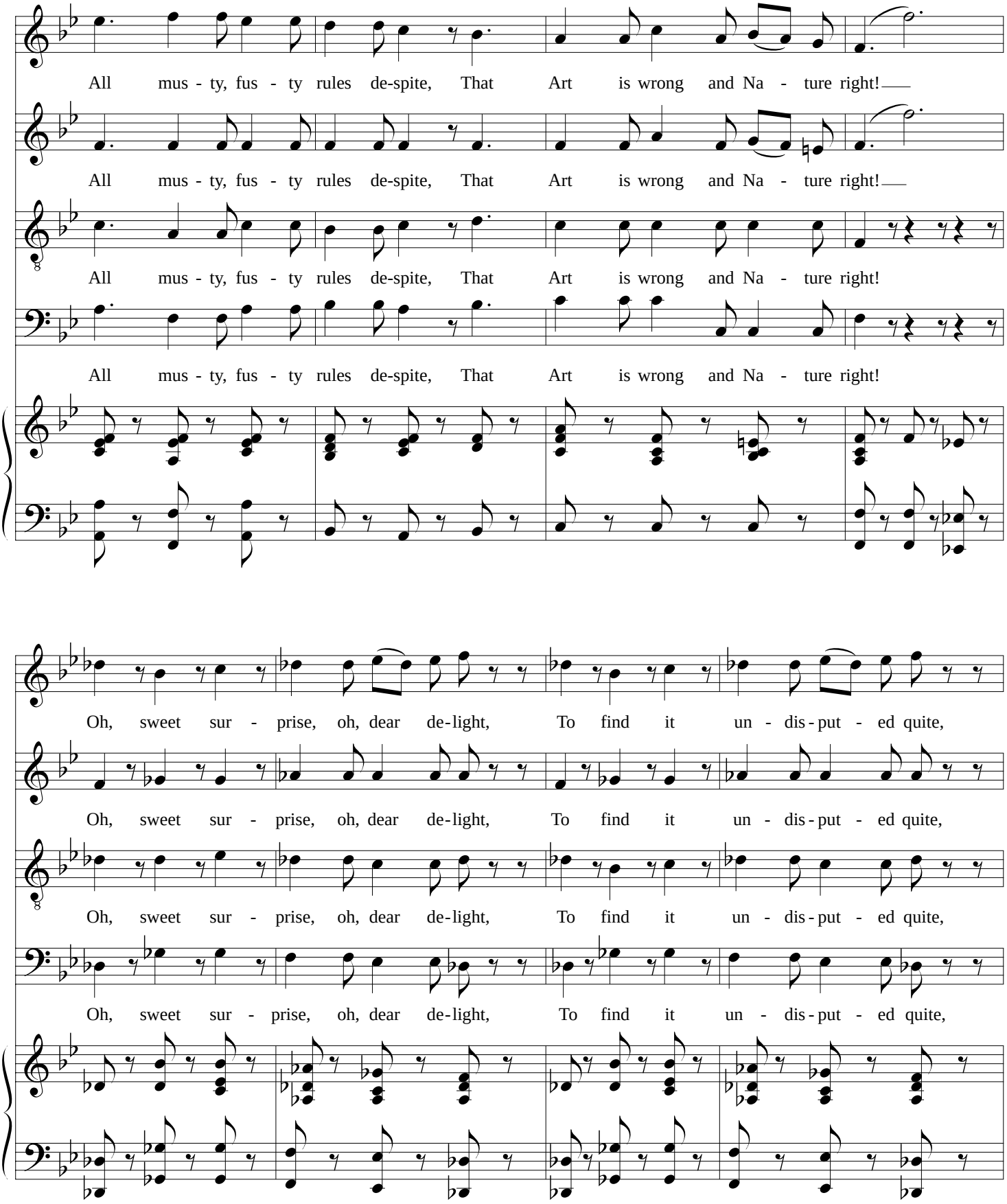

ev-er you say— be true: Straight-for-ward-ly act— Be hon-est— in fact Be no-bo-dy else but
Lord Dramaleigh:
you. Give ev-er-y an-swer pat— Your char-ac-ter true un-furl: And
F
when it is ripe, You'll then be a type of a cap-i-tal Eng-lish girl!

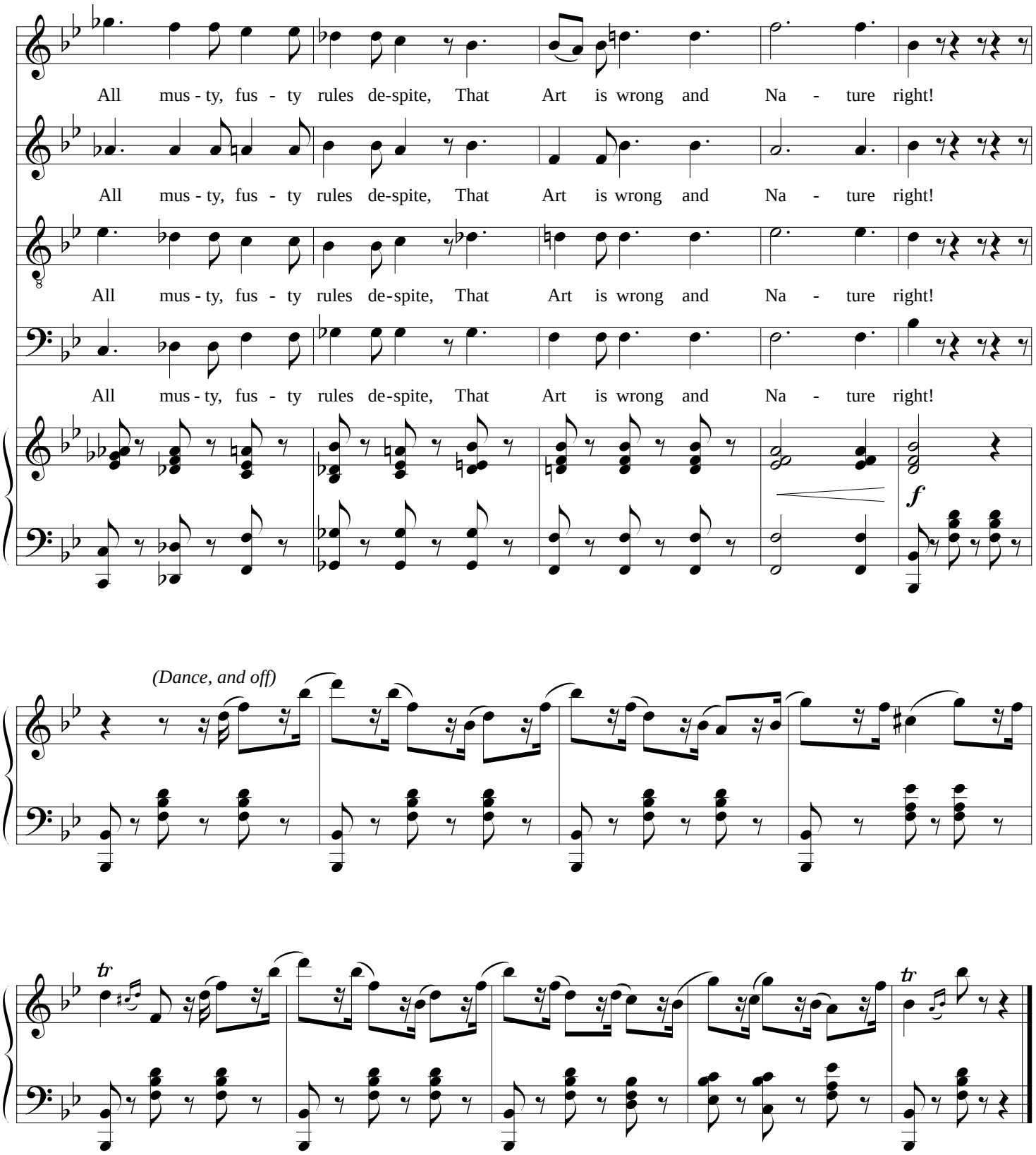

Nekaya:
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Kalyba:
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Lord Dramaleigh:
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Mr. Goldbury:
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
G
p
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!


Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
H
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
J
mf


Nekaya:
When hap-py I, with laugh-ter glad I'll wake the e-choes
K
tr
meno
p
Kalyba:
fair - ly, And on - ly sigh when I am sad— And that will be but rare - ly! I'll row and fish and
L
gal-lop soon— No long-er be a prim one— And when I wish to hum a tune, It need-n't be a


Nekaya:
It need-n't be a hymn one!
hymn one?
It need-n't be a hymn one!
Lord Dramaleigh:
No, no! no, no! It need-n't be a hymn one!
Mr. Goldbury:
No, no! no, no! It need-n't be a hymn one!
M
Tempo I
pp
rit.
f
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
p


All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,
Oh, sweet sur - prise, oh, dear de-light, To find it un - dis-put - ed quite,


All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
All mus - ty, fus - ty rules de-spite, That Art is wrong and Na - ture right!
f
(Dance, and off)
tr
tr

No. 24. Recit: Oh would some demon pow'r...
Song: When but a maid of fifteen year

Lady Sophy

Lady Sophy: *Recit.*

Oh, would some de - mon pow'r the gift im-

Allegro

f *p* *f* *p*

part To quell my o - ver con - sci - en - tious heart Un - speak the oaths that nev - er had been spo - ken, And

break the vow that nev - er shall be bro - ken!

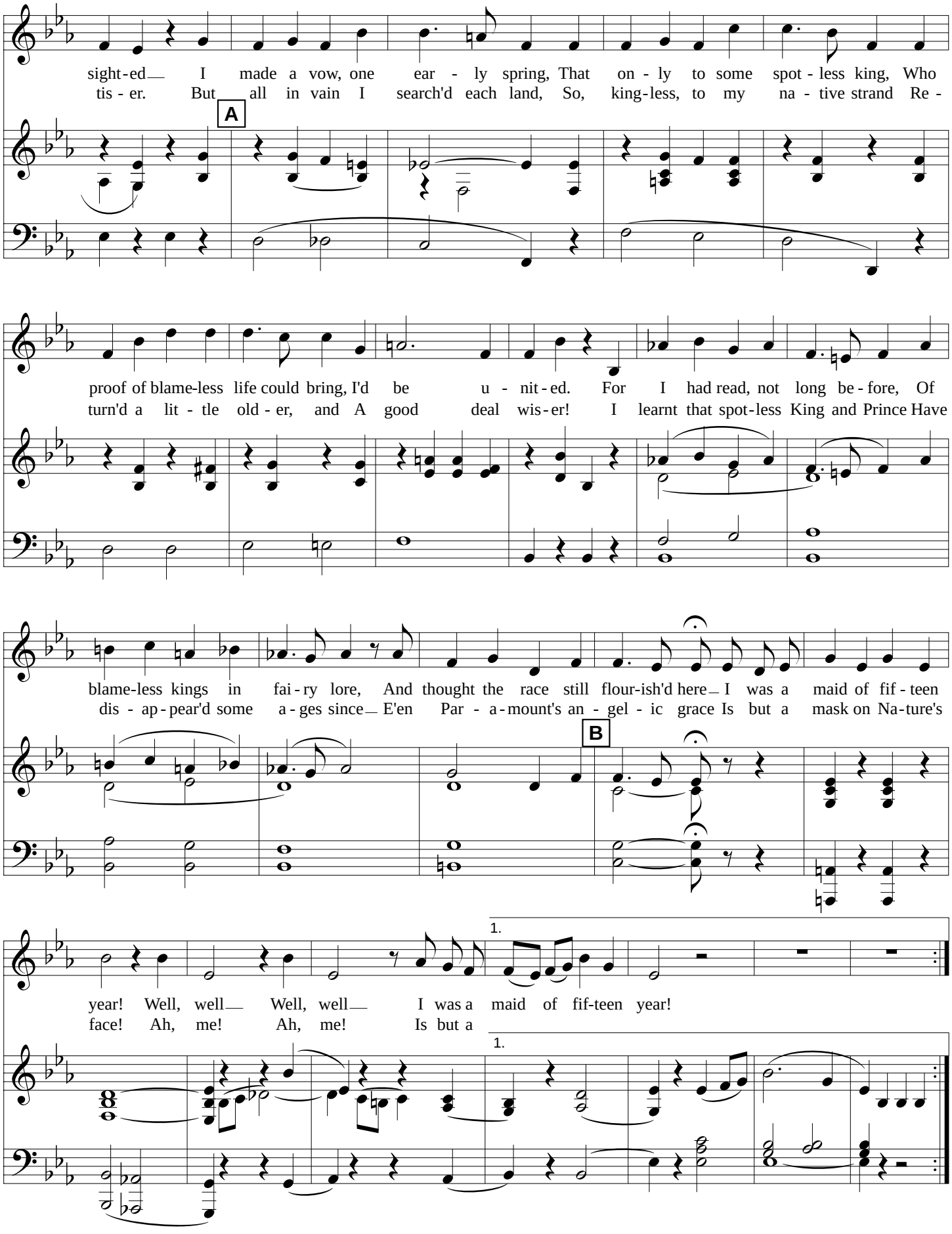
(The KING *enters and overhears this verse.)*

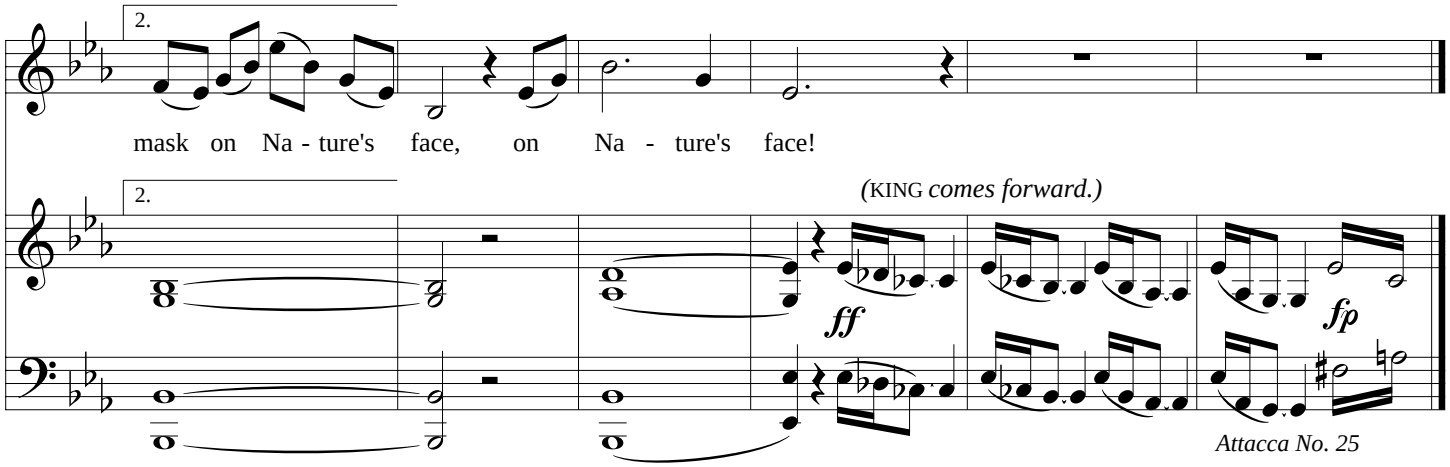
1. When but a maid of fif - teen year,
2. Each morn-ing I pur - sued my game (An

Andante moderato

p

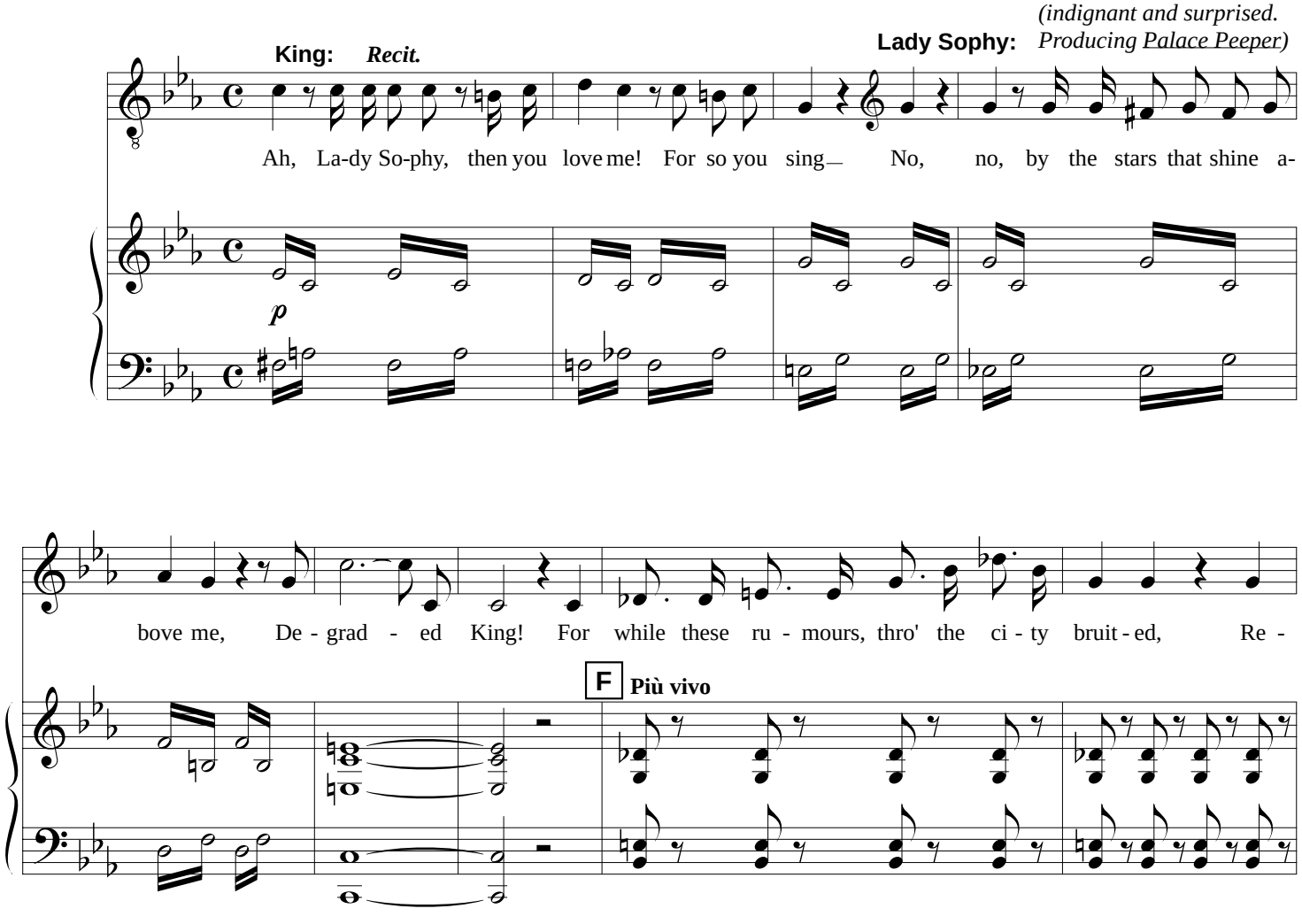
Un - sought un - plight - ed Short pet - ti - coat - ed and, I fear, Still short - er
ear - ly ris - er); For spot - less mon - archs I be - came An ad - ver -

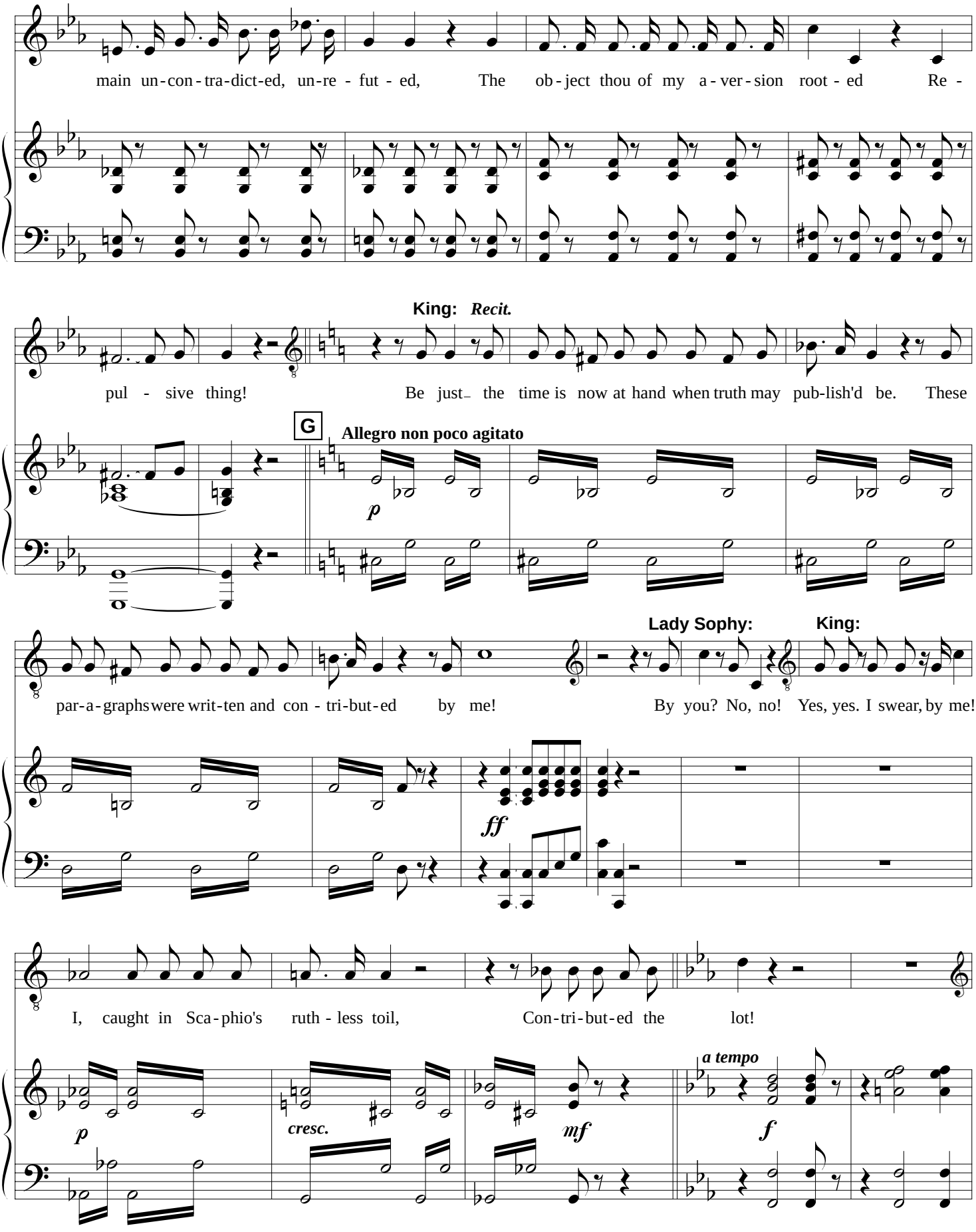

sight-ed— I made a vow, one ear - ly spring, That on - ly to some spot - less king, Who
tis - er. But all in vain I search'd each land, So, king-less, to my na - tive strand Re -
A
proof of blame-less life could bring, I'd be u - nit-ed. For I had read, not long be - fore, Of
turn'd a lit - tle old - er, and A good deal wis-er! I learnt that spot-less King and Prince Have
blame-less kings in fai - ry lore, And thought the race still flour-ish'd here— I was a maid of fif - teen
dis - ap - pear'd some a - ges since— E'en Par - a - mount's an - gel - ic grace Is but a mask on Na-ture's
B
1.
year! Well, well— Well, well— I was a maid of fif-teen year!
face! Ah, me! Ah, me! Is but a
1.

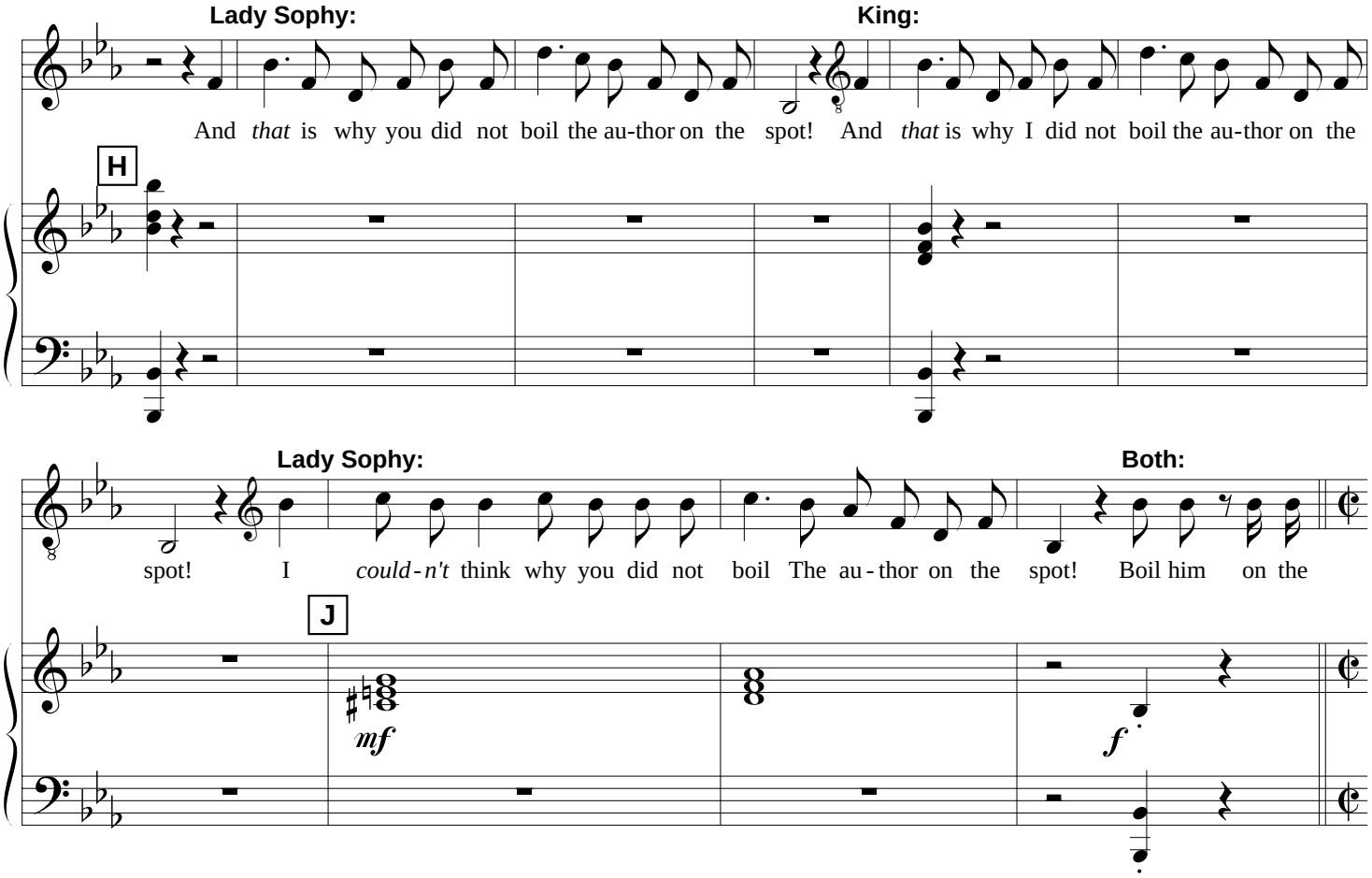

2.
mask on Na - ture's face, on Na - ture's face!
2.
(KING comes forward.)
ff
fp
Attacca No. 25

No. 25. Ah, Lady Sophy, then you love me!

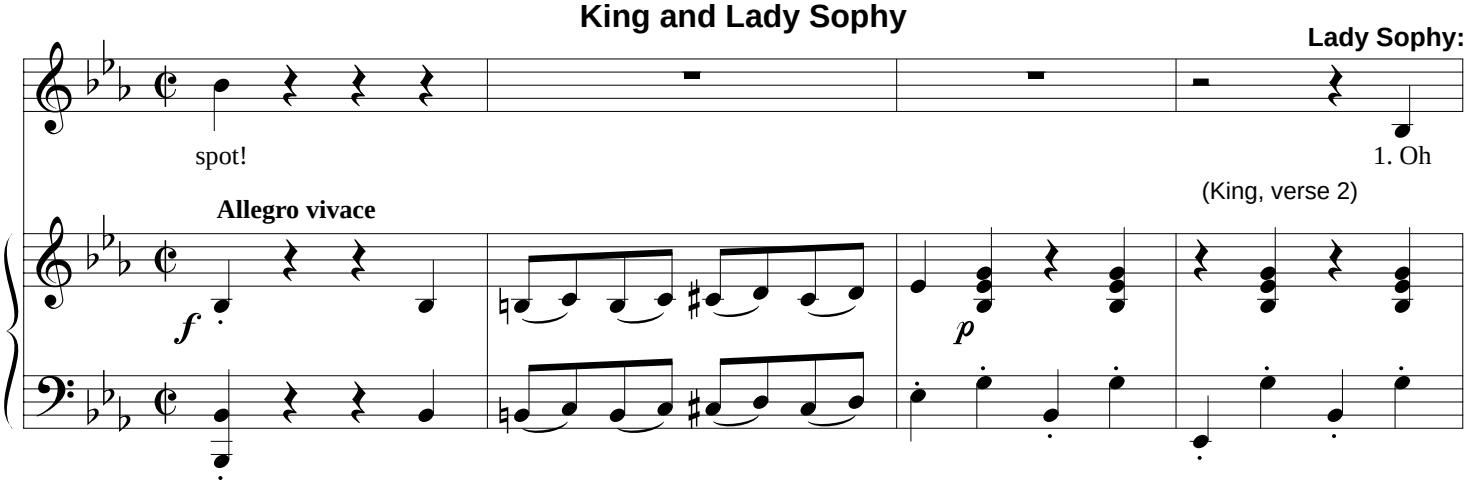
King and Lady Sophy

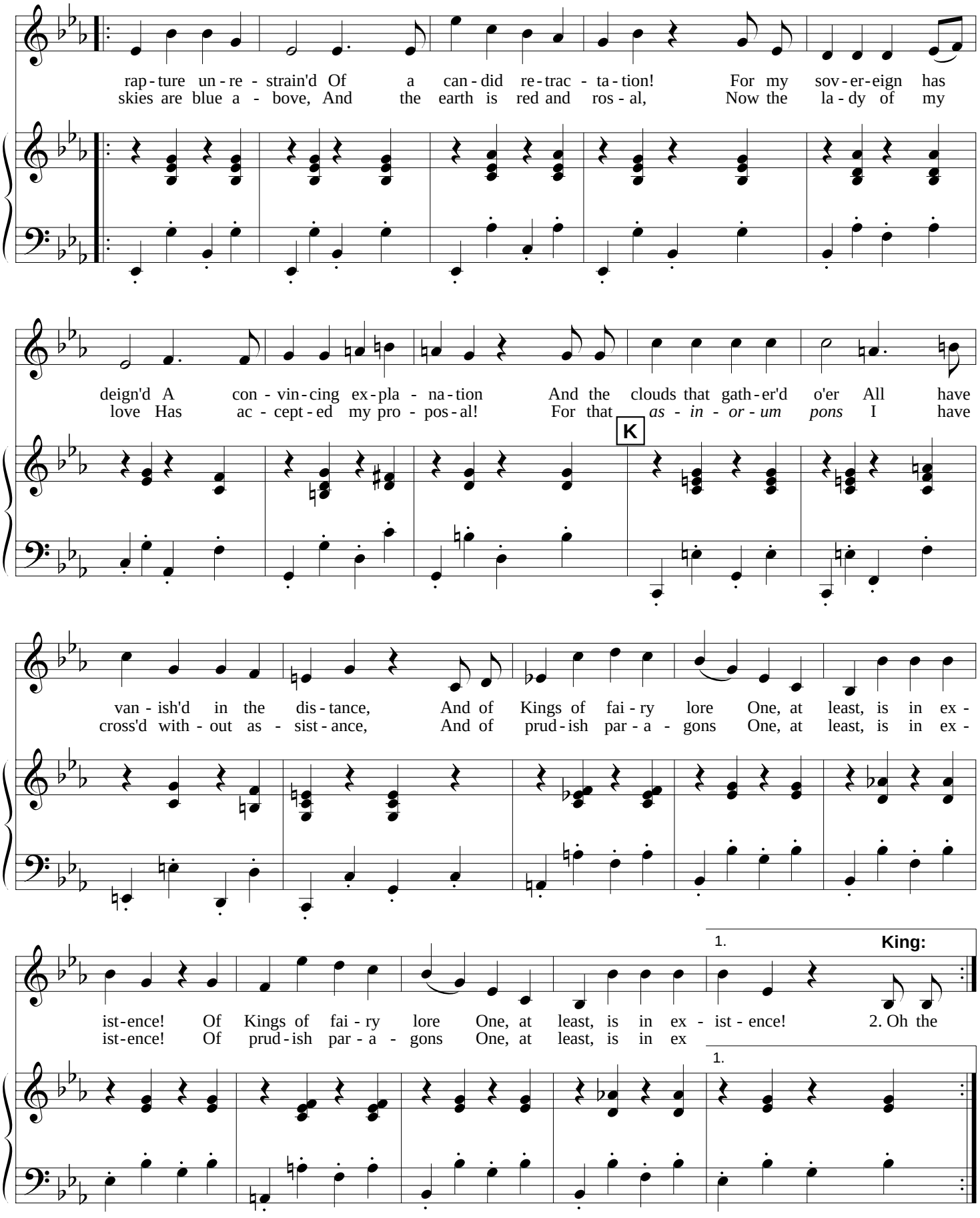


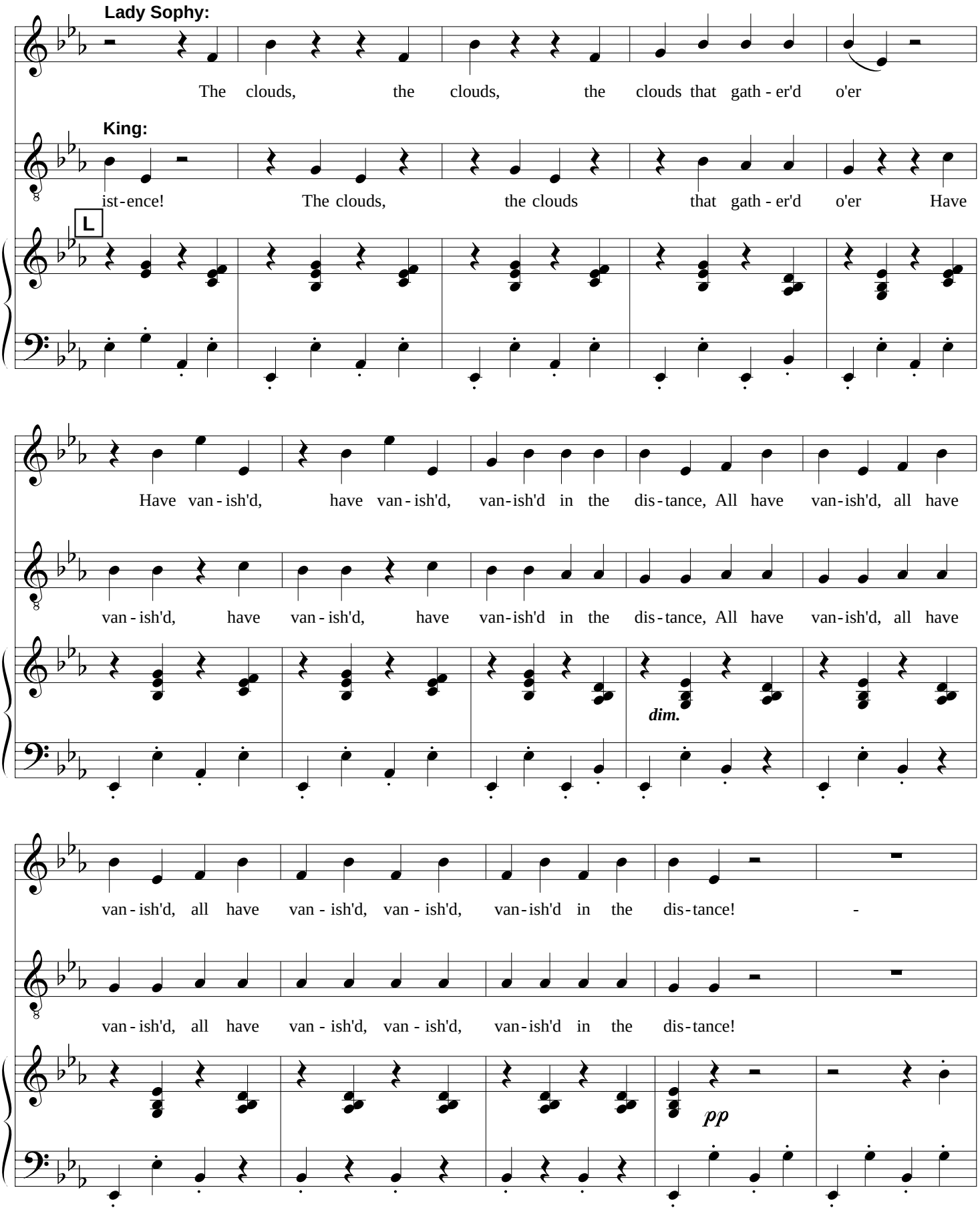

main un-con-tra-dict-ed, un-re - fut - ed, The ob-ject thou of my a-ver-sion root - ed Re -
King: Recit.
pul - sive thing! Be just_ the time is now at hand when truth may pub-lish'd be. These
G
Allegro non poco agitato
p
Lady Sophy:
King:
par-a-graphswere writ-ten and con - tri-but-ed by me! By you? No, no! Yes, yes. I swear, by me!
ff
I, caught in Sca-phio's ruth - less toil, Con-tri-but-ed the lot!
a tempo
p
cresc.
mf
f



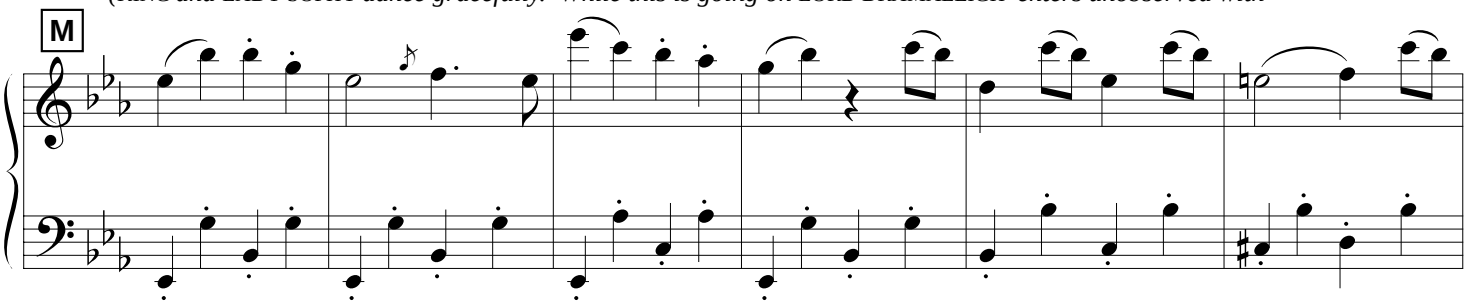
No. 25a. Oh rapture unrestrained



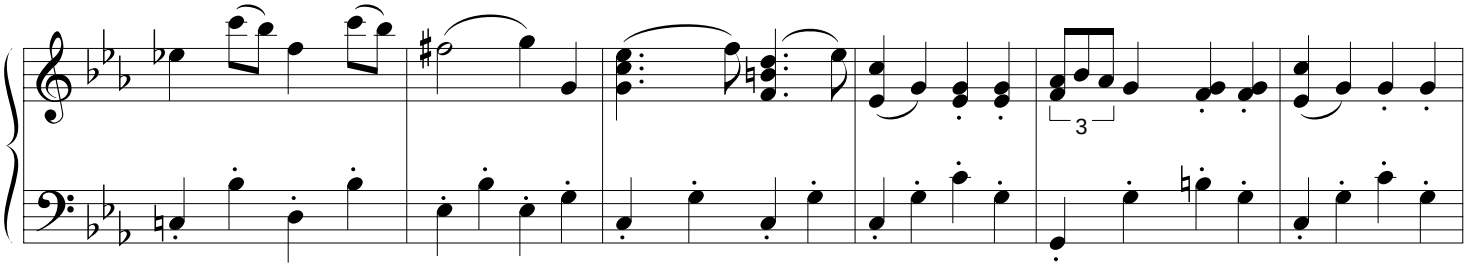

rap - ture un - re - strain'd Of a can - did re - trac - ta - tion! For my sov - er - eign has
skies are blue a - bove, And the earth is red and ros - al, Now the la - dy of my
deign'd A con - vin - cing ex - pla - na - tion And the clouds that gath - er'd o'er All have
love Has ac - cept - ed my pro - pos - al! For that as - in - or - um pons I have
K
van - ish'd in the dis - tance, And of Kings of fai - ry lore One, at least, is in ex -
cross'd with - out as - sist - ance, And of prud - ish par - a - gons One, at least, is in ex -
1.
King:
ist - ence! Of Kings of fai - ry lore One, at least, is in ex - ist - ence! 2. Oh the
ist - ence! Of prud - ish par - a - gons One, at least, is in ex
1.


Lady Sophy:
The clouds, the clouds, the clouds that gath - er'd o'er
King:
ist-ence! The clouds, the clouds that gath - er'd o'er Have
L
Have van - ish'd, have van - ish'd, van-ish'd in the dis-tance, All have van-ish'd, all have
van - ish'd, have van - ish'd, have van-ish'd in the dis-tance, All have van-ish'd, all have
dim.
van - ish'd, all have van - ish'd, van - ish'd, van-ish'd in the dis-tance! -
van - ish'd, all have van - ish'd, van - ish'd, van-ish'd in the dis-tance!
pp

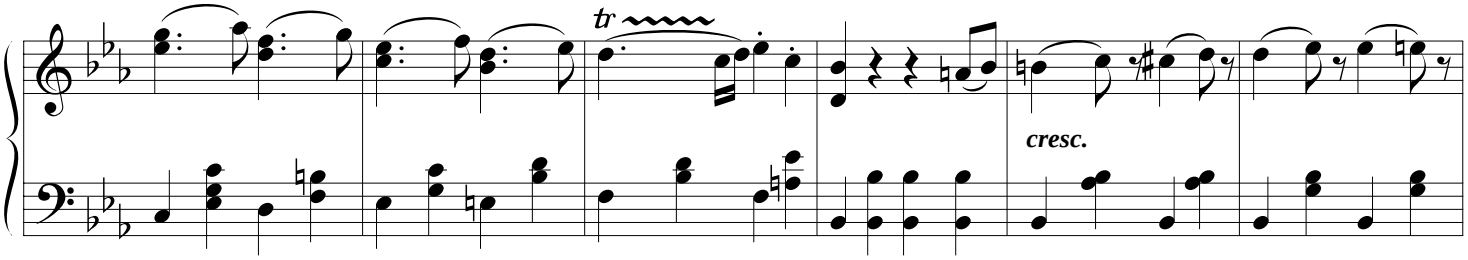
*(*KING *and* LADY SOPHY *dance gracefully. While this is going on* LORD DRAMALEIGH *enters unobserved with*

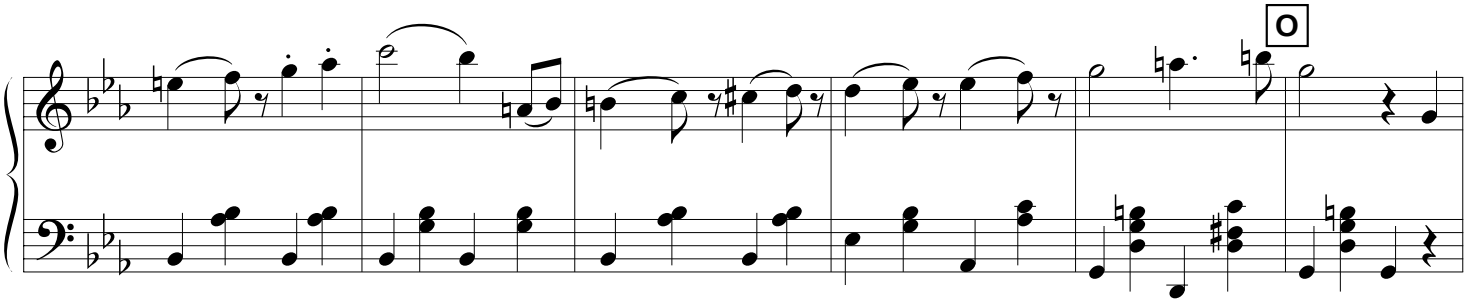


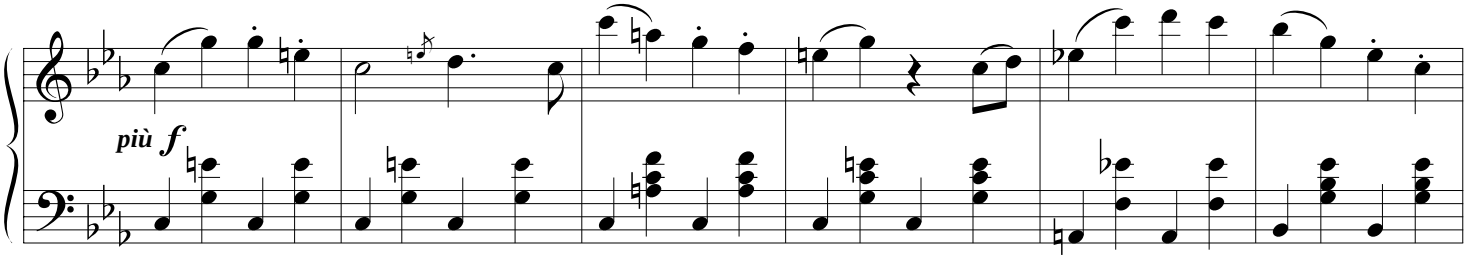
NEKAYA *and* MR. GOLDBURY *with* KALYBA. *Then enter* ZARA *and* CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE. *The two girls direct* ZARA*'s*

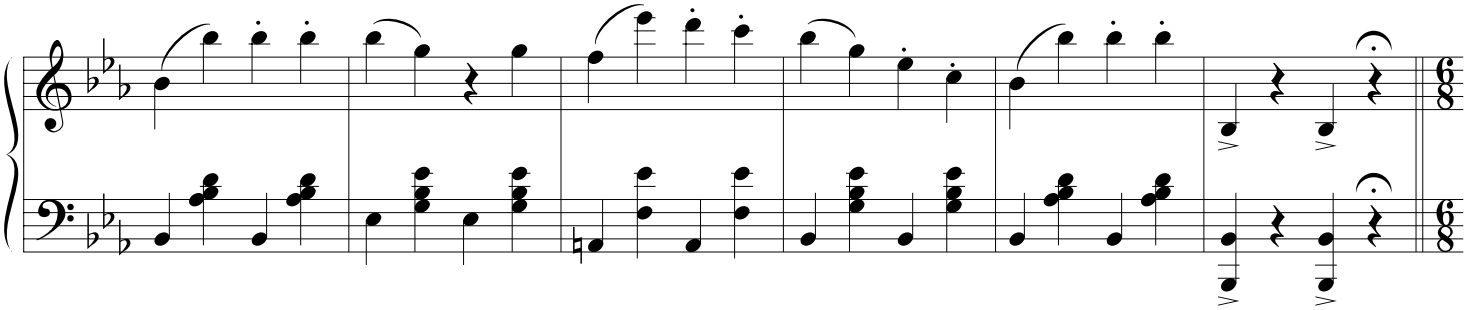


attention to the KING *and* LADY SOPHY*, who are still dancing affectionately together.)*





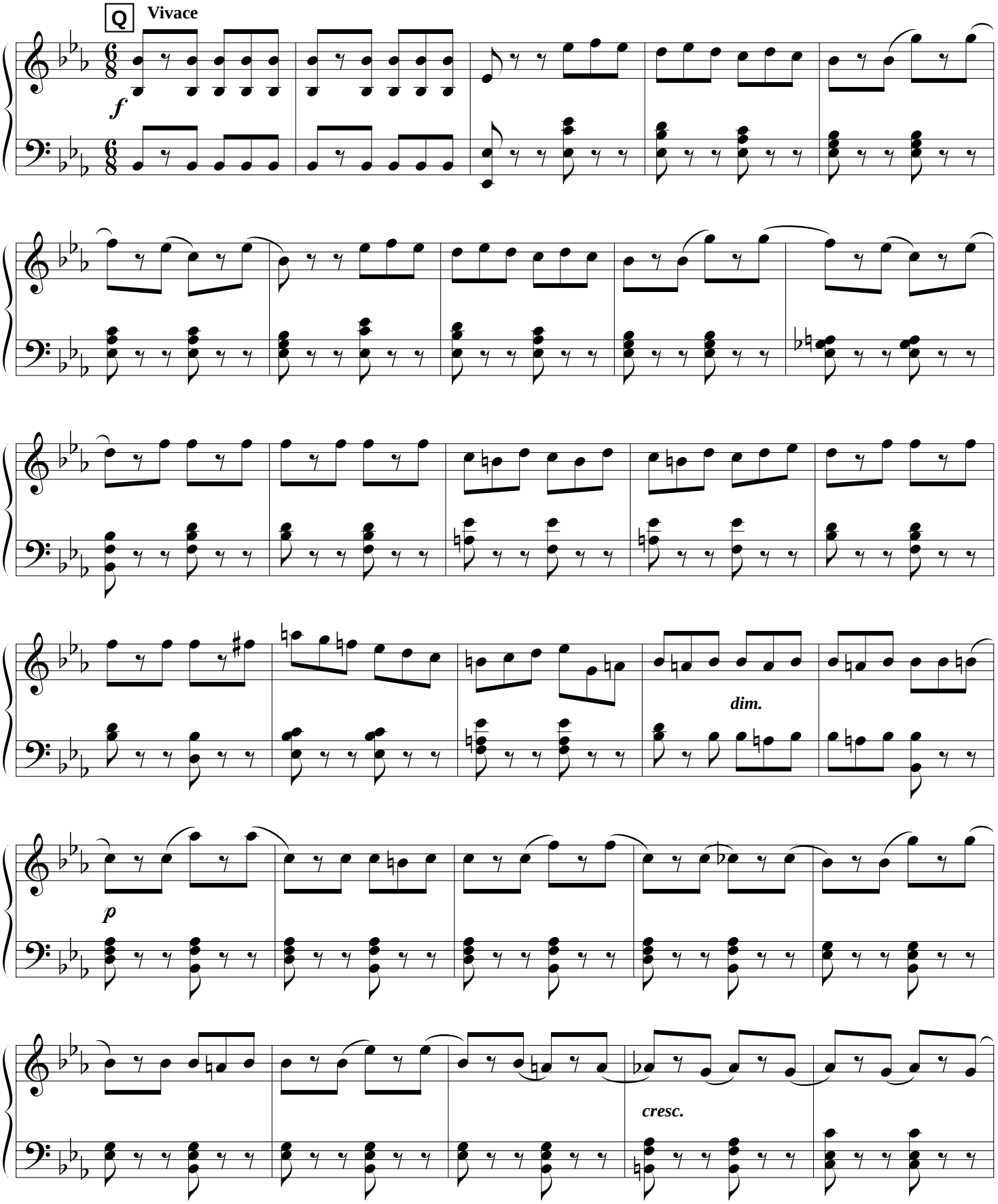


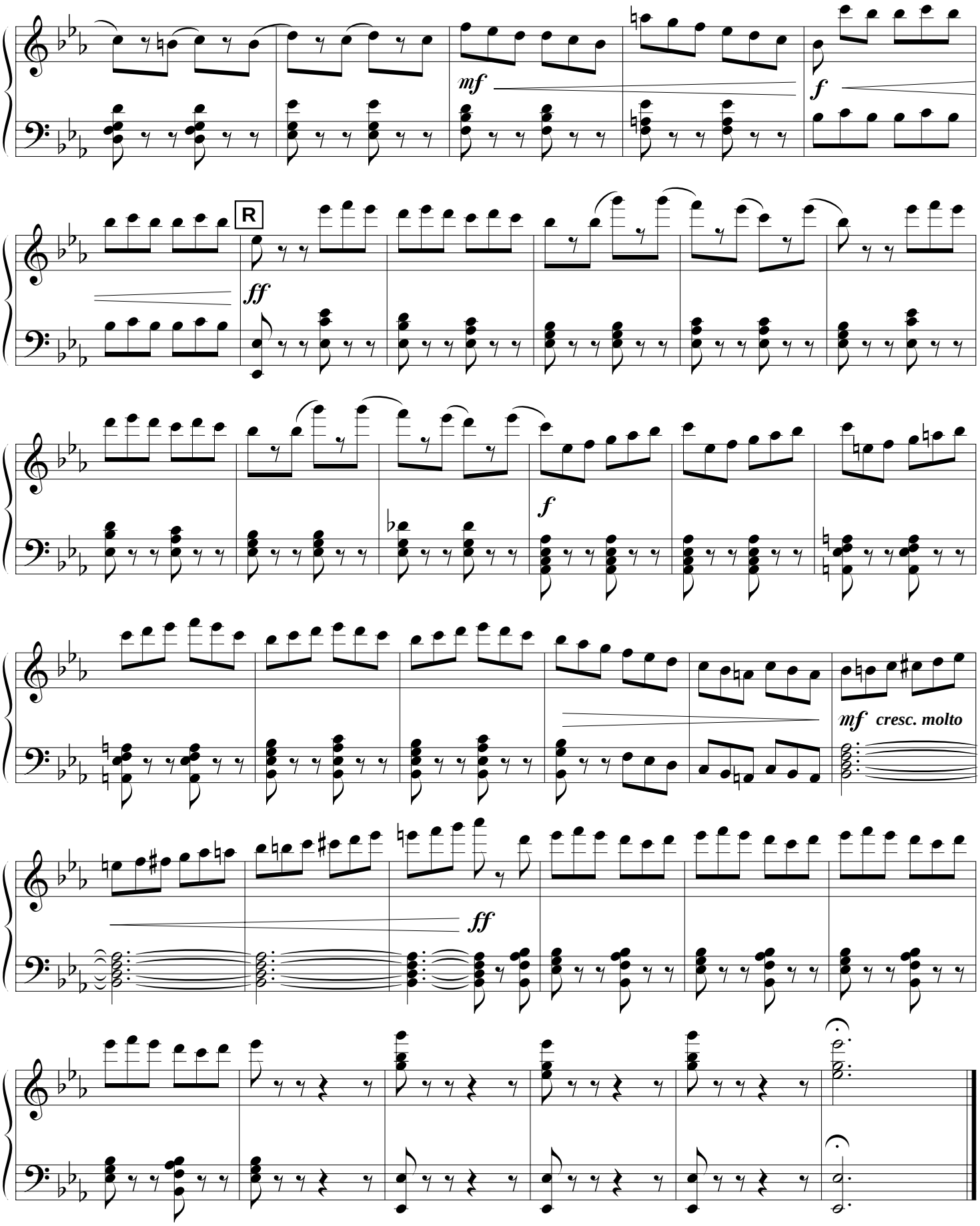


(At this point the KING *kisses* LADY SOPHY*, which causes the Princesses to make an exclamation. The* KING *and* LADY SOPHY *are at first much confused at being detected, but eventually throw off all reserve, and the four couples break into a wild Tarantella.)*

No. 25b. Tarantella

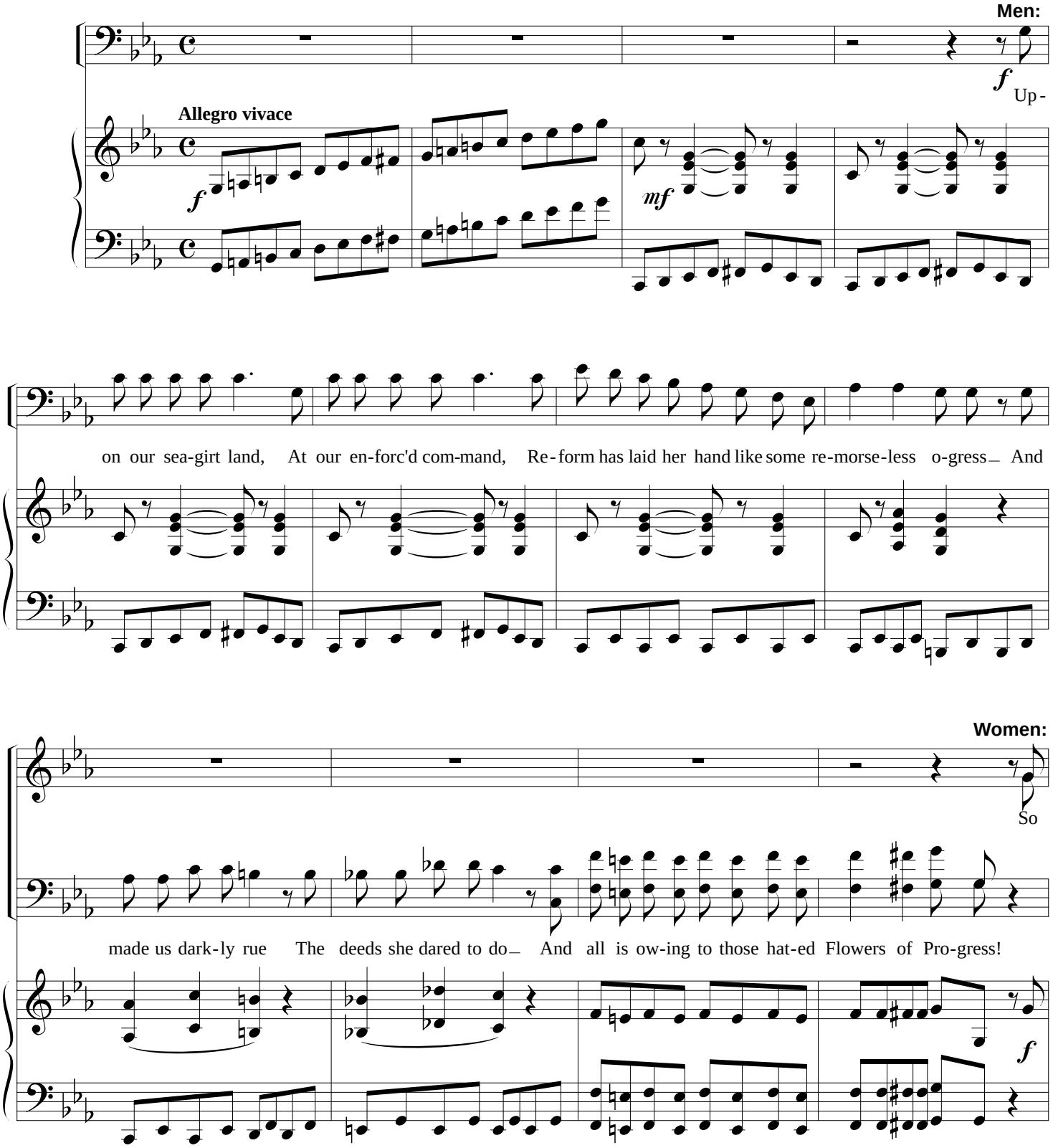
(Instrumental)

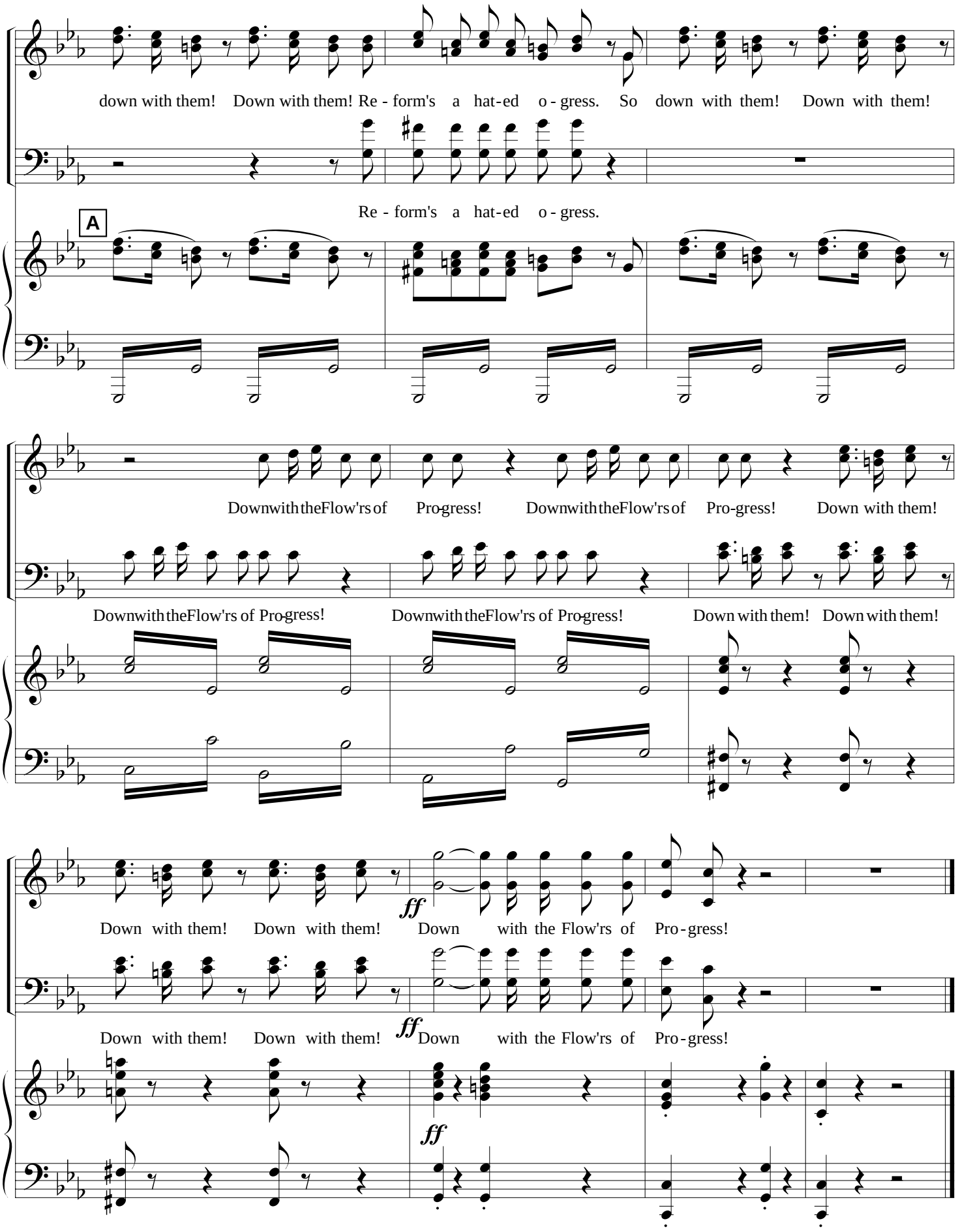



mf
f
R
ff
f
mf cresc. molto
ff

No. 26. Upon our sea-girt land

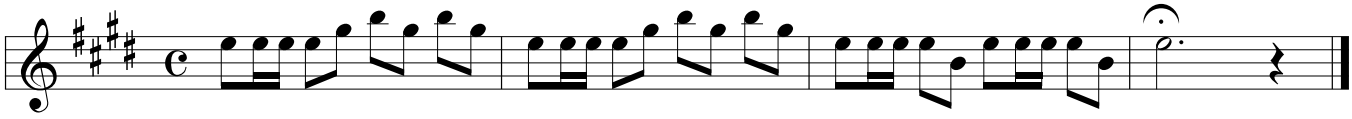
Chorus




down with them! Down with them! Re - form's a hat-ed o - gress. So down with them! Down with them!
Re - form's a hat-ed o - gress.
A
Downwith theFlow'rs of Pro-gress! Downwith theFlow'rs of Pro-gress! Down with them!
Downwith theFlow'rs of Pro-gress! Downwith theFlow'rs of Pro-gress! Down with them! Down with them!
ff
Down with them! Down with them! Down with the Flow'rs of Pro - gress!
Down with them! Down with them! Down with the Flow'rs of Pro - gress!
ff
ff

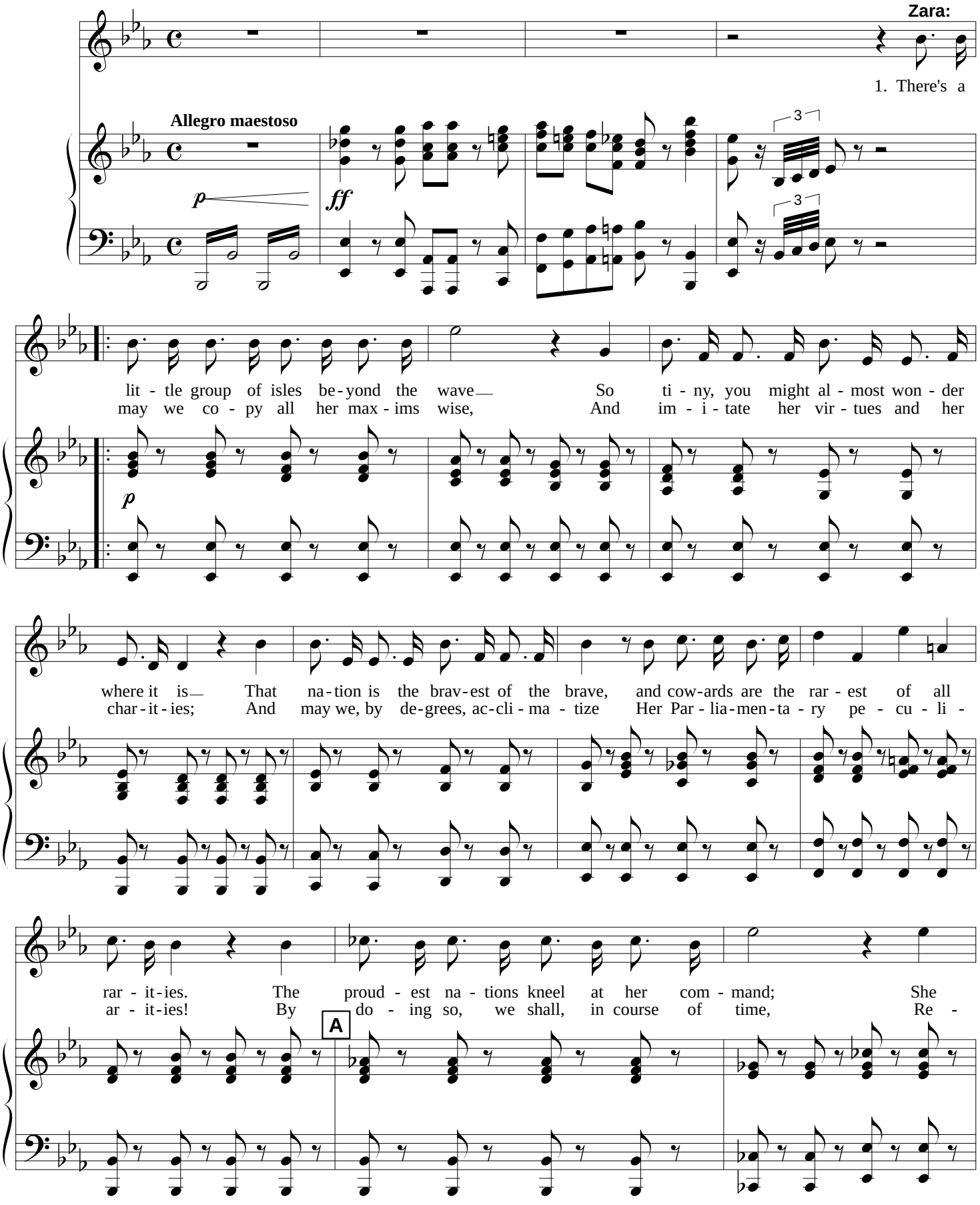
No. 26a. (Trumpet flourish)

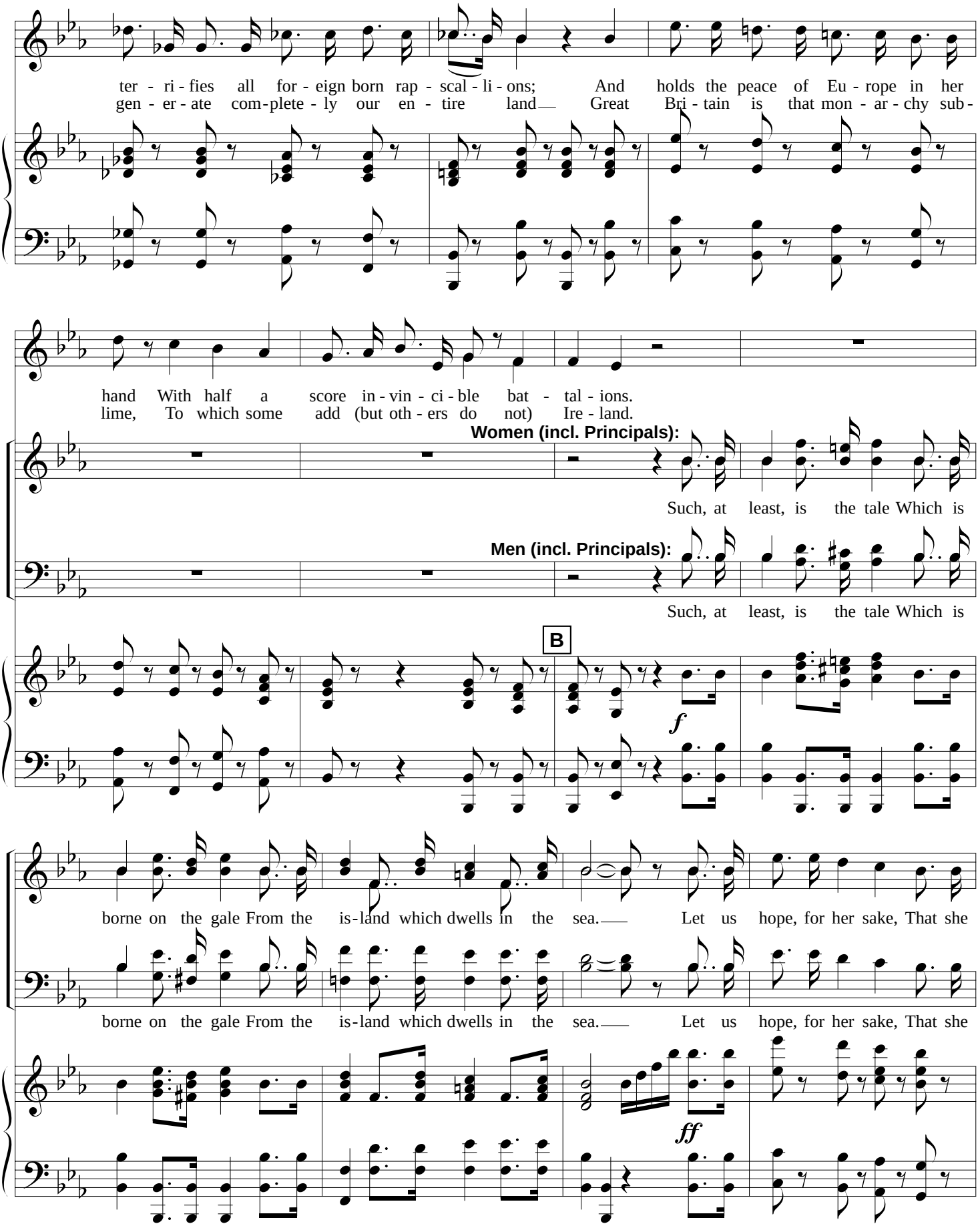
(Enter KING, *his three daughters,* LADY SOPHY, *and the Flowers of Progress.)*

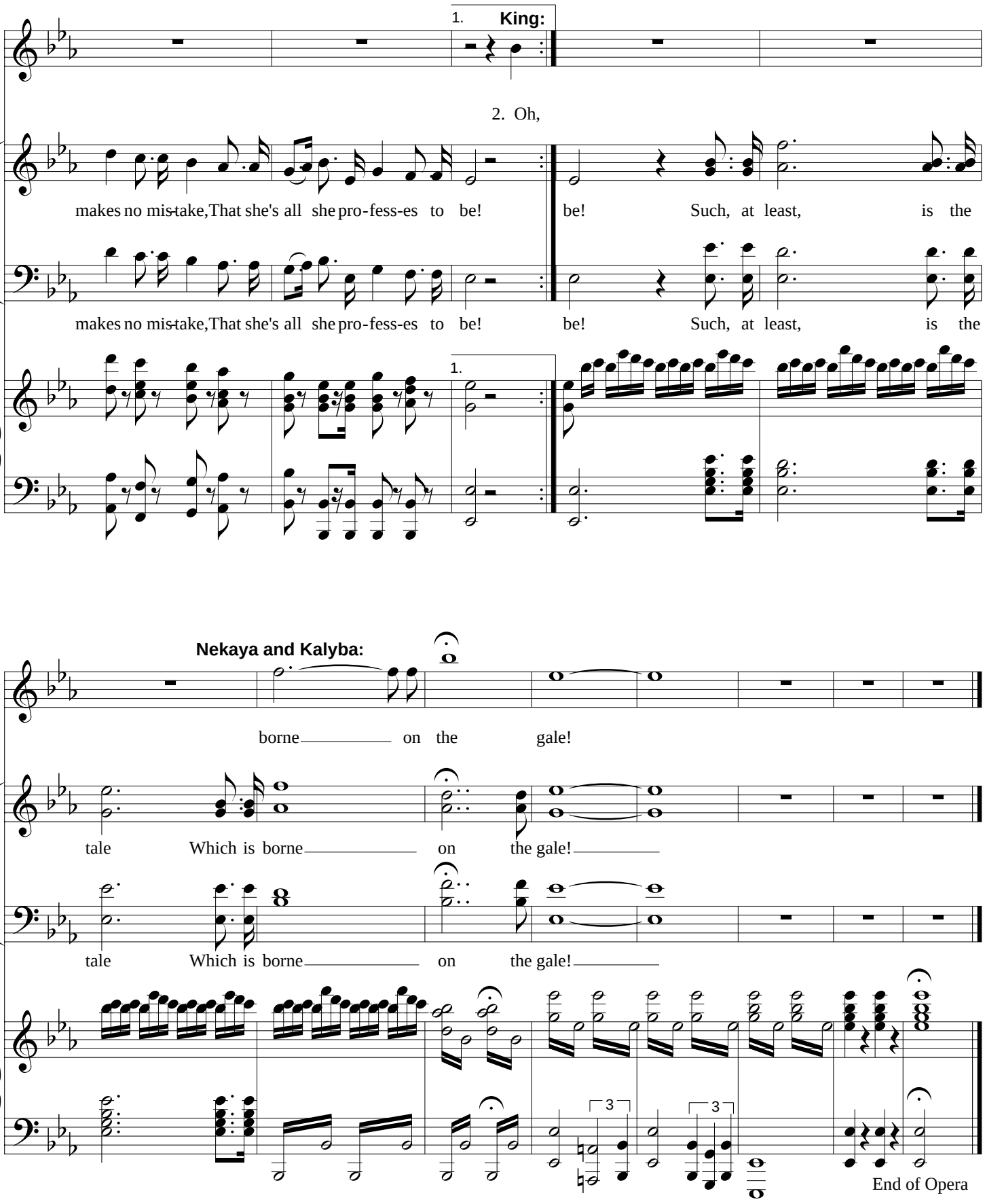


No. 27. There's a little group of isles beyond the wave

Finale, Act II



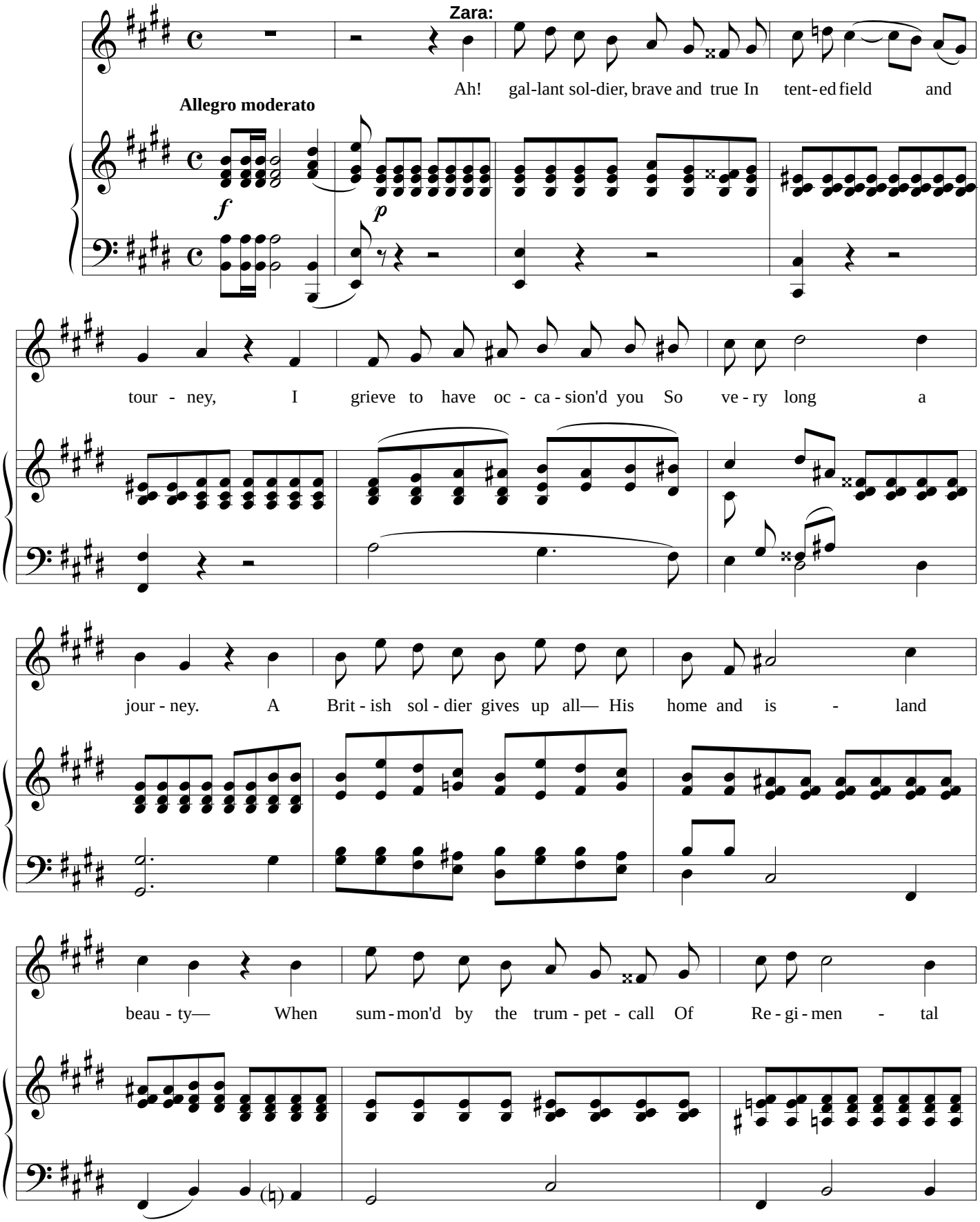

ter - ri - fies all for - eign born rap - scal - li - ons; And holds the peace of Eu - rope in her
gen - er - ate com-plete - ly our en - tire land Great Bri - tain is that mon - ar - chy sub -
hand With half a score in - vin - ci - ble bat - tal - ions.
lime, To which some add (but oth - ers do not) Ire - land.
Women (incl. Principals):
Such, at least, is the tale Which is
Men (incl. Principals):
Such, at least, is the tale Which is
B
f
borne on the gale From the is-land which dwells in the sea. Let us hope, for her sake, That she
borne on the gale From the is-land which dwells in the sea. Let us hope, for her sake, That she
ff


1.
King:
2. Oh,
makes no mis-take, That she's all she pro-fess-es to be!
be! Such, at least, is the
makes no mis-take, That she's all she pro-fess-es to be!
be! Such, at least, is the
1.
Nekaya and Kalyba:
borne on the gale!
tale Which is borne on the gale!
tale Which is borne on the gale!
3
3
End of Opera

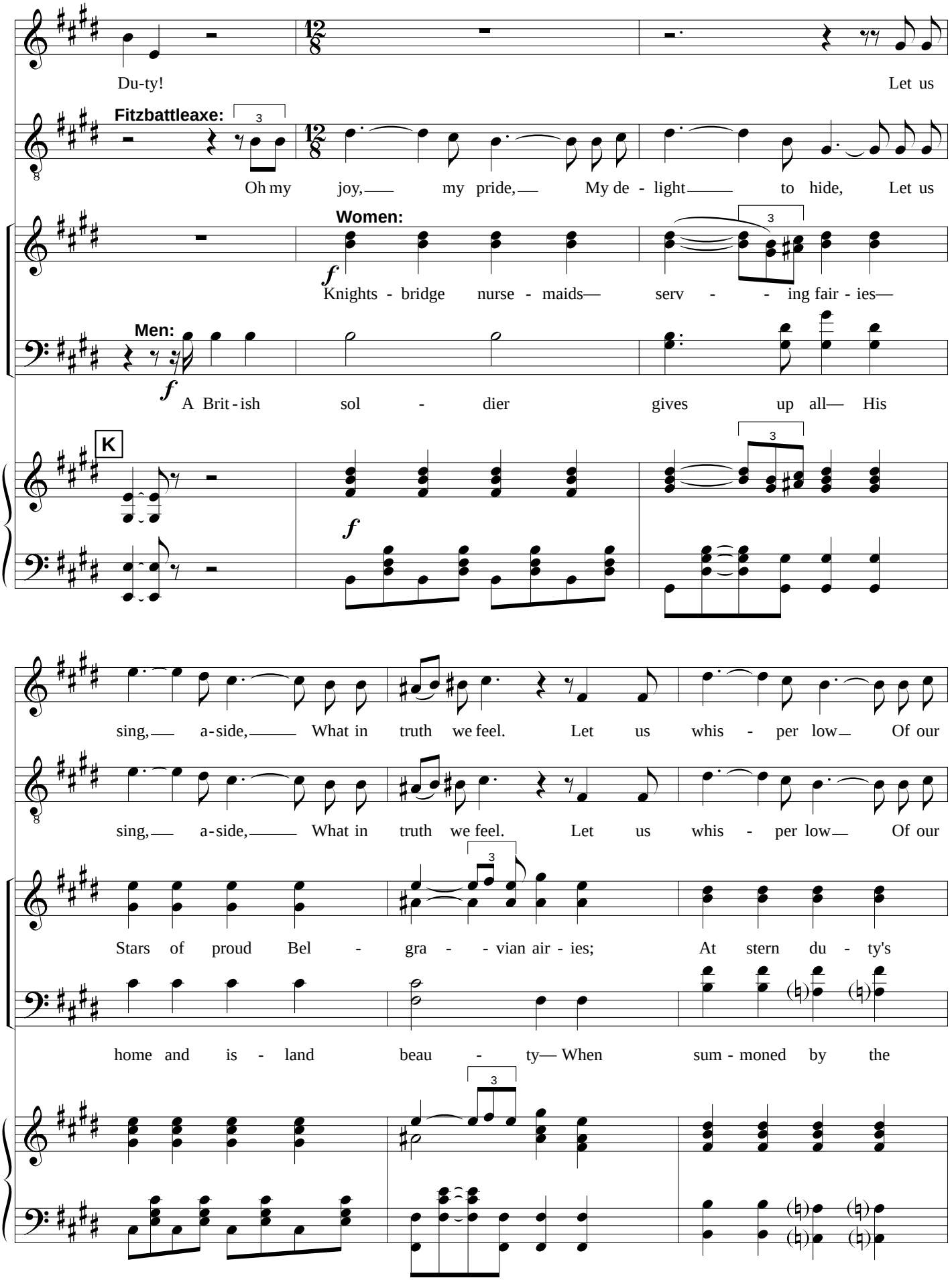
Appendix I. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true

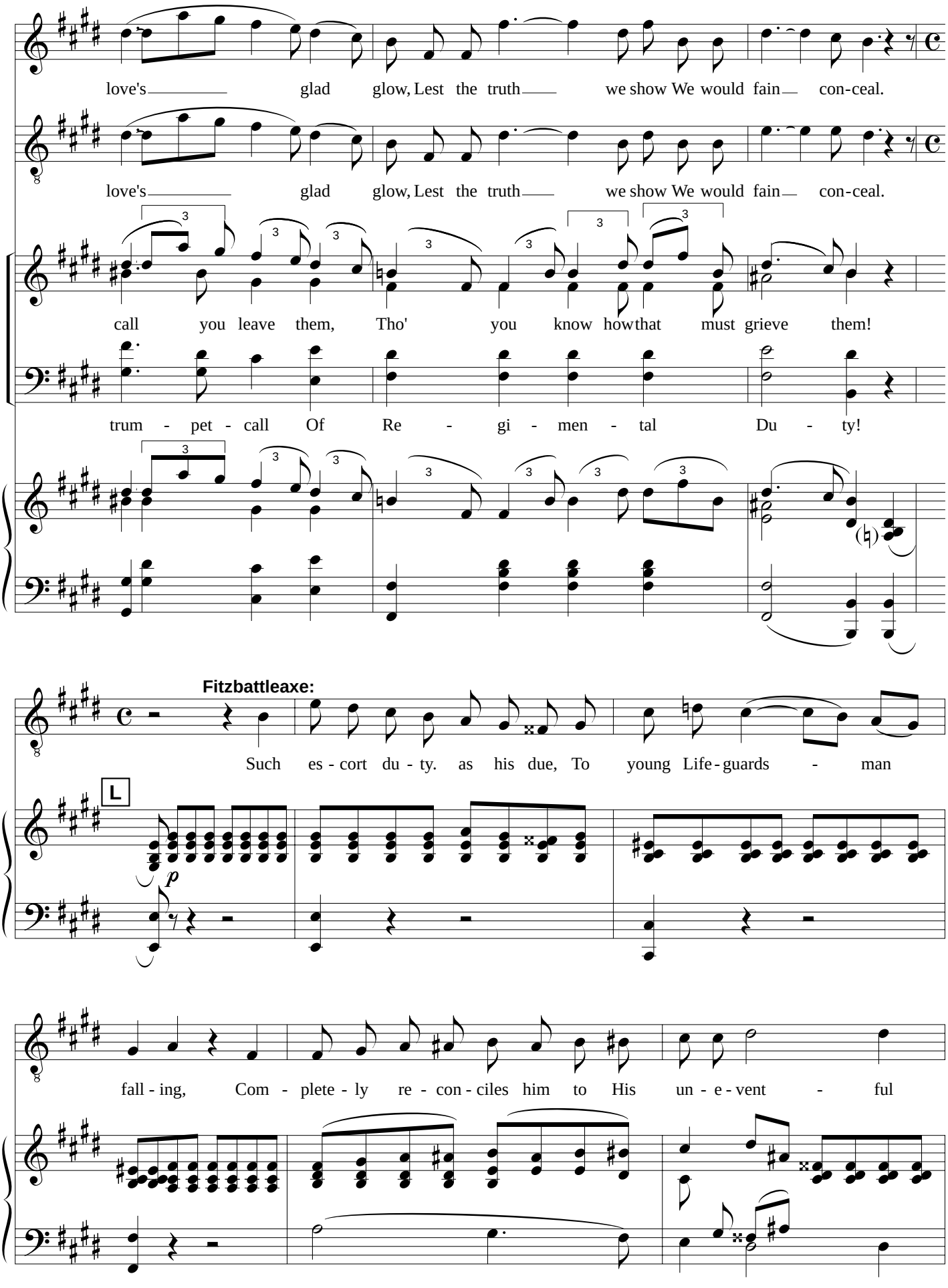
(Chappell version, but with playout)

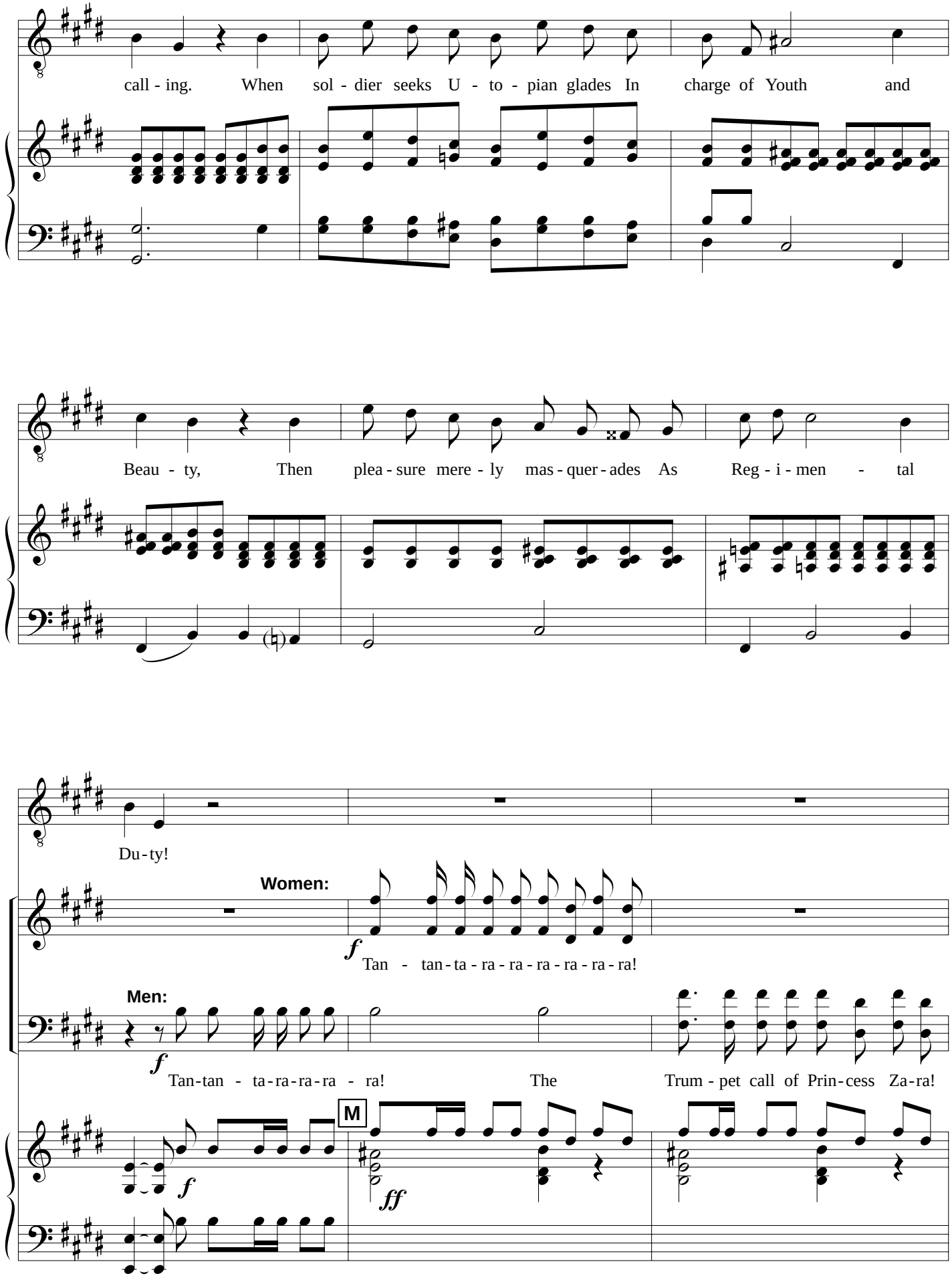
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

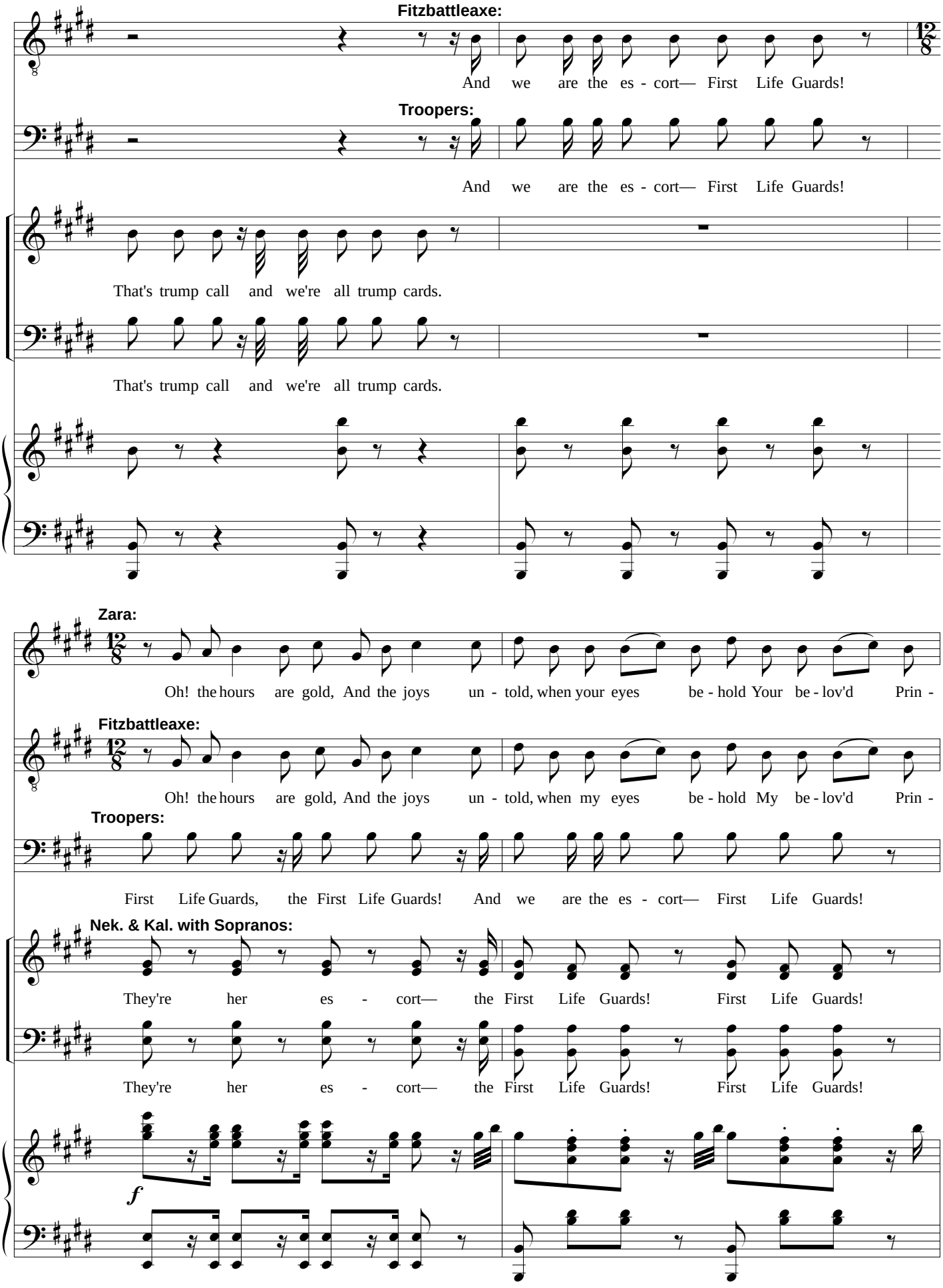


- A2 -

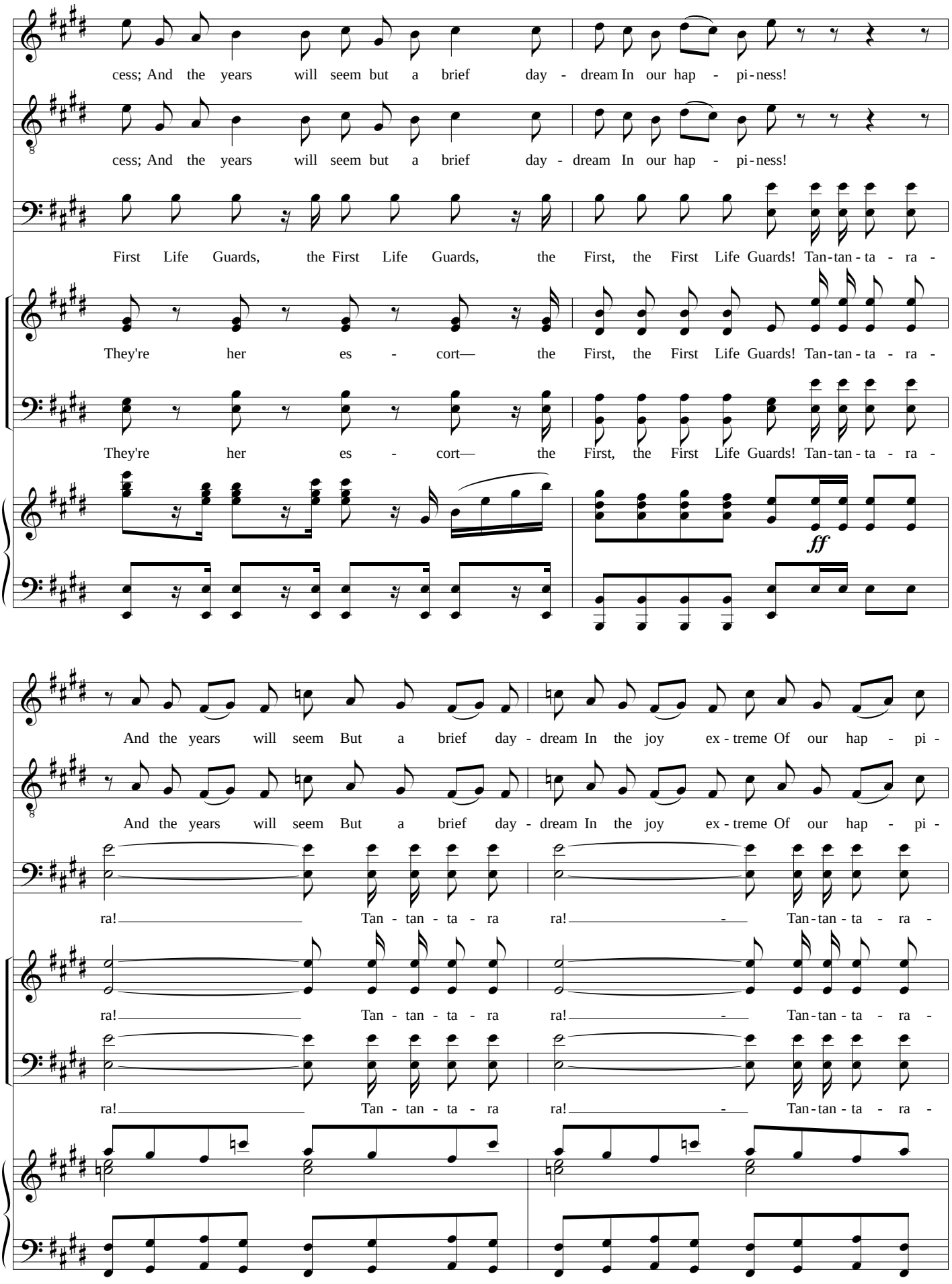

Du-ty!
Let us
Fitzbattleaxe:
Oh my joy, my pride, My de - light to hide, Let us
Women:
Knights - bridge nurse - maids serv - - ing fair - ies
Men:
A Brit - ish sol - dier gives up all His
K
sing, a - side, What in truth we feel. Let us whis - per low Of our
sing, a - side, What in truth we feel. Let us whis - per low Of our
Stars of proud Bel - gra - - vian air - ies; At stern du - ty's
home and is - land beau - ty When sum - moned by the

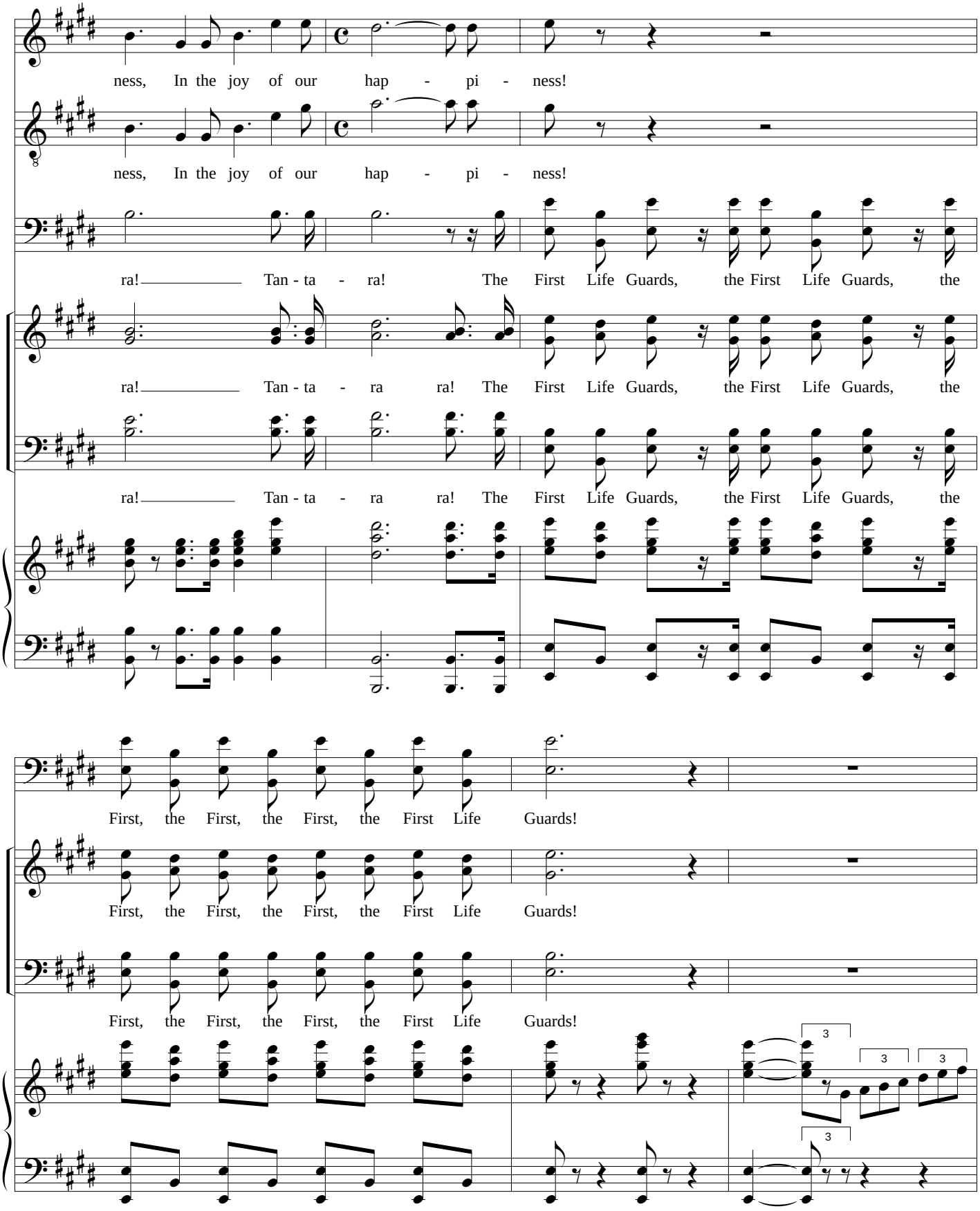

love's glad glow, Lest the truth we show We would fain con-ceal.
love's glad glow, Lest the truth we show We would fain con-ceal.
call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!
trum - pet - call Of Re - gi - men - tal Du - ty!
Fitzbattleaxe:
Such es - cort du - ty. as his due, To young Life-guards - man
L
p
fall - ing, Com - plete - ly re - con - ciles him to His un - e - vent - ful


call - ing. When sol - dier seeks U - to - pian glades In charge of Youth and
Beau - ty, Then plea - sure mere - ly mas - quer - ades As Reg - i - men - tal
Du - ty!
Women:
f
Tan - tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra!
Men:
f
Tan-tan - ta-ra-ra-ra - ra! The Trum - pet call of Prin-cess Za-ra!
M
f
ff

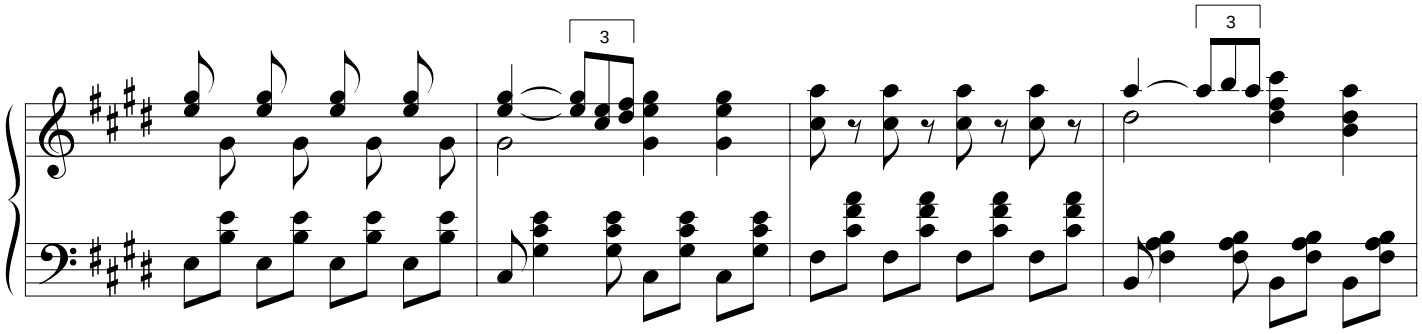
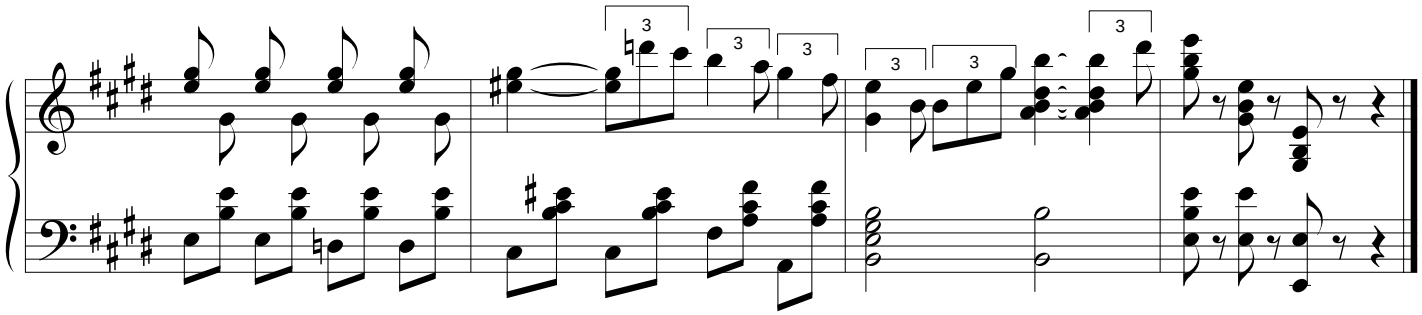

Fitzbattleaxe:
And we are the es - cort— First Life Guards!
Troopers:
And we are the es - cort— First Life Guards!
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.
Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when your eyes be - hold Your be - lov'd Prin -
Fitzbattleaxe:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when my eyes be - hold My be - lov'd Prin -
Troopers:
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es - cort— First Life Guards!
Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos:
They're her es - cort— the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
They're her es - cort— the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
f

- A6 -


cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi-ness!
cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi-ness!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta - ra -
They're her es - cort— the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta - ra -
They're her es - cort— the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta - ra -
ff
And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
ra! Tan - tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan - tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan - tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -


ness, In the joy of our hap - pi - ness!
ness, In the joy of our hap - pi - ness!
ra! Tan - ta - ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
3
3
3
3

(Exeunt KING *and* ZARA *in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction.*



Enter, at back, SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS, *who watch* ZARA *as she goes off.)*