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IOLANTHE

or

The Peer and the Peri

Book by

W. S. GILBERT

Music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Authentic Version Edited by

BRYCESON TREHARNE

This score contains all the dialogue

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

LORD MOUNTARARAT

LORD TOLLOLLER

PRIVATE WILLIS...........................................Of the Grenadier Guards

STREPHON..................................................An Arcadian Shepherd

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

IOLANTHE..................................................A Fairy, Strephon’s Mother

CELIA

LEILA

FLETA......................................................Fairies

PHYLLIS.................................................An Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward in Chancery

CHORUS OF DUKES, MARQUISES, EARLS, VISCOUNTS, BARONS, AND FAIRIES

ACT I—An Arcadian Landscape

ACT II—Palace Yard, Westminster

Date, between 1700 and 1882
ARGUMENT

Twenty-five years previous to the action of the opera, Iolanthe, a fairy, had committed the capital crime of marrying a mortal. The Queen of the Fairies had commuted the death sentence to banishment for life—on condition that Iolanthe must leave her husband without explanation and never see him again. Her son Strephon has grown up as a shepherd, half fairy, half mortal. Strephon loves Phyllis, a shepherdess who is also a ward in Chancery; she returns his love, and knows nothing of his mixed origin.

At the beginning of the opera, the Queen is prevailed upon by other fairies to recall Iolanthe from exile. Strephon joins the glad reunion and announces his intention of marrying Phyllis in spite of the Lord Chancellor, her guardian, who refuses permission. The Queen approves, and plans to influence certain boroughs to elect Strephon to Parliament.

Meanwhile the entire House of Lords is enamored of Phyllis; they appeal in a body to the Lord Chancellor to give her to whichever peer she may select. The Lord Chancellor is also suffering the pangs of love, but feels he has no legal right to assign her to himself. Phyllis declines to marry a peer; Strephon pleads his cause in court again, but in vain. Iolanthe enters and holds tender converse with her son. Since she, like all fairies, looks like a girl of seventeen, Phyllis and the peers misinterpret the situation; they ridicule Strephon's claim that Iolanthe is his mother. Phyllis declares now that she will marry either Lord Mountararat or Lord Tolloller.

The Fairies take revenge by not merely sending Strephon to Parliament, but also influencing both Houses to pass any bills he may introduce. His innovations culminate in a bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination. The Peers, seeing their doom approaching, appeal to the Fairies to desist. The Fairies have fallen in love with the Peers and would like to oblige, but it is too late to stop Strephon. The Queen reproaches her subjects for their feminine weakness; she acknowledges her own weakness for a sentry, Private Willis, but asserts that she has it under control.

Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller discover that if either marries Phyllis, family tradition will require the loser to kill his successful rival; both therefore renounce Phyllis in the name of friendship. The Lord Chancellor, after considerable struggle, pleads his own cause before himself and convinces himself that the law will allow him to marry her.

Meanwhile Strephon makes Phyllis understand that his mother is a fairy, and they are reconciled. They persuade Iolanthe to appeal to the Lord Chancellor. To make the appeal effective, she reveals her identity to him—her husband—and thus again incurs the death penalty. The other Fairies, however, have married their respective Peers, and announce to the Queen that they all have incurred the same sentence. The Lord Chancellor suggests the legal expedient of inserting a single word, to make the law read that every fairy who does not marry a mortal shall die. The Queen corrects the scroll, and asks Private Willis to save her life by marrying her. All the mortals present are then transformed into fairies and fly away with their consorts to Fairyland, leaving the House of Lords to be replenished according to intelligence rather than birth.
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Iolanthe
or
The Peer and the Peri

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Overture

Andante

Piano

Printed in the U. S. A.
Andante espressivo
Allegro giocoso
Act I

Scene: An Arcadian landscape

No. 1. Tripping hither, tripping thither
Opening Chorus and Soli
Celia, Leila and Fairies
A

Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or

B

Celia and Chorus (SOP. I)

Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or

Leila and Chorus (SOP. II)

We must dance and we must
Sing, round about our fairy ring. Tripping hither, tripping hither, nobody
knows why or whither, we must dance and we must
sing, round about our fairy ring. Tripping hither, tripping hither, nobody
knows why or whither, we must dance and we must
sing, round about our fairy ring. Tripping hither, tripping hither, nobody
knows why or whither, we must dance and we must
sing, round about our fairy ring. Tripping hither, tripping hither, nobody
knows why or whither, we must dance and we must.
Neither, Nobody knows why or whither, We must dance and we must

Neither, Nobody knows why or whither, We must dance and we must

sing, Round about our fairy ring.

sing, Round about our fairy ring.

SOLO
Celia

We are dainty little fairies, Ever singing, ever dancing;

We indulge in our vagaries In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function of our never ceasing motion,

We reply with some compunction that we haven't any notion,

Chorus

No, we haven't any notion! any notion!

No, we haven't any notion! any notion!

Trip-pinghither, tripping thither, No-bod-y knows why or whither, We must
dance and we must sing, Round about our fairy

We can ride on lovers' sighs, Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,

Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears, Clothe ourselves with lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts, Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts,

When you know us you'll discover That we almost live on

Chorus

lovers. Yes, we live on lover. Trip-ping hither, trip-ping

Yes we live on lover. Trip-ping hither, trip-ping

thither, No-body knows why or whither, We must dance and we must

thither, No-body knows why or whither, We must dance and we must
Sing, Round about our fairy ring.

We are dainty little fairies, Ever singing, ever dancing;

We indulge in our vagaries In a
fashion most entrancing,

fashion most entrancing,

trip-ping hith-er,

trip-ping hith-er,

(At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.)

thither, No bod-y knows why or whither.

thither, No bod-y knows why or whither.
Celia: Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe fairy revels have not been what they were.

Leila: Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

Fleta: To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

Leila: Something awful: she married a mortal.

Fleta: Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

Leila: Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

Celia: But Iolanthe didn't die.

(Enter Queen of the Fairies)

Queen: No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

Leila: And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

Queen: Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

Leila: To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

Queen: And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

Fleta: Then why not summon her and ask her?

Queen: Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

Celia: Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

Leila: Think how we loved her!

Queen: Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

Leila: She certainly did surprising things.

Fleta: Oh give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours.

(All kneel in supplication)

Queen: (irresolute) Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And—Well! well! it shall be as you wish.
22
No. 2. Invocation: "Iolanthe! from thy dark exile"
Soli and Chorus
Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila and Fairies

Andante

Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila and Fairies

From thy dark exile thou art summoned.

Come to our call, come, come, Iolanthe!

Celia.
Iolanthe rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She approaches the Queen with head bent and arms crossed.

With humbled breast, And every hope laid low,

To thy behest, Offended Queen, I bow. For a
dark sin a-against our fair-y laws We sent thee in-to

life-long ban-ish-ment, But mer-cy holds her sway with-
in our hearts, Rise!

Rise, thou art par-doned! Par-doned!
Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The Queen places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.

**Chorus**

Celia & Sop. I

**Par - doned!**

Leila & Sop. II

**Par - doned!**

---

**F**

Celia & Sop. I

Welcome to our hearts a-gain, I-o-lan-the! I-o-lan-the!

Leila, Queen, & Sop. II

Welcome to our hearts a-gain, I-o-lan-the! I-o-lan-the!

---

We have shared thy bit-ter pain, I-o-lan-the! I-o-lan-the!

We have shared thy bit-ter pain, I-o-lan-the! I-o-lan-the!
Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band

Welcomes thee to fairy-land, Iolanthe! Iolanthe! Iolanthe!

Welcomes thee to fairy-land, Iolanthe! Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
Queen: And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Iolanthe: To be near my son, Strephon.

Queen: Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

Iolanthe: He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

Fleta: How old is he?

Iolanthe: Twenty-four.

Leila: Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

Iolanthe: He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

All: (disappointed) Oh!

Queen: I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

Celia: And what is he?

Iolanthe: He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

Celia: A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

Iolanthe: He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

Celia: Dear me!

Queen: I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess, I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

Iolanthe: Nothing easier, for here he comes.

(Enter Strephon, singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet. He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.)
No. 3. “Good morrow, good mother”
Solo and Chorus
Strephon and Fairies

Allegretto

Strephon

Good morrow, good mother,
Good morrow, good morrow!

By some means or other
Pray banish your sorrow;

With joy beyond telling
My bosom is swelling, So
join in a measure expressive of pleasure, For I'm to be married to.

Chorus of Fairies

day, to-day! Yes, I'm to be married to-day! Yes, he's to be married to-

day, to-day! Yes, he's to be married to-day.

Yes, I'm to be married to-day!
Iolanthe: Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

Strephon: Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her today, and brave the upshot, be what it may! — (Sees Fairies) But who are these?

Iolanthe: Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

Strephon: Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

Iolanthe: And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

Strephon: Your sisters? Then they are my aunts. (kneels)

Queen: A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding day!

Strephon: Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

Leila: Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

Strephon: Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half I really don't know.

Queen: I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Iolanthe: A fairy member! That would be delightful.

Strephon: I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

Queen: Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

Strephon: (bowing) I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

Queen: No; we are fairies down to the feet.
No. 4. Fare thee well
Solo and Chorus
Queen and Fairies

Allegretto

Queen

Chorus of Fairies

Queen

Chorus of Fairies

Queen

Queen

Queen

Chorus of Fairies

Queen

Chorus of Fairies

Queen

Chorus of Fairies

Queen

Chorus of Fairies
Call us, and we'll come to thee. Aye, call us, and we'll come to thee.

Trip-ping hither, tripping thither. Nobody knows why or whither. We must now be taking wing to another fairy.
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, We must
now be tak-ing wing To an-oth-er
fair-y ring.

Fairies and Queen trip off, Iolanthe, who
takes an affectionate farewell of her son, going off last.
No. 4a. "Good morrow, good lover"

Soli
Phyllis and Strephon

Allegretto (Phyllis enters)

Phyllis

Good morrow, good lover! 

I prithee discover,

Steal, purchase, or borrow,

Some means of concealing The care you are feeling, And
join in a measure expressive of pleasure, For we're to be married to-

day, today, Yes, we're to be married today! Yes,

we're to be married today, today, Yes, we're to be married to-

day!
Strephon: My Phyllis! And today we're to be made happy for ever.
Phyllis: Well, we're to be married.
Strephon: It's the same thing.
Phyllis: Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?
Strephon: Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here, look at that (offering mirror) and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?
Phyllis: No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.
Strephon: Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.
Phyllis: Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.
Strephon: As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.
Phyllis: The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.
Strephon: Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

No. 5. "None shall part us from each other"
Duet
Phyllis and Strephon

Andante non troppo lento

Phyllis 1. None shall part us from each other One in
Strephon 2. All in all since that fond meeting When, in
life and death are we: All in all—
to one an-
joy. I woke to find Mine the heart, with- in thee

other, I to thee and thou to me! All in
beating, Mine the love that heart en-
shrined! Mine the

all to one an-
other— I to thee— and thou to
heart with- in thee beat- ing, Mine the love that heart en-

me! Thou the tree and I the flow- er—

shrine! Thou the stream and I the wil- low—

Strephon

Thou the tree, Thou the flow- er;

Thou the stream, Thou the wil- low;
Thou the idol; I the throng—
Thou the sculptor; I the clay—

I the idol,
I the sculptor,
Thou the throng;
Thou the clay;

I the day and I the hour—
Thou the ocean; I the billow—

I the day and thou the hour—
I the ocean; thou the billow—

Of cresc.

1. 
I the song!

2. 
I the day!

I the song!

I the day!
Thou the stream and I the willow—Thou the sculptor;

I the stream and thou the

Thou the ocean; I the billow—

willow—Thou the ocean; thou the billow—

I the sun—rise; I the day!

I the sun—rise; Thou the day!

Exeunt Strephon and Phyllis

March. Enter Procession of Peers, headed by Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller
No. 6. Entrance and March of Peers:
"Loudly let the trumpet bray"

Chorus, Tenors and Basses

Peers

Allegro maestoso
Chorus

TENORS

Loudly let the trumpet bray, Tan-tan-tara, tan-tan-tara!

BASSES

Loudly let the trumpet bray,

Proudly bang the sounding brasses,

Proudly bang the sounding brasses.

Tzing, boom!
As upon its lordly way This unique procession passes.

As upon its lordly way This unique procession passes.


Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing.

boom! Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes! Bow, bow, ye boom!

tradesmen, bow, ye masses, Blow the trum-pets, bang the brass, Tan-tan-ta-ra, Tzing,

boom! Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow, ye
Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tradesmen, bow, ye masses, Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses. Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

We are Peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,

Pillars of the British nation.

Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, Tzing,boom! Tzing, boom, tan-ta-ra, Tzing, boom!
We are Peers of highest station, Paragons of legislation, Pillars of the British nation,
of the British nation.

highest station, Paragons of legislation.


Tan-ta-ra, Tzing, boom! Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye masses, Blow the trumpets,

Bow, bow, ye masses, Blow the trumpets,

Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye masses, Blow the trumpets,

Bang the brasses, Tantata-ra, Tzing, boom!

Bang the brasses, Tantata-ra, Tzing, boom

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow, ye

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes, Bow, bow, ye
trades-men, bow, ye masses, Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses,

Tan-tan-tara!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

boom, tzing, boom!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!
Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Blow, blow the trumpets, Bang the brasses!
Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta,

Bang, bang the brass - es, boom! Bang, bang the

Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta tan-ta-ra, ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta tan-ta-ra, ta ta,

brass - es, boom! Tzing, boom! Tzing, boom!

Bow, ye Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Bow, ye
low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass-es, Bow, ye
low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass-es, Bow, ye
""
No. 7. "The law is the true embodiment"

Song and Chorus

Lord Chancellor and Peers

(Enter the Lord Chancellor during the introduction.)
Allegro vivace

The Law is the true embodiment Of everything that's excellent. It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my lords, embody the Law.

The constitutional
guardian 1 Of pretty young wards in Chancery, All very agreeable

girls and none Are o-ver the age of twen-ty-one.

pleas-ant oc-cu-pa-tion for A rath-er suscep-ti-ble Chancel-lor! A

of Peers

pleas-ant oc-cu-pa-tion for A rath-er suscep-ti-ble Chancel-lor!
Lord Chancellor

2. But though the compliment implied inflates me with legitimate pride, it nevertheless can't be denied, that it has its inconvenient side.

For I'm not so old, and not so plain, and I'm quite prepared to
marry again, But there'd be the due to pay in the Lords If I
fell in love with one of my wards!

Which

rather tries my temper, for I'm such a susceptible Chancellor! Which

of Peers

rather tries his temper, for He's such a susceptible Chancellor!
Lord Chancellor

3. And ev'ry-one who'd mar-r-y a-ward Must come to me for my ac-cord, And in my court I sit all day Giv-ing a-gree-a-ble girls a-way, With one for him — and one for he — And one for you — and one for ye — And
one for thou—and one for thee—But nev-er, oh nev-er a one for me!

Which is ex-as-per-at-ing, for A high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble

Chorus of Peers
Chan-cel-lor! Which is ex-as-per-at-ing, for A high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble

Chan-cel-lor!
Ld. Toll.: And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to the business of the day?

Ld. Chan.: By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever one of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attendance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy. But such an award would be open to misconstruction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

Ld. Toll.: My lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's most painful position.

Ld. Chan.: I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? Can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these.

Ld. Mount.: My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

No. 8. "My well-loved lord and guardian dear"

Trio and Chorus

Phyllis, Lord Toller, Lord Mountararat and Peers
Chorus

here! Oh rapture, how beau-ti-ful! How gen-tle, how du-ti-ful!

As a Barcarole

Of all the young la-dies I know,—This pretty young la-dy's the

fair-est: Her lips have the rosi-est show,—Her eyes are the rich-est and

rar-est. Her or-i-gin's low-ly, it's true,—But of birth and po-si-tion I've
plenty; I've grammar and spelling for two, And birth and behaviour for twenty! Ah, Peer's Her Ah, P Ah, B Ah, P

or - gin's low - ly, it's true— I've grammar and
spelling for two; Of birth and position I've plenty, With

Of birth and position he's plenty, With

Of birth and position he's plenty, With

blood and behaviour for twenty! Of birth and position I've
cresc.

blood and behaviour for twenty! With blood and be-
cresc.

blood and behaviour for twenty! With blood and be-
cresc.

plenty, with blood and behaviour for twenty!
colla voce P

behaviour for twenty!
colla voce P

behaviour for twenty! a tempo

f colla voce dim. P dolce
Though the views of the house have diverged. On every conceivable motion. All questions of party are merged. In a frenzy of love and devotion!

If you ask us distinctly to say, What party we claim to belong to, We reply without doubt or delay.
par-ty we're sing-ing this song to! If you ask us dis-tinct-ly to say, We re-ply with-out doubt or de-lay, The par-ty we claim to be-

to Is the par-ty we're sing-ing this song to! The par-ty we claim to be-
 long to's The par-ty we're sing-ing this song to!

rall. a tempo

colla voce dim.
I'm very much pained to refuse; But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors, I can spell all the words that I use, And my grammar's as good as my neighbours; As for birth, I was born like the rest, My behaviour is rustic but hearty, And I know where to turn for the best When I want a particular party!
Ah!

Though my station is Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount.

Ah!

Though her station is

Ah!

Though my station is Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount.

None of the best, I suppose I was born like the rest. I know where to look for my

None of the best, I suppose She was born like the rest. She knows where to look for her

She knows where to look for her
when I want a particular party, I know where to look for my party.

When she wants a particular party, she knows where to look for her party.

When I want a particular party, I know where to look for my party.

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When I want a particular party, I know where to l
I know where to look for my party,
my stacc.

She knows where to look for her party,
her stacc.

ah, She knows where to look for her party,
her stacc.

ah, She knows where to look for her party,
her stacc.

She knows where to look for her party.

Segue No. 9
. No. 9. "Nay, tempt me not"

Recitative and Chorus
Phyllis and Peers

Moderato

Recit.
Phyllis

Nay,

Phyllis

Recit. Phyllis

In lowly cot A-

Chorus

lone is virtue found. No, no, indeed high rank will never hurt you-

Segue No. 10
No. 10. “Spurn not the nobly born”

Song and Chorus

Lord Tolloller and Peers

Andante espress.

Lord Tolloller

Spurn not the nobly born, With love affected!

Nor treat with virtuous scorn The well connected! High rank involves no shame,

We boast an equal claim With him of humkle name To be respected!

Blue blood, blue blood! When virtuous love is sought, Thy
When virtuous love is sought, Thy power is naught, Though dating from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue blood!
Nor with low-born disdain augment our trials; Hearts just as pure and fair

May beat in Belgrave Square As in the lowly air Of Seven Dials!

Blue blood, blue blood! Of what avail art thou To

serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue blood!
Chorus
TENORS
Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue blood,

BASSES
Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue

Lord Tol.
Recit.
Phyllis
Ah, blue blood!
My
_ ah, blue blood!

blood, ah, blue blood!

Segue No. 11
No. 11. “My Lords, it may not be”
Recitative and Chorus
Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountarart, Strephon, 
Lord Chancellor and Peers

Lords, it may not be! With grief my heart is riven! You
waste your time on me, For ah, my heart is
given.

\(\text{C}\)

\(\text{D}\) a tempo Allegro

given, Yes, given!

\(\text{TENORS}\)

\(\text{BASSES}\)

\(\text{D}\) Allegro

cresc.

\(\text{Giv-en!} \quad \text{Oh, horror!} \)

\(\text{Giv-en!} \quad \text{Oh, horror!} \)
Recit.
Lord Ch.
(Enter Strephon,

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure, And thus de-

Phyllis rushes to his arms.)

Strephon
fy our definite command! 'Tis I, young Strephon! mine this price-less

treasure!
A against the world I claim my darling's

Allegro non troppo
hand!
shepherd I, Of Ar- ca-dy; Be-
shepherd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep- herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep- herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep- herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep- herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
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A shep-herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep-herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
A shep-herd he, Of Ar- ca-dee; Be-
troth'd are we, Betroth'd are we, And mean to be espoused to-day!

troth'd are they, Betroth'd are they, And mean to be espoused to-day!

troth'd are they, Betroth'd are they, And mean to be espoused to-day!

Neath this blow, worse than stab of dagger, Though we momentarially stagger, Lord Mount.

Neath this blow, worse than stab of dagger, Though we momentarially stagger,

In each heart Proud are we innately, Let's depart Dignified and state-ly!

In each heart Proud are we innately, Let's depart Dignified and state-ly!
Chorus of Peers

TENORS

Let's depart Dignified and state-ly, Dignified and state-ly,

BASSES

Let's depart Dignified and state-ly,

Dig-ni-fied and state-ly, Dig-ni-fied and state-ly,

Dig-ni-fied and state-ly, Dig-ni-fied and state-ly,

Dig-ni-fied and state-ly, Dig-ni-fied and state-ly!

Dig-ni-fied and state-ly!
Though our hearts she's badly bruising, in another suit or choosing, let's pretend it's most another suit or choosing, let's pretend it's most
mus-ing, Let's pretend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,
mus-ing, Let's pretend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,

ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!

ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tan-ta-ra!
Tan-ta-ra!

Tan-ta-ra!
Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity. Lord Chancellor separates Phyllis from Strephon, and order her off.

Ld. Chan.: Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

Strephon: My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

Ld. Chan.: No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

Strephon: No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

Ld. Chan.: Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunder-storm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Strephon: And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

Ld. Chan.: Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.
No. 12. “When I went to the Bar as a very young man”

Song
Lord Chancellor

Allegro comodo

1. When I went to the Bar as a very young man, (Said I to myself—said I,)
   I’ll work on a new and original plan, (Said I to myself—said I,)
   I’ll a-ble to do,

2. Ere I go into court I will read my brief through, (Said I to myself—said I,)
   And I’ll nev-er take work I’m un-familiar with, (Said I to myself—said I,)
   My
ne'ver assume that a rogue or a thief is a gen-tle-man worthy im-
learn-ed pro-fes-sion I'll nev-er dis-grace By tak-ing a fee with a

pli-cit be-lief, Be-cause his at-tor-ney has sent me a brief, (Said
grin on my face, When I have n't been there to at-tend to the case, (Said

I to my-self— said I!
I to my-self— said I!

2. I'll nev-er throw dust in a ju-ry-man's eyes, (Said
4. In oth-er pro-fes-sions in which men en-gage, (Said
I to myself—said I, 
Or hoodwink a judge who is
The Army, the Navy, the
not over-wise, (Said I to myself—said I,) Or as
Church, and the Stage, (Said I to myself—said I,) Pro-
some that the witnesses summoned in force In Ex-
Fessional licence, if carried too far, Your
chequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce Have
chance of promotion will certainly mar—And I

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perjured themselves as a matter of course, (Said I to myself said

(Iolanthe enters)

Strephon: (in tears)
Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

Iolanthe: My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?
Strephon: My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us for ever!

Iolanthe: The Lord Chancellor!—(aside) Oh, if he did but know!
Strephon: (overhearing her) If he did but know—what?
Iolanthe: No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

Strephon: Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?
Iolanthe: True. But take heart: our queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.
Strephon: My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

(As the Finale commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe. Mountararat and Tolloller lead Phyllis between them who listens in horror to what she hears.)
No. 13. “When darkly looms the day”
Finale of Act I
Ensemble

Moderato

When darkly looms the day,
And all is dull and grey,
To chase the gloom away,
On thee I'll call!

(spelling aside to Mount.) What was that?

I think I heard him say, That
on a rainy day, To while the time away, On her he'd call.

We

We

think we heard him say, That on a rainy day, To while the time away, On her he'd call!

When tempests wreck thy bark, And all is drear and dark, If
Phyl. (speaking aside to Tolloller): What was that?

Lord Tol.: thou shouldst need an Ark, I'll give thee one!

I heard the minx re-mark, She'd

meet him after dark, Inside St. James's Park, And give him one!

Chorus

TENORS

BASSES

We

heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him after dark, Inside St. James's Park, And give him
Phyllis

Iolanthe

The prospect's very bad, My heart so sore and sad Will

Lord Tol.

The prospect's not so bad, Thy heart so sore and sad May

Strephon

The prospect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May

TENORS

The prospect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May

one!

BASSES

one!

nev'er more be glad As summer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver' y soon be glad As summer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver' y soon be glad As summer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver' y soon be glad As summer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And
temp-est's wreck his bark, If he should need an Ark, She'll give him

temp-est's wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee

temp-est's wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee

temp-est's wreck my bark, If I should need an Ark, She'll give me

one, Give him one, Ah, one!

one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

Lord Mount.

Ah! give him one, give him one!

one, Ah, one!
Phyllis

Allegro agitato

long cadenza

Ad libitum

Ah!

Phyllis

(Iolanthe and Strephon much confused)

Shameless one, tremble! Nay, do not endeavour Thy fault to dissemble; We

part, and for ever! I worshipped him blindly, He worships another! At-

D

-Lord Tol

tend to me kindly, This lady's my mother!

This
They point derisively to Iolanthe, laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to Strephon.

Enter Lord Chancellor; Iolanthe veils herself.

What means this mirth unseemly, That shakes the
list'ning earth? The joke is good ex-tremely, And jus-ti-fies our
mirth. This gen-tle-men is seen, With a maid of sev-en-teen, A
taking of his dol-ce far nien-te; And won-ders he'd a-chieve, For he
asks us to be-lieve She's his moth-er— and he's near-ly five-and-tw en
ty! Recollect yourself, I pray, And be careful what you say— As the ancient Romans said, *festina lente.* For I really do not see how so young a girl could be The mother of a man of five-and-twenty.

Chorus of Peers

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Streph.

My Lord, of evidence I have no dearth— She is— has been— my mother, from my birth! In babyhood Up—

rall. Andante espressivo

on her lap I lay, With infant food She moistened my clay:

Had she with held The succour she supplied, By hunger quelled, Your Strephon
In-deed our Stre-phon might have died! 
But as she's not His

mother, it ap-pears, Why weep these hot Un-ne-ces-sa-ry tears?
And by what laws Should we so joyously Re-joice, because Our Strephon

didn't die? Oh rather let us pipe our eye,

Chorus of Peers

Because our Strephon didn't die! That's very true—let's pipe our eye,

Recit.

Phyllis

Because our Strephon didn't die! Go, traitrous one—
for ever we must part: To one of you, my Lords, I give my heart! Oh rapture! Hear me, Phyllis! Oh rapture! Ere you leave me! Not a word; you did deceive me! you did deceive me!

Phyllis

Hear me, Phyllis!

Not a word; you did deceive, you did deceive her!

Not a word; you did deceive, you did deceive her!
Allegretto Phyllis

For riches and rank I do not long—Their pleasures are false and riches and rank that you befall Are the only baits you

vain: I gave up the love of a lordly throng For the use, So the richest and rankiest of you all My

love of a simple swain. But now that simple swain’s untrue, With sorrowful heart shall choose. As none are so noble none so rich As this

sorrowful heart I turn to you A heart that’s aching, Quaking, couple of lords, I’ll find a niche In my heart that’s aching, Quaking,
I a tempo

break-ing, As sor-row-ful hearts are wont to do!
break-ing, For one of you two and I don’t care

The

Allegro con brio

which! To you I give my heart so rich! I do not

Ld. Tol., Ld. Mount., & Cho. of Peers

Allegro con brio

To which?

care! To you I yield it is _ my doom! I’m not a

To whom?
ware! I'm yours for life if you but choose. That's your af-

She's whose?

fair; I'll be a countess, shall I not? I do not

Of what?

M

Chorus

care! Lucky little lady! Strephon's lot is

Lucky little lady! Strephon's lot is
shady; Rank, it seems, is vital, "Countess" is the shady; Rank, it seems, is vital, "Countess" is the

title, But of what I'm not aware! I'm not a -
title, But of what I'm not aware! I'm not a -

But of what I'm not aware!

But of what I'm not aware!
J. But of what I'm not aware!

ware! But of what I'm not aware!

ware! But of what I'm not aware!

Recit. Streph.

Can I inactive see my fortunes fade? No,


no! Ho, ho! No, no! Ho, ho! Mighty protectress,

a tempo has-ten to my aid!

Cho. of Peers Streph.
Chorus of Fairies

Trip- ping

hith - er, trip - ping thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or

whith - er;

Why you

want us we don't know, But you've sum - moned us, and
so Enter all the little fairies To their usual tripping

measure! To oblige you all our care is—Tell us,

pray, what is your pleasure!

Piú vivo Streph.
The lady of my love has caught me talking to another—
Oh, fie! Our Strephon is a rogue! I tell her very plainly that the

Lady is my mother—

Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay! She

won't believe my statements, and declares we must be parted, Be-

cause on a career of double dealing I have started, Then
gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me broken hearted—

Chorus of Peers

Queen

Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! Ah cruel ones, to part two faithfull

Sempre p

Fairies

Queen

lovers from each other! Oh, fie! our Strephon's not a rogue! You've

done him an injustice, for the lady is his mother!
Chorus of Fairies

Ld. Chan.

Ta ra did dle, ta- ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! That fa- ble p'rhaps may serve his turn as

well as an- y oth- er. I did- n't see her face, but if they

fon-dled one an- oth- er, And she's but sev- en- teen- I don't be-

lieve it was his moth- er! ta- ra-did-dle, ta- ra-did-dle,
Chorus

Tol lol lay!

I have of-ten had a use For a

thor-ough-bred ex-cuse Of a sud-den (which is Eng-lish for "re-pen-te") But of

all I ev-er heard This is much the most ab-surd, For she's

Fairies

sev-en-teen, and he is five and twen-ty!

Tho' she is sev-en-teen, and he is Peers

For she is sev-en-teen, and he is
four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is no rogue!

four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is a rogue!

Now listen, pray, to me, For this paradox will be carried no body at all contrary. Her age, upon the date of his birth was minus eight, If she's seventeen, and he is five and
If she is seventeen, and he is only five-and-twenty!

All the Principals except Queen, Iol., and Streph.

(In a whisper) To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly!

Oh fie, our Strephon's not a rogue! Perhaps his brain is addled, And it's
very melancholy! Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

very melancholy! Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

wouldn't say a word that could be construed as injurious, But to

wouldn't say a word that could be construed as injurious, But to

find a mother younger than her son is very curious, And

find a mother younger than her son is very curious, And
that's a kind of mother that is usually spurious!

that's a kind of mother that is usually spurious!

Tara-diddle, Tara-diddle, tol lol lay!

Tara-diddle, Tara-diddle, tol lol lay!

Allegro vivace
Ld. Chan.

Go away, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis-
play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, mad-am, To in-trude, mad-am, With your
brood, mad-am, Bra-zen-faced! You come here, mad-am, In-ter-fere, mad-am, With a
peer, mad-am, (I am one.) You’re a-ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take
care, mad-am, And be-gone! Let us stay, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, They dis-
play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude mad-am, To al-lude, mad-am, To your

brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! We don't fear, mad-am, An-y peer, mad-am, Tho' my
dear, mad-am, This is one. They will stare, mad-am, When a-ware, mad-am, When they

dare, mad-am—What they've done! Beard-ed by these pu-ny
mortals! I will launch from fairy portals All the most terrific thunders

Phyllis

In my armoury of wonders! Should they launch terrific wonders, All would then re-
pent— their blunder-s! Sure— ly these must
Queen
Beard— ed by these

Fairies
Let us stay, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, They dis—
Peers
Go a— way, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis—

be— im— mor-tals! Should they launch from

pun— ny mort— tals! I will launch from

play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, mad-am, To al— lude, mad-am, To your
play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, mad-am, To in— trude, mad-am, With your
fair - y por - tals All their most ter - brood, mad-am, Bra - zen faced!
We don't fear, mad-am, An - y peer, mad-am, Tho', my
fair - y por - tals All the most ter - brood, mad-am, Bra - zen faced!
You come here, mad-am, In - ter - fere, mad-am, With a

dear, mad-am, This is one! They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they
peer, mad-am, (I am one.) You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take
pent our blun -

dare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they've done! They will stare When a -
care, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, And be - gone! You're a - ware What you

ders!

Should re - pent,

ders!

ff Unis, & 3 Sops. with Phyllis

ware What they dare, What they've done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a -
dare, So take care, And be - gone!
My ar -
ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've done, mad - am, They will

You're a -
our blun -
mour - y of won -
stare, mad - am, When a - ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've

ware, mad - am, What you dare, mad - am, So take care, mad - am, And be -
ders!
ders!
done!  They will stare, mad-am, When a-ware, What they dare, mad-am, What they've
gone!  You're a-ware, mad-am, What you dare, So take care, mad-am, And be-

We should then, should

They will soon, will
done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a-ware, mad-am, What they
gone, mad-am, You're a-ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take

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then repent!

soon repent! Oh!
dare, madam, What they've done!
care, madam, And be gone!

One bar the same as two of the preceding movement.

 Chancellor unwarly, It's highly necessary Your tongue to teach Respectful speech—Your attitude to vary! Your
Badinage so airy, Your manner arbitrary, Are

out of place When face to face With an influential Fairy!

We never knew we were talking to An influential Fairy!

Lord Chan.
plague on this vagary! I'm in a nice quandary! Of hasty tone With dames unknown I ought to be more chary! It seems that she's a fairy From Andersen's Library, And I took her for the proprietor Of a Ladies' Sem...
We took her for The proprietor Of a Ladies' Seminary!

Recit.

Queen

When next your Houses do assemble, You may tremble!

Recit.

Celia

Our wrath, when gentlemen offend us Is tremendous!
They meet, who underrate our calling, Doom appalling!

Take down our sentence as we speak it, And he shall wreak it!

1. Hence forth, Strep-hon, cast a-way
2. In the Par-lia-men-t'ry hive,

Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay! Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Lib-ral or Con-serv-a-tive— Whig or To-ry— I don't know— But
Chorus Fairies

In to Parlia-ment you shall go!
In to Parlia-ment he shall go!

In to Parlia-ment you shall go!
In to Parlia-ment he shall go!

Backed by our su-preme au-thor-ity, He'll com-mand a

large maj-or-i-ty: In to Parlia-ment, in-to Parlia-ment,

Backed by their su-preme au-thor-ity, He'll com-mand a

large maj-or-i-ty: In to Parlia-ment, in-to Parlia-ment,
Queen (speaks through the music): 
Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses!

He shall end the cherished rights
He shall prick that annual blister,
Titles shall ennoble, then,
You enjoy on Wednesday nights:
Marriage with deceased wife's sister:
All the Common Councilmen:

Titles shall teem in Christendom,
And a Duke's exalted station
Be attainable by Competitive Examination!

Chorus
Allegro molto
Fairies
Peers Their horror
Allegro molto Oh, horror!
They can't dissemble! Nor hide the fear that makes them tremble!

Allegro marziale

Phyllis & Leila with 1st Sops.

Celia, Iolanthe, & Queen with 2nd Sops.

With Strephon for your foe, no doubt, A

Lord Tol. with 1st Tenors

Lord Mount, Strephon, & Ld. Ch. with Basses

Young Strephon is the kind of lout We

Allegro marziale

fearful prospect opens out! And who shall say What evils may Re-

do not care a fig about! We cannot say What evils may Re-
suit in consequence! A hideous vengeance will pursue All
suit in consequence! But Lordly vengeance will pursue All

noblemen who venture to oppose his views, Or boldly choose To
kinds of common people who oppose our views, Or boldly choose To

offer him offence. 'Twill plunge them into grief and shame, His
offer us offence.
kind forbearance they must claim, If they'd escape, In any shape A
very painful wrench.
Your pow'rs we dauntless ly pooh-pooh: A dire re-venge will
(The word "prestige" is French. The
fall on you If you besiege Our high prestige.
Your pow'rs we daunt-less-ly pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will fall on you. With Stre-phon for your foe no doubt, A fear-ful pros-pect o-pens out! And who shall say What e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence? fig a-bout! We can-not say What e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence. Our word "prestige" is French: Al-though our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will
(That word is French.)

lordly style. You shall not quench With base canaille! Dis-

(A Latin word.)

tinction ebbs Before a herd Of vulgar plebs! 'Twould

(A Greek remark.)

fill with joy And madness stark The hoipolloi! One
Your Latin word, one Greek remark, And one that's French!

lord-ly style We'll quickly quench With base can-ni-lie-

(Tw ill)

(A Lat-in word!)
fill with joy And madness stark The hoi-polloi!

(A Greek remark)

Latin word, one Greek remark, And one that's French! With

Young

Strephon for your foe, no doubt, A fearful prospect opens out! And

Strephon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig about! We
who shall say What evils may Result in consequence? A cannot say What evils may Result in consequence, But

hideous vengeance will pursue All noblemen who venture to Lordly vengeance will pursue All kinds of common people who

pose his views, Or boldly choose To offer him offence. We will not pose our views, Or boldly choose To offer us offence. You
wait, We go sky-high! Our threatened needn’t wait, Away you fly! Your threatened hate We thus defy! You needn’t wait, Away you fly! Your threatened hate We thus, we thus defy! We will not wait, We go sky-high! Our threatened

You won’t defy! You
hate You won't defy! We go, we hate We thus defy! Away, away!

You won't defy! We thus defy! Away, away!
You won't, you won't defy, you won't, you won't defy!
We thus, we thus defy, we thus, we thus defy!

Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.
Act II


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

Song

Private Willis

Allegretto moderato
Moderato

all night long a chap remains on sentrygo, to chase monotony. He in that House M. P.'s divide, if they've a brain and cerebellum, too, They've

exercises of his brains, That is, assuming that he's got any. Tho' got to leave that brain outside, And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to. But

never nurtured in the lap of luxury, Yet I admonish you, I then the prospect of a lot of dull M. P.'s in close proximity, All

am an intellectual chap, And think of things that would astonish you. I thinking for themselves, is what No man can face with equanimity. Then
oft-en think it's com-i-cal—Fal, lai, la! Fal, lai, la! How!
let's re-joice with loud Fal-lal—Fal, lai, la! Fal, lai, la! That!
Na-ture al-ways does con-trive-
Fal, lai, la, la! That ev'-ry boy and ev'-ry gal That's born in to the
world a-live, Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-serv-a-tive!
Fal, lai, la! Fal, lai, la! Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-

Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by Leila, Celia, and Fleta.
serv-a-tive! Fal-lai, lai!

When
No. 15. “Strephon's a member of Parliament”

Chorus
Fairies and Peers

Allegro vivace
Fairies

Strephon's a member of Parliament! Carries every bill he chooses.

To his measures all assent;— Showing that fairies have their uses.

Whigs and Tories Dim their glories,

Giving an ear to all his stories—Lords and Commons are both in the blues.
Shake in their shoes! Strephon makes them shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes!

Strephon makes them shake in their shoes, in their shoes!

Peers

Strephon's a member of Parliament!

(Enter Peers from Westminster Hall)

Running amuck of all abuses, His unqualified assent
Some-how no-bod-y now re-fuses.

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

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

Here’s a pret-ty ket-tle of fish! Ket-tle of fish— Ket-tle of fish—
Kettle of fish— Kettle of fish— Here's a pretty kettle, a kettle of

Fairies

Strephon's a member of Parliament!

Peers

fish!

Strephon's a member of Parliament!

Carries ev'ry bill he chooses. To his measures all assent;

Carries ev'ry bill he chooses. To his measures all assent;
Carrying every bill he may wish, he may wish:

Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

(Enter Lords Tolloller and Mountararat)

Ld. Mount.: Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!

Celia: You seem annoyed.

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

— Ld. Toll.: And he'll carry it, too!

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

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

Ld. Mount.: The deuce it is!

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

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

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

Leila: I suppose it must.

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

Leila: I never thought of that.

Ld. Mount.: This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.
No. 16. “When Britain really ruled the waves”  153
Song and Chorus
Lord Mountararat, Fairies and Peers

Maestoso

Lord Mountararat

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

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

Brit-ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess’s glo-rious days! Yet
Brit-ain set the world a-blaze In good King George’s glo-rious days! Yet
bright will shine Great Brit-ain’s rays, As in King George’s glo-rious days! As
Leila: *(who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song)* Charming persons, are they not?

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

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

Leila: *(crying)* But we can't stop him now. *(Aside to Celia)* Aren't they lovely? *(Aloud)* Oh why did you go and defy us, you great geese?
No. 17. "In vain to us you plead"

Duet and Chorus

Leila, Celia, Fairies, Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller

Leila 1st Verse
1. In vain to us you plead—

Ceila 2nd Verse
2. Your disrespectful

Don't go!

Your pray'rs we do not

Call forth indignant

Don't go!

It's true we sigh, But don't suppose A

Don't go!

You break our laws, You are our foe! We

Don't go!

We're

Tearful eye Forgive-ness shows.

Oh no!

cry, because we hate you so.

You know!

You
Very cross indeed,
Ver - y wick - ed Peers!
Yes ver - y cross.
You wick - ed Peers!

Chorus

Don't go!
Don't go!
Don't go!

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

Tear - ful eye For - give - ness shows
Oh no!
We're

Because We hate you so!
You know!
You

Very cross indeed,
Ver - y wick - ed Peers,
Yes ver - y cross,
You wick - ed Peers,

Don't
Don't
Queen: Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?
Leila: Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.
Fleta: If it were you'd have to execute us all.
Queen: Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!
Celia: We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!
Leila: We are not all as tough as you are.
Queen: Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (referring to Pvt. Willis). A perfect picture!— (to Pvt. Willis) Who are you, sir?
Pvt. Willis: Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.
Queen: You're a fine fellow, sir.
Pvt. Willis: I am generally admired.
Queen: I can quite understand it.— (To Fairies) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.
No. 18. “Oh, foolish fay”

Song and Chorus

Queen and Fairies

Andante

Oh, foolish fay,

Think you, because His brave array My bosom

On fire that glows With heat intense I turn the hose Of common

thaws, I'd disobey Our fairy laws? Because I

sense, And out it goes At small expense! We must main-

fly In realms above, In tendency To fall in

tain Our fairy law; That is the main On which to
love, Re-sem-ble I The am-rous dove? Re-sem-ble I the am’rous dove? draw— In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw! In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw!

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

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

Chorus

Oh, am’rous dove! Type of O-vi-di-us Na-so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un-der!
This heart of mine is soft as thine, although I dare not say so!
Could 'thy' Brigade With cold cascade Quench my great love, I wonder!

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

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

(Enter Lord Mountararat)

Ld. Mount.: Phyllis! my own!
Phyllis: Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?
Ld. Mount.: I'm one of them.
Phyllis: Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?
Ld. Mount.: It's a prize for being born first.
Phyllis: Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.
Ld. Mount.: Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.
Phyllis: And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people made peers?
Ld. Mount.: The principle is not easy to explain.

(Enter Lord Tolloller, L.)

Ld. Toll.: Phyllis! my darling! (embraces her)
Phyllis: Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's to be?
Ld. Toll.: Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would rather leave it to you.
Phyllis: How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and you are both plain.
Ld. Mount.: So we are. At least I am.

Ld. Toll.: So am I.

Ld. Mount.: No, no!

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

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

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

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

Ld. Toll.: No!

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

Ld. Toll.: No!

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

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

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

Ld. Toll.: No!

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

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

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

Ld. Toll.: I did, on affidavit.

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

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

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

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

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

Ld. Toll.: No, no!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ld. Toll.: And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.
No. 19. “Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame”
Quartet
Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Private Willis

Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame, The things are few I would not do In Friendship's name! And I may say I think the same; Not even love Should rank above True Friendship's
Phyllis

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

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

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

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

Oh, man - y a man, in Friend - ship's name, Has yield - ed fort - tune,
rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yielded up a

promised bride!

promised bride!

promised bride! A - cept, oh - Friend-ship, all the
This sacrifice to thy dear name! Accept this same, This sacrifice to thy dear name! Accept this

(After Quartet, exit Phyllis, Lords Tattendler, and Mountararat.)
(Enter Lord Chancellor very miserable.)
No. 20. "Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest"

Recitative and Song

Lord Chancellor

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest:

Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers:
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavily on my chest, and weaves itself into my midnight slumbers!

When you're lying awake with a
dis-mal headache, and re-pose is ta-boo'd by anx-i-e-ty, I con-seive you may use an-y lan-guage you choose to in-dulge in, with-out im-pro-
pri-e-ty; For your brain is on fire _ the bed-clothes con-spire_ of u-su-al slum-ber to plun-der you: First your coun-ter-pane goes, and un-
co- vers your toes, and your sheet slips de- mure- ly from un- der you; Then the
blank- et- ing tick- les— you feel like mixed pick- les— so ter- ri- bly sharp is the
prick- ing, And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tum- ble and toss till there's
noth- ing 'twixt you and the tick- ing. Then the bed-clothes all creep to the
ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle; Next your

pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual

angle! Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot

eye-balls and head ever aching, But your slumbering teems with such
horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking; For you

dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from

Harwich— Which is something between a large bathing machine and a

very small second-class carriage— And you're giving a treat (penny
ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations—They're a

ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington

Stations. And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who

started that morning from Devon); He's a bit undersized, and you
don't feel surpris'd when he tells you he's only eleven. We'll, you're

driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye, the ship's now a four-

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

tell him that "ties pay the dealer"; But this you can't stand, so you
throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle; In your

shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a

bicycle: And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've

somehow or other invested in—And he's telling the tars, all the
particulars of a company he's interested in—It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough mixtures to cables (Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all vegetables—You get a good spades-man to
plant a small trades-man, (first take off his boots with a boot-tree), And his

legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a

fruit-tree— From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green-pea, cai- li-

flower, pineapple, and cran-ber-ries, While the pas-try-cook plant, cher-ry
brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and banqueties—The

shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and

Ba-ring, And just as a few are allotted to you, you a-

wake with a shudder despairing—You're a regular wreck, with a
crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've
needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a creep, for your
left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some
fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, And a
in general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—dit-to, dit-to my song—

And thank goodness they're both of them o-
During the last lines Lords Mountararat and Tolloller have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the Lord Chancellor's distress. At the end of his song they come forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ld. Chan.: Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.
No. 21. "He who shies at such a prize"

Trio

Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Lord Chancellor

In modo di Valzer

Lord Tol., 2nd Verse

He who shies At such a prize Is not worth a

Lord Mount., 1st Verse

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

maravedi Be so kind To bear in mind—

charming maidie: Be your law The ancient saw,
"Faint heart never won fair lady!" Never, never,

Lord Chan.

Never, never,

never. "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

never. "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

never. "Faint heart never won fair lady!"
1. Every journey has an end— When at the worst, affairs will mend—
2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

- Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hustle your horse and don't say die!
  Beard the lion in his lair— None but the brave deserve the fair!

- Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hustle your horse and don't say die!
  Beard the lion in his lair— None but the brave deserve the fair!

- Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hustle your horse and don't say die!
  Beard the lion in his lair— None but the brave deserve the fair!
Faint heart never won fair lady!
Never, never, never, "Faint heart never won fair
Lady!"
Nothing venture, Nothing venture, Nothing venture,
nothing wins—Blood is thick, but water's thin—nothing wins—Blood is thick, but water's thin—nothing wins—Blood is thick, but water's thin—
In for a penny, in for a pound—It's Love that makes the world go round!
Nothing venture, nothing win,
In for a penny, in for a pound—It's Love that makes the world go round!
Nothing venture, nothing win,
Blood is thick, but water's thin—In for a penny,
in for a pound—It's Love that makes the world go round!

(Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together. Enter Strephon.)
No. 22. “My bill has now been read a second time”
Recitative and Song
Strephon

Allegro pesante

Recit.

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

veri-ty I wield a pow’r sublime, And one that I can turn to might-y uses! What

joy to carry, in the ver-y teeth of Min-is-try, Cross-Bench, and Oppo-
...ition, Some rather urgent measures—quite beneath The ken of

patriot and politician! Fold your flapping wings, soaring legis-

lature! Stoop to littlethings—Stoop to human nature! Never need to

roam, Members patriotic, Let's begin at home—
Crime is no exotic! Bitter is your bane—Terrible your trials,—Dingy Dru-ry Lane! Soap-less Seven Di-als!

Take a tip-sy lout, Take a wretch-ed thief, Gather'd from the gut-ter—Hus-tle him a-bout—Strap him to a
Through the cit-y sneaking, Pock-et hand-ker-chief Ev-er, ev-er
shutter: What am I but he, Wash'd at hours
seeking: What is he but I Robb'd of all my

stat ed Fed on fil a gre Clothed and edu
chances Pick ing pock ets by Force of cir cum

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

cresc. piu f

other, rather If I had been born Of a tip sy moth er!
Phyllis: (starting) Strephon!

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

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

Strephon: No; I have.

Phyllis: Yes, a young mother.

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

Phyllis: Oh, she wears well.

Strephon: She does; she's a fairy.

Phyllis: I beg your pardon—a what?

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

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

Strephon: I'm half a fairy.

Phyllis: Which half?

Strephon: The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Strephon: Yes—we'll get married first.

Phyllis: And change our minds afterwards.

Strephon: Yes, that's the usual course.
No. 23. "If we're weak enough to tarry"
Duet
Phyllis and Strephon

Allegro giocoso

If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry, You and I,

Of the feeling I inspire
You may tire—By and bye;

For peers with flowing coffers
Press their offers, That is why

Strephon
I am sure we should not tarry Ere we marry, You and I.

Phyllis

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry, You and I,

With a more attractive maiden, Jewel laden, You may fly;

If by chance we should be parted, Broken-hearted I should die.
So I think we will not tarry Ere we marry, You and I,

Ah,

Strephon

Ah,

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry, You and I,
With a more attractive maiden, Jeweled, You may fly.

Of the feeling I inspire, You may tire. By and bye,

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry, You and I,

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry, You and I,
With a more attractive maiden, Jewel laden, You my fly.

Of the feeling I inspire, You may tire. By and bye.

So I think we will not tarry Ere we marry, Ere we

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

(Enter Iolanthe)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Strephon: Your husband?

Phyllis: My husband and your father! (Strephon overcome)

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

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

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

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

But whom have we here?
No. 24. “My lord, a suppliant at your feet”
Recitative and Ballad
Iolanthe

Allegro agitato

Recit.
Iolanthe

Recit.

Recit.

Recit.

Hear me to-

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

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

bitter, unavailing tears—For one untime-ly dead—

If in the even-tide of life Sad thoughts of her arise, Then

let the mem'ry of thy wife Plead for my boy—he dies!
dies! If fondly laid aside In some old cabinet, Me-

morials of thy long-dead bride Lie, dearly treasured yet,

Then let her hal-low'd bridal dress—Her little dainty gloves—Her

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

(The Lord Chancellor is moved by this appeal. After a pause—)
No. 25. “It may not be”

Recitative

Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor and Fairies

Recit.
Ld. Chan.

It may not be—so the fates decide! Learn thou that

Moderato
a tempo

Phyl- lis is my prom- is’d bride!

Iolanthe
Ld. Chan.

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

B ma espress.
a tempo

woe be- tide! My doom thylips have spo- ken— I plead in
Chorus (without)

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

Fairies

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

Iolanthe

bear!  For him - for her - for thee  I yield - my

dim. e rit.

Più lento

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

40989
Andante moderato

D) Fairies
wife Eye-yah! Eye-yah! Eye-yah! Eye-yah! Wil-la-loo!

Recit.
Ld. Chan.
Iolanthe
Wil-la-loo!
I-o-lan-the! thou livest? Aye! I live! Now let me
die!

Andante
Enter Fairy Queen and Fairies. Iolanthe kneels to her.

Once again thy vows are broken:
Thou thyself thy doom hast spoken!

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

Bow thy head to Destiny: Death thy doom, and thou shalt
Leila: Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

Queen: What? (Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mountararat with Leila; Lord Tolloller with Celia.)

Celia: We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.

Ld.Mount.: It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

Queen: It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(After a pause) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (unfolding a scroll) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

Ld.Chan.: Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who don't marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

Queen: We like your humor. Very well. (Altering the MS. in pencil)—Private Willis!

Pvt.Willis: (coming forward) Ma'am?

Queen: To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

Pvt.Willis: Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.

Queen: You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment.(Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

Ld.Mount.: (to Tolloller) Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use we are down here.

Ld.Toll.: None, whatever.

Queen: Good! (Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.)—Then away we go to Fairyland!
No. 26. “Soon as we may, off and away”

Finale

Ensemble

In modo di Valzer

Phyllis 1st Verse

Soon as we may, Off and away!

Ld. Chan, 2nd Verse

Up in the sky, Ever so high,

We’ll commence our journey airy—Happy are we—

Pleasures come in endless series: We will arrange
As you can see, Ev'ry one is now a fairy!

Happy exchange—House of Peers for House of Peris!

Phyllis, 1st Verse

Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a fairy!

Iol., 1st Verse

Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a fairy!

Queen, 1st Verse

Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry, Ev'ry one is now a fairy!

Ld. Tol., 2nd Verse

Peris, Peris, Peris, House of Peers for House of Peris!

Ld. Mount., 2nd Verse

Peris, Peris, Peris, House of Peers for House of Peris!

Ld. Ch., 2nd Verse

Peris, Peris, Peris, House of Peers for House of Peris!
Tho' as a general rule we know Two strings go to
Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

ev'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to
Chancery, He will be surely happier, for He's such a susceptible

Chi'm 40989
1. Though as a general rule we know  
   Two strings  
   ev'-ry string.  
   2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high,  
   Free from  
   Iolanthe

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

Chorus  
   Leila with Sop. I  Celia with Sop. II

1. Though as a general rule we know  
   Two strings  
   ev'-ry string.  
   2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high,  
   Free from  
   Lord Tol. with Ten. I  Lord Mount. with Ten. II

Chancellor!  
    Lord Chan. & Strephon with Bass

1. Though as a general rule we know  
   Two strings  
   ev'-ry string.  
   2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high,  
   Free from  
   Chancellor!
Wards in Chancery, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If
   He will be surely happier, for He's
Wards in Chancery, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If
   He will be surely happier, for He's
Wards in Chancery, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If
   He will be surely happier, for He's
Wards in Chancery, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If
   He will be surely happier, for He's
you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

you've two beaux to such a susceptible ev'ry string. Chancellor!

End of Opera
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*Chorus Parts also published

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