

VOCAL SCORE.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

NELL GWYNNE

COMIC OPERA

WORDS BY

H. B. FARNIE.

MUSIC BY

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Composer of "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE," "CHIMES OF NORMANDY," "RIP VAN WINKLE," Etc.

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ARGUMENT.

No HISTORICAL accuracy is claimed for the incidents forming the subject of the present libretto, which is founded on certain escapades of those graceless favourites of CHARLES II., ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM. The notion of their hiring an inn, and playing thereat the parts of landlord and waiter, is an old and popular one with playwrights. Nearly a century ago, a favourite French vaudeville existed on these lines, entitled "*L'Exil de Rochester*," and more recently, (amongst others), Moncrieff successfully used the same canvass for his "*Rochester*," a farcical comedy which brought Elliston both fame and money. This play Moncrieff's annotator describes as being founded on an anecdote related by St. Evremond in a letter to the Duchess de Mazarin, and upon it again the present *brochure* is based. Of NELL GWYNNE herself (*nat.* 1650, *ob.* 1687), little need here be said. In the words of her most careful biographer, Mr. Peter Cunningham, "The English people have always entertained a peculiar liking for NELL GWYNNE. Thousands are attracted by her name, they know not why, and do not stay to enquire. It is the popular impression that, with all her failing, she had a generous as well as a tender heart; that, when raised from poverty, she reserved her wealth for others rather than for herself; and that the influence she possessed was often exercised for good objects and never abused." This is precisely the NELL GWYNNE of the present little play; not a model heroine, nor particularly immaculate, but a merry actress and a good hearted woman. The intrigue may be briefly summarized thus:

ACT I.

AN old royalist noble, dying, bequeaths to CHARLES II., the guardianship of his only child, CLARE. Her royal tutor, bored by the trust and wishing to marry her off, proposes her hand to ROCHESTER, who had never seen the country heiress, and who rejects the match. For this he is banished the court. On her side, CLARE secretly loves her cousin TALBOT; but the King, chafed by the favourite's refusal, will hear of no other match. In this dilemma, CLARE appeals to her foster-sister, NELL GWYNNE, now beginning her successful career at the King's Theatre, and in high favour with CHARLES. NELL has also a slight to avenge. BUCKINGHAM has written a court masque, in which the King wishes NELL to play the leading character; but the noble author is pledged to little MOLL DAVIES, NELL's rival, and declines to alter his cast. He is also banished the court for his contumacy; and CHARLES importuned by NELL to bestow CLARE on her cousin, makes it a condition of his assent that ROCHESTER shall be brought to CLARE's feet, and that BUCKINGHAM shall accept NELL as his leading lady. The actress accepts; and her manœuvres to out-trick and cajole ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM form the groundwork of the little drama. The action of the first act passes in a hamlet of the New Forest, where the two exiled lords are playing at inn-keeping, and making violent love to JESSAMINE, niece of old WEASEL, the village pawn-broker. The little rustic, however, has her own lover, a stolling player named FALCON. The village comedy is completed by the loves of the BEADLE and MARJORIE, general drudge in WEASEL's house. To further their courtship of JESSAMINE, and get into her house, the two lords secretly get disguises: BUCKINGHAM a suit of the BEADLE, and ROCHESTER the dress of a rat-catcher. At this point, two very grand ladies visit the inn, with a view of placing two young girls, poor relations of their own, in service. The two lords accept enthusiastically, and at the end of the act, NELL and CLARE, (who themselves have played the grand ladies,) appear as the new servants, GILLIAN and JOAN, in rustic boddice and kirtle, and with bundle on shoulder.

ACT II.

THE action is now shifted to WEASEL's pawn-shop in a old and rickety manor-house, and the comic imbroglgio begins. JESSAMINE has secretly arranged with her lover FALCON to come and see her, disguised as a rat-catcher—so that with ROCHESTER similarly dressed, there are two of them in the field. BUCKINGHAM in his beadle's suit is there ostensibly to guard WEASEL's premises against thieves, and the real BEADLE, his double, comes to court MARJORIE. JESSAMINE too, resolving to escape with her lover, persuades MARJORIE to put on her dress and take her place till she is clear of the premises. What with two rat-catchers, two BEADLES, and two JESSAMINES, the mistakes are many and confusing; but NELL, who has penetrated the disguise of ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM, effectively baffles their designs on JESSAMINE, at one time as a cook, at another as a gipsy fortune-teller. Finally, JESSAMINE and FALCON escape, the two lords make appointments with MARJORIE, supposing her to be JESSAMINE, and the BEADLE is seized and put in his own stocks for the pranks really committed by BUCKINGHAM.

ACT III.

A GLADE in the New Forest. CHARLES and his court, hunting with hawk and hound fall in with NELL looking after her kine, and learning that the denouement of the ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM Comedy is fast approaching, resolves to wait and see it. The hunt is resumed, and then the inflammable ROCHESTER throws himself at the feet of his pretty waitress GILLIAN, little dreaming that it is CLARE. Condition number one. BUCKINGHAM then has a scene with JOAN (otherwise NELL) in which, discovering that she sings and dances charmingly, the mercurial nobleman rushes to the conclusion that he has found a rustic prodigy, and actually proposes to take her to LONDON and crush NELL GWYNNE. Condition number two. Nothing now remains for the actress to do, but turn the two lords into ridicule over the assignation with the supposed JESSAMINE, and then hurry away with CLARE to share in the impeachment of ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM. In this they are unwittingly assisted by old WEASEL and the BEADLE, who, since the night of terror, where the house of the one was turned inside out, and the other was clapped in his own pillory, have been wandering, distraught, in the woods. Comparing notes, they find that the false beadle and false rat-catcher were the landlord and waiter of the Dragon, and summoning the watch, they haul ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM before the King. How the two scamps are confounded by NELL, how TALBOT get's the hand of CLARE, FALCON that of JESSAMINE, and how all ends happily (except perhaps for the amateur inn-keepers) need not be detailed.

ACT 1.
SCENE---"The Dragon Inn," Under the Restoration.
 The Aristocratic Publicans.

ACT 2.
SCENE---Pawn Shop in the Rat Castle.
 Two Faces Under a Hood.

ACT 3.
SCENE---The Skirt of the Forest The Hunt.
 Brought to Bay.

PERSONÆ.

CHARLES II,			
BUCKINGHAM,	}	<i>(Exiled from Court—Lanlord and Waiter at the "Dragon.")</i>	
ROCHESTER,			
FALCON, (<i>Strolling Player, Jessamine's Lover,</i>)			
TALBOT, (<i>Young Noble, Cousin to Clare,</i>)			
WEASEL, (<i>Village Pawnbroker and Usurer,</i>)			
THE BEADLE, (<i>The Local Authority,</i>)			
HODGE,	}	<i>(Two Hampshire Rustics.)</i>	
PODGE,			
PEREGRINE, (<i>Buckingham's Page,</i>)			
NELL GWYNNE,	{	<i>(Actress at the King's Theatre, a supposed County Dame, Cook at the "Dragon," a Fortune Teller,)</i>	
LADY FALBALA,			
JOAN,			
ZAPHET, a Gipsy			
CLARE, (<i>Ward of the King,</i>)			
JESSAMINE, (<i>Old Weasel's Niece,</i>)			
MARJORIE, (<i>Weasel's Servant,</i>)			
PRUE,	}	<i>(Two Village Gossips,</i>	
SUE,			
ROGER,	}	<i>(Waiters at the "Dragon"),</i>	
NED,			
WAT,			
SIMON,			
ROBIN,			
RALPH,			
	}	<i>(Village Girls),</i>	
PHCEBY,			
DOROTHY,			
MAUD,			
LETTICE,			
DORCAS,			
PRISCILLA,			

Village Lads and Lasses, Harvesters, Huntsmen, Pages, Ladies of the Court, Waiters, Falconers, &c.

ACT I.

No. 1. (a) CHORUS—"NO HEEL-TAPS." (b) SCENE—"HE BRINGS OUR SCORE." (c) AIR & CHORUS—"TO YOU LADIES."—(Buckingham & Coro, S.S.T.B.)

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with a grace note, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords. The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato*. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/4. The introduction concludes with the word "scena" written above the right-hand staff.

ff TENORS.

No heel - taps! Fill up each flag - on!

ff BASSES.

No heel - taps! Fill up each flag - on!

do. *ff* *ff*

This section contains the vocal parts for Tenors and Basses, along with the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are marked *ff* and feature a simple melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes trills (*tr*) and is marked *ff*. The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment similar to the introduction.

Drink we to the Drag - - - on! Let the lip of cyn - ic curl,

Drink we to the Drag - - - on! Let the lip of cyn - ic curl,

tr *tr* Ped. *mf*

This section contains the vocal parts and piano accompaniment for the second part of the piece. The vocal lines are marked *mf* and feature a melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes trills (*tr*) and a pedal point (*Ped.*). The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment similar to the introduction.

We will quaff our frag - rant purl, Dog's-nose mix, care - less laugh, While our veins run shan - dy - gaff!

We will quaff our frag - rant purl, Dog's-nose mix, care - less laugh, While our veins run shan - dy - gaff!

Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife, Flows the rus - tics' hap - py life! Yes,

Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife, Flows the rus - tics' hap - py life! Yes,

flows the rus-tics' hap - py life! Ah! . . . Ah! . . . Ah! . . .

flows the rus-tics' hap - py life! Ah!

ritard.

p *dolcissimo moderato semplice.*

Once, when twi - light sha - dows, Length - en'd o'er the mea - dows,

Once, when twi - light sha - dows, Length - en'd o'er the mea - dows,

p

Would we tryste our girls . . . By the haw - thorn in the vale!

Would we tryste our girls By the haw - thorn in the vale!

sfz

pp

Now they are our spous - - es, We leave them in our hous - - es,

pp

Now they are our spous - - es, We leave them in our hous - - es.

pp

Dog's-nose mix, care-less laugh, While our veins run shan-dy-gaff! Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife,

Dog's-nose mix, care-less laugh, While our veins run shan-dy-gaff! Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife,

Flows the rus-tics' hap-py life! Yes, flows... the rus-tics' hap-py life!

Flows the rus-tics' hap-py life! Yes, flows... the rus-tics' hap-py life!

(Enter BUCKINGHAM from Inn r. as Waiter with *flacon*. He serves groups.)

TENORS. *pp* (*aside*.)

HODGE.

He brings our score! Ay! like e-nough! He's the

BASSES. *pp*

He brings our score!

Moderato quasi allegretto.

TENORS. *p*
 wait - er! The wait - er! The wait - er! He brings our score!

BASSES. *p*
 The wait - er! The wait - er! He brings our score!

BUCK. *f* OMNES. Ah!

The reck' - ning? No! down with bills! Here they ex - ist no more! The ru - ral lot, . . . We'd

do our best to bless! And comfort ag - rar - i - an... dis - tress! . . . Too

TENORS. (*aside.*) *pp*

BASSES. *pp* What's this we hear? Free beer!

What's this we hear? Free beer!

dear the working man Hereto - fore has paid his can,... While li - cens'd vit. and brew - er rich have grown! His

hum-ble fate to cheer, E - man-ci-pate his beer, Be that my pleas-ing task, and mine a - lone, My task, and mine a - lone!

TENORS. *Leggieramente.*

BASSES.

Oh, were he light and air - y, We'd say he was a fair - y, From dream-land hith - er far - ing, No

Oh, were he light and air - y, We'd say he was a fair - y, From dream-land hith - er far - ing No

pp

wand, but pint - pot bear - ing; But as this is not rea - son, And witch - craft's out o' sea - son, Let's

wand, but pint - pot bear - ing; But as this is not rea - son, And witch - craft's out o' sea - son, Let's

turn the mat-ter up, As now we do this cup. *(all drink.)*

turn the mat-ter up, As now we do this cup. *BUCK. Allegretto grazioso.*

To taste my strong waters, your wives and your daughters, Per-

Allegretto grazioso.

haps might care! A be-ry of beau-ty! Fair la-dies, my du-ty, Sin-cere and

TENORS. *pp*

BASSES. *pp*

Yes, and they're there! (*Entrance R. & L. U. E. of the Girls.*)

Yes, and they're there!

(*bows.*) true! Thank you, kind friends! Thank you, kind friends! You're charm-ing, charm-ing, charm-ing!

(*curtsey.*) (*curtsey.*) (*aside.*)

Same, Sir, to you! Thank you, kind Sir! Thank you, kind Sir! He is charm-ing! The

Thank you, kind Sir! Thank you, kind Sir! He's a-larm-ing!

Thank you, kind Sir! Thank you, kind Sir! He's a-larm-ing!

wai-ter's a per-fect non-such! . . . He's hand-some, and oh! what an air! Oh, what an

pp Ra-ther too much! . . . *pp* Ne-ver you care!

pp Ra-ther too much! . . . *pp* Ne-ver you care!

ff

air! Oh! what an air!

Ne-ver you care!

Moderato grazioso.

BUCK.

Ne-ver you care! To you, la-dies, beer I do not prof-fer! For 'tis not ale such beau-ty

scen. do. p rit. pp

sips! Would a cup of nec-tar I might of-fer, Up-on the al-tar of your lips! . . . But

Poco rit.

mf

Ped. *

pp

Or,

what I have, deep as the o-cean, To pour out, la-dies, at your shrine, It is a heart's deep, deep de-

Tempo.

pp

SOPRANOS. *tempo.*

Oh! what a

- vo - tion, Drink deep then of the draught di - vine, . . Drink deep then of the draught di - vine!

cadenza.

rit. *tempo.*

charming, charming man! Oh what a charm-ing, charm-ing man!

(aside.)

He is a most a - larm - ing man!

(aside.)

Al - tho' he fills for nought our can, He is a most a - larm - ing

Allegro moderato.

ff Let the lip of cyn - ic curl, We will quaff our frag - rant purl,

ff Let the lip of cyn - ic curl, We wi'l quaff our frag - rant purl,

ff man! Though lip of cyn - ic curl, We will quaff our frag - rant purl,

ff (*Clog dance.*)

Dog's nose mix, Care-less laugh, While our veins run shan-dy-gaff. Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife,

Dog's-nose mix, Care-less laugh, While our veins run shan-dy-gaff. Ha, ha, ha! So, free . . from strife,

Dog's-nose mix, Care-less laugh, While our veins run shan-dy-gaff. Ha, ha, ha! So, free from strife,

Ses.

Flows the rus-tics' hap-py life, Yes, flows . . the rus-tics' hap-py life!

Flows the rus-tics' hap-py life, Yes, flows . . the rus-tics' hap-py life!

Flows the rus-tics' hap-py life, Yes, flows . . the rus-tics' hap-py life!

ff *ff* *ff*

p

un poco rit.

p pizz. *pp*

No. 2. DUETTO BOUFFE—"THE BRITISH WAITER."—(Rochester & Buckingham.)

ROCH.

Moderato risoluto.

tr

f

ff

p

PIANO.

A Brit - ish wait - er now you be!

BUCK.

ROCH.

BUCK.

ROCH.

Ah, well! Yes! Your call - ing if you know, let's see! I can guess! A wait-er's is, or

BUCK.

ought to be, an art. I'll re - hearse you, my lord, in the part! Good! . . . My at - -

p

Mesurato.

. . . tire is dress - coat seed - y, (Just that kind of coat that no - bo - dy suits!) White tie, dir - ty, limp, and

wee - dy, Shuff - ling shoes that stand for boots! For - eign wines my soul will

mock, Sir, All I know of cook - ing is "roast and biled," Red wines all are "clar - et," White ones all are

Roch. Ah! . . . that's ve - ry, ve - ry true, They near - ly al - ways
"hock, Sir!" And our ales are al - ways "old and mild!"

do!

Buck. Though the bill may be in - clu - sive, And no fees may be al -

low'd, Such a sys - tem is de - lu - sive, And a wait - er is not proud; Spe - cial -

ly from new-wed lov - er, My gra - tu - i - ty I wait, With my nap - kin, round I

ad lib.

Roch.
A mo - del wait - er! A mo - del

ho - ver, Bu - sy dust - ing, bu - sy dust - ing some clean plate!

rit.
f rit.

wait - er! A mo-del wait - - er! From Pic - ca - dil - ly to the Ci - ty, and thence on to Greenwich town, There is a

A mo-del wait - er! From Pic - ca - dil - ly to the Ci - ty, and thence on to Greenwich town, There is a

p *pp* *pp* *p*

fun - ny hy - brid to your wants to ca - ter ; He's not an a - dept, nor a nov - ice, nor a dab, nor yet a clown, But wholly

fun - ny hy - brid to your wants to ca - ter ; He's not an a - dept, not a nov - ice, nor a dab, nor yet a clown, But wholly

and u - nique - ly he's a Bri - tish wait - er ! Now then, you fel - low, look a - live ! There goes number five !

and u - nique - ly he's a Bri - tish wait - er ! Yes, Sir ! Com - ing, Sir ! Yes, Sir ! Com - ing, Sir !

(Bell rings.)

Can't you hear that bell ? And then you know . . . He does not go ! . . . From Pic - ca - dil - ly to the Ci - ty, and thence

Yes, I hear that bell ! And then you know . . . I do not go ! . . . From Pic - ca - dil - ly to the Ci - ty, and thence

(Bell rings furiously.) (Bell stops.)

on to Greenwich town, There is a fun - ny hy - brid to your wants to ca - ter; He's not an a - dept, nor a nov - ice, not a

on to Greenwich town, There is a fun - ny hy - brid to your wants to ca - ter; He's not an a - dept, nor a nov - ice, not a

dab, nor yet a clown, But whol - ly and u - nique - ly Bri - tish wait - -

dab, nor yet a clown, But whol - ly and u - nique - ly Bri - tish wait - -

- er!

- er!

Piu animato.

No. 3. RONDO—"ONLY AN ORANGE-GIRL."—(Nell Gwynne.)

Moderato non troppo.

On - ly an o range-girl! A

Allegro.

f

p Moderato non troppo.

sort of be - ing cour - te - sy calls hu - man, "Like her fruit, (lisp gal - lants gay) But fit to press and

throw a - way!" Ah! A - las! my cav - a - liers, for your a - cu - men,

O - range-girl or play - er, This you can't gain - say her, Nel - ly is with - al a wo - man! . . .

Più mosso. *a piacere.* *piuante.*

Ah me! for the life that is bit - ter and sweet, The thorns and ro-ses round my feet. . . When the

Più mosso.

colla parte. *a tempo. leggeriamente.*

lamps are all lit, Shed-ding gla - mour o'er the scene, For the mo - ment I flit, A

Ped. *

crown'd and scep-tr'd queen! Then the base world fade a-way, Charméd by the po - et's lay, I am transform'd--hishoughts are mine, As I

pp

Ped. *

sing that song di - vine! I breathe a high-er, pur-er, air, Forth in a no-bler life I fare, That knoweth not a sor-row or a

cre scen do.

pp

care!... But a momen-ta-ry bliss, And a vain il-lu-sion this! The dream is o'er...my glories fade, Inspi-ration turns to trade! The

f *Meno mosso.*

lamps are dead, the guests are gone, Chill as the light of glimm'ring down, Life and the cold re-al-i-ty come on! . . . May . . . one touch of na-ture,

cre *scen* *do.* *poco rit.* *f* *Meno mosso.*

Al-way move this heart. (Pain . . . and pleasure blend-ed, In the play-er's art!)

Ped.

If . . . that influence e-ver Thro' my be-ing thrill, Then for-tune I de-fy, What chance or change fear I? Am I not

Ped.

rit. molto. *alla RECIT.* *rit. en. udo.*

wo - man still? Yet they say, light-ly say, Ah!

colla parte.

f *ff*

Ped. * Ped. *

tempo 1mo.

On - ly an o - range-girl! A sort of be-ing cour-te - sy calls hu - man, "Like her fruit, (lisp gal - lants gay) But

tempo 1mo.

fit to press and throw a - way!" Ah! A - las! my ca - va - liers, for your a -

f *p*

- cu - men, O - range-girl or play - er, This you can't gain-say her, Nel-ly is with-al a wo - man! *sec.*

ff

No. 4. QUARTETTE—"O HEART! MY LOVER'S NEAR!"—(Jessamine, Rochester, Buckingham, & Weasel.)

Moderato. RECIT. JESSAMINE. (*aside.*)

O heart! My lo-ver's near me! Dost not thrill at the thought? Yet ah, no! for I

PIANO.

(BUCKINGHAM & ROCHESTER offer wine in cups.)
Moderato grazioso.

ad lib. BUCK.
fear me, Lest ill to him be wrought! Ru . . by wine . . to ru . . by lips! . .

p

BUCK.
Taste, I pray!

JESSAMINE.
Nay, . . I thank thee, nay! . . .

ROCH. *dolce.*
Nay, . . I thank thee, nay! . . . Lo! . . the tide . . that

JESSAMINE.
No! I must say thee no! No! I must say thee no!

WEASEL (*aside to JESSAMINE.*)
beau . . ty sips! . . . Sayst thou so? Re-fuse good drink that

sffz *poco piu.*

JESSAMINE (*taking cup*).
What po - sy

way? You sure for - get there's nought to pay! Sil - ly lass, sil - ly lass! Up now with your glass!

shall I give? . . . If there be swain who loves in fear, Yet, fearing, holds his love full dear; Tho' foes and

for - tune both look grim, Why, with your leave, I'll drink to him! I'll drink to him! . . .

ROCH. *pp*
Though but a

WEASEL. *pp*
Though but a

BUCK. *pp*
Though but a

Here's to the swain!

sil - ly sort of strain, Here's to that scarce - ly like - ly swain! Here's to the swain!

sil - ly sort of strain, Here's to that scarce - ly like - ly swain! Here's to the swain!

sil - ly sort of strain, Here's to that scarce - ly like - ly swain! Here's to the swain! Now pledge with

ROCH.

And pledge with me! And weaves a

(ROCHESTER and BUCKINGHAM bring down JESSAMINE.)

BUCK.

me! I pledge the nymph whose glance di - vine Still rud - dier makes the rud - dy wine! . . .

suivrez le chant.

spel more po - tent still, Than e'er did grape, or e - ver will! . . .

WEASEL.

Go on, go on! my dear, kind

JESSAMINE.
Nay, Sirs! I thank you all the same, But let us pledge, yet nameno
hosts, Whilst ye pro-pose, I'll drink the toasts.

ROCH. *f* If there be swain wholoves in fear, Yet fear-ing holds his love full dear, Tho' foes and for - tune both look
WEAS. I pledge one nymph, whose glance di-vine Still ruddier makes the wine, And weaves a spell, more po-tent
BUCK. Let's drink the toast, You'll find me mod-el host. . . (This wine's a
(Filling WEASEL'S glass.)
Let's drink the toast, You are a mod-el host. . . To love and

grim, Why, with your leave, I'll drink to him! True love, true
still, Tbane'er did grape, or e - ver will! I drink to love, . . . All joys a - bove, . . .
beau - ty, No price! no du - ty!) Gra - - - tis! Gra - - -
beau - ty, It is our du - ty! (We're get-ting on! . . . We're getting

JESS. *dolce. a piacere.* *rit.*
 love, True love? I, too! O love, true love, where'er thou be, I drink to thee! . . .

ROCH. *rit.*
 . . . I drink to love, . . . O love, warm love, both fair and free, I drink to thee! . . .

WEAS. *dolce.* *rit.*
 - tis!) How good of you! I drink, I drink, Neighbour, to

BUCK. *rit.*
 on!) . . . Fill up, pray do. I drink, I drink, Neighbour, to

cres. *a piacere.* *dolce.* *colla parte.*

ben marcato.
 . . . True love I drink, Wher-e'er it may be!

f *p*
 . . . Here now I drink, Love fair and free, Ah! Love fair and free!

p
 thee! . . . Here now I drink, Good neigh-bour, to thee!

tempo. *f* *p*
 thee! . . . Here now I drink, neighbour, to thee! Here now I drink, Good neigh-bour, to thee!

pp *tempo.* *f* *p* *tr*
 Ped.

JESS.

ROCH. True love I drink, Wher-e'er it may be!

WEAS. Here now I drink, Love fair and free! Ah! love fair and free!

BUCK. Here now I drink, Good neigh-bour, to thee!

Here now I drink, neighbour, to thee! Here now I drink, Good neigh-bour, to thee!

ris. *L'istesso tempo.*
p marcato la melodia.

Ped.

WEASEL (to ROCHESTER.) (ROCHESTER *mod.*)

A word, sir, in your ear. . . . The rat-catcher sure will come?

ROCH. WEASEL (to BUCK.)

He won't be ve-ry dear? No, no! But mind, keep mum! You pro-mis'd you would

(ROCH. *mod.*)

see To-night I guar-ded be! . . . He is so dear, the bea-dle! Him, mayhap, you could wheedle?

BUCK.

I'll see that he is there! . . . Those va - grant loons will judge ' ill, Who tempt his oak - en

ROCH. (aside).
And then for Jes - sa - mine! Ah, then for Jes - sa -

WEASEL.
I'm safe now, I o - pine!

(aside). *(takes flagon and fills.)*
cudg . . . el! So rest se - cure from care! And then for Jes - sa - mine!

JESS. *f tempo 1 mo.*
Fill up, fill up! If there be

mine! An - o - ther cup! Fill up, fill up! I pledge the

Fill up, fill up!

One cup be - fore our part - ing! An - o - ther cup! Fill up, fill up! *tempo 1 mo.*

JESS.
swain who loves in fear, Yet fear-ing holds his love full dear, Tho' foes and for - tune both look grim, Why, with your

ROCH.
nymph, whose glance di-vine Still ruddier makes the wine, And weaves a spell more po-tent still Than e'er did

WEAS.
Let's drink the toast, You'll find me mo-del host. . . (This wine's a beau - ty!

BUCK. *(Filling WEASEL'S glass.)*
Let's drink the toast, You are a mo-del host! . . . To love and beau - ty,

leave, I'll drink to him! True love, true love,

grape, or e-ver will! I drink to love, All joys a - bove, I drink to

No price! no du - ty!) (Gra - - tis! Gra - - tis!)

It is our du - ty! (We're getting on! . . . We're getting on!) . . .

JESS. *dolce. a piacere.* *rit.*
 True love? I, too! O love, true love, where'er thou be, I drink to thee! . . .

ROCH. *rit.*
 love, . . . O love, warm love, both fair and free, I drink to thee! . . .

WEAS. *dolce.* *rit.*
 How good of you! I drink, I drink, Neighbour, to thee! . . .

BUCK. *rit.*
 Fill up, pray do! I drink, I drink, Neighbour, to thee! . . .

cres. *dolce.* *colla parte.* *pp*

f *ben marcato.*
 True love I drink, Wher - e'er it may be!

f *p*
 Here now I drink, Love fair and free, Ah! Love fair and free!

f *p*
 Here now I drink, Good neigh - bour, to thee!

tempo. *f* *p*
 Here now I drink, neigh - bour, to thee! Here now I drink, Good neigh - bour, to thee!

tempo *f* *p* *tr.*
 Ped.

JESS
True love I drink, Wher - e'er it may be! . .

ROCH.
Here now I drink, Love fair and free! Ah! love fair and free! . .

WEAS.
Here now I drink, Good neigh - bour, to thee! . .

BUCK.
Here now I drink, neigh - bour, to thee! Here now I drink, Good neigh - bour, to thee! . .

Ped.



(going L.)
Good day! . . 'Tis time to
Why go so

Good day! . . 'Tis time to
Why go so

Moderato semplice.
p



Jess.
go a - way!

ROCH.
soon a - way? Ah, stay!

WEAS.
go a - way! Good-day!

Buck.
soon a - way?



pp
Good day!

pp
A - way?

pp
Good day!

pp
Why go so soon a - way? A - way?

(JESSAMINE and WEASEL enter house, L.)

sf *pp* *ppp*



No. 5. SONG—"ONCE UPON A TIME."—(Buckingham.)

Moderato non troppo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato non troppo'.

BUCK. *Risoluto.*

1. If to a Princess Roy - al, I'd of - fer hom - age loy - al, Think you my court I'd pay . .

The vocal line begins with a quarter note '1.' followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'BUCK. Risoluto'.

rit. *Tempo.*

In garb of hod - den - grey? No, ere I would re - pair . . Un - to my la - dy fair, . .

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'rit.' and 'Tempo.' above the staff. The tempo is marked 'Tempo'.

rit. *Tempo di Valse.*

Needs must that I shall be . . Dress'd in my bra - ver - y! . . Once up - on - a time, . .

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'rit.' and 'Tempo di Valse.' above the staff. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Valse'.

Ben ostenuto il Canto.

(So saith clas - sic rhyme,) . . . Cu - pid's arms we know. . . .

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The tempo remains 'Tempo di Valse'.

Were but bolt and bow; . . . Times are al - ter'd now, . . . And Love

needs, I trow, . . . Ev - 'ry mod - ish art, . . . If he'd tri - umph o'er wo - man's

stent.

colla parte.

Ped. *

heart! . . .

vivo.

Risoluto.

2. Po - ets have of - ten cho - sen He - ro in homespun ho - sen, Win - ning some love-sick dame,

rit. *Tempo.*

Sans rich - es, rank, or name. Well! let the po - ets dream, Men are but what they seem,

rit. *Tempo.*

rit. Tempo di Valse.

Give me in am'rous fray, Plum'd hat and diamonds gay!.. Once up - on a fine,

rit. Tempo di Valse.

ben sostenuto il canto.

. (So saith clas - sic rhyme,) Cu - pid's arms we

know Were but bolt . . and bow. Times are

al - ter'd now, And Love needs, I trow,

stent.

Ev - 'ry mo - dish art If he'd tri - umph o'er wo - man's heart!

colla parte.

Fed.