

ACT III.

SCENE.—Interior Mildon Hall.

No. 17. CHORUS OF DISGUISED HIGHWAYMEN—(T.B.)—"It is quite a Conso-la-ti-on," & SOLO—Bill.

Allegretto.
mf

PIANO.

It is
It is

quite a con - so - la - ti - on To af - fect a gen - teel sta - ti - on, In - stead of mas - quer -
quite a con - so - la - ti - on To af - fect a gen - teel sta - ti - on, In - stead of mas - quer -

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a - ding As the low - est of the low; Since as gen - te - men we're treat - ed, 'Tis as
 a - ding As the low - est of the low; Since as gen - te - men we're treat - ed, 'Tis as

such we would be greet - ed, Yes, and not as vul - gar mem - bers Of a for - tune tell - ing
 such we would be greet - ed, Yes, and not as vul - gar mem - bers Of a for - tune tell - ing

mf
 show! O the mer - ry wed - ding guest Should be prank'd up in his best, And his
mf
 show! O the mer - ry wed - ding guest Should be prank'd up in his best, And his

ex - qui - site be - ha - viour Should be more than "*comme il faut*;" Just so, "*comme il faut*," Which
 ex - qui - site be - ha - viour Should be more than "*comme il faut*," "*comme il faut*;" Just so! Which

is a French e - qui - va - lent For quite cor - rect, you know. Ho, ho! just so, just so!

is a French e - qui - va - lent For quite cor - rect, you know, Ho, ho! just so, just so!

Bill. *p*

(Enter Bill.) As you re-mark, my men, just so.

Bill.

Of tu - lips what a gor - geous row! You are in - deed so spick and span, That each of you's a

Bill.

gen - tle - man, A real gen - tle - man. Just so! just so! It is

A real gen - tle - man. Ho, ho Just so! It is

A real gen - tle - man. Just so! just so! It is

quite a con - so - la - ti - on To af - fect a gen - teel sta - ti - on, In - stead of mas - quer -
quite a con - so - la - ti - on To af - fect a gen - teel sta - ti - on, In - stead of mas - quer -

a - ding As the lów - est of the low; Since as gen - tle - men we're treat - ed, 'Tis as
a - ding As the low - est of the low; Since as gen - tle - men we're treat - ed, 'Tis as

such we would be greet - ed, Yes, and not as vul - gar mem - bers Of a for - tune tell - ing
such we would be greet - ed, Yes, and not as vul - gar mem - bers Of a for - tune tell - ing

show, Ho, ho, ho, ho!
show, Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Solo.....

BILL. Gentlemen, I have news for you. I propose, under the cover of to-night's festivities, we should relieve our worthy host of his superfluous wealth.

CHO. Bravo! bravo!

BILL. Only that one strong box baffles my curiosity. My enchanting friend, Mrs. Betty, keeps the key, and you may therefore with confidence wager your uttermost farthing that

William will become possessed of that locksmith's instrument.

CHO. Bravo!

BILL. I thank you, gentlemen, for your confidence. I confess that I do not think it undeserved. For when, I ask you, has William been wrong?

CHO. Never! never!

BILL. Then I may take it that William is always right.

No. 18.

SONG—Bill—"William's Sure to be Right."

Allegretto. My fa - ther and mo - ther would al - ways re - mark -

PIANO. *mf* *crs.* *fs* *p*

Wil - li - am's sure to be right! Tho' my fea - tures are fair, still my ways are all dark, -

Wil - li - am's sure to be right! No mat - ter if o - thers should make a mis - take, I'm

rit. *ard.* *tempo.* *tempo.* *ritard.*

sure to be right, for I'm quite wide a - wake, And while they're eat - ing bread I am sneak - ing the cake! For

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WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT! WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT, MY BOYS,

TENORS.

BASSES.

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT, MY BOYS,

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT, MY BOYS,

BILL.

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT! THO' FA - MIL - IAR - LY BILL, I AM LOOK'D UP TO STILL, FOR

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT! FOR

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT! FOR

BILL.

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT! WHEN

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT!

WIL - LI - AM'S SURE TO BE RIGHT!

stop - ping a coach er rob - bing the mail, Wil - li - am's sure to be right! My

plans are so deep, they ne - ver can fail; Wil - li - am's sure to be right! 'Tis

true that some-times I've been down on my luck, But that makes me keen-er fresh pi - geons to pluck! In the

rit. - a - ard. tempo.

ritard.

high - way - man trade there's no sharp - er old buck, For Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

BILL

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys! Wil - li - am's sure to be right! When I

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys! Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys! Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

BILL

play they be - lieve I have cards up my sleeve, For Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

For Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

For Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

p

When a race meeting's on, I'm the first on the course— Wil - li - am's sure to be

right! If I know it's all down I can spot the right horse,— Wil - li - am's sure to be right! When

rit *ard.*

dan - der-heads come with this sports-man to bet, And the fa - vo - rite wins, then, of course, they're up - set, For

ritard.

tempo.

some - how or o - ther their claims are not met, Since Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

tempo.

BILL.

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys, Wil - li - am's sure to be right! Tho' they

TENORS.

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys, Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

BASSES.

Wil - li - am's sure to be right, my boys, Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

shed tears in pails, why I' mis - sie to Wales, Where Wil - li - am's sure to be right.

Where Wil - li - am's sure to be right.

Where Wil - li - am's sure to be right.

BILL. And now, gentlemen, until the hour of eleven be discreet. Give yourselves up to pleasure, be kind to the ladies and courteous to the men, but above all do not forget business.

CHO. William's sure to be right.

BILL. When the captain returns he will surely commend my diligence. 'Pon my conscience, I almost feel inclined to cut connection with him and start a band of my own; for I'm the prime-minister who does all the work, and he is His Majesty and pockets the merry little doubloons.

(Enter BETTY.)

BETTY. Ahem! ahem!

BILL. Captain William would sound well.

BETTY. Ahem! ahem!

BILL. I could together—

BETTY. Ahem! ahem! ahem!

BILL. Now, confound that old guinea-fowl! Go and cackle elsewhere.—Ah, my heart's enslaver!

BETTY. Fascinator!

BILL. I can't help it; it's my nature, my modest nature, which won't allow me to whisper, "Be mine."

BETTY. Shall I turn my head away?

BILL. Bewitching Betty.—No, I cannot. I'll master it some other day.

BETTY. 'Tis ever thus. Heigho!

No. 19. ROMANCE—(Madam Betty)—"The Unprotected Spinster."

The musical score is for a romance piece titled "The Unprotected Spinster" by Madam Betty. It is written in 3/4 time and marked "Moderato". The score is for voice and piano. The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The vocal line is in a single register and includes the following lyrics:

I'm an un-protect-ed spin-ster with an
o-ver ten-der heart; My age is something un-der twen-ty-nine! Oh, why should cru-el Cu-pid al-ways
fling his burn-ing dart To pe-ne-trate a vir-gin soul like mine, like mine, To pe-ne-trate a vir-gin soul like

The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *rit.* (ritardando). The piano part ends with the instruction *colla voce*.

mine? . . . I've been cross'd in love a doz-en times or more, For I'd sweethearts at the ear-ly age of

schers.

ten! I'm a sil-ly lit-tle goose, whose af-fec-tions will run loose, I fas-ten on those worth-less crea-tures,

rall.

men! Charles was first, James was next, Ru-pert then my spi-rit vext;

schers.

Al-bert soon gave place to Har-ry, Ed-ward then I hop'd to mar-ry; John suc-ceed-ed

af-ter Will, And yet, and yet, I much re-gret, I am an un-pro-tect-ed spin-ster still!

(coquet-tish-ly.) *rit.*

I am

but a lit - tle rose - bud that's left up - on the tree, And, dread-ing to - be pluck'd by stran-ger hand, I

trem-ble when the but - ter - flies come flit-ting near to me; Too well I know that fic-kle, faith-less band, that band, Too

ritard.
well I know that fic - kle, faith - less band! Those but - ter - flies are men, the cru - el things! Who

set - tle on the rose, then fly a - way. I own that I co - quette, but as yet I've ne - ver met The

ritard.

man who wish'd to name the hap - py day. Tho' Charles was first, James was next,

ritard.

Ru - pert then my spi - rit vex; Al - bert soon gave place to Har - ry,

Ed - ward then I hop'd to mar - ry; John suc - ceed - ed af - ter Will, And yet, and yet, I

rit. *(right.)*

much re - gret, I am an un - pro - tect - ed spin - ster still!

rit.

BETTY. 'Tis ever thus, heigho!

BILL. Nay, say not so. What must it be to have a constant angel like you ever by one's side, to chide one's servants, to look after one's comforts, and to lock up one's treasures! Hang it! I'd like to be your brother.

BETTY. Brother?

BILL. Ay. I envy Magruder; he has such confidence in you. For instance, bewildering Betty, to you is, I believe, entrusted the keeping of his chest?

BETTY. Yes, I have the key.

BILL. What confidence! what confidence! Now, I should say that chest contains plate or money or jewels.

BETTY. No, sweet William, you are wrong, and yet its contents are of passing value.

BILL. Tut! tut! you don't say so?

BETTY. Yes, and, though only papers, they are worth thousands of broad gold-pieces.

BILL. (*Aside.*) Notes, for a million!—(*Aloud.*) And where, beatific Betty, is the key?

BETTY. Here.

BILL. Loveliest of your sex, you shall prove my adoration for you. See, here is a snuffbox, given to my father by His lamented Majesty; it is priceless. I would rather forfeit life than lose it, and yet I give it into your keeping as a token of my love, to be redeemed when I claim you as my own.

BETTY. Oh, rapture! But what can I offer you in exchange for so priceless a gem. This ring?

BILL. Nay, sweetheart, I would not be rapacious. Rather approve my well-known honesty, my world-famed veracity—in a word, my sustained honor—by entrusting me for one short day with that key.

BETTY. 'Tis too little.

BILL. By little things men show that they are great—and women too. 'Twill at least show your confidence.

BETTY. My confidence? 'Tis yours.

BILL. Heaven grant your confidence be not misplaced! Some one approaches.

BETTY. My maidenly modesty urges me to retire.

BILL. Then obey it, beguiling Betty. Stay! one salute. (*Draws her to him, and kisses her hand.*)

(*BETTY exit.*)

BILL. Not I: what does a woman want with a snuffbox? Snuffing is a dirty, destructive habit. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter DOLLY.*)

DOLLY. Well, to be sure, the house is turned upside down. I can't think how the squire could have found the heart to spend so much. He'll take it out in stinginess for months to come. Mistress Constance doesn't seem to care whether it be her wedding or her funeral. I know I should, but then her heart, I'm afraid, belongs to Master Lorrimore, and she has just about as much chance of seeing him as I have.

(*Enter LORRIMORE.*)

LOR. Dolly!

DOLLY. La! (*Starts.*) Whenever you think of the devil you're sure to see him.

LOR. Come, Dolly, don't make me out blacker than I am.

DOLLY. Nay, sir! I didn't mean that. But what imprudence for you to be here!

LOR. Pshaw! I have got to that state when prudence and imprudence mean much the same thing. I must see your mistress.

DOLLY. Oh, sir, don't you know we've great doings here to-night on account of the wedding to-morrow?

LOR. Curse the wedding to-morrow! I would see her to-night. The wedding is what I would prevent.

DOLLY. If you'd only have forbidden the banns last Sunday! But, lawk-a-mercy, Master Lorrimore! I can hear the squire coming.

LOR. (*Moodily.*) I care not; I will beard the old knave in his den, or rather in mine.

(*Enter MAGRUDER, CONSTANCE, and ROSE.*)

MAG. Zounds! but you are hard to please, niece Constance! Here have I disbursed money—ay, good, hard money—on your nuptials, and you are as long in the face as a Cremona fiddle.

CONST. I do appreciate your kindness, uncle, but— (*Sees LORRIMORE.*) Ah!

ROSE. He must be mad.

MAG. What is this? (*sees Lorrimore*), and who is this person?

LOR. I am, sir—

ROSE. (*Interrupting.*) This, sir, is Dolly's sweetheart.

DOLLY. (*Aside.*) Heaven forgive her for that ready falsehood!

MAG. Hum! Dolly's sweetheart? Fine feathers! fine feathers! Did I not see you on the green the other evening when the outlaw Lorrimore was taken?

LOR. I was there.

ROSE. And what might be your name and occupation?

LOR. I am called Charles—

ROSE. (*Interrupting.*) Brown, uncle—Charles Brown.

LOR. And as to my occupation, I have the honor to serve the Earl of Rochester.

MAG. I could have sworn so—like master, like man. You have the very cut of a roystering Rochester.—Come, niece, and see the masque that Sir Whiffle has prepared which is in vogue at the court of His Majesty of France.

CONST. Go, Dolly; leave me. But wait hard by. (*Exit MAGRUDER and ROSE.*) What rashness, Charles, on thy part to venture here—on this night of all others!

LOR. That is the reason. Foiled at every attempt, I am resolved to prevent this marriage at all risks.

CONST. But if discovered thy freedom, thy life, is not worth an hour's purchase.

LOR. Without thee I care for neither life nor liberty.

CONST. Charles, for my sake, if not for yours, leave me.

LOR. Then you love me no longer. (*Turning away.*)

CONST. Love you not? Better for me I didn't. Oh, sweetheart, by all that love of mine I pray you fly.

LOR. My mind is fixed; I will not.

CONST. (*Embracing him.*) Charles, I implore you.

No. 20. DUET—Constance & Lorrimore—"Leave me! Leave me!"

CONSTANCE. *con espress.*

Leave me, leave me! though still I hold thee dear - er than all, Yet I

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

may not be thine! Leave me, leave me! tho' I enfold thee, Thou, my heart's wish, in mine arms do entwine!

cres. *rit.*

Thou art my love, my life, and my king! Thou wert the light of my too hap - py days;

Hea - ven can tell what the morn - ing may bring, When I am left, and thou far a - way!

rall. *cres.*

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CONSTANCE. *rit.* *tempo.*
mf
 Leave me! leave me! leave me! leave me! hearts must be ach - ing,

LORRIMORE. *rit.* *tempo.*
mf
 Leave thee? leave thee? leave thee? leave thee? hearts must be ach - ing,

Trust me that I shall e'er hold thee dear; Leave me! leave me! hearts must be break - ing,

Trust me that I shall e'er hold thee dear; Leave thee? leave thee? hearts must be break - ing,

dim.
 When far a - way, still to me thou art dear. . .

dim.
 No! I will stay, if to me thou art dear. . .

f *f*

LORRIMORE. *appassionato.*

Leave thee? leave thee? nay, I would per-ish Here by thyside, and deem it a boon! Leave thee? leave thee?

rit. all that I cher-ish? Death comes too late or comes not too soon! *tempo.* Thou art my love, my life, and my queen!

crec. *rit.*

Thou, midst the blue clouds the sun's joy-ous ray! Why should I bring us the dark-ness between? How can I go? and

ritard. *ritard.*

CONSTANCE. Leave me! leave me! Leave me! . . .

LORRIMORE. leave thee to stay! Leave thee? leave thee? Leave thee? . . .

ad lib. crec. *crec.* *p*

tempo.

Leave me! leave me! hearts must be ach - ing, Trust me that I shall e'er hold thee dear; Leave me! leave me!

Leave thee? leave thee? hearts must be ach - ing, Trust me that I shall e'er hold thee dear; Leave thee? leave thee?

crec. *f* *con forza.*

hearts must be break - ing, When far a - way still to me thou art near, When far a - way still to

hearts must be break - ing, When far a - way still to me thou art near, When far a - way still to

f

me 'thou art near.

f

me thou art near. .

f *accel.* *f*

(Enter DOLLY.)

DOLLY. Oh, Mistress Constance, Sir Whiffle is anxiously inquiring after you.

CONST. I go to him; and you, Charles, as Dolly's sweetheart, not mine, courage! We may yet find light in the darkness. (Exit CONSTANCE, followed by LORRIMORE, then DOLLY.)

(Re-enter BILL.)

BILL. Now is the time when I will know what is in that

strong-box. It's werry, werry wrong, but I am such a poor, weak mortal that I can't resist. The lock is as rusty as an apple-woman's tongue. What a dust! but no gold-dust, nor notes either. It's as full of papers as a money-lender's pocket-book. Good stiff documents. Lord! what a bundle! Title-deeds of Milden Hall. Now, I am not much of a scholar, so I will keep them for the captain to read. He won't be long a prisoner if William is right. The guests arriving, I must be off for old Frizzlewig.

No. 21. MASQUE & DANCE—(S.S.T.B.)—"Wel-come to Knight & to Maiden."

The musical score is for a piece titled "No. 21. MASQUE & DANCE—(S.S.T.B.)—'Wel-come to Knight & to Maiden.'" It begins with a piano introduction marked "Tempo di Valse." The piano part consists of two systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The first system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, and the second system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal part follows, with four staves for Soprano, Tenor, Bass, and Bass. The lyrics are "Wel - come to knight and to . mai - den," and the music is marked "Marcato." The piano accompaniment for the vocal part starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The score concludes with a page number "133" at the bottom right.

Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride! Wel - - come, O la - dy love -

Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride! Wel - - come, O la - dy love -

Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride! Wel - - come, O la - dy love -

cres.

la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide! Wel - -

la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide! Wel - -

la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide! Wel - -

ritard. *mf tempo.*

cres. *mf*

- come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride!

- come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride!

- come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - - come to bride-groom and bride!

cres.

crs.
 Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide. . . .
crs.
 Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide. . . .
crs.
 Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide. . . .

mf
 Spring - - tide and Au - tumn we blend,
mf
 Spring - - tide and Au - tumn we blend,
mf
 Spring - - tide and Au - tumn we blend,

Hap - pi - ness e - ver ca - ress, For - - tune at - tend, . .
 Hap - pi - ness e - ver ca - ress, For - - tune at - tend, . .
 Hap - pi - ness e - ver ca - ress, For - - tune at - tend,

So say the bells when glad-ly ring-ing, So the chime tells, joy-ful-ness

So say the bells when glad-ly ring-ing, So the chime tells, joy-ful-ness

So say the bells when glad-ly ring-ing, So the chime tells, joy-ful-ness

marcato. *rall.* *a tempo.*
bring-ing, Thus may the ho-ney-moon last till the end! Wel-come, wel-come to

bring-ing, Thus may the ho-ney-moon last till the end! Wel-come, wel-come to

bring-ing, Thus may the ho-ney-moon last till the end! Wel-come, wel-come to

knight and to mai-den! Wel-come to bride-groom and bride! Wel-

knight and to mai-den! Wel-come to bride-groom and bride! Wel-

knight and to mai-den! Wel-come to bride-groom and bride! Wel-

come, O la - dy love - la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide!

come, O la - dy love - la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide!

come, O la - dy love - la - den, Wel - come, her liege, her lord, and her guide!

ritard.

cres.

Wel - come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - come to bride-groom and bride!

Wel - come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - come to bride-groom and bride!

Wel - come to knight and to mai - den, Wel - come to bride-groom and bride!

tempo.

mf

mf

mf

cres.

Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide.

Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide.

Wel - come, O la - dy love - la - den, her liege lord and guide.

cres.

cres.

cres.

cres.

Yes, wel - come! *f marcato.* yes, wel -
Yes, wel - come! *f* yes, wel -
Yes, wel - come! *f* yes, wel -

come to bride - groom and bride!
come to bride - groom and bride!
come to bride - groom and bride!

cra. *dim*

in - u - en - do. *pp* *ppp*

(At conclusion of Chorus, march heard off Stage. As Waiters come on, SIR W. leads CONSTANCE off, followed by MAGRUDER, BETTY and ROSE. They re-enter, stand at top of steps, and watch dance. March heard.)

CONST. Ah, what is that?

DOLLY. The red-coats have come back.

ALL. The soldiers!

BILL. (Aside.) The soldiers? Demme! the captain will be nabbed again.

(Enter HARLEIGH and Guards.)

HAR. I crave pardon, sir, for this intrusion, but you must know that the prisoner, Charles Lorrimore, under cover of night has escaped from our keeping.

BETTY. Escaped?

SIR W. Escaped?

MAG. Escaped, Captain Harleigh?

ROSE. Are you sure of what you say?

HAR. Even so, and he has been tracked back to this house. It is my duty to search it.

(Enter LORRIMORE, unperceived.)

MAG. With pleasure, sir—with pleasure. This Charles Lorrimore is the greatest scoundrel unhung.

LOR. A falsehood! a cruel falsehood.

SIR W. Gadzooks! who's this impolite personage.

LOR. The subterfuge shall pass no longer.—(To HARLEIGH.) Sir, you have been deceived; I am Charles Lorrimore. (Sensation.)

HAR. You Charles Lorrimore? Then who was our prisoner?

DUV. (Appearing at window.) Claude Duval!

ALL. Claude Duval!

HAR. Seize them both!

CONST. Then take me with him.

DUV. Captain Harleigh, we are both outlaws; we refuse to obey the law.

BILL. And I third the motion.

HAR. Then you will oblige me to take strong measures for enforcing the law.—(To DUVAL.) You are in my power.

DUV. (Blowing whistle.) Not exactly.

(Highwaymen appear in gallery and cover Soldiers.)

DUV. I trump the trick.—And stay, Captain Harleigh. You are perhaps acquainted with His Most Gracious Majesty's signature? Bring me pen and ink. (Shows and hands document to HARLEIGH.)

HAR. A free pardon in blank. How came you by this?

DUV. Woman, lovely woman, provided me with it, but whether Her Grace of Portsmouth, Her Grace of Cleveland, or Nelly Gwynne the orange-girl, matters not to you. It is quite right?

HAR. Perfectly; but then this document applies only to you. (Hands it back.)

DUV. No, not to me. (Takes pen and ink and signs paper.) There! (Hands it back.)

HAR. He has filled in the name of Charles Lorrimore.

ALL. Charles Lorrimore?

LOR. Duval, I cannot except this generosity. I—

DUV. My debt to you must be paid. I have further to say, "Good people all, I would present you to the owner of Milden Hall."

DUVAL.

The right - ful heir be - fore you stands, The own - er of this hall and lands!

Moderate.

PIANO.

DUVAL.

See him and her, a

SOPRANOS.

Yes, yes! the own - er, Yes, the own - er of these lands!

TENORS.

Yes, yes! the own - er, Yes, the own - er of these lands!

BASSES.

Yes, yes! the own - er, Yes, the own - er of these lands!

(Principals also.)

DUVAL.

pret - ty pair, The right - ful bride, the right - ful heir, The right - ful heir.

The right - ful heir. With joy we hail the

The right - ful heir. With joy we hail the

The right - ful heir. With joy we hail the

right - ful heir, Yes, yes, they are a pret - ty pair; With joy we hail the right - ful heir, the right - ful
 right - ful heir, Yes, yes, they are a pret - ty pair; With joy we hail the right - ful heir, the right - ful
 right - ful heir, Yes, yes, they are a pret - ty pair; With joy we hail the right - ful heir, the right - ful

BILL.

But do not for - get who dis - cov - er'd the deed; Wil - li - am's sure to be
 heir. . . Wil - li - am's sure to be
 heir. . . Wil - li - am's sure to be
 heir. . . Wil - li - am's sure to be

Allegro.
mf *fz* *p*

LORRIMORE. **BILL.** **MAGRUDER.**

right! You've been a true friend in a mo - ment of need; Wil - li - am's sure to be right! A
 right! Wil - li - am's sure to be right!
 right! Wil - li - am's sure to be right!
 right! Wil - li - am's sure to be right!

BETTY. *ritard.* BILL (to Betty), *tempo.*
 ne - phew I've found, so will not run a - way. To look af - ter my nie - ces I al - so must stay! And

BILL. *grandioso.*
 dem-me, old friz - zle - wig, what did I say? That Wil - li - am's sure . to be right! Yes, Wil - li - am's sure to be
 (CONSTANCE & LORRIMORE *al/so.*)
 SOPRANOS. BETTY. Yes, Wil - li - am's sure to be
 TENORS. HARLEIGH.
 BASSES. SIR W. & MAG. Yes, Wil - li - am's sure to be
 Yes, Wil - li - am's sure to be *grandioso.*

Moderato. SIR W. *rit.*
 right! . . . Gad zooks, with - out re - gret, without re - gret I'll go, These mys - tic ways dis - gust me so! Yes,
 right! . . .
 right! . . .
 right! . . .
 right! . . .
Moderato. *p* *colla voce.*

BILL (*smiling*).

me, Sir Whif - fe Whaf - fe. A prize in Cu - pid's raf - fe.

SOPRANOS. CONSTANCE. *p*
Ho, ho, ho! Go,

TENORS. Ho, ho, ho!

BASSES. Ho, ho, ho!

CONST. You are our benefactor and our friend. You will once saved my life; I have only restored his property. The life you lead is not mine; I should feel like a wild bird in a cage. But sometimes, lady, give a thought of kindness to the

not leave us? Stay with us and share our lot, for do we not owe all to you?

Duv. Nay, madam, the balance is still with Lorrimore. He highwayman Claude Duval.

CONSTANCE. *Allegro moderato*

brave Du - val, if go you must; Be - lieve us that our faith and trust in

Allegro moderato.

CONSTANCE. *ff Grandioso.*

you will e - ver be the same; Yes, e - ver will we love your name. Yes, yes, for

LORRIMORE. *ff*

Yes, e - ver will we love your name. Yes, yes, for

SOPRANOS. *ff*

TENORS. *ff*

BASSES. *ff*

Yes, yes, for *Grandioso.*

CONSTANCE.
e - ver we will love your name !

LORRIMORE.
e - ver we will love your name !

DUVAL. *Allegro moderato.*
Fair mis - tress, thanks, your

e - ver they will love your name !

e - ver they will love your - name !

e - ver they will love your name !

Allegro moderato.

DUVAL.
words re - pay Ten thou - sand fold my work * to - day; But do not tempt me

cres.

here to stay. For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

con energico.

ff marcato.

mf

DUVAL.
Claude Du - val, For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val! And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

CONSTANCE.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

BETTY.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

MAGRUDER.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

LORRIMORE.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

HARLEIGH.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

BILL.
For Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val!

SOPRANOS.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

TENORS.
For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val!

BASSES.
For Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val!

DUVAL. *rall.*
Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev-'ry true high - way - man.

CONSTANCE. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

BETTY. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

MACRUDER. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

LORRIMORE. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

HARLEIGH. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

BILL. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

SOPRANOS. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

TENORS. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

BASSES. *ff*
For there's not a man - sion grand e - nough for

DUVAL.

CONSTANCE.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

BETTY.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

MAGRUDER.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

LORRIMORE.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

HARLEIGH.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

BILL.
Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

SOPRANOS.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

TENORS.
Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

BASSES.
Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val, Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for

The musical score is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a piano introduction at the top, followed by eight vocal lines (Constance, Betty, Sir Whiffle Whaffle, Magruder, Lorrimore, Harleigh, Bill, and a choral group of Sopranos, Tenors, and Basses). Each vocal line consists of a melody with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is shown at the bottom of the page, with a right-hand part in the treble clef and a left-hand part in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val, And there's no es - tate with land e - nough for'.

DUVAL *con forsa. rall.*

CONSTANCE *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

BETTY. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

SIR WHIFFLE WHRAFFLE. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

MAGRUDER. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

LORRIMORE. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

HARLEIGH. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

BILL. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

SOPRANOS. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

TENORS. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

BASSES. *rall.*

Claude Du - val, For the road's the home of ev - 'ry true high - way - man.

con forsa. rall.

tempo. ff

rall.

tempo.

Fin.

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