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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.)
40989

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..... } .....*Fairies*
FLETA.....

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

40989

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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 Parliment, 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.

40989

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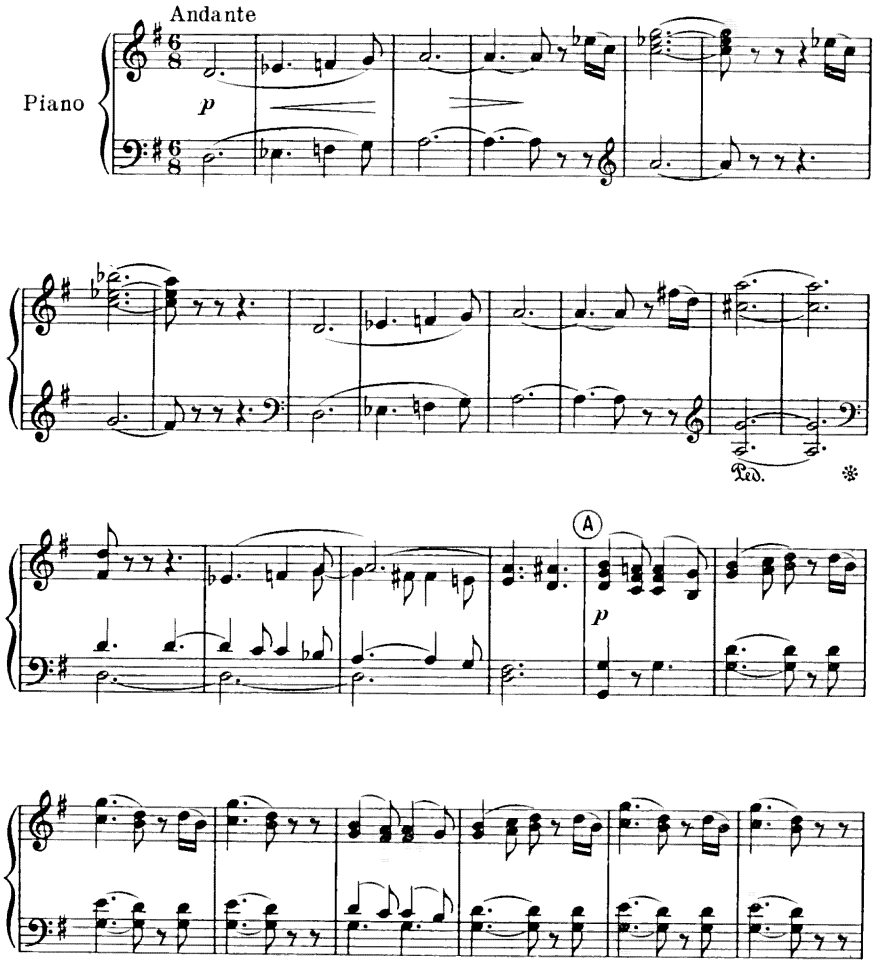
Iolanthe

or

The Peer and the Peri

W. S. Gilbert — Arthur Sullivan

Overture



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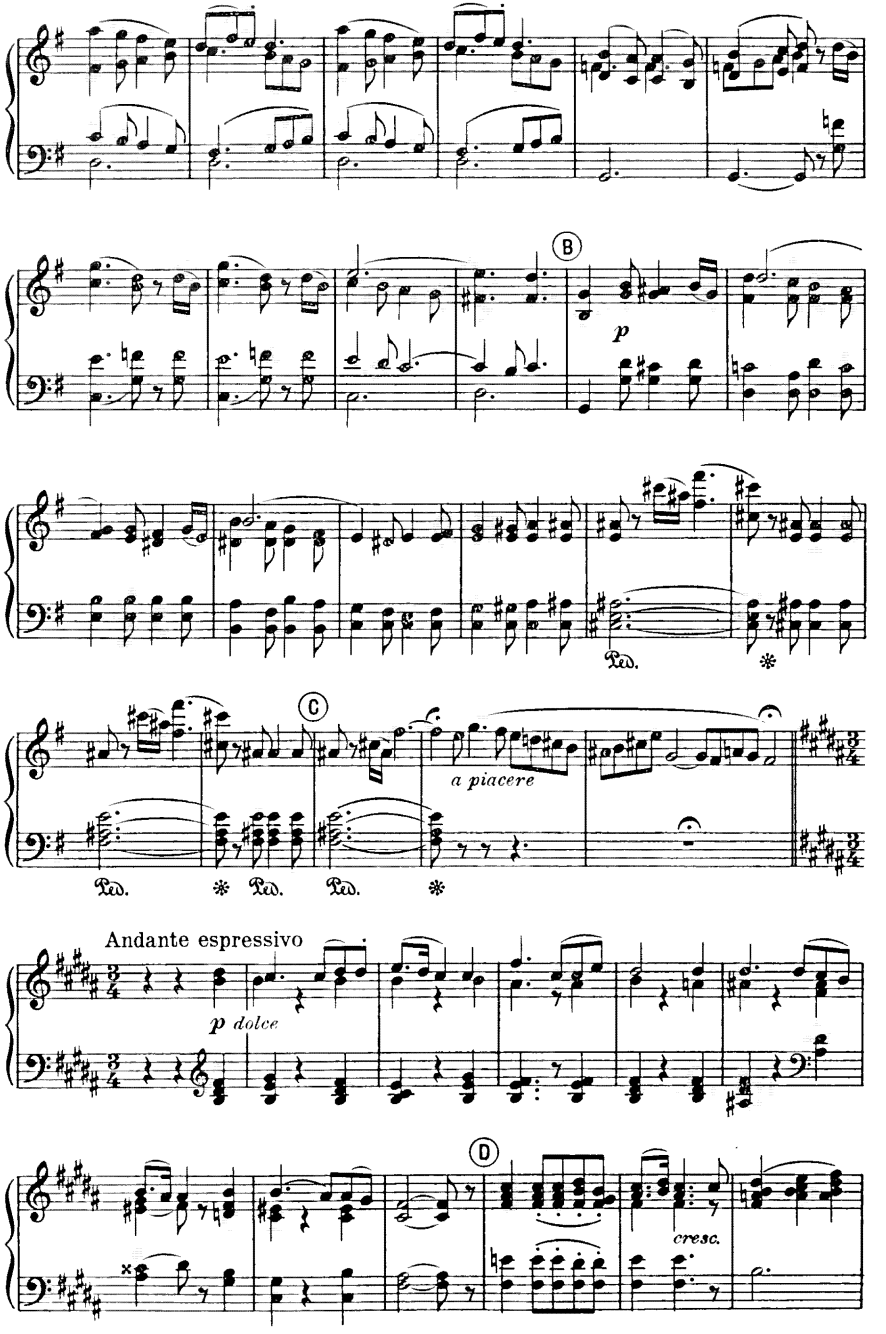
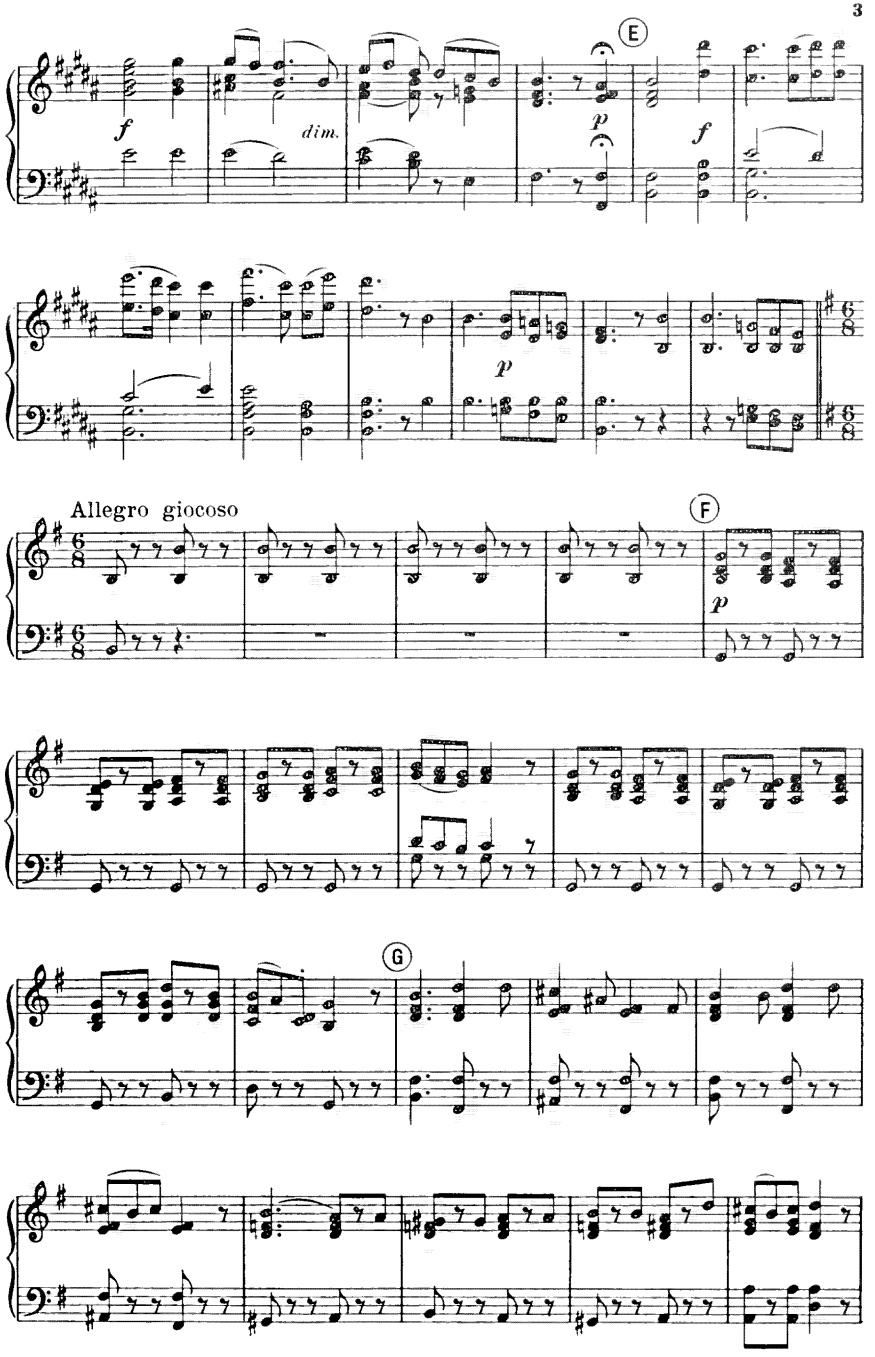
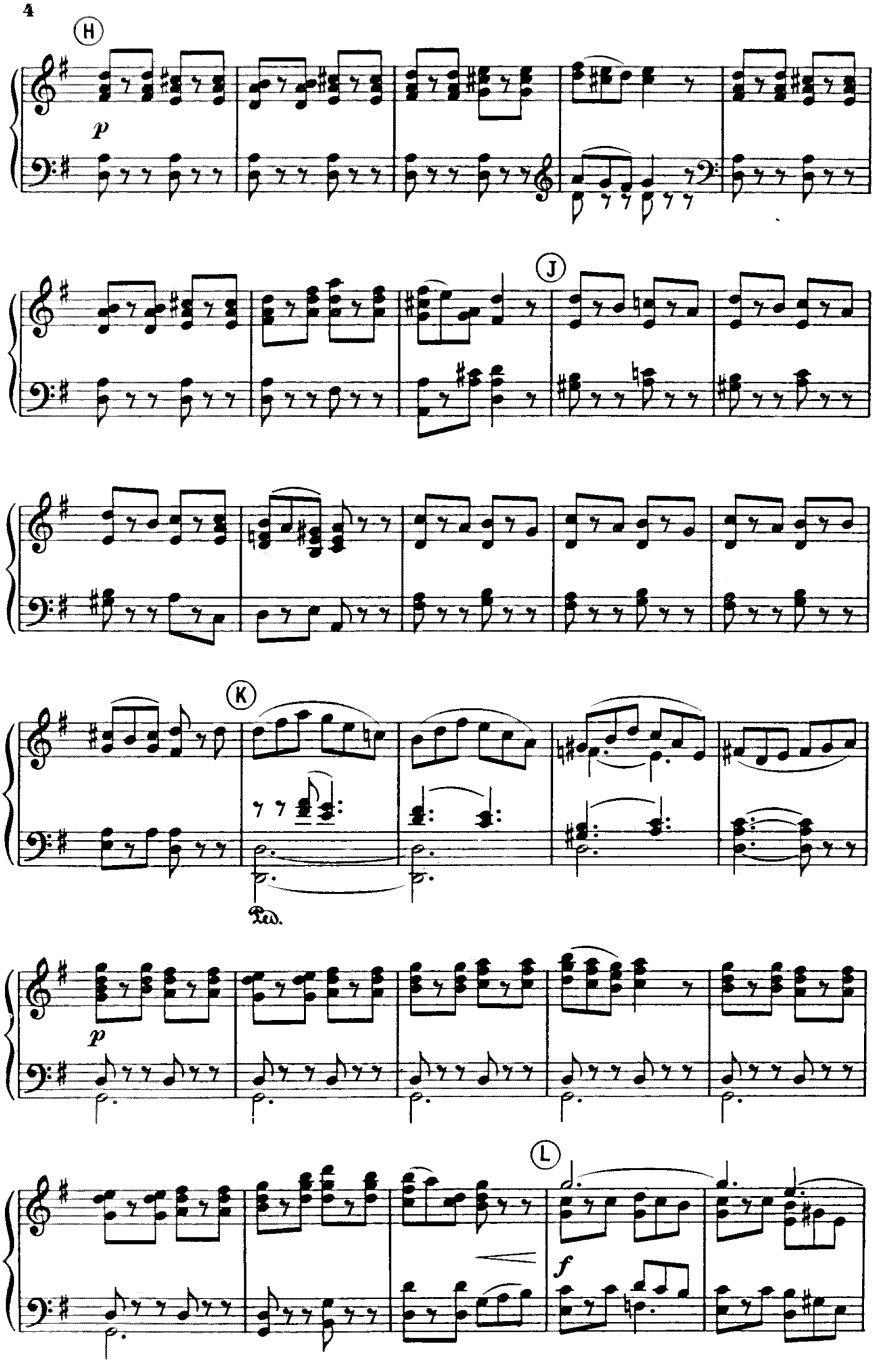
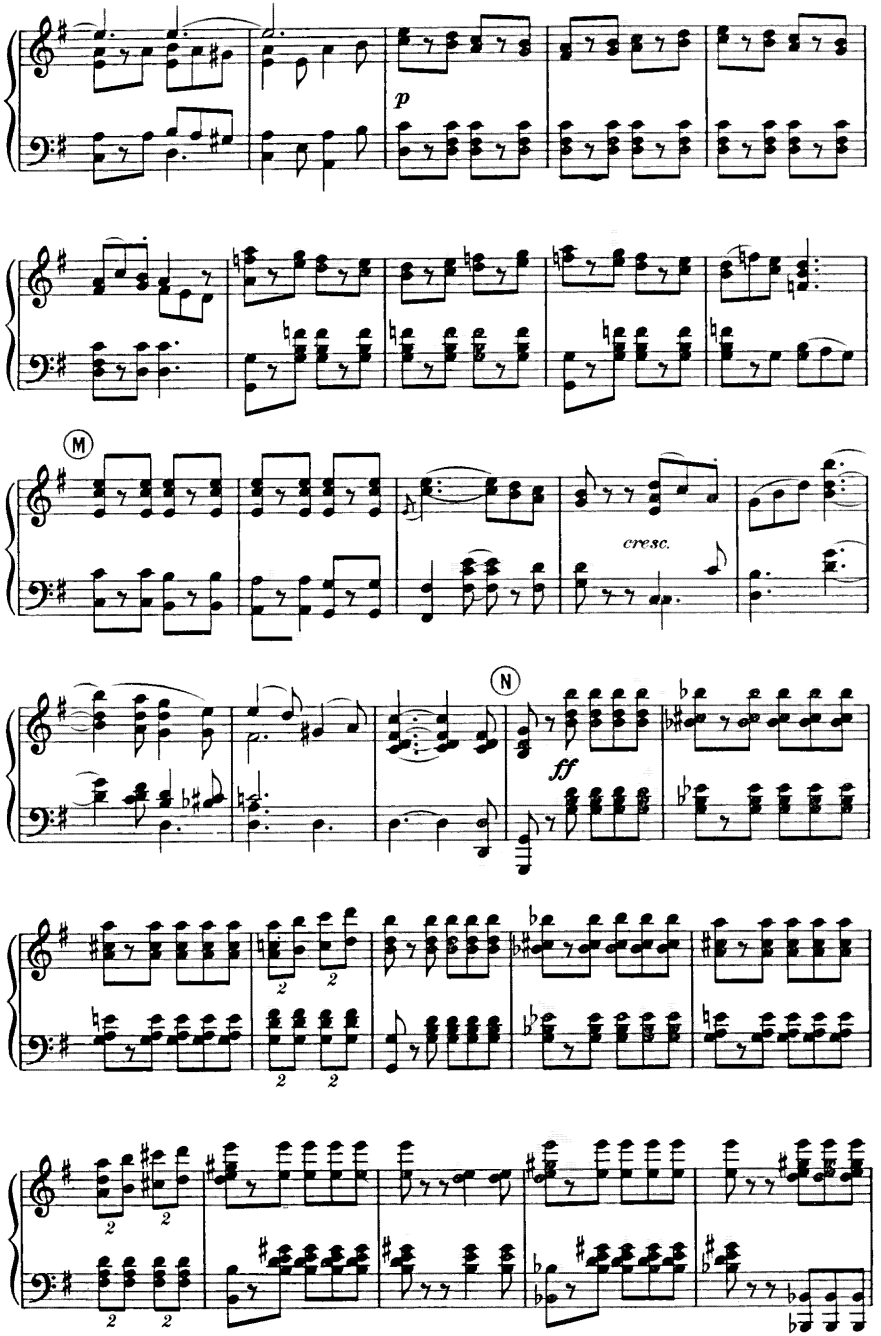
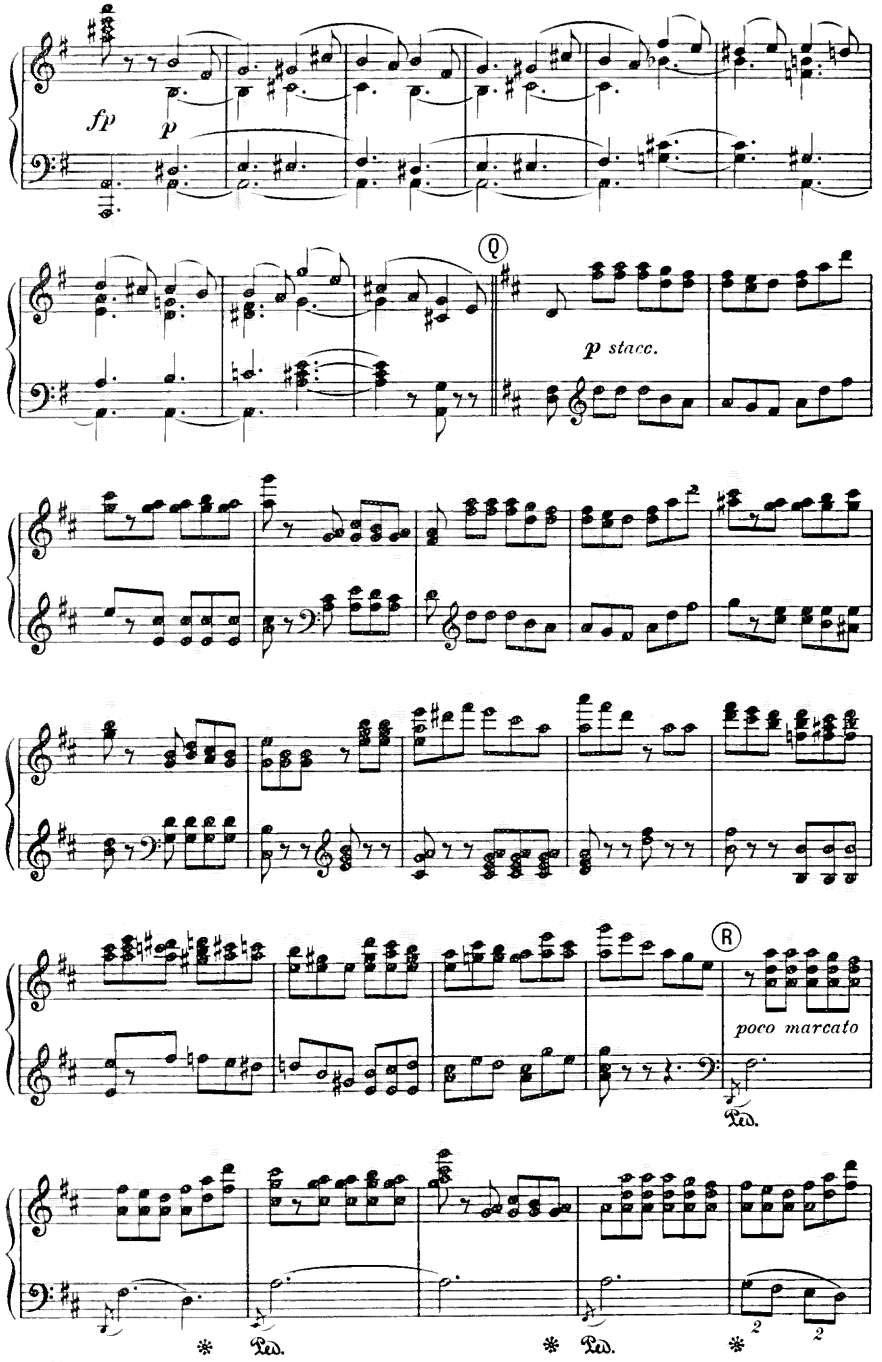
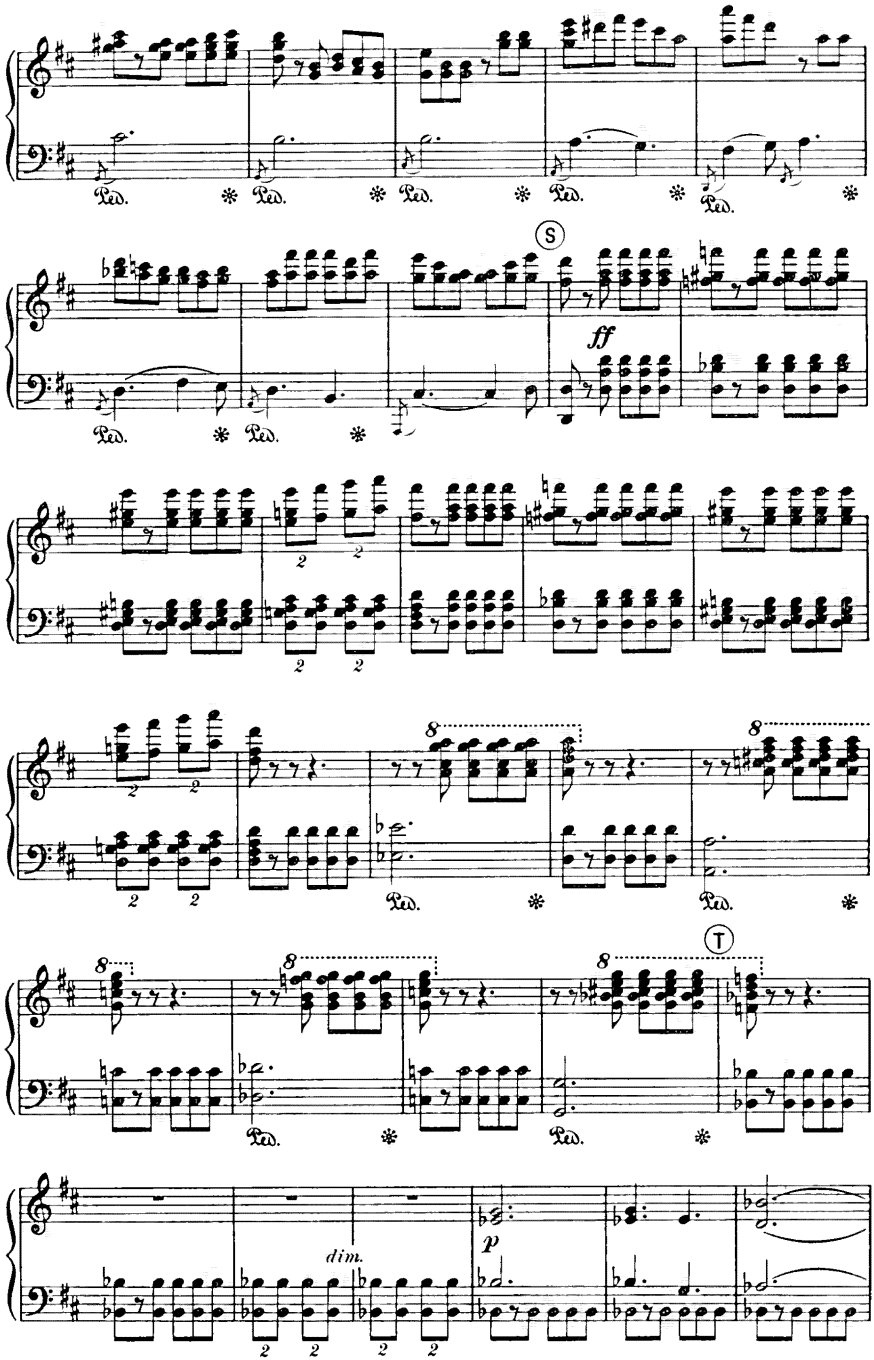

B
p
Ped.
C
a piacere
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Andante espressivo
p dolce
D
cresc.

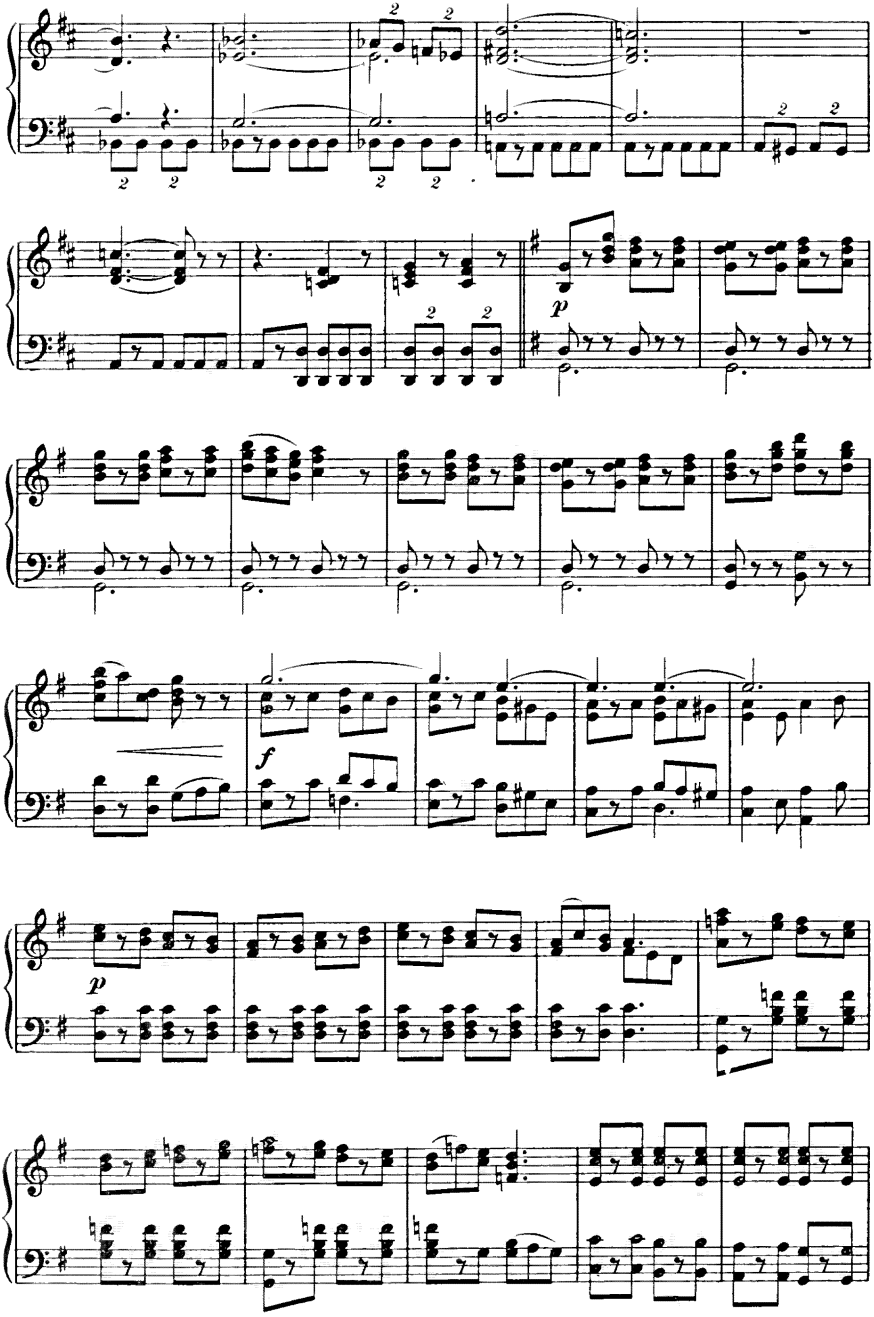

E
dim.
Allegro giocoso
F
G

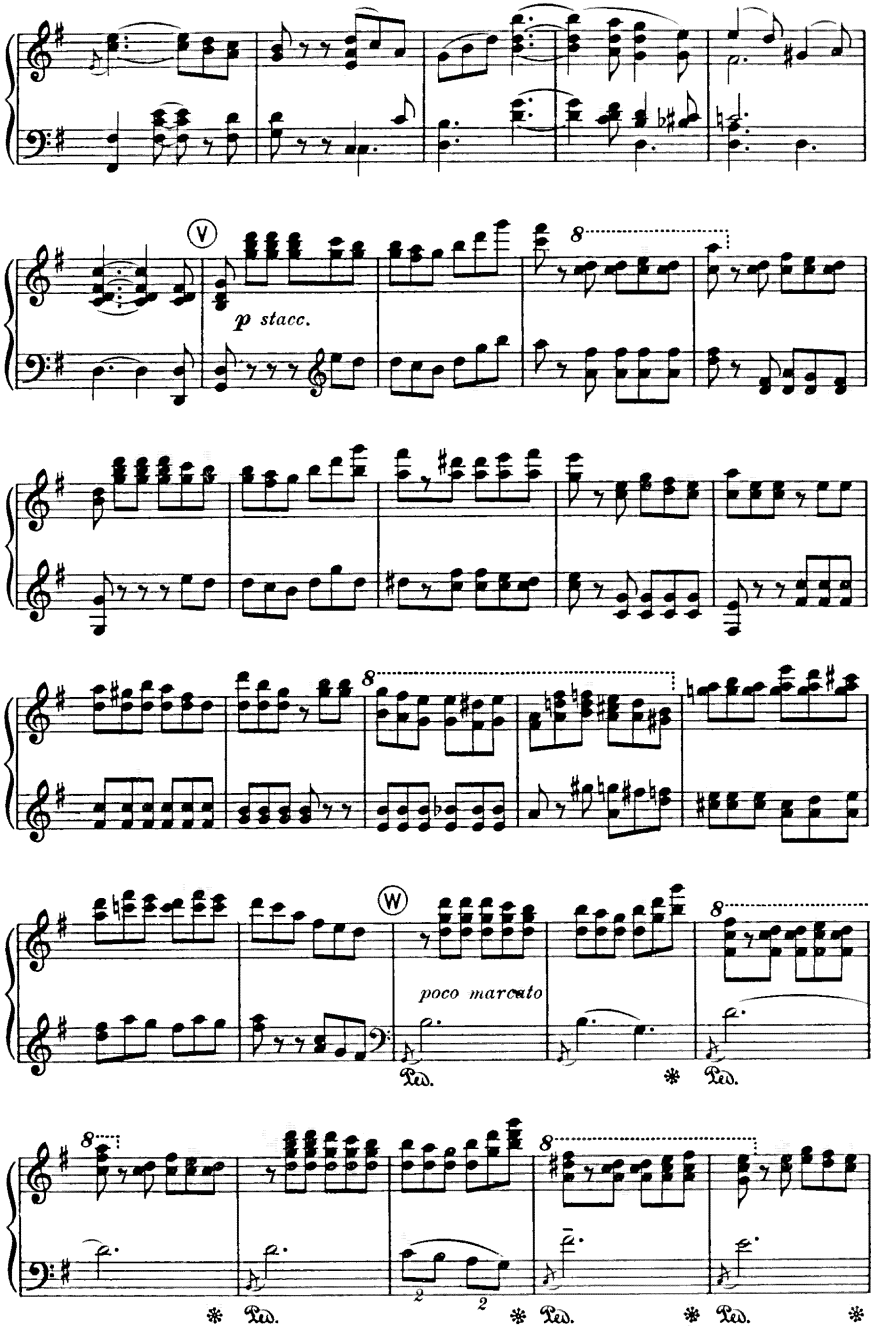

H
p
J
K
Ped.
p
L
f

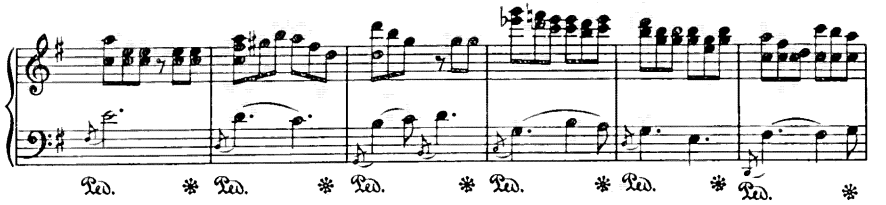

p
M
cresc.
N
ff

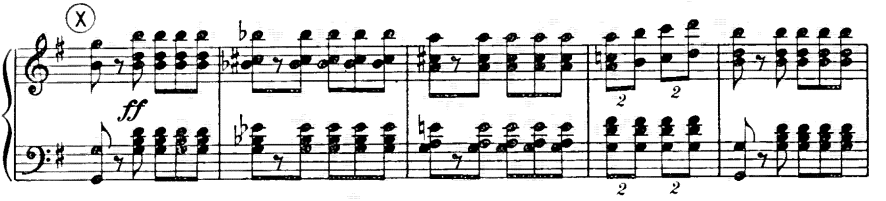

fp
p
Q
p stacc.
R
poco marcato
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

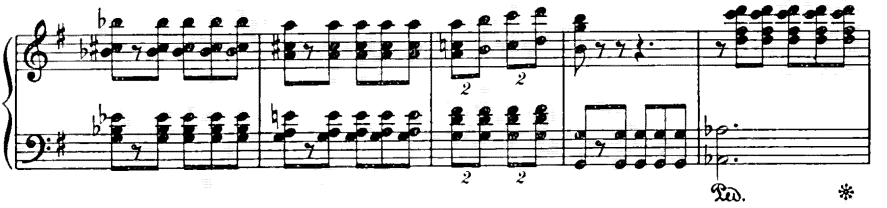

Ped.
S
ff
dim.
p

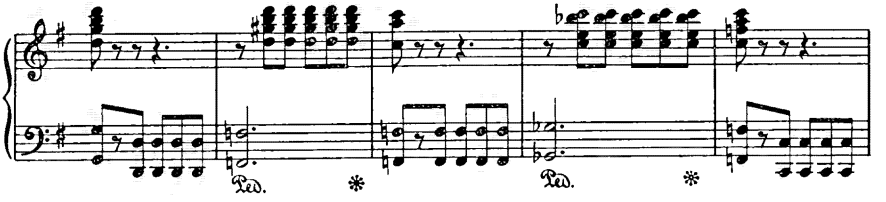

p
f
p

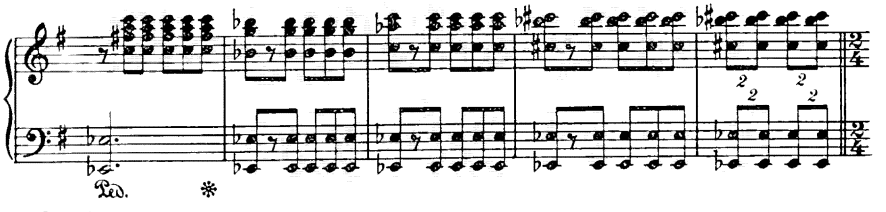

V
p stacc.
8
8
8
W
poco marcato
Ped.
Ped.
8
8
8
2
2
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



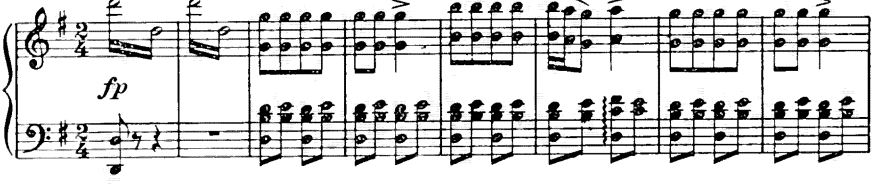


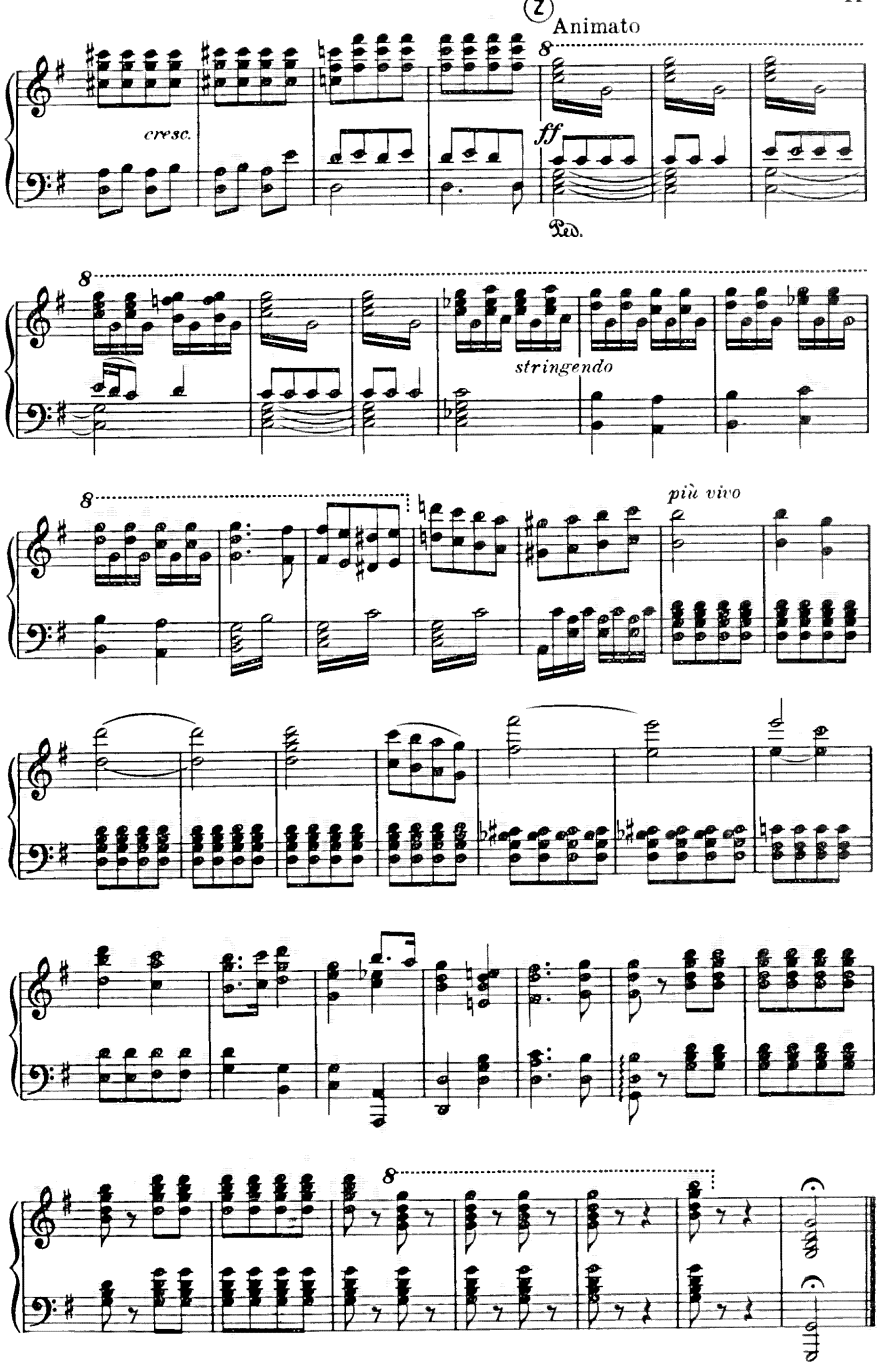






Y L'istesso tempo




Z
Animato
cresc.
ff
Ped.
stringendo
più vivo

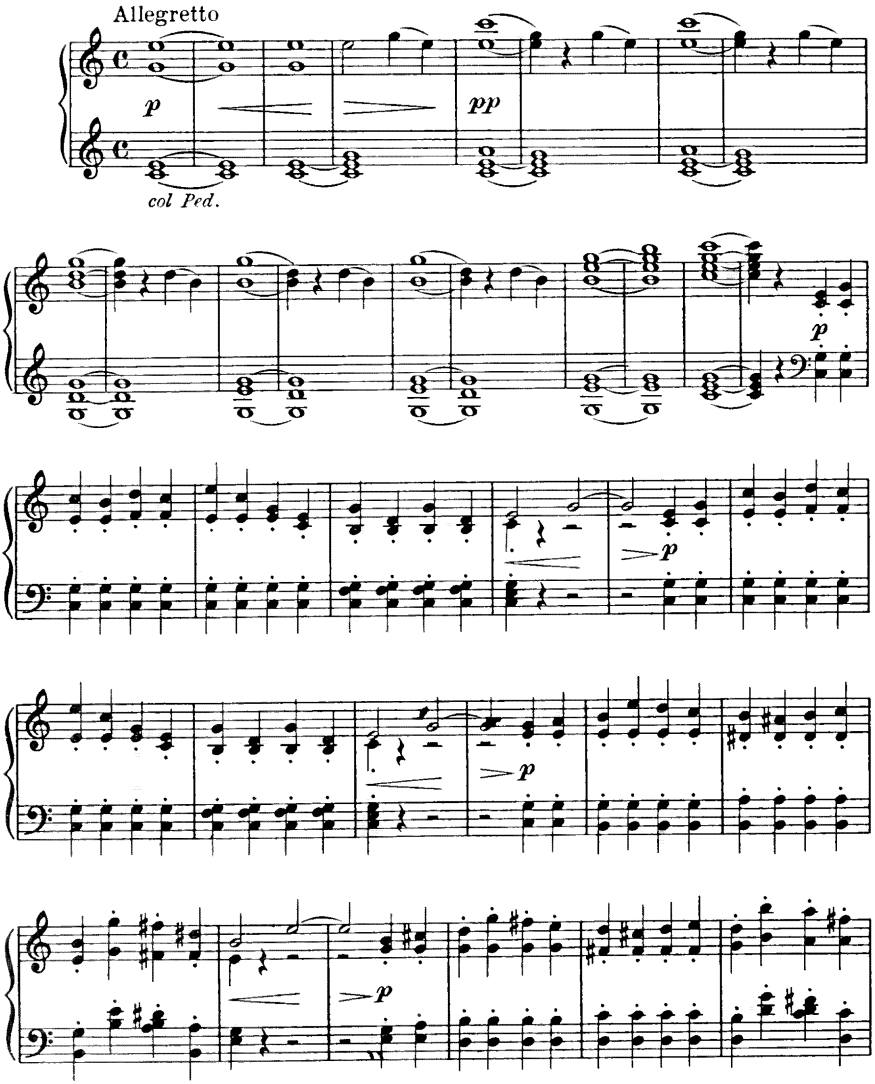
Act I

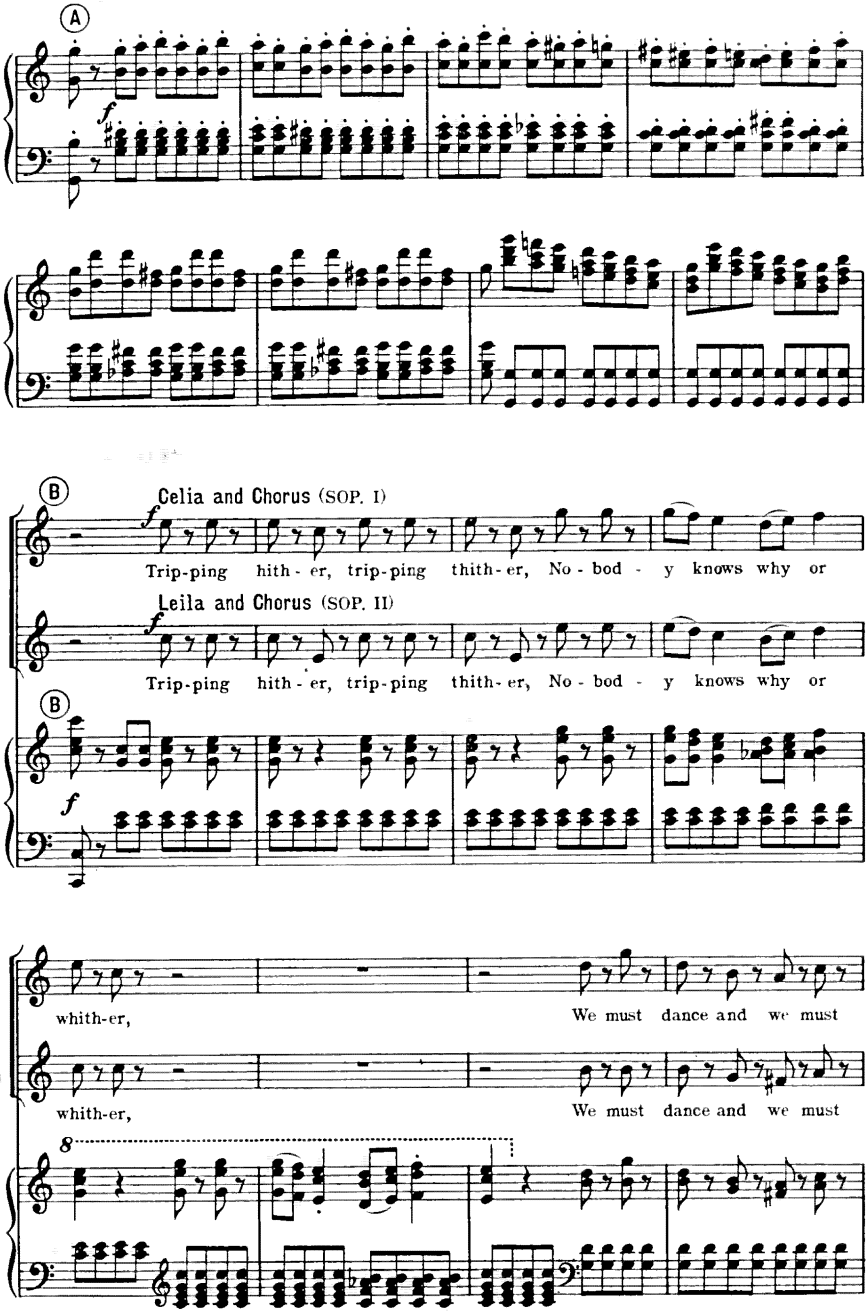
Scene: *An Arcadian landscape*

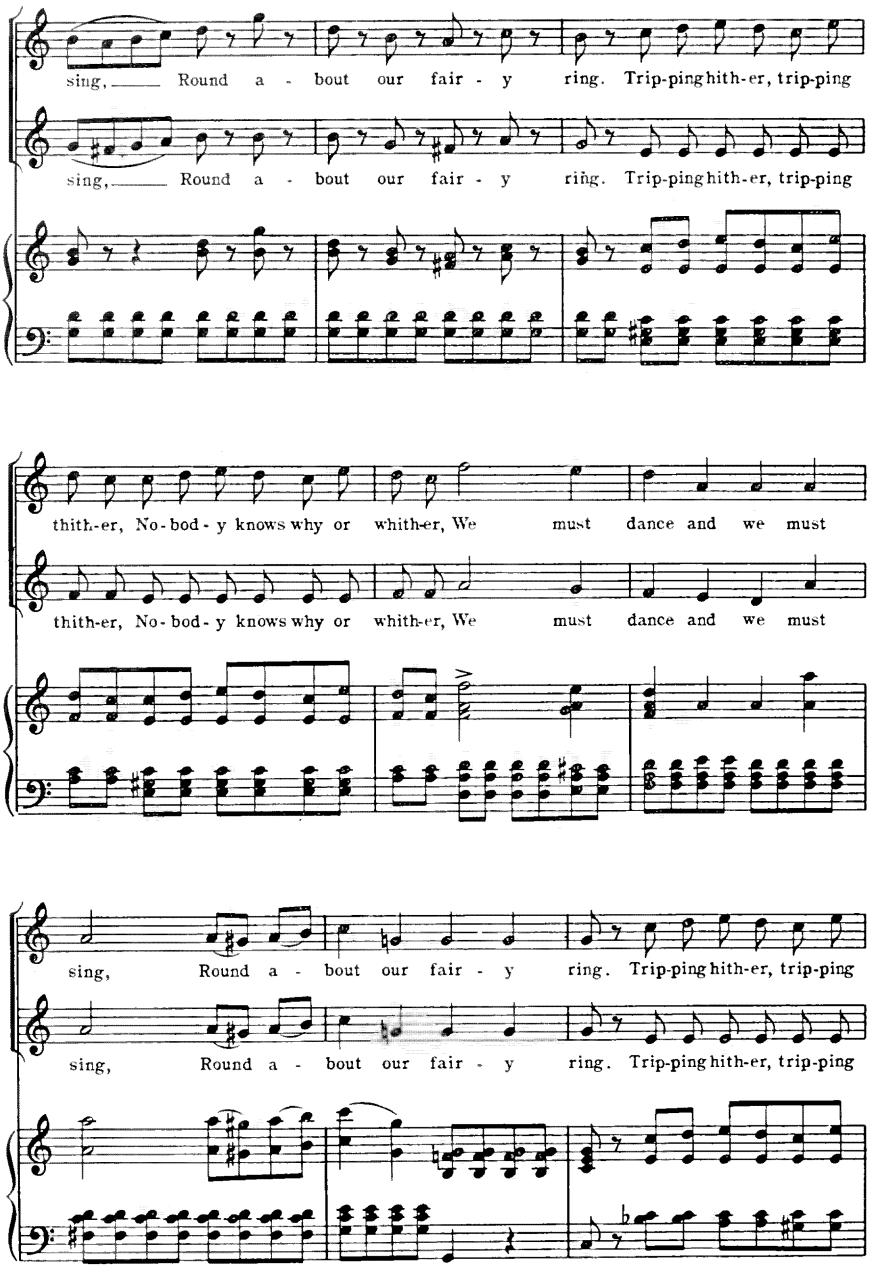
No. 1. Tripping hither, tripping thither

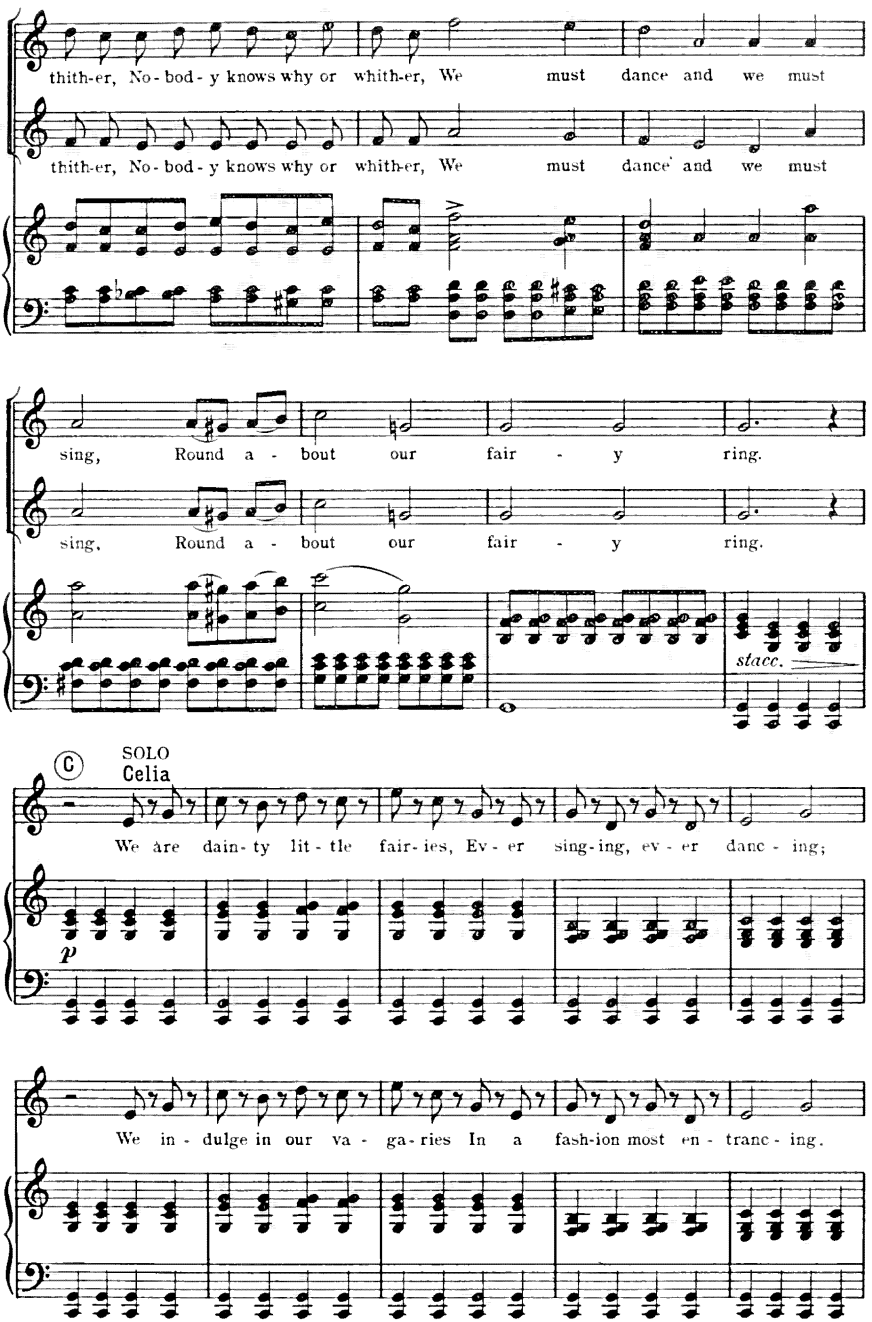
Opening Chorus and Soli

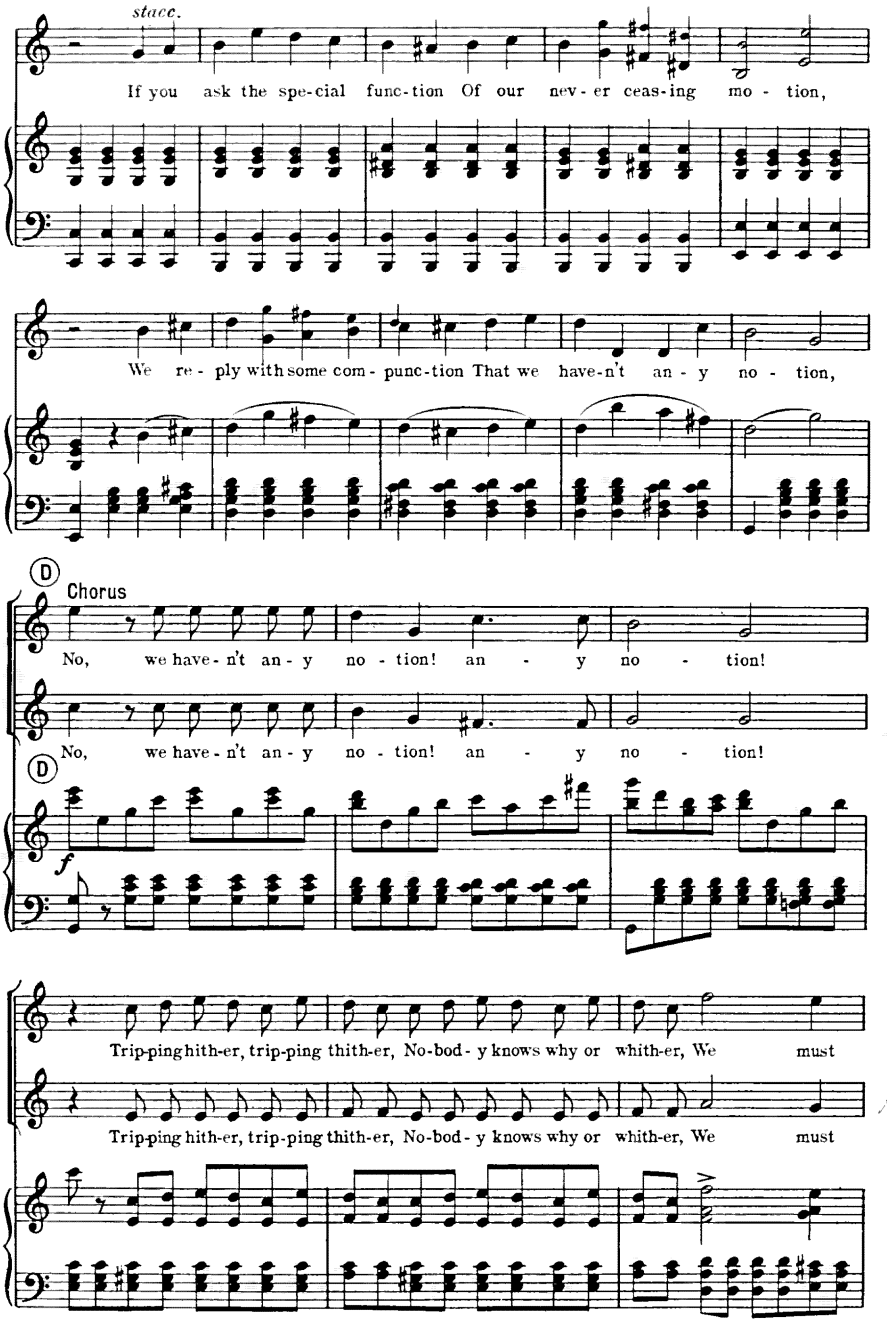
Celia, Leila and Fairies

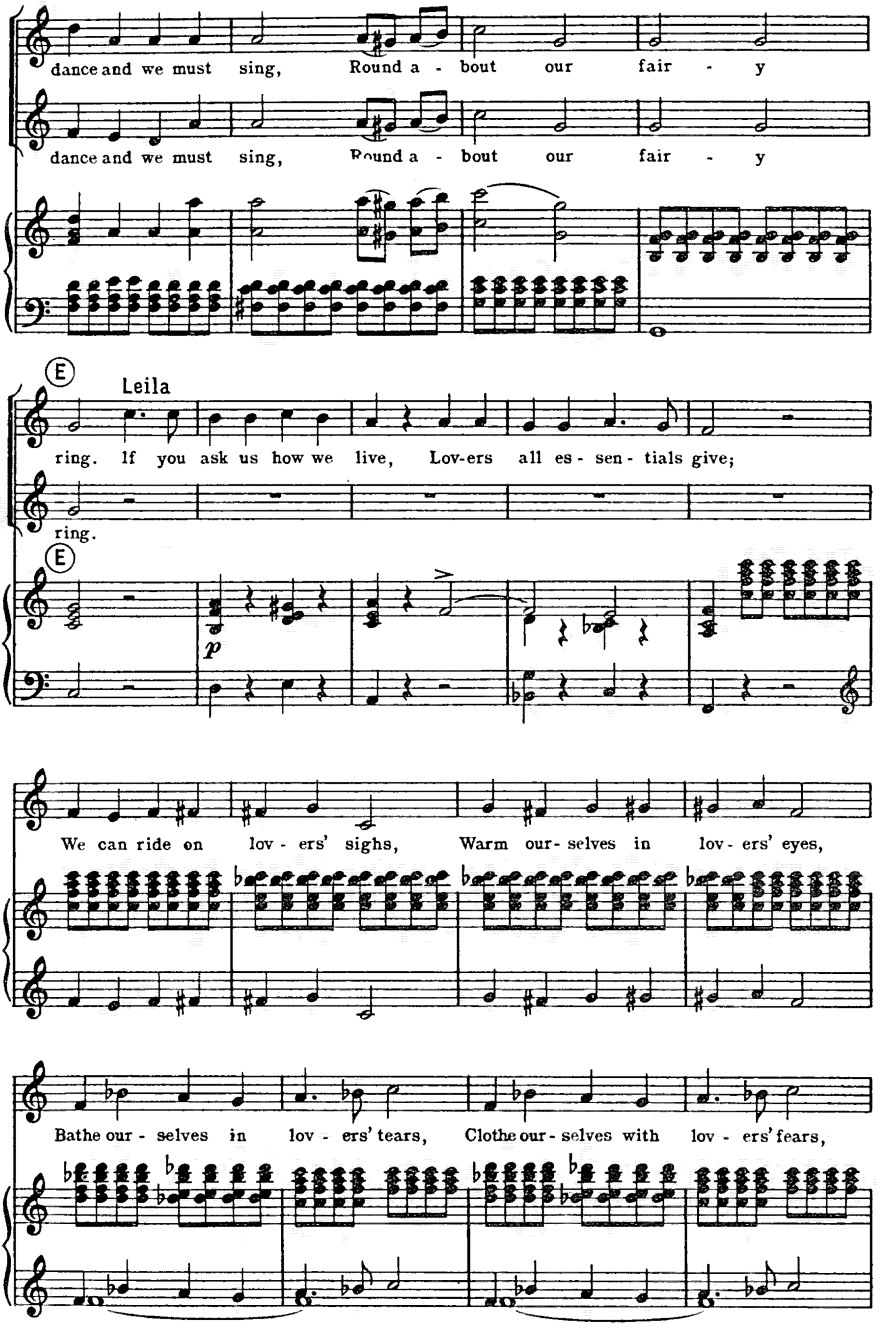


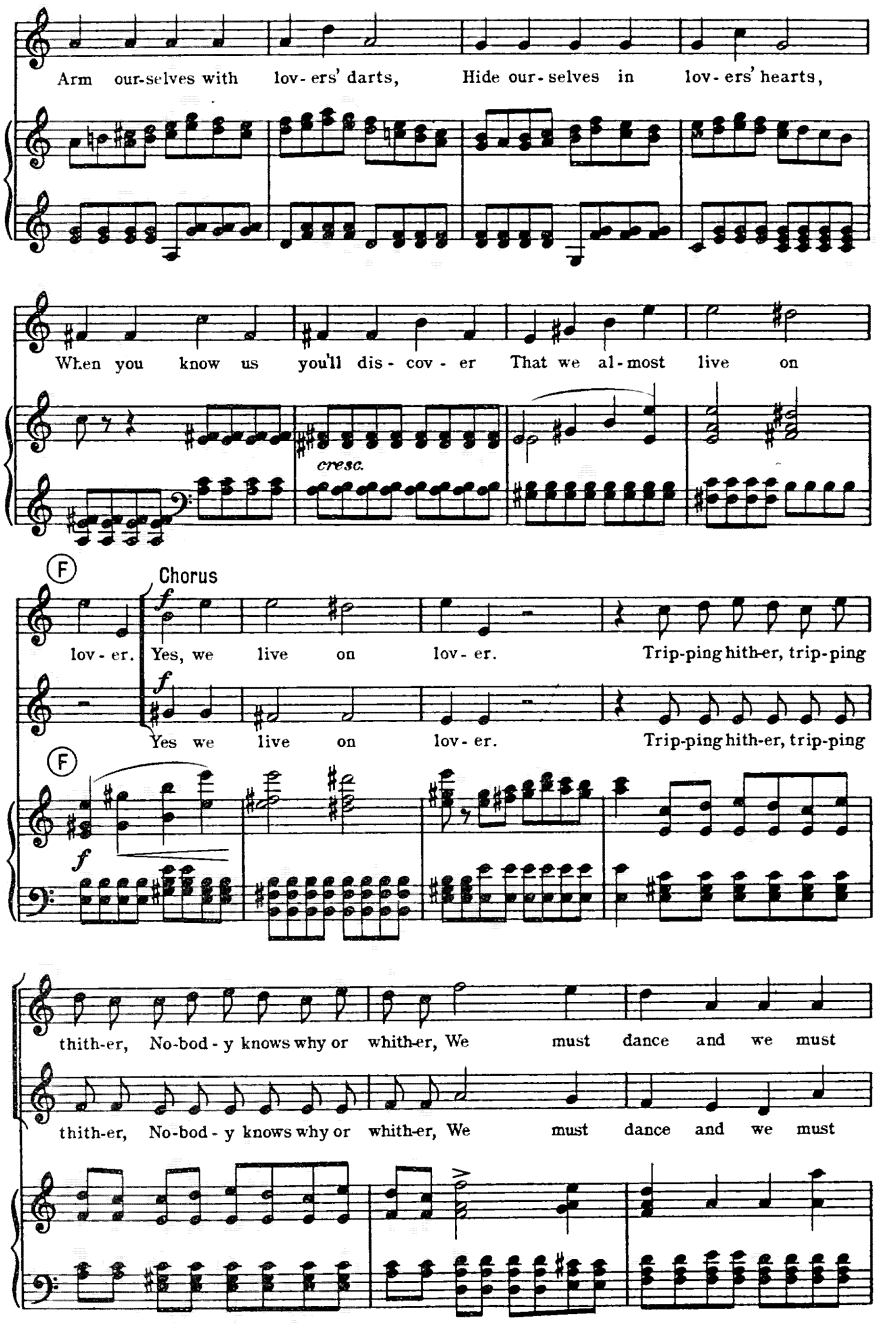

A
f
B
Celia and Chorus (SOP. I)
f
Trip-ping hith - er, trip-ping thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or
Leila and Chorus (SOP. II)
f
Trip-ping hith - er, trip-ping thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or
B
f
whith-er,
We must dance and we must
whith-er,
We must dance and we must
8

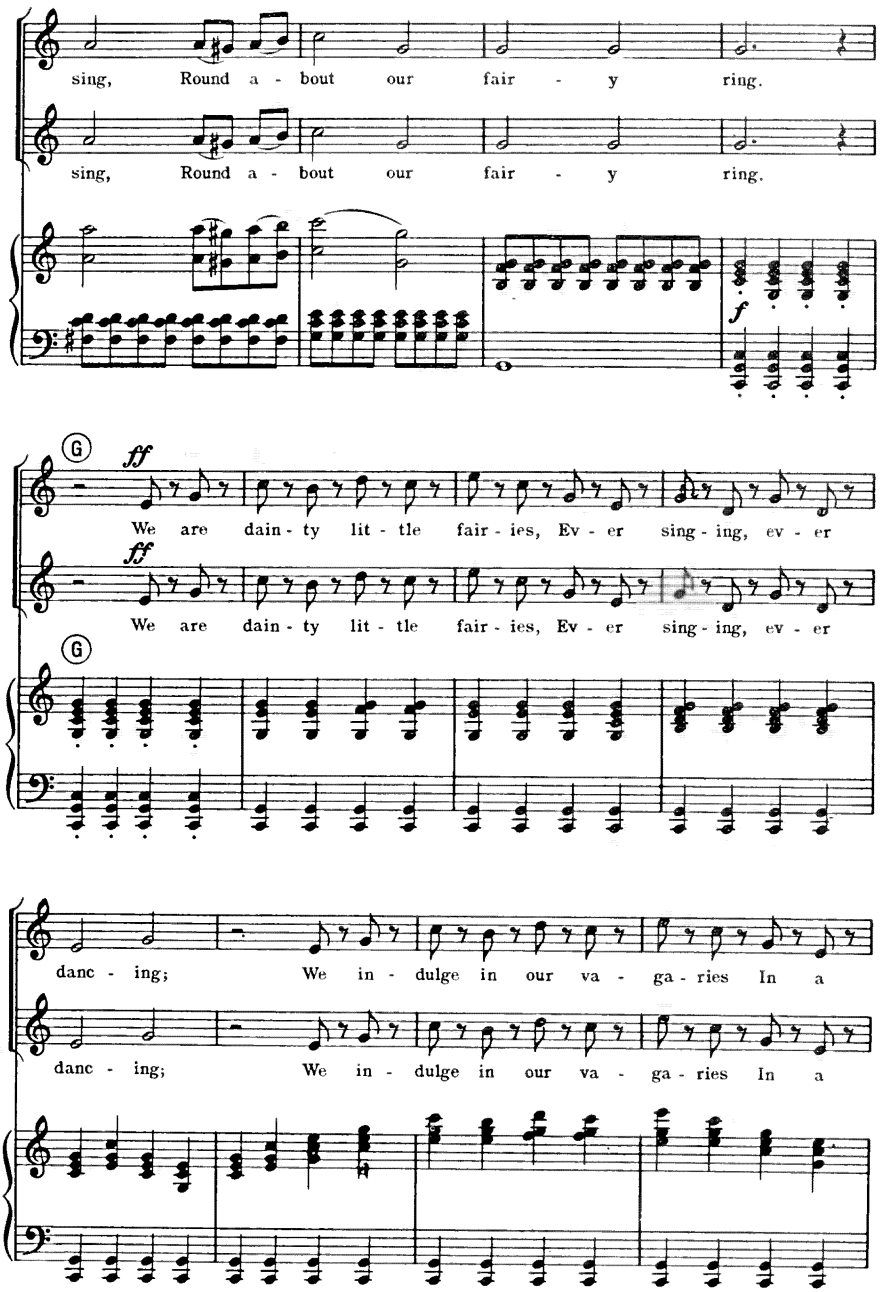

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

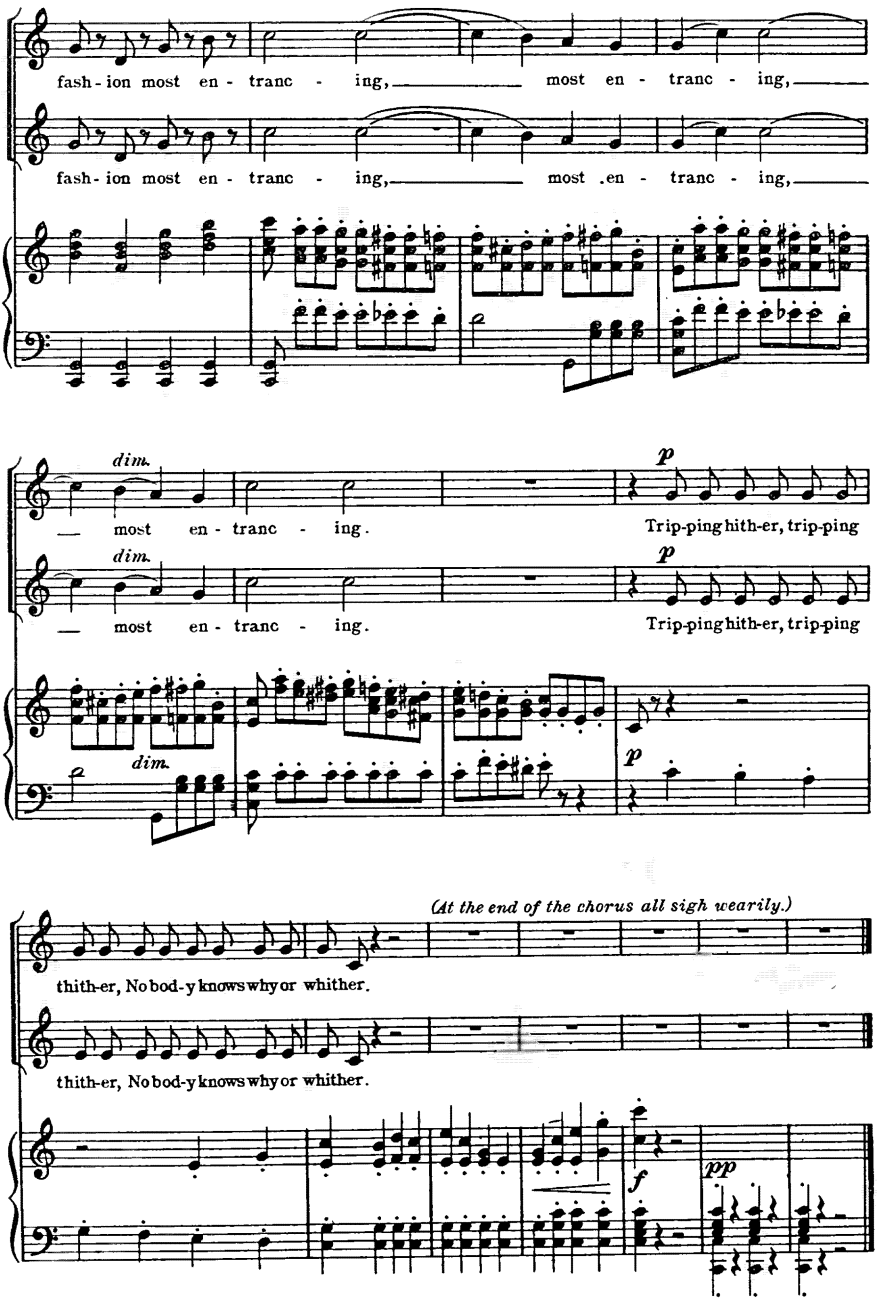

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
sing, Round a-bout our fair-y ring.
sing, Round a-bout our fair-y ring.
stacc.
C
SOLO
Celia
We are dain-ty lit-tle fair-ies, Ev-er sing-ing, ev-er danc-ing;
p
We in-dulge in our va-ga-ries In a fash-ion most en-tranc-ing.


stacc.
If you ask the spe-cial func-tion Of our nev-er ceas-ing mo - tion,
We re - ply with some com - punc-tion That we have-n't an - y no - tion,
D
Chorus
No, we have-n't an - y no - tion! an - y no - tion!
No, we have-n't an - y no - tion! an - y no - tion!
D
f
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must


dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y
dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y
Leila
ring. If you ask us how we live, Lov-ers all es - sen - tials give;
ring.
p
We can ride on lov - ers' sighs, Warm our- selves in lov - ers' eyes,
Bathe our - selves in lov - ers' tears, Clothe our - selves with lov - ers' fears,


Arm our-selves with lov-ers' darts, Hide our-selves in lov-ers' hearts,
When you know us you'll dis-cov-er That we al-most live on
cresc.
F
Chorus
f
lov-er. Yes, we live on lov-er. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
f
Yes we live on lov-er. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
F
f
thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must


sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.
sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.
f
G
ff
We are dain - ty lit - tle fair - ies, Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er
ff
We are dain - ty lit - tle fair - ies, Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er
G
danc - ing; We in - dulge in our va - ga - ries In a
danc - ing; We in - dulge in our va - ga - ries In a


fash-ion most en-tranc-ing, most en-tranc-ing,
fash-ion most en-tranc-ing, most en-tranc-ing,
dim.
most en-tranc-ing.
p
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
dim.
most en-tranc-ing.
p
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
dim.
p
(At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.)
thith-er, No bod-y knows why or whither.
thith-er, No bod-y knows why or whither.
f
pp

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.

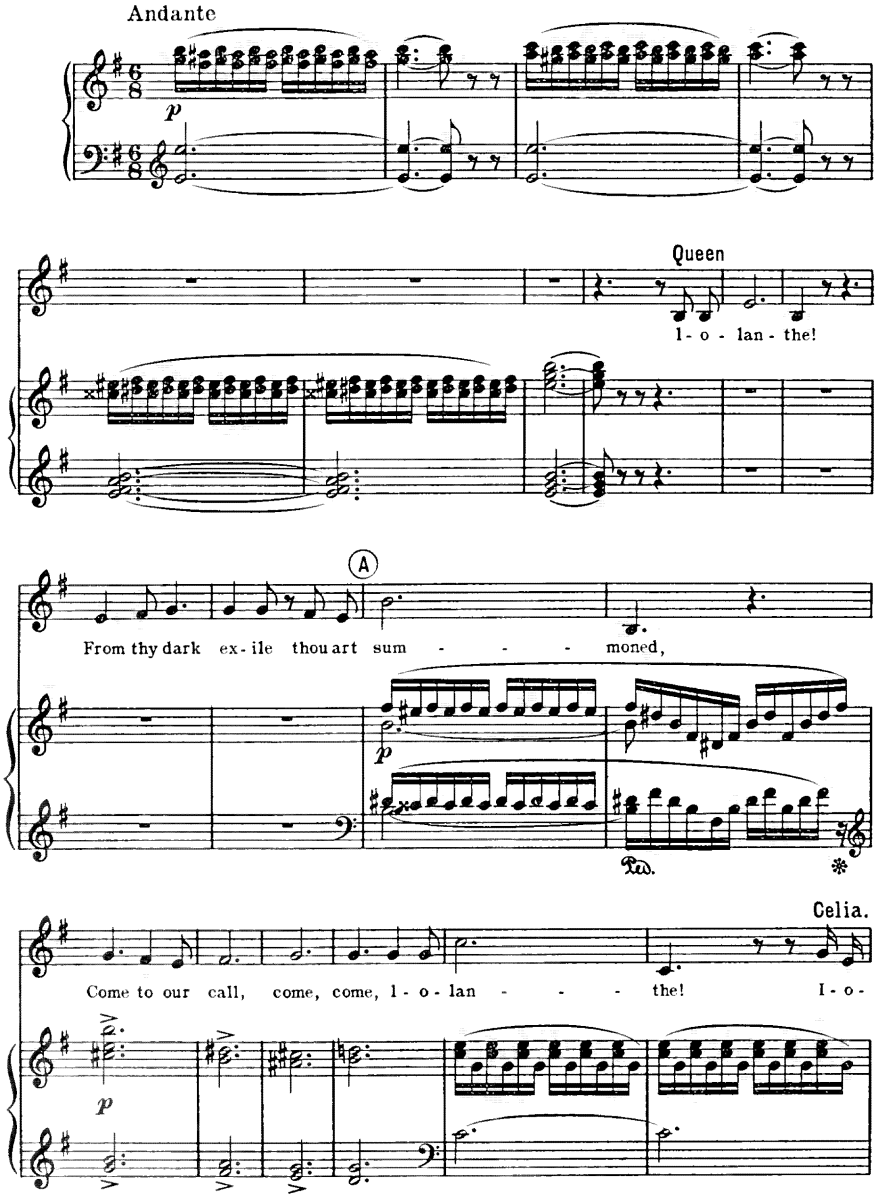
(All kneel in supplication)

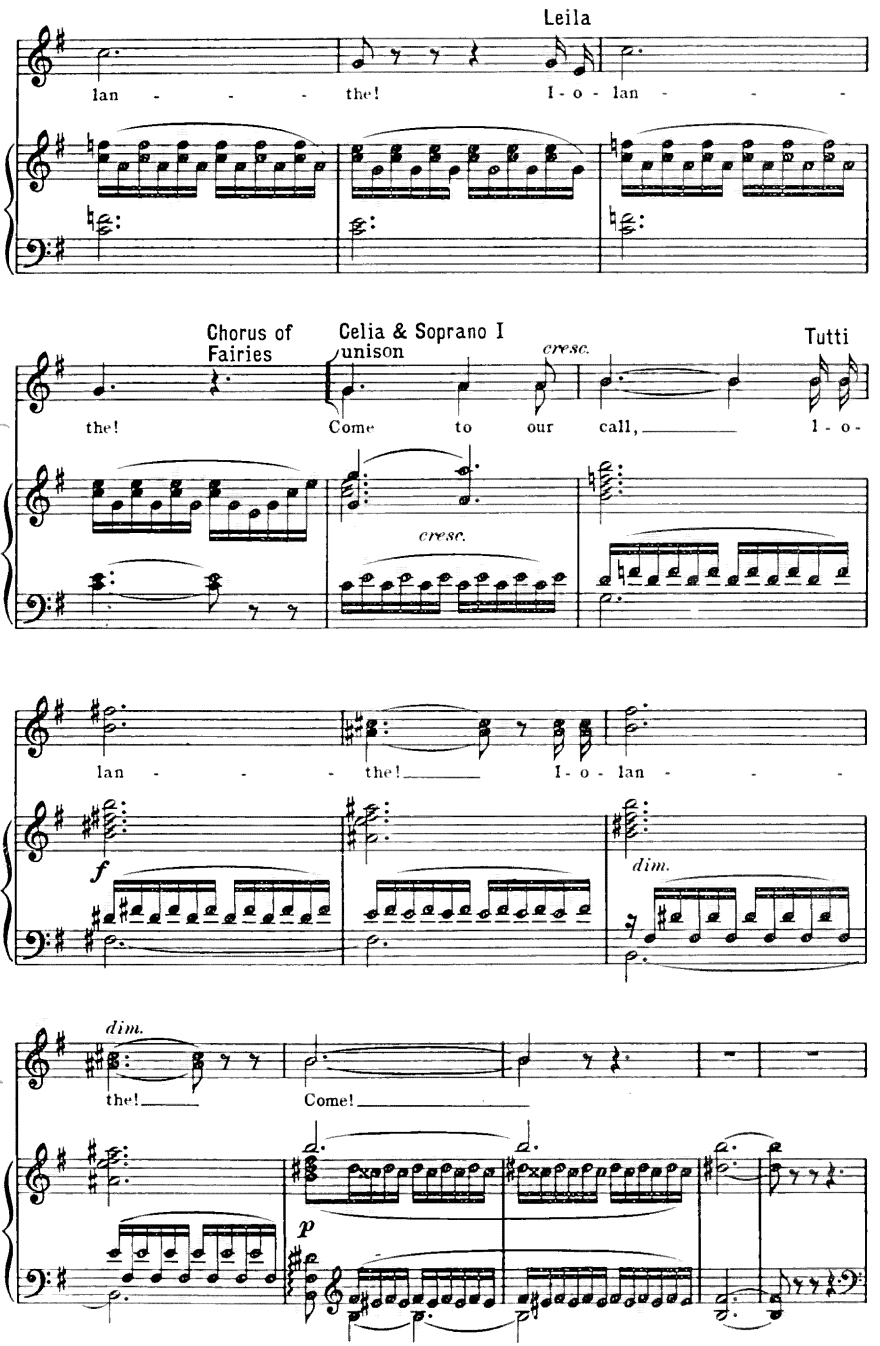
Queen: *(irresolute)* Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And—Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

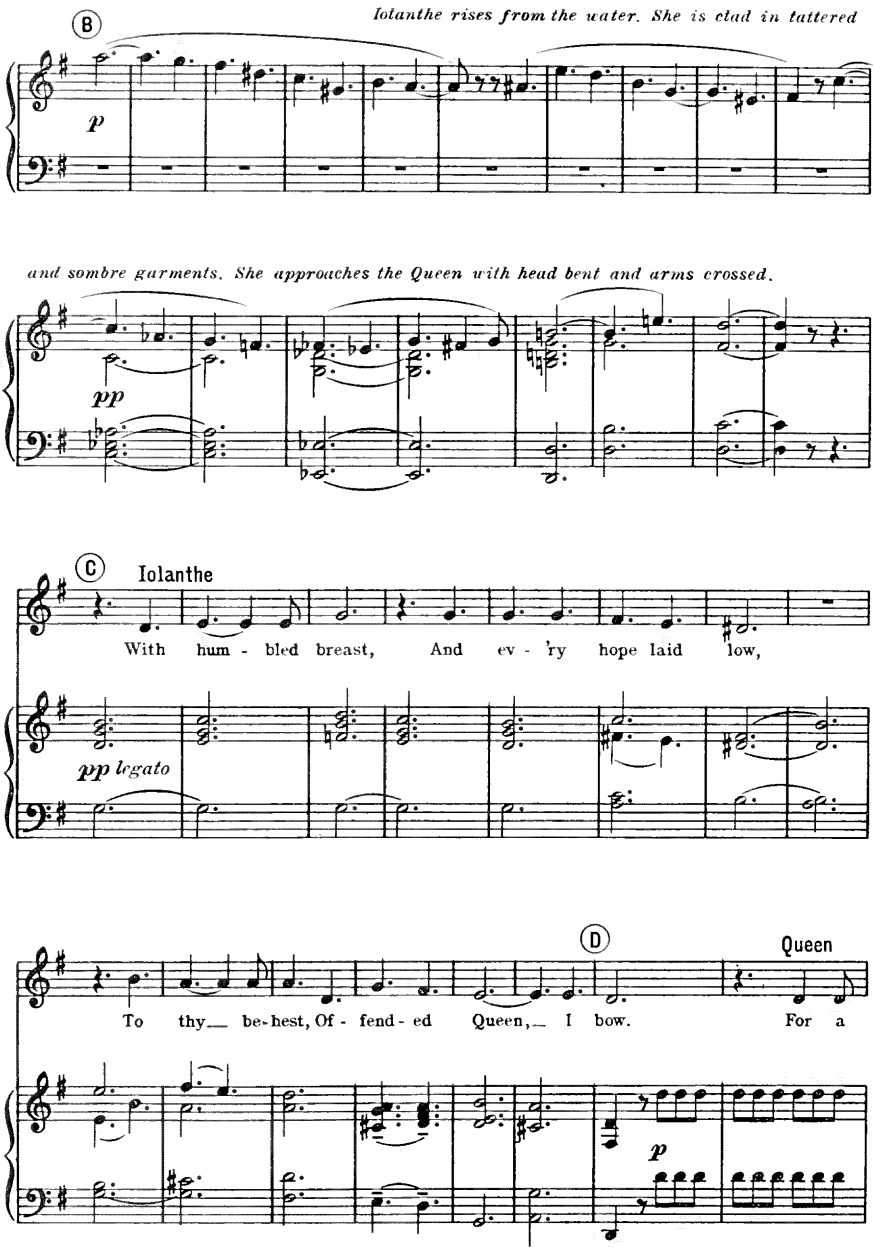
No. 2. Invocation: "Iolanthe! from thy dark exile"

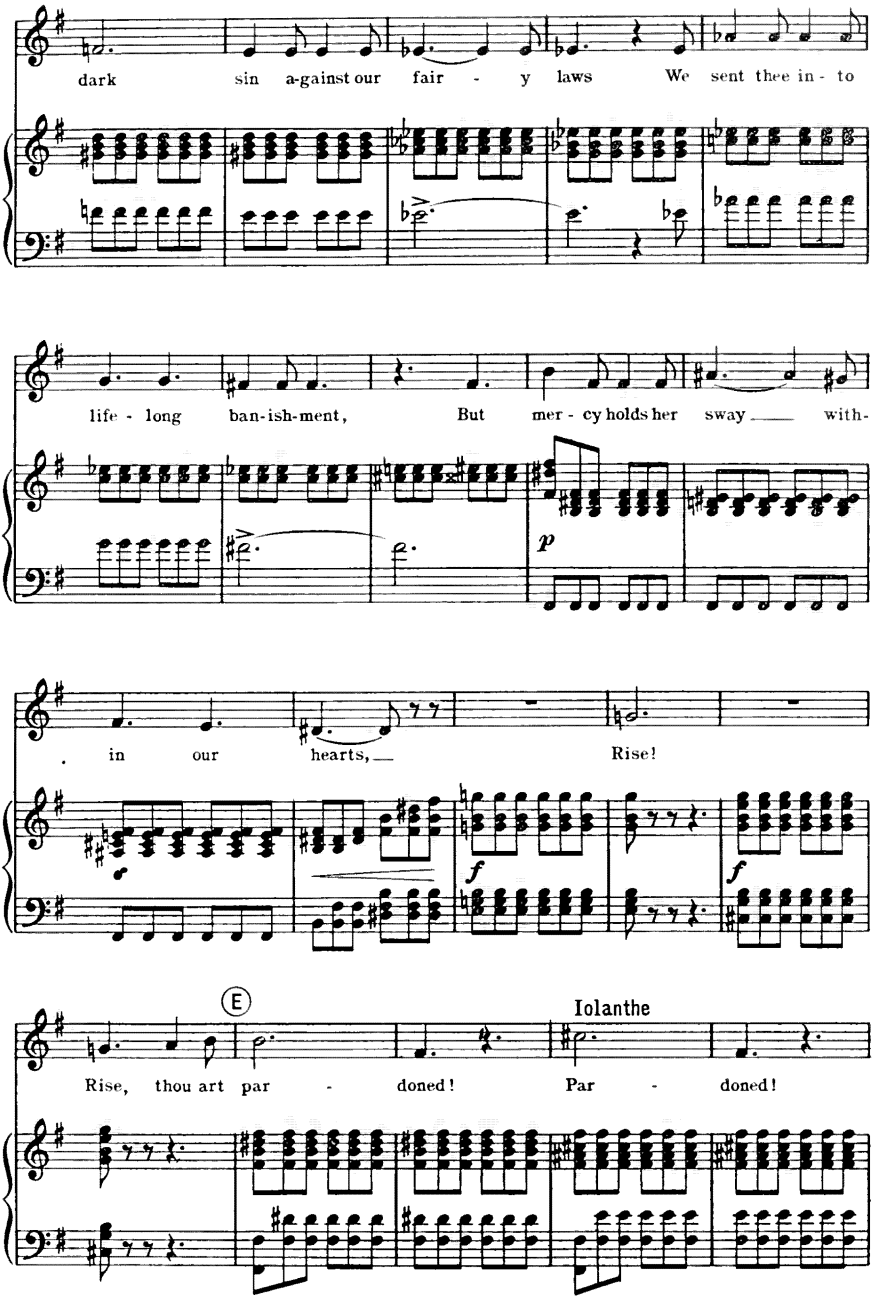
Soli and Chorus

Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila and Fairies



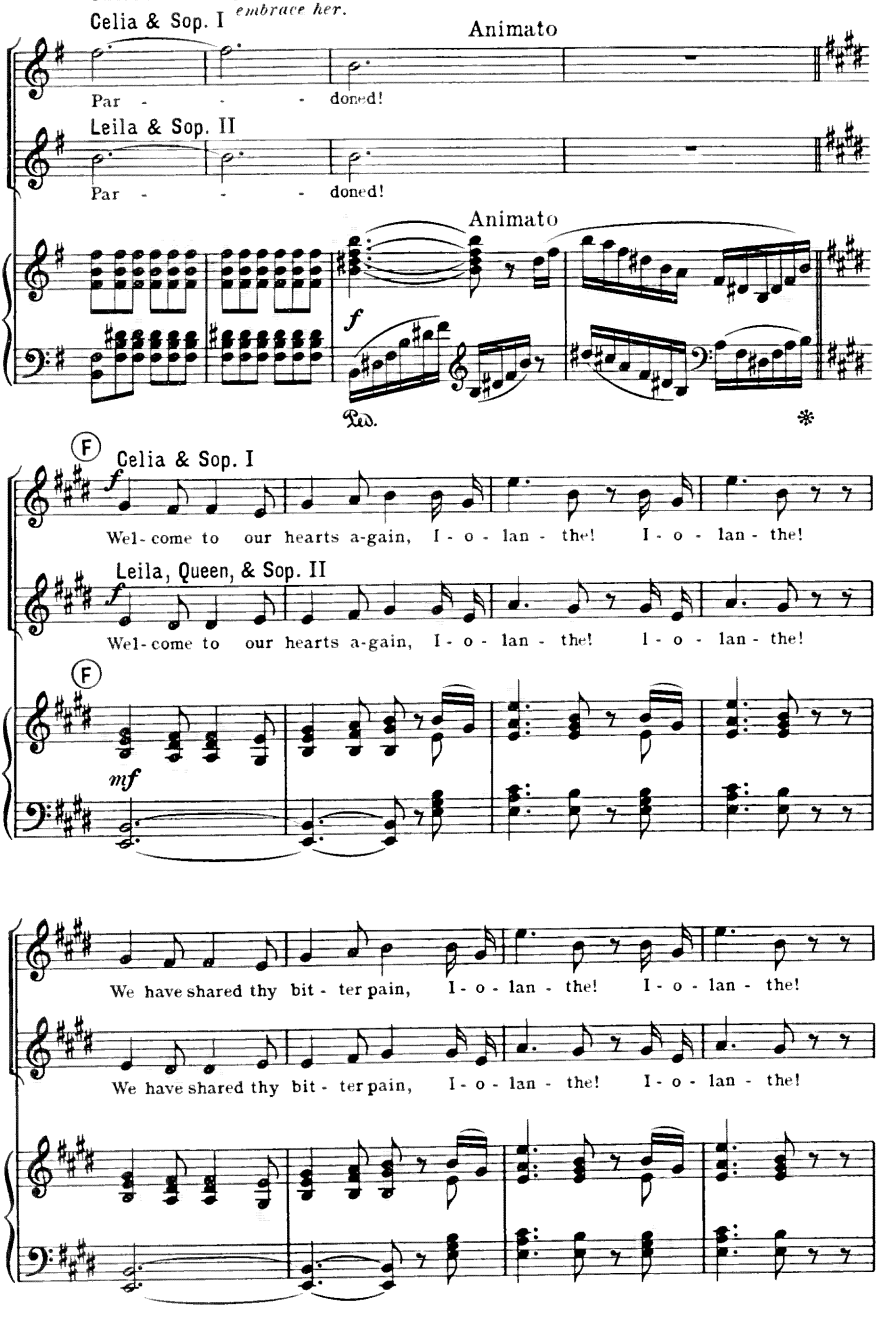

Leila
lan - - - the! I - o - lan - - -
Chorus of Fairies
Celia & Soprano I unison
cresc.
Tutti
the! Come to our call, I - o -
cresc.
lan - - - the! I - o - lan - - -
f
dim.
dim.
the! Come!
p

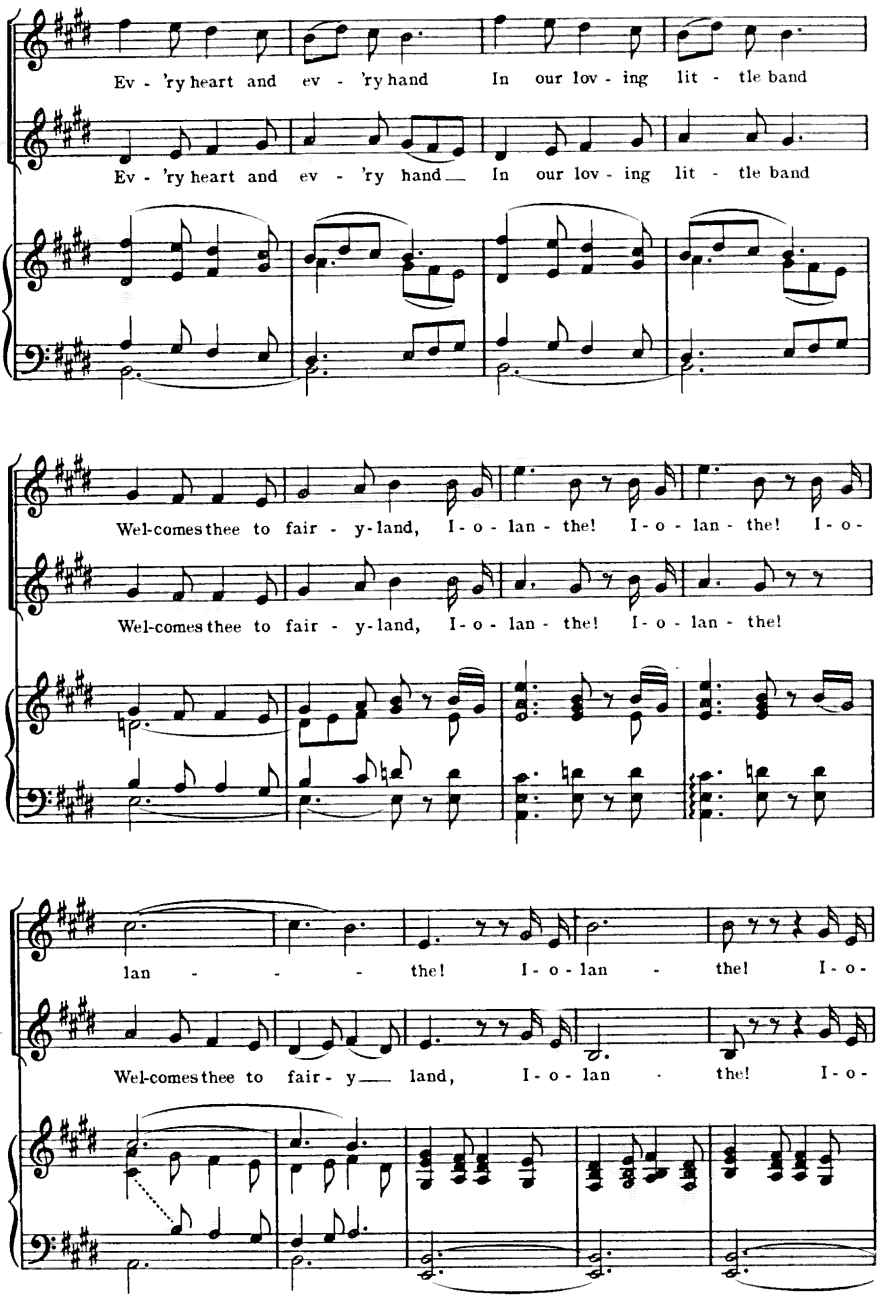

B
Iolanthe rises from the water. She is clad in tattered
p
and sombre garments. She approaches the Queen with head bent and arms crossed.
pp
C
Iolanthe
With hum - bled breast, And ev - 'ry hope laid low,
pp legato
D
Queen
To thy_ be-hest, Of - fend - ed Queen,_ I bow. For a
p

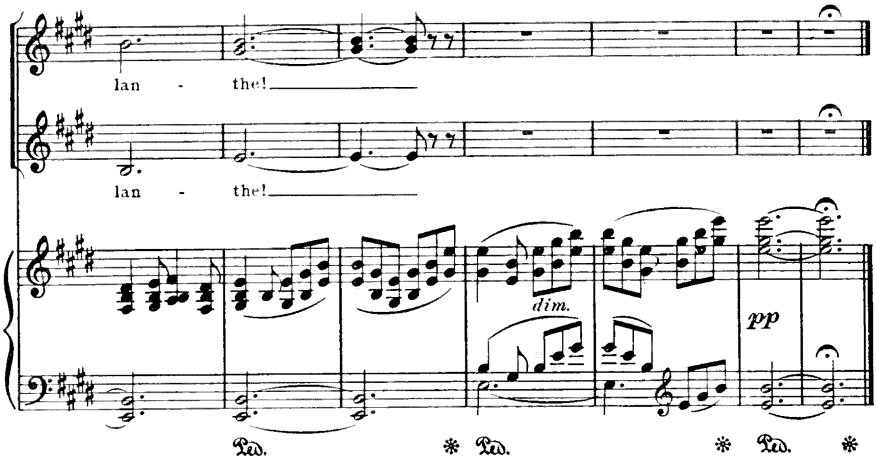

dark sin a-gainst our fair - y laws We sent thee in - to
life - long ban-ish-ment, But mer - cy holds her sway with-
p
. in our hearts, Rise!
f
f
E
Iolanthe
Rise, thou art par - doned! Par - doned!

Chorus

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.




Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand In our lov - ing lit - tle band
Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand In our lov - ing lit - tle band
Wel-comes thee to fair - y-land, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the! I - o -
Wel-comes thee to fair - y-land, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the!
lan - - - the! I - o - lan - the! I - o -
Wel-comes thee to fair - y land, I - o - lan - the! I - o -



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.

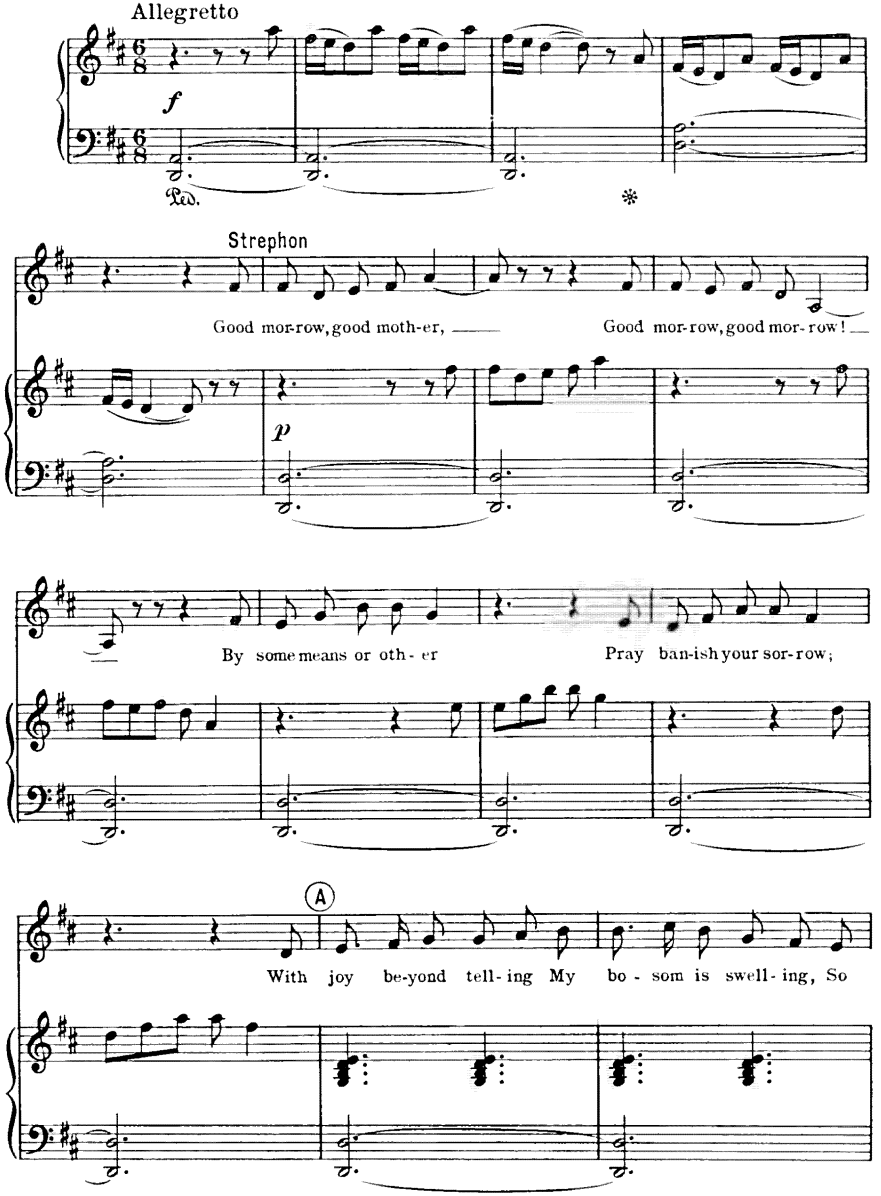
Iolanthe: Nothing easier, for here he comes.

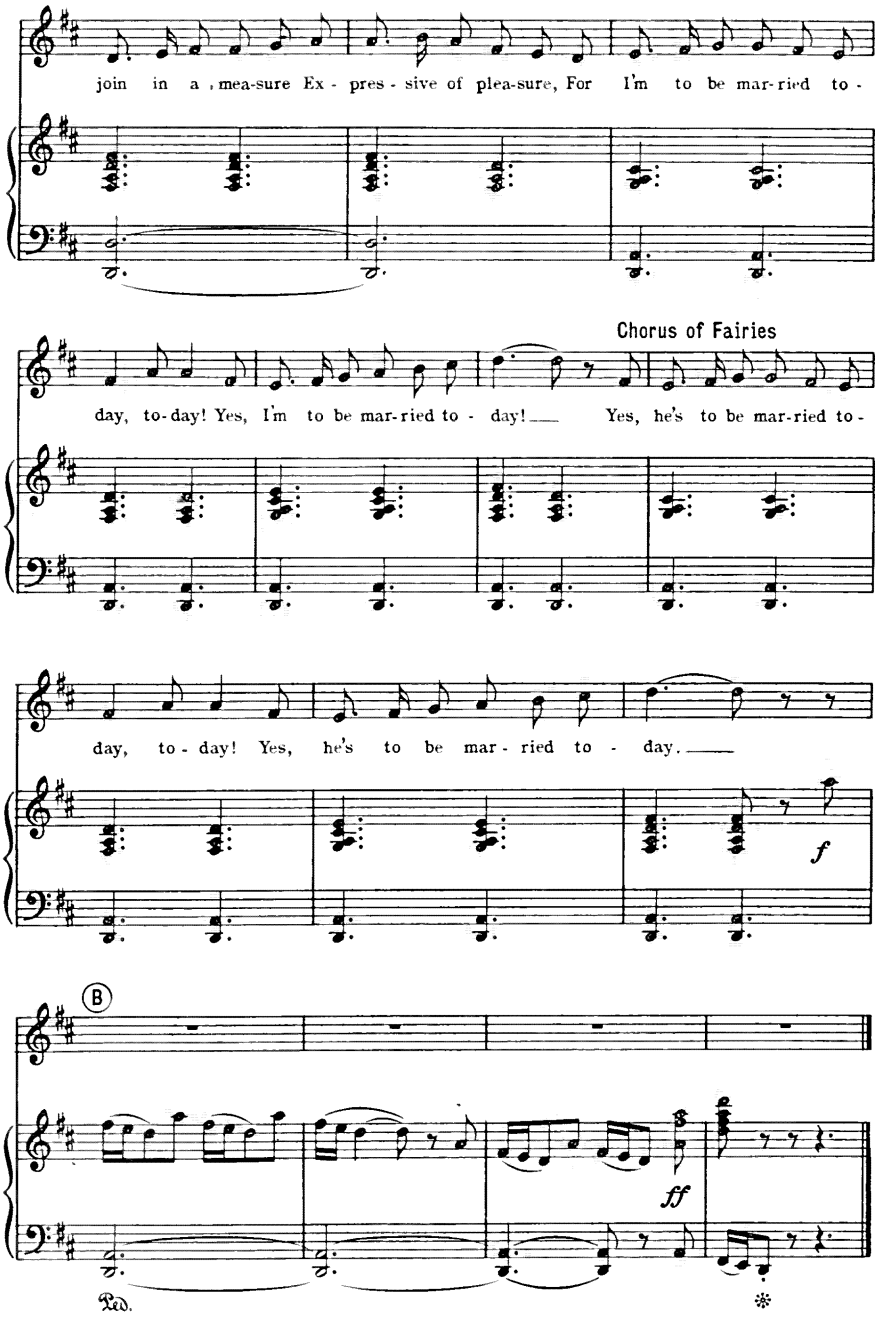
(Enter Strephon, singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet. He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.)

No. 3. "Good morrow, good mother"

Solo and Chorus

Strephon and Fairies




join in a mea-sure Ex - pres - sive of plea-sure, For I'm to be mar-ried to -
Chorus of Fairies
day, to-day! Yes, I'm to be mar-ried to - day! Yes, he's to be mar-ried to -
day, to - day! Yes, he's to be mar - ried to - day.
f
B
ff
Ped.
*

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.

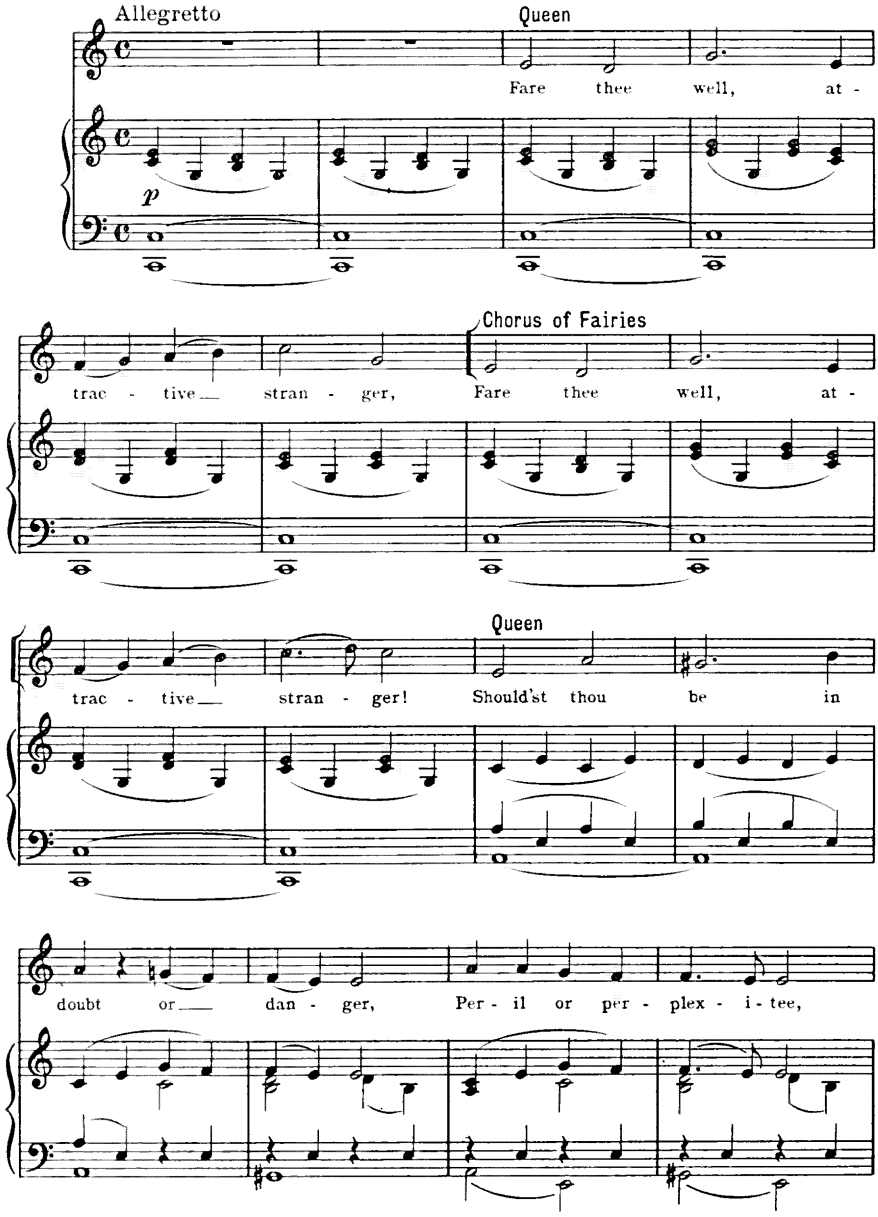
Strephon: *(bowing)* I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

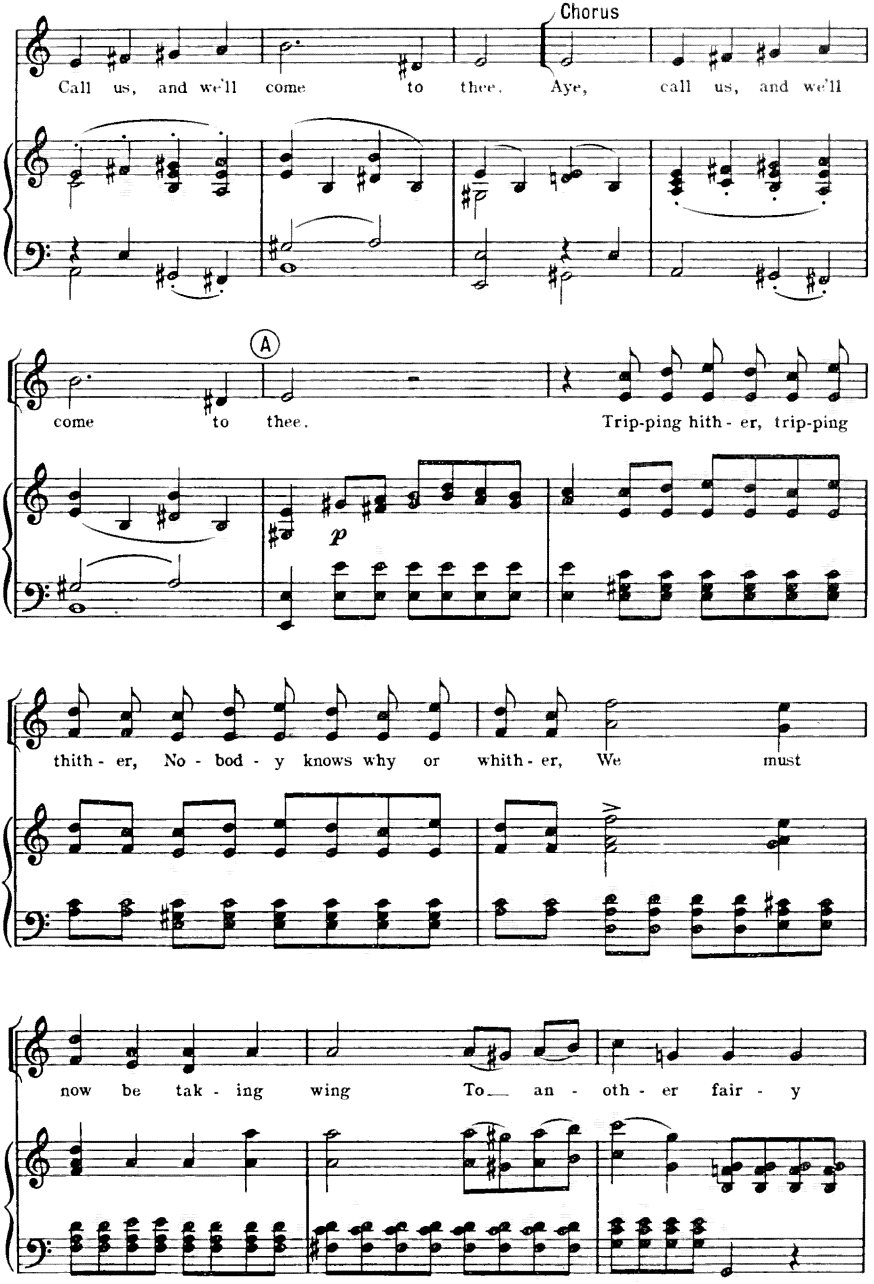
Queen: No; we are fairies down to the feet.

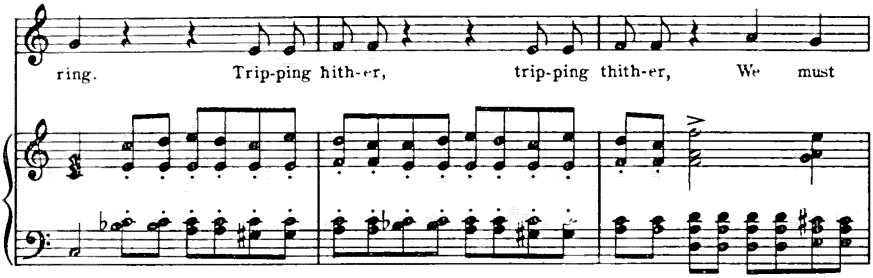
No. 4. Fare thee well

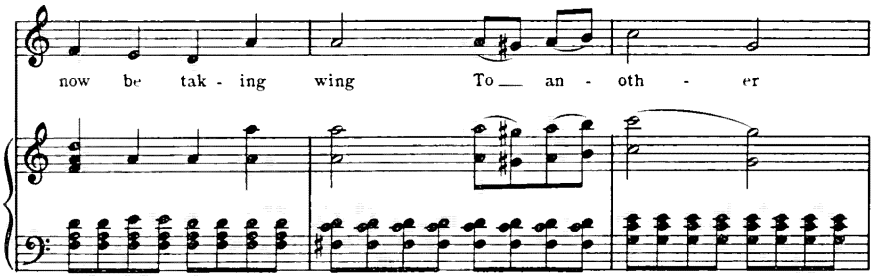
Solo and Chorus

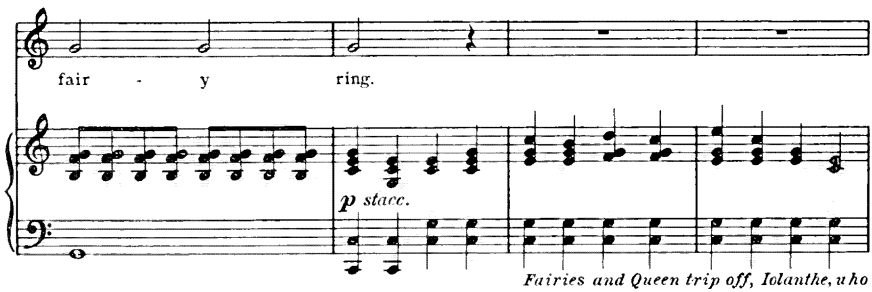
Queen and Fairies



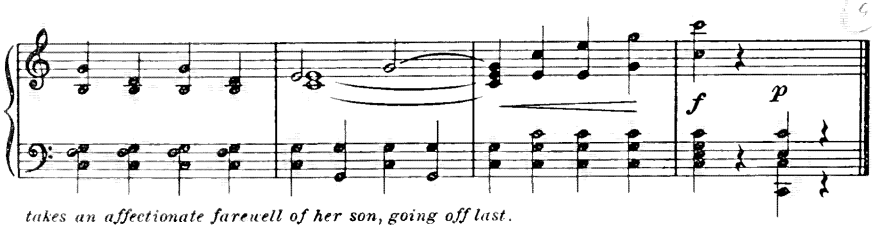

Chorus
Call us, and we'll come to thee. Aye, call us, and we'll
A
come to thee. Trip-ping hith - er, trip-ping
p
thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or whith - er, We must
now be tak - ing wing To an - oth - er fair - y







Fairies and Queen trip off, Iolanthe, who

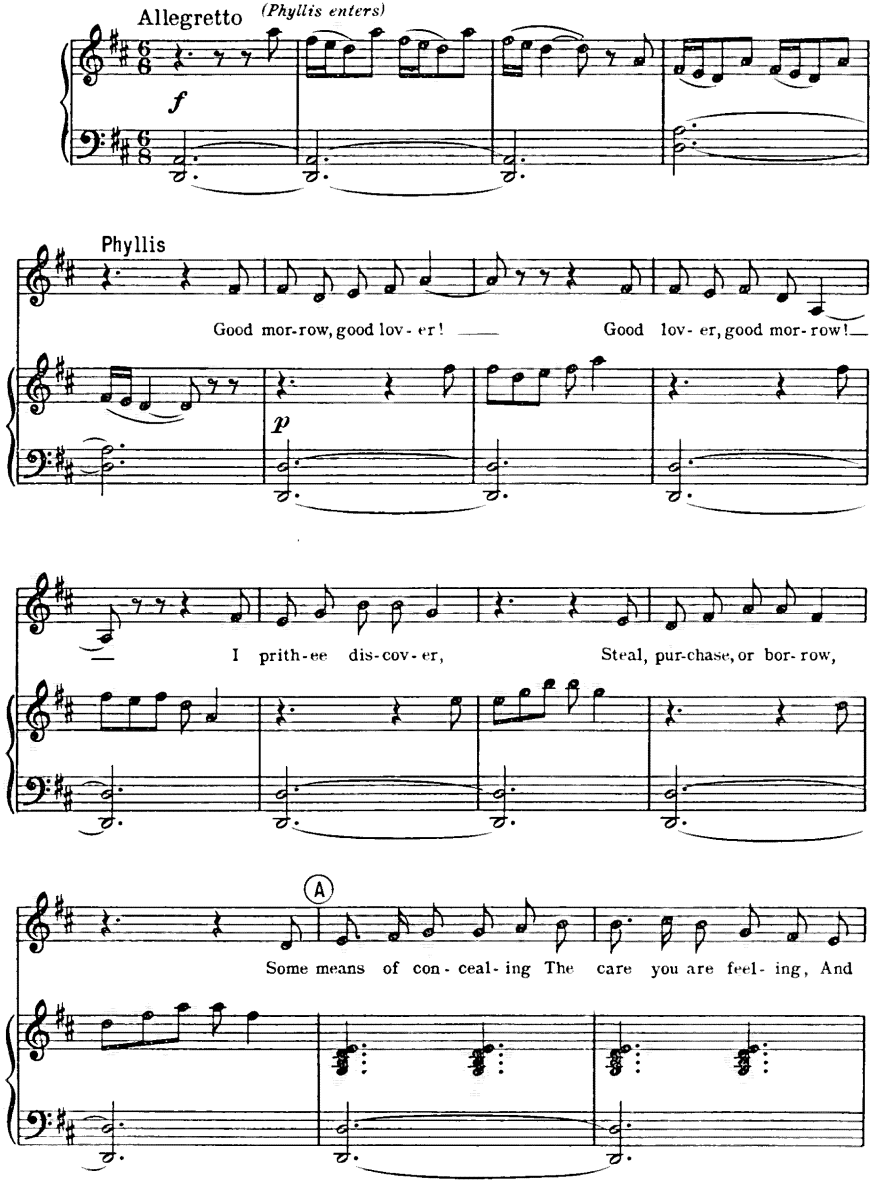


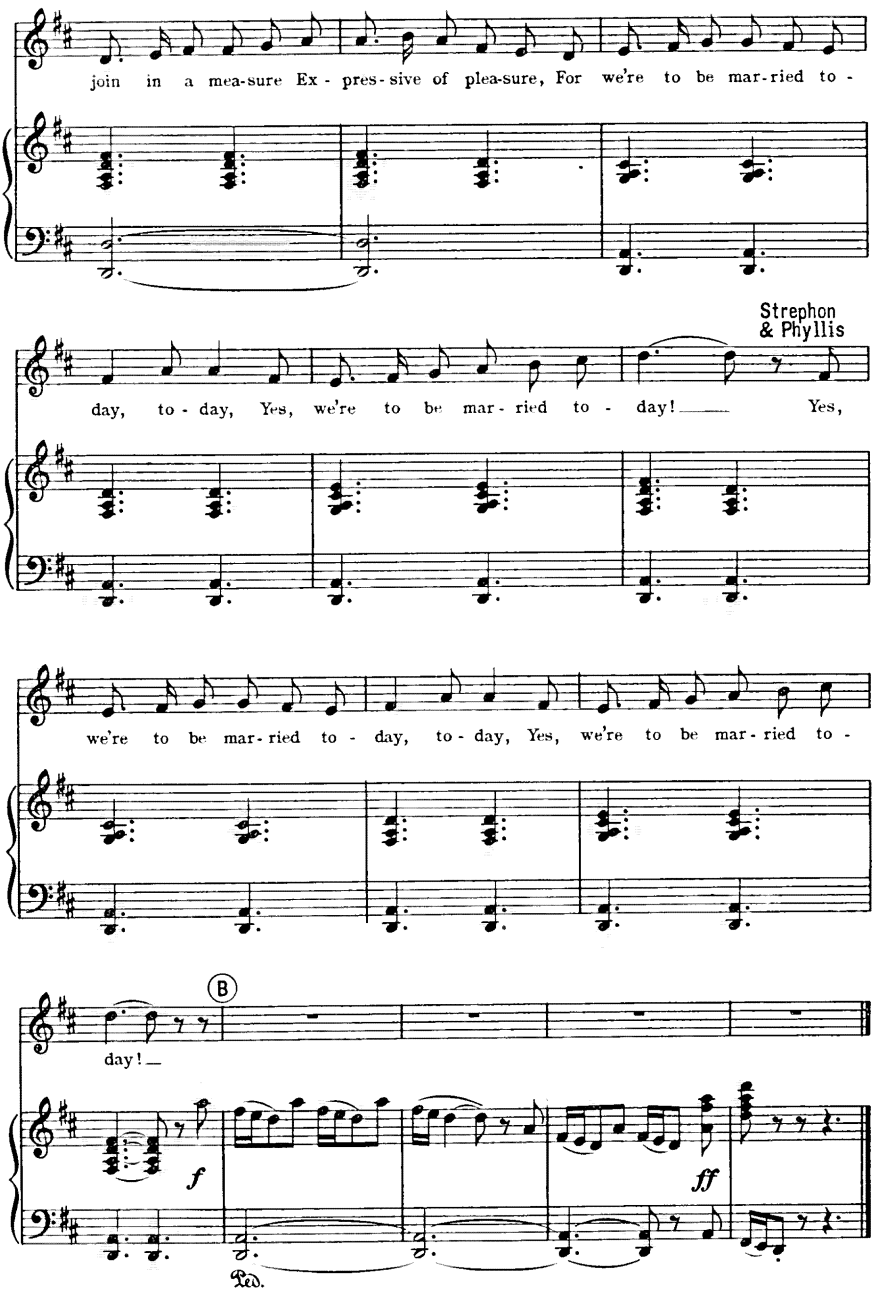
takes an affectionate farewell of her son, going off last.

No. 4a. "Good morrow, good lover"

Soli

Phyllis and Strephon




join in a mea-sure Ex - pres-sive of plea-sure, For we're to be mar-ried to -
Strephon & Phyllis
day, to - day, Yes, we're to be mar - ried to - day! Yes,
we're to be mar-ried to - day, to - day, Yes, we're to be mar-ried to -
B
day!
f
ff
Ped.

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.

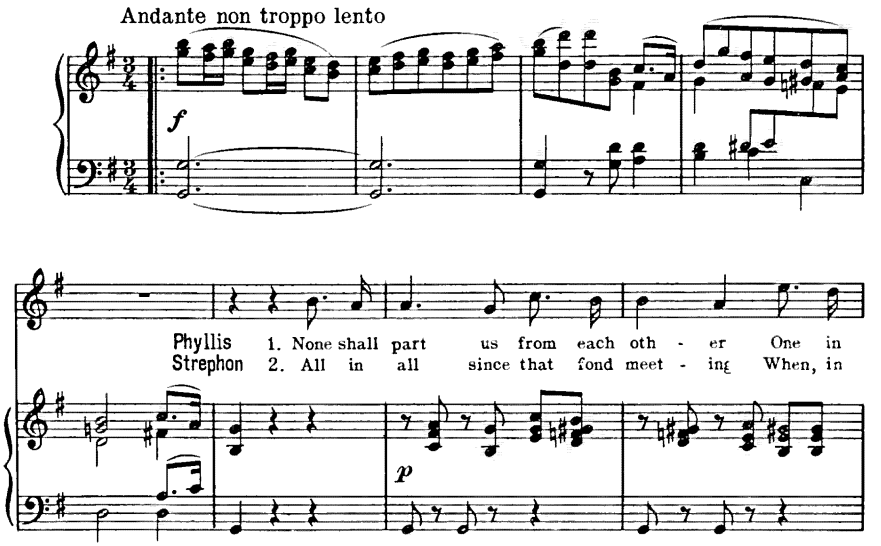
Phyllis: The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

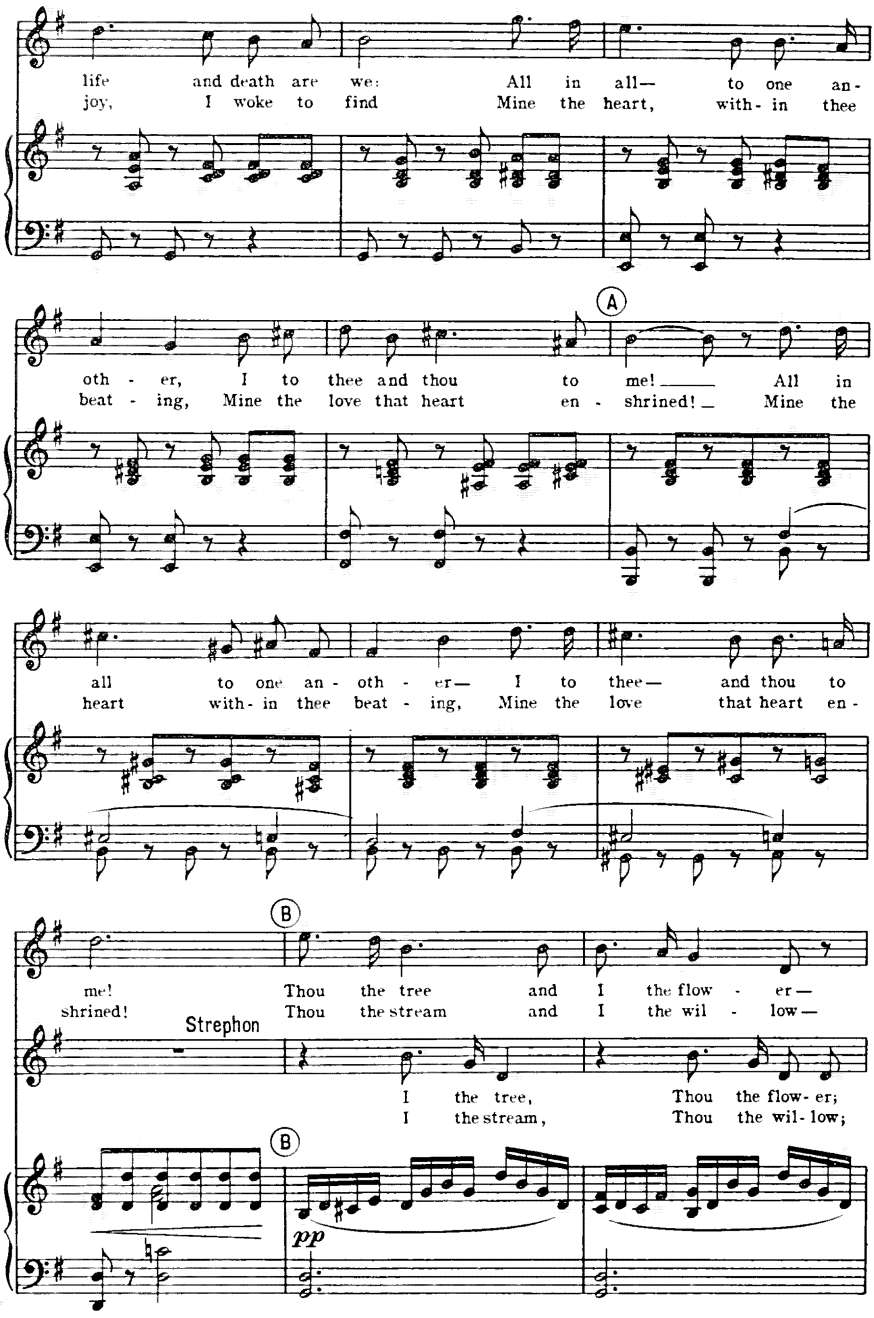
Strephon: Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

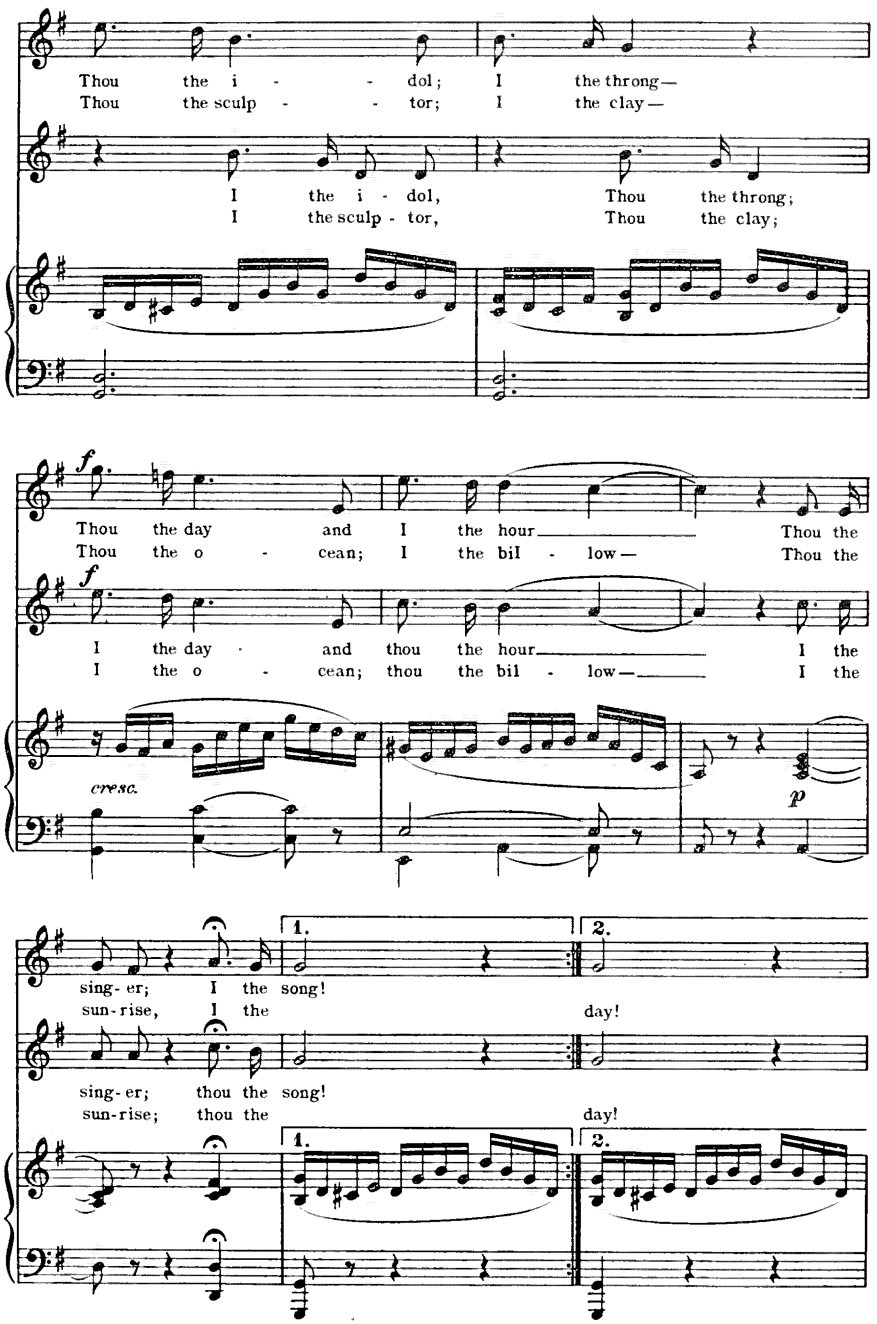
No. 5. "None shall part us from each other"

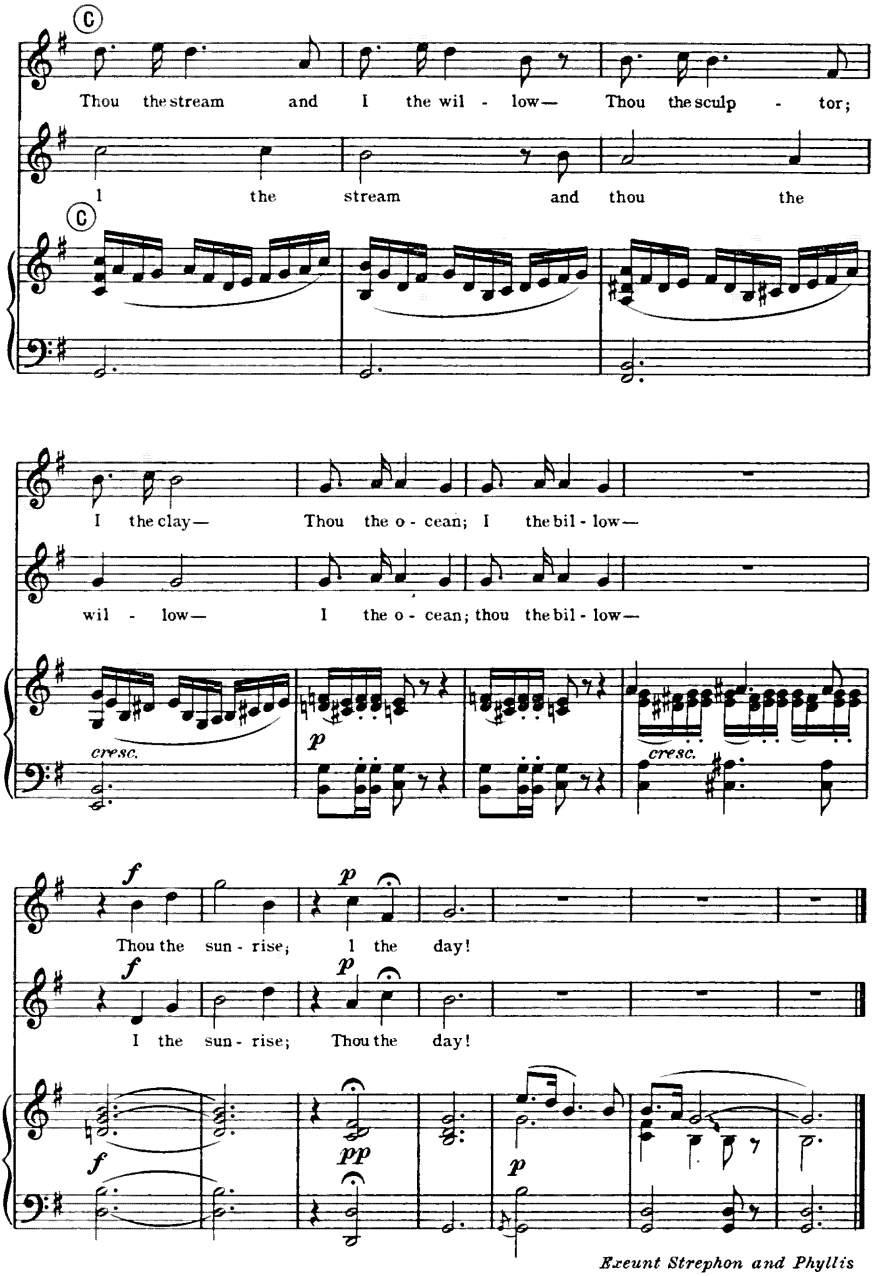
Duet

Phyllis and Strephon




life and death are we:
All in all— to one an-
joy, I woke to find
Mine the heart, with- in thee
A
oth - er, I to thee and thou to me! All in
beat - ing, Mine the love that heart en - shrined! Mine the
all to one an - oth - er— I to thee— and thou to
heart with- in thee beat - ing, Mine the love that heart en-
B
me! Thou the tree and I the flow - er—
shrined! Thou the stream and I the wil - low—
Strephon
I the tree, Thou the flow- er;
I the stream, Thou the wil- low;
B
pp


Thou the i - - dol; I the throng—
Thou the sculp - - tor; I the clay—
I the i - dol, Thou the throng;
I the sculp - tor, Thou the clay;
f
Thou the day and I the hour Thou the
Thou the o - cean; I the bil - low— Thou the
f
I the day - and thou the hour I the
I the o - cean; thou the bil - low— I the
cresc.
p
1.
2.
sing- er; I the song!
sun-rise, I the day!
sing- er; thou the song!
sun-rise; thou the day!
1.
2.



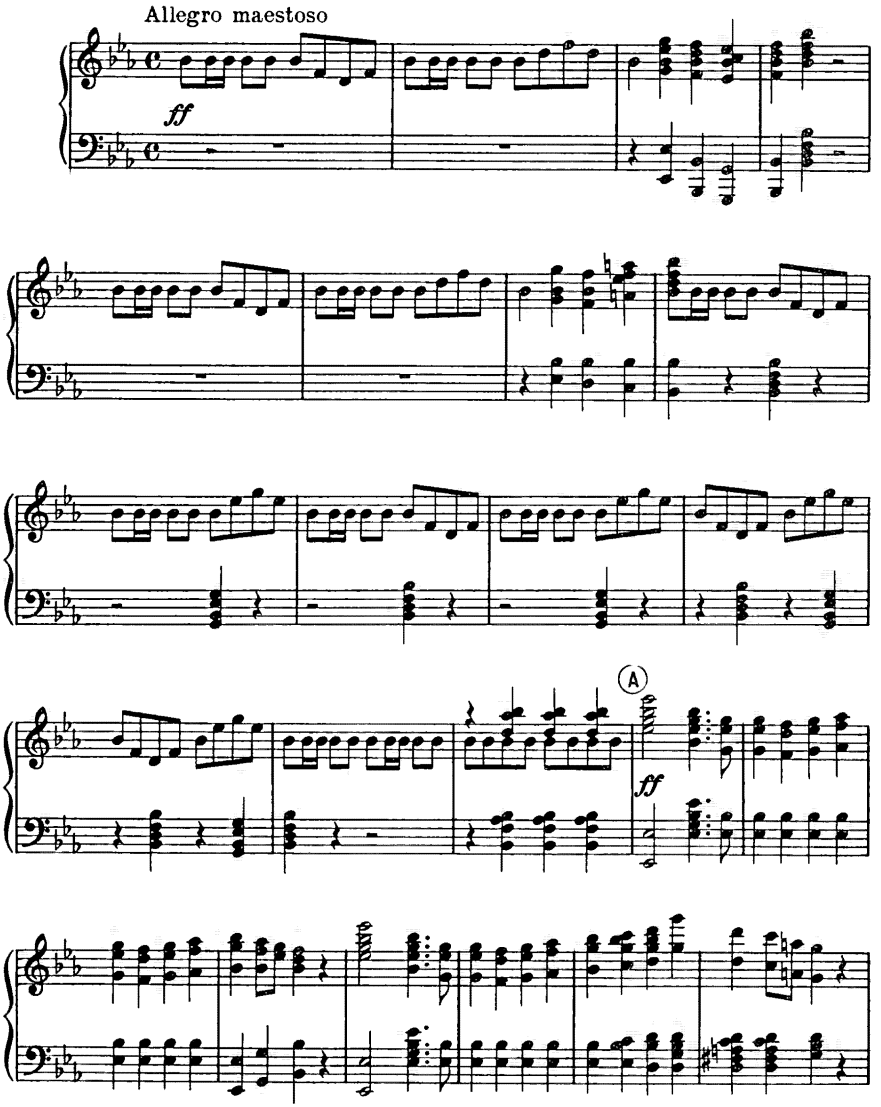
Exeunt Strephon and Phyllis

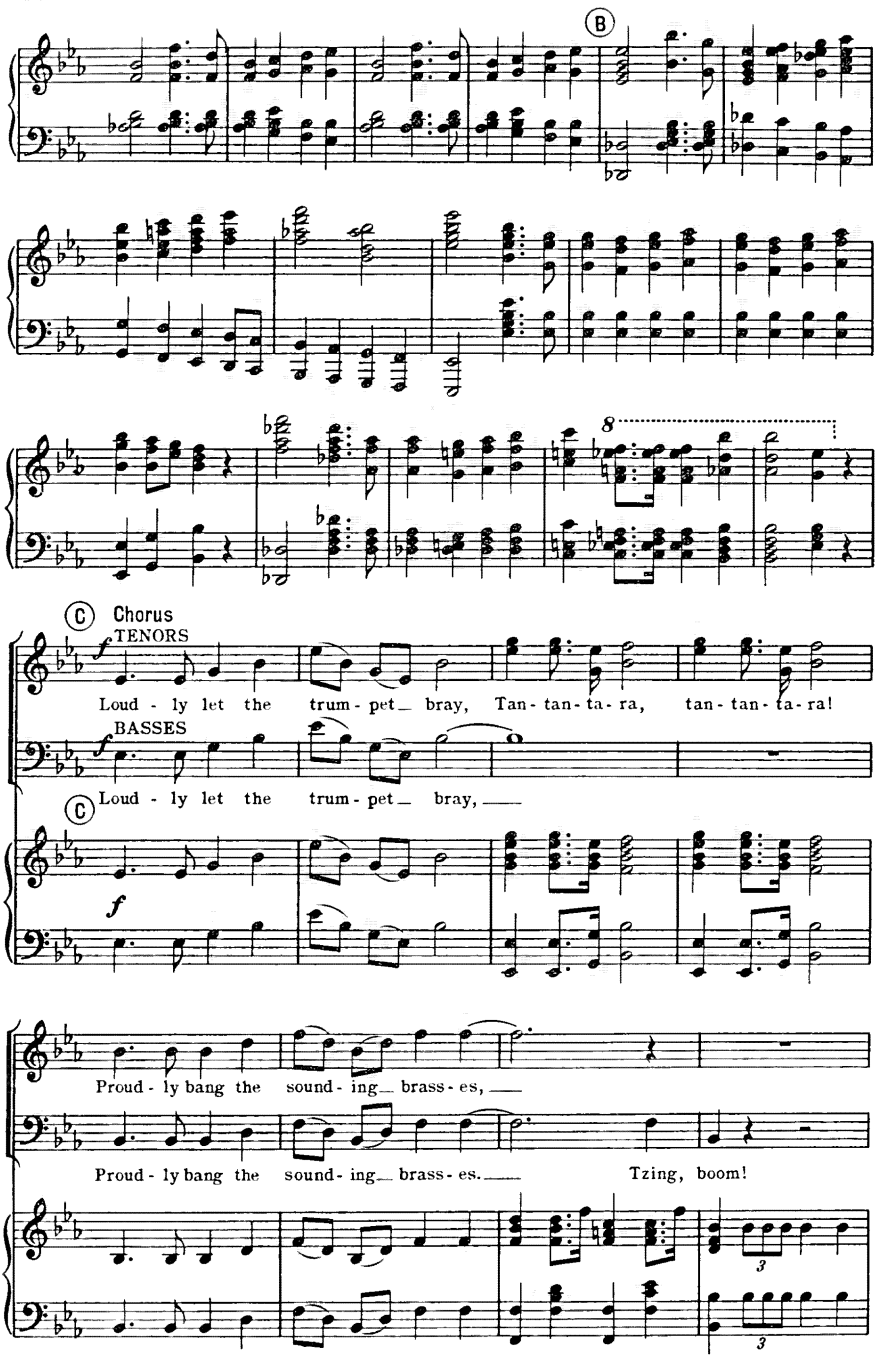
March. Enter Procession of Peers, headed by Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller

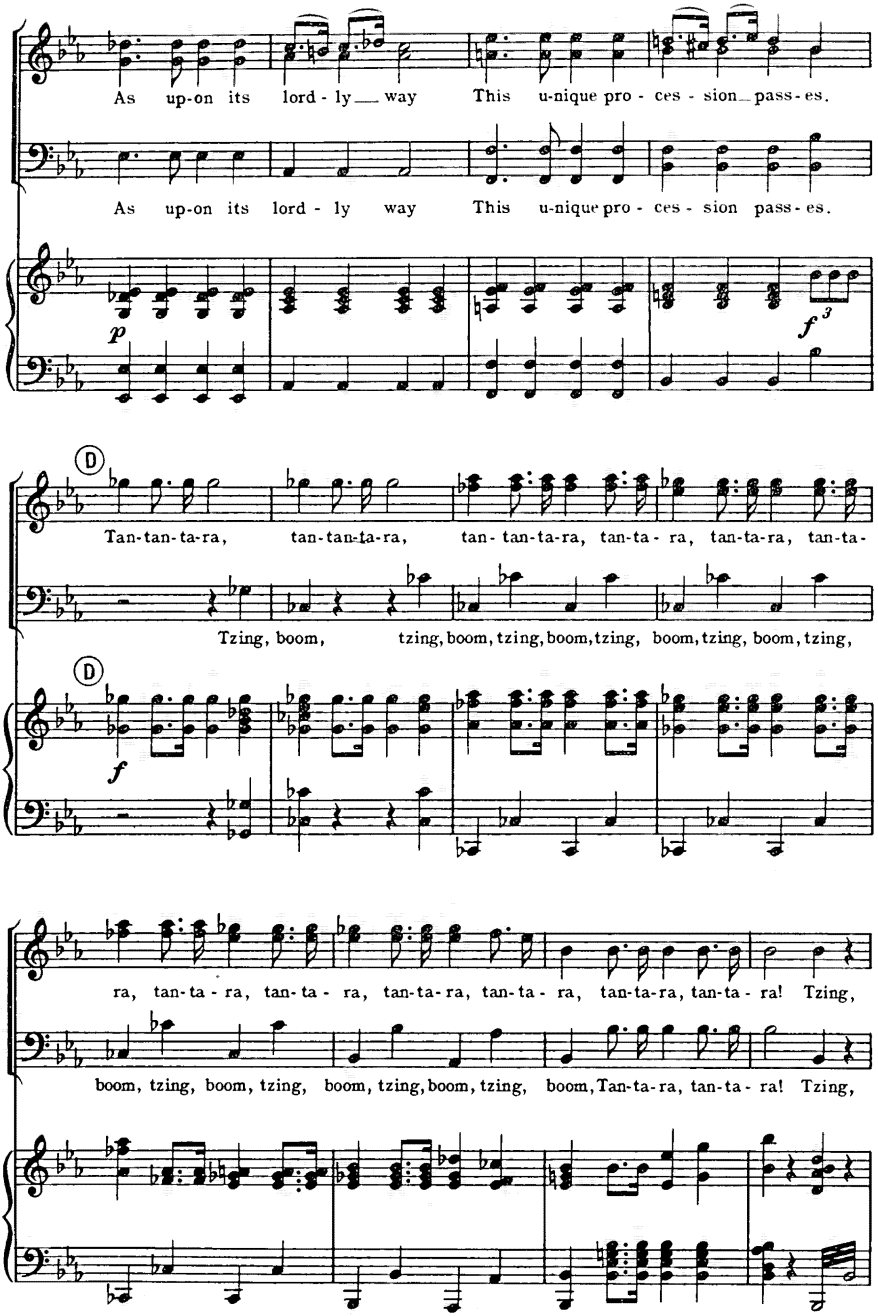
No. 6. Entrance and March of Peers:
"Loudly let the trumpet bray"

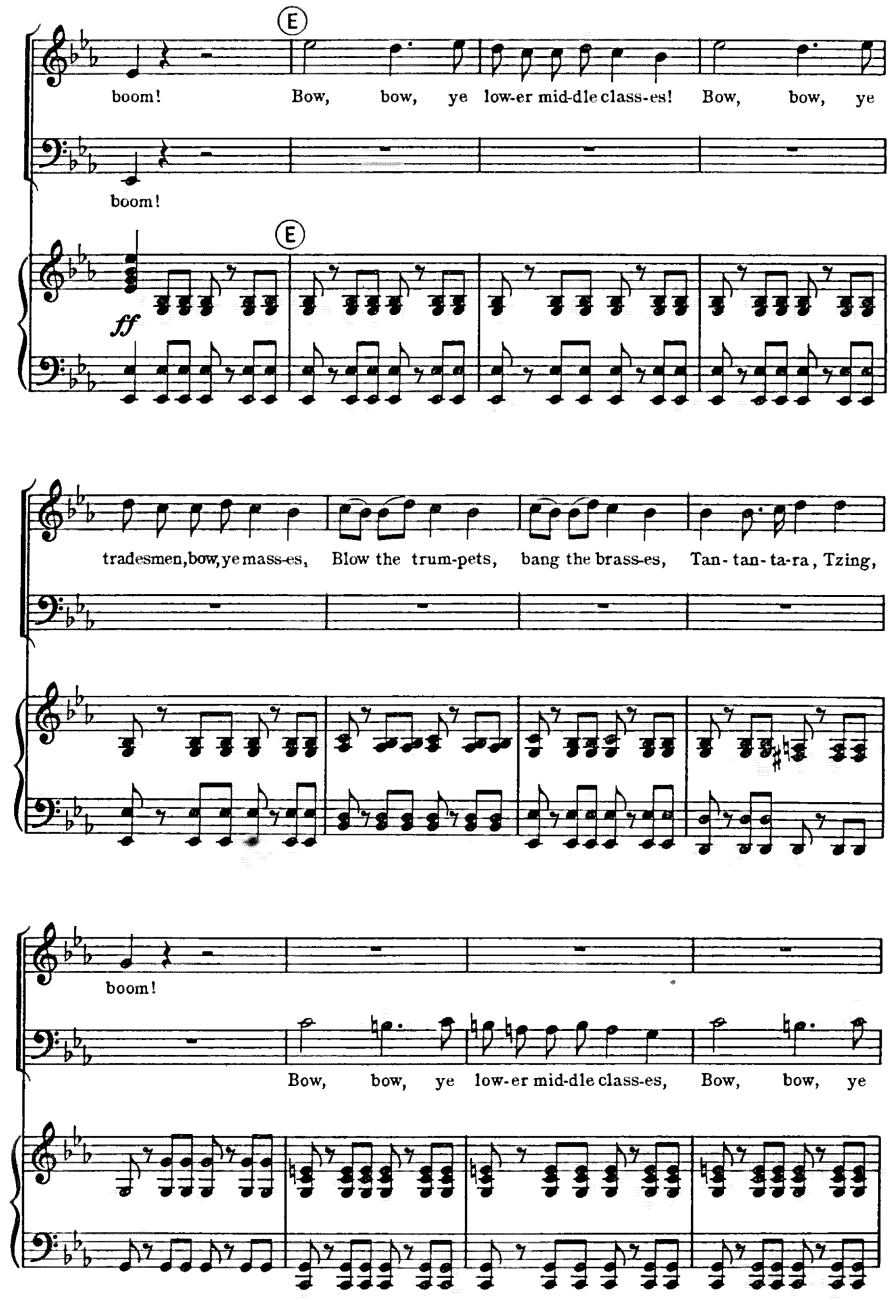
Chorus, Tenors and Basses

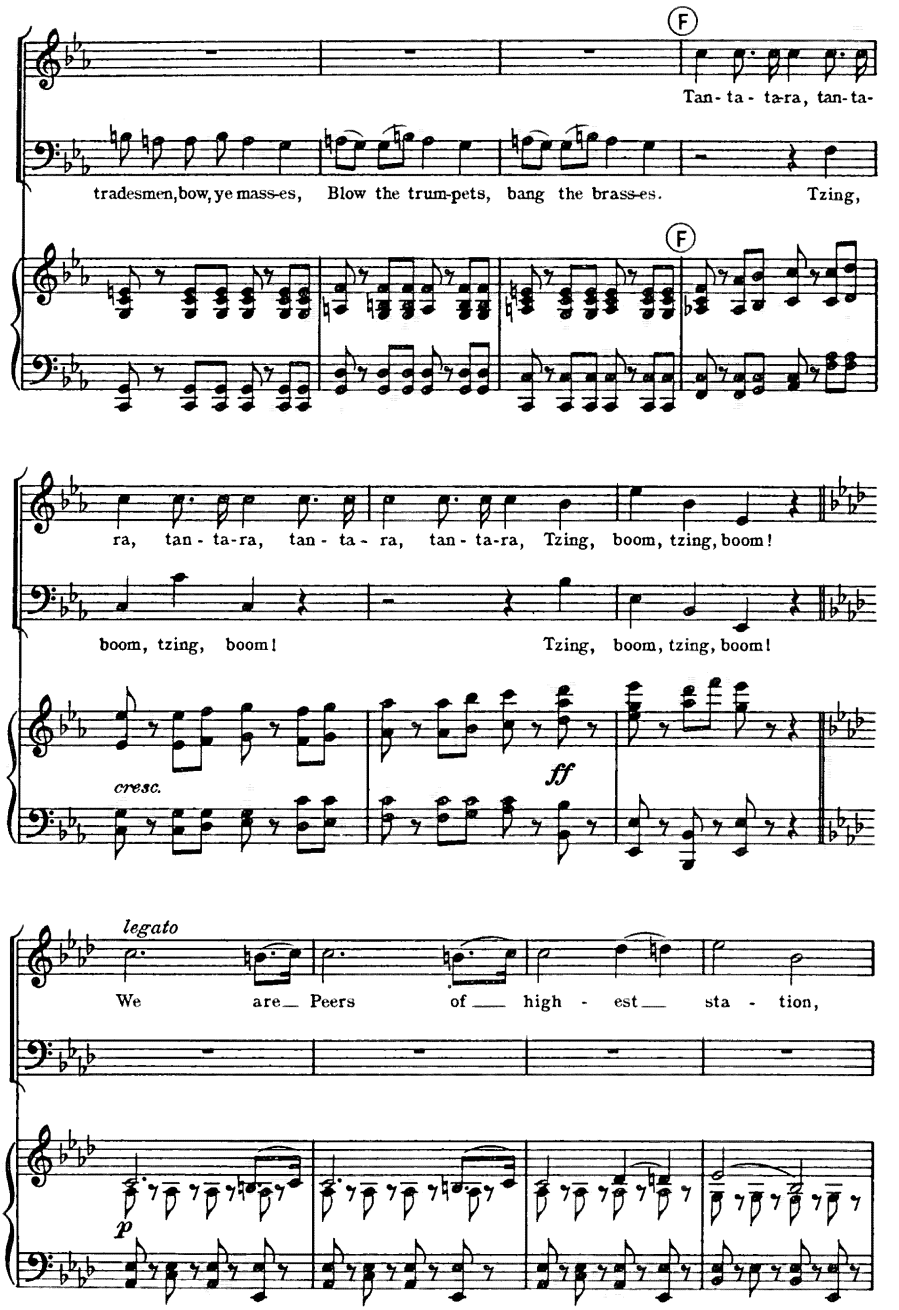
Peers

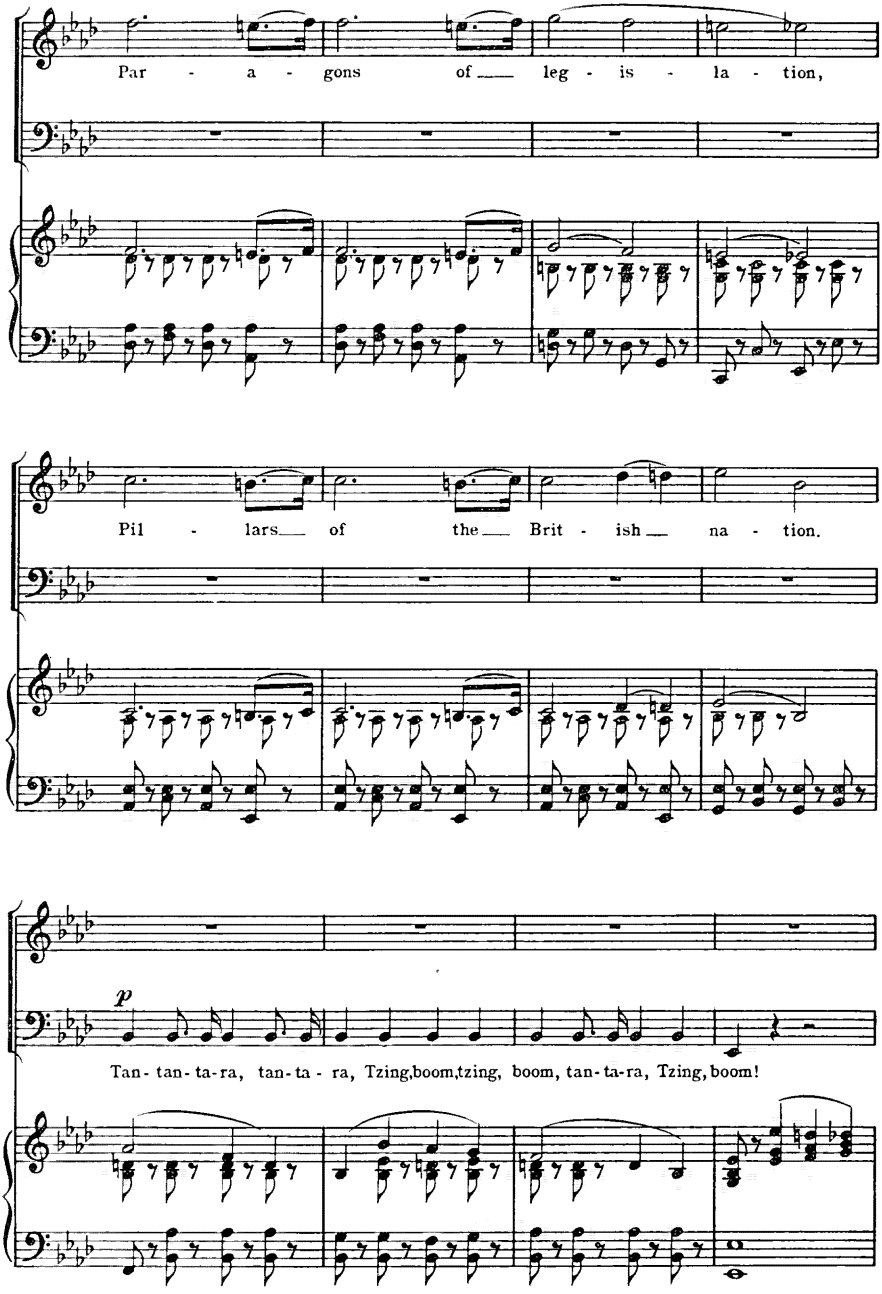


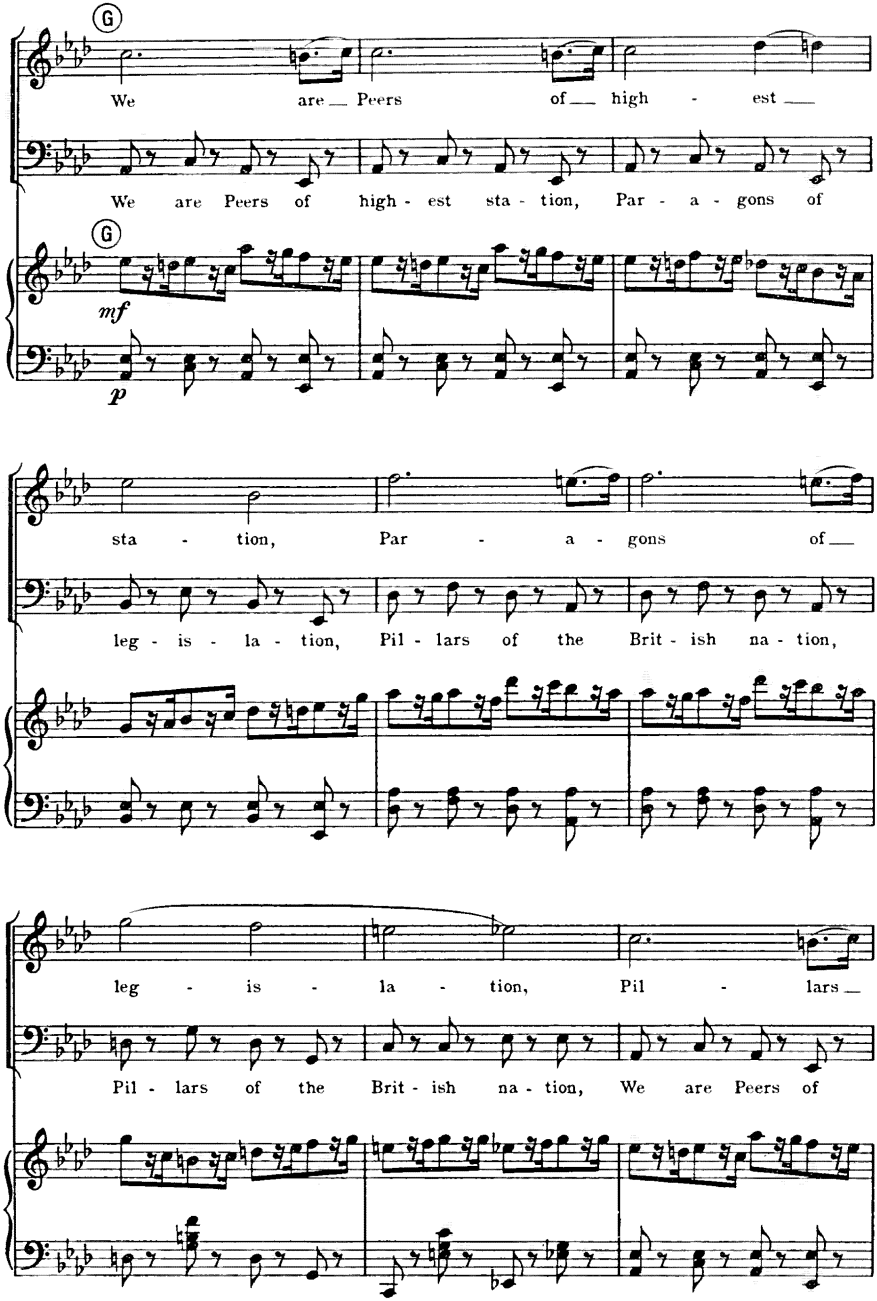

B
8
C Chorus
TENORS
f
Loud - ly let the trum - pet bray, Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra!
BASSES
f
Loud - ly let the trum - pet bray,
C
f
Proud - ly bang the sound - ing brass - es,
Proud - ly bang the sound - ing brass - es. Tzing, boom!
3
3

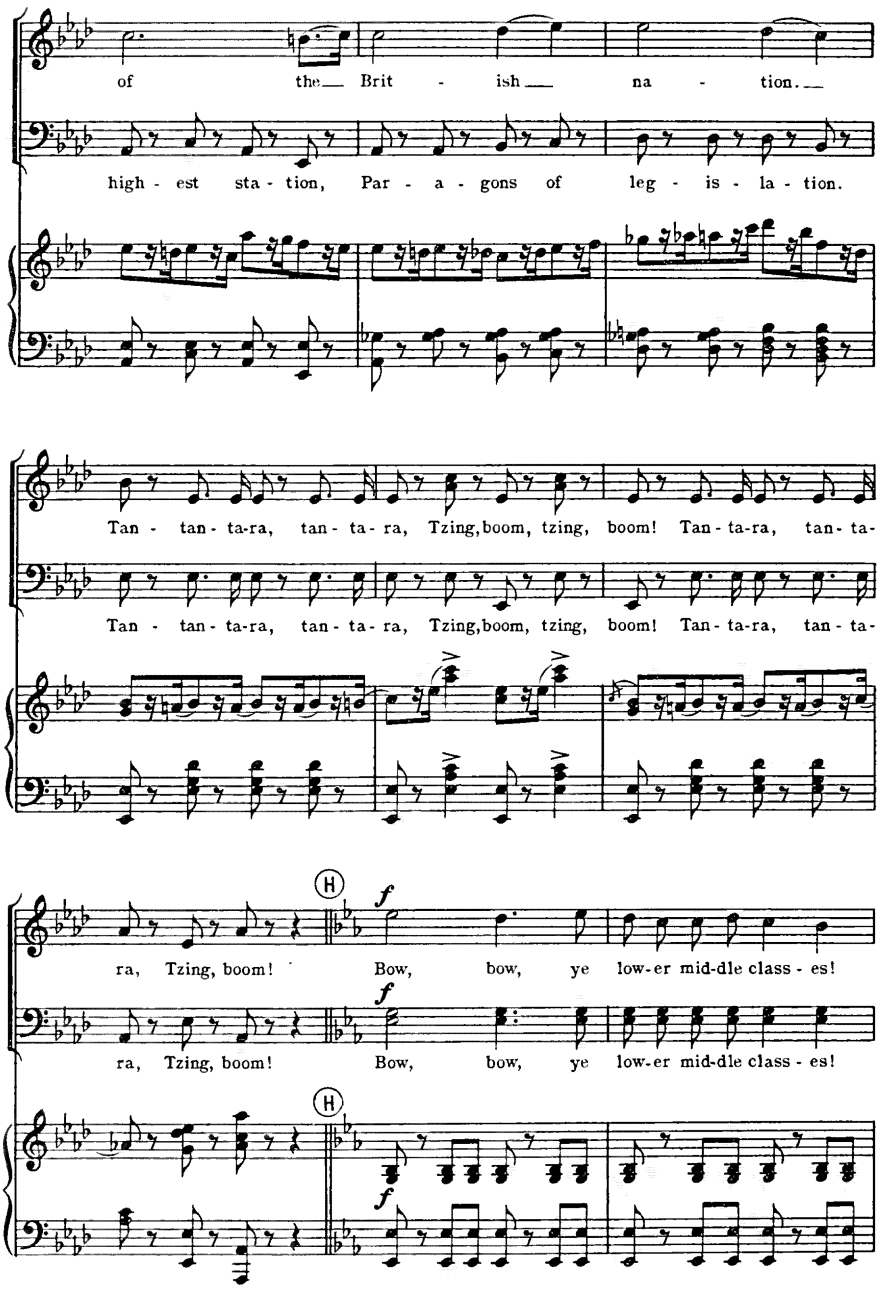

As up-on its lord - ly way This u-nique pro - ces - sion pass-es.
As up-on its lord - ly way This u-nique pro - ces - sion pass-es.
p
f 3
D
Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra, tan- tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing,
D
f
ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra! Tzing,
boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra! Tzing,

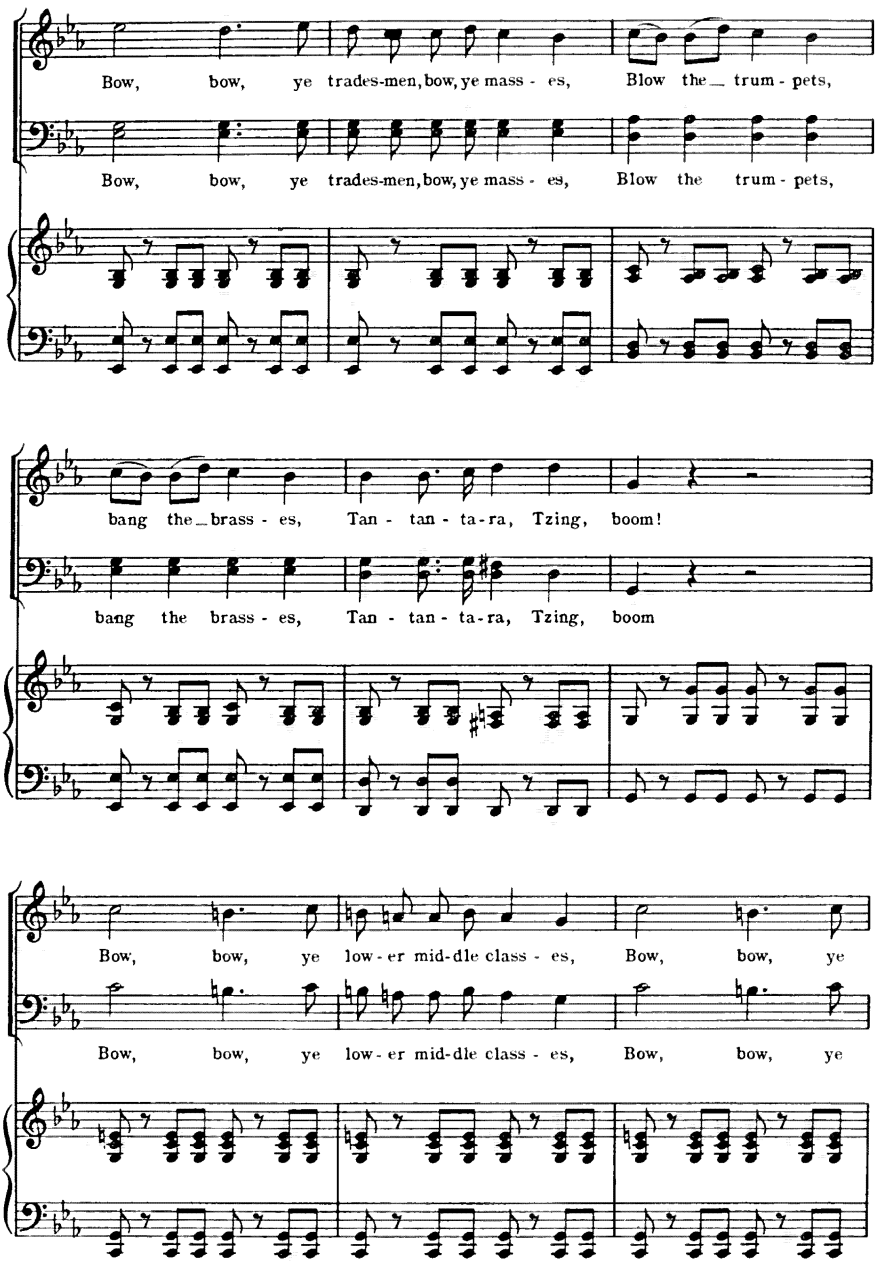

E
boom!
Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class-es! Bow, bow, ye
boom!
E
ff
tradesmen, bow, ye mass-es, Blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es, Tan-tan-ta-ra, Tzing,
boom!
Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class-es, Bow, bow, ye

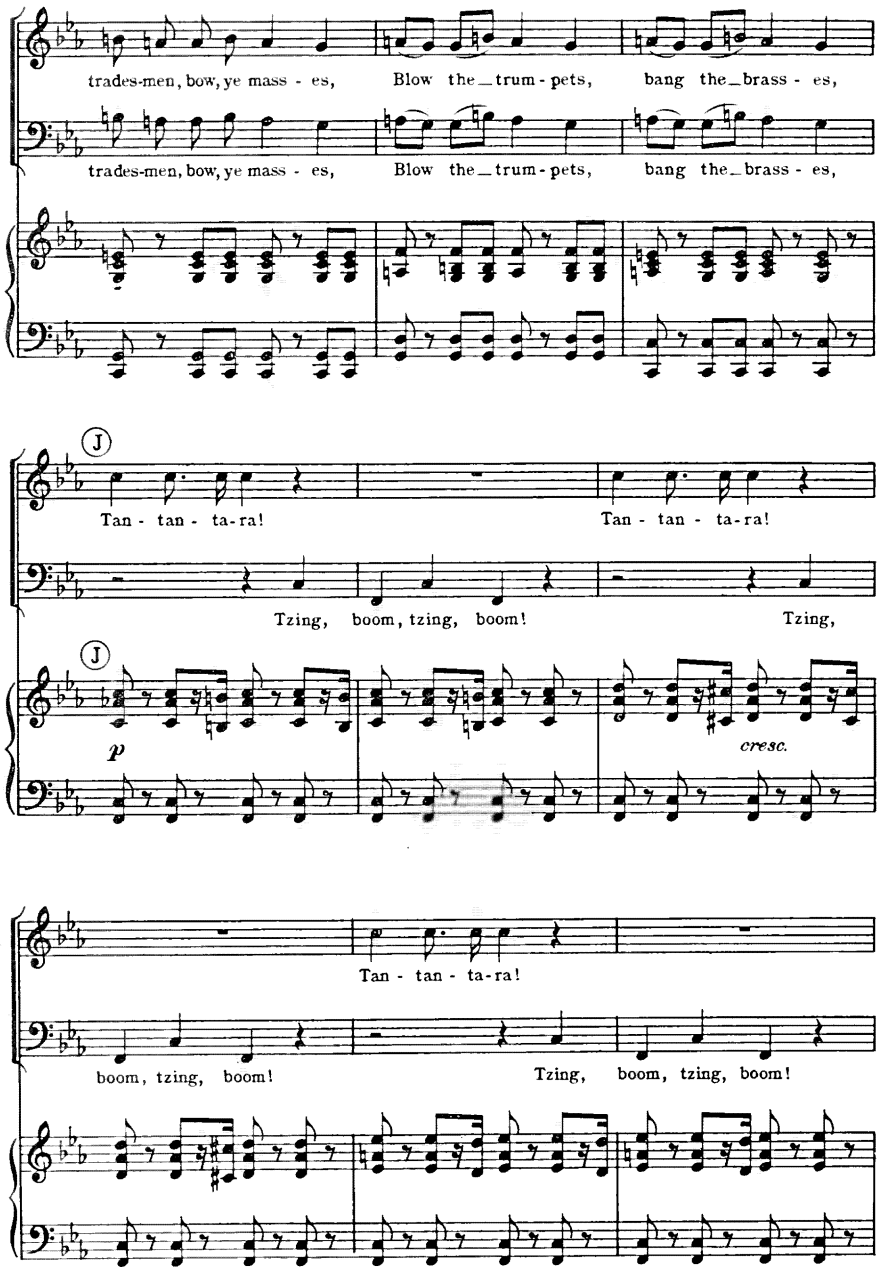

F
Tan- ta - ta-ra, tan-ta-
tradesmen, bow, ye mass-es, Blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es. Tzing,
F
ra, tan - ta-ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!
boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!
cresc.
ff
legato
We are_ Peers of ___ high - est ___ sta - tion,
p


Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion,
Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion.
p
Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!


G
We are Peers of high - est
We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of
G
mf
p
sta - tion, Par - a - gons of
leg - is - la - tion, Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion,
leg - is - la - tion, Pil - lars
Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion, We are Peers of


of the Brit - ish na - tion.
high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion.
Tan - tan - ta-ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta-ra, tan - ta-
Tan - tan - ta-ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta-ra, tan - ta-
H
f
ra, Tzing, boom! Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class - es!
f
ra, Tzing, boom! Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class - es!
H
f


Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the_ trum - pets,
Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trum - pets,
bang the_brass - es, Tan - tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom!
bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom
Bow, bow, ye low - er mid-dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye
Bow, bow, ye low - er mid-dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye


trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the_trum - pets, bang the_brass - es,
trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the_trum - pets, bang the_brass - es,
J
Tan - tan - ta-ra! Tan - tan - ta-ra!
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tzing,
J
p
cresc.
Tan - tan - ta-ra!
boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

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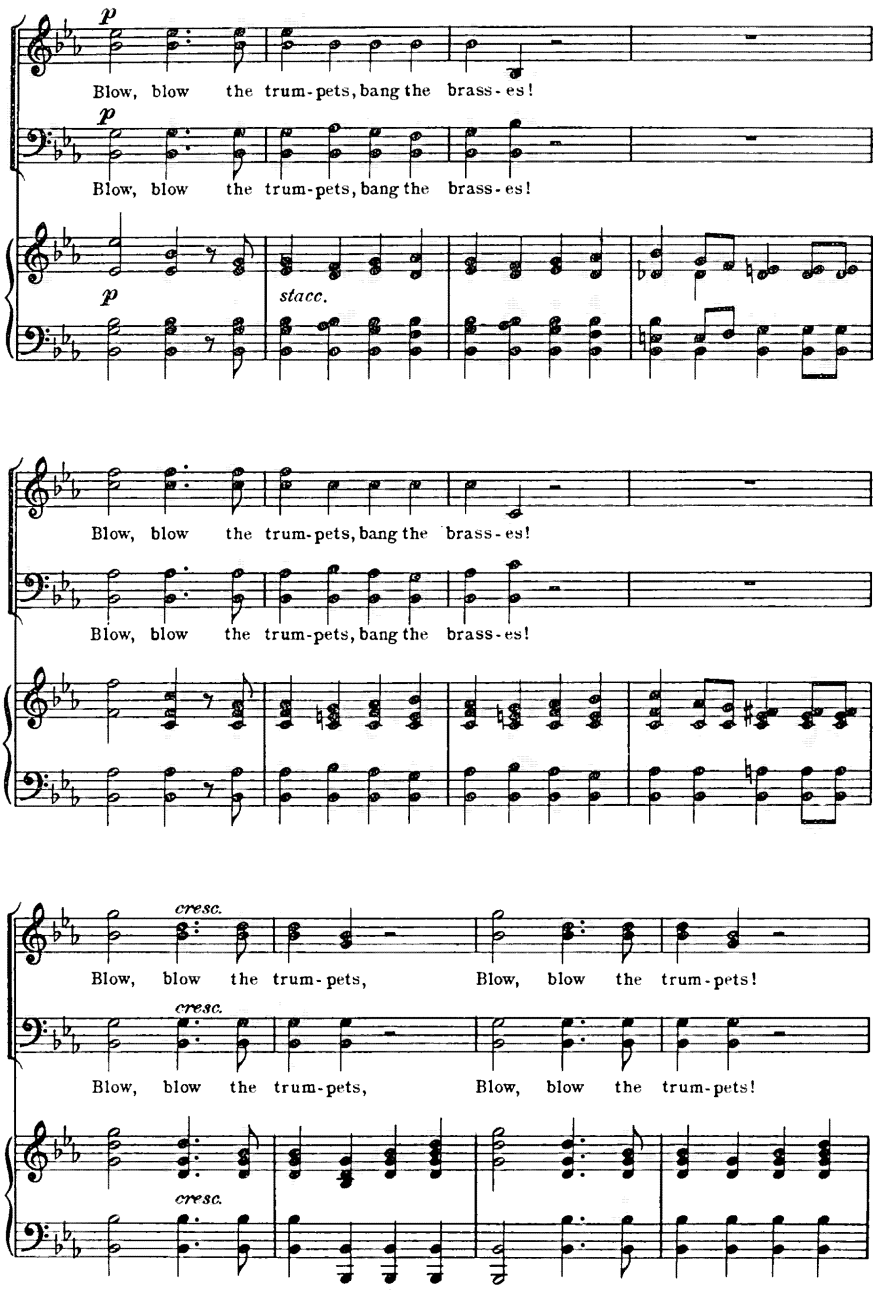
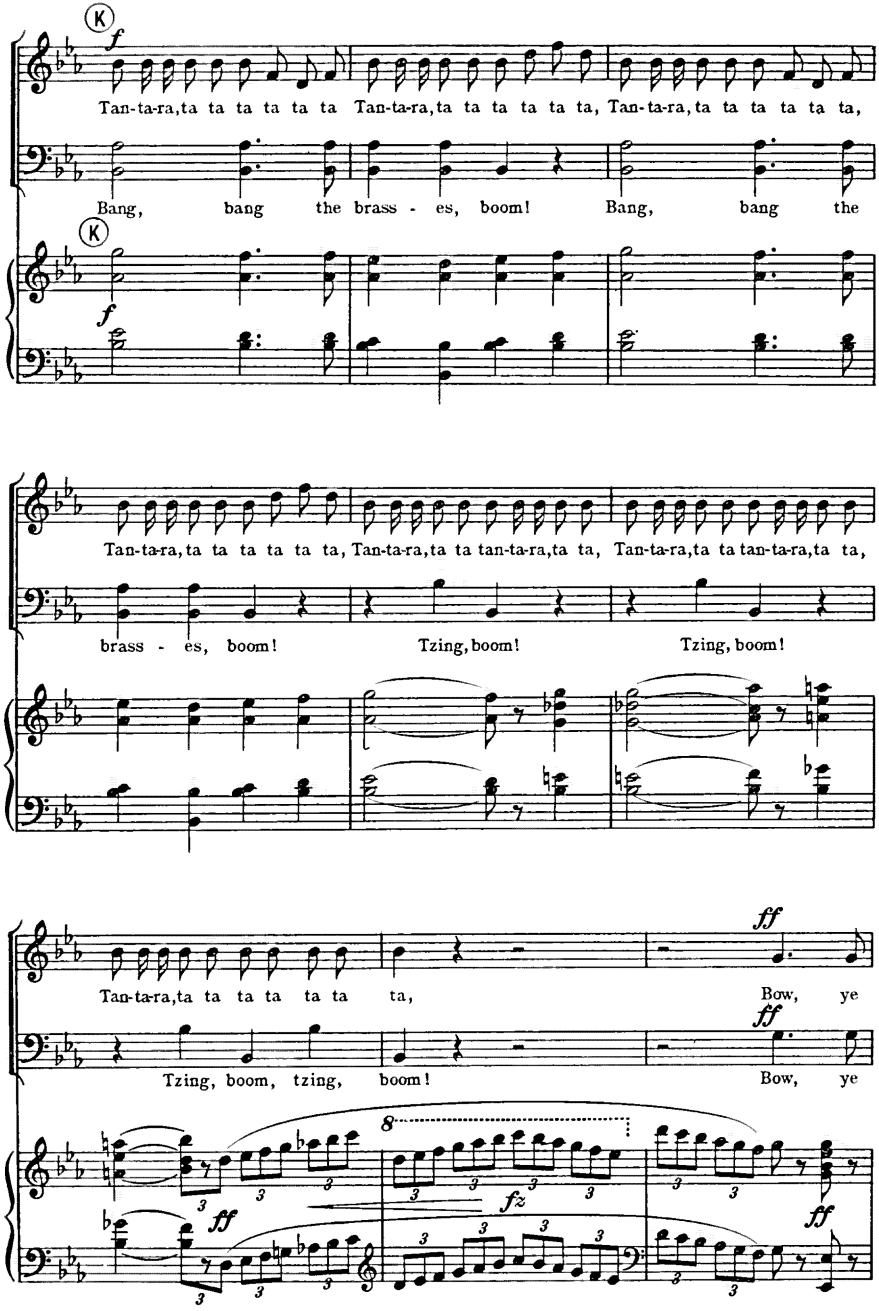
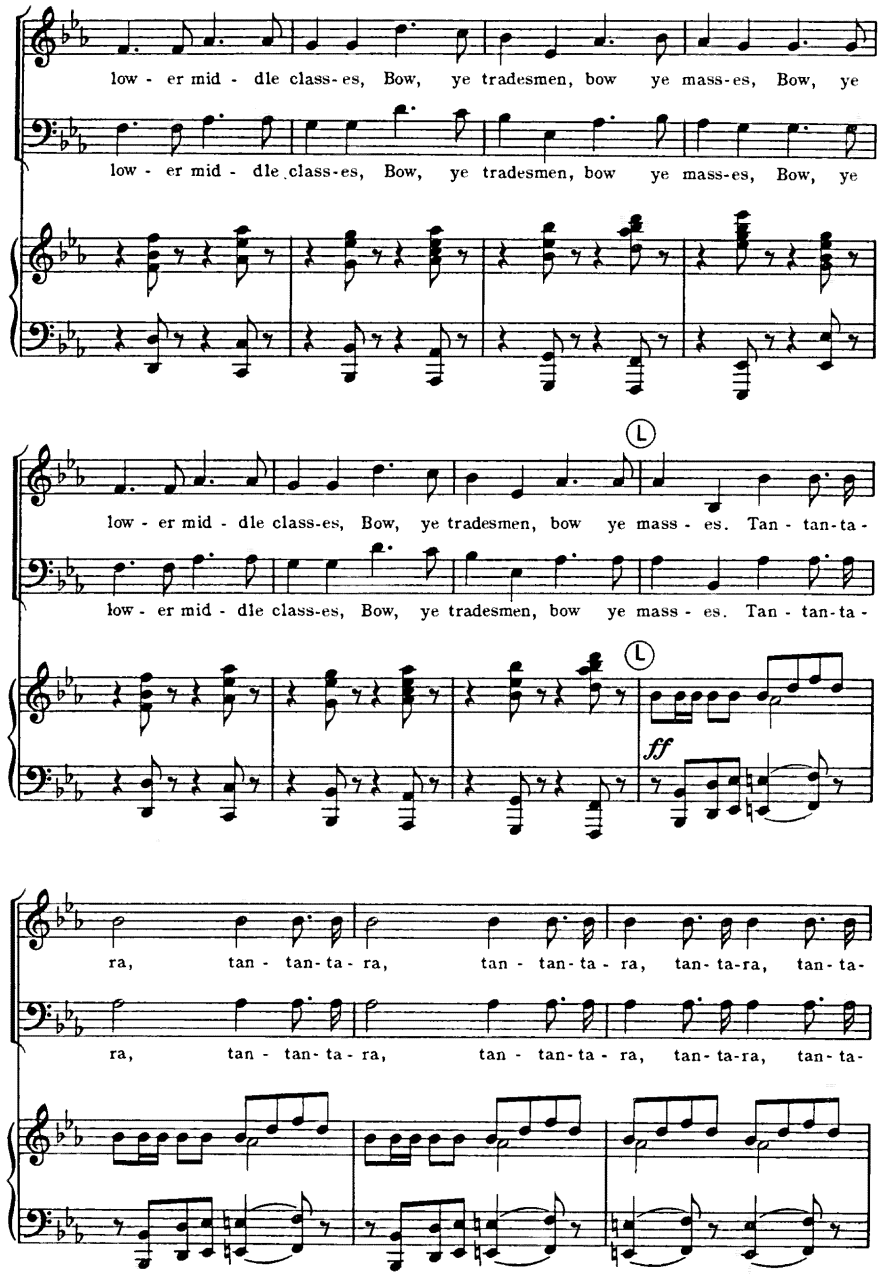
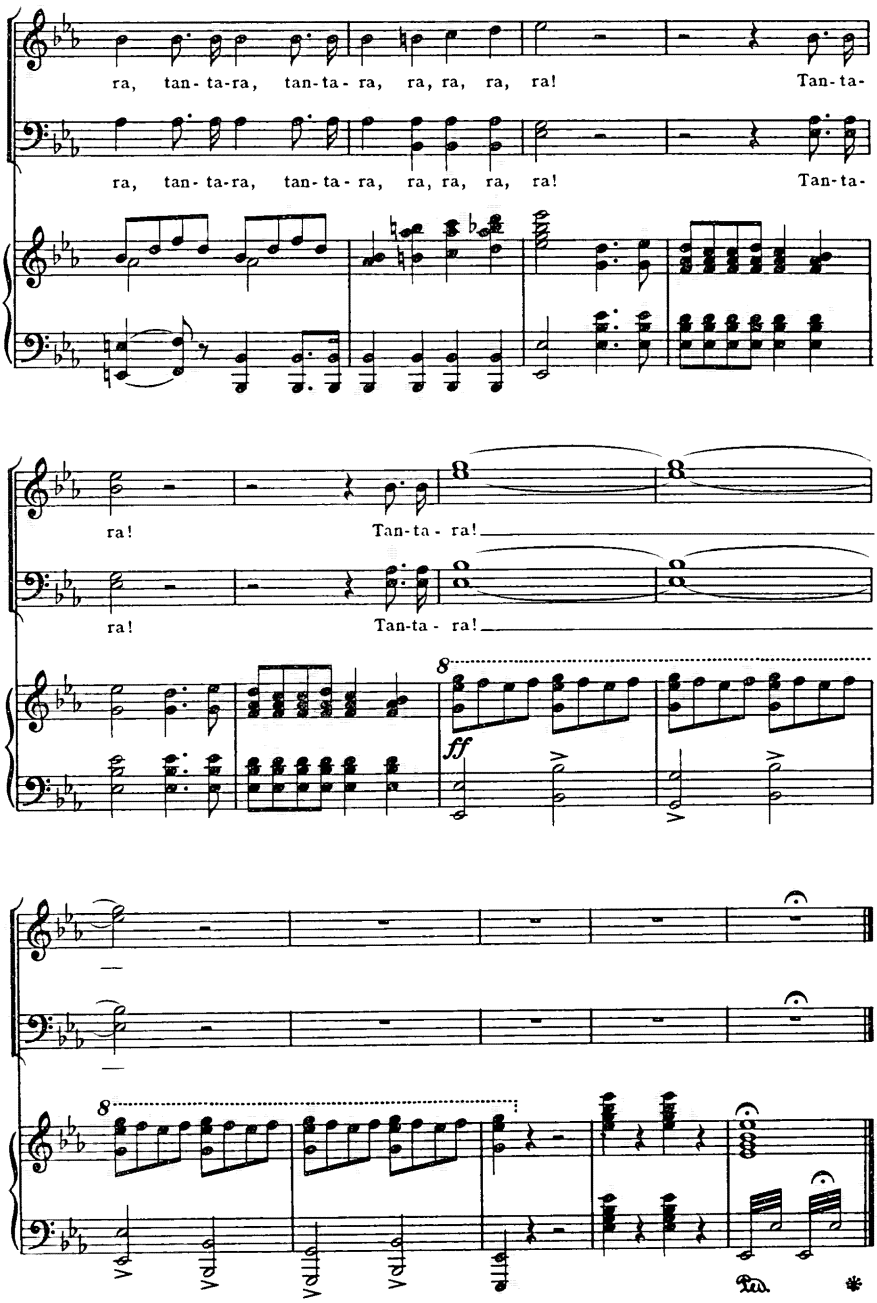
LIBRARY




K
f
Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta,
Bang, bang the brass - es, boom! Bang, bang the
K
f
Tan-ta-ra, ta 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!
ff
Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta ta, Bow, ye
ff
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Bow, ye
8
fz
ff
ff


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
low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass - es. Tan - tan-ta-
low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass - es. Tan - tan-ta-
ff
ra, tan - tan-ta - ra, tan - tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-
ra, tan - tan-ta - ra, tan - tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-

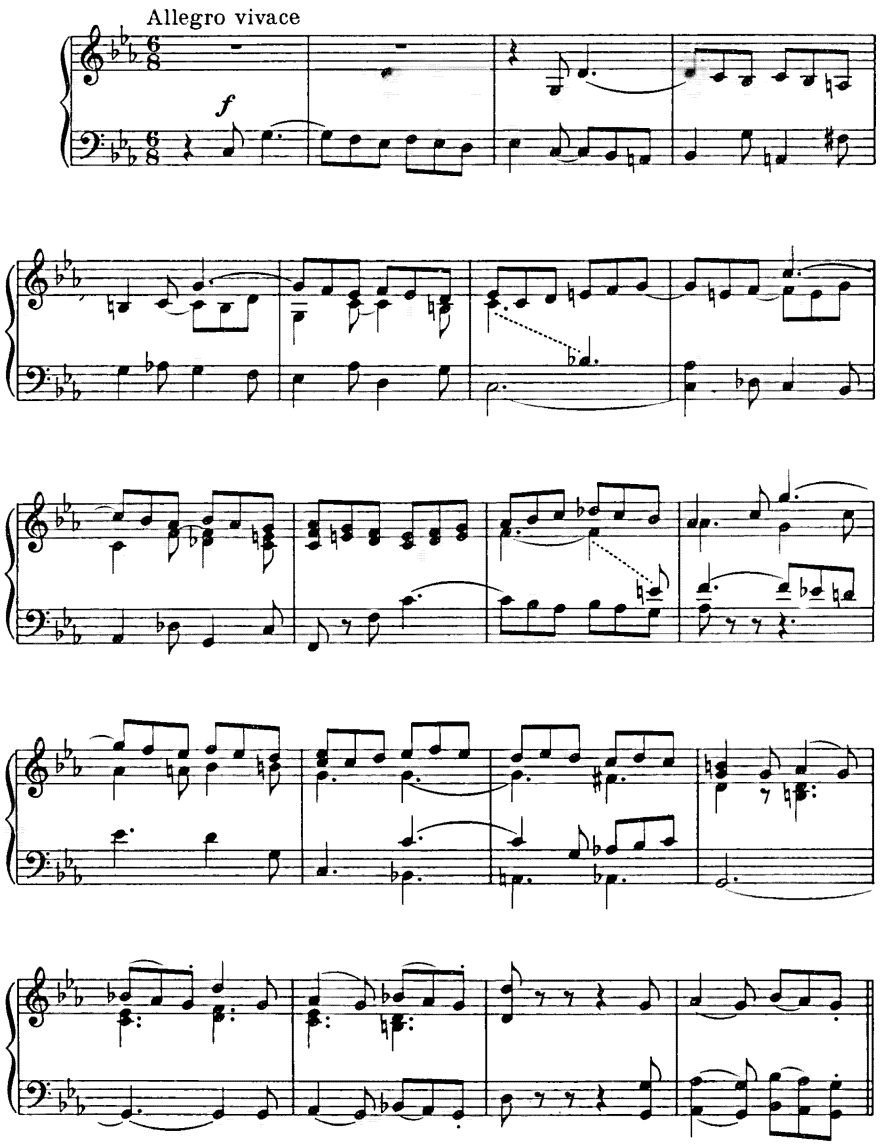

ra, tan- ta-ra, tan- ta- ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan- ta-
ra, tan- ta-ra, tan- ta- ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan- ta-
ra! Tan- ta- ra!
ra! Tan- ta- ra!
8
ff
8
Ped.

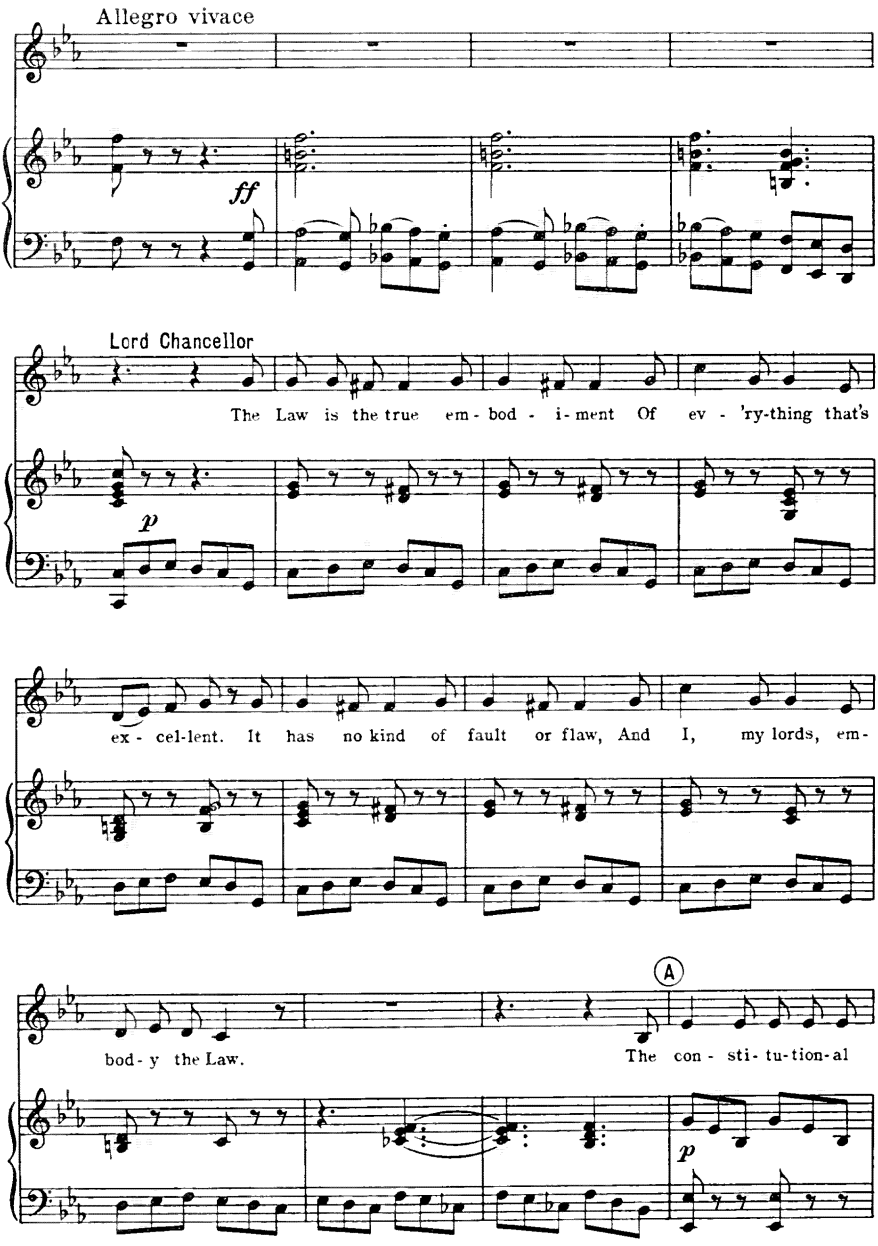
No. 7. "The law is the true embodiment"

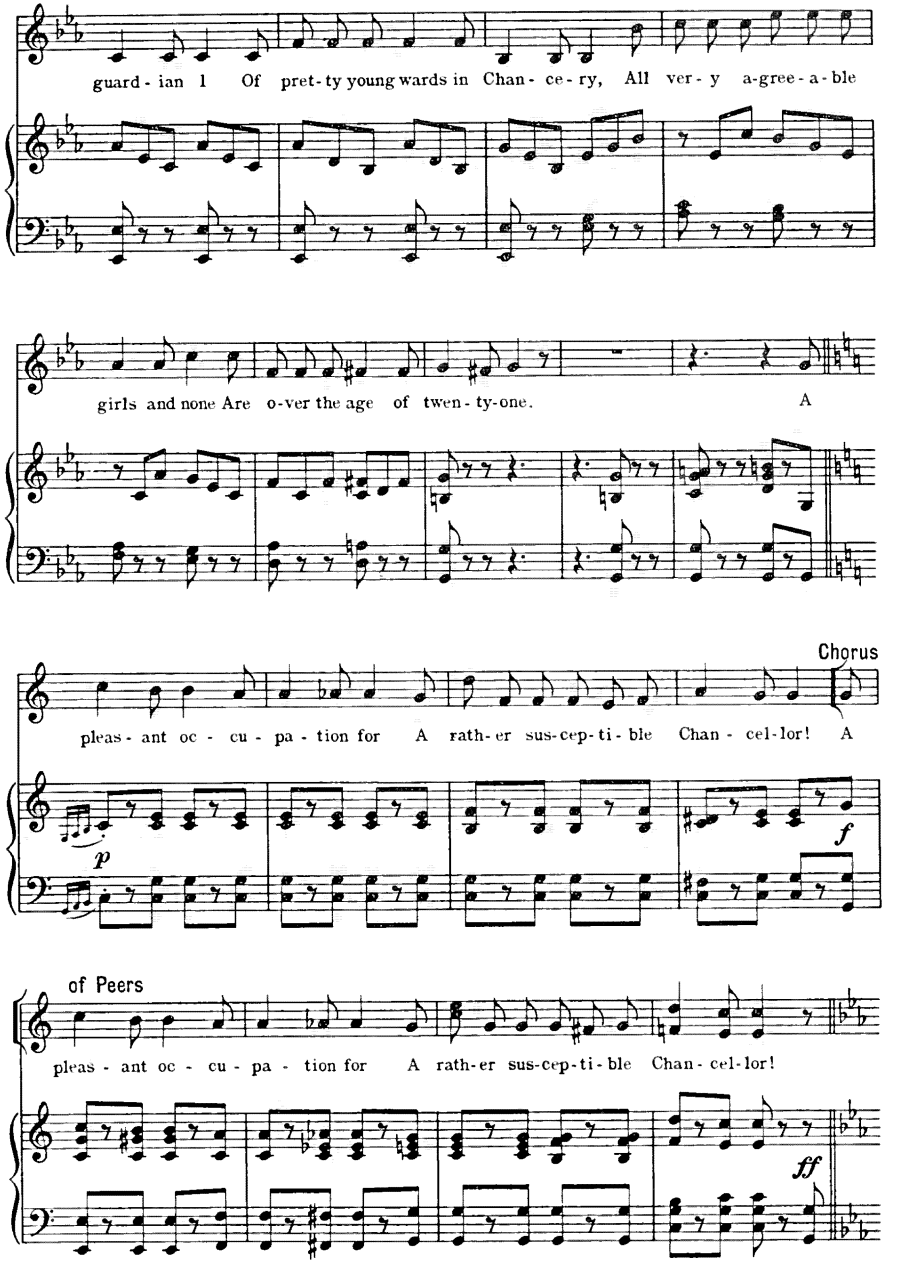
Song and Chorus

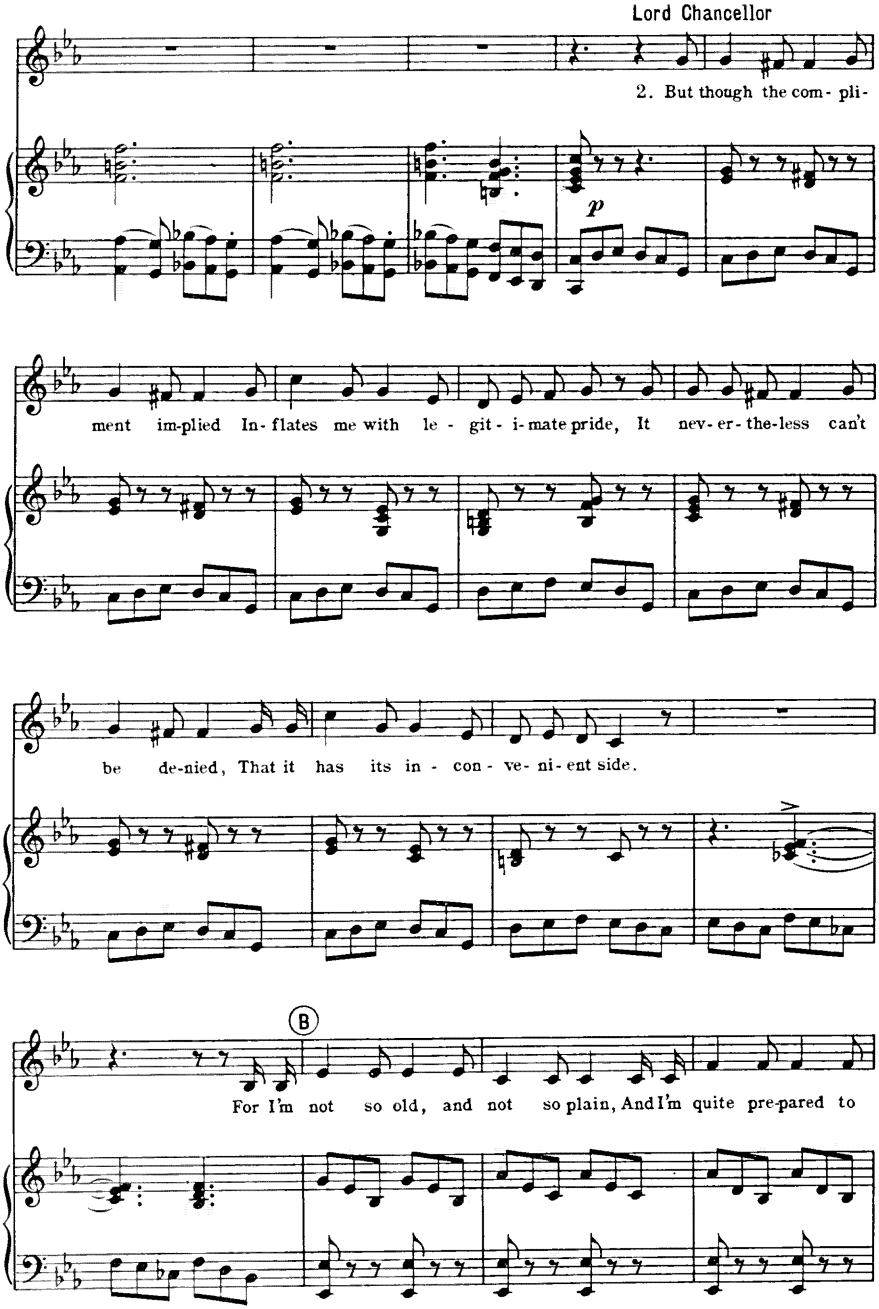
Lord Chancellor and Peers

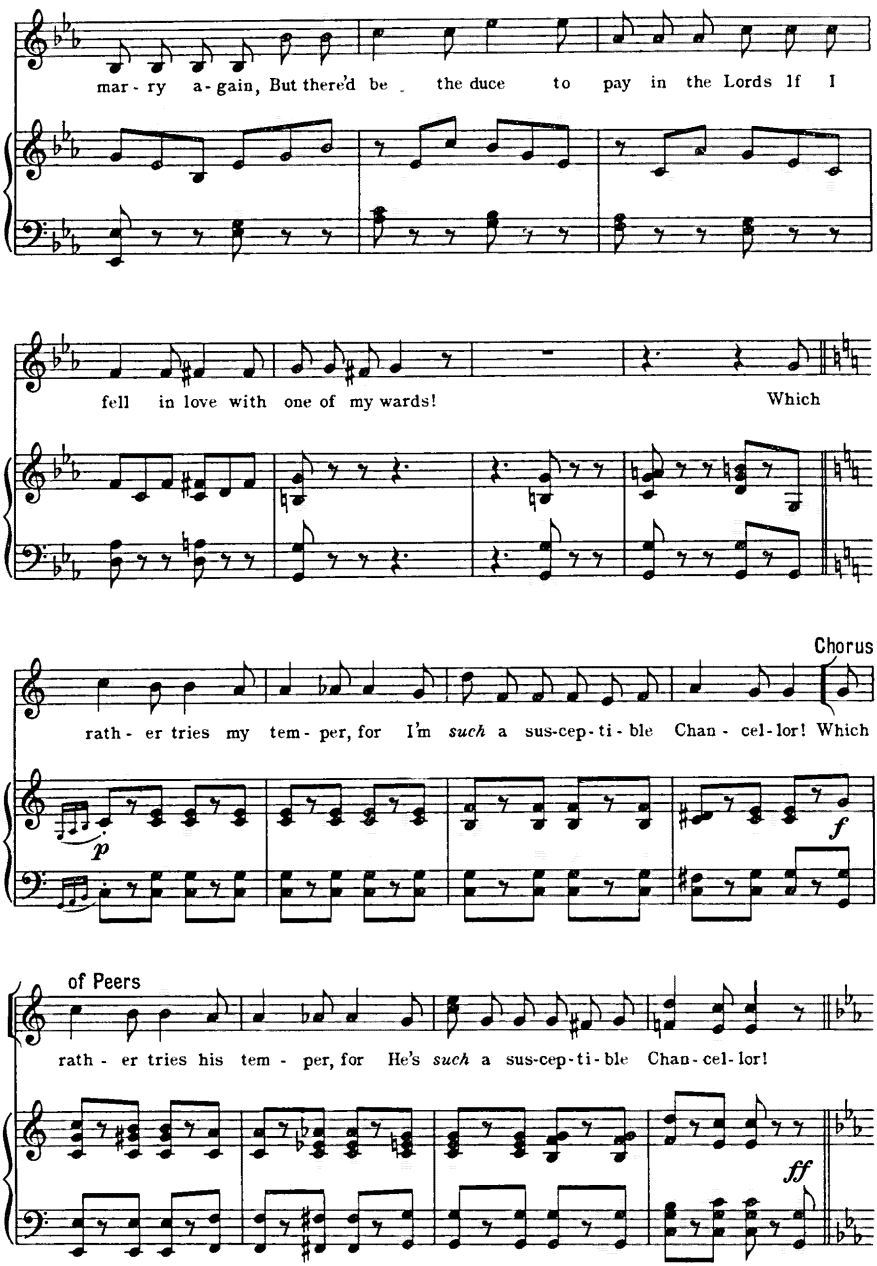
(Enter the Lord Chancellor during the introduction.)

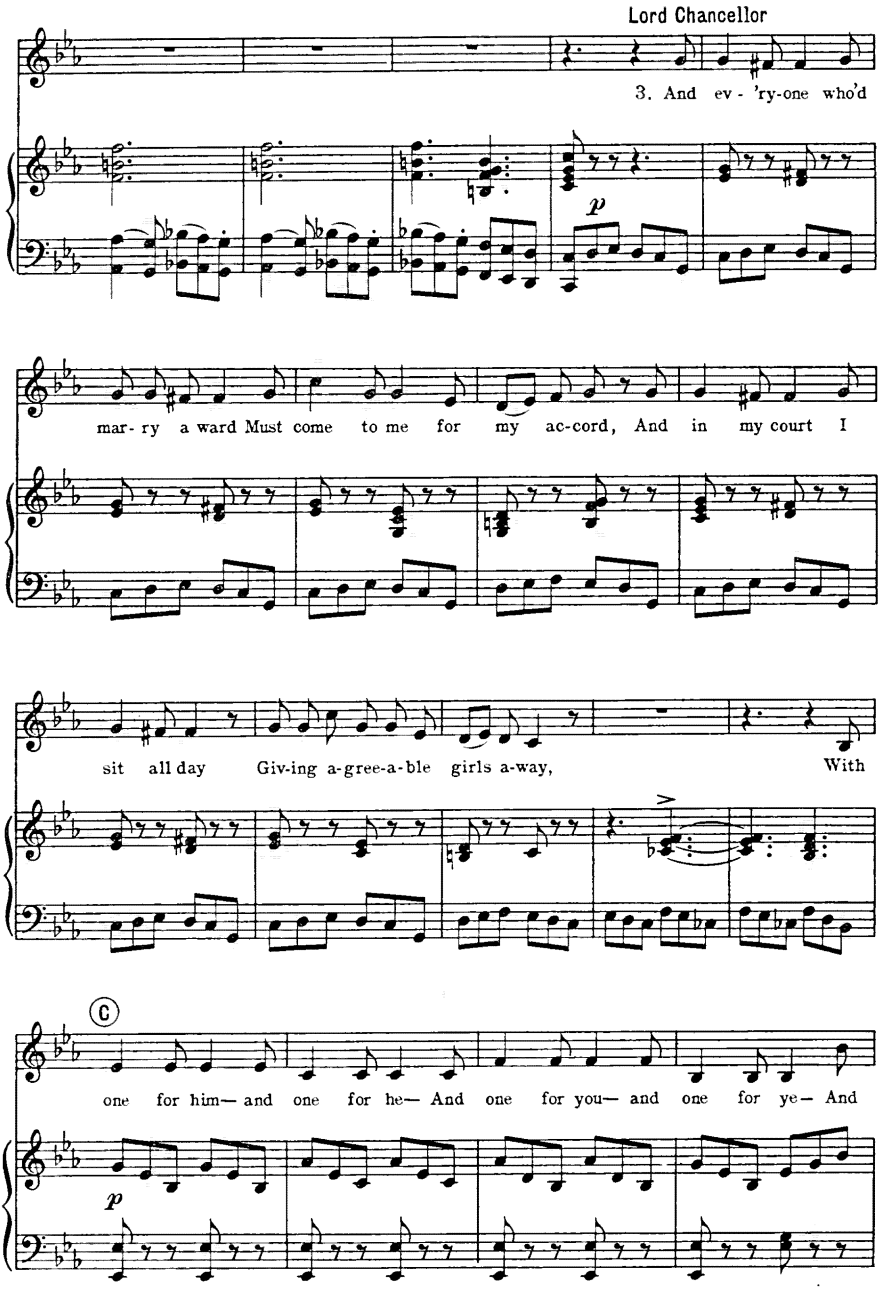


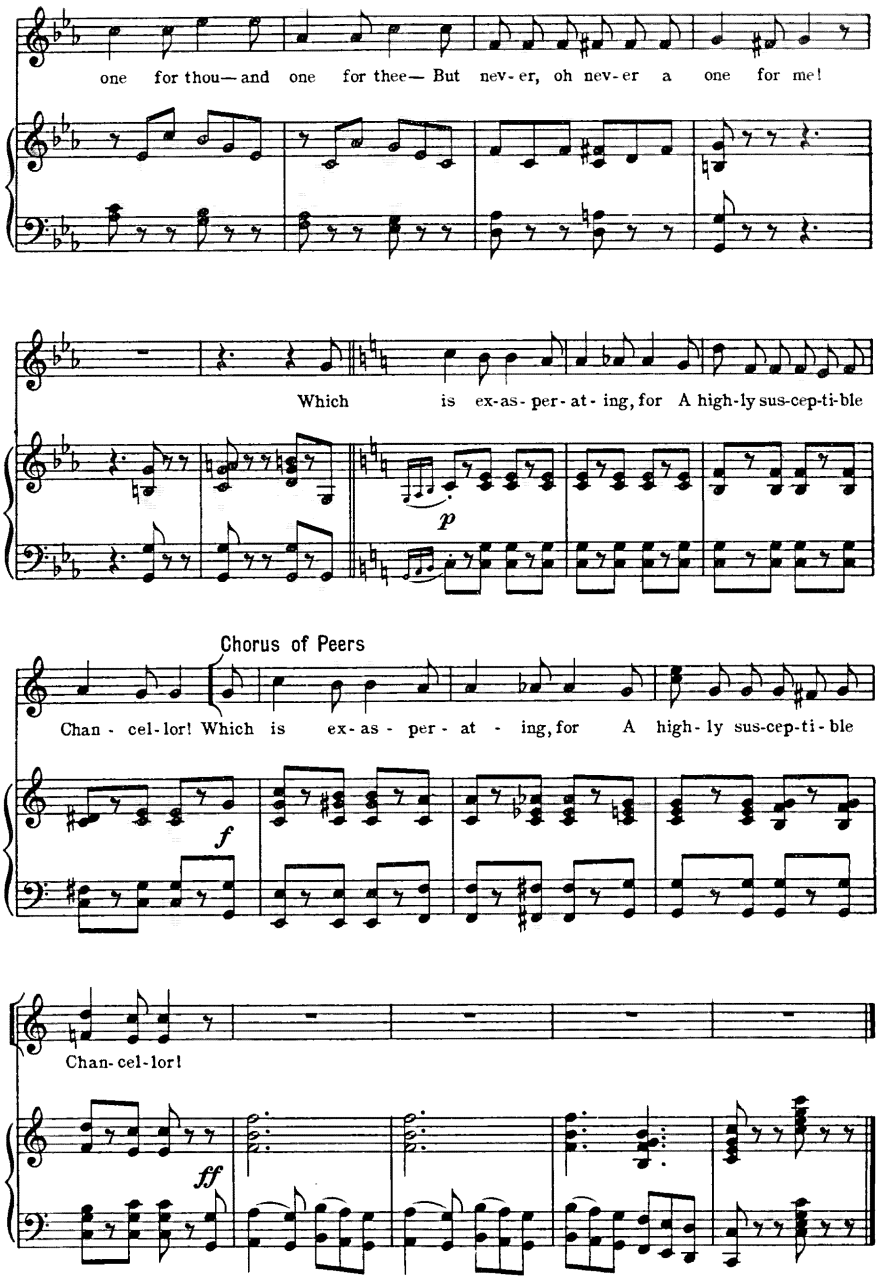

Allegro vivace
ff
Lord Chancellor
The Law is the true em - bod - i - ment Of ev - 'ry-thing that's
p
ex - cel-lent. It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my lords, em-
bod - y the Law.
A
The con - sti - tu-tion-al
p


guard - ian I Of pret-ty young wards in Chan - ce - ry, All ver - y a-gree - a - ble
girls and none Are o-ver the age of twen - ty-one. A
Chorus
pleas - ant oc - cu - pa - tion for A rath-er sus-cep-ti - ble Chan - cel-lor! A
p
f
of Peers
pleas - ant oc - cu - pa - tion for A rath-er sus-cep-ti - ble Chan - cel-lor!
ff


Lord Chancellor
2. But though the com- pli-
p
ment im-plied In- flates me with le - git - i- mate pride, It nev- er- the-less can't
be de-nied, That it has its in - con - ve- ni- ent side.
B
For I'm not so old, and not so plain, And I'm quite pre-pared to


mar - ry a - gain, But there'd be the duce to pay in the Lords If I
fell in love with one of my wards! Which
Chorus
rath - er tries my tem - per, for I'm *such* a sus-cep-ti-ble Chan - cel-lor! Which
p
f
of Peers
rath - er tries his tem - per, for He's *such* a sus-cep-ti-ble Chan-cel-lor!
ff


Lord Chancellor
3. And ev - 'ry-one who'd
p
mar- ry 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
C
one for him— and one for he— And one for you— and one for ye— And
p


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

(Enter Lord Tolloller)

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.

(Enter Lord Mountarat)

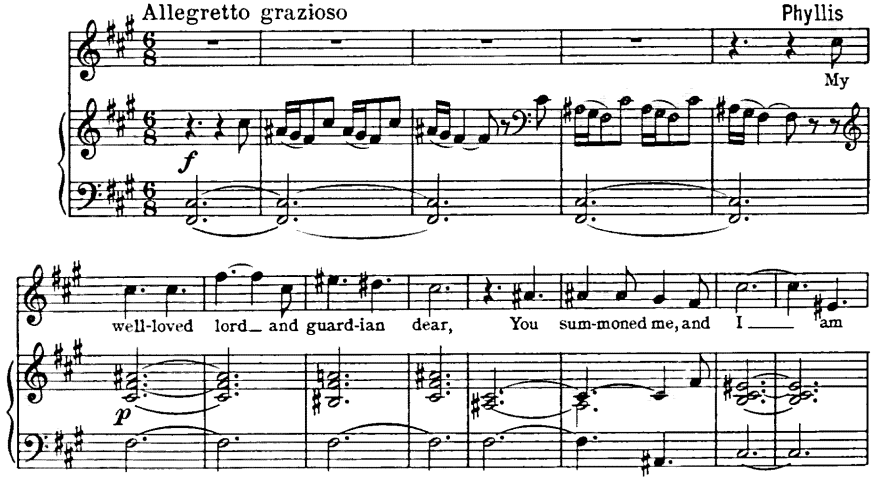
Ld. Mount.: My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

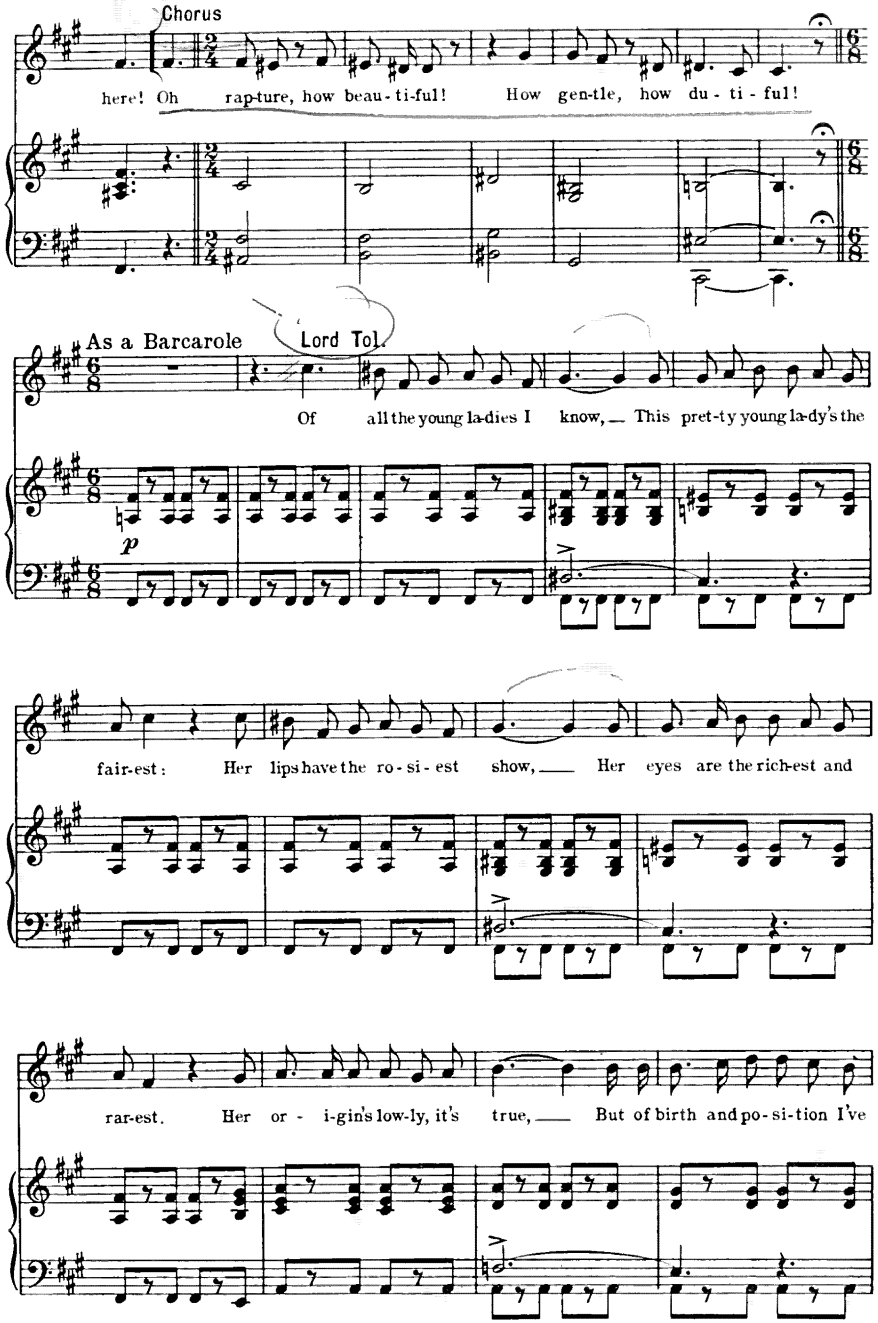
(Enter Phyllis)

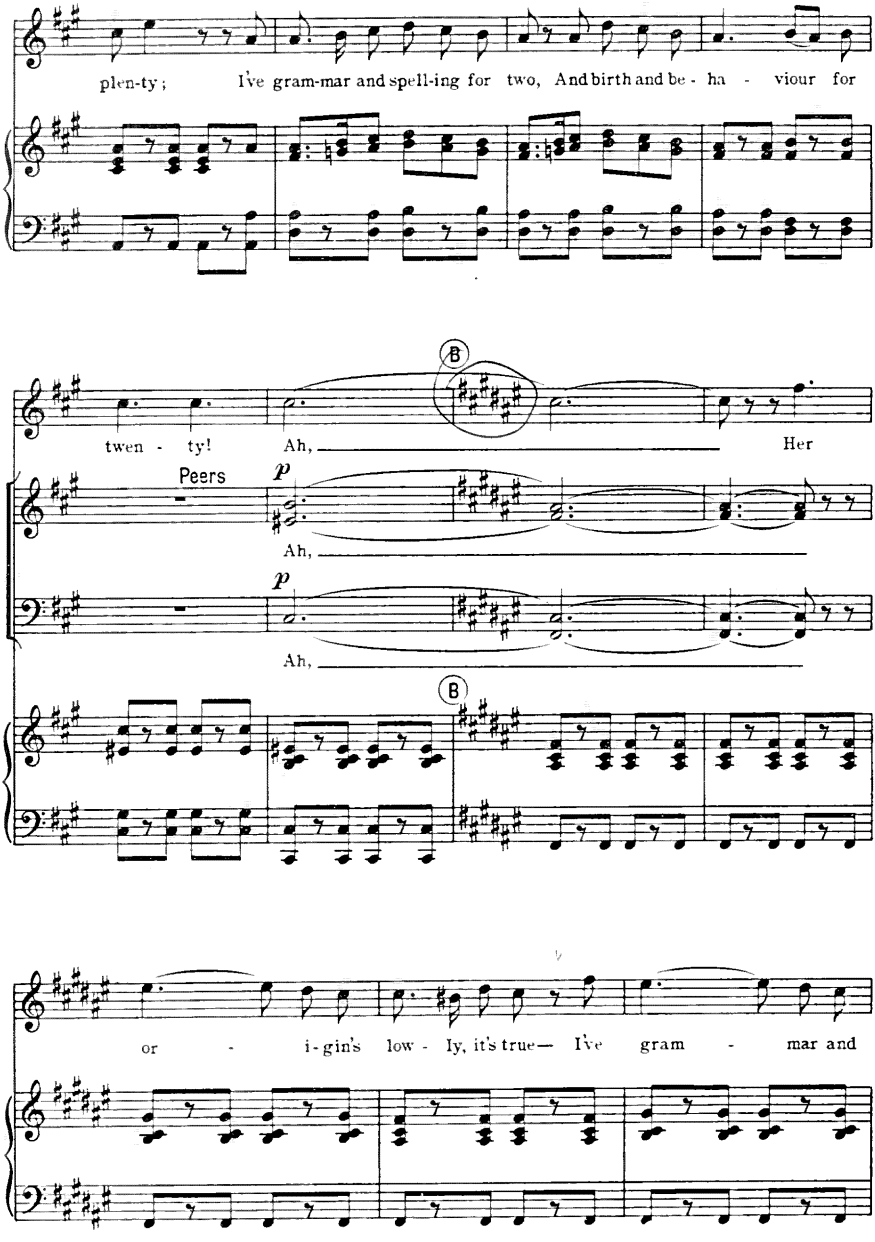
No. 8. "My well-loved lord and guardian dear"

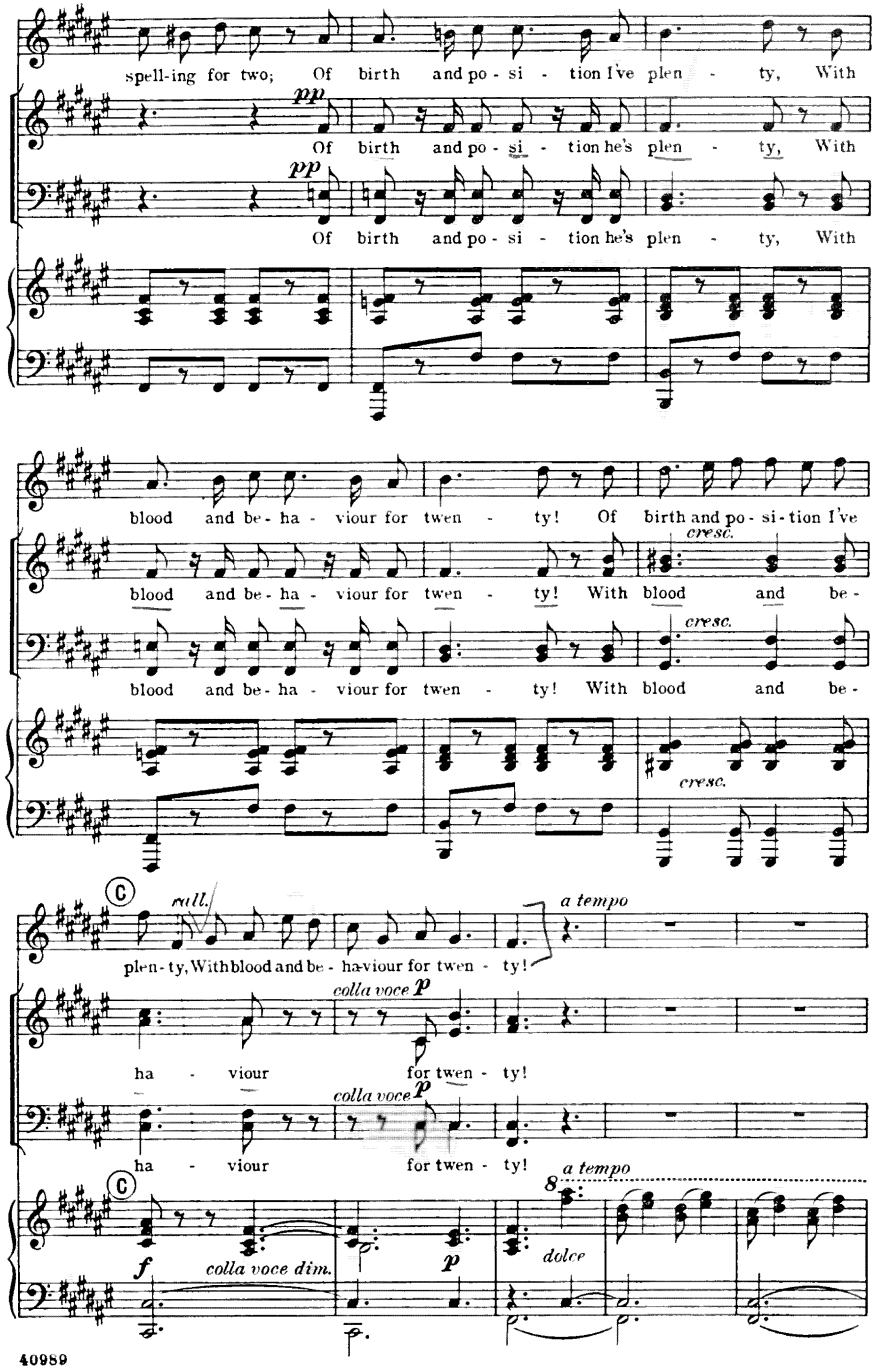
Trio and Chorus

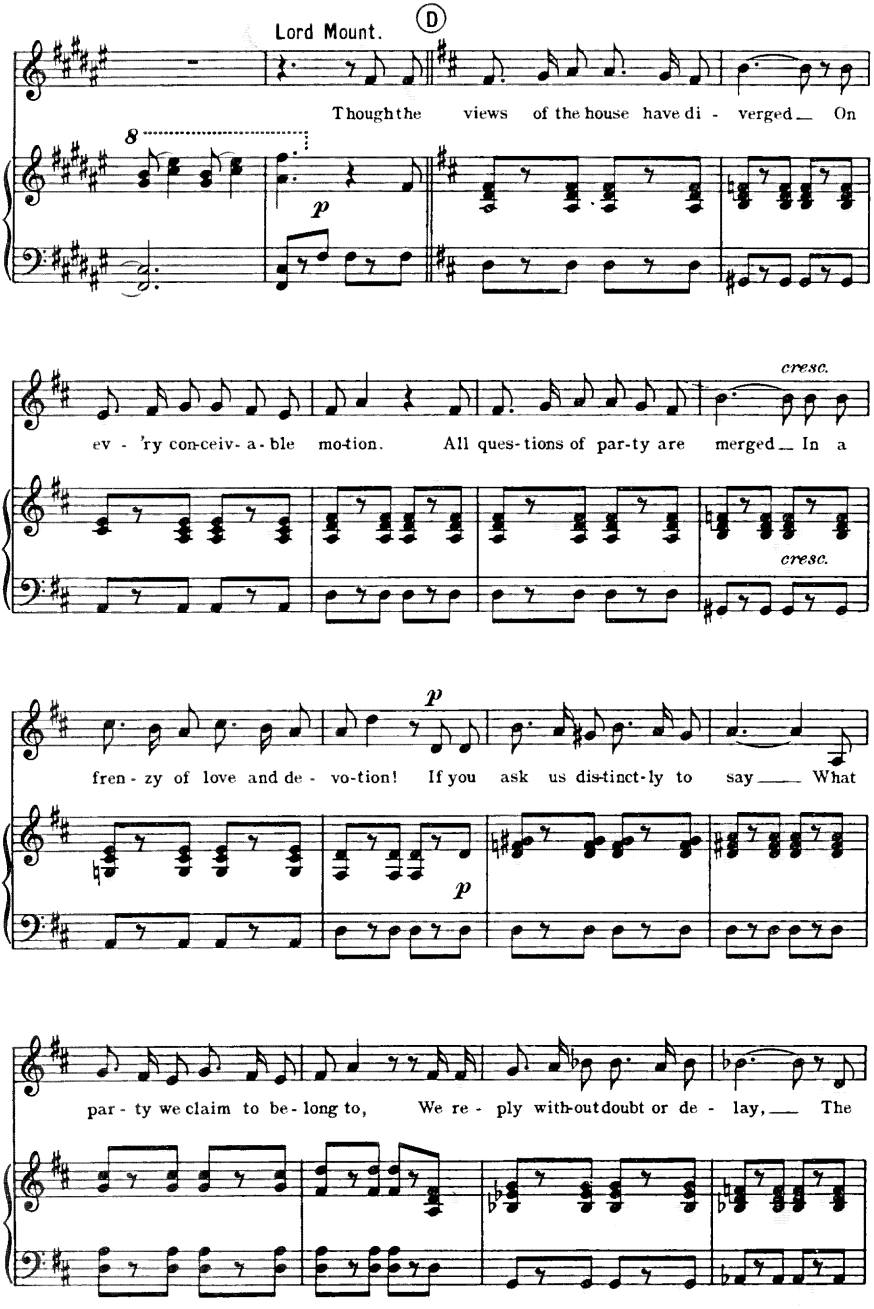
Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Peers

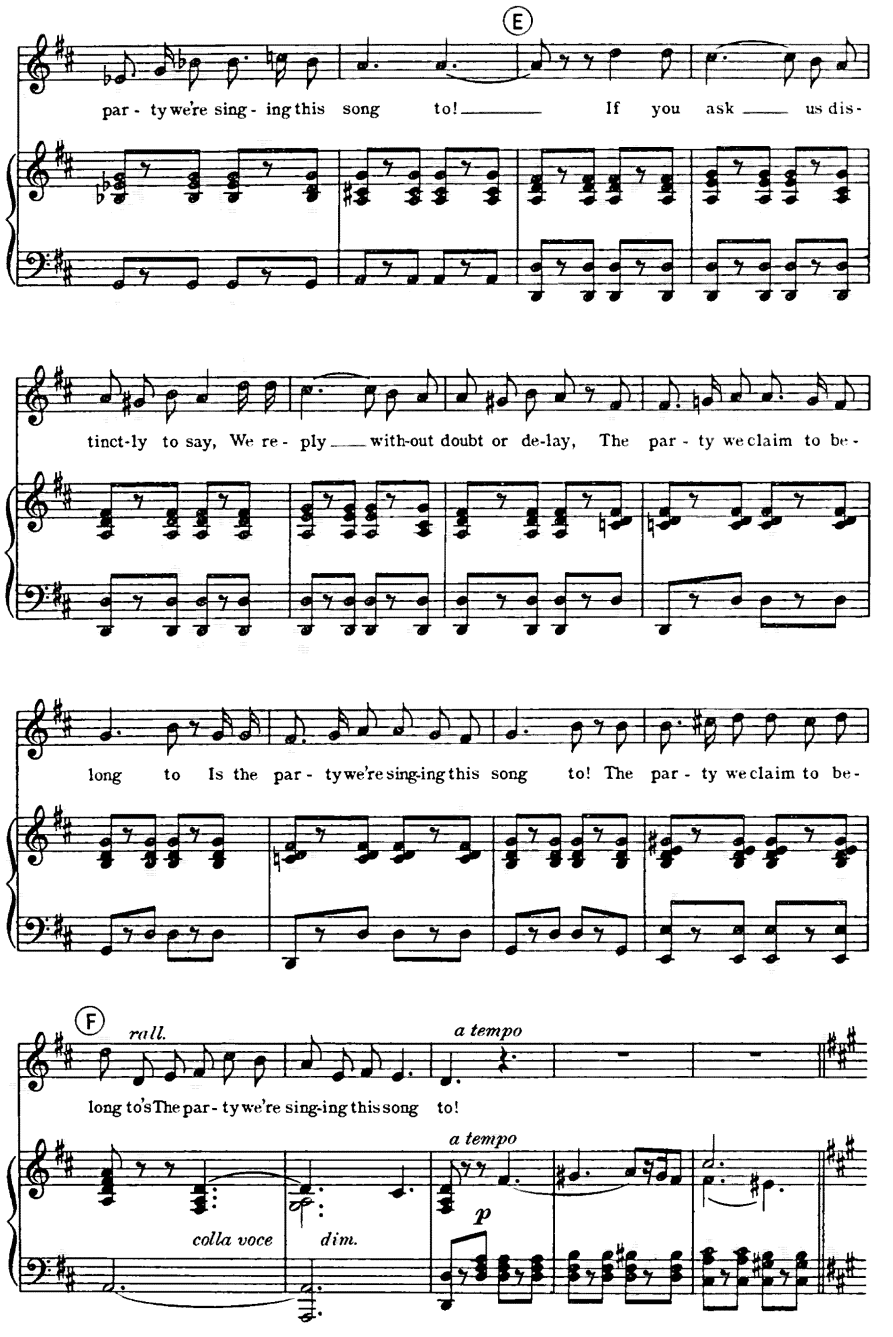


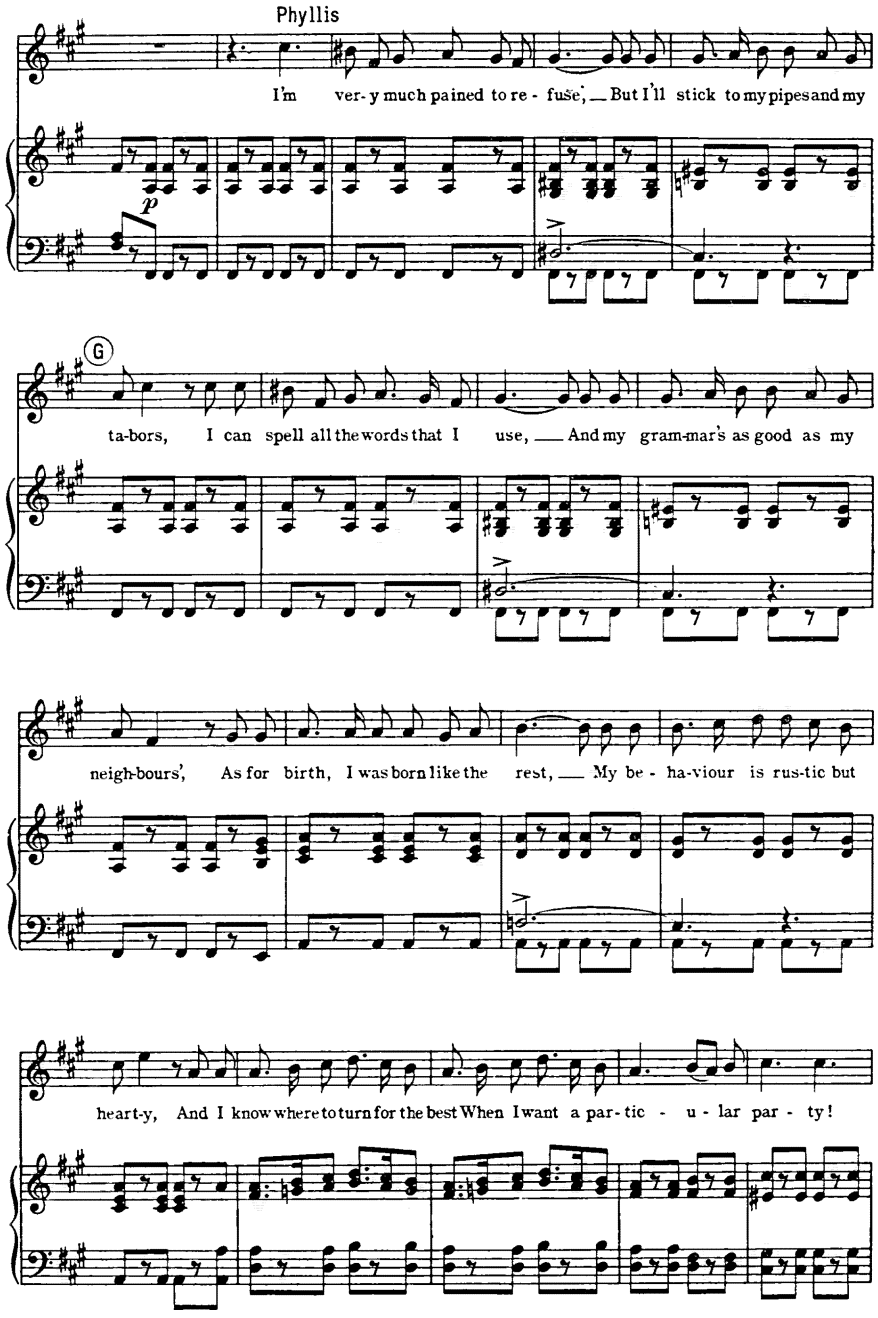

Chorus
here! Oh rap-ture, how beau-ti-ful! How gen-tle, how du-ti-ful!
As a Barcarole
Lord Tol.
Of all the young la-dies I know, This pret-ty young la-dy's the
p
fair-est: Her lips have the ro-si-est show, Her eyes are the rich-est and
rar-est. Her or-i-gin's low-ly, it's true, But of birth and po-si-tion I've

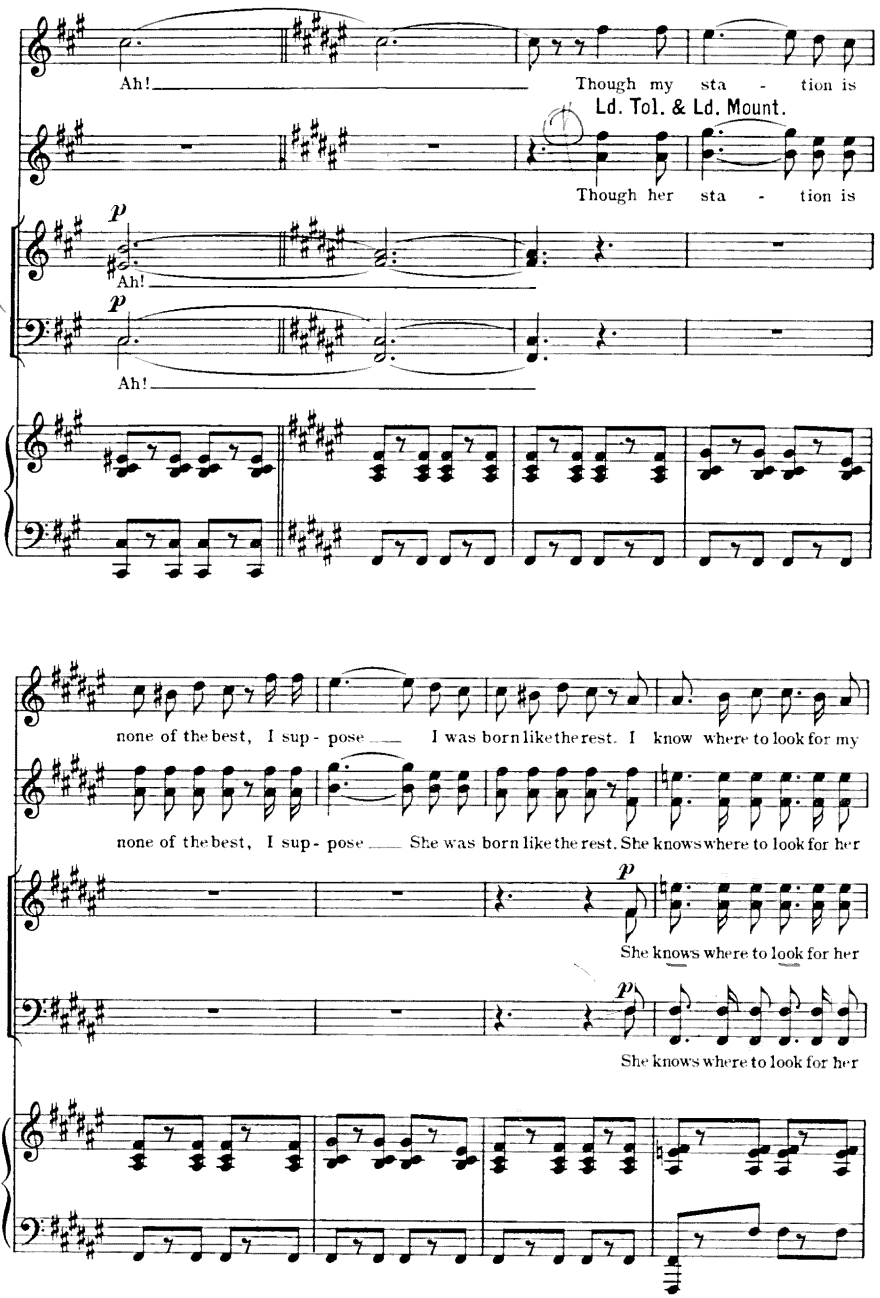

plen-ty; I've gram-mar and spell-ing for two, And birth and be - ha - viour for
B
twen - ty! Ah, Her
Peers
p
Ah,
p
Ah,
B
or - i-gin's low - ly, it's true— I've gram - mar and

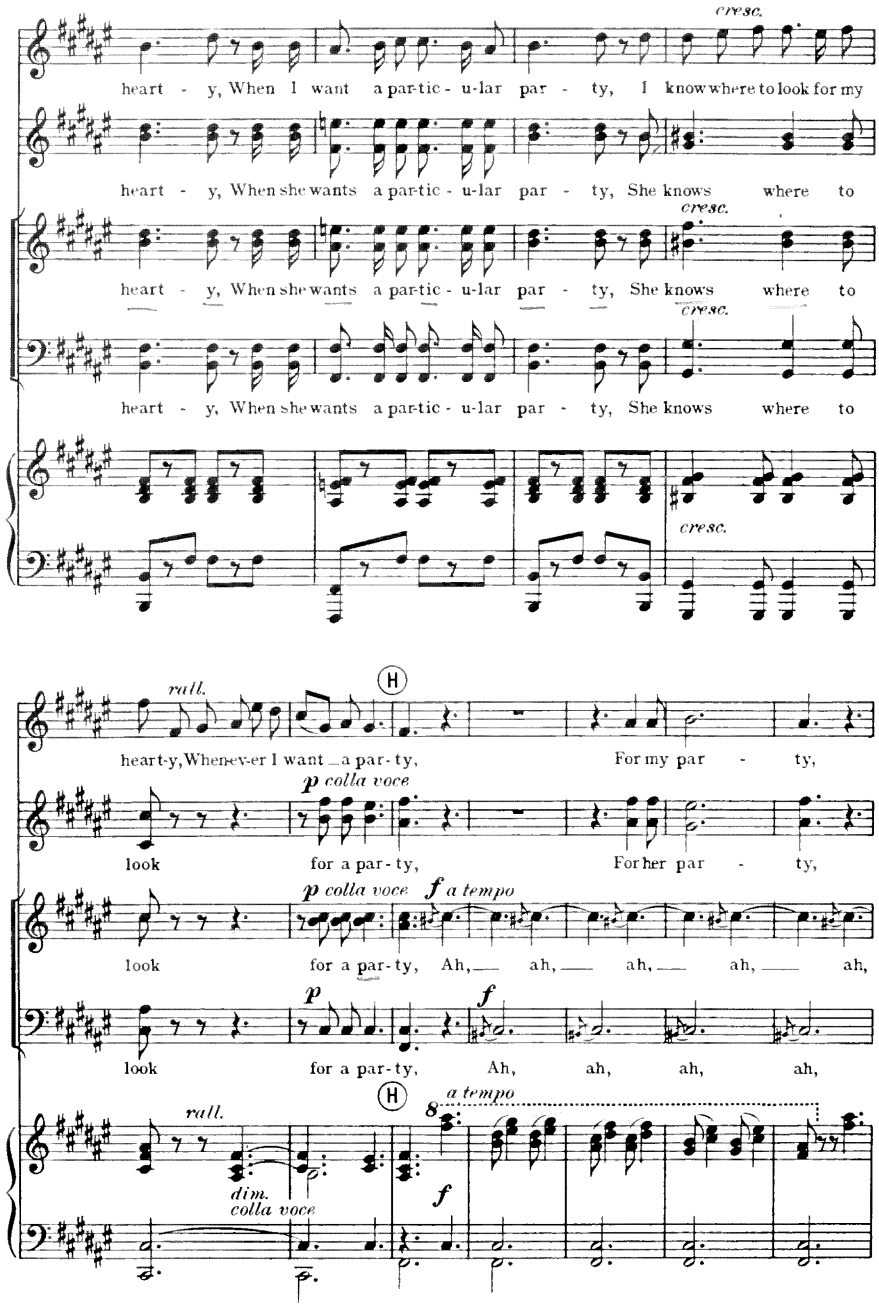

spell-ing for two; Of birth and po - si - tion I've plen - ty, With
pp
Of birth and po - si - tion he's plen - ty, With
pp
Of birth and po - si - tion he's plen - ty, With
blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! Of birth and po - si - tion I've
cresc.
blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! With blood and be -
cresc.
blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! With blood and be -
cresc.
C
rall.
a tempo
plen - ty, With blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty!
colla voce p
ha - viour for twen - ty!
colla voce p
ha - viour for twen - ty!
C
a tempo
8
f
colla voce dim.
p
dolce

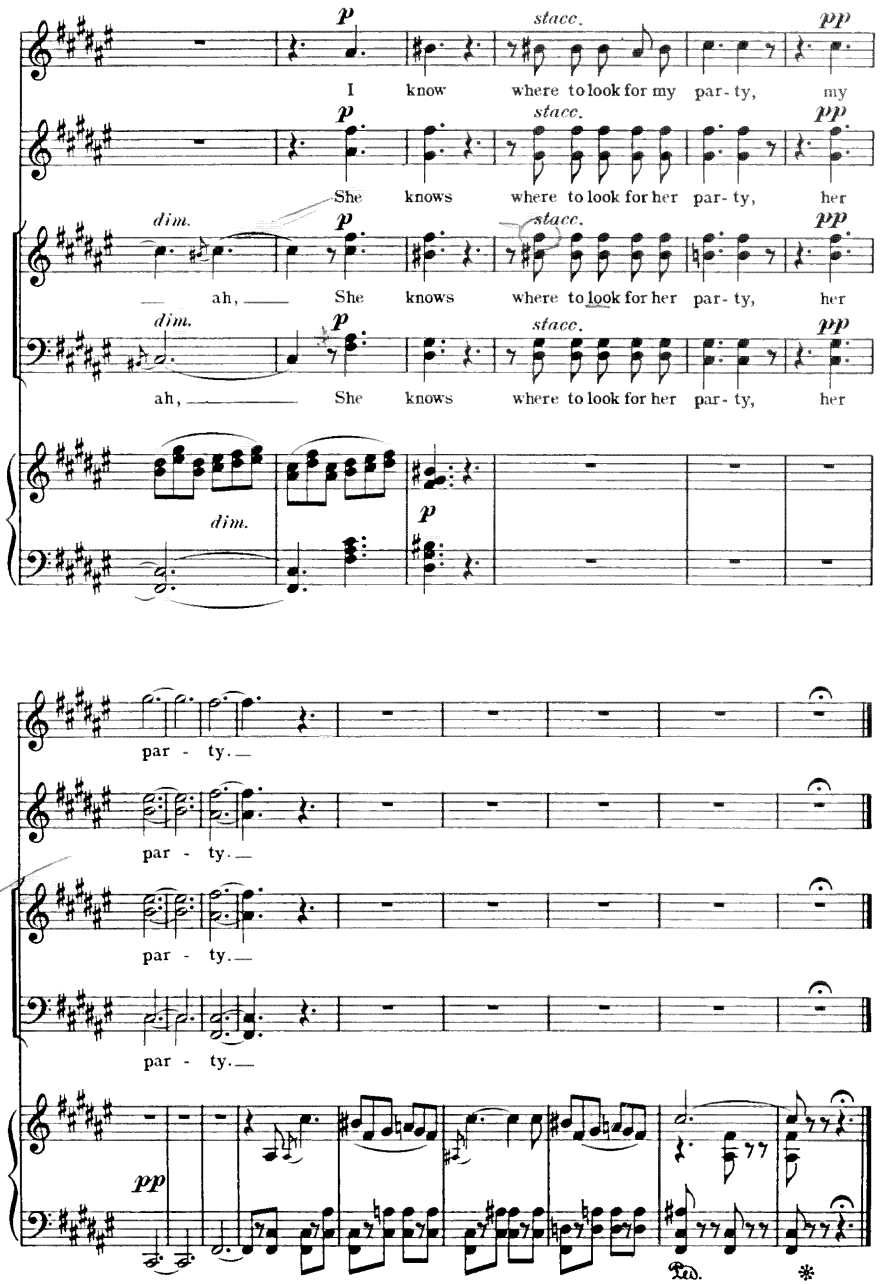

Lord Mount.
D
Though the views of the house have di - verged On
p
cresc.
ev - 'ry con-ceiv- a - ble mo-tion. All ques-tions of par-ty are merged In a
cresc.
p
fren - zy of love and de - vo-tion! If you ask us dis-tinct-ly to say What
p
par - ty we claim to be - long to, We re - ply with-out doubt or de - lay, The


E
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 -
long to Is the par - ty we're sing-ing this song to! The par - ty we claim to be -
F
rall.
a tempo
long to's The par - ty we're sing-ing this song to!
a tempo
colla voce
dim.
p


Phyllis
I'm ver-y much pained to re - fuse, But I'll stick to my pipes and my
p
G
ta-bors, I can spell all the words that I use, And my gram-mar's as good as my
neigh-bours', As for birth, I was born like the rest, My be - ha-viour is rus-tic but
heart-y, And I know where to turn for the best When I want a par-tic - u - lar par - ty!


Ah!
Though my sta - tion is
Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount.
Though her sta - tion is
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
none of the best, I sup - pose I was born like the rest. I know where to look for my
none of the best, I sup - pose She was born like the rest. She knows where to look for her
p
She knows where to look for her
p
She knows where to look for her


cresc.
heart - y, When I want a par-tic - u-lar par - ty, I know where to look for my
heart - y, When she wants a par-tic - u-lar par - ty, She knows where to
cresc.
heart - y, When she wants a par-tic - u-lar par - ty, She knows where to
cresc.
heart - y, When she wants a par-tic - u-lar par - ty, She knows where to
cresc.
rall.
H
heart-y, When-ev-er I want a par-ty, For my par - ty,
p colla voce
look for a par-ty, For her par - ty,
p colla voce
f a tempo
look for a par-ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
p
f
look for a par-ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah,
rall.
H
a tempo
8
dim.
colla voce
f

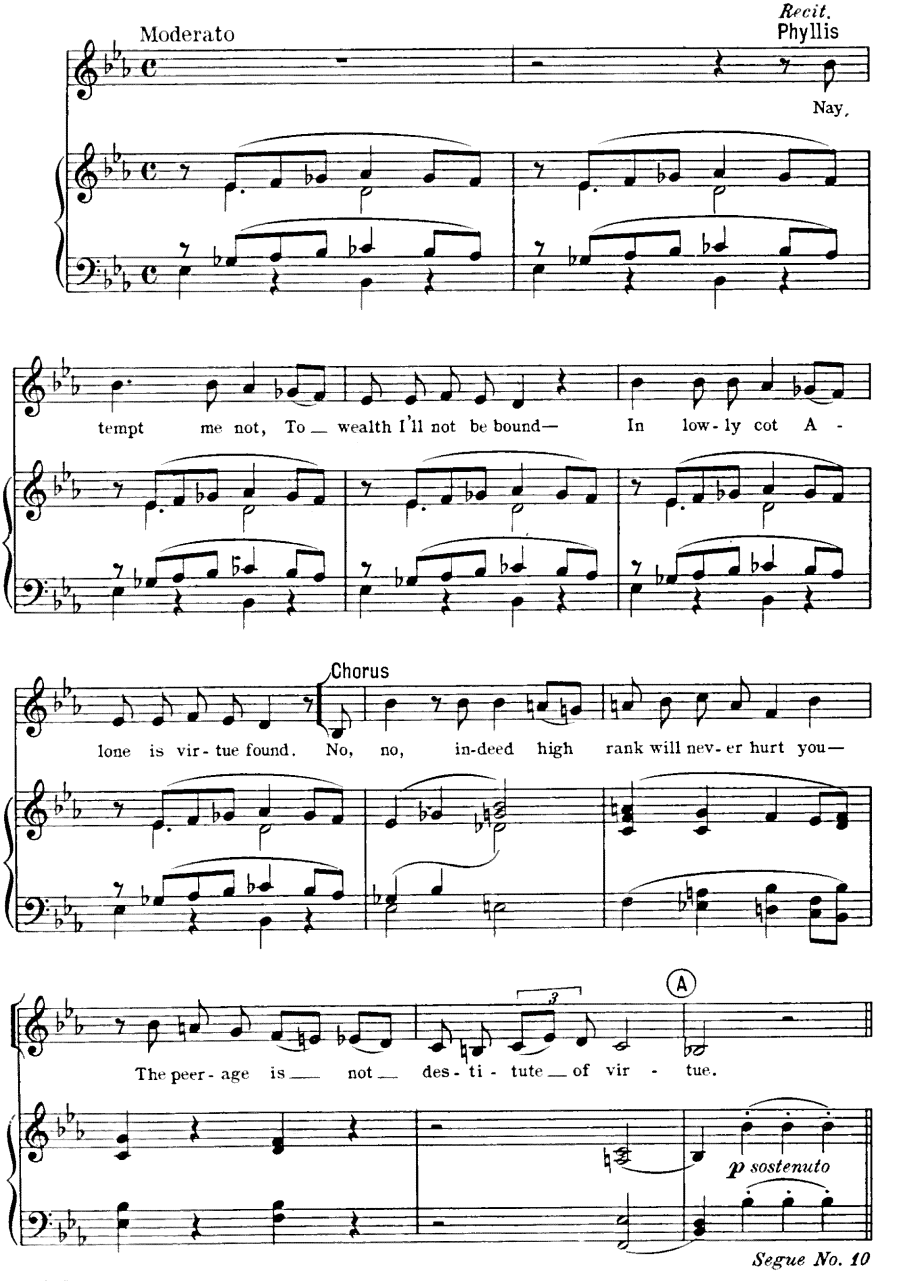

p
stacc.
pp
I know where to look for my par- ty, my
She knows where to look for her par- ty, her
dim.
ah, She knows where to look for her par- ty, her
ah, She knows where to look for her par- ty, her
dim.
par - ty.
par - ty.
par - ty.
par - ty.
pp
Ped.
*

Segue No. 9

No. 9. "Nay, tempt me not"

Recitative and Chorus

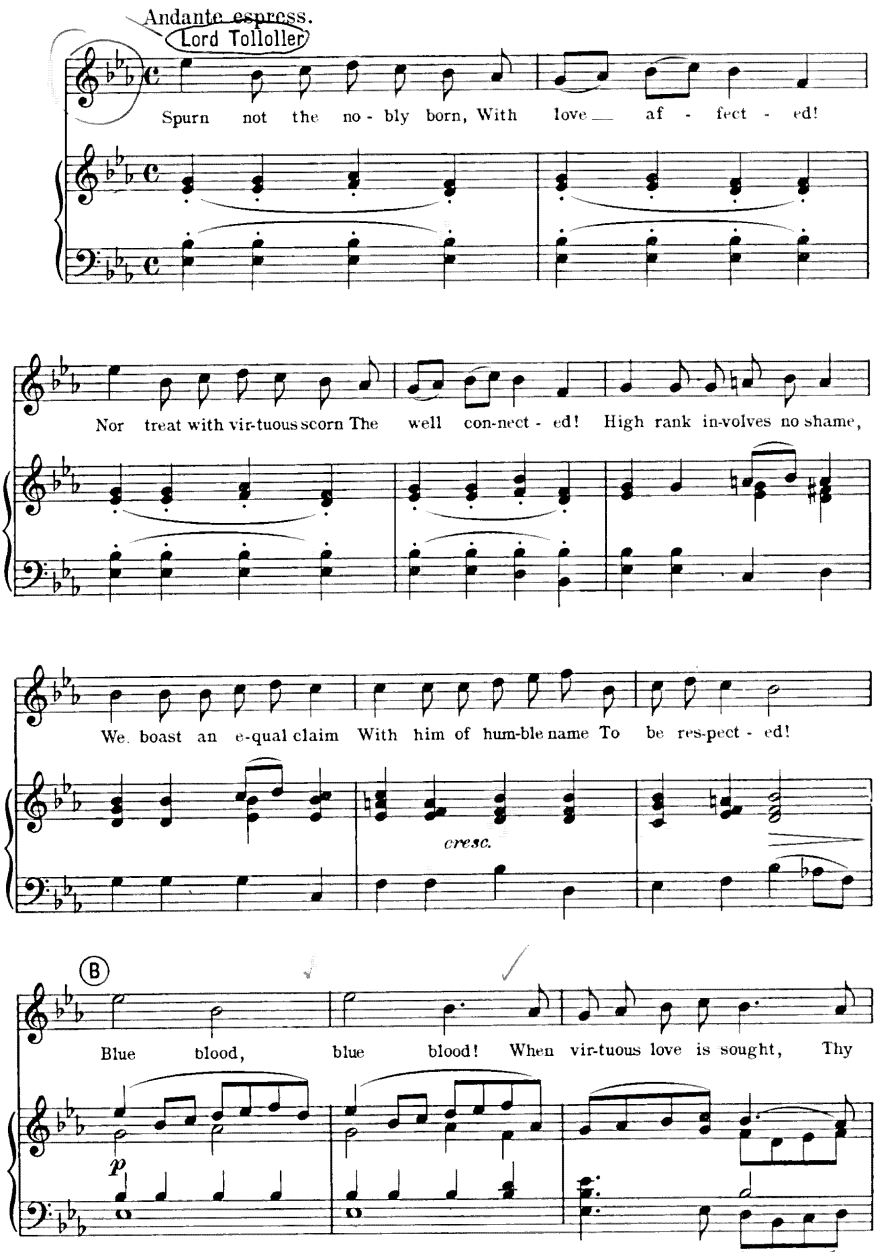
Phyllis and Peers

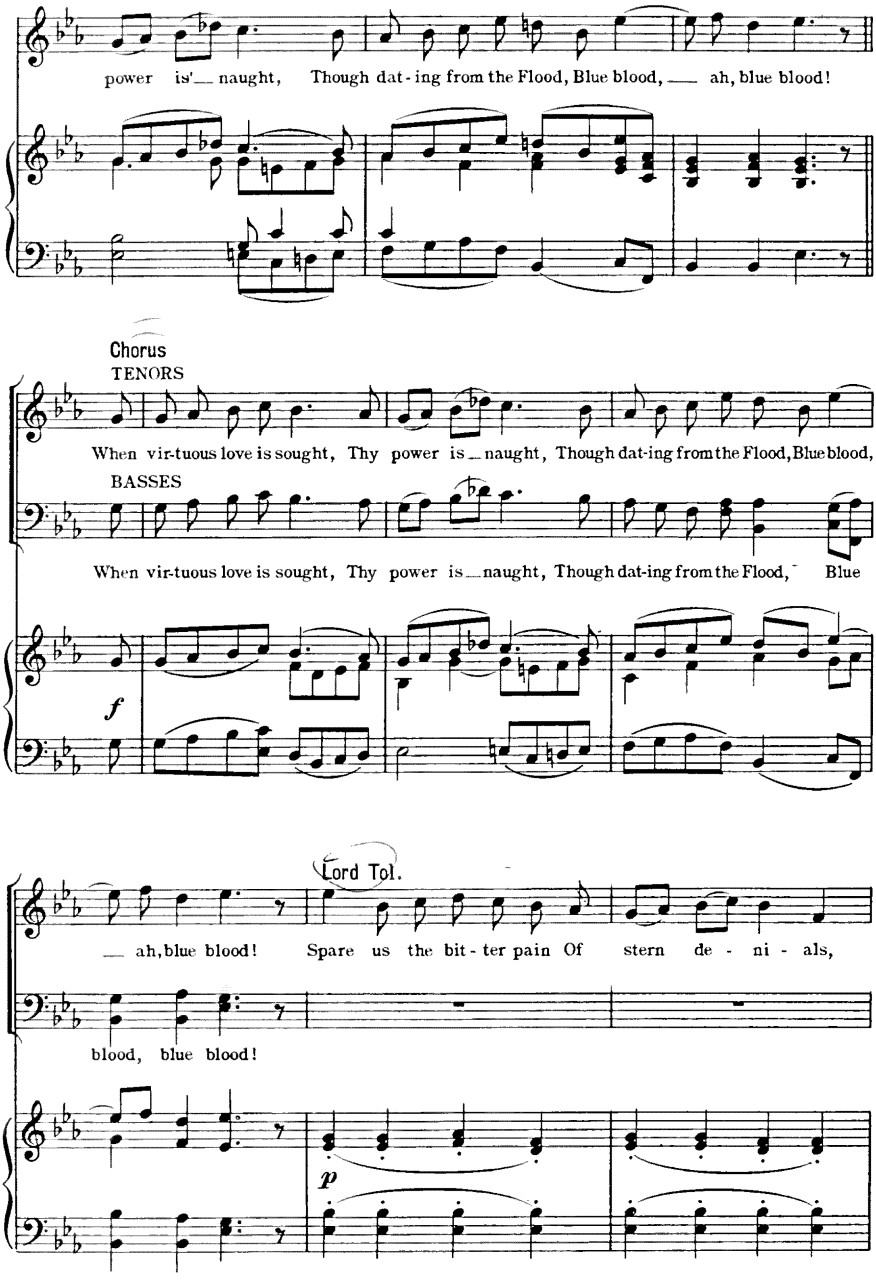


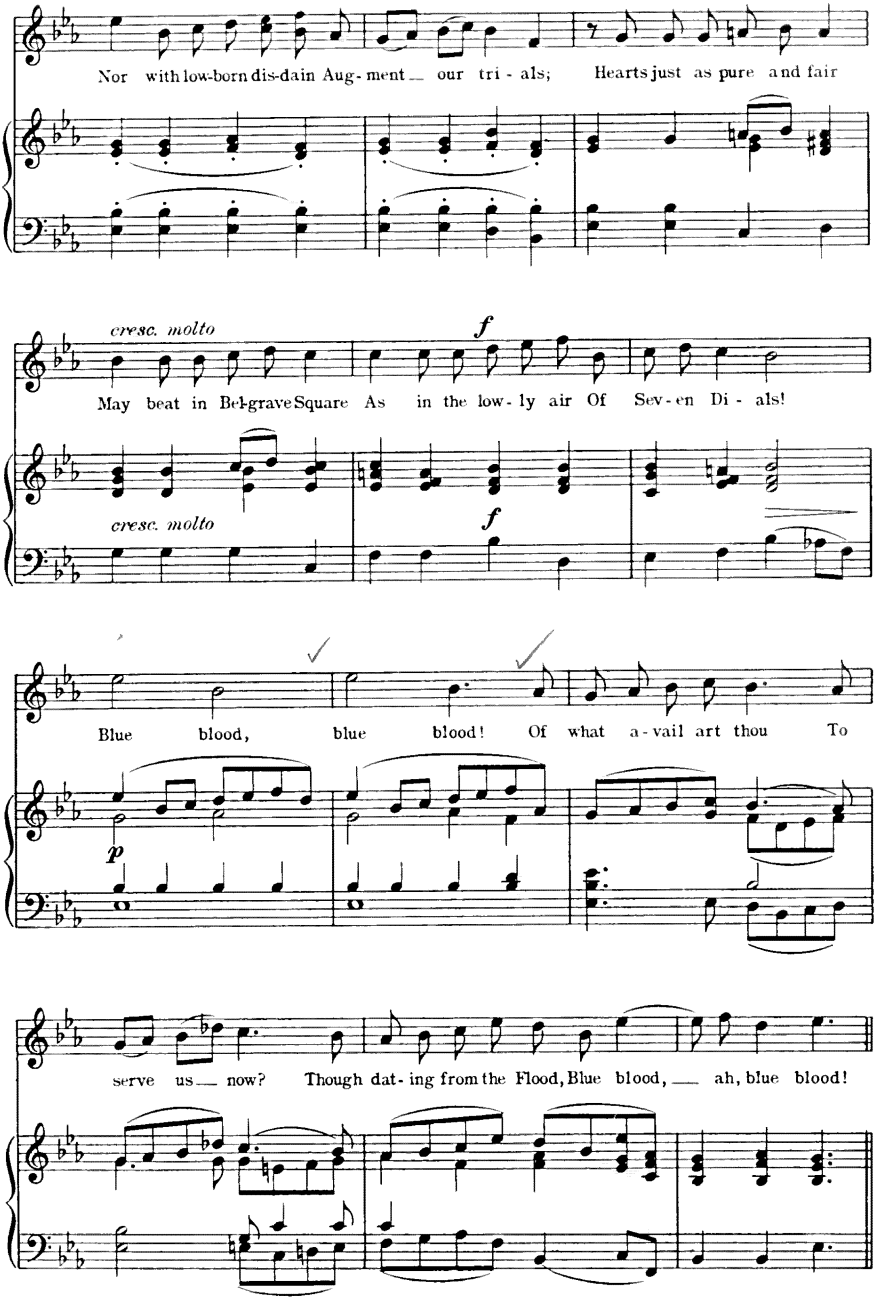
No. 10. "Spurn not the nobly born"

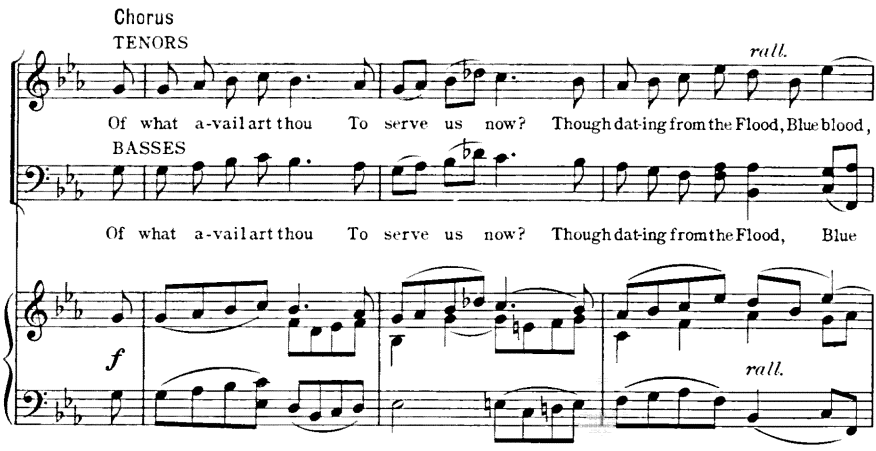
Song and Chorus

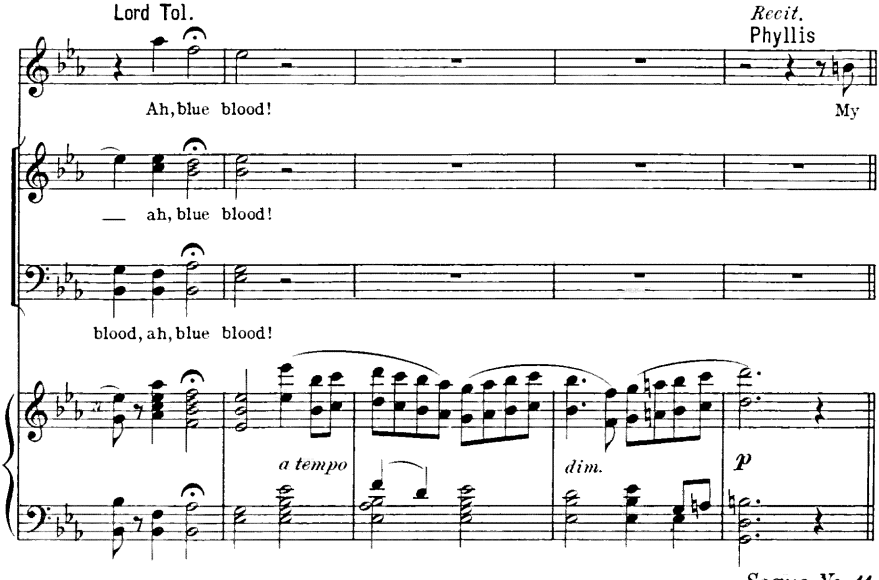
Lord Tolloller and Peers




power is'_ naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood, _ ah, blue blood!
Chorus
TENORS
When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy power is_naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood,
BASSES
When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy power is_naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue
f
Lord Tol.
_ ah, blue blood! Spare us the bit-ter pain Of stern de-ni-als,
blood, blue blood!
p


Nor with low-born dis-dain Aug-ment our tri-als; Hearts just as pure and fair
cresc. molto
f
May beat in Bel-grave Square As in the low-ly air Of Sev-en Di-als!
cresc. molto
f
Blue blood, blue blood! Of what a-vail art thou To
p
serve us now? Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood, ah, blue blood!


Chorus
TENORS
rall.
Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood,
BASSES
Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue
f
rall.

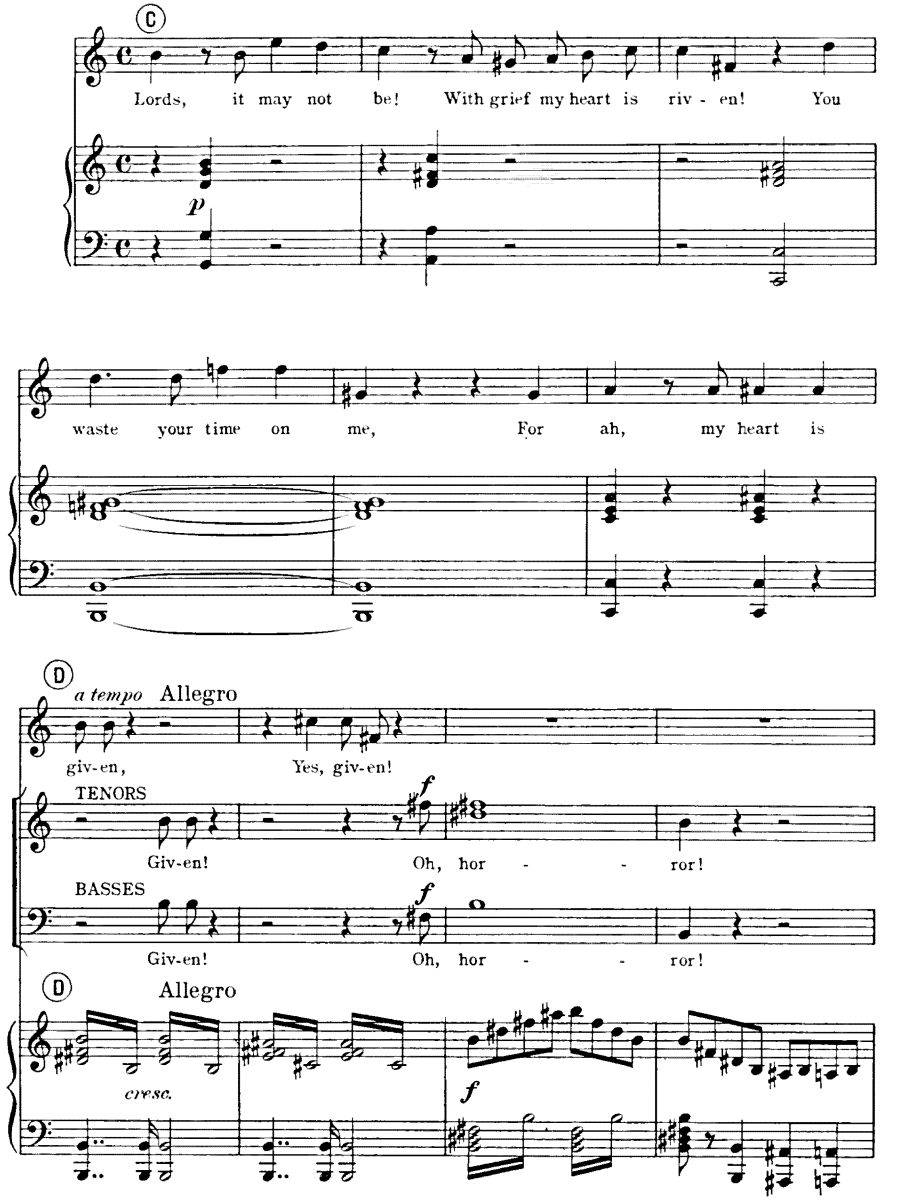

Lord Tol.
Recit.
Phyllis
Ah, blue blood!
My
— ah, blue blood!
blood, ah, blue blood!
a tempo
dim.
p

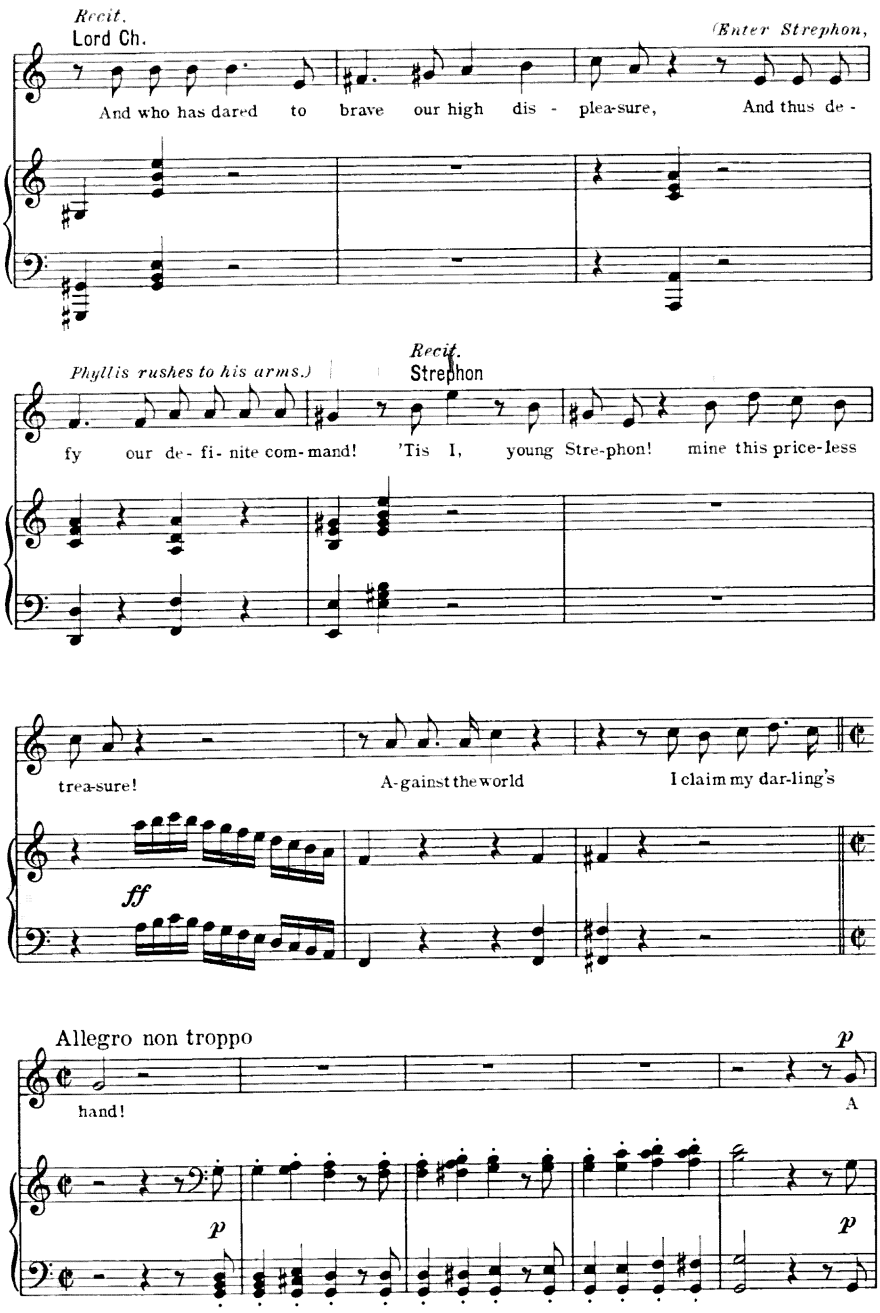
Segue No. 11

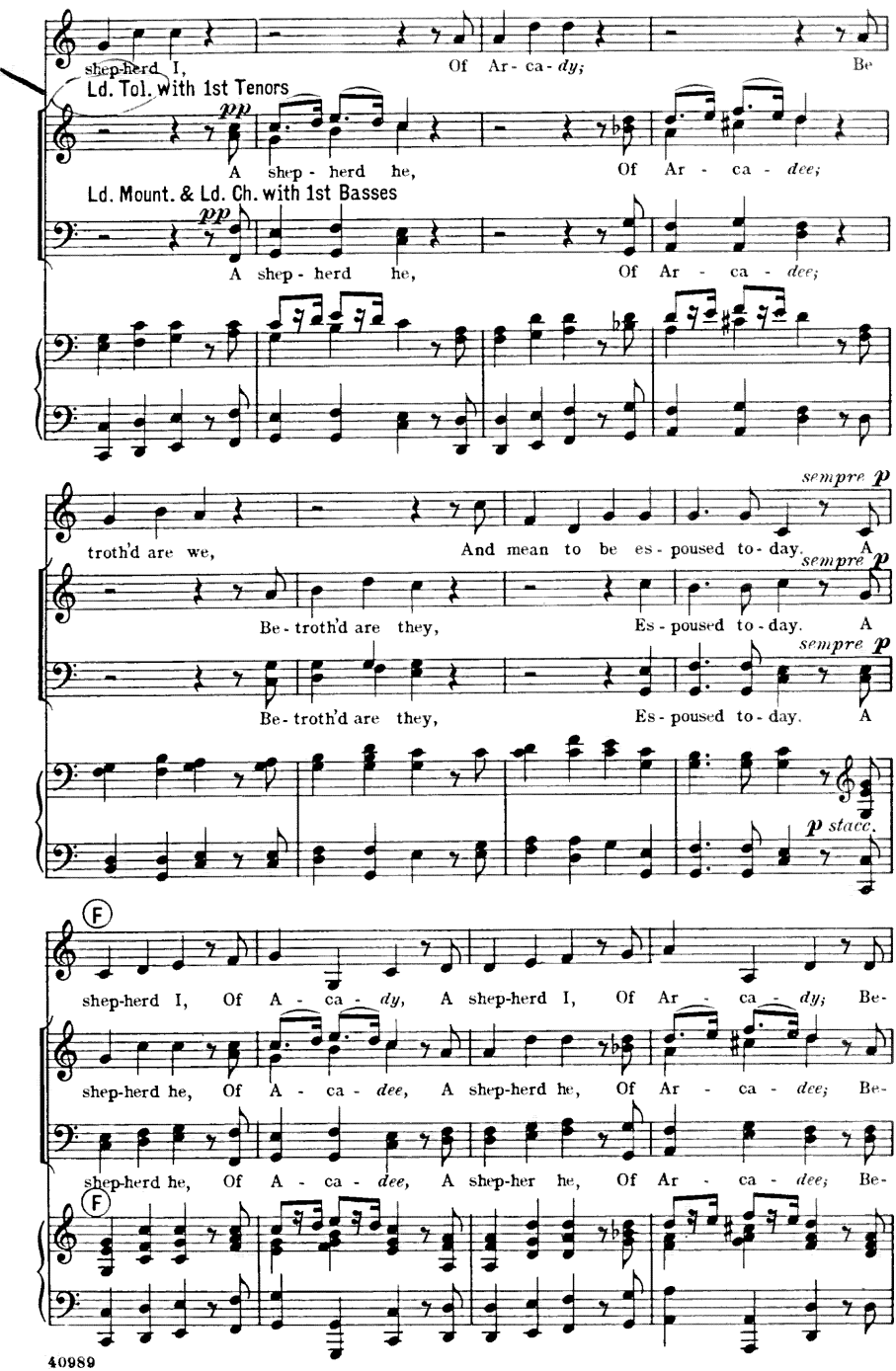
No. 11. "My Lords, it may not be"

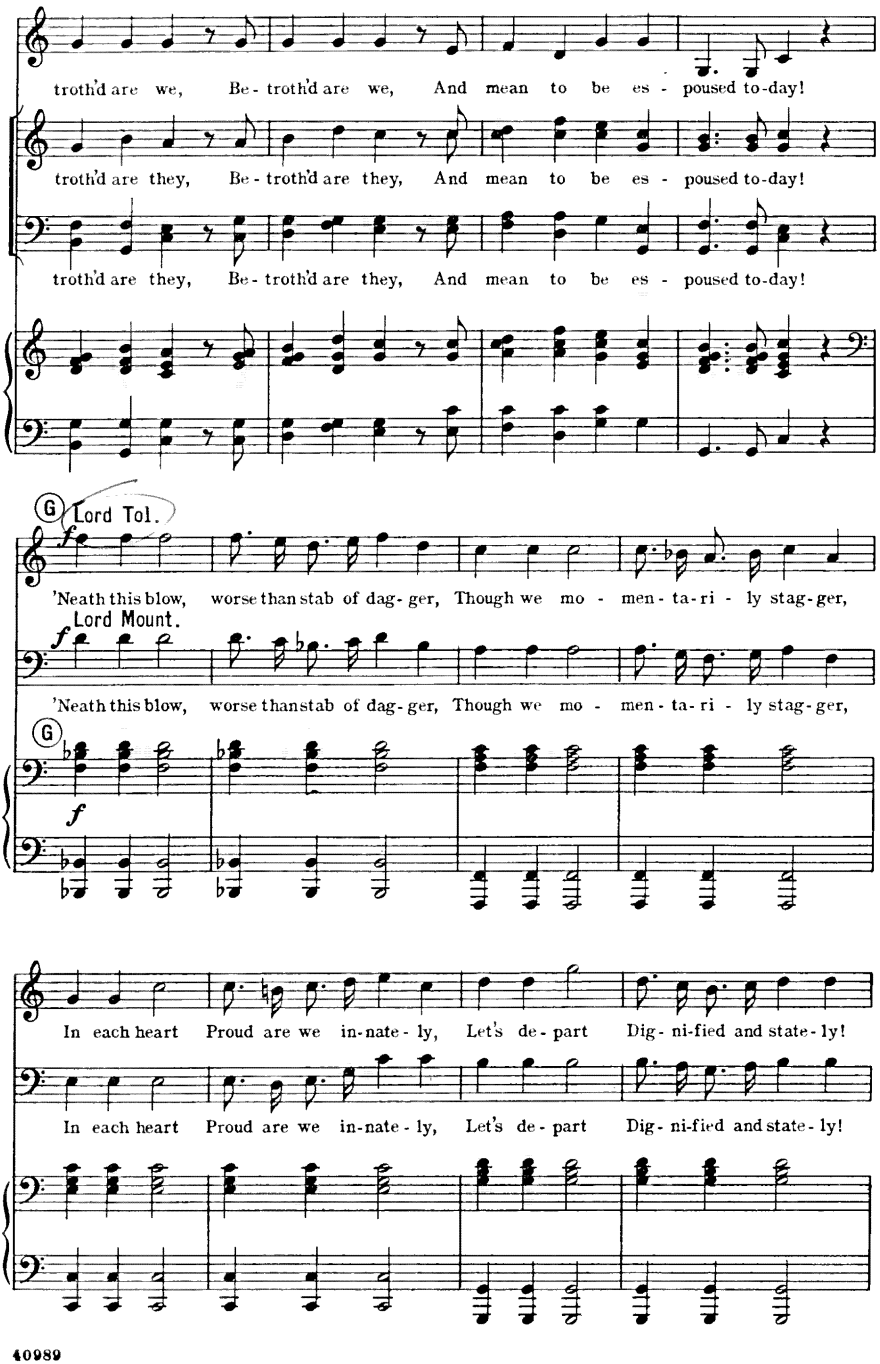
Recitative and Chorus

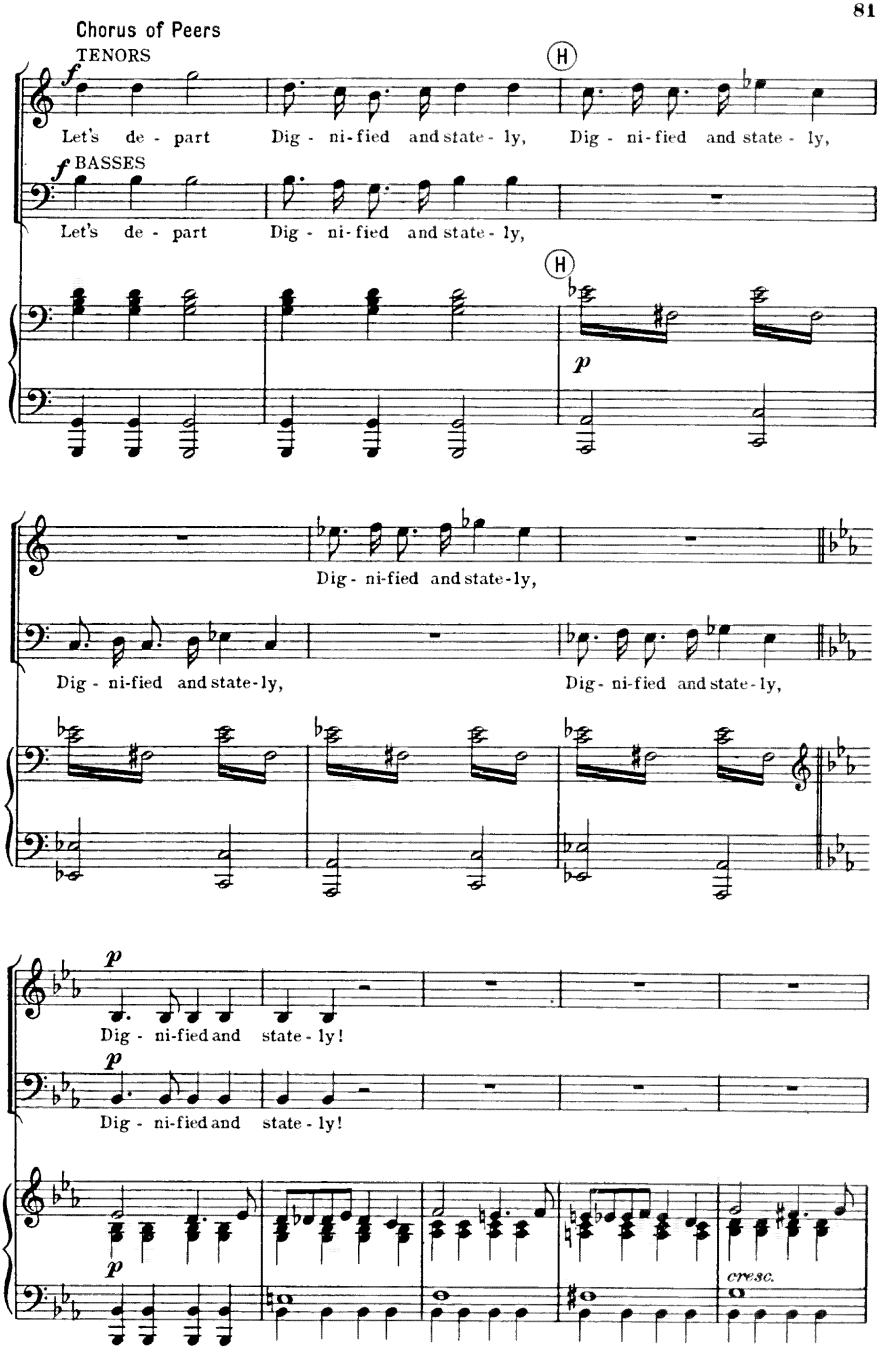
Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararart, Strephon,
Lord Chancellor and Peers

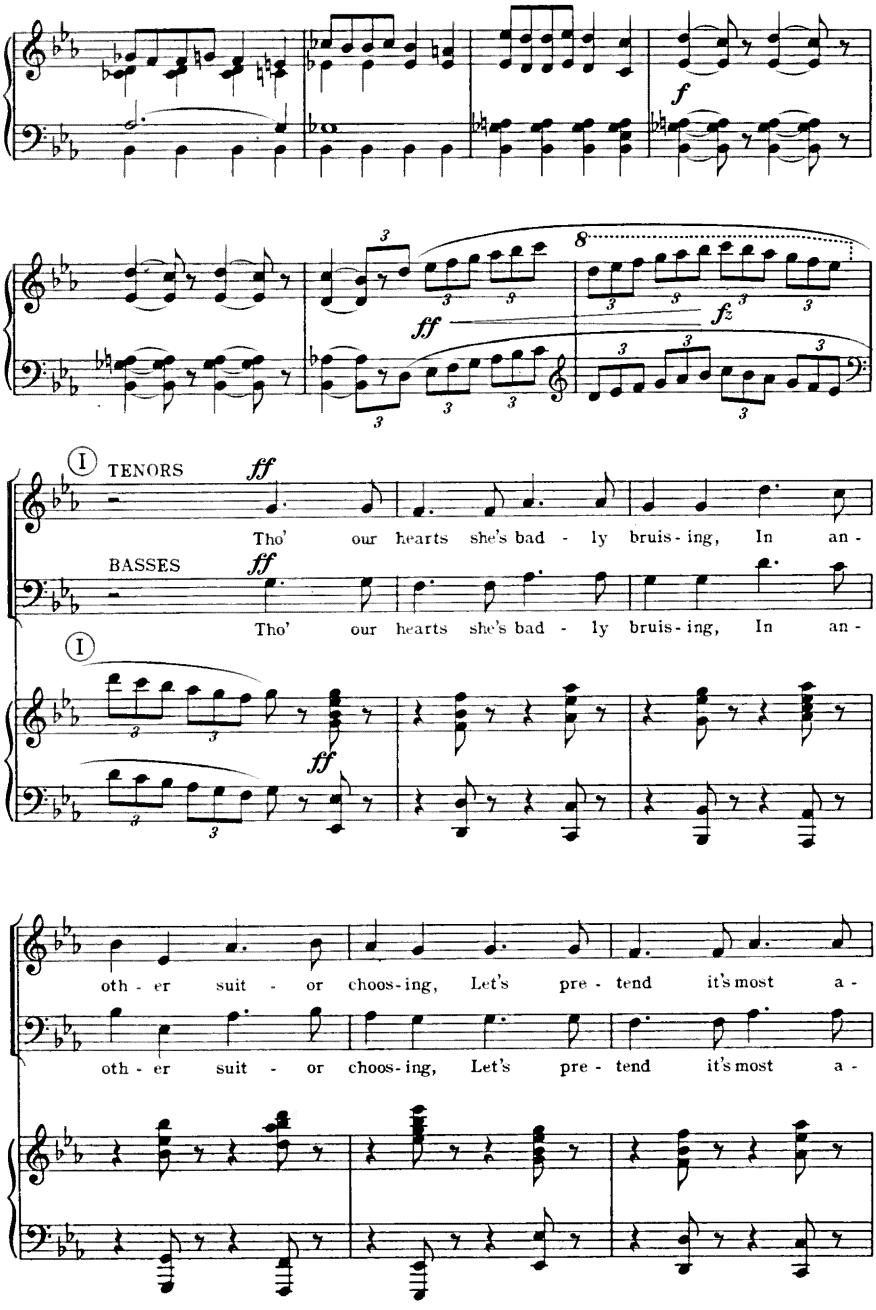


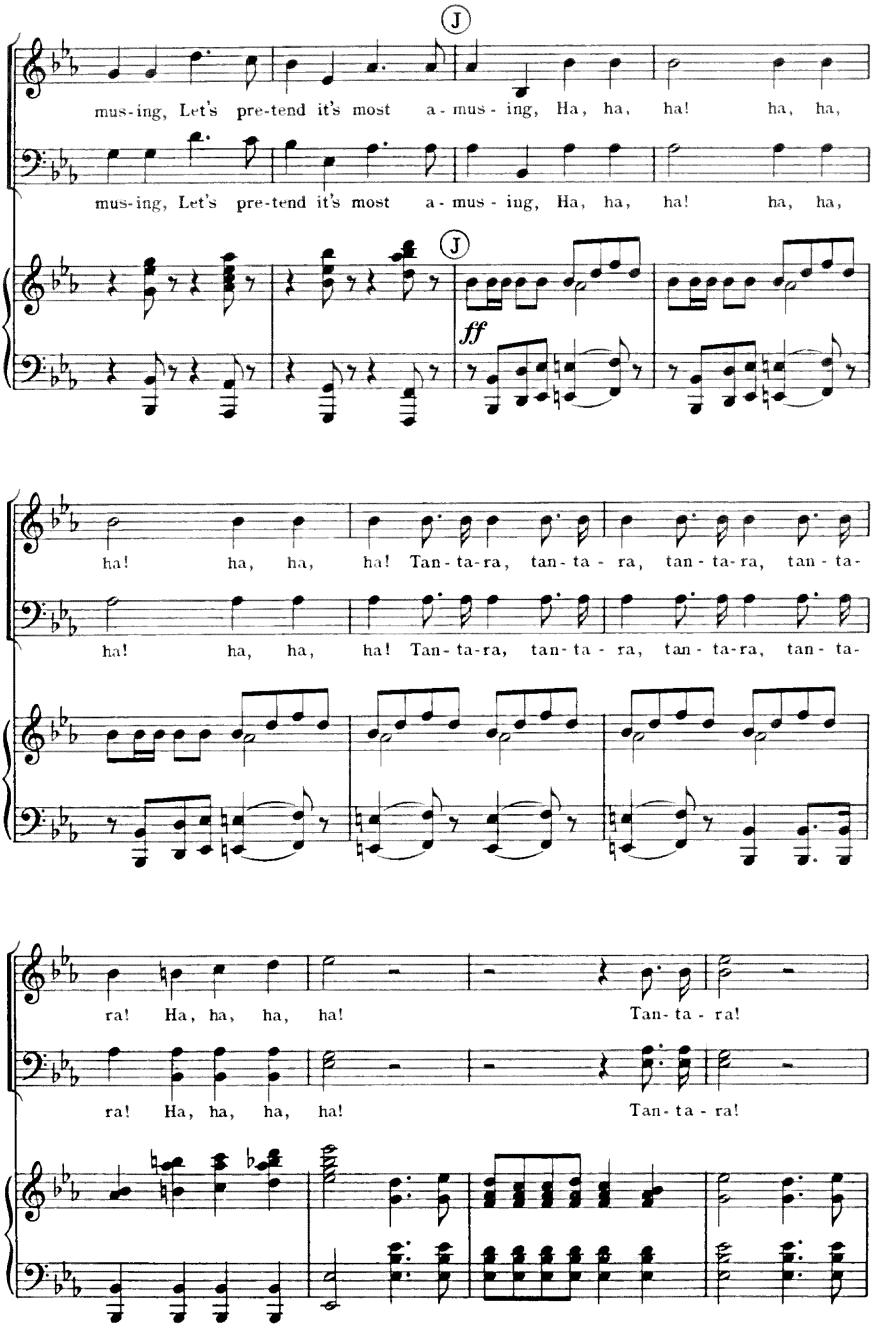

Recit.
Lord Ch.
(Enter Strephon,
And who has dared to brave our high dis - plea-sure, And thus de -
(Phyllis rushes to his arms.)
Recit.
Strephon
fy our de- fi- nite com-mand! 'Tis I, young Stre-phon! mine this price-less
trea-sure! A-gainst the world I claim my dar-ling's
ff
Allegro non troppo
p
hand!
A
p
p

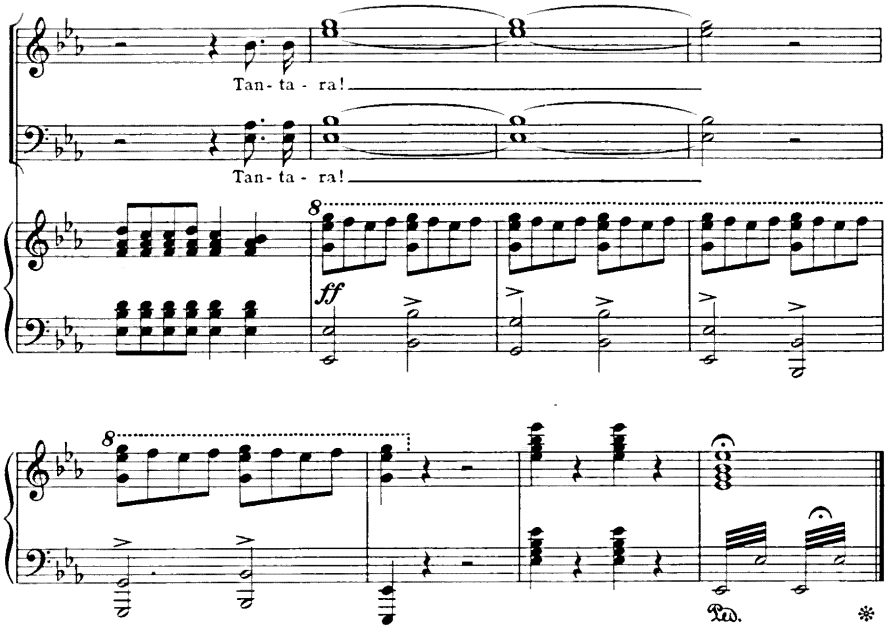

shep-herd I, Of Ar - ca - dy; Be
Ld. Tol. with 1st Tenors
pp
A shep - herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee;
Ld. Mount. & Ld. Ch. with 1st Basses
pp
A shep - herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee;
sempre p
troth'd are we, And mean to be es - poused to - day. A
sempre p
Be - troth'd are they, Es - poused to - day. A
sempre p
Be - troth'd are they, Es - poused to - day. A
p stacc.
(F)
shep-herd I, Of A - ca - dy, A shep-herd I, Of Ar - ca - dy; Be-
shep-herd he, Of A - ca - dee, A shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be-
shep-herd he, Of A - ca - dee, A shep-her he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be-
(F)


troth'd are we, Be - troth'd are we, And mean to be es - poused to-day!
troth'd are they, Be - troth'd are they, And mean to be es - poused to-day!
troth'd are they, Be - troth'd are they, And mean to be es - poused to-day!
G
Lord Tol.
f
'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag - ger, Though we mo - men - ta - ri - ly stag - ger,
Lord Mount.
f
'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag - ger, Though we mo - men - ta - ri - ly stag - ger,
G
f
In each heart Proud are we in - nate - ly, Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!
In each heart Proud are we in - nate - ly, Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!


Chorus of Peers
TENORS
f
Let's de - part
Dig - ni-fied and state - ly,
Dig - ni-fied and state - ly,
f BASSES
Let's de - part
Dig - ni-fied and state - ly,
H
H
p
Dig - ni-fied and state-ly,
Dig - ni-fied and state-ly,
Dig - ni-fied and state-ly,
p
Dig - ni-fied and state - ly!
p
Dig - ni-fied and state - ly!
p
cresc.


f
ff
fz
8
I
TENORS
ff
Tho' our hearts she's bad - ly bruis - ing, In an -
BASSES
ff
Tho' our hearts she's bad - ly bruis - ing, In an -
I
ff
oth - er suit - or choos - ing, Let's pre - tend it's most a -
oth - er suit - or choos - ing, Let's pre - tend it's most a -


mus-ing, Let's pre-tend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,
mus-ing, Let's pre-tend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,
ff
ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-
ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-
ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra!
ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! 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.

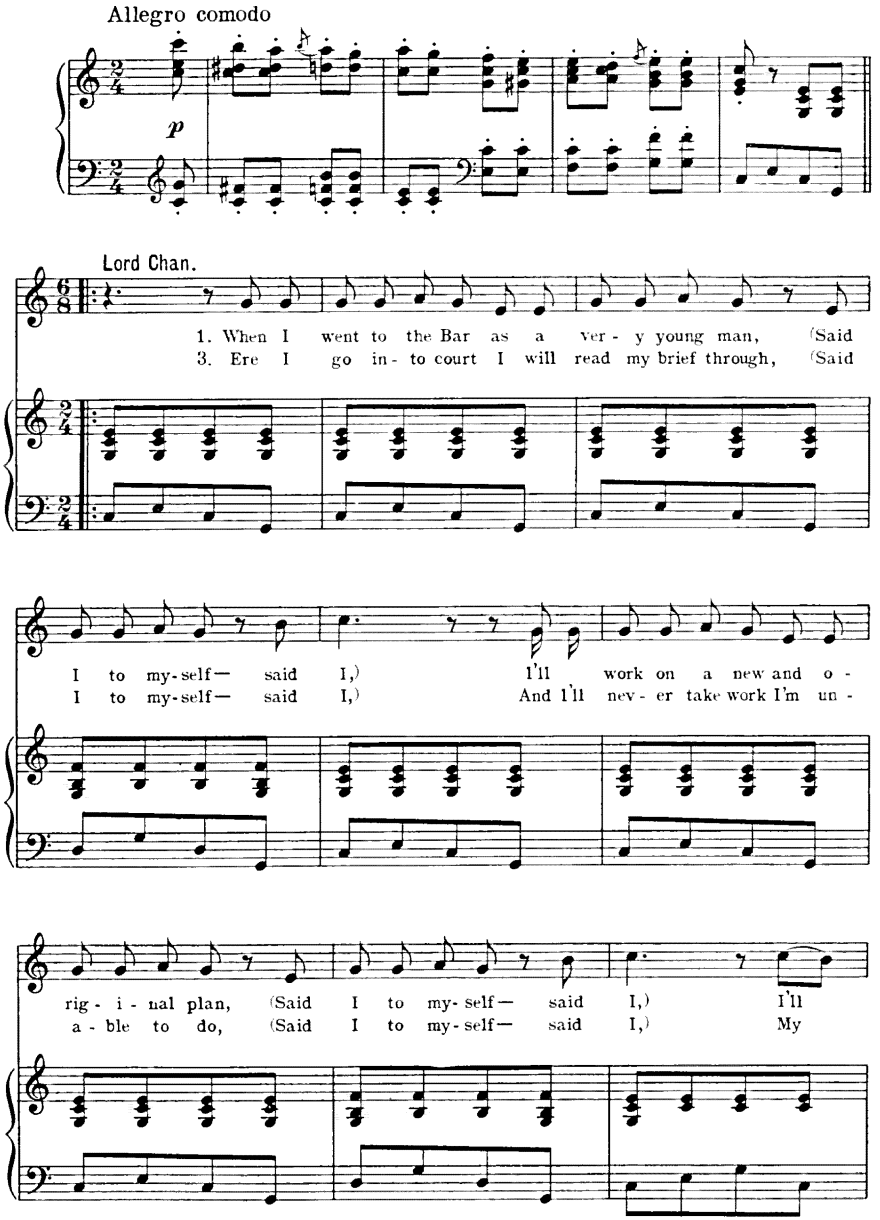
Strephon: And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

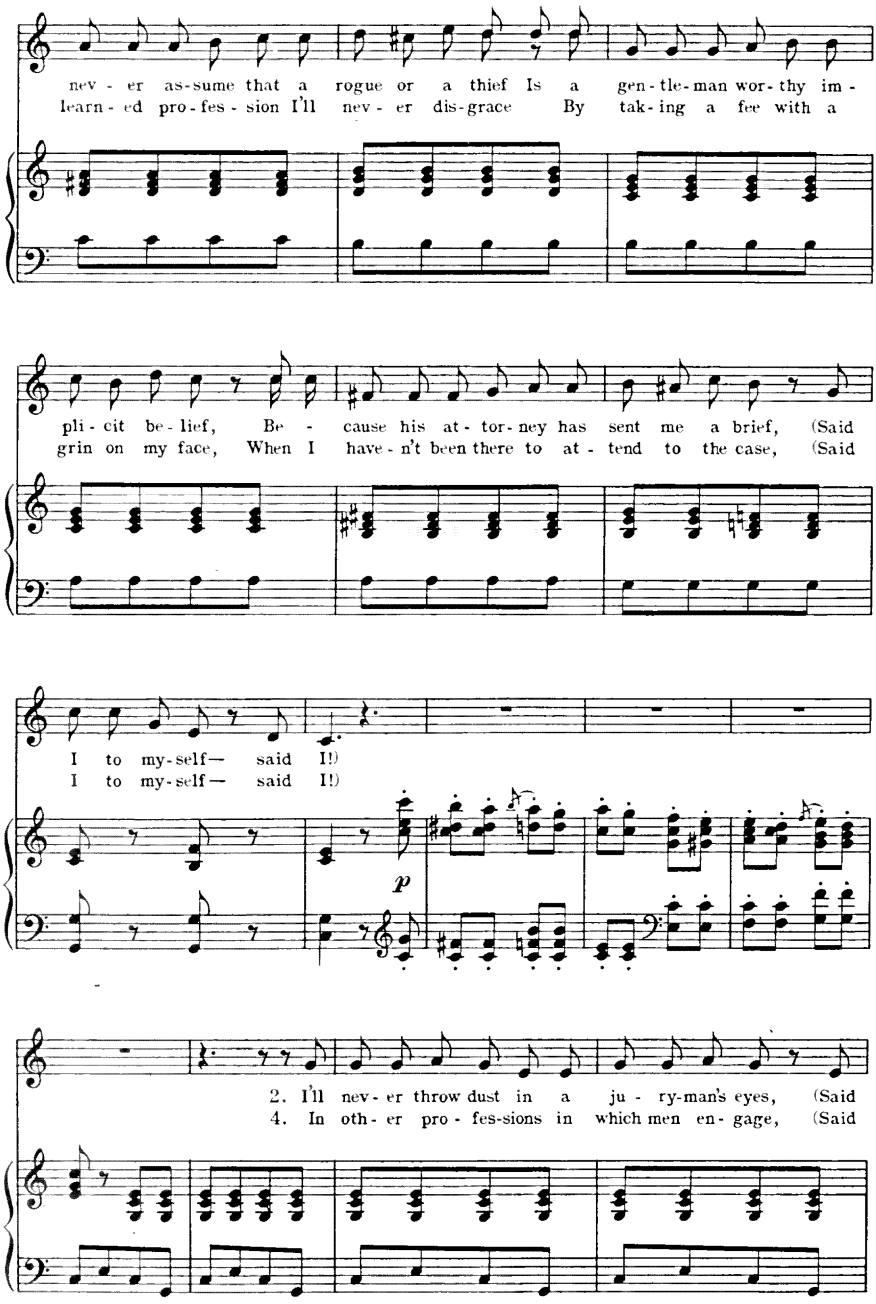
Ld. Chan.: Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

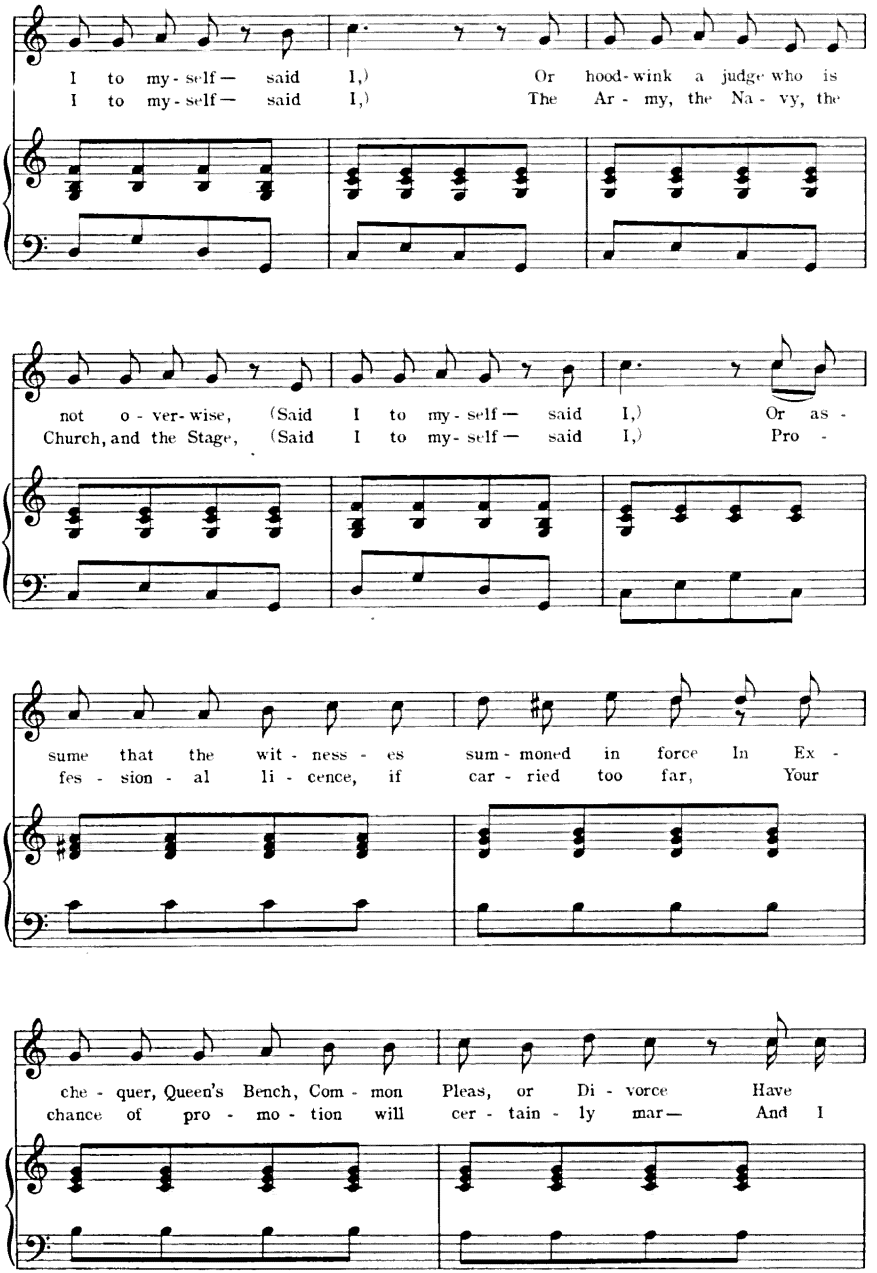
No. 12. "When I went to the Bar as a very young man"

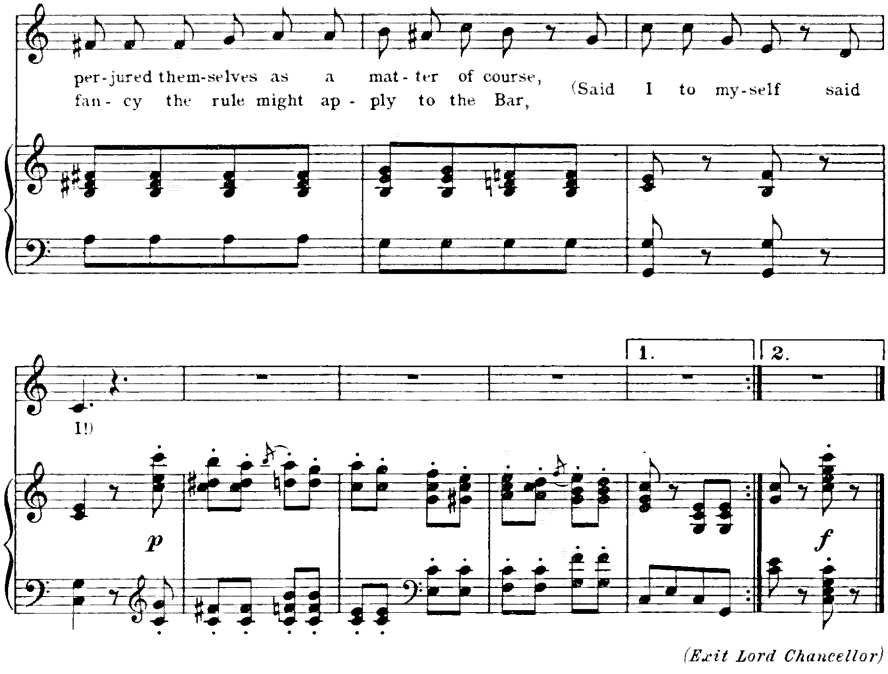
Song

Lord Chancellor




nev - er as-sume that a rogue or a thief Is a gen-tle-man wor-thy 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!)
p
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 my-self— said I,) Or hood-wink a judge who is
I to my-self— said I,) The Ar-my, the Na-vy, the
not o-ver-wise, (Said I to my-self— said I,) Or as-
Church, and the Stage, (Said I to my-self— said I,) Pro-
sume that the wit-ness-es sum-moned in force In Ex-
fes-sion-al li-cence, if car-ried too far, Your
che-quer, Queen's Bench, Com-mon Pleas, or Di-vorce Have
chance of pro-mo-tion will cer-tain-ly mar— And I



(Exit Lord Chancellor)

(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.

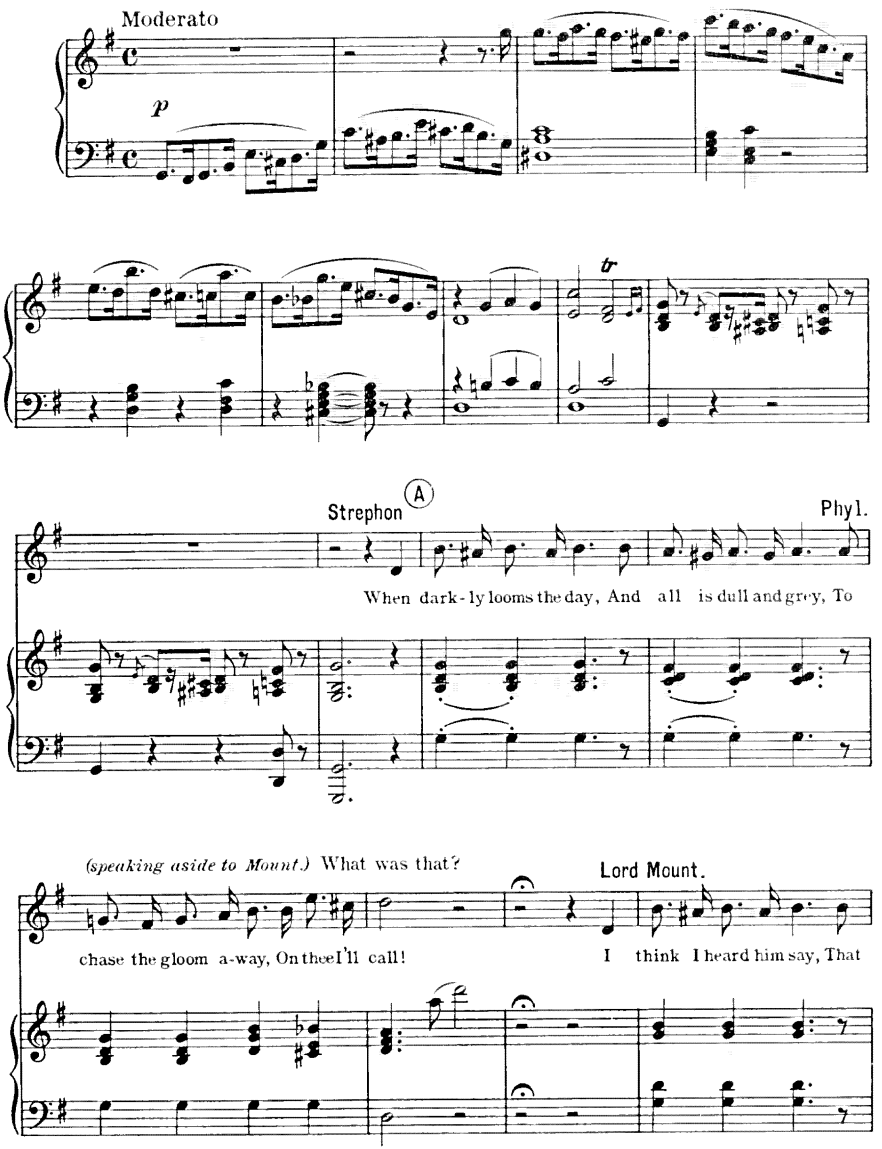
Strephon: My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

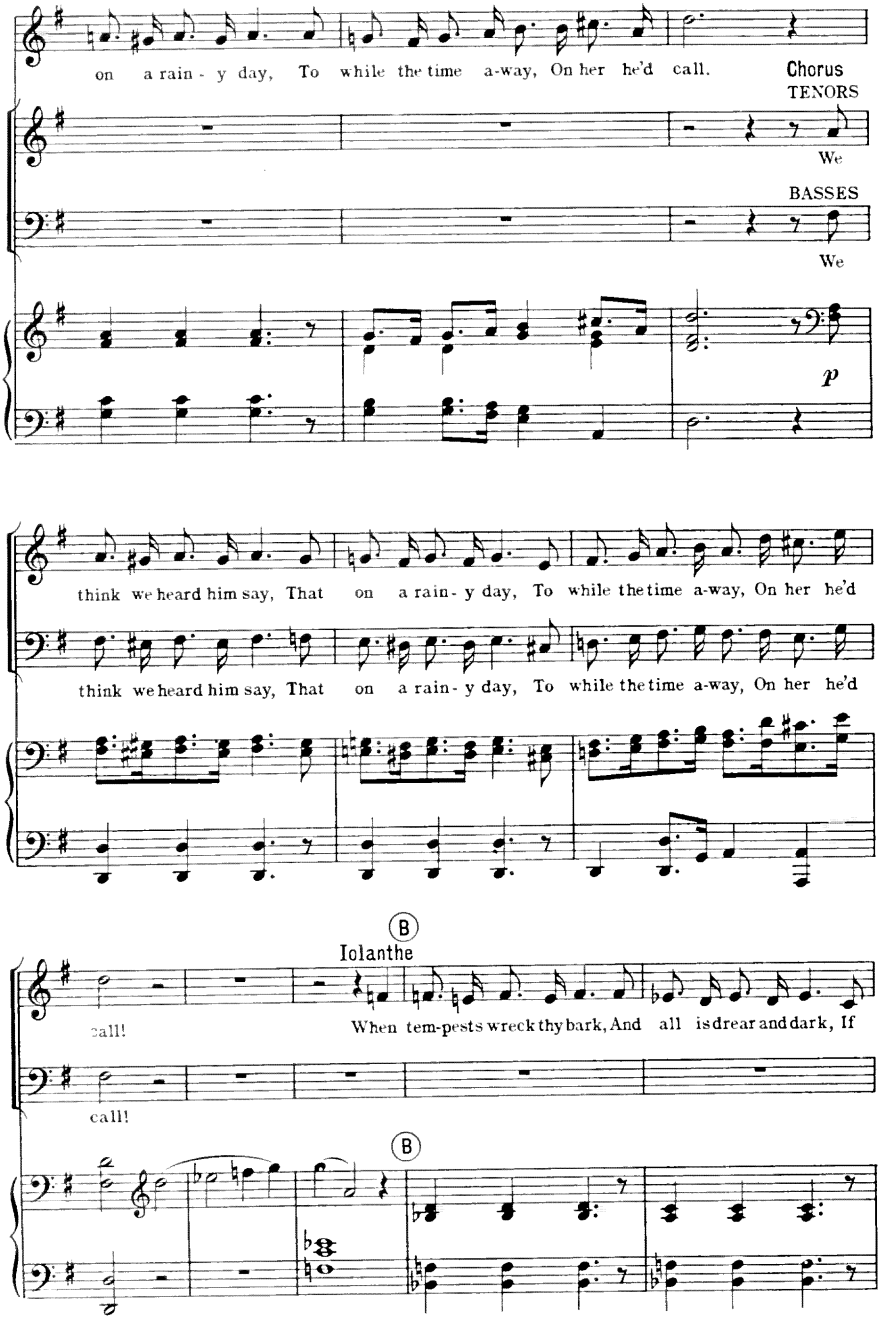
(As the Finale commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe. Mountararat and Tolloller lead Phyllis between them who listens in horror to what she hears.)

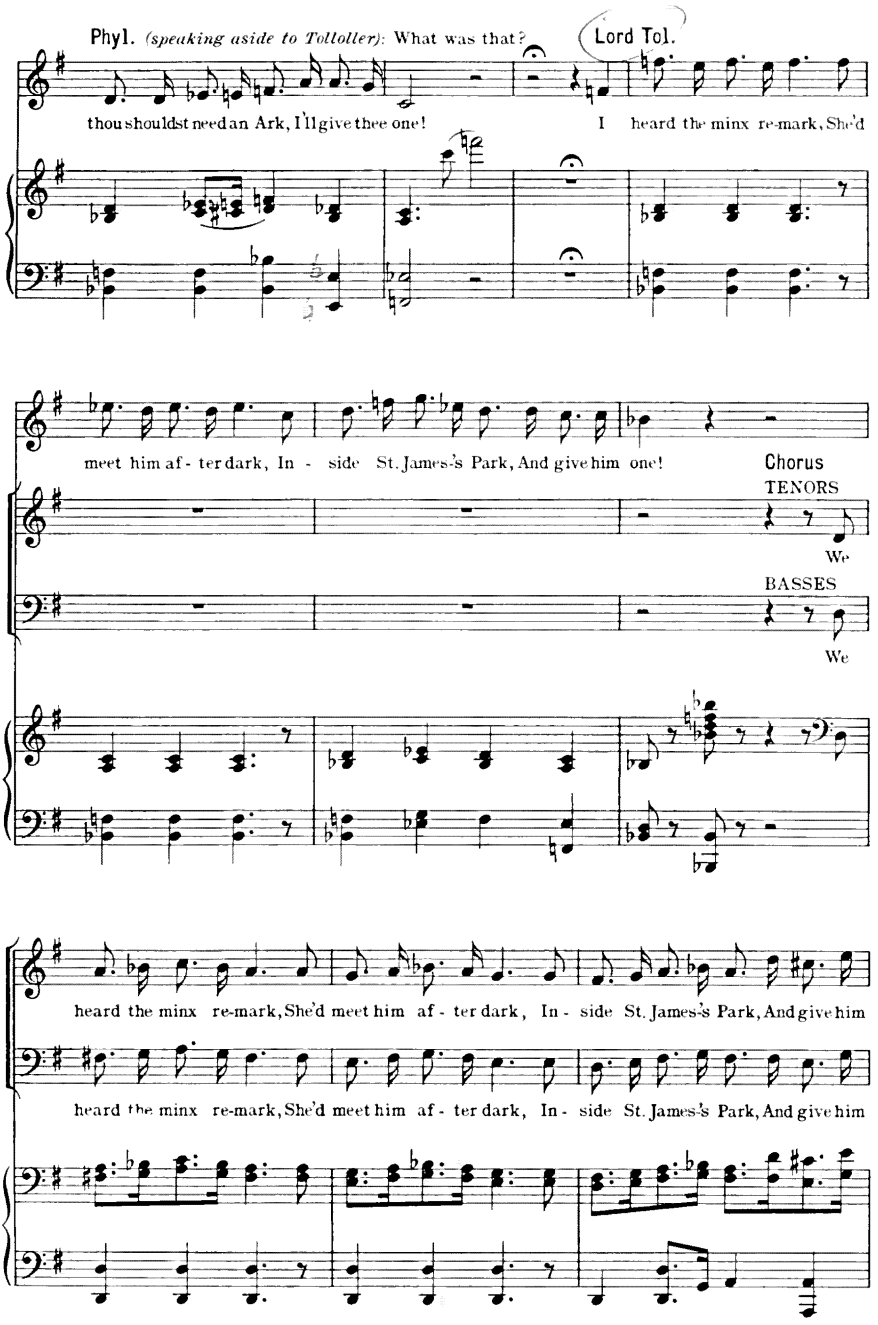
No. 13. "When darkly looms the day"

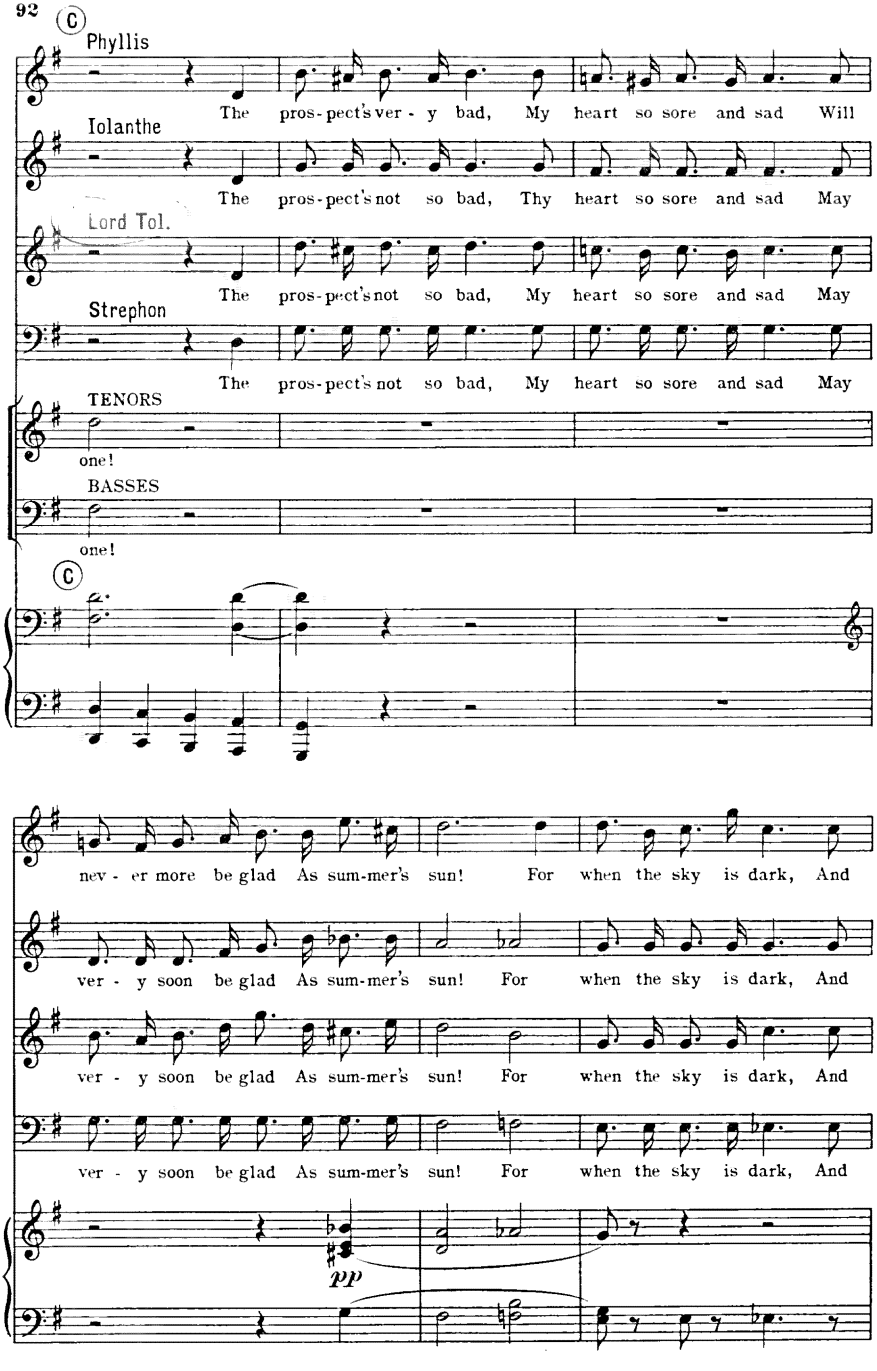
Finale of Act I

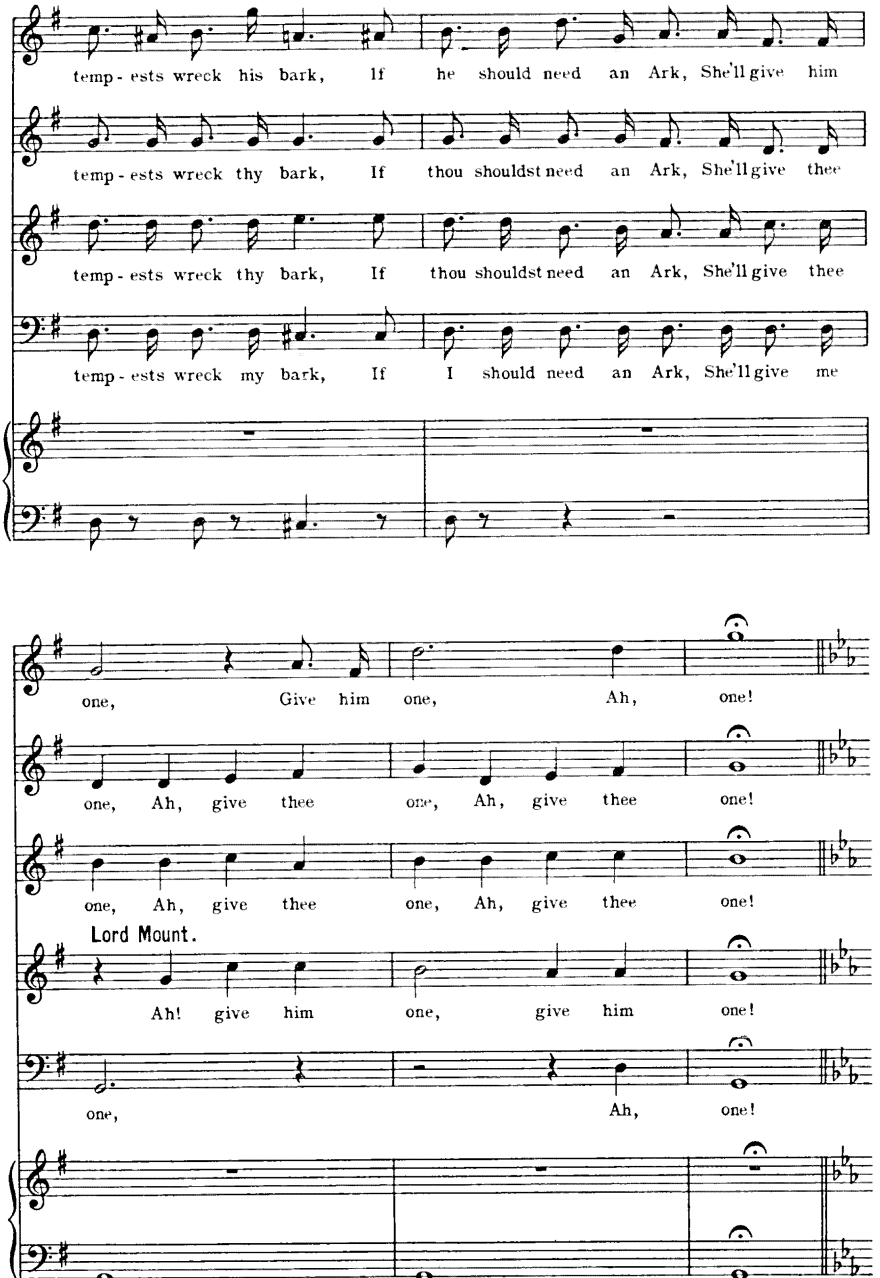
Ensemble

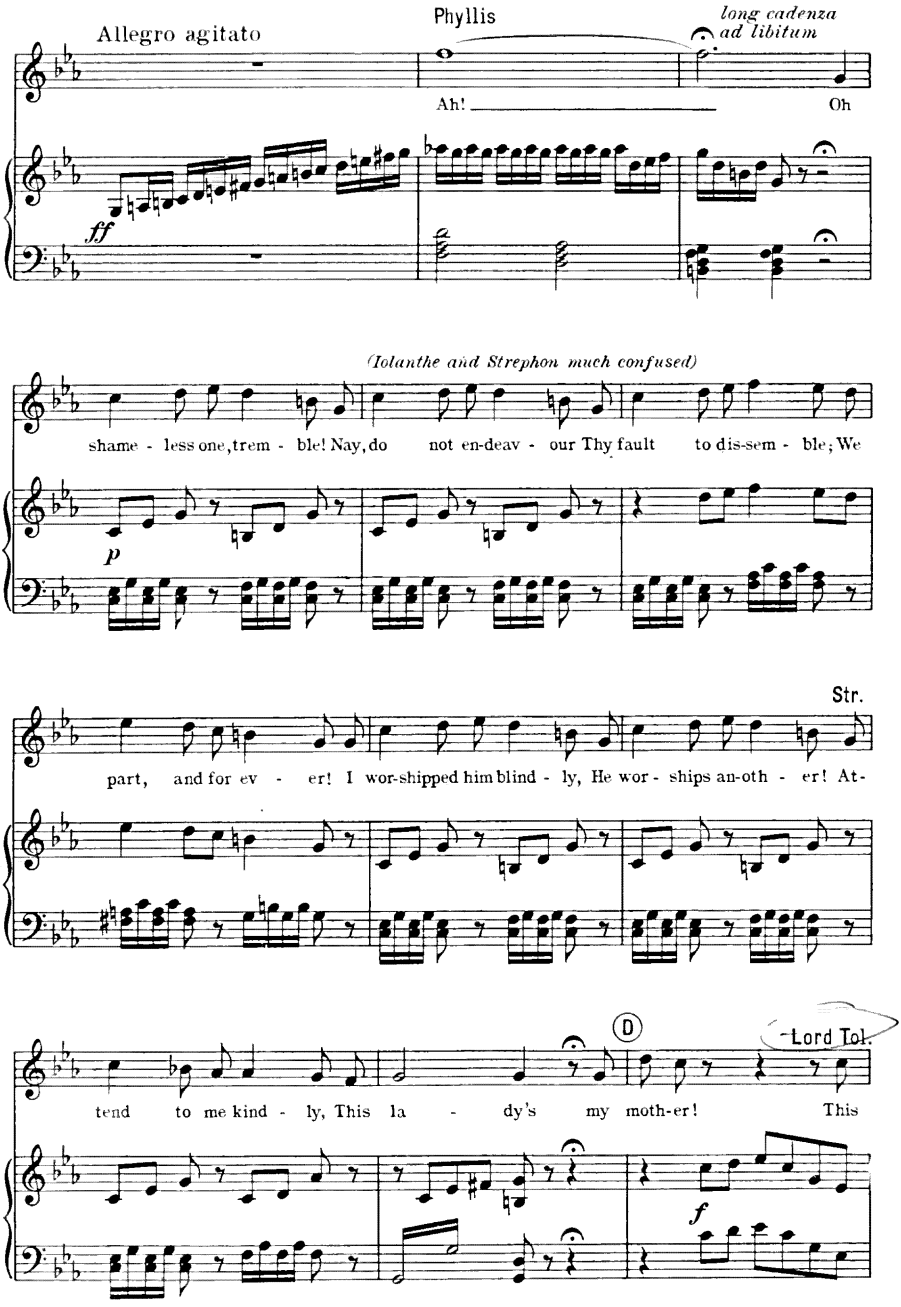


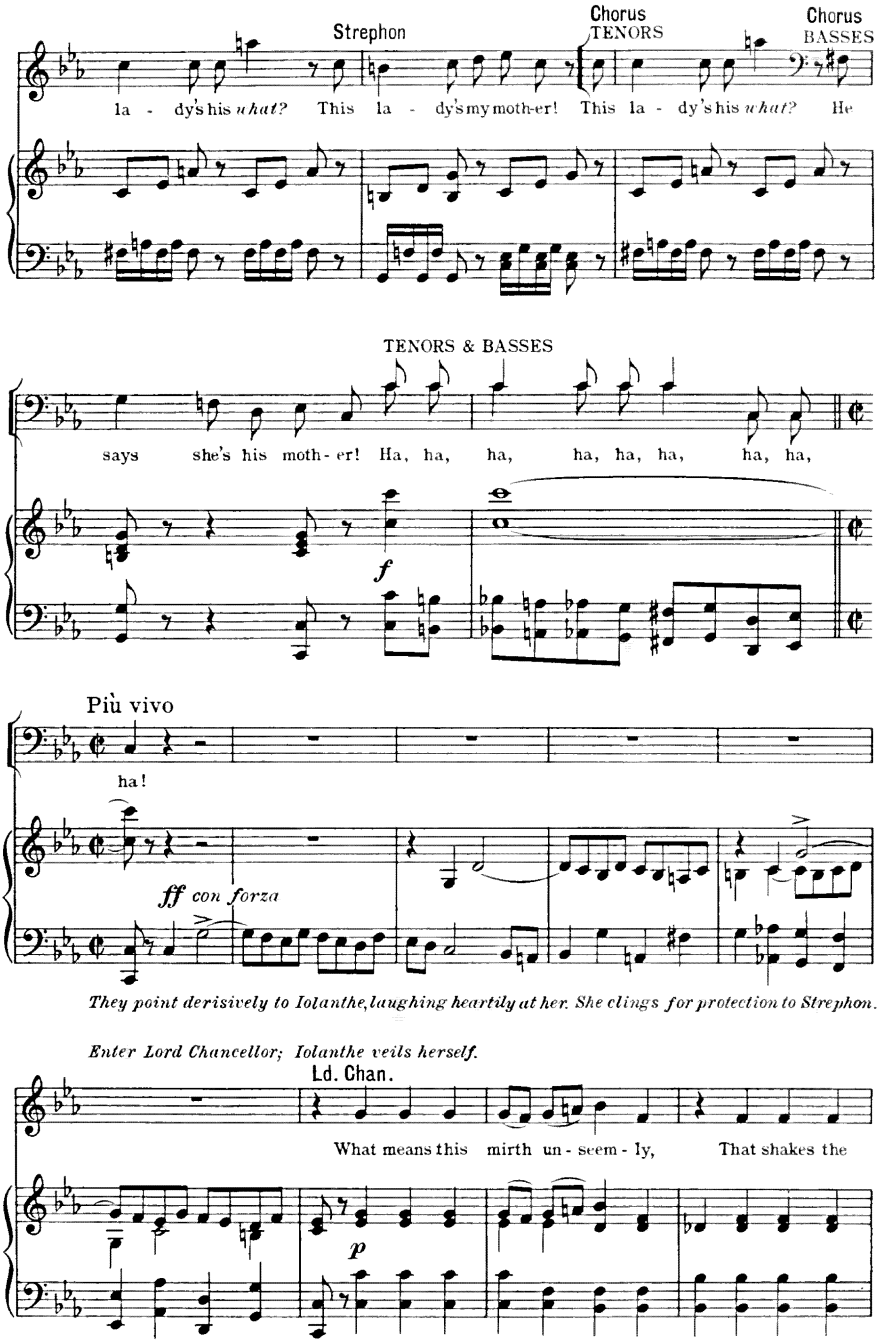

on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd call.
Chorus
TENORS
We
BASSES
We
p
think we heard him say, That on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd
think we heard him say, That on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd
B
Iolanthe
call!
When tem-pests wreck thy bark, And all is drear and dark, If
call!
B

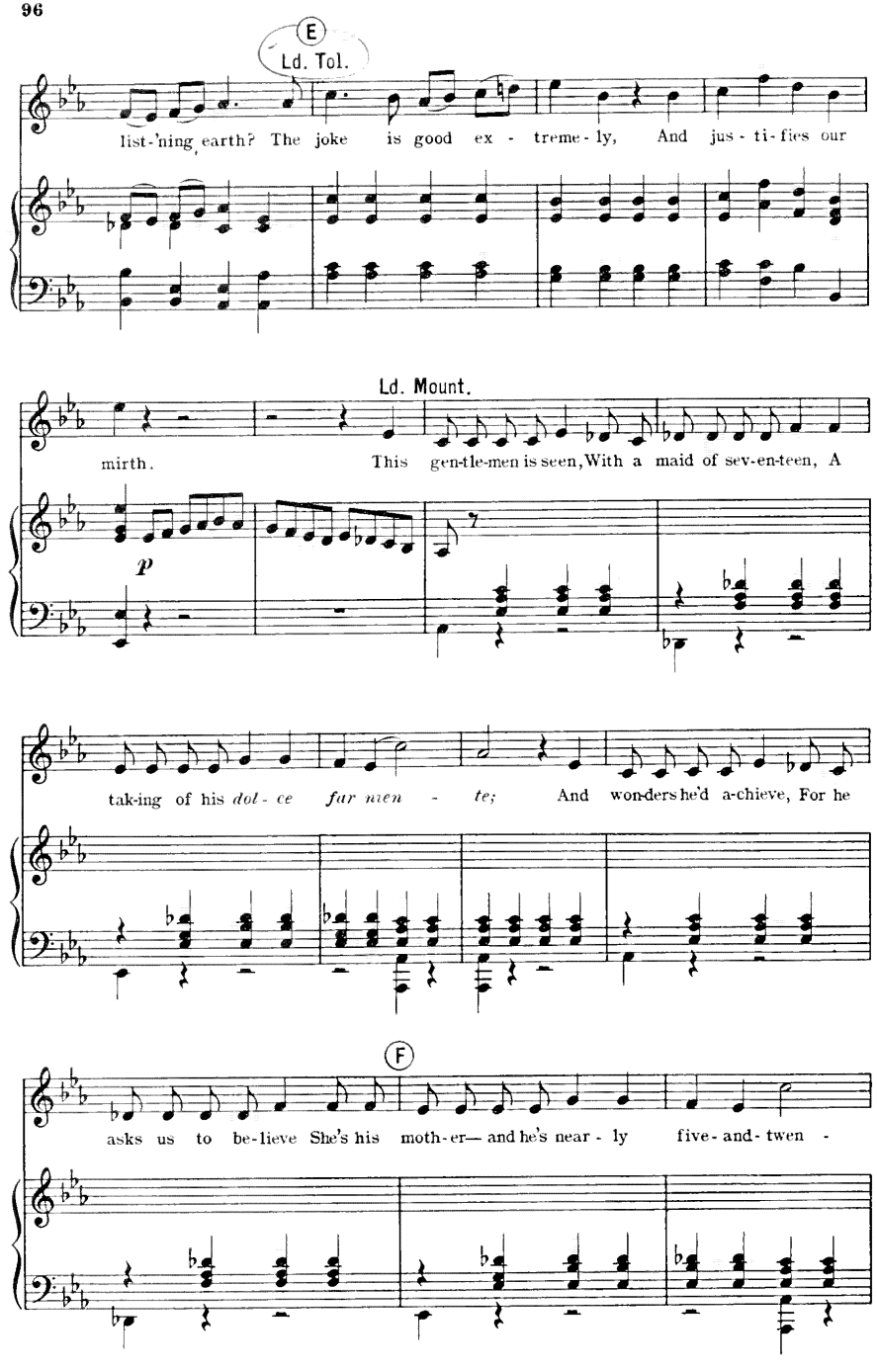

Phyl. (speaking aside to Tolloller): What was that?
Lord Tol.
thou shouldst need an Ark, I'll give thee one!
I heard the minx re-mark, She'd
meet him af - ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him one!
Chorus
TENORS
We
BASSES
We
heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af - ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him
heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af - ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him

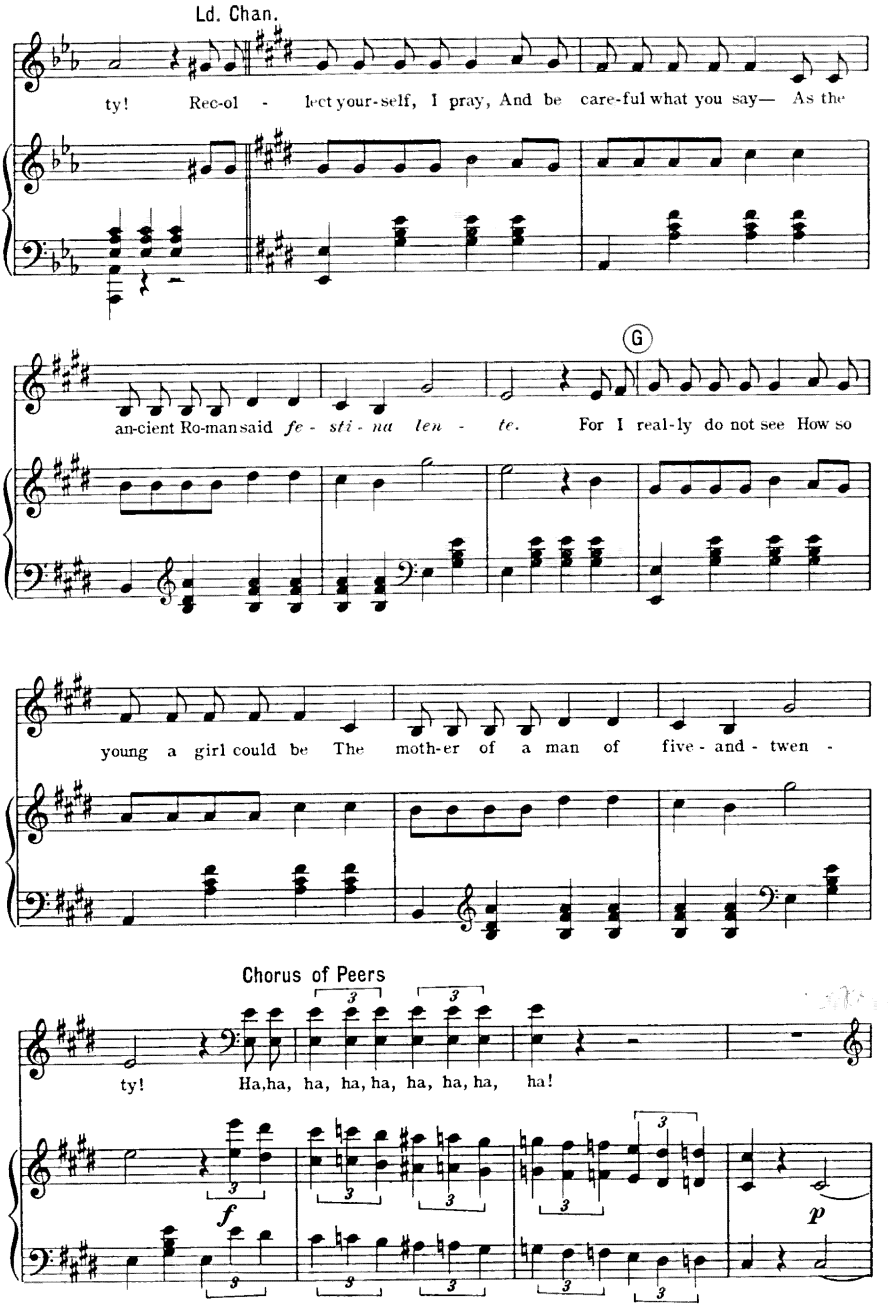

C
Phyllis
The pros-pect's ver-y bad, My heart so sore and sad Will
Iolanthe
The pros-pect's not so bad, Thy heart so sore and sad May
Lord Tol.
The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May
Strephon
The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May
TENORS
one!
BASSES
one!
C
nev-er more be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And
ver-y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And
ver-y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And
ver-y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And
pp

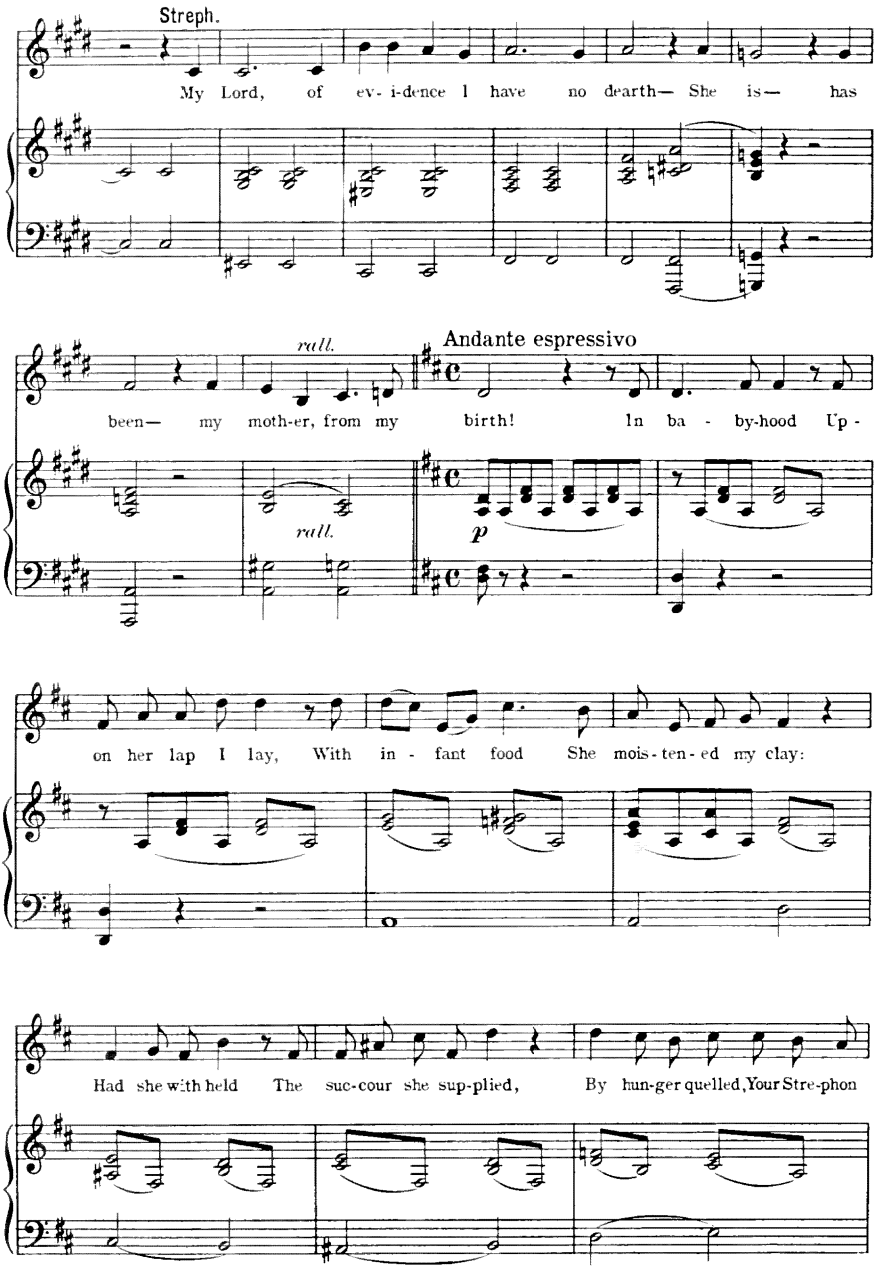

temp - ests wreck his bark, If he should need an Ark, She'll give him
temp - ests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee
temp - ests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee
temp - ests wreck my bark, If I should need an Ark, She'll give me
one, Give him 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!

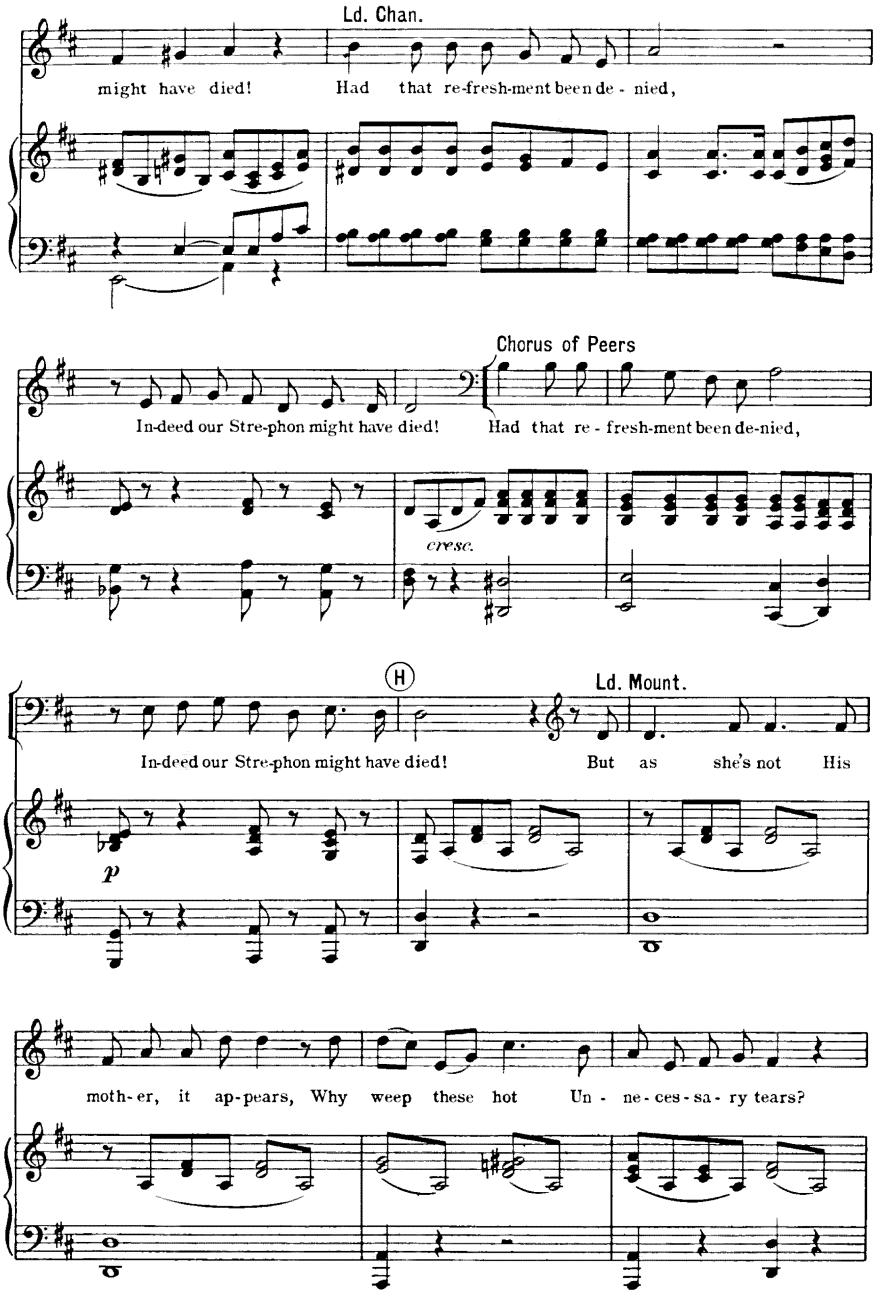

Allegro agitato
Phyllis
long cadenza ad libitum
Ah!
Oh
ff
(Iolanthe and Strephon much confused)
shame - less one, trem - ble! Nay, do not en-deav - our Thy fault to dis-sem - ble; We
p
Str.
part, and for ev - er! I wor-shipped him blind - ly, He wor - ships an-oth - er! At-
D
Lord Tol.
tend to me kind - ly, This la - dy's my moth-er! This
f

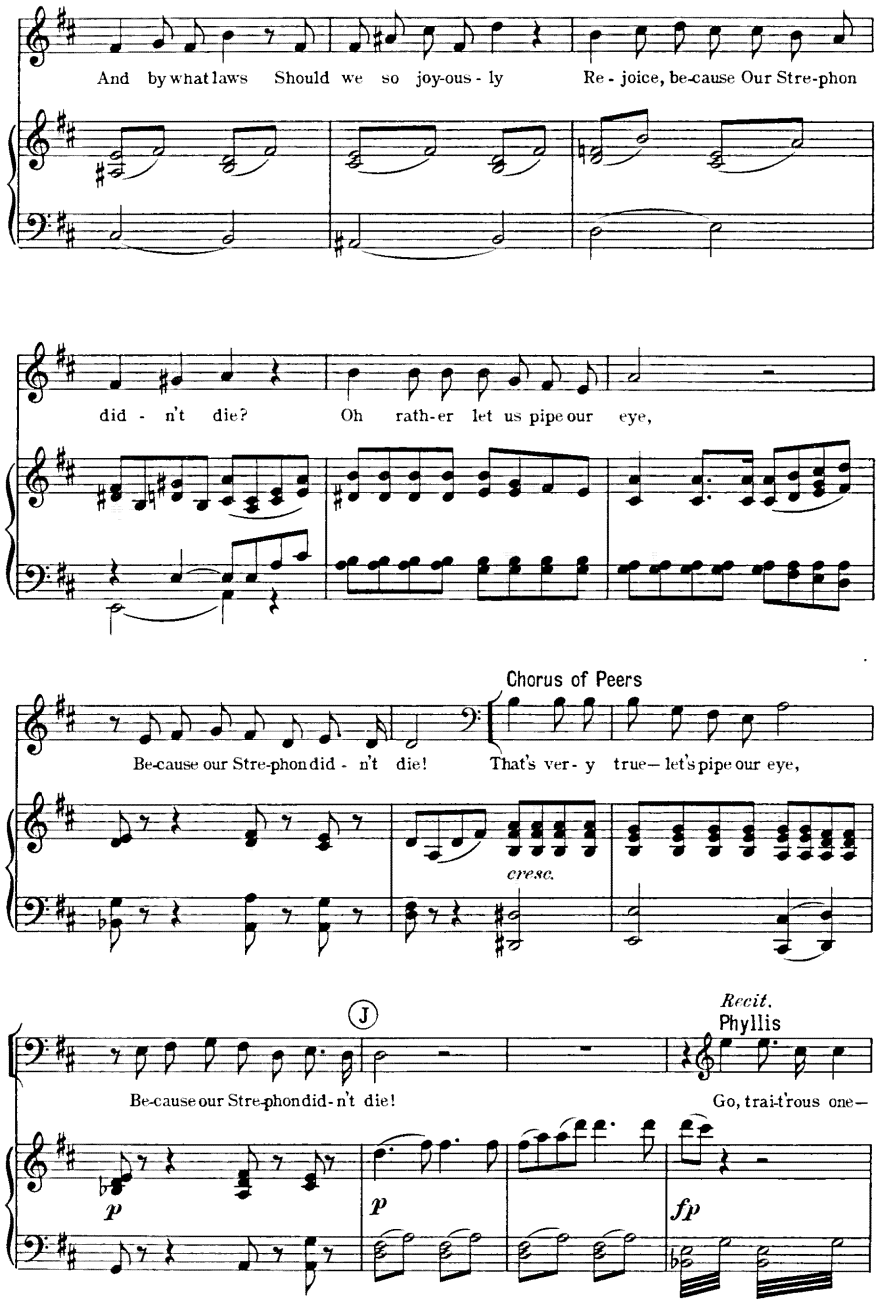

Strephon
Chorus
TENORS
Chorus
BASSES
la - dy's his *what?* This la - dy's my moth-er! This la - dy's his *what?* He
TENORS & BASSES
says she's his moth - er! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
f
Più vivo
ha!
ff con forza
They point derisively to Iolanthe, laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to Strephon.
Enter Lord Chancellor; Iolanthe veils herself.
Ld. Chan.
What means this mirth un - seem - ly, That shakes the
p

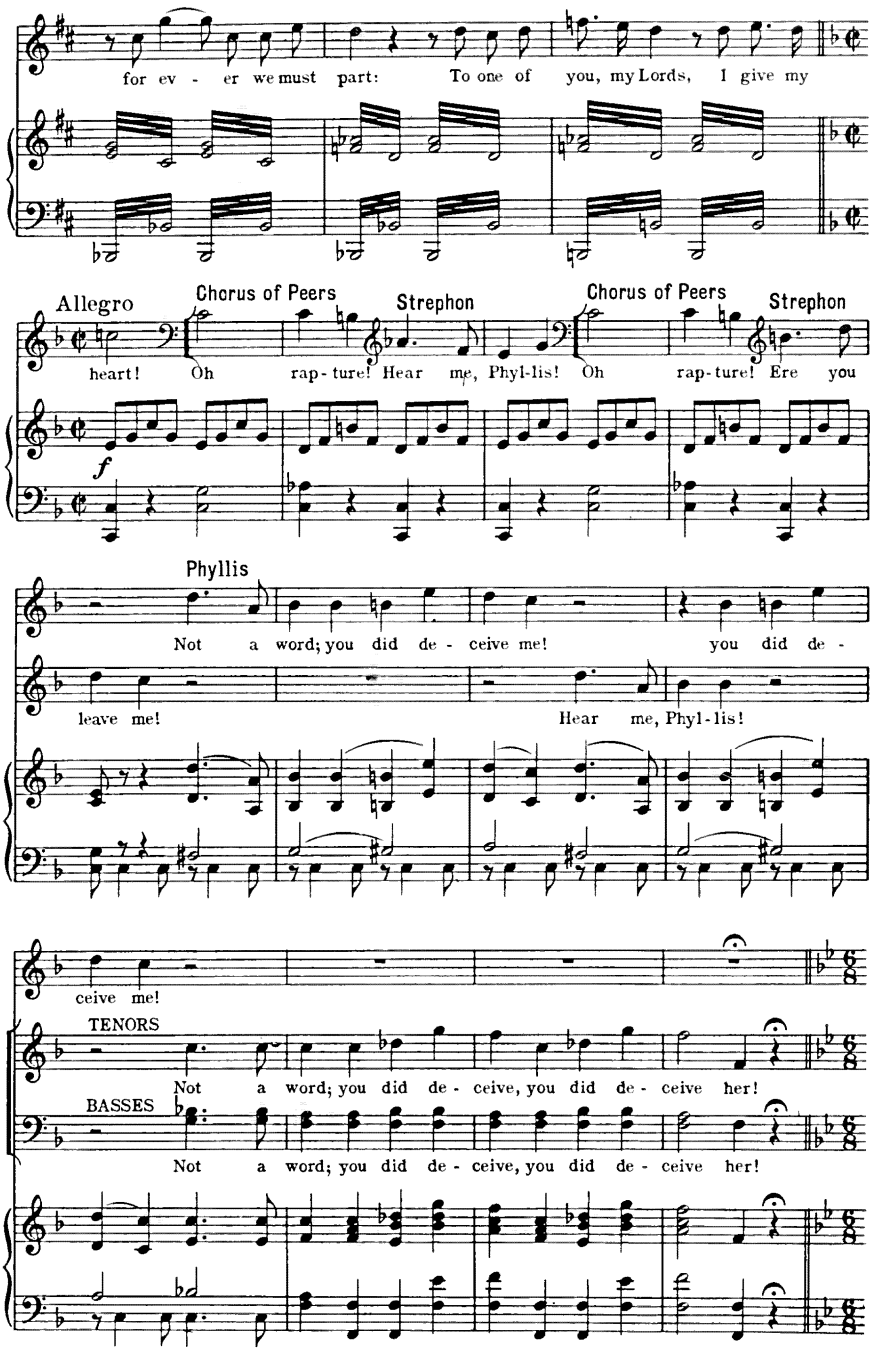

E
Ld. Tol.
list-'ning earth? The joke is good ex - treme - ly, And jus - ti - fies our
Ld. Mount.
mirth. This gen-tle-men is seen, With a maid of sev-en-teen, A
p
tak-ing of his dol - ce far nien - te; And won-ders he'd a-chieve, For he
F
asks us to be-lieve She's his moth-er— and he's near - ly five - and - twen -

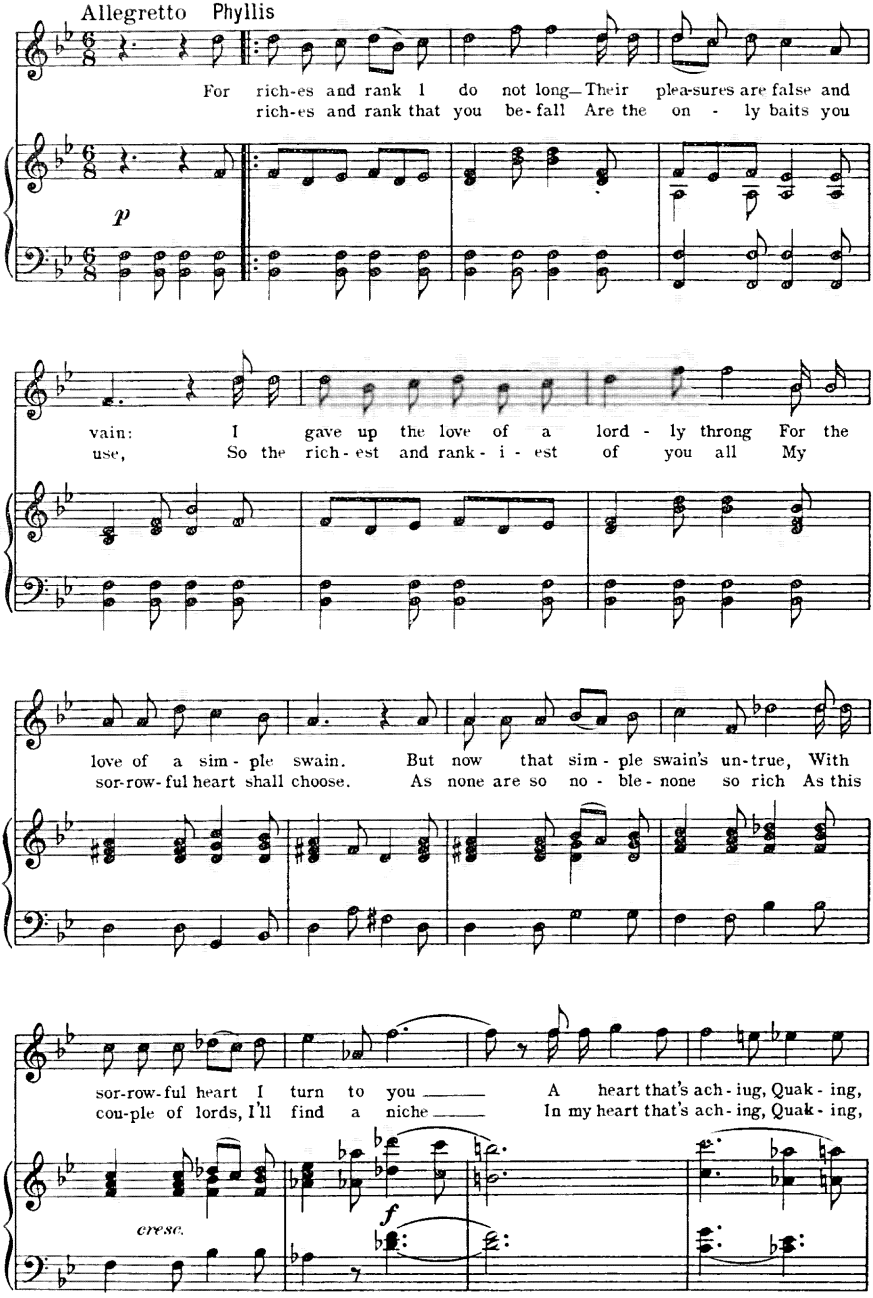

Ld. Chan.
ty! Rec-ol - lect your-self, I pray, And be care-ful what you say— As the
G
an-cient Ro-man said *fe - sti - na len - te.* For I real-ly do not see How so
young a girl could be The moth-er of a man of five - and - twen -
Chorus of Peers
ty! Ha,ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f
p

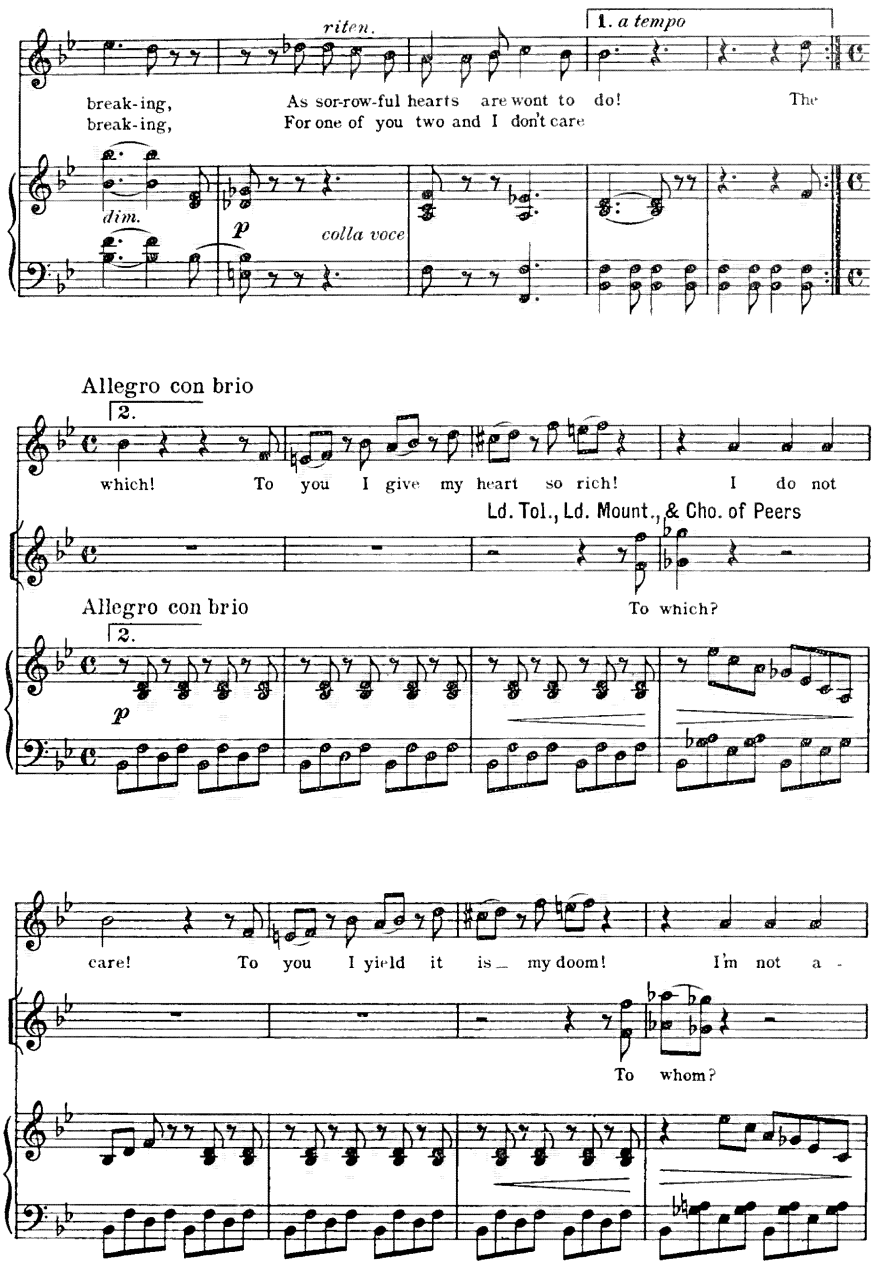

Streph.
My Lord, of ev- i-dence I have no dearth— She is— has
rall.
Andante espressivo
been— my moth-er, from my birth! In ba - by-hood Up -
rall.
p
on her lap I lay, With in - fant food She mois - ten - ed my clay:
Had she with held The suc-cour she sup-plied, By hun-ger quelled, Your Stre-phon

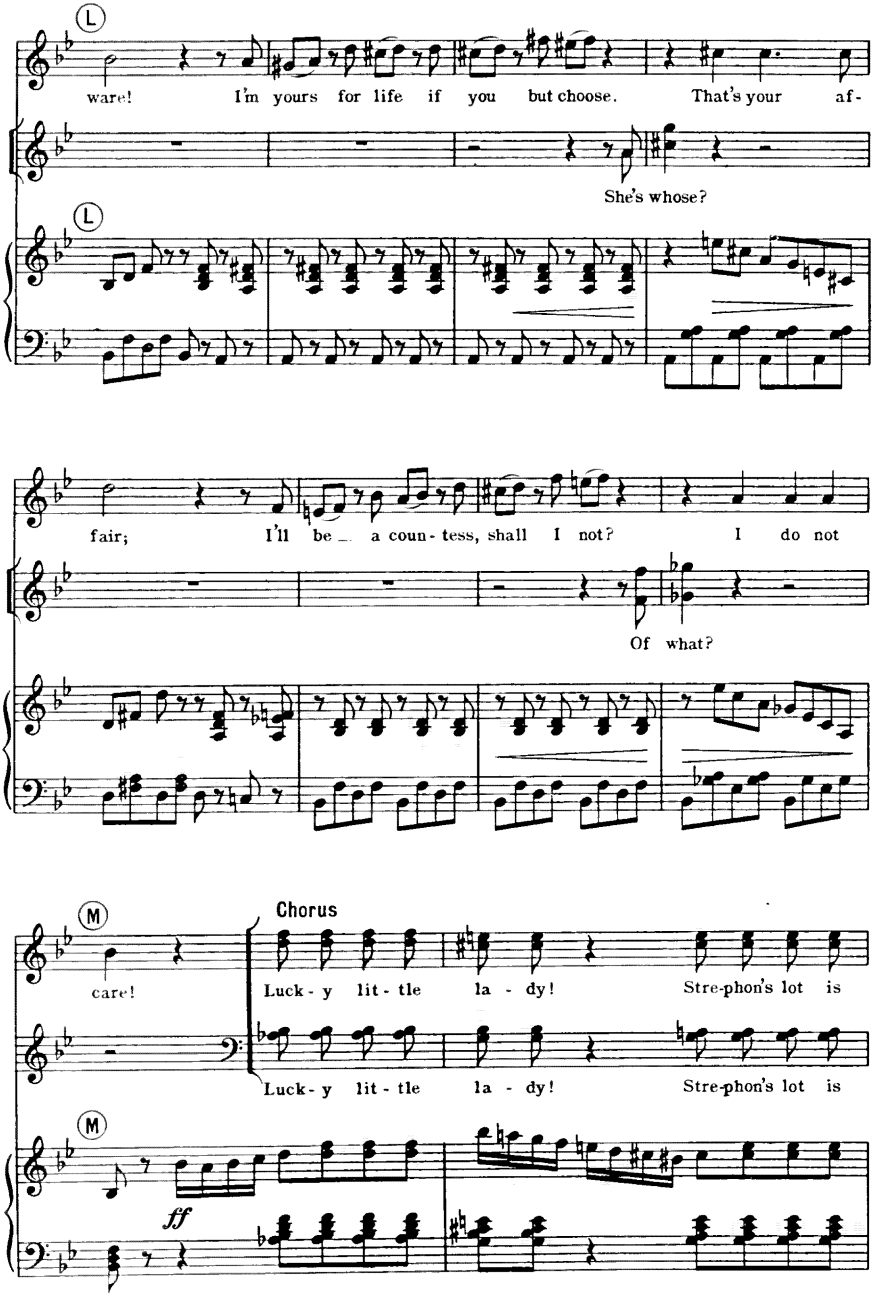

Ld. Chan.
might have died! Had that re-fresh-ment been de - nied,
Chorus of Peers
In-deed our Stre-phon might have died! Had that re - fresh-ment been de-nied,
cresc.
H
Ld. Mount.
In-deed our Stre-phon might have died! But as she's not His
p
moth-er, it ap-pears, Why weep these hot Un - ne-ces-sa-ry tears?

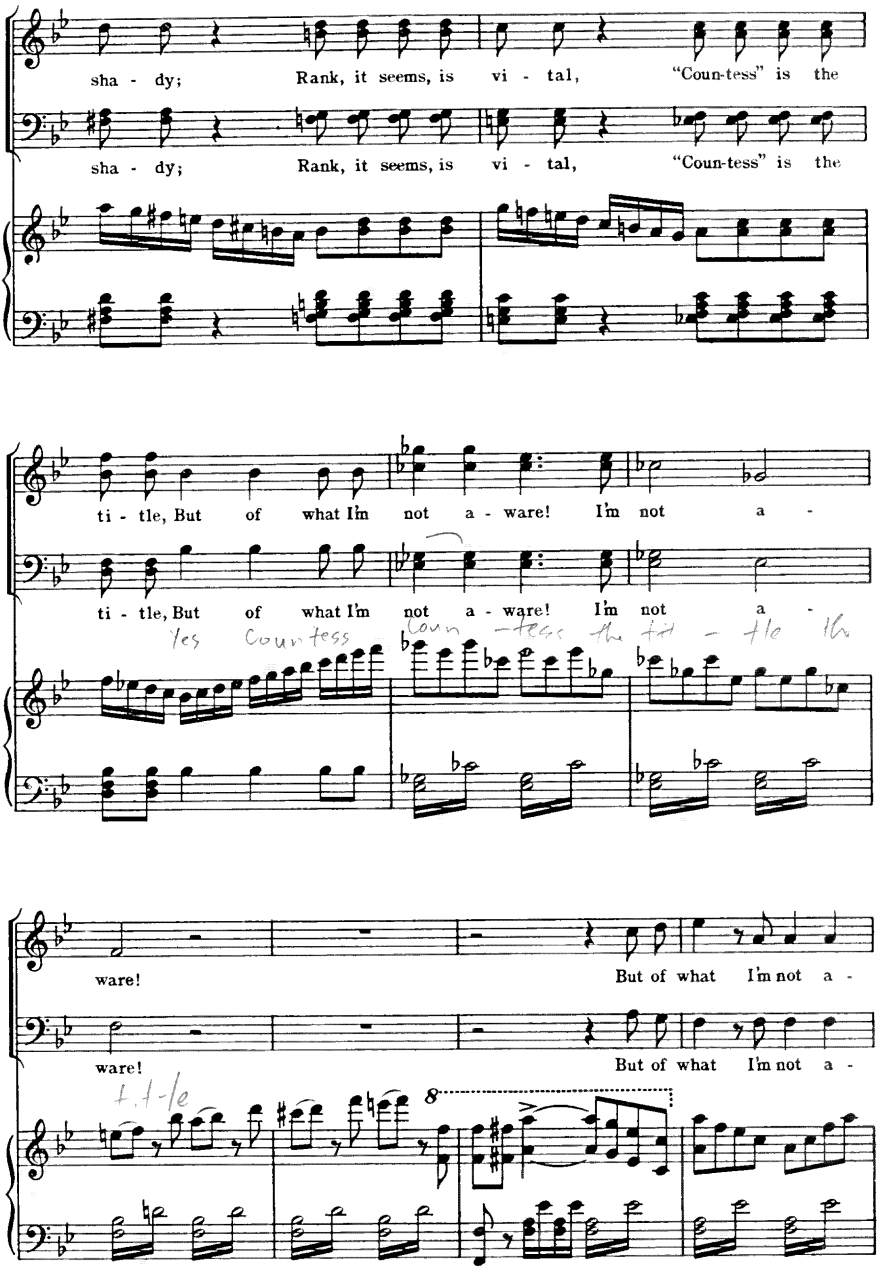

And by what laws Should we so joy-ous - ly Re - joice, be-cause Our Stre-phon
did - n't die? Oh rath-er let us pipe our eye,
Chorus of Peers
Be-cause our Stre-phon did - n't die! That's ver - y true— let's pipe our eye,
cresc.
Recit.
Phyllis
Be-cause our Stre-phon did-n't die! Go, trai-t'rous one—
p
p
fp

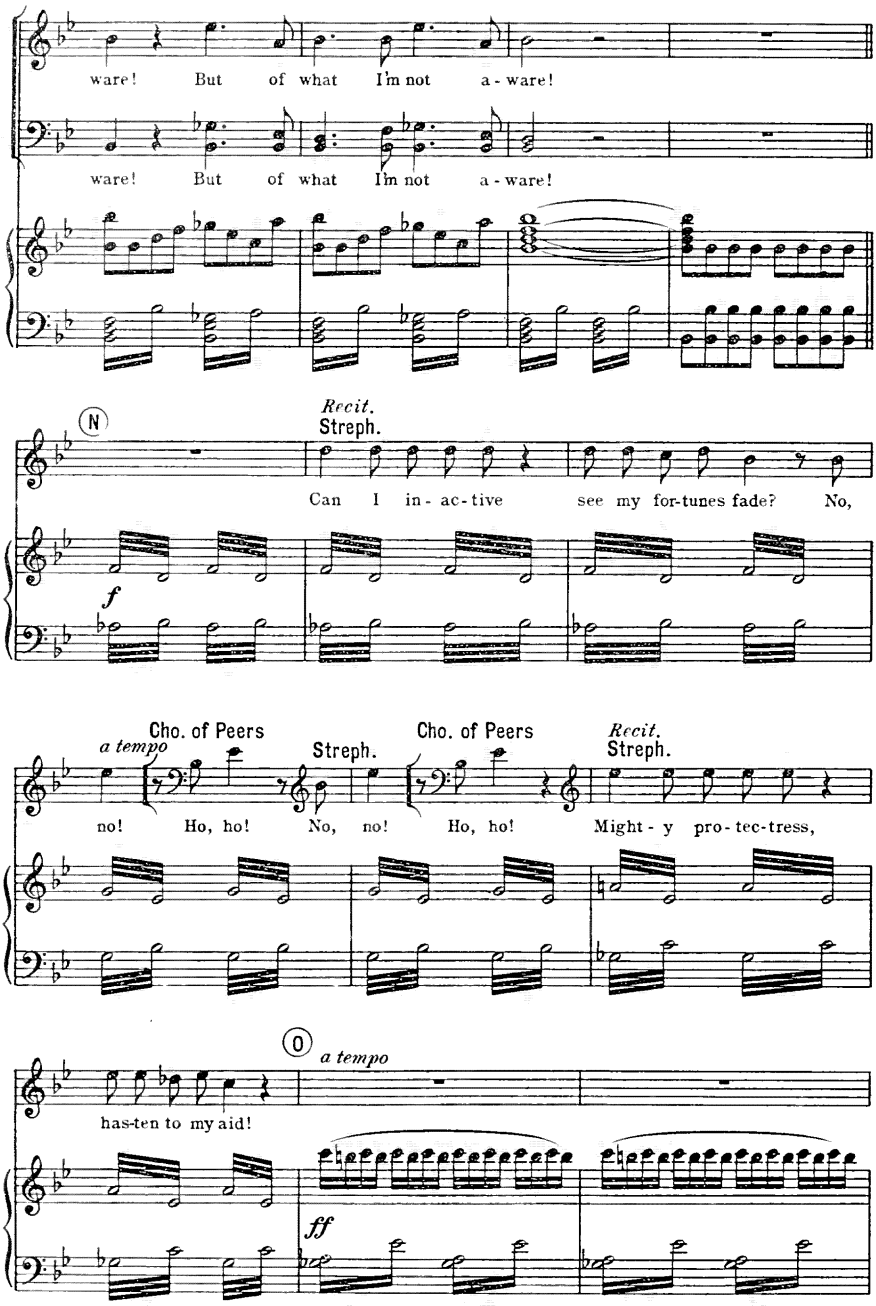

for ev - er we must part: To one of you, my Lords, I give my
Allegro
Chorus of Peers
Strephon
Chorus of Peers
Strephon
heart! Oh rap-ture! Hear me, Phyl-lis! Oh rap-ture! Ere you
f
Phyllis
Not a word; you did de - ceive me! you did de -
leave me! Hear me, Phyl-lis!
ceive me!
TENORS
Not a word; you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!
BASSES
Not a word; you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!

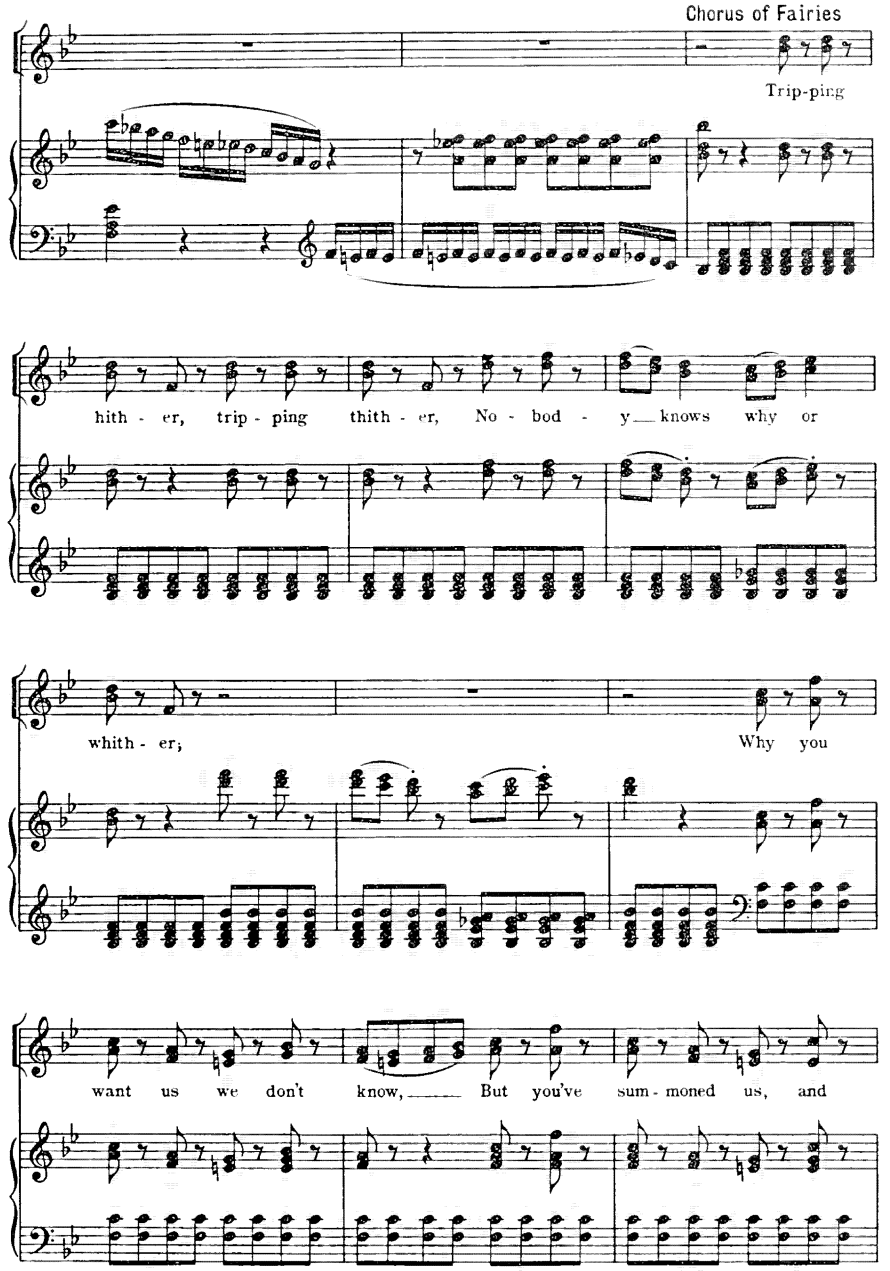

Allegretto
Phyllis
For rich-es and rank I do not long—Their plea-sures are false and
rich-es and rank that you be-fall Are the on - ly baits you
p
vain: I gave up the love of a lord - ly throng For the
use, So the rich-est and rank-i-est of you all My
love of a sim-ple swain. But now that sim-ple swain's un-true, With
sor-row-ful heart shall choose. As none are so no-ble-none so rich As this
sor-row-ful heart I turn to you A heart that's ach-ing, Quak-ing,
cou-ple of lords, I'll find a niche In my heart that's ach-ing, Quak-ing,
cresc.
f

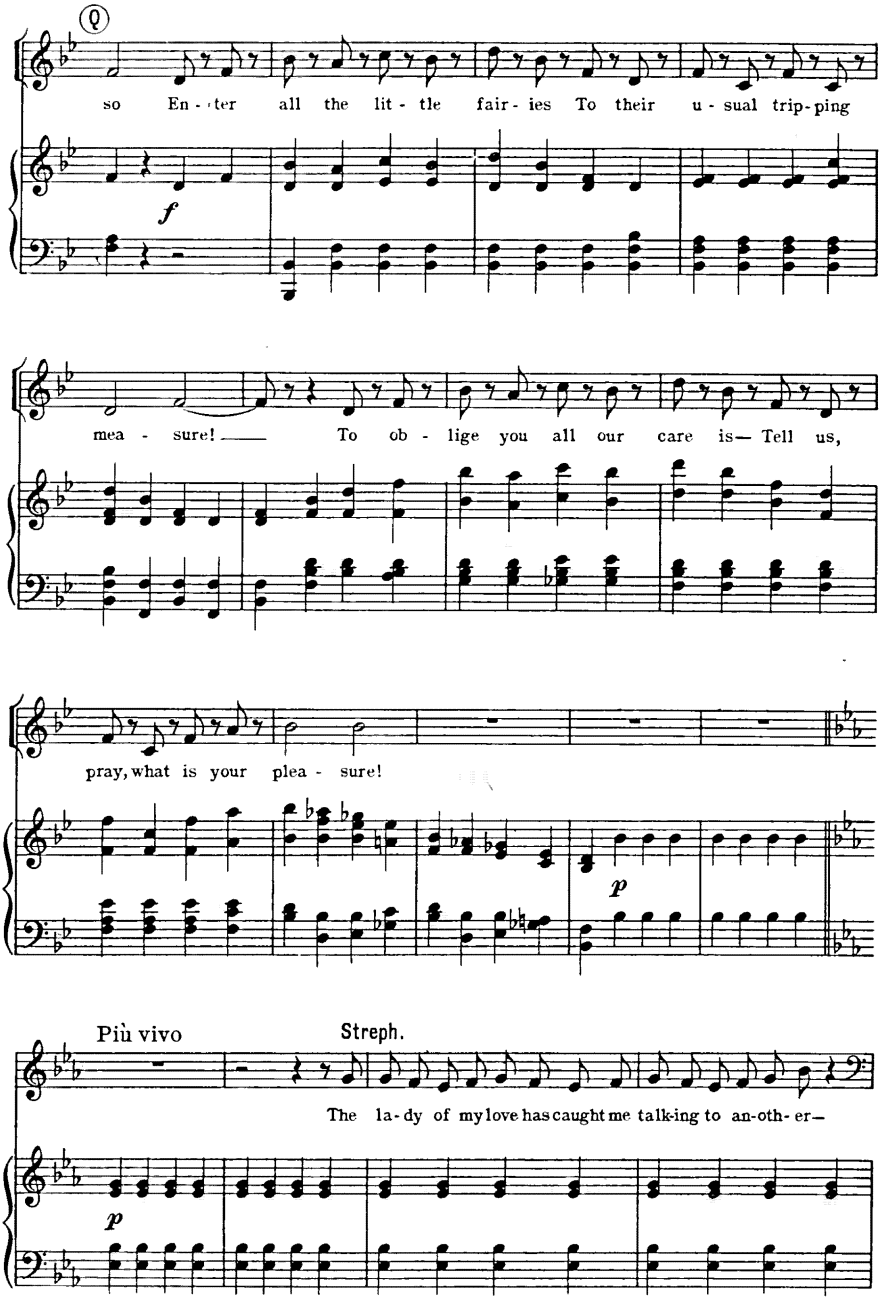

riten.
1. a tempo
break-ing, break-ing,
As sor-row-ful hearts are wont to do! For one of you two and I don't care
The
dim.
p
colla voce
Allegro con brio
2.
which! To you I give my heart so rich!
I do not
Ld. Tol., Ld. Mount., & Cho. of Peers
Allegro con brio
To which?
2.
p
care! To you I yield it is my doom!
I'm not a -
To whom?

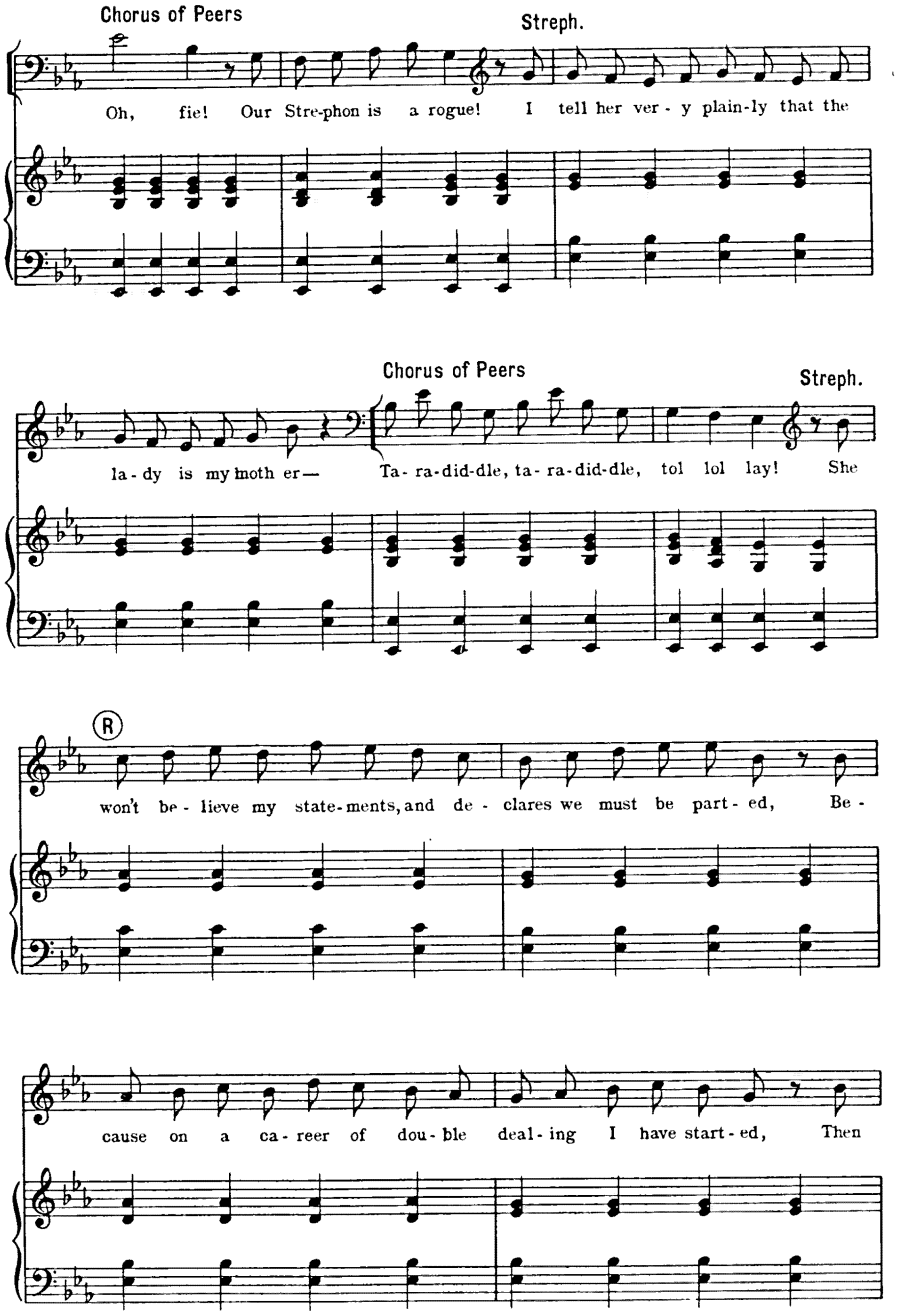

L
ware! I'm yours for life if you but choose. That's your af-
She's whose?
L
fair; I'll be a coun-tess, shall I not? I do not
Of what?
M
Chorus
care!
Luck-y lit-tle la-dy! Stre-phon's lot is
Luck-y lit-tle la-dy! Stre-phon's lot is
M
ff

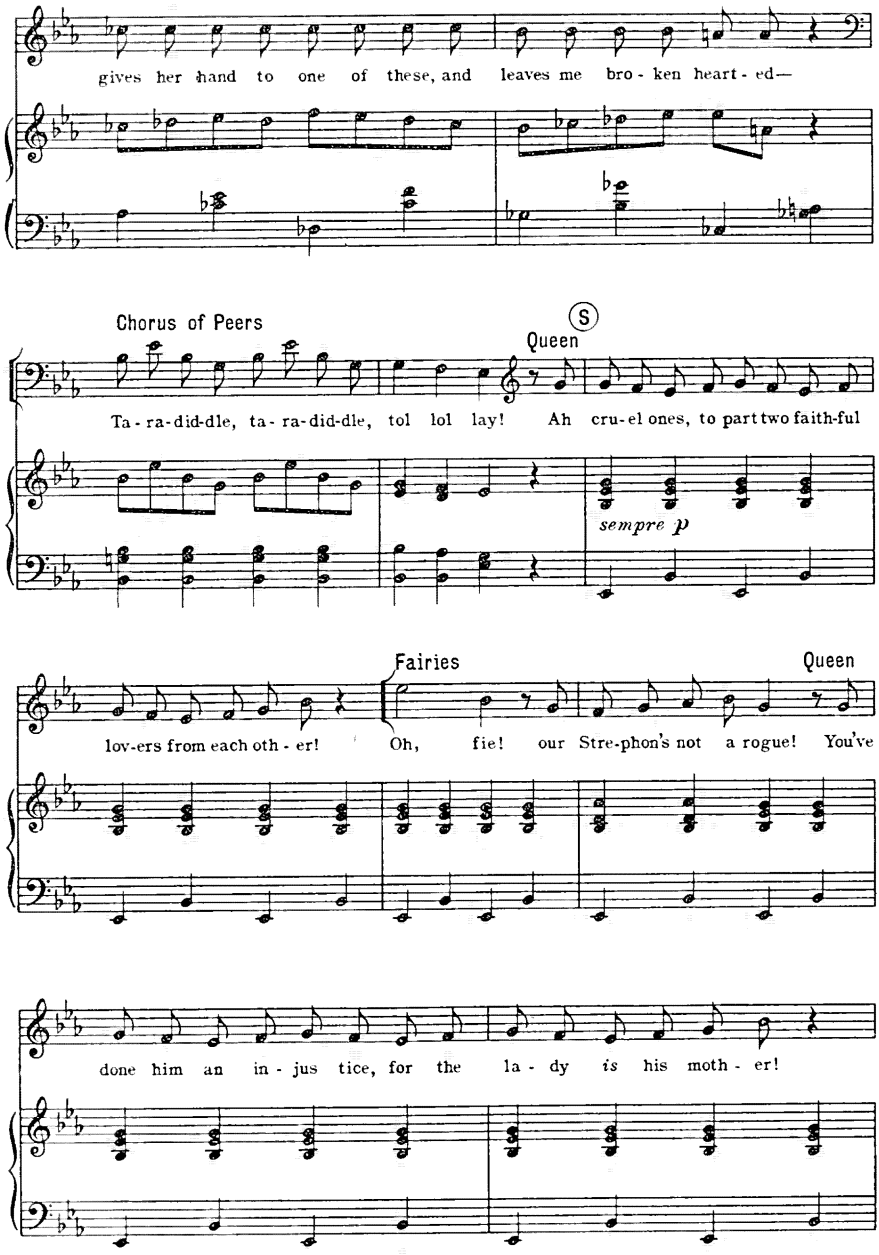

sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun-tess" is the
sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun-tess" is the
ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a -
ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a -
ware! But of what I'm not a -
ware! But of what I'm not a -

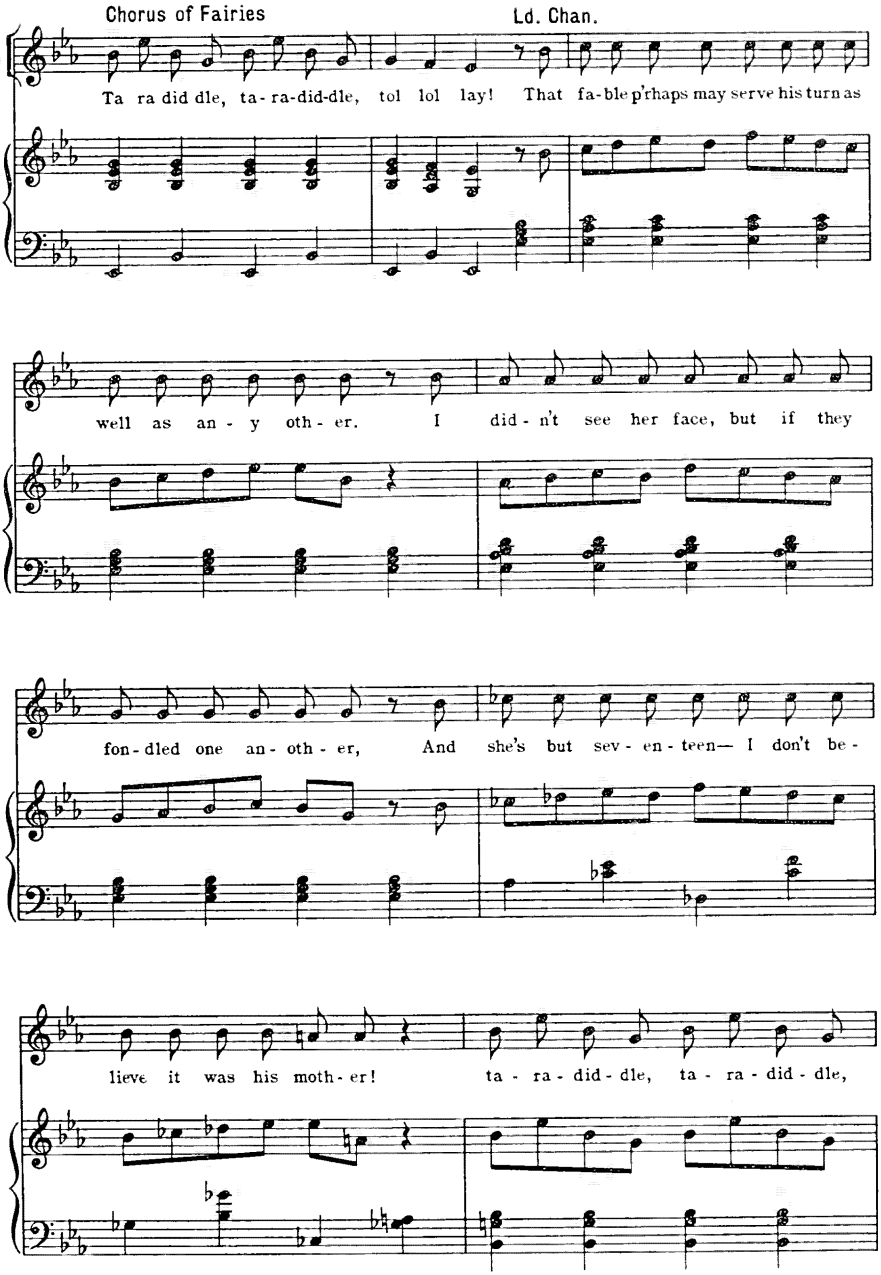

ware! But of what I'm not a - ware!
ware! But of what I'm not a - ware!
N
Recit.
Streph.
Can I in - ac - tive see my for-tunes fade? No,
f
a tempo
Cho. of Peers
Streph.
Cho. of Peers
Recit.
Streph.
no! Ho, ho! No, no! Ho, ho! Might - y pro - tec - tress,
O
a tempo
has-ten to my aid!
ff

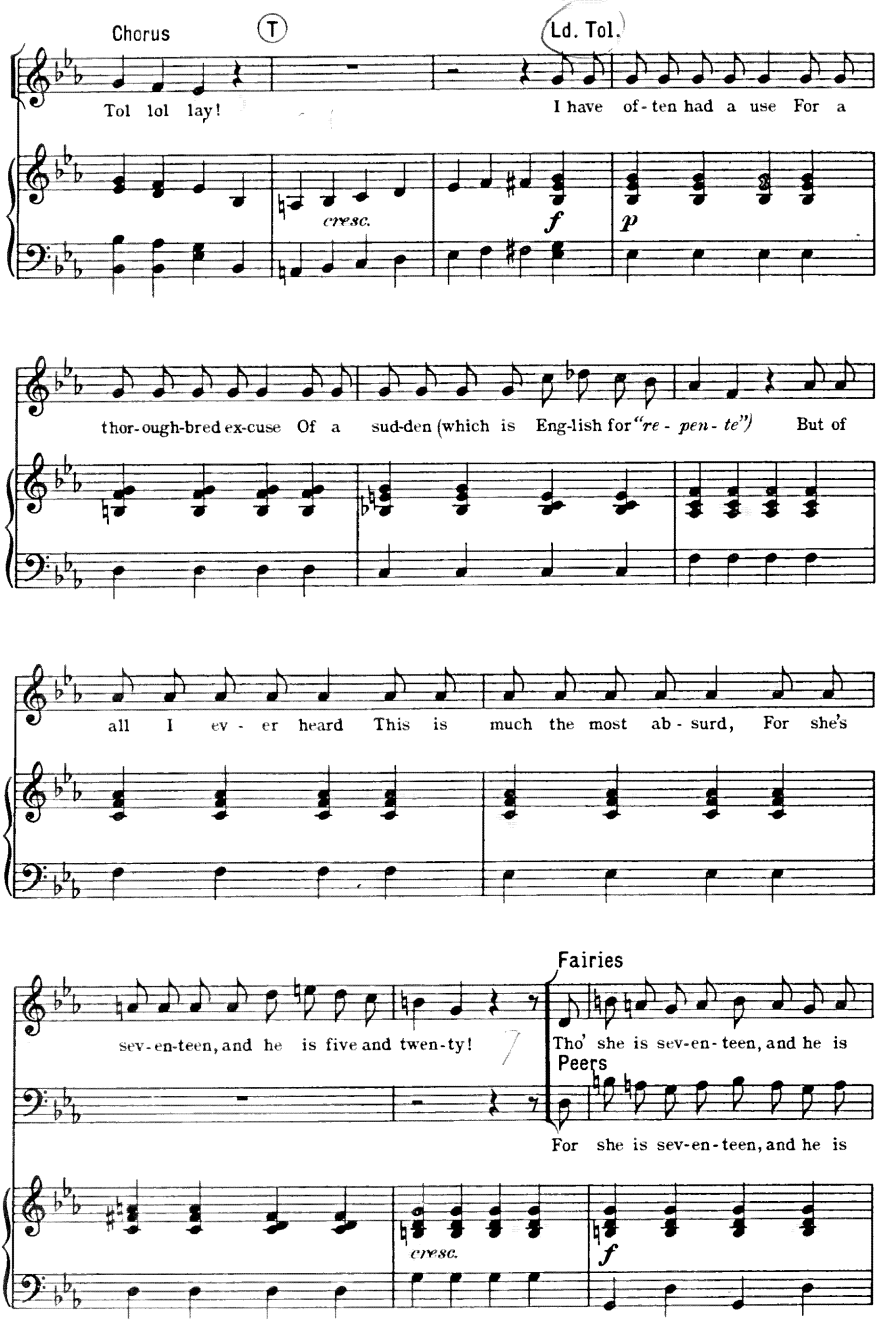

Chorus of Fairies
Trip-ping
hith - er, trip - ping thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or
whith - er;
Why you
want us we don't know, But you've sum - moned us, and

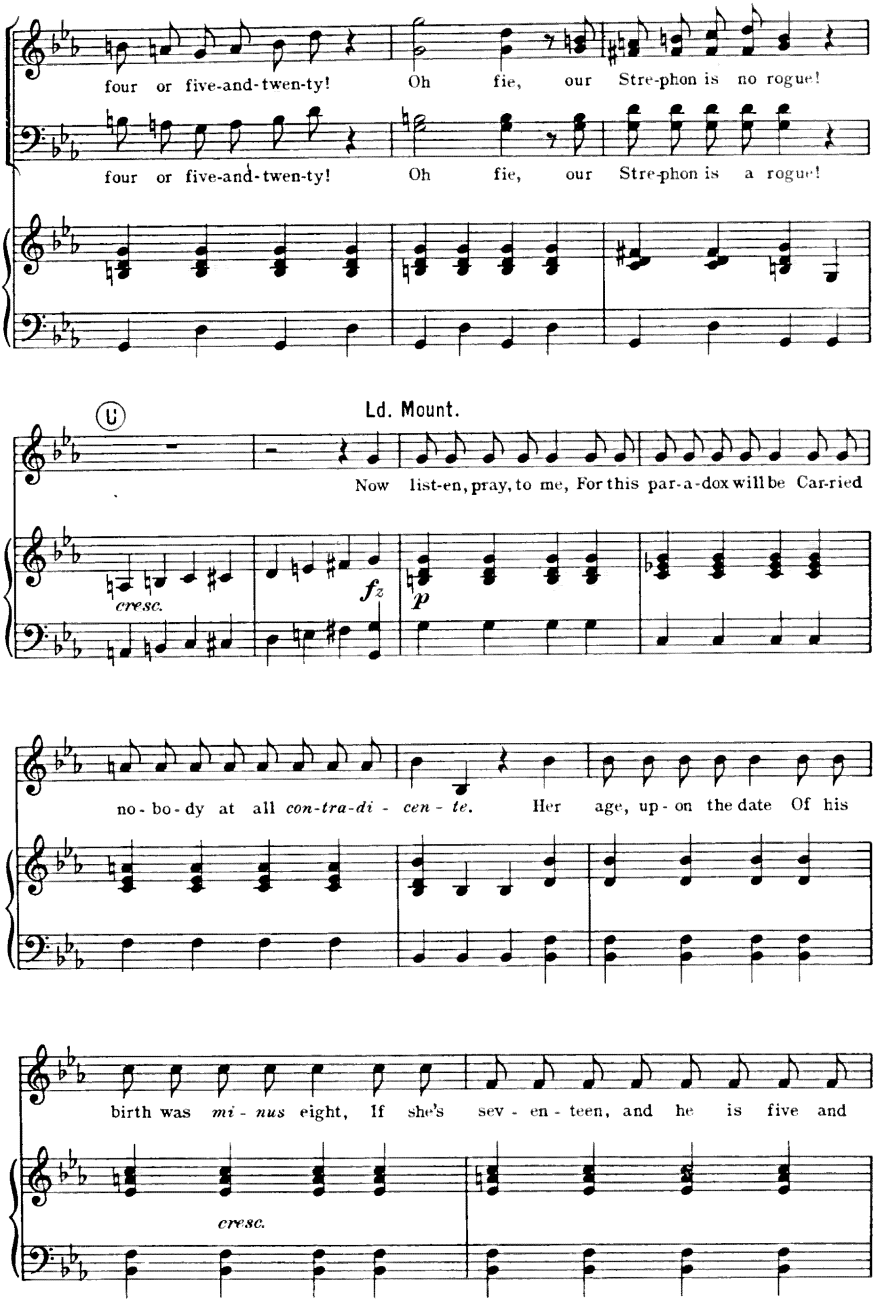

Q
so En - ter all the lit - tle fair - ies To their u - sual trip - ping
f
mea - sure! To ob - lige you all our care is— Tell us,
pray, what is your plea - sure!
p
Più vivo
Streph.
The la-dy of my love has caught me talk-ing to an-oth- er—
p

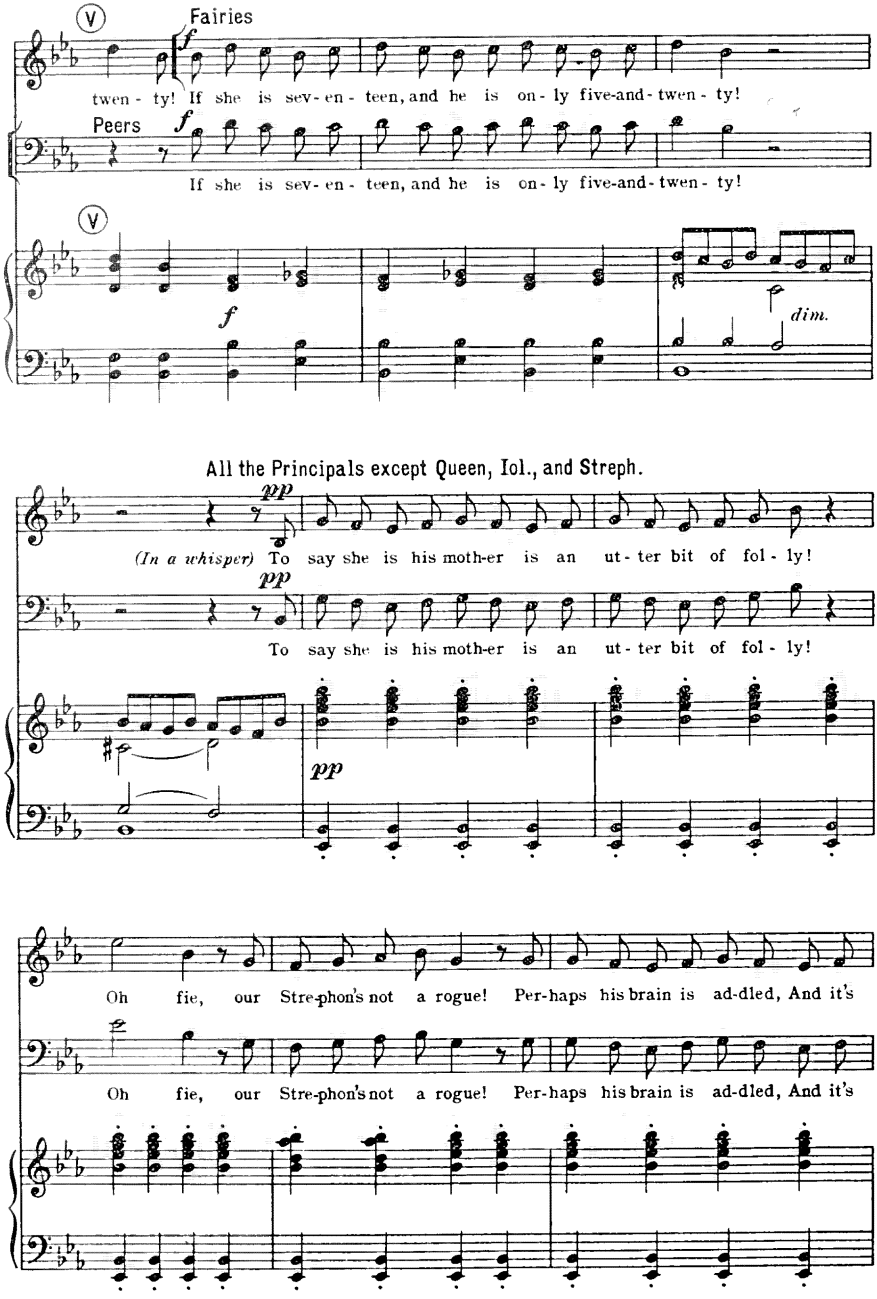

Chorus of Peers
Streph.
Oh, fie! Our Stre-phon is a rogue! I tell her ver - y plain-ly that the
Chorus of Peers
Streph.
la - dy is my moth er— Ta- ra-did-dle, ta- ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! She
R
won't be - lieve my state-ments, and de - clares we must be part - ed, Be -
cause on a ca - reer of dou - ble deal - ing I have start - ed, Then

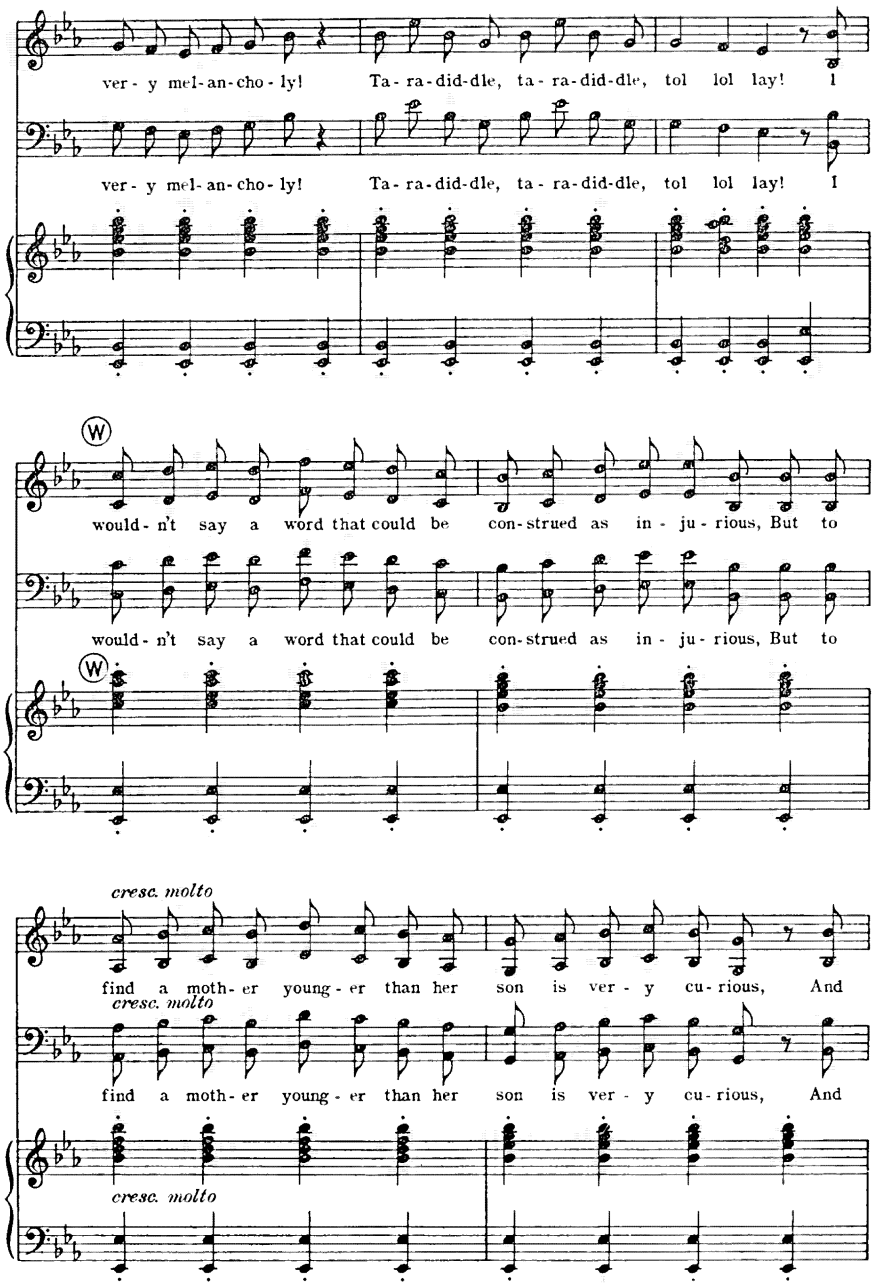

gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me bro - ken heart - ed—
Chorus of Peers
Queen
Ta - ra-did-dle, ta - ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! Ah cru-el ones, to part two faith-ful
sempre p
Fairies
Queen
lov-ers from each oth - er! Oh, fie! our Stre-phon's not a rogue! You've
done him an in - jus tice, for the la - dy is his moth - er!

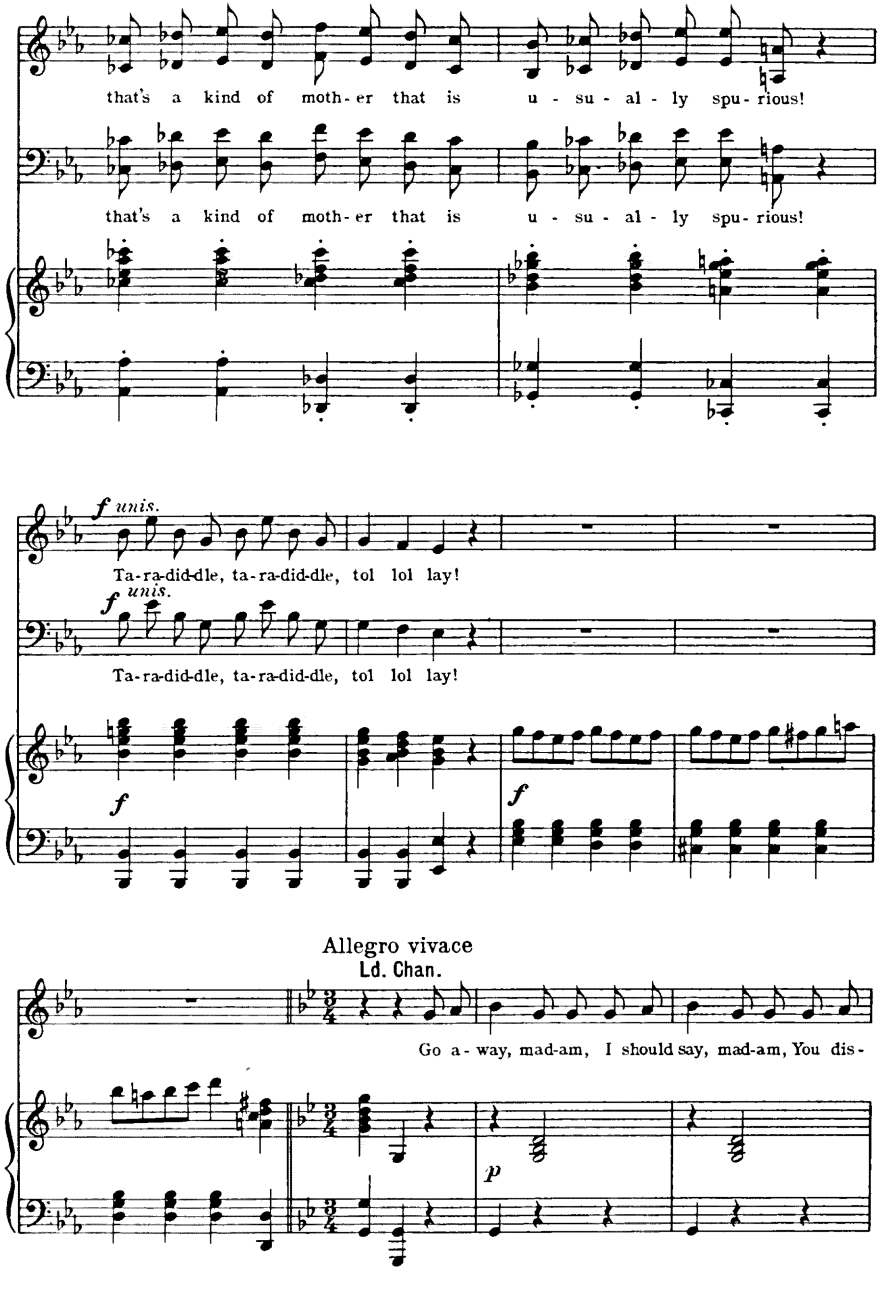

Chorus of Fairies
Ld. Chan.
Ta ra did dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! That fa-ble p'rhaps may serve his turn as
well as an-y oth-er. I did-n't see her face, but if they
fon-dled one an-oth-er, And she's but sev-en-teen— I don't be-
lieve it was his moth-er! ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle,

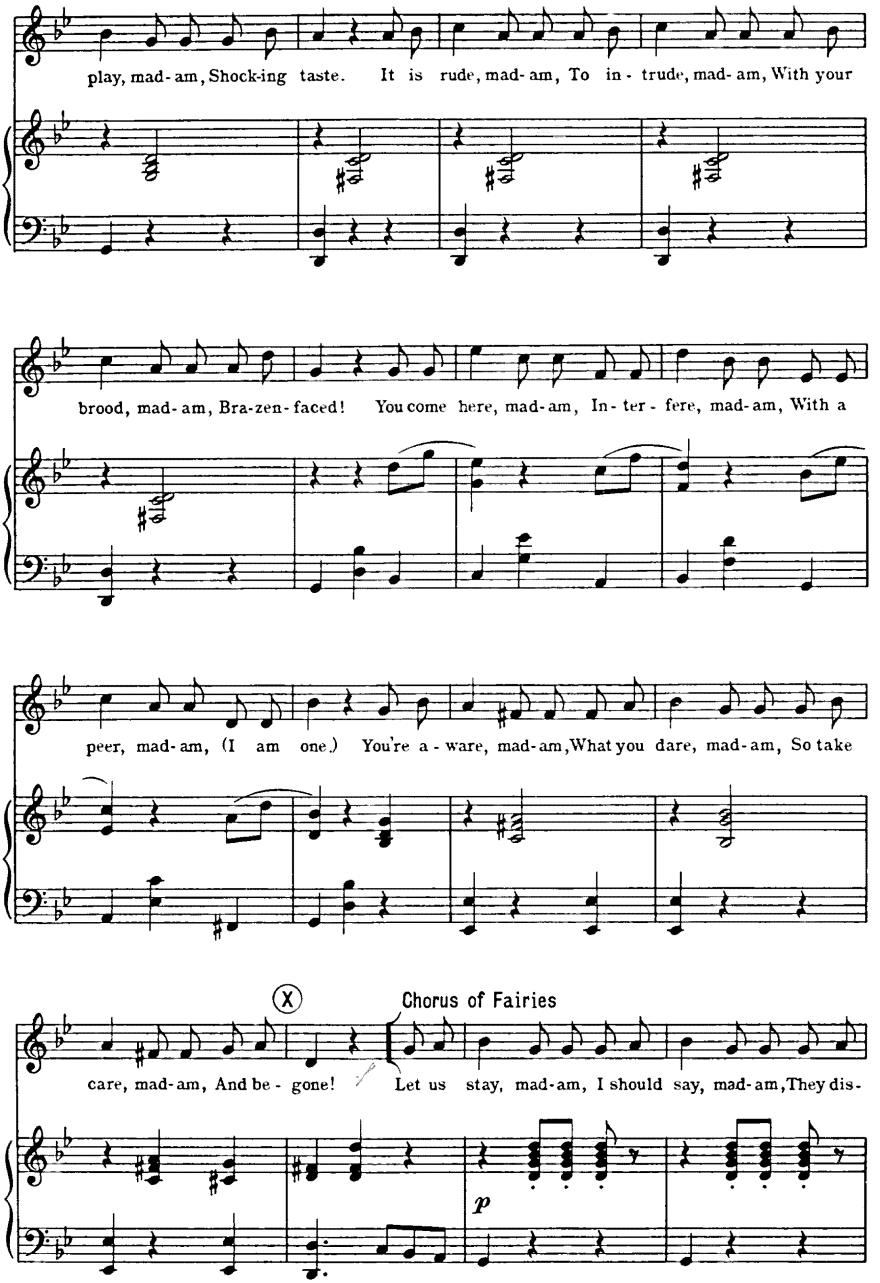

Chorus
T
Ld. Tol.
Tol lol lay!
I have of-ten had a use For a
cresc.
f
p
thor-ough-bred ex-cuse Of a sud-den (which is Eng-lish for "re-pen-te") But of
all I ev-er heard This is much the most ab-surd, For she's
sev-en-teen, and he is five and twen-ty!
Fairies
Tho' she is sev-en-teen, and he is
Peers
For she is sev-en-teen, and he is
cresc.
f

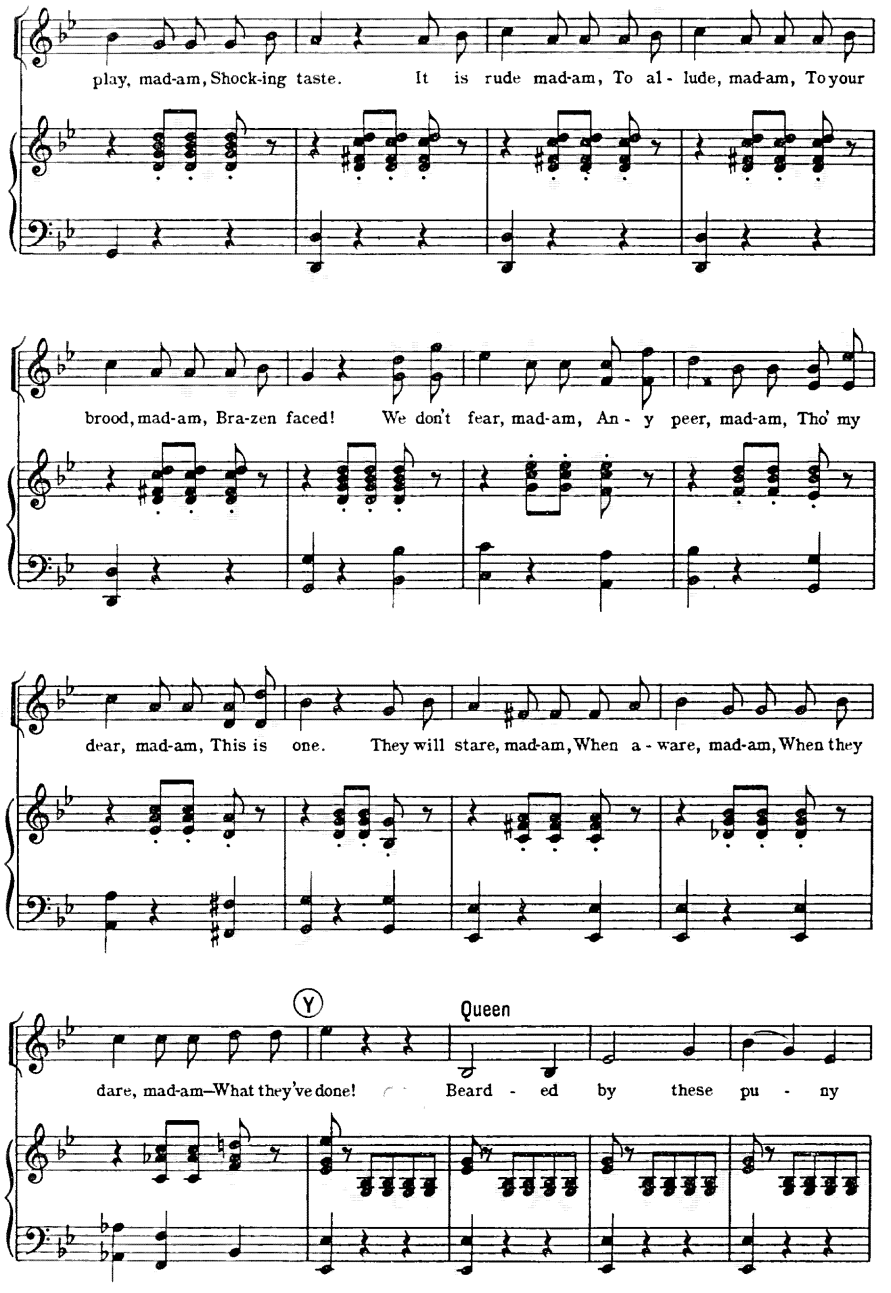

four or five-and-twen-ty! Oh fie, our Stre-phon is no rogue!
four or five-and-twen-ty! Oh fie, our Stre-phon is a rogue!
Ld. Mount.
Now list-en, pray, to me, For this par-a-dox will be Car-ried
cresc.
fz
p
no-bo-dy at all con-tra-di-cen-te. Her age, up-on the date Of his
birth was mi-nus eight, If she's sev-en-teen, and he is five and
cresc.

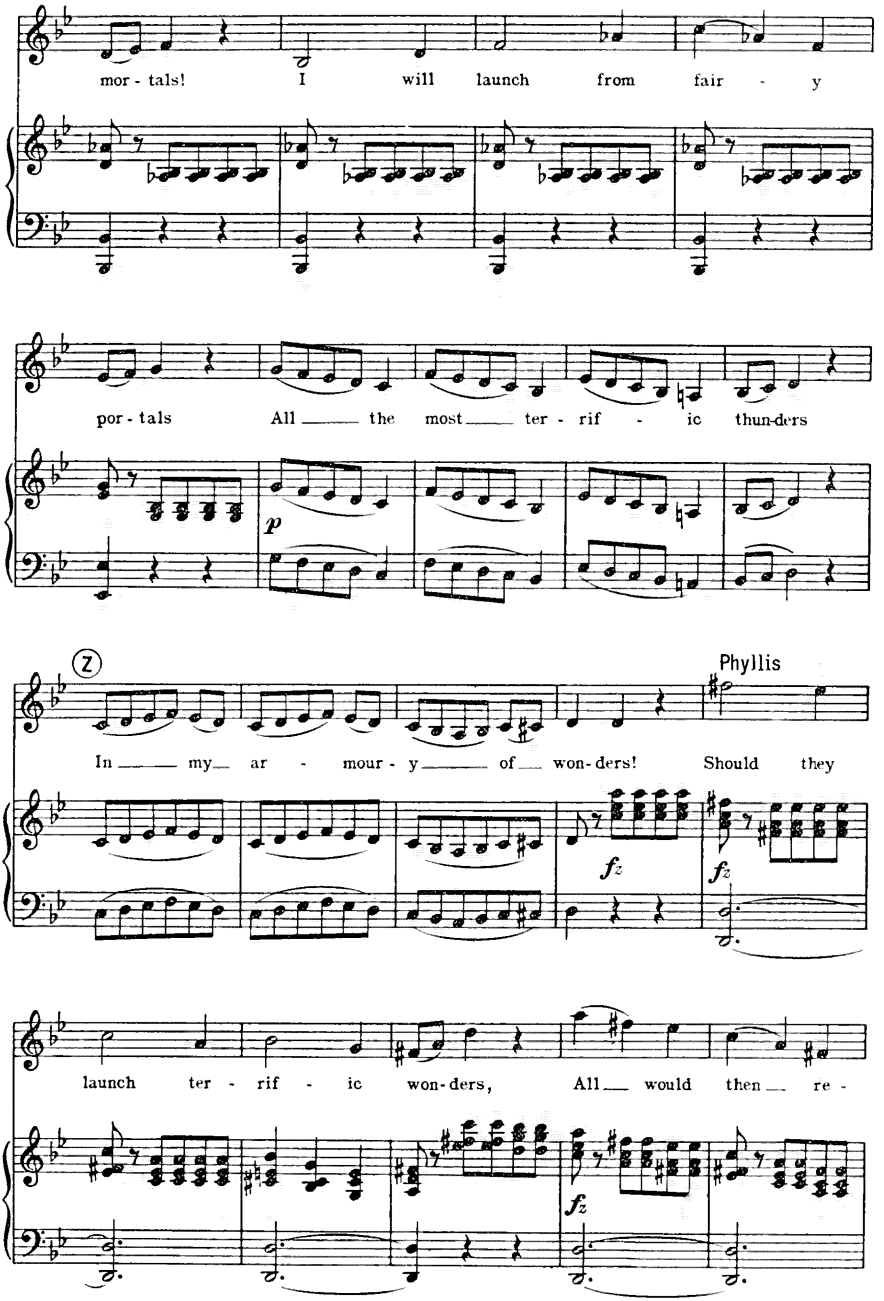

Fairies
twen - ty! If she is sev - en - teen, and he is on - ly five-and - twen - ty!
Peers
If she is sev - en - teen, and he is on - ly five-and - twen - ty!
dim.
All the Principals except Queen, Iol., and Streph.
(In a whisper) To say she is his moth-er is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly!
To say she is his moth-er is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly!
Oh fie, our Stre-phon's not a rogue! Per-haps his brain is ad-dled, And it's
Oh fie, our Stre-phon's not a rogue! Per-haps his brain is ad-dled, And it's

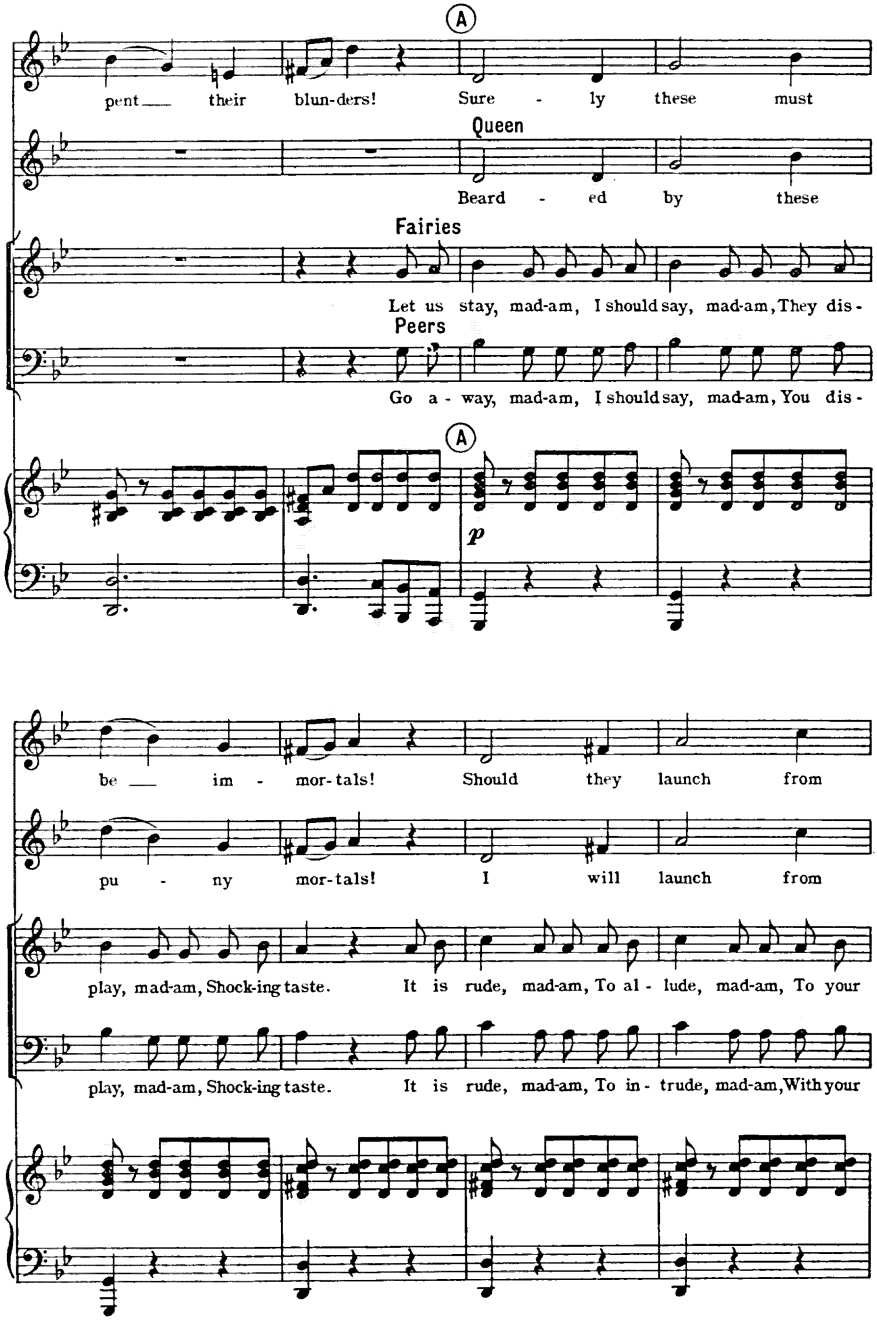

ver - y mel - an - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! I
ver - y mel - an - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! I
W
would - n't say a word that could be con - strued as in - ju - rious, But to
would - n't say a word that could be con - strued as in - ju - rious, But to
W
cresc. molto
find a moth - er young - er than her son is ver - y cu - rious, And
cresc. molto
find a moth - er young - er than her son is ver - y cu - rious, And
cresc. molto

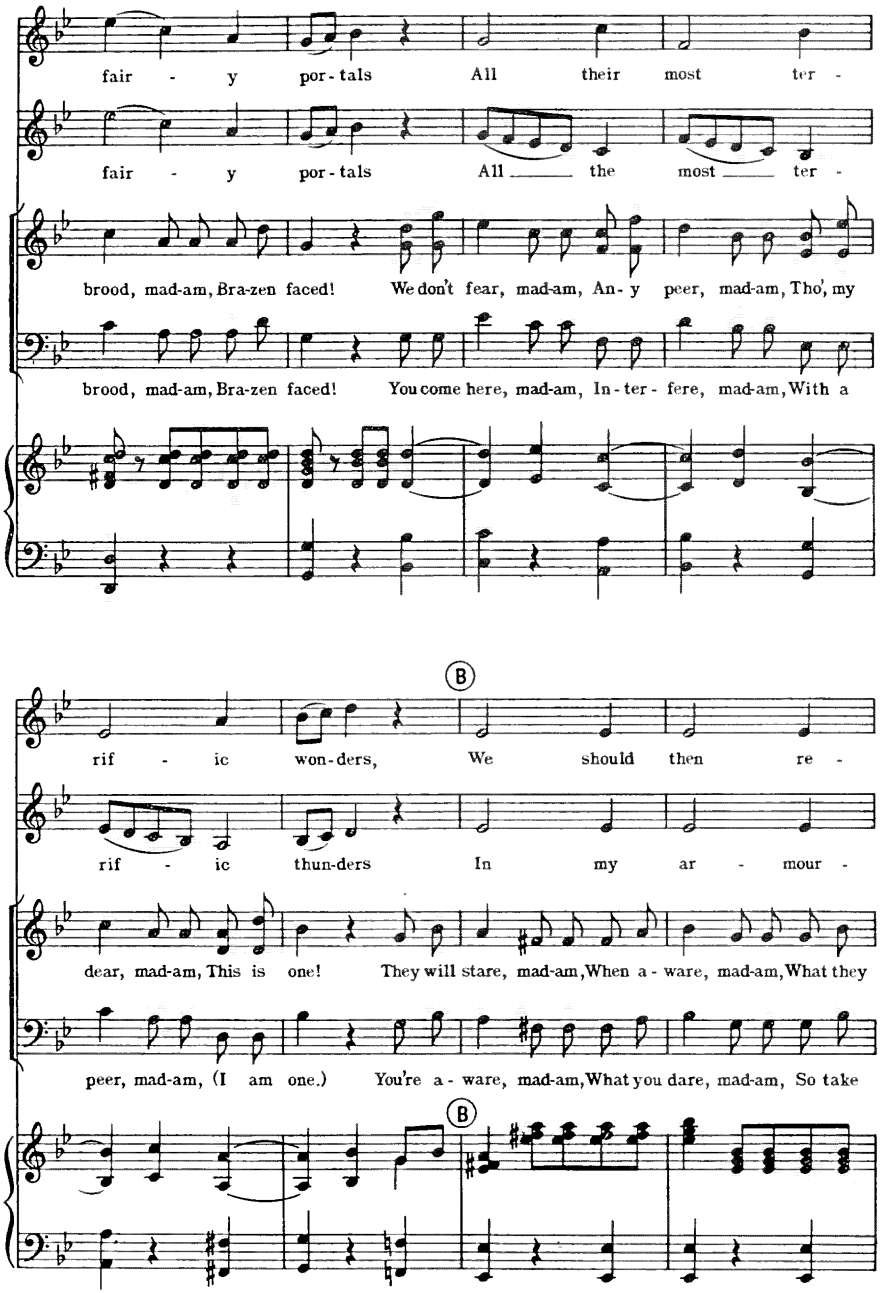

that's a kind of moth-er that is u - su - al - ly spu-rious!
that's a kind of moth-er that is u - su - al - ly spu-rious!
f unis.
Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!
f unis.
Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!
f
f
Allegro vivace
Ld. Chan.
Go a-way, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis-
p

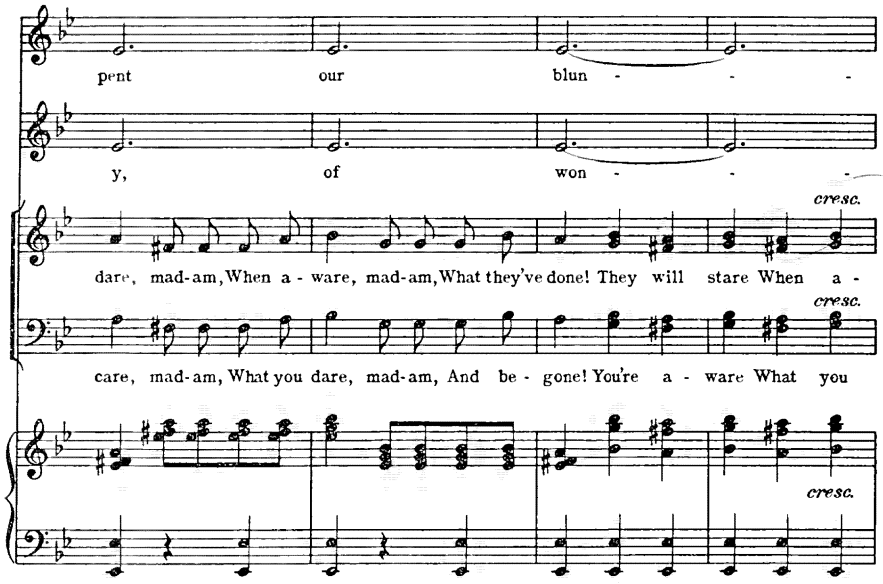

play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, mad-am, To in-trude, mad-am, With your
brood, mad-am, Bra-zen-faced! You come here, mad-am, In-ter-fere, mad-am, With a
peer, mad-am, (I am one.) You're a-ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take
X
Chorus of Fairies
care, mad-am, And be-gone! Let us stay,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

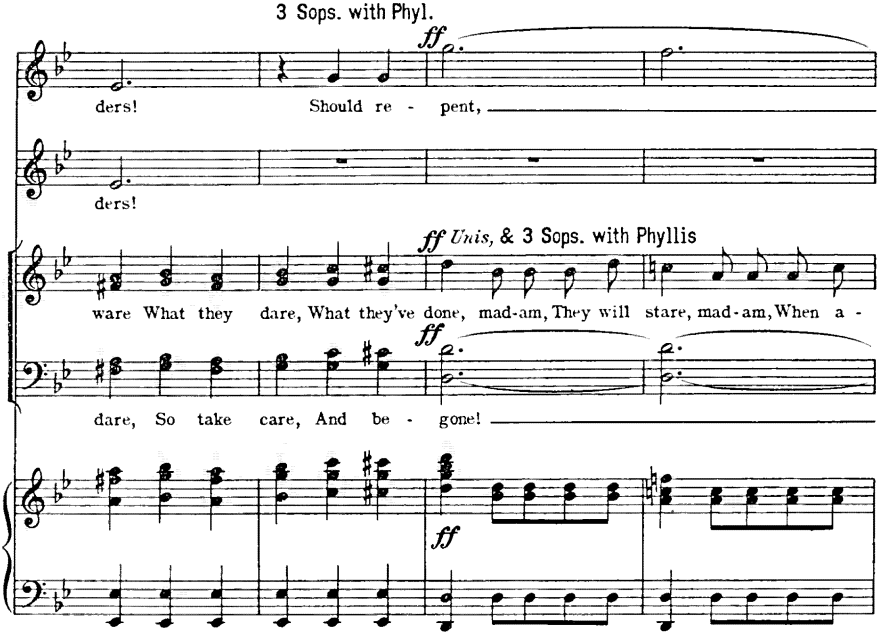

play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude mad-am, To al - lude, mad-am, To your
brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! We don't fear, mad-am, An - y peer, mad-am, Tho' my
dear, mad-am, This is one. They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, When they
Y
Queen
dare, mad-am—What they've done! Beard - ed by these pu - ny

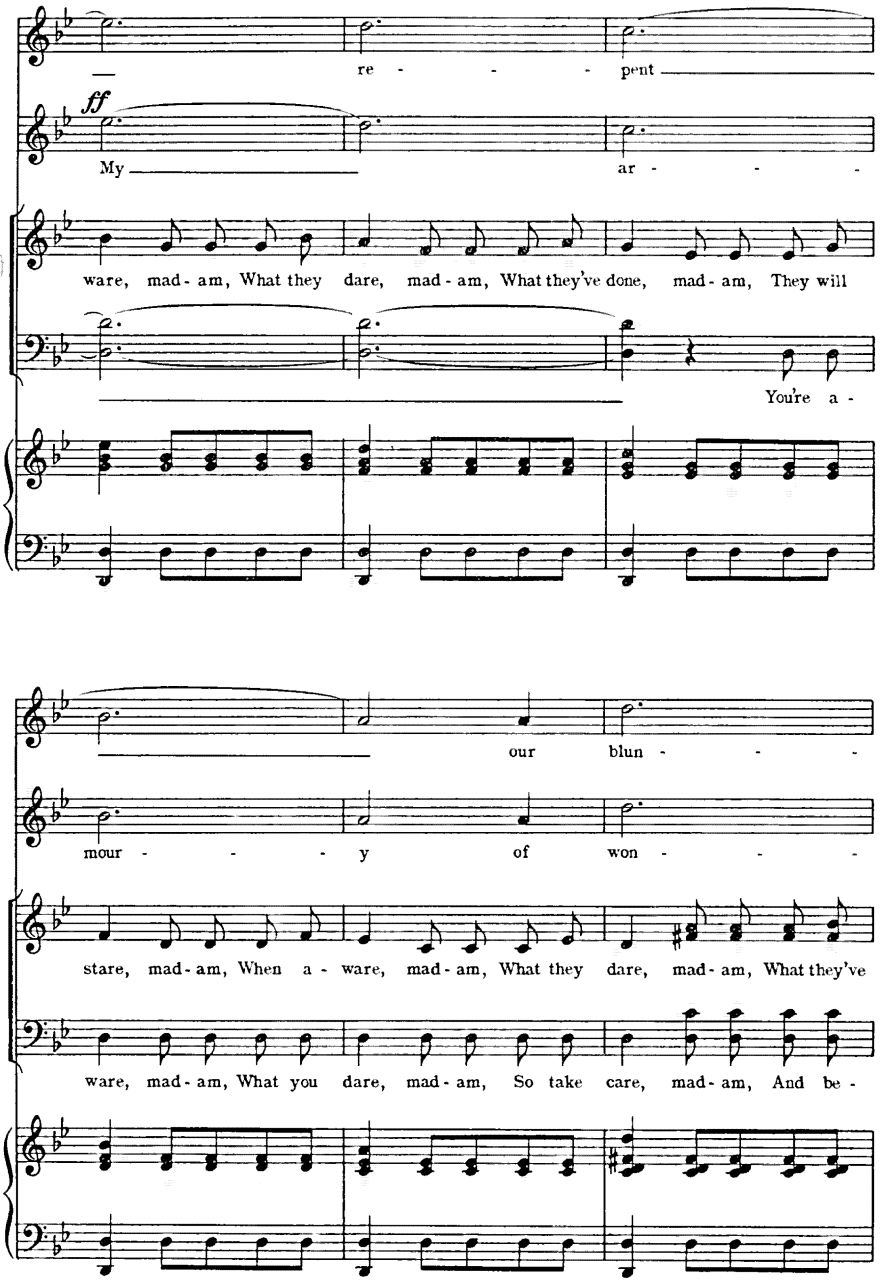

mor - tals! I will launch from fair - y
por - tals All the most ter - rif - ic thun-ders
p
Z
Phyllis
In my ar - mour - y of won-ders! Should they
fz
fz
launch ter - rif - ic won-ders, All would then re -
fz

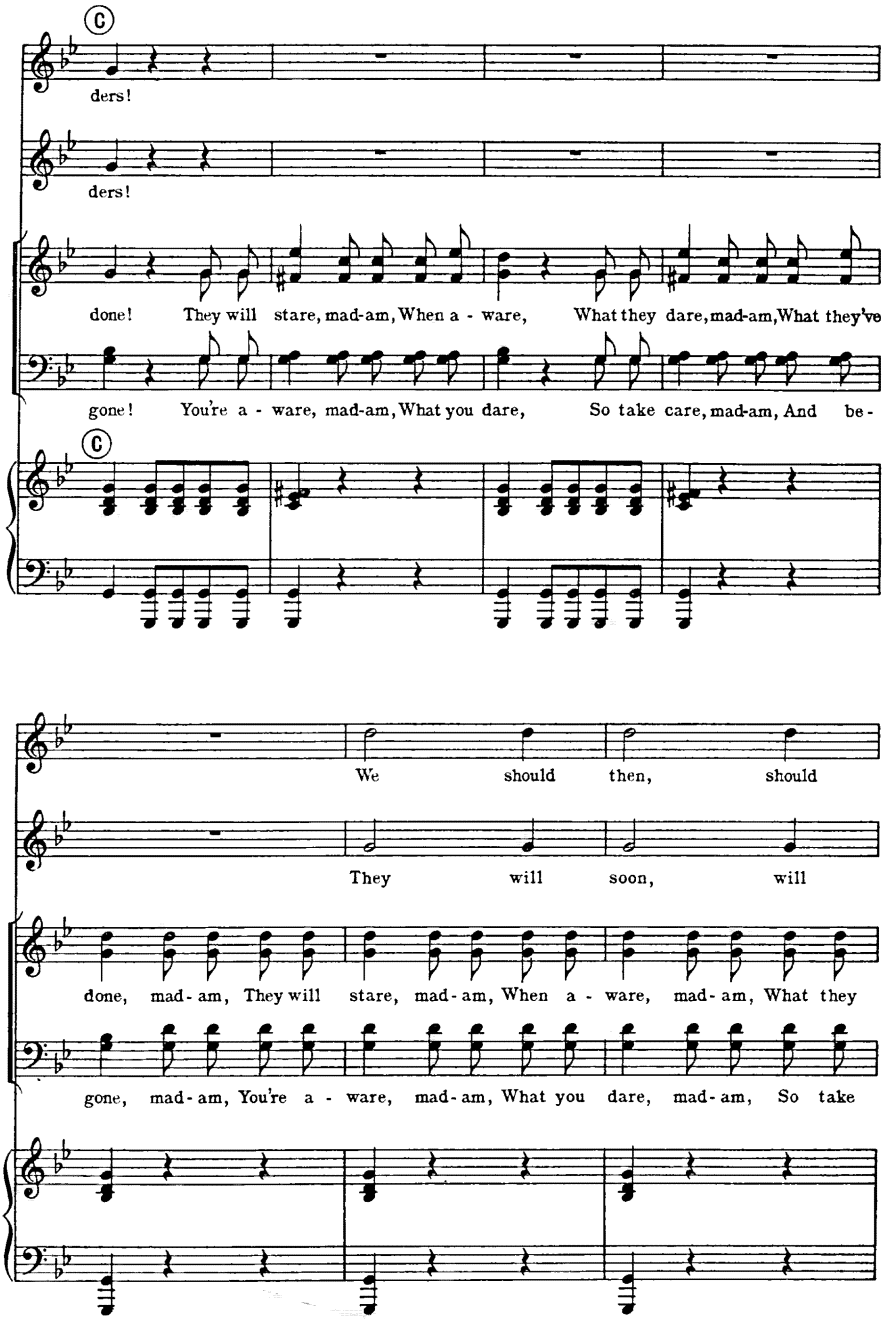

A
pent their blun-ders! Sure - ly these must
Queen
Beard - ed by these
Fairies
Let us stay, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, They dis-
Peers
Go a - way, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis-
A
p
be im - mor-tals! Should they launch from
pu - ny mor-tals! I will launch from
play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. 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

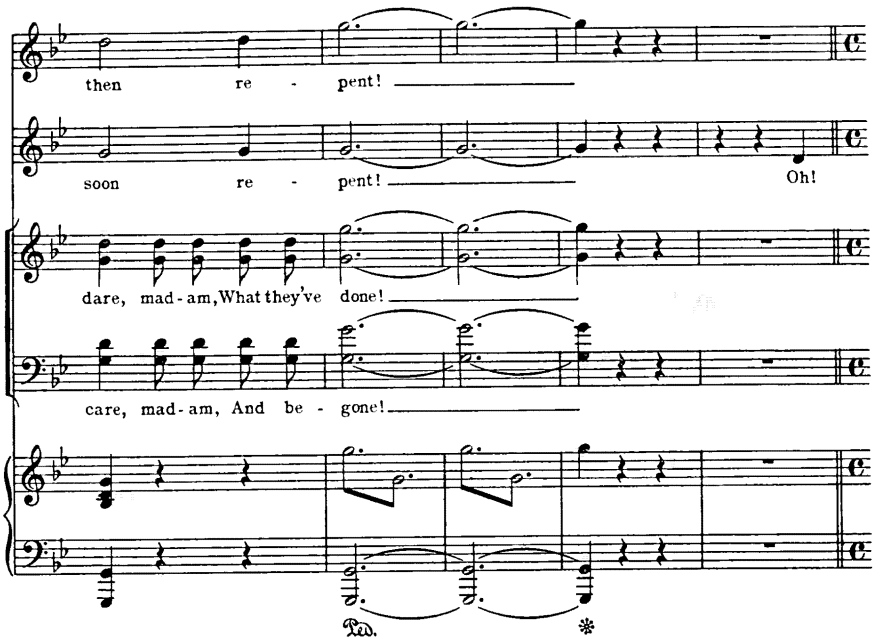

fair - y por - tals All their most ter -
fair - y por - tals All the most ter -
brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! We don't fear, mad-am, An - y peer, mad-am, Tho', my
brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! You come here, mad-am, In - ter - fere, mad-am, With a
B
rif - ic won-ders, We should then re -
rif - ic thun-ders In my ar - mour -
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
B


pent our blun - - -
y, of won - - -
cresc.
dare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they've done! They will stare When a -
cresc.
care, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, And be - gone! You're a - ware What you
cresc.

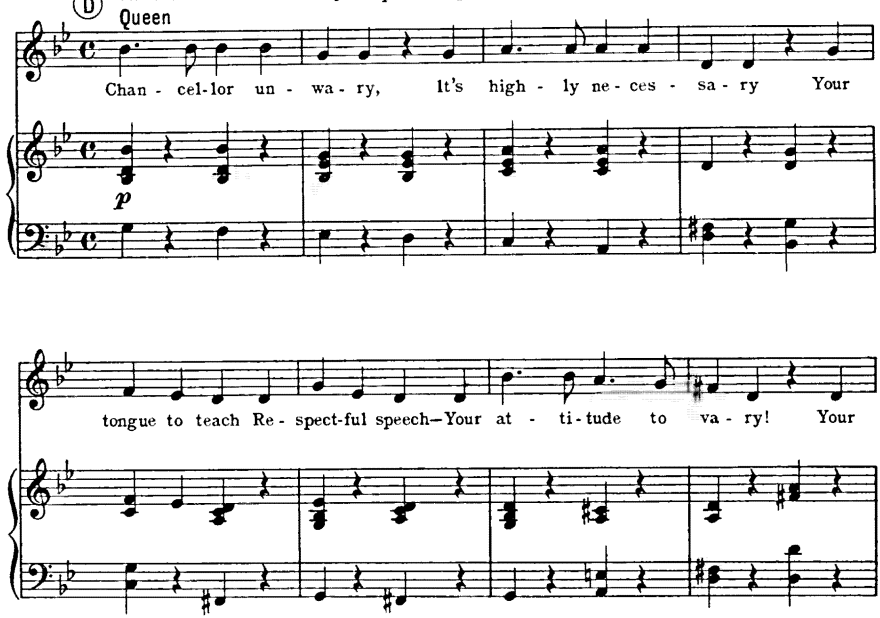

3 Sops. with Phyl.
ff
ders! Should re - pent,
ders!
ff Unis, & 3 Sops. with Phyllis
ware What they dare, What they've done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a -
ff
dare, So take care, And be - gone!
ff

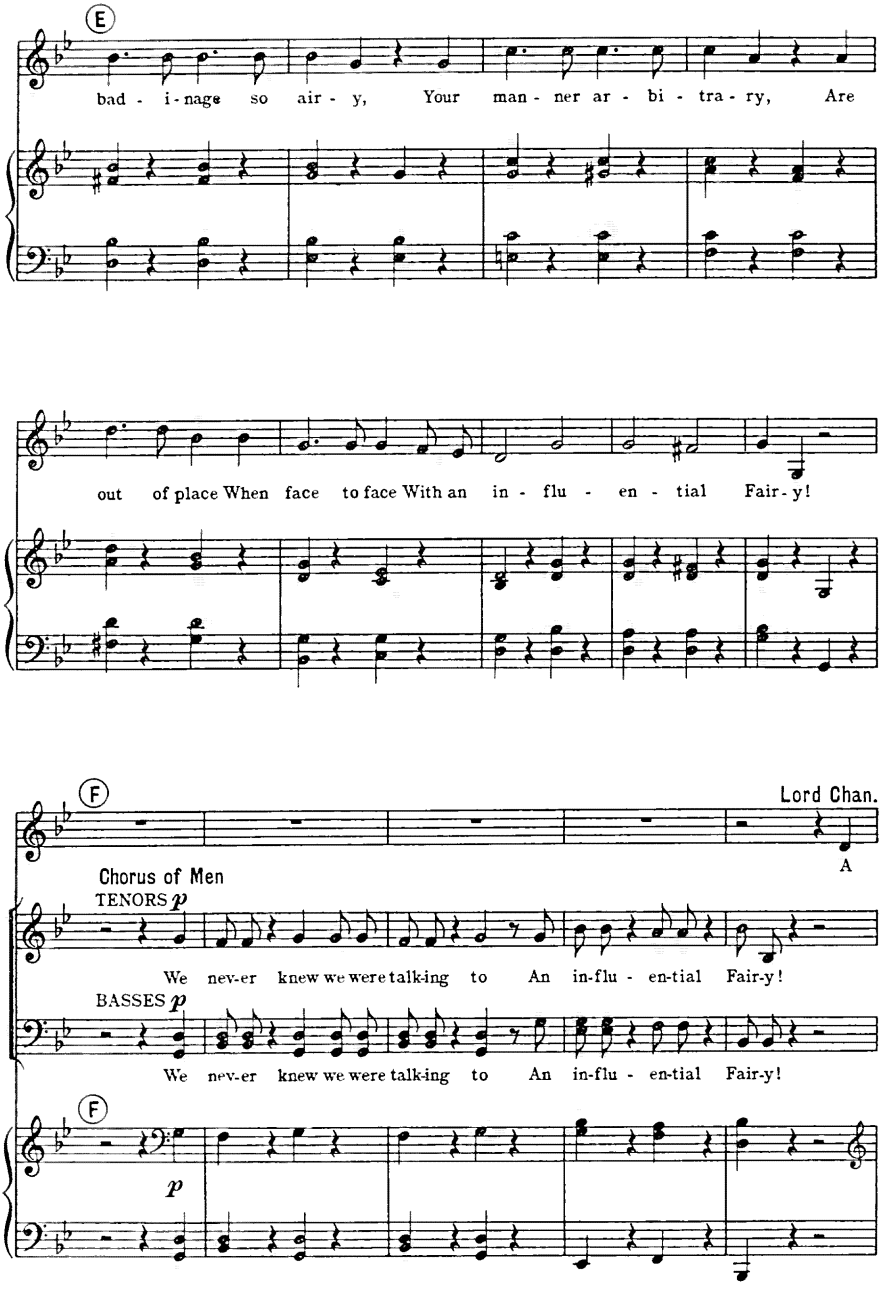

re - - - - pent
ff
My ar - - - -
ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've done, mad - am, They will
You're a -
our blun - - - -
mour - - - y of won - - - -
stare, mad - am, When a - ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've
ware, mad - am, What you dare, mad - am, So take care, mad - am, And be -

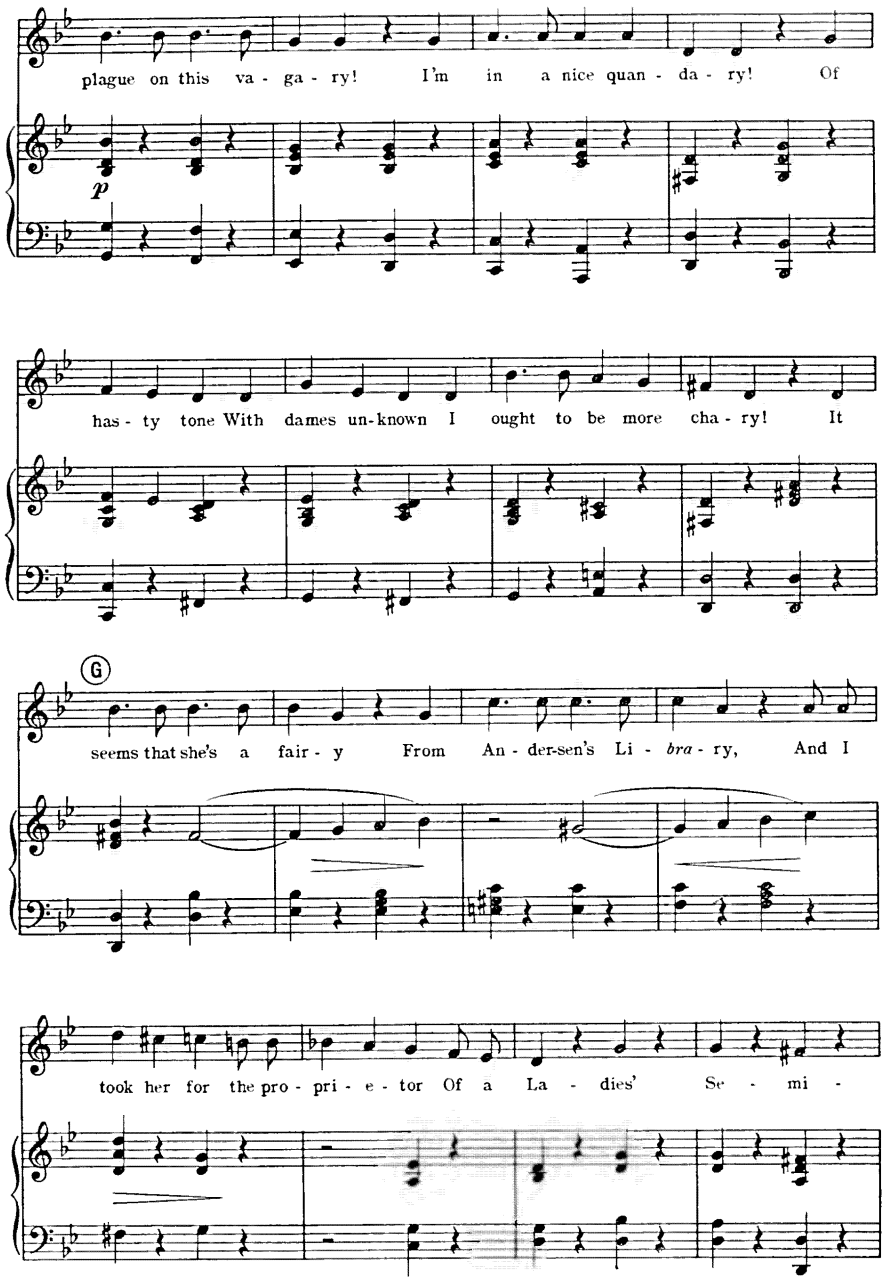

ders!
ders!
done! They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, What they dare, mad-am, What they've
gone! You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, So take care, mad-am, And be-
We should then, should
They will soon, will
done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they
gone, mad-am,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

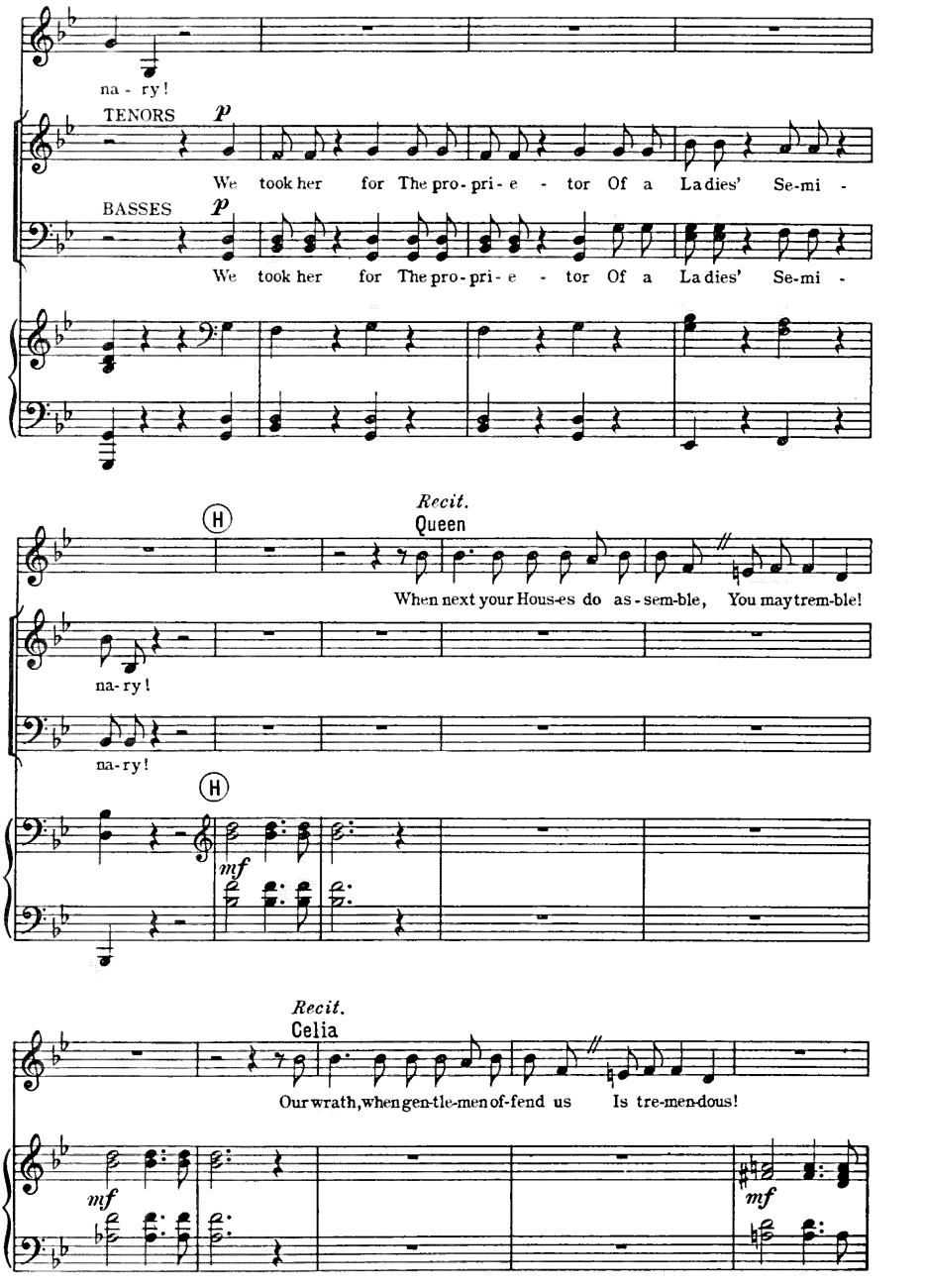


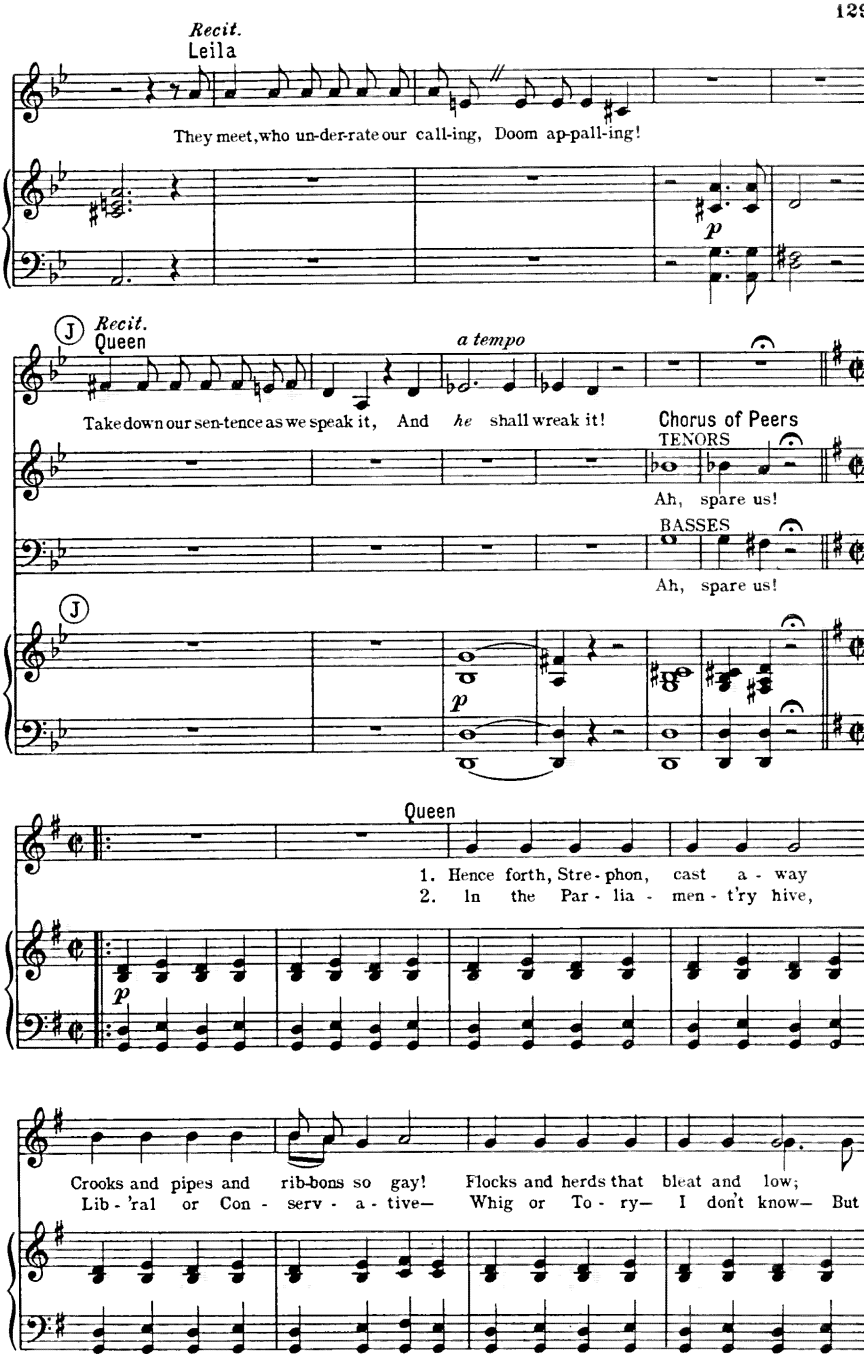
(D) *One bar the same as two of the preceding movement.*

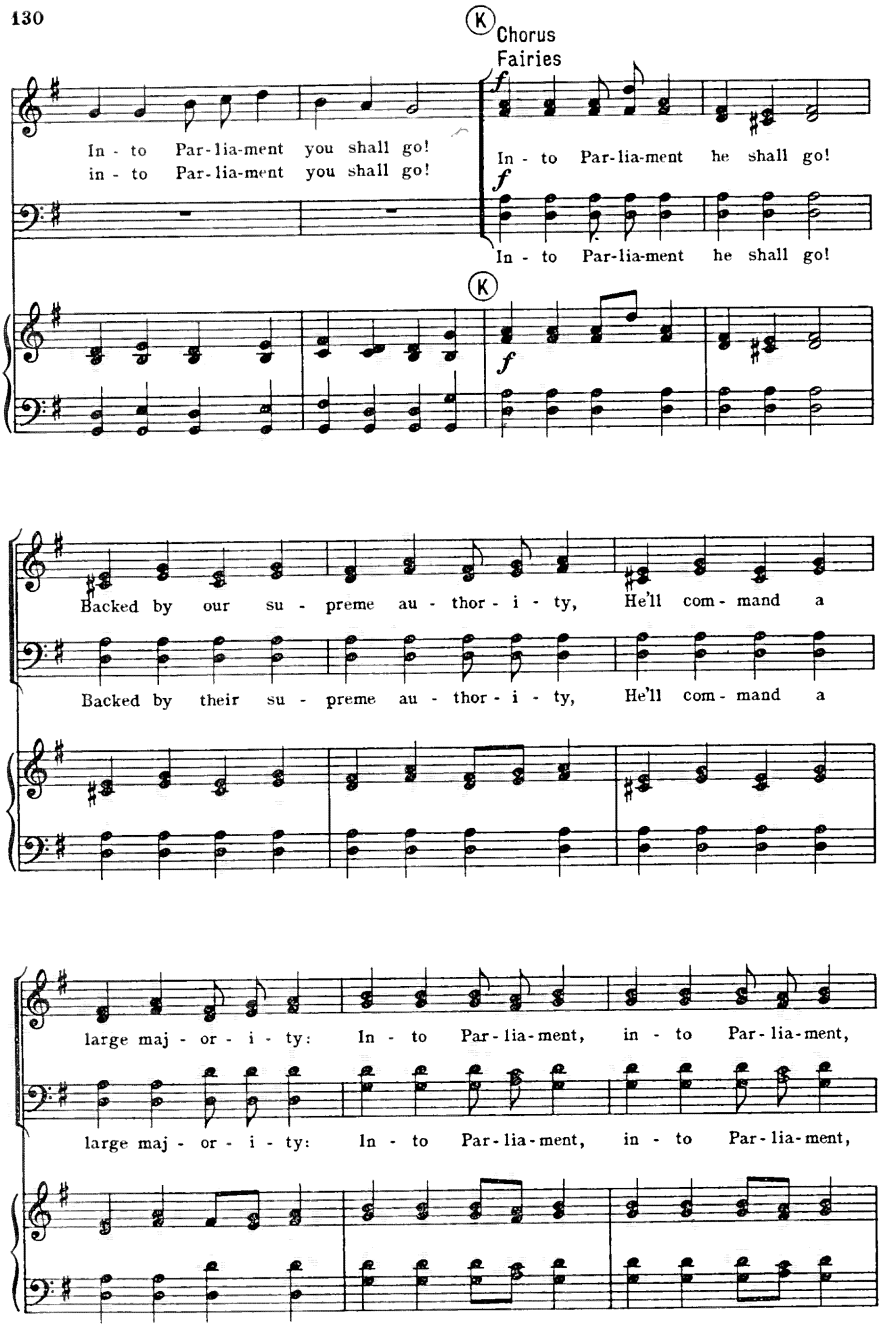


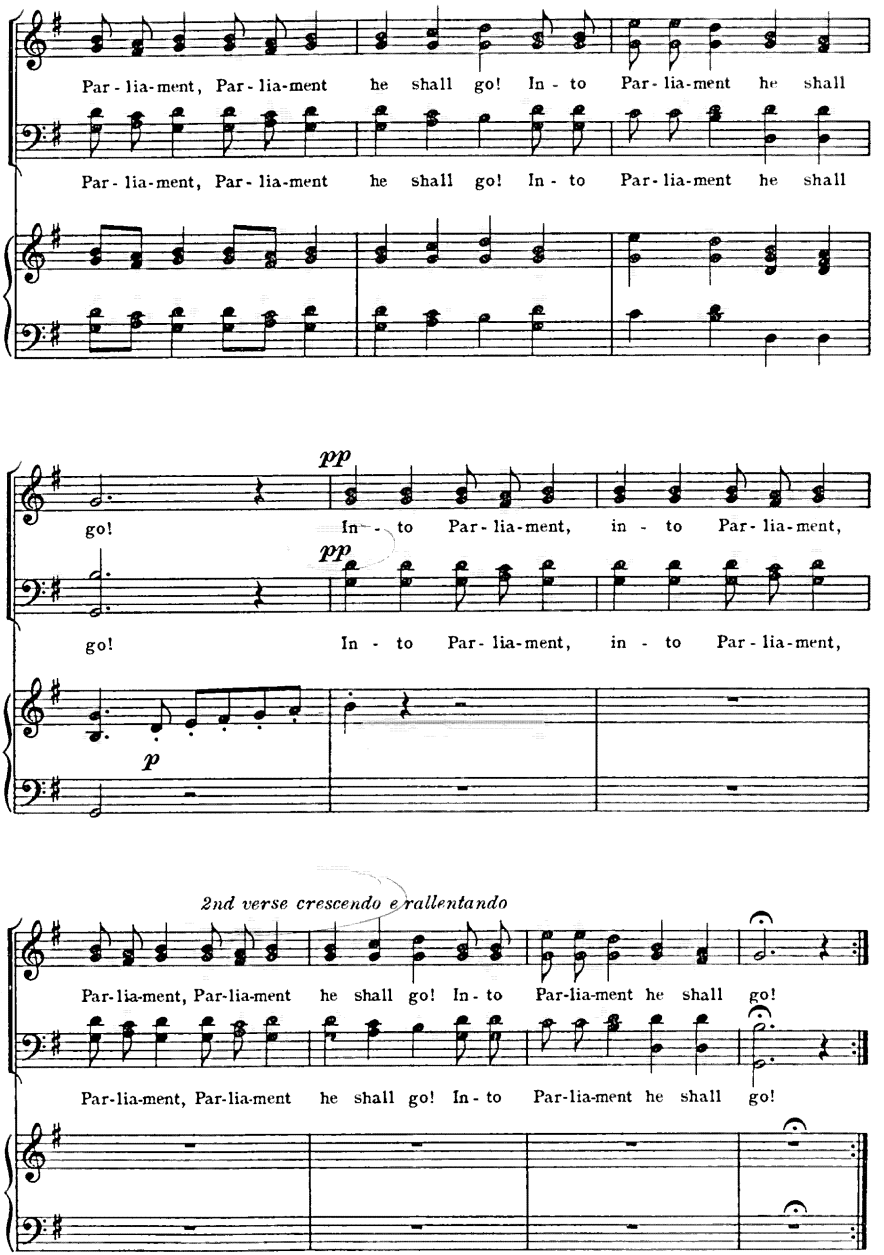

E
bad - i-nage so air - y, Your man - ner ar - bi - tra - ry, Are
out of place When face to face With an in - flu - en - tial Fair - y!
F
Lord Chan.
A
Chorus of Men
TENORS p
We nev-er knew we were talk-ing to An in-flu - en-tial Fair-y!
BASSES p
We nev-er knew we were talk-ing to An in-flu - en-tial Fair-y!
F
p


plague on this va - ga - ry! I'm in a nice quan - da - ry! Of
p
has - ty tone With dames un-known I ought to be more cha - ry! It
G
seems that she's a fair - y From An - der-sen's Li - bra - ry, And I
took her for the pro - pri - e - tor Of a La - dies' Se - mi -


na - ry!
TENORS
p
We took her for The pro - pri - e - tor Of a La dies' Se-mi -
BASSES
p
We took her for The pro - pri - e - tor Of a La dies' Se-mi -
H
Recit.
Queen
When next your Hous-es do as - sem-ble, You may trem-ble!
na - ry!
na - ry!
H
mf
Recit.
Celia
Our wrath, when gen-tle-men of-fend us Is tre-men-dous!
mf
mf


Recit.
Leila
They meet, who un-der-rate our call-ing, Doom ap-pall-ing!
p
J
Recit.
Queen
a tempo
Take down our sen-tence as we speak it, And he shall wreak it!
Chorus of Peers
TENORS
Ah, spare us!
BASSES
Ah, spare us!
J
p
Queen
1. Hence forth, Stre-phon, cast a-way
2. In the Par-lia-men-t'ry hive,
p
Crooks and pipes and rib-bons 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

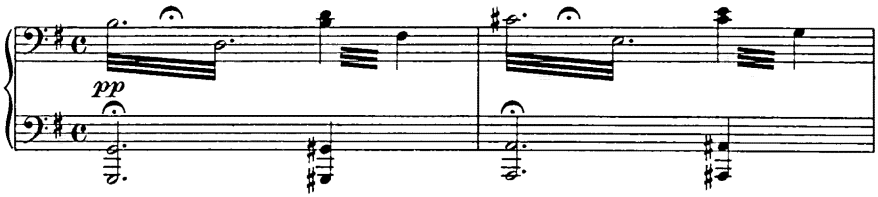

K
Chorus
Fairies
f
In - to Par-lia-ment you shall go!
in - to Par-lia-ment you shall go!
In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!
f
In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!
K
f
Backed by our su - preme au - thor - i - ty, He'll com - mand a
Backed by their su - preme au - thor - i - ty, He'll com - mand a
large maj - or - i - ty: In - to Par-lia-ment, in - to Par-lia-ment,
large maj - or - i - ty: In - to Par-lia-ment, in - to Par-lia-ment,


Par - lia-ment, Par - lia-ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia-ment he shall
Par - lia-ment, Par - lia-ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia-ment he shall
pp
go! In - to Par - lia-ment, in - to Par - lia-ment,
pp
go! In - to Par - lia-ment, in - to Par - lia-ment,
p
2nd verse crescendo e rallentando
Par-lia-ment, Par-lia-ment he shall go! In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!
Par-lia-ment, Par-lia-ment he shall go! In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!

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!

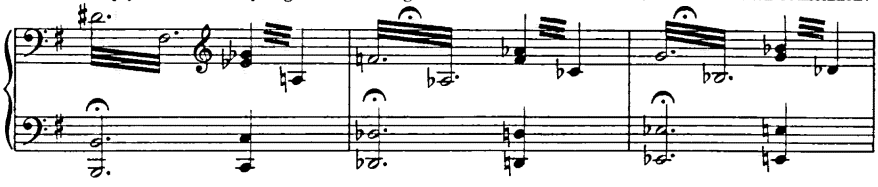
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse and salmon season:



He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Wednesday nights:

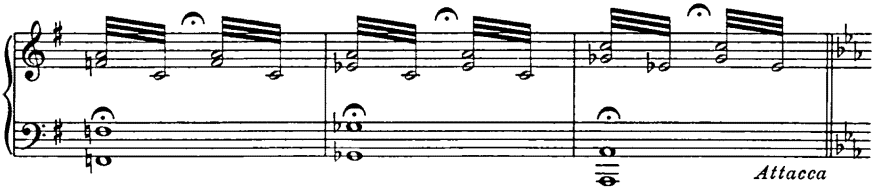
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister:

Titles shall ennoble, then,
All the Common Councilmen:



Peers shall teem in Christendom, And a Duke's exalted station

Be attainable by Competitive Examination!



Chorus

Allegro molto

Fairies

ff

Their hor- ror

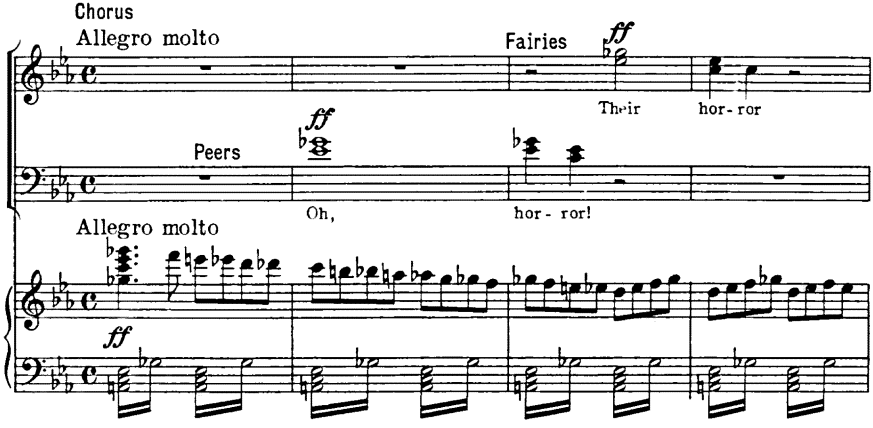
Peers

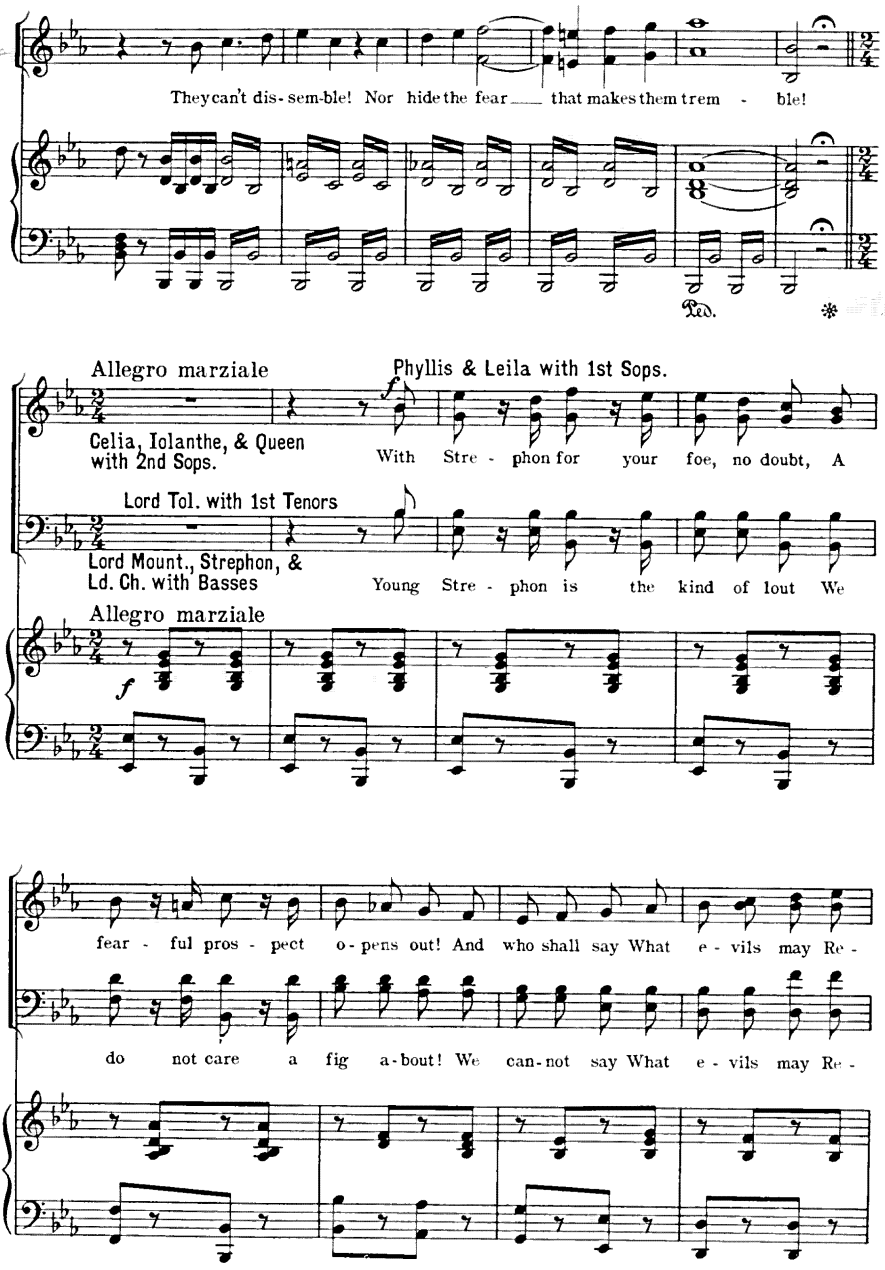
ff

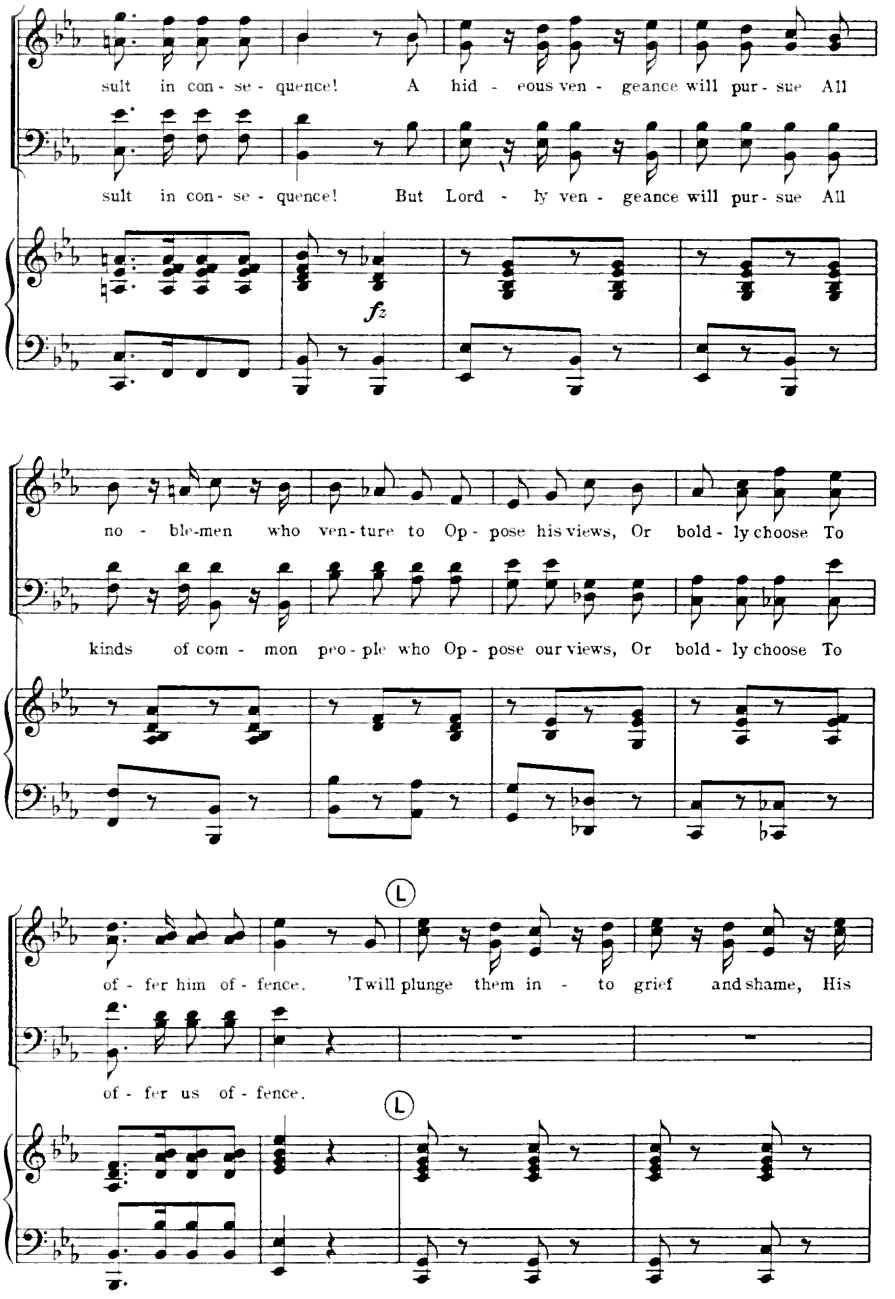
Oh, hor- ror!

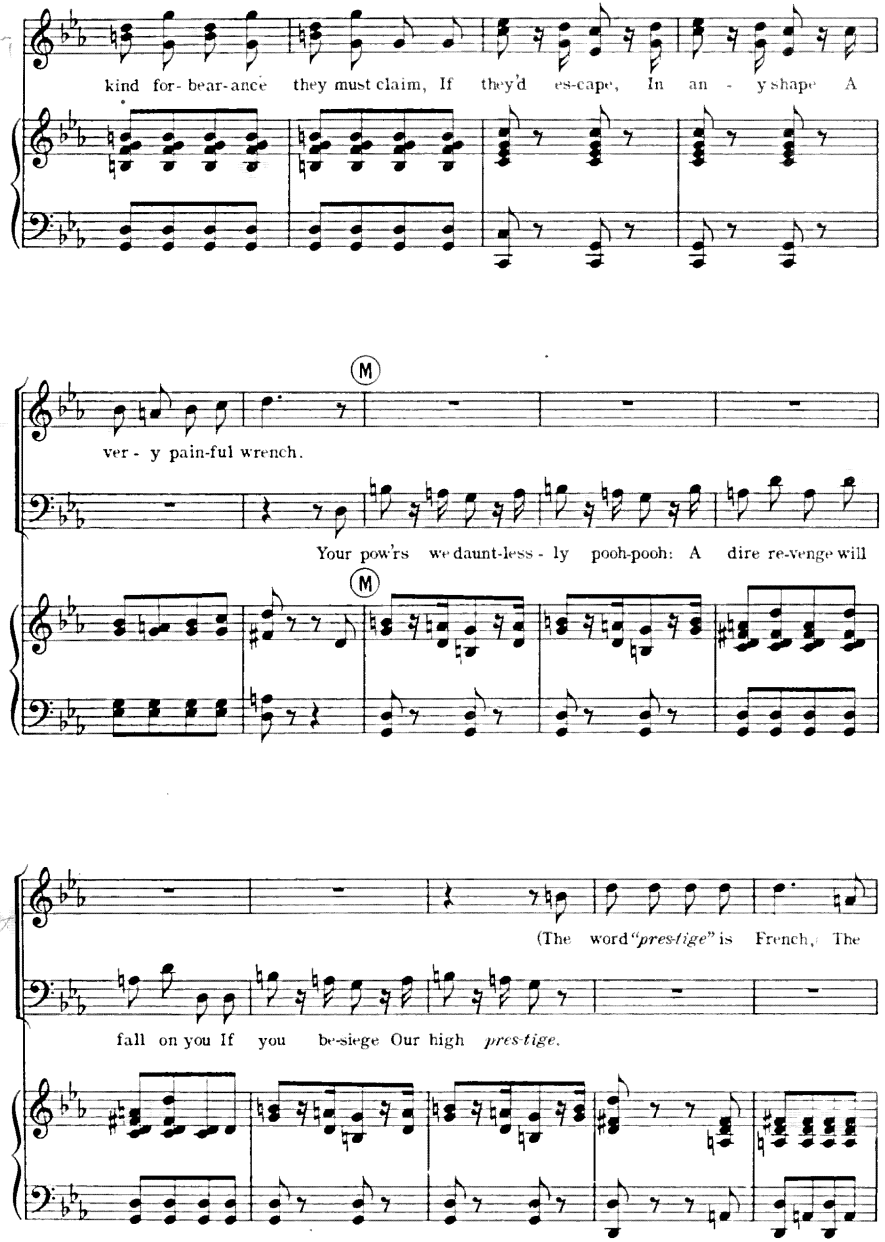
Allegro molto

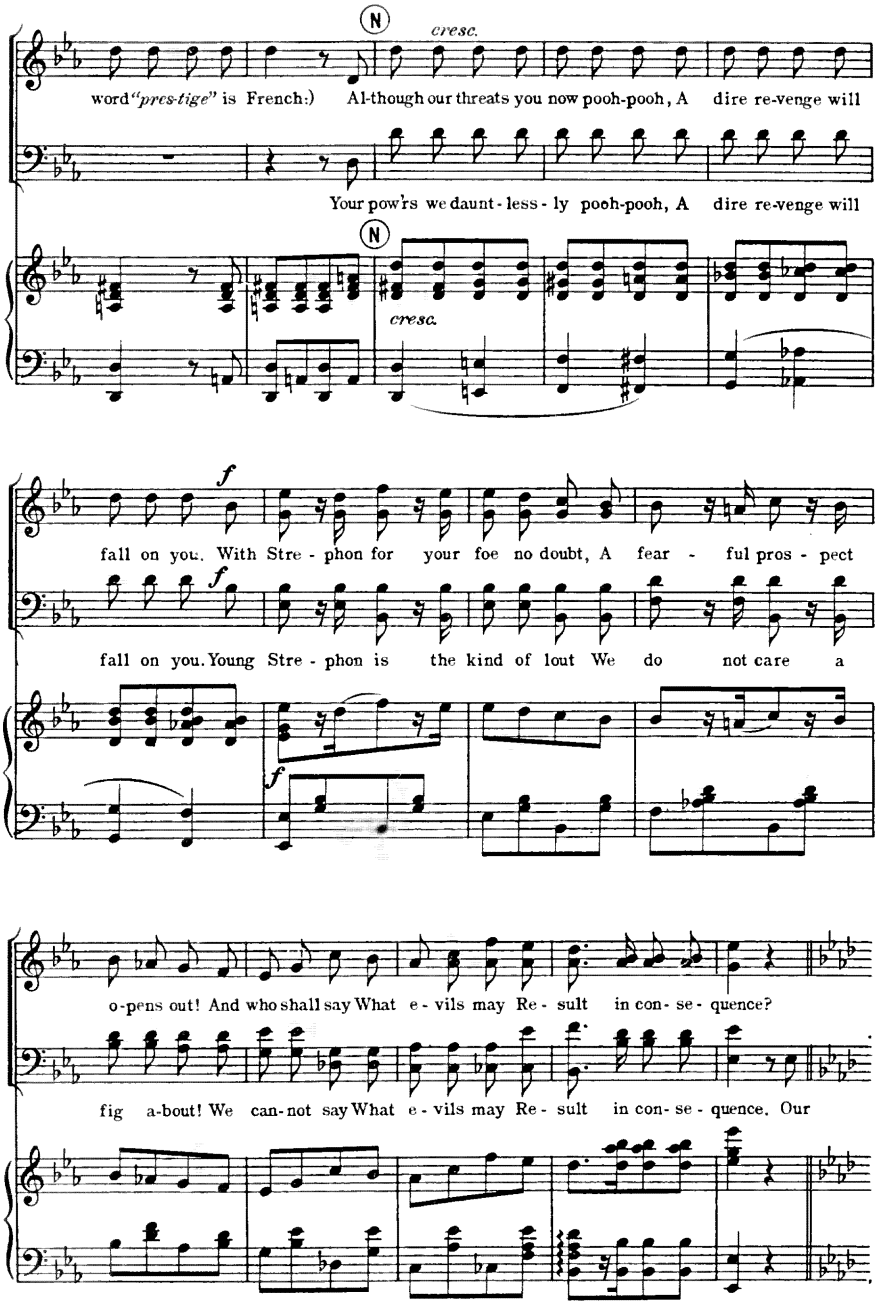
ff

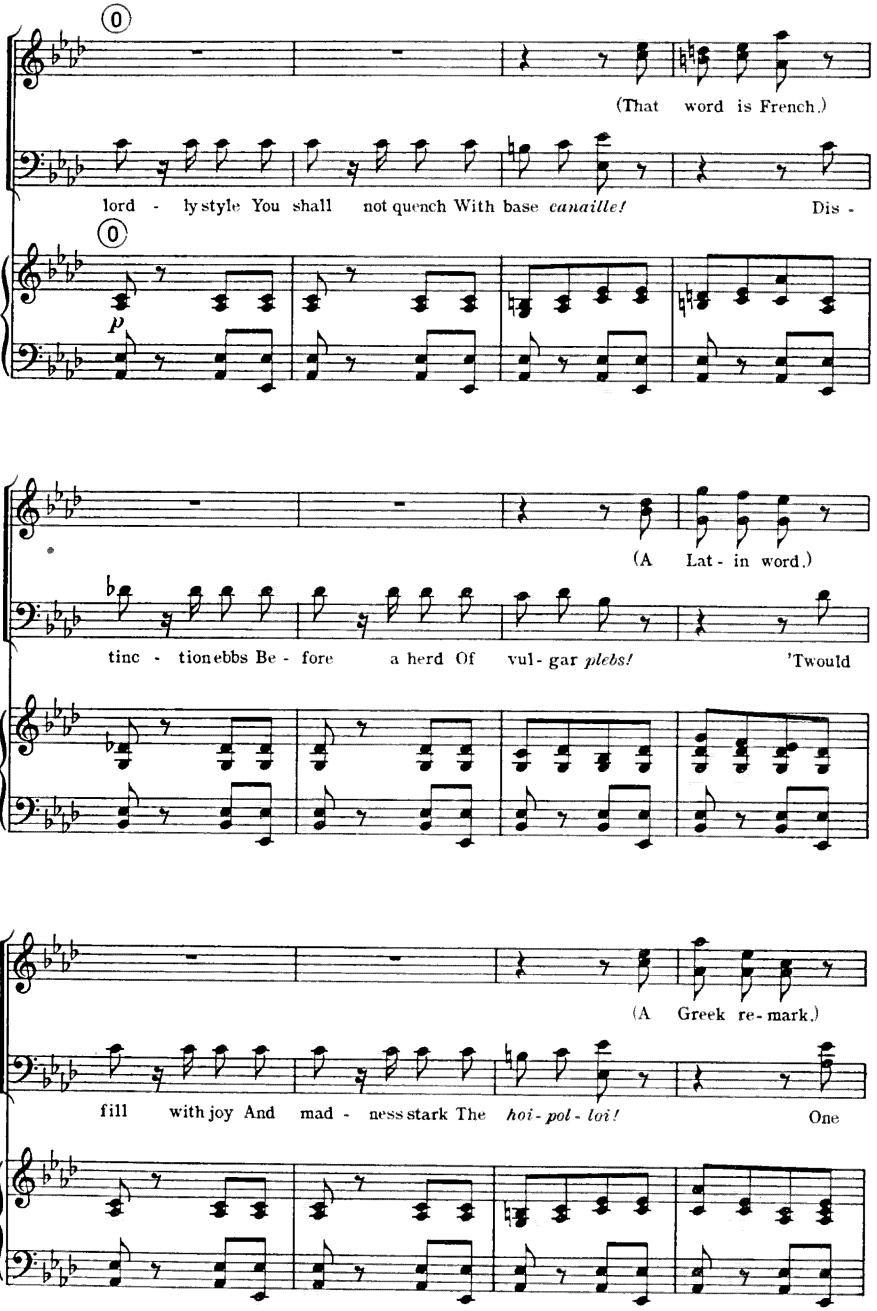


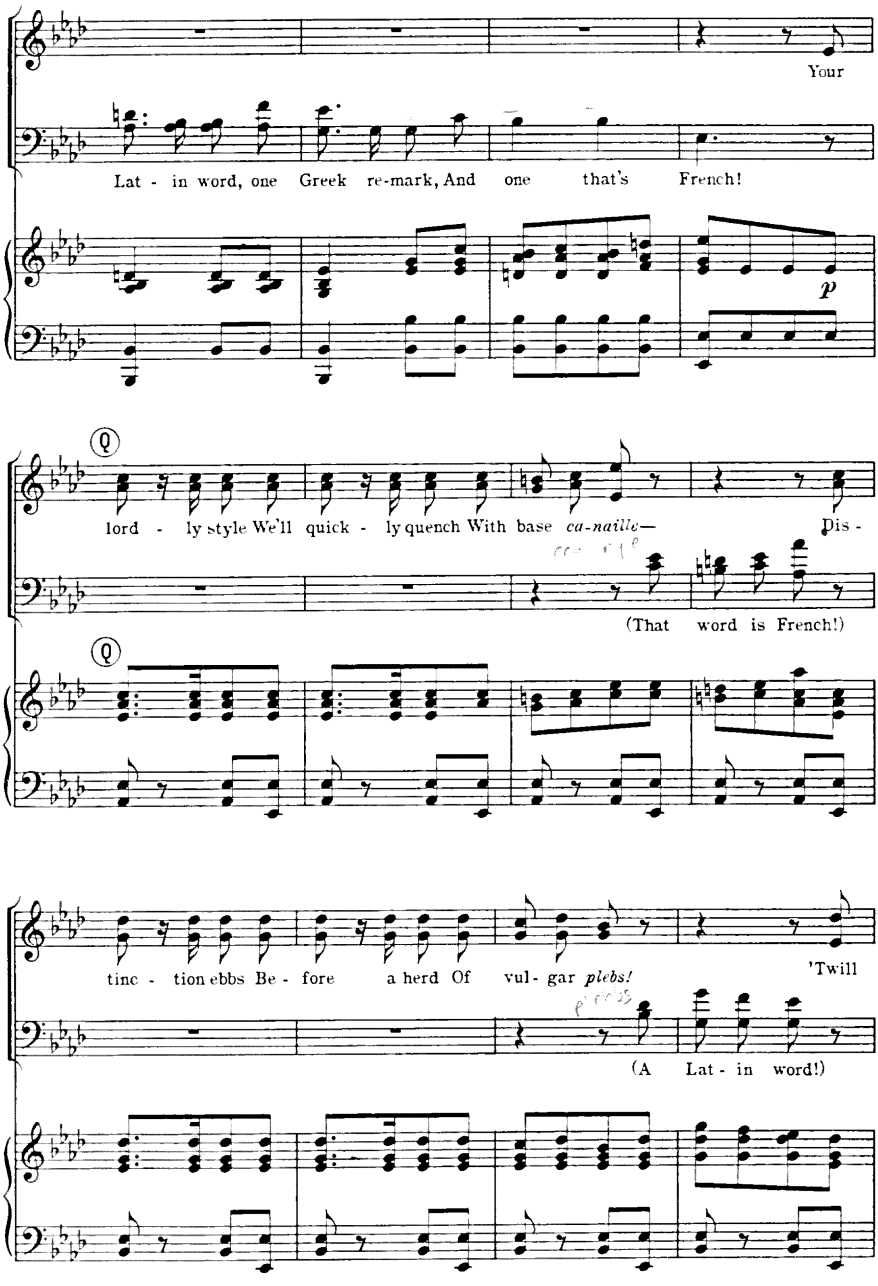

They can't dis-sem-ble! Nor hide the fear ___ that makes them trem - ble!
Ped.
Allegro marziale
Phyllis & Leila with 1st Sops.
Celia, Iolanthe, & Queen with 2nd Sops.
With Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A
Lord Tol. with 1st Tenors
Lord Mount., Strephon, & Ld. Ch. with Basses
Young Stre - phon is the kind of lout We
Allegro marziale
fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re -
do not care a fig a - bout! We can - not say What e - vils may Re -

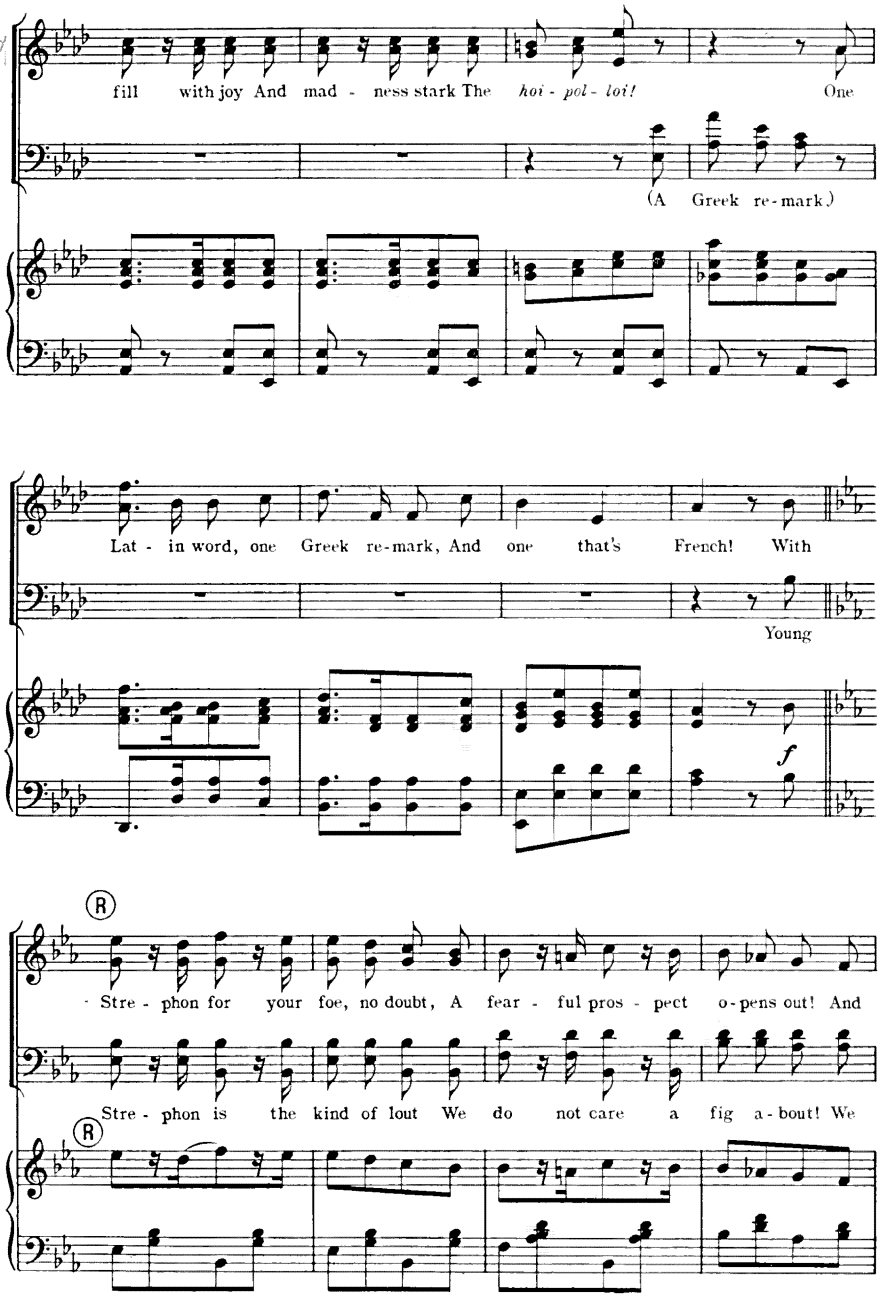

sult in con - se - quence! A hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All
sult in con - se - quence! But Lord - ly ven - geance will pur - sue All
fz
no - ble-men who ven-ture to Op - pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To
kinds of com - mon pro - ple who Op - pose our views, Or bold - ly choose To
L
of - fer him of - fence. 'Twill plunge them in - to grief and shame, His
of - fer us of - fence.
L

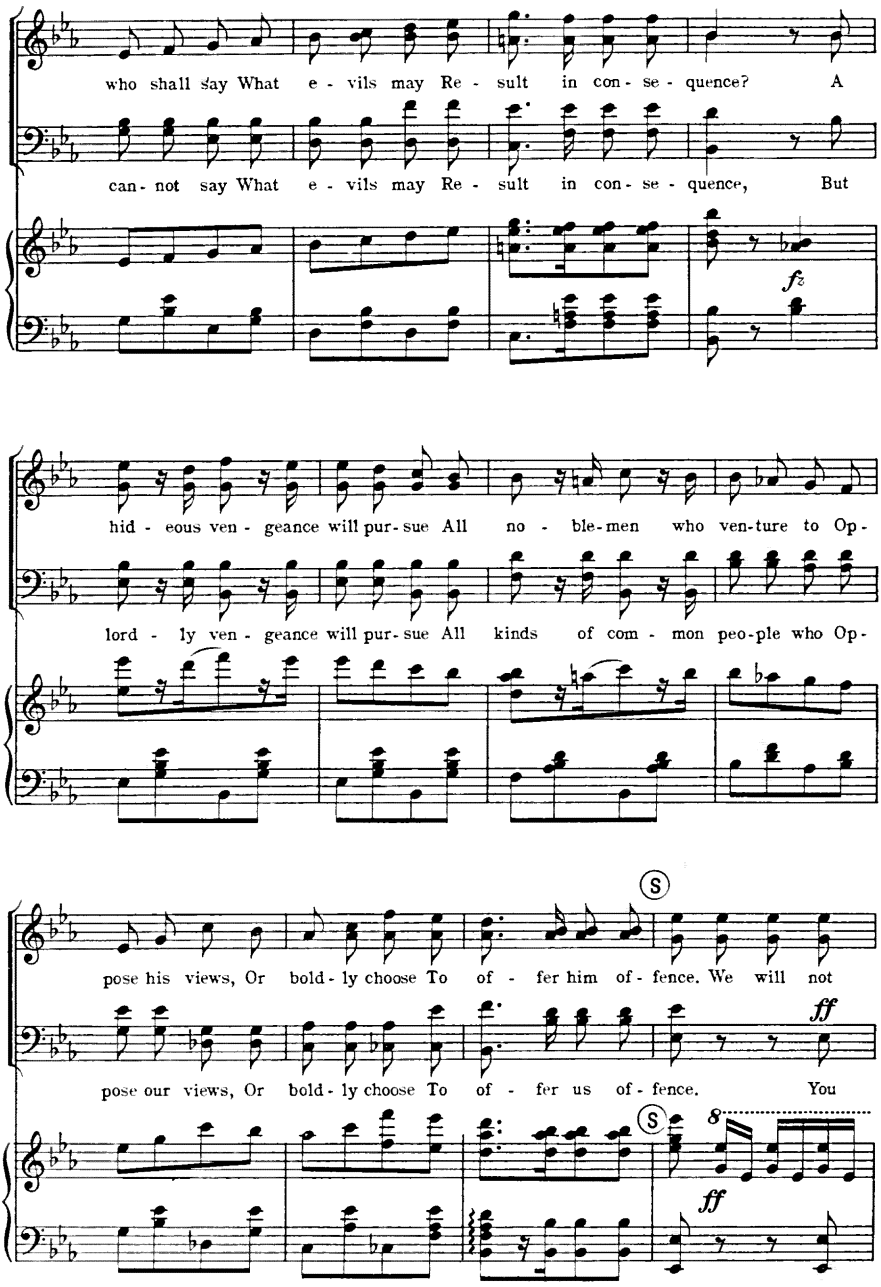

kind for- bear-ance they must claim, If they'd es-cape, In an - y shape A
ver - y pain-ful wrench.
Your pow'rs we daunt-less - ly pooh-pooh: A dire re-venge will
(The word "pres-tige" is French,) The
fall on you If you be-siege Our high pres-tige.

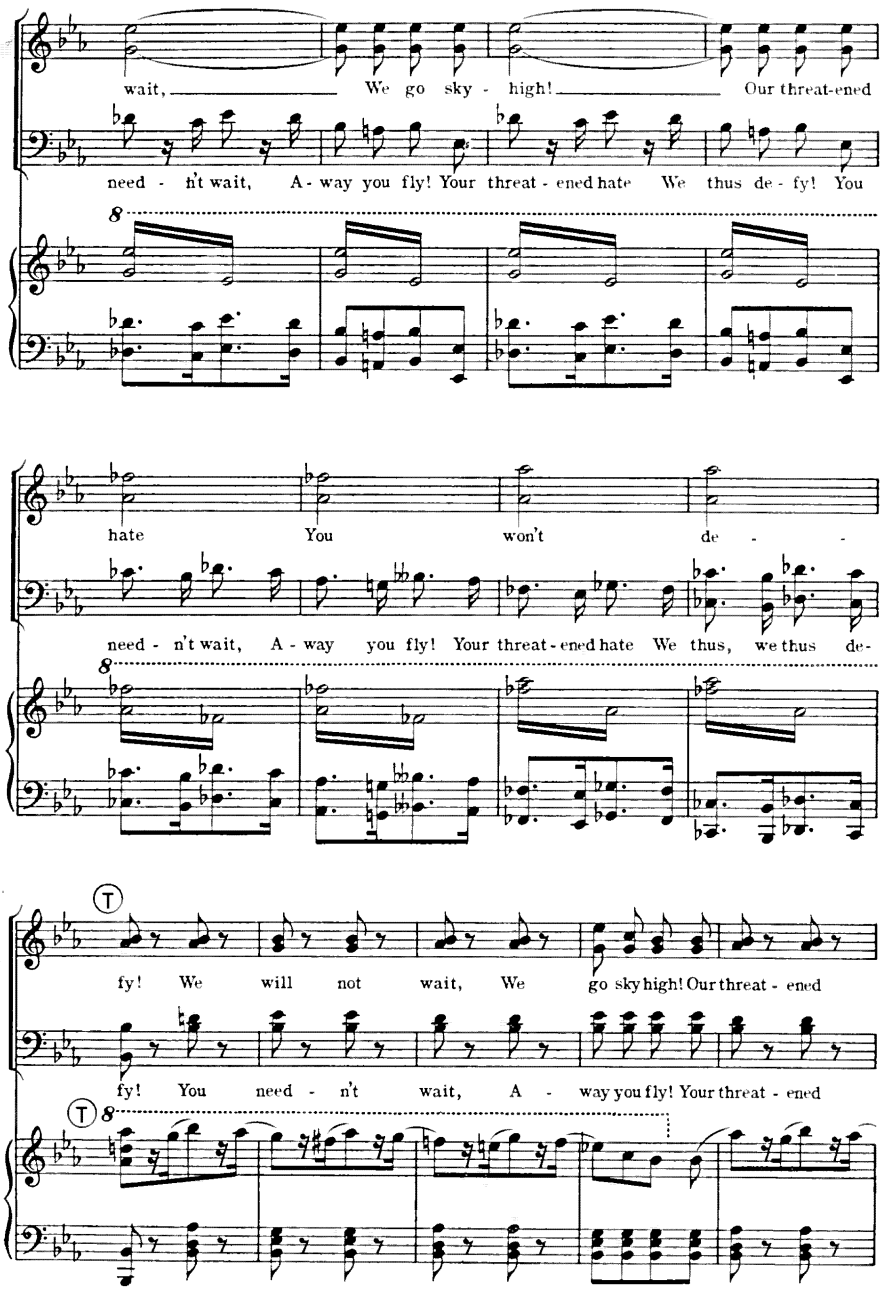

cresc.
word "pres-tige" is French:) Al-though our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will
Your pow'rs we daunt-less-ly pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will
cresc.
f
fall on you. With Stre-phon for your foe no doubt, A fear-ful pros-pect
f
fall on you. Young Stre-phon is the kind of lout We do not care a
f
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

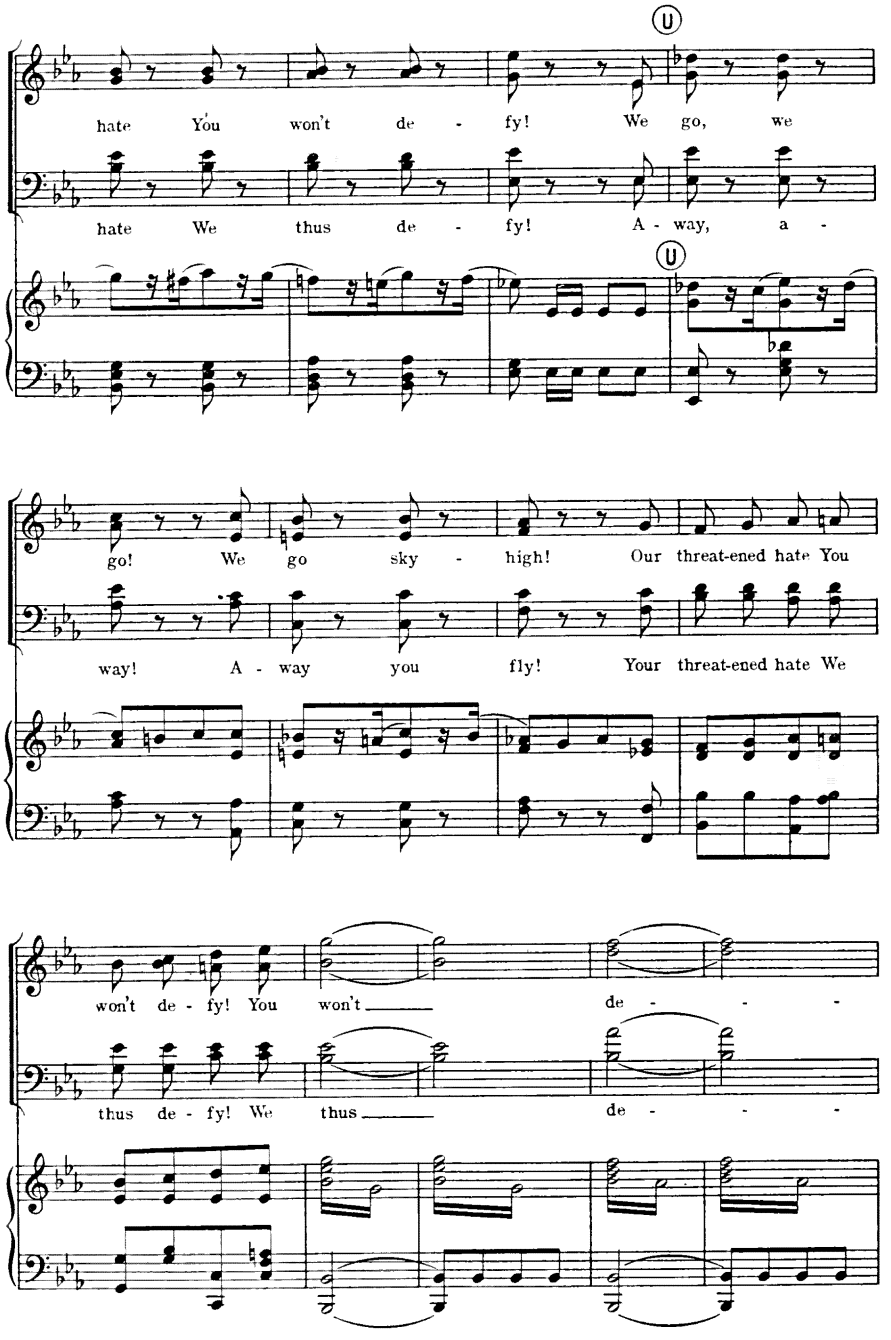

(That word is French.)
lord - ly style You shall not quench With base *canaille!* Dis -
p
(A Lat - in word.)
tinc - tion ebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs!* 'Twould
(A Greek re - mark.)
fill with joy And mad - ness stark The *hoi - pol - loi!* One

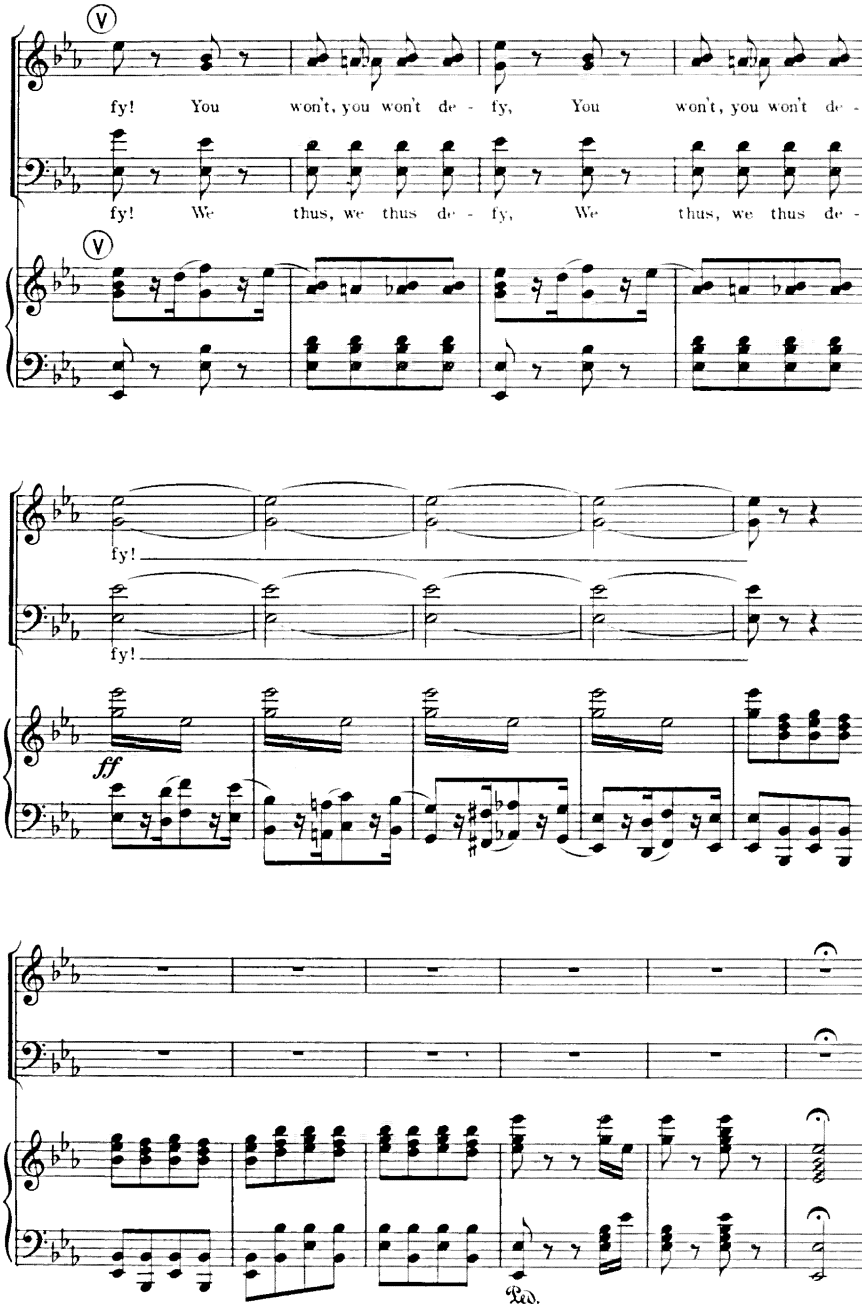

Your
Lat - in word, one Greek re-mark, And one that's French!
p
lord - ly style We'll quick - ly quench With base *ca-naille*— Dis -
(That word is French!)
tinc - tion ebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs!* 'Twill
(A Lat - in word!)


fill with joy And mad - ness stark The hoi - pol - loi! One
(A Greek re-mark.)
Lat - in word, one Greek re-mark, And one that's French! With
Young
f
Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros - pect o-pens out! And
Stre - phon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig a-bout! We


who shall say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence? A
can - not say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence, But
fz
hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All no - ble - men who ven - ture to Op -
lord - ly ven - geance will pur - sue All kinds of com - mon peo - ple who Op -
S
pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer him of - fence. We will not
ff
pose our views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of - fence. You
S
8
ff


wait, We go sky - high! Our threat-ened
need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened hate We thus de - fy! You
8
hate You won't de - -
need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened hate We thus, we thus de-
8
T
fy! We will not wait, We go sky high! Our threat - ened
fy! You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened
T 8


hate You won't de - fy! We go, we
hate We thus de - fy! A - way, a -
go! We go sky - high! Our threat-ened hate You
way! A - way you fly! Your threat-ened hate We
won't de - fy! You won't de - - -
thus de - fy! We thus de - - -



Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance. *End of Act I*