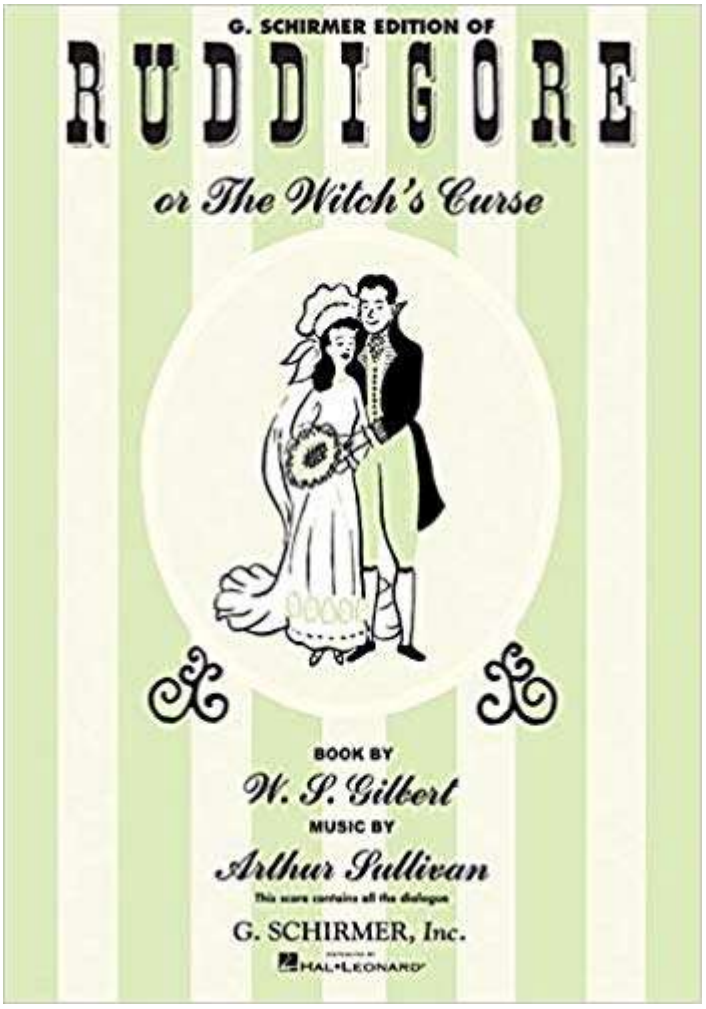
The Savoy Company

Ruddigore

2020 Audition Material



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Guide to the Schirmer Edition of the Score.....2
Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd (disguised as Robin Oakapple, a young farmer) *Baritone*.....**3**
Dialogue 4
Vocals 6
Richard Dauntless (Robin's foster-brother, a Man-o'-war's-man) *Tenor* **12**
Dialogue.....13
Vocals.....15
Sir Despard Murgatroyd, of Ruddigore (A Wicked Baronet) *Baritone* **25**
Dialogue.....26
Vocals.....29
Old Adam Goodheart (Robin's Faithful Servant) *Bass*.....**39**
Dialogue.....40
Vocals.....41
Rose Maybud (a Village Maiden) *Soprano.*.....**49**
Dialogue.....50
Vocals.....52
Mad Margaret *Mezzo-soprano* **62**
Dialogue.....63
Vocals.....66
Dame Hannah (Rose's Aunt) *Contralto*.....**73**
Dialogue.....74
Vocals.....76
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd (the Twenty-first Baronet) *Bass-baritone* **82**
Dialogue.....83
Vocals.....85
Zorah (Professional Bridesmaid) *Soprano*.....**89**
Dialogue.....90
Vocals.....91
Ruth (Professional Bridesmaid).....**96**
Dialogue.....97
Ghosts 1-4.....**98**
Dialogue.....99

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Ruddigore 2020 Audition Material

Audition material can also be found in the Schirmer edition of the score on the pages indicated below

ROLE	VOICE	MUSIC	DIALOGUE
Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd *(disguised as Robin Oakapple, a young farmer)*	Baritone	No. 7: "My Boy You May Take It from Me" pp. 47-49 No. 24: "My Eyes Are Fully Open" pp. 190-192	p. 58; p. 46
Richard Dauntless *(Robin's foster-brother, a Man-o'-war's-man)*	Tenor	No. 6: "I Shipp'd D'Ye' See" pp. 43-44 No. 17: "Happily Coupled Are We" pp. 142-149 (with high note)	p. 50; p. 46
Sir Despard Murgatroyd, of Ruddigore *(A Wicked Baronet)*	Bass-Baritone	No. 13: "Oh, Why Am I Moody and Sad?" pp. 80-86 No. 24: "My Eyes are Fully Open" pp. 198-200	pp. 188-189; p. 87
Old Adam Goodheart *(Robin's Faithful Servant)*	Bass	No. 16: "I Once Was as Meek" pp. 139-141 No. 15: Act I Finale "Hail the Bride" pp. 97-101	p. 141
Rose Maybud *(a Village Maiden)*	Soprano	No. 3: "If Somebody There Chanced to Be" pp. 30-33 No. 15: Act I Finale "Hail the Bride" pp. 96-97 No. 17: "Happily Coupled are We" pp. 146-149	p. 50; p. 29
Mad Margaret	Mezzo-Soprano	No. 11: "Cheerily Carols the Lark" pp. 70-71 No. 15: Act I Finale "Hail the Bride" pp. 123-124 No. 24: "My Eyes Are Fully Open" pp. 194-196	pp. 188-189; p. 72
Dame Hannah *(Rose's Aunt)*	Contralto	No. 2: "Sir Rupert Murgatroyd" pp. 25-28	p. 204-205
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd *(the Twenty-first Baronet)*	Bass-Baritone	No. 20: "When the Night Wind Howls" pp. 167-170	p. 172; pp. 204-205
Zorah *(Professional Bridesmaid)*	Soprano	No. 15: Act I Finale "Hail the Bride" pp. 128-132	p. 22
Ruth *(Professional Bridesmaid)*	*Speaking/Chorus*	N/A	p. 22
Ghosts 1-4	*Speaking/Chorus*	N/A	p. 171

Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd
(disguised as Robin Oakapple, a young farmer)
Baritone

Dialogue
No. 7: “My Boy You May Take It from Me”
No. 24: “My Eyes Are Fully Open”

Dialogue Audition Material: Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd

Richard: That's true, my lass, but it's done now, ain't it, Rob?

Rose: Still it may be that I should not be happy in thy love. I am passing young and little able to judge. Moreover, as to thy character I know naught.

Robin: *(coming between them)* Nay, Rose, I'll answer for that. Dick has won thy love fairly. Broken-hearted as I am, I'll stand up for Dick through thick and thin!

Richard: *(with emotion)* Thankye, messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! *(Grasps his hand)*

Rose: Yet methinks I have heard that sailors are but worldly men, and little prone to lead serious and thoughtful lives!

Robin: And what then? Admit that Dick is *not* a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl. Grant that – he does. It's the truth, and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his *good* qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the Fleet!

Richard: Thankye, Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye, Rob!

Rose: But it may be that he drinketh strong waters which do bemuse a man and make him even as the wild beasts of the desert!

Robin: Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He *does* drink – I won't deny it. But what of that? Look at his arms – tattooed to the shoulder! *(Richard rolls up sleeves.)* No, no – I won't hear a word against Dick!

Rose: But they say that mariners are but rarely true to those whom they profess to love!

Robin: Granted– granted– and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. *(Richard chuckles.)* You are, you know you are, you dog! *(Digs him in the ribs.)* A devil of a fellow– a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning in a deadeye don't walk a deck! And what an accomplishment *that* is in a family man! No, no– not a word against Dick. I'll stick up for him through thick and thin!

Richard: Thankye, Rob, thankye! You're a true friend. I've acted accordin' to my heart's dictates, and such orders as them no man should disobey.' *(They shake hands.)*

(Enter Robin, R.)

Robin: Richard!

Richard: Robin! *(Hugs him.)*

Robin: My beloved foster-brother, and very dearest friend, welcome home again after ten long years at sea! It is such deeds as yours that cause our flag to be loved and dreaded throughout the civilized world!

Richard: Why, lord love ye, Rob, that's but a trifle to what we *have* done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the merciful little *Tom-Tit* has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But 'taint for a British seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay. *(Robin sighs.)* But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought you all a-cockbill?

Robin: Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

Richard: *You* love in vain? Come, that's too good! Why, you're a fine strapping muscular young fellow– tall and strong as a to'–gall'n– m'st—taut as a forestay— aye, and a barrowknight to boot, if all had their rights!

Robin: Hush, Richard– not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love– happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy– nervous– modest– retiring – diffident– and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell her! *(crossing L.)* Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

Richard: Robin, do you call to mind how, years ago, we swore that, come what might, we would always act upon our hearts' dictates?

Robin: Aye, Dick, and I've always kept that oath. In doubt, difficulty, and danger, I've always asked my heart what I should do, and it has never failed me.

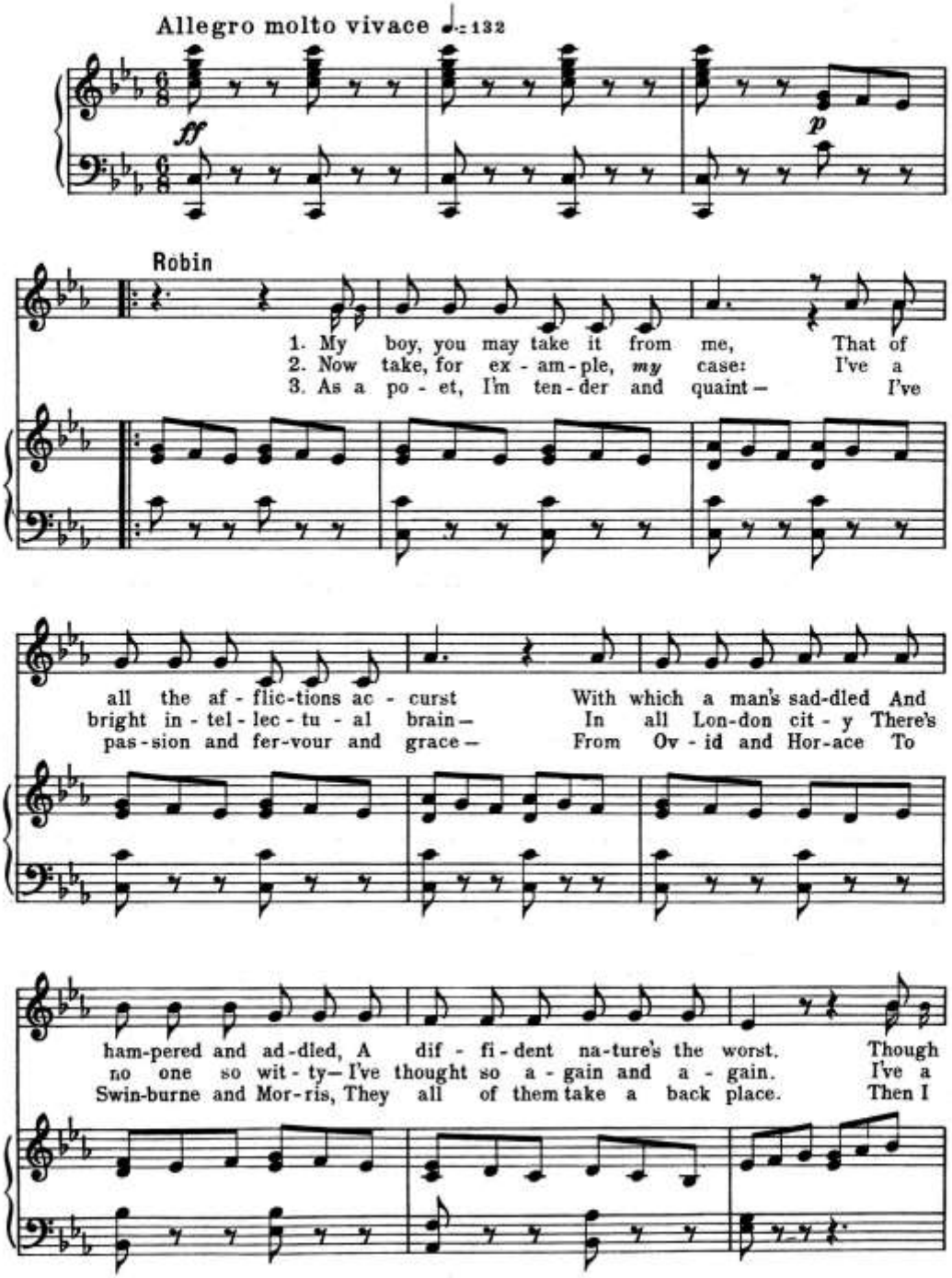
Richard: Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binnacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks, and quicksands! Well, now, what does my heart say in this here difficult situation? Why, it says, "Dick", it says— (it calls me Dick acos it's known me from a babby)– "Dick," it says, "*you* ain't shy– *you* ain't modest– speak you up for him as is!" Robin, my lad, just you lay me alongside, and when she's becalmed under my lee, I'll spin her a yarn that shall sarve to fish you two together for life!

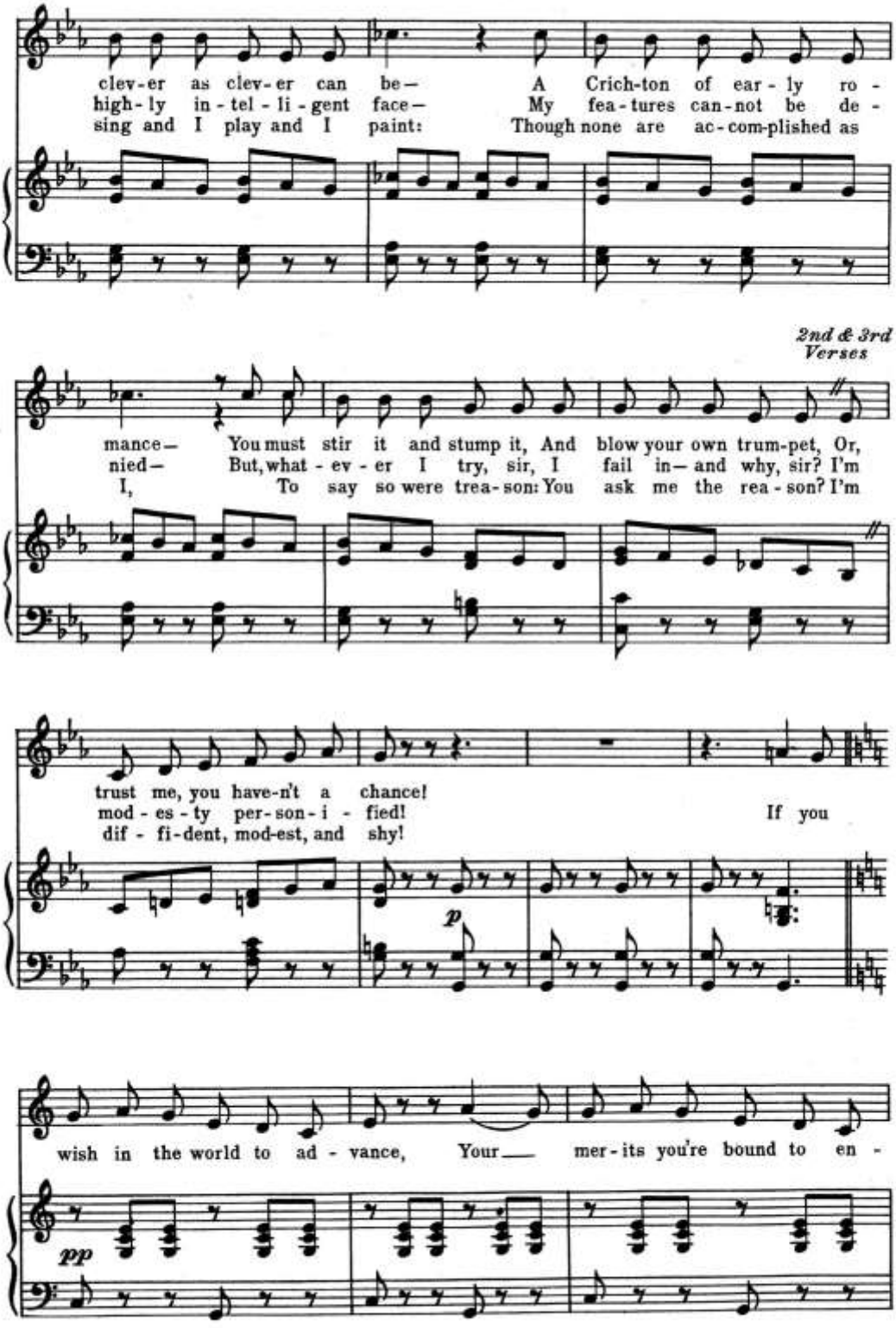
Robin: Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes *(feeling his pulse)*. There's no false modesty about *you*. Your– what I would call bumptious self-assertiveness (I mean the expression in its complimentary sense) has already made you a bos'n's mate, and it will make an admiral of you in time, if you work it properly, you dear, incompetent old impostor! My dear fellow, I'd give my right arm for one tenth of your modest assurance!

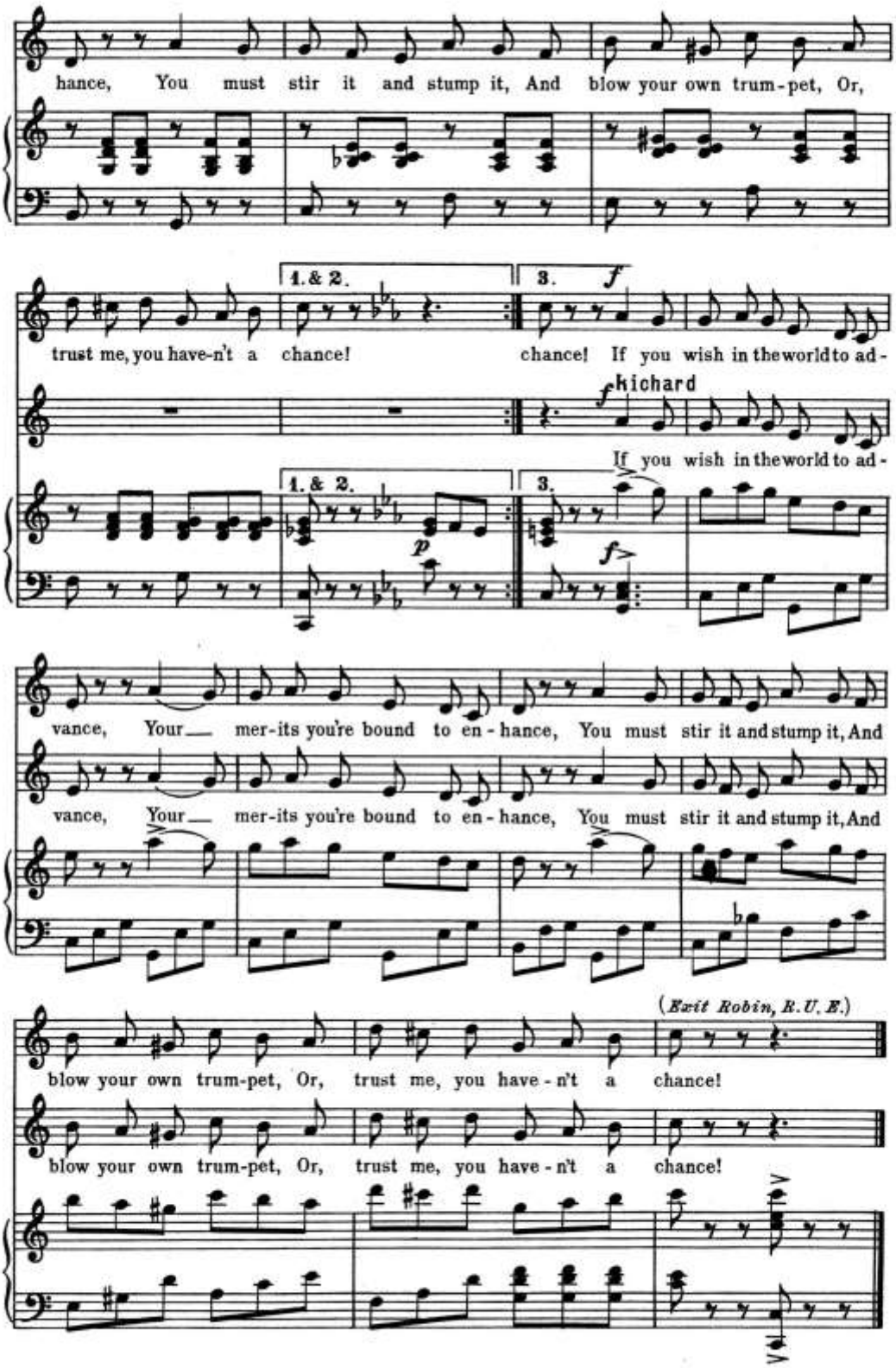
No. 7. My boy, you may take it from me

Song

Robin with Richard



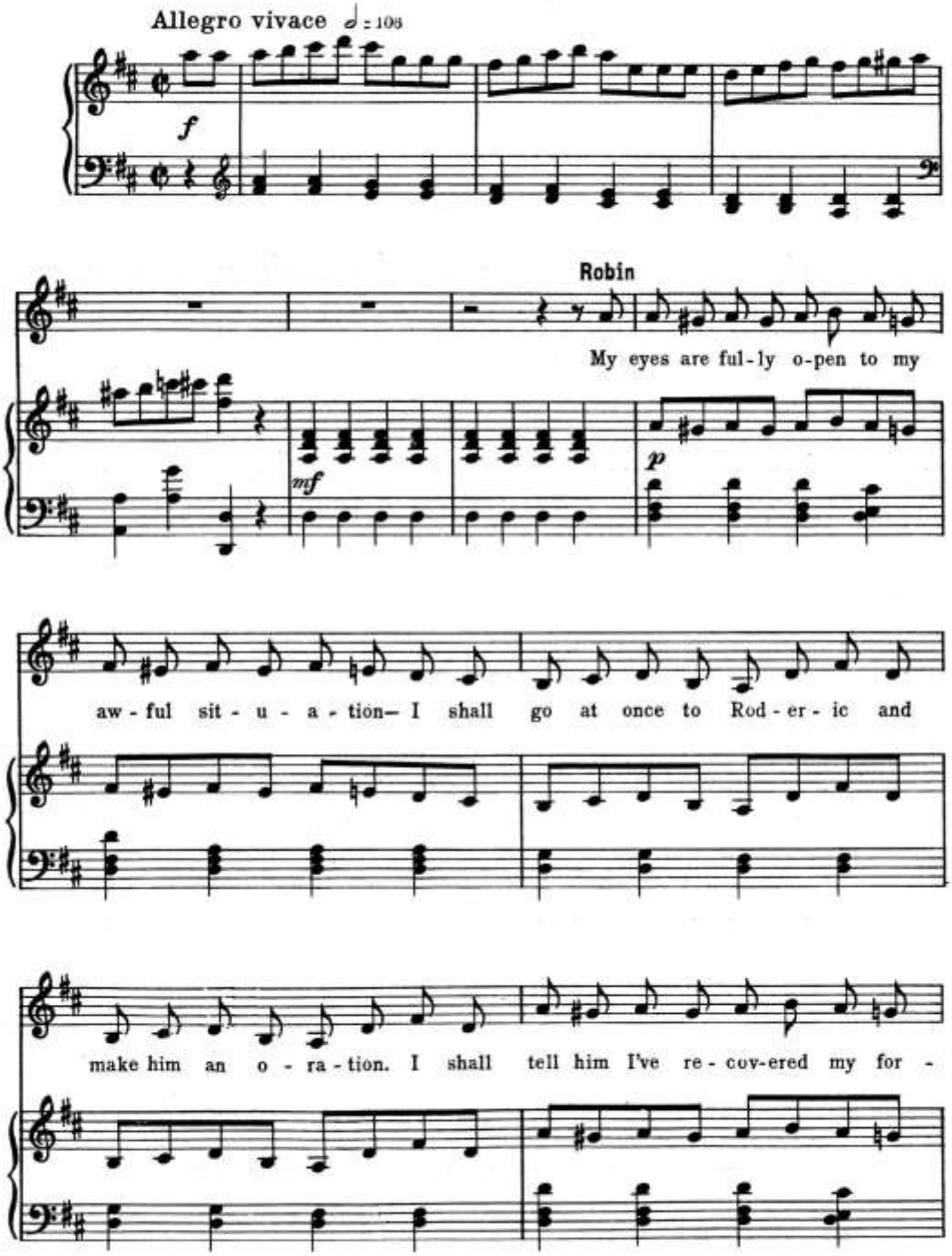

clev-er as clev-er can be— A Crich-ton of ear-ly ro-
high-ly in-tel-li-gent face— My fea-tures can-not be de-
sing and I play and I paint: Though none are ac-com-plished as
2nd & 3rd Verses
mance— You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or,
nied— But, what-ev-er I try, sir, I fail in— and why, sir? I'm
I, To say so were trea-son: You ask me the rea-son? I'm
trust me, you have-n't a chance!
mod-es-ty per-son-i-fied!
dif-fi-dent, mod-est, and shy!
If you
p
wish in the world to ad-vance, Your— mer-its you're bound to en-
pp

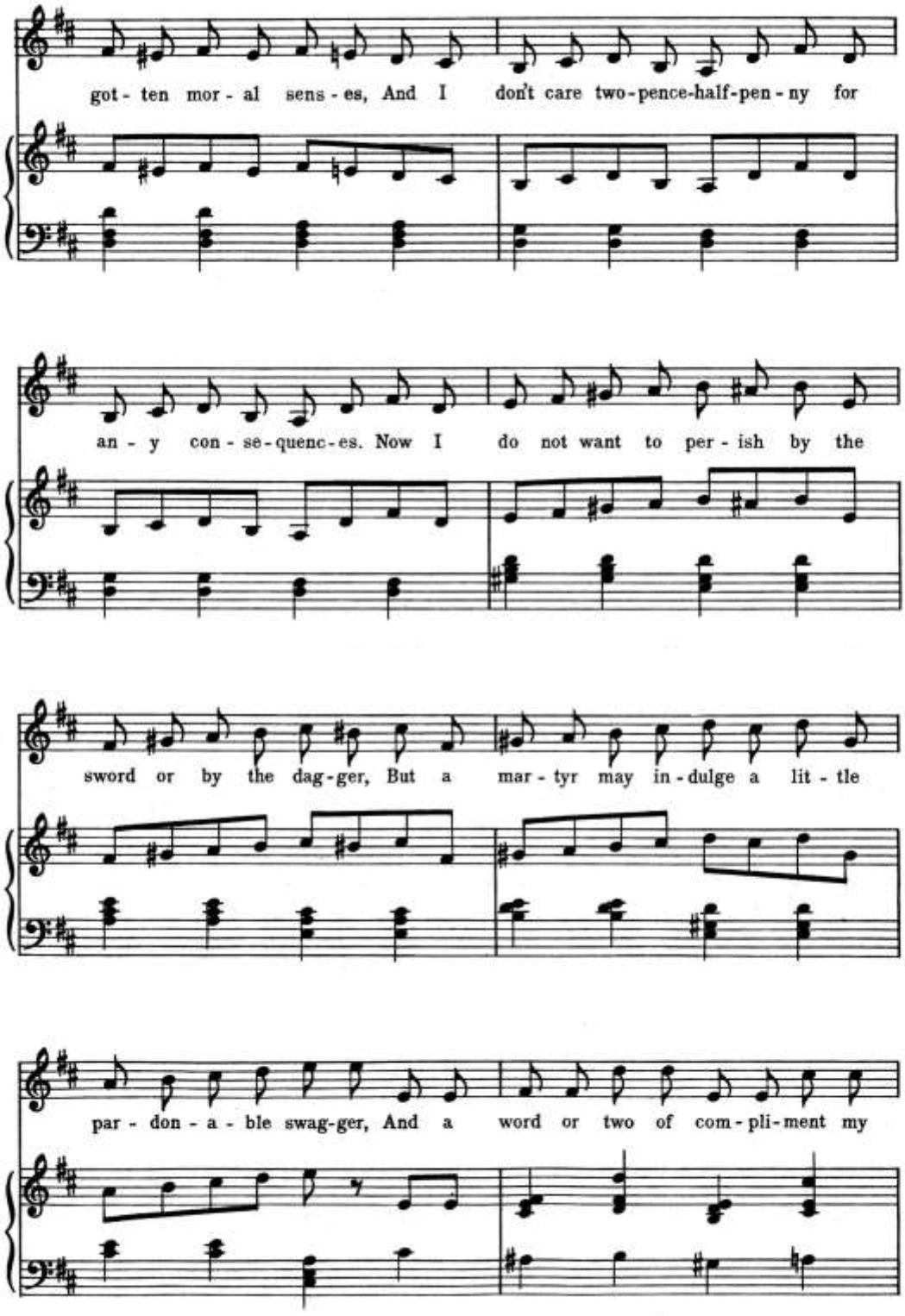

hance, You must stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum-pet, Or,
1. & 2.
3.
f
trust me, you have-n't a chance!
chance! If you wish in the world to ad-
Richard
If you wish in the world to ad-
p
vance, Your mer-its you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And
vance, Your mer-its you're bound to en-hance, You must stir it and stump it, And
(Exit Robin, R.U.E.)
blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance!
blow your own trum-pet, Or, trust me, you have-n't a chance!

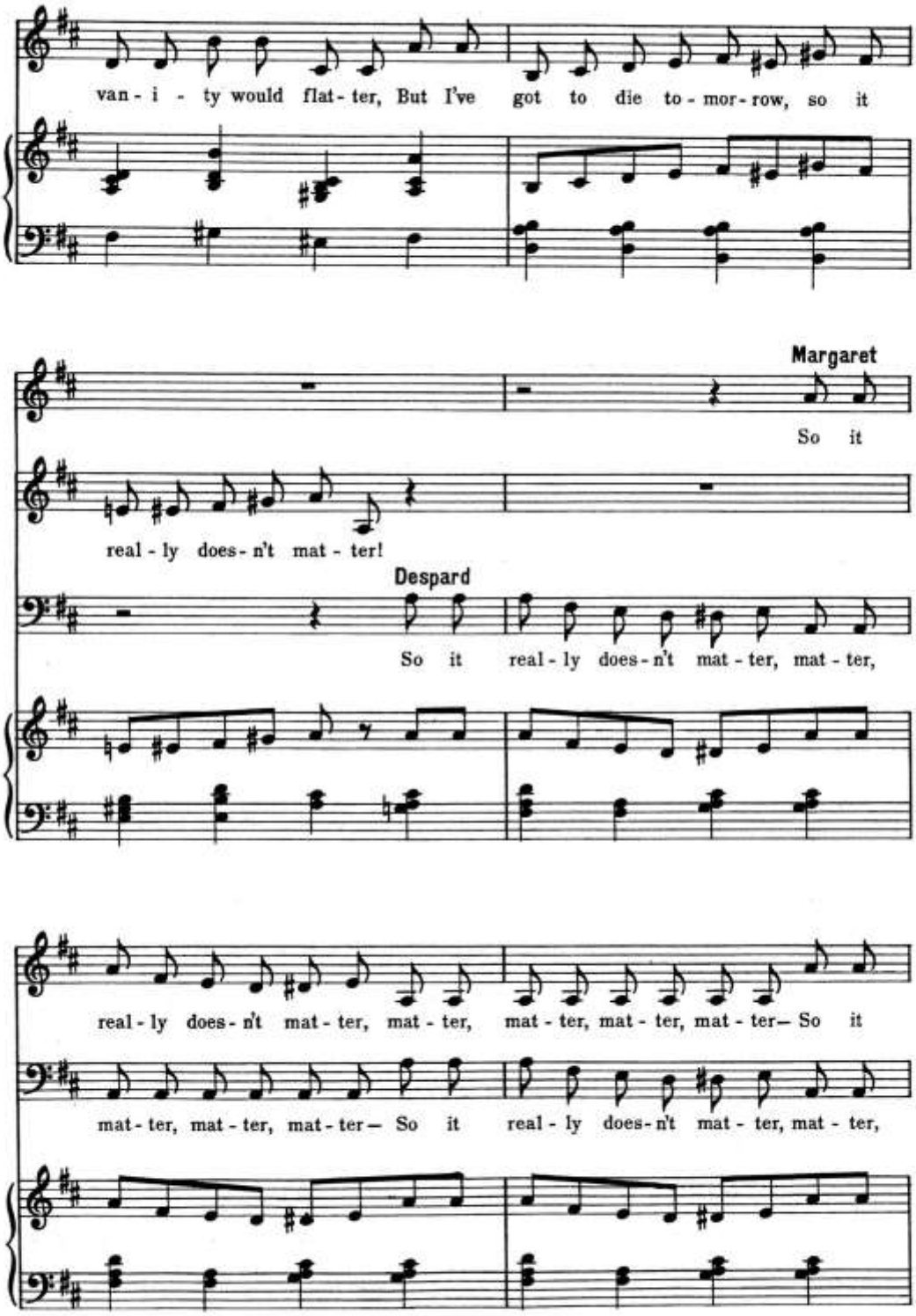
No. 24. My eyes are fully open

Trio

Robin, Despard, and Margaret




got - ten mor - al sens - es, And I don't care two-pence-half-pen - ny for
an - y con - se-quenc-es. Now I do not want to per - ish by the
sword or by the dag-ger, But a mar - tyr may in - dulge a lit - tle
par - don - a - ble swag-ger, And a word or two of com - pli - ment my


van - i - ty would flat - ter, But I've got to die to - mor - row, so it
Margaret
So it
real - ly does - n't mat - ter!
Despard
So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter— So it
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter— So it real - ly does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,

Richard Dauntless
(Robin's foster-brother, a Man-o'-war's-man)
Tenor

Dialogue
No. 6: "I Shipp'd D'Ye' See"
No. 17: "Happily Coupled Are We"
(with high note)

50

Richard: *(looking after him)* Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father"– that's what my heart's a-remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is! *(Enter Rose — he is much struck by her.)* By the Port Admiral, but she's a tight little craft! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet – she's fit to marry Lord Nelson! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved.

Rose: Sir, you are agitated–

Richard: Aye, aye, my lass, well said! I am agitated, true enough!– took flat aback, my girl; but 'tis naught– 'twill pass. *(aside)* This here heart of mine's a-dictatin' to me like anythink. Question is, Have I a right to disregard it's promptings?

Rose: Can I do aught to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble? This apple – *(offering a damaged apple)*

Richard: *(looking at it and returning it)* No, my lass, 'taint that: I'm–I'm took flat aback– I never see anything like you in all my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There – I can't say fairer than that, can I?

Rose: No. *(aside)* The question is, Is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? *(Refers to book.)* Yes – "Always speak the truth."

Richard: I'd no thoughts of saying this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another; but when I see you my heart it up and says, says it, "This is the very lass for *you*, Dick"– "speak up to her, Dick," it says – (it calls me Dick acos we was at school together)– "tell her all, Dick," it says, "never sail under false colours– it's mean!" *That's* what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a-tremblin', miss. Lookye here– *(holding out his hand)* That's narvousness!

Rose: *(aside)* Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one? *(Consults book.)* "Keep no one in unnecessary suspense." *(aloud)* Behold, I will not keep you in unnecessary suspense. *(Refers to book.)* "In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation." *(aloud)* I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. *(Refers to book.)* "Avoid any appearance of eagerness." *(aloud)* Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. *(Refers to book.)* "A little show of emotion will not be misplaced!" *(aloud)* Pardon this tear! *(Wipes her eyes.)*

Richard: Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a-hugging of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss *(wiping his lips with his hand)*, might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm going to sail under?

Rose: *(referring to book)* "An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities. *(aloud)* Once! *(Richard kisses her.)*

(Enter Robin, R.)

Robin: Richard!

Richard: Robin! *(Hugs him.)*

Robin: My beloved foster-brother, and very dearest friend, welcome home again after ten long years at sea! It is such deeds as yours that cause our flag to be loved and dreaded throughout the civilized world!

Richard: Why, lord love ye, Rob, that's but a trifle to what we *have* done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the merciful little *Tom-Tit* has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But 'taint for a British seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay. *(Robin sighs.)* But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought you all a-cockbill?

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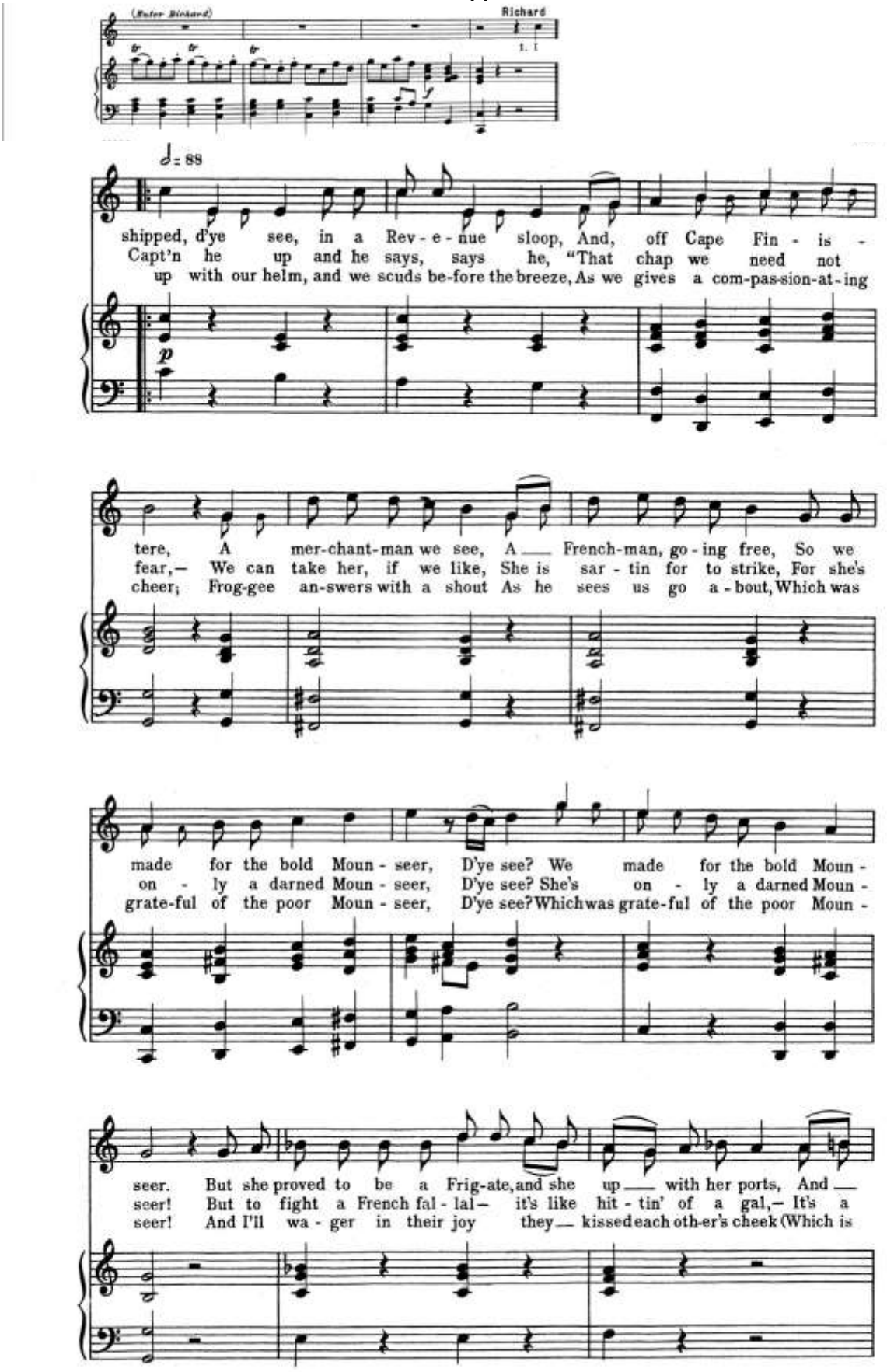
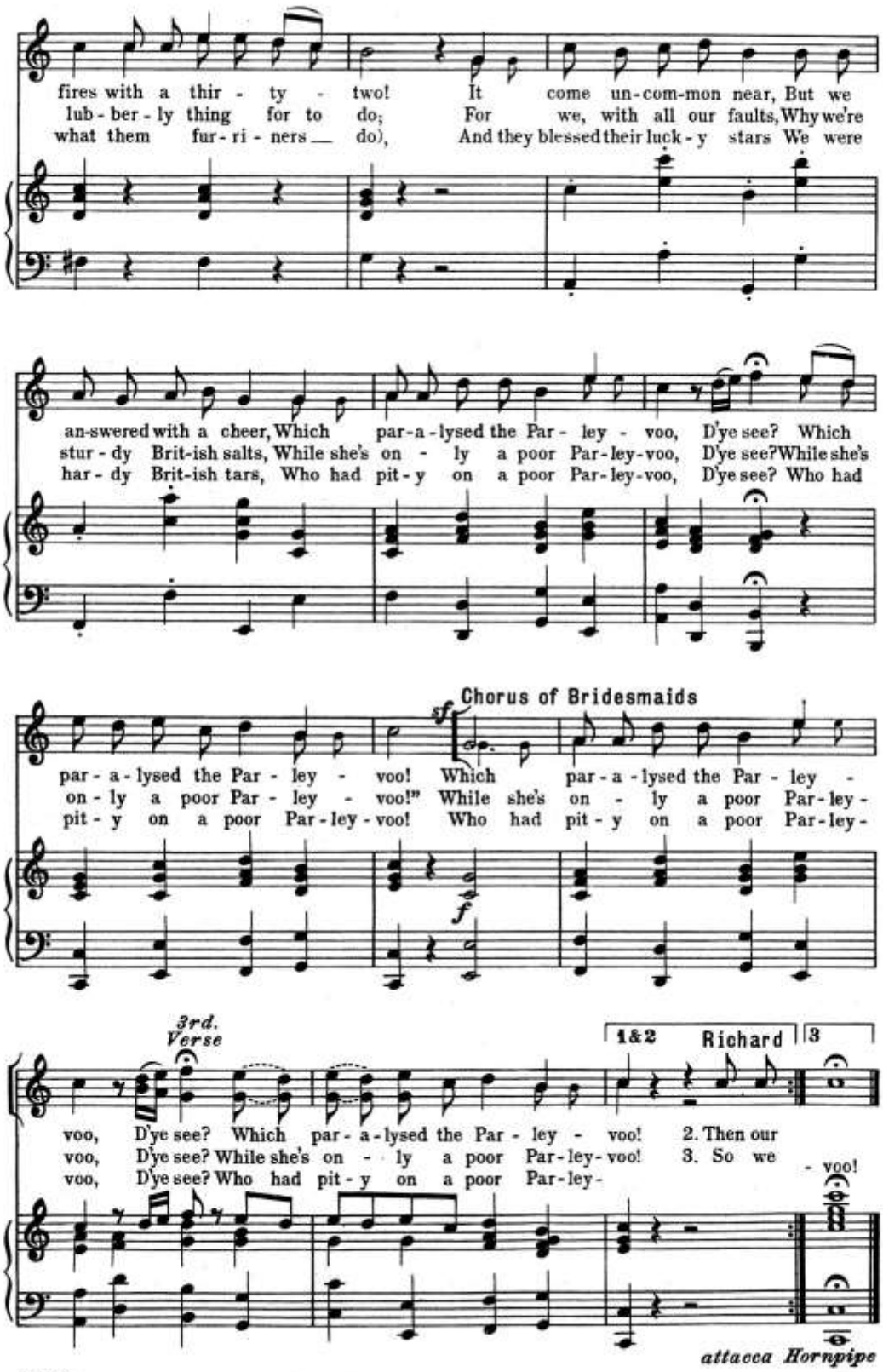
Vocal Audition Material: Richard Dauntless
No. 6: "I Shipp'd D'Ye' See"

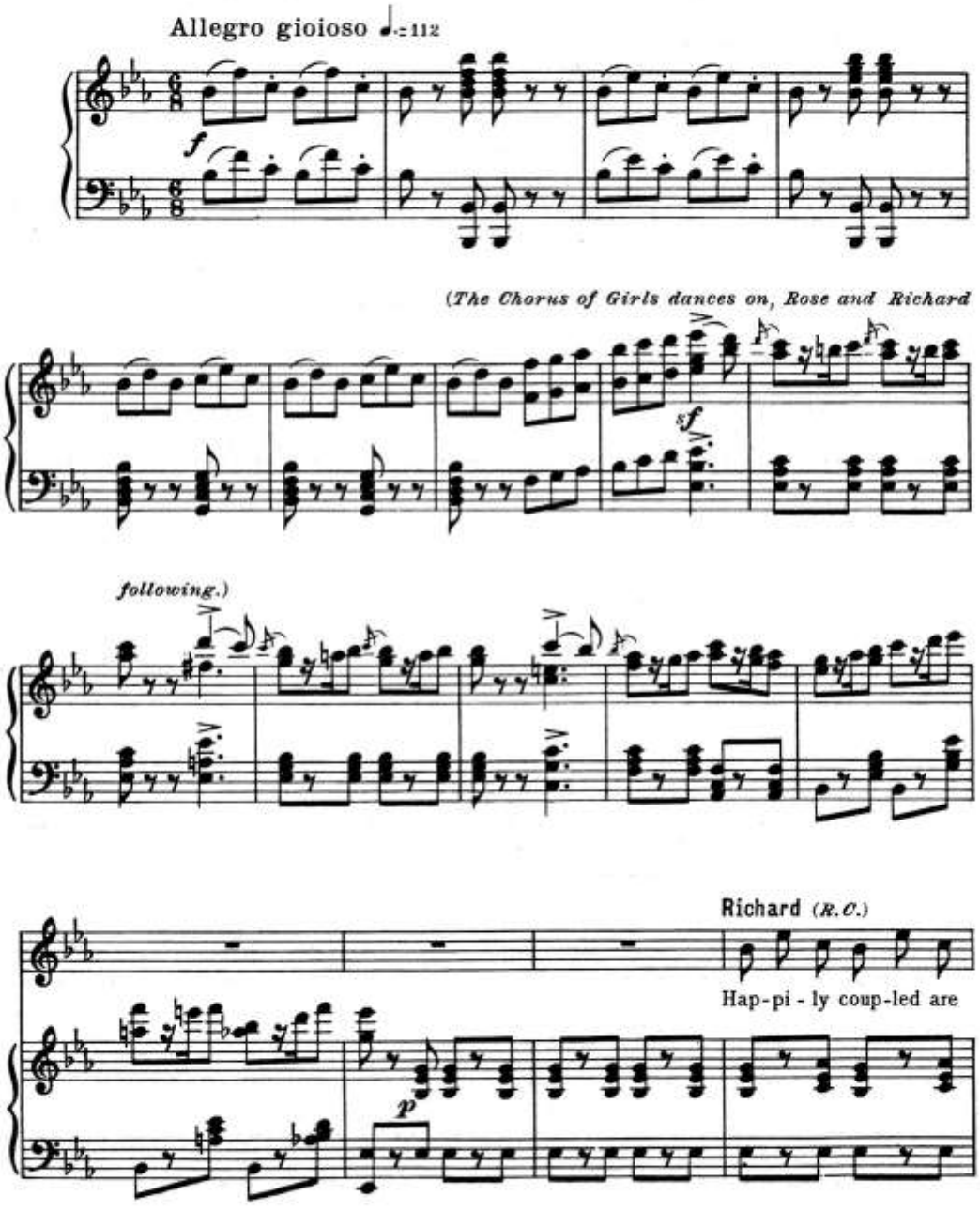


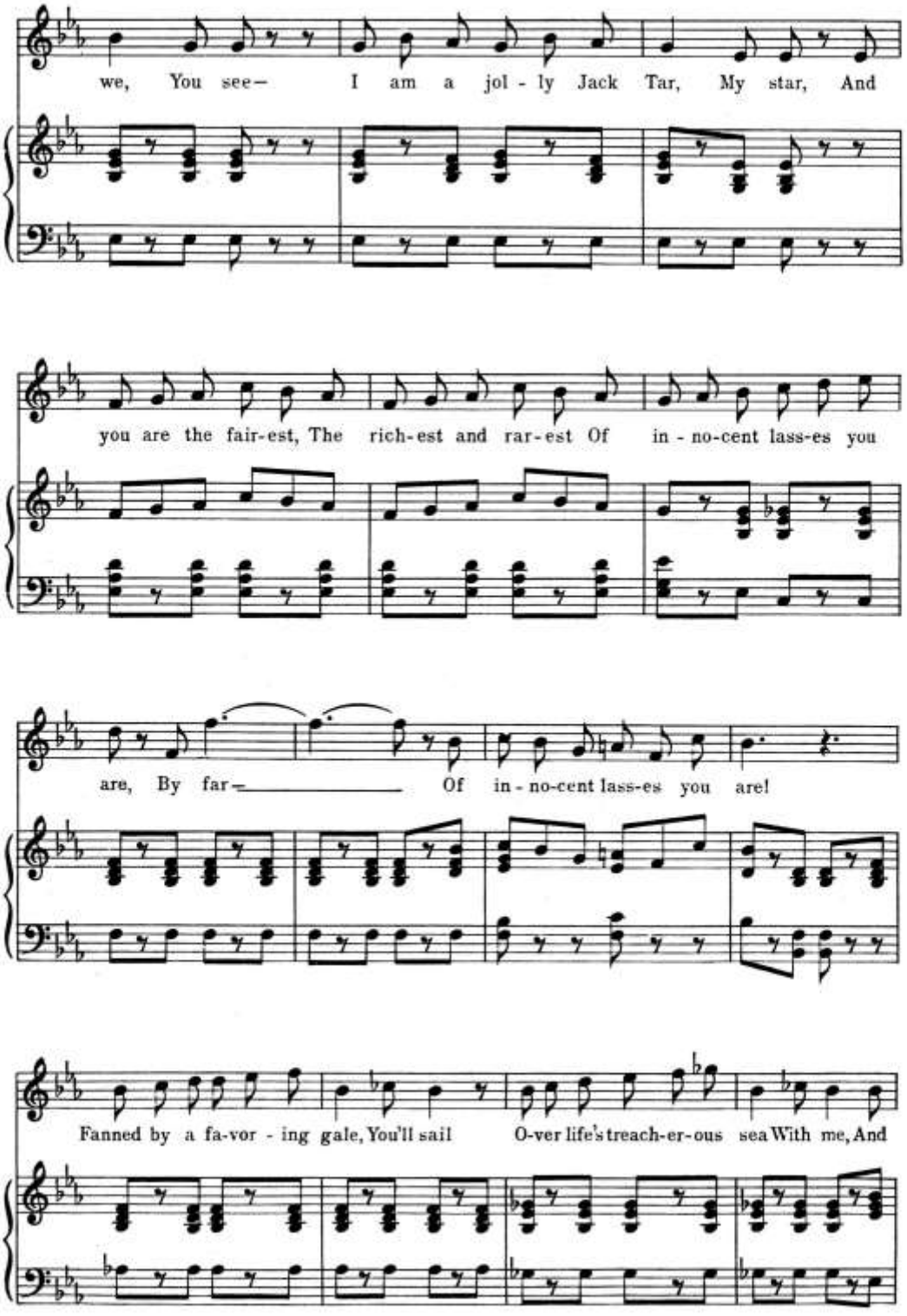

fires with a thir - ty - two! It come un-com-mon near, But we
lub - ber - ly thing for to do; For we, with all our faults, Why we're
what them fur - ri - ners do), And they blessed their luck - y stars We were
an-swered with a cheer, Which par-a-lysed the Par - ley - voo, D'ye see? Which
stur - dy Brit-ish salts, While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? While she's
har - dy Brit-ish tars, Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley-voo, D'ye see? Who had
Chorus of Bridesmaids
sf
par - a - lysed the Par - ley - voo! Which par - a - lysed the Par - ley -
on - ly a poor Par - ley - voo!" While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley -
pit - y on a poor Par - ley - voo! Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley -
f
3rd. Verse
1&2
Richard
3
voo, D'ye see? Which par - a - lysed the Par - ley - voo! 2. Then our
voo, D'ye see? While she's on - ly a poor Par-ley-voo! 3. So we
voo, D'ye see? Who had pit - y on a poor Par-ley-
- voo!
attacca Hornpipe

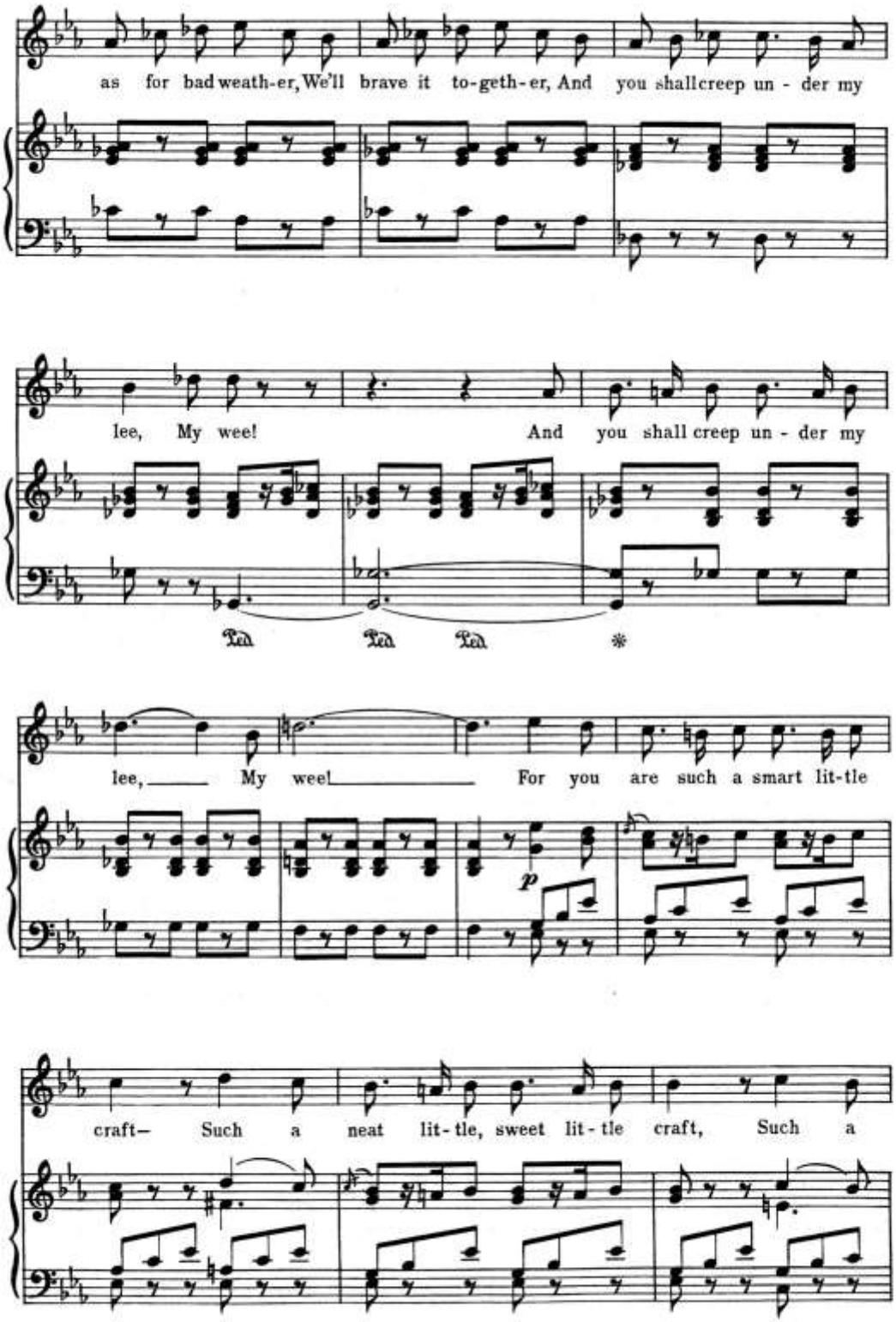
No. 17. Happily coupled are we

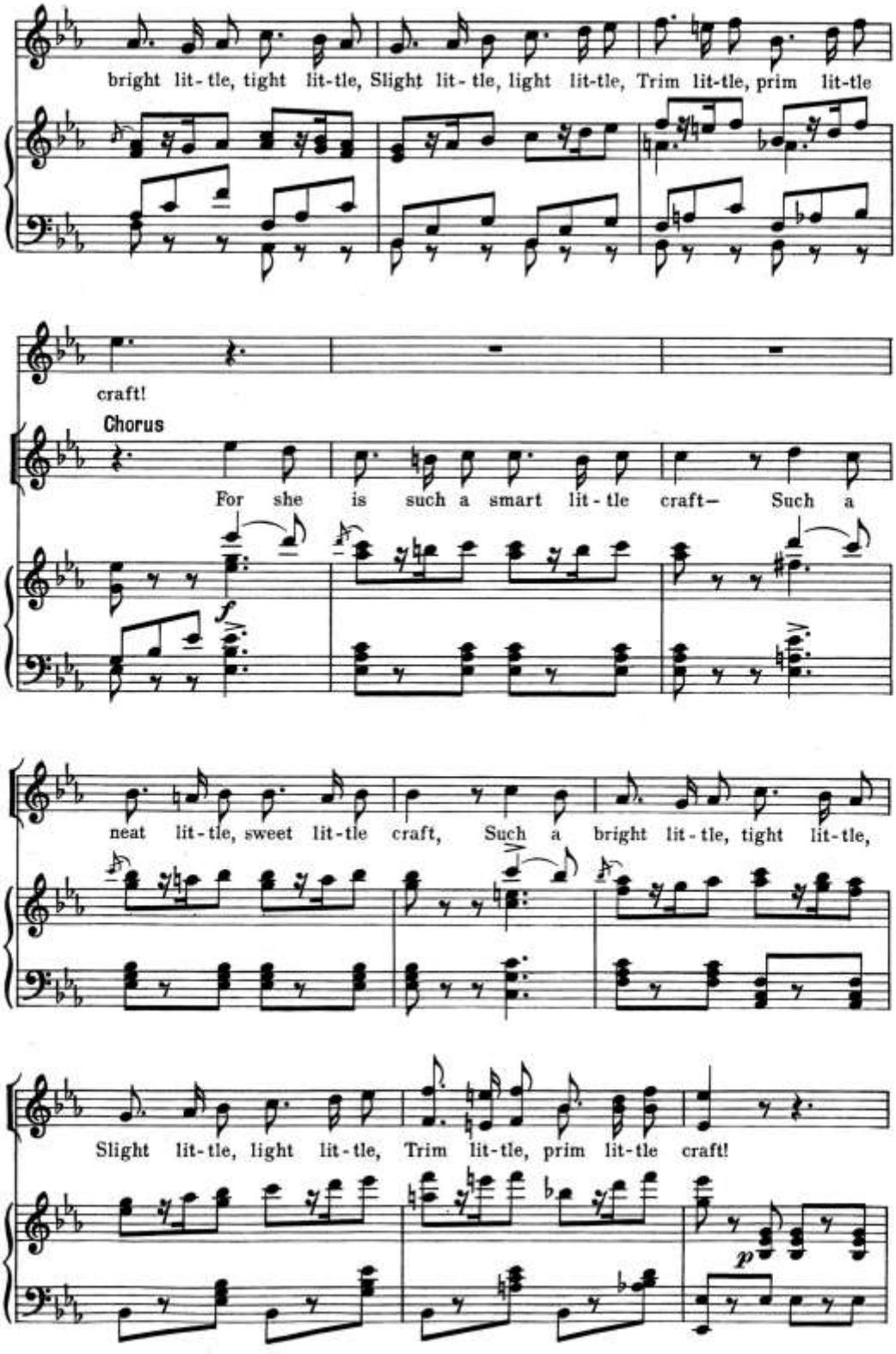
Duet and Chorus

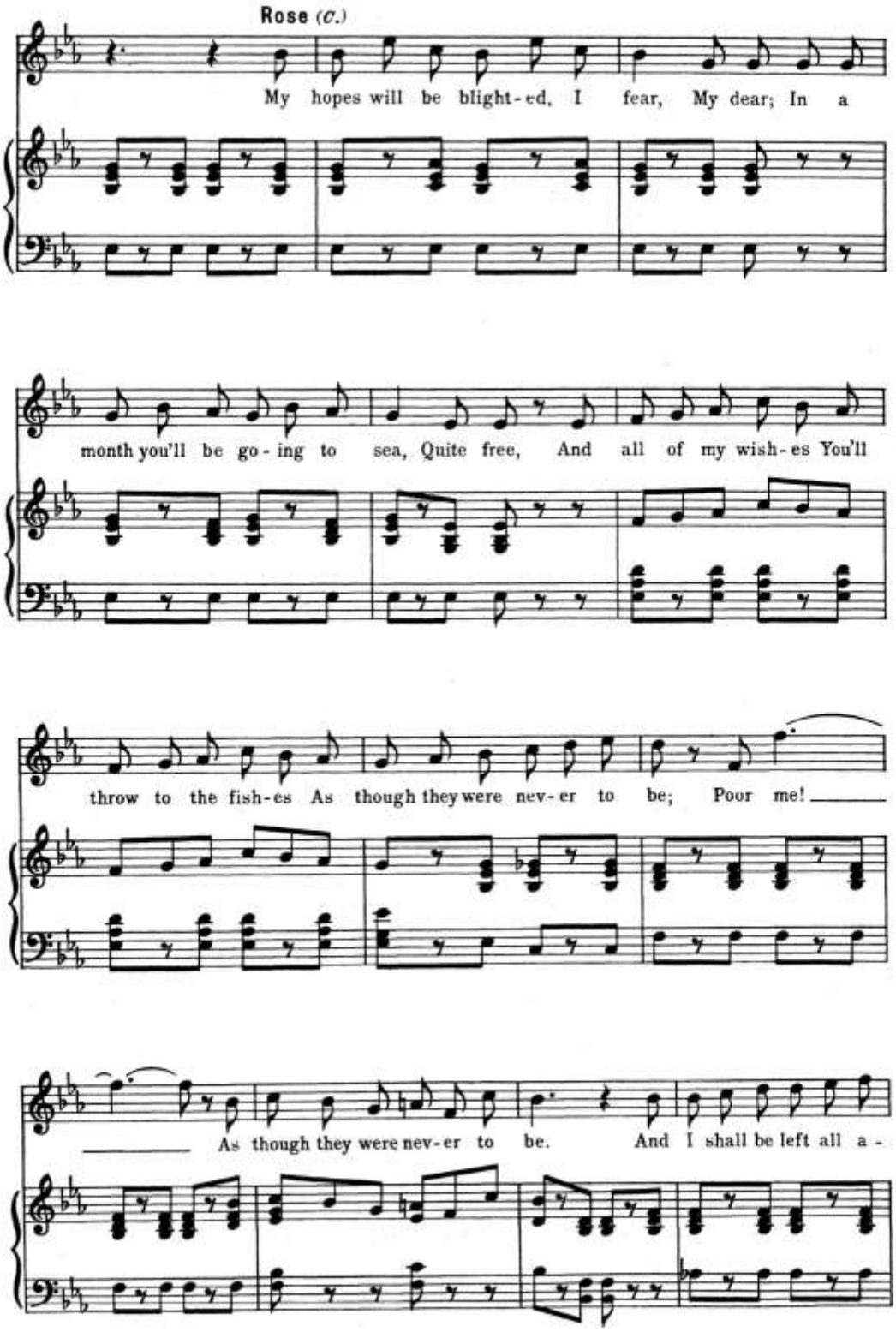
Richard, Rose, and Chorus of Bridesmaids

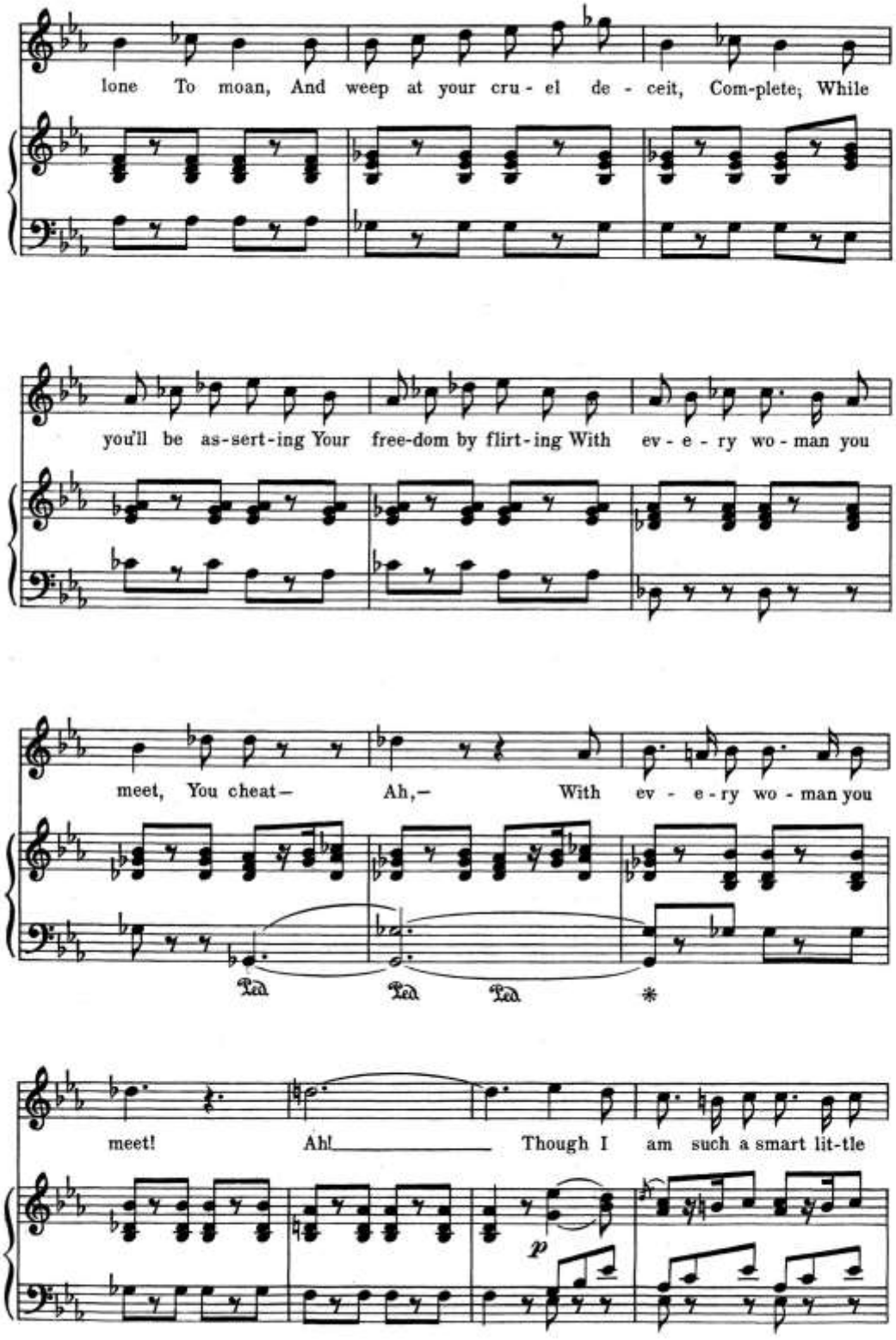


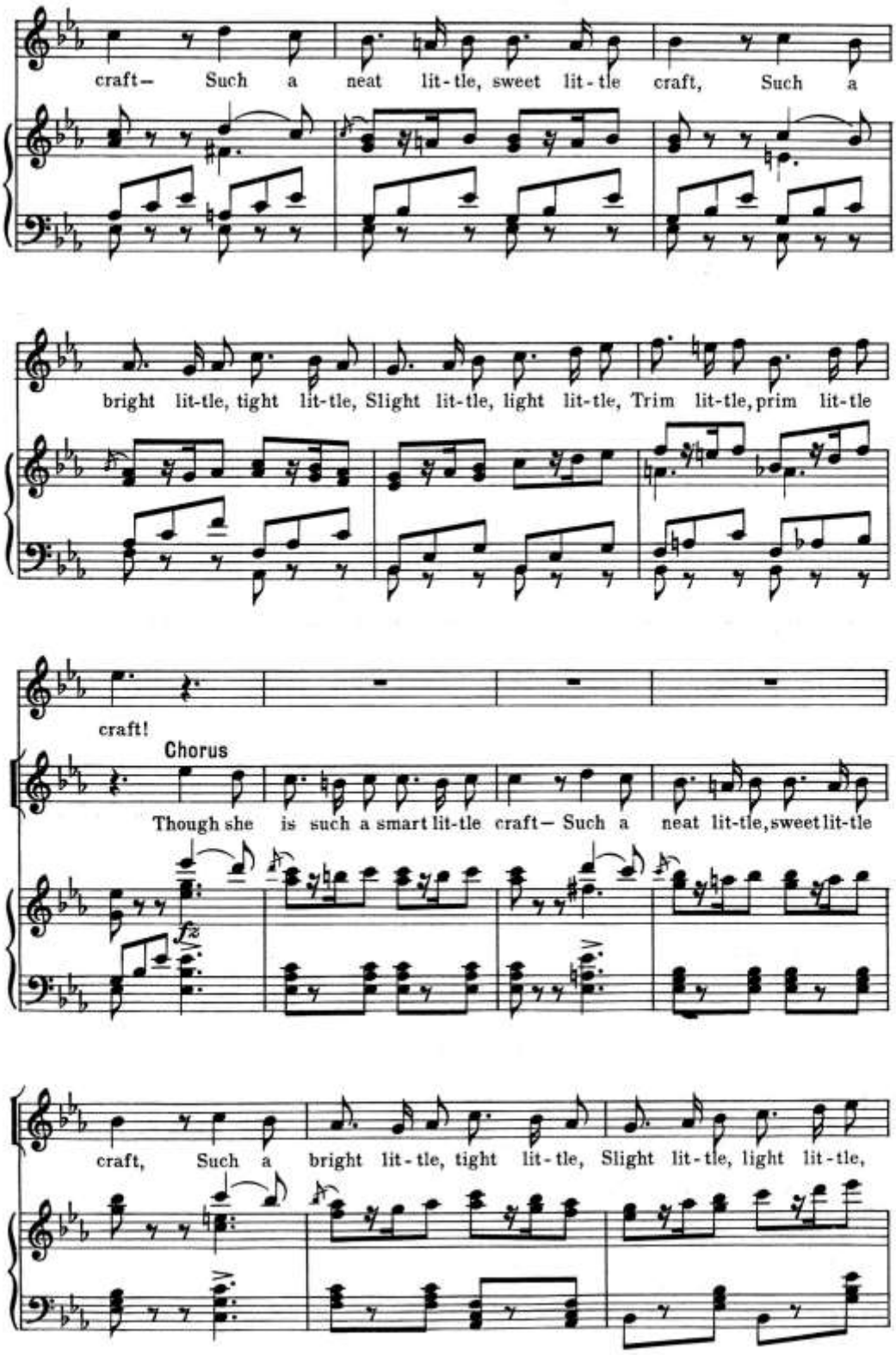

we, You see— I am a jol - ly Jack Tar, My star, And
you are the fair-est, The rich-est and rar-est Of in - no-cent lass-es you
are, By far— Of in - no-cent lass-es you are!
Fanned by a fa-vor - ing gale, You'll sail O-ver life's treach-er-ous sea With me, And

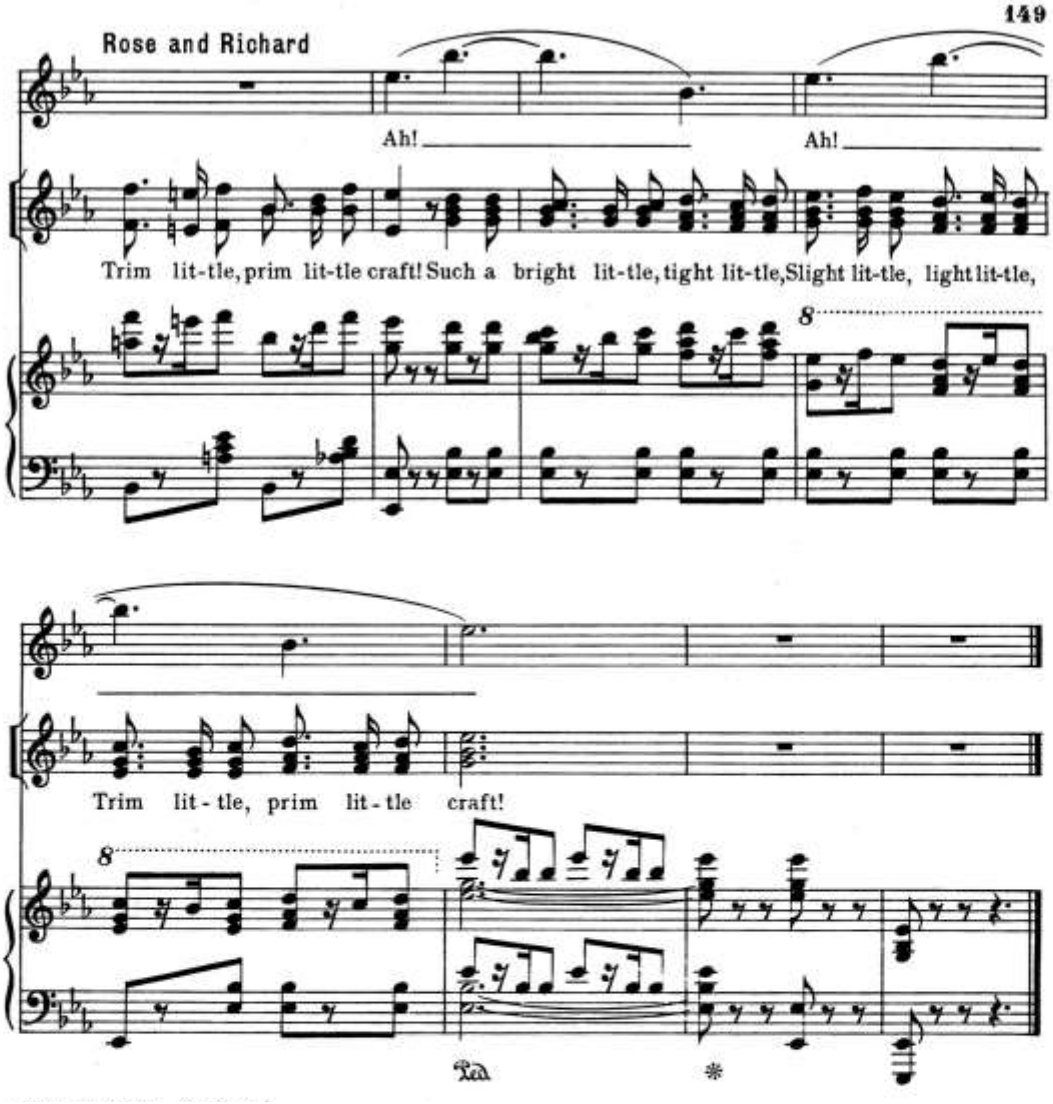

as for bad weath-er, We'll brave it to-geth-er, And you shall creep un - der my
lee, My wee! And you shall creep un - der my
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
lee, My wee! For you are such a smart lit-tle
p
craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a


bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle
craft!
Chorus
For she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a
f
neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle,
Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!
p


Rose (C.)
My hopes will be blight-ed, I fear, My dear; In a
month you'll be go-ing to sea, Quite free, And all of my wish-es You'll
throw to the fish-es As though they were nev-er to be; Poor me!
As though they were nev-er to be. And I shall be left all a-


lone To moan, And weep at your cru - el de - ceit, Com-plete; While
you'll be as-sert-ing Your free-dom by flirt-ing With ev - e - ry wo - man you
meet, You cheat— Ah,— With ev - e - ry wo - man you
Ped Ped Ped *
meet! Ah! Though I am such a smart lit-tle
p


craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a
bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle
craft!
Chorus
Though she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle
fz
craft, Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,


Rose and Richard
Ah!
Ah!
Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,
8
Trim lit - tle, prim lit - tle craft!
8
Ped.
*

Sir Despard Murgatroyd, of Ruddigore
(A Wicked Baronet)
Bass-Baritone

Dialogue
No. 13: “Oh, Why Am I Moody and Sad?”
No. 24: “My Eyes are Fully Open”

Dialogue Audition Material: Sir Despard Murgatroyd

Despard: We have been married a week.

Margaret: One happy, happy week!

Despard: Our new life–

Margaret: Is delightful indeed!

Despard: So calm!

Margaret: So unimpassioned! *(wildly)* Master, all this I owe to you! See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My face is washed. My boots fit!

Despard: Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.

Margaret: A gentle district visitor!

Despard: You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions well under control.

Margaret: I have! *(wildly)* Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your knees! *(doing so)*

Despard: Hush. This is not well. This is calculated to provoke remark. Be composed, I beg!

Margaret: Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

Despard: No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you nurse sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?

Margaret: Why not?

Despard: Because it's too jumpy for a sick-room.

Margaret: How strange! Oh, Master! Master! how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that– *(about to throw herself at his feet)*

Despard: Now! *(warningly)*

Margaret: Yes, I know, dear– it shan't occur again. *(He is seated R. She sits on the ground by him.)* Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's old thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse– some word that teems with hidden meaning– like "Basingstoke"– it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Daft Meg! Poor Meg! He! he! he!

Despard: Poor child, she wanders! But soft– someone comes– Margaret– pray recollect yourself– Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: Then make it so.

(Enter Robin. He starts on seeing them.)

Robin: Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

Margaret: Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and–

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: *(suddenly demure)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: *(aside)* Then make it so. *(aloud)* My brother– I call you brother still, despite your horrible profligacy– we have come to urge you to abandon the evil course to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

Robin: But I've done no wrong yet!

Margaret: *(wildly)* No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: My brother– I still call you brother, you observe– you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a Bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years– and you are therefore responsible– in the eye of the law– for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

Robin: I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

Despard: Awful. Wasn't he? *(to Margaret)*

Robin: And I've been going on like this for how long?

Despard: Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed– by attorney as it were– during that period. Remember how you trifled with this poor child's affections– how you raised her hopes on high (don't cry, my love– Basingstoke, you know), only to trample them in the dust when they were at the very zenith of their fullness. Oh, fie, sir, fie– she trusted you!

Robin: Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there– don't cry, my dear *(to Margaret, who is sobbing on Robin's breast)*, it's all right now. Birmingham, you know– Birmingham–

Margaret: *(sobbing)* It's Ba– Ba– Basingstoke!

Robin: Basingstoke! of course it is– Basingstoke.

Margaret: Then make it so!

Robin: There, there– it's all right– he's married you now– that is, *I've* married you *(turning to Despard)*– I say, which of us has married her?

Despard: Oh, *I've* married her.

Robin: *(aside)* Oh, I'm glad of that. *(to Margaret)* Yes, *he's* married you now *(passing her over to Despard)*, and anything more disreputable than my conduct seems to have been I've never even heard of. But my mind is made up– I *will* defy my ancestors. I *will* refuse to obey their behests, thus, by courting death, atone in some degree for the infamy of my career!

Margaret: I knew it– I knew it– God bless you– *(hysterically)*

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: Basingstoke it is! *(Recovers herself)*

Despard: *(C.)* Poor children, how they loathe me– me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little child. But what *is* a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am even with them! *(mysteriously)* I get my crime over the first thing in the morning, and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good! I do good– I do good! *(melodramatically)* Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. Today I carry off Rose Maybud and atone with a cathedral! This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the Nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!

(Enter Richard, R.)

Richard: Ax your honour's pardon, but –

Despard: Ha! observed! And by a mariner! What would you with me, fellow?

Richard: Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man, becalmed in the doldrums –

Despard: I don't know them.

Richard: And I make so bold to ax your honour's advice. Does your honour know what it is to have a heart?

Despard: My honour knows what it is to have a complete apparatus for conducting the circulation of the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body.

Richard: Aye, but has your honour a heart that ups and looks you in the face, and gives you quarter-deck orders that it's life and death to disobey?

Despard: I have not a heart of that description, but I have a Picture Gallery that presumes to take that liberty.

Richard: Well, your honour, it's like this– your honour had an elder brother –

Despard: It had.

Richard: Who should have inherited your title and, with it, its cuss.

Despard: Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!

Richard: He didn't.

Despard: He did *not?*

Richard He didn't. On the contrary, he lives in this here very village, under the name of Robin Oakapple, and he's a-going to marry Rose Maybud this very day.

Despard: Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud? Can this be possible?

Richard: Now the question I was going to ask your honour is-ought I to tell your honour this?

Despard: I don't know. It's a delicate point. I think you ought. Mind, I'm not sure, but I think so.

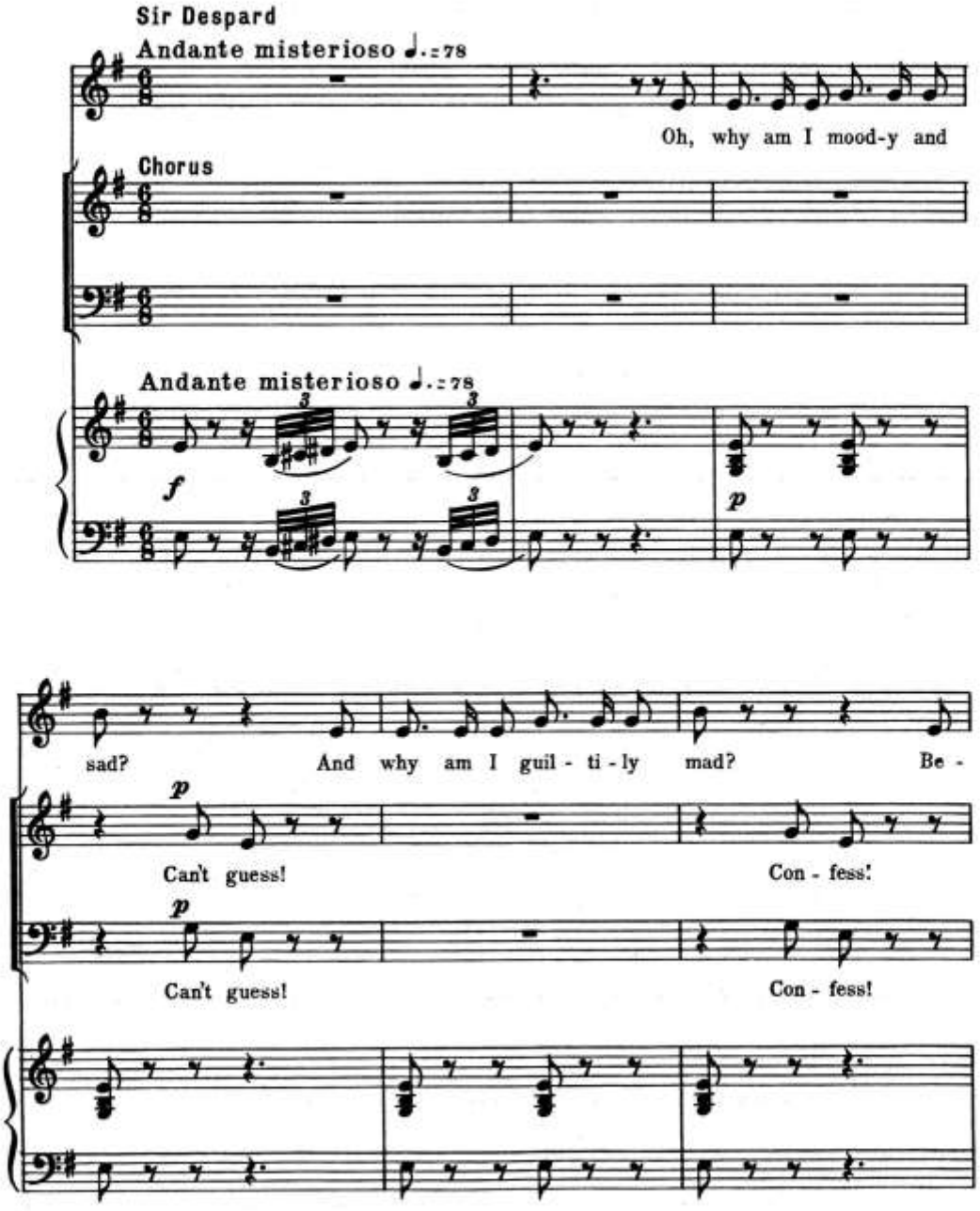
Richard: That's what my heart says. It says, "Dick," it says (it calls me Dick acos it's entitled to take that liberty), "that there young gal would recoil from him if she knowed what he really were. Ought you to stand off and on, and let this young gal take this false step and never fire a shot across her bows to bring her to? No," it says, "you did *not* ought." And I won't ought, accordin'.

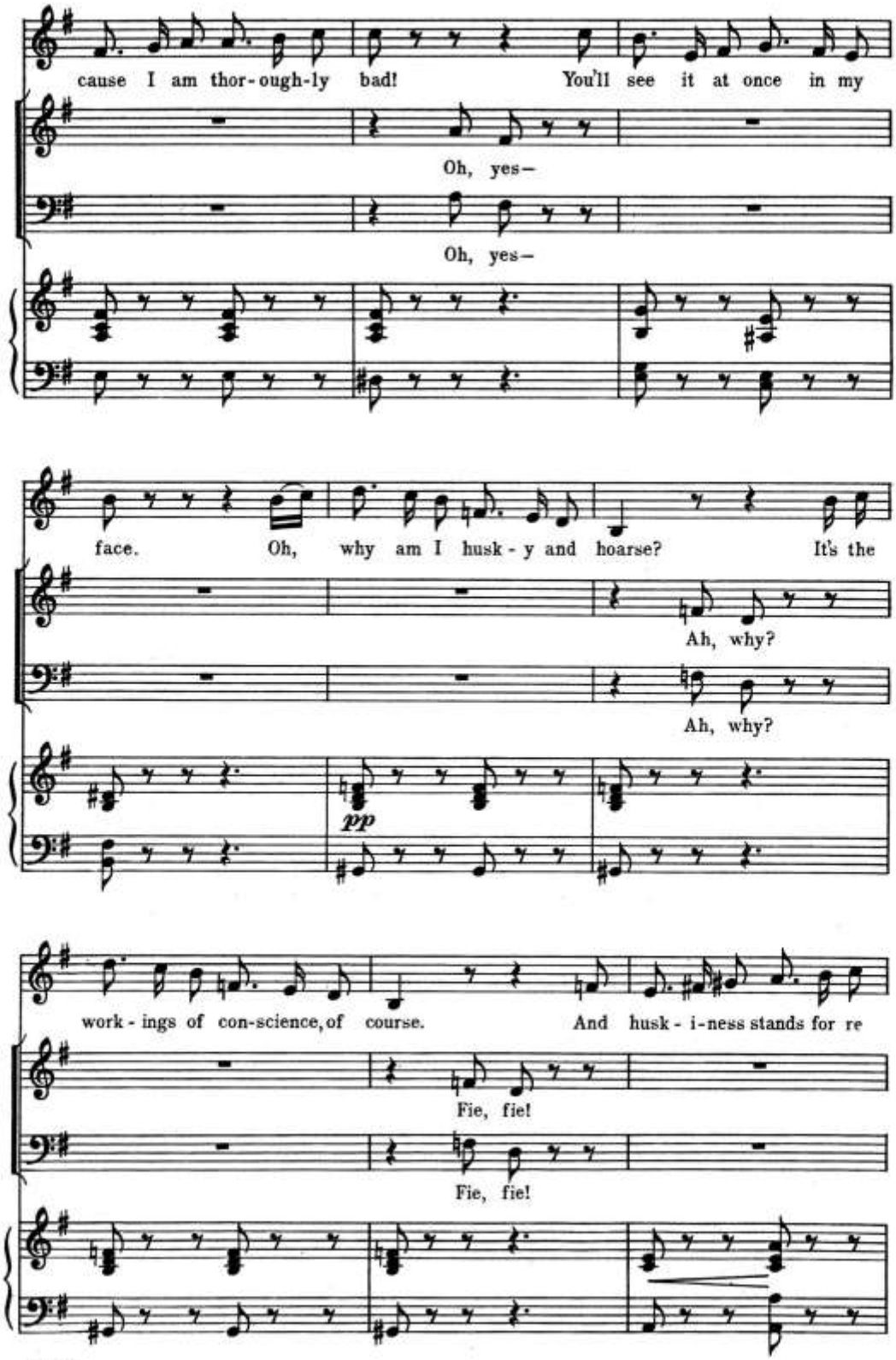
Despard: Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives – that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thraldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free– free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved and regretted by all who knew me!

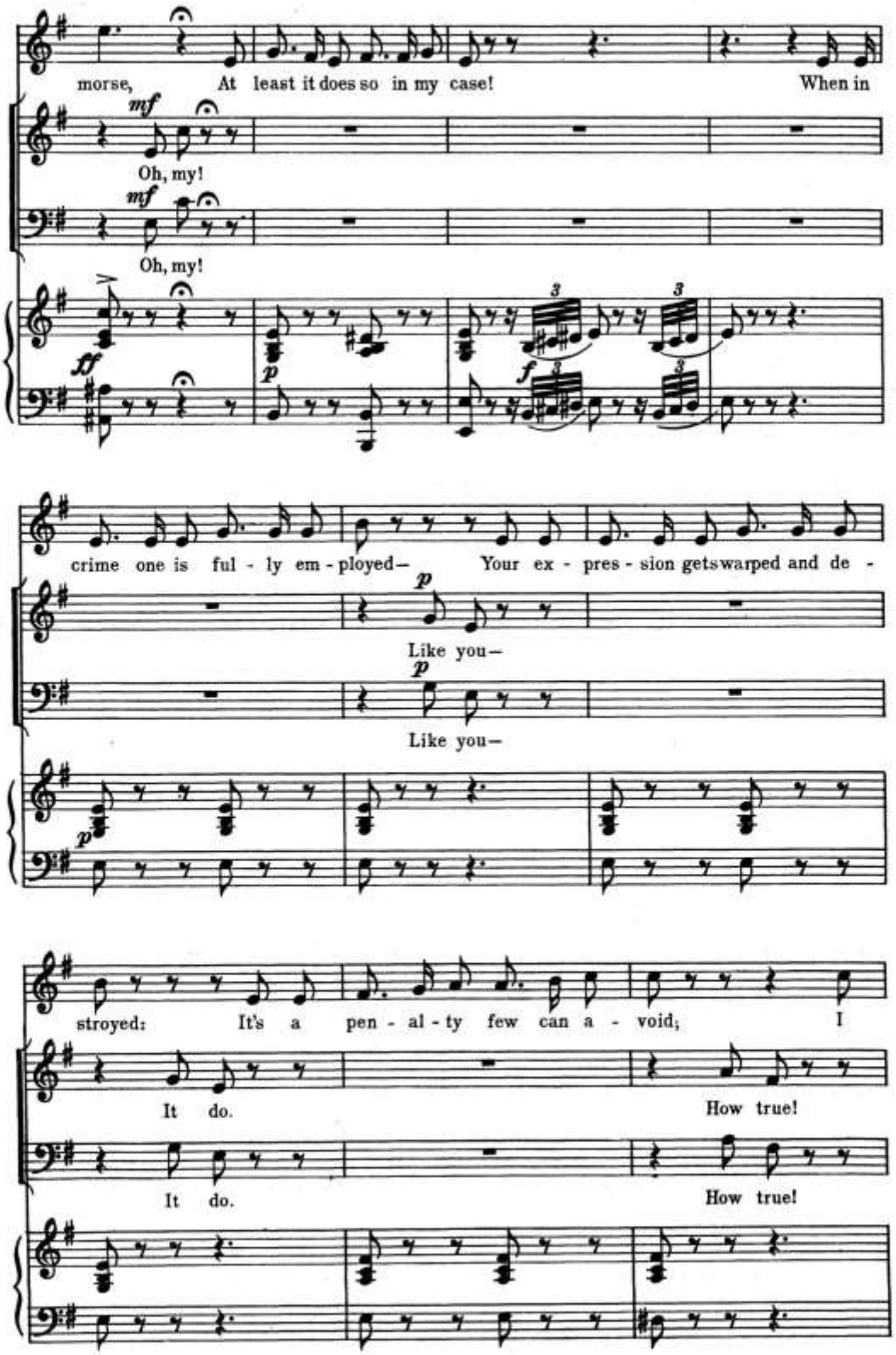
No. 13. Oh, why am I moody and sad?

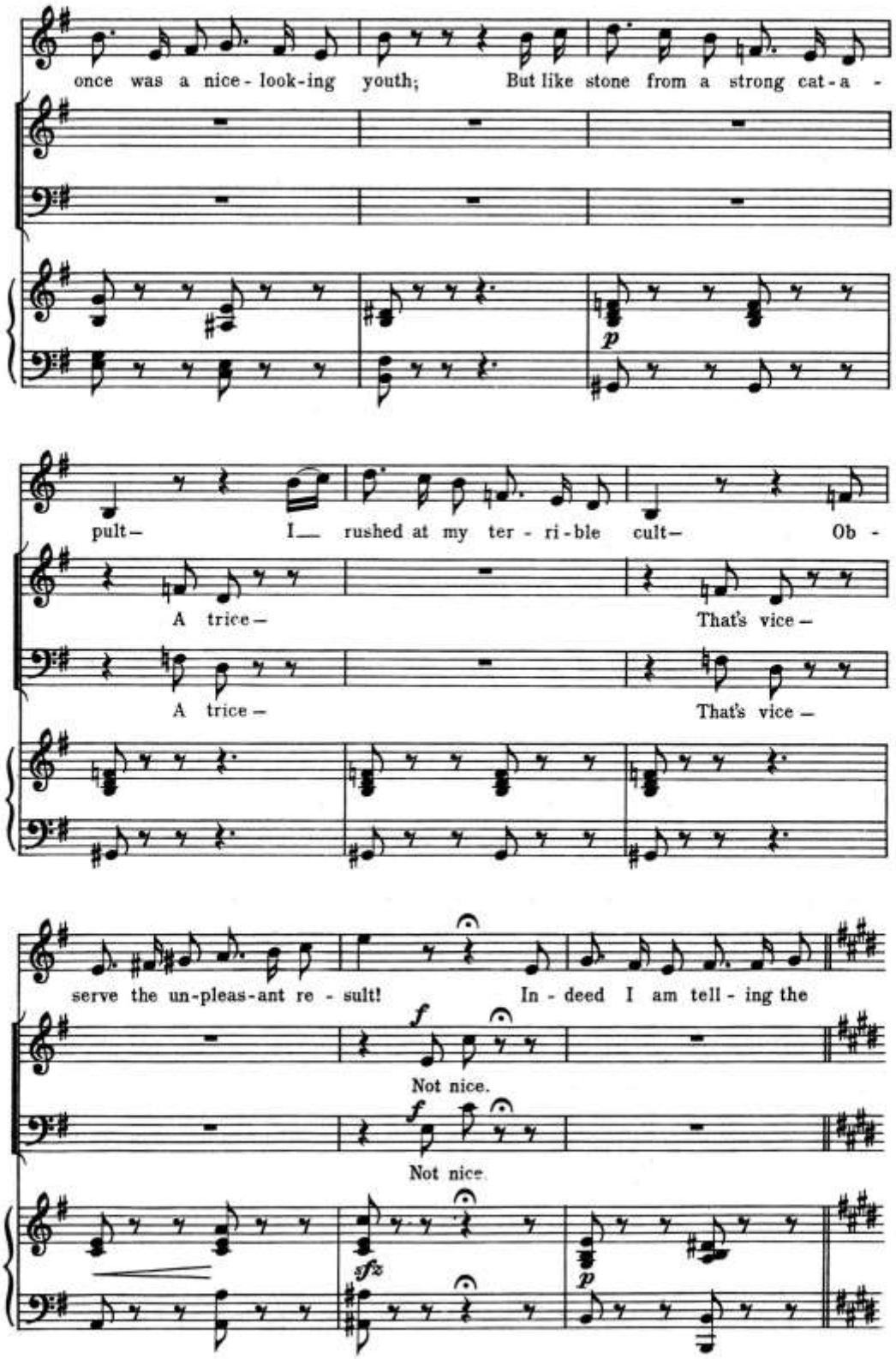
Song

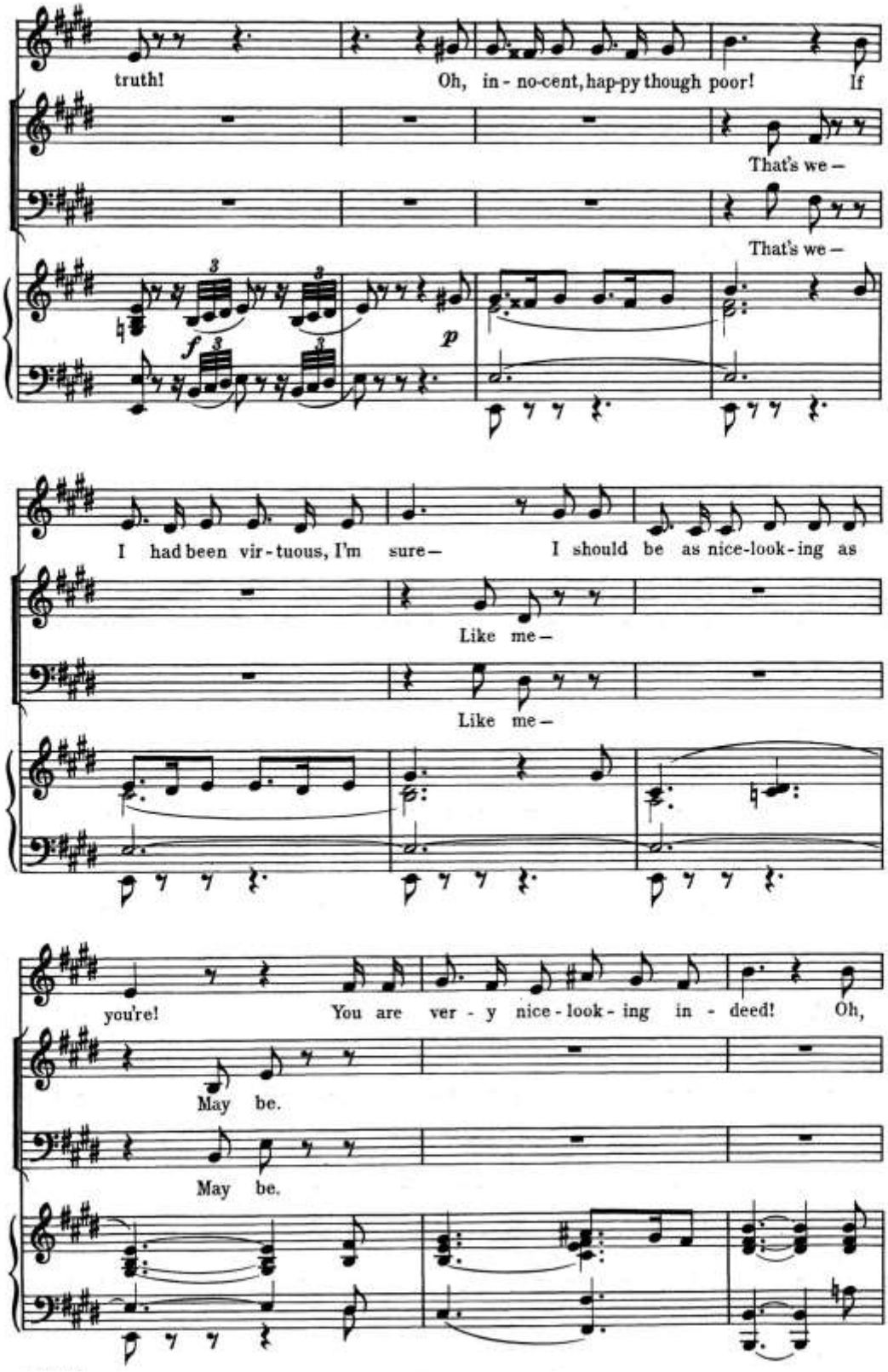
Sir Despard and Chorus

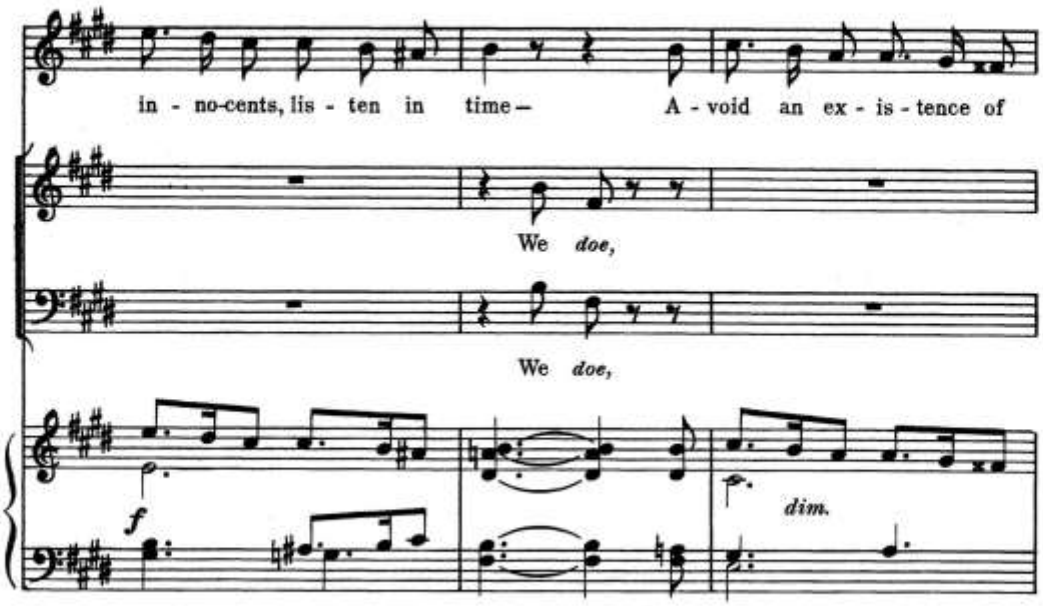


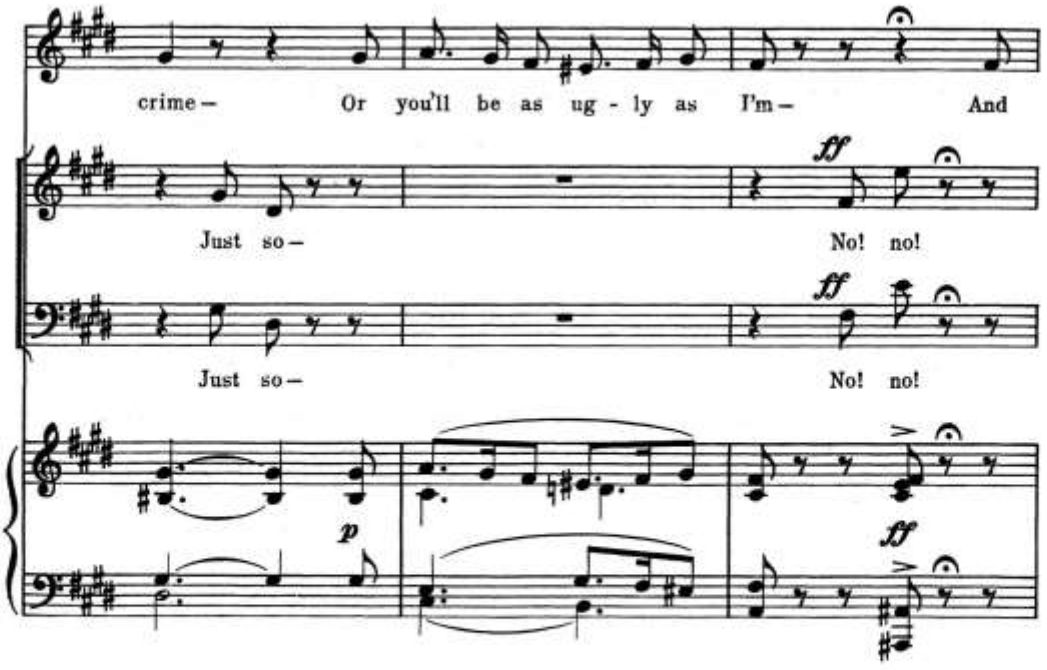

cause I am thor-ough-ly bad! You'll see it at once in my
Oh, yes—
Oh, yes—
face. Oh, why am I husk-y and hoarse? It's the
Ah, why?
Ah, why?
pp
work-ings of con-science, of course. And husk-i-ness stands for re
Fie, fie!
Fie, fie!

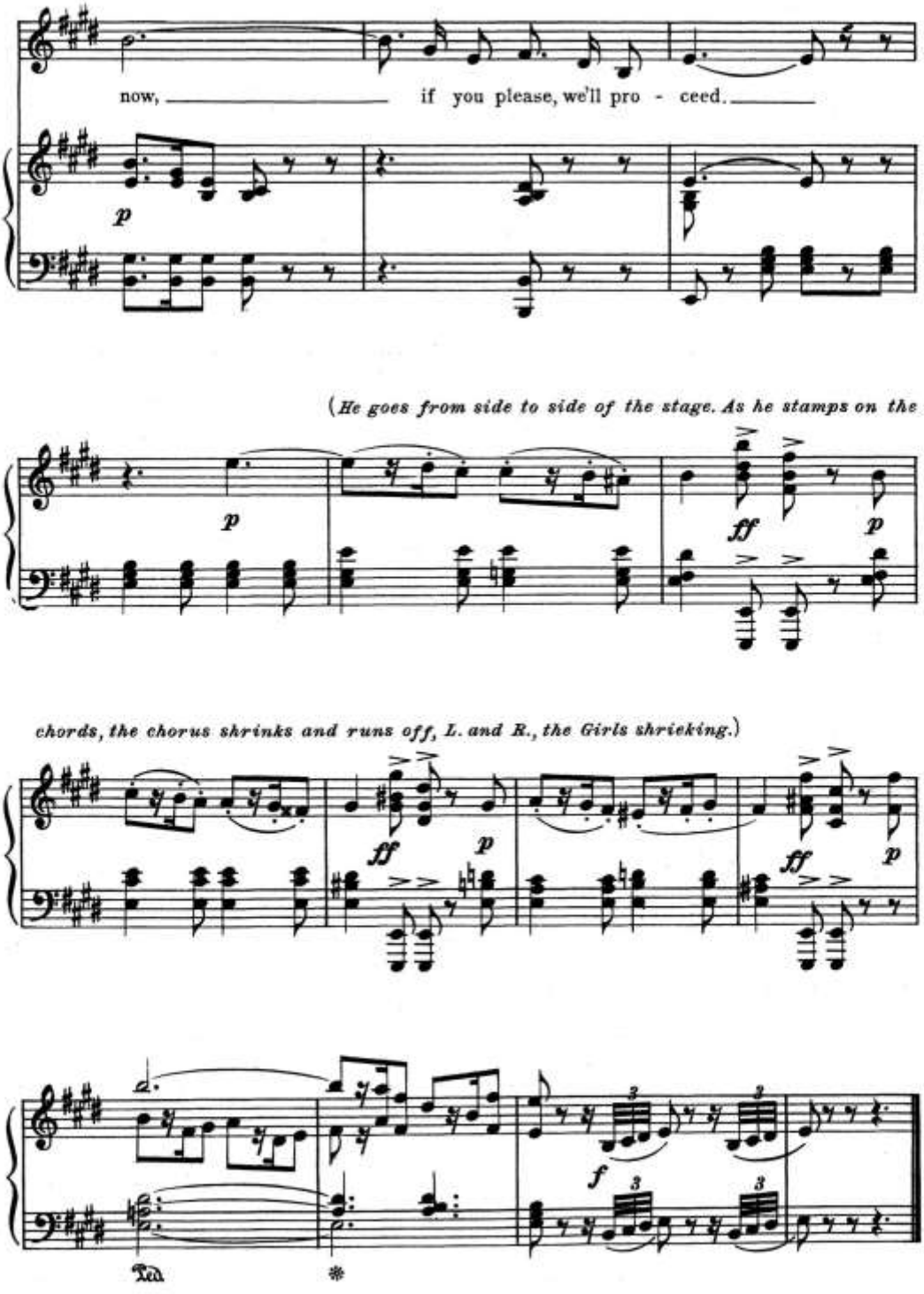

morse, At least it does so in my case! When in
mf
Oh, my!
mf
Oh, my!
ff
p
f
crime one is ful - ly em - ployed— Your ex - pres - sion getswarped and de -
p
Like you—
p
Like you—
p
stroyed: It's a pen - al - ty few can a - void; I
It do. How true!
It do. How true!


once was a nice - look-ing youth; But like stone from a strong cat-a -
p
pult— I rushed at my ter - ri-ble cult— Ob -
A trice— That's vice—
A trice— That's vice—
serve the un-pleas-ant re - sult! In - deed I am tell - ing the
f
Not nice.
f
Not nice.
sfz
p

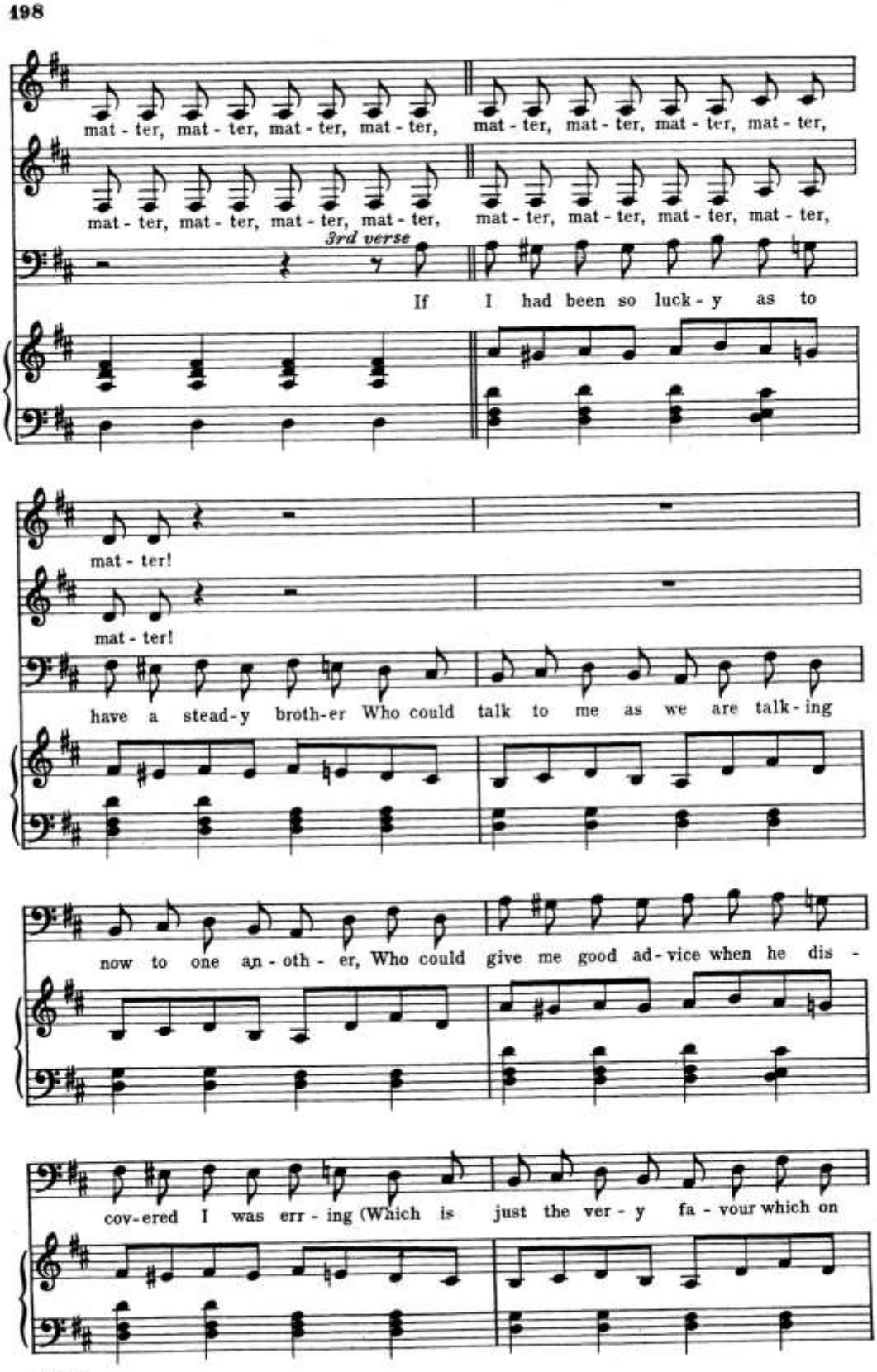

truth!
Oh, in - no-cent, hap-py though poor!
If
That's we –
That's we –
f
p
I had been vir - tuous, I'm sure –
I should be as nice-look-ing as
Like me –
Like me –
you're!
You are ver - y nice - look - ing in - deed!
Oh,
May be.
May be.

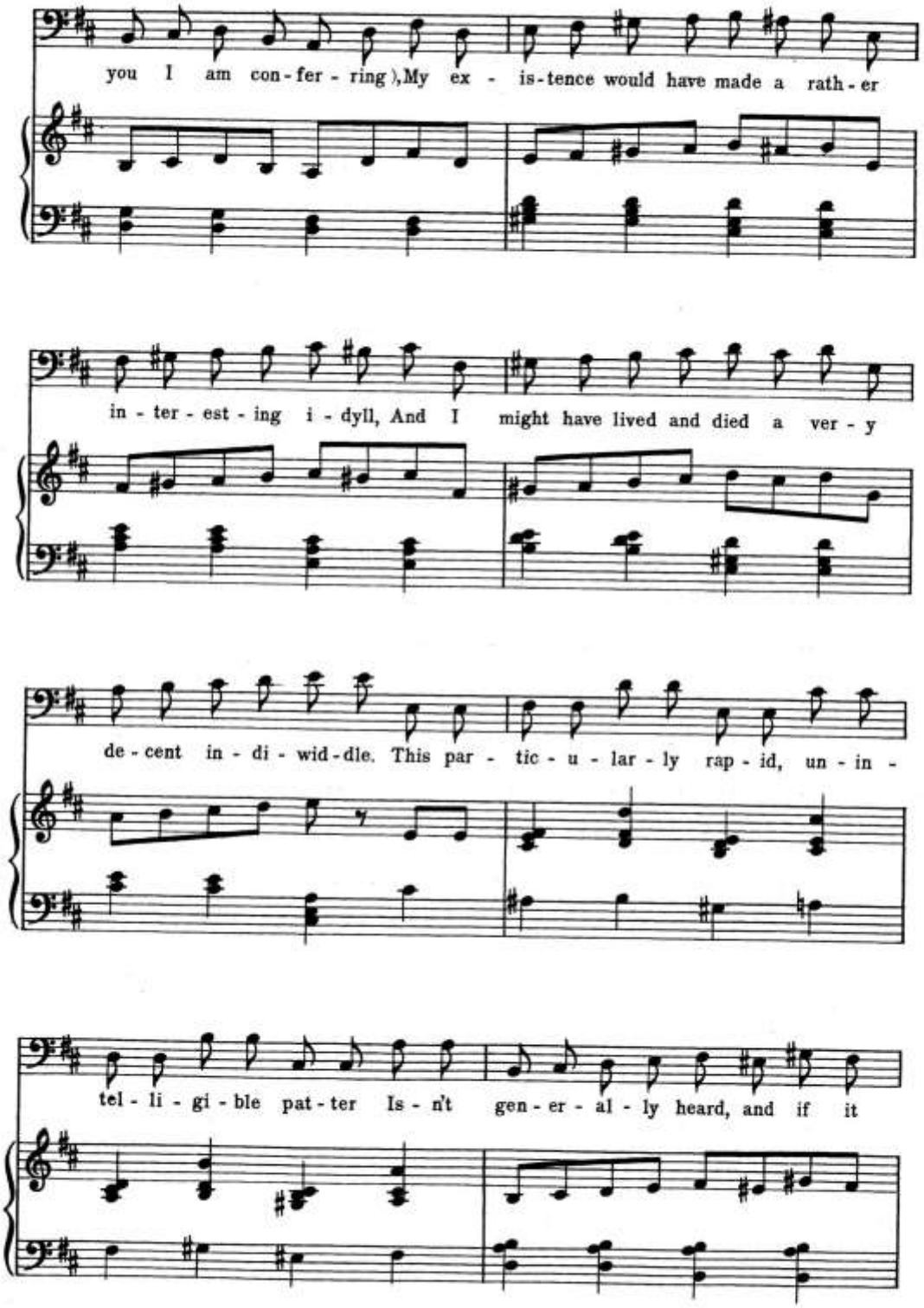

in - no-cents, lis - ten in time – A - void an ex - is - tence of
We doe,
We doe,
f
dim.

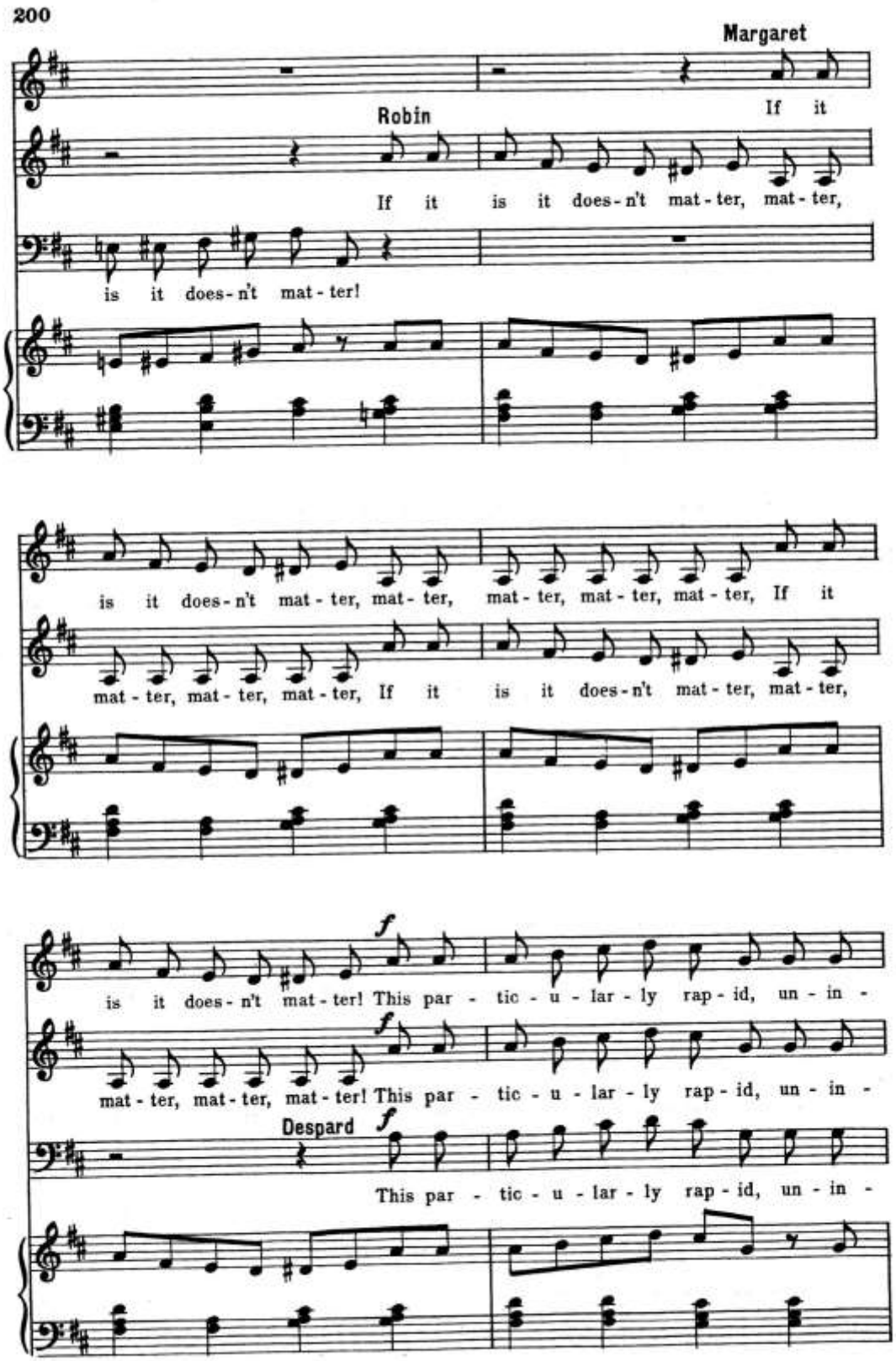

crime – Or you'll be as ug - ly as I'm – And
Just so –
ff
No! no!
Just so –
ff
No! no!
p
ff


now, if you please, we'll pro - ceed.
p
(He goes from side to side of the stage. As he stamps on the
p
ff
p
chords, the chorus shrinks and runs off, L. and R., the Girls shrieking.)
ff
p
ff
p
f
3
3
3
3

Vocal Audition Material: Sir Despard Murgatroyd
No. 24: "My Eyes are Fully Open"




you I am con-fer-ring),My ex- is-tence would have made a rath-er
in-ter-est-ing i-dyll, And I might have lived and died a ver-y
de-cent in-di-wid-dle. This par- tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
tel-li-gi-ble pat-ter Is-n't gen-er-al-ly heard, and if it


200
Margaret
Robin
If it
If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
is it does-n't mat-ter!
is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, If it is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,
f
is it does-n't mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
f
mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter! This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-
Despard f
This par-tic-u-lar-ly rap-id, un-in-

Old Adam Goodheart
(Robin's Faithful Servant)
Bass

Dialogue
No. 16: "I Once Was as Meek"
No. 15: Act I Finale "Hail the Bride"

Dialogue Audition Material: Old Adam Goodheart

Robin: This is a painful state of things, old Adam!

Adam: Painful, indeed! Ah, my poor master, when I swore that, come what would, I would serve you in all things for ever, I little thought to what a pass it would bring me! The confidential adviser to the greatest villain unhung! Now, sir, to business. What crime do you propose to commit today?

Robin: How should I know? As my confidential adviser, it's your duty to suggest something.

Adam: Sir, I loathe the life you are leading, but a good old man's oath is paramount, and I obey. Richard Dauntless is here with pretty Rose Maybud, to ask your consent to their marriage. Poison their beer.

Robin: No–not that– I know I'm a bad Bart., but I'm not as bad a Bart. as all that.

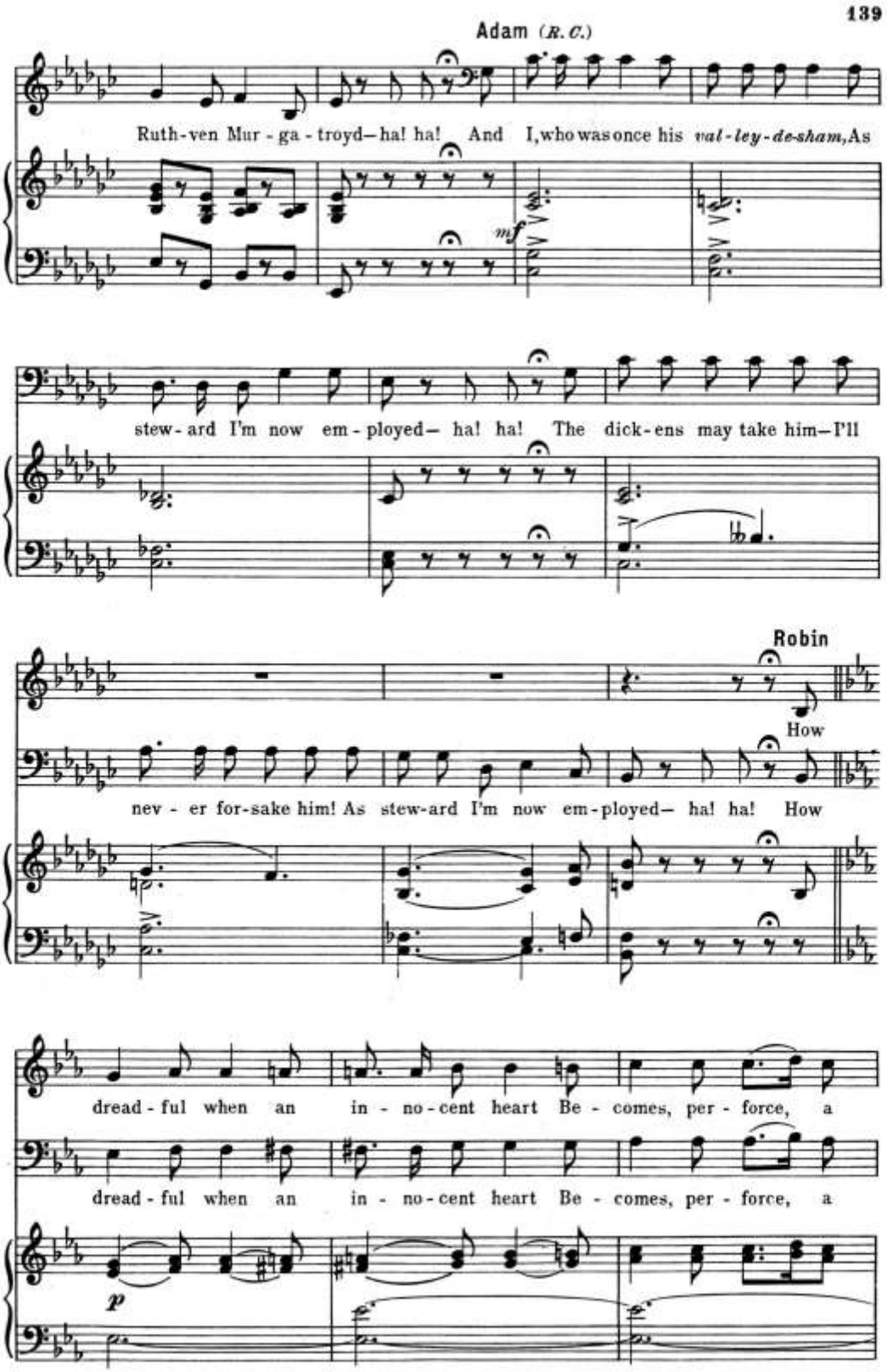
Adam: Well, there you are, you see! It's no use my making suggestions if you don't adopt them.

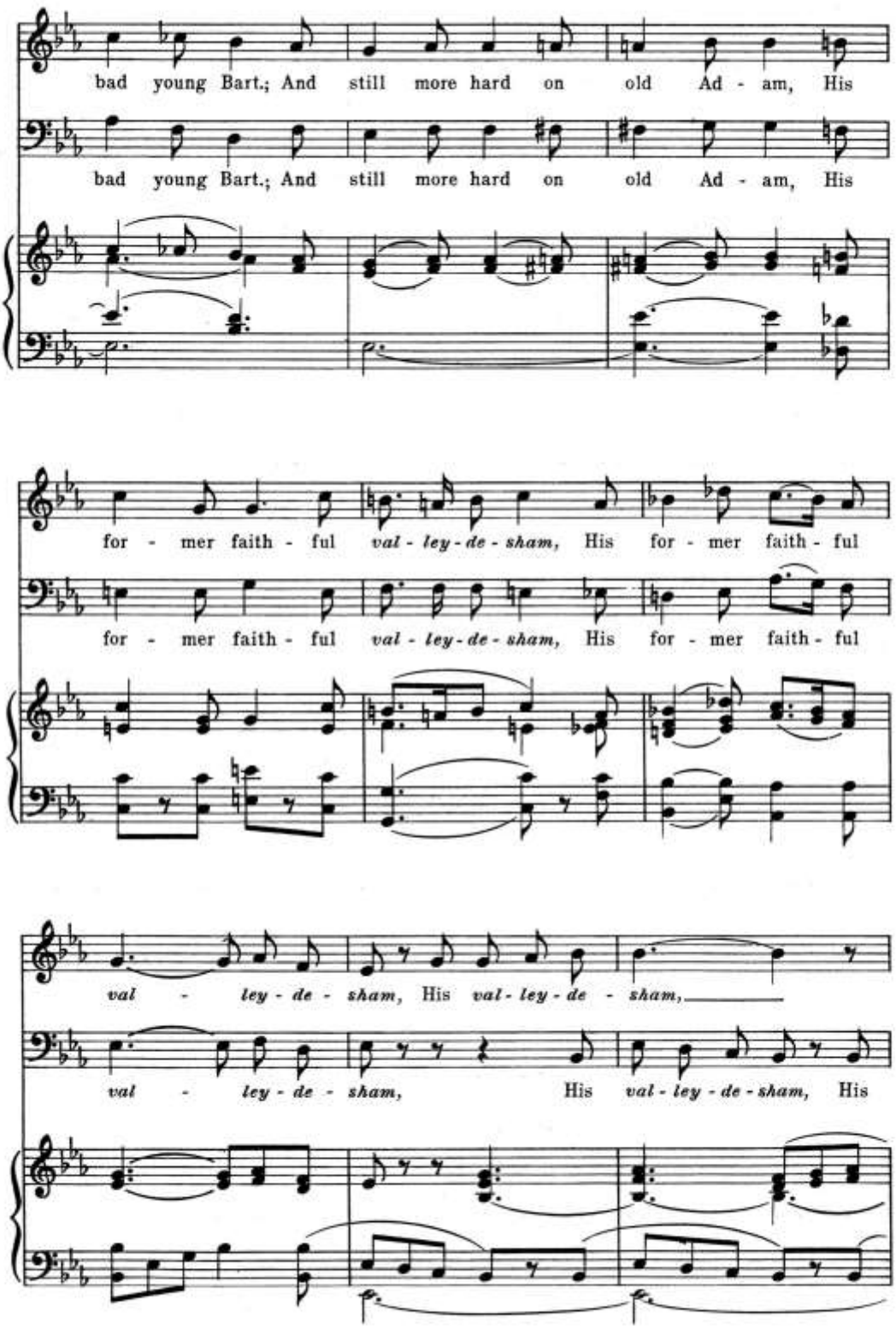
Robin: *(melodramatically)* How would it be, do you think, were I to lure him here with cunning wile– bind him with good stout rope to yonder post– and then, by making hideous faces at him, curdle the heart-blood in his arteries, and freeze the very marrow in his bones? How say you, Adam, is not the scheme well planned?

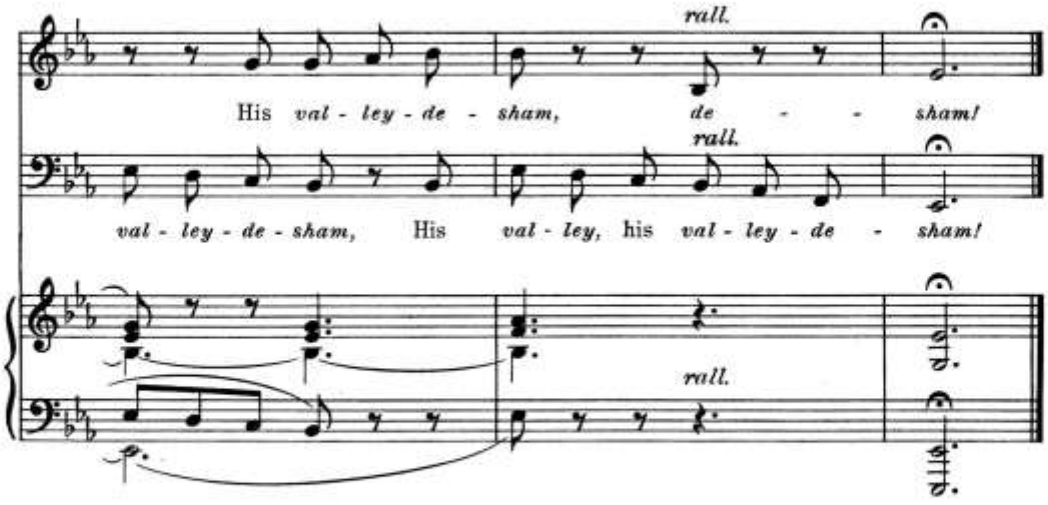
Adam: It would be simply rude– nothing more. But soft– they come!

(Adam and Robin retire up L. and off, as Richard and Rose enter, preceded by Chorus of Bridesmaids, R. U. E.)

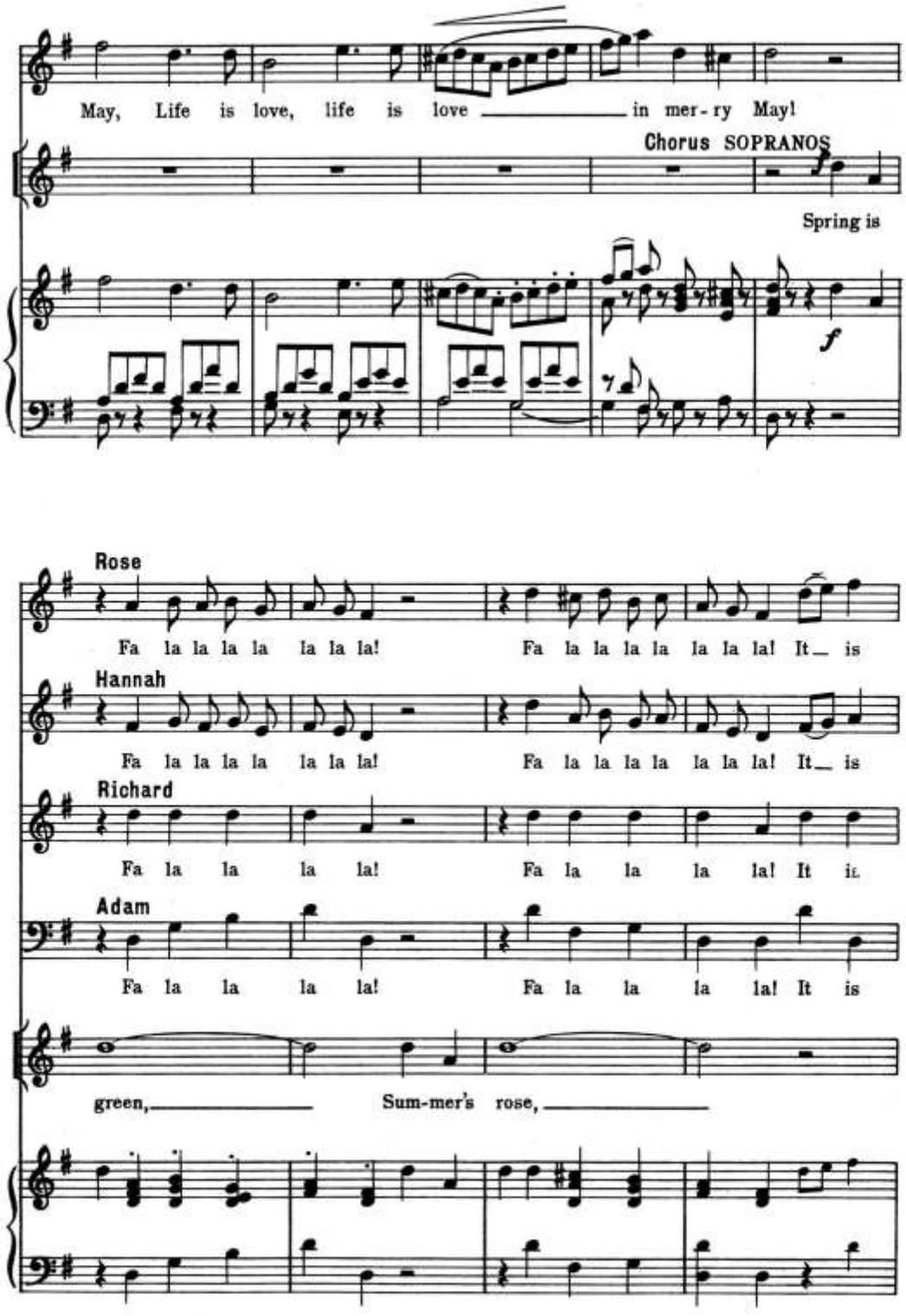
Vocal Audition Material: Old Adam Goodheart
No. 16: "I Once was as Meek"

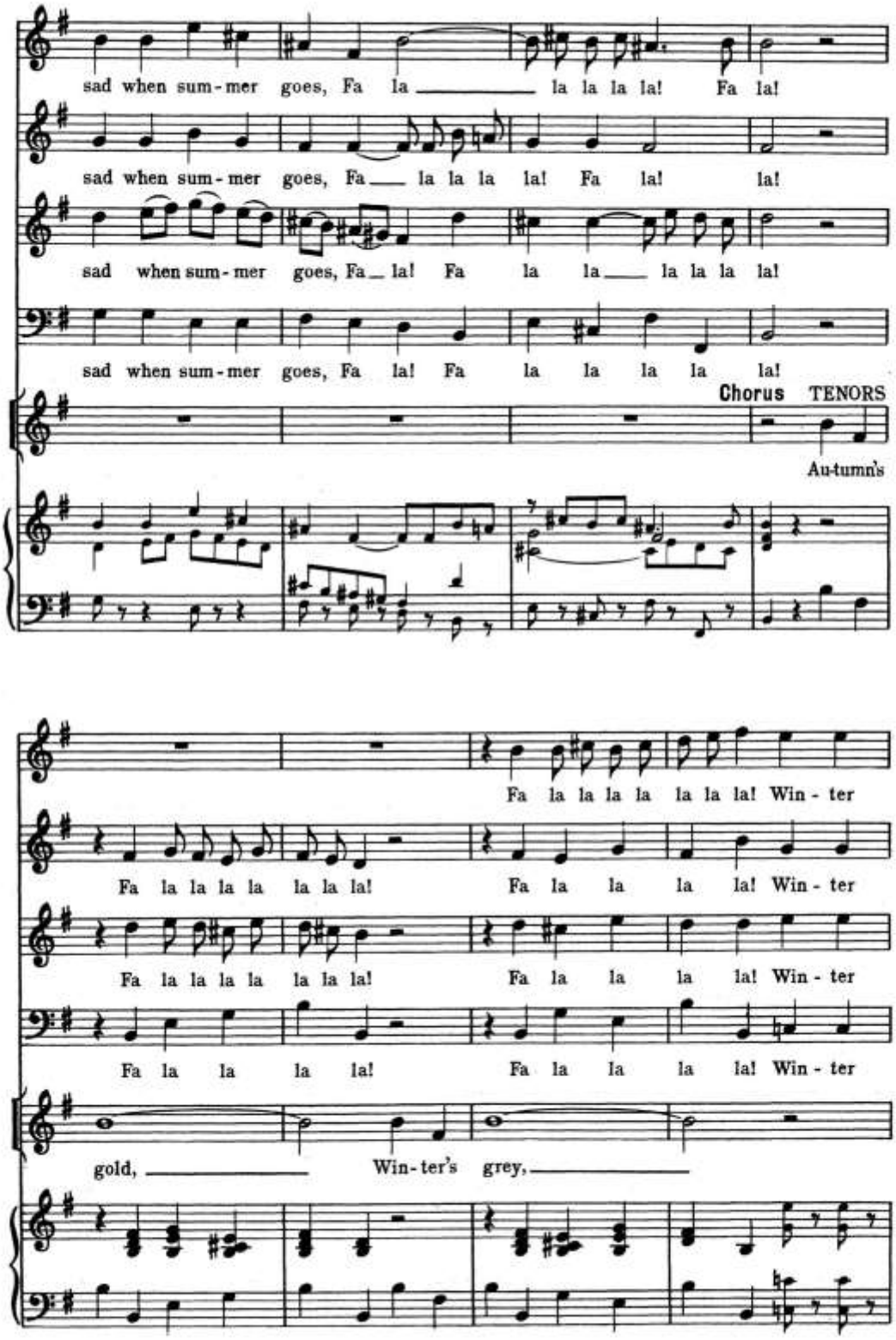


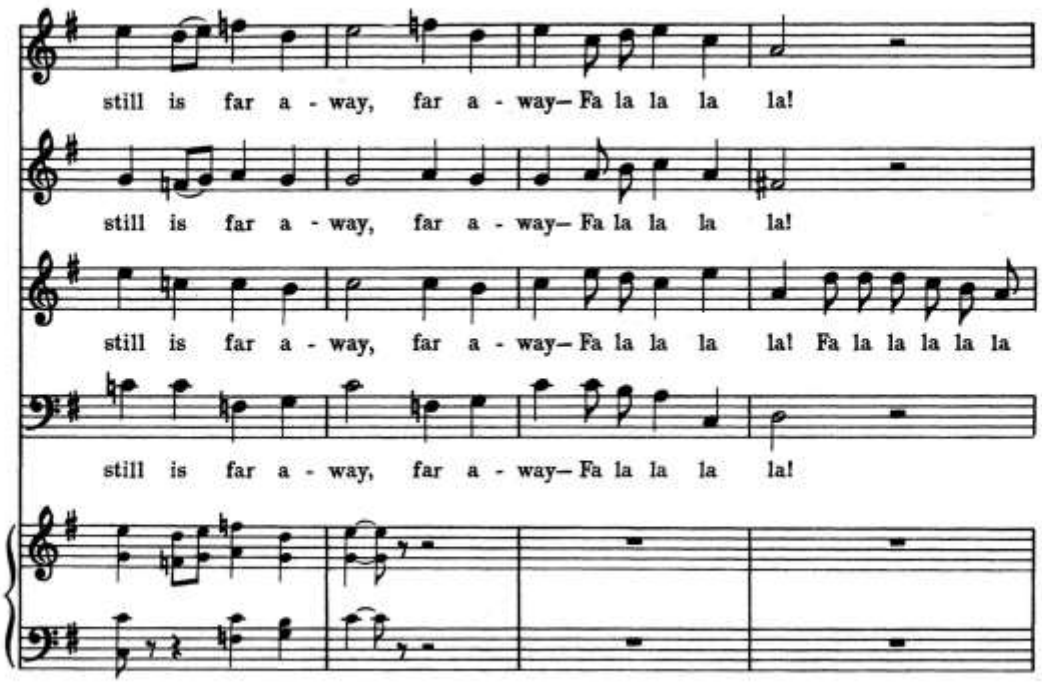

bad young Bart.; And still more hard on old Ad - am, His
bad young Bart.; And still more hard on old Ad - am, His
for - mer faith - ful *val - ley - de - sham,* His for - mer faith - ful
for - mer faith - ful *val - ley - de - sham,* His for - mer faith - ful
val - ley - de - sham, His *val - ley - de - sham,*
val - ley - de - sham, His *val - ley - de - sham,* His

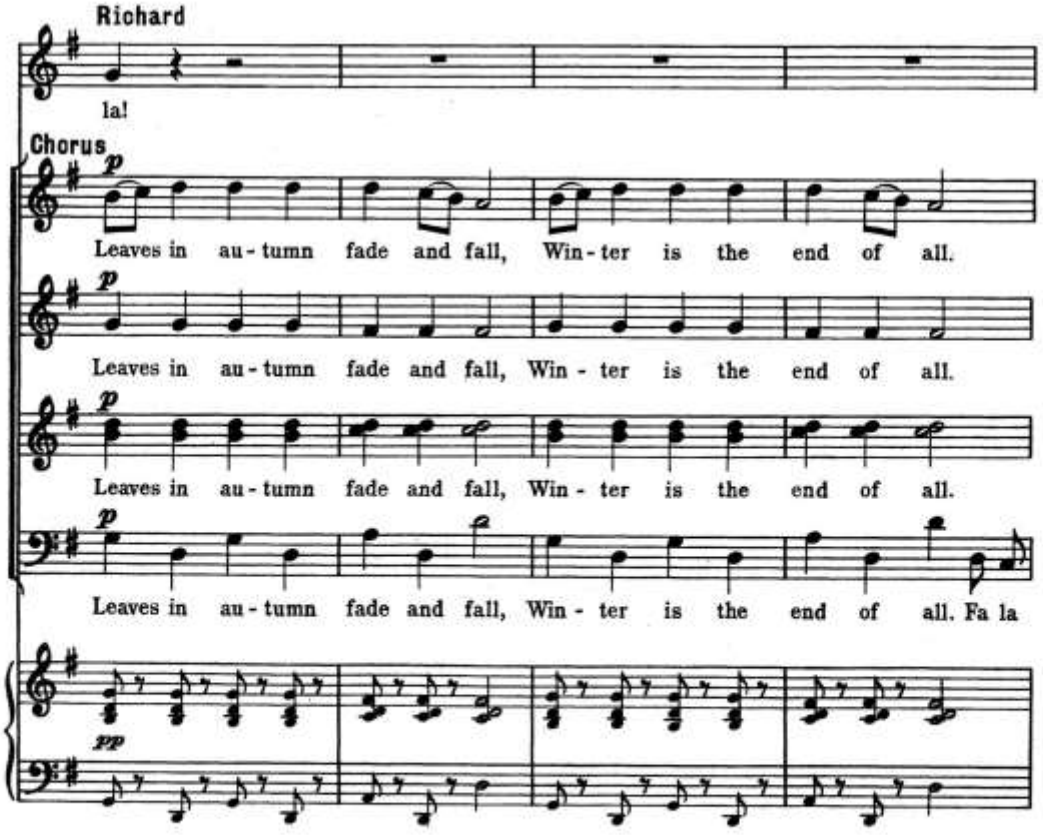

rall.
His val - ley - de - sham, de - - sham!
rall.
val - ley - de - sham, His val - ley, his val - ley - de - sham!
rall.

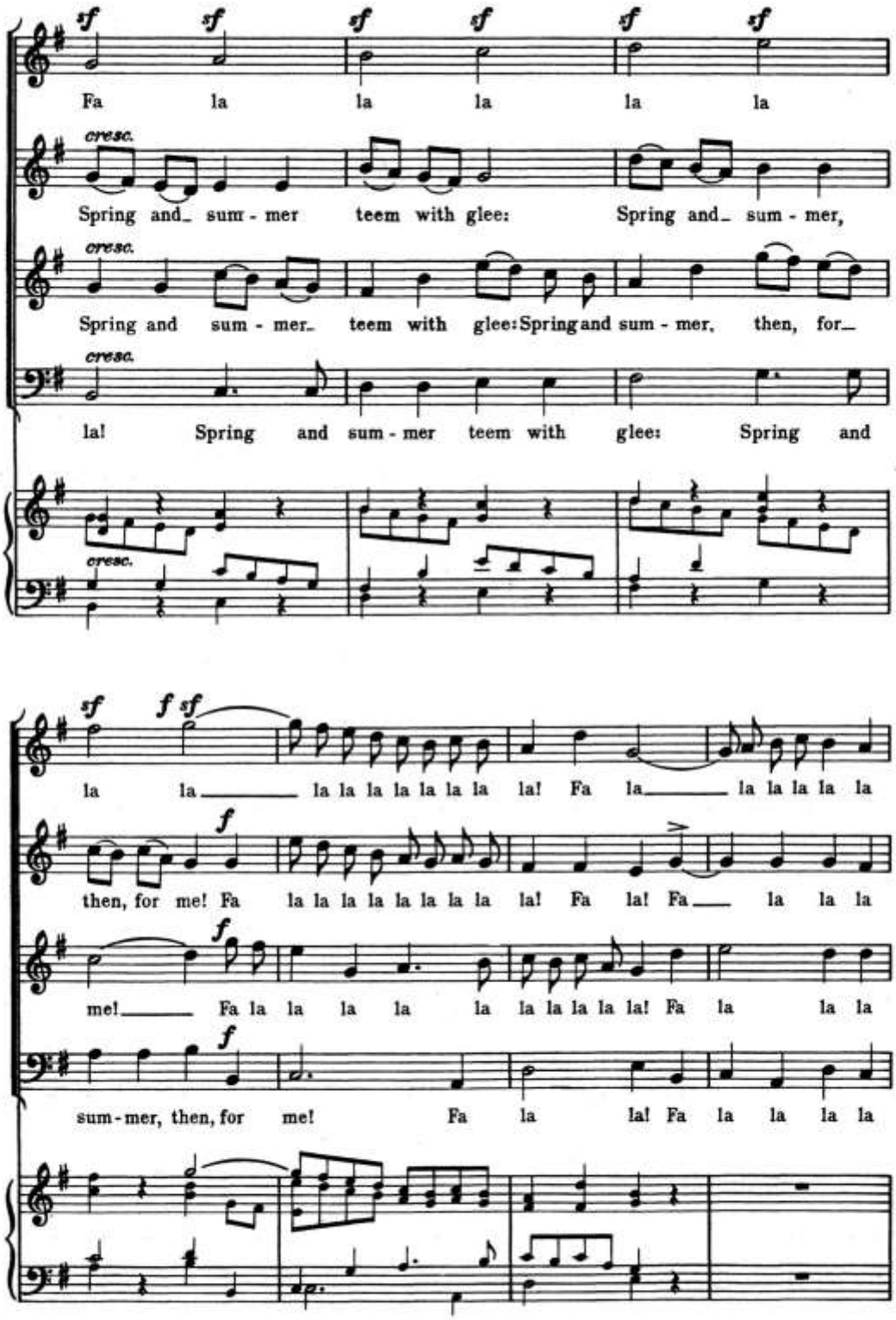
Vocal Audition Material: Old Adam Goodheart
No. 15: Act 1 Finale "Hail the Bride"

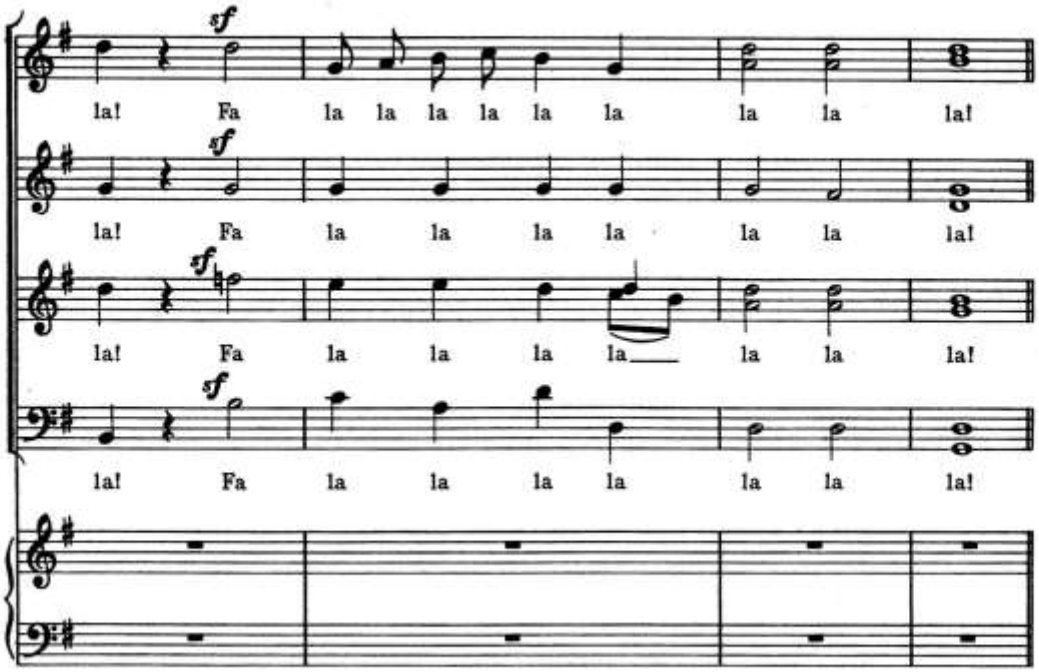



sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la la la la! Fa la!
sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la la la la! Fa la! la!
sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la!
sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la!
Chorus TENORS
Au-tumn's
Fa la la la la la la la! Win - ter
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la! Win - ter
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la! Win - ter
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la! Win - ter
gold, Win - ter's grey,


still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la
still is far a - way, far a - way— Fa la la la la!


Richard
la!
Chorus
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all.
p
Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall, Win - ter is the end of all. Fa la
pp


sf sf sf sf sf sf
Fa la la la la la
cresc.
Spring and_ sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and_ sum - mer,
cresc.
Spring and sum - mer_ teem with glee: Spring and sum - mer, then, for_
cresc.
la! Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and
cresc.
sf f sf
la la_ la la la la la la la la! Fa la_ la la la la la
f
then, for me! Fa la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa_ la la la
f
me!_ Fa la la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la
f
sum - mer, then, for me! Fa la la! Fa la la la la


sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
sf
la! Fa la la la la la la la la!

Rose Maybud
(A Village Maiden)
Soprano

Dialogue
No. 3: “If Somebody There Chanced to Be”
No. 15: Act I Finale “Hail the Bride”
No. 17: “Happily Coupled are We”

Dialogue Audition Material: Rose Maybud

Richard: *(looking after him)* Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father"– that's what my heart's a-remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes! Steady! Steady it is! *(Enter Rose — he is much struck by her.)* By the Port Admiral, but she's a tight little craft! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet – she's fit to marry Lord Nelson! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved.

Rose: Sir, you are agitated–

Richard: Aye, aye, my lass, well said! I am agitated, true enough!– took flat aback, my girl; but 'tis naught– 'twill pass. *(aside)* This here heart of mine's a-dictatin' to me like anythink. Question is, Have I a right to disregard it's promptings?

Rose: Can I do aught to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble? This apple – *(offering a damaged apple)*

Richard: *(looking at it and returning it)* No, my lass, 'taint that: I'm–I'm took flat aback– I never see anything like you in all my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There – I can't say fairer than that, can I?

Rose: No. *(aside)* The question is, Is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself? *(Refers to book.)* Yes – "Always speak the truth."

Richard: I'd no thoughts of saying this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another; but when I see you my heart it up and says, says it, "This is the very lass for *you*, Dick"– "speak up to her, Dick," it says – (it calls me Dick acos we was at school together)– "tell her all, Dick," it says, "never sail under false colours – it's mean!" *That's* what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a-tremblin', miss. Lookye here– *(holding out his hand)* That's narvousness!

Rose: *(aside)* Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one? *(Consults book.)* "Keep no one in unnecessary suspense." *(aloud)* Behold, I will not keep you in unnecessary suspense. *(Refers to book.)* "In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation." *(aloud)* I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. *(Refers to book.)* "Avoid any appearance of eagerness." *(aloud)* Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. *(Refers to book.)* "A little show of emotion will not be misplaced!" *(aloud)* Pardon this tear! *(Wipes her eyes.)*

Richard: Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a-hugging of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss *(wiping his lips with his hand)*, might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm going to sail under?

Rose: *(referring to book)* "An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities. *(aloud)* Once! *(Richard kisses her.)*

Dialogue Audition Material: Rose Maybud

(Hannah goes up-stage, L. Enter Rose Maybud from the cottage, with a small basket on her arm. As she crosses the stage, she is stopped C. by Dame Hannah.)

Hannah: Whither away, dear Rose? On some errand of charity, as is thy wont?

Rose: A few gifts, dear aunt, for deserving villagers. Lo, here is some peppermint rock for old gaffer Gadderby, a set of false teeth for pretty little Ruth Rowbottom, and a pound of snuff for the poor orphan girl on the hill.

Hannah: Ah, Rose, pity that so much goodness should not help to make some gallant youth happy for life! Rose, why dost thou harden that little heart of thine? Is there none hereaway whom thou couldst love?

Rose: And if there were such a one, verily it would ill become me to tell him so.

Hannah: Nay, dear one, where true love is, there is little need of prim formality.

Rose: Hush, dear aunt, for thy words pain me sorely. Hung in a plated dish-cover to the knocker of the workhouse door, with naught that I could call mine own save a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette, little wonder if I have always regarded that work as a voice from a parent's tomb. This hallowed volume *(producing it from her basket)*, composed, if I may believe the title-page, by no less an authority than the wife of a Lord Mayor, has been, through life, my guide and monitor. By its solemn precepts I have learnt to test the moral worth of all who approach me. The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature, and he who has not acquired the proper way of entering and leaving a room is the object of my pitying horror. There are those in this village who bite their nails, dear aunt, and nearly all are wont to use their pocket combs in public places. In truth, I could pursue this painful theme much further, but behold, I have said enough.

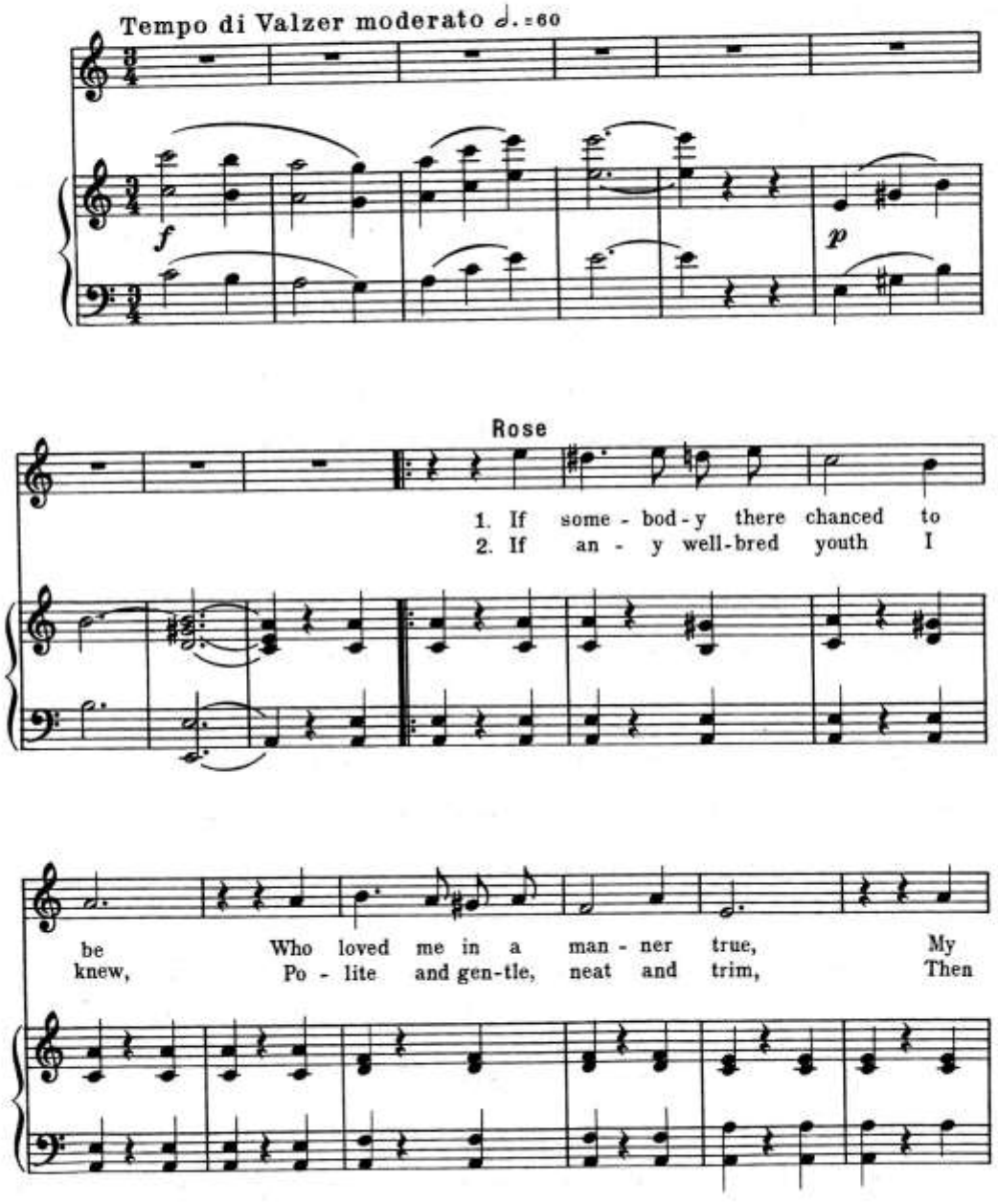
Hannah: But is there not one among them who is faultless in thine eyes? For example—young Robin. He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. Couldst thou not love *him?*

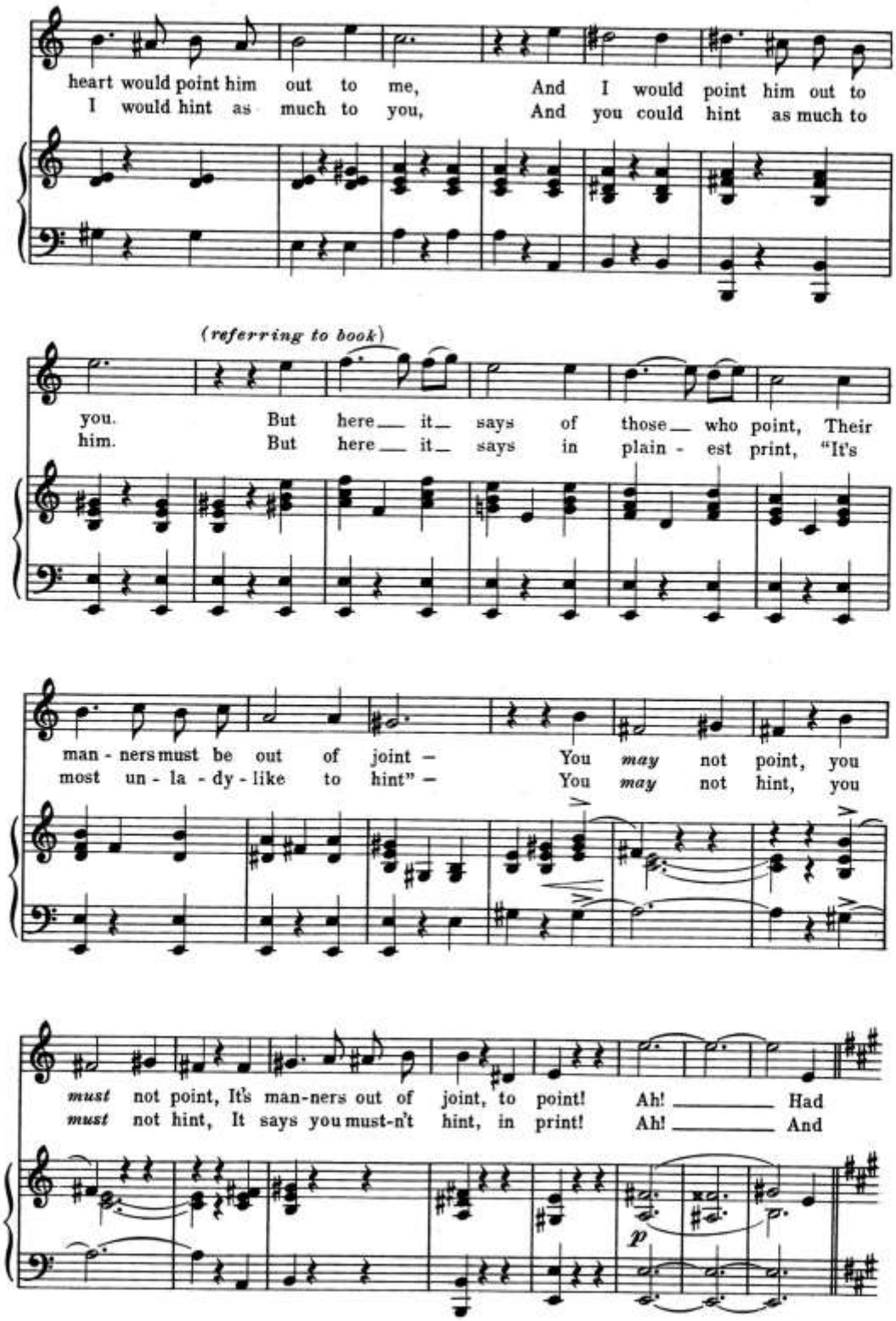
Rose: And even if I could, how should I confess it unto him? For lo, he is shy, and sayeth naught!

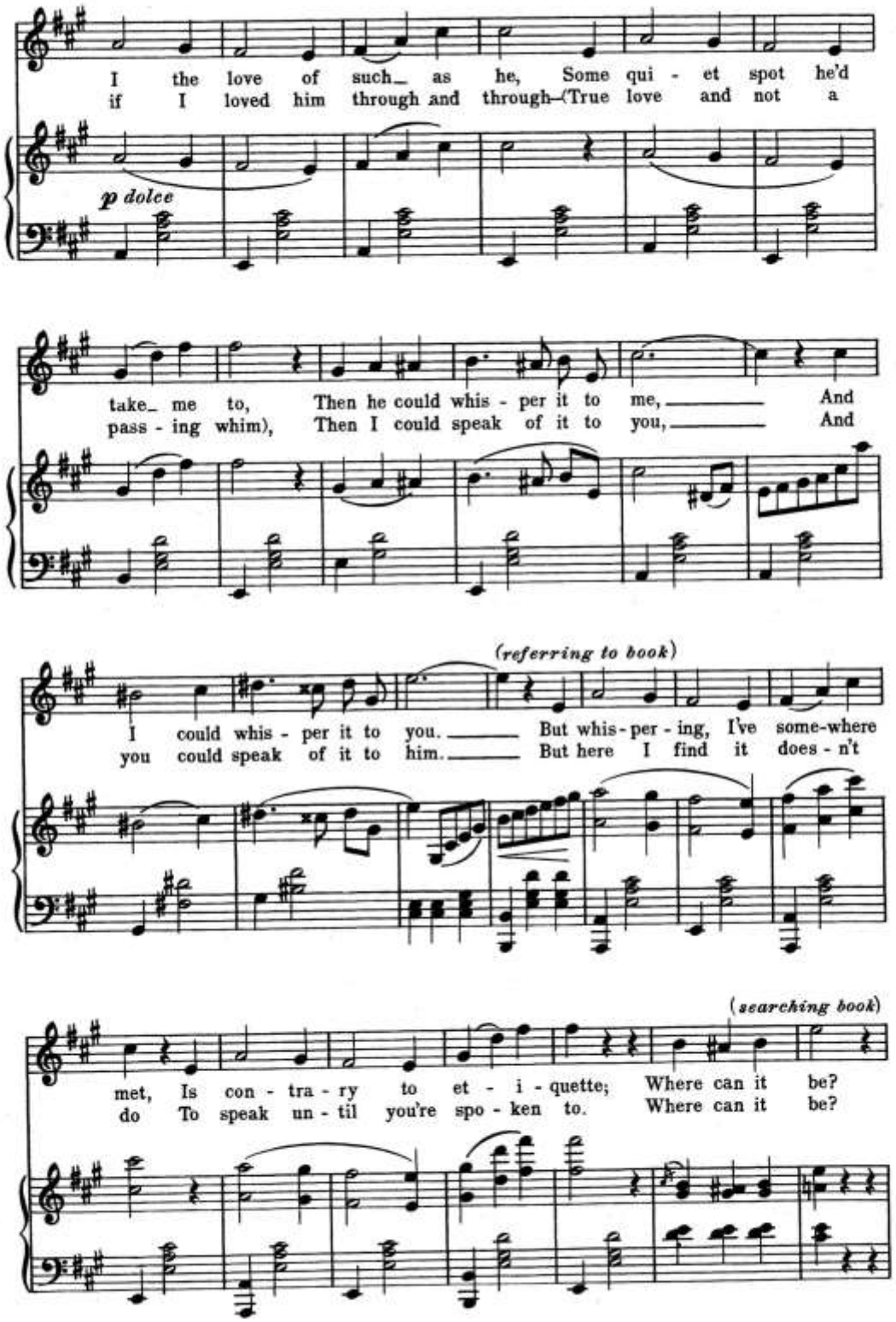
No. 3. If somebody there chanced to be

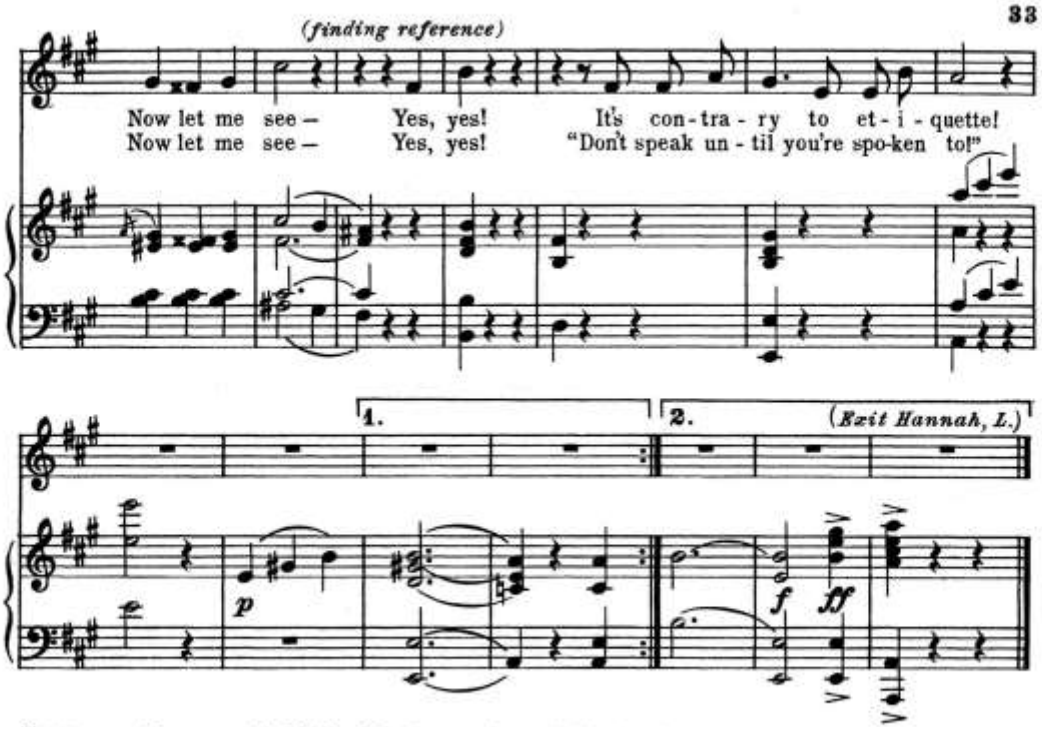
Song

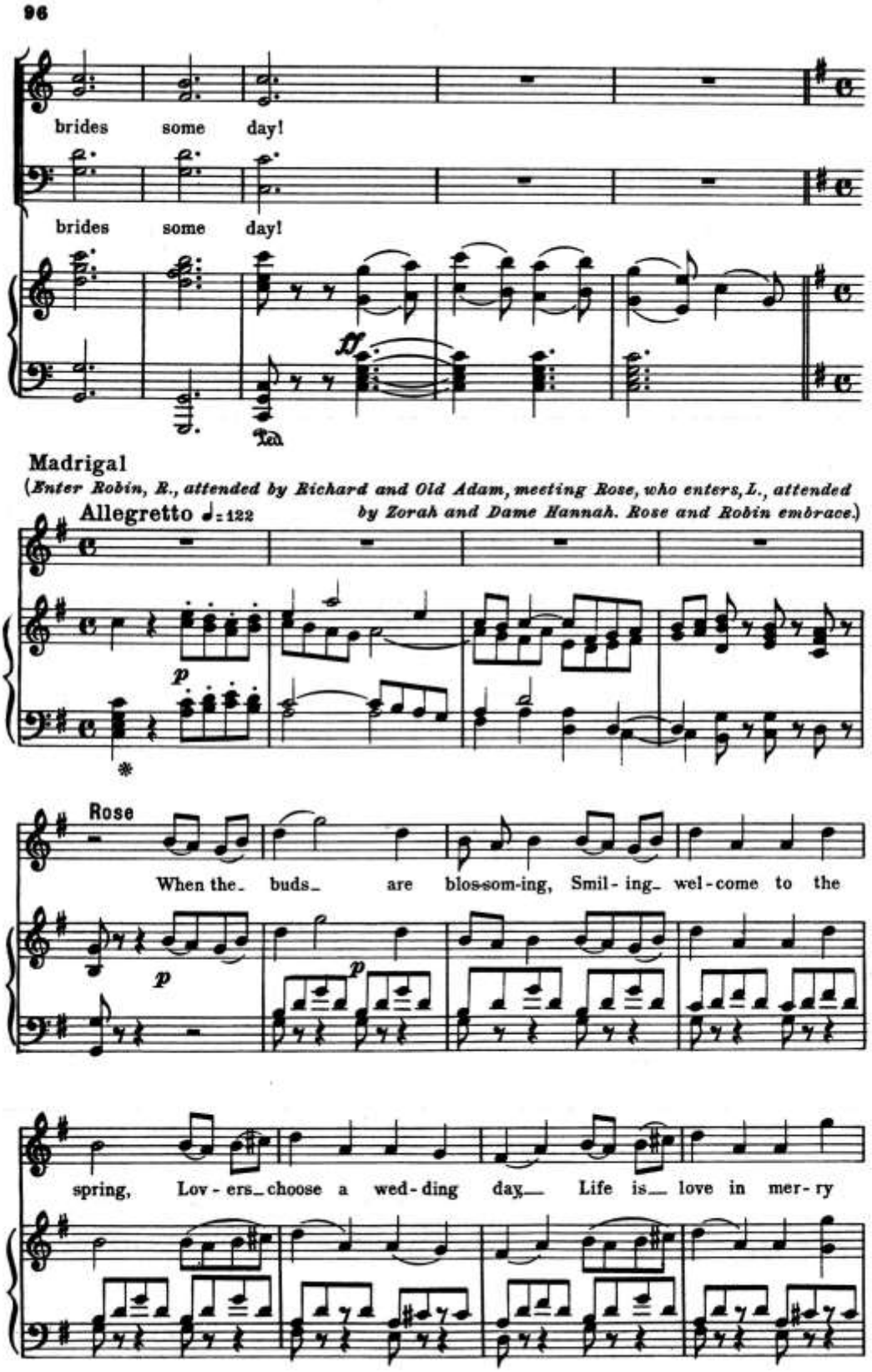
Rose

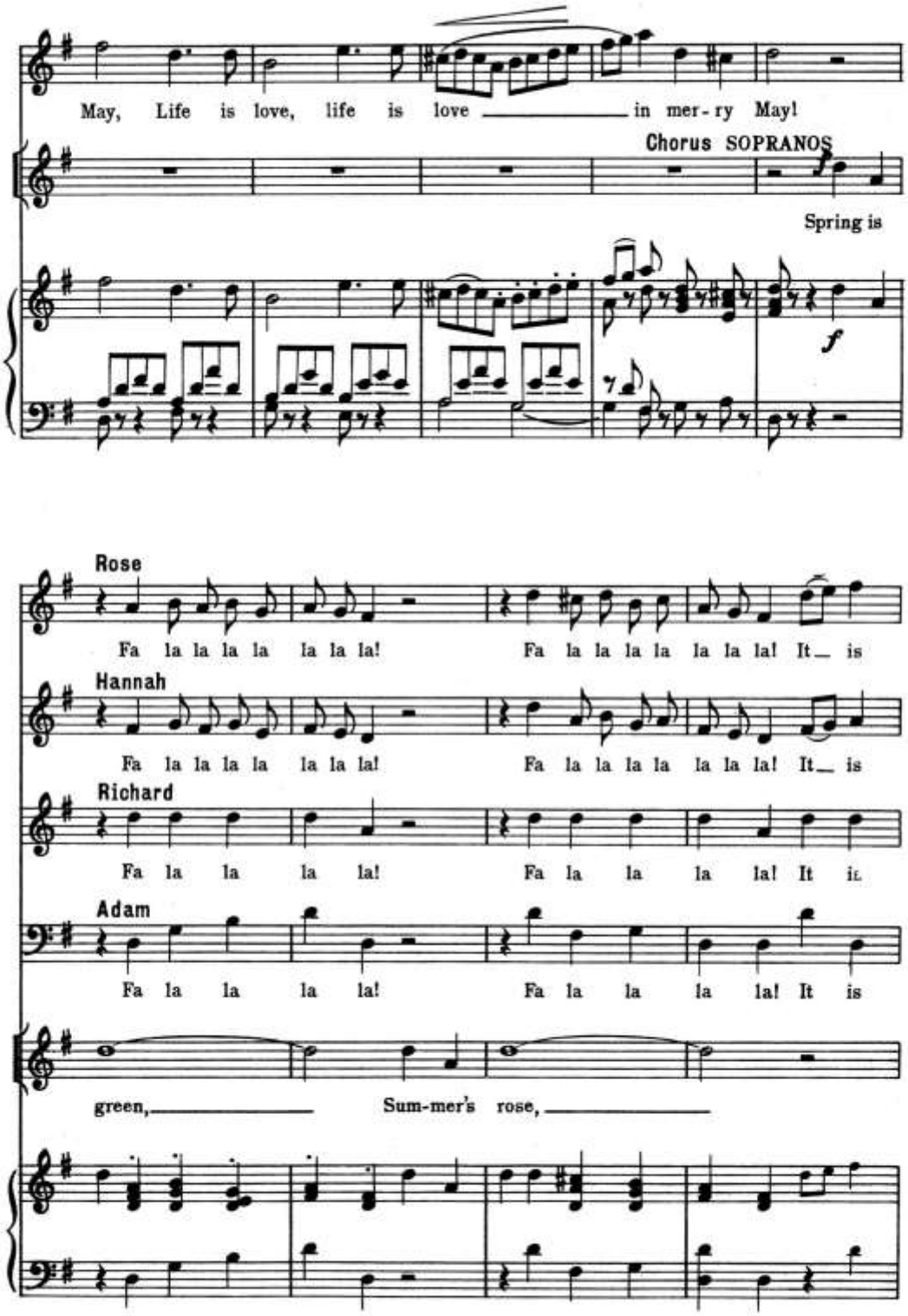


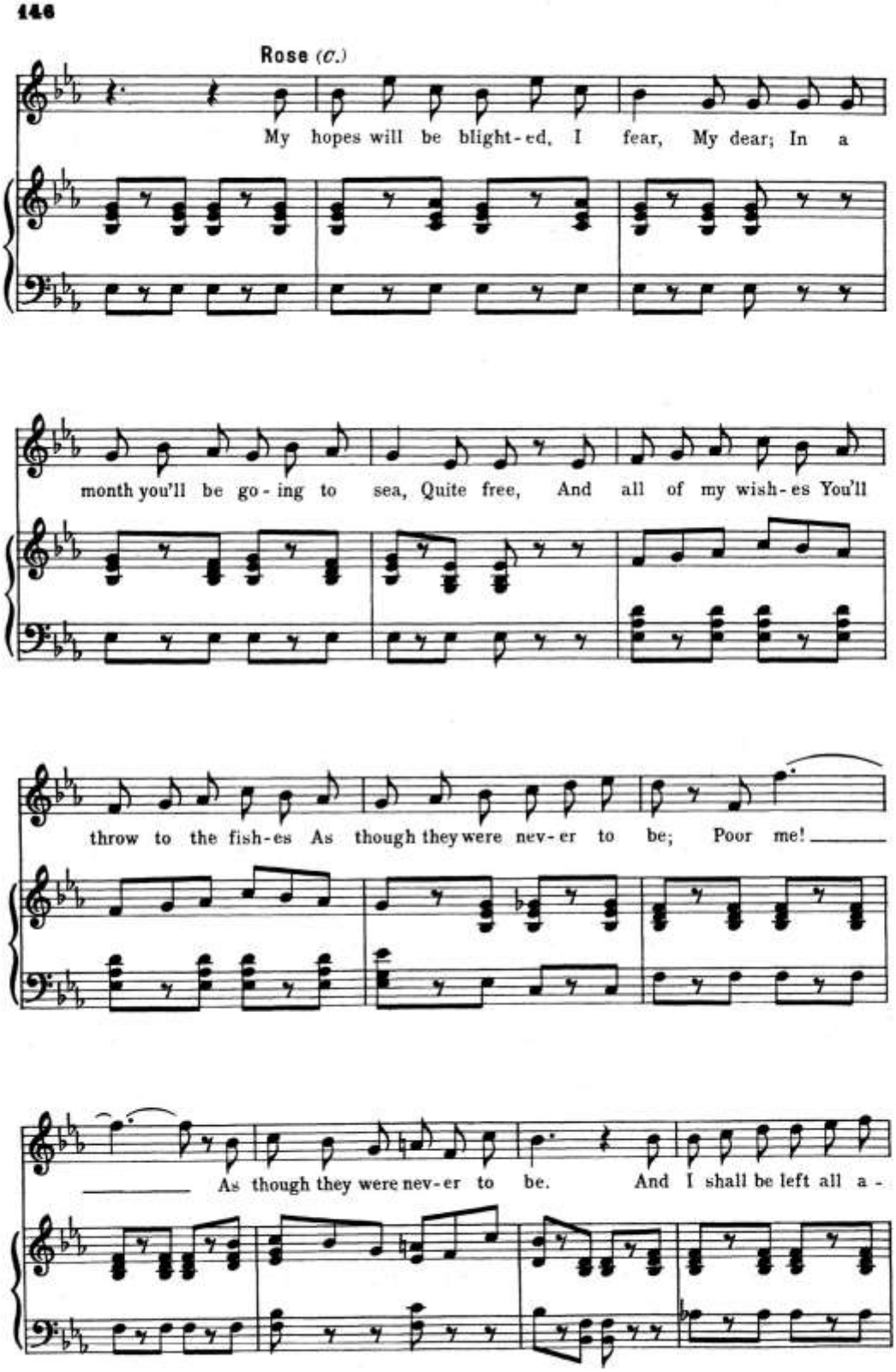

heart would point him out to me, And I would point him out to
I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to
(referring to book)
you. But here it says of those who point, Their
him. But here it says in plain - est print, "It's
man - ners must be out of joint — You may not point, you
most un - la - dy - like to hint" — You may not hint, you
must not point, It's man-ners out of joint, to point! Ah! Had
must not hint, It says you must-n't hint, in print! Ah! And
p

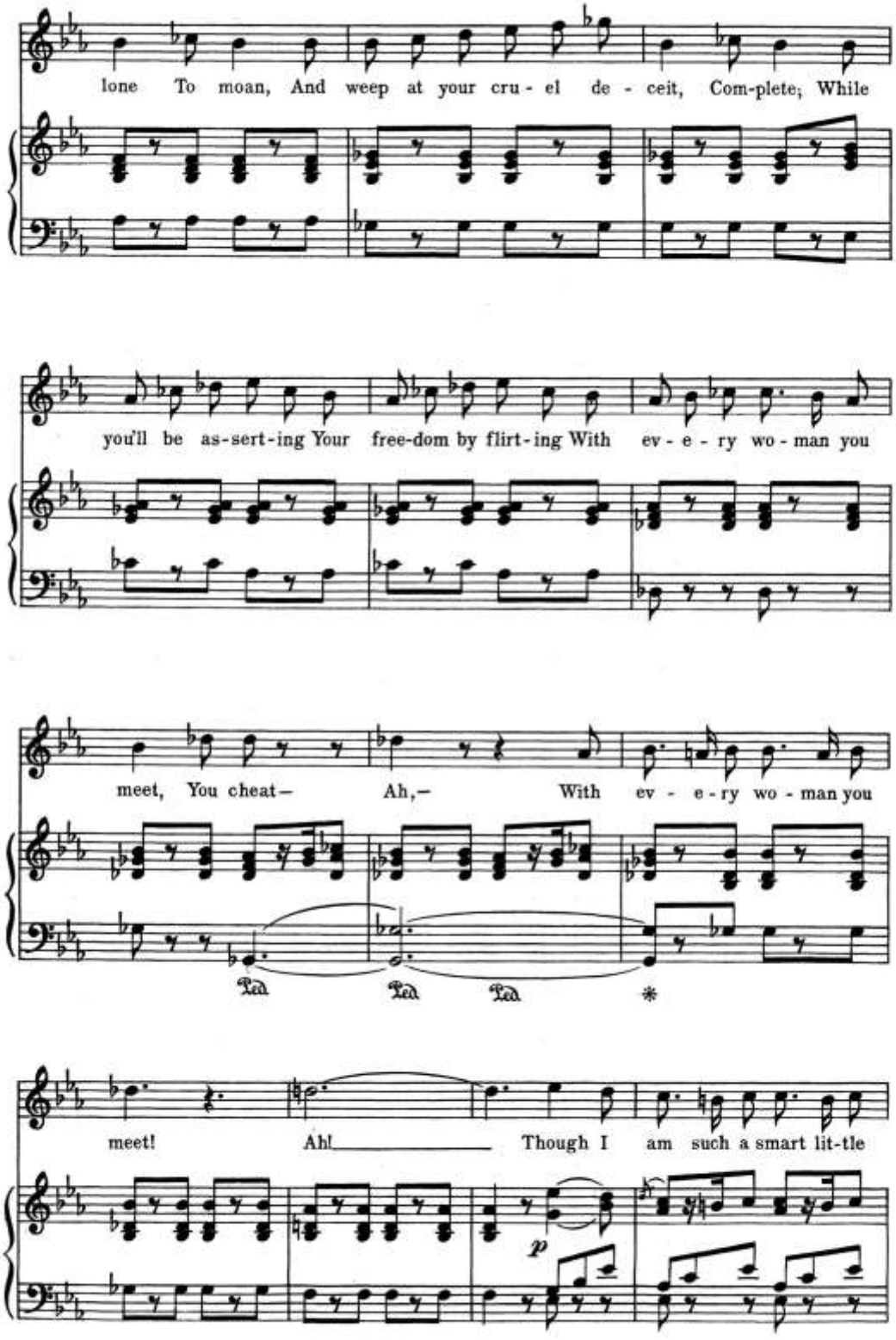

I the love of such as he, Some qui - et spot he'd
if I loved him through and through (True love and not a
p dolce
take me to, Then he could whis - per it to me, And
pass - ing whim), Then I could speak of it to you, And
(referring to book)
I could whis - per it to you. But whis - per - ing, I've some-where
you could speak of it to him. But here I find it does - n't
(searching book)
met, Is con - tra - ry to et - i - quette; Where can it be?
do To speak un - til you're spo - ken to. Where can it be?

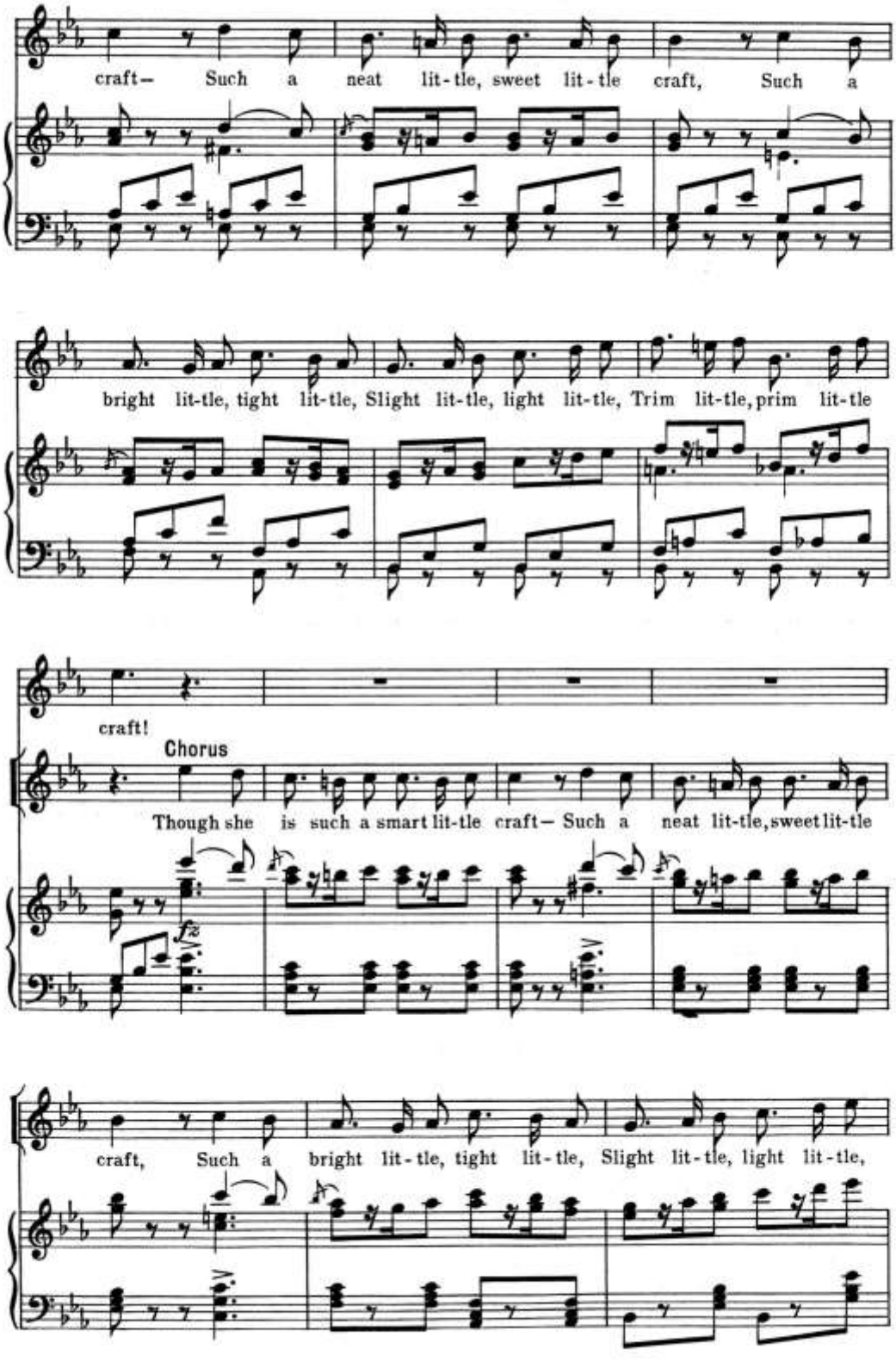

(finding reference)
Now let me see – Yes, yes! It's con-tra-ry to et-i-quette!
Now let me see – Yes, yes! "Don't speak un-til you're spo-ken to!"
1.
2.
(Exit Hannah, L.)
p
f
ff

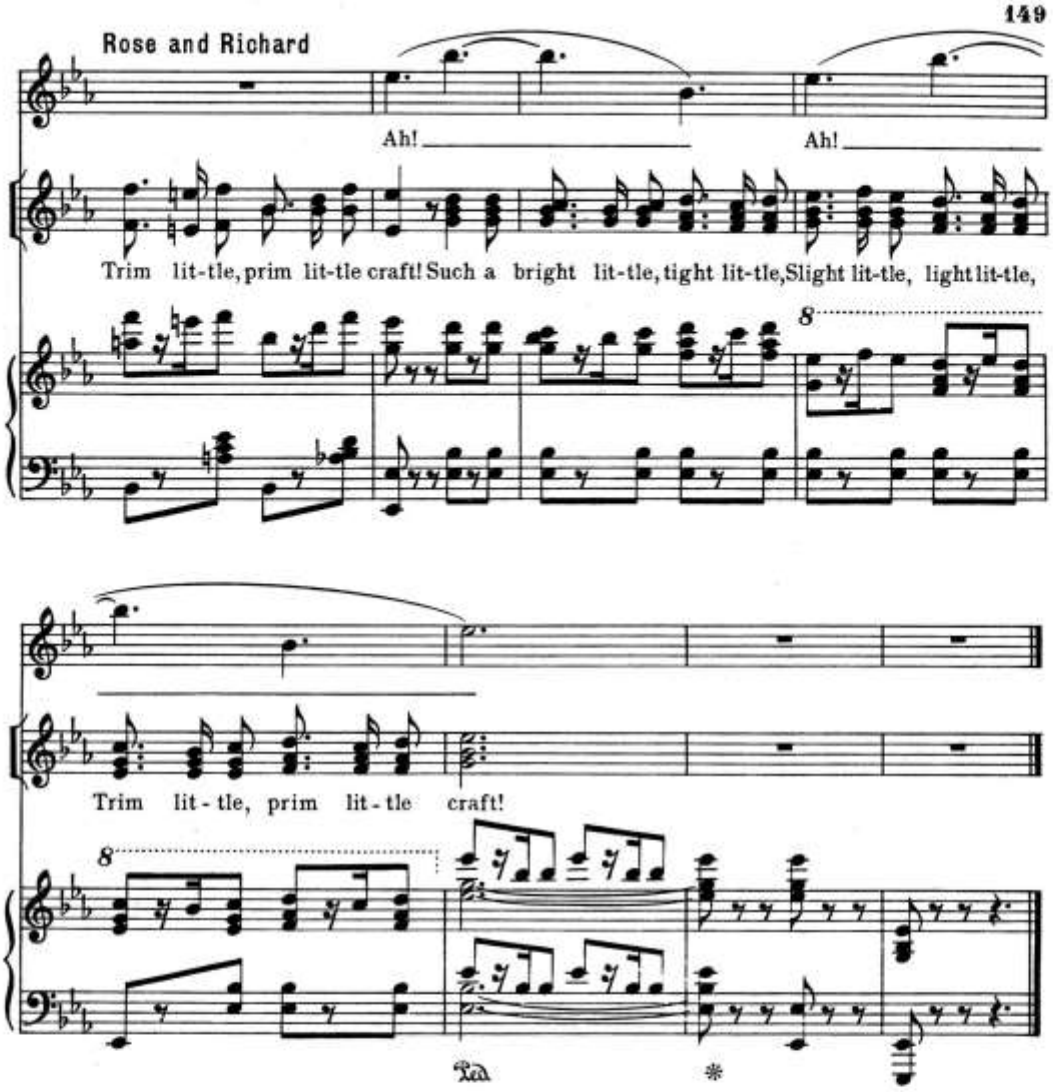

96
brides some day!
brides some day!
Madrigal
(Enter Robin, R., attended by Richard and Old Adam, meeting Rose, who enters, L., attended by Zorah and Dame Hannah. Rose and Robin embrace.)
Allegretto ♩= 122
Rose
When the buds are blossom-ing, Smil-ing wel-come to the
spring, Lov-ers choose a wed-ding day Life is love in mer-ry


May, Life is love, life is love in mer-ry May!
Chorus SOPRANOS
Spring is
f
Rose
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! It is
Hannah
Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la! It is
Richard
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! It is
Adam
Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! It is
green, Sum-mer's rose,


146
Rose (C.)
My hopes will be blight-ed, I fear, My dear; In a
month you'll be go-ing to sea, Quite free, And all of my wish-es You'll
throw to the fish-es As though they were nev-er to be; Poor me!
As though they were nev-er to be. And I shall be left all a-


lone To moan, And weep at your cru - el de - ceit, Com-plete; While
you'll be as-sert-ing Your free-dom by flirt-ing With ev - e - ry wo - man you
meet, You cheat— Ah,— With ev - e - ry wo - man you
Ped Ped Ped *
meet! Ah! Though I am such a smart lit-tle
p


craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft, Such a
bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle
craft!
Chorus
Though she is such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle
craft, Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,


Rose and Richard
Ah!
Ah!
Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,
8
Trim lit - tle, prim lit - tle craft!
8
Ped.
*

Mad Margaret

Mezzo-Soprano

Dialogue
No. 11: “Cheerily Carols the Lark”
No. 15: Act I Finale “Hail the Bride”
No. 24: “My Eyes Are Fully Open”

Dialogue Audition Material: Mad Margaret

Despard: We have been married a week.

Margaret: One happy, happy week!

Despard: Our new life–

Margaret: Is delightful indeed!

Despard: So calm!

Margaret: So unimpassioned! *(wildly)* Master, all this I owe to you! See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My face is washed. My boots fit!

Despard: Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.

Margaret: A gentle district visitor!

Despard: You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions well under control.

Margaret: I have! *(wildly)* Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I hug your knees! *(doing so)*

Despard: Hush. This is not well. This is calculated to provoke remark. Be composed, I beg!

Margaret: Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

Despard: No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you nurse sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics?

Margaret: Why not?

Despard: Because it's too jumpy for a sick-room.

Margaret: How strange! Oh, Master! Master! how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that– *(about to throw herself at his feet)*

Despard: Now! *(warningly)*

Margaret: Yes, I know, dear– it shan't occur again. *(He is seated R. She sits on the ground by him.)* Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's old thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse– some word that teems with hidden meaning– like "Basingstoke"– it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! Daft Meg! Poor Meg! He! he! he!

Despard: Poor child, she wanders! But soft– someone comes– Margaret– pray recollect yourself– Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: Then make it so.

(Enter Robin. He starts on seeing them.)

Robin: Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

Margaret: Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and–

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: *(suddenly demure)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: *(aside)* Then make it so. *(aloud)* My brother– I call you brother still, despite your horrible profligacy– we have come to urge you to abandon the evil course to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

Robin: But I've done no wrong yet!

Margaret: *(wildly)* No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: *(recovering herself)* Basingstoke it is!

Despard: My brother– I still call you brother, you observe– you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a Bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years– and you are therefore responsible– in the eye of the law– for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

Robin: I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

Despard: Awful. Wasn't he? *(to Margaret)*

Robin: And I've been going on like this for how long?

Despard: Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed– by attorney as it were– during that period. Remember how you trifled with this poor child's affections– how you raised her hopes on high (don't cry, my love– Basingstoke, you know), only to trample them in the dust when they were at the very zenith of their fullness. Oh, fie, sir, fie– she trusted you!

Robin: Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there– don't cry, my dear *(to Margaret, who is sobbing on Robin's breast)*, it's all right now. Birmingham, you know– Birmingham–

Margaret: *(sobbing)* It's Ba– Ba– Basingstoke!

Robin: Basingstoke! of course it is– Basingstoke.

Margaret: Then make it so!

Robin: There, there– it's all right– he's married you now– that is, *I've* married you *(turning to Despard)*– I say, which of us has married her?

Despard: Oh, *I've* married her.

Robin: *(aside)* Oh, I'm glad of that. *(to Margaret)* Yes, *he's* married you now *(passing her over to Despard)*, and anything more disreputable than my conduct seems to have been I've never even heard of. But my mind is made up– I *will* defy my ancestors. I *will* refuse to obey their behests, thus, by courting death, atone in some degree for the infamy of my career!

Margaret: I knew it– I knew it– God bless you– *(hysterically)*

Despard: Basingstoke!

Margaret: Basingstoke it is! *(Recovers herself)*

(Enter Rose, L.)

Rose: A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple — *(offering the apple)*

Margaret: *(R.C. Examines it and rejects it.)* No! *(mysteriously)* Tell me, are you mad?

Rose: I? No! That is, I think not.

Margaret: That's well! Then you don't love Sir Despard Murgatroyd? All mad girls love him. *I* love him. I'm poor Mad Margaret– Crazy Meg– Poor Peg! He! He! He! He! *(chuckling)*

Rose: Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, horrible– too horrible! *(She turns away to L.C.)*

Margaret: You pity me? Then be my mother! The squirrel had a mother, but she drank and the squirrel fled! Hush! They sing a brave song in our parts– it runs somewhat thus: *(Sings.)*

"The cat and the dog and the little puppee
Sat down in a– down in a– in a–"

I forget what they sat down in, but so the song goes! Listen– I've come to pinch her! *(coming C. to Rose)*

Rose: Mercy, whom?

Margaret: You mean "who."

Rose: Nay! It is the accusative after the verb.

Margaret: True! *(Whispers melodramatically.)* I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

Rose: *(alarmed)* Rose Maybud?

Margaret: Aye! I love him– he loved me once. But that's all gone. Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance– thus *(business)*– and made me his. He will give *her* an Italian glance, and make *her* his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her– stamp on her– stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody? No? Why not? Listen– I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it. So it died– pop! So shall she!

Rose: But, behold, *I* am Rose Maybud, and I would fain not die "pop."

Margaret: You are Rose Maybud?

Rose: Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

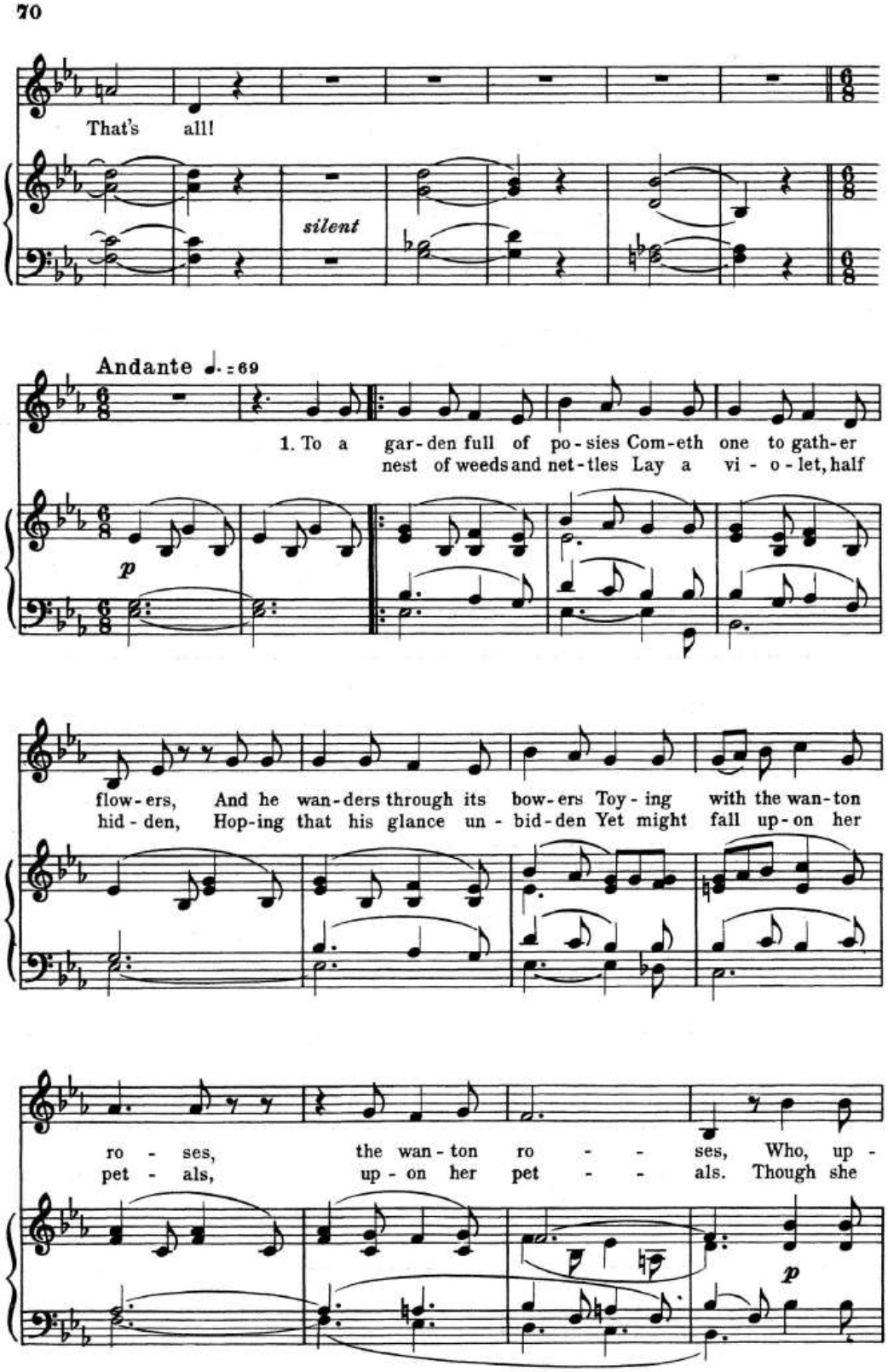
Margaret: Strange! They told me she was beautiful. And *he* loves *you!* No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird– I would rend you asunder!

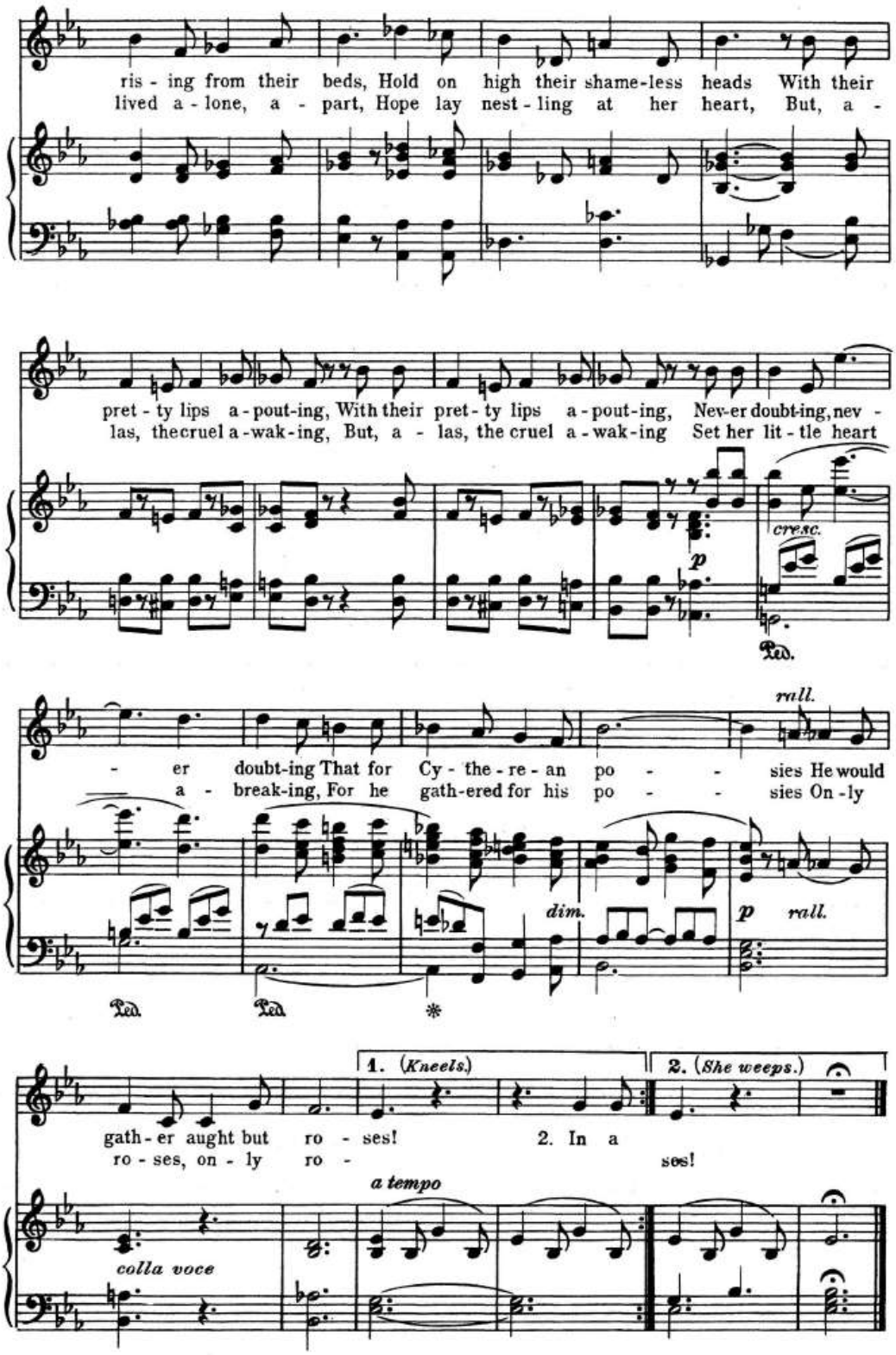
Rose: Nay, be pacified, for behold I am pledged to another, and lo, we are to be wedded this very day!

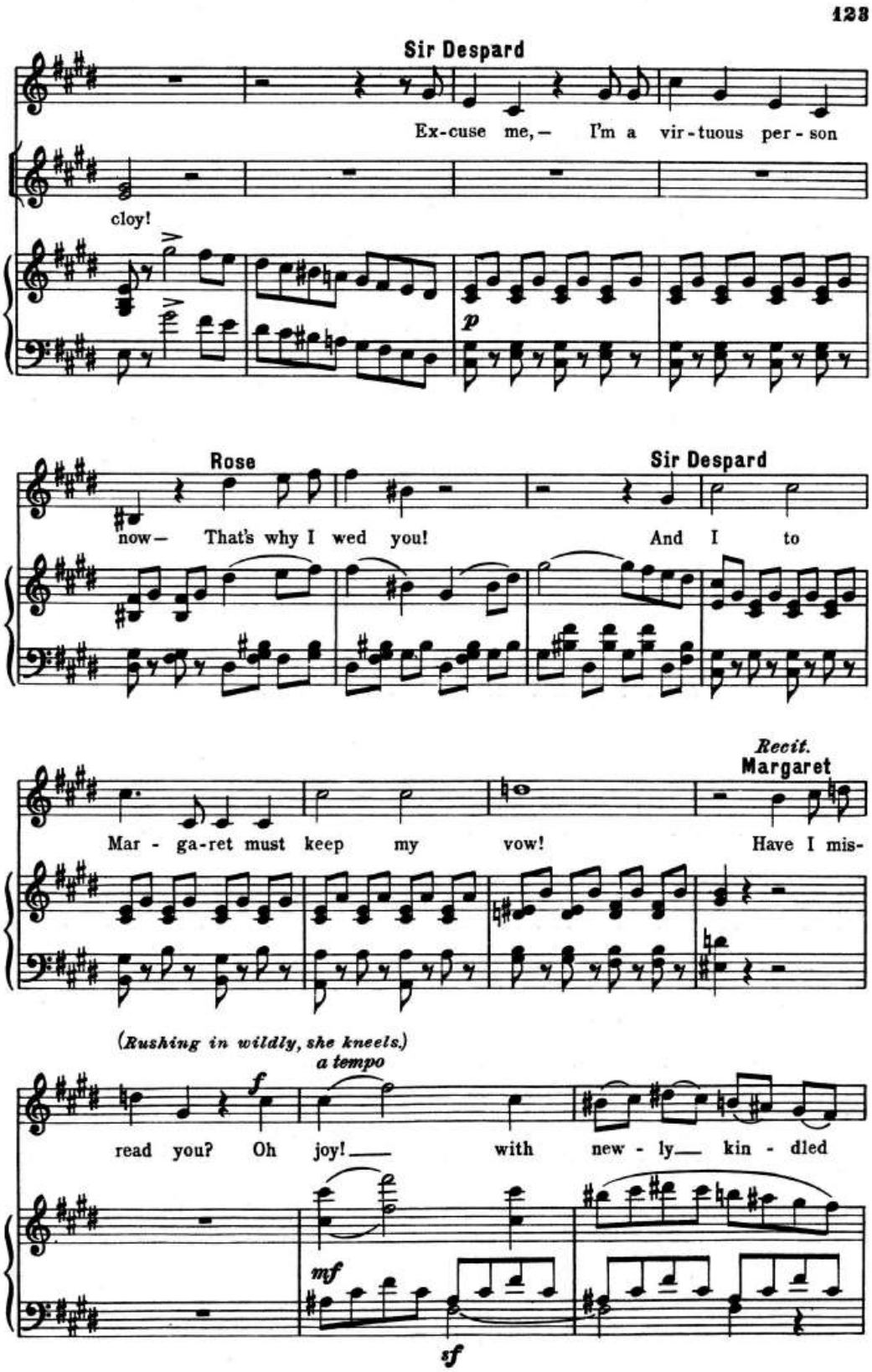
Margaret: Swear me that! Come to a Commissioner and let me have it on affidavit! *I* once made an affidavit– but it died– it died–it died! But see, they come– Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide– they are all mad– quite mad!

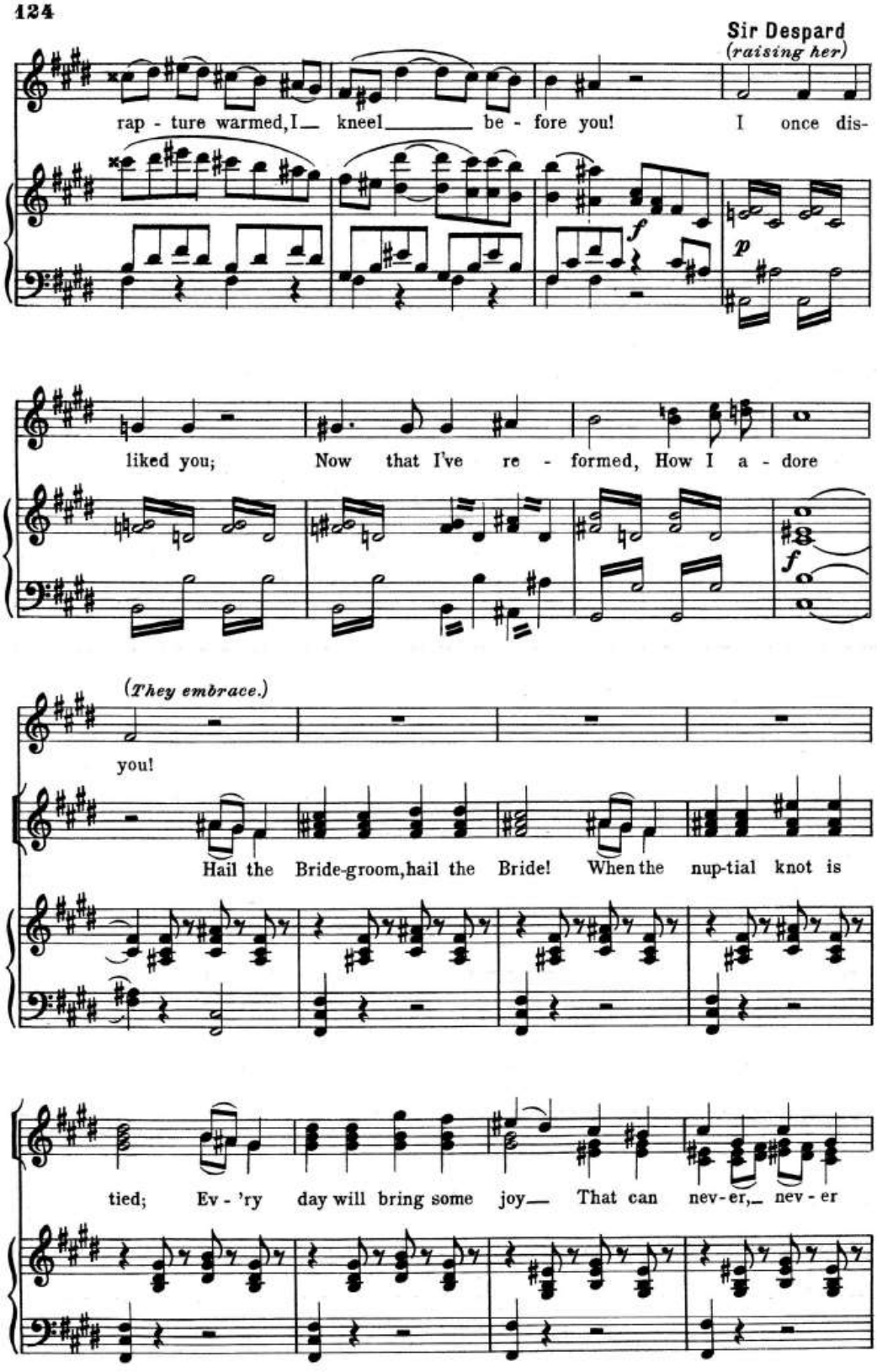
Rose: What makes you think so?

Margaret: Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's mad enough, I think! Go– hide away, they will seize you! Hush! Quite softly– quite, quite softly! *(Takes Rose's hand, and they exeunt together on tiptoe, L.)*

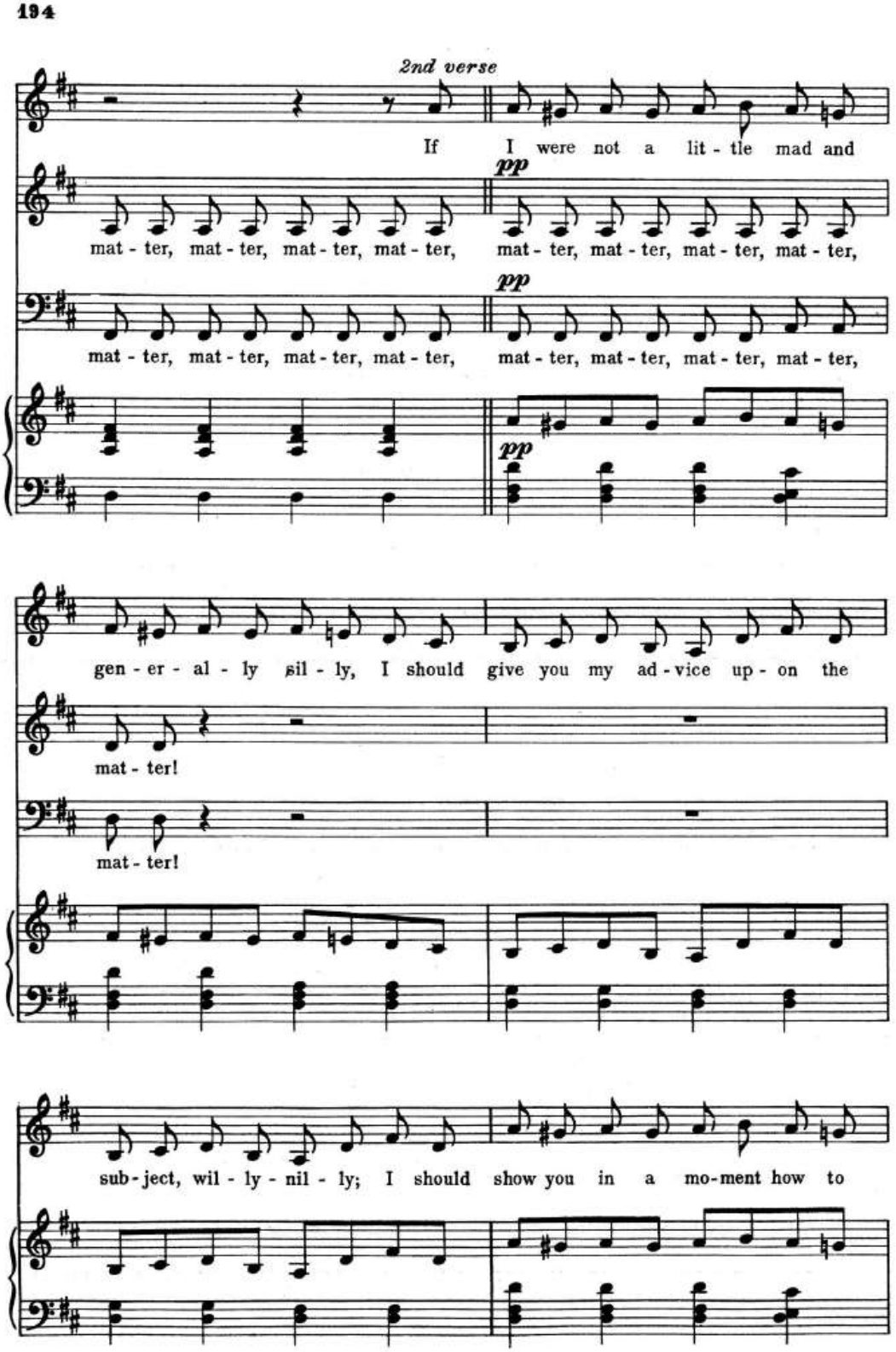

70
That's all!
silent
Andante ♩.=69
1. To a gar-den full of po-sies Com-eth one to gath-er
nest of weeds and net-tles Lay a vi-o-let, half
p
flow-ers, And he wan-ders through its bow-ers Toy-ing with the wan-ton
hid-den, Hop-ing that his glance un-bid-den Yet might fall up-on her
ro-ses, the wan-ton ro-ses, Who, up-
pet-als, up-on her pet-als. Though she
p

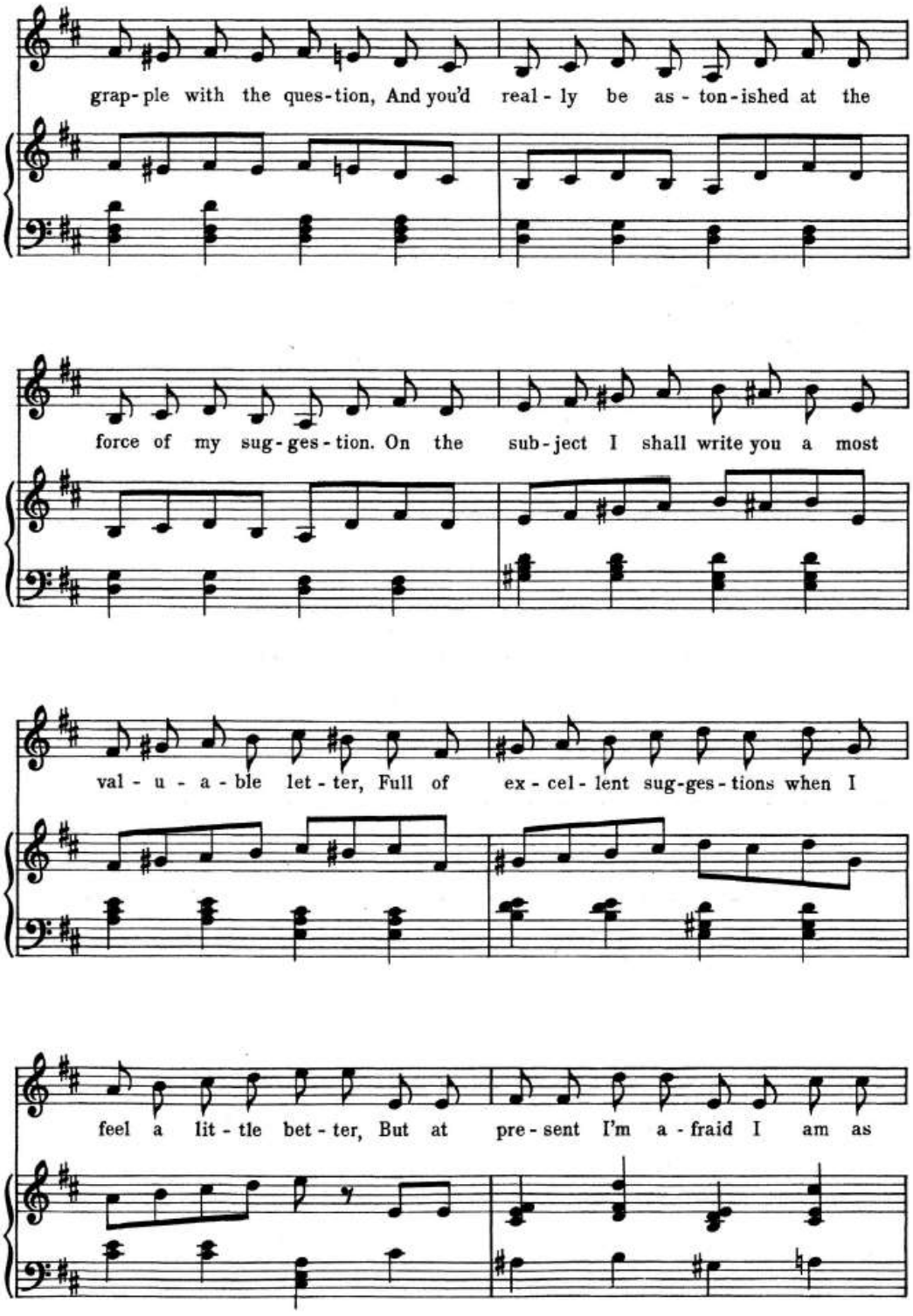

ris - ing from their beds, Hold on high their shame-less heads With their
lived a - lone, a - part, Hope lay nest - ling at her heart, But, a -
pret - ty lips a - pout-ing, With their pret - ty lips a - pout-ing, Nev-er doubt-ing, nev -
las, the cruel a - wak - ing, But, a - las, the cruel a - wak - ing Set her lit - tle heart
cresc.
p
Ped.
rall.
- er doubt-ing That for Cy - the - re - an po - - - sies He would
a - break-ing, For he gath-ered for his po - - - sies On - ly
dim.
p rall.
Ped. Ped. *
1. (Kneels.)
2. (She weeps.)
gath - er aught but ro - ses! 2. In a
ro - ses, on - ly ro - ses!
a tempo
colla voce

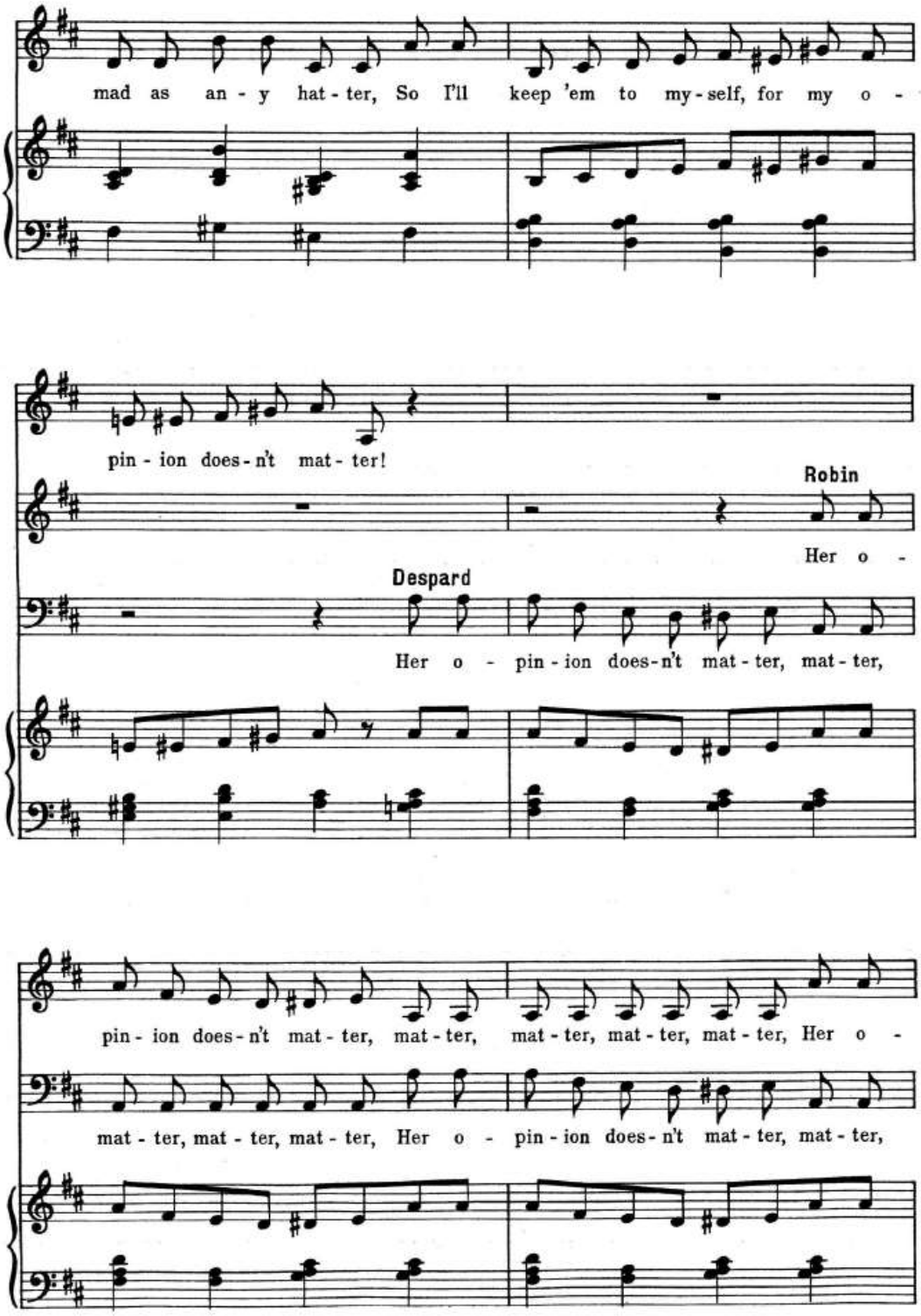

128
Sir Despard
Ex-cuse me,— I'm a vir-tuous per-son
cloy!
p
Rose
Sir Despard
now— That's why I wed you!
And I to
Recit.
Margaret
Mar-ga-ret must keep my vow!
Have I mis-
(Rushing in wildly, she kneels.)
a tempo
f
read you? Oh joy!— with new-ly— kin-dled
mf
sf


Sir Despard
(raising her)
rap - ture warmed, I kneel be - fore you! I once dis-
liked you; Now that I've re - formed, How I a - dore
(They embrace.)
you!
Hail the Bride-groom, hail the Bride! When the nup-tial knot is
tied; Ev - 'ry day will bring some joy That can nev-er, nev - er

Vocal Audition Material: Mad Margaret
No. 24: "My Eyes are Fully Opened"




grap- ple with the ques- tion, And you'd real - ly be as - ton - ished at the
force of my sug- ges - tion. On the sub - ject I shall write you a most
val - u - a - ble let - ter, Full of ex - cel - lent sug-ges - tions when I
feel a lit - tle bet - ter, But at pre - sent I'm a - fraid I am as


mad as an - y hat - ter, So I'll keep 'em to my - self, for my o -
pin - ion does - n't mat - ter!
Robin
Her o -
Despard
Her o - pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,
pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, Her o -
mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, Her o - pin - ion does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,

Dame Hannah
(Rose's Aunt)
Contralto

Dialogue
No. 2: "Sir Rupert Murgatroyd"

(Adam introduces Dame Hannah, very much excited, and exits, R.)

Robin: Dame Hannah! This is– this is not what I expected.

Hannah: Well, sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely–bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over stiles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling, at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step–nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch– and this poniard *(Produces a very small dagger)* shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: Madam, I am extremely sorry for this. It is not at all what I intended– anything more correct– more deeply respectful than my intentions towards you, it would be impossible for anyone– however particular– to desire.

Hannah: Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

(Hannah, who has taken a formidable dagger from one of the armed figures, throws her small dagger to Robin.)

Hannah: Harkye, miscreant, you have secured me, and I am your poor prisoner; but if you think I cannot take care of myself you are very much mistaken. Now then, it's one to one, and let the best man win! *(making for him)*

Robin: *(in an agony of terror)* Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! *(She chases him around the stage. He falls down before the curtain that hides Sir Roderic's picture.)* Roderic! Uncle! Save me! *(Sir Roderic enters, from his picture. He comes down-stage.)*

Sir Rod: What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

Robin: I have– she is there– look at her– she terrifies me!

Sir Rod: *(looking at Hannah)* Little Nannikin!

Hannah: *(amazed)* Roddy-doddy!

Sir Rod: My own old love! Why, how came *you* here?

Hannah: This brute– he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him! *(about to rush at Robin)*

Sir Rod: Stop! *(to Robin)* What do you mean by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that once upon a time she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry— very angry indeed.

Robin: Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future not to–

Sir Rod: Hold your tongue, sir.

Robin: Yes, uncle.

Sir Rod: Have you given him any encouragement?

Hannah: *(to Robin)* Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

Robin: No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more scrupulously correct than your conduct, it would be impossible to desire.

Sir Rod: You go away.

Robin: Yes, uncle. *(Exit Robin, R.)*

Sir Rod: *(They come down-stage.)* This is a strange meeting after so many years!

Hannah: Very. I thought you were dead.

Sir Rod: I am. I died ten years ago.

Hannah: And are you pretty comfortable?

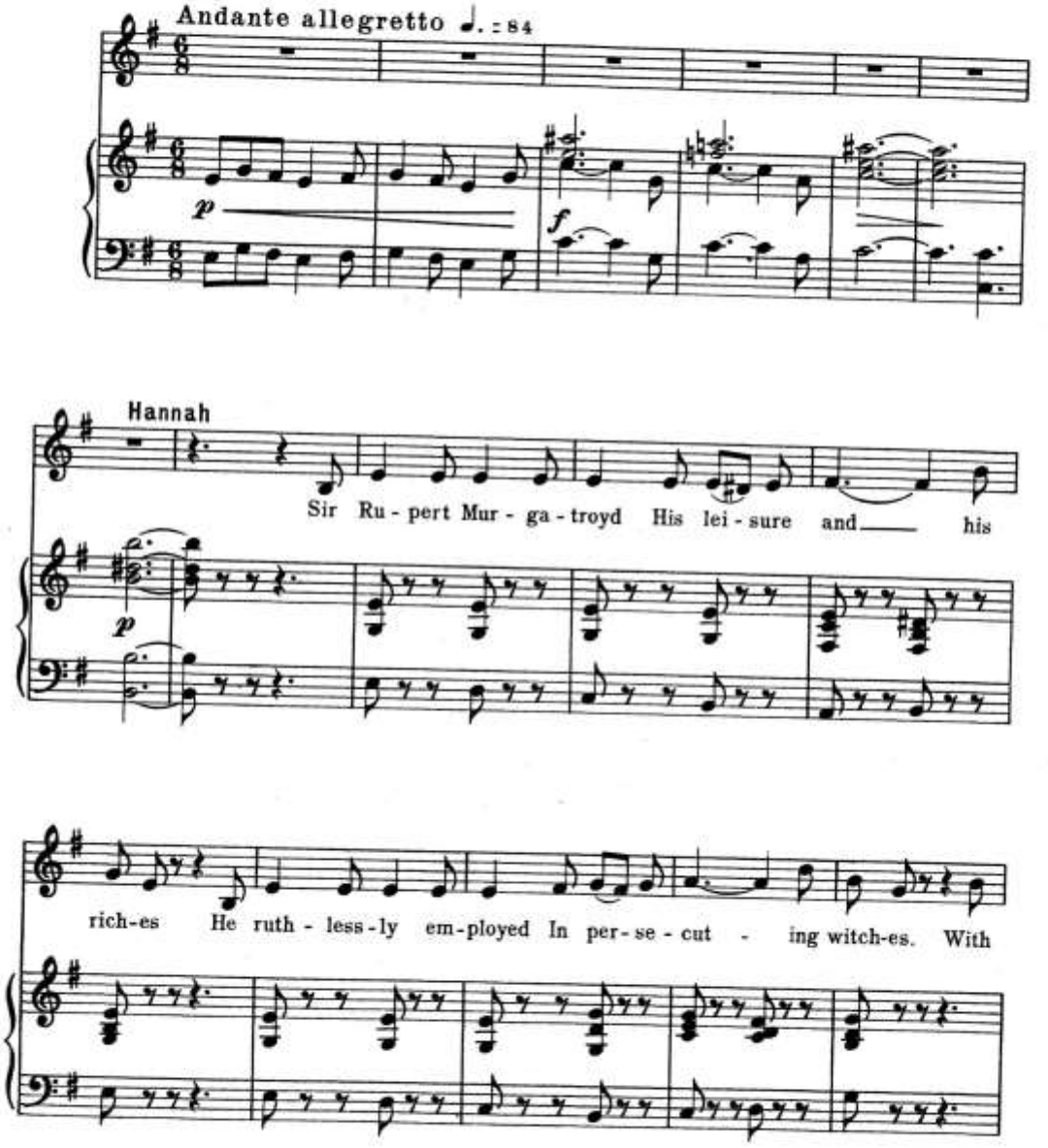
Sir Rod: Pretty well– that is– yes, pretty well.

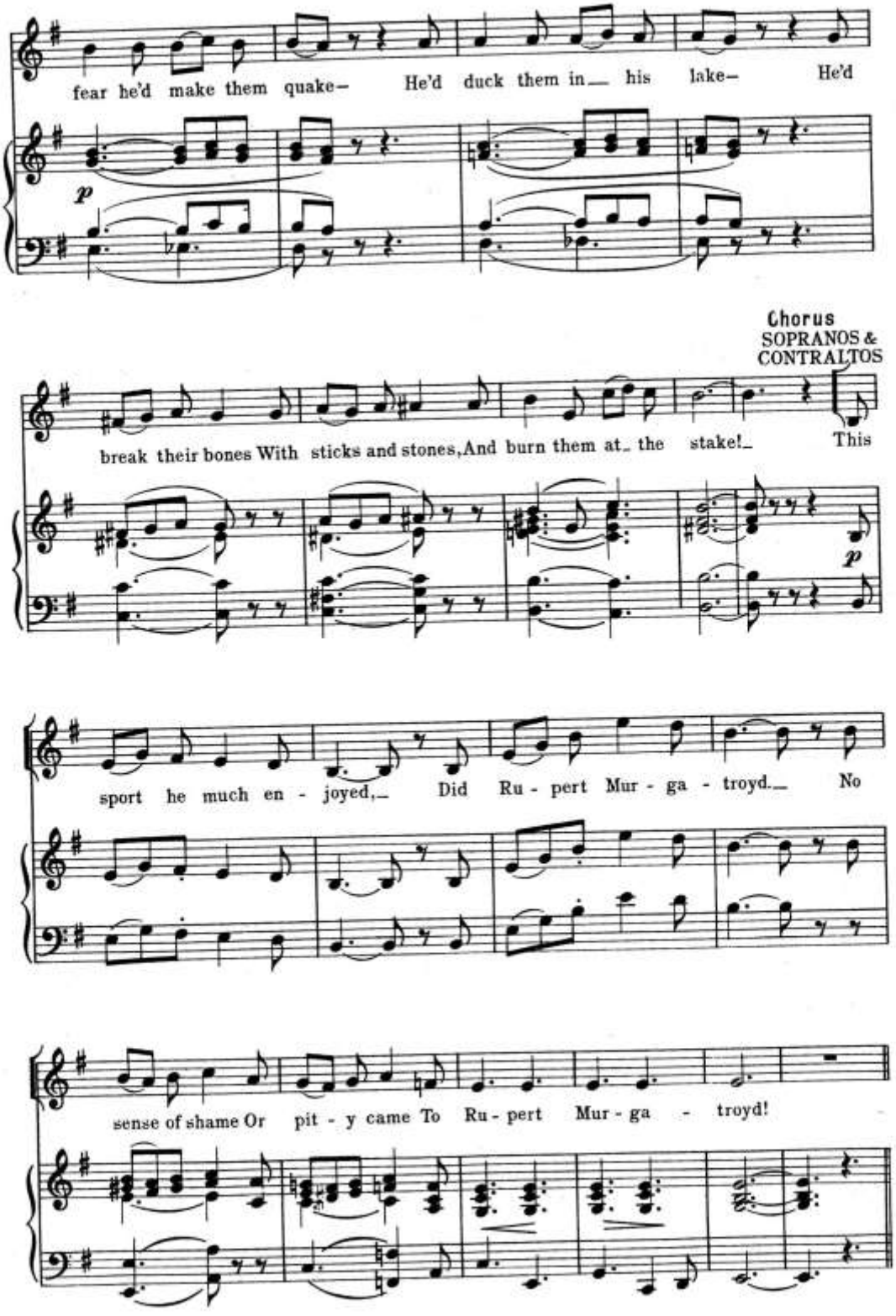
Hannah: You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings-on, you bad, bad boy!

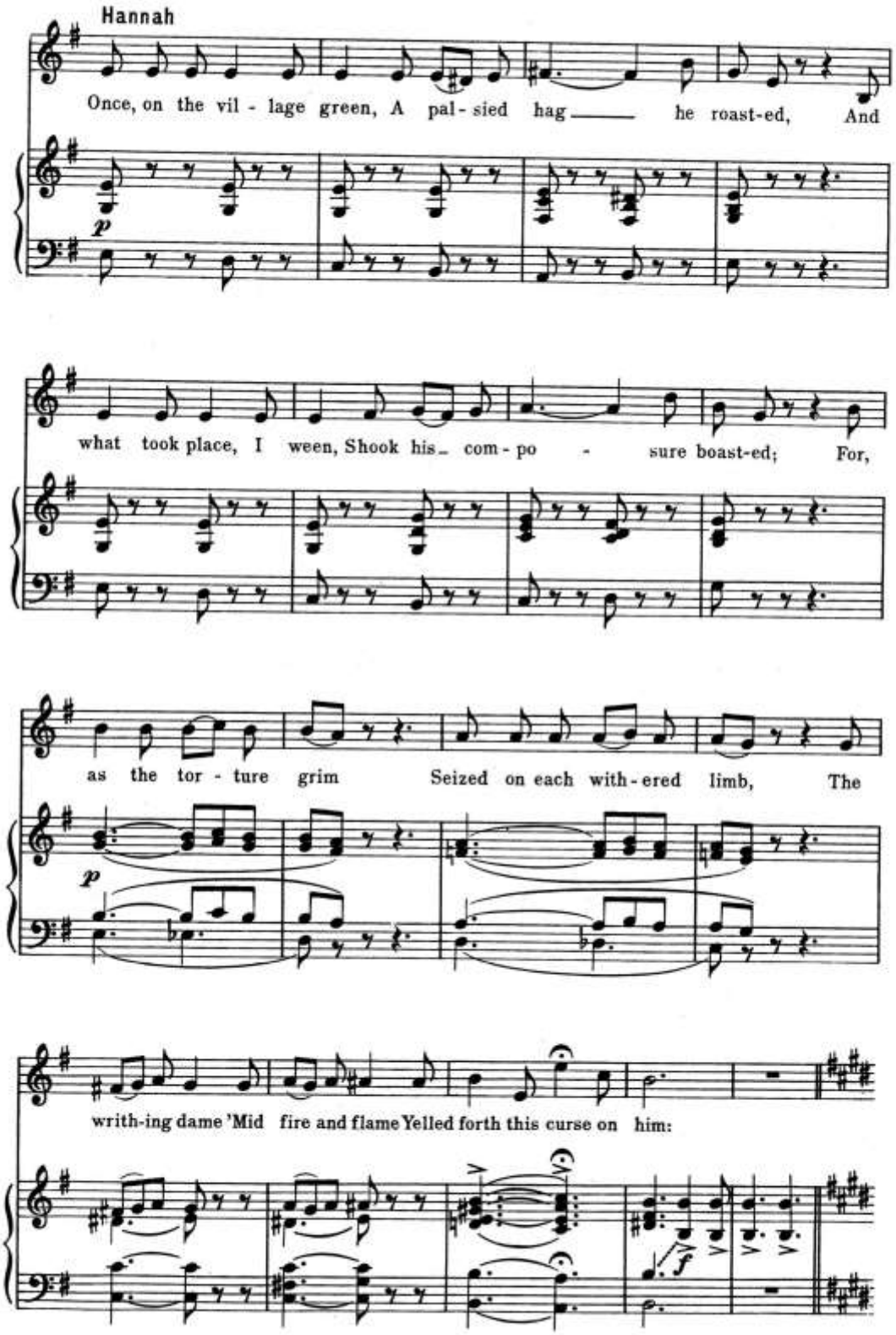
No. 2. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd

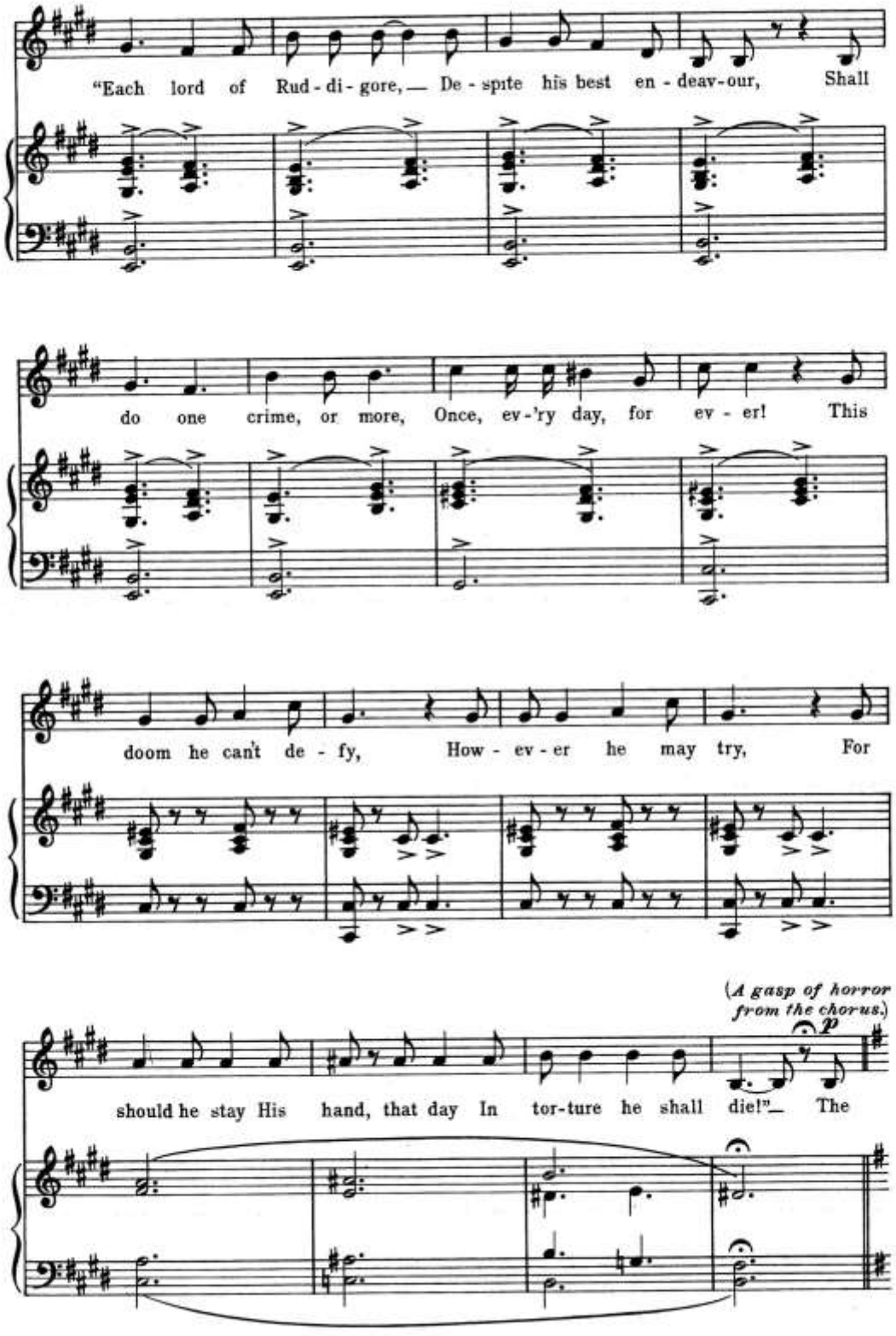
Song

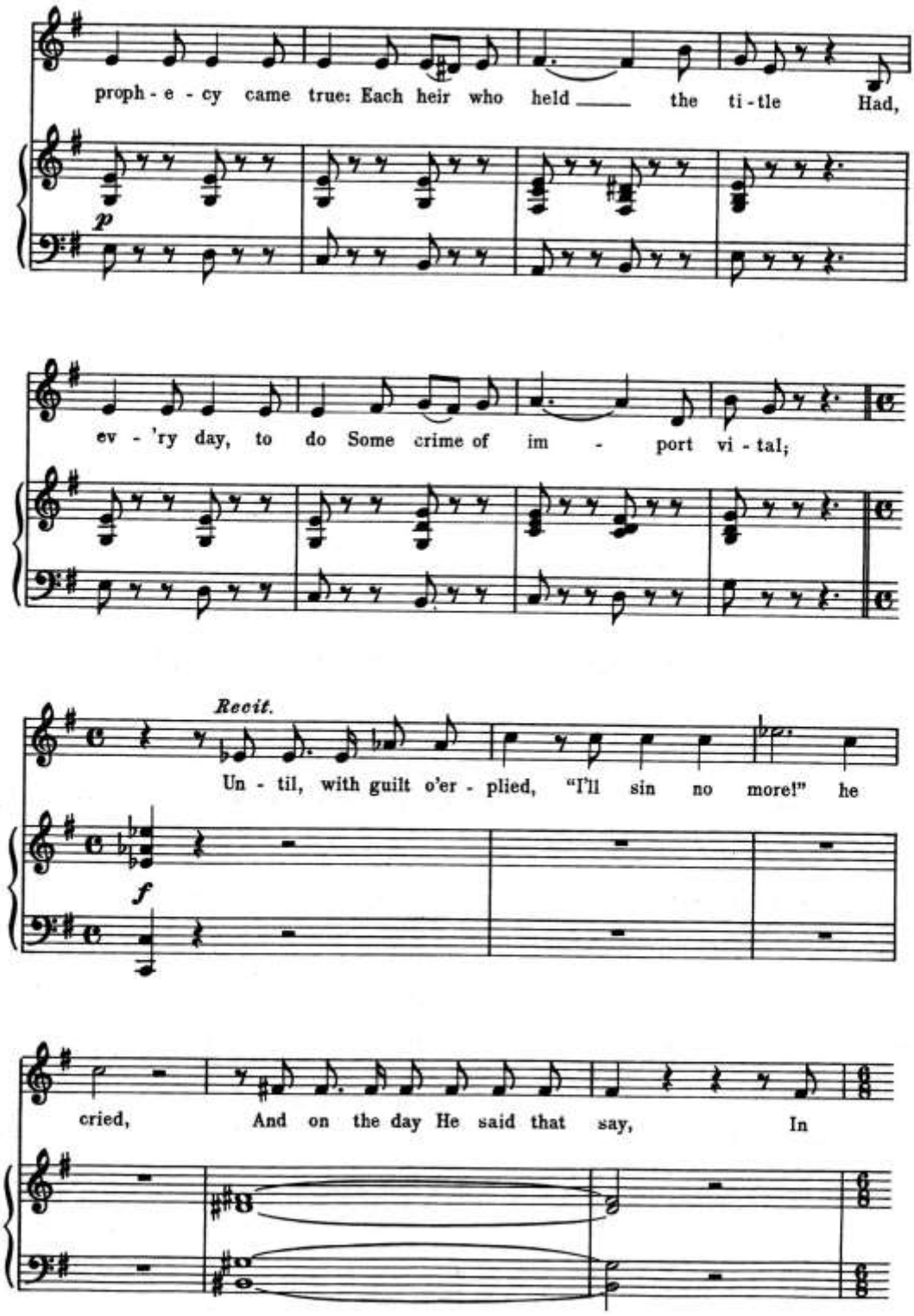
Hannah and Chorus

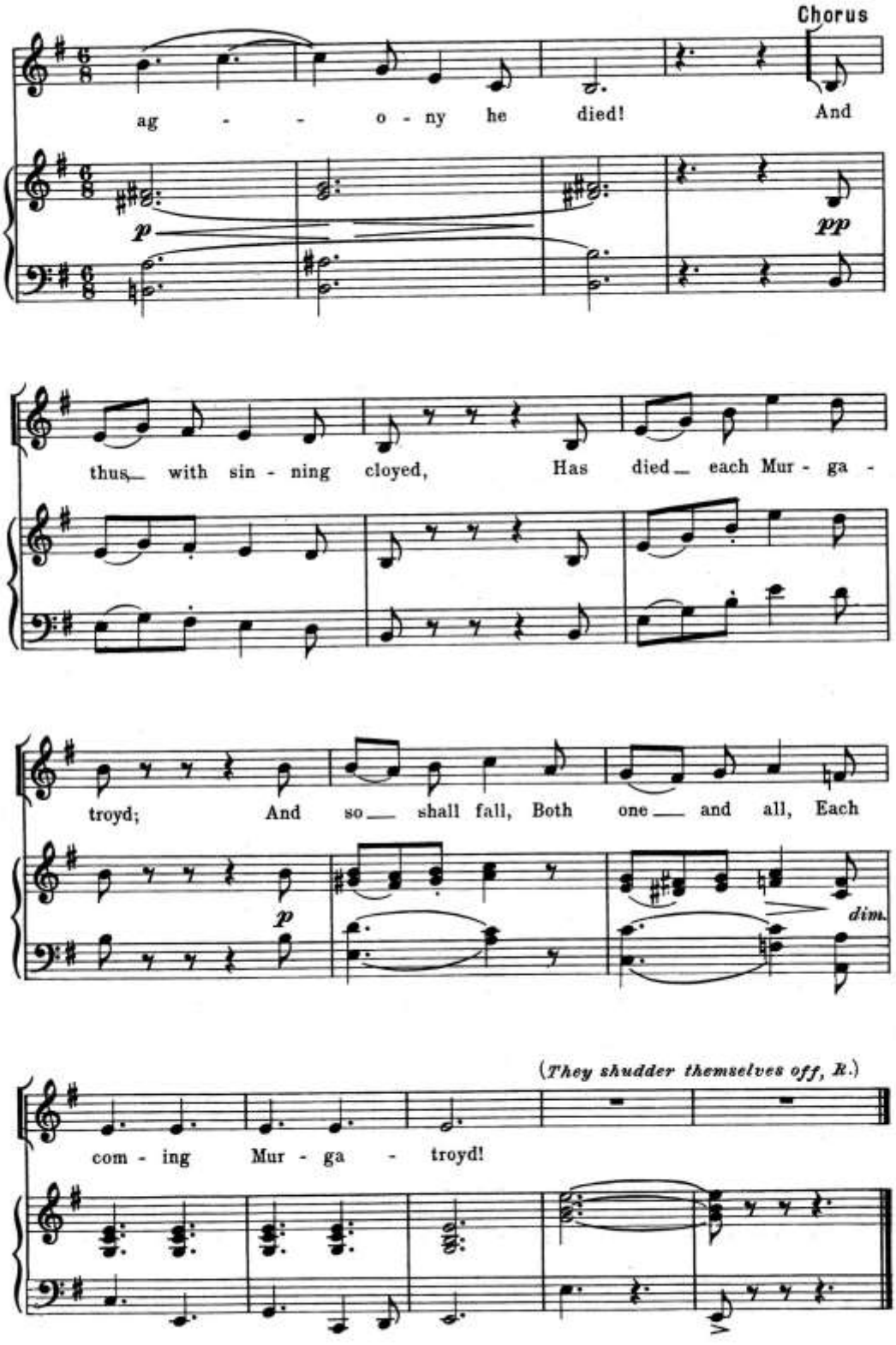



fear he'd make them quake– He'd duck them in— his lake– He'd
p
Chorus
SOPRANOS &
CONTRALTOS
break their bones With sticks and stones, And burn them at the stake!— This
p
sport he much en - joyed,— Did Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd.— No
sense of shame Or pit - y came To Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd!


Hannah
Once, on the vil - lage green, A pal - sied hag he roast-ed, And
p
what took place, I ween, Shook his com - po - sure boast-ed; For,
as the tor - ture grim Seized on each with - ered limb, The
p
writh-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on him:
f


"Each lord of Rud - di - gore,— De - spite his best en - deav - our, Shall
do one crime, or more, Once, ev - 'ry day, for ev - er! This
doom he can't de - fy, How - ev - er he may try, For
(A gasp of horror from the chorus.)
p
should he stay His hand, that day In tor - ture he shall die!"— The


proph - e - cy came true: Each heir who held ___ the ti - tle Had,
p
ev - 'ry day, to do Some crime of im - port vi - tal;
Recit.
Un - til, with guilt o'er - plied, "I'll sin no more!" he
f
cried, And on the day He said that say, In


Chorus
ag - - o - ny he died! And
p
pp
thus with sin - ning cloyed, Has died each Mur - ga -
troyd; And so shall fall, Both one and all, Each
p
dim.
(They shudder themselves off, R.)
com - ing Mur - ga - troyd!

Sir Roderick Murgatroyd
(The Twenty-first Baronet)
Bass-Baritone

Dialogue
No. 20: “When the Night Wind Howls”

172

Sir Rod: Whose cheque?

Robin: Old Adam's

Sir Rod: But old Adam hasn't a banker.

Robin: I didn't say I forged his banker– I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

Sir Rod: But you haven't got a son.

Robin: No– not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see– by this arrangement – he'll be born already disinherited.

Sir Rod: I see. But I don't think you can do that.

Robin: My good sir, If I can't disinherit my own unborn son, whose unborn son can I disinherit?

Sir Rod: Humph! These arguments sound very well, but I can't help thinking that, if they were reduced to syllogistic form, they wouldn't hold water. Now quite understand us. We are foggy, but we don't permit our fogginess to be presumed upon. Unless you undertake to– well, suppose we say, carry off a lady? *(addressing Ghosts)* Those who are in favour of his carrying off a lady? *(All hold up their hands except a Bishop.)* Those of a contrary opinion? *(Bishop holds up both hands.)* Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once– I don't care what lady– you perish in inconceivable agonies.

Robin: Carry off a lady? Certainly not, on any account. I've the greatest respect for ladies, and I wouldn't do anything of the kind for worlds! No, no. I'm not that kind of baronet, I assure you! If that's all you've got to say, you'd better go back to your frames.

Sir Rod: Very good– then let the agonies commence.

*(Ghosts make passes, Robin begins to writhe in agony.)**

Robin: Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

Sir Rod: Painful, isn't it? It gets worse by degrees.

Robin: Oh! Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak.

(Sir Roderic makes signs to the Ghosts, who resume their positions.)

Sir Rod: Better?

Robin: Yes, better now! Whew!

Sir Rod: Well, do you consent?

Robin: But it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

Sir Rod: As you please. *(to Ghosts)* Carry on!

Robin: Stop– I can't stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done!

Sir Rod: Today?

Robin: Today!

Sir Rod: At once?

Robin: At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

Hannah: Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

Robin: And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

(Hannah, who has taken a formidable dagger from one of the armed figures, throws her small dagger to Robin.)

Hannah: Harkye, miscreant, you have secured me, and I am your poor prisoner; but if you think I cannot take care of myself you are very much mistaken. Now then, it's one to one, and let the best man win! *(making for him)*

Robin: *(in an agony of terror)* Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! *(She chases him around the stage. He falls down before the curtain that hides Sir Roderic's picture.)* Roderic! Uncle! Save me! *(Sir Roderic enters, from his picture. He comes down-stage.)*

Sir Rod: What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

Robin: I have – she is there – look at her – she terrifies me!

Sir Rod: *(looking at Hannah)* Little Nannikin!

Hannah: *(amazed)* Roddy-doddy!

Sir Rod: My own old love! Why, how came *you* here?

Hannah: This brute – he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him! *(about to rush at Robin)*

Sir Rod: Stop! *(to Robin)* What do you mean by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that once upon a time she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry — very angry indeed.

Robin: Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future not to –

Sir Rod: Hold your tongue, sir.

Robin: Yes, uncle.

Sir Rod: Have you given him any encouragement?

Hannah: *(to Robin)* Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

Robin: No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more scrupulously correct than your conduct, it would be impossible to desire.

Sir Rod: You go away.

Robin: Yes, uncle. *(Exit Robin, R.)*

Sir Rod: *(They come down-stage.)* This is a strange meeting after so many years!

Hannah: Very. I thought you were dead.

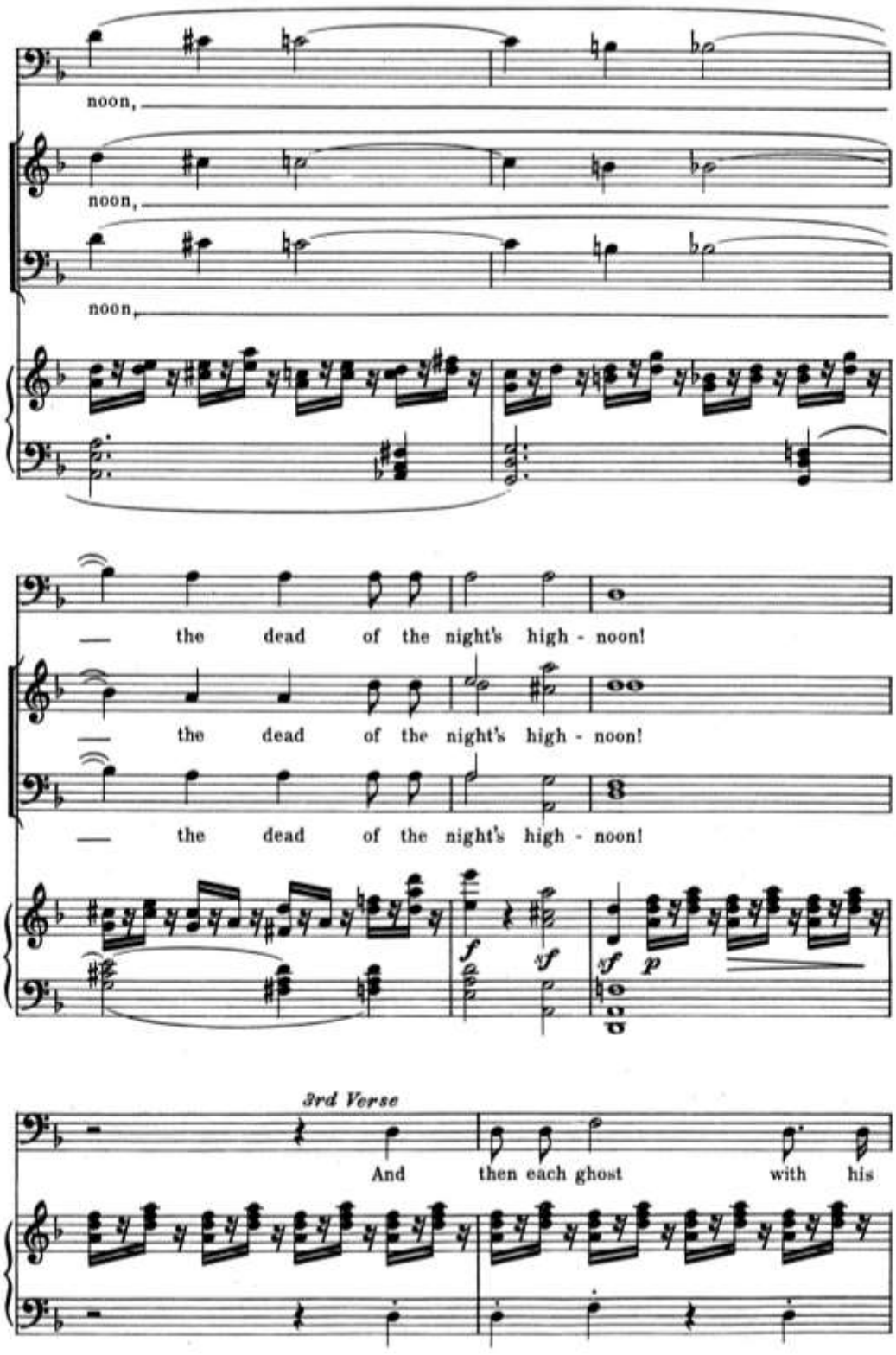
Sir Rod: I am. I died ten years ago.

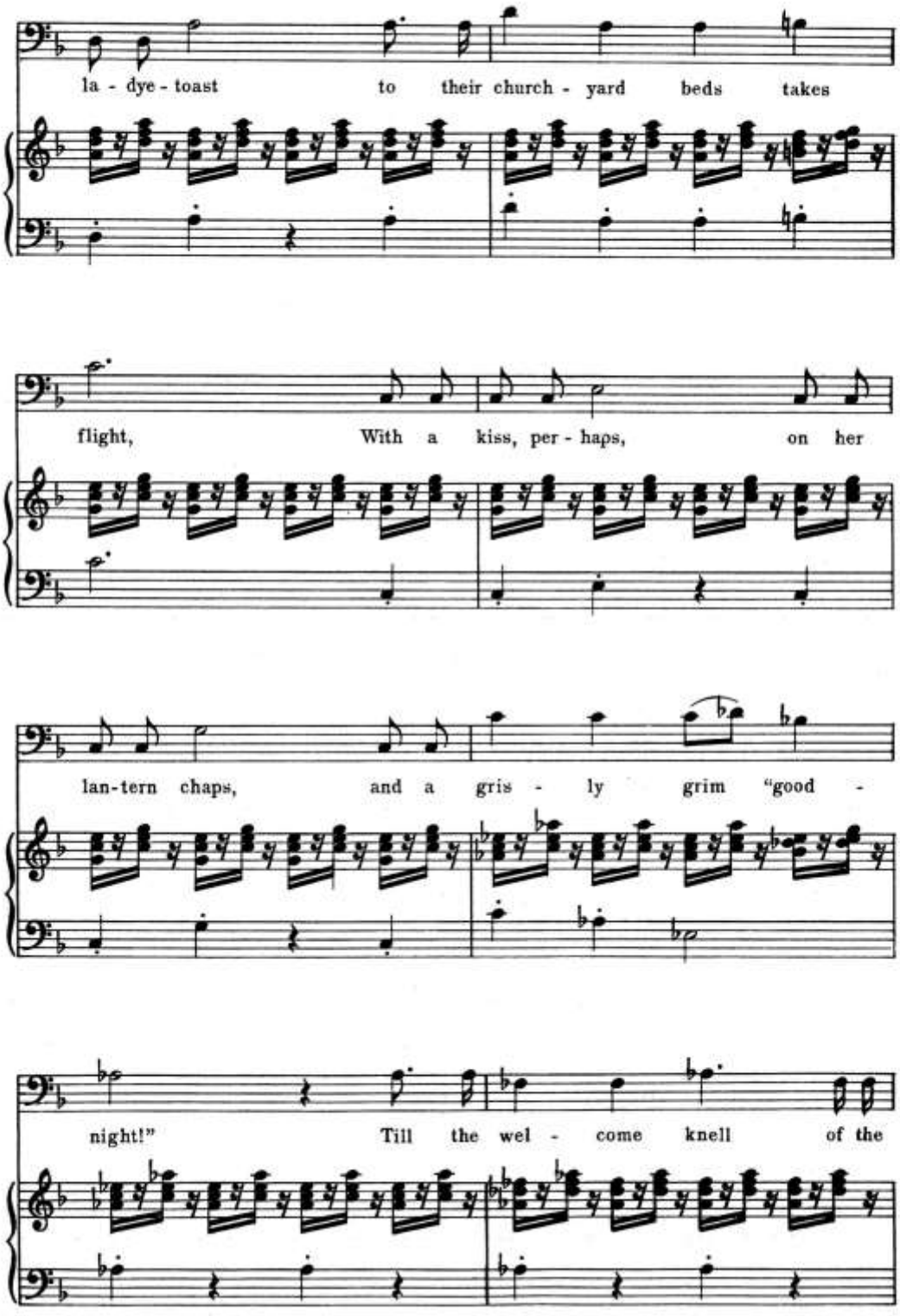
Hannah: And are you pretty comfortable?

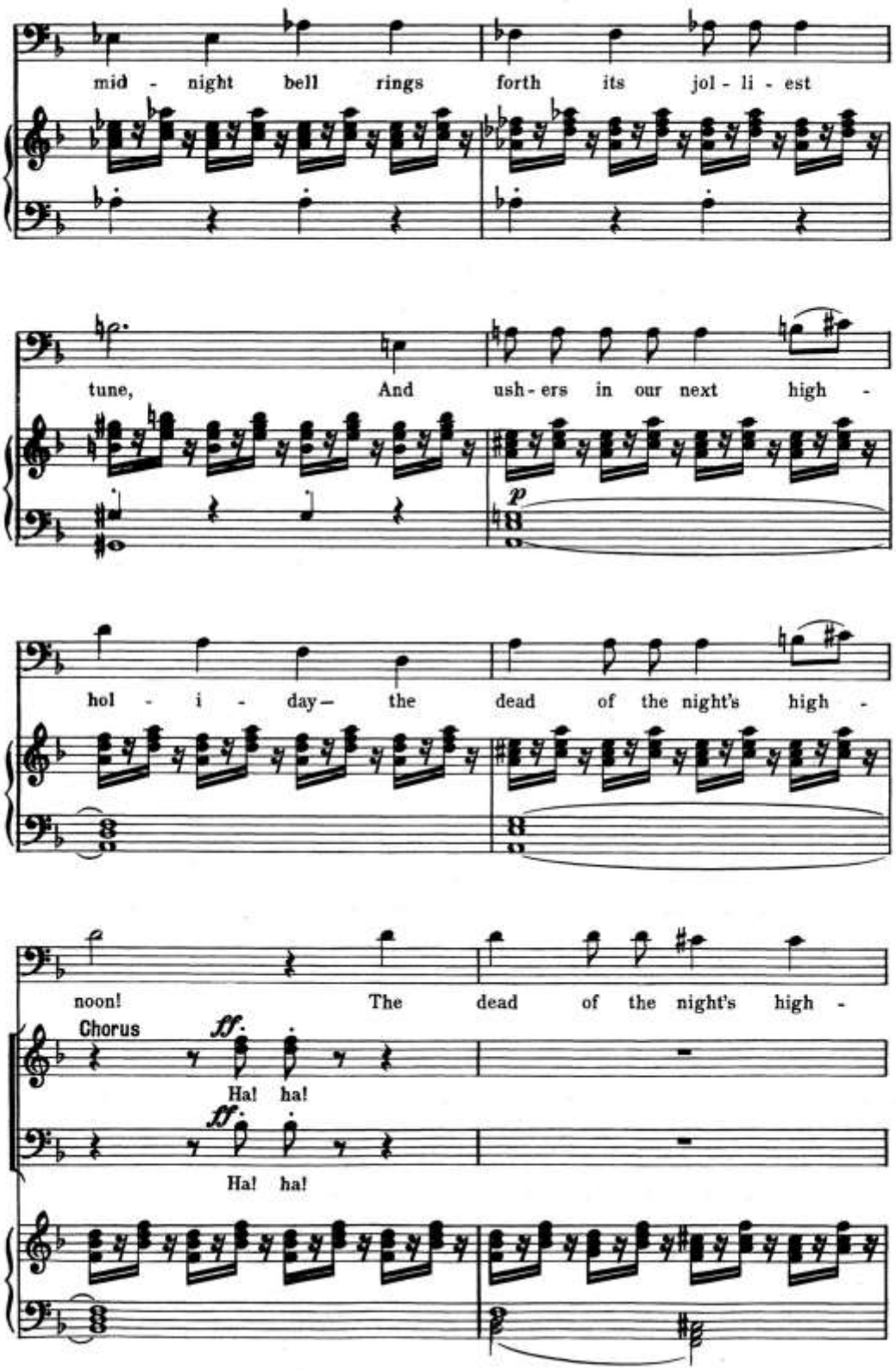
Sir Rod: Pretty well – that is – yes, pretty well.

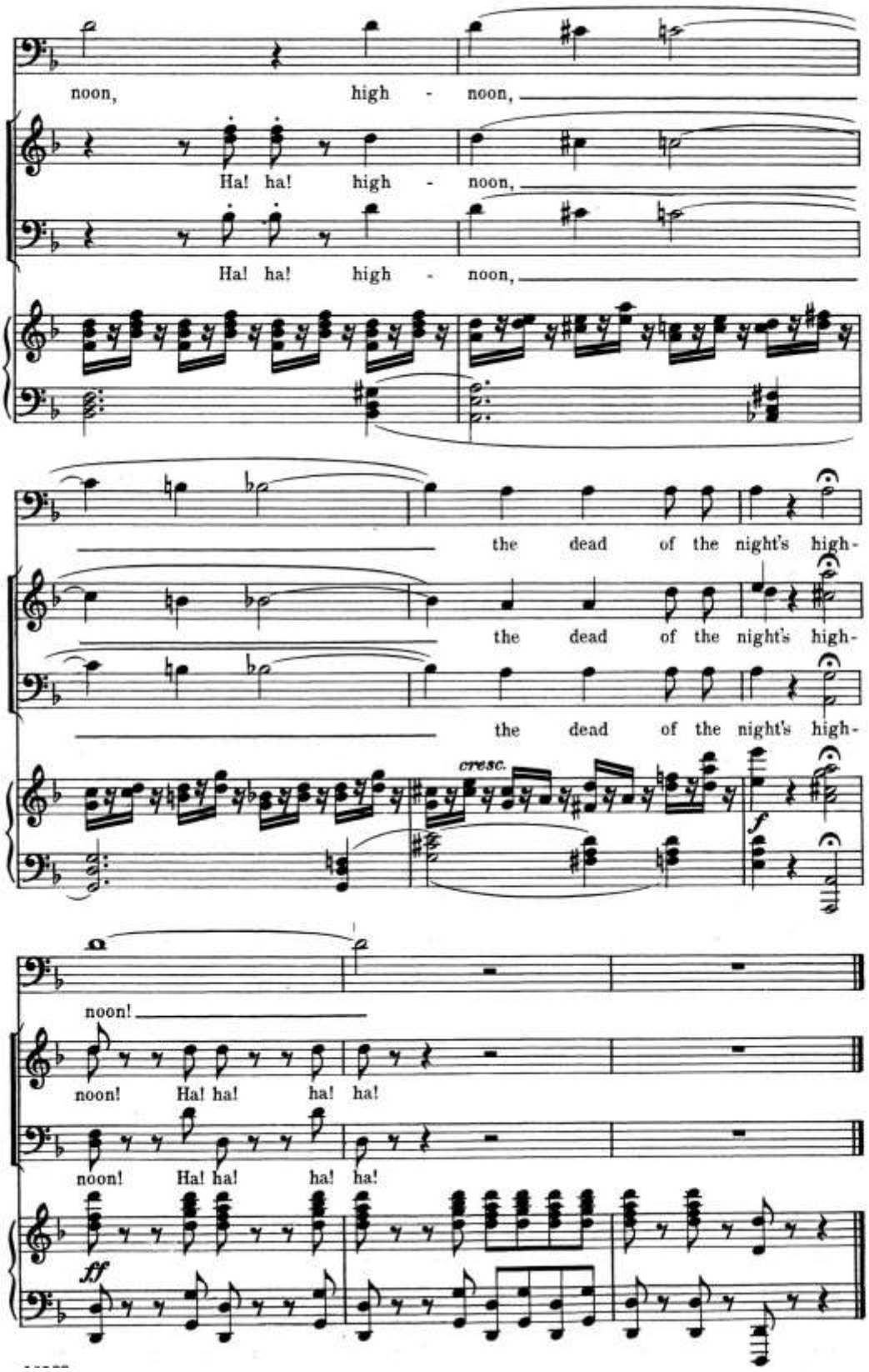
Hannah: You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings-on, you bad, bad boy!

Vocal Audition Material: Sir Roderic Murgatroyd
No. : "When the Night Wind Howls"




la - dye - toast to their church - yard beds takes
flight, With a kiss, per - haps, on her
lan-tern chaps, and a gris - ly grim "good -
night!" Till the wel - come knell of the


mid - night bell rings forth its jol - li - est
tune, And ush - ers in our next high -
p
hol - i - day— the dead of the night's high -
noon! The dead of the night's high -
Chorus
ff.
Ha! ha!
ff.
Ha! ha!


noon, high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,
Ha! ha! high - noon,
the dead of the night's high-
the dead of the night's high-
the dead of the night's high-
cresc.
f
noon!
noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
ff

Zorah
(Professional Bridesmaid)
Soprano

Dialogue
No. 15: Act I Finale “Hail the Bride”

Dialogue Audition Material: Zorah

(Enter Dame Hannah, from cottage.)

Hannah: Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heartfree, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

Zorah: It's very disappointing. Every young man in the village is in love with her, but they are appalled by her beauty and modesty, and won't declare themselves; so, until she makes her own choice, there's no chance for anybody else.

Ruth: This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of Professional Bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four – and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted!

Zorah: We shall be disendowed – that will be the end of it! Dame Hannah – you're a nice old person – *you* could marry if you liked. There's old Adam – Robin's faithful servant – he loves you with all the frenzy of a boy of fourteen.

Hannah: Nay, that may never be, for I am pledged!

All: To whom!

Hannah: To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who wooed me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again.

Zorah: But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

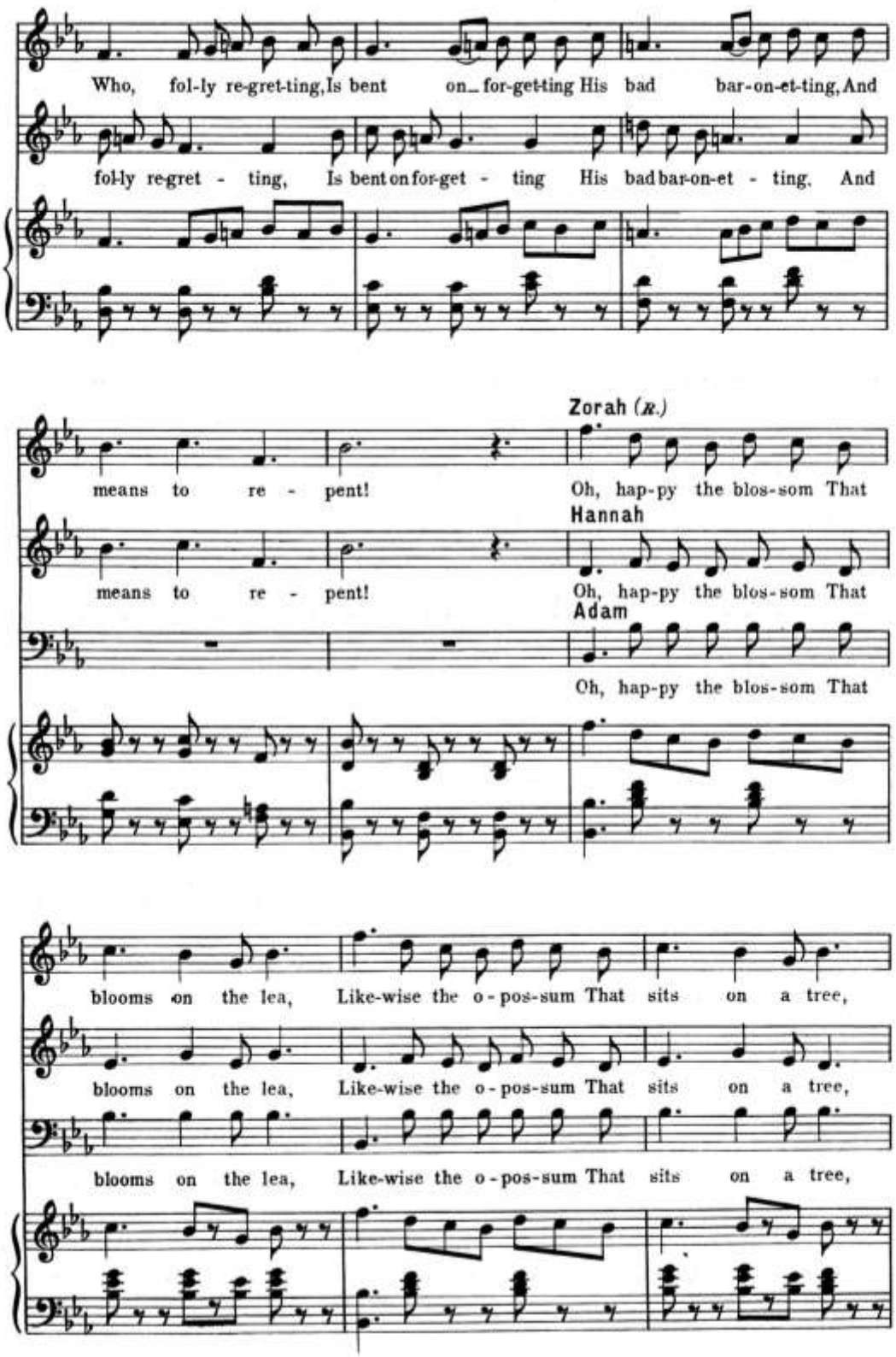
Ruth: All baronets are bad, but was he worse than other baronets?

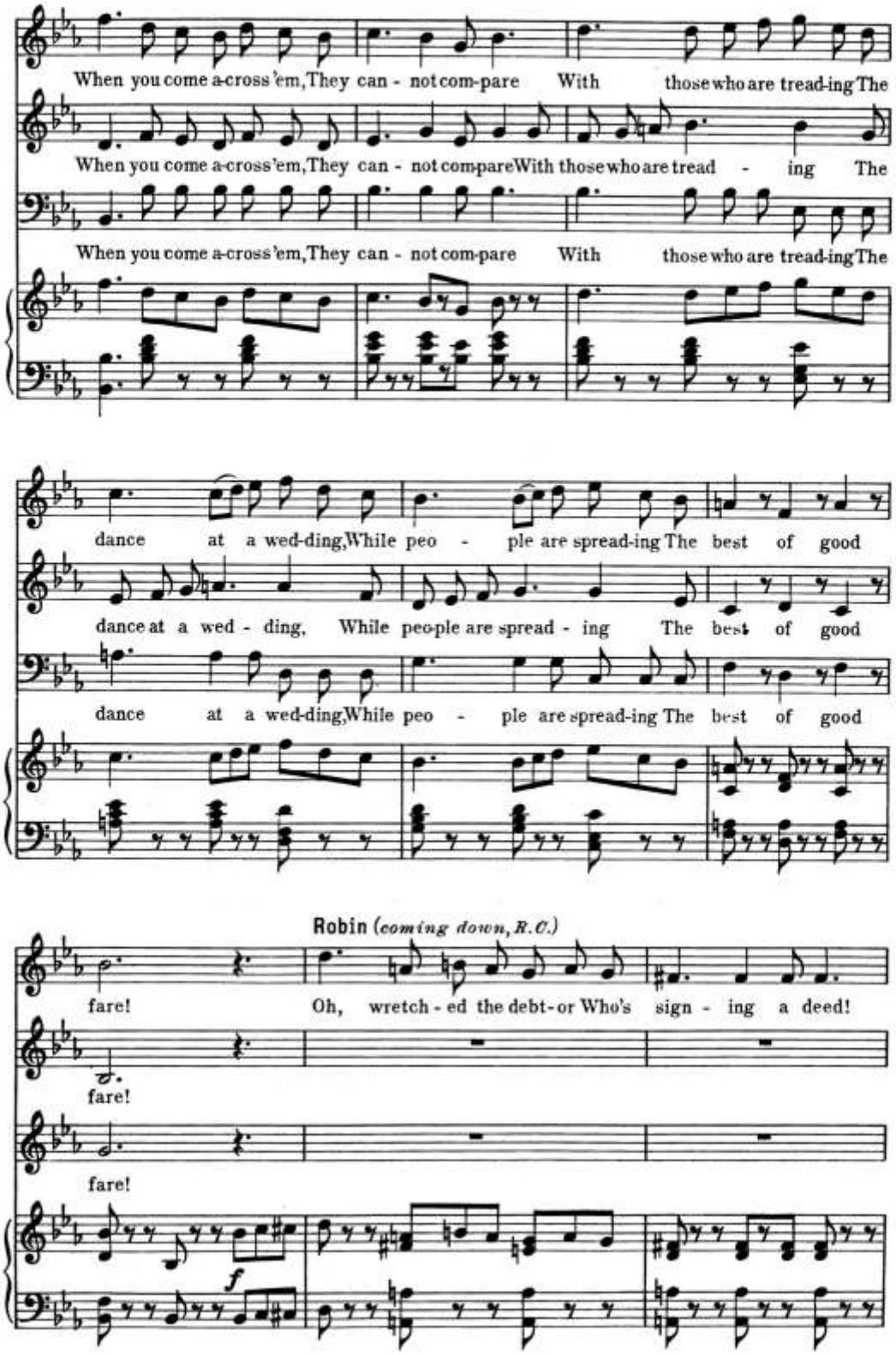
Hannah: My child, he was accursed.

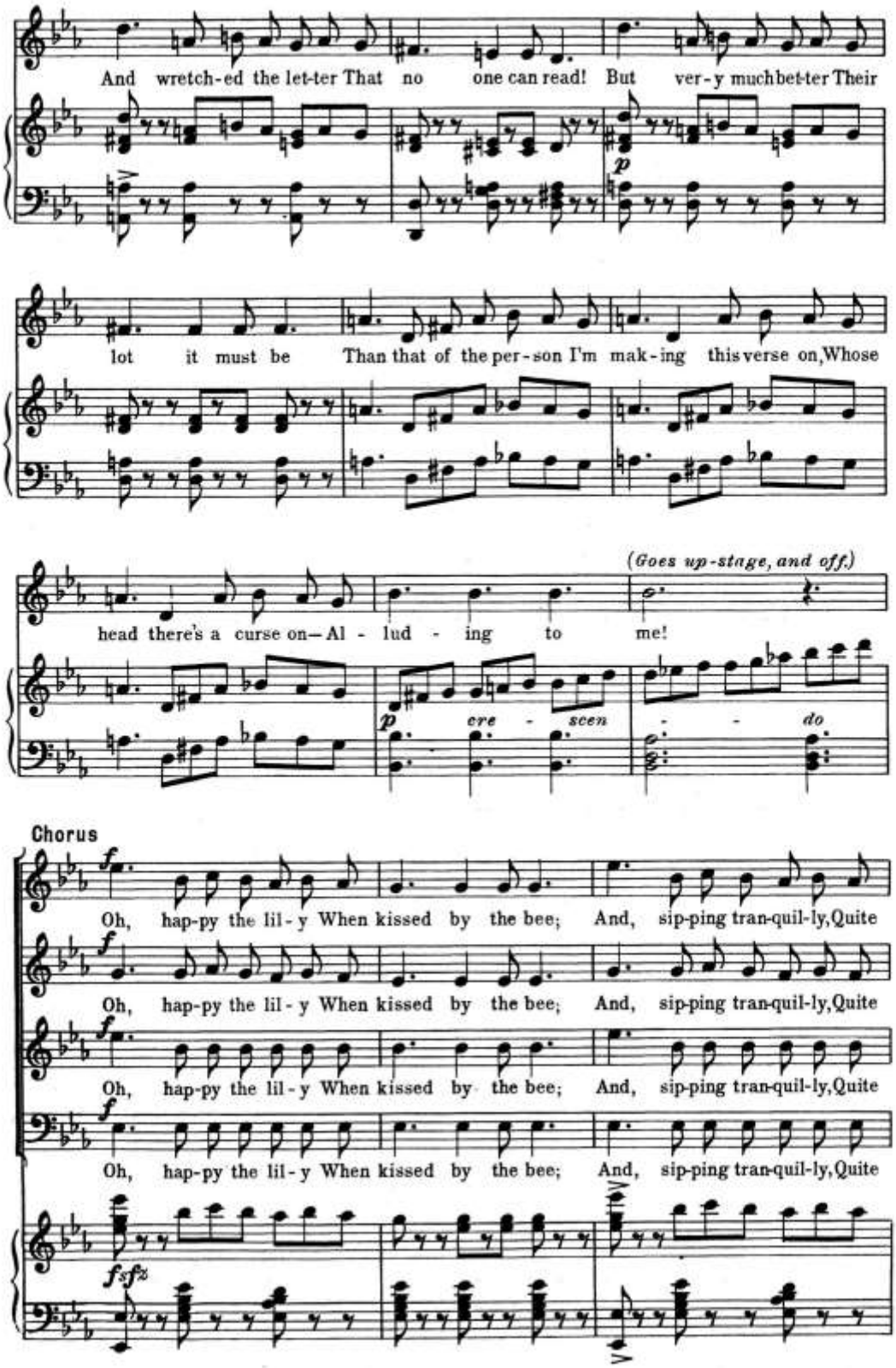
Zorah: But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

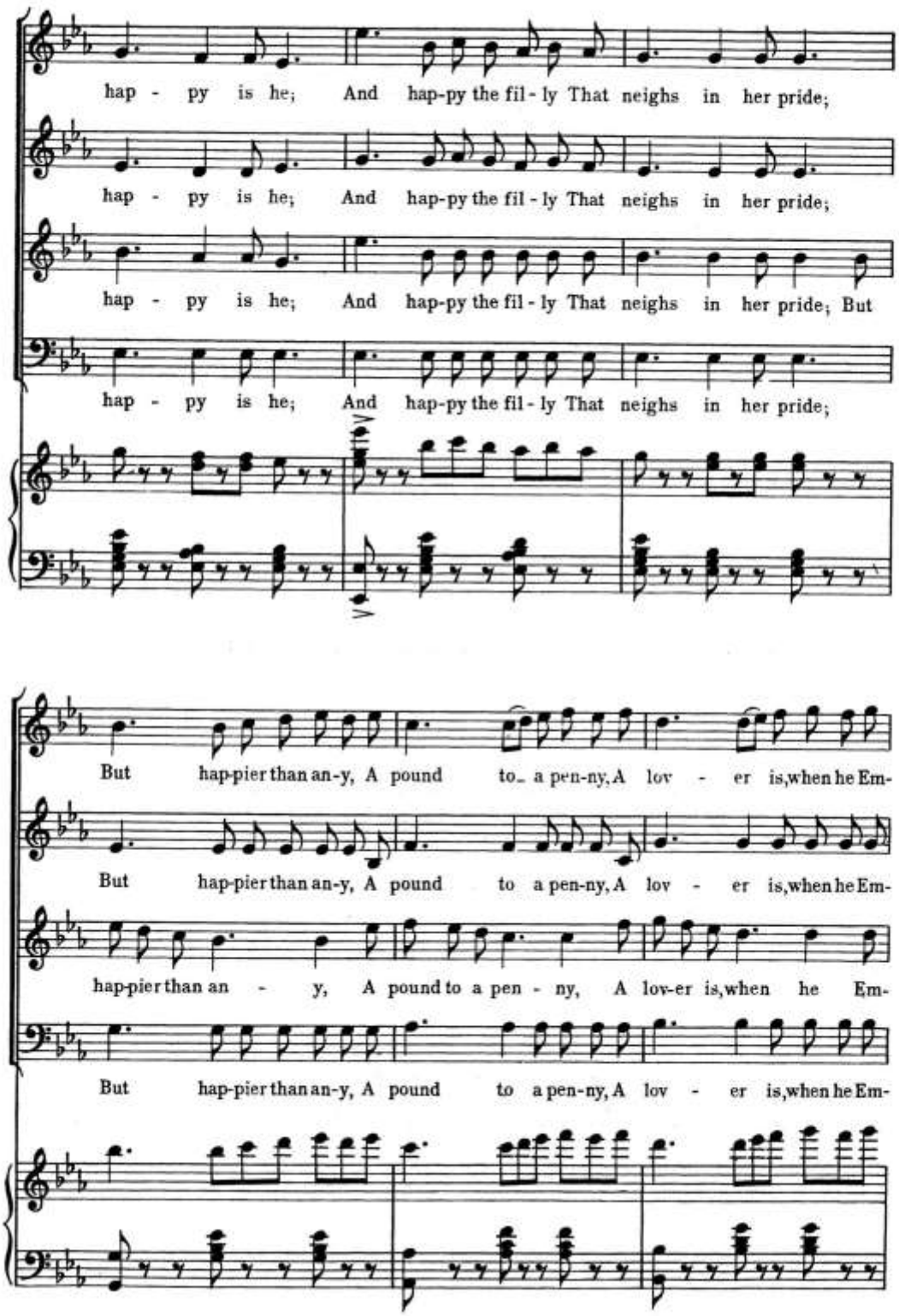
Hannah: The curse is on all his line, and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend. *(She comes C. and the Bridesmaids gather round her.)*

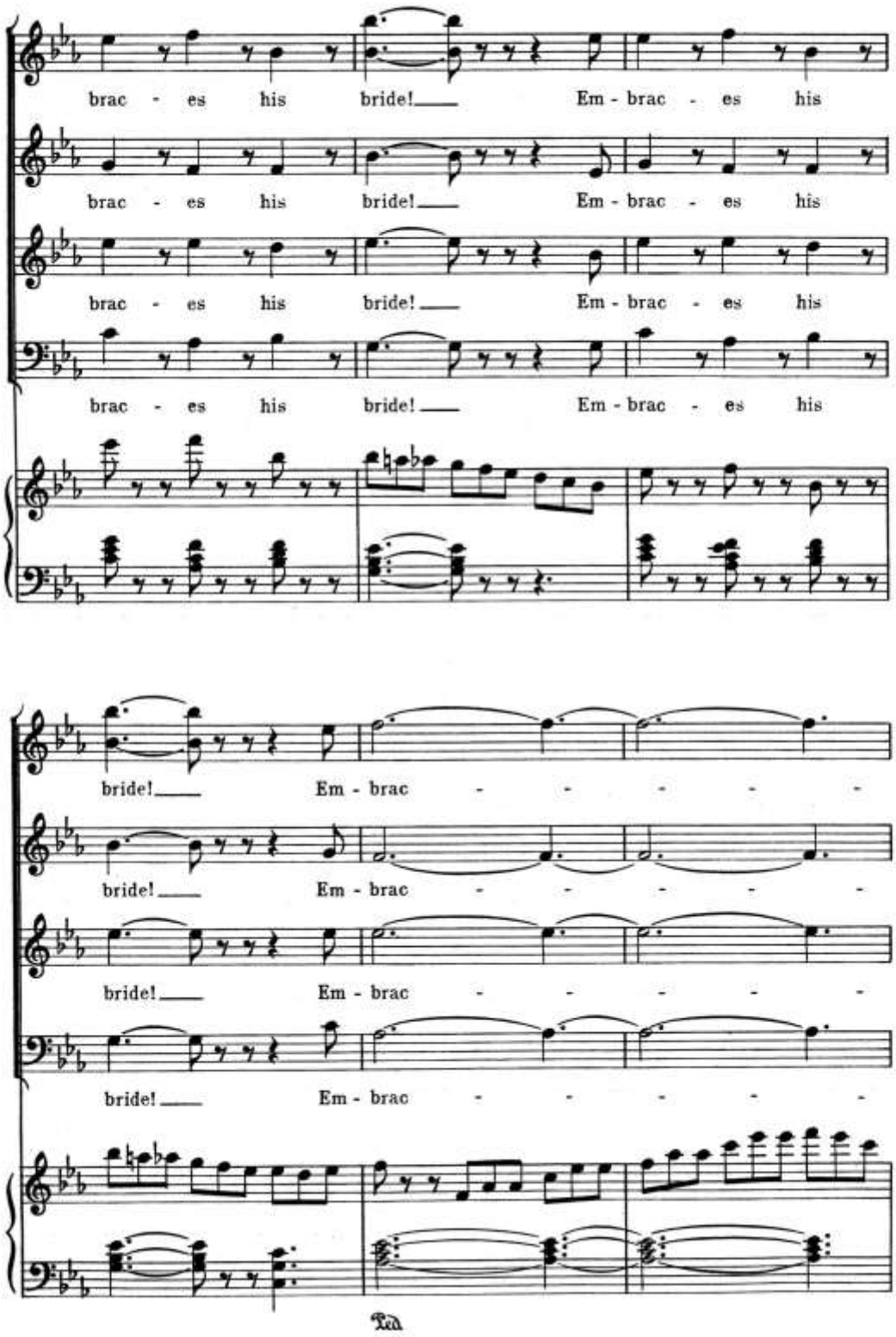
128


Who, fol-ly re-gret-ting, Is bent on for-get-ting His bad bar-on-et-ting, And
fol-ly re-gret - ting, Is bent on for-get - ting His bad bar-on-et - ting, And
means to re - pent!
Zorah (R.)
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
means to re - pent!
Hannah
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
Adam
Oh, hap-py the blos-som That
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,
blooms on the lea, Like-wise the o-pos-sum That sits on a tree,


When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The
When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not compare With those who are tread - ing The
When you come a-cross 'em, They can - not com-pare With those who are tread-ing The
dance at a wed-ding, While peo - ple are spread-ing The best of good
dance at a wed - ding, While peo-ple are spread - ing The best of good
dance at a wed-ding, While peo - ple are spread-ing The best of good
Robin (coming down, R.C.)
fare! Oh, wretch - ed the debt - or Who's sign - ing a deed!
fare!
fare!
f


And wretch-ed the let-ter That no one can read! But ver-y much bet-ter Their
lot it must be Than that of the per-son I'm mak-ing this verse on, Whose
(Goes up-stage, and off.)
head there's a curse on— Al - lud - ing to me!
p cre - scen - - do
Chorus
f Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
f Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
f Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
f Oh, hap-py the lil-y When kissed by the bee; And, sip-ping tran-quil-ly, Quite
fsfz


hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride; But
hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride;
But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-
But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-
hap-pier than an - y, A pound to a pen - ny, A lov-er is, when he Em-
But hap-pier than an-y, A pound to a pen-ny, A lov - er is, when he Em-


brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
brac - es his bride! Em - brac - es his
bride! Em - brac - - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - - -
bride! Em - brac - - - - - -
Ped.

Ruth
(Professional Bridesmaid)

Dialogue

Dialogue Audition Material: Ruth

(Enter Dame Hannah, from cottage.)

Hannah: Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heartfree, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

Zorah: It's very disappointing. Every young man in the village is in love with her, but they are appalled by her beauty and modesty, and won't declare themselves; so, until she makes her own choice, there's no chance for anybody else.

Ruth: This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of Professional Bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four – and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted!

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Hannah: Nay, that may never be, for I am pledged!

All: To whom!

Hannah: To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who wooed me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again.

Zorah: But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

Ruth: All baronets are bad, but was he worse than other baronets?

Hannah: My child, he was accursed.

Zorah: But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

Hannah: The curse is on all his line, and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend. *(She comes C. and the Bridesmaids gather round her.)*

Ghosts 1-4

Dialogue

Robin: I recognize you now– you are the picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

Sir Rod: In a bad light. I am.

Robin: Are you considered a good likeness?

Sir Rod: Pretty well. Flattering.

Robin: Because as a work of art you are poor.

Sir Rod: I am crude in colour, but I have only been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries I shall be an Old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me.

Robin: And may I ask why you have left your frames?

Sir Rod: It is our duty to see that our successors commit their daily crimes in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion. It is our duty to remind you that you are evading the conditions under which you are permitted to exist.

Robin: Really, I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I've committed a crime punctually every day.

Sir Rod: Let us inquire into this. Monday?

Robin: Monday was a Bank Holiday.

Sir Rod: True. Tuesday?

Robin: On Tuesday I made a false income-tax return.

All: Ha! ha!

1st Ghost: That's nothing.

2nd Ghost: Nothing at all.

3rd Ghost: Everybody does that.

4th Ghost: It's expected of you.

Sir Rod: Wednesday?

Robin: *(melodramatically)* On Wednesday I forged a will.

Sir Rod: Whose will?

Robin: My own.

Sir Rod: My good sir, you can't forge your own will!

Robin: Can't I, though! I like that! I *did!* Besides, if a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge?

1st Ghost: There's something in that.

2nd Ghost: Yes, it seems reasonable.

3rd Ghost: At first sight it does.

4th Ghost: Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

Robin: A man can do what he likes with his own?

Sir Rod: I suppose he can.

Robin: Well, then, he can forge his own will, stoopid! On Thursday I shot a fox.

1st Ghost: Hear, hear!

Sir Rod: That's better, *(addressing Ghosts)* Pass the fox, I think? *(They assent.)* Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

Robin: On Friday I forged a cheque.