

# PATIENCE

**Or; Bunthorne's Bride**

**An Entirely New and Original Aesthetic Opera in Two Acts**

**Written by W.S. GILBERT**

**Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN**

*First produced at the Opera Comique, London, 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1881 under the management of Richard D'Oyly Carte.*

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**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

**Officers of Dragoon Guards**

**COLONEL CALVERLEY**

**MAJOR MURGATROYD**

**LIEUT. THE DUKE OF DUNSTABLE**

**REGINALD BUNTHORNE (A Fleshly Poet) <sup>1</sup>**

**ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR (An Idyllic Poet)**

**MR. BUNTHORNE'S SOLICITOR**

**Rapturous Maidens**

**THE LADY ANGELA**

**THE LADY SAPHIR**

**THE LADY ELLA**

**THE LADY JANE**

**PATIENCE (A Dairy Maid)**

**Chorus of Rapturous Maidens and Officers of Dragoon Guards**

**ACT I--Exterior of Castle Bunthorne**

**ACT II--A Glade**

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<sup>1</sup> At one point Gilbert had planned that Bunthorne and Grosvenor should be rival curates, the ladies being adoring parishioners and the Dragoons being the Twenty-First Hussars. The solo for the Duke from this clerical version (No:4 in the original score), remained right up until the dress rehearsal. (See pages 8/9 and appendix)

## ACT I

*Scene: Exterior of Castle Bunthorne, the gateway to which is seen, R.U.E., and is approached by a drawbridge over a moat. A rocky eminence R. with steps down to the stage. In front of it, a rustic bench, on which ANGELA is seated, with ELLA on her left. Young Ladies wearing aesthetic draperies are grouped about the stage from R. to L.C., SAPHIR being near the L. end of the group. The Ladies play on lutes, etc., as they sing, and all are in the last stage of despair.*

### No:1- CHORUS OF MAIDENS, with SOLOS – (Angela & Ella)

- Maidens.      Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
Love-sick all against our will.  
Twenty years hence we shall be  
Twenty love-sick maidens still!  
Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
And we die for love of thee!  
Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
Love-sick all against our will.  
Twenty years hence we shall be  
Twenty love-sick maidens still!
- Angela.<sup>2</sup>      Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die;
- Maidens.      Ah, miserie!
- Angela.      Yet my love lives, although no hope have I!
- Maidens.      Ah, miserie!
- Angela.      Alas, poor heart, go hide thyself away,  
To weeping concords tune thy roundelay!  
Ah, miserie!
- Maidens.      All our love is all for one,  
Yet that love he heedeth not,  
He is coy and cares for none,  
Sad and sorry is our lot!  
Ah, miserie!
- Ella.      Go, breaking heart,  
Go, dream of love requited!  
Go, foolish heart,  
Go, dream of lovers plighted;  
Go, madcap heart,  
Go, dream of never waking;  
And in thy dream  
Forget that thou art breaking!
- Maidens.      Ah, miserie!

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<sup>2</sup> In early editions of the libretto this line reads "Love feeds on love, they say,"

Ella. Forget that thou art breaking!

Maidens. Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
Love-sick all against our will.  
Twenty years hence we shall be  
Twenty love-sick maidens still.  
Ah, miserie!

*All sigh heavily.*

Angela. There is a strange magic in this love of ours! Rivals as we all are in the affections of our Reginald, the very hopelessness of our love is a bond that binds us to one another! *(All sigh heavily.)*

Saphir. Jealousy is merged in misery. While he, the very cynosure of our eyes and hearts, remains icy insensible – what have we to strive for? *(All sigh heavily.)*

Ella. The love of maidens is, to him, as interesting as the taxes!

Saphir. Would that it were! He pays his taxes.

Angela. And cherishes the receipts!

*Enter LADY JANE., L.U.E.*

Saphir. Happy receipts! *(All sigh heavily.)*

Jane. *(L.C., suddenly)* Fools! *(They start, and turn to her.)*

Angela. I beg your pardon?

Jane. Fools and blind! The man loves - wildly loves!

Angela. But whom? None of us!

Jane. No, none of us. His weird fancy has lighted, for the nonce, on Patience, the village milkmaid!

Saphir. On Patience? Oh, it cannot be!

Jane. Bah! But yesterday I caught him in her dairy, eating fresh butter with a tablespoon. Today he is not well!

*All sigh heavily.*

Saphir. But Patience boasts that she has never loved - that love is, to her, a sealed book! Oh, he cannot be serious!

Jane.<sup>3</sup> `Tis but a passing fancy - `twill quickly wear away. *(aside, coming down-stage.)*  
Oh, Reginald, if you but knew what a wealth of golden love is waiting for you, stored up in this rugged old bosom of mine, the milkmaid's triumph would be short indeed!

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<sup>3</sup> In early editions of the libretto, this line reads “`Tis but a fleeting fancy – `twill quickly pass away.”

*PATIENCE appears on an eminence, R. She looks down with pity on the despondent Ladies.*

**No:2 – RECITATIVE – (Patience, Saphir, Angela & Chorus.)**

Patience. Still brooding on their mad infatuation!  
I thank thee, Love, thou comest not to me!  
Far happier I, free from thy ministration,  
Than dukes or duchesses who love can be!

Saphir. (*looking up.*) `Tis Patience - happy girl!  
Loved by a poet!

Patience. Your pardon, ladies. I intrude upon you! (*Going.*)

Angela. Nay, pretty child, come hither. (*Patience. descends.*)  
Is it true that you have never loved?

Patience. Most true indeed.

Sopranos. Most marvelous!

Altos. And most deplorable!

**SONG – (Patience.)**

Patience. (*L.C.*) I cannot tell what this love may be  
That cometh to all but not to me.  
It cannot be kind as they'd imply,  
Or why do these ladies sigh?  
It cannot be joy and rapture deep,  
Or why do these gentle ladies weep?  
It cannot be blissful as `tis said,  
Or why are their eyes so wondrous red?

Though ev'rywhere true love I see  
A-coming to all, but not to me,  
I cannot tell what this love may be!  
For I am blithe and I am gay,  
While they sit sighing night and day.

Patience. For I am  
blithe and I am  
gay. Think of the  
gulf 'twixt them and  
me, Think of the  
gulf 'twixt them and  
me. Fal la la la

Maidens. Yes, she is  
blithe and she is  
gay.  
Yes, she is  
blithe and gay.  
Yes, she is  
blithe and gay.

Patience. La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la la

Patience. La, and miserie!

Maidens. Ah, miserie!

*She dances across R. and back to R.C.*

Patience. If love is a thorn, they show no wit  
Who foolishly hug and foster it.  
If love is a weed, how simple they  
Who gather it, day by day!  
If love is a nettle that makes you smart,  
Then why do you wear it next your heart?  
And if it be none of these, say I,  
Ah, why do you sit and sob and sigh?

Though ev'rywhere true love I see  
A-coming to all, but not to me,  
I cannot tell what this love may be!  
For I am blithe and I am gay,  
While they sit sighing night and day.

Patience. For I am  
blithe and I am  
gay. Think of the  
gulf 'twixt them and  
me, Think of the  
gulf 'twixt them and  
me. Fal la la la

Maidens. Yes, she is  
blithe and she is  
gay.  
Yes, she is  
blithe and gay.  
Yes, she is  
blithe and gay.

Patience. La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la la

Patience. La, and miserie!

Maidens. Ah, miserie!

Angela. Ah, Patience, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! (*All sigh.*)

Patience. (*C.*) But the truly happy always seem to have so much on their minds. The truly happy never seem quite well.

Jane. (*coming L.C.*) There is a transcendental of delirium - an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy - which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is not indigestion - it is aesthetic transfiguration! (*to the others.*) Enough of babble. Come!

Patience. (*stopping her as she turns to go up C.*) But stay, I have some news for you. The 35th Dragoon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

Angela. The 35th Dragoon Guards!

Saphir. They are fleshly men, of full habit!

Ella. We care nothing for Dragoon Guards!

Patience. But, bless me, you were all engaged to them a year ago!

Saphir. A year ago!

Angela. My poor child, you don't understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our perceptions exalted. (*to the others.*) Come, it is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door!

*ANGELA. leading, the Ladies go off, two and two, JANE last, over the drawbridge into the castle, singing refrain of "Twenty love-sick maidens", and, as before, accompanying themselves on harps, etc..)*

### **No:2a – CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT)**

Maidens. Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
Love-sick all against our will.  
Twenty years hence we shall be  
Twenty love-sick maidens still!  
Ah, miserie!

*PATIENCE watches them in surprise, and, with a gesture of complete bafflement, climbs the rock and goes off the way she entered.*

*The officers of the Dragoon Guards enter, R., led by the MAJOR. They form their line across the front of the stage.*

### **No:3 – SOLO – (Colonel, and Chorus of Dragoons.)**

Dragoons. The soldiers of our Queen  
Are linked in friendly tether;  
Upon the battle scene  
They fight the foe together.  
There ev'ry mother's son  
Prepared to fight and fall is;  
The enemy of one  
The enemy of all is!  
The enemy of one  
The enemy of all is!

United as a clan <sup>4</sup>  
 We have arranged between us  
 To introduce this plan  
 Within the courts of Venus:  
 With one emotion stirred  
 Beneath our belts of leather,  
 The Colonel gives the word  
 And all propose together!  
 The Colonel gives the word  
 And all propose together!

***On an order from the MAJOR they fall back. Enter the COLONEL. All salute.***

Colonel. (C.) If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,  
 Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,

Dragoons. (*saluting.*) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Colonel. Take all the remarkable people in history,  
 Rattle them off to a popular tune.

Dragoons. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Colonel. The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory-  
 Genius of Bismarck devising a plan-  
 The humour of Fielding (which sounds contradictory)-  
 Coolness of Paget about to trepan-  
 The science of Jullien, the eminent musico-  
 Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne-  
 The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault-  
 Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man-  
 The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery-  
 Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray-  
 Victor Emmanuel - peak-haunting Peveril-  
 Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell-  
 Tupper and Tennyson - Daniel Defoe-  
 Anthony Trollope and Mister Guizot!

Dragoons. Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Colonel. Ah!  
 Take of these elements  
 All that is fusible,  
 Melt them all down in a  
 Pipkin or crucible,  
 Set them to simmer and  
 Take off the scum,

Dragoons. Yes, yes, yes, yes! A  
 Heavy Dragoon, a  
 Heavy Dragoon, a  
 Heavy Dragoon, a  
 Heavy Dragoon, a  
 Heavy Dragoon, a  
 Heavy Dragoon

<sup>4</sup> This second verse was dropped at some point late in the original rehearsal period, although it is often reinstated in modern productions. The original first verse ran:- "The twenty-first hussars./Are linked in friendly tether;/Upon the field of Mars/They fight the foe together./They're every mother's son/Prepared to fight and fall is;/The enemy of one/The enemy of all is!"



Colonel. And a Heavy Dragoon

All. Is the residuum!

Colonel. If you want a receipt for this soldier-like paragon,  
Get at the wealth of the Czar (if you can)-  
The family pride of a Spaniard from Aragon-  
Force of Mephisto pronouncing a ban-  
A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky-  
Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan-  
The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky-  
Grace of an Odalisque on a divan-  
The genius strategic of Caesar or Hannibal-  
Skill of Sir Garnet in thrashing a cannibal-  
Flavour of Hamlet - the Stranger, a touch of him-  
Little of Manfred (but not very much of him)-  
Beadle of Burlington - Richardson's show-  
Mister Micawber and Madame Tussaud!

Dragoons. Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Colonel. Ah!  
Take of these elements  
All that is fusible,  
Melt them all down in a  
Pipkin or crucible,  
Set them to simmer and  
Take off the scum,

Dragoons. Yes, yes, yes, yes! A  
Heavy Dragoon, a  
Heavy Dragoon, a  
Heavy Dragoon, a  
Heavy Dragoon, a  
Heavy Dragoon, a  
Heavy Dragoon

Colonel. And a Heavy Dragoon

All. Is the residuum!

Colonel. Well, here we are once more on the scene of our former triumphs. But where's the Duke?

*Enter DUKE, listlessly, and in low spirits.*

Duke. Here I am! *(Sighs.)*

Colonel. Come, cheer up, don't give way!

Duke. Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a Duke, with a thousand a day!

Major. Humph! Most men would envy you!

Duke. Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of toffee?

Major. Very!

Colonel. We are all fond of toffee.

All. We are!

Duke. Yes, and toffee in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on toffee - toffee for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea - to have it supposed that you care for nothing but toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you - how would you like that?

Colonel. I can quite believe that, under those circumstances, even toffee would become monotonous.

Duke. For "toffee" read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great heavens, what is there to adulate in me? Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

Colonel. You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

All. You are!

Duke. Exactly! That's it exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much! (*Shakes hands with the Colonel.*) Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.

### **SONG – (Duke, with Chorus of Dragons.)<sup>5</sup>**

Duke. Though men of rank may useless seem  
They do good in their generation.  
They make the wealthy upstart teem  
With Christian love and self negation;  
The bitterest tongue that ever lashed  
Man's folly, drops with milk and honey,  
While Scandal hides her head abashed,  
Brought face to face with rank and money!  
While Scandal hides her head abashed,  
Brought face to face with rank and money!

Dragoons. Yes, Scandal hides her head abashed,  
Brought face to face with rank and money!

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<sup>5</sup> This number was composed by Sullivan and was rehearsed right up until the day of the dress rehearsal when it was cut. The melody has not survived although the complete orchestration is bound into the back of Sullivan's autograph manuscript. Three reconstructions exist, one by Ian Bartlett (1967), one unidentified, possibly by David Mackie and broadcast by the BBC in 1989 and the other by David Russell Hulme (1993), which was used in the New D'Oyly Carte recording on the TER label (CDTER2 1213). Of the three, the earlier lies more naturally for the voice and is included as an appendix to this libretto. Any of the three can be used with the band parts for which there are several sources, the most obvious being the D'Oyly Carte Hire Library. The number is frequently included in modern productions as it is the only solo number allotted to the Duke.

Duke. Society forgets her laws,  
And Prudery her affectation,  
While Mrs. Grundy pleads our cause  
And talks wild oats and toleration.  
Archbishops wink at what they'd think  
A downright crime in common shoddy,  
Although Archbishop's shouldn't wink  
At anything or anybody!  
Although Archbishop's shouldn't wink  
At anything or anybody!

Dragoons. A Good Archbishop shouldn't wink  
At anything or anybody!

Colonel. (*looking off.*) Yes, and here are the ladies! <sup>6</sup>

Duke. But who is the gentleman with the long hair?

Colonel. I don't know.

Duke. He seems popular!

Colonel. He does seem popular!

*The DRAGOONS back up R., watching the entrance of the Ladies. BUNTHORNE enters, L.U.E., followed by the Ladies, two and two, playing on harps as before. He is composing a poem, and is quite absorbed. He sees no one, but walks across the stage, followed by the Ladies, who take no notice of the Dragoons - to the surprise and indignation of those officers. BUNTHORNE, the Ladies following, comes slowly down L. and then crosses the stage to R.*

#### **No:4 – CHORUS, with SOLOS – (Angela, Saphir & Bunthorne.)**

Maidens. In a doleful train  
Two and two we walk all day-  
For we love in vain!  
None so sorrowful as they  
Who can only sigh and say,  
Woe is me, alackaday!  
Woe is me, alackaday!

Dragoons. Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous?  
A thorough-paced absurdity - explain it if you can.  
Instead of rushing eagerly to cherish us and foster us,  
They all prefer this melancholy literary man.  
Instead of slyly peering at us,  
Casting looks endearing at us,  
Blushing at us, flushing at us, flirting with a fan;

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<sup>6</sup> If the Duke's song is included, this line is performed as, "Here are the ladies!"

They're actually sneering at us, fleeing at us, jeering at us!  
Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!  
They're actually sneering at us, fleeing at us, jeering at us!  
Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!

*Bunthorne, C.*

Angela. (*R. of BUNTHORNE.*) Mystic poet, hear our prayer,  
Twenty love-sick maidens we-  
Young and wealthy, dark and fair,  
All of county family.  
And we die for love of thee-  
Twenty love-sick maidens we!

Maidens. Yes, we die for love of thee-  
Twenty love-sick maidens we!

Bunthorne. (*crossing to L.*) Though my book I seem to scan  
In a rapt ecstatic way,  
Like a literary man  
Who despises female clay,  
I hear plainly all they say,  
Twenty love-sick maidens they!

*BUNTHORNE crosses to C.*

Dragoons. (*to each other.*) He hears plainly all they say,  
Twenty love-sick maidens they!

Saphir. (*L. of BUNTHORNE.*) Though so excellently wise,  
For a moment mortal be,  
Deign to raise thy purple eyes  
From thy heart-drawn poesy.  
Twenty lovesick maidens see-  
Each is kneeling on her knee!

*All kneel.*

Maidens. Twenty love-sick maidens see-  
Each is kneeling on her knee!

Bunthorne. (*going R.*) Though, as I remarked before,  
Any one convinced would be  
That some transcendental lore  
Is monopolizing me,  
Round the corner I can see  
Each is kneeling on her knee!

Dragoons. Round the corner he can see  
Each is kneeling on her knee!

Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous?

A thorough-paced absurdity - ridiculous! preposterous!  
Explain it if you can.

Maidens. In a  
doleful  
train Two and  
two we walk all  
day – For we  
love in  
vain! None so  
sorrowful as  
they  
Who can  
only  
sigh and  
say,  
Woe is  
me, a-  
lack-a-  
day!  
Woe is  
me, a-  
lack-a-  
day! Twenty  
lovesick  
maidens  
we –  
And we  
die for  
love of  
thee!  
Yes, we  
die for  
love of  
thee!

Dragoons. Now  
is not this ridiculous – and  
is not this preposterous? A  
thoroughpaced absurdity- ex-  
-plain it if you can. In-  
stead of rushing eagerly to  
cherish us and foster us, They  
all prefer this melancholy  
literary man. In -  
-stead of slyly peering at us,  
Casting looks endearing at us,  
Blushing at us, flushing at us -  
flirting with a fan; They're  
actually sneering at us,  
fleering at us, jeering at us!  
Pretty sort of treatment for a  
military man! They're  
actually sneering at us,  
fleering at us, jeering at us!  
Pretty sort of treatment for a  
military man! Now  
is not this ridiculous – and  
is not this preposterous? They  
all prefer this melancholy  
literary man. Now  
is not this ridiculous – and  
is not this preposterous? They  
all prefer this melancholy,  
melancholy literary  
man. Now is not this ri -  
- diculous – and is not this pre -  
-posterous?

Colonel. (*R.C.*) Angela! what is the meaning of this?

Angela. (*C.*) Oh, sir, leave us; our minds are but ill-tuned to light love-talk.

Major. (*L.C.*) But what in the world has come over you all?

Jane. (*L.C.*) Bunthorne! He has come over us. He has come among us, and he has idealized us.

Duke. Has he succeeded in idealizing you?

Jane. He has!

Duke.<sup>7</sup> Good old Bunthorne!

Jane.<sup>8</sup> My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling!

*During this BUNTHORNE is seen in all the agonies of composition. The Ladies are watching him intently as he writhes. At last he hits on the word he wants and writes it down. A general sense of relief.*

Bun. Finished! At last! Finished!

*He staggers, overcome with the mental strain, into the arms of the Colonel..*

Colonel. Are you better now?

Bun. Yes - oh, it's you! - I am better now. The poem is finished, and my soul has gone out into it. That was all. It was nothing worth mentioning, it occurs three times a day. (*Sees PATIENCE, who has entered during this scene.*) Ah, Patience! Dear Patience!

*Holds her hand; she seems frightened.*

Angela. Will it please you read it to us, sir?

Saphir. This we supplicate. (*All kneel.*)

Bun. Shall I?

Dragoons. No!

Bun. (*annoyed - to PATIENCE.*) I will read it if you bid me!

Patience. (*much frightened.*) You can if you like!

Bun. It is a wild, weird, fleshy thing; yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called, "Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!"

Patience. Is it a hunting song?

Bun. A hunting song? No, it is not a hunting song. It is the wail of the poet's heart on discovering that everything is commonplace. To understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies.

*They do so as he recites.*

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<sup>7</sup> In early editions of the libretto this line is printed as "Bravo, Bunthorne."

<sup>8</sup> At one point, and preserved in some early editions of the libretto, Jane's second comment in this speech is printed as "I despairingly droop!"

"OH, HOLLOW! HOLLOW! HOLLOW!"

What time the poet hath hymned  
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,  
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,  
How can he paint her woes,  
Knowing, as well he knows,  
That all can be set right with calomel?

When from the poet's plinth  
The amorous colocynth  
Yearns for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,  
How can he hymn their throes  
Knowing, as well he knows,  
That they are only un-compounded pills?

Is it, and can it be,  
Nature hath this decree,  
Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell?  
Or that in all her works  
Something poetic lurks,  
Even in colocynth and calomel?  
I cannot tell.

*He goes off, L.U.E. All turn and watch him, not speaking until he has gone.*

Angela. How purely fragrant!

Saphir. How earnestly precious!

Patience. Well, it seems to me to be nonsense.

Saphir. Nonsense, yes, perhaps - but oh, what precious nonsense!

Colonel. This is all very well, but you seem to forget that you are engaged to us.

Saphir. It can never be. You are not Empyrean. You are not Della Cruscan. You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English ere it is too late!

*Officers look at each other in astonishment.*

Jane. (*looking at uniform.*) Red and Yellow! Primary colors! Oh, South Kensington!

Duke. We didn't design our uniforms, but we don't see how they could be improved!

Jane. No, you wouldn't. Still, there is a cobwebby grey velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy, which, made Florentine fourteenth century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar lace, and surmounted with something Japanese - it matters not what - would at least be Early English! Come, maidens.

*Exeunt Maidens, L.U.E., two and two, singing refrain of "Twenty love-sick maidens we".  
PATIENCE goes off L. The Officers watch the Ladies go off in astonishment.*

### **No:4a – CHORUS OF MAIDENS (EXIT)**

Maidens. Twenty love-sick maidens we,  
Love-sick all against our will.  
Twenty years hence we shall be  
Twenty love-sick maidens still!  
Ah, miserie!

*As the Maidens. depart, the DRAGOONS spread across the stage.*

Duke. <sup>9</sup> Gentlemen, this is an insult to the British uniform.

Major. <sup>10</sup> A uniform that is accustomed to carry everything before it.

Colonel. A uniform that has been as successful in the courts of Venus as on the field of Mars!

### **No:5 – SONG – (Colonel.)**

*The DRAGOONS form their original line.*

Colonel. When I first put this uniform on,  
I said, as I looked in the glass,  
"It's one to a million  
That any civilian  
My figure and form will surpass.  
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,  
And I've plenty of that, and to spare,  
While a lover's professions,  
When uttered in Hessians,  
Are eloquent ev'rywhere!"  
A fact that I counted upon,  
When I first put this uniform on!

Dragoons. By a simple coincidence, few  
Could ever have counted upon,  
The same thing occurred to me,  
When I first put this uniform on!

Colonel. I said, when I first put it on,  
"It is plain to the veriest dunce,  
That every beauty  
Will feel it her duty  
To yield to its glamour at once.  
They will see that I'm freely gold-laced  
In a uniform handsome and chaste"-  
But the peripatetics

---

<sup>9</sup> The dialogue is spoken across the sung words "Ah, miserie!", the last syllable traditionally being held on until the orchestra strikes up the introduction to No:5.

<sup>10</sup> This line originated in the 'Clerical' version of the opera..



Of long-haired aesthetics  
Are very much more to their taste-  
Which I never counted upon,  
When I first put this uniform on!

Dragoons. By a simple coincidence, few  
Could ever have reckoned upon,  
I didn't anticipate that,  
When I first put this uniform on!

*The DRAGOONS go off angrily, R.*

*Enter BUNTHORNE, L.U.E., who changes his manner and becomes intensely melodramatic.*

**No:6 – RECITATIVE & SONG – (Bunthorne.)**

Bun. *(Up-stage, he looks off L. and R.)*

Am I alone,  
And unobserved? I am! *(comes down.)*  
Then let me own  
I'm an aesthetic sham! *(and walks tragically to down-stage, C.)*

This air severe  
Is but a mere  
Veneer!

This cynic smile  
Is but a wile  
Of guile!

This costume chaste  
Is but good taste  
Misplaced!

Let me confess!

A languid love for Lilies does not blight me!  
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do not delight me!  
I do not care for dirty greens  
By any means.  
I do not long for all one sees  
That's Japanese.  
I am not fond of uttering platitudes  
In stained-glass attitudes.

In short, my mediaevalism's affectation,  
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

*Tiptoes up-stage, looking L. and R., and comes back down, C.*

If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of culture rare,  
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them  
ev'rywhere.

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your  
complicated state of mind,

The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And ev'ry one will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,

Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed  
away,

And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was

Culture's palmiest day.

Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude  
and mean,

For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.

And ev'ryone will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

"If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,

Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid  
spleen,

An attachment a la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French

French bean!

Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high  
aesthetic band,

If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your medieval hand.

And ev'ryone will say,

As you walk your flow'ry way,

"If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me,

Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!"

*At the end of his song, PATIENCE enters, L. He sees her.*

Bun. Ah! Patience, come hither. *(She comes to him timidly.)* I am pleased with thee.  
The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you  
are not hollow. Are you?

Patience.<sup>11</sup> No, thanks, I have dined; but - I beg your pardon - I interrupt you. *(Turns to go;  
he stops her.)*

Bun. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes  
under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! *(She attempts  
to escape.)* Don't go.

Patience. Really, I'm very sorry.

---

<sup>11</sup> The line "No, thanks, I have dined:" was not included in early libretti and probably originated as an ad lib.

Bun. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

Patience. I earn my living.

Bun. (*impatiently.*) No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face, dally, with the Multiplication Table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans and to find puddles? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing! (*She turns again.*) Don't go.

Patience. If you please, I don't understand you - you frighten me!

Bun. Don't be frightened - it's only poetry.

Patience. Well, if that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

Bun. (*eagerly.*) Don't you? (*aside.*) Can I trust her? (*aloud.*) Patience, you don't like poetry - well, between you and me, I don't like poetry. It's hollow, unsubstantial - unsatisfactory. What's the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can't get `em, and would only let `em out on building leases if you had `em?

Patience. Sir, I-

Bun. Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as bilious as I look. If you like, I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Be a good girl - a very good girl - and one day you shall. If you are fond of touch-and-go jocularly - this is the shop for it.

Patience. Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught. I have never loved but my great-aunt. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn't possibly love you.

Bun. Oh, you think not?

Patience. I'm quite sure of it. Quite sure. Quite.

Bun. Very good. Life is henceforth a blank. I don't care what becomes of me. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence; though you despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young ladies.

Patience. I only ask that you will leave me and never renew the subject.

Bun. Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. (*Goes up-stage, suddenly turns and recites.*)

"Oh, to be wafted away,  
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,  
Where the dust of an earthy to-day  
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!"

It is a little thing of my own. I call it "Heart Foam". I shall not publish it. Farewell! Patience, Patience, farewell!

*Exit BUNTHORNE.*

Patience. What on earth does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? (*going R.*) He's not a relation! It frightens me!

*Enter ANGELA, L.*

Angela. Why, Patience, what is the matter?

Patience. Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?

Angela. Poor blind child! Oh, forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement! *The idealization of utter unselfishness.*<sup>12</sup>

Patience. Love is?

Angela. Yes.

Patience. Dear me. Go on.

Angela. True love refines, purifies, elevates, exalts, and chastens. *It is the one romantic feature in this chaos of materialism;* it is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

Patience. Oh, dear, oh! (*beginning to cry.*)

Angela. Why are you crying?

Patience. To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn't it?

Angela. Absolutely! Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh, try, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

Patience. I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

Angela. Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

Patience. Yes, one.

Angela. Ah! Whom?

Patience. My great-aunt-

Angela. Great-aunts don't count.

---

<sup>12</sup> The lines in blue were included during early performances.

Patience. Then there's nobody. At least - no, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But that doesn't count, I suppose.

Angela. I don't know. Tell me about it.

### **No:7 – DUET – (Patience & Angela.)**

Patience. *(R.)* Long years ago - fourteen, maybe,  
When but a tiny babe of four,  
Another baby played with me,  
My elder by a year or more;

A little child of beauty rare,  
With marv'lous eyes and wondrous hair,  
Who, in my child-eyes, seemed to me  
All that a little child should be!

*She goes to Angela., L.C.*

Ah, how we loved, that child and I!  
How pure our baby joy!  
How true our love - and, by the bye,  
He was a little boy!

Angela. Ah, old, old tale of Cupid's touch!  
I thought as much - I thought as much!  
He was a little boy!

Patience. Pray don't misconstrue what I say-  
Remember, pray - remember, pray,  
He was a little boy!

Angela. No doubt! Yet, spite of all your pains,  
The interesting fact remains -  
He was a little boy!

Both. Ah, yes, in/No doubt, yet spite of all my/your pains,  
The interesting fact remains-  
He was a little boy!  
He was a little boy!

Patience. <sup>13</sup> Time sped, and one unhappy day -  
The first I'd ever known -  
The took my little friend away,  
And left me weeping all alone!

*Ah, how I sobbed, and how I cried,*

---

<sup>13</sup> The second verse was certainly performed on the opening night in 1881. It is occasionally reinstated in modern productions.

The I fell ill and nearly died,  
And even now I weep apace  
When I recall that baby face!

We had one hope – one heart – one will -  
One life, in one employ;  
And though it's not material, still  
He was a little boy!

Angela. Ah, old, old tale of Cupid's touch!  
I thought as much - I thought as much!  
He was a little boy!

Patience. Pray don't misconstrue what I say-  
Remember, pray - remember, pray,  
He was a little boy!

Angela. No doubt! Yet, spite of all your pains,  
The interesting fact remains -  
He was a little boy!

Both. Ah, yes, in/No doubt, yet spite of all my/your pains,  
The interesting fact remains-  
He was a little boy!  
He was a little boy!

*Exit Angela., L.*

Patience. *(R.C.)* It's perfectly dreadful to think of the appalling state I must be in! I had no idea that love was a duty. No wonder they all look so unhappy! Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself. I don't think I'm respectable. I'll go at once and fall in love with... *(As she turns to go up R., GROSVENOR enters, R.U.E. She sees him and turns back..)* a stranger!

### **No:8 – DUET (Patience & Grosvenor.)**

Grosvenor. *(up-stage, R.)* Prithee, pretty maiden - prithee, tell me true,  
(Hey, but I'm doleful, willow willow waly!)  
Have you e'er a lover a-dangling after you?  
Hey willow waly O!

*Coming down-stage.*

I would fain discover  
If you have a lover!  
Hey willow waly O!

Patience. *(L.)* Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free-  
(Hey, but he's doleful, willow willow waly!)  
Nobody I care for comes a-courting me-  
Hey willow waly O!

Nobody I care for  
Comes a-courting - therefore,  
Hey willow waly O!

Grosvenor. *(C.)* Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?  
(Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow willow waly!)  
I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee-  
Hey willow waly O!  
Money, I despise it;  
Many people prize it,  
Hey willow waly O!

Patience. Gentle Sir, although to marry I design-  
(Hey, but he's hopeful, willow willow waly!)  
As yet I do not know you, and so I must decline.  
Hey willow waly O!  
To other maidens go you-  
As yet I do not know you,

Both. Hey willow waly O!

Gros. Patience! Can it be that you don't recognize me?

Patience. *(down L.)* Recognize you? No, indeed I don't!

Gros. Have fifteen years so greatly changed me?

Patience. *(turning to him.)* Fifteen years? What do you mean?

Gros. Have you forgotten the friend of your youth, your Archibald? - your little playfellow? Oh, Chronos, Chronos, this is too bad of you! *(Comes down, C.)*

Patience. Archibald! Is it possible? Why, let me look! It is! It is! *(takes his hands.)* It must be! Oh, how happy I am! I thought we should never meet again! And how you've grown!

Gros. <sup>14</sup> Yes, Patience, I am much taller and much stouter than I was.

Patience. And how you've improved!

Gros. *(dropping her hands and turning.)* Yes, Patience, I am very beautiful! *(Sighs.)*

Patience. But surely that doesn't make you unhappy?

Gros. Yes, Patience. Gifted as I am with a beauty which probably has not its rival on earth, I am, nevertheless, utterly and completely miserable.

Patience. Oh - but why?

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<sup>14</sup> Gilbert originally wrote this line as "Yes, Patience, I am much taller and a little stouter than I was.", but varied it to suit the actor playing the role.

Gros. My child-love for you has never faded. Conceive, then, the horror of my situation when I tell you that it is my hideous destiny to be madly loved at first sight by every woman I come across! *by every woman who sets eyes on me!*<sup>15</sup>

Patience. Horrible indeed!

Gros. Ah, Patience, you may thank your stars that you are not cursed with the fatal gift of beauty. *It has been my bane through life!*

Patience. But why do you make yourself so picturesque? Why not disguise yourself, disfigure yourself, anything to escape this persecution? *A pasteboard nose would do it.*<sup>16</sup>

Gros. No, Patience, that may not be. These gifts - irksome as they are - were given to me for the enjoyment and delectation of my fellow-creatures. I am a trustee for Beauty, and it is my duty to see that the conditions of my trust are faithfully discharged.

Patience. And you, too, are a Poet?

Gros. Yes, I am the Apostle of Simplicity. I am called "Archibald the All-Right" - for I am infallible!

Patience. And is it possible that you condescend to love such a girl as I?

Gros. Yes, Patience, is it not strange? I have loved you with a Florentine fourteenth-century frenzy for full fifteen years!

Patience. Oh, marvelous! I have hitherto been deaf to the voice of love. I seem now to know what love is! It has been revealed to me - it is Archibald Grosvenor!

Gros. Yes, Patience, it is! *(She goes into his arms.)*

Patience. *(as in a trance.)* The purifying gift – the ennobling influence has descended upon me, and I am inconceivably happy!<sup>17</sup> We will never, never part!

Gros. We will live and die together!

Patience. I swear it!

Gros. We both swear it!

Patience. *(recoiling from him.)* But - oh, horror!

Gros. What's the matter?

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<sup>15</sup> These lines were certainly spoken in early performances.

<sup>16</sup> This line appears in early proof copies of the libretto. There is no indication that it was ever spoken in performance.

<sup>17</sup> The blue text appears in the first edition of the libretto and was presumably spoken at the first performance.



Patience. Why, you are perfection! A source of endless ecstasy to all who know you!

Gros. I know I am. Well?

Patience. Then, bless my heart, there can be nothing unselfish in loving you!

Gros. Merciful powers! I never thought of that!

Patience. To monopolize those features on which all women love to linger; *to keep to myself those attributes which were designed for the enjoyment and delectation of my fellow creatures!*<sup>18</sup> It would be unpardonable!

Gros. Why, so it would! Oh, fatal perfection, again you interpose between me and my happiness!

Patience. Oh, if you were but a thought less beautiful than you are!

Gros. Would that I were; but candour compels me to admit that I'm not!

Patience. Our duty is clear; we must part, and for ever!

Gros. Oh, misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your decision. Farewell, Patience!

Patience. Farewell, Archibald! *(they both turn to go.) (suddenly.)* But stay!

Gros. Yes, Patience?

Patience. Although I may not love you - for you are perfection - - there is nothing to prevent your loving me. I am plain, homely, unattractive!

Gros. Why, that's true!

Patience. The love of such a man as you for such a girl as I must be unselfish!

Gros. Unselfishness itself!

**No:8a – DUET – (Patience & Grosvenor.)**

Patience. Though to marry you would very selfish be--

Grosvenor. Hey, but I'm doleful - willow willow waly!

Patience. You may, all the same, continue loving me -

Grosvenor. Hey willow waly O!

Both. All the world ignoring,  
You'll/I'll go on adoring-  
Hey, willow waly O!

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<sup>18</sup> Another line present in the first edition libretto.

*They go off sadly - PATIENCE, L., GRONVENOR, R.U.E.*

**No:9 – FINALE – ACT ONE**

*Enter BUNTHORNE, crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. He is led by ANGELA and SAPHIR (each of whom holds an end of the rose-garland by which he is bound), and accompanied by procession of Maidens. They are dancing classically, and playing on cymbals, double pipes, and other archaic instruments. Jane last, with a very large pair of cymbals.*

*The procession enters over the drawbridge, BUNTHORNE being preceded by the Chorus. They go R. and round the stage, ending with BUNTHORNE down L.C., with ANGELA on his R., SAPHIR on his L., JANE up C.*

Maidens. Let the merry cymbals sound,  
Gaily pipe Pandaeon pleasure,  
With a Daphnephoric bound  
Tread a gay but classic measure,  
Tread a gay but classic measure.  
Ev'ry heart with hope is beating,  
For, at this exciting meeting  
Fickle Fortune will decide  
Who shall be our Bunthorne's bride!

Ev'ry heart with hope is beating,  
For, at this exciting meeting  
Fickle Fortune will decide  
Who shall be our Bunthorne's bride!

Let the merry cymbals sound,  
Gaily pipe Pandaeon pleasure,  
With a Daphnephoric bound  
Tread a gay but classic, classic measure,  
Tread a gay but classic, classic measure,  
A classic measure.

*DRAGOONS enter down R., forming a line diagonally up to up-stage, C.*

Dragoons. Now tell us, we pray you,  
Why thus they array you-  
Oh, poet, how say you-  
What is it you've done?

Now tell us, we pray you,  
Why thus they array you-  
Oh, poet, how say you-  
What is it you've done?  
Oh, poet, how say you-  
What is it you've done?

Duke. (C.) Of rite sacrificial,  
By sentence judicial,  
This seems the initial,  
Then why don't you run?

Colonel. (R.C.) They cannot have led you  
To hang or behead you,  
Nor may they all wed you,  
Unfortunate one!

Dragoons. Then tell us, we pray you,  
Why thus they array you-  
Oh, poet, how say you-  
What is it you've done?

*Enter SOLICITOR.*

Bunthorne. Heart-broken at my Patience's barbarity,  
By the advice of my solicitor  
In aid - in aid of a deserving charity,  
I've put myself up to be raffled for!

*He introduces his solicitor.*

Maidens. By the advice of his solicitor,  
He's put himself up to be raffled for!

Dragoons. Oh, horror! urged by his solicitor,  
He's put himself up to be raffled for!

Maidens. Oh, heaven's blessing on his solicitor!

Dragoons. A hideous curse on his solicitor!

Maidens. Oh, heaven's blessing on his solicitor!

Dragoons. A hideous curse on his solicitor!

Maidens. A blessing –

Dragoons. A curse –

Maidens. A blessing –

Dragoons. A curse –

All. On his solicitor!

*The SOLICITOR, horrified at the Dragoons' curse, rushes off, L.*

Colonel. (R.C., BUNTHORNE up L., surrounded by the Ladies.)  
Stay, we implore you,

Before our hopes are blighted;  
You see before you  
The men to whom you're plighted!

Dragoons. Stay, we implore you,  
For we adore you;  
To us you're plighted  
To be united-  
Stay, we implore you, we implore you!

Duke. (C.) Your maiden hearts, ah, do not steel  
To pity's eloquent appeal,  
Such conduct British soldiers feel.  
(*Aside .*) Sigh, sigh, all sigh! (*They all sigh.*)

To foeman's steel we rarely see  
A British soldier bend the knee,  
Yet, one and all, they kneel to ye-  
(*Aside .*) Kneel, kneel, all kneel! (*They all kneel.*)

Our soldiers very seldom cry,  
And yet - I need not tell you why-  
A tear-drop dews each martial eye!  
(*Aside .*) Weep, weep, all weep! (*They all weep.*)

Maidens. & Dragoons. Our/We soldiers very seldom cry,  
And yet - they/we need not tell us/you why-

Above & Duke. A tear-drop dews each eye/martial eye!  
Weep, weep, all weep!

***The SOLICITOR re-enters.***

Bunthorne. (*coming briskly forward, L.C.*) Come, walk up, and purchase with avidity,  
Overcome your diffidence and natural timidity,  
Tickets for the raffle should be purchased with avidity,  
Put in half a guinea and a husband you may gain-  
Such a judge of blue-and-white and other kinds of pottery-  
From early Oriental down to modern terra-cottary-  
Put in half a guinea - you may draw him in a lottery-  
Such an opportunity may not occur again.

Maidens. Such a judge of blue-and-white and other kinds of pottery-  
From early Oriental down to modern terra cottary-  
Put in half a guinea - you may draw him in a lottery-  
Such an opportunity may not occur again.

***Maidens. crowd up to purchase tickets. Dragoons dance in single file round stage, to express their indifference.***

Dragoons. We've been thrown over, we're aware  
But we don't care - but we don't care!

There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it,  
As good as ever came out of it,  
And some day we shall get our share,  
So we don't care - so we don't care!

*During this the Maidens have been buying tickets, the SOLICITOR officiating. At last JANE presents herself. BUNTHORNE looks at her with aversion.*

Bun. And are you going a ticket for to buy?

Jane. *(surprised.)* Most certainly I am; why shouldn't I?

Bun. *(aside.)* Oh, Fortune, this is hard! *(aloud.)*  
Blindfold your eyes;  
Two minutes will decide who wins the prize!

*Maidens blindfold themselves.*

Girls. Oh, Fortune, to my aching heart be kind;  
Like us, thou art blindfolded, but not blind!  
Just raise your bandage, thus, *(Each uncovers one eye.)* that you may see,  
And give the prize, and give the prize to me! *(They cover their eyes again.)*

Bun. Come, Lady Jane, I pray you draw the first!

Jane. *(joyfully.)* He loves me best!

Bun. *(aside.)* I want to know the worst!

*JANE puts her hand in bag to draw ticket. PATIENCE enters and prevents her.*<sup>19</sup>

Patience. Hold! Stay your hand!

All. *(uncovering their eyes.)* What means this interference?  
Of this bold girl I pray you make a clearance!

Jane. Away with you, away with you, and to your milk-pails go!

Bun. *(suddenly.)* She wants a ticket! Take a dozen!

Patience. No! If there be pardon in your breast  
For this poor penitent,  
Who with remorseful thought opprest,  
Sincerely doth repent;  
If you, with one so lowly, still  
Desire to be allied,  
Then you may take me, if you will,  
For I will be your bride!

*She kneels to BUNTHORNE.*

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<sup>19</sup> Gilbert's original stage direction at this point is more specific – *JANE draws a paper and is about to open it, when PATIENCE enters. PATIENCE snatches paper from JANE and tears it up.*

Chorus. Oh, shameless one!  
Oh, bold-faced thing!  
Away you run-  
Go, take your wing,  
Oh, shameless one!  
Oh, bold-faced thing!  
Away you run-  
Go, take your wing,  
You shameless one!  
You bold-faced thing!

*BUNTHORNE raises her.*

Bun. How strong is love! For many and many a week,  
She's loved me fondly, and has feared to speak  
But Nature, for restraint too mighty far,  
Has burst the bonds of Art - and here we are!

Patience. No, Mister Bunthorne, no - you're wrong again;  
Permit me - I'll endeavour to explain!

True love must single-hearted be-

Bun. Exactly so!

Patience. From ev'ry selfish fancy free-

Bun. Exactly so!

Patience. No idle thought of gain or joy  
A maiden's fancy should employ-  
True love must be without alloy,  
True love must be without alloy.

Dragoons. Exactly so!

Patience. Imposture to contempt must lead-

Colonel. Exactly so!

Patience. Blind vanity's dissension's seed-

Major. Exactly so!

Patience. It follows, then, a maiden who  
Devotes herself to loving you  
Is prompted by no selfish view  
Is prompted by no selfish view!

Dragoons. Exactly so!

Saphir. (*coming L. of BUNTHORNE.*) Are you resolved to wed this shameless one?

Angela. (*coming R. of BUNTHORNE.*) Is there no chance for any other?

Bun. (*decisively.*) None! (*Embraces Patience.*)

*Exit Patience and BUNTHORNE, L. Angela, Saphir, and Ella take Colonel, Duke, and Major down, while Maidens gaze fondly at other Officers.*

**SEXTET - (Ella, Saphir, Angela, Duke, Major, Colonel.)**

I hear the soft note of the echoing voice  
Of an old, old love, long dead-  
It whispers my sorrowing heart "rejoice"-  
For the last sad tear is shed-  
The pain that is all but a pleasure will change  
For the pleasure that's all but pain,  
And never, oh never, this heart will range  
From that old, old love again!

*Maidens embrace Officers.*

Chorus. Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change  
For the pleasure that's all but pain,  
And never, oh never, our hearts will range  
From that old, old love again!

Duke.	Oh never, oh never our hearts will range	Rest.	Oh never, oh never our hearts, our hearts will range From that old, old love a- -gain! Oh never
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Sextet.	Oh never, oh never, our hearts will range	Chorus.	oh never our hearts, oh never, our hearts will range
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*The Maidens embrace the Officers. Re-enter PATIENCE and BUNTHORNE. L. As the Dragoons and Maidens are embracing, enter GROSVENOR, R.U.E., reading. He takes no notice of them, but comes slowly down, still reading. The Maidens are all strangely fascinated by him. The Chorus divides, L. & R., and the Maidens are held back by the Dragoons, as they attempt to throw themselves at GROSVENOR. Fury of BUNTHORNE, who recognizes a rival.*

Angela. (*R.C.*) But who is this, whose god-like grace  
Proclaims he comes of noble race?  
And who is this, whose manly face  
Bears sorrow's interesting trace?

Chorus. Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace  
Proclaims he comes of noble race?

Gros. (C.) I am a broken-hearted troubadour,  
Whose mind's aesthetic and whose tastes are pure!

Angela. Aesthetic! He is aesthetic!

Gros. Yes, yes - I am aesthetic  
And poetic!

Maidens. Then, we love you!

*They break away from the Dragoons, and kneel to GROSVENOR.*

Dragoons. They love him! Horror!

Bun. And Patience. They love him! Horror!

Gros. They love me! Horror! Horror! Horror!

### ENSEMBLE

*(all parts sung at the same time.)*

Patience.

List, Reginald, while I confess  
A love that's all unselfishness,  
That it's unselfish, goodness knows,  
You won't dispute it, I suppose!

Ella, Saphir, Angela, Jane.

Oh, list while we a love confess  
That words imperfectly express.  
Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!

Major, Colonel. & Bunthorne.

My jealousy I can't express,  
Their love they openly confess!  
Their love they openly confess, confess!

Maidens.

Yes, those shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!

Duke.

My jealousy I can't express,  
Their love they openly confess;  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To their recital of their woes.

Chorus

Oh, list while we/they  
A love confess  
That words imperfect-  
-ly express.

Grosvenor.

Again my cursed comeliness  
Spreads hopeless anguish and distress,  
Spreads hopeless anguish and distress, distress!

Dragoons.

Yes, his shell-like ears he does not close  
To their recital of their woes!



To blighted love's distracting woes,  
their woes!

To their recital of their woes,  
their woes!

Patience.

Duke.

Ah!  
And I shall love you, I shall love.  
Your ears, ah, do not close!  
Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
love's woes!

Ah!  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
Love's woes!

Ella, Saphir, Angela, Jane.

Maidens.

Oh, list while we our love confess  
That words imperfectly express.  
Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
love's woes

Oh, list while we a love confess  
That words imperfectly express.  
Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
Those shell-like ears, ah, do not close  
To blighted love's distracting woes!  
To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
love's woes!

Bunthorne

Major and Colonel.

My jealousy I can't express,  
Their love they openly confess.  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To blighted love's distracting  
woes!  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To blighted love's distracting  
woes!  
To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
love's woes!

My jealousy I can't express,  
Their love they openly confess.  
His shell-like ears he does not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this  
preposterous?  
A thorough-paced absurdity, explain it if you  
can!  
Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this  
preposterous?  
A thorough-paced absurdity, explain it if you  
can!  
Explain, explain it if you can!  
you can!

Grosvenor

Dragoons.

Again my cursed comeliness  
Spreads hopeless anguish and distress;  
Thine ears, oh, Fortune, do not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
My shell-like ears I cannot close

To blighted love's distracting woes!

My shell-like ears I cannot close

To blighted love's distracting woes!

To love's, to love's distracting woes!  
love's woes!

Oh, list while they a love confess  
That words imperfectly express.  
His shell-like ears He does not close  
To love's distracting woes!  
Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this  
preposterous?  
A thorough-paced absurdity, explain it if you  
can!  
Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this  
preposterous?  
A thorough-paced absurdity, explain it if you  
can!  
Explain, explain it if you can!  
you can!

*GROSVENOR makes a wild effort to escape up-stage; the Maidens drag him back and kneel as the curtain falls.*

**END OF ACT I**

## ACT II

*SCENE - A wooded glade, with a view of open country in the background. The chorus of Maidens. is heard singing in the distance. JANE is discovered leaning on a violoncello, which she has propped up on a tree-stump, L., and upon which she will presently accompany herself. As the Chorus ends, she speaks.*<sup>20</sup>

### No:1 – CHORUS OF MAIDENS<sup>21</sup>

On such eyes as maidens cherish  
Let thy fond adorers gaze,  
Or incontinently perish,  
In their all-consuming rays!  
Or incontinently perish,  
In their all-consuming rays!

Jane. The fickle crew have deserted Reginald and sworn allegiance to his rival, and all, forsooth, because he has glanced with passing favour on a puling milkmaid! Fools! Of that fancy he will soon weary - and then, I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for my charms are ripe, Reginald, and already they are decaying. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!

### No:2 – RECITATIVE & SONG – (Jane.)

Jane. Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year,  
Sees, one by one, her beauties disappear,  
When Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs,  
Impatiently begins to dim her eyes!  
Compelled, at last, in life's uncertain gloamings,  
To wreath her wrinkled brow with well-saved "combings,"  
Reduced, with rouge, lip-shade, and pearly grey,  
To "make up" for lost time as best she may!

Silvered is the raven hair,  
Spreading is the parting straight,  
Mottled the complexion fair,  
Halting is the youthful gait,  
Hollow is the laughter free,  
Spectacled the limpid eye,  
Little will be left of me  
In the coming bye and bye!  
Little will be left of me  
In the coming bye and bye!

---

<sup>20</sup> The original stage direction was much shorter – *A Glade, in the centre a small sheet of water.*

<sup>21</sup> The numbering of musical items in this libretto adopts the system used by Chappell & Co and not that current in American editions of the vocal score.

Fading is the taper waist,  
Shapeless grows the shapely limb,  
And although severely laced,<sup>22</sup>  
Spreading is the figure trim!  
Stouter than I used to be,  
Still more corpulent grow I-  
There will be too much of me  
In the coming by and bye!  
There will be too much of me  
In the coming by and bye!

*Exit, L., carrying her violoncello.*

*Enter GROSVENOR, R., followed by Maidens., two and two, playing on archaic instruments as in Act I. He is reading abstractedly, as BUNTHORNE did in Act I, and pays no attention to them.*

### **No:3 – CHORUS OF MAIDENS**

Turn, oh, turn in this direction,  
Shed, oh, shed a gentle smile,  
With a glance of sad perfection,  
Our poor fainting hearts beguile!

On such eyes as maidens cherish  
Let thy fond adorers gaze,  
Or incontinently perish,  
In their all-consuming rays!  
Or incontinently perish,  
In their all-consuming rays!

*GROSVENOR sits, R.; they group themselves around him in a formation similar to that which opens Act I.*

Gros. (*aside, not looking up.*) The old, old tale. How rapturously these maidens love me, and how hopelessly! (*He looks up.*) Oh, Patience, Patience, with the love of thee in my heart, what have I for these poor mad maidens but an unvalued pity? Alas, they will die of hopeless love for me, as I shall die of hopeless love for thee!

Angela. Sir, will it please you read to us?

Gros. (*sighing.*) Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

Angela. One of your own poems.

Gros. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. They will not cure thee of thy love. (*All sigh.*)

Ella. Mr. Bunthorne used to read us a poem of his own every day.

---

<sup>22</sup> This line was originally written as “And although securely laced,”

Saphir. And, to do him justice, he read them extremely well.

Gros. Oh, did he so? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a decalet - a pure and simple thing, a very daisy – a babe might understand it. To appreciate it, it is not necessary to think of anything at all.

Angela. Let us think of nothing at all!

Gros. <sup>23</sup> (*reciting.*) Gentle Jane was as good as gold,  
She always did as she was told;  
She never spoke when her mouth was full,  
Or caught bluebottles their legs to pull,  
Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,  
Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,  
Or vivisected her last new doll,  
Or fostered a passion for alcohol.  
And when she grew up she was given in marriage  
To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage!

I believe I am right in saying that there is not one word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

Angela. Not one; it is purity itself.

Gros. Here's another.

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy,  
A great big squirt was his favourite toy  
He put live shrimps in his father's boots,  
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits;  
He punched his poor little sisters' heads,  
And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds;  
He plastered their hair with cobbler's wax,  
And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.  
The consequence was he was lost totally,  
And married a girl in the corps de bally!

***The Maidens express intense horror.***

Angela. Marked you how grandly - how relentlessly - the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong-Doer? Oh, it was terrible! (*All shudder.*)

Ella. <sup>24</sup> Oh, sir, you are indeed a true poet, for you touch our hearts, and they go out to you!

---

<sup>23</sup> This and the following poem originally appear in the 'Clerical' version of PATIENCE where they are recited by the Revd. Lawn Tennison.

<sup>24</sup> In the first edition of the libretto this line is not present.

Gros. <sup>25</sup> (*aside.*) This is simply cloying. (*aloud.*) Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungallant, but this is Saturday, and you have been following me about ever since Monday. I should like the usual half-holiday. I shall take it as a personal favour if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day.

Saphir. <sup>26</sup> Oh, sir, do not send us from you!

Gros. Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn.

Angela. (*wildly.*) But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

Gros. Don't you? Then I will sing it to you.

#### **No:4 – SONG – (Grosvenor & Chorus of Maidens.)**

Gros. A magnet hung in a hardware shop,  
And all around was a loving crop  
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,  
Offering love for all their lives;  
But for iron the magnet felt no whim,  
Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him;  
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,  
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!

Maidens. A Silver Churn!

Gros. A Silver Churn!

His most aesthetic,  
Very magnetic  
Fancy took this turn-  
"If I can wheedle  
A knife or a needle,  
Why not a Silver Churn?"

Maidens. His most aesthetic,  
Very magnetic  
Fancy took this turn-  
"If I can wheedle  
A knife or a needle,  
Why not a Silver Churn?"

---

<sup>25</sup> The original line ran as follows – “Ladies I am sorry to distress you, but you have been following me about ever since Monday, and this is Saturday. I should like the usual half-holiday, and if you will kindly allow me to close early today, I shall take it as a personal favour.”

<sup>26</sup> The first edition of the libretto allocates a longer version of this line to Ella – “Oh, sir, do not send us from you, for our love leaps to our lips, and our hearts go out to you.”

Gros. (*He rises, going C.*) And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,  
The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,  
The penknives felt "shut up", no doubt,  
The scissors declared themselves "cut out",  
The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,  
While ev'ry nail went off its head,  
And hither and thither began to roam,  
Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

Maidens. It drove them home?

Gros. It drove them home!  
  
While this magnetic,  
Peripatetic  
Lover he lived to learn,  
By no endeavour  
Can magnet ever  
Attract a Silver Churn!

Maidens. While this magnetic,  
Peripatetic  
Lover he lived to learn,

Maidens and Gros. By no endeavour  
Can magnet ever  
Attract a Silver Churn!

*They go off in low spirits, R.U.E., gazing back at him from time to time.* <sup>27</sup>

Gros. At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests!  
(*Goes R.*)

*Enter PATIENCE., L. Stops L.C. on seeing GROSVENOR.*

Gros. (*Turns and sees her.*) Patience!

Patience. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?

Gros. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime- (*seizing her hand.*)

Patience. (*indignantly.*) Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (*He releases her.*) If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's! (*very tenderly.*) But you do love me, don't you?

Gros. Madly, hopelessly, despairingly!

---

<sup>27</sup> The licence copy has a different stage direction at this point – *They go off as in Act One singing “In a melancholy train”, and gazing back at him from time to time.*

Patience. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

Gros. And you love this Bunthorne?

Patience. With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings!  
*(sadly.)* It is my duty.

Gros. Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?

Patience. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

Gros. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

Patience. But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching.

Gros. <sup>28</sup> Dear Reginald. *(in disgust.)*

Patience. Farewell, dear Archibald; I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

Gros. Ah, if I only dared- *(advancing towards her.)*

Patience. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! *(tenderly.)* Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

Gros. Loving! *(advancing towards her.)*

Patience. Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! *(tenderly.)* Farewell, Archibald! *(sternly.)* Stop there! *(tenderly.)* Think of me sometimes! *(angrily.)* Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

***GROSVENOR sighs, gazes sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and exits, R. She bursts into tears.***

***Enter BUNTHORNE, followed by JANE. He is moody and preoccupied.***

Jane. In a doleful train  
One and one I walk all day;  
For I love in vain-  
None so sorrowful as they  
Who can only sigh and say,  
Woe is me, alackaday!

Bun. *(seeing Patience.)* Crying, eh? What are you crying about?

Patience. I've only been thinking how dearly I love you!

Bun. Love me! Bah!

---

<sup>28</sup> This line is spoken on the 1961 D'Oyly Carte recording and was certainly included by Kenneth Sandford in performances up until the disbanding of the original company in 1982.



Jane. Love him! Bah!

Bun. *(to JANE.)* Don't you interfere.

Jane. He always crushes me!

Patience. *(going to him.)* What is the matter, dear Reginald? If you have any sorrow, tell it to me, that I may share it with you. *(sighing.)* It is my duty!

Bun. *(snappishly.)* Whom were you talking with just now?

Patience. With dear Archibald.

Bun. *(furiously.)* With dear Archibald! Upon my honour, this is too much!

Jane. A great deal too much!

Bun. *(angrily to JANE.)* Do be quiet!

Jane. Crushed again!

Patience. I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever met. But I don't love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but I don't love him. Whenever he grows affectionate, I scream. It is my duty! *(sighing.)*

Bun. I dare say!

Jane. So do I! I dare say!

Patience. Why, how could I love him and love you too? You can't love two people at once!

Bun. <sup>29</sup> Oh, can't you, though!

Patience. No, you can't; I only wish you could.

Bun. I don't believe you know what love is!

Patience. *(sighing.)* Yes, I do. There was a happy time when I didn't, but a bitter experience has taught me.

***BUNTHORNE, noticing that JANE is not looking at him, goes off quickly up R. She turns, sees him, and runs after him.***

### **No:5 – SONG – (Patience.)**

Patience. Love is a plaintive song,  
Sung by a suff'ring maid,  
Telling a tale of wrong,  
Telling of hope betrayed;  
Tuned to each changing note,

---

<sup>29</sup> This and the following line did not appear in the original libretto, but were added into the official prompt book. They possibly originated as an ad lib.

Sorry when he is sad,  
Blind to his ev'ry mote,  
Merry when he is glad!  
Merry when he is glad!  
Love that no wrong can cure,  
Love that is always new,  
That is the love that's pure,  
That is the love that's true!  
Love that no wrong can cure,  
Love that is always new,  
That is the love that's pure,  
That is the love, the love that's true!

Rendering good for ill,  
Smiling at ev'ry frown,  
Yielding your own self-will,  
Laughing your teardrops down;  
Never a selfish whim,  
Trouble, or pain to stir;  
Everything for him,  
Nothing at all for her!  
Nothing at all for her!  
Love that will aye endure,  
Though the rewards be few,  
That is the love that's pure,  
That is the love that's true!  
Love that will aye endure,  
Though the rewards be few,  
That is the love that's pure,  
That is the love, the love that's true!

*At the end of ballad exit PATIENCE, L., weeping. Enter BUNTHORNE, R., JANE following.*

Bun. Everything has gone wrong with me since that smug-faced<sup>30</sup> idiot came here. Before that I was admired - I may say, loved.

Jane. Too mild - adored!

Bun. Do let a poet soliloquize! The damozels used to follow me wherever I went; now they all follow him!

Jane. Not all! I am still faithful to you.

Bun. Yes, and a pretty damozel you are!

Jane. No, not pretty. Massive. Cheer up! I will never leave you, I swear it!

Bun. Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it's his confounded mildness. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And no doubt I am highly spiced.

---

<sup>30</sup> The first edition of the libretto has "idyllic idiot."

Jane. Not for my taste!

Bun. (*savagely.*) No, but I am for theirs. But I will show the world I can be as mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I'll meet this fellow on his own ground and beat him on it.

Jane. You shall. And I will help you.

Bun. You will? Jane, there's a good deal of good in you, after all!

**No:6 – DUET – (Jane & Bunthorne.)**

*Dance.*

Jane. So go to him and say to him, with compliment ironical-

Bun. Sing "Hey to you-  
Good-day to you"-  
And that's what I shall say!

Jane. Your style is much too sanctified - your cut is too canonical"-

Bun. Sing "Bah to you-  
Ha! ha! to you"-  
And that's what I shall say!

Jane. "I was the beau ideal of the morbid young aesthetical-  
To doubt my inspiration was regarded as heretical-  
Until you cut me out with your placidity emetical."

Bun. Sing "Booh to you-  
Pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what I shall say!  
Sing "Booh to you-  
Pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what I shall say!

Jane.

Sing "Hey to you - good-day to you"-  
Sing "Bah to you - ha! ha! to you"-  
Sing "Booh to you - pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what you should say!  
Sing "Hey to you - good-day to you"-  
Sing "Bah to you - ha! ha! to you"-  
Sing "Booh to you"-  
And that's what you should say!  
"Bah"

"Bah"

Bun.

"Hey,  
Good-day  
Bah.  
ha! ha!  
"Booh,  
pooh-pooh  
Bah.  
And that's what I shall say!

"Booh"

"Booh"

And that's what you should say!

“Booh”

“Booh”

And that's what you should say!

And that's what I shall say!

"Bah”

"Bah”

And that's what I shall say!

Bun. I'll tell him that unless he will consent to be more jocular-

Jane. Sing "Booh to you-  
Pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what you should say!

Bun. To cut his curly hair, and stick an eyeglass in his ocular-

Jane. Sing "Bah to you-  
Ha! ha! to you"-  
And that's what you should say!

Bun. To stuff his conversation full of quibble and of quiddity,  
To dine on chops and roly-poly pudding with avidity-  
He'd better clear away with all convenient rapidity.

Jane. Sing "Hey to you-  
Good-day to you"-  
And that's what you should say!

Bun. Sing "Booh to you-  
Pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what I shall say!

Jane.

Sing "Hey to you - good-day to you"-  
Sing "Bah to you - ha! ha! to you"-  
Sing "Booh to you - pooh, pooh to you"-  
And that's what you should say!  
Sing "Hey to you - good-day to you"-  
Sing "Bah to you - ha! ha! to you"-  
Sing "Booh to you"-  
And that's what you should say!  
"Bah”

"Bah”

And that's what you should say!

“Booh”

“Booh”

Bun.

"Hey,  
Good-day  
Bah.  
ha! ha!  
"Booh,  
pooh-pooh  
Bah.  
And that's what I shall say!

"Booh”

"Booh”

And that's what I shall say!

"Bah”

"Bah”

And that's what you should say!

And that's what I shall say!

*They dance off, L.*

*Enter DUKE, COLONEL, and MAJOR, R. They have abandoned their uniforms, and are dressed and made up in imitation of Aesthetics. They have long hair, and other signs of attachment to the brotherhood. As they sing they walk in stiff, constrained, and angular attitudes - a grotesque exaggeration of the attitudes adopted by BUNTHORNE and the young Maidens in Act I.*

*Enter DUKE.... enter MAJOR.... enter COLONEL., Attitude. They walk to C.*

**No:7 – TRIO – (Duke, Major, & Colonel.)**

It's clear that medieval art alone retains its zest,  
To charm and please its devotees we've done our little best.  
We're not quite sure if all we do has the Early English ring;  
But, as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of thing:  
You hold yourself like this, (*attitude.*)  
You hold yourself like that, (*attitude.*)  
By hook and crook you try to look both angular and flat (*attitude.*).  
We venture to expect  
That what we recollect,  
Though but a part of true High Art, will have its due effect.

If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid;  
You can't get high Aesthetic tastes, like trousers, ready made.  
True views on Medievalism Time alone will bring,  
But, as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of thing:  
You hold yourself like this, (*attitude.*)  
You hold yourself like that, (*attitude.*)  
By hook and crook you try to look both angular and flat (*attitude.*).  
To cultivate the trim  
Rigidity of limb,  
You ought to get a Marionette, and form your style on him (*attitude.*).

*Attitudes change in time to the music.*

Colonel. (*attitude.*) Yes, it's quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as aesthetic as they are.

Major. (*attitude.*) No doubt. The only question is how far we've succeeded in doing so. I don't know why, but I've an idea that this is not quite right.

Duke. (*attitude.*) I don't like it. I never did. I don't see what it means. I do it, but I don't like it.

Colonel. My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understand these things - we don't. Now I shouldn't be surprised if this is effective enough - at a distance.

Major. I can't help thinking we're a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be "struck" so!

Colonel. I don't think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we're a little awkward at first - but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! "Tention!"

*They strike fresh attitudes, as ANGELA and SAPHIR enter, L.*

Angela. (*seeing them.*) Oh, Saphir - see - see! The immortal fire has descended on them, and they are of the Inner Brotherhood - perceptively intense and consummately utter.

*The Officers have some difficulty in maintaining their constrained attitudes.*

Saphir. (*in admiration.*) How Botticelian! How Fra Angelican! Oh, Art, we thank thee for this boon!

Colonel. (*apologetically.*) I'm afraid we're not quite right.

Angela. Not supremely, perhaps, but oh, so all - but! (*to Saphir.*) Oh, Saphir, are they not quite too all - but?

Saphir. They are indeed jolly utter!

Major. (*in agony.*) I wonder what the Inner Brotherhood usually recommend for cramp?

Colonel. Ladies, we will not deceive you. We are doing this at some personal inconvenience with a view of expressing the extremity of our devotion to you. We trust that it is not without its effect.

Angela. We will not deny that we are much moved by this proof of your attachment.

Saphir. Yes, your conversion to the principles of Aesthetic Art in its highest development has touched us deeply.

Angela. And if Mr. Bunthorne should remain obdurate-

Saphir. Which we have every reason to believe he will-

Major. (*aside, in agony.*) I wish they'd make haste! (*The others hush him.*)

Angela. We are not prepared to say that our yearning hearts will not go out to you.

Colonel. (*as giving a word of command.*) By sections of threes - Rapture! (*All strike a fresh attitude, expressive of aesthetic rapture.*)

Saphir. Oh, it's extremely good - for beginners it's admirable.

Major. The only question is, who will take who?

Colonel. Oh, the Duke chooses first, as a matter of course.

Duke. Oh, I couldn't think of it - you are really too good!

Colonel. Nothing of the kind. You are a great matrimonial fish, and it's only fair that each of these ladies should have a chance of hooking you.

Duke. 31 Won't it be rather awkward?

Colonel. Awkward? Not at all. It's perfectly simple. Observe suppose you choose Angela, I take Saphir, Major takes nobody. (with increasing speed.) Suppose you choose Saphir, Major takes Angela, I take nobody. Suppose you choose neither, I take Angela, Major takes Saphir. Clear as day!

Angela. Capital!

Saphir. The very thing!

*The officers, with obvious relief, abandon their aesthetic attitudes, and, with the Ladies, dance into position. L. To R. 1st verse: COLONEL with ANGELA; DUKE with SAPHIR; MAJOR alone. 2nd verse: COLONEL alone; ANGELA with DUKE; SAPHIR with MAJOR. 3rd verse: COLONEL with SAPHIR; DUKE alone; ANGELA with MAJOR.*

**No:8 – QUINTET – (Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major & Colonel.)**

Duke. If Saphir I choose to marry,  
I shall be fixed up for life;  
Then the Colonel need not tarry,  
Angela can be his wife.

Major. In that case unprecedented,  
Single I shall live and die-  
I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

All. He will have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die-  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

Duke. If on Angy I determine,  
At my wedding she'll appear,  
Decked in diamond and ermine.  
Major then can take Saphir!

Colonel. In that case unprecedented,  
Single I shall live and die-

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<sup>31</sup> The remaining speeches do not appear in all editions of the libretto.

I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

All. He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die-  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

***Positions at beginning of Verse 3: L. to R., COLONEL, ANGELA, DUKE, SAPHIR,  
MAJOR.***

Duke. After some debate internal,  
If on neither I decide,  
Saphir then can take the Colonel, (*Hands her to the COLONEL.*)  
Angy be the Major's bride! (*Hands her to the MAJOR.*)

In that case unprecedented,  
Single I shall live and die-  
I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

All. He will have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die-  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

***They dance off, arm-in-arm, up-stage and off, L.U.E., the COLONEL leading with  
SAPHIR.***

***Enter GROSVENOR, R.U.E.***

Gros. It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at leisure upon  
those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (*Looking at his  
reflection in hand-mirror.*)<sup>32</sup> Ah, I am a very Narcissus!

***Enter BUNTHORNE, L. moodily.***<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> In the first edition of the libretto this stage direction reads – “*Reclining on bank of lake, and looking at his reflection in the water.*” See footnote 20 on page 33.



Bun. It's no use; I can't live without admiration. Since Grosvenor came here, insipidity has been at a premium. Ah, he is there!

Gros. Ah, Bunthorne! Come here - look! <sup>34</sup>*Is it not beautiful?*

*BUNTHORNE also reclines behind the lake, so that the actions of both are reflected in the water.*

Bun. *(looking in lake.)* Which?

Gros. Mine.

Bun. Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

Gros. Very graceful, isn't it!

Bun. *(taking hand-mirror.)* Allow me; I haven't seen it. Yes, it is graceful.

Gros. *(taking back the mirror)* Oh, good gracious! not that - this-

Bun. You don't mean that! Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

Gros. And what is amiss?

Bun. Ever since you came here, you have entirely monopolized the attentions of the young ladies. I don't like it, sir!

Gros. My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr. Bunthorne, with your personal disadvantages, you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being madly loved, at first sight, by every woman you meet.

Bun. Sir, until you came here I was adored!

Gros. Exactly - until I came here. That's my grievance. I cut everybody out! I assure you, if you could only suggest some means whereby, consistently with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

Bun. I will do so at once. However popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to me.

Gros. It is? *(shaking his hand.)* Oh, thank you! thank you! How can I express my gratitude?

Bun. By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter-of-fact. You must cut your hair, and have a back parting. <sup>35</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> The first edition of the libretto extends this stage direction – *“His hair now resembles GROSVENOR’s – that is to say it is lank instead of being bushy, and he has shaved his moustache.”*

<sup>34</sup> The text in blue represents how the scene appeared in the first edition of the libretto.

<sup>35</sup> This line does not appear in the original libretto and would appear to have been an ad lib.

Gros. <sup>36</sup> Beg pardon?

Bun. A back parting sir! In appearance and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

Gros. (*decidedly.*) No. Pardon me, that's impossible.

Bun. Take care! When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

Gros. <sup>37</sup> I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

Bun. I don't think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

Gros. I don't care what they are.

Bun. Suppose - I won't go so far as to say that I will do it - but suppose for one moment I were to curse you? (*GROSVENOR quails.*) Ah! Very well. Take care.

Gros. But surely you would never do that? (*In great alarm.*)

Bun. I don't know. It would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still-

Gros. (*wildly.*) But you would not do it - I am sure you would not. (*Throwing himself at BUNTHORNE's knees, and clinging to him.*) Oh, reflect, reflect! You had a mother once.

Bun. Never!

Gros. Then you had an aunt! (*BUNTHORNE affected.*) Ah! I see you had! By the memory of that aunt, I implore you to pause ere you resort to this last fearful expedient. Oh, Mr. Bunthorne, reflect, reflect! (*Weeping.*)

Bun. (*aside, after a struggle with himself.*) I must not allow myself to be unmanned! (*aloud.*) It is useless. Consent at once, or may a nephew's curse-

Gros. Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?

Bun. Absolutely.

Gros. Will nothing shake you?

Bun. Nothing. I am adamant.

Gros. Very good. (*rising.*) Then I yield.

Bun. Ha! You swear it?

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<sup>36</sup> The text shown here in blue is preserved on the D'Oyly Carte recording of 1961 and was common practice at that time.

<sup>37</sup> This line appears differently in the first edition libretto – “I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. I am here to preach, in my own person, the Principles of Perfection. I am, as it were, a Banquet of Beauty upon which all who will may feast. It is most unpleasant to be a Banquet, but I must not shirk my responsibilities.”

Gros. I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last. I do it on compulsion!

Bun. Victory! I triumph!

**No:9 – DUET – (Bunthorne & Grosvenor.)**

*Each one dances around the stage while the other is singing his solo verses.*

Bun. When I go out of door,  
Of damozels a score  
(All sighing and burning,  
And clinging and yearning)  
Will follow me as before.

I shall, with cultured taste,  
Distinguish gems from paste,  
And "High diddle diddle"  
Will rank as an idyll,  
If I pronounce it chaste!

Both. A most intense young man,  
A soulful-eyed young man,  
An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical,  
Out-of-the-way young man!

Gros. Conceive me, if you can,  
An ev'ryday young man:  
A commonplace type,  
With a stick and a pipe,  
And a half-bred black-and-tan;

Who thinks suburban "hops"  
More fun than "Monday Pops,"-  
Who's fond of his dinner,  
And doesn't get thinner  
On bottled beer and chops.

Both. A commonplace young man,  
A matter-of-fact young man-  
A steady and stolidly, jolly Bank-holiday,  
Every-day young man!

Bun. A Japanese young man-  
A blue-and-white young man-  
Francesca di Rimini, miminy, piminy,  
Je-ne-sais-quoi young man!

Gros. A Chancery lane young man-  
A Somerset House young man,-

A very delectable, highly respectable  
Three-penny-bus young man!

Bun. A pallid and thin young man-  
A haggard and lank young man,  
A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,  
Foot-in-the-grave young man!

Gros. A Sewell and Cross young man,  
A Howell & James young man,  
A pushing young particle - "What's the next article?"-  
Waterloo House young man!

Bun.

Conceive me, if you can,  
A crotchety, cracked young man,  
An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical,  
Out-of-the way young man!

Conceive me, if you can,  
A crotchety, cracked young man,  
An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical,  
Out-of-the way young man!

Gros.

Conceive me, if you can,  
A matter-of-fact young man,  
An alphabetical, arithmetical,  
Every day young man!

Conceive me, if you can,  
A matter-of-fact young man,  
An alphabetical, arithmetical,  
Every day young man!

***GROSVENOR dances off, L.U.E.***

Bun. It is all right! I have committed my last act of ill-nature, and henceforth I'm a changed character.

***Dances about stage, humming refrain of last air. Enter Patience., L. She gazes in astonishment at him.***

Patience. <sup>38</sup> Reginald! Dancing! And - what in the world is the matter with you?

Bun. Patience, I'm a changed man. Hitherto I've been gloomy, moody, fitful - uncertain in temper and selfish in disposition-

Patience. You have, indeed! (*sighing.*)

Bun. All that is changed. I have reformed. I have modelled myself upon Mr. Grosvenor. Henceforth I am mildly cheerful. My conversation will blend amusement with instruction. I shall still be aesthetic; but my aestheticism will be of the most pastoral kind.

Patience. Oh, Reginald! Is all this true?

Bun. Quite true. Observe how amiable I am. (*Assuming a fixed smile.*)

Patience. But, Reginald, how long will this last?

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<sup>38</sup> Originally – “Reginald! Dancing! And – what in the world have you done to yourself?”

Bun. With occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, as long as I do.

Patience. Oh, Reginald, I'm so happy! Oh, dear, dear Reginald, I cannot express the joy I feel at this change. It will no longer be a duty to love you, but a pleasure - a rapture - an ecstasy!

Bun. My darling! (*embracing her.*)

Patience. But - oh, horror! (*recoiling from him.*)

Bun. What's the matter?

Patience. Is it quite certain that you have absolutely reformed - - that you are henceforth a perfect being - utterly free from defect of any kind?

Bun. It is quite certain. I have sworn it.

Patience. Then I never can be yours! (*crossing to R.C.*)

Bun. Why not?

Patience. Love, to be pure, must be absolutely unselfish, and there can be nothing unselfish in loving so perfect a being as you have now become!

Bun. But, - <sup>39</sup>

Patience. It is useless, Reginald. When you were objectionable I could love you conscientiously, but now that you are endowed with every quality that can make a woman happy, it would be the height of selfishness even to think of such a thing.

Bun. But stop a bit, I don't want to reform - I'll relapse - I'll be as I was.

Patience. No; love should purify - it should never debase. Farewell, Reginald - think of me sometimes as one who did her duty to you at all cost - at all sacrifice.

Bun. But I assure you, I - interrupted!

Bun. - stop a bit. I don't want to change - I'll relapse - I'll be as I was - interrupted!

*Enter GROSVENOR, L.U.E., followed by all the young Maidens, who are followed by Chorus of Dragoons. He has had his hair cut, and is dressed in an ordinary suit and a bowler hat. They all dance cheerfully round the stage in marked contrast to their former languor.*

### **No:10 – SONG – (Grosvenor) & Chorus of Maidens.**

Gros. I'm a Waterloo House young man,  
A Sewell & Cross young man,  
A steady and stolidly, jolly Bank-holiday,  
Everyday young man.

<sup>39</sup> The text in blue represents the longer version of this scene as printed in the original libretto.

Maidens. We're Swears & Wells young girls,  
We're Madame Louise young girls,  
We're prettily pattering, cheerily chattering,  
Every-day young girls.

Bun. *(C.)* Angela - Ella - Saphir - what - what does this mean?

Angela. *(R.)* It means that Archibald the All-Right cannot be all- wrong; and if the All-Right chooses to discard aestheticism, it proves that aestheticism ought to be discarded.

Patience. Oh, Archibald! Archibald! I'm shocked - surprised - horrified!

Gros. *(L.C.)* I can't help it. I'm not a free agent. I do it on compulsion.

Patience. This is terrible. Go! I shall never set eyes on you again.

Gros. <sup>40</sup> Oh, I say,

Patience. But - oh, joy!

Gros. *(L.C.)* What is the matter?

Patience. *(R.C.)* Is it quite, quite certain that you will always be a commonplace young man?

Gros. Always - I've sworn it.

Patience. Why, then, there's nothing to prevent my loving you with all the fervour at my command!

Gros. Why, that's true.

Patience. *(crossing to him.)* My Archibald!

Gros. My Patience! *(They embrace.)*

Bun. <sup>41</sup> Crushed again!

*Enter Jane., L.*

Jane. *(who is still aesthetic.)* Cheer up! I am still here. I have never left you, and I never will!

Bun. Thank you, Jane. After all, there is no denying it, you're a fine figure of a woman!

Jane. My Reginald!

Bun. My Jane! *(They embrace.)*

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<sup>40</sup> Another ad lib preserved on the 1961 D'Oyly Carte recording and certainly included in stage performances at that time.

<sup>41</sup> This line does not appear in the licence copy. Instead Bunthorne says – “Oh mercy! I’m lost! Lost! Lost!”

## Fanfare <sup>42</sup>

*Enter, R., COLONEL, MAJOR, and DUKE. They are again in uniform.*

Colonel. <sup>43</sup> Ladies, the Duke has at length determined to select a bride!

### *General excitement.*

Duke. *(R.)* I have a great gift to bestow. Approach, such of you as are truly lovely. *(All the Maidens. come forward, bashfully, except JANE and Patience.)* In personal appearance you have all that is necessary to make a woman happy. In common fairness, I think I ought to choose the only one among you who has the misfortune to be distinctly plain. *(Girls retire disappointed.)* Jane!

Jane. *(leaving BUNTHORNE's arms.)* Duke! *(Jane and Duke embrace. BUNTHORNE is utterly disgusted.)*

Bun. Crushed again!

## RECITATIVE – (Colonel.)

Ladies, I've great and glorious news for you,  
His Grace the Duke, whose social position  
Is rivalled only by his wealth stupendous,  
To choose a bride from you has just decided.

All. Oh rapture!

## SOLO – (Duke.)

I have a goodly prize to give away,  
Which I must do without more hesitation;  
You are all beautiful as a summer's day,  
For all I feel an equal admiration;  
I'd share it with you all right willingly,  
If that could be arranged with due propriety,  
But that, I need not say, can scarcely be,  
Until we have reorganized society.  
I have resolved – for men of high degree  
Should show the way in self-denying actions -  
To give it to that maid who seems to be  
Most wanting in material attractions!  
Jane!

Jane. *(leaving BUNTHORNE's arms.)* Duke! *(JANE and DUKE embrace. BUNTHORNE is utterly miserable. JANE pairs off with DUKE, ANGELA with COLONEL,*

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<sup>42</sup> Unnumbered appears on page 142 of the Chappell vocal score.

<sup>43</sup> As originally conceived, the Finale began at this point with the section printed in blue below. A shortened version appears bound into Sullivan's autographed manuscript and based on the discarded Act One song for the Duke.

*SAPHIR with MAJOR, ELLA with CAPTAIN. Each girl takes a Dragoon.  
PATIENCE of course, has paired off with GROSVENOR.)*

Bun. Crushed again!

### **No:11 - FINALE**

Duke. (*R.C.*) After much debate internal,  
I on Lady Jane decide,  
Saphir now may take the Colonel,  
Angy be the Major's bride!

*Saphir pairs off with Colonel, R., Angela with Major, L.C., Ella with SOLICITOR, L.*

Bun. (*C.*) In that case unprecedented,  
Single I must live and die-  
I shall have to be contented  
With a tulip or li-ly!

*BUNTHORNE, C., takes a lily from buttonhole and gazes affectionately at it.*

Saphir, Ella, Angela, Duke, Bunthorne and Colonel.

He will/I shall have to be contented  
With a tulip or li-ly!

All. In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I must live and die-  
He will/I shall have to be contented  
With a tulip or li-ly!

Greatly pleased with one another,  
To get married we/they decide.  
Each of us/them will wed the other,  
Nobody be Bunthorne's Bride!

*Dance*

**End of Opera**



Cue:- Duke; "Well, I couldn't stand it (adulation) any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the Army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am." Act I, No.4. Song— The Duke (tenor)

## Duke's Song

Andante

Piano

Duke

1. *Though men of rank may use-less seem they do good in their gen-er-*  
 2. *Soc - i - e - ty for - gets her laws and Pru-de-ry her aff-ect*

- a - tion. *They make the wealth - y — up-start teem with*  
 - a - tion, *While Mrs Grund - y — pleads our cause and*

*Christ-ian love and self ne - ga - tion; The bit-terest tongue that*  
*talks wild oats and tol - er - a - tion, Arch - bish-ops wink at*

ev - er lashed Man's fol - ly, drops with milk and ho - ney, While  
 what they'd think A down-right crime in com-mon shod - dy, At -

scan - dal hides her head a - bashed, Brought face to face with rank and  
 though Arch-bish-ops shouldn't wink At an - y - thing or a - ny -

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

mo - ney! While scan - dal hides her head a - bashed, brought  
 - bo - dy! At - though Arch-bish-ops should-n't wink, at

*p* *p*

face to face with rank and mo - - - ney  
 a - ny - thing or a - ny - bo - - -

*poco rall.* *f a tempo*



4 CHORUS

Tenors

Yes, Scan-dal hides her head a-bashed, Brought face to face with rank and mo -

Basses

*f*

(2) Soc - - dy

- ney

A Good Arch-bish - op

*f*

*P* *cresc.*

should-n't wink, At an - y - thing or an - y - bo - dy.

*rall.*

*rall.*