



CYMON.



JANETTA.



JOE GRYNDON.

THE MILLER AND HIS MAN

A DRAWING-ROOM EXTRAVAGANZA
— BY —

F. C. BURNAND,

with Songs by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Incidental Music Composed & Adapted by

JAMES F. SIMPSON.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 3^s. NET

EDWIN ASHDOWN
(Limited)
NEW YORK. LONDON. TORONTO.



ROBERT AWUNNER.



MARQUIS DE MINCEPIE.



DUMPY THE DWARF.

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Price 3^s/- nett

London,
ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

THE MILLER & HIS MAN,

Libretto by F. C. Burnand,

Author of

"IXION," "PARIS," "BLACK EYED SUSAN," "KISSI KISSI," "LITTLE TOM TUG," &c. &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOE GRYNDON	THE JOE MILLER
JANETTA	HIS DAUGHTER
CYMON	THE MILLER'S MAN
MARQUIS DE MINCEPIÉ	A WICKED OLD MARQUIS
DUMPY	THE DWARF
ROBERT AWUNNER	A CONSTABLE

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.....	"HOT CROSS BUNS"

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NOTICE. This Piece is now on Mr. F. C. Burnand's Acting List, and All applications for performing "THE MILLER AND HIS MAN," in public, whether by Amateurs or Professionals, must be made to Mr. Mowbray, 35, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

THE
MILLER AND HIS MAN,
A

Drawing Room Extravaganza.

OVERTURE.

Allegro.

PIANO.

f

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in a minor key, indicated by two flats in the key signature. The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble clef melody features a series of eighth notes, and the bass clef accompaniment uses chords and moving lines.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a *cres:* (crescendo) marking in the treble clef. The melody becomes more active with sixteenth notes, and the bass clef accompaniment includes some dynamic markings like accents.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a *dim:* (diminuendo) marking in the treble clef. The melody is simpler, consisting of quarter and eighth notes.

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

Third system of musical notation, including an 8va (octave up) marking above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, including an 8va (octave up) marking above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with various chordal textures.

The first system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music features a complex texture with many beamed notes and chords.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes dynamic markings: *rall:* (rallentando) and *f* (forte).

The third system of musical notation, featuring a *cres:* (crescendo) marking and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

The fourth system of musical notation, showing further development of the musical themes.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on the page, ending with a double bar line.

CYMON is heard tuning up his Fiddle.



THE CURTAIN RISES.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC TO SCENE I.



SCENE I. — *The Miller's Cottage. Exterior.*

CYMON is discovered playing on a Fiddle.

SERENADE.

Fiddle to accompany Piano, or play as Solo, or if Piano Solo, Fiddle to be used as dummy.

*CYMON.
(on Fiddle.)*



Symphony.

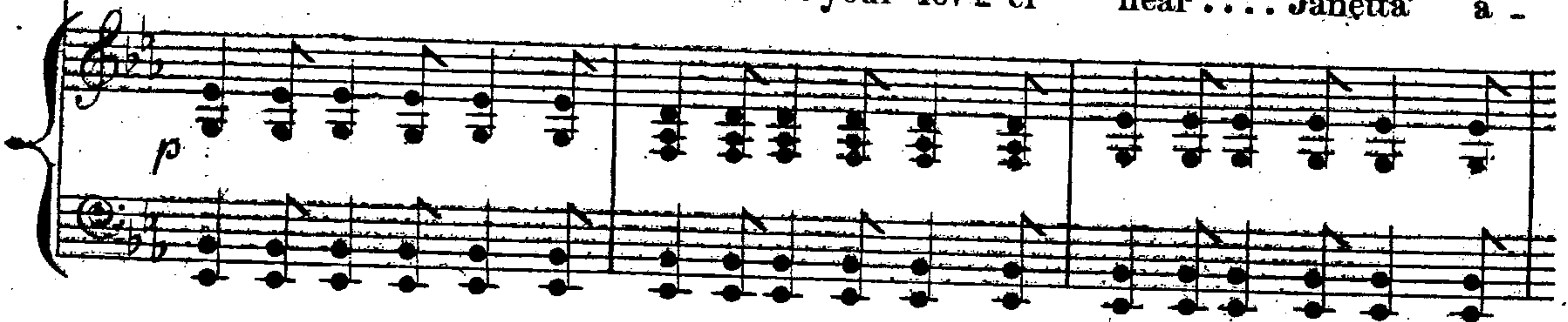
PIANO.



Sings. (sentimentally.)



Janetta' a - wake ... your lov - er hear Janetta' a -



The miller and his man.

- wake Ja - nett - a dear; Janetta' a - wake your lov - er

hear Ja - nett - a dear! Ja - nett - a nett - a nett - a

dear

Fiddle.

Sym:

(To himself, gaily.) I'm rather afraid
 That a serenade
 Will wake the old Miller who lives within.
 But why shouldn't I
 A serenade try,
 When I've learnt to play,
 And I had to pay
 For learning to play on the violin.

Sings. (sentimentally.)

Janetta' a - wake your lov - er hear Janetta' a -

The miller and his man.

- wake ... Ja-nett-a dear Janetta a - wake ... your lov-er

hear Ja-nett-a dear! Ja-nett-a nett-a nett-a

Fiddle.

dear .. *Sym:- During which JANETTA enters from house, locks door on outside, and [comes to CYMON .. they embrace rapturously.*

Janetta. Where is my father?

Cymon. Your respected pater

Is still asleep. You know he rises later.

And while I, here, am playing like an Orpheus,

Gryndon the Miller's in the arms of Morpheus.

Janetta. And who is Morpheus?

Cymon. He's the god of sleepers,

He edits all the latest ev'ning peepers.

Janetta. Papa does not suspect we love each other.

He thinks that I'm a fool and (*hesitating*) you're another.

Cymon. Why should we not elope?

Janetta. We have no cash,

Just now the man who steals my purse steals trash.

The miller and his man.

(A & P. 11,052)

Cymon. Your father owes me wages for the mill,
He owed 'em me last year, and owes 'em still,
He says the blight has made him money lose,
I feel the *blight*, but can't get my *mill dues*—
Still if you'd marry—

Janetta, We can't live, that's flat,
On nothing.

Cymon. No; there's something, tho', in that,
But if I only was a little wiser—

Janetta. And if my father wasn't such a miser—

Cymon. (*enthusiastically*)
We might—

Janetta. (*enthusiastically*) We might—

Gryndon. (*without, loudly*) Janetta!

Janetta. 'Tis my pappy!

Cymon. Farewell!

(*They are about to embrace, when a loud knocking is heard; and kissing his hand to JANETTA exit hurriedly.*)

Janetta. He knocks; there's something on the tappy.

(*JANETTA unlocks the door, and enter from house GRYNDON the Miller. Music, she curtsies to him.*)

MUSIC.

RECIT.

GRYNDON. (*gruffly*)

Me— I think you would de ceive— And now— I've

PIANO, *f*

fin - ish'd my re - ci - ta - tive.

(*CYMON appears at back carrying a sack, which he deposits by the window, then comes forward.*)

Cymon. Pay me my wages, Master, as you ought.

Gryndon. Haven't I?

Cymon. (*emphatically and ungrammatically*)

No, not nothing of the sort,
You owe me *two years'* wages come last *Goose* day,
I know it, 'cos it fell upon a *Two's* day.

- Janetta.* Why don't you pay him, Pa?
- Gryndon.* (*angrily.*) What's that to you?
- Janetta.* Don't get your steam up, though you are a screw!
- Gryndon.* (*angrily.*) Screw! (*pathetically.*) This is *cru-el*,
 from my only child,
 Who in her cradle often on me smiled—
 Whose lovely face—the image of her father—
 Shining from lots of yellow soap and wather—
 Reminds me that I've something got to say
 In private. Listen! (*CYMON listens too, and*
GRYNDON turns round on him.) Cymon, go away.
 Stop! take my crossbow, go and shoot some game;
 I've a guest coming—never mind his name.
- Cymon.* I will provide your dinner, or a part;
 For sweets the *Magpie* or the *Talking Tart*—
 For fish, the *sole* bird is—'tis not a story—
 The *Jack Daw*—he's first cousin to *John Dory*.
 If in mechanics you'd at dinner deal,
 You'd have a *poulet* and a little *weal*.
 (*GRYNDON kicks him off, and then returns to*
JANETTA.)
- Janetta.* Well, now, the conversation for renewin'—
 Where were we?
- Gryndon.* (*grimly.*) Ah! where are we, girl? In ruin,
 Yes, ruin stares us in the face. Despair!
- Janetta.* It's very rude of ruin, then, to stare,
 It's bearish; and, to add a "b" to ruin,
 This conduct's that of an untutor'd Bruin.
- Gryndon.* Don't talk of *brewin'*, when, my much-loved daughter,
 Henceforth we'll only get to drink cold water—
 Yes; o'er the workhouse it is written clear,
 "Allsopp's abandon ye who enter here."
 I cannot pay your dressmaker or milliner,
 Though I am willin', no papa is *williner*—
 Therefore, if you would have your dress and
 carriage,
 You must at once *contract* a noble marriage.
 That's the broad plan on which, my dear, I've
 acted—
- Janetta.* (*sarcastically.*)
 That's the *broad* plan of what's to be *contracted*.
 Whose wife do you propose that I shall be?
- Servant.* (*entering and announcing.*)
 The Marky de Mincepie.
- Janetta.* Mincepie!
- Gryndon.* 'Tis he!

Enter the MARQUIS DE MINCEPIE.

SONG.

Sullivan

Allegretto.

MARQUIS.

The Marquis de Mince-pie am I,

PIANO.

From the land of cold plum pudding, Where the weather's cold and dry, ...

And we've lots of coats and hooding, Where drinks are hot and strong,

In ancient silver flacons, And we dine to the sound of the gong; And our

pets are young snapdragons, snap-dra-gons, snap-dra - - gons.

And so, if you put the ques-tion, and in - quire who am I?

From the State of In - di - ges - tion Comes the Mar - quis de Mince - pie.

CHORUS in Unison. (all dancing.)
 And so, if we put the question, He will tell us, standing by, From the State of

CHORUS in Parts.
 In - di - ges - tion Comes the Marquis de Mincepie, The Marquis de Mincepie, The

Marquis de Mincepie, The Mar - quis de Mince - pie.

The miller and his man.

(A & P. 11,052)

Marquis. Ma'mselle, this is indeed a treat to be with you,
I do sincerely hope I shall agree with you,
These diamonds with you shall now be placed.
(presents casket of diamonds—she takes it.)

Janetta. The brilliants of a Mincepie must be *paste*.

Marquis. Nay, fair one, don't be *crusty*.

Gryndon. Pray excuse
Her country manners. (aside.) Child, if you refuse,
Our only chance is gone of getting wealth.
(aloud to *MARQUIS*.)

I'm glad to see your Lordship in such health.

Marquis. Thank ye. Let's come to business. I propose
For her.

Janetta. I don't accept; quite *autre chose*.

Gryndon. (in despair.)

She doesn't know what she is saying.

Janetta. Who?

If you allude to me you're wrong. I do.

I will not take Mincepie (*GRYNDON* threatens.) in
spite of force.

He's not "the cheese"—there's yet another course.

Marquis. You love another?

Janetta. I'm a maiden coy

Who hates *Mince-pie*, but loves a *Mins-trel* boy.

Gryndon. Whom do you mean?

Janetta. 'Tis not for me to say.

(indignantly.)

Take back the —

(handing back casket, but thinks better of it.)

No, I'll keep them. Sir, good-day!

(about to Exit.)

Gryndon. (stopping her.)

Stay! (to *MARQUIS*.) She is joking.

Marquis. Is she? (looking at watch.) Then at two
To-morrow you will pay whatever's due
To me, your landlord, or you'll make her mine,
And at that hour she'll the contract sign;
If not you'll be transformed.

Janetta & Gryndon. Transformed!

Marquis. No cheat!

For I shall turn you both into the street;
Your slight of hand will be repaid by that,
(pleasantly.)

And now we know exactly what we're at.

TRIO.

JINETTA.

MARQUIS.

GRYNDON.

PIANO.

You do not mean it?

Yes I do!

Marry me, or pay me ev'ry sti-ver

You do not mean it?

Had I foreseen it or had you, We might have sav'd a so-li-ta-ry

A so-li-ta-ry, a so-li-ta-ry, a
 A so-li-ta-ry, a so-li-ta-ry, a
 fi-ver. A so-li-ta-ry, a so-li-ta-ry, a

so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry fi-ver.
 so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry fi-ver.
 so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry, so-li-ta-ry fi-ver. If I had

a - - ny, But I've not a - - ny I'd give you

(indignantly.)
 You've no as sets, To
 that, you know it.

pay your debts Your rent to me you owe

Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,
 it! Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,
 Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,

No! no! no! Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,
 No! no! no! Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,
 No! no! no! Owe! owe! owe! owe! Not a penny, not a penny,

(dolefully)

No! no! no! And sad to tell, I've nothing got to
 No! no! no!
 No! no! no!

sell, How I wish I ... kept a shop.
 What
 What

A ba - ker's shop, Where be - hind the
 sort of a shop?
 sort of a shop?

rall: coun - ter I'd stop! stop! stop! *(slyly.)*
 And what would you sell? ...

don't think I'll tell.
 But what could you sell, To pay my

Why why !..... why why, why,

duns?

colla voce.

a tempo.

One a pen - ny, two a pen - ny,

Three a pen - ny,

Four a pen - ny

a tempo.

Five a penny, six a pen-ny, Hot cross buns!

f One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,

f One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,

One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,

Three a penny, four a penny, Five a penny, six a penny, Hot cross buns!

Three a penny, four a penny, Five a penny, six a penny, Hot cross buns!

Three a penny, four a penny, Five a penny, six a penny, Hot cross buns!

(Exeunt JANETTA and MARQUIS dancing to Symphony. opposite sides.)

Gryndon. (alone.) She loves another, and contemns this match.
 I'll watch the girl — the lovers I will catch,
 But how? Of hiding-places there's a lack —
 Ha! Ha! The very thing — within this sack.
 (Music. He tries to get in.)

Slow and Solemn.
misterioso.

It's not so easy, (looks off, and calls.)
 Marquis! Here! Hi! Hi!
 Re-enter MARQUIS.
 Mincepie! I'll be myself your Lordship's spy.
 Assist me. Thank you.
 (Music. Gets in with MARQUIS'S assistance.)

Marquis. What d'ye mean to do?
 Gryndon. See who's the lover she prefers to you.
 Good-by. *(disappears into sack.)*
 Marquis. I'd better tie it at the top.
(Music. Fastens sack.)



Enter CYMON, with Crossbow.
 Ha! Here's a sportsman. P'raps he's come to pop.
 What are you looking for?

Cymon. A little duck.

Marquis. *(aside.)* 'Tis he! 'Tis she!

Cymon. I never had such luck,
 There's not a single bird that I can hit,
 Now I've come here while following a tom-tit;
 I thought he'd be a tom-tit bit for dinner,
 I am so hungry that I'm getting thinner.

Enter JANETTA.

Janetta. Cymon!

Cymon. Just see me shoot there, on that stack.
 Now by the window—now.
(Music. the MARQUIS getting out of the way.)
(He fires and the sack staggers.)



Marquis. He's killed the sack.

Music. The sack jumps about with fearful contortions. At last GRYNDON breaks through
Quick.



it, and is about to strike CYMON, who kneels to him, when he is restrained by JANETTA.



MARQUIS, who has taken CYMON'S Crossbow, when he threw it away on being pursued by
[the sack, points it at him. Tableau. Scene closes.]



INTRODUCTORY MUSIC TO SCENE II.

Moderato quasi Pastorale.

PIANO:

p *cres:*

com Ped:

Ped:

cres: *dim:* *p riten:*

SCENE II. — *In the Country. Somewhereshire.*

Enter CYMON.

Cymon. Alas! I am turned out. The miller said
 That, as I'd shot him, I should not be paid,
 He wouldn't stand the shot—he'd got a lot of it,
 'Twas a long shot, and that's the *long* and *shot* of it.
 If I can bring him twenty thousand crowns—
 He might as well name twenty thousand towns—
 By two to-morrow, then he'll let Janetta
 Become my bride; if not, he will not let her,
 But he will force her, though she'll kick and cry,
 To marry that gay Marquis de Mincepie.
 Well, here I am at large, but not at ease,
 And now—I'll eat a slice of bread-and-cheese. (*Music.*)

RE-PAST-OR-ALÉ.

MUSIC.

p

The miller and his man.

(A & P. 11,052)



Enter DUMPY THE DWARF.

Dumpy. I'm very hungry Mr. Whatsyourname.

Cymon. You're hungry, are you? well, I am the same,
If you are famished, my small friend, look here,
Here is some bread and cheese, and here's some beer.
Four pieces. One I take—The other three
Are yours. Oh! this is quite enough for me.

*(He has divided a haunch of bread into four parts —three
very small, and one very large which he keeps himself.)*

Dumpy. Oh, generous stranger! Noble-hearted youth!
I am a sort of genius, that's the truth.
Perhaps you thought I was; p'raps you've been taught
'Tis oft the fate of Genius to be short.
I'm a magician. Now, for your three dishes,
I'll grant you—anything you like—three wishes.
Name them.

Cymon. I want a bow. When I shoot game at
The bow must hit whatever I may aim at.

Dumpy. Go on.

Cymon. I said a bow, don't be alarmed
If I demand a fiddle.

Dumpy. Oh, I'm charmed!

Cymon. So must the fiddle be, that when I chance
To play a tune all listeners shall dance,
Except the folks who hold on by my skirt.

Dumpy. Granted. What next?

Cymon. Well, one more will not hurt.
I ask but this—whatever the request
That I shall make, in earnest or in jest,
Whoe'er I ask shall grant it.

Dumpy. Grant—hey—what!

Yes—if he can.

Cymon. No, if he can or not.

Dumpy. You have your wishes *(opens his bag.)*

There's the bow, and there's
The fiddle. Won't he give himself some airs!
Good-by, young man.

Cymon. Your name before you're off.

Dumpy. I'm Slumpy Dumpy, the Deluvian Dwarf.

DUET.

СУМОН.

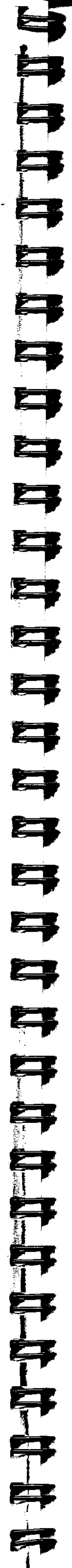
ДУМПУ.

ПИАНО.

No thanks, my boy.... to
 me, to me, But go... a-way with your wish - es three, But
 go a-way with your wish - es three, And your fid_dle de did_dle de
СУМОН.
 dee With my fid_dle de did_dle de, fid_dle de did_dle de,
 fid_dle de did_dle de dee You're ve - ry kind 'Tis

The miller and his man.

(A & P. 11,052)



hard to find, A man of six foot three, Who'd

give to me a fid-dle de dee, Who'd give to me a

fid-dle de dee, Who'd give to me a fid-dle de dee, And

rall:

grant me wish - es three! When you play, Then

DUMPY. *CYMON.*

none can sit. When you shoot, You'll make a hit. Or

DUMPY. *CYMON.* *DUMPY.*

if the birds were in Lon-don town, Without a pen-ny you'd bring 'em

Thanks to you, How
down No thanks to me.

jol-ly I'll be, With my wish - - es three!
With your wish - - es three!

Thanks to you Thanks to you, How jol-ly I'll be With my
No thanks to me, How jol-ly you'll be With your

wish - es three, So jol - ly, jol - ly, so jol - ly, so jol - ly, With my

wish - es three, So jol - ly, jol - ly, so jol - ly, so jol - ly, With my

fid - dle de did - dle de dee! Ah!

fid - dle de did - dle de dee! Ah!

(Exeunt Both, dancing to

Sym:

Symphony - opposite sides.)

Scene closes.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC TO SCENE III.



SCENE III. — *The Borders of a Wood. a large tree is seen in the midst of a thick bush.*

Enter GRYNDON, with a full sack and a spade.

Gryndon. This sack is full of money. For my daughter,
Thinking that Cymon's gone across the water
And left her—so we told her—has consented
To wed the noble Marquis. I'm contented.
The Noble Marquis has paid down all this
By way of dowry for my little Miss.
And now, though no one knows it

(confidentially to audience.) I'm a miser,

I hide the coin and nobody's the wiser,

I'll use that hollow tree, till I have sunk

A hole. P'raps 'tis a box-tree—here's its trunk. *(Music.)*

Music.



Enter CYMON.

Gryndon. Now, with my spade, I'll dig a hole bran new. (Chords. they
Hollo! Sir! who'd ha' thought o' seeing you? meet face to face)

Cymon. What are you doing there?

Gryndon. (confused.) Well, Cymon, I

Seeing a little bird to suit a pie—

It's on that branch—thought, p'raps, that I might
get

It down somehow—and that is how we met.

Cymon. I see the bird—I'll shoot it.

Gryndon. But take care

The last time that you shot you are aware—

Cymon. Ahem!

(the Bird whistles.)

WHISTLE. 8a-----
1

Gryndon. There is a little bird, a thrush;

He's singing lovelily above that bush,

Shoot it—I'll give you sixpence.

(aside.) Silly duffer!

I'll get ten shillings for it from a stuffer.

Cymon. Here goes! (fires.) The bird is down.—Now the
reward.

Gryndon. Sixpence! So much I can't indeed afford.

Cymon. Then the bird's mine.

Gryndon. No, no; you shall not net it.

It's fallen in the bush, I'll go and get it.

(He disappears in the bush.)

Cymon. Ah! bright idea!—now a tune I'll play,
And he must dance until I make him pay.

(To be used with dialogue on opposite page. see Cues.)

Adagio. *Allegretto.*

cues - "Can't find the bird" "Hallo! Hi!"

Allegro.

"The thorns"

cres.

Presto.

"Give me now smile"

prestissimo. "Yes! Ex-sackly"

Note. The above movements are to be repeated while the text is being spoken.
The miller and his man. (A & P. II.052)

Gryndon. *(in the bush.)*
 Can't find the bird. *No nest. Non est. No eggs.*
(The fiddle begins slowly, and he begins moving.)
 Hallo! Hi! what's the matter with my legs.
 Ho! stop your airs—Bellini's and Rossini's—
 My joints are getting like a fantoccini's.
 The thorns are in my shoes—do stop your squeak—
 My clothes are tearing—bran-new suit last week.
(He is now dancing wildly.)

Cymon. *(still playing.)*
 Give me your daughter.

Gryndon. No.
(He plays wildly and GRYNDON dances.)
(jumping, shouting,) No! I mean yes!

Cymon. *(still playing.)*
 Give me two thousand crowns.

Gryndon. *(jumping and dancing.)* I ac—qui—esce!

Cymon. Give me—now smile, and do not look so blackly—
 Whatever's in the sack.

Gryndon. No!
(He plays furiously, and GRYNDON is in agony.)
 Yes! Ex—sackly!

Cymon. Now you may go.
(GRYNDON disappears, and CYMON takes the sack.)
(to himself.) A fortune! Dear Janetta!
(He shows the sack full of coins.)

I'm rich!
(GRYNDON appears, his clothes all torn, and himself the picture of misery.)
 I hope you feel a little better.

Gryndon. Better! I'm ill. You've got my coin and papers,
(aside.) I'm like boiled mutton, done to rags, with
 capers—

But I will be revenged.

Cymon. You send your daughter;
 And also for this sack you'll send a porter.

Gryndon. *(servilely.)*
 Oh, anything for you, o' course, young mister,

My turn will come; but, oh! that was a twister.
Enter JANETTA.

(aloud.) Ah! here she comes.

Cymon. Janetta!
 Dear Cy—mon!
(They run into each other's arms.)

Gryndon. (*aside, maliciously.*) All right. Beware young man.
I'm off! I'm "on!" (*Exit.*)

Cymon. Now all this money, dear, belongs to both —
To you and me. Your father wasn't loth
To yield to my request; in fact, he *jumped at it*,
He jumped, in fact, so high, he got quite
pumped at it.

Janetta. And now we'll marry, and be very happy,
And spare a little for my poor old pappy.
(*Re-enter GRYNDON, leading on MARQUIS,
and Two CONSTABLES. unperceived by
JANETTA and CYMON.*)

We'll take a little house down by a brook,
Live on the bank, and by our banker's book
Our house shall be a *cheerful villa*.

Cymon. Where?
Not by a brook — they've *Veeping Villers* there.
No, no — A little cottage we will find.
I see before me —

Janetta. (*screaming.*) Cymon! whip behind!
(*They seize him, pinioning his arms, so
that he cannot play.*)

Too late! Papa and Marquis, why this bobbery?

Marquis. This person is accused of highway robbery!

Gryndon. He stole my sack, he tore my coat and smalls,
He made me dance by playing *Tearen's Halls*.

Marquis. The case is proven. I'm a magis-*trate*,
So, sentence him at once — we needn't wait,
He's to be shot at once. with his own bow.

Cymon. Oh! Bow street magistrate.

Marquis. Be off! Go, go!

Cymon. Oh, cruel fate! The verdict is unjust,
Why kill me like a fowl? You see I'm trussed.

Janetta. Let me be trussed with him.

Cymon. (*aside to her.*) Oh, trust to me,
And I will yet regain my liberties.

Marquis & Gryndon.

Away! away! We will not hear a word!

The sentence, the sentence, shall not be deferred.

Janetta & Cymon. In pity, stay.

The Others. He must away!
Shoot him, shoot him,
Shoot him through the head!
Then when he's killed
He'll be as good as dead.

Cymon. (*plaintively.*)
One last request I'll make, you'll take
My life, my life, 'tis true.
But grant me, oh! before I go,
My last request— oh, do!

Marquis. What is it? Say.

Cymon. 'Tis, may I play
The fiddle?

Gryndon. Nay.

Marquis. I say he may.

Gryndon. But do you know?

Marquis. I'll have it so—

Unbind his arms.

Cymon. Give me the bow.

(*the bow is given to him.*)

(To be used with dialogue on opposite page. see Cues.)

Adagio.

Allegretto.

mus - "Now, with the first note"

This block contains the first system of music. It is divided into two parts: *Adagio* and *Allegretto*. The *Adagio* section is in common time (C) and features a slow, steady melody. The *Allegretto* section is also in common time but has a noticeably faster tempo. The lyrics "mus - 'Now, with the first note'" are written below the first staff.

Allegro.

"Ho! Hi!"

This block contains the second system of music, marked *Allegro*. The tempo is further increased. The melody is more active and rhythmic. The lyrics "Ho! Hi!" are written below the first staff.

cres:

This block contains the third system of music. It continues the *Allegro* tempo. The music features a crescendo, indicated by the *cres:* marking. The melody and accompaniment are more complex and rhythmic.

Presto.

"You are, you are!"

This block contains the fourth system of music, marked *Presto*. The tempo is very fast. The melody is highly rhythmic and energetic. The lyrics "You are, you are!" are written below the first staff.

"Oh, stop, do stop or *ff* down in a fit we'll both

This block contains the fifth system of music. It continues the *Presto* tempo. The music features a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lyrics "Oh, stop, do stop or *ff* down in a fit we'll both" are written below the first staff.

Prestissimo.

of us drop."

Glissando.

This block contains the sixth system of music, marked *Prestissimo*. The tempo is extremely fast. The music features a glissando, indicated by the *Glissando.* marking. The lyrics "of us drop." are written below the first staff.

(about to play.)

Lay hold of my coat. (*JANETTA does so.*)

Now, with the first note,

Although dance music I never wrote,

Yet now you will see,

While they listen to me,

That all will dance to my fiddle de dee.

(Different movements. All gradually

• dance faster and faster.)

All. (except JANETTA & CYMON.)

Ho! Hi! Stop! Ho!

Don't! Do! Stop your bow!

It's magic! It's awful! It isn't a dream!

It's a fast train! — express!

Hi! we're going by steam!

Cymon. Stir your pegs.

All. See their }
Oh! my } legs.

We are }
They are } bewitched, sure as eggs is eggs.

Cymon to Marquis.

Give up Janetta!

Marquis. Yes, I do.

Cymon. Say I'm not guilty.

Marquis & Gryndon. And that too.

Cymon. The money you gave me is mine for life.

Gryndon. It is, it is.

Janetta. And I'm his wife?

Gryndon & Marquis.

You are, you are! Oh Stop, do Stop.

Or down in a fit we'll both of us drop.

(CYMON makes a very rapid and fast

finish. They all drop exhausted.)

Moderato.

CEMON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Now, as a fai-ry tale al-ways ends (De-

-spite all cy-ni-cal laughter.) They went and were married, and feasted their friends, And

JANETTA.

hap-pi-ly liv'd e-ver af-ter, Eat pies and plums, for Christmas comes, we

know, but once a year! To great and small, to short and tall, We

rall:

Allegretto.

wish the best of cheer, And a mer-ry Christmas to you all, And a

rall: *p*

rall:
 hap - py bright New Year. A mer - ry Christmas to you all, And a
colla voce.

CHORUS.
 hap - py bright New Year. A mer - ry Christmas to you all, And a

hap - py New Year may there be. Play games of chance, And

join in a dance; for care is all Fiddle - de - dee,

... all Fiddle - de - dee, All Fiddle - de - dee. A

(all dancing.)

mer - ry Christ - mas to you all, And a hap - py New Year may there

be. Play games of chance, And join in a dance; for

care is all Fiddle - de - dee, all Fiddle - de -

- dee, All Fiddle de dee.

.... (Curtain falls.)