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# POOR HENRY

Comic Opera

for Children

BY

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# "POOR HENRY."

## Singing Characters.

SWITCHEM, a Schoolmaster.  
MARGARET, his Wife.  
BERTIE, their Son.  
HENRY, an Orphan.  
DUNDERHEAD, a Constable and Beadle.  
MRS. MAKEBATE, a Neighbour.  
Chorus of School Children.

## Speaking Characters.

MARY, } Switchem's Children.  
FLORIE, }  
THE COUNT.  
GEORGE, his Servant.  
THE BAILIFF.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The interior of the School-room. Children standing round, SWITCHEM the Schoolmaster, before a Music Stand, conducting.*

(No. 1.)

Hail his noble lordship, hail!  
Homeward he from far sets sail,  
All his friends delighting;  
Welcome thoughts surround his name,  
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,  
Heart and voice uniting.

*Switchem (stops the Chorus).*

You mustn't yell the "Hail!" like that,  
'Tis like a scream from scalded cat.  
The song's a song of joy, not pain;  
We'll start now from the pause again.

(*Chorus very softly and slowly.*)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,  
Welcome songs—

*Switchem (stops them again).* That's very tame,  
And not at all what I require;  
More spirit, briskness, courage, fire.

(*Sings.*)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,

(*Chorus very fast.*)

Welcome thoughts surround his name,  
Welcome songs our tongues proclaim,  
Heart and voice uniting.

*Switchem (strikes the desk).*

Stop, stop, don't gallop so—stop, stop!  
The trebles must not shriek the top;  
Just watch the stick and mark the beat,  
Now from the first, the whole repeat.

(*Repeat the music.*)

There, there! I think that's very fair;  
Of all the marks and signs take care,  
When we are singing at the fête.  
Now go get ready, don't be late.

(*The Scholars depart, with much hooting.*)

*Switchem (alone).*

To hear the rout as they go out,  
One would suppose, without a doubt,  
My task was but an endless bout,  
To teach the young idea to shout.  
Although my life is toil and work,  
To form and conquer each young Turk,  
It has its pleasures, such as this,  
For really this is not amiss;

(*Looking at his Music.*)

Although I say it, there's a part,  
Effective, striking, good and smart,  
Not strained or modern, it is true,  
But still I think it well will do.  
The idea's sure the Count to please,  
And not with tediousness to tease.  
I'm told his lordship's good and kind,  
A noble heart and noble mind.  
Some years have past since here he's been,  
And I his face have never seen.  
They say to grief he's quite a martyr,  
I hope he'll like my new cantata.  
Now let me see that all's set right,  
And nought forgot, or out of sight.  
I trust no fault the piece will tear,  
That none their very best will spare,  
And sing it so that every one  
Will be delighted when we've done.

### SCENE II.

MARY and FLORIE with large Bouquets, then HENRY.

Mary, How sweet are these blossoms, how  
lovely and fair,

In hue and in odour so rich and so rare;  
The dew-drop which on each bright petal  
appears,

Are signs of sad mem'ries dissolving in  
tears,

Bemoaning the beauty which lasts but a  
day,

Lamenting the life preordained to decay.

Florie. Why so dull o'er fading beauties?

Know, they but fulfil their duties.

I think I have the prettier flowers.

Mary. Yours have been culled from gayer  
bowers,

And bolder look; my buds are rarer.

Florie. Look at my roses, none are fairer.

Mary. My dear, your bunch was tied in haste,  
And your display shows want of taste.

Henry (*entering*).

What mean these poutings—what's astir?

Florie. It isn't me, I'm sure; 'tis her.

Of Henry let us ask the test.

Henry. You think your bouquet far the best;  
All things have two sides: each is fair.

*Mary.* A wise reply ; now, Florie, there !  
*Henry.* Come, let us sing, for squabbling's wrong.  
*Florie.* Oh, yes, dear boy, the mouse's song.  
*Henry.* Singing is a rare, sweet treasure ;  
 Mother's out—she hates our pleasure.  
 Now, mind you chant the chorus neatly,  
 When I sing of the mouse who was trapp'd completely.

(No. 2.) \*

Once there was a mousy  
 Wand'ring at his ease,  
 Saw a little housy  
 In which hung some cheese ;  
 Mousy smelt the tempting bait,  
 Sweet and rich and nice,  
 And for joy no more did wait :  
 Popped in in a trice.

(All three) And for joy, &c

Hardly had the mousy  
 Time to taste the cheese,  
 When up closed the housy,  
 Making his blood freeze.  
 Close confined, he bit and tore  
 With his little might,  
 { Till his teeth a hole did bore  
 { Through the prison tight.

And the little mousy,  
 Clever little boy,  
 From the little housy  
 Crept out full of joy,  
 From which comes the proverb sage,  
 They who dangers scout,  
 { Like the mousy in the cage,  
 { Bite themselves well out.

### SCENE III.

MARGARET and BERTIE enter. BERTIE has a Roll, from which he is learning by heart as he walks up and down the Room.

*Marg.* (pointing to Henry).  
 There he is, the worst of lazy boys,  
 Making nought but horrid useless noise.  
 I wonder if you think, with all your singing,  
 You'll come to aught, or aught to home  
 be bringing ?

*Henry.* Mother, I am ready to be working,  
 If there is aught for me to set about.

*Marg.* Anything to gaze at, duty shirking,  
 Is what you mean, you lazy lout.  
 Go earn the shoes you wear, the bread  
 you eat.

*Henry.* Why are you angry ?

*Marg.* Go to the street,  
 And find some work, you idle scamp.

*Henry.* Tell me but what.

*Marg.* No matter, tramp.  
 'Tis shameful ; he with idleness is sped,  
 And never cares to use or hands or head.  
 There's Bertie, far his junior, yet in sooth,  
 Though only eight, has cut his wisdom  
 tooth.

It's really beautiful to see him learn,  
 And he his holiday will richly earn.

*Bertie.* Mother, now I think that I can say  
 My verses ; will you hear me ?

*Marg.* Well-a-day,  
 Just look at that ! Well, now, my dear,  
 Think me the Count, the gate this chair.  
 The boy's a jewel, never fear.

*Bertie* (reciting with false accentuation, and in a quick, hurried style).

Just like the ruddy sun  
 Which rises in the East,  
 Begins his daily run  
 To shine on man and beast,  
 So you appear to bright-  
 En up this village home,  
 And we sit up all night  
 To give you glad welcome.  
 Therefore upon the gate  
 The flow'ry wreaths appear,  
 And we in humble state  
 These verses make you hear.  
 May sounds of joy  
 Ne'er you annoy.  
 O honoured count,  
 Pray of your bount-  
 Y let me bear  
 With all due care,  
 And at your feet  
 Lay duly meet  
 The wishes hearty  
 Of all the party  
 Who now as tumberitor  
 Desiring prosperitor  
 To you and every heritor  
 Of your family tree ;  
 May all caressing  
 And every blessing  
 Surround without censing  
 My honourable family.

*Marg.* Your honourable family, you mean,  
 Not *my*, I'm sure ; that would be wrong.

*Bertie.* All right, I know.

*Marg.* 'Twill soon be seen,  
 When once his lordship hears the song,  
 And sees the little poet.

*Henry.* Perhaps in haste  
 He'll ride along ; I hope he'll note  
 The wreaths and flowers, the flags that  
 float.

*Marg.* It seems to me your words are mocks ;  
 For once, my boy, I'll stop your wit ;  
 You'll stay at home, and bars and locks  
 Shall keep you—

*Henry.* I don't mind a bit.

*Marg.* Your evil temper makes your face  
 Both wild and vicious.

*Henry.* In the place  
 I am content to stay.

*Marg.* You wretch ;  
 The last word you will have, eh ? I'll fetch  
 You such a cuff if you come near ;  
 Wait till I get you by the ear.

(Chases HENRY, who escapes, and runs into the arms of SWITCHEM, who enters.)

## SCENE IV.

*Switchem.* Now what has happened—what's the rout?

Why do you chase the boy about?

*Marg.* Once more he may be glad you came  
In time to save him. What's the blame?  
He is a saucy boy—a disgrace;  
He mocked poor Bertie to my face.

*Switchem.* Scarce fault enough to merit blows.

*Marg.* But that's not all. You may suppose,  
His tongue scorns all things small and  
great;

He mocks the Count, laughs at the fête,  
As though he were a princely lord,  
To whom our joys but fun afford.

Come, get you gone, be off, decamp,  
You idle, good-for-nothing scamp.

*Switchem.* Come, wife, be calm, your anger  
suage;

He's very young, he'll mend with age.

*Marg.* That may be true, but still you know  
You always screen him from the blow.

*Switchem.* Yes, I protect him, since a child  
I found him in the heather wild,

*Marg.* And gave him shelter, clothes and bread,  
Since which time all peace has fled.

*Switchem.* Poor lad, forsaken by each friend,  
Our task shall be you to defend.

*Marg.* That's very well, the child we've  
guarded,

And scant thanks have our pains rewarded.

*Henry.* O mother, could I show you how—

*Switchem.* Soft bend, not twist the tender bough;  
What matters if green leaves abound,  
So long as the root is fresh and sound.

*Marg.* That's very well, mark what I say,  
He'll turn and rend you one fine day,  
Now, Bertie, dear, come up with me,  
We'll dress ourselves the fête to see.

(*Exeunt MARGARET, BERTIE laughing; the Girls follow.*)

## SCENE V.

SWITCHEM, HENRY.

*Switchem.* Get ready, boy, nor mind the  
jeering laugh.

*Henry.* Father, give me a knapsack and a staff,  
That I may work, come woe, come danger,  
To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

*Henry.* (No. 3. ARIA.)

I must leave you, seeking yonder  
All the love to me denied;  
Through the wide world let me wander,  
Finding peace for which I've sighed.  
O'er the far off purple mountains  
I may seek my home once more,  
Where the trees and flowers and fountains  
Love and peace and hope restore.

My poor heart with sorrow weight'd,  
Longing years that hope to find.

Let me go! for me 'tis fated,  
Never rest, or peace of mind.

Let me go, for on the morrow  
All my griefs renewed will start;

Pardon, father dear, my sorrow  
Swells and breaks my laden heart.

*Switchem.* How can you your food provide,  
Wandering this cruel world so wide?

*Henry.* If I'd the fiddle, who can tell?  
I think I should do very well.

*Switchem.* The fiddle's not a loaf of bread,  
Or ought that may be used instead.  
No, Henry, no, you must not go,  
You're far too young to travel so;  
Besides, you know I'm truly burning  
To see you get on with your learning.

*Henry.* From door to door, to help my need,  
The music's voice for me will plead;  
I shall do well, my heart would rove  
Free as the bird in heav'n above.

*Switchem.* A vagabond life at the best, my boy;  
Rest longer here, your time employ  
In learning—you are still quite young.  
What, if my good wife has a tongue?  
E'en I at times do feel its stings  
Without good cause, my brain oft rings  
With her shrewd clatter, oft abuse;  
She means well, that's her best excuse.  
Give up the thought; at any rate  
Prepare with me to see the fête,  
Its fun and glee and rare delights,  
Come share the cheerful sounds and sights

*Henry.* Dear father, let me here remain,  
The fiddle's voice will soothe my pain.  
Go you and join the festal throng,  
I have no heart for mirth and song.

*Switchem.* Well, here's the fiddle; be at rest,  
Let no sad thoughts disturb your breast,  
And in the garden by the rill  
Go show the little birds your skill.

(*Exit HENRY, playing a soft, melancholy melody (No. 8), which grows fainter and fainter until it ceases.*)

*Switchem.* He is indeed a curious child;  
His mother, perhaps a gipsy wild.  
In narrow house he's ne'er at home,  
He loves in open air to roam;  
In solitude he takes delight,  
The sadness of the gloomy night  
Most welcome is to his strange soul.  
Listen how wild and sweet the roll  
His cadences make on the ear;  
Why starts unbid the silent tear?  
I love the boy, and he loves me,  
Although he's wayward, daring, free;  
Would Bertie could but show in part  
His tender, loving, truthful heart.

(*Violin ceases.*)

## SCENE VI.

(*When SWITCHEM finishes speaking, BERTIE enters dancing, dressed up ridiculously.*)

(No. 4.)

*Bertie.* Am I not a pretty boy,  
Daddy's pet and mammy's joy,  
Straight as dart and round as pippin,  
Sweet as sugar, fat as dripping;  
Chatty as a paroquet,  
Am I not a pretty pet?

*Switchem.* Vain as any marmoset.  
*Bertie.* Dress'd so neat, so spick and span,  
 Like a little gentleman,  
 I can talk like book so learned,  
 Rhymes and verse I've nicely turned;  
 Head and hands I know to use,  
 I'm a duck so neat and spruce.  
*Switchem.* Yes, you are a duck or goose.  
*Bertie.* And my mother's shrill tones soften,  
 When she calls me sugar-cane.  
*Switchem.* Cane, without the sugar, often  
 Might his self-conceit restrain.  
 (*Speaking.*)

Tell me, now, you little pet,  
 Do you know your poem yet?  
*Bertie.* Yes, if nicely you will ask,  
 I will say to you my task.  
*Switchem.* Well, then, my genius, start away,  
 Commence the lyric, epic, lay.  
*Bertie.* Just like the ready sun,  
 Which rises in the East,  
 Begins his daily run  
 To welcome you, you beast.  
 (*Runs off.*)

*Switchem.* "You beast," quoth he. How droll!  
 His brain may likened be to sieves;  
 Nothing keeps in his stupid poll,  
 And yet his mother him believes  
 To be a genius, time will show  
 Which power the greater, most will grow.

## SCENE VII.

SWITCHEM, the NEIGHBOUR, and then MARGARET.  
 (No. 5. TERZETTO.)

*Neigh.* Think, good master, what's been done,  
 Out of breath the way I've run.  
*Switchem.* Gracious! is your husband dead?  
*Neigh.* Oh! my grief will turn my head.  
*Switchem.* Have your children smashed their bones,  
 Or the house blown down, a heap of stones?  
*Neigh.* Dear me, I can't think it true.  
*Switchem (aside).* Pale her face, of ghastly hue.  
 Enter MARGARET.  
*Marg.* What's this noise, why this cry,  
 Tell me, tell me, quick reply?  
*Neigh.* I want vengeance, vengeance burning,  
 Vengeance on the murd'rous hand.  
*Switchem.* For why are you this way turning?  
*Neigh.* That revenge you may command.  
 Your boy Henry, that wicked monster,  
 Has—oh, deed without a likeness—  
 Kill'd and murder'd.  
*Switchem & Marg.* Kill'd and murdered?  
*Neigh.* Give your word the rogue to punish.  
*Switchem & Marg.* We agree the rogue to punish.  
*Neigh.* Know, then, that my dear old tabby,  
 Gentle, playful as a babby,  
 Has been slain in manner shabby.  
*Switchem.* So you come with face so flabby,  
 Bursting like with rage to choke;  
 Take my word, 'tis all a joke.  
*Neigh. & Marg.* All a joke.  
 Oh, the poor dear tabby kitten.  
*Switchem.* Laughing will my sides be splitten.  
*Neigh.* Ah! he was so good and pleasing,  
 Friendly, playful, used his jaws,  
 Saucy children left their teasing,  
 When they felt his gentle claws.  
*Neigh. & Marg.* Yes, yes, vengeance, for vengeance I'm  
 thirsting,  
 Vengeance, justice on him I'm bent.  
*Switchem.* Ha! with laughter I'm bursting,  
 As with anger and rage they are spent.  
*Marg.* Now you see, as it appears,  
 The sort of fruit your pet tree bears.

*Neigh.* For such a cruel, wicked action,  
 I must at least have satisfaction.  
*Marg.* The boy shall leave the house to-day,  
 Nor moment more than needful stay.  
*Switchem.* You might make less ado, at least;  
 How much will pay you for the beast?  
*Neigh.* Gold won't restore him.  
*Marg.* Poor dear cat;  
 The boy shall leave the house, that's flat.  
*Switchem.* How was it done? You do not  
 mention;  
 The boy'd, I'm sure, no bad intention.  
*Marg.* No matter how 'twas done; we part,  
 It shows a cruel, wicked heart.  
*Switchem.* Suppose by accident he died?  
*Marg.* Look, there he is the hedge beside.  
*Switchem (calls him).*  
 Henry, my lad, just step this way.

Enter HENRY.

*Henry.* Yes, father.  
*Marg. (to Neighbour).* Off he packs this day.  
*Switchem.* Why did you kill the pussy cat?  
*Henry (pointing to Neighbour).*  
 Oh, father, ask, she'll tell you that.  
*Switchem.* Did you of wanton malice slay it?  
*Henry.* Father, to you the truth I'll say it,  
 But her it can't the least concern.  
*Neigh.* In spite he did this evil turn.  
*Henry.* Knowing so well, why question me?  
*Marg.* Enough, he has confessed, you see;  
 You find I'd judged the wretch correctly.  
 Pack up your things and leave directly.  
*Switchem.* Wife, mother!  
*Marg. (peremptorily).* Quick, come, out you go.  
*Henry.* You'd scarcely need repeat your cry,  
 I'm glad to go. Father, good-bye.  
 God bless you all, perhaps again  
 We ne'er may meet. (*Exit.*)  
*Switchem. (runs after him).* Henry, remain.  
*Marg. who, with the Neighbour, keeps Switchem  
 back.*

Let him go, 'tis my belief  
 You'd pray the rogue return. In brief  
 Would ask him kindly to postpone  
 His hurried flight, and you'd atone  
 For all the treatment he's received.  
 Are these your thanks to me, I ask,  
 For ending thus a hopeless task?  
 He's not the first young man been hurled  
 Alone to battle with the world.

*Switchem (aside).* If I recall him to the door,  
 She will not love him aught the more;  
 Besides, his spirit, proud and high,  
 Is better free alone to fly.  
 My heart is sore, and sad bereft,  
 Without one parting word he's left.  
 Heav'n grant a happier time, when he  
 And I may meet and peaceful be.

(*Walks up and down pensively.*)

*Marg.* I trust the punishment and blame  
Have satisfied your vengeful aim.

*Neigh.* My gratitude I scarce can say.

*Marg.* See, my dear children, come this way.  
*Enter MARY and FLORIE, with their Bouquets.*  
Are they not handsome from shoe to tie.

*Neigh.* That can be seen with half an eye;  
So well behaved, no beauty wanting,  
Dear Bertie's smile is most enchanting.

*Bertie.* Mother, make Florie, quiet, do,  
She's pinching me all black and blue.

*Marg.* Fie, Florie—leave off, cease to tease.

*Florie.* Why does he pull my flowers, please?

*Marg. (to Neigh.)*  
You may depend one's not mistaken  
In bringing children up quite strictly;  
It pays for all the trouble taken.

*Mary & Florie.*  
He's sticking us with something prickly.

*Marg.* Give me the needle, Bertie, dear.  
*(Takes it from him.)*  
A serious word excites his fear.  
One must perceive 'twas meant in fun.

*Bertie.* Mother, what has Henry done?

*Marg.* He's gone; the Bogie's got him tight.

*Bertie.* What's Bogie like?

*Marg.* A great red beak, all black and green,  
And naughty boys, with great sharp teeth,  
He eats them up, no more they're seen.

*Bertie.* How can you, mother? what a crack!

*Marg.* Indeed, its true.

*Enter DUNDERHEAD, in a green and black uniform, large hat, sword, red nose. The Children run away, saying:*

*Children.* The Bogie black!  
*(No. 6. QUARTETT.)*

*Dun.* Schoolmaster, schoolmaster.

*Switchem.* What is it? speak faster.

*Dun.* Pray send relief,  
They're all come to grief.

*Switchem.* Who are they who have all come to trouble?

*Dun.* The coach has broken down, and the Count  
is bent double.  
Call you that nothing?

*Switchem.* Certainly, pain and grief has come to me.

*Marg.* Joy now withers

*Dun.* All to smithers.

*Neigh.* Dreadful disaster!

*Dun.* Poor dear master!

*Marg.* Where did't shiver?

*Dun.* By the river.

*Switchem.* And the festival, you know?

*Dun.* Might have been begun in woe.  
*QUARTETT.*  
O tidings, dismaying and frightful,  
The fates are for ever so spiteful,  
And if in this fearful disaster  
He'd fall'n, we no more should had master.  
How fast do misfortunes crowd apace,  
But, thank heav'n, we shall see his face.

*Dun.* Right it is all turns out,  
The Count is safe, without a doubt;  
If't had been wrong, each could discern  
The fête to mournful end would turn.

*Switchem.* I hope you sent a fresh conveyance  
To fetch him.

*Dun.* Yes, thoughts in abeyance  
Now crowd my mind, my brain's in throes;  
I know I've something to disclose.

*Switchem.* Something of consequence, I'll swear.

*Dun.* Yes.

*Switchem.* Pressing, urgent, have a care.

*Dun.* True; there's danger in delay.

*Switchem.* Must it be done this very day?

*Dun.* It must, and yet I can't recall  
Aught about the work at all.

*Marg.* It can't be much import.

*Switchem.* I'll go  
And see the bailiff, perhaps he'll know.  
*(Exit.)*

*(MARGARET takes affectionate leave of the NEIGHBOUR, and exit.)*

*Dun. (to himself.)*  
I'm worried, wearied, worn to death,  
Now here, now there, scarce time for  
breath,  
I'm sought for, and in turn I seek,  
And all for eighteen bob a week;  
One half of all I've undertook  
Is quite forgot; where is my book?  
*(Is going.)*

*(The NEIGHBOUR, having watched MARGARET out of sight, comes forward and keeps DUNDERHEAD back,)*

*(No. 7. DUETT.)*  
*(Exeunt.)*

*Neigh.* Beadle, let me claim assistance,

*Dun.* Now good cousin what's the row;

*Neigh.* My poor cat without resistance,  
Henry murdered even now.

*Dun.* Your poor pussy, how alarming,  
Famous mouser? playful, charming?  
*(Takes out his pocket book and writes.)*  
Tom cat k'lled, of rare good breeding.  
When was't?

*Neigh.* Just now.

*Dun. (writing)* Rare good breeding,  
Just now. Where was't?

*Neigh.* By the gate.

*Dun. (writing)* Breeding, just now, by the gate;  
*(To the Neighbours.)*  
Was the cat a tabby gray,

*Neigh.* Truly, truly,

*Dun. (writing)* Tabby gray;  
Name the miscreant, name the rascal?

*Neigh.* Henry,

*Dun.* What else?

*Neigh.* I can't say.

*Dun.* He is sure to be a rascal,  
Having neither home nor name;  
But I'll find him never never fear me,  
Him I'll seize if he comes near me;  
And I'll check his little game,  
I'm the majesty of law.

*Neigh.* Beadle strong, the boy of sin,  
Follow, follow, run him in. *(Exeunt.)*

## ACT II.

*An open space before the Castle, which is supposed to be on the right. Triumphal Arch, with Flags, Festoons, &c.*

## SCENE I.

*SWITCHEM and MARGARET, talking.*

*Switchem.* Just think how wicked ways are crost:  
The boy yet lives, in childhood lost.  
They're on his track, and soon will find,  
Our Henry had a noble mind.

*Marg.* Our Henry noble? pray what next?  
Be quiet, or you'll make one vex.

*Switchem.* It may turn out as I suppose.

*Marg. (laughing).*

You make the tears run down my nose.

*Switchem.* Just hear the story, hear the tale.  
Within a gloomy, lonely vale,  
Our Count's young brother lived secure.  
One night, when all seemed safe and sure,  
A gang of gipsies, wild and savage,  
Swooped on the house, to rob and ravage.  
The Count was killed, his loving wife  
By treach'ry was deprived of life.  
Their faithful servant knows it all,  
I cannot now his name recall;

*(Thinking)* Yes, George it was, the danger braved  
And by a miracle was saved.

The Count's young son, then five years old  
Was stol'n, and perhaps to slav'ry sold.  
At all events, some years have past,  
And now a clue's obtained at last  
Where he is living, safe and sound.  
The tale agrees with all the pains  
Poor Henry's mem'ry yet retains  
Of robbers, flames, and fearful cries,  
And now behold the glad surprise  
Our Henry, gentle, clever, fair,  
May prove to be the noble's heir.

*Marg.* Your brain's received a violent shock;  
He never came of noble stock.

*Switchem.* The bailiff whom I met just now  
Told me this truth I now avow;  
He bade me bring the boy in haste  
Here to the fête, no time to waste.  
His friends can tell the child they stole,  
By some peculiar mark or mole.  
Alas! I had to tell him straight  
He had been driven from our gate.  
Oh, had he ne'er been made to flee,  
Good fortune to our house might be.  
If I but knew which way to go,  
I'd seek for him both high and low.  
I have sent kindly neighbours out,  
To gather tidings round about;  
But all is hopeless, for to-day  
I cannot lead them, but must stay,  
The festal music to direct,  
Yet still I can't success expect,  
With such a burden on my mind;  
I hope they soon will Henry find.

*Marg.* The past is past, no use to strive  
To mend it; see, the folks arrive,  
Our chicks in front, oh, best of pleasures,  
Bearing wreaths and flow'ry treasures.

*Enter the Villagers, headed by MARY, FLORIE, and BERTIE, bearing Wreaths, Flowers, &c.*

*Switchem (with an important air).*

Children, range yourselves in order,  
Girls form centre, boys a border;  
And when the Count appears, together  
Give three cheers, with lungs of leather;  
Smallest ones stand in front rank,  
Thus you form a flowery bank.  
Hold your bouquets lower, flatter,  
Silence! silence! do not chatter.  
Pay good heed to all I say,  
Do not push, more round that way.  
You've all got copies, come, don't crowd,  
Don't sing too soft, nor yet too loud.

*Marg.* Now, Bertie, dear, here take your stand,  
With three nice bows, stretch forth your hand,

Speak out quite bold, with right goodwill,  
His lordship will commend your skill.

*(Post-horn heard outside.)*

*Switchem.* Order, now the Count approaches,  
Plain I hear the noise of coaches.

Behave well, mind your notes, their bearing,

Nor gape about, with eyes full staring.

*(Crosses left.)*

*Marg. (to Bertie).* Keep still do, don't fidget so.

*Bertie.* My poem I no longer know.

## SCENE II.

*Enter the COUNT, the BAILIFF, GEORGE, and a Servant  
All cry "Hurrah!"*

*Switchem.* Your worship, we've assembled here

To welcome you, our mighty Peer,  
Our humble efforts pardon pray  
For all their best have done to-day.  
My little son, if you're disposed,  
Will speak a poem he's composed.  
Its lines may rough and rude appear,  
Yet deign to lend your lordly ear.  
The motive's good. Now, Bertie, please,  
Step forward and recite at ease.

*Bertie (greatly embarrassed.)*

Just like the suddy run—no;  
Just like the ruddy sun,  
Which yeastes in the rise—no;  
Which rises in the East,  
So you come to our eyes,  
To shine like any beast,  
So you appear, and we  
Sit up all night to see,  
The flow'ry wreaths appear  
Upon the sands you hear,  
And we come—I come—all come—  
Giving you a welcome,  
And like the ruddy sun—  
Begins his daily run—  
His daily—daily run—  
Just like the ruddy sun—  
His run—his daily run.

*Neigh. (aside.)*

He begins with a run, with a run on he goes,  
Runs down with a run, and near falls on  
his nose.

*Count.* Thank you, your verse will bring you  
fame.

Tell me this clever scholar's name.

*Switchem.* His name is Bertie; he's my son.

*Count.* Well, Bertie, you've good gifts, 'tis true,

*Switchem.* One third the verse had only run;  
May't please you hear the poem through?

*Count.* Don't trouble him, I'll spare the end,  
The rest will gentle fancy lend.

*MARY and FLORIE hand their Bouquets, saying:*

*Together.* Please accept these flowers sweet,  
Hues and scents combining;  
Happiness and glory meet,  
Ever on you shining.

*Count.* Thank you kindly, children, thank you  
from my heart,  
Thank you, good schoolmaster, for your  
friendly part.

*(Gives the Bouquets to his Servant.)*

Your good intent delights me quite.  
You've all the village here in sight.

*Switchem.* Yes, your worship, all the load,  
Now we'll sing our festal ode,  
In which our feeling's fully shown,  
Words and music all mine own.

*Count.* Begin, then. *(To the Bailiff)* Is there  
more in store?

*Bailiff.* They've done their best, could do no  
more.

*Count.* Where is the boy whose steps we trace?

*Bailiff.* My lord, they've driven him from the  
place.

A sad mishap, when all seemed sound;  
He's run away, and can't be found.  
Our scouts return or, failing, halt;  
For all our pains, we're now at fault.

*(Continues to talk quietly to the Count, while SWITCHEM  
arranges the Choir, and gives the signal to begin.)*

CHORUS No. 1.

Hail! his noble lordship hail! &c.

*(The singing is suddenly interrupted; noise is heard. All  
look to the left.)*

*Switchem.* Will you pay attention? singing  
needs improving;  
Careless little monkeys, what makes you  
all keep moving?

*Children.* Henry is arrested; look! oh, look!  
dear master.

*Bailiff.* Bring him this way, Beadle; can't  
you come here faster?

### SCENE III.

*(BEADLE brings HENRY handcuffed, his Fiddle slung on  
his back.)*

*Switchem.* Gracious! what's the matter, Henry,  
boy—what's this?

*Dun.* Cease your idle clatter, this is what's  
amiss.

O yes! O yes! O yes!  
From information I've received,  
Although 'twould scarcely be believed,  
This lad's got in a mess,  
For he with might and main  
A Thomas cat has slain;  
An infamous proceeding,  
A tabby of good breeding;  
Beside the garden fence,  
In black malice prepense.  
Alas! alack a day!  
He's kill'd the tabby gray  
Against the peace and ord-  
Er of our sovereign lord.  
For which he's much to blame;  
Besides, he has no name.  
For this, his greatest crime,  
I caught him just in time.  
To expiate his sin,  
I now will run him in;  
Besides, he won't confess,  
O yes! O yes! O yes!

*Count. (to Henry.)* What is your name? *(To  
Beadle)* Stand back a while.

*Henry.* Henry, my lord.

*Count.* Your other style.

*Henry.* Ask Dunderhead; he thinks he knows  
All about most things, I suppose.

*Count.* The harmless cat why did you slay?

*Henry.* 'Twas accident. I sought to stay  
His thievish claws from tearing down  
A little nest, with birdies brown;  
His tigrish neck I held too well,  
For when released, he gasped and fell.

*Count.* Set free his hands, no more delay.  
Is this your fiddle? can you play?

*Henry.* Not much, my lord; I oft play wrong.

*Count.* Well, let me hear your voice in song.

*(HENRY sings the same Melody as at the end of SCENE V.  
ACT I.)*

No. 8.

In all the world so weary,  
As far as eye can see,  
Through clouds and darkness dreary,  
I know not where to flee.  
From where buds sweet are blowing,  
Where sunshine gilds the sky,  
To where the stars are glowing,  
Lonely am I.

The stream from mountain swelling,  
Flows laughing to the main.  
I know no home, no dwelling,  
Where rest will ease my pain.  
The birds in flocks so gladly,  
Fly happily on high,  
I wander, wander sadly,  
Lonely am I.



*George, the Valet (joyfully to the Count).*

My lord, this is the boy, I'm sure ;  
No longer need our search endure.  
He sings his dear lost mother's lay,  
Which I've not heard for many a day.

*Count.* Would it were so ; come near, my lad.  
Your voice is good, your music sad.  
Come nearer, give your hand as well.  
Where is your home ?

*Henry.* I cannot tell.

*Switchem.* He is a lonely orphan child.  
I found him on the heather wild,  
By gipsies he was left behind  
While yet he slept. I well do mind  
I brought him home, reared him with care,  
With loving heart no pains did spare,  
Until to-day he left my home,  
To please my wife, afar to roam.  
Sad sorrow this did bring to me ;

*George.* I see the scar, my lord, 'tis he.

*Count.* Schoolmaster, you're confused, art pale.

*Switchem (throws himself on his knees).*  
My lord, forgive me, no avail  
Were all my words ; I strove in vain  
To get him to come back again.

*Henry.* 'Twas not his fault, my lord, but mine.  
I ran away myself, a sign  
Of wilfulness and bad intent.

*Count.* Rise up, rise up, your kindly bent ;  
I recognise—nay, I would kneel  
To you, did I do all I feel  
I ought, for all your kindly care  
Of this poor boy. Name your reward,  
My gratitude wealth shall afford.  
This is my brother's only son.

*(All are astonished.)*

Come to my heart, my long lost one.

*(Embraces HENRY.)*

*Switchem.* My eyes are dim with joyful tears.

*Marg.* My conscience plagues with dreadful fears.

My lord, forgive ; had I but known,  
Some greater kindness I'd have shown.

*Dun.* If I'd a known who he'd have been,  
I never would have run him in.  
O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! O yes !  
This Beadle's in a pretty mess.

*Count.* If by design this had been brought,  
No better end could have been wrought.  
Accept my thanks for this fair fête.

*Switchem.* My lord, I'm proud your will to wait.

*(To HENRY, bowing.)*

My noble sir,

*Henry.* Dear father, no,  
Speak as before, not stiffly so.  
I'm just the same, to you at least.  
Of noble birth I am, they say,  
My right to rank has never ceased,  
But no one knew it till this day.

*George.* My lord, my cup of joy is full.

*(Embraces HENRY.)*

*Count.* Let's now within the castle go,  
Your history I long to know.  
Your rights shall be maintained, and more,  
My wealth in time shall swell your store.  
To mark this day, I call you all,  
To feast now spread in ancient hall.  
Each one of Henry's friends, his guest.

*Henry.* I ask you all, and leave the rest.  
Uncle, awhile I'd be alone,  
With these good folks I'll come anon.  
Dear father, dear mother, forgive me,  
your boy,  
For all the sad trouble, the pain, and  
annoy.

Poor Henry will leave you,  
Rich Henry remains,  
Nor slighting deceive you  
For all your good pains.  
Your future rest shall be my care,  
Nought shall you lack while I've to spare.  
The neighbour's cat, whose blood I spilt,  
I'll have well stuffed, and cased with gilt.  
His early death has been my rise,  
As has been proved to my surprise.  
No malice can I bear for that,  
For if I had not killed the cat,  
Our Beadle had not run me in,  
And had I never been in run,  
I might have wandered till the sun  
Had sunk on me in woe for ever,  
Therefore the cat forget we never.

*(No. 9. CHORUS.)*

Now raise all your voices in joy and in song,  
Hurrah for our Henry and may he live long,  
Be praised the change in his happy fate,  
Be praised the power restoring his state ;  
To Him in high heaven, all glory be given,  
Sorrow He sendeth, sadness allays,  
And leads to His fold every lambkin that strays.

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# POOR HENRY.

## Nº 1. CHORUS.

Jos. Rheinberger.

Allegro non troppo  $\text{♩} = 112$

Curtain rises. Switchem with the school children, boys and girls, practising the Song of Welcome

*f* Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship  
*f* Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship  
*f* Hail his no.ble lordship hail! Hail his no.ble lordship

hail Hail him, Hail him, Hail!  
 hail Hail him, Hail him, Hail!  
 hail! Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

*mf*

Home-ward he from far sets sail. All his friends de-

*mf*

Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

*mf*

Home-ward he from far sets sail, All his friends de-

*p*

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

- light - ing; Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

*f*

tongues pro - claim, Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim. Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

tongues pro - claim. Wel - come thoughts sur - - round his name, Wel - come songs our

*ff*

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

lips proclaim Heart and voice u - - nit - ing,

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Heart and voice u - nit - ing, Hail him, Hail him, Hail!

Switch.(stopping chor-  
us) You mustn't yell  
the "Hail" like that, etc.  
We'll start now from  
the pause again.

*p very softly*

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Wel - come thoughts sur - round his name, Wel come songs our

Switch. That's very  
tame.

*Bawling.*

SWITCH. singing alone.  
Welcome thoughts surround his name.

Welcome thoughts surround his name

Switch. Stop, stop, try again.

*ff CODA after the sign* ⊕

CHORUS.  
from the commencement.

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Hail

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Hail

Heart and voice u - - nit - ing Hail

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Henry. Mind how you chant the chorus neatly,  
When I sing of the mouse who was trapped completely.

## N<sup>o</sup> 2. SONG AND CHORUS.

Allegretto parlando. HENRY. GIRLS.

Verses I. II. HENRY.

Verse III.

Once there was a  
Hard - ly had the  
And the lit - tle

mous - y, Wand - 'ring at his ease, Saw a lit - - tle  
mous - y, Time to taste the cheese, When up closed the  
mous - y, Clev - er lit - - tle boy, From the lit - - tle

hous - y, In which hung some cheese, Mous - y smelt the tempt - ing bait,  
hous - y, Mak - ing his blood freeze, Close con - fined he bit and tore,  
hous - y, Crept out full of joy, From which comes the prov - erb sage,

Sweet and rich and nice,                      And for joy no more did wait,  
 With his lit - tle might,                      Till his teeth a hole did bore,

They who dan - ger scout,                      Like the mous - y in the cage,

*Terzett (girls.)*

Popp'd in in a trice,                      And for joy no more did wait,  
 Thro' the pris - on tight,                      Till his teeth a hole did bore,

Bite them - selves well out,                      Like the mous - y in the cage,

Popp'd in in a trice.  
 Thro' the pris - on tight.

Bite them - selves well out.



Henry. To her I e'er shall be a stranger.

## Nº 3. AIR.

HENRY.

Expressive ♩ = 72.

HENRY.

I must leave you seek-ing yon - - der, All the love to me de-  
My poor heart with sor-row weight-ed, Long-ing yearns that home to

-nied, Thrd the wide world let me wan - - der, Find-ing peace for which I've  
find, Let me go, for me 'tis fa - - ted, Nev-er rest or peace of

sighed  
mind

O'er the far - - - off pur - ple  
Let me go, for on the

moun - tains, I may seek my home once more, Where the trees and flow'rs and  
mor - row, All my grief re - new'd will start, Par - don fa - - - ther dear my

foun - tains, Love and peace and hope re - store, Love — and peace and hope re -  
sor - row Swells and breaks my lad - en heart, Swells and breaks my lad - en

- store.  
heart.

Switchem. His tender loving trustful heart.

## Nº 4. DUET.

BERTIE AND SWITCHEM.

Allegretto scherzando. ♩ = 80.

BERTIE.

Am I not a  
Dress'd so neat so

pret - ty boy, Dad - dy's pet and mam - my's joy, Straight as dart and round as pip - pin,  
spick and span, Like a lit - tle gen - tle - man, I cantalk like book so learn - ed,

Sweet as sug - ar, fat as drip - pin', Chat - ty as a par - o - quet, Am I not a  
Rhymes and verse I've nice - ly turn - ed, Head and hands I know to use, I'm a duck so

*f*

*cresc.*

pret - ty pet, a pret - ty pet. Vain as an - y  
neat and spruce, so neat and spruce. Yes, you are a

SWITCHEM aside.

*f*

mar - mos - et, as an - y mar - mos - et, a mar - mos - et.  
duck or goose, you are a lit - tle goose, a lit - tle goose.

Presto  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

BERTIE.

And my mo - ther's shrill tones soft - en, When she calls me sug - - ar cane,

*p legg: stacc:*

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en                      Might his

Musical score for 'SWITCHEM.' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'ff' and 'fff'.

self con - ceit re - - strain,                      Might his self con - ceit re - -

Continuation of the musical score for 'SWITCHEM.' with the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

BERTIE.

- strain.                      And my mother's shrill tones soft - en,                      When she calls me sug - ar cane.

Musical score for 'BERTIE.' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p'.

SWITCHEM.

Cane with - out the sug - ar oft - en                      Might his self con -

Musical score for 'SWITCHEM.' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p'.

**BERTIE.**  
 When she calls me sug - ar cane, When she calls me sug - ar

**SWITCHEM.**  
 - ceit re\_strain Might his self con\_cleit re\_strain.

cane, When she calls me sug - ar cane,

Cane with out the sug - ar oft - en, Cane with - out the sug - ar

When she calls me sug - ar cane.

often Might his self con\_cleit re\_strain.

Switchem. Which power the greater, most will grow.

## Nº 5. TERZETT.

NEIGHBOUR. MARGARET. SWITCHEM.

Allegro agitato.  $\text{♩} = 144$ .

NEIGHB.

Think good master what's been done, Out of breath the way I've

SWITCH.

NEIGHB.

run. Gracious! is your husband dead? Oh! my grief will turn my

SWITCH.

head! Have your children smash'd their bones, Or the house blown down a heap of

*cresc.*

*scen du*

NEIGHBOUR crying.

stones? Dear me I can't think it true

*f marc.*

*dim. pp*

SWITCH.

MARGARET.

Pale her face of ghastly hue! What's the noise, why this cry? Tell me tell me quick re-

*f*

NEIGHB.

ply! I want ven-geance, ven-geance burning,

*dim. pp*



SWITCH.

*f*

Ven - geance on the mur - d'rous hand! For why are you this way turning, for why, for

*ff* *p*

NEIGHB.

*Recit.*

why? That re - venge you may com - mand. Your boy

*marc.*

Hen - ry, that wicked monster has, O deed with - out a like - ness, Kill'd and mur - der'd.

*p*

NEIGHB.

Give your word the rogue to pun - ish.

Know then

MARG.

Kill'd and mur - der'd.

We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

SWITCH.

Kill'd and mur - der'd.

We a - gree the rogue to pun - ish.

*pp* *pp*

that my dear old tab-by, Gentle, play-ful as a bab-by, Has been slain in man-ner

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are "that my dear old tab-by, Gentle, play-ful as a bab-by, Has been slain in man-ner". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic and includes a long, sustained chord in the right hand. The vocal line is marked with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic.

shab-by.

**SWITCH.**

So you come with face so flab-by, Burst-ing like with rage to

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "shab-by." and "So you come with face so flab-by, Burst-ing like with rage to". A section labeled "SWITCH." is indicated above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues in grand staff, with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking in the right hand.

**NEIGHB.**

All a joke? a joke?

**MARG.**

All a joke? a joke?

choke, Take my word 'tis all a joke.

The third system features two vocal lines. The first line, labeled "NEIGHB.", has the lyrics "All a joke? a joke?". The second line, labeled "MARG.", has the lyrics "All a joke? a joke?". Below these is the line "choke, Take my word 'tis all a joke.". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff, with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking in the right hand.

Allegro vivo  $d = 96$

NEIGHB.

MARG.

NEIGHB.

O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten, O the poor dear tab-by

kit-ten. Ah! he was so good and  
Laugh-ing will my sides be split-ten.

pleas-ing, friend-ly play-ful used his jaws. Laugh-ing will my sides be

split-ten. Sau-cy child-ren left their teas-ing, When they felt his gen-tle

SWITCH. *marc.* NEIGHB.

claws. Laughing will my sides be split ten. O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten.

MARG.

O the poor dear tab-by kit-ten.

Allegretto vivo ♩: 120. NEIGHB.

MARG.

Yes, Yes,

Yes, Yes, vengeance for vengeance she's thirst-ing

*ff*

vengeance, for vengeance I'm thirst-ing ven-geance, ven-geance, for ven-geance I

*ff*

ven-geance ven-geance, for ven-geance I

NEIGHB.

burn. — SWICH. (aside) Ah! he

burn. — Hal with laughter I'm burst-ing, As with an-ger and rage they are spent. —

## NEIGHB. (dolefully.)

was so good and pleas - ing, friend - ly, play - ful used his jaws.

MARG.

friend - ly, play - ful used his jaws.

SWITCH.

Hal with laughter I'm burst - ing, as with

Sau - cy child - ren left their teas - ing, When they felt his gen - tle

When they felt his gen - tle

an - ger and rage they are spent. — full of an - ger full of

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, were burn - ing.

claws. Yes, for vengeance for vengeance, were burn - ing.

rage. See with an - ger and rage they are

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning. Vengeance.

Yes, for vengeance, for vengeance we're burning.

spent. See with anger and rage they are spent.

NEIGHB.  
vengeance, yes vengeance dire.

MARG.  
Venge-ance, venge-ance, for vengeance burn -

NEIGHB.  
Vengeance vengeance, vengeance, Jus\_tice on him I am bent,

MARG.  
-ing, Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Jus\_tice on him I am bent, Vengeance

SWITCH.  
And I'm laugh\_ing, laugh\_ing, laugh\_ing, as with anger and rage they are spent. Hal I'm

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent. Oh! the poor dear tab-by  
 vengeance, vengeance, Justice on him I am bent.  
 laugh-ing, laugh-ing, laugh-ing, as with anger and rage they are spent.

*Andante.*  
 kit-ten. Friendly play-ful so well  
 Oh! the poor, dear tab-by kit-ten. Ah! he was so good and pleasing.  
 Oh! the poor, dear tab-by kit-ten.

*ritard.*  
*pp*

*Allegro.*  
 bred. Venge - - ance, venge - - ance, venge - - ance!  
 Venge - - ance, venge - - ance, venge - - ance!  
 I split my sides with laughing, I split my sides with laughing, hal hal

*f* *ff*

The Children running away. The Black Bogie.

## Nº 6. QUARTETT.

DUNDERHEAD. SWICTHEM, NEIGHBOUR, AND MARGARET.

Vivo.  $\text{♩} = 160.$  DUNDERHEAD.

Schoolmas - terschoolmas - ter!

SWITCH. DUND. *mysteriously* *pp*

What is it? speak fast.er! Pray send re - lief. They've all come to

grief. Who are they who have all come to trouble? The coach has broke

down, And the Count is bent double, Call you that no - thing?

The musical score is written for a quartet and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Vivo' with a quarter note equal to 160 beats per minute. The first system is for 'DUNDERHEAD' and features a piano introduction with a 'pp' dynamic. The second system is for 'SWITCH' and 'DUND.', with a 'mysteriously pp' dynamic. The third system continues the 'SWITCH' and 'DUND.' parts, with a 'p' dynamic and an asterisk marking a specific measure in the piano part. The fourth system concludes the piece with a 'p' dynamic. The lyrics are interspersed between the vocal lines.



NEIGHB. *f* MARG.

Certain-ly. Certain-ly. Joy now withers

DUND. (to Women) <sup>^</sup> <sup>^</sup> <sup>^</sup> <sup>^</sup>

Call you that nothing

DUND. NEIGHB. DUND. MARG.

All to shivers. Dreadful dis-as-ter! Poor dear master! Where did't

DUND. NEIGHB. DUND.

shiver? By the riv.er. What's that? the riv.er? Close by the riv.er.

SWITCH. DUND.

And the fes-tiv-al you know Might have been be-gun in

NEIGHB.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

MARG.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

SWITCH.

O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

DUND.

woe. O tid - ings dis - may - ing and fright - ful,

The fates are for ev - er so

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no'

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

spite - ful,

And if in this fear - ful dis - as - ter,

He'd fall'n we no

Piano accompaniment for the second system, continuing the rhythmic pattern from the first system. It features a treble and bass clef with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

more should had mas - ter.

more should had mas - ter.

more should had mas - ter. Fast do mis -

more should had mas - ter. How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace.

The first system consists of five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. The vocal lines are in a minor key and include lyrics such as 'more should had mas - ter.' and 'How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace.'

Fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

- fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank

But thank

The second system continues the musical piece with similar vocal and piano parts. It includes lyrics like 'Fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank' and 'How fast do mis - fortunes crowd a - pace. But thank'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his  
 heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his  
 heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his  
 heav'n we shall see his face, But thank heav'n we shall see his

face. Thank heav'n!  
 face. Thank heav'n!  
 face. Thank heav'n!  
 face. Thank heav'n!

Dund. Where is my book? (The neighbour brings him back.)

N<sup>o</sup> 7. DUET.

## NEIGHBOUR AND DUNDERHEAD.

Moderato. ♩ = 104

NEIGHB. DUND.

Bead - le let me claim ass - is - tance. Now good

NEIGHB.

cous - in what's the row. My poor cat with - out re - sis - tance, Hen - ry mur - der'd ev - en

DUND.

now. Your poor pus - sy? how a - larm - ing, fam - ous mous - er, Play - ful,

(writes)

charm - ing? "Tom cat kill'd of rare good breed - ing."

*ff* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *sf* *sf* *p* *sf* *marc.*

NEIGHB.

DUND. Just now. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^

When was? "Tom cat rare good breed - ing, just now."

*p* *marc.*

By the gate. (writes) ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Where was? "rare good breed ing, just now by the gate"

*p* *marc.*

Tru-ly, tru-ly. (writes.)

Was the cat a tab-by grey? "Just now by the gate, a tab by

*marc.*

*f*

Henry. I can't say.

grey." Name the miscreant, name the rascal. What else?

Allegro.  $\text{♩} = 182.$ 

*p* *cresc.* *f*

DUND.

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name,

*dim.* *pp*

He is sure to be a rascal, Having neither home nor name, But I'll find him nev - er

*pp*

fear me, Him I'll seize if he comes near me,

*pp*

Him I'll seize if he comes near me, And I'll stop his lit - tle

*pp* *ff*

*ff*

game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of law.

*ff* (stately)

And I'll stop his lit - tle game, I'm the ma - jes - ty of

NEIGHB.

Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

law. I'm the Bead - le strong and grim fol - low, fol - low, run him in, run him in, run

*p* *cresc.*

him in. Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low, fol - low, run him in, fol - low,

*cresc.* *sf* *sf*



fol - low run him in, O run him in, Bead - le strong, the boy of sin, fol - low,  
fol - low run him in, I'll run him in, I'm the Bead - le strong and grim, fol - low,

*f* *ff* *sp*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*, *ff*, and *sp*. There are accents (^) over several notes in the vocal line.

fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in.  
fol - low, run him in, run him in, run him in. I'll

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*. There are accents (^) over several notes in the vocal line.

run him in. O run him in, run him in, run him in, run him  
run him in. I'll run him in, run him in, run him in, run him

This system contains the third two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*. There are accents (^) over several notes in the vocal line.

in.  
in.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the word "in." The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff*.

COUNT. Hear your voice in song.

## Nº 8. AIR.

HENRY.

Mournfully.

HENRY.  
*p espress.*

1. In all the world so wear - y, As far as eye can  
2. The stream from moun - tain swell - ing, Flows laugh - . - ing to the

see, Through clouds and darkness drear - y, I know not where to  
main, I know no home no dwell - ing, Where rest will ease my

flee. From where budssweet are  
 pain. The birds in flocks so

blow - ing, Where sun - shinegilds the sky, To where the stars are  
 glad - ly. Fly hap - pi - ly on high, I wan - der, wan - der

(sadly )

glow - ing, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am  
 sad - ly, Lone-ly am I, Lone - ly am

I.  
 I.

HENRY. Therefore the cat forget we never.

# Nº 9. FINALE.

## CHORUS.

Allegro molto.  $\text{♩} = 104.$

SOPRANO I.

*sempre f*

SOPRANO II.

Now raise all your *sempre f*

ALTO.

Now raise all your *sempre f*

Now raise all your

*marc.*

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

voi - ces In joy and in song, Hur - rah for our Hen - ry, And may he live

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

long. Be prais - ed the change In his hap - py fate, Be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state. To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

prais - ed the pow'r, re - stor - ing his state.

giv - en. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

To Him in high heav - en All glor - y be giv'n. Sor - row He

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

send - eth, Sad - ness He lays, And leads to His fold Ev'ry lamb - kin that

strays. Sor-row He send-eth, Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. Sor-row He send-eth, Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

strays. Sor-row He send-eth, Sad-ness He lays, And leads to His

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that strays, And leads to His fold Ev-'ry lamb-kin that

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays.

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays.

strays, And He leads, He leads to His fold Each lamb-kin that strays.

*ma re.*

