Puritania

or

THE EARL AND THE MAID OF SALEM.

COMIC OPERA
in Two Acts.

LIBRETTO BY

C. M. S. McLELLAN.

MUSIC

by

Edgar Stillman Kelley.

Op. 11.

CINCINNATI:
THE JOHN CHURCH CO. 74 WEST FOURTH ST.
CHICAGO: 200 Wabash Ave
NEW YORK: 13 East 16th St.
LONDON,
HUTCHINGS & ROMER.
Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co.
Entered at Stationers Hall, London.

PURITANIA,

OR,

The Earl and the Maid of Salem.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Vivian George Trevelyan, Earl of Barrenland	SOPRANO.
Smith, the Witch-Finder General	BARITONE.
Jonathan Blaze, Chief Justice of the Salem Court	BASS.
Charles II, King of England	BARITONE.
Killsin Burgess, a conspiritor	BARITONE.
The Chief Chamberlain	TENOR.
Elizabeth, the Maid of Salem	SOPRANO.
Abigail, a Women Hater	CONTRALTO.

Villagers, Courtiers, Sailors, Soldiers,
Conspiritors, etc.

Period during the reign of Charles II. of England.

Scene.

Act I. The Seashore near Salem, Mass.
Act II. SCENE I:-A subterranean chamber in the palace at Whitehall,
SCENE II:-Throne room of the Palace.

Given for 100 successive performances beginning Jan. 6th 1892. at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, by the Pauline Hall Opera Co

To Clarence Eddy.

PURITANIA.

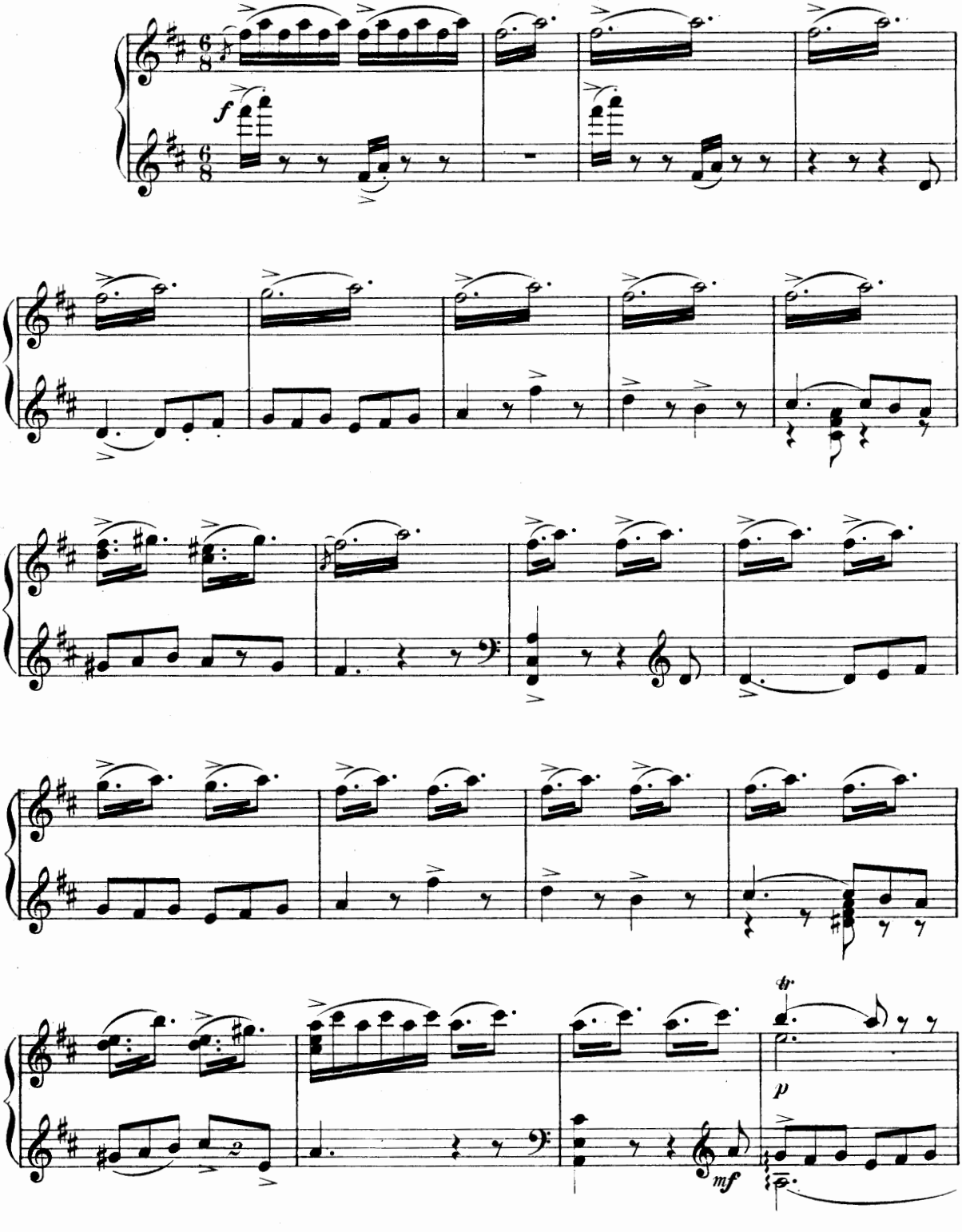
Comic Opera in Two Acts.

OVERTURE.

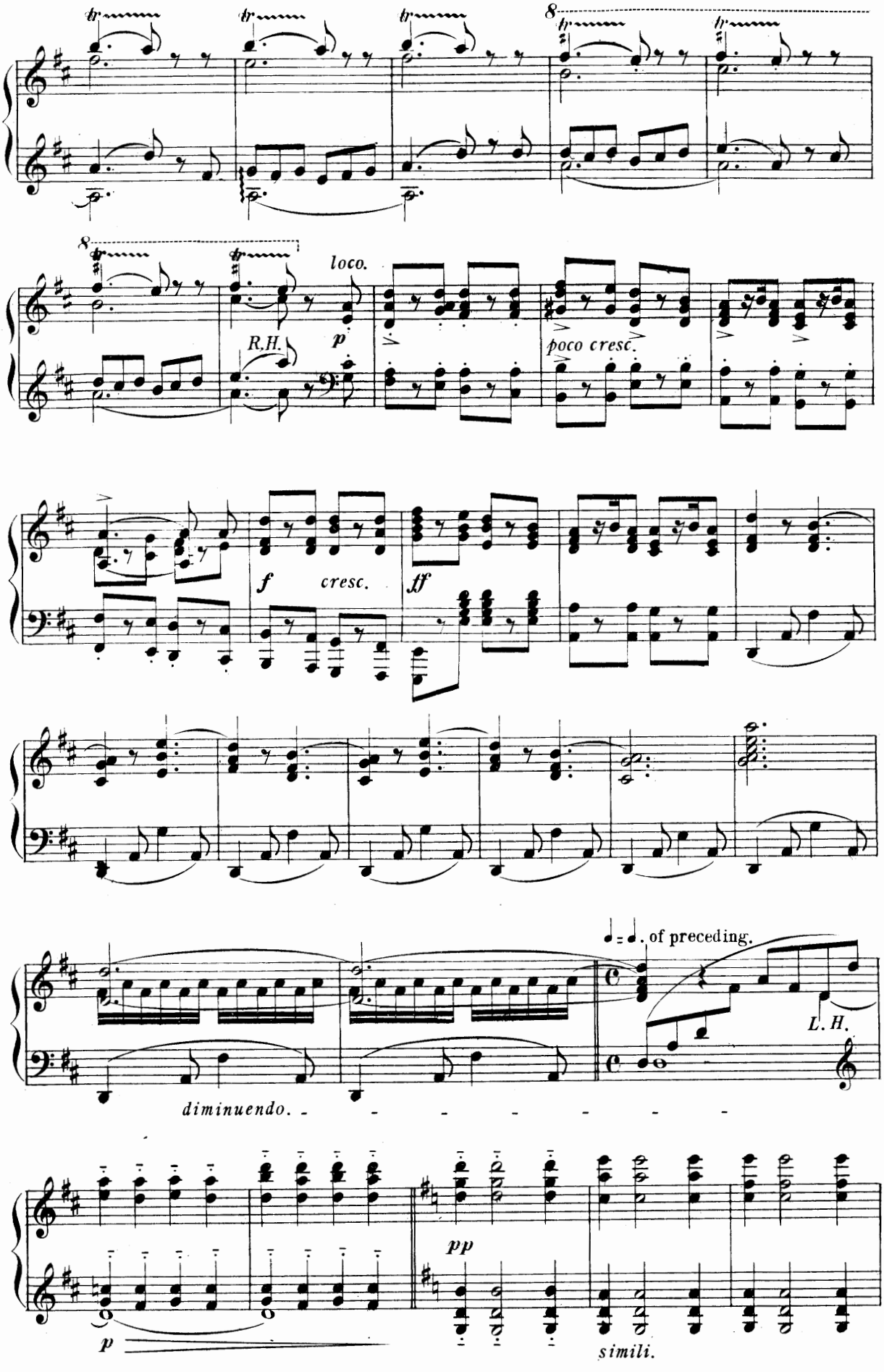
Libretto by
C. M. S. Mc LELLAN.

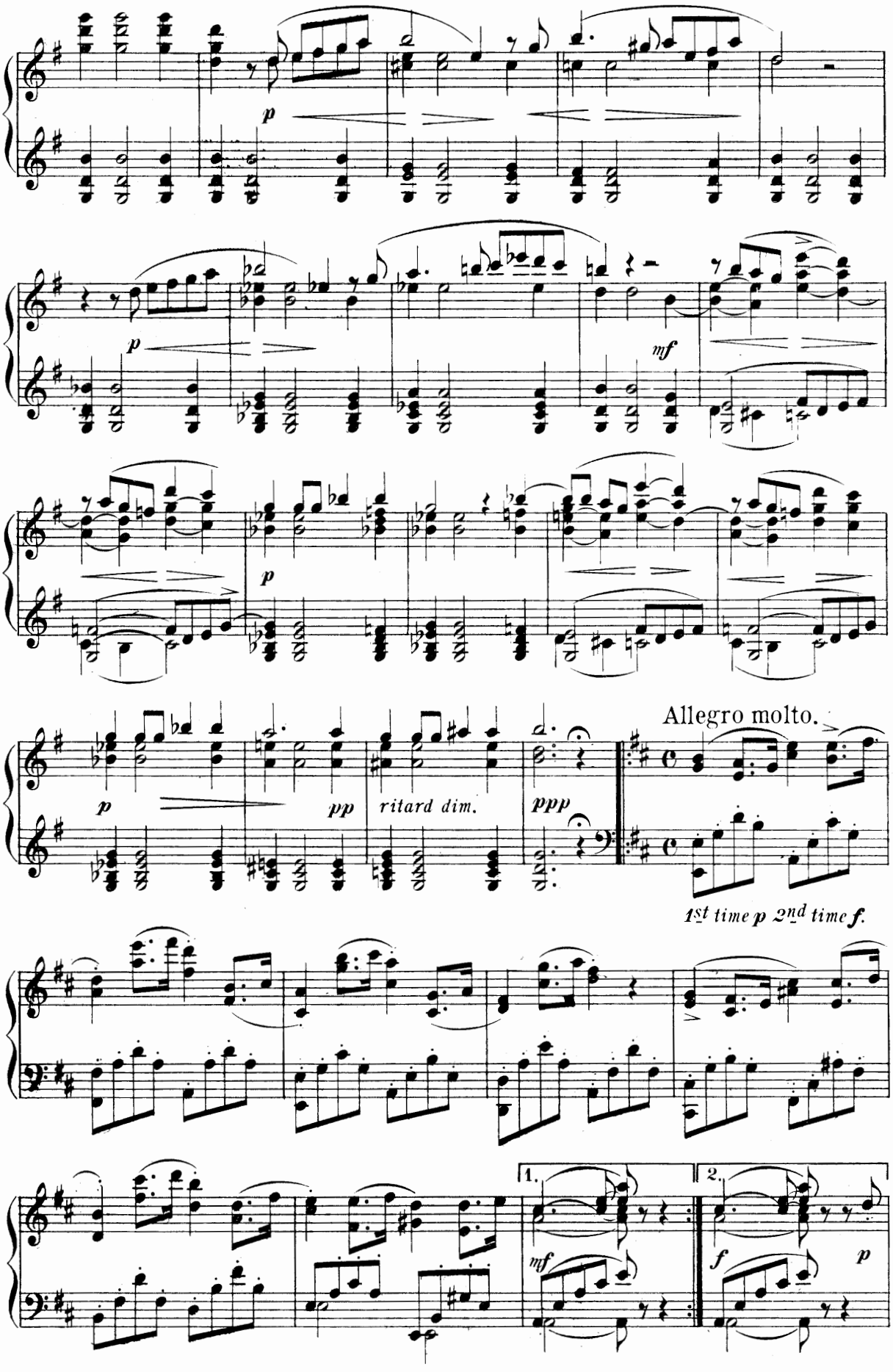
Music by
EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

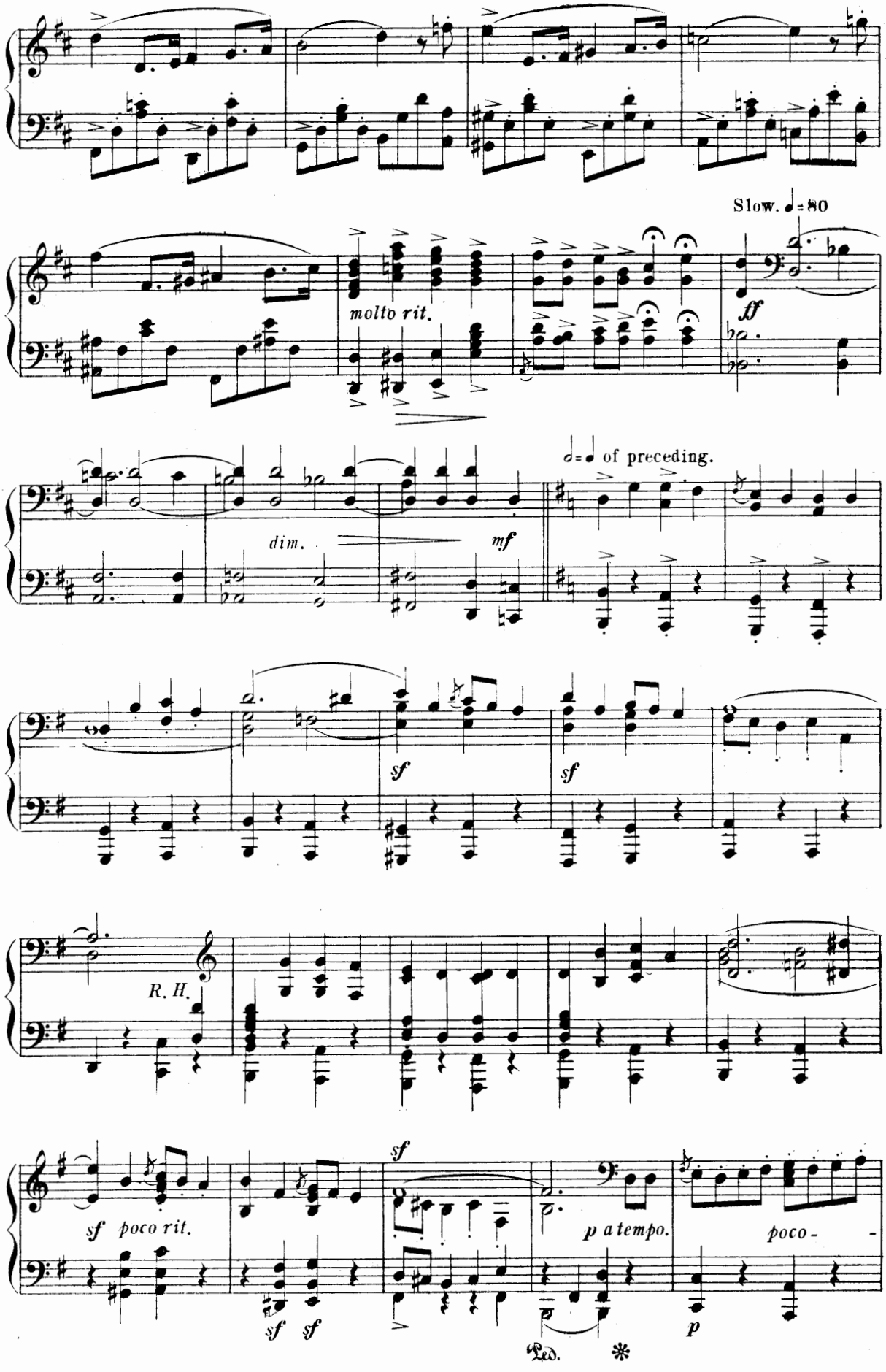
Allegro vivace. M. M. ♩= 96.

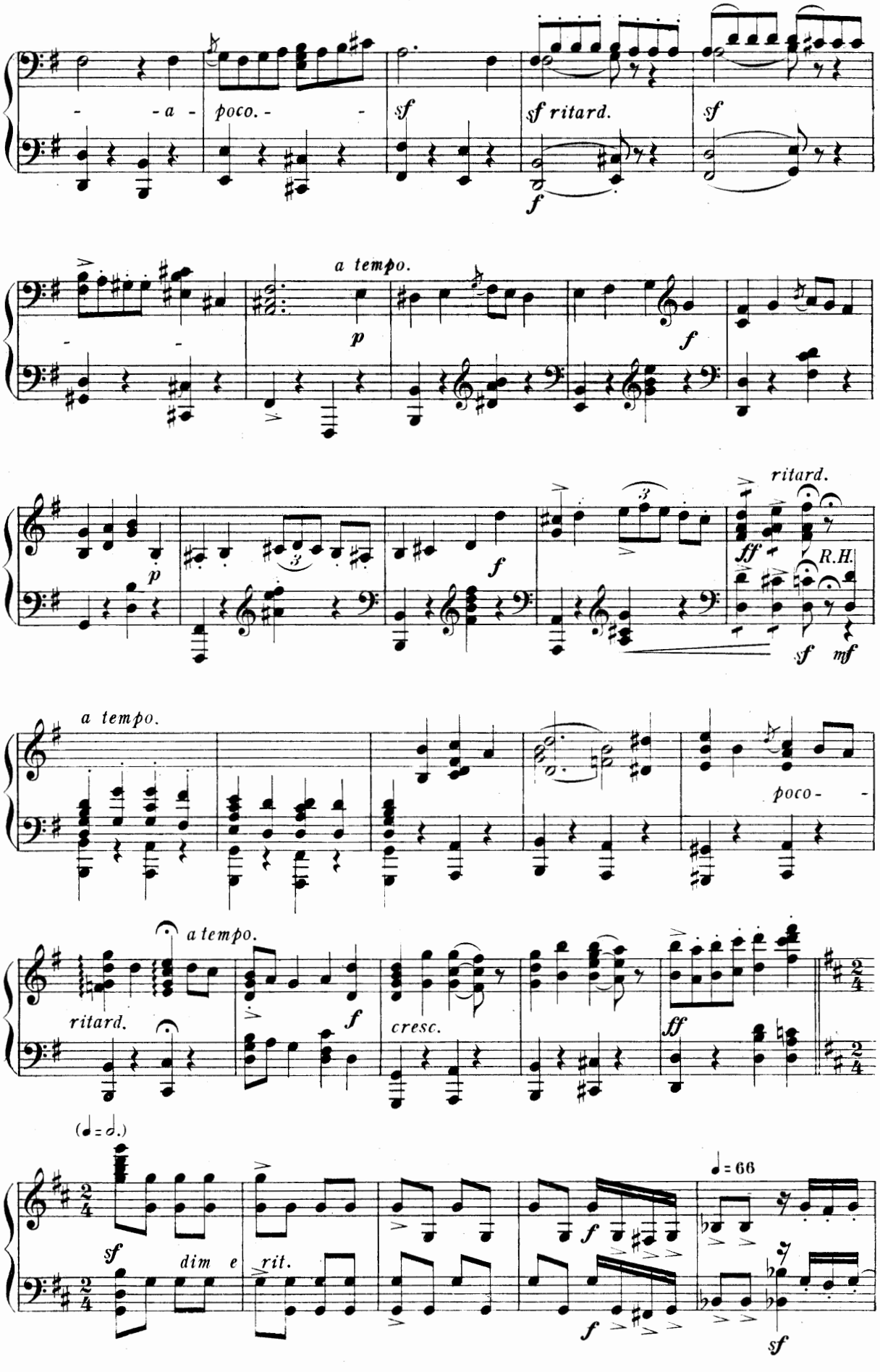


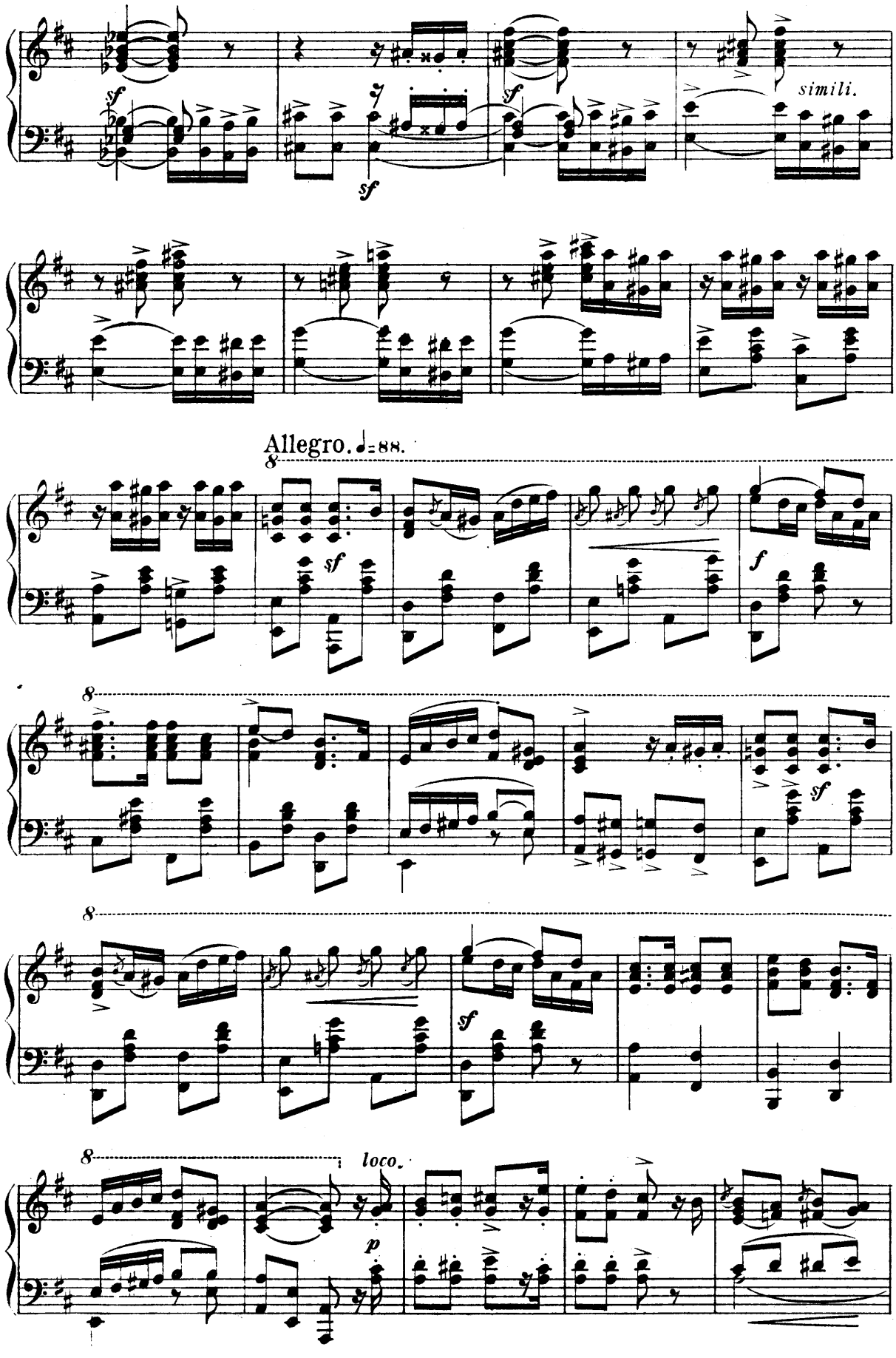
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

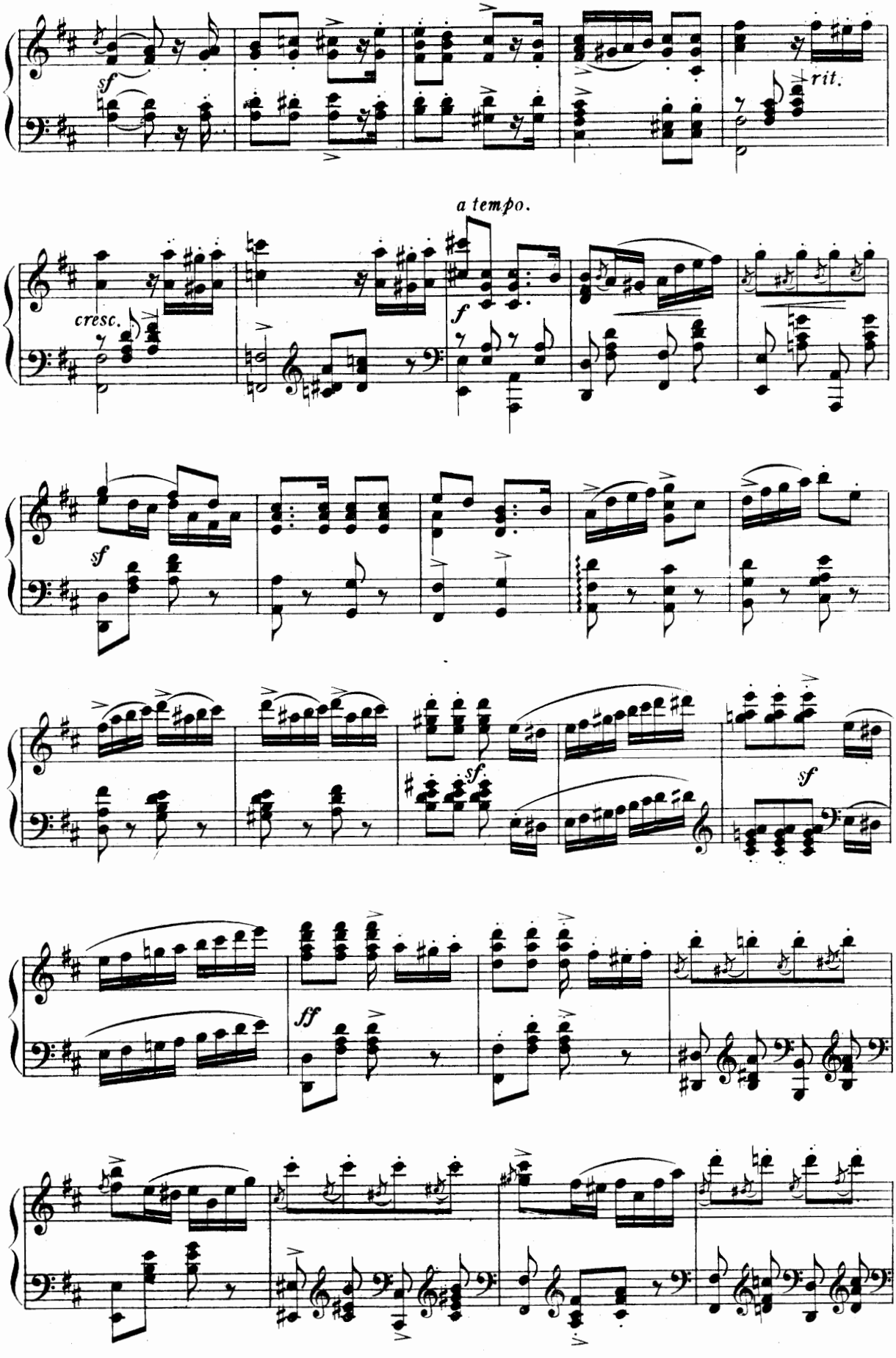

8
loco.
R.H.
p
poco cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
♩ = ♩. of preceding.
L.H.
diminuendo.
pp
p
simili.

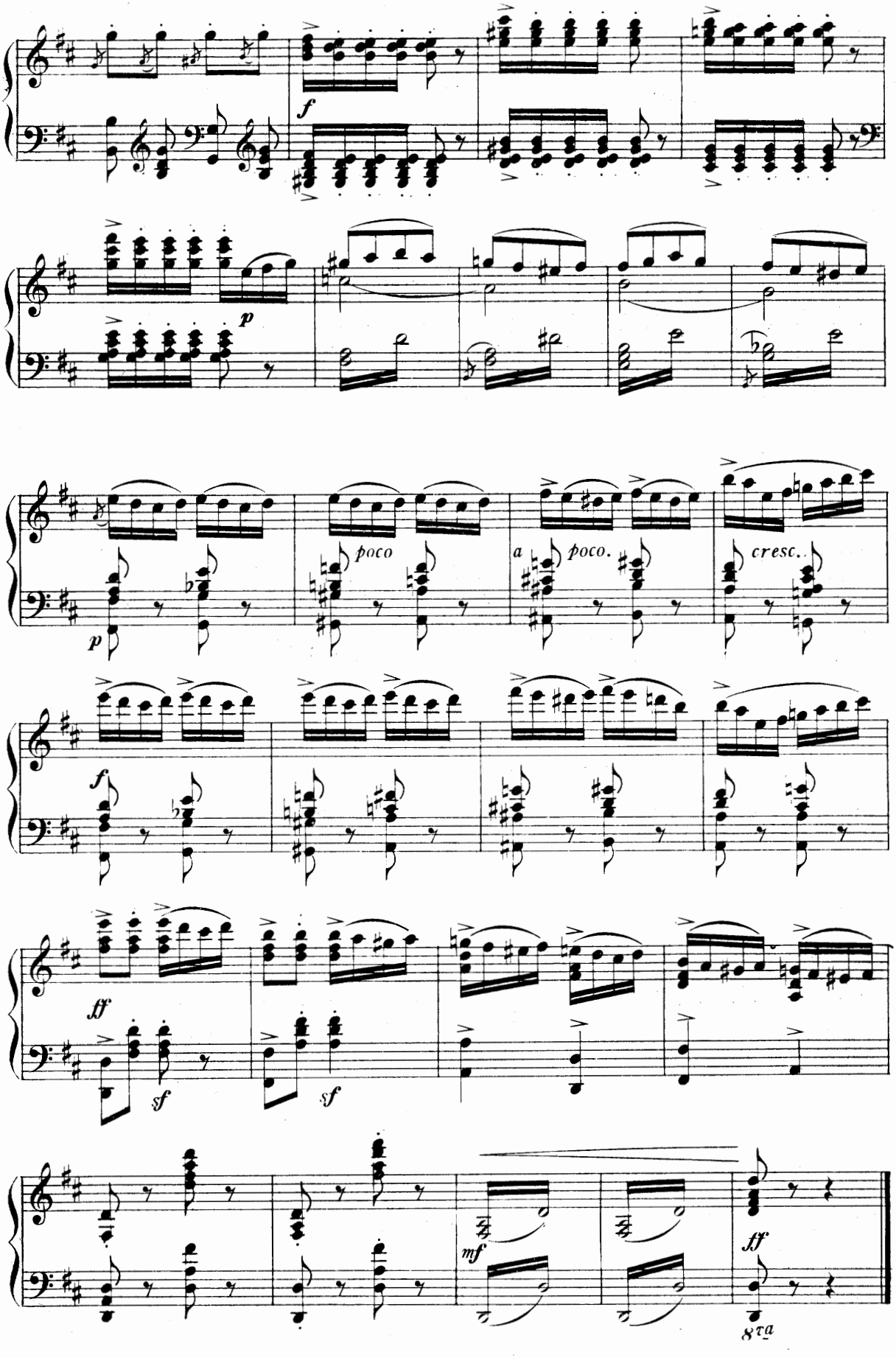

p
p
mf
p
p
pp
ritard dim.
ppp
Allegro molto.
1st time p 2nd time f.
1.
2.
mf
f
p


Slow. ♩= 80
molto rit.
ff
dim.
mf
𝅗𝅥=♩ of preceding.
sf
sf
R. H.
sf poco rit.
sf
sf sf
sf
p a tempo.
poco -
p
Ped.
*


- a - poco. -
sf
sf ritard.
f
sf
a tempo.
p
f
ritard.
ff
R.H.
sf
mf
a tempo.
poco -
a tempo.
ritard.
f
cresc.
ff
(♩ = ♩.)
sf
dim e
rit.
f
f
♩ = 66
sf

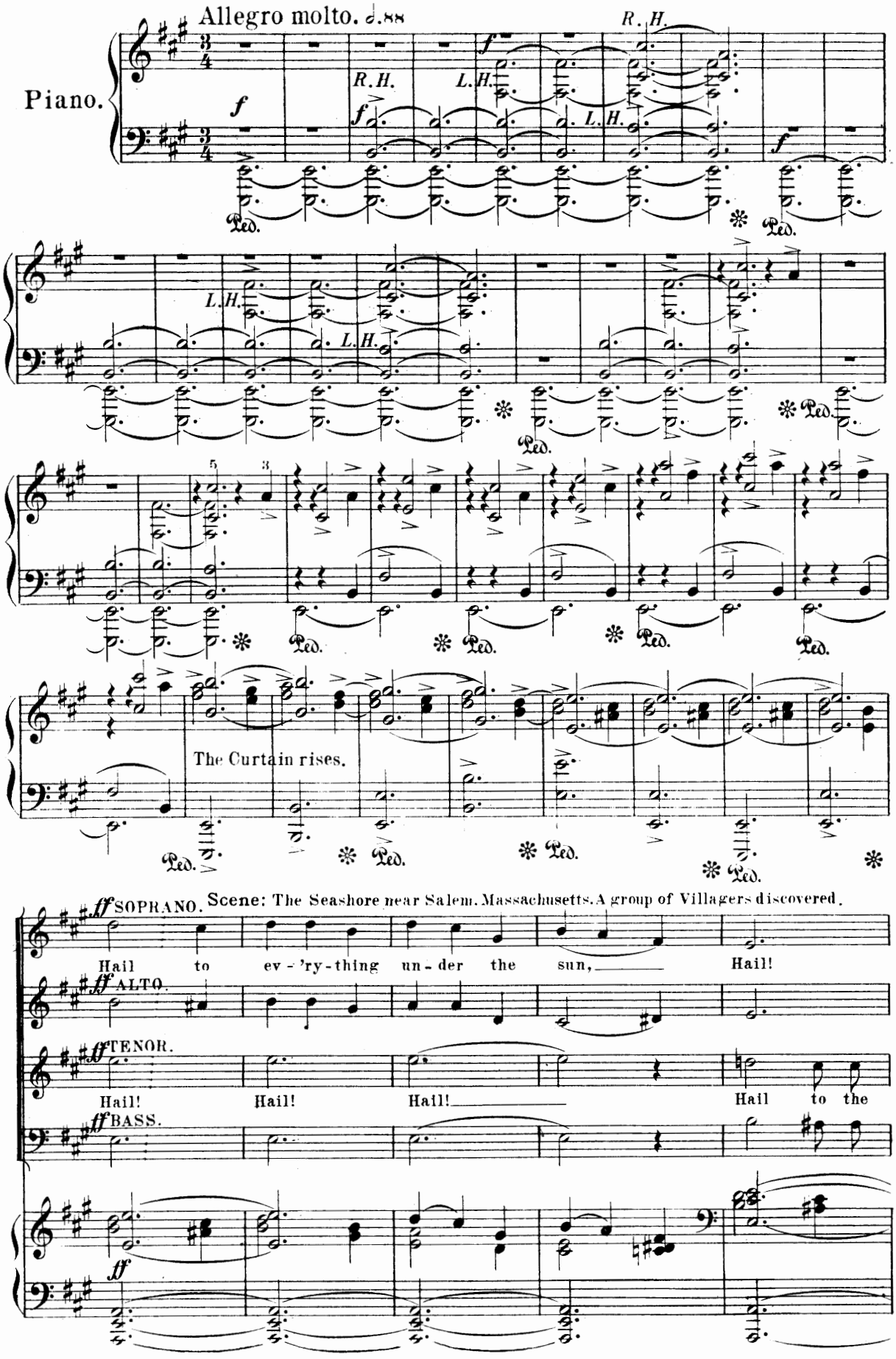

sf
sf
sf
simili.
Allegro. ♩=88.
8
sf
f
8
sf
8
sf
8
loco.
p

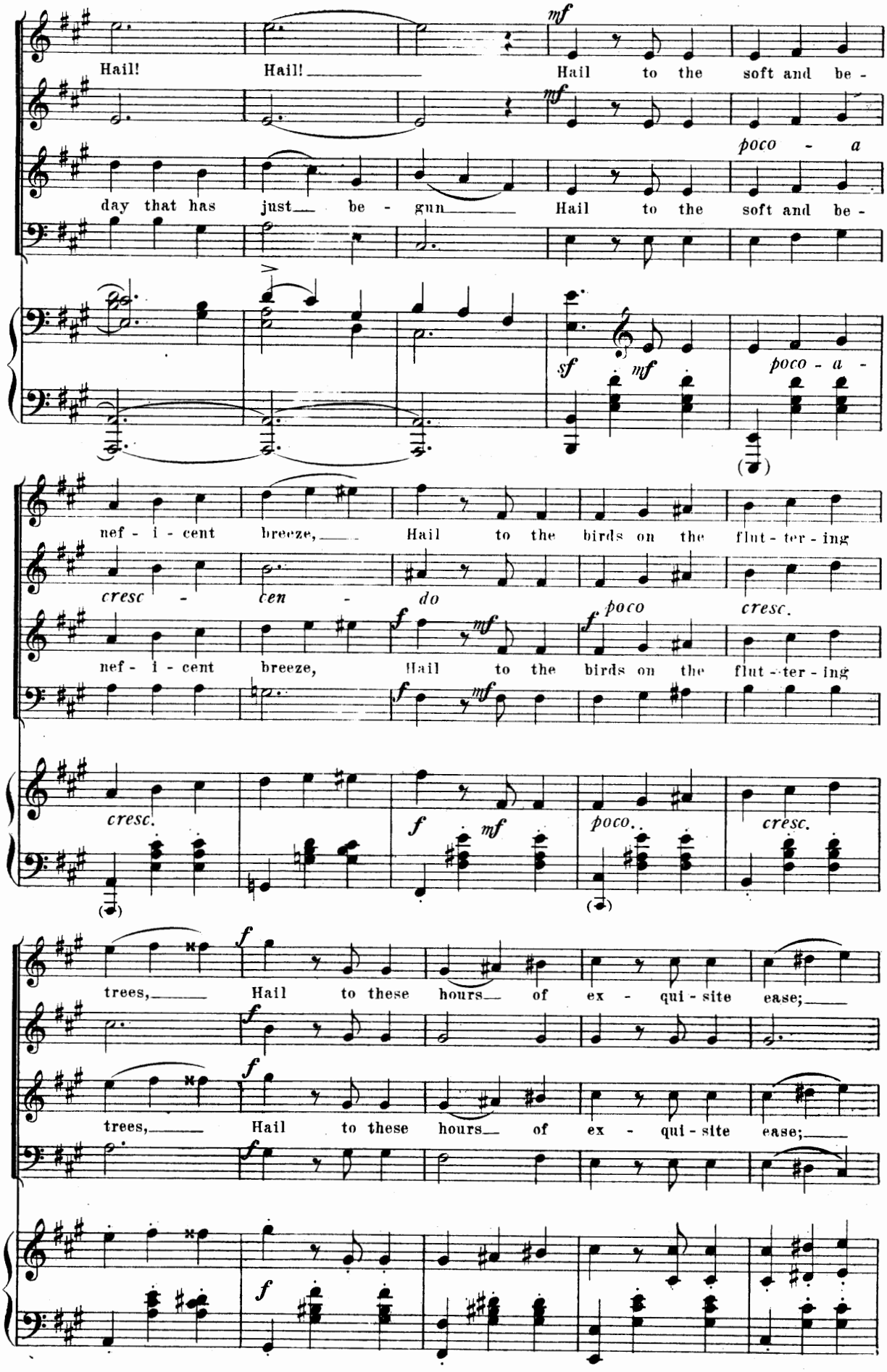

sf
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.
f
sf
sf
sf
ff

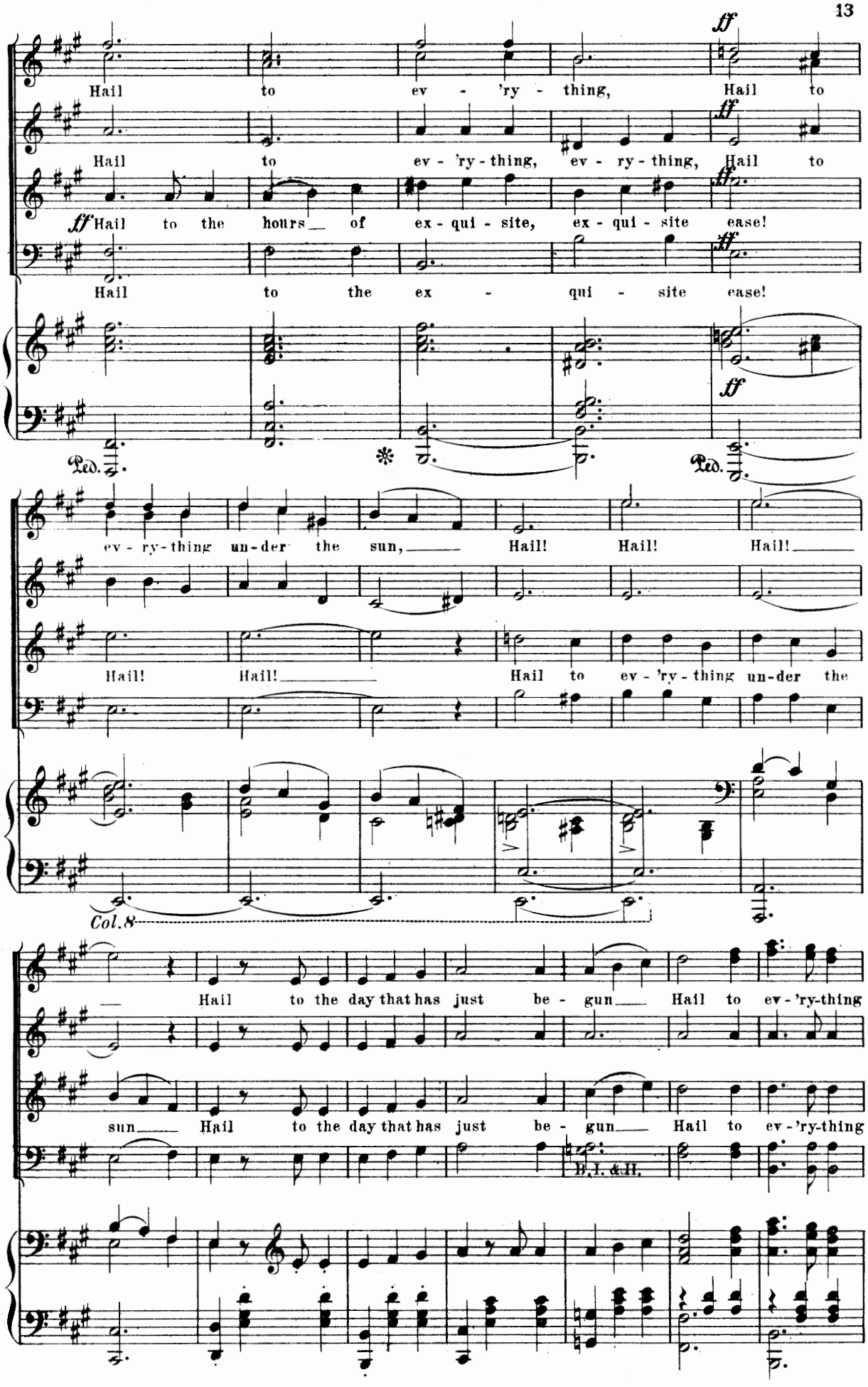

f
p
p
poco
a poco.
cresc.
f
ff
sf
sf
mf
ff
8va

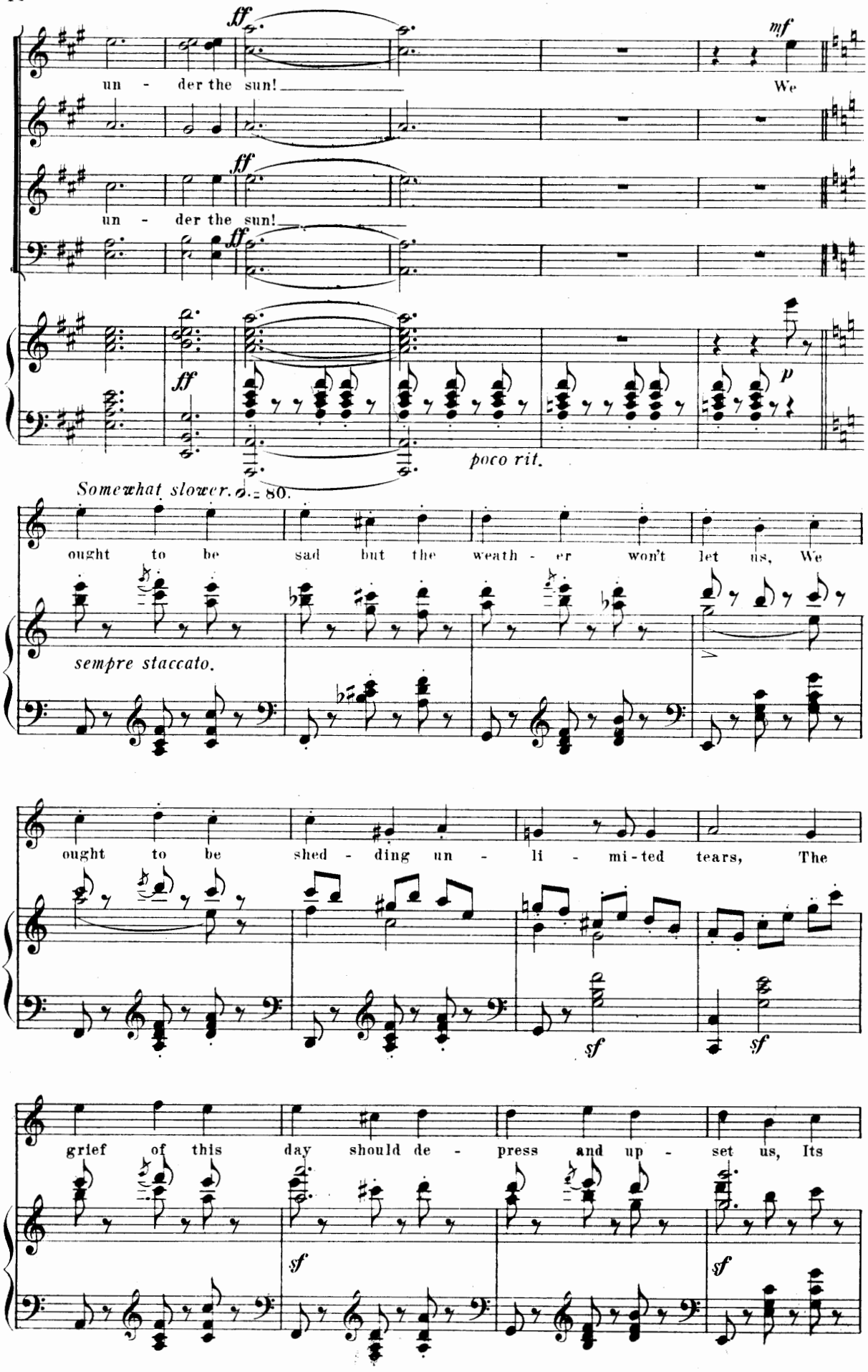
ACT I.

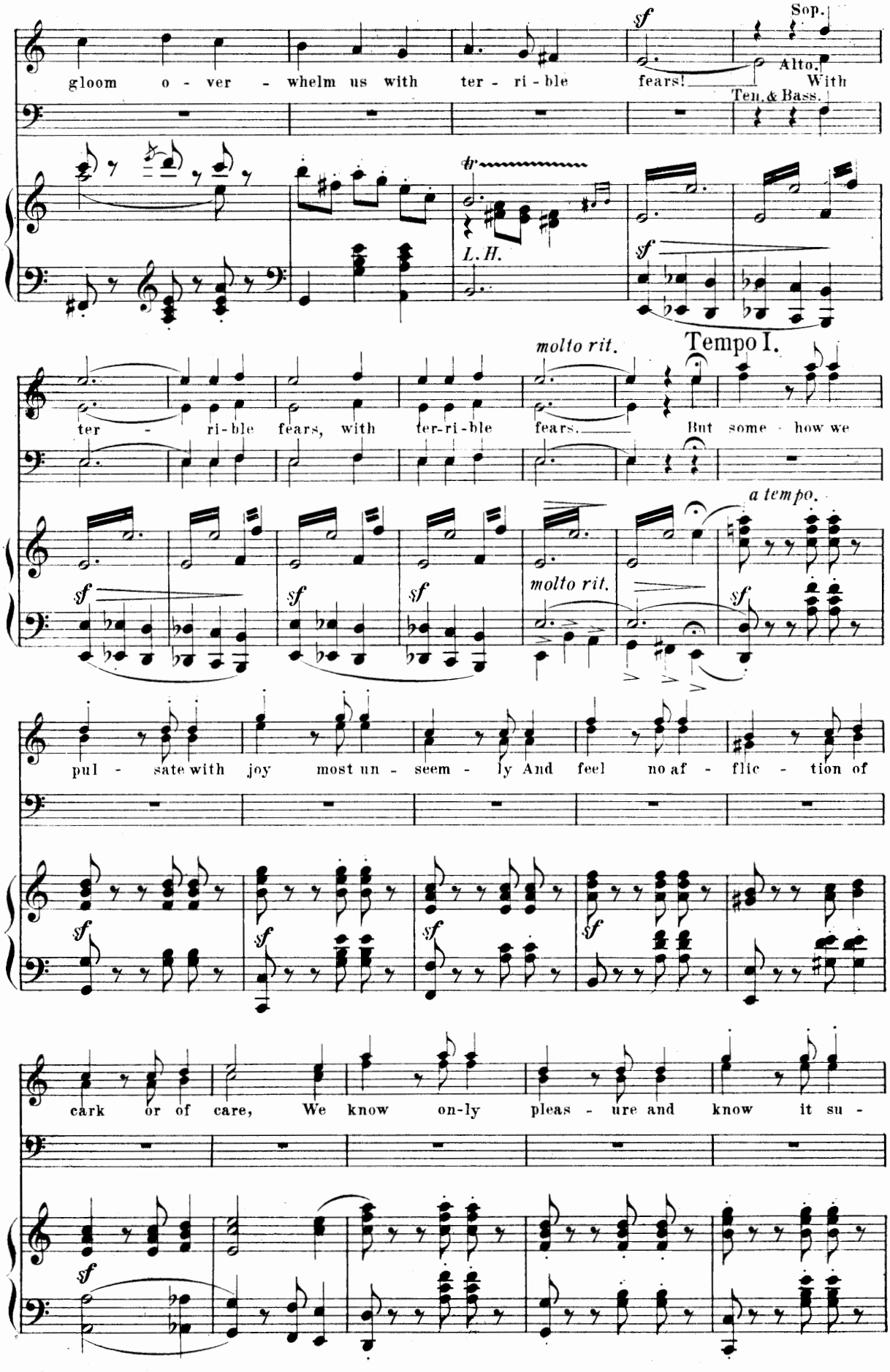
No 1. Introduction and Chorus.

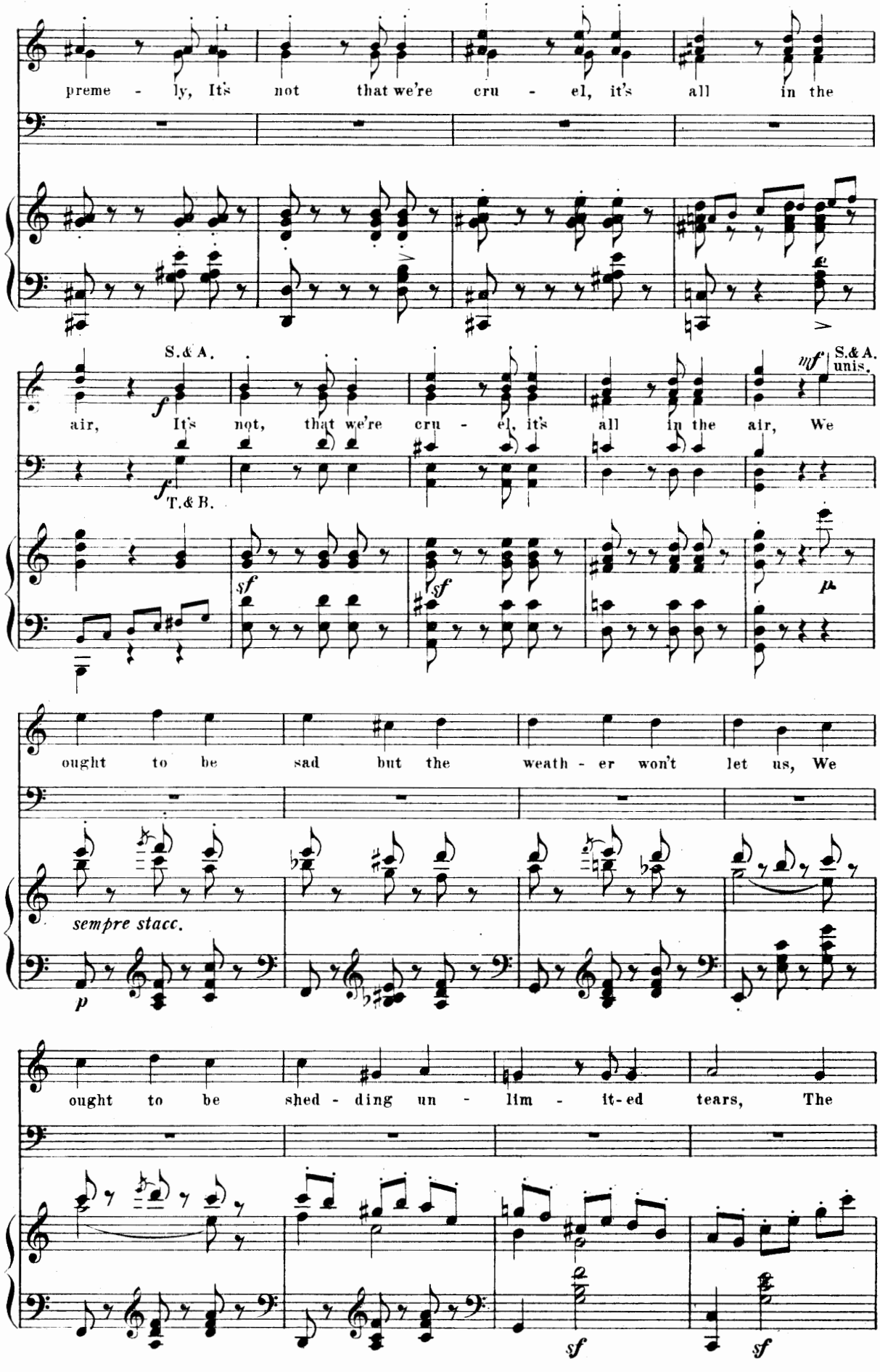


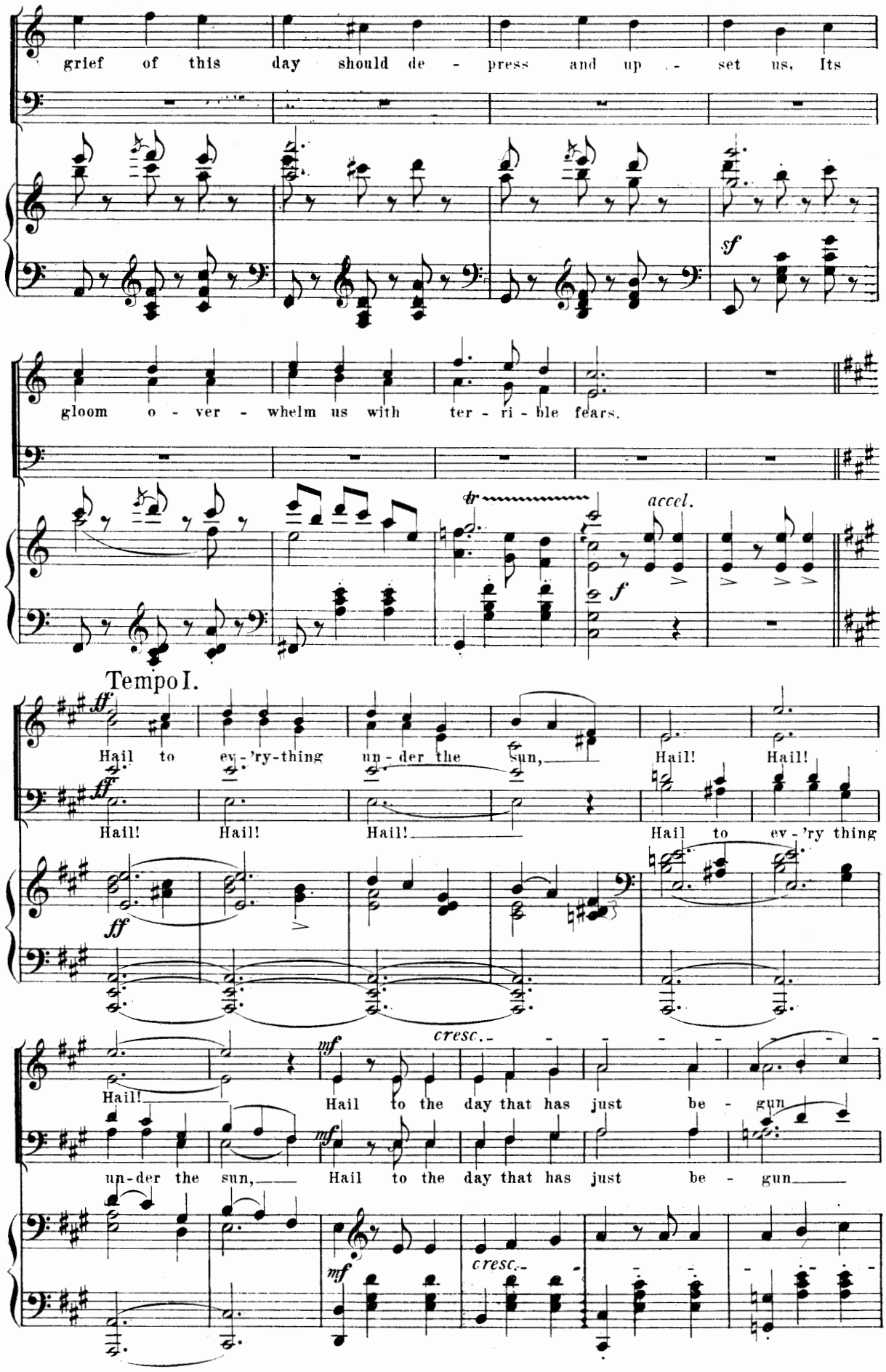

Hail! Hail! Hail to the soft and be -
mf
poco - a
day that has just be - gun Hail to the soft and be -
sf mf poco - a -
nef - i - cent breeze, Hail to the birds on the flut - ter - ing
cresc - cen - do
poco cresc.
nef - i - cent breeze, Hail to the birds on the flut - ter - ing
cresc.
f mf poco cresc.
trees, Hail to these hours of ex - qui - site ease;
trees, Hail to these hours of ex - qui - site ease;

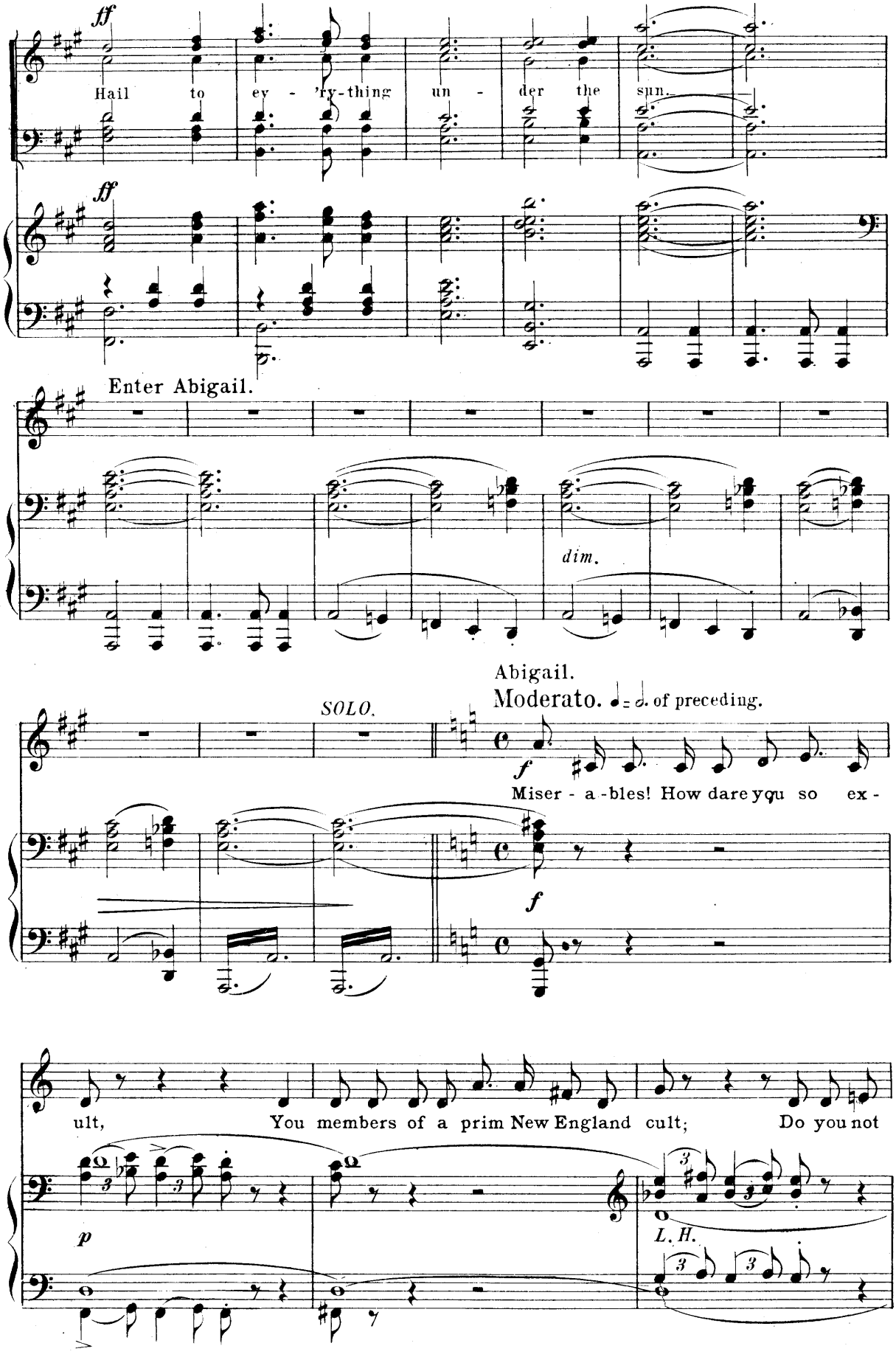

ff
Hail to ev - 'ry - thing, Hail to
Hail to ev - 'ry - thing, ev - ry - thing, Hail to
ff Hail to the hours of ex - qui - site, ex - qui - site ease!
Hail to the ex - qui - site ease!
Ped.
ff
ev - ry - thing un - der the sun, Hail! Hail! Hail!
Hail! Hail! Hail to ev - 'ry - thing un - der the
Col.8
Hail to the day that has just be - gun Hail to ev - 'ry-thing
sun Hail to the day that has just be - gun Hail to ev - 'ry-thing
B.I. & H.

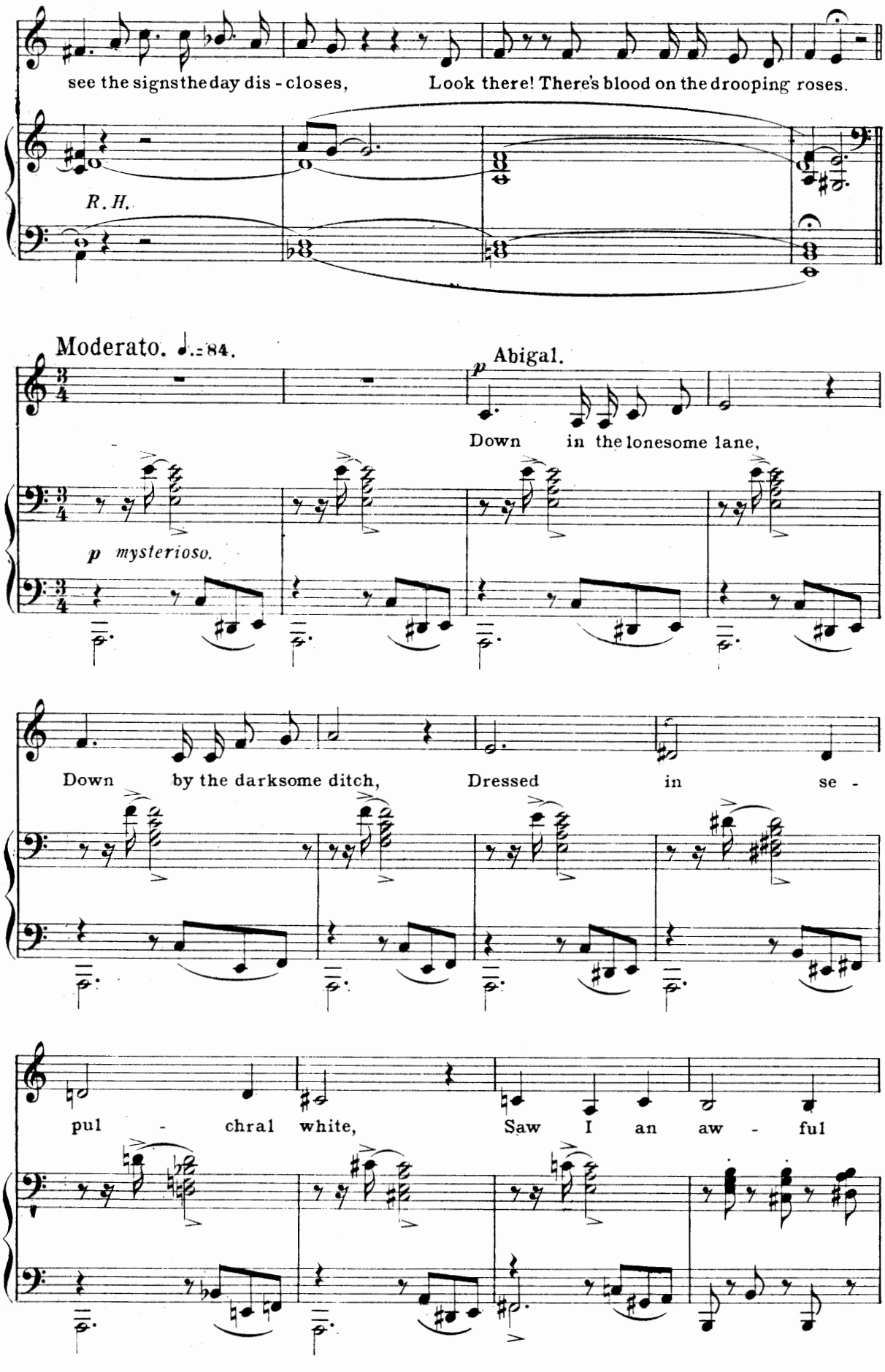

ff
un - der the sun!
mf
We
ff
un - der the sun!
ff
ff
p
poco rit.
Somewhat slower. ♩.= 80.
ought to be sad but the weath - er won't let us, We
sempre staccato.
ought to be shed - ding un - li - mi - ted tears, The
sf
sf
grief of this day should de - press and up - set us, Its
sf
sf

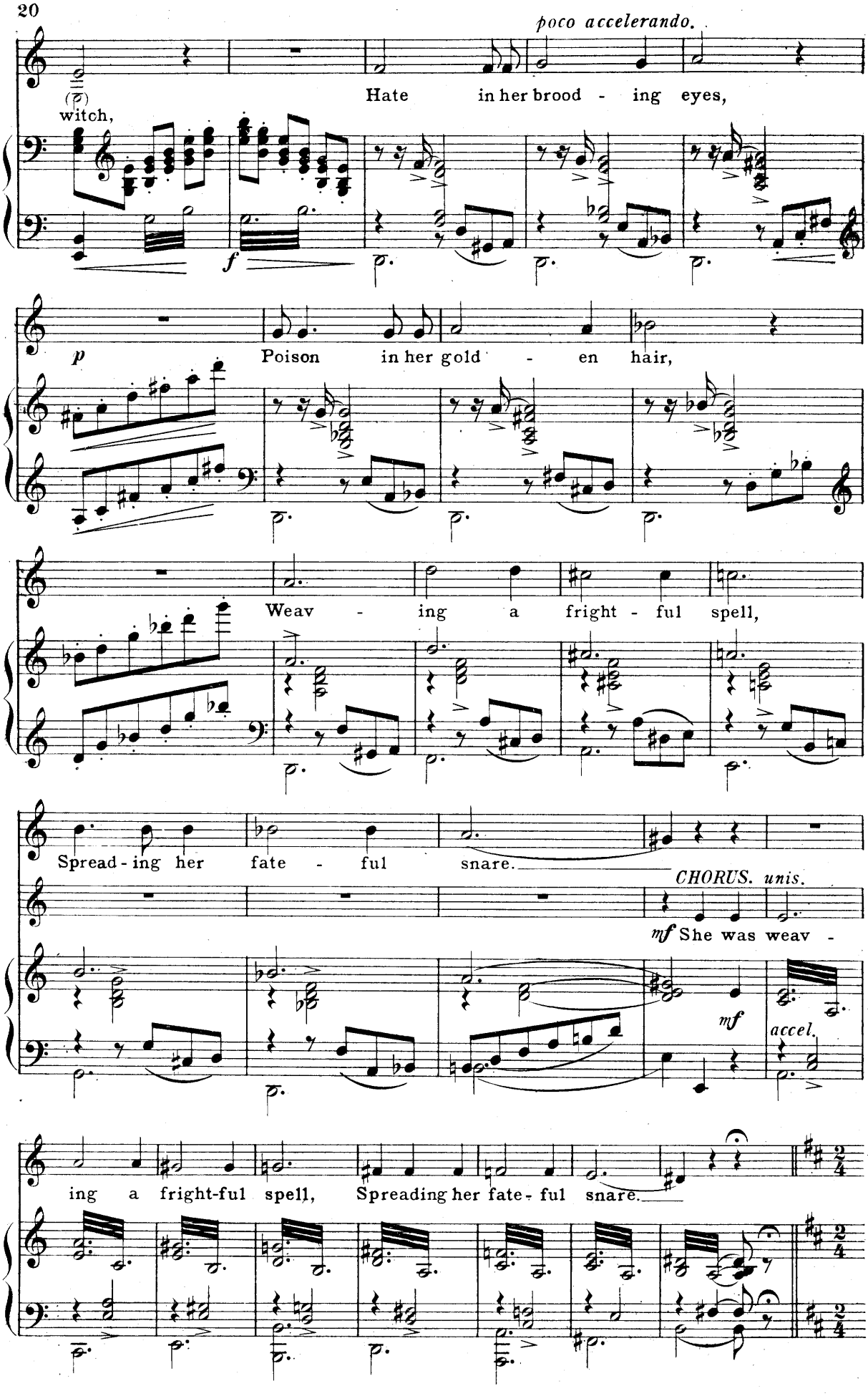

gloom o - ver - whelm us with ter - ri - ble fears!
Sop.
Alto.
With
Ten. & Bass.
L. H.
molto rit.
Tempo I.
ter - ri-ble fears, with ter-ri-ble fears.
But some - how we
a tempo.
molto rit.
pul - sate with joy most un - seem - ly And feel no af - flic - tion of
cark or of care, We know on-ly pleas - ure and know it su -

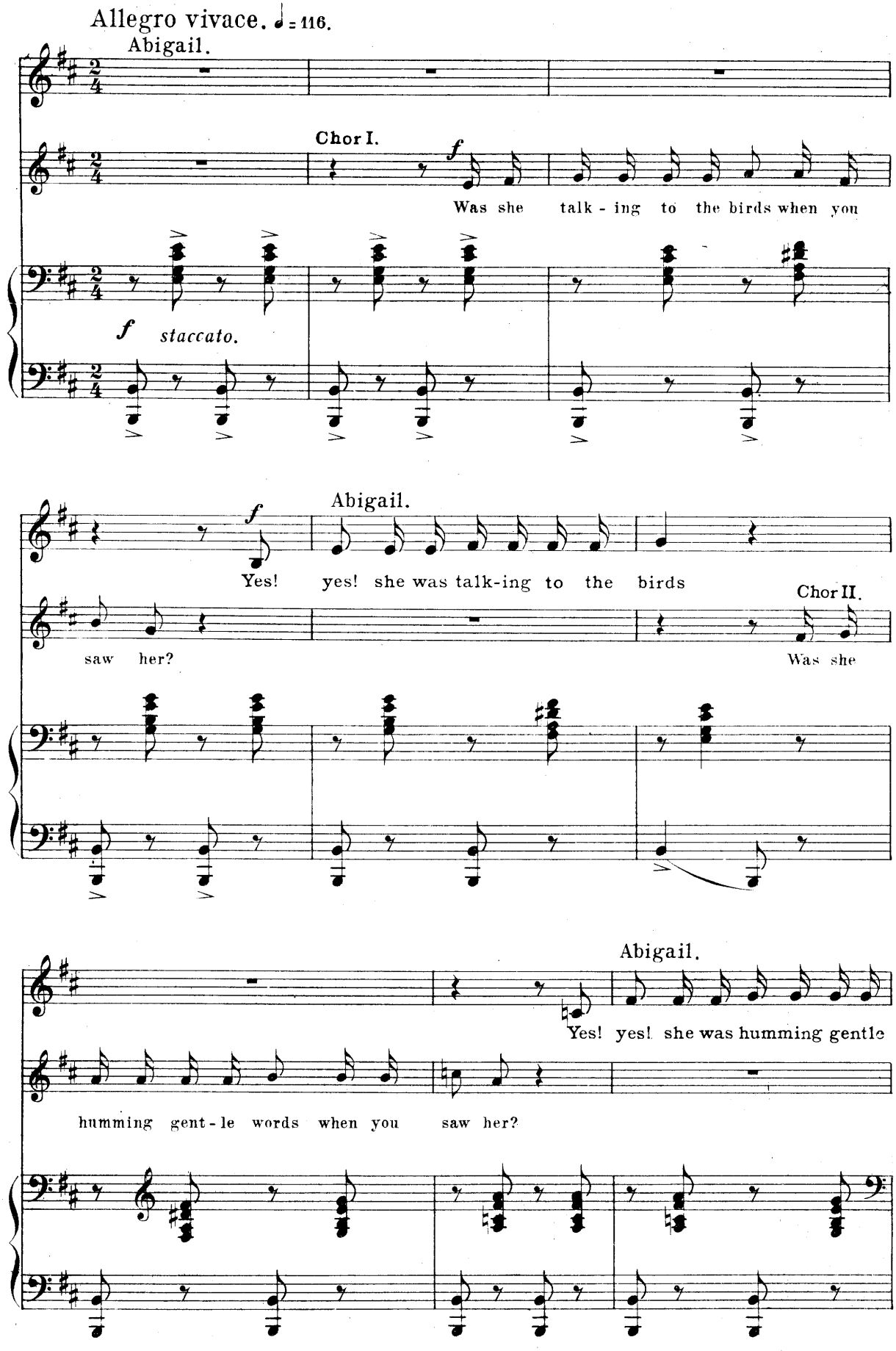

preme - ly, It's not that we're cru - el, it's all in the
S.& A.
air, It's not, that we're cru - el, it's all in the air, We
T.& B.
mf
S.& A. unis.
ought to be sad but the weath - er won't let us, We
sempre stacc.
ought to be shed - ding un - lim - it-ed tears, The

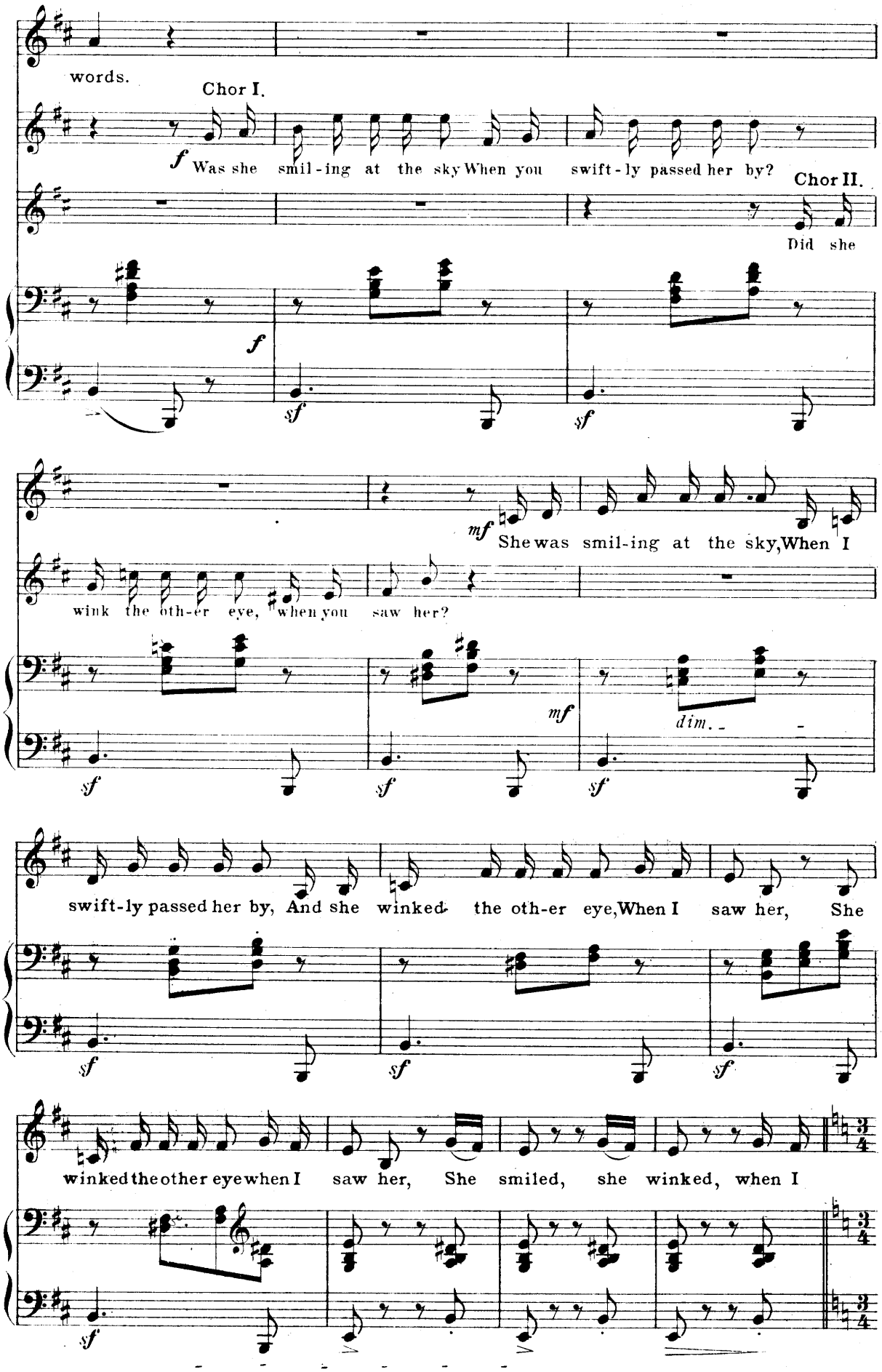

grief of this day should de - press and up - set us, Its
sf
gloom o - ver - whelm us with ter - ri - ble fears.
tr
accel.
f
Tempo I.
ff
Hail to ev - 'ry-thing un - der the sun, Hail! Hail!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail to ev - 'ry thing
mf
cresc.
Hail! Hail to the day that has just be - gun
un-der the sun, Hail to the day that has just be - gun

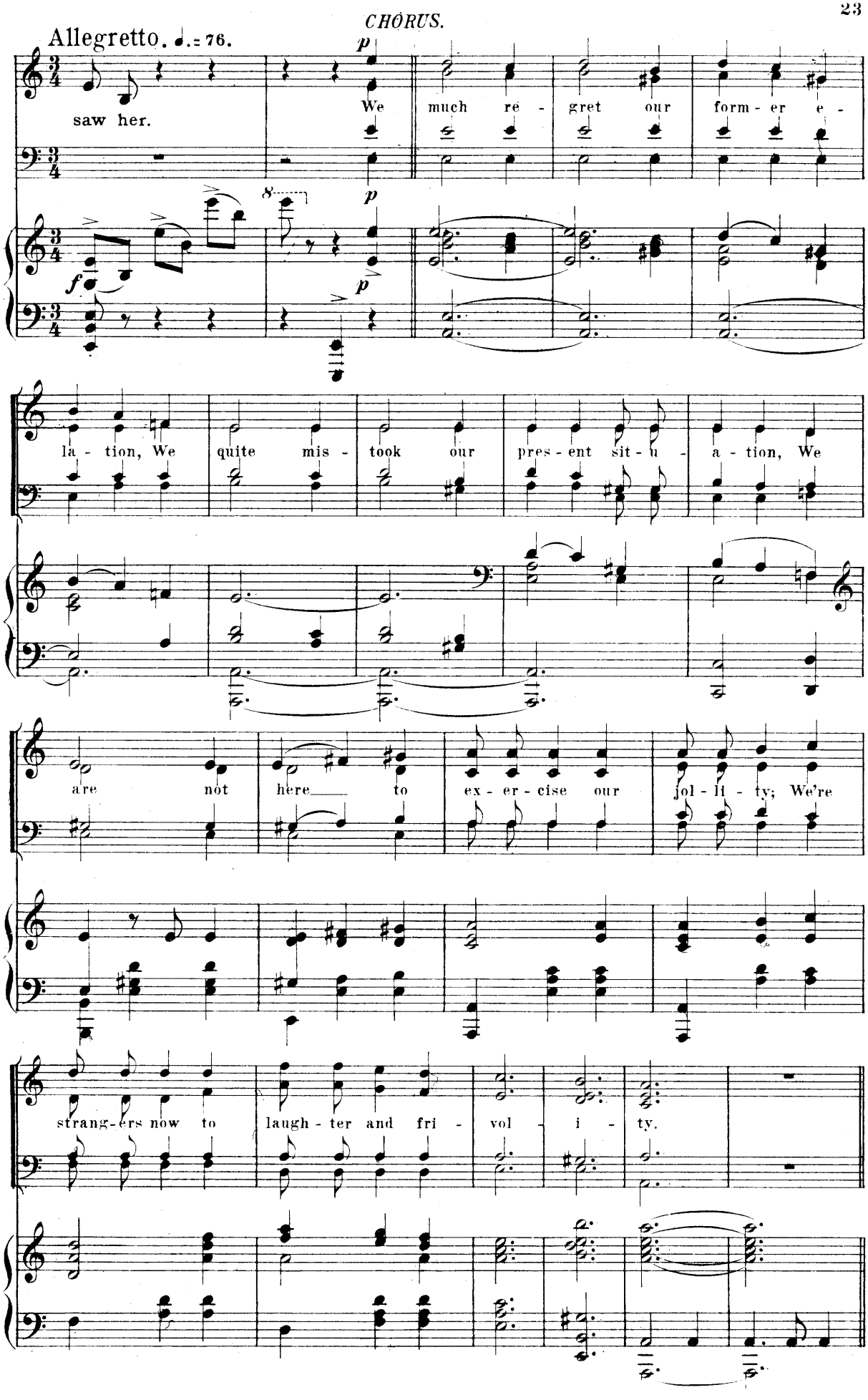

ff
Hail to ev - 'ry-thing un - der the sun.
ff
Enter Abigail.
dim.
Abigail.
Moderato. ♩= 𝅗𝅥. of preceding.
SOLO.
f
Miser - a-bles! How dare you so ex -
f
ult, You members of a prim New England cult; Do you not
p
L. H.

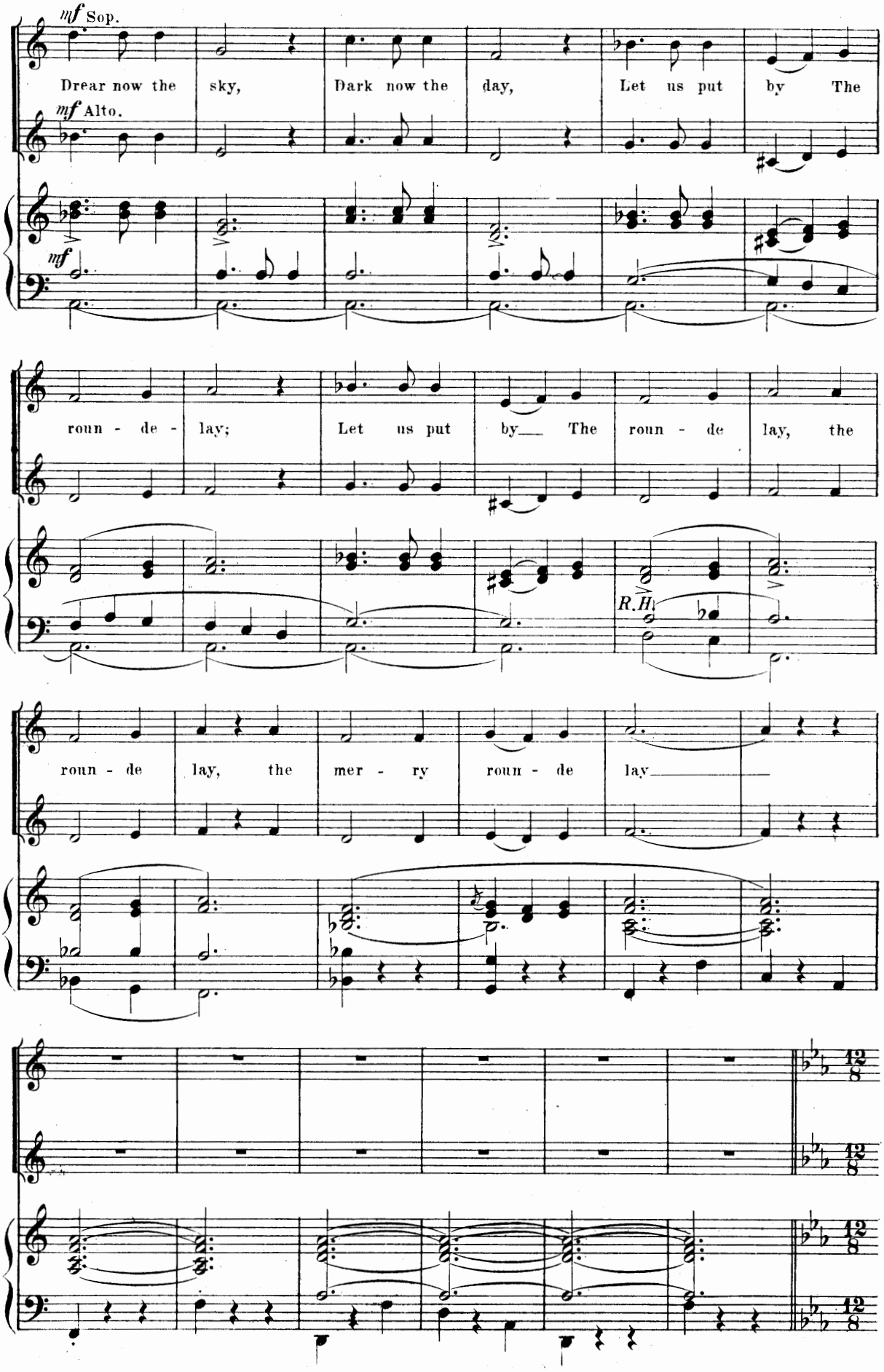

see the signs the day dis - closes,
Look there! There's blood on the drooping roses.
R. H.
Moderato. ♩.=84.
Abigal.
Down in the lonesome lane,
p mysterioso.
Down by the darksome ditch,
Dressed in se -
pul - chral white,
Saw I an aw - ful


poco accelerando.
witch,
Hate in her brood - ing eyes,
Poison in her gold - en hair,
Weav - ing a fright - ful spell,
Spread - ing her fate - ful snare.
CHORUS. unis.
mf She was weav -
mf
accel.
ing a fright-ful spell, Spreading her fate - ful snare.

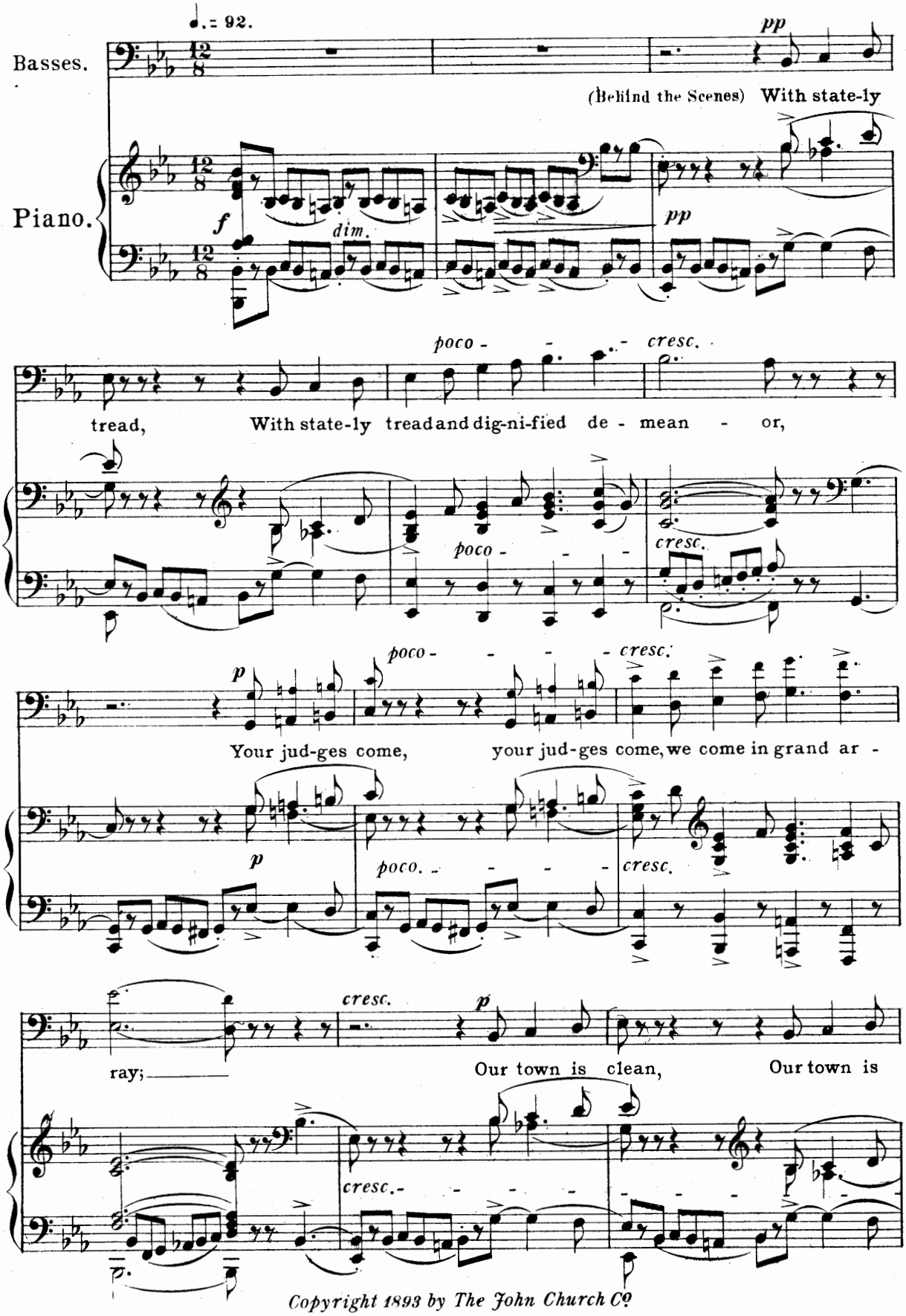

Allegro vivace. ♩= 116.
Abigail.
Chor I.
f
Was she talk - ing to the birds when you
f staccato.
Abigail.
f
Yes! yes! she was talk-ing to the birds
saw her?
Chor II.
Was she
Abigail.
Yes! yes! she was humming gentle
humming gent - le words when you saw her?


words.
Chor I.
f Was she smil-ing at the sky When you swift-ly passed her by?
Chor II.
Did she
f
sf
sf
mf She was smil-ing at the sky, When I
wink the oth-er eye, when you saw her?
sf
sf
mf
dim.
sf
swift-ly passed her by, And she winked the oth-er eye, When I saw her, She
sf
sf
sf
winked the other eye when I saw her, She smiled, she winked, when I
sf
3/4
3/4

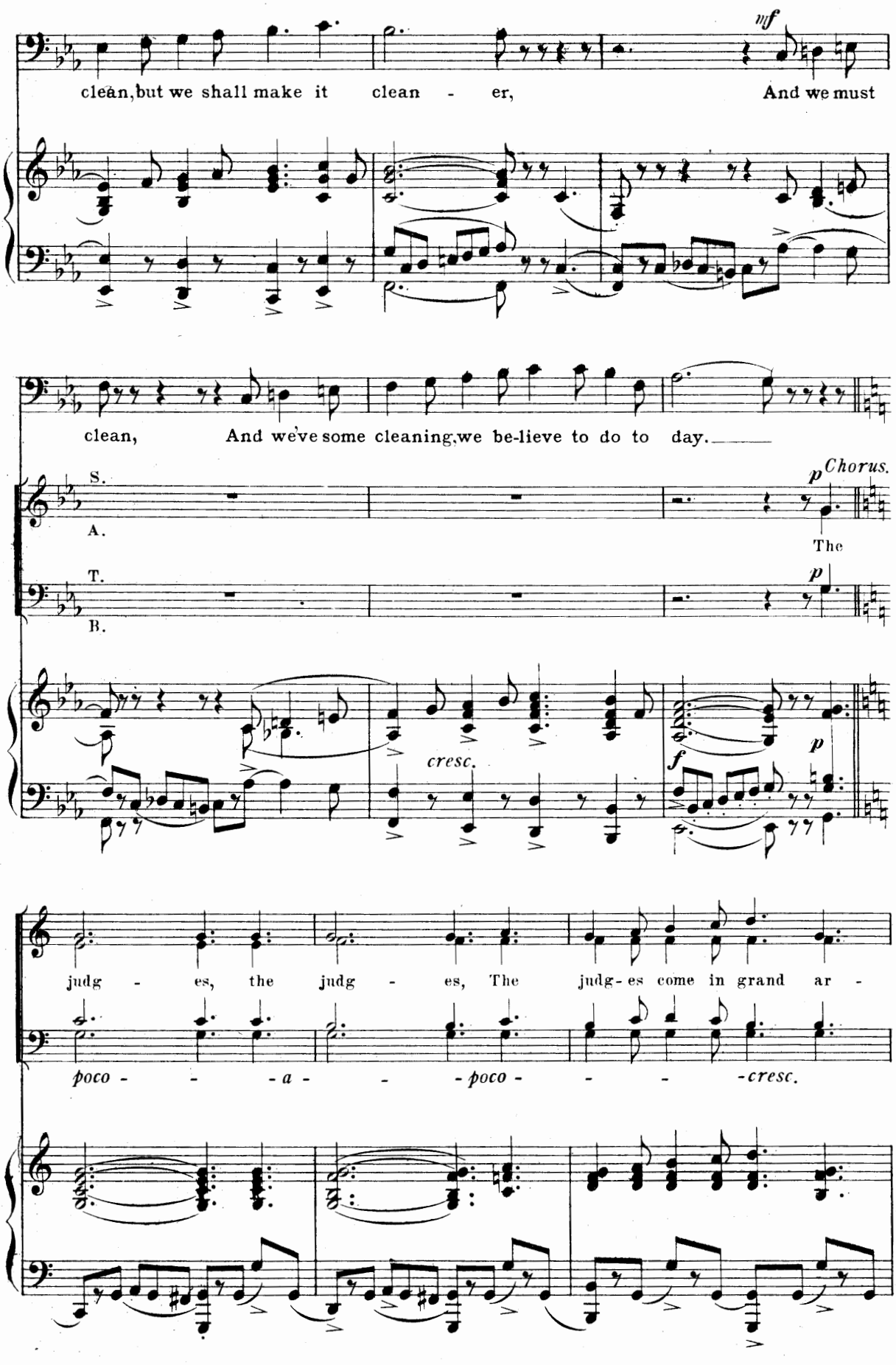

CHORUS.
Allegretto. ♩.= 76.
saw her.
We much re - gret our form - er e -
la - tion, We quite mis - took our pres - ent sit - u - a - tion, We
are not here to ex - er - cise our jol - li - ty; We're
strang-ers now to laugh - ter and fri - vol - i - ty.

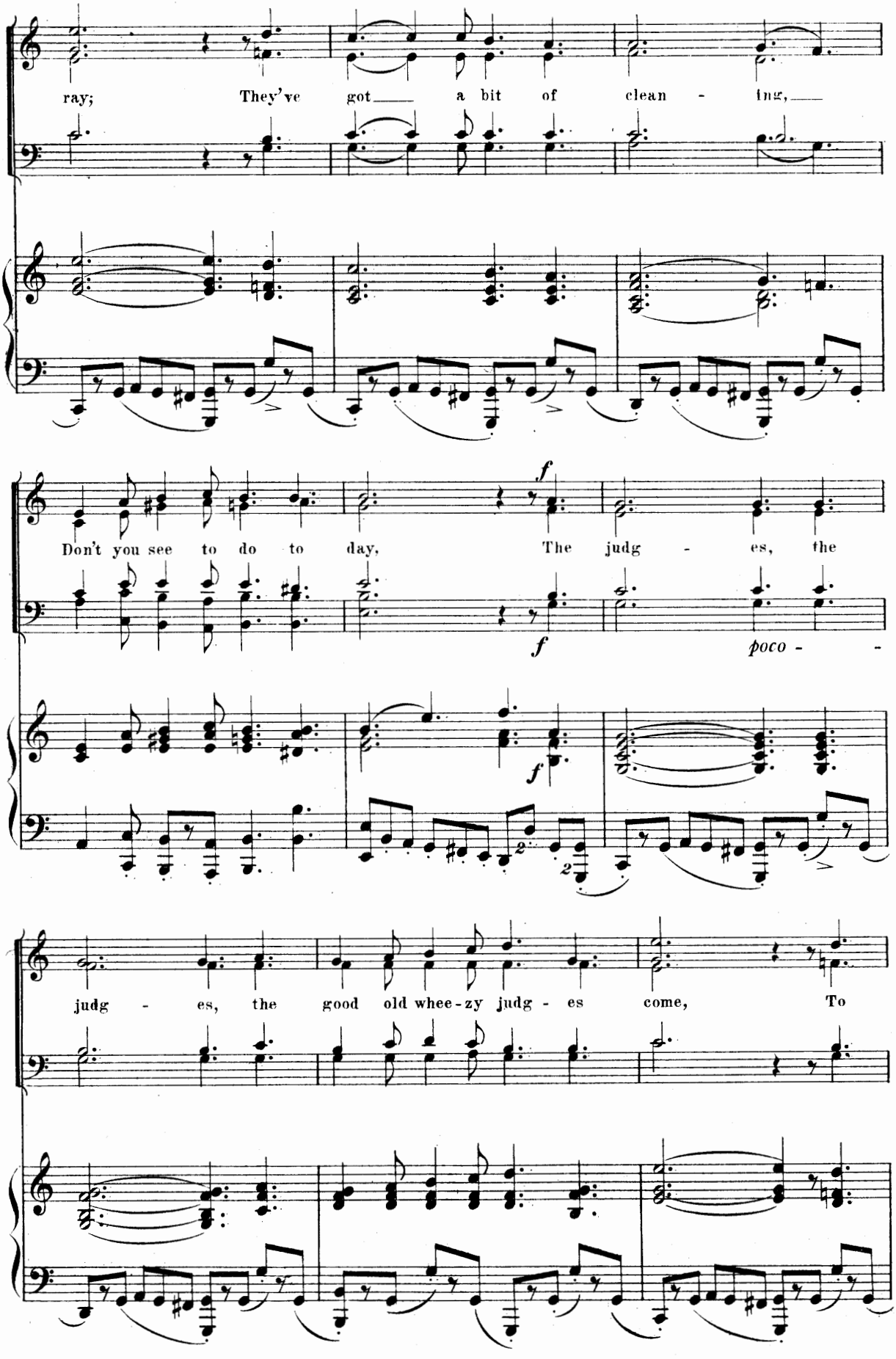

mf Sop.
Drear now the sky, Dark now the day, Let us put by The
mf Alto.
mf
roun - de - lay; Let us put by The roun - de lay, the
R.H.
roun - de lay, the mer - ry roun - de lay
12/8
12/8
12/8
12/8

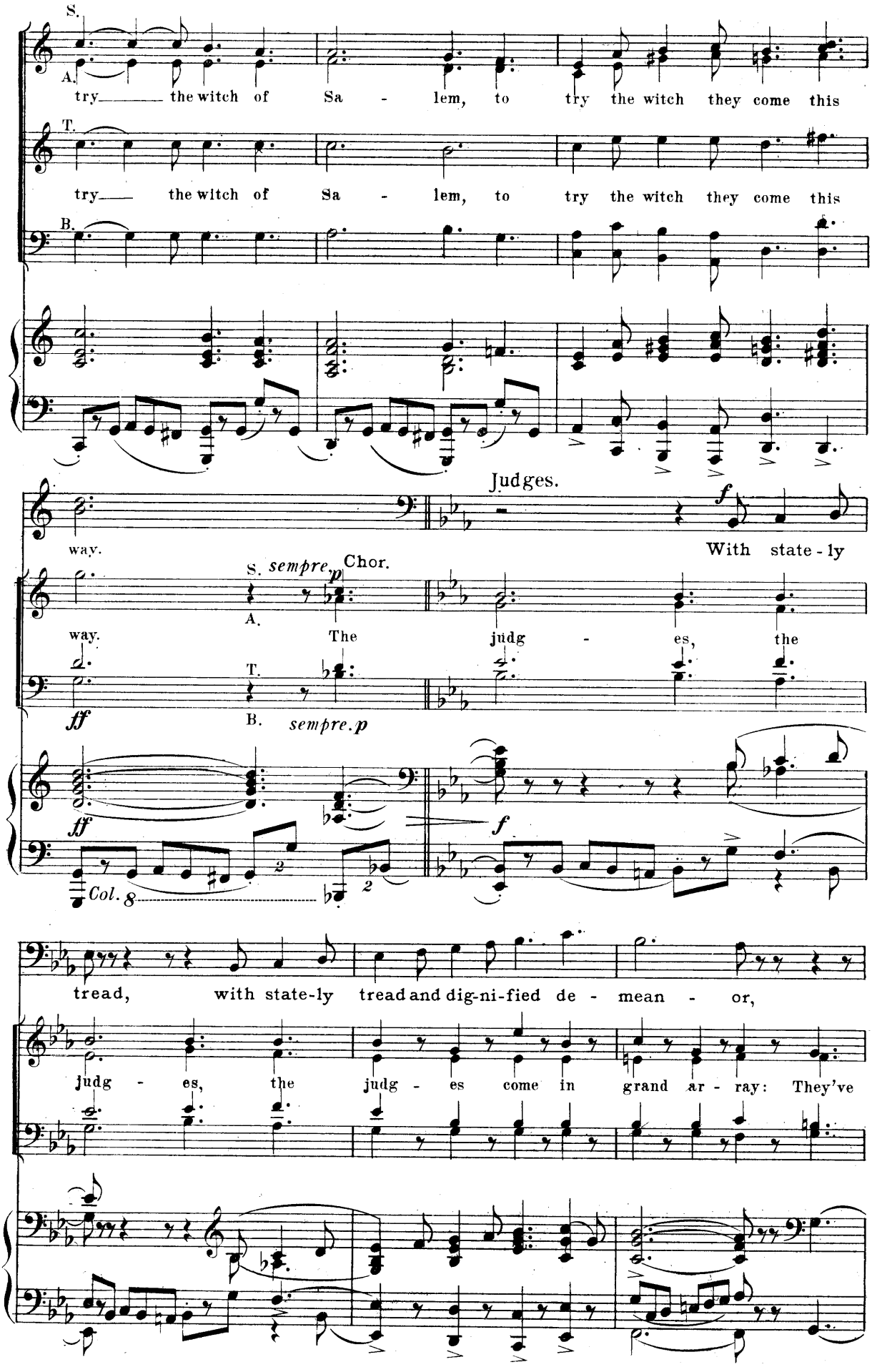
Chorus of Judges.

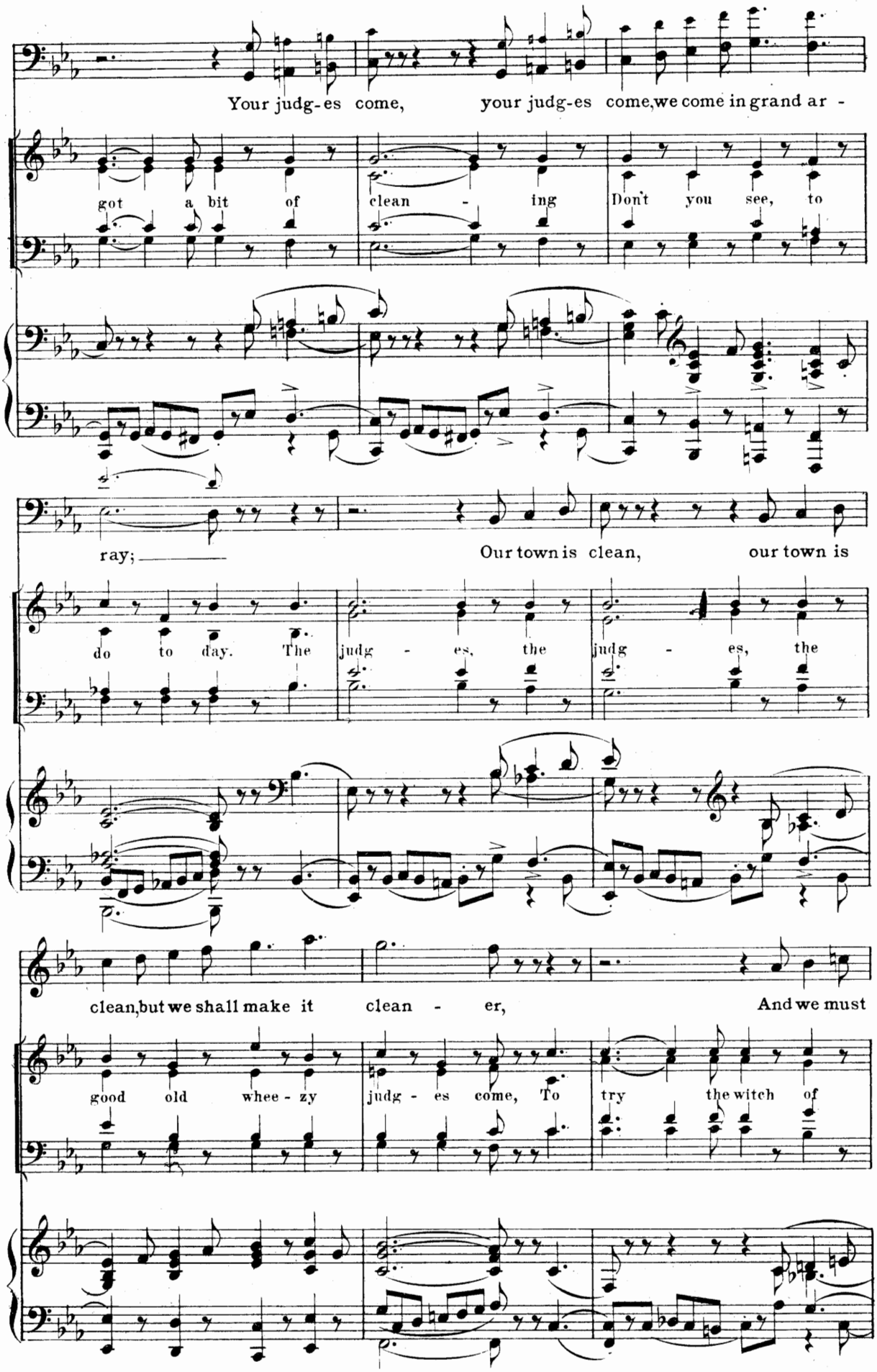


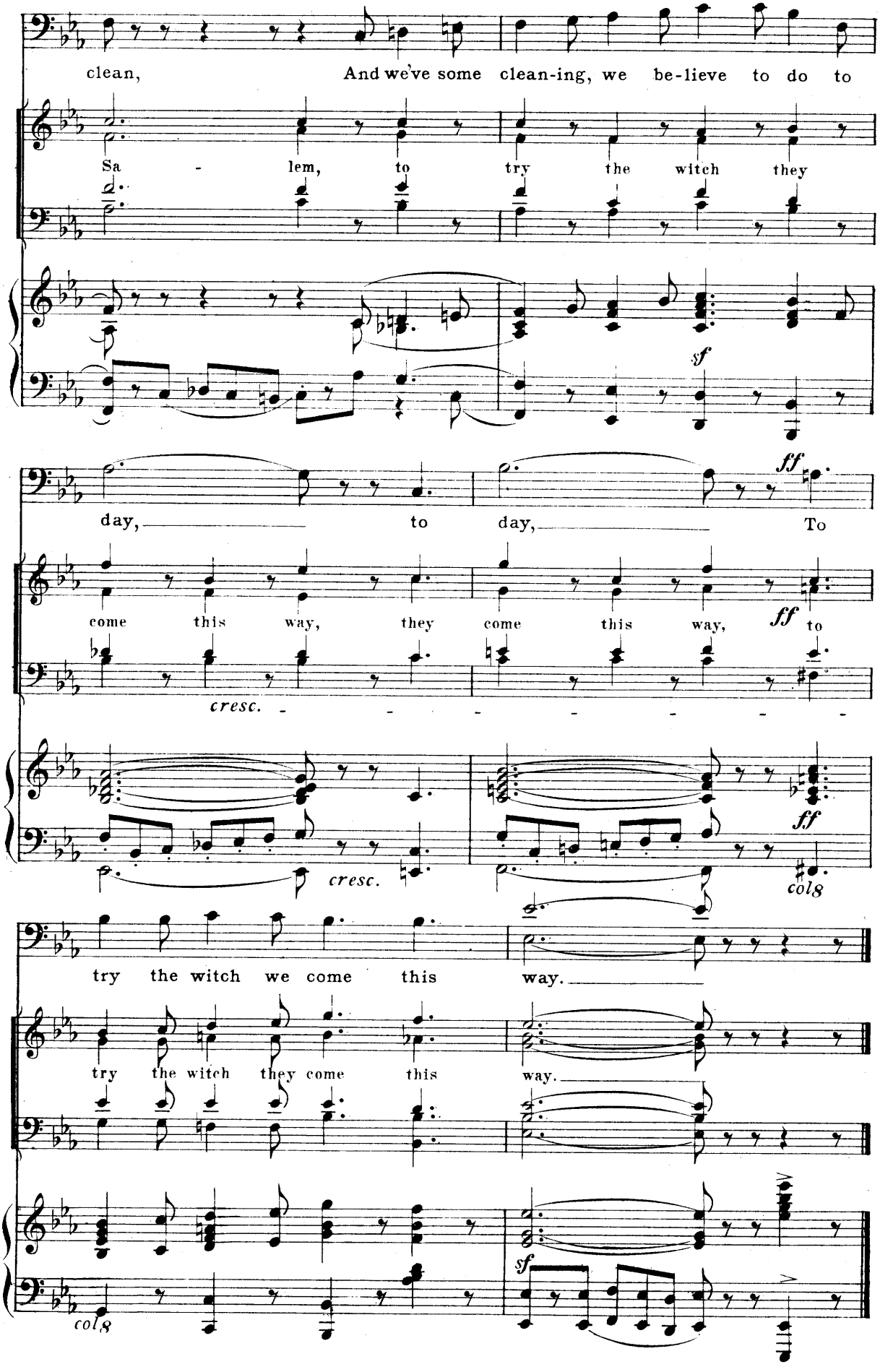
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.


clean, but we shall make it clean - er, And we must
mf
clean, And we've some cleaning, we be-lieve to do to day.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Chorus.
The
cresc.
judg - es, the judg - es, The judg-es come in grand ar -
poco - - - a - - - poco - - - - cresc.

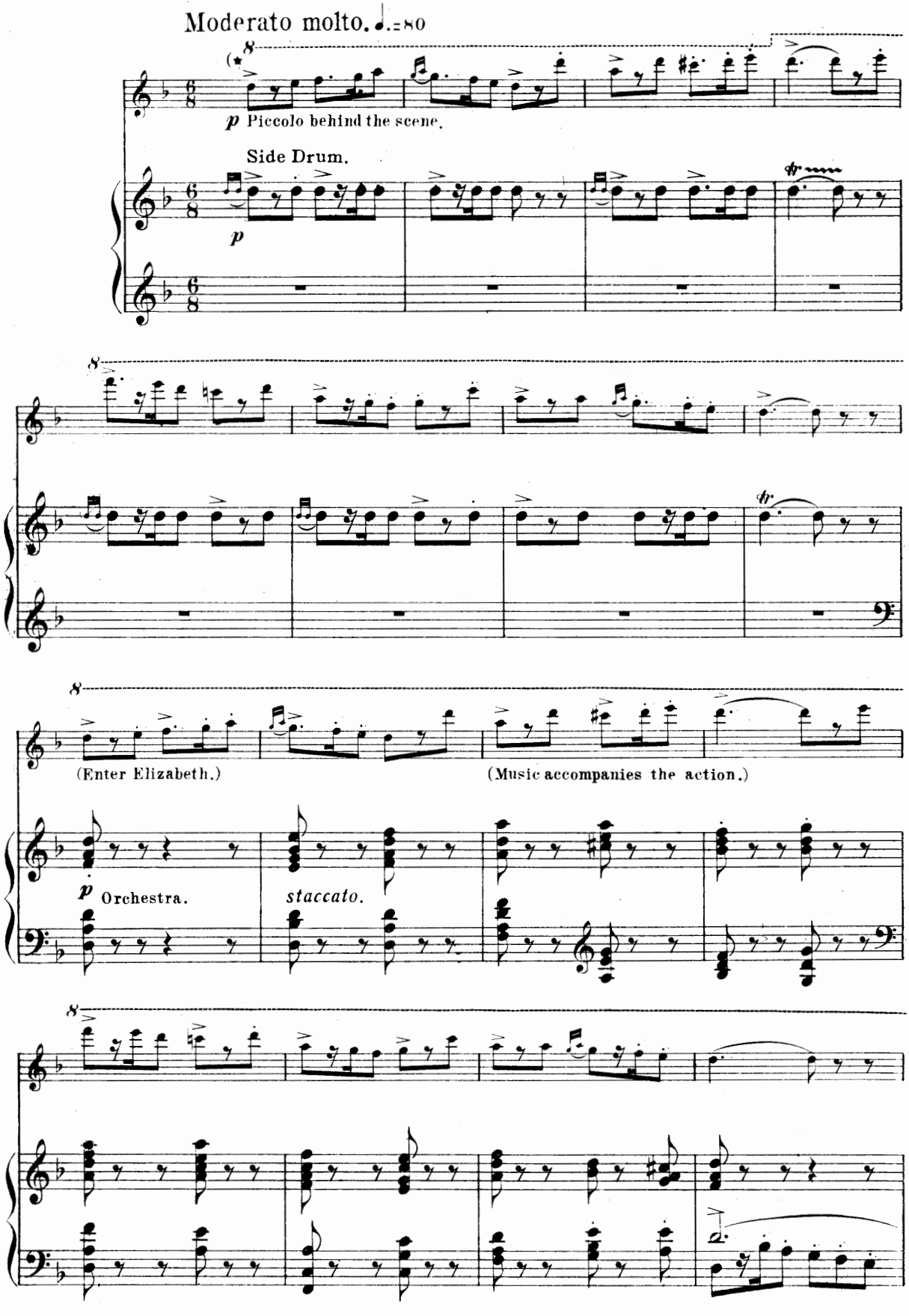

ray; They've got a bit of clean - ing,
Don't you see to do to day, The judg - es, the
f
f
f
poco -
judg - es, the good old whee-zy judg - es come, To


S.
A.
try the witch of Sa - lem, to try the witch they come this
T.
try the witch of Sa - lem, to try the witch they come this
B.
Judges.
way.
With state - ly
S. sempre. p Chor.
A.
way.
The judg - es, the
T.
ff
B. sempre. p
ff
f
Col. 8
tread, with state-ly tread and dig-ni-fied de - mean - or,
judg - es, the judg - es come in grand ar - ray: They've


Your judg-es come, your judg-es come, we come in grand ar -
got a bit of clean - ing Don't you see, to
ray; Our town is clean, our town is
do to day. The judg - es, the judg - es, the
clean, but we shall make it clean - er, And we must
good old whee - zy judg - es come, To try the witch of

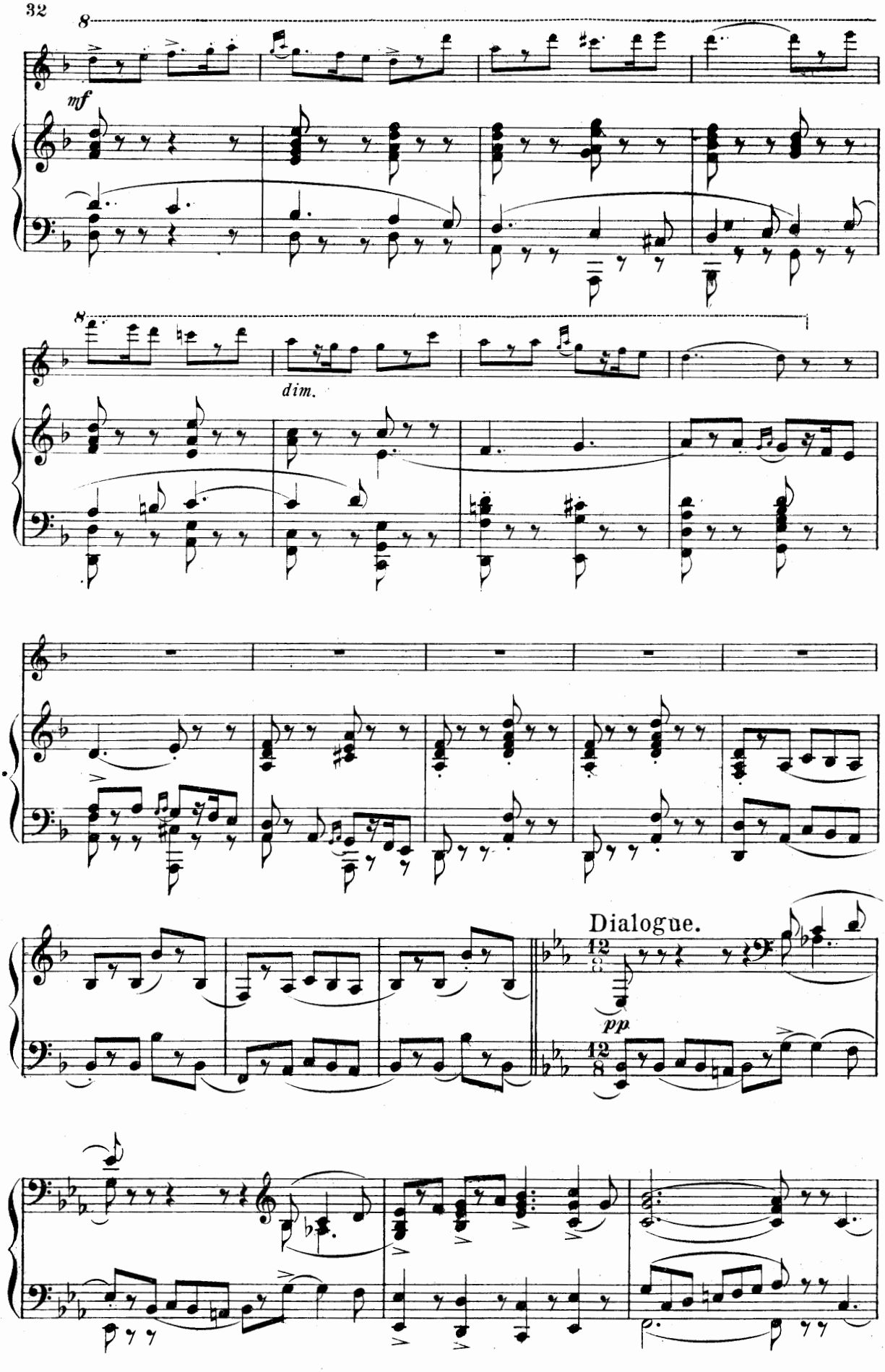

clean, And we've some clean-ing, we be-lieve to do to
Sa - lem, to try the witch they
sf
day, to day, To
ff
come this way, they come this way, ff to
cresc.
cresc.
ff
col 8
try the witch we come this way.
try the witch they come this way.
sf
col 8

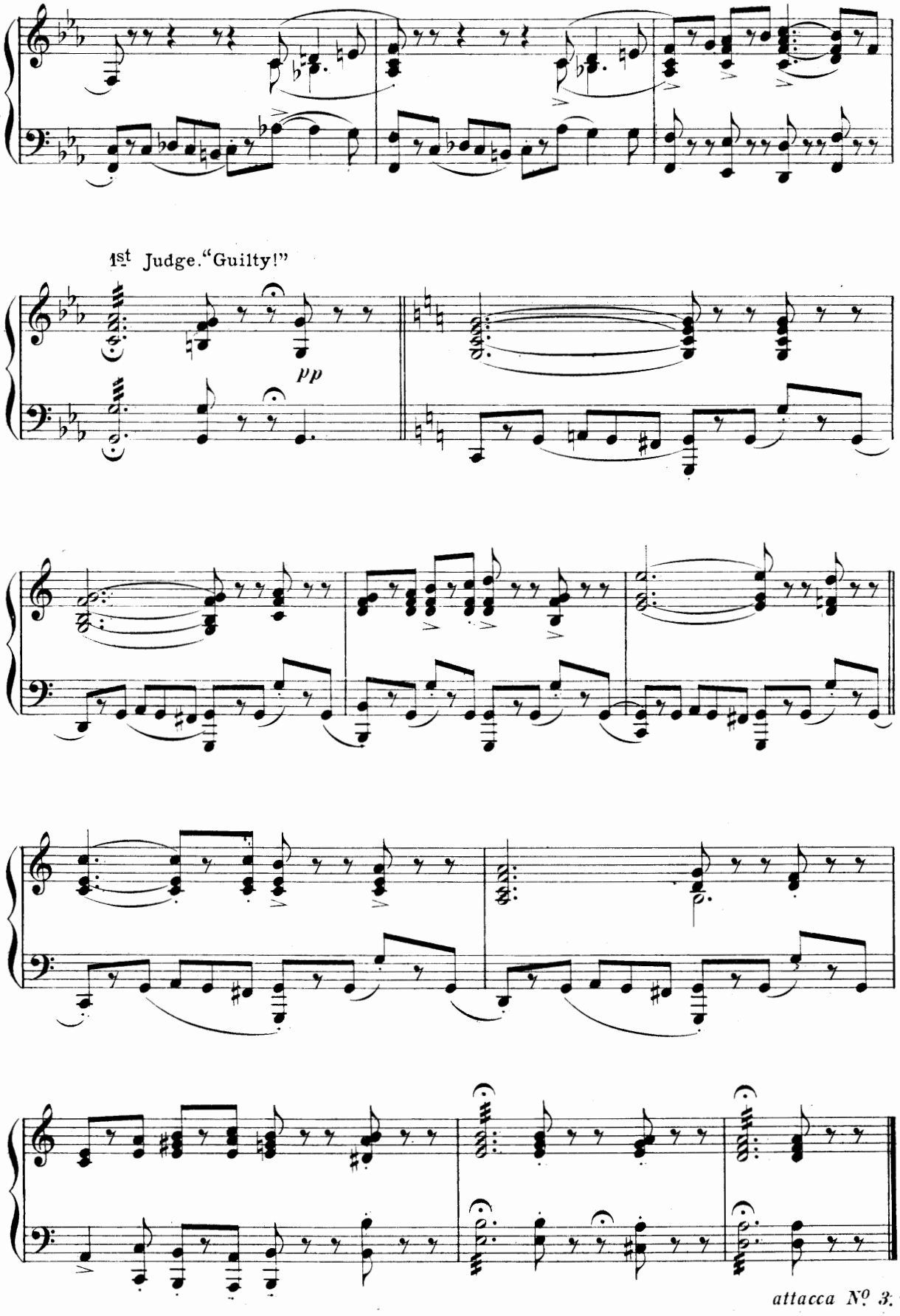
Nº 2. Entrance of Elizabeth.



(★ Old colonial melody.

Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co


8
mf
8
dim.
Dialogue.
12/8
pp
12/8

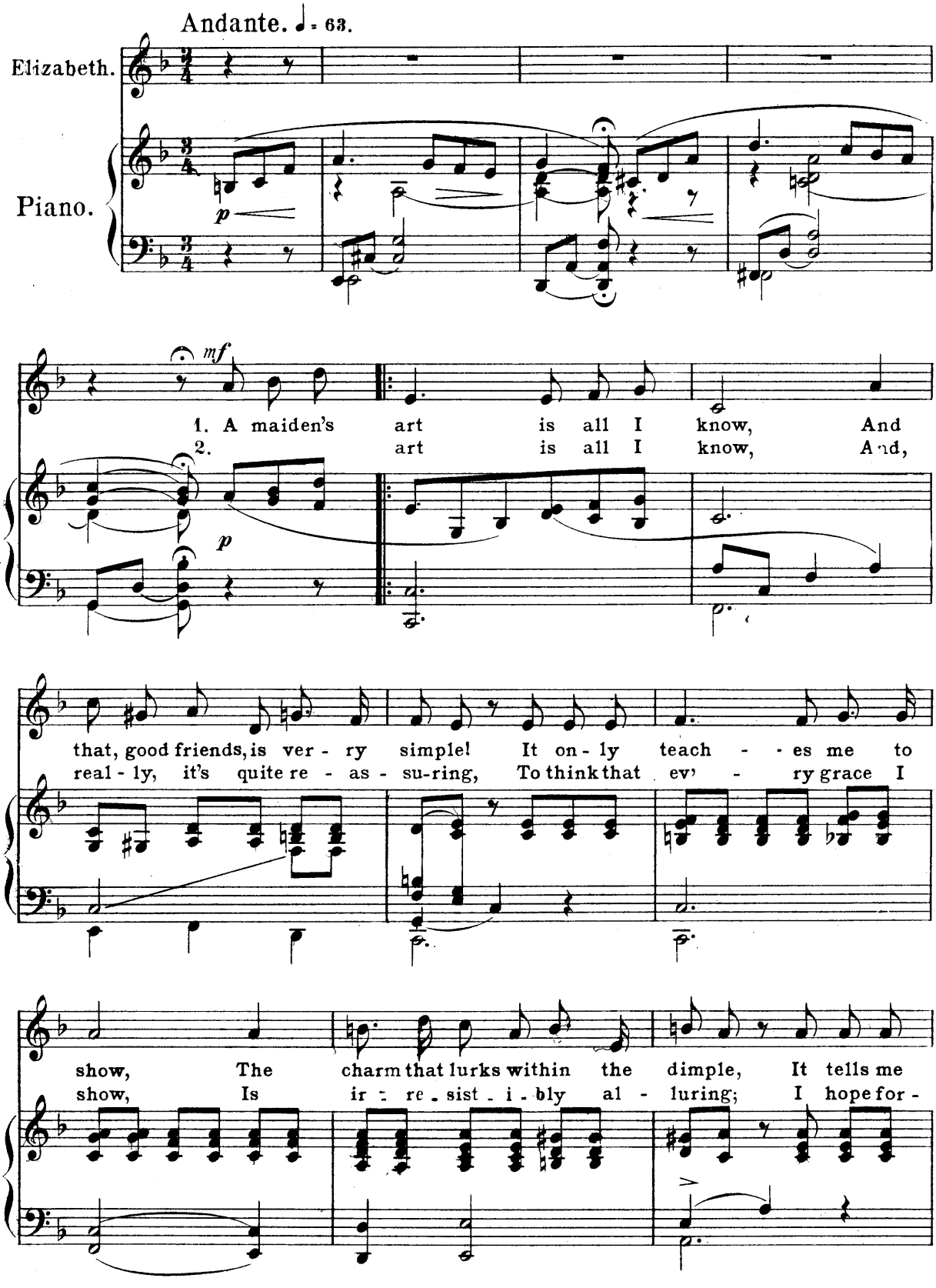

1st Judge. "Guilty!"
pp
attacca No. 3.

No. 3. A Maiden's Art.

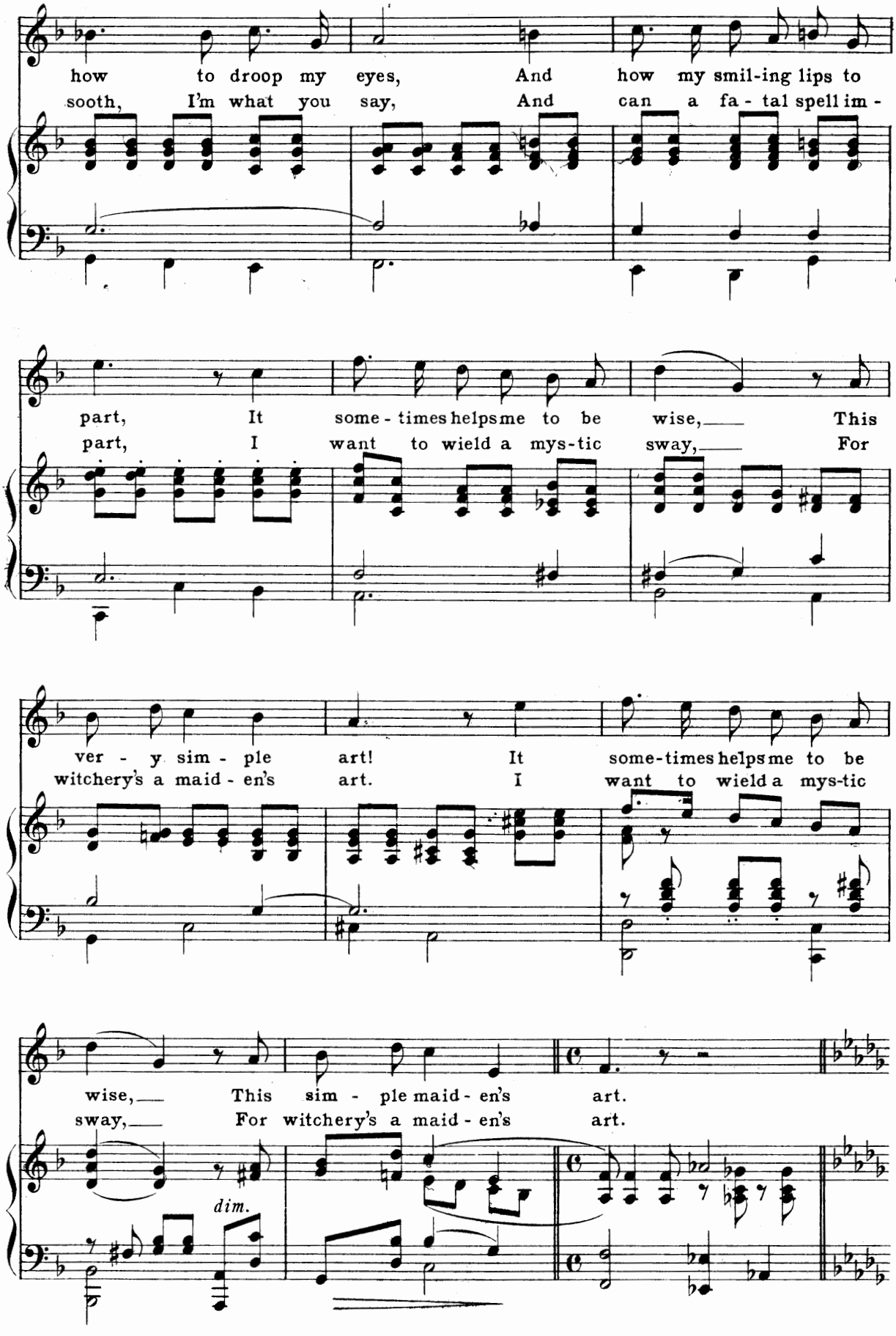
Elizabeth.

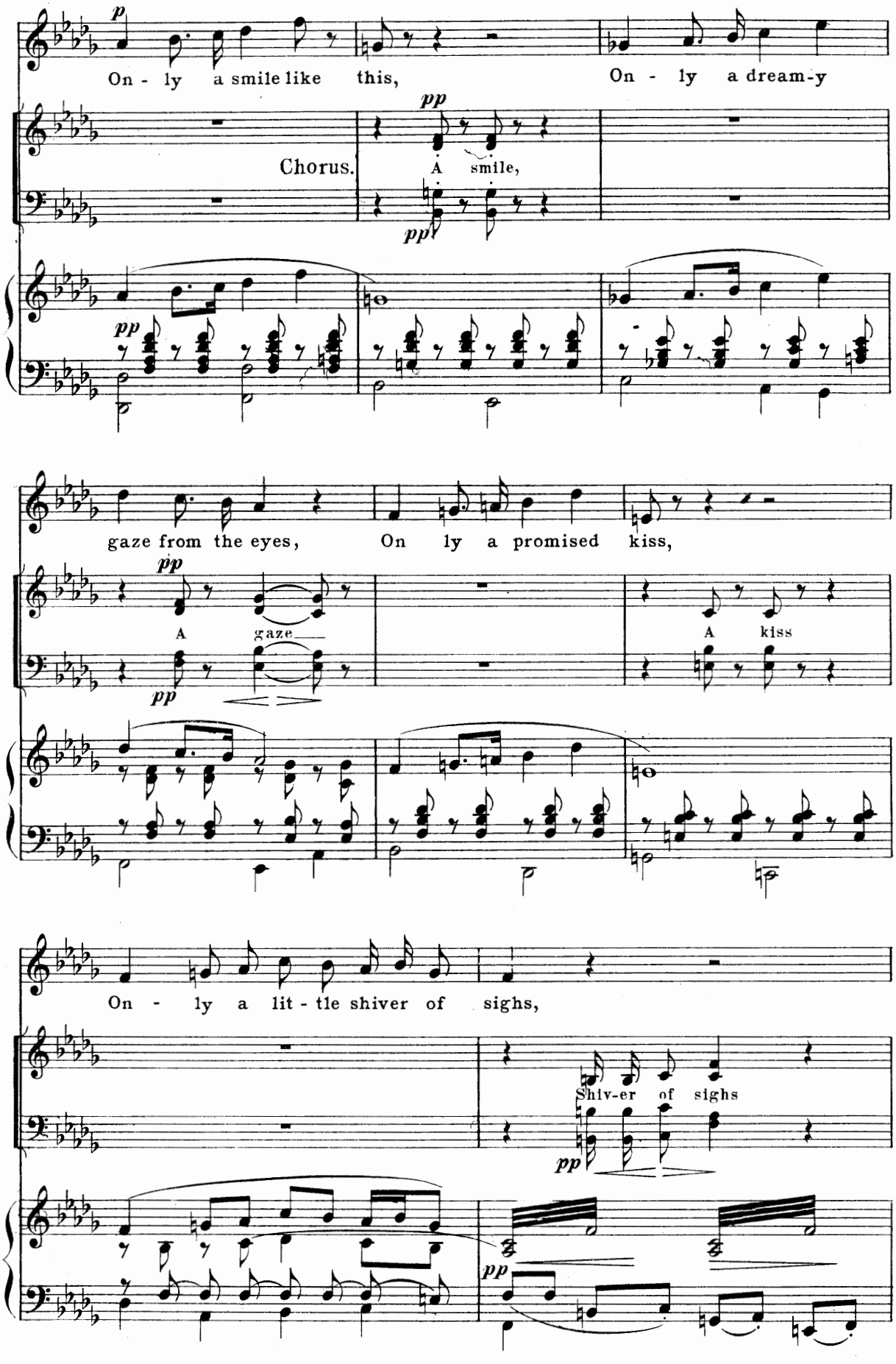
Libretto by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

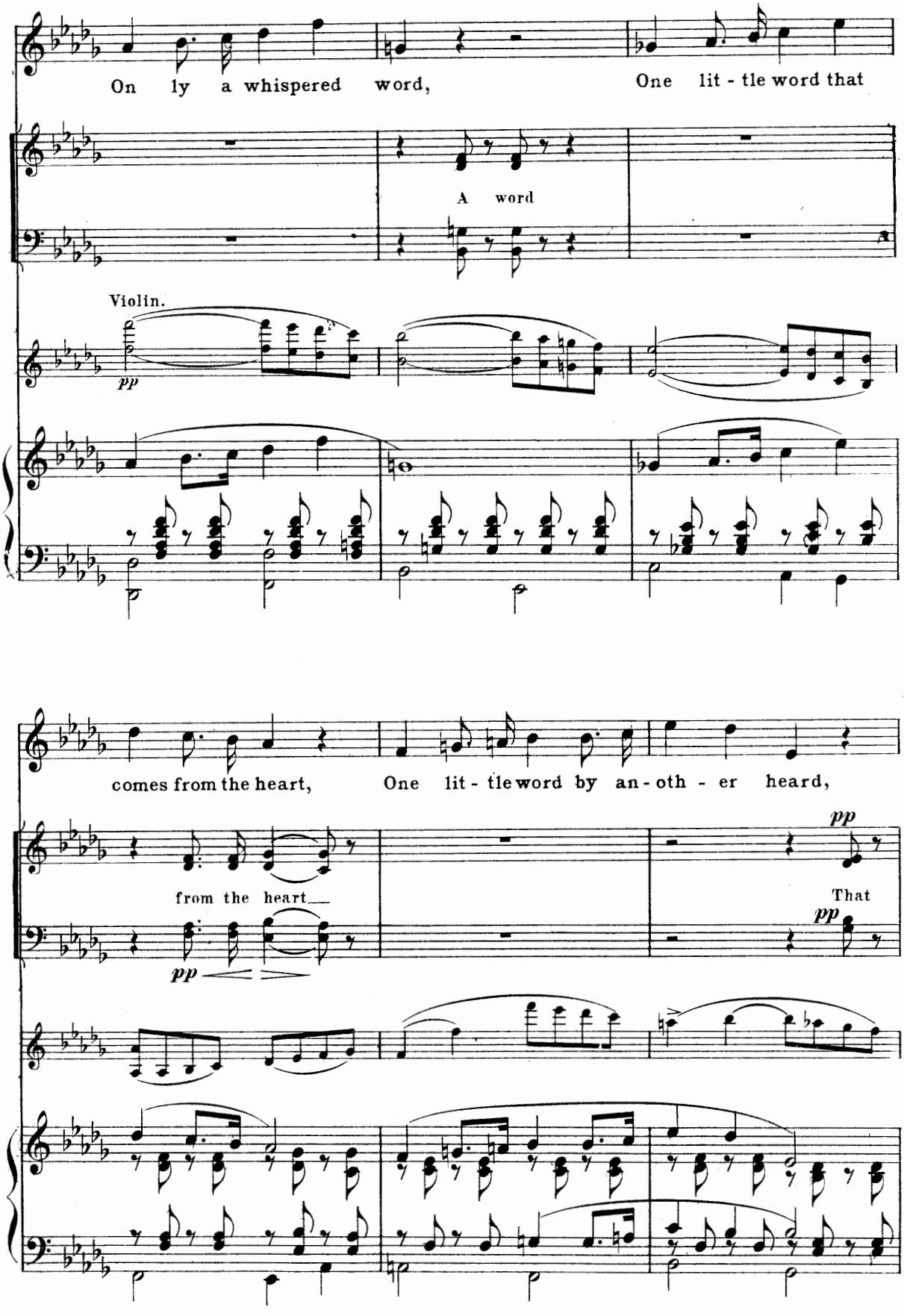
Music by
EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

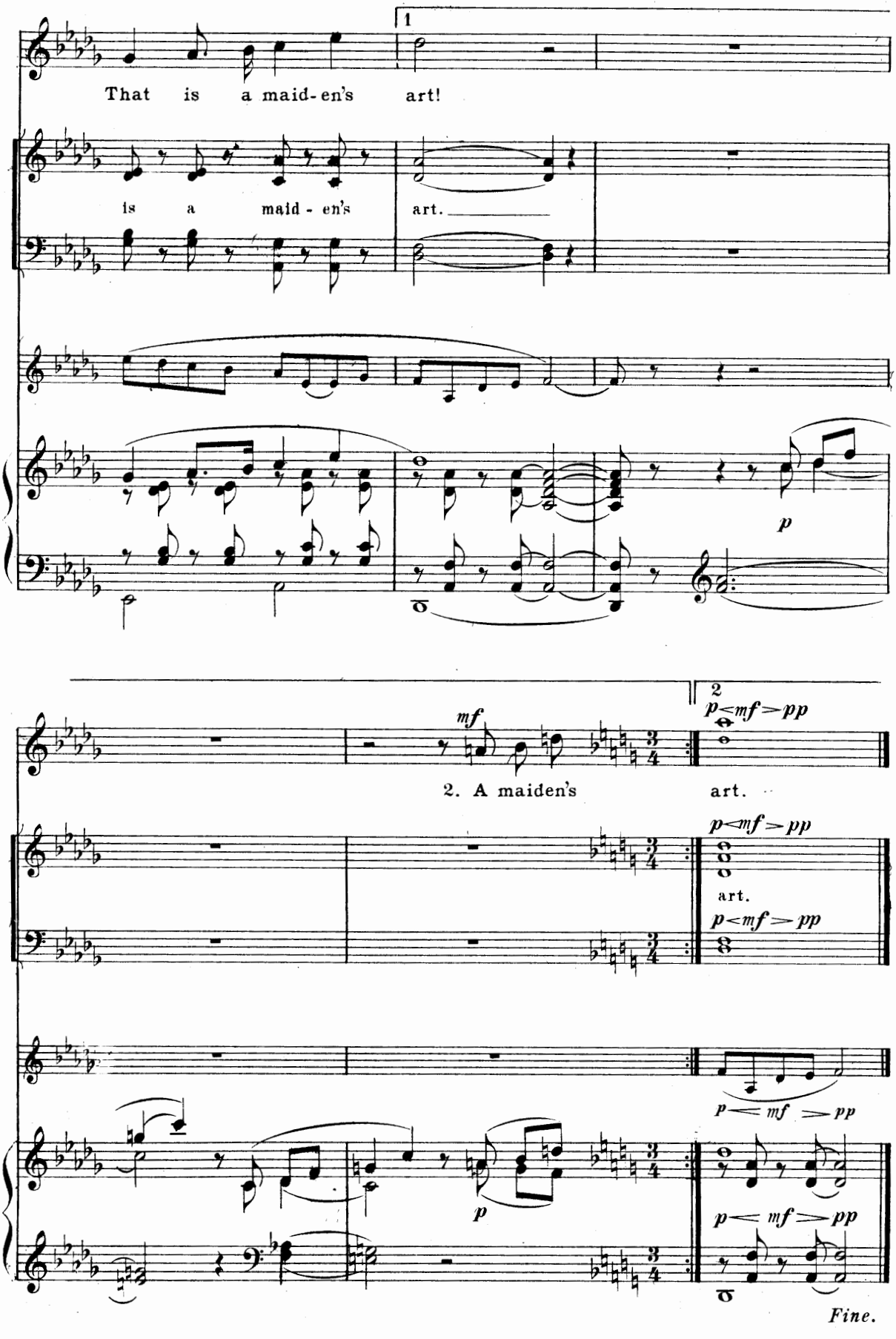


Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co.

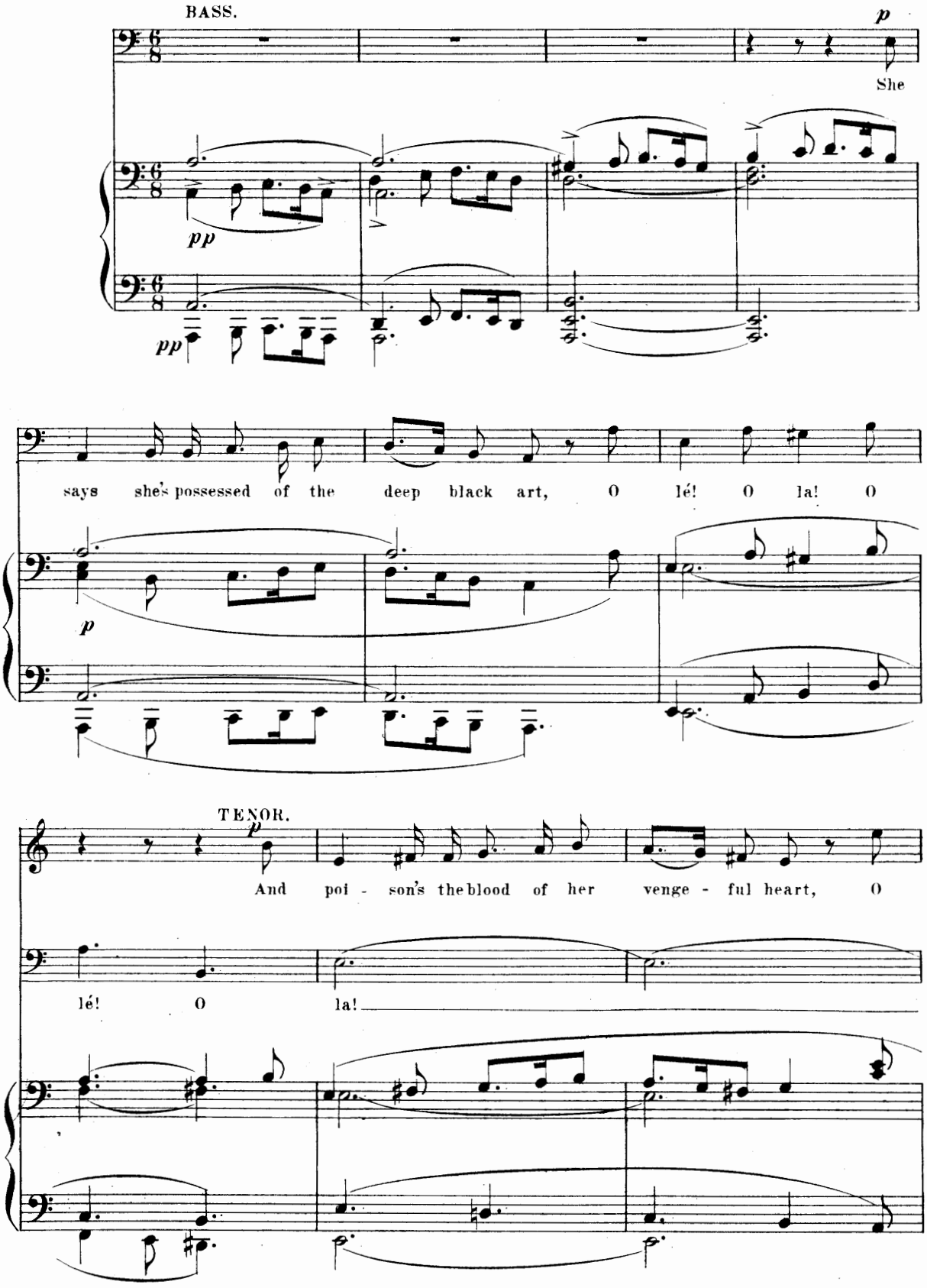

how to droop my eyes, And how my smil-ing lips to
sooth, I'm what you say, And can a fa - tal spell im -
part, It some - times helps me to be wise, This
part, I want to wield a mys-tic sway, For
ver - y sim - ple art! It some-times helps me to be
witchery's a maid - en's art. I want to wield a mys-tic
wise, This sim - ple maid - en's art.
sway, For witchery's a maid - en's art.
dim.


p
On - ly a smile like this,
On - ly a dream-y
Chorus.
pp
A smile,
pp
pp
gaze from the eyes,
On ly a promised kiss,
pp
A gaze
pp
A kiss
On - ly a lit - tle shiver of sighs,
Shiv-er of sighs
pp
pp

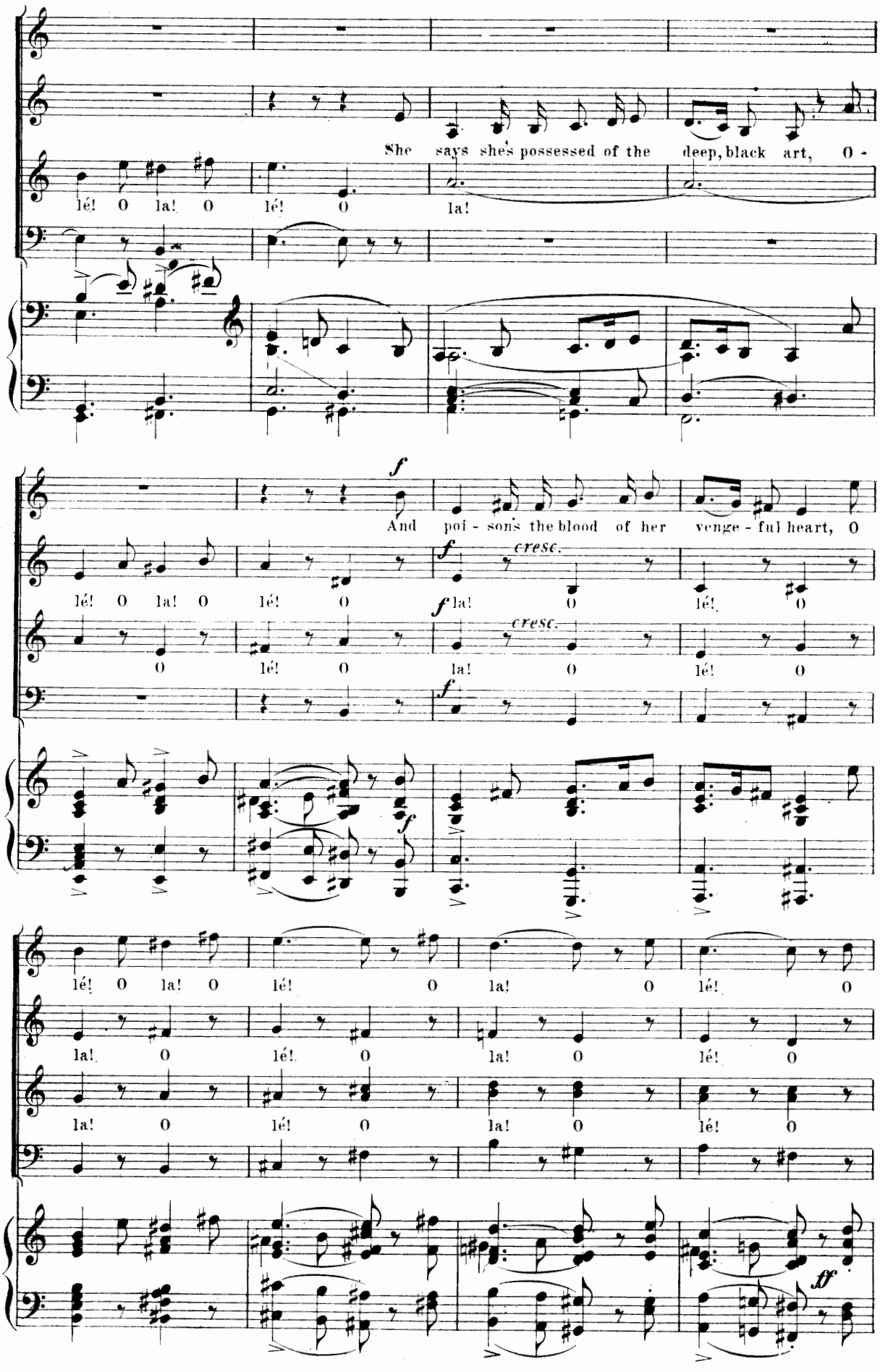

On ly a whispered word,
One lit - tle word that
A word
Violin.
pp
comes from the heart,
One lit - tle word by an - oth - er heard,
from the heart
pp
pp
That
pp

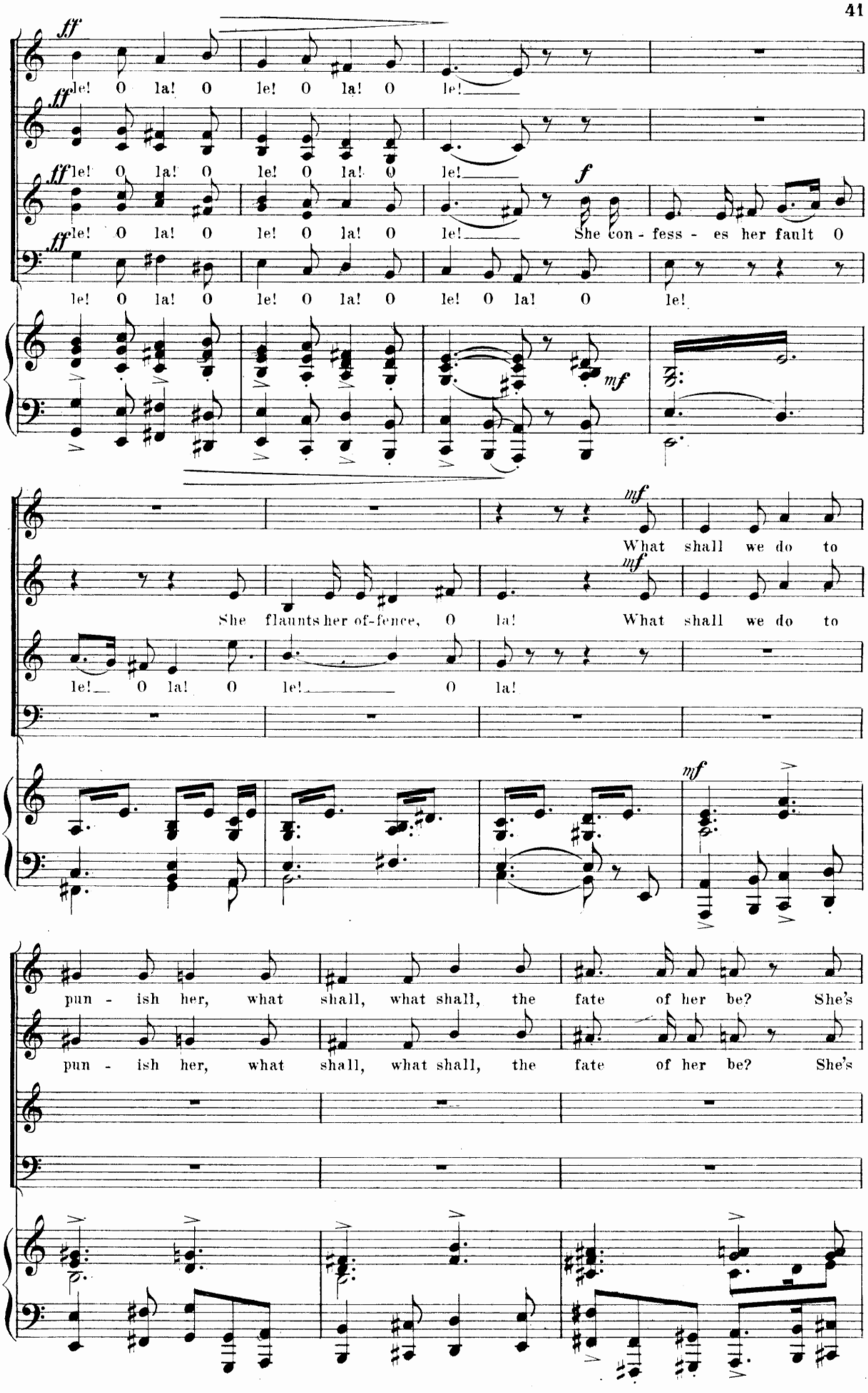

1
That is a maid-en's art!
is a maid - en's art.
p
2
p<mf>pp
mf
2. A maiden's art.
p<mf>pp
art.
p<mf>pp
p<mf>pp
p
p<mf>pp
Fine.

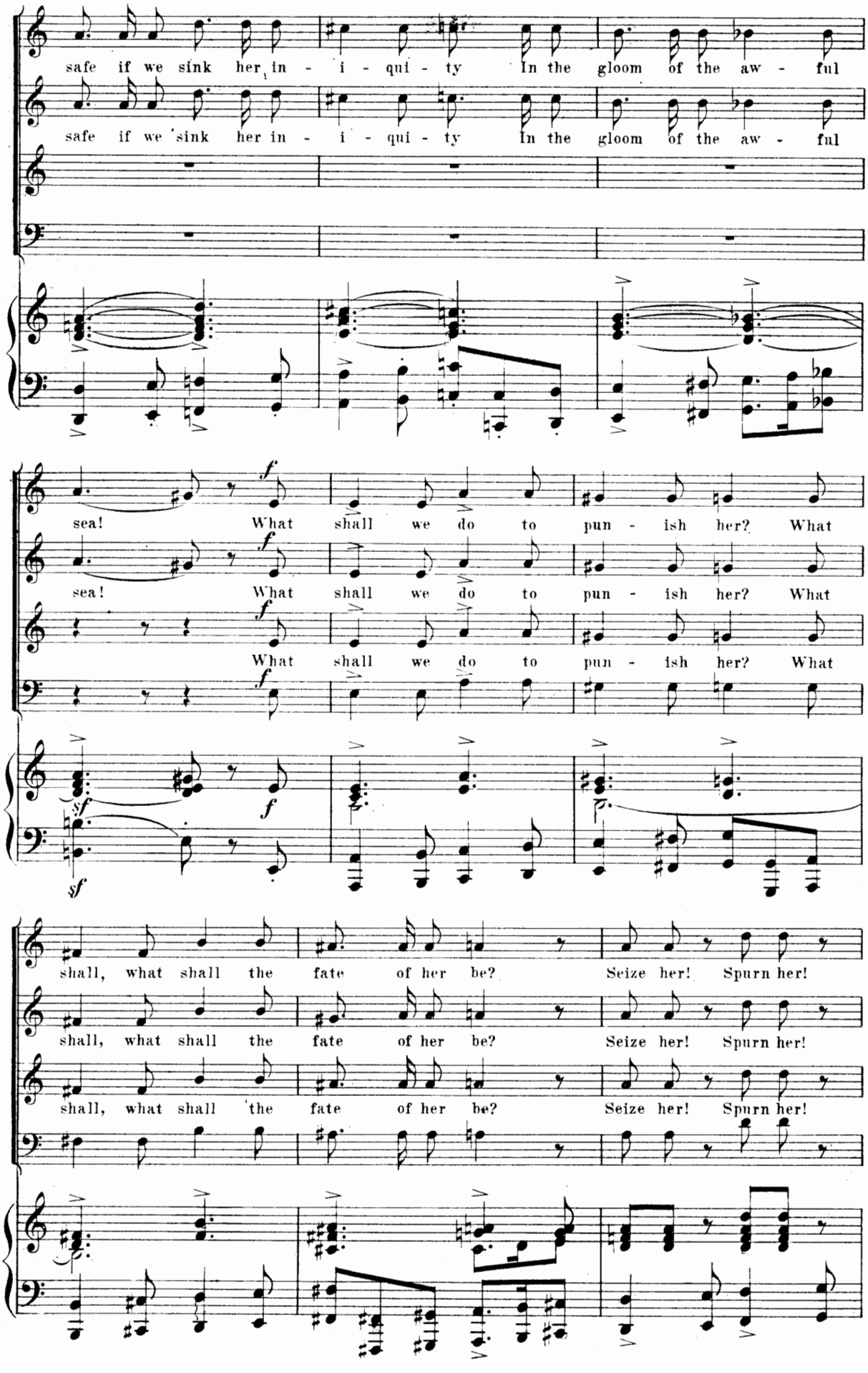
Nº 4. Chorus.

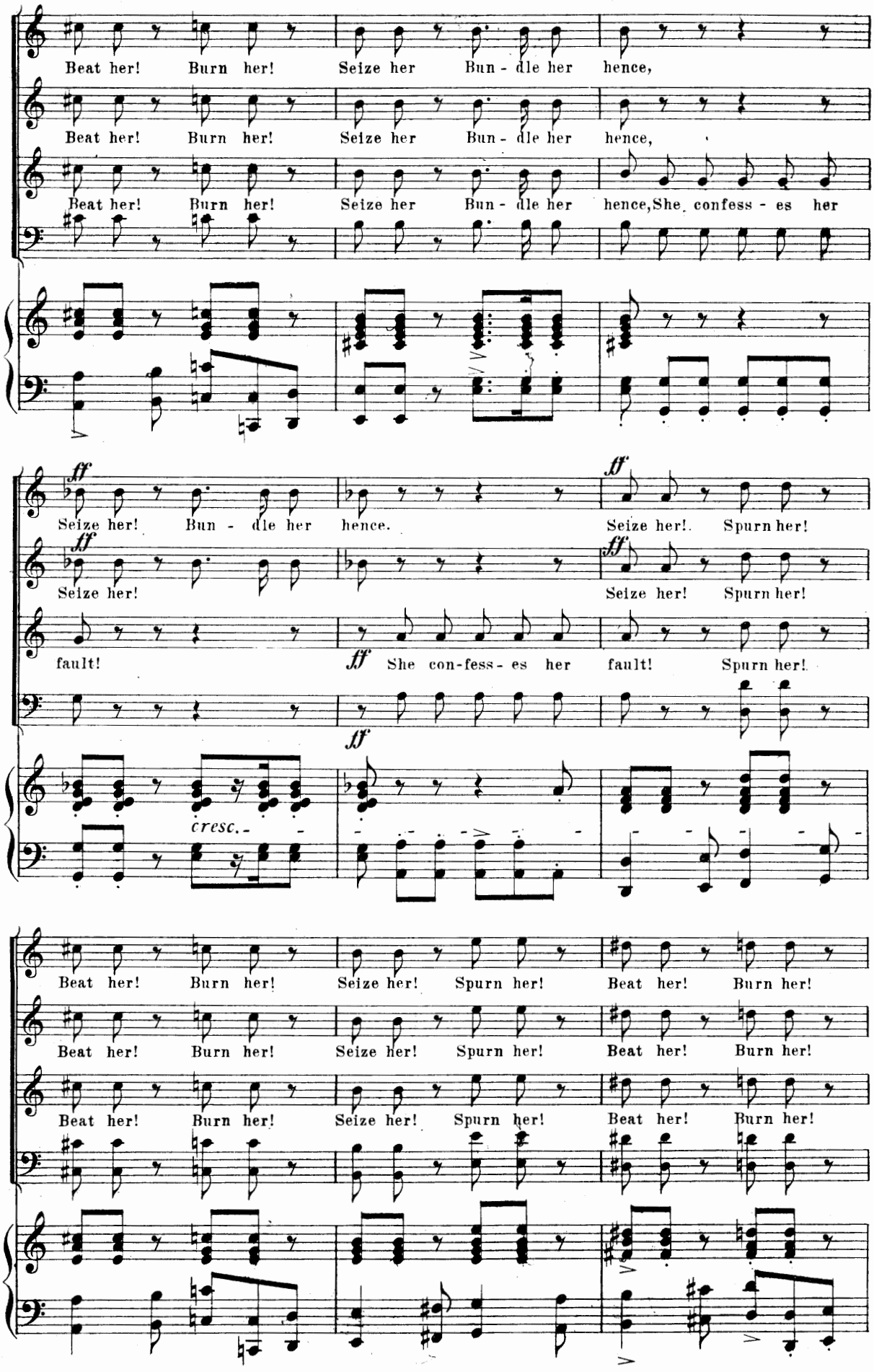


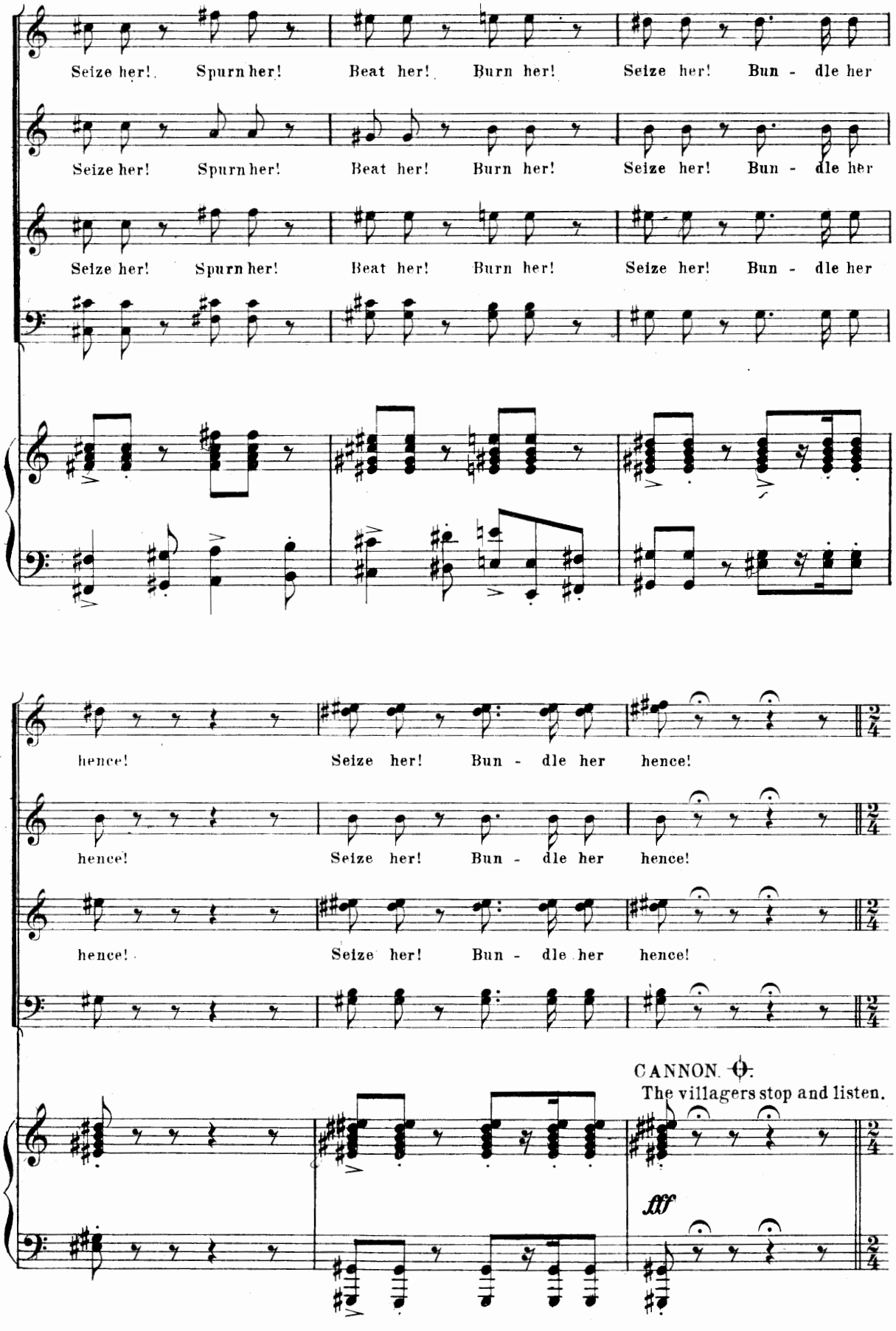
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.


She says she's possessed of the deep, black art, O -
lé! O la! O lé! O la!
And poi - sons the blood of her venge - ful heart, O
lé! O la! O lé! O la! O lé! O
cresc.
O lé! O la! O lé! O
cresc.
lé! O la! O lé! O la! O lé! O
la! O lé! O la! O lé! O
la! O lé! O la! O lé! O
ff

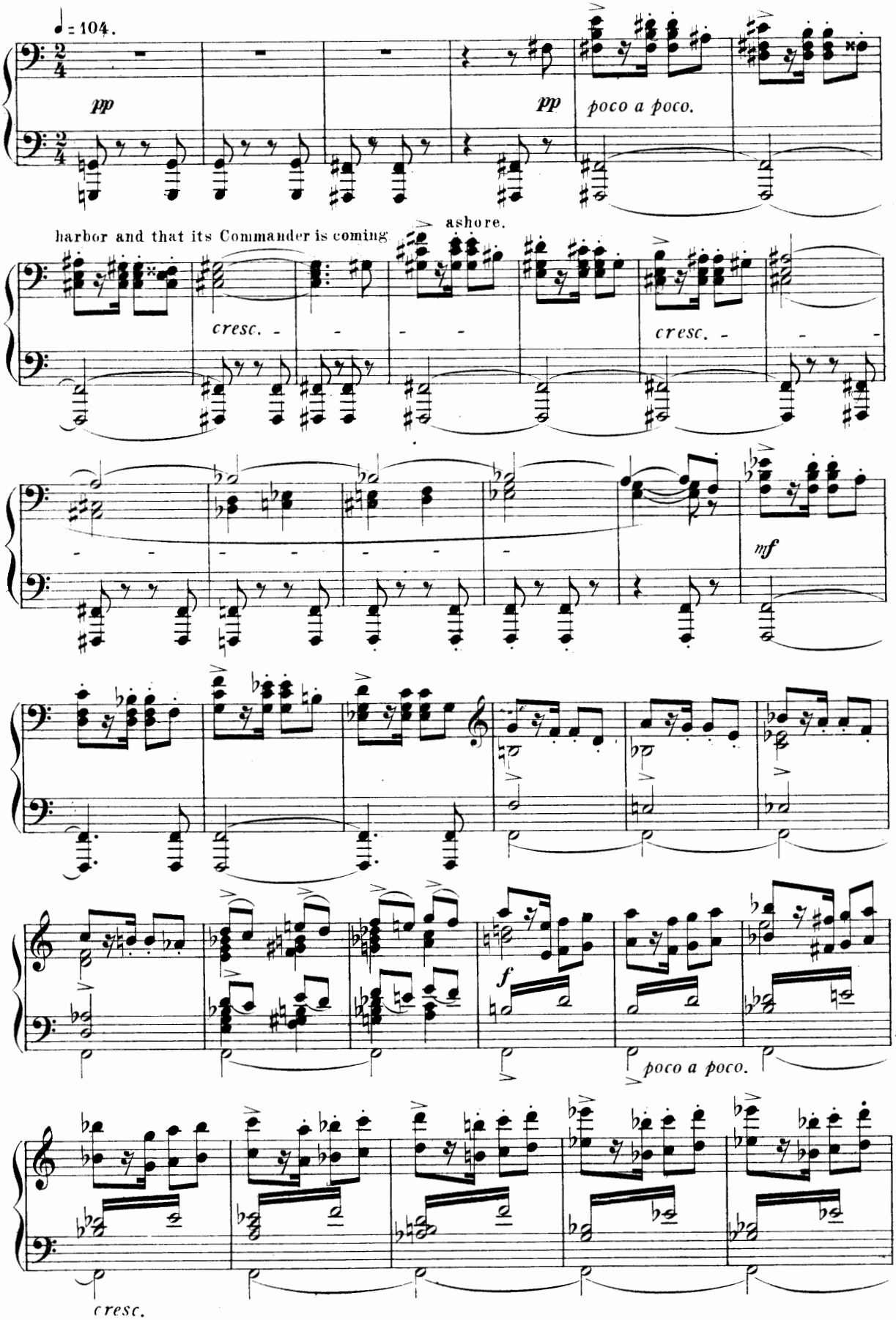

ff
le! O la! O le! O la! O le!
ff
le! O la! O le! O la! O le!
ff
le! O la! O le! O la! O le!
f
She con - fess - es her fault O
ff
le! O la! O le! O la! O le! O la! O le!
mf
mf
What shall we do to
She flaunts her of-fence, O la! What shall we do to
le! O la! O le! O la!
mf
pun - ish her, what shall, what shall, the fate of her be? She's
pun - ish her, what shall, what shall, the fate of her be? She's

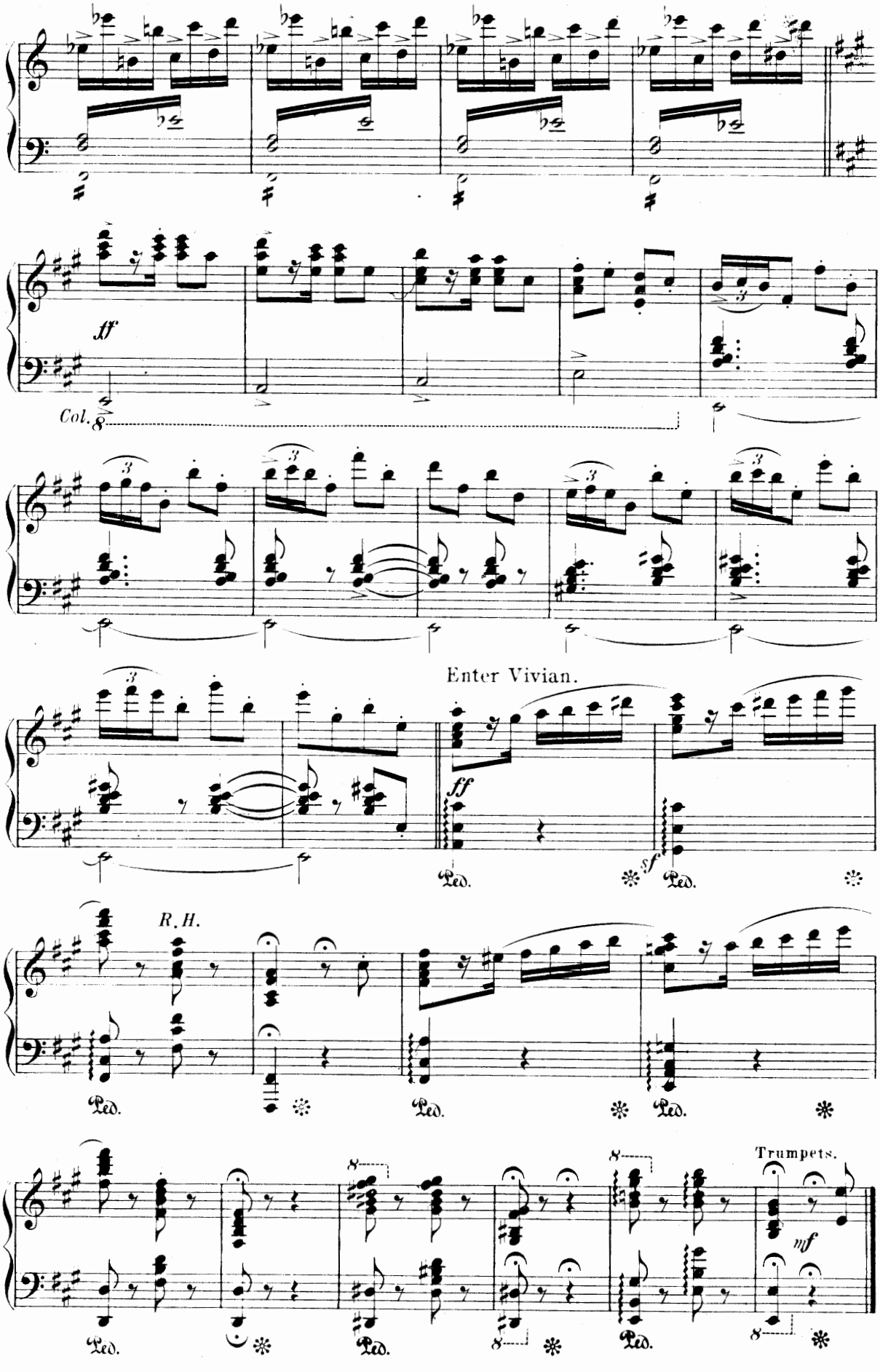

safe if we sink her in - i - qui - ty In the gloom of the aw - ful
safe if we sink her in - i - qui - ty In the gloom of the aw - ful
sea! What shall we do to pun - ish her? What
sea! What shall we do to pun - ish her? What
What shall we do to pun - ish her? What
shall, what shall the fate of her be? Seize her! Spurn her!
shall, what shall the fate of her be? Seize her! Spurn her!
shall, what shall the fate of her be? Seize her! Spurn her!


Beat her! Burn her! Seize her Bun - dle her hence,
Beat her! Burn her! Seize her Bun - dle her hence,
Beat her! Burn her! Seize her Bun - dle her hence, She confess - es her
ff
Seize her! Bun - dle her hence.
Seize her!. Spurn her!
Seize her!
Seize her! Spurn her!
fault!
ff She con-fess - es her fault! Spurn her!
cresc.
Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her!
Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her!
Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her!

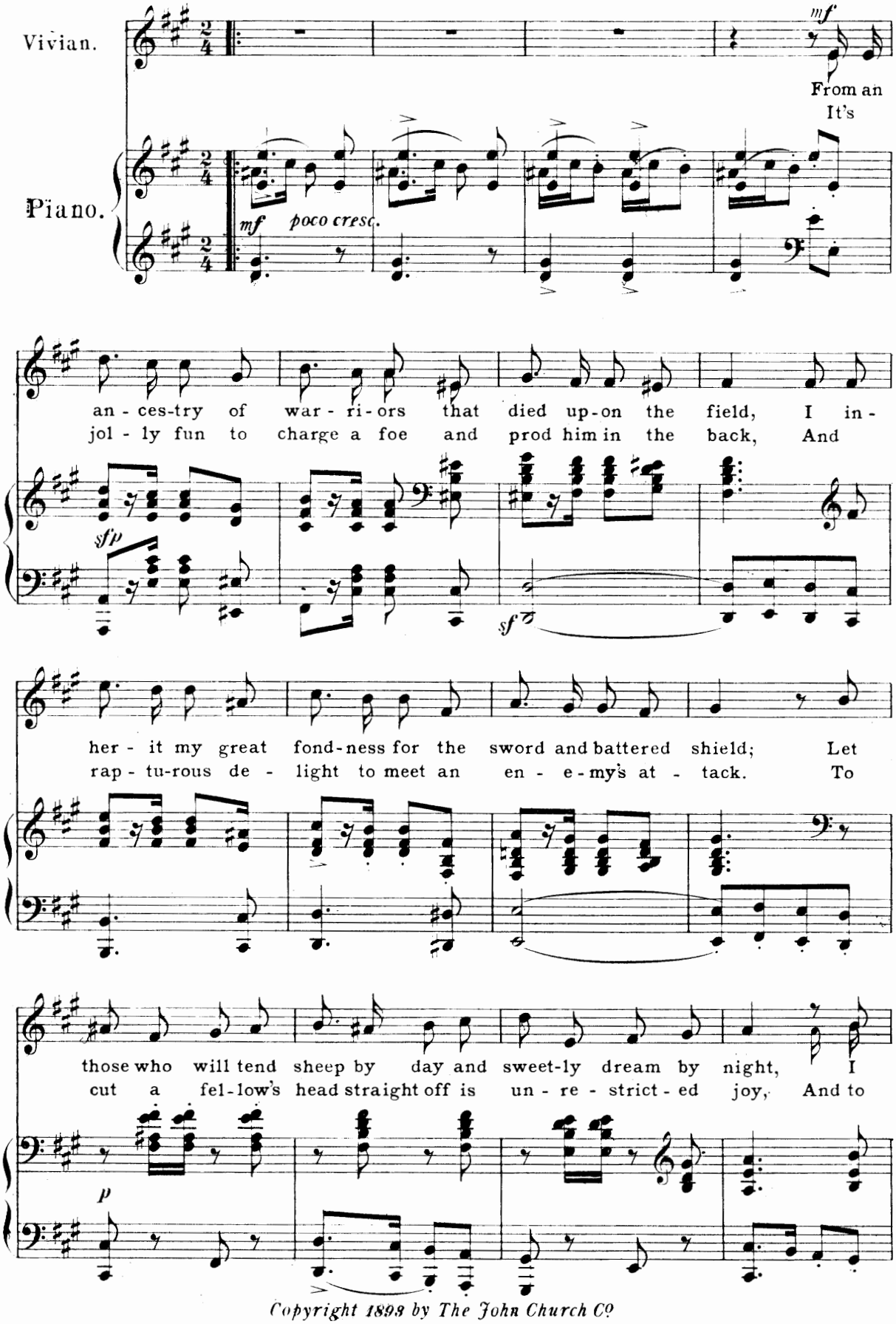

Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Bun - dle her
Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Bun - dle her
Seize her! Spurn her! Beat her! Burn her! Seize her! Bun - dle her
hence! Seize her! Bun - dle her hence!
hence! Seize her! Bun - dle her hence!
hence! Seize her! Bun - dle her hence!
CANNON.
The villagers stop and listen.
fff

Paul mounts to an eminence at back of stage and explains that a ship of war has arrived in the

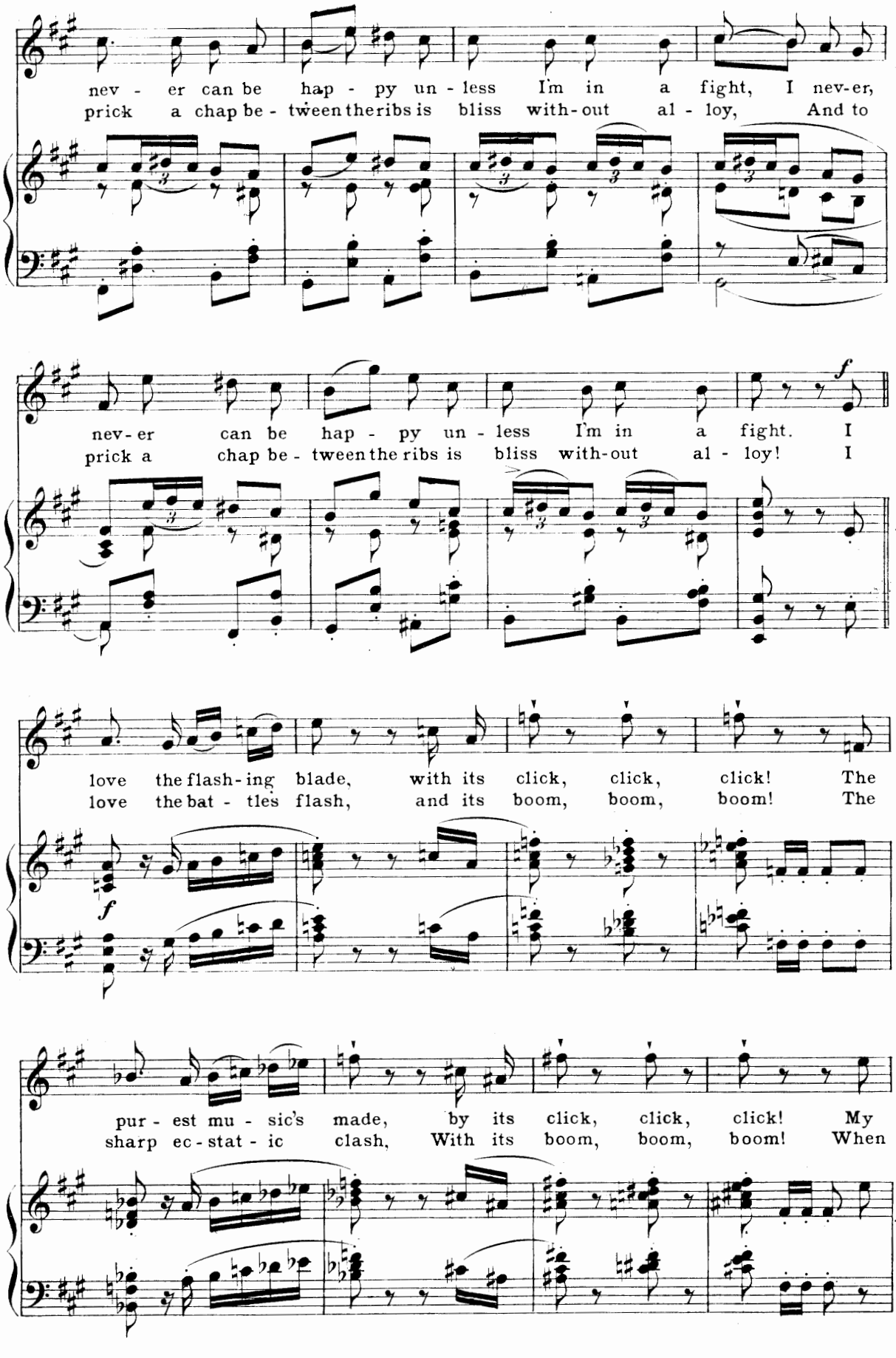


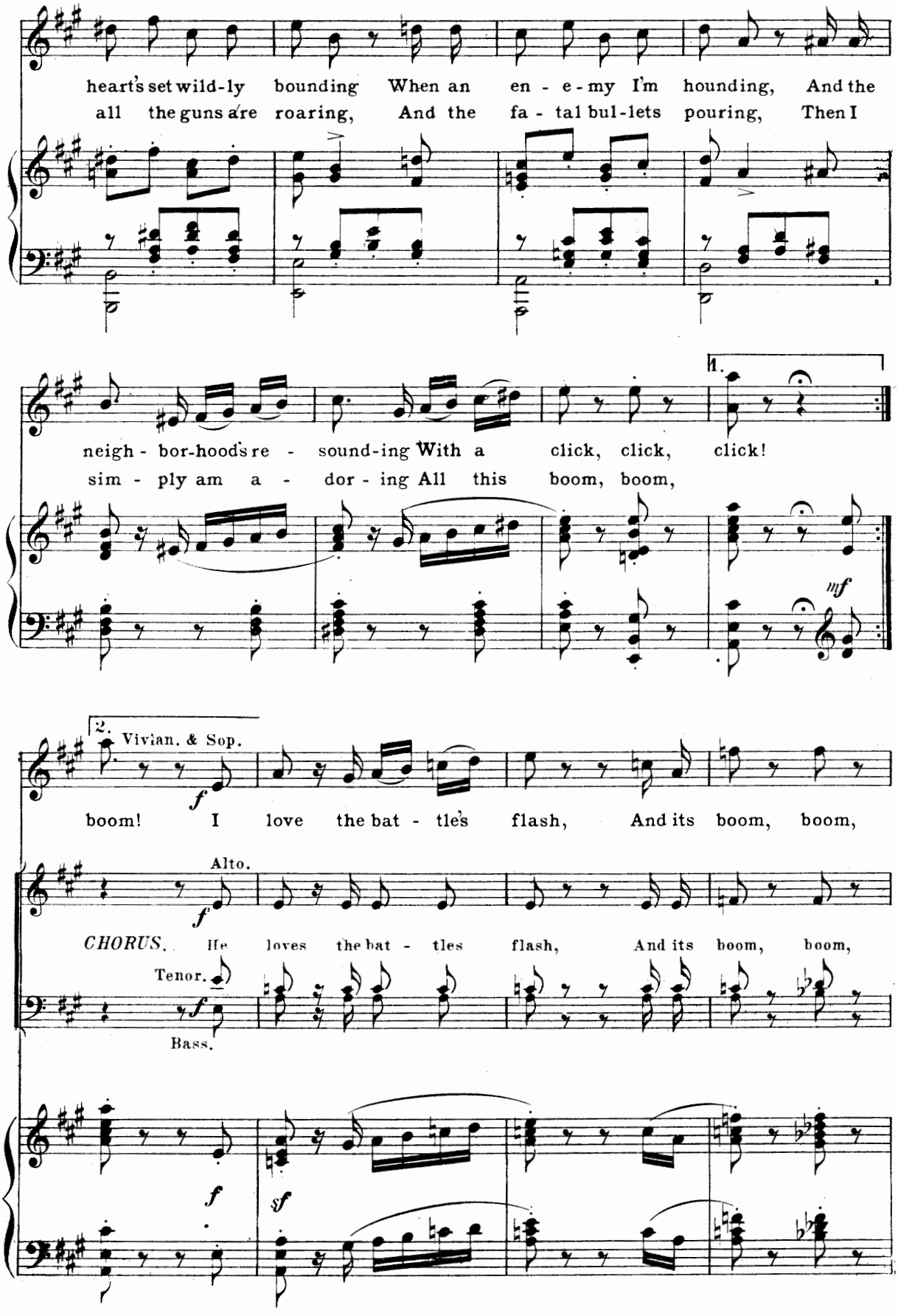

ff
Col.
Enter Vivian.
ff
sf
Ped.
R. H.
Trumpets.
mf

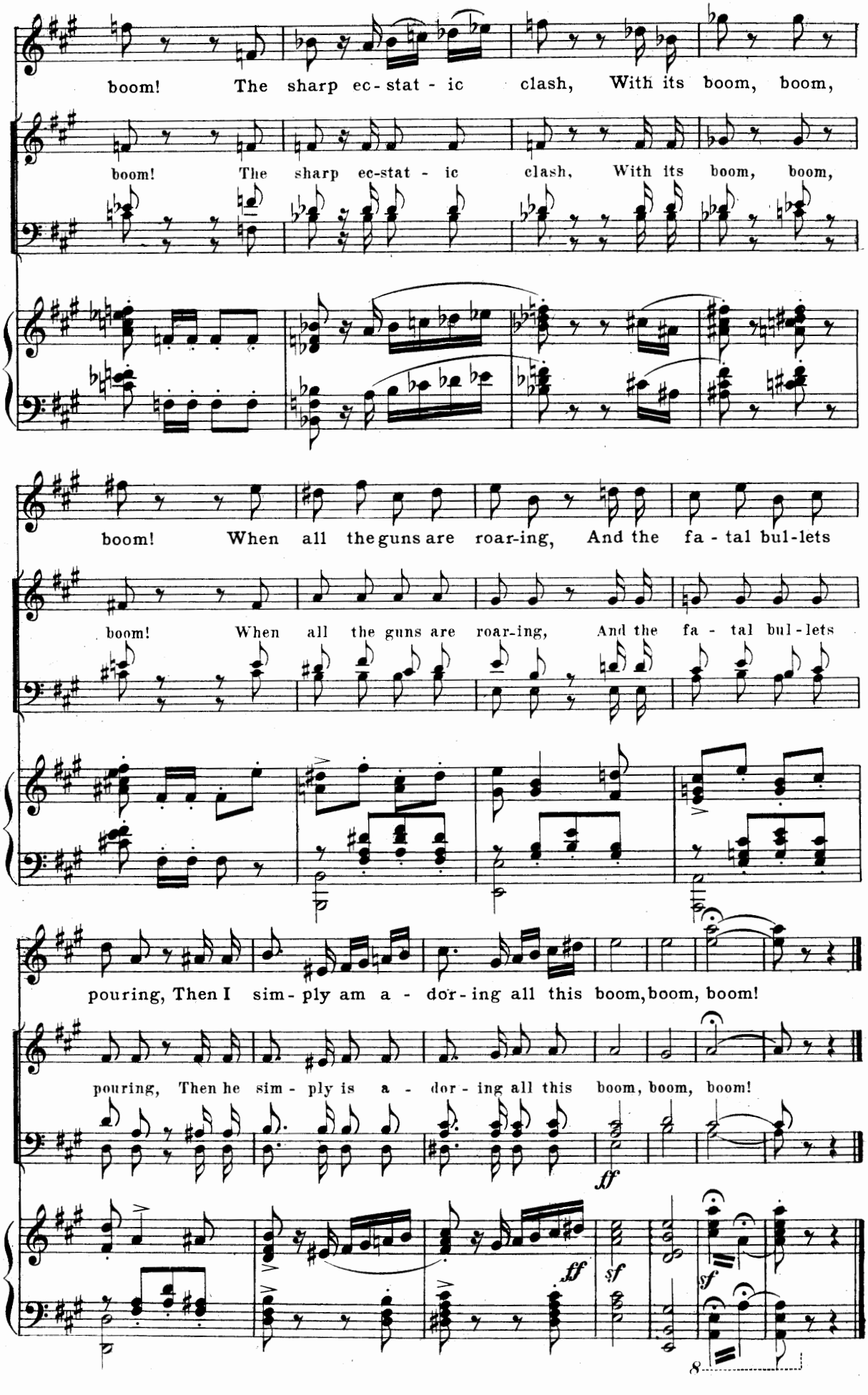
No. 5. Vivian's Song.



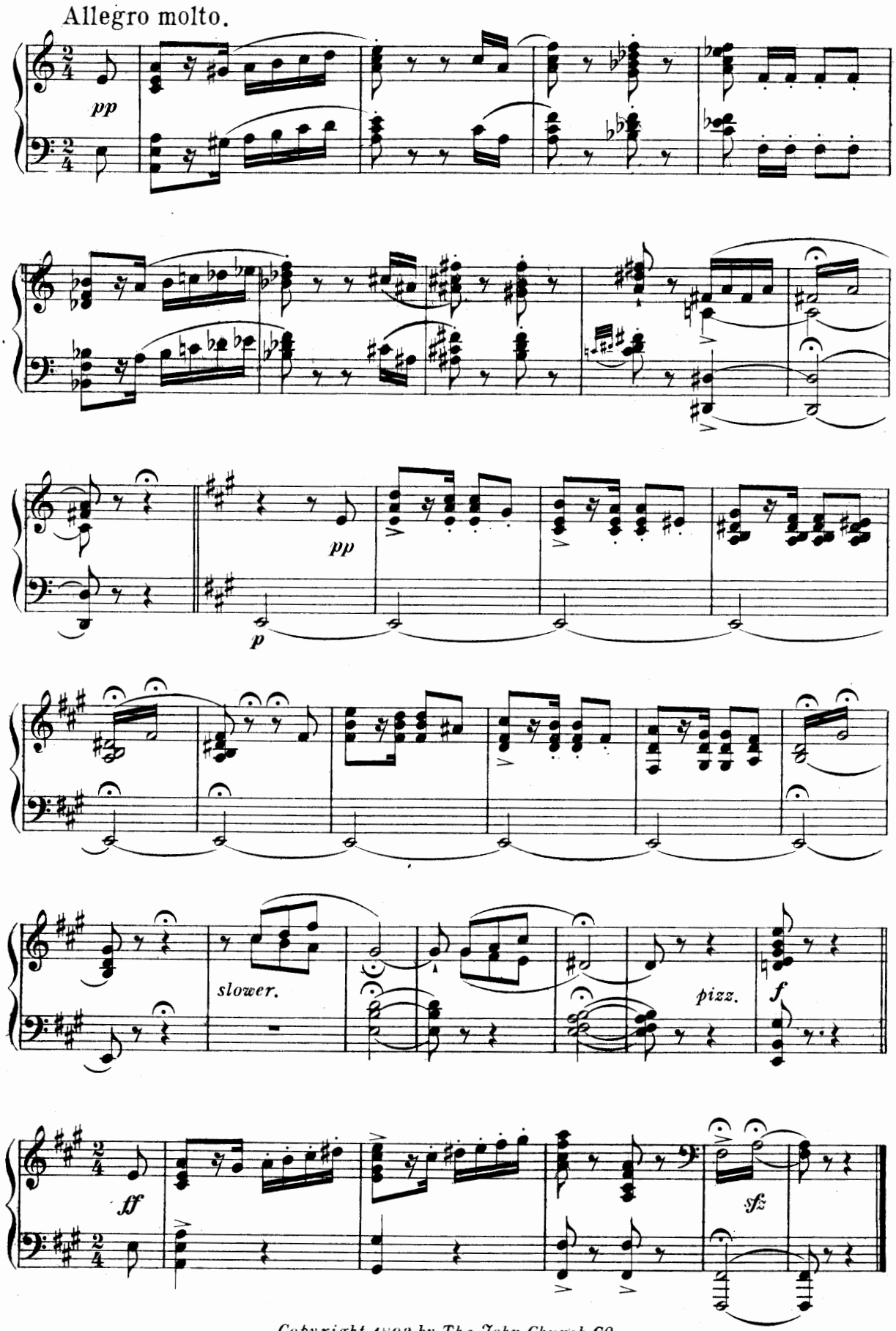
Copyright 1898 by The John Church Co


nev - er can be hap - py un - less I'm in a fight, I nev-er,
prick a chap be - tween the ribs is bliss with-out al - loy, And to
nev-er can be hap - py un - less I'm in a fight. I
prick a chap be - tween the ribs is bliss with-out al - loy! I
love the flash-ing blade, with its click, click, click! The
love the bat - tles flash, and its boom, boom, boom! The
pur - est mu - sic's made, by its click, click, click! My
sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom, boom! When


heart's set wild-ly bounding When an en - e - my I'm hounding, And the
all the guns are roaring, And the fa - tal bul-lets pouring, Then I
neigh - bor-hood's re - sound-ing With a click, click, click!
sim - ply am a - dor - ing All this boom, boom,
1.
mf
2. Vivian. & Sop.
f
boom! I love the bat - tle's flash, And its boom, boom,
Alto.
f
CHORUS. He loves the bat - tles flash, And its boom, boom,
Tenor.
f
Bass.
f
sf

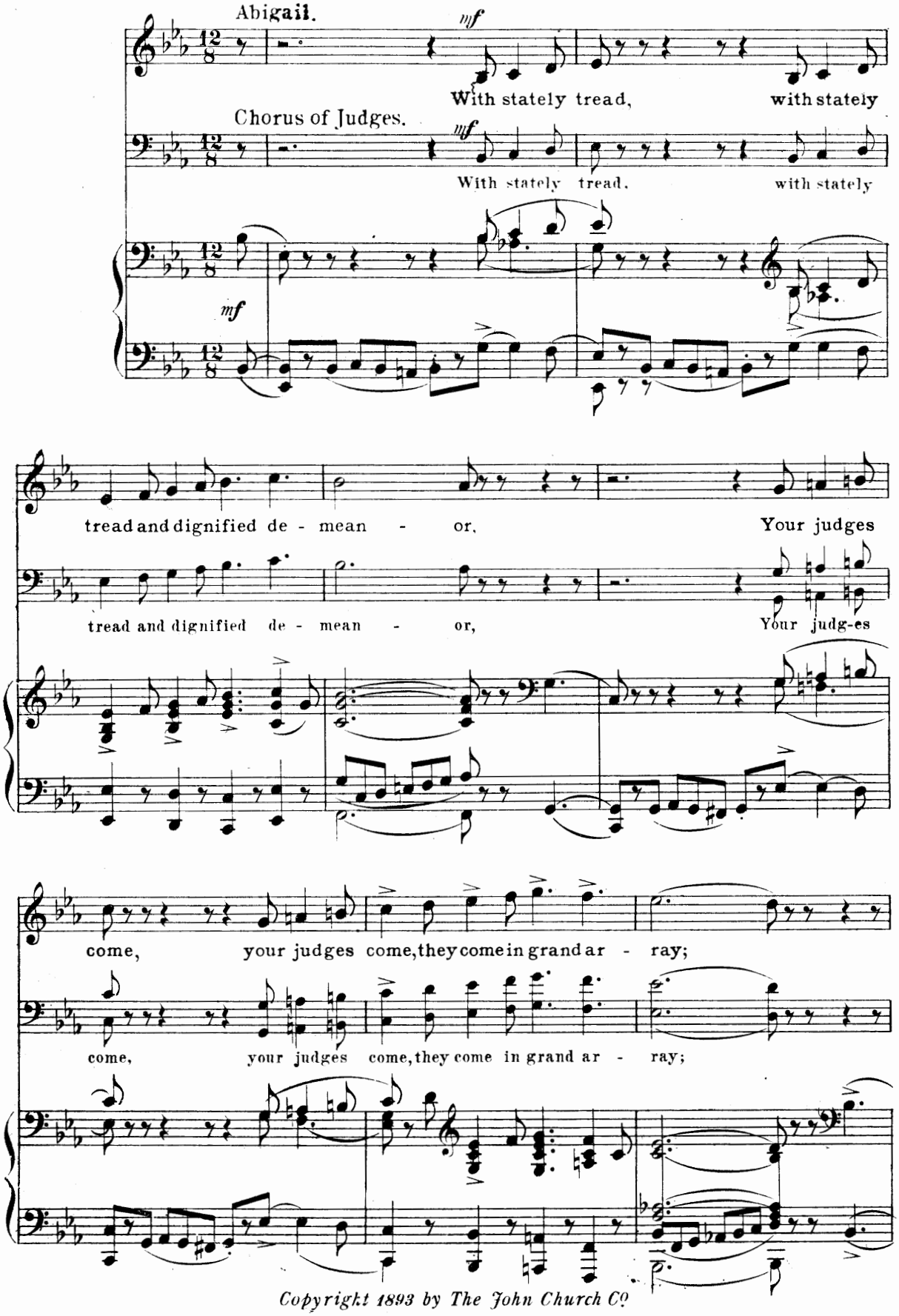

boom! The sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom,
boom! The sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom,
boom! When all the guns are roar-ing, And the fa - tal bul-lets
boom! When all the guns are roar-ing, And the fa - tal bul-lets
pouring, Then I sim - ply am a - dor-ing all this boom, boom, boom!
pouring, Then he sim - ply is a - dor - ing all this boom, boom, boom!
ff
ff
sf
sf
8

Nº 5ª Melodrama.

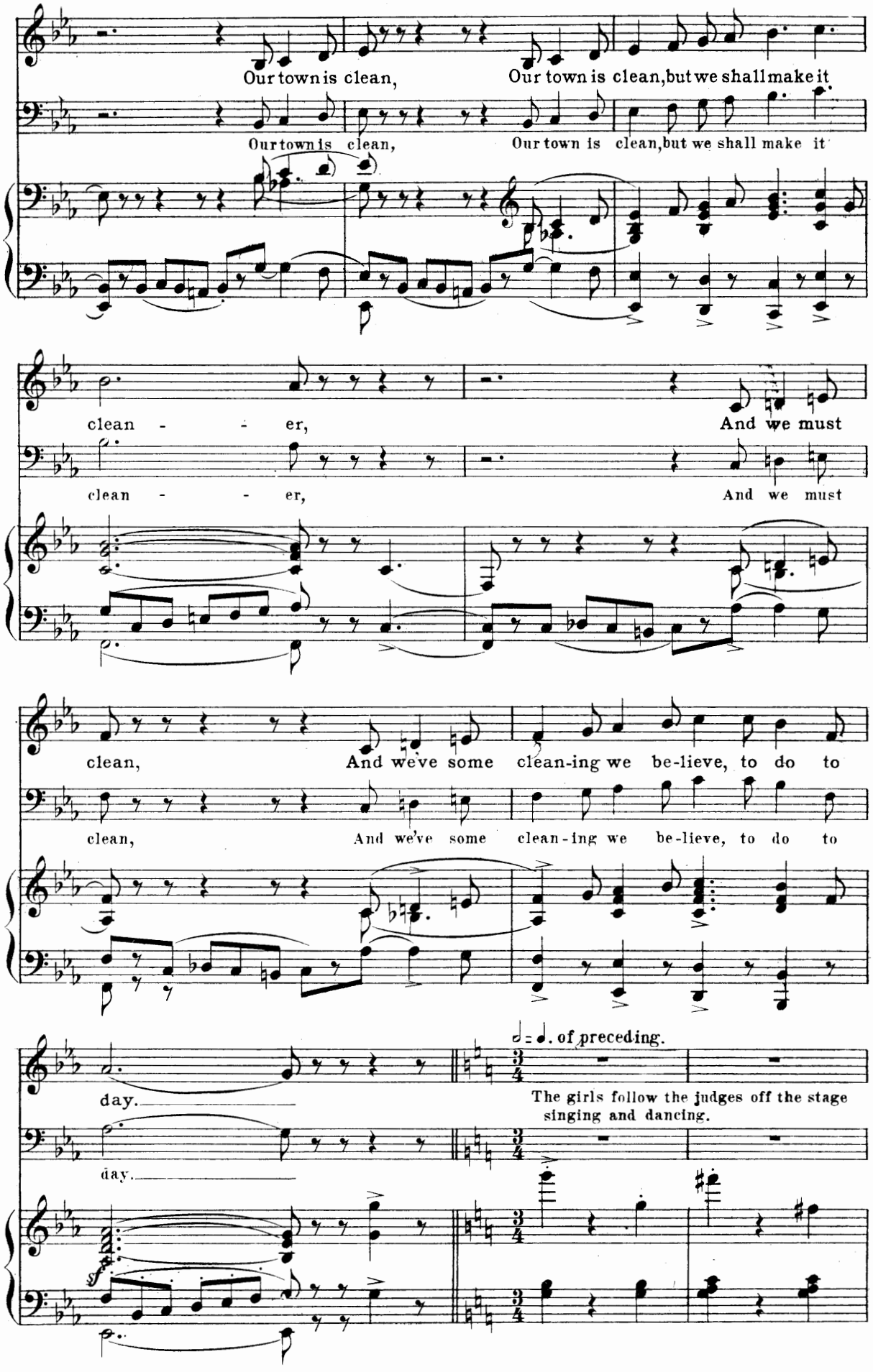


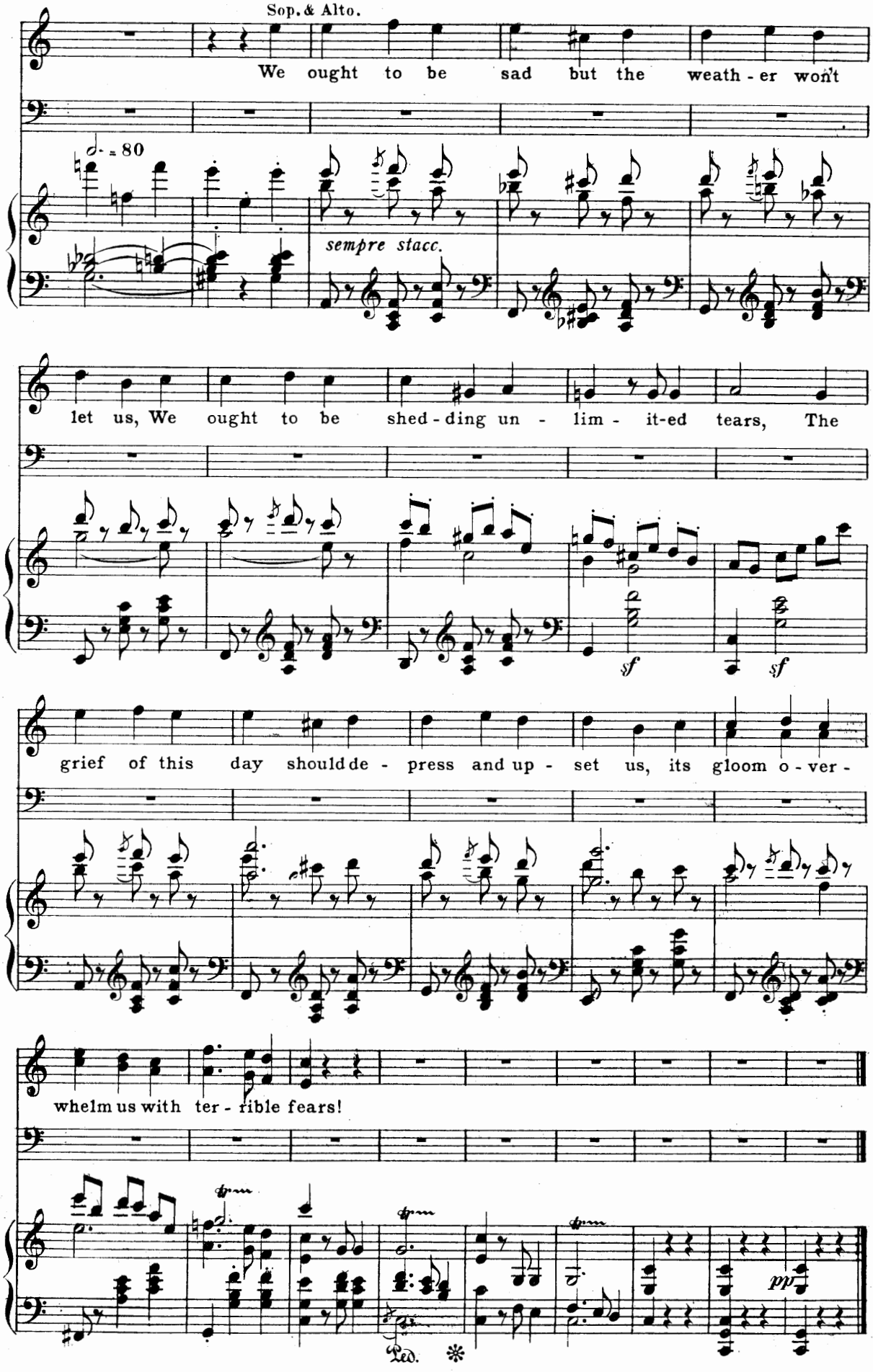
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

No. 6. Exit.



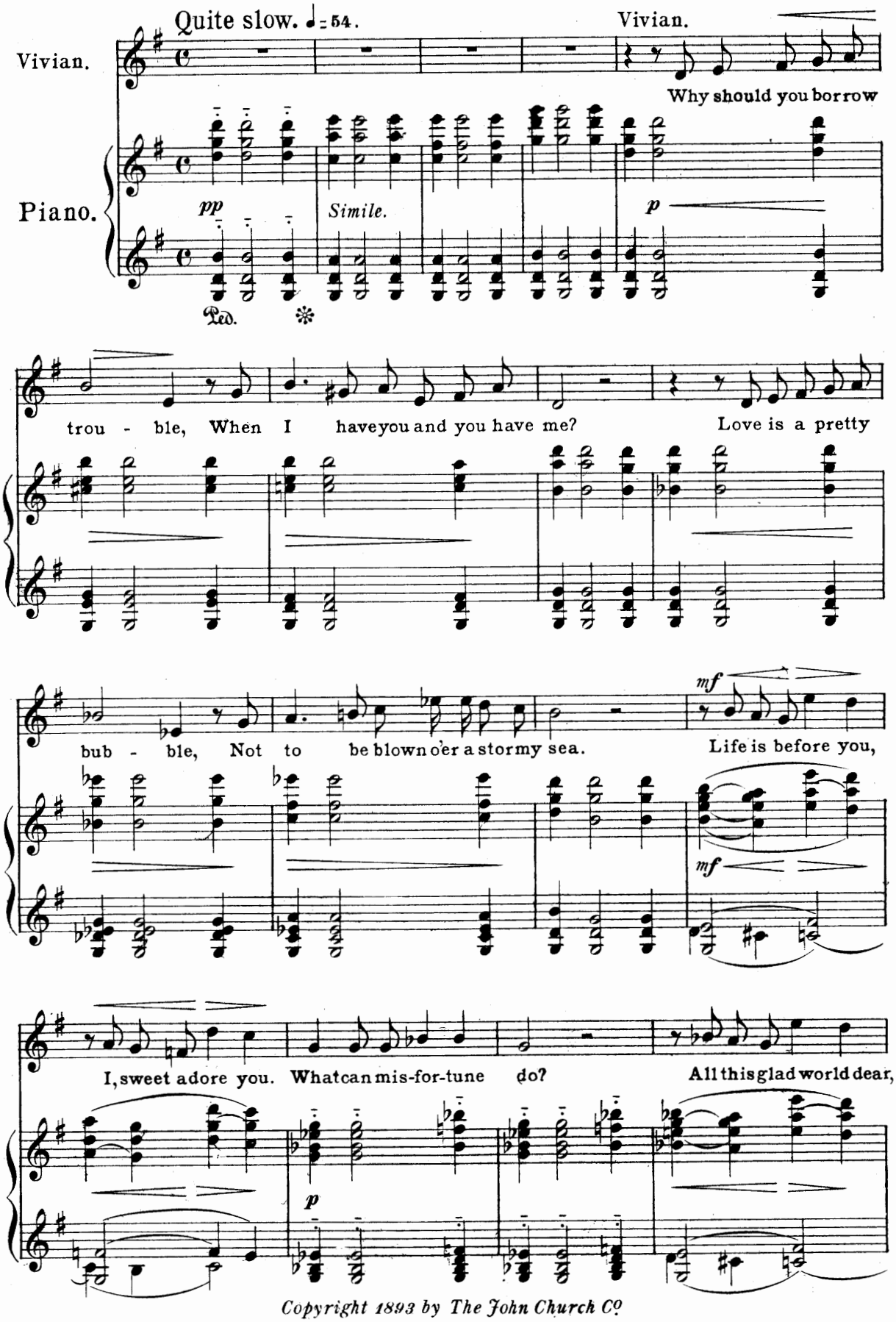
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.


Our town is clean,
Our town is clean, but we shall make it
Our town is clean,
Our town is clean, but we shall make it
clean - - er,
And we must
clean - - er,
And we must
clean,
And we've some clean-ing we be-lieve, to do to
clean,
And we've some clean-ing we be-lieve, to do to
day.
♩ = ♩. of preceding.
The girls follow the judges off the stage
singing and dancing.
day.

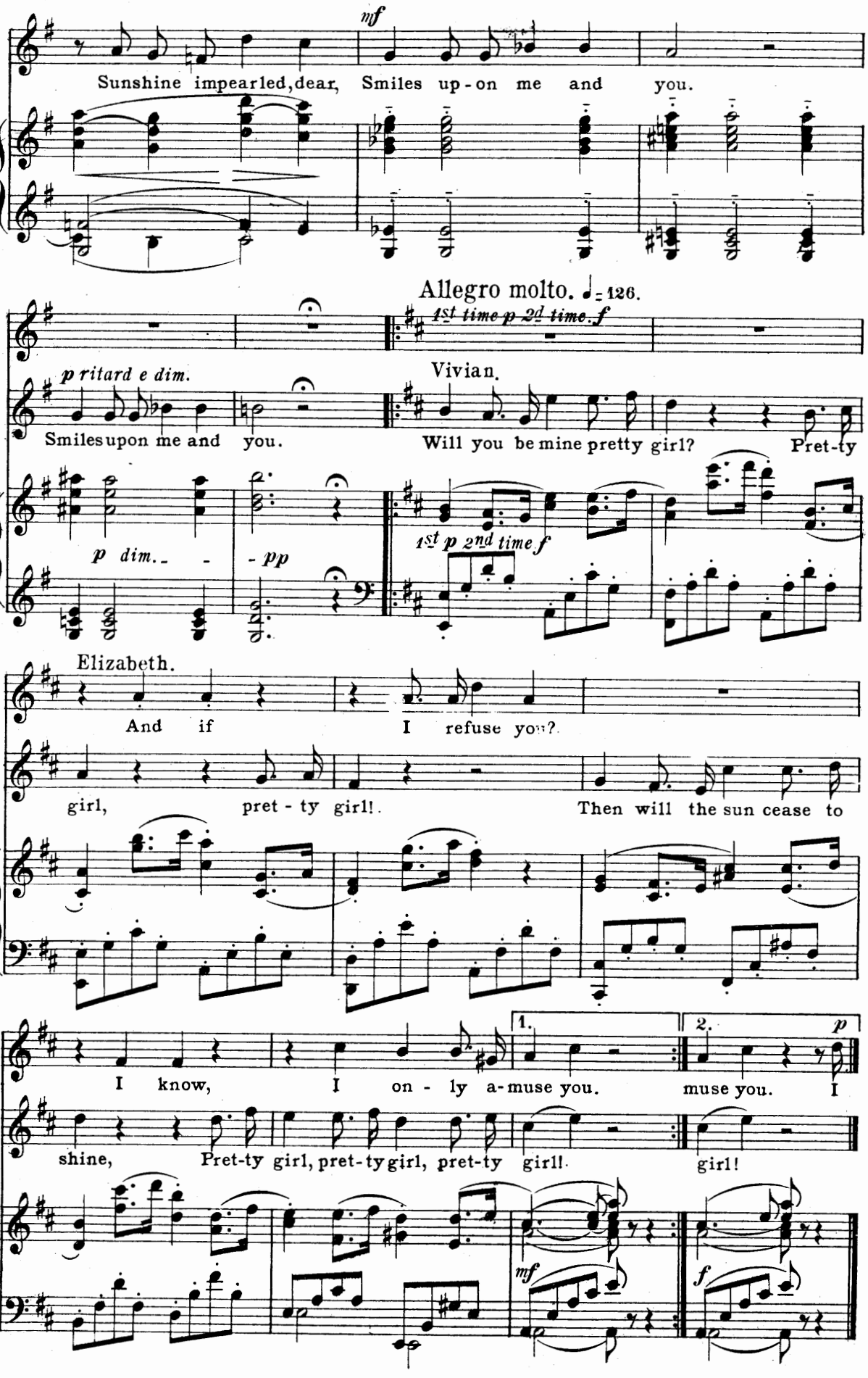

Sop. & Alto.
We ought to be sad but the weath - er won't
♩. = 80
sempre stacc.
let us, We ought to be shed - ding un - lim - it-ed tears, The
sf
sf
grief of this day should de - press and up - set us, its gloom o - ver -
whelm us with ter - rible fears!
pp
Ped.

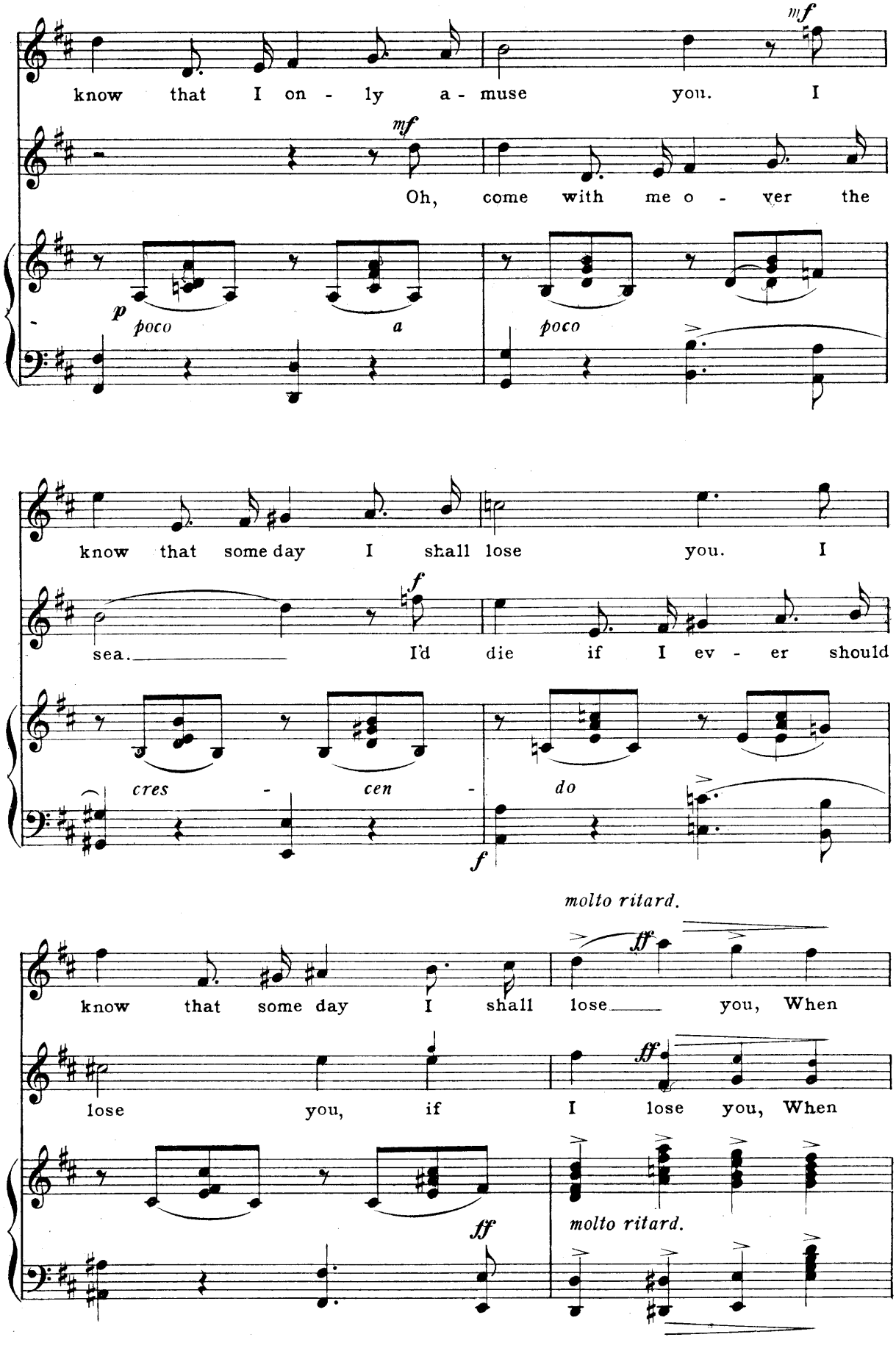
No 7. Duett: Love is a pretty bubble.

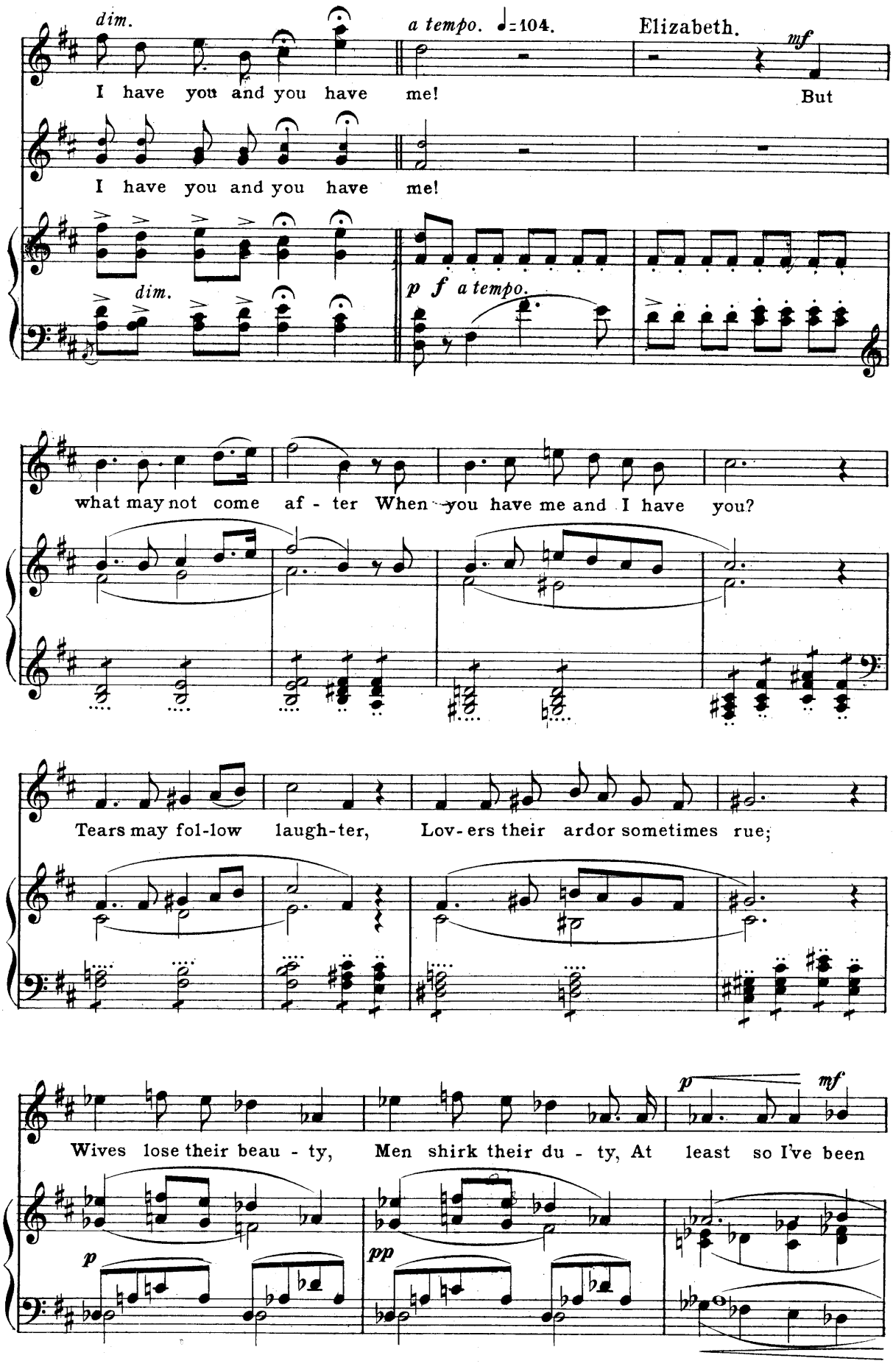
Vivian. & Elizabeth.

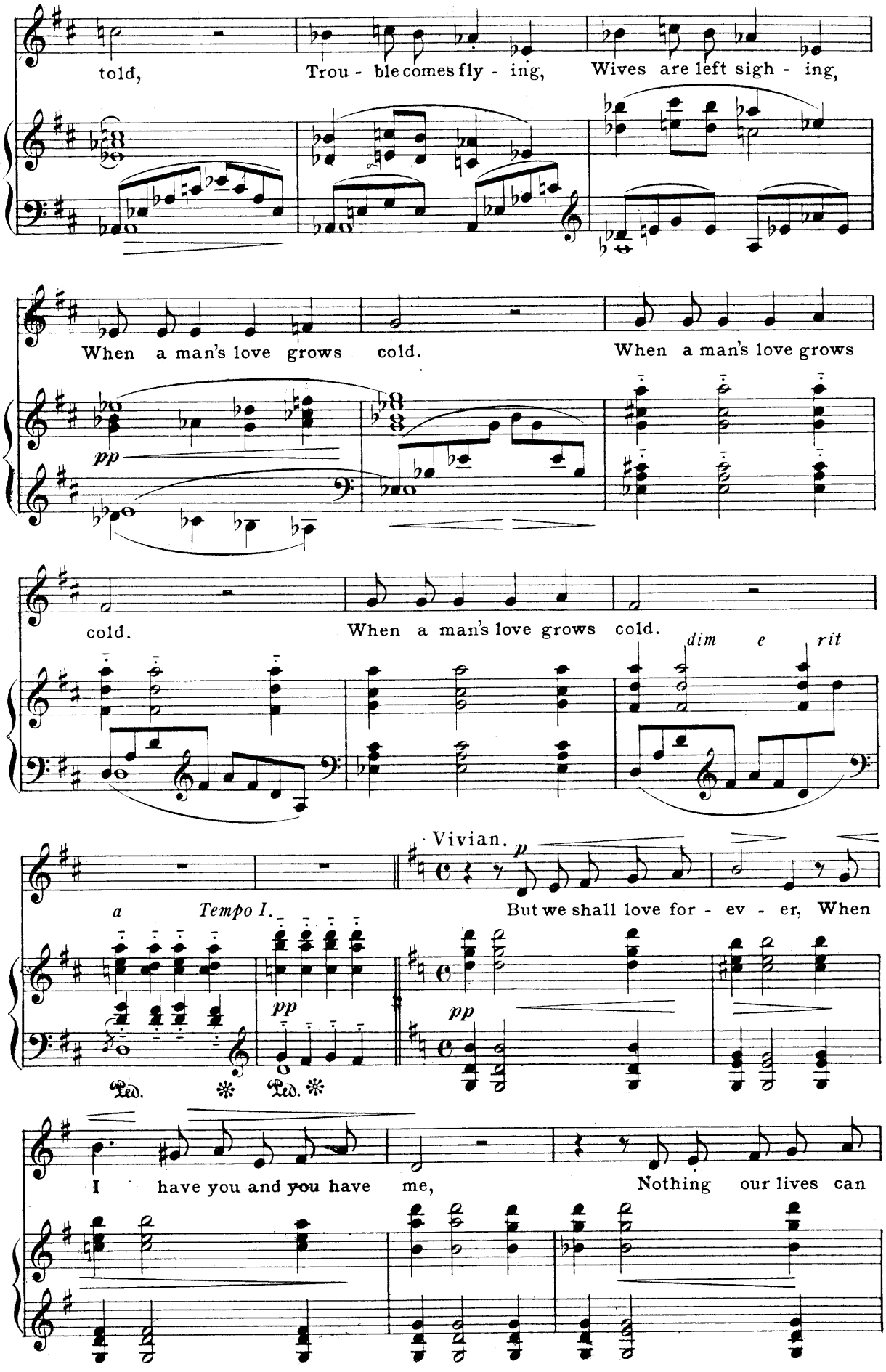


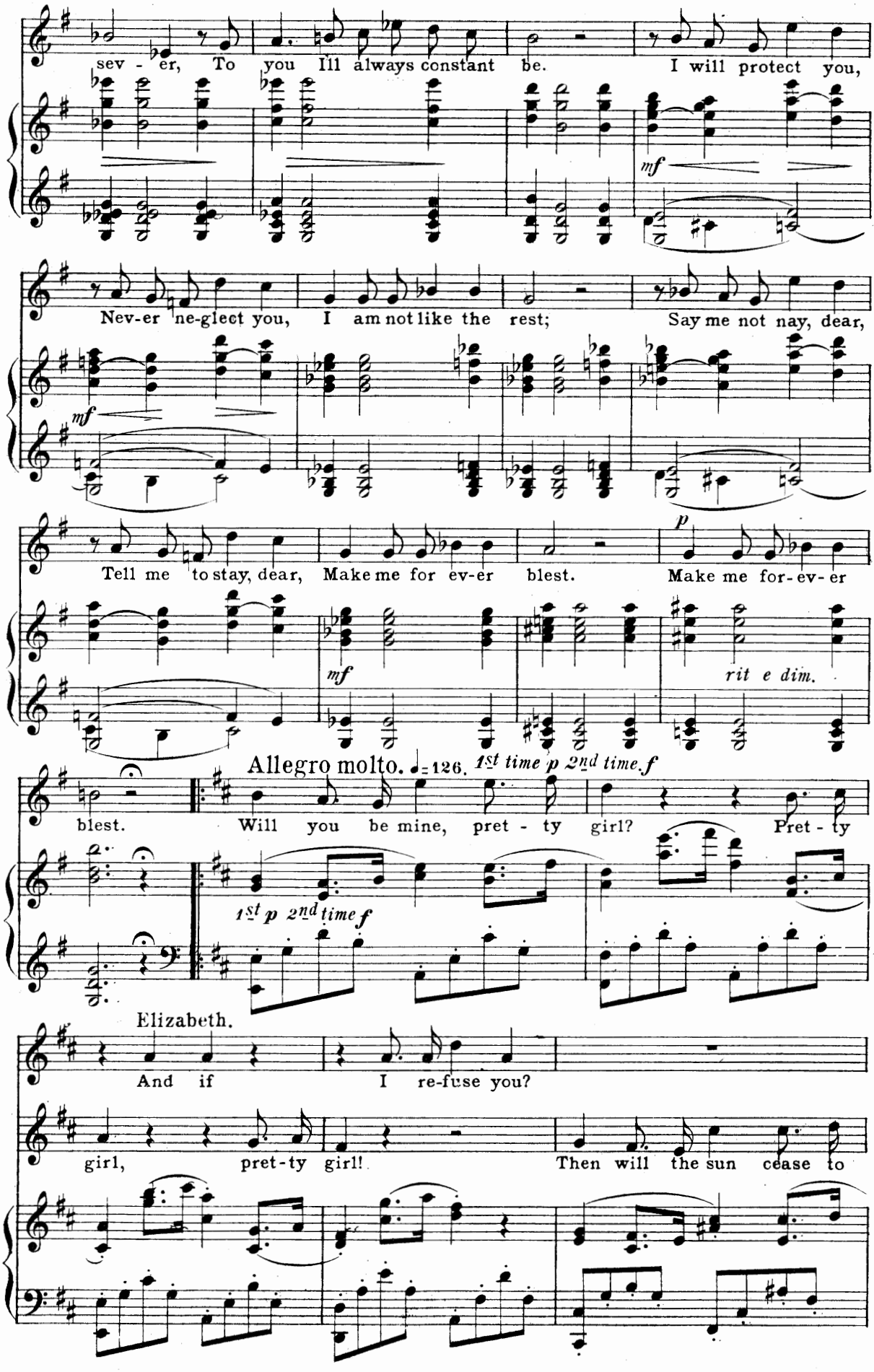
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

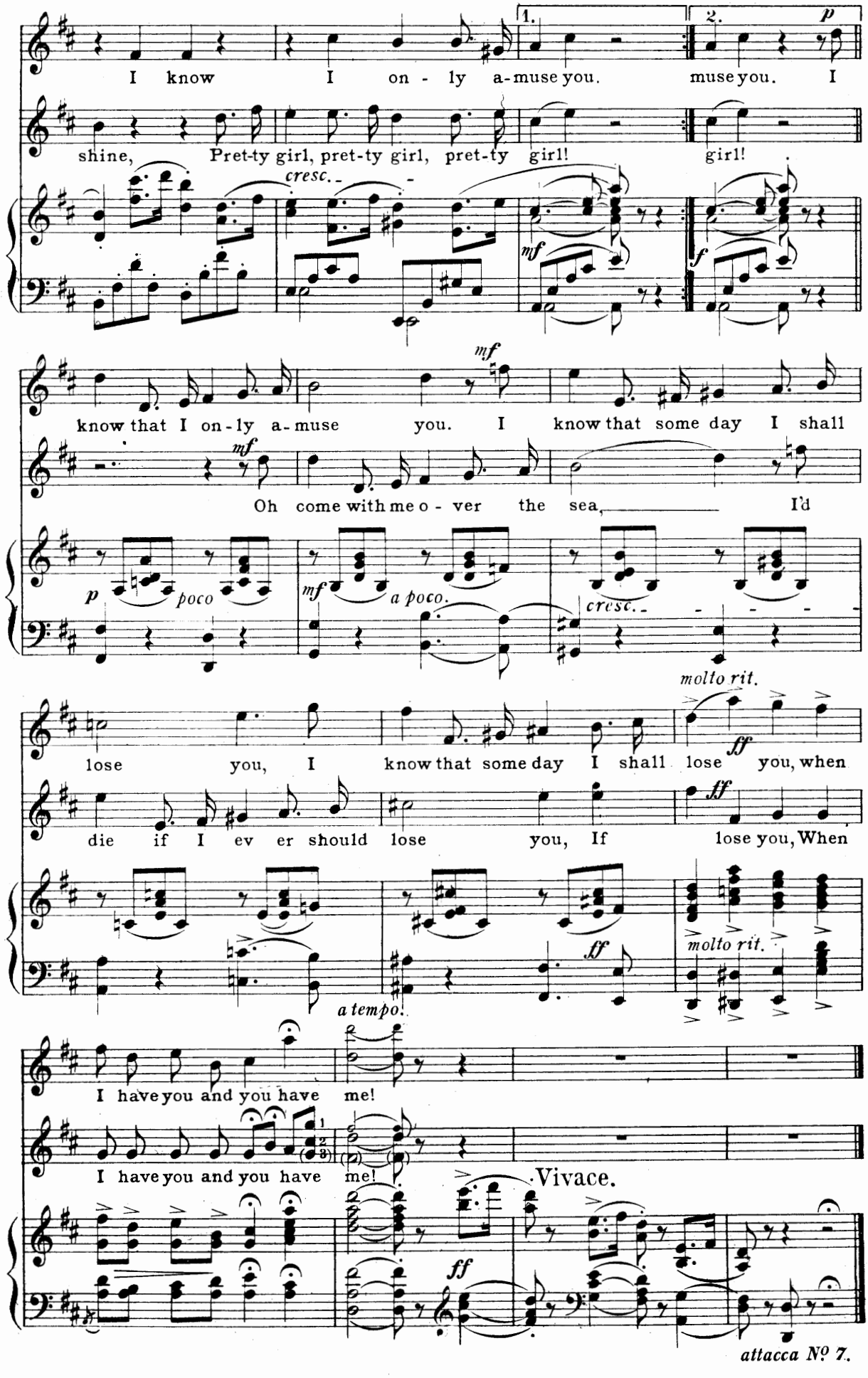

mf
Sunshine impearled, dear, Smiles up-on me and you.
Allegro molto. ♩= 126.
1st time p 2d time f
p ritard e dim.
Vivian.
Smiles upon me and you.
Will you be mine pretty girl? Pret-ty
p dim. - - pp
1st p 2nd time f
Elizabeth.
And if I refuse you?
girl, pret-ty girl! Then will the sun cease to
1.
2.
p
I know, I on-ly a-muse you. muse you. I
shine, Pret-ty girl, pret-ty girl, pret-ty girl! girl!
mf
f


know that I on - ly a - muse you. I
mf
Oh, come with me o - ver the
mf
p poco a poco
know that some day I shall lose you. I
sea. I'd die if I ev - er should
f
cres - cen - do
f
molto ritard.
know that some day I shall lose you, When
ff
lose you, if I lose you, When
ff
ff
molto ritard.

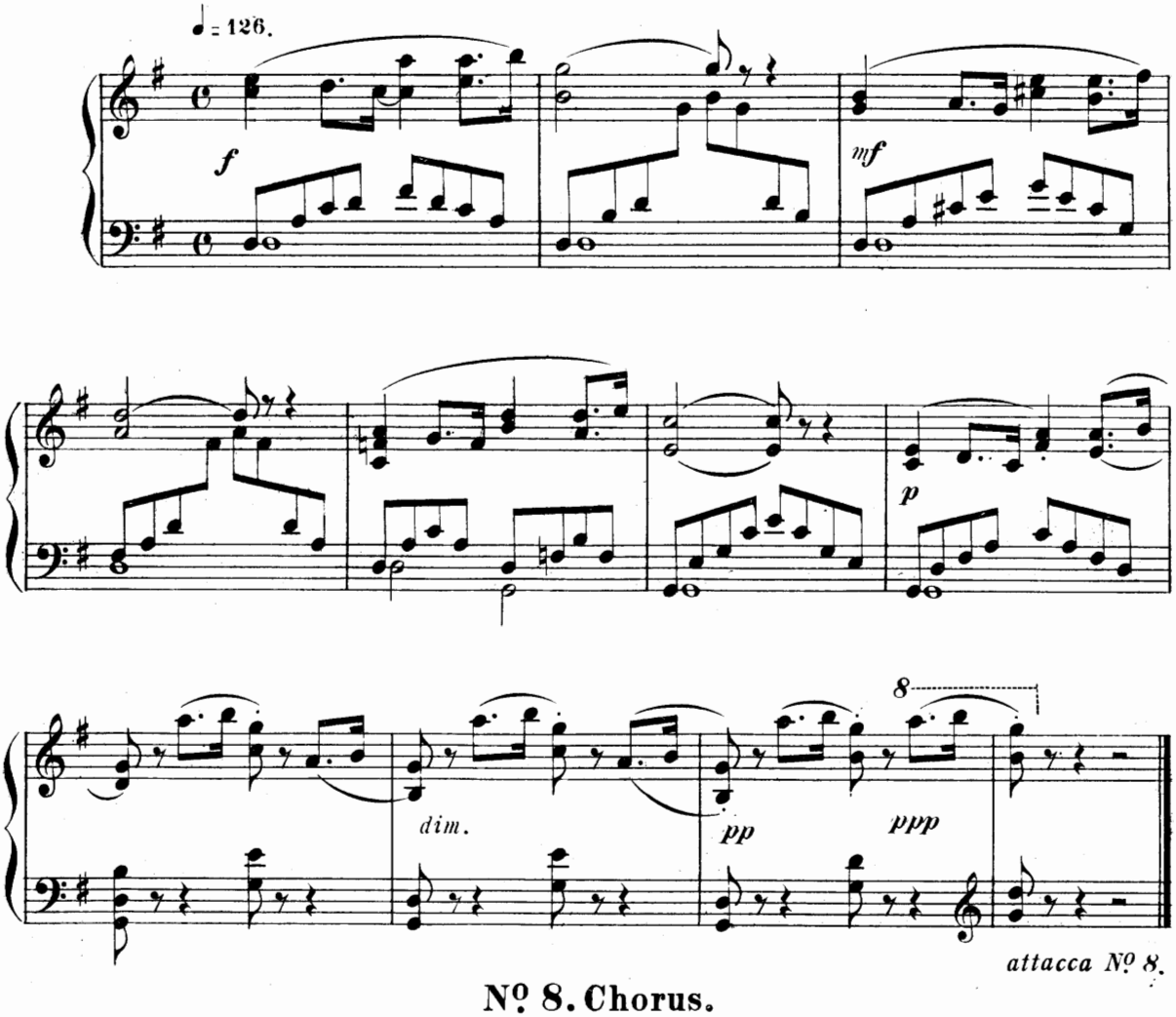

dim.
a tempo. ♩=104.
Elizabeth.
mf
I have you and you have me!
But
I have you and you have me!
dim.
p f a tempo.
what may not come af - ter When you have me and I have you?
Tears may fol-low laugh-ter, Lov-ers their ardor sometimes rue;
p
mf
Wives lose their beau - ty, Men shirk their du - ty, At least so I've been
p
pp


told,
Trou - ble comes fly - ing,
Wives are left sigh - ing,
When a man's love grows cold.
When a man's love grows
pp
cold.
When a man's love grows cold.
dim e rit
Vivian.
p
But we shall love for - ev - er, When
a
Tempo I.
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
I have you and you have me,
Nothing our lives can


sev - er, To you I'll always constant be. I will protect you,
mf
Nev-er ne-glect you, I am not like the rest; Say me not nay, dear,
mf
Tell me to stay, dear, Make me for ev-er blest. Make me for-ev-er
p
mf
rit e dim.
blest.
Allegro molto. ♩= 126. 1st time p 2nd time f
Will you be mine, pret - ty girl? Pret - ty
1st p 2nd time f
Elizabeth.
And if I re-fuse you?
girl, pret-ty girl! Then will the sun cease to

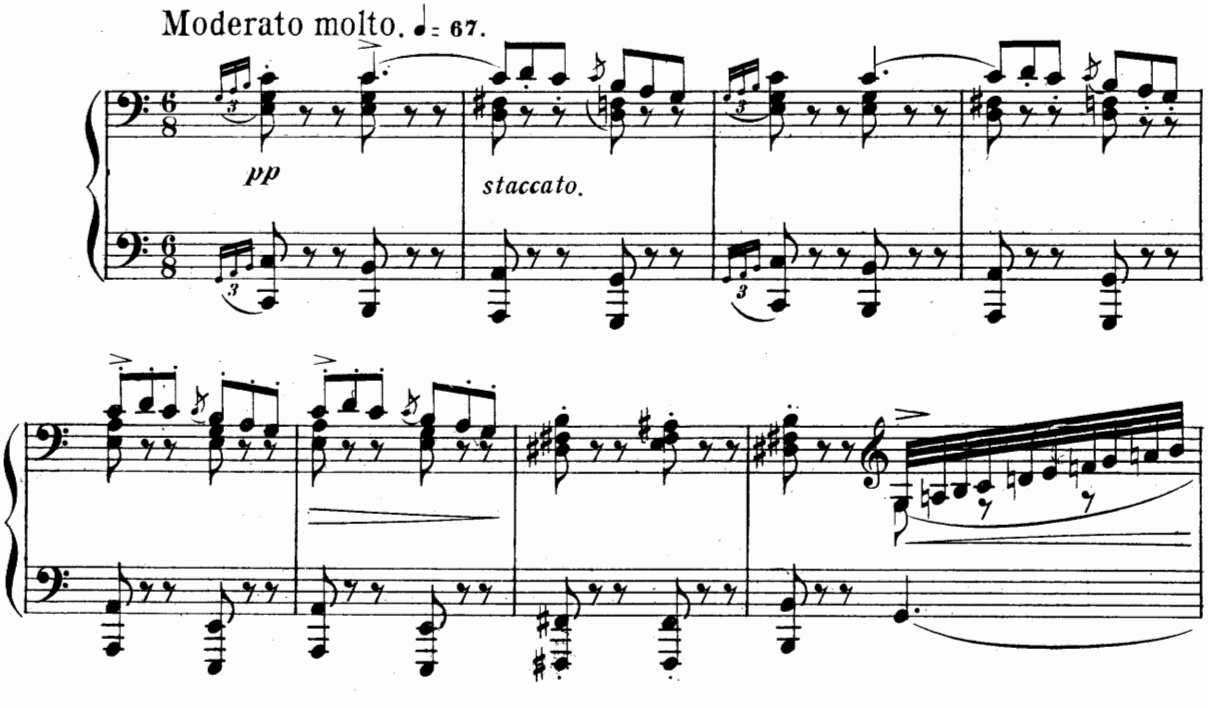

1.
2.
p
I know I on - ly a-muse you. muse you. I
shine, Pret-ty girl, pret-ty girl, pret-ty girl! girl!
cresc.
mf
f
mf
know that I on-ly a-muse you. I know that some day I shall
mf
Oh come with me o - ver the sea, I'd
p poco
mf a poco.
cresc.
molto rit.
ff
lose you, I know that some day I shall lose you, when
die if I ev er should lose you, If lose you, When
ff
molto rit.
a tempo.
I have you and you have me!
I have you and you have me!
Vivace.
ff
attacca Nº 7.

No. 7a. Exit.

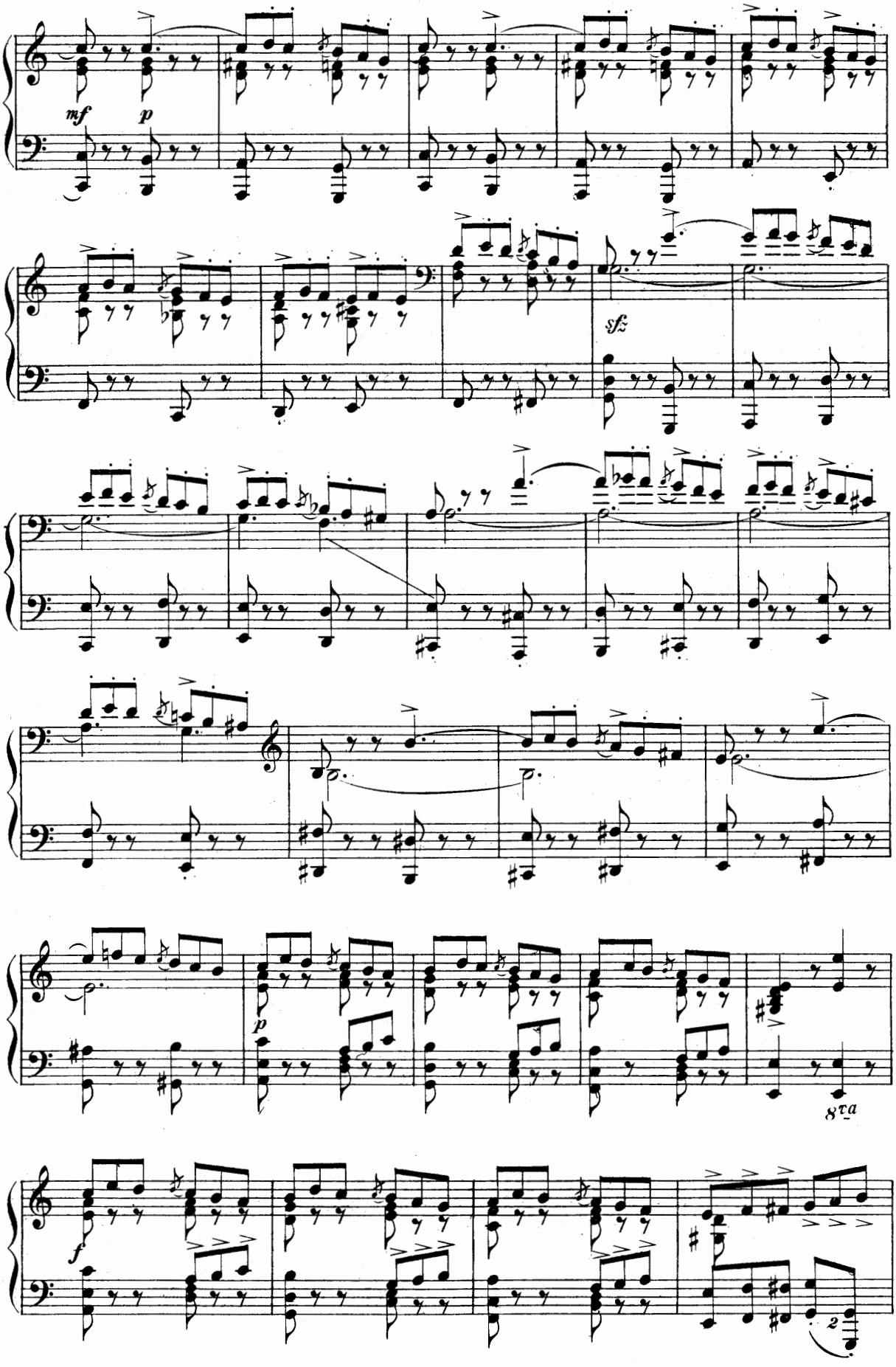


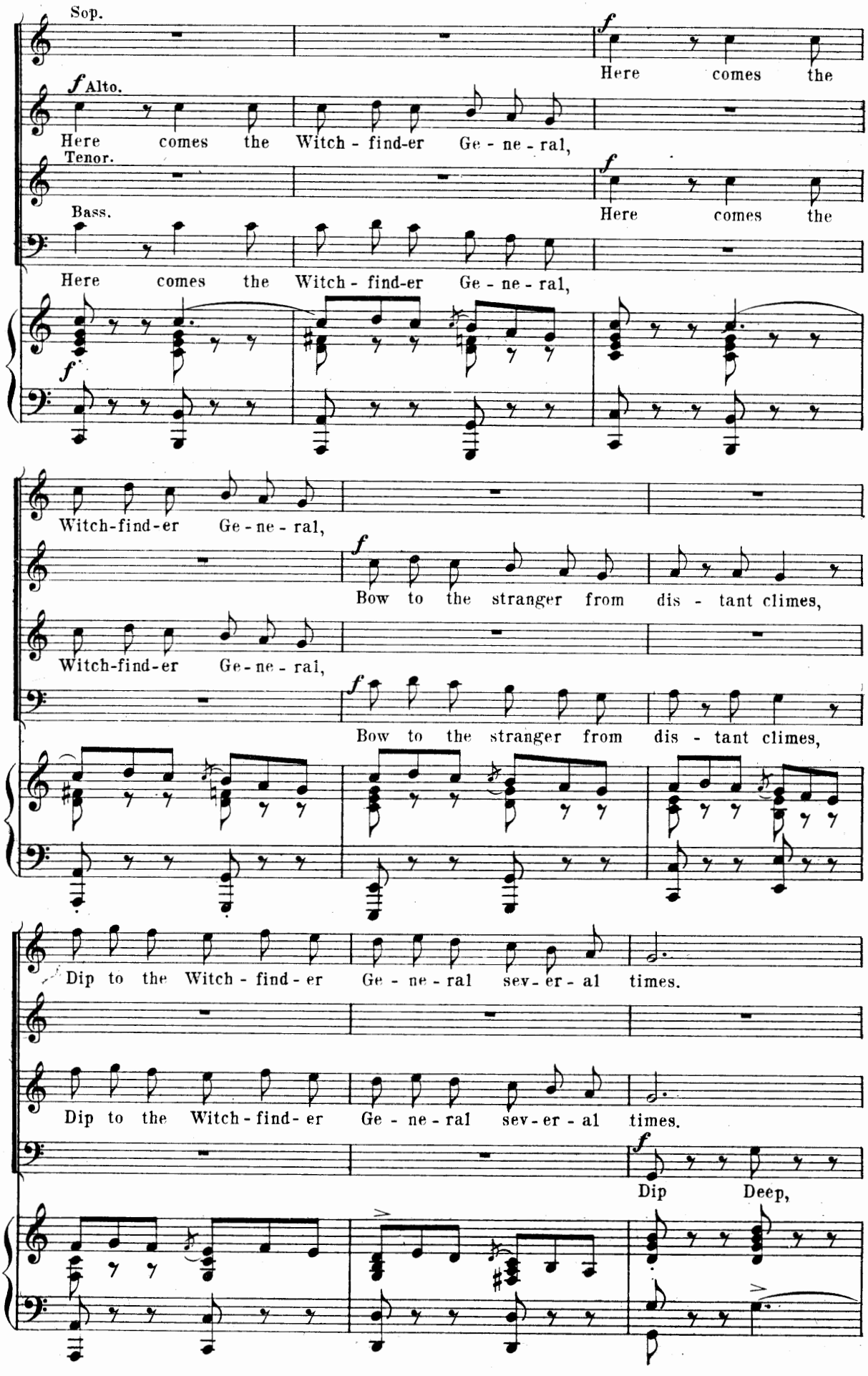
No. 8. Chorus.

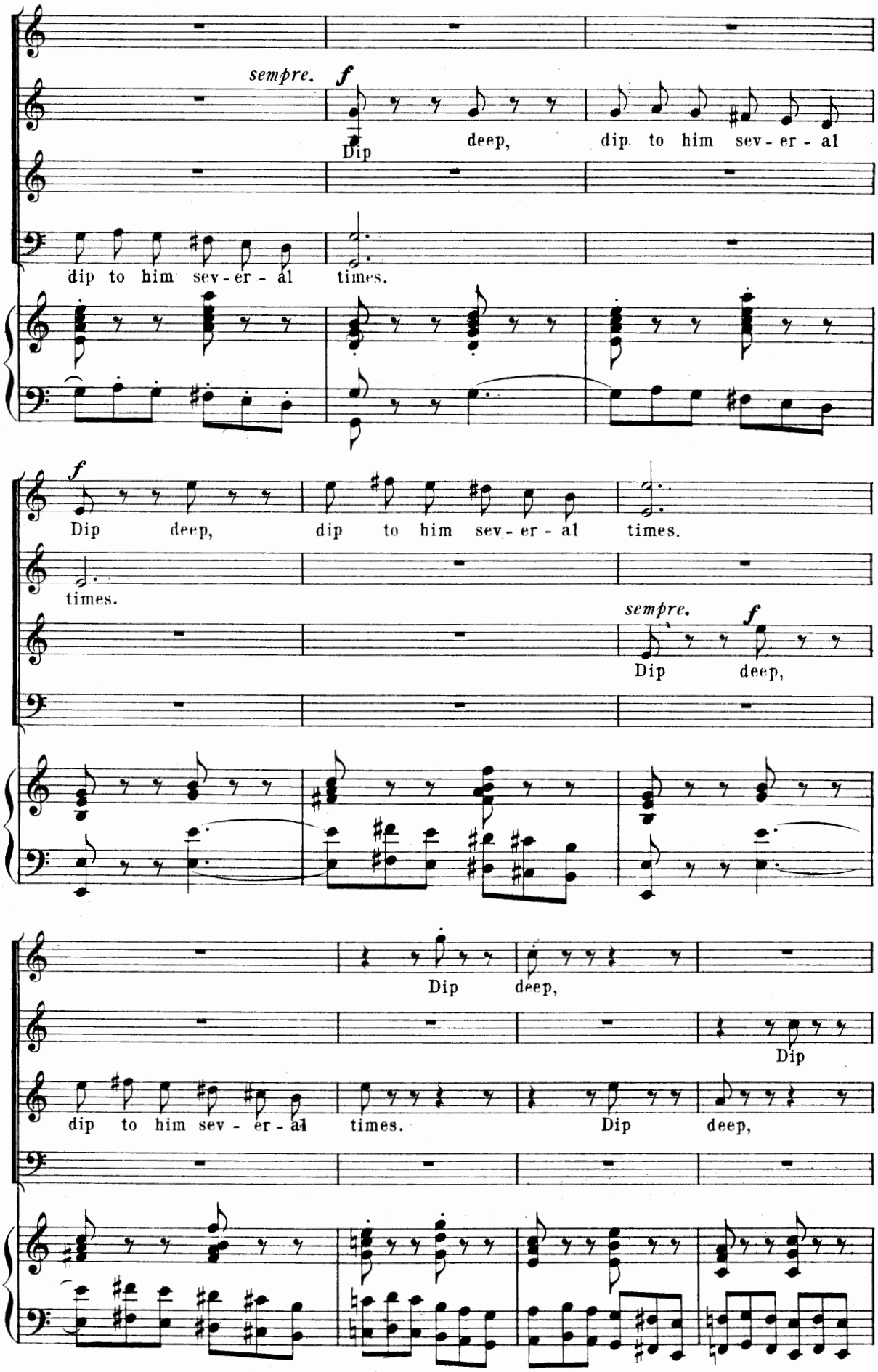
Entrance of Witchfinder General.

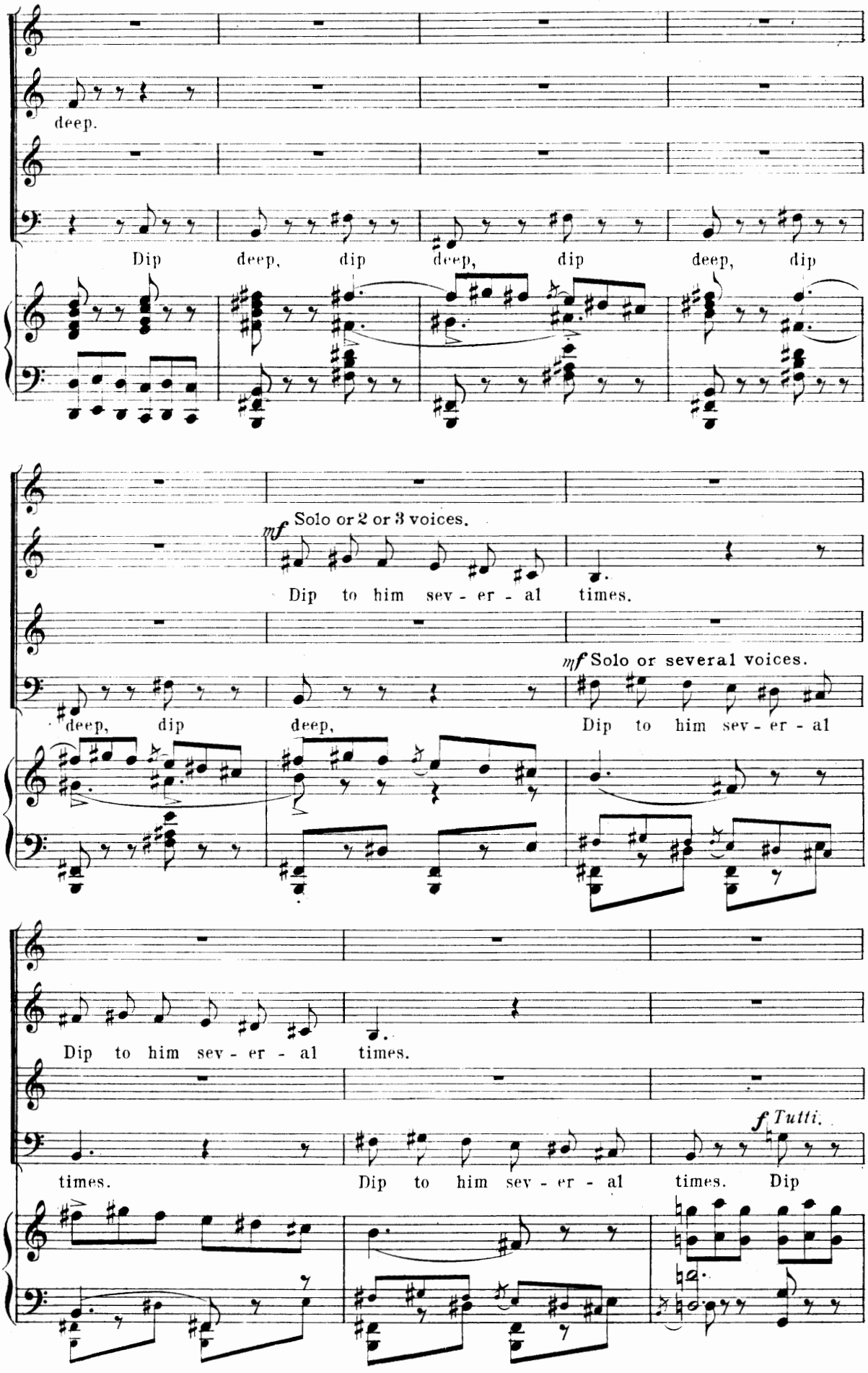


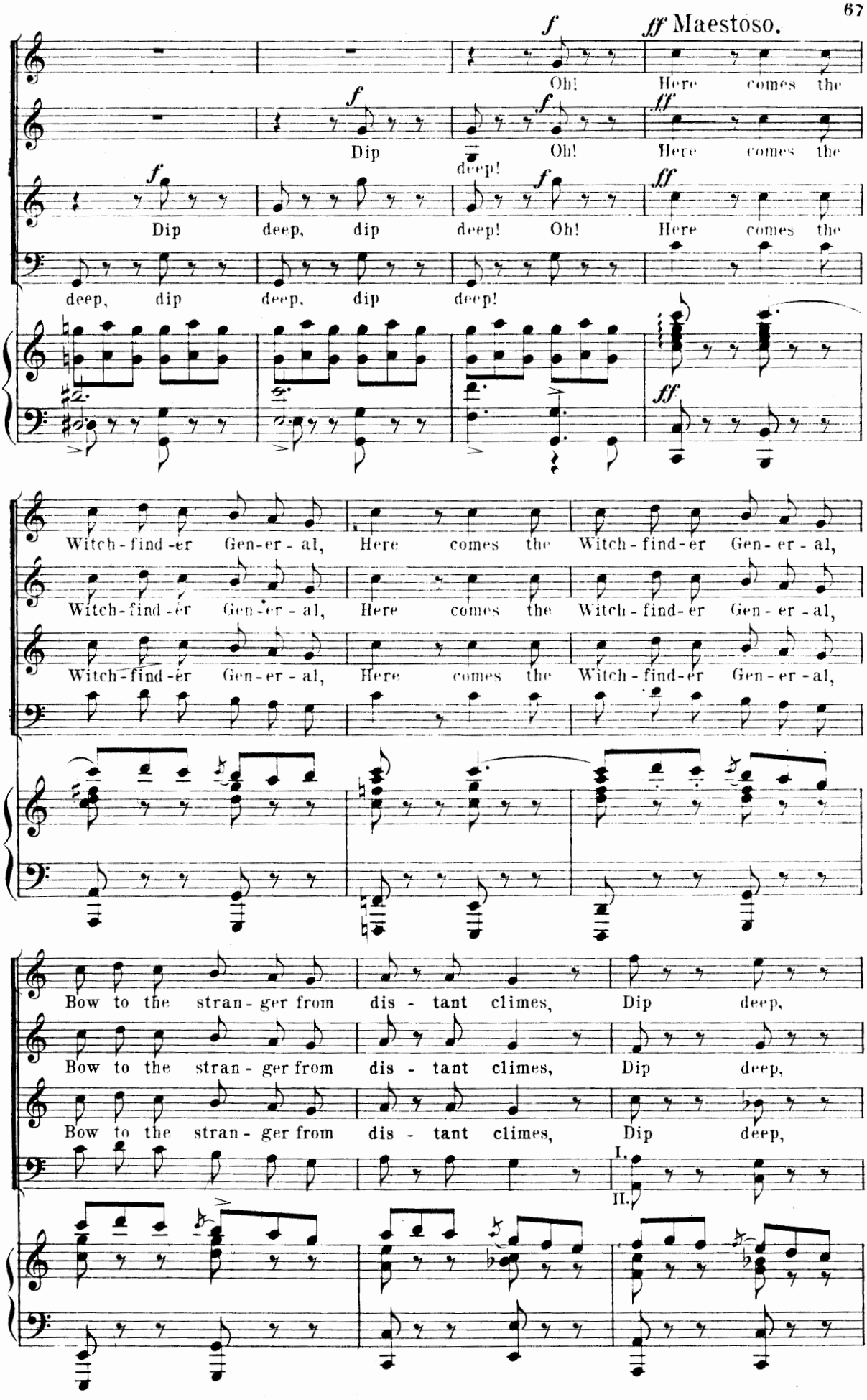
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

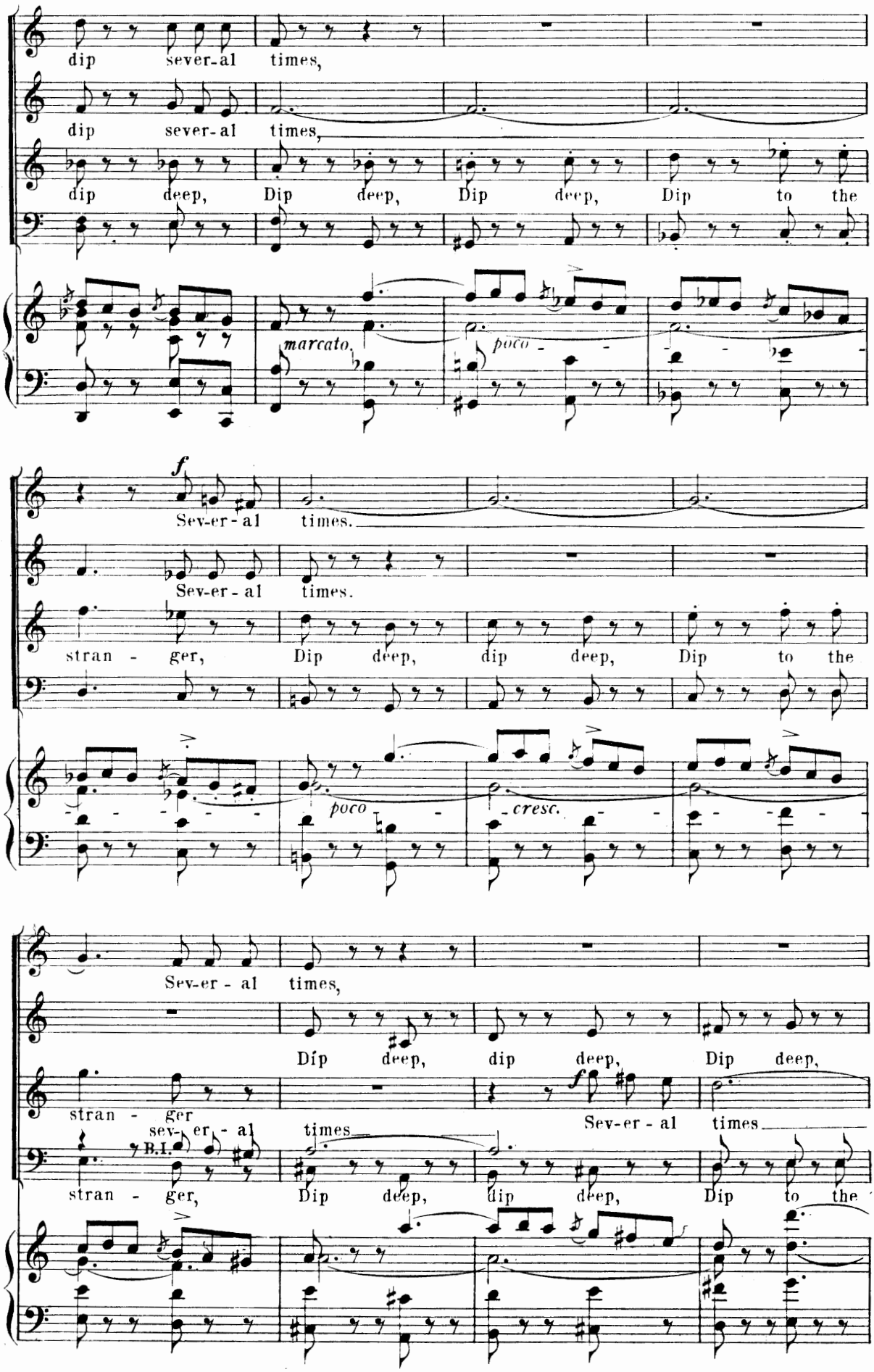

mf
p
sfz
p
8va
f
2

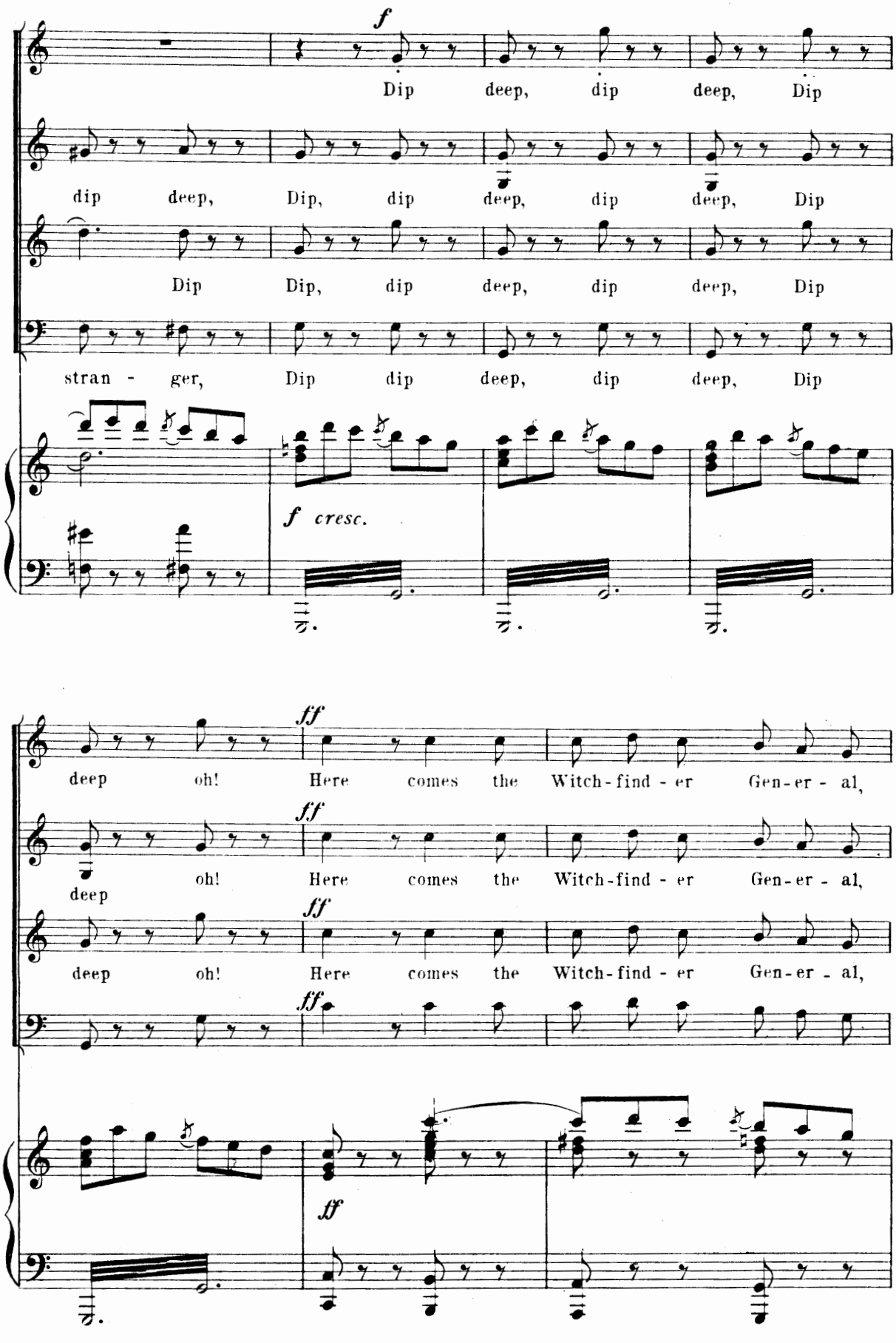

Sop.
Here comes the
Alto.
Here comes the Witch - find-er Ge - ne - ral,
Tenor.
Here comes the
Bass.
Here comes the Witch - find-er Ge - ne - ral,
Witch-find-er Ge - ne - ral,
Bow to the stranger from dis - tant climes,
Witch-find-er Ge - ne - ral,
Bow to the stranger from dis - tant climes,
Dip to the Witch - find - er Ge - ne - ral sev - er - al times.
Dip to the Witch - find - er Ge - ne - ral sev - er - al times.
Dip Deep,

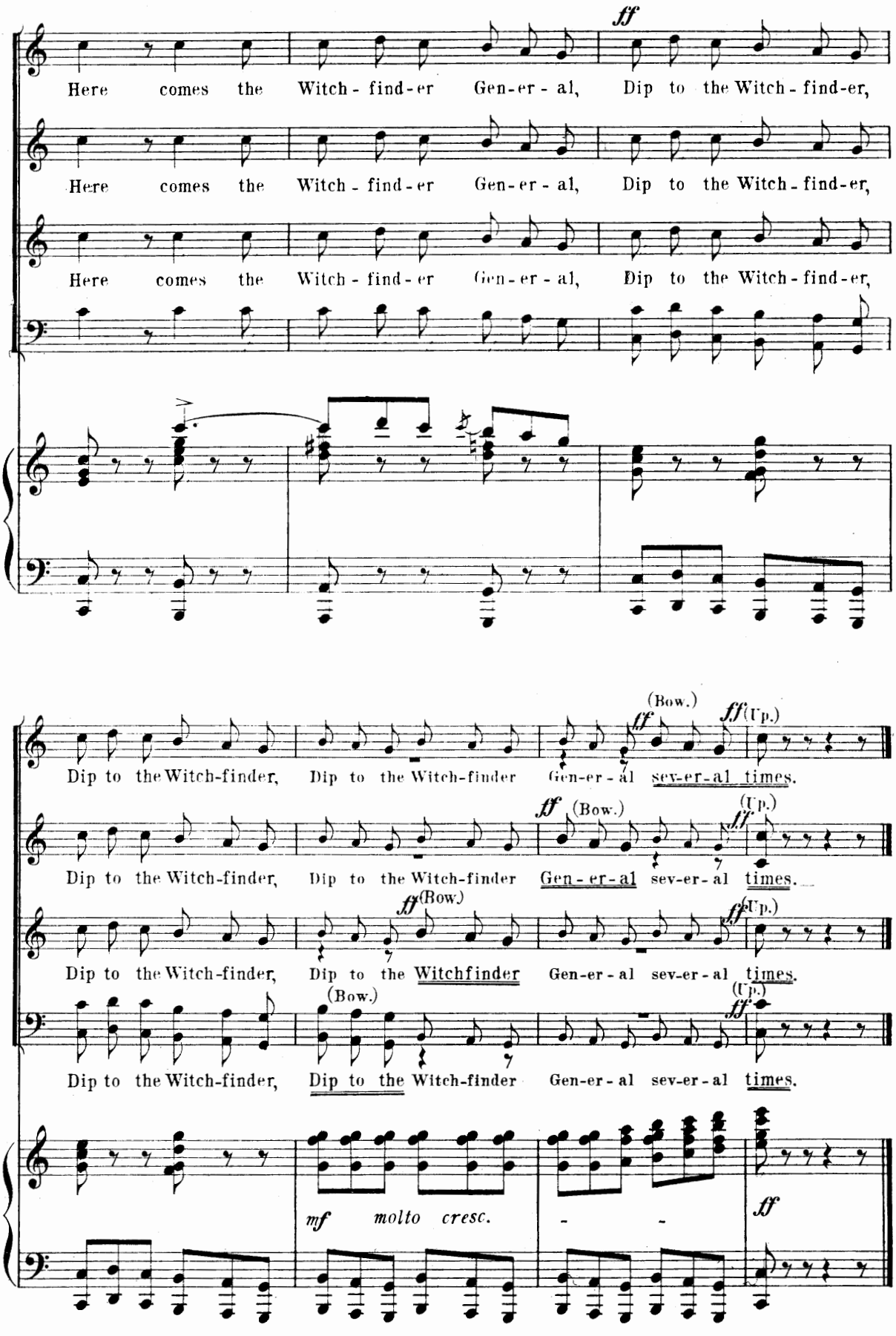

sempre.
f
Dip deep, dip to him sev - er - al
dip to him sev - er - al times.
f
Dip deep, dip to him sev - er - al times.
times.
sempre.
f
Dip deep,
Dip deep,
Dip
dip to him sev - er - al times. Dip deep,


deep.
Dip deep, dip deep, dip deep, dip
mf Solo or 2 or 3 voices.
Dip to him sev - er - al times.
deep, dip deep,
mf Solo or several voices.
Dip to him sev - er - al
Dip to him sev - er - al times.
times.
f Tutti.
Dip to him sev - er - al times. Dip


f
ff Maestoso.
Oh! Here comes the
Dip
deep!
Oh! Here comes the
Dip deep, dip deep! Oh! Here comes the
deep, dip deep, dip deep!
Witch-find-er Gen-er-al, Here comes the Witch-find-er Gen-er-al,
Witch-find-er Gen-er-al, Here comes the Witch-find-er Gen-er-al,
Witch-find-er Gen-er-al, Here comes the Witch-find-er Gen-er-al,
Bow to the stran-ger from dis-tant climes, Dip deep,
Bow to the stran-ger from dis-tant climes, Dip deep,
Bow to the stran-ger from dis-tant climes, Dip deep,
I.
II.

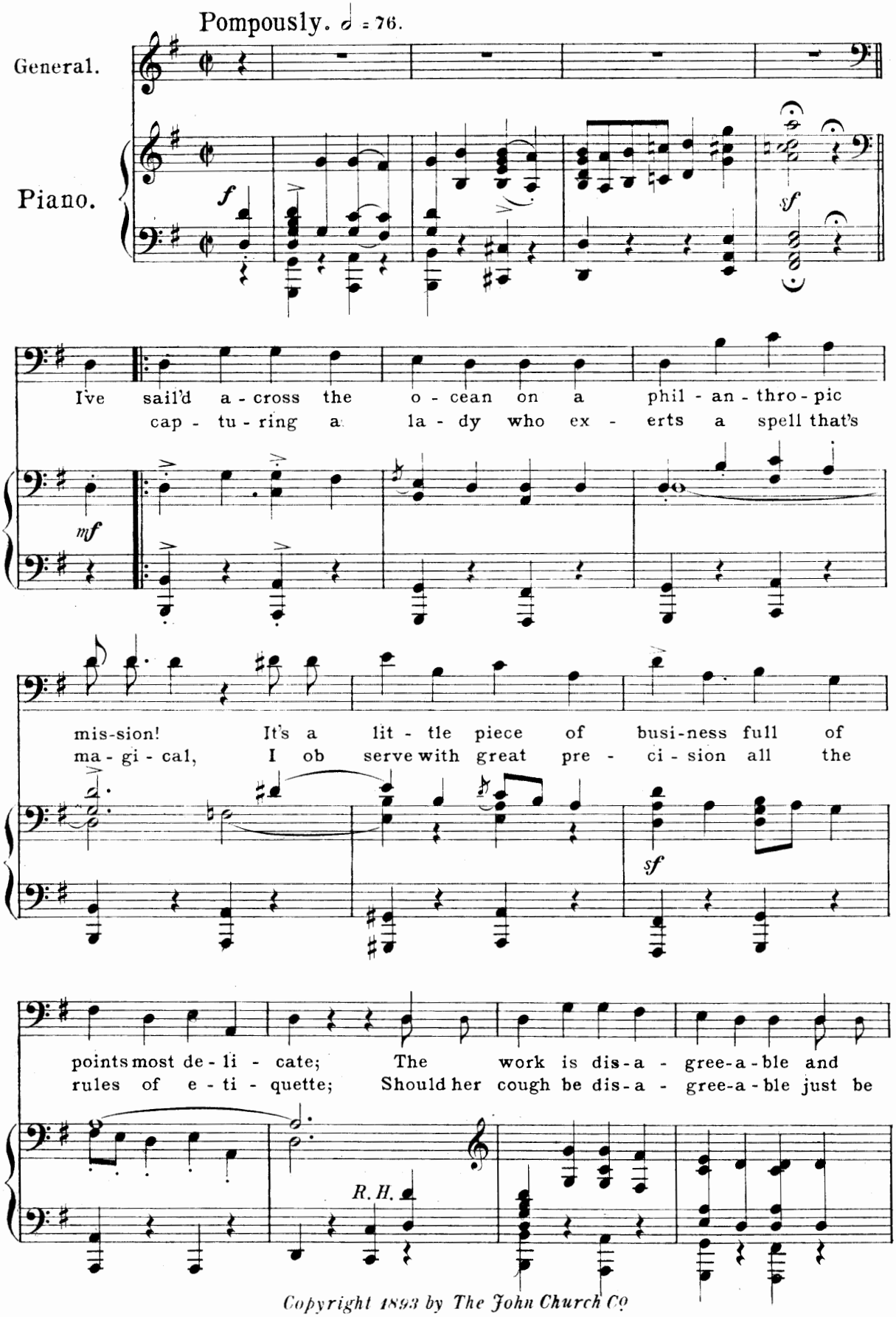

dip sever-al times,
dip sever-al times,
dip deep, Dip deep, Dip deep, Dip to the
marcato.
poco
Sev-er-al times.
Sev-er-al times.
stran - ger, Dip deep, dip deep, Dip to the
poco
cresc.
Sev-er-al times,
Dip deep, dip deep, Dip deep,
stran - ger
sev- er - al times
Sev-er-al times
B.I.
stran - ger, Dip deep, dip deep, Dip to the


f
Dip deep, dip deep, Dip
dip deep, Dip, dip deep, dip deep, Dip
Dip Dip, dip deep, dip deep, Dip
stran - ger, Dip dip deep, dip deep, Dip
f cresc.
ff
deep oh! Here comes the Witch-find - er Gen-er - al,
deep oh! Here comes the Witch-find - er Gen-er - al,
deep oh! Here comes the Witch-find - er Gen-er - al,
ff

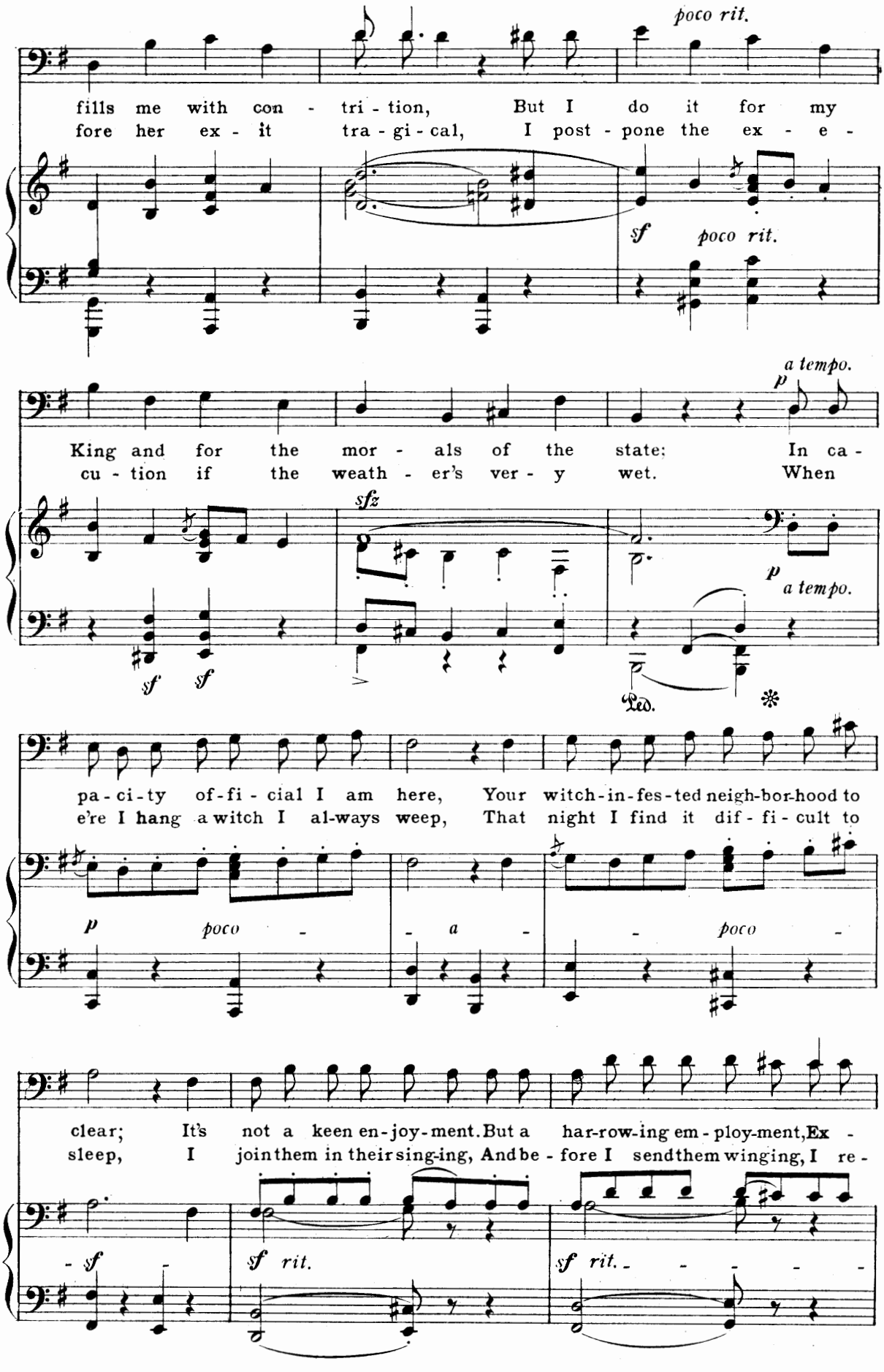

ff
Here comes the Witch - find - er Gen - er - al, Dip to the Witch - find - er,
Here comes the Witch - find - er Gen - er - al, Dip to the Witch - find - er,
Here comes the Witch - find - er Gen - er - al, Dip to the Witch - find - er,
(Bow.)
ff
(Up.)
ff
Dip to the Witch-finder, Dip to the Witch-finder Gen-er-al sev-er-al times.
Dip to the Witch-finder, Dip to the Witch-finder Gen-er-al sev-er-al times.
Dip to the Witch-finder, Dip to the Witchfinder Gen-er-al sev-er-al times.
Dip to the Witch-finder, Dip to the Witch-finder Gen-er-al sev-er-al times.
mf molto cresc.
ff

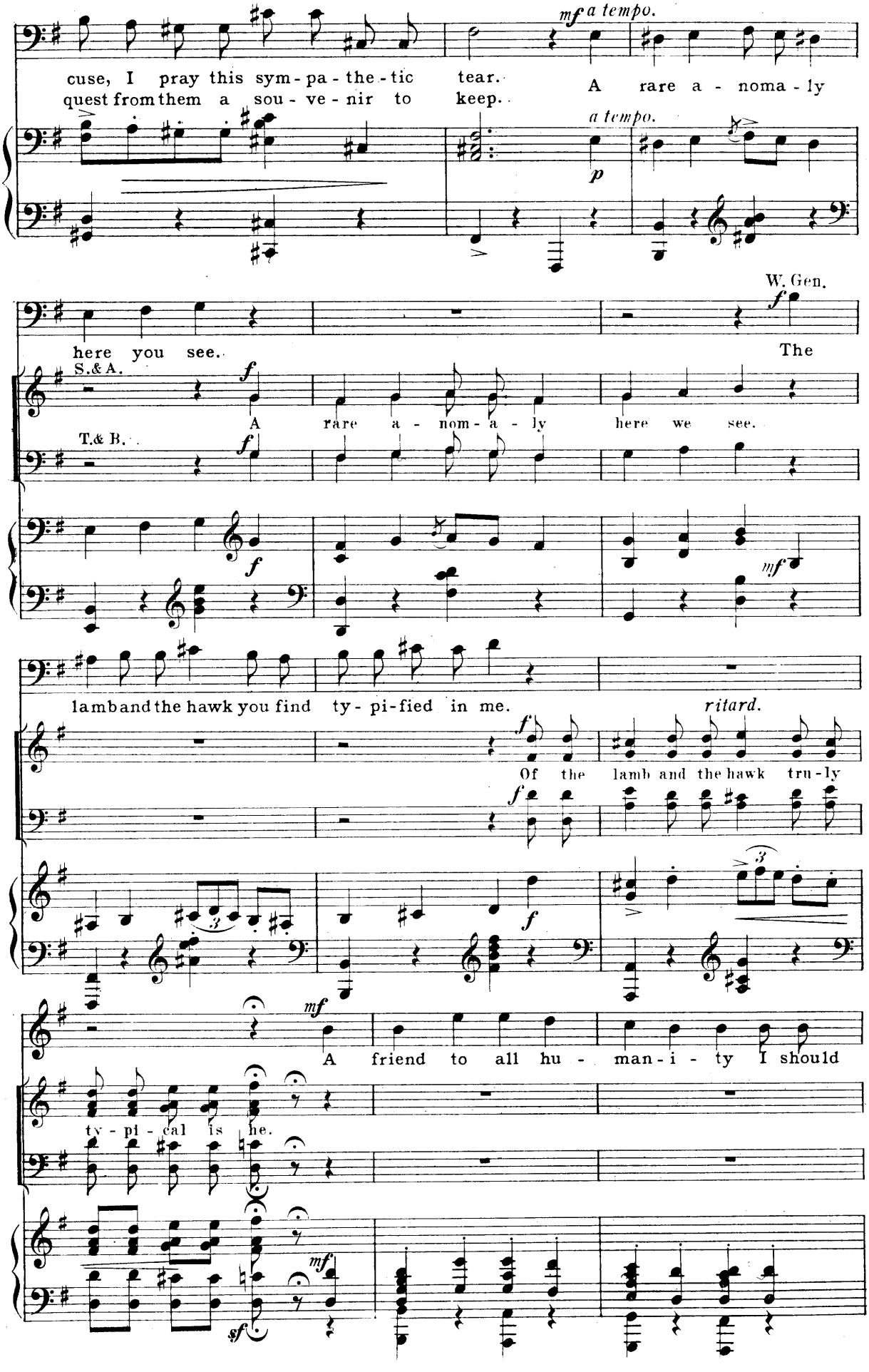
attacca Nº 9.

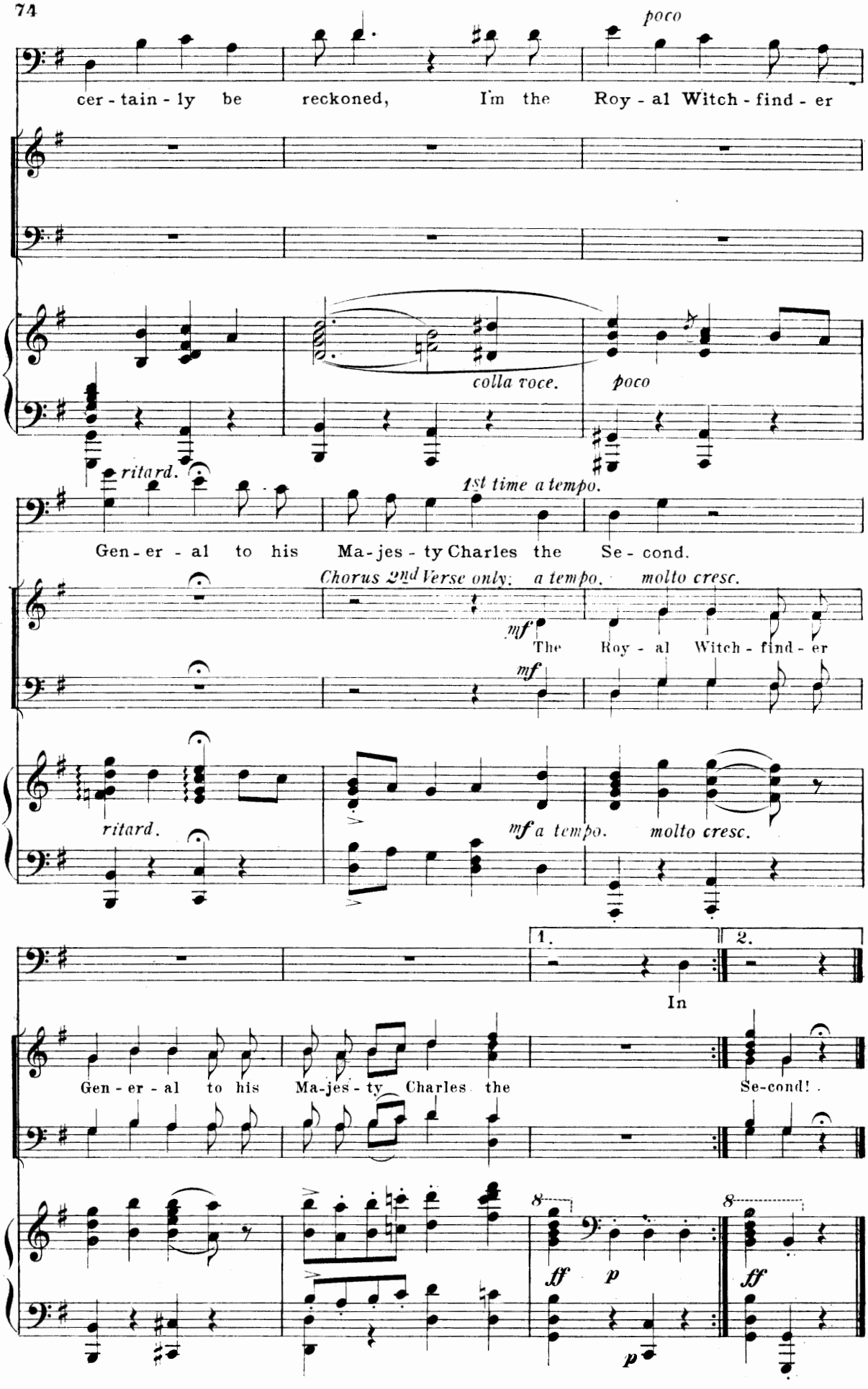
No. 9. Witchfinder General's Song.



Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co


poco rit.
fills me with con - tri - tion, But I do it for my
fore her ex - it tra - gi - cal, I post - pone the ex - e -
sf poco rit.
a tempo.
p
King and for the mor - als of the state: In ca -
cu - tion if the weath - er's ver - y wet. When
sfz
sf sf
p a tempo.
Ped.
pa - ci - ty of - fi - cial I am here, Your witch - in - fes - ted neigh - bor - hood to
e're I hang a witch I al - ways weep, That night I find it dif - fi - cult to
p poco - - a - - poco -
clear; It's not a keen en - joy - ment. But a har - row - ing em - ploy - ment, Ex -
sleep, I join them in their sing - ing, And be - fore I send them wing - ing, I re -
- sf -
sf rit.
sf rit.

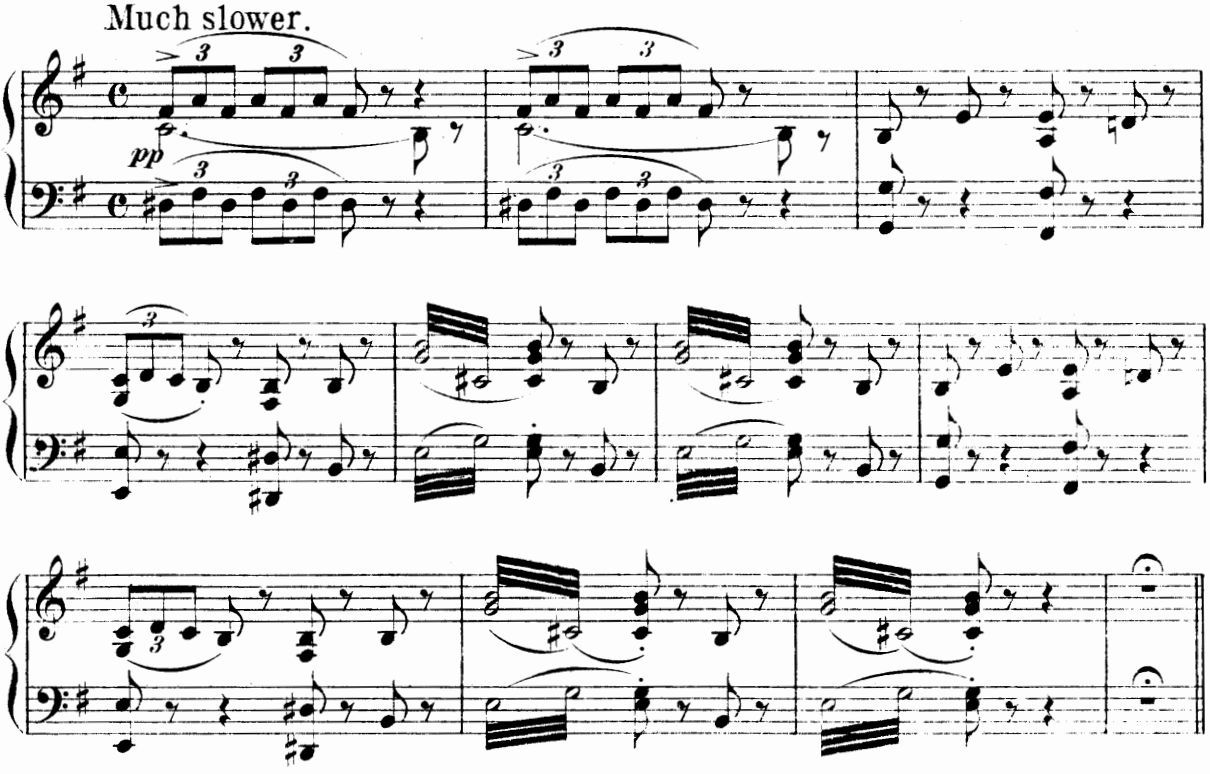

mf a tempo.
cuse, I pray this sym - pa - the - tic tear.
quest from them a sou - ve - nir to keep.
A rare a - noma - ly
a tempo.
p
W. Gen.
f
here you see.
The
S.& A.
f
A rare a - nom - a - ly here we see.
T.& B.
f
mf
lamb and the hawk you find ty - pi-fied in me.
ritard.
f
Of the lamb and the hawk tru - ly
f
mf
A friend to all hu - man - i - ty I should
ty - pi - cal is he.
mf
sf


poco
cer - tain - ly be reckoned, I'm the Roy - al Witch - find - er
colla voce.
poco
ritard.
1st time a tempo.
Gen - er - al to his Ma - jes - ty Charles the Se - cond.
Chorus 2nd Verse only. a tempo. molto cresc.
mf
The Roy - al Witch - find - er
mf
ritard.
mf a tempo. molto cresc.
1.
2.
In
Gen - er - al to his Ma - jes - ty Charles the Se-cond!
8
8
ff
p
p
ff

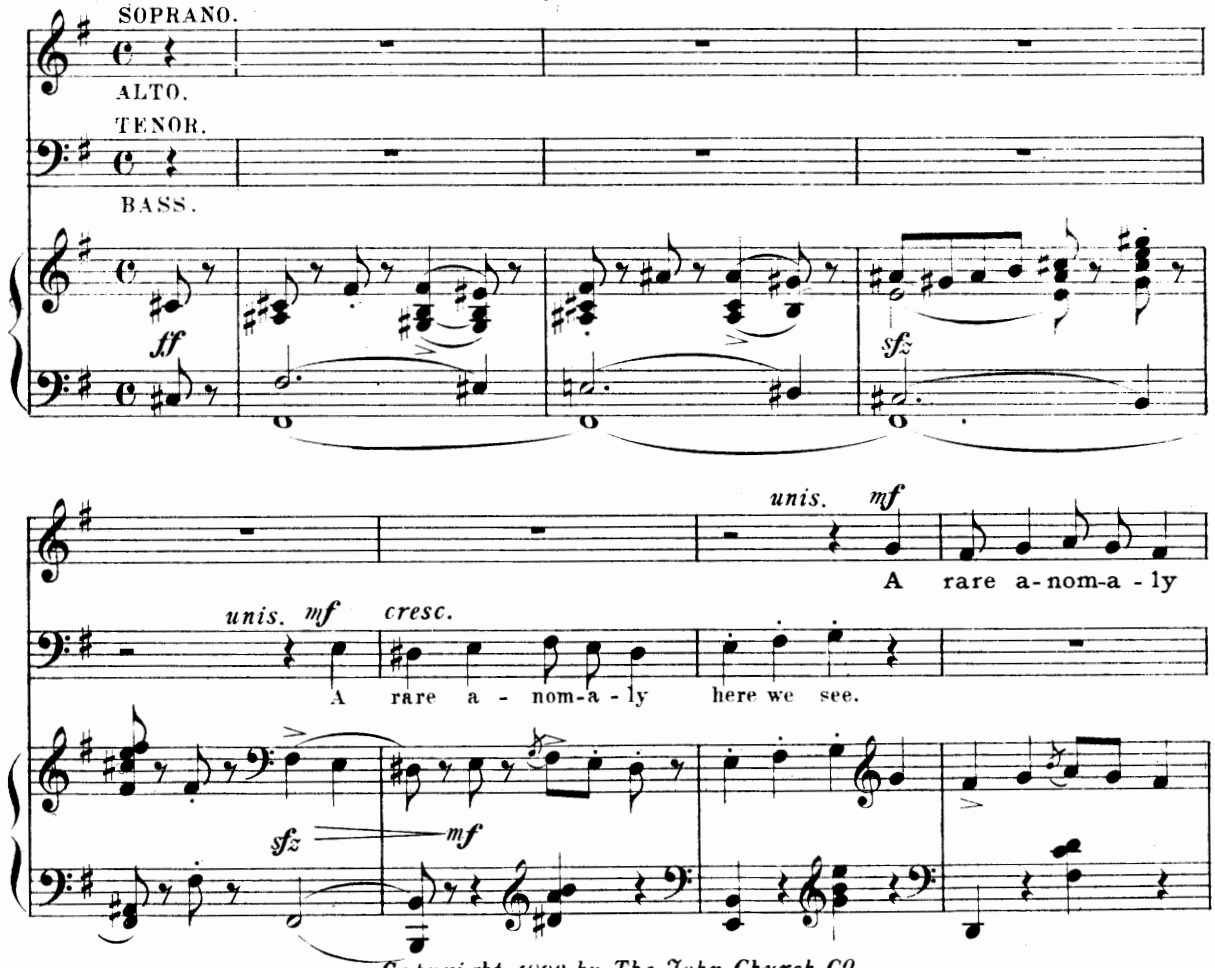
No. 10. Melodrama.

Cue: Hurricane Hill.

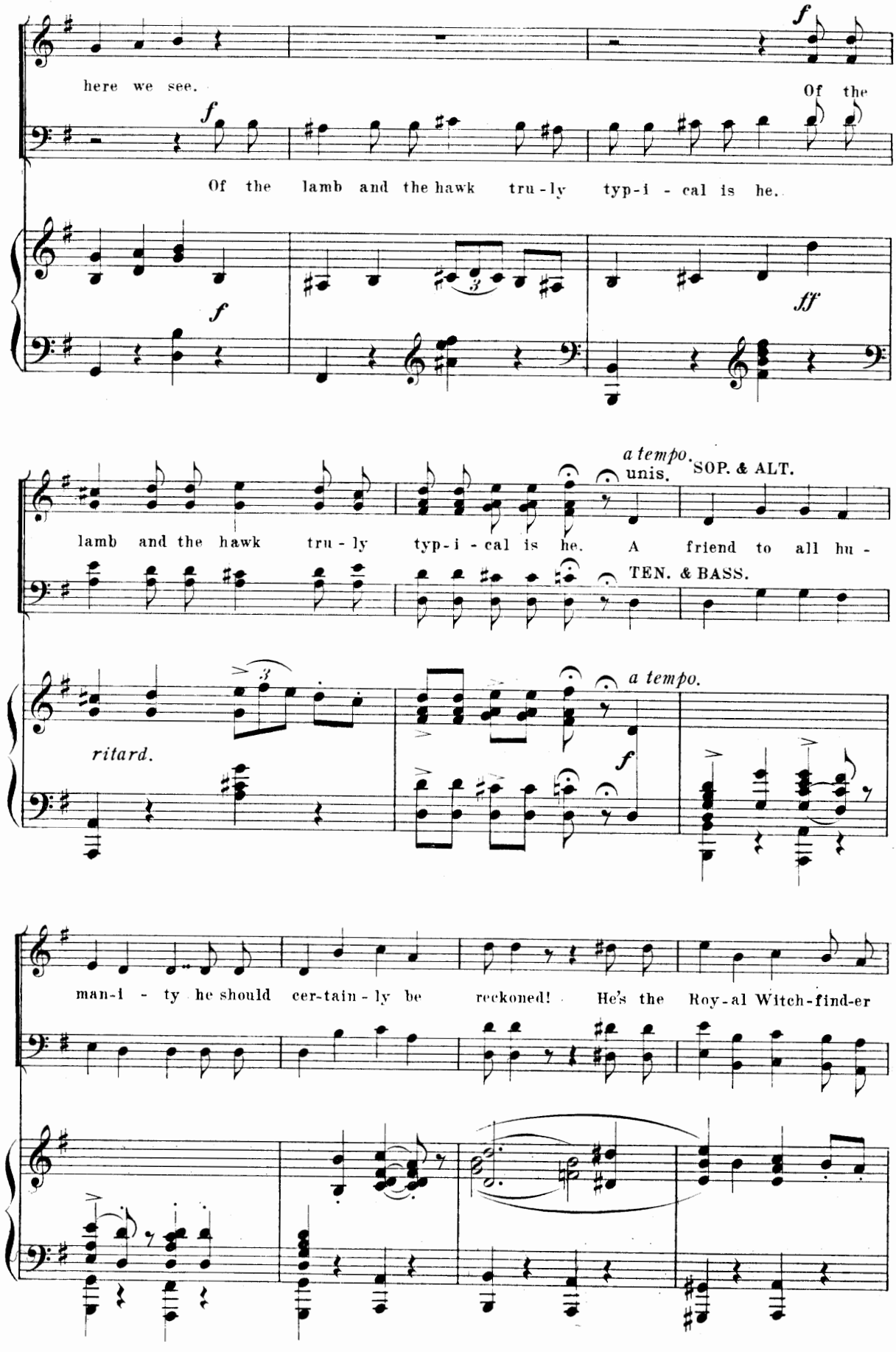
Much slower.

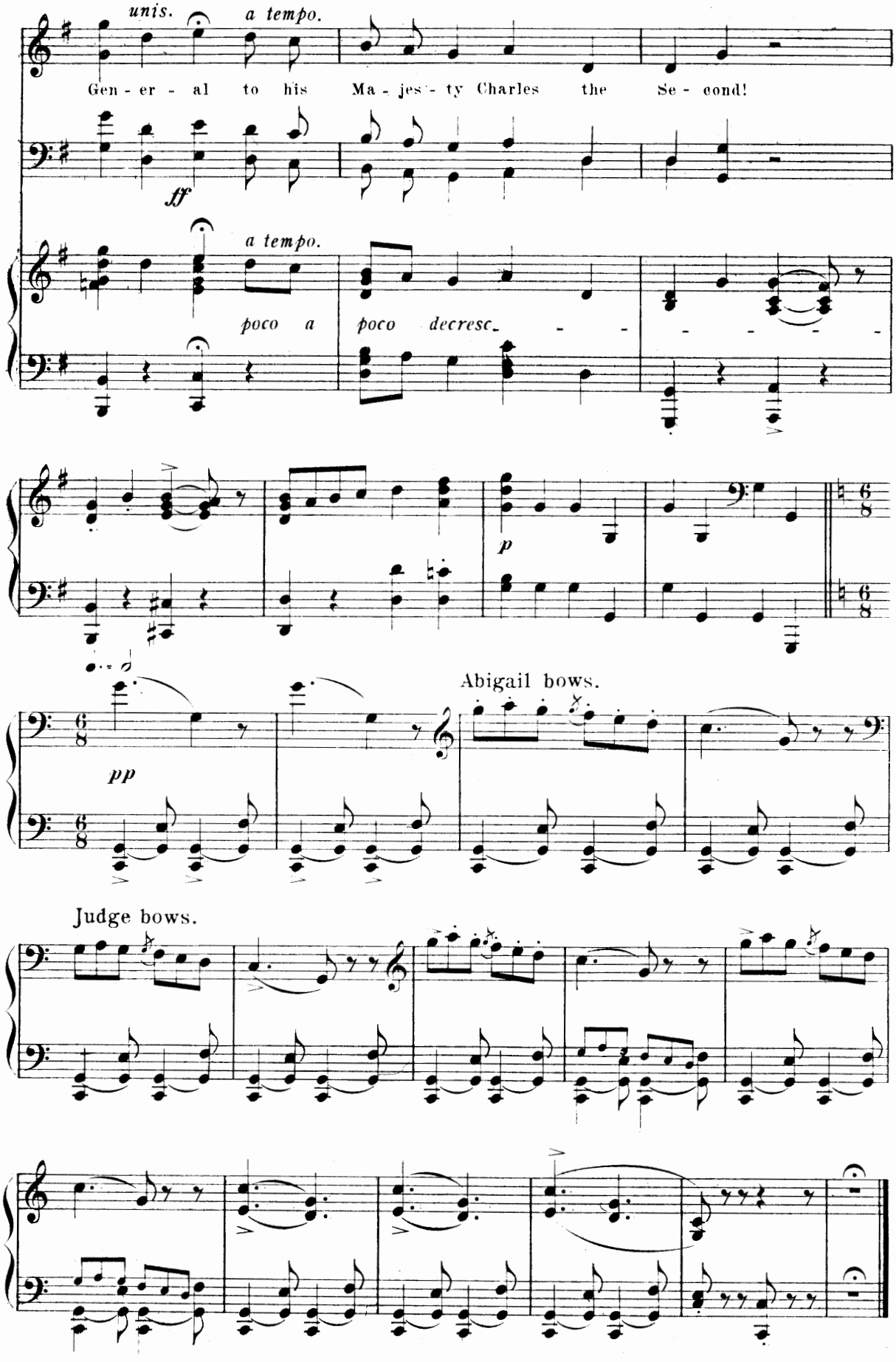


No. 11. Exit Chorus.



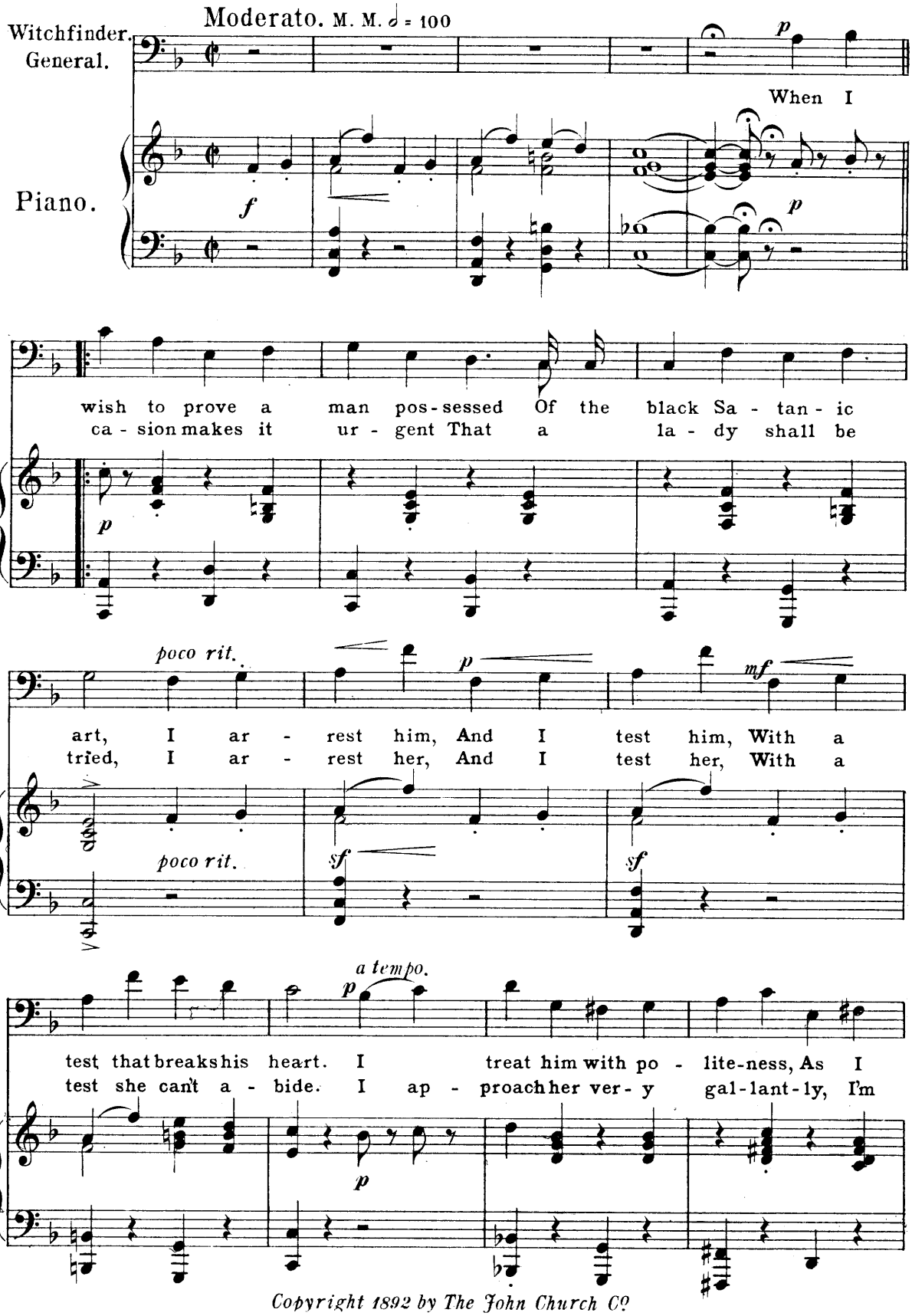
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.


here we see.
Of the
Of the lamb and the hawk tru-ly typ-i-cal is he.
lamb and the hawk tru-ly typ-i-cal is he.
a tempo.
unis.
SOP. & ALT.
A friend to all hu-
TEN. & BASS.
ritard.
a tempo.
man-i-ty he should cer-tain-ly be reckoned! He's the Roy-al Witch-find-er

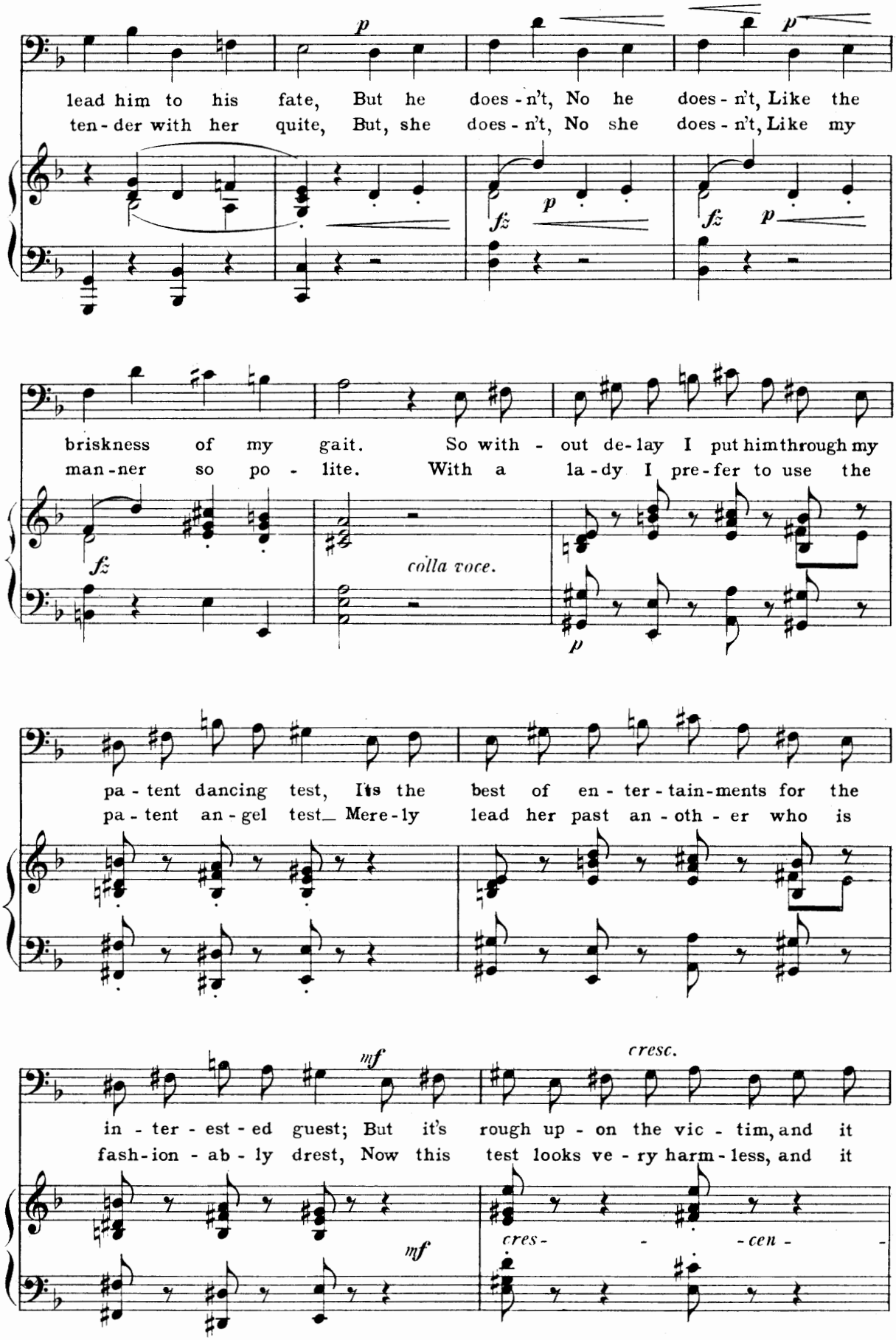

unis.
a tempo.
Gen - er - al to his Ma - jes - ty Charles the Se - cond!
ff
a tempo.
poco a poco decresc.
p
pp
Abigail bows.
Judge bows.

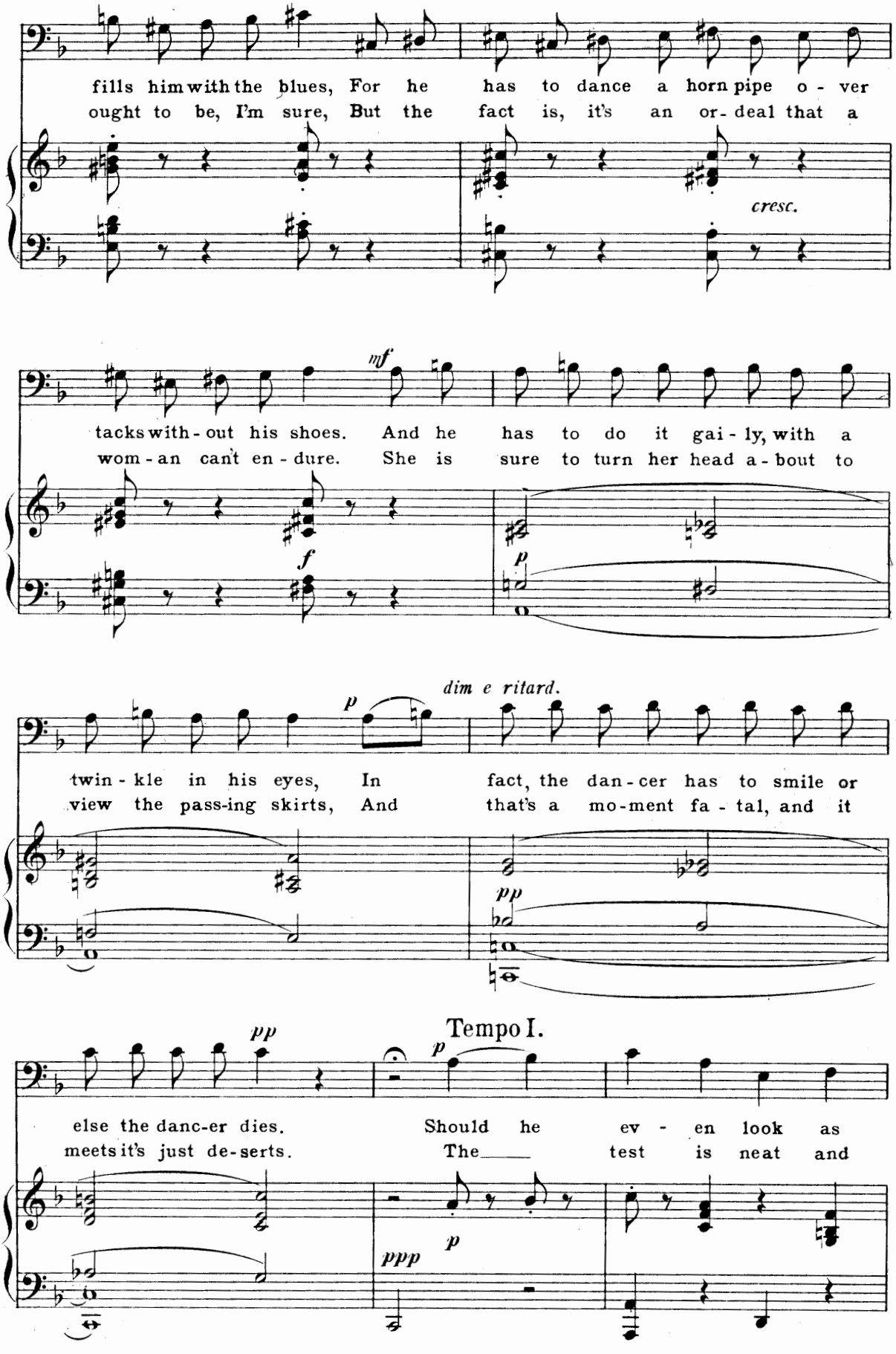
No. 12. Song.

Witchfinder General.



Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co


lead him to his fate, But he does - n't, No he does - n't, Like the
ten - der with her quite, But, she does - n't, No she does - n't, Like my
briskness of my gait. So with - out de - lay I put him through my
man - ner so po - lite. With a la - dy I pre - fer to use the
colla voce.
pa - tent dancing test, It's the best of en - ter - tain - ments for the
pa - tent an - gel test_ Mere - ly lead her past an - oth - er who is
in - ter - est - ed guest; But it's rough up - on the vic - tim, and it
fash - ion - ab - ly drest, Now this test looks ve - ry harm - less, and it
cres - - - cen -


fills him with the blues, For he has to dance a horn pipe o - ver
ought to be, I'm sure, But the fact is, it's an or - deal that a
cresc.
mf
tacks with - out his shoes. And he has to do it gai - ly, with a
wom - an can't en - dure. She is sure to turn her head a - bout to
f
p
dim e ritard.
p
twin - kle in his eyes, In fact, the dan - cer has to smile or
view the pass-ing skirts, And that's a mo - ment fa - tal, and it
pp
pp
Tempo I.
p
else the danc-er dies. Should he ev - en look as
meets it's just de-serts. The test is neat and
p
ppp

poco rit.

though he wished he had some slippers on, I con-demn him, yes con-demn him, and that
sim-ple, and it ver-y sel-dom fails, And the sor-cer-ess that evening to her

do. poco rit. p sf p

a tempo.

ver-y night he's gone! Now al-though a man may dance on tacks, And stand it for a
fi-nal ha-ven sails. Oh, I've quite a pre-di-lec-tion For this meth-od, as I

p a tempo.

p poco rit. cresc. 1.

while, He's a won-der, Yes a won-der, If he man-a-ges to smile.
said, For it sel-dom, Ver-y sel-dom, Fails to turn a la-dy's

p poco rit. sf cresc. fz p a tempo.

When oc-

rit.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

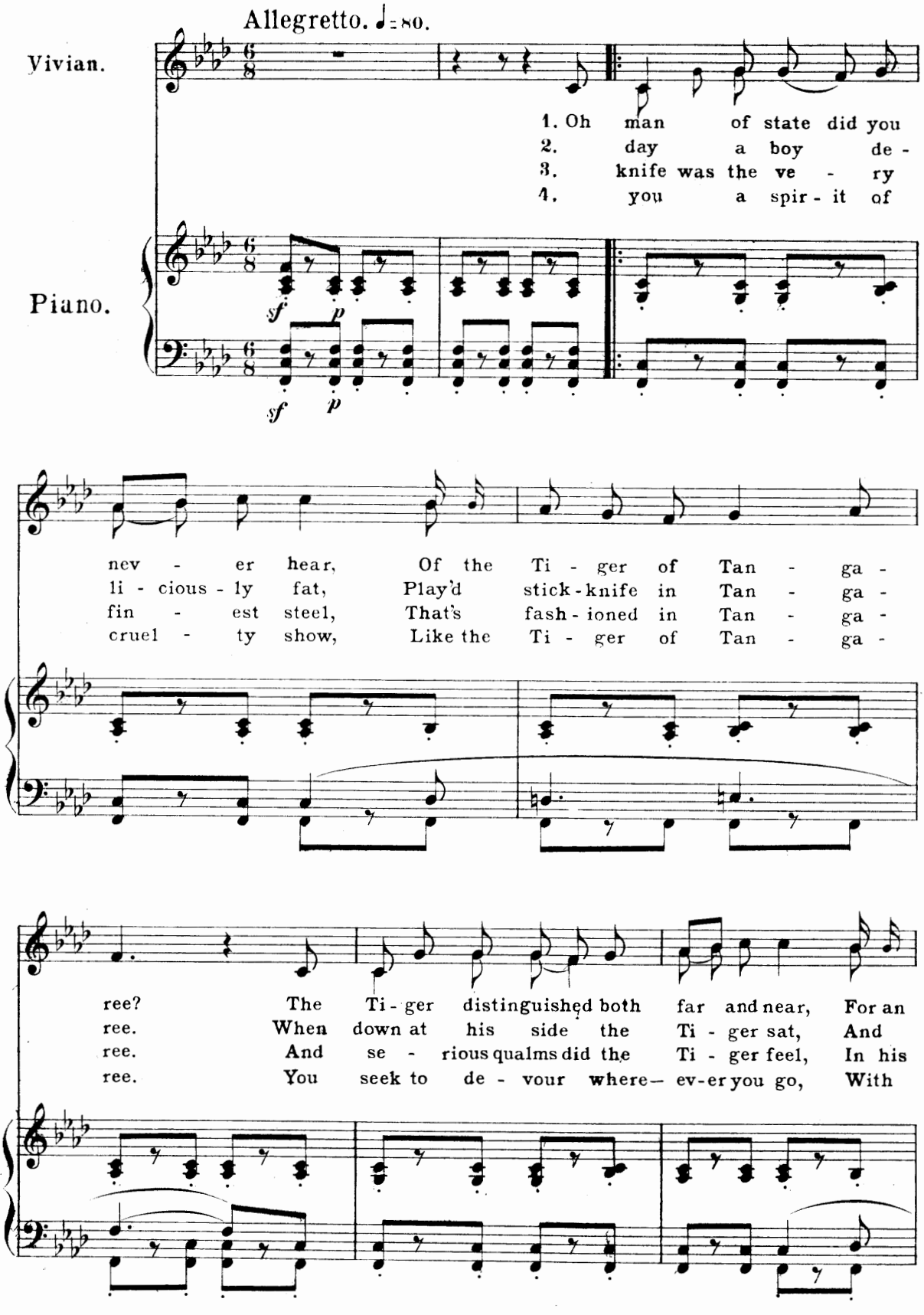
2.

head. Faster.

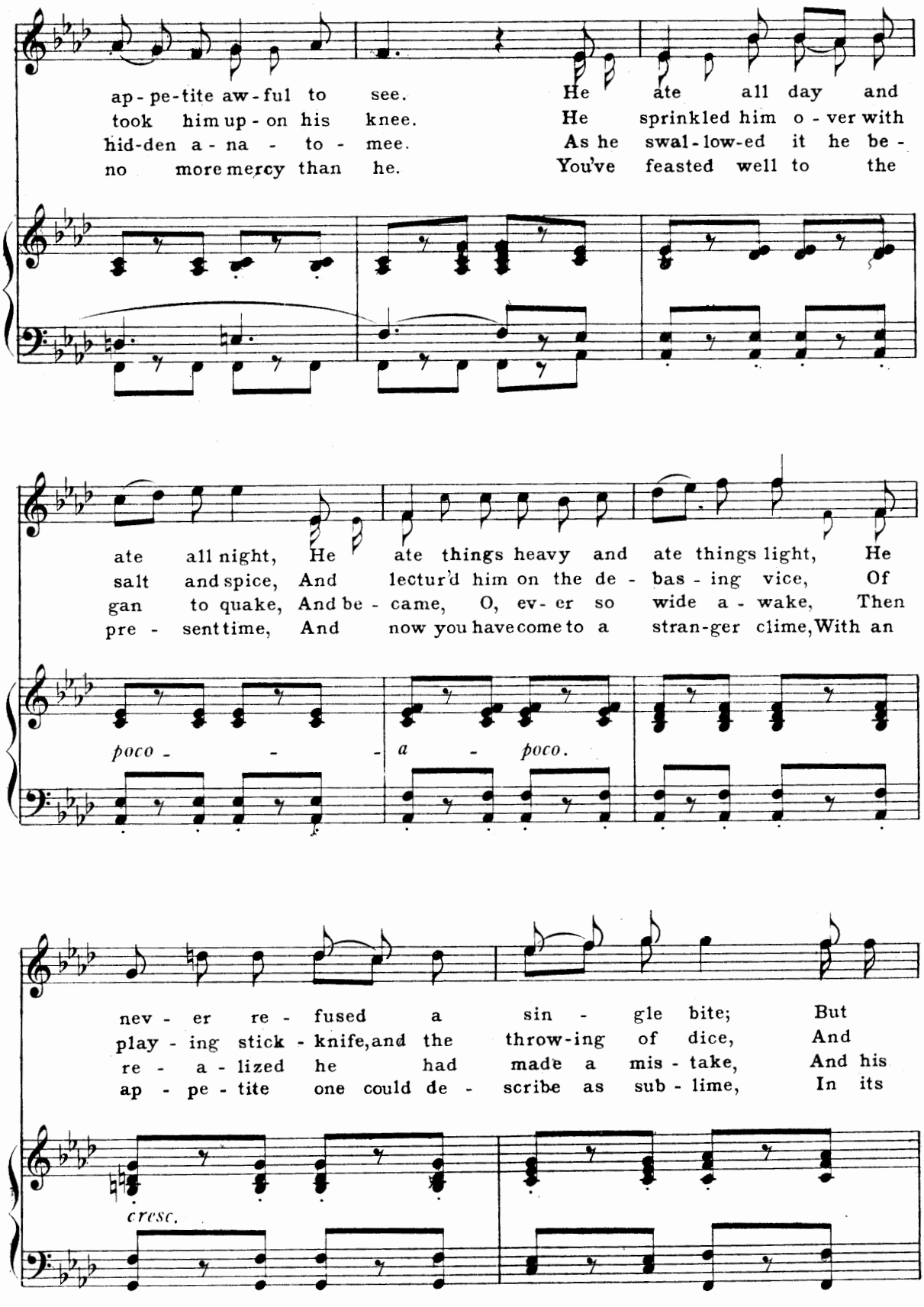
f ff

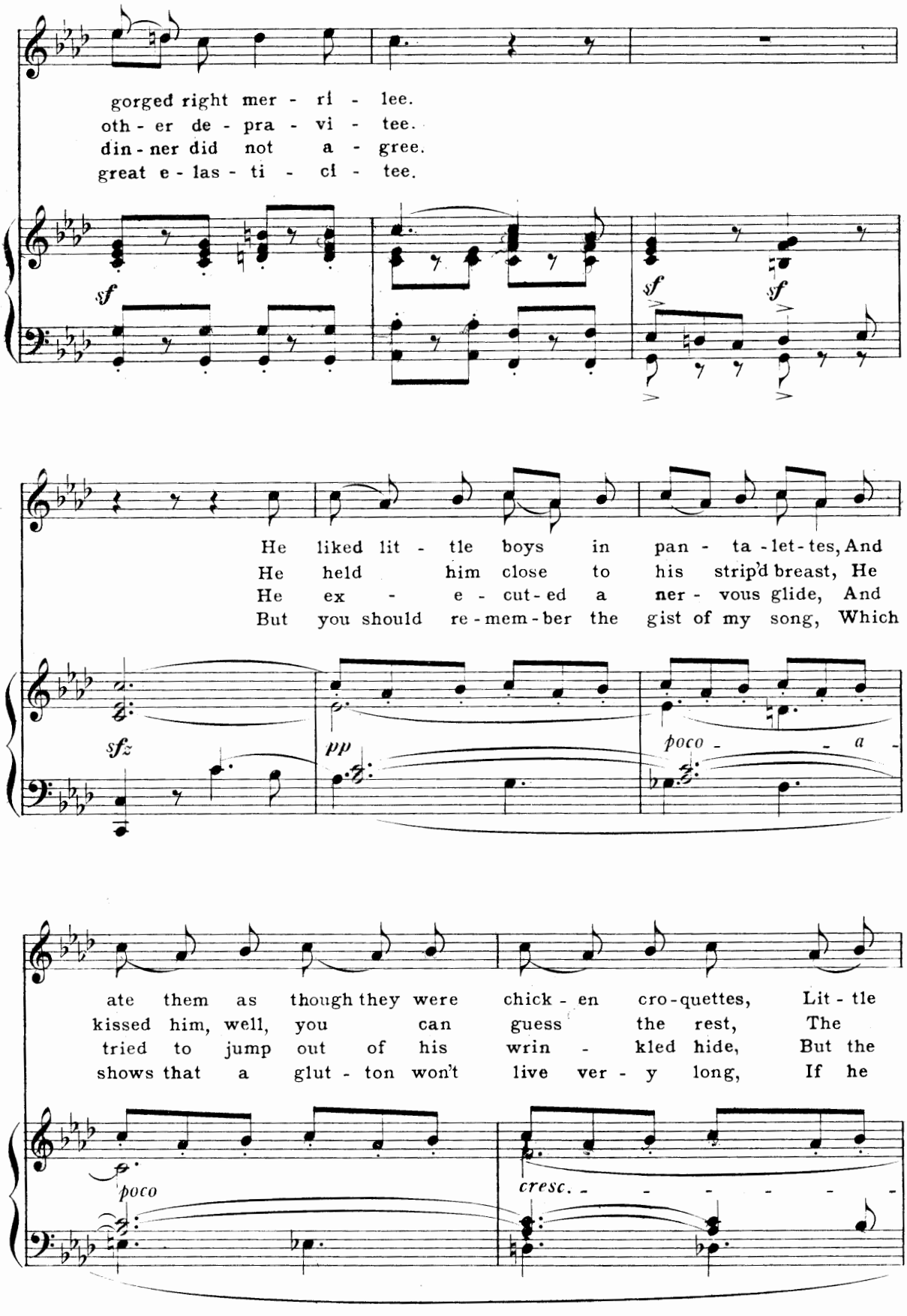
No. 13. The Tiger of Tangaree.

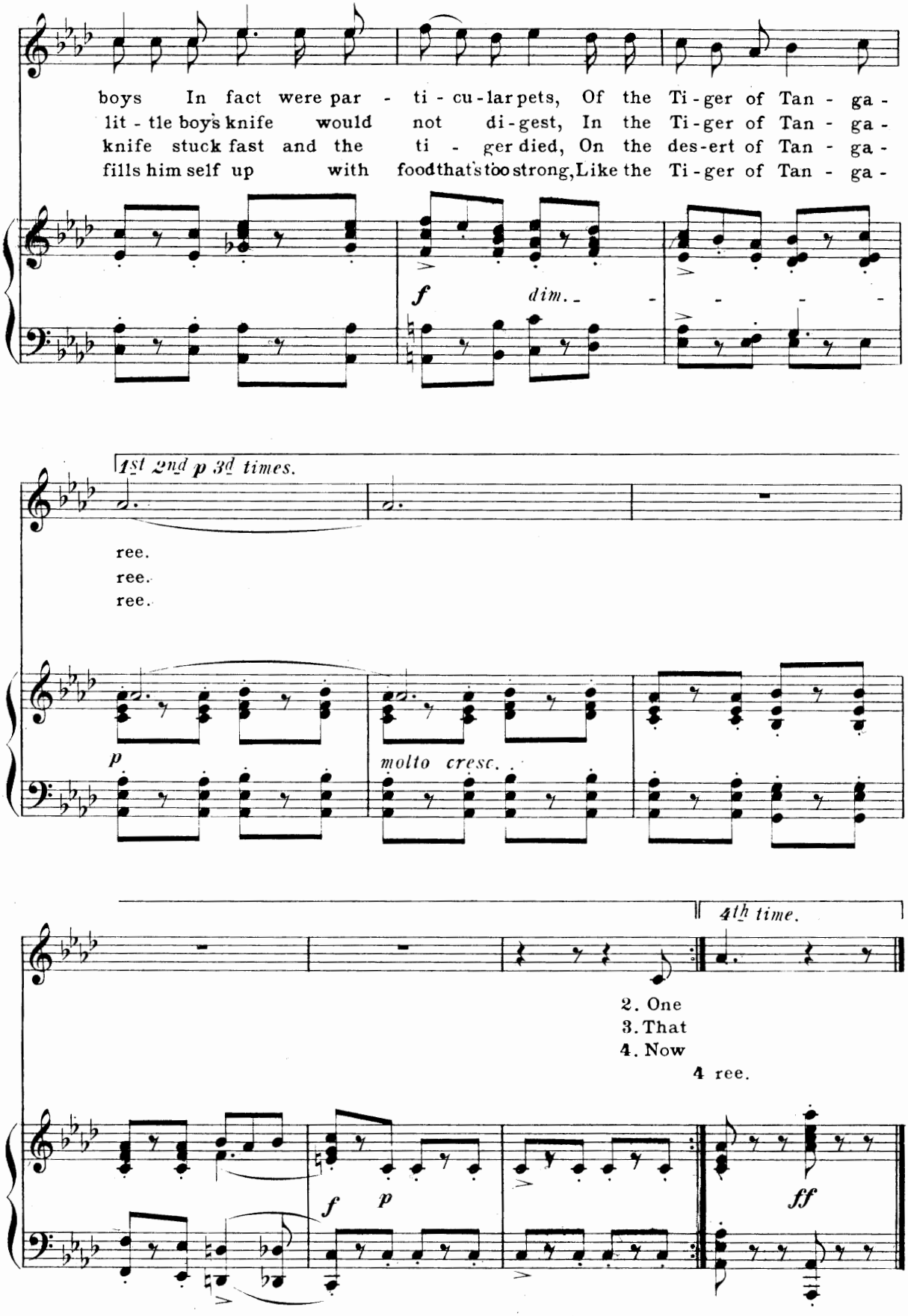
(Oriental Humoresque.)



Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

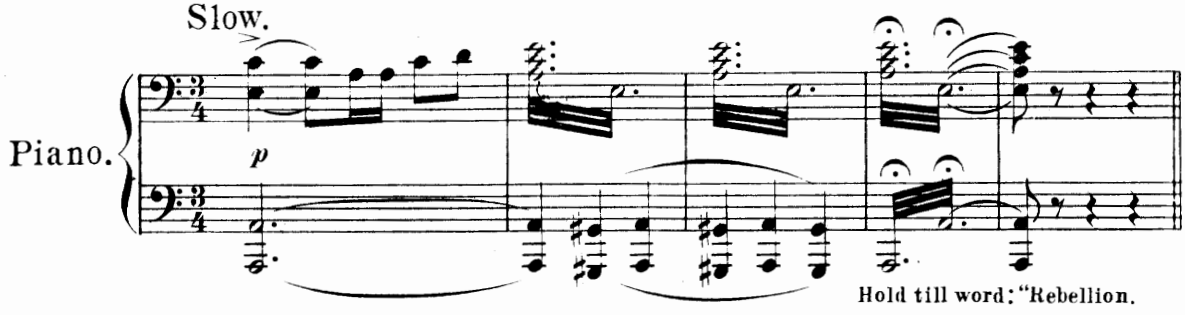

ap-pe-tite aw-ful to see. He ate all day and
took him up-on his knee. He sprinkled him o-ver with
hid-den a-na-to-mee. As he swal-low-ed it he be-
no more mercy than he. You've feasted well to the
ate all night, He ate things heavy and ate things light, He
salt and spice, And lectur'd him on the de-bas-ing vice, Of
gan to quake, And be-came, O, ev-er so wide a-wake, Then
pre-sent time, And now you have come to a stran-ger clime, With an
poco - - - a - poco.
nev-er re-fused a sin-gle bite; But
play-ing stick-knife, and the throw-ing of dice, And
re-a-lized he had made a mis-take, And his
ap-pe-tite one could de-scribe as sub-lime, In its
cresc.


gorged right mer - ri - lee.
oth - er de - pra - vi - tee.
din - ner did not a - gree.
great e - las - ti - ci - tee.
sf
sf
sf
He liked lit - tle boys in pan - ta - let - tes, And
He held him close to his strip'd breast, He
He ex - e - cut - ed a ner - vous glide, And
But you should re - mem - ber the gist of my song, Which
sfz
pp
poco - - a -
ate them as though they were chick - en cro - quettes, Lit - tle
kissed him, well, you can guess the rest, The
tried to jump out of his wrin - kled hide, But the
shows that a glut - ton won't live ver - y long, If he
poco
cresc. - - - - - -

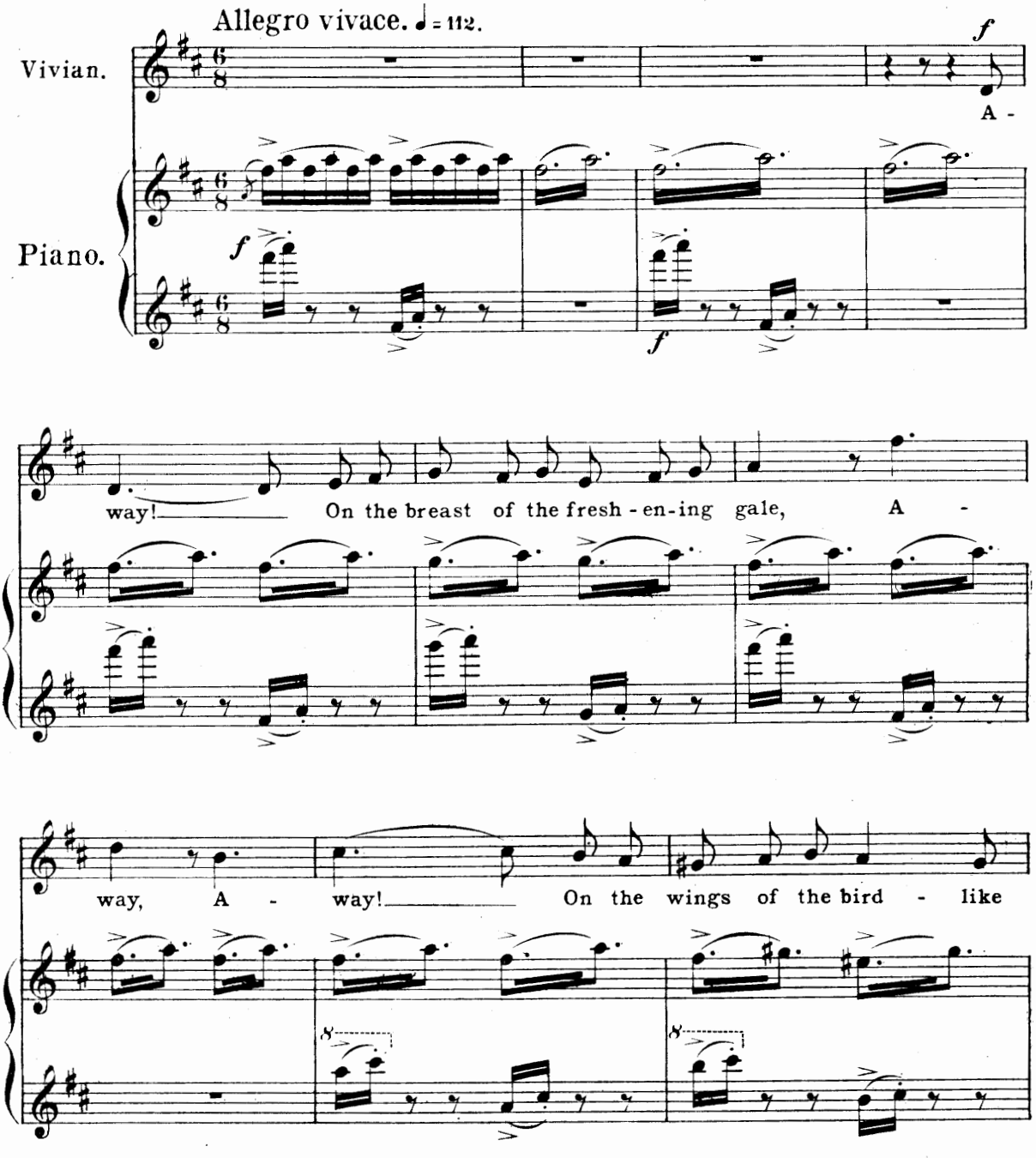

boys In fact were par - ti - cu - lar pets, Of the Ti - ger of Tan - ga -
lit - tle boy's knife would not di - gest, In the Ti - ger of Tan - ga -
knife stuck fast and the ti - ger died, On the des - ert of Tan - ga -
fills him self up with food that's too strong, Like the Ti - ger of Tan - ga -
f
dim.
1st 2nd p 3d times.
ree.
ree.
ree.
p
molto cresc.
4th time.
2. One
3. That
4. Now
4 ree.
f
p
ff

Nº 14.

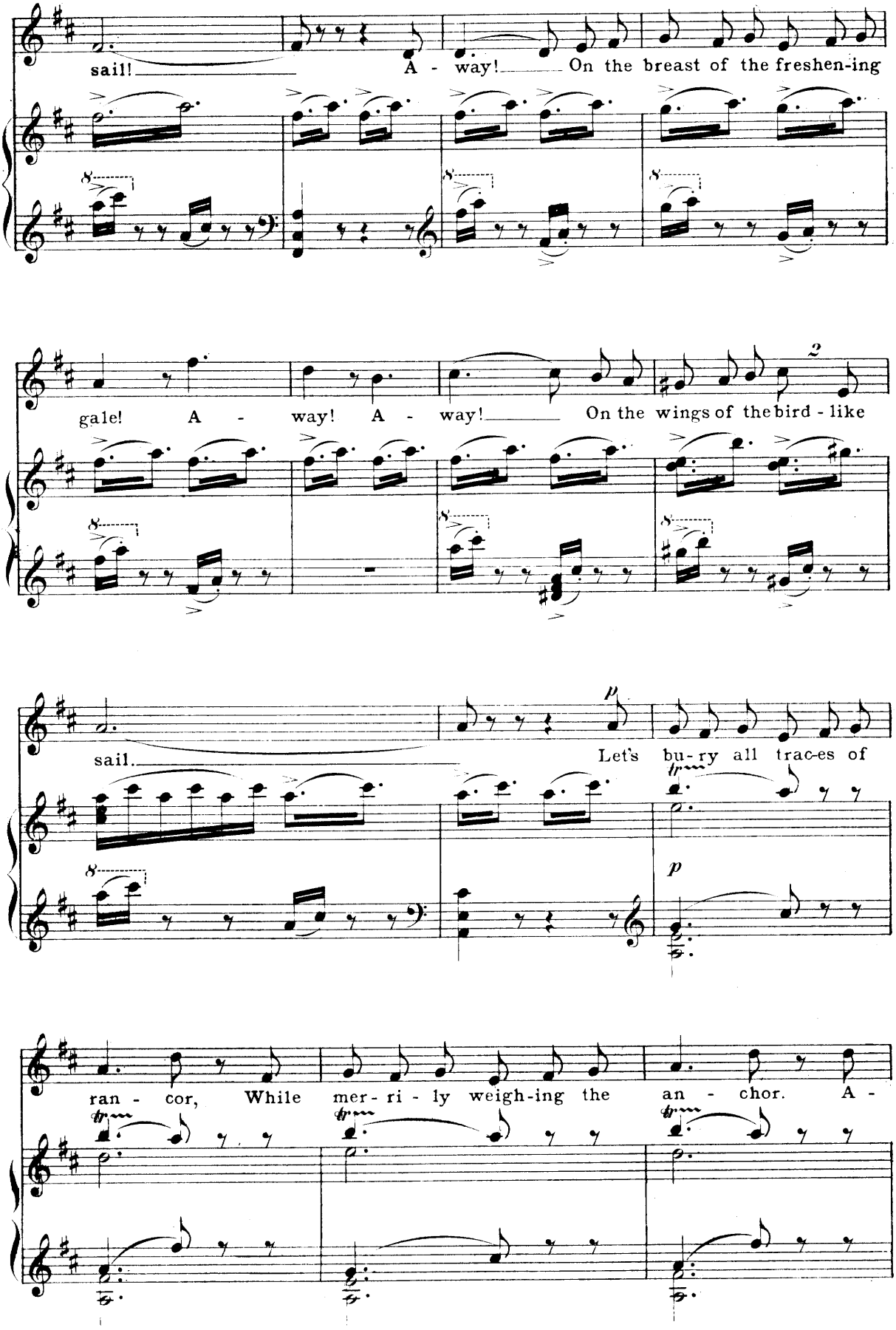
Dialogue till the words of W. Gen: "She is a witch." etc:

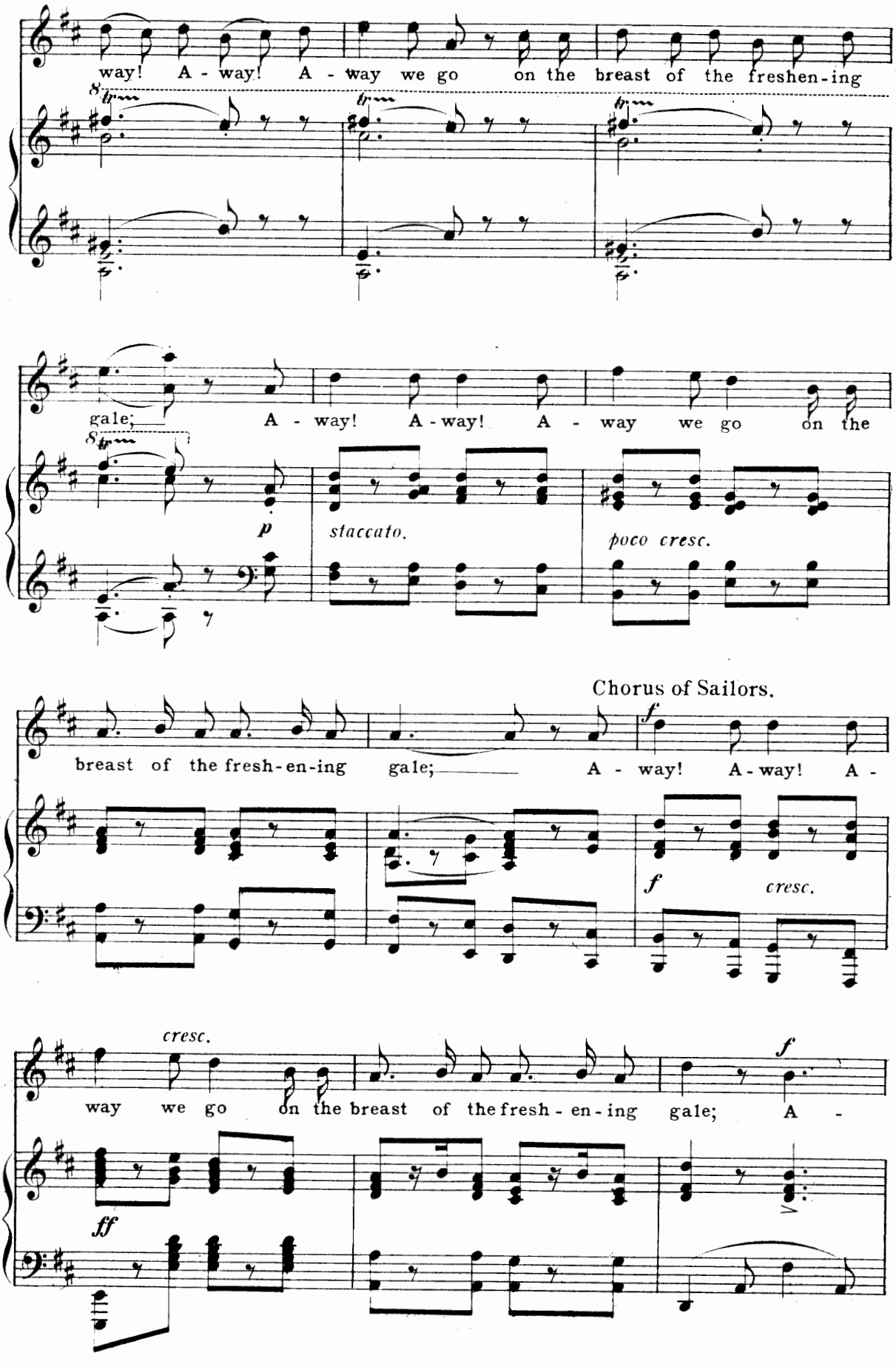


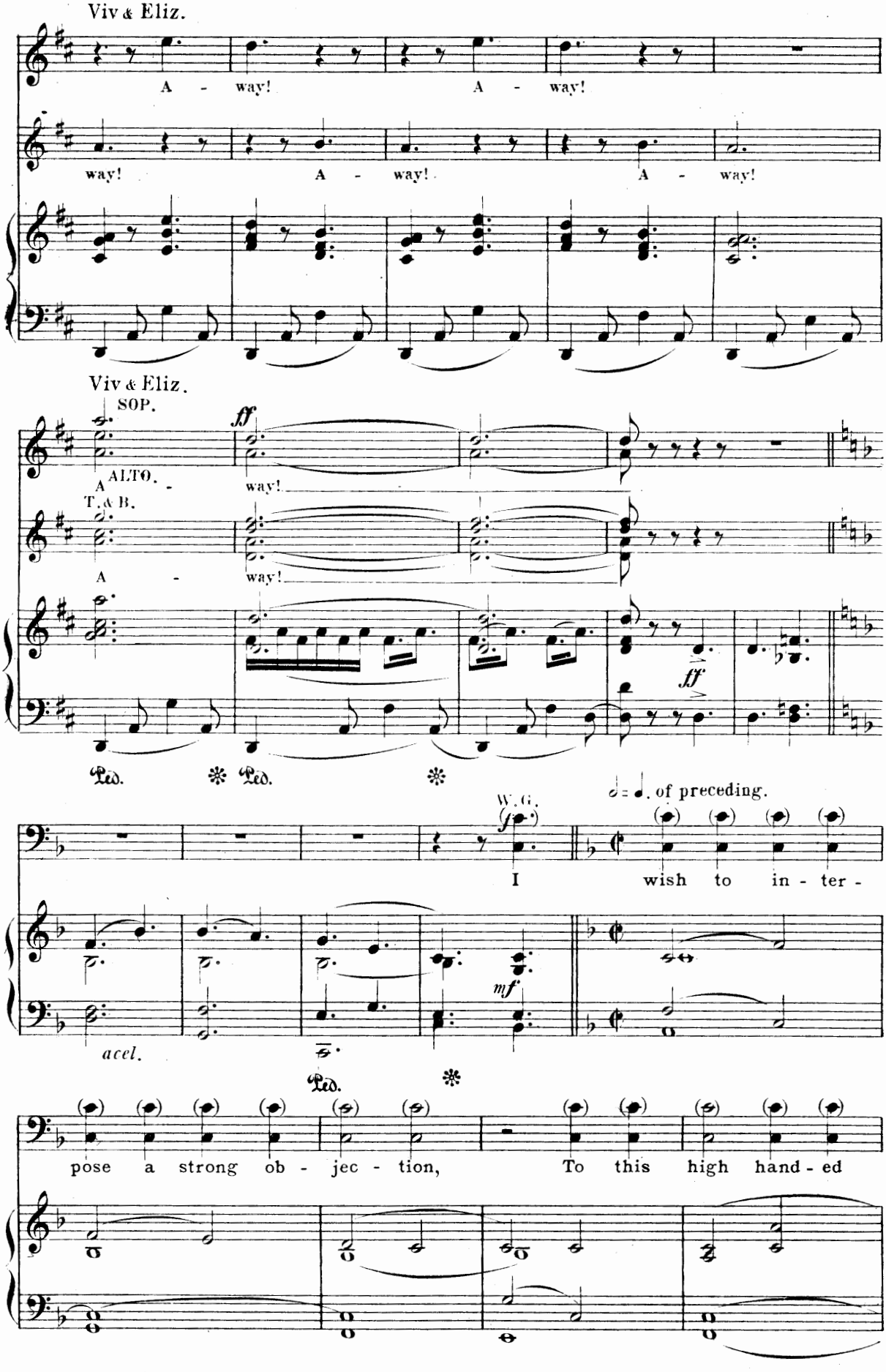
Nº 15. Finale.

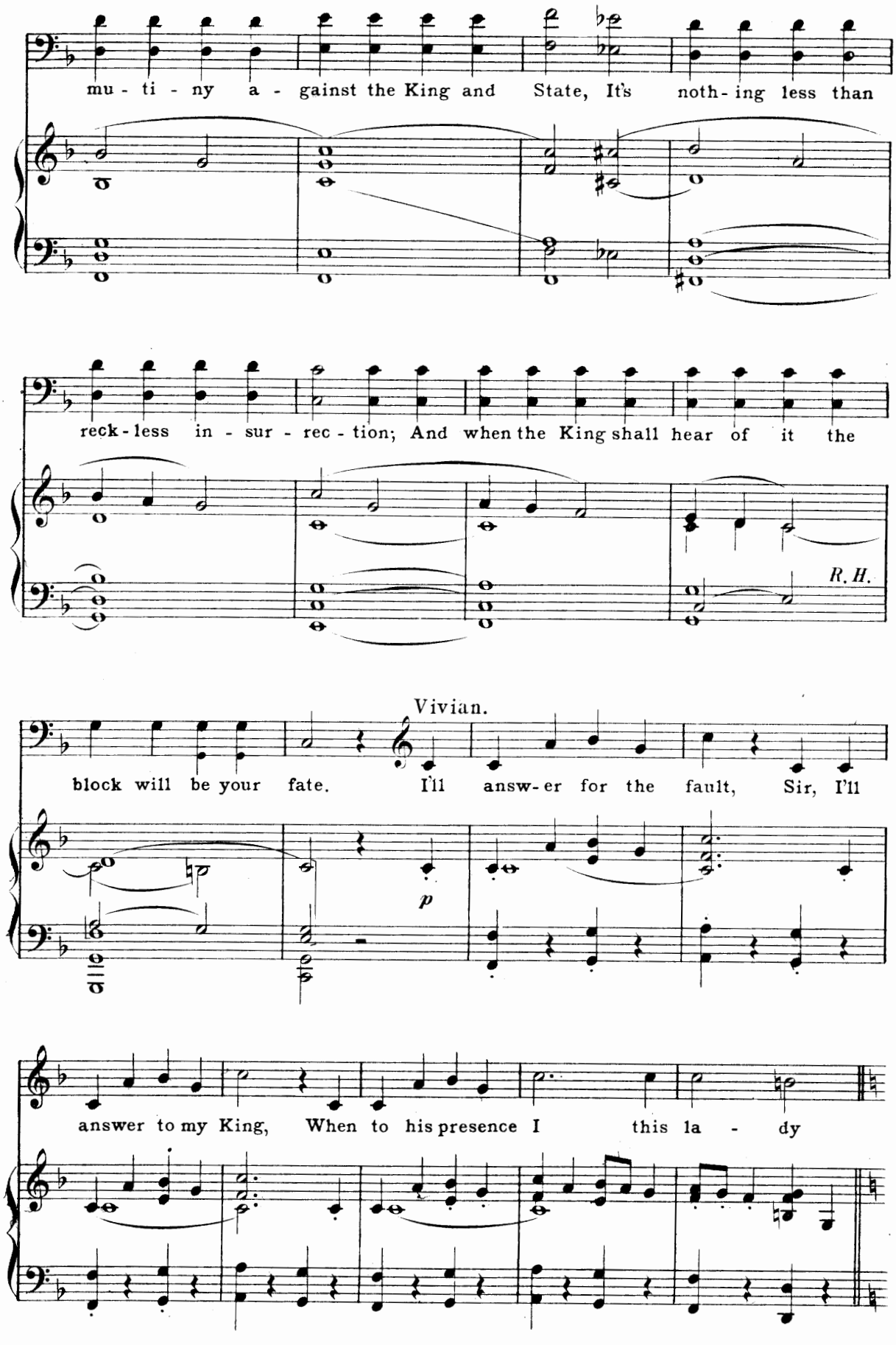


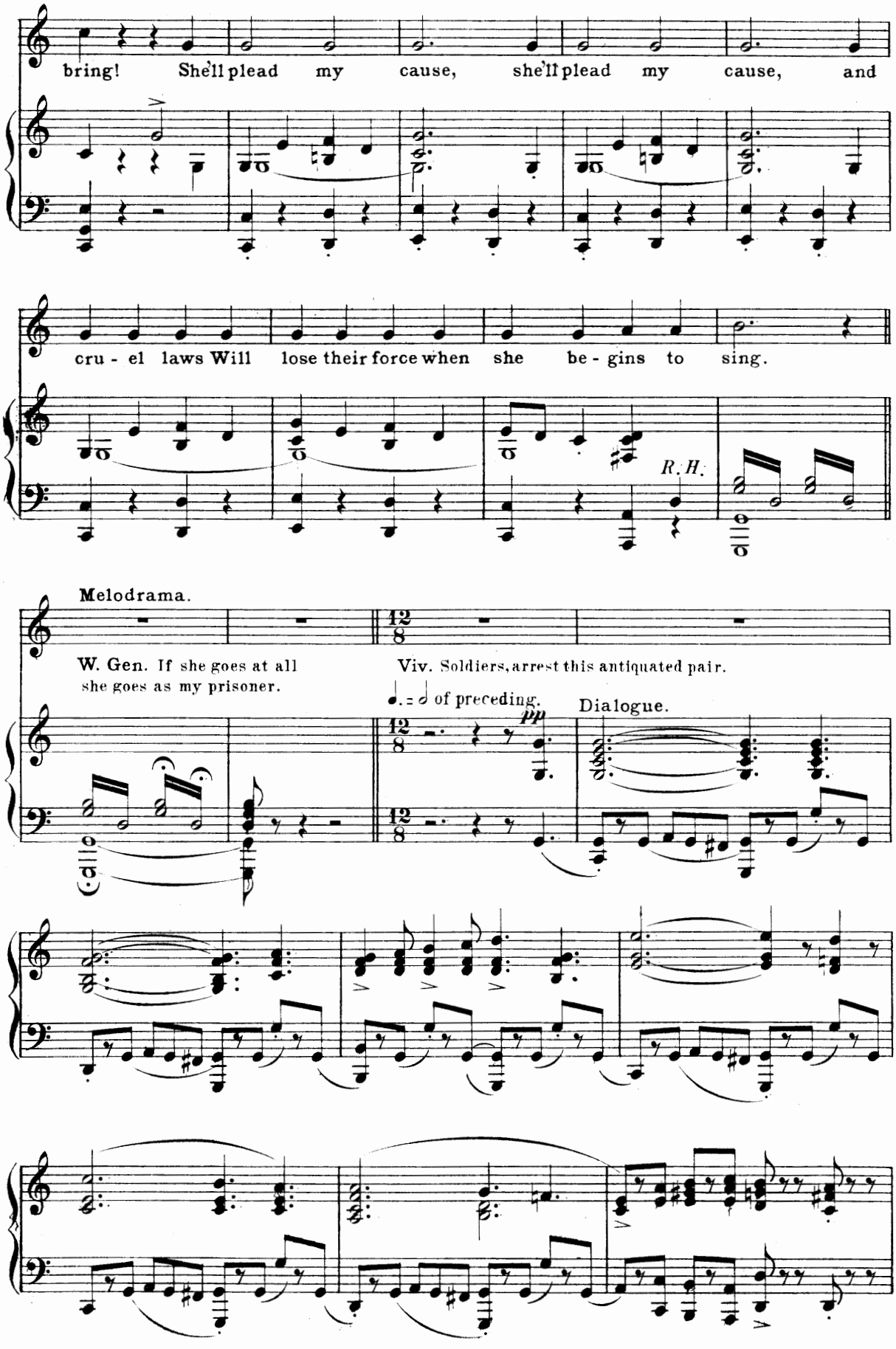
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

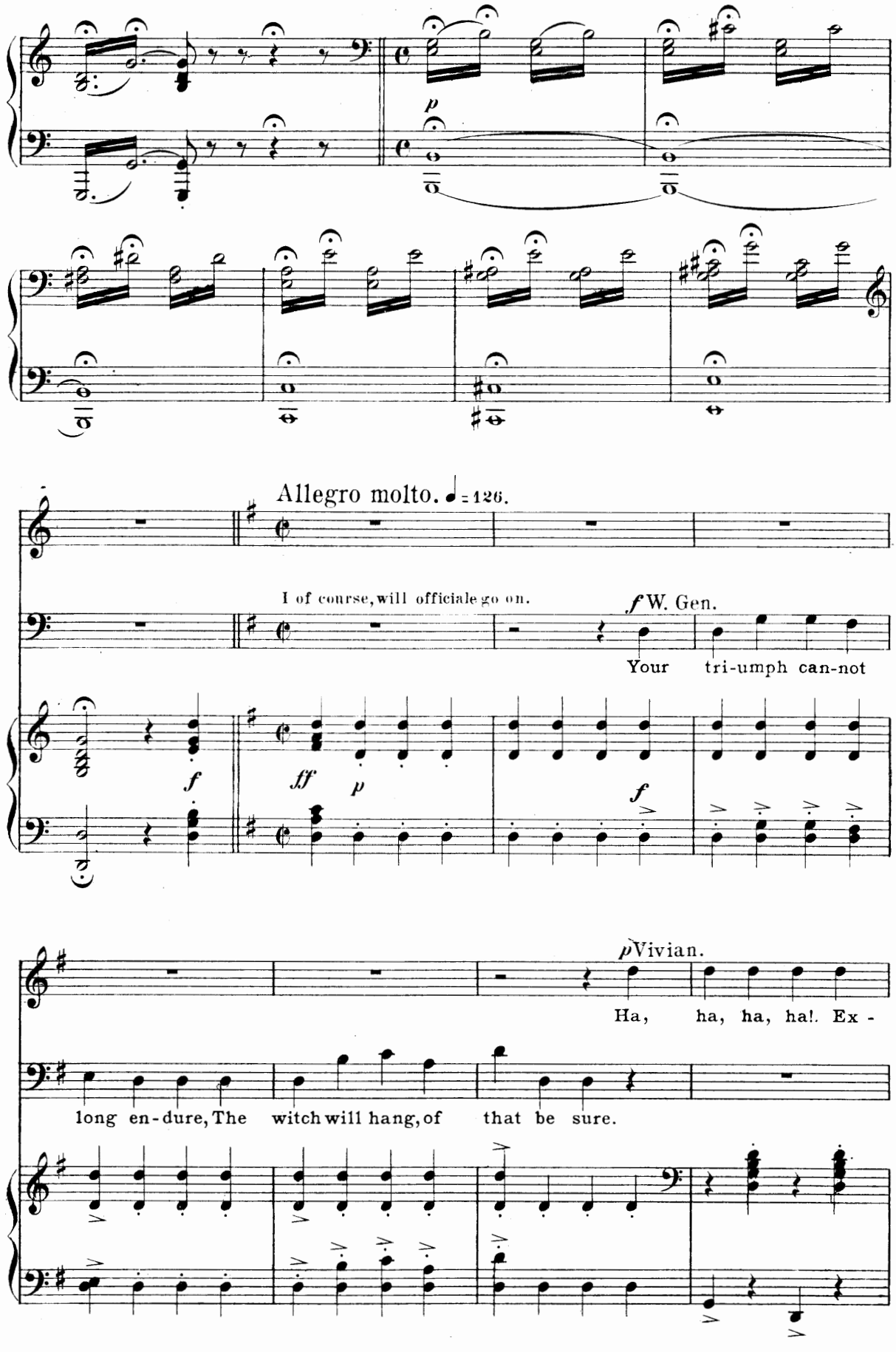

sail! A - way! On the breast of the freshen-ing
gale! A - way! A - way! On the wings of the bird - like
sail. Let's bu-ry all trac-es of
ran - cor, While mer - ri - ly weigh-ing the an - chor. A -

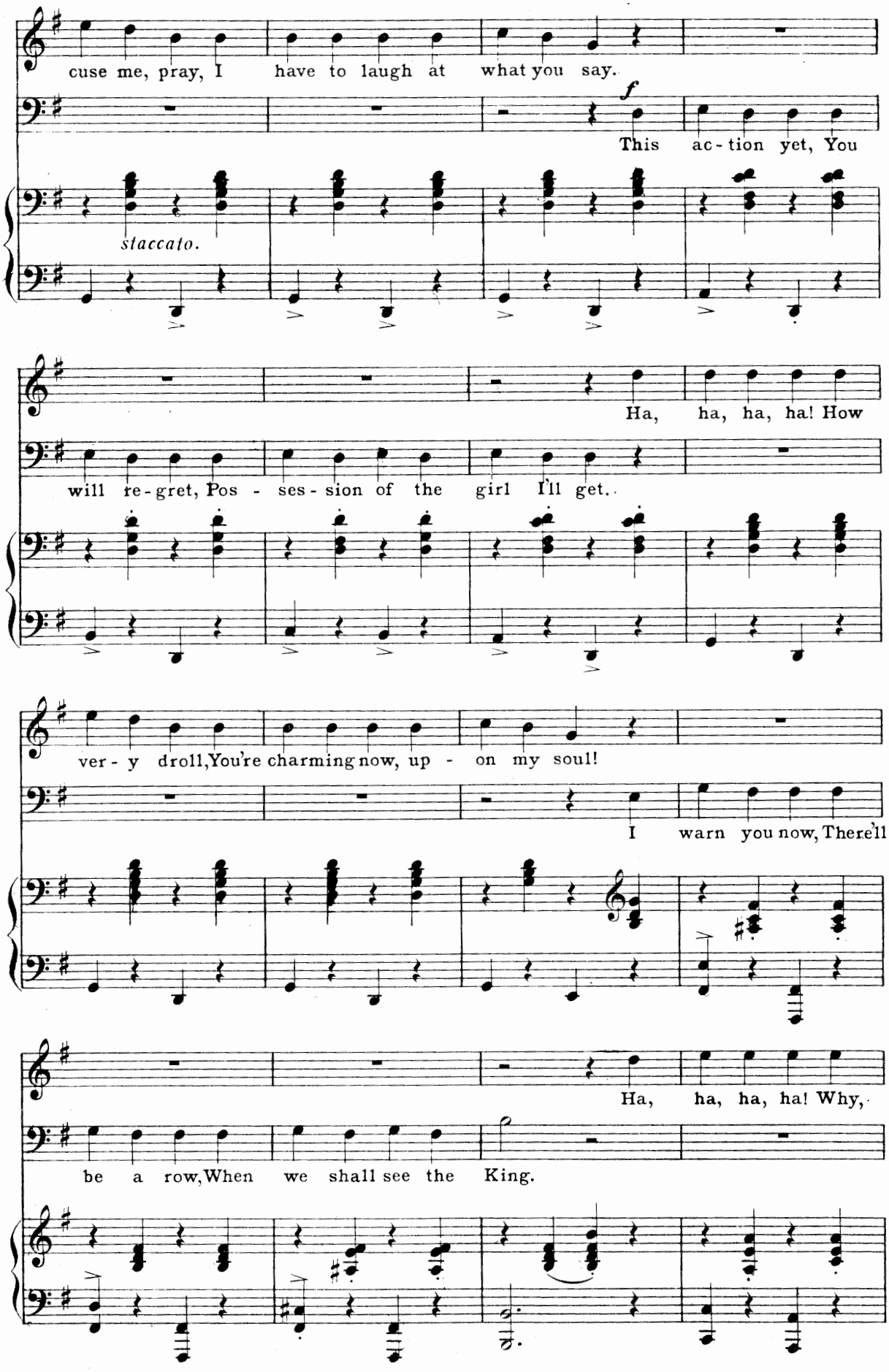

way! A - way! A - way we go on the breast of the freshen-ing
gale; A - way! A - way! A - way we go on the
p
staccato.
poco cresc.
Chorus of Sailors.
f
breast of the fresh-en-ing gale; A - way! A - way! A -
f
cresc.
cresc.
way we go on the breast of the fresh - en - ing gale; A -
f
ff

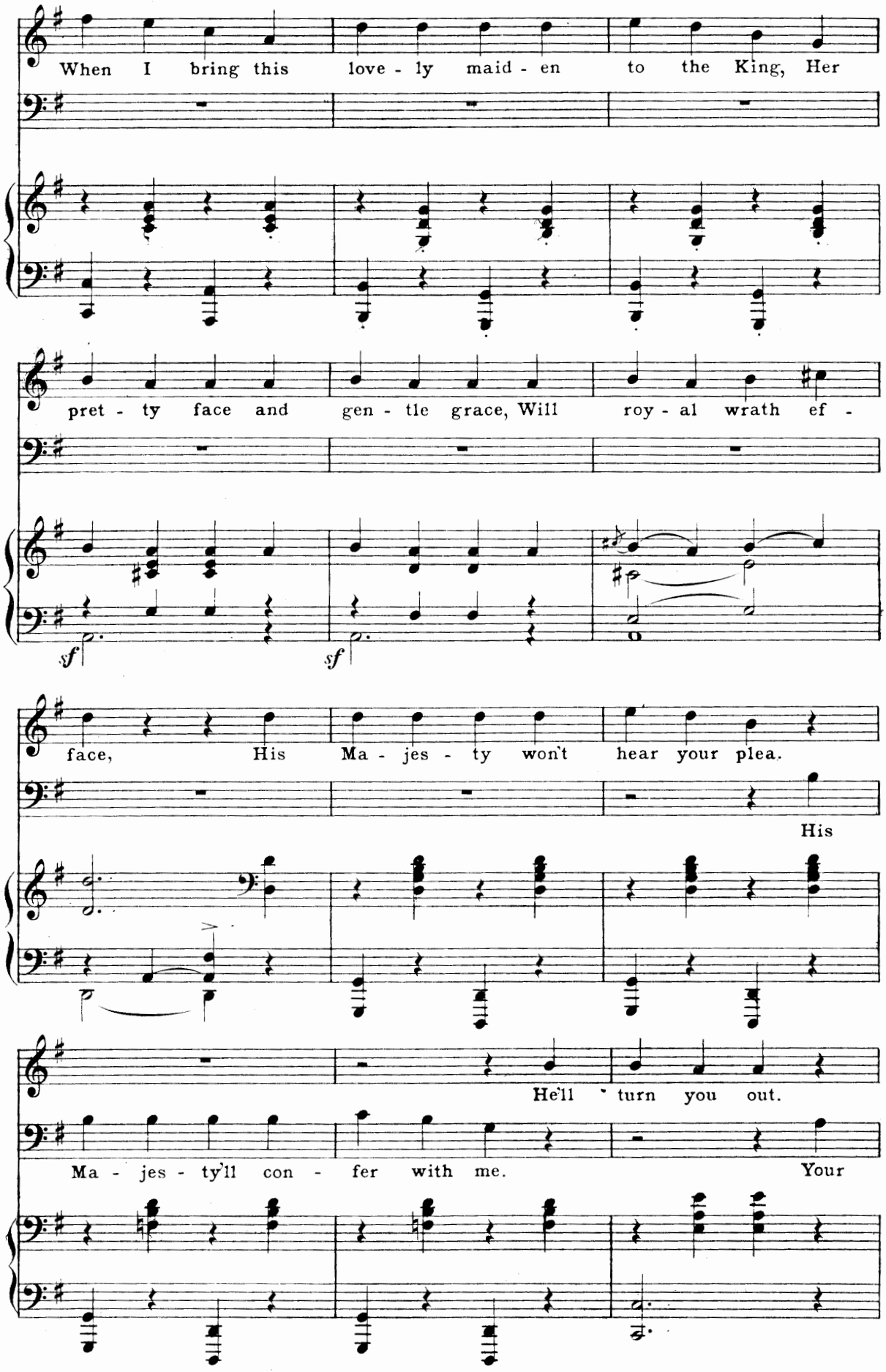

Viv & Eliz.
A - way! A - way!
way! A - way! A - way!
Viv & Eliz.
SOP.
ALTO.
T. & B.
A - way!
A - way!
ff
ff
Ped. * Ped. *
W. G.
f
𝅗𝅥 = ♩. of preceding.
I wish to in - ter -
mf
acel.
Ped. *
pose a strong ob - jec - tion, To this high hand - ed

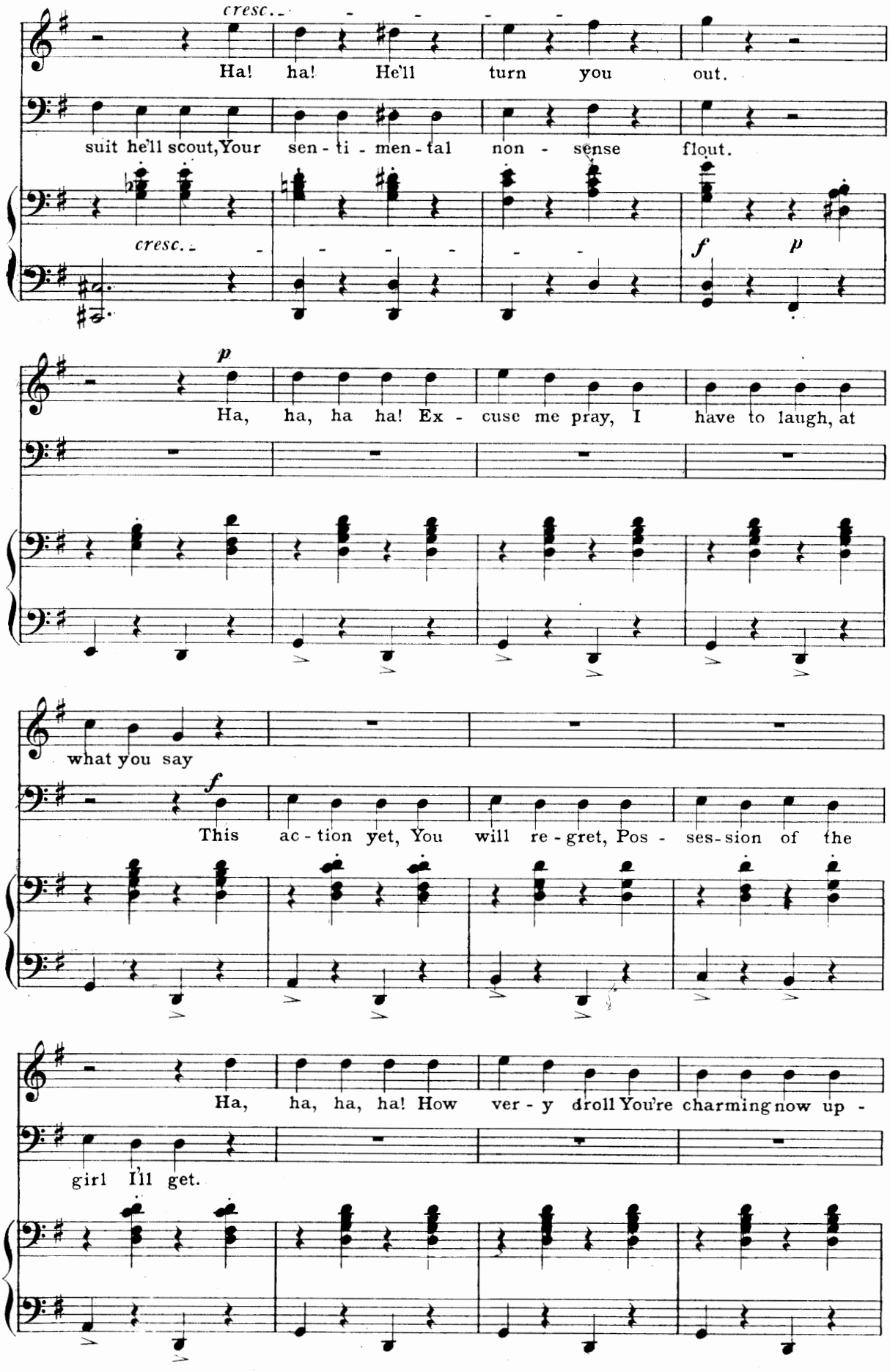

mu - ti - ny a - gainst the King and State, It's noth - ing less than
reck - less in - sur - rec - tion; And when the King shall hear of it the
R. H.
Vivian.
block will be your fate. I'll answ - er for the fault, Sir, I'll
p
answer to my King, When to his presence I this la - dy

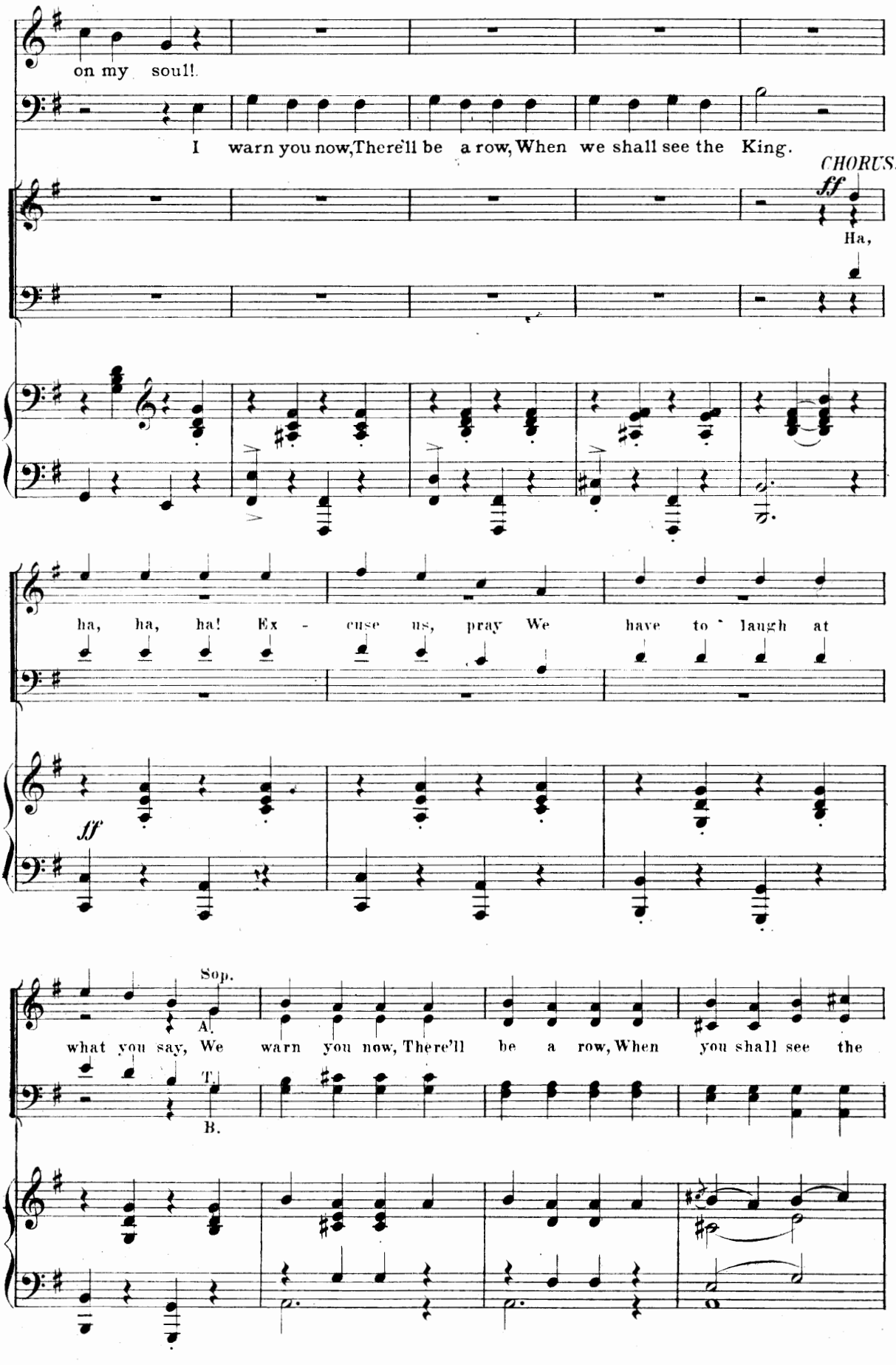

bring! She'll plead my cause, she'll plead my cause, and
cru - el laws Will lose their force when she be - gins to sing.
R. H.
Melodrama.
W. Gen. If she goes at all she goes as my prisoner.
Viv. Soldiers, arrest this antiquated pair.
♩. = ♩ of preceding.
pp
Dialogue.

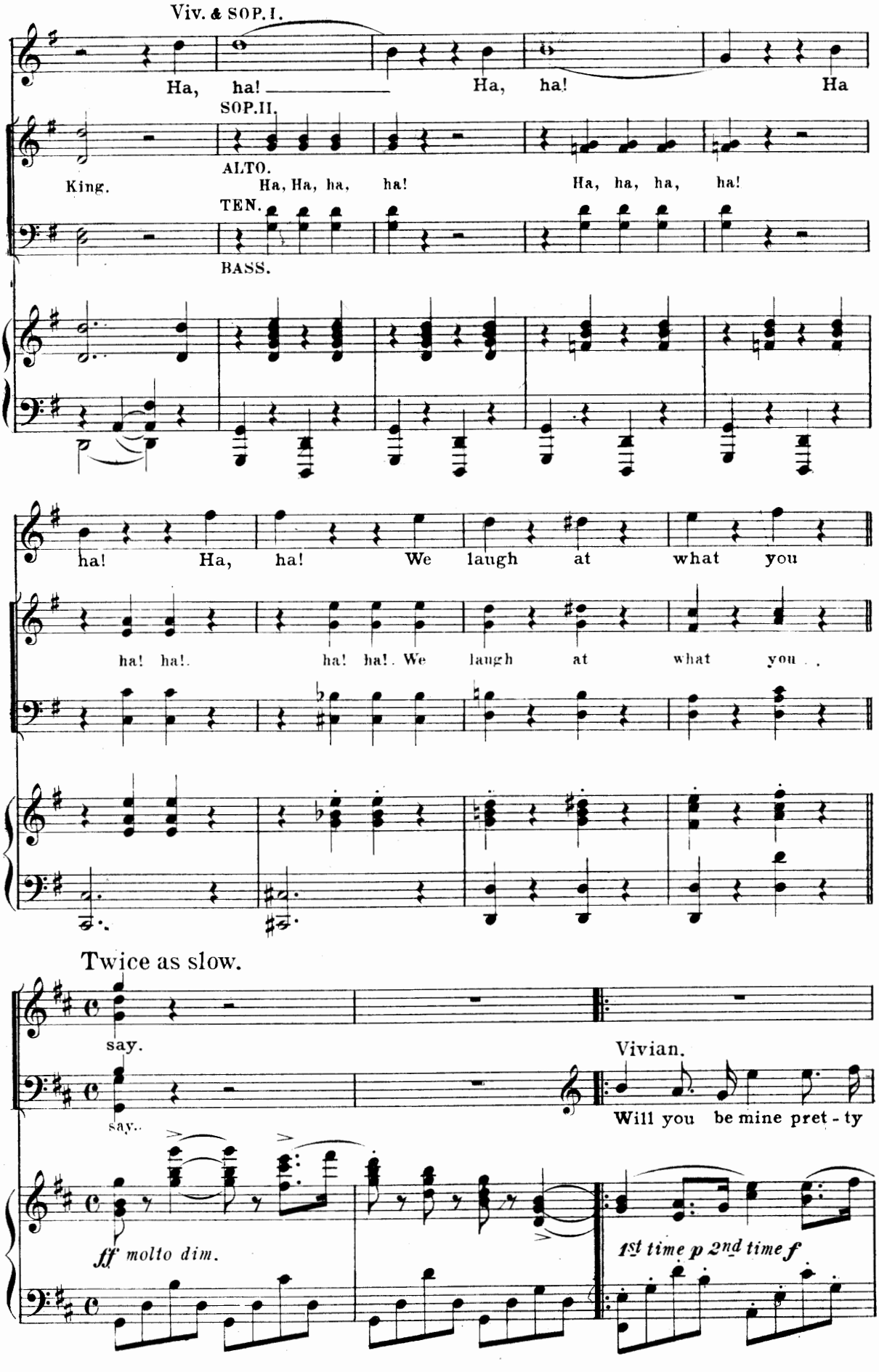

p
Allegro molto. ♩ = 126.
I of course, will officiale go on.
f W. Gen.
Your tri-umph can-not
f
ff
p
f
p Vivian.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!. Ex -
long en-dure, The witch will hang, of that be sure.

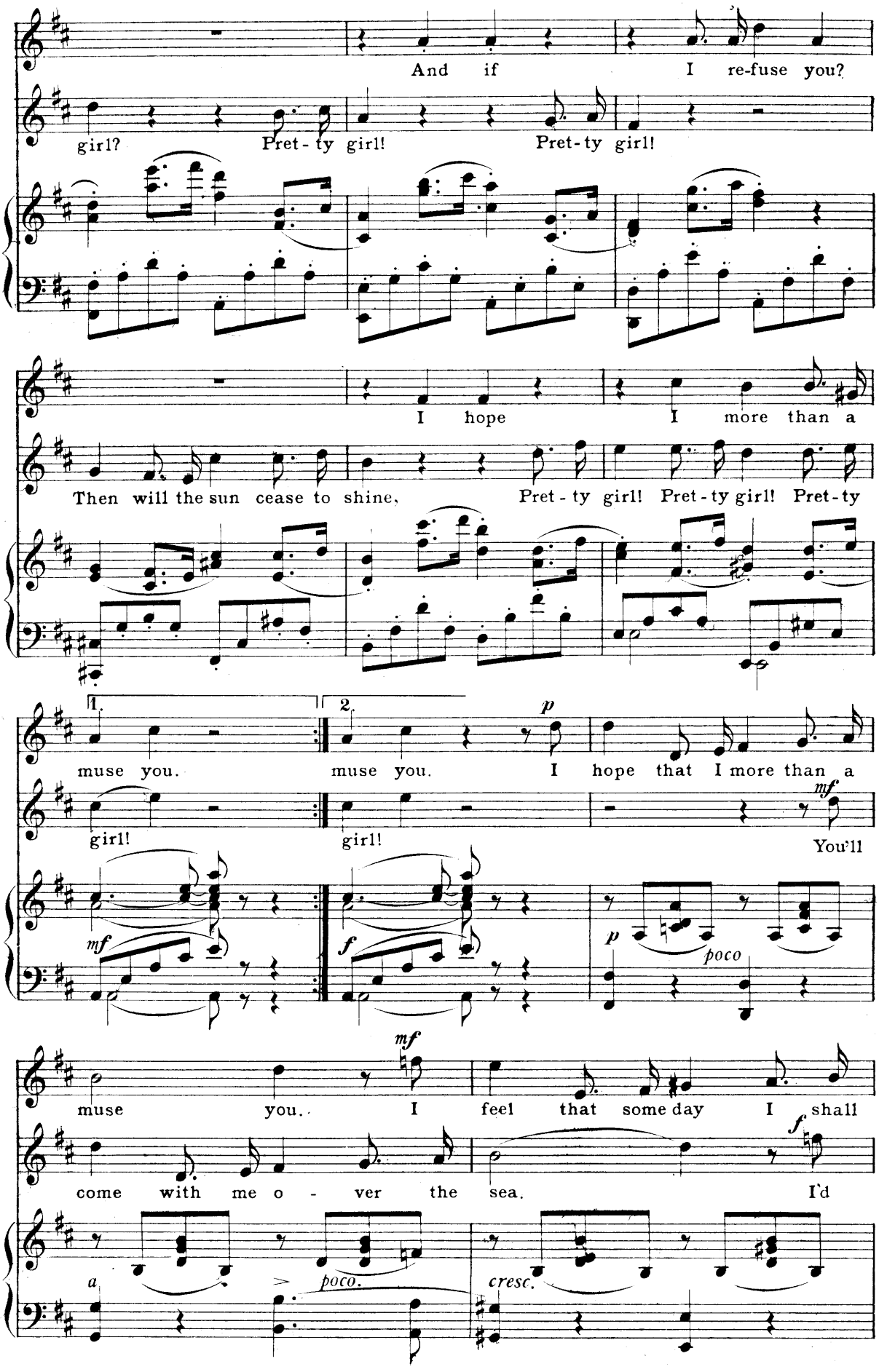

cuse me, pray, I have to laugh at what you say.
f
This ac-tion yet, You
staccato.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! How
will re-gret, Pos-ses-sion of the girl I'll get.
ver-y droll, You're charming now, up-on my soul!
I warn you now, There'll
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why,
be a row, When we shall see the King.

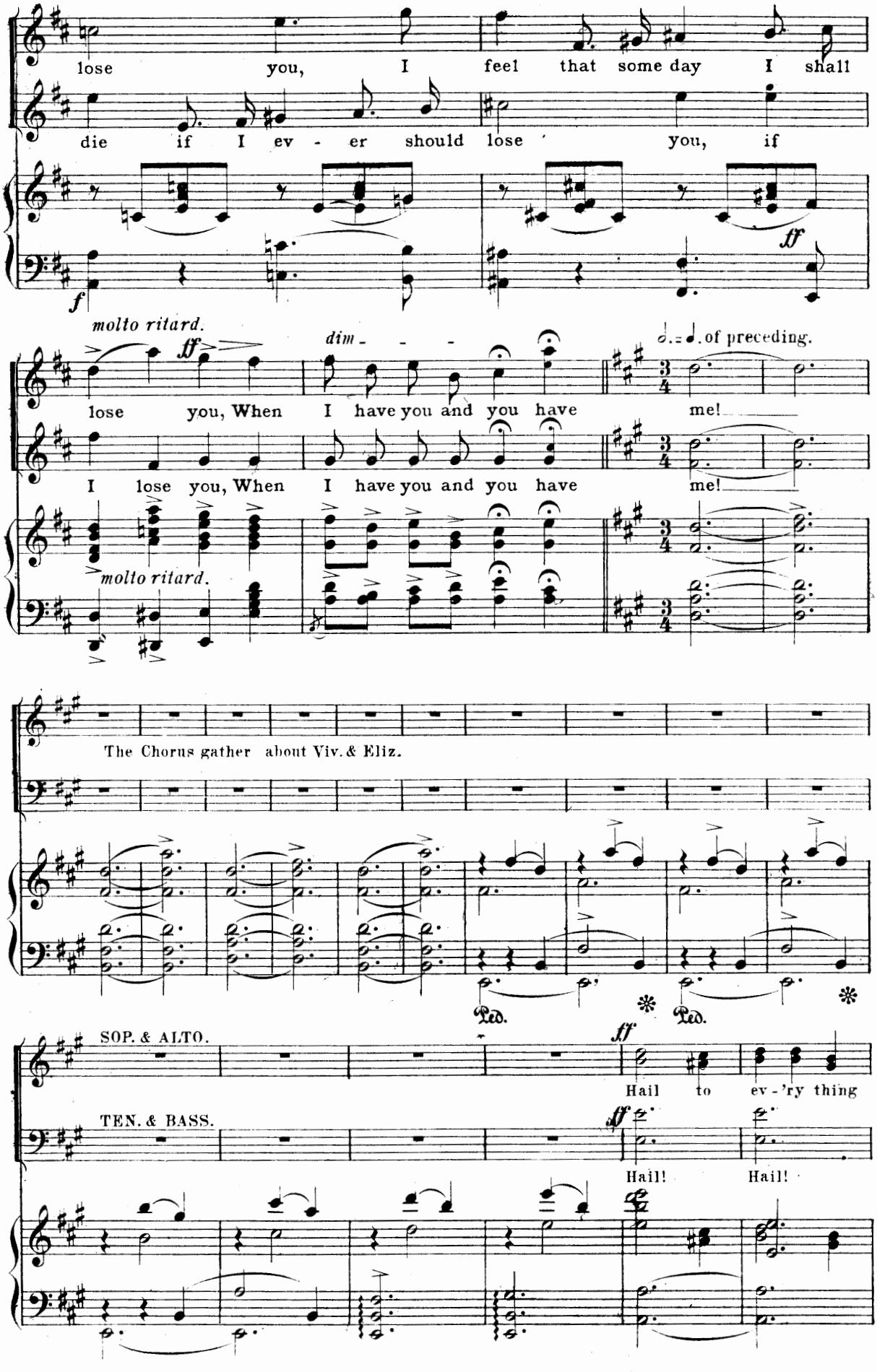

When I bring this love - ly maid - en to the King, Her
pret - ty face and gen - tle grace, Will roy - al wrath ef -
sf
sf
face, His Ma - jes - ty won't hear your plea.
His
He'll turn you out.
Ma - jes - ty'll con - fer with me.
Your

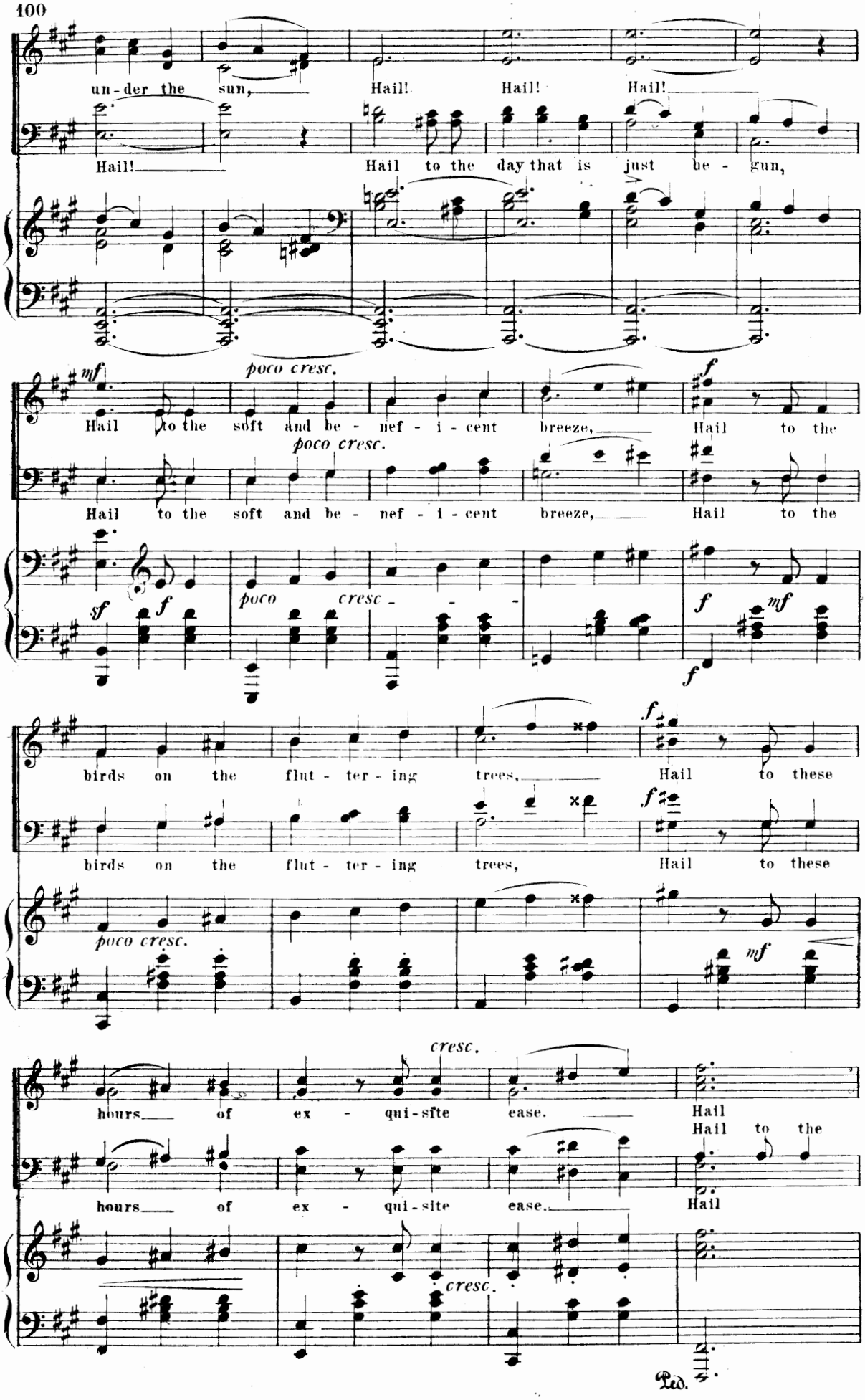

cresc.
Ha! ha! He'll turn you out.
suit he'll scout, Your sen - ti - men - tal non - sense flout.
cresc.
f
p
p
Ha, ha, ha ha! Ex - cuse me pray, I have to laugh, at
what you say
f
This ac - tion yet, You will re - gret, Pos - ses - sion of the
Ha, ha, ha, ha! How ver - y droll You're charming now up -
girl I'll get.

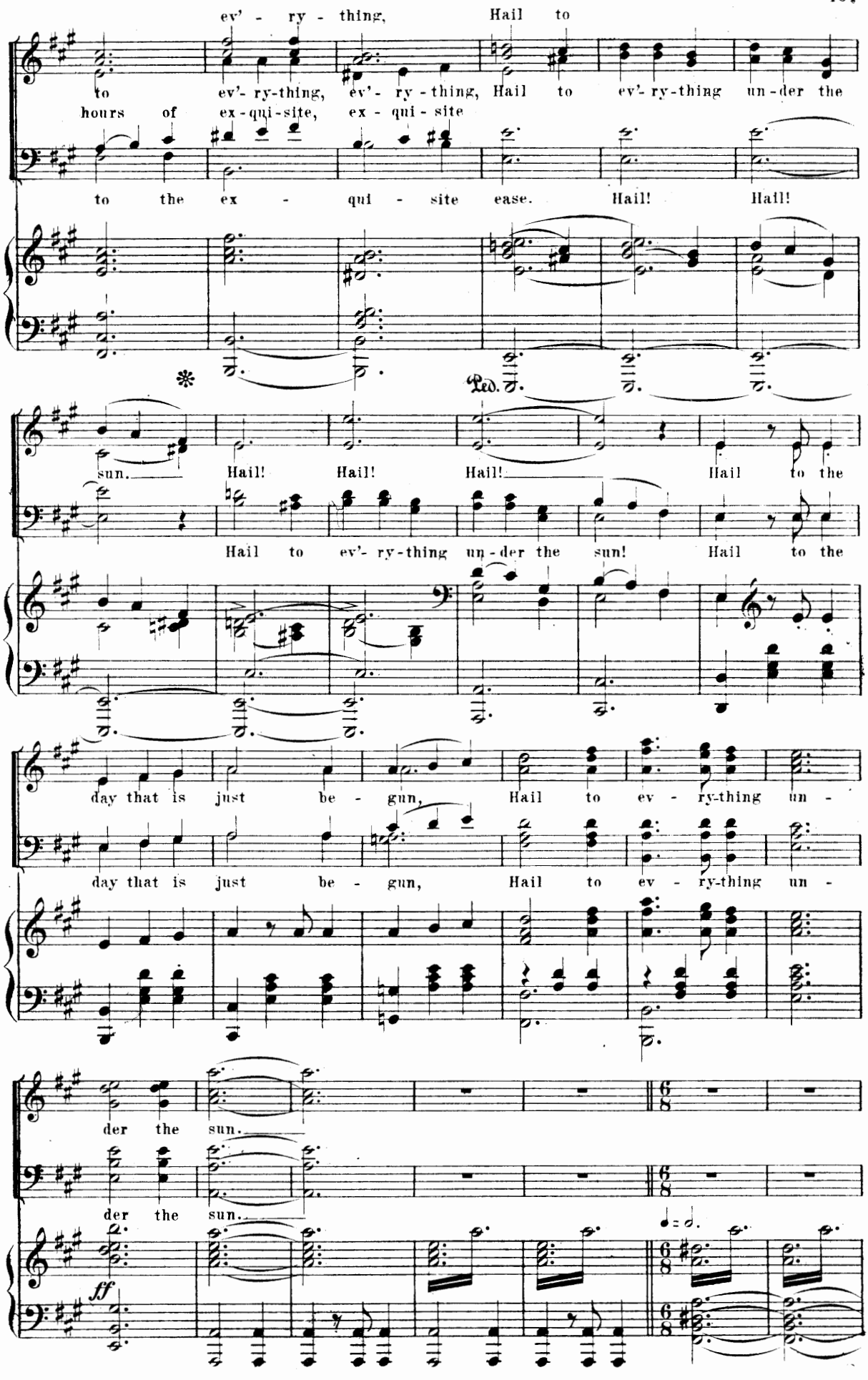

on my soul!
I warn you now, There'll be a row, When we shall see the King.
CHORUS.
ff
Ha,
ha, ha, ha! Ex - cuse us, pray We have to laugh at
ff
Sop.
A.
T.
B.
what you say, We warn you now, There'll be a row, When you shall see the

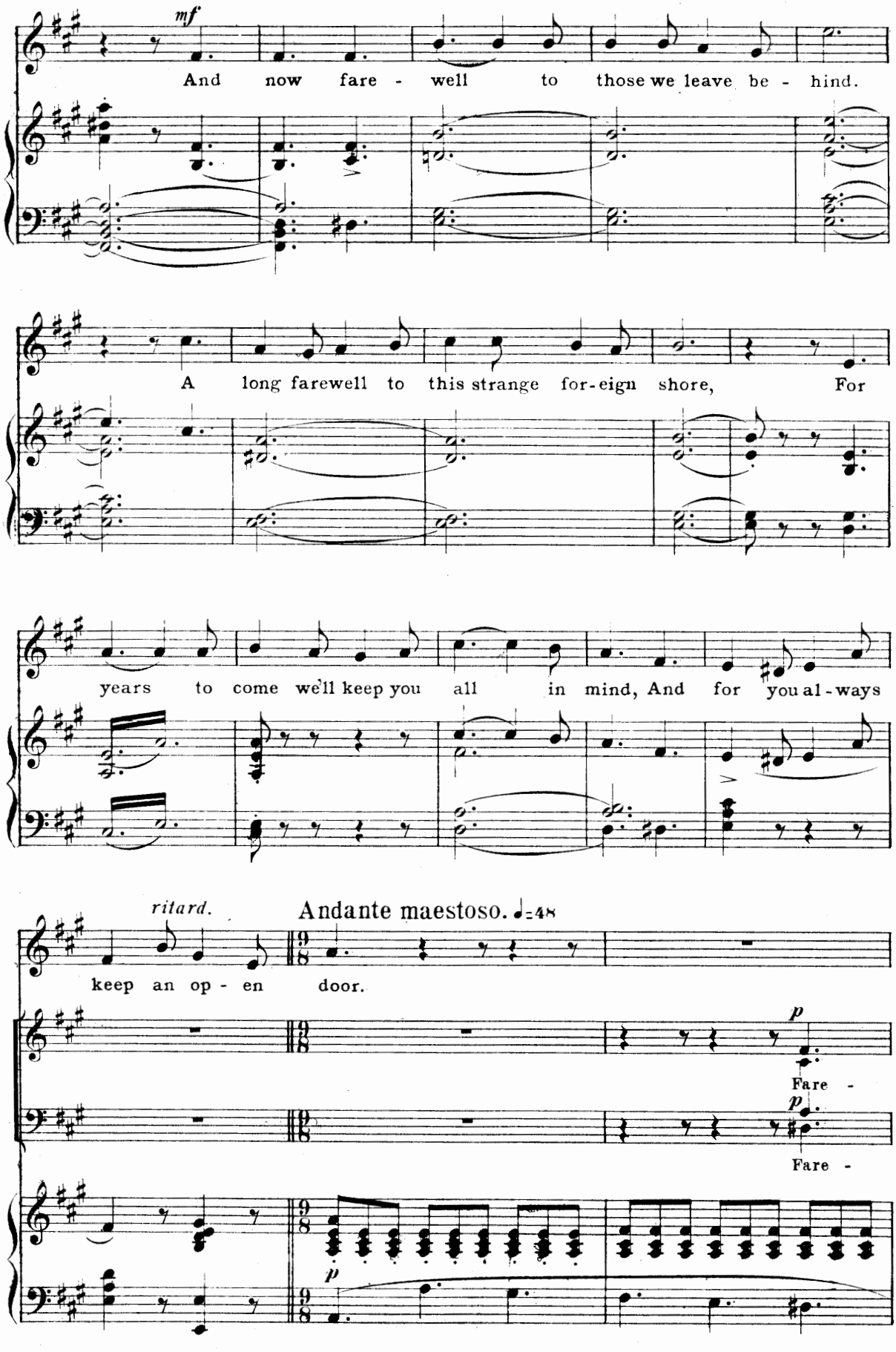

Viv. & SOP. I.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha
SOP. II.
ALTO.
King. Ha, Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
TEN.
BASS.
ha! Ha, ha! We laugh at what you
ha! ha! ha! ha! We laugh at what you
Twice as slow.
say.
say.
Vivian.
Will you be mine pret - ty
ff molto dim.
1st time p 2nd time f

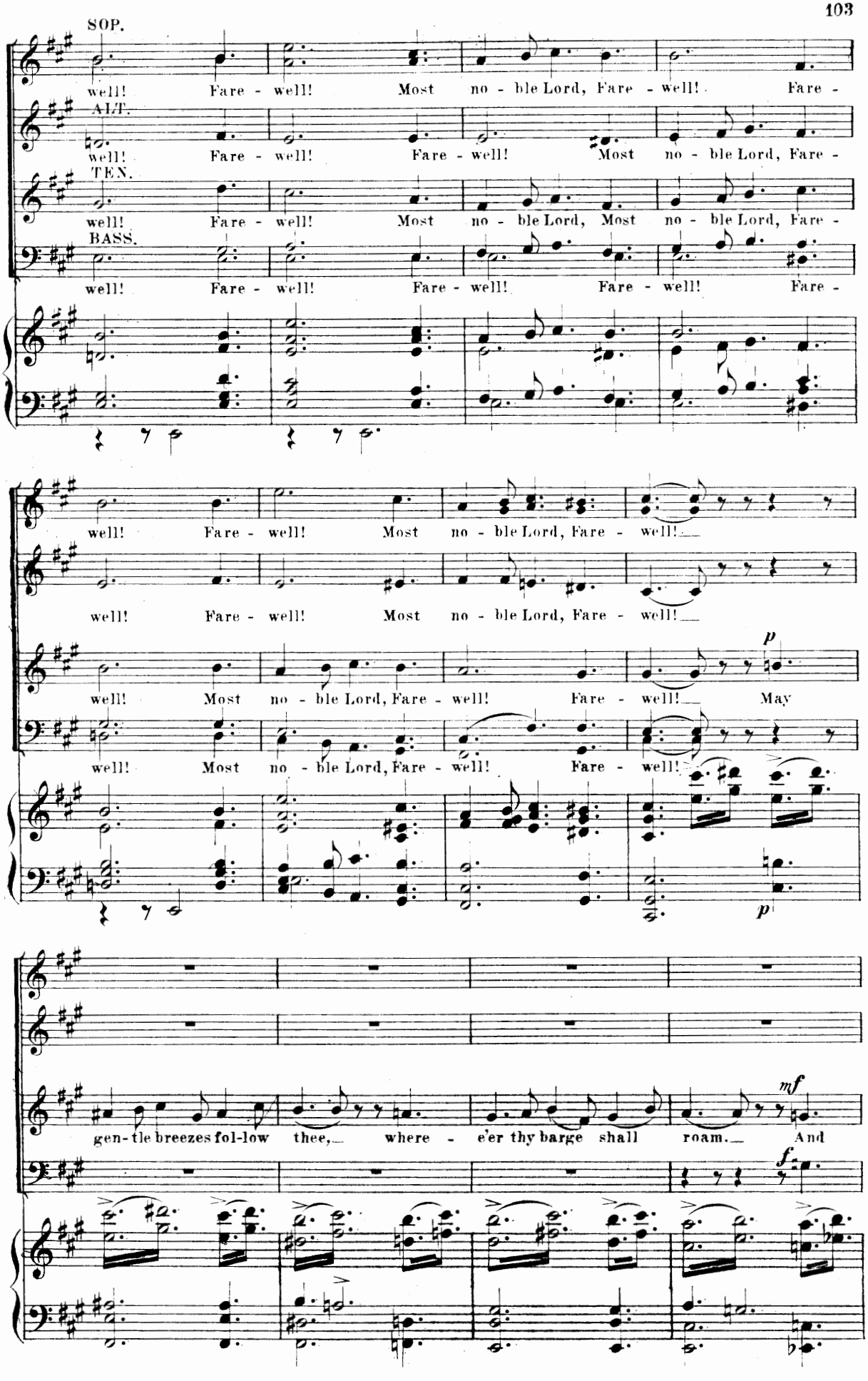

And if I re-fuse you?
girl? Pret-ty girl! Pret-ty girl!
I hope I more than a
Then will the sun cease to shine, Pret-ty girl! Pret-ty girl! Pret-ty
1.
2.
p
muse you. muse you. I hope that I more than a
girl! girl!
mf
You'll
mf
f
p
poco
mf
muse you. I feel that some day I shall
f
come with me o - ver the sea. I'd
a
poco.
cresc.

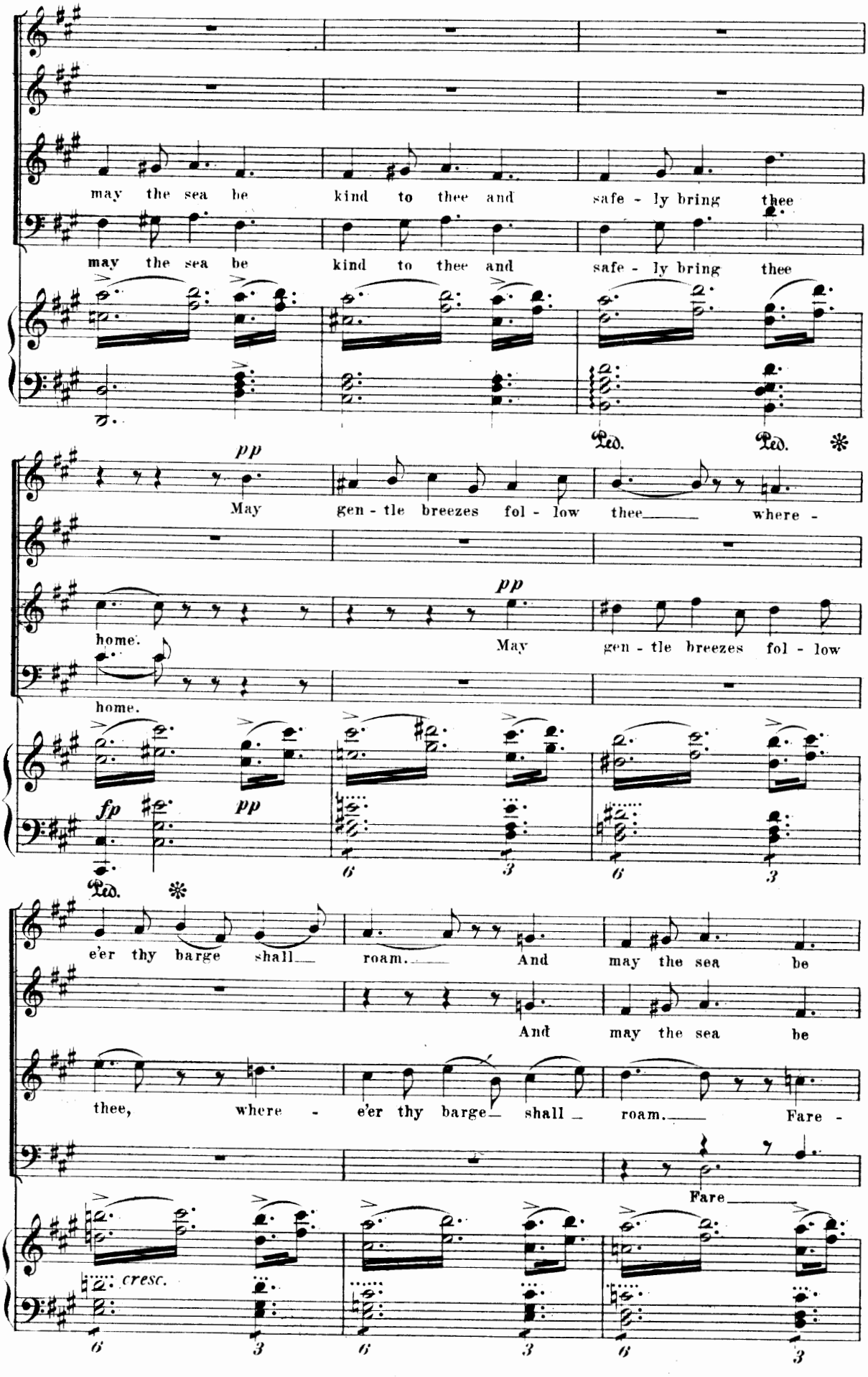

lose you, I feel that some day I shall
die if I ev - er should lose you, if
f
ff
molto ritard.
ff
dim - - -
♩. = ♩. of preceding.
lose you, When I have you and you have me!
I lose you, When I have you and you have me!
molto ritard.
The Chorus gather about Viv. & Eliz.
Ped.
Ped.
SOP. & ALTO.
ff
Hail to ev - 'ry thing
TEN. & BASS.
ff
Hail! Hail!

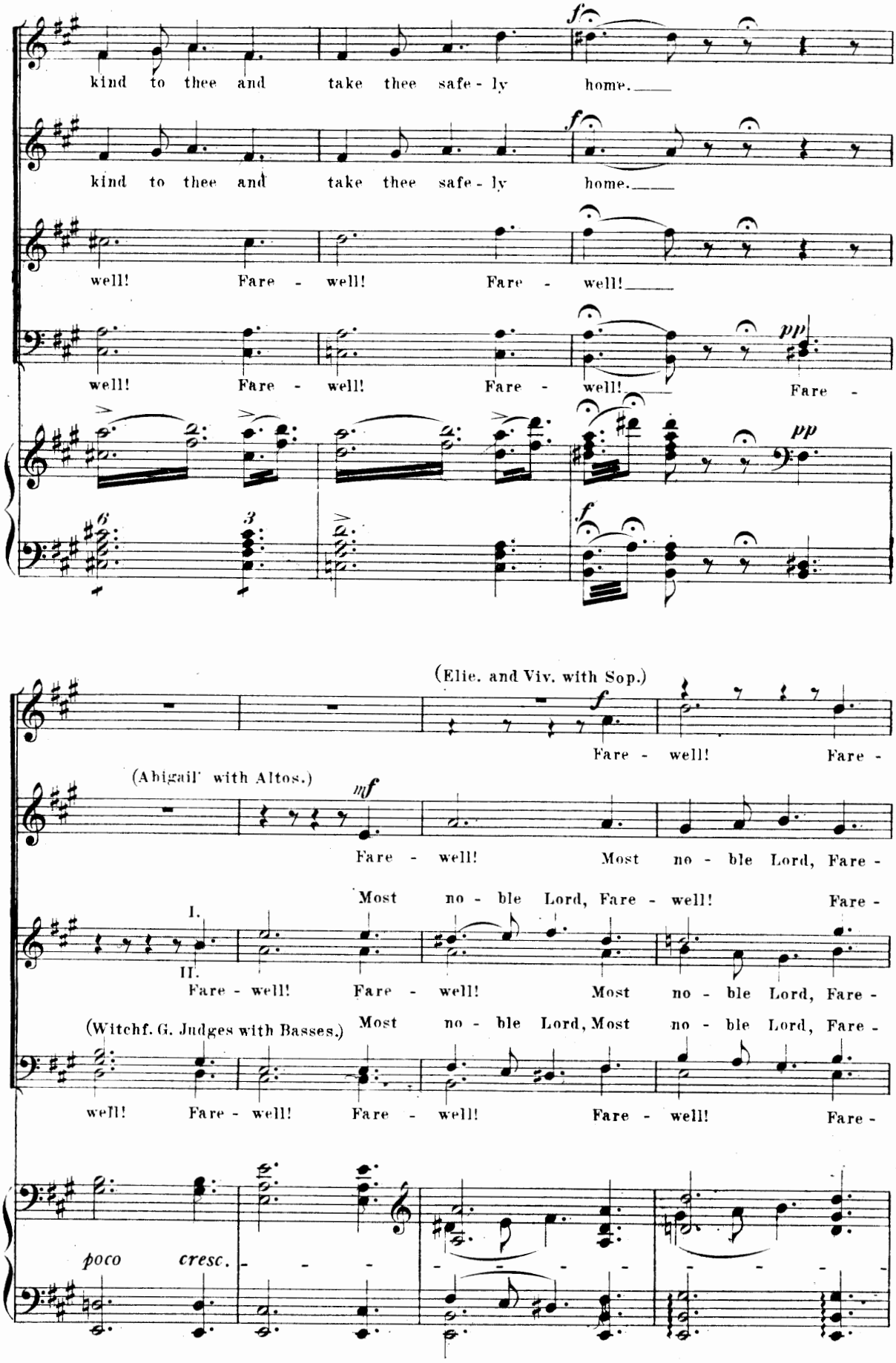

un - der the sun, Hail! Hail! Hail!
Hail! Hail to the day that is just be - gun,
mf poco cresc. f
Hail to the soft and be - nef - i - cent breeze, Hail to the
Hail to the soft and be - nef - i - cent breeze, Hail to the
sf f poco cresc - - - f mf f
birds on the flut - ter - ing trees, Hail to these
birds on the flut - ter - ing trees, Hail to these
poco cresc. mf
cresc.
hours of ex - qui - site ease. Hail
Hail to the
hours of ex - qui - site ease. Hail
cresc.
Ped.

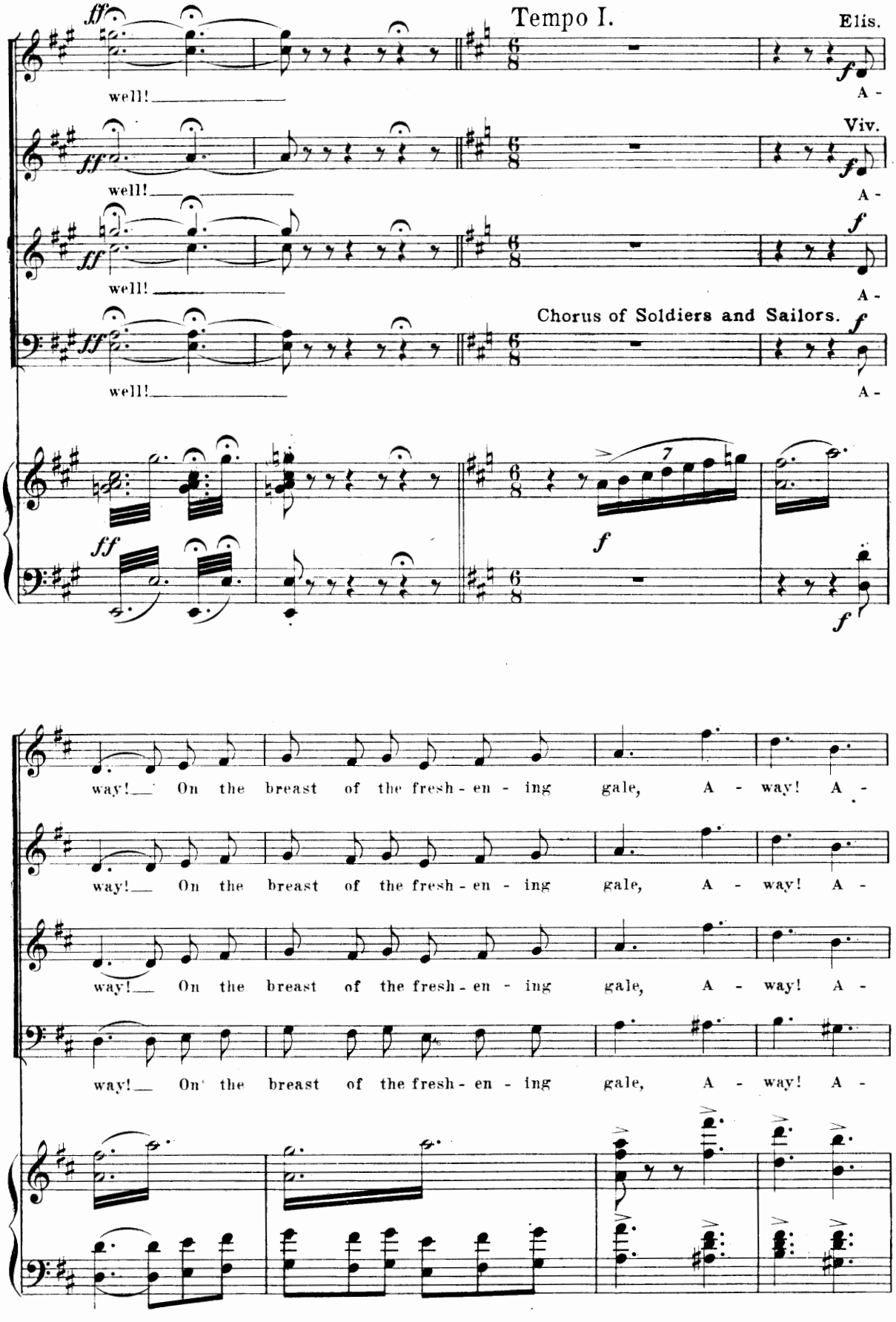

ev' - ry - thing, Hail to
to ev'- ry-thing, ev'- ry - thing, Hail to ev'- ry-thing un-der the
hours of ex-qui-site, ex - qui - site
to the ex - qui - site ease. Hail! Hail!
Ped.
sun. Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail to the
Hail to ev'- ry-thing un-der the sun! Hail to the
day that is just be - gun, Hail to ev - ry-thing un -
day that is just be - gun, Hail to ev - ry-thing un -
der the sun.
der the sun.
ff

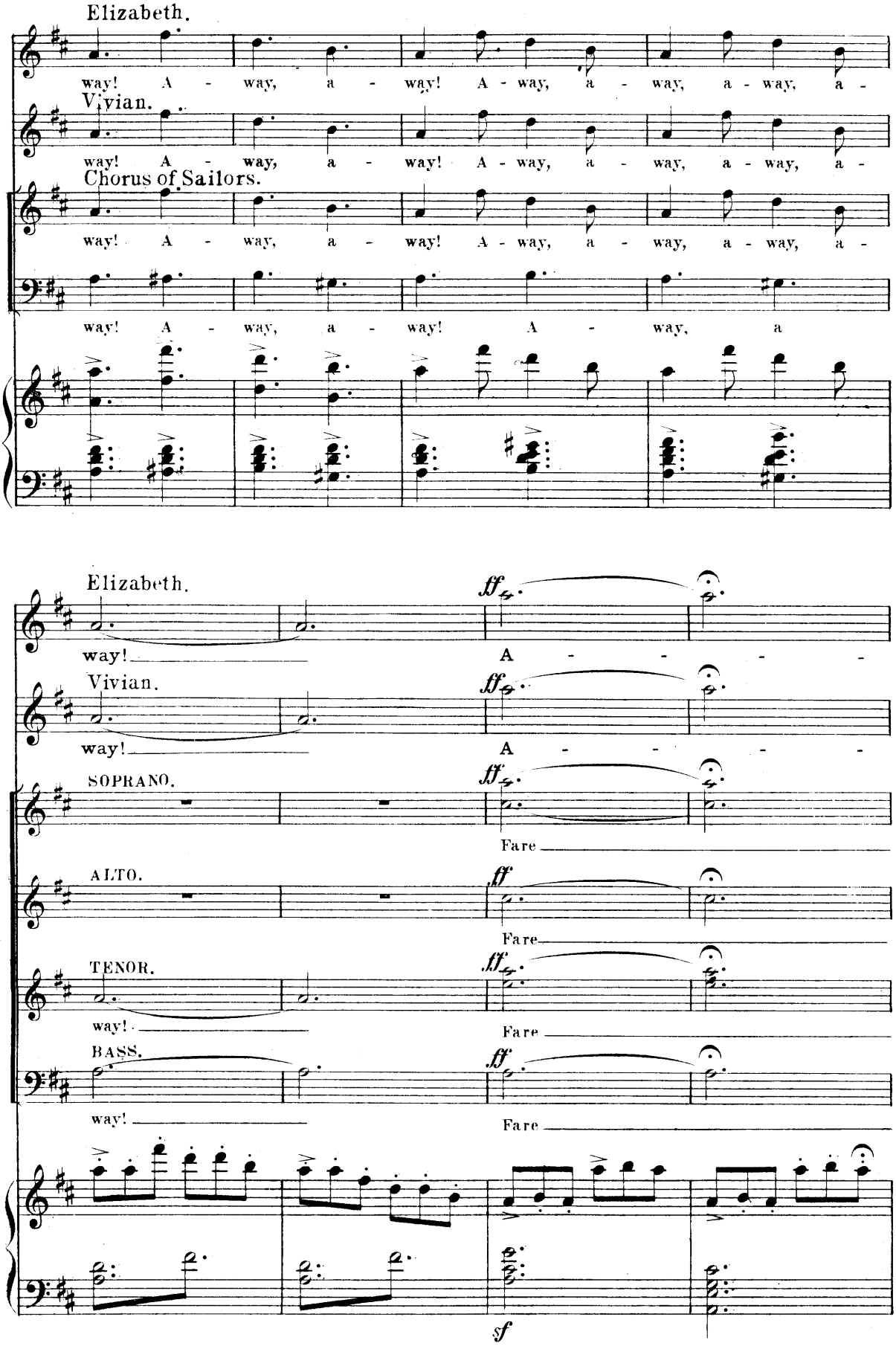

mf
And now fare - well to those we leave be - hind.
A long farewell to this strange for-eign shore, For
years to come we'll keep you all in mind, And for you al-ways
ritard.
keep an op - en door.
Andante maestoso. ♩=48
p
Fare -
p
Fare -
p

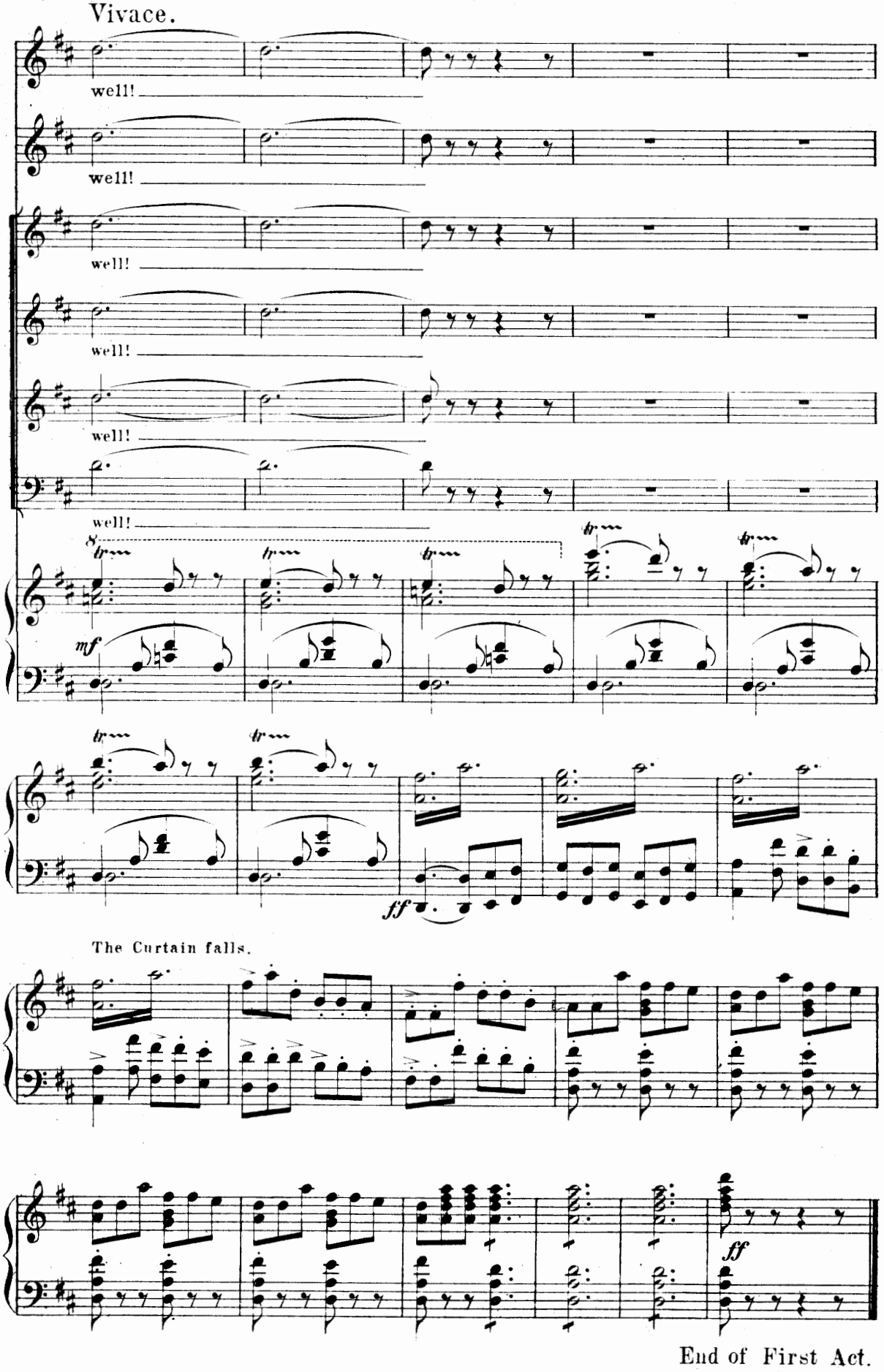

SOP.
well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well! Fare -
ALT.
well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare -
TEN.
well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Most no - ble Lord, Fare -
BASS.
well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare -
well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well!
well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well!
p
well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well! Fare - well! May
well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well! Fare - well!
p
mf
gen-tle breezes fol-low thee, where - e'er thy barge shall roam. And
f


may the sea be kind to thee and safe - ly bring thee
may the sea be kind to thee and safe - ly bring thee
Ped. Ped.
pp
May gen - tle breezes fol - low thee where -
home.
pp
May gen - tle breezes fol - low
home.
fp pp
Ped.
e'er thy barge shall roam. And may the sea be
And may the sea be
thee, where - e'er thy barge shall roam. Fare -
Fare
cresc.


kind to thee and take thee safe - ly home.
kind to thee and take thee safe - ly home.
well! Fare - well! Fare - well!
well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare -
(Elie. and Viv. with Sop.)
Fare - well! Fare -
(Abigail with Altos.)
Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare -
Most no - ble Lord, Fare - well! Fare -
I.
II.
Fare - well! Fare - well! Most no - ble Lord, Fare -
(Witchf. G. Judges with Basses.)
Most no - ble Lord, Most no - ble Lord, Fare -
well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare -
poco cresc.

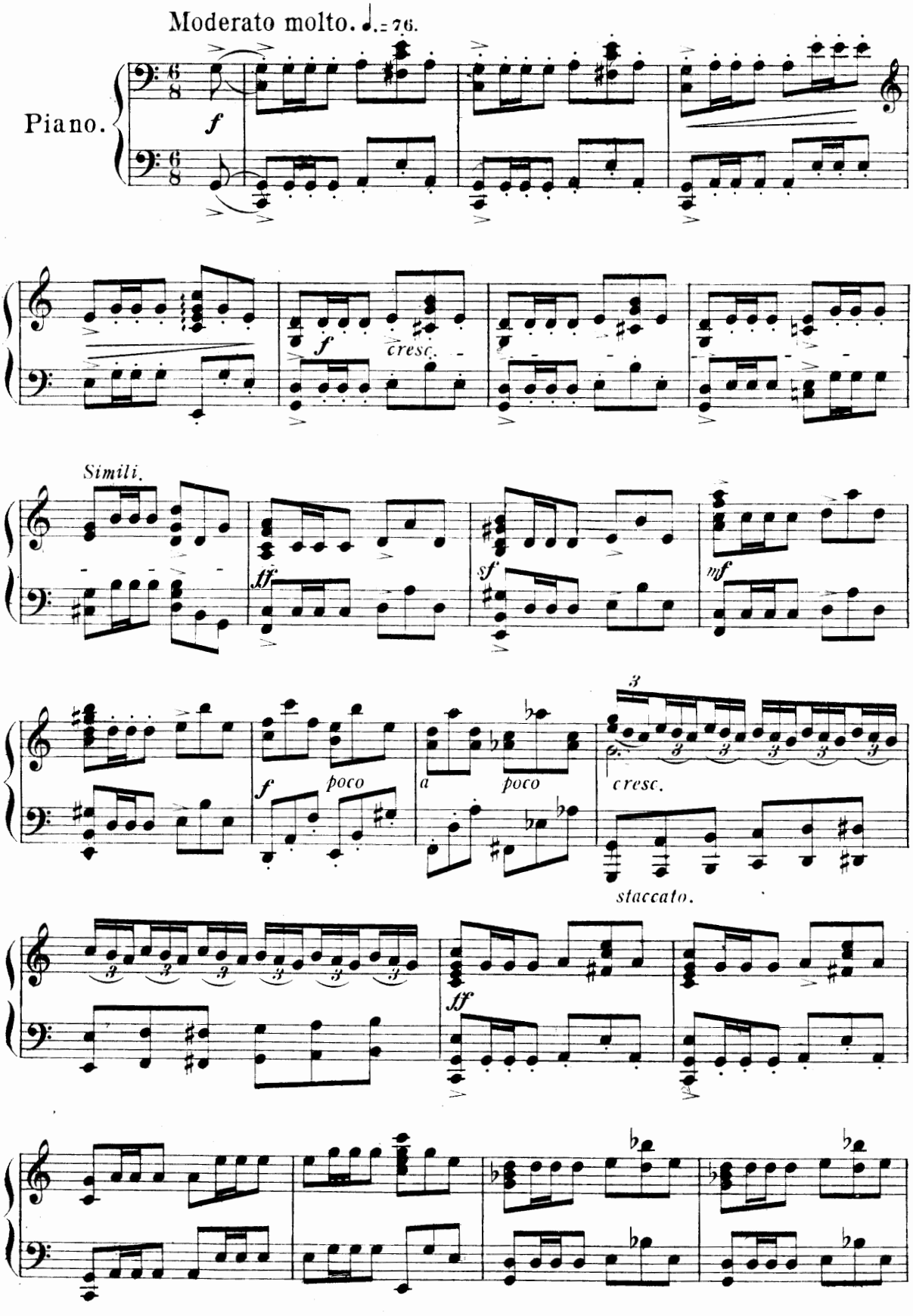

Tempo I.
Elis.
Viv.
Chorus of Soldiers and Sailors.
well!
A -
way! On the breast of the fresh - en - ing gale, A - way! A -


Elizabeth.
way! A - way, a - way! A - way, a - way, a - way, a -
Vivian.
way! A - way, a - way! A - way, a - way, a - way, a -
Chorus of Sailors.
way! A - way, a - way! A - way, a - way, a - way, a -
way! A - way, a - way! A - way, a
Elizabeth.
way!
A - - - - -
Vivian.
way!
A - - - - -
SOPRANO.
Fare
ALTO.
Fare
TENOR.
way!
Fare
BASS.
way!
Fare
sf

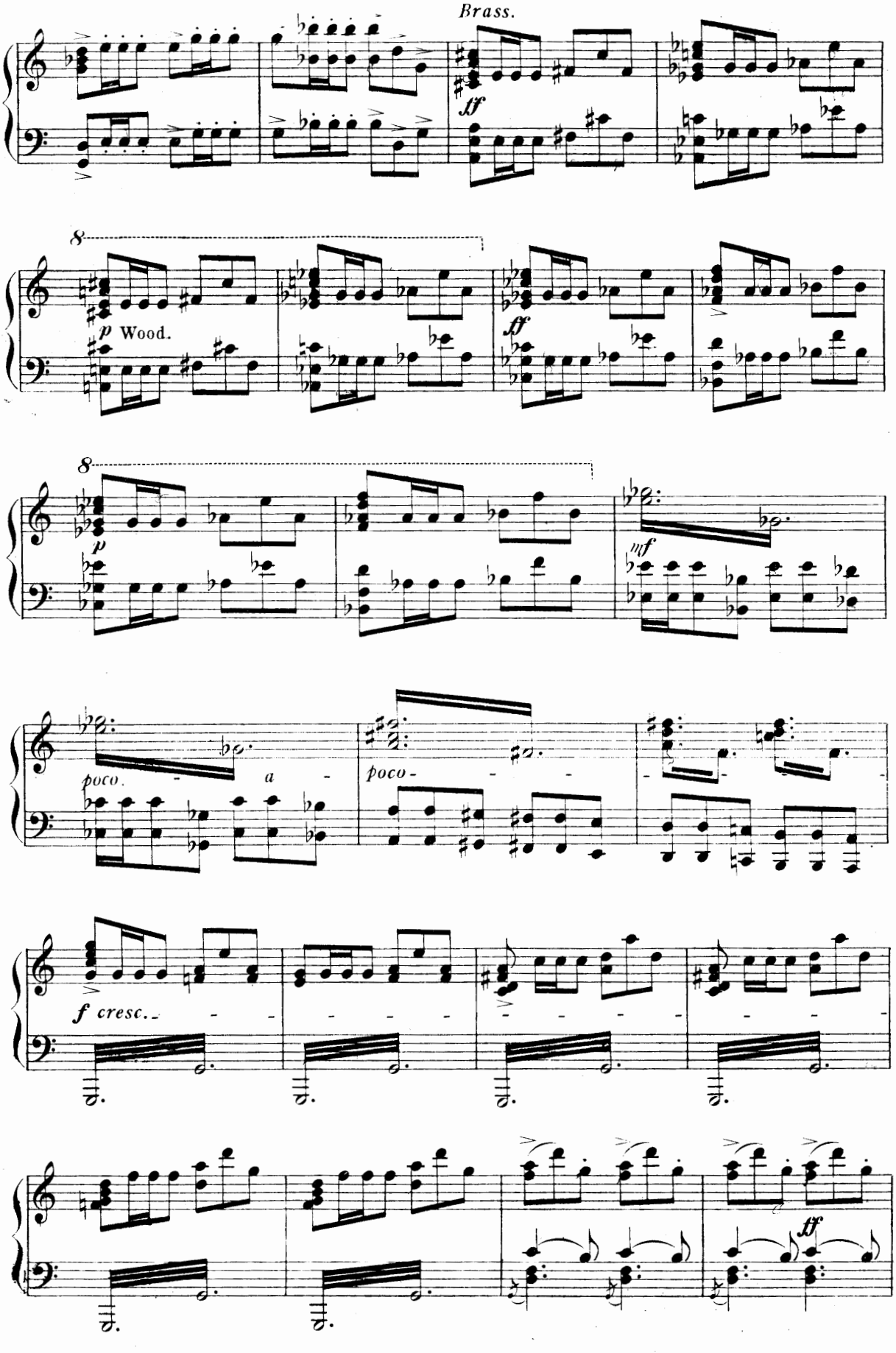

Vivace.
well!
well!
well!
well!
well!
well!
mf
ff
The Curtain falls.
ff
End of First Act.

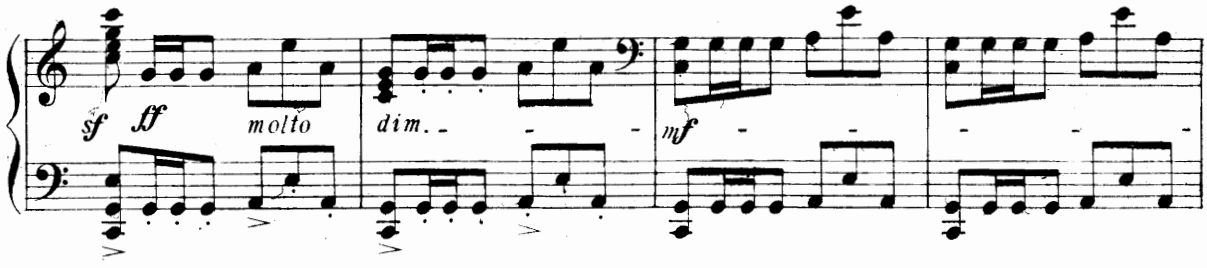
ACT II.

Introduction.

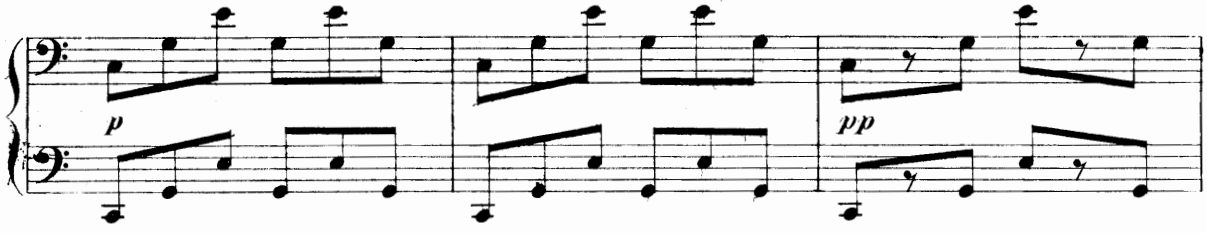


Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

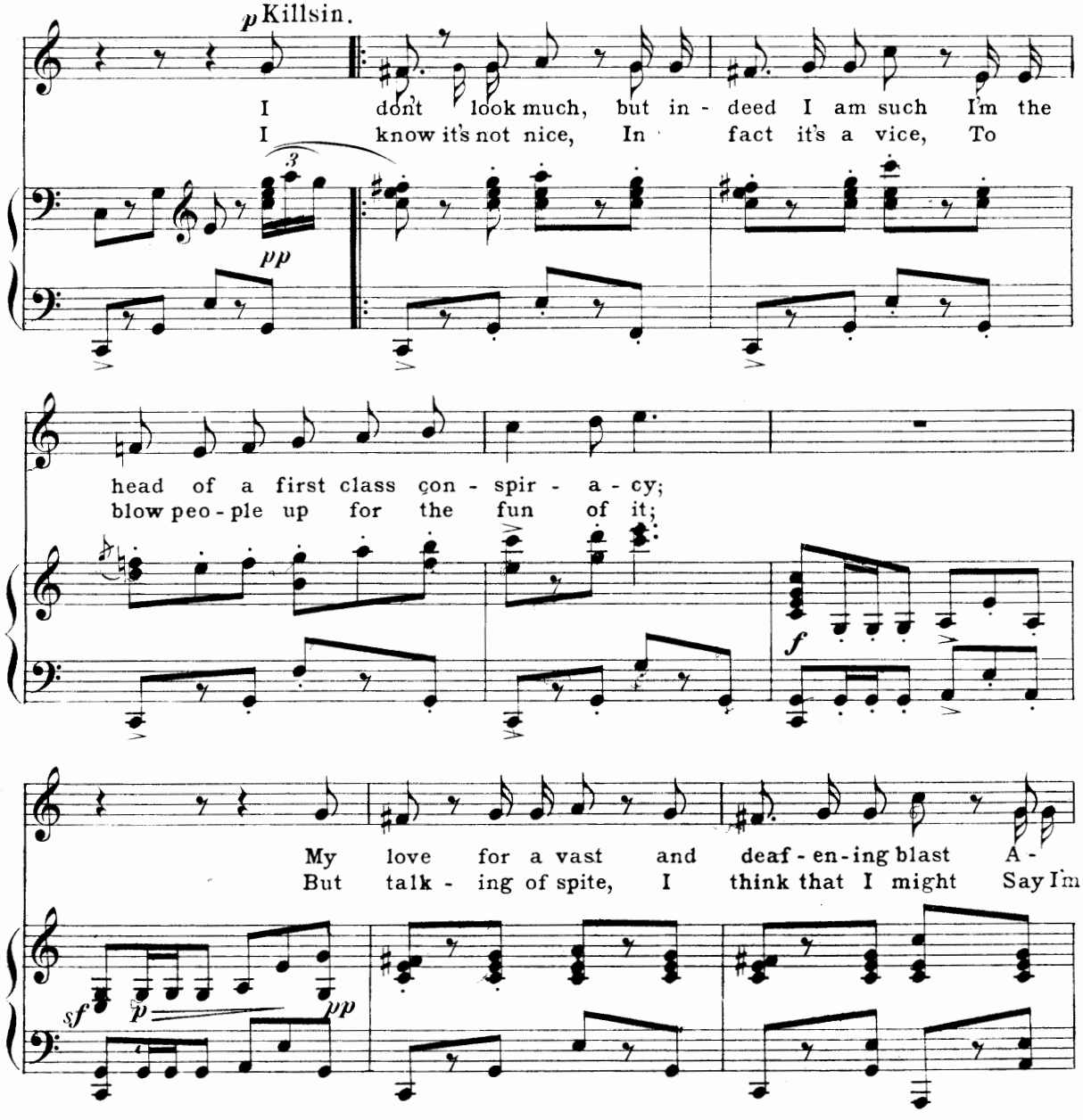

Brass.
ff
8
p Wood.
ff
8
p
mf
poco. a
poco
f cresc.
ff

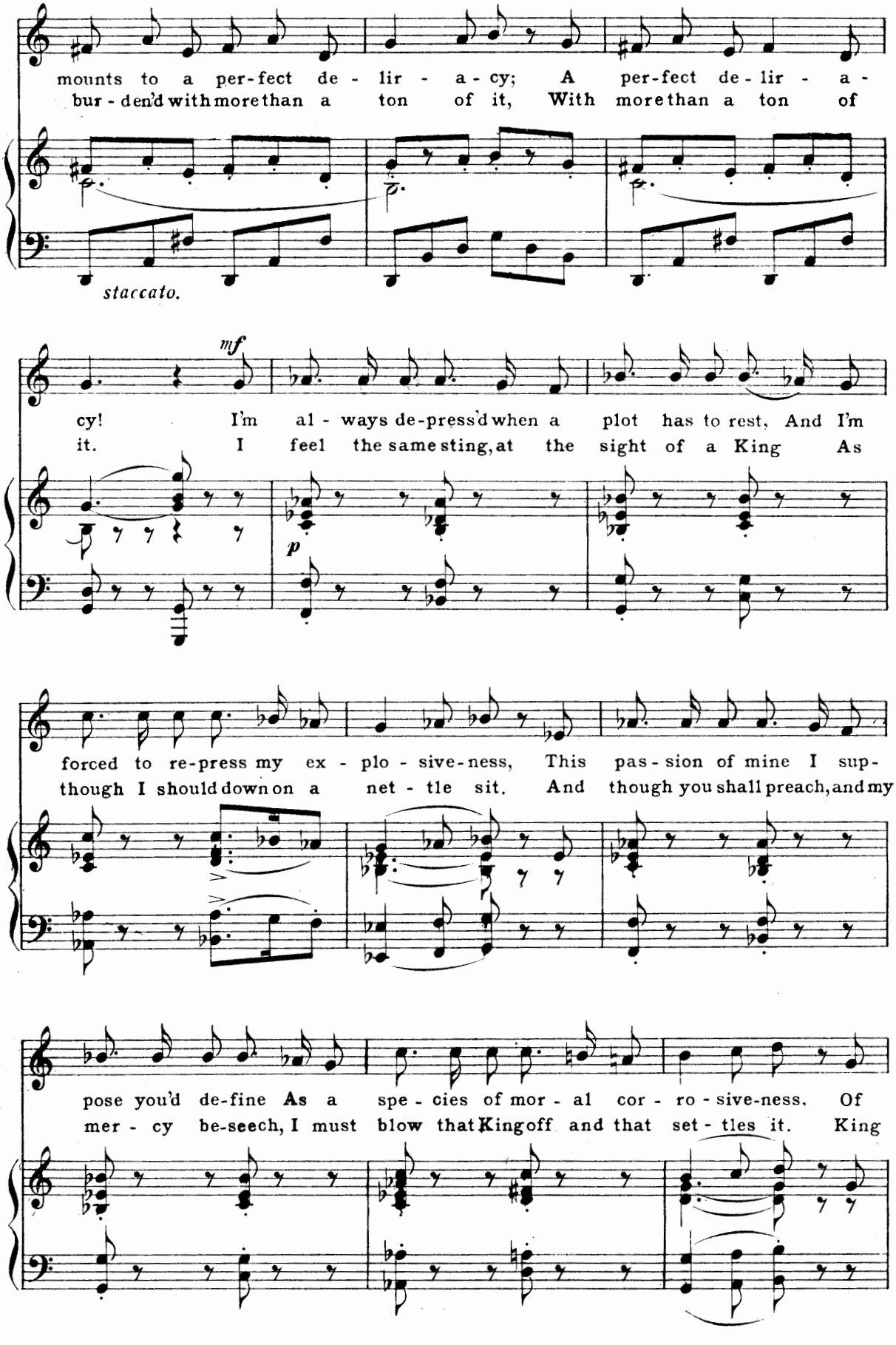


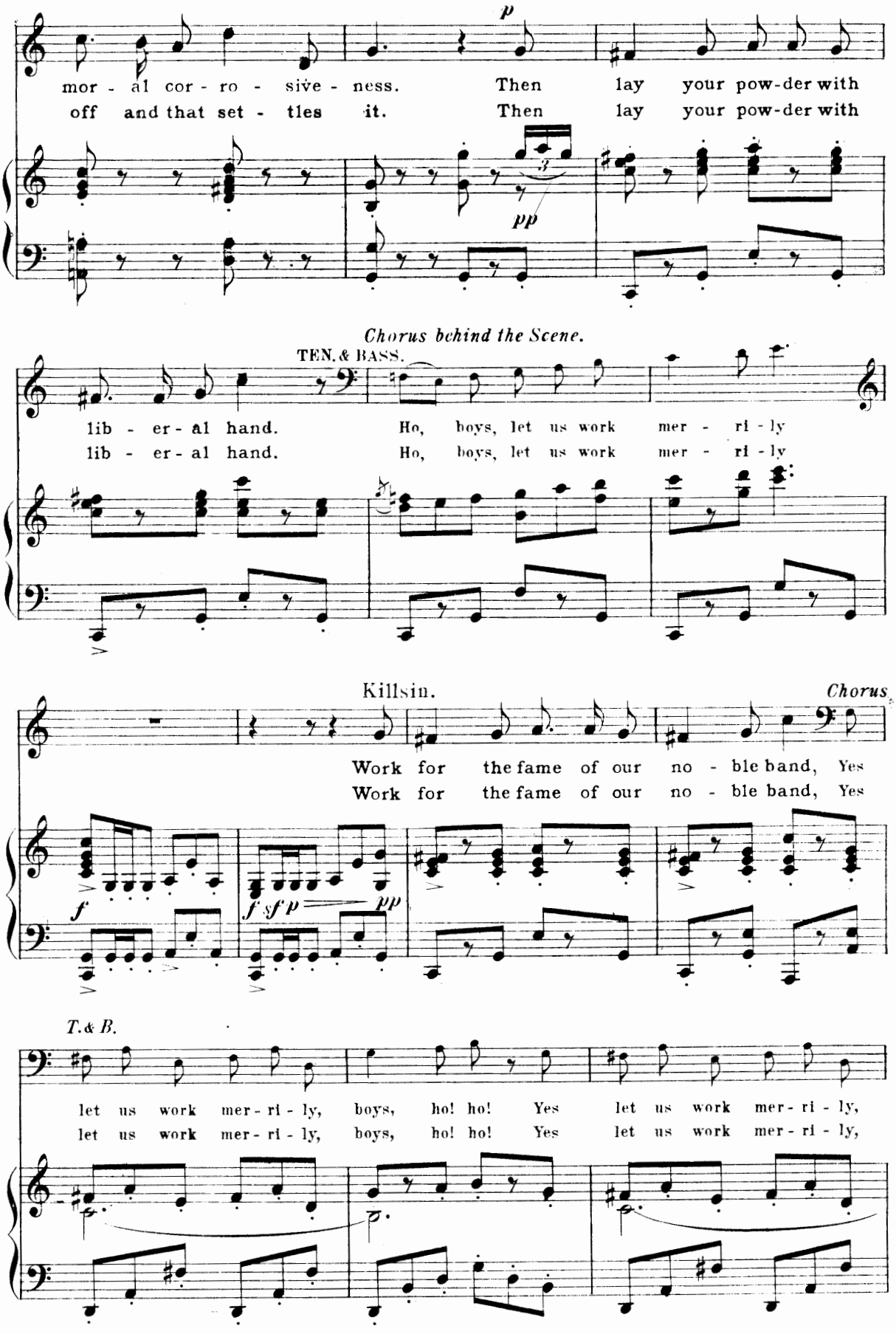
Curtain rises. Scene I. A subterranean Chamber in the Palace of Charles II.

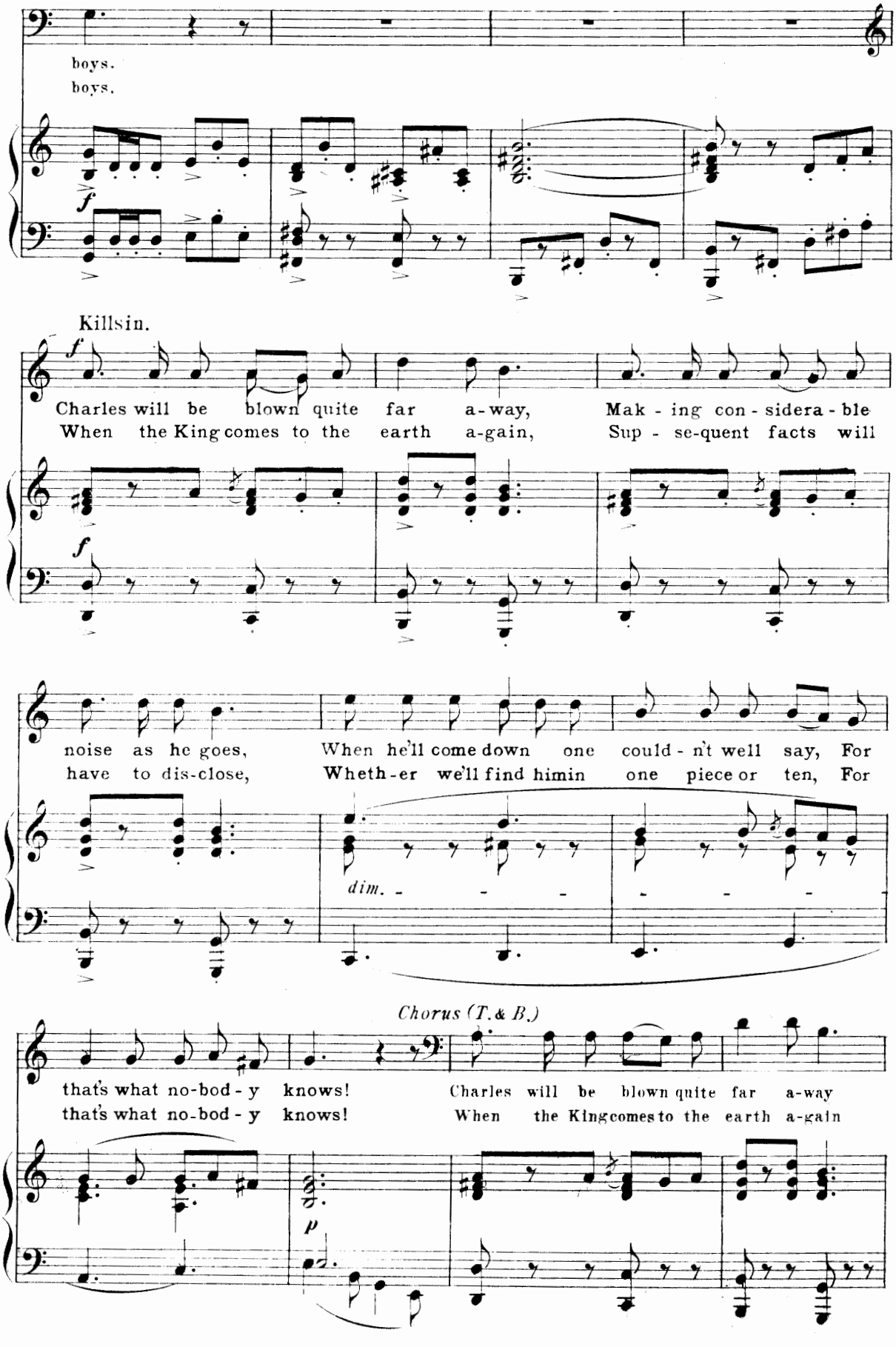


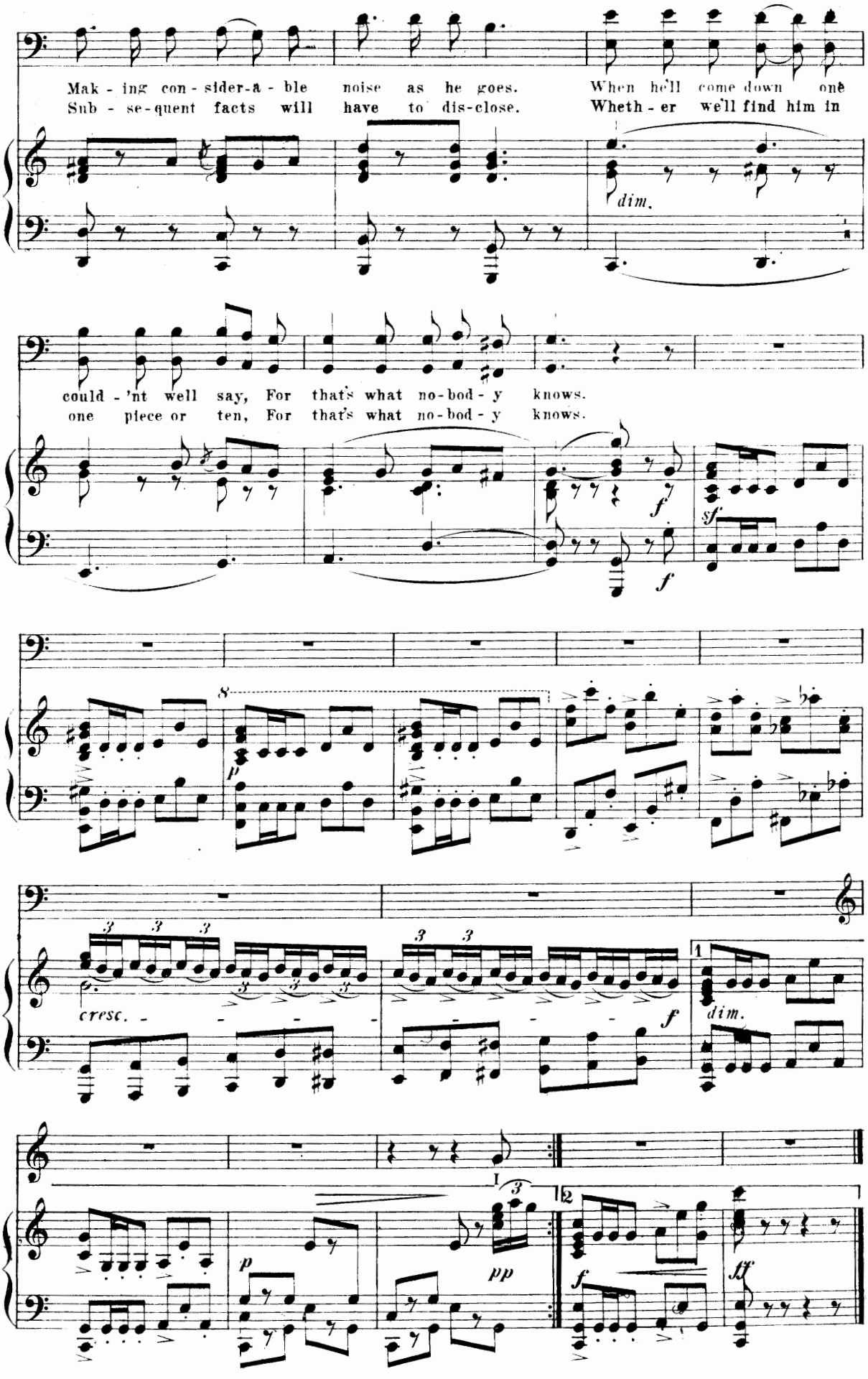
Killsin is seen seated on a Barrel of Gunpowder.




mounts to a per-fect de - lir - a - cy; A per-fect de - lir - a -
bur - den'd with more than a ton of it, With more than a ton of
staccato.
mf
cy! I'm al - ways de-press'd when a plot has to rest, And I'm
it. I feel the same sting, at the sight of a King As
p
forced to re-press my ex - plo - sive-ness, This pas - sion of mine I sup-
though I should down on a net - tle sit. And though you shall preach, and my
pose you'd de-fine As a spe - cies of mor - al cor - ro - sive-ness, Of
mer - cy be-seech, I must blow that King off and that set - tles it. King

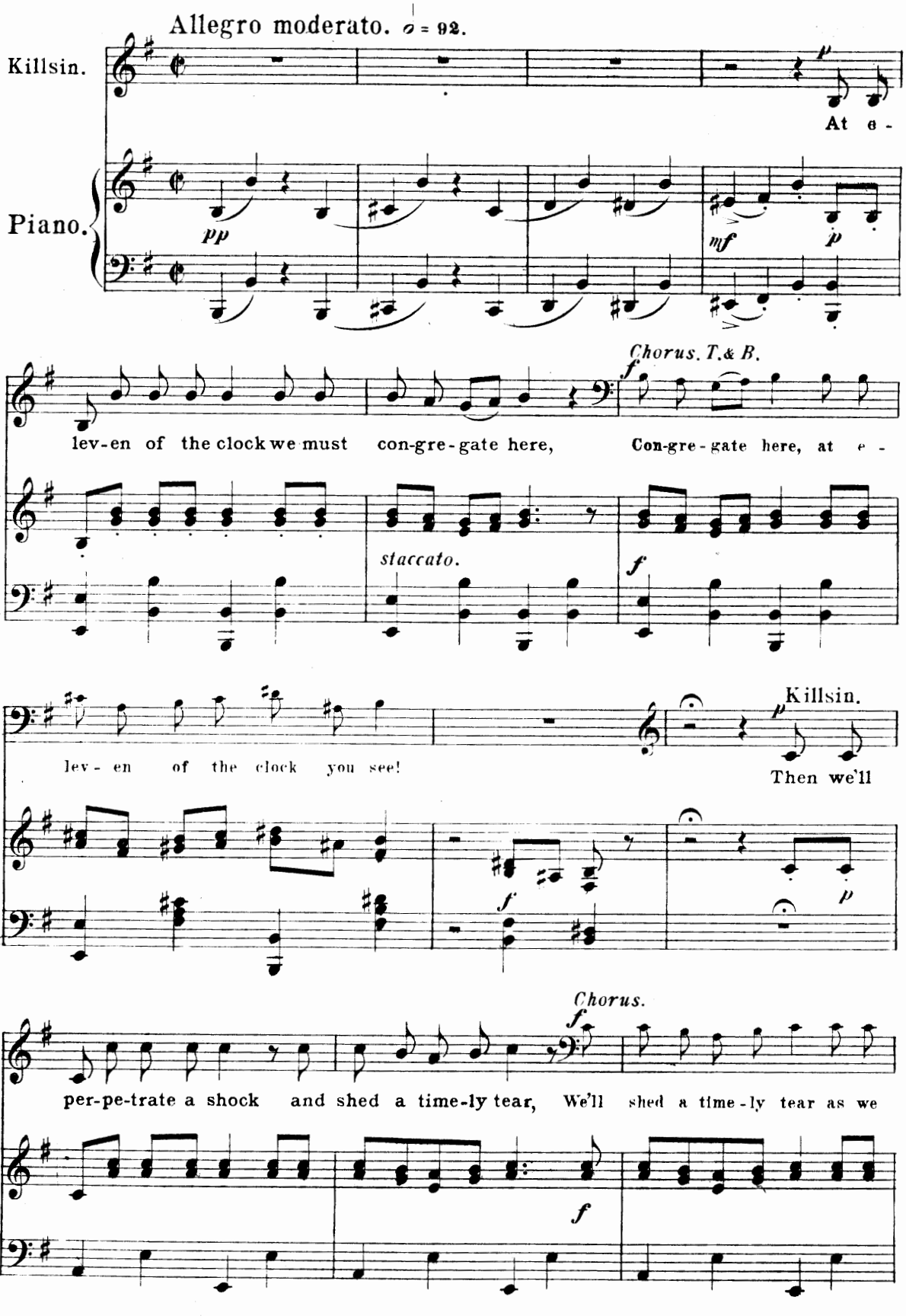

p
mor - al cor - ro - sive - ness. Then lay your pow-der with
off and that set - tles it. Then lay your pow-der with
pp
Chorus behind the Scene.
TEN. & BASS.
lib - er - al hand. Ho, boys, let us work mer - ri - ly
lib - er - al hand. Ho, boys, let us work mer - ri - ly
Killsin.
Chorus
Work for the fame of our no - ble band, Yes
Work for the fame of our no - ble band, Yes
f
f sf p pp
T. & B.
let us work mer - ri - ly, boys, ho! ho! Yes let us work mer - ri - ly,
let us work mer - ri - ly, boys, ho! ho! Yes let us work mer - ri - ly,


boys.
boys.
f
Killsin.
f
Charles will be blown quite far a-way, Mak - ing con - sidera - ble
When the King comes to the earth a-gain, Sup - se-quent facts will
f
noise as he goes, When he'll come down one could - n't well say, For
have to dis-close, Wheth-er we'll find him in one piece or ten, For
dim.
Chorus (T. & B.)
that's what no-bod - y knows! Charles will be blown quite far a-way
that's what no-bod - y knows! When the King comes to the earth a-gain
p

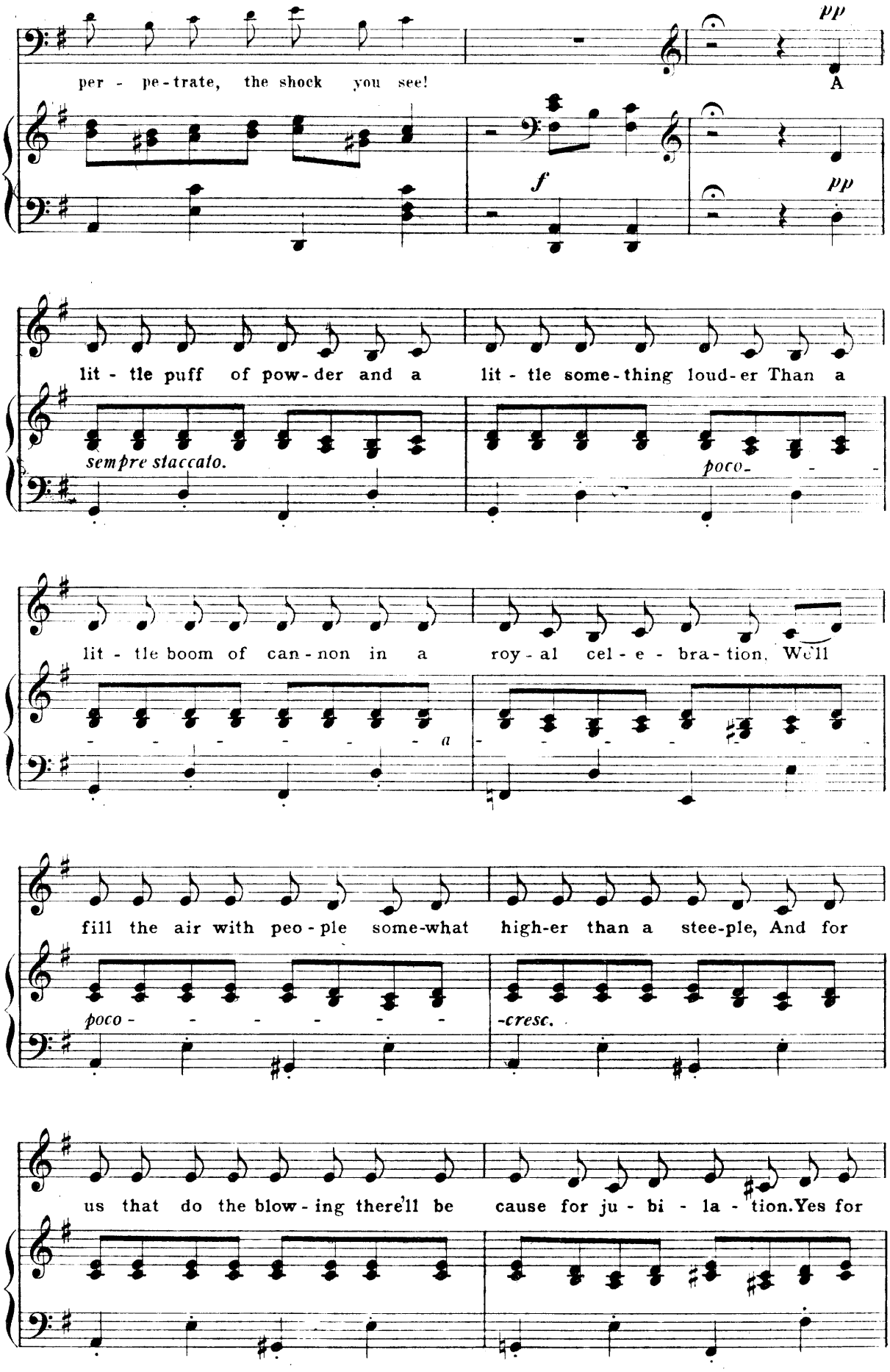

Mak - ing con - sider-a - ble noise as he goes. When he'll come down one
Sub - se-quent facts will have to dis-close. Wheth - er we'll find him in
dim.
could - 'nt well say, For that's what no-bod - y knows.
one piece or ten, For that's what no-bod - y knows.
f
sf
f
8
p
cresc.
f
dim.
1
2
p
pp
f
ff

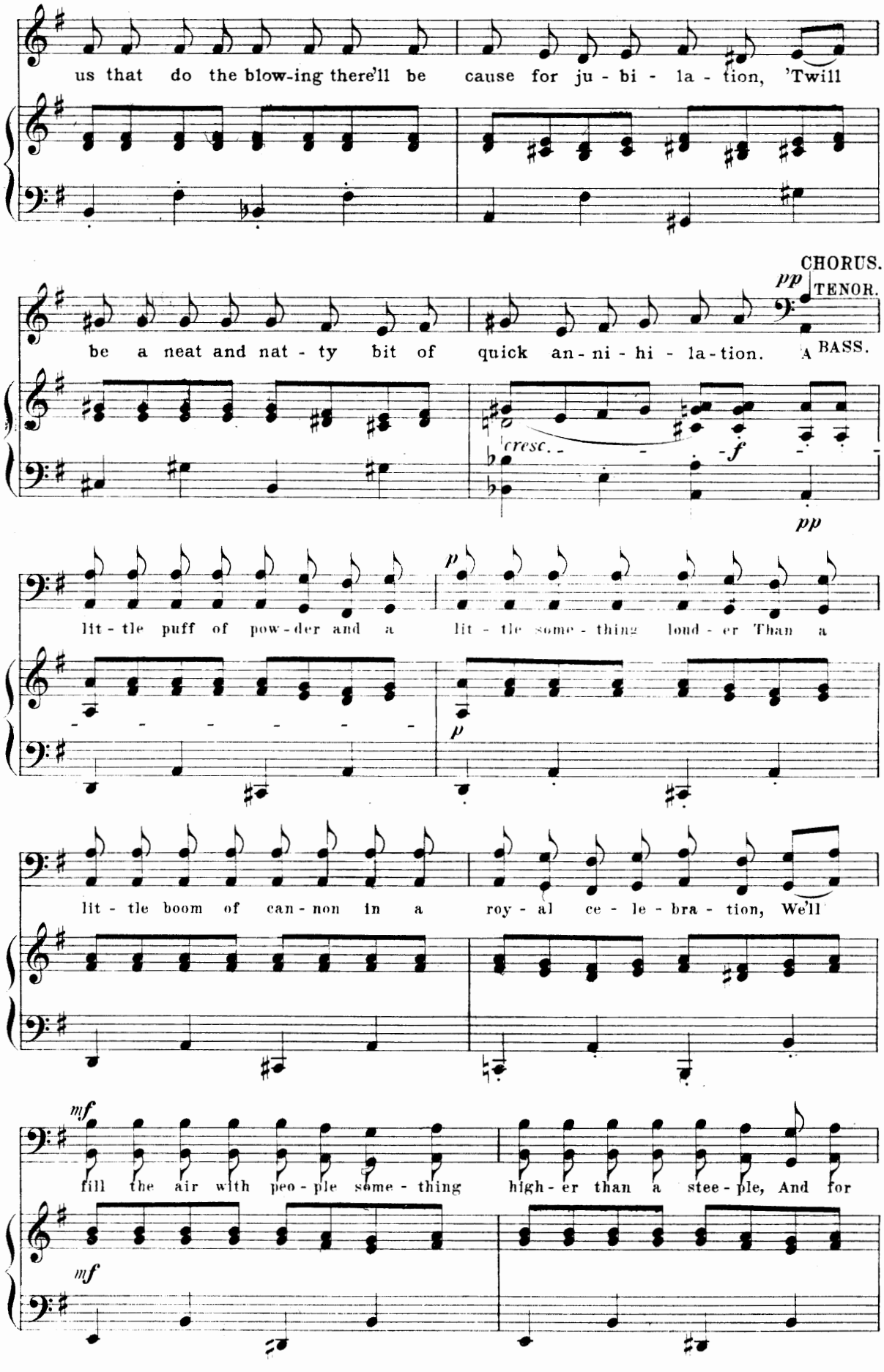
No. 2. Song and Chorus.

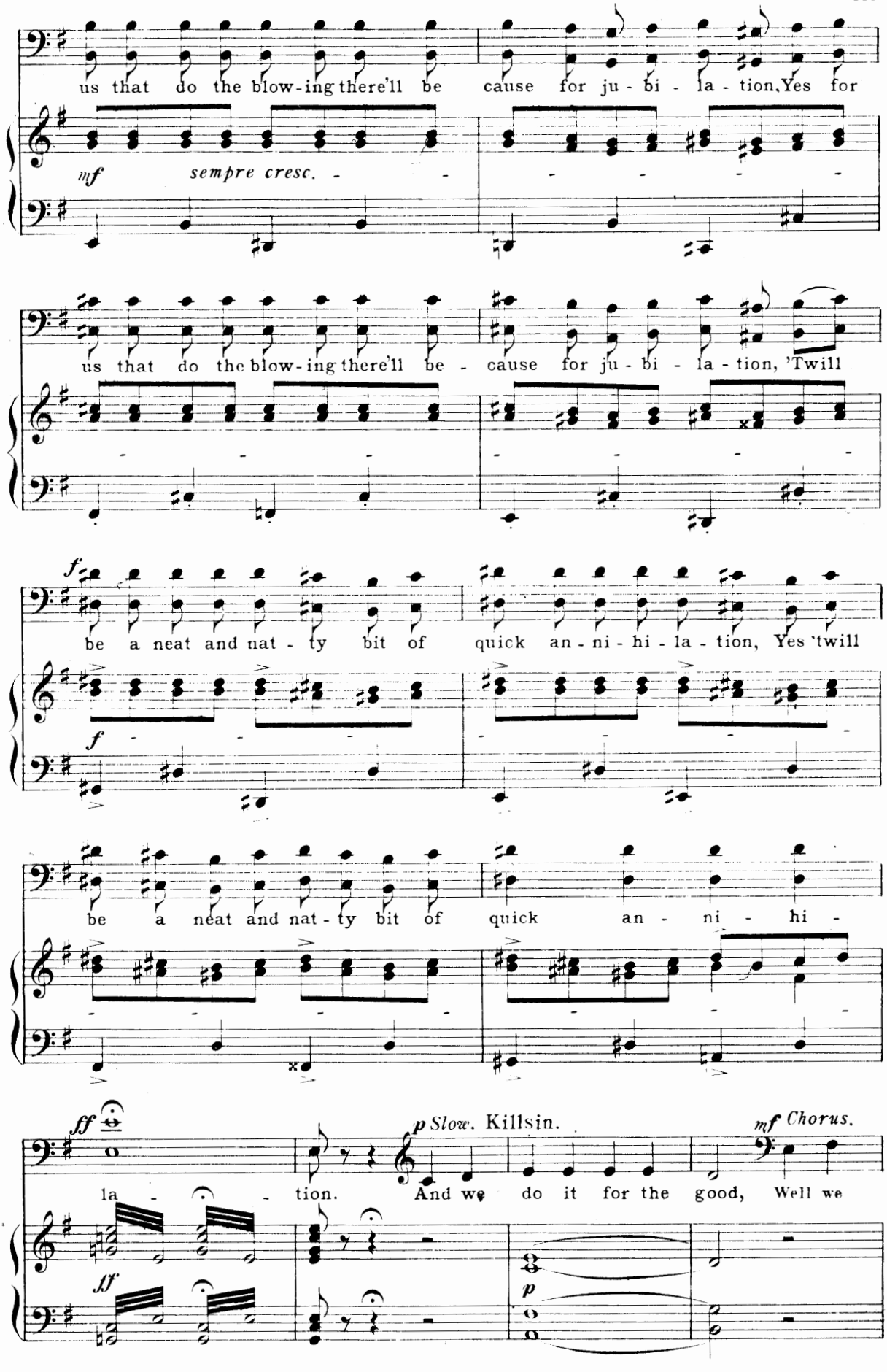
Killsin & Conspirators.

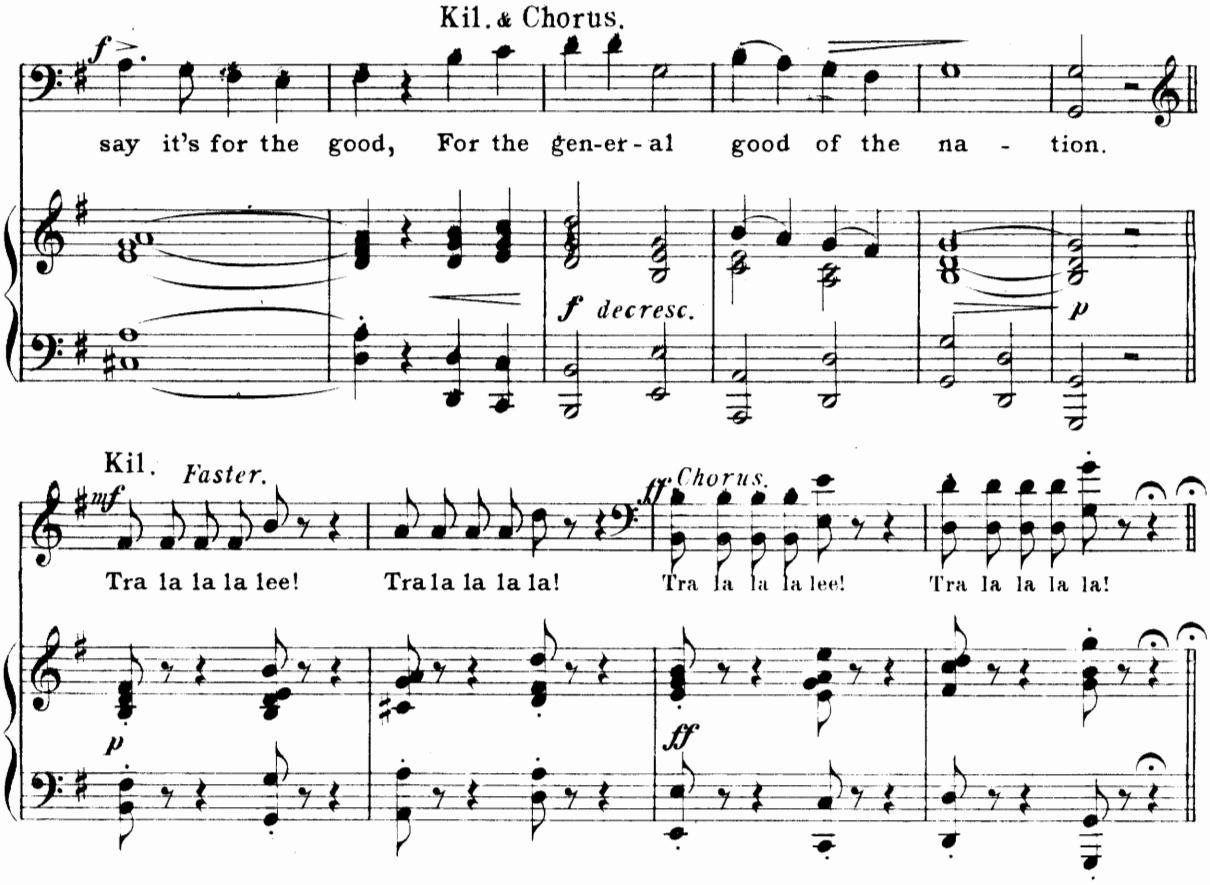


Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

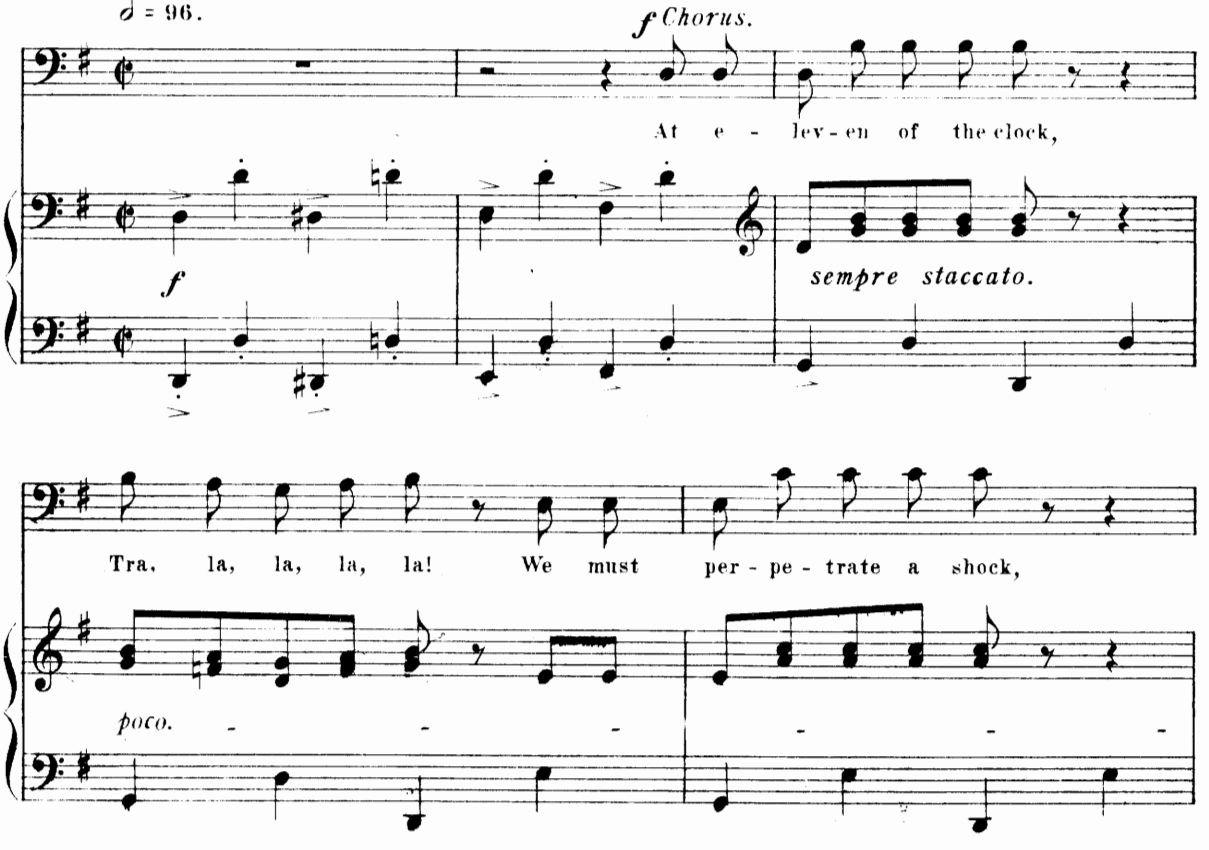

per - pe-trate, the shock you see!
pp
A
f
pp
lit - tle puff of pow-der and a lit - tle some-thing loud-er Than a
sempre staccato.
poco-
lit - tle boom of can-non in a roy-al cel - e - bra-tion. Well
a
fill the air with peo-ple some-what high-er than a stee-ple, And for
poco -
-cresc.
us that do the blow-ing there'll be cause for ju - bi - la - tion. Yes for


us that do the blow-ing there'll be cause for ju - bi - la - tion, 'Twill
CHORUS.
pp
TENOR.
be a neat and nat - ty bit of quick an - ni - hi - la-tion. A
BASS.
cresc.
f
pp
lit - tle puff of pow-der and a lit - tle some - thing lond - er Than a
p
p
lit - tle boom of can - non in a roy - al ce - le - bra - tion, We'll
mf
fill the air with peo - ple some - thing high - er than a stee - ple, And for
mf

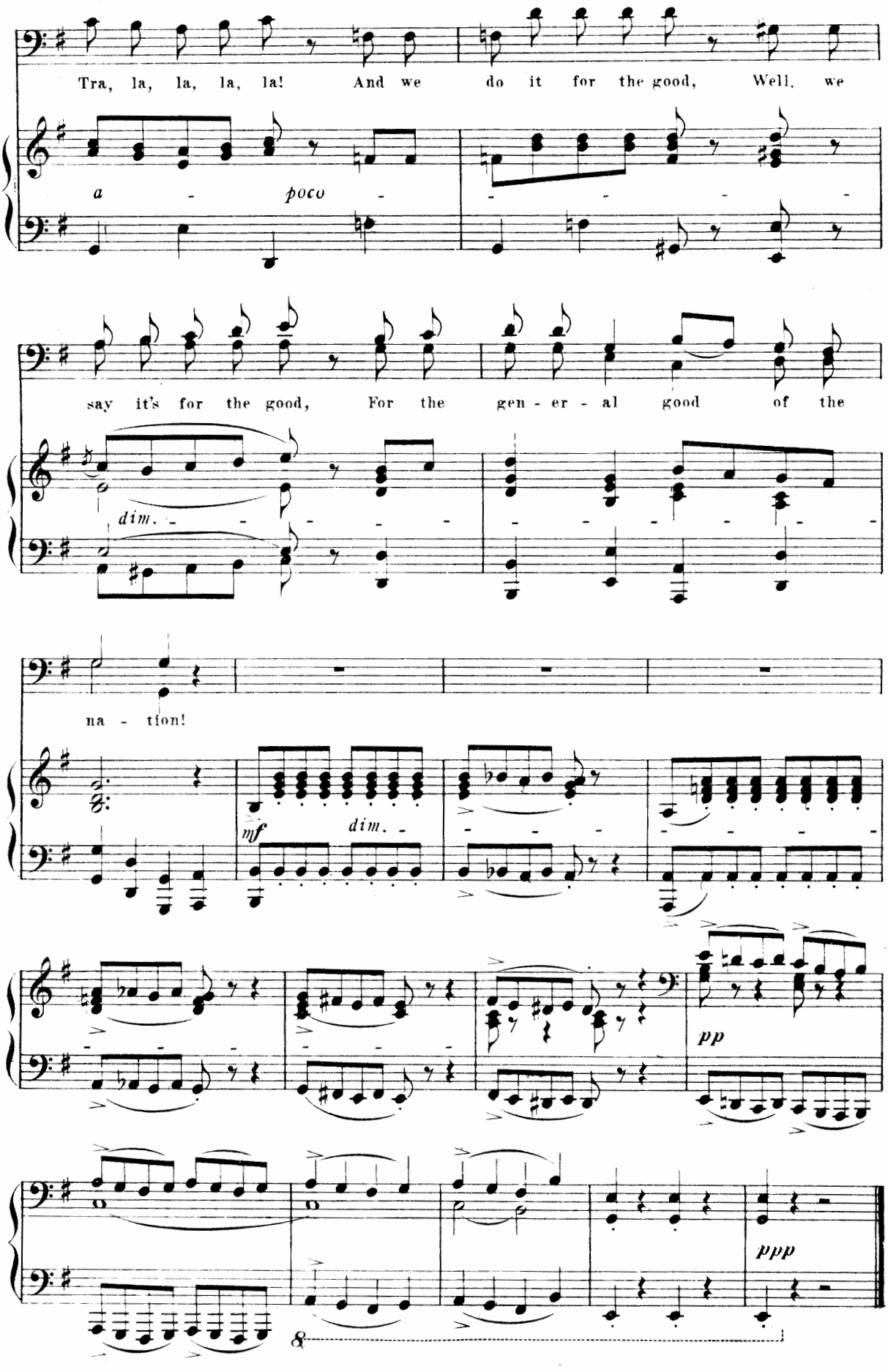

us that do the blow-ing there'll be cause for ju - bi - la - tion, Yes for
mf sempre cresc.
us that do the blow-ing there'll be - cause for ju - bi - la - tion, 'Twill
f
be a neat and nat - ty bit of quick an - ni - hi - la - tion, Yes 'twill
f
be a neat and nat - ty bit of quick an - ni - hi -
ff
la - tion.
p Slow. Killsin.
And we do it for the good,
mf Chorus.
Well we
sf
p



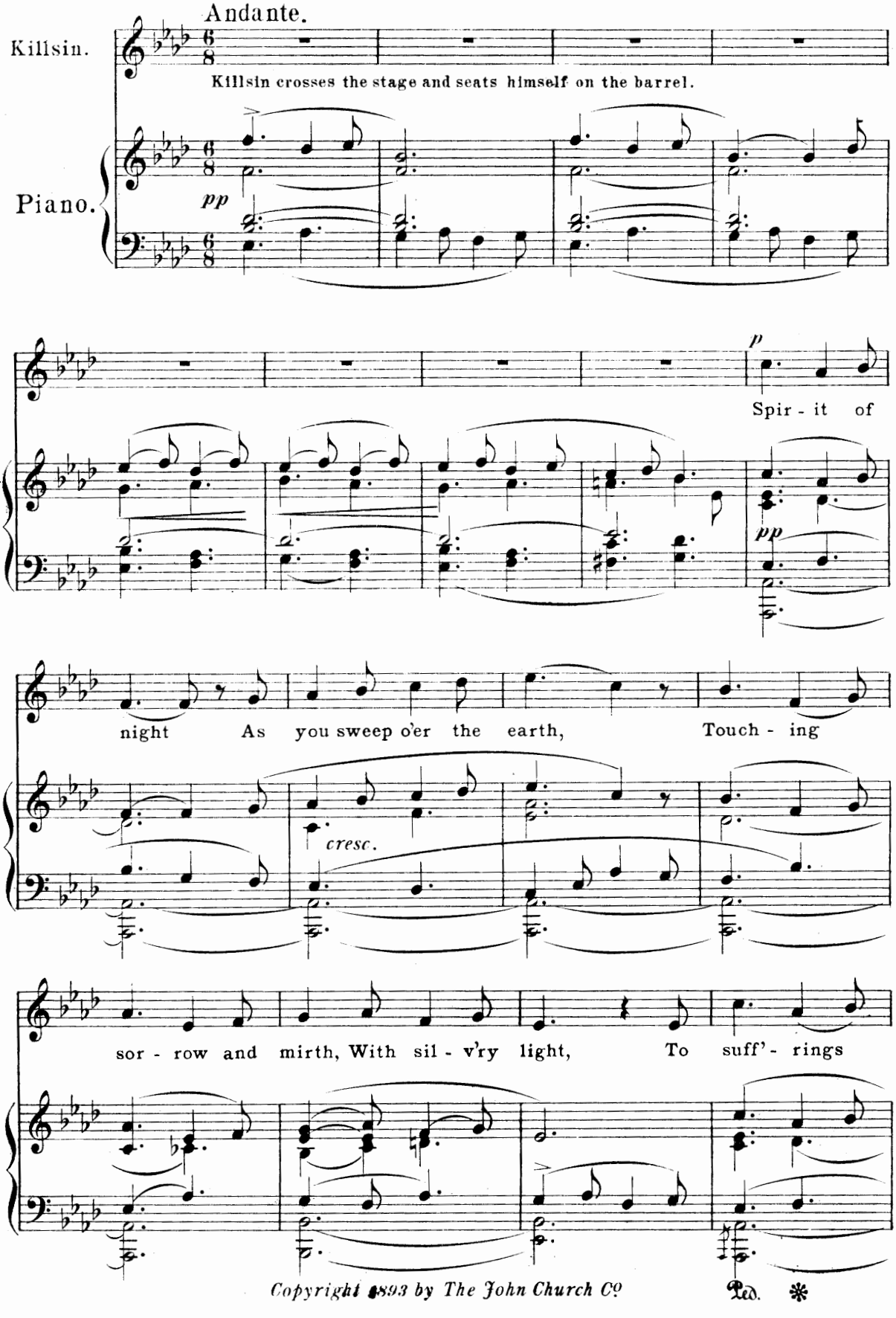
No. 2½ Exit.



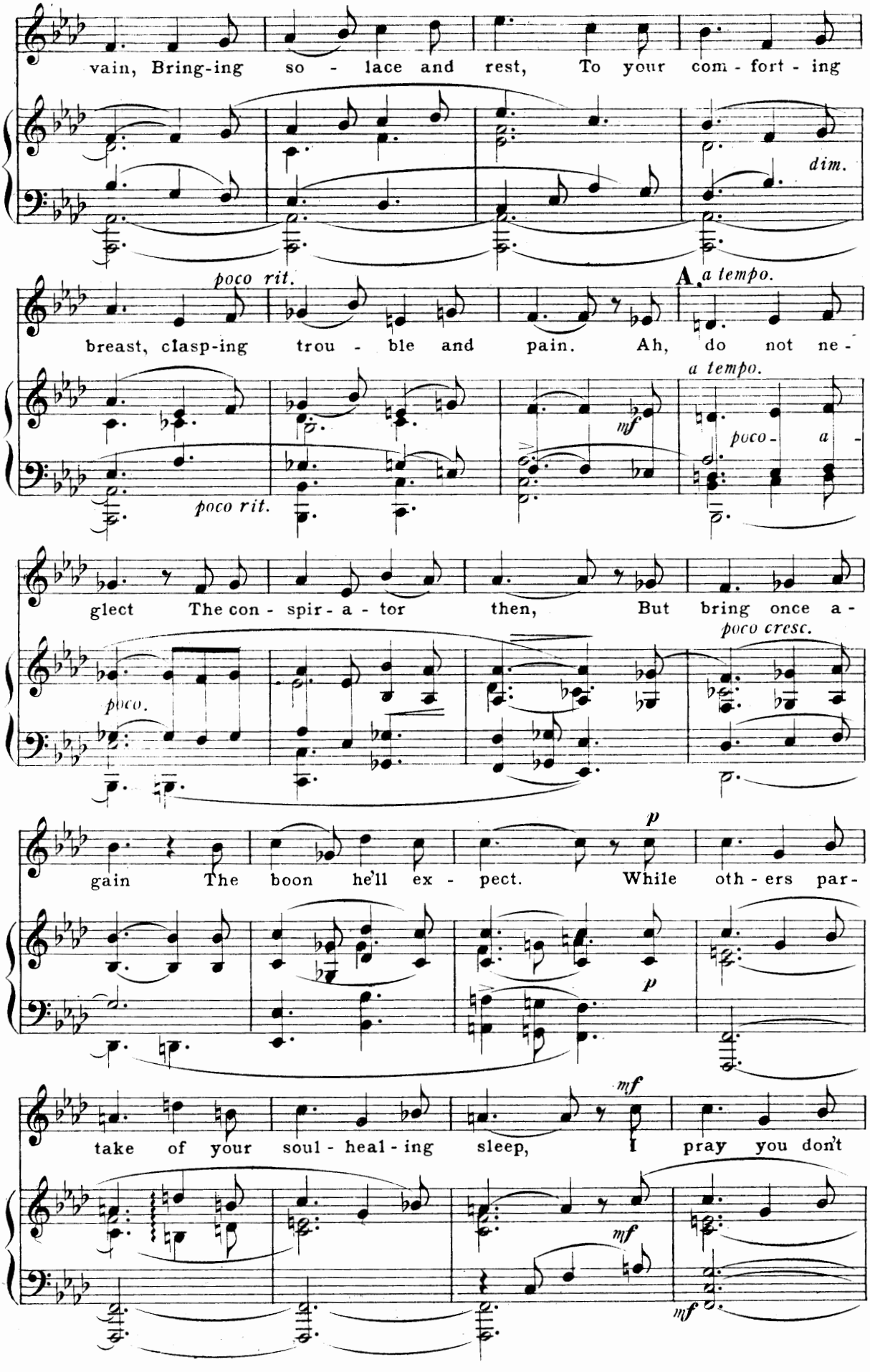
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.

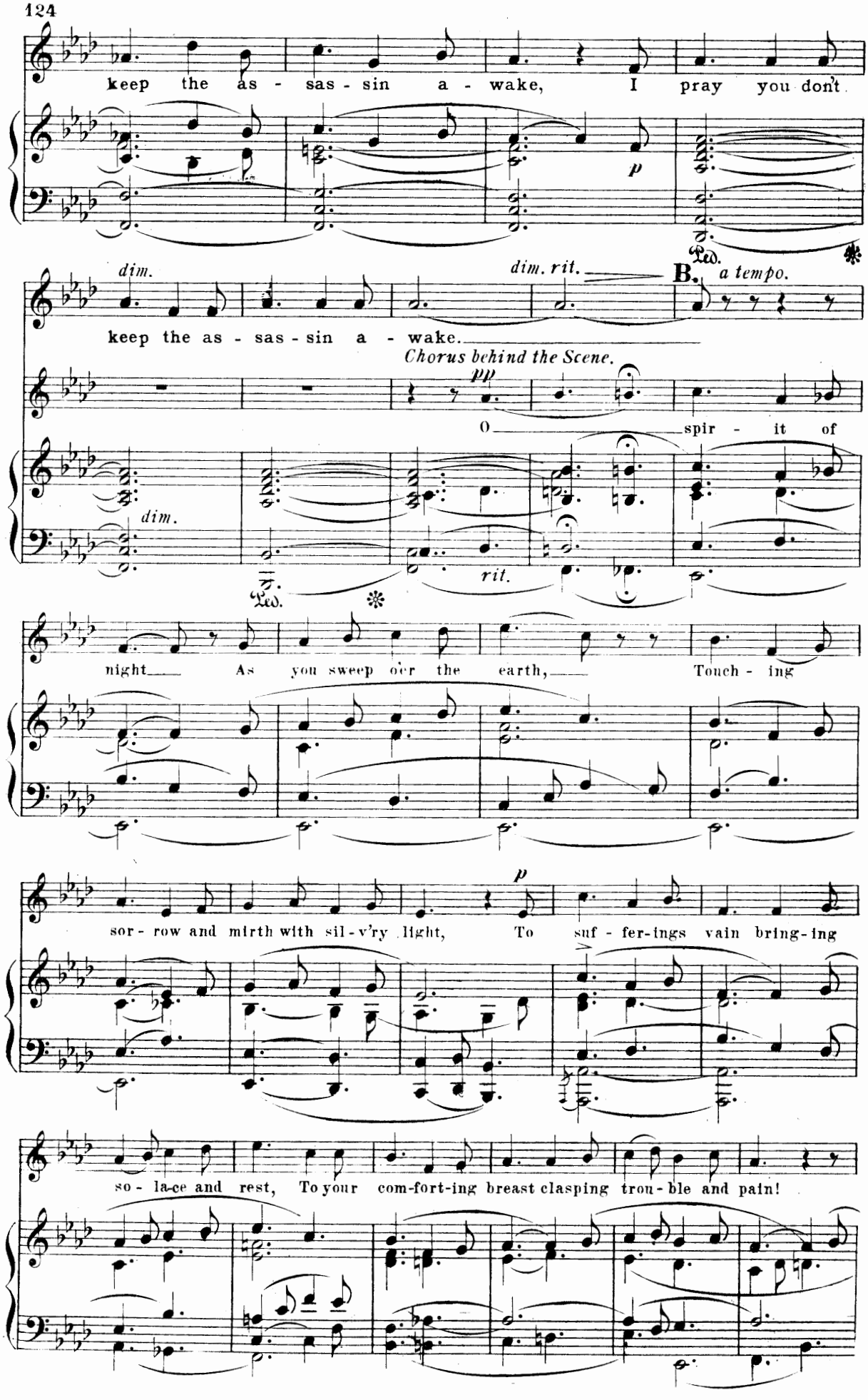

Tra, la, la, la, la! And we do it for the good, Well, we
a - poco -
say it's for the good, For the gen - er - al good of the
dim.
na - tion!
mf
dim.
pp
ppp
8

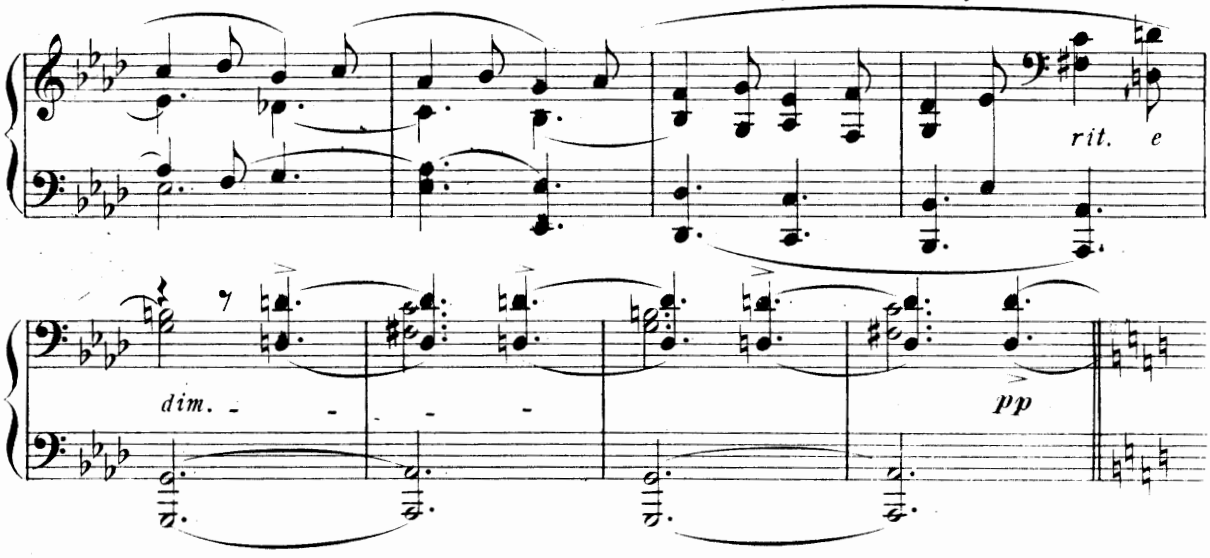
No 3. Air: Killsin and Chorus.



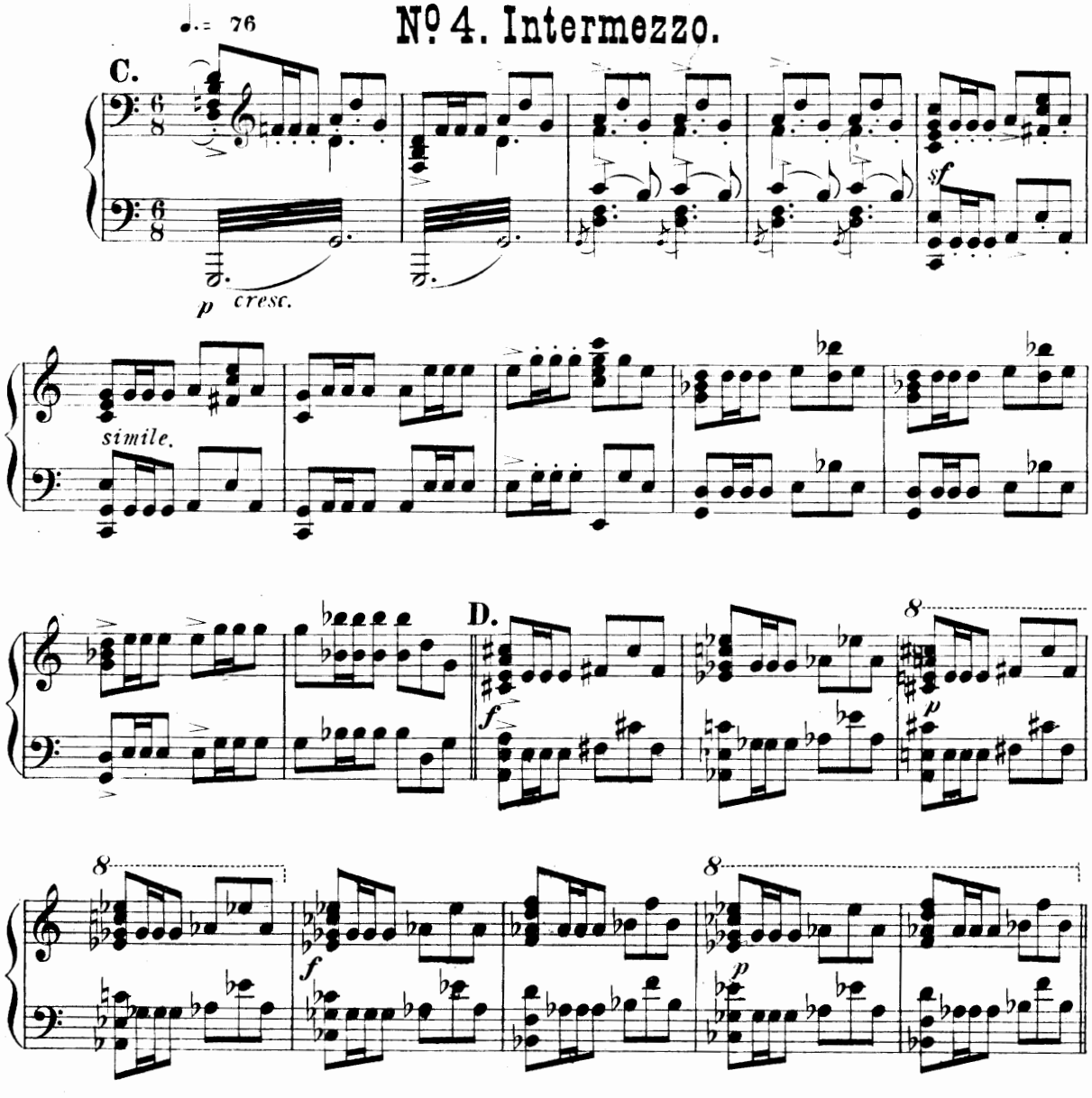
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co


vain, Bring-ing so - lace and rest, To your com - fort - ing
dim.
poco rit.
A a tempo.
breast, clasp-ing trou - ble and pain. Ah, do not ne -
poco rit.
mf
a tempo.
poco - a -
glect The con - spir - a - tor then, But bring once a -
poco.
poco cresc.
gain The boon he'll ex - pect. While oth - ers par -
p
p
take of your soul - heal - ing sleep, I pray you don't
mf
mf
mf

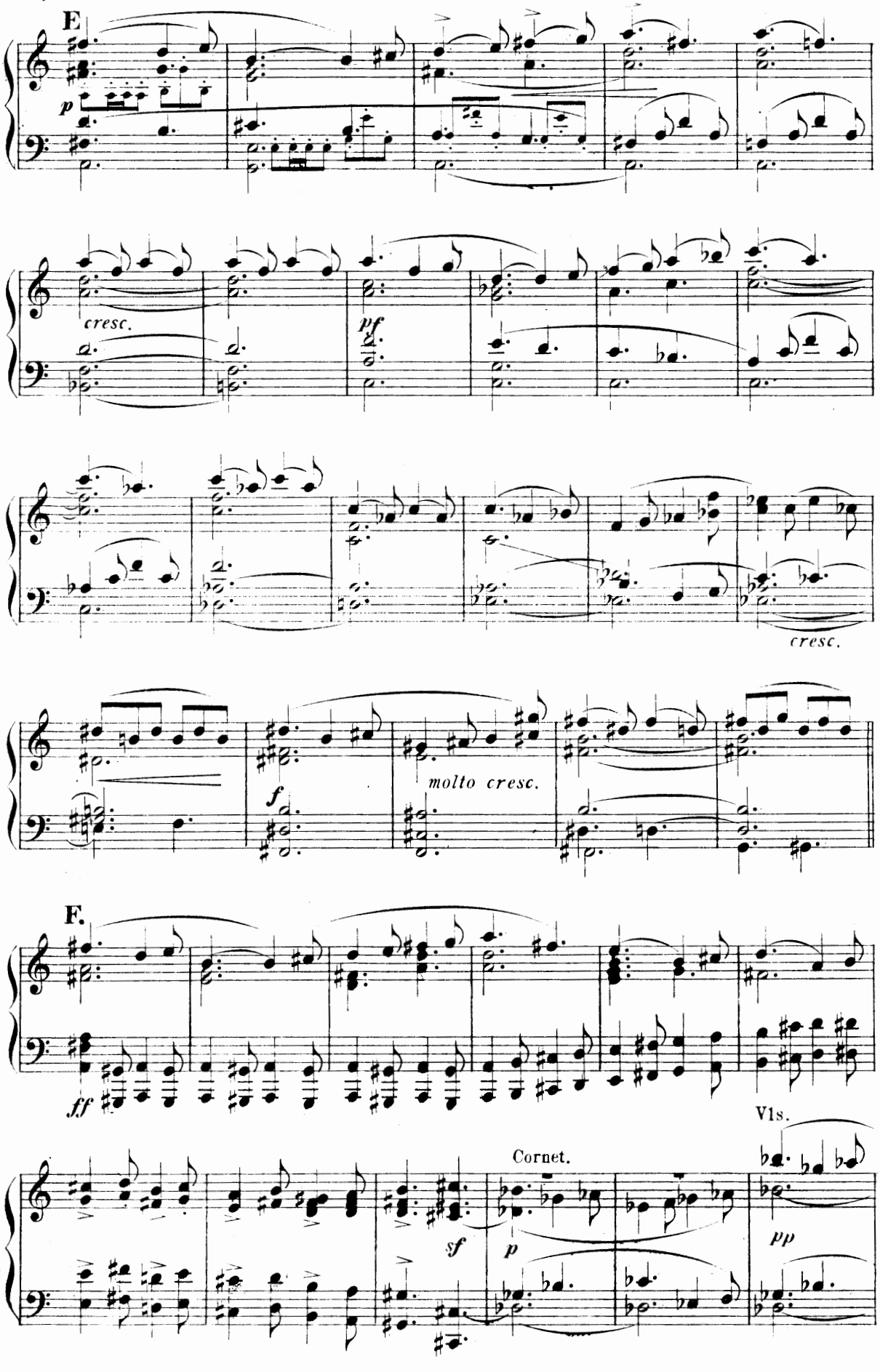

keep the as - sas - sin a - wake, I pray you don't
p
Ped.
dim.
dim. rit.
B.
a tempo.
keep the as - sas - sin a - wake.
Chorus behind the Scene.
pp
O spir - it of
dim.
rit.
Ped.
night As you sweep o'er the earth, Touch - ing
p
sor - row and mirth with sil - v'ry light, To suf - fer-ings vain bring-ing
so - la-ce and rest, To your com-fort-ing breast clasping trou - ble and pain!

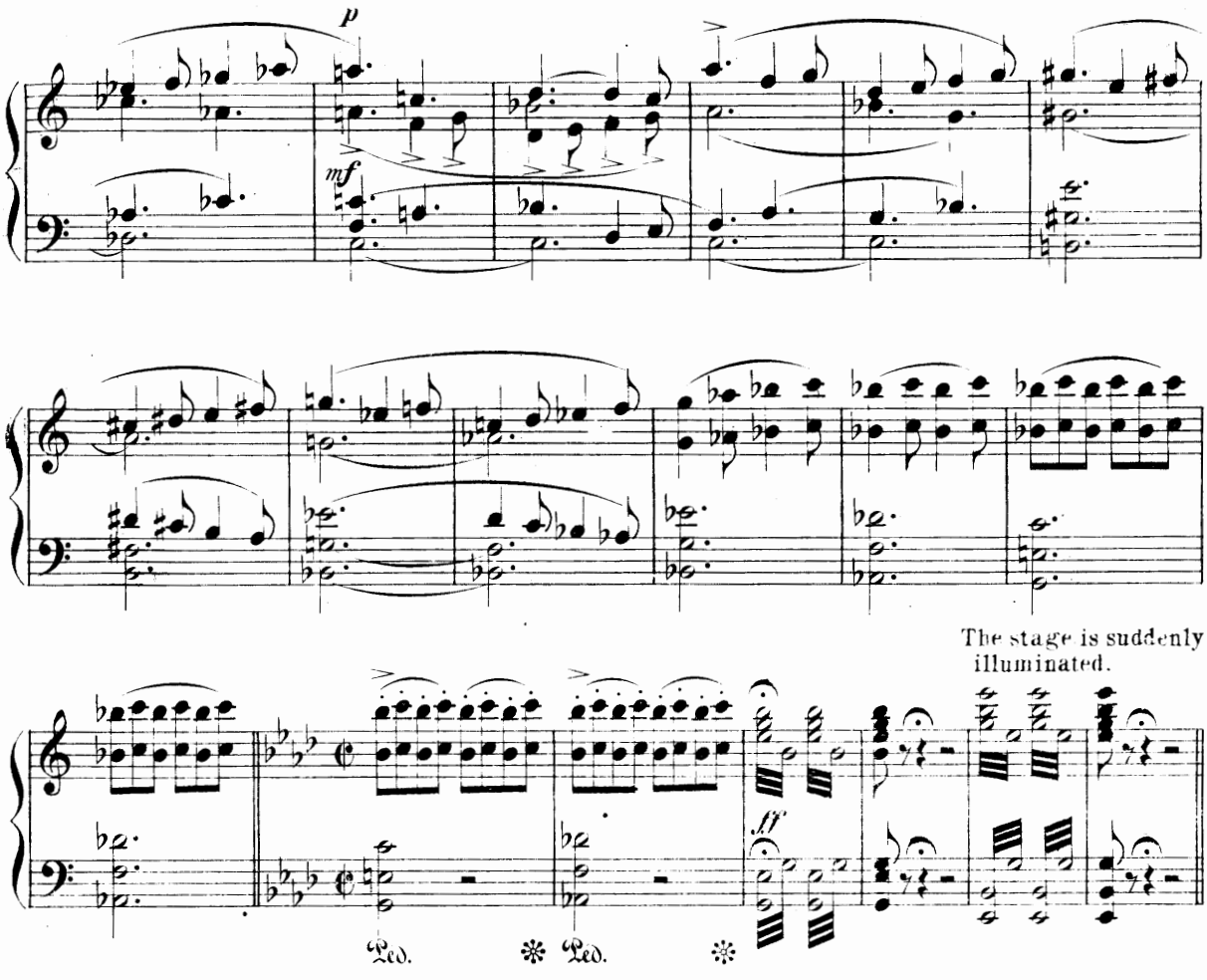


No 4. Intermezzo.

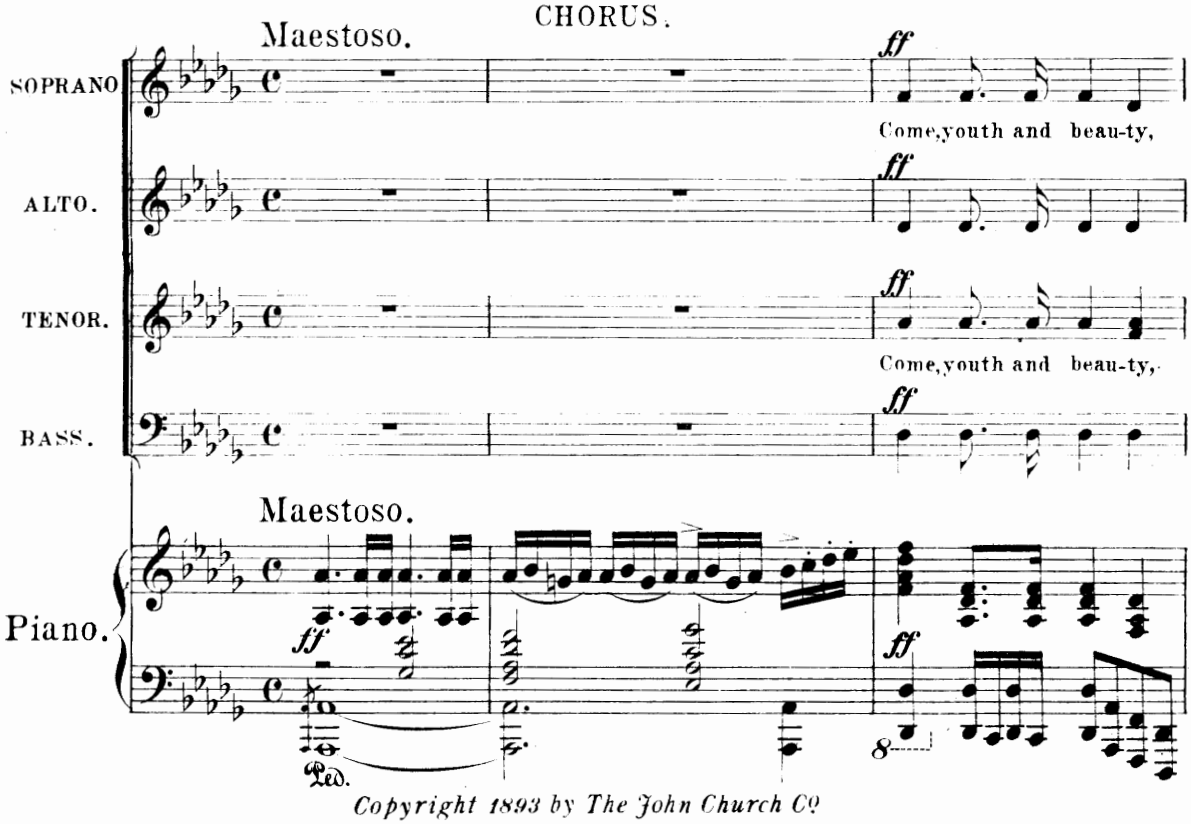


Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

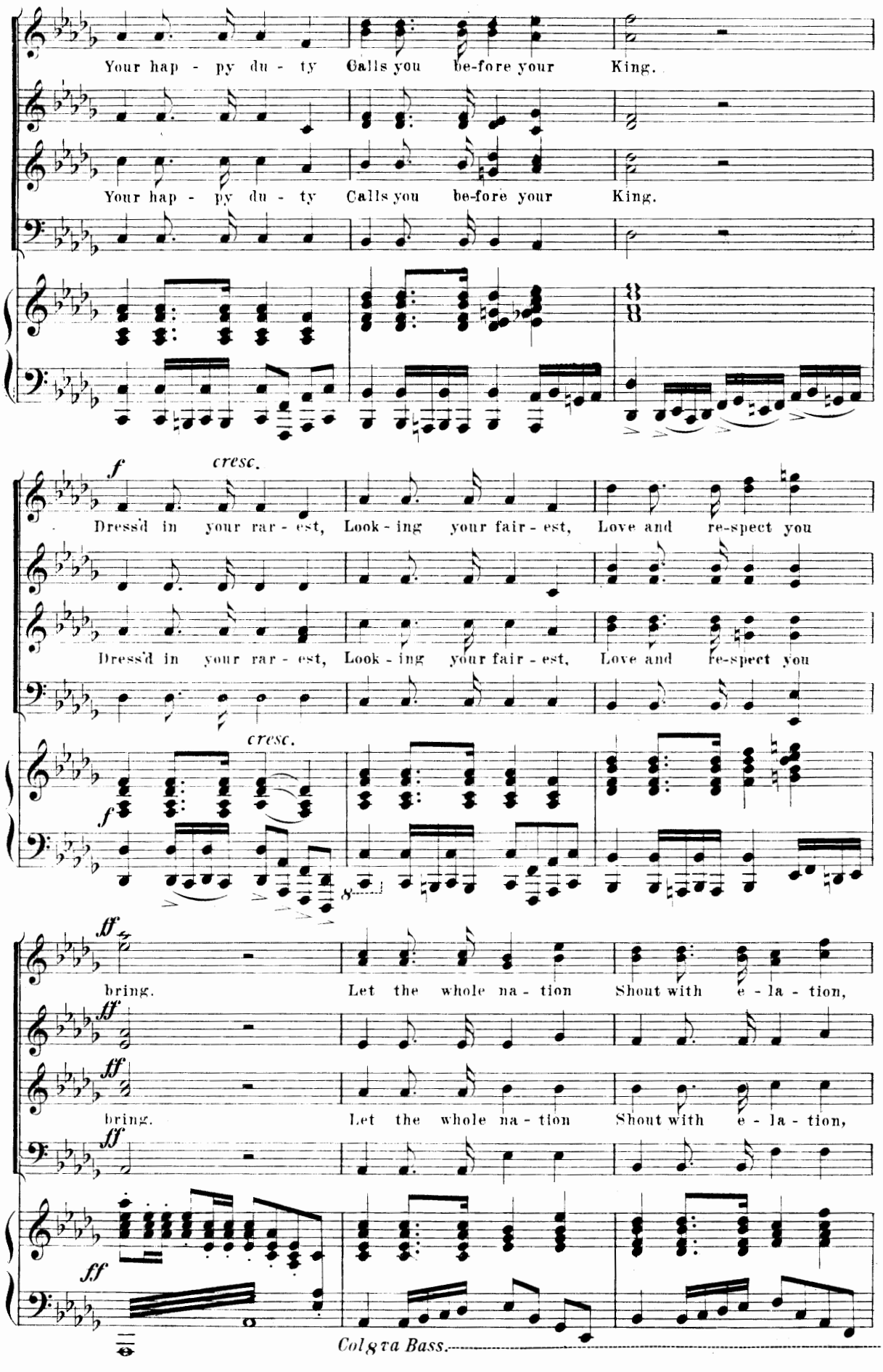

E
p
cresc.
pf
cresc.
f
molto cresc.
F.
ff
Vls.
Cornet.
sf
p
pp

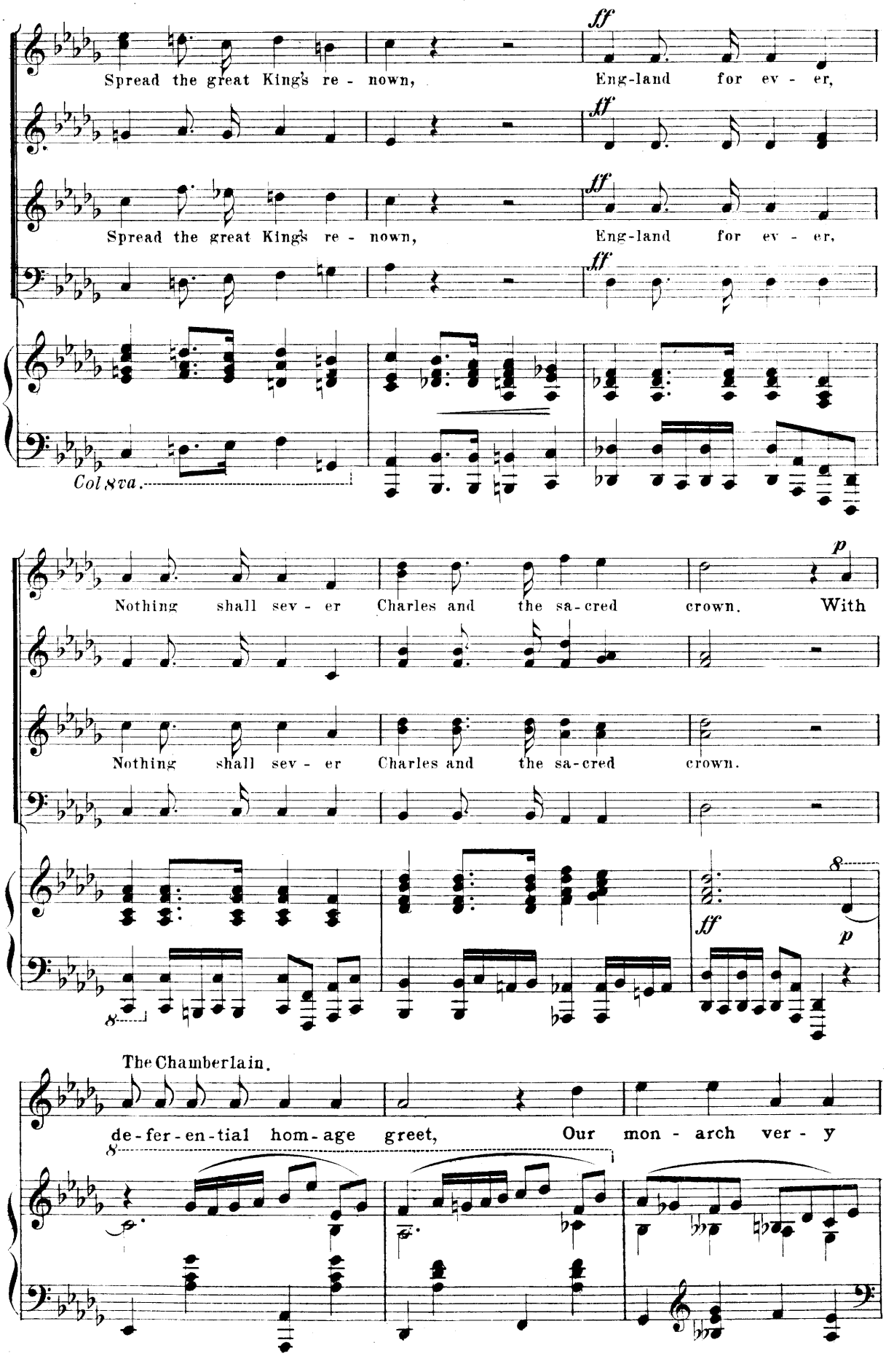


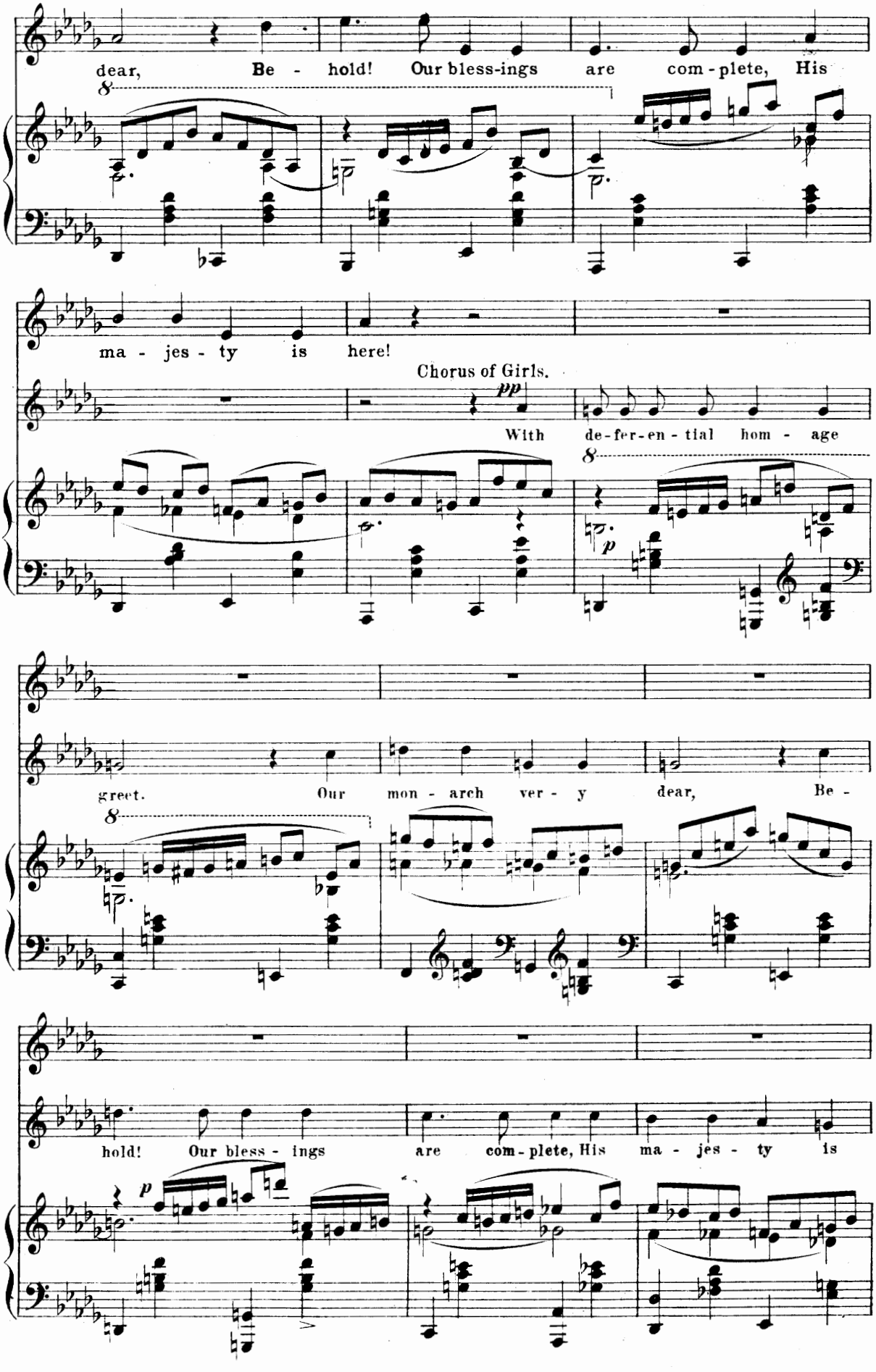
Scene II. The Grand Reception Hall in the Palace of Charles II. Courtiers and Ladies discovered.

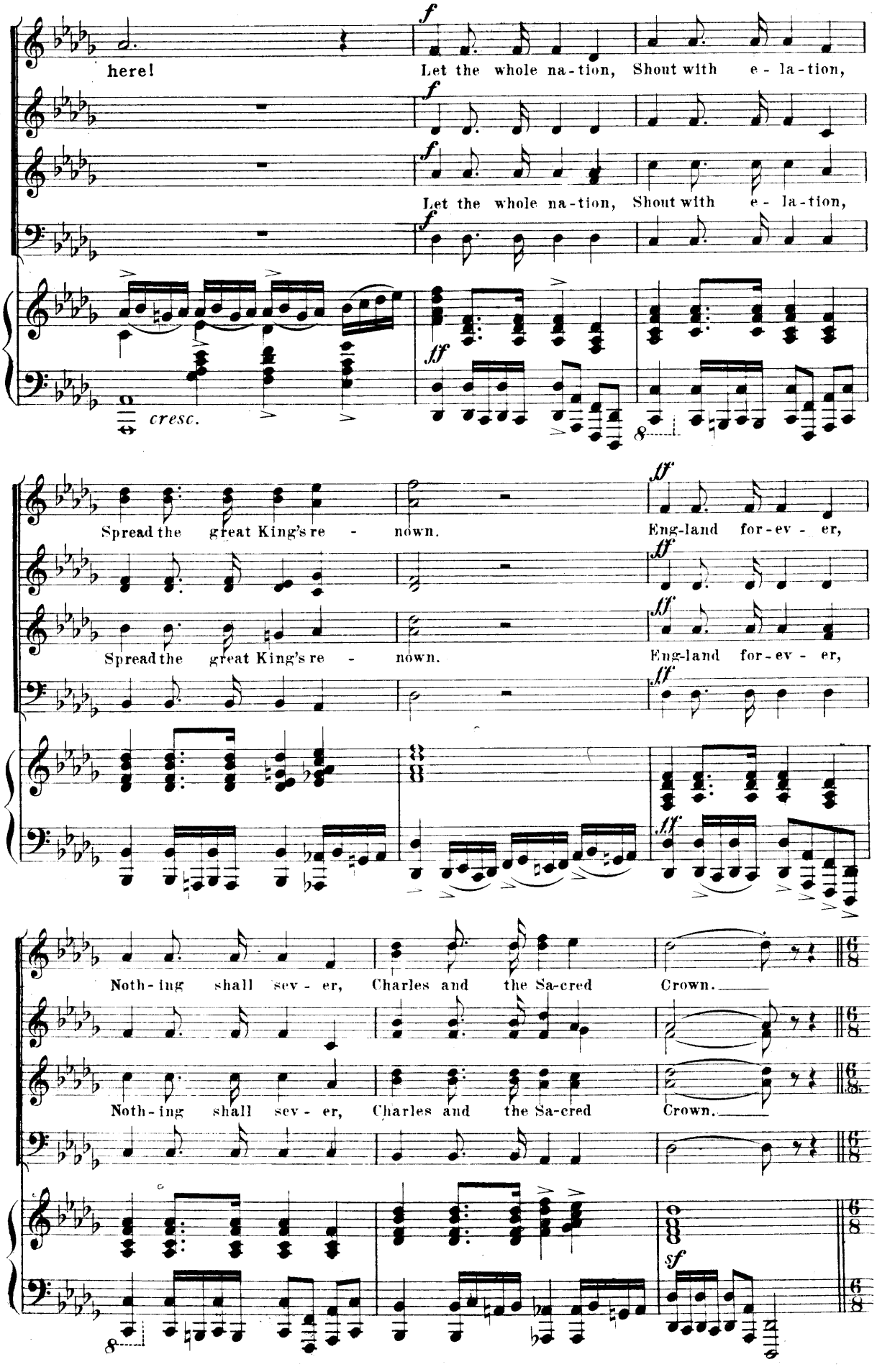


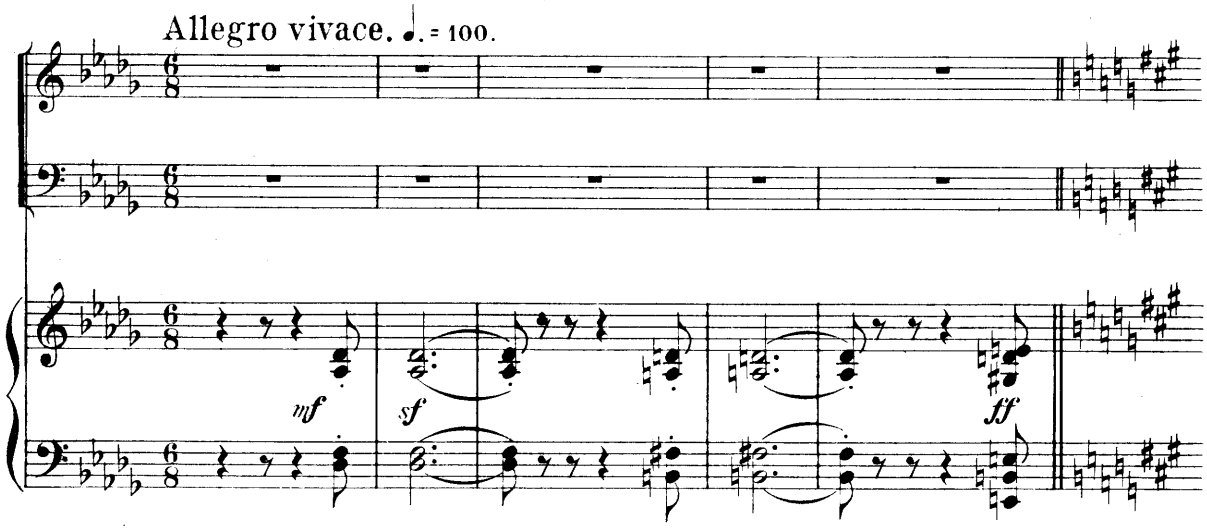
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co


Your hap - py du - ty Calls you be-fore your King.
Your hap - py du - ty Calls you be-fore your King.
f
cresc.
Dress'd in your rar - est, Look - ing your fair - est, Love and re-spect you
Dress'd in your rar - est, Look - ing your fair - est, Love and re-spect you
cresc.
f
8
ff
bring. Let the whole na - tion Shout with e - la - tion,
ff
bring. Let the whole na - tion Shout with e - la - tion,
ff
ff
Col 8va Bass.

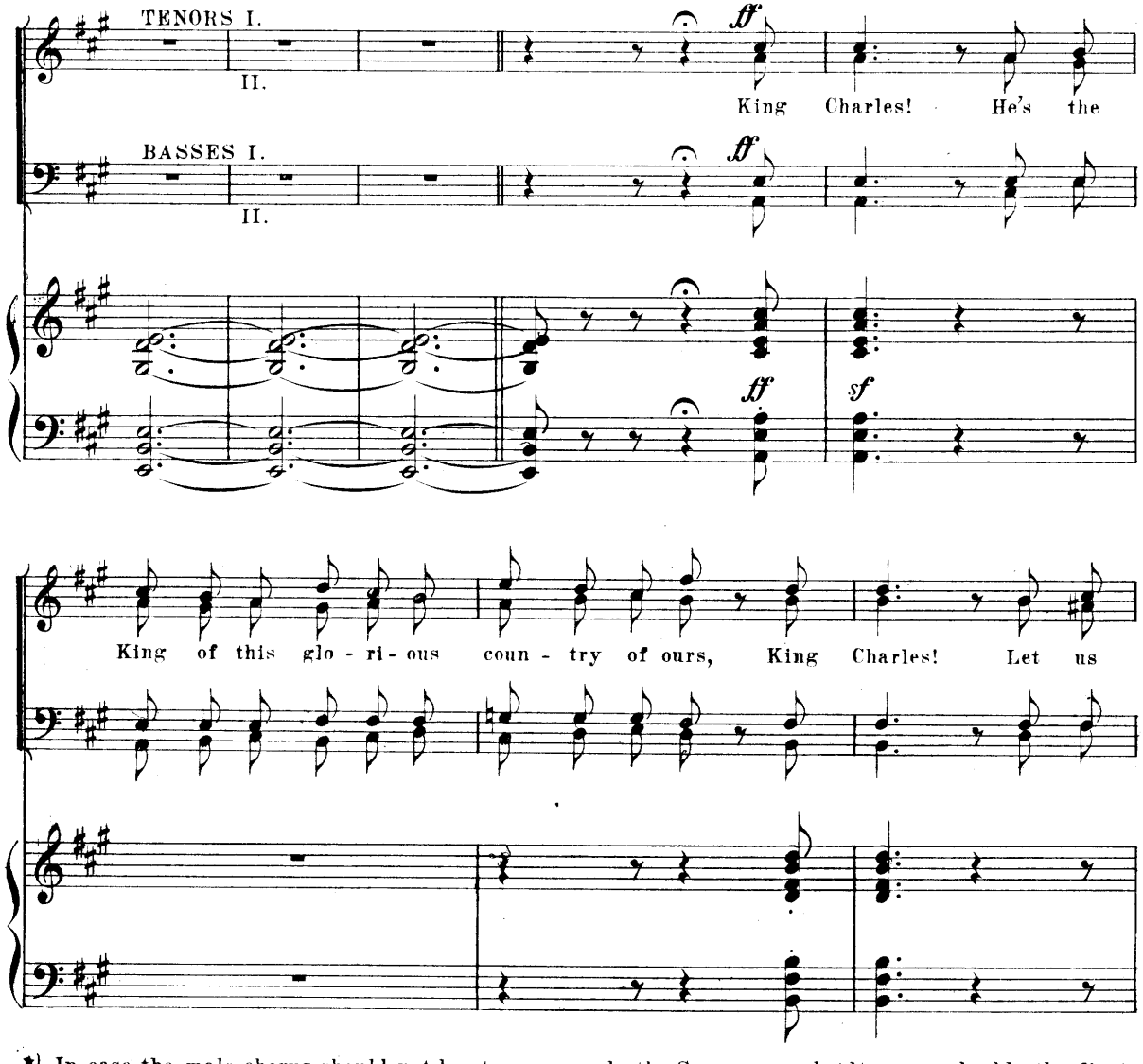

Spread the great King's re - nown,
Eng-land for ev - er,
Spread the great King's re - nown,
Eng-land for ev - er,
Col 8va.
Nothing shall sev - er Charles and the sa-cred crown. With
Nothing shall sev - er Charles and the sa-cred crown.
The Chamberlain.
de-fer-en-tial hom-age greet, Our mon - arch ver - y


dear, Be - hold! Our bless-ings are com-plete, His
ma - jes - ty is here!
Chorus of Girls.
pp
With de-fer-en-tial hom - age
p
greet. Our mon - arch ver - y dear, Be -
hold! Our bless - ings are com-plete, His ma - jes - ty is
p


here!
Let the whole na-tion, Shout with e-la-tion,
Let the whole na-tion, Shout with e-la-tion,
cresc.
Spread the great King's re-nown.
Eng-land for-ev-er,
Spread the great King's re-nown.
Eng-land for-ev-er,
Noth-ing shall sev-er, Charles and the Sa-cred Crown.
Noth-ing shall sev-er, Charles and the Sa-cred Crown.

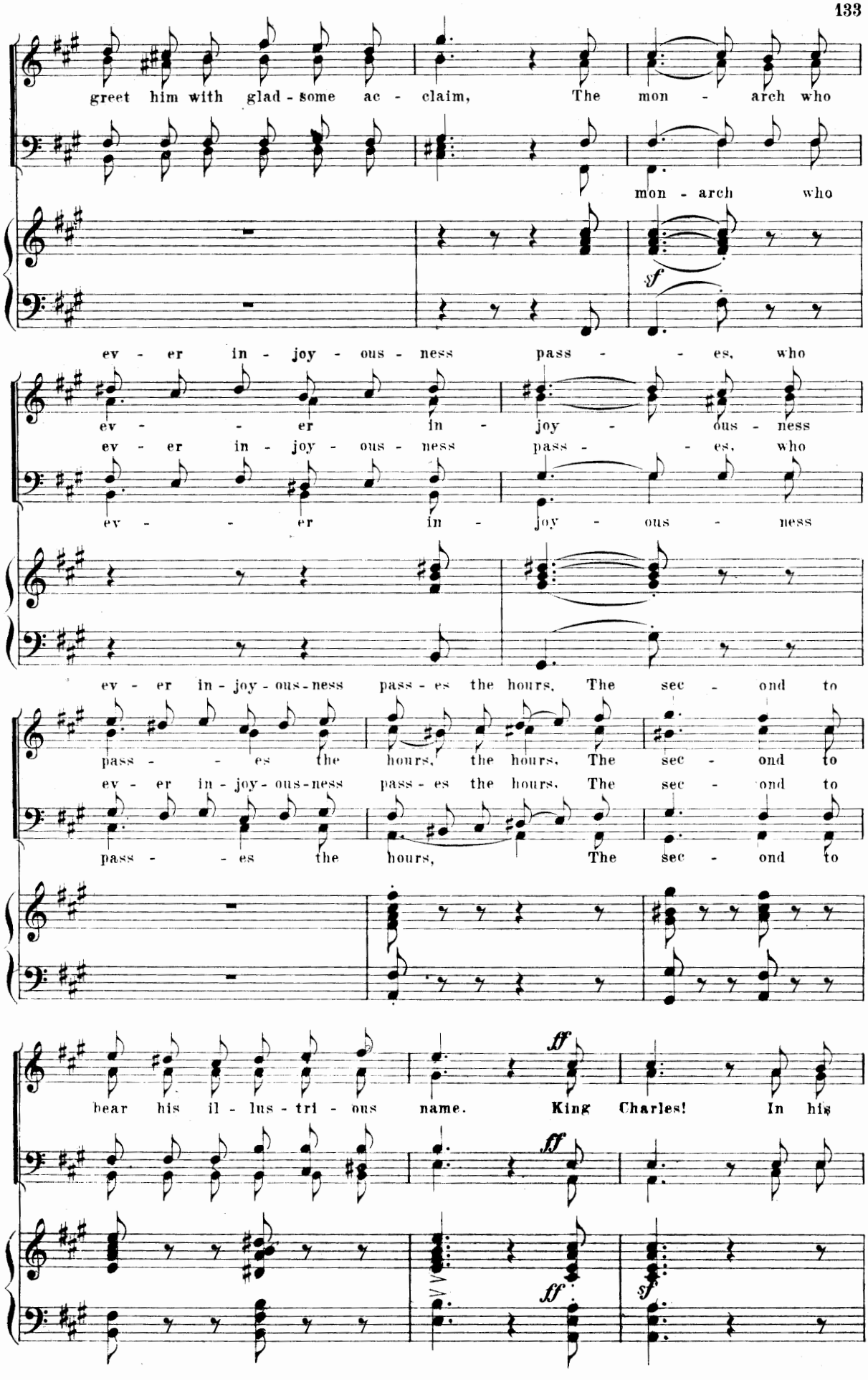


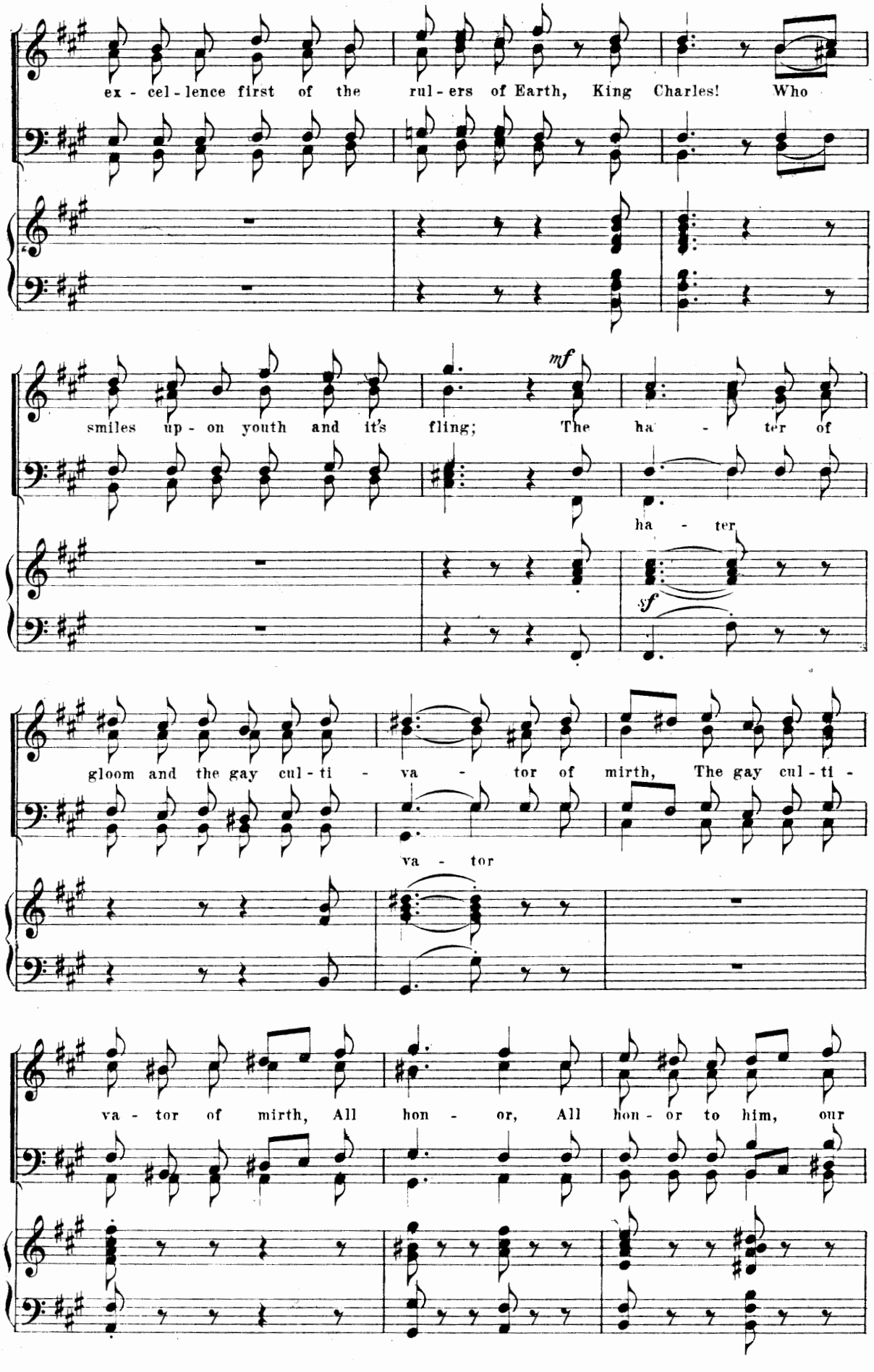
No. 6. Chorus of Cavaliers.*)

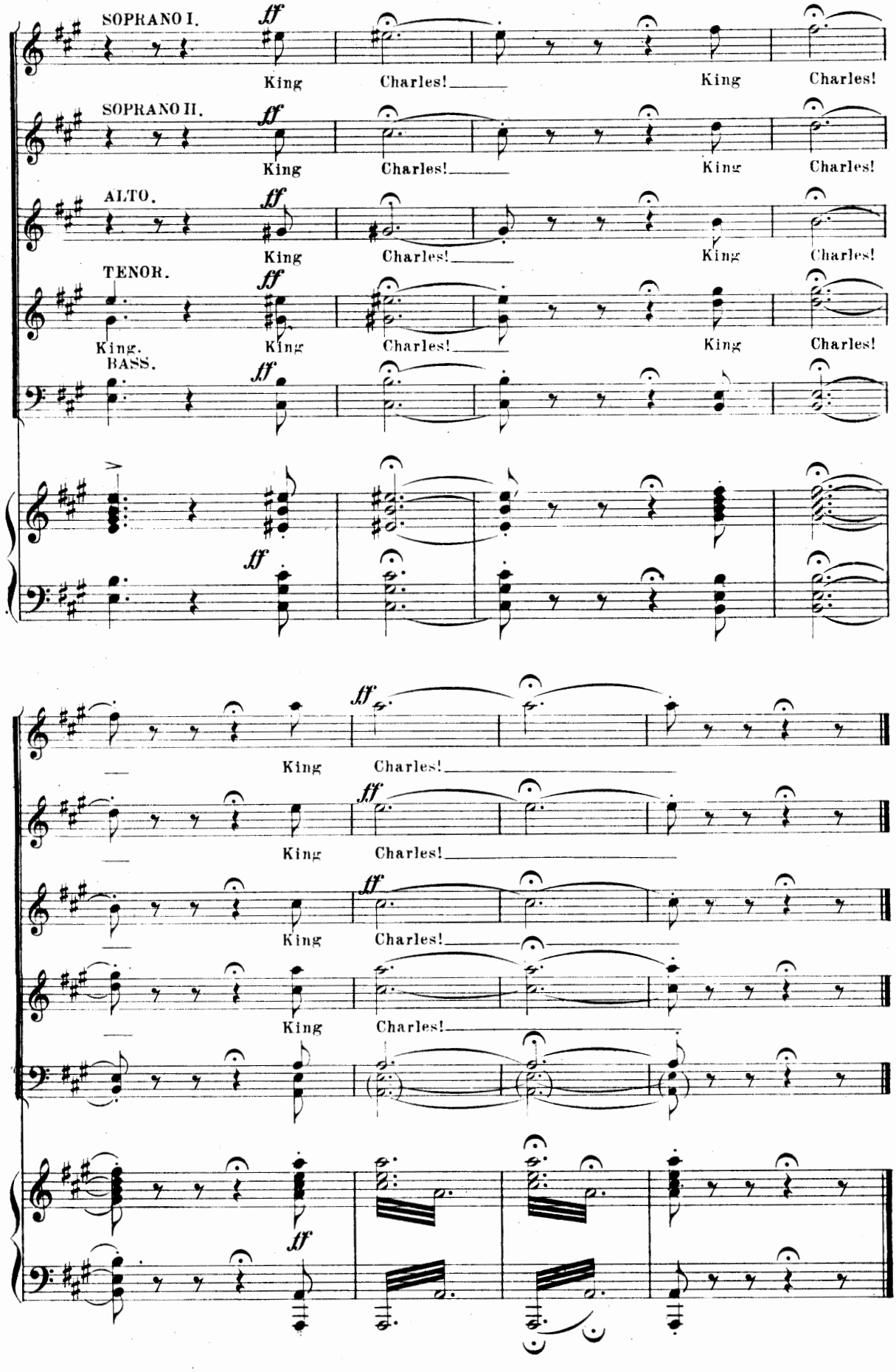


*) In case the male chorus should not be strong enough, the Sopranos and Altos may double the first and second Tenor parts, an octave higher.

Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

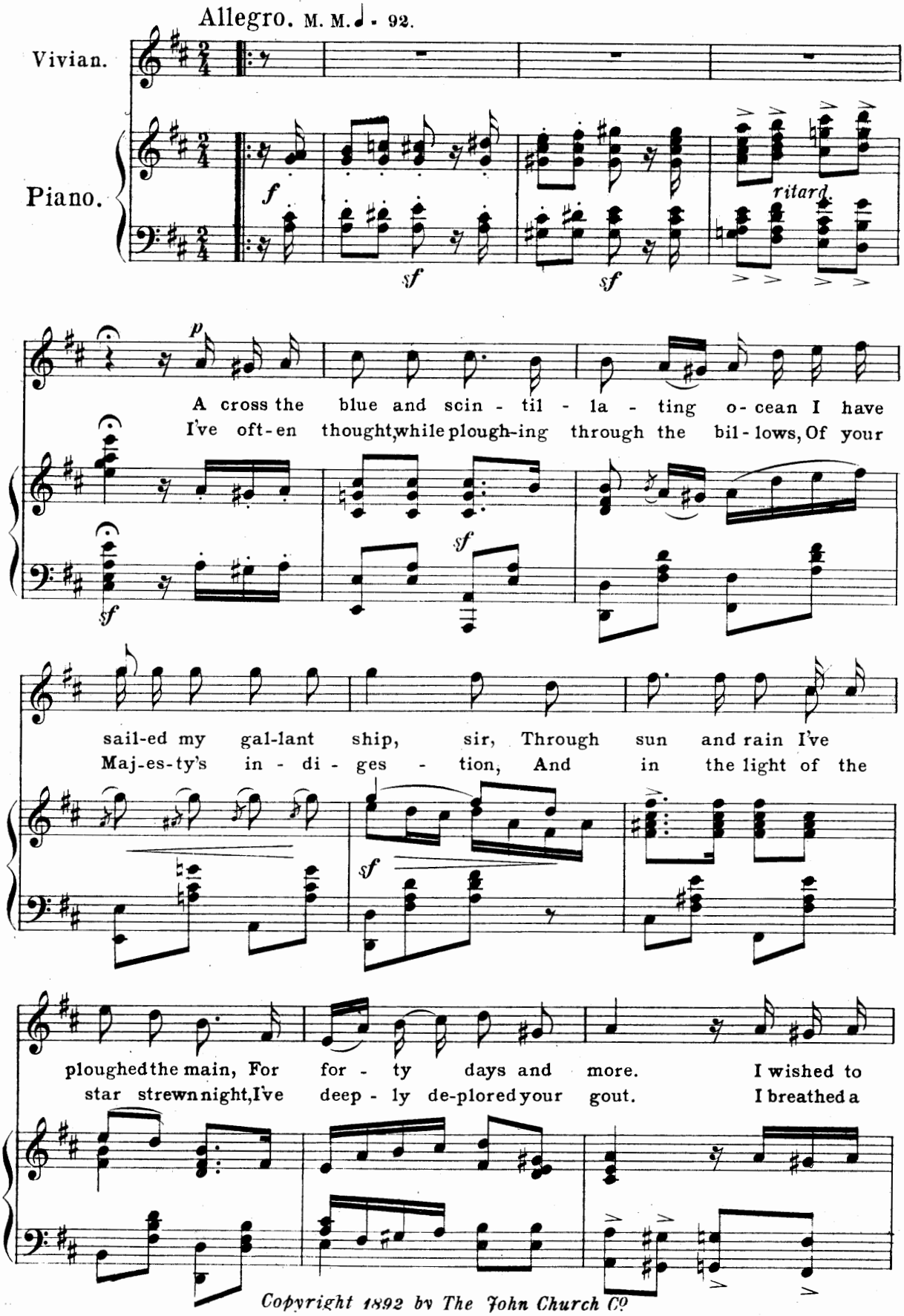

greet him with glad - some ac - claim, The mon - arch who
mon - arch who
sf
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness pass - es, who
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness pass - es, who
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness pass - es the hours, The sec - ond to
pass - es the hours, the hours, The sec - ond to
ev - er in - joy - ous - ness pass - es the hours, The sec - ond to
pass - es the hours, The sec - ond to
ff
bear his il - lus - tri - ous name. King Charles! In his
ff
ff
sf


ex - cel - lence first of the rul - ers of Earth, King Charles! Who
smiles up - on youth and it's fling; The ha - ter of
mf
ha - ter
sf
gloom and the gay cul - ti - va - tor of mirth, The gay cul - ti -
va - tor
va - tor of mirth, All hon - or, All hon - or to him, our

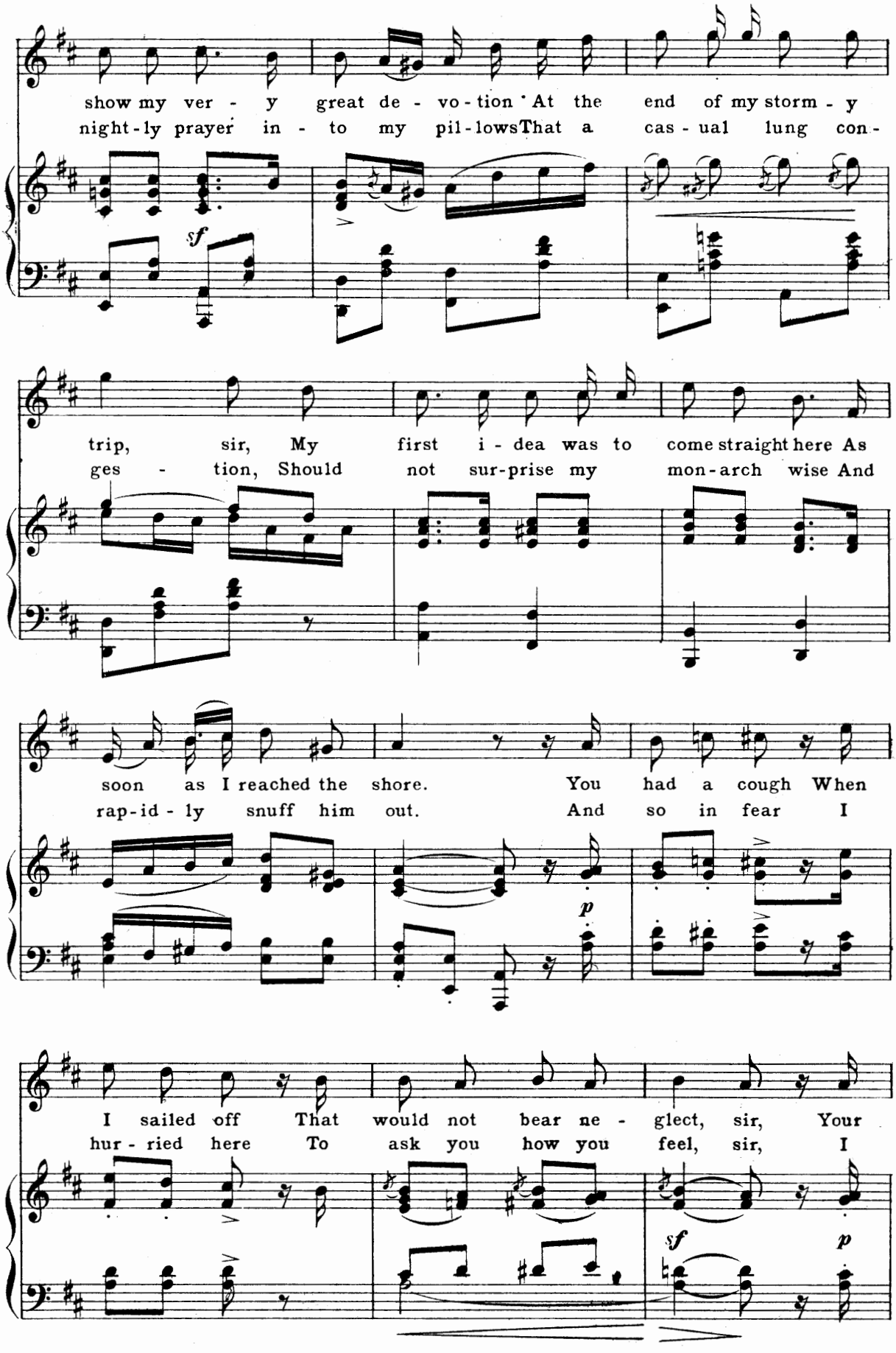

SOPRANO I.
ff
King Charles! King Charles!
SOPRANO II.
ff
King Charles! King Charles!
ALTO.
ff
King Charles! King Charles!
TENOR.
ff
King. King Charles! King Charles!
BASS.
ff
ff
King Charles!
ff
King Charles!
ff
King Charles!
King Charles!
ff

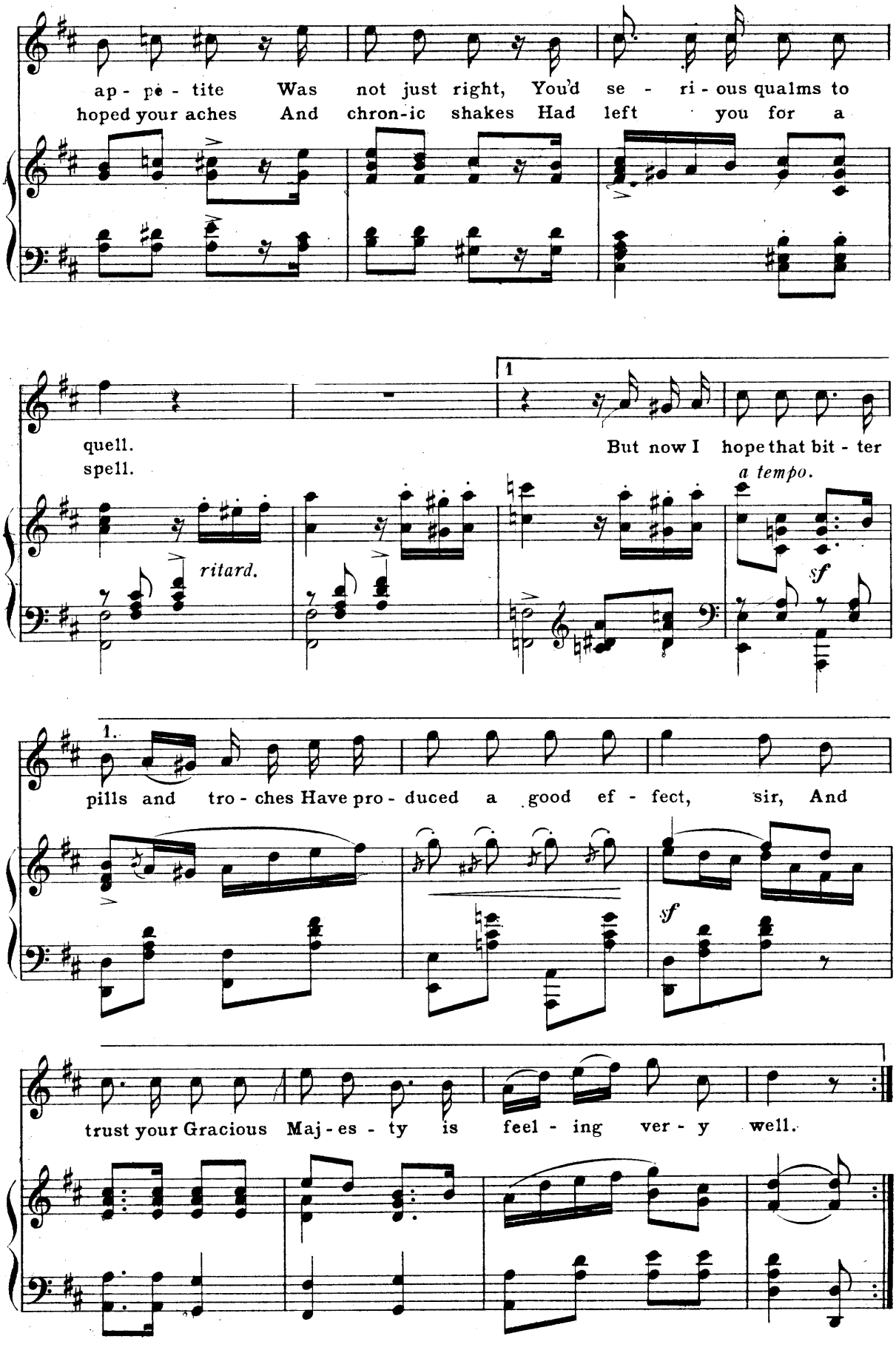
No. 8. Song.

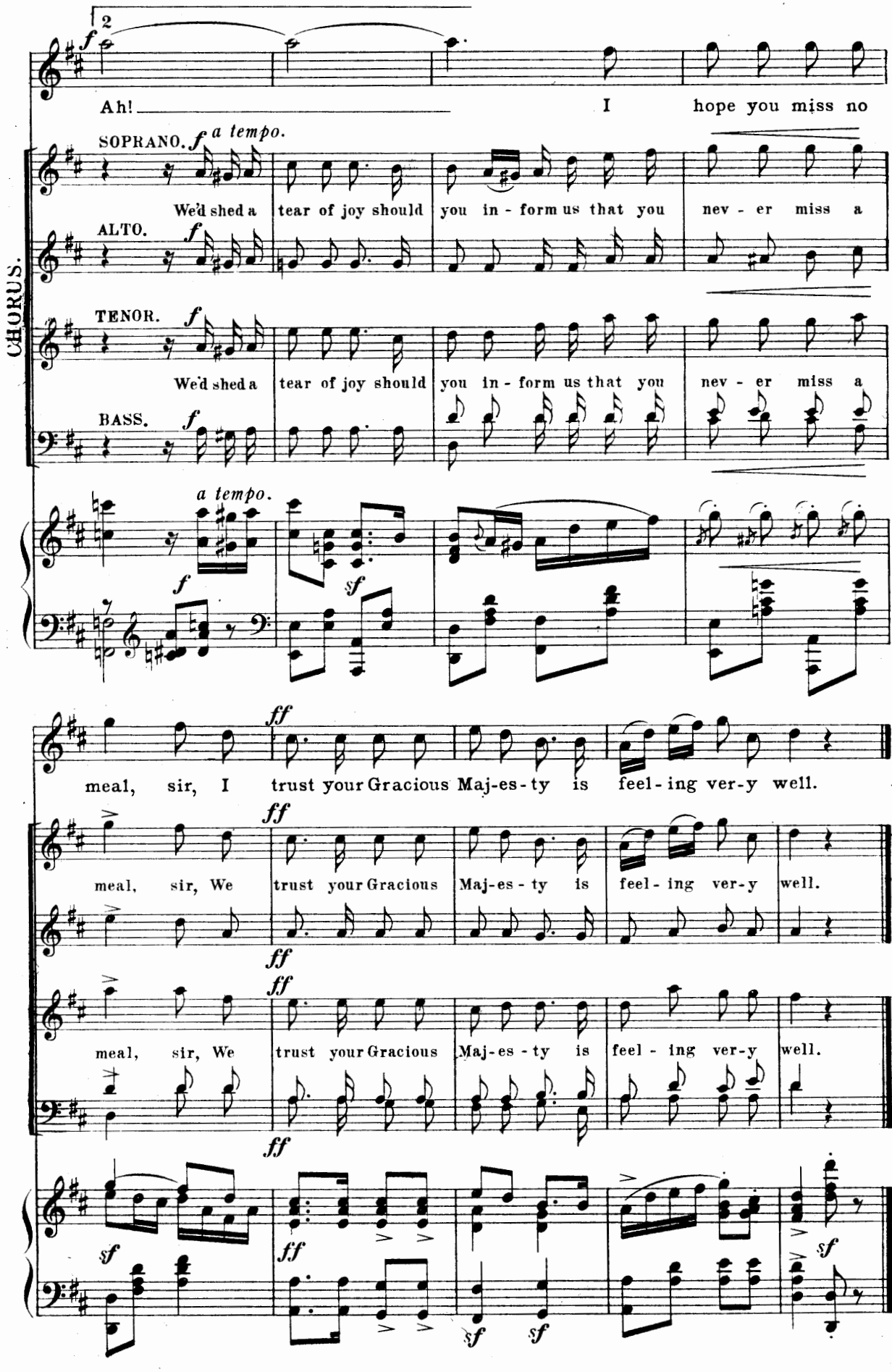
Vivian.



Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co

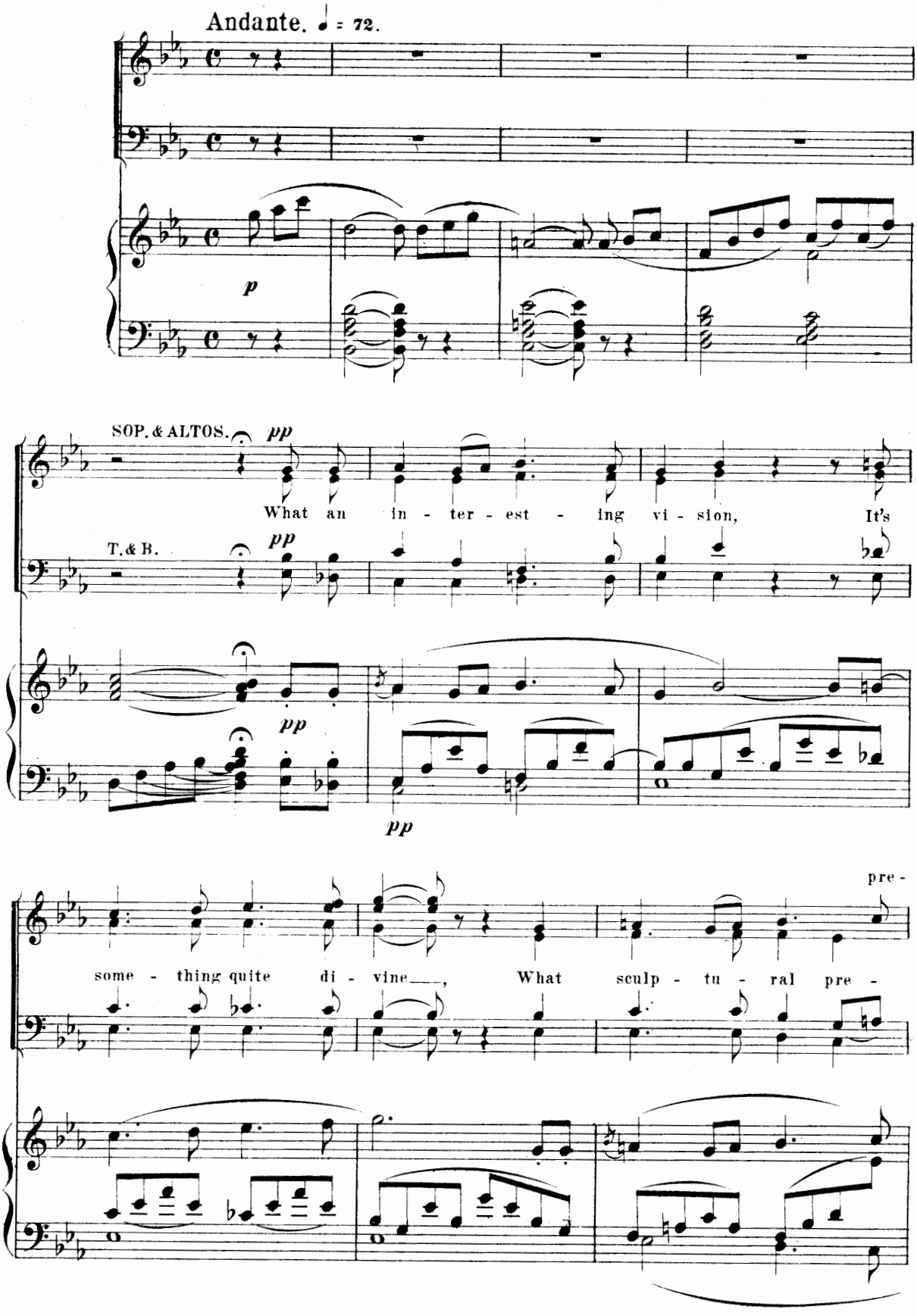

show my ver - y great de - vo - tion At the end of my storm - y
night - ly prayer in - to my pil - lows That a cas - ual lung con -
sf
trip, sir, My first i - dea was to come straight here As
ges - tion, Should not sur - prise my mon - arch wise And
soon as I reached the shore. You had a cough When
rap - id - ly snuff him out. And so in fear I
p
I sailed off That would not bear ne - glect, sir, Your
hur - ried here To ask you how you feel, sir, I
sf
p


ap - pe - tite Was not just right, You'd se - ri - ous qualms to
hoped your aches And chron-ic shakes Had left you for a
quell.
spell.
ritard.
1
But now I hope that bit - ter
a tempo.
sf
1.
pills and tro - ches Have pro - duced a good ef - fect, sir, And
sf
trust your Gracious Maj - es - ty is feel - ing ver - y well.


2
Ah!
I hope you miss no
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
a tempo.
We'd shed a tear of joy should you in - form us that you nev - er miss a
ALTO.
TENOR.
We'd shed a tear of joy should you in - form us that you nev - er miss a
BASS.
a tempo.
meal, sir, I trust your Gracious Maj-es-ty is feel - ing ver-y well.
meal, sir, We trust your Gracious Maj-es - ty is feel - ing ver-y well.
meal, sir, We trust your Gracious Maj-es - ty is feel - ing ver-y well.

No. 8.

Chorus, King Charles & Vivian.



Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co.

Marks ev' ry

cis - ion Marks ev' - ry grace - ful line ___. Ob -

serve the dain - ty tint - ing and the beau - ty of the

eyes, With the smil - ing lips just hint - ing of the

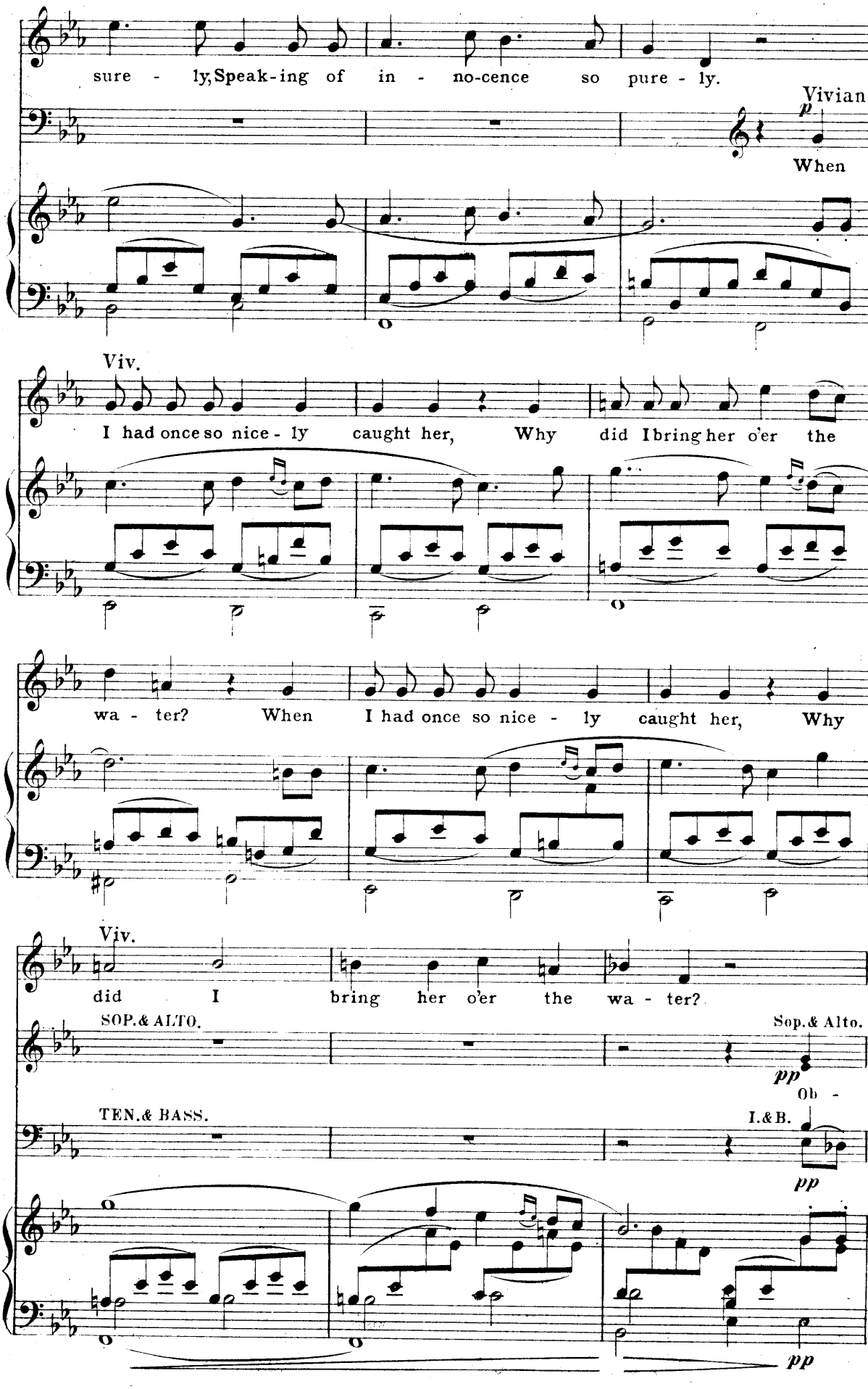
sweets of Par - a - dise.

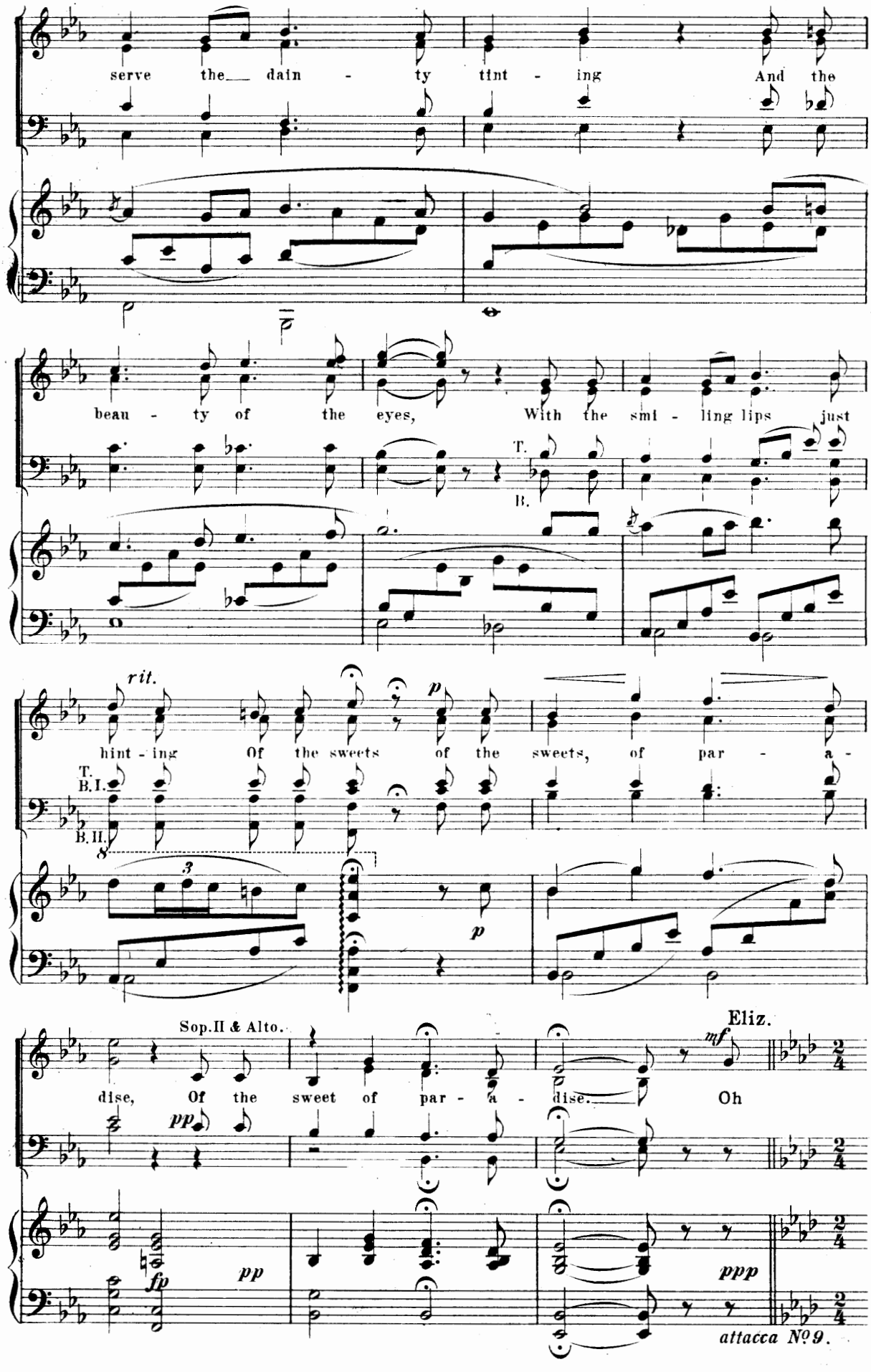
sweets of Par - a - dise.

p King Charles.

A beau - teous maid - en this most

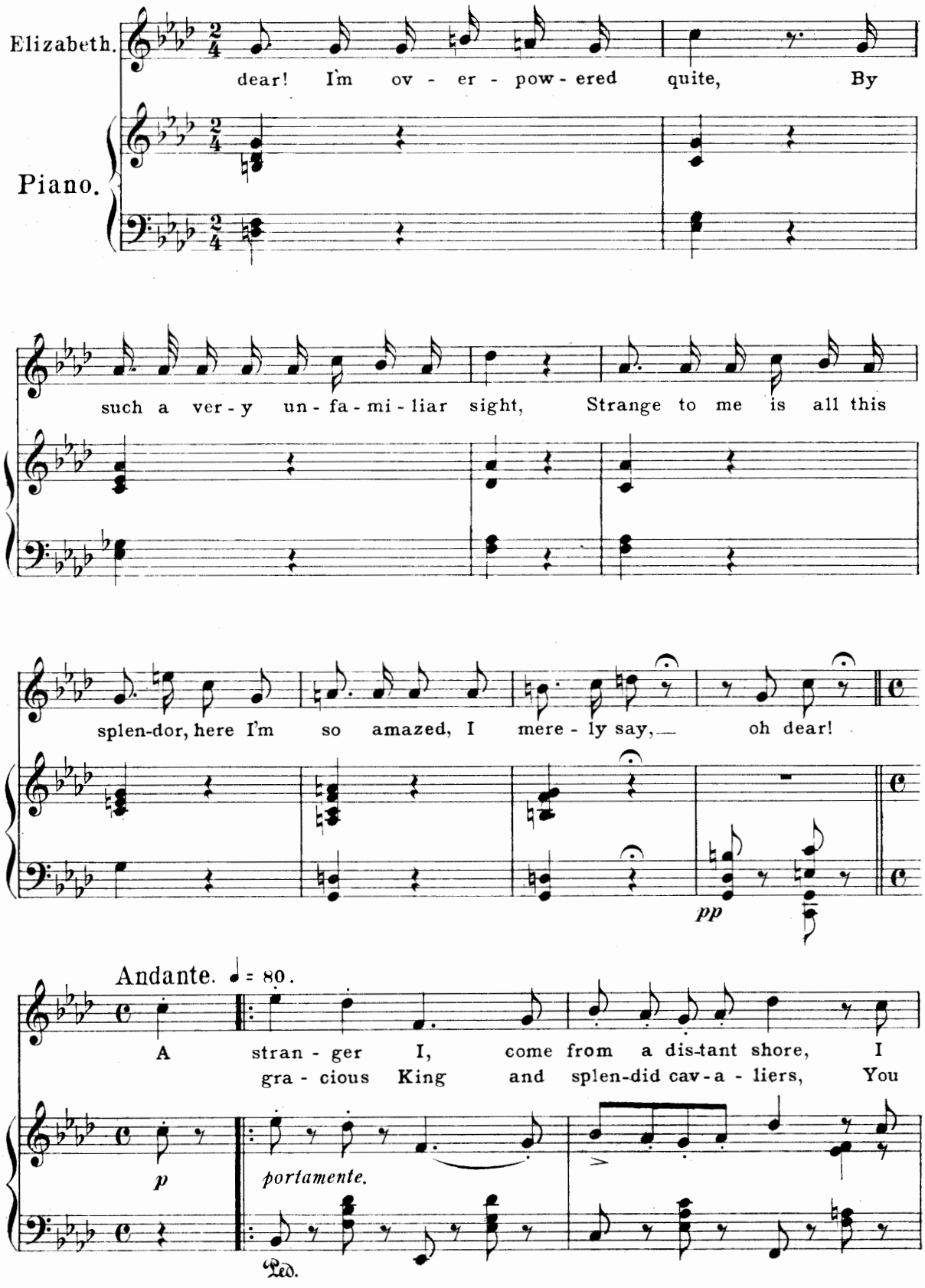
A little faster.


sure - ly, Speak-ing of in - no-cence so pure - ly.
Vivian.
p
When
Viv.
I had once so nice - ly caught her, Why did I bring her o'er the
wa - ter? When I had once so nice - ly caught her, Why
Viv.
did I bring her o'er the wa - ter?
SOP.& ALTO.
Sop.& Alto.
pp
Ob -
TEN.& BASS.
I.& B.
pp
pp

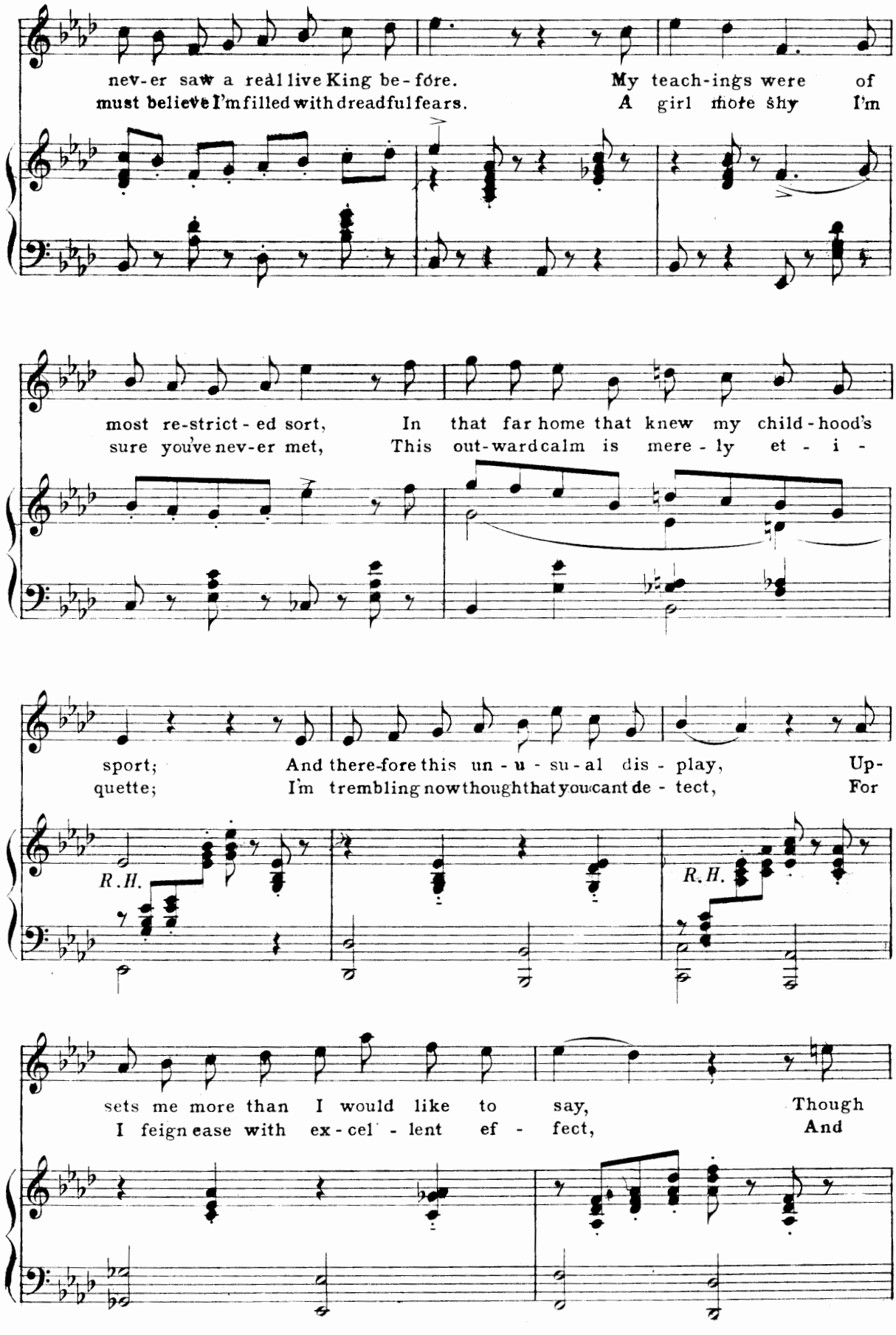

serve the dain - ty tint - ing And the
beau - ty of the eyes, With the smi - ling lips just
T.
B.
rit.
p
hint - ing Of the sweets of the sweets, of par - a -
T.
B.I.
B.II.
3
p
Sop.II & Alto.
Eliz.
mf
dise, Of the sweet of par - a - dise. Oh
pp
pp
fp
ppp
attacca No 9.

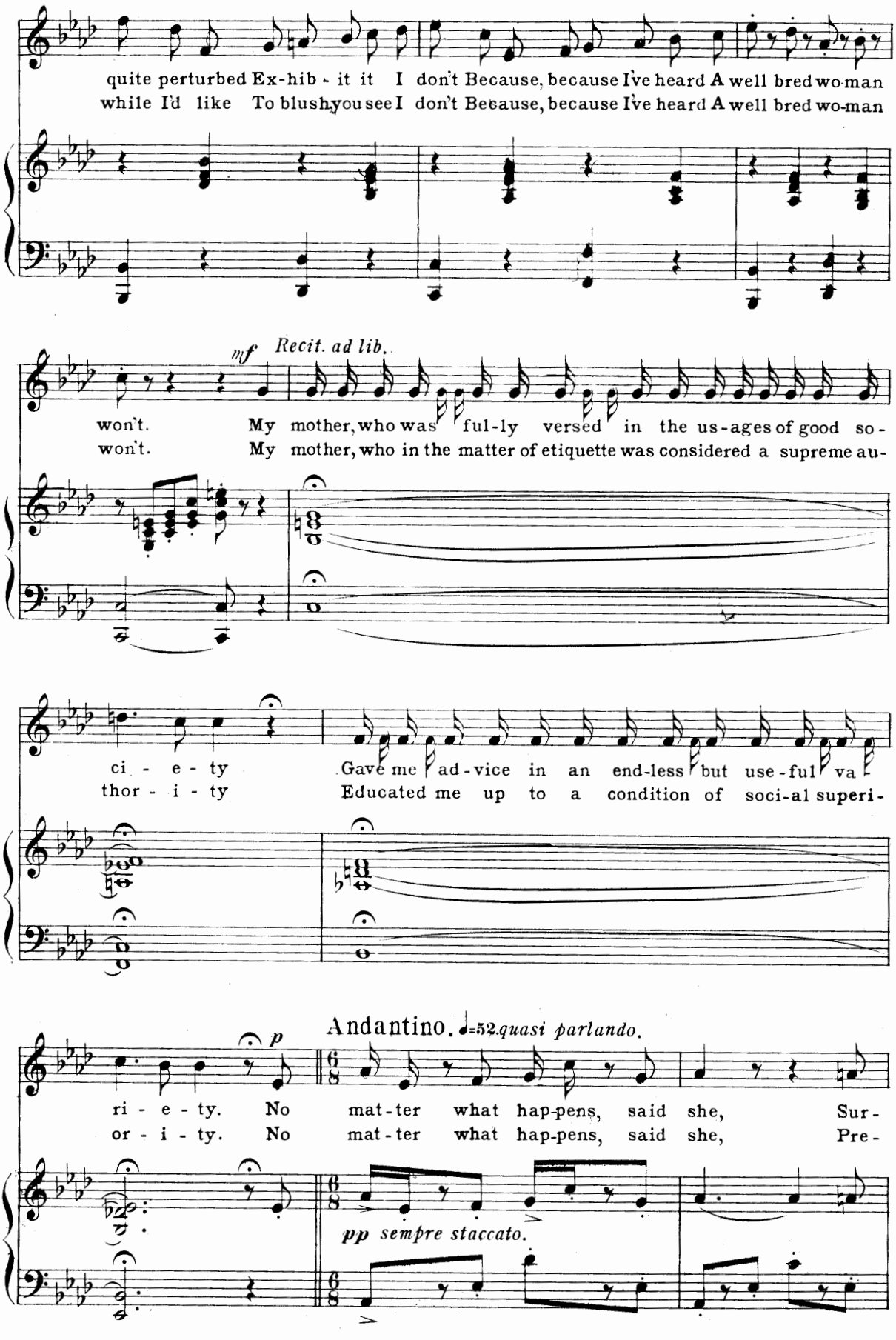
No. 9. Recitative and Song.

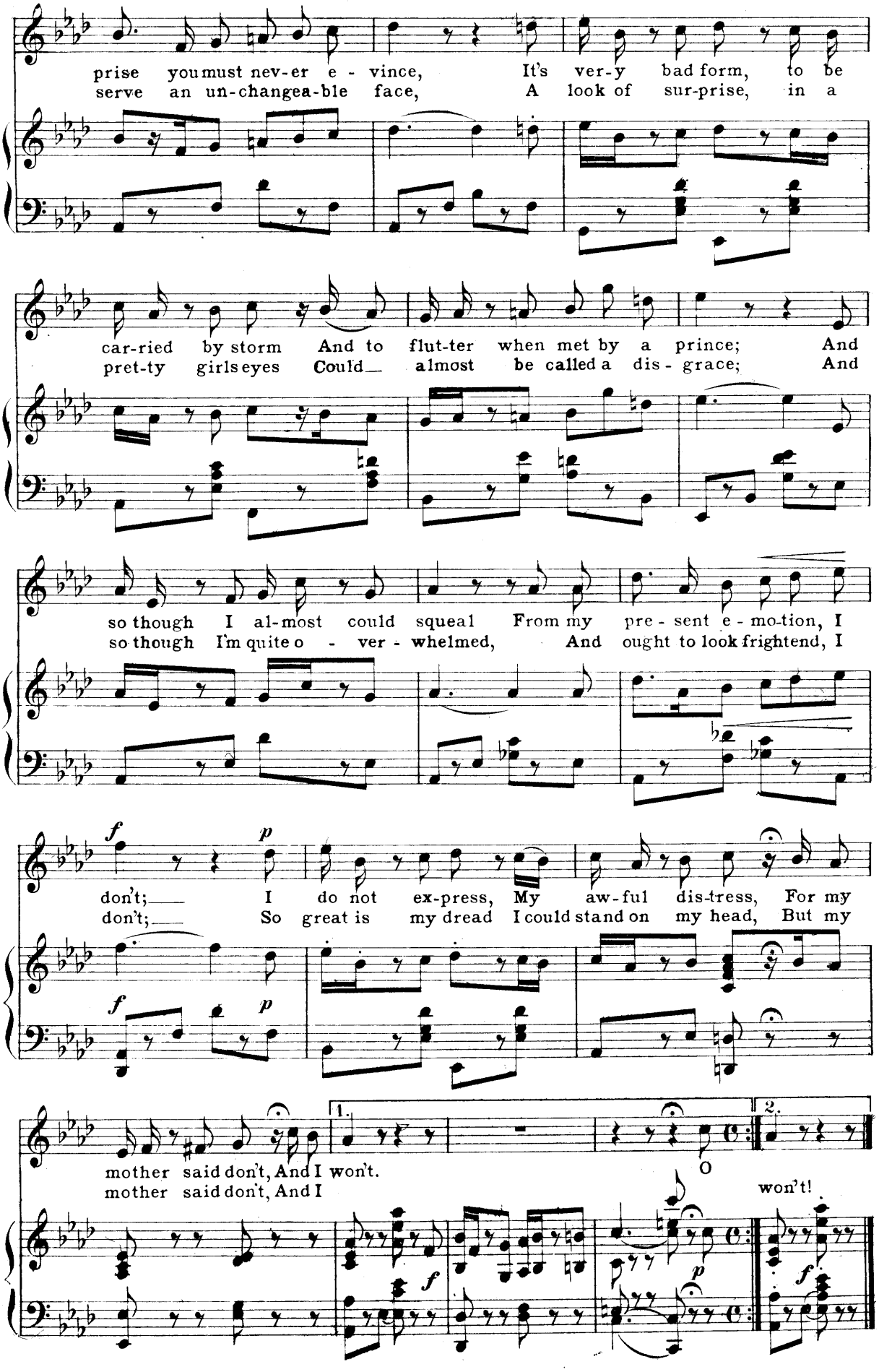
Elizabeth.



Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

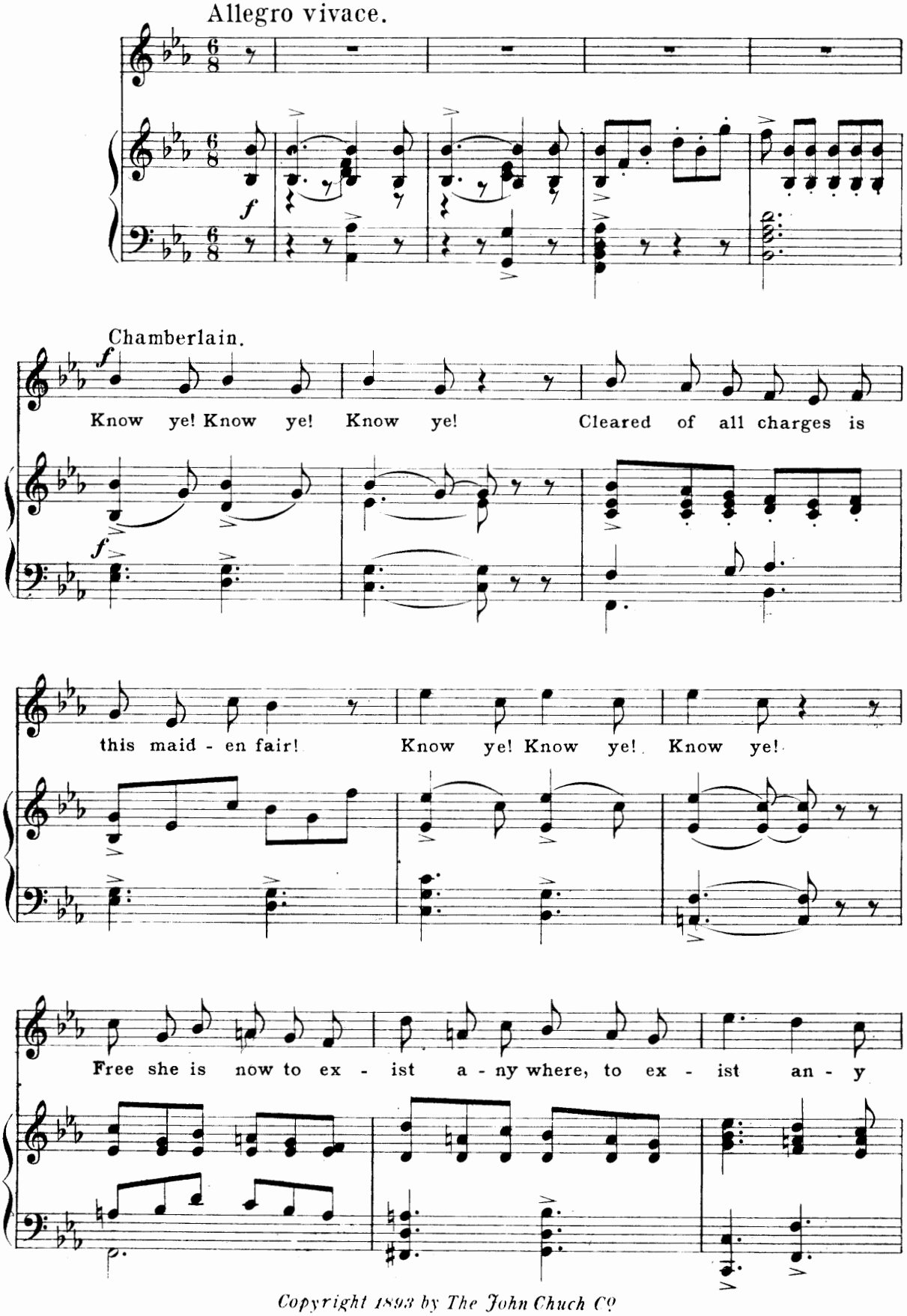

nev-er saw a real live King be-fore.
must believe I'm filled with dreadful fears.
My teach-ings were of
A girl more shy I'm
most re-strict-ed sort,
sure you've nev-er met,
In that far home that knew my child-hood's
This out-ward calm is mere-ly et - i -
sport;
quette;
And there-fore this un-u-su-al dis-play,
I'm trembling now though that you can't de-tect,
Up-
For
R.H.
R.H.
sets me more than I would like to say,
I feign ease with ex-cel-lent ef-fect,
Though
And


quite perturbed Ex-hib - it it I don't Because, because I've heard A well bred wo-man
while I'd like To blush, you see I don't Because, because I've heard A well bred wo-man
mf
Recit. ad lib.
won't. My mother, who was ful-ly versed in the us-ages of good so-
won't. My mother, who in the matter of etiquette was considered a supreme au-
ci - e - ty Gave me ad-vice in an end-less but use-ful va
thor - i - ty Educated me up to a condition of soci-al superi-
Andantino. ♩=52. quasi parlando.
p
ri - e - ty. No mat-ter what hap-pens, said she, Sur-
or - i - ty. No mat-ter what hap-pens, said she, Pre-
pp sempre staccato.

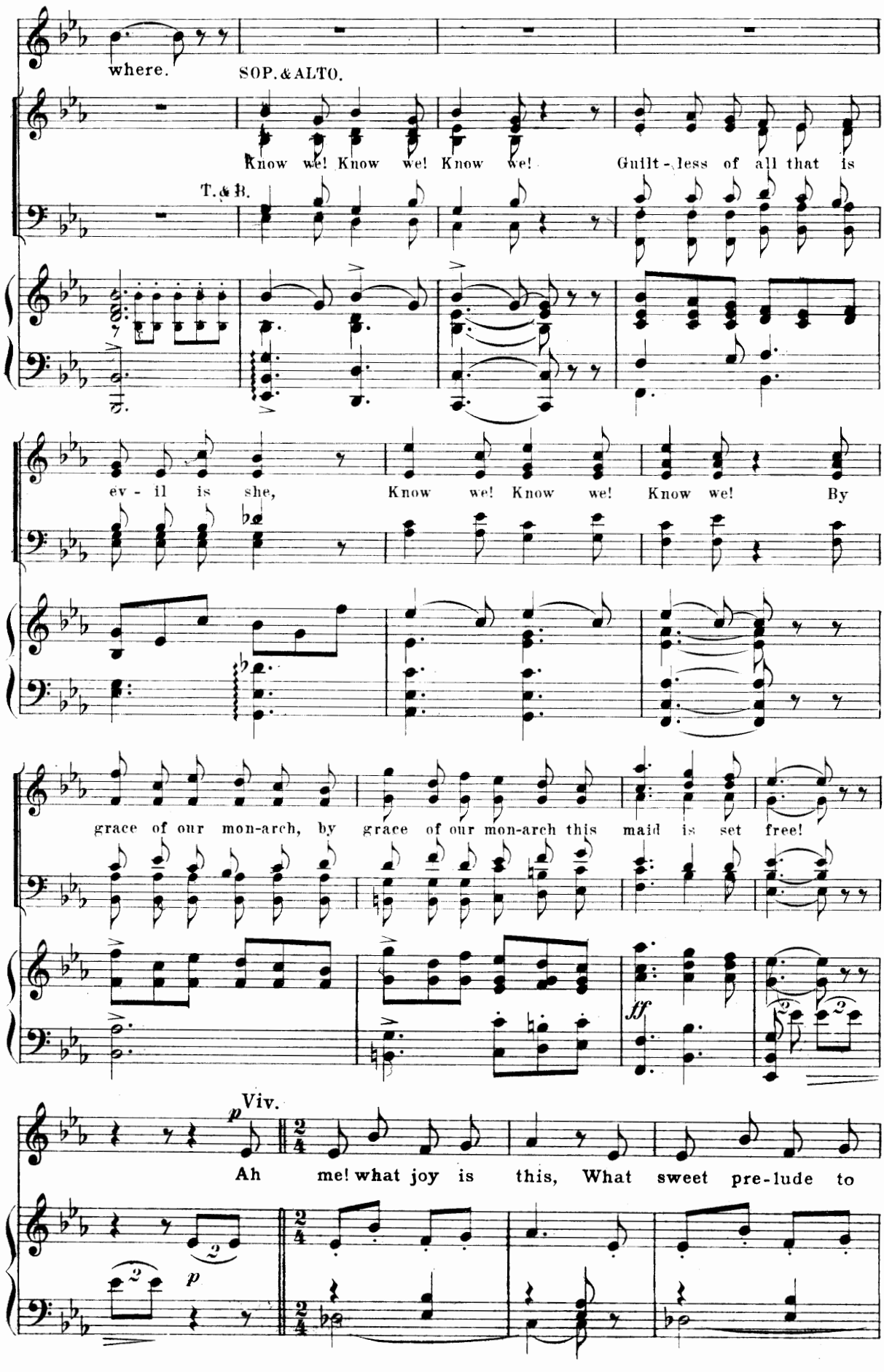

prise you must nev-er e - vince, It's ver-y bad form, to be
serve an un-changea-ble face, A look of sur-prise, in a
car-ried by storm And to flut-ter when met by a prince; And
pret-ty girls eyes Could almost be called a dis - grace; And
so though I al-most could squeal From my pre - sent e - mo-tion, I
so though I'm quite o - ver - whelmed, And ought to look frightend, I
f p
don't; I do not ex-press, My aw-ful dis-tress, For my
don't; So great is my dread I could stand on my head, But my
f p
1. 2.
mother said don't, And I won't.
mother said don't, And I
O
won't!
f
p
f

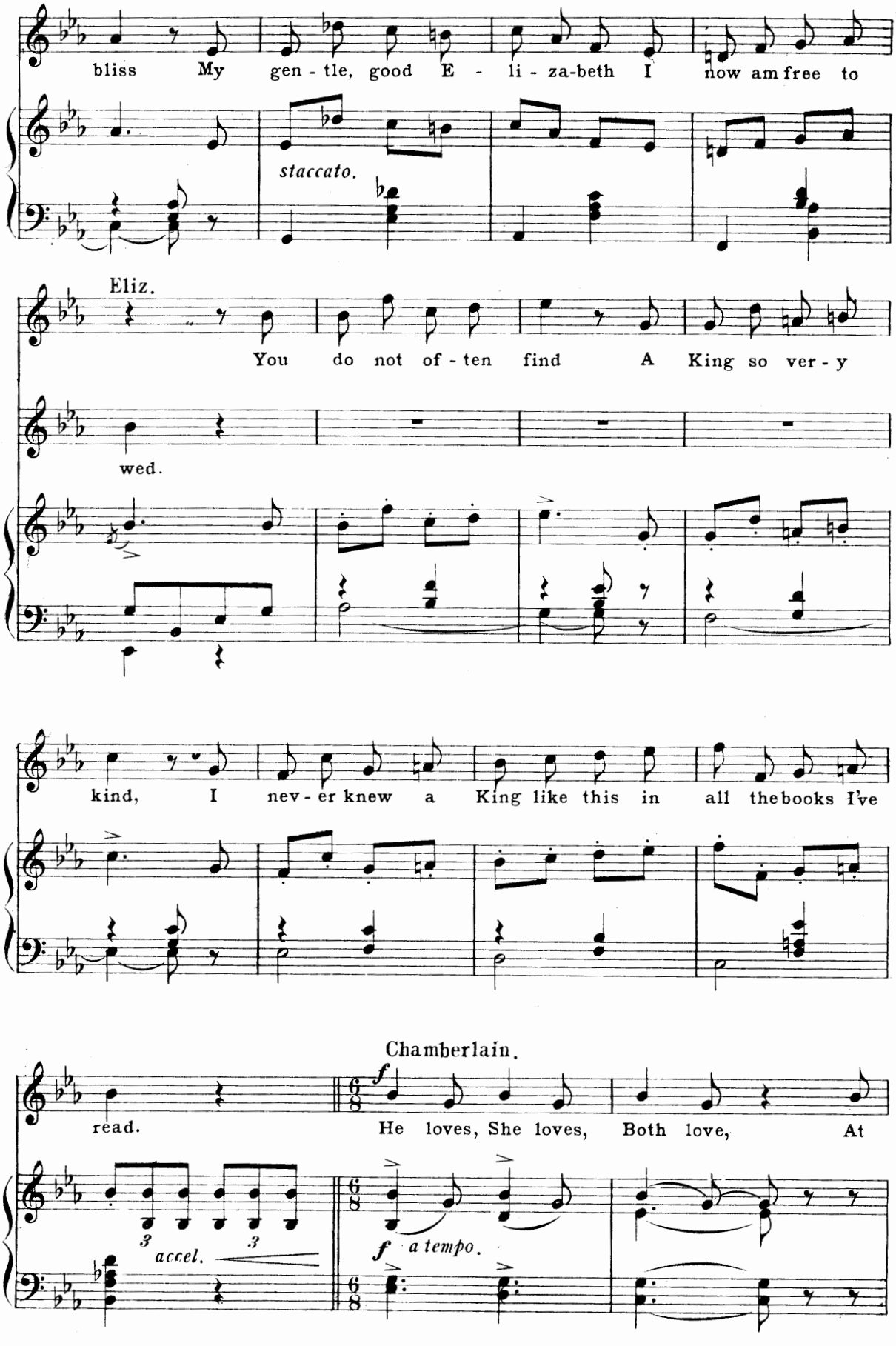
Nº 10. Ensemble.

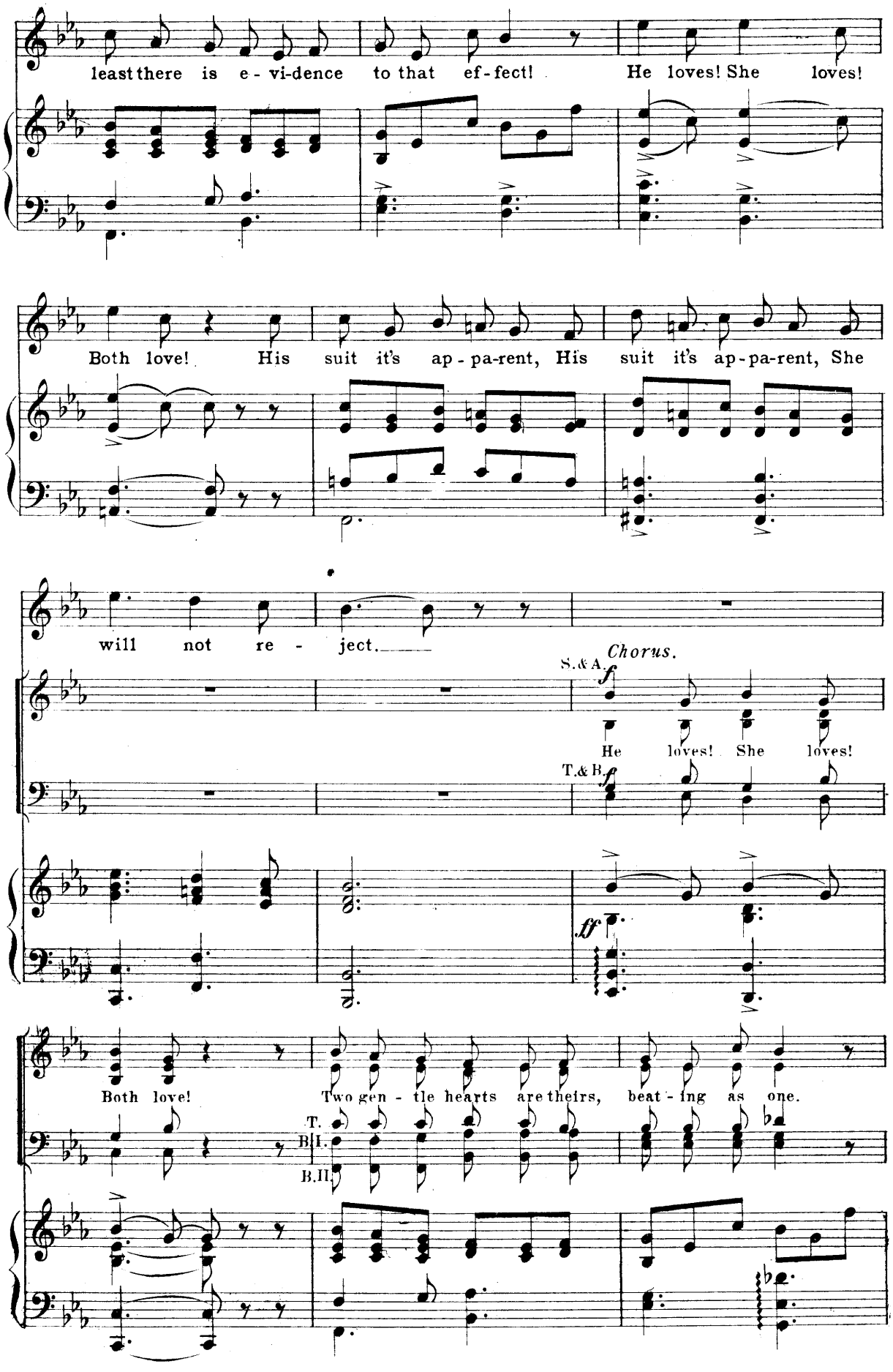
Chamberlain, Vivian, Elizabeth & Chorus.

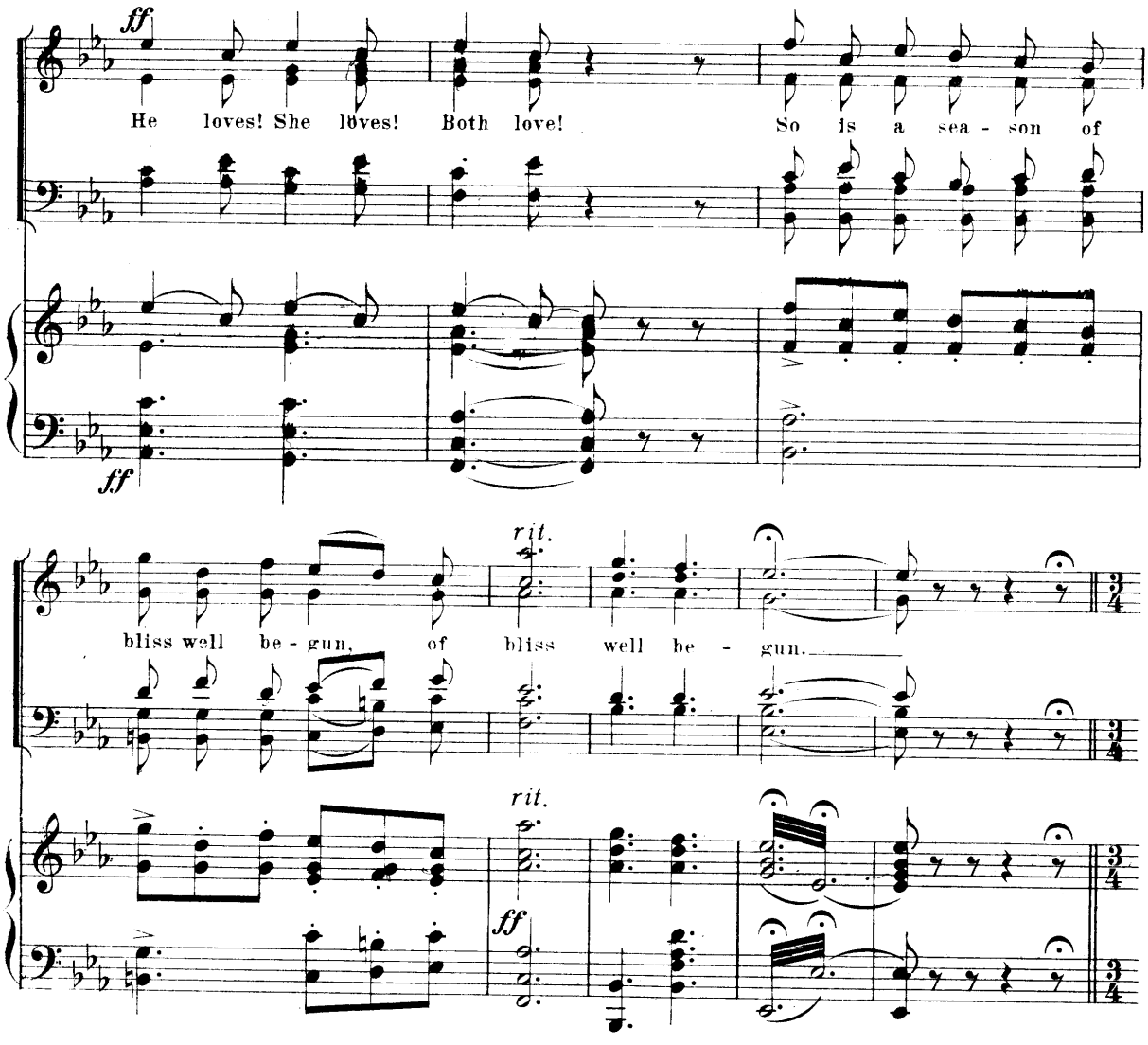


Copyright 1893 by The John Chuch Co

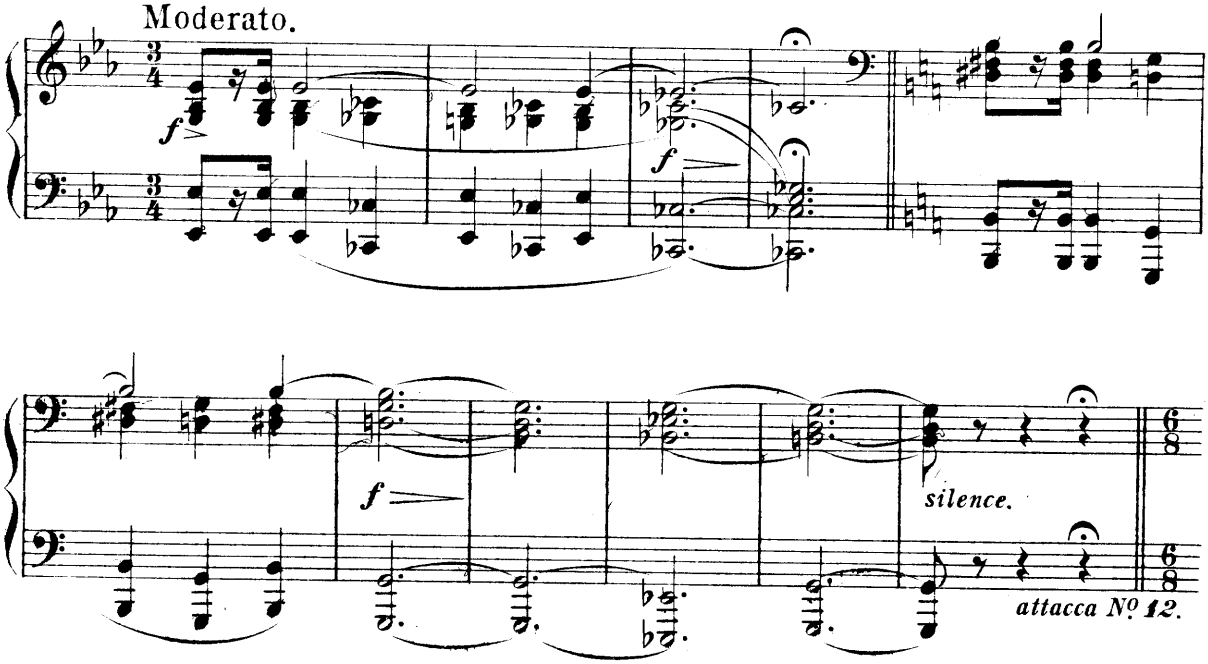

where.
SOP. & ALTO.
Know we! Know we! Know we! Guilt-less of all that is
T. & B.
ev-il is she, Know we! Know we! Know we! By
grace of our mon-arch, by grace of our mon-arch this maid is set free!
ff
p Viv.
Ah me! what joy is this, What sweet pre-lude to
p


bliss My gen - tle, good E - li - za-beth I now am free to
staccato.
Eliz.
You do not of - ten find A King so ver - y
wed.
kind, I nev - er knew a King like this in all the books I've
Chamberlain.
read.
He loves, She loves, Both love, At
3
accel.
3
f a tempo.


least there is e - vi-dence to that ef-fect! He loves! She loves!
Both love! His suit it's ap - pa-rent, His suit it's ap-pa-rent, She
will not re - ject.
Chorus.
S.& A.
He loves! She loves!
T.& B.
Both love! Two gen - tle hearts are theirs, beat - ing as one.
T.
B.I.
B.II.



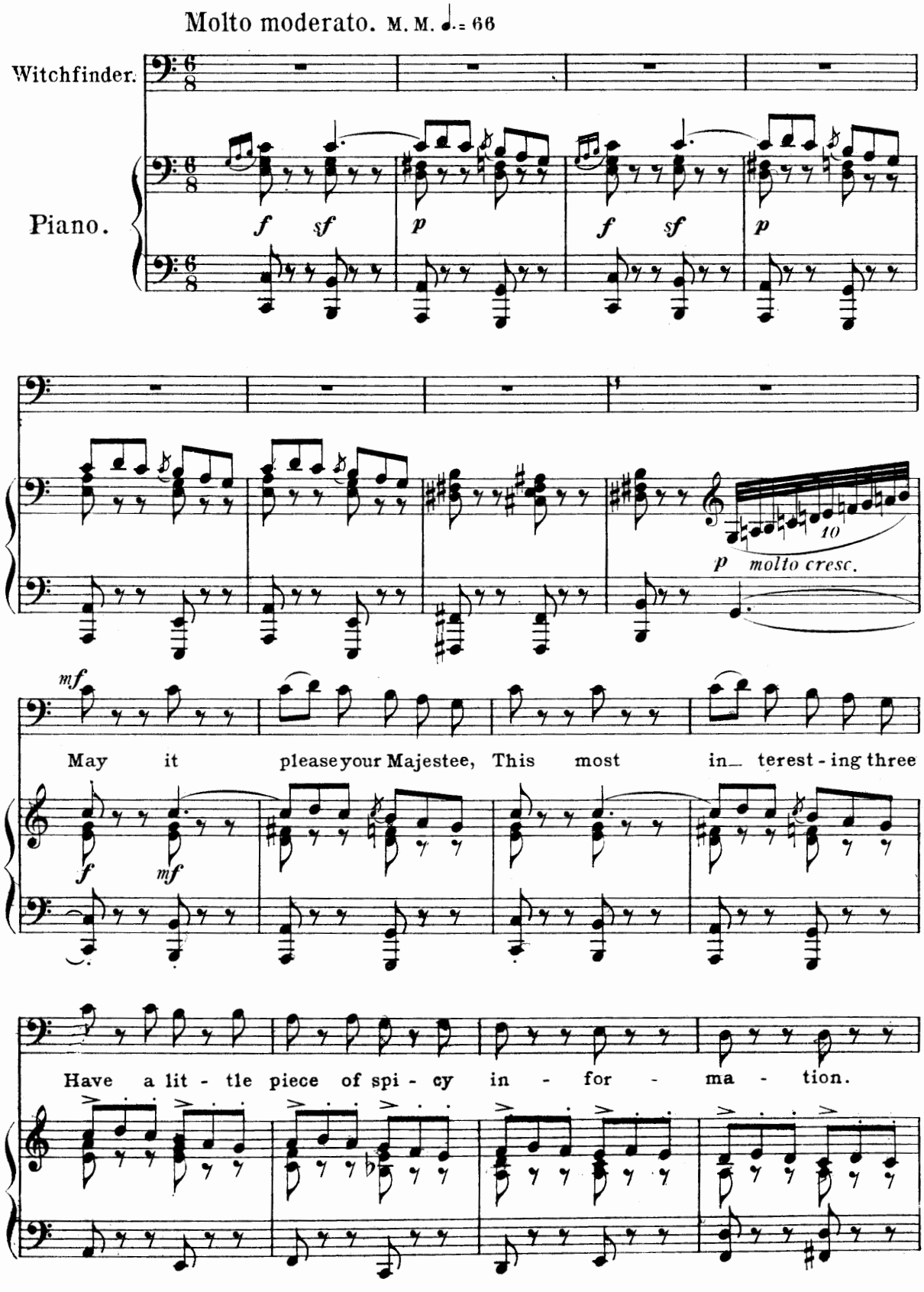
No. 11. Melodrama.



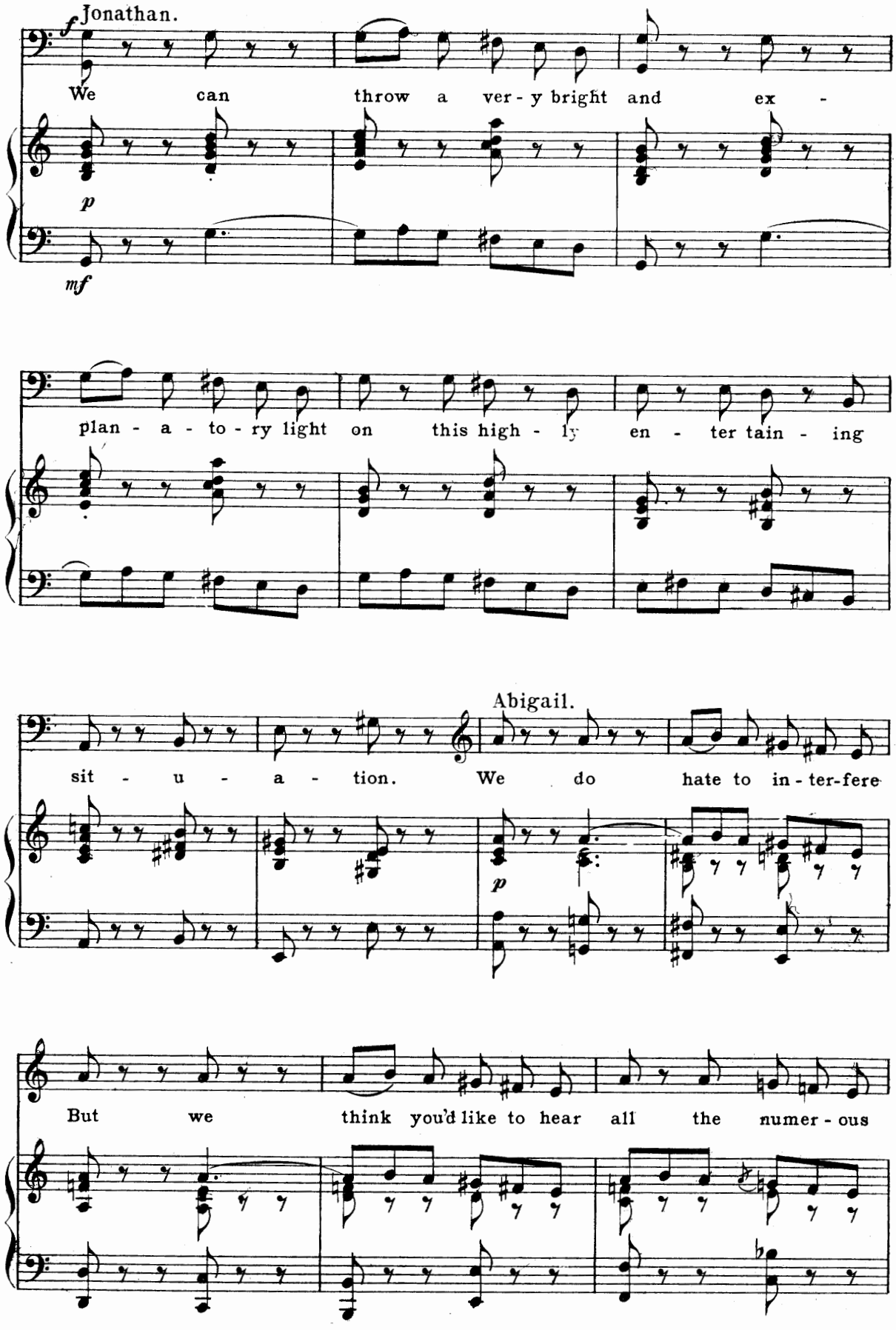
Copyright 1893 by The John Chuch Co

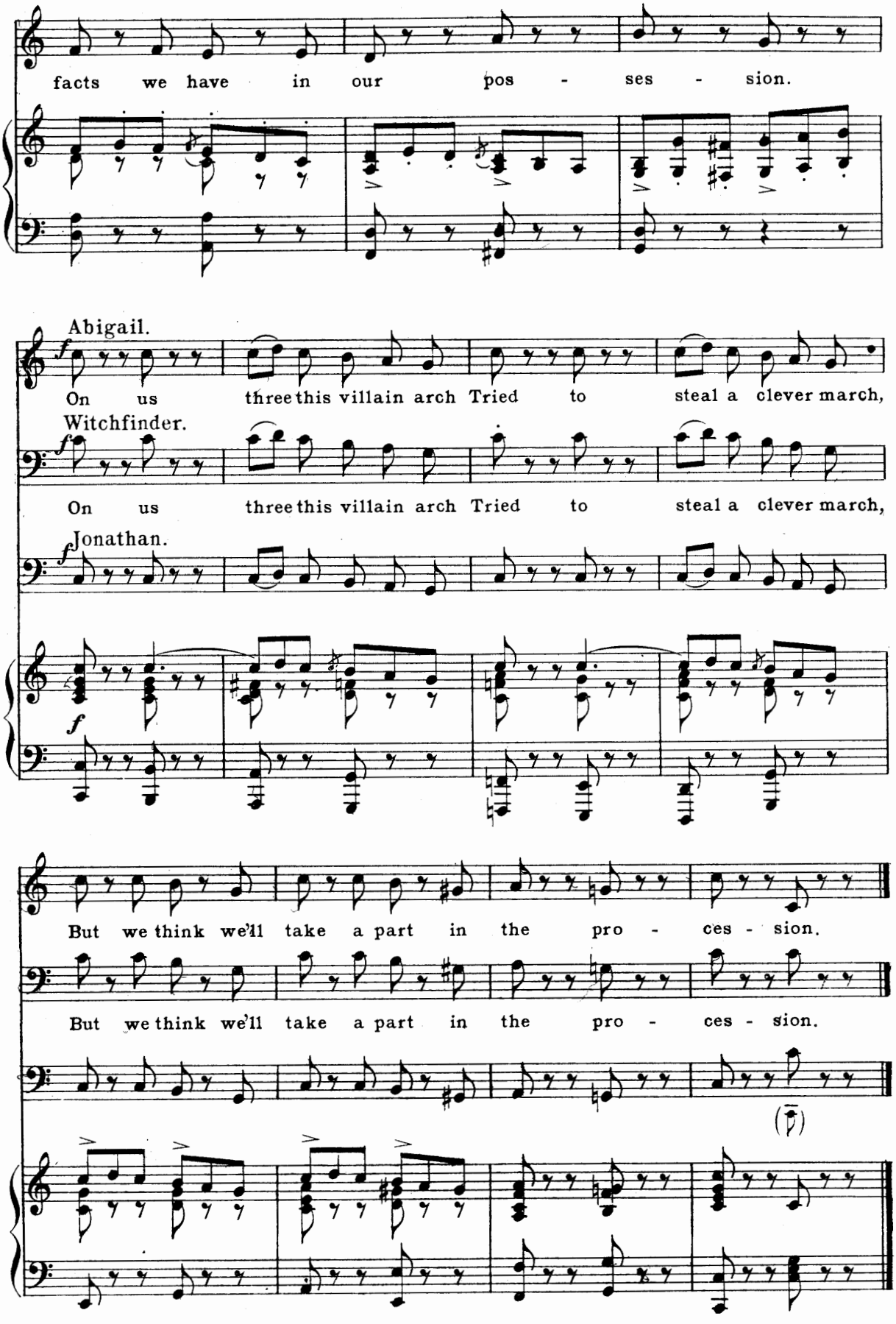
Nº 12. Trio.

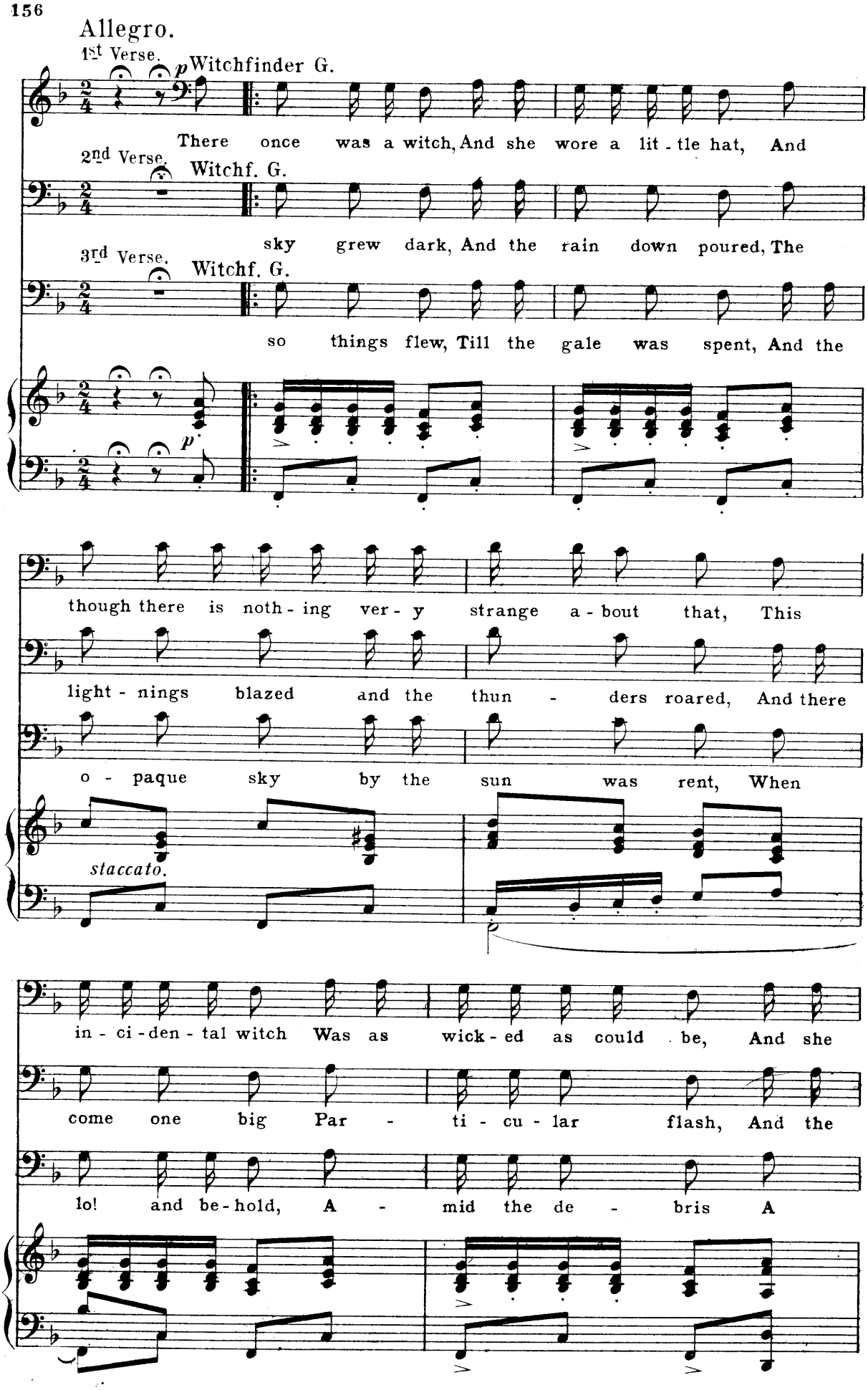
Witchfinder, Jonathan and Abigail.

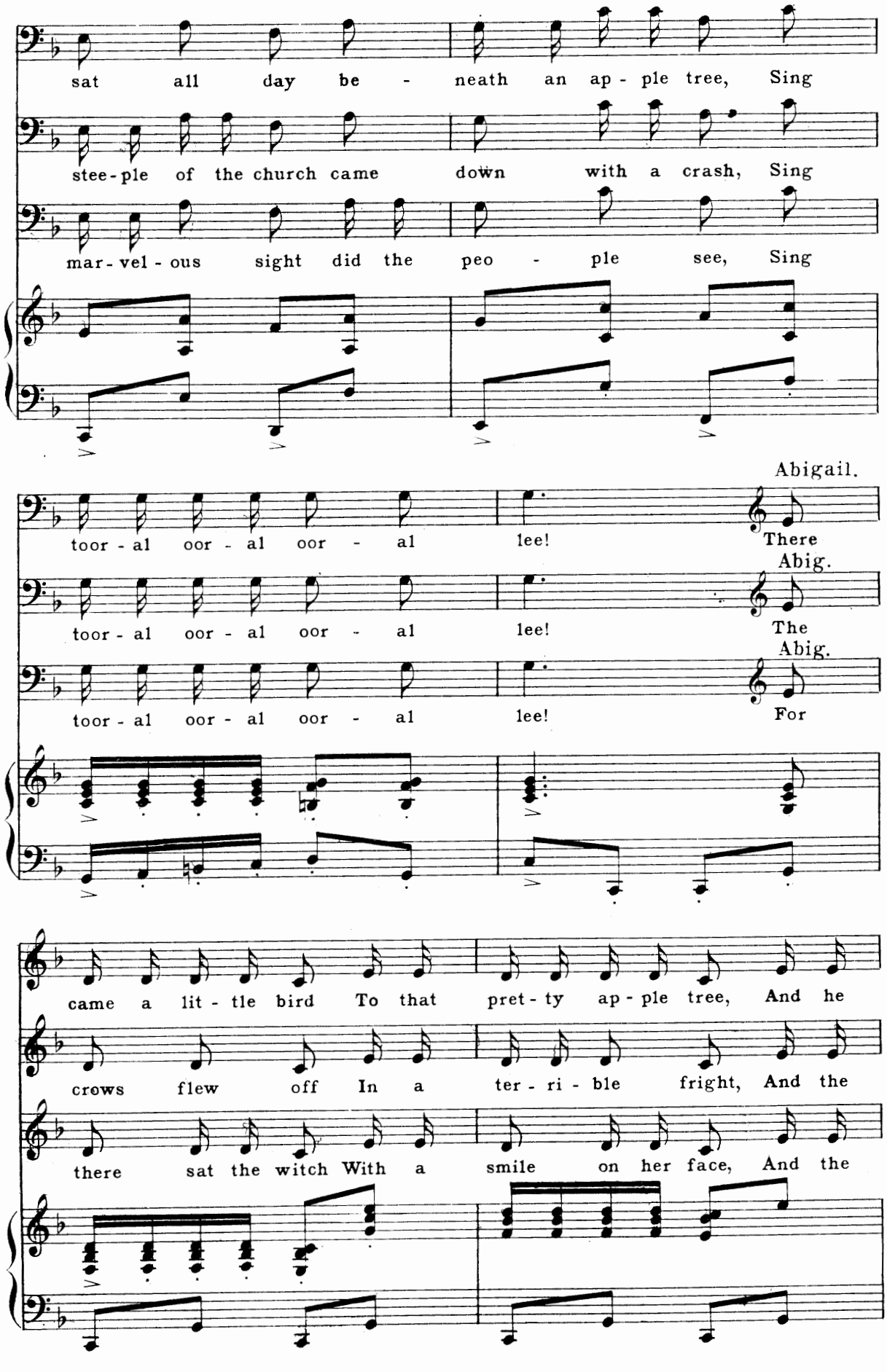


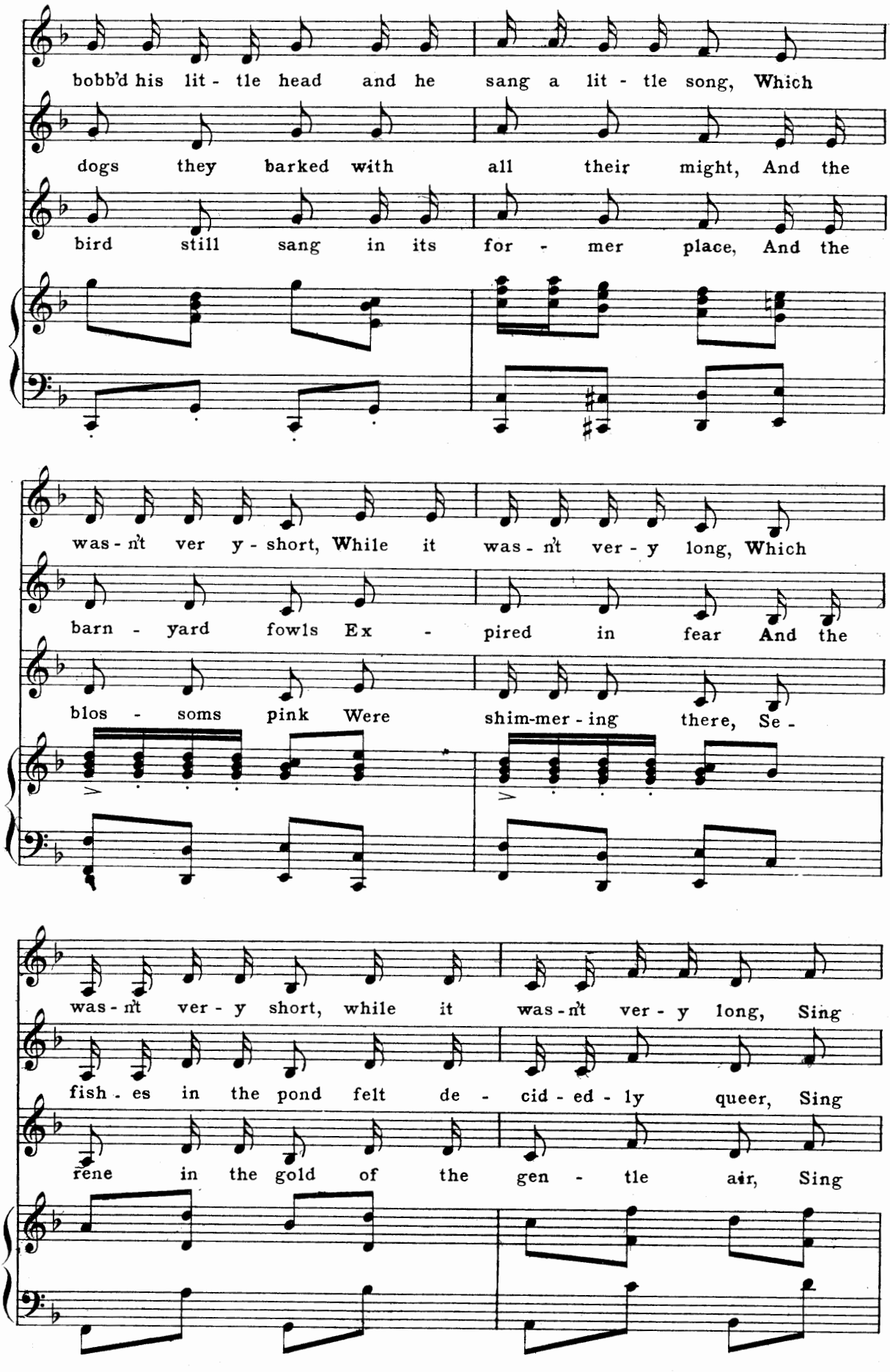
Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co


Jonathan.
We can throw a ver - y bright and ex -
plan - a - to - ry light on this high - ly en - ter tain - ing
Abigail.
sit - u - a - tion. We do hate to in - ter-fere
But we think you'd like to hear all the numer - ous

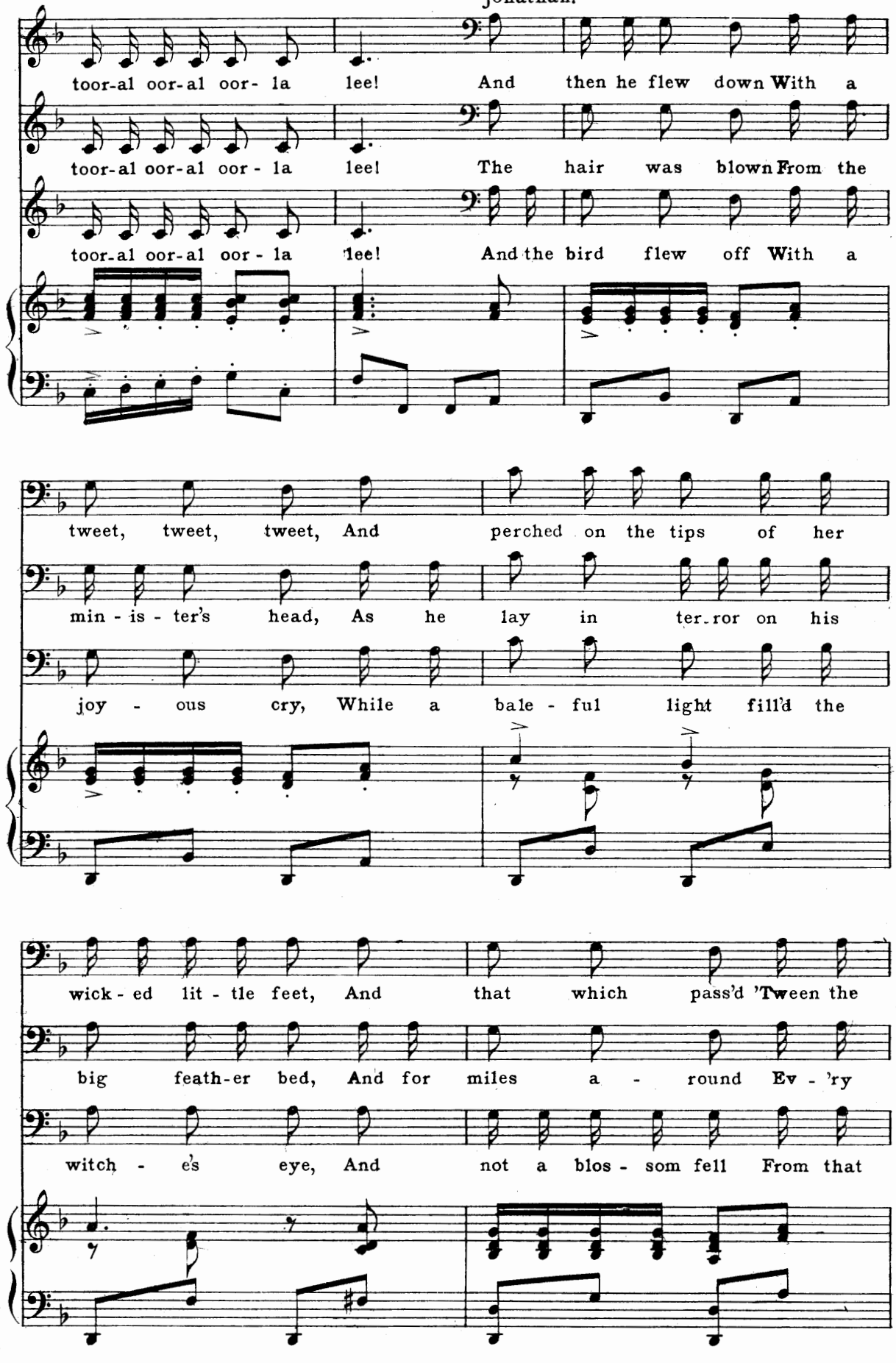

facts we have in our pos - ses - sion.
Abigail.
On us three this villain arch Tried to steal a clever march,
Witchfinder.
On us three this villain arch Tried to steal a clever march,
Jonathan.
But we think we'll take a part in the pro - ces - sion.
But we think we'll take a part in the pro - ces - sion.

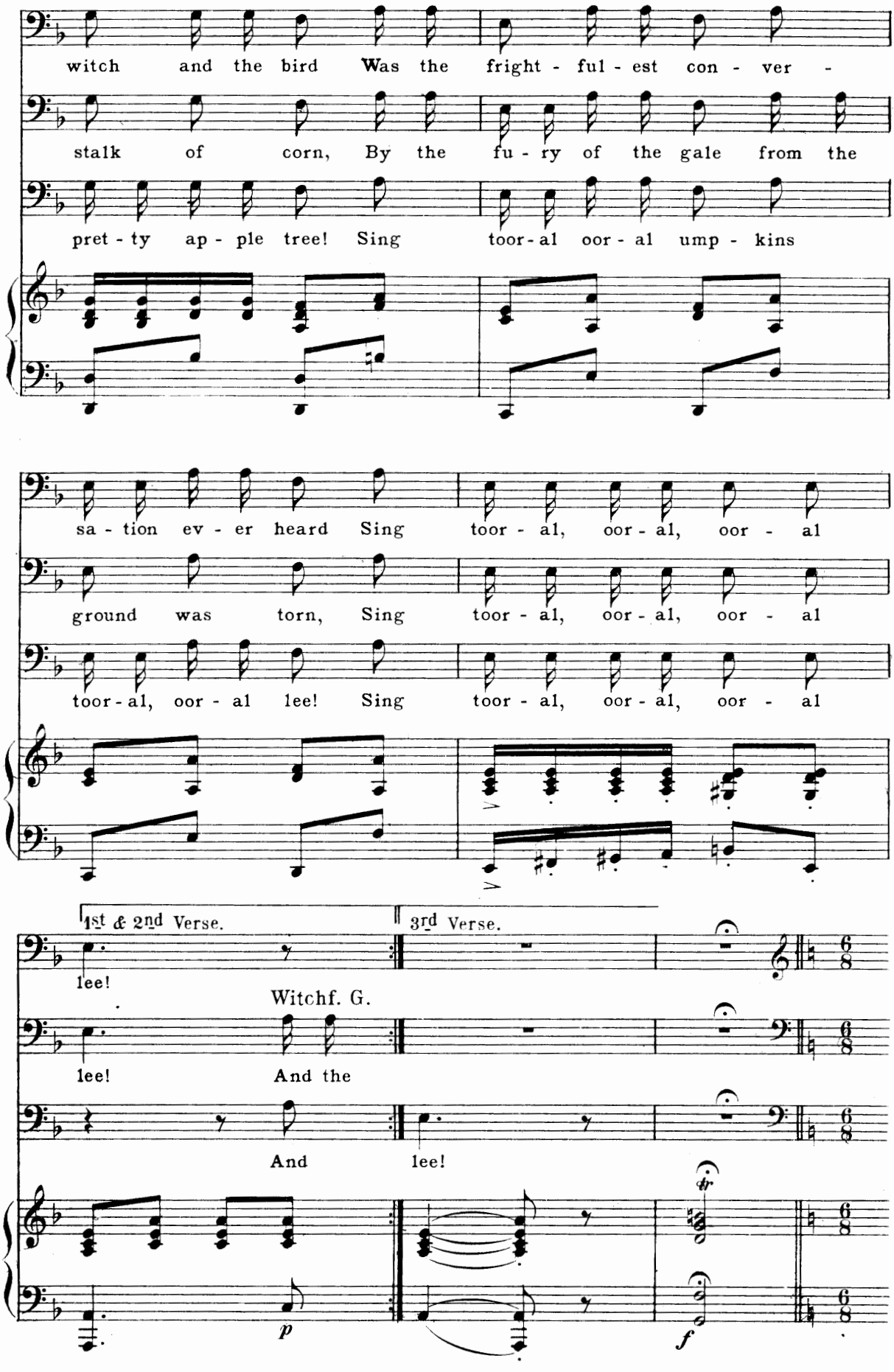

Allegro.
1st Verse.
p Witchfinder G.
There once was a witch, And she wore a lit - tle hat, And
2nd Verse.
Witchf. G.
sky grew dark, And the rain down poured, The
3rd Verse.
Witchf. G.
so things flew, Till the gale was spent, And the
p
though there is noth - ing ver - y strange a - bout that, This
light - nings blazed and the thun - ders roared, And there
o - paque sky by the sun was rent, When
staccato.
in - ci - den - tal witch Was as wick - ed as could be, And she
come one big Par - ti - cu - lar flash, And the
lo! and be - hold, A - mid the de - bris A


sat all day be - neath an ap - ple tree, Sing
stee-ple of the church came down with a crash, Sing
mar-vel-ous sight did the peo - ple see, Sing
Abigail.
toor-al oor-al oor - al lee! There
Abig.
toor-al oor-al oor - al lee! The
Abig.
toor-al oor-al oor - al lee! For
came a lit - tle bird To that pret-ty ap-ple tree, And he
crows flew off In a ter-ri-ble fright, And the
there sat the witch With a smile on her face, And the


bobb'd his lit - tle head and he sang a lit - tle song, Which
dogs they barked with all their might, And the
bird still sang in its for - mer place, And the
was - n't ver y - short, While it was - n't ver - y long, Which
barn - yard fowls Ex - pired in fear And the
blos - soms pink Were shim-mer - ing there, Se -
was - n't ver - y short, while it was - n't ver - y long, Sing
fish - es in the pond felt de - cid - ed - ly queer, Sing
rene in the gold of the gen - tle air, Sing

Jonathan.


toor-al oor-al oor- la lee! And then he flew down With a
toor-al oor-al oor - la lee! The hair was blown From the
toor-al oor-al oor - la lee! And the bird flew off With a
tweet, tweet, tweet, And perched on the tips of her
min - is - ter's head, As he lay in ter-ror on his
joy - ous cry, While a bale - ful light fill'd the
wick - ed lit - tle feet, And that which pass'd 'Tween the
big feath-er bed, And for miles a - round Ev - 'ry
witch - e's eye, And not a blos - som fell From that


witch and the bird Was the fright - ful - est con - ver -
stalk of corn, By the fu - ry of the gale from the
pret - ty ap - ple tree! Sing toor - al oor - al ump - kins
sa - tion ev - er heard Sing toor - al, oor - al, oor - al
ground was torn, Sing toor - al, oor - al, oor - al
toor - al, oor - al lee! Sing toor - al, oor - al, oor - al
1st & 2nd Verse.
3rd Verse.
lee!
Witchf. G.
lee! And the
And lee!
tr
p
f

Tempo I.

Abigail.

Will your gra - cious Ma - jes - tie

Witchfinder G.

Will your gra - cious Ma - jes - tie

Jonathan.

Will your gra - cious Ma - jes - tie

Tempo I.

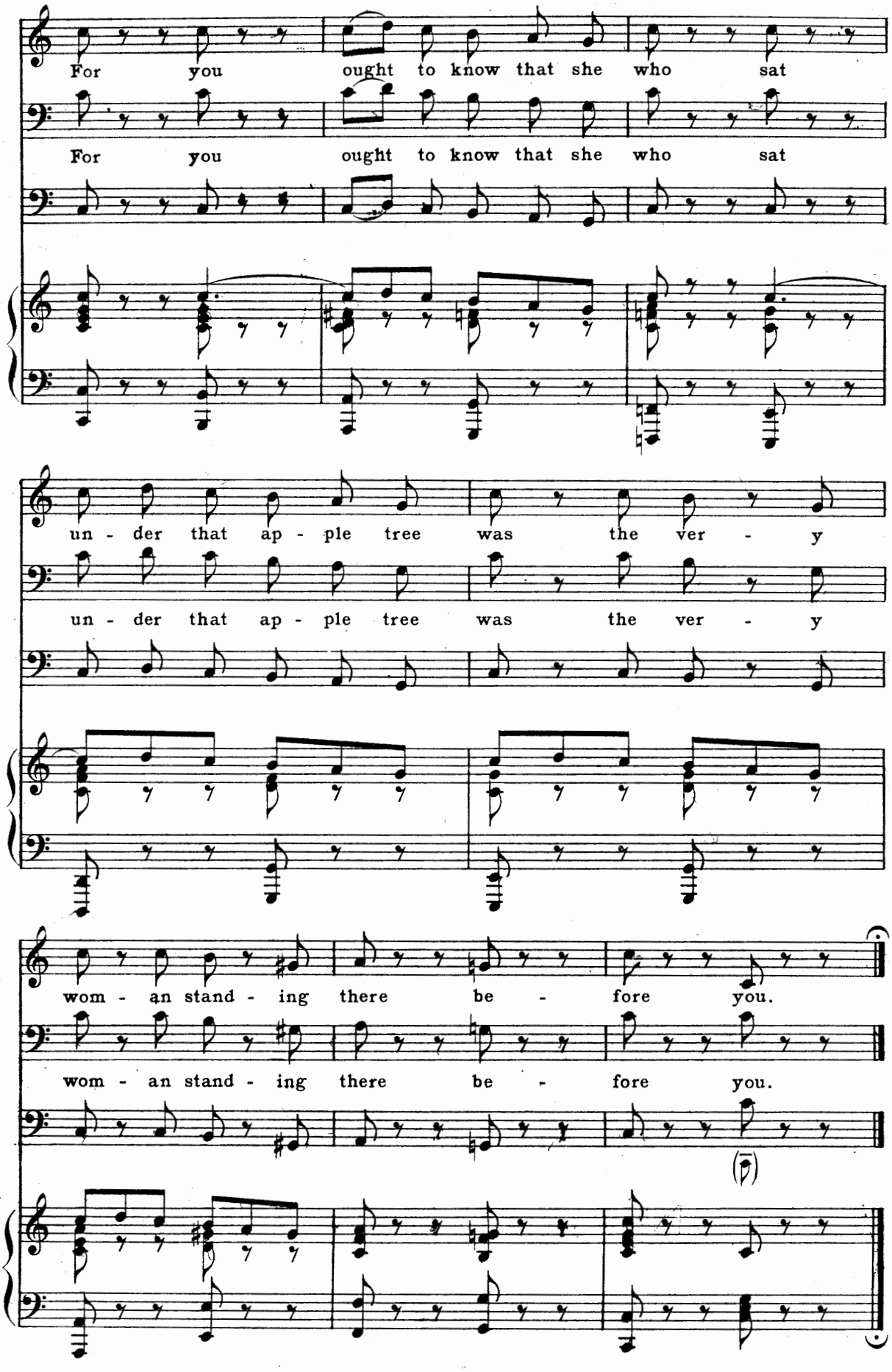
f

Kind - ly heark - en to our plea, Act the part of

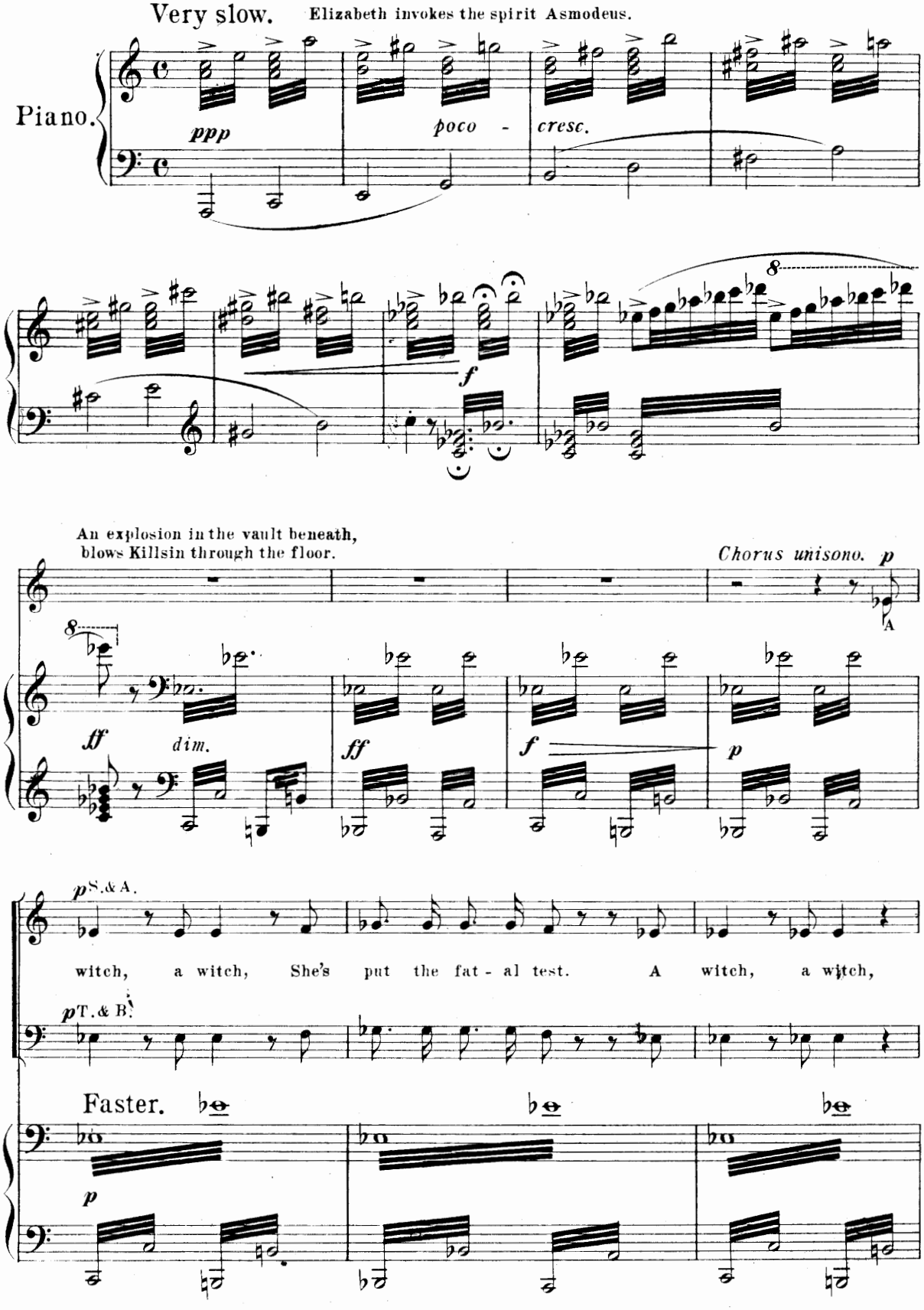
Kind - ly heark - en to our plea, Act the part of

king - ly jus - tice we im - plore you,

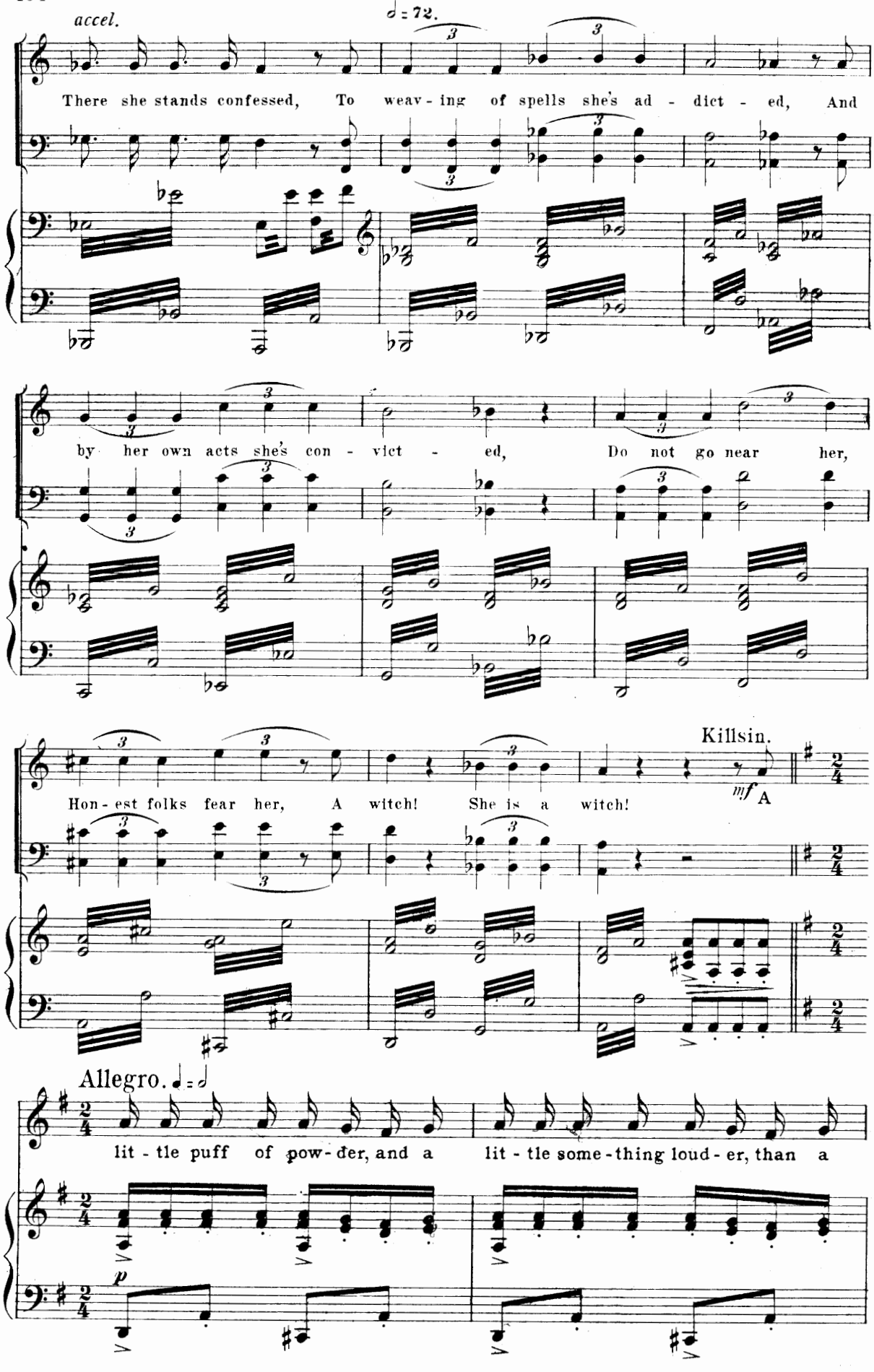
king - ly jus - tice we im - plore you,

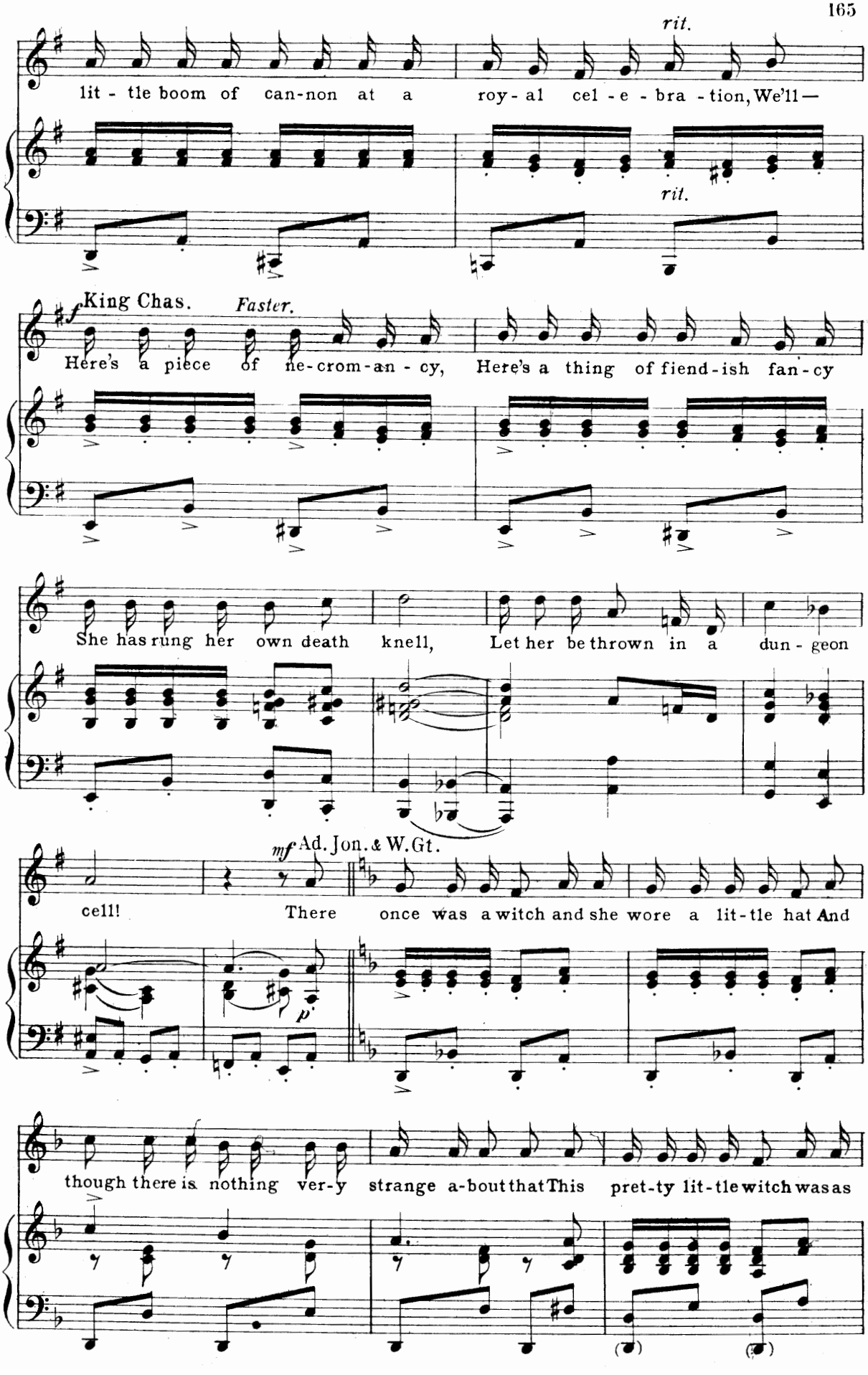

For you ought to know that she who sat
For you ought to know that she who sat
un - der that ap - ple tree was the ver - y
un - der that ap - ple tree was the ver - y
wom - an stand - ing there be - fore you.
wom - an stand - ing there be - fore you.

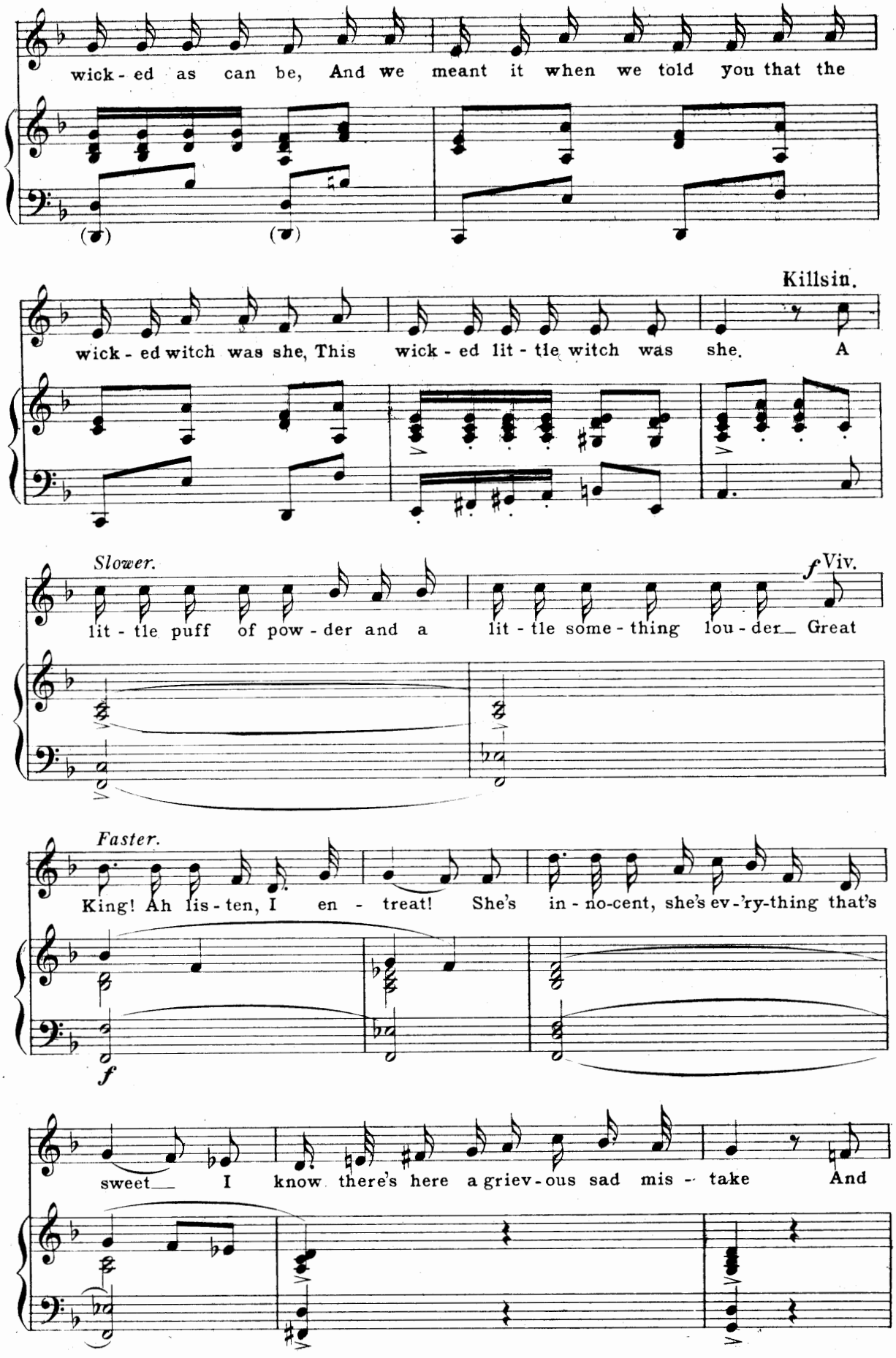
Nº 13. Melodrama and Ensemble.

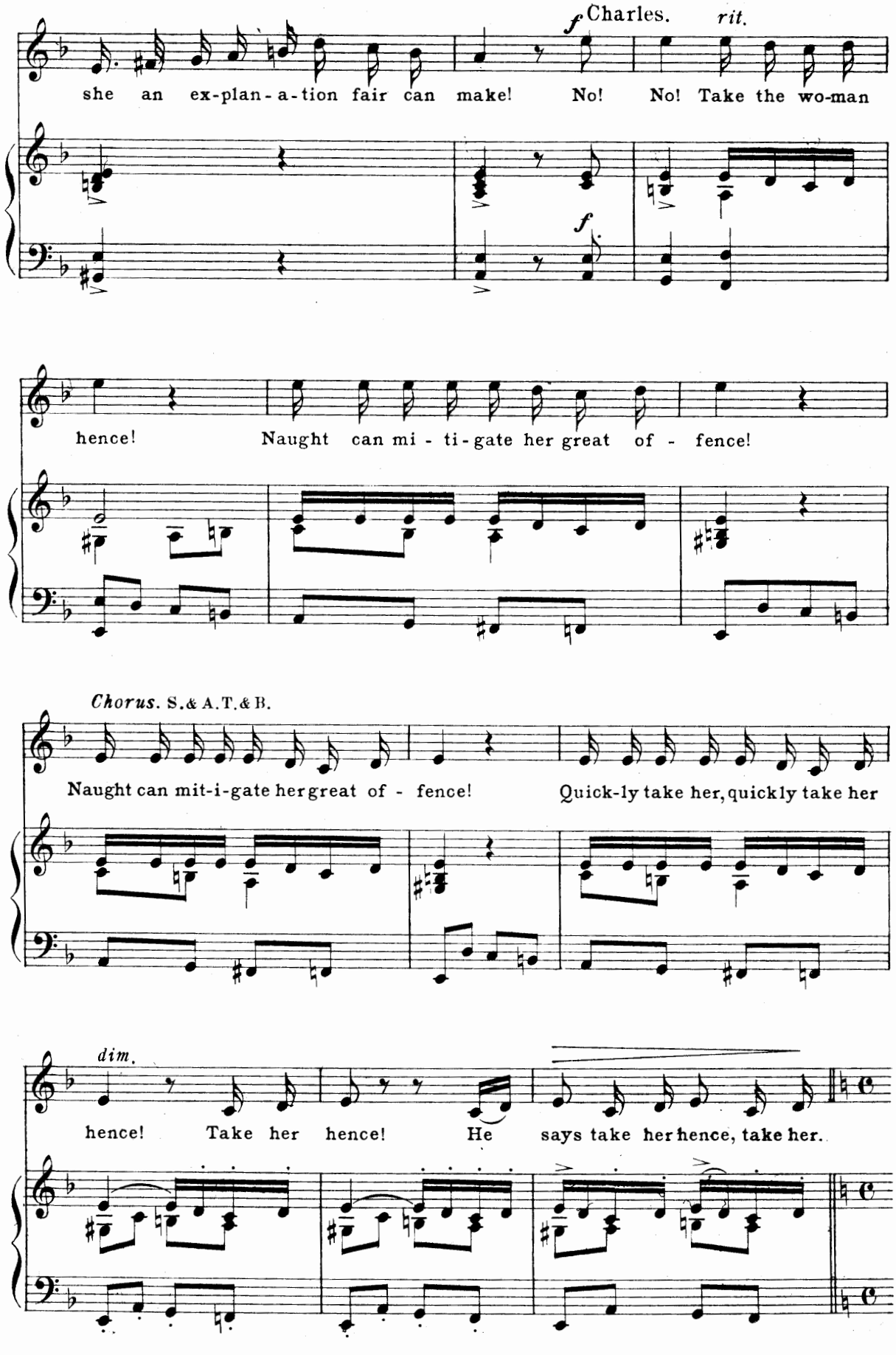


Copyright 1893 by The John Chuch Co.


accel.
♩ = 72.
There she stands confessed, To weav - ing of spells she's ad - dict - ed, And
by her own acts she's con - vict - ed, Do not go near her,
Killsin.
Hon - est folks fear her, A witch! She is a witch!
mf
A
Allegro. ♩ = ♩
lit - tle puff of pow - der, and a lit - tle some - thing loud - er, than a
p

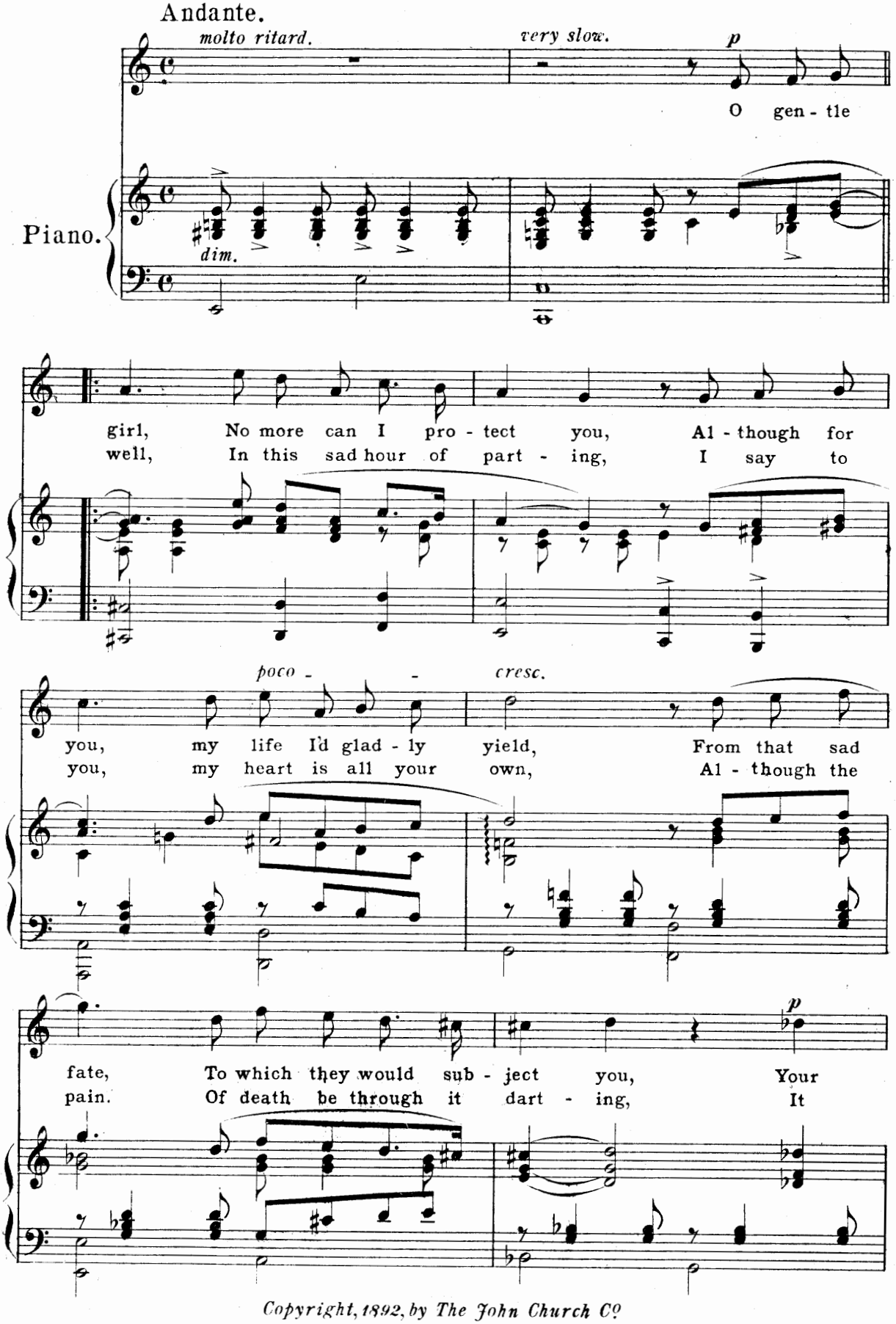

rit.
lit - tle boom of can-non at a roy - al cel - e - bra - tion, We'll—
rit.
King Chas.
Faster.
Here's a piece of ne-crom-an - cy, Here's a thing of fiend-ish fan-cy
She has rung her own death knell, Let her be thrown in a dun - geon
mf Ad. Jon. & W. Gt.
cell! There once was a witch and she wore a lit-tle hat And
though there is nothing ver-y strange a-bout that This pret-ty lit-tle witch was as


wick - ed as can be, And we meant it when we told you that the
Killsin.
wick - ed witch was she, This wick - ed lit - tle witch was she. A
Slower.
f Viv.
lit - tle puff of pow - der and a lit - tle some - thing lou - der Great
Faster.
King! Ah lis - ten, I en - treat! She's in - no-cent, she's ev - 'ry-thing that's
f
sweet I know there's here a griev - ous sad mis - take And

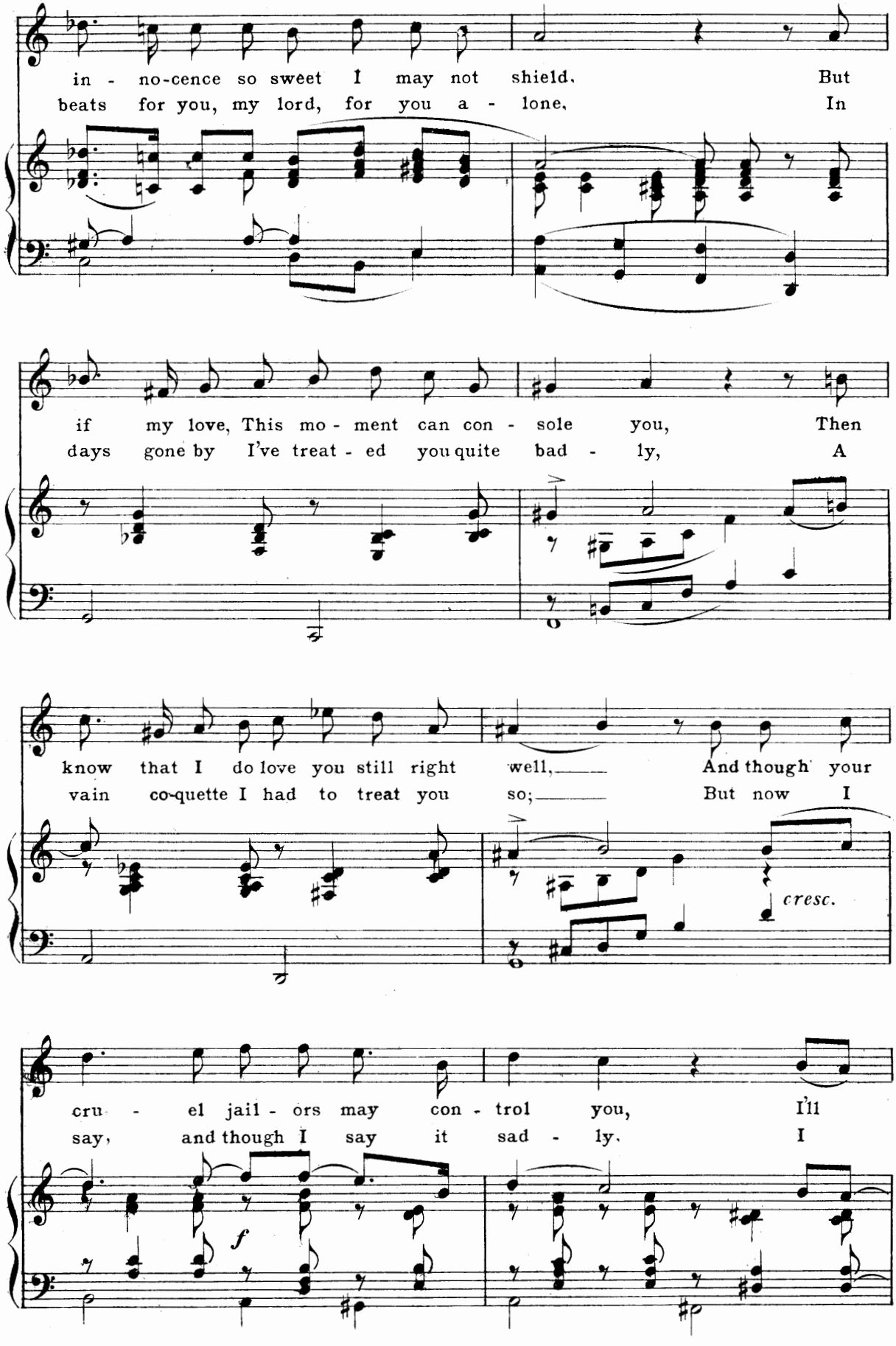

f Charles.
rit.
she an ex-plan-a-tion fair can make! No! No! Take the wo-man
f
hence! Naught can mi - ti-gate her great of - fence!
Chorus. S.& A.T.& B.
Naught can mit-i-gate her great of - fence! Quick-ly take her, quick-ly take her
dim.
hence! Take her hence! He says take her hence, take her.

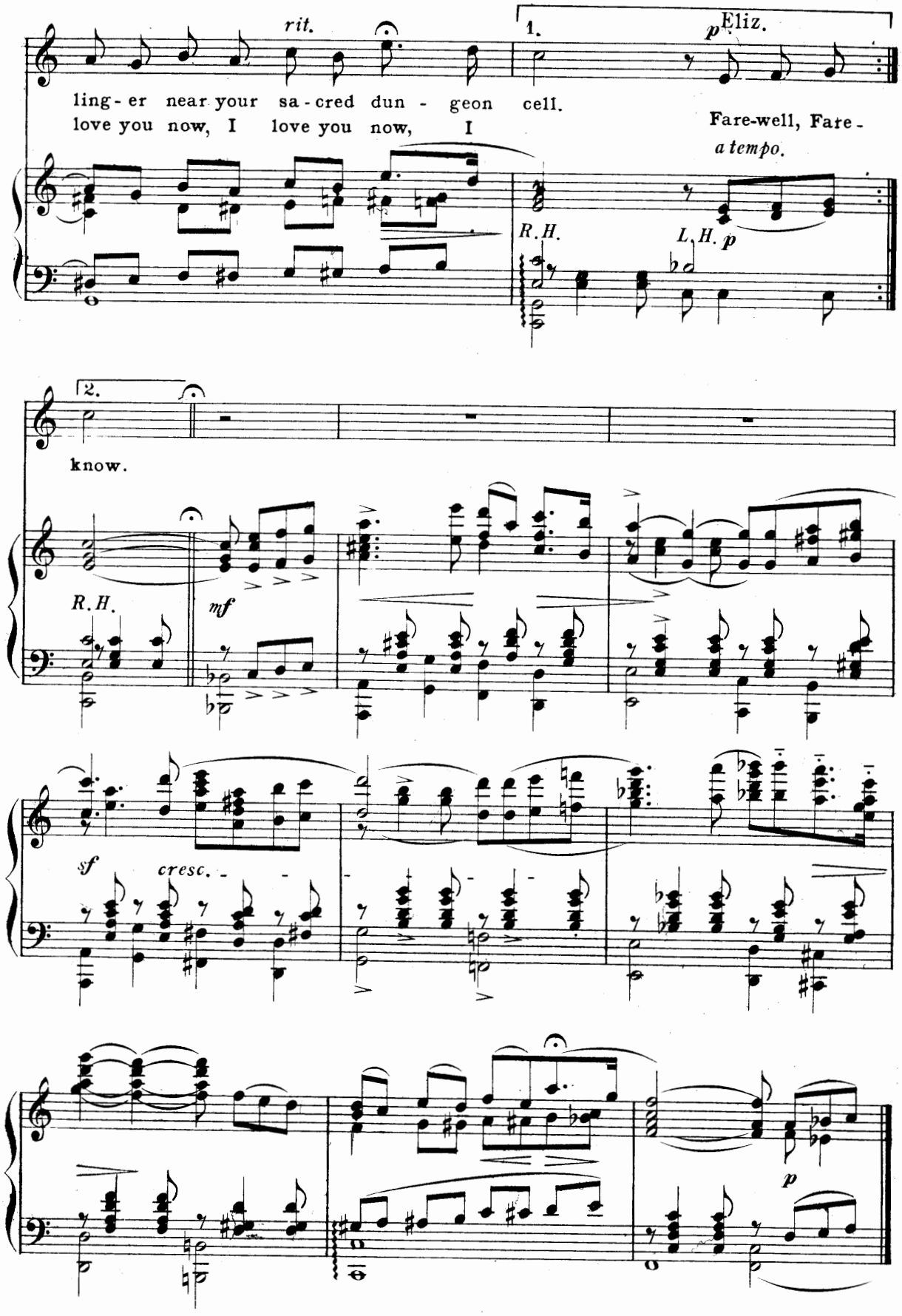
No 14. Farewell! Farewell!

Vivian & Elizabeth.



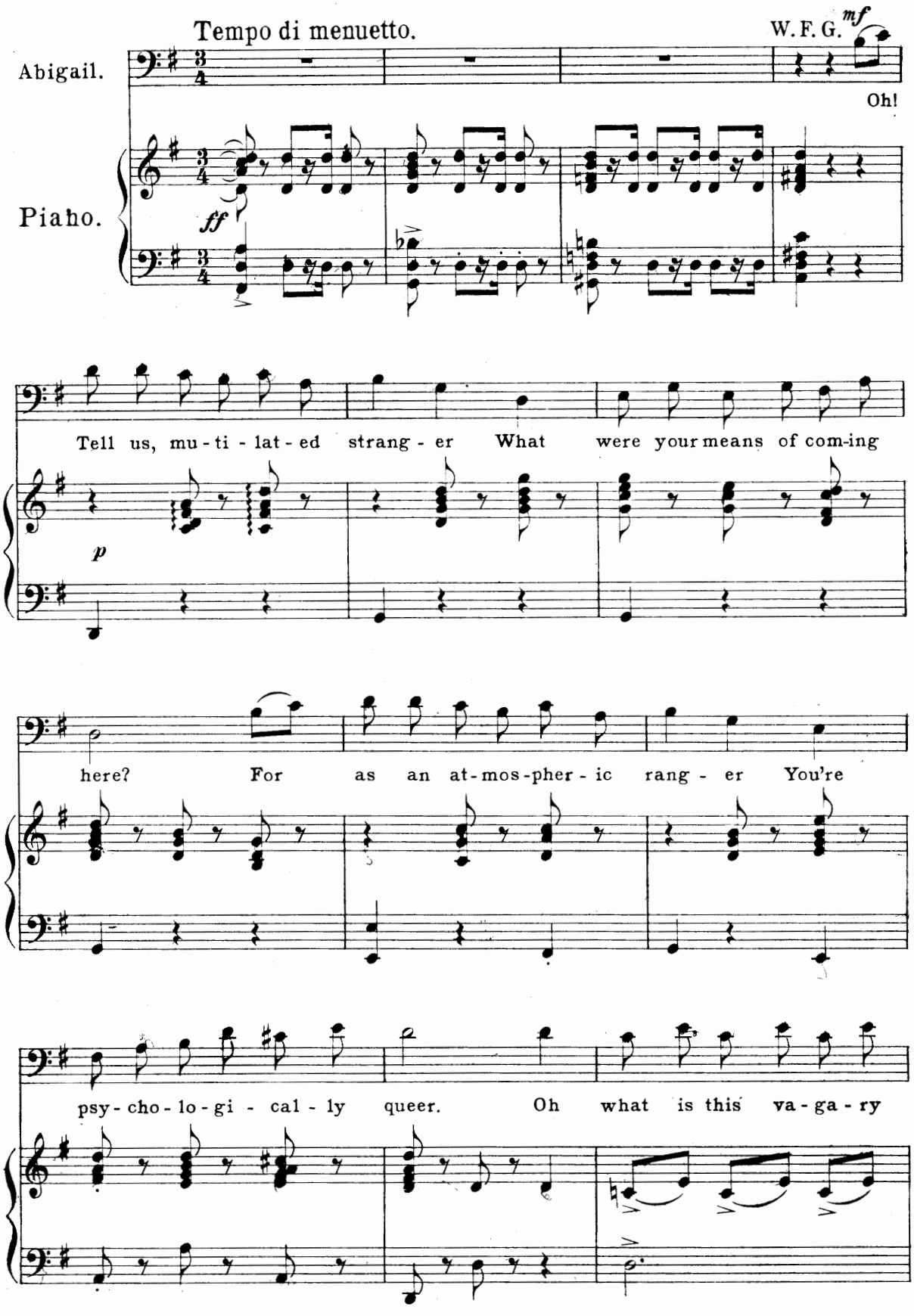
Copyright, 1892, by The John Church Co


in - no-cence so sweet I may not shield, But
beats for you, my lord, for you a - lone, In
if my love, This mo - ment can con - sole you, Then
days gone by I've treat - ed you quite bad - ly, A
know that I do love you still right well, And though your
vain co-quette I had to treat you so; But now I
cresc.
cru - el jail - ors may con - trol you, I'll
say, and though I say it sad - ly. I
f

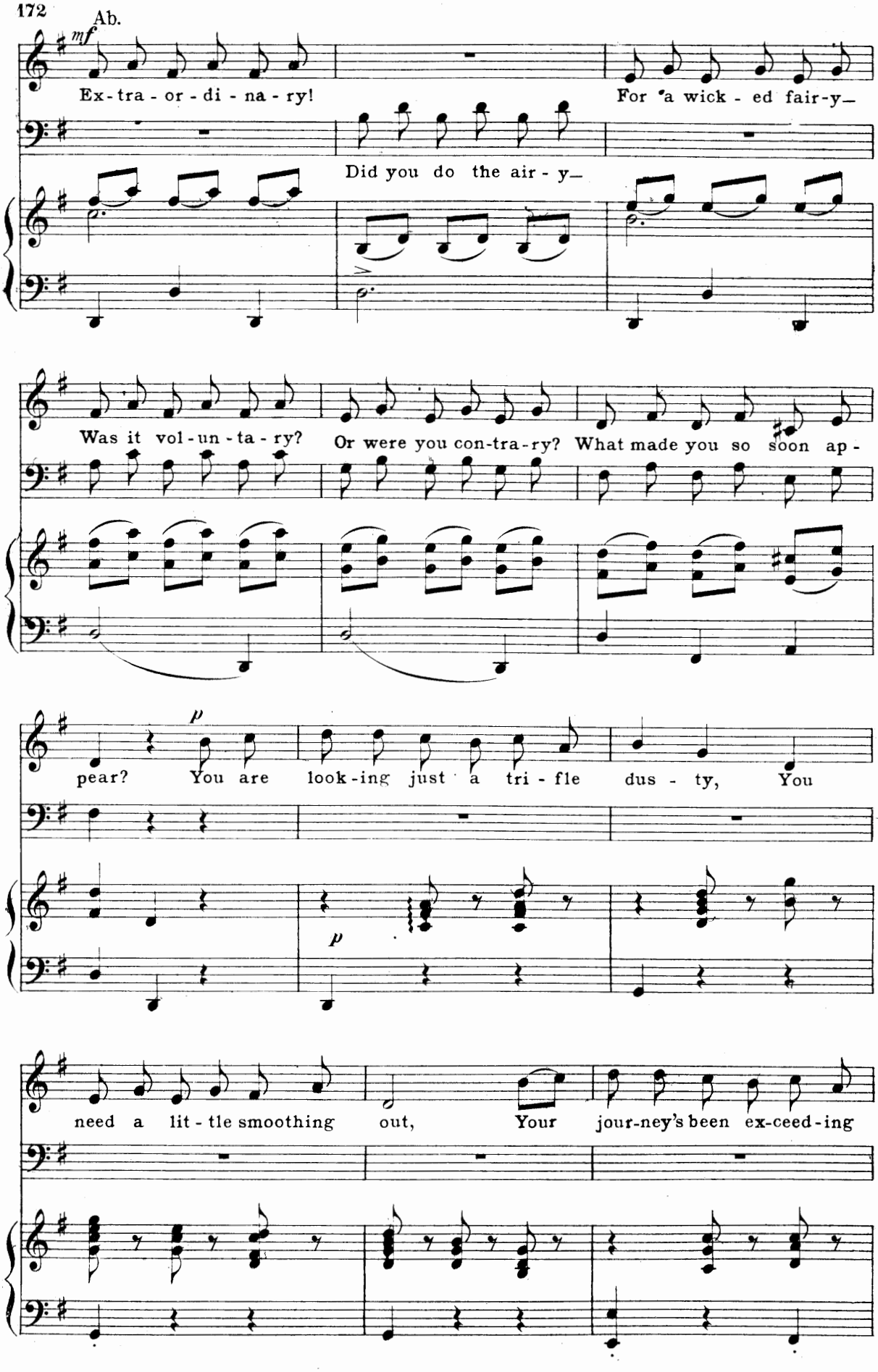

rit.
1.
p Eliz.
ling-er near your sa-cred dun-geon cell.
love you now, I love you now, I
Fare-well, Fare-
a tempo.
R.H.
L.H. p
2.
know.
R.H.
mf
sf
cresc.
p

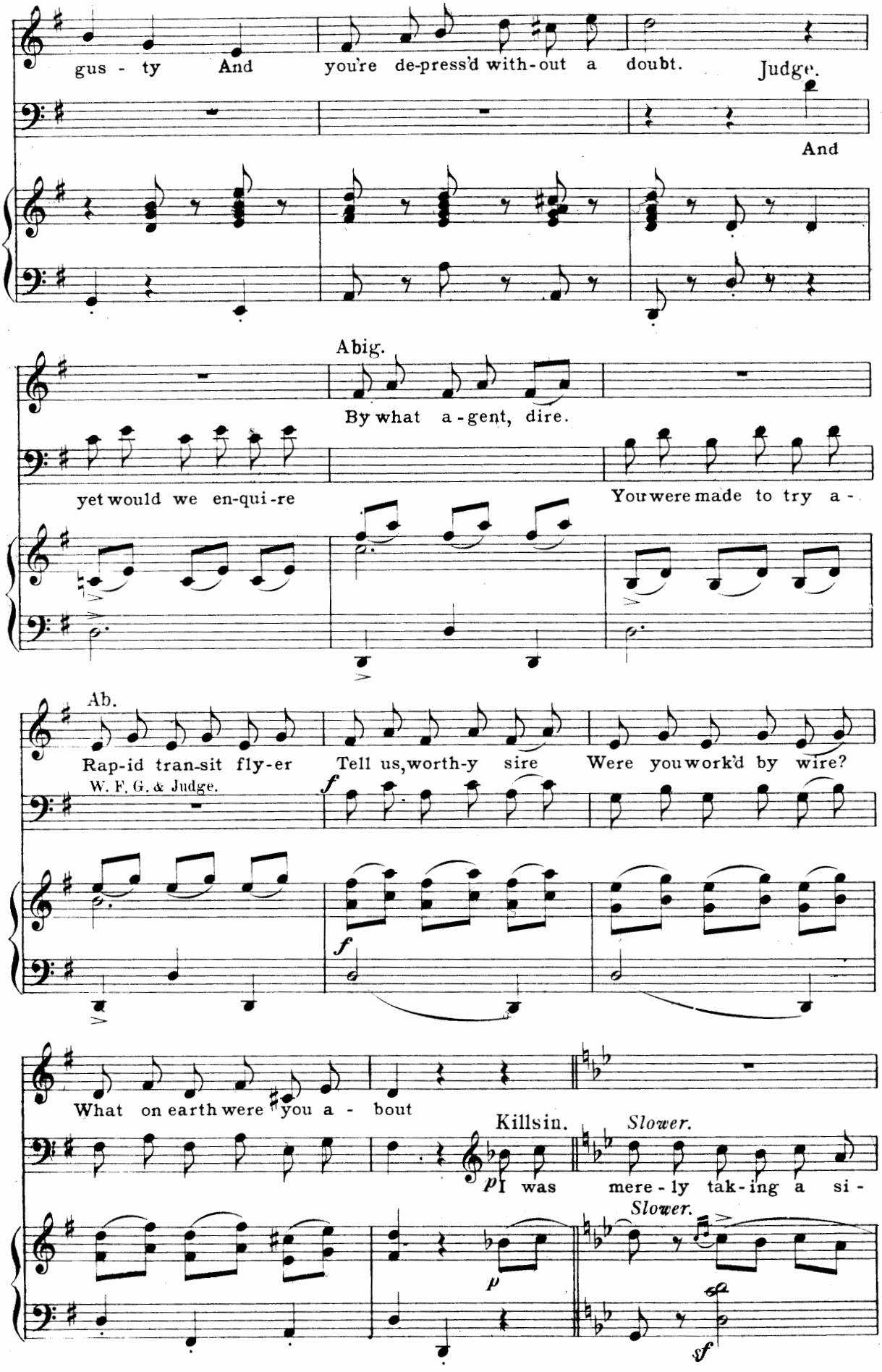
No. 14. Quartet.

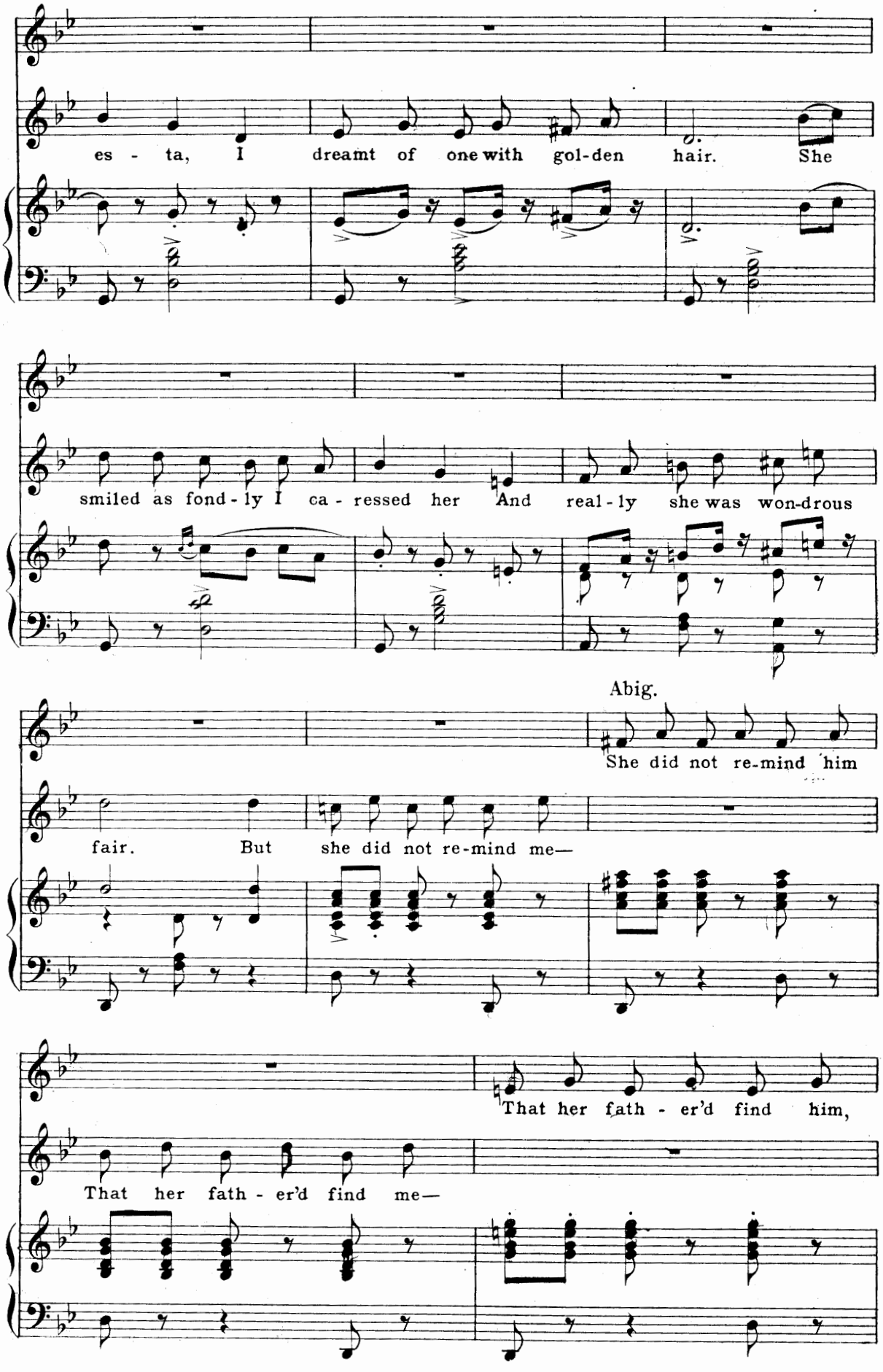
Abigail. W. F. Gen: Jonathan & Killsin.

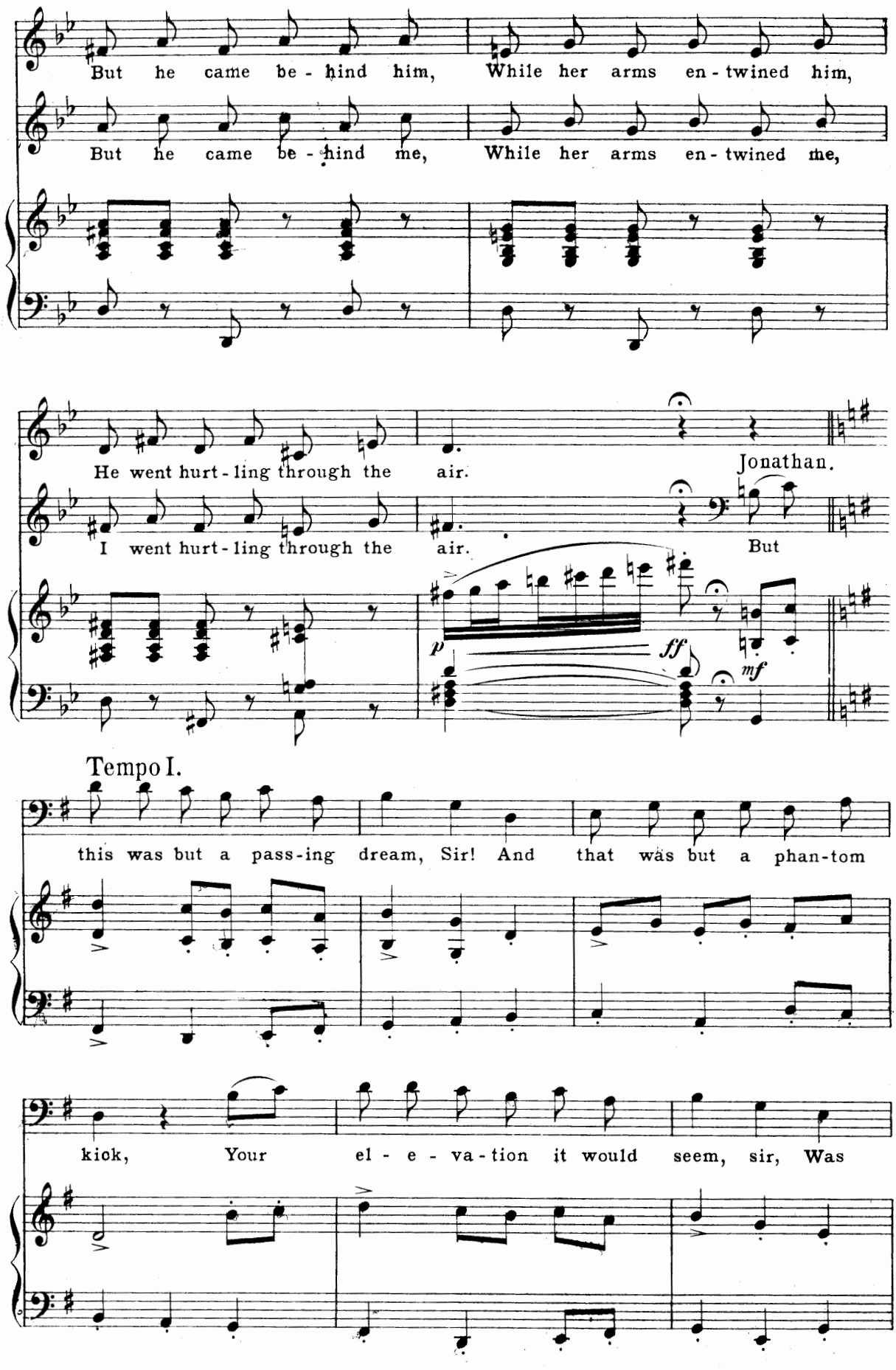


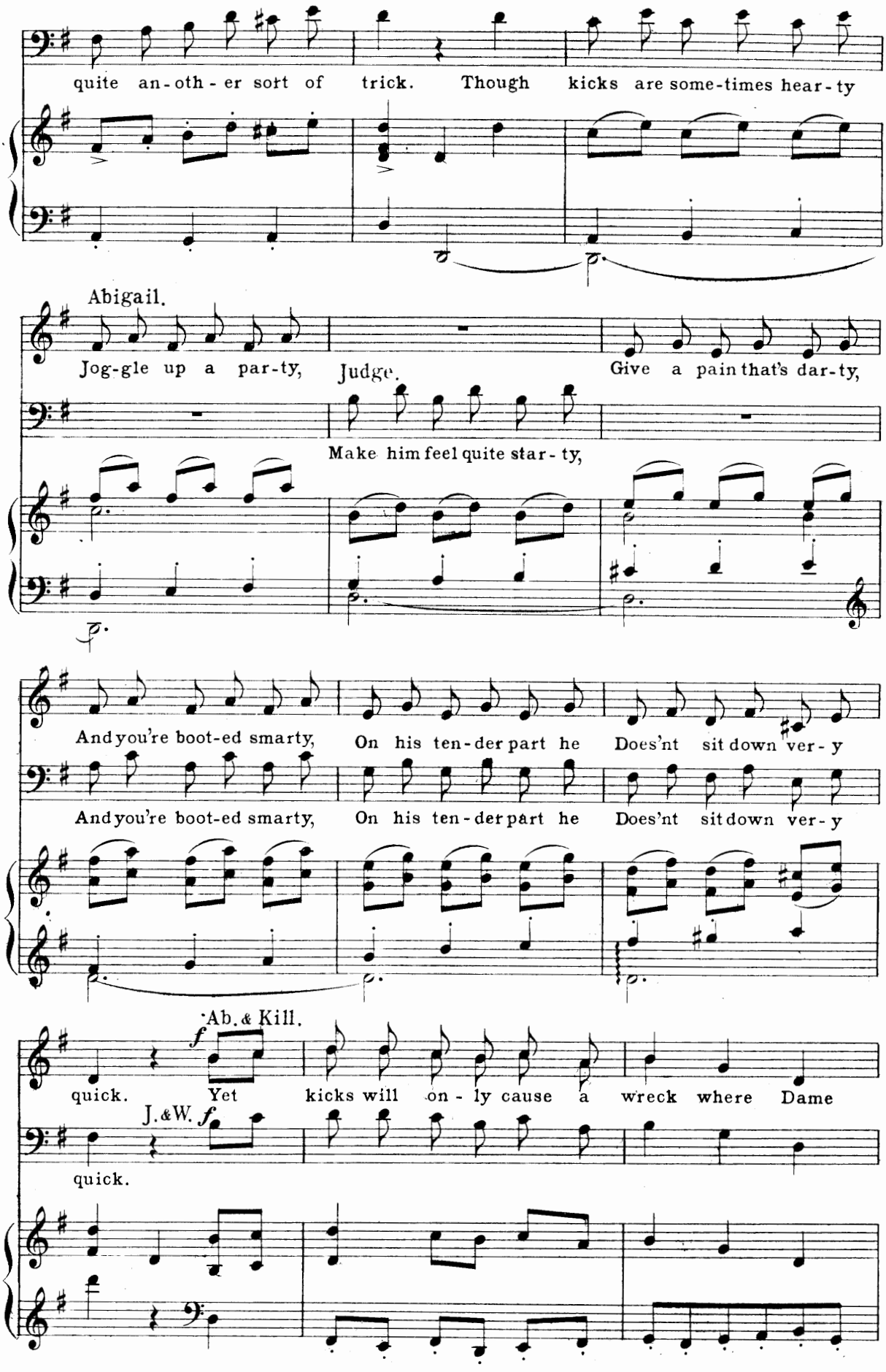
Copyright 1893 by The John Chuch Co

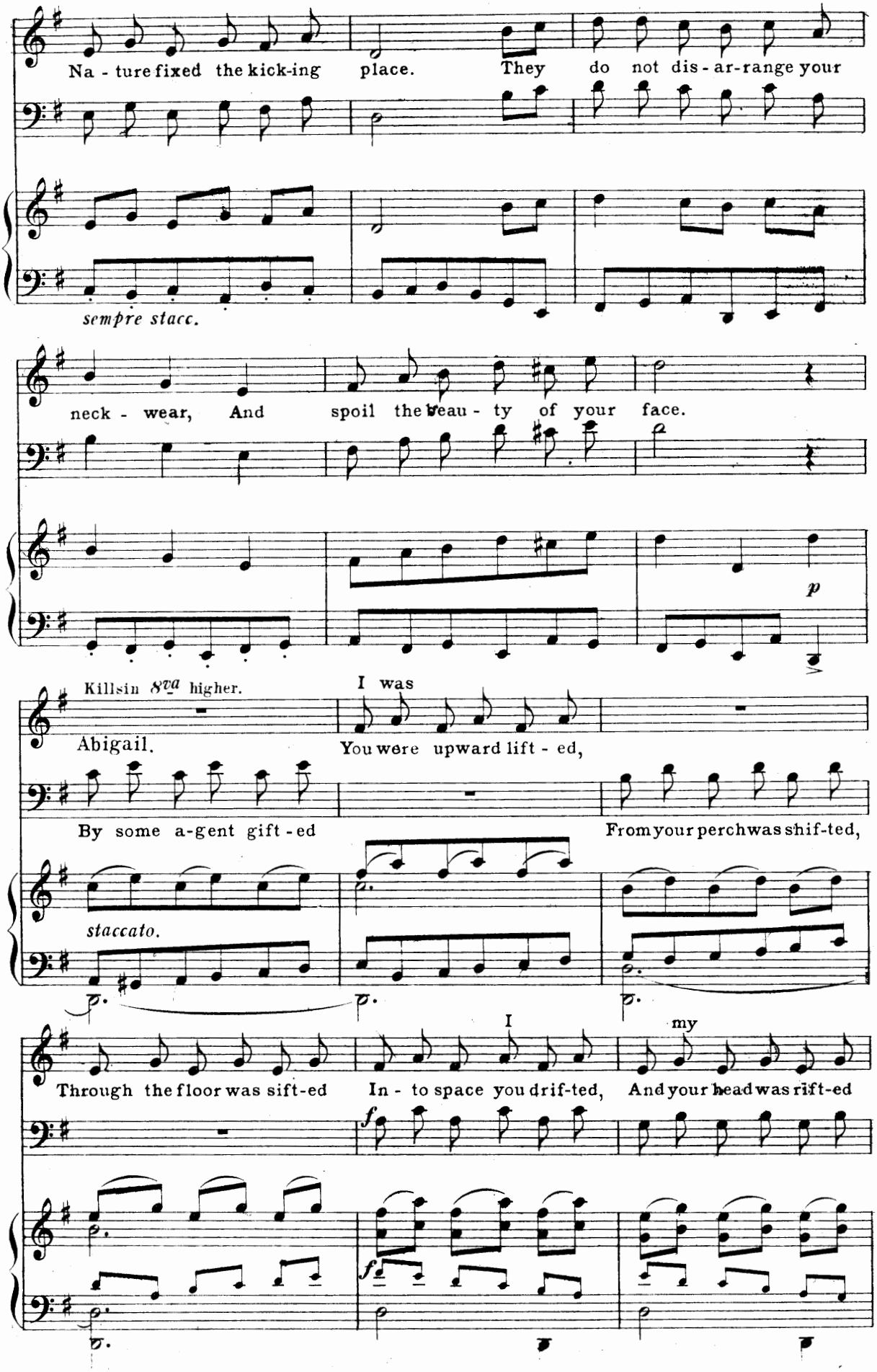

Ab.
mf
Ex-tra-or-di-na-ry!
For 'a wick-ed fair-y_
Did you do the air-y_
Was it vol-un-ta-ry?
Or were you con-tra-ry? What made you so soon ap-
p
pear? You are look-ing just a tri-fle dus-ty, You
p
need a lit-tle smoothing out, Your jour-ney's been ex-ceed-ing

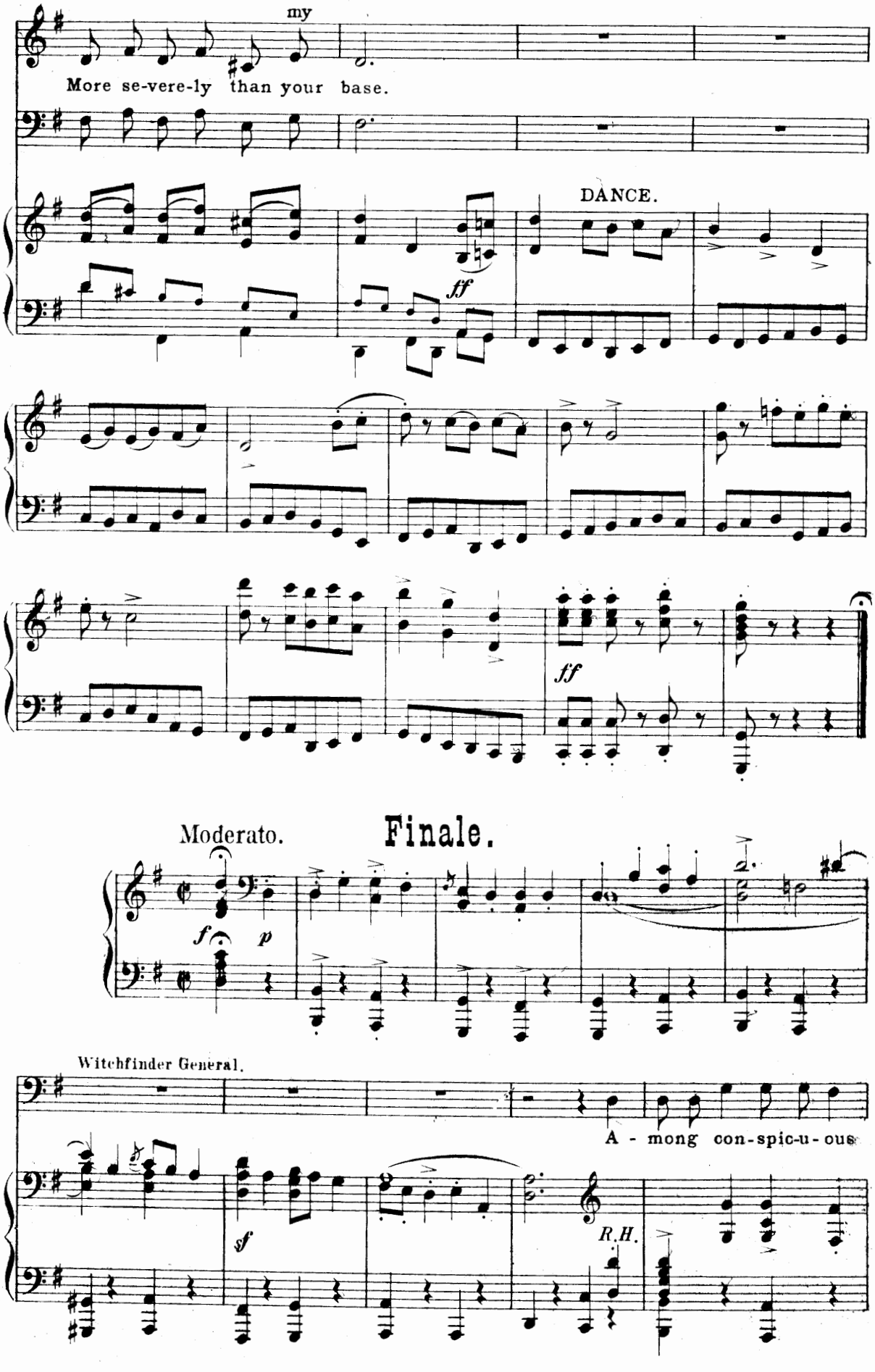

gus - ty And you're de-press'd with-out a doubt.
Judge.
And
Abig.
By what a-gent, dire.
yet would we en-qui-re
You were made to try a-
Ab.
Rap-id tran-sit fly-er
Tell us, worth-y sire
Were you work'd by wire?
W. F. G. & Judge.
f
f
What on earth were you a - bout
Killsin.
Slower.
p
I was mere-ly tak-ing a si-
Slower.
p
sf

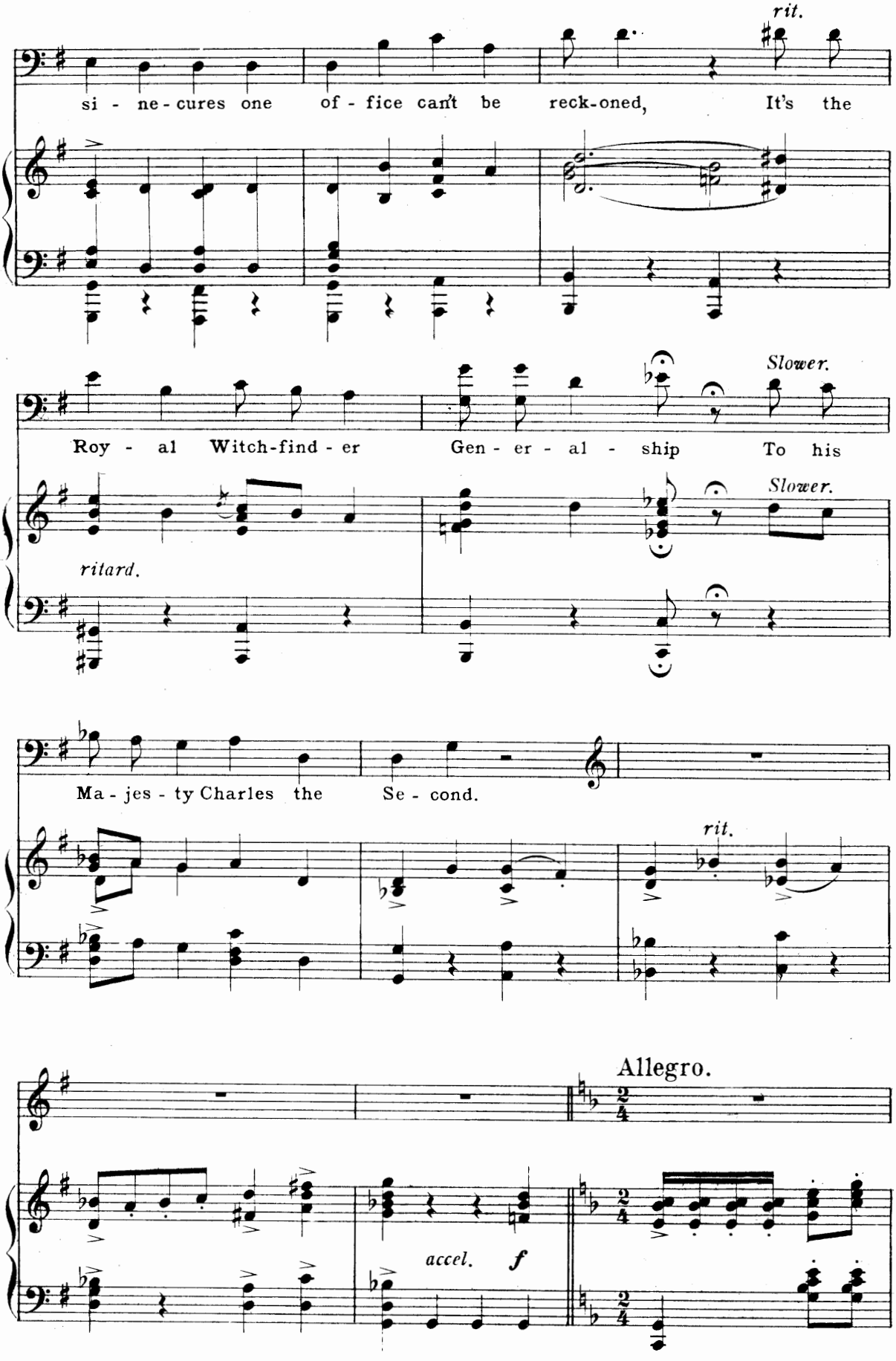

es - ta, I dreamt of one with gol-den hair. She
smiled as fond-ly I ca - ressed her And real-ly she was won-drous
Abig.
She did not re-mind him
fair. But she did not re-mind me—
That her fath - er'd find him,
That her fath - er'd find me—

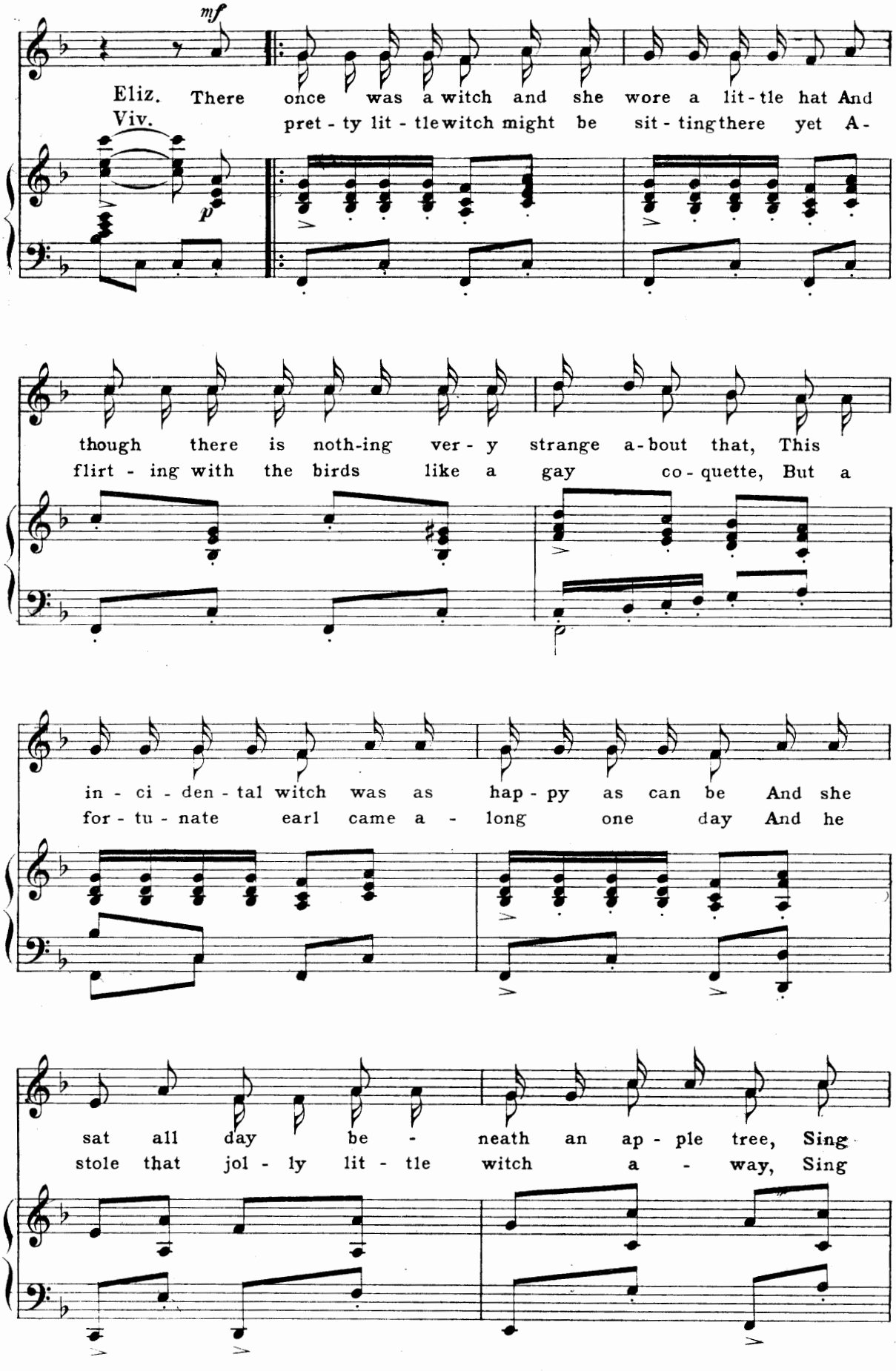

But he came be - hind him, While her arms en - twined him,
But he came be - hind me, While her arms en - twined me,
He went hurt - ling through the air.
I went hurt - ling through the air.
Jonathan.
But
p
ff
mf
Tempo I.
this was but a pass-ing dream, Sir! And that was but a phan-tom
kick, Your el - e - va - tion it would seem, sir, Was

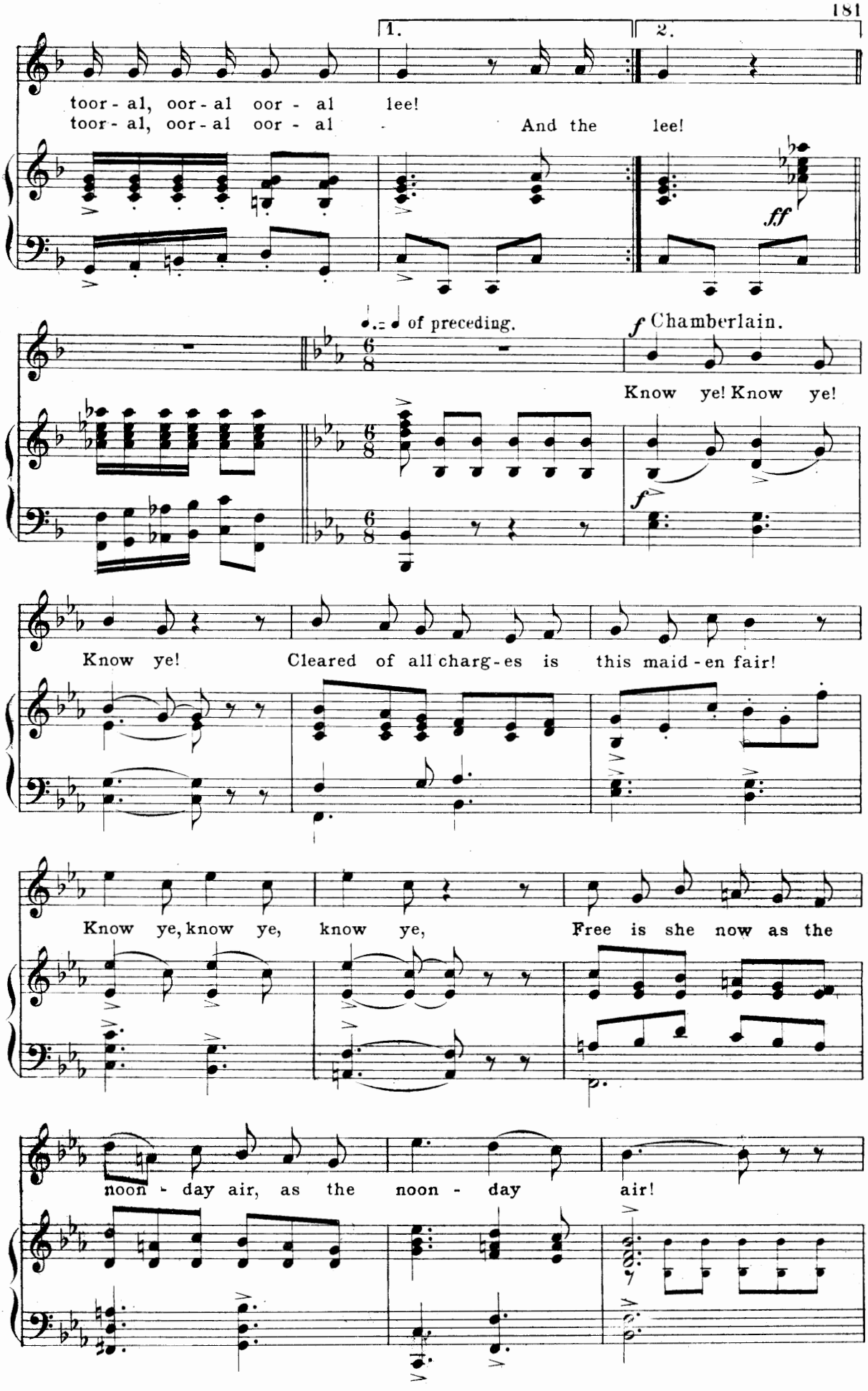

quite an-oth-er sort of trick. Though kicks are some-times hear-ty
Abigail.
Jog-gle up a par-ty,
Judge.
Give a pain that's dar-ty,
Make him feel quite star-ty,
And you're boot-ed smarty, On his ten-der part he Does'nt sit down ver-y
And you're boot-ed smarty, On his ten-der part he Does'nt sit down ver-y
Ab. & Kill.
f
quick. Yet kicks will on-ly cause a wreck where Dame
J. & W. f
quick.

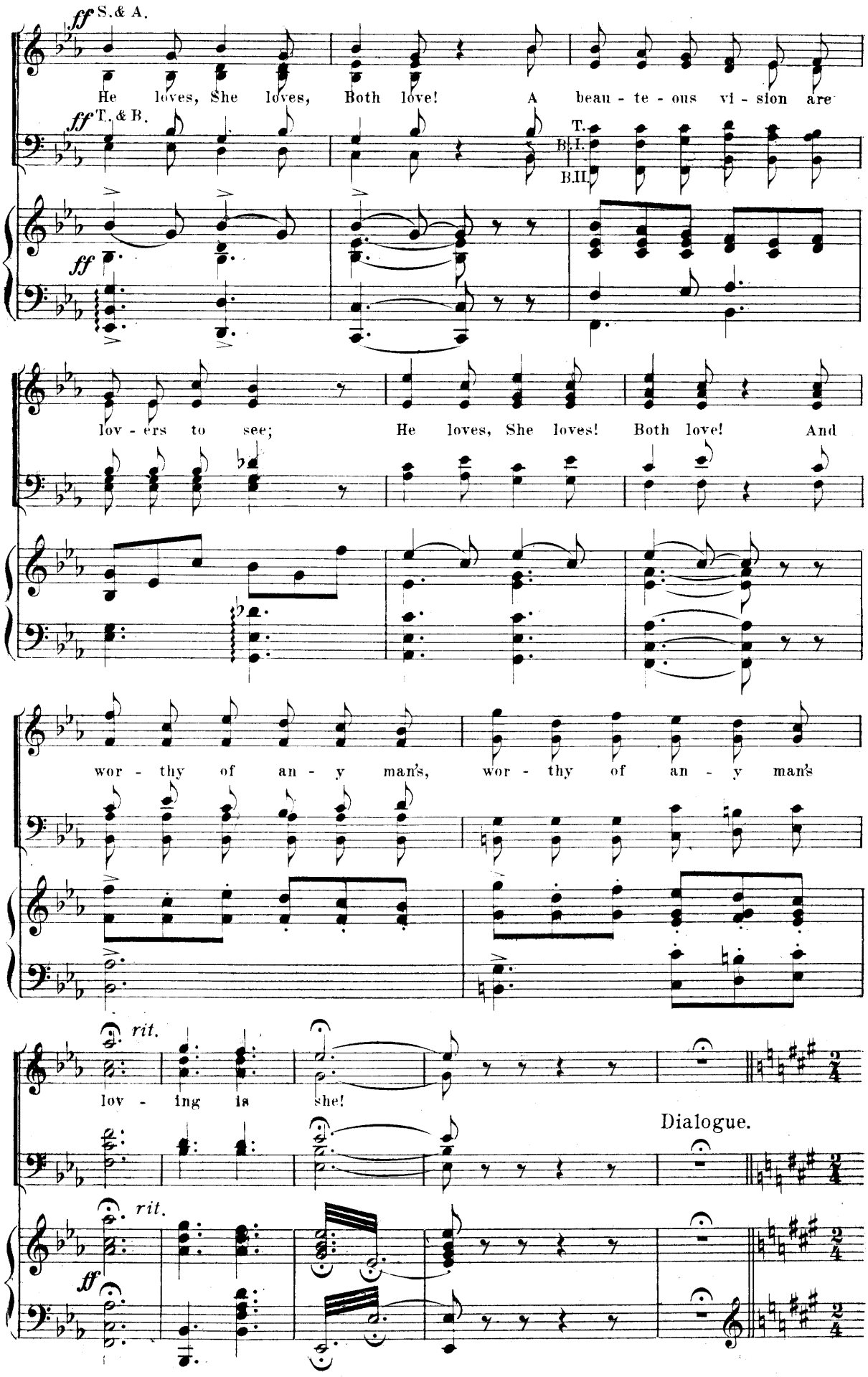

Na - ture fixed the kick-ing place. They do not dis - ar-range your
sempre stacc.
neck - wear, And spoil the beau - ty of your face.
p
Killsin 8va higher.
Abigail.
I was
You were upward lift - ed,
By some a-gent gift - ed
From your perch was shif-ted,
staccato.
Through the floor was sift-ed
I
In - to space you drif-ted,
my
And your head was rift-ed
f
f


my
More se-vere-ly than your base.
DANCE.
ff
ff
Moderato.
Finale.
f
p
Witchfinder General.
A - mong con-spic-u-ous
sf
R.H.


rit.
si - ne - cures one of - fice can't be reck-oned, It's the
Slower.
Roy - al Witch-find - er Gen - er - al - ship To his
ritard.
Slower.
Ma - jes - ty Charles the Se - cond.
rit.
Allegro.
accel.
f


mf
Eliz. There once was a witch and she wore a lit-tle hat And
Viv. pret-ty lit-tle witch might be sit-ting there yet A-
p
though there is noth-ing ver-y strange a-bout that, This
flirt-ing with the birds like a gay co-quette, But a
in-ci-den-tal witch was as hap-py as can be And she
for-tu-nate earl came a-long one day And he
sat all day be-neath an ap-ple tree, Sing
stole that jol-ly lit-tle witch a-way, Sing


1.
2.
toor - al, oor - al oor - al lee!
toor - al, oor - al oor - al And the lee!
ff
♩.= ♩ of preceding.
f Chamberlain.
Know ye! Know ye!
f
Know ye! Cleared of all charg - es is this maid - en fair!
Know ye, know ye, know ye, Free is she now as the
noon - day air, as the noon - day air!


ff S.& A.
He loves, She loves, Both love! A beau - te - ous vi - sion are
ff T. & B.
T.
B.I.
B.II.
ff
lov - ers to see; He loves, She loves! Both love! And
wor - thy of an - y man's, wor - thy of an - y man's
rit.
lov - ing is she!
Dialogue.
rit.
ff

Allegro.

Viv.

f

It's

mf

poco cresc.

mf

jol - ly fun to charge a foe and prod him in the back, And

sfp

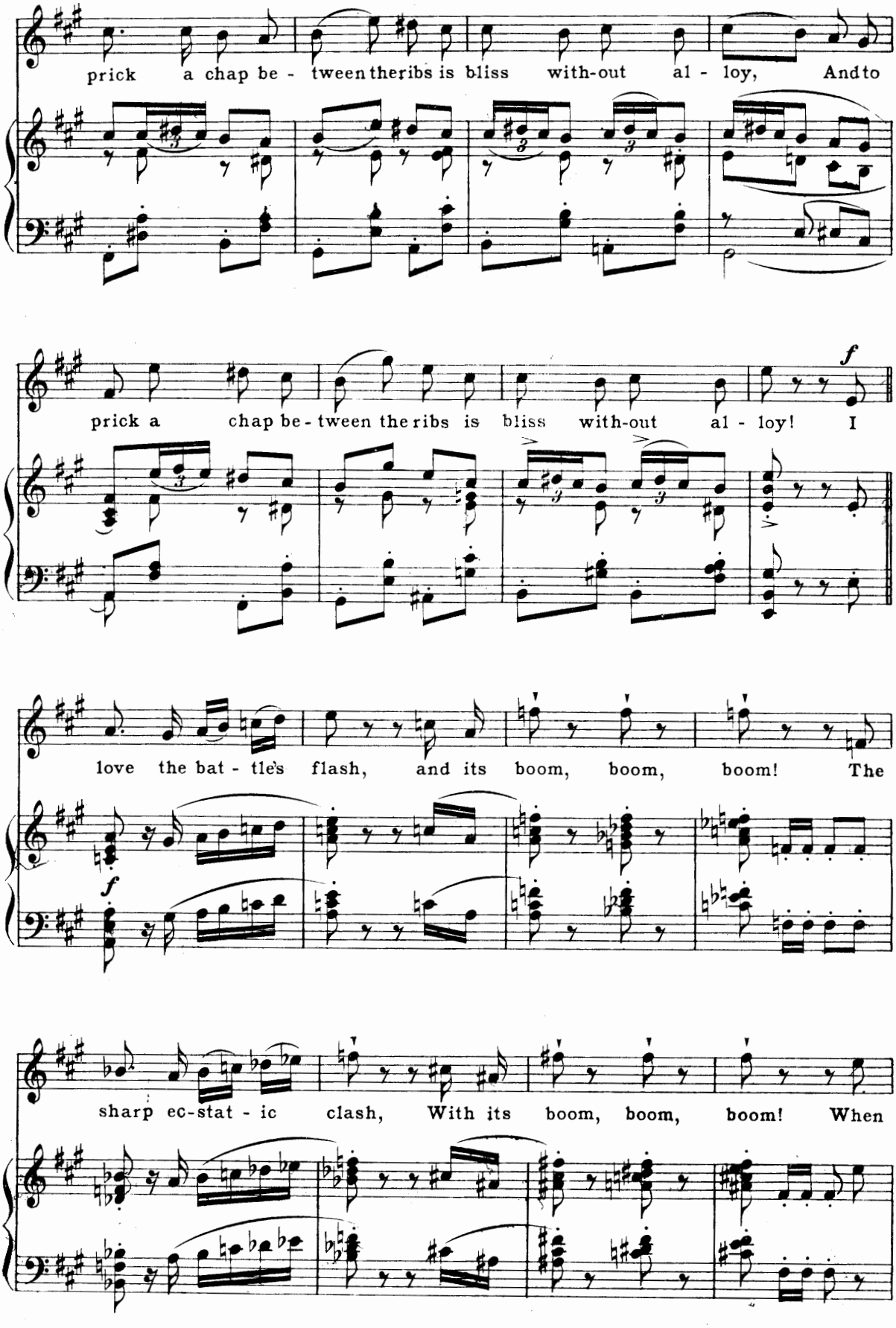
sf

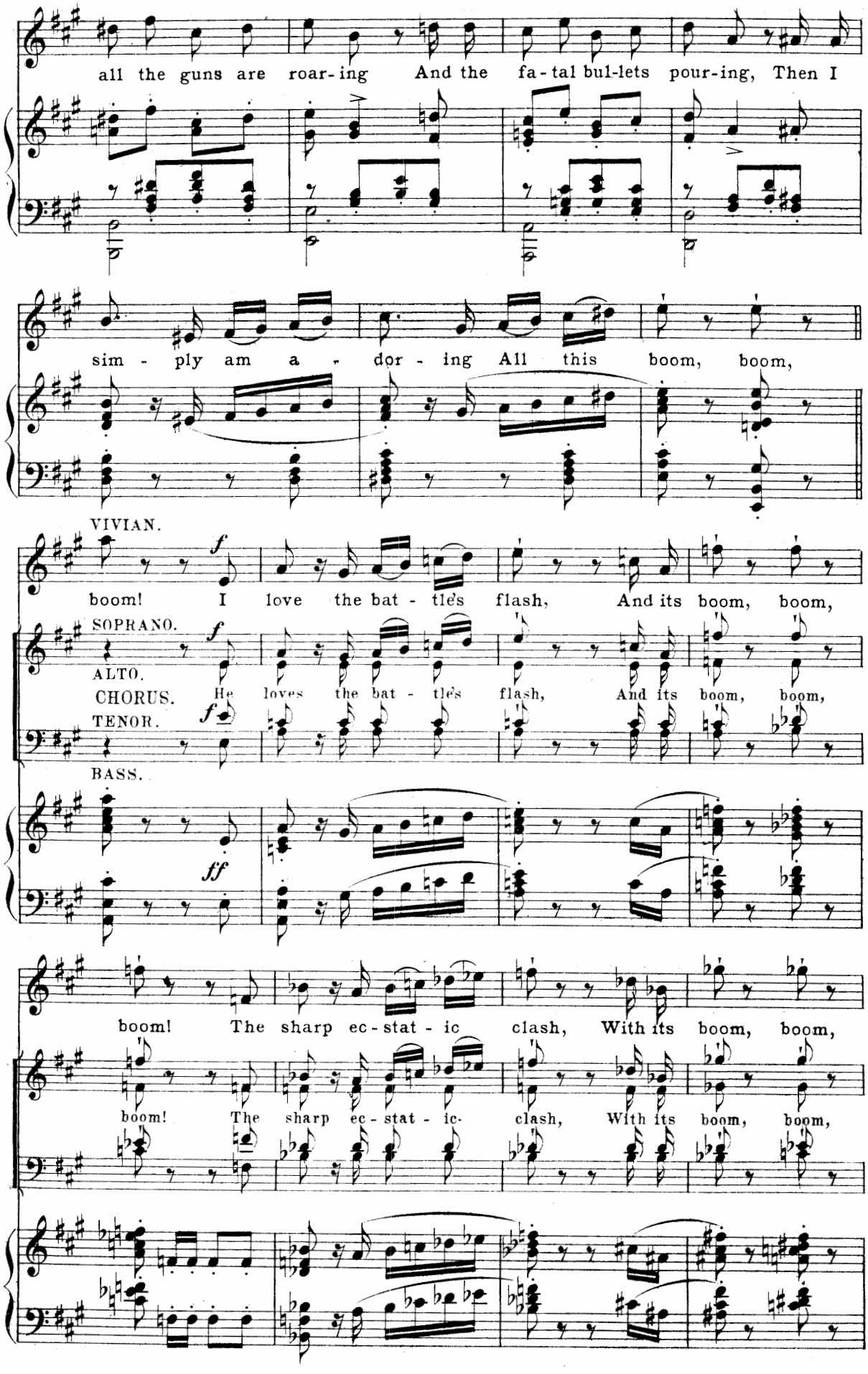
rap - tu-rous de - light to meet an en - e-my's at - tack. To

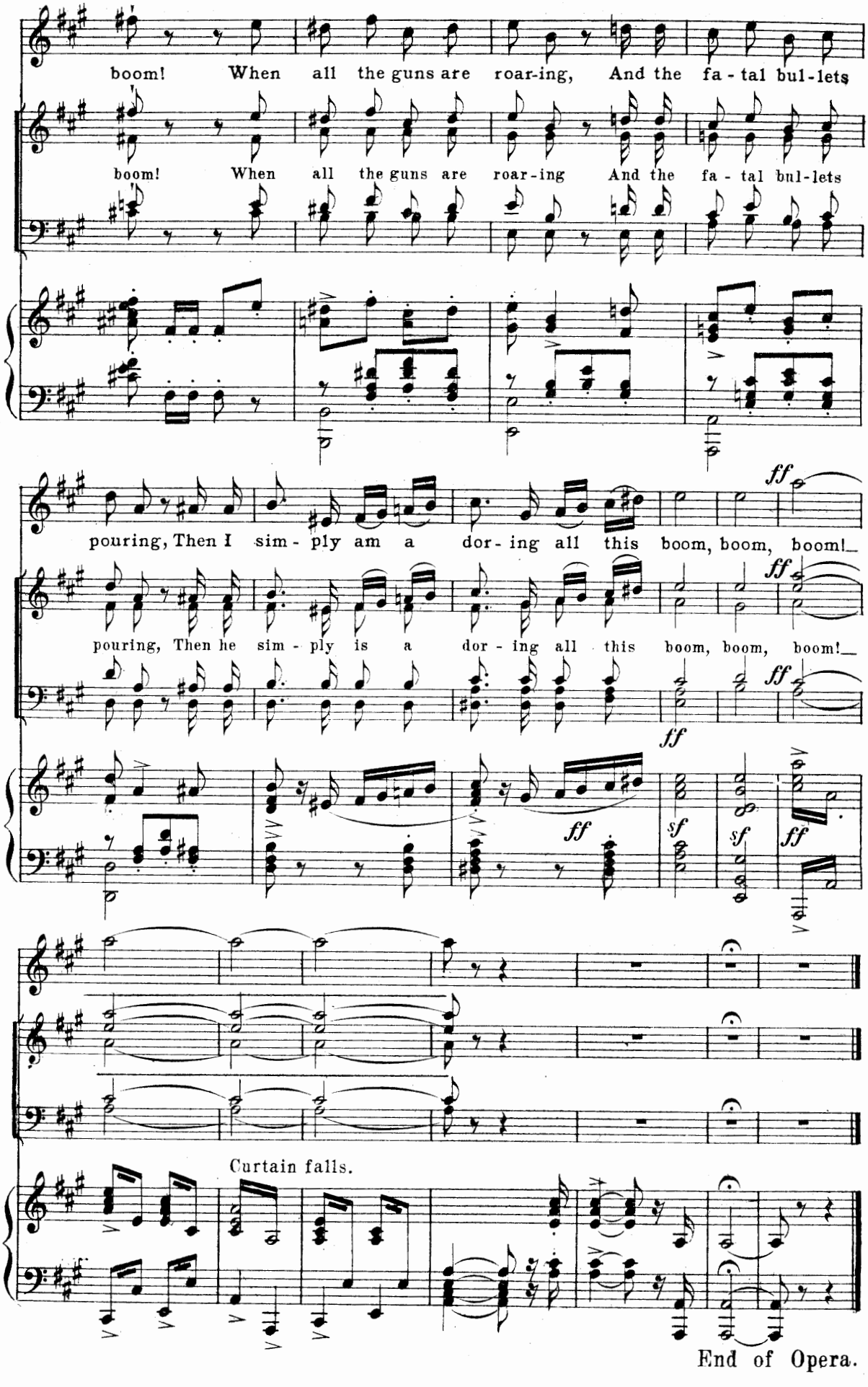
sf

cut a fel-low's head straight off is un-re - strict - ed joy, And to

p


prick a chap be - tween the ribs is bliss with-out al - loy, And to
prick a chap be - tween the ribs is bliss with-out al - loy! I
f
love the bat - tle's flash, and its boom, boom, boom! The
f
sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom, boom! When


all the guns are roar-ing And the fa-tal bul-lets pour-ing, Then I
sim - ply am a - dor - ing All this boom, boom,
VIVIAN.
boom! I love the bat - tle's flash, And its boom, boom,
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
CHORUS. He loves the bat - tle's flash, And its boom, boom,
TENOR.
BASS.
boom! The sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom,
boom! The sharp ec-stat - ic clash, With its boom, boom,


boom! When all the guns are roar-ing, And the fa - tal bul-lets
boom! When all the guns are roar-ing And the fa - tal bul-lets
pouring, Then I sim - ply am a dor - ing all this boom, boom, boom!
pouring, Then he sim - ply is a dor - ing all this boom, boom, boom!
ff
sf
Curtain falls.

End of Opera.