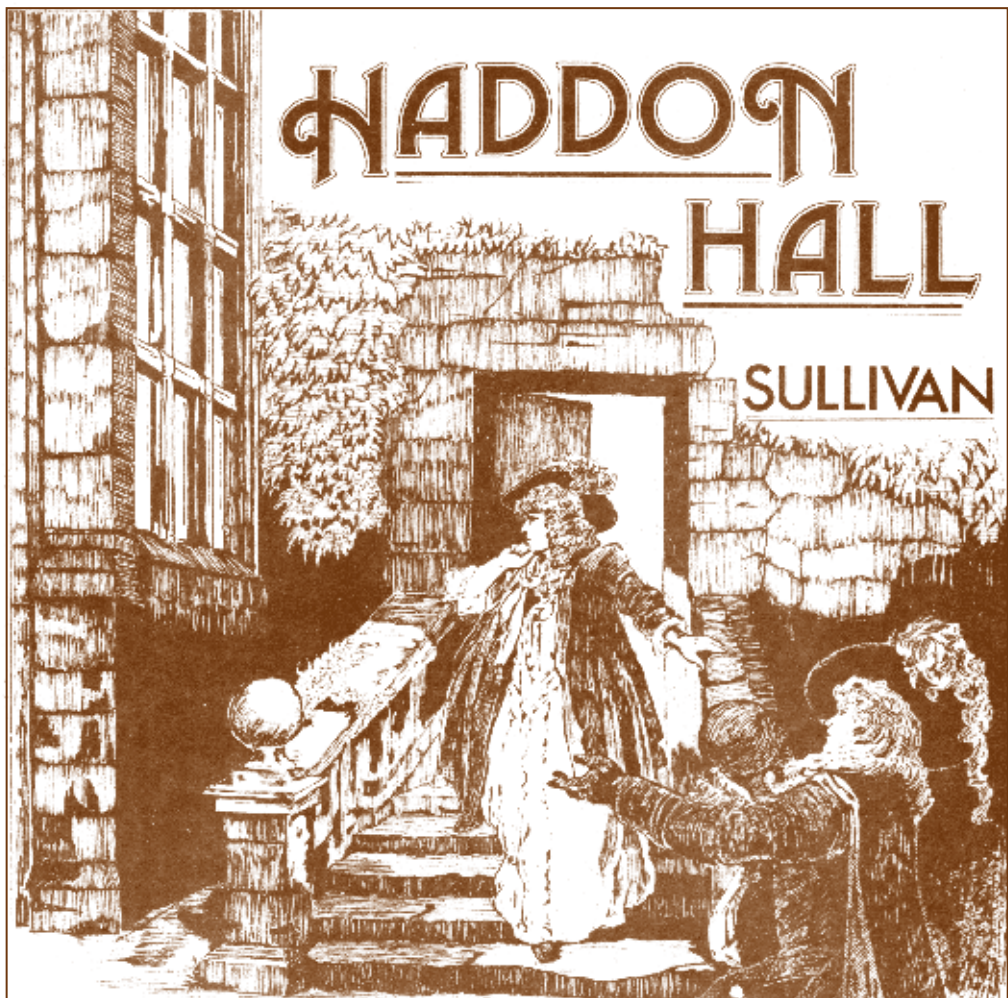


HADDON HALL

SULLIVAN

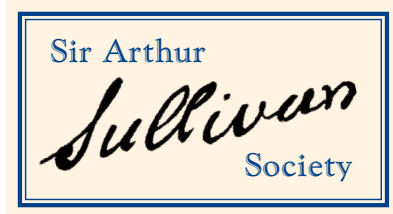


ORIGINAL LIBRETTO
BY SYDNEY GRUNDY

&

NEW PERFORMING
LIBRETTO

BY MARTIN YATES & DAVID EDEN



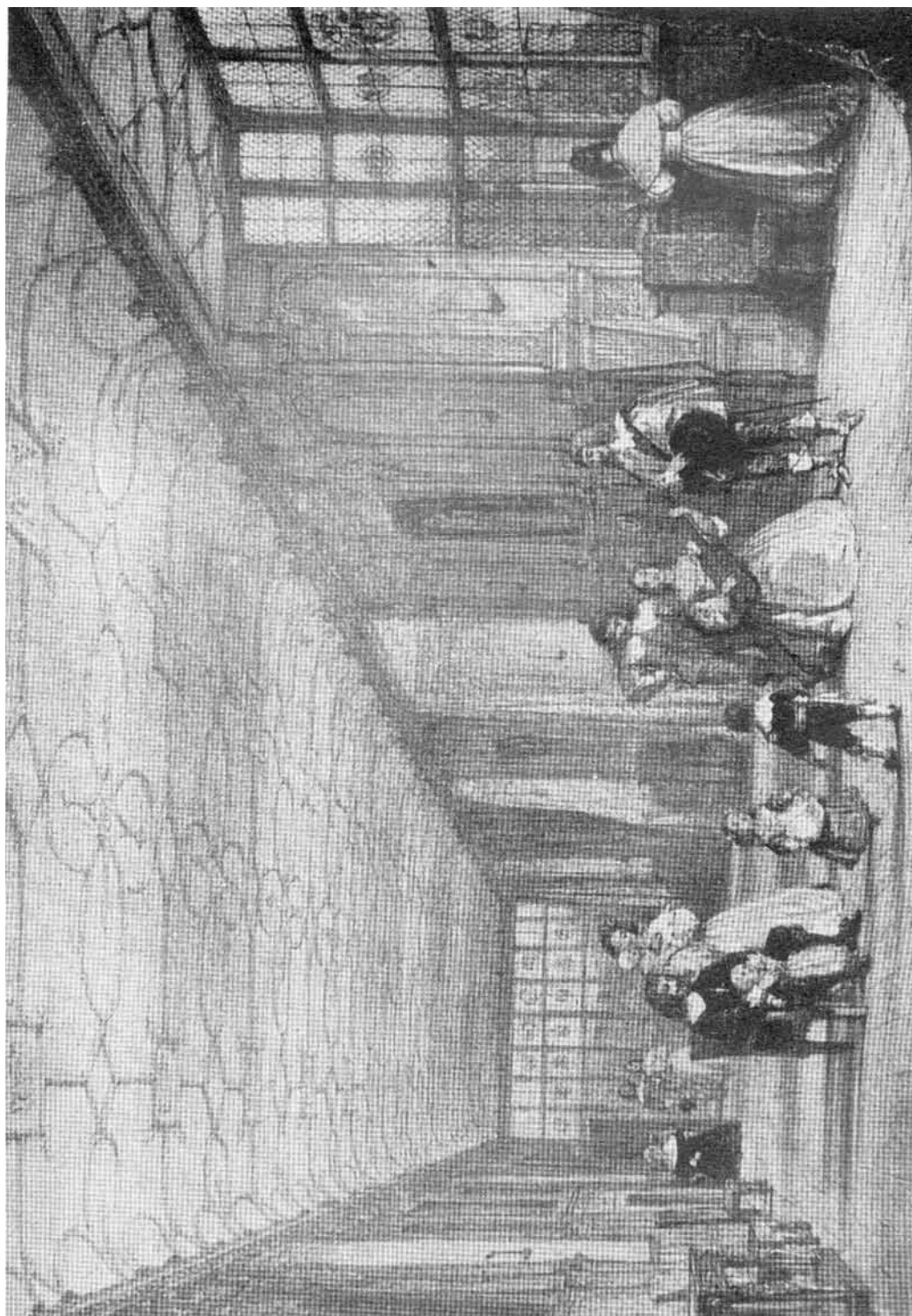
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**ORIGINAL LIBRETTO
SYDNEY GRUNDY**



An Original Light English

Opera

In Three Acts

Entitled

HADDON HALL

*

Written By

Sydney Grundy

Composed By

Arthur Sullivan

*

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare

*

Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under
the management of Mr Richard D'Oyly Carte on
Saturday 24th September 1892

*

INTRODUCTION

The partnership between Gilbert and Sullivan lasted overall for a period of twenty five years - from 1871 to 1896. However the period of their greatest success ended in December 1889 with The Gondoliers. Soon after the production of The Gondoliers Gilbert effectively brought the collaboration to an end by quarrelling with Sullivan and Carte over the costs of redecorating the Savoy Theatre - the celebrated Carpet Quarrel. Haddon Hall, written by Sullivan without Gilbert in 1892, is one of the works produced at the Savoy in the aftermath of this quarrel.

Although it was Gilbert who precipitated and sustained the Carpet Quarrel, the real cause of the difficulty between him and his partner lay in Sullivan's desire to write music which would be more substantial and emotionally expressive than the Gilbertian formula allowed. Indeed, at the time of the production of The Gondoliers Sullivan and Carte were already pressing ahead with plans for a true opera house - the Royal English Opera - to take the place of the Savoy Theatre. Since Gilbert had declined to take part in the project, it had gone forward without him.

After a series of delays the new opera house opened with Sullivan's Ivanhoe on 31 January 1891. A fully-sung work on a large scale, Ivanhoe exemplifies Sullivan's desire to write emotionally and dramatically expressive music. Considered purely as opera, Ivanhoe was by no means unsuccessful; but the Royal English Opera, like many opera houses before and since, proved a financial disaster. Carte was therefore compelled to close it, and his joint scheme with Sullivan came to an embarrassing end. The Gondoliers continued profitably at the Savoy until June 1891, but when it too concluded its run Sullivan and Carte were faced with the need to retrieve their fortunes and keep the Savoy open without the ambiguously desirable assistance of Gilbert.

It would have been out of the question to produce a thorough-going opera at the Savoy, but Sullivan had by no means abandoned his objections to the Gilbertian style. In Ivanhoe he had already written a work of historical romantic character, and he now turned once again to the past for the subject of his libretto. The event chosen was the elopement of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall with Sir John Vernon, son of the Earl of Rutland, in about 1564. The librettist was Sydney Grundy (1848-1914) a successful playwright who had already written The Vicar of Bray, produced at the Savoy in 1892. In preparing his libretto Grundy obviously paid close attention to Sullivan's stipulations about humanity and emotion. However Savoy audiences also expected comedy, which he provided by placing the story anachronistically in the period of the Civil War and introducing a group of absurd Puritans, together with their improbable Scottish friend McCrankie.

Sullivan commenced the composition of Haddon Hall in Monte Carlo in the early part of 1892. He soon suffered an unusually severe attack of his longstanding kidney disease, and for a time was believed to be dying. In the event he recovered, but the production of the new opera was delayed until 24 September 1892, when a full house waited expectantly to see how the composer would fare without his famous partner. As might have been predicted, Grundy's work was attacked by those for whom the one true Gilbert was irreplaceable; but Bernard Shaw, whose judgements are not to be set aside lightly, regarded Haddon Hall as the finest of all the Savoy operas. In the early part of its career the new work actually did better business than The Mikado had done at the same stage, but eventually it ran for 204 performances - far short of the achievement of The Mikado. Nevertheless, the music became popular, and remained so for many years. Any amateur operatic society founded in the early part of the present century is likely to find a performance of Haddon Hall listed in its annals.

Early in the run of Haddon Hall Sullivan made the changes recorded in the present Appendix (p.36). His motive for doing so is not recorded, but his action had the effect of reducing the part played by the ostensible hero, John Manners. Since the inadequate treatment of Manners and his relationship with Dorothy was already the weakest point of Grundy's libretto, the effect was to produce an imbalance in which the affair between Dorcas and Oswald seems to have more prominence than that of the main protagonists. However, it is as the vehicle for much fine music rather than as a literary or dramatic achievement that Grundy's libretto must finally be judged.

The illustration on the front cover is taken from The Graphic 1 October 1892.

CHARACTERS

ROYALISTS

Sir John Manners
Sir George Vernon
Oswald

ROUNDHEAD

Rupert Vernon

PURITANS

The McCrankie
Sing-Song Simeon
Kill-Joy Candlemas
Nicodemus Knock-Knee
Barnabas Bellows-to-Mend

*

Dorothy Vernon
Lady Vernon
Dorcas
Nance, Gertrude, Deborah

*

Chorus of Simples and Gentles

*

ACT 1: The Lovers Scene: The Terrace

ACT 2: The Elopement Scene: Dorothy Vernon's Door

ACT 3: The Return Scene: The Ante-Chamber

*

NOTE: The clock of Time has been put forward a century, and other liberties have been taken with history.

HADDON HALL

Prologue.

Ye stately homes of England,
So simple, yet so grand;
Long may ye stand and flourish,
Types of our English land!

Ye stately homes of England,
Such mansions only grew
Where virtue reigned from cot to throne,
And man and wife were true.

Ye stately homes of England,
Long may your towers stand;
Types of the life of man and wife,
Types of our English land!

ACT 1

SCENE - The Terrace

CHORUS

To-day, it is a festal time!
The bridegroom comes to-day,
And we are here to sing a rhyme
To speed him on his way.
To-day, our mistress, ever dear,
Doth plight her virgin troth;
And we are all foregathered here
To sing, God bless them both!

DANCE

Enter DORCAS

DORCAS:

But midst our jubilation
Comes the echo of a sigh,
Its full signification
Ye will gather by-and-bye.
Now, lend me your attention
While I tell you all a tale,
Anent a dainty dormouse
And an unattractive snail.

SONG

DORCAS: 'Twas a dear little dormouse -
 A little mouse-maid!
 Her papa and mamma
 She had always obeyed.
 Pit-a-pat went her heart,
 And her cheek it grew pale,
 When commanded to marry
 A stupid old snail.
 "Oh, father, I cannot!"
 "But, daughter, thou must;
 For he has a house,
 And we haven't a crust!"
 The snail he was ugly,
 The snail he was black;
 But for all that he carried
 A house on his back.
 Said the wily old dormouse,
 "When thou art his bride,
 He will lend us his house,
 And we'll all live inside!"

CHORUS: "Oh, father, I cannot!"
 "But, daughter, thou must;
 For he has a house,
 And we haven't a crust!"

DORCAS: A gallant young squirrel
 Sat perched on a tree,
 And he thought to himself,
 There's a good wife for me!
 On the eve of the wedding
 He said to the mouse,
 "Wilt thou marry a squirrel
 Who hasn't a house?"
 "Oh, squirrel, I cannot!"
 "But, dormouse, thou must;
 Her heart to a squirrel
 A dormouse may trust!"
 The squirrel was handsome,
 They plighted their vows,
 And the squirrel ran off
 With the little dormouse.
 And I'm sure if you ever
 Set eyes on a snail,
 You will all sympathize
 With the dormouse's wail.

CHORUS: "Oh, father, I cannot!
 Don't tell me I must;
 Though he has a house,
 And we haven't a crust!"
 But who is the dormouse,
 And who is the snail?

Enter SIR GEORGE VERNON, LADY VERNON, and DOROTHY

CHORUS: Hail to the Lord of Haddon!
 And thee, his silver bride!
 And to thy daughter, fairest flower
 Of all the country side!

GIRLS:

Nor violet, lily,
Nor bluebell we bring,
To garland thy pathway
With fragrance of spring.

No beauty of blossom
That dies in a day
Can speak an affection
That blossoms alway.

And never a chaplet
Our hands could entwine
Could tell the devotion
That ever is thine.

ALL:

In lieu of the lily
And bonny bluebell,
We lay on thine altar
True love's imortelles.

DOROTHY:

Dear playmates of childhood,
Right welcome are you!
More fragrant than lily
A love that is true.

LADY VERNON:

Like flower amaranthine
Whose blossoms ne'er fade,
It blooms in the sunshine
And blooms in the shade.

SIR GEORGE:

Welcome, I bid ye welcome, one and all!
Let youth and beauty keep their merry May;
For all too soon the leaves of autumn fall,
And evening shadows quench the laughing day.

MADRIGAL

When the budding bloom of May
Paints the hedgerows red and white,
Gather then your garlands gay;
Earth was made for man's delight!
 May is playtime, -
 June is haytime, -
 Seize the daytime, -
 Fa la la!
Carol now the birds of spring!
Let our hearts in chorus sing!
Ere the golden day is pale,
 Dawns the silver orb of night;
Sweetly trills the nightingale,
 "Earth was made for man's delight!"

When the leaves of autumn sigh,
 "Nearer death and further birth!"
Time enough for hearts to cry,
 "Man was only made for earth!"
 Youth is pleasant, -
 Grasp the present, -
 Moons are crescent, -
 Fa la la!

Time enough for hearts to sigh!
Now the noonday sun is high!
Day in cloth of gold is gay,
Robe of silver wears the night;
All creation seems to say,
"Earth was made for man's delight!"

Exeunt Chorus and DORCAS

SIR GEORGE: What ails thee, Doll? This little head might hold the cares of empire. Smile on me - smile! To-day, of all days, I would have thee merry. What will our cousin Rupert think of thee?

DOROTHY: I care not what our cousin Rupert thinks.

LADY VERNON: Methought he liked not merriment?

SIR GEORGE: True, Rupert hath espoused the Roundhead cause; but if I judge aright, short commons and long prayers will like not him! Be not deceived, our cousin's head is rather long than round. He serves the parliament -

LADY VERNON: And serves the times.

DOROTHY: In brief, he is not honest.

SIR GEORGE: Honest as times go. If, when he is thy husband, he is true to thee, heed not his politics.

DOROTHY: I heed them not, nor his truth either, for he will never be husband of mine.

SIR GEORGE: Hearken, Doll. I do not care to plague thy pretty head with musty documents and lawyers quirks; enough to say that there are some who hold our cousin's title to this fair estate stronger than ours. This marriage would put an end to doubts and questions that have troubled me, and would be grateful to the parliament, which loves me none too well.

LADY VERNON: Then must Doll wed to please the parliament?

SIR GEORGE: And me!

DOROTHY: From childhood I have striven to please thee, father.

SIR GEORGE: And thou hast pleased me well!

DOROTHY: And I will strive to please thee still in everything save this. Do with me as thou wilt, but spare my heart. I cannot give the what is not mine own.

SIR GEORGE: Hast thou not yet forgot this youth - whose very name my lips refuse to speak?

LADY VERNON: Manners - John Manners.

SIR GEORGE: Rutland's younger son! Shame on thee - shame. He is beneath thee, Doll. Remember who thou art. Remember that with thee pass all the lands of Haddon and this ancient hall, which smiles there as it smiled before the Conquest.

DOROTHY: I know well who I am. I know from where I am descended; nor do I forget their ancient watchword, "Drede God, and honour the King!" God I have ever dreaded; and the King I honour, by loving one whose sword hath served his cause.

SIR GEORGE: If he would sheath that sword - if he would only pay decent respect to parliament.

DOROTHY: He were a traitor, and not worth my love! Oh, father dear, turn not from me in anger! Is it sin to love?

SIR GEORGE: Did I speak harshly? Then forgive me, Doll! Ever since my son - my only son - died, fighting for his country, on the sea - thou art my all in all. It breaks my heart to ruffle thee. Go, tell thy lover - if he sheath his sword - if he acknowledge parliament - which otherwise might forfeit my estate - I will confer with Rupert.

DOROTHY: 'Twere vain to ask him. It were worse than vain.

SIR GEORGE: So be it! Go thy way and I go mine. Remember only that my word is given, and that a Vernon doth not break his pledge.

DOROTHY: I am a Vernon, too, and shall I not keep mine?

SIR GEORGE: Bandy not words with me. No longer do I beg thee - I command!

TRIO

DOROTHY: Nay, father dear, speak not to me
In anger's cruel tone!

LADY VERNON: By all the love she bears to thee -
The love that is thine own!

DOROTHY: Remember all thou art to me;
Remember all I am to thee;
And marvel not that hearts will ache -

DOROTHY & LADY V: For true love's sake!

SIR GEORGE: Go bid thy lover sheath his sword
And bend his stubborn knee;
Is all thy thought for thine adored,
And hast thou none for me?

LADY VERNON: For true love's sake a heart will sigh!

SIR GEORGE: For true love's sake a heart will die!

DOROTHY: His oath a soldier cannot break!

DOROTHY & LADY V: For true love's sake!

ALL THREE: For true love's sake, etc. Exit SIR GEORGE

DUET

DOROTHY: Mother, dearest mother,
Hearken unto me,
Think not that another
Draws my heart from thee.
Though each day I know him
Brighter shines the sun,
All the love I owe him
Robbeth thee of none.
His I seem to borrow
All my own is thine;
In my virgin sorrow
Help me mother mine!

LADY VERNON: Were but I above him,
Simple were his task;
Doth my daughter love him?
That is all I ask.
Were but I above him,
Stranger though he be,
If my daughter love him,
Son he is to me!
Whether wife or maiden,
All my heart is thine;
Joy or sorrow laden,
Thou art daughter mine!

DOROTHY & LADY V: Whether wife or maiden,
Though art mother/daughter mine;
Joy or sorrow laden,
All my heart is thine!

Exeunt

Re-Enter CHORUS, surrounding OSWALD

CHORUS

Ribbons to sell, ribbons to sell!
 Ribbons to tie up our hair!
 Who'll buy? I! I! and I as well!
 And now for the fun of the fair!

SONG

OSWALD: Come, simples and gentles, and gather ye round,
 And for your attention I'll thank'ee;
 I sell by the pennyweight, pottle and pound,
 Wares English, French, German, and Yankee.
 I've wares for the young, nor left out in the cold
 Are their elders, the more is the pity,
 For I can't help remarking you're none of you old
 And noting you're all of you pretty!
 I've articles suited to every taste
 And ev'ry description of weather;
 If any fair lady'll oblige with a waist,
 We'll try on this girdle together!

CHORUS: Although on his back he may carry a pack,
 He has hands of a wonderful whiteness;
 And this sympathetic young peripatetic
 A paragon is of politeness!

OSWALD: My prices are low and my dealings are cash,
 So your pockets I won't dip in deeply;
 Thro' buying my stock at a great London smash
 I am able to sell very cheaply!
 So bid for it boldly, but please bear in mind
 That the rule of cash down is "de rigueur".
 The price of each article, ladies, you'll find,
 Has been marked in a very plain figure.
 A complaint the proprietor begs to implore
 In case you're not treated politely,
 For I am a kind of a travelling store -
 In fact, I'm a premature Whiteley!

CHORUS: He bought up a great metropolitan smash
 At a sacrifice truly alarming;
 He doesn't deduct any discount for cash,
 But his manners are perfectly charming!

OSWALD: Now isn't that beautiful? Isn't that nice?
 When I tell you the article's German,
 You'll know it could only be sold at the price
 Thro' a grand international firman.
 A still greater bargain! An article French.
 When I say it's of French manufacture,
 I mean that if worn by a beautiful wench,
 A heart it is certain to fracture.
 But here is the prize - only tuppence - pure gold,
 When I mention the article's Yankee,
 Well nobody then will require to be told
 That there can't be the least hanky-panky!

OSWALD: Who'll buy?

CHORUS: Not I!

OSWALD Who'll buy?

CHORUS: Not I!

OSWALD: A chance like this you mustn't miss!
CHORUS: Oh yes! Oh yes! The chance we'll miss!
For we've been told, alas!
That what is sold as Yankee gold
Is sometimes Yankee brass.

Exeunt CHORUS

OSWALD: This to thy mistress!

DORCAS: (recoiling) By our lady, nay!

OSWALD: Thou art a comely wench, and thy face tells me thou art to be trusted.

DORCAS: But art thou to be trusted? For I do not know thee; and ere now packmen have been found deceivers.

OSWALD: I am no packman! Lo! (Throws aside his cloak) God save the King!

DORCAS: Grammercy! 'Tis a gallant gentleman! (Holds out her hand) Now I will trust thee.

OSWALD: But thou dost not know me, and ere now young men have been found deceivers.

DORCAS: I'll hazard it! (OSWALD gives her the letter) Nay, prithee, do not cover thyself up ere I have had another glimpse of thee. (OSWALD flings off his cloak) (Aside) Truly a most desirable young man! (Aloud) Dost come from London, sir?

OSWALD: From London - aye.

DORCAS: (Aside, clasping hands) What pretty things they make in London town! (Aloud) Of course, sir, thou art some fine gentleman?

OSWALD: No - but a soldier and a serving-man.

DORCAS: A serving-man! And I a serving-maid! Then this (Indicating letter) comes not from thee?

OSWALD: From Master Manners. He it is to whom I owe suit and service.

DORCAS: From Master Manners! Then I guess its burden.

OSWALD: Carry that burden to thy mistress, straight!

DORCAS: Is there such haste?

OSWALD: My master is hard by, and he awaits an answer.

DORCAS: Look me in the face! Art thou indeed a servant? Or art thou thine own master - in disguise?

OSWALD: Nay, I am only my plain self.

DORCAS: Thank Heaven!

OSWALD: Oswald, my name!

DORCAS: Mine, Dorcas.

OSWALD: Shall we be friends?

DORCAS: With all my heart! (OSWALD approaches her, she draws back) Hold! Our acquaintance is too young for that.

OSWALD: For what? I did but offer thee my hand.

DORCAS: Was it thy hand?

OSWALD: I dared not offer more; but if thou challenge me -

DORCAS: (Recoiling) Not I!

OSWALD: Thou art a winsome wench, but thou art coy.

DORCAS: Thou art not coy!

OSWALD: Life is too brief for modesty (Holding her).

DORCAS: (Reflectively) 'Tis rather waste of time.

OSWALD: We shall not long be young.

DORCAS: And in the end it comes to the same thing.

OSWALD: That is philosophy (Kisses her).

DORCAS: Enough - for the first lesson. Art thou a great philosopher?

OSWALD: Aye; for I've read life's riddle. Life holds one secret. Live!

DUET

OSWALD: The sun's in the sky, and
 The grass in the ground;
 Nature maternal,
 Placid, supernal,
 Spreadeth her vernal
 Mantle around.

DORCAS: 'Tis idle repining,
 When summer is gay;
 When from her coffers
 Jewels she offers,
 Scorn not her proffers,
 Say her not nay!

OSWALD: While morning is shining,
 Your garlands entwine;
 Ere evening closes,
 Gather your posies,
 Jasmine and roses,
 Sweet eglantine!

DORCAS: While yet it is daylight,
 Rejice in the day;
 Nought to repent of,
 Breath be content of,
 Fragrant with scent of
 Newly mown hay!

BOTH: Night will come soon enough -
 Starlight nor moon enough!
 While there is noon enough,
 Let us be gay!

OSWALD: No grace is in grief, and
 No virtue in tears!
 Come what may after,
 Youth and its laughter
 Piercing the rafter,
 Gladden the spheres!

DORCAS: To-morrow we'll sorrow
 But now let us sing!
 Happy to-day be,
 Joyous and gay be,
 Plucking while may be
 Blossoms of spring!

OSWALD: Each gift of creation
 Is heaven's envoy;
 Ne'er a bud springeth,
 Ne'er a bird singeth
 But to earth bringeth
 Tidings of joy!

DORCAS: Oh! List to the message
The hemispheres voice!
"Folly is sadness,
Misery, madness,
Holy is gladness -
Thine is the choice!"

BOTH: Night will come soon enough -
Starlight nor moon enough!
While there is noon enough,
Let us rejoice!

DOROTHY is seen coming down the terrace - she advances

DORCAS: My mistress comes.
Thyself thy missive give.

OSWALD: Madam, I bow.

DOROTHY: Sir, who art thou?

OSWALD: Servant of one whose name I must not tell.
This from his hand - and from his heart as well.

DOROTHY reads the letter

TRIO

DOROTHY: Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say,
What is a maid to do,
When heart says "Go," and duty "Stay,"
And she'd to both be true?
Oh, tell me what is a maid to say?
Shall it be rice or rue?
When heart says "Yea," and duty "Nay,"
What is a maid to do?

THE THREE: Yea or nay?
Go or stay?
To which be false, to which be true?
When a maiden wavers 'twixt yea and nay -
Shall it be rice or rue?

OSWALD: Thou askest what is a maid to say,
What is a maid to do?
I answer, if her heart say yea,
Her duty says so too.

DORCAS: I can but tell thee what I should say,
Tell thee what I should do;
I'd go in showers of rice away,
And leave behind the rue.

THE THREE: Yea or nay?
Go or stay?
To which be false, to which be true?
When a maiden wavers 'twixt yea and nea -
Shall it be rice or rue?

*

*NOTE: In the first version of the opera the solo scene for John Manners, printed in the appendix, p.36, commenced at this point. The revised version printed here was introduced specifically by Sullivan, who said it represented what he had always desired.

RECITATIVE

DOROTHY (Reading from her letter)

"Why weep and wait? Why hesitate?
Too soon is better than too late!" -
Ah, yes, I wait, but do not weep!
Thy love has rocked my tears to sleep!

SONG

Red of the rosebud,
White of the may,
Why are ye fragrant?
Why are ye gay?
Why are ye blithe as blithe can be?
Whisper your secret low to me!
Why do ye droop when day is done?
Is it because ye love the sun?
Why do ye smile through tears of dew?
Is it because the sun loves you?
Red of the rosebud,
White of the may,
That is your secret!
Tell me not nay!
Sing the old song that for ever is new -
Ye love your love, and your love loves you!

Breast of the robin,
Why dost thou blush?
Whence is thy music,
Throat of the thrush?
Why do ye flit from tree to tree?
Warble your secret low to me!
Why do ye roam the sky above?
Is it in search of your true love?
Why do ye build yourselves a nest?
Is it because your love is blest?
Song of the robin,
Why dost thou hush?
Why art thou silent,
Throat of the thrush?
Fear not to whisper thy secret to me -
Thou lov'st thy love, and thy love loves thee!

Red of the rosebud,
White hawthorn-bush,
Breast of the robin,
Song of the thrush,
I am as happy, as happy as ye -
I love my love, and my love loves me!

Exit DOROTHY

Enter PURITANS

PURITANS:

Down with princes, down with peoples!
Down with churches, down with steeples!
Down with love and down with marriage!
Down with all who keep a carriage!
Down with lord and down with lady -
Up with everything that's shady!

Down with life and down with laughter!
Down with landlords, down with land!
Whom the soil belongs to after,
We could never understand!
Pleasure - we can do without it;
Down with court and down with king;
And - just while we are about it -
Down with every blessed thing!

Enter RUPERT VERNON

RUPERT: My faithful friends, you have just been singing, with that accuracy of time and purity of tone which characterize all your vocal efforts, these admirable sentiments, amongst others, "Down with love, and down with marriage; down with landlords, down with land!" And truly these things are vanities - in the abstract; but in the concrete they possess a certain substance. In the abstract I, Rupert Vernon, am a vanity.

PURITANS: Yea, verily.

RUPERT: But in the concrete, even I possess a certain substance.

PURITANS: Yea, verily.

RUPERT: These brief preliminary observations will have prepared you for the announcement that I am about to marry and become a landlord.

KILL-JOY: This be flat blasphemy.

RUPERT: I was once of that opinion myself. But ever since it hath become a question whether my title to this highly attractive residential property is not superior to that of my cousin, its present occupant, I have given much attention to this subject. As I may shortly be in a position to keep a carriage myself, I am not quite so persuaded as I was of the necessity of "downing" with everybody who indulges in that very harmless luxury.

NICODEMUS: (Lifting his hands) Odd's fish! Odd's fish!

RUPERT: I fail to see anything odd's fish about it. Then again, our attitude with regard to the land question - is it quite sound? Or is it all sound and no sense?

BARNABAS: There be one land and there be one people, and to the one people the one land belongeth.

RUPERT: Quite so, quite so, my good Barnabas. That is our way of putting it - in public. But this is not the hustings, and as private individuals we know perfectly well that there is more than one people - in fact, there are a great many people; and how is the one land to belong to all of them?

SIMEON: The state is the people. Let the land belong to the state.

RUPERT: Thous art minded that the occupier should pay his rent to the state.

PURITANS: No rent! No rent!

RUPERT: But if the occupier is to pay no rent, then each occupier becomes his own landlord.

PURITANS: Even so!

RUPERT: But in that case, you have more landlords than ever.

PURITANS: So we have! (All scratch their heads)

RUPERT: Nor is the subject of celibacy as simple as it appears. Ever since it was arranged that the disputed title to the Haddon estates should be settled by marriage with the fair Mistress Dorothy, my views upon this matter have also undergone a change. I feel the need of female sympathy. Nobody sympathizes with us, and when one comes to think of it, why should they?

PURITANS: Why should they?

RUPERT: It must be admitted that we have made ourselves fairly obnoxious of late. We have been particularly busy, and our business has chiefly consisted in interfering with everybody else's. First and foremost, we have abolished the playhouse.

PURITANS: Grace be praised!

For every man
Since the world began
Had his idiosyncrasy,
And to lurch off a moan
And to dine on a groan
With a trickling tear for tea -
Well, it may suit you
From your point of view,
But it doesn't at all suit me!
As I don't rejoice
In a deep bass voice -
Well, it doesn't at all suit me.
Tho' the world be bad,
It's the best to be had;
And therefore, Q.E.D.,
Tho' it mayn't suit you
And a chosen few,
It's a good enough world for me.

Examples show
That we needn't go
So far as to ancient Rome,
For it just occurs
Unto me, good sirs,
There are humbugs nearer home.
When you style the spheres
A vale of tears,
Don't you rather beg the question?
Remember, bards,
It's on the cards,
It is nothing but indigestion.
For every man,
Since the world began,
Had his little infirmitee,
And is apt to mistake
What is only an ache
For profound philosophic;
He is not the sphinx
He sublimely thinks,
But a man very much like me!
Not a demon fell,
Or an archangel,
But a man very much like me.
Tho' the world be bad, etc.

Exeunt

Re-enter DORCAS & CHORUS

FINALE

CHORUS:

The bonny bridegroom cometh
To meet the bonny bride,
Let all the gates of Haddon
Their portals open wide!

RUPERT and the PURITANS re-appear on the terrace

The bonny bridegroom cometh -
Your breath together draw!
Prepare to bid him welcome
With a hip, hip, hip, - oh, law!

All avert their faces from the sight of the PURITANS

RUPERT: Our first appearance is not a success.

SIMEON: Well, not a triumph.

NICODEMUS: A success d'estime

BARNABAS: Or less.

RUPERT: Ladies, fair, I pray you
Do not be afraid;
Let us not dismay you,
We but ply our trade.

PURITANS: Do not so disdain us,
We but ply our trade!

CHORUS: Tho' the objects pain us,
They but ply their trade.

RUPERT: Once we close the portals,
Once we shut the shop,
We're like other mortals
Out upon the hop!

PURITANS: Out upon the hop!

CHORUS: Once they close the portals,
Once they shut the shop,
They're like other mortals,
Out upon the hop!

RUPERT: I pray you, pretty ladies,
Before this audience ends,
To let me do the honours
And introduce my friends.

Sing-Song Simeon.
Nicodemus Knock-Knee.
Barnabas Bellows-to-Mend.
Kill-Joy Candlemas.

CHORUS: Enough! Enough! We have suffered galore,
We cannot suffer more!
Oh, let's see the back of you
Every man jack of you
All of you sillies and all of you sights!
The sort of old fogies
That bob up like bogies
And keep one awake in the dead of the nights.
Get away! Get away! Get away!

They go up in dudgeon

RUPERT: (To audience) Between ourselves, I candidly confess,
That I expected neither more nor less.

(To PURITANS) My faithful friends, I do not mind confessing
To all of you, whom I am now addressing,
That as a lot you are not prepossessing.
It's no use blinking it!

PURITANS: We were just thinking it!

RUPERT: Ladies, pretty ladies, second thoughts are best;
Pregnant is the proverb, time's the only test.
Come, ladies fair
Beyond compare,
And list to my confessions;
Be warned by me,
And never be
Deceived by first impressions.

MEN: Go, ladies fair
Beyond compare -

GIRLS: Come ladies fair
Beyond compare -

CHORUS: And list to his confessions.

SONG

RUPERT: When I was but a little lad
And cake and toffee made me glad
And high the sun at noon!
My mother came to me one day,
When I was in the field at play
With jam upon a spoon.
It looked so nice, I thought not twice,
The jam had vanished in a trice -
Quite frank are these confessions!
Alas, the jam concealed a pill
Which made me very, very ill -
Deceived by first impressions!

CHORUS: Oh, joy! The jam concealed a pill
Which made him very, very ill -
Deceived by first impressions!

RUPERT: Quoth Dr. Syntax, one fine day,
"Rupert, I have a word to say."
(I had just told a cram.)
So tenderly he took my hand,
His tone was so polite and bland,
I followed like a lamb.
But once upstairs his manner freezed,
And all at once he seemed displeased,
As with Aeneas, Dido!
Then, quick as thought he seized a birch
And fairly knocked me off my perch -
Whack, whack, whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

CHORUS: Whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

RUPERT: Now, ladies fair
Beyond compare,
Be warned by my confessions;
You surely see
The vanity -

CHORUS: Of trusting first impressions.
Whack, whack, whack-fol-de-riddle-i-do!

Re-enter SIR GEORGE, LADY VERNON, and DOROTHY

SIR GEORGE: Hail, cousin Rupert, welcome to our heart!
Though scarce we know thee in this habit homely.

RUPERT: It doth not suit me, but before we part
I hope to change it for a garb more comely.

LADY VERNON: A bridegroom's?

RUPERT: Aye, if this sweet maiden wills.

SIR GEORGE: This maiden aye her father's wish fulfils.

RUPERT: Cousin fair, to thee I offer
Soul and body, heart and hand.

SIR GEORGE: In exchange, to thee we proffer
Beauty, duty, house and land.

LADY VERNON: Husband, hear me! Husband, listen!
Let our daughter's heart reply.
In her eyes the teardrops glisten.
If she wed him, she will die!

DOROTHY: Father, hear me; father, listen!
If I wed him, I shall die!

DOROTHY,
LADY VERNON,
DORCAS: Father, hear me; father, listen!
Husband, hear her; husband, listen!
Only hear her, only listen!
If she wed him, she will die!

DOROTHY,
LADY VERNON & CHORUS: If I wed him, I shall die!
If she wed him, she will die!

DOROTHY: When, yestereve, I knelt to pray,
As thou hast taught me to,
I seemed to hear the angels say,
"To thine own heart be true."
Heaven breathed a message through the sphere!
Heaven breathes it every day,
To all who have the ears to hear,
The wisdom to obey.
By golden day and silver night
It rings all nature through;
For ever, in the angels' sight,
To thine own heart be true.
Though storms uprise
And cloud the skies,
And thorns where roses grew;
Come sun or snow,
Come weal or woe,
To thine own heart be true!

CHORUS: Though storms uprise &c.

DOROTHY: (Kneels) Father, forgive!

SIR GEORGE: Rise! To thy chamber, thou rebellious maid!
My will is law, and law must be obeyed.
Few are my needs;
I ask not words of duty, I ask deeds.
Away, away!

LADY VERNON: She doth but stay
Farewell to say!

SIR GEORGE: Away, away!
No longer art thou daughter mine!

DORCAS: Sweet mistress, all my heart is thine!

RUPERT & PURITANS: We are refused!

CHORUS: You are! You are!

RUPERT & PURITANS: A plague upon our natal star.

SIR GEORGE, DOROTHY, DORCAS, PURITANS: Away! Away!
Sir, I obey!
Oh, fateful day!
Dismay! Dismay!

OMNES: Thy duty, with unerring hand,
Dictates the rightful way!

SIR GEORGE,
RUPERT, &
PURITANS: It is a father's to command!
THE REST: It is for conscience to command!
DOROTHY: I dare not disobey!
THE REST: Dare not to disobey!

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT 2

SCENE I - DOROTHY VERNON'S Door

RUPERT and the PURITANS discovered, sheltering from the storm.

CHORUS

PURITANS: Hoarsely the wind is howling -
Bitterly bites the blast -
The midnight cat is prowling -
The rain is falling fast -
But what of that?
We'll back ourselves against the howling wind
And the nocturnal cat -
At two to one, bar none.

RUPERT: And not a layer find
Even at that.

PURITANS: Even at that.

RUPERT: The rain falls fast
In icy blasts:
It's the sort of day when people say
It's much too bad to last.

PURITANS: But it lasts!

RUPERT: It lasts!

PURITANS: It lasts!

RUPERT: My good friend Simon, thou who singest songs and art by way of being a musician, tell me what is thy private judgement on these strains with which it is our habit to beguile our lighter moments?

SIMON: I'sooth, they be saintly airs.

RUPERT: At the same time, dost thou not think, something a trifle more melodious -

KILL-JOY: Melody! 'Tis the invention of Satan!

BARNABAS: To us hath been revealed the higher law, that discord is the soul of all true harmony.

RUPERT: Barnabas, thou wert born before thy time. Two centuries hence, and thou wouldst be a leader amongst musicians; but as things are, thou art an anachronism.

KILL-JOY: Verily, we are all anachronisms.

SIMEON: But conscience is a great comforter.

NICODEMUS: Even in such weather as this.

BARNABAS: Troth, 'tis a gruesome sight!

RUPERT: (Glancing at windows) But they seem to be enjoying themselves within. High jinks within. And why are we out of it? This feast is given in our especial honour, and here we are cooling our heels in this particularly moist and most unpleasant atmosphere, simply because our conscientious scruples will not permit us to countenance such carnal junkettings. But for our consciences we should probably at this moment be enjoying a stoup of something hot -

KILL-JOY: With spice in it! (ALL sigh and gaze at the windows).

RUPERT: Our withdrawal has not cast that gloom over the proceedings which might have been anticipated.

SIMEON: But heed them not! We are the salt of the earth.

RUPERT: My faithful Simeon, is not that an additional reason why we should be kept in a dry place? This excess of moisture without and this phenomenal aridity within are beginning to tell upon me. I feel my Puritanic principles are tottering. It will do me a world of good to refresh myself at the uncompromising fount of The McCrankie.

NICODEMUS: But where is he?

RUPERT: He is certainly late, but he has a long way to come. The Island of Rum is situate in a remote part of the west coast of Scotland; but between you and me, I sometimes wish it were further. The McCrankie is a Puritan above reproof, and a little of him goes a long way - especially when he accompanies himself on the national instrument. (PURITANS groan.) Let us hope he will leave it behind him. (The bagpipes are heard in the distance.) Oh, this is worse than the weather!

Enter THE McCRANKIE

SONG

McCRANKIE:

My name it is McCrankie,
I am lean an' lang an' lanky,
I'm a Moody an' a Sankey,
Wound upo' a Scottish reel!
Pedantic an' puncteeious,
Severe an' superceelious,
Preceese an' atra-beelious -
But meanin' vera weel.
I don't object tae whiskey,
But I say a' songs are risky,
An' I think a' dances frisky,
An' I've pit the fuitlichts oot!
I am the maist dogmatical,
Three-cornered, autocratical,
Funereal, fanatical,
O' a' the cranks about!

I'd pit a stap tae jokin',
An' I wadna sanction smokin';
An' my nose I wad be pokin'
Into ilka body's way.
I'd use my power censorial
In manner dictatorial;
To naebody's memorial
Attention wad I pay;
I'd stap the kittens' playin',
An' forbid the horse's neighin',
But oh, not the ass's brayin',
For I love the ass's bray!

I am the maist mechanical,
Offeeciuous, puritanical,
Pragmatic an' tyrannical
Production o' the day!

RUPERT: So here thou art at last! Thou hast been long on the way.

McCRANKIE: Houts, mon, business maun be attended tae.

RUPERT: Business? What business?

McCRANKIE: If thou but ken't how mony gude folk I had made meeserable, thou'd say I'd nae wasted my time. I'd scarce set foot upo' t' bo't that was to hae brought me frae t' Eel o' Rum, when I behelt a sicht that froze me vera bluid. A sailor-laddie, gangin' on a cruise, a cuittlin an' cuddlin' a braw lassie on t' quay itsel'!

RUPERT: Perhaps she was his sister?

McCRANKIE: Aiblins, aiblins! I care nae boddle! Was I tae staun by an' see cuittlin' an' cuddlin' i' a public place? Na, na. Sae I jist steppit ashore an' charged 'em wi' disorderly behaviour. That's hoo I missed t' bo't.

RUPERT: Any more adventures?

McCRANKIE: The neist sicht that I seen was some wee bairns singin' an' dancin' in t' oopen air. I jist ganged up tae 'em and somethin' i' ma vera face took the de'il oot o' 'em. I said, "Hae ye a singin' an' a dancin' leecence?" They said they hadna; sae I took 'em tae t' jile, an' when I left 'em greetin' oot their een, I couldna help fa'in on ma knees, an' giein' the Laird thanks for ha'en made a mon sae unco guid as me.

RUPERT: No doubt, McCrankie, no doubt, as a work of art thou dost Providence infinite credit.

McCranksie: An' ye may say that. T' best day's work it aye did. I aye said that.

RUPERT: But there is one little matter which rather perplexes me, if I may mention it without offence.

McCRANKIE: Oot wi' it!

RUPERT: I have never been able to reconcile thy notorious objections to the costume of the corps de ballet with this exceedingly liberal display of thine own personal attractions.

McCRANKIE: Mon, it is saved from offence by the deegnity o' the kilt.

RUPERT: Which is its dignity? That tobacco pouch there?

McCRANKIE: Houts, thou doil'd dotard, thou may lauch thy fill, but Scots wha hae nae breeks aye worn, nae breeks sall they aye wear.

RUPERT: What art thou about now?

McCRANKIE: Aweel, aweel, I was jist baskin' i' t' licht o' my ain coontenance, an' gie'in thank that I was made sae muckle mair guid than ithers.

RUPERT: But, McCrankie, my old comrade, strictly between ourselves, dost think that this exuberant virtue of ours is altogether a matter for thanksgiving? It makes life somewhat dull, doth it not?

McCRANKIE: (Producing flask) Aweel, aweel, life haes its campensation. Here's t' ye! (Drinks) Hae a drappie? (PURITANS gather round).

RUPERT: I don't mind if I do. (Drinks and returns flask. PURITANS cough).

McCRANKIE: (Puts flask back in his sporran) Hae ye caulds, a' o' ye?

RUPERT: My friends, you may withdraw. The McCrankie and I are about to propound the Puritan programme of posterity, and it is desirable that we should not be interrupted. Withdraw gracefully if ye can - but withdraw.

SIMEON: As usual.

NICODEMUS: Out of it.

PURITANS: Always out of it!

Exeunt PURITANS

McCRANKIE: Hae they ga'en awa'?

RUPERT: They have not withdrawn gracefully, but they have withdrawn.

DUET

RUPERT & McCRANKIE:

There's no one by - no prying eye -
Our solemn secret tae espy -
So let us plainly say -
Could we create the world anew, -
What we wad vera quickly do, -
If we but had our way!
Like Joshua we would stop the sun -
The thing is vera simply done -
If we but had our way!
We'd pit an end tae heat an' licht -
An' bring aboot eternal nicht -
If we but had our way!
We'd supervise the plants and flowers -
Prescribe 'en early-closin' hours -
If we but had our way!
We would forbid the rose to smell -
We'd reinstate the curfew bell -
If we but had our way!
No man in influenza's throes,
Suld be allo'ed tae blaw his nose -
If we but had our way!
No cock should crow no bird should sing -
Naebody suld dae onything -
Without our licence, sealed and signed: -
For we wad dominate monkind -
If we but had our way!

We were not, thro' some freak of earth,
Consulted at the planet's birth -
Tho' we'd a lot to say!
Had we been on creation's scene,
A great improvement there'd ha' been -
If we'd but had our way.
But somehow we were clean forgot,
That's why we'll make things piping hot -
And ye the piper pay.
We'll tax ye oop an' tax ye doon,
We'll tax the country, tax the toon, -
If we but have our way.
We'll tax ye hip, and tax ye thigh, -
An' sen' the rate-book oop lift-high, -
And cry, hurray, hurray!
An' what becomes o' science, art,
The law, the temple an' the mart,
We naether ken nor care!
We only know, as sure as shot -
Who pays his scot an' bears his lot -
A lot will have to bear.
We only know, our lack of sense
Is inconceivably immense!
And now, we hope, ye plainly see
That ye are bigger fools than we -
If we but have our way!

The door is cautiously opened, and DORCAS appears. RUPERT and THE
McCRANKIE withdraw into the shadows. DORCAS comes down the steps.

DORCAS: Not a sound! Not a whisper! Where can Oswald be? This is the hour, and this the trysting place.

RUPERT and THE McCRANKIE advance - she screams

McCRANKIE: Dinna be frichtened, leddy.

DORCAS: Who art thou?

RUPERT: Permit me to introduce my old friend, the McCrankie, from the Island of Rum - a Scotch puritan of the most uncompromising type.

McCRANKIE: An' wha is this braw lassie?

RUPERT: Mistress Dorcas, handmaiden to fair Mistress Dorothy.

McCRANKIE: I am richt glad tae mak thine acquaintance.

DORCAS: So am not I. Hands off!

McCRANKIE: Hout awa', leddy. The night is dark -

RUPERT: And there is no one looking.

DORCAS: So much the worse!

McCRANKIE: Sae muckle the better! Thou'rt a sonsie lassie.

DORCAS: Fie on ye! Fie! Ye are a brace of ill-mannered knaves, and ought both to be clapped in the stocks!

TRIO

RUPERT: Hoity-toity, what's a kiss?

McCRANKIE: 'Tis nae vera shockin'!

RUPERT: Do not take the thing amiss!

McCRANKIE: Lass, there's nae ane leukin'!

DORCAS: Hoity-toity, what's a kiss?
Kissing goes by favour!

RUPERT: And when the kiss
Is a stolen bliss -

McCRANKIE: The sweeter is the savour!

DORCAS: Upon my word,
I never heard
A statement more surprising!
Aren't ye afraid
Of with a maid
Your conscience compromising?

THE THREE: Upon a light
And starry night,
We might/Ye would consult the latter;
But when the maid
Is in the shade,
It's quite another matter.

RUPERT: Hoity-toity, who's afraid?

McCRANKIE: When there's nae ane leukin'!

RUPERT: I could ne'er resist a maid -

McCRANKIE: When she shows her stockin'.

DORCAS: Hoity-toity, man, be mum!
Hast thou had a glassie?

RUPERT: My friend hath come
From the Isle of Rum -

McCRANKIE: An' thou'rt a braw, wee lassie.

DORCAS: Behave thyself,
Thou Highland elf,
Thy conduct is past bearing.
I thought ye both
Had taken oath,
Frivolity forswearing.

THE THREE: Like every man,
A Puritan
Admires a waist that's taper,
And on the sly
Will wink his eye
And cut his little caper!

RUPERT: Hoity-toity, what's an oath?

McCRANKIE: Eyes were made for hookin',

RUPERT: We are very human, both -

McCRANKIE: When there's nae ane leukin'!

DORCAS: Hoity-toity, things have come
To a pretty passie!

RUPERT: The Isle of Rum
Is a trifle glum -

McCRANKIE: An' thour't a bonny lassie!

DORCAS: Thou horrid thing!
Thou Highland fling!
I'm sure thou'st had a glassie!
I won't by you - (Box)
Or any two - (Box)
Be called a bonny lassie!

RUPERT and McCRANKIE

DORCAS

Oh, hist and whist!
Now, don't resist!
Why make so great clatter?
There's none to see,
So what the d -,
The de'il doth it matter?

Oh, hist and whist!
Now, do desist,
Or I'll create a clatter!
Do set me free,
And let me be,
And cease your silly chatter.

Thunder. Exeunt RUPERT and McCRANKIE.

FINALE

DORCAS: The west wind howls,
The thunder rolls,
But love keeps warm my heart!
Oh, mistress dear,
To-night and here,
Sweet mistress, must we part?

Enter OSWALD

OSWALD: The horses are saddled and dark is the night,
The stars in the firmament favour our flight;
Each planet its splendour hath graciously veiled;
And the chaste moon herself her effulgence hath paled.

DORCAS: But the planets are there
 Though their glory they hide;
 Though a mask they may wear,
 They will smile on the bride!
The stars keep their vigils above her;
Oh, Oswald, dear Oswald, I love her.

OSWALD: Ah, happy maid,
 A wife so soon to be,
 To be beloved
 By one so fair as thee!

DORCAS: Not now! Not now!
 To love's sweet vow
I'll listen all life long;
 Sing love to me,
 And thine I'll be
And live upon thy song!
 But sing not now!

 If they should take her!
 If they should pursue!
Do not forsake her,
 Oh, my lover true!
Promise me, Oswald, promise thy bride,
That if thou leavst me a maid forlorn,
To weep the day that I e'er was born,
 Thou wilt not quit her side!

OSWALD: I swear!

DORCAS: Now art thou mine,
 For ever mine!

OSWALD: And I for ever thine!

Thunder

MANNERS: (Off) Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll thou thunder roll!
The heavens crash,
 But peace is in my soul;
For love is there,
 Serene and blest,
And everywhere.
 Where love is, there is rest.

Enter MANNERS

THE THREE: Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll thou thunder roll!
Thou canst not crush!
 Love reigns from pole to pole!
And through the black
 Abyss above
Love rolls thee back,
 For thou thyself art love.

Flash, lightning, flash,
 And roll thou thunder roll!
E'en thou art blest;
 For love is there,
 And everywhere
 Where love is, there is rest.

The door opens and DOROTHY appears. DORCAS goes up to close
the door. Exit OSWALD.

MANNERS:

Oh, heart's desire,
I see thee once again!
I seem to hear the heavenly choir
Sing, life is not in vain.
When thou art nigh, oh, true my love,
Again the sky is blue, my love.

DOROTHY:

There is no light,
When thou art far away;
Thine absence is to me the night,
Thy presence is the day;
For when I am with thee, my love,
Another world I see, my love!

MANNERS:

The shadows flit!
There is no darkness now,
For all the stars of heaven sit
Enthroned on thy brow.

BOTH:

Again I see thee, true my love,
The sky again is blue, my love!
There is no darkness now!

Re-enter OSWALD

OSWALD:

The horses are waiting -

DOROTHY:

And ready am I!

MANNERS:

The storm is abating -
Come, love, let us fly!

DOROTHY:

Oh, grant me one moment! Dear Haddon, good-bye!

OSWALD:

The horses are waiting -

MANNERS:

Come, love, let us fly!

DOROTHY:

Home of my girlhood, so happy, farewell!
I ne'er may look on thee again -
Who can tell?
The sun shine upon thee!
Farewell!

Father, oh, father, I love thee! Goodbye!
I have tried to obey thee -
In vain!
Sad am I!
Oh, love me, I pray thee!
Good-bye!

A crash of thunder. She falls in MANNER'S arms.

Why do the heavens roar?
Is this thing sin
That I am doing for thy sake?
Ghostly the night!

MANNERS:

But calm aye follows storm!

DORCAS:

Hush! What was that?

OSWALD:

Thy heart thine ear deceives.

MANNERS:

'Twas nought!

DORCAS:

Again! Again!

DOROTHY:

See yonder form!

ALL:

Hush! (Pause).
'Twas but the twinkle of the rustling leaves.

MANNERS: Be not afraid! On my strong arm depend!

DORCAS: See! There is something!

OSWALD: Where?

MANNERS: Among the trees.

DORCAS: Yea, there is something moving!

DOROTHY: Saints defend!

ALL: 'Twas but the branches swaying in the breeze!

(Pause)

MANNERS: Now step lightly,
Hold me tightly,
Creep along by yonder wall.

ALL: Hush, step lightly!
Hold me tightly!
Where the deepest shadows fall.
Heaven befriend us!
Saints defend us!
Fare thee well, old Haddon Hall!
Now step lightly, lightly, lightly,
Lightly let our footsteps fall,
Lightly fall, lightly fall, &c.

Exeunt, pursued by the PURITANS.

STORM

As the storm dies away, the scene changes to the LONG GALLERY,
where SIR GEORGE, LADY VERNON, and CHORUS are discovered.

Enter MAJOR DOMO.

MAJOR DOMO: Silence all! Attend your host!
Silence all, and pledge the toast!

SIR GEORGE: 'Tis an honoured old tradition,
Open house is Haddon Hall;
Welcome all who seek admission,
Gentle, simple, great and small.
Health and wealth to comrades present,
Welcome one and all the same!

CHORUS: Health to peer and health to peasant!
Health to squire and health to dame!

SONG

SIR GEORGE: In days of old,
When men were bold,
And the prize of the brave the fair,
We danced and sang
Till the rafters rang
And laughter was everywhere!
Our lives were lives of stress and storm,
But through our veins the blood ran warm -
We only laughed the more!
For mirth was mirth,
And worth was worth
In the grand old days of yore!

CHORUS: To the grand old days,
The grand old days!
The grand old days of yore!

SIR GEORGE:

Ere life is old,
And hearts grow cold
And the autumn gathers grey,
With soul and voice
In your youth rejoice,
And merrily keep your May;
Again let love and manly mirth
And woman's beauty rule the earth
As beauty ruled before;
And once again
Let men be men
As they were in days of yore.

OMNES:

To the grand old days -
The grand old days -
The grand old days of yore!

Enter RUPERT and McCRANKIE bearing in DORCAS, followed by the
PURITANS.

RUPERT:

Eloped, eloped! Betrayed, betrayed!
Abetted by this tricky maid!

McCRANKIE:

Eh, mon! Eh, mon! T' dochter's flown!

SIR GEORGE:

Is this my house, sir, or thine own?

RUPERT:

Forgive my friend - let me express
My sorrow for his zeal's excess;
He has only just come
From the Isle of Rum,
And this is his native evening dress.

SIR GEORGE:

But why has he come -

LADY VERNON/DORCAS:

Yes, why has he come -

CHORUS:

Yes, why has he come from the Isle of Rum?

SIR GEORGE:

And having come -

LADY VERNON/DORCAS:

Yes, having come -

CHORUS:

Yes, having come from the Isle of Rum -

SIR GEORGE:

Cannot thy Gaelic friend be dumb?

OMNES:

Although he has come from the Isle of Rum.

McCRANKIE:

Eh, mon, eh, mon, ye dinna ken,
T' dochter's gane wi' evil men!

SIR GEORGE:

What is this tale?

LADY VERNON:

I fear me!

RUPERT:

This tale I will succinctly tell,
If you will only hear me.

CHORUS:

Oh! Tell the tale to us as well;
A tearful tale, I fear me!

RUPERT:

We were sheltering all
Underneath a wall,
Very damp and most unhappy;
And to keep us warm
In the pelting storm -

McCRANKIE:

We were hae'in a wee drappie!

PURITANS:

They were having a wee drappie!

RUPERT:

We said so, friends!

McCRANKIE: We said we a'
Were bidin' underneath a wa' -

RUPERT: Very damp -

McCRANKIE: An' maist unhappy!

PURITANS: Oh, yes, we were damp,
And we all had the cramp,
But we had no wee drappie!

DORCAS/CHORUS: That's why you were unhappy?

PURITANS: That's why we were unhappy.

McCRANKIE: I was bidin' there
Wi nae breeks tae wear -
An' a kilt's a wee bit draughty!

RUPERT: When one of the boys
He heard a noise -

McCRANKIE: An' we listened, cool an' crafty.

SIMEON: (Holding up Please, I was the boy -
his hand) Who heard the noi -

CHORUS: (Much interested) And you listened cool and crafty.

RUPERT: To voices speaking -

McCRANKIE: Footsteps creaking -

BOTH: Then a silence deep and dead.

PURITANS: Need we mention
Our attention
Was bestowed on what they said?

CHORUS: And what did the voices say?
Tell us, we pray.

PURITANS: Hush, step lightly!

McCRANKIE: Haud me tightly!

PURITANS: Lightly let your footsteps fall -
Lightly, lightly, lightly fall!
Lightly fall, &c.

RUPERT: Forward I rushed, this saucy vixen grasping!

McCRANKIE: Forrit I fell, an' crackt a Scottish croon!

PURITANS: Backward we flew, until we pulled up gasping!

McCRANKIE: I rose agen, but some ane knockt me doon!

RUPERT: A sound of boots against the gravel ringing -

McCRANKIE: The cluds disperse, that had obscured the moon -

RUPERT: We see a maiden to a horseman clinging!

McCRANKIE: We were too late -

PURITANS: Or else we were too soon.

RUPERT/McCRANKIE: Too late! Too late! Too late!

MEN: Or else they were too soon!

SIR GEORGE: What means this tale? Why interrupt our sport,
This intrigue of the kitchen to report?

DORCAS: It means that to-morrow
Thy daughter and pride
Will be, to thy sorrow,
Her true lover's bride.

SIR G/LADY V/ALL: My/Thy daughter!

RUPERT: My cousin and bride!

DORCAS: Away to the water
They gallantly ride! (Thunder)

SIR GEORGE: To horse - to horse - the fugitives pursue!

CHORUS: To horse - to horse.

RUPERT/McC/PURITANS: To horse - but after you!

SIR GEORGE: Fleet though the lightning flash
Vanish from view,
Surely the thunder's crash
Follows anew.
I will, whatever hap,
Press through the holt,
Close as the thunder-clap
After the bolt!

CHORUS: Fleet tho' the lightning's flash
Vanish from view,
Surely the thunder's crash
Follows anew!

SIR GEORGE: To horse - to horse - spare neither steed nor spur!

CHORUS: To horse! To horse!

RUPERT/McC/PURITANS: We will bring up the rear!

ALL: To horse! To horse! The fugitives pursue!

Exeunt SIR GEORGE & a few of the CHORUS. The rest gather round
LADY VERNON.

LADY VERNON: In vain they will blunder
Thro' holt and through brake;
Never yet did the thunder
The lightning o'ertake!

GIRLS: Farewell our gracious hostess,
Of children both bereft;
But love, obedience, troops of friends
Unto thee still are left.
Not ours to break grief's sacred seal
And on thy woe to dwell,
But ours to bend a humble knee
And bid thee fond farewell.

LADY VERNON: Farewell!

CHORUS: Farewell!

Time the Avenger,
Time the Controller,
Time that unravels the tangle of life,
Guard thee from danger,
Prove thy consoler,
And make thee again happy mother and wife!

Exeunt LADY VERNON and DORCAS.

SERVANTS enter and extinguish the lights one by one. The CHORUS
disperse, and gradually exeunt, singing:-

Brief is all life;
Its storm and strife
Time stills;
And thro' this dream
The nameless scheme
Fulfil;
Until one day
Thro' space is hurled
A vacant world,
Silent and grey.

As the lamps are extinguished, the cold light of dawn steals through the windows. The SERVANTS exeunt, and the curtain falls.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT 3

SCENE - The Ante-Chamber

Enter RUPERT and CHORUS, now arrayed in Puritan costume.

CHORUS

CHORUS: (Aloud) Our heads we bow, the rod we kiss -
 (Aside) Did ever you hear such a chorus as this?
 It's a Puritan's notion of heavenly bliss!
 (Aloud) The scales have fallen from our eyes -
 (Aside) We're painfully conscious we're so many guys,
 And we're all of us telling a parcel of lies!
 (Aloud) The truth at last we clearly see -
 (Aside) Oh, hi diddle diddle! Between you and me,
 Our apparent conversion is fiddle-de-dee!
 (Aloud) Oh, priceless gift! Oh, blessed boon!
 (Aside) It must have been of this identical tune
 The apocryphal quadruped perished so soon.
 (Aloud) Oh, blessed boon!
 (Aside) Oh, what a tune!

RUPERT: Very good - excellent! That will conclude our lesson for to-day. As a reward for your good conduct I will now communicate to you a piece of information which I feel sure you will receive with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. The law-suit, which since the somewhat abrupt departure of Mistress Dorothy with a handsomer - ahem! - with another gentleman - I have been prosecuting with the utmost vigour, has at last terminated in my favour. This hall and these estates now vest in me. Though with my usual good taste I have not insisted on the immediate evacuation of my cousin, Sir George, and his good lady, from this day forth I am Lord of Haddon - I alone. (CHORUS continue reading, taking no notice of him. RUPERT comes down). My announcement has not been received with the cordiality which I had a right to expect. I have always understood that on such an occasion it was customary for retainers, servants, peasants &c., to break out into a chorus expressive of delight and admiration. (Glances at CHORUS). I have evidently been misinformed.

Enter LADY VERNON, attended by DORCAS

'Tis my fair cousin!

LADY VERNON: Sir, without waste of words, it is not our purpose to intrude longer on thy hospitality. My husband awaits thee in the Eagle Tower, prepared to yield to thee the muniments of Haddon, and to say farewell.

RUPERT: I will attend him instantly.

LADY VERNON: (Turning to DORCAS) And farewell thou, and all of you. Exit

DORCAS: Our hearts go with thee.

LADY VERNON: And ours stay with you - bruised but not broken. We are Vernons still.

SONG

LADY VERNON: Queen of the garden bloomed a rose,
Queen of the roses round her;
Never a wayward wind that blows
Breathed on the briar that bound her;
The sunset lingered on her face,
And Phoebus, westward roaming,
Illumined with a golden grace
The empress of the gloaming.
Never a moon at evening rose
But in the twilight found her
Regal in rest, in red repose,
Queen of the roses round her!

Into her heart a canker crept,
Into her soul a sorrow;
Over her head the dewdrops wept,
"She will be dead to-morrow!"
But still a smile upon her cheek,
The morrow found her glowing
In crimson state, on all who seek
Her royal grace bestowing.
Queen of the garden still at noon,
Queen of the roses round her,
Not until eve the pallid moon
Dead in the garden found her!

DORCAS/CHORUS: Dead in the garden lay a rose,
Regal in rest they found her;
Smiling in death's august repose,
Queen of the roses round her!

Meanwhile SIR GEORGE has entered. Exeunt DORCAS & CHORUS.

DUET

SIR GEORGE: Alone - alone!
No friendly tone
To bid my heart rejoice.
My son beneath the sighing sea -
My daughter dear estranged from me!
No kindly voice
To say rejoice!
Alone!

LADY VERNON: Not whilst I live.

SIR GEORGE: Why kneelest thou to me?

LADY VERNON: Husband, forgive!
A suppliant I to thee!
'Twas I who urged our daughter's flight -
Oh! How can I atone?
Upon that wild and starless night,
The culprit I alone!

SIR GEORGE:
LADY VERNON:

Then it was thou!
My head I humbly bow!

SIR GEORGE raises her

SIR GEORGE:

Bride of my youth, wife of my age,
Who, hand in hand and page by page,
Hast read life's book with me,
Upon whose knee our son hath slept,
Together we have smiled and wept
Over his grave - the sea.
Until we quit life's chequered scene,
Love, let us keep our friendship green;
Friends we have always, always been,
Friends let us always be.

LADY VERNON:

Our years are spent, our heads are grey,
And slowly ebbs the tide away
That bears us out to sea.

SIR GEORGE:

I print a kiss upon thy brow;
We are too old to quarrel now;
What have I left but thee?

BOTH:

Until we quit life's chequered scene,
Love, let us keep our friendship green;
Friends we have always, always been,
Friends let us always be!

Exeunt

Re-enter RUPERT

RUPERT: Methought it good taste not to interrupt them, albeit they delay their departure unduly. Sooth to say, the position of my poor cousins is pathetic enough, but it behoves them to accept their lot with philosophy - as I do.

Enter DORCAS excitedly, followed by CHORUS

How now? How now? Is it so that ye enter our presence?

SCENE

DORCAS:

In frill and feather spick and span,
A gallant is asking for thee;
I told him to go,
But he wouldn't take "no" -
Oh, he is such a nice young man!

NANCE/GERTRUDE/DEBORAH:

We told him to go,
But he wouldn't take "no" -
Oh, he is such a nice young man!

RUPERT:

Oh, we all of us know that nice young man
Who travels in coffee and tea,
And if you're not in,
Leaves behind him a tin
Or a packet of bad bohea.

CHORUS:

Oh, we all of us know that nice young man
Who travels in coffee and tea,
And if you're not in,
Leaves behind him a tin
Or a packet of bad bohea!

DORCAS:

Oh, sir, he's such a handsome youth!
The nicest I ever did see!
To tell thee the truth
I have never seen youth
Who was quite such a youth as he!

Exit DORCAS

NANCE/GERTRUDE/DEBORAH:

To tell thee the truth,
We have never seen youth
Who was quite such a youth as he!

RUPERT:

Oh, yes, I know that self-same youth!
He dabbles a bit in the arts;
He wants you to hire
What you'll never require,
In a series of monthly parts.

CHORUS:

He is partial to hours both dark and late,
He has a quick eye for the spoons,
And long he will wait
With his foot in the gate
In the dusk of the afternoons.

Flourish. Re-enter DORCAS with OSWALD in uniform. He salutes and gives a parchment to RUPERT.

OSWALD:

Good General Monk, with others therein named,
Hath entered London and the King proclaimed.
And by his order I am here to claim
This ancient manor, in King Charles's name!
Dost thou surrender?

Nothing! I have said!

OSWALD:

So be it, sir; thy blood be on thy head!

Salutes and exit

RUPERT:

Summon my bodyguard! I fear me, friends,
Some evil to my person this portends.

Enter PURITANS, one by one, loafing, with their hands in their pockets.

Why this disorder? This rebellious mien?
Where are your books? And why are ye so clean?

PURITANS:

Bother our books!
We all intend
Our evil looks
And ways to mend.
We mean to do just what we like,
So we have all come out on strike.

Eight hours we'll moan -
Eight hours we'll sigh -
Eight hours we'll groan -
Eight hours we'll pry!

SIMEON:

But for sixteen we will be free!

PURITANS:

And so say I!

CHORUS:

And so say we!

CHORUS fling down their books.

DORCAS:

We have thought the matter out,
And we know what we're about,
And whatever thou mayst do or say,
We intend to sing in chorus
With the gallants who adore us,
And to merry-make the livelong day!
Singing, Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS:

Tra, la, la, &c.

RUPERT: To a word of warning hark,
Ere you recklessly embark
On an undertaking so inane
As to dedicate to Cupid
That particularly stupid
And peculiarly weak refrain
Known as Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS: Tra, la, la, &c.

PURITANS: From the point of view of wit,
We are open to admit
It's a silly sort of thing to say;
But when musically treated
And sufficiently repeated,
It's effective in its simple way.
So, sing, Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS: Tra, la, la, &c.

RUPERT: So, the professional agitator hath been at work here. I must take counsel with McCrankie. His uncompromising puritanism will no doubt find a way out of the difficulty.

Enter McCRANKIE in breeches.

Odd's troth! What means this metamorphosis? (CHORUS gather round).

McCRANKIE: Aweel, aweel, I'll tell ye a' about it. I wasna tat weel last nicht. and sae, tae warm my heart, I jist had -

RUPERT: A wee drappie?

McCRANKIE: Wha tauld thee, mon? Sickerly! I had ane wee drappie.

CHORUS: He had one wee drappie!

McCRANKIE: But somegate I felt waur instead o' better; and sae - weel, I jist had anither wee drappie.

RUPERT: He had two wee drappies!

McCRANKIE: But twa wee drappies didna reach the cause.

RUPERT: So thou hadst three? (McCRANKIE shakes his head).

DORCAS: Four?

GERTRUDE: Five?

NANCE: Six?

McCRANKIE: Weel, I didna jistly count.

RUPERT: Well, thou wert past arithmetic; what then?

McCRANKIE: I'd fa'an asleep; an' i' my sleep, got crackin' tae mysel'. An' what dae ye think I said?

RUPERT: Mon, I neither ken nor care.

Exit

SONG

McCRANKIE: Hech, mon! Hech, mon! It gars me greet
Tae see thy capers mony,
When nature made the earth sae sweet,
An' life might be sae bonny.
Why nae accept what fortune sen's,
An' learn that earth an' heaven are frien's?
Eneugh o' hanky-panky -
Give ower thy freaks,
An' don the breesks,
An' be a mon, McCrankie!

PURITANS/CHORUS: Thou'st got 'em on!

McCRANKIE: (Proudly) I've got 'em on!

PURITANS/CHORUS: Thou'st got 'em on, McCrankie!

McCRANKIE: At first I thocht the sudden swap
 Was jist a wee bit risky;
 But noo they're fastened o' the tap
 I feel quite young an' frisky.
 To show ye jist the sort o' thing,
 I'm gaun tae dance a Heeland fling,
 An' if ye'll help, I'll thank 'ee.
 A wee bit skirl -
 A wee bit whirl -
 A fling wi' auld McCrankie!

CHORUS: A wee bit skirl -
 A wee bit whirl -
 A fling wi' auld McCrankie!

FINALE

Cannonade Off

OMNES: Hark! The cannon! Where to hide us?
 Hark! Again the trumpet's call!
 Friend afar and foe beside us,
 Death confronts us one and all!

Cannonade

The door is broken open. Enter MANNERS, attended by OSWALD and others. Re-enter SIR GEORGE and LADY VERNON.

MANNERS: God save the King!
 These from his hand I bring!

Gives a warrant to SIR GEORGE

Time was, Sir Knight, thou spurned me from thy gate;
 For my revenge I had not long to wait.
 Thee, in King Charles's name, I re-install
 The lord of Haddon and of Haddon's hall.

CHORUS: God save the King!

PURITANS: God save the King!

LADY VERNON: But who art thou that bring
 Tidings so glad?

SIR GEORGE: Thy name?

MANNERS: John Manners.

SIR GEORGE: Rutland's son?

MANNERS: The same.

SIR GEORGE: Thou hast done this for me?

MANNERS: For one who bore thy name.
 Goes up and throws open the doors.

Enter DOROTHY, whom he leads down the steps to
 SIR GEORGE and LADY VERNON.

CHORUS: Lo! Our mistress! Haddon's pride!
 Home the bridegroom brings his bride!

MANNERS:

Another gift, Sir Knight, I bring,
By favour of that greater King
Who rules beyond the grave.
To thee I now present my bride.
A lover, I thy wrath defied;
A son, thy grace I crave.

DOROTHY: (Kneeling at SIR GEORGE'S feet)

Oh, father, wilt thou not forgive me now?

SIR GEORGE:

Arise, beloved! Thou hast kept thy vow.

LADY VERNON:

And all things yield to such a love as thine.

DOROTHY:

Oh, praise me not; the merit is not mine.
Love breathed a message through the sphere!
I could not but obey;
To all who have the ears to hear
Love breathes it every day.

Now, in the babbling of the brook,
It murmurs to our souls;
Now, thro' the lightning's fiery fork
Reverberant it rolls.
It echoes through the solemn night,
It rings all nature through;
For ever, in the angels' sight,
To thine own heart be true!

SIR GEORGE/LADY VERNON/
DOROTHY/MANNERS:

Though storms uprise
And cloud the skies
And thorns where roses grew,
Come sun, come snow,
Come weal, come woe,
To thine own heart be true!

ALL:

Though storms uprise, &c.

THE END

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Enter JOHN MANNERS, looking cautiously about him.

MANNERS: Beshrew the knave! What hath become of him? Can they have laid him by the heels? Or may it be, love hath outpaced his messenger? Ne'er have I ventured quite so close before. I tread the grass her feet have trod to-day; the blooms that smiled upon her, smile on me; and in the scented breeze, I seem to feel her breath upon my cheek!

SONG

MANNERS:

The earth is fair
And a beauty rare
Bespangles lake and lea,
Ere day is done
And the setting sun
Dips down beneath the sea;
But never a sun in the skies afar
Bright as the eyes of my lady are,
My lady who loves me!
Where in the shining frame above,
Where in the great design,
Where in the world is found a love
Like unto thine and mine?
Like unto thine and mine, love!
Like unto mine and thine!

When pale afar
Is the evening star -
Sweet orphan of the night! -
Creation sleeps
But its spirit keeps
Her virgin lamp alight;
Yet never a star in the heavens above
Pure as the soul of my lady love,
Pure as the troth I plight!
Where in the shining frame on high,
Where in the great design,
Where is the love in earth or sky
Like unto thine and mine?
Like unto mine and thine, love!
Like unto thine and mine!

DOROTHY appears on the terrace

DUET

DOROTHY:

Sweetly the morn doth break,
When love is nigh;
Hues of the rainbow take
Landscape and sky;
Gaily the sun doth shine
Over my head;
High heaven itself is mine,
Sorrow is dead.
Ever for thy dear sake
Happy am I;
Sweetly the morn doth break,
When love is nigh!

MANNERS:

In my life's chalice, love,
Thou art the wine!

DOROTHY: Now shines the sun above,
Now thou art mine!

BOTH: Hues of the rainbow take
Landscape and sky;
Sweetly the morn doth break,
When love is nigh!

DOROTHY: Kneel not to me!

MANNERS: To whome else should I kneel?
A loyal subject bends before his queen;
And mine art thou!

DOROTHY: Hush! Not so loud! Not long have I to stay.
Moments are precious.

MANNERS: When they are with thee.

DOROTHY: Nay, let me speak; for I have much to say.
Our cousin Rupert comes to-day to wed me.

MANNERS: Let twenty cousins come, I fear them not!
Thy word is pledged.

DOROTHY: And 'tis an easy task
To keep an oath one hath no will to break.
But what are vows, if they are vowed in vain?
My father will not hearken to thy suit.

MANNERS: What says he?

DOROTHY: That thou must lay down thine arms,
Ere he will hearken.

MANNERS: I? Forswear the king?

DOROTHY: Oh, tell me, sweetheart, is thy love so great
That thou wouldst do this for thy true love's sake?

MANNERS: Great is my love - greater than lord or king -
But there is one thing greater than my love.
False to myself, I should be false to thee,
And heaven would curse our love.
Nay, sweetheart mine, I will not make thy face -
My noonday sun - my morning, evening star -
A haunting spectre, symbol of my shame!

DOROTHY: That is thine answer?

MANNERS: There could be but one.

DOROTHY: Now am I thine for ever! Oh, my love,
That is the answer I had prayed of thee!
Hadst thou said aye, my love for thee had died.
My word I would have kept; but in my heart
Thine image would have fallen from its shrine.

MANNERS: All angels guard thee!

DOROTHY: Hark! The tocsin bell!
Farewell, beloved!

MANNERS: Sweetheart, fare thee well!

Exeunt severally

Enter PURITANS

PURITANS: Down with princes, down with peoples! etc. (See p.10)



Sir Arthur

Sullivan

Society