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School

Music



Decorative flourish

THE IDEA

Decorative flourish



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The River	Arthur Sullivan						
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	J. Barnby						
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NOVELLO'S SCHOOL MUSIC.

EDITED BY W. G. McNAUGHT.

Dedicated to Mrs. and Miss Newman and the Pupils of St. Mary's School, Barnes.

THE IDEA

HUMOROUS OPERETTA FOR CHILDREN

IN TWO ACTS

WORDS BY

FRITZ B. HART

MUSIC BY

GUSTAV HOLST.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)
Tonic Sol-fa Edition, price 8d.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
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MADE IN ENGLAND.

THE IDEA.

ARGUMENT.

THE Prime Minister has become possessed of a wonderful idea through which he hopes to bring happiness to the people of his country. But when this idea is applied it results in discontent and the wildest confusion. The populace rise up in revolt, but they are pacified by the promise to revert to the old state of things, and the assurance that the Prime Minister will never *never* have another Idea.

There are solos and concerted numbers for six principal characters (three girls and three boys). The choruses are in unison throughout. The scenery for both Acts is the same.

Time taken, about an hour.

CHARACTERS.

KING.	QUEEN.
PRIME MINISTER.	CAROLINE (<i>his wife</i>).
MAX (<i>a Sentry</i>).	MONA (<i>a knitting woman</i>).

SCENE—*In front of the Prime Minister's House.*

The following bulletin is hung over the door—

“The Prime Minister's condition is highly critical.”

Signed { Sir CODDLE CODDLE.
 { Sir COTTON WOOLER.

8/30/24
+ 1/2/24
T. P. ...

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THE IDEA.

ACT I.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION, CHORUS, AND SOLO (SENTRY).—"WE COME WITH ANXIOUS HEARTS TO LEARN."

Allegro maestoso.
p

poco cres.

f *cres.*

ff

dim.

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Curtain. Stage empty, except for Sentry at back. (The Chorus enter in couples, go up stage and gaze at the bulletin with their backs to the audience.)

(long pause) *una corda.*
p *pp*

Sva.....

CHORUS (*angrily to each other*)
sssh—(they turn round.)

p
ffz *p*

Doh is E. We come with anx - ious hearts to learn The
 { : | : || : : | : : | : : | : s | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : l | s : - : m }

doc - tor's last re - port; . . Tread soft - ly, we must make no noise Or
 Bt.
 { | d : r : m | d : - : m | s : - : - | - : - : s d | l, : - : l, | d : - : d | l, : - : l, | d : - : r }

p
f. E.
p

sound of a - ny sort, . . Ex - cept per - haps in whis - pers soft, For
 { | m : r : d | l, : - : t, | d : - : - | - : : d s | l : - : f | f : s : l | d' : - : s | s : - : ta }

la - test news to pray, . . . But o - ther-wise we must not speak When
 { l : - : d' | l : - : f | m : - : - | r : - : s | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : l | s : - : m }

Sentry reads:—
 "The Prime Minister has passed a good night
 and is decidedly stronger this morning."
 Signed { Sir CODDLE CODDLE.
 Sir COTTON WOOLER.

(At the end of the Chorus the door at back is opened, the Sentry brings out a fresh bulletin, and marches forward quickly.)

The populace may express its satisfaction *piano*.
 (Sentry goes up stage and hangs the new bulletin up.) *Allegretto.* CHORUS.

near this house to - day. Sing
f. A.
 { d : r : m | d : - : r || d : : | : || : : | : : d s₁ }

Allegretto.

hey for Sir Coddle, He's brains in his noddle, He's brains in his nod-dle, I ween; . . . And
 { s : - : m : d | r : t₁ : s₁ | s : - : m : d | r : t₁ : s₁ | d : - : r : m | m : r : d | r : - : - | - : - : r }

as for Sir Wooler, Of learning he's full-er, His equal has nev-er been seen.
 { r : - : m : f | s : m : r | d : r : m | f : r : t₁ | d : r : m | s : m : r | d : - : - | : : ||

f

Sentry marches down stage to footlights, c.

Maestoso ma con moto.

SENTRY. *mf* *molto rall.* *Adagio.* *a tempo.*

1. Our min - is - ter is ve - ry ill, He's real - ly ve - ry, ve - ry ill, None
 2. At first when he was ve - ry bad, Was real - ly ve - ry, ve - ry bad, It

E.t.
 { | : | :rs | l :f.s | l :t | s.f:m.f | s :m | d.r:m | d.r:m | d :t, | l, :t, | }

worse in our do - min - ion; But since i thought the mat - ter o'er, I think he'll soon be
 seem'd to me—a min - ion, That he would sink 'neath sickness fell, But now I..think he'll

B.t.
 { | d.r:m | s :m | r :- | r :r | m :r.d | f :m.r | s :f.m | l :r | t, :l.s, | d :t, | l, | }

well once more. } Fal la la la la la la la la la! At least, that's my o -
 soon get well. } *f.E.*

{ | r :d.t, | m :ds | l :f.s | l :t | s.f:m.f | s :m | d.r:m | s :m | }

molto rall. *a tempo.* *ff*

pin ion. Fal

{ r : - d : | : | . | : ! : | : | : | : | : s }

CHORUS. *molto rall.* *a tempo.* *ff*

Just list to his o - pin - ion, just list to his o - pin - ion, Fal

{ | : | : d | m : - r | d : r | m : - | m : d | m : - r | d : r | m : - | m : s }

pp *molto rall.* *f a tempo.*

la la la la la la la la la! At least, that's my o - pin - ion.

{ l : f . s | l : t | s . f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : | : | : }

la la la la la la la la la! Just list to his o - pin - ion.

{ l : f . s | l : t | s . f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : | : | : }

ff

First time Sentry walks up and down stage. Second time he walks up, presents arms, then goes to door, comes forward with another bulletin, reads—"The Prime Minister's progress is simply wonderful."

Signed (Sir CODDLE CODDLE
(Sir COTTON WOOLER.

The populace may express its satisfaction *forte*.

CHORUS. *2nd time, exeunt Chorus dancing in couples.*

Sing hey for Sir Coddle, He's brains in his noddle, He's brains in his noddle, I ween, . . . And
f. A.
{| : : | : : d s | | s : - m : d | r : t i : s i | s : - m : d | r : t i : s i | d : - r : m | m : r : d | r : - : | - : - : r |

1st time.

as for Sir Wooler Of learning none's full-er, His e-qual has nev-er been seen. Sing
{| r : - m : f | s : m : r | d : r : m | f : r : t i | d : r : m | f e : m : r | s : - : | : : s i ||

2nd time. (*Sentry remains at back.*)

e-qual has nev-er been seen.
{| d : r : m | s : m : r | d : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : ||

Enter King and Queen from opposite sides.

King (anxiously).—My dear,—I—I don't want to trouble you—but—but may I ask what pudding there is for dinner to-day?

Queen.—What pudding?

King.—Yes, my love. Now *don't* say it's roly poly.

Queen (calmly).—I always make a point of speaking the truth, at least to you; and this being the case, I am bound to say that there *will* be roly poly pudding for dinner to-day.

King (with forced calmness).—I knew it! I knew it!

Queen.—You knew it! Then *why*, your Majesty, did you ask me?

King.—I wanted to hear the awful truth from your own sweet lips, my love.

Queen (angrily).—The awful truth indeed! I like roly poly pudding, and I mean to *have* roly poly pudding, and what is the use of being a Queen if you *can't* have roly poly pudding, I should like to know.

King.—Yes, but—but—my dear—I—

Queen (angrily).—If for no other reason than because you try to make me change my mind about the pudding—you shall have it, your Majesty, you shall have it.

King (aside, desperately).—I knew it, I knew it.

(*King goes up stage during 1st verse, and talks to Sentry. He comes forward to Queen during 2nd verse, while the Sentry, as soon as his back is turned, puts down his gun and attentively reads a book.*)

No. 2.

SONG (QUEEN).—"I WOULD INFORM MY SWEET."

Allegretto.

Doh is F.

I would inform my sweet

{ | : | : | : | : | .d :r .m |r .s :s }

That real-ly 'tis not meet For him to say he don't like ro - ly po - ly,

{ | .d :r .m |r .s :s | *C.t.* .d^f :s .l |t .r^l :d^l .t |l :se |t .l : }

Although I do ad-mit It matters not one bit, For he must have it, and my

f.F.
{ | .d^l s :l .s |f .r :d .d |r .f :m .s |l :- . | .l :d^l .l |s .f :l .f }

(Walks to and fro with a determined look.)

will do whol-ly.

{ | m :r |r .d : | : | : | : | : }

I beg to state, my dear, I al-ways per-se-vere In mat-ter: where a per-son
 4.D7. A7.t.
 { | .4m :s .l | f .m :r | .s :d' .l | s .f :r | .m1 :d .d | r .r :d r }

tries to thwart me; I tell you straight, my pet, I nev-er gave in yet,
 F.3.
 { | m :f | f .m : | .l' d :r .m | r .s :s | .d :r .m | f .s :l }

(viciously.)

mf

dolce. rall.
 A firmness which long years of prac-tice brought me.
 { | .l :d' .l | s .f :l .f | m :r | r .d : | : | : }

p dolce. rall. pp

(Sentry gets up and taps the King on the shoulder, directing his attention to the bulletin.)

Sentry.—Bulletin!

King.—Ah! *(goes up stage and reads)* “The Prime Minister’s progress is simply wonderful.”

Queen.—Very good, very good indeed!

King.—Yes, my love—I know I can read well. I’m not a proud man for a King, but I know I read beautifully.

Queen.—Nonsense! I wasn’t saying anything about you, I was speaking of the Prime Minister’s progress.

King.—My—my—dear—I—

Queen.—Oh! do be quiet, your Majesty; you think too much of yourself.

King *(indignantly)*.—Impossible, impossible! I think too much of myself, indeed!

Sentry.—Allow me, please *(coming down, c., between them)*. The new edition of Bougho.*

King and Queen *(falling back)*.—Oh, yes, very nice, I’m sure; good morning, good morning.

Sentry.—Hold! your Majesties, come here!

King and Queen.—We really cannot stop—and, er—

Sentry *(slowly and distinctly)*.—Come here! *(they obey reluctantly)*. Sit down. *(They sit down.)* The new edition of the poet Bougho!

Queen *(aside to King)*.—Your Majesty, stop him, stop him, pray don’t let him read any of it.

King *(aside)*.—My love, I can’t stop him; we must try and bear it, I assure you it’s the only way.

* Pronounced “Buffo.”

Sentry.—Pigs ! (*reads with intense feeling.*)
 All day long the Piglet snorts,
 Snort—snort—snort.
 The Piglet snorts all day long,
 Snort—snort—snort.
 Ought—ought—ought
 The Piglet thus to snort ?
 All day long—all day long—
 Naught—naught—naught
 Should make the Piglet snort,
 All day long—all day long
 (*dying away*) Snort—snort—snort—snort.

(*During this the Queen shows symptoms of falling into a faint; the King fans her violently, but is then overcome himself. They both collapse.*)

King (aside).—My love, have you your smelling salts handy? I—I f—feel f—faint, and—er—I—

Queen (producing them).—Your Majesty, it's my opinion that I feel even worse than you do, so I intend to use them myself first.

King.—Nonsense, my pet—how can you tell how bad I feel? I assure you I'm much worse than you are—ever so much—so there.

Queen.—You say that you are.

King.—It's a very funny thing—

Queen.—Oh! that's enough; you say a great deal too much, your Majesty—anyhow, I'm going to use the smelling salts first, so there! (*uses them.*)

King (aside).—Just like a woman!

Queen.—There—you can have them now; I've quite finished with them.

King (loftily).—Oh! no, dear, no; I have no occasion for them now, thank you—thank you all the same.

Queen (aside).—So like a man!

Sentry (having been absorbed in an ecstatic appreciation of Bougho, aside).—Snort, snort, snort, ah! (*to King and Queen*) now that's what I call poetry! so simple—and yet how full of meaning.

King.—Yes, full of meaning—

Queen.—And so simple.

Sentry.—I am glad to see that you have a soul for art after all, your Majesty.

King.—There's no doubt about that I think, g-good morning (*going*).

Sentry (affably).—Oh! don't go yet—I was just going to say that now your subjects will begin to respect you.

Queen.—Begin to respect him? Never!

King (reproachfully).—My love—

Sentry.—Oh, yes, they will; they will discover that although to all appearance you hadn't any brains at all when you ascended the throne, yet, all the same, there is good cause to hope that you are not entirely wanting in this respect now!

King (cordially).—You think not? Then I'm very much obliged to you, very much.

Sentry (reading).—We will now proceed to the second verse of "Pigs."

"Metaphysically mad,
 Mad—mad—mad,
 Madly metaphysical,"—

King (gushing).—Excuse me, but, much as we should like to, we really cannot stop.

Queen (gushing).—But thank you all the same!

Sentry.—As Bougho says—If you really cannot, you cannot really; but let me once more express my delight at finding that you have a soul for Art after all.

No. 3. TRIO (KING, QUEEN AND SENTRY).—"WITH PLEASURE I REMARK."

Allegro con brio. SENTRY.

With plea-sure
 { | : | : | : | : | : | : | : s : s : s }

Allegro con brio.

I re-mark Your Ma-jes-ty em-bark Up-on an un-der-ta-king which has
 { s : f m | r : m | d : -s : | d : r | m : - | - : m | s : -f | m : r | d : m | r : t : }

High Art for its aim; Your sub-jects now will know Great in - tel-lects can
 { | d : l, | t, : se; | l, : - | : d | t, : - d | t, : t, | m : - | - : d f | m : - . se | t : m }

grow, And re - oog - nize how wrong to range "scant brain pow'r" with your
 { | d' : - | - : d' | d' : t . l | s : s | l : d' | l : f | m : s | m : r ||

ALL THREE.

name. . . Hur - rah! hur-rah! truth wins the day, And well 'tis won, we
 f. A.
 { | d s, : - : - | - : - : s, | s : - : r | s : - : r | m : r : m | d : - : s, | l, : - : t, | d : - : r }

KING AND QUEEN (*aside*).

ween; . . This sen - try lad is sure - ly mad, We'll not pro - voke . . his
 { | m : - : - | - : - : m | r : - : d | d : - : m | r : - : d | l : - : l | s : - : - | m : - : - | m : - : - | - : - : r }

SENTRY.

ween; . . With - out a doubt truth e'er will out, No mask its might . . may
 { | m : - : - | - : - : m | r : - : d | d : - : m | r : - : d | l : - : l | s : - : - | m : - : - | m : - : - | - : - : r }

spleen.

{ | d' :-: - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

screen.

{ | d' :-: - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

DANCE.

ff

pp

ff

(King, forward c.)

(Aside.)

It goes a-against the grain . . . To

3. C. { | : : | : : | : : | : : : s m || d' :-: t | d' :-: t | l :-: - | -: -: m }

pesante.

p

prac - tise such de - cep - tion; But this time it was plain, We

{ | l : - : l | s : - : f | m : s : - : | : : | : : ^{G.t.} m | d : - : r | m : - : f | m : - : d e }

cres. had to sham or gain . . . At last a cool . . . re -

{ | r : - : m | f : - : s | l : - : - : - : - : f | m : - : - : l | - : - : - : m : - : - : - : - : r }

cres.

(ALL THREE.)

cep - tion. Hur - rah! hur-rah! truth wins the day, And

A.3. { | d : l , : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : s || s : - : r | s : - : r | m : r : m | d : - : s , }

cres. *f*

KING AND QUEEN. (Aside.)

well 'tis won, we ween; . . . This sen - try lad is sure - ly mad, We'll

{ | l , : - : t , | d : - : r | m : - : - : - : - : m | r : - : d | d : - : m | r : - : d | l : - : l }

SENTRY.

well 'tis won, we ween; . . . With - out a doubt truth e'er will out, No

{ | l , : - : t , | d : - : r | m : - : - : - : - : m | r : - : d | d : - : m | r : - : d | l : - : l }

not pro - voke . . his spleen.
 { s : - : - | n : - : - | n : - : - | - : - : | r | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

mask its might . . may screen.
 { s : - : - | n : - : - | n : - : - | - : - : | r | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

DANCE.

f

pp

glissando.
or f
Sva.....

f

Exit King and Queen

Sentry (*reads*).—"Metaphysically mad,
Mad—mad—mad."

Enter Mona, knitting.

Sentry.—Ah, Mona!—see! the new edition of
Bougho.

Mona.—Is it funny?

Sentry (*in painful surprise*).—Funny! Bougho, funny!
Oh, dear no!—the idea!

Mona.—Well, it makes *me* laugh.

Sentry (*aghast*).—Makes you laugh!

Mona.—Yes! it's so utterly stupid, you know.

Sentry.—S—s—s—tupid! Ah! (*Walks rapidly up
and down stage, trying to control his agitation.
At last he comes down and approaches Mona,
very angrily.*) Now just 'you listen to me,
and in two minutes I'll prove to you that
Bougho—

Mona (*in a loud voice, paying no attention to him,
knitting all the time*).—Slip one—knit four—
make three—

Sentry.—I'll prove to you that Bougho--

Mona.—Slip two—knit four—make three—

(*Both at the same time and at the top of their
voices.*)

Sentry.—I will not be interrupted, and in two
minutes I will prove to you that Bougho is the
greatest poet who ever lived, and, what is more,
who ever shall live.

Mona.—Slip two—knit four—make three, &c., *ad lib.*
Caroline (*rushes in from house at back*).—Stop! stop!
stop! for goodness' sake stop!

Mona.—Slip two—knit four—m—

Caroline.—Stop!

Sentry.—What on earth's the matter?

Caroline.—My husband—the Prime Minister of this
great and glorious country—is completely re-
covered!

Sentry.—Completely recovered?

Caroline.—Yes, and is even now leaving the house.
(*Excitedly.*) Go! go! and summon the people—
the King—the Queen—everybody—for he has
had a wonderful and noble idea and is anxious
to impart it to his beloved countrymen! Go!
go! go!

(*Pushes him, L., and runs back into the house.
Exit Mona. Sentry picks up his gun and
comes down stage.*)

No. 4.

FINALE.—"COME, ALL GOOD PEOPLE."

Allegro con spirito.

SENTRY.

Doh is G. Come, all good peo-ple, come, Come, one and all, With
 { | r : - .s₁ | r :- .s₁ | r .s₁ :r .s₁ | m .,r :d | - : .s₁ }

voice no long-er dumb Your wel-comes call ; For on this hap-py day You'll
 { | r :- .s₁ | r .s₁ :r .s₁ | m .,r :d | - : .n₁ | s .,s :l .t | d' :- .s }

Holst—The Idea. 3 8336

cres.

see once more Your Minis-ter, and say, With hip-hip-hip hooray, His ill - ness now is

{ | l : f | s :- n | d , r : m . f | s :- s | l , t : d ' . r ' | m ' : r ' | d ' : l | t :- s }

cres.

CHORUS (entering—King and Queen enter first).

f

o'er. We come, we come, we come, O - be-dient all, With

f.G.

{ | d ' s :- | : . s | r :- . s | r . s | r . s | m , r : d | - : . s | }

f

f

voice no long-er dumb Our welcomes call; For on this hap-py day We'll

D.t.

{ | r :- . s | r . s | r . s | m , r : d | - : . m | s , s : l . t | d ' :- s }

cres.

see once more Our Min - is - ter, and say, With hip - hip-hip hoo-ray, His

f.G.

{ | l : f | s :- . s | l , t : d . r | m :- r | d , r : m . f | s : l }

cres.

f

(King rushes forward.) KING.
(shout.) (a short pause.)

ill - ness now is o'er. My people, peace, one minute, Your

{ | s : m | s :- . s | : | : || . r m | f . m : se . m | l . m : . m }

Ped.

song you must not din it— My ears won't stand it; Stop, I command it! How could you e'er be -

{ | f . m : se . m | l . m : . m | l . d' : t . m | l . m , m : f . r | : . l | d' . l : s . f }

CHORUS (penitently). SENTRY.

- gin it? How could we e'er be - gin it? Oh, thoughtless peo-ple, don't you see You

{ | m . m : . m | f . m : r . d || t , t , : . m s || l . r : r . l | s . m : s . , d' }

D.3.

QUEEN (to King).

deaf - en him with all your joys, Your noise is such a noi - sy noise, So cease once more and si - lent be. But

{ | t . l : s . f | m . f : s . , s | l . l : f . l | d' . d : d . r | m . s : l . f | m . r : d . d }

rall. *a tempo.* *mf*

CHORUS.
(WITH PRINCIPALS).

KING. *ff*

see, your Ma-jes-ty, The Prime Min-is-ter comes! Make way, make way! Make

{ s :- .d s₁ | s₁ .s₁ | s₁ .s₁ | s : l | s .m : d | s : .r | s :- .r | s :- | — || s₁ }

f *f*

(Prime Minister enters slowly, leaning on his wife's arm. He goes round the stage bowing gravely to everyone. Sentry, presents arms.)

(Aside to audience.)

way, make way! For him we show respect, Although his in-tel-lect Is not too gay; Make

{ d : m | m :- .r | d .,r : m .f | s :- .m | d .,r : m .f | m : r | d : t₁ | l₁ : s₁ }

p *ff*

way, make way! E'en tho' he's somewhat dense, And lacks of common sense, He'll

{ d : m | m :- .r | d .,r : m .f | s :- .m | l .,s : f .l | s : m }

"pass" to-day, Make way, make way, make way, make way!

{ s :- | — : s | d : | : .r | m :- | : .r | m :- .r | m : s | d₁ : — : — || }

ff

Caroline (solemnly).—Listen, ye people! While your Prime Minister was ill, he had an idea! A great and noble idea!

Sentry (to King).—Your Majesty—he's actually had an idea!

King.—No?

Queen.—Really?

Prime Minister.—Yes! Really!

Allegretto. PRIME MINISTER.

1. I have act-ual-ly had an i - dea; . . . This is
 2. ill when a thought came to me, . . . As

Doh is D.
 { | : : | : : | : : | : d r || n : f : s | t : l : t | s : - : - | - : d : r }

Allegretto.
p

true tho' it may sound queer. . .
 no-ble a thought as could be. . .

{ | n : r : n | s : s : f | r : - : - | - : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

CHORUS. (*To one another with gestures of surprise.*)

1. An i - dea— that is queer, He's
 2. His i - dea— oh! how queer, How we

A.t.
 { | : : | : : | : : | : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : | : l₁ : t₁ | d : - : | : d : d }

Tho' you're sad-ly de-fic-ient in tact, . . . You
 Tho' you've fancied my brain would not act, . . . You

{ | : : | : : | : : | : d : d | d : r : n | n : r : n | ^{f.D.} s : - : - | - : - : s }

act-ual-ly had an i - dea, . . .
 won-der what was that i - dea, . . .

{ | r : n : f | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : - : - | - : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

rall *a tempo.*
 can't get a-way from the fact, . . . That I've act-ual-ly had an i - dea. . . .
 can't get a-way from the fact, . . . That when ill an i - dea came to me. . . .
 { s : l : t | d' : t : d' | r' : - : - | - : d' : l | s : l : t | d' : t : d' | r : - : - | - : : : }

He's
 When
 { | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : r }

rall. *a tempo.*

1. 2.
 2. I was
 { | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : d : r || : : | : : | : : | : : | : : || }

act-ual-ly had an i - dea.
 will an i - dea come to
 { r : m : f | s : f : r | d : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : || d : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : || }

he.

Sentry.—Perhaps it would be as well if you told his Majesty what your idea was.

Prime Minister.—Yes—perhaps it would! (*Chorus listen with rapt attention.*) (*Slowly.*) There is a great deal of trouble in this world (*all nod*). What is the world made up of? Men and women (*all nod*). Who rules the world? Man (*all nod*). If his rule brings trouble, he is not fit to rule (*all shake their heads*). Therefore

reason says—“Let woman rule (*all nod*), and let her adopt the pursuits of man (*all nod*), and let man assume the occupations of woman, since he has proved himself unfit for his present position” (*all bow gravely*).

King.—A truly great and noble thought ; it shall be put in force from to-morrow. A Prime Minister who *thinks* deserves every encouragement.

Allegro moderato. KING (*to Chorus on L.*) (*They bow.*)
 Doh is E♭.
 { : | : | : | : | : | : | : s | l : f | d' : s | m : s }

Good peo - ple, bow, good peo - ple,
 { : | : | : | : | : | : | : s | l : f | d' : s | m : s }

Allegro moderato.

(To Chorus on R.) (They bow.)

bow, For he de-serves great cre-dit. Good peo-ple, bow, good peo-ple, bow, He's
 B⁷.t.
 { | d : - | : r | m : s | l : f | m : r | : r s₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d : s₁ | r : s₁ | m : s }

CHORUS. (All bow.)

thought a thought and said it. We bow, your Ma-jes-ty, we bow, We know you're not mis-
 2.A⁷.
 { | s : f | m : d | r : - | d : r | r : f | m : r | d : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : m | f : m }

QUEEN (to Chorus on L.)

- ta-ken, And to his mer-its now we vow That we at last a-wa-ken. Good
 E⁷.t.
 { | m : r | : r s | l : f | d' : s | m : s | d : r | m : s | l : f | r : d | : m }

(To Chorus on R.)

peo-ple, kneel, good peo-ple, kneel, 'Oh, bend be-fore his glo-ry, Good peo-ple, kneel, good
 B⁷.t.
 { | m : f | m : f | m : l | d' : l | t : - . m | m : t | d' : d' | : d' f | m : f | r : m }

CHORUS.

peo - ple, kneel, 'Twill shine in song and sto - ry. We kneel, your Ma - jes - ty, we kneel, We
 2.*A**b*.
 { | d : r | m : f | d : m | d : t, | l, : l, | : d' r | r : f | m : r | d : t, | l, : t, | }

know you judge him right - ly, That he's a ge - nius now we feel, And so we kneel po -
*E**p*.*t*.
 { | d : m | f : m | m : r | : r s | l : f | d' : s | m : s | d : r | m : s | l : f e | }

molto rall.

(Here all, except Prime Minister, go down on their hands and knees suddenly.)
Allegro. (All get up.)

- lite - ly. *ALL*
 Sing *ff*
 { | s : - : s | : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : s | }

Allegro. *cres.* *f* *ff*

hey, sing ho, sing hey, . . We bless this hap - py day, . . For we have found a
*B**p*.*t*.
 { | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : - | - : - : m | d : r : m | d : - : m | s : - : - | - : - : d | l, : - : l, | d : - : d | }

man re-nowned, Or will be soon they say; . . . Sing ho, sing hey, sing

{ | l₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : r | m : r : d | l₁ : - : t₁ | d_s : - : - : - : s | l : - : f | f : s : l }

ho, . . . We'll let all peo - ple know, . . . Both far and near, this great i - dea; Sing

{ | d' : - : - : - : ta | l : - : d' | l : - : f | m : - : - : r : - : s | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : l | s : - : m }

ho, sing hey, sing ho. . .

{ | d : r : m | s : - : - : | r' : - : - : - : - : | d' : - : - : - : | : : | : : | : : }

DANCE.

p

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The first measure is marked *cres.* and the final measure is marked *f* with an asterisk (*) above it.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The first measure is marked *p* and the second measure is marked *f*.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The first measure is marked *ff*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The final measure is marked with an asterisk (*) above it.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The first measure is marked *ff*.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The first measure is marked *(Curtain.)*.

END OF ACT I.

If it is found desirable to shorten this Dance the bars between *—* may be omitted.

ACT II.

No. 5

CHORUS.—“OUR SYSTEM NEW IS BEING TRIED.”

Curtain.—Scene

Moderate.
f > > > > *f* > > > > *p* *pp*
 Ped. * Ped. *

as before, without bulletins. Chorus discovered at work, boys doing the girls' work, and girls doing the boys'. Mona is doing sentry go, while the Sentry is doing her knitting. The Queen is trying to understand some state documents. The King is making roly poly pudding, while the Prime Minister is sweeping with a very large broom.

CHORUS WITH PRINCIPALS.

f
Doh is G. Our sys - tem new is
 { | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : }
 : s | f : l | s : m }
f

be - ing tried, But in our hearts there's lurk - ing A dread - ful doubt We can't put out, For we
 { | r . d : t₁ | l₁ | s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : r | t₁ : m | : m | d : t₁ | l₁ : m | d : t₁ | l₁ : d₁ f }
D.t. f

question if it's work - ing. The de - tails are—we knew it well Be - fore 'twas tried—ex -
 { | m : l | m : t | t : l | : l₁ m | f : l | l₁ : f | m : r | r : - r | m : s | s : m }
f.G.

act-ing; But drear dis-may is rife to-day, The sys-tem don't seem act-ing.

{ | r : d | : d | m : m | r : d | m : m | d : - d | s : l | s : m | r : d | : ||

Andante. 1st CHORUS GIRL (OR QUEEN).

p Ah me! Ah me! How

3. B♭. { | : : | : : (na) d : - : - | l, : : | : : | : : | d : - : - | l, : : m }

Andante. *p*

sad are we, for no one knows If we all be on head or toes.

{ | d : - : t, | l, : - : d | t, : - : fe, | se, : - : m | d : - : t, | l, : - : d | t, : - : s, | m, : - : ||

SENTRY.

Allegro con spirito. *f*

His i - dea of course may bring Our min - is - ter re - nown, But

{ | m : d | r : t, | d : l, | t, : - : t, | m . f : m . d | r . m : r . t, | d . r : d . l, | t, : - : t, }

Allegro con spirito. *mf*

will it be well-earned, For it seems to me he's turned The whole world up - side

{ | d . d : l₁ . d | t₁ : t₁ m . m | r . r : t₁ . r | d :- . r | m : l (t₁ : m) }

CHORUS.

down. Up-side down, up-side down, The whole world up - side

{ | l₁ : | : m . m | l₁ : | : m . m | l₁ : | : f | m : l | t₁ : m }

f *p* *f* *p* *f*

(King comes forward.)

KING.

down. I s'pose you thought the mat - ter o'er Ere

{ | l₁ : | : | : | : f s || l : f . s | l : t | s . i : m . f | s : m }

f *>*

SENTRY.

this con - clu - sion , you did draw, And gave us your o - pin - ion. Oh,

{ | d . r : m | d . r : m | d : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d . r : m | s : m | r :- | r : r }

yes, I . . . thought the mat - ter o'er Ere this con - clu - sion I did draw, Fal
 { | m : r . d | f : m . r | s : f . m | l : r | t₁ : l₁ . s₁ | d : t₁ . l₁ | r : d . t₁ | m : d₁ s₁ }

CHORUS *p*
 la la la la la la la la la la! And that is my o - pin - ion. Just
 { | l : f . s | l : t | s . f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : d }

list to his o - pin - ion, just list to his o - pin - ion, Fal la la la la la
 { | m : - . r | d : r | m : - | m : d | m : - . r | d : r | m : - | m : s | l : f . s | l : t |

la la la la la! Just list to his o - pin - ion.
 { | s . f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : : | : | : ||

(All go on working.)

1st Girl.—Oh!—(pause.)

1st Boy.—Ah!—(pause.)

2nd Girl.—Dear me!—(pause.)

2nd Boy.—Bother!

1st Girl.—And what are you trying to do?

2nd Girl.—Why! can't you see!—blacking boots.

1st Girl.—But doesn't it seem rather a pity to waste so much of the blacking on your face?

3rd Girl.—Of course it's a pity—but it isn't her fault. She wasn't brought up to black boots.

2nd Girl.—I should think not indeed! And a girl

who isn't brought up to black boots can't help getting some of the blacking on her face.

1st Boy.—Whatever are you pulling that stocking to pieces for?

2nd Boy.—I'm not pulling it to pieces—I'm darn-ing it!

1st Boy.—Well, all I can say is, that if you darn it much longer there won't be any stocking left at all!

2nd Boy.—You needn't laugh at me—it's very hard to darn stockings—it takes years to learn how to do it properly.

1st Boy.—But I should—

2nd Boy (*crossly*).—Oh, be quiet!—(*pause*.)

1st Girl.—Oh!

1st Boy.—Ah!

2nd Girl.—Dear me!

2nd Boy.—Bother!

Enter Caroline, who marches up to the Queen.

Caroline.—Your Majesty! (*no answer*)—(*louder*)
Your Majesty!

Queen.—Well, well, what is it?

Caroline.—What is it, indeed! Is that the way to
address a Prime Minister?

Queen.—My good woman—

Caroline (*flaring up*).—My good woman! Now
listen to me—

Queen.—Pray don't forget that my subjects are
present.

Caroline.—Your subjects?—(*to Chorus*) Mark my
words, good people—there's going to be a row!

Chorus (*horrified*).—A row! Good gracious!

(*Exeunt Chorus hurriedly, in great alarm.*)

Caroline.—Now kindly tell me what you meant by
issuing that absurd proclamation yesterday,
entitling engaged couples to an extra day "off"
every week!

Queen.—Absurd!

Caroline.—Yes! Why only this morning we received
a petition signed by all the young men in the
town, begging that if they were engaged to two
girls at once, they might have two extra days
"off"!

Queen.—Well, a very reasonable request!

Caroline.—Reasonable? Do you know that there
are three times as many women as men in this
kingdom?

Queen.—Certainly.

Caroline.—Then we shall have each young man
engaging himself to three young women so that
he may get three extra holidays a week!

Queen.—Quite right too, young people should always
make a point of enjoying themselves.

Caroline.—Pooh!

Queen.—Besides, it will give those girls who are not
engaged at present, an occupation.

Caroline.—Rubbish!

Queen.—Rubbish? Let me tell you that there's
nothing like an engagement to amuse a young
woman, it gives her something to do.

Caroline.—But that's not the point; you have no
power to make a proclamation at all without
the consent of Parliament.

Queen.—You forget that under the present system I
have all the powers of the King!

Caroline.—Exactly; but the King can do nothing
without the consent of Parliament!

Queen.—Then what's the good of having a King?

Caroline.—No good at all; only it looks respectable.

Queen.—Then you, acting as the Prime Minister,
have more power than I?

Caroline.—Infinitely; and unless you obey me in
everything, I shall denounce you to the Parlia-
ment and then—

Queen.—Oh! horror!

Caroline (*melodramatically*).—Be prepared for the
worst.

No. 6. SOLOS (CAROLINE AND QUEEN).—"IF I SHOULD SAY."

Allegretto scherzando.

CAROLINE.

If I should say "do this," Of course you must o-bey me;

Doh is E♭.
{ . | .s :m .s :d' . | l .s : : | .s :m .s :m .r | m .d : : }

Allegretto scherzando.

p sempre staccato.

Shall I command "do that," You can-not well gain-say me. Be

B♭t.
{ | .s :m .s :d' . | 'm .d : : | .s, :l, .d :t, .r | s, .d : : .s }

rall.

care-ful you do not neglect To treat my wishes with respect, Re- gard as law my slightest word, Or

{ | s .l : s .l | s .d' : s .f | m .f : m .f | m .l : m .m | d' .t : l .l | d' .l : fe .fe }

Alla marcia.

you'll re-gret this day oc-curred. Should'st you 'gainst me re

{ | s .d' : s .m | m .r : d . || : | : m | l : - .m | f : - .r }

Alla marcia.

mf

f

- bel, As mon - arch I'll dis - own you, And at my small - est

{ | m : - | - : m .f | s : - .l | t .l : s .f | m : m | : m | s : s | l : l }

QUEEN (frightened).

p

word Your sub - jects will de - throne you. My sub - jects will de -

{ | r' : - | : t .s | m : d' | d' : l .fe | s : s | : s | s : m .d | s : m .d }

p

CAROLINE.

throne me? Your sub - jects will de-throne you. Be

{ | r : s | : s | s : - | - .s:m .,d | r : s | : .s }

ff *mf*

mf staccato.

care-ful you do not neglect To treat my wish-es with respect, Re - gard as law my slightest word, Or

{ | s .l : s .l | s .d' : s .f | m .f : m .f | m .l : m .m | d' .t : l .l | d' .l : fe .fe }

rall.

rall.

(The Queen indignantly pushes her aside and marches off in a very stately manner.)

a tempo. (Caroline begins to walk off first.) *Adagio.*

you'll re-gret this day oc-curred.

{ | s .d' : s .m | m .r : d . | : | : | : | : }

a tempo. *pp* *ff* *Adagio.*

(Caroline shakes her fist after her and then follows her, angrily.)

Vivace.

p

(Exit.)

p *dim.*

Enter Mona, carrying gun gingerly.

Mona.—Oh, good gracious! I know it will go off. What am I to do with it?

Sentry (enters from opposite side, knitting).—Bother! 53!

Mona (seeing him).—Ha, ha, ha! well, you do look a pretty picture!

Sentry (laughing at her).—Ho, ho, ho! what a comical figure you cut. Ho, ho, ho!

Mona (indignantly).—I?

Sentry.—Yes; you hold your gun as if it were going to bite you.

Mona.—And you use your knitting needles as if—

Sentry (shrieks).—Bother! 54!

Mona.—What's 54?

Sentry.—Only the number of times I've pricked myself to-day.

Mona.—54 times?

Sentry.—Yes. *Bother!* now it's 55.

Mona.—Isn't it getting a bit monotonous?

Sentry.—Oh, dear no, I'm growing used to it; but it's cruel work all the same. *(Sighs)* Ah!

Mona.—Crewel work? not a bit of it—it's knitting. *(Shrieks.)* Oh! I nearly dropped it that time. *(Gasps.)*

Sentry.—Now look here, my dear, never carry a gun like that—if it goes off you'll shoot yourself; always make a point of carrying it like this—if it goes off, *then* you'll shoot somebody else!

Mona.—Thank you, Max dear, you always are such a thoughtful young man.

Sentry.—Yes. I'm bound to say I agree with you, I always am!

Mona (tenderly).—Would you do me a favour, Max?

Sentry.—Delighted, I'm sure.

Mona.—Then tell me—do you know any expressive words?

Sentry.—I'm very sorry, Mona, but I'm afraid I don't, you see, I'm a soldier, or rather, I was.

Mona.—It doesn't matter; I only wanted to say what I thought of the Prime Minister's idea.

Sentry.—His idea—there can't be a word strong enough, everything's gone wrong since it was adopted.

Mona.—Yes, everything.

Sentry (shrieks).—Bother! *(plaintively)* 56!

Mona.—Poor fellow!

Sentry (resignedly).—Oh, never mind me, we have our duty to do and we must do it.

Mona (sadly).—Alas, yes.

No. 7. DUET (MONA AND SENTRY).—"WITH ASPECT STERN."

Andante quasi Adagio. *MONA (marching down stage very slowly).*

(Mona goes up stage marching very stiffly and awkwardly.) *(Max sits down and tries to knit.)* 1. With as-pect stern
2. This gun, tho'small,

Doh is G.

Andante quasi Adagio.

f pesante. *p* *rall.*

I'd do my sen-try turn, Could I but learn The
Doth hold me in its thrall, For should it fall, Good

D.t.

1. With as-pect stern
2. This gun, tho'small,

rall. SENTRY.

way to hold a gun, A - part I sit And vain - ly try to
 gra - cious ! on - ly think ! 'Tis use - less quite To try to knit a -

{ | f . m : r . m | l₁ : . m | m . , f : m . | : . t₁ | l₁ . t₁ : d . r }

rall.

(piteously.) *rall.* BOTH. *a tempo.*

knit A lit - tle bit, But don't know how it's done. } We
 - right, Oh, wretch - ed plight, I'm on des - pair's dark brink. }

(Throws down his knitting in disgust.)

{ | s₁ :- . s | f . m : m . | : D . t. E . 2. | t . r' : se . t | l - . 's ||

rall. *a tempo.*

Poco più mosso. MONA.

nev - er made a worse mis - take, How could we be so fool - ish, To a -

{ | s . d' : s . m | s . , r : r . s | d' . t : s . l | t . t : , s . s ||

Poco più mosso.

cres. ed accel. poco a poco. SENTRY.

dopt the sug - ges - tion We now call in ques - tion, To a - dopt the sug - ges - tion, We

{ | s : l : s | m : r : d | t₁ : d : r | d : d : d' s , s | s : l : s | m : r : d }

cres. ed accel. poco a poco.

Borru.

now call in ques-tion, To a- dopt the sug- ges- tion We now call in ques-tion Of our

E.t.

{ | t₁ :d :r | d :d { :s^od^o.d^o | d^o :t :l | d^o :t :l | d^o :t :l | d^o :t :l .l ||
 :m^o.l.l | l :s :f | l :s :f | l :s :f | l :s :f .f ||

Tempo lmo.

Min - is - ter so "mu-lish." "mu-lish."

{ | d^o .,l :f .m | r ,d .- : : || r ,d .- : :
 { | l .,f :r .d | t₁ ,d .- : : || t₁ ,d .- : : ||

Sva.....

(Exit Mona.)

Enter Queen, reading. Sentry resumes knitting.

Queen (ecstatically).—"Metaphysically mad!
 Mad! mad! mad!
 Madly metaphysical,"—Ah!
 (sighs.)

Sentry (dropping knitting).—Horror! she's reading
 Bougho!

Queen.—"Madly metaph—" (seeing Max)—Why Max!
 you here! (coming down stage) Look! What do
 you think I'm reading?—Bougho!

Sentry.—B—b—but surely your Majesty cannot
 understand it?

Queen.—Understand it! No! of course I can't.
 The merit of a poem always increases as its
 simplicity diminishes, and Bougho is a great
 poet. But it's very beautiful.

Sentry.—Beautiful?

Queen.—Yes, very, very beautiful; only, now that I
 have to attend to the State, I haven't time to
 read it properly.

Sentry (despairingly).—Is it quite certain you like
 Bougho?

Queen.—Quite; I adore him! and if it were not for
 that horrible idea of the Prime Minister's, I
 should be able to read him all day long. Ah!
 (sighs) all—day—long.

Sentry (madly).—Confusion! (kicking knitting away),
 excuse me, your Majesty, but when a man has

his fondest ambition shattered in a moment, he
 isn't answerable for his actions!

Queen.—What do you mean?

Sentry.—It was always my aim to appreciate Bougho.
 At first I couldn't succeed; but after repeated
 trials and disappointments I found one day that
 I really *did* appreciate him, and I gloried in the
 thought that I was the only person living who
 was able to do so. But now, alas! your Majesty
 also appreciates Bougho. I'm cut out—yes!
 cut out—and I'm the most miserable man in
 the whole world! (Exit in tragic despair.)

Queen.—The knitting has turned his brain, poor
 fellow. That's another thing we have to thank
 our Prime Minister for. (Enter King in great
 glee.) Well, what are we going to have for
 dinner to-day?

King (rubbing his hands).—Guess, my love, guess!

Queen.—I don't feel equal to it—tell me.

King (whispers playfully in her ear).—Roly poly
 pudding, my sweet!

Queen.—Again? we had it yesterday.

King.—Exactly, my pet; and we're going to have it
 to-morrow, and the next day, and the next day
 after that, and what is more, we're going to
 have it three or four times every day.

Queen (amazed).—But I always understood that you
 disliked roly poly pudding.

King.—So I do, my own—intensely—but listen.

No. 8. SONG (KING).—"IN BYEGONE DAYS WHEN YOU DID RULE."

Allegretto.

Doh is A \flat .

1. In bye-gone days when you did rule The
2. won-drous sweet to taste revenge, And

{ | : .s || m .s : r .s | m .,r : d t₁ }

Allegretto.

p stac.

roost (and still you do it, Though in a diff'rent kind of way, And now—as then—I rue it), But
I have vowed I'll taste it; I have the op-por-tun-i-ty, And don't in-tend to waste it; For

{ | d .m : d .t₁ | d .l₁ : .s | m .s : r .s | m .r : d .m^{E \flat .t.} | l .m : d¹ .t | se .l : .l }

cres. (Getting more and more excited.)

I am talking of the days When you o'er-looked the cooking, And gave me ro-ly po-ly till The
now I rule the kitchen o'er, My old scores I'll be pay-ing, You gave me pudding twice a day, And

{ | r .m, f : s .s | l .d¹ : t .s | f .m : f .l | l .s : .m | s .m : s .m | s .m : t .t }

cres.

ff

1. sight of it e'en made me ill; But ven-geance you were book-ing. 2. 'Tis
ro-ly po-ly don't say nay—But hark to what I'm

{ | d¹ .l : d¹ .l | d¹ .l : d¹ .l | m¹ :- .d¹ | l : t | t .l : | : .f A \flat .
: .d¹ s }

ff

Taking a roly poly pudding tied up in a cloth from his pocket.

2nd time. RECIT. ad lib. parlante.

say- ing- I in- tend to give you ro-ly po-ly pudding,

{ | t .l : | : .d,d|m .,m:l | - :m | .d,m : .t,m | .d,l,: } }

And I in- tend that you shall eat ro-ly po-ly pudding,

{ | .d :d .d | f :- .f | f .l :d' | - : | .m,s : .r,s | .m,d : } }

(Spoken.)

Un-til . . you are perfectly sick of ro-ly po-ly pudding, So we'll

5.F? A? 4.

{ | .m:m | - .m,m:m .m,m | o : | :m | .r,m : .d,m | .d,t,: 's .,s || }

(Dance round the Queen holding up the pudding.)

have it for breakfast and din-ner you'll see, We'll have it for sup- per and five- o'-clock tea ; Ha !

{ | s :f :m | r :m :r | d :t, :l, | s, :- :s | f :m :r | d :r :m | r :d :t, | l, :- :d } }

ha! ho, ho! ha, ha! ho, ho! For luncheon and sup-er and five o'clock

{ | t₁ :- :t₁ | m :- :m | d :- :m | t₁ :- :m | s :m :d | s :m :d | l :- :- | - :s :s }

tea.

{ | d :- :- | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

DANCE.

f

cres. ed accel.

Sva

Sva

Sva.....

Ped.

*

Presto.

Sva.....

ff

Queen.—All this comes from adopting that wretched Prime Minister's "Idea"; otherwise you wouldn't have had the chance of treating me like this. Oh! I'd like to scratch him.

King.—Everybody in the kingdom is more or less unhappy. Fancy me in the kitchen all the morning, tied up in a large coarse apron and looking after the cooking. Oh! I'd like to kick him. But here he comes; now, my love we'll just tell him what we think of him.

Enter Prime Minister and Caroline.

Caroline (not seeing King and Queen).—It's your own fault; if you don't like scrubbing floors blame your "Idea" rot me.

Prime Minister.—But don't you see—

Caroline.—Oh! don't talk to me! the house has become a perfect pig-sty ever since you have had to clean it. I declare nothing seems right now. (*Goes up stage angrily.*)

King (rushing to Prime Minister and taking one arm).—Wretch!

Queen (taking other arm).—Donkey!

King.—Idiot!

Queen.—Villain!

Prime Minister (trembling).—What's the matter? What have I done?

King.—What's the matter!

Queen.—What have you done!

King.—Why this—your wretched idea—

Queen (continuing).—Has turned the place upside down,

King.—It's made everybody miserable—

Queen.—And driven the people nearly mad!

King (shaking him).—Rascal!

Queen (shaking him).—Reprobate!

King and Queen (together, shaking their fists at him).—Ugh!

Prime Minister.—Caroline—Caroline.

Caroline (comes down stage).—You have brought it on yourself you know—still—

No. 9. SOLOS (KING, QUEEN, PRIME MINISTER AND CAROLINE).—"HE HAS DONE HIS BEST."

Allegro vivace. CAROLINE. *mf*

Doh is F. He has done his best And I'd like to know What

{ : : : : : : m . r | d : 7 | m : r . d | t, : r | r : t, }

Allegro vivace. *f* *p*

more a man can do; He was not pos - sessed With a fool - ish jest When he

{ | d : m | l : s | m : - | : r . s . l | t : se | l : d' . r' | m' : r' | d' : l . l }

Sva.....

cres. *f* *rall.* KING (to Prime Minister).

did sug - gest His great . . I - dea to you. Good sir, you took the

{ | s : l | t : d' | r' : m' | d' : r' | r' : - | - : d' | d' : - | : d' s | s : s, l, l | t, : l, s, l }

cres. *rall.*

Holst—The Idea.

peo - ple in, Not mean - ing p'raps to wile 'em : But if you're not a rogue 'tis proved You
 { | d : m | s : s | f : m | f : l | l : s | : s d' | t : l | se : m | l : t | d' : t . l | }

must be mad and so we're moved To find you an a - sy - lum!
 { | s : d' | r' : s | m' : r' | d' : t | l : r' | t : s | s : d' | : | : | : | }

PRIME MINISTER AND CAROLINE.
 To find { me } an a -
 { | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | s | la : - . la | la : la | }

KING AND QUEEN. QUEEN ALONE.
 Yes, find you an a - sy - lum! Of course, we feel it
 { | : | : d' | l : r' | t : s | s : d' | : d' s | s : s . l . l | t . l : l . s . l | }

- sy - lum!
 { | la : s | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

sounds too bad, But if Prime Min - is - ters go mad,
 { | d : m | s : s | f : m | f . s : l . s | m : | : | : | }

They must be placed With utmost haste In a lu - na - tic a -

C.t.
 { | .d :d .m | l₁ : l₁ r | m .l :d | :l f | m :l | t :se ||

PRIME MINISTER.

sy-lur! I would that the wretched I - dea, Had . . nev-er once entered my

D.2.
 { | s :s₁ : | : :m || m :f :m | m :f :m | m :-- : | s :-- :f | m :r :d | r :d :t₁ |

head, It brought nothing but sor - row, P'raps a madhouse to -

A.t.
 { | d :-- : | : :m | m :-- : | m :b :se | l :-- : | m :-- : | r s₁ :-- :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ |

morrow, Or if not, a pris-on in - stead, . . I wish, oh! I wish I was dead.

rall. *(weeps.)*
 { | d :d : | : :d | r :r :r | r :d :r | m :-- : | -- : :r | d :r :m | f :l₁ :t₁ | d :-- : | : : ||

rall. *ff*

KING, QUEEN AND CAROLINE (*much shocked at his grammatical error*).

a tempo

f

You wish you was dead! pray take care, The . . word that you use should be

4.F.

{ | : : | : :⁴m | m : f : m | m : f : m | m : - : - | s : - : f | m : r : d | r : d : r }

a tempo.

"were;" . . . You must not say "was" My dear sir, be-cause, We've rules to o-bey, And

{ | m : - : - | - : : m | m : r : d | t₁ : - : m | d : t₁ : d | l₁ : - : l | l : s : f | m : - : l }

cres.

grammar books say, The present subjunctive is "were," Your . . syn-tax will make us des -

{ | f : m : f | r : - : r | m : f : m | m : f : m | l : - : - | f : - : r | d : t₁ : d | m : r : t₁ }

PRIME MINISTER (*repentantly*).

Meno mosso. *p* pair. I should, I ad-mit, have said "were," But stay, I have an -

{ | l₁ : - : - | - : : m | m : f : m | m : f : m | m : - : - | : : s | s : - : - | o : o : o }

Meno mosso. *ff*

Vivace.

o - ther I - dea !
 || o : o : o | o : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : |

THE OTHERS. *f*
 Oh, horror! an-o-ther I - dea !
 || : : | : : s | se:se : : se:se :se :se | se :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : |

Vivace.
f *p*

Poco più lento.

Now list just one moment and we . . . Will all right as ninepence soon
 || : : | : l : t | d : r : m | s : f : s | m : - : - : : r | d : r : m | s : f : m |

Poco più lento.

*f Adagio.**a tempo.*

be; Why not go back to the old state of things? And I will go
 || r : - : - | : : | m : f : m | m : f : m | l : s : f | m : - : | : : m | m : f : m |

Adagio.
crea *f a tempo.*

rall.

bail with my head That it brings back the hap - pi - ness ban - - ished through
 D.3.
 || l : s : f | m : : s | l : s : l | t : l : s | d' : - : - | - : m : fe ||

rall.

Vivace assai. (All wildly delighted). (ALL FOUR.)

me. He has act-u-ally had an i - dea, . . . An -

{ s : - : | : : | : : | : d : r | m : f : s | t : l : t | s : - : - | - : d : r }

Vivace assai.

ff *f*

- o - ther now isn't it queer, . . . But 'tis clear . . . that we fear . . . 'Twill be

A.t.

{ | m : r : m | s : - : f | r : - : - | - : r s : s | s : - : - | - : l : t | d : - : - | - : d : d }

al - so his fi - nal i - dea ; For we can't get a-way from the fact, . . . His

f.D.

{ | r : m : f | s : l : t | d : - : | : d s : s | s : l : t | t : l : t | s : - : - | - : s }

form - er i - dea would not act, So . . . this is his fi - nal i - dea, . . . We

{ | s : l : t | d' : t : d' | r' : - : - | - : d' : - : l | s : l : t | d' : t : d' | r : - : - | - : r }

rall.
won't risk a third one 'tis clear.
{ | r : m : f | s : f : r | d : - : - | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

rall. *p a tempo.* DANCE.

Sva

Sva

cres. *ff*

Enter Sentry and Mona hurriedly.

Sentry.—Your Majesty!

Mona.—Save yourself!

Sentry.—Fly!

Mona.—The country's in rebellion. (*Enter Chorus hooting and groaning.*)

Sentry.—Too late!

King.—My good people, what's the matter? What's the matter?

Sentry.—Just this, your Majesty—we used to be the happiest nation under the sun until that detestable Prime Minister—

Chorus (groaning).—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

King.—You need say no more! I understand and agree with you perfectly; but all our troubles are over, for this very day we go back to the old state of things, and in future everything shall be as it used to be!

Chorus.—Hurrah!

Queen.—But how about *this*? (*shaking Prime Minister.*)

King.—Oh! he'll be a model Prime Minister in the future, for he has promised never to have another idea!

No. 10.

FINALE.—“HIS NOTION WAS SO VERY POOR.”

(*Sentry takes his gun from Mona and comes forward, c.*)

Allegro con spirito.

SENTRY. *mf* His no - tion was so ve - ry poor, So real - ly ve - ry, ve - ry poor, It *p* *molto rall.* *a tempo.*

Doh is Eb.
 { | : s | l : f . s | l : t | s . f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | d . r : m | d : t , | l , : t , | }

cres. *f*

up - set our do - min - ion; But since he's said he'll think no more, All min - is - ters he'll *B♭.t.*

{ | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | r : r | m : r . d | f : m . r | s : f . m | l : r | t , | l , s , | d : t , l , | }

rank be - fore; Fa la la la la la la la la la! At least that's my o -

{ | r : d . t . i | m : a s | l : f . s | l : t | s : f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m }

- pin - ion. *a tempo.* *ff* Fa

{ | r : - | d : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | s }

CHORUS AND OTHER PRINCIPALS. *a tempo.* *ff*

Just list to his o - pin - ion, just list to his o - pin - ion; Fa

{ | : | d | m : - . r | d : r | m : - | m : d | m : - . r | d : r | m : - : m : s }

pp *rall.* *a tempo.* *ff*

la la la la la la la la la la! At least that's my o - pin - ion.

{ | l : f . s | l : t | s : f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : | : ||

la la la la la la la la la la! Just list to his o - pin - ion.

{ | l : f . s | l : t | s : f : m . f | s : m | d . r : m | s : m | r : - | d : | : ||

ALL. *ff* Sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, . . We bless this hap - py day, . . For

{ | : : | : : s | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : - | - : - : m | d . r : m | d : - : m | s : - : - | - : - : d }

ff

ev - er-more, Our trials are o'er, Sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, . . . sing ho, sing hey, sing

{ | 1 : - : 1 | d : - : d | 1 : - : 1 | d : - : r | n : r | d | 1 : - : t | d : - : - : - : - : d s | 1 : - : f | f : s : 1 }

ho! . . . For now there's nought we know, . . . To make us fear A new i-dea, Sing

{ | d' : - : - : - : ta | l : - : d' | l : - : f | n : - : - : r : - : s | t : - : s | l : - : m | s : - : l | s : - : m }

rall.

Più mosso.

ho, sing hey, sing ho, sing hey,

{ | d : r : m | s : - : - : | r' : - : - : - : - : | d' : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | s | d' : - : - : | : : }

Più mosso.

ff

(Curtain.)

sing ho!

{ | : : | : : | s | d' : - : - : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | }

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