

# ACT II.

SCENE.—The Village-Green. Exterior Milden Hall.

## No. 8. OPENING CHORUS—"When our work is done."—Villagers. (S.S.T.B.)

PIANO.

INTRODUCTION.

Oboe.  
*mf*  
Tympani.

*Allegro moderato.*

*Pastorale.*  
*mf*

*scherso.*

*ff marcato.*

*p*

*mf*

*ff*

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## SOPRANOS.

When their work is done, and the wea - ther is fine, They al - ways have a

## TENORS.

When our work is done, and the wea - ther is fine, We al - ways have a

## BASSES.

When our work is done, and the wea - ther is fine, We al - ways have a

trun - dle at the skit - tles nine, For there's no - thing gives a bet - ter zest to ale or

trun - dle at the skit - tles nine, For there's no - thing gives a bet - ter zest to ale or

trun - dle at the skit - tles nine, the skit - tles, For there's no - thing gives a bet - ter zest to ale or

*stacc.*

vic - tuals Than a con - test on the green at a mer - ry game of skit - tles;

vic - tuals Than a con - test on the green at a mer - ry game of skit - tles;

vic - tuals Than a con - test on the green at a mer - ry game of skit - tles;

*ff*

Crash! goes the ball, Crash! goes the ball, Down go the pins!

Crash! goes the ball, Crash! goes the ball, Down go the pins!

Crash! goes the ball, Crash! goes the ball, Down go the pins!

See how they fall; Crash! goes the ball, Down fall the

See how they fall; Crash! goes the ball, Down fall the

See how they fall, they fall; Crash! goes the ball, Down fall the

*marcato.* pins, If one side lo - ses, why the o - ther side wins! When their work is

*con forza. ff* *tempo.*

pins, If one side lo - ses, why the o - ther side wins! When our work is

pins, If one side lo - ses, why the o - ther side wins! When our work is

*marcato.* *con forza.* *tempo.*

done, and the wea-ther is fine, They al-ways have a trun-dle at the skit-tles

done, and the wea-ther is fine, We al-ways have a trun-dle at the skit-tles

done, and the wea-ther is fine, We al-ways have a trun-dle at the skit-tles nine, the

nine, For there's no-thing gives a bet-ter zest to ale and vic-tuals Than a con-test on the

nine, For there's no-thing gives a bet-ter zest to ale and vic-tuals Than a con-test on the

skit-tles, For there's no-thing gives a bet-ter zest to ale and vic-tuals Than a con-test on the

*stacc.*

*p*

green at a mer-ry game of skit-tles. When their work is done, and the wea-ther is

green at a mer-ry game of skit-tles. When our work is done, and the wea-ther is

green at a mer-ry game of skit-tles. When our work is done, and the wea-ther is

*p*



No. 9. (A) CHORUS OF FLOWER GATHERERS—"Over the barley mow."

(B) SONG—"The Willow and Lily."—Constance.

*Allegretto pastorale.*

PIANO. *mf* *dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with trills and grace notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto pastorale' and the dynamics range from mezzo-forte to diminuendo.

*cres.*

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex melodic line in the right hand. A crescendo marking is present.

SOPRANOS. *mf*

O - ver the bar - ley mow, . . . O - ver the ver - dant lea, . . .

*p* *cres.*

The vocal line for sopranos is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex melodic line in the right hand. Dynamics include piano and crescendo.

Un - der the hill - top side, . . . Un - der the spread - ing tree, . . . Thro' thick - et and glade, Thro'

*cres.* *cres.*

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex melodic line in the right hand. Dynamics include crescendo.

sun-shine and shade, By brook and by ri-ver roam we; . . . Cul-ling a fern-leaf here,— . . .

*dolce.*

*cres.* *p* *cres.*

Plucking a cow-slip there,— . . . Fox-gloves and ro-ses to bind in-to po-sies, And wreaths to en-twine in our

*ritard.*

*cres.* *ritard.*

hair. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry and free, Hap-py, hap-py, none hap-py as we, Hap-py,

*p tempo.*

hap-py, none hap-py as we, as we, None so hap-py as we. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, and

*dim.*

*rit.*

free, None so hap-py as we!

*rall - - - en - tando, dim - - in - u - endo.*

*rall - - - en - tan - do, piu lento.* *pp*

(Enter CONSTANCE & ROSK.) ROSK.

Dear sis - ter, ere we part this eve Some

*Moderato.*

*mf cres. p cres.*

SOPRANOS. CONSTANCE.

quaint old sto - ry, pri - thee, weave, Some sto - ry, pri - thee, weave. . . My sto - ries

ROSK. SOPRANOS. *a tempo.*

are too sim - ple. Nay, sweet sis - ter, tell us one, I pray. Yes,

*rit.*

CONSTANCE. *piu lento.*

tell us one, we pray. No churl am I, so wil - ly, nil - ly, I'll tell how wil - low

*piu lento.*



*mf* SOPRANOS.

lov'd a li - ly, And tri - bu - la - tion found, And tri - bu - la - tion

found ; Yes, tell how wil - low lov'd a li - ly, And we will sit a - round.

*schero. mf*

*piu lento.* CONSTANCE.

No grand ro - mance you'll

*piu lento.*

*rit.*

hear from me, But sim - ply of a plant and tree. . . .

*rit.*

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(B) SONG—Constance—"The Willow and the Lily."

CONSTANCE.

A wil - low once look'd with a fond, fond eye,

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *p*

Heigh - o! so the sto - ry goes, On a li - ly that did on the wa - ter lie; Heigh - o! so the

sto - ry goes; But the li - ly was coy, and no ear would lend To his sighs as he did to her pe - tals bend; His

branch - es he creak'd, and his twigs did rend; Heigh - o! so the sto - ry goes, . . . . Heigh-

o! . . . Heigh - o! . . . Wil - lows and li - lies don't mate, you know! . . . Heigh-o!

SOPRANOS. *mf*

Heigh - o! . . . Heigh-

*rit.* *tempo.* *p* *rit.* *p* *crec.* *mf* *crec.* *mf*

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Heigh - o! Wil - lows and li - lies don't mate, you know. But a

o! . . . . Wil - lows and lil - ies don't mate, you know.

*cres.* *dim.* *f*

*pp* *cres.* *dim.*

*dim.* *mf*

tem - pest swept o - ver the stream one day, Heigh - o! so the sto - ry goes; And the

*p* *mf*

*mf* *cres.* *p*

li - ly up - root - ed was borne far a - way; Heigh - o! so the sto - ry goes. O'er the

*rit.* *p* *con espressione.*

*rit.* *p*

willow there came then such sor - row deep, That its trunk it did shake and its leaves did creep; And that is why peo - ple find

*piu lento.*

*cres.* *cres.*

wil - lows that weep. Heigh - o! so the sto - ry goes, Heigh - . . . o! Heigh -

*ad lib.*

*rit.* *p*

CONSTANCE. *tempo.* *cres.*  
 o! . . . Heigh-o! . . . Heigh-o! . . . Wil-lows and li-lies don't mate, you know!

SOPRANOS. *mf*  
 Heigh

*tempo.* *cres.* *mf*  
 Heigh - - - o! Heigh - o! . . . Wil-lows and lil-lies don't mate, don't mate, you

*rall. cres.*  
 o! . . . Heigh-o! . . .

*cres.*

*cadenza, ad lib. tr f*  
 know, don't mate, you know, you know! . . .

*ad lib.* *f* *accell. dim.* *pp*

ROSE. What a pity, Constance, that you should be going to marry a town-bred beau, while I am condemned to live in the country! I really believe I shall have to look about for an eligible highwayman.

(Enter DUVAL, unperceived.)

GIRLS. A highwayman! Horrible! dreadful!

DUV. (*Advancing.*) And wherefore not, pretty damsels?

GIRLS. (*Screaming.*) Oh! (*Rise and cluster together.*)

DUV. (*Aside.*) By Venus, my little partner in the Cor-ranto!—(*Aloud.*) Forgive me, ladies, for frightening you. Pardiou! I would not have a flutter in any demoiselle's heart, save by reason of a tender passion. But did not one of your sweet mouths declare a preference for a gentleman of the road, called, in vulgar parlance, a highwayman?

CONST. Yes, sir; we were just reproving Rose for such unworthy sentiments.

DUV. Unworthy? Wherefore, fair mistress? Is there any life more free, more reckless, more daring? Is not his calling but to mulct the rich for the benefit of the poor? And when did any gentleman of the road ever fail to love, honor, and obey Nature's chiefest ornament, lovely woman?

ROSE. Oh, sir, from your eloquence you might be he they call "the ladies' highwayman," Claude Duval.

DUV. Claude Duval?

CONST. Oh, yes; he compelled me to be his partner in a dance on Newmarket Heath.

DUV. Would that he could make you his partner for life!

CONST. Sir!

DUV. That is doubtless what he would say; for, if report speaks true, he is a judge of beauty. By the way, should you know him again?

CONST. No, sir; he was masked.

DUV. Masked? me?

RECITATIVE & SONG—Claude Duval.

RECIT. DUVAL

And would you hear of Claude Du-val? In what res-pect he's like to

PIANO.

CONSTANCE & ROSE. DUVAL. *piu lento.*

me? We would, . . we would! You would? you shall! In this we both a-gree! . .

*p scherzo.* *colla voce.* *f* *Segue.*

SONG—Claude Duval.

*p cantabile.*

There comes a law from

*Andante moderato.*

*p legato.* *p*

heav'n a - bove, We mor-tals soon dis - co - ver That love - ly wo - man's made to love, And

*cres.*

*apparionato. rit.*

man is made to love her! So, act-ing 'on this gold - en rule, Fair la - dies all I do a -

*rit.*

*rall.*

- dore: Bru - nette or blonde, of both - I'm fond; Not one I wor - ship, but a

*colla voce.*

*con espressione.*

score! . . . Be she wi - dow or maid, in plain stuff or bro - cade, If she flaunt in Cheapside or the

*con forza.*

Mall, . . . . . I care not a jot! to re - sist she can - not, No, ne-ver! no, ne-ver! to

Claude Du - val! . . . . . Some men pre - fer a town bred belle, With

mo - dish airs and gra - ces; I like a vil - lage girl as well If hers a pret - ty

*mf* *p* *crs.*

*accel.*

face is; A du-ches fair I can es - teem, A mil-lin-er do not des - pise If

*ritard.* *con espressione.*

on - ly she can show to me That love lies lurk - ing in her eye! . . . Be she

*colla voce.*

wi - dow or maid, in plain stuff or bro - cade, If she flaunt in Cheapside or the Mall, I

*con forza.* *f* *mf accel.*

care not a jot! To re - sist she can - not, No, never! no, ne-ver! to Claude Du - val! Be she

*f* *mf*

wi - dow or maid, in plain stuff or bro - cade, If she flaunt in Cheapside or the Mall, . . . I

care not a jot! To re - sist she can not, No, never! no, ne-ver! to Claude Du-val!

CONST. And now, girls, you must to your homes, or your poor flowers will be faded.

(Exit Girls.)

DUV. Might I ask, gracious lady, what is that mansion?

CONST. That, sir, is the hall where we live.

DUV. By Cupid's bow, a perfect treasure-house! It is really worth while coming from London to see such gems.

ROSE. (Looking off.) Here come uncle and aunt.

DUV. These are the gems of the manor-house; the others must be the curiosities.

(Enter MAGRUDER and BETTY.)

BETTY. Ah! there they are, the minxes! talking, moreover, to a stranger. How shockingly familiar!

MAG. Not the sort of familiarity that breeds contempt, either, if I can judge by his countenance. A very daredevil he looks, too—the sort of rascal who'd have everything and everybody on credit.

BETTY. (Advancing.) Nieces! nieces! come hither, I say.

DUV. (Advancing.) Nieces, did I hear you say? Madam, surely my ears deceived me; say rather your sisters.

BETTY. What polish! what exquisite polish!—(To DUV.) I protest, sir, that you are vastly civil, but these are indeed my nieces, though it is true their poor mother was almost old enough to be mine.

MAG. Then she must have been her own grandmother.—(To DUV.) Might I inquire, sir, to what reason my nieces are indebted for this conversation?

DUV. Reason, sir? Say instinct, which, as you know, madam, always leads weak man to lovely woman.

BETTY. Oh, sir, you overcome me!

DUV. (Aside.) Egad, what a conquest!

CONST. This gentleman is from London, and was inquiring of us directions.

MAG. The road from the village lies yonder.

DUV. I take it I have the honor of speaking with Squire Magruder?

MAG. Sir, you have the advantage of me.

DUV. I generally have of most people.

MAG. I thought so; you are—

DUV. Your most obedient servant, Sir Harry Villeboise.

MAG. One of our most ancient families. Your hand, sir, I knew your father well.

DUV. (Aside.) Egad! that's more than I ever did.

MAG. In your politics, Sir Harry, you are, I presume, a Royalist?

DUV. Yes, sir. I am well known by the King; the King is ever seeking my presence; the King provides me with money and raiment; and I doubt not that the King will one day promote me to a much higher position than the one I now occupy.

MAG. But monarchs are capricious.

DUV. Yes, sir, and His Majesty has suspended several of my friends who occupied the same office as that I now hold.

BETTY. Brother, would it not be well to ask Sir Harry to share our frugal meal?

MAG. If he will do us that honor.

DUV. The honor is to me.



No. 11. QUARTETTE—"On a crust and a handful of pease."—Constance, Betty, Duval, & Magruder.

DUVAL.  
On a crust and a hand-ful of

*Alllegretto.*

PIANO.

pease I'd dine, Were the smile of my la - dy near, . . . And a fla - gon of wa - ter should

be my wine, Did her laugh-ter sup - ply the cheer. I'd deem it the fare of a mil - lion-aire, And no

prince would be prouder than I, . . . I'd hold it a feast for a monarch, at least, Were there on - ly that la - dy

DUVAL.  
by.

CONSTANCE. *mp*  
What la - dy, sir? oh, fie, fie, fie!

BETTY. *p*  
What la - dy, sir? oh, fie, fie, fie!

MAGRUDER. *p*  
What la - dy, sir? oh, fie, fie, fie! What la - dy, sir? my eye, my eye!

*a tempo.*

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**DUVAL.**  
 mat - ters not who so she be by, And sure - ly you'll guess the rea - son why! And sure - ly you'll guess, Yes,  
**CONSTANCE.**  
 And sure - ly we'll guess, Yes,  
**BETTY.**  
 And sure - ly we'll guess, Yes,  
**MAGRUDER.**  
 And sure - ly we'll guess, Yes,

sure - ly you'll guess the rea - - son why!  
 sure - ly we'll guess the rea - - son why!  
 sure - ly we'll guess the rea - - son why! I could  
 sure - ly we'll guess the rea - - son why!

**BETTY.** **MAGRUDER.** **BETTY.**  
 sup on the wing of a lark, I think; That is hard - ly what I should say! . . . For my lo - ver would find me in

BETTY.                      MAGRUDER.                      CONSTANCE.

food and drink. Yes, and for it he'd hea-vi-ly pay; . . . Good cheer I'd for-get, and no wise re-gret, Had he

*rall*                      *en*

on-ly e-nough and to spare, . . . As love is the test of the tru-est and best, So 'tis

*cris.*                      *rall*                      *en*

*tan do.*                      DUVAL.                      MAG. & BETTY.

love makes the feast, not the fair, . . . Yes, so it is, I safe-ly swear! And so would we, if

*tan do.*                      *p*

MAGRUDER.                      (to DUVAL)                      *rit.*

swear we dare! I ra-ther would have a ghost to spare, But come in and taste our hum-ble fare.

*rit.*                      *p*

DUVAL. *rall.* *a tempo. f*

Yes, I'll come in and taste your hum - ble fare; . . . Yes, I'll come in and taste, I'll

CONSTANCE.

BETTY.

MAGRUDER.

*rall.* *a tempo. f*

come in and taste your hum - ble fare. . . .

come in and taste our hum - ble fare. . . .

come in and taste our hum - ble fare. . . .

come in and taste our hum - ble fare. . . .

(After which exit into mansion. CLAUDE crosses to BETTY, and dances off with CONSTANCE. BETTY, disgusted, dances off with MAGRUDER.)

(Enter LORRIMORE.)

LOR. The old place! The old hall, which should be mine, wrongfully in possession of a stranger!—But, darling Constance, it's a case of neck or nothing to see you; most possibly nothing, and very probably neck.

(Enter CONSTANCE.)

CONST. Charles, you see I am punctual?

LOR. My darling!

CONST. Oh, Charles! what dangers you must have undergone to meet me!

LOR. Yes, I'm in great trouble.

CONST. Dearest, why stay in England? I should die if you were to be recognized and seized.

LOR. So should I, I expect.—But fear not, sweetheart; here, where I was born and bred, I am clean forgotten.

CONST. Oh, Charles! you know this hateful wedding is fixed for next Tuesday.

LOR. Then we have five days to mature our plans. On Monday night I will have horses ready, and ere this ancient bridegroom discovers his loss we shall be far across the sea, in Normandy.

No. 12. DUET—"In Normandy."—Constance & Lorrimore.

LORRIMORE, *legato*.

*Andante con espressione.*

A - cross the sea in

PIANO.

*ritard.*

Nor-man-dee Our an-ces-tors were born and bred, E'er Sax-on boast made Nor-man host Choose Eng-land

*tempo.*

as a home in - stead. We should be go - ing back, my love, To where our fa - thers

CONSTANCE, *dolce*.

Oh!

*ritard.*

LORRIMORE, *p*.

dwelt of yore; We shall not land on fo-reign strand When we set foot on Nor-man shore. Oh!

CONSTANCE.  
would that we, oh, would that we were now, my love, a - cross the sea! We shall be safe, we

LORRIMORE.  
would that we, oh, would that we were now, my love, a - cross the sea, my love, a - cross the sea! We

shall be free in Nor - man - dee, in Nor - man - dee, in Nor - man - dee!

shall be safe, we shall be free in Nor - man - dee, be free in Nor - man - dee!

*cres.* *dim.*

CONSTANCE. *legato.*  
I do not fear to leave all here, I may not doubt what thou dost say; I on - ly hear thine

*p*

*ritard.* *tempo.*  
ac - cents dear, My on - ly thought is to - o - bey! . . . . I'd cross the broadest o - cean, love, *diva* . . . .

*rit.*

If on - ly thou wert still with me ; My love, my life, no sea of strife Would be too rough to cross with

*ritard.*

*cres.* *colla voce.*

thee ! Oh, would that we, oh, would that we Were now, my love, a - cross the sea ! We

LORRIMORE.

Oh, would that we, oh, would that we Were now, my love, a - cross the sea, my love, a - cross the

*dolce.*

shall be safe, we shall be free In Nor - man-dee, in Nor - man-dee, In

sea ! We shall be safe, we shall be free In Nor - man - dee, be free, In

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.*

*in - u - en - do.*  
*rall - en - tan - do.* *pp*

Nor - man - dee, in Nor - man - dee.

*rall - en - tan - do.* *pp*

Nor - man - dee, in Nor - man - dee.

*rall.* *p* *dim.* *pp*

CONST. Some one approaches from the hall. Hide, Charles, hide!

LOR. I suppose it's my luck to be reduced to hiding and sneaking. I'll wait hard by. (*Hides behind tree.*)

(*Enter DUVAL.*)

DUV. A plague on the old miser's hospitality! Sour claret and mutton-bones make but a poor meal for a hard-working man.—(*Perceiving CONSTANCE.*) Ah, gentle mistress, I have been commissioned to discover your hiding-place by your worthy aunt, and I myself would entreat you no longer to play truant.

CONST. The heat oppressed me; I would breathe the fresh air.

DUV. Happy air, to kiss those cherry lips, to play with those silken locks, to look into those star-like eyes, and to wrap that sweet form in its embrace!

CONST. Oh, sir, you are ever poetical.

DUV. And is not poetry the fragrance of speech? Is it not the language of love?

CONST. Oh, sir, I understand you not.

DUV. Nay, then, I will be plainer. Adorable Constance, when yesterday I was privileged to touch the tips of your dainty fingers, to press my lips to your milk-white hand, and to tread a measure with your loveliness, I felt the burning fire run through my veins.

CONST. (*Bewildered.*) Oh, sir, what mean you? who are you?

DUV. Claude Duval!

CONST. Claude Duval? Ah! (*Screams as DUVAL catches her hand.*)

DUV. Ay, Claude Duval, who here on his knees before you swears he loves you with all passion and tenderness.

CONST. Oh, unhand me! Help! help!

(*Re-enter LORRIMORE, with sword drawn.*)

LOR. (*Rushing at Duval.*) Whoever you may be, you pay

for this insult with your life. Draw and defend yourself.

DUV. (*Turning round.*) Parbleu! What coward puppy speaks to me? (*Draws.*)

CONST. Oh, Charles!

LOR. Duval? (*Drops point.*) What means this insult?

DUV. Insult? Call you a declaration of love an insult? By Cupid's bow, many ladies must then be insulted every day.

LOR. Don't bandy words; the lady is pledged to me.

DUV. (*Sheathing sword.*) Then I congratulate you on the excellence of your choice. I knew it not.—Madam, I crave your pardon.—As for you, sir, I have a debt to wipe out before we can meet on equal terms.

LOR. What debt?

DUV. My life.—(*A whistle off.*) Ha! the signal!—(*Raises hat.*) We meet again. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter ROSE.*)

ROSE. Constance! Constance! Aunt Betty says you must come in at once, as the time draws near for the arrival of Sir Whiffle Whaffle.

LOR. Curse Sir Whiffle Whaffle!

ROSE. Mr. Lorrimore here?

CONST. Ay, sweet sister, and in danger. You will be discreet for my sake, dear Rose?

ROSE. That I will, but pray come in.

CONST. (*To LORRIMORE.*) Till to-night, dearest, farewell. Meet me by the linden tree here at six.

ROSE. Come, sister, come!—(*To LORRIMORE.*) Fare you well, Mr. Lorrimore.

LOR. Good-bye.

CONST. (*Going.*) Remember, six! (*Throws him a bunch of forget-me-nots and exits.*)

LOR. (*Kissing flowers.*) Remember? I never forget you. I must see Duval; perchance he meant no harm. That ardent French nature of his is scarcely suited to sober England. It's a question whether their claret or their loves be lightest.

(*Exit.*)



No. 13. CHORUS & SOLO—"Silence! Silence!"—Bill and Highwaymen.

*Misterioso.*

PIANO.

TENORS.

BASSES. (BILL also.)

Hush! hush! yes, most distinct - ly hush, With the noise - less flit of night - jar or the owl, the owl,

Hush! hush! yes, most distinct - ly hush, With the noise - less flit of night - jar or the owl, the owl,

*p stacc.*

Crush! crush! yes, most dis - tinct - ly crush the mon - grel who would dare to raise a growl!

Crush! crush! yes, most dis - tinct - ly crush the mon - grel who would dare to raise a growl! With the

SOLO. BILL.

With the

ply - ness of the fox, And the stout - ness of the ox, Min - gle plen' - ty of the sub - tle and sa -

BILL.

- ga - cious ser - pent's guile; To the fleet - ness of the hare Add the cau - tion of the bear, And

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TENORS.

Si - lence!

BILL. *ritard.* *p* ne - ver let your grief ex - cel the tears of cro - co - dile! Si - lence, si - lence! Si - lence!

BASSES.

BILL. *stacc.*

Si - lence, si - lence! Not a - bove a whis - per! to be - tray one's con - fi - dence is sin - gu - lar - ly weak; In a

se - ri - ous mat - ter on - ly mag - pies chat - ter, And it's on - ly lit - tle pigs go squeak, squeak, squeak!

TENORS.

*mf* Si - lence! si - lence! not a - bove a whis - per! To be - tray one's con - fi - dence is sin - gu - lar - ly weak; In a

BASSES & BILL.

Si - lence! si - lence! not a - bove a whis - per! To be - tray one's con - fi - dence is sin - gu - lar - ly weak; In a

*mf*

se - ri - ous mat - ter on - ly mag - pies chat - ter, And it's on - ly lit - tle pigs go

squeak, squeak, squeak!

squeak, squeak, squeak!

*mf* *dim.* *p*

BILL. Gentlemen, I've good news: the captain intends to sack the hall to-night; and now the cat's out of the bag.

Bos. And now the cat's out—

BILL. (*Whacking him*). But not the Boscat. I'd have you remark on the wicked astuteness of our leader. Why, the old baronet thought the captain had rescued him from our clutches. Oh, deceit! deceit! be henceforth called Claude Duval!

Bos. Here he comes, supporting the old gentleman.

BILL. And isn't it the duty of youth to support old age?—But quick, gentlemen, uncloak, or we may be recognized. Besides, we should never attempt to conceal anything, more especially when our successful failings are in question.

(*Enter DUVAL and SIR WHIFFLE, followed by Peasants.*)

SIR W. Thanks, my dear sir, a thousand thanks, for your polite attention. But for you, when I was in such a hole, I should assuredly have been cut to pieces. I should, Gadzooks! I should.

Duv. Don't mention it. Had these excellent gentlemen, who are my travelling-companions as far as Cambridge, been with me, we might have stopped your assailants from stopping the coach, and so saved not only your life, but your property.

SIR W. (*Surveying them with eye-glass.*) Gadzooks, gentlemen! you are a strong party, and should scarcely fear the perils of the road.

Duv. Oh no, we're not at all afraid of highwaymen; are we?

Cho. Not at all. Ha! ha!

SIR W. Present me, Sir Harry, present me.

Duv. (*Introducing BILL.*) Captain Hawbuck.

SIR W. Hawbuck? of where?

BILL. Of Haw, Buckinghamshire. Delighted! May I? (*Offers snuff-box.*)—The royal rappee.

SIR W. What exquisite manners!—(*Takes pinch. Aside.*) Faugh! the royal rappee is not worth a rap.

Duv. Lieutenant Throttletop; Sir Huntington Ginger.

SIR W. Of the Green Gingers?

Duv. Undoubtedly the very greenest ginger.

SIR W. Gadzooks! a most pleasant company. This is one of the happiest days of my life. Believe me, gentlemen, I shall always remember how I made your acquaintance.

Duv. I'm certain you will.

SIR W. Permit me to introduce myself. Gentlemen, your very humble servant, Sir Whiffle Whaffle.

*rall.*

va - ri - ous dis - gui - ses I have cap - tur'd scores of pri - zes! Oh! the fish up - on the rise is When the

**SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE** *tempo.*

bait is Whif - fle Whaf - fle! My name's Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle! Sir Whif - fle! Sir Whaf - fle! I'm a

**SOPRANOS & TENORS.** *p* Whaf - fle, Whif - fle, Whaf - fle!

**BASSES.** *p* Whaf - fle, Whif - fle, Whaf - fle!

prize in Cu - pid's raf - fle! And the fair sex I up - set. I know for me they're cry - ing, And

*p* **SOPRANOS.** The pet! **TENORS (also).** Cry - ing,

Cry - ing,

sigh - ing, and dy - ing, In short, I am an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, In  
sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!  
sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!  
sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!

short, I am an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net! I've the  
yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net!  
yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net!  
yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net!  
*cres.* *cres.*

strong - est in - cli - na - tion For all sorts of dis - si - pa - tion; You must blame my e - du - ca - tion If you're

shock'd by what I say; I will throw the dice till morn-ing, Ev - 'ry thought of sleep-ing scorn-ing, And I've

lost a hand-some for - tune Thro' my reck-less style - of play. Though to drink I'm e - ver rea - dy, Yet I

ne - ver feel un - stead - dy, If the wine be o - ver head - y, Still I need no curb or snaf-fle, Dem-me!

what are such ex - cess - es To - dear - wo - man's sweet ca - res - es! Since her mis-sion but to bless is The soft

*p tempo.*

head of Whif - fe Whaf - fe. My name's Sir Whif - fe Whaf - fe, Sir Whif - fe, Sir Whaf - fe, I'm a

Whaf - fe, Whif - fe, Whaf - fe,

Whaf - fe, Whif - fe, Whaf - fe,

prize in Cu - pid's raf - fe, And the fair sex I up - set; I know for me they're cry - ing, And

The pet! Cry - ing,

Cry - ing,

sigh - ing, and dy - ing, In short, I am an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, In

sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!

sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!

sigh - ing, dy - ing, Yes!

*mf accel.*  
 short, I am an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net. My name's Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, Sir

*pp accel.*  
 yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net. His name's Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, Sir

*pp accel.*  
 yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An

*pp accel.*  
 yes! you are an or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An

*cres.* *accel. p*

Whif - fle, Sir Whaf - fle, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net. My

Whif - fle, Sir Whaf - fle, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, An or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net. His

or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, An or - na - men - tal

or - na - men - tal ba - ro - net, Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, Sir Whif - fle Whaf - fle, An or - na - men - tal

*p*





(Enter Flower-girls. Enter MAGRUDER and BETTY.)

MAG. My excellent friend, what heart-rending news is this? Robbed, actually robbed, they tell me!

SIR W. A mere bagatelle to me. Gadzooks, though! had it not been for Sir Harry Villeboise there, they'd have levied a tax on my life as well as on my pockets.

DUV. Pshaw, Sir Whiffle! you overrate my poor services.

BILL. A monstrous fine woman!—(Aside.) Old Frizzlewig again!

BETTY. That fair-haired cavalier has a vastly prepossessing appearance.

SIR W. And my bride? Is she in rapture at my arrival?

MAG. She positively can't contain her joy. She's done nothing all day but hurry out to meet you.

SIR W. Sweet soul! let me hurry in to meet her.

MAG. Sir Harry, pray accompany us. You have added another link to our chain of friendship.

(Exit DUVAL, then MAGRUDER and SIR W. BETTY, following, drops handkerchief; BILL picks it up and presents it. Highwaymen and Peasants ezeunt.)

BETTY. I thank you, sir, for your courtesy.

BILL. Ah, madam, the handkerchief was where every one should be—at your feet.—(Aside.) That's what I call poetry.

BETTY. It is easy to see that you have received a classical education. A 'Varsity man, perhaps?

BILL. Yes, ma'am, an ad-varsity man, but none the less an admirer of all that is beautiful.

BETTY. Flatterer!

BILL. Look in the glass and see for yourself. If it don't reflect perfect loveliness, then both it and me is cracked; and William couldn't descend to a cracker. Let me kiss that ivory hand in token of my truthfulness. (Kisses her hand.)

BETTY. Oh, sir, what would people say if they saw us now?

BILL. Say? Why, "Do it again;" and (kisses her hand) I do it again. Demme, madam! your very finger-nails savor of honey and nectar.—(Aside.) That's what I call soap.

BETTY. Oh, sir, you shock my maidenly modesty.

BILL. Maidenly modesty was meant to be shocked. (Kisses her hand.)

BETTY. Oh, sir, unhand me!

BILL. Nothing wrong, I assure you. (Kiss.)

(Enter DOLLY hurriedly.)

BETTY. Ah!

DOLLY. I beg pardon, madam; I didn't know—

BETTY. Didn't know; then what are your eyes for? You should have looked the other way, you little baggage!

ROSE. (Enters from house, aside.) Soldiers are coming, aunt—with Captain Harleigh, I suppose.

BETTY. Soldiers? Do you think I can allow myself to be gazed upon by soldiers? Precede me, minx, into the house, where I shall be safe from this ribald crew.

BILL. (Aside.) 'Pon my life! O vanity! vanity!

ROSE. Dolly, here! here!

BETTY. Fair sir, *au revoir*.

BILL. Madam, I should die if it wasn't *au revoir*.—Soldiers, without doubt; I agree with Frizzlewig in disliking soldiers. Whenever I see a red-coat I become a man of peace at once.

(ROSE coming forward.)

ROSE. What is this, Dolly?

DOLLY. Soldiers, Mistress Rose.

ROSE. I know, I know, but what do they want?

DOLLY. Well, they tell me that they want Mr. Lorrimore.

ROSE. Mr. Lorrimore? Run, Dolly—run and tell my sister I must see her at once.

(DOLLY exits into hall.)

ROSE. Why does Constance fall in love with outlaws like Lorrimore? Something must be done, or he will surely pay the penalty of the law.

CONST. (Entering, clasping ROSE.) Sweet sister, what is it?

ROSE. Best of sisters, prepare yourself for the worst: the soldiers are here to take Charles Lorrimore.

CONST. Charles Lorrimore! Charles Lorrimore!

(Enter LORRIMORE.)

LOR. Here, sweetheart!

CONST. Charles, Charles, fly! soldiers are seeking your life.

LOR. Then they shall find it; I stay here.

ROSE. Captain Lorrimore, this is madness. I will try to delay their approach as long as possible, but what is one woman against an army of men? (Exit.)

LOR. Brave-hearted girl! Don't cry, dearest.

CONST. I shall break my heart.

No. 15. (A) "The March of the Coldstream Guards."—(S.S.T.B.)

(B) SOLO—Captain Harleigh.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with triplets. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia'.

TENORS.  
BASSES.

March, march, stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing! March, march,

The vocal staves for Tenors and Basses show the lyrics: "March, march, stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing! March, march,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns.

as we left the hea - ther, boys, While marching on the Roundheads for the king, the king, . . . the king! March, march,

as we left the hea - ther, boys, While marching on the Roundheads for the king, the king, . . . the king! March, march,

The vocal staves continue with the lyrics: "as we left the hea - ther, boys, While marching on the Roundheads for the king, the king, . . . the king! March, march,". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures.

stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing! March, march,

stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing! March, march,

The vocal staves conclude with the lyrics: "stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing! March, march,". The piano accompaniment ends with sustained chords.

as we left the hea - ther, boys, While march - ing on the Round-heads for the king, the king.

as we left the hea - ther, boys, While march - ing on the Round-heads for the king, the king.

*mf dolce* SOPRANOS.

Val - iant men !..... welcome, wel - come to you, men of glo - ry! You whose might is told in

*mf*

SOPRANOS.

bal - lad and in sto - ry. He - roes brave, . . say what you'd seek in this, in

TENORS.

March, march, march, march, march, march, march, march, March, march, march, march,

BASSES.

March, march, march, march, march, march, march, march, March, march, march, march,

this our vil - lage. Sack not our hearts, . . . . we would implore, Nor our af - fec - tions pil - lage.

*cres.*

march, march, march, march, march, March with the Coldstream swing, March, march to serve the king, to serve the king.

march, march, march, march, march, march, march, March with the Coldstream swing, March, march to serve the king, to serve the king.

*cres.*

# (B) SOLO—Captain Harleigh.

HARLEIGH.

*Marsiale.*  
The sol-dier knows no o-ther law Than that of king and coun-try's

PIANO. *f* *p*

*dolce.*  
will; . . . Not his to find it in the flaw, . . . But sim-ple or-ders to ful-fill! His

*cres.*

trust-y sword carves out his name, Va-lour makes for him a name That lives, may be, for lit-tle

*cres.*

space, . . . That lives, may be, for lit-tle space, . . . And if in bat-tle he should fall, And

*espressivo. più lento. cres. p*

an-swers to his last roll call, A-no-ther fills his place, . . . A-no-ther fills his

*p con energico. tempo. cres. f ad lib. colla voce.*

place! March! March! March! March!

*tempo. tempo di marcia. p fz cres. scen. do. ff*

The musical score is written for a solo voice and piano. It consists of seven systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with the lyrics 'The sol-dier knows no o-ther law Than that of king and coun-try's'. The piano accompaniment starts with a *Marsiale* tempo and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system continues the vocal line with 'will; . . . Not his to find it in the flaw, . . . But sim-ple or-ders to ful-fill! His'. The piano accompaniment features a *cres.* dynamic. The third system has the lyrics 'trust-y sword carves out his name, Va-lour makes for him a name That lives, may be, for lit-tle'. The piano accompaniment also has a *cres.* dynamic. The fourth system continues with 'space, . . . That lives, may be, for lit-tle space, . . . And if in bat-tle he should fall, And'. The piano accompaniment includes *espressivo. più lento. cres. p* markings. The fifth system has the lyrics 'an-swers to his last roll call, A-no-ther fills his place, . . . A-no-ther fills his'. The piano accompaniment features *p con energico. tempo. cres. f ad lib. colla voce.* markings. The sixth system concludes with 'place! March! March! March! March!'. The piano accompaniment includes *tempo. tempo di marcia. p fz cres. scen. do. ff* markings. The score is marked with various dynamics such as *f*, *p*, *cres.*, *ff*, and performance instructions like *Marsiale*, *dolce*, *espressivo. più lento.*, *con energico. tempo.*, *ad lib.*, *colla voce.*, and *tempo di marcia.* The page number 98 is located at the bottom left.

**SOPRANOS.**  
 March, march, stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, girls, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing!

**TENORS.**  
 March, march, stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing!

**BASSES.**  
 March, march, stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing with the Cold - stream swing!

March, march, as they left the hea - ther, girls, While marching on the Round - heads for the king, the king, To serve the

March, march, as we left the hea - ther, boys, While march - ing on the Round - heads for the king, the king! March,

March, march, as we left the hea - ther, boys, While march - ing on the Round - heads for the king, the king! March,

king, to serve the king! March, march, march, march, to serve the king! March! march! march! march!

march, march, march, to serve the king, to serve the king! March! march! march! march! march! march!

march, march, march, to serve the king, to serve the king! March! march! march! march! march! march!

No. 16.

FINALE—ACT II.

CONSTANCE. LORRIMORE. (Enter Duval.)

A-las, a-las, he's lost! . . . Sweet-heart, be calm and

*Agitato.*

PIANO.

CONSTANCE. DUVAL. *accel.*

still! . . . Can no one save him? ; Can no one save him? Yes! yes! yes!

CONST. & LORRI. (surprised.) DUVAL.

I can, and will! . . . You! you! Yes, I! nor think the state-ment strange ;

(to Lorrimore.) *piu lento.*

You take my hat and cloak! I yours, and so we change! They know you not, the trick will ne'er dis-co-ver; And

*con espressione.* (to CONSTANCE.) CONSTANCE.

thus you save your life, You! Ma-dam, keep your lo-ver. Joy! joy!

*tempo.* *fs*

100

CONSTANCE. *dolce.*  
 Joy! joy! Joy, joy, joy! when pe - ril is near - est!

LORRIMORE.  
 Joy! joy! . . .

DUVAL.  
 Joy! joy! . . .

*Moderato.*  
 Major. *p*

CONSTANCE.  
 Joy, joy, joy! to keep thee, my dear - est! Joy, joy, joy! no dan - ger thou fear - est! Joy, joy, joy! yes, heart - felt joy!

*cres.* *ff*

*f* CONSTANCE. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! when pe - ril is near - ing! Joy, joy, joy! now hope is ap - pear - ing!

*f* LORRIMORE. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! when pe - ril is near - ing! Joy, joy, joy! now hope is ap - pear - ing!

*f* DUVAL. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! when pe - ril is near - ing! Joy, joy, joy! now hope is ap - pear - ing!

*f* *cres.*



CONSTANCE. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! to hap - pi - ness steer - ing! Joy, joy, joy! yes, heart - felt joy! *p*

LORRIMORE. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! to hap - pi - ness steer - ing! Joy, joy, joy! yes, heart - felt joy! But

DUVAL. *cres.*  
 Joy, joy, joy! to hap - pi - ness steer - ing! Joy, joy, joy! yes, heart - felt joy!

LORRIMORE. DUVAL. (Tramp of soldiers heard off.)  
 no! I can - not, love, I can - not, love! You must! You must!

CONSTANCE.  
 Ah, pri - thee, why?

*Tempo di marcia.*

DUVAL. CONSTANCE.  
 Your foes are draw - ing nigh! I say you shall, I will not take your nay. Oh, sir, for - give my

DUVAL. LORRIMORE.  
 sel - fish - ness, I pray; my heart is rack'd! Fair dame, I'll have my way. Nay, nay, I will not!

CONSTANCE. *cres.* *Marcato. f*  
 Ah, pri - thee, why? ah, pri - thee, why? Ah! . . . . .

LORRIMORE. *cres.* *scen.* *do.*  
 Nay, nay, I will not! Nay, nay, I will not! . . . . .

DUVAL. *cres.* *scen.* *do.* *con energico.*  
 I say you shall, I say you shall, . . . . . I say you shall! . . . . . For there's

DUVAL. *mf*  
 not a pri - son tough e - nough for Claude Du - val, . . . . . for Claude Du - val, And there's

CONSTANCE.  
 For Claude Du - val. . . . .

LORRIMORE.  
 For Claude Du - val, for Claude Du - val.

DUVAL. *con forza.* *rall.*  
 not a jai - ler rough e - nough for Claude Du - val, For no bolt or bar can fright-en this high - way - man!

DUVAL (to Lorrimore). LORRIMORE. DUVAL. LORRIMORE. DUVAL (smilingly.)

So quick - ly change. No, no! You must. No, no! You must. You would not give me

*Agitato.*

RECIT. LORRIMORE.

cold, I trust, not give me cold, I trust. So be it could I requite this no - ble aid.

CONSTANCE (to Duval). DUVAL, rit. (Enter BILL & HIGHWAYMEN.)

Oh, sir! our debt. The debt's al - rea - dy paid.

*dim.* *Vivace.*

*p* cre - scen - do.

BILL (to Duval).

Cap - tain, the

*Bold.*

DUVAL. BILL.

red coat knaves are draw - ing nigh, are draw - ing nigh! What's that to me! Why,



DUVAL.

sure - ly you will fly! Not I! And when they come, and

TENORS. HIGHWAYMEN. He won't!

BASSES. He won't!



rall.

when they come, What - e'er I do, what - e'er I do, be sure you're

rall.



**DUVAL.** *cre* . . . . . *scen* . . . . .

dumb, . . . . . What'er I do, . . . . . be sure you're dumb, . . . . . be sure you're

**BILL.** *cre* . . . . . *scen* . . . . .

We will, whate'er you do or say, For 'tis our na - ture to o - bey, For 'tis our na - ture

**TENORS.** *p* *cre* . . . . . *scen* . . . . .

We will, whate'er you do or say, For 'tis our na - ture to o - bey, For 'tis our na - ture

**BASSES.**

We will, whate'er you do or say, For 'tis our na - ture to o - bey, For 'tis our na - ture

**TENORS.** *f* *cre* . . . . . *scen* . . . . .

March, march, march, march, march, march, march, March, march, march, march,

**BASSES.** *f* *cre* . . . . . *scen* . . . . .

March, march, march, march, march, march, march, March, march, march, march,

*Tempo di marcia.*

*mf* *fs* *fs* *cre* *scen*

*do.*

dumb!

*do.*

to o - bey! . . .

*do.*

to o - bey! . . .

*do.*

to o - bey! . . .

**SOPRANOS.** *f* (*Enter SOLDIERS & VILLAGERS.*)

March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, girls, While march - ing

*do.*

march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing

*do.*

march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing

*scen* *do.* *f*

HIGHWAYMEN.  
SOLDIERS.

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as they left the hea-ther, girls, While march-ing on the Roundheads for the

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as we left the hea-ther, boys, While march-ing on the Roundheads for the

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as we left the hea-ther, boys, While march-ing on the Roundheads for the

CONSTANCE (*timidly*). LORRIMORE. DUVAL. BILL. *he*

Dar-ling, I trem-ble. Peace, lov - ing heart. Aye, peace. But, Captain—

SOPRANOS.  
king, the king.

TENORS.  
king, the king.

BASSES.  
king, the king.

HIGHWAYMEN.  
Captain—

Captain—

DUVAL. Recit. HARLEIGH (*reading description*). (*Advancing to DUVAL.*)

Si - lence, cack - ling geese. Of come - ly mien, grey cloak and fea - thers white; 'tis he! . . . . Charles

DUVAL.

Lor - ri - more? . . . . Yes, sir, you're right! But of your question may I ask the

HARLEIGH.

*rall. cres.*

(Enter BETTY, SIR W., & MAG.)

rea - son? I'm or - der'd, sir, to take you for high trea - son!

*Allegro vivace.*

SIR W., BETTY, & MAG.

High trea - son!

CONSTANCE & BETTY *also.*)  
*con forza.*

*f* SOPRANOS.

High trea - son! high trea - son!

Yes,  
(LORRIMORE, DUVAL, & MAG. *also.*)

*f* TENORS.

High trea - son! high trea - son!

Yes,  
(BILL *also.*)

*f* BASSES.

High trea - son! high trea - son! high trea - son! Yes,

ter - ri - bly high trea - - - son!

ter - ri - bly high trea - - - son!

ter - ri - bly high trea - - - son!

*Con spirito.*

DUVAL.

Ha, ha! the jest - is good, I know, But as you wish it, sir, I'll go! Yes,

DUVAL. *f*

yes! with you I'll go! Yes, yes! with you I'll go, I'll go, I'll go! . . .

*f* SOPRANOS.

Yes, yes! with you he'll go, he'll go! Ha, ha! the jest is

TENORS.

Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll go, he'll go! Ha, ha! the jest is

BASSES.

Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll go, he'll go! Ha, ha! the jest is

(Principals also.)



DUVAL.  
I'll go, Yes, yes! with you I'll

SOPRANOS.  
good, we know, But as you wish it, sir, he'll go, Yes, yes! with you he'll

TENORS.  
good, we know, But as you wish it, sir, he'll go, Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll

BASSES.  
good, we know, But as you wish it, sir, he'll go, Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll



DUVAL.  
go, with you I'll go! . . .

go! Yes, yes! with you he'll go! . . .

go! Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll go! . . .

go! Yes, yes! with {you us} he'll go! . . .



**DUVAL.** *p* We meet a - gain, . . . and soon . . . . . we meet a - gain, and *cre*

**CONSTANCE.** *p* We meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon we meet a - gain, and ve - ry *cre*

**BETTY.** *p* We meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon we meet a - gain, and ve - ry *cre*

**LORRIMORE.** *cre.* We meet a - gain, and soon . . . . . we meet a - *cre*

**HARLEIGH.** *cre.* Quick march, my men, . . . . . quick march, my men. March, march, march, *cre*

**SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE.** *p* Quick march, my men, . . . . . quick march, my men, March, march, march, *cre*

**MAGRUDER.** *p* Quick march, my men, . . . . . quick march, my men, March, march, march, *cre*

**BILL.** *p* You'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon, . . . . . and ve - ry soon you'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry *cre*

**SOPRANOS.** *cre* March, march, march, *cre*

**TENORS.** *Misterioso. p* You'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon you'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon you'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry *cre*

**BASSES.** *p* You'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon you'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry soon you'll meet a - gain, and ve - ry *cre*

**TENORS.** *cre* March, march, march, march, *cre*

**BASSES.** *cre* March, march, march, march, *cre*

*Tempo di marcia.* *p* *fs* *fs* *fs* *fs* *fs* *cre*

HIGHWAYMEN.

SOLDIERS.

DUVAL. *scen* do. *ff grandioso.*  
 soon a - gain, and soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 CONSTANCE. *scen* do. *ff*  
 soon we meet, and soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, girls, While march - ing  
 BETTY. *scen* do. *ff*  
 soon we meet, and soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, girls, While march - ing  
 LORRIMORE. *scen* do. *ff*  
 gain, we meet, and soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 HARLEIGH. *scen* do. *ff*  
 march, march, my men! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 SIR WHIFFLE WHAFFLE. *scen* do. *ff*  
 march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 MAGRUDER. *scen* do. *ff*  
 march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 BILL. *scen* do. *ff*  
 soon, and ve - ry soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 SOPRANOS. *scen* do. *ff grandioso.*  
 march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, girls, While march - ing  
 TENORS. *scen* do. *ff*  
 soon, and ve - ry soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 BASSES. *scen* do. *ff*  
 soon, and ve - ry soon. March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 TENORS. *scen* do. *ff*  
 march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 BASSES. *scen* do. *ff*  
 march, march, march! March, march! stea - dy keep to - ge - ther, boys, While march - ing  
 grandioso. *scen* do. *f* *ff*

(DUVAL, CONST., BETTY, & SIR W. *also.*)

SOPRANO  
TENORS  
BASSES

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as they left the heather, { girls, } While marching on the Roundheads for the  
(LORRI., MAG., & HARLEIGH *also.*)

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as { we } left the hea-ther, boys, While marching on the Roundheads for the  
(BILL *also.*)

with the Coldstream swing. March, march, as { we } left the hea-ther, boys, While marching on the Roundheads for the

CONSTANCE & LORRIMORE.

king, the king, We meet a - gain, . . . and soon we meet a - gain, . . . and soon we meet a - gain.

DUVAL.

king, the king, We meet a - gain, . . . and soon we meet a - gain, . . . and soon we meet a - gain.  
(BETTY, SIR W., & MAG. *also.*)

SOPRANO  
TENORS  
BASSES

king, the king, to serve the king, to serve the king; March, march, march, march, to serve the king.  
(HARLEIGH *also.*)

king, the king, March, march, march, march, to serve the king, to serve the king, march, march.  
(BILL *also.*)

king, the king, March, march, march, march, to serve the king, to serve the king, march, march.

*p* *cres.* *ff* *marcato.*

CONSTANCE & LORRIMORE.

march, march! . . . . .

DUVAL.

march, march! . . . . .

SOPRANOS.

march, march! . . . . .

TENORS.

march, march! . . . . .

BASSES.

march, march! . . . . .

*Grandioso.*

*marcato.*

*ff*

(Curtain.)

*rall.*

*fff*

*fs*

End of Second Act.