

Tom Jones**Comic Opera in Three Acts**

Based on Fielding's novel

Music by Edward German.

Book by Alexander Thompson & Robert Courtneidge.

Lyrics by Charles Taylor. (Additional lyrics by Harry Beswick)

The complete libretto, including the copyright dialogue, was published by Chappell & Co in 1907 and subsequently re-issued in several states incorporating various revisions. The lyrics reproduced here are compiled from the different (frequently inconsistent) printings of the libretto, books of lyrics and vocal scores. The aim has been to present a clear guide to the sung text while preserving the integrity of the authors' verses. Verbal repetitions introduced by the composer are generally omitted. These include some short chorus responses that take up the soloists' lines. Words that appear in the lyrics but which were not set are retained in [] where the author's scansion would otherwise be distorted.

ACT I*The lawn at Squire Western's.***[1] Introduction (Orchestra) &****[2] Opening Chorus:****Don't you find the weather charming?****LADIES.**

Don't you find the weather charming?
Quite a warm October day.
Have you heard the news alarming?
Lady Betty's run away!
Lady Betty, who may she be?
Wife of gay Lord Thistledown.
Really, now! And who may he be?
Sure, 'tis all the talk of town!
Biddy Prim's returned, declaring
That the dames at Ranelagh
All the season have been wearing
Tiffany and taffeta.
Paduasoy in Chancery green
Is everywhere the thing.
Sophy Tiverton has been
Presented to the King.
Well-a-day!

HUNTSMEN

Away!
Gone away!
Hark forward!
Away!
The fox is found –
Fly horse and hound;
But on her day, I swear,
Was never a horse to cover the ground
Like the old grey mare!

SOLO

And then we come to Bottom Spinney.

HUNTSMEN

Hey Fox! Grey Fox!

SOLO

Hark, the horses give a whiney!

HUNTSMEN

Hi fox! Sly fox!

SOLO

"Yoicks!" says Harry, the whip, "he's found!"
Tally ho! And away we tear;
And hard on the heels of the hindmost hound
Comes Pattison's old grey mare.

HUNTSMEN

The fox is found, &c.

LADIES.

Hark! Our spouses
Sharp their wits
With conversation
As befits
Their state and station.

To carouse is
An extremely
And supremely
Gentlemanly occupation.

HUNTSMEN

Tally-ho!

LADIES.

Don't you find the weather charming? &c.

HUNTSMEN

The fox is found –
Fly horse and hound, &c.

[3] Song: On a January morning**SQUIRE WESTERN and CHORUS**

On a January morning in Zimmersetsheer,
Two pretty maidens were walking along;
When suddenly there came, from a coppice so clear,
The call of a cuckoo in song.
It astonished those pretty maids the cuckoo for to hear
On a January morning in Zimmersetsheer.

Said one to her compan-i-on: "I'm bound for to zee
Yon sweet warbler what sings in the wood."
The other maid said: "Phoebe, you stay where you be:
That cuckoo bain't up to no good."
'Tis for pretty maids to run away when cuckoo sings so clear
On a January morning in Zimmersetsheer.

But that pretty maid went seeking the coppice alone,
As her folly led her so for to do:
And now she goes lamenting and making a moan
That cuckoos in winter bain't true.
'Tis a sorry month for silly maids when cuckoo sings so clear
On a January morning in Zimmersetsheer.

[4] Song: West Country lad**TOM and CHORUS**

West Country lad, what is't ye lack?
 A horse to ride.
 I have no steed, nor sturdy hack,
 To sit astride,
 I hear the music – hark! the pack –
 Down country-side,
 And fain would hunting go, alack!
 I have no steed, or grey, or black,
 Or sorrel, or brown, or pied!
 O give him a horse, or grey, or black,
 Or sorrel, or brown, or pied!
 For shall it be said a Somerset lad
 Has no horse to ride?

West Country lad, why sigh ye thus?
 What lack ye still?
 I have not e'er a blunderbuss,
 Nor gun, to kill.
 The pheasant crows, and runneth Puss,
 O' yonder hill,
 I fain would shooting go, and thus
 I sigh for burly blunderbuss,
 Or gun of my own, to kill.
 O give him a gun, or blunderbuss,
 And set him upon the hill!
 For shall it be said a Somerset lad
 Has no gun to kill?

West Country lad, what lack ye yet?
 A maid to kiss.
 No maid to love me have I met,
 And all's amiss.
 I look aside at Sue and Bet,
 And Kate and Siss;
 And fain would courting go, and yet
 I have no maid with eyes of jet,
 Or hazel, or blue, I wis!
 O give him a maid with eyes of jet,
 Or hazel, or blue, I wis!
 For shall it be said a Somerset lad
 Has no maid to kiss?

[5] Song: To-day my spinet**SOPHIA**

To-day my spinet, closed and idly still,
 Sighed, when one note I sang its spirit stirred;
 So, when he speaks to me my senses thrill,
 Responsive unto every tender loving word.
 Thus heart to heart across the silence calls,
 The voice of mine so timorous in tone;
 I wonder if upon his ear it falls
 But as a seeming echo of his own.
 He loves me so,
 I know, I know!
 But when we are asunder,
 Does he forget?
 I trow not, yet
 I wonder, O I wonder!

I tremble at his look; my burning eyes
 Fain would I droop to hide the sudden flame.
 He scans my cheek, and turns away and sighs,
 And takes the blush of love for naught but maiden shame.
 I wonder were it wise to let him see
 That every moment by his side is bliss.
 I wonder if 'twere maidenly
 To give, an' he should ask for it, a kiss?
 He loves me so, &c.

[6] Interlude: I gave our message, Miss**SOPHIA, HONOUR and TOM****HONOUR**

I gave your message, Miss.

SOPHIA

And comes he not? O say!

TOM

You sent for me?

SOPHIA

Ah, yes; have I disturbed you, pray?
 Forgive me.

TOM

Ah
 Dear, such disturbance, sweet beyond compare
 With any peace I know, absorbs me wholly.
 Speak – all my time, my life is yours.

SOPHIA

Take care! We must make haste.

TOM

Then let us make haste, slowly.

[7] Trio: Wisdom says, *Festina lente***SOPHIA, HONOUR and TOM**

Wisdom says, *Festina lente*,
 But the moments how they pass,
 When a man and maid at twenty
 Conjugate *Amo-Amas!*
Tempus fugit, is the answer
 (We are versed in Latin lore).
 Time is not a necromancer;
 Time's a cheat, and nothing more.

Foolish proverb – *Time works wonders*;
 Ere 'tis run he turns the glass,
 Speeding thus the hour that sunders
 Happy lover, loving lass.

Cruel words, *Festina lente*,
 To a lover and his lass!
 Hearts impatient grow at twenty,
 When old *Tempus* tilts the glass.
 Sands run slowly to their sorrow;
 Drag the hours that keep them twain;
 Seems a week till happy morrow
 Brings them to the tryst again.
Tempus fugit! Nay, he creepeth,
 When he should get on apace.
 Time is getting old, and sleepeth;
 Time's a cheat, in any case.

Foolish proverb – *Time works wonders*; &c.

[8] Ensemble: "The Barley Mow"**HONOUR and GREGORY with GRIZZLE, DOBBIN, BETTY and PEGGY**

A little roadside inn fur we,
 Under the green bough,
 Wi' zwinging zign zo all may zee,
 Under the green bough.
 A roadside inn
 Zo znuq within
 Vur lads that follow the plough.

We'll drink to the Barley Mow
In a quaart pot, a pint pot,
A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
Under the green bough.

We'll drink to the Barley Mow.
Hey! and ho! and all be merry!
We'll drink to the Barley Mow,
With a hey! [and] ho! [and] dumble down derry.
We'll drink to the Barley Mow.

October ale zo brown we'll brew,
Under a green bough.
Vur varmer's man and trav'ler too,
Under a green bough.
October brew
And plenty, too,

Vur lads that follow the plough.
We'll drink to the Barley Mow
In a 'ogs'ead, a gallon jar,
A quaart pot, a pint pot,
A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
Under a green bough.

We'll drink to the Barley Mow. &c.

Come Parson, Packman, Herd, and Hind,
Under a green bough;
An equal welcome all shall vind,
Under a green bough.
Come, Parson, Hind,
Or Gentlekind,
Or lads that follow the plough.
We'll drink to the Barley Mow,
In a ocean, a river,
A 'ogs'ead, a gallon jar,
A quaart pot, a pint pot,
A nipperkin, a pipperkin,
Under a green bough.

We'll drink to the Barley Mow. &c.

[9] Madrigal Quartet: Here's a paradox for lovers

SOPHIA, HONOUR, TOM and ALLWORTHY

Here's a paradox for lovers –
"Love is weakest when he's strong:"
When he thinks he most discovers
Blindest all the gods among.
With a fal la la la!

Holding, lead him in such fashion,
Shield him in such gentle wise,
That no sudden gust of passion
Tear the bandage from his eyes.

Once destroyèd Love's illusion
(Sad for ye an' it befall),
He will fly off in confusion,
And escape for good and all.

But at lovers' separation
Pity in his bosom starts;
Learn ye, then, for consolation,
Love loves mending broken hearts.

Done my ditty – here is yet a
Paradox to fit the end:
"Love must e'en break hearts to get a
Store of broken hearts to mend."

[10] Finale

TOM

For aye, my love!
Abidingly,
Those little words shall live in my heart,
And all life long,
Like a glad sweet song,
Bring happiness when we're apart.

O say, my love;
Confidingly,
Ah! whisper them once again
And deep in my breast,
O sweetest and best,
They a secret shall e'er remain.

SOPHIA

I'll say, my love,
Confidingly,
My heart shall e'er be true;
I love you so,
And only know
I live alone for you.

BLIFIL.

Release that lady's hand!

TOM

A cavalier request, Sir – pray explain!

BLIFIL

'Tis no request I proffer – I command!
Withdraw you, madam!

SOPHIA

So? Then I remain!

BLIFIL

Since you're so lost to sense of shame
That all the laws of modesty you flout,
To listen to this dog, whose very name
Was thrown him like a bone – then hear me out!

If't be your fancy to affect
The ways of shameless Dames of Fashion,
It does behove me to protect
You from a base-born scoundrel's passion.

TOM

You call me scoundrel?

BLIFIL

Aye, scoundrel!

TOM [Spoken]

Brute!

CHORUS

Ah!
Here's a broil!
What a coil!
Terrible! Terrible!
Why this turmoil?
What a coil!
What a shocking thing to quarrel,
And the neighbourhood embroil!
Leaving out the question moral,
Why this turmoil? What a coil!

SOPHIA

He saved my life, dear father: more to him you owe
Than gratitude in words alone for ever can bestow.
At your feet behold me kneeling and appealing –
Let us not be parted, for I love him so!

CHORUS

He saved her life, remember: more to him you owe
 Than gratitude in words alone for ever can bestow.
 At your feet behold her kneeling and appealing –
 Let them not be parted, [for] she loves him so!

SQUIRE WESTERN

She loves you? She, my daughter!
 D'ye know, Sir, who and what you are?

TOM

I make you no apologies;
 Love laughs at Herald's colleges:
 Plain hearts suffice
 For his device,
 And wisely he acknowledges
 No Bar Sinister.

CHORUS

He asks but the vicinity
 Of hearts that seek affinity,
 And leaves the oath
 Of marriage troth
 For a Doctor of Divinity
 To administer.

TOM

And that is my position, Sir:
 Though lowly my condition, Sir,
 I love this maid,
 And her to wed
 Do crave your kind permission, Sir.

TOM and SOPHIA

I love {him / her} so
 And only know
 I live for {him / her} alone.

ALLWORTHY

Insolent!
 This climax of iniquity all bonds doth sever:
 I'll suffer you no longer – I cast you off for ever!

WESTERN

Begone, ungrateful hussy! Quit my sight!

CHORUS

Shame upon you! Shame upon you!

TOM and SOPHIA

For aye, my love!
 Abidingly,
 And ever hope shall dwell in my heart,
 And all life long,
 Like a sad, sweet song,
 Bring happiness when we're apart.
 So say, my love,
 Confidingly,
 That nothing shall break the tie
 That has bound us so fast,
 And shall hold to the last,
 As you bid me good-bye!

CHORUS (Sopranos)

For ever, love,
 Abidingly,
 Awakens hope in every heart,
 And all life long,
 Like a sad, sweet song,
 Brings happiness to those apart.

The way of love,
 Betidingly,
 May seem to be all awry;
 But, brave to the last,

Be not sad and downcast,
 Though 'tis saying good-bye!

CHORUS (mezzo-sopranos, tenors, basses)

Discretion overrides romances,
 And, in spite of sorrowing glances,
 With the present circumstances
 They must both comply.
 [How] painful 'tis young hearts to sever
 E'en may be for ever and ever;
 See how bravely they endeavour
 To [smile and] say good-bye!

CHORUS

Be brave to the last,
 Although you say goodbye!

ACT II

An Inn at Upton

[11] Opening Chorus: Hurry! Bustle!

Hurry! Bustle!
 Serving men and wenches;
 Clear away the pewter pots,
 Polish up the benches.
 House is full of gentlefolk,
 Stable full of coaches;
 Hurry! Bustle! Hurry! Bustle!
 Quality approaches.

HOSTESS

Desist! I am no foolish maid
 Who thinks that every idle varlet
 Is an Adonis, because he's paid
 To swagger in a coat of scarlet.

OFFICER

Rank treason! Come, a rebel here we've found;
 She shall pay for her offence in flagons round,
 And in her own good wine the King's health drink!

CHORUS The King! The King! The King!**OFFICER and CHORUS**

We red-coat soldiers serve the King,
 To the tow row row
 Of noisy drum and fife!
 It sets the maids a-capering,
 So who shall blame us if we cling
 To the tow row row,
 Row row row row,
 In love as well as strife?
 No cooing ditties do we sing,
 Or sigh, or so demean us;
 Old Mars he made Olympus ring
 With a tow row row,
 Row row row row,
 When he went a-courting Venus.

Dan Cupid leads us to the fray,
 With a tow row row
 Of noisy drum and fife;
 And scattering terror and dismay
 O'er rustic ranks in hodden grey,
 With a tow row row,
 Row row row row,
 We capture wench and wife!
 When wit and wine have won the day,
 We leave them sad and sorry,
 And shoulder arms, and march away
 With a tow row row,
 Row row row row,
 For a distant field of glory.

[12] Song: "A Person of Parts"**PARTRIDGE and CHORUS**

Benjamin Partridge, a person of parts,
Vers'd in the healing and medical arts;
Fortune or weather prepared to foretell;
Doctor, Adviser, and Barber as well.
Come, and I'll shave you, and, if you are ill,
Blister and bleed you and throw in a pill;
Bring you back cheap from the edge of the grave –
The closer you're fisted, the closer the shave.

Benjamin Partridge, a quack if you will;
Scholar, and marvel of surgical skill;
Lather and lancet, Perruquier, Leech –
Omnium gatherum, something of each!

Ready to physic whatever you please,
Give it a name, and I kill the disease!
Cup for a fever or sweat for a chill;
Draw you a tooth, or a boil, or a will;
Caudle a baby or powder a wig;
Water divine by the turn of a twig;
Dance a down-derry or drone you a hymn;
Set you a riddle or set you a limb.

Benjamin Partridge, a quack if you will; &c.

[13] Song: "Dream o' Day Jill"**SOPHIA**

"I'll wear a petticoat of mus-a-lin," said Dream o' Day Jill,
"And a great gilded coach shall carry me
To the church on the hill,
When somebody comes to marry me –
A gentleman great of noble estate –
At the church on the hill," said Dream o' Day Jill!
[Heigh ho! Heigh ho!]
For nobody less shall marry me!
It's hey dilly, dilly, dilly, call the ducks from the pond,
There are cows to be milked in the meadow beyond;
There are eggs to take to market and grist to the mill,
And who'll make a pretty lady of Dream o' day Jill!

All in her petticoat of mus-a-lin goes Dream o' Day Jill,
And her own pretty feet, they carry her
To the church on the hill,
Where somebody waits to marry her;
And, poor though he be, right gladly goes she,
For "Yes!" with a will said Dream o' Day Jill,
[Heigh ho! Heigh ho!]
To the first one who came to marry her!
It's hey dilly, dilly, dilly, call the ducks from the pond
There are cows to be milked in the meadow beyond;
But she brought eggs to market, as wise maidens will
Who sigh to be pretty ladies, like Dream o' day Jill!

[14] Song: Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit**GREGORY and CHORUS**

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit oi niver did zee,
But they zay oi remarkably tuk after 'ee.
When Feyther first saw me to Mawther 'e said,
"Who, 'tis Uncle Jan Tappit arose from the dead!"
Wi's
"Hee Dobbin! Ho Dobbin!
Gee Dobbin! Whoa Dobbin!
Zummerset medders fer clover!"
Zays Feyther to Mawther, "Just luk at 'is nose!
'E nobbut wants snuff-coloured breeches and 'ose;

Odd drat 'ee!
And 'ang 'ee!
Luk at 'ee –
Who, dang 'ee!
'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over!"

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit was tender of 'eart,
And whoile kissin' a wider vel out ov a caart
W'at was loaded with 'ay, an' wuz picked up ver dead;
But by marcifol Providence vell on 'is 'ead –

Wi's
"Hee Dobbin! Ho Dobbin!
Gee Dobbin! Whoa Dobbin!
Zummerset medders fer clover!"

An' my schoolmaister zaid, "Waarm your breeches oi wull,
Vur oi caan't get no larnin' insoide ov your skull!"

Odd drat 'ee!
And 'ang 'ee!
Luk at 'ee!
Who, dang 'ee!

'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over!"

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit wuz voolish, they say,
Fer 'e wud go a-zeekin' ov mushrooms in May;
But 'e niver went out without vindin' a 'are
W'at 'ad some 'ow or other got catch'd in a snare.

Wi's
"Hee Dobbin! Ho Dobbin!
Gee Dobbin! Whoa Dobbin!
Zummerset medders fer clover!"

But when oi went a-zeekin' ov mushrooms, ver sure,
They did gaol me vur poachin': and Zquire, 'e zwore:

"Odd drat 'ee!
And 'ang 'ee!
Luk at 'ee –
Who, dang 'ee!

'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over!"

Gurt-Uncle Jan Tappit, 'e jilted a maid,
An' 'er 'eart it wuz broken in for iver, she zaid;
An' she zpoke 'im zo zimple and touched 'im zo zore,
That they thought as 'e'd zmile agin niver no more;

Wi's
"Hee Dobbin! Ho Dobbin!
Gee Dobbin! Whoa Dobbin!
Zummerset medders fer clover!"

When a waggon ran over my vace an' oi laid
All a-zwoundin', they said: "'E's been jiltin' a maid;

Odd drat 'ee!
And 'ang 'ee!
Luk at 'ee!
Who, dang 'ee!

'E's Uncle Jan Tappit all over!"

[15] Jig: With a fal la la**CHORUS**

With a fal la la.

[16] Chorus: My Lady's coach**CHORUS**

My Lady's coach has been attached
By highwaymen, with pistols loaded, and faces blacked.
Lawks a mussy! Where be? Say!
Adown by coppice,
Alack! Alack-a-day!

HOSTESS

Your noise her Ladyship alarms –
She swoons in her preserver's arms.

CHORUS

So let 'un bide together – nay,
We be not wanted, then come away.
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
[Come] away.

[17] Song: As all the maids**HONOUR**

As all the maids and I, one day,
Were in the meadow a-making hay,
There came the lane a-tittuppin' down,
A gentleman fine from London Town;
And oh! he looked at me –
He looked askance at me!
I felt my cheeks go flamin' red;
I hadn't got eyes in the back of my head,
But I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me [, heigho]!

We lasses all stopped makin' hay,
And curtsied low to his bright "Good-day."
The other maids wore petticoats fine –
They'd kilted them higher, indeed, than mine;
But oh! he looked at me;
He looked askance at me.

That he was tall and brave I knew,
Tho' never a glance at him I threw;
But I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me [, heigho]!

Said he, "I'm going to London Town;
I've lost my way across the down.
If one of you maids will show the way,
A kiss for the service I will pay!"
And oh! he looked at me –
He looked askance at me!
So, lest he lost his way again,
I took him as far as the top of the lane:
For I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked,
I knew that he looked at me [,heigho]!

And when I showed him the way to go,
He lightly stooped to his saddle bow,
With, "Here's a kiss and a silver crown,
And come with me, sweet, to London Town!"
And oh! he looked at me –
He looked askance at me!

But when I found the heart to cry,
"Kind sir, d'ye see any green in my eye?"
Oh, the way that he looked,
The way that he looked,
The way that he looked at me [,heigho]!

[18] Laughing Trio: You have a pretty wit**HONOUR, PARTRIDGE and GEGORY**

You have a pretty wit, sure-lie,
Hee, hee, ho, ho!
And for a keyhole what an eye,
Hee, hee, ho, ho!
I do admit the point I missed
'Till you put me in the vein
And gave the joke a merry twist
That made it plain as plain.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Then
Let's be merry while we may,
'Tis better to be blithe and gay,
Than cry the live-long day!
Then
Come, we'll bury care away!
Hee! hee! ho! ho! hee! hee! ho! ho!
[And] be merry, merry while ye may.

Thy humour driveth folk to tears
Hee, hee, ho, ho!
And hath he not prodigious ears!
Hee, hee, ho, ho!
I vow no scandal doth escape
Them, be it near or far,
And while the dullards are agape
I catch the joke, and there you are!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Then
Let's be merry, &c.

[19] Song: "A Soldier's Scarlet Coat"
(lyrics by Harry Beswick)**TOM and CHORUS.****TOM**

A coat! a coat!
A soldier's scarlet coat!
A coat so rare
For a lad to wear
When bright the swords are flashing;
Its martial flame
Lights men to fame
Where guns are loudly crashing.
In fierce attack,
At siege or sack,
The scarlet coat is ever leading;
Before its hue
Fall maidens too,
In spite of all their pretty pleading.

CHORUS

Then
Sing Old Rose and let the bellows burn!
Sombre liv'ries much I spurn,
Scarlet bright is the tint for me.
Lusty lads of the West Countree,
Of the merry West Countree!

TOM

Red wine! Red wine!
The sparkling crimson wine!
Good wine for me
Of Burgundy
That from the beaker gushes!
It rids your heart
Of ev'ry smart,
Your complaints it calms and hushes.
Its bouquet rare
Beyond compare
Gives pleasure to the thirsty fellow;
Ripe wine and old
Is more than gold,
And makes a man both wise and mellow.

CHORUS

Then
Sing Old Rose and let the bellows burn, &c.

[20] Song: Love maketh the heart**SOPHIA and CHORUS****SOPHIA**

Love maketh the heart a garden fair
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down),
 And beautiful thoughts are the blossoms there
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down).
 Gardener Love, and he singeth a song
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down),
 As he tendeth it all day long!
 With a hey derry down, with a derry down!

CHORUS

Hey derry down,
 Hey derry down-a!

SOPHIA

But one day the garden a cold wind sears
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down),
 In vain you water it with your tears
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down),
 Every blossom, it droopeth its head
 (With a hey derry down, with a derry down);
 All are withered, and love is dead.
 With a hey derry down, with a derry down!

CHORUS

Hey derry down,
 Hey derry down-a!

[21] Finale**SQUIRE WESTERN.**

Where be my daughter?
 Marry, I'll teach her!
 Where be she – where?

PARTRIDGE

There, within that room!

TOM

Squire Western!

WESTERN

Tom Jones!
 (Now I've caught her!)
 I want my daughter!

TOM

I have not seen her.

WESTERN

Come, she is in here!

CHORUS

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Ho, ho, ho, ho!
 A very fine imbroglia!
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley, oh!
 "The clue I hold!"
 And over rolled
 Sir Anthony Rowley, oh!

LADY BELLASTON

I know your secret now:
 You look for one above you.
 Poor, unhappy boy,
 To be the broken toy
 Of one who does not love you!

TOM

'Tis false! I vow 'tis false!

LADY BELLASTON

Aye, false is she, I vow,
 When evil fate betide you,
 To turn and fly.
 Your love were I,
 My place should be beside you!

TOM

Oh! say not so!
 I know
 She loves me, tho'
 Our parting may be perchance, for ever,
 She will forget me never!

CHORUS

The maiden who
 Is fond and true
 And faithful to
 Her love, will ever stand beside him,
 Whatever may betide him,
 Though all the world deride him,
 And with her cheering presence waken hope anew!

LADY BELLASTON

Forget, forget
 You ever met
 This maid false-hearted!
 To turn and fly.
 Your love were I,
 My place should be beside you!

OFFICER

A toss for fickle maids!
 Their coin has not the proper ring.
 Cry fie! On them, for sorry jades,
 And be a soldier of the King!

TOM

Aye, that will !! [*Spoken*]

'Tis better to lie in a ditch, I swear,
 With your weazen neatly slit,
 Than eat your heart out in despair
 For a heartless jilt who does not care
 A jot for it.

'Tis better to love and march away,
 Or in a tavern sit,
 And drink good liquor all the day,
 And leave a kiss behind to pay
 The shot for it!

For a soldier's life
 Has honour and glory abounding;
 Shrill-tongued fife
 And bugle for ever resounding.
 Kiss-me-quick-my-loves in plenty,
 Comely maids of sweet-and-twenty!

OFFICER

Come, come, come!
 The soldier follows the drum,
 And the lasses follow the soldier.

CHORUS

For a soldier's life, &c.

TOM (to Partridge).

Say! What have you there?

HOSTESS [*Spoken*]

A lady's muff!

TOM

I seem to know it. Ah me!
And yet – and yet – it cannot be!
The paper that is pinned thereon,
Whose writing bears it? Sophia Western!

HOSTESS

'Tis the young lady's who hath lately gone away.

TOM

Fool! Fool! Now am I undone!
Say where is she?

CHORUS

She's on the road to London –

TOM

Good horses, quick! Come, let's be gone!
Stay my purse –
Bah! 't has nothing in it!
Then will I go afoot.

LADY BELLASTON

I must not lose him yet.
You are embarrassed, I am in your debt –
Ay, that and deeply; pray command me.
I go to London also,
And my coach is at your service.
Lend me your kind protection.

TOM

Ah, madam!
How can I thank you?

Come, who knows, my luck may turn –
If not, I'll yet be a soldier.

CHORUS

His luck may turn –
If not he'll be a soldier.

TOM, LADY BELLASTON and CHORUS

For a soldier's life
Has honour and glory abounding;
Shrill-tongued fife
And bugle for ever resounding.
Kiss-me-quick-my-loves in plenty,
Comely maids of sweet-and-twenty!
Come, come, come!
The soldier follows the drum,
And the lasses follow the soldier!

The soldier's life is one of fame and glory,
The soldier's life is praised in song and story;
The soldier talks of victory [in battle],
The din of the cannon's rattle,
The sound of the drum.
Then hey, for the life of a soldier;
And march away.

ACT III

Ranelagh Gardens

[1] Morris Dance (Orchestra) &**[2] Gavotte****CHORUS**

Glass of fashion,
Mould of form,
Acme of elegance,
Height of gentility;

Modish town, and eke Arcadia,
These art thou, O Ranelagh.
Mark our airs,
Our conversation,
Cut of coat and hang of gown;
Each of them
An education
In the manners of the town.

[3] Song: "The Green Ribbon"**HONOUR and MALE CHORUS****HONOUR**

All for a green ribbon
She walked to the Fair,
As a May morning early
Broke crimson and pearly,
And the lark sang tira-lira
High up in the air.

CHORUS

And all for a green ribbon
She walked to the Fair;

HONOUR

And all for a green ribbon
To tie in her hair.
Ah! well may men make jolly O
O'er maidens and their folly O!
All for a green ribbon to tie in her hair!

HONOUR

All for her two brown eyes
A lad at the fair
Said, "I'll buy you a fairing,
A fal-lal for wearing,
If you'll dance with me a measure –
The fiddler waits there."

CHORUS

And all for a green ribbon
She walked to the Fair;

HONOUR

And all for a green ribbon &c.

HONOUR

All for a lad's asking
She stole from the fair;
And he spoke her so straightly,
She, wondering greatly,
Fell a-blushing, but gave him
Her heart, then and there,

CHORUS

And all for a green ribbon
She walked to the Fair;

HONOUR

And all for a green ribbon &c.

[4] Song: If love's content**TOM**

If love's content lie in the spoken word,
Then must a more accomplished tongue than mine
Be eloquent, and I remain unheard
Where facile wit o'er humbler gifts doth shine.
I have no wealth of words – no courtier's art,
With store of honey'd speech my love to greet;
And can no more than bring a beating heart,
And, asking nothing, lay it at her feet.

Come, then, fortune, or ill befall,
 Go heart, wavering never;
 And if she deem the offering small,
 Yet will I love her ever.
 Come, then, happiness or despair,
 It asketh nothing but to live and die for her.

If she be kind, and, as may well befall,
 Seal with her sweet and rosy lips my joy,
 Then shall I find fair thoughts and speech withal,
 And in her homage every hour employ.
 Her form, her face, her beauties manifold
 The very well-springs of my heart shall stir;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever me withhold:
 My latest sigh shall be in praise of her.

Come, then, fortune, or ill befall, &c.

[5] Barcarolle

CHORUS

Beguile, beguile,
 With music sweet,
 The soft and charmed hour of night;
 And pile, O pile
 At beauty's feet
 Fair flowers for her delight.
 E'en as the birds
 In yonder grove
 Attune their notes for ears polite,
 So let the words
 We sing of love
 Be only such as gentle thoughts invite,
 Lest they her innocence affright.

Hail, hail to the fair!

[6] Recitative and Waltz Song: Which is my own true self? / For to-night

SOPHIA

Recitative

Which is my own true self?
 I who here to-night
 Do stand amazed to find a world so bright?
 Or she who crept
 Last night her pillow to,
 And slept, and wept,
 The hours alternate through?
 Or I, or she,
 Waking will prove anon;
 An' this a dream be,
 Let the dream go on!

Waltz Song

For to-night, for to-night,
 Let me dream out my dream of delight,
 And purchase of sorrow a moment's respite
 I am dazed,
 Like a lark that has gazed
 On the sun, in his flight.
 Let me sing! Let me sing!
 For I waver and swing
 Between madness and gladness to-night.

[7] Trio: Says a well-worn saw

HONOUR, PARTRIDGE and GREGORY

HONOUR

Says a well-known saw, and a deep one,
 And lovers believe it true,
 That what's enough to keep one
 Is ever enough for two.

PARTRIDGE and GREGORY

If that be true,
 Enough for two
 Is logically plenty
 For four – and thus
 'Tis plain to us
 We might go on to twenty.

HONOUR

Saws, saws, wise old saws!
 Give them all their due,
 And let us pay respect to-day
 Their ancient wisdom to.

OMNES

Pause, pause, seek not flaws:
 Let rip old age content 'ee;
 Bow to them and pass 'em *nem-
 Ine dissentiente.*

HONOUR

As you make your bed you must lie there,
 Another old saw doth say;
 Then do not wakeful sigh there,
 But merrily snore away.

PARTIDGE and GREGORY

And thankful be
 Eternally
 That straw is cheap and plenty.
 When joys do come
Ad libitum
 They may go on to twenty.

Saws, saws, wise old saws! &c.

[8] Melos (Orchestra under dialogue)

[9] Finale: Hark, the merry marriage bells!

SOPHIA, HONOUR, TOM and CHORUS

Hark, the merry marriage bells!
 Ding dong, ding dong!
 Ding dong, ling-a-long
 Come, you swains and damosels,
 Ding dong, ding dong!
 Bring the ring along.
 Quick! you maids with cheeks like roses,
 Go you, gather pretty posies;
 Hale the happy man along –
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 [Long, ding dong!]
 Bring his wavering mind to reason,
 Hymen's never out of season:
 Wedding bells ring aye the same.

For
 Lord and Lady,
 Squire and Dame,
 Goodman Gossip,
 Hodge and Audrey!
 Come, you swains and damosels,
 Keep the merry marriage bells
 Ringing, ringing,
 Ding dong, ding dong!
 Ring the merry marriage bells!

With a fal la la.

ADDITIONAL MUSICAL NUMBERS

[10] Song: "A Foundling Boy"

TOM

No care knew I when life began
 Fair boyhood's gifts on me to shower;
 A happy lad, I played and ran,
 Enjoying every changing hour.
 The golden days that swiftly sped
 Were innocent of all alloy;
 I only wondered when they said
 I was a little foundling boy.

But as I grew in youth and pride,
 And heard it said with covert sneer,
 Full many a time I turned aside,
 And strove to check the rising tear.
 Untutored yet, I felt the sting,
 And in the midst of every joy,
 I knew it was a shameful thing
 To be a foundling boy.

When manhood came it ill had fared
 With any man who flung the taunt;
 But love came in and, hapless, bared
 The grisly spectre, grim and gaunt.
 I dared to love, and so became
 An outcast, pure misfortune's toy;
 Possessing naught beyond the name
 They gave a little foundling boy.

[11] Song: By night and day

SOPHIA

By night and day he thinks of me, I know,
 It must be so!
 For 'mid the stream of thoughts that come and go,
 That ebb and flow
 From joy to woe,

One thought is constant, and it whispers low –
 He loves me! Though
 The nights are weary and the days are slow.

Hurry, O Time,
 The moments quickly tell
 From matin chime
 To lone of vesper bell;
 And let me dream o' nights to soothe the pain
 Of waiting, till we meet, we meet again.

Like bird ensnared I chafe my wings, and yet
 I love the net!
 The more for that it ceaseth not to fret,
 And will not let
 Me once forget,
 While through the meshes, oft with fears beset,
 With straining eyes and wet
 I look and hope – the hope that dulls regret.

Hurry, O Time, &c.

[12] Trio: Come away with me, my deary

SOPHIA, HONOUR and TOM

Come away with me, my deary,
 Let us leave the noisy town,
 Of its ways I'm grown a-weary,
 Hey! for dimpled dale and down!
 There's a wealth of honey'd blisses
 Lie a-waiting you and me;
 Come, and we will count with kisses,
 All the miles to Arcadée!

Come, come merrily back,
 Back to Somersetsheer!
 Then hey for a shay!
 Gallop away!
 Or if you think it best, my dear,
 Saddle a nag, and ride a-pillion,
 Back, back, merrily back,
 Back to Somersetsheer!

Let to-morrow morning find us,
 As it dawneth dusk and grey,
 Leaving carking care behind us,
 O'er the hills and far away!
 Here ye grow as pale as lilies,
 Cheeks a-blushing please me best;
 Come with me, my Amaryllis,
 Gather roses in the West!

Come, come merrily back, &c.