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98. Hey-ho-boy (Polka) ... ...
99. In rich clusters (Waltz) ...
100. Spring Song (Schottische) ...
101. The Ferry (Cavatina) ... ...
102. Youth (Waltz) ...

BOOK 20.

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109. The Swing ...
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BOOK 24.

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Dawn, gentle Flower (No. 8) ... W. S. Bennett
Daisy Dell (No. 2) ... A. Scott Gatty
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Patience ... E. A. Thorne
To the Berthold Tours ... G. A. Macfarren
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Angry Words ... W. Macfarren
The River ... Arthur Sullivan
Father, whate’er of earthly bliss ... J. Barnby
Brotherly Love ... J. W. Elliot

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I thank the goodness and the grace ... E. J. Hopkins
Dosh that flourish ... E. J. Hopkins
A Tree stood on a Mountain ... G. M. Garrett
The Lesson of Love ... J. Barnby
The Lily of the Valley ... Berthold Tours
Gentle Jesus ... S. Westmacott
The immensity of God ... W. Macfarren
The Quiet Mind ... E. A. Thorne
When the wintry wind is blowing ... Oliver King
Against Idleness and Wasting ... J. W. Elliott
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Humility ...
How glorious is our Heavenly King ... Macfarren
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BOOK 41.

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From Vol. 2. of “The School Music Review”
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236. The Mathematical Genius ...
237. Bully Toms ...
238. Frenés ...
239. Old England’s Heroes ...
240. Early rising ...

Single numbers from 14d. to 3d.

July, 1911

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
THE IDEA

HUMOROUS OPERETTA FOR CHILDREN

IN TWO ACTS

WORDS BY

FRITZ B. HART

MUSIC BY

GUSTAV HOLST.

(PRISE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)
Tonic Sol-fa Edition, price 6d.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLN AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

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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 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 (his wife).**

**MAX (a Sentry).**

**MONA (a knitting woman).**

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 COPPLE CODDLE.

(Sir COTTON WOOLER.

(Sir COTTON WOOLER.
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THE IDEA.

ACT I.

No. 1. Introduction, Chorus, and Solo (Sentry).—"WE COME WITH ANXIOUS HEARTS TO LEARN."

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Holst—The Idea
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.)

Chorus (angrily to each other)

Doh in E.

We come with anxious hearts to learn The
doctor's last report;.. Tread softly, we must make no noise Or

sound of any sort... Except perhaps in whispers soft, For

Holst—The Idea.
Sentry reads:—

"The Prime Minister has passed a good night and is decidedly stronger this morning."

Signed | 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.)

Chorus:

Hey for Sir Coddle, He's brains in his noodle, He's brains in his noodle, I ween;... And

as for Sir Wooler, Of learning he's full and His equal has ne'er been seen.

Holst—The Idea.
Sentry marches down stage to footlights, a.

Maestoso ma con moto.

Sentry
mf
molto rall.
Adagio, a tempo.

1. Our minister is very ill, He's really very, very ill, None

2. At first when he was very bad, Was really very, very bad, It

worse in our dominion; But since I thought the matter o'er, I think he'll soon be seen'd to me—a dominion, That he would sink beneath sickness fell, But now I...think he'll

we'll once more.) Fal la la la la la la la la! At least, that's my o...
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 Codle Codle
Sir Cotton Wooler.

The populace may express its satisfaction *farte.*
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 (angrily).—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—

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

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

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

(Walks to and fro with a determined look.)

will do wholly.

Holst—The Idea.
I beg to state, my dear, I always per-severe
in mat-ter, where a per-son

(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 Bouguio.*

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 (solemnly and distinctly).—Come here! (they obey
respectfully). Sit down. (They sit down.) The
new edition of the poet Bouguio!

Queen (aesse 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 "Boffo."
Sentry. —Pigs! (reads with intense feeling).
All day long the Piglets snort,
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—
Naughty—naughty—naughty
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 it is then overcome himself. They both collapse.)

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

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 (laughing). —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 overwrought appreciation of Bozho, aside). —Snort, snort, snort, all! (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, a 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 (gushingly). —Excuse me, but, much as we should like to, we really cannot stop.

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

Sentry. —As Bozho 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:"
High Art for its aim; 
Your subjects now will know
Great intellects can grow,
And recognize how wrong to range "scant brain pow'r" with your

All Three.

name... Hurrah! hurrah! Truth wins the day, And well 'tis won, we

King and Queen (aside).

ween... The sentry lad is surely mad, We'll not provoke his

ween... Without a doubt truth 'e'er will out, No mask its might... may

Holst—The Idea.
Sentry (repro).—"Metaphysically mad, 
Mad—mad—mad."

Enter Mona, knitting.

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

Mona.—Tell me the idea.

Sentry.—Is it funny?

Sentry (in painful surprise).—Funny! Bougu, 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 
Bougu—

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 Bougu—

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 Bougu 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, &c., 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 people, come, Come one and all, 
With voice no longer dumb Your welcomes call; For on this happy day You'll

Holst—The Blue.
see once more Your Minis-ter, and say, With hip-hip-hip hooray, His ill-ness now is
Chorus (entering—King and Queen enter first).
voice no long-er dumb Our welcomes call; For on this hap-py day We'll
see once more Our Min-is-ter, and say, With hip-hip-hip hooray, His
King rushes forward.

King.

Illness now is o'er.

My people, peace, one minute, Your

song you must not din— My ears won't stand it; Stop, I command it!

How could you e'er be-

Chorus (penitently).

Sentry.

begin it? How could we e'er begin it? Oh, thoughtless people, don't you see

Queen

(to King).

deaf-en him with all your joys, Your noise is such a noisy noise, So cease oncemore and silent be. But

Holst—The Idea.
(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 intellect is not too gay; Make

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

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

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!

Roke.—The idea.

King.—No?

Queen.—Really?

Prime Minister.—Yes! Really!
Allegretto.

**Prime Minister.**

1. I have actually had an idea; this is true though it may sound queer.

2. When a thought came to me, as no thought as could be.

**Dok is D.**

(To one another with gestures of surprise.)

Chorus.

1. An idea— that is queer,

2. His idea— oh! how queer,

Thou'rt sadly deficient in tact,

Thou'rt ve fancied my brain would not act,

He's

How we

You

You

act-ually had an idea,

wonder what was that idea,

8226
can't get away from the fact... That I've actually had an idea... can't get away from the fact... That when an idea came to me...

He's When

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.
(To Chorus on r.)

bow, For he deserves great credit. Good people, bow, good people, bow. He's

Chorus. (All bow.)

thought a thought and said it. We bow, your Majesty, we bow. We know you're not mis-

Queen (to Chorus on L.)

...taken, And to his merits now we vow. That we at last a-waken. Good

(To Chorus on n.)

people, kneel, good people, kneel. Oh, bend before his glory. Good people, kneel, good

Holst—The Idea.
people, kneel, I will shine in song and story. We kneel, your Majesty, we kneel. We

know you judge him right-ly, That he's a ge-ni-us now we feel, And so we kneel po-

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

hey, sing so, sing hey, ... We bless this hap-py day, ... For we have found a

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

[Music notation]

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

[Music notation]

ho, sing hey, sing ho, .

[Music notation]

[Music notation]

Bose—The Idea.
If it is found desirable to shorten this Dance the bars between ♩-♩ may be omitted.

Horn—The Idea.
No. 5

Chorus—"OUR SYSTEM NEW IS BEING TRIED."

Curtain—Scene

Moderato.

as before, without bulletin. Chorus discovered at work, boys doing the girls' work, and girls doing the boys'. Men are doing men's go, while the Sentry is doing her knitting. The Queen is trying to understand some state documents. The King is making very nice pudding, while the Prime Minister is sweeping with a very large broom.

Chorus with Principals.

Note is G.

Our system new is being tried, but in our hearts there's lurking a dreadful doubt; we can't put out. For we

question if it's working. The details are—we knew it well before 'twas tried—ex:

Holst—The Idea.
Acting; But drear dismay is to-day, The system don't seem acting.

Andante.

1st Chorus Girl (or Queen).

Ah me! Ah me! How sad are we, for no one knows if we all be on head or toes.

Sentet.

Allegro con spirito.

His idea of course may bring Our minister renown, But
will it be well-earned, for it seems to me he's turned. The whole world upside down.

Chorus.

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

(King comes forward.)

s'pose you thought the matter o'er ere I

(Sentry)

this conclusion you did draw, And gave us your opinion. Oh,
yes, I... thought the matter over Ere this conclusion I did draw, Fal
B.B.B.,

la la la la la la la la la! And that is my opinion. Just

list to his opinion, just list to his opinion, Fal la la la la

la la la la! Just list to his opinion.

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

Holst—The Idea, C

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 darning it!
1st Boy.—Well, all I can say is, that if you darn it much tougher; there won’t be any stockings 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 (shouting).—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.—Poh!
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.

[Music notation]

Deh!—E♭.

Allegretto scherzando.

P sempre staccato.

Shall I command “do that,”
You cannot well gain—say me.

Holst.—The Idea.

6896
careful you do not neglect To treat my wishes with respect, Re - gard as law my slightest word," Or

Alta marcia.

you'll re - gret this day oc - curred. Should't you 'gainst me re

Alta marcia.

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

Queen (frightened).

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

Careful you do not neglect To treat my wish-es with re - gard as law my slightest word, Or

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

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

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

Adagio.

(Caroline begins to walk off first.)
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. (Sigh) Ah!
Mona.—Cruel work? not a bit of it—it's knitting.
(Sighs.) Oh! I nearly dropped it that time.

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 (significantly).—Oh, never mind me, we have
our duty to do and we must do it.
Mona (solemnly).—Alas, yes.

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

\begin{music}
\begin{musicstaff}
\begin{musicsegment}
\text{Andante quasi Adagio.}
(Mona goes up stage marching 
very stiffly and awkweirdly.)
\text{Mona (marching down stage 
very slowly).}
\text{Doh is G.}
\end{musicsegment}
\begin{musicsegment}
\text{Andante quasi Adagio.}
\text{f pesante.}
\text{roll.}
\end{musicsegment}
\end{musicstaff}
\end{music}

I'd do my sentry turn, Could I but learn The
Doth hold me in is thrall, For should it fail, Good
\text{D.t.}

Eolus—The Idea

\text{254569}
Enter Queen, reading. Sentry resumes knitting.

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

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

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

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 Bougo 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 Bougo?

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! (bicking 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 Bougo.

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 Bougo; I'm cut out;—you cat out—and I'm the most miserable man in the whole world! (Exit in tragic despair.)

Queen.—The knitting has torned 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 polly 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 polly pudding.

King.—So I do, my own—intensely—but listen.
No. 8. **Song (KING).—"IN BYEGONE DAYS WHEN YOU DID RULE."**

**Allegretto.**

1. In by-gone days when you did rule, The wondrous sweet to taste revenge, And roost (and still you do it), Though in a different kind of way, And now—as then—I rue it. But I have vowed I'll taste it; I have the opportunity, And don't intend to waste it; For

roost (and still you do it). Though in a different kind of way, And now—as then—I rue it. But I have vowed I'll taste it; I have the opportunity, And don't intend to waste it; For

I am talking of the days When you overlooked 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

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

Hold—The idea.
(Taking a roly poly pudding tied up in a cloth from his pocket.)

saying— I intend to give you roly poly pudding,

And I intend that you shall eat roly poly pudding,

(Spoken.)

Until you are perfectly sick of roly poly pudding, so we'll

(Dance round the Queen holding up the pudding.)

have it for breakfast and dinner you'll see. We'll have it for supper and five o'clock tea. Ha!

H好—The Idea.
ha! ho, ho! ha! ha! ho, ho! For luncheon and supper and five o'clock

{ t̊ t̊ t̊ n̊ n̊ d̊ n̊ t̊ n̊ s̊ n̊ d̊ s̊ n̊ d̊ l̊ l̊ l̊ l̊ s̊ s̊ }

tea.

{ d̊ d̊ DANCE. }

f

cres. ed accel.

Presto.

Holst—The Idea
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" not me.

Prime Minister.—But don't you see—

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

King (crushing 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).—Reproach!

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. Solo (King, Queen, Prime Minister and Caroline).—"HE HAS DONE HIS BEST."

Allegro vivace.

Caroline.

He has done his best And I'd like to know What more a man can do; He was not possessed With a foolish jest When he did suggest His great idea to you. Good sir, you took the

King (to Prime Minister).

Rolat.—The Idea.
people in, Not meaning, to strike 'em: But if you're not, a rogue'tis proved. You

must be mad and so we're moved. To find you an asylum!

King and Queen.

Queen alone.

Yes, find you an asylum! Of course, we feel it

sounds too bad. But if Prime Ministers go mad,
They must be placed With utmost haste In a lunatic asylum.

Prime Minister.

I would that the wretched idea, had never once entered my head,
It brought nothing but sorrow, perhaps a madhouse to-morrow,
Or if not, a prison instead. I wish, oh! I wish I was dead.

Holst - The Idea.
You wish you was dead; pray take care, The word that you use should be
"were;" . You must not say "was." My dear sir, because, We've rules to obey, And
grammar books say, The present subjunctive is "were," Your syntax will make us des-
Prime Minister (repetitiously). (Spoken.)
pair. . I should, I admit, have said "were," But stay, I have an

Holst—The Idea.
Other Deal

The Others.

Oh, horror! an-other Deal!

Poco più lento.

Now list just one moment and we. Will all right as ninepence soon

Poco più lento.

f Adagio. a tempo.

be;

Why not go back to the old state of things? And I will go

Adagio. f a tempo.

rall.

bail with my head That it brings back the happiness ban-

rall.

ishel through
Vivace assai. (All wildly delighted). (All Four.)

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

Vivace assai.

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

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

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

Holst—The Idea.
won't risk a third one 'tis clear.

Dance.

p a tempo.

Seca.

Hols—The Lion.
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.

Chorus.

His notion was so very poor, So really very, very poor, It

up-set our domin-ion; But since he's said he'll think no more, All ministers he'll

Hoist—The Idea.
rank before; Fa la la la la la la la la la! At least that's my opinion.

Chorus and Other Principals.

Just list to his opinion, just list to his opinion; Fa la la la la la la la! At least that's my opinion.

All.

Sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, . We bless this happy day, . For
ever-more. Our trials are o'er, Sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, sing

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

he, sing hey, sing ho, sing hey,

(Curtain.)

Holst—The Idea

THE END.
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**BOOK 65.**

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**BOOK 74.**

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**BOOK 102.**

UNISON SONGS FOR CHILDREN

From “The School Music Review”

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**BOOK 117.**

SEVEN UNISON SONGS

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*Staff only.*

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**BOOK 122.**

SIXTEEN NATIONAL SONGS

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**BOOK 123.**

THE WREXHAM CHIMES;

OR, “FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE.”

A SERVICE OF SONG, BY M. F.A.

**BOOK 134.**

CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS

There was silence in Bethlehem’s fields

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<tr>
<td>The Star in the East</td>
<td>H. Leslie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bells of Christmas</td>
<td>R. H. Logue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Eve</td>
<td>N. W. Lade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Eve</td>
<td>A. McFat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Golden Carol</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Stainer</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Richards</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Christmas Tree</td>
<td>S. G. Cooke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol, Christmas Children</td>
<td>A. McFat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas comes but once a year</td>
<td>Peelall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poor’s Head Carol</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditional</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once in Royal David’s City</td>
<td>H. J. Gauntlett</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BOOK 148.**

NINE UNISON SONGS

From “The School Music Review”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Light Is Fading (No. 83)</td>
<td>M. B. Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You are old, Father’s Words</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William (No. 95)</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>...</td>
<td>R. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beautiful Song</td>
<td>Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>MacDonald</td>
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<td>Beautiful World (No. 101)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carroll</td>
<td>John E. West</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Dragoons (No. 123)</td>
<td>J. Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sailor’s Song (No. 126)</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haydn</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toilers down below (No. 125)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Brown</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Song of the Spider (No. 132)</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridge</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Wind (No. 134)</td>
<td>G. Raffles</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BOOK 149.**

NINE NATIONAL AND FOLK-SONGS

From “The School Music Review”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Flowers of the Forest (No. 202)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scotch Air</td>
<td>Callender Herrin’ (No. 106)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caller Herrin’</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geome, Lances and Lads (No. 109)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Old English</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Home, sweet Home (No. 114)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bishop</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Here’s a health unto His Majesty (119)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Drury</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Heart of Oak (No. 121)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bay of Biscay (No. 122)</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derry</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronnie Dundee (No. 124)</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotch Air</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Young May Moon (No. 130)</td>
<td>Irish Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Staff only.*

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**LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.**

(Tab. 192.)
TWO-PART SONGS—GRADE II. (Easy).

NOVELLO’S SCHOOL SONGS.

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BOOK 86.

Everyday Songs for Boys and Girls, in Two Parts (1st Set)

A B
471. The City of Light E. J. Troup 1/6 8d.
472. Raise your standard brothers 6d.
473. Come, friends, the world wants mending 6d.
474. Marching Song 6d.
475. Splendour of the Morn 6d.
476. One step at a time 6d.
477. Sweet is the pleasure 6d.
478. When love draws near 6d.
479. Be not swift to take offence 6d.
480. If I were a Voice 6d.
481. Evening Song 6d.
482. The Fountain 6d.
483. Years are coming, years are going 6d.
484. If you cannot on the ocean 6d.
485. Would you gain the best of life? 6d.

BOOK 87.

Everyday Songs for Boys and Girls, in Two Parts (2nd Set)

A B
486. To-day E. J. Troup 1/6 8d.
487. I wake this morn 6d.
488. Spring Song 6d.
489. O it’s said that Truth is gold 6d.
490. True worth 6d.
491. We need it every hour 6d.
492. See the rivers flowing 6d.
493. What is the law of thy beauty? 6d.
494. Bells of Mercy 6d.
495. Oh, would you be a sunbeam 6d.
496. Beautiful faces 6d.
497. We hold our lives like lily flowers 6d.
498. I live for those who love me 6d.
499. Three Worlds 6d.
500. Ring out, wild bells! 6d.

BOOK 88.

Everyday Songs for Boys and Girls, in Two Parts (3rd Set)

A B
501. Echoes E. J. Troup 1/6 8d.
502. Together to be 6d.
503. Morning is shining 6d.
504. The day is done 6d.
505. Welcome Song 6d.
506. Sing, let us sing 6d.
507. Help one another 6d.
508. Daisy, pretty daisy 6d.
509. What can I do to-day 6d.
510. Little by little 6d.
511. I’ll make my life a little light 6d.
512. One little star in the starry night 6d.
513. If I cannot be a sunbeam 6d.
514. Lightly, brightly, cheerily go 6d.
515. A little daisy showed us head 6d.
516. An owl that lived in s hollow tree (Unison) 6d.

BOOK 105.

Six Two-Part Songs

From “The School Music Review”

A B
517. Playtime (No. 29) J. L. Roecell 1s. 4d.
518. The Harvest Dance (No. 27) M. B. Foster 6d.
519. All among the barley (No. 41) Elizabeth Stirling 6d.
521. Come o’er the woodland (No. 60) Kettley 6d.
522. The stars were shining (No. 57) J. Booth 6d.

BOOK 106.

Six Two-Part Songs

From “The School Music Review”

Welcome, bright dawn (No. 58) Roecell 6d.
523. Christmas Day (No. 31) F. J. Cowen 6d.
524. O lonely night (No. 50) L. L. Roecell 6d.
525. Hall, Jules (No. 61) Hande 6d.
526. Sleep, gentle lady (No. 65) H. B. Bishop 6d.
527. The fall of the leaf (No. 74) Macfarren 6d.

BOOK 118.

Five Easy Two-Part Songs

A B
528. In Mary’s garden Ethel M. Boyce 6d.
529. Higher, higher C. Hobly 6d.
530. Butterfly fairies A. Somervell 6d.
531. Spring Bowrets B. M. Ramsey 6d.
532. Hour of golden noonside J. L. Roecell 6d.

BOOK 132.

Six Two-Part Songs

A B
533. The coming of May Ethel M. Boyce 6d.
534. Paint set, fear not H. Smart 6d.
535. Happy Spring walks G. L. Osagood 6d.
536. Rolin Bedreamt H. Elliot Button 6d.
537. Persons’ Song E. M. Boyce 6d.
538. Spring is come Ethel M. Boyce 6d.

BOOK 133.

Eighteen Two-Part Songs

With ad lib. Pianoforte Accompaniment

Voice Parts, Staff only. 6d.

BOOK 135.

Christmas Songs and Carols

A B
539. The Wassail Song... Traditional 6d.
540. Merry Christmas Time... B. M. Ramsey 6d.
541. O lovely night... G. Fox 6d.
542. I hear along our street... T. Facer 6d.
543. Now Is Christmas Time... W. W. Pearson 6d.
544. Christmas Bells... E. Rogers 6d.
545. Christmas Holiday Song... T. Facer 6d.

BOOK 150.

Eight Two-Part Songs

From “The School Music Review”

A B
546. Little Golden Hair E. J. Labbett 1s.
547. Whispering Wind (No. 67) B. G. Mitchell 6d.
548. Fairy Elves (No. 30) Cuthbert Harris 6d.
549. Merry Snow-white Fairies (No. 93) Joceli 6d.
550. The old green lane (No. 99) G. Rattbone 6d.
551. If happy the heart of a child (No. 112) B. Langley 6d.
552. The Fisherman’s Song (No. 125) T. Facer 6d.

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