VOCAL SCORE
OF
PATIENCE;
OR,
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

BY
W. S. GILBERT
AND
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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PATIENCE;

OR,

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

-Colonel Calverley
-Major Monkatroyd
-Lieut. the Duke of Dunsable
-Reginald Bunthorne (a Fickle Poet)
-Archipal Grovesnor (an Idyllic Poet)
-Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor

Chorus of Officers of Dragoon Guards.

The Lady Angéla
The Lady Saphir (Rapturous Maidens)
The Lady Ella
The Lady Jane
Patience (a Dairy Maid)

Chorus of Rapturous Maidens.

ACT I. ... ... ... ... ... Exterior of Castle Bunthorne.
ACT II. ... ... ... ... ... A Glade.
PATIENCE;
OR,
BUNTHORNE’S BRIDE.

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Vocal Score
CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Andante. $\frac{j}{4} = 66.$

Twenty love-sick maidens we,
Love-sick all against our will.

Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still!
Twenty love-sick maidens we, 
And we die for love of thee!

Love-sick all against our will.
Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still!

Solo. Angela.

Love feeds on hope, they say, 
or love will die—Ah.
ANGELA.

misere! Yet my love lives, although no hope have

CHORUS.

Ah, misere! Alas, poor heart, go

hide thyself away. To weeping cords

CHORUS.

tune thy roundelay. Ah, misere! All our love is all for

one. Yet that love he heedeth not. He is

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coy and cares for none, Sad and sorry is our lot! Ah,

S O L O. E L L A.

Go, breaking heart.

Go, dream of love requited!

Go, foolish heart.

Go, dream of lovers
plight ed; Go, mad cap heart, Go,
dream of never waking; And is thy

dream For get that thou art break ing!

CHORUS.
Ah, mis erie! For get that thou art break ing!

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CHORUS.

Twenty love-sick maidens we,
Love-sick all against our will.

Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still.

Ah, miserable!
RECITATIVE—(Patience.)

Patience.

Still brooding on their mad infatuation! I thank thee, Love, thou comest not to

me,

Far happier I, free from thy ministration, Than dukes or

Saphir.

duchesses who loved, can be! 'Tis Patience—
happy girl! loved by a poet!

PATIENCE.

ANGELA.

Your pardon, ladies. I intrude upon you! Nay, pretty child, come

PATIENCE.

hither. Is it true That you have never lov'd? Most true in-

CHORUS. SOPRANI.

CONTRALTI.

indeed. Most marvelous! And most deplorable!

Attacca Song.
Allegretto grazioso. \( \dot{q} = 76 \)

**PATIENCE.**

I cannot tell what this love may be
That cometh to all but not to me.
It cannot be kind as they'd imply,
Or why do these ladies sigh?
It cannot be joy and rapture deep,
Or why do these gentle ladies weep?
It cannot be blissful as 'tis said,
Or why are their riten.\[17218\]
eyes so wondrous red?

Though every

where true love I see

A-coming to

all, but not to me, I cannot tell what this love may be!

For I am blithe and I am gay, While they sit sighing night and
day; For I am blithe and I am gay. Think of the gulf twixt them and

CHORUS.

Yes, she is blithe and she is gay.

Yes, she is

me. Think of the gulf twixt them and me. Fal la la la

blithe and gay.

Yes, she is blithe and gay.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mi _. se_ric!

Ah, mi_. se_ric!
If love is a thorn, they show no wit
Who foolishly hug and foster it.
If love is a weed, how simple they
Who gather it day by day!
If love is a net, 'tis that makes you smart,
Then why do you wear it next your heart?
And if it be none of these, say I,
Alas, why do you sit and sob and rifen.
sigh? Though ev'ry where true love I see
A-com'ing to all, but not to me I cannot tell what this love may be. For I am blithe and I am gay, While they sit sighing night and
day! For I am blithe and I am gay. Think of the gulf twixt them and me,
For she is blithe and she is gay.

For she is blithe and gay, For she is blithe and gay,
Fal la la la blithe and gay, Fal la la la blithe and gay.

Ah, miserie!

ad lib.
CHORUS TENORS,

The soldiers of our Queen Are link'd in friendly to ther; Up.

BASSES.

The soldiers of our Queen Are link'd in friendly to ther; Up.

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on the battle scene They fight the foe together. There ev'ry mother's son Pre.

Par'd to fight and fall is; The en-e-my of one The en-e-my of all is The

en-e-my of one The en-e-my of all is!

en-e-my of one The en-e-my of all is!
Allegro, $J = 138$.

Solo. Colonel.

C

If you want a receipt for that pop, u, lar mys, te, ry. Known, to the world as a Heavy Dragoen...
CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Take all the remarkable

people in history. Rattle them off to a popular tune.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
pluck o' Lord Nelson on board of the Victory—Genius of Bismarck de-
want a receipt for this soldier-like paragon, Get at the weath of the

vising a plan; The humour of Fielding (which sounds contradictory—
Czar (if you can)—The family pride of a Spaniard from Aragon—

Coolness of Paget about to trepan—The science of Julian, the
Force of Mephisto to pronouncing a ban—A smack of Lord Waterford,

eminently musical—Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne—The
reckless and rollicky—Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan—The
Pathos of Pud-dy, as render'd by Bou-cicaut—Style of the Bish-op of keen pen-e-tration of Pud-ding-ton Pol-la-ky—Grace of an O-da-lisque

So-for and Man—The dash of a D'Or-say, di-vest-ed of quack-e-ry—on a di-ven, The ge-nius stra-te-gie of Cæ-sar or Man-i-bal—

Na-ra-tive pow-ers of Dick-ens and Thae-ke-ray—Vic-tor Em-man-u-el—
Skill of Sir Gar-net in thrash-ing a can-ni-bal—Fla-voir of Ham-let-the

peak-haunting Pe-ve-nil—Tho-mas A-qui-nas and Doc-tor Sa-che-ve-rell-
Stran-gler, a touch of him-lit-tle of Man-fred (but not ve-ry much of him)—
Tupper and Teneyson—Daniel Defoe—Anthony Trollope and
Beadle of Burlington—Richardson's show—Miller and

Mis. ter Gui. zot! Ah!
Madame Tus. saud!

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

Take of these el e ments all that is fusible—

yes, yes! A Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon, a
Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible—Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,—

Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon, a Heavy Dragoon—

And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum! is the residuum!

1. 2.

2. If you
No. 4.  CHORUS, with SOLOS.—(Angela, Ella, & Bunthorne.)

Allegretto amoroso. \( \text{\( \dot{=} \) 68} \)

PIANO.

ELLÀ with 1st SOP.
ANG. & SAP. with 2nd SOP.

In a doleful train Two and two we walk

day— For we love in vain! None so sorrowful as they
Who can only sigh and say, Woe is me, a-

lack - a - day! Woe is me, a - lack - a -

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

A - day! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A

thorough-paced absurd - i - ty - ex - plain it if you can. In - stead of rush - ing ca - ger - ly to

cherish us and fos - ter us, They all pre - fer this mel - an - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. In

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stead of slyly peering at us, casting looks, sneering at us, blushing at us, flushing at us—

flirting with a fan; They're actually sneering at us; sneering at us, jeering at us!

Pretty sort of treatment for a military man! They're actually sneering at us, sneering at us, jeering at us! Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!

17218
Andantino, (d = 88,)
SOLÓ: ANGELA

Mystic poet, hear our prayer, Twenty love-sick maidens

Young and weary, dark and fair— All of country

Family, And we die for love of thee!

Twenty love-sick maidens we! Yes, we die for love of thee—

V: The crotchets in this movement are equal to the minims in the preceding one. The Conductor therefore should not change his beat throughout.

17218
Twenty love-sick maidens wet

Though my book I seem to scan In a rapt ecstatic way, Like a literary man Who despises female clay; I hear plainly all they say, Twenty love-sick maidens they! He hears plainly all they say, Twenty love-sick maidens
Sndantino. \( (d = 66) \)

SOLO. SAPHR.

they! Though so exc. el. lent. ly wise,

For a mo. ment mor. tal be, Deign to raise thy

pur. ple eyes From thy heart-drawn po. e. sy.

Twen. ty love-sick maid. ens see— Each is kneel. ing on her

CHORUS of MAIDENS.

kneel! Twen. ty love-sick maid. ens see—

17218
Each is kneeling on her knee!

Allegro come I. (d, 46)

I remarked before, anyone convinced would be that some transcendental

love is monopolizing me, round the corner I can see each is

CHORUS, DRAGOONS.

kneeling on her knee! Round the corner he can see each is kneeling on her

knee! Now is not this ridicolous—and is not this preposterous? A thorough-paced ab-
In a dragoons, I
sur-di-ty-rid-i-cu-lose-pre-post-er-ous! Ex-plain it if you can.
Now
dole-ful train Two and two we walk all
is not this re-di-cu-lose-and is not this pre-post-er-ous? A
thor-ough-paced ab-sur-di-ty-

day- For we love in vain! None so
plain it if you can In- stead of rush-ing e-a-ger-ly to
cher-ish us and fos-ter us, They
sorrowful as they  

Who can 

all prefer this melancholy literary man. Instead of slyly peering at us,

only sigh and say,

Casting looks endearing at us, Blushing at us, flushing at us—flirting with a fan; They're

Woe is me, a lack a

actually sneering at us, sneering at us, jeering at us! Fretty sort of treatment for a
Woe is me, a military man! They're actually sneering at us, sneering at us, sneering at us!

..lack a day! Twenty love sick

Pretty sort of treatment for a military man! Now is not this ridiculous and

maiden we— And we

is not this preposterous? They all prefer this melancholy literary man. Now
die for love of thee!

is not this ridi-cu-lous- and is not this pre-pos-ter-ous? They all pre-fer this mel-an-cho-ly,

Yes, we die for love of mel-an-cho-ly lit-er-a-ry man. Now is not this ri-di-cu-lous- and is not this pre-

thee!

-pos-ter-ous?
SONG.—(Colonel.)

Allegro marziale. $\approx 108.$

1. When I first put this uniform on, I said, as I looked in the glass,

"It's one to a million That will feel it her duty To yield to its glamour at once."

"It is plain to the prettiest dunce, That every beauty will surpass.

They will..."
lace has a charm for the fair, And I've plenty of that, and to
see that I'm freely gold-laced In a uniform handsome and

spare. While a lover's professions, When uttered in Hebraisms, Are
chaste. But the particulars of long-haired aesthetes Are

eloquent everywhere! A fact that I counted up,
very much more to their taste— Which I never counted up.

CHORUS.
- on, When I first put this uniform on! By a
- on When I first put this uniform on! By a
Andante. (d=96)

RECIT. BUNTHORNE.

Am I alone.

And unobserved? I am!

Then let me own I'm an aesthetic sham!

This air so...
vere Is but a mere Ve neer! This cyn mic

smile Is but a wile Of guile! This costume

chaste Is but good taste Mis placed!

Let me confess! A languid love for lilies does not blight me!

RECIT.

Con Pédale.
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do **not** delight me! I do **not** care for dirty greens.

By any means, I do not long for all one sees.

That's Japanese—I am **not** fond of uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes.

In short, my mediævalism's affection. Born of a morbid love of admiration!

**Allegretto grazioso. (d=72.)**

1. If you're
anxious for to think in the high aesthetic line. As a man of culture.
you must get up all the germs of the transcendental sense, and plant them every way. And convince me, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was culture's palmiest spleen. An attachment à la Plato for bashful young poeta, or a not-too-French Frenchman. You must tie up on the daisies and dis-course in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind. The meaning doesn't matter if it's onely idle chatter of a transcendental sense. For art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Joseph and, if you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval.
NO. 7.

DUET—(Patience and Angela.)

*Allegretto moderato.* $= 108.$

**PATIENCE.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

Long years ago,

fourteen, maybe

When but a tiny babe of four,

Another baby played with me,

My elder by a year or

more.

A little child of beauty rare,

With marvellous eyes and wondrous hair,
Who, in my child-eyes, seemed to me All that a little child should be!

Ah, how we loved that child and I. How pure our baby's joy! How true our love—and, by the bye, He was a little boy!

ANGELA.

Ah,
old, old tale of Cupid's touch! I thought as much--I

Pray

thought as much! He was a little boy!

Remember, pray--

member, pray, He was a little boy!

No doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The
Ah,

interesting fact remains—He was a little boy:

Yes, in spite of all my pains, The interesting fact remains—He
doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The interesting fact remains—He

was a little boy! He was a little boy!

was a little boy! He was a little boy!

e tempo f

dim.
NO. 8.

DUET.—(Patience and Grosvenor.)

VOICE.

Allegretto. $d = 92.$

GROSVENOR.

Prithee, pretty maiden—prithee tell me true.

PIANO.

(Hey but indolent, willow willow waly!) Have you ever a lover dangling after you?

Hey willow waly O! I would fain discover if you have a lover!

PATIENCE.

a tempo

Hey willow waly O! Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—
(Hey but he's doleful, willow willow waly!) No body I care for comes a-courting me-

Hey willow waly O! No body I care for Comes a-courting therefore,

GROSVENOR.

flyl.

Hey willow waly O! Prithee pretty maiden, will you marry me?

flyl.

(Hey but I'm hopeful, willow willow waly!) I may say, at once, I'm a

man of propriety-

Hey willow waly O! Morey, I despise it, But
many people prize it, Hey willow waly O! Gentle sir, although to
marry I design (Hey but he's hopeful willow willow waly!) As
yet I do not know you, and so I must decline, Hey willow waly O! To
other maidens go you As yet I do not know you, Hey willow waly O!

GROSVENOR.
Allegretto moderato. $J = 72$. 

FINALE—ACT I.
CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Let the merry cymbals sound, 
Gaily pipe Pan, do an}

and cre . 

s see .
do 

pleasure. 
With a Daphne phoric bound.

Tread a gay but classic measure. 
Tread a gay but classic mea .

B

Ev . 

ty heart with hope is

B
Fickle Fortune will decide Who shall be our Bun thorne's bride!

Ev'ry heart with hope is beating,

For at this exciting meeting Fickle Fortune will decide Who shall be our Bun thorne's bride! Let the merry cymbals
sound.

Gaily pipe Pan and an pleasure,

With a Daphne-bound bound.

Tread a gay but classic.

classic measure, Tread a gay but classic, classic measure, A

D Allegro alla marcia, \(d = 103\).

classic measure.

D

DUKE COL. and MAJ.-CHO. OF DRAGOONS.

TENORS and BASSES. Unit.

Now
tell us, we pray you, Why thus you array you—Oh poet, how say you—What is it you've done? Now tell us, we pray you, Why thus you array you—Oh poet, how say you—What is it you've done? Oh poet, how say you—What is it you've done? Of rite sacrificial, By sentence judicial, This seems the initial, Then why don't you run? They cannot have led you To
hang or behead you. Nor may they all wed you. Unfortunate one! Then

tell us, we pray you, Why thus they array you? Oh poet, how say you? What

RECIPI BUNTHORNE.

Is it you've done? Heart-broken at my Patient.co's bar. bar. rity.

By the advice of my solicitor, In aid— in aid of

a deserving charity. I've put myself up to be raf. fled for!

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BY THE ADVICE OF HIS SOLICITOR, HE'S PUT HIMSELF UP TO BE RAFFLED FOR!

Oh, horror! urged by his solicitor, he's put himself up to be raffled for!

Oh, heaven's blessing on his solicitor!

A hideous curse on his solicitor!
A blessing on his solicitor!

A curse, a curse on his solicitor!

*Allegro.* \( \text{q} = 108. \)

SOLO. COLONEL.

Stay, we implore you, Before our hopes are blighted! You

see, before you The men to whom you're plighted!

CHORUS. TENOR.

Stay, we implore you, For we adore you: To

CHORUS. BASSES.

Stay, we implore you, For we adore you: To
us you're plighted To be united

us you're plighted To be united

everyone done

Stay, we implore you, we implore you!

Stay, we implore you, we implore you!

Andante con tenerezza. $\approx 60.$

SOLO. DUKE.

Your maiden hearts, ah, do not steal! To pity and quest ap.

(aside.)

Such conduct British soldiers feel. (Sigh, sigh, all sigh!) To
Freeman's steel we rarely see
A British soldier bend the knee,
Yet.

(aside)

One and all, they kneel to ye-
(Kneel, kneel, all kneel)
Our soldiers very seldom cry,
And yet I need not tell you when
A tear dropdews each martial eye.

(aside)

(Weep, weep, all weep)

Chorus of Maidens.

Chorus of Dragoons.

Our soldiers very seldom cry,
And

We soldiers very seldom cry,
And
A tear-drop dews each manly eye!

yet they need not tell us why—

yet we need not tell you why—

A tear dews each eye!

Weep, weep, all weep!

Weep, weep, all weep!

martial eye!

 Allegro vivace. \( \text{\textbackslash l} \text{112} \).

Solo. Runthorne.

Come walk up, and purchase with avidity. Overcome your diffidence and
natural timidity. Tickets for the raffle should be purchased with a
timidity. Tickets for the raffle should be purchased with a

Put in half a guinea and a husband you may gain—Such a judge of blue-and-white, and

other kinds of pottery—From early Oriental, down to modern terracotta—

Put in half a guinea—you may draw him in a lottery—Such an opportunity may

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

not occur again Such a judge of blue-and-white, and other kinds of pottery—From
early Oriental, down to modern rectory. Put in half a guinea— you may
draw him in a lottery— Such an opportunity may not occur again.


We've been thrown over, we're aware. But

we don't care— But we don't care! There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it, As

good as ever came out of it, And
some day we shall get our share.
So
we don't care—so we don't care!

RECIT. BUNTHORNE.

And are you going a ticket for to buy? Most certainly I am;

BUNTHORNE.

why should not I? Oh, Fortune, this is hard! Blindfold your eyes;

A tempo moderato.
Two minutes will decide who wins the prize! Oh, Fortune,
to my aching heart be kind; Like us, thou
art blindfolded, but not blind! Just raise your bandage,
thus, that you may see. And give the prize, and give the
prize to me!
Come, Lady Jane, I pray you draw the first! He loves me best! I want to know the worst!

Allegro vivace. \( \dot{q}=144 \)

Hold! stay your hand!

What means this interference? Of

What means this interference? Of
this bold girl I pray you make a clearance!

way with you, away with you, and to your milk-pail.

BENTHORSE.

She wants a ticket! Take a dozen!

there be pardon in your breast for this poor penitent.

PATIENCE.

No!

Who,
with remorseful thought oppressed, sincerely doth repent. If you, with one so lowly; still desire to be allowed.

Then you may take me, if you will, for I will be your bride.

Oh shameless one! Oh bold-faced thing! Away you
run—Go, take your wing, Ah.
Oh, shameless one, Oh, bold-faced
thing!
Go, take your wing, You shameless
Away you run—Go, take your wing, You shameless
one! You bold-faced thing!
How
one! You bold-faced thing!
strong is love! For many and many a week, She's lov'd me

fondly and has feared to speak, But Nature, for restraint too

mighty far, Has burst the bonds of Art-

And here we

RECIT. PATIENCE.

are!

No, Mister Bunthorne, no—you're wrong a gain, Per-mit me—T'll en-

deac're your to ex-plain!

Clar.Solo.
Andante. \( \textbf{p} \)

True love must single-hearted be
From every selfish fancy

Free-
No idle thought of gain or joy,

Exactly so!

Exactly so!

Maidens' fancy should employ
True love must be without alloy.

Exactly so!

\( \textbf{MEN} \)
SAPHIR.

Are you resolv'd to wed this shameless one?

Is there no chance for any

BUNTHORNE.  Andante con moto. \( \text{J = 84} \).

OTHER? None!

PELLA.

I hear the soft note of the

SAPHIR.

I hear the soft note of the

ANGELA.

I hear the soft note of the

DUKE.

I hear the soft note of the

MAJOR.

I hear the soft note of the

COLONEL.

I hear the soft note of the
echoing voice Of an old old love, long dead-
It whispers my sorrowing
cresc.

heart "rejoice" For the last sad tear is shed-
The pain that is all but a
B \[ p \]

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

CHORUS: \[ p \]

Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

B \[ p \]

Yes, the pain that is all but a pleasure will change For the pleasure that's all but pain, And

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never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

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never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range from that old old love again!
never this, never our hearts will range.

never our hearts will range. From that old old love again! Oh never, oh never our hearts will range. From that old old love again! Oh never, oh
never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

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never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never our hearts, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!

never our hearts, oh never our hearts will range From that old old love again!
E. ANGELA.

But who is this, whose god-like grace Proclaims he comes of noble race? And who is this, whose manly face Bears sorrow's interesting trace?

CHORUS.

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Proclaims he comes of noble race?
I am a broken-hearted troubadour, Whose mind’s aesthetic and whose

tastes are pure!

the-tic! He is aes-the-tic! Yes, yes— I am aes-

the-tic And po-e-tic! Then, we
it's un selv fish, goodness knows, you won't dispute it, I suppose!

shell-like ears, ah! do not close to blighted love's distracting woes!

shell-like ears, ah! do not close to blighted love's distracting woes!

shell-like ears, ah! do not close to blighted love's distracting woes!

shell-like ears, ah! do not close to blighted love's distracting woes!

shell-like ears, he does not close to their recital of their woes!

Colonel & Major.

My jealousy I

(bunthorne) My jealousy I
(grosvenor) Again my cursed

words imperfectly express! Yes, those shell-like ears, ah.

words imperfectly express! Yes, his shell-like ears he
can't express. Their love they openly confess! Their love they openly confess, con-
can't express. Their love they openly confess! Their love they openly confess, con-

do not close To blight ed love's distracting woes! To blight ed love's distracting woes, its
do not close To their recital of their woes! To their recital of their woes, their
Ah!

Oh list while we our love confess That words imper. sect.

My jealousy I can't express. Their love they open.

A'gain my cursed gene. lines. Spread hope, lessen, anguish.
And I shall love you, I shall love. Your ears, ah, do not

Thy shell-like ears, ah, do not close To love's distracting

His shell-like ears he does not close To love's distracting

and distress; Thine ears, oh For tune, do not close To love's distracting

His shell-like ears. He does not close To love's distracting
To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

A thorough paciﬁableness, explain it if you can, explain, explain,

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

To blighted love's distracting woes! To love's, to

A thorough paciﬁableness, explain it if you can, explain, explain,

17218
Act II.

No. 1.

RECITATIVE and SONG. (Jane.)

Moderato. $d = 104.$

Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year,
Sees, one by one, her beauties disappear;

When Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs,
Impatiently begins to dim her eyes!

Compelled at last, in
life's uncertain gloamings,
To wreath her wrinkled brow with well saved

"combing;"
Reduced, with rouge, lip-salve, and pearly grey,

To "make up" for lost time, as best she may!

Andante moderato. $L: 89$.

Silver'd is the raven hair—Spreading is the parting straight,

Mottled the complexion fair, Halting is the youthful gait. Hollow is the laughter free.
Spectacled the limpid eye, Little will be left of me, In the
coming bye and bye! Little will be left of me, In the coming bye and
bye!

Fading is the taper waist, Shapeless grows the shapeless limb, And although he
.v.are. .1y.laced, Spreading is the .f. i.g.u.re .tr.im! Stout.er than I used to be,

still more cor. pu. lent grow I— There will be too much of me in the

coming bye and bye! There will be too much of me in the

coming bye and bye!
CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Andante. 3 7 9 9.

MAIDENS.

Turn, oh turn in this direc·tion. Shed, oh shed a gentle smile:

With a glance of sad perfection. Our poor sainted hearts beguile!

On such
eyes as maidens cherish Let thy fond adorers

gave, Or incontinently perish, In their
dim.
all-consuming rays! Or incontinently

perish. In their all-consuming rays!
dim.

17218
SONG—(Grosvenor, and Chorus of Maidens.)

Allegretto, \( \frac{3}{4} \) 72.

PIANO:

GROSVENOR.

A magnet hung in a hardware shop, And all around was a

loving crop Of scissors and needles, nails and knives, Offering love for

all their lives: But for iron the magnet
felt no whim, Tho' he charmed Ionit
charmed not him. From needles and nails and knives he'd turn. For he'd set his love

[CHORUS OF MAIDENS. GROSVENOR.
_ on a Silver Churn! _ A Silver Churn! A
Silver Churn! His most aesthetic. Very magnetic

Fan.-cy took this turn— "If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Why not a Silver Churn?" His most ascetic. Very magnetic.

Fancy took this turn—"If I can wheedle A knife or needle, Why not a Silver Churn?"

GROSVENOR.

And the iron and steel expressed surprise, The needles o'er their well-drilled eyes, The pen-knives felt 'shut up'; no doubt, The scissors declared themselves 'cut out'!
The kettles they built with rage, 'tis said,

While ev'ry nail went off its head, And

hither and thither began to roam, Till a hammer came up

and drove them home.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

It drove them home?

GROSVENOR.

It drove them home; While this magnetic...
Peripatetic Lover he lived to learn, By no endeavour Can

magnet ever Attract a Silver Churn! While this magnetic,

Peripatetic Lover he lived to learn, By no endeavour Can

magnet ever Attract a Silver Churn!

atempo
SONG.—(Patience.)

1. Love is a plaintive song, Sung by a suffering maid.

2. Rendering good for ill, Smiling at every frown.

PATIENCE.

1. Telling a tale of wrong, Telling of hope betray'd.

2. Yielding your own self-will, Laughing your tears dropped down.

Tuned to each changing note, Sorry when he is sad, Blind to his every trouble, or pain to stir: Everthing for motive, Merry when he is glad! Merry when he is glad!

him, Nothing at all for her! Nothing at all for her!
Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is always new, That is the love that's pure.
Love that will aye endure, Though the rewards be few, That is the love that's true.

Love that is always new, That is the love that's pure.
Though the rewards be few,

That is the love that's true!
DUET.—(Jane and Bunthorne.)

Allegro vivace (4:126)

1st Verse JANE.
So go to him and say to him, with compli-ment i-

2nd Verse BUNTHORNE.
I'll tell him that un- less he will con- sent to be more

JANE.
-ron-i-cal-
1st Verse BUNTHORNE.
"Your

(Sing "Hey to you—good day to you—and that's what I shall say!")

2nd Verse JANE.
(Say "Booh to you—pooch pooch to you—and that's what you should say!")

BUNTHORNE.
joc- u- lar-
To

17218.
style is much too sanctified—your cut is too canonical—

(Sing "Bah to you—ha!"

(Sing "Bah to you—ha!

cut his curly hair and stick an eyeglass in his ocular—

"I was the beau ideal of the

hal to you"—and that's what I shall say!)

hal to you"—and that's what you should say!

To stuff his conversation full of
morbid young aesthetic—To doubt my inspiration was regarded as he-

quibble and of quiddity, To dine on chops and roly-poly pudding with a-

re-tical—Until you cut me out with your placidity e-meti-cal."

vi-di-ty. He'd better clear away with all convenient rapid-ity.
"Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you—and that's what I shall say! Sing "Booh to you"—pooh,

"Hey to you—good day to you—and that's what you should say!

Sing "Booh to you"—pooh,

Sing "Hey to you—good—pooh to you"—and that's what I shall say! "Hey,

Sing "Hey to you—good—pooh to you"—and that's what I shall say! "Hey,
-day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing "Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you"—And

Good-day,

Bah,
ha!

day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing "Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you"—And

Good-day, Bah, ha!

that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing "Bah to you"—ha!

Booh, pooh, pooh,

that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing "Bah to you"—ha!

Booh, pooh, pooh,
17218.
TRIO.—(Duke, Major, and Colonel.)

Andante. $\frac{3}{4} = 63.$

DUKE.

It's clear that mediæval art alone retains its zest.

MAJOR.

To

It's clear that mediæval art alone retains its zest.

COLONEL.

It's

clear that mediæval art alone retains its zest.

To
charm and please its devotees we've done our little best. We're not quite sure if

all we do has the Early English ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's something

like this sort of thing; You hold yourself like this, You

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hold yourself like that, By hook and crook you try to look both

angular and flat. We venture to expect That what we recol.

lect. Though but a part of true High Art, will have its due effect.
If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You can't get high.$\text{Æs.}$

If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You can't get high.$\text{Æs.}$

If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid; You can't get high.$\text{Æs.}$

the tie tastes like trousers, ready made. True views on Medievalism.

the tie tastes like trousers, ready made. True views on Medievalism.

the tie tastes like trousers, ready made. True views on Medievalism.
Time alone will bring. But, as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of thing:
You hold yourself like this.

By hook and crook you try to look both angular and flat. To
cul.tivate the trim, Rig.id.i ty of limb, You ought to get a

Mar.ionette, and form your style on him.
No. 7. QUINTETTE—(Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major, and Colonel.)

 Allegretto. $ \frac{\text{dynam}}{\text{tempo}} = 112.$

**DUKE.**

1. If Sa-
2. If on

...phir I choose to marry, I shall be fixed up for life; Then the Col. need not
Angy I de-

...mine, At my wedding she'll appear Decked in diam-

...major.

**MAJOR. 1st Verse.**

...ry, An-
gela can be his wife In that case unprecedented, Single

...mine. Major then can take Sa-

**COLONEL. 2nd Verse.**

...case unprecedented, Single

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I shall live and die— I shall have to be contented With their heart-felt sympathy!

Saphir.

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

Angela.

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

Duke.

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

Major.

He will have to be contented With their heart-felt sympathy!

Colonel.

He will have to be contented With our heart-felt sympathy!

2nd v. our

2nd v. their
DUKE.

After some debate in...

...eternal. If on neither I decide, Saphir then can take the

Colonel, Angry be the Major's bride! In that case unprecedented, Single

I must live and die— I shall have to be contented With their heartfelt sym-
SAPHIR. *p* a tempo

ANGELA. *p*

He will have to live contented with our heart-felt sympathy!

M. ANGELA. *p*

to live contented with their heart-felt sympathy!

COLONEL. *p*

He will have to live contented with our heart-felt sympathy!

In that case unprecedented, single

In that case unprecedented, single

In that case unprecedented, single

In that case unprecedented, single

In that case unprecedented, single

In that case unprecedented, single
he will live and die, He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy.

I shall live and die, I shall have to be content with their heartfelt sympathy.

he will live and die, He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy.

he will live and die, He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy.

. . thy! He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy! He will . .

. . thy! He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy! He will . .

. . thy! I shall have to be content with their heartfelt sympathy! I shall . .

. . thy! He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy! He will . .

. . thy! He will have to be content with our heartfelt sympathy! He will . .
have to be contented With our heartfelt sympathy!

have to be contented With their heartfelt sympathy!

have to be contented With our heartfelt sympathy!
No. 8.

Duet.—(Bunthorne and Grosvenor.)

Voice. (Vivace. q=132.)

When I go out of door,
Of damozels a score,
(All sighing and burning, And clinging and yearning)
Will follow me as before.
I shall, with cultured taste,
Dissipulah gone from past,
And 'High diddle diddle' Will rack as an 'idyll,' If I pronounce it
A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An

chaste! A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An

ultra-poetic, superlative, Out of the way young man! Con.

ultra-poetic, superlative, Out of the way young man!

receive me, if you can, An everyday young man: A commonplace type, With a

stick and a pipe, And a half-bred black-and-tan. Who thinks suburban "hope" More
fun than "Mon - day Pops": Who's fond of his dinn - er, An' doesn't get thinner On

bott - led beer and chops. A com - mon, place young man

A com - mon, place young man

mater - of - fact young man - A steady and sto - lid, y, jol - ly Bank - ho - li - day,
mater - of - fact young man - A steady and sto - lid, y, jol - ly Bank - ho - li - day,

Ev - e - ry - day young man!

Ev - e - ry - day young man! A Ja - pa - nese young man
blue and white young man—
Fran. ces.ca di Ri mi ni, mi mi ny, pi mi ny,

GROSTENOR.
Je ne sais quoi young man. A Chancery Lane young man—

Somerset House young man— A ver y de se cta ble, high ly re spec ta ble

BUNTHORNE.
Three penny bus young man! A pal lid and thin young man—
baggard and lank young man—
A green, er. y - yaller, y, Gros. ve. nor Gal. ler. y.

Foot-in-the-grave young man!
A Sew. ell and Cross young man—
A

How. ell and James young man—
A push. ing young part. i. cle—what’s the next art. i. cle—

Water. loo House young man!
Conceive me, if you can, A mat. ter-of-fact young

Conceive me, if you can, A crotch.et. ty crack’d young
No. 9

SONG.—(Grosvenor) and Chorus of Maidens.

Vivace. \( \frac{4}{4} \)-\( \frac{3}{4} \).

VOICE. \( p \) stacc.
Waterloo House young man, A Sewell and Cross young man, A
steady and stolid, jolly Bank holiday, Every day young man.

Chorus of Maidens.
We're Swears and Wells young girls, We're

Madame Louise young girls, We're prettily patterning,

cheerily patterning, Every day young girls.
FINALE.

No. 10.

Allegretto. (D. = 122.)

VOICE.

DUKE.

BUSTHORNE.

much debate internal, I on Lady Jane decide, Saphir now may take the

Col. nel, An. gy be the Major's bride! In that case un. pre. ce. dent. ed, Sin. gle

I must live and die, I shall have to be con. tent. ed With a tulip or li.
SAPHIR & ELLA.

ANGELA. He will have to be contented with a tulip or lilip!

DUKE. He will have to be contented with a tulip or lilip!

SUPTHORNE. He will have to be contented with a tulip or lilip!

COLONEL. He will have to be contented with a tulip or lilip!

In that case unprecedented, single

CHORUS. In that case unprecedented, single

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us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

 us will wed the o-ther, No-bo-dy be Bun-thorne's Bride!

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<tr>
<td>Eric Coates</td>
<td>&quot;The Maid and the Moon&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Fairies Tales of Ireland&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Our little Home&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Green Hills o' Somerset&quot;</td>
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<td>J. H. Poult</td>
<td>&quot;A prayer for freedom&quot;</td>
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<td>C. A. Liddes</td>
<td>&quot;The likes of they&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>William G. James</td>
<td>&quot;A moonlit lake&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;I was carried by a fairy&quot;</td>
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<td>Montague P. Phillips</td>
<td>&quot;Pale yellow Rose&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Only a Violin&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Nothing ventures&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Wild Flowers&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Billy and me&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;A Dream Love&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Sing, joyous bird&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Hash't it in my lute&quot;</td>
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<td>Michael Mullin</td>
<td>&quot;A Smuggler's Song&quot;</td>
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<td>Lao Silbey</td>
<td>&quot;Star of my life&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. H. Breville-Smith</td>
<td>&quot;Morning in my garden&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Who keep the Sea?&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;O moon of golden roses&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Spy Cavalier&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Song of the Wagoner&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;There's only one England&quot;</td>
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