

- Meryll: *(going up to Phoebe)* Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.
- Phoebe: Oh! See, father—they bring the poor gentleman from the Beauchamp! Oh, father! His hour is not yet come?
- Meryll: No, no,—they lead him to the Cold Harbour Tower to await his end in solitude. But softly—the Lieutenant approaches! He should not see thee weep. *(He takes Phoebe down-stage L., as the Lieutenant enters, R., meeting Fairfax, who enters through archway, L., guarded by four Yeomen.)*
- Lieutenant: Halt! Colonel Fairfax, my old friend, we meet but sadly.
- Fairfax: *(coming to meet him, C.)* Sir, I greet you with all good will; and I thank you for the zealous care with which you have guarded me from the pestilent dangers which threaten human life outside. In this happy little community, Death, when he comes, doth so in punctual and business-like fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.
- Lieutenant: Sir, you bear this bravely, as a brave man should.
- Fairfax: Why, sir, it is no light boon to die swiftly and surely at a given hour and in a given fashion! Truth to tell, I would gladly have my life; but if that may not be, I have the next best thing to it, which is death. Believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss!
- Phoebe: *(aside to Meryll)* Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it! *(She weeps on his shoulder.)*
- Meryll: My poor lass!
- Fairfax: Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. *(Sees Meryll.)* Sergeant Meryll, is it not? *(to Lieutenant)* May I greet my old friend? *(Goes to Meryll, who is visibly moved, and shakes his hand.)* Why, man, what's all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly-fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow—we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well—for, in sooth, I have tried both.

(C)

2. Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a circled 'C' above the staff. The lyrics are: "2. Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay,". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a steady accompaniment with triplets in the right hand and a more active bass line.

count it not a whit! Man is well done — with it;

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a triplet of eighth notes above the staff. The lyrics are: "count it not a whit! Man is well done — with it;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including a triplet in the right hand and a bass line with some grace notes.

Soon — as he's born He should all means es-

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note with a slur. The lyrics are: "Soon — as he's born He should all means es-". The piano accompaniment features a triplet in the right hand and a bass line with grace notes. There are asterisks (*) under the piano part at the beginning and end of the system, and a "Ped" marking under the bass line.

say To put the plague a - way; And I, war -

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note with a slur. The lyrics are: "say To put the plague a - way; And I, war -". The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including a triplet in the right hand and a bass line with grace notes. There are asterisks (*) under the piano part at the end of the system, and a "Ped" marking under the bass line.

rall. un poco

worn, Poor cap - tured fu - gi - tive, My life most glad - ly —

colla voce

① *a tempo*

give — I might have had to live — an - oth - er

morn! I might have had to live, — to live an - oth - er

colla voce

p

(Phoebe, weeping, is led off L. by Meryll.)

morn!

f

tr

rit.

Ah, is not one so tied — A pris - 'ner still, A pris-'ner_ still?

rit. *dim.*

freely

Ah, is not one so tied — A pris - 'ner still? *a tempo*

p *f*

(A)

Free, yet in fet-ters held Till his last hour,—

Gyves that no smith can weld, No rust— de - vour!

Al - though a mon - arch's hand Had set him free,

Of all the cap-tive band The sad - - - - - dest

he, The sad - - - - - dest he! Of all the cap-tive band The

sad-dest, sad - - - - - dest he!

(*Enter Meryll, L.*)

Fairfax: Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

Meryll: Well enough, sir. She is quite strong again, and leaves us tonight.

Fairfax: Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

Meryll: Aye, deuce take the old witch! Ah, 'twas but a sorry trick you played me, sir, to bring the fainting girl to me. It gave the old lady an excuse for taking up her quarters in my house, and for the last two years I've shunned her like the plague. Another day of it and she would have married me! (*Enter Dame Carruthers and Kate, L.*) Good Lord, here she is again! I'll e'en go. (*going*)

Dame Carruthers: Nay, Sergeant Meryll, don't go. I have something of grave import to say to thee.

Meryll: (*aside*) It's coming.

Fairfax: (*laughing*) I'faith, I think I'm not wanted here.

Dame Carruthers: Nay, Master Leonard, I've naught to say to thy father that his son may not hear.

Fairfax: (*aside*) True. I'm one of the family; I had forgotten! (*He comes between them.*)

Dame Carruthers: 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

Fairfax: Aye, fair as a peach blossom — what then?

Dame Carruthers: She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

Fairfax: With all my heart. She's as dainty a little maid as you'll find in a mid-summer day's march.

Dame Carruthers: Then be warned in time, and give not thy heart to her. Oh, I know what it is to give my heart to one who will have none of it!

Meryll: (*aside*) Aye, *she* knows all about that. (*aloud*) And why is my boy to take heed of her? She's a good girl, Dame Carruthers.

Dame Carruthers: Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

Meryll: A married woman! Tush, old lady — she's promised to Jack Point, the Lieutenant's new jester.

Dame Carruthers: Tush in thy teeth, old man! As my niece Kate sat by her bedside today, this Elsie slept, and as she slept she moaned and groaned, and turned this way and that way — and, "How shall I marry one I have never seen?" quoth she — then, "An hundred crowns!" quoth she — then, "Is it certain he will die in an hour?" quoth she — then, "I love him not, and yet I am his wife," quoth she! Is it not so, Kate?

Kate: Aye, aunt, 'tis even so.

Fairfax: Art thou sure of all this?

Kate: Aye, sir, for I wrote it all down on my tablets.

Dame Carruthers: Now, mark my words: it was of this Fairfax she spake, and he is her husband, or I'll swallow my kirtle!

Meryll: (*aside*) Is it true, sir?

Fairfax: (*aside to Meryll*) True? Why, the girl was raving! (*aloud*) Why should she marry a man who had but an hour to live?

Dame Carruthers: Marry? There be those who would marry but for a minute, rather than die old maids.

Meryll: (*aside*) Aye, I know one of them!

No. 17. Strange adventure!

Quartet

Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, and Sergeant Meryll

Allegretto, tempo di Gavotta $\text{♩} = 76$

Allegretto, tempo di Gavotta $\text{♩} = 76$

p

The piano introduction consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system shows the four vocal parts (Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, and Sgt. Meryll) with rests. The second system shows the piano accompaniment in G major and 2/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is a simple, rhythmic line in the right hand, supported by a bass line in the left hand.

A Kate *f*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod - est maid and gal - lant

D. Carruthers *f*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod - est maid and gal - lant

Fairfax *f*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod - est maid and gal - lant

Sgt. Meryll *f*

1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod - est maid and gal - lant

A

The vocal parts are arranged in four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below each staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) at the bottom of the system. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The first system of the song includes the vocal entries for all four characters and the piano accompaniment. The second system shows the continuation of the vocal parts and piano accompaniment.

dim. *f*

seen! _____ Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! _____ While the fun - 'ral bell is

p *f*

seen! Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is

p *f*

seen! Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is

dim. *f*

seen! _____ Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! _____ While the fun - 'ral bell is

dim.

head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! _____
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! _____

p

head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a -

p

head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a -

dim.

head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! _____
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! _____

B

p *cresc.*

— Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
 — Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen year she

p *cresc.*

Green! Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
 boom! Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen year she

p *cresc.*

Green! Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
 boom! Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry;—Though but six-teen year she

p *cresc.*

— Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
 — Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen year she

B

f *dim.*

dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
 car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a

f *dim.*

dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
 car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a

f *dim.*

dy-ing,—For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
 car-ry,—She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a

f *dim.*

dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
 car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a

al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, — Tow - er tomb!

al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, — Tow - er tomb!

al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

(*Exeunt Dame and Kate, L., Meryll up L. through archway.*)

Fairfax: So my mysterious bride is no other than this winsome Elsie! By my hand, 'tis no such ill plunge in Fortune's lucky bag! I might have fared worse with my eyes open! But she comes. Now to test her principles. 'Tis not every husband who has a chance of wooing his own wife! (*going up C.*)

(*Enter Elsie, L. She is crossing to R.*)

Fairfax: (*Comes down C.*) Mistress Elsie!

Elsie: Master Leonard!

Fairfax: So thou leavest us tonight?

Elsie: Yes, Master Leonard I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

Fairfax: And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

Elsie: Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

Fairfax: Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

Elsie: It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

Fairfax: Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

Elsie: Thou? And of whom?

Fairfax: Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

Elsie: Of Colonel Fairfax?

- Fairfax: Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie – I love thee, ardently, passionately! (*Elsie is alarmed and surprised.*) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days – which is a long time – and I would fain join my life to thine!
- Elsie: Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!
- Fairfax: Jestings? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever – with a love that is a frenzy – with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?
- Elsie: (*aside*) Oh, mercy! What am I to say?
- Fairfax: Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?
- Elsie: (*crossing to L.*) I love all brave men.
- Fairfax: Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest them all, I withdraw my thanks.
- Elsie: I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen – I am not free – I – I am a wife!
- Fairfax: Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered – nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?
- Elsie: Oh, sir! Keep my secret – it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. (*looking anxiously around*) My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!
- Fairfax: The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!
- Elsie: It is very like. He is naught to me – for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die – and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!
- Fairfax: He was to have died, and he did *not* die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain! Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.
- Elsie: I now wish I had!
- Fairfax: (*aside*) Bloodthirsty little maiden! (*aloud*) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine – he will never know – he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie – we will be married tomorrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!
- Elsie: Master Leonard! I am amazed! (*crossing to R.C.*) Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed – not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty, and – oh, sir! – thy words terrify me – they are not honest – they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! Shame upon thee!
- Fairfax: Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee –
- (*Shot heard. Enter Meryll hastily, from Archway, L.*)