

(A) Phoebe

1. When
2. When

maid-en loves, she sits and sighs, She wan-ders to and fro; Un - bid - den tear-drops
maid - en loves, she mopes a - part, As owl mopes on a tree; Al - though she keen - ly

fill her eyes, And to all ques-tions she re-plies With a sad "Heigh - ho!"
feels the smart, She can-not tell what ails her heart, With its sad "Ah, me!"

meno mosso

'Tis but a lit-tle word - "Heigh - ho!"
'Tis but a fool-ish sigh - "Ah, me!"

B *a tempo*

So soft, 'tis scarce-ly heard - "Heigh - ho!" An i - die breath - Yet
Born but to droop and die - "Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of

life and death May hang up-on a maid's "Heigh - ho!"
el - o - quence Lies hid-den in a maid's "Ah, me!"

rit. **1.**

An i - die breath - Yet life and death May hang up - on a maid's "Heigh - ho!"
Yet all the sense - Of el - o - quence Lies hid - den in a maid's "Ah,

a tempo

2. C

me!" "Ah, me!" "Ah, me!"

Yet all the sense Of el - o - quence Lies hid - den - in a maid's "Ah,

colla voce

(Phoebe weeps.)

me!"

a tempo

f

* *Red* * *Red* *

(Enter Sergeant Meryll, R. U. E.)

Phoebe: (L. C.) Father! Has no reprieve arrived for the poor gentleman?

Sgt. Meryll: (coming down to her) No, my lass; but there's one hope yet. Thy brother Leonard, who, as a reward for his valour in saving his standard and cutting his way through fifty foes who would have hanged him, has been appointed a Yeoman of the Guard, will arrive today; and as he comes straight from Windsor, where the Court is, it may be—it *may* be—that he will bring the expected reprieve with him.

Phoebe: Oh, that he may!

Meryll: Amen to that! For the Colonel twice saved my life, and I'd give the rest of my life to save his! And wilt thou not be glad to welcome thy brave brother, with the fame of whose exploits all England is a-ringing?

Phoebe: Aye, truly, if he brings the reprieve.

Meryll: And not otherwise?

Phoebe: Well, he's a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men.

Meryll: *All* brave men?

Phoebe: Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me—they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and—

Meryll: And leaves thee pretty well to thine own ways, eh? Well, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather-brain, but thou'rt a good lass.

Phoebe: Yes, that's all very well, but if Leonard is going to tell me that I may not do this and I may not do that, and I must not talk to this one, or walk with that one, but go through the world with my lips pursed up and my eyes cast down, like a poor nun who has renounced mankind—why, as I have *not* renounced mankind, and don't mean to renounce mankind, I won't have it—there!

Meryll: Nay, he'll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phoebe! He's a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant's orchard.

(Enter Leonard Meryll, R. U. E. He comes down between them.)

Leonard: Father!

Meryll: Leonard! My brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phoebe!

Phoebe: Aye—hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

Leonard: Nay, I have here a dispatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

Phoebe: Poor gentleman! Poor gentleman!

Leonard: Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand—nay, my body—my life, to save his!

Meryll: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

Leonard: Aye, father—I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? And am I not his foster-brother?

Meryll: Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

Leonard: Well?

Meryll: None hast seen thee but ourselves?

Leonard: And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.

Meryll: Now to prove thy words. Give me the dispatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of Yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell—he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-Yeomen, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? (to Phoebe) The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

Phoebe: (demurely) I think—I say, I *think*—I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think—mind I say, I *think*—you may leave that to me.

Meryll: Then get thee hence at once, lad—and bless thee for this sacrifice.

Phoebe: And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

Leonard: And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is newborn; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.

Wilfred: (*looking after Elsie*) 'Tis an odd freak, for a young man and his confessor to be closeted alone with a strange singing girl. I would fain have espied them, but they stopped up the keyhole. *My* keyhole!

(*Enter Phoebe with Meryll, L.U.E. Meryll remains in the background. unobserved by Wilfred.*)

Phoebe: (*aside*) Wilfred — and alone!

Wilfred: Now what could he have wanted with her? That's what puzzles me!

Phoebe: (*aside*) Now to get the keys from him. (*aloud, coming down to Wilfred*) Wilfred — has no reprieve arrived?

Wilfred: None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

Phoebe: Nay, thou knowest that I have naught but pity for the poor condemned gentleman.

Wilfred: I know that he who is about to die is more to thee than I, who am alive and well.

Phoebe: Why, that were out of reason, dear Wilfred. Do they not say that a live ass is better than a dead lion? No, I don't mean that!

Wilfred: Oh, they say that, do they?

Phoebe: It's unpardonably rude of them, but I believe they put it that way. Not that it applies to thee, who art clever beyond all telling!

Wilfred: Oh, yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

Phoebe: Nay, as a wit, as a humorist, as a most philosophic commentator on the vanity of human resolution.

(*Here Phoebe, leaning on Wilfred's shoulder, slyly abstracts the keys from his belt, and hands them back to Meryll, who tiptoes back into the Tower, R.U.E.*)

Wilfred: Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods. (*working a small thumbscrew*) In the nice regulation of a thumbscrew—in the hundredth part of a single revolution—lieth all the difference between stony silence and a torrent of impulsive unbosoming that the pen can scarcely follow. Ha! Ha! I am a mad wag!

Phoebe: (*with a grimace*) Thou art a most light-hearted and delightful companion, Master Wilfred. Thine anecdotes of the torture-chamber are the prettiest hearing.

Wilfred: I'm a pleasant fellow an' I choose. I believe I am the merriest dog that barks. Ah, we might be passing happy together—

Phoebe: Perhaps. I do not know.

Wilfred: For thou wouldst make a most tender and loving wife.

Phoebe: Aye, to one whom I really loved. For there is a wealth of love within this little heart—saving up for—I wonder whom? Now, of all the world of men, I wonder whom? To think that he whom I am to wed is now alive and somewhere! Perhaps far away, perhaps close at hand! And I know him not! It seemeth that I am wasting time in not knowing him.

Wilfred: Now say that it is I—nay! Suppose it for the nonce. Say that we are wed—suppose it only—say that thou art my very bride, and I thy cheery, joyous, bright, frolicsome husband—and that, the day's work being done, and the prisoners stored away for the night, thou and I alone together—with a long, long evening before us!

Phoebe: (*with a grimace*) It is a pretty picture—but I scarcely know. It cometh so unexpectedly—and yet—and yet—*were* I thy bride—

Wilfred: Aye! wert thou my bride?

Phoebe: Oh, *how* I would love thee!

woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!

woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy! *(weeping)* When a

woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!

woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!

broth - er leaves his sis - ter For an - oth - er, sis - ter weeps. Tears that

trick - le, Tears that blis - ter—Tis but mick - le sis - ter reaps! Tears that

trick - - le, tears that blis - ter -

Point
Oh, the

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics "trick - - le, tears that blis - ter -" and ends with "Point" and "Oh, the". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with various chords and melodic lines.

ⓓ Elsie
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the

Phoebe
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the

Fairfax
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the

do - ing and un - do - ing, _____ Oh, the

ⓓ

This system features three vocal parts (Elsie, Phoebe, and Fairfax) and a piano accompaniment. Each vocal part has the lyrics "Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with a long note and a treble line with chords. A circled 'D' is placed above the first vocal line and below the piano accompaniment.

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —

— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! — (Exeunt Fairfax and

Elsie. He leaves her at door, down L., and goes off, R.U.E. Exit Point sadly into house, R. Phoebe remains R.C. weeping.)

Phoebe: And I helped that man to escape, and I've kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I *was* his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I'll turn nun, and be sister to everybody— one as much as another!

(Enter Wilfred, L.)

Wilfred: In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

Phoebe: Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy— Well, 'tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

Wilfred: But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

Phoebe: Jealous of thee! Bah! I'm jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he'd do an he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou— set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the little pale fool— set that down, Master Wilfred— and my heart is wellnigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it!

Wilfred: The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

Phoebe: (*aside*) Oh, mercy! What have I said?

Wilfred: Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother, and fondled, and coddled, and kissed! — with my connivance, too! Oh Lord, with my connivance! Ha! Should it be this Fairfax! (*Phoebe starts.*) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who —

Phoebe: Whom thou hast just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

Wilfred: A — I — I may have been mistaken. We are but fallible mortals, the best of us. But I'll make sure — I'll make sure. (*going*)

Phoebe: Stay — one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax — mind, I say I *think* — because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie — and — and — as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife.

Wilfred: Is that sure?

Phoebe: Aye, sure enough, for there's no help for it! Thou art a very brute — but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

Wilfred: My beloved! (*Embraces her*)

Phoebe: (*aside*) Ugh!

(*Enter Leonard, hastily, L.*)

Leonard: Phoebe, rejoice, for I bring glad tidings. Colonel Fairfax's reprieve was signed two days since, but it was foully and maliciously kept back by Secretary Poltwhistle, who designed that it should arrive after the Colonel's death. It hath just come to hand, and it is now in the Lieutenant's possession!

Phoebe: Then the Colonel is free? Oh, kiss me, kiss me, my dear! Kiss me, again, and again!

Wilfred: (*dancing with fury*) Ods bobs, death o' my life! Art thou mad? Am I mad? Are we *all* mad?

Phoebe: Oh, my dear — my dear, I'm wellnigh crazed with joy! (*kissing Leonard*)

Wilfred: Come away from him, thou hussy — thou jade — thou kissing, clinging cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, devil take thee, I'll rip thee like a herring for this! I'll skin thee for it! I'll cleave thee to the chine! I'll — oh! Phoebe! Phoebe! Who is this man?

Phoebe: Peace, fool. He is my brother!

Wilfred: Another brother! Are there any more of them? Produce them all at once, and let me know the worst!

Phoebe: This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The *real* Leonard, I say — my father's own son.