

No. 7.

TRIO—(Dorothy, Dorcas, & Oswald).

Allegretto moderato.

DOROTHY.

PIANO.

Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say, What is a maid to

do, When heart says "Go," and du - ty "Stay," And she'd to both be

true? Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say? Shall it be rice or

rue? When heart says "Yea," and du - ty "Nay," What is a maid to

un poco rit.

A a tempo.

do? Ah! Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to

a tempo.

colla voce.

true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

which be true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

Ped.

19.346.

rit. B

rue? Shall it be rice or rue?

rit.

rue? Shall it be rice or rue?

rit. OSWALD.

rue? Shall it be rice or rue? Thou ask est what is a

a tempo.

rit. *p* *p*

maid to say What is a maid to do? I an - swer, if her

DORCAS. C

heart say yea, Her du - ty says so too. I can but tell thee what

I should say, Tell thee what I should do; I'd go in show'rs of

rice a - way, And leave be - hind the rue! Ah!

Ah!

D

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

a tempo.

Ped. *

maid - en wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

maid - en wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

maid - er. wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

rit.
Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?
rit.
Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?
rit.
Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?

rit. *p*
Ped. *

rit.
Go or stay? Rice or rue?
rit.
Go or stay? Rice or rue?
rit.
Go or stay? Rice or rue?

rit.

a tempo.

Ped.

No. 8.*

SONG—(Manners).

Allegro moderato. *p* MANNERS.

1. The earth is fair And a beau - ty rare Be - span - gles lake and
 2. When pale a - far Is the even - ing star—Sweet or - phan of the

PIANO.

lea, Ere day is done And the set - ting sun Dips down be - neath the sea; . . . But
 night!— Cre - a - tion sleeps, But its spi - rit keeps Her vir - gin lamp a - light; . . . Yet

nev - er a sun in the skies a - far Bright as the eyes of my la - dy are, My la - dy who loves
 nev - er a star in the heav'ns a - bove Pure as the soul of my la - dy love, Pure as the troth I

me! . . . Where in the shin - ing frame a - bove, Where in the great de - sign, . . .
 plight! . . . Where in the shin - ing frame on high, Where in the great de - sign, . . .

Where in the world is found a love Like un - to mine and thine? Like un - to thine and
 Where is the love in earth or sky Like un - to thine and mine? Like un - to mine and

cres. *dim.* Ped. *

mine, love! Like un - to mine and thine!
 thine, love! Like un - to thine and

1st time.

mine! . . . Like un - to thine . . . and . . . mine? To

and time.

mine and thine, Oh love, Oh love, Like un - to thine and mine!

cres. *mf* Ped.

(No. 8a.) DUET.—(Dorothy and Wanners).

Andante.

p

DOROTHY.

Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh; Hues of the rain - bow take Land - scape and sky;

Gai - ly the sun doth shine O - ver my head; High heaven it - self is mine, Sor - row is dead.

Ev - er for thy dear sake Hap - py am I; Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is

MANNERS.

nigh ! In my life's cha - lice, love,

f *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

DOROTHY.

Now shines the sun . . . a - bove, Now thou art mine !

Thou art the wine ! . . . In my life's

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Now shines the sun a-bove, Now shines the sun a-bove, Now thou art mine ! Now thou art

cha - lice, love, In my life's cha - lice, love, Thou art the wine ! Ah, love, thou art the

crus.

mie ! Hues of the rain-bow take Land - scape and sky ;
 wine ! Hues of the rain-bow take Land - scape and sky ;

Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break,
 Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break,

When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh, is nigh !
 When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh, is nigh !

(No. 8a.)

SONG—(Dorothy).

RECIT.

“ Why weep and wait? Why he - si - tate? Too soon is bet - ter than too

PIANO. *p*

Lento.

late!" Ah, yes, I wait; but do not weep— Thy love has rock'd my tears to

Lento.

Allegretto leggiero.

sleep. Red of the rose - bud, White of the Breast of the ro - bin, Why dost thou

Allegretto leggiero.

f *dim.* *p*

May, Why are ye fra - grant? Why are ye gay?

blush? Whence is thy mu - sic, Throat of the thrush?

crss. *dim.*

A

Why are ye blithe as blithe can be? Whis - per your se - cret low to me!
 Why do ye flit from tree to tree? War - ble your se - cret low to me!

p

Why do ye droop when day is done? Is it be-cause ye love the sun?
 Why do ye roam the sky a - bove? Is it in search of your true love?

B

Why do ye smile thro' tears of dew? Is it be - cause the sun loves
 Why do ye build your - selves a nest? Is it be - cause your love is

un poco rit.

colla voce.

a tempo.

you? Red of the rose - bud, White of the May, That is your
 blest? Breast of the ro - bin, Why dost thou blush? Where is thy

f a tempo. *p*

se-cret, Tell me not nay. Sing . . . the old song that for ev-er is
 mu-sic, Throat of the thrush? Fear . . . not to whis-per thy se-cret: to

cres. *f*

new, Ye love your love, And your love loves you. . . .
 me, Thou lov'st thy love, And thy love loves thee. . . .

dim. *p* *cres.*

Sing . . . the old song that for ev-er is new, Ye love your
 Fear . . . not to whis-per thy se-cret to me, Thou lov'st thy

f *dim.*

love, And your love . . loves you! . . .
 love, And thy love . . loves

rall. *a tempo.* *1st time.* *a tempo.* *f* *p*

and time.
un poco più vivo.

thee! . . . Red of the rose - bud, White haw-thorn bush,

un poco più vivo.

Breast of the ro - bin, Song of the thrush, I am as hap - py, as hap - py as

ye, I love my love, and my love loves me, I love my love, I love my

love, And my love loves me, My love . . . loves me!

ad lib. *a tempo.*

mf colla voce. *ff*

Ped.

No. 9.

ENTRANCE OF PURITANS.

Andante pesante. PURITANS.

Down with

prin - ces, down with pec - ples! Down with church - es, down with stee - ples! Down with love and down with mar - riage! Down with

all who keep a car - riage! Down with lord and down with la - dy— Up with ev-'ry-thing that's sha - dy!

f *mf* *p*

Pad.

Down with life and down with laughter! Down with land-lords, down with

Ped. *

land! Whom the soil be - longs to af - ter We could nev - er un - der -

stand! Plea - sure— we can do with - out it; Down with court and down with

king; And— just while we are a bout it— Down with ev - 'ry bles - sed thing!

No. 10.

SONG—(Rupert).

Allegretto.

1. I've heard it said, And it
2. Ex - am - ples show That we

PIANO.

may be read In ma - ny a trus - ty tome, How, when au - gurs met On the par - a - pet Of the walls of an - cient
need - n't go So far as to an - cient Rome, For it just oc - curs Un - to me, good sirs, There are hum bugs near - er

Rome, As the two passed by, Each winked an eye With a can - dour con - fi - den - tial, Or stroked his nose—Which,
home. When you style the spheres A vale of tears, Don't you ra - ther beg the ques - tion? Re - mem - ber, bards, It's

goodness knows—But it is - n't at all es - sen - tial. For ev - 'ry man, Since the world be - gan, Had his i - di - o - syu - cra -
on the cards, It is nothing but in - di - ges - tion. For ev - 'ry man, Since the world be - gan, Had his lit - tle in - ſiru - i -

see, And to lunch off a moan, And to dine on a groan With a trick-ling tear for tea— Well, it may suit you From
 - tee, And is apt to mis-take What is on - ly an ache For pro - found phil - o - so - phic. He is not the sphinx He sub-

your point of view, But it doesn't at all suit me! As I don't re - joice In a deep bass voice— Well, it doesn't at all suit }
 - lime - ly thinks, But a man very much like me! Not a de - mon fell, Or an arch - an - gel, But a man very much like }

ad lib.
rit.

me! Tho' the world be bad, It's the best to be had; And there-fore *Q. E. D.*; Tho' it mayn't suit you And a

a tempo.
p a tempo.

cho - sen few, It's a good e - nough world for me, It's a good e - nough world for

1st time.

me! good e - nough world for me!

2nd time.

p

No. 11.

FINALE ACT I.

Allegretto vivace.

PIANO.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.
TENORS & BASSES.

The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth To meet the bon - ny
The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth To meet the bon - ny

bride, Let all the gates of Had - don Their por - tals
bride, Let all the gates of Had - don Their por - tals

A

o - pen wide! . . . The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth— Your

o - pen wide! . . . The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth— Your

Ped. * Ped. *

breath to - geth - er draw! . . . Pre - pare to bid him

breath to - geth - er draw! . . . Pre - pare to bid him

Allegro moderato. RUPERT.

wel - come With a hip, hip, hip— oh, law! Our first ap

wel - come With a hip, hip, hip— oh, law!

Ped. *sf*

SIMEON. NICODEMUS. BARNABAS.

pear - ance is not a suc - cess. Well, not a tri - umph. A suc - cès d'es - time. Or

* Ped. *

B RUPERT.

less. La - dies, fair, I pray you, Do not be a - fraid; Let us not dis - may you,

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

PURITANS. CHORUS.

We but ply our trade. Do not so dis - dain us, We but ply our trade! Tho' the ob - jects pain us,

Tho' the ob - jects pain us,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

C RUPERT.

They but ply their trade. Once we close the por - tals, Once we shut the shop, We're like o - ther mor - tals,

They but ply their trade.

Ped. * Ped.

CHORUS.

Ou: up-on the hop!

Once they close the por-tals, Once they shut the shop,

PURITANS.

Out up-on the hop!

Once they close the por-tals, Once they shut the shop,

* Ped.

* Ped.

They're like o-ther mor-tals, Out up-on the hop! Once they close the por-tals, They're like o-ther

They're like o-ther mor-tals, Out up-on the hop! Once they close the por-tals, They're like o-ther

Ped.

* Ped.

RUPERT.

mor-tals, o-ther mor-tals, Out up-on the hop!

I pray you, pret-ty la-dies, Be-fore this audience ends, To

mor-tals, o-ther mor-tals, Out up-on the hop!

let me do the hon-ours And in - tro - duce my friends.

È
L'istesso tempo.
Sing - Song Sim - e - on.

mf

Ni - co - de - mus Knock - knee.

Bar - na - bas Bel - lows - to - Mend.

CHORUS.

Kill - Joy Can - dle - mas. E-nough! e-nough! we have suf-fer'd ga-lore, We

Katherine

E-nough! e-nough! we have suf-fer'd ga-lore, We

f *f*

can-not suf-fer more! Oh, let's see the back of you, Ev-'ry man-jack of you, All of you sil-lies and all of yoursights! The

can-not suf-fer more! Oh, let's see the back of you, Ev-'ry man-jack of you, All of you sil-lies and all of yoursights! The

Ped. 3 3 3 * Ped. *

sort of old fo-gies That bob up like bo-gies, And keep one a-wake in the dead of the nights! Get a-

sort of old fo-gies That bob up like bo-gies, And keep one a-wake in the dead of the nights!

Ped. * Ped. *

way! get a-way! get a-way! get a-way! get a-way!

Get a-way! get a-way! get a-way! get a-way! get a-way!

dim.

RUPERT. **G**

Be-tween our-selves, I can-did-ly con-fess, That I ex-pect-ed nei-ther more nor less.

p *p*

My faith-ful friends, I do not mind con-fess-ing To all of you, whom I am now ad-

- dress-ing, That, as a lot, you are not pre-pos-sess-ing. It's no use blink-ing it!

PURITANS.

We were just

RUPERT.

La-dies, pret - ty la-dies, se- cond thoughts are best ; Preg- nant is the pro- verb,

think - ing it!

time's the on - ly test. Come, la- dies fair Beyond compare, And list to my con- fes- sions ; Be warn'd by me, And nev - er be dc -

CHORUS.

- ciev'd by first im- pres- sions. Come, la- dies fair, Be- yond com- pare—And list to his con - fes - sions.

Go, la- dies fair, Be- yond com- pare—And list to my con - fes - sions.