

Ensemble Vocal Side

15 16 17

faint-ed in the aisle.

WOMAN 1:
You might a-void the first or se-cond

MAN 3:
A nun from Leices-ter lost her wits.

mp

18 19 20

S. Blood may spill, and spines may chill. It's

row.

ALTOS: *p*

T. Blood may spill, and spines may chill. It's

B. Blood may spill, and spines may chill. It's

p

Start Tremulous $19p_{+w2}$

21 *mf* 22

S. gha - st - ly, still, we thought you ought to know. **It's on - ly

A. *mf* +w2

T. *mf* gha - st - ly, still, we thought you ought to know. **It's on - ly

B. *mf*

23 *ff* 24 25

S. just past eight. It's not too late. For God's sake...

A. *ff*

T. just past eight. It's not too late. For God's sake...

B. *ff* MAN 2:
For

**Alternate lyrics: (At 2 p.m.) It's only just past two, so here's your cue!
 (At 3 p.m.) It's only just past three, while you're still free...
 (At 7 p.m.) You'd be a fool to wait! It's not too late!

End

(SFX: Cell door)

25A PH W3 25B 26 27

S. *For God's sake, go!*

A. W1+2 SIB *For God's sake, go!*

T. *For God's sake, go!*

B. *God's sake...*

mp *ff*

28 29 30

p

attacca

Shingle

Molto rit.

MONTY: To think how she must have suffered.

Start

M.S. 84

85

Your moth - er

Rubato

M.S. 86

87

made me prom - ise I'd nev - er tell, but now she is no long - er liv - ing. She

M.S. 88

89

want - ed to spare you her pri - vate hell, but I think you de - serve to know.

90 91 92 **Rit. poco a poco**

M.S. Take this know-ledge and use it well, the fam -'ly may yet be for - giv-ing. This will guar-an-tee you've a right to be

93 94 95

M.S. on the fam -'ly tree and it seems to me, in - dis-put-a-bly, head to toe... — You're a

96 97 98 **A Tempo**

M.S. D'Ys - quith! A D - a - pos-tro - phe - Y - squith! There can be no oth - er way to

M.S. 99 100
view it! Mont - a - gue, you're a D'Ys - quith!

M.
I'm all of a sud - den a

M.S. 101 102 103
Yes! And it's time _____ that ev - 'ry-bo - dy knew it!

M.
D'Ys - quith!

End

M.S. 104 105 106
You are the son of the daugh - ter of the grand - son of the

Phoebe

41 42 43 44

P. in. And ev' - ry

45 46 47 48

P. one you'd meet on an-y Lon-don street, if they be sweet or hor-rid, it would show. I would be

49 50 51 52

P. ov - er - joyed, the heart-ache I'd a - void, if I could look at you

53 54 55 56 57

P. **Poco rit.** **A Tempo** **MONTY: I have so often had similar sentiments.** **Start**
 and know. And when I

58 59 60 61

P. meet the man for whom I'm fat - ed, I'll know the one I've wait-ed for is he, for he will find these

62 63 64

P. wealth - y trap - pings ov - er - rat - ed and he will see what no one sees in —

65 66 67

P. me. A girl who reads the clas - sics and the — son - nets, who — needs no

68 69 70 71

P. fol - de - rol to fill her cup. *8va* A girl who thinks a bit be - yond her bon - nets. He'll be of

72 73 74 75

P. gen-tle heart and good re - nown. He'll be the most ad - mir - ed man in town. He'll

76 77 78

P. take a world that's most - ly up - side down and turn it right side

End

(Henry enters, waves encouragingly to Monty, puts on his beekeeper's hat, and exits to attend to his bees.)

79 80 81 82

P. up. If we lived

(Henry runs by behind them.)

92 P. Black might just be white. Day might just be night.

M. Black might just be white. Day might just be night.

95 P. If we knew the truth a - bout each oth - er on sight... the world might just make

M. If we knew the truth a - bout each oth - er on sight...

Poco rit. *opt.* **A Tempo**

98 P. sense. _____

99 100 101 **Poco rit.** 102 **PHOEBE:** Henry!

Applause segue

Sibella

46 47 48 49

S. I have nev - er met an - oth - er man who's half as dear as you. You're so

50 51 52 Rit. 53 A Tempo

S. clev - er, too. And you make me laugh more than an - y - bod - y.

54 55 56 57

S. Why are oth - er men so drear - y, Mon - ty, and so dead - ly dull? No one

58 59 60 Rit. 61 End

S. holds a con - ver - sa - tion half as beau - ti - ffly as you!

Start

74 75 76 77

S. May - be just a bite. Just to be po - lite.

78 79 80 81

S. Mon - ty, that's too tight. Mon - ty, that's just right.

Rit.

82 83 84 86

S. Oh, what I put you _____ through! I don't

Slowly

87 **Accel. poco a poco** 88 89 90

S. know what I'd do, I do

91 **A Tempo** 92 93 94

S. not have a clue, I don't

95 96 97 98

S. know what I'd do with - out

99 100 **End** 100A 100B

S. you!

Monty

M. 79 80 81 82

cas - tle they love that is so far a - bove, — they're ac -

M. 83 84 85 86

cus - tomed to — look - ing down. And the

Start

M. 103 104 105 106

fam - 'ly or - dains that the blood in my veins is

M. 107 108 109 110

more than a tri - fle im - pure. — They con -

111 112 113 114

M. *spired with each o - ther, con - demn - ing poor moth - er to a*

115 116 117 118

M. *heart - break - ing life she could hard - ly en - dure. With no*

Più mosso

119 120 121 122

M. *con - science or care they dis - posed of an heir to their*

123 124 125 126

M. *glo - ri - ous fam - 'ly tree. Do I*

M. 127 128 129 130

lie down and die, or de - ter - mine to try to

M. 131 132 133 134

al - ter the course of my des - ti - ny? —

End

M. 135 136 Rit. 137 138 139 140

Oth - er - wise, what will be - come of me? Am I

ff *Glissando*

Meno Mosso

Colla voce

M. 157 158 159 160

Am I fool - ish to dream I'll be

M. 161 162 163 164

Earl one day, a tow - er - ing man a - mong

M. 165 166 167 168

men? Then who could de - ny now and

M. 169 170 171

then pigs can fly?

Rit.

End

65 66 67 68

H. in - stance: take a look at us, it's been e-ver thus since board-ing school be - gan.

M. mates and bro-thers. Take a look at us, it's been e-ver thus since board-ing school be - gan.

f

69 70 71

H. Wo-men are too com-plex. Men are a simp-ler sex. It's bet-ter with a

M. Wo-men too of-ten vex. Men are a simp-ler sex.

72 73 74 Rit.

H. man. Bet-ter with a man. Bet-ter with a

M. Bet-ter with a man. **Start** Bet-ter with a

75 76 77 78

H. man! Bot-toms up!

M. man! Bot-toms up!

End

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The vocal parts for H. and M. feature a melodic line with a long note on 'man!' and a rhythmic pattern on 'Bot-toms up!'. The piano accompaniment consists of a busy right hand with chords and a simple bass line with quarter notes.

D'Ysquiths
Prepare ALL

M. 47 48 49

Wo - men are soft a - gainst your skin. They're aw - flly nice to

mp

Start

H. 50 51 52

But when the sport is mas - cu-line...

M. nest - le with.

f

H. 53 54 55

you need a man to wres - tle with!

M. you need a man to wres - tle with!

56
H. *Gen-tle-men have se-crets they will ne-ver tell. No, they will ne-ver tell, they'll ne-ver tell their*

M. *Gen-tle-men have se-crets they will ne-ver tell, they'll ne-ver tell their*

End

59
H. *wives. Mar - ried men know there are things you must not say. Dis - cre-tion is the*

M. *wives. Dis - cre-tion is the*

62
H. *on-ly way that love sur - vives. Men are al-ways there. Al-ways there to share. No - thing can com-pare, for*

M. *on-ly way that love sur - vives. Men are al-ways there. Al-ways there to share, and take good care, as*

mf

151
L.H. vine! It's Dai - sy Gre-ville's loss, she'll nev - er come a - cross a

C. From vine to vine to vine!
M1 M3 M2

Start

154
L.H. tribe of back - ward na - tives worse than mine! The

C. The

Maudlin adagio

156 157 158

L.H. Hot - ten - tots and Pyg - mies may ap - pall us, but e - ven they are part of God's de-

C. Hot - ten - tots and Pyg - mies may ap - pall us,

mp

159 160 161

L.H. sign! We bid you all good - bye! Let all of Lon - don try to

C. Ah... Good - bye!

f

162 163 164

L.H. find a tribe of na - tives worse than mine!

165 166 167

L.H. Char - i - ty t'ward oth - ers is di -

End

WOMAN #3: ("Secretly")

168 169 170

L.H. (vine!) —————

C. Vine to vine to vine to vine, char - i - ty is di - vine!

mp *ff*

74 75 76 77

L.A. char - i - ty? — I am per - plexed by their at - ti - tude. I con -

78 79 80 81

L.A. tend we ex - tend them too much lat - i - tude. — My

82 83 84 85

L.A. ten - ants have no ex - cuse, at Christ - mas I give them a goose. Where's the in -

86 87 88 89

L.A. te - gri - ty? — (Portraits mutter.) Where's the gra - ti - tude? — (Portraits mutter.) I

Start

90 91 92 93

L.A. don't un - der - stand the poor. How I long for the days of yore, when

94 95 96 97

L.A. na - ry a vas - sal stepped in - to your cast - le; they knew not to dark - en your door. Now they

98 99 100 101

L.A. barge in e - ve - ry Tues - day, with a sick - en - ing, thick - en - ing roar. Why

102 103 104 105

L.A. clat - ter and tramp - le? Set an ex - am - ple! We teach them to read, but do they suc - ceed? When they're

106 107 108 109 110 111

L.A. hung-ry and frail, we feed them in jail! We send them off to war! I

112 113 114 115 End

L.A. don't un - der - stand... I'm not be - ing grand! I don't un - der - stand the poor!

Portraits I + W2

116 117 118 119

L.A. I don't un - der -

Portraits don't un - der - stand... I'm not be - ing grand! I don't un - der -

W3
W1 + W2
M1 + M3
M2