

No. 21. Rapture, rapture!

## Duet

Dame Carruthers and Sergeant Meryll

Allegro vivace con brio  $\text{♩} = 118$

Allegro vivace con brio  $\text{♩} = 116$

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the vocal part, written in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains five measures of music, each beginning with a whole rest, indicating that the vocal part has not yet entered. The lower staff is for the piano accompaniment, written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a forte dynamic marking (*f*). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests. The first four measures of the piano part correspond to the vocal rests, and the fifth measure contains a single eighth note.

(A)

**Dame Carruthers**

Rap-ture, rap-ture! When love's vo - ta - ry,

[illegible]

Flushed with cap - ture, Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty

Flushed with cap - ture, Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty

Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap-ture, rap-ture!

Joy and jol-li-ty - Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty!

B

## Sergeant Meryll

Rap-ture, rap-ture! Dole-ful, dole-ful! When hu-man-i-ty,

With its soul full Of sat-an-i-ty, Court-ing priv-i-ty,

Down de-cliv-i - ty Seeks cap-tiv-i - ty! Dole - ful, dole - full!

Court - ing priv-i - ty, Down de-cliv-i - ty Seeks cap-tiv-i - ty!

C

**Dame Carruthers**

Dole - ful, dole - full! Joy - ful, joy - full! When vir-gin-i - ty

Seeks, all coy - ful, Man's af-fin-i - ty; Fate all flow - er - y,

Bright and bow-er - y Is — her dow-er - y! Joy - ful, joy - full!

Fate all flow-er - y, Bright and bow-er - y, Is — her dow-er - y,

(D)

Sergeant Meryll

Joy - ful, joy - full! Ghast - ly, ghast - ly! When man, sor - row - ful,

First - ly, last - ly, Of to - mor - row full, Af - ter tar - ry - ing,



Yields to har-ry-ing, Goes a-mar-ry-ing, Ghast - ly, ghash - ly!

**Dame Carruthers**

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful!

Ghash - ly, ghash - ly! Ghash - ly, ghash - ly!

Joy - ful, joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful!

Ghash - ly, ghash - ly! Ghash - ly, ghash - ly, ghash - ly!

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

**E**

Rap - ture, rap - ture! When love's vo - ta - ry, Flushed with cap - ture,  
Dole - ful, dole - ful! When hu - man - i - ty, With its 'soul full

*p*

Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and joy - li - ty Then is pol - i - ty,  
Of sat - an - i - ty, Court - ing priv - i - ty, Down de - cliv - i - ty

Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty  
Seeks cap - tiv - i - ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court - ing priv - i - ty,

Then is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture,

Down de - cliv - i - ty Seeks cap - tiv - i - ty!

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff (treble clef), a bass staff (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Then is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. Trills (tr) are marked above the final notes of the vocal phrases.

Rap - ture, rap - ture, Rap - -

Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - -

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Rap - ture, rap - ture, Rap - -' and 'Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns. Dynamics include a forte (f) marking above the vocal staff and a piano (p) marking below the piano staff. Trills (tr) and a fermata (F) are also present.

ture, Rap - - ture, rap - -

ful, Dole - - ful, dole - -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'ture, Rap - - ture, rap - -' and 'ful, Dole - - ful, dole - -'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The system concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

ture, rap - - - ture! Joy and jol-li - ty Then is  
ful, Dole - - - full! Court-ing privi - ty, Down de-

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff (treble clef), a bass staff (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata over the word 'ture!'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

po-li - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap  
cliv-i - ty Seeks cap - tiv - i - ty! Dole - ful, dole

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata over the word 'ture, rap'. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

ture! —  
full! —  
(She dances him off, L.)

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic line with a slur and a fermata over the word 'ture!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The system ends with the instruction '(She dances him off, L.)'.



— 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.)*

*rall.*

**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.

Wilfred: How do I know this? Has he "brother" writ large on his brow? I mistrust thy brothers! Thou art but a false jade!

*(Exit Leonard, laughing.)*

Phoebe: Now, Wilfred, be just. Truly I did deceive thee before – but it was to save a precious life – and to save it, not for me, but for another. They are to be wed this very day. Is not this enough for thee? Come – I am thy Phoebe – thy very own – and we will be wed in a year – or two – or three, at the most. Is not that enough for thee?

*(Enter Meryll, excitedly, L., followed by Dame Carruthers, who listens, unobserved.)*

Meryll: Phoebe, hast thou heard the brave news?

Phoebe: *(still in Wilfred's arms)* Aye, father.

Meryll: I'm nigh mad with joy! *(seeing Wilfred)* Why, what's all this?

Phoebe: Oh, father, he discovered our secret through my folly, and the price of his silence is –

Wilfred: Phoebe's heart.

Phoebe: Oh, dear, no – Phoebe's hand.

Wilfred: It's the same thing!

Phoebe: Is it? *(Exeunt Wilfred and Phoebe, L.)*

Meryll: *(looking after them)* 'Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e'en suffer for it! *(Dame Carruthers comes down.)* Dame Carruthers!

Dame Carruthers: So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll from their shoulders!

Meryll: Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. *(aside)* Yet, if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There's nothing for it *(aloud)* – Hush, pretty one! Such bloodthirsty words ill become those cherry lips! *(aside)* Ugh!

Dame Carruthers: *(bashfully)* Sergeant Meryll!

Meryll: Why, look ye, chuck – for many a month I've – I've thought to myself – "There's snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for some one, and why not for thee – that's me – so take heart and tell her – that's thee – that thou – that's me – lovest her – thee – and – and – well, I'm a miserable old man, and I've done it – and that's me!" But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is –

Dame Carruthers: Meryll's heart?

Meryll: No, Meryll's hand.

Dame Carruthers: It's the same thing!

Meryll: Is it?

