

Phoebe  
Oh, my  
Fairfax *(pretending to recognize her)*  
Sis - ter Phoe - be!  
Phoe - be!  
Phoe - be!

*And* \* *And* \*

broth - er! So  
Why, how you've grown! I did not re-cog-nize you!  
*sempre p*

man - y years! Oh, my broth - er!  
Oh, my

Oh, broth - er! Oh, broth - er!

sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter!

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal parts have lyrics: "Oh, broth - er! Oh, broth - er!" and "sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter! Oh, sis - ter!". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with some dynamic markings like *f*.

(They embrace.)

\* I Wilfred (R.)

Aye, hug him, girl! There are

The second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal part for Wilfred (R.), with a star symbol and the number 1 above it. The lyrics are "(They embrace.)" and "Aye, hug him, girl! There are". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings like *p*.

Fairfax

three thou-mayst hug— Thy fa - ther and thy broth - er and— my-self. Thy -

The third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal part for Fairfax, with the name "Fairfax" written above it. The lyrics are "three thou-mayst hug— Thy fa - ther and thy broth - er and— my-self. Thy -". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings like *f*.

self, for - sooth? And who art thou thy-self?

The fourth system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal part, with the lyrics "self, for - sooth? And who art thou thy-self?". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings like *p*.

**Wilfred** *(Fairfax turns inquiringly to Phoebe.)*

Good sir, we are be-trothed,

*p*

**Phoebe** *(ad lib.)*

Or more or less — But rath-er less than

**Wilfred**

more! To thy fond care I do com-mend thy

*Moderato*

*p*

*Recit.*

sis-ter. Be to her An ev-er-watch-ful guar-dian—



ea - gle-eyed! And when she feels (as some - times she does feel)



Dis-posed to in-dis-crim-i-nate ca-ress, Be thou at hand to

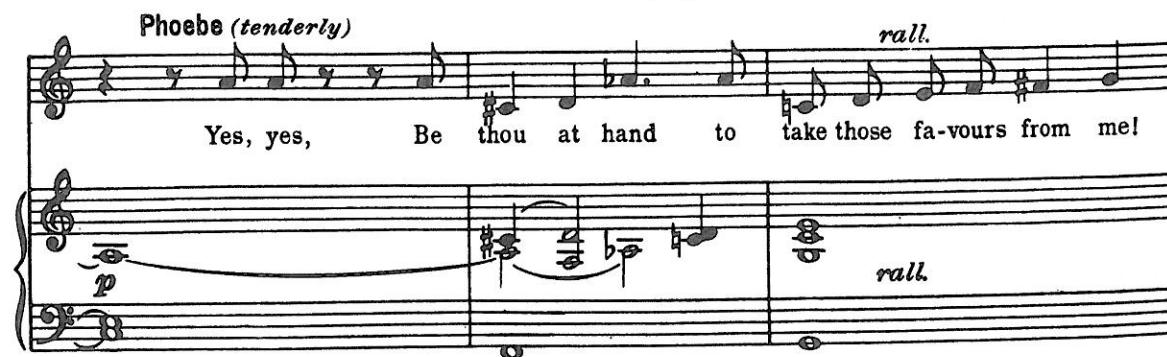
*a tempo moderato*



take those fa-vours from her!

Chorus of men (*laughing*) Be thou at hand to take those fa-vours from her!

Be thou at hand to take those fa-vours from her!



Phoebe (*tenderly*) Yes, yes, Be thou at hand to take those fa-vours from me!

*rall.*

*p* *rall.*



boon\_ She shall not quit thy sight: From  
boon\_ I shall not quit thy sight:

morn to af - ter-noon - From af - ter-noon to night - From sev'n o'clock to

two - From two to e - ven-tide - From dim twi-light to 'lev'n at night, From

dim twi-light to 'lev'n at night {She} shall not quit thy side!  
I

*cresc.*



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!

