"AYE, AYE, LUCIAN !"

A Fantasy

for

male-voice chorus and solos with piano accompaniment,

words and music by

Peter Tranchell, 1960,

based on the 'Vera Historia' of

Lucian of Samosata, c. 125. A.D.

Written
For the Gonville and Caius College Chorus

Solos in order of singing:

Lucian of Samosata, captain of the expedition	[High Baritone]
Euscopus, the look-out boy	[Tenor]
Lysimachus, second in command	[Baritone]
In the vineyard	
Aristarchus, an ardent sailor	[High Baritone]
Pheidippides, another	[Baritone]
Approaching the Moon	
Gypophorbus, leader of a lunar patrol	[Bass]
On the Moon	
Endymion (ex Caria), king of the Moon	[Tenor]
Balanotrophus, the Philosopher Royal	[Bass]
Cleanthus, the king's son	[Tenor]
In the Whale	
Deipneticus, Polycreos, Tyrophilus, Eurystomus, — members of the expedition (heard at supper)	[Baritones]
~~Appos~~	
Geron, an old man	[Baritone]
Monodemus, a youth, his son	[Tenor]
Approaching the Isle of the Blest	
Osphreticus, a sailor with a keen sense of smell	[Alto]
On the Isle of the Blest	
Macaristus, the shade of a young man	[Baritone]
Rhadamanthus, Judge of the Dead	[Baritone]
Alexander the Great	[Bass]
Menelaus	[Tenor]
* [Periergus and his brothers, members of the expedition well-informed as to the Heroes' call to arms]	[Baritones]

* (These parts may be sung by Lysimachus)

Chorus

Crew, vine-maidens, lunar cavalry-bees, and various meteorological and other effects. [Tenors, Baritones & Bass]

No I

Allegretto con brio (♩.=72)

8va

ff

con pedale

8va

LUCIAN [quasi recitativo]

8va

ff

semplice

mp

f My name is Lucian, and this is my story.

Meno Mosso (♩.=63)

[quasi orioso]

mp

You may believe it, if you want to.

p

mf One morning

mp

p

Woke. It was after a par—ty, and I felt such a terr-ible

p

gloom, that I put on my cloak, and went to the doc—tor, and there found

(p)

[Tempo ad lib.]

[parlando]

In Tempo

[cantando]

fifty of my friends (who had also been at the party) in the waiting room.

(colla voce)

f The doc-tor de-

p

-clared we need-ed a rest-cure, and should all go on a hol-i-day

mf

p

mf

trip. So the same day we decided the best cure would be sailing a—way,

Accel. (♩=♩♪)

Allegro (♩=100)

CHORUS BASSES

way on a ship. We sailed

CHORUS BARITONES

Our good—ly ship sped forth with a good—ly breeze.

From the Pillars of Her—cu—les.

CHORUS TENORS

Fif—ty stalwarts were the crew.

BARITONES

Fif—ty stalwarts were the crew.

BASSES

Fif—ty stalwarts were the crew.

LUCIAN

And my very good friend, ly—simachus, too.

CHORUS TENORS

Arms and equipment, water, provisions,

(BARITONES)

Arms and equipment, water, provisions,

(BASSES)

Arms and equipment, water, provisions,

all in great sup—ply; and we raised

all in great sup—ply; and we raised

all in great sup—ply; and we raised

Allarg.

(Allegro)

cheer as we bade the Mediter—

(Allegro)

cheer as we bade the Mediter—

cheer as we bade the Mediter—

Tempo, ma meno mosso (♩=88)

—ranean Sea good—bye.

—ranean Sea good—bye.

—ranean Sea good—bye.

Oh

Oh

marcato

cresc

Allarg.

Tempo, ma meno mosso (♩=80)

for the o—pen main.

for the o—pen main.

colla voce

Oh for the shrouds un—furled.

Oh for the shrouds un—furled.

Oh for the blast that drives us at last be—

Oh for the blast that drives us at last be—

Allarg.

-yond the end of the world.

-yond the end of the world.

the end of the world

Tempo

Oh for the wes—tern stars. (legato) Oh for the western stars. Oh for the sun's last

Oh

Oh

dolce

gold. Oh the dark tide our wes—sel will ride to shores un-

(legato) Oh for the sun's last gold.

sempre p.

LUCIAN

-old. The

il basso strepitoso

wind grew fresher, and blew a

(cresc) Cresc

(sw)

gale.

Gale! Gale!

Caught, caught un-a- -wares we could reef no

Caught, caught un-a- -wares we could reef no

sail. Rain! Rain as thick as could be! And

sail. Rain! Rain as thick as could be!

ff marcellato

[CHORUS TENORS]

We were dri-ven be-fore the storm; But, whither, we could not

Poco Rit

Meno Mosso (♩=72)

LUCIAN

See. Then for a

Fog.

Fog.

dim.

fortnight we were becalmed in a fog. One day the look-out boy

Fog.

LOOK-OUT BOY

cried from the mast: Land A-hoy! Sorry! False Alarm! It's gone! It must have been a sea bird

CHORUS TENORS

perched on the rail in front of me! But at last,

(BARITONES)

(BASSES)

Poco Rit A Tempo

at last the good sun re-

-turned. Fog and mist were flown.

cresc.

Out in the clear, we found we were near a land un-

LUCIAN

-known. Lys-i-machus! Can you find this land on the

LYSIMACHUS LUCIAN

map? No, Lucian! Then plot our position, write the log, and detail twenty men to look after the

ship. The rest can come a-shore with you and me. We are going to ex-

p cantabile poco cresc.

LYSIMACHUS

-plore! Aye, aye! Lucian!

Poco Rit

Allegretto Jocoso (♩.=76)

No II

LUCIAN

We struck inland and presently found a great bronze slab lying in the ground; and

on it was writ, though weathered a bit, some letters in Greek still clear: "Great Hercules and Di-o-

Un Poco Rubato

colla voce

In Tempo

LYSIMACHUS:

-ny-sus inscribed this inscription here!" Probably, a forgery!

LUCIAN

But a rock lay near, and on it we spied two god-like footprints side by side. One is

LYSIMACHUS

(excitedly)

two foot four! The

LUCIAN (triumphantly)

That proves it! These footprints suffice us!

To

Un Poco Rubato

Hercules belonged the large foot, the smaller to Di-o-ny-sus.

Hercules belonged the large foot, the smaller to Di-o-ny-sus. Very thoughtful of them to leave the

colla voce

Tempo ad lib.

In Tempo

prints in solid rock, where they wouldn't wear out!

(BARITONES) And as we went on, we found ev'ry sign of

(BASSES) And as we went on, we found ev'ry sign of

What Di-o-ny-sus could do;

What Di-o-ny-sus could do; for the rivers were flow-ing not wa-ter but wine, and the

Ah, Ah, while tasting di-vine, were very in-tox-icant!

fishes we caught, while tasting di-vine, very in-toxi-ca-ting

LUCIAN

CHORUS TENORS — Falsetto [Vine Maidens in the distance]

La-la-la la la la, — La-la-la la la la.

too! too!

simachus! Do you hear that singing?

(LUCIAN) (LYSIMACHUS) (LYSIMACHUS) It sounds like the voices of young women. My goodness, it is! Al-most! But

TENORS (falsetto) La! La! La la la la

LUCIAN / LYSIMACHUS (unison)

no, it's a vineyard! It's a vineyard!

(falsetto sempre) Hul — lo! Hul — lo! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us!

(falsetto sempre) Oh, Come, Oh, Come and kiss us, Come and kiss us! Oh! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us, kiss us, kiss us, kiss us, kiss us, oh, kiss us, oh, Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us! Come and kiss us, kiss us, kiss us, Come and kiss us!

p subito

(♩=♪) Ma più mosso (a piacere) (♩=♪) LUCIAN

LYSIMACHUS — They speak Greek! They are friendly! What luck! Now we shall have some fun and games! But

no dancing! For, see! They are vines! Vines growing out of the ground, and merging in-to

feminine bodies! They are girls only from the waist up-ward!

LYSIMACHUS — That's bet-ter than nothing! [They can't run a-way then!]

LUCIAN (lyrical) And ten — drils grow out of their fingers!

LYSIMACHUS — Then they can't scratch us! And the

grapes grow out of their hair!

Where else would you ex-pect [They'll make "head — y" wine!]

(♩=♪) Ma un poco meno mosso.

CHORUS TENORS (falsetto) What Come and kiss us!

(LUCIAN) Poco Rit — A Tempo (Tempo Primo)

forward hussies! (LYSIMACHUS) Just a chaste peck, then! CHORUS TENORS (natural voice) We kissed their lips, and CHORUS BARITONES We kissed their lips, and CHORUS BASSES We kissed their lips, and

LUCIAN

in one touch, we felt as if we had drunk too much! But two of the crew were in one touch, we felt as if we had drunk too much! in one touch, we felt as if we had drunk too much!

minded to do some rather too ar—dent kiss——ing; we couldn't save them from their fate; so

un poco rubato — In tempo — colla voce

Allegro Moderato (♩=100)

Poco Rit — ARISTARCHUS — PHEIDIPPIDES

both of them now are missing Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!

Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! My legs are growing in-to vines! And so are mine! CHORUS BASSES They're

ARISTARCHUS — PHEIDIPPIDES

My fingers! My fingers! are turning into tendrils! are turning into tendrils!

CHORUS TENORS They're stuck! CHORUS BARITONES They're stuck! CHORUS BASSES (legato) ta—King root! They're

Ah! Ah! (legato) They're stuck! ta—King root! They're stuck! They're stuck! They're stuck! They're stuck! They're stuck!

LUCIAN — It's too late!

(con pedal)

There's nothing we can do; their grapes are already forming! Oh, what a wonderful vintage there'll be!

(LYSIMACHUS) A pity we can't wait for it! Good—bye, my dear fellows! Excuse us not shaking hands.

LUCIAN

Poor old A-ristarchus and Pheidippides!

CHORUS BARITONES

CHORUS BASSES

Poor old Aristarchus and Pheidippides, Poor old Aristarchus

Poor old Aristarchus and Pheidippides, Poor old Aristarchus

We shall miss them.

But what would be the point of up-rooting and taking them? They'll be better here than in a pot In a con-

and Pheidippides, Poor old A-ristar-chus and Pheidippides, Poor old Ari-star-chus and Pheidippides.

and Pheidippides, Poor old A-ristar-chus and Pheidippides, Poor old Ari-star-chus and Pheidippides.

Poco Rit. al ♩.=69

Molto Rit

-servat'ry!

CHORUS TENORS (falsetto)

Don't go! Don't go! Stay and Kiss us!

We

We

Tempo. (Tempo Primo)

left them sprout-ing hap-pi-ly there, en-twined a-mong the vine-maidens fair.

left them sprout-ing hap-pi-ly there, en-twined a-mong the vine-maidens fair. We

With wine for the trip, the wine which the ri-vers all poured. So

took to our ship, the wine which the ri-vers all poured. So

Poco Rit. al fine.

CHORUS TENORS (falsetto)

Her-cu-les and Di-o-ny-sus were toasted by all on board, Don't

Her-cu-les and Di-o-ny-sus were toasted by all on board,

Poco Rit

go! Stay and Kiss us! Don't go!

were toasted by all on board.

were toasted by all on board.

No III. A.

Moderato (♩= 80)

LOOK-OUT BOY

Thunder a—hoy!

CHORUS TENORS (natural voice) Thunder!

CHORUS BARITONES Thunder!

CHORUS BASSES Thunder!

LUCIAN (Spoken) (allegro)

It was a terrible thunderstorm!

L.V.

The clouds came so low, we feared they might meet the mast! We sent men up the rigging with boathooks to fend them off!

LOOK-OUT BOY.

Lightning ahoy!

Lightning! Lightning! Lightning! Lightning! Lightning! Lightning!

LUCIAN. (Spoken)

The lightning passed right under the ship, and up on the other side!

Lightning! Lightning! Lightning!

L.V.

Quasi Presto (Tempo a piacere)

(Tempo a piacere)

LUCIAN (Spoken)

It boiled the (with voice raised)

waves, scattering spray, and throwing upon the deck a convenient mess of fried fish!

In Tempo (Sprechgesang)

Just like a whirlwind,

Accel poco a poco

(LUCIAN)

A whirlwind tore the vessel right out of the sea, carry-ing her up between

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

(crescendo)

two clouds.

(singing)

A-way and a-loft!

And e-ver higher! And e-ver higher! And e-ver higher! And e-ver higher!

cresc

Tempo (ma non troppo moderato)

Upward and upward we flew, Upward and upward we flew. Upward and upward we flew. Upward and upward we flew.

Till the earth looked

Un Poco Più Mosso (♩= 76)

Like a distant disc of shimmering green and blue!

LOOKOUT BOY

Land ahoy!

LYSIMACHUS

Land? Up here? Im-possible!

LOOKOUT BOY — Land ahoy! And vultures!

OMNES — Vultures? A posse of men riding enormous vultures came a-

LUCIAN — -longside, and their leader said:

Poco Rit.

Meno Mosso (♩=72) (severely)

VULTURE CHIEF (a villainous scowling ruffian) — You and your platoon are

LUCIAN — nearing the shores of the moon! Now, that we did not know!

VULTURE CHIEF — I'm telling you! Our law is ve-ry

LUCIAN (mf) — clear: your vessel is trespassing here! That law we did not know!

VULTURE CHIEF — I'm telling you! And

LUCIAN (mf) — at the king's request, you're all of you under arrest! And what shall we do now?

VULTURE CHIEF — I'm telling you!

LUCIAN (exasperated) — To the king you shall expound whither your vessel is bound. But that we do not know!

VULTURE CHIEF — as I'm telling you!

(cresc.)

LUCIAN — They guided us to an airy port, and brought us straight before the king, who said to me:

Allegretto (♩=96–112) — No III. B.

ENDYMION — Hail, handsome stranger! Now are you a smuggler or a spy?

LUCIAN — Hail, King, I'm neither, but

ENDYMION (sardonic) — just a sailor passing by! Since you speak such perfect Greek, I know you cannot tell a lie!

(portando) (singing) — But! with a well-armed ship and war-like gear, you creep into our hemisphere, and say you're really going elsewhere!

(cresc poco a poco) (cresc)

(peremptory) — Kindly tell me where and why!

LUCIAN — So I narrated our story, leaving nothing out.

That done, he stated our faith, no longer was in doubt.

ENDYMION — Wel-come then, with all your men, and

(mf) (portando) (singing) — let me say it is a boon! for, of dear old Greece I've had no word, since as a lad I, with my kith and

(cresc)

was by Ar-te-mis transferred to rule the people on the moon!

LUCIAN

Then you, Sir, you must be En-

ENDYMION

-dym-i-on of Ca-ri-a!

dym-i-on's my name. What's yours?

LUCIAN

My

(Listesso Tempo)

name is Lucian, of Sa-masa-ta.

ENDYMION

Never heard of it!

LUCIAN

After your time, doubtless!

(bisbigliando)

told him all the outstanding news since he had gone a-way. And in re-turn he told me the cause of our arrest that day.

It seemed the Moon was at war with the Sun. And hence the defence regulations. And the reason why this war had be-

-gun, was the Sun's aggressive deprad-ations!

ENDYMION

There is a planet, the

Morning Star is its name. We thought we'd man it, since no-one else had made a claim.

So we shipped a well-equipped in-itial landing party there!

(Parlando, Tempo ad lib.)

Ah! But

In Tempo

when our Colonists arrived, a

(colla voce)

troop sent from the Sun contrived to ambush them, and none survived save two who hid be-hind some air.

Poco Rit

(colla voce)

Tempo

These two men returned with the news of the outrage. But the ruler of the Sun, King Phaethon, an er-

(Quasi recitativo)

(colla voce)

-ratic fellow at the best of times, ig-nored our protests, and re-fused to ne-go-tiate!

Allarg.

(a tempo poco a poco) Tempo

We had no option; so war was presently declared. Now an offensive has

been most carefully prepared. We go forth to wreak our wrath, when dawn's first light is in the sky!

(parlando)

And...! If you would like some fighting too, I'll find you mounts for all your crew, to help us show the sun Who's Who!

CHORUS

That is what we'll do, or die!

LUCIAN

Great King Endymion! Your summons cannot be denied! I and my colleagues will

Great King Endymion! Your summons cannot be denied! We will

Great King Endymion! Your summons cannot be denied! We will

gladly fight upon your side.

fight.

fight.

fight.

Pha—e-thon will find a-non he's bitten off more than he can chew!

Pha—e-thon will find a-non he's bitten off more than he can chew!

Pha—e-thon will find a-non he's bitten off more than he can chew!

(parlando)

Yes! We'll drive the tyrant from the sky, and his defeat will testi-fy that justice wins when

Yes! We'll drive the tyrant from the sky, and his defeat will testi-fy that justice wins when

Yes! We'll drive the tyrant from the sky, and his de-feat will testi-fy that justice wins when

Poco Rit

aided by Lu—ci-an, Lu-ci-an and all his

aided by Lu—ci-an, Lu-ci-an and all his

aided by Lu—ci-an, Lu-ci-an and all his

Meno Mosso (♩=70)

(sheepishly)

crew!

crew!

crew!

LUCIAN

So

legato

on the morrow, when the lu-nar host assembled, We joined the King's own aerial

cavalry, moun—ted on honeybees as large as elephants!

legato

NON RIT

No. III. c.

Listesso Tempo (♩=76) [O più Mosso (♩=88)]

[CHORUS sing through thin paper (or card-&-tissue-paper) to make buzzing timbre]

ENDYMION

LUCIAN

Forces of the Moon, advance!

Mounted Troops of Greekdom

Keep your weapons ready to hand!

-vance! Keep your weapons ready to hand!

(ENDYMION)

Forces of the Moon, right incline!

(LUCIAN)

Greeks, right incline!

Keep to the right of the cloudbanks!

Greeks, follow

(Leggiero)

me!

(ENDYMION)

En— e-my in sight!

Battle Forma-tion!

LUCIAN

Greeks, follow me!

(stretto)

Più Mosso (♩=108-116)

p subito

ENDYMION

Give the signal to charge!

marcatissimo

ENDYMION

LUCIAN

charge!

charge!

(All remove paper and sing naturally)

Grandioso (♩=84)

The bat-tle was a short one, and soon was ended in a truce.

The bat-tle was a short one, and soon was ended in a truce.

The bat-tle was a short one, and soon was ended in a truce.

Più Mosso (♩=104)

Pha-e-thon besought one, when he saw that fighting was no use. Terms were made for mutual trade, and

Pha-e-thon besought one, when he saw that fighting was no use. Terms were made for mutual trade, and

Pha-e-thon besought one, when he saw that fighting was no use. Terms were made for mutual trade, and

all the people cried Hurrah! as the two kings acting most po-lite, ag-

all the people cried Hurrah! as the two kings acting most po-lite, ag-

all the people cried Hurrah! as the two kings acting most po-lite, ag-

-reed that compromise was right, and both to-gether should u-nite, to co-lo-nise,

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-reed that compromise was right, and both to-gether should u-nite, to co-lo-nise,

Poco Allarg. Meno Mosso (♩=84)

co-lo-nise, to co-lo-nise the Morn-ing Star.

co-lo-nise, to co-lo-nise the Morn-ing Star.

co-lo-nise, to co-lo-nise the Morn-ing Star.

LUCIAN

We put up trophies on the clouds, and tablets with the treaty-terms, and

Rit al (♩=♩.) ♩.=72

so returned; and when we got back, King Endymion ex-pressed his

ENDYMION

grat-i-tude to us Greeks. Many thanks, my dear Lu-cian, for ev'rything

You and your men have done on my behalf to — day. And as some slight mark of es-

-teem, let me make you the gov'—nor of our new realm on the Morning

Star. Had I a daughter, you could have her in mar — riage; but the fact is I've not! For the

cresc poco a poco

Great Goddess Artemis has ordained that there shall be no women on the Moon!

cresc poco a poco

OMNES

No women?

LUCIAN

My crew were naturally sur — prised!

Poco Rit.

Molto Rit.

Allegretto Scherzando (♩= 96-104) No. III. D.

What do they do on the Moon without wo—men? How do they cope without wives?

What do they do on the Moon without wo—men? How do they cope without wives?

What do they do on the Moon without wo—men? How do they cope without wives?

Who is the cook for the din-ner and sup—per? Who is the cleaner and wash-er-up—per? What do they

What do they

What do they

do, and how, when a tiny wee stran—ger ar—rives? And when at last they are

do, and how, when a tiny wee stran—ger ar—rives? And when at last they are

do, and how, when a tiny wee stran—ger ar—rives? And when at last they are

grey old men, Who is there to look after them then? What do they do on the Moon without women, to

grey old men, Who is there to look after them then? What do they do on the Moon without women, to

grey old men, Who is there to look after them then? to

ENDYMION

bring a bit of joy to their lives? We are well off on the Moon without wo—men.

(Bouche fermée) Mm

bring a bit of joy to their lives? (Bouche fermée) Mm Mm

bring a bit of joy to their lives? Mm

We have no fuss, or to-do. All the domes—ti-cal chores you men—tion

Mm (Bouche fermée) Mm

don't need fe—male inter ven—tion. We do them all ourselves, and a very good job it is

Too! For Women are prone to nag and scold, Specially when they're haggard and old. And

Mm Mm Mm

if we could not keep the Moon without women, we'd ra-ther go and live in a Zoo!

Meno allargando Tempo

colla voce

Ev'-ry man is allotted from birth, as a bat-man here or there. He serves his masters and shows his worth until his twenty fifth year. Then he stops and is served in turn by the younger gen-e-

Allarg.

-ration. There's nothing to pay, and nothing to earn! It's a wonderful organis-a-tion!

LYSIMACHUS

What about

Meno Mosso (♩=92)

LUCIAN (gaily whispering)

children? Hush! Ly-simachus! children, d'you say? A very good question.

ENDYMION

LUCIAN

Then King Endymion smilingly

led us to the Royal gar-den, and pointed out a beautiful blue tree bearing a gi-gantic a-corn!

poco tenuto poco tenuto (ad lib) Rit

Moderato (♩=88)

Meno Mosso (♩=80)

Più Mosso (♩=88)

ENDYMION Rit

A man cuts his toe-nails, and plants the cuttings in the ground, and

Accel. Rit Allarg. (glis) A Tempo Poco Rit A Tempo

Soon there grows up a little tree as you can see! And on it in time a large a-corn is found, which con-

Più Mosso (♩=120)

tinuto

-tains the young offspring to be.

(colla voce)

Accel.

LYSIMACHUS

From this a-corn e-nor-mous, d'you

(rare subito)

ENDYMION

mean to in-form us, there's going to be born a young Prince? Yes! If you just wait a

subito

Rit A Tempo

min-ute, you'll see that he's in it, and I hope that his birth will con-vince!

(colla voce)

LUCIAN

Phi-lo-so-pher!

Why a Phi-losopher?

ENDYMION

Why? For pre-natal tu-i-tion! The

un poco marcato

boy must not be born illiterate! Phi-losopher, have you com-pleted the instruction of my family tree?

Meno Mosso (♩=108) — PHILOSOPHER

Yes, your Majesty. I've read and I've lectured un-til the syllabus was done; Though his knowledge of

Meno Mosso (♩=96) — Poco accel.

Hist'ry is somewhat rough, it's good e-nough! But in other re-spects you will find that your son is a

Poco allarg. — A Tempo

Prince made of just the right stuff.

Più Mosso (♩=120) — Accel — LYSIMACHUS

Do you mean he's been taught all the things a Prince

ought, and will know what this world is a-bout?

ENDYMION

Yes; And now it is stated my son's e-du-

Poco Rit — A Tempo — Poco Rit — A Tempo — Un Poco Meno Mosso (♩=100)

-cated, per-haps he had best be shelled out!

LUCIAN

They opened the

a-corn,

and there!

The

prince stepped out!

a strapping youth, eighteen years old, and fully clothed!

Poco Rit — ENDYMION — Meno Mosso (♩=92)

Welcome, my son!

Your name shall be Cle-

Poco Rit — A Tempo — Poco Rit — Molto Moderato (♩=69) — CLEANTHUS

-an-thus.

By the way, I am your father!

(CHORUS) — OMNES — Speech!

O my progeni-tor pa-ter-nal,

For your kind salu-tation, I, your sei-on, am much be-held-en, and do gladly take the

Poco Rit. — A Tempo — ENDYMION — CLEANTHUS

appellation of Cle-an-thus!

Most eloquent!

And, sirs, to you whose courteous

ENDYMION

[CLEANTHUS] What a nice way of put-ting it!

pre——sence augments the fe-li-ci-ty of this my

My Son is na——tal day,

CHORUS

quite an orator! Praps a bit too flowery!

I do extend my gra-ti-tude of heart to-gether with the hard of cordi-al-i-ty!

Hail! Hail! Hail!

Molto Rall.

Tempo Primo (♩=104)

Hail, Cle-anthus! Happy birthday!

Hail, Cle-anthus! Happy birthday!

Hail, Cle-anthus! Happy birthday!

That's how it is on the Moon Without wo——men! Children grow on a tree!

That's how it is on the Moon Without wo——men! Children grow on a tree!

That's how it is on the Moon Without wo——men! Children grow on a tree!

First there's a flow'r like a big petu——nia, then an a——corn, and out comes Ju-nior!

First there's a flow'r like a big petu——nia, then an a——corn, and out comes Ju-nior!

First there's a flow'r like a big petu——nia, Then an a——corn, and out comes Ju-nior!

Think what ad——van-tages this method's bound to en——sure!

Think what ad——van-tages this method's bound to en——sure!

Think what ad——van-tages this method's bound to en——sure! The

cost of ed——u——cation is less! (molto staccato e leggiero)

The child is born in his eve——ning dress! And

And

Poco Allarg.

A Tempo

best of all on the Moon without wo-men, they ne-ver have a mother-in-

best of all on the Moon without wo-men, They ne-ver have a mother-in-

best of all on the Moon without wo-men, They ne-ver have a mother-in-

(leggierissimo)

LYSIMACHUS (interrupting)

What about love?

-law! They never have a mother-in-law!

-law! They never have a mother-in-law!

-law! They never have a mother-in-law!

(LYSIMACHUS)

What about love?

LUCIAN

Hush! Lysimachus!

Meno Mosso (♩=84)

ENDYMION

Love, did you say?

CHORUS

Yes! Love!

Yes! Love!

Yes, Love!

Molto Rit

Moderato (♩=84)

(ENDYMION)

Another intelligent question

Meno Mosso (♩=72)

CLEANTHUS

Cle-an-thus, you new-born youngster, tell our friends what you know about love.

The object of my

Meno Mosso (♩=63-66)

amorous attachment, my rapturous erotic infatuation, is great

Ar te-mis!

LUCIAN

Great

LYSIMACHUS

Great

(ENDYMION)

It's true! We all love the Goddess!

(CLEANTHUS)

Great

Ar te-mis!

Ar te-mis!

Ar te-mis!

(ENDYMION)

It's our her-edity! We're born that way!

All of us love great

Ar te-mis!

ossia (Endymion)

(ENDYMION)

Great

CLEANTHUS

Great

LUCIAN

Great

LYSIMACHUS

Great

Ar te-mis!

Ah!

Ah!

Great

Ar te-mis!

(Estatico)

(con tutta forza)

Poco Rit. Più Mosso (♩=84)

E — te — mis!

CL — te — mis!

W — mis!

LY — mis!

T

Br

Bs

(ENDYMION) f Come friends, a—

8va

L.V.

mf mp (non trill.)

p

Poco Rit. Più Mosso (♩=96)

E — way to the birthday party! You are all in-vi-ted!

(b) ff sf

Rit. Più Rit.

L

mf 9 9 8va 14

LUCIAN (tempo ad lib.) f And Ly-simachus!

(L.V.)

Tempo Primo (♩=100)

LY No more questions, thank you!

LYSIMACHUS. mf Aye, aye! Lucian.

T. mf Br That's what they do on the

mf Bs That's what they do on the

f That's what they do on the

(loco) mf

Moon without wo—men! A most success—ful af—fair, oh yes!
Moon without wo—men! A most success—ful af—fair!
Moon without wo—men! A most success—ful af—fair!
Loving the Goddess, and
Loving the Goddess, and

serving each-oth—er,
There's no need for a wife or mother!
See how they
serving each-oth—er,
There's no need for a wife or mother!
See how they

live like Lords, and no-one lacks for good cheer!
live like Lords, and no-one lacks for good cheer!
live like Lords, and no-one lacks for good cheer! They don't have to buy their

hats!
hats!
wife new hats!
Nor are they plagued by howl—ing brats!
brats!
brats!

Pochettino Allarg. A Tempo

bliss on the Moon with—out women!
bliss on the Moon with—out women!
That's why it's bliss on the Moon with—out women! and

Ah, cresc poco a poco
ev'ryone's a bachelor, ev'ryone's a bachelor,
cresc poco a poco

cresc poco a poco
Ev'ry-one's a bachelor, ev'ry-one's a bachelor,
Ah, Ah,

Moon without, Moon without, Moon with—out, Moon with—out,
Moon without, Moon without, Moon with-out, Moon with-out,
Moon without women!

ENDYMION
Poco Rit

CLEANTHUS
LUCIAN
LYSIMACHUS

Great Ar—te—mis!
Great Ar—te—mis!
Great Ar—te—mis!

Ah! Love! Ah!

Moon with—out wo—men! Ev'ry-one's a bachelor here! So there!
Moon with—out wo—men! Ev'ry-one's a bachelor here! So there!
Moon with—out wo—men! Ev'ryone's a bachelor here! So there!

Molto Rit. Allegro (♩=126)

(EVDYMION) ff

Love! Ah! Love! Ah! Love!

(SUBANTHUS) ff

Ah! Love! Ah! Love!

ff (marcato)

Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single

ff (marcato)

Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single

ff (marcato)

Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single man's a bach-elor! Ev'ry single

cresc

8va

Un Poco Moderato

Presto

man's a bach-elor, here!

man's a bach-elor, here!

man's a bach-elor, here!

8va (loco) 8va (loco) (strepitoso)

LENTO (♩.=56) Accel. A tempo No. IV. A. Rit. A Tempo (♩.=50)

ma un poco meno mosso

LUCIAN mf

We said good-bye, and cast off with a fair wind, which gent-ly set us down, until on the

Molto Rit. A Tempo (♩.=50)

seventh day, the ship touched the sea once more.

pp (dolce)

Oh for the

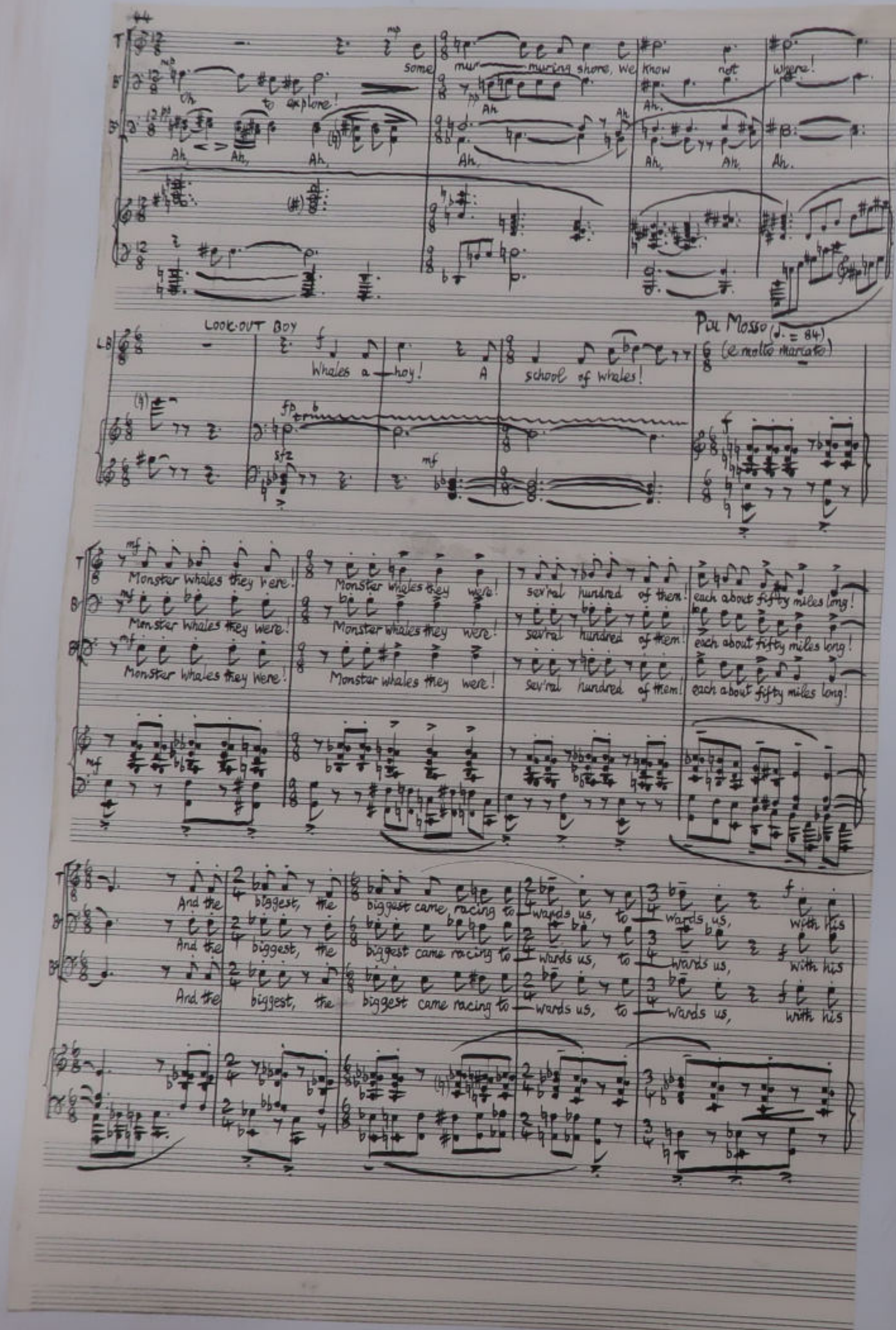
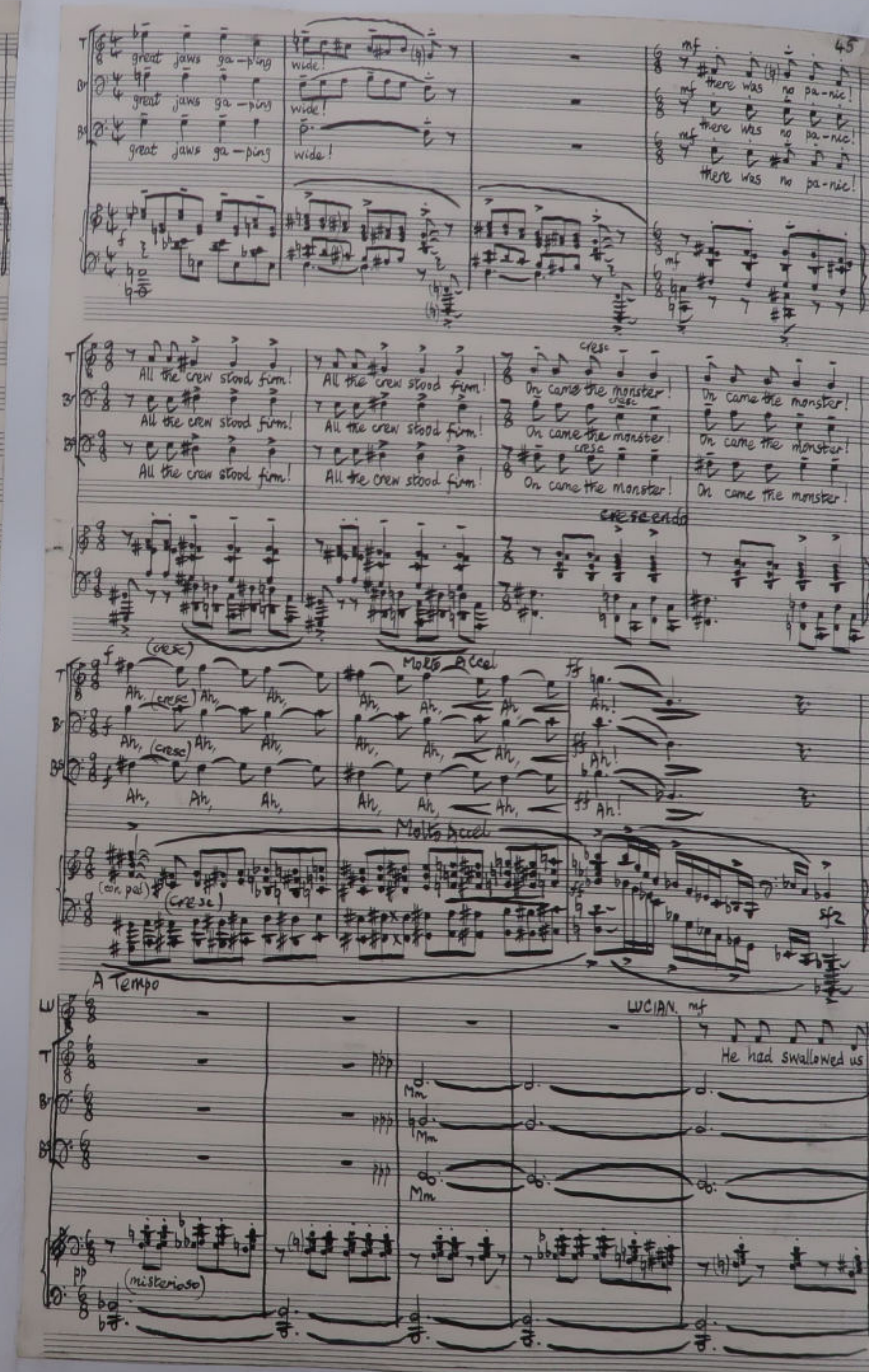
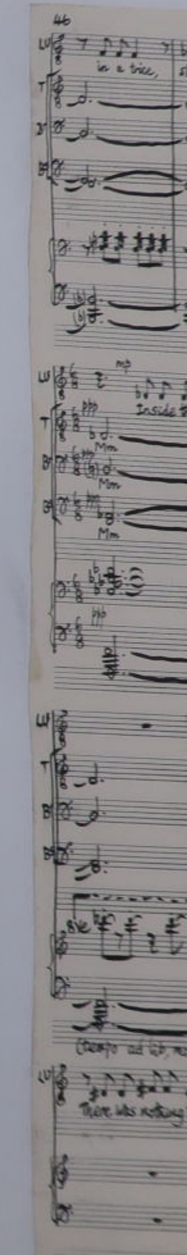
pp subito

Oh for the o-pen main Oh for the fresh sea air.

Oh for the o-pen main

o-pen main.

Ah


44
Some murmuring shore, We know not where!
Oh, to explore!
Ah, Ah, Ah,
LOOK-OUT BOY
Whales a-hoy! A school of whales!
Più Mosso (♩. = 84) (e molto marcato)
Monster whales they were! Monster whales they were! sev'ral hundred of them! each about fifty miles long!
And the biggest, the biggest came racing to-wards us, to-wards us, with his

45
great jaws ga-ping wide!
there was no pa-nic!
All the crew stood firm! All the crew stood firm!
On came the monster!
cresc
crescendo
Ah,
Molto Accel
(con ped)
A Tempo
LUCIAN
He had swallowed us
Mm
(misterioso)

46
in a trice,
Mm
There was nothing

in a trice, ship and all! Narrowly missing us with his huge jagged teeth!

mp

Inside the whale it was very dark and oppressive, like a dripping underground cavern.

Mm

Mm

Mm

8va

(comped)

(LUCIAN) mf

But the ship seemed still aflout, on slimy waters!

8va

mp

L.V.

(tempo ad lib, ma con moto)

Poco Rit

(♩=♪)

There was nothing to do, but drop the anchor, light the lamps, and make a cold supper, during which we all wept

mp

(colla voce)

(pausa breve) Moderato (♩=80) (very sadly)

copiously

DEIPNETICUS

Kindly pass the ham, and the pickled cabbage

CHORUS TENORS mp Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!

(pausa breve)

p (sostenuto)

Poco Rit

POLYCREOS

too! Oh the ham is very salt!

TYROPHILUS

(Tenors) mf But that is our own fault, for crying into it! Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

f

A Tempo

(TYROPHILUS) mf

Kindly pass the cheese! And the bread and butter too! Oh the

EURYSTOMOS

CHORUS BARITONES mp Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!

mp

Poco Rit

LYSIMACHUS

butter is awesh! And we need a mackintosh, with all of us in tears! Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

CHORUS BASSES mp Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!

A Tempo

LYSIMACHUS

mp Our voyage, so hopeful, now is all in vain! And we'll never see our native land a-gain

(CHORUS TENORS)

Will you kindly pass the wine! It will stop us feeling blue. Pour out

Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo! Pour out

Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo! Pour out

Allarg. Più Rit

only half a cup, for our tears will top it up, when all of us are crying, Boo, hoo, hoo!

only half a cup, for our tears will top it up, when all of us are cry-ing, Boo, hoo, hoo!

only half a cup, for our tears will top it up, when all of us are cry-ing, Boo, hoo, hoo!

8va

A Tempo

LUCIAN

A-bout once an hour the whale opened his jaws for a deep breath of

L.V.

air! OMNES very re-freshing! (L.V.) But his mouth was on-ly open a few seconds, and then snapped Accel.

shut with great vio-lence! OMNES Very a-larming! We saw we could not hope to get our vessel

out! There was no escape! So we kept up our spirits by telling con-un-drums!

Poco Rit Molto Rit Moderato (♩=80) (lugubre)

Did you ever hear about the man who had a cat. And he taught it all he

Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!

Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!

Allarg. Molto Più Rit (e marcato)

Knew. After spending one whole week on the alphabet in Greek, that cat still knew only mew! Boo, hoo,

After spending one whole week on the alphabet in Greek, that cat still knew only mew! Boo, hoo,

After spending one whole week on the alphabet in Greek, that cat still knew only mew! Boo, hoo,

A Tempo

hoo!

hoo!

hoo!

8va

LUCIAN

When our eyes became accust-omed to the

Allegretto (♩=100)

gloom inside the whale. We saw we were near a massive stretch of land! So we asked ourselves, how

was it there'd been this alluvial deposit, un-less the whale had swallowed simply tons of stone and sand? And

Accel.

on the beach we saw an-i-mal bones there by the score, and the rotting wreckage of ships was strewn a-

Accel. Accel.

LYSIMACHUS

f

bout on ev'ry hand. Muster the landing party, Ly-simachus! Aye, aye, Lucian.

Accel

Più Mosso (♩=126)

mf

Oh the land was ve-ry fruitful, there were

Oh the land was ve-ry fruitful, there were

Oh the land was ve-ry fruitful, there were

mf

plenteous plants and trees, even radishes, kale, and carrots all a-round! In the shallows oysters

plenteous plants and trees, even radishes, kale, and carrots all a-round! In the shallows oysters

plenteous plants and trees, even radishes, kale, and carrots all a-round! In the shallows oysters

un poco accel.... al.....

grew, and much other shellfish too, and in a little glade a fresh water spring was found! We

grew, and much other shellfish too, and in a little glade a fresh water spring was found! We

grew, and much other shellfish too, and in a little glade a fresh water spring was found! We

Più Mosso (♩=126)

saw with some vex-ation, we could not perish by star-vation, but must wait till old age should bring us

saw with some vex-ation, we could not perish by star-vation, but must wait till old age should bring us

saw with some vex-ation, we could not perish by star-vation, but must wait till old age should bring us

L'istesso Tempo (♩=♩)

down beneath the ground!

down beneath the ground!

down beneath the ground!

8ve

f

mp

LUCIAN

Meno Mosso (♩=104)

mf

But to our surprise, we came upon a little temple, evidently dedicated

(tempo ad lib. ma con moto)

p colla voce

(marcato ed agitato)

to Po-seidon! Just then, an old man and a boy rushed out of it, and drew their swords,

in terrified astonishment at seeing us! They challenged us!

MONODEMUS

Yes, who goes there?

OLD MAN

f Who goes there?

[MONODEMUS]

[OLD MAN]

Silence! I said that!

Yes, Father, so did I!

LUCIAN

mf

'Peace!' I called.

mp

The old man cautiously approached

In Tempo (♩=104)

(marcato) [OLD MAN]

Who are you, and what seek you in our

LUCIAN

f

Your whale?

whale?

How claim you this whale as yours?

mp

Meno Mosso (♩=76)

Andante (♩=94)

OLD MAN

We got here first!

mf

Ten years ago, we were shipwrecked here, and all our compan-ions

f

drowned. On-ly I and my boy being saved, we built this temple, and worked and slaved to

poco allarg. a tempo

poco allarg.

A Tempo

p

farm all the country a-round, and make the best of what we found. We

mp

cresc poco a poco

MONODEMUS mf

cresc poco a poco

pe-netrated, and irrigated, and cultivated, in-sem-i-nated, and re-gu-lated, and sem-i-nated, and re-gu-lated, and

cresc poco a poco

LYSIMACHUS f

Cross-pollena-ted?

fecundated! fecundated!

ff

of course!

f

of course! That also, mf to ensure we'd have crops without

mp

Poco Rit A Tempo

(Slow)

Both of us!

fail; then at discretion, we made a procession,

mf taking formal pos-session of this

f taking formal pos-session of this

Poco Rit

mp

Poco Rit — A Tempo — Molto Rit. — A Tempo (♩=94)

Whale! Whale! But a few months later Some wicked tribes invaded our whale! They de-nied our rights they

Stole our stones, re-sistance was of no a-vail! Now they live further in, and we're obliged to pay a

cresc poco a poco

Poco Allarg — A Tempo

tri-bute of seventy oy-sters a day, and we forfeit our ex-istence if we fail. For there's

cresc

(Listesso tempo, ma ad lib)

Poco Rit. — A Tempo

LUCIAN

nowhere else to go, in this whale. How many other people live here? Only these in-

In Tempo

LUCIAN

-vaders! But the whole realm is rightfully ours! No doubt! But who are these unpleasant in-truders? They're a

Più Mosso (♩=100)

noxious clan of lobster-men, half lobster and half human! Ra-pacious and wild and ruthless to a de-

MONODEMUS

-gree! Who en-joy the terorisation that they cause our whole population, They don't terorise me, Father!

(colla voce)

OLD MAN — In Tempo

Well, half the population, then! But we'll see, my son, for there'll be trouble Soon for you and me! When the

Bailiffs come to-day, where are the oysters we must pay? For these strangers doubtless have eaten all the

(Listesso Tempo)

LUCIAN

We have, I fear! And a very good breakfast too! We apologise! But when these

oysters there might be!

Acce!

Più Mosso (♩=126)

Bailiffs come, refuse them, send them off with a flea in the ear!

MONODEMUS

Or to be more exact, a wallop on the antennae!

OLD MAN

Ah, but then they'll all make war on us, and their vengeance will be sore on us! And we shall be destroyed, for we are

Ossia

LUCIAN

Well, what else is to be done, whether they're two or ten to one, if it's few and they are many! orders they will demand and you can

-not provide them any! When they arrive we will am-bush them!

CHORUS

TENORS

BARITONES

BASSES

Get your arms! And take co-ver! So the tribute was re-fused, and soon the

So the tribute was re-fused, and soon the

So the tribute was re-fused, and soon the

LUCIAN

lob-ster-men arrived, all armed to the teeth and breathing vengeance hot! When the

lob-ster-men arrived, all armed to the teeth and breathing vengeance hot!

lob-ster-men arrived, all armed to the teeth and breathing vengeance hot!

moment came, I sang out!

And from hiding all of us sprang out! We took them by sur-prise and had a

And from hiding all of us sprang out! We took them by sur-prise and had a

And from hiding all of us sprang out! We took them by sur-prise and had a

Cresc.

vic-tory on the spot! To their citadel then we sped, catching and killing all who fled, and we burnt the edifice

vic-tory on the spot! To their citadel then we sped, catching and killing all who fled, and we burnt the edifice

vic-tory on the spot! To their citadel then we sped, catching and killing all who fled, and we burnt the edifice

Poco Rit A Tempo

to the ground, and mas-sacred, and mas-sacred, and mas-sa-cred the lot!

to the ground, and mas-sacred, and mas-sacred, and mas-sa-cred the lot!

to the ground, and mas-sacred, and mas-sacred, and mas-sa-cred the lot!

8va

Poco Rit

Meno Mosso (♩=94)

We solemnly bu-ried the e-nemy dead; and prayers for their human halves were said.

We solemnly bu-ried the e-nemy dead; and prayers for their human halves were said.

We solemnly bu-ried the e-nemy dead; and prayers for their human halves were said.

Un poco allarg.

Bat—tle tro-phies were displayed; and we gave thanks to Po—sei—don for his aid.

Bat—tle tro-phies were displayed; and we gave thanks to Po—sei—don for his aid.

Bat—tle tro-phies were displayed; and we gave thanks to Po—sei—don for his aid

Poco accel — Rit — [attacca]

Allegretto (♩.=80) — No. IV. B — Un poco meno mosso (♩.=69)

LYSIMACHUS: I have an idea! To es-cape from this prison, we must kill the whale!

OLD MAN (horrified): My empire!

By setting fire to these forests!

(Brokenhearted) My handiwork!

Lest the whale close his mouth when he dies, and trap us all in-side, we must send up a working party to prop it o-pen with balks of timber!

LUCIAN: Brilliant! Muster the timber party! It's as good as done! Roast whale!

Poco Allarg. — Rit — A Tempo

Accel — Allegro (♩=138)

LUCIAN: We fired the forests, starting at the stern! Soon we had a merry blaze! The Old Man wrung his hands!

Accel — Poco Rit

CHORUS (UNISON): On the first day the whale began to shiver! The old man wrung his hands! On the next day the whale began to quiver! And the old man wrung his hands! On the third day the whale began to wriggle and jiggle! Ev'rything began to shake! And in the smoke that

Allegro (♩=126) — LUCIAN — CHORUS — LUCIAN — CHORUS

cresc poco a poco — cresc poco a poco

LUCIAN f

CH: made us choke, it was like one long earth-quake! On the fourth day the whale was in a tizzy! The

CHORUS mf — LUCIAN — CHORUS

LU: Old Man did his nut! The water in the whale became fizzy! And the Old Man swore! Tut!

mp — cresc — f

CH: Tut! On the fifth day the whale began to juggle and struggle! Down fell Poseidon's shrine! Tho' the

cresc

CH: old man screamed, to us it seemed, as a ruin it still looked fine! On the sixth day life was utter

LUCIAN f — Rit. — Allarg

LU: The old man stayed in bed!

T: mad-ness!

B: mad-ness!

B: mad-ness!

But the seventh day was one of gladness, for at

But the seventh day was one of gladness, for at

But the seventh day was one of gladness, for at

più allarg — Allegretto (♩.=69) — Accel

T: last the whale was dead!

B: last the whale was dead!

B: last the whale was dead!

Allegro (♩=100)

T: The Ship was got up to the mon-ster's mouth! With ropes and pulleys we hauled her 'tween the teeth!

mf

T: Neat-ly launched her in the sea!

mf — f

And we scrambled a-board as quick could be! Hi! Mono-demus!

f

Cast her off! We're clear! It was just in

We're clear! It was just in

Geron! Where are you? We're clear! It was just in

8va

Allegro. mp — A Tempo

For a mo-ment later, we saw the monster be-gin to dis-ap-pear!

time! For a mo-ment later, we saw the monster be-gin to dis-ap-pear!

time! For a mo-ment later, we saw the monster be-gin to dis-ap-pear!

LUCIAN mf — poco rit. — (Tempo ad lib)

It sank! leaving an enormous steaming whirlpool!

(con ped)

LUCIAN (shouting) — We were overjoyed to be free!

Moderato (♩=69) — Poco Rit

Oh for the o-pen

Oh for the o-pen

Rit e dim.

A Tempo

main!

main!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!

(dolce)

Oh for the spark-ling blue!

Oh for the spark-ling blue!

Oh for the blaze of calm sunny days, with no-thing but sea in view!

(sostenuto) Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

(sostenuto) Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

cresc — Poco Rit.

(♩=♩) A Tempo — Lento (♩=50)

LUCIAN — Poco Rit — OLD MAN

But the old man stood and wept!

Fare — well! Farewell my home!

Un poco tratto

Farewell my little a — cre! Farewell my house, my fields, my own dear temple of Po-

A tempo

sei — don! I shall never see them more! No more!

I know it was but a whale, a roving monster I know it swallowed me to devour me! But ten long years it

(con molta intensità) — Poco Rit. (calando)

sheltered me! It was my home, I lived there, and I loved it!

CHORUS (UNISON)

We vowed we would build a new temple to Po—seidon, if we

Un Poco tratto A tempo

ever got home a-live!

Poco Rit A Tempo

No. V.

Con Moto (♩=100)

(ma ritmo rubato)

In Tempo

OSPHRETICUS (ALTO)

Un poco più mosso (♩=112)

What a wonderful smell, but what is it? Is it

LOOK-OUT BOY

What a wonderful smell, but what

8va

L.V.

leggierissimo

(con ped.)

lilies or vio—lets or ro—ses? It's a mixture of per—fumes ex—qui—site! A pot-

is it? Is it lilies or vio—lets or ro—ses? It's a mixture of per—fumes ex—

pourris for sens—i-tive ro—ses! Is it laurel in bloom? Is it vines or myrth? Or the

-quisite for sens—i-tive ro—ses! Is it laurel in bloom? Or the

Poco Allarg. A Tempo

delicate hy—a—cinth, flow'ring? But what ever the scent, we de—clare that the

delicate hy—a—cinth, flow'ring? But what ever the scent, we de—clare that the

Poco Rit

source of the scent must be near! For be-side being won-der'fully rare, it is

source of the scent must be near! For be-side being won-der'fully rare, it is

A Tempo

Molto Rit

won-der'fully ov — er pow'ring!

won-der'fully ov — er pow'ring! Land A-hoy! Or rather, Para-dise!

A Tempo Accel Più Mosso (♩=132)

Pa — ra — dise!

Pa — ra — dise!

Pa — ra — dise! Well, presently land was be-

leggiero

Ding ding ding ding! Ding ding ding ding ding! Ding ding ding ding ding!

-fore us, with its harbours and meadows and trees! Bright birds sang in rap — turous

Ding ding ding ding ding! Ding ding! Ding ding! Ding! From a distance the sounds of the

Ding ding ding ding ding! Ding ding ding ding! Ding! Ding ding ding [ding] ding ding [ding] ding!

cho — rus, and a fragrance lay sweet on the breeze!

Allarg. A Tempo

lyre and pipe were blended with voi — ces a — mur-mur!

Ding ding ding ding ding ding ding!

Ding ding ding ding ding ding! Ding ding ding ding ding ding ding! So we anchored in sight of the

sand, and we donned the best clo — thing to hand, for we thought it the mo — ment to

Poco Rit A Tempo

land on this beautiful tar — ra fir-ma! But be-fore we could go any distance, some

LUCIAN

L.V.

Andantino (♩=88)

Poco Rit

MACARISTUS

young men stopped us, and their leader said: Pardon my misgiving, but all of you seem to be

LYSIMACHUS — MACARISTUS

living! Well, what is strange in that? I'll tell you, Sir! It's usually required that

LYSIMACHUS — MACARISTUS — Poco Accel — A Tempo

newcomers here have expired! Do you mean we should be dead? I'll tell you, Sir! — in case you have not guessed, this

LUCIAN — MACARISTUS

land is the Isle of the Blest! Oh dear, what shall we do? I'll tell you, Sir! You now must all be brought to

Un Poco Tratte — LUCIAN — MACARISTUS — A Tempo (♩=88) — LUCIAN

Judge Rhadamanthus's court. And what Will he de-cide? He will tell you, Sir! So we were

now in the land of the glorious dead, the Paradise of Heroes! They bound us all with daily chains, and

led us to the house of justice! Our was not the first case!

RHADAMANTHUS — Moderato (♩=69) — ALEXANDER

Great Alexander! What is the nature of your plea? Great Rhada-

(sostenuto)

-manthus! Our placing at table you de-cree: If you scan the seat—ing plan, you'll

Accel poco a poco

see where you've given me a seat, with Han—nibal up-on my right, and

cresc. e sempre accel.

on my left a Ro—man Knight. The Pu—nic Wars they both recite, which neither side knew how to fight! I

cresc

Rit. al — Tempo

find it hard to be po-lite! Yes! I who ne-ver,

Un poco Tratte — A Tempo

never in life knew one de-feat!

RH: Ah well, Alexander! errors such as this occur! I will transfer you. Just

AL: say the position you prefer!

ALEXANDER

May I voice an am—ple choice, and

RH: You may!

AL: leave the decision with you? I've

I much re-gret that I,

lots of friends to say the least, with

Accel. e cresc. poco a poco

RH: I too, beside you cannot take my place!

AL: whom I'd ra—ther sit to feast, than men I've too long pre-de-ceased, and

But all my friends their

Rit. al

RH: must re-main up-on the dais!

AL: vote have cast, to be with me at our repast!

cresc

lex—an der!

Their

Tempo

Let them all be spec-t-fied! number is a large one!

May I proceed

Say whom you wish to sit beside! to name a few?

Molto Rit. Più Mosso (♩=92)

LUCIAN

Al-exander gave a list of friends and comrades, which was as long as your arm!

So Rhada-manthus decreed a special table, for the lot of them! The matter would be re-viewed the next quarter-day!

The next case con-cerned Helen of Troy, who was present in court, but paying no attention! She was far too busy making eyes at my crew, and they, for their part, were obviously not impervious to her charms!

Un poco rit.

RHADAMANTHUS:

In fact they were all now in love with her! (dolce)

attacca

RHADAMANTHUS. Tempo Moderato (♩=69)

Great Mene-la-us!

What is the nature of your plea?

MENELAUS

It's my dear wife, Sir. To my mind she ought to live with me!

The-seus here, and Pa-ris swear that they both have got an equal right!

But The-seus has three wives at call! And Pa-ris knows his hopes are small; a second chance will not befall, for Helen loves me best of all!

Poco accel.

Allarg.

She loves me best! She told me so herself!

A Tempo (♩=69)

Più Mosso (♩=92)

Rit.

At home, last night!

RHADAMANTHUS

Mene-la-us, you are Helen's legal hus-band,

RH

and you've had a lot of fuss and bother! You've certainly earned her! So keep her!

(sec)

Listesso Tempo (ma ad lib, ma con moto)

RH

Now for the new-comers

(sec)

sfz L.V.

8va

Lucian, Lysimachus, and the rest of you! You have

RH

broken our strictest law by being a-live! But it may not be your fault! So I decree: that un-

RH

-less your case is altered by your decease, you may stay here awhile, pro-vided you keep our Blessed

Rit

Allegretto (♩=100)

RH

Peace!

LUCIAN

So we were set free! The sun was sinking be-yond the western ho-rizon. But as the

LU

Dead dine late we had time upon our hands till dinner! So in hopes of seeing Helen, we went down in a

Un Poco Tratto

LU

party, to the house of Mene-laus, and waited. Nothing happened. We thought of singing a serenade!

(alla voce)

A Tempo

LU

Just then Menelaus came up, looking not exactly good-tempered!

M

MENELAUS

I suppose you are

Un poco meno mosso (♩=88)

LUCIAN MENELAUS

Waiting to see Helen! Well, it's no use! She's gone! Gone? Yes! She was last seen rowing from the island with a young man in a boat! I pre-sume she's eloping again! Or launching her thousandth and first ship!

LYSIMACHUS

LUCIAN

Do you know who she's eloped with?

MENELAUS

Un Poco Tratto

Some young fool called Monodemus!

OMNES

In Tempo

Mono-demus! (shouting)

OLD MAN

My Son!

OMNES LYSIMACHUS

Ten years in the Whale haven't altered him! Shame on Mono-demus! It's dis-gusting!

Allegro Moderato (♩=126)

CHORUS TENORES

CHORUS BARITONES

CHORUS BASSES

It's most irreg—ular, most! When a man elopes with a ghost! For everyone knows that in our mortal condition, there's no larking about with an Ap-pa—rition! It's

p cresc

worse than elo—ping, it's worse! It's downright per—verse! If he's a bit of a lad, He must al—so be a bit mad! Well!

8va

p subito

Could he have hoped for some Ars Amatoria? When he'd nothing to flirt with But a Phan—tas—ma—go—ria! It's worse than mad—ness, It's worse! It's downright per-

8va

76

RHADAMANTHUS

-verse!

(con ped)

LUCIAN

To arms! To arms! To arms!

To arms?

That's what I said!

But why?

RHADAMANTHUS

The island of the Damned is in rebellion! These wicked souls have overpow'red their prison-staff! Insuff'rable!

OMNES

In-

RHADAMANTHUS

And dragged the great dog Cerberus!

OMNES

In-

RHADAMANTHUS

-credible! And they have managed to extinguish most of the everlasting fire!

OMNES

Impossible!

(In poco rubato)

8va

RHADAMANTHUS

They are launching their ships to at-tack us! And Helen may be taken as a hostage! A de-

77

-plorable situ-ation!

Poco Rit

Thanks to your Mono-demus!

A Tempo

TENORS

Shame on Mono-demus!

BARITONES

Shame on Mon-o-demus!

BASSES

It's

(sec)

Allegro (♩=152)

la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la! la-la!

most irreg-ular, most! When a man elopes with a ghost! These amorous leanings

Why! Ev'ryone has 'em! But not for a lover made of Ecto-plasm! It's worse than e-lo-ping, it's worse than e-lo-ping, it's worse than e-lo-ping, it's

Più Allegro (♩=176)

worse! It's downright per-verse!

worse! It's downright per-verse!

worse! It's downright per-verse!

worse!

LUCIAN

The alarm was a

(con ped)

most un—welcome sur—prise! For the heroes were all busy doing other things!

PERIERGUS.

1. Ulysses was writing to Ca—lyp—so, of his love for her now as then. He was
2. Euclid was e—volving a theorem, for par—allel lines which meet. At the

1. saying so, with a hot bon-mot, when he had to get his sword and drop his pen!
2. summons he said Q. E. D., and a lot of other things we can't repeat!

II

1. Socrates was chopping some log—ic, when he had to answer the call. But it
2. Ag-a-memnon covered in soapsuds, turned up a bit out of breath. He'd been

III

1. shocked his scru—ples to leave his pu—pils with—out refu—ting them all!
2. on the hearth in a nice hot bath where he couldn't be hacked to death!

A—

1. Aeneas was be—ing bi—ous, and Virgil was at his side;
2. -chelles couldn't find his ar—mour for Pat—roclus without saying please, they were had

1. checking the de-tails Vir-gil re—tails, But they left them un—ver-i-fied!
2. borrowed it to take Cas—sandra to a wake in the Gol-den Tub of Di—o-ge-nes!

(simulating distant trumpets)

BARITONES — TENORS — BASSES

Bom Brr-om-bom! Bom Brr—om—bom! Pa-pa-pa—pa— pa-pa! Bom Brr—om—bom! Boom! Splash! Bom Brr-om-bom!

The he-roes launched their ships, and a great sea-battle en-sued! But the Damned were rather dis-

Pa-pa-pa! Bom Brr—om—bom! Bom Brr—om—bom! Boom! Splash! Bom Brr-om-bom! Splash! Splash! Bom Brr-ombom

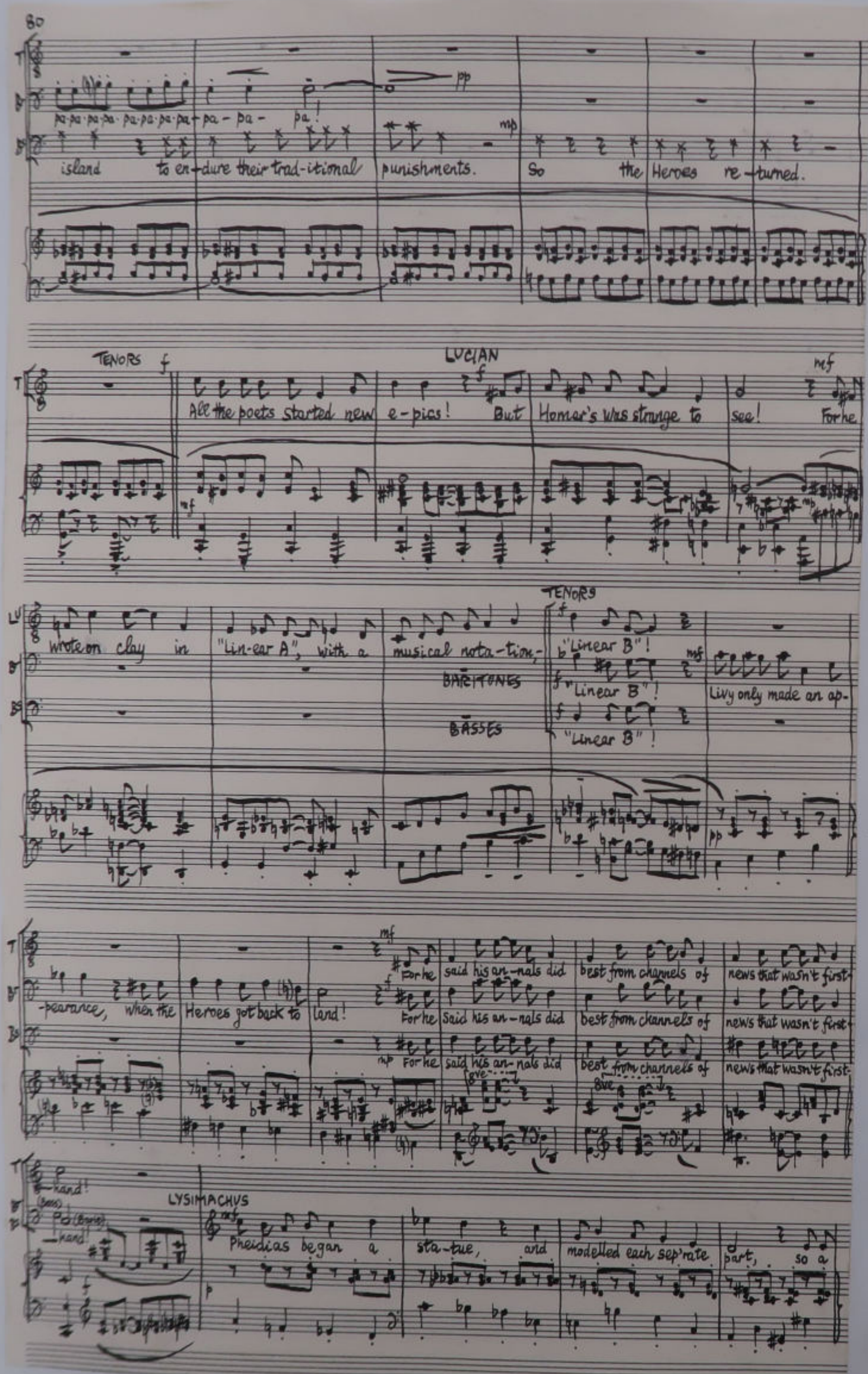
-organised. Ix—i—on's wheel got a puncture! And the sieve bearing the Danaids, Sisyphus

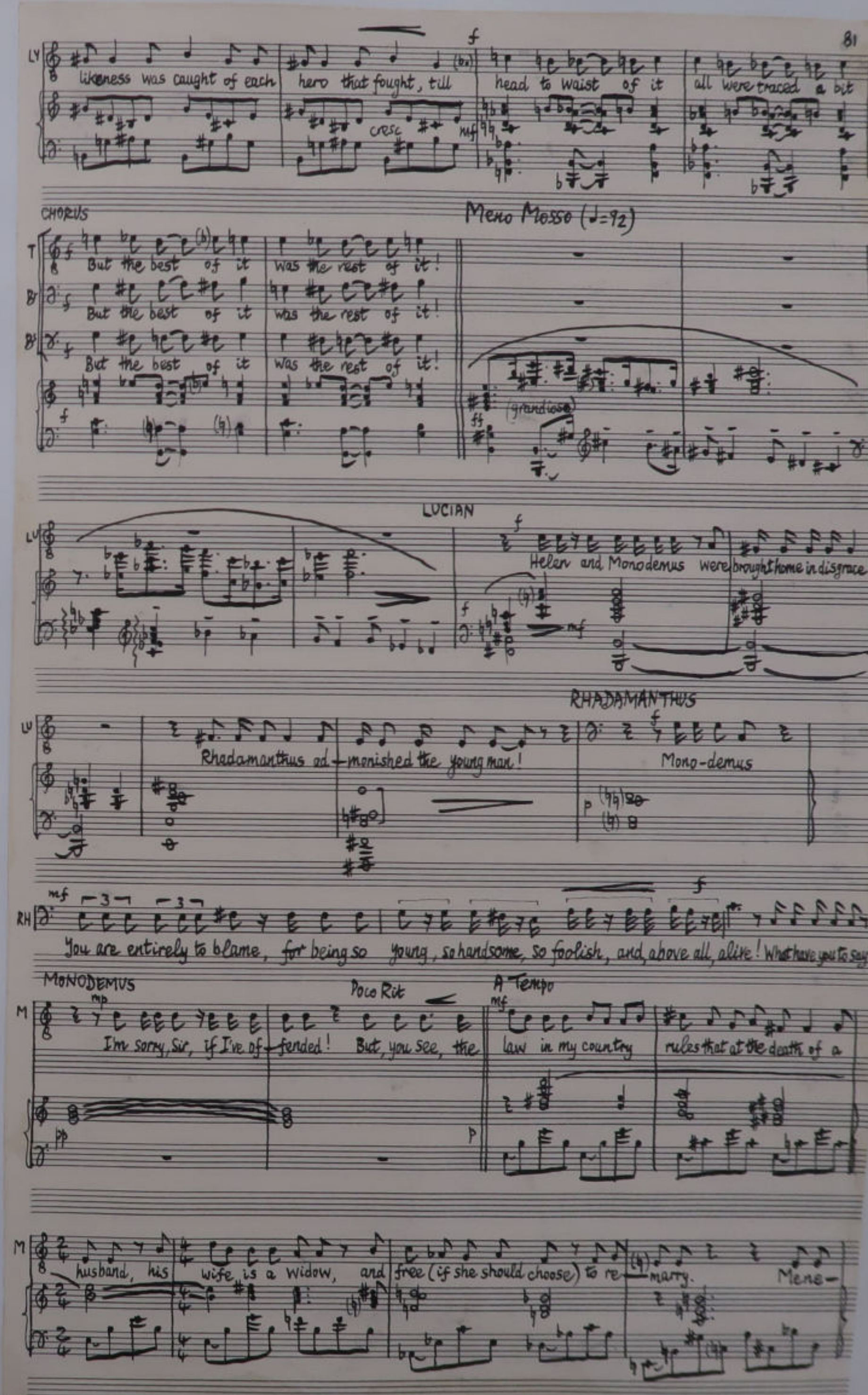
Crese. sempre crese.

Splash! Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa— pa—pa—pa! (simulating distant trumpets) (Nasal) Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-

The Heroes were soon victorious. And the Damned were put away once more on their

(con ped) dim.


80
pa-pa-pa-pa- pa-pa-pa-pa- pa - pa - pa!
island to en-dure their trad-itional punishments. So the Heroes re-turned.
TENORS
LUCIAN
All the poets started new e-pics! But Homer's was strange to see! For he
wrote on clay in "Lin-ear A", with a musical nota-tion,
TENORS
"Linear B"!
BARITONES
"Linear B"!
BASSES
"Linear B"!
Livy only made an ap-
-pearance, when the Heroes got back to land!
For he said his an-nals did best from channels of news that wasn't first-
hand!
LYSIMACHUS
Pheidias began a sta-tue, and modelled each sep'rate part, so a


81
likeness was caught of each hero that fought, till head to waist of it all were traced a bit
cresc
CHORUS
Meno Mosso (♩=92)
But the best of it was the rest of it!
But the best of it was the rest of it!
But the best of it was the rest of it!
(grandioso)
LUCIAN
Helen and Monodemus were brought home in disgrace!
RHADAMANTHUS
Rhadamanthus ad-monished the young man!
Mono-demus
RH
You are entirely to blame, for being so young, so handsome, so foolish, and, above all, alive! What have you to say?
MONODEMUS
Poco Rit
A Tempo
I'm sorry, Sir, if I've of-fended! But, you see, the law in my country rules that at the death of a
husband, his wife is a widow, and free (if she should choose) to re-marry. Mene-

un poco largamente — A Tempo

M: -la-us is dead, so the inference I drew, was that Helen is a widow, though she's dead too. And I

(colla voce)

Poco Rit — Quasi a tempo

M: consequently courted her, which she did not say was wrong to do! But my intentions, I assure you, Sir,

Poco Rit. A Tempo — RHADAMANTHUS

M: were, all the time, strictly honourable! My foot! That doesn't mitigate your blame!

L.V.

RH: You took Helen out to sea, where the sight of her induced the Damned to break their confinement!

RH: I regret to say that, in effect, you Greeks must be deemed to have broken our Blessed Peace! You will

(~~Tempo un poco ad lib~~)

RH: therefore leave immediately!

LUCIAN

mf: We collected our things, and made ready. And Alexander, that seasoned

(colla voce)

LV: traveller, showed us our course, and gave us advice! Of course, we gave him some too!

(crex) — Rit

mp — mf

ALEXANDER — Presto (♩=138)

AL: Never eat Anti-rrhinums, when the sun is in the north! Never employ scissors to stir the

[with superb enunciation!]

mf

AL: fire! Never cross a bridge un-til you've got there! Never sit on ice un-

AL: -less you're hot there! Never make love that you don't mean to maidens over sweet eighteen!

(f)

AL: Never mix up a dog with a cat! Never never never do that!

OLD MAN — LYSIMACHUS — LUCIAN

O.M.: Never tell the date from a sundial! Specially when it's dark!

Never annoy

LV: hornets when you are nude!

ALEXANDER

Never kiss a face which

CHORUS TENORS AND BARITONES.

you've for-got-ten! Never climb a ladder which you're not on! Never tell a lie that's

MONODEMUS AND LYSIMACHUS

new to you, for someone's bound to prove it true! Never mix up a writ with a rat!

OSPHRETICUS (alto)

Never never never do that!

CHORUS TENORS

Never let a man in-sult you, un-less you in-sult him

CHORUS BARITONES

Never let a man in-sult you, un-less you in-sult him

CHORUS BASSES

Never let a man in-sult you, un-less you in-sult him

first! Never suppose cocks to lay fried eggs! No! Never peel a peach with a

first! Never suppose cocks to lay fried eggs! Never peel a peach with a

first! Never suppose cocks to lay fried eggs! Never peel a peach with a

RHADAMANTHUS

nut-meg-grater! Never pick the teeth of an ali-gator! Never tell a dead man what to do!

TENORS

un-

nut-meg-grater! Never pick the teeth of an ali-gator! un-

nut-meg-grater! Never pick the teeth of an ali-gator! un-

-less you are a dead man too! Never mix up the fit with the fat!

-less you are a dead man too! A bit with a bat!

-less you are a dead man too! Never mix up the fit with the fat!

(con ped)

hit with a hat! A nit with a nat!

A spit with a sprat! A nit with a gnat! Never never never do!

Never never never do!

Never never never do!

molto accel

LUCIAN (shouting)

Pui Mosso

Never never never do! Never never never do! Stop that! And cast off! Aye aye, Lucian!

Never never never do! Never never never do! Aye aye, Lucian!

Never never never do! Never never never do! Aye aye, Lucian!

(sec)

(poco a poco accel.)

LUCIAN

The wind blew! The sun shone! The

clouds went past! And we flew!

-way on a homeward course, at last!

CHORUS Allargando

più allarg. Grandioso

Ah! for the main! (con tutta forza)

Ah! for the main!

Ah! for the main!

Con Moto

Oh! for the sal—ty

Oh! for the sal—ty

Ah! foam! for the foam! And oh! for the wide, in—

Oh! foam! for the wide, in—

Oh! for the wide, in—

-per—i—ous, tide, which bears us

-per—i—ous, tide, which bears us

-per—i—ous, tide, which bears us

home! home! home!

Home! We're home! safe

Home! We're home! safe

Home! We're home! safe

LUCIAN

Chorus turn over the page here.

molto strepitoso

We build the

TENORS & BARITONES — LUCIAN

Shrine! — the shrine for po — sei — don! — The — fairest that Art could pro —

BASSES — the shrine for po — sei — don!

—vide! — But on going to say — thanks,

BARITONES — say thanks to the — doc — tor,

TENORS — say thanks to the — doc — tor,

BASSES — say thanks to the — doc — tor,

LUCIAN — We found he'd — sorely over—worked, — and had — died! — But we were re—

A Tempo — poco a poco accel

—freshed! — Refreshed from our — sail — ing, — and in fine — form for life's arduous

Poco Rit — A Tempo

game! — So if you — al—so find your health — fail — ing,

cresc ed accel. — [CHORUS]

I ad — vise you to — do, — to — do the same!

CHORUS — Poco rit. — A Tempo

For nothing com — pares — with the wonderful — feel — ing — great

For nothing com — pares — with the wonderful — feel — ing — great

For nothing com — pares — with the wonderful — feel — ing — great

cresc

seas — with their — fu—ry and freedom ex — cite! — When the — sky and the

seas — with their — fu—ry and freedom ex — cite! — When the — sky and the

seas — with their — fu—ry and freedom ex — cite! — When the — sky and the

Rit — Poco Accel

clouds are your — ceil — ing! — And the — sun, — Moon and — stars, — are your

clouds are your — ceil — ing! — And the — sun, — Moon and — stars, — are your

clouds are your — ceil — ing! — And the — sun, — Moon and — stars, — are your

A Tempo — Un poco allarg

light! — When the — sun, — moon and

light! — When the — sun, — moon and

light! — When the — sun, — moon and

8va

Quasi a tempo

stars,
stars,
stars,

(cantabile)

8va

poco

mp
are
mp
are
mp
are

mf
your
mf
your
mf
your

Molto Accel.

Presto

Light!
Light!
Light!

8va

Meno Mosso

Rit

Molto Rit

pp
Are
pp
Are
pp
Are

8va

sfz

p

pp

A tempo, ma molto moderato

mp
your
your
your

mp
light!
mp
light!
mp
light!

pp
pp
pp

(colla voce)

pp

p

(dolcissimo)

8va

(p)

mp

THE END