

RUDDIGORE

or

The Witch's Curse

Written by
W. S. Gilbert

Composed by
Arthur Sullivan

First Performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, 22 January 1887

MORTALS

Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, *Disguised as Robin Oakapple, Farmer*
 Richard Dauntless, *His Foster-Brother, A Man-o'-War's-man*
 Sir Despard Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *A Wicked Baronet*
 Margaret, *Madly in love with Sir Despard*
 Old Adam Goodheart, *Robin's Faithful Servant*
 Rose Maybud, *A Village Maiden*
 Dame Hannah, *Rose's Aunt*
 Zorah, *Professional Bridesmaid*
 Ruth, *Professional Bridesmaid*

GHOSTS

Sir Roderic Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The twenty-first Baronet*
 Sir Corcoran Murgatroyd of Ruddigore – *The twentieth Baronet*
 Lady Evelyn Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The twentieth Lady*
 Sir Mervyn Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The twentieth Baronet*
 Lady Charlotte Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The twentieth Lady*
 Sir Lionel Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The sixth Baronet*
 Lady Carolyn Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *the sixth Lady*
 Sir Rupert Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The first Baronet*
 Lady Sara Murgatroyd of Ruddigore, *The first Lady*

Officers, Ancestors, Villagers, Professional Bridesmaids

COMMENTATORS:

Darryl Edwards and members of the cast

! = Enlightening Commentary!

! INTRODUCTION - Darryl Edwards

- Welcoming the audience, thanking the co-sponsor and its representatives. Encouraging support for a greater tomorrow.
- Commenting on COSI and its mandate.
- Briefly set the stage of this work in late 19th c. England, and in the tradition of the British Melodrama.

ACT I

SCENE— *The early 19th Century, with selected fantastical indulgences of 2018. The fishing village of Rederring (in Cornwall). Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids, in front of ROSE MAYBUD'S cottage.*

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Fair is Rose as bright May-day;
 Soft is Rose as warm west-wind;
 Sweet is Rose as new-mown hay –
 Rose is queen of maiden-kind!
 Rose, all glowing
 With virgin blushes, say –
 Is anybody going
 To marry you to-day?

SOLO – ZORAH.

Every day, as the days roll on,
 Bridesmaids' garb we gaily don,
 Sure that a maid so fairly famed
 Can't long remain unclaimed.
 Hour by hour and day by day,
 Several months have passed away,
 Though she's the fairest flower that blows,
 No one has married Rose!

CHORUS.

Rose, all glowing
 With virgin blushes, say –
 Is anybody going
 To marry you to-day?
ZORAH. Hour by hour and day by day,
 Months have passed away.

CHORUS. Fair is Rose as bright Mayday, etc.

Enter DAME HANNAH from cottage.

!

RUTH – SYDNEY TROTTER

•EVERY YOUNG MAN IN THE VILLAGE OF REDDERING IS IN LOVE WITH ROSE MAYBUD.

•EVERY YOUNG MAN IS IN AWE OF HER BEAUTY AND HER MODESTY.

•ROSE MAYBUD. HOWEVER, \ LOOKS COLDLY UPON HER MANY SUITORS, AND SHE TURNS THEM ALL AWAY. UNTIL SHE MAKES HER OWN CHOICE, THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR ANYBODY ELSE.

• SINCE REDERRING IS THE ONLY VILLAGE WITH AN ENDOWED CORPS (pronounced "CORE") OF PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS, THEY ARE ANXIOUS OVER THEIR LINGERING UNEMPLOYMENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN WOMEN SEEM TO BE GETTING HIRED EVERY MONTH IN OTHER FIELDS, SUCH AS BEING ASSISTANT DIRECTORS, INTERIM COMPANY PRESIDENTS, PERSONAL ASSISTANTS TO CEOs.

!

CAROLYN – GRACE CHUYÜLANG

•THE WORK-HUNGRY BRIDESMADS ARE PUSHING DAME HANNAH TO MARRY OLD ADAM GOODHEART, BECAUSE HE HAS FOR MANY YEARS HAD A CRUSH ON HER.

•HANNAH DISMISSES THE THOUGHT, FOR LONG AGO SHE WAS PLEDGED TO SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD OF RUDDIGORE.

•HE DIED TEN YEARS AGO, AND SHE HASN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

•SHE DID NOT GO THROUGH WITH THE WEDDING BECAUSE HE WAS A CURSED BARONET.

•WHY WAS SIR RODERIC CURSED, YOU MAY ASK? LET'S FIND OUT!

LEGEND – HANNAH.

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd His leisure and his riches
 He ruthlessly employed In persecuting witches.
 With fear he'd make them quake – He'd duck them in his lake –
 He'd break their bones With sticks and stones,
 And burn them at the stake!

CHORUS. This sport he much enjoyed,
 Did Rupert Murgatroyd –

No sense of shame Or pity came
 To Rupert Murgatroyd!
 Once, on the village green, A palsied hag he roasted,
 And what took place, I ween, Shook his composure boasted;
 For, as the torture grim Seized on each withered limb,
 The writhing dame 'Mid fire and flame
 Yelled forth this curse on him:
 "Each lord of Ruddigore, Despite his best endeavour,
 Shall do one crime, or more, Once, every day, for ever!
 This doom he can't defy, However he may try, For should he stay
 His hand, that day In torture he shall die!"
 The prophecy came true: Each heir who held the title
 Had, every day, to do Some crime of import vital;
 Until, with guilt o'erplied, "I'll sin no more!" he cried,
 And on the day He said that say, In agony he died!
CHORUS. And thus, with sinning cloyed,
 Has died each Murgatroyd,
 And so shall fall, Both one and all,
 Each coming Murgatroyd!

! EVELYN – CHARIS WONG

- ROSE MAYBUD ENTERS, SHE'S BEEN DELIVERING GIFTS TO DESERVING VILLAGERS.
- SHE GAVE A SET OF PAIR OF HEADPHONES TO THE BOY LISTENING TO HIS MUSIC ON THE BUS.
- SHE TOOK THE VAPE PEN FROM A GIRL AND INTRODUCED HER TO A NEW FRIEND TO HAVE... A CONVERSATION.
- SHE GAVE IPADS AND IPENS TO A GROUP OF STUDENTS AND TAUGHT THEM... CURSIVE WRITING!
- ROSE TELLS DAME HANNAH TO STOP ENCOURAGING HER TO GET MARRIED. SHE ASSURES HER SHE WON'T RUIN HER LIFE! SHE LIVES BY THE MORALS THAT HER DEPARTED PARENTS TAUGHT HER, SHE FAITHFULLY FOLLOWS THESE IN AN ONLINE BLOG, FROM NONE OTHER THAN THE FIRST LADY OF THE UNITED STATES, CALLED THE PRESIDENT'S *Blog of Social Etiquette*, MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS "B.S. ETIQUETTE".
- SHE HAS NO TIME FOR A MAN WHO BRAGS ABOUT HIS DYED HAIR IN PUBLIC, OR EATS HAMBURGERS DAILY AND WASHES THEM DOWN WITH DIET COKES.

TRYING AGAIN, DAME HANNAH RECOMMENDS TO ROSE MAYBUD AN UPRIGHT AND PERFECT GENTLEMAN – THE PAINFULLY SHY ROBIN OAKAPPLE, WHO, SHE CLAIMS, HAS THE MANNERS OF GEORGE CLOONEY, THE THOUGHTFULNESS OF ED SHEERAN, AND THE MORALS OF TOM HANKS. BUT NO... ROSE WILL NOT SHOW ANY OUTWARD INCLINATION TOWARD A MAN. IT IS QUITE IMPROPER, FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

BALLAD – ROSE.

If somebody there chanced to be

Who loved me in a manner true,
 My heart would point him out to me,
 And I would point him out to you.
 But here it says of those who point,
 Their manners must be out of joint –
 You *may* not point –
 You *must* not point –
 It's manners out of joint, to point!
 Ah! Had I the love of such as he,
 Some quiet spot he'd take me to,
 Then he could whisper it to me,
 And I could whisper it to you.
 But whispering, I've somewhere met,
 Is contrary to etiquette:
 Where can it be (*Searching book.*)
 Now let me see – (*Finding reference.*)
 Yes, yes!
 It's contrary to etiquette!
 (*Showing it to DAME HANNAH.*)
 If any well-bred youth I knew,
 Polite and gentle, neat and trim,
 Then I would hint as much to you,
 And you could hint as much to him.
 But here it says, in plainest print,
 "It's most unladylike to hint" –
 You *may* not hint,
 You *must* not hint –
 It says you mustn't hint, in print!
 Ah! And if I loved him through and through –
 (True love and not a passing whim),
 Then I could speak of it to you,
 And you could speak of it to him.
 But here I find it doesn't do
 To speak until you're spoken to.
 Where can it be?
 Now let me see – Yes, yes!
 "Don't speak until you're spoken to!"

EXIT DAME HANNAH. ENTER ROBIN.

SPOKEN DIALOGUE:

ROBIN. *Mistress Rose!*

ROSE. (*surprised*) *Master Robin!*

ROB. *I wished to say that – it is fine.*

ROSE. *It is passing fine.*

ROB. *But we do want rain.*

ROSE. *Aye, sorely! Is that all?*

ROB. (*sighing*) *That is all.*

ROSE. Good day, Master Robin!

ROB. Good day, Mistress Rose! *(Both going – both stop.)*

ROSE. I crave pardon, I –

ROB. I beg pardon, I –

ROSE. You were about to say? –

ROB. I would fain consult you –

ROSE. Truly?

ROB. It is about a friend.

ROSE. In truth I have a friend myself.

ROB. Indeed? I mean, of course –

ROSE. And I would fain consult you –

ROB. *(anxiously)* About him?

ROSE. *(prudishly)* About *her*.

ROB. *(relieved)* Let us consult one another.

DUET – ROBIN AND ROSE

ROB. I know a youth who loves a little maid –

(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)

Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid –

(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)

ROSE. I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,

(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

She cannot tell him all the sad, sad truth –

(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

ROB. Poor little man!

ROSE. Poor little maid!

}

ROB. Poor little man!

ROSE. Poor little maid!

BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true,

What in the world should the young man/maiden do?

ROB. He cannot eat and he cannot sleep –

(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)

Daily he goes for to wail – for to weep –

(Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)

ROSE. She's very thin and she's very pale –

(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

Daily she goes for to weep – for to wail –

(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

ROB. Poor little maid!

ROSE. Poor little man!

ROB. Poor little maid!

ROSE. Poor little man!

BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true,

What in the world should the young man/maiden do?

ROSE. If I were the youth I should offer her my name –
(Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

ROB. If were the maid I should fan his honest flame –
(Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)

ROSE. If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day –
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

ROB. If I were the maid I should meet the lad half way –
(For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)

ROSE. Poor little man!

ROB. Poor little maid!

ROSE. Poor little man!

ROB. Poor little maid!

BOTH. I thank you, miss/sir, for your counsel true;
I'll tell that youth/maid what he/she ought to do!

EXIT ROSE. ENTER OLD ADAM

! CORCORAN - BURAK YAMAN

OLD ADAM ENTERS TO FIND ROBIN OAKAPPLE FRUSTRATED. HE IS FRUSTRATED THAT HE HAS BEEN LYING TO THE WOMAN HE LOVES - ROSE MAYBUD.

HIS NAME IS REALLY NOT ROBIN OAKAPPLE!!!

TWENTY YEARS AGO, OLD ADAM HELPED HIM FAKE HIS DEATH TO ESCAPE THE WITCH'S CURSE. ROBIN OAKAPPLE IS TRULY NONE OTHER THAN SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD, BARONET OF RUDDIGORE!!! THEY HAVE BOTH HAVE KEPT IT A SECRET, AND DESPARD MURGATROYD ASSUMED THE TITLE OF BARONET, BECAUSE HE THOUGHT HIS OLDER BROTHER WAS DEAD. AS OLD ADAM REMENISCES WITH HIS MASTER, HE SEES IN THE DISTANCE THE SHIP OF RIUTHVEN'S YOUNGER FOSTER-BROTHER, THE SAILOR AND MAN-O-WARSMAN, RICHARD DAUNTLESS. IT IS SAILING INTO THE HARBOUR AFTER TEN YEARS AT SEA, AND THERE IS MUCH EXCITEMENT IN ALL OF REDDERING...

CHORUS.

From the briny sea
Comes young Richard, all victorious!
Valorous is he –
His achievements all are glorious!
Let the welkin ring (*"to make a joyful loud sound"*)
With the news we bring
Sing it – shout it –
Tell about it –
Safe and sound returneth he,
All victorious from the sea!

BALLAD – RICHARD.

I shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop, (*ship*)
And, off Cape Finistere,
A merchantman we see,

A Frenchman, going free,
 So we made for the bold Mounseer, (*British slang for "Monsieur"*)
 D'ye see?

We made for the bold Mounseer.
 But she proved to be a Frigate – and she up with her ports,
 And fires with a thirty-two!
 It come uncommon near,
 But we answered with a cheer,
 Which paralysed the Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?

Which paralysed the Parley-voo!
CHORUS. Which paralysed the Parley-voo, etc.

Then our Captain he up and he says, says he,
 "That chap we need not fear, –
 We can take her, if we like,
 She is sartin for to strike,
 For she's only a darned Mounseer,
 D'ye see?
 She's only a darned Mounseer!"
 "But to fight a French fal-lal – it's like hittin' of a gal –
 It's a lubberly thing for to do;
 For we, with all our faults,
 Why, we're sturdy British salts,
 While she's only a Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?
 While she's only a poor Parley-voo!"

CHORUS. While she's only a Parley-voo, etc.
 So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze,
 As we gives a compassionating cheer;
 Froggee answers with a shout
 As he sees us go about,
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,
 D'ye see?
 Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!
 And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
 (Which is what them furriners do),
 And they blessed their lucky stars
 We were hardy British tars
 Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo,
 D'ye see?

Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo!
CHORUS. Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo, etc.
HORNPIPE.

! MERVYN – ARIEH SACKE

ROBIN AND RICHARD EXCHANGE HEARTY GREETINGS! ROBIN CONFESSES THAT HE IS VERY HAPPY IN LIFE, EXCEPT THAT IS TOO SHY TO TELL ROSE MAYBUD HE LOVES HER.

•**RICHARD CANNOT UNDERSTAND THIS. ROBIN IS YOUNG. HE IS STRONG. HE IS A BARONET! RICHARD BOLDLY OFFERS TO COURT ROSE MAYBUD ON ROBIN'S BEHALF! ROBIN IS GRATEFUL, AND ACCEPTS THE OFFER HIM TO WOO THIS FAIR MAIDEN FOR HIM.**

•**THE TWO PUT THE SLY PLAN INTO ACTION!**

SONG – ROBIN.

My boy, you may take it from me,
That of all the afflictions accurst
With which a man's saddled
And hampered and addled,
A diffident nature's the worst.
Though clever as clever can be –
A Murdoch of myst-ry parlance –
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!
If you wish in the world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!

BOTH. If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

Now take, for example, *my* case:
I've a bright intellectual brain –
In all of the city
There's no one so witty –
I've thought so again and again.
I've a highly intelligent face –
My features cannot be denied –
But, whatever I try, sir,
I fail in – and why, sir?
I'm modesty personified!

If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

BOTH. If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

As a poet, I'm tender and quaint –
I've passion and fervour and grace –
From Ovid and Horace
Albano - in chorus,
They all of them take a back place.
Then I sing and I play and I paint:
Though none are accomplished as I,
To say so were treason:
You ask me the reason?

I'm diffident, modest, and shy!

If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

BOTH. If you wish in the world to advance, etc.

! RUPERT – ANGELO MORETTI

wow. Wow. WOW!

FROM THE MOMENT THE DICK DAUNTLESS SETS EYES ON ROSE MAYBUD, IT IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. WHEN ROSE MAYBUD SEES THE JITTERY RICHARD, SHE ASKS IF SHE CAN HELP HIM. HE NERVOUSLY RESPONDS, BY ASKING HER TO MARRY HIM !

•ROSE IMMEDIATELY REFERS TO HER BLOG OF SOCIAL ETIQUETTE. SHE FOLLOWS ITS ADVICE AND ACCEPTS THE OFFER... “WITH HESITATION.”

DUET – RICHARD AND ROSE.

RICH. The battle’s roar is over, O my love!

Embrace thy tender lover, O my love!

From tempests’ welter, From war’s alarms,

O give me shelter Within those arms!

Thy smile alluring, All heart-ache curing, Gives peace enduring,

O my love!

ROSE. If heart both true and tender, O my love!

A life-love can engender, O my love!

A truce to sighing And tears of brine, For joy undying

Shall aye be mine,

BOTH. And thou and I, love,

Shall live and die, love, Without a sigh, love –

My own, my love!

! MERVYN – ARIEH SACKE

HILARITY AND JUBILATION ARE IN THE AIR! ROBIN ENTERS WITH THE CORPS OF BRIDESMAIDS TO FIND THAT THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE HAS INDEED BEEN ACCEPTED. BUT... THERE’S A PROBLEM. AS RICHARD DAUNTLESS TELLS IT, “YOU SEE, IT’S LIKE THIS: SHE ACCEPTS, BUT IT’S ME!”

•ROSE IS HAVING “FIANCÉE REMORSE” OVER HER CHOICE OF A LOWLY SAILOR. SHE HURRIEDLY SCOURS HER THE BLOG POSTS TO LEARN WHAT ONE DOES WHEN ONE ACCEPTS AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM THE WRONG GENTLEMAN. SHE COMPARES HER CURRENT FUTURE - WITH THAT OF BEING THE WIFE OF A LOWLY SAILOR TO THAT OF A WEALTHY FARMER.

•THE PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS DON’T CARE. THEY ARE JUST HAPPY TO HAVE THE WORK!

TRIO – RICHARD, ROBIN, AND ROSE.

In sailing o’er life’s ocean wide

Your heart should be your only guide;

With summer sea and favouring wind,

Yourself in port you'll surely find.

SOLO – RICHARD.

My heart says, "To this maiden strike – She's captured you.

She's just the sort of girl you like – You know you do.

If other man her heart should gain, I shall resign."

That's what it says to me quite plain, This heart of mine.

SOLO – ROBIN.

My heart says, "You've a prosperous lot, With acres wide;

You mean to settle all you've got Upon your bride."

It don't pretend to shape my acts By word or sign;

It merely states these simple facts, This heart of mine!

SOLO – ROSE.

Ten minutes since my heart said "white" –

It now says "black".

It then said "left" – it now says "right" –

Hearts often tack.

I must obey its latest strain –

You tell me so. (*To RICHARD.*)

But should it change its mind again,

I'll let you know.

(*Turning from RICHARD to ROBIN, who embraces her.*)

TRIO.

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide

No doubt the heart should be your guide;

But it is awkward when you find

A heart that does not know its mind!

EXIT ROSE, ROBIN, RICHARD

ENTER MARGARET.

(*Enter MARGARET. She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.*)

SCENA – MARGARET.

Cheerily carols the lark Over the cot.

Merrily whistles the clerk Scratching a blot.

But the lark And the clerk,

I remark, Comfort me not!

Over the ripening peach Buzzes the bee.

Splash on the billowy beach Tumbles the sea.

But the peach And the beach

They are each Nothing to me!

And why? Who am I?

Daft Madge! Crazy Meg!

Mad Margaret! Poor Peg!

He! he! he! he! (*chuckling*)

Mad, I? Yes, very!

But why? Mystery!

Don't call! No crime –

'Tis only That I'm
Love-lonely! That's all!

BALLAD – MARGARET.

To a garden full of posies
Cometh one to gather flowers,
And he wanders through its bowers
Toying with the wanton roses,
Who, uprising from their beds,
Hold on high their shameless heads
With their pretty lips a-pouting,
Never doubting – never doubting
That for Cytherean posies (*pertaining to Venus, Greek goddess of love*)
He would gather aught but roses!

In a nest of weeds and nettles
Lay a violet, half-hidden,
Hoping that his glance unbidden
Yet might fall upon her petals.
Though she lived alone, apart,
Hope lay nestling at her heart,
But, alas, the cruel awaking
Set her little heart a-breaking,
For he gathered for his posies
Only roses – only roses!

! SARA – MORGAN REID

- ROSE SEES THE MAIDEN IN TEARS, AND MOVES TO COMFORT HER. WHEN MARGARET REALIZES ROSE IS NOT MAD LIKE *SHE* IS,
- SHE CONCLUDES ROSE MUST NOT LOVE SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD, BECAUSE ALL THE GIRLS WHO LOVE DESPARD ARE MAD! MARGARET HAS BEEN DRIVEN INSANE BECAUSE SHE LOVES THE WICKED BARONET OF RUDDIGORE.
- ROSE IS HORRIFIED FOR HER. MARGARET SAYS SHE IS SO BESIDE HERSELF... SHE HAS BECOME A KILLER.
- THIS MORNING SHE MURDERED A FLY BY CRUSHING IT AGAINST A PANE OF GLASS - POP! AND THIS AFTERNOON SHE WILL MURDER THE WOMAN SIR DESPARD SAYS HE LOVES...WHEN ROSE MAYBUD REVEALS TO MARGARET THAT *SHE* IS ROSE MAYBUD, BUT, GRATEFULLY, SHE IS ALREADY ENGAGED.
- MARGARET DOESN'T BELIEVE HER, BUT IS INTERRUPTED BY SIR DESPARD AND HIS EVIL CREW DOING SOMETHING AS CRAZY AS SHE IS...
- THEY ARE SINGING CHORUSES IN PUBLIC!

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Welcome, gentry, For your entry
Sets our tender hearts a-beating.
Men of station, Admiration

Prompts this unaffected greeting.

Hearty greeting offer we!

CHORUS OF BUCKS AND BLADES.

When thoroughly tired Of being admired,
By ladies of gentle degree – degree,
With flattery sated, High-flown and inflated,
Away from the city we flee – we flee!
From charms intramural To prettiness rural
The sudden transition Is simply Elysian, (*“Heavenly”*)
So come, Amaryllis, Come, Chloe and Phyllis,
Your slaves, for the moment, are we!

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

The sons of the tillage Who dwell in this village
Are people of lowly degree – degree.
Though honest and active, They’re most unattractive,
And awkward as awkward can be – can be.
They’re clumsy clodhoppers With axes and choppers,
And shepherds and ploughmen And drovers (*“herders”*) and cowmen,
Hedgers and reapers And carters (*“wagon movers”*) and keepers,
But never a lover for me!

ENSEMBLE.

BRIDESMAIDS. BUCKS AND BLADES.

So welcome gentry, etc. When thoroughly tired, etc.

DIRECT SEGUE –

SONG AND CHORUS – SIR DESPARD.

SIR D. Oh, why am I moody and sad?

CH. Can’t guess!

SIR D. And why am I guiltily mad?

CH. Confess!

SIR D. Because I am thoroughly bad!

CH. Oh yes – **SIR D.** You’ll see it at once in my face.

Oh, why am I husky and hoarse? **CH.** Ah, why?

SIR D. It’s the workings of conscience, of course. **CH.** Fie, fie!

SIR D. And huskiness stands for remorse, **CH.** Oh my!

SIR D. At least it does so in my case! **SIR D.** When in crime one is fully employed –

CH. Like you – **SIR D.** Your expression gets warped and destroyed:

CH. It do. **SIR D.** It’s a penalty none can avoid;

CH. How true! **SIR D.** I once was a nice-looking youth;

But like stone from a strong catapult –

CH. (*explaining to each other*) A trice – **SIR D.** I rushed at my terrible cult –

CH. (*explaining to each other*) That’s vice – **SIR D.** Observe the unpleasant result!

CH. Not nice. **SIR D.** Indeed I am telling the truth!

SIR D. Oh, innocent, happy though poor! **CH.** That’s we –

SIR D. If I had been virtuous, I’m sure – **CH.** Like me –

SIR D. I should be as nice-looking as you’re! **CH.** May be.

SIR D. You are very nice-looking indeed! Oh, innocents, listen in time –

CH. We *doe*, **SIR D.** Avoid an existence of crime –

CH. Just so– **SIR D.** Or you'll be as ugly as I'm–

CH. (*loudly*) No! No! **SIR D.** And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

(ALL THE GIRLS EXPRESS THEIR HORROR OF SIR DESPARD. AS HE APPROACHES THEM THEY FLY FROM HIM, TERROR-STRICKEN, LEAVING HIM ALONE ON THE STAGE.)

! MONOLOGUE – SIR DESPARD:

Poor children, how they loathe me – me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little child! But what is a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am *even* with them! (*mysteriously*) I get my crime over the first thing in the morning, and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good – I do good – I do good! (*melodramatically*) Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and sent the Prime Minister and his family on an island vacation! To-day I carry off Rose Maybud and gave Christopher Plummer my latest stage role! He will make *All the Money in the World!* This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the National Portrait Gallery in Ottawa, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!

! CAROLYN – GRACE CHUYÜ LIANG

RICHARD DAUNTLESS ENTERS, AND SETS ABOUT TO PLEAD HIS CASE TO SIR DESPARD BY REVEALING THAT HIS BROTHER, SIR RUTHVEN MURGATROYD, DID NOT DIE; HE IS LIVING IN THE VILLAGE AS ROBIN OAKAPPLE, AND IS ENGAGED TO ROSE MAYBUD. DESPARD IS ELATED!

•HE CAN NOW THROW THE *CURSED MANTLE* ONTO HIS BROTHER, AND LEAD A BLAMELESS LIFE.

•HE IS FREE AT LAST – FREE AT LAST – TO BE ADORED BY ALL WHO KNOW HIM!

•RUTHVEN MUST DO HIS DREADFUL DUTY AND ASSUME HIS TITLE AND POSITION AS THE BARONET OF RUDDIGORE!

DUET – SIR DESPARD AND RICHARD.

RICH. You understand?

SIR D. I think I do; With vigour unshaken
This step shall be taken. It's neatly planned.

RICH. I think so too;

I'll readily bet it; You'll never regret it!

BOTH. For duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to every one,
And painful though that duty be, To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!

SIR D. The bridegroom comes –

RICH. Likewise the bride –

The maidens are very Elated and merry;

They are her chums.

SIR D. To lash their pride

Were almost a pity, The pretty committee!

BOTH. But duty, duty must be done; The rule applies to every one,
And painful though that duty be, To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!

**DIRECT SEGUE –
EXIT RICHARD AND DESPARD
ENTER FEMALE CHORUS (AS BRIDESMAIDS)**

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the bride of seventeen summers;

In fair phrases Hymn her praises;

Lift your song on high, all comers.

She rejoices In your voices.

Smiling summer beams upon her,

Shedding every blessing on her:

Maidens greet her – Kindly treat her –

You may all be brides some day!

CHORUS OF BUCKS.

Hail the bridegroom who advances, Agitated,

Yet elated. He's in easy circumstances,

Young and lusty, True and trusty.¹⁵

ALL. Smiling summer beams upon her, etc.

MADRIGAL.

ROSE, DAME HANNAH, RICHARD, OLD ADAM WITH CHORUS.

ROSE. When the buds are blossoming,

Smiling welcome to the spring,

Lovers choose a wedding day –

Life is love in merry May!

GIRLS. Spring is green –

Summer's rose –

QUARTET. It is sad when summer goes, Fa la, la, etc.

MEN. Autumn's gold – Winter's grey –

QUARTET. Winter still is far away – Fa la, la etc.

CHORUS. Leaves in autumn fade and fall,

Winter is the end of all.

Spring and summer teem with glee:

Spring and summer, then, for me! Fa la, la, etc.

HANNAH. In the spring-time seed is sown: In the summer grass is mown:

In the autumn you may reap: Winter is the time for sleep.

GIRLS. Spring is hope – Summer's joy –

QUARTET. Spring and summer never cloy. Fa la, la, etc.

MEN. Autumn, toil – Winter, rest –

QUARTET. Winter, after all, is best – Fa la, la, etc

CHORUS. Spring and summer pleasure you, Autumn, aye, and winter too –

Every season has its cheer, Life is lovely all the year!

Fa la, la, etc

GAVOTTE.

SIR D. Hold, bride and bridegroom, ere you wed each other,

I claim young Robin as my elder brother!

His rightful title I have long enjoyed:

I claim him as Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd!

CHORUS. O wonder!

ROSE. (*wildly*) Deny the falsehood, Robin, as you should, It is a plot!

ROB. I would, if conscientiously I could, But I cannot!

CHORUS. Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

SOLO – ROBIN.

As pure and blameless peasant, I cannot, I regret,

Deny a truth unpleasant, I am that Baronet!

CHORUS. He is that Baronet!

ROBIN. But when completely rated Bad Baronet am I,

That I am what he's stated I'll recklessly deny!

CHORUS. He'll recklessly deny!

ROB. When I'm a bad Bart. I will tell taradiddles!

CHORUS. He'll tell taradiddles when he's a bad Bart.

ROB. I'll play a bad part on the falsest of fiddles.

CHORUS. On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part!

ROB. But until that takes place I must be conscientious –

CHORUS. He'll be conscientious until that takes place.

ROB. Then adieu with good grace to my morals sententious!

CHORUS. To morals sententious adieu with good grace!

ROB. & CH. When I'm/he's a bad Bart I/he will tell taradiddles, etc.

ZOR. Who is the wretch who hath betrayed thee?

Let him stand forth!

RICH. (*coming forward*) 'Twas I!

ALL. Die, traitor!

RICH. Hold! my conscience made me!

Withhold your wrath!

SOLO – RICHARD.

Within this breast there beats a heart

Whose voice can't be gainsaid.

It bade me thy true rank impart,

And I at once obeyed.

I knew 'twould blight thy budding fate –

I knew 'twould cause thee anguish great –

But did I therefore hesitate?

No! I at once obeyed!

ALL. Acclaim him who, when his true heart

Bade him young Robin's rank impart,

Immediately obeyed!

SOLO – ROSE (*addressing ROBIN*).

Farewell!

Thou hadst my heart – 'Twas quickly won!

But now we part – Thy face I shun!

Farewell!

Go bend the knee At Vice's shrine,
Of life with me All hope resign.

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

(*To SIR DESPARD.*) Take me – I am thy bride!

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride!

When the nuptial knot is tied;

Every day will bring some joy

That can never, never cloy!

(*Enter MARGARET, who listens.*)

SIR D. Excuse me, I'm a virtuous person now –

ROSE. That's why I wed you!

SIR D. And I to Margaret must keep my vow!

MAR. Have I misread you?

Oh, joy! with newly kindled rapture warmed,

I kneel before you! (*kneels*)

SIR D. I once disliked you; now that I've reformed,

How I adore you! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride!

When the nuptial knot is tied;

Every day will bring some joy

That can never, never cloy!

ROSE. Richard, of him I love bereft,

Through thy design,

Thou art the only one that's left,

So I am thine! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride!

Hail the Bridegroom – hail the Bride!

DUET – ROSE AND RICHARD.

Oh, happy the lily When kissed by the bee;

And, sipping tranquilly, Quite happy is he;

And happy the filly That neighs in her pride;

But happier than any, A pound to a penny,

A lover is, when he Embraces his bride!

DUET – SIR DESPARD AND MARGARET.

Oh, happy the flowers That blossom in June,

And happy the bowers That gain by the boon,

But happier by hours The man of descent,

Who, folly regretting, Is bent on forgetting

His bad baronetting, And means to repent!

TRIO – HANNAH, ADAM, AND ZORAH.

Oh, happy the blossom That blooms on the lea,

Likewise the opossum That sits on a tree,

But when you come across 'em, They cannot compare
 With those who are treading The dance at a wedding,
 While people are spreading The best of good fare!

SOLO – ROBIN.

Oh, wretched the debtor Who's signing a deed!
 And wretched the letter That no one can read!
 But very much better Their lot it must be
 Than that of the person I'm making this verse on,
 Whose head there's a curse on – Alluding to me!

ENSEMBLE WITH CHORUS.

Oh, happy the lily, etc.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE. – Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the Baronets of Ruddigore from the time of James I – the first being that of SIR RUPERT, alluded to in the legend; the last, that of the last deceased Baronet, SIR RODERIC.

Enter ROBIN and ADAM melodramatically. They are greatly altered in appearance, ROBIN wearing the haggard aspect of a wicked man; ADAM, that of the corrupted steward to such a man.

DUET – ROBIN AND ADAM.

ROB. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb,
 I'm now Sir Murgatroyd – ha! ha!
 With greater precision (Without the elision),
 Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd – ha! ha!

ADAM. And I, who was once his *valley-de-sham*, (French: *valet de chambre*)
 As steward I'm now employed – ha! ha!
 The dickens may take him –
 I'll never forsake him!

As steward I'm now employed – ha! ha!

BOTH. How dreadful when an innocent heart
 Becomes, perforce, a bad young Bart.,
 And still more hard on old Adam,
 His former faithful *valley-de-sham*!

! RUTH – SYDNEY TROTTER

•LIFE HAS CHANGED DRASTICALLY FOR SIR RUTHVEN AND OLD ADAM. THEY ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK. AS THE BARONET OF RUDDIGORE, RUTHVEN MUST NOW COMMIT A CRIME A DAY.

•BUT NOW, RICHARD AND ROSE HAVE ARRIVED AT RUDDIGORE CASTLE, TO ASK THE LORD'S PERMISSION TO MARRY.

DUET – RICHARD AND ROSE.

RICH. Happily coupled are we,
 You see – I am a jolly Jack Tar, My star,
 And you are the fairest,
 The richest and rarest
 Of innocent lasses you are, By far –
 Of innocent lasses you are!
 Fanned by a favouring gale,
 You'll sail Over life's treacherous sea - With me,
 And as for bad weather,
 We'll brave it together,
 And you shall creep under my lee, My wee!
 And you shall creep under my lee!
 For you are such a smart maiden, true! –
 Such a neat maiden, sweet maiden, true –
 Such a bright, erudite maiden –
 Sprite and upright maiden
 Belle maiden, swell maiden, true!

CHORUS. For she is such a smart maiden, etc.

ROSE. My hopes will be blighted, I fear,
 My dear; in a month you'll be going to sea,
 Quite free, and all of my wishes
 You'll throw to the fishes
 As though they were never to be; Poor me!
 As though they were never to be.
 And I shall be left all alone. To moan,
 And weep at your cruel deceit, Complete;
 While you'll be asserting
 Your freedom by flirting
 With every woman you meet, You cheat – Ah!
 With every woman you meet! Ah!
 Though I am such a smart maiden, true –
 Such a neat maiden, sweet maiden, true –
 Such a bright, erudite maiden –
 Sprite and upright maiden
 Belle maiden, swell maiden, true!
CHORUS. Though she is such, etc.

! CORCORAN – BURAK YAMAN

“SO AT LAST I HAVE YOU IN MY POWER, ROSE!” SAYS RUTHVEN. BUT RICHARD STEPS FORWARD TO PROTECT HER, BY PLACING THE FLAG OF THEIR GREAT NATION, ENGLAND, ABOVE HER HEAD, IT'S *THE UNION JACK*!

•ACH! RUTHVEN'S PLAN IS FOILED! ROSE IMPLORES RUTHVEN TO BE KIND TO THEM BOTH, AS SHE IS TO MARRY HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

BALLAD – ROSE.

In bygone days I had thy love, Thou hadst my heart.
 But Fate, all human vows above, Our lives did part!

By the old love thou hadst for me – By the fond heart that beat for thee –
By joys that never now can be, Grant thou my prayer!

ALL. (*kneeling*) Grant thou her prayer!

ROB. (*recitative*) Take her – I yield!

ALL. (*recitative*) Oh, rapture! (*All rising.*)

CHORUS. Away to the parson we go –

Say we're solicitous very

That he will turn two into one –

Singing hey, derry down derry!

RICH. For she *is* such a smart maiden, true! –

ROSE. Such a neat maiden, sweet maiden true–

RICH. Such a bright, erudite maiden

ROSE. Sprite and upright maiden

BOTH. Belle woman, swell maiden, now!

CHORUS. For she *is* such a smart maiden true, etc.

! RUPERT – ANGELO MORETTI

•FOR A WEEK RUTHVEN HAS FULFILLED HIS ACCURSED DOOM! HE HAS DULY COMMITTED A CRIME A DAY! NOT A GREAT CRIME, BUT STILL, IN THE EYES OF SOMEONE AS VIRTUOUS AS HE USED TO BE, A CRIME. RUTHVEN ADDRESSES HIS ANCESTORS:

RUTHVEN: **Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity!**

•AND, AS RUTHVEN SUDDENLY ACQUIRES A STRONG OXBRIDGE ACCENT, THE ANCESTRAL BARONETS OF RUDDIGORE COME TO LIFE, AND STEP OUT OF THEIR FRAMED PORTRAITS.

! THE ROOM DARKENS FOR A MOMENT. IT BECOMES LIGHT AGAIN, AND THE PICTURES ARE SEEN TO HAVE BECOME ANIMATED.

THIS CHORUS IS TO BE MEMORIZED, SINCE YOU'LL BE WALKING THROUGH THE AUDIENCE.

CHORUS OF FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Painted emblems of a race, All accurst in days of yore,

Each from his accustomed place Steps into the world once more.

(*The Pictures step from their frames and march round the stage.*)

Baronet of Ruddigore, Last of our accursèd line,

Down upon the oaken floor – Down upon those knees of thine.

Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer,

Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,
 Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper,
 Sniffler, snuffler, wailer, weeper,
 Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, weevil!
 Set upon thy course of evil,
 Lest the King of Spectre-Land
 Set on thee his grisly hand!

(The spectre of SIR RODERIC descends from his frame.)

SIR ROD. Beware! beware! beware!

ROB. Gaunt vision, who art thou That thus, with icy glare
 And stern relentless brow, Appearest, who knows how?

SIR ROD. I am the spectre of the late
 Sir Roderic Murgatroyd,

Who comes to warn thee that thy fate Thou canst not now avoid.

ROB. Alas, poor ghost!

SIR ROD. The pity you Express for nothing goes:
 We spectres are a jollier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose!

CHORUS. We spectres are a jollier crew
 Than you, perhaps, suppose!

SONG – SIR RODERIC.

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl, and the bat in the
 moonlight flies,
 And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight skies –
 When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the moon,
 Then is the spectres' holiday – then is the ghosts' high-noon!

CHORUS. Ha! ha!

Then is the ghosts' high-noon!

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees, and the mists lie low on the fen,
 From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were women and men,
 And away they go, with a mop and a mow, to the revel that ends too soon,
 For cockcrow limits our holiday – the dead of the night's high-noon!

CHORUS. Ha! ha!

The dead of the night's high-noon!

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds take flight,
 With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly grim "good-night";
 Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth its jolliest tune,
 And ushers in our next high holiday – the dead of the night's high-noon!

CHORUS. Ha! ha!

The dead of the night's high-noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

RECITATIVE AND SONG - ROBIN. Away, Remorse! Compunction, hence! Go Moral Force!
 To Virtue's plea A long farewell - Propriety, I ring thy knell!
 Come guiltiness of deadliest hue.
 Come desperate deeds of derring-do.

Henceforth all the crimes that I find in *The Times*
 I've promised to perpetrate nightly;
 Tomorrow I start with a petrified heart

To undermine all who do rightly.
 There's call centre scamming and mass email ramming,
 And several other disgraces
 Identity thefting and crushing the left wing
 With tax cuts for friends in high places.
 Oh! A baronet's rank is exceedingly nice,
 But the title's uncommonly dear at the price!

You puffed academics who dwell in polemics,
 for whom small distinctions are vital,
 You found research centres and make yourselves mentors
 For an "Order of Canada" title.
 You powerful fakers – Oh big movie makers
 You've reveled in fame, but no longer.
 We'll see to that "Me Too!" You'll pay a top fee to
 Get slapped with "Time's up! We are stronger!"
 Oh! Allow me to offer a word of advice.
 The title's uncommonly dear at the price!

Our youngish PM - with each bold stratagem,
 His high popularity sinking,
 Will strut and will flirt and will rip off his shirt
 To take us off guard from our thinking.
 For our country's good fame, its repute or its shame,
 He don't care where he will vacation -
 But he'll toast Aga Khan,
 And he'll boast, "Bring it on!"
 Who cares? I'm the head of the nation!"
 Oh! Allow me to give *you* a word of advice -
 The title's uncommonly dear at the price!

! MERVYN – ARIEH SACKE

THE BARONET GHOSTS OF RUDDIGORE HAVE COME TO WARN RUTHVEN HE IS
 BREAKING HIS AGREEMENT TO COMMIT A DAILY CRIME. IF HE *CONTINUES* TO AVOID
 HIS RESPONSIBILITY, THEY WILL CLAIM HIM TO THEIR UNDERWORLD. HIS SO-CALLED
 CRIMES ARE NOT CRIMES AT ALL! IN REVIEWING THE PAST WEEK:

CAROLYN – GRACE CHUYÜ LIANG

•ON MONDAY HE COMMITTED NO CRIME BECAUSE IT WAS A BANK HOLIDAY.

RUTH – SYDNEY TROTTER

•TUESDAY – HE LIED ON HIS INCOME TAX RETURN, BUT THAT'S NOT A CRIME.
 EVERYBODY DOES THAT.

EVELYN – CHARIS WONG

•WEDNESDAY – HE FORGED SOMEONE'S WILL, BUT THAT DOESN'T COUNT A CRIME
 BECAUSE THE WILL WAS HIS OWN!

RUPERT – ANGELO MORETTI

•THURSDAY – HE RETURNED A BIG SCREEN TV WITHIN A WEEK AFTER THE

SUPERBOWL. THE MEN ALL AGREED THAT THIS COULD TRULY BE CONSIDERED A CRIME. TRULY.

CORCORAN – BURAK YAMAN

•FRIDAY – HE DISINHERITED HIS SON, BUT SINCE HE DOESN'T HAVE A SON YET, SO THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

MERVYN – ARIEH SACKE

THE GHOSTLY BARONETS OF RUDDIGORE ARE SO IMPATIENT HE HAS NOT YET MET HIS QUOTA. SIR RODERIC SUGGESTS THAT FOR HIS NEXT CRIME, RUTHVEN WILL... CARRY OFF A LADY. HE SAYS THAT HE THINKS CARRYING OFF A LADY IS CERTAINLY A CRIME. SIR "HASHTAG ME TOO," SAYS SIR LIONEL. AFTER MUCH WRITHING AND ANGUISH, RUTHVEN AGREES, AND WHEN HE SAID "HASTHAG TIME'S UP," HE ORDERS ADAM TO GO INTO THE VILLAGE, CARRY OFF A LADY, IT DID NOT MATTER WHO, AND BRING HER TO THE CASTLE.

DUET. – DESPARD AND MARGARET.

DES. I once was a very abandoned person –

MAR. Making the most of evil chances.

DES. Nobody could conceive a worse 'un –

MAR. Even in all the old romances.

DES. I blush for my wild extravagances,
But be so kind To bear in mind,

MAR. We were the victims of circumstances! (*Dance.*)
That is one of our blameless dances.

MAR. I was once an exceedingly odd young lady –

DES. Addicted to *Housewives of Toronto*.

MAR. Clergymen thought my conduct shady –

DES. Not paying her Rogers bill so pronto!

MAR. It certainly entertained the gapers.

My ways were strange Beyond all range –

DES. Paragraphs in all of the blogs and papers. (*Dance.*)
We only cut respectable capers.

DES. I've given up all crimes and hexing.

MAR. My taste for a wandering life is waning.

DES. Now I've cut down my iPhone texting.

MAR. They are not remarkably entertaining.

DES. A moderate livelihood we're gaining.

MAR. In fact we rule an Opera School.

DES. The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining. (*Dance.*)
This sort of thing takes a deal of training!

! SARA – MORGAN REID

ENTER DESPARD AND MARAGERT.

DESPARD AND MARGARET HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR A WEEK. THEIR LIVING HAS BEEN FREE OF HYSTERICS AND DRAMA. SHE NOW THINKS OF A CUE WORD AND

SHARES IT WITH DESPARD, SO THAT WHEN HE UTTERS IT, SHE WILL AVOID RELAPSING, AND WILL REMAIN CALM. THE WORD IS “USMEHCA”

RUTHVEN ENTERS, AND DESPARD LOSES HIMSELF (“USMEHCA”) IN REMINDING HIM THAT AS THE BAD BARONET OF RUDDIGORE HE HAS COMMITTED SO MANY CRIMES EVERY DAY OVER THE LAST TEN YEARS. HE MUST NOW GIVE UP HIS DEPRAVED PRACTICES (“USMEHCA”) AND RETURN TO HIS VIRTUOUS WAYS. RUTHVEN AGREES, NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE HIS CONSEQUENCES.

PATTER-TRIO. – ROBIN, DESPARD, AND MARGARET.

ROB. My eyes are fully open to my awful situation –
I shall go at once to Roderic and make him an oration.
I shall tell him I’ve recovered my forgotten moral senses,
And I don’t care twopence-halfpenny for any consequences.
Now I do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger,
But a martyr may indulge a little pardonable swagger,
And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter,
But I’ve got to die tomorrow, so it really doesn’t matter!

DES. So it really doesn’t matter – **MAR.** So it really doesn’t matter –

ALL. So it really doesn’t matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

MAR. If were not a little mad and generally silly
I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy-nilly;
I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,
And you’d really be astonished at the force of my suggestion.
On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter,
Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better,
But at present I’m afraid I am as mad as any hatter,
So I’ll keep ’em to myself, for my opinion doesn’t matter!

DES. Her opinion doesn’t matter – **ROB.** Her opinion doesn’t matter –

ALL. Her opinion doesn’t matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

DES. If I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother
Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another –
Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring
(Which is just the very favour which on you I am conferring),
My existance³⁰ would have made a rather interesting idyll,
And I might have lived and died a very decent indiwiddle.
This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter
Isn’t generally heard, and if it is it doesn’t matter!

ROB. If it is it doesn’t matter – **MAR.** If it is it doesn’t matter –

ALL. If it is it doesn’t matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

! CORCORAN – BURAK YAMAN

MUSIC OF ACT 2, NO. 10 IS TO UNDERSCORE THE FOLLOWING SCRIPT, UNTIL THE END OF POINT no. 2.

1. OLD ADAM ENTERS, CARRYING DAME HANNAH OVER HIS SHOULDER. DAME HANNAH OVERPOWERS HIM WITH HER SPEED AND FEROCITY AND ADAM RUNS AWAY LIKE A DISCOVERED HIGH SCHOOL BOY - DROPPING HIS BEER.

2. SHE LOUDLY TERRIFIES RUTHVEN, TOO, WITH ENOUGH COMMOTION TO BRING SIR RODERIC ONTO THE SCENE TO INVESTIGATE. HE QUICKLY REALIZES HE HAS COME UPON HIS LOVE OF LONG AGO, DAME HANNAH.

! CAROLYN – GRACE CHUYÜ LIANG

3.THEY BECOME LOVINGLY REACQUAINTED, THAT IS, AFTER RUTHVEN FEARFULLY DEFENDS HIMSELF TO RODERIC BY SAYING HE HAD NOT FLIRTED WITH HANNAH AT ALL. NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.

BALLAD – DAME HANNAH.

There grew a little flower 'Neath a great oak tree:

When the tempest 'gan to lower

Little heeded she:

No need had she to cower, For she dreaded not its power –

She was happy in the bower Of her great oak tree!

Sing hey, Lackaday! Let the tears fall free

For the pretty little flower And the great oak tree!

BOTH. Sing hey, Lackaday! etc.

When she found that he was fickle,

Was that great oak tree, She was in a pretty pickle,

As she well might be –

But his gallantries were mickle, (*“many, large”*)

For Death followed with his sickle, And her tears began to trickle

For her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lackaday! etc.

BOTH. Sing hey, Lackaday! etc.

Said she, “He loved me never,

Did that great oak tree,

But I’m neither rich nor clever,

And so why should he?

But though fate our fortunes sever,

To be constant I’ll endeavour,

Aye, for ever and for ever,

To my great oak tree!’

Sing hey, Lackaday! etc.

BOTH. Sing hey, Lackaday! etc.

! RUTH – SYDNEY TROTTER

•OLD ADAM DID AS HE WAS INSTRUCTED.

•THE WOMAN HE CARRIED OFF WAS SIR RODERIC’S LONG AGO BETROTHED, DAME HANNAH.

•HE LEARNED THE HARD WAY - TO HIS PHYSICAL DETRIMENT AND HIS PERSONAL SHAME - NOT TO COMMIT SUCH A DESPICABLE WRONG AGAIN. IF YOU ASK HIM TODAY, HE IS STILL SO SCARED, HE WILL QUICKLY SAY, “IT NEVER HAPPENED.” BESIDES, HE’S ON TO OTHER THINGS. HE IS TOO BUSY COURTING ONE OF “THE SUPREMES.”

EVELYN – CHARIS WONG

•RUTHVEN RE-ENTERS WITH THE CHORUS AND ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTS SIR RODERIC AND DAME HANNAH CUDDLING, BUT HE DOESN'T STOP TO APOLOGIZE –
 •HE HAS JUST HAD A MAGNIFICENT REALIZATION: AS A BARONET OF RUDDIGORE, HE NEVER ACTUALLY COMMITTED A *DAILY CRIME*. HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, HE ACTED IT OUT IN HIS IMAGINATION, AND PAINTED IT IN THE GALLERY OF HIS MIND. THEN, HE PRETENDED AS IF HE HAD COMMITTED THE DAILY CRIME HE HAD ONLY IMAGINED. THEN HE SET ABOUT TO DO GOOD, AND HE DID GOOD, BUT ALAS,
 •HE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART FROM BEING GOSSIPED ABOUT, AND BY HAVING SO MANY TERRIBLE AND UNTRUE THINGS SAID ABOUT HIM.

RUPERT – ANGELO MORETTI

UNLIKE ALL HIS ANCESTORS, RODERIC DID NOT ACTUALLY SUBMIT TO THE WITCH'S CURSE; HE REALIZED HE HAD ACTUALLY DEFIED THE WITCH'S CURSE, AND IN THAT VERY INSTANT, HE DECLARED THE "WITCHES' CURSE" ON THE BARONETS OF RUDDIGORE TO BE BROKEN FOREVERMORE!

"IN EASY AND ELEGANT DICTION, INDULGED IN AN INNOCENT FICTION," SIR RODERIC REALIZED HE WAS NOW PRACTICALLY ALIVE! (*Roderic and Hannah embrace.*)

RUTHVEN ASKS ROSE IF WHEN SHE BELIEVED THAT WHEN HE WAS A SIMPLE FARMER, SHE BELIEVED SHE LOVED HIM?

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

! BUT WHEN ROBIN BECAME A BAD BARONET, SHE VERY PROPERLY LOVED RICHARD INSTEAD?

ROSE. Passionately, madly!

! BUT IF RUTHVEN SHOULD TURN OUT *NOT* TO BE A BAD BARONET AFTER ALL, HOW WOULD YOU LOVE HIM THEN?

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

(Ruthven and Rose embrace. Richard Dauntless sees this, and (arms raised in alarm) is visibly irate with Rose.)

FINALE

ROSE. When a man has been a naughty baronet,
 And expresses deep repentance and regret,
 You should help him, if you're able,

Like the mousie in the fable,
That's the teaching of my B.S. Etiquette.

CHORUS. That's the teaching in her B.S. Etiquette.

RICH. If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye,
Like an honest British sailor, I reply,
That with Zorah for my missis,
There'll be bread and cheese and kisses,
Which is just the sort of ration I enjye!

CHORUS. Which is just the sort of ration you enjye!

ROB. Having been a wicked baronet a week
Once again a modest livelihood I seek.
Agricultural employment
Is to me a keen enjoyment,
For I'm naturally diffident and meek!

DES. & MAR. Prompted by a keen desire's vendetta
Ends in blessed calm, a wedded ar-iet-ta,
We shall toddle off tomorrow,
From this scene of sin and sorrow,
For to settle in the town of USMECA!

CHORUS. Prompted by a keen desire's vendetta, etc.

ALL. For happy the lily,
When kissed by the bee;
But happier than any,
A lover is, when he
Embraces his bride!

CURTAIN.

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