ARTHUR SULLIVAN

(1842-1900)

IOLANTHE or the Peri and the Peri

Operetta in Two Acts Words by W.S. Gilbert

FULL SCORE













































VIA.

cett;

BASS

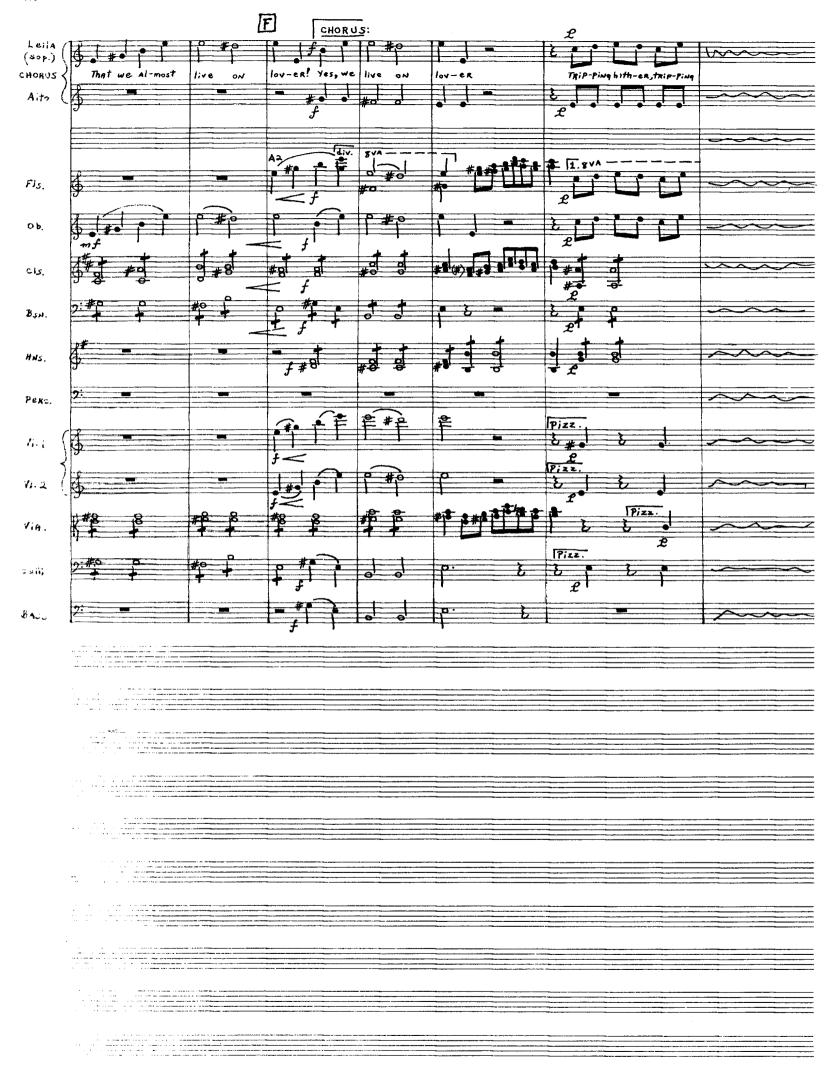
















·	
CELIA:	Ah, it's all very well, but since our Queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.
LEILA:	Iclanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.
FLETA:	have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?
LEILA: FLETA:	
LEILA:	
	But Iolanthe didn't die! (ENTER QUEEN)
QUEEN:	No, because your Queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again!
LEILA:	And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out, on her head, at the bottom of that stream!
QUEEN:	in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of a stream! It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone!.
LEILA: QUEEN:	
FLETA:	Then why not summon her and ask her?
QUEEN:	Why? Because if I set eyes on her, I should forgive her at once!
CELIA:	
LFILA: QUEEN:	
LEILA: FLETA:	She certainly did surprising things!
QUEEN:	

લ્લા;













QUEEN: And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why dn earth did you decide to

live at the bottom of that stream? IOLANTHE: To be near my son, Strephon!

QUEEN: Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

IOLANTHE: He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even

know of his father's existence.

FIETA: How old is he?

IOLANTHE: Twenty-four.

IEILA: Twenty-four! !!o one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four! But

That's one of the advantages of being immortal: we never grow old. Is he pretty?

IOLANTHE: He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

ALL: Oh!

QUEEN: I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

CELIA: And what is he?

TOLANTHE: He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a Mard in Chancery.

CELIA: A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

IOLANTHE: He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA: Dear me!

QUEEN: I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess,

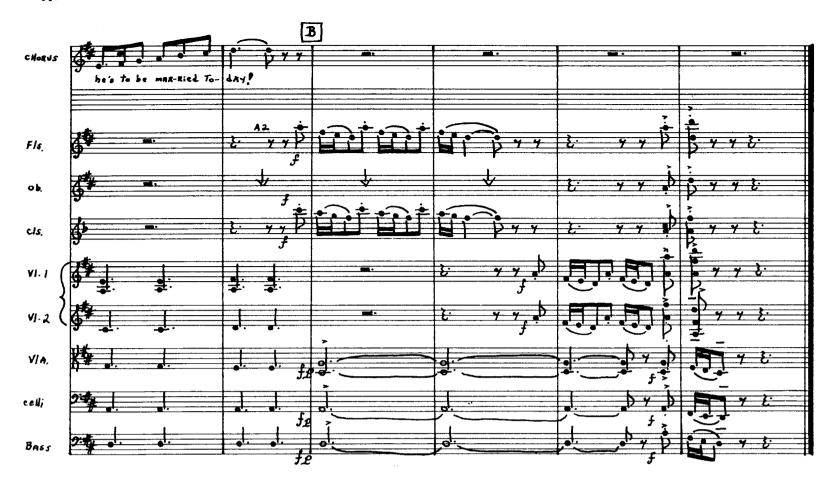
I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are

mortal.

IOLANTHE: Nothing easier, for here he comes!







IOLANTHE: Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his

beautiful ward, Phyllis?
Not he, indeed'. To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadea, with flagolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher, then in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her today, and brave the upshot, be what it may! - (seeing fairies) But who are these?

IOLANTHE: Oh, Strephen, rejoice with me; my Queen has pardoned me!

STREPHON: Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

IOLANTHE: And these ladies are my beloved sisters

STREPHON: Your sisters? Then they are - my aunts!

QUEEN:

A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding day!

Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten STREPHON:

her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

LETTA: Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

Much good? My dear aunt! It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being STREPHON: half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward, I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my

lower half grows older every day, and someday or other must die.of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

FAIRIES: Poor fellow!

QUEEN: I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain, you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or too at my disposal; would you like to to

into Parliament?

IOLANTHE: A fairy member! That would be delightful.

I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist, I'm a tory of the STREPHON: most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division, they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to

one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN: Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and

your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPHON: I see your majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN: No; we are fairies down to the feet.









STREPHON: My Phyllis! And today we're to be made happy forever!

PHYLLIS: Well, wer're to be married.

STREPHON: It's the same thing!

PHYLLIS: I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step I'm taking! I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a Ward of Court without the Lord Chancellor's consent.

I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

STREPHON: Two years! Have you ever looked in the glass?

PHYLLIS: No, never.

STREPHON: Here, look at that (handing her a pocket mirror) and tell me if you think it's

rational to expect me to wait two years.

PHYLLIS: (looking at herself) No; you're quite right; it's asking too much - one must be

reasonable.

STREPHON: Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with

the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

PHYLLIS: Yes, he's a clean old gentleman.

STREPHON: As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

PHYLLIS: The House of Lords are certainly extremely attentive.

STREPHON: Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal neers come down

to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the

sooner the better.



* Note: The standard vocal scores show a repeat sign at The beginning of this duet; the repeat given above is the one shown in The orghesteal parts. W.N.

cell;

BASS



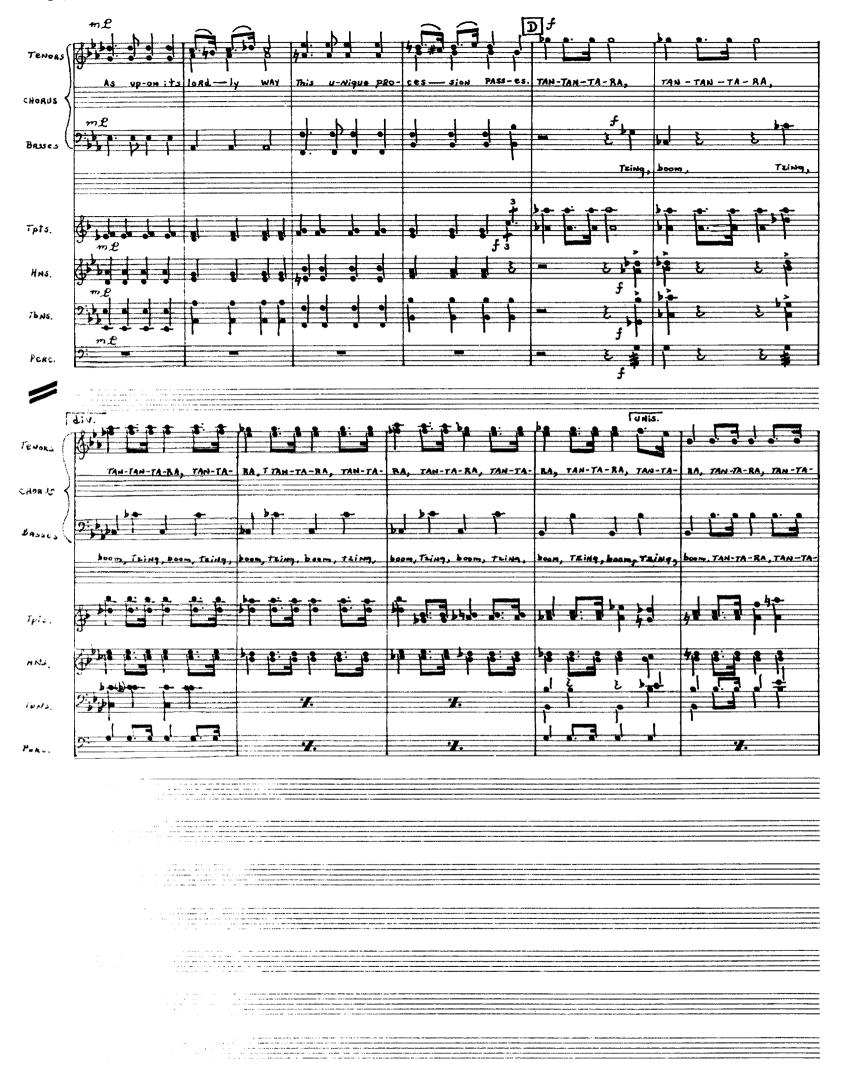












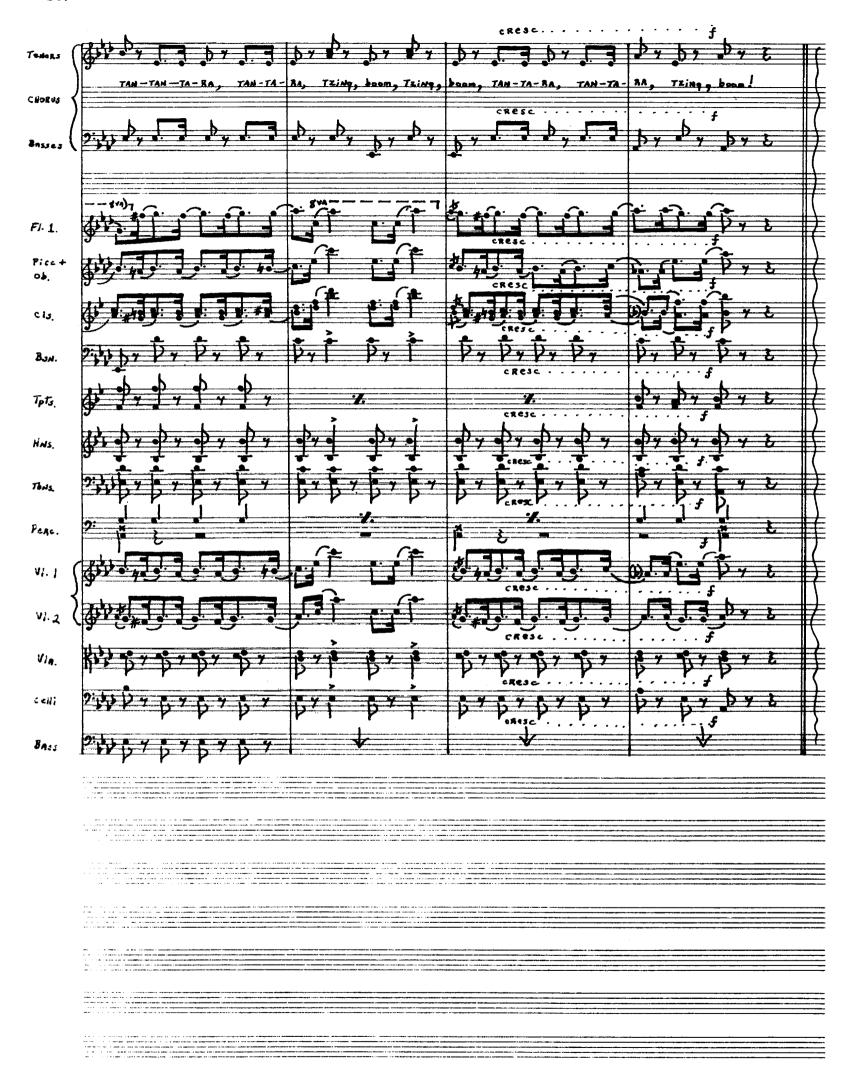












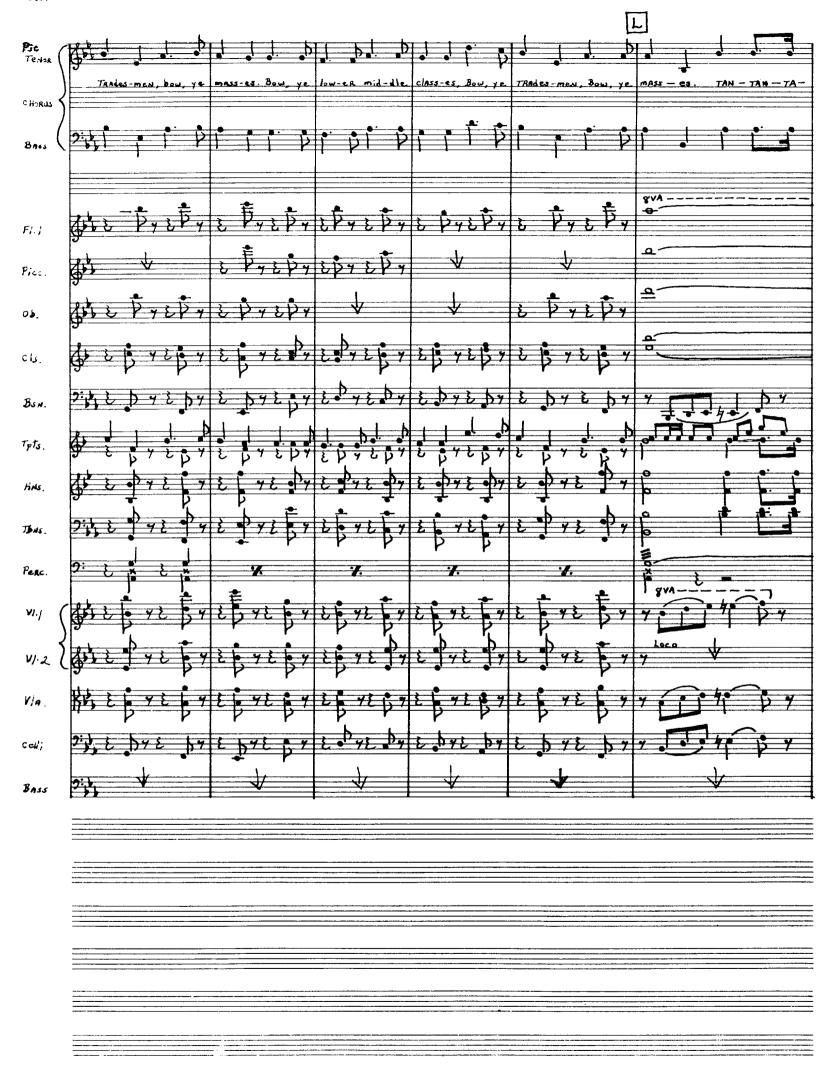




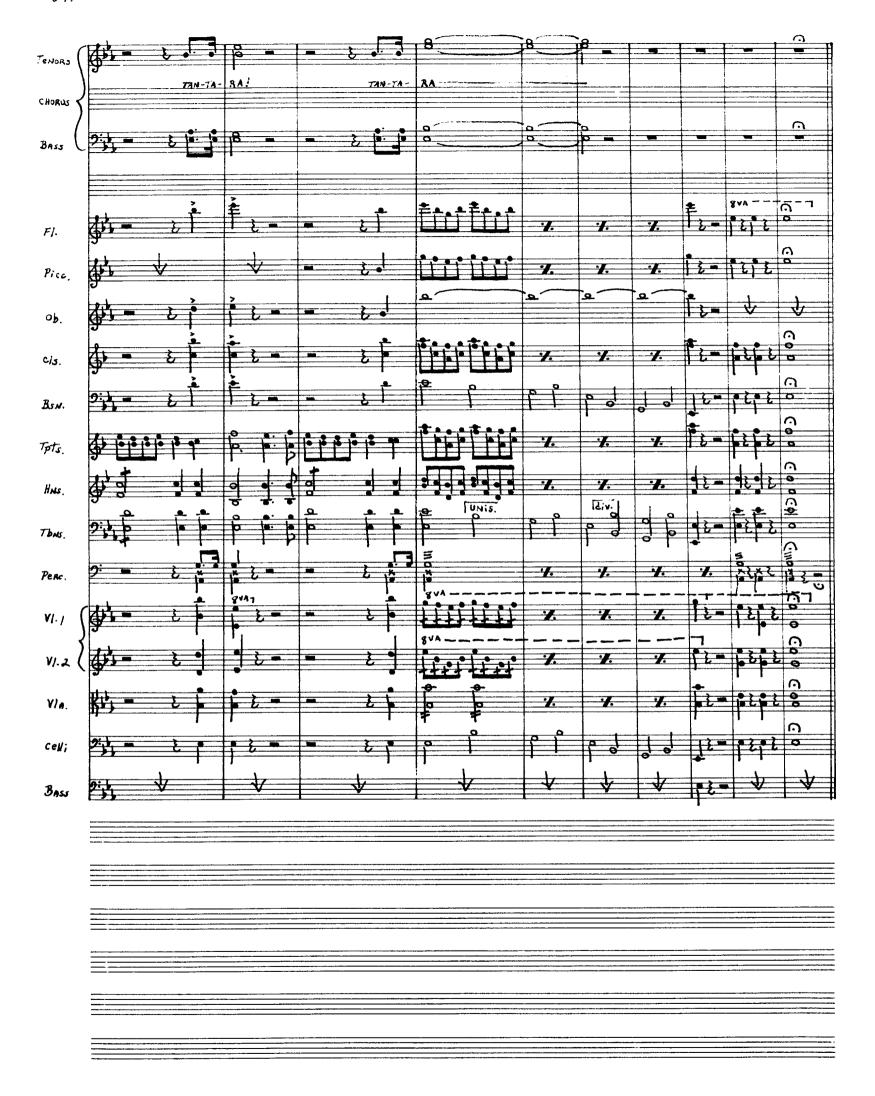








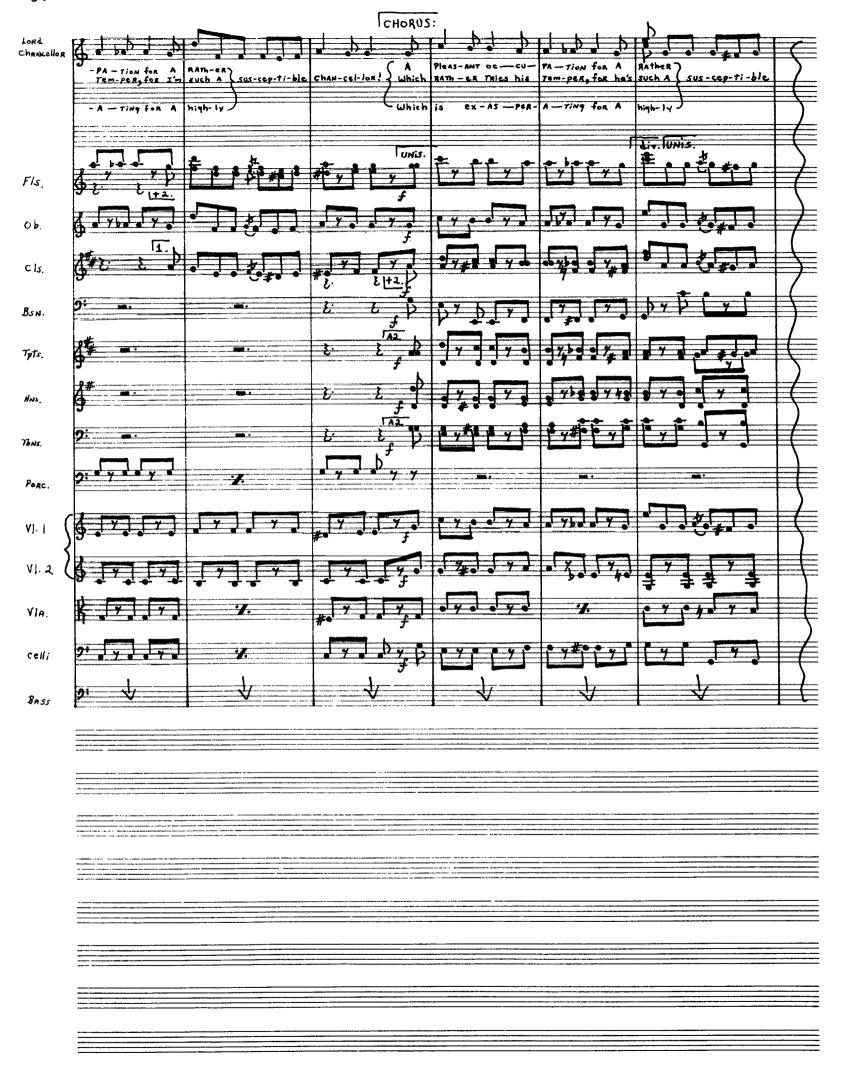














LORD TOLL: And now, my lords, to the business of the day!
LORD CHANC: By all means. Phyllis, who is a Ward of Court

By all means. Phyllis, who is a Ward of Court, has so powerfully affected your Lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever of you she may think proper to select; and a noble Lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attendance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man! I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy!

PEERS: Hear! Hear!

LORD CHANC.: But such an award would be open to misconstruction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

LCRD TOLL.: My Lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to express its sincere sympathy with your Lordships most painful position.

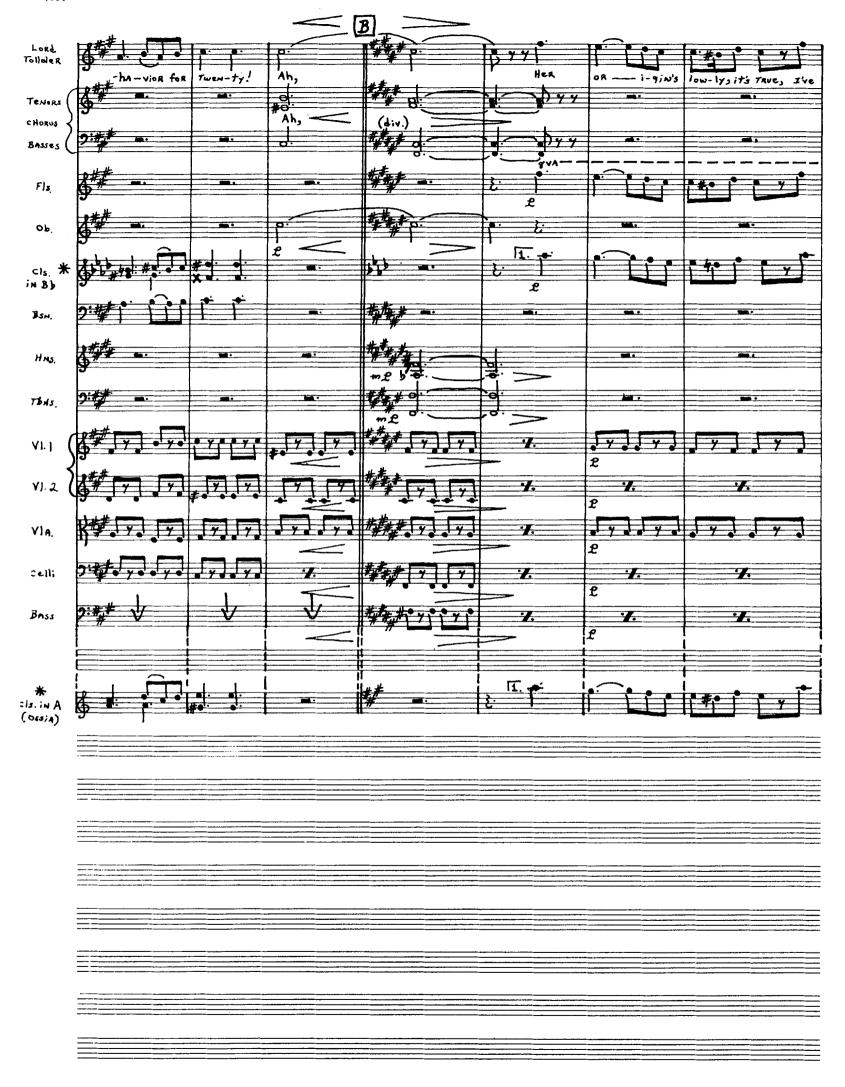
LCRD CHANC: I thank your Lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a Ward of Court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own Ward? Can he marry his own Ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own Ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own Court? And if he commit himself for contempt of his own Court, can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgement? Ah, my Lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these!

(enter Lord Mountararat)

LORD MOUNT: My Lords, I have much pleasure in announcing that I have succeeded in inducing the young person to present herself at the Bar of this House.

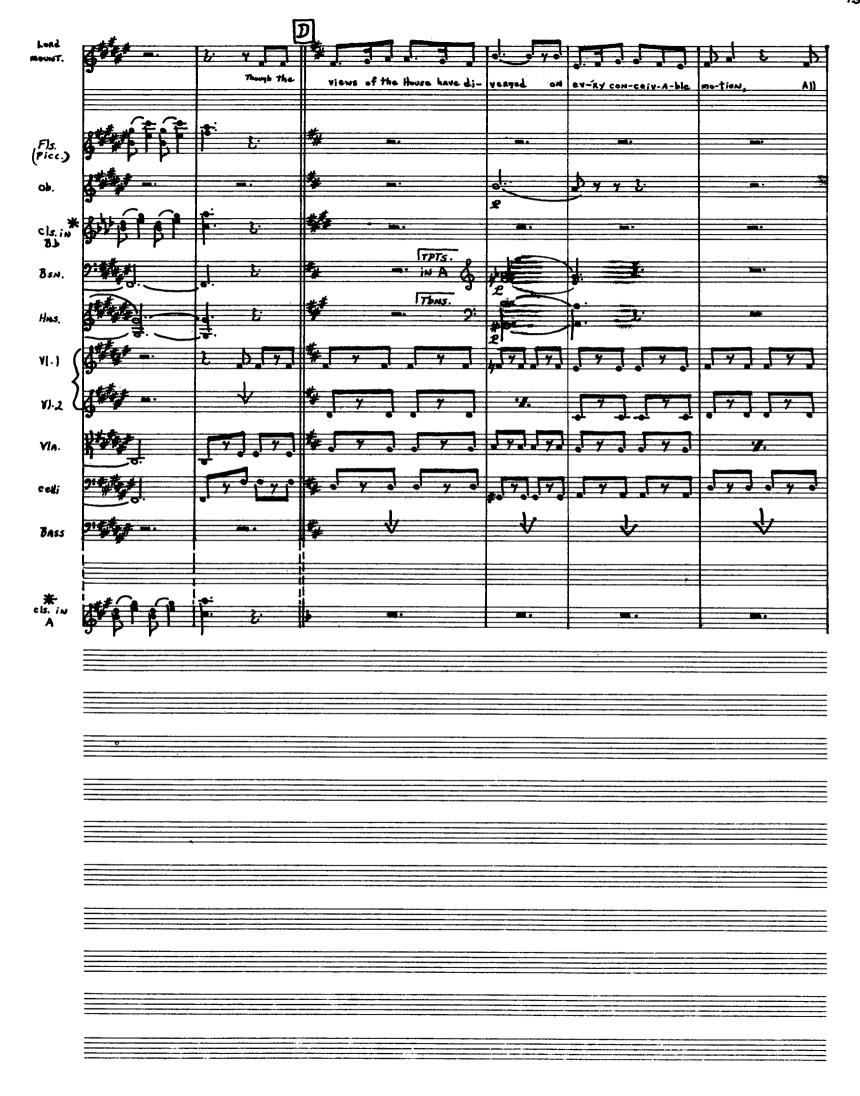










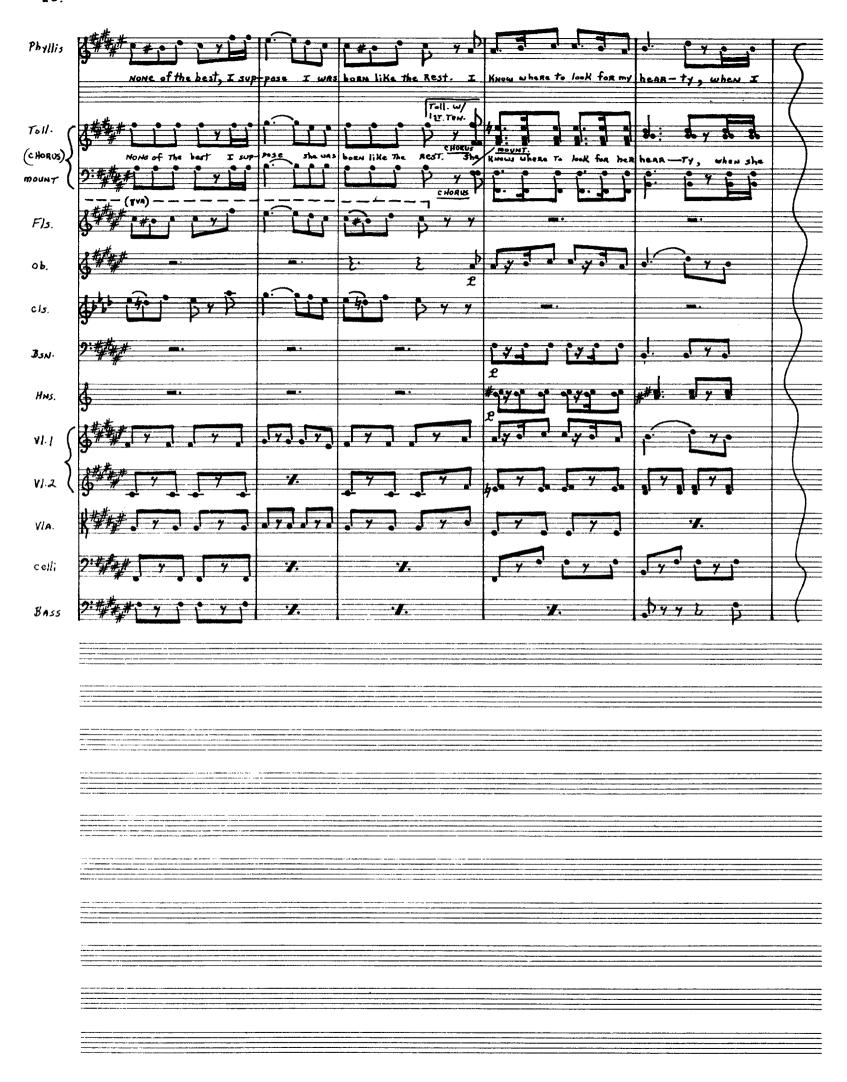














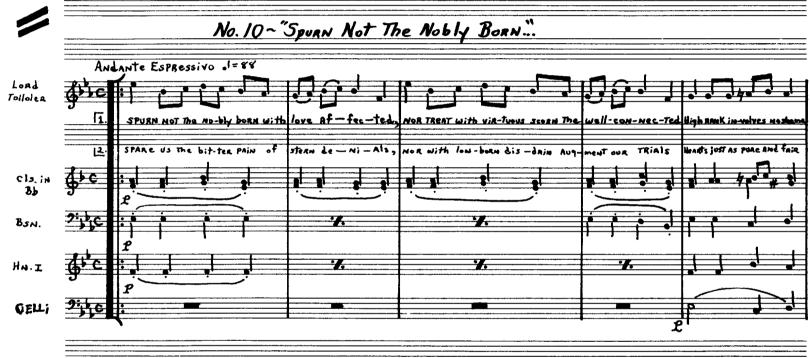




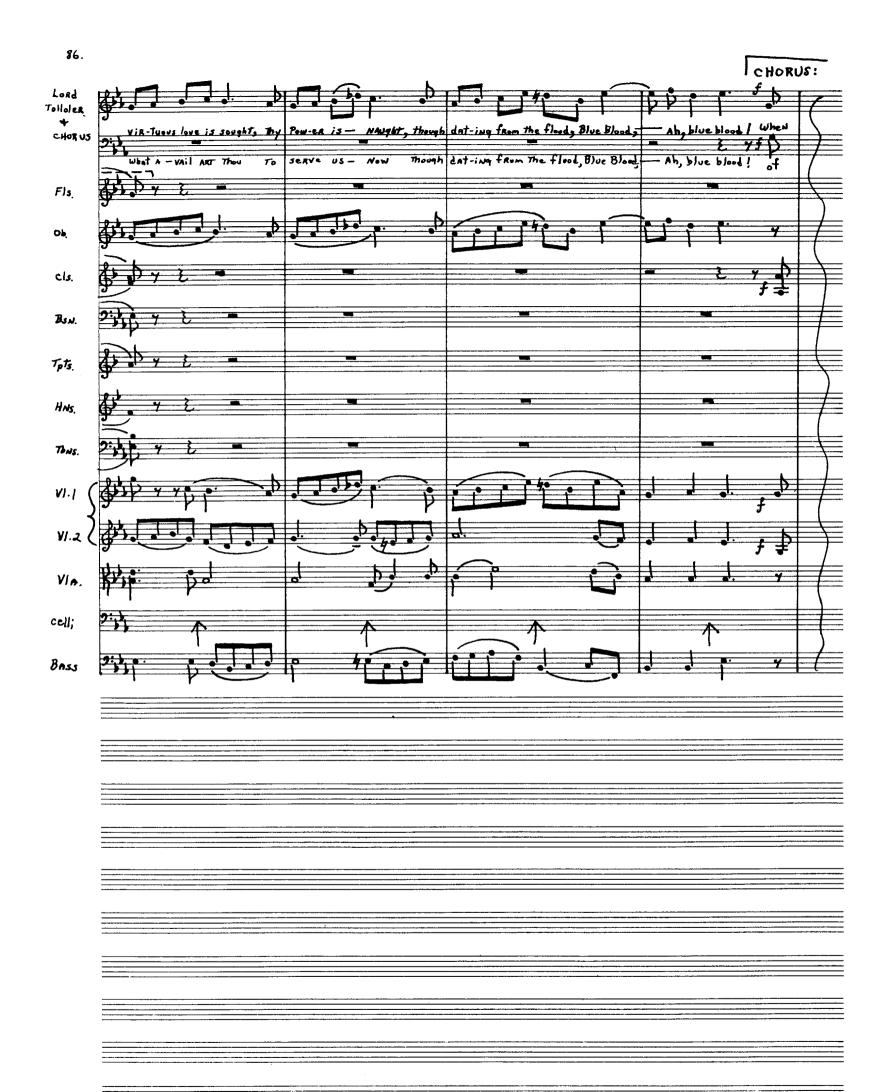










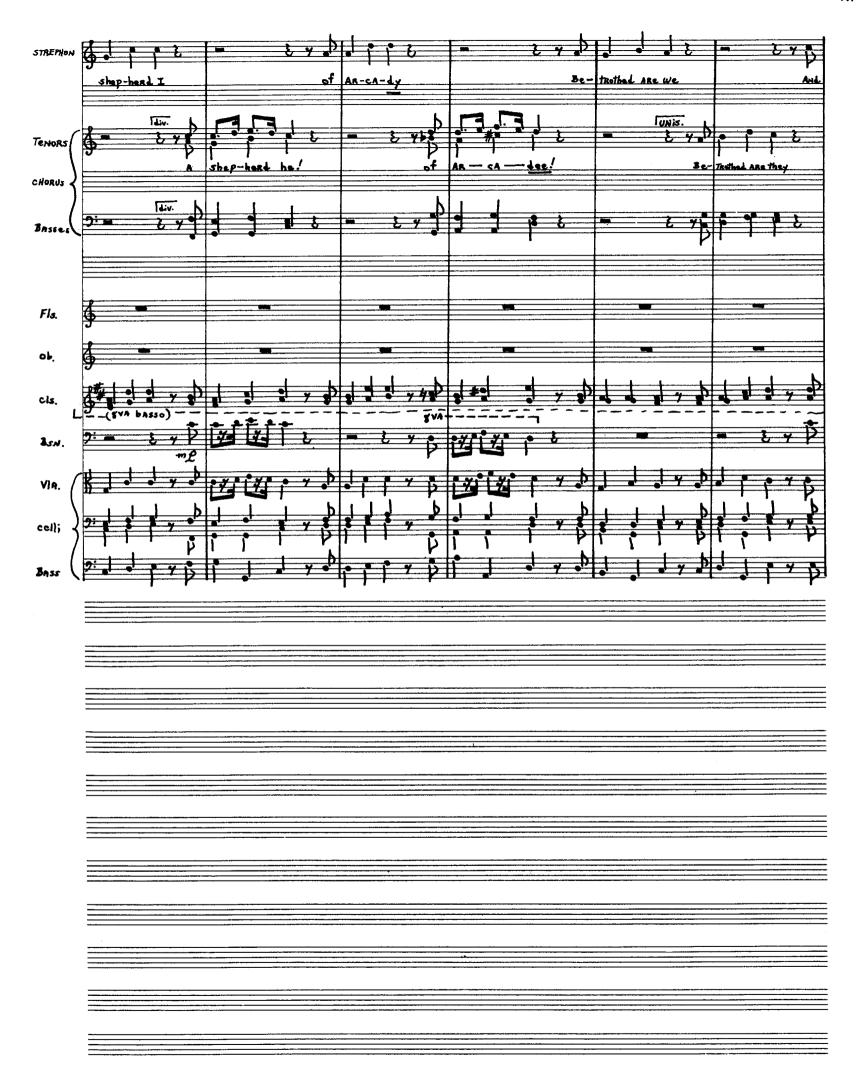


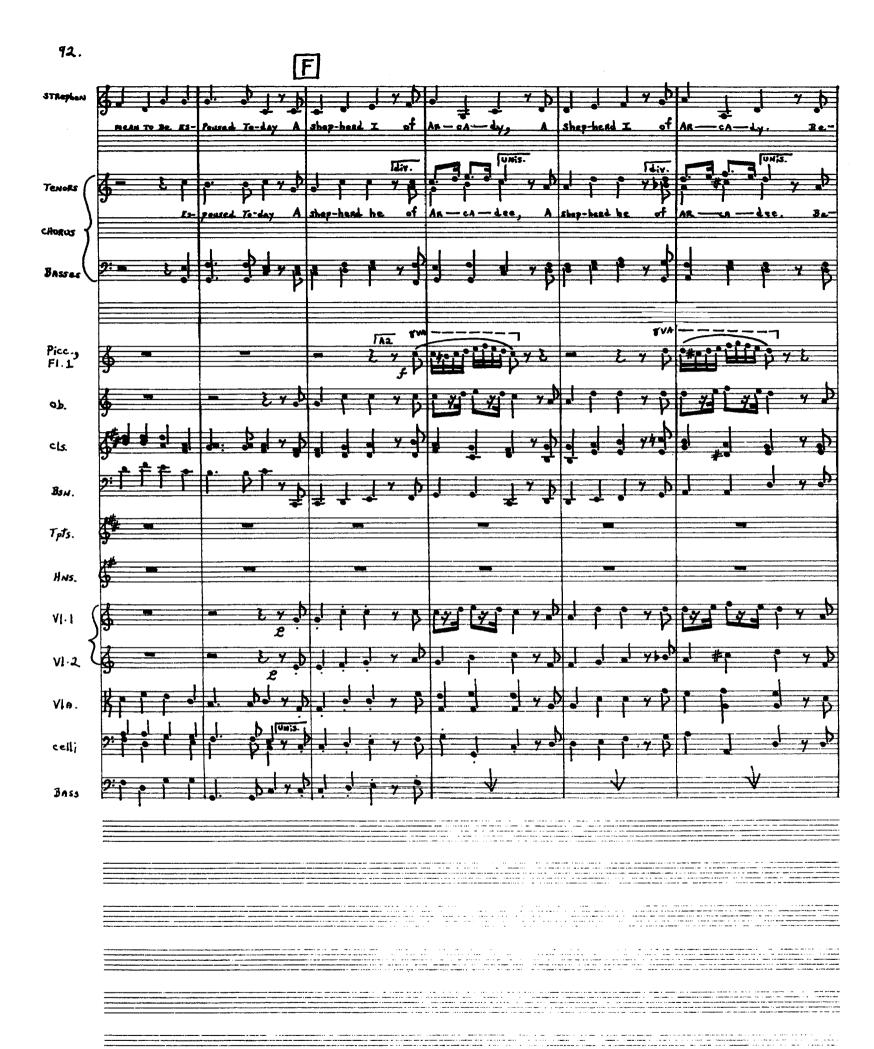










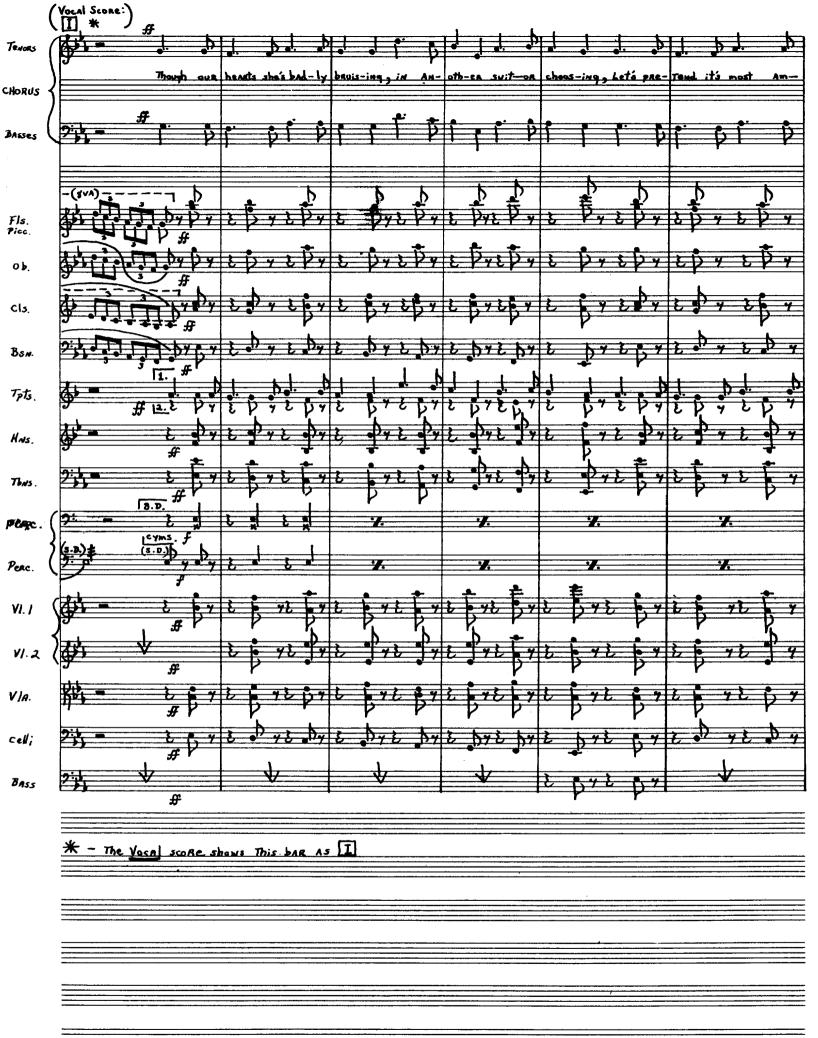


















LORD CHANC.: Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the Court of Chancery?

STREPHON: My lord, I know no Courts of Chancery; I go by Nature's Acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rooks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thundercloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees. King of the winds, and Prince of thunder-clouds?

of birds and trees, King of the winds, and Prince of thunder-clouds?

LORD CHANC.: No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is that a present there's no evidence before the Court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

STREPHON: No evidence! You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

IGHD CHANC: Ah! but my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence.

Now, and affidavit from a thurder-storm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

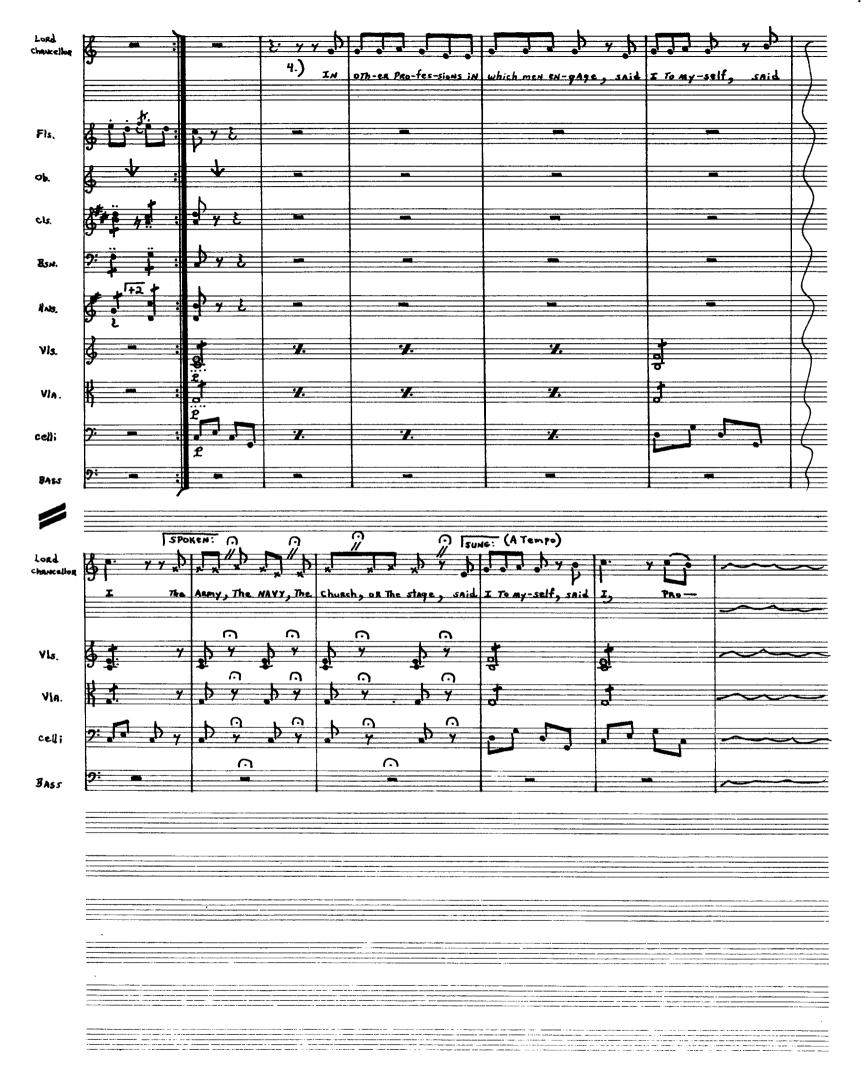
STREPHON: And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

LORD CHANC.: Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes, and it is to that fact that I we my advancement to my present distinguished position.

No. 12 - "When I Went To The BAR"









STREPHON: Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you

my own! Oh, it's too much! it's too much! IOLANTHE:

My son in tears, and on his wedding day!
My wedding day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and STREPHON:

the Lord Chancellor has separated us forever!

IOLANTHE: The Lord Chancellor! (aside) Oh, if he did but know!

STREPHON: (overhearing) If he did but know what?

No matter! The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a IOLANTHE:

fairy; you can defy him down to the waist.

STREPHON: YES, But from the waist downwards he can commit me to prison for years. Of what

avail is it that my body is free, if my legs are working out seven years penal

servitude?

IOLANTHE: True, But take heart: our Queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go

to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

STREPHON: My beloved mother! How can I repay the debt I owe you?





























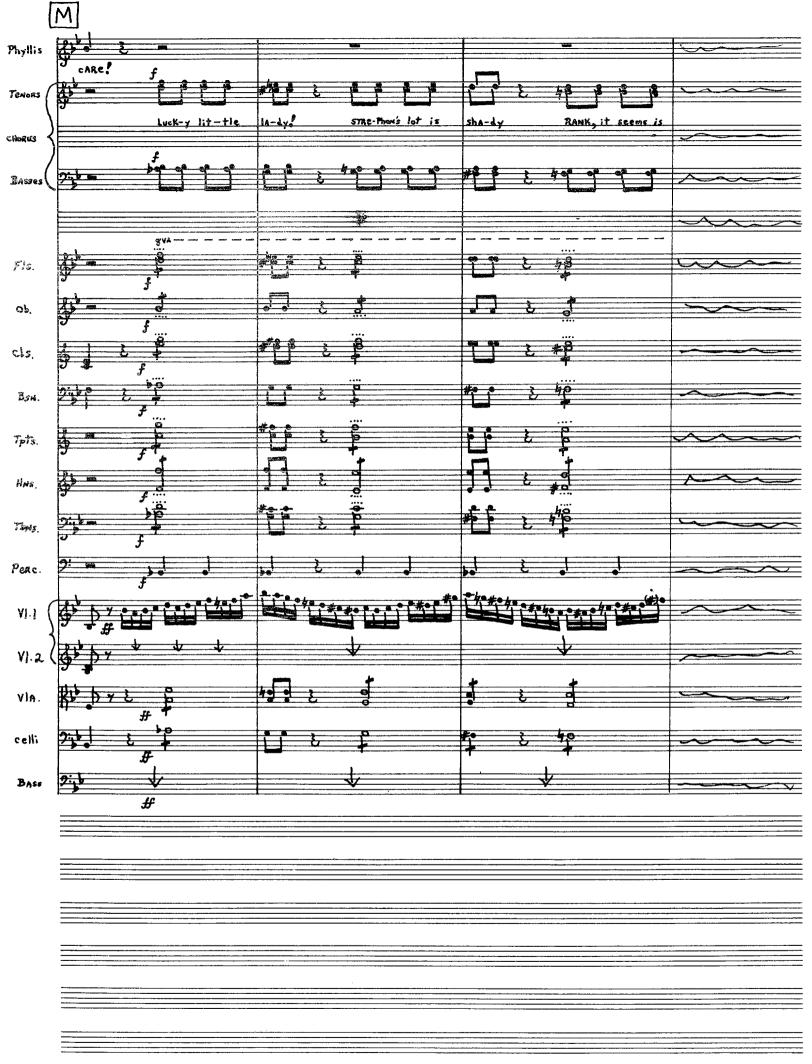


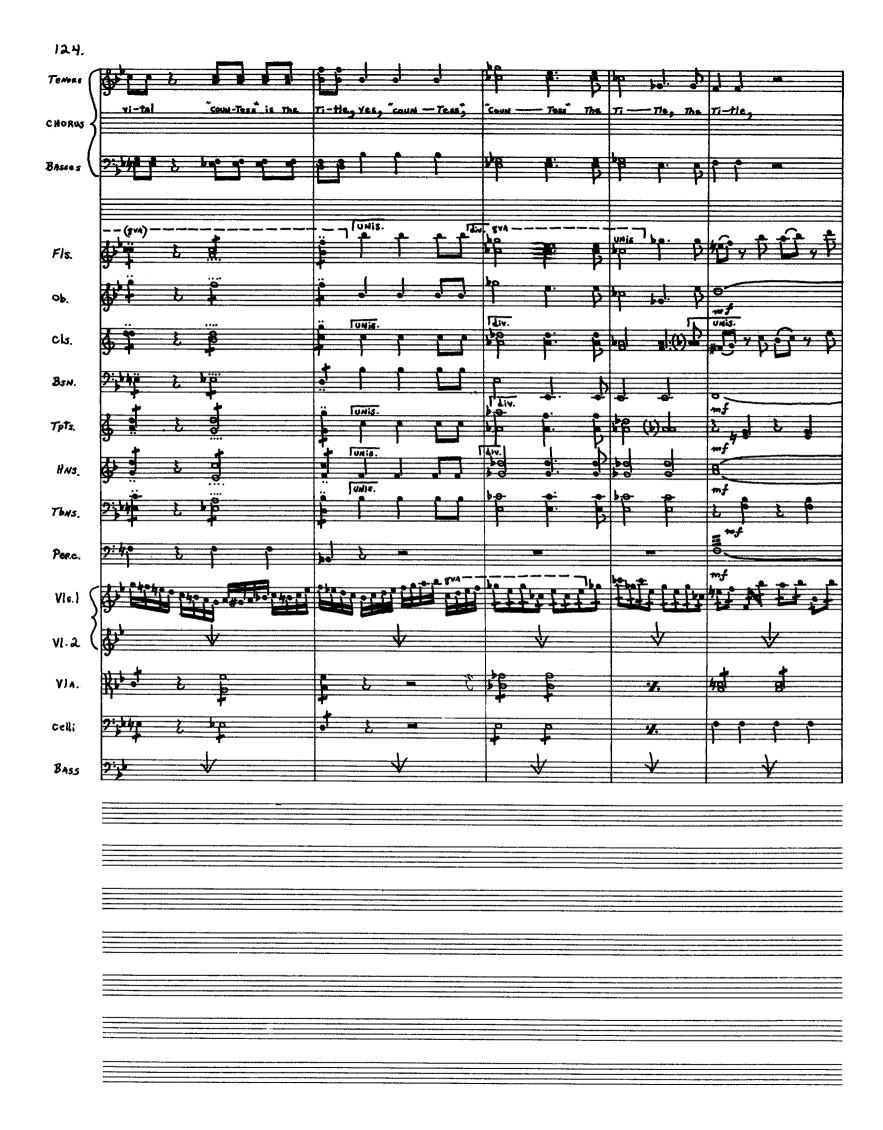














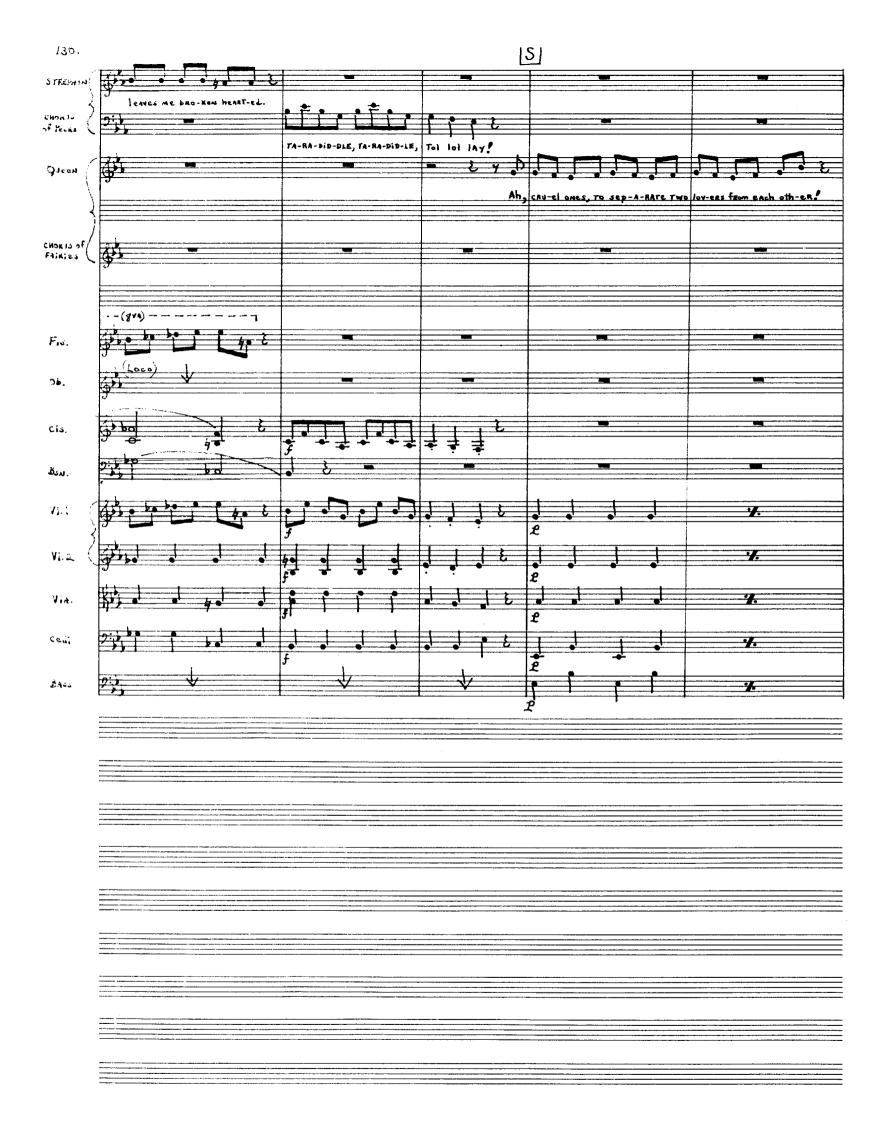








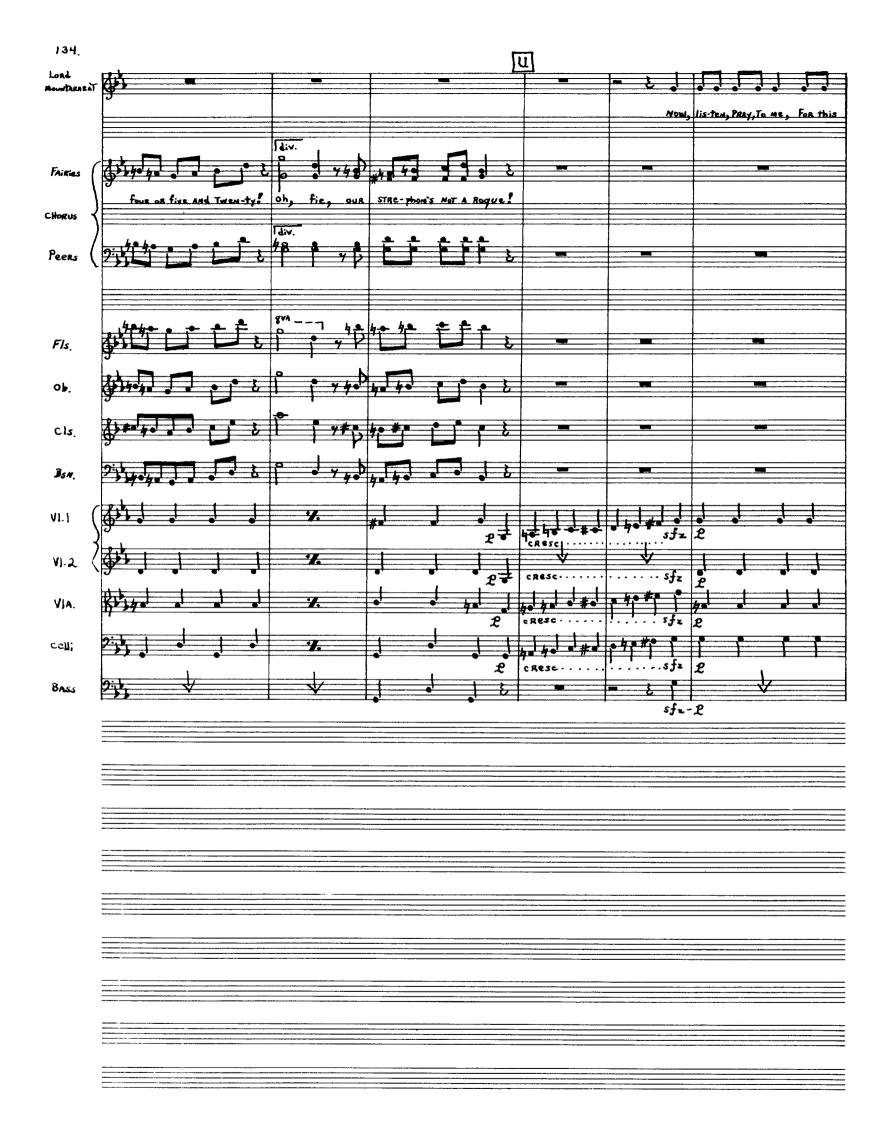


















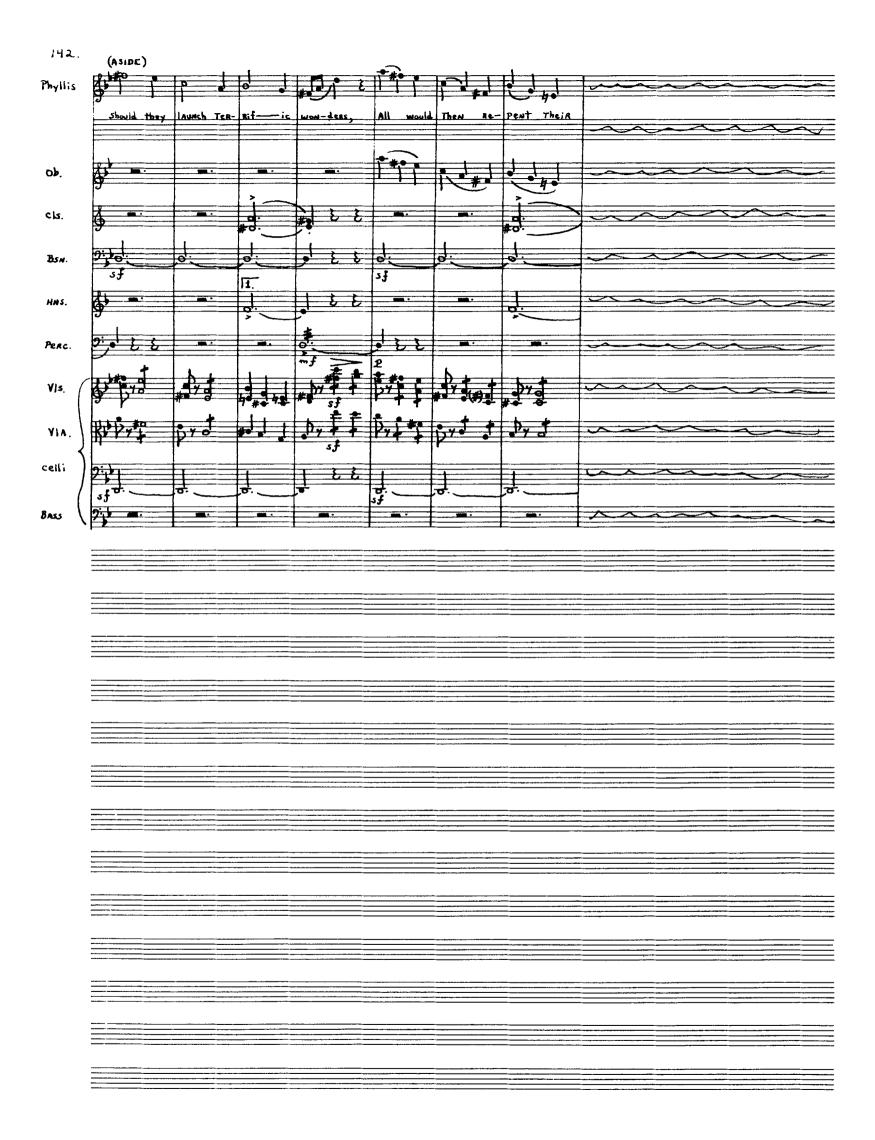


















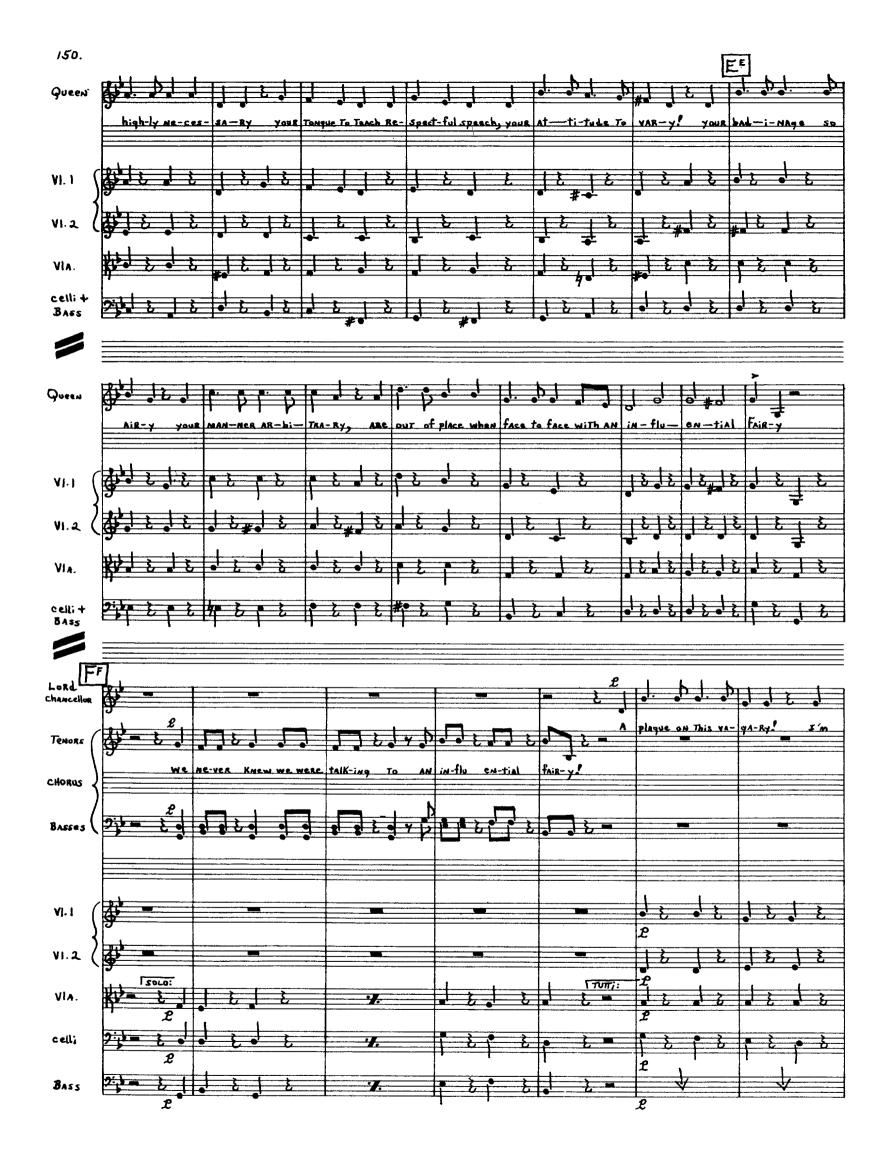








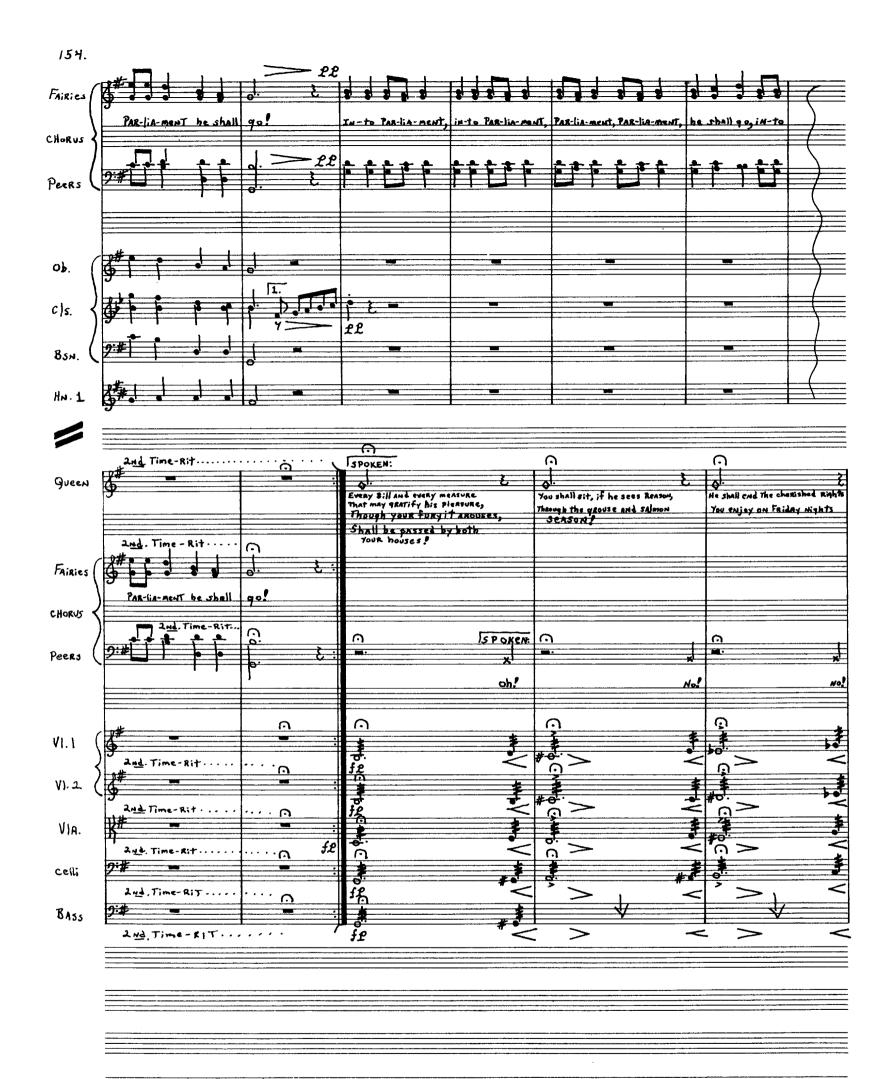




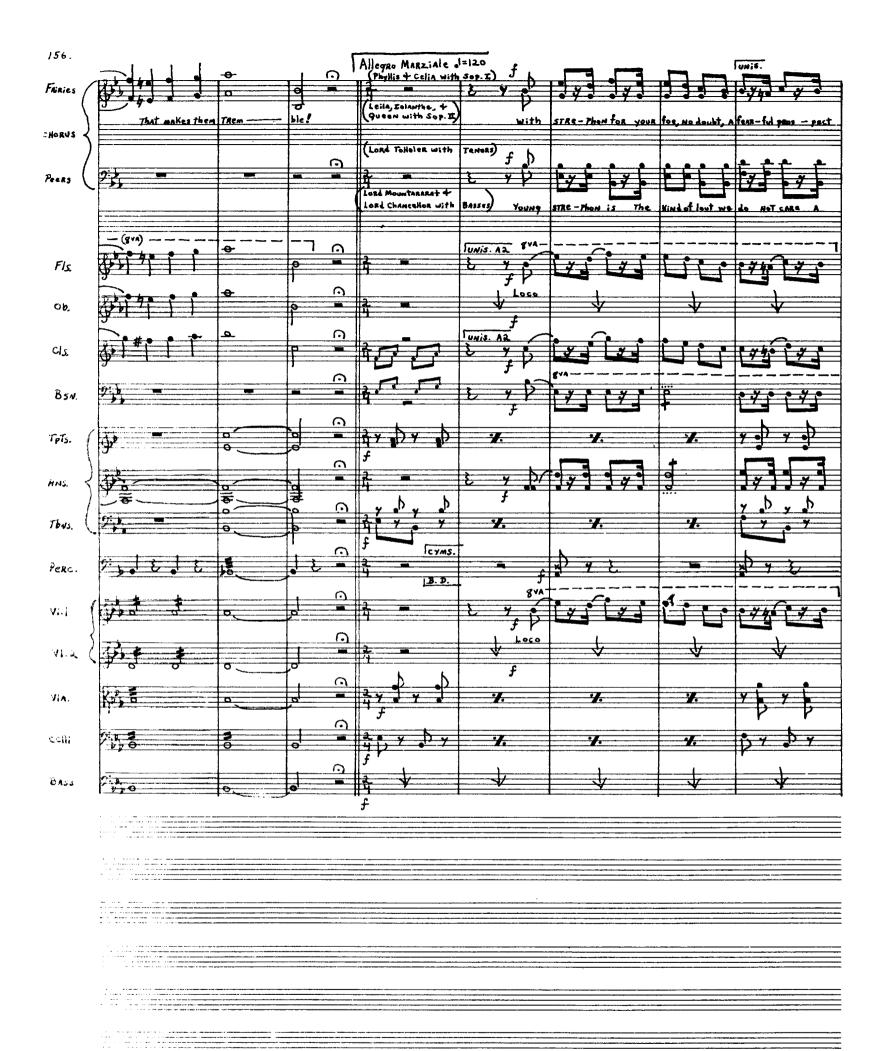


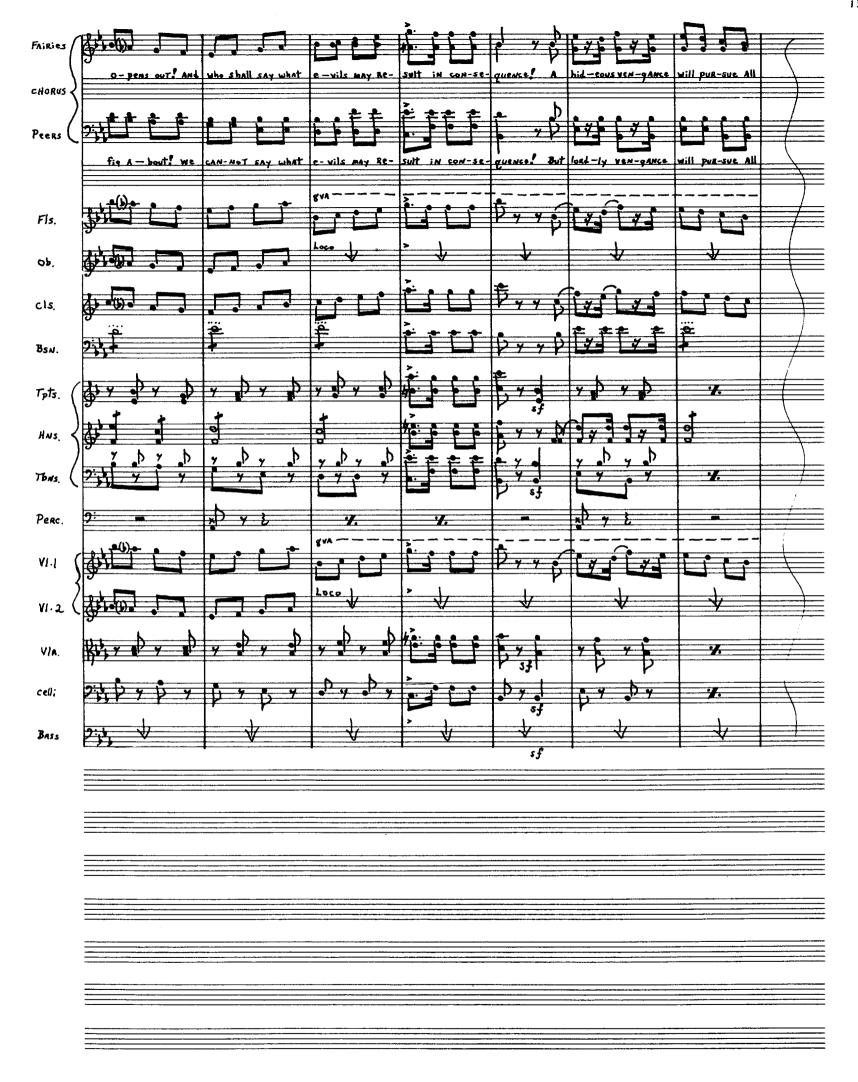














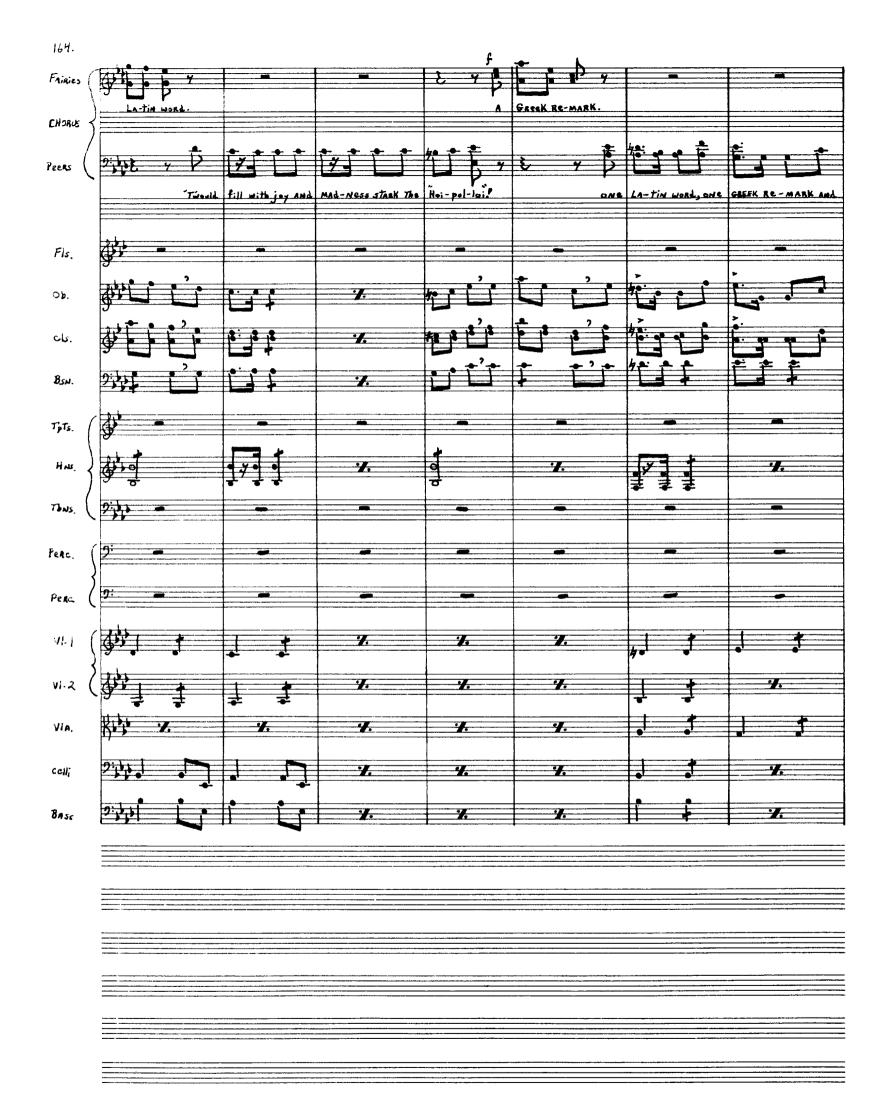






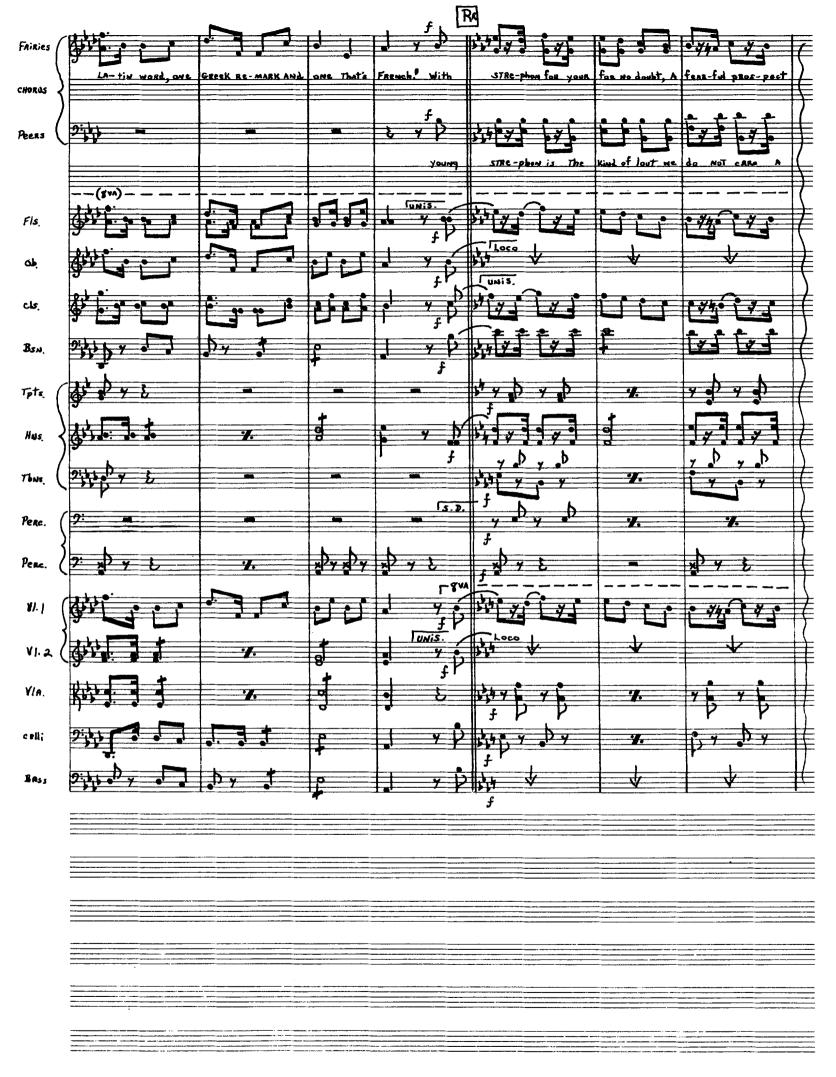






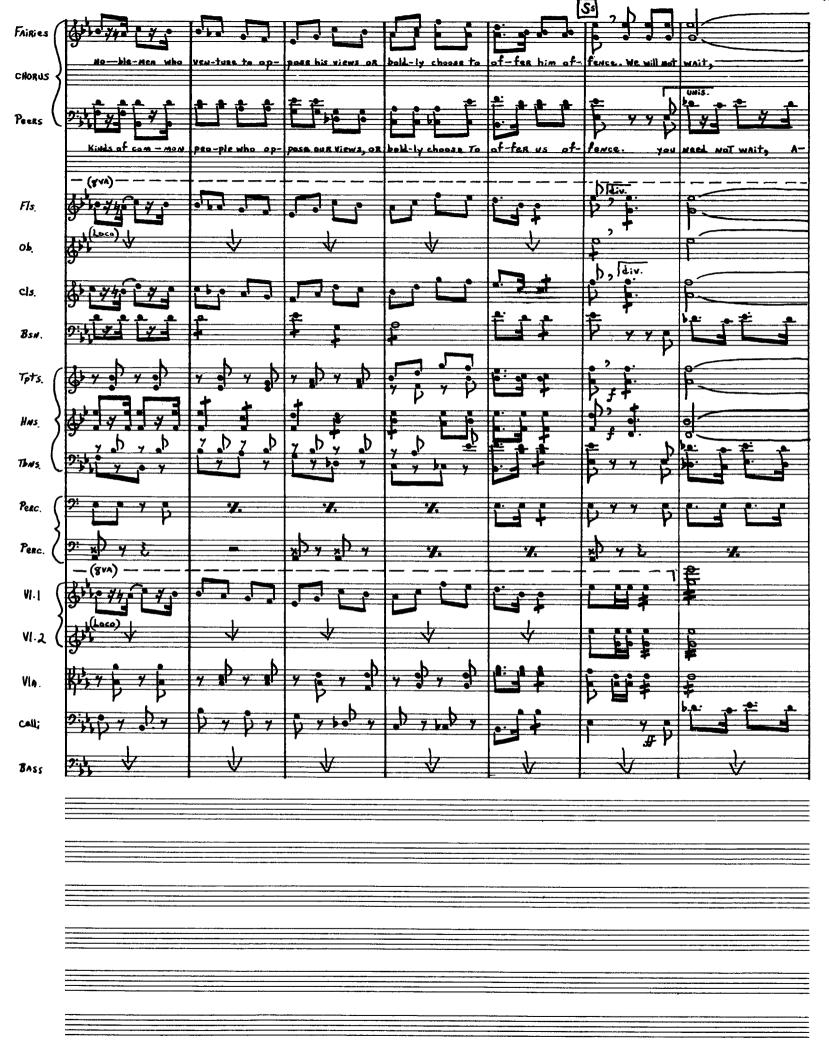




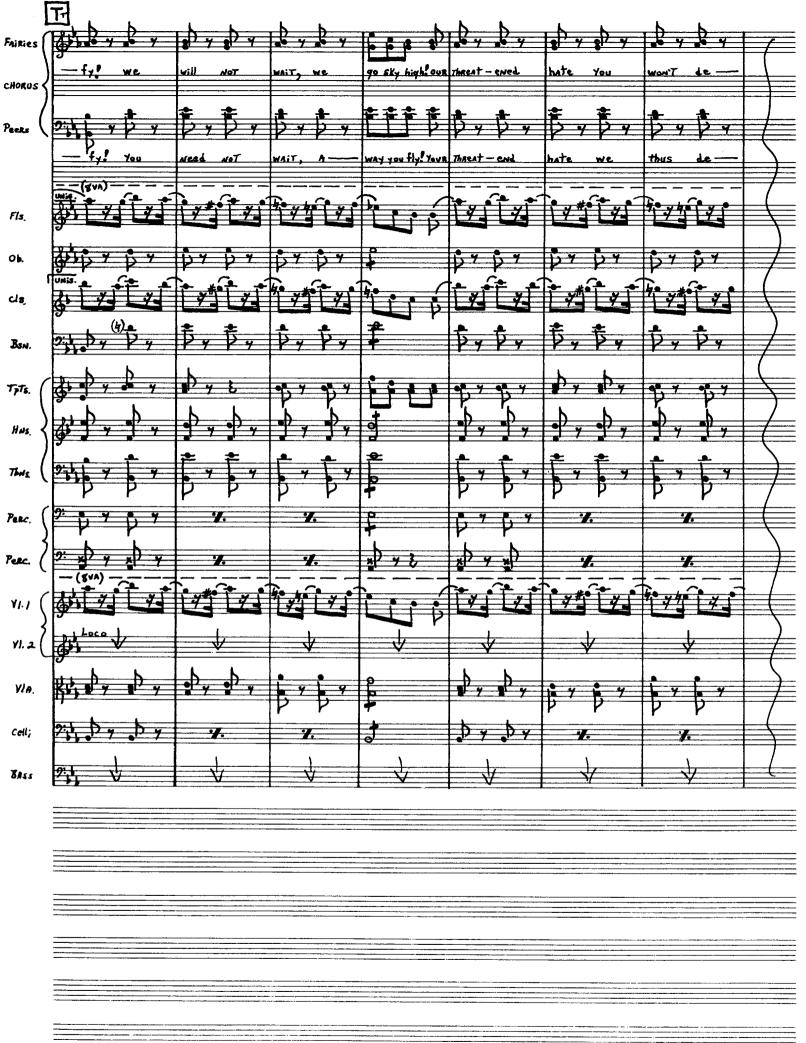






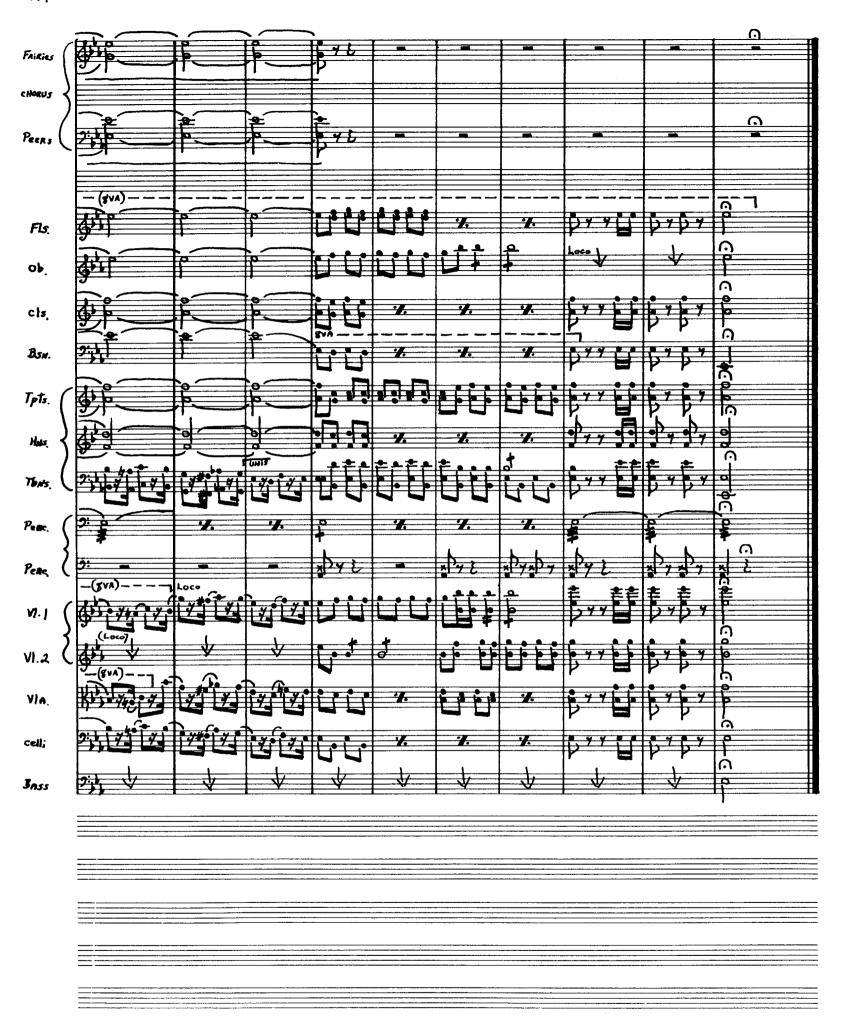




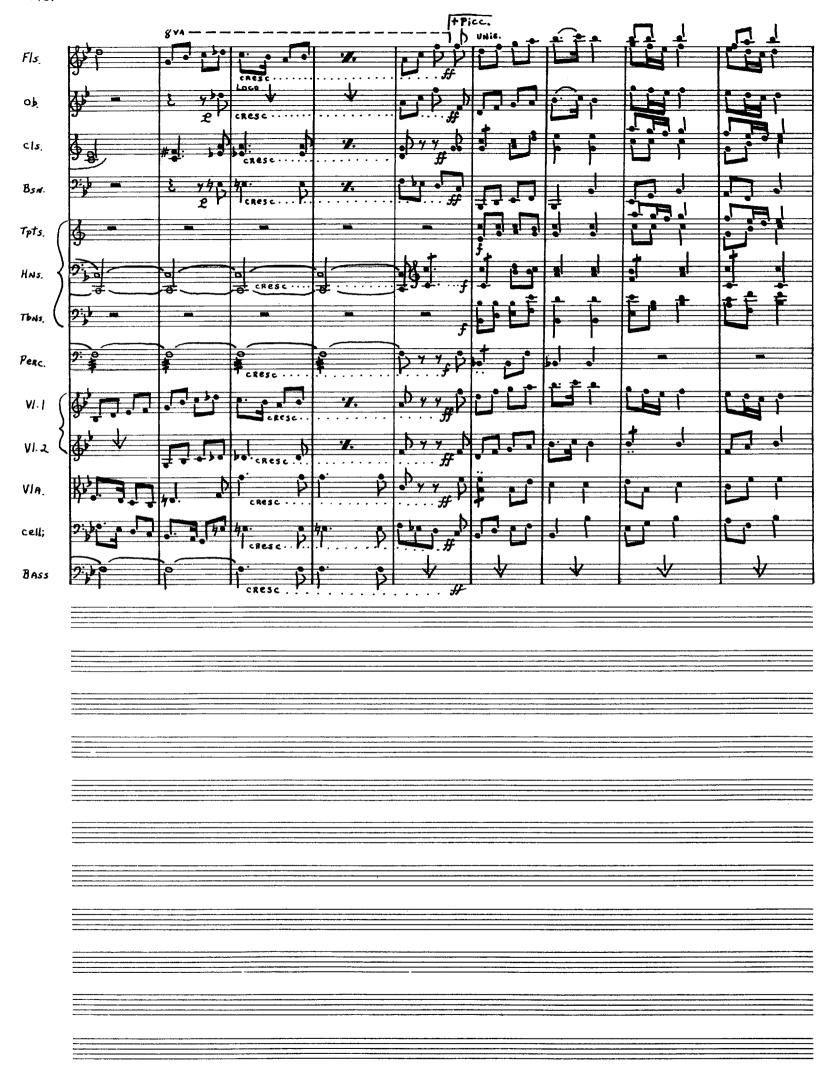




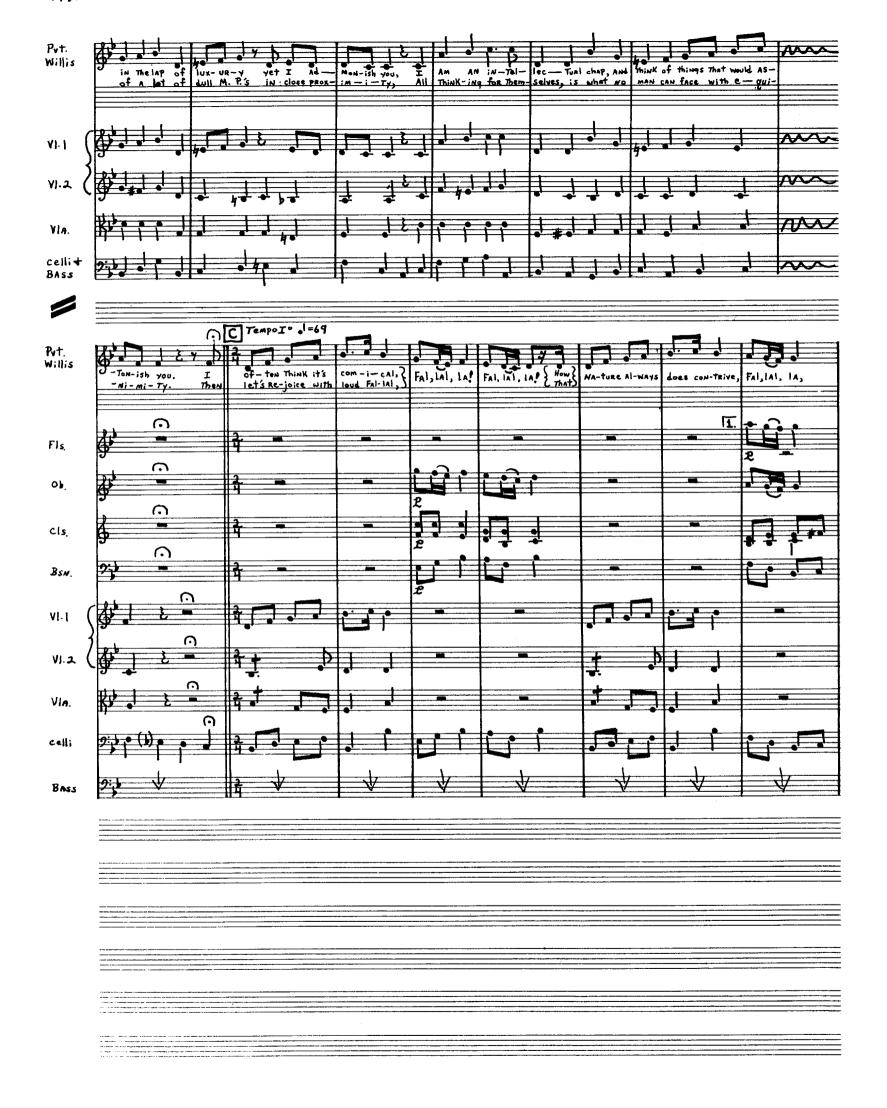














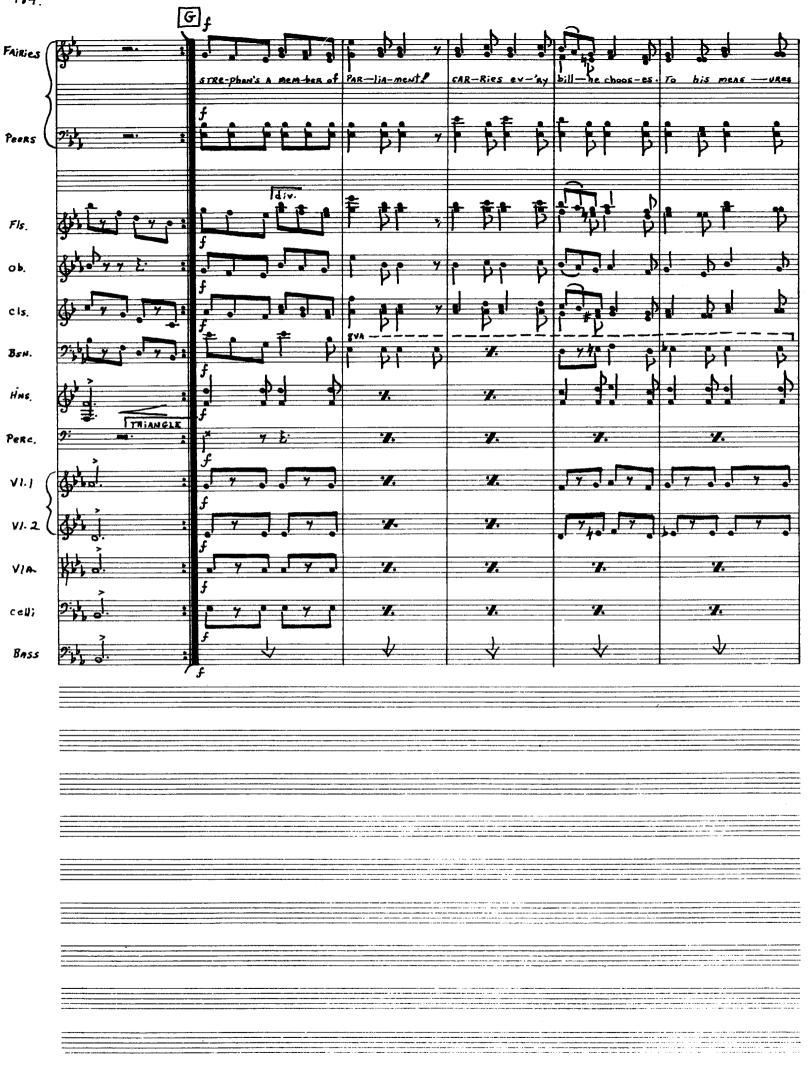


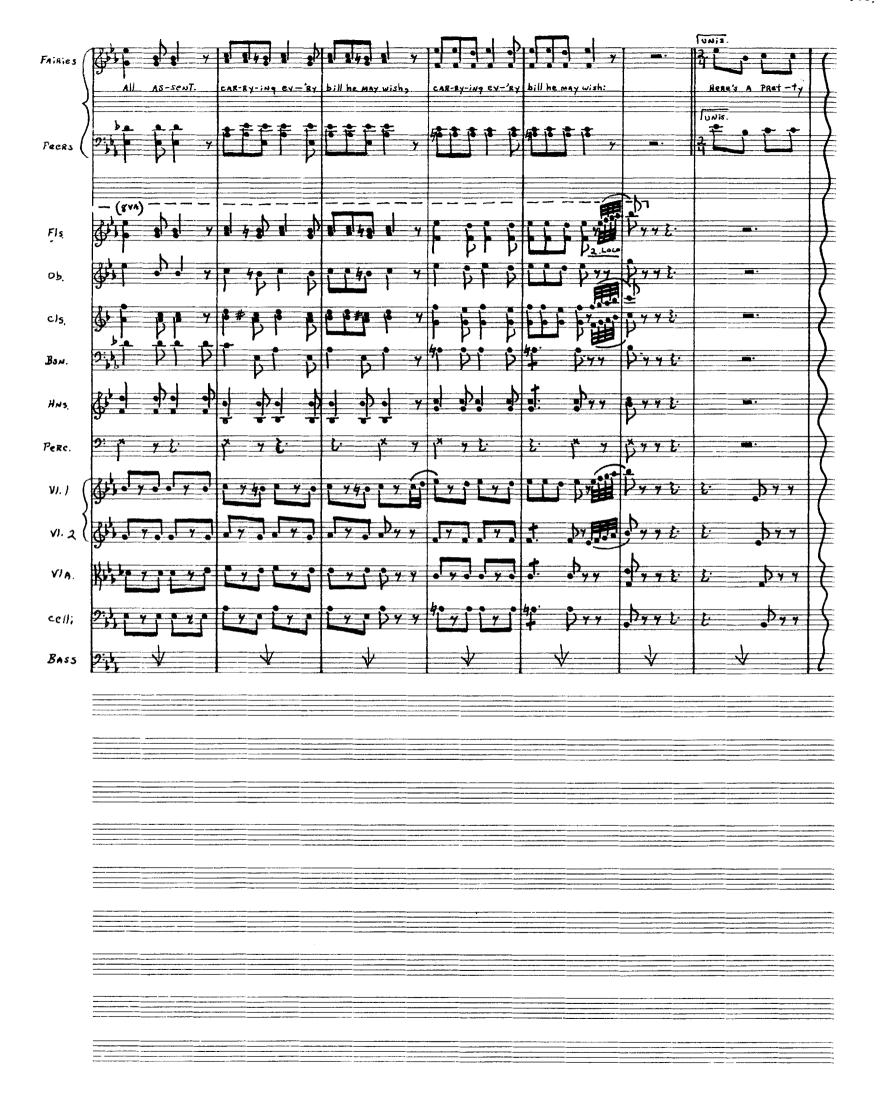


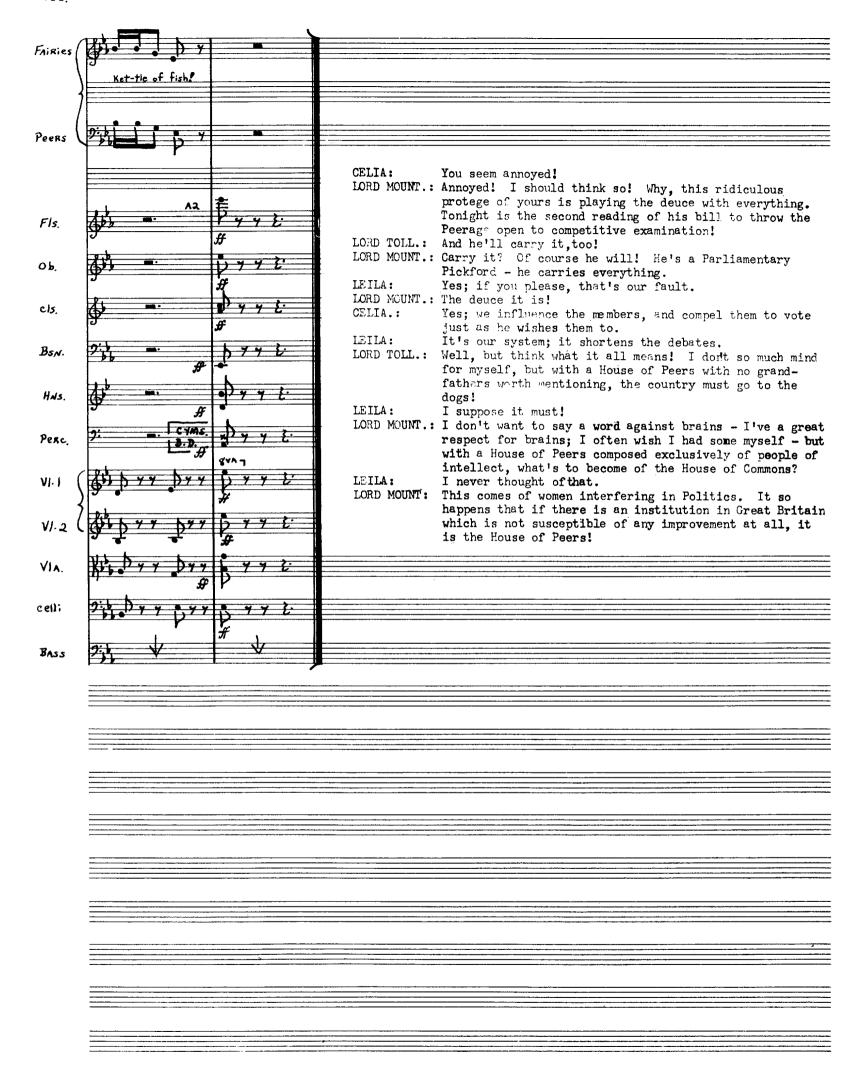












VIA.

Ceil;

BASS



Charming persons, are they not? LEILA:

Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me CELIA:

a British Representative Peer!

LORD TOLL: Then, pray, stop this protege of yours before it's too late! Think of the mischief you're doing!

But we can't stop him now. (aside to Celia) Aren't they lovely?(aloud) Oh, why LEILA:

did you go and defy us, you great geese?

No. 17-"In Vain to Us You Plend"







Oh, shame, shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? QUEEN:

Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?

Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal. LEILA:

If it were, you'd have to execute us all. FLETA:

QUEEN: Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!

We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong! CELIA:

LEILA: We are not all as tough as you are!

Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at QUEEN:

that man. A perfect picture!! Who are you, sir?

PVT. WILLIS: Private Willis, B Company, First Grenadier Guards.

You're a very fine fellow, sir. CUFEN:

PVT. WILLIS: I am generally admired.

I can quite understand it. Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply QUEEN:

godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse, I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. That is how I treat my

regard for that man!









I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noblemen at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable. Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl could care for a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

(enter Lords Mount. & Toll.)

LORD MOUNT: Phyllis, my darling!

LORD TOLL: Phyllis, my own!

PHYLLIS: Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you're the two noblemen I'm engaged to?

LORD MOUNT: I am one of them. LORD TOLL: I am the other.

PHYLLIS: Oh, then, my darling! My own! Well, have you settled which it's to be? LORD TOLL: Not altogether. It's a difficlut position. It would be hardly delicate to

"toss up". On the whole, we would rether leave it to you.

PHYLLIS: How can it possibly concern me? You are both Earls, and you are both rich,

and you are both plain.

LORD MOUNT: So we are. At least I am.

LORD TOLL: So am I. LORD MOUNT: No, no!

LORD TOLL: Oh, I am indeed very plain. LORD MOUNT: Well, well! perhaps you are.

PHYLLIS: There's really nothing to choose between you. If one of you would forgo his

title and distribute his estates among his Irish tenantry, why, then, I

should see a reason for accepting the other.

LCRD MOUNT: Tolloller, are you prepared to make this macrifice?

LORD TOLL: No!

LORD MOUNT: Not even to oblige a lady? LORD TOLL: No! Not even to oblige a lady!

Then the only question is, which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps, LORD MOUNT:

on the whole, she would be happier with me. I don't know; I may be wrong.

LORD TOLL:

No, I don't know that you are. I really believe she would. But the awkward part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, we must fight, and one of us must die! It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect. It's a painful position, for I have a very strong regard for you, George!

196. LORD MOUNT: My dear Thomas!

LORD TOLL: You are very dear to me, George. We were buys together - at least, I was.

If I were to survive you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

LORD MOUNT: Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again; if it will have these effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is

to destroy the other, let it be me!

LORD TOLL: No, no!

VIs.

VIA

cell;

LOND MOUNT: Ah, yes! By our boyish friendship, I implore you.

LORD TOLL: Well! Well! To it so. But no, no! I cannot corsent to an act which would

crush you with unavailing remorde.

LORD MOUNT: But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first - Oh! who would not

be? - but it would wear off. I like you very much, but not, perhaps, as

LORD TOLL:

much as you like me.
George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you

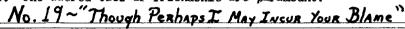
are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my

LORD MOUNT:

But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week. Remember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise, I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas, it would not last a day! Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worthwhile. PHYLLIS:

LORD TOLL: Well, I don't believe it is!!!

LORD MOUNT: Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount!



























ceili

BASS















LORD MOUNT: I am much distressed to see your Lordship in this condition.

LORD CHANC: Ah, my Lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to

Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen on the face of the globe.

LORD TOLL: Yes. It's an enviable position when you're the only one.

LORD MOUNT: Oh, yes - no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His Lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird - he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgements in F-sharp, * given and ante in six-eight time, are among the most

judgements in F-sharp, * given andante in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a Court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the Court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

LORD CHANC: I feel the force of your remarks, but I am here in two capacities, and they clash, my Lord, they clash! I deeply grieve to say that in declining to entertain my last application to myself, I presumed to address myself in terms which render it impos-

sible for me ever to apply to myself again. It was a most painful scene, my Lord, most painful!

LORD TOLL: This is what it is to have two capacities! Let.us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever!

LORD MOUNT: Come come. Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

LORD CHANC: Do you really think so?
LORD MOUNT: I do.

LORD MOUNT: I do.

LORD CHANC: Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails, I resign myself to my fate!

(* - In point of fact, the "judgements" were in DMINOR, not F-sharp.)



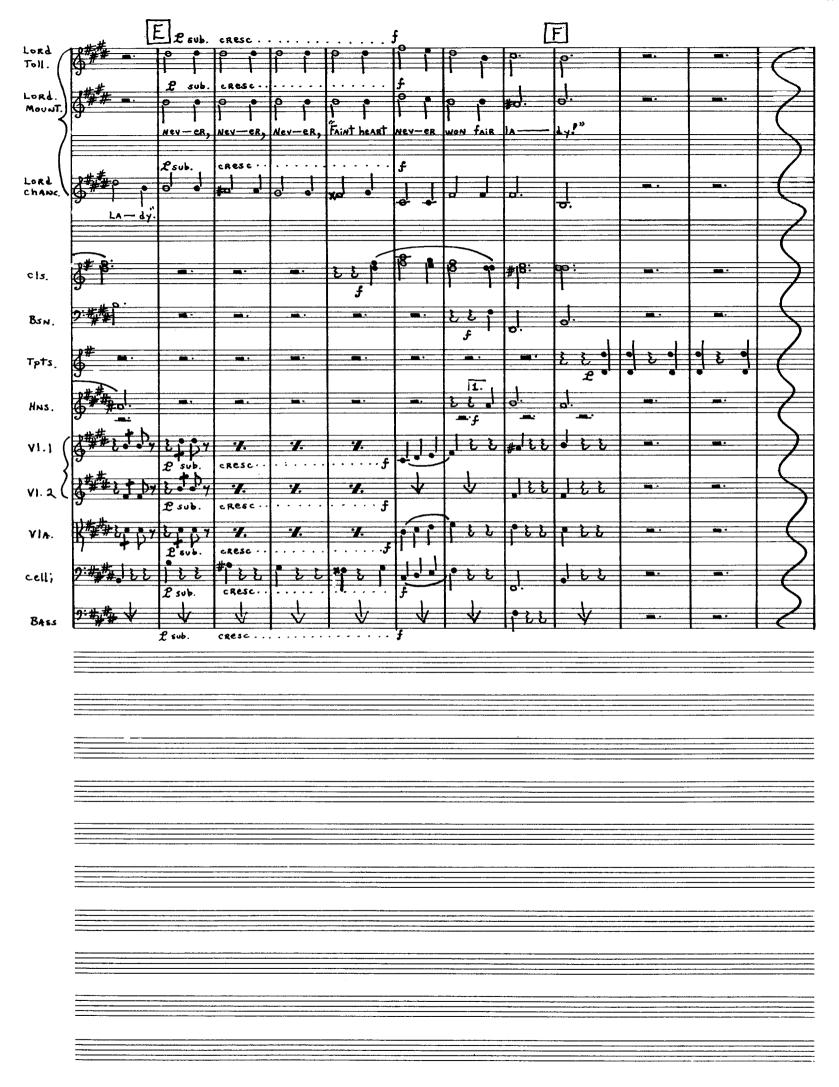


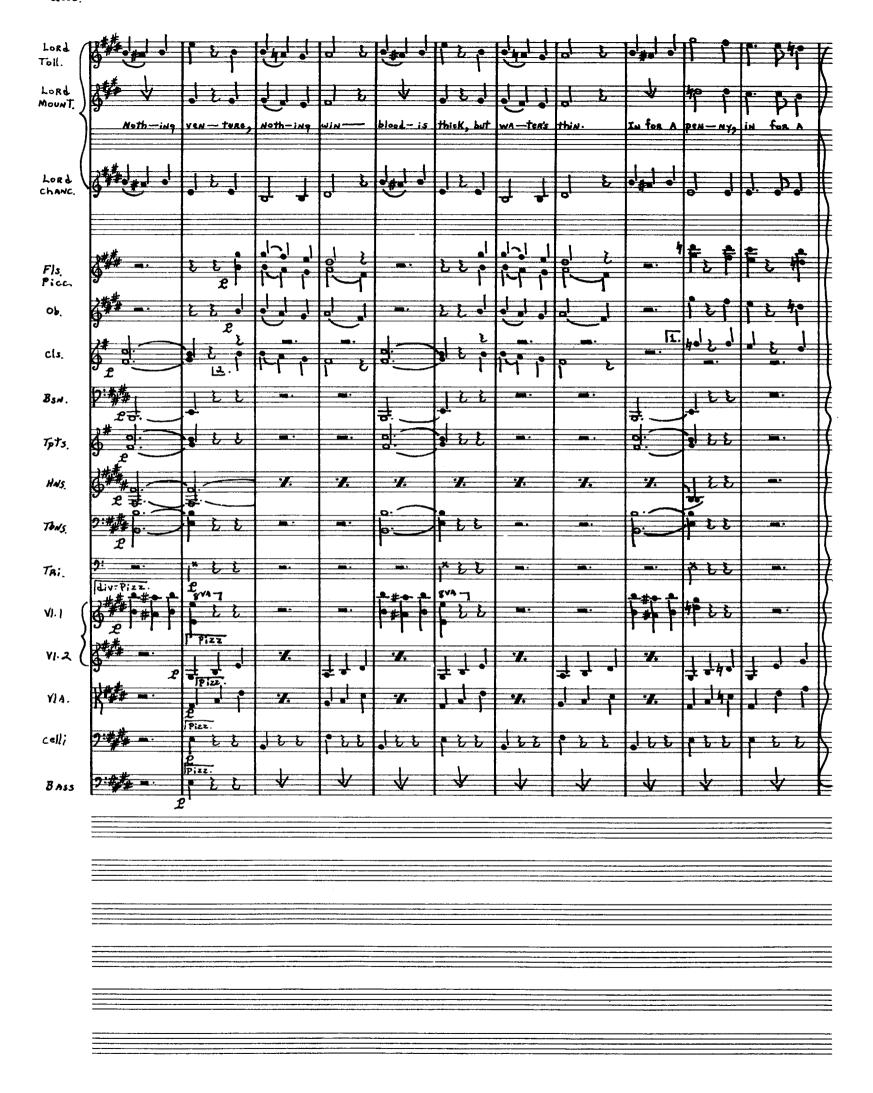






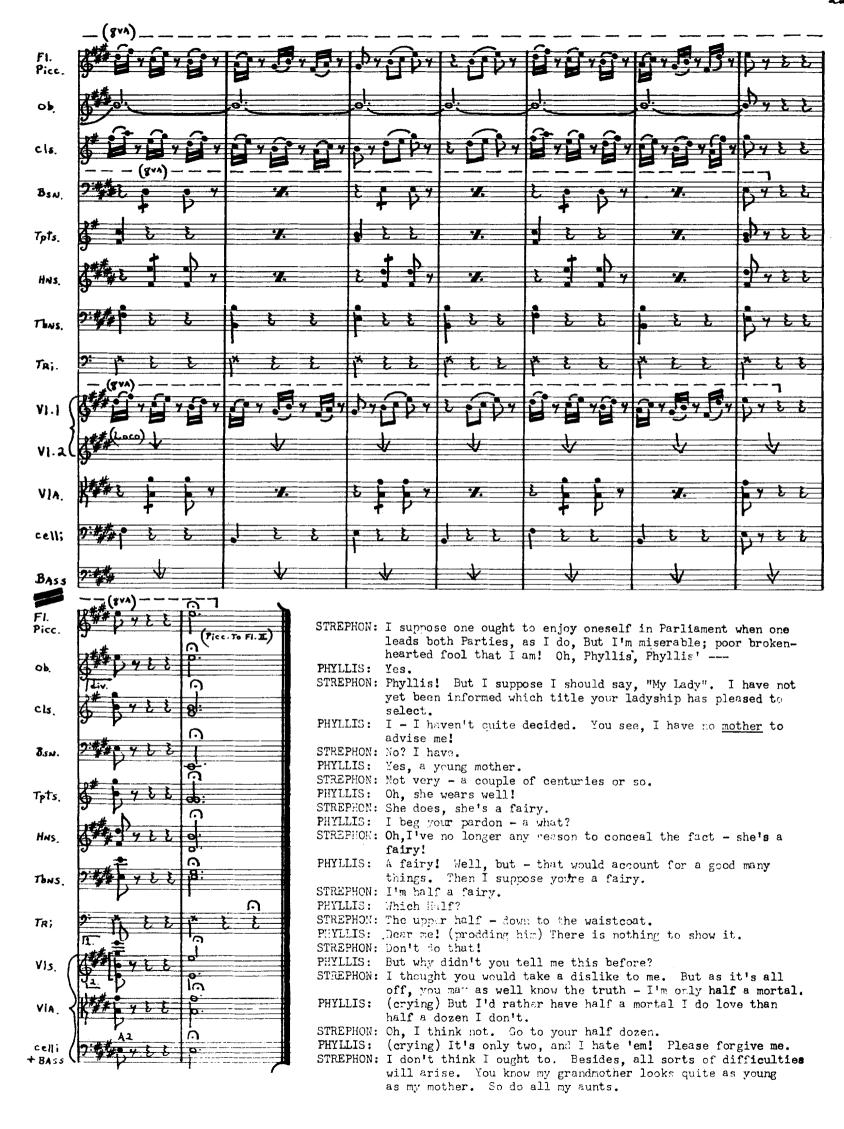












PHYLLIS: I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young

lady, I shall know it's an elderly relative!

STREPHON: You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy.

PHYLLIS: WE won't wait long.

STREPHON: No. We might change our minds. We'll get married first.

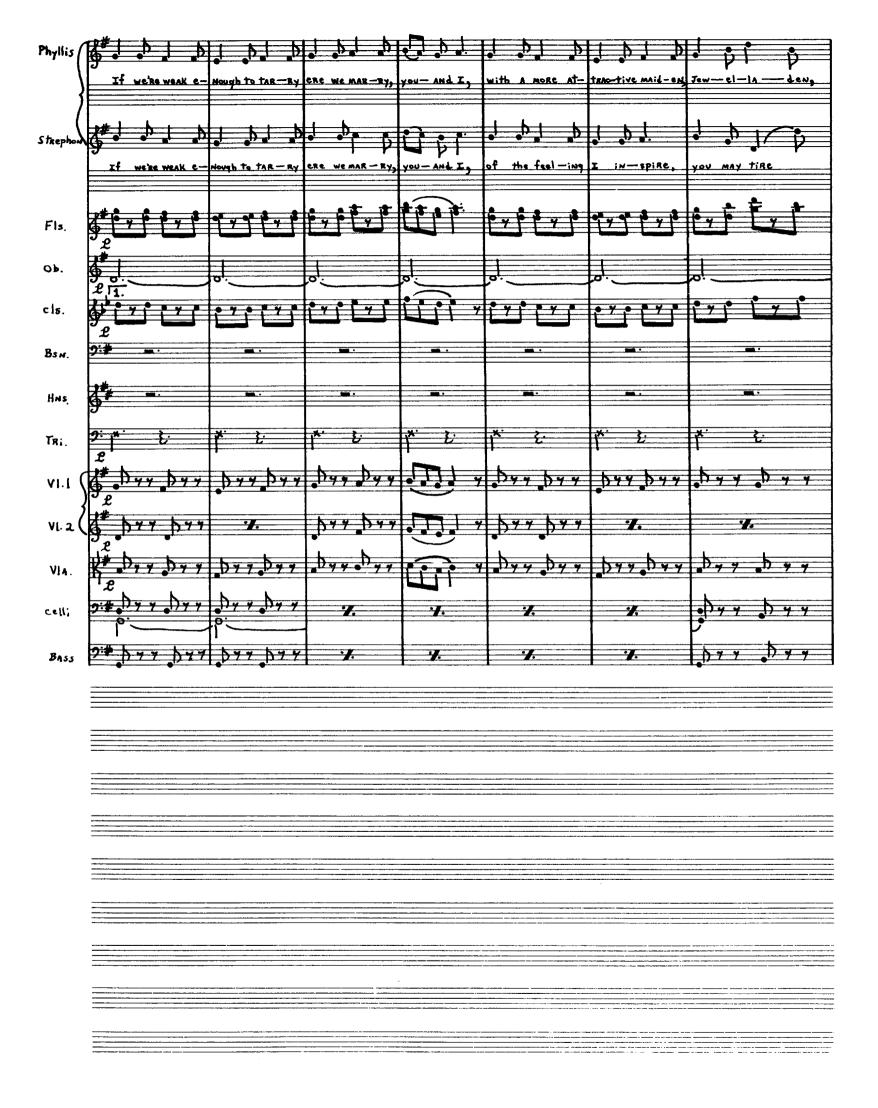
PHYLLIS: And change our minds afterwards?

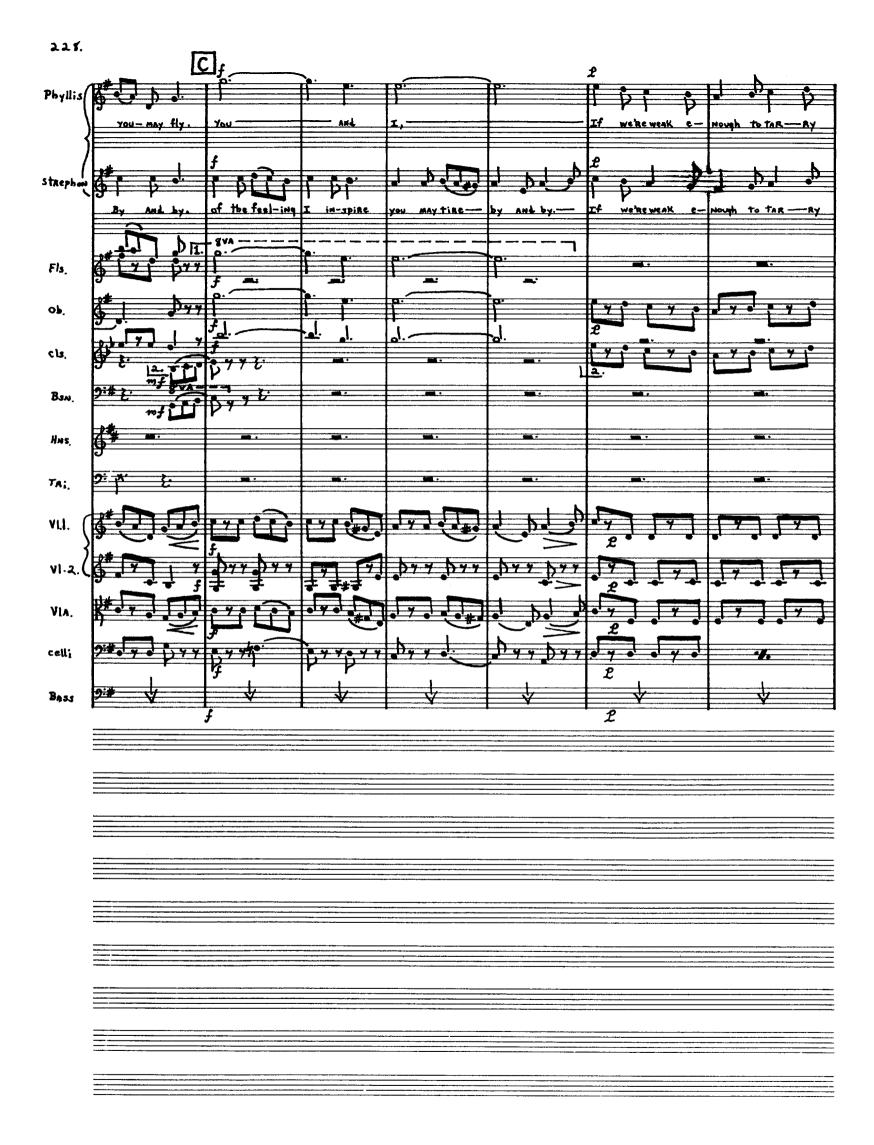
STREPHON: That's the usual course.

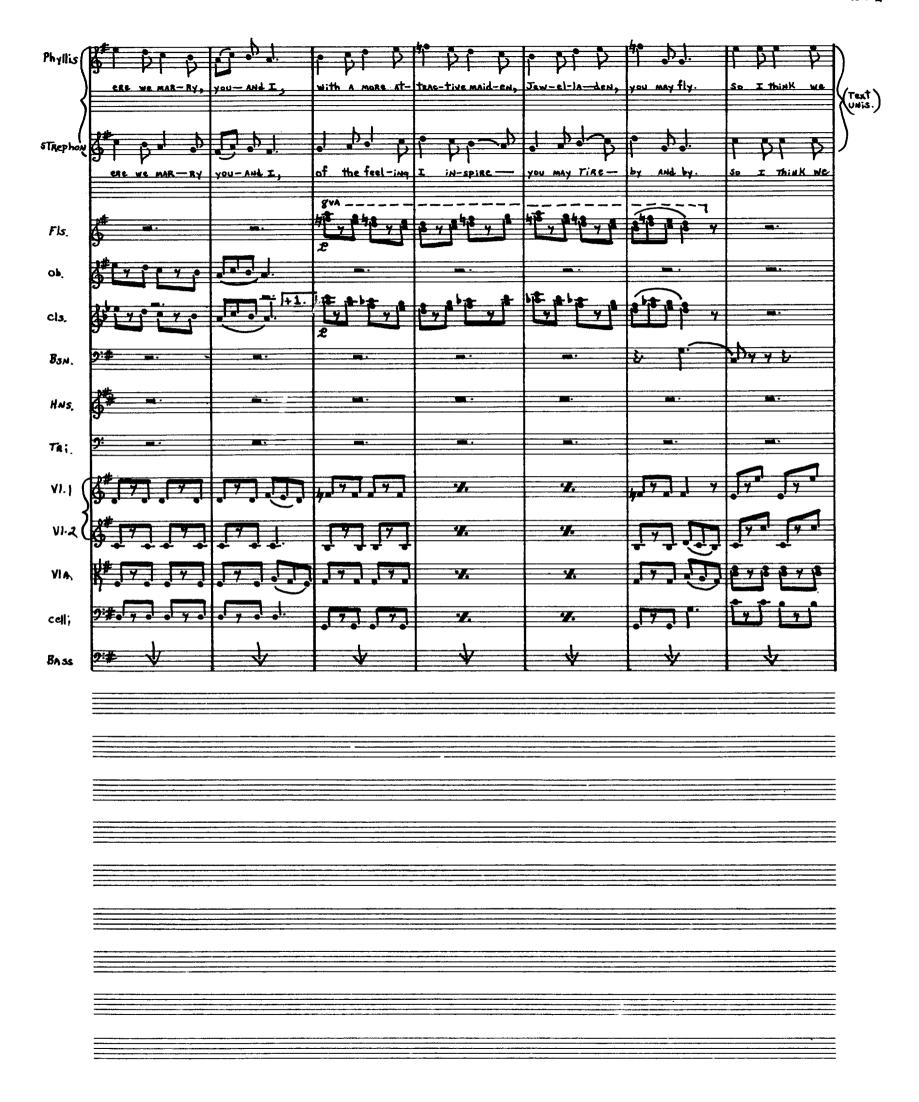
















But does your mother know you're - I mean, is she aware of our engagement? PHYLLIS:

She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law. (kissing her) She kisses just like other people! But the Lord Chancellor! IOLANTHE: PHYLLES:

STREPHON: I forgot Him! Mother, none can resist your fairy eloquence. You will go to

him and plead for us?

IOLANTHE: No, no! Impossible!

STREPHON: But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon obtaining his consent!

PHYLLIS: Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this!

You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is --- my husband! IOLANTHE:

PHYLLIS

& : Your husband?

STREPHON

My husband and your father!

IOLANTHE: PHYLLIS: Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections

to our marriage will be at once removed.

IOLANTHE: Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I

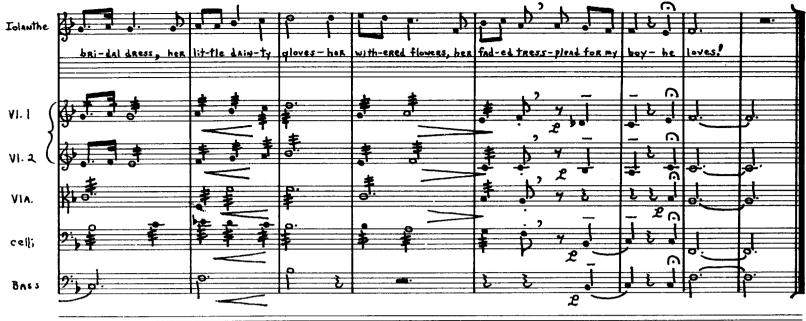
love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to un-decieve him. But see, he

comes! Quick, my veil!

LORD Victory! Victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to CHANC. Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself - that, in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endavored to work upon my feelings. conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.







No. 24-"It May Not Be" Recitative: LORE Fls. رفت Cls, in Bon. TPTS.IN TONS. Timp. VIA. ceil; BASS ££

















LEILA: Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we!!!

QUEEN:

CELIA: We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.

LORD MOUNT: It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

QUEEN: It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely, too! You have all incurred death but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (unrolling a scroll) the law is clear:

Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

LORD CHANC: Allow me, as an old Equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who doesn't marry

a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

QUEEN: We like your humor. Very well. (altering the scroll) Private Willis!

PVT.WILLIS: Ma'am?

To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a QUEEN:

fairy guardsman?

PVT.WILLIS: Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience

himself to save a female in distress.

You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment! (wings sprout from him) QUEEN:

And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

LORD MOUNT: Well, now that the Peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I

really don't see what use we are down here, do you Tolloler?

LORD TOLL:

None, whatever.

Good! The away we go to fairyland! QUEEN:















