

ACT II.

No. 12.

INTRODUCTION & CHORUS OF PURITANS.

Allegretto.

PIANO

f

Ped.

sf

Ped.

Sve.

f

dim.

p

Ped.

Sve.

f

dim.

p

loco.

Ped.

A

cres.

f

p

cres.

Ped.

Ped.

f sf sf p sf sf p sf ff dim.

B PURITANS.

Hoarse - ly the wind is howl - ing— Bit - ter - ly bites the

p

blast— The mid - night cat is prowl - ing— The rain is fall - ing fast— But what of

that? We'll back our - selves a - gainst the howl - ing wind And the noc - tur - nal

(♩ = ♩.)

cat— At two to one, bar none. And not a lay - er find Ev - en at

RUPERT.

that! Ev - en at that! The rain falls fast, In

PURITANS. D RUPERT.

i - cy blasts: It's the sort of day when peo - ple say It's much too bad to

last. But it lasts! It lasts! It lasts!

PURITANS. RUPERT. RUPERT & PURITANS.

No. 13.

SONG—(McCrankie).

Andante comodo.

MCCRANKIE.

PIANO.

pp

1. My name it is Mc-Crankie, I am lean an' lang an' lan-ky, I'm a Moo-dy an' a Sankey, Wound up -
 2. I'd pit a stap tae jok-in', An' I wad-na' sanction smokin'; An' my nose I wad be pok-in' In - to

o' a Scot-tish reel! Pe-dan-tic an' punc-tee-li-ous, Se-vere an' sup-er-cee-li-ous, Pre-
 il-ka bo-dy's way. I'd use my pow'r cen-so-ri-al In man-ner dic-ta-to-ri-al; To

ceese an' at-ra-bee-li-ous—But mean-in' ve-ra weel. I don't ob-jec tae whis-key, But I
 nae-bo-dy's me-mo-ri-al At-ten-tion wad I pay; I'd stap the kit-tens' play-in', An' for

say a' songs are ris-ky, An' I think a' dan-ces fris-ky, An' I've -pit the fuit-lichts out! I
 bid the hor-ses' neigh-in', But oh, not the ass-'s bray-in', For I love the ass-'s bray!

am the maist dog-mat - i - cal, Three - cor - ner'd, au - to - crat - i - cal, Fu - ne - re - al, fa - na - ti - cal, O'
 am the maist me - chan - i - cal, Of - fee - cious, pu - ri - tan - i - cal, Prag - ma - tic an' ty - ran - ni - cal Pro -

a' the cranks a - boot ! . .
 - duc - tion o' the day ! . .

1st time. 2nd time.

NO. 14.

DUET—(Rupert & McCrankie).

Allegretto.

PIANO

p *cres.* *f* *f* *p*

RUPERT. McCRANKIE. BOTH.

There's no one by— no pry - ing eye—Our sol - emn se - cret tae es - py— So

RUPERT. McC.

let us plain - ly say— Could we cre - ate the world a - new,—What

BOTH. RUPERT.

we wad ve - ra quick - ly do,— If we but had our way! Like

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

Josh - ua, we would stop the sun—The thing is ve - ra sim - ply done— If we but had our way! . . .

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

. . . We'd pit an end tae heat an' licht—An' bring a boot e - ter - nal night— If

RUPERT.

McC.

we but had our way! . . . We'd su - per - vise the plants and flow'rs—Pre

BOTH.

RUPERT.

- scribe 'em ear - ly - clos - in' hours—If we but had our way! . . . We

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

would for - bid the rose to smell—We'd re - in - state the cur - few bell— If we but had our way! . . .

RUPERT. McCRANKIE. BOTH.

No man, in in - flu - en - za's throes, Suld be al - lo'ed tae blaw his nose— If

RUPERT McC.

we but had our way! No cock should crow, no bird should sing, — Nae

RUPERT. McCRANKIE. BOTH.

- bo - dy suld dae o - ny - thing—With - out our li - cense sign'd and seal'd: For we wad do - mi - nate mon - kind— If

we but had our way!

RUPERT.

BOTH.

We were not, thro' some freak of earth, Con - sul - ted at the plan - et's birth—Tho'

MCCRANKIE.

we'd a lot to say! Had we been on cre a - tion's scene, A

BOTH.

RUPERT.

great im - provement there'd ha' been— If we'd but had our way! But

MCCRANKIE.

BOTH.

some-how we were clean for - got, That's why we'll make things pip - ing hot— And ye the pi - per pay. . . .

McCRANKIE. RUPERT. BOTH.

... We'll tax ye oop an' tax ye doon, We'll tax the coun-try, tax the toon,— If

RUPERT. McC.

we but have our way! We'll tax ye hip, and tax ye thigh,— An

BOTH. RUPERT.

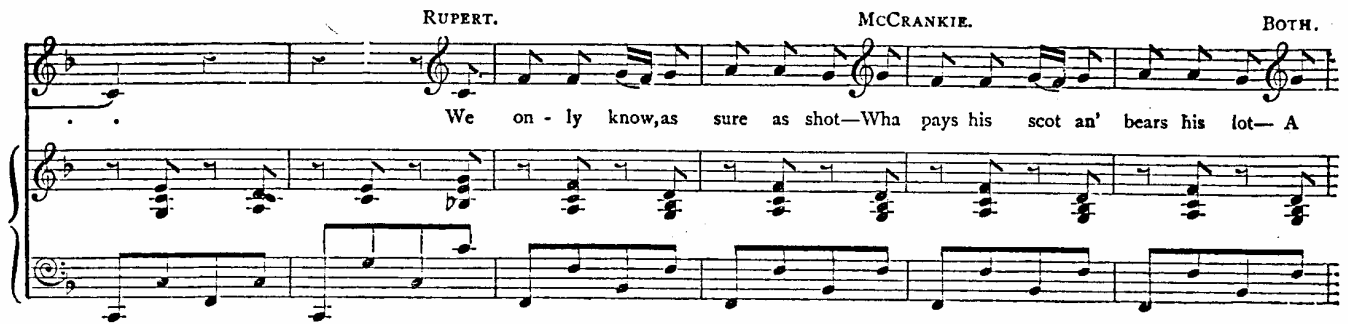
sen' the rate-book oop lift-high,—And cry, hur-ray, hut-ray! An'

McCRANKIE. BOTH.

what be-comes o' sci-ence, art, The law, the tem-ple an' the mart—We nae-ther ken nor care! . . .

RUPERT. McCRANKIE. BOTH.

We on - ly know, as sure as shot—Wha pays his scot an' bears his lot— A



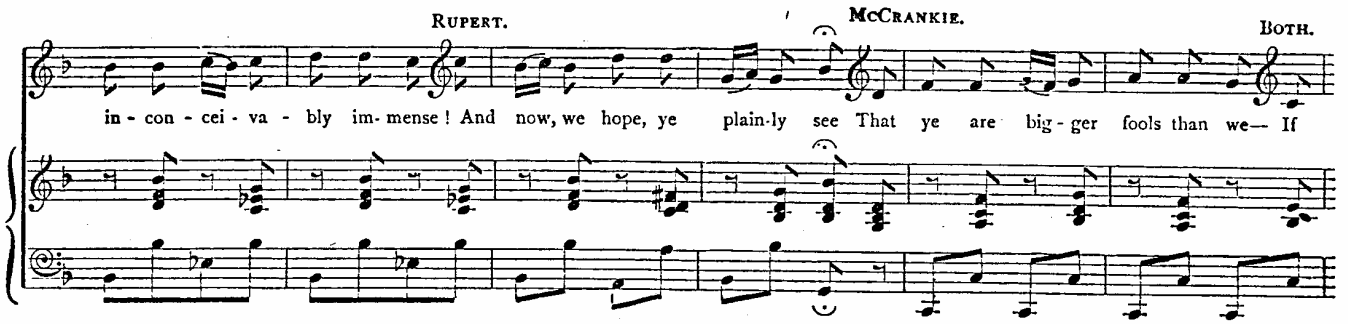
RUPERT. McC.

lot will have to bear! We on - ly know, our lack of sense Is



RUPERT. McCRANKIE. BOTH.

in - con - cei - va - bly im - mense! And now, we hope, ye plain - ly see That ye are big - ger fools than we— If



we but have our way!



No. 15. TRIO—(Dorcas, Rupert, & McCrankie).

Allegro moderato.

RUPERT. McCRANKIE.

1. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, what's a kiss? 'Tis nae ve - ra shock - in'!
 2. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, who's a - fraid? When there's nae ane leuk - in'!
 3. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, what's an oath? Eyes were made for hook - in'!

PIANO. *p*

RUPERT. McCRANKIE. DORCAS.

Do not take the thing a - miss! Lass, there's nae ane leuk - in'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,
 I could ne'er re - sist a maid— When she shows her stock - in'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,
 We are ve - ry hu - man, both— When there's nae ane leuk - in'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,

RUPERT. McCRANKIE.

what's a kiss? Kiss - ing goes by fa - vour! And when the kiss Is a sto - len bliss— The
 man, be mum! Hast thou had a glas - sie? My friend hath come From the Isle of Rum— An'
 things have come To a pret - ty pas - sie! The Isle of Rum Is a tri - fle glum— An'

DORCAS.

sweet - er is the sa - vour! Up - on my word, I nev - er heard A
 thou'rt a braw, wec las - sie! Be - have thy - self, Thou High - land elf, Thy
 thou'rt a bon - ny las - sie! Thou hor - rid thing! Thou High - land fling! I'm

ALL THREE.

state - ment more sur - pris - ing! Aren't ye a - fraid Of with a maid Your con - science com - pro - mis - ing? Up -
 con - duct is past bear - ing; I thought ye both Had ta - ken oath, Fri - vol - i - ty for - swear - ing. Like
 sure thou'st had a glas - sie! I won't by you—Or a - ny two—Be call'd a bon - ny las - sie! DOR. } Oh,
 RUP. & MCC. } Oh,

- on a light And star - ry night, { We might } con - sult the lat - ter; But when the maid Is in the shade, It's
 ev - 'ry man, A Pu - ri - tan Ad - mires a waist that's ta - per, And on the sly Will wink his eye, And
 hist and whist! Now, do de - sist, Or I'll cre - ate a clat - ter! Do set me free, And let me be, And
 hist and whist! Now, don't re - sist! Why make so great a clat - ter? There's none to see, So what the d—, The

quite an - o - ther mat - ter!
 cut his lit - tle ca - per!
 cease your sil - ly chat - ter!
 de' - il doth it mat - ter?