

Gilbert And Sullivan

"Duet Ludwig And Julia"

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LUD:

Now Julia, come,
Consider it from
This dainty point of view--
A timid tender
Feminine gender,
Prompt to coyly coo--
Yet silence seeking,
Seldom speaking
Till she's spoken to--
A comfy, cosy,
Rosy-posy
Innocent ingenoo!
The part you're suited to--
(To give the deuce her due)
A sweet (O, jiminy!)
Miminy-piminy,
Innocent ingenoo!

ENSEMBLE

LUD: JULIA:

The part you're suited to-- I'm much obliged to you,
(To give the deuce her due) I don't think that would do--
A sweet (O, jiminy!) To play (O, jiminy!)
Miminy-piminy, Miminy-piminy,
Innocent ingenoo! Innocent ingenoo!

JULIA:

You forget my special magic
(In a high dramatic sense)
Lies in situations tragic--
Undeniably intense.
As I've justified promotion
In the histrionic art,
I'll submit to you my notion
Of a first-rate part.

LUD:

Well, let us see your notion

Of a first-rate part.

JULIA (dramatically):

I have a rival! Frenzy-thrilled,
I find you both together!
My heart stands still--with horror chilled---
Hard as the millstone nether!
Then softly, slyly, snailly, snaky--
Crawly, creepy, quailly, quaky--
I track her on her homeward way,
As panther tracks her fated prey!

(Furiously.)

I fly at her soft white throat--
The lily-white laughing leman!
On her agonized gaze I gloat
With the glee of a dancing demon!
My rival she--I have no doubt of her---
So I hold on--till the breath is out of her!
--till the breath is out of her!

And then--Remorse! Remorse!

O cold unpleasant corse,
Avaunt! Avaunt!
That lifeless form
I gaze upon--
That face, still warm
But weirdly wan--
Those eyes of glass
I contemplate--
And then, alas!
Too late--too late!
I find she is--your Aunt!
(Shuddering.)
Remorse! Remorse!

Then, mad--mad--mad!

With fancies wild--chimerical--
Now sorrowful--silent--sad--
Now hullabaloo hysterical!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
But whether I'm sad or whether I'm glad,
Mad! mad! mad! mad!

This calls for the resources of a high-class art,
And satisfies my notion of a first-rate part!

[Exit JULIA]

(Enter all the Chorus, hurriedly, and in great excitement.)

CHORUS:

Your Highness, there's a party at the door--
Your Highness, at the door there is a party--
She says that we expect her,
But we do not recollect her,
For we never saw her countenance before!

With rage and indignation she is rife,
Because our welcome wasn't very hearty--
She's as sulky as a super,
And she's swearing like a trooper,
O, you never heard such language in your life!

(Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT, in a fury.)

BAR:

With fury indescribable I burn!
With rage I'm nearly ready to explode!
There'll be grief and tribulation when I learn
To whom this slight unbearable is owed!
For whatever may be due I'll pay it double--
There'll be terror indescribable and trouble!
With a hurly-burly and a hubble-bubble
I'll pay you for this pretty episode!

ALL:

Oh, whatever may be due she'll pay it double!--
It's very good of her to take the trouble--
But we don't know what she means by "hubble-bubble"-
-
No doubt it's an expression a la mode.

BAR. (to LUDWIG):

Do you know who I am?

LUD. (examining her):

I don't;
Your countenance I can't fix, my dear.

BAR:

This proves I'm not a sham.
(Showing pocket-handkerchief.)

LUD. (examining it):

It won't;
It only says "Krakenfeldt, Six," my dear.

BAR:

Express your grief profound!

LUD:
I shan't!
This tone I never allow, my love.

BAR:
Rudolph at once produce!

LUD:
I can't;
He isn't at home just now, my love.

BAR. (astonished):
He isn't at home just now!

ALL:
He isn't at home just now,
(Dancing derisively.)
He has an appointment particular, very-
You'll find him, I think, in the town cemetery;
And that's how we come to be making so merry,
For he isn't at home just now!

BAR:
But bless my heart and soul alive, it's impudence
personified!
I've come here to be matrimonially matrimonified!

LUD:
For any disappointment I am sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite
unexpectedly--

ALL (sobbing):
Tol the riddle lol!
Tol the riddle lol!
Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!
(Then laughing wildly.)
Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!

BAR:
But this is most unexpected. He was well enough at a
quarter to twelve
yesterday.

LUD:
Yes. He died at half-past eleven.

BAR:
Bless me, how very sudden!

LUD:

It was sudden.

BAR:

But what in the world am I to do? I was to have been
married to him
to-day!

ALL (singing and dancing):

For any disappointment we are sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite
unexpectedly--
Tol the riddle lol

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