

## **Gilbert And Sullivan**

### **"Duet Rudolph And Ludwig"**

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RUD. (furiously):

Big bombs, small bombs, great guns and little ones!

Put him in a pillory!

Rack him with artillery!

LUD. (furiously):

Long swords, short swords, tough swords and brittle ones!

Fright him into fits!

Blow him into bits!

RUD:

You muff, sir!

LUD:

You lout, sir!

RUD:

Enough, sir!

LUD:

Get out, sir! (Pushes him.)

RUD:

A hit, sir?

LUD:

Take that, sir! (Slaps him.)

RUD:

It's tit, sir,

LUD:

For tat, sir!

CHORUS (appalled):

When two doughty heroes thunder,

All the world is lost in wonder;

When such men their temper lose,

Awful are the words they use!

LUD:

Tall snobs, small snobs, rich snobs and needy ones!

RUD. (jostling him):

Whom are you alluding to?

LUD. (jostling him):

Where are you intruding to?

RUD:

Fat snobs, thin snobs, swell snobs and seedy ones!

LUD:

I rather think you err.

To whom do you refer?

RUD:

To you, sir!

LUD:

To me, sir?

RUD:

I do, sir!

LUD:

We'll see, sir!

RUD:

I jeer, sir!

(Makes a face at LUDWIG.)

Grimace, sir!

LUD:

Look here, sir--

(Makes a face at RUDOLPH.)

A face, sir!

CHORUS (appalled):

When two heroes, once pacific,

Quarrel, the effect's terrific!

What a horrible grimace!

What a paralysing face!

ALL:

Big bombs, small bombs, etc.

LUD. and RUD. (recit.):

He has insulted me, and, in a breath,

This day we fight a duel to the death!

NOT. (checking them):  
You mean, of course, by duel (verbum sat.),  
A Statutory Duel.

ALL:  
Why, what's that?

NOT:  
According to established legal uses,  
A card apiece each bold disputant chooses--  
Dead as a doornail is the dog who loses--  
The winner steps into the dead man's shoes!

ALL:  
The winner steps into the dead man's shoes!

RUD. and Lud:  
Agreed! Agreed!

RUD:  
Come, come--the pack!

LUD. (producing one):  
Behold it here!

RUD:  
I'm on the rack!

LUD:  
I quake with fear!

(NOTARY offers card to LUDWIG.)

LUD:  
First draw to you!

RUD:  
If that's the case,  
Behold the King! (Drawing card from his sleeve.)

LUD (same business):  
Behold the Ace!

CHORUS:  
Hurrah, hurrah! Our Ludwig's won  
And wicked Rudolph's course is run--  
So Ludwig will as Grand Duke reign  
Till Rudolph comes to life again--

RUD:  
Which will occur to-morrow!

I come to life to-morrow!

GRET. (with mocking curtsey):  
My Lord Grand Duke, farewell!  
A pleasant journey, very,  
To your convenient cell  
In yonder cemetery!

LISA (curtseying):  
Though malcontents abuse you,  
We're much distressed to lose you!  
You were, when you were living,  
So liberal, so forgiving!

BERTHA:  
So merciful, so gentle!  
So highly ornamental!

OLGA:  
And now that you've departed,  
You leave us broken-hearted!

ALL (pretending to weep):  
Yes, truly, truly, truly, truly--  
Truly broken-hearted!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (Mocking him.)

RUD. (furious):  
Rapscallions, in penitential fires,  
You'll rue the ribaldry that from you falls!  
To-morrow afternoon the law expires.  
And then--look out for squalls!  
[Exit RUDOLPH, amid general ridicule.]

CHORUS:  
Give thanks, give thanks to wayward fate--  
By mystic fortune's sway,  
Our Ludwig guides the helm of State  
For one delightful day!

(To LUDWIG.)  
We hail you, sir!  
We greet you, sir!  
Regale you, sir!  
We treat you, sir!  
Our ruler be  
By fate's decree  
For one delightful day!

NOT:  
You've done it neatly! Pity that your powers

Are limited to four-and-twenty hours!

LUD:

No matter, though the time will quickly run,  
In hours twenty-four much may be done

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