

Gilbert And Sullivan

"Finale"

Visit "[Finale](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

RUD:

Come hither, all you people--

When you hear the fearful news,

All the pretty women weep'll,

Men will shiver in their shoes.

LUD:

And they'll all cry "Lord, defend us!"

When they learn the fact tremendous

That to give this man his gruel

In a Statutory Duel--

BOTH:

This plebeian man of shoddy--

This contemptible nobody--

Your Grand Duke does not refuse!

(During this, Chorus of men and women have entered,
all trembling

with apprehension under the impression that they are
to be

arrested for their complicity in the conspiracy.)

CHORUS:

With faltering feet,

And our muscles in a quiver,

Our fate we meet

With our feelings all unstrung!

If our plot complete

He has managed to discover,

There is no retreat--

We shall certainly be hung!

RUD. (aside to LUDWIG):

Now you begin and pitch it strong--walk into me
abusively--

LUD. (aside to RUDOLPH):

I've several epithets that I've reserved for you
exclusively.

A choice selection I have here when you are ready to
begin.

RUD:

Now you begin

LUD:

No, you begin--

RUD:

No, you begin--

LUD:

No, you begin!

CHORUS (trembling):

Has it happened as we expected?

Is our little plot detected

