

Gilbert And Sullivan

"Song Baroness With Chorus"

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I once gave an evening party
(A sandwich and cut-orange ball),
But my guests had such appetites hearty
That I couldn't enjoy it, enjoy it at all.
I made a heroic endeavour
To look unconcerned, but in vain,
And I vow'd that I never--oh never
Would ask anybody again!
But there's a distinction decided---
A difference truly immense--
When the wine that you drink is provided, provided,
At somebody else's expense.
So bumpers--aye, ever so many--
The cost we may safely ignore!
For the wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pommery seventy-four!

CHORUS:

So bumpers--aye, ever so many--etc.

Come, bumpers--aye, ever so many--
And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pommery, Pommery seventy-four!
Old wine is a true panacea
For ev'ry conceivable ill,
When you cherish the soothing idea
That somebody else pays the bill!
Old wine is a pleasure that's hollow
When at your own table you sit,
For you're thinking each mouthful you swallow
Has cost you, has cost you a threepenny-bit!
So bumpers--aye, ever so many--
And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pommery seventy-four!

CHORUS.

So, bumpers--aye, ever so many--etc.

(March heard.)

LUD. (recit.).

Why, who is this approaching,
Upon our joy encroaching?
Some rascal come a-poaching
Who's heard that wine we're broaching?

ALL.

Who may this be?
Who may this be?
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

[Enter HERALD.]

HER.

The Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his beautiful daughter.
They've paid off all they owe,
As every statesman oughter--
That Prince of Monte Carlo
And his be-eautiful daughter!

CHORUS.

The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER.

The Prince of Monte Carlo,
Who is so very partickler,
Has heard that you're also
For ceremony a stickler--
Therefore he lets you know
By word of mouth auric'lar--
(That Prince of Monte Carlo
Who is so very particklar)--

CHORUS.

The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER.

That Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his be-eautiful daughter!

LUD. (recit.).

His Highness we know not--nor the locality
In which is situate his Principality;
But, as he guesses by some odd fatality,
This is the shop for cut and dried formality!

Let him appear--
He'll find that we're
Remarkable for cut and dried formality.

(Reprise of March. Exit HERALD.
LUDWIG beckons his Court.)

LUD.
I have a plan--I'll tell you all the plot of it--
He wants formality--he shall have a lot of it!
(Whispers to them, through symphony.)
Conceal yourselves, and when I give the cue,
Spring out on him--you all know what to do!
(All conceal themselves behind the draperies that
enclose the
stage

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