

No. 20

RECIT. & SONG (Lord Chancellor)

Allegro

6 **LORD CHAN. (recit.)**
Love, un - re-

11 **A a tempo**
quit - ed, robs me of my rest:

16
Love, hope-less love, my ar - dent soul en - cum-bers: Love, night - mare

21

B

like, lies hea- vy on my chest, And weaves it - self

dim.

27

a tempo

in - to my mid-night slum - bers!

p

32

Allegro ma non troppo

fz

p

37

C

When you're ly - ing a - wake with a

41

dis-mal headache, and re - pose is ta-boo'd by anx - i - e - ty, I con-ceive you may use a - ny

45

language you choose to in - dulse in, with-out im-pro - pri - e - ty; For your brain is on fire, the

49

bedclothes con-spire_ of u - su - al slum-ber to plun-der you: First your coun - terpane goes and un-

53

co - vers your toes, and your sheet slips de - mure - ly from un - der you; Then the

56

blank - et - ing tick - les, you feel like mixed pick - les, so ter - ri - bly sharp is the

59

prick - ing, And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tum - ble and toss till there's

62

no - thing 'twixt you and the tick - ing. Then the bed - clothes all creep to the

65

ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan - gle; Next your pil - low re - signs and po -

69

lite - ly de - clines to re - main at it's u - su - al an - gle! Well, you

72

get some re - pose in the form of a doze, with hot eye - balls and head e - ver

75

ach - ing, But your slum - ber - ing teems with such hor - ri - ble dreams that you'd

78

ve - ry much bet - ter be wak - ing; For you dream you are cross - ing the Chan - nel, and toss - ing a -

82

bout in a steam - er from Har - wick Which is some - thing be - tween a large

85

bath - ing ma - chine and a ve - ry small se - cond class car - riage. And you're

88

gi - ving a treat (pen - ny ice and cold meat) to a par - ty of friends and re -

91

la - tions - They're a ra - ven - ous hoard - and they all came on board at Sloane

94

Square and South Kensing - ton Stations. And bound on that jour - ney you find your at - tor - ney (who

98

start - ed that morn - ing from De - von,) He's a bit un - der - siz'd, and you

101

don't feel sur - pris'd when he tells you he's on - ly e - lev - en. Well, you're

104

driv - ing like mad with this sin - gu - lar lad (by - the - bye, the ship's now a four -

107

wheel - er,) And you're play - ing round games, and he calls you bad names when you

110

tell him that "ties pay the deal-er;" But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you

114

find you're as cold as an i - ci - cle; In your shirt and your socks (the black

117

silk with gold clocks,) cross - ing Sal's - bu - ry Plain on a bi - cy - cle: And

120

he and the crew are on bi - cy - cles too - which they've some - how or o - ther in-

123

vest - ed in - And he's tell - ing the tars all the par tic - u - lars of a

126

com - pa - ny he's in - ter - est - ed in - It's a scheme of de - vi - ces, to get at low pri - ces, all

130

goods from cough mix - tures to ca - bles (Which tick - led the sail - ors) by

133

treat - ing re - tail - ers as though they were all ve - ge - ta - bles. You

136

get a good spades-man to plant a small trades-man, (first take off his boots with a

139

boot - tree,) And his legs will take root, and his fin - gers will shoot, and they'll

142

blos-som and bud like a fruit-tree. From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green-pea, caul-i-

146

flow - er, pine - ap - ple, and cran - ber - ries, While the pas - try - cook plant cher - ry

149

bran - dy will grant, ap - ple puffs, and three - cor - ners, and ban - ber - ies. The

152

shares are a pen - ny, and e - ver so ma - ny are ta - ken by Roths-child and

155

Ba-ring, And just as a few are al - lot - ted to you, you a - wake with a shud - der des-

159

pair - ing. You're a reg - u - lar wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no

162

won - der you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've nee - dles and pins from your

cres

165

soles to your shins, and your flesh is a - creep, for your left leg's a - sleep, and you've

scen *do*

168

cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a

dim.

171

fe - ver - ish tongue, and a thirst that's in - tense, And a gen - er - al sense that you

174

have - n't been sleep-ing in clo-ver; But the

178

dark - ness has passed, and its day - light at last, and the night has been

183

long - dit-to, dit-to my song - And thank good-ness they're both of them

189

o - ver! *Con fuoco*

195