

Welcome

The hills are alive with ...

The Sound of Music

Broadway – The golden years

There's no business like show business
(from **Annie Get Your Gun**)

Everything's coming up roses (from **Gypsy**)

They call the wind Maria (from **Paint your wagon**)

I'm flying (from **Peter Pan**)
Solo: Loris McLean

Luck be a lady (from **Guys and dolls**)

Put on a happy face (from **Bye bye Birdie**)

Standing on the corner (from **Most happy fella**)

Hello, Dolly! (from **Hello, Dolly!**)

Mame (from **Mame**)

Solo: Robyn Mulder

Try to remember (from **The Fantasticks**)

Duet: Barb Carter & Tony Morgan

Where is love? (from **Oliver**)

On the street where you live (from **My fair lady**)

Solo: Frank Meerbach

If ever I would leave you (from **Camelot**)

Mary & Steve Wilkie, Alan & Jeanette Flint

Before the parade passes by (from **Hello, Dolly!**)

Seventy six trombones (from **The Music Man**)

Consider yourself (from **Oliver**)

YVS

Interval

Iolanthe



**Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither;
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring!**

CELIA (Robyn Mulder)

**We are dainty little fairies,
Ever singing, ever dancing;
We indulge in our vagaries
In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function
Of our never-ceasing motion,
We reply, without compunction,
That we haven't any notion!**

**No, we haven't any notion!
Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither;
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring!**

LEILA (Mary Fraser)

**If you ask us how we live,
Lovers all essentials give –
We can ride on lovers' sighs,
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,
Clothe ourselves with lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts,
Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts.
When you know us, you'll discover
That we almost live on lover!
Yes, we live on lover!**

**Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither;
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring!**

Loudly let the trumpet bray!



**Loudly let the trumpet bray!
Tantantara! Tantantara!
Proudly bang the sounding brasses!
Tzing! Boom! As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes,
Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!**

**Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!**

**We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!**

**Iolanthe
...looks 17**

**Strephon,
her son
by a mortal,
... is now 25**

**Phyllis, his
fiancée, is
upset.**



**Tripping hither, tripping thither.
Nobody knows why or whither;
Why you want us we don't know,
But you've summoned us, and so**

**Enter all the little fairies
To their usual tripping measure!
To oblige you all our care is –
Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure!**

STREPHON (Alan Flint)

**The lady of my love has caught me talking to
another –**

PEERS: Oh, fie! Young Strephon is a rogue!
I tell her very plainly that the lady is my mother –
Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

**She won't believe my statement,
and declares we must be parted,
Because on a career of double-dealing
I have started,
Then gives her hand to one of these,
and leaves me broken-hearted –**
Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

QUEEN (Heather Mason)

**Ah, cruel ones, to separate
two lovers from each other!**

FAIRIES: Oh, fie! Our Strephon's not a rogue!

**You've done him an injustice,
for the lady *is* his mother!**

Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!

LORD CHANCELLOR (David Cox)

**That fable perhaps may serve his turn
as well as any other.**

I didn't see her face, but if they fondled one another,

And she's but seventeen –

I don't believe it was his mother!

Taradiddle, taradiddle. Tol lol lay!

LORD TOLLOLLER (Alan ?)

**I have often had a use
for a thorough-bred excuse
Of a sudden (which is
English for “repentè”),
But of all I ever heard
This is much the most absurd,
For she’s seventeen,
and he is five-and-twenty!**

**Though she is seventeen,
and he is four or five-and-twenty!
Oh, fie! Our Strephon is a rogue!**

LORD MOUNT ARARAT (Alan ?)

Now, listen, pray to me,
For this paradox will be
Carried, nobody at all *contradicente*.
Her age, upon the date
Of his birth, was minus eight,
If she's seventeen,
and he is five-and-twenty!

**If she is seventeen,
and he is only five-and-twenty.**

PRINCIPALS.

**To say she is his mother
is an utter bit of folly!
Oh, fie! Our Strephon is a rogue!
Perhaps his brain is addled,
and it's very melancholy!
Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!
I wouldn't say a word
that could be reckoned as injurious,
But to find a mother younger
than her son is very curious,
And that's a kind of mother
that is usually spurious.
Taradiddle, taradiddle, tol lol lay!**

LORD CHANCELLOR (David Cox)

**Go away, madam; I should say, madam,
You display, madam, Shocking taste.**

**It is rude, madam, To intrude, madam,
With your brood, madam, Brazen-faced!**

**You come here, madam, Interfere, madam,
With a peer, madam. (I am one.)
You're aware, madam, What you dare, madam,
So take care, madam, And be gone!**

**Let us stay, madam; I should say, madam,
They display, madam, Shocking taste.**

**It is rude, madam, To allude, madam,
To your brood, madam, Brazen-faced!**

**We don't fear, madam, Any peer, madam,
Though, my dear madam, This is one.**

**They will stare, madam, When aware, madam,
What they dare, madam – What they've done!**

QUEEN. (Heather Mason)
Bearded by these puny mortals!
I will launch from fairy portals
All the most terrific thunders
In my armoury of wonders!

PHYLLIS (Lori Busutti)
Should they launch terrific wonders,
All would then repent their blunders.
Surely these must be immortals.

**Let us stay, madam; I should say, madam,
They display, madam, Shocking taste.**

**It is rude, madam, To allude, madam,
To your brood, madam, Brazen-faced!**

**We don't fear, madam, Any peer, madam,
Though, my dear madam, This is one.**

**They will stare, madam, When aware, madam,
What they dare, madam – What they've done!**

QUEEN (Heather Mason)
Oh! Chancellor unwary
It's highly necessary
Your tongue to teach
Respectful speech –
Your attitude to vary!
Your badinage so airy,
Your manner arbitrary,
Are out of place
When face to face
With an influential Fairy.

We never knew. We were talking to
An influential Fairy!

LORD CHANCELLOR (David Cox)

**A plague on this vagary,
I'm in a nice quandary!
Of hasty tone With dames unknown
I ought to be more chary;
It seems that she's a fairy
From Andersen's library,
And I took her for
The proprietor
Of a Ladies' Seminary!
**We took her for
The proprietor
Of a Ladies' Seminary!****

QUEEN:

**When next your Houses do assemble,
You may tremble!**

CELIA (Robyn Mulder):

**Our wrath, when gentlemen offend us,
Is tremendous!**

LEILA (Mary Fraser):

**They meet, who underrate our calling,
Doom appalling!**

QUEEN.

**Take down our sentence as we speak it,
And he shall wreak it!**

Oh, spare us!

QUEEN (Heather Mason):
Henceforth, Strephon, cast away
Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay –
Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Into Parliament you shall go!



**Into Parliament he shall go!
Backed by our supreme authority,
He'll command a large majority!
Into Parliament he shall go!**

QUEEN.

**In the Parliamentary hive,
Liberal or Conservative –
Whig or Tory – I don't know –
But into Parliament you shall go!**

**Into Parliament he shall go!
Backed by our supreme authority,
He'll command a large majority!
Into Parliament he shall go!**

Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses! **Oh!**
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse and salmon season; **No!**
He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Friday nights: **No!**
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister: **Mercy!**
Titles shall ennoble, then,
All the Common Councilmen: **Spare us!**
Peers shall teem in Christendom,
And a Duke's exalted station
Be attainable by Competitive Examination!

Oh, horror!
Their horror They can't dissemble
Nor hide the fear that makes them tremble!

Young Strephon is the kind of lout
we do not care a fig about!
With Strephon for your foe, no doubt, a fearful prospect
opens out,

We cannot say What evils may result in consequence.
And who shall say What evils may result in consequence?

But lordly vengeance will pursue
all kinds of common people who
A hideous vengeance will pursue all noblemen who venture to

Oppose our views, Or boldly choose To offer us offence
Oppose his views, Or boldly choose To offer him offence.

**'Twill plunge them into grief and shame;
His kind forbearance they must claim,
If they'd escape in any shape a very painful wrench!**

**Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh:
A dire revenge will fall on you.
If you besiege Our high prestige –
(The word “prestige” is French).**

**Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh: A dire
revenge will fall on you.
Although our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire
revenge will fall on you.**

**Young Strephon is the kind of lout
we do not care a fig about!
With Strephon for your foe, no doubt,
a fearful prospect opens out,**

**We cannot say What evils may result in consequence.
And who shall say What evils may result in consequence?**

**Our lordly style you shall not quench
With base *canaille*! (That word is French.)
Distinction ebbs before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs*! (A Latin word.)
'Twould fill with joy, and madness stark
The *hoi poloi* (A Greek remark.)
One Latin word, one Greek remark,
And one that's French.**

Your lordly style we'll quickly quench
With base *canaille*! (That word is French.)
Distinction ebbs before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs*! (A Latin word.)
'Twill fill with joy and madness stark
The *hoi poloi* (A Greek remark.)
One Latin word, one Greek remark,
And one that's French.

You needn't wait: away you fly!
We will not wait: we go sky-high!
Your threatened hate we won't defy!
Our threatened hate you won't defy!

**Strephon's a Member of Parliament!
Carries every Bill he chooses.
To his measures all assent –
Showing that fairies have their uses.
Whigs and Tories Dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories –
Lords and Commons are both in the
blues! Strephon makes them
shake in their shoes!**

**Strephon's a Member of Parliament!
Running a-muck of all abuses.
His unqualified assent
Somehow nobody now refuses.
Whigs and Tories Dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories
Carrying every Bill he may wish:
Here's a pretty
kettle of fish!**

Patience

In a doleful train two and two we walk all day –
For we love in vain! None so sorrowful as they
Who can only sigh and say, Woe is me, alackaday!



**Now is not this ridiculous,
and is not this preposterous?
A thorough-paced absurdity –
explain it if you can.**

**Instead of rushing eagerly
to cherish us and foster us,
They all prefer this melancholy
literary man.**

**Instead of slyly peering at us,
Casting looks endearing at us,
Blushing at us, flushing at us,
flirting with a fan;**

**They're actually sneering at us,
fleering at us, jeering at us!**

Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!

The Gondoliers



**Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we'll drink – Manzanilla, Montero –**

**Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!**

**To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter,
And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter –
Clitter – clitter – clatter,
Pitter – pitter – patter,
Patter, patter, patter, patter, we'll dance.**

**Old Xeres we'll drink – Manzanilla, Montero;
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!**