

No. 18. Oh, foolish fay

Song and Chorus

Queen and Fairies

Andante $\text{♩} = 80$

Piano introduction in G-flat major, 3/4 time, marked Andante. The music is in treble and bass clefs, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

Queen

Queen's vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano part is in treble and bass clefs, marked piano (*p*).

1. Oh, fool-ish fay, Think you, be- cause His brave ar- ray My bo - som
2. On fire that glows With heat in- tense I turn the hose Of com - mon

Queen's vocal line and piano accompaniment for the next two lines of the song. The piano part is in treble and bass clefs.

thaws, I'd dis - o - bey Our fair - y laws? Be-cause I
sense, And out it goes At small ex - pense! We must main-

Queen's vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final two lines of the song. The piano part is in treble and bass clefs.

fly In realms a - bove, In ten-den - cy To fall in
tain Our fair - y law; That is the main On which to

love, Re-sem-ble I The am-'rous dove? Re - sem-ble I the am-'rous dove?
draw— In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw! In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw!

(aside)

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius. Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

p

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al - though I dare not say so!
Could thy Bri-gade With cold cas-cade Quench my great love, I won - der!

p. *p.* *p.*

Chorus

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

p

Queen

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Although I dare not say so!
 Could thy Brigade With cold cascade Quench my great love, I wonder!

Chorus (2nd time only)
 I wonder!

(Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by Fairy Queen.)

(Enter Phyllis.)

Phyllis: *(half crying)* I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noble at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable. I suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl could care for a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

(Enter Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller.)

Ld. Mount.: Phyllis, my darling!

Ld. Toll.: Phyllis! my own!

Phyllis: Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you're the two noblemen I'm engaged to?

Ld. Mount.: I am one of them.

Ld. Toll.: I am the other.

Phyllis: Oh, then, my darling! *(to Lord Mountararat)* My own! *(to Lord Tolloller)* Well, how you settled which it's to be?

Ld. Toll.: Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up the whole, we would rather leave it to you.

Phyllis: How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and are both plain.