



MALCOLM ARNOLD  
THE DANCING  
MASTER  
OP. 34

ELEANOR DENNIS  
CATHERINE CARBY  
FIONA KIMM  
ED LYON  
MARK WILDE  
GRAEME BROADBENT  
BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA  
JOHN ANDREWS CONDUCTOR

# Malcolm Arnold (1921–2006)

## The Dancing Master

Opera in one act  
Libretto by J.H. Mendoza  
Op. 34 (1952)

Eleanor Dennis *soprano, Miranda*  
Catherine Carby *mezzo-soprano, Prue*  
Fiona Kimm *contralto, Mrs Caution*  
Ed Lyon *tenor, Gerard*  
Mark Wilde *tenor, Monsieur*  
Graeme Broadbent *bass-baritone, Diego*

BBC Concert Orchestra  
Nathaniel Anderson-Frank *leader*

John Andrews *conductor*

*World premiere recording*

**BBC**  
Concert  
Orchestra

### The Dancing Master, Op. 34 (1952)

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| 11. "I thought the fool would never leave us"<br>(Miranda, Monsieur)   | [3:15]  |
| 12. "I beg you sir, no further"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Monsieur)   | [2:18]  |
| 13. "A volume from the shelf I took"<br>(Miranda, Prue)  | [4:26]  |
| 14. "Lucky Miranda, she has a handsome proper young man"<br>(Prue, Monsieur)   | [3:00]  |
| 15. "Miranda... Miranda, where are you Miranda?"<br>(Gerard)   | [6:32]  |
| 16. "What? Here already?"<br>(Miranda, Gerard, Monsieur)   | [3:20]  |
| 17. "How now, sir! Kissing her hand"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution, Gerard, Monsieur, Diego)                              | [1:26]  |
| 18. "I am in no dancing humour"<br>"Rather than lose your favour"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution, Gerard, Monsieur, Diego) | [7:18]  |
| 19. "Ah, here he is again!"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution, Gerard, Monsieur, Diego)                                       | [3:06]  |
| 20. "For a Spaniard – Ring the Bells"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution, Gerard, Monsieur, Diego)                             | [2:18]  |
| Total playing time   | [75:40] |
- |   |        |
|---|--------|
| 1. Introduction – "Miranda!"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution)  | [2:49] |
| 2. "Open Miranda! Open, I say!"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Mrs Caution)   | [1:48] |
| 3. "Serveur, serveur, la cousine!"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Monsieur)   | [3:43] |
| 4. "Oh Miss"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Gerard)   | [3:35] |
| 5. "Over the mountains and over the waves"<br>(Gerard, Miranda)   | [2:56] |
| 6. "Mais j'insiste, Miss Prue"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Monsieur, Gerard)   | [2:43] |
| 7. "Who gave you leave, Miss Impudence?"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Gerard)<br>"Come Miranda, Come and greet your father"<br>(Diego, Monsieur, Mrs Caution) | [8:05] |
| 8. "How came she with a dancing Master"<br>(Miranda, Prue, Gerard, Diego, Monsieur, Mrs Caution)  | [2:07] |
| 9. "I shall betray you, I hardly know a step"<br>(Miranda, Mrs Caution, Monsieur, Gerard, Diego)  | [3:48] |
| 10. "Faugh! What a silly prating coxcomb"<br>(Miranda, Gerard)  | [6:58] |



### Malcolm Arnold: *The Dancing Master*

Amid the many huge successes that Malcolm Arnold was enjoying during 1952 and the years either side, *The Dancing Master* floats as something of a mysterious black hole. Not only did it not receive a single staged performance in his lifetime, but its inception and composition flash past so quickly that it barely makes an appearance in his established biography; quite remarkable given that it was written when Arnold was at the height of his fame and productivity. But perhaps it was a victim of his very success in both film and on the concert platform. Its rejection by the BBC does not seem to have unduly perturbed the composer. One wonders whether, had his career been going any less well, he might have fought a little harder for this operatic gem.

In 1948 Arnold had recently left his position as trumpeter in the London Philharmonic Orchestra to pursue composition full-time. Taking advantage of a Mendelssohn Scholarship from the Royal College of Music he spent several months of that year in Italy. There, he enjoyed himself far too much to get any real work done, but he certainly took the opportunity to immerse himself in every aspect of Italian culture, and in particular,

opera. It strengthened his resolve to pursue a project that he had been gestating for some time with the film-maker Joe Mendoza, an opera on the life of Henri Christophe – the first black ruler of Haiti; he was confident that it would outdo both *Boris Godunov* and *Otello* in its grand Romantic scale.

Returning to Britain and a full diary of commissions for films and in particular documentaries – including Mendoza's *The Farming Business* – Arnold continued to work up a section of the proposed opera to present as an application for performance in the Festival of Britain. But despite the success of his overture *The Smoke* at the Albert Hall towards the end of 1948 and commissions for no fewer than fourteen documentaries and two full-length feature films in 1949, the Festival rejected his score. Hard though it is to imagine now, his style was regarded as too avant-garde by the London musical establishment, too violent, raucous and dissonant.

On 30 May 1950, Arnold suffered a psychotic breakdown, which led to a four-month stay – including insulin shock treatment – at Springfield Hospital in South London. But within a few months of his leaving his astonishing rate of creativity resumed. By June 1951 he'd completed the

two sets of *English Dances* – a suggestion from his publisher, following Dvořák's model – followed by the Sonatas for oboe and clarinet, *A Sussex Overture*, the Concerto for Piano Duet and Strings and the Symphonic Study, *Machine*.

The same year he conducted the premiere of his first Symphony, written in the months preceding his breakdown. Despite some very negative reviews from a conservative press who found it harsh, truculent and strident, his old orchestra, the LPO, invited him to conduct it at the Southbank in November; which he did with huge exuberance. This time, *The Times* was won over, comparing his mixture of the grotesque, sensitive, crude and original to Berlioz.

Meanwhile his reputation in the cinema continued to soar: the success of his score for *Britannia Mews* led to the Twentieth Century Fox film of *No Highway*, and then scores for Alexander Korda: *Home at Seven*, *The Holly and the Ivy* and David Lean's *The Sound Barrier*. All in 1952! In the same year, the *English Dances* were premiered at the Proms, and the Oboe Concerto at the Royal Festival Hall.

In the midst of all of this, Joe Mendoza was back in touch with a new suggestion for an opera collaboration – this time to be made

for television broadcast on the BBC. He had already written a script for a film adaptation of William Wycherley's 1671 play *The Gentleman Dancing Master* as a star vehicle for Margaret Lockwood. The film was never made, but Arnold saw in it the basis of an opera libretto. With its cast of larger-than-life Restoration caricatures – the trapped heiress, the scheming maid, the over-protective guardian, the handsome rake – together with a French-educated dandy and a father who has been so long in Spain he has become convinced that he's a native – it appealed to Arnold's taste for exuberant satire and tender Romanticism in equal measure. But further from the proposed Henri Christophe could hardly be imagined.

When Mendoza sent a copy of the script – now adapted as an opera libretto – for Arnold's comments, he responded just two weeks later with a completed full score! Unfortunately, the BBC executives rejected it as 'Too bawdy for family audiences.' The earthy libertinism of Restoration Comedy with its sexual overtones and racy double-entendres was still too much for the BBC; *Round the Horne* and the *Carry On* Films still a decade away. The BBC suggested that Arnold and Mendoza try Granada instead, and Arnold sang the whole opera to the executives, accompanied by a pianist.

Unfortunately, they also turned it down, allegedly this time because it wasn't serious enough, but perhaps this was just politeness.

With Arnold's career in film and concert music racing onwards at a hectic pace, there doesn't seem to have been any serious attempt to present the work to theatres. At a little over an hour it was an excellent half of a double-bill, but it was not a full evening. In any case, Arnold didn't seem to be unduly disheartened by the experience, and other projects quickly absorbed his attention, leaving *The Dancing Master* largely on the shelf. During the remainder of Arnold's life, it received an amateur performance with piano in 1962 and, shortly before his death, the BBC National Orchestra of Wales under the baton of James Holmes finally gave the first rendition of the full score in a studio recording later heard by Arnold.

It is a riotously colourful work with brilliant orchestral writing. Whether Arnold would have been so unrestrained if he'd been writing for a theatrical performance who knows – it's certainly very loud at times! The characters are typical Restoration archetypes and the French-educated 'Monsieur' and the Spanish-domiciled father both provide ample opportunity for unrestrained satire. The plot is again a fairly

typical Restoration farce with a young and witty heiress and her cunning maid outwitting her over-protective Aunt 'Mrs Caution' and her dominating father to avoid an arranged marriage to a 'Frenchified fop' and smuggle a lover into her rooms on the pretence that he is her dancing master. All ends well, but not before a series of mistaken identities, attempted seductions and fights to the near-death. The comedy is broad, even crude, but the moments of tenderness are truly heartbreaking. It's a whirlwind ride.

© 2020 John Andrews

*Thanks are due to the Malcolm Arnold Estate for its generous assistance in the making of this recording. Thanks are also due to Fiona Southey, Andrew Connolly and Ruth Potter.*

**Libretto**

*[CURTAIN UP*

*Miranda and Prue (her maid) are busy packing]*

MRS CAUTION: *[off-stage]* Miranda!

*[They stop packing – mouths open, eyes wide in anxious dismay.]*

MIRANDA: She's awake, Prue. Aunt Malvina's about already!

MRS CAUTION: Miranda!

MIRANDA: Yes, Aunt?

MRS CAUTION: Have you got my spectacles, Miranda?

MIRANDA: They're nowhere here, Aunt!  
*[to Prue]*

Quickly Prue, she'll be up soon for mid-day prayers.

*[they get on with the packing]*

PRUE: Prayers! Prayers! That's all a girl gets here – prayers and black looks.

MIRANDA: Oh, barb'rous Aunt, unnatural father! To shut up a poor girl...

PRUE: Two poor girls...

MIRANDA: ...like nuns in a nunnery...

PRUE: ...like monks in a monastery...

MIRANDA & PRUE: ...for twelve whole months.

MIRANDA: Not to see a play...

PRUE: Nor pass an hour in the park...

MIRANDA: ... nor feel the cheerful heat of day...

PRUE: ...and never go out after dark.

MIRANDA: ... or even go to church because the *men* are sometimes there!

PRUE: To think that *I* should long to go to church!

MIRANDA: Nor see a man, or come *near* a man, or *hear* a man.

PRUE: To have no use at all of a man!

MIRANDA: 'Tis monstrous. Twelve months cribbed up till it please my husband elect to come out of France! Tell me Prue, is not *he* a man?

PRUE: Him? He's no man, he's a Monsieur! And not a pretty French Monsieur but an awkward, spindle-shanked Monsieur. A *pale* Monsieur from London!

PRUE: *[spoken in a gruff voice]* 'Serveur, serveur, la cousine! I come to give the 'bonjour' as the French say.'

*[They laugh as they finish packing, and slam down the lids of the boxes.]*

*[Mrs Caution raps loudly at the door]*

MRS CAUTION: *[outside the door]* Open Miranda! Open I say!

*[Miranda and Prue dash round the room putting it straight. Miranda unbolts the door. Mrs Caution marches in.]*

MRS CAUTION: Locked doors! Locked doors! No good comes of locked doors! What's all this giggling here? Where is he? Where is he? I heard

him, I heard a man!

MIRANDA: A man?

PRUE: A man?

MRS CAUTION: Baggage!

MIRANDA: You must have heard voices at the inn, Aunt Caution.

MRS CAUTION: Huh! House of gluttony, house of vengery! Licence! Debauchery! Lechery! Harlotry! Shut the window! Shut the window! We'll have no stench of sin in here!

*[As Prue moves to shut the window, Mrs Caution stops her and prods her middle with her forefinger.]*

MRS CAUTION: So, so, so! A great belly in *this* house? Have the men found a way?

MIRANDA: She's growing fat, Aunt Caution! This has been our only walking ground for too long!

MRS CAUTION: Malapert! I know you hate me because I've been the guardian of your reputation, but your husband will thank me. Your husband will thank me. Oh yes! He'll thank me one day!

*[Exit Mrs Caution]*

*[Prue opens her bodice and Miranda pulls a projecting string. Prue spins around and we see she has a silken rope-ladder round her waist. They throw one end out of the window, and fasten the other to a chest by the window. They are just about to pick up one of the packed boxes when there is a knock at the door. Prue hastily moves a chair to hide the rope-ladder, when Monsieur enters waving a letter in one hand]*

MONSIEUR: Serveur, serveur, la cousine! I come to give the 'bonjour' as the French say!

MIRANDA: Good morning, cousin. You're all a flutter.

MONSIEUR: My heart.... she is a papillon this day. Look! See, a letter from Spain!

MIRANDA: From my father?

MONSIEUR: He is returning this very day perhaps, and he says...

MIRANDA: He says?...

MONSIEUR: ... we shall be married within a week of his return! Oh, ma cousine! Such bliss! Such joie! Mon coeur! Oh, for some cognac!

MIRANDA: No cognac here, Monsieur, but yonder, at 'The Ship'.

MONSIEUR: Mirande! you are génie! Oh, mon coeur, I'm so excite!

*[He rushes to the door... He pauses]*

MONSIEUR: Your father, he is long in Spain?

MIRANDA: On and off for fifteen years. He is a veritable Don, Monsieur.

MONSIEUR: No pudding of an Englishman?

MIRANDA: No more than you, Monsieur.

*[She curtsies]*

MONSIEUR: I would have it so.

*[He blows a kiss]*

MONSIEUR: The Englis' miss adorable, but the Englis' shentleman! Horreur!

*[He whisks out and slams the door]*

*[Throughout the next song, Miranda and Prue gather the boxes together, take out light outdoor clothing from a cupboard and put it on]*

MIRANDA: Come, Prue, no longer we'll delay, but from this prison house make way. We'll not stay here another day. My mind is made up!

PRUE: To your family, a year of your maiden life you've given. To their least demand gave ear. Always to please have striven.

MIRANDA & PRUE: Youth is passing, age is long, and a maid must do her duty striving, though by doing wrong, to protect her virgin beauty.

MIRANDA: Come, speed away. I have no patience for a longer stay, but must go down and leave the noise of this great town.

PRUE: We will the country see, where sweet simplicity, though clad in grey, doth look more gay than scarlet foppery.

MIRANDA & PURE: And in that air breathe peace and freedom where. And ev'ry tree... And flow'r we see are friends rejoicing we are free. Rejoicing we are free!

*[Prue tosses one of the boxes out of the window]*

GERARD: *[Shouts off stage]* Ow!

PRUE: Oh, Miss!

*[Gerard's head appears at the window. He climbs nonchalantly into the room]*

Gerard: I'faith, Miss! You nearly winged me with that box of yours!

MIRANDA: Good Sir! What seek you here?

GERARD: Something sweet Miss, something lost!

MIRANDA: Lost, Sir? Where, Sir?

GERARD: Here, Miss!

MIRANDA: What could it be?

GERARD: My heart! I lost it, Miss, these two months past in this very room.

MIRANDA: You please to jest, good Sir. Pray now, descend!

GERARD: Not without that I seek, or one just like!

MIRANDA: You please to mock me, because I'm young and never run about the giddy town.

GERARD: Where have you been? Where do you go? In ev'ry place I've hunted high and low and never once have glimpsed my dear.

MIRANDA: You looked to far a broad, Sir. I was here!

GERARD: Last night I heard your Aunt and guessed your tale. Tomorrow night must be the last you spend beneath her roof. Before the dawning light of day I shall break in and carry you a way. To waiting parson merrily we'll ride and he will make us happy groom and willing bride!

PRUE: Oh Miss! Oh Sir! Oh bliss! Cooler!

MIRANDA: Your tale is ill rehearsed. How came you leave your heart with a maid you'd never seen?

GERARD: But I have! Once! Eight agonising weeks past I met a friend at 'The Ship', saw you from that room, and

was lost forever. Now the room is mine and tomorrow night I come to claim you.

MIRANDA: Too fast. Too fast, Sir! How will you come? Have you wings?

GERARD: I need no wings. 'Tis but a little jump.

MIRANDA: You might have fallen. You might have died! No jest is worth a broken back!

GERARD: No jest, Ma'am. I am coming for my heart. Over the mountains and over the waves, under the fountains and under the graves; where the midge dare not venture, lest imprisoned he lay: if love come, he will enter and will find out the way. If the earth, it should part him, he would gallop it o'er. If the seas should o'erthwart him, he would swim to the shore. Should his love become a swallow, through the air to stray, love will lend wings to follow, and will find out a way. There is no striving to cross his intent, There is no contriving his plots to prevent; but if once the message greet him, that his true love doth stay, If death should come and meet him, love will find out the way.

MIRANDA: Tomorrow night would have been too late. Today we are flying to my uncle in the country.

GERARD: Good! Then I'll fly with you. 'Twill be a country wedding!

MIRANDA: A town jest looks but thinly in the country. Ours are robuster pleasures.

GERARD: Madam, that I might teach those as well!

*[He goes to take her in his arms, but there is a disturbance at the door]*

*[Miranda bundles him down the ladder, while Prue and Monsieur argue at the door]*

MONSIEUR: Mais j'insiste, Miss Prue. I have news nouvelles!

PRUE: Tell it from here, then. Madam's in her shift!

MONSIEUR: Let me in, I say.

*[Miranda flees to the inner room]*

*[He pushes the door open]*

MONSIEUR: Parbleu! If a man cannot see his fiancée in her shift, then he deserves disappointment as an husband! Miranda! Mon amour!

*[Miranda enters]*

MONSIEUR: Ah! Serviteur! Changez your dress, Miranda. Portez your jewels Your father will be here within the hour!

*[He looks out of the window]*

MONSIEUR: What is zis? A fleeing man? Parbleu! A ladder! Miranda, are you dishonorée? Am I cocu... before our wedding night?

MIRANDA: Have no fear, Monsieur. 'Tis but a jest...

PRUE: ...that we are playing upon a gallant.

MONSIEUR: A geste?

MIRANDA: *Our* jest?

PRUE: Know you, Sir, that a man of the town has dared to fall in love with Miss Miranda?

MONSIEUR: Who has dared?

PRUE: A famous rake. Oh, a Lucifer, a Hercules with the women, of great noise in the town, of excellent and famous taste.

MONSIEUR: A man of taste, you say, and well known too.

PRUE: Yes. He has dared to rival you! We laughed his foolish love to scorn and by contempt our little jest was born.

MIRANDA: But Prue...

PRUE: I know, Miss, it was all *your* idea, really! We cozened him to tell his love, to see how great a fool he'd prove. And Madam here has played her part in breaking quite the gallant's heart. Give us, good Sir, no angry frowns. 'Tis all for your amusement, and the town's.

MONSIEUR: How all the worldly do deride the fool who courts the promised bride.

PRUE: And by her harmless jest she shows how greater love to you she owes.

MONSIEUR: Rivalled by gallants, and envied by the town. This pleases much though I must seem to frown. Go not too far, Miranda in this jest. She who laughs last is she who laughs best. I take not your intentions a miss, and seal you my forgiveness with a kiss.

*[He kisses Miranda dramatically]*

MONSIEUR: Au revoir, mon amour! Au revoir ma chère Mirande!

*[Exit Monsieur]*

*[Miranda turns angrily to Prue]*

MIRANDA: Who gave you leave, Miss Impudence, to spin that tale of cock and bull?

PRUE: Lord give me strength! Can you not see my plan? We'll get away the easier with a man! Two unattended ladies in their flight will never stay unhindered for a night. But with a hardy gallant for escort, to fly the town is easy 'twill be sport.

MIRANDA: And afterwards?

PRUE: To lose a gallant is an easy thing to do, but I'd not want to lose him. What think you?

MIRANDA: I'll take no part in such a silly game!

*[Gerard appears at the window and climbs into the room]*

MIRANDA: We do not even know the fellow's name!

GERARD: But I know yours I've learnt it now. Miranda, to Miranda do I bow. And now, sweet Madam to our arrangements...

*[Don Diego enters suddenly]*

DIEGO: Arrangements, Sir? Arrangements, I have made them all!

Come, Miranda. Come and greet your father. Kiss, Miranda. Kiss your loving father.

See, Miranda. See what I have brought you: Jewels, Miranda. Jewels for your wedding. Rubies from Malaga, silver from Trinidad, em'ralds from Aragon, gold from Madrid, sapphires from Cordoba, diamonds from Granada, topaz from Zamora, and pearls from Cadiz. For I am Spaniard in all my generosity, a red blooded Spaniard in all my ferocity. I'm grave, I'm glum, Sir, I'm jealous, I'm dumb, Sir, and any English handy-andy or any French jack-a-dandy between his ribs would feel a yard of Spanish steel if he so much as took upon himself put a look upon, or lustfully did linger on, or put a bawdy finger on that essence of divinity, her mother's sweet affinity, that temple of virginity, Miranda, Miranda.

If I should find a finical, a cunning or a clinical, a bawdy dissipated blade had lecherous advances made unto my chaste Miranda, Miranda, Miranda. Then I would seize and trip him up, with red hot ir'n's rip him up, and eagerly would slit him up and to perdition urge him. For I have sworn it by my head that when my dear Miranda's wed She'll go forth to her husband's bed a virgin.

For I am Spanish reared Sir, I wear a Spanish beard, Sir, and Spanish would be feared, Sir, by all I look upon. For am I not a Spaniard? A sultry smould'ring Spaniard? A veritable Spaniard? A fire eating Don?

*[He shakes Gerard's hand]*

And you Sir, must be my other sister's son, Nathaniel, promised to my daughter. See, Miranda, what a fine husband I have picked out for you. None of these Frenchified fops the town is full of but a fine, handsome, upright young fellow!

GERARD: No, Sir, I protest. I am no such....

DIEGO: Do not presume to contradict me, borracho. I am un Spanish Positivo and when I say you are handsome, handsome you are, Sir. And worth ev'ry one of the twelve hundred pounds a year my daughter has in her own right, as well as what her loving father will settle on her.

GERARD: But Sir!

DIEGO: Well! Kiss her then! Come to her, man! Why delay?

*[Miranda and Gerard kiss. They break as Mrs Caution enters, leading Monsieur by the hand]*

MONSIEUR: Serviteur, serviteur à Monsieur mon oncle!

DIEGO: And what is this thing, sister?

MRS CAUTION: This is our sister's son, Sir. He that has had the French education.

DIEGO: Then I am sorry to see it, Ma'am. Take it away!

MRS CAUTION: But he is promised to your daughter, Sir. 'Twas for him I kept her up fast.

DIEGO: For him? A whimsical, gibbering snail-eater? For my Miranda? Then who, Madam, is *this* fellow?

*[Mrs Caution sees Gerard for the first time. She screams]*

MRS CAUTION: A man! A man in the house!

MONSIEUR: *[Spoken to the audience]* The gallant! The gallant! Ha! Ha Ha! Ha! Ha!

DIEGO: Is this your keeping, sister? Is this your innocent who has not seen the face of a man? Who is this debauchée?

MRS CAUTION: Oh sure, it's not a man! It cannot be a man!

DIEGO: Then he's a devil!

MIRANDA: No, father. A gentleman!

MONSIEUR: A gentleman! A gentleman!

DIEGO: Then like a gentleman he'll die!

*[He draws his sword and Gerard draws his. Monsieur holds Don Diego back]*

DIEGO: Let go, French flea! Leave hold of me!

MONSIEUR: Patience, Sir. Let me explain!

MIRANDA, PRUE & GERARD: We will explain. Give us the chance, we will explain!

MRS CAUTION: Don't believe a word they say! He's come to carry her away!

DIEGO: Can you explain my daughter's maidenhead? Let me go! I'll show you Sir! There, Sir, for your Frenchy toes, and there!

MONSIEUR: Oh! Oh! Oh! Have a care. *[Don Diego escapes and chases Gerard all round the room]* Quick, Miranda, hold him here!

MRS CAUTION: *[Leaning out of the window]* Murder foul murder! Rape! Rape! Hey there! Watch ho!

Murder! Murder! Murder, foul murder! Hey there!  
Murder! Murder! Watch ho! Hey there!

MIRANDA: Listen, father, sheathe your sword. Heed your daughter's honest word.

PRUE: Hear, Sir, what she has to say.

DIEGO: Don't chouse me, cavaliero. Show your stuff.  
Out of the way, borracho.

MONSIEUR: Hold, Messieurs. Put up your swords. Enough!  
Enough!

MRS CAUTION: Murder! Murder! Murder, foul murder!  
Watch ho!

GERARD: Out of the way, fool!

MRS CAUTION: Murder! Murder!

DIEGO: Let me past, Sir!

*[a sword pricks Monsieur]*

MONSIEUR: Ooooooow!

*[Miranda falls on her knees before her father]*

MIRANDA: Oh father, don't kill my dancing master!

DIEGO: Dancing master! Dancing master! This gallant here's no dancing master! Don't gull me with that old pretence. He's much too skilled in sword and fence.

MRS CAUTION: Hey there! Watch ho! Hey there!  
Watch ho! Murder, murder, foul murder!

PRUE: But he really is her dancing master!

MRS CAUTION: Her dancing master?

GERARD: Her dancing master?

MIRANDA: Yes, father, yes, my dancing master!

PRUE: Her dancing master. Her dancing master!

MRS CAUTION: She's never had a dancing master!

DIEGO: The dancing master!

MONSIEUR: *[Speaking to the audience and laughing]*  
The gentleman's a dancing master.

MRS CAUTION: How came she with a dancing master?

DIEGO: Come, come, come. There's some thing missing!  
Did I not see you two kissing? Before my very face you kissed her.

GERARD: Only because you would insist, Sir.

DIEGO: I have been hasty, dancing master. Still,  
I hope it's done and past, Sir.

*[Don Diego and Gerard shake hands]*

MRS CAUTION: Not so easy, not so fast, Sir! Hold!  
He is no dancing master!

DIEGO: Go, go, you dote. This fellow is a veritable dancing master. Are you not, Sir?

GERARD: If Miss Miranda wishes it, I am her dancing master.

MONSIEUR: That a man could be fooled so....

DIEGO: You see, Malvina? Your name, Sir?

GERARD: Gerard.

DIEGO: A serviceable name.

GERARD: And at Miranda's service.

MRS CAUTION: Be warned in time, he is no fool. For all

your Spanish policy, he'll mump you of your daughter.

DIEGO: Will you be wiser than I, cuerno? How came he here, Miranda? Tell me truly, how came this man here?

MIRANDA: My future husband sent him here: he swore he'd never wed a wife who could not dance. So I obeyed, knowing my duty.

DIEGO: Nay, sister, this fellow is a dancing master, look you, and an honest man.

GERARD: I'm glad you think me so, Sir.

MRS CAUTION: Do you not see, how they both smile?

DIEGO: Regard her not! Come, friend about your business! I want to see my daughter dance! Instruct her! *[To Monsieur]* You there! Play! Sing! Make music for Miranda!

*[Monsieur takes a guitar and plays]*

*[Gerard goes to Miranda]*

GERARD: I shall betray you – I hardly know a step!

MIRANDA: Try! Come! Take my hand!

MRS CAUTION: Look, brother, how Miss Impudence gives him her hand.

DIEGO: How can they dance without?

MONSIEUR: How happy the lover, how easy his chain, how pleasing his pain; how sweet to discover he sighs not in vain. For love ev'ry creature is formed by his nature; no joys are above the pleasure of love.

GERARD: *[Spoken]* One, two, three. One, two, three.  
*[Sung]* That is right, Miranda!

MRS CAUTION: Do you see how he squeezed her hand? Oh, the lewd villain!

DIEGO: Mind her not. Mad! Quite mad!

GERARD: *[To Miranda]* Your father's coming in was most unlucky!

MIRANDA: *[To Gerard]* You think I would have gone with you?

GERARD: Why not?

MRS CAUTION: D'ye see again? He took her by the bare arm! He pinched her thigh! He pinched her thigh! Monster!

GERARD: *[Spoken]* Three, one, two, three, turn round, two, three. Turn out your toes. *[Sung to Miranda]* The ladder's at the window still.

MIRANDA: *[To Gerard]* We'd soon be taken!

GERARD: You'd come then?

MIRANDA: No! No! I spoke in jest. You are to me a stranger. I only know your name. Perhaps you are some spirit who'll whisk me to Barbados.

GERARD: Back, Madam, back!

DIEGO: Do as he bids, you hussy!

MRS CAUTION: She'd do it soon enough!

GERARD: *[To Miranda]* I'll take you, my Miranda wherever you would go. As long as we're together, I don't mind where we go.

MONSIEUR: He or she that hopes to gain love's best sweet without some pain, hopes in vain. Cupid's livery no one wears but must put on hopes and fears, smiles and tears. And like to April weather, rain and shine both together, both or neither. In vain are our graces, in vain are your eyes, if love you despise. When age furrows faces 'tis time to be wise, then use the short blessing that flies in possessing no joys are a...



GERARD: Come forward, Madam. Three steps again!

MRS CAUTION: See, see, see! She squeezes his hand now. Oh, the debauched harlotry!

MIRANDA: *[To Gerard]* You make an expert dance master!

DIEGO: Very good, yes, very good!

GERARD: *[To Miranda]* 'Tis love that taught me.

MIRANDA: So you say.

*[Miranda and Gerard dance properly]*

GERARD: Love can make the coward fight. Love can make the soldier fly. Love can make the lawyer write sonnets to his mistress's thigh. Love can make your loyal slave handsome as a courtier. Love can make your loyal slave into a dancing master.

MIRANDA: If love indeed has been your master...

MRS CAUTION: Brother, he's no dancing master!

DIEGO: Silence, prating, evil minded... Will you always be wiser than I? Must you always know better than me? If I say that a man is the man that I say, the battalions of harridans all saying nay will only convince me that having my way is the only solution for me!

GERARD: I have much to say, Miranda. Get them both away, Miranda. I must have today, Miranda, to tell you of my love...

*[Miranda stamps her foot]*

MIRANDA: Indeed, father, my aunt quite puts me out. I can not dance while she looks on.

GERARD: If you would only take the lady out, Sir. We could do much better.

MRS CAUTION: No, brother, no! I will not go! He's no dancing master – I still say so!

DIEGO: You still know better? You old censorious jade! Disturb them no longer! We'll leave them alone.

MRS CAUTION: 'Censorious jade?' So with the truth-telling gentlewomen of old Troy! She was ne'er believed till the town was ransacked rummaged and ransacked.

DIEGO: Come, out you go!

MRS CAUTION: My conscience will not let me go. I can foretell what will follow.

GERARD: I promise we'll use the time well.

MRS CAUTION: Can't you see what he means?

MONSIEUR: Ma foi! Out you go, out you go!

*[Gerard, Monsieur and Don Diego push her out]*

MRS CAUTION: No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

*[Don Diego follows her out and her voice dies away outside the room.]*

*[Monsieur comes back laughing.]*

MONSIEUR: Lord, that people should be such arrant cuddens!

PRUE: Come, Sir. You must hold the door!

MONSIEUR: Of course! Lest the lady's father return. 'Tis well thought on that I should hold the door. *[He laughs]* Lord! That people should be made such fools of!

PRUE: Wait for me, your worship! I have something to say in your ear which I durst not speak aloud.

*[Exit Prue and Monsieur]*

GERARD: Faugh! What a silly prating coxcomb!

MIRANDA: I do declare he thinks the same of you.

GERARD: I care not!

MIRANDA: I rejoice for you. He is my husband!

GERARD: Your husband!

MIRANDA: That shall be! He is my father's choice.

GERARD: Then let your father wed him, for you shall not!

MIRANDA: You harp too much on the same string change your tune!

GERARD: I know but one – I love you, Miranda!

MIRANDA: You love a shade, Sir. A shadow, Sir. Your brain is fevered.

GERARD: With love, Miranda!

MIRANDA: Go to! A while ago you had never set foot in this house, yet you protest you love me!

GERARD: Think not, Miranda, doors of brass can hinder love where he would pass, nor walls of stone can force a loving heart to burn a lone. For at the op'ning of day's eye, into this room my heart would fly, and here would spend a store of precious hours until day's end.

MIRANDA: You are a poet, Sir, who wastes his art; you charm the ear, yet miss the list'ning heart.

GERARD: How could'st thou in thy prison be, without some loving signs of me? When thou did'st spy a sunbeam peep into your room: 'twas!! And I was hid within his flame, and boldly to thy chamber came to let thee see in what a martyrdom I burned for thee!

MIRANDA: What a creature is this man before me! Now he protests, fore he does adore me and yet I know his song will sound in other ears ere long.

GERARD: Mock me not, Miranda. I swear by all the vows that lovers know...

MIRANDA: Swear me no vows, you vain, protesting man, fill not my ears with your bewailing songs. Say you'll be faithful, swear it yet again, your hearts do live ten regions from your tongues. For when your words set our poor hearts atremble, 'tis then you most deceive us and dissemble.

GERARD: Bid me to love, and I will love, thy worshipper to be, or bid me love, and I will give a loving heart to thee. A heart as soft, as kind a heart, as sound and free, as in the whole world thou canst find, that heart I'll give to thee. Bid me to weep and I'll despair, while I have eyes to see, or bid me die and I will dare e'en death, to die for thee. Thou art my life, my love, my heart, the very eyes of me and hast command of ev'ry part to live and die for thee.

MIRANDA: Why do I suddenly feel so sad when but a minute past I was so merry? Why would I have this moment go on and on for ever? Yet why do I wish this moment could also be my last? If death were to claim me now, in this moment, smiling I'd greet him. For now, in this moment, I have discovered joy! And life has no secret more beautiful than this!

GERARD: Give me a kiss from those sweet lips of thine.

*[They kiss]*

GERARD: Come, live with me. Live with me for ever, my wife, forever.

MIRANDA & GERARD: Where you go, there will I follow; your own, your own forever!

*[They kiss]*

GERARD: Farewell, Miranda!

MIRANDA: So soon?

GERARD: Only until tomorrow. With night fall I return.  
All will be well.

MIRANDA: Till tomorrow till nightfall. Farewell! Farewell!

*[Exit Gerard]*

*[Enter Monsieur]*

MONSIEUR: I thought the fool would never leave us. You were divertisée with him?

MIRANDA: Excellently, Sir! He believes I'll run off with him tomorrow night!

MONSIEUR: *[He laughs]* What a clown he is: no grace! No style! No passion!

*[He adopts a pose]*

MONSIEUR: But I, I have been taught by masters! Will you be wooed, Miranda, in the English fashion, the French, the Spanish, the Russian, or the Italian fashion?

MIRANDA: Must I be wooed at all, Sir?

MONSIEUR: How can I wed you else?

MIRANDA: Woo how you like, Sir. It will not change the outcome.

MONSIEUR: A l'italien, then with a song.

*[He picks up a guitar and goes down on his knees in front of her and begins to play]*

MONSIEUR: Gaze not on swans in whose soft breast a-swelling beauty seems to nest; nor snow which falling

from the sky hovers in its virginity. Gaze not on roses, though new blown, graced with fresh complexion nor pearls whose silver walls confine the riches of an Indian mine. For if my empress appears swans, moulting die. Snow melts to tears; Roses do blush; and in her ears pearls hang themselves for envy there.

*[He covers Miranda with kisses]*

MIRANDA: I beg you Sir, no further. Be patient for a few more days.

*[Prue rushes in and does not see Monsieur]*

PRUE: Bad news! Bad news! Oh Miss, your aunt's decided she's taking no more chances. You're to be wed tonight, married.

*[She sees Monsieur]*

PRUE: Oh! Isn't it lovely?

MIRANDA: Are you sure?

MONSIEUR: Oh heaven! Oh paradise!

PRUE: The master's sent for the parson. He's coming after supper!

MONSIEUR: So soon, so unexpected!

MIRANDA: But your oath, Monsieur! You must not break your oath: you swore we'd never wed till I could dance.

PRUE: The master's a great one for oaths: I'll go and fetch the dancing master.

*[She dashes off]*

MONSIEUR: We'll fool him royally! He'll never face the town again; dourt no more maidens for their money.

MIRANDA: But he is rich, Sir... a gentleman!

MONSIEUR: Ma foi! He is a younger son! With all his father's breed but none of his money.

MIRANDA: How know you?

MONSIEUR: By his clothes, par bleu! He is twelve months behind the fashion!

MIRANDA: I don't believe it!

MONSIEUR: What does it matter? The town is full of such: they dream a dream of paradise, of a tender little widow, or a plump little maid with twelve hundred a year of her own of her very, very own for their very very own and the rest of their days in paradise!

MIRANDA: Shameful!

MONSIEUR: But this is one gallant who'll not sleep there tomorrow night!

MIRANDA: The saucy fellow!

MONSIEUR: 'Tis well you know the world, Miranda. 'Tis well you know the world!

*[Exit Monsieur, laughing]*

MIRANDA: *[Crying]* I know the world? Only that part that lives in a woman's heart! A volume from the shelf I took. I read it till I had by heart each word of ev'ry chapter in the book: it was the book of love. But, wiser now, I realise the words I learned so patiently a chapter only did comprise within the book of treachery! Farewell, ungrateful traitor! Farewell, my perjured swain. Let never injured creature believe man again. The pleasure of possessing surpasses all expressing; but 'tis too short a blessing, and love too long a pain. 'Tis easy to deceive us, in pity of our pain, but when we love, you leave us to rail at you in vain. Before we have descried it, there is no bliss beside it, but she that

once has tried it, will never love again. The passion you pretended was only to obtain; but when the charm is ended the charmer you disdain. Your love by ours we measure, till we have lost our treasure; but dying is a pleasure when living is a pain.

PRUE: He's coming, Miss. 'We'll be together by sun down' he said, 'on our way to heaven by night fall, and by morning we'll be knocking at the gates of paradise, man and wife, man and wife'. Oh Miss Miranda, I'm so happy!

*[Prue shrugs her shoulders, removes her cloak and tidies the room]*

PRUE: Lucky Miranda! She has a handsome, proper young man and is about to make the most of him. But oh, the condition of us poor chambermaids! We have all the carrying and the caring and, at the last, only our mistress's leavings. They give us their worn clothes out and we take their cast off lovers. But this is the dullest fool of a Frenchified fool as ever I saw! I have stolen his handkerchief, yet he would not so much as struggle with me to get it back again! I have pulled off his peruke, untied all his ribbons, pushed him, linched him and tickled him but he would never make as bold with me.

*[Prue pulls out a handkerchief and cries loudly into it]*

*[Monsieur minces in]*

PRUE: Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh Sir! I'm so ashamed.

MONSIEUR: Ashamed?

PRUE: But it was only a dream, Sir, only a dream!

MONSIEUR: A dream....

PRUE: ...of you, Sir!

MONSIEUR: Of me?

PRUE: Oh, it was horrible, Sir!

MONSIEUR: What happened? Tell me!

PRUE: I can't, I'm too ashamed.

MONSIEUR: Nay, I insist.

PRUE: Well then: me thought last night you came to my chamber!

MONSIEUR: Your chamber?

PRUE: In your *shirt*! When I was in bed!

MONSIEUR: In bed?

PRUE: You might easily do it. I have ne'er a lock nor a latch to my door. Oh Sir, I'm as red as my petticoat.

MONSIEUR: Faith, no Prue! And then?

PRUE: Can you not guess the rest?

MONSIEUR: Devil, no!

PRUE: Me thought, me thought you came to bed with me!

MONSIEUR: *[He laughs]* And what then?

PRUE: Now I see by your laughing you know what you did.

MONSIEUR: Faith, 'twas only a dream!

PRUE: How can I be sure? But if you were not there I'll undertake you may come when you will, I sleep so fast I hear nothing.

MONSIEUR: 'Twas all a dream I warrant thee.

PRUE: Oh Sir!

MONSIEUR: What now?

PRUE: I've told your worship my door has neither lock nor latch. If you should be so naughty as to come one night and prove the dream true.

MONSIEUR: But dreams go by contraries.

PRUE: Then I should come to your worship's room and come to bed with your worship! If I should do such a thing in my sleep, you would not censure a poor harmless maid for I am apt to walk in my sleep!

MONSIEUR: That I should be so cruel.

PRUE: *[Coyly]* Oh, your worship!

MONSIEUR: I'll tell thee what I'll do.

PRUE: *[Brightly]* Yes, Sir?

MONSIEUR: Tonight, when I am ready to go to bed, I'll go to my door, look down the gallery, and when I see that all's secure...

PRUE: Oh, your worship!

MONSIEUR: I'll pull the latch, shut the door and lock it fast upon myself! Then you'll be safe.

PRUE: Tcha!

*[Prue stalks off]*

*[Monsieur walks off calling]*

MONSIEUR: Miranda, Miranda!

GERARD: *[Off-stage]* Miranda!

*[He appears at the window and climbs in]*

GERARD: Miranda! Where are you Miranda?

*[He walks round the room examining various things in it]*

GERARD: I wait, Miranda, for you to bring me life; like paper for your words, gloves for your fingers, this glass for your face or these patient strings, *[he picks up the guitar]* waiting to bear your melody. I've not the skill alas their voice to awaken. Apollo's muses have me long forsaken. But what care I? One word from all this treasury sufficient is for poetry Three syllables comprise for me their universal melody: Miranda Miranda; first queen of Gerard's heart to bear that name, the last that ever there shall reign.

*[He takes the burning candle, and with it lights all the others in the room, banishing the gathering dusk as he sings of his past loves]*

GERARD: Margarita first possessed, if I remember well, my breast. Margarita first of all; but when a while the wanton maid with my restless heart had played, Martha took the flying ball. One month, three days and half an hour, Martha held the sov'reign power. Wondrous beautiful her face, but so weak and small her wit, that she to govern was unfit, and so Rebecca took her place. When fair Rebecca set me free 'twas then a golden time with me, but in her place I soon obeyed black-eyed Bess, her waiting maid. Mary then and gentle Anne, both a reign at once began. Alternately they swayed, and sometimes Mary was the fair, and some times Anne the crown did wear, and some times both I obeyed. Gentle Henrietta, then a second Mary next began, and Joan and Jane and Audria. And then a pretty Thomasine and Isabel and Katherine. And then a long et cetera! Et cetera! Miranda does more bliss bestow than fruitless change could ever show. Why then should I seek further store, when change itself can give no more.

MIRANDA: What! Here already? You are a punctual dancing master!

GERARD: Where is your box, where is your cloak? We must make haste, Miranda.

MIRANDA: A moment! I must speak first.

GERARD: We'll talk on the way. Come! *[He goes to the ladder]* I have ev'rything ready!

MIRANDA: But I am not. 'Tis too late to take the air, Sir.

GERARD: Your father will come in and hinder our design!

MIRANDA: He will not! My design is to stay here!

GERARD: Are you in earnest? You will not go with me after all?

MIRANDA: I would be excused, Sir!

GERARD: You have been deceiving me all this time?

MIRANDA: Did I not deceive my father all this time?

GERARD: The jade!

MIRANDA: 'Tis well you believe me.

GERARD: And can I never hope for you?

MIRANDA: Your loss will not be great. I am no heiress to twelve hundred pounds a year. I assure you, I have not as many pence in the world!

GERARD: Nay! You are too cruel – I love you, Miranda!

MIRANDA: Would you be such a fool as to steal a woman with nothing!

GERARD: You shall go with me! And since you're twelve hundred pounds the lighter you'll be the easier carried away!

[He picks her up and carries her, struggling, to the window]

[Monsieur enters]

MONSIEUR: Miranda! Miranda! [sees what is happening]  
You villain, Sir, unhand her! Put her down at once I say!

MIRANDA: The jest is over put me down!

[Gerard puts her down]

MONSIEUR: Did you believe she'd run away with you in earnest? Nom de nom! With you! Ha! Ha! It was agreed between us to make an ass of thee. But thou wast made a dancing master too!

[Miranda laughs]

[Monsieur laughs]

MONSIEUR: Poor dancing master! Match me your sarabands against my mistress, sweet Miranda!

GERARD: Let women fool me. I'll not be fooled by a fool! I'll match thy ear, Sir.

MIRANDA: To paradise! To paradise, to a fool's paradise!  
[She laughs]

GERARD: [He boxes Monsieur's ears] Thus and thus and thus and thus!

MONSIEUR: I'll kill thee for my lady! [He draws his sword]

GERARD: [Draws his sword] Nay, dance for her, rather!

[Prue enters]

PRUE: The dancing master has a new pupil! [She laughs]

GERARD: [He pricks at Monsieur's legs, who jumps all over the room] Dance her a saraband, Galliard, coranto,

tarantelle, farandole. Bourée, gavotte, minuet, rigadoun. Bourée, gavotte! Bourée, gavotte!

MIRANDA: Back! Back! Hurt not my sweet cousin!

[She flings herself between the two men]

GERARD: [To himself] She is concerned for him! 'Tis true, then. All, all true!  
[To Miranda] Farwell, sweet pupil. You have taught me much, Adieu! Adieu! [He kisses her hand]

MIRANDA: Nay, Gerard, I will....

[The door bursts open suddenly. Enter Don Diego]

DIEGO: How now, Sir! Kissing her hand? Daughter, do you permit this insolence? Voto a mi honra!

MIRANDA: You are so full of Spanish jealousy. A dancing master must always kiss the hand before a galliard.

[Mrs Caution enters]

MRS CAUTION: What's the matter brother? What's the matter?

DIEGO: I've caught this villain, sister. This rascal here's no dancing master, dishonours both my house and my daughter! I saw him kiss her hand!

MIRANDA: [to Gerard] For my sake, do not reveal yourself and be a dancing master still.

MRS CAUTION: Pish! Pish! Brother. Kiss her hand! How could he honour her more?

DIEGO: Impudent harlotry! Whisp'ring now? What's your secret? I demand to know!

MRS CAUTION: The parson's here already. By ten o'clock she will be wed. Our cares are over, brother, an end to

your suspicions.

[To all] Come, dance, I say, dance with them, nephew. And you, you cheeky baggage, play!

[She throws the guitar at Prue, who plays]

[Monsieur takes his place with Miranda. Gerard stands fast]

GERARD: I am in no dancing humour. I'll not fool here any longer.

MIRANDA: For heaven's sake be patient. My only care is to get you hence without blood shed.

DIEGO: He a dancing master! He's a chouse, a mere cheat!

MRS CAUTION: Be silent, brother. See how well Miranda has learned.

DIEGO: More than dancing I'll warrant.

GERARD: When this dance is over, I'll take my leave and go.  
[Spoken] One, two, three, turn! Two, three, then curtsey and back! Two, three...

MIRANDA: Is this the way, master?

MONSIEUR: The cunning jilt! What a fool she's made of him!  
[He bows in the dance]  
A votre service ma cousine and my wife!

MIRANDA: [She curtsies] Not till ten o'clock, cousin!

MONSIEUR: [He laughs] The pretty jade!

GERARD: By such a piece of innocence was lover never cheated so.

DIEGO: Do you see how she smiles in his face?

[Miranda dances with Gerard]

MRS CAUTION: A fig for your senseless suspicions.

MIRANDA: Quarrelsome when my cousin defied you, melancholy when my heart denied you, you valued love beyond a fortune to take a wife with out a portion.

MONSIEUR: Indeed, I vow and swear, he's the best dancing master in the town!

GERARD: Fooled and abused, like any little popinjay!

DIEGO: Go to, go to! You are a shallow French fool.

GERARD: [spoken] One, two, three and a slur, two, three and a coupée, two three, one, two, three, one, two, three...

MONSIEUR: He's fool another way; convinced you love the dancing master!

MIRANDA: My heart's bespoken, Sir!

MONSIEUR: [He laughs] The pretty jade!

GERARD: ...death hell, and the devil! I care not for her treachery. I'll live to love another day!

DIEGO: Dost thou see, fool, how he smiles at her! I'll have the fellow's blood!

MIRANDA: What can I else from these discover but you're a true and faithful lover. In earnest now, my hand I give, so lead me a dance as long as we both shall live!

MONSIEUR: Nay, uncle, I vow...

DIEGO: 'Tis for your sake, Sir: I cannot suffer you to be wronged!

MONSIEUR: I have a mind to be wronged. Leave them alone.

DIEGO: That slipp'ry fellow will do it. Royally he will!

MONSIEUR: Let him do it then!

DIEGO: You shall not be wronged, I say!

MONSIEUR: I will! Will you be wiser than all the world. Are we not all against you?

GERARD: You swear it, Miranda? The truth now, Miranda.

MIRANDA: The truth is I love you. I can no more deny you.

MRS CAUTION: Brother, your Spanish obstinacy will mar your daughter's happiness, will mar your daughter's happiness.

GERARD: My love's unchanging. At nine o'clock, I'll try you; come down the ladder to the inn, where coach and six await us. Through friendly night we'll fly to the parson who will mate us. Do not fail me, do not fail me.

*[he kisses her hand]*

MIRANDA: A coach and six. Who could resist it! I will not fail, I will not fail!

DIEGO: Do you see that Ma'am? her hand – he kissed it! I tell you, sister, I am certain he is no dancing master!

MRS CAUTION: Was it not I who told you?

DIEGO: You tell *me*, you silly woman? D'ye think I heed what *you* tell me?

MRS CAUTION: I found him out this morning. *[Disgusted, she walks out]*

DIEGO: *[Shouting after her]* Will you always be wiser than I? I found him out this minute I say, and I will prove it!

MONSIEUR: Nay, uncle, you're mistaken! *[To Gerard]* I am afraid this tetchy old fellow will discover all. Be careful, oh be careful, and resolute!

DIEGO: I swear it by an oath no Spaniard ever broke. I swear it by my whiskers, I swear it by my snuffbox if he's nodancing master, then this cockatrice shall die!

*[Prue has opened the door and Gerard is bowing farewell]*

DIEGO: Dancing master! Before you leave us I would see my daughter dance alone.

GERARD: Your pleasure, Sir is my command.

*[Gerard hands the guitar to Monsieur]*

DIEGO: Nay, Sir! 'Tis *you* must play, Sir!

GERARD: I have not this skill, but your nephew...

DIEGO: How so? A dancing master, and cannot play?

MONSIEUR: *[To Gerard]* I vow and swear we are undone.

MIRANDA: He dissembles, father: he has an excellent hand, but he's out of humour.

GERARD: I cannot play a note, what would you have me say?

DIEGO: Here Sir! take it and play!

*[He thrusts the guitar at Gerard]*

MIRANDA: *[Yawning]* I am so weary now, I could not dance a step, I trow...

DIEGO: Do as I bid, you hussy! Play, dancing master!

*[Gerard takes the guitar and sweeps his hand across the strings]*

GERARD: Faugh! It's out of tune.

*[He tightens the pegs and breaks the strings]*

GERARD: And all the strings are rotten! I cannot play on this!

MONSIEUR: *[He laughs]* That people should be made such fools of!

DIEGO: *[Diego draws his sword]* He broke them, he broke them on purpose. He is no dancing master!

*[He puts the point of his sword on Gerard's chest]*

MONSIEUR: Indeed I vow, I swear, he is. Do you think I would tell you a lie?

DIEGO: *[He withdraws his sword]* If it prove a lie, I swear a Spanish oath I shall disown you. You'll wed my daughter, but of my estate you'll never see one farthing!

MONSIEUR: Then I'd best confess before he discovers all.

MIRANDA: No! No!

MONSIEUR: Rather than lose your favour, most grave and worthy uncle, I must confess this fellow here has never been a dancing master could never be a dancing master, and is not now a dancing master...

DIEGO: Ha! I knew it!

*[He rushes at Gerard with his sword.]*

*[Monsieur jumps between them]*

MONSIEUR: He meant no hurt, but came upon a frolic of Miranda's.

DIEGO: Frolic! Such kissing, such squeezing. He almost bedded her before my eyes!

MONSIEUR: He did no harm.

DIEGO: No harm! Your pleasure only I'll be bound!

*[Diego fences with Gerard]*

*[Monsieur draws his sword]*

MONSIEUR: Come, sword, for sure, he'd never shed his nephew's blood!

*[He opens a door and motions Gerard, Miranda and Prue towards it]*

MONSIEUR: In here! In here! I'll save you all!

*[Miranda and Prue drag Gerard away across the room to the door. Monsieur bundles them out and stands before the door, threatening Don Diego with his sword.]*

DIEGO: Out of my way, blot on my 'scutcheon! He has disgraced me!

*[Mrs Caution dashes in, goes to the window and cries as she hauls up the rope ladder]*

MRS CAUTION: See broth, see! A ladder at her window; a coach and six below. I saw it. I saw it. Down to the inn! After them! After them!

DIEGO: Voto a Saint Jago!

*[Mrs Caution and Diego rush out]*

MONSIEUR: *[Laughing]* Lord! Lord! That people... *[he laughs]* Know they not Miranda hates him! She'd never marry Gerard if he were the last man on earth!

*[Enter Prue]*

PRUE: If he were, he'd be too busy!

MONSIEUR: Go, Prue. Tell the parson we are ready for him.

PRUE: The parson, Sir? He's gone, Sir.

MONSIEUR: Gone? Did he not know there was a wedding here to night?

PRUE: The wedding, Sir, is over! Behold the bride and groom!

*[Gerard and Miranda enter, hand in hand]*

MONSIEUR: Nay! You jest. You jest, surely?

*[Diego and Mrs Caution enter]*

DIEGO: Ah! Here he is again!

*[He rushes at Gerard]*

*[Gerard and Miranda fall on their knees]*

MONSIEUR: See, they kneel for your forgiveness.

MIRANDA: You are mistaken, cousin: we ask his blessing.

DIEGO: Blessing?

GERARD: We crave a blessing, Don Diego. For we two now are man and wife.

DIEGO: Man and wife! Where's the parson?

MONSIEUR: Gone, Sir! Wed the wrong pair and gone home!

PRUE: Parents who restrain their liberty, but help to make their children free; they run to suffer a new slavery, and from their fathers, swift to husbands flee!

MIRANDA & GERARD: By love, God made man one, yet not alone. There is no happy life but in a wife: the comforts are so sweet when they do meet, 'tis plenty, peace a calm like dropping balm.

MRS CAUTION, MONSIEUR & DIEGO: Fooled, fooled and double fooled. By a maiden over ruled. Never was

experience half a match for innocence, losers of the game of wits wear the fool's cap when it fits.

MRS CAUTION: I told you what would happen. I told all along, but you would never listen never listen, never listen! You were certain I was wrong.

DIEGO: In Spain it is the custom to keep a daughter fast. But am I to be cheated to be cheated, to be cheated and tricked of her at last? For all my Spanish policy, Miranda's been debauched from me and married will away go. But I will cheat the lot of them, pretend that ev'ry plot of them was known by Don Diego!

MIRANDA & GERARD: Love's weather is so fair, perfumed air. Each word such pleasure brings like soft touched strings. Love's passion moves the heart on either part, making for such ever harmony together.

MIRANDA & GERARD: Forgive us! Forgive us our cheating and contrivance!

DIEGO: You'd never have succeeded were it not for my connivance.

MIRANDA, GERARD, MONSIEUR, MRS CAUTION & PRUE: Your connivance?

DIEGO: My connivance!

MIRANDA, GERARD, MONSIEUR, MRS CAUTION & PRUE: His connivance?

DIEGO: My connivance! I knew it all the time!

MIRANDA, GERARD, MONSIEUR, MRS CAUTION & PRUE: He knew it all the time!

DIEGO: A single glance was enough to show to a Spanish politician how the wind did blow. But I played your little game, for believe me, I was sure I would never give Miranda to a vain Monsieur.

MONSIEUR: Alas! Alas! It's clear to see I never was a match for your policy!

PRUE: Why should your worship cheated be: if you're eager for a wife, why not try me?

DIEGO: Miranda never would be wed to a lily livered coward, I have always said. So, to try your resolution, I made the more ado and gladly give Miranda to a man like you!

*[He puts Miranda's hand in Gerard's]*

DIEGO: And lest anyone think that my daughter was court and wed with out my connivance, I'll make a settlement upon the pair of you that will make the whole town whistle!

For a Spaniard never does what you expect and when other folks are crafty he's direct. But above all else a Spaniard loves to hear the music of a wedding in his ear. So Ring the bells! Ring them! Ring them! Sing the songs! Sing them! Sing them!

ALL: Let the cheerful bubbles pass from the bottle to the glass. See their cheery sparkling winking round the brim while all are drinking. And their happy, happy sight to Miranda's wedding night.

MONSIEUR, GERARD & DIEGO: Play the tunes! Play them! Play them! Say the words! Say them! Say them!

ALL: Man and wife No-one can sever faithful, true and joined for ever! Fortune in their eyes is smiling, joy inviting, care beguiling; Fills their future with delight on Miranda's wedding night!

MONSIEUR, GERARD & DIEGO: Bang the drums! Bang them! Bang them! Hang your cares! Hang them! Hang them!

ALL: We'll no more of grief and sorrow time enough for them tomorrow. Let us spend a lifetime proving there's

no joy on earth like loving. Let our hearts take cheerful flight, put your troubles out of sight, till the growing morning light ends Miranda's wedding night!

*[All exit quickly, leaving an empty stage]*

The Dancing Master, Op. 34  
Opera in one act by Malcolm Arnold  
Libretto by J. H. Mendoza  
© Copyright 1952 Novello & Co Limited  
Printed by Permission of Hal Leonard  
Europe Limited



**Graeme Broadbent (bass-baritone)** studied at the Royal College of Music with Lyndon Vanderpump and at the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire, Moscow, with Yevgeny Nesterenko.

He has sung 43 roles for The Royal Opera, most recently Odin in *The Monstrous Child*; also King Marke, Colline, Timur, Angelotti, Doctor Grenvil and King Ariadenus (*L'Ormino*). Other appearances include Lieutenant Ratcliffe (Bolshoi Opera); Claggart (Mikhailovsky Theatre); Doctor Grenvil (Glyndebourne Festival); Gremin (Scottish Opera); Claggart, Padre Guardiano and the Commendatore (Genoa); Ramfis, Sparafucile, Commendatore and Ashby (Opera Holland Park) and Swallow (Rome and Beijing). Concerts include Verdi's Requiem (RAH), Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony (QEH) and Mahler's Eighth Symphony (RFH).

**Catherine Carby (mezzo-soprano)** studied at the Canberra School of Music and the Royal College of Music, London. In her native Australia, she has performed with the major opera companies including Opera Australia, Opera Queensland, Pinchgut Opera and Victoria State Opera. UK

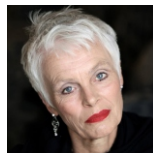


engagements have included performances with Buxton Festival Opera, English National Opera, English Touring Opera, the Royal Opera and Ballet, London, and Scottish Opera. International highlights have included performances with Orchestre National de Montpellier and at the Teatro Sao Carlos, Lisbon. Her repertoire ranges from Handel and Monteverdi to Richard Strauss and Wagner. She sang Nita in Dutton's recording of *The Mountebanks*.



**Eleanor Dennis (soprano)** is a graduate of the Royal College of Music and was a Harewood Artist at

English National Opera where her roles included Contessa (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Micaela (*Carmen*) and Helena (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*). Her appearances at the London Handel Festival first brought her to prominence, and highlights elsewhere include Helena at Aldeburgh Festival, Contessa for Scottish Opera, Fiordiligi for Opera Holland Park, and Miss Jessel in *The Turn of the Screw* for Opera North. On the concert platform, her engagements include Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem* (CBSO/Andrew Manze); Strauss' *Vier Letzte Lieder* (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Martyn Brabbins).



**Fiona Kimm (contralto)**. A former winner of the John Christie Award, Fiona Kimm has performed throughout the UK, Europe and North America an

extensive repertoire ranging from Monteverdi to Lynne Plowman. Companies with whom she has appeared include the Royal Opera and Ballet, London, English National Opera, English Touring Opera, Glyndebourne Festival and Touring Operas, Garsington Opera, The Grange Festival, Longborough Festival Opera, Music Theatre Wales, Opera Holland Park, Opera North, Scottish Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, Oper Frankfurt, the Nederlandse Reisopera, Opera Zuid, the Teatro Sao Carlo, Lisbon, and the Abo Svenska Teater. She sang Lady Vernon in Dutton's recording of *Haddon Hall*.

**Ed Lyon (tenor)** studied at St John's College Cambridge, the Royal Academy of Music and the National Opera Studio. He has a wide repertoire ranging from the baroque to contemporary music and has appeared in many of the world's leading opera and concert venues including the ROH, Glyndebourne, Bayerische



Staatsoper, Netherlands Opera, Teatro Real, Madrid, Edinburgh, Aix, Salzburg, Holland and Aldeburgh Festivals and at the BBC Proms. Recent engagements include Peter Quint/*The Turn of the Screw* for Garsington Opera, Tamino/*Die Zauberflöte* at La Monnaie and staged performances of *The Diary of One who Disappeared* at the Linbury Theatre, Covent Garden and around Europe. He has featured in many recordings and his debut solo album *17th Century Playlist* recorded with Theatre of the Ayre was released to great critical acclaim in 2019.

**Mark Wilde (tenor)**. Born in Scotland, Mark Wilde studied at the University of East Anglia and the Royal College of Music. He has appeared with Pinchgut Opera, Dutch National Opera, English National Opera, English Touring Opera, Garsington



Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Opera North and Welsh National Opera, his repertoire ranging from Berenice in *Hipermestra* and Iro in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse* to Britten's *Albert Herring* and Madwoman in *Curlew River*. He also sings widely in concert throughout the UK, Europe and the Far East with orchestras ranging from the Academy of Ancient Music and the Britten Sinfonia to the Lahti Symphony Orchestra and the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra.

## John Andrews (conductor)

With a special affinity for Italian bel canto and English baroque, John Andrews has conducted over forty operas with companies including Garsington Opera, Opera Holland Park, English Touring Opera, Opera de Baugé and the Volkstheater Rostock in Germany. An exponent of neglected English music, he has recorded works by Sir Arthur Sullivan including *The Light of the World* and *Haddon Hall*, *The Mountebanks* (Gilbert/Cellier) and *The Judgement of Paris* (Arne) for Dutton Epoch, and Sherwood's Double Concerto and Cowen's Fifth Symphony for EM Records. He is Principal Guest Conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, and Conductor-in-Association with the English Symphony Orchestra.



## BBC Concert Orchestra

The mission of the BBC Concert Orchestra is to bring inspiring musical experiences to everyone, everywhere. The Orchestra is broadcast regularly on BBC Radio 2's *Sunday Night Is Music Night*, for BBC Radio 3 it explores a wide selection of classical and contemporary music, and it also records TV and film soundtracks, including *Blue Planet* and *Serengeti*. The BBC Concert Orchestra is an Associate Orchestra at London's Southbank Centre and appears annually at the BBC Proms, including at Proms in the Park.

Along with its regular engagements throughout the UK, the orchestra tours internationally and has an exciting programme of learning work, engaging people of all ages with a wide range of music and projects, including the BBC's Ten Pieces.

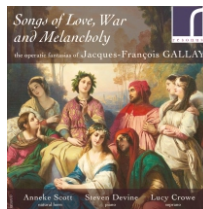
**BBC**  
Concert  
Orchestra

## More titles from Resonus Classics



Thomas Hyde: *That Man Stephen Ward*  
Damian Thantrey, George Vass  
RES10197

*'George Vass conducts with committed precision. Playing and recorded sound are both excellent. It's a fascinating achievement, beautifully done.'*  
Gramophone



*Songs of Love, War and Melancholy: Operatic Fantasias* by Gally  
Annette Scott, Steven Devine, Lucy Crowe  
RES10153

*'[Annette Scott] produces some wonderfully plangent tone colours [...] Soprano Lucy Crowe's three contributions are similarly noteworthy.'*  
Early Music Review

© 2020 Resonus Limited  
© 2020 BBC. The copyright in the recording is owned by the BBC. The BBC mark and logo are trade marks of the British Broadcasting Corporation and used under licence. BBC Logo © 2007 BBC  
Recorded in Watford Colosseum on 7–9 January 2020  
Producer & editor: Adam Binks  
Engineer & mastering: Dave Rowell  
Assistant engineer: Katie Earl  
Recorded at 24-bit/96kHz resolution  
Cover image: *The dancers of the night* by suteishi (istockphoto.com)

RESONUS LIMITED – UK

info@resonusclassics.com  
www.resonusclassics.com



