

“Box
and
“Cox”
and
Box”

F. C. Burnand’s Lyrics for
Cox and Box (Savoy Edition + half
of the “Gambling Duet”)
and
Some Airy Persiflage
from
Ralph MacPhail, Jr.

for

The Gilbert & Sullivan Society of Austin
Genesis Presbyterian Church
Austin, Texas
May 11, 2009

For more information on
Gilbert & Sullivan and
The Savoy Operas
and *Cox and Box*
please visit

The Gilbert & Sullivan Archive

on the internet:

<http://math.boisestate.edu/gas/>

See the “Other Operas and Musicals,”
then the “Companion Pieces,”
and then the “Cox and Box” buttons
for information, scripts, libretti and scores
for “*Box and Cox and Box*”
(the original farce and the comic opera)

Ralph MacPhail, Jr.
Box 114 Bridgewater College
402 East College Street
Bridgewater, Virginia 22812-1599
RafeMacPhail@Yahoo.com

No. 1. OVERTURE

No. 2. SONG — BOUNCER “Rataplan”

BOUNCER: We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,
Somehow the enemy didn’t come.
So I gave up my horse
In Her Majesty’s force
As there wasn’t a foeman
To meet with the yeoman;
And so no invasion
Threatened the nation.
There wasn’t a man
In the rear or the van,
Who found an occasion to sing Rataplan!
Rataplan! Rataplan!
Rataplan plan, plan, plan!

No. 3. DUET — COX AND BOUNCER “Stay, Bouncer Stay”

COX: (*recit.*) Stay, Bouncer, stay! To me it has occurred
That now’s the time with you to have a word.
BOUNCER: (*aside*) What can he mean?
I tremble — Ah! I tremble!
COX: Listen!
BOUNCER: With pleasure.
COX: Now, coals is coals, as sure as eggs is eggs,
Coals haven’t souls, no more than they have legs;
But, as you will admit, the case is so,
Legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go!
BOUNCER: Well, I should say — or as it seems to me —

COX: Exactly.
BOUNCER: Quite so.
COX: Then we both agree.
BOUNCER: As we agree, good-day.
COX: I’ve something *more* to say.
BOUNCER: Mister Cox, Mister Cox,
My feelings overpower me,
That his lodger, his friendly lodger,
Should once suspect that Bouncer is
COX: A dodger.
BOUNCER: As to who takes your coals, fuel, and all that,
It must have been —
COX: No! No! ’Twas not the cat!
BOUNCER: Rataplan, Rataplan, I’m a military man,
Rough, honest, I hope, though unpolished,
And I’ll bet you a hat, that as to the cat,
The cat in the Army’s abolished!
COX: Rataplan, Rataplan, you’re a military man,
Honest, I hope, though it doesn’t appear,
And as to the cat, the treacherous cat,
If it isn’t in the Army, don’t have it here.
BOTH: Rataplan, Rataplan, etc.

No. 4. SONG —BOX “A Lullaby”

BOX: Hushed is the bacon on the grid,
I’ll take a nap and close my eye.
Soon shall I be nodding, nodding, nid,
Nid, nodding, nodding, nodding, nodding.
Singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the coal top.
Till I awaken, there you will stop,
Lullaby, lullaby.



No. 5. SONG — COX “My Master Is Punctual”

COX: My master is punctual always in *business*,
Unpunctuality, even slight, *is in his*
Eyes such a crime that on showing my *phiz in his*
Shop, I thought there'd be the devil to pay.
Dances with renewed delight.
My aged employer, with his physiognomy
Shining from soap like a star in astronomy,
Said “Mister Cox, you'll oblige me and honour me
If you will take this as your holiday.”
Dances with increased delight and satisfaction.
Visions of Brighton and back and of *Rosherville*,
Cheap fare excursions, already the *squash I feel*,
Fearing the rain, put on my *Mackintosh I will*
Now for my breakfast, my light *de-jeu-nay*.

No. 6. TRIO “Who Are You, Sir”

COX: Who are you, sir? Tell me who?
BOX: If it comes to that, sir, who are you?
COX: Who are you, sir?
BOX: What's that to you, sir?
COX: What's that to who, sir?
BOX: Who, sir? You, sir?
COX: Yes, 'tis the printer!
BOX: Yes 'tis the hatter!
Both sing together with suppressed fury.
Printer, printer, take a hinter,
Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter,
Leave my room, or else shall I
Leave my room, or else shall I
Vainly struggle with the fire,
Vainly struggle with the fire,
With the raging fierce desire,
To do you an injury. [*etc., with Rataplans!*]

No. 7. DUET SERENADE “The Buttercup”

COX: The buttercup dwells on the lowly mead,
The daisy is bright to see;
But brighter far are the eyes that read
The thoughts in the heart of me.
I come by night, I come by day,
I come in the morn to sing my lay;
I know my notes, I count each bar,
I play on the concertina too.
COX: Fiddle-iddle-dum,
BOX: Fiddle-iddle-dum,
COX: Fiddle-iddle, iddle, iddle, iddle-dum,

BOX: I come by night, I come
by day,
I come in the morn to sing
my lay;
I know my notes, I count
each bar,
And I've learn't a tune on
the gay guitar..

COX: Fiddle-iddle-
dum, etc.,
Fiddle-
iddle-dum,
la, la, la, etc.

No. 8. ROMANCE “Not Long Ago”

BOX: Not long ago it was my fate
To captivate a widow
At Ramsgate;
COX: I, 'tis odd to state,
The same at Margate did, oh!
BOX: By her not liking to be kiss'd
I thought I'd better try to
In the Life Guards or Blues enlist —
COX: How odd! And so did I too.
BOX: I was not tall enough, they said.
COX: Too short they said, of me.
BOX: The infantry I entered.
COX: And I the infantree.
BOX: My widow offer'd to purchase
My discharge from the marching line, oh!
COX: That's odd, coincidentally,
The very same did mine, oh!
BOX: I hesitated to consent,
For my consent she waited,
I gave it.
COX: Ah! With mine I went,
And never hesitated.
BOX: The happy day came near at length,
We hoped it would be sunny,
I found I needed all my strength
To face the ceremony.
I suddenly found out I was
Unworthy to possess her.
I told her so at once because
I fear'd it might distress her.
Before the words were out of my mouth,
There came from the North and flew to the
South,
A something that came unpleasantly near,
Clattering, spattering, battering, shattering,
Dashing, clashing, smashing, flashing,
slashing
Crashing, missing, but whizzing right past my
ear.
It shattered itself on the mantelpiece *whop!*
COX: What was it?
BOX: Ah! Tremble! The basin call'd *Slop*.
It fell at my feet, it would have put the
Back of a man who was ever so

meek up,
So being thus baited,
I retaliated,
And hurl'd at my widow a crockery
teacup.
COX: (*recit.*) Between you, then, there was a
fraction.
BOX: And I was threatened with an action.
COX: *O ciel!* Proceed.
BOX: One morn, when I had finished my
ablution,
I took
COX: A walk?
BOX: No, sir, a resolution.
I tie up my clothes,
My shirt and my hose,
My socks for my toes,
My linen for nose,
I think of my woes,
And under the rose
I pack up my bundle,
and off I goes.

COX: (*spoken*) Aha! I see you left in a tiff!
BOX: Listen: I solemnly walked to the cliff.
And singing a sort of a dulcet dirge,
Put down my bundle upon the verge,
Heard the wild seagull's mournful cry,
Looked all around, there was nobody
nigh,
None but I on the cliff so high,
And all save the sea was bare and dry,
And I took one look on the wave below,
And I raised my hands in an agony throe,
And I stood on the edge of the rock so
steep,
And I gazed like a maniac on the deep....
I cried: “Farewell, farewell to earth,
Farewell, farewell to the land of my birth,
Farewell, farewell to my only love,
To the sea below, and the sky above.”
With a glance at the sea of wild despair,
I cried, “I come.” My bundle lay there.

COX: (*spoken*) Just there?
BOX: At the edge, where the coastguard's
way was chalked,
Then away in the opposite way I walked.
COX: What a clever man! What a capital plan!
I've listened with attention,
I think that I should like to try
Your wonderful invention.
BOTH: What a clever man, etc.

THE GAMBLING DUET “Sixes”

[*From the original version.*]
BOX: (*rattling dice and throwing.*) Sixes.

COX: That's a good throw for you,
Sixes.
BOX: That's not a bad one too.
Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOX: Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOX: Very good dice.
Yours, sir, are nice,
Suppose we arrange
(If it suits you) to change?
COX: Oh! very well,
That I will do,
To please a gentleman
Such as you.
BOX: Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOX: Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOTH: Oh! this is absurd,
I never have heard
Of such wonderful throws
As I've seen with those.
Oh! this is absurd,
I never have heard
Of such wonderful throws
As I've seen with those.
BOX: Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOTH: Looks like tricksies;
BOX: Sixes.
COX: Sixes.
BOTH: Looks like tricksies;
With such a throw there's nobody can
Ever settle the case of Penelope Ann,
With such a throw there's nobody can
Ever settle the case of Penelope Ann,
Of Penelope, -eope, -nelope, -elope Ann.

[*Verse II: “Heads” & “Rataplans!”*]

No. 9. FINALE “My Hand Upon It”

BOX: My hand upon it, join but yours;
Agree the house will hold us.
COX: And two good lodgers Bouncer gets,
He'll in his arms enfold us.
BOUNCER: [*Sings from the original version.*]
ALL: Rataplan, Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan,
For Rataplan, Penelope Ann,
Has married another respectable man,
Three cheers for Knox,
Who lives at the docks,
And may he live happily if he can.
Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, etc.