

TRIAL BY JURY.

Dramatic Cantata in one Act.

Written by
W. S. GILBERT.

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

No 1.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

ff

p

ff

p

p *cresc.*

f

(Curtain rises.)

Nº 2.

SONG and CHORUS.

Allegretto. DEFENDANT.

VOICE. 1. When

PIANO. *f pesante p*

first my old, old love I knew, My bo - som well'd with joy; My
 joy in - ces - sant palls the sense; And love, un - chang'd will cloy; And

rich - es at her feet— I threw— I was a love - sick boy! No
 she be - came a bore in - tense Un - to her love - sick boy! With

terms seem'd too— ex - tra - va - gant Up - on her to— em - ploy— I
 fit - ful glim - mer burnt my flame, And I grew cold and coy, At

brief which I bought of a boo - - by A couple of shirts and a

f CHORUS.
collar or two, And a ring that looked like a ru - by! He'd a couple of shirts and a

collar or two, And a ring that look'd like a ru - by!

2.
In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I never should hit on a chance
Of addressing a British Jury.—
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

Chorus. So he fell in love, &c.

3.
The rich attorney, he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions:
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,
At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her!
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk, with the light behind her!"

Chorus. She may very well pass for forty-three &c.

4.
The rich attorney was good as his word:
The briefs came trooping gaily,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.
Chorus. And many a burglar he's restored &c.