

Savoy Audition/Call back Material

General

- Poem (of choice) or dialogues provided
- Song: 16 bar (verse + chorus) G&S or style of G&S preferred

If auditioning for specific character please consider the following material (will be used for callbacks).

Alexis (Tenor C#3-A4)

- Dialogue: Scene IV — **p. 5**
- Song (Duet): Finale Act 1 m. 175-230
- Song: Love feeds on many kinds of food m. 1-28

Aline (Soprano C4-B5)

- Dialogue: Scene IV — **p. 5**
- Song (Duet): Finale Act 1 m. 175-230
- Song: Happy young heart m. 13-56

John Wellington Wells (Comic Baritone G2-F4)

- Monologue: Scene V — **p. 6-7**
- Song: My name is John Wellington Wells m. 44-72
- Song (Duet): Oh, I have wrought much evil with my spells m. 38-69

Lady Sangazure (Contralto/Mezzo-Soprano G3-E5)

- Song (Duet): Oh, I have wrought much evil with my spells m. 38-69
- Song (Duet): Welcome, Joy! m. 91-end

Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre (Bass-Baritone G2-E4)

- Dialogue: Scene III — **p. 4**
- Song (Duet): Welcome, Joy! (p.47) m. 91-end

Dr. Daly (Baritone/Tenor Bb2-F#4)

- Dialogue: Scene III — **p. 4**
- Dialogue: Scene II — **p. 3**
- Song: Time was when Love and I were well acquainted m. 1-22

Mrs. Partlet (Contralto/Mezzo-Soprano A3-E5)

- Dialogue: Scene II — **p. 3**
- Dialogue: Constance, my daughter... (recit) — **p. 2**
- Song: I rejoice that it's decided m. 34-50

Constance (Mezzo-Soprano/Soprano C4-B5)

- Dialogue: Constance, my daughter... (recit) — **p. 2**
- Song: When he is here m. 5-29

The sides are available below and song score PDFs are available [here](#)

MRS. PARTLET & CONSTANCE DIALOGUE

MRS. PARTLET. Constance, my daughter, why this strange depression?
The village rings with seasonable joy,
Because the young and amiable Alexis,
Heir to the great Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre,
Is plighted to Aline, the only daughter
Of Annabella, Lady Sangazure.
You, you alone are sad and out of spirits;
What is the reason? Speak, my daughter, speak!

CONSTANCE. Oh, mother, do not ask! If my complexion
From red to white should change in quick succession,
And then from white to red, oh, take no notice!
If my poor limbs should tremble with emotion,
Pay no attention, mother--it is nothing!
If long and deep-drawn sighs I chance to utter,
Oh, heed them not, their cause must ne'er be known!

MRS. PARTLET. Come, tell me all about it! Do not fear--
I, too, have loved; but that was long ago!
Who is the object of your young affections?

CONSTANCE. Hush, mother! He is here! (*Looking off*)

(*Enter Dr. Daly. He is pensive and does not see them.*)

MRS. PARTLET. (*amazed*) Our reverend vicar!

CONSTANCE. Oh, pity me, my heart is almost broken!

MRS. PARTLET. My child, be comforted. To such an union
I shall not offer any opposition.
Take him--he's yours! May you and he be happy!

CONSTANCE. But, mother dear, he is not yours to give!

MRS. PARTLET. That's true, indeed!

CONSTANCE. He might object!

MRS. PARTLET. He might.
But come--take heart--I'll probe him on the subject.
Be comforted--leave this affair to me.
(*They withdraw.*)

Scene II

Mrs. Partlet, Constance, Dr. Daly

(*At the conclusion of the ballad, MRS. PARTLET comes forward with CONSTANCE.*)

MRS. P. Good day, reverend sir.

DR. D. Ah, good Mrs. Partlet, I am glad to see you. And your little daughter, Constance! Why, she is quite a little woman, I declare!

CONST. (*aside*) Oh, mother, I cannot speak to him!

MRS. P. Yes, reverend sir, she is nearly eighteen, and as good a girl as ever stepped. (*Aside to DR. DALY*) Ah, sir, I'm afraid I shall soon lose her!

DR. D. (*aside to MRS. PARTLET*) Dear me, you pain me very much. Is she delicate?

MRS. P. Oh no, sir – I don't mean that—but young girls look to get married.

DR. D. Oh, I take you. To be sure. But there's plenty of time for that. Four or five years hence, Mrs. Partlet, four or five years hence. But when the time *does* come, I shall have much pleasure in marrying her myself—

CONST. (*aside*) Oh, mother!

DR. D. To some strapping young fellow in her own rank of life.

CONST. (*in tears*) He does *not* love me!

MRS. P. I have often wondered, reverend sir (if you'll excuse the liberty), that *you* have never married.

DR. D. (*aside*) Be still, my fluttering heart!

MRS. P. A clergyman's wife does so much good in a village. Besides that, you are not as young as you were, and before very long you will want somebody to nurse you, and look after your little comforts.

DR. D. Mrs. Partlet, there is much truth in what you say. I am indeed getting on in years, and a helpmate would cheer my declining days. Time was when it might have been; but I have left it too long—I am an old fogy, now, am I not, my dear? (*to CONSTANCE*) – a very old fogy, indeed. Ha! ha! No, Mrs. Partlet, my mind is quite made up. I shall live and die a solitary old bachelor.

CONST. Oh, mother, mother! (*Sobs on MRS. PARTLET'S bosom*)

MRS. P. Come, come, dear one, don't fret. At a more fitting time we will try again – we will try again.

(*Exeunt MRS. PARTLET and CONSTANCE.*)

DR. D. (*looking after them*) Poor little girl! I'm afraid she has something on her mind. She is rather comely. Time was when this old heart would have throbbed in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form! But tush! I am puling! Here comes the young Alexis with his proud and happy father. Let me dry this tell-tale tear!

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and ALEXIS

Scene III

Sir Marmaduke, Dr. Daly, and Alexis

(Dialog spoken over music)

DR. D. May fortune bless you! may the middle distance
Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
The joyous foreground! and, when you have reached it,
May that which now is the far-off horizon
(But which will then become the middle distance),
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened, in the meantime,
Into a new and glorious horizon!

SIR M. Dear Sir, that is an excellent example
Of an old school of stately compliment
To which I have, through life, been much addicted.
Will you oblige me with a copy of it,
In clerkly manuscript, that I myself
May use it on appropriate occasions?

DR. D. Sir, you shall have a fairly-written copy
Ere Sol has sunk into his western slumbers!

(Exit DR. DALY)

SIR M. *(to ALEXIS, who is in a reverie)* Come, come, my son—your *fiancée* will
be here in five minutes. Rouse yourself to receive her.

ALEXIS. Oh rapture!

SIR M. Yes, you are a fortunate young fellow, and I will not disguise from you
that this union with the House of Sangazure realizes my fondest wishes. Aline is rich,
and she comes of a sufficiently old family, for she is the seven thousand and
thirty-seventh in direct descent from Helen of Troy. True, there was a blot on the
escutcheon of that lady—that affair with Paris—but where is the family, other than my
own, in which there is no flaw? You are a lucky fellow, sir—a very lucky fellow!

ALEXIS. Father, I am welling over with limpid joy! No sickly taint of
sorrow overlies the lucid lake of liquid love, upon which, hand in hand, Aline and I are to
float into eternity!

SIR M. Alexis, I desire that of your love for this young lady you do not speak so
openly. You are always singing ballads in praise of her beauty, and you expect the very
menials who wait behind your chair to chorus your ecstasies. It is not delicate.

ALEXIS. Father, a man who loves as I love—

SIR M. Pooh pooh, sir! fifty years ago I madly loved your future mother-in-law,
the Lady Sangazure, and I have reason to believe that she returned my love. But were we
guilty of the indelicacy of publicly rushing into each other's arms, exclaiming—

"Oh, my adored one!" "Beloved boy!"

"Ecstatic rapture!" "Unmingled joy!"

which seems to be the modern fashion of love-making? No! it was "Madam, I trust you
are in the enjoyment of good health"—"Sir, you are vastly polite, I protest I am mighty
well"—and so forth. Much more delicate—much more respectful. But see—Aline
approaches—let us retire, that she may compose herself for the interesting ceremony in
which she is to play so important a part.

(Exeunt SIR MARMADUKE and ALEXIS.)

(Enter ALINE on terrace, preceded by Chorus of Girls.)



Scene IV

Alexis and Aline

(Exeunt all but Alexis and Aline)

ALEXIS. At last we are alone! My darling, you are now irrevocably betrothed to me. Are you not very, very happy?

ALINE. Oh, Alexis, can you doubt it? Do I not love you beyond all on earth, and am I not beloved in return? Is not true love, faithfully given and faithfully returned, the source of every earthly joy?

ALEXIS. Of that there can be no doubt. Oh, that the world could be persuaded of the truth of that maxim! Oh, that the world would break down the artificial barriers of rank, wealth, education, age, beauty, habits, taste, and temper, and recognize the glorious principle, that in marriage alone is to be found the panacea for every ill!

ALINE. Continue to preach that sweet doctrine, and you will succeed, oh, evangel of true happiness!

ALEXIS. I hope so, but as yet the cause progresses but slowly. Still I have made some converts to the principle, that men and women should be coupled in matrimony without distinction of rank. I have lectured on the subject at Mechanics' Institutes, and the mechanics were unanimous in favour of my views. I have preached in workhouses, beershops, and Lunatic Asylums, and I have been received with enthusiasm. I have addressed navvies on the advantages that would accrue to them if they married wealthy ladies of rank, and not a navvy dissented!

ALINE. Noble fellows! And yet there are those who hold that the uneducated classes are not open to argument! And what do the countesses say?

ALEXIS. Why, at present, it can't be denied, the aristocracy hold aloof.

ALINE. Ah, the working man is the true Intelligence after all!

ALEXIS. He is a noble creature when he is quite sober. Yes, Aline, true happiness comes of true love, and true love should be independent of external influences. It should live upon itself and by itself--in itself love should live for love alone!

Scene V

Alexis, Aline, Wells, and Page

ALINE. Oh, Alexis, those are noble principles!

ALEXIS. Yes, Aline, and I am going to take a desperate step in support of them. Have you ever heard of the firm of J. W. Wells & Co., the old-established Family Sorcerers in St. Mary Axe?

ALINE. I have seen their advertisement.

ALEXIS. They have invented a philtre, which, if report may be believed, is simply infallible. I intend to distribute it through the village, and within twelve hours of my doing so there will not be an adult in the place who will not have learnt the secret of pure and lasting happiness. What do you say to that?

ALINE. Well, dear, of course a filter is a very useful thing in a house; but still I don't quite see that it is the sort of thing that places its possessor on the very pinnacle of earthly joy.

ALEXIS. Aline, you misunderstand me. I didn't say a filter--I said a philtre.

ALINE (*alarmed*). You don't mean a love-potion?

ALEXIS. On the contrary--I *do* mean a love potion.

ALINE. Oh, Alexis! I don't think it would be right. I don't indeed. And then--a real magician! Oh, it would be downright wicked.

ALEXIS. Aline, is it, or is it not, a laudable object to steep the whole village up to its lips in love, and to couple them in matrimony without distinction of age, rank, or fortune?

ALINE. Unquestionably, but--

ALEXIS. Then unpleasant as it must be to have recourse to supernatural aid, I must nevertheless pocket my aversion, in deference to the great and good end I have in view. (*Calling*) Hercules.

(*Enter a PAGE from tent*)

PAGE. Yes, sir.

ALEXIS. Is Mr. Wells there?

PAGE. He's in the tent, sir--refreshing.

ALEXIS. Ask him to be so good as to step this way.

PAGE. Yes, sir.

(*Exit PAGE*)

ALINE. Oh, but, Alexis! A real Sorcerer! Oh, I shall be frightened to death!

ALEXIS. I trust my Aline will not yield to fear while the strong right arm of her Alexis is here to protect her.

ALINE. It's nonsense, dear, to talk of your protecting me with your strong right arm, in face of the fact that this Family Sorcerer could change me into a guinea-pig before you could turn round.

ALEXIS. He *could* change you into a guinea-pig, no doubt, but it is most unlikely that he would take such a liberty. It's a most respectable firm, and I am sure he would never be guilty of so untradesmanlike an act.

(*Enter MR. WELLS from tent*)

WELLS. Good day, sir. (*ALINE much terrified.*)

ALEXIS. Good day--I believe you are a Sorcerer.

WELLS. Yes, sir, we practice Necromancy in all its branches. We've a choice assortment of wishing-caps, divining-rods, amulets, charms, and counter-charms. We can cast you a nativity at a low figure, and we have a horoscope at three-and-six that we can guarantee. Our Abudah chests, each containing a patent Hag who comes out and prophesies disasters, with spring complete, are strongly recommended. Our Aladdin lamps are very chaste, and our Prophetic Tablets, foretelling everything--from a change of Ministry down to a rise in Unified--are much enquired for. Our penny Curse--one of the cheapest things in the trade--is considered infallible. We have some very superior Blessings, too, but they're very little asked for. We've only sold one since Christmas--to a gentleman who bought it to send to his mother-in-law--but it turned out that he was afflicted in the head, and it's been returned on our hands. But our sale of penny Curses, especially on Saturday nights, is tremendous. We can't turn 'em out fast enough.