NO

Selections from the New Comic Opera

3 - OCT 3 0
Copy 1973

Jupiter

AS PERFORMED BY THE

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I'll make a law to stop it. (Spurius)	.30	I call aloud for thee. (Juno)	.30
The Cobbler's song, and Chorus.	.40	Muses' Chorus and dance.	.25
Fly fast, fond dove. (Sergius)	.60	I prithee thee hear me. Duet (Pandora & Spurius)	.60
A very old gag.	.30	Come draw nigh. (Chorus of conspirators)	.40
Sailing to the moon. Trio.	.30	Potpourri.	1.00
You may soar and search. (Jupiter)	50	Lancers.	.75
Life is such a stupid bore. Trio.	.30	Waltzes.	.75
I'll wait for thee. (Pandora)	.25	Potpourri, for Orchestra.	1.75

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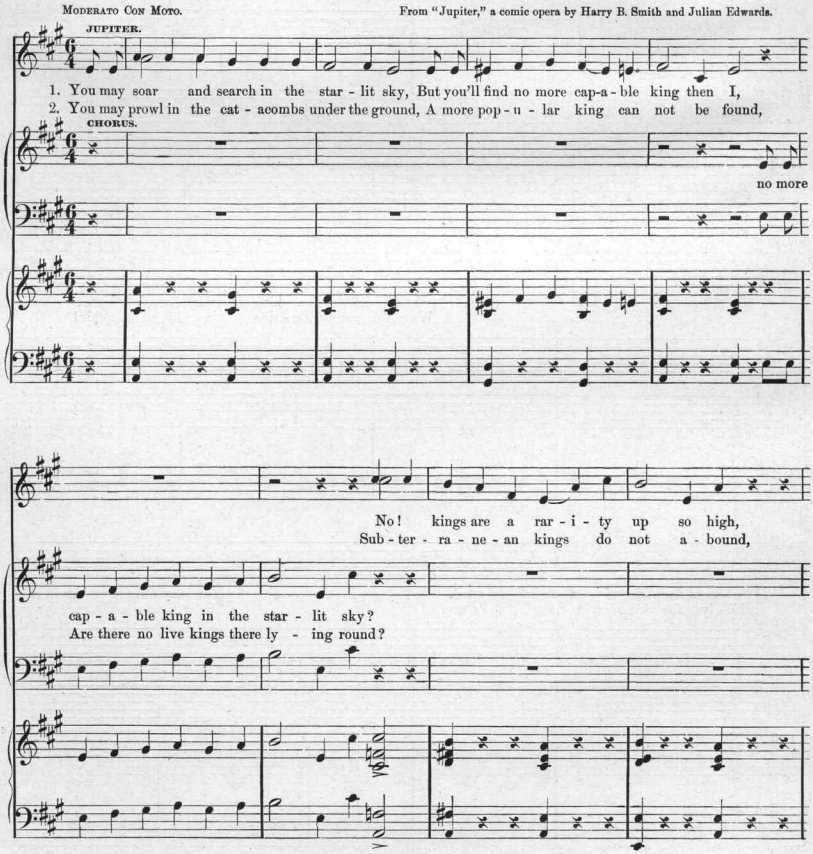
YOU MAY SOAR AND SEARCH.

(JUPITER'S SONG.)



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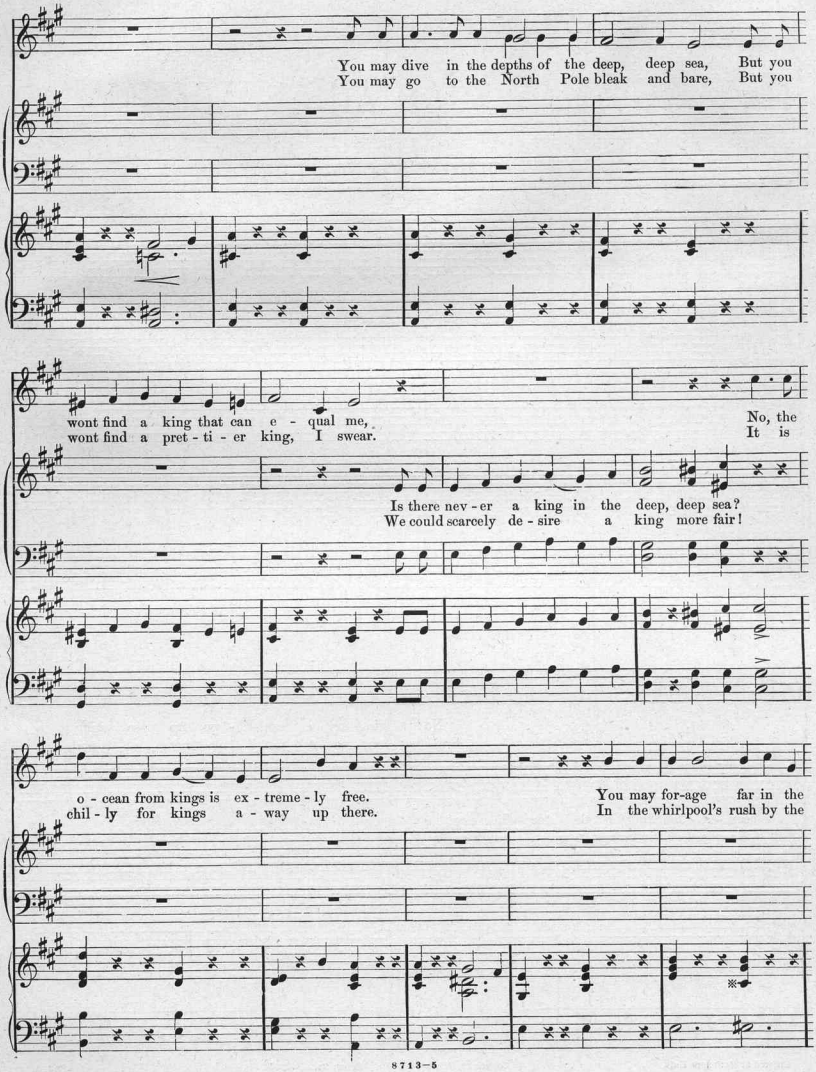
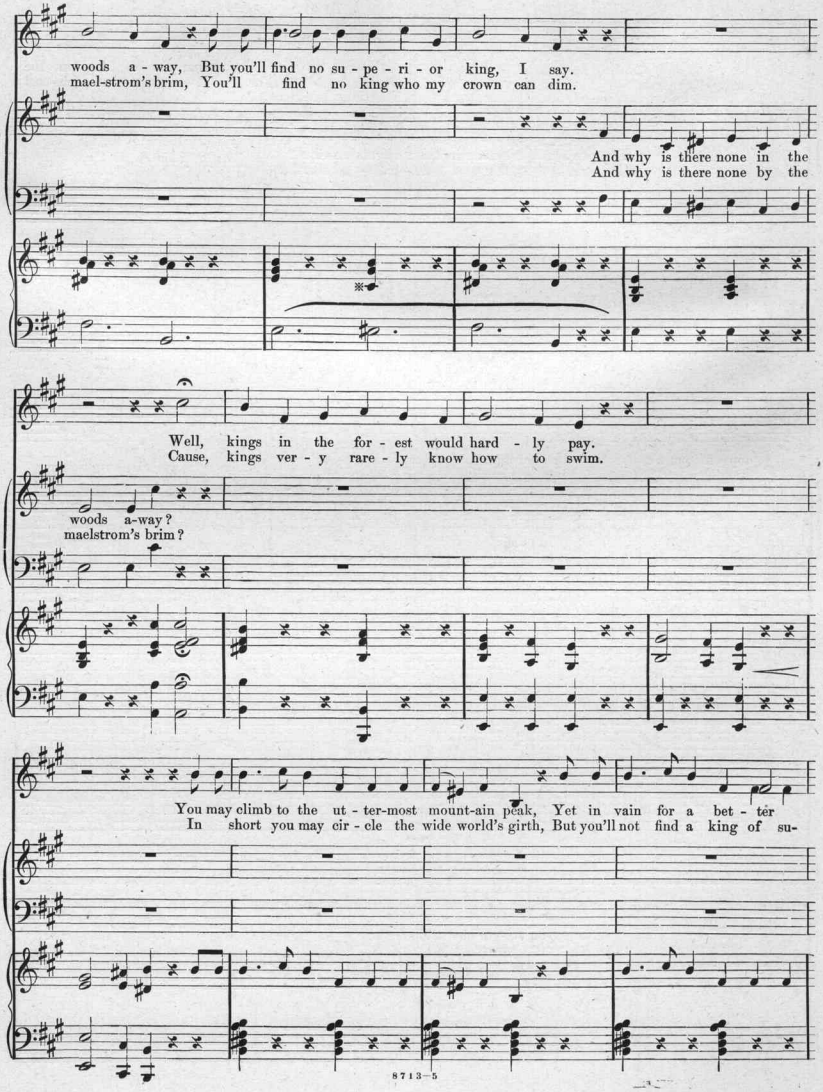
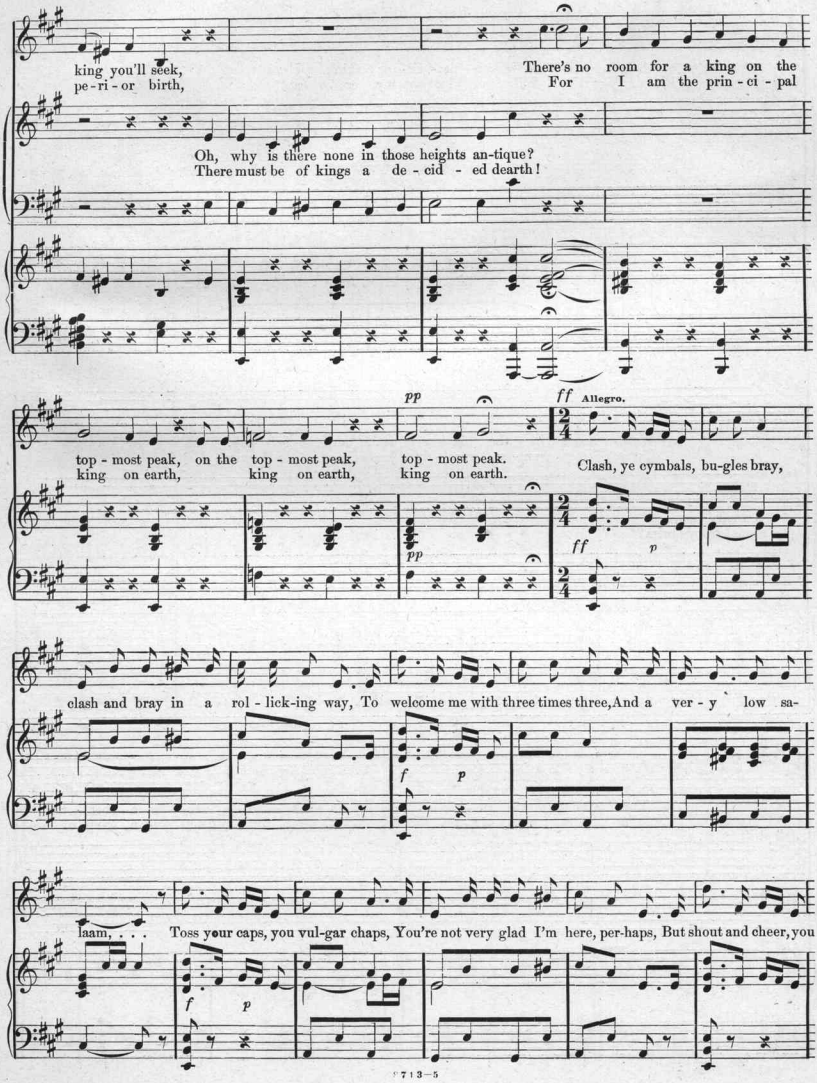
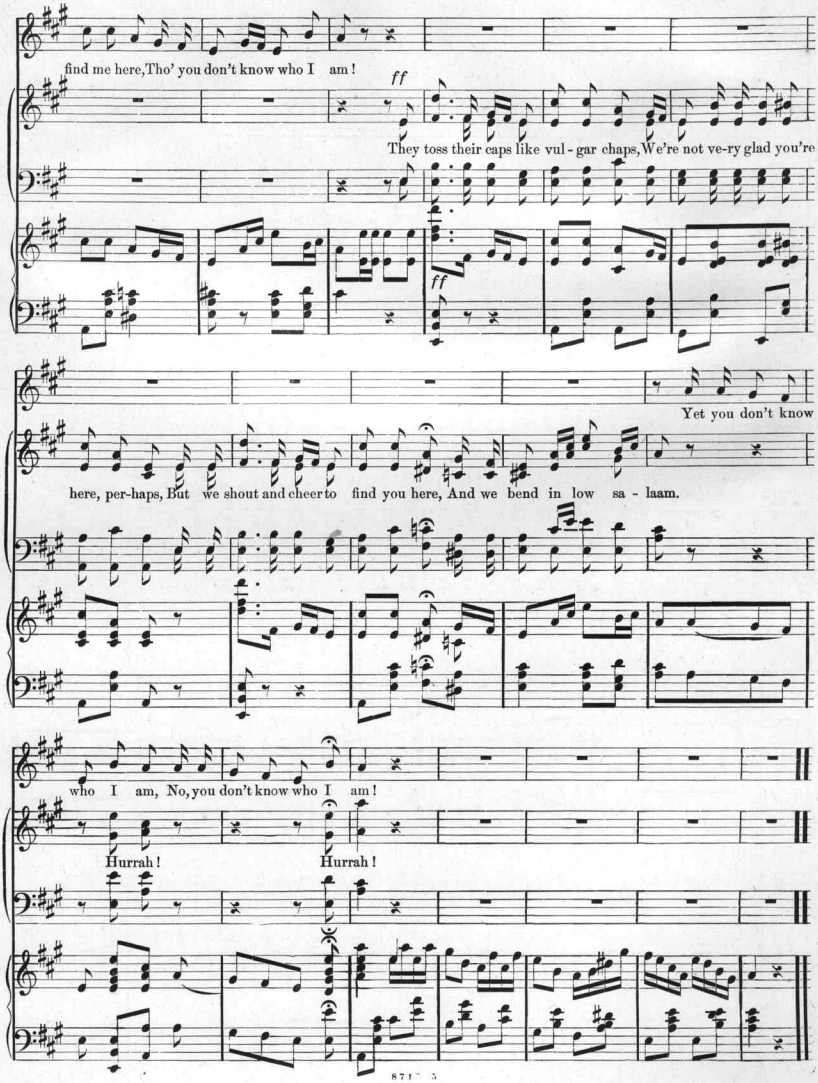

You may dive in the depths of the deep, deep sea, But you
You may go to the North Pole bleak and bare, But you
wont find a king that can e - qual me,
wont find a pret - ti - er king, I swear.
No, the
It is
Is there nev - er a king in the deep, deep sea?
We could scarcely de - sire a king more fair!
o - cean from kings is ex - treme - ly free.
chil - ly for kings a - way up there.
You may for-age far in the
In the whirlpool's rush by the


woods a - way, But you'll find no su - pe - ri - or king, I say.
mael-strom's brim, You'll find no king who my crown can dim.
And why is there none in the
And why is there none by the
Well, kings in the for - est would hard - ly pay.
Cause, kings ver - y rare - ly know how to swim.
woods a-way?
maelstrom's brim?
You may climb to the ut - ter-most mount-ain peak, Yet in vain for a bet - ter
In short you may cir - cle the wide world's girth, But you'll not find a king of su-


king you'll seek,
pe-ri-or birth,
There's no room for a king on the
For I am the prin-ci-pal
Oh, why is there none in those heights an-tique?
There must be of kings a de-cid-ed dearth!
pp
ff Allegro.
top-most peak, on the top-most peak, top-most peak.
king on earth, king on earth, king on earth.
Clash, ye cymbals, bu-gles bray,
ff
p
pp
clash and bray in a rol-lick-ing way, To welcome me with three times three, And a ver-y low sa-
f
p
laam, . . .
Toss your caps, you vul-gar chaps, You're not very glad I'm here, per-haps, But shout and cheer, you
f
p


find me here, Tho' you don't know who I am!
ff
They toss their caps like vul - gar chaps, We're not ve-ry glad you're
ff
Yet you don't know
here, per-haps, But we shout and cheer to find you here, And we bend in low sa - laam.
who I am, No, you don't know who I am!
Hurrah!
Hurrah!

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