

No. 12a.

## SONG—LUDWIG with CHORUS.

**Allegro con brio**

LUD.

1. Oh, a

*f*

*p*

246

LUD.

mon-arch who boasts in - tel - lect - u - al gra - ces Can do, if he likes, a good

251

LUD.

deal in a day— Can put all his friends in con - spi - cu - ous pla - ces, With

254

LUD.

plen - ty to eat and with no-thing to pay! You'll

257

LUD.

tell me, no doubt, with un - ple-a-sant gri - ma - ces, To - mor - row, de-priv'd of your

261

LUD.

rib - bons and la - ces, You'll get your dis - mis - sal — with ve - ry long fa - ces — But

264

LUD.

wait! on that to - pic I've some-thing to say! I've some-thing to say — I've

cresc.

267

LUD.

some-thing to say!

A

CHOR.

T

B

He's some-thing, he's some-thing, he's some-thing, he's some-thing to say! —

He's some-thing, he's some-thing, he's some-thing, he's some-thing to say! —

270

LUD.

Oh, our rule shall be mer - ry— I'm not an as - cet - tic— And

p

274

LUD.

while the sun shines we will get up our hay— By a push-ing young Mon-arch, of

277

LUD.

turn en - er - get - ic, A ve - ry great deal may be done in a day!

280

**J.** (During this, LUDWIG whispers to NOTARY, who writes.)

S A CHOR. T B

Oh, his rule will be mer - ry— He's not an as - cet - ic— And

Oh, his rule will be mer - ry— He's not an as - cet - ic— And

*f*

283

CHOR. S A

while the sun shines we will get up our hay— By a push-ing young Mon-arch of

T B

while the sun shines we will get up our hay— By a push-ing young Mon-arch of

286