

PICKERING:

(43)

(Ob., Vln. A
colla voce)

To - night, old man, you did it! You did it! You

mf (Str., W.W.)
(Cello sust.)

did it! You said that you would do it, And in - deed you

(51)

did. I thought that you would rue it; I doubt - ed you'd

(Ob., Bsn.,
Cello pizz.)

do it. But now I must ad - mit it That suc - ceed you

(W.W.,
Hns.) (Trpts.)

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did. You should get a med - al, Or be e - ven made a

(Vln. A)

(Str., W.W., Hns.)

(Bs.)

due: (Hp.)

HIGGINS:

knight. It was noth - ing. Real - ly noth - ing.

(Cello, Tpt., Tbn.)

(Vln. A)

(Cello)

PICKERING:

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All a - lone you hur - dled ev - 'ry ob - sta - cle in

(Vln. A)

(Str., W.W., Hns.)

(Bs.)

did it.

pu

HIGGINS:

sight. Now, wait! (Hp.) Now, wait! Give cred - it where it's

(Str., W.W.)

(No Bs.)

fal - ter, The.

(arco)

155

(Fl., Cl. I.)

due: (Hp.) A lot of the glo - ry goes to you.

(+Ob., Cl. II)

(+Hns.)

PICKERING: Ob. (79) colla voce

But you're the one who did it Who did it Who

(Fl., Vlns., Hp.)

(Str., Hns.) *poco* *cresc.*

(pizz.)

did it. As stur - dy as Gib - ral - tar, Not a sec - ond did you

poco

(+Cls., Bsn.) *a*

poco *mf.*

(+Tbn. I)

(pizz.)

(87)

fal - ter, There's no doubt a - bout it, You

(Vln., Fl., Bsn.)

(Hns.)

(+Tpts.)

(Tbn. II)

(+Tuba)

(arco) *cresc.*

Meno mosso

did it!
(Tutti)
(Bsn., Hsn., Cello)
(W.W.)
f *p*

95

Soft Shoe tempo

must have aged a year to-night. At times I thought I'd die of fright.
(Hns.)
(Bs., Tuba)

Nev - er was there a mo - men - tar - y lull. —
(Br.)

HIGGINS:

Short - ly af - ter we came in, I saw at once we'd eas - 'ly win, And
(W.W.)
(Hns.)
(Bs., Tuba)

af - ter

103

should have
(Trpts., Tbn. I)
(Str., W.W. or)
(Bs., Tuba)

think they'd

Prince of Tran-s
(Str., Hp.)

Pickering and Higgins: Opening scene

Pickering: Oh, well, anything is possible. I myself am a student of Indian dialects.

Higgins: Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of “Spoken Sanskrit”?

Pickering: I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

Higgins: Henry Higgins, author of “Higgins’ Universal Alphabet”.

Pickering: I came from India to meet you!

Higgins: I was going to India to meet you!

Pickering: Higgins!

Higgins: Pickering! Where are you staying?

Pickering: At the Carleton.

Higgins: No, you’re not. You’re staying at 27-A Wimpole Street. Come with me and we’ll have a jaw over supper.

Pickering: Right you are.

Higgins: Indian dialects have always fascinated me. I have record of over fifty.

Pickering: Have you now. Did you know there are over two hundred?

Higgins: By George, it’s worse than London. Do you know them all?

2nd Reading -- Pickering monologue

Pickering: Scotland Yard, please. May I have some coffee, Mrs. Pearce?

Oh, good morning, old chap. Colonel Hugh Pickering here...27-A Wimpole Street. I want to report a missing person. Anything you can do to assist in her recovering will be frightfully appreciated. I’m not without influence, and I’ll see to it that your superiors...Oh, hmph, yes.....Eliza Doolittle...about twenty one...I should say about five foot seven...her eyes?

Brown...her hair? Well it’s a rather neutral, nondescript color, I should say more on the...

Higgins: Brown, brown, brown!!!

Pickering: Well, you heard what he said....brown. yes, this is her residence...between three and four in the morning...no.....no... no relation at all. Let’s just say a good friend. Hmph?

Now see here, my good man, I’m not at all pleased with the tenor of that question. What the girl does here is our affair. Your affair it to get her back so she can continue doing it.....