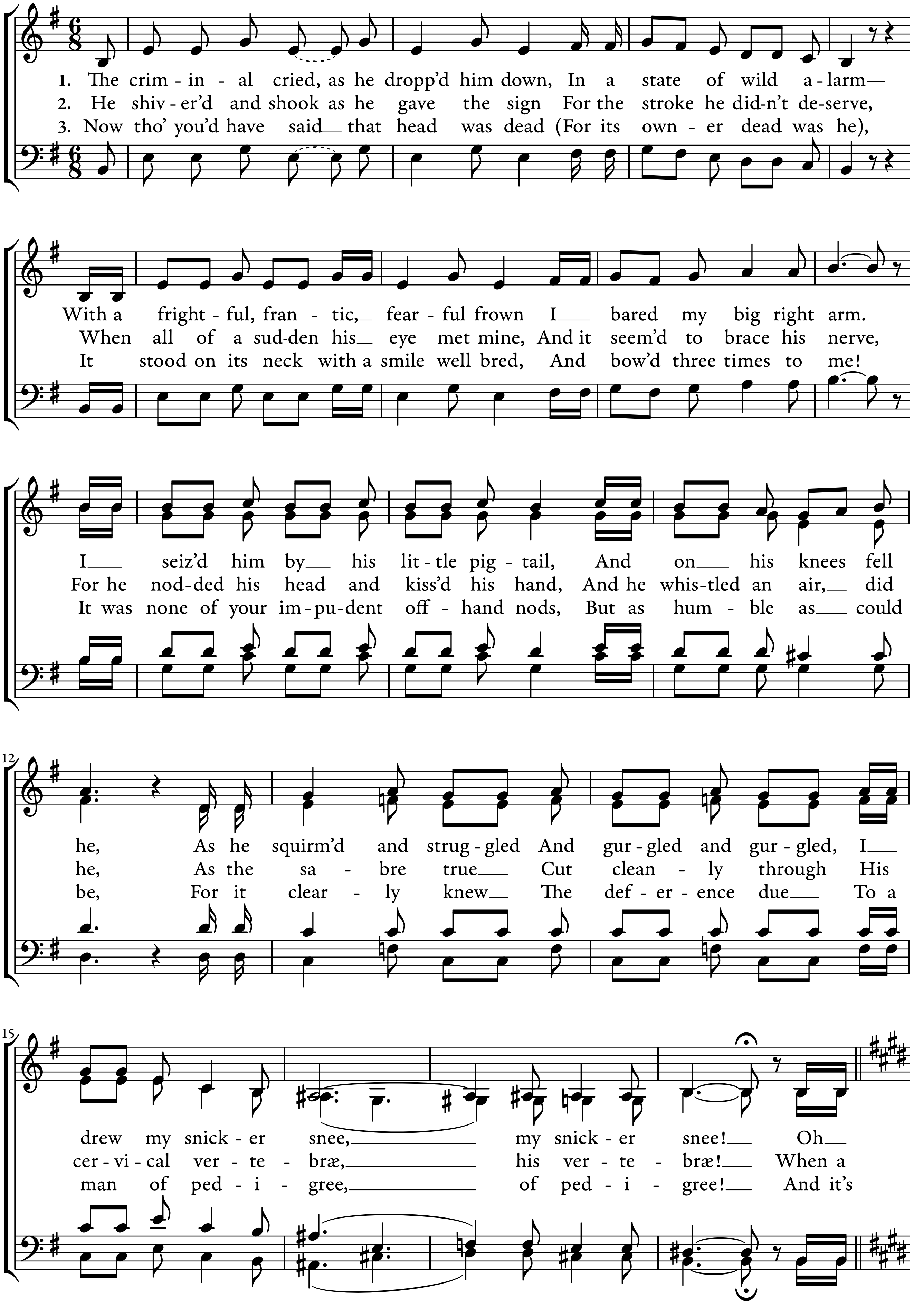
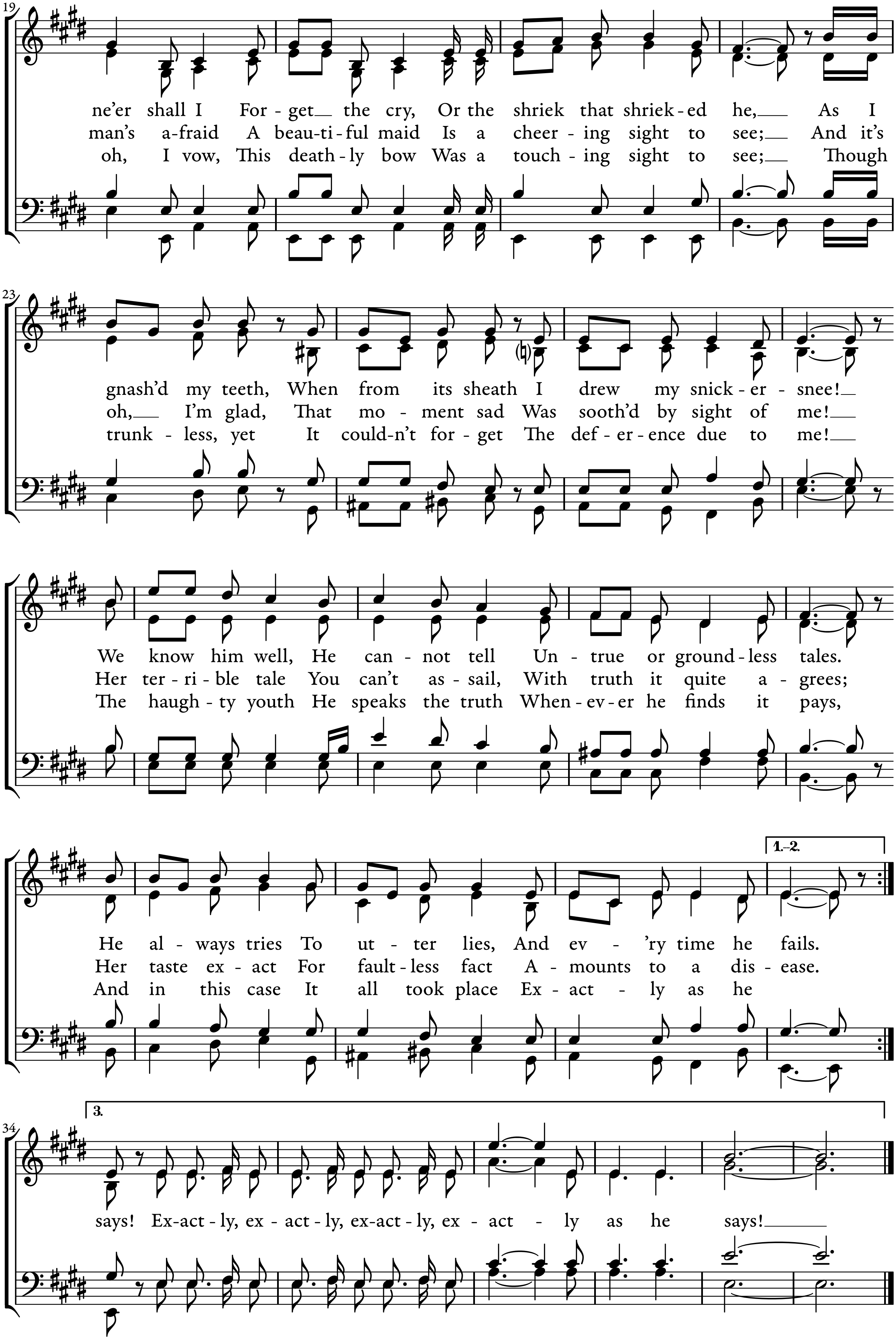
The criminal cried

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)


1. The crim - in - al cried, as he dropp'd him down, In a state of wild a - larm—
2. He shiv - er'd and shook as he gave the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-serve,
3. Now tho' you'd have said that head was dead (For its own - er dead was he),
With a fright - ful, fran - tic, fear - ful frown I bared my big right arm.
When all of a sud-den his eye met mine, And it seem'd to brace his nerve,
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And bow'd three times to me!
I seiz'd him by his lit - tle pig - tail, And on his knees fell
For he nod-ded his head and kiss'd his hand, And he whis-tled an air, did
It was none of your im - pu - dent off - hand nods, But as hum - ble as could
12
he, As he squirm'd and strug - gled And gur - gled and gur - gled, I
he, As the sa - bre true Cut clean - ly through His
be, For it clear - ly knew The def - er - ence due To a
15
drew my snick - er snee, my snick - er snee! Oh
cer - vi - cal ver - te - bræ, his ver - te - bræ! When a
man of ped - i - gree, of ped - i - gree! And it's


19
ne'er shall I For - get the cry, Or the shriek that shriek - ed he, As I
man's a - fraid A beau - ti - ful maid Is a cheer - ing sight to see; And it's
oh, I vow, This death - ly bow Was a touch - ing sight to see; Though
23
gnash'd my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick - er - snee!
oh, I'm glad, That mo - ment sad Was sooth'd by sight of me!
trunk - less, yet It could - n't for - get The def - er - ence due to me!
We know him well, He can - not tell Un - true or ground - less tales.
Her ter - ri - ble tale You can't as - sail, With truth it quite a - grees;
The haugh - ty youth He speaks the truth When - ev - er he finds it pays,
1.-2.
He al - ways tries To ut - ter lies, And ev - 'ry time he fails.
Her taste ex - act For fault - less fact A - mounts to a dis - ease.
And in this case It all took place Ex - act - ly as he
34
3.
says! Ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly as he says!