No. 2. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd
Song
Hannah and Chorus

Andante allegretto \( \text{d.} \) \( \text{8} \)

Hannah

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd His leisure and his riches He ruthlessly employed In persecuting witches. With
fear he'd make them quake—
He'd duck them in his lake—
He'd

break their bones With sticks and stones, And burn them at the stake! This

sport he much enjoyed. Did Rupert Murgatroyd.

sense of shame Or pity came To Rupert Murgatroyd!
Hannah

Once, on the village green, A pal-sied hag he roast-ed, And

what took place, I ween, Shook his com-po sure boast-ed; For,

as the torture grim Seized on each with-ered limb, The

writ-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on him:
"Each lord of Rud-digore,— Despite his best endeav'our, Shall
do one crime, or more, Once, ev'ry day, for ev'er! This
doom he can't de-fy, How-ev'er he may try, For

(A gasp of horror from the chorus)

should he stay His hand, that day In tort'ure he shall die!"—The
proph-e-cy came true: Each heir who held the ti-tle Had,
ev-ry day, to do Some crime of im-port vi-tal;

Recit.

Un-till, with guilt o'er-plied, "I'll sin no more!" he
cried, And on the day He said that say, In
Chorus

agony he died! And

thus, with sinning cloyed, Has died each Murga-

troyd; And so shall fall, Both one and all, Each

(They shudder themselves off, &c.)

coming Murga-troyd!