No. 12. “Rising early in the morning”
Solo and Chorus
Giuseppe and Men

Allegro non troppo

Rising early in the morning, We proceed to light the fire; Then, our

Majesty adorning In its workaday attire, We em-

bark without delay On the duties of the day. First, we
polish off some batch-es Of po-lit-i-cal des-patch-es, And
lunch-eon (mak-ing mer-ry On a bun and glass of sher-ry), If we've

for-eign pol-i-ti-cians cir-cum-vent; Then, if busi-ness is-n't heav-y, We may
noth-ing in par-tic-u-lar to do, We may make a Procla-ma-tion, Or re-
hold a Roy-al levée, Or rat-i-fy some Acts of Parlia-ment. Then we
ceive a Depu-ta-tion—Then we pos-si-ble cre ate a Peer or two. Then we

prob-a-bly re-view the house-hold troops— With the usual "Shal-loo humps!" and "Shal-loo
help a fel-low-crea-ture on his path With the Gar-ter, or the This-tle, or the
a-ry For our pri-vate sec-re-ta-ry— He is shak-y in his
du-ty Goes in search of beer and beau-ty (And it gen-er-al-ly
spelling, so we help him if we can. Then, in view of cra-vings in-ner, We go
happ-ens that he has-n't far to go). He re-lieves us, if he's a-ble, Just in
down and or-der din-ner, Then we pol-lish the re-ga-lia and the
time to lay the ta-ble, Then we dine and serve the cof-fee, and at
cor-o-na-tion plate—Spend an hour in tit-i-vat-ing All our
half-past twelve or one, With a plea-sure that's em-phat-i-c We re-
Gentlemen in Waiting, Or we run on little errands for the tire to our attic With the gratifying feeling that our

Ministers of State. Oh, philosophers may sing Of the duty has been done! Oh, philosophers may sing Of the
troubles of a King; Yet the duties are delightful, and the troubles of a King; But of pleasures there are many and of

privileges great; But the privilege and pleasure That we worries there are none; And the culminating pleasure That we
treasure beyond measure Is to run on little errands for the
treasure beyond measure Is the gratifying feeling that our

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worries there are none; And the culminating pleasure That we
Giuseppe: Yes, it really is a very pleasant existence. They're all so singularly kind and considerate! You don't find them wanting to do this, or wanting to do that, or saying "It's my turn now." No, they let us have all the fun to ourselves, and never seem to grudge it.

Marco: It makes one feel quite selfish. It almost seems like taking advantage of their good nature.

Giuseppe: How nice they were about the double rations.

Marco: Most considerate. Ah! there's only one thing wanting to make us thoroughly comfortable.

Giuseppe: And that is?

Marco: The dear little wives we left behind us three months ago.

Giuseppe: Yes, it is dull without female society. We can do without everything else, but we can't do without that.

Marco: And if we have that in perfection, we have everything. There is only one recipe for perfect happiness.