With joy we leave thee

from The Duke of Monmouth’s Maggot

Tim Porter
KIRKE: Thus perish all the King’s enemies!

SOLDIERS: Thus perish all the King’s enemies!

[Suddenly, every rebel is seized by a hangman, every girl by a rapacious soldier, GREY is shackled, MONMOUTH is confronted by a block and axeman. TOM produces a butcher’s cleaver, and gloats over a cauldron of boiling pitch. At the same moment, SAL and OLIVER enter, in a state of agitation.]

OLIVER: Well, Sal my girl, here’s a situation beyond my art to cure. Are your wits equal to it?

SAL: No master doctor,
    For I can cure the itch, the pitch,
    The palsy and the gout,
    But whether I can settle this
    I really rather doubt.
    If this were but a mummer’s play
    And them all Turkish Knights,
    Twould be a matter of a word
    To set ‘em all to rights:
    But as for raising of the dead
    Or getting back their maidenhead,
    I couldn't make this business straight
    If I should live to ninety-eight!

MONMOUTH: Be silent friends, and do not fret,
    Or seek your lives to save:
    We all must yield them soon or late
    And sink into the grave.
    And since this world we fought to gain
    Seems such a hellish pit,
    Such worthy folks as you or I
    Were better out of it!
    So axeman, cut my neck in twain!
    Escape is worth a moment’s pain!
    This world is but a broken toy!
    We’ll leave it now, we’ll leave with joy!

[ELIZABETH, the WIDOW, MARCUS and the PARSON all appear high above in some celestial region, clothed in white and singing peacefully. MONMOUTH listens with rapture...]

[For interest, the stage directions are included with the chorus that follows...]
With joy we leave thee
from The Duke of Monmouth's Maggot

words: Duke of Monmouth
music: Tim Porter

Smoothly Flowing

SOLO mp

With joy___ we leave thee

SOLO mp

With joy___ we leave thee

SOLO mp

With joy___ we

(orchestral reduction)

Smoothly Flowing

With joy___ we

False world and do for-give
All thy__ false trea-che-ry For

False world and do for-give
All thy false trea-che-ry For

leave thee False world and do for-give
All thy false

leave thee False world and do for-give
All thy false


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If you perform it, please let me know! oliver.barton@virgin.net
With joy we leave thee

now we'll happy live!
We'll to our homes And

now we'll happy live!
We'll to our homes And

treachery For now we'll happy live!
We'll to our homes And

Hap py there we'll be
There_____

there spend our hours.
Happy there we'll be
There_____

there spend our hours.
Happy there we'll be
There_____

homes And there spend our hours.
Happy there we'll be
homes And there spend our hours.
we no strife can see, 
There we no strife can see, 

No quarrelling for crowns 
No quarrelling for crowns 

slavery of state Nor changes in our fate. From
Nor slavery of state Nor changes in our fate. 

With joy we leave thee
With joy we leave thee

plots this place is free, There we'll ever be. We'll stand and bless our

plots this place is free, There we'll ever be. We'll stand and bless our

in our fate. From plots this place is free, There we'll ever be.

fate. From plots this place is free, There we'll ever be.

We'll stand and bless our stars That from the noise of wars Did us this glorious

We'll stand and bless our stars That from the noise of wars

We'll stand and bless our stars That from the noise of wars

[MONMOUTH kneels at the block]
place give
Did us this glorious place give

That thus we happy live!

That thus we happy live!

With

With

MONMOUTH’s head is struck off: he rises to his feet, and receives from the ADOLESCENT GIRLS a new awesome and
ceremonial head; they deck him with flowers, garlands and robes until he resembles the vast image of a god.

With joy we leave thee

Simultaneously, TOM and KIRKE are chased off by devils with pitchforks, GREY’s shackles spring open, SAL throws away
Happy there we'll be

There we no strife can see,

No

Happy there we'll be

There we no strife can see,

No

quarrelling for crowns

Nor slavery of state Nor changes

quarrelling for crowns

Nor slavery of state Nor changes in our

No quarrelling for crowns

Nor slavery of

No quarrelling for crowns

Nor slavery of
With joy we leave thee

We'll stand and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars

There we'll ever be.

From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be.

We'll stand and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars

There we'll ever be.

From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be.

We'll stand and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars

There we'll ever be.

From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be.

There we'll ever be.
With joy we leave thee

Did us this glorious place give
That thus we happy live!

from the noise of wars Did us this glorious place give
That thus we

That thus we happy live!
That thus we happy,

happy live! That thus we happy live!
That thus we

happy live! That thus we happy live!
That thus we