

The Riddle Song

Princess Camilla, Prince Simon, Chancellor, Queen Zazu, King Morph, Carlo

Don Orfeo

Don Orfeo

$\text{♩} = 80$
Allegro vivace

Chancellor Hr'm! [*Consulting documents*] Have I Your Majesty's authority to put the final test to His Royal Highness?

Queen Zazu [*Whispering to King*] Is this safe?

King Morph [*Whispering*] Perfectly, my dear. I told him the answer a minute ago.

Piano $\text{♩} = 80$
Allegro vivace
f

[*Aloud*] Proceed, Your Excellency. It is my desire that the affairs of my country should ever be conducted in a strictly constitutional manner.

Morph 7 [*Over his shoulder to Carlo*] Don't forget, Dog. **rall.** $\text{♩} = 76$ **rall.**

Pno. **rall.** $\text{♩} = 76$ **rall.**

Chan. 13 $\text{♩} = 80$ **f** [*Oratorically, referring to his documents*]
By the con-sti-tu-tion of the coun-try, If a sui-tor

Pno. $\text{♩} = 80$
ff **f**

23

Chan. seeks Her Roy-al hand _____ He can - not be deemed suc - ces - sful un - til he has gi - ven the

Pno.

32

Chan. [Conversationally] The last suitor answered incor - rectly, cor - rect ans - wer to a rid - dle.

Pno. *ff* *mp*

41

Chan. [To Carlo] I have now to ask Your Roy - al High - ness if you are pre

Morph. By a coincidence he fell into the moat.

Pno. *f*

50

Chan. pared for the or - deal? I may

Carlo. [Cheerfully] *f* Ab - so - lute - ly.

Pno. *ff* *mf* *rall.* $\text{♩} = 108$

58

Chan. men - tion, as a mat - ter pos - sib - ly, of some slight his - tor - i - cal in - ter - est to our vis - it - ors, that by the con - sti - tu - tion

Pno.



63

Chan. of our coun - try, the same rid - dle is not al - lowed to be asked on two suc - ces - sive oc - cas - sions.

Morph [Startled] *f* What's that?

Pno.



$\text{♩} = 80$
Tempo Primo

68

Chan. This one, it is interesting to recall, was propounded exactly a century ago, and we must take it as a fortunate omen that it was well and truly solved.

Morph [To Queen Zazu] I may want

Pno. *ff* *p*

♩ = 80

♩ = 108

78

Chan. *rit.* *mf* *f*
The rid-dle is this: What is it that has four legs and meows like a cat?

Morph my sword directly.

Carlo *f* [Promptly]
A dog.

Pno. *rit.* ♩ = 80 ♩ = 108

85

Chan. [Peering at his documents]
Ac-cor-ding to the re-cords

Morph [Still more promptly]
Bra-vo! Bra vo!

Pno. ♩ = 108 ♩ = 80
f Recitative, colla voce
mf

[He claps loudly and nudges Queen Zazu, who claps too. At the same time, King Ollie and Queen Isabel glance at each other incredulously, then also clap.]

90

Cam. [To Prince Simon] *mf* 3
Say some-thing quick!

Chan. 3
of the oc-ca-sion to which I re-ferred, the cor-rect ans-wer would seem to be --not

Pno.

94 *f* *mf* *mf*

Sim. Your Ma-je- sty, have I per-mis- sion to speak? Na- tural- ly His Roy- al High- ness could not think of jus- ti- fy- ing him- self on

Chan. dog, but--

Pno. *f* *mf*

♩ = 80

99

Sim. such an oc- ca - sion, but I think that with Your Ma- je- sty's gra - eious per- mis- sion, I could--

Morph. Cer- tain- ly, cer- tain- ly.

Pno. *ff*

♩ = 80

104 *f*

Sim. In our coun- try, we have an an- i- mal, to which we have giv - en the name

Pno. *mf*

113

Sim. "dog." Some in the dis- tricts in the moun- tains, In their lo- cal di - a- lect say "dog- gie."

Pno.

122

Sim. *f*
It sits by the fi-re-side and purrs. When it needs milk, which

Carlo *f* [Enthusiastically] [♪ = ♪]
That's right. It purrs like a-ny-thing.

Pno. *f* *mf*

130

Sim. is its sta-ple food, it me-ows. It al- so has four legs.

Carlo Me - ows like no-bo-dy's busi-ness.

Pno. *f* *mf*

137

Sim. In some coun-tries, as I un-der stand, This a-ni-mal is some-times called a

Carlo *mf*
One at each cor-ner.

Pno. *mf*

145

Sim. "cat." In one dis-tant coun-try Where His High-ness and I went, It was called by the

Pno.

152

Sim. *ve - ry cur-i-ous name_____ of "hip-po - po-ta- mus."*

Carlo *[To Prince Simon]*
f That's right. Do you re-mem-ber That gin-ger-

Pno. *f*



158

Sim. *mp* I shall nev - er for - get it

Carlo colored hip-po-po-ta-mus Which used to climb on to my shoul-der and lick my ear?

Pno. *p*



165

Sim. *mf* *[To King Morph]*
sir. So you see, Your Ma - jes - ty--

Morph *f* Thank you. I think that make it per-fect - ly clear.

Pno. *mp* *f*

♩ = 92 *♩ = 60*

174

Chan. *f*
Undoubt-ed-ly, Your Ma - jes - ty. May I be the first to con-gra - tu-late His Roy-al

Morph [Firmly to the Chancellor]
You are a-bout to a-gree?

Pno. *f*

180

Chan. High - ness on solv-ing the rid-dle so ac - cur-ate-ly?

Morph You may be the first to

Pno. *f*

184

Chan. [He bows and withdraws.]
Thank you, Your Ma - jes - ty!

Morph see that all is in or-der for an im-me-di-ate wed-ding.

Pno. *f*

[*King Morph rises, as do Queen Zazu, Dulcibella, and King Ollie and Queen Isabel.*]

King Morph

[*To Carlo*] Doubtless, Prince Simon, you will wish to retire and prepare yourself for the ceremony.

Carlo

Thank you, sir.

King Ollie

[*To Prince Simon*] Son— young sir, you will attend to the prince?

Prince Simon

Have I Your Majesty's permission to attend His Royal Highness? It is the custom of his country for Princes of the royal blood to be married in full armor, a matter that requires a certain adjustment —

King Morph

Of course, of course. [*Carlo bows to King Morph and Queen Zazu and goes out, accompanied by King Ollie and Queen Isabel. As Prince Simon is about to follow, King Morph stops him.*]

Young man, you have a quality of quickness which I admire. It is my pleasure to reward it in any way which commends itself to you.

Prince Simon

Your Majesty is ever gracious. May I ask for my reward *after* the ceremony? [*He catches the eye of Princess Camilla, and they give each other a secret smile.*]

King Morph

Certainly. [*Prince Simon bows and goes out. To Dulcibella*] Now, young woman, make yourself scarce. You've done your work excellently, and we will see that you and your — what was his name?

Dulcibella

Eg, Your Majesty.

King Morph

— that you and your Eg are not forgotten. I will see to it that you both are well done.

Dulcibella

Coo! [*She curtsies and goes out.*]

Princess Camilla

[*Calling*] Wait for me, Dulcibella!

King Morph

[*To Queen Zazu*] Well, my dear, we may congratulate ourselves. As I remember saying to somebody once, "You have not lost a daughter, you have gained a son." How does he strike you?

Queen Zazu

Stupid.

King Morph

They made a very handsome pair, I thought, he and Dulcibella.

Queen Zazu

Both stupid.

King Morph

I said nothing about stupidity. What I *said* was that they were both extremely handsome. That is the important thing. [*Struck by a sudden idea*] Or isn't it?

Queen Zazu

What do *you* think of Prince Simon, Camilla?

Princess Camilla

I adore him. We shall be so happy together.

King Morph

Well, of course you will. I told you so. Happily ever after.

Queen Zazu

Run along now and get ready.

Princess Camilla

Yes, mother. [*She throws a kiss to them and goes out.*]

King Morph

[*Anxiously*] My dear, have we been wrong about Camilla all this time? It seemed to me that she wasn't looking *quite* so plain as usual just now. Did *you* notice anything?

Queen Zazu

[*Carelessly*] Just the excitement of the marriage.

King Morph

[*Relieved*] Ah, yes, that would account for it. [*King Ollie and Queen Isabel reenter.*]

Queen Isabel

I do think things are progressing splendidly, don't you, my love?

King Ollie

Ah, yes, wonderful, wonderful! The princess is quite beautiful, and so, and so...

Queen Isabel

...so princess-like. Don't you agree, my love?

King Ollie

Oh, yes, so many characteristics one desires in a princess. Cool!

King Morph

Well, we will soon have the royal wedding, just as soon as our lovely, lovely children are ready.

Queen Zazu

And they are so lovely, aren't they?

King Ollie

This is indeed a marvelous enterprise in which we all are taking!