

When All the Night Long a Chap Remains

Song of Private Willis from the opera *Iolanthe: or The Peer and the Peri* (bass)

Text by *Sir William Schwenck Gilbert* (1839-1911) [Br]

Set by *Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan* (1842-1900) [Br]

When **all** **night** **long** **a** **chap** **remains**
[wɛn ɔl na:ɪt lɔŋ ʌ tʃæp ɹɪ.'meɪnz]

On **sentry-go,** **to** **chase** **monotony**
[ɒn 'sɛn.tʃi.go:ʊ tu tʃeɪs mə.'nɒt.ə.ni]

He exercises of his brains,
That is, assuming that he's got any.
Tho' never nurtured in the lap
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,
I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you.
I often think it's comical– Fal, lal, la!
How Nature always does contrive– Fal, lal, la!
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative! Fal, lal, la!

When in that House M.P.'s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But when the prospect of a lot
Of dull M.P.'s in close proximity,
All thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.
Then let's rejoice with loud Fal, lal, la!
That Nature always does contrive– Fal, lal, la!...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

