Florence:

The Lady with the Lamp

an opera in two acts

libretto

Anne McPherson

music

Timothy Sullivan

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an opera in two acts
music by Timothy Sullivan
libretto by Anne McPherson

Florence Nighingale	*mezzo*
John Smithhurst	*bass*
Parthenope (Parthe)	*soprano*
Fanny Nightingale	*alto*
W.E. Nightingale	*baritone*
Richard Monkton Milnes	*bass*
The Honourable Sidney Herbert	*baritone*
Dr. John Hall	*tenor*
Reverend Mother Mary Bridgeman	*alto*

Orchestra
flute
clarinet
trombone
violin
cello
percussion [one player: vibraphone, suspended cymbal, hi-hat, 3 toms (lms), bass drum, 2 timpani, 3 roto toms]
2 keyboards [2 players: I - piano; II - MIDI]

Duration: 110 minutes

What the Press has written about **Florence: *The Lady with the Lamp***

At its best, *Florence* had the structure and flow of compelling music drama. Its most effective scenes focused on Nightingale's Crimean campaign. Here, rising straight from the factual record, was a passionate individual struggling almost alone against massive folly while great armies clashed -- a truly Verdian scenario. The opera's best single scene was a gift from history, found in an actual crossing of letters between Nightingale and Sidney Herbert who was to be her chief patron in the British government. What could be better suited for an operatic duet?

-Robert Everett-Green *The Globe and Mail*

Florence: the Lady with the Lamp [is] one of the more successful Canadian operas of recent vintage. Timothy Sullivan's music is at its most engaging in portraying moments of confrontation, the heated exchange between Florence and Dr. John Hall over her right to be in the Crimea cleverly involves contrapuntal insertions by choruses of doctors and nurses, and her subsequent argument with Sister Bridgeman shows how the musical thermostat can be turned up when two female voices challenge each other. No avant-gardist, the Ottawa-born composer makes reference to the English salon style in his music for the first act ballroom scene and even in moments of high drama brings a consonance-prone musical vocabulary to Anne McPherson's libretto. Even without submitting it to a full staging, Opera in Concert earned its audience's gratitude for embracing *Florence* as the first Canadian opera on its 21-year-old series. Few enough of the operas written in this country are given a first hearing; Timothy Sullivan's had clearly earned a second.

-William Littler *Toronto Star*

After nearly five years of work, this stunning account of a nursing pioneer who changed public medicine forever soared far beyond the pastiche of fact, opinion and conjecture one is often forced to accept from musically rendered historical subjects. Instead, Friday's sold-out world premiere revealed a venture of astonishing and diverse power, one that relied on rare artistic chemistry to blend its visual, vocal, instrumental and dramatic elements.
It was, in every way that mattered, a true collective of individual strengths, no more so that in the superb cast headlined by mezzo soprano Linda Maguire, who took on a title role of punishing vocal complexity and transformed it into heart-stirring poetry. On stage they [Florence and Smithurst] never literally connect, yet are mystically bound in spirit through the sheer magic of Anne McPherson's text and Timothy Sullivan's imaginative, challenging score.

-Pauline Durichen *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

Timothy Sullivan's *Florence* was absolutely and utterly riveting, RIVETING!

-Paula Citron *CFMX Radio*

...a warm and genuinely satisfying production..a blended sequence of short scenes which Sullivan could clothe in evocative and at times compelling music. This atmosphere was greatly enhanced by Sullivan's music scored for a decent small ensemble...which gave substance to Linda Maguire's *Florence*...

-Ronald Hambleton *Toronto Star*

Florence: The Lady with the Lamp

The Characters (in order of appearance)

The Reverend John Smithurst, rector of St. John's Church, Elora
Florence Nightingale
Parthenope (Parthe) Nightingale, her sister
Fanny Nightingale, their mother
W.E. Nightingale (WEN), their father
Richard Monckton Milnes, in love with Florence
The Honourable Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State at War
Dr. John Hall, Inspector–General of Hospitals
Reverend Mother Mary Bridgeman

Chorus of dancers
Chorus of grotesques
Chorus of nurses
Chorus of doctors
Chorus of soldiers

FLORENCE: THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

A chamber opera in 2 acts.

ACT ONE

Prologue

The time is a Sunday in April, 1856. The setting is St. John's Church, Elora.

John Smithurst is standing at the west door of the church with his back to the altar, saying goodbye to his parishioners.

John: Goodbye, Mr. Harcourt, thank you for the London papers. I'm eager to learn all the news.

Walks up the aisle.

Here in the colonies.
The seasons change, and nothing changed:
This winter was a little harder,
The spring a little earlier,
And my body grows feebler each year.
No trumpets blow here, no challenge
Fuels the fires of the heart.
The dreary land echoes my loneliness,
The river carries my thoughts away.
Old age, they say, has no desire
But to review former glories
And wallow in sadness.

See me there, the young John Smithurst,
Fierce–eyed priest and founder of missions,
I was arrogant, bold and strong then,
Fighting for the rights of my Indian sons and daughters.
Those were the turbulent years,
I revelled in the struggle,
I pressed towards the goal.

Now I sit by the river.
Others must carry the torch.

Sits and picks up newspaper, begins to read.

"Miss Florence Nightingale, who kept to her post amid all the worst horrors of war, rendering the holiest of women's charities to the sick and the dying, is to be honoured by the Queen for her service to the Army and the whole nation."

My dear astonishing Flo!
To think that strong–willed, frenzied child,
Should become a heroine.
I doubted her then,
The girl who was always dreaming.
Is this the goal her dreams intended,
I wish I knew.

Scene i

It is 1837. The scene takes place in the Nightingales' drawingroom at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, in late afternoon.

The Nightingale women are preparing for the evening's festivities.

Flo & Parthe: *Hum.*

Parthe: Oh, bother! *(makes mistake)*

Flo: Here, do it this way -- one, two, three, four. Now try.

Both: One, two, three, four, etc. *(Parthe slips.)*

Flo: Not again! *(shows temper)*

Parthe: Flo, you're so good at everything. Help me, please, I'm hopeless.

Flo: *(kindly)* Don't be silly, it will come to you.

Fanny: Parthe, Flo can dance the difficult ones
And we shall sit and admire.

Flo: *(aside)* My sister wants so badly
To do the things I loathe.

Fanny: There's nothing quite so pleasing
As welcoming fine guests in their splendid array.
And though there will be nobles and even a duke,
The stars of the evening will be Parthe and Florence
Our two charming daughters,
I'm sure the world will agree...

Parthe: It makes me so nervous, just wondering
Whether any man will like me
Even in my new rose gown.

Flo: *(aside)* My precious family,
How foreign seem your social ways,
The grand and trivial equally.

Fanny: Every man will desire them,
My crowning achievement
I'm sure the world will agree.

Will Robert dance with me? Of course!
He can hardly refuse at our ball.

Flo: *(aside)* Does it matter how I dress, or chat,
Or dance with lord This or That,
When everything about this lady's life
Fills me with boredom and despair?

Fanny, Parthe: There's nothing like a great party
To occupy our minds.

Flo: I don't want any great party
To occupy my mind.

Parthe: But will he dance because he wants to,
Or just to be polite?

Flo: Just be calm and imagine
The gentlemens' smiles
As you enter the room.

Fanny: I can hardly wait for the moment
When the first people enter the room.

Parthe: I've got a case of the jitters,
I hope it will go away soon.

Flo: *(aside)* What a hypocrite I am,
Pretending to a joy I don't feel!

Fanny: I can hardly wait etc.

Fanny and Parthe: I've got a case of the jitters etc.

Flo: I wish the whole evening were over,
What a silly waste of time.

Fanny & Parthe: There's nothing like a great party etc.

Flo: I don't want any great party etc.
What a hypocrite I am!

Enter WEN from his study.

WEN: *(aside)* I'm glad the season's almost done,
And I can retire to my study.
'Tis best not to interfere
In the plans of a wife
With two daughters to marry.

Fanny: WEN, dear, enough musing for one day.
It's time to get ready.

WEN: If I want any peace in this frivolous house
I keep quiet, say "yes, dear" and tiptoe away.

In all this commotion I neglected to mention
The other news stirring the village
Almost as much as our ball.

Fanny: Tell us--but quickly.

WEN: Mr. Smithurst called today,
He's going to become a missionary.

All: A what?

WEN: In the colonies, he says.
Some place called the Red River.
They have Indians there, it seems,
Who need to hear the Gospel.

Fanny, Parthe: Ohh!.

Flo: *(aside)* He can't leave! My only true friend!
Who is left to help me understand myself?

Flo sinks into a trance–like state. The Grotesques appear.

Fannny: He was such a polite young man.

Parthe: Too serious for me by half! and too old!

Fanny: Well, I suppose someone must do these things.

Flo: Now John has a vision to follow,
While I have only this tedious life.

WEN: A bold and upright young man,
He'll make a fine missionary.

Parthe: Oh, look at Flo!
She's having one of her dreams.

Fanny: Let her be for now.
Fainting is so fashionable!
Go and find your emerald brooch for Flo.
She'll want to look her best for Richard.

Exit Parthe

WEN: These trances have me worried,
Such vacant stares and silences.
I hope she isn't ill.

Fanny: Heavens, no.
She's merely dreaming
As young girls do
Of weddings.
Come, let's go up and dress.

Exeunt Fanny and WEN

Flo: What is to become of me?
Shall I never be
Myself in my own house?
Why may John choose his honourable work,
While I cannot be spared at home?
Must I marry some great lord,
To extend his line, keep his house,
Withering away as hostess and handmaid?
What is to become of me?
O for something noble
To sweep away this loathsome life!

I call on God, dear God:
Give me some vocation,
That I, too may find my true place.
I shall go mad for want of something useful to make of my life.

Scene ii

Lea Hurst, the ballroom, that evening.

The ballroom materialises around Florence, and she joins in the quadrille which follows.

Chorus: Here it is, another season
Full of lavish entertainments:
All of London's notables
Flock to Mrs. Nightingale's
In our newest silks and laces
For dinners, balls and promenades.
Choose with care your dancing partner
Who may be your mate hereafter.

Dance continues...

Richard: What an enchanting dancer you are,
Floating about as if you were
Trying your wings.
How I wish for such a partner always!

Flo: Now, Richard, you promised.
Not to speak on that subject tonight.

Richard: True, I did promise.
You must pardon me, but
After almost nine years
I begin to lose patience.
When do you think you can give me your answer?

Fanny: *(to WEN)* There's Richard proposing again.
She must say yes this time.
What a perfect match it would be.
Why don't you encourage her, WEN?

WEN: My dear, you know as well as I
What Florence determines, Florence will do.
Though Richard is handsome, noble and kind,
If she won't have him there's nothing to say.
If I force her to marry
She'll pout and she'll rage and have those horrible dreams.

Fanny: She must, she must marry, the sooner the better.
A respectable woman can do nothing else.

Flo: Richard, dear, I'm so very fond of you,
But perhaps you should not wait for me...

Richard: I have waited uncomplaining
For such a treasure.
Can you imagine
What bliss our marriage would be.

Fanny: How can she hesitate over this man?

WEN: What a perfect match they would make.

Flo: I really can't encourage you
To wait any longer.
There's something else I must do.

Richard: What is it? Tell me, please.
Perhaps I can help.

Flo: I'm not sure what it is yet.

Richard: You won't marry me for something you don't know yet?

Fanny, WEN: What can she be looking for?
Of all the men in London,
He'd be our first choice.

Parthe: Do accept him, Flo,
He's such a fine man!
I'd give anything to be adored as you are!

Flo: Why can't everyone...ohh...

The party-goers change into grotesques and become part of Florence's nightmare. They are wearing black masks, the women carrying black fans, the men wearing top hats.

Chorus: So black is the night
No creature may go safely.
The owl shrieks,
The bat squeals,
In the weaving, clutching trees.

Parthe: Oh dear, she's fainted!
Help, someone!

Richard: Bring the salts quickly!
Let her alone, give her air!

He fans her

Chorus: The child crouches
On forest floor,
Afraid to move,
Afraid to stay,
Trembling for the coming of the day.

Richard: It's my fault,
I disturbed her with my question.

Chorus: The child runs to and fro,
The forest thickens
Lowering the night.
Silhouettes of bird and beast are lost to sight.

Richard: My dearest, I am sorry --
Here, let me help you.
You're so pale, are you ill?

Richard and WEN help Flo on to fainting couch.

Chorus: The gates of the forest
Are firmly rooted.
Beating in vain
The child draws blood
And sobs,
And is still.

Fanny: It's the heat, surely,
And so many flowers.

WEN: She's often subject to these spells,
Poor sensitive girl.

Florence: Do not mock me, you phantoms,
You shall not have me.

Fanny: There's nothing more we can do.
Come all, let's go in to supper.

Exeunt all but Florence

Florence: Is this all I am to have from life,
A nest of demons in my head?
I cannot bear it any longer --
Better anything, even death,
Than this petty, stifling life.
My family insists:
Be a brilliant hostess,
A social success!
Marry well!
Make us proud!
If only I could please them,
But I cannot.
There must be another way
Besides idleness or madness.
Is there no escape for me
But these horrible pestilent dreams?
Help me, oh heaven!

John: God chooses the time,
And He chooses His servants,
Quietly, suddenly,
When their hearts are ready.
There is plenty to do.
Whether sooner or later,
The goal is nothing less
Than renewing the world.

Flo: Of course there's another way!
It's God way,
And it shall be mine.
Yes, dear God, I will serve.
Show me my path:
Show me the way, whatever it is.
Away with gloom and phantoms --
From this day on, I am yours!
John, God has shown me the way.

John: Those who put on God's armour
Must be ready for suffering and grief.

Flo: Don't be concerned about me, John.
I know what I'm doing.

John: Our own desire is often blind,
So keen are we to do battle.
We could use another St. Joan,
But a warrior spoiling for glory
Won't bring Jerusalem to our land.

Flo: I hear everything you say, John.
You are a good friend.
But with God to help me, how can I go wrong?

God chooses the time,
And He chooses His servants,
Quietly, suddenly,
When their hearts are ready.
There is plenty to do, whether sooner or later,
The goal is nothing less
Than renewing the world.

Exit Florence

Scene iii

It is September 1854. Fanny and WEN are in the drawingroom. Fanny is seated embroidering, WEN is standing up looking out the window. A maid is setting out the tea on a table.

Enter Parthe.

Parthe: It's no use,
I've asked her again and again.
She won't come in for tea.

Fanny: Three days she's been in her room,
She can't go on like this.

WEN: I saw her in the window
Staring through the glass.
She looks but sees nothing.

Fanny: She's having those dreams again.
They make her so wan and sad.

WEN: Melancholy seems to be
The fate of all young women.
I wonder why that's so.

Parthe: Life is so boring when Flo's like this.
We used to laugh and chatter,
Plan our new costumes
For the coming season.

Fanny: I have such fine plans
For our charming daughter.
She shall be a jewel among wives,
A shining hostess
In the social firmament.
The finest heads of England
Will adorn her drawingroom
And she will crown them all.

WEN: Her sadness engulfs me,
I cannot even read.

Parthe: Without Flo to entertain me
I don't know what to do.

Fanny: She's spoiling my plans
For her glorious future.
Now she carries broth and tea
To the village invalids.
This seems to make her happy.

Parthe: Ugh! They're so old and pale,
And some of them have fleas!
How can she like them?

WEN: Perhaps I'm at fault.
Flo is given to sober thought,
Fretting over social ills,
In which, I believe,
She takes after me.

All: We are ducks who have hatched a wild swan,
Beautiful and strange,
Disturbing to herself,
A mystery to us all.
We shake our heads and wonder,
Whither will she fly?
And where will she rest?

Enter Florence

Flo: My dear family,
You can stop worrying now.
You see, I've finally found
My grand opportunity.

Fanny: Oh good! You've decided!
I knew you'd settle on Richard,
He's such a suitable match.

Flo: That's not it, Mamma.
Something much greater
Requires my devotion.

Fanny: How silly! What could matter more than a fine marriage?

Flo: The needs of those in misery
Matter more to me.
How I have longed for some important work!
Finally God has shown me.
I shall become a nurse.

Fanny, Parthe: You -- a nurse!

Fanny, Parthe, WEN: Impossible! Never!

Fanny: Such an idea, such a horror!
Ladies do not become nurses.
It's an occupation for a -- tramp!

Flo: Not after I am finished!

Parthe: Flo, you know what nurses are:
They stagger in the streets,
They sleep in the gutters.

Fanny: They don't have proper homes.

WEN: Surely, my dear, you must be mistaken.
The Lord would never send you
To do such unsavoury work.
Perhaps you should ask Him again.

Flo: I am certain of my call.
I shall change that opinion.
Father, don't you understand?
Oh, how can I make them see?

Fanny, Parthe, WEN: A nurse! a whore! an addict!
The dregs of the city,
Women in disgrace,
Driven by liquor to the lowest form of work -- Nursing!
Lurching through the wards,
Leering at the sick,
Offering their bodies to help relieve the pain --
Nursing!
But you, a young lady, gently bred,
A model of your kind,
Would throw yourself into a life of sin --
Nursing!

WEN: Stay at home, Florence,
Take care of us.

Parthe: How cruel you are!
If you leave, it will kill me.
How can you abandon me for strangers?

Fanny: It is your duty to stay at home.
I forbid you to go.

Flo: You call it my duty
To stay home and do nothing.
I see my own duty clearly.
I will make nursing
A worthy profession
So that other women
May choose it without shame,
Equal to their married sisters.

Fanny: Now I see it all.
You are keeping company with
Some vulgar surgeon.
That is why you want to leave.
I shall die if you abuse me so!

Fanny Begins to "faint".

Flo: That's not so, Mamma. I am only on fire with my cause.

Enter Richard

Fanny: Richard, help us.
I can hardly bear to tell you
What Flo proposes.

WEN: Flo wishes to become a nurse.
I hope you can change her mind.

Richard: Is this your dream, to help those in pain?
Then I shall make it mine too.
Together we can do mighty works
Impossible alone.
Let's marry right away, and begin.

Flo: Dear Richard, you are so generous,
But your future is not mine.
A woman must yield
To a man's destiny.
So to reach my goal
I must not marry.

Parthe: Ohhh!

Fanny: Not marry! how wicked!
We are all betrayed!

Fanny, Parthe, WEN, Richard:
A nurse! a spinster!
The weaklings of society,
Women on their own,
Lacking the stability of a proper family life.
Spinsters!
Like a house without foundation
Leaning in the wind,
Pillars toppling over in the fury of a storm --
Spinsters!
But you, a young lady, gently bred,
the model of a wife,
Would give up marriage for a life of sin --
Nursing!

WEN: Perhaps you need a good holiday.

Fanny: To bring you to your senses.

Parthe: We'll go to Italy for a change.

Flo: Papa, how could you?
Won't you try to understand?
Can't you see how much it matters?
How can you be so blind?

John: Hold your temper, Florence.
These are the people who love you
Though they do not understand.
Be patient, don't rush away.

Flo: *(to John)* I cannot wait, I must go now.
Give me time, give me faith.
My beloved people,
I cannot bear to grieve you.
Yet I shall go, even without your blessing.
So great is my desire
I would save the burning bodies in hell.

Fanny and Parthe: We have lost her forever.
Goodbye!

Fanny: I shall die of shame!

Exeunt Fanny and Parthe.

Richard: You can undertake that, when
You cannot undertake me.
How mistakenly noble you are.

Exit Richard.

WEN: I don't agree with your plan,
But I cannot keep you here.

Flo: We're not the same, Father.
You read, you think and you worry,
But I must go out and fight.
I hoped I would have your blessing.

WEN: You're much too precious to me.
I don't much want to lose you.
If you must go out and fight,
You may do so with my blessing.

Exit.

Flo: I'm in my element now.
The nightingale flies from her gilded cage,
The sky is vast, the air is free;
I cast off these satin bonds
Of family, society,
Of parents, sisters, lovers.
To me to serve the weak, the wretched
Is glory -- and the work of God.
I wish for no other earth,
No other world than this.

END ACT ONE

Interlude

John is addressing his congregation from the pulpit.

John: Today, as reports from the war arrive,
Our hearts go out to those in the Crimea.
We must ask, was sending this army
An act of heroism
Or appalling foolishness?

A year ago we were told
That the force that left Britain's shores
Was the most magnificent army
Of ancient or modern times.
Now we hear a different story:
The dread word "cholera" sounds like a Kyrie
Fifty times a day.
Soldiers of an army whom no foe could vanquish
Perish in rags through hunger and cold,
While indifference, favour, and stupid routine
Reign, revel and riot in the camps.

Is there to be no end to these calamities?
Let us pray, in God's name
That help may come soon.

Scene i

Florence at Lea Hurst, Sidney Herbert, Secretary–at–War, at the War Office. It is September 1854.

Sidney: Everywhere I go
People talk of this miserable war,
The cruel neglect
Of the sick and dying.
I must act even if
The army tries to resist.
If only Florence Nightingale
Will take up this cause...

Florence: Everywhere I go
There is talk of this pestilent war,
The cruel neglect
Of the sick and dying.
I must act even if
The army refuses my help.
If only Sidney Herbert
Will help with my cause.

Florence and Sidney sing antiphonally:

Flo: Dear Mr. Herbert,
The latest news from the war
Tells of terrible suffering
For want of proper nursing care
Soldiers die of disease.
If Her Majesty's Government
Would accept my service,
I would lead a group of trained nurses
Into the Crimea.
I am sure our loving attention
Would save many souls from death.
There is no one else in England
To whom I can turn.
Your dear friend,
Florence Nightingale.

Sidney: Dear Miss Nightingale,
The latest news from the war
Tells of terrible suffering.
The soldiers die of disease
For want of proper nursing care.
On behalf of her Majesty's Government
I ask if you would lead
A group of trained nurses
Into the Crimea.
I am sure your loving attention
Would save many souls from death.
There is no one else in England
In whom I would have more faith.
Your dear friend,
Sidney Herbert.

Florence: He wants me to go!
Our letters must have crossed!
How I love you for this!
I shall make my mark in this war, have no doubt.

Sidney: She will go, thank God!
Our letters must have crossed!
How I do love that woman.
She will be famous one day,
I have no doubt.

Exit Sidney

Scene ii

The same week. Florence and the Nurses are at sea. Everyone is seasick, including Florence, who doesn't give in to it.

Nurses: Oh! oh! oh!
When will the voyage end?
Poor ladies, poor nurses, poor us!
Oh, let the end come quickly!

Flo: *(moving around among them)*
Here, put this on your forehead.
Can you drink some tea?
Come, take my arm, I'll help you stand.
This way, nurse, take a deep breath.

Nurses: Oh! oh! oh!
When will this dreadful voyage end?
Oh, let the end come quickly.

Flo: We're on our way finally,
On board this stinking ship
Lurching towards Balaclava.
I hope this is what God intended.
When will we get there, when?
John, can you hear me now?

John: Yes, I can almost imagine you there,
The ship so slow and you so eager.

Flo: Oh, yes! Every wasted hour
Makes me more impatient.

John: How keen was I to begin
The work of saving souls.
I was so sure they'd want me,
I never thought I'd be unwelcome.

Flo: I long to be with those poor wretches
Dying a hundred every day.

John: Keep your eyes open
And your heart firm,
In case you're unwanted too.

Flo: Unwanted?
Wait till you hear the cheering
When we arrive in port.

Nurses: We are so miserable,
Why did we come?
Miss Nightingale, listen to us!

Flo: You'll be fine as soon as you step on land.
Remember your goal and your duty.

Nurse 1: I feel faint, I can't stand!

Nurse 2: My legs are so wobbly.

Nurse 3: My head won't stop spinning!

Nurse 4: I'm hot, then I'm cold!

Nurse 2: I have a terrible fever!

Nurse 1: If only the ship would stop!

Flo: It is difficult, I know,
But ladies you are no longer,
You are real hospital nurses.

Nurses: We have never been so ill,
How can we do our duties?
How can you be so strong?

Flo: We must not let the army see us like this.
The worst is over.
It won't be long till we reach the Crimea.
They say it's beautiful there.

Nurses & Flo: They say it's beautiful in the Crimea,
A lovely place in the winter.

Nurses pick up their gear and prepare to leave the ship.

Scene moves directly into

Scene iii

The dock at Scutari, the Crimea.

Flo: So this is the beautiful Turkish coast.
Where is the welcome committee?
Who bids us enter,
Offers us tea?
Who is in charge, and where is he?
How can the wounded endure
This pestilent air,
The mud, the flies and the ceaseless rain?
No place is beautiful where there is war.
Come, nurses, as best you can,
We must make our own way.

Enter Dr. Hall and Doctors.

Doctor 1: Look who comes!
Little angels of mercy
In our hour of need.

Doctor 2: I could use a bit of loving care.

Doctor 3: Me, too.

Doctors: Ha, ha!

Flo: Good day to you, sirs. May I ask
Which of you is in charge?

Dr. Hall: I am he, Doctor John Hall.

Flo: My name is Florence Nightingale,
And I have come to save those humble soldiers
Dying from want of care.

Dr. Hall: My well-meaning ladies,
This is no place for you.
This is the British Army,
We take care of our own.

Flo: We are trained nurses, as capable as you,
And we have come to help bring care and comfort
To these men.

Doctors: She's not your usual nursey-nurse.
She'll find out what's really needed.

Dr. Hall: Although we may lack a few comforts
This is certainly no reason
To shatter our traditions.
We have our rules -- no nurses allowed.

Doctors: There are other comforts you could render.
They'll find out what's really needed.

Nurses: We can
Hold hands,
Say prayers,
Write letters,
Bring comfort.

Doctors: You could
Stroke hands,
Smile nicely,
Rub backs,
Sing sweetly.

Nurses: We can
Wash sheets,
Change beds,
Boil water,
Bathe bodies.

Doctors: You could
Hold hands,
Cuddle closely,
Scratch itches,
Raising pulses.

Dr. Hall: We here are all medical officers,
The men are in good hands.

Flo: That's not what we hear at home.
We're told that a London beggar
Leads the life of a prince
Compared to the British soldier.

Dr. Hall: That's simply not true.

Nurses: We can
Make slings,
Dress wounds,
Feed the weak,
Clothe the naked.

Doctors: You could
Smooth beds,
Sit down,
Make room,
Taste brandy.

Flo: We're told the men are starving,
Naked and unclean,
Their wounds untended,
Their food uncooked.

Dr. Hall: That's simply not true.

Nurses: We can scrub floors,
Kill vermin.

Doctors: You could
Warm sheets,
Fluff pillows.

Nurses: We can
Cook meals,
Feed the weak,
Give out blankets,
Keep them warm.

Doctors: You could
Spread sheets,
Loosen clothes,
Bring us comfort,
Share your gifts.

Flo: The enemy here is not Russian guns,
It is disease.
There is fever, scurvy
Dysentery, cholera,
In these charnel-houses you call hospitals.

Doctors: How nervy! how insulting! How do you know?
You have never been here before.
It has taken hundreds of years
To perfect our regulations.

Flo: It has taken thousands of lives
To bring about these changes.

Doctors: You do not know!
You have never seen a war.

Nurses: We are trained to care for the sick,
The wounded and the dying.

Dr. Hall: We have our rules,
There will be no women here.

Flo: We have come to work,
There will be women here.

Doctors: You cannot work all day and all night,
Live in danger, in stench and slime.

Nurses: Yes, we can live in danger
Day and night,
Tend the wounded and the dying,
Dress their wounds, wash their skin,
Feed the frail, and the starving.

Dr. Hall: We have orderlies for this.

Doctors: Bear the blood, hear men scream,
Carry bodies, watch men die!
Shell-shocked!

Nurses: Need help!

Doctors: Mutilated!

Nurses: Unattended!

Doctors: Amputated!

Nurses: All abandoned!

Doctors: Gone insane!

Nurses: We have been trained to endure hardship.

Doctors: War is no tea party!

Flo: Where are the orderlies?

Dr. Hall: They're at the siege. They'll return when it's lifted.

Nurses: We are here to help, here to work.

Doctors: War is no tea party.

Flo: If these men are not cured
There'll be no one left
For the siege.

Dr. Hall Besides, you have no mandate.

Flo: But I have!
Here is my commission
From the Secretary at War!

As Hall reads, in the background can be heard soldiers singing "Our Native Land and Queen" [words from The Crimean War Song Book].

Soldiers: Rise, proud Britain's sons, arise,
We need ye, every one,
To swell aloud our homage song
Unto Victoria's throne!
Pour at her feet our loyal hymn,
And let our love be seen,
May Heaven watch over and preserve
Our Native Land and Queen!

(During the song the wounded soldiers appear. As they come closer they are seen to be supporting each other.)

Flo: You poor naked filthy skeletons!

(to Dr. Hall) Whether you help or hinder,
We are taking these men with us!

Dr. Hall It is Her Majesty's command,
We must admit these females.
What a dreadful day this is,
All the nobility of war is coming to an end.

Nurses help men to get up and move into the hospital.

Soldiers: While nations sink into the dust,
Calm, calm we stand alone,
Invincible, while we protect
Our altar and our throne.
Then let our song forever be
As it has always been,
May Heaven watch over and preserve
Our Native Land and Queen!

Scene iv

The hospital ward, at night.

Soldiers: It's a very bad season for war,
Rain or frost or blazing heat,
How do you prefer to die --
Bit by bit as your toes drop off,
Or hour by hour as cholera strikes.
Or day by day in a feverish state,
While death wears a playful smile.

Soldier 1: I left my comrade at the front,
We were climbing the hill together,
We joked, he laughed, the guns spoke out,
In a minute he's dead with a frozen smile.
The odds were the same for the two of us,
But now I know he's the lucky one.

Soldiers: It's a very bad season for war
Unless you die.

Soldier 2: The hospital walls are slimy and chill,
The water in the well's turned green.
Today I held my best friend's hand
While the doctor cut off his arm.
My head's ablaze, my body in shreds,
I have hardly the strength to call:
Give me a drink for the love of God.

Soldiers: It's a very bad season for war
Unless you die.

Enter Florence with lamp, goes from bed to bed. All very quiet.

Flo: Here in the presence of real heroes
The world may never know
I could melt with pity.
How pathetic, how noble
Their quiet acceptance
Of their grim fate.
My womanly tears must wait.
With smiles and calm assurance
We'll ease their troubled days,
And bring them home again.

Soldiers: See, her shadow passes by,
The lady with the lamp.
As she visits each soldier, one by one,
The ward is hushed, the cussing stops.
We begin to believe there is hope for us,
That we'll see home again.
We cheer each time her shadow appears,
The lady with the lamp.

Scene v

The hospital ward, during a battle.

Flo: Over there! Can't you see the empty bed?
In the corner, nurse! This man needs a bandage.
Watch out, you ninny! You almost spilled the soup!
Faster, nurse! These men are dying!

(as a nurse is about to collapse)
No time for weakness, now. You can rest later.

(aside, wiping her forehead)
What a disaster! When will it end?

Enter Orderly carrying bale.

There you are, soldier, back from stores at last. Have you the bread, beef and tea?

Orderly: The tea is all that's left, mum. Dampness took the rest.

Flo: They left it all to rot? Why wasn't it given out?

Orderly: No one could sign the form for it, mum, until you come. None of us can write.

Flo: Oh perfect regulations!

Nurse 1: Miss Nightingale, I cannot go on.

Nurse 2: I am so weary from all this lifting my legs will not carry me.

Nurse 3: We've been working all night without any rest.
Sister Bridgeman says we must stop.

Flo: Sister Bridgeman!
Who are you to tell my nurses what to do?
I am in charge, you all take orders from me.

Sister B: We've come to the end of our rope.
We cannot carry on without sleep or rest.

Flo: There can be no resting until the work is done.
Look around.

Sister B: You look only at the wounded. Look at your nurses.
Soon they will be bedridden.
Have sympathy for them too.

Flo: Sympathy may be your style,
Mine is action.
I shall not lie down until every man here
Is warm and dry. Now, if you please,
Return to your ward and hold steady.

Sister B: My nuns follow me, not you.

Flo: *(shrieking)* You disobey me!
Beware, Sister!

Enter Doctor Hall and other Doctors.

Ah, Dr. Hall, so kind of you to visit.
I have many questions for you.

(tries to take him aside)

Dr. Hall: I thought I heard you scream. Are you in pain?

Flo: Only the pain of seeing so much misery.
Now about the new wounded...

Sister B: Doctor, I must speak to you about the state of the nurses.

Flo: Thank you, Sister, for reminding me.

(to Dr. Hall) The nurses are much happier now in the new quarters you found them.
But these new wounded...

Sister B: Happy! They are not!

Flo: Sister! please attend to your duties.
I am speaking to Dr. Hall.

Dr. Hall: Sister seems to have something to say.

Flo: It is nothing. I'll handle it later.

Sister B: Nothing!
Look at us, half dead,
Stumbling over our own feet.
You call this nothing?
Eyes smarting, arms aching,
Too weary to speak aloud.
Do you call this nothing?
This is what one can expect from
The lady with the lamp.

Flo: You are outrageous!

Sister B: I tell the truth.
My nuns and I must move to another hospital,
We are not respected here.

Flo: I am in charge of all hospitals.
You will go where I say.

Dr. Hall: That is so, I'm afraid.
Still, Miss Nightingale, I urge you
Not to start another war.
It is hard enough to accept
Lady nurses on our wards
Without ladies' squabbles as well.

Flo: With all due respect,
This is not a ladies' squabble
But a genuine dispute
Such as you men have.
Don't be alarmed, the matter is resolved.
Sister Bridgeman must go home.

Sister B: It is she who must go home,
With her high and mighty ways.

Nuns: We want to stay, she must go.

Nurses: She stays and we stay with her.
If we are tired, think how she must be.

Dr. Hall: I wish I were rid of them all!

Soldiers: She's our brightest hope,
The lady with the lamp.

Dr. Hall: She's reorganized my hospitals behind my back.

Nurses: She's organized the hospitals for the very first time.

Nurses: She pushes us, but she never rests.

Sister B. & Nuns: She pushes us until we fall.
We've never been treated like this.

Flo: I was called to this battle
And I intend to win it.

Dr. Hall: Control your nurses, madam.

Sister B: She will not control us.

Flo: Insubordinate!

Sister B: Hard-hearted!

Dr. Hall: Trouble-maker!

Soldiers: Angel of mercy!

Nurses: Bold leader!

Doctors: Interfering lady!

Nuns: Cold tyrant!

Flo: Oh, mercy!
What have I done to stir all this anger?

Doctors: Trouble–maker, rule–breaker,
You'll be the death of the army.
Meddling society ladies
Have spoiled our glorious war.

Nurses: Indifferent medical officers
You'll be the death of the wounded.
Red tape and carelessness
Have prolonged this dismal war.

Nuns: Cruel lady superintendent,
You'll be the death of us all.
Driven to exhaustion
We'll never get home from the war.

Soldiers: Lady on a sacred mission
You'll fight to the death for us all.
Wiping out disease
Will end this horrible war.

Nuns: Go away!

Nurses: Don't leave us !

Doctors: Control your nurses.

Nurses: Don't give up!

Nuns: She's weakening!

Soldiers: She's strong!

Nurses: We need you!

Doctors: We do not!

Flo: At the centre of the tempest
All the winds are blowing on this frail head.
My body betrays me...
I cannot go on...
I must...
Oh where is the strength I need?
My poor wounded men, I will not abandon you.

Nurses crowd around.

If I could only sit down.

Sits. One of the doctors comes over to her.

Don't bother about me, doctor, I'm not on the critical list.

John: Just a little longer, Florence. The worst is over.
Don't give in now.

1 Soldier: Listen, can you hear anything?

2 Soldier: Can't say that I do.

1 Soldier: That's just it, there's no shelling.
What do you think it means?

3 Soldier: If you ask me, it's the end of the war.

2 Soldier: Go on, it'll never end.

By this time everyone has stopped what they are doing, and is listening.

John: *(moving in)* At 10 o'clock on Saturday the 30th of March the Treaty of Paris was signed, officially ending this miserable war. Casualties among the British troops were: killed in action, 1,933; died of wounds, 1,921; died of disease, 15,724.
God rest their souls.

Soldiers reprise of Crimean War Song, fading out.

Scene vi

Florence Nightingale's house, London, and after, St. John's Church, Elora.

John: *(reading)* On the anniversary of the ending of the Crimean war, Her Majesty the Queen presented Miss Florence Nightingale with a diamond brooch designed by Prince Albert in gratitude for her heroic service to the country.

Flo: John, do I deserve this honour?
Tell me the truth.
I've been so blind, so stubborn
Through all this turmoil.
I wonder, was it all worth it?
Did I do right?

John: Only you know the answer, Flo.

Flo: I was so inefficient out there,
So impatient, so angry.

John: Yet out of your errors
God has raised up
Real training for nurses.

Flo: Some people here hate me, John.

John: Is it too great a price to pay?

Flo: *(angrily)* When I remember all those men
Killed by indifferent fools,
I'll pay any price to make sure
It never happens again.

John: There is your own answer.
Great disturbances arouse
Our deepest convictions.
It's for history to judge us,
For us to tackle the present.

Flo & John: There is plenty to do, whether sooner or later.
The goal is nothing less
Than renewing the world.

Exit Florence

John: The war ends, the seasons change.
Next winter may be a little harder,
The spring may come earlier,
And my body will grow feebler every year.
But the struggle to heal this wounded world
Keeps us going. After all,
It's the only world we've been given
For the working out of our dreams.

Music plays out as John leaves the church.

END ACT II

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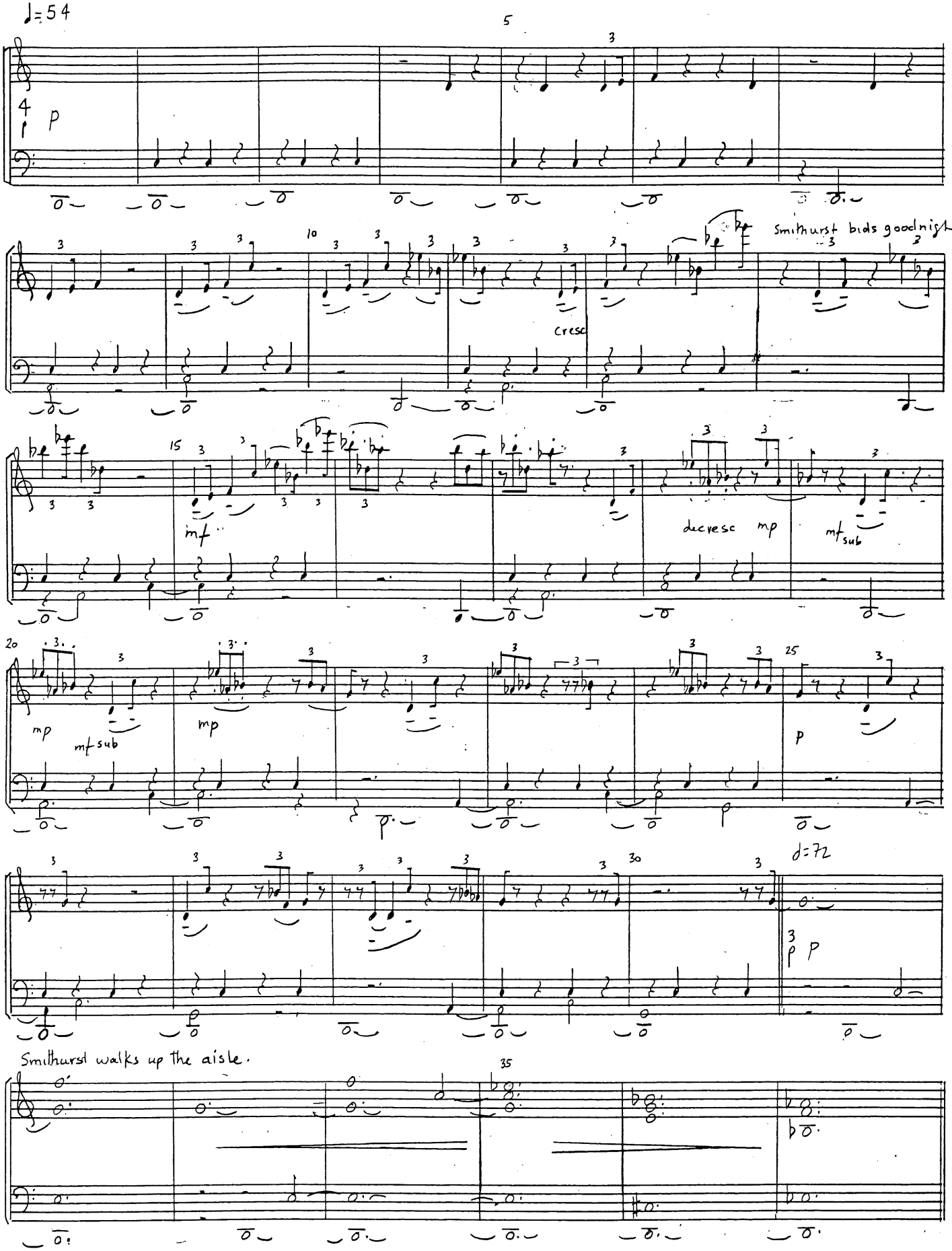
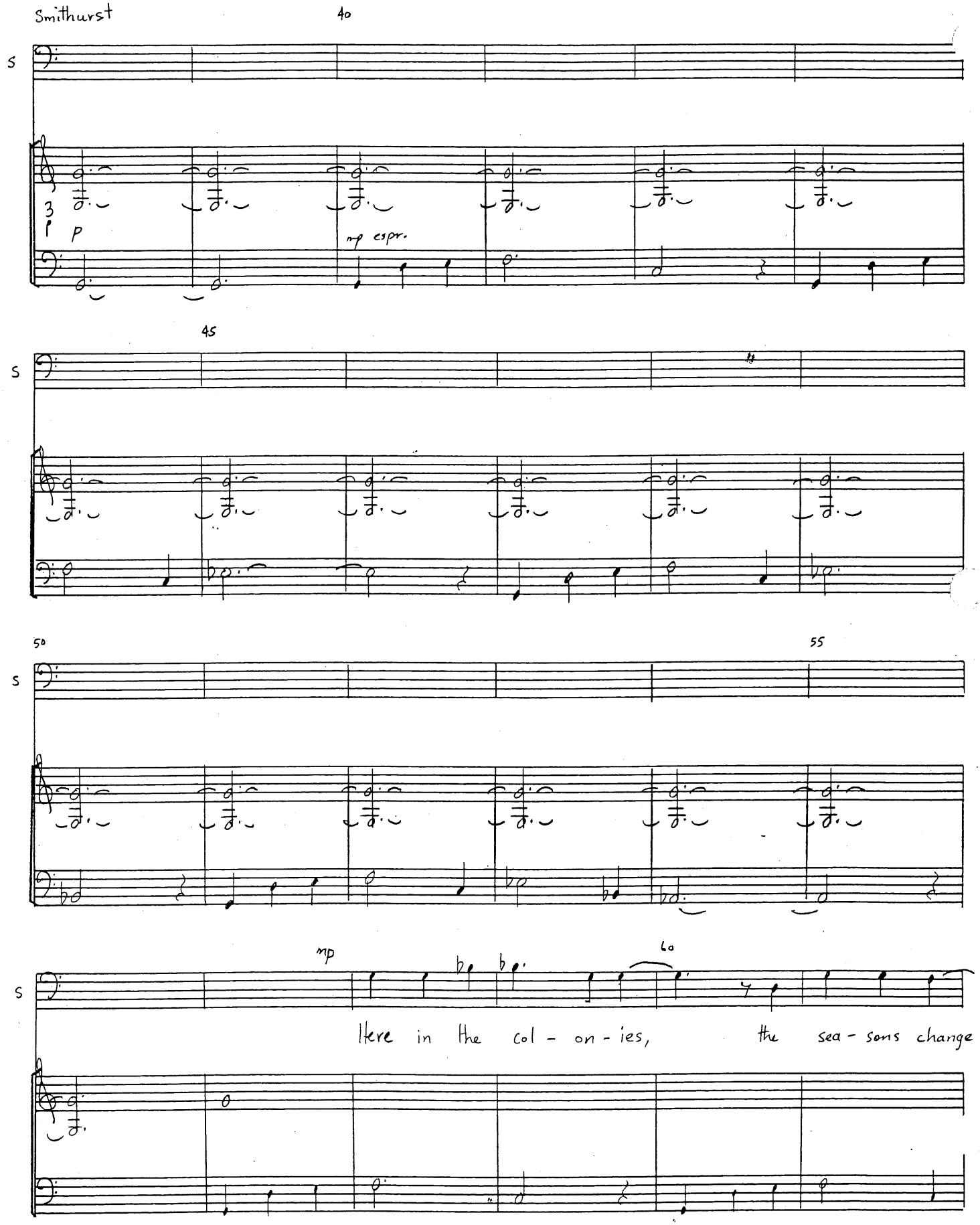
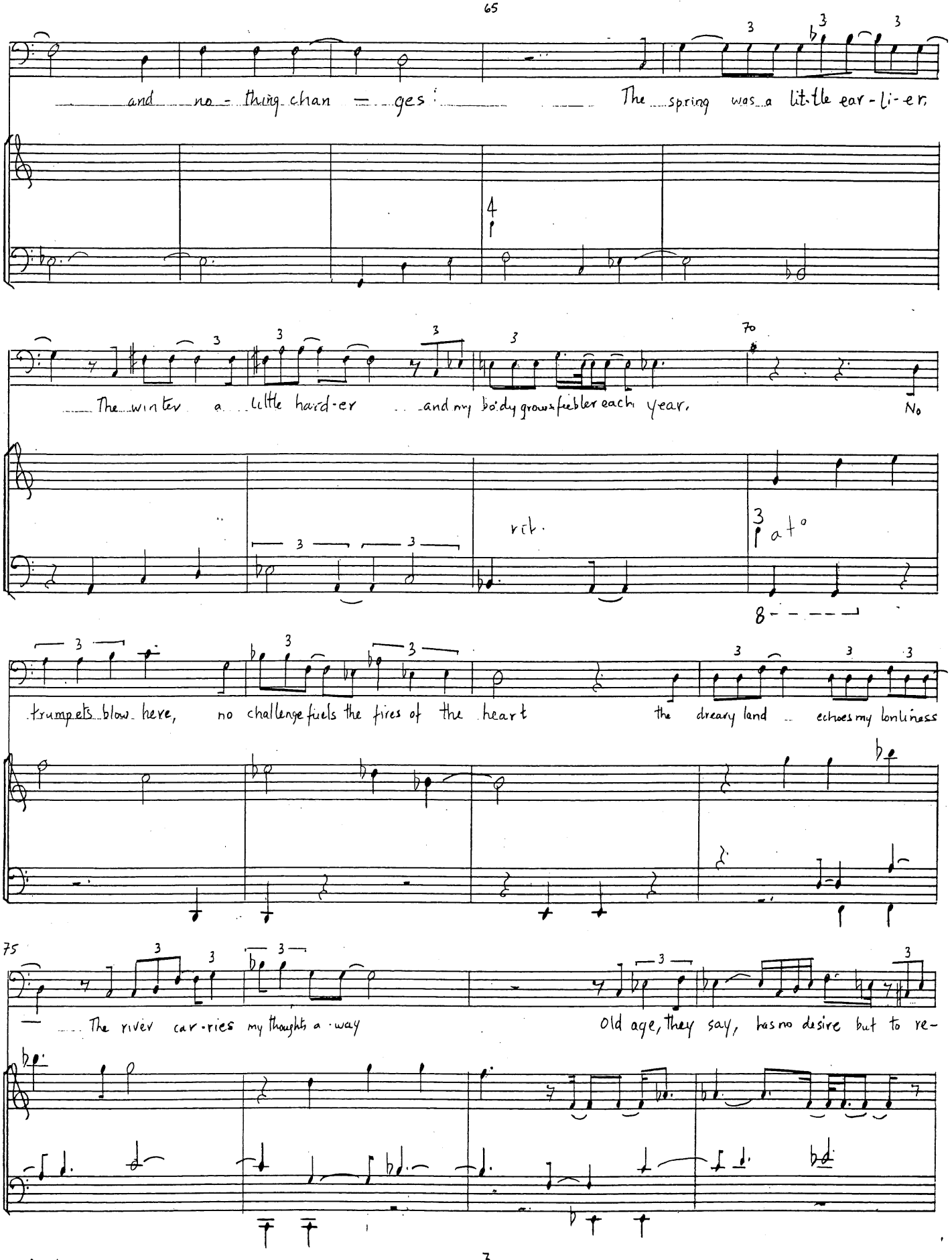
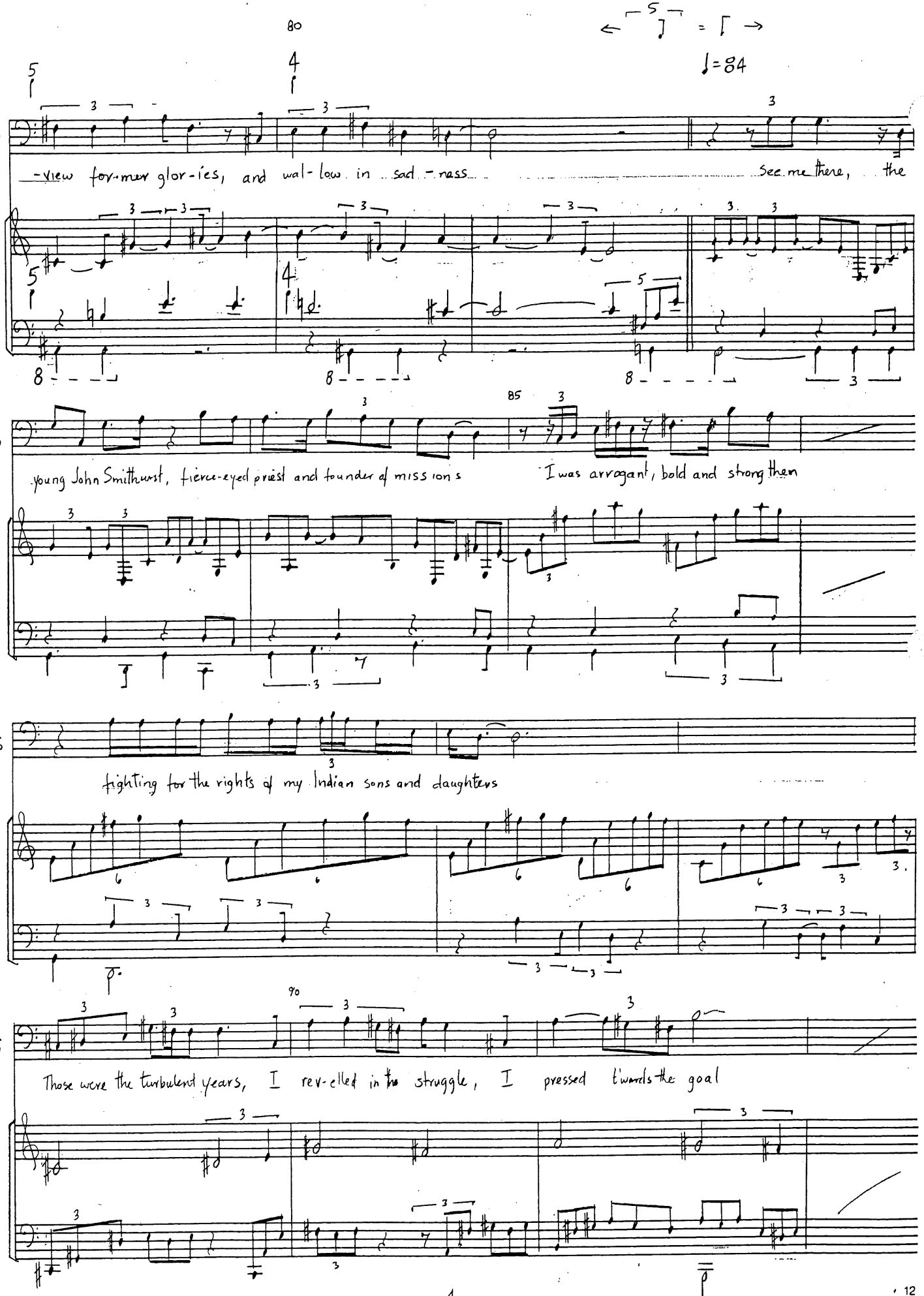
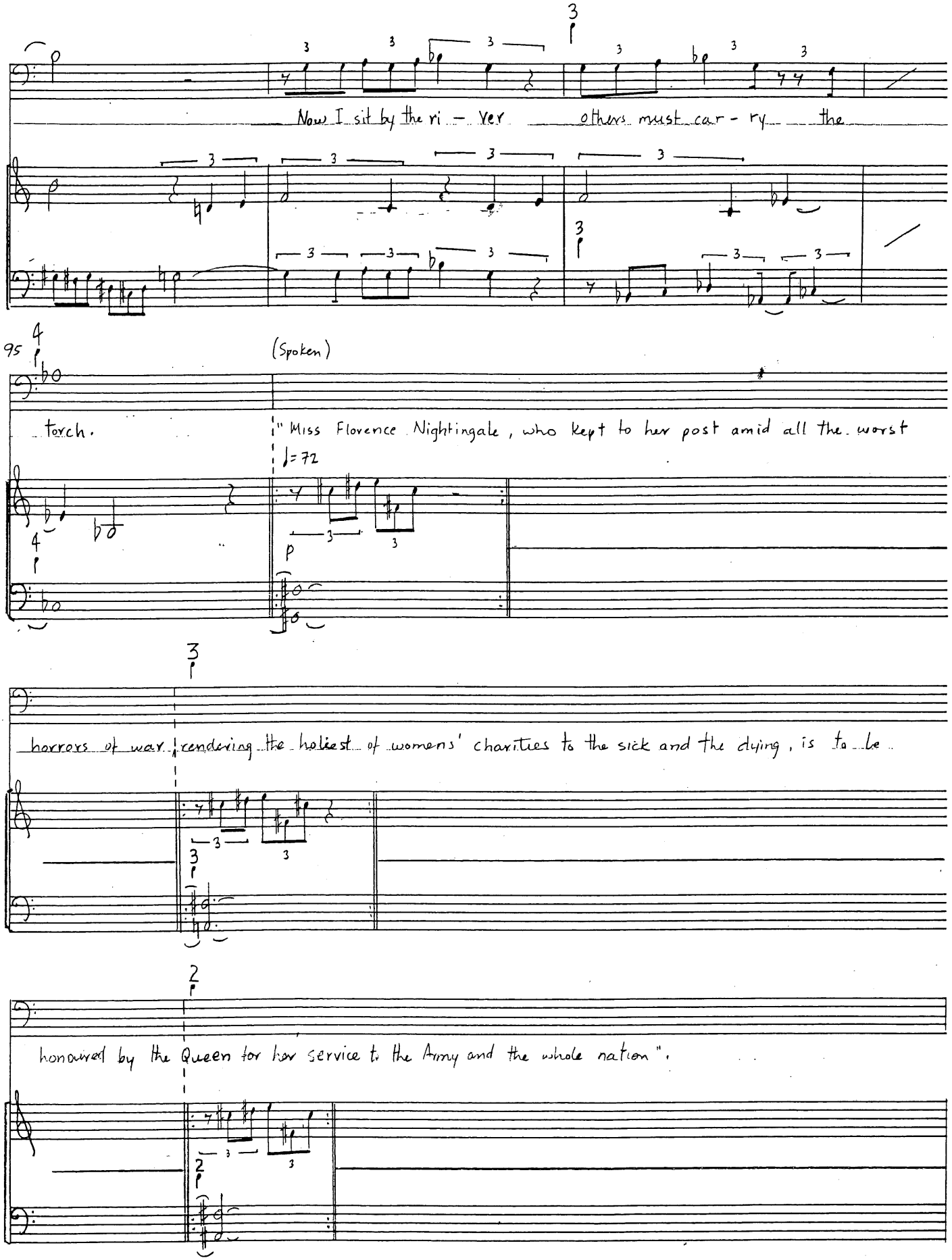
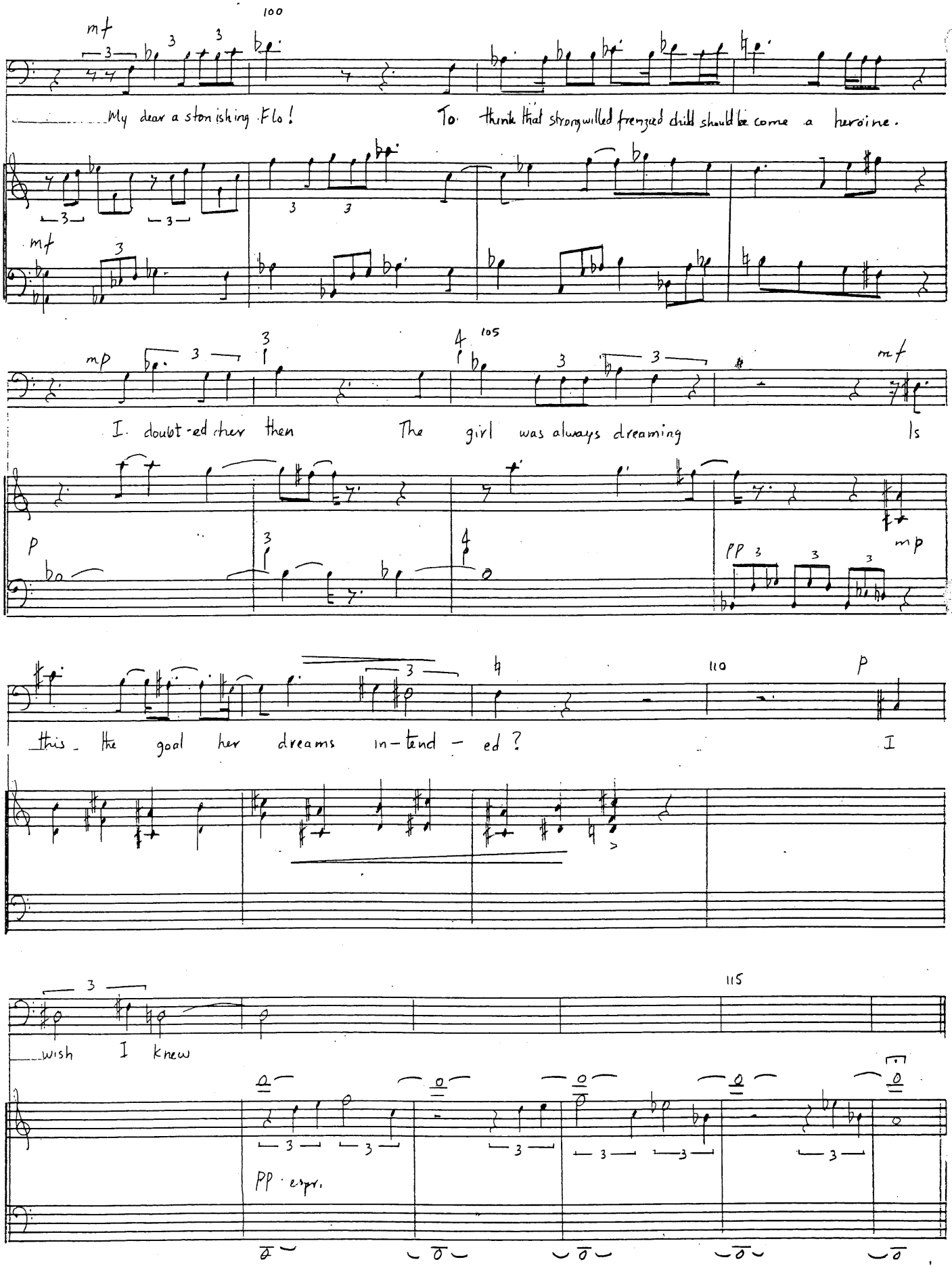
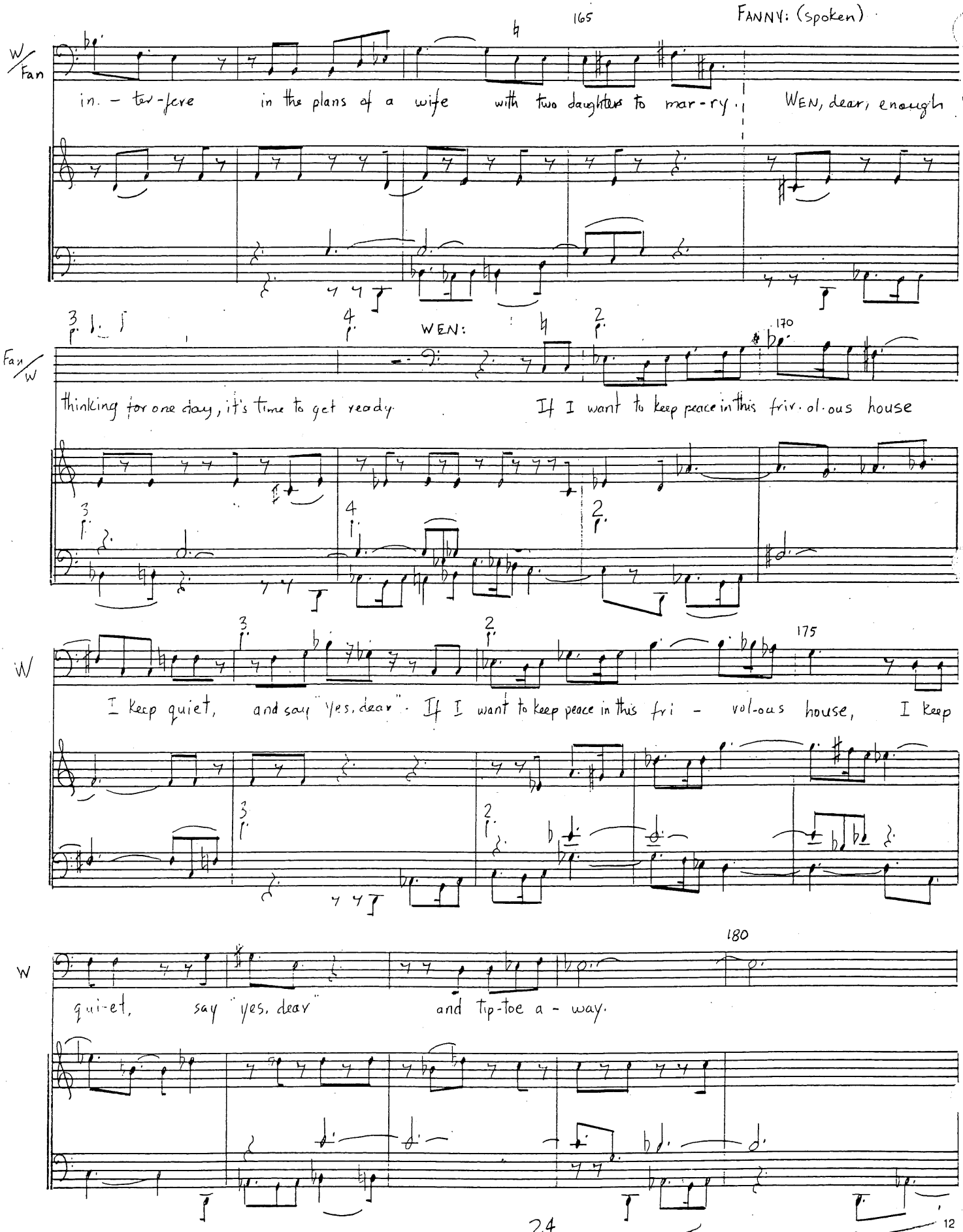
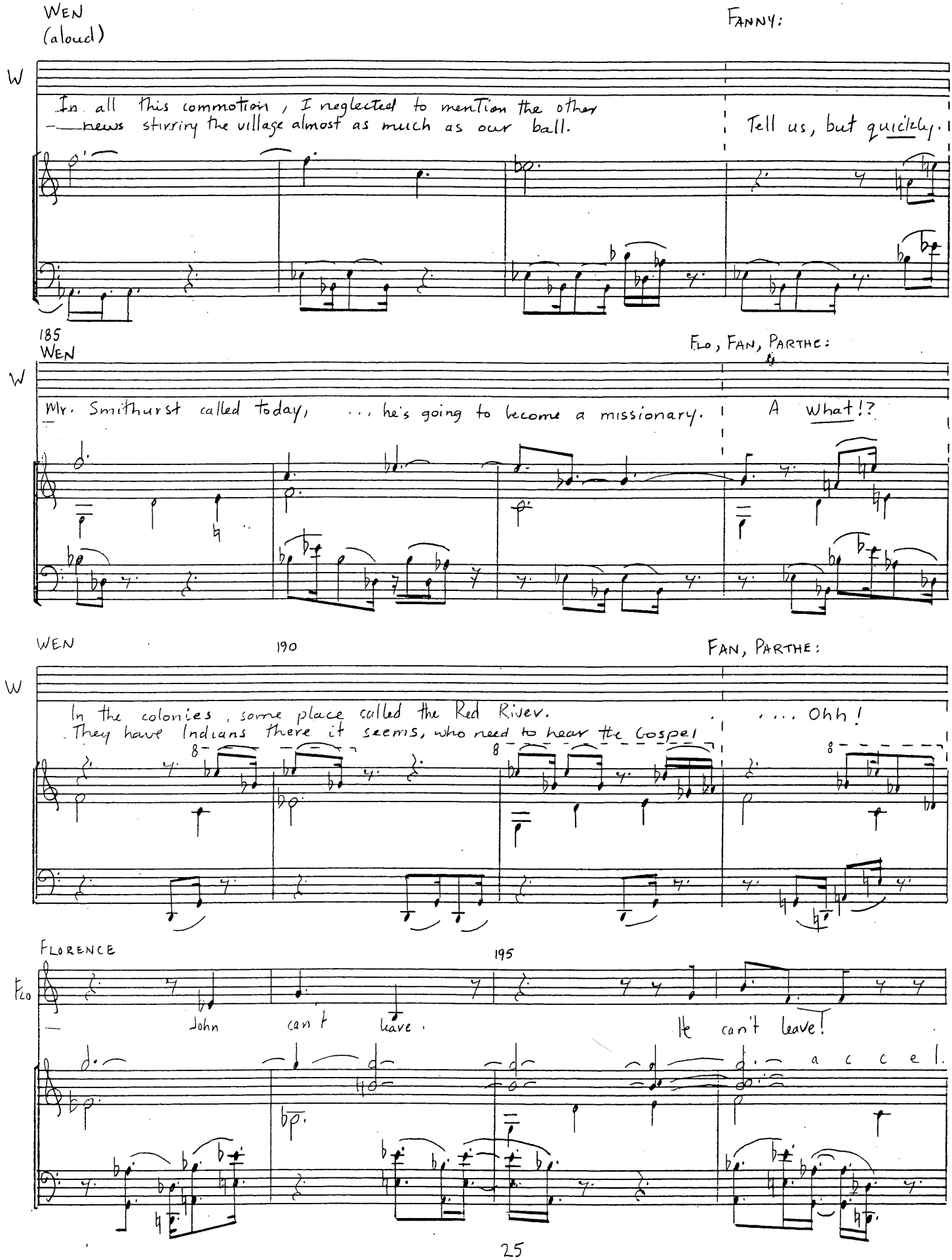
FLORENCE

Prologue

♩=54

♩=72

Smithurst

S
and no - thing chan - ges. The spring was a lit-tle ear-li-er.
The win-ter a lit-tle hard-er and my bo-dy grows feb-ler each year.
70
No
rit.
3
a t°
trumpets blow here, no challenge fuels the fires of the heart the dreary land echoes my lonliness
75
The river car-ries my thoughts a-way
Old age, they say, has no desire but to re-

80
♩=84
S
-view for-mer glor-ies, and wal-low in sad-ness
See me there, the
young John Smithurst, fierce-eyed priest and founder of miss ions
I was arrogant, bold and strong then
fighting for the rights of my Indian sons and daughters
Those were the turbulent years, I rev-elled in the struggle, I pressed t'wards the goal
Prologue
4
12

S
Now I sit by the ri - ver others must car - ry the
95
(Spoken)
torch.
" Miss Florence Nightingale, who kept to her post amid all the worst
♩= 72
p
horrors of war, rendering the holiest of womens' charities to the sick and the dying, is to be
honoured by the Queen for her service to the Army and the whole nation".

100
mf
S
My dear a ston ishing Flo!
To think that strongwilled frenzied child should be come a heroine.
mf
105
mp
mf
I doubt-ed ther then
The girl was always dreaming
Is
p
mp
pp
110
p
this the goal her dreams in-tend - ed?
I
115
wish I knew
pp espr.

W/ Fan
165
FANNY: (spoken)
in. - ter-fere in the plans of a wife with two daughters to mar-ry.
WEN, dear, enough
Fan/ W
WEN:
170
thinking for one day, it's time to get ready.
If I want to keep peace in this friv.ol.ous house
W
175
I keep quiet, and say "yes, dear". If I want to keep peace in this fri - vol-ous house, I keep
W
180
qui-et, say "yes, dear" and tip-toe a - way.

WEN
(aloud)
FANNY:
W
In all this commotion, I neglected to mention the other news stirring the village almost as much as our ball.
Tell us, but quickly.
185
WEN
FLO, FAN, PARTHE:
W
Mr. Smithurst called today, ... he's going to become a missionary.
A What!?
WEN
190
FAN, PARTHE:
W
In the colonies, some place called the Red River. They have Indians there it seems, who need to hear the Gospel
.... Ohh!
FLORENCE
195
Flo
John can't leave.
He can't leave!
accel.

♩. = ♩

♩. = 76

200

Flo

He is my on-ly true friend!

poco a poco

pp

mp

(to herself)

Flo

Who is left To help me

vibes

PARTHE

P

Flo

un - der - stand my - self?

FANNY

Fan

(n) He was such a polite young man.

WEN

W.

PARTHE:

FANNY:

210

P

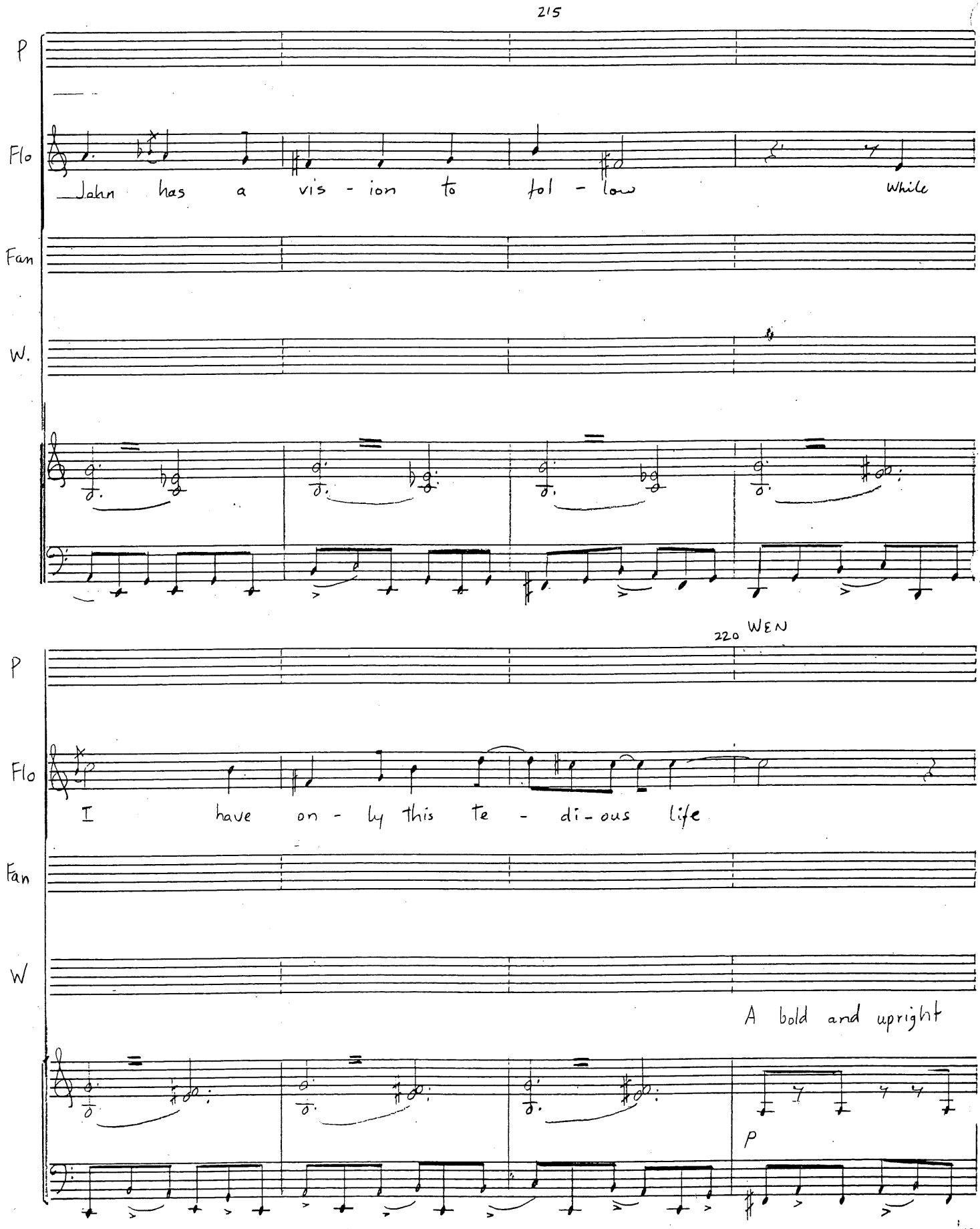
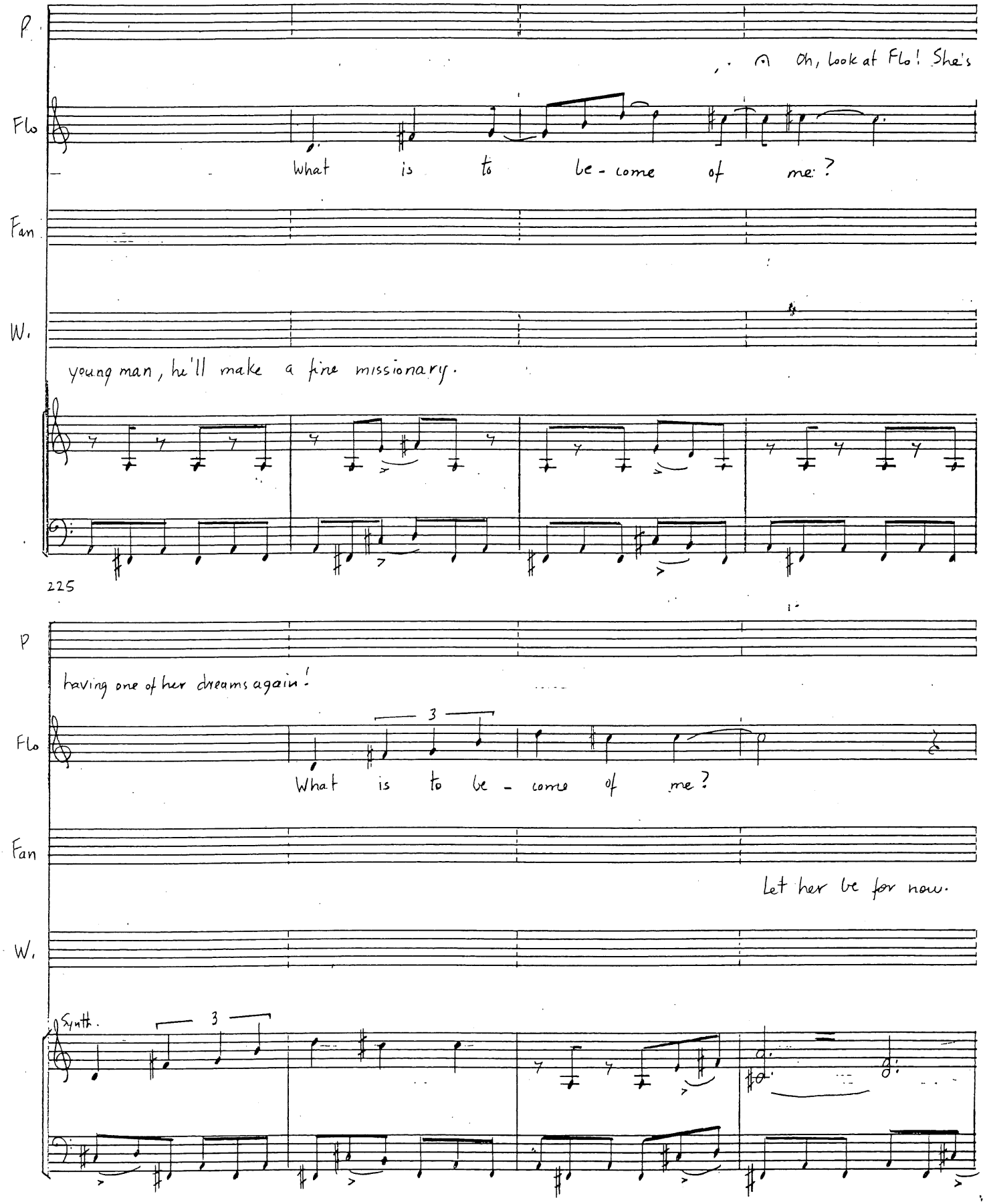
Too serious for me by half! and too old!

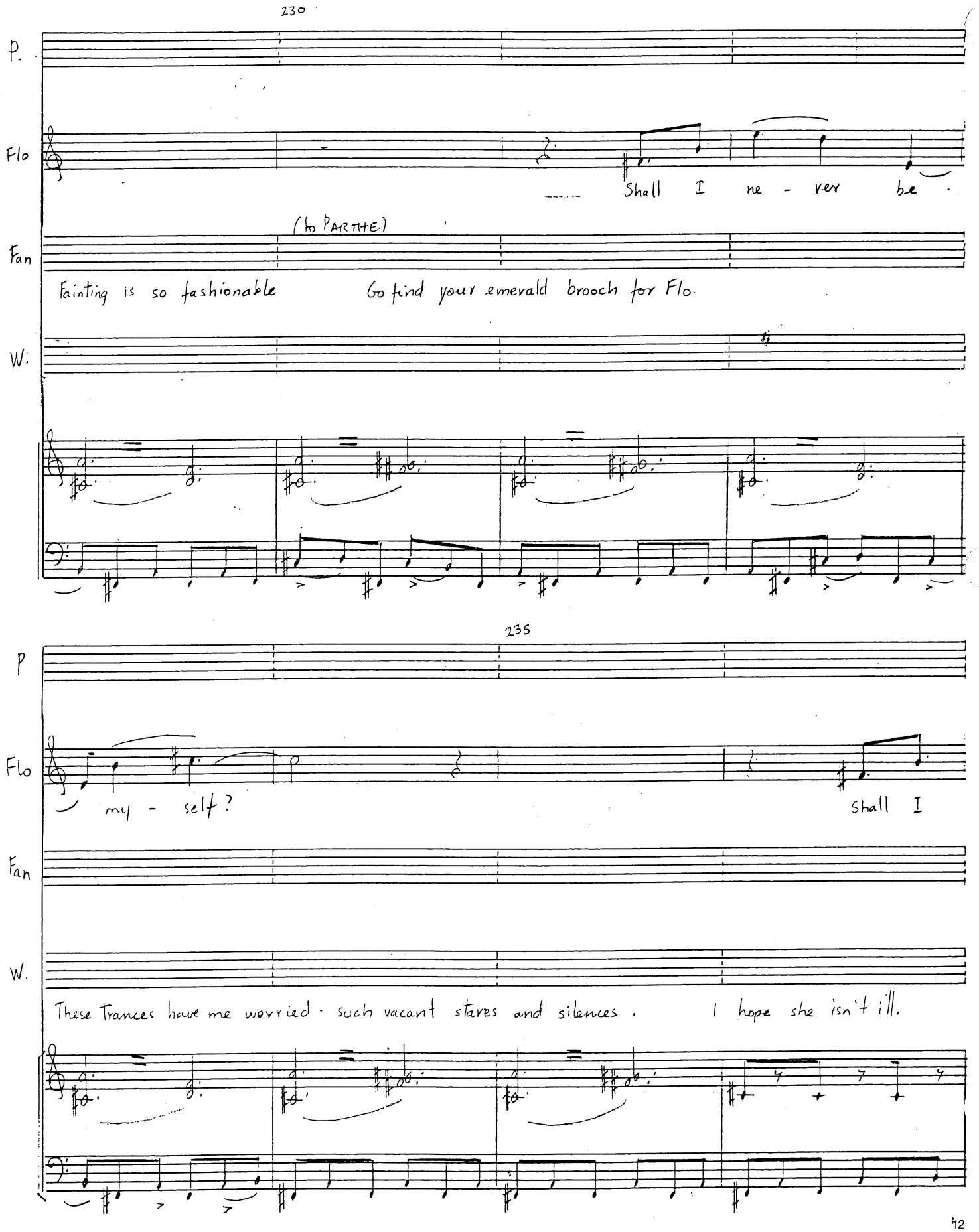
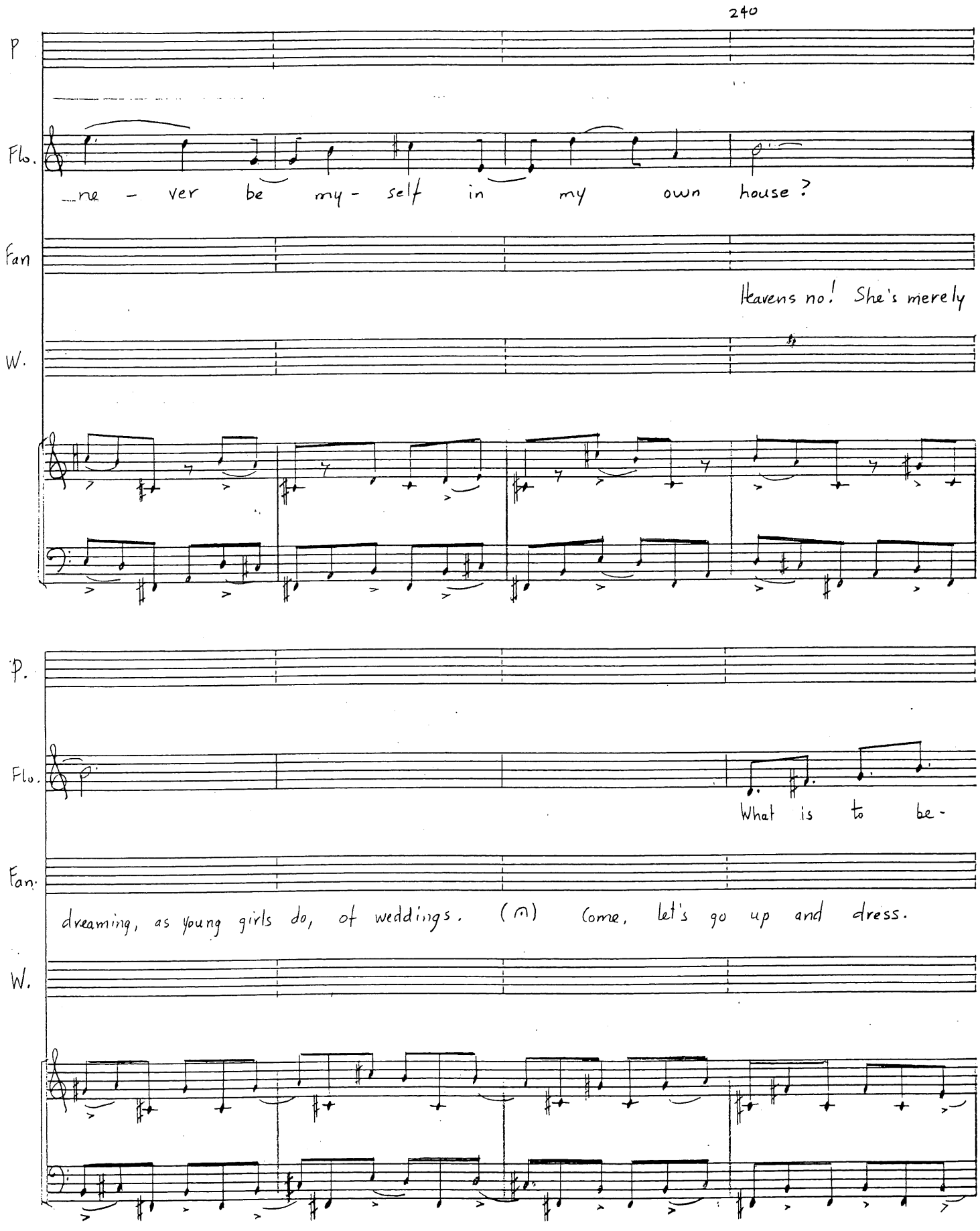
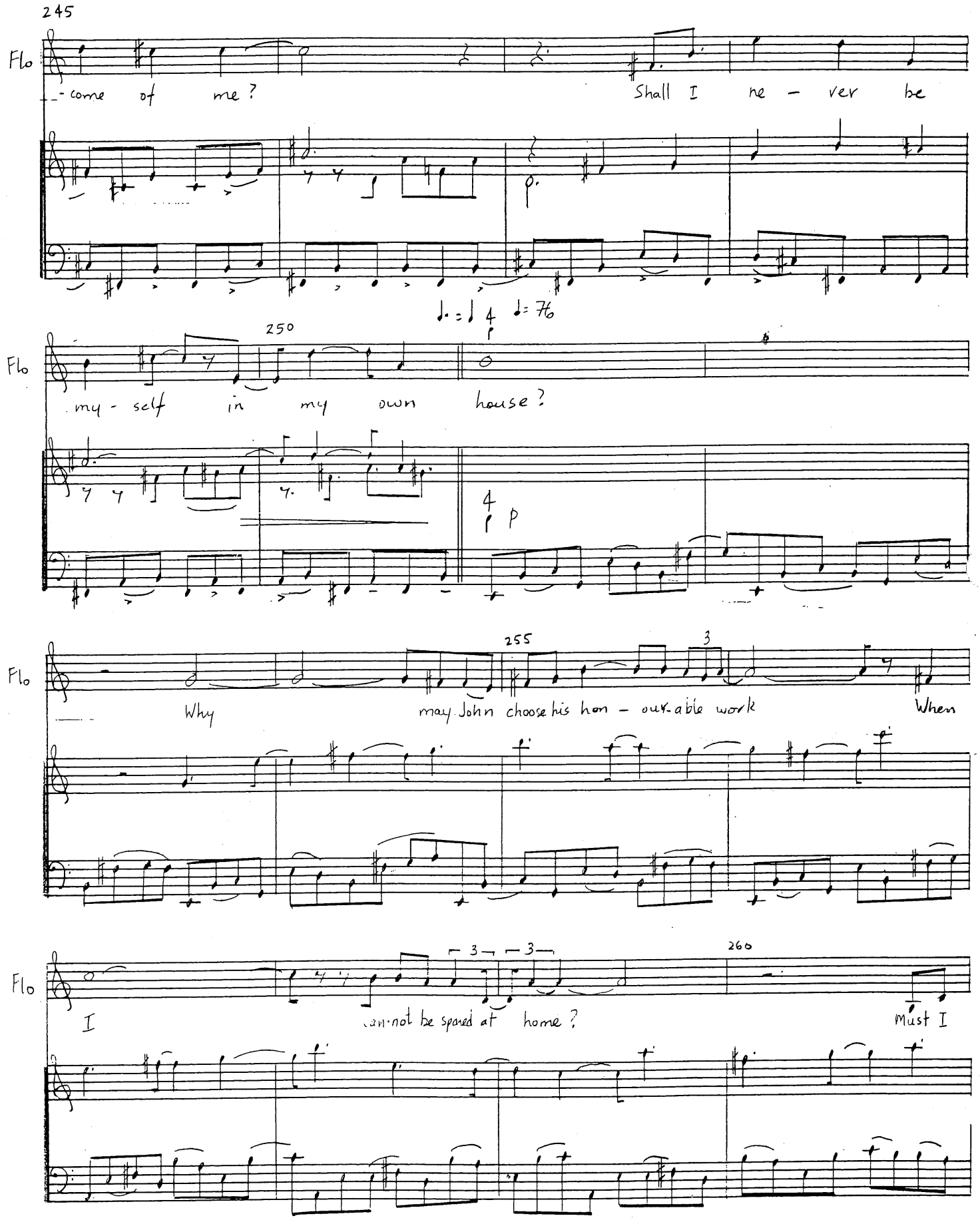
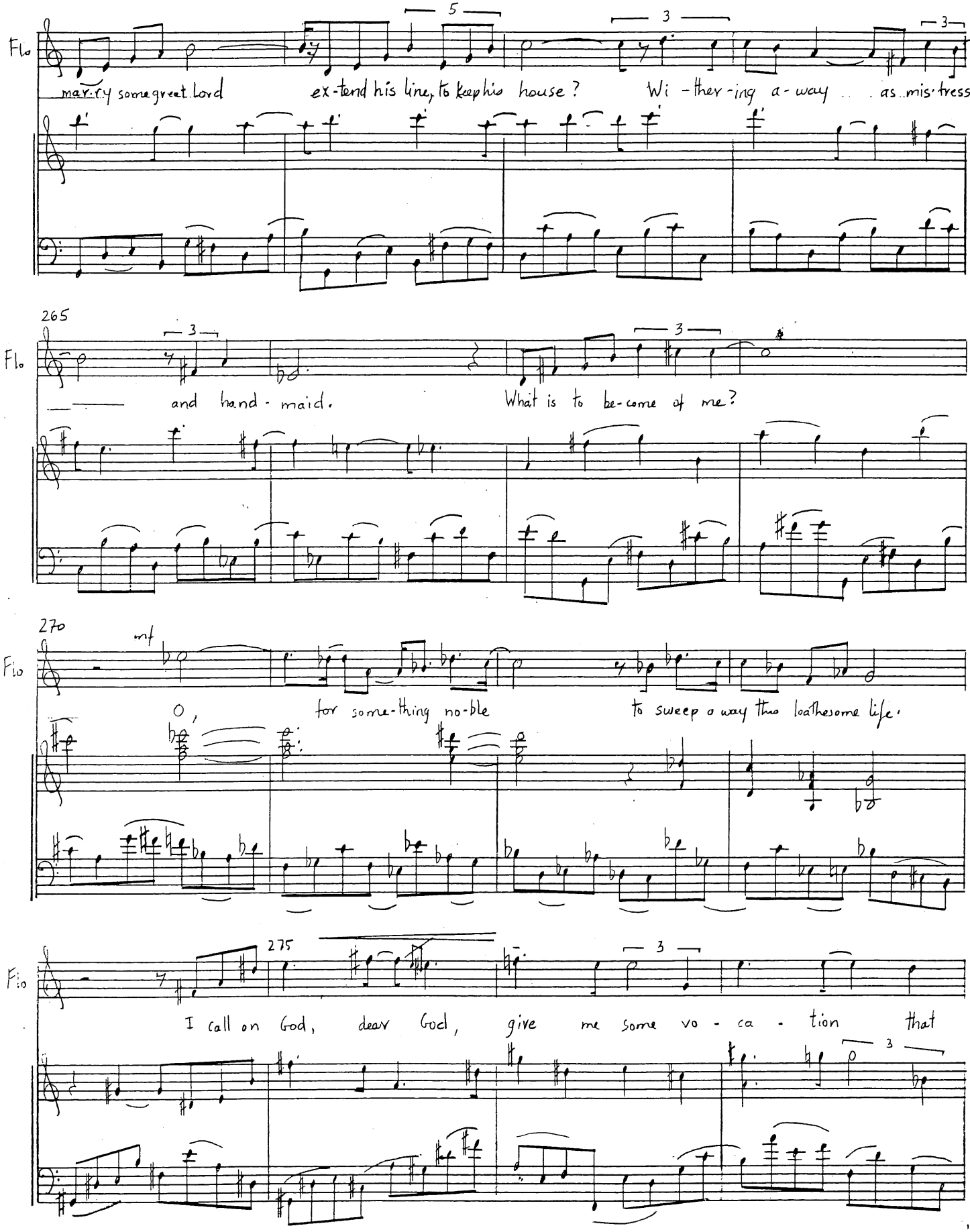
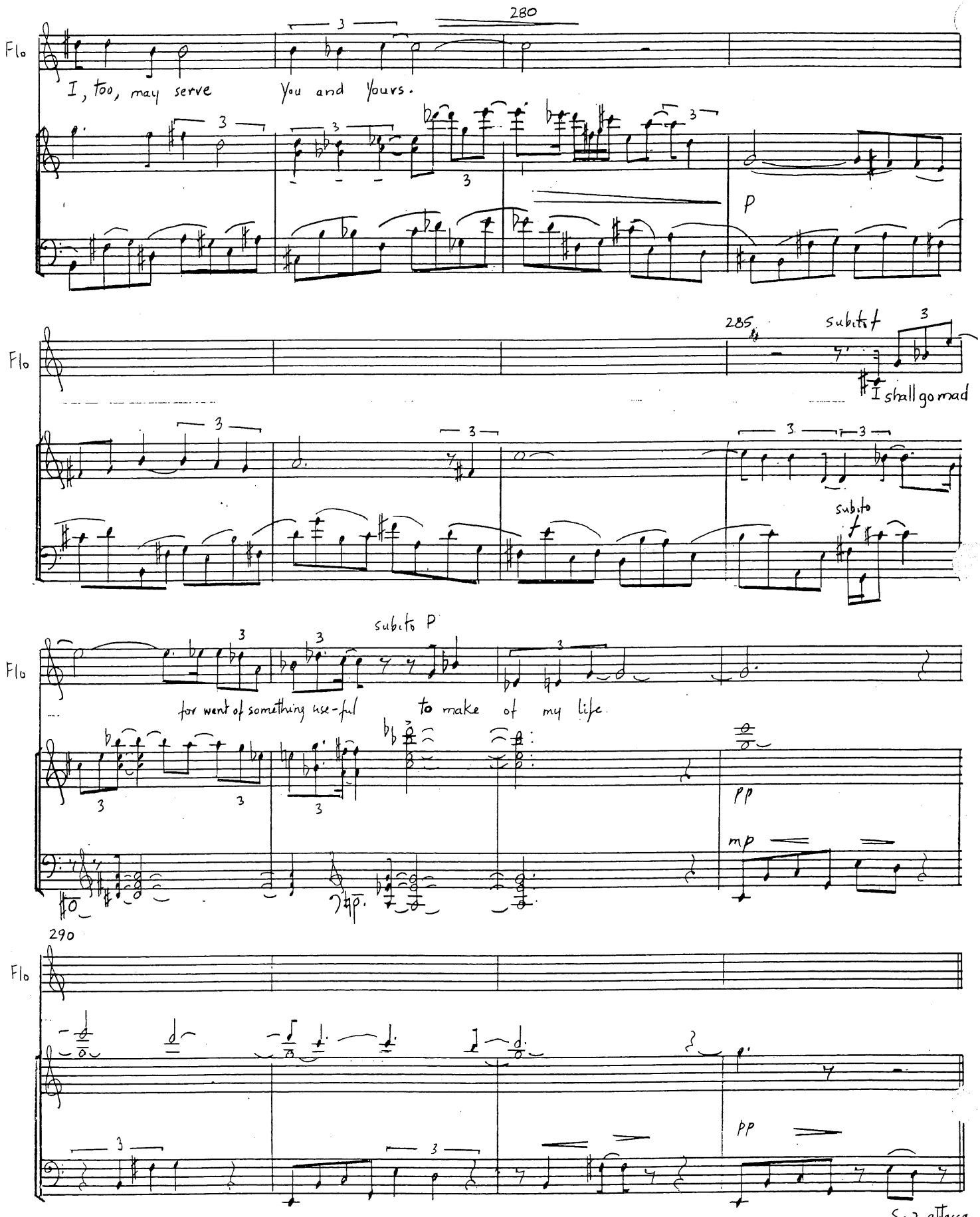
Flo

Now

Fan

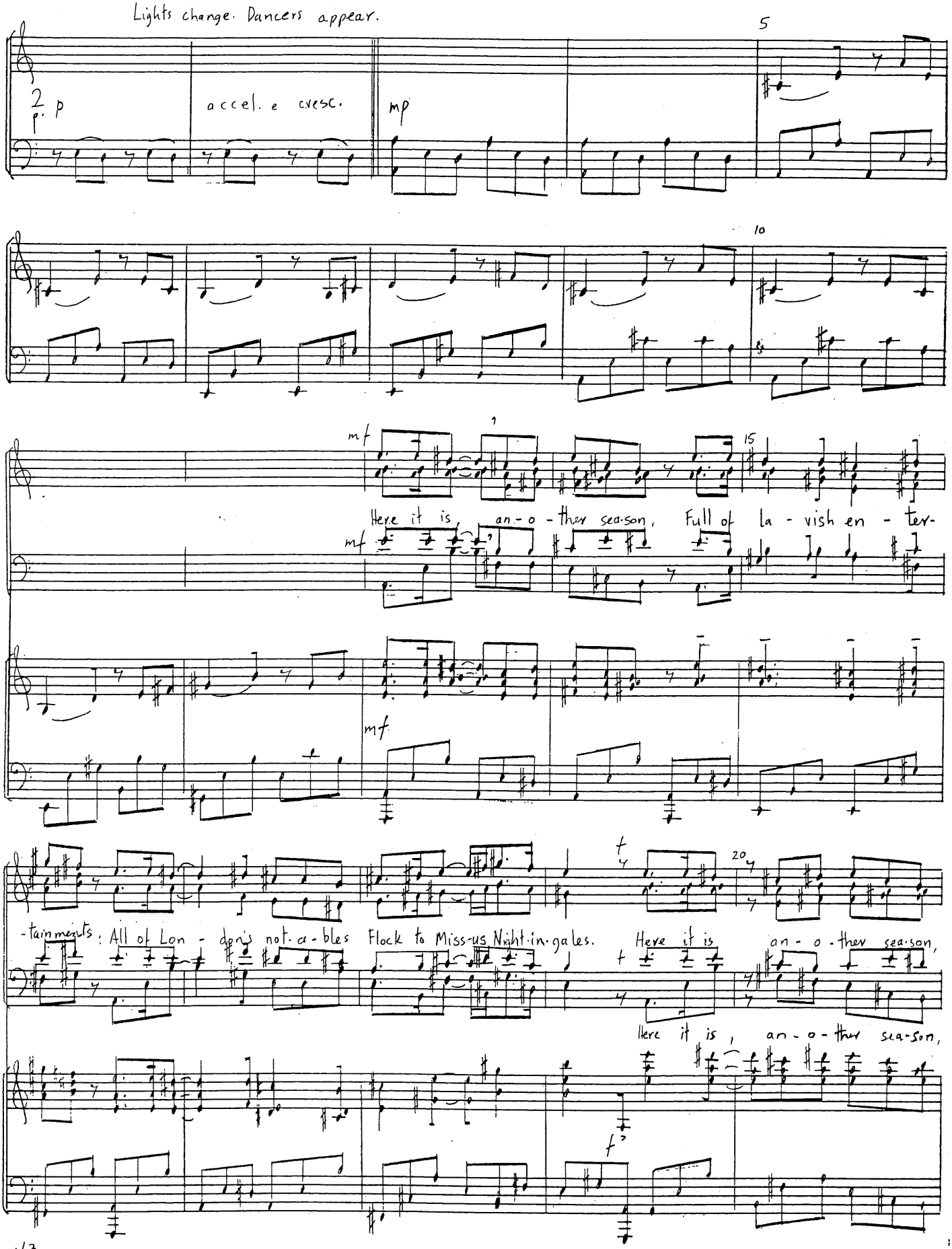
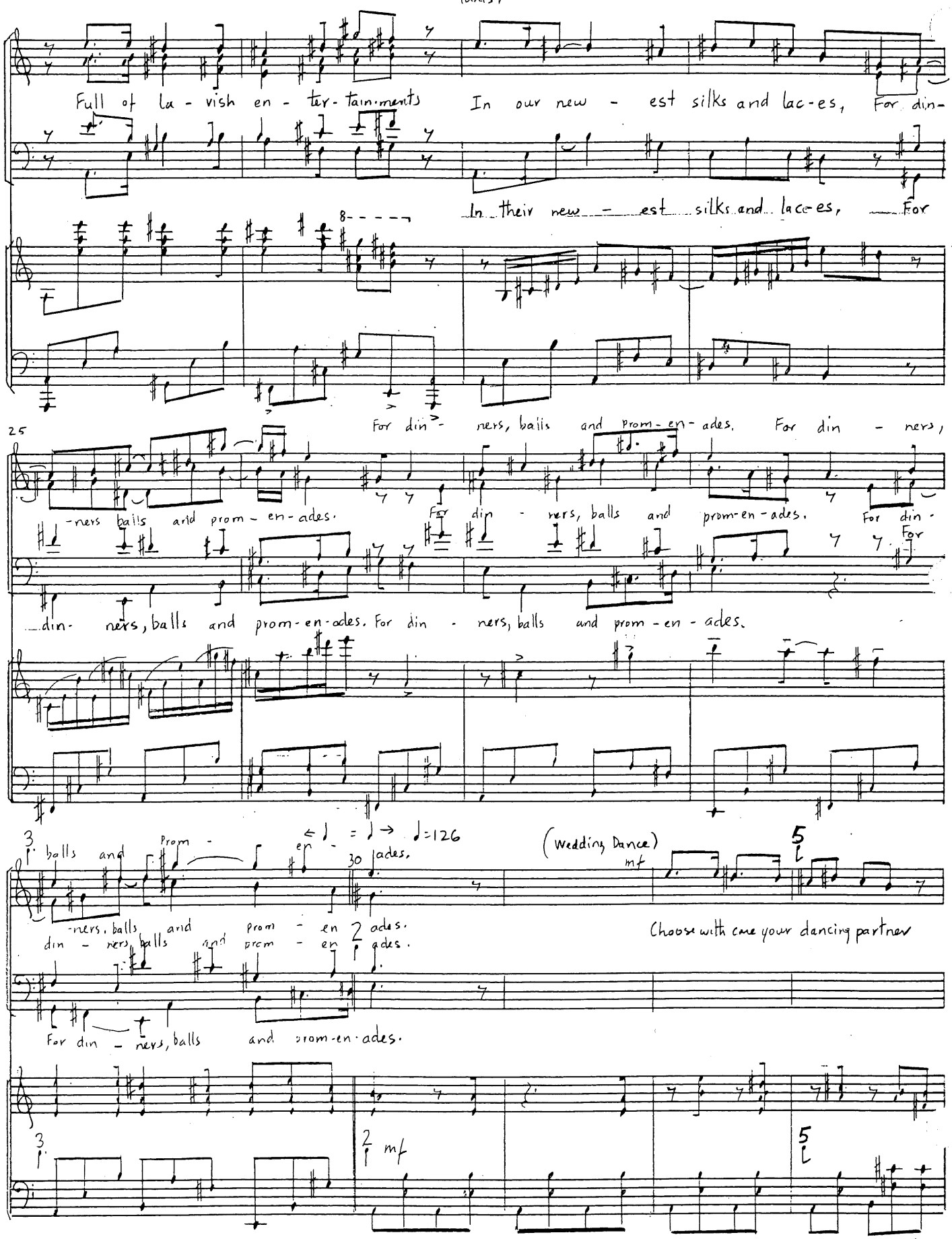
Well, I suppose someone must do these things.

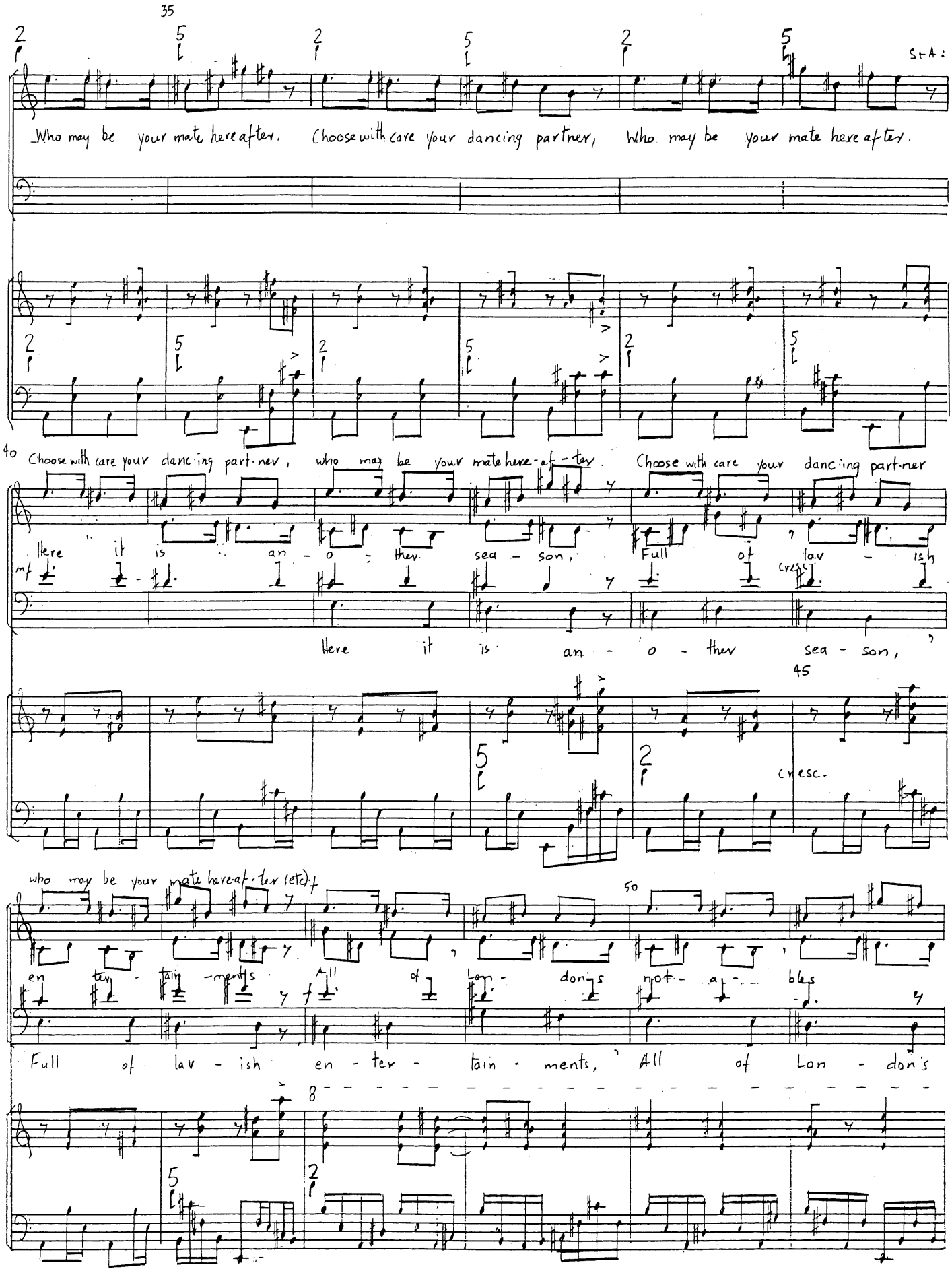
W.

215
P
Flo
John has a vis - ion to fol - low
While
Fan
W.
220 WEN
P
Flo
I have on - ly this te - di - ous life
Fan
W
A bold and upright
P

P.
Oh, look at Flo! She's
Flo
What is to be - come of me?
Fan
W.
young man, he'll make a fine missionary.
225
P
having one of her dreams again!
Flo
3
What is to be - come of me?
Fan
Let her be for now.
W.
Synth.
3


230
P.
Flo
Shall I ne - ver be
(to PARTITE)
Fan
Fainting is so fashionable
Go find your emerald brooch for Flo.
W.
235
P
Flo
my - self?
Shall I
Fan
W.
These Trances have me worried · such vacant stares and silences .
I hope she isn't ill.

240
P
Flo.
ne - ver be my - self in my own house?
Fan
Heavens no! She's merely
W.
P.
Flo.
What is to be-
Fan.
dreaming, as young girls do, of weddings. (n) Come, let's go up and dress.
W.

245
Flo
come of me?
Shall I ne - ver be
♩. = ♩ 4 ♩ = 76
250
Flo
my - self in my own house?
4
p
255
3
Flo
Why
may John choose his hon - our-able work
When
260
Flo
I
can-not be spared at home?
Must I

Flo
mar-ry some great Lord
ex-tend his line, to keep his house?
Wi-ther-ing a-way ... as mis-tress
265
and hand-maid.
What is to be-come of me?
270
mf
O,
for some-thing no-ble
to sweep a way this loathesome life.
275
I call on God, dear God, give me some vo-ca-tion that

280
Flo
I, too, may serve you and yours.
p
285
subito f
I shall go mad
subito
subito P
for want of something use-ful to make of my life
pp
mp
290
pp
Sc 2 attacca
12

Scene 2

♩. = 76

Lights change. Dancers appear.

(Unis)
Ch.
Full of la - vish en - ter - tainments In our new - est silks and lac-es, For din-
In their new - est silks and lace-es, For
For din - ners, balls and prom - en - ades. For din - ners,
25
Ch.
-ners balls and prom - en - ades. For din - ners, balls and prom-en-ades. For din -
For
din - ners, balls and prom-en-ades. For din - ners, balls and prom - en - ades.
3
balls and Prom - en - 30 ades.
(Wedding Dance)
mf
5
Ch
-ners, balls and prom - en 2 ades.
din - ners balls and prom - en ades.
Choose with one your dancing partner
For din - ners, balls and prom-en-ades.
3
2
mf
5

V.3

35
S+A:
Ch.
Who may be your mate hereafter. Choose with care your dancing partner, Who may be your mate hereafter.
40
Choose with care your dancing partner, who may be your mate here-af-ter. Choose with care your dancing partner
mf
Here it is an - o - ther sea - son, Full of lav - ish
cresc.
Here it is an - o - ther sea - son,
45
cresc.
who may be your mate here-af-ter (etc.)
50
en ter - tain - ments. All of Lon - don's not - a - ble
Full of lav - ish en - ter - tain - ments, All of Lon - don's
8

v.3

♩. = 60

← ♩. = ♩. →

55

2 Partners resume dancing

Flock to Miss-is Night-en-gale's.

not - a - bles flock to Miss-is Night - en - gale's.

2 mp sub.

Florence

60

Flo

Richard (kisses Flo's hand)

mf

R

What an enchantiny dancer you are

Floating about as if you're

65

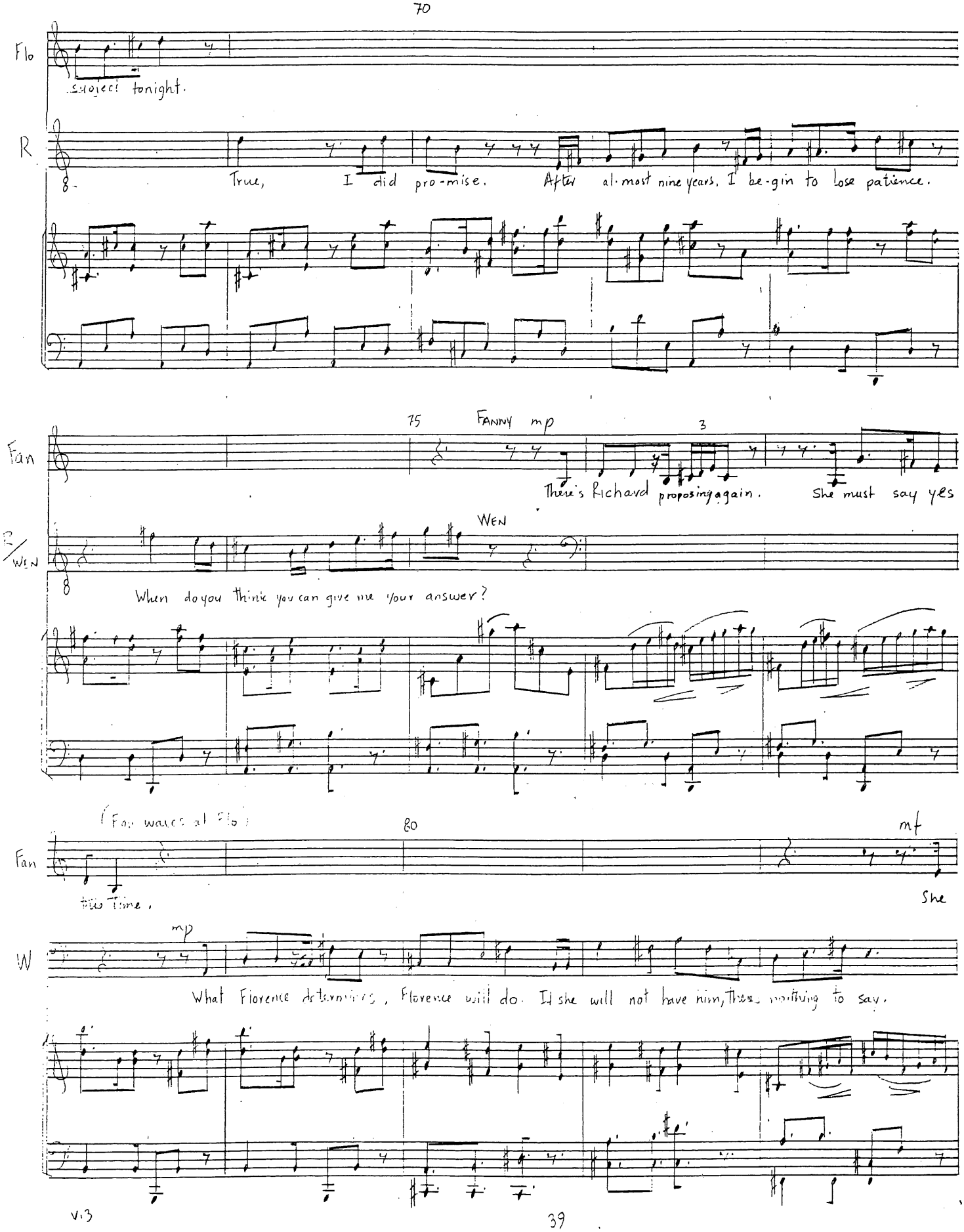
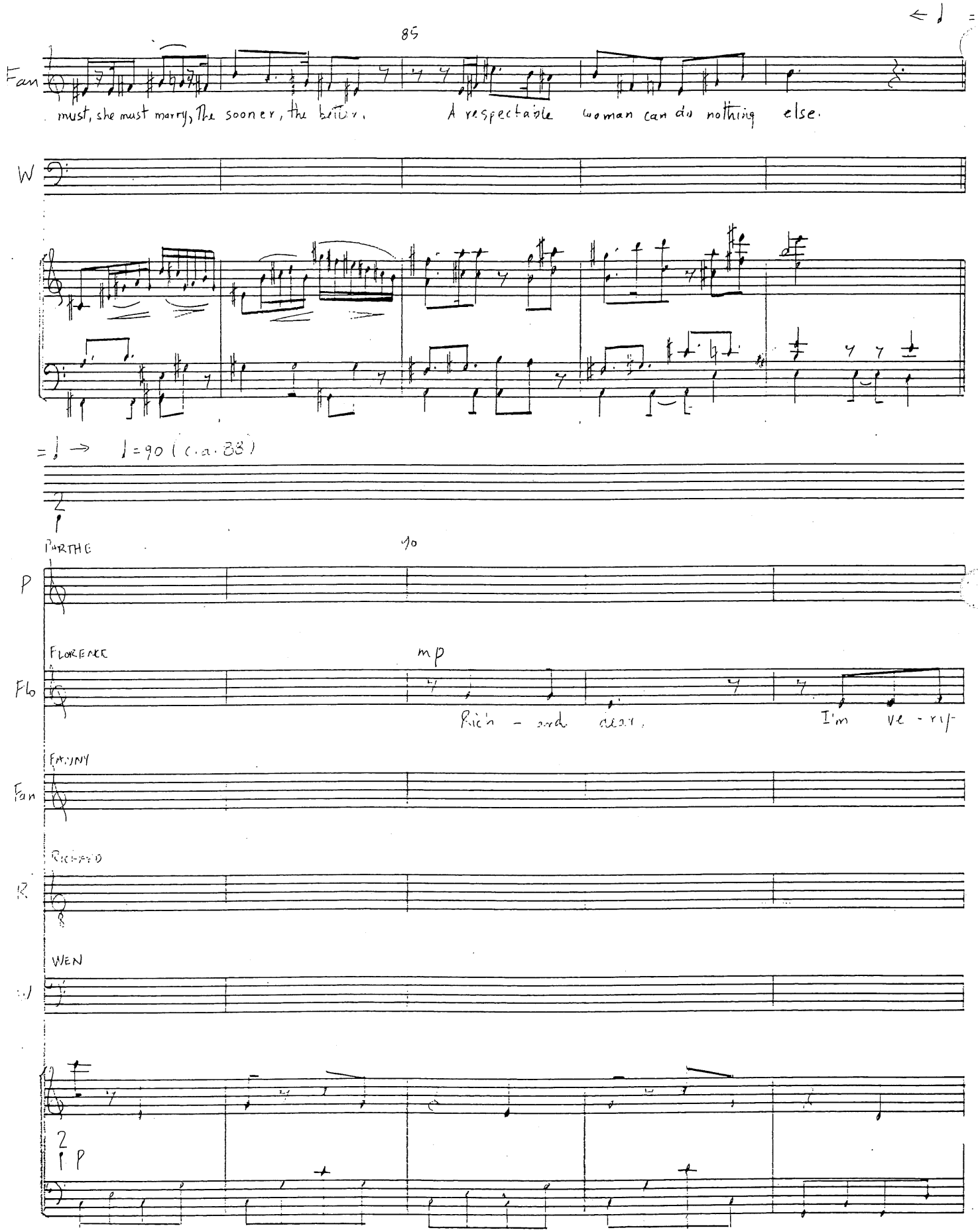
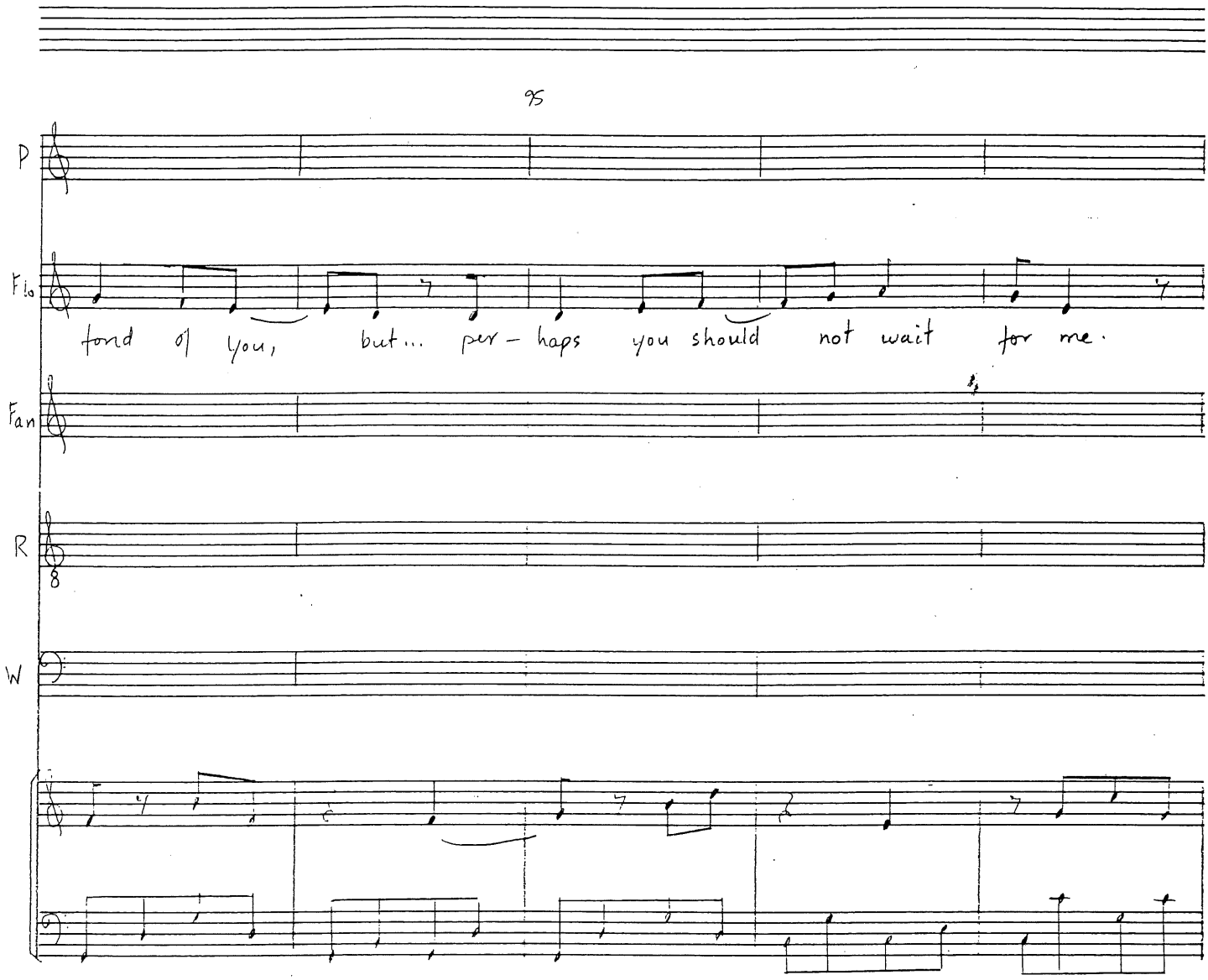
mf

Flo

Now, Richard, — you promised not to speak on that

R

trying your wings

How I wish for such a partner al-ways

Flo
project tonight.
R
True, I did pro-mise. After al-most nine years, I be-gin to lose patience.
75
Fanny mp
3
Fan
There's Richard proposing again. She must say yes
Wen
B/Wen
When do you think you can give me your answer?
(Fan waves at Flo)
80
mf
Fan
this time.
She
mp
W
What Florence determines, Florence will do. If she will not have him, there's nothing to say.

85
Fan
must, she must marry, The sooner, the better. A respectable woman can do nothing else.
W
= ♩ → ♩ = 90 (c.a. 88)
2
PARTHE
P
FLORENCE
mp
Fl
Rich - and dear, I'm ve - ry
FANNY
Fan
RICHARD
R
WEN
2
P

P
Flo
fond of you, but... per- haps you should not wait for me.
Fan
R
8
W

100

P

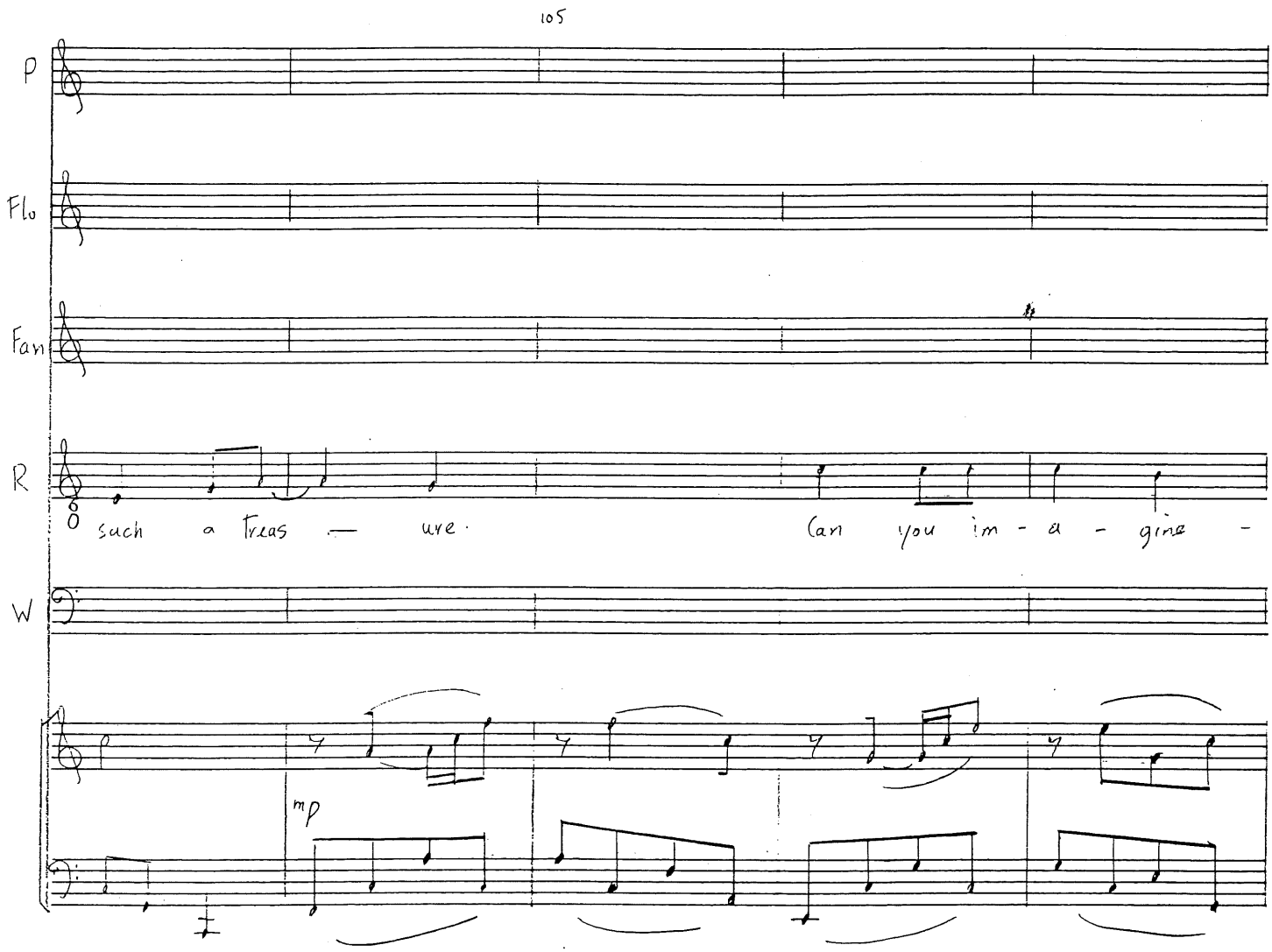
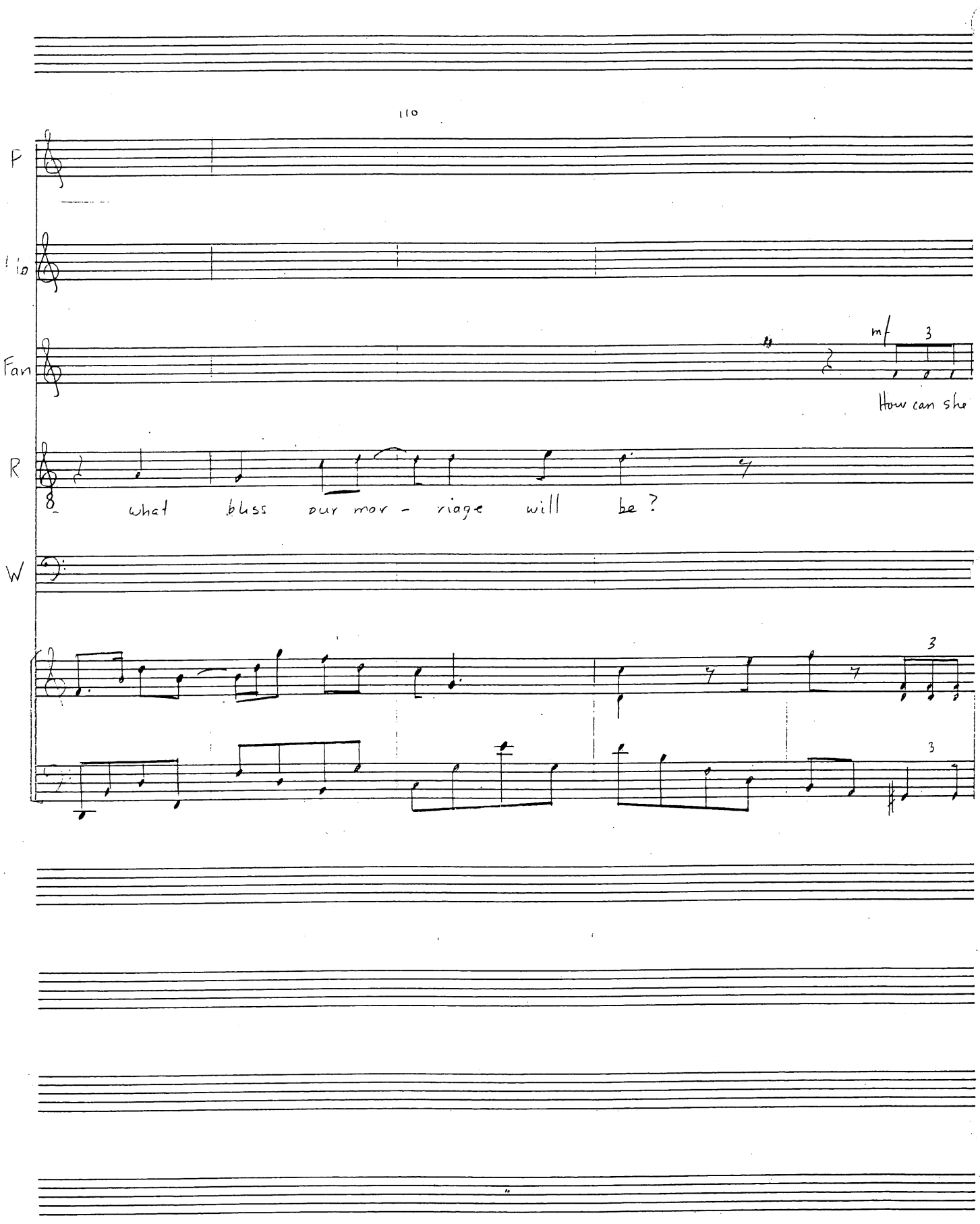
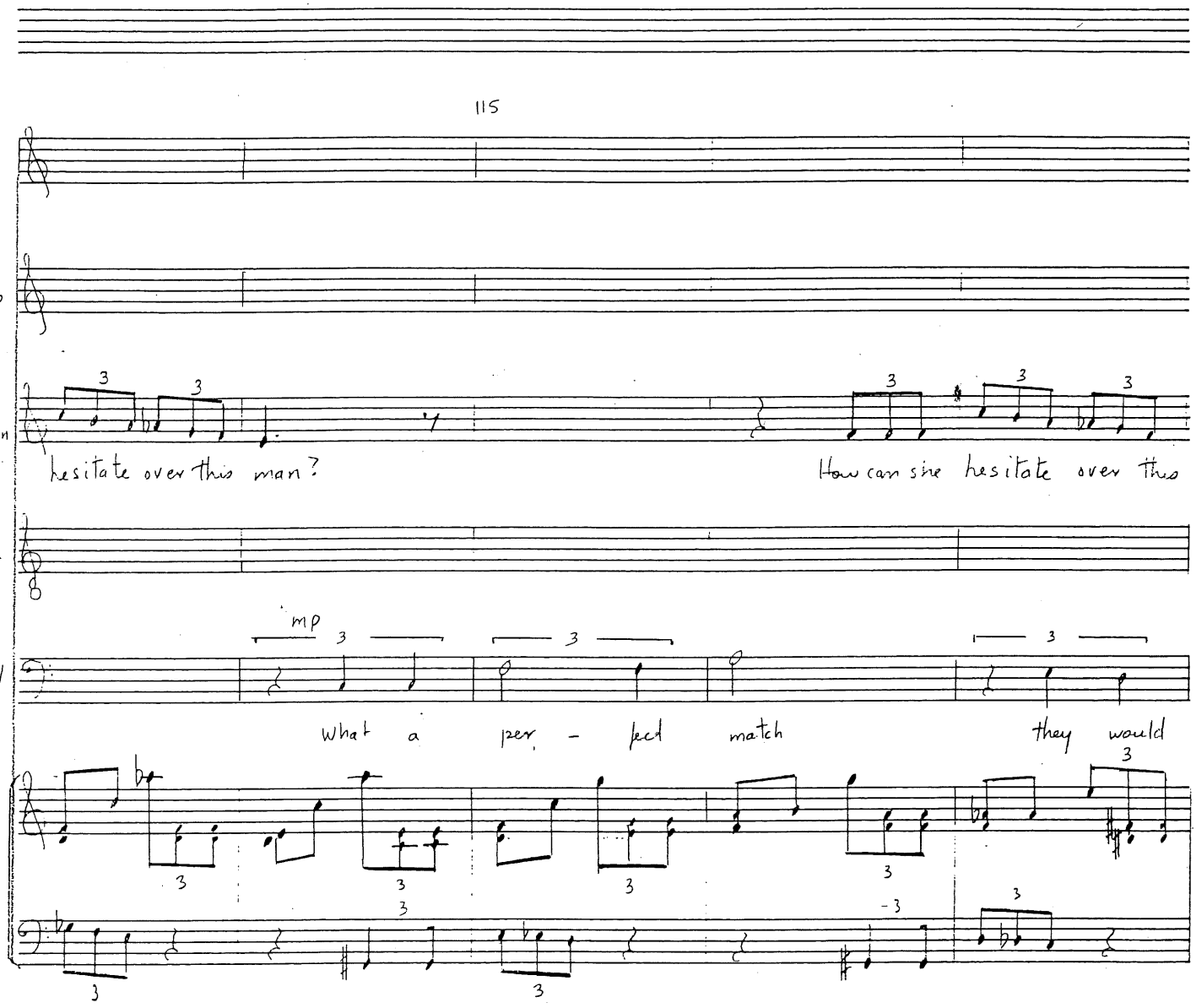
Flo

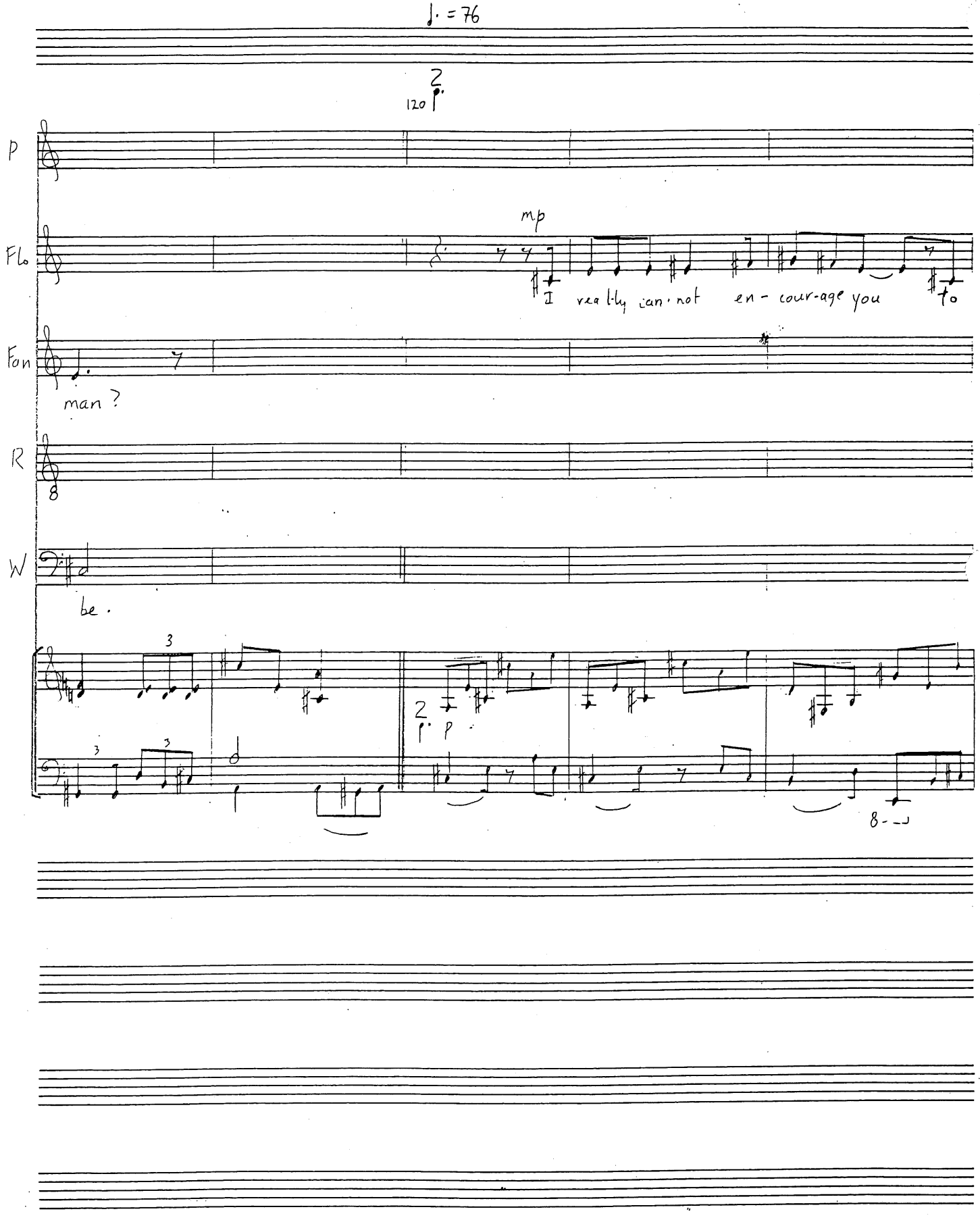
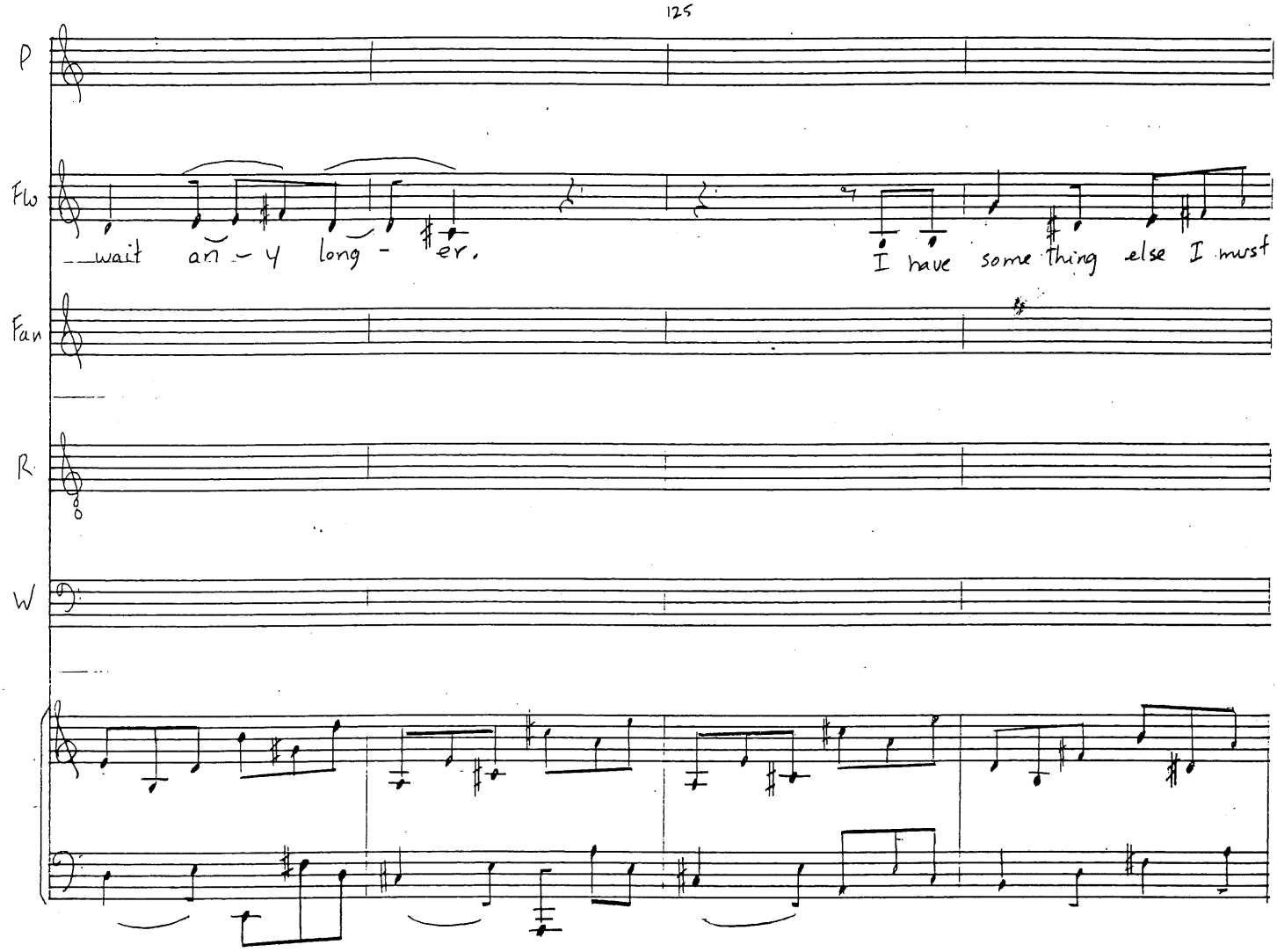
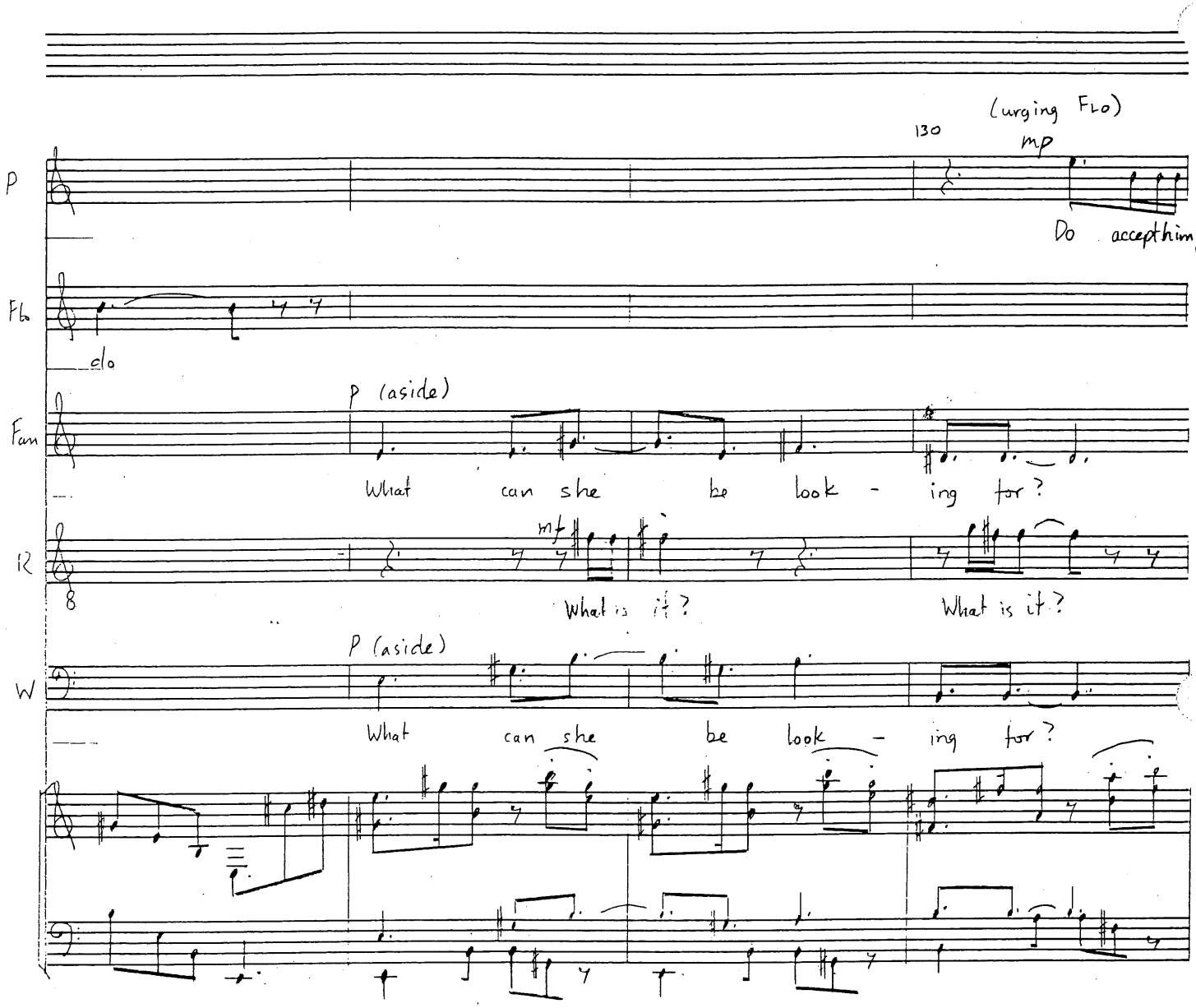
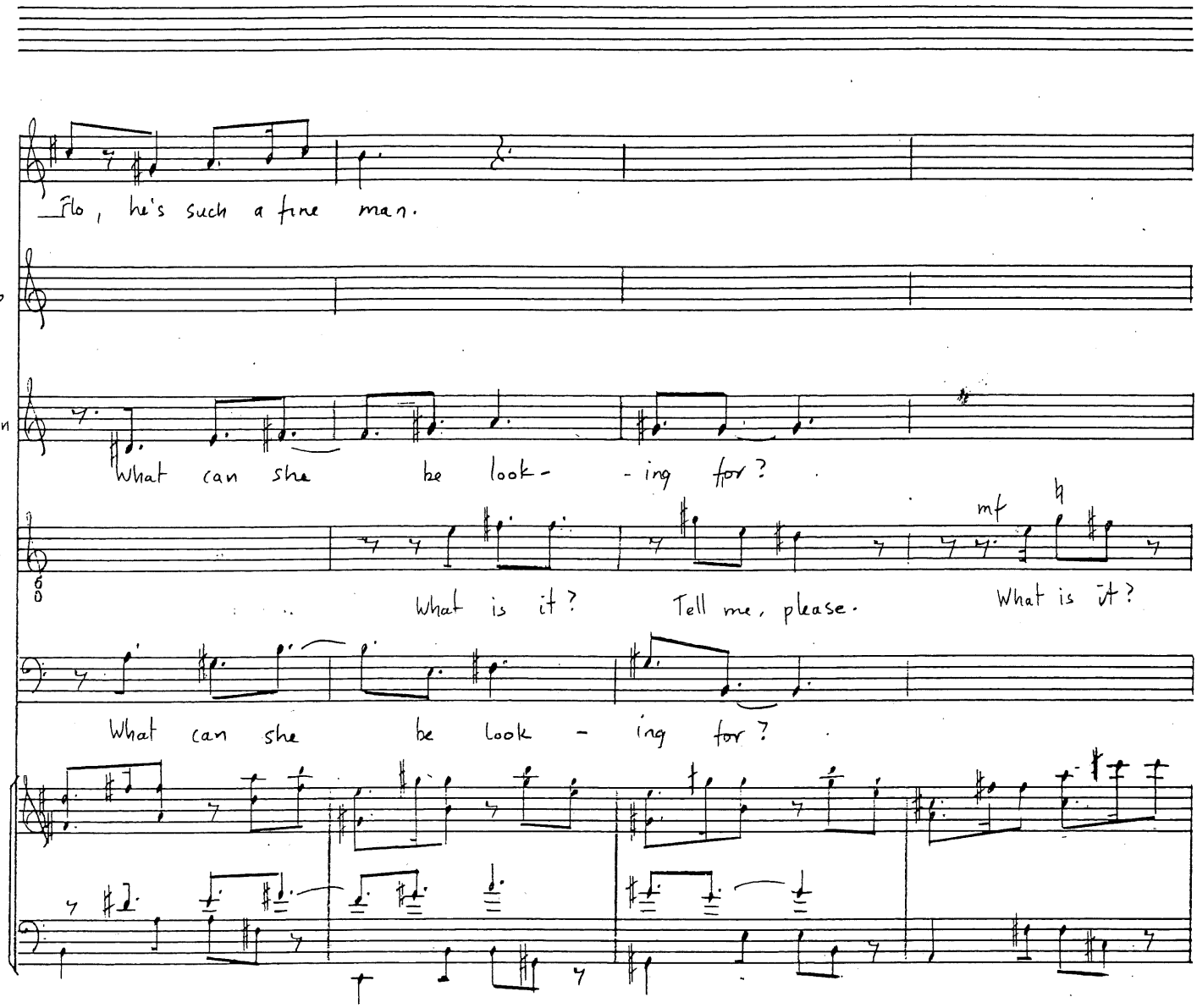
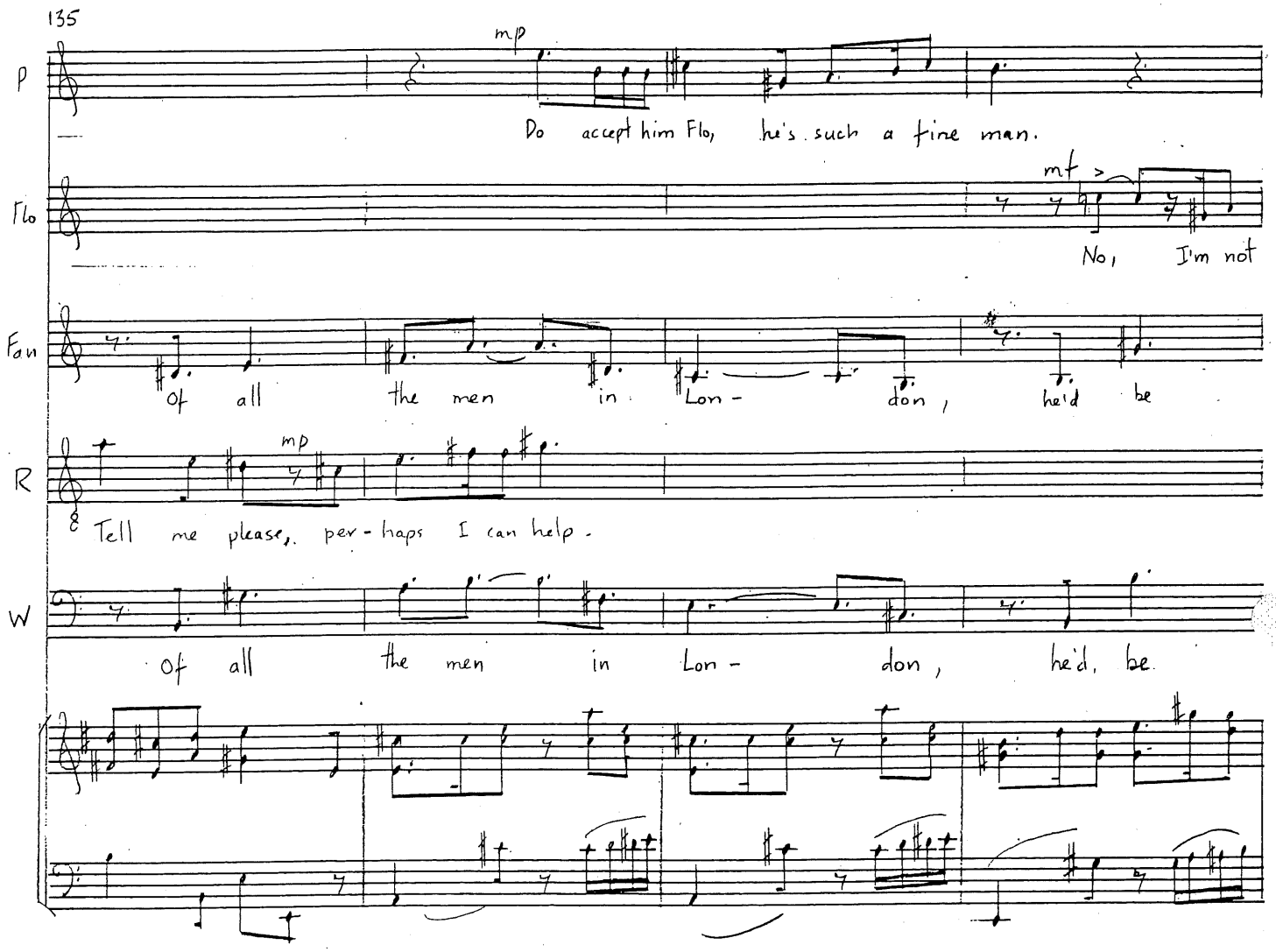
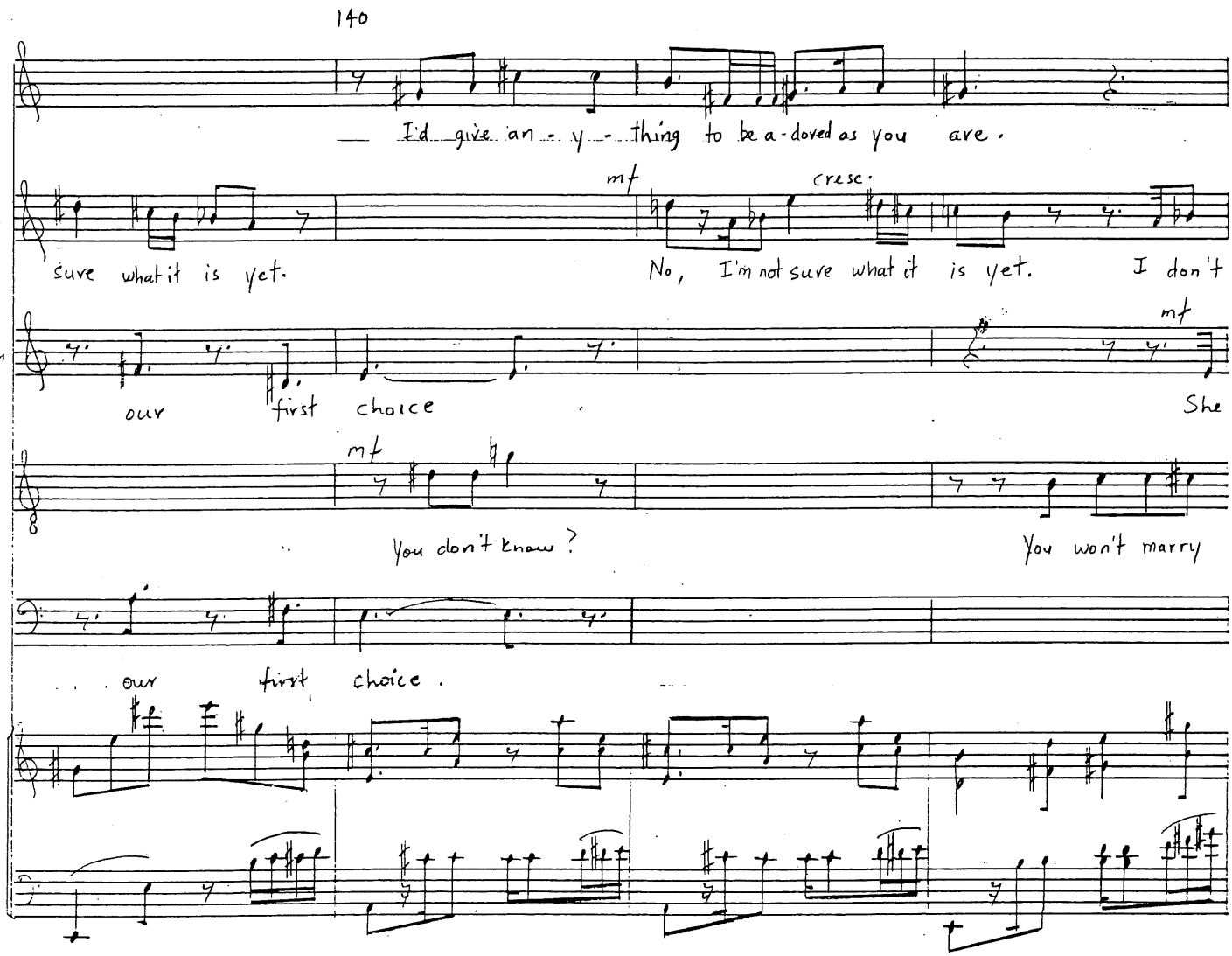
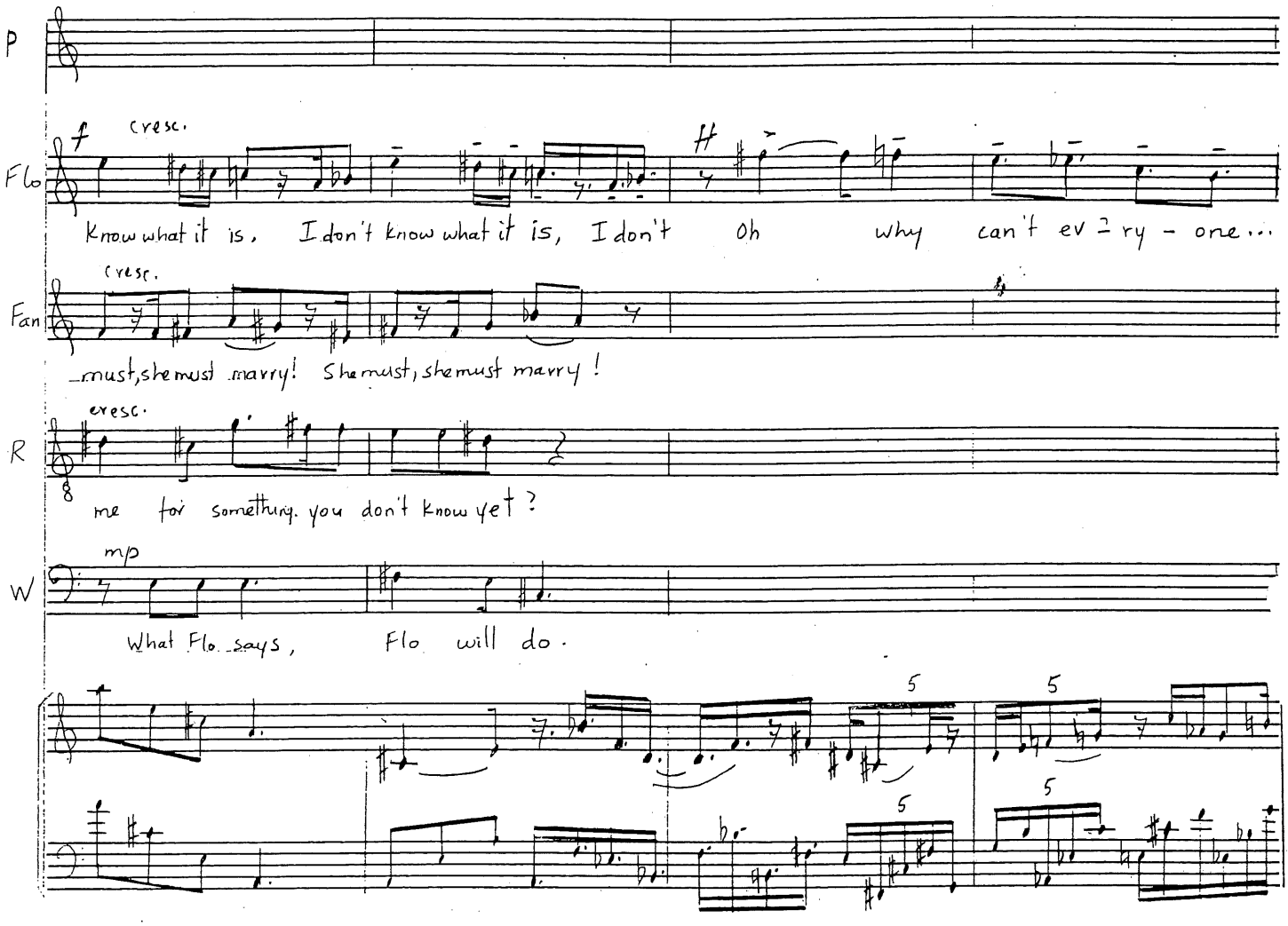
Fan

R

mp

I have wait - ed un - com - plaining; for

W

105
P
Flo
Fan
R
such a treas — ure.
Can you im - a - gine -
W
mp

110
P
Fan
mf
3
How can she
R
what bliss our mar - riage will be ?
W
3
3

115
P
Flo
Fan
hesitate over this man?
How can she hesitate over this
R
W
mp
What a per - fect match they would

V.4

♩. = 76
120
2
P
mp
Flo
I really can not en - cour-age you
to
Fon
man ?
R
8
W
be .
3
3
3
2
p
8

P
Flo
wait an - y long - er.
I have some thing else I must
Fan
R
W

130
(urging Flo)
mp
P
Do accept him,
Flo
elo
Fan
P (aside)
What can she be look - ing for?
IR
mf
What is it?
What is it?
W
P (aside)
What can she be look - ing for?

P
Flo, he's such a fine man.
Flo
Fan
What can she be look- -ing for?
R
mf
What is it? Tell me, please. What is it?
W
What can she be look - ing for?

135
P
mp
Do accept him Flo, he's such a fine man.
Flo
mf
No, I'm not
Fan
Of all the men in Lon - don, he'd be
R
mp
Tell me please, per - haps I can help.
W
Of all the men in Lon - don, he'd be

140
P
I'd give an - y - thing to be a - dored as you are.
Flu
mf
cresc.
sure what it is yet.
No, I'm not sure what it is yet.
I don't
Fan
mf
our first choice
She
R
mf
You don't know?
You won't marry
W
. . . our first choice .

P
f cresc.
Flo
Know what it is, I don't know what it is, I don't Oh why can't ev - ry - one...
cresc.
Fan
must, she must marry! She must, she must marry!
cresc.
R
me for something. you don't know yet?
mp
W
What Flo says, Flo will do.
5
5
5
5

♩=138

150

Parthe

P

Florence

Flo

Fanny

Fan

Richard

R

S

p PP slow gliss mp PP slow gliss mp p

A

mp PP slow gliss mp PP slow gliss mp p

cha

T

mp

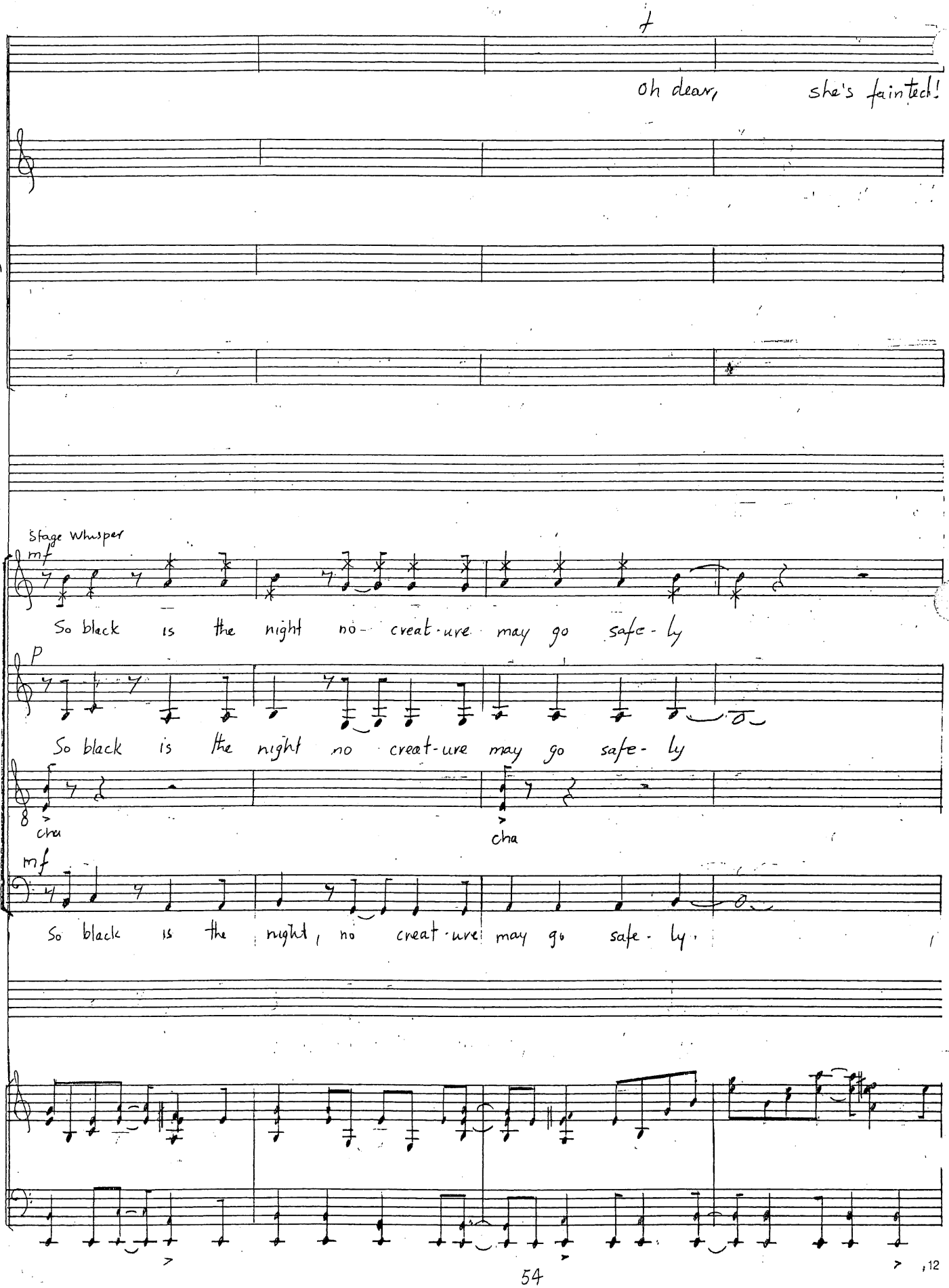
cha cha cha

B

mp

cha cha Cha

4 mf

V.4 * + : mouth closed

P
oh dear, she's fainted!
Flo
Fan
R
Stage Whisper
mf
S
So black is the night no - creat - ure may go safe - ly
P
A
So black is the night no creat - ure may go safe - ly
T
8
cha
cha
mf
B
So black is the night, no creat - ure may go safe - ly.

P

Help, someone!

Flo

Fan

R

f

Bring the salts! Quickly!

(sung) (s.whisper) (sung) (s.whisper)

mf

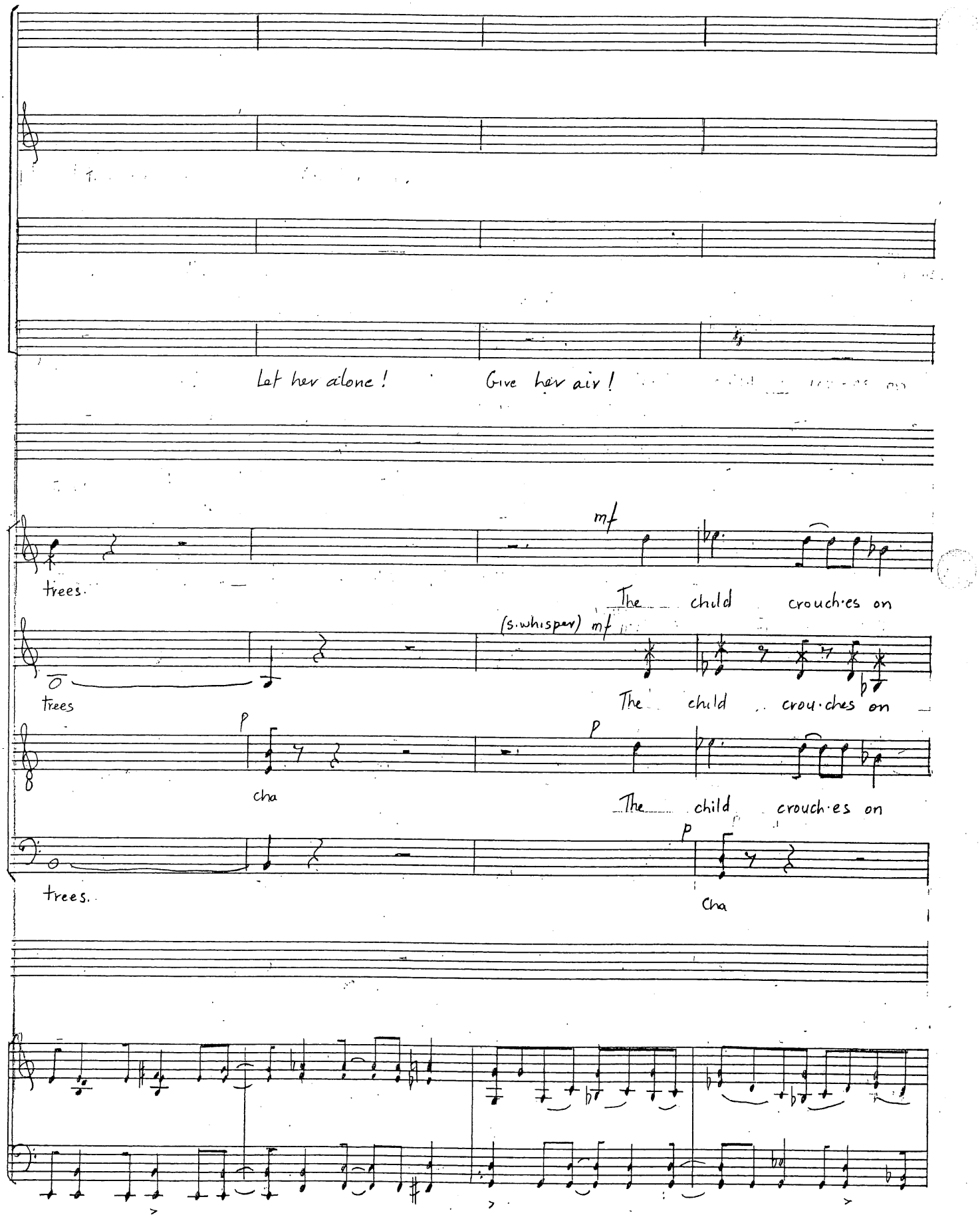
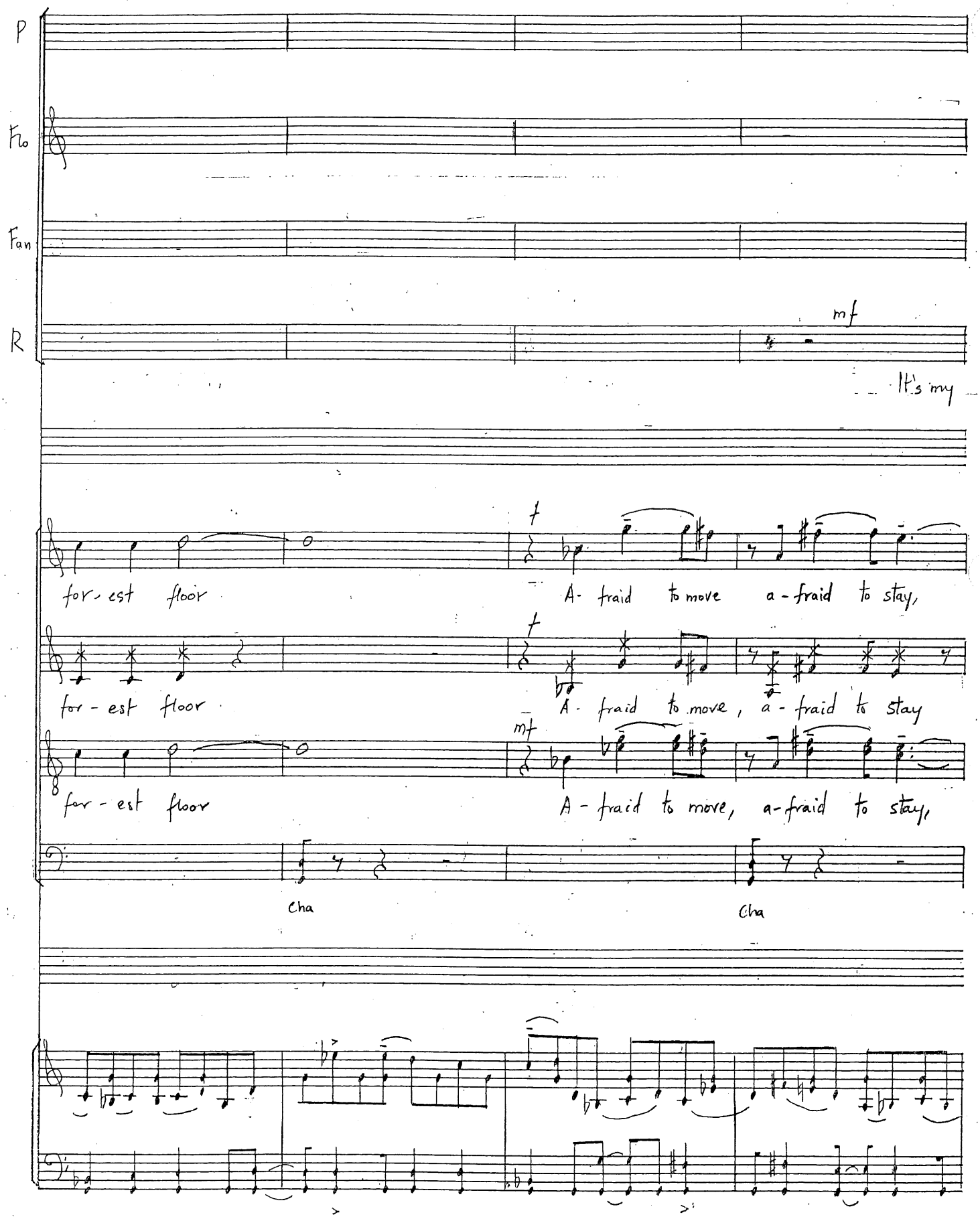
The owl shrieks, the bat squeals in the weav-ing, clutch-ing

mf

The owl shrieks, the bat squeals in the weav-ing, clutch-ing

mp p

Cha Cha Cha

The owl shrieks, the bat squeals in the weaving, clutch-ing

P
Flo
Fan
R
Let her alone!
Give her air!
mf
trees.
The child crouch·es on
(s.whisper) mf
trees
The child crou·ches on
p
p
cha
The child crouch·es on
p
trees.
Cha

P
Flo
Fan
R
mf
It's my
for - est floor
t
A - fraid to move a - fraid to stay,
for - est floor
t
A - fraid to move, a - fraid to stay
for - est floor
mf
A - fraid to move, a - fraid to stay,
Cha
Cha

P

Flo

Fan

R

fault, I disturbed her with my question.

mp

_ Trembling for the break of day.

mf

Tremb-ling for the break of day.

mp

_Trembling for the break of day.

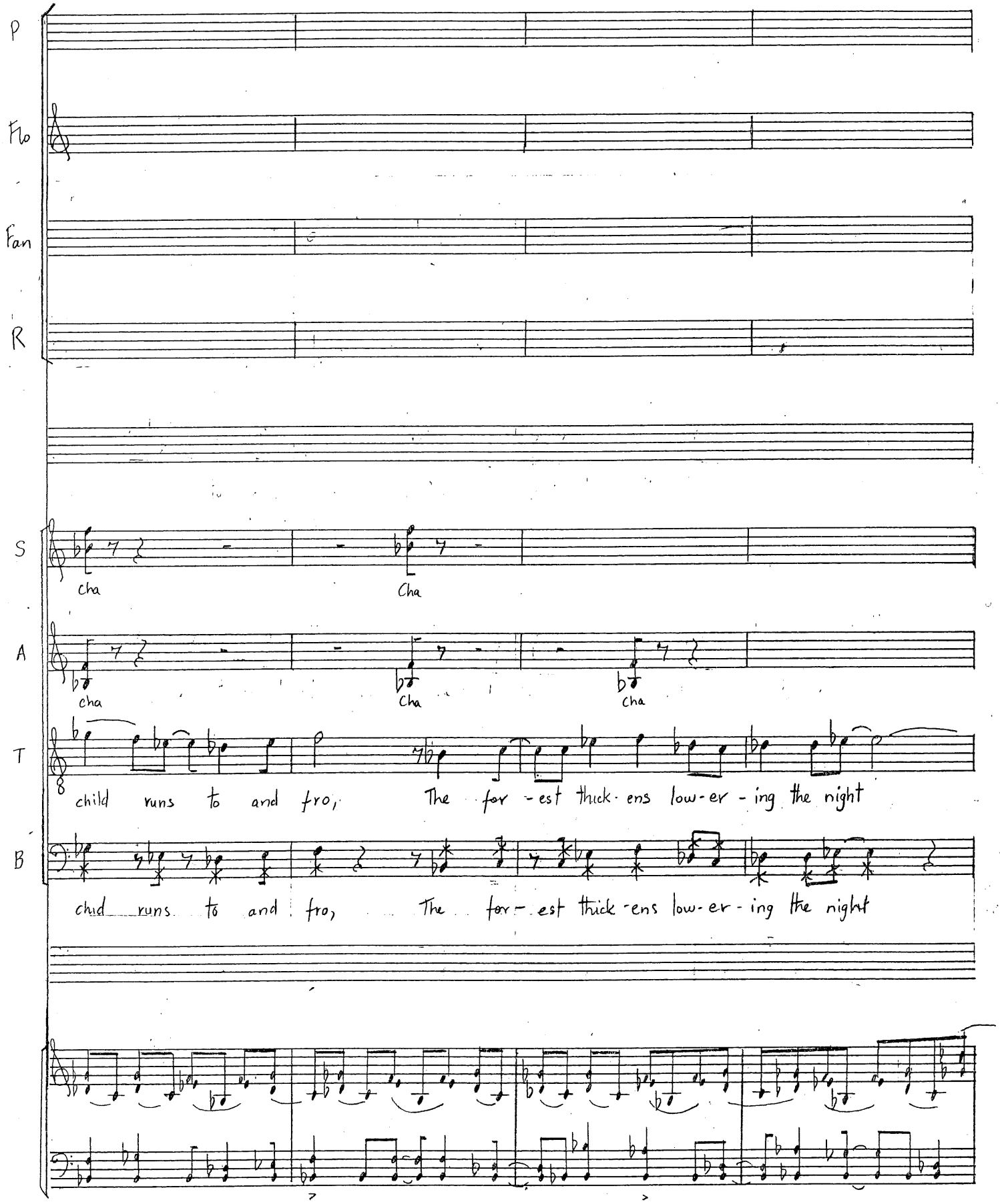
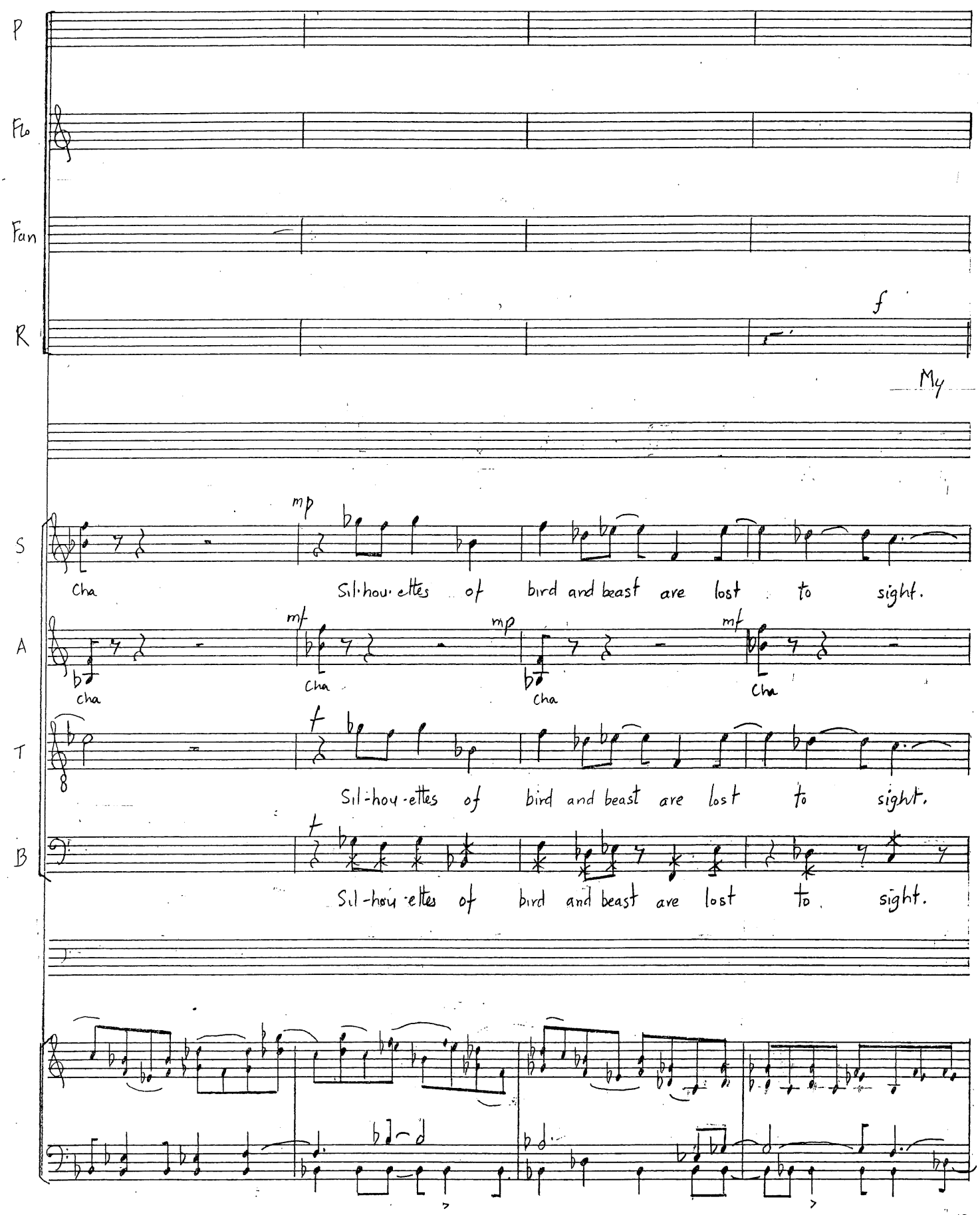
f

The

cha

cha

s. whisper f

The

P
Flo
Fan
R
S
cha
Cha
A
cha
Cha
cha
T
child runs to and fro, The for - est thick - ens low - er - ing the night
B
chid runs to and fro, The for - est thick - ens low - er - ing the night

P
Flo
Fan
R
f
My
S
mp
Cha Sil-hou-ettes of bird and beast are lost to sight.
A
mf
mp
mf
cha
Cha
cha
Cha
T
Sil-hou-ettes of bird and beast are lost to sight.
B
Sil-hou-ettes of bird and beast are lost to sight.

WEN and RICHARD carry FLORENCE to a couch.

P.

Flo

Fan

R

dearest, I am sorry. Here, let me help you. You're so pale, are you ill?

S

A

f

The gates of the for-

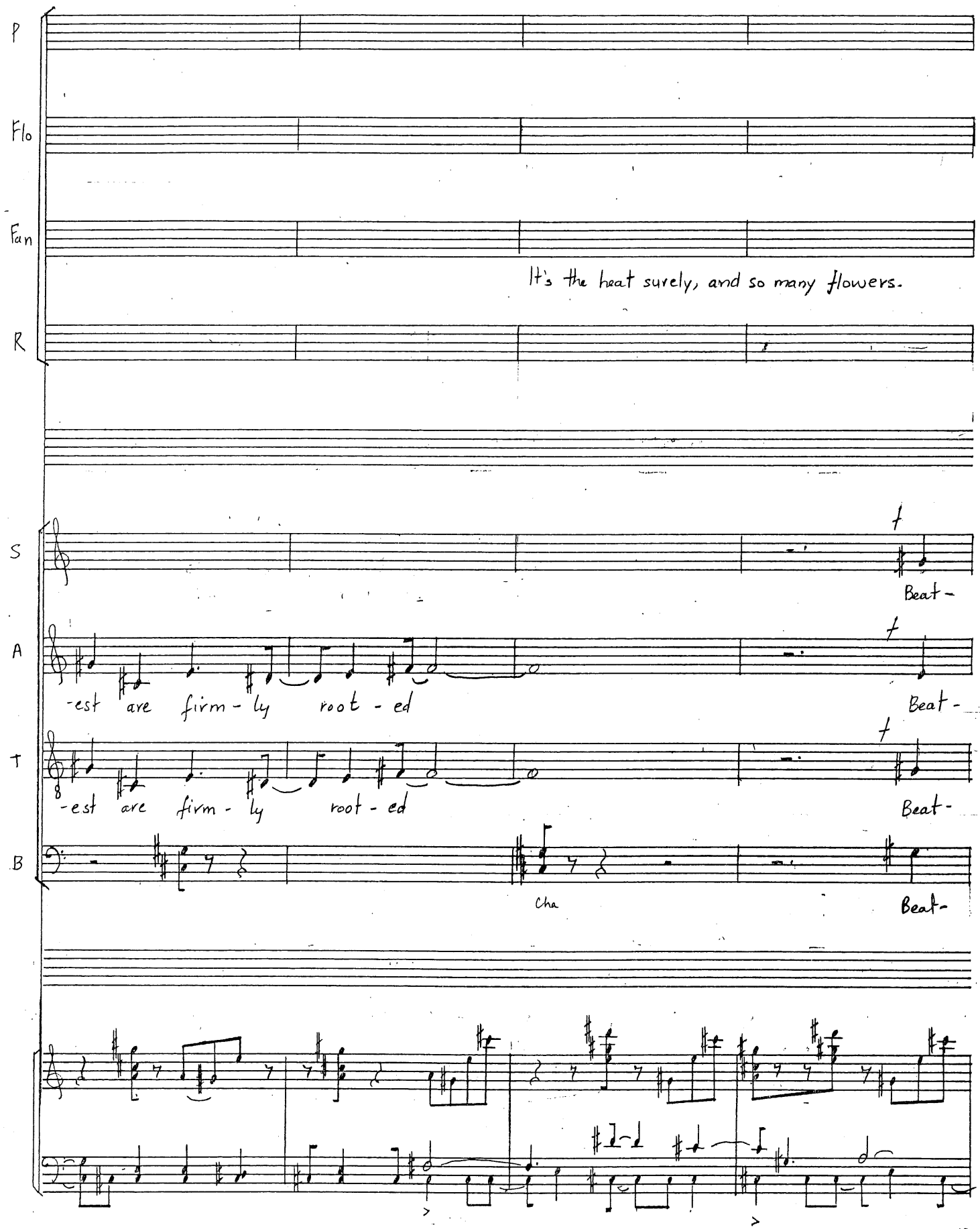
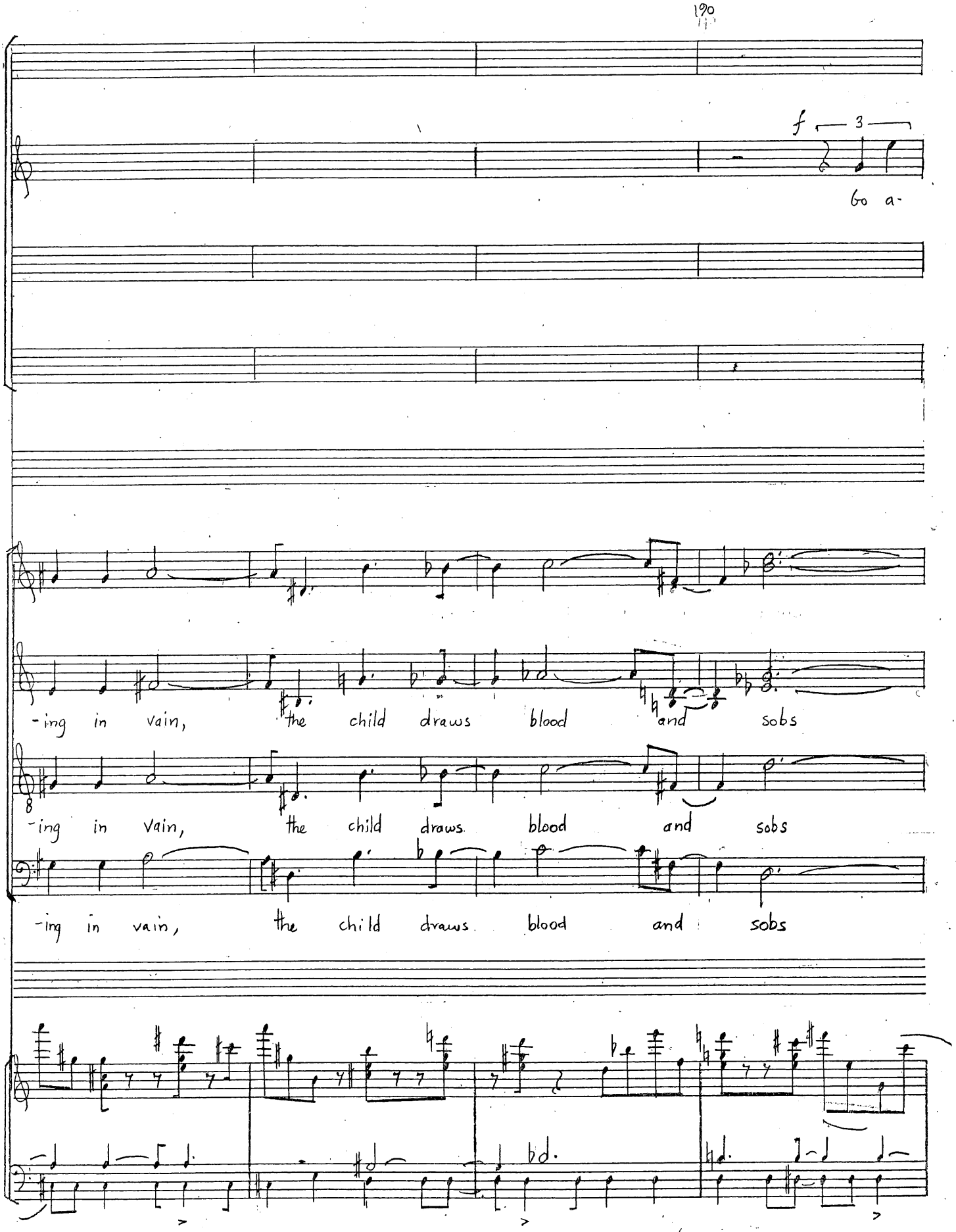
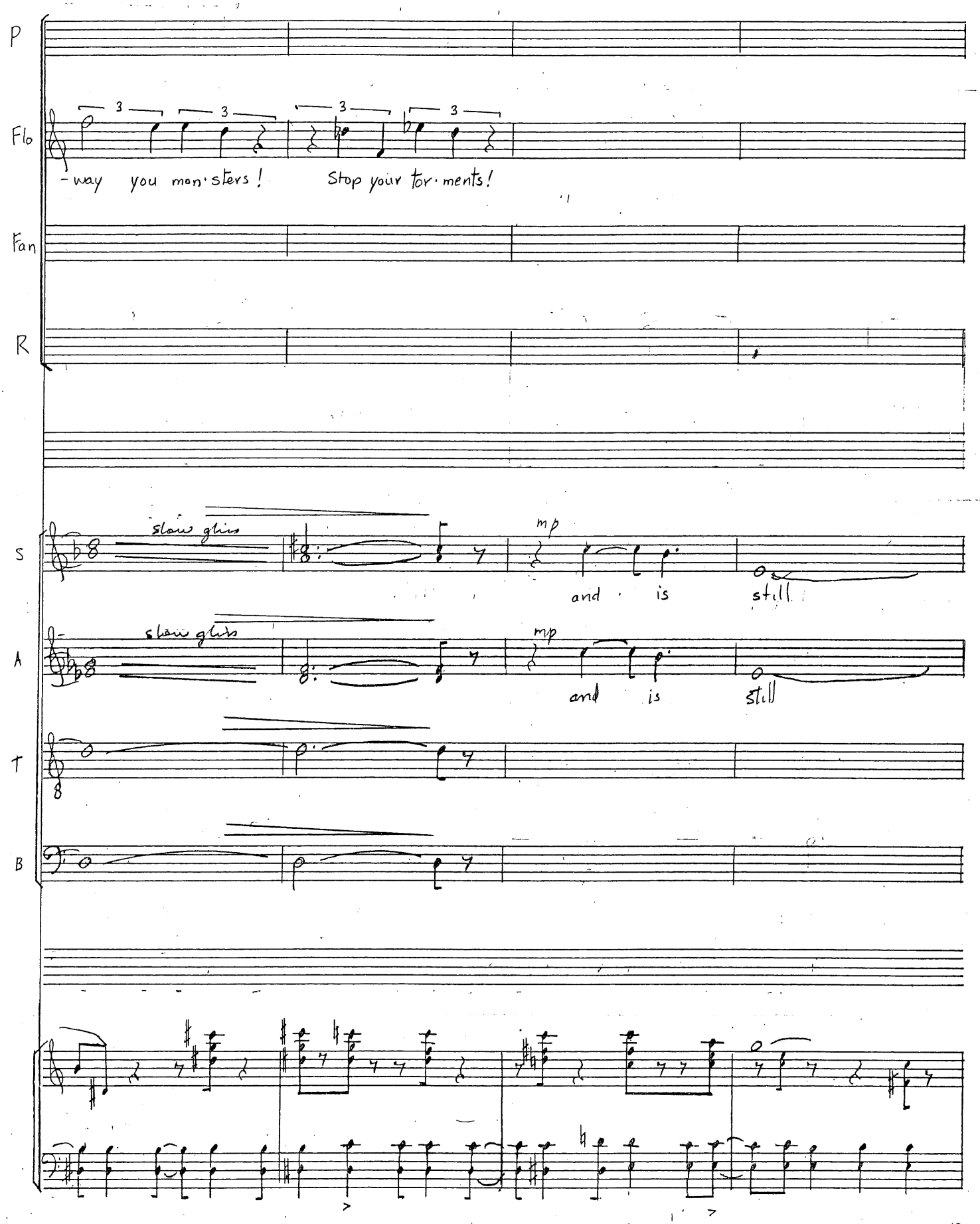
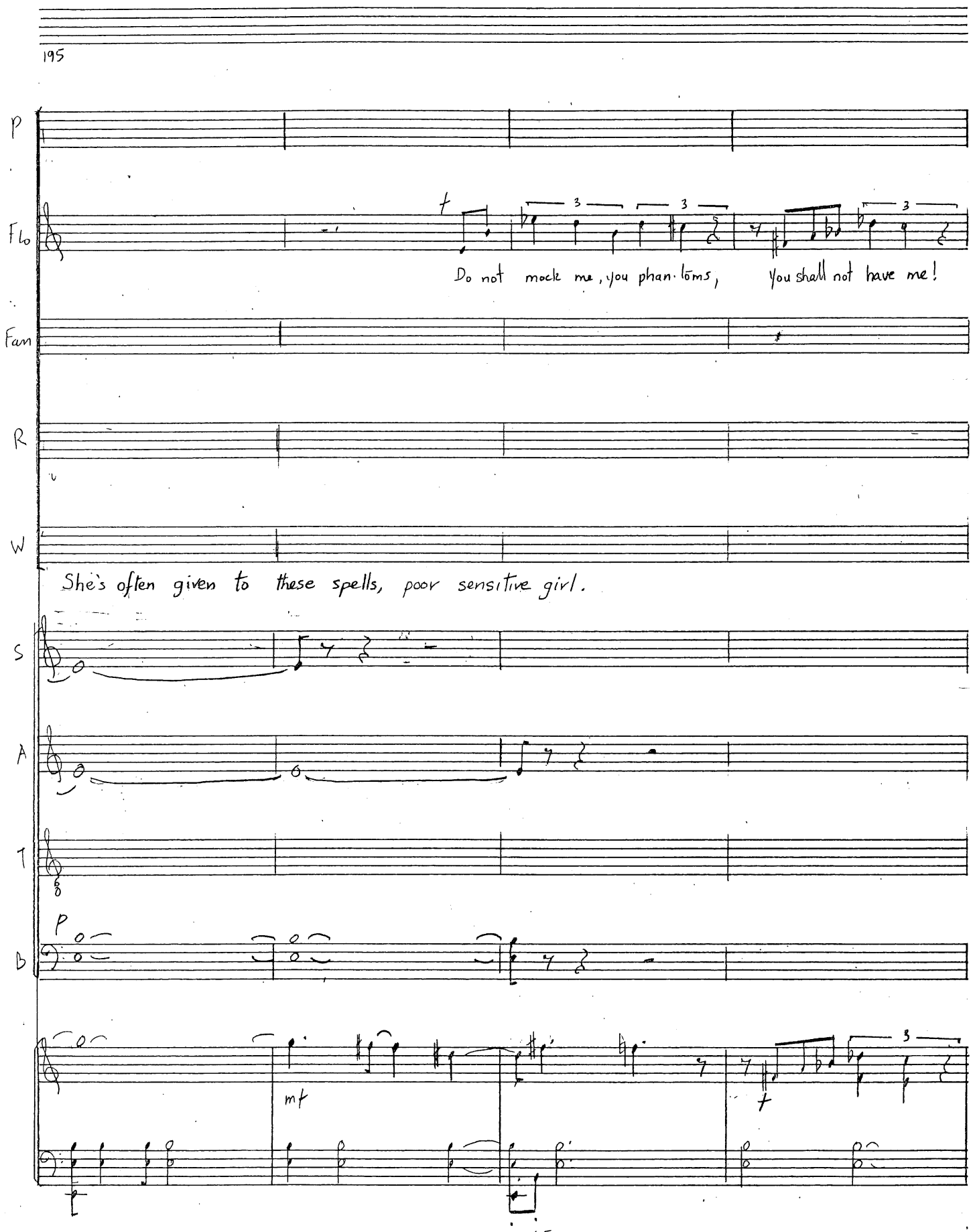
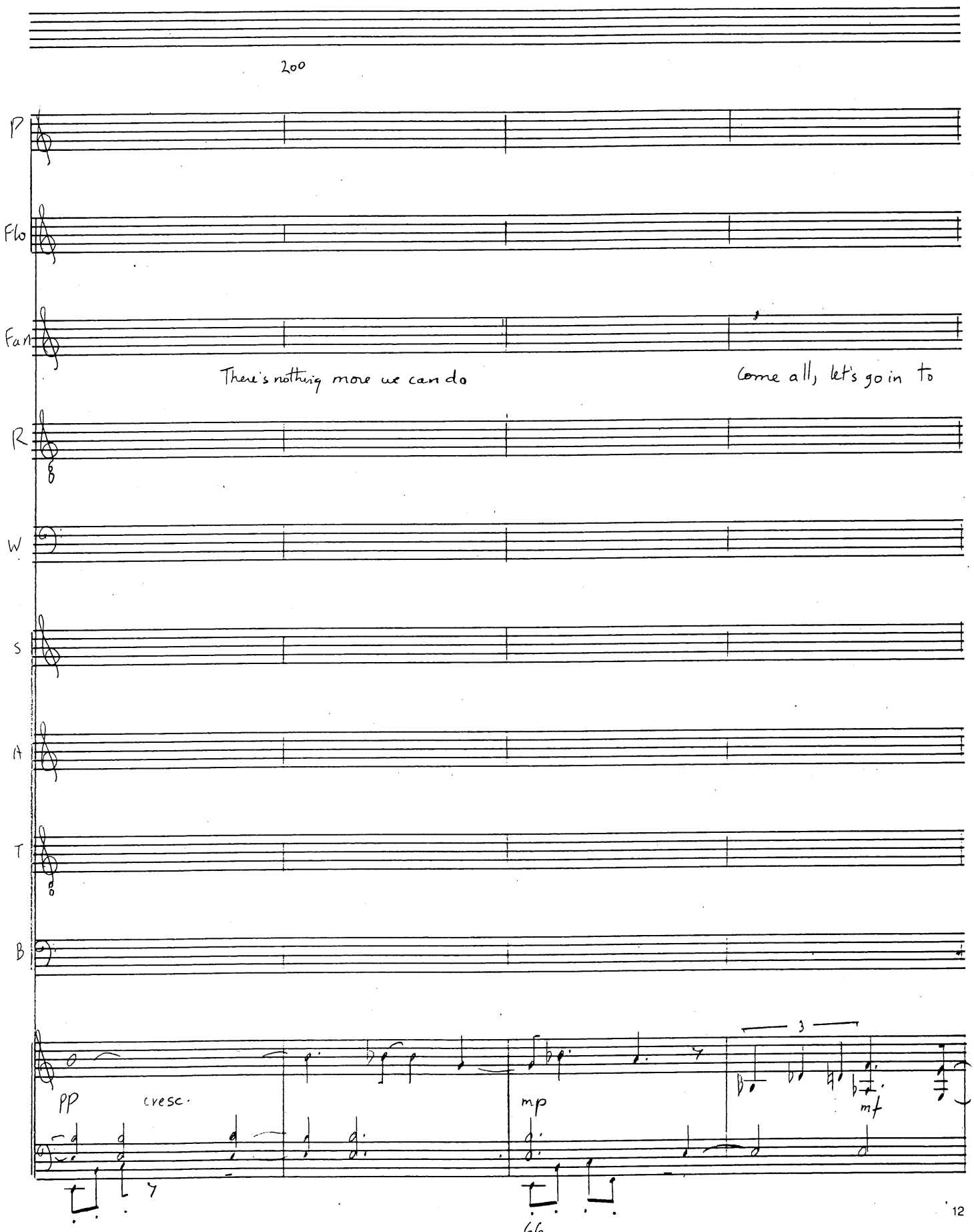
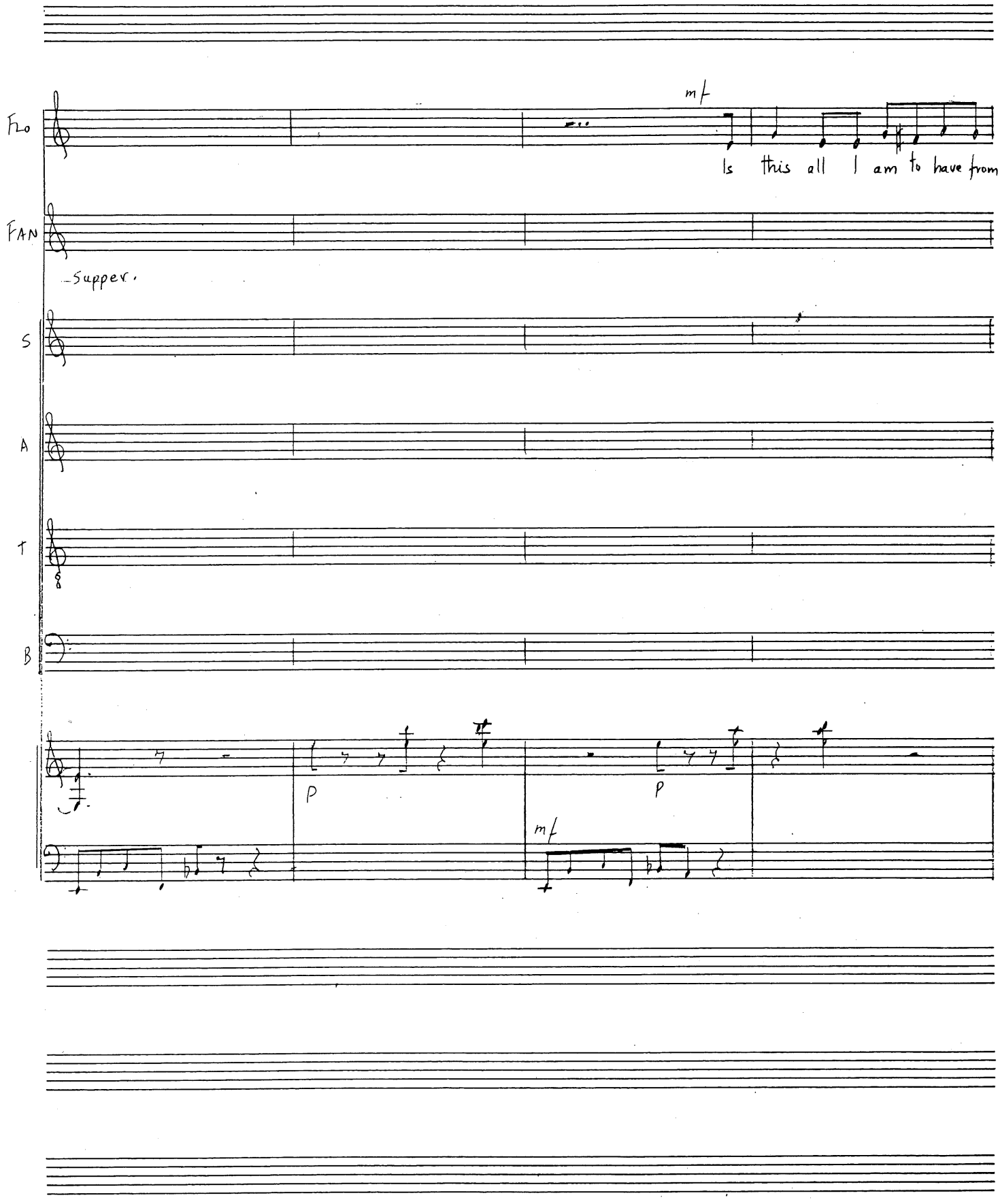
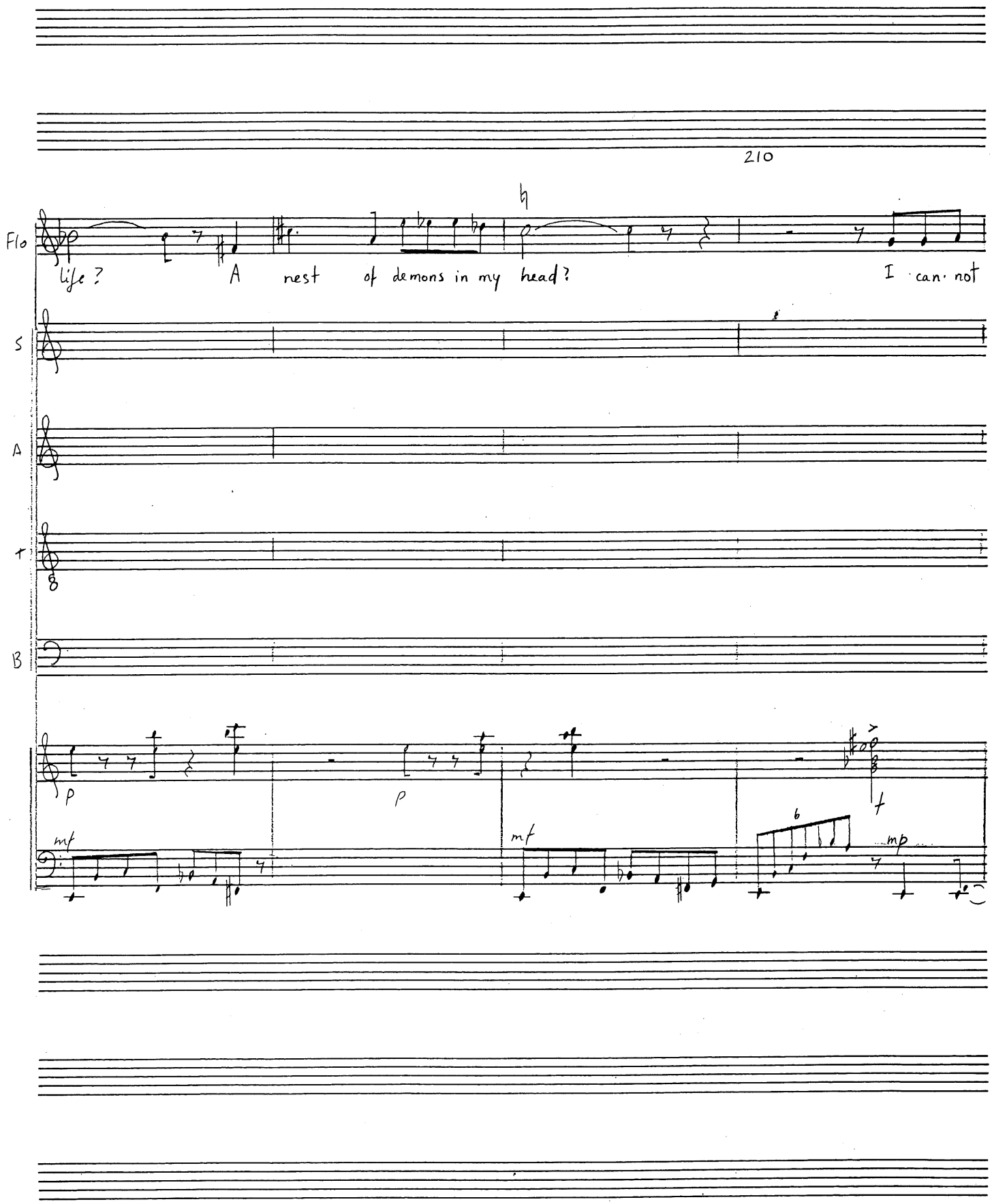
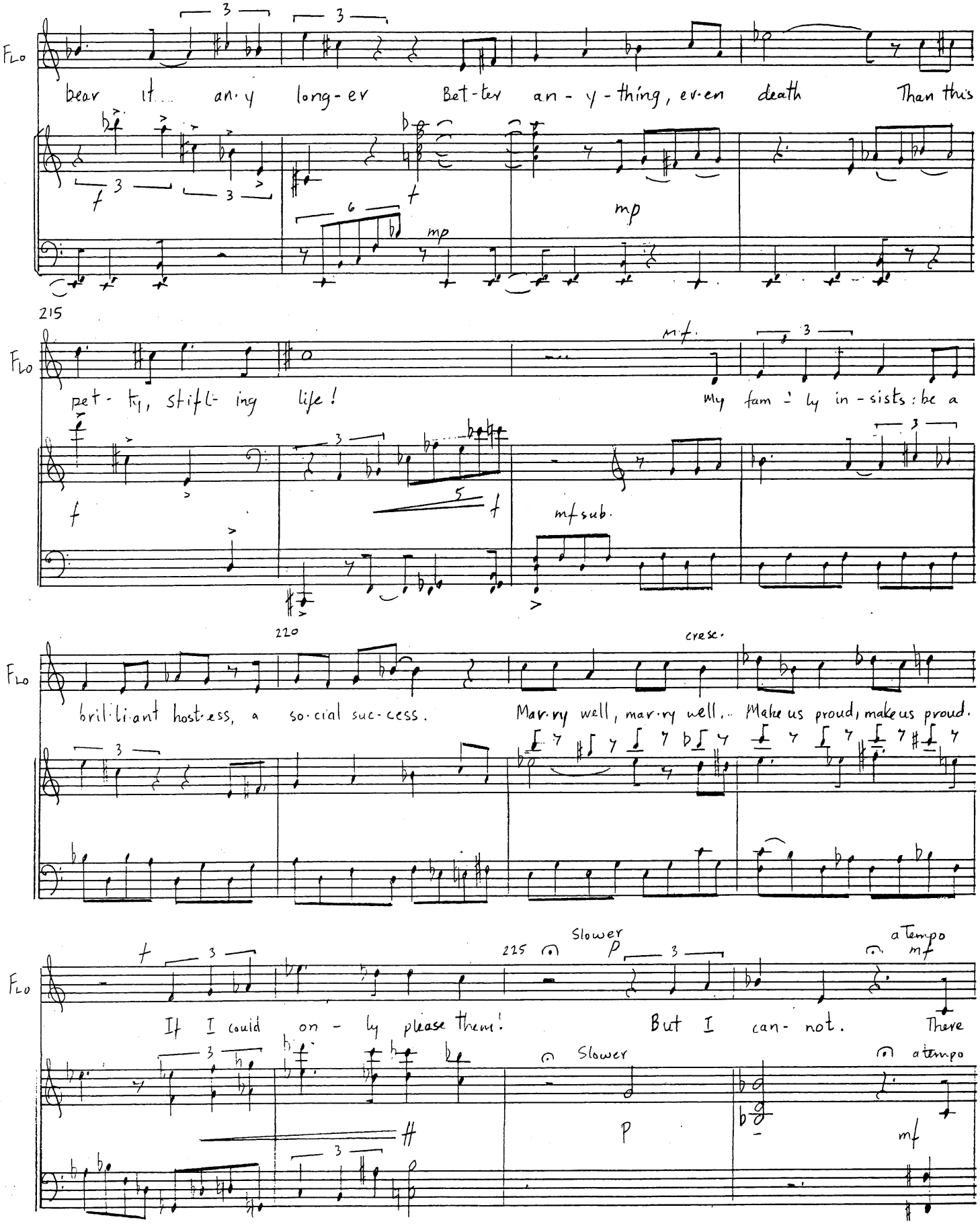
T

f

The gates of the for-

B

mp

Cha

P
Flo
Fan
It's the heat surely, and so many flowers.
R
S
t
Beat-
A
-est are firm-ly root-ed
t
Beat-
T
-est are firm-ly root-ed
t
Beat-
B
Cha
Beat-

190
P
Flo
f
3
Go a-
Fan
R
S
A
-ing in vain, the child draws blood and sobs
T
8
-ing in vain, the child draws blood and sobs
B
-ing in vain, the child draws blood and sobs

P
Flo
-way you mon·sters! Stop your tor·ments!
Fan
R
S
slow glis
mp
and is still
A
slow glis
mp
and is still
T
B

195
P
Flo
Do not mock me, you phan·toms, you shall not have me!
Fan
R
W
She's often given to these spells, poor sensitive girl.
S
A
T
B
p
mf
65

200
P
Flo
Fan
There's nothing more we can do
Come all, let's go in to
R
W
S
A
T
B
pp
cresc.
mp
3
mf

FLO
mf
Is this all I am to have from
FAN
-Supper.
S
A
T
B
p
p
mf

210
Flo
life?
A nest of demons in my head?
I can not
S
A
T
B
p
p
mf
mf
mp

Flo
bear it an·y long-er Bet-ter an-y-thing, ev·en death Than this
f
mp
215
pet-ty, stifl-ing life!
mf
My fam-'ly in-sists: be a
mfsub.
220
bril·li·ant host·ess, a so·cial suc·cess.
cresc.
Mar·ry well, mar·ry well... Make us proud, make us proud.
Slower
225
p
a Tempo
mf
If I could on-ly please them!
But I can-not.
There
Slower
p
a tempo
mf

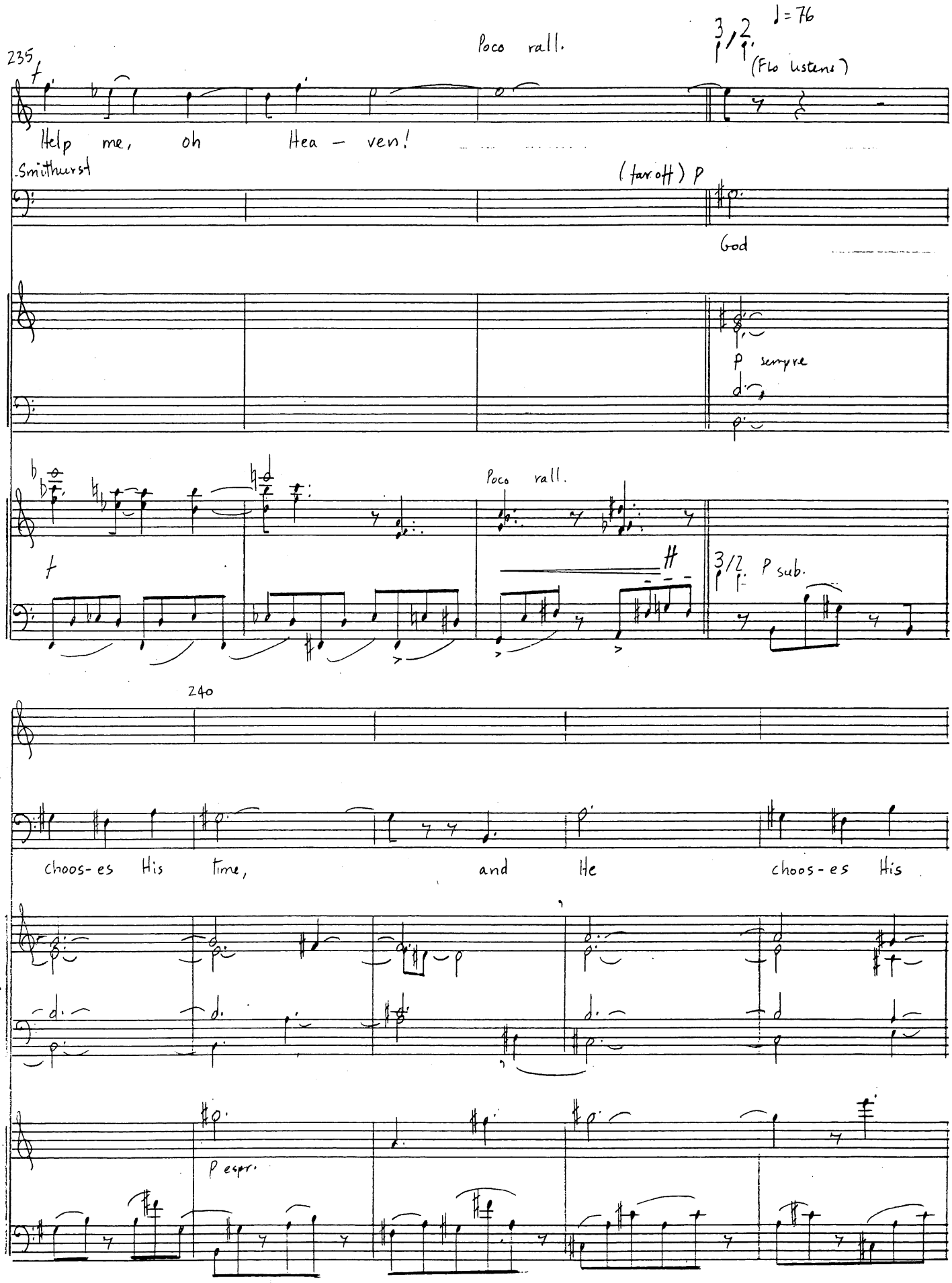
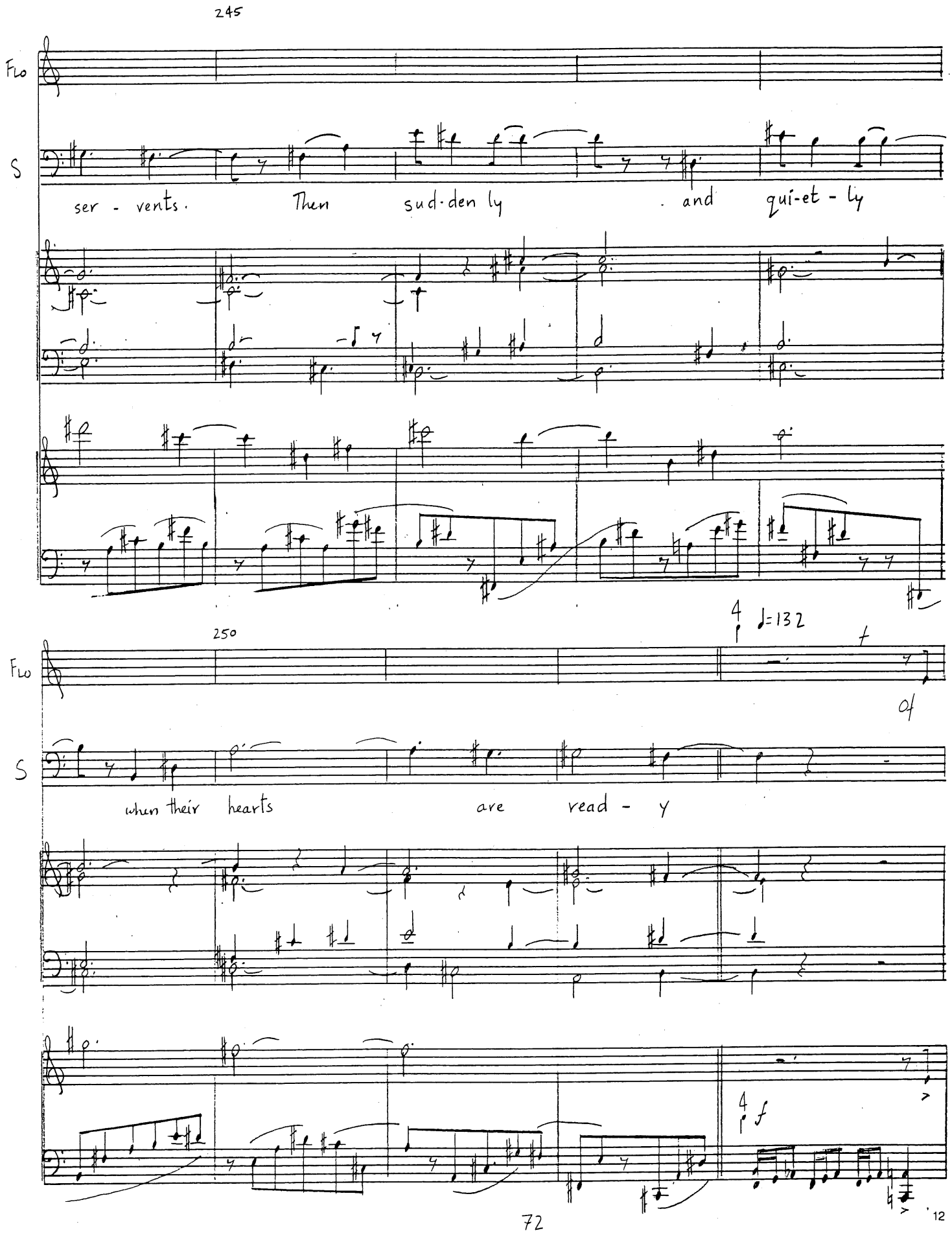
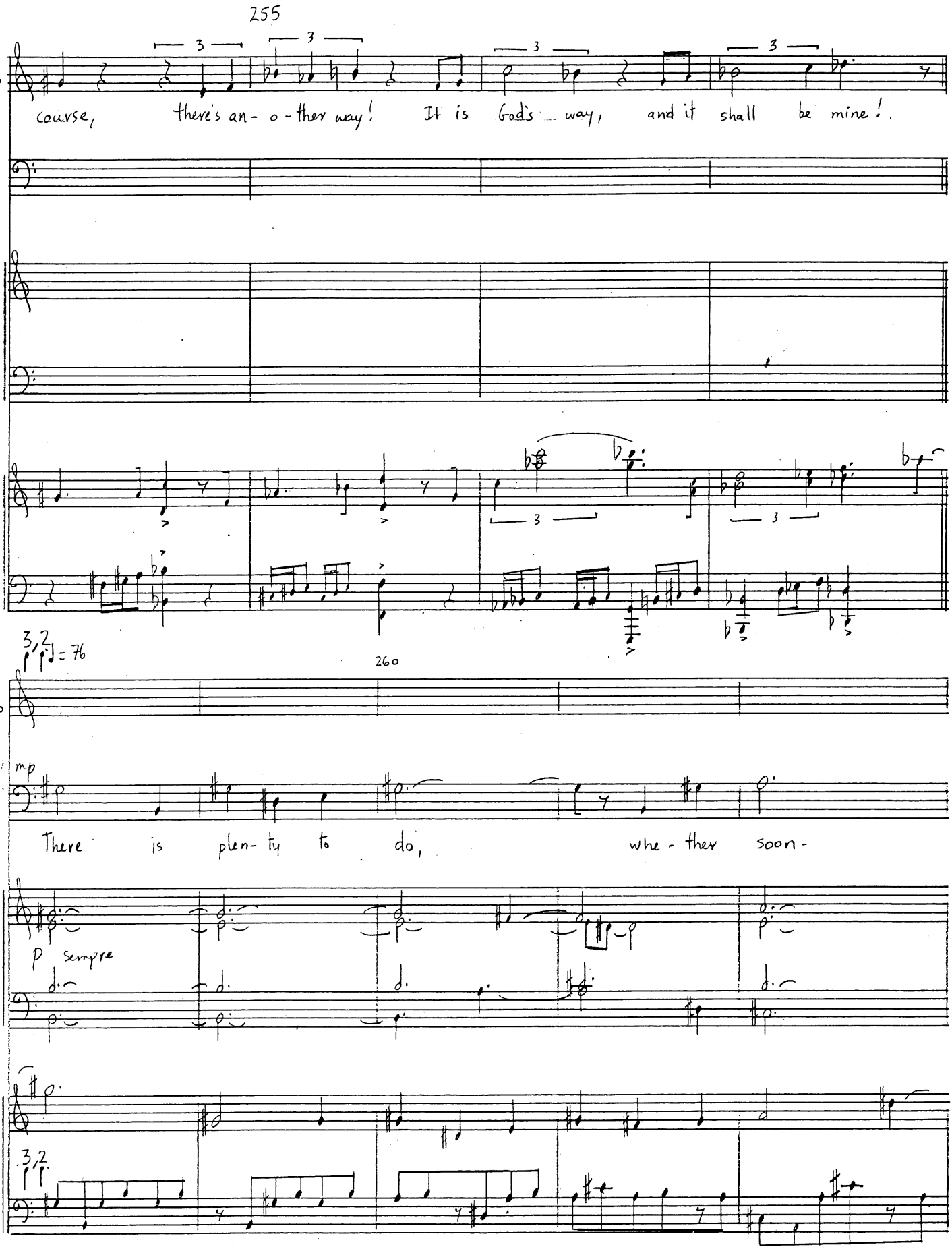
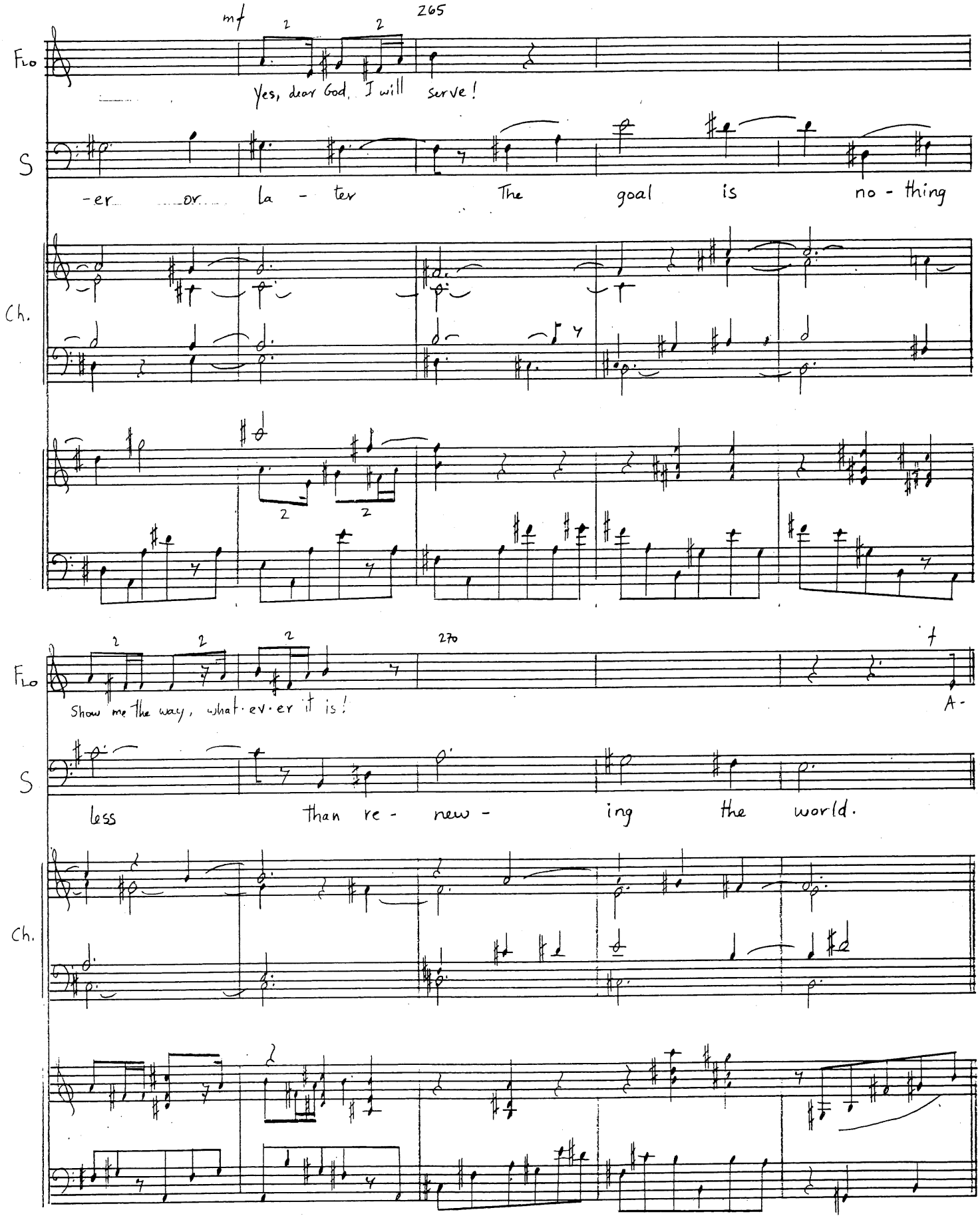
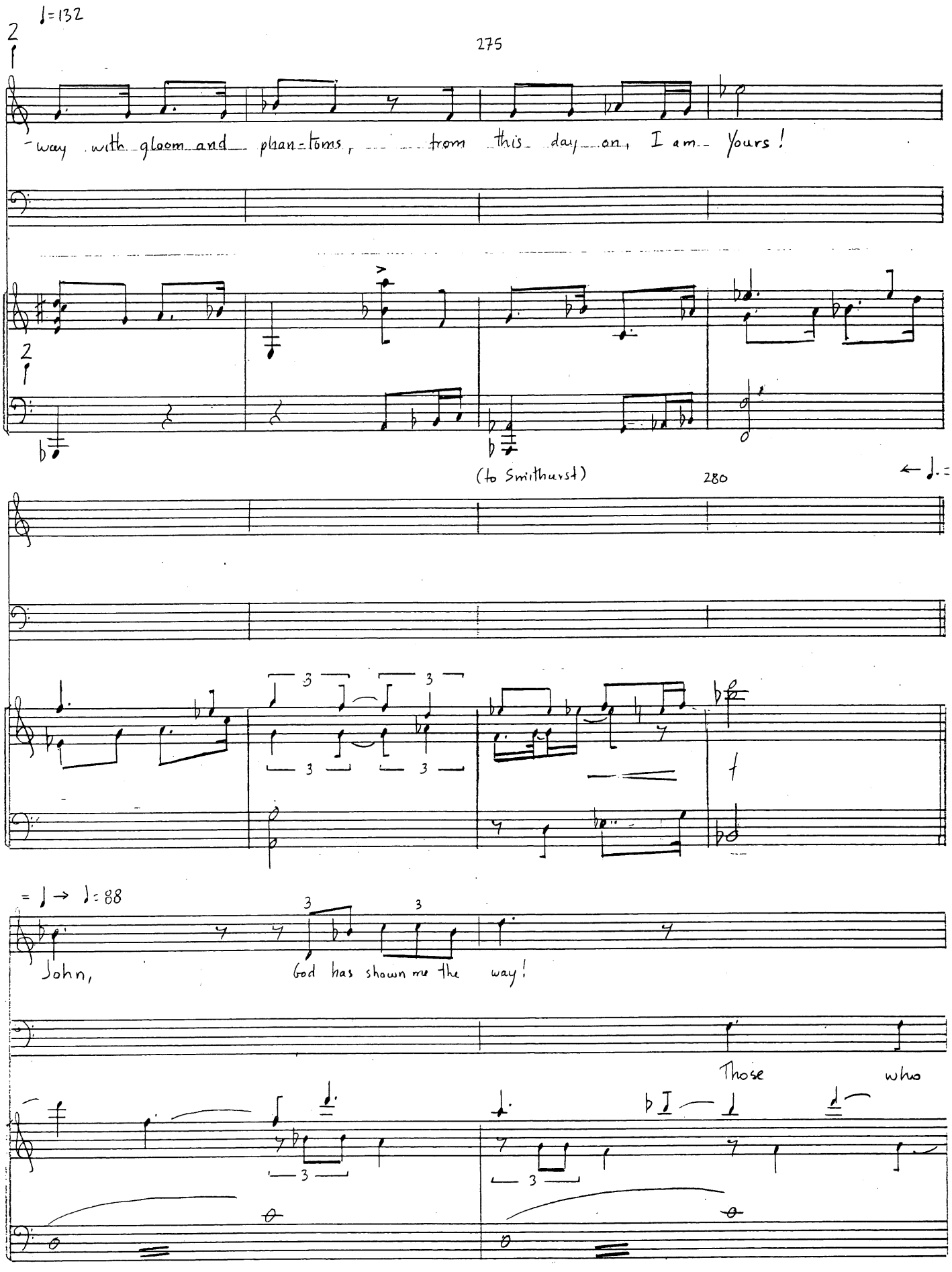
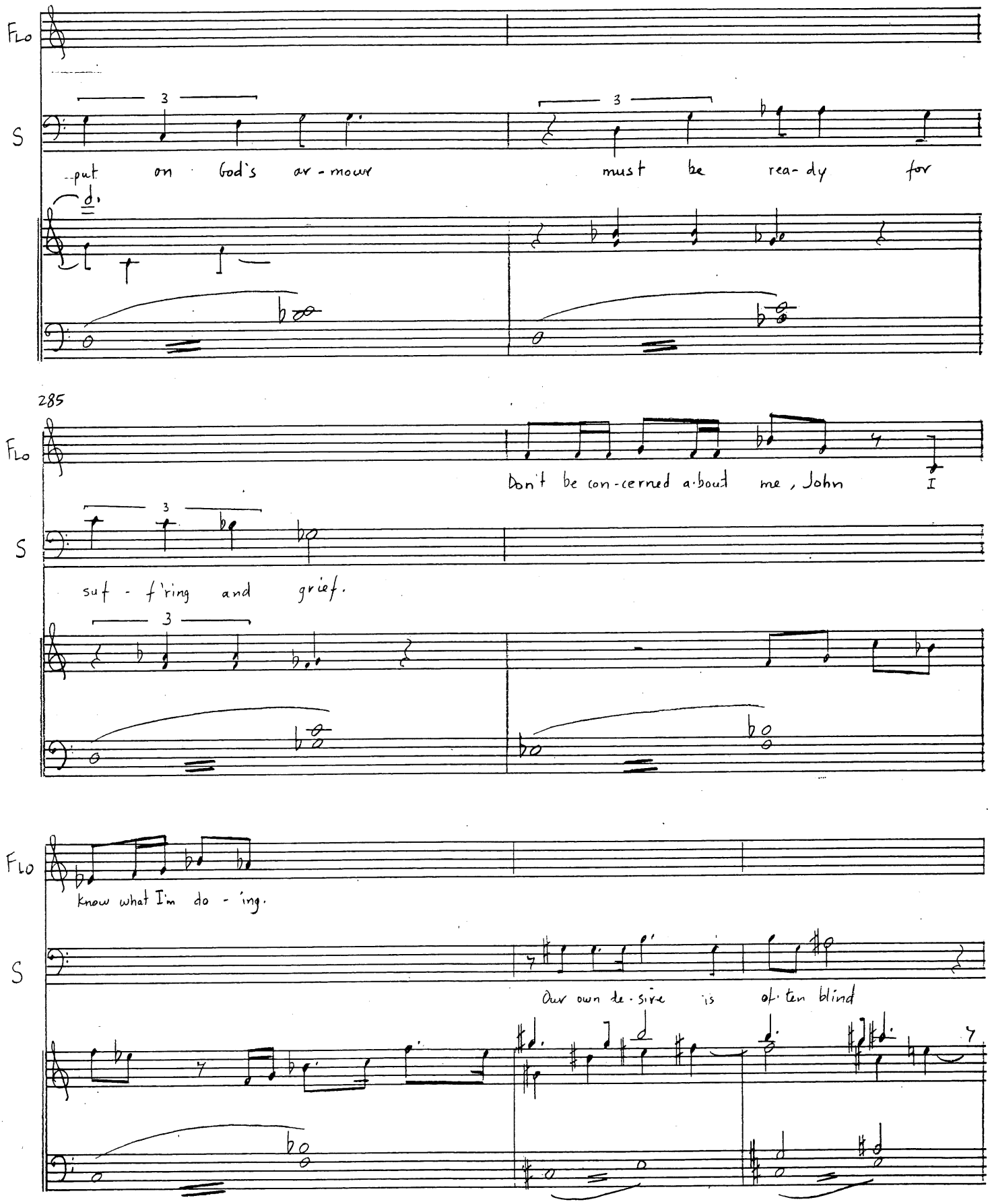
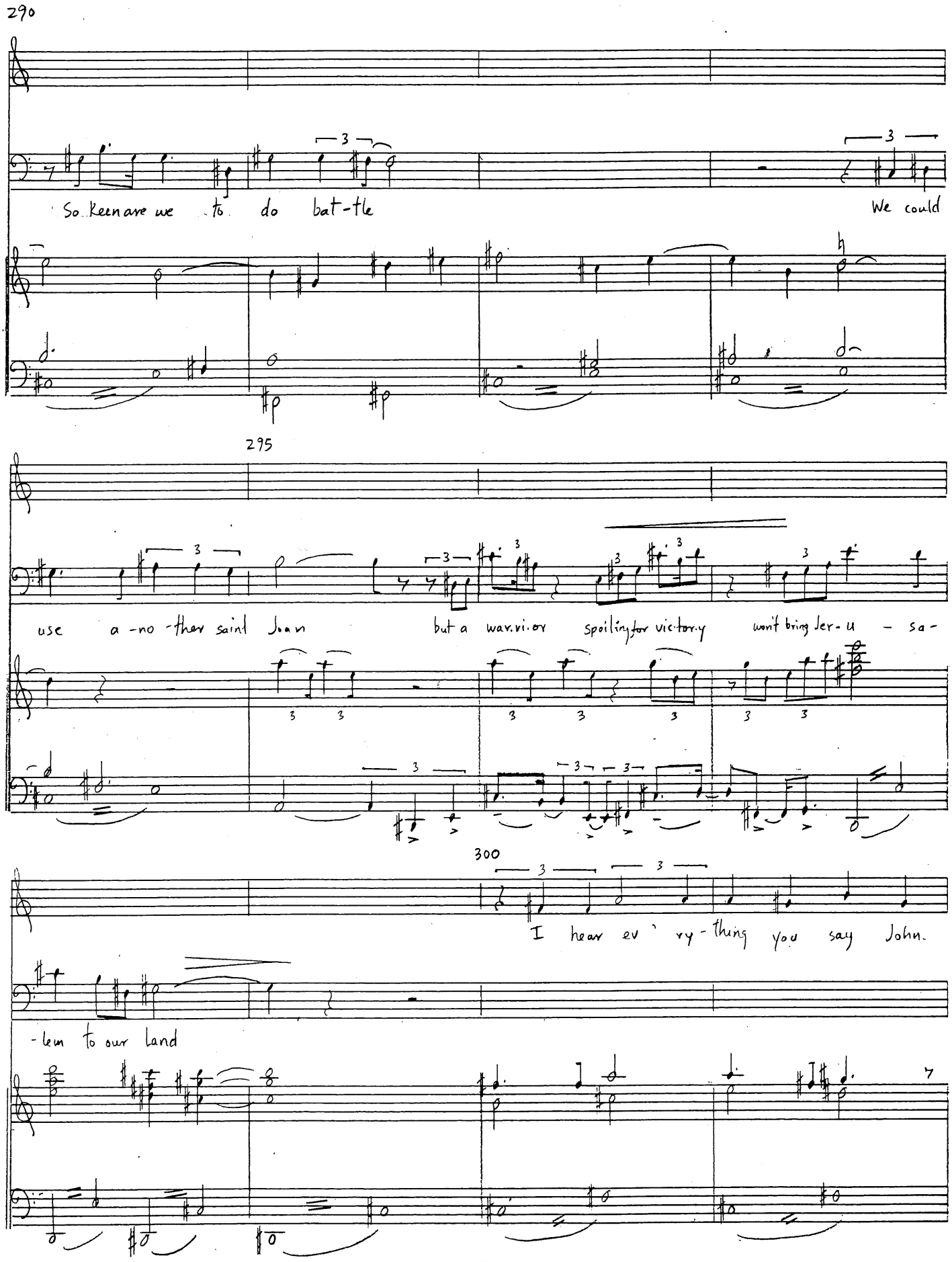
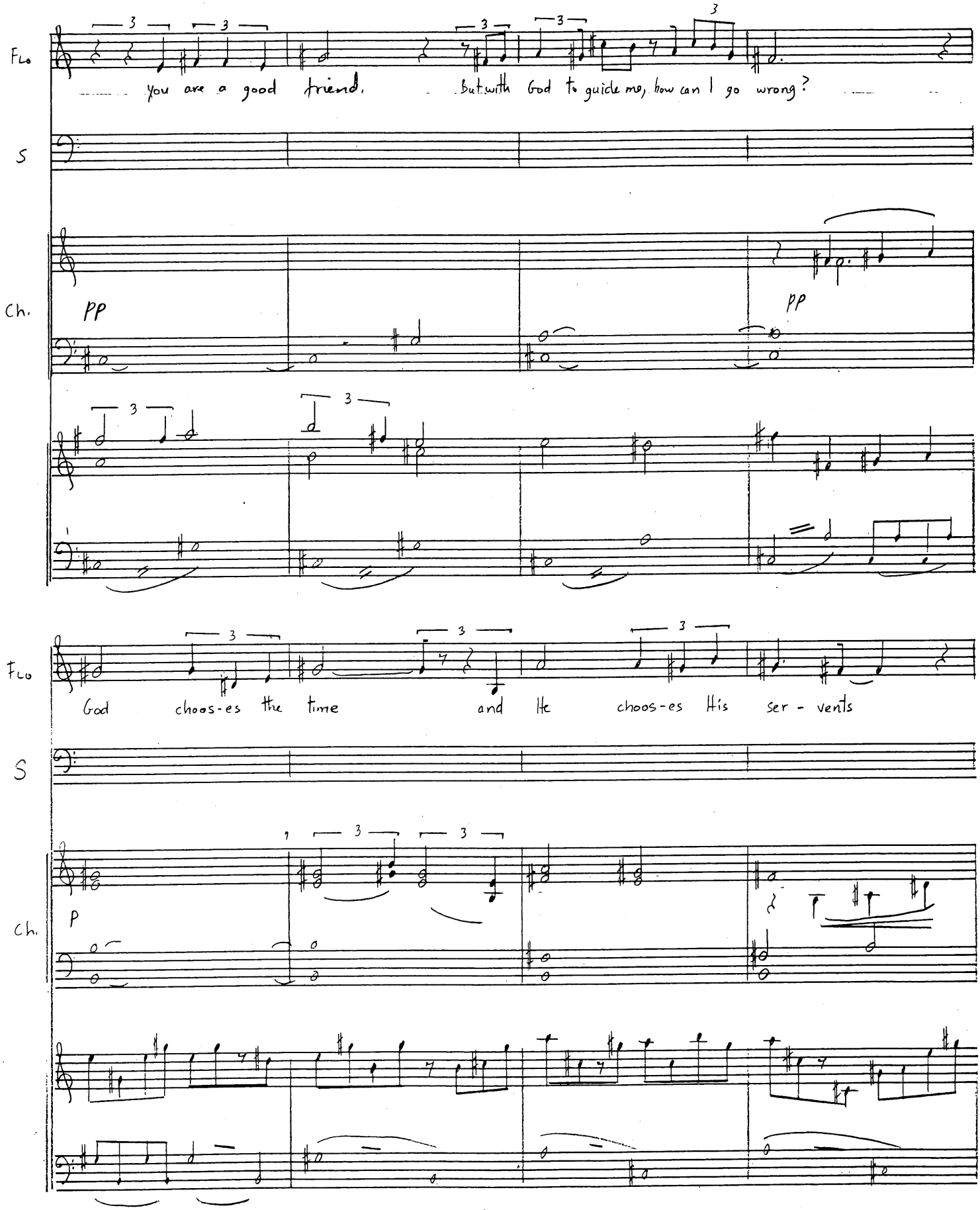
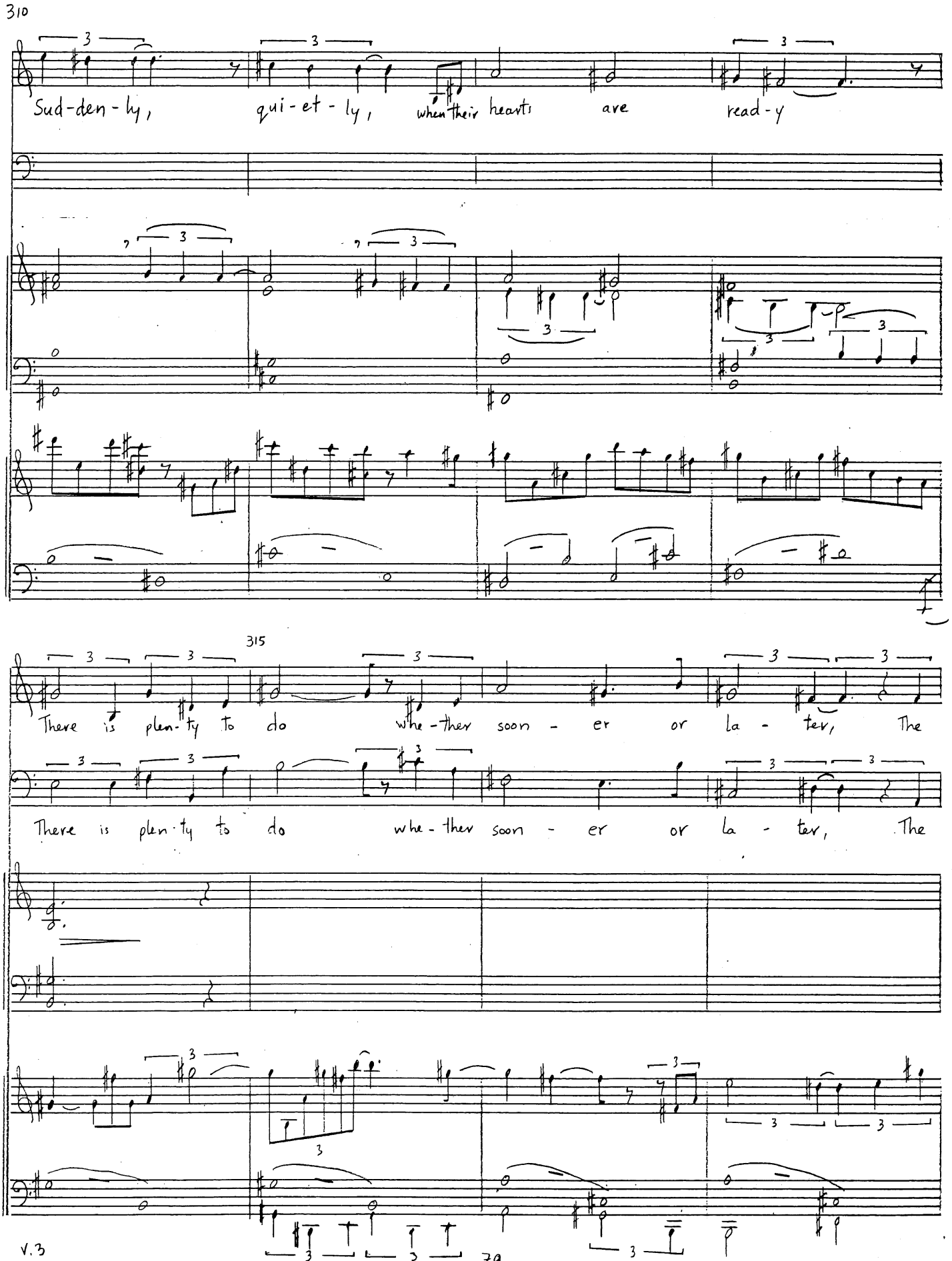
Flo

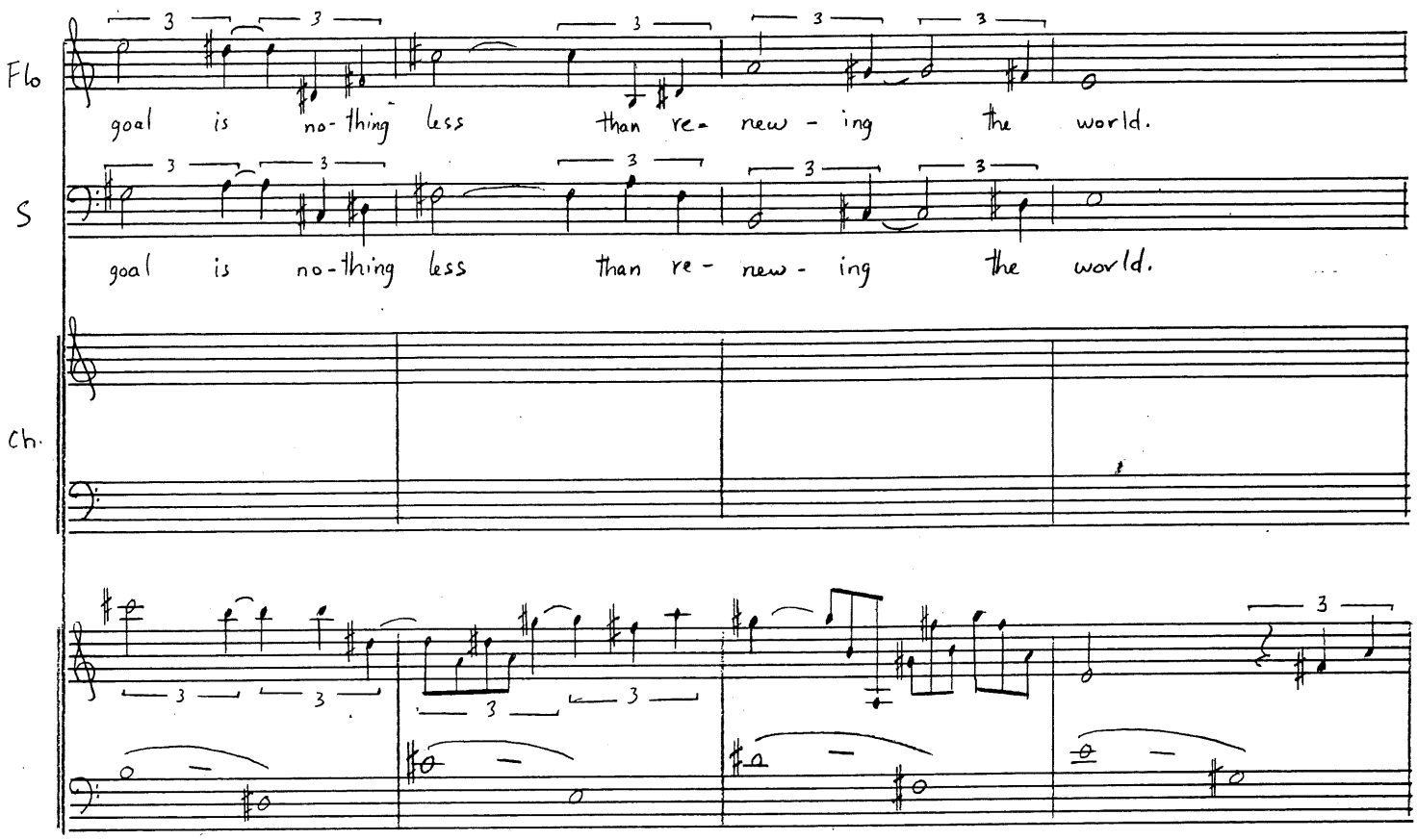
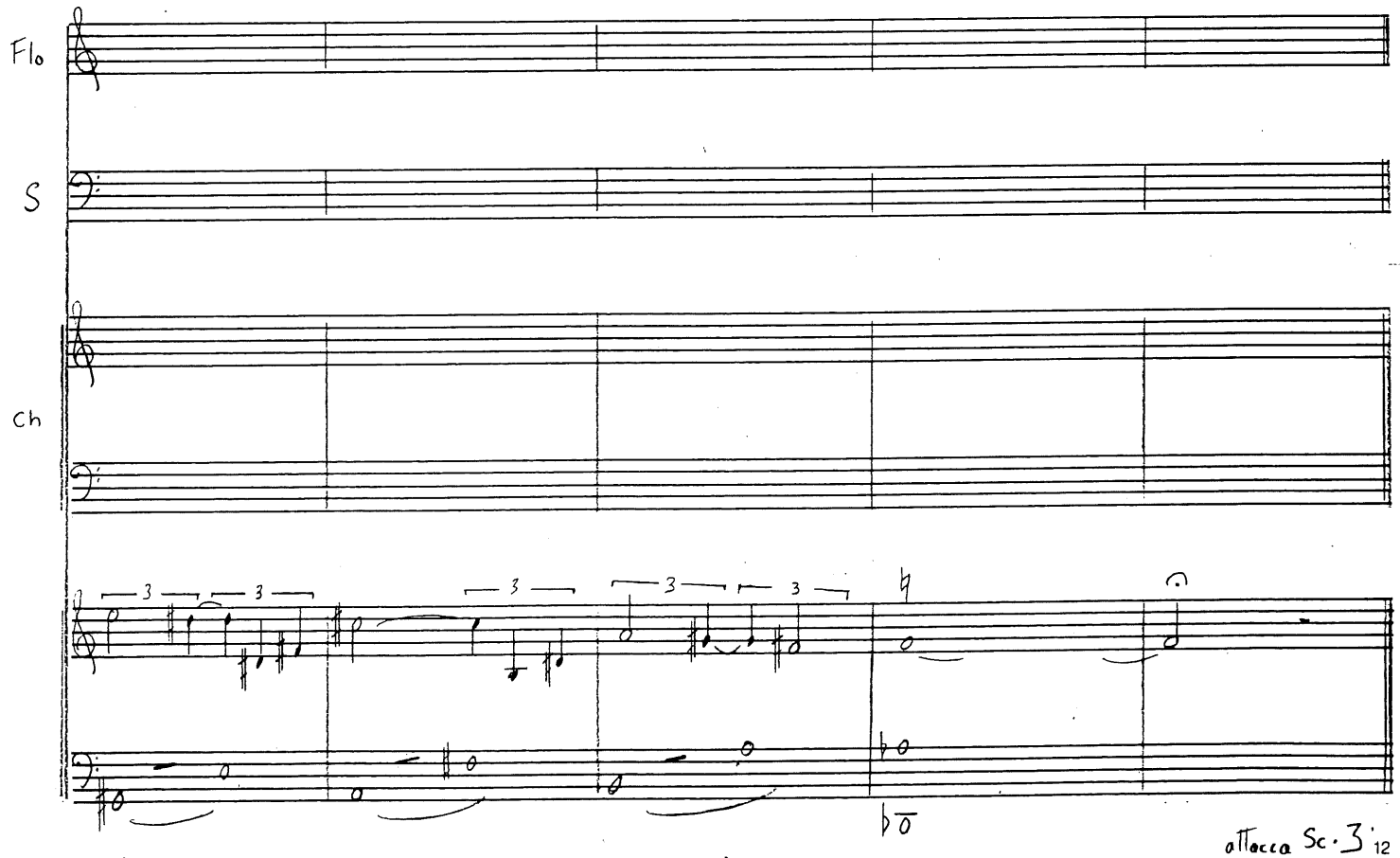
must be an-o-ther way be-sides id-le-ness or mad-ness Is there

Choir

Flo

no es-cape for me then these hor-ri-ble pest-i-lent dreams?

Ch.

235
Poco rall.
♩= 76
3/2
(Flo listens)
Flo
Help me, oh Hea - ven!
Smithurst
S
(far off) p
God
p sempre
Poco rall.
3/2 p sub.
240
Flo
S
choos-es His time, and He choos-es His
Ch.
p espr.

245
Flo
S
ser - vents. Then sud-den ly and qui-et - ly
250
Flo
♩=132
f
of
S
when their hearts are read - y
4
f

255
Flo
course, there's an- o - ther way! It is God's way, and it shall be mine!
S
Ch.
3/2 ♩ = 76
260
Flo
mp
S
There is plen- ty to do, whe - ther soon -
Ch.
P sempre
3/2

mf
265
Flo
Yes, dear God, I will serve!
S
-er or la - ter The goal is no - thing
Ch.
270
f
Flo
Show me the way, what-ev-er it is!
A-
S
less than re - new - ing the world.
Ch.

♩=132
275
Flo
S
-way with gloom and phan-toms, from this day on, I am Yours!
(to Smithurst)
280
Flo
S
= ♩ → ♪=88
Flo
John, God has shown me the way!
S
Those who

Flo
S
-put on God's ar-mour
must be rea-dy for
285
Flo
Don't be con-cerned a-bout me, John
I
S
suf-f'ring and grief.
Flo
know what I'm do-'ing.
S
Our own de-sire is of-ten blind

290
Flo
S
So keen are we to do bat-tle
We could
295
use a-no-ther saint Joan
but a war.ri.or spoiling for vic.to.ry won't bring Jer-u-sa-
300
I hear ev'ry-thing you say John.
-lem to our land

Flo
you are a good friend, but with God to guide me, how can I go wrong?
S
Ch.
pp
pp
Flo
God choos-es the time and He choos-es His ser - vents
S
Ch.
p

310
Flo
Sud-den-ly, qui-et-ly, when their hearts are read-y
S.
Ch
315
Flo
There is plen-ty to do whe-ther soon-er or la-ter, The
S
There is plen-ty to do whe-ther soon-er or la-ter, The
Ch
V.3


Flo
goal is no-thing less than re- new - ing the world.
S
goal is no-thing less than re- new - ing the world.
Ch.

Flo
S
Ch

Scene 3

♩= 88

str.

p

5

PARTHE p

P

10

It's no use, I've asked her a-gain and a-gain she won't come in for

poco a poco cresc. mf

15

P

tea.

FANNY

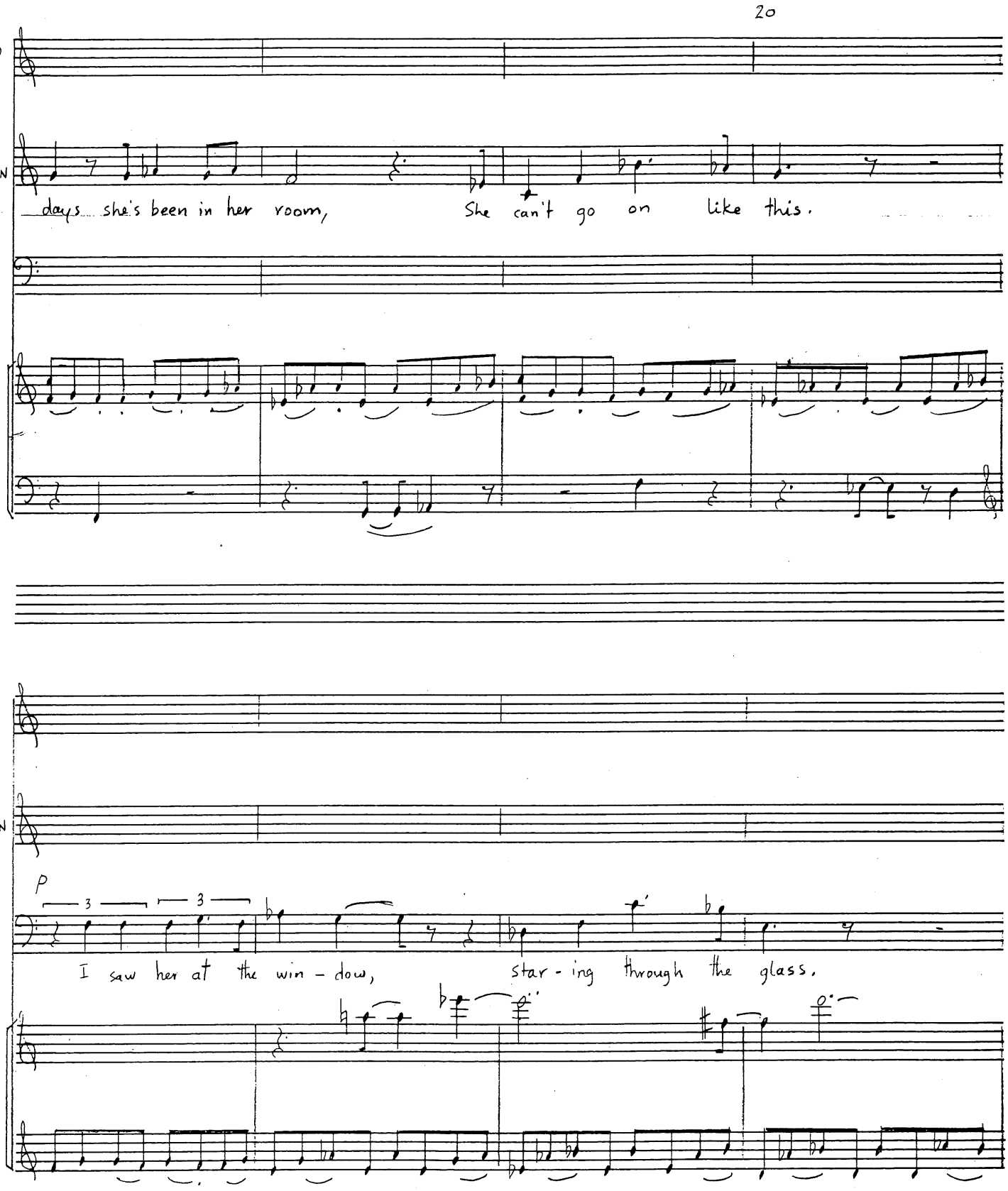
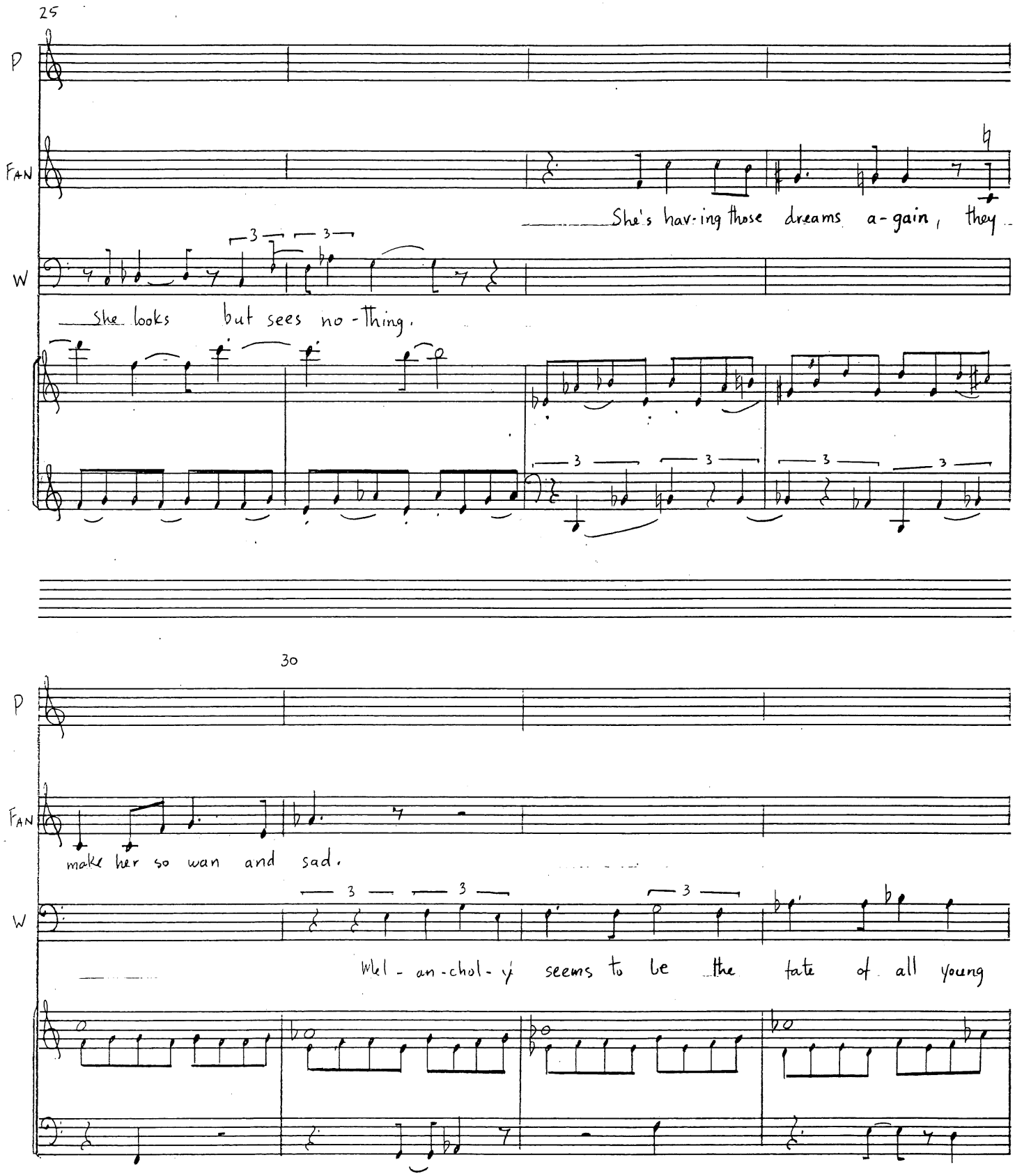
FAN

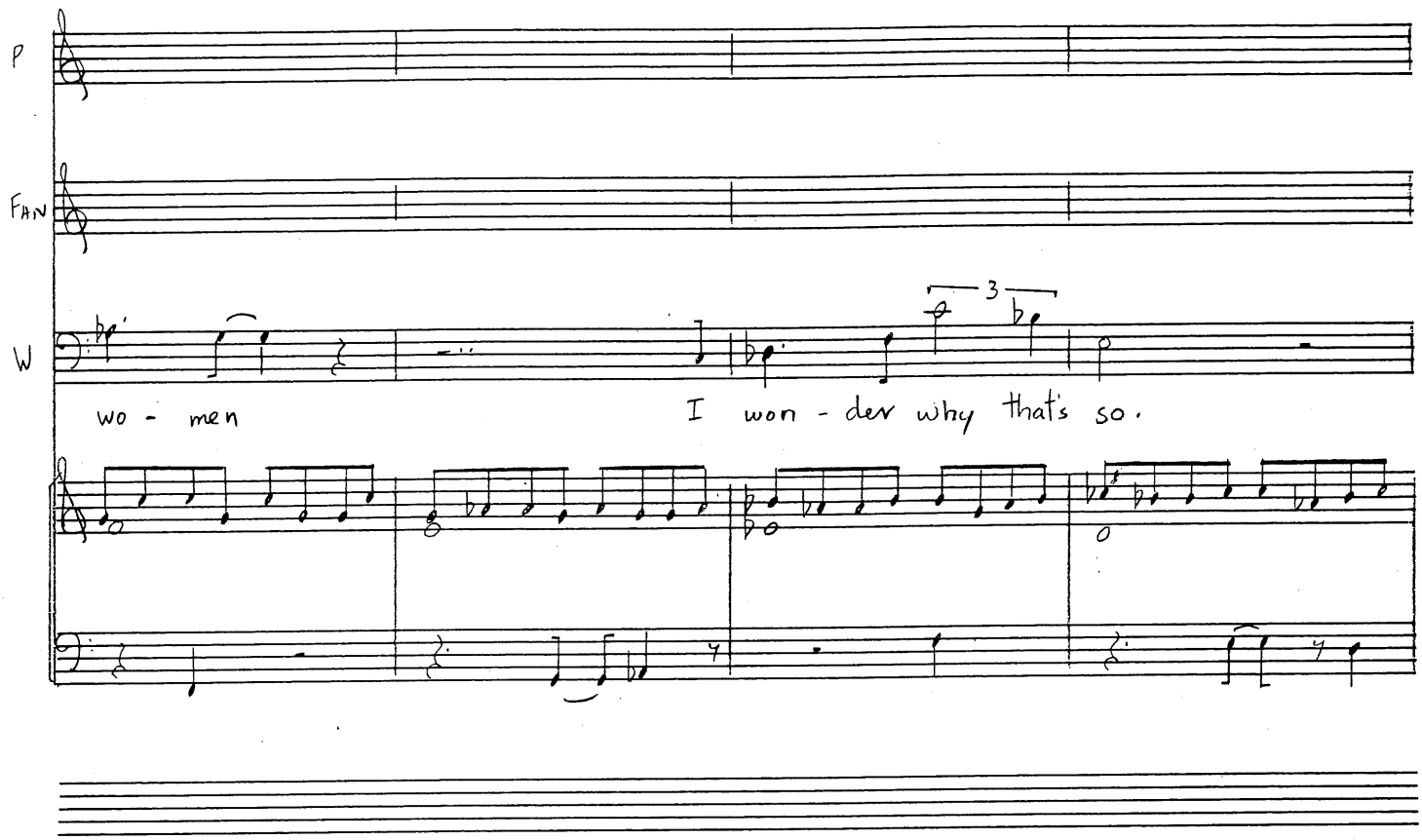
P

Three

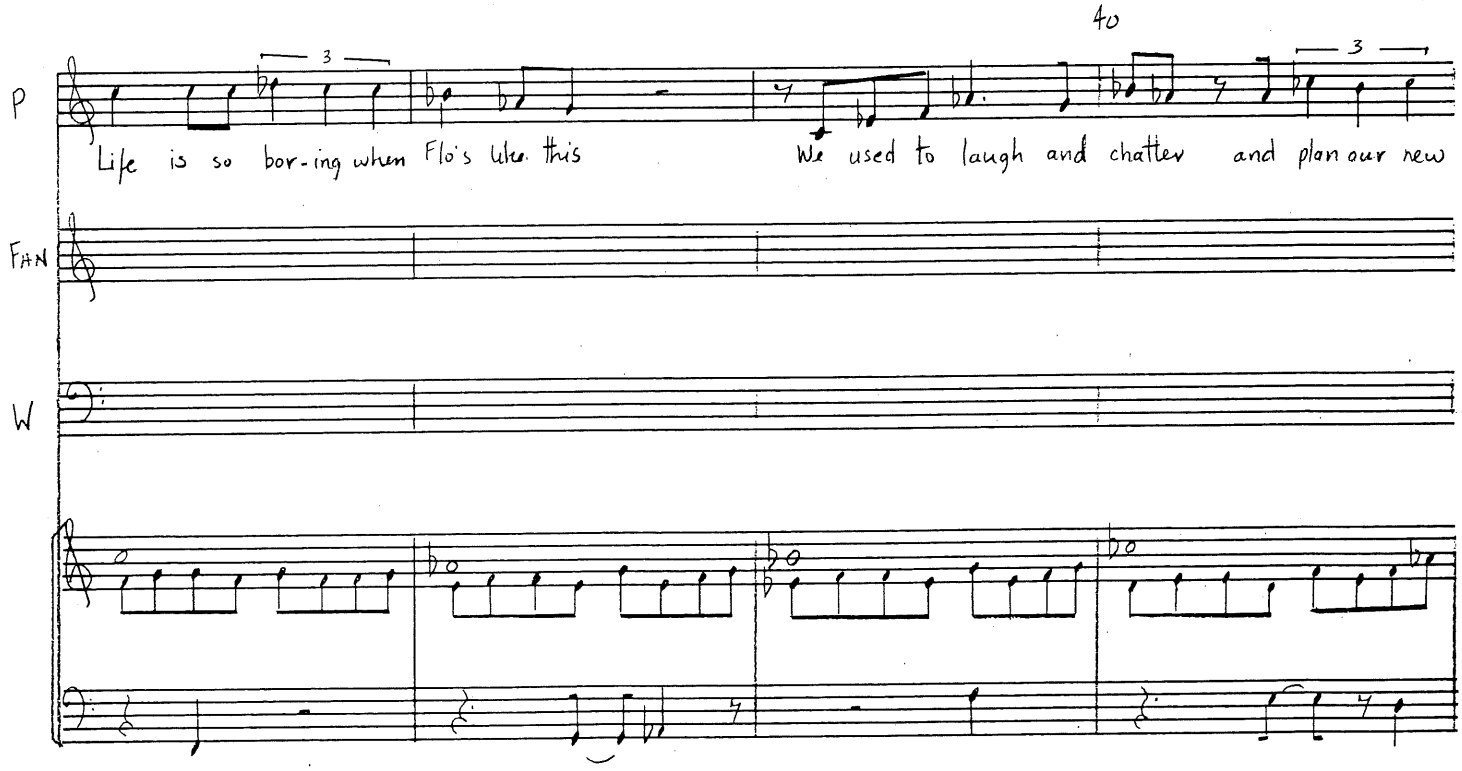
WEN

W

P sub. it.

20
P
FAN
days she's been in her room, She can't go on like this.
W
P
FAN
P
3 3
W
I saw her at the win - dow, star - ing through the glass,

25
P
FAN
She's hav-ing those dreams a-gain, they
W
she looks but sees no-thing.
30
P
FAN
make her so wan and sad.
W
Mel-an-chol-y seems to be the fate of all young


P
FAN
W
wo - men
I won - der why that's so.

40


P
Life is so bor-ing when Flo's like this
We used to laugh and chatter and plan our new
FAN
W

Piu mosso

♩=108

P

cos·tumes.

FAN

I have such fine plans for my

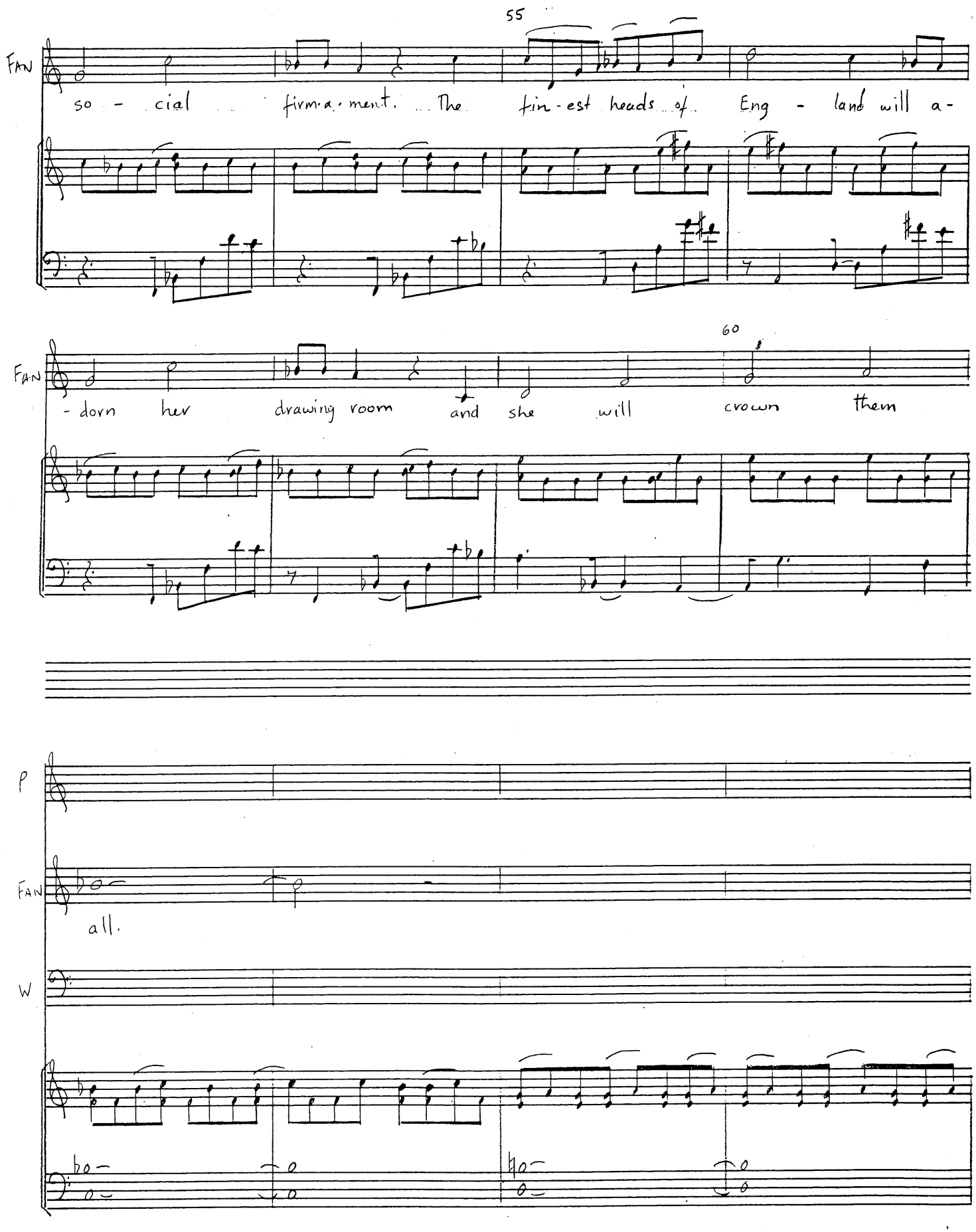
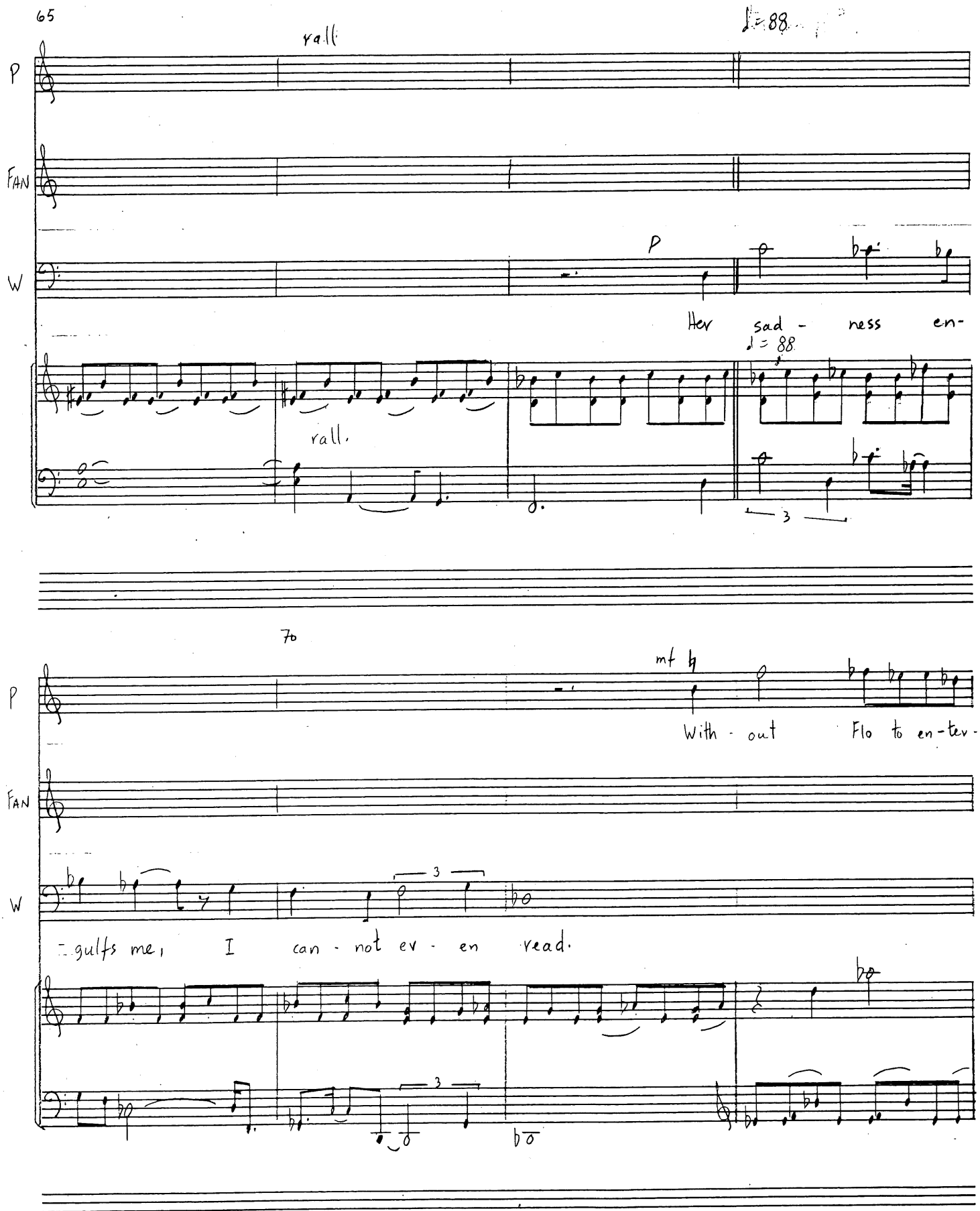
45

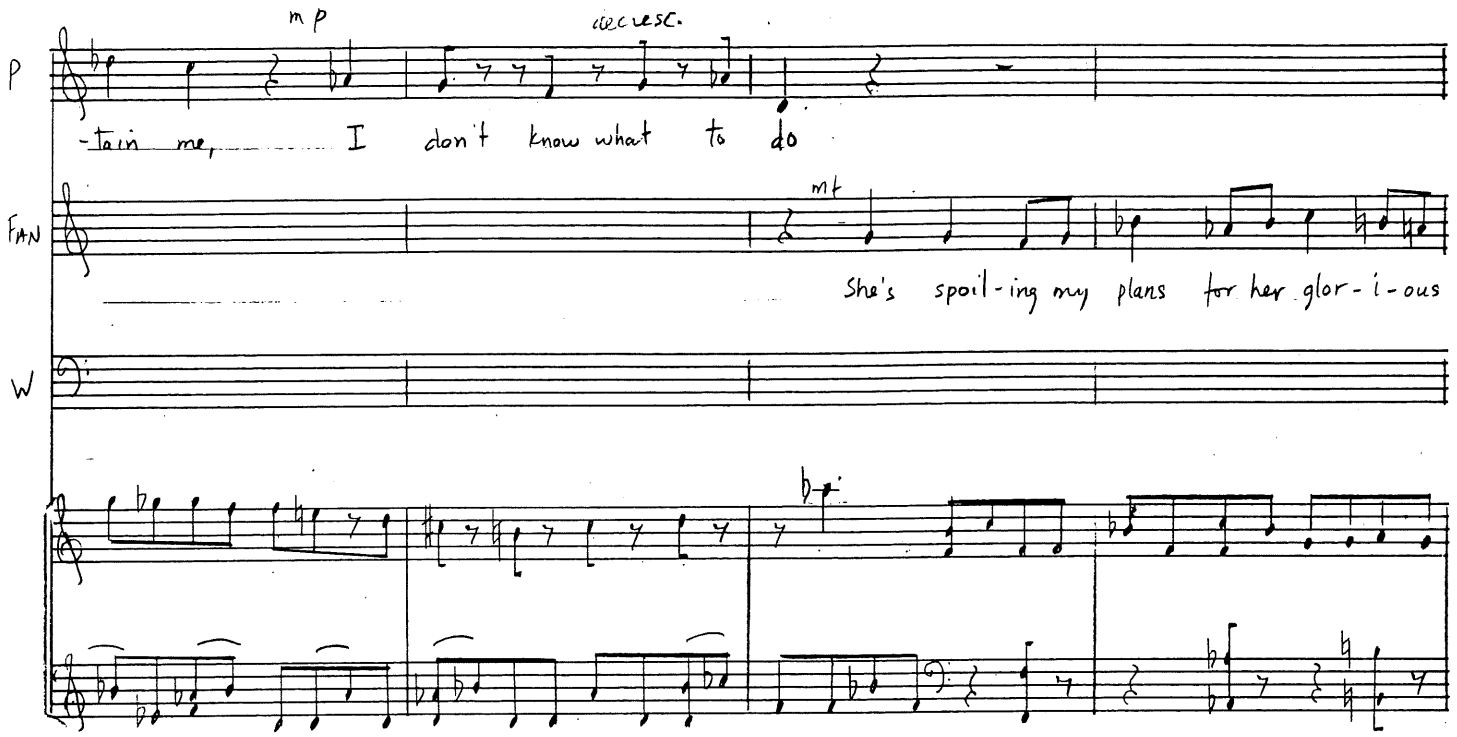
FAN

charm - ing daught-er She will be a jewel a - mong

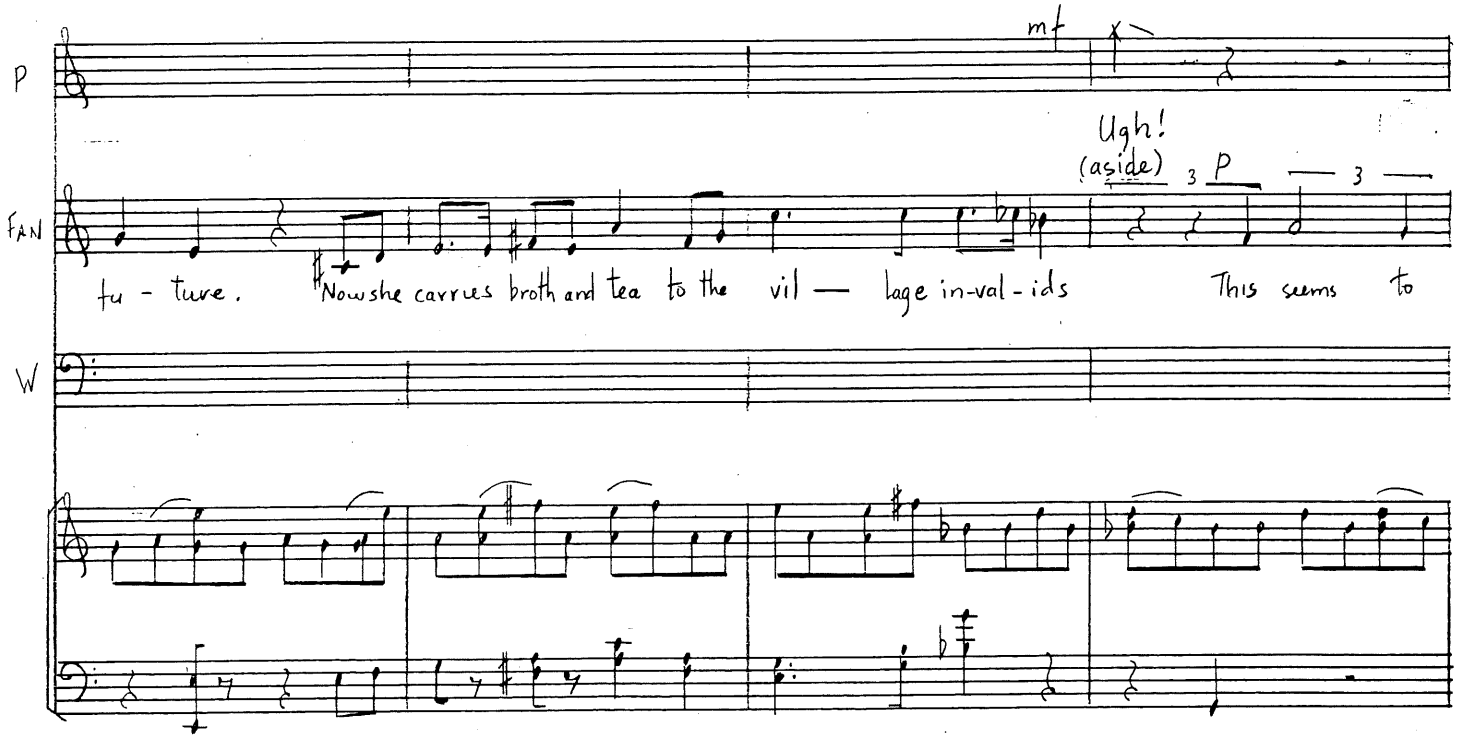
FAN

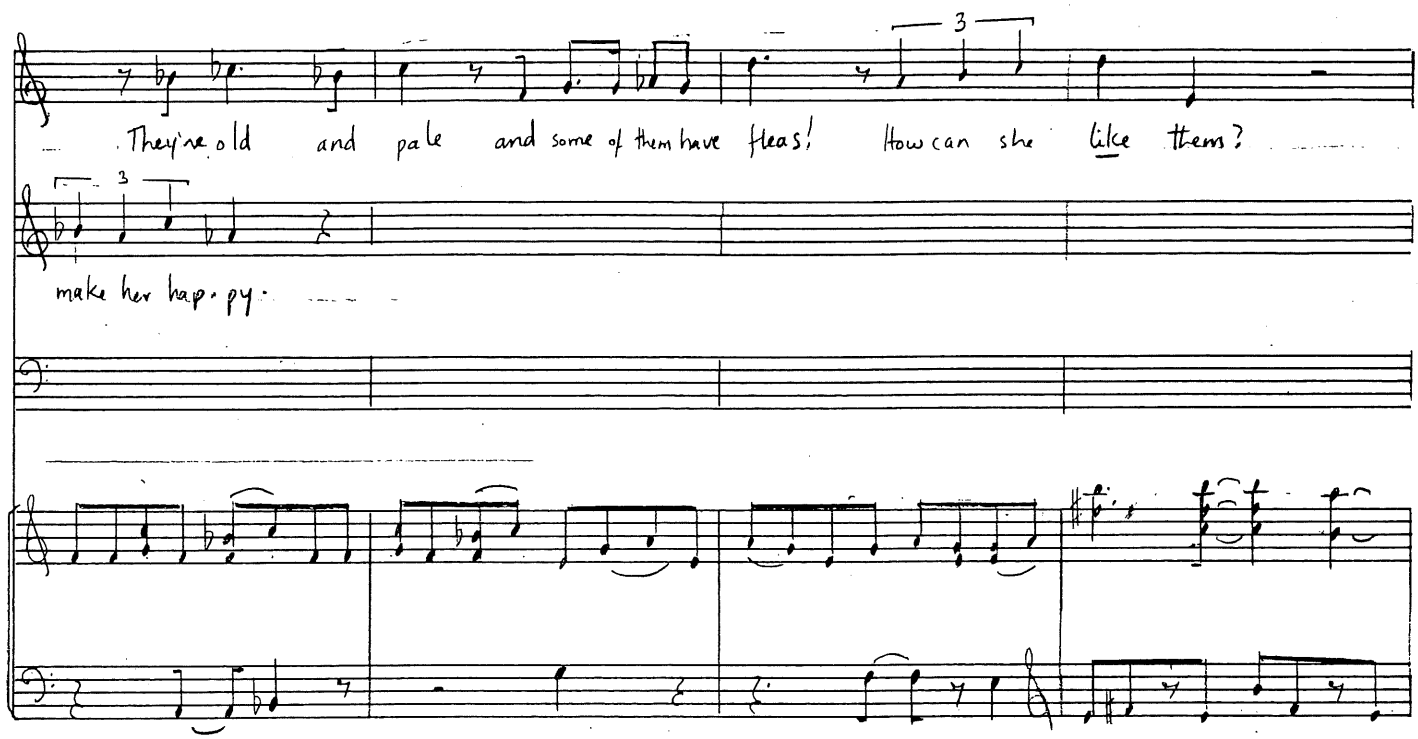
50

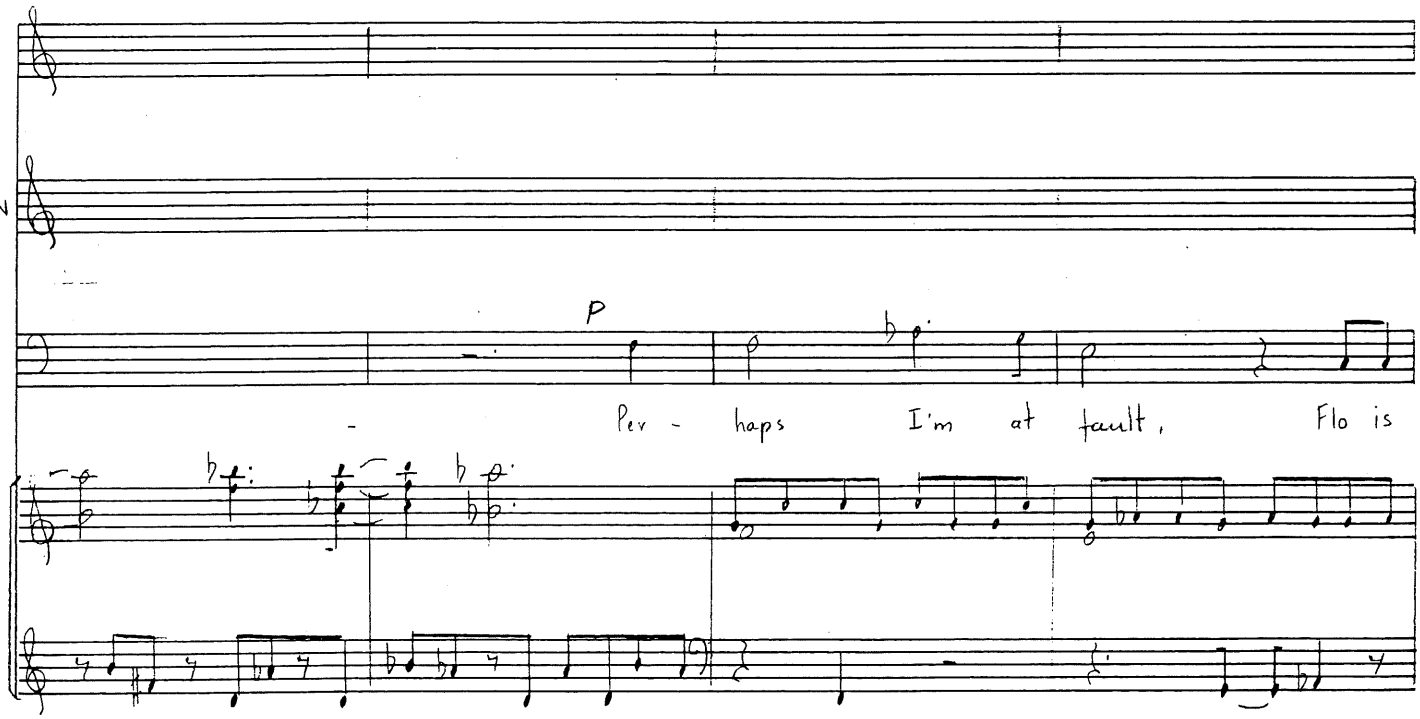
wives. A shin - ing hos - tess in the

55
FAN
so - cial firm·a·ment. The fin-est heads of Eng - land will a-
60
FAN
-dorn her drawing room and she will crown them
P
FAN
all.
W

65
rall
♩= 88
P
FAN
W
P
Her sad - ness en-
♩= 88
rall.
3
70
mf
With - out Flo to en-ter-
gulfs me, I can - not ev - en read.
3
3


mp
decresc.
P
-tain me, I don't know what to do
FAN
mf
She's spoil-ing my plans for her glor-i-ous
W

80


P
mf
Ugh!
(aside)
3 P 3
FAN
fu-ture. Now she carries broth and tea to the vil — lage in-val-ids This seems to
W


P
They're old and pale and some of them have fleas! How can she like them?
3
FAN
make her hap-py.
W

85

P
FAN
W
P
Per - haps I'm at fault, Flo is

90

P

FAN

W

3

3

...gi...ven to so - ber thought ... Fret-ting o-ver so - cial ills, in which, I be-

95

P

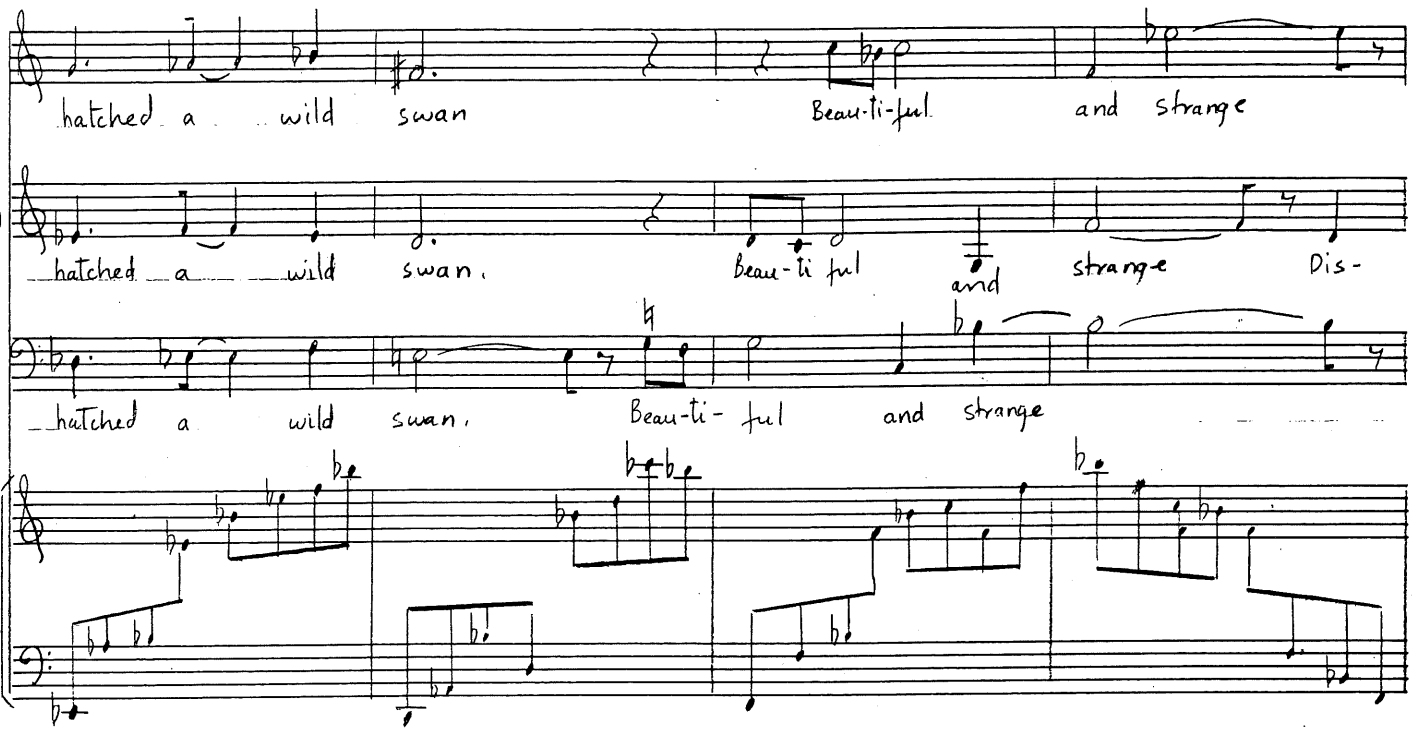
We are ducks who have

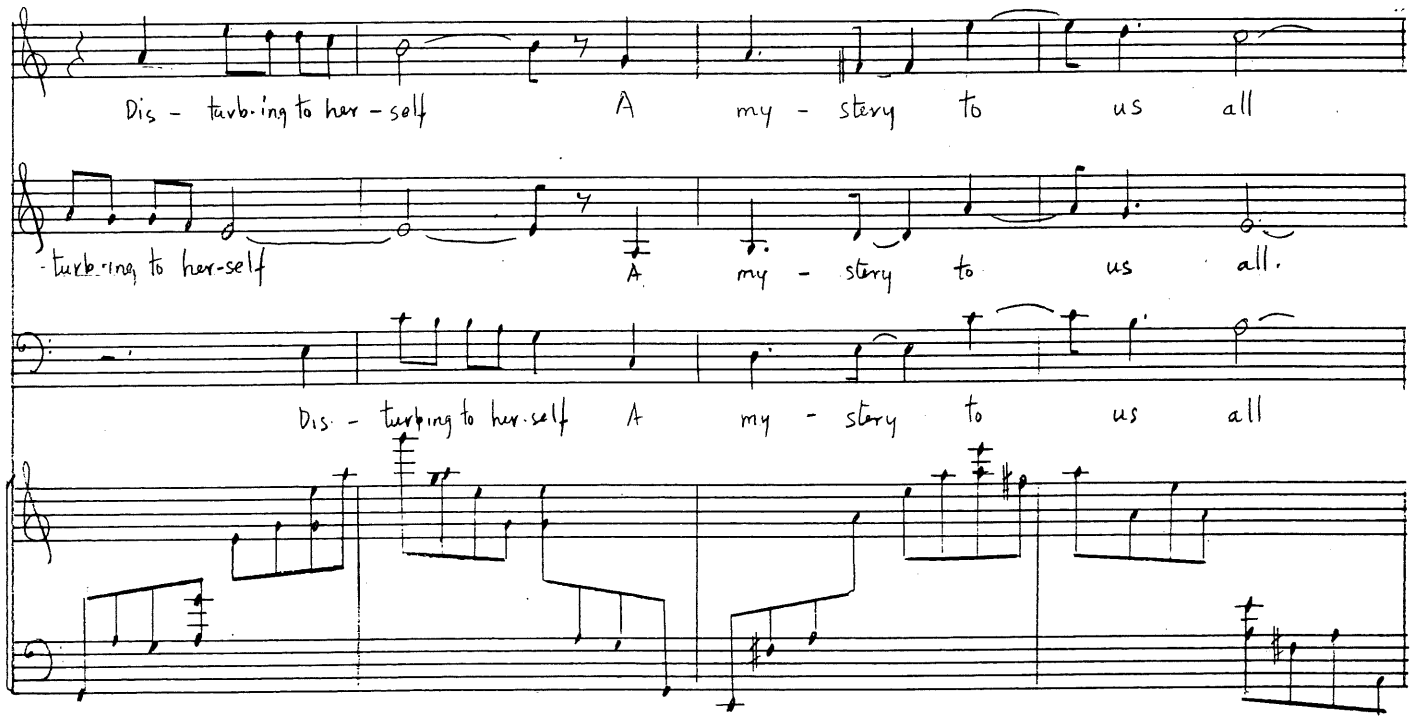
FAN

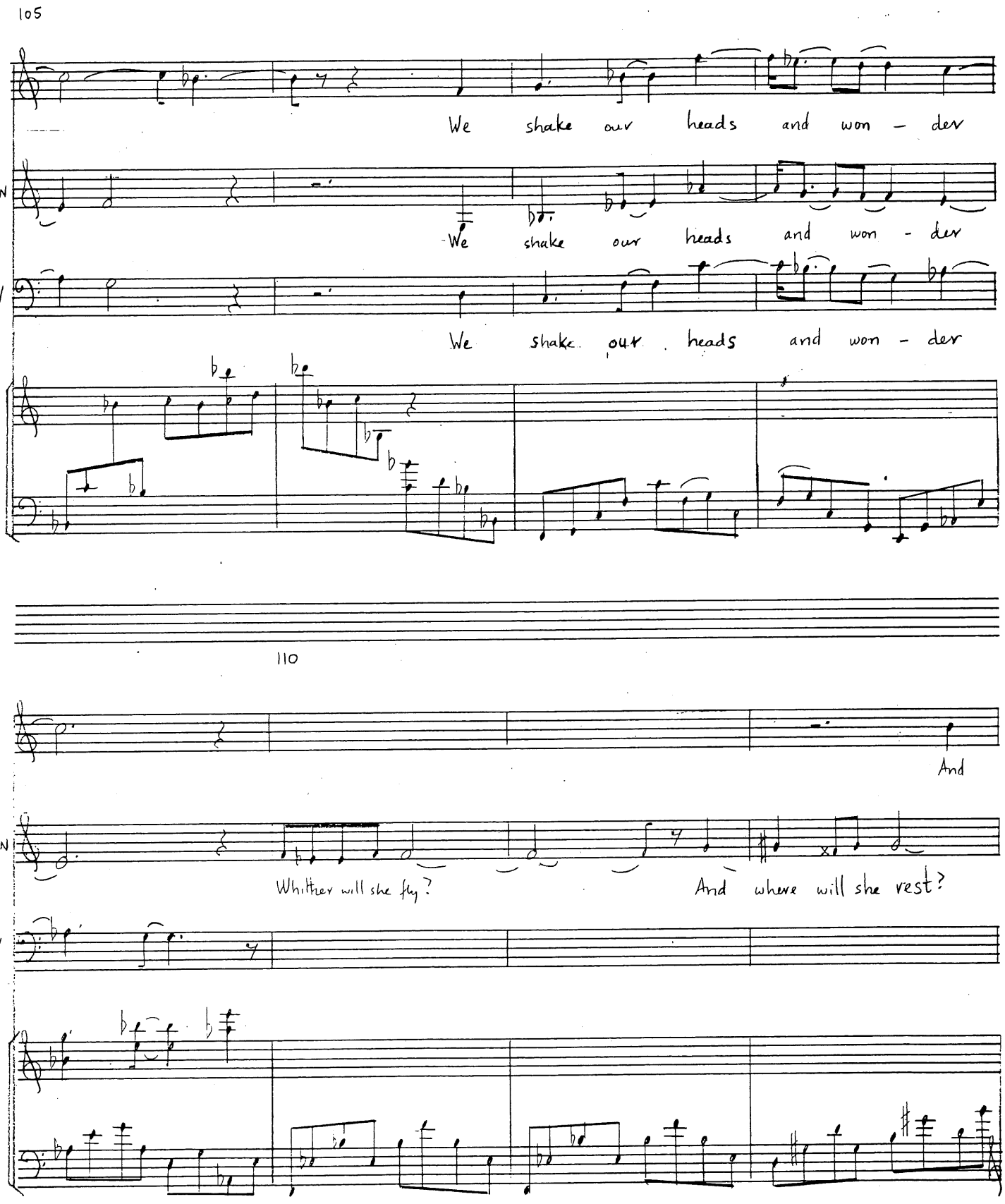
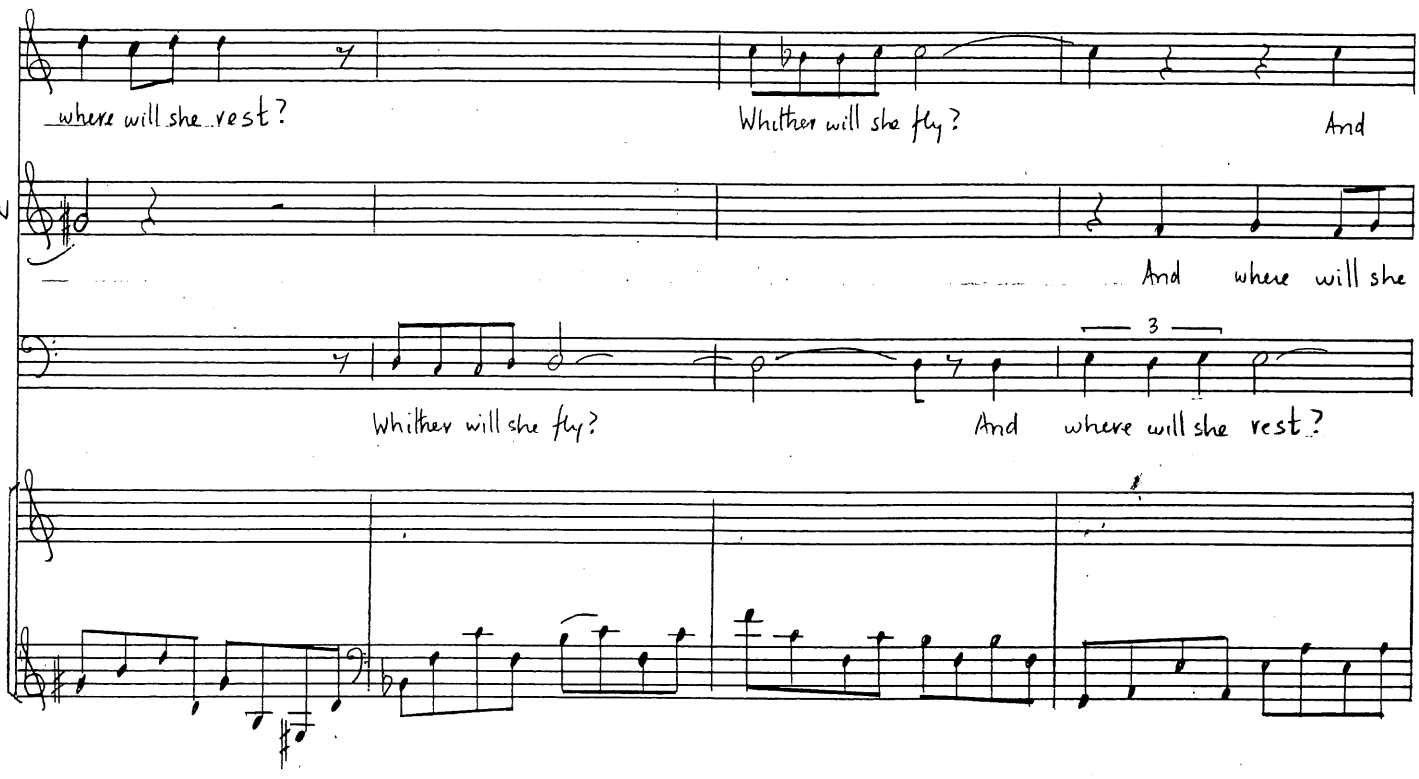
We are ducks who have

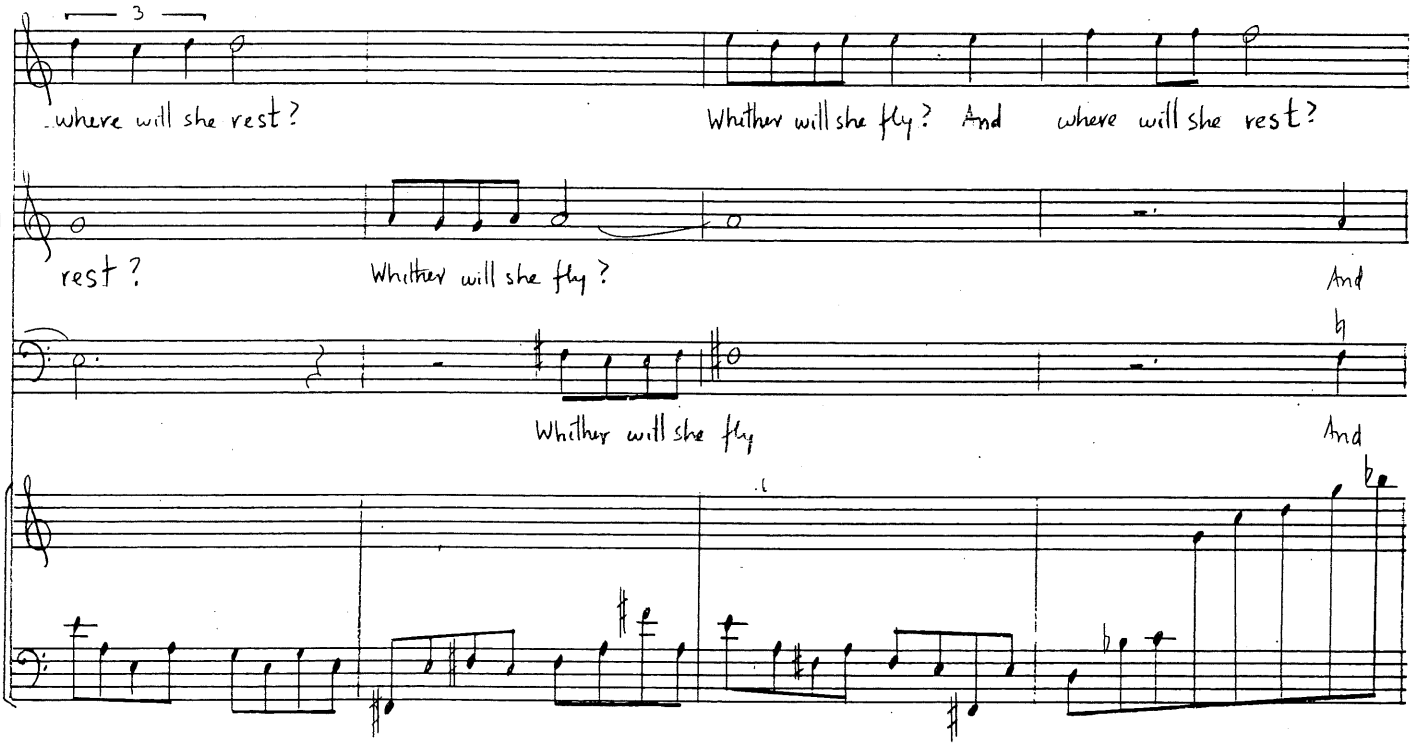
W

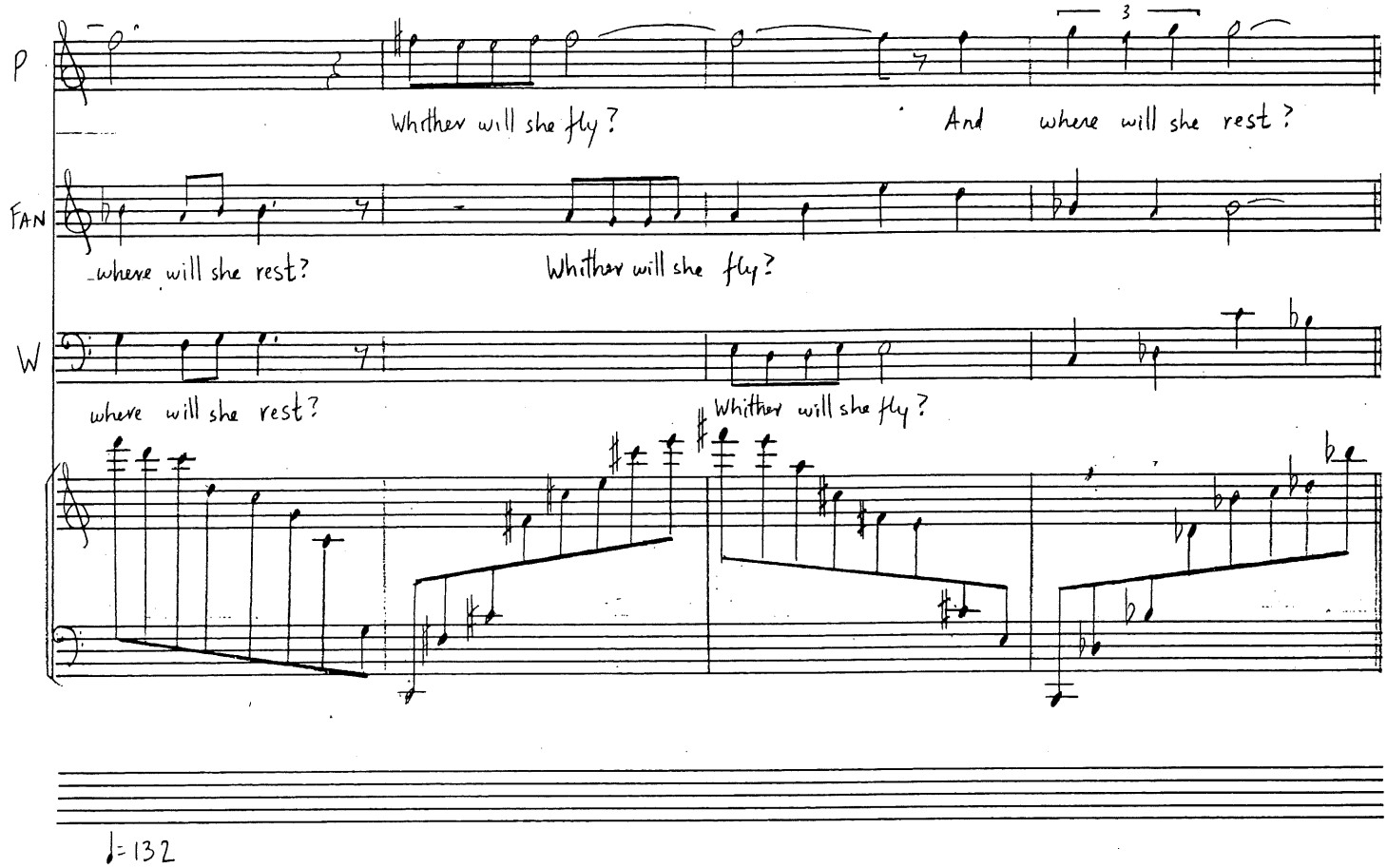
3

-lieve, she takes af-ter me We are ducks who have

P
hatched a wild swan Beau-ti-ful and strange
FAN
hatched a wild swan. Beau-ti ful and strange Dis-
W
hatched a wild swan. Beau-ti- ful and strange

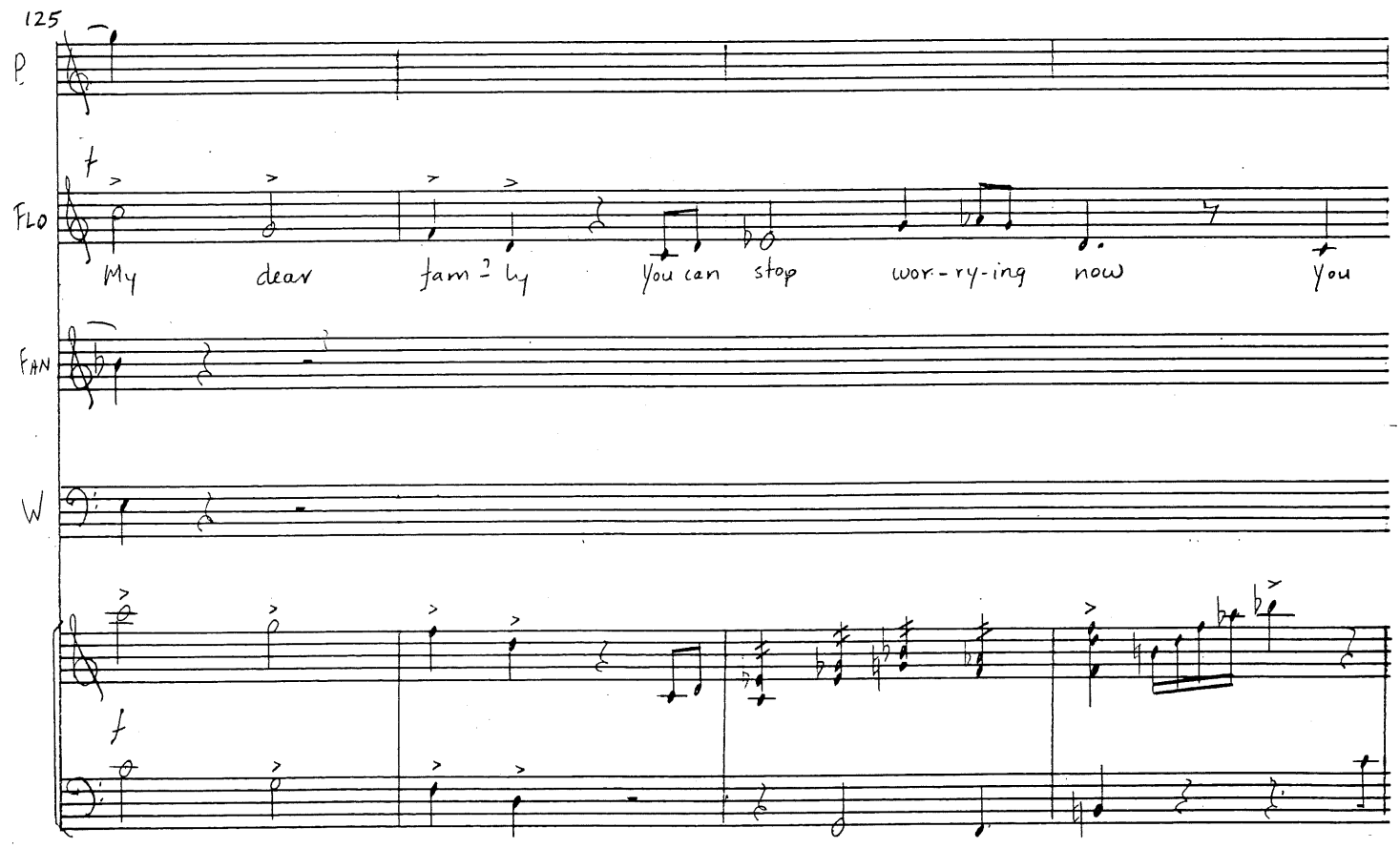
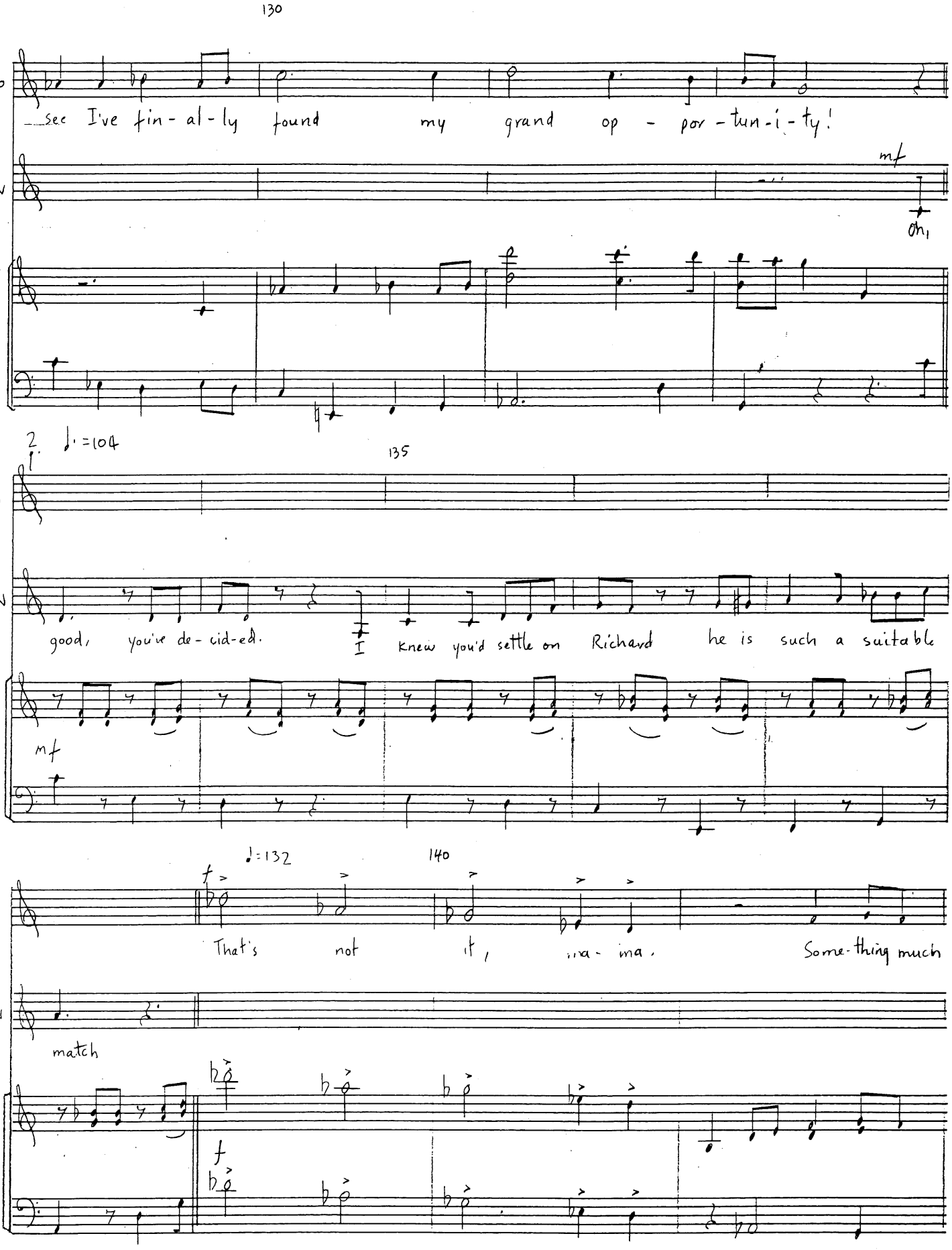
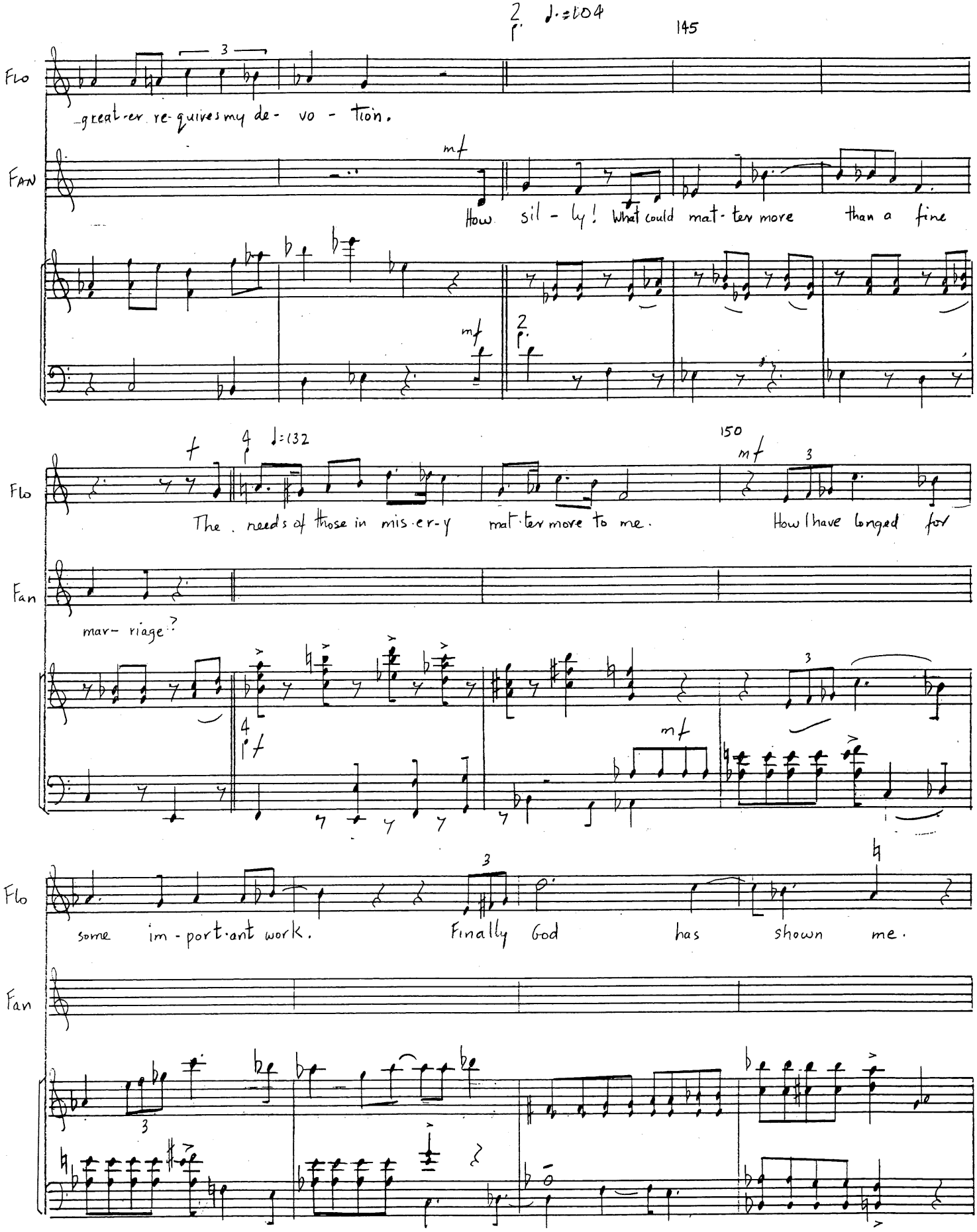
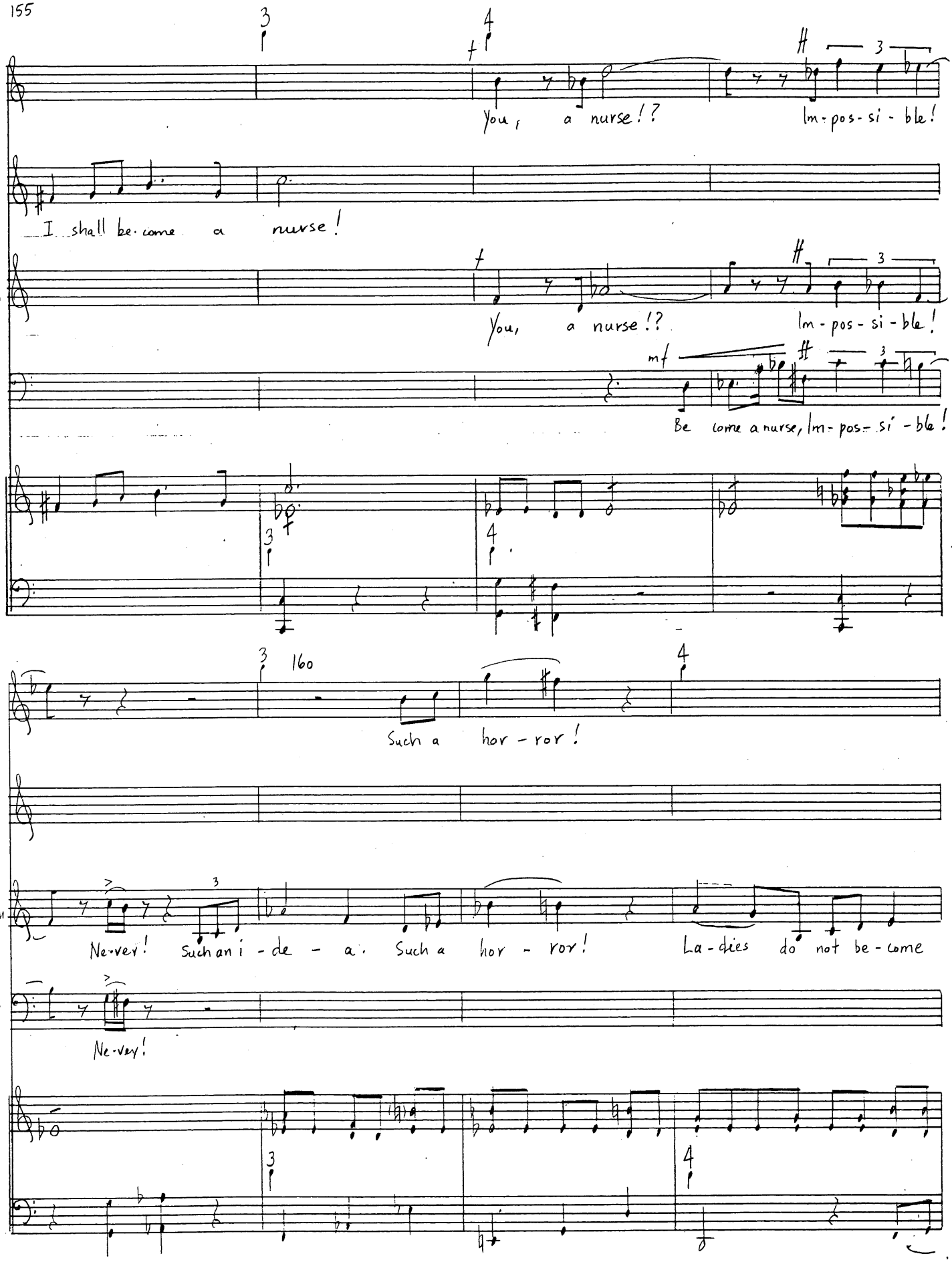
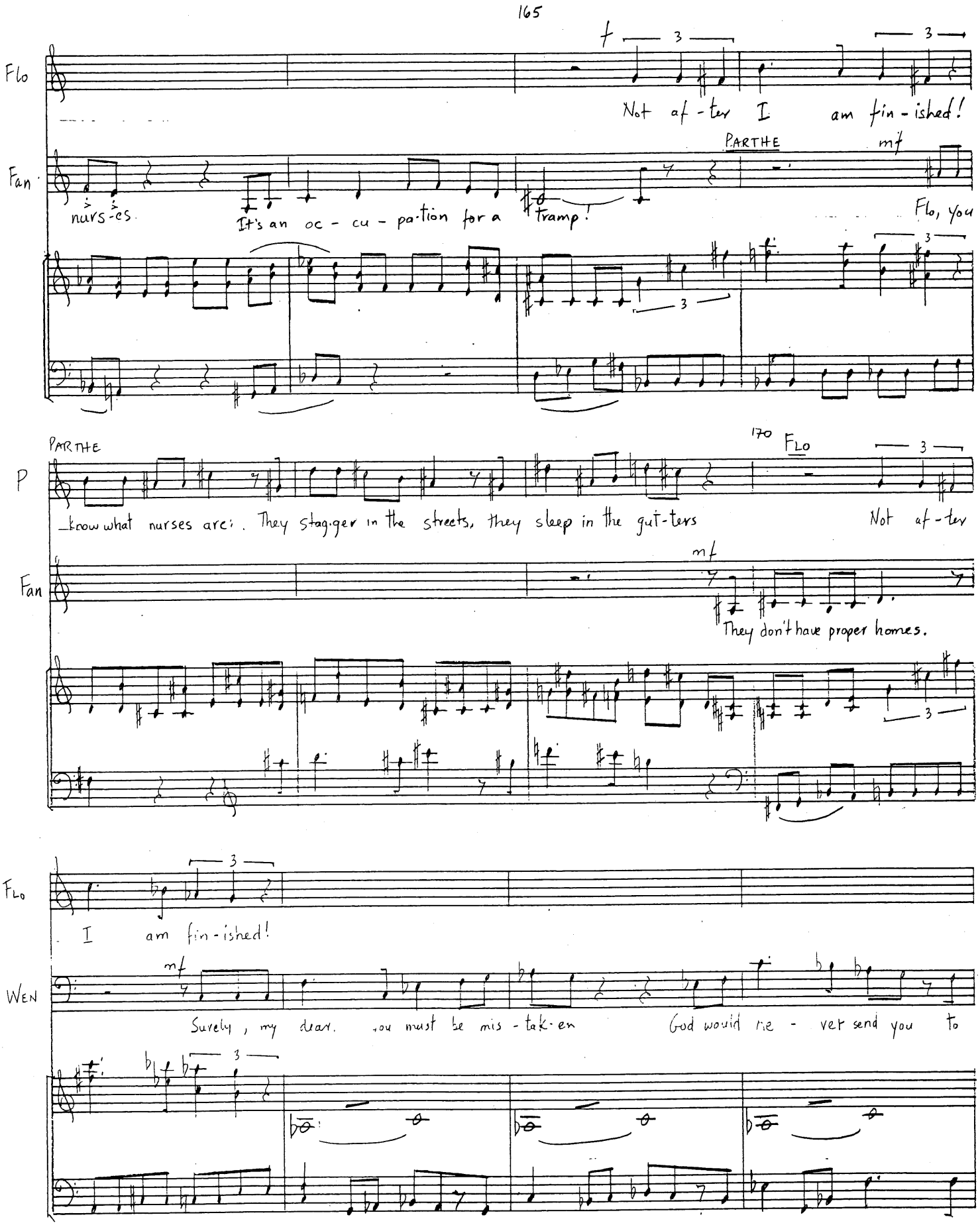
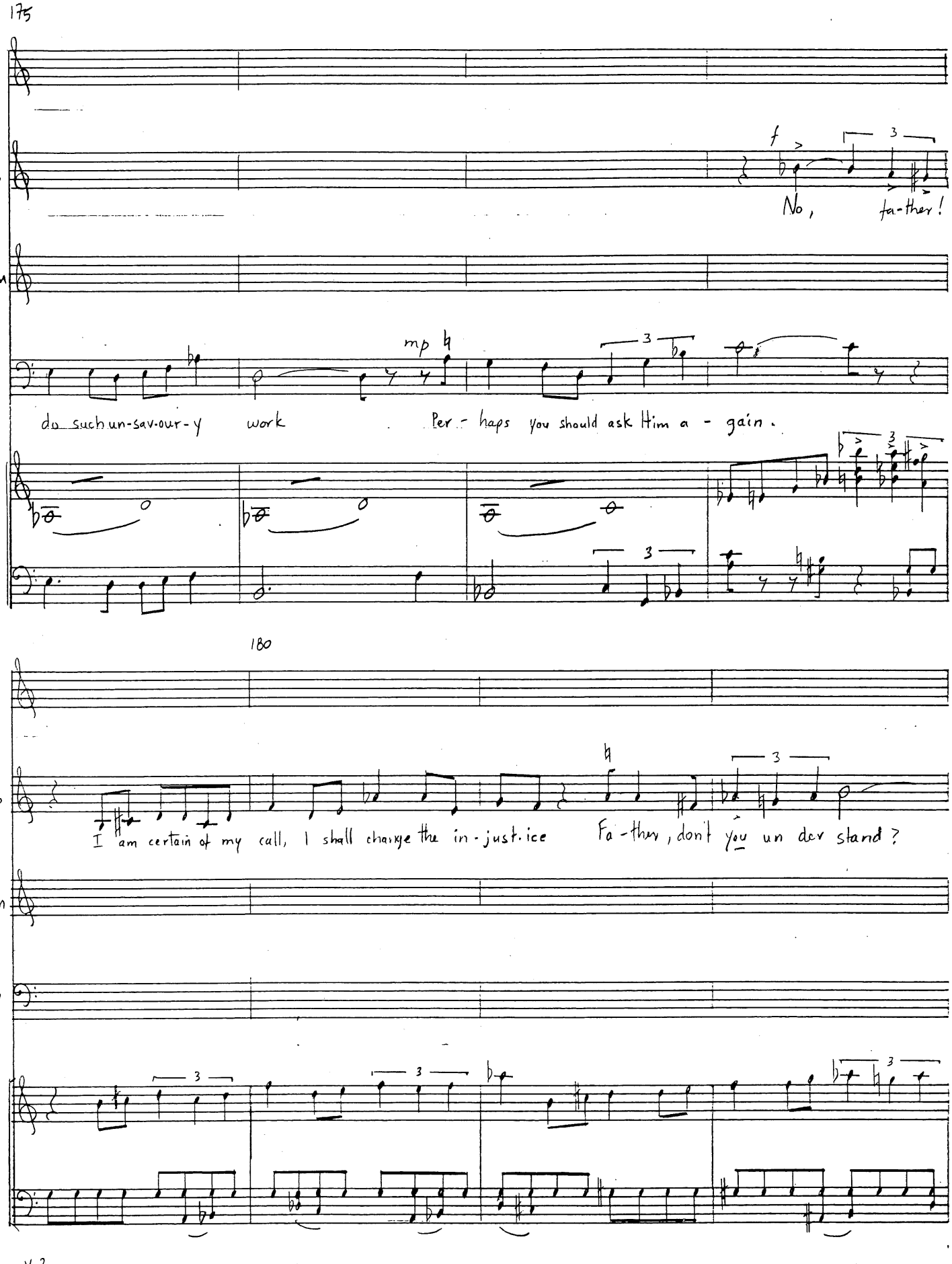
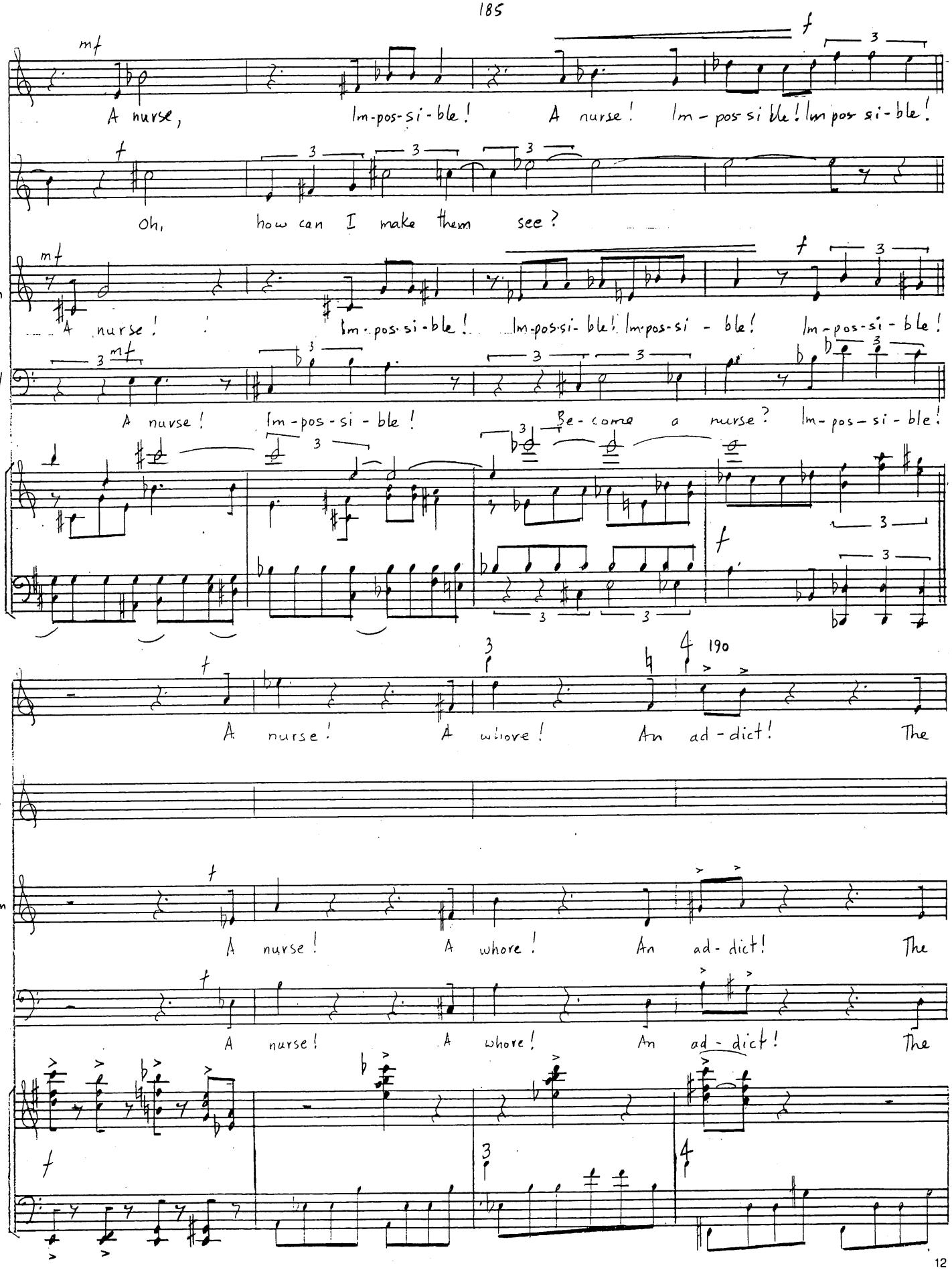
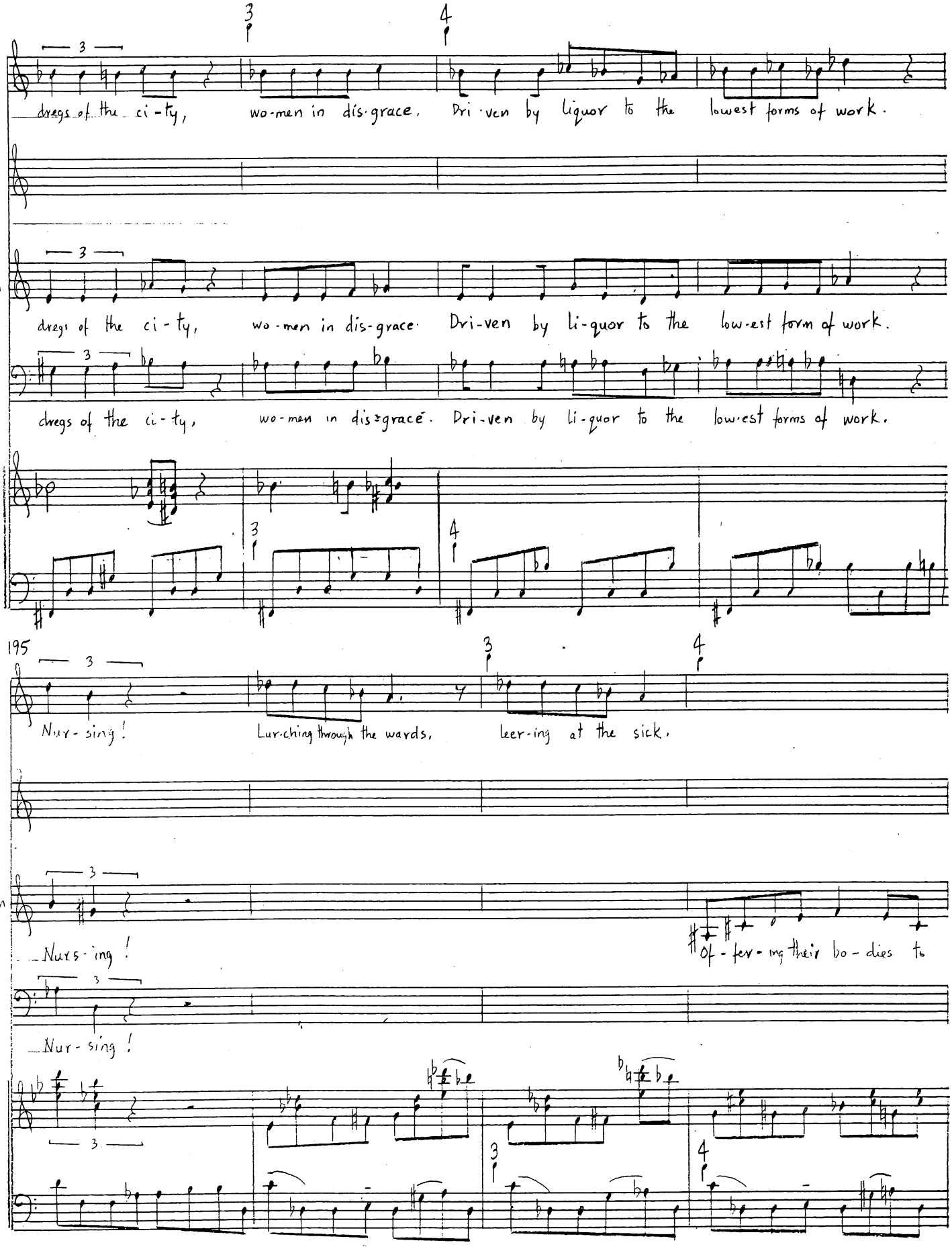
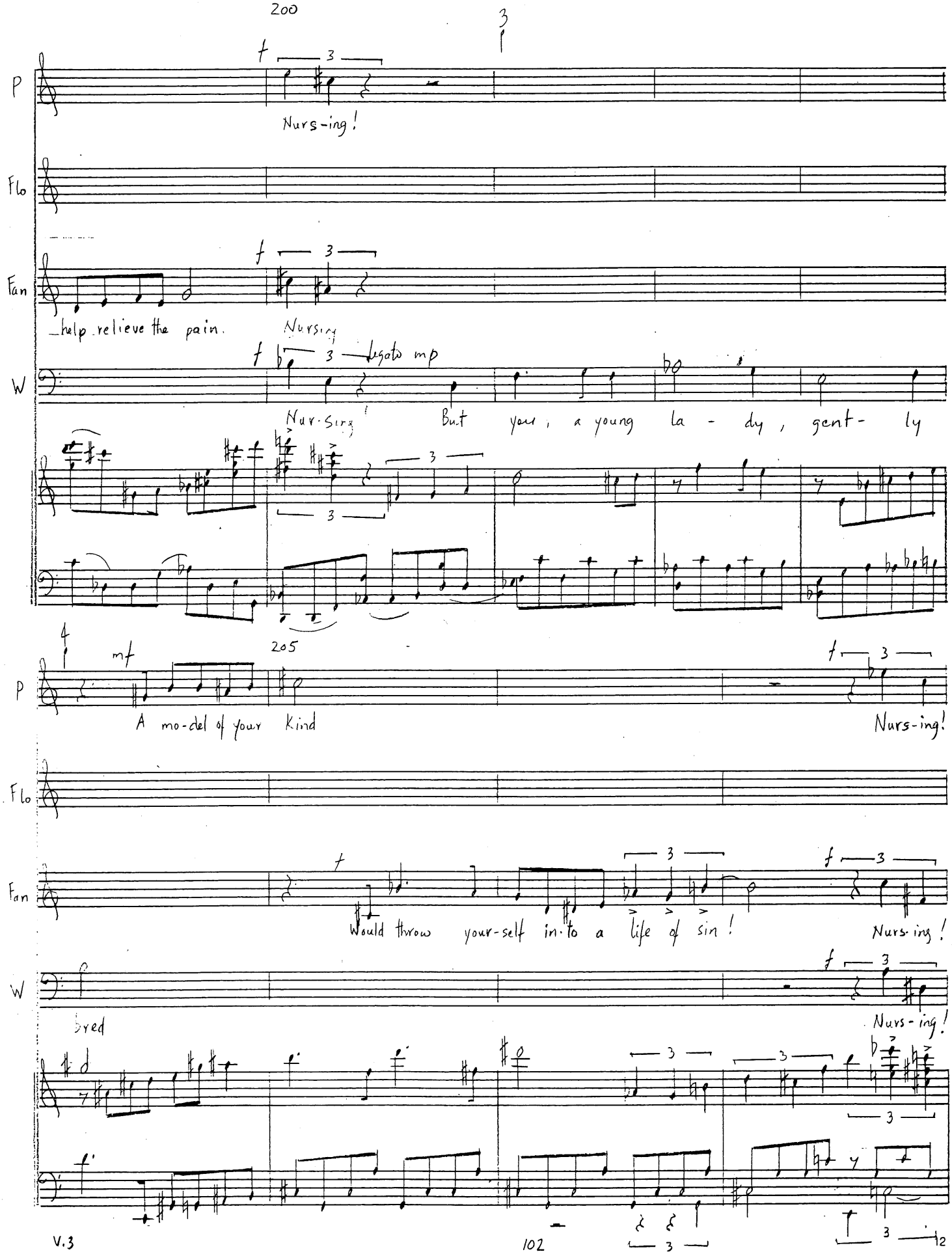
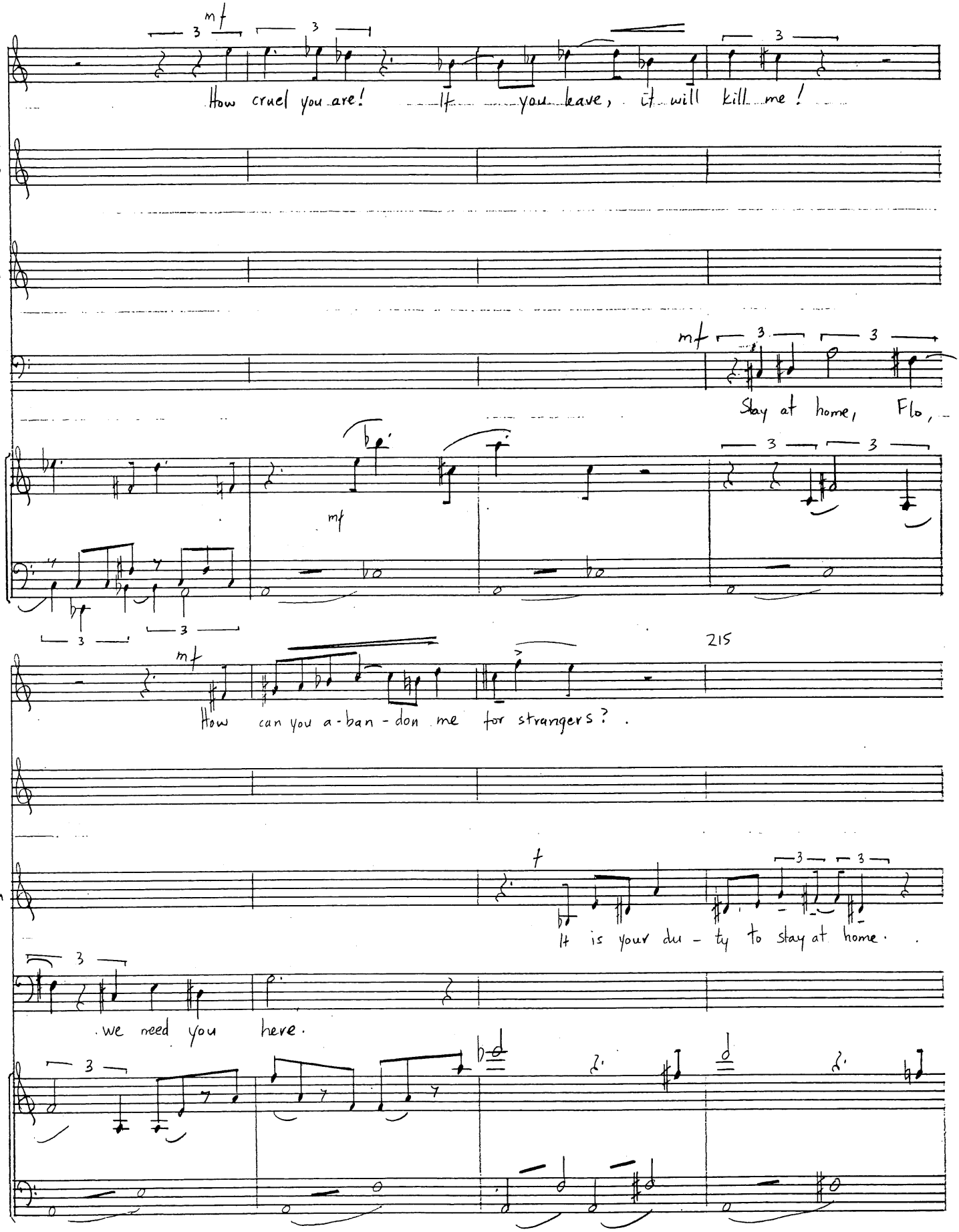
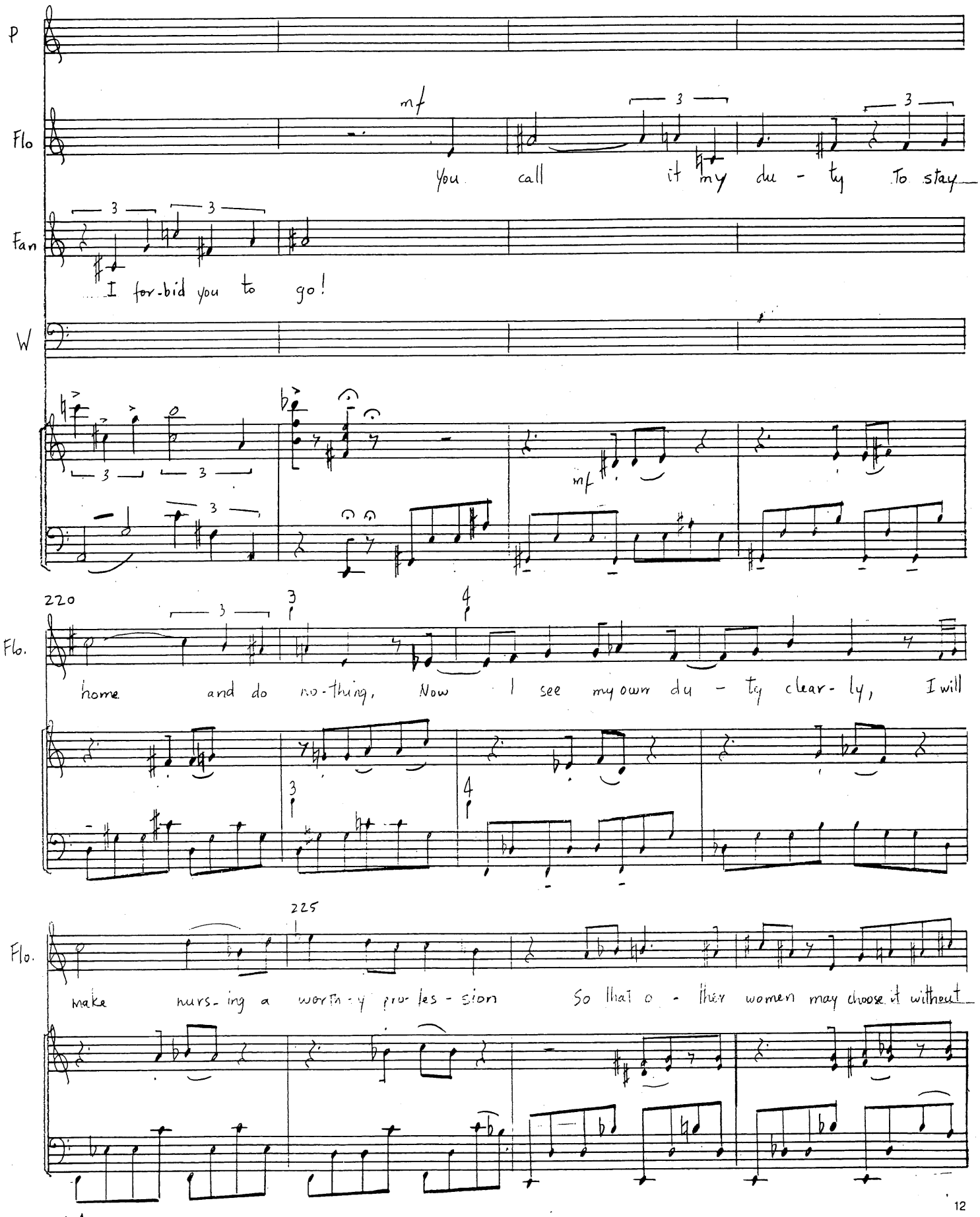
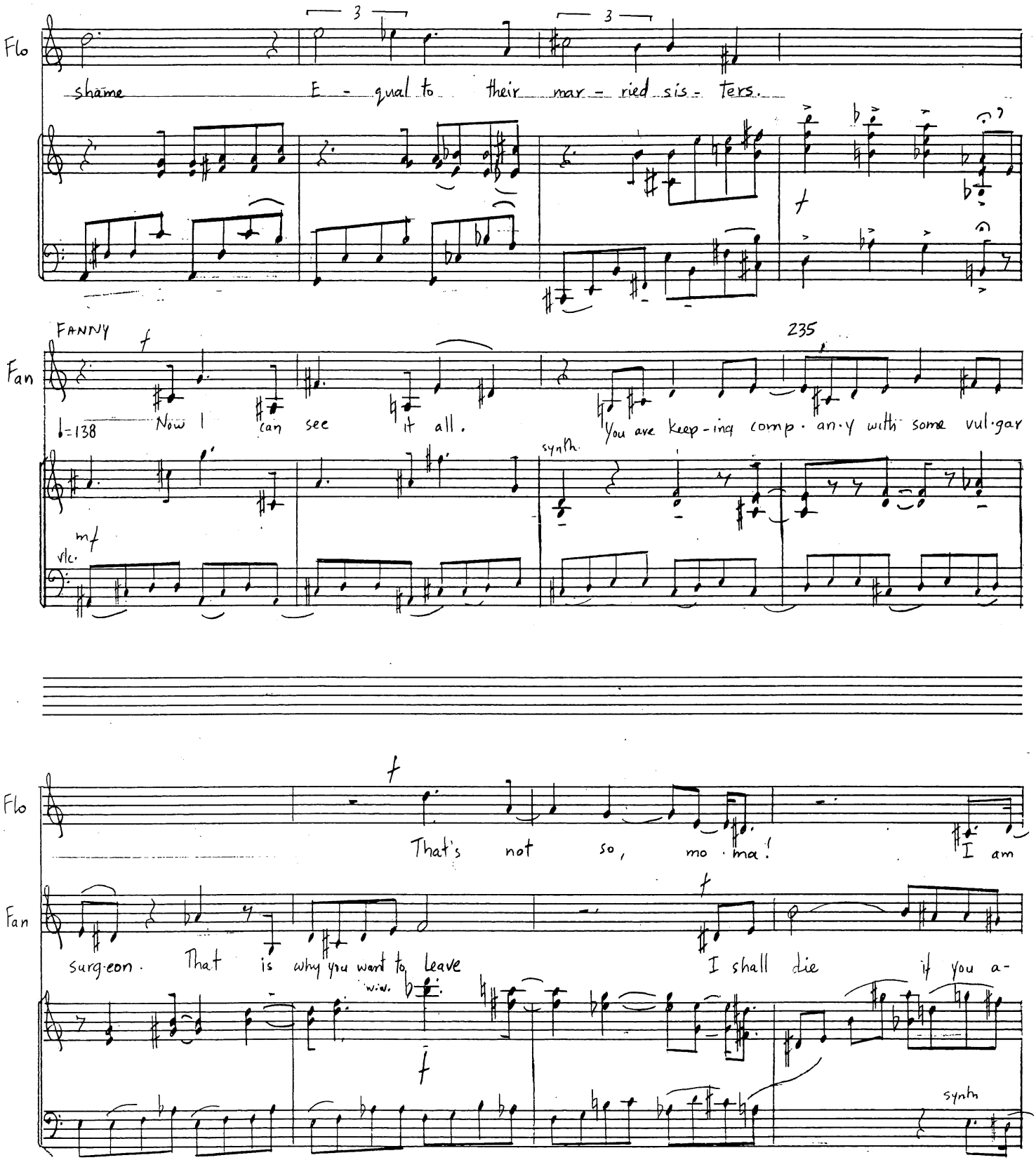
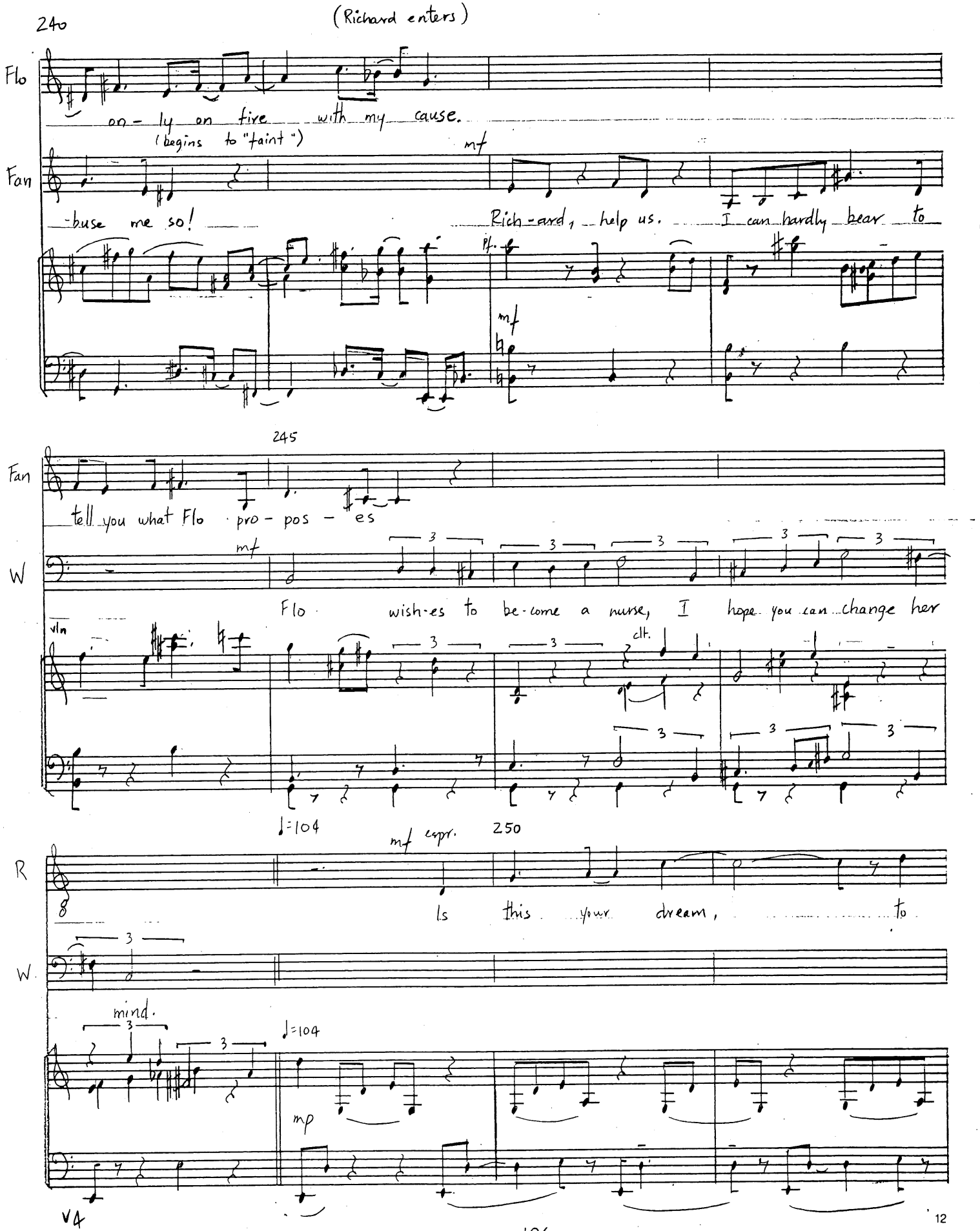
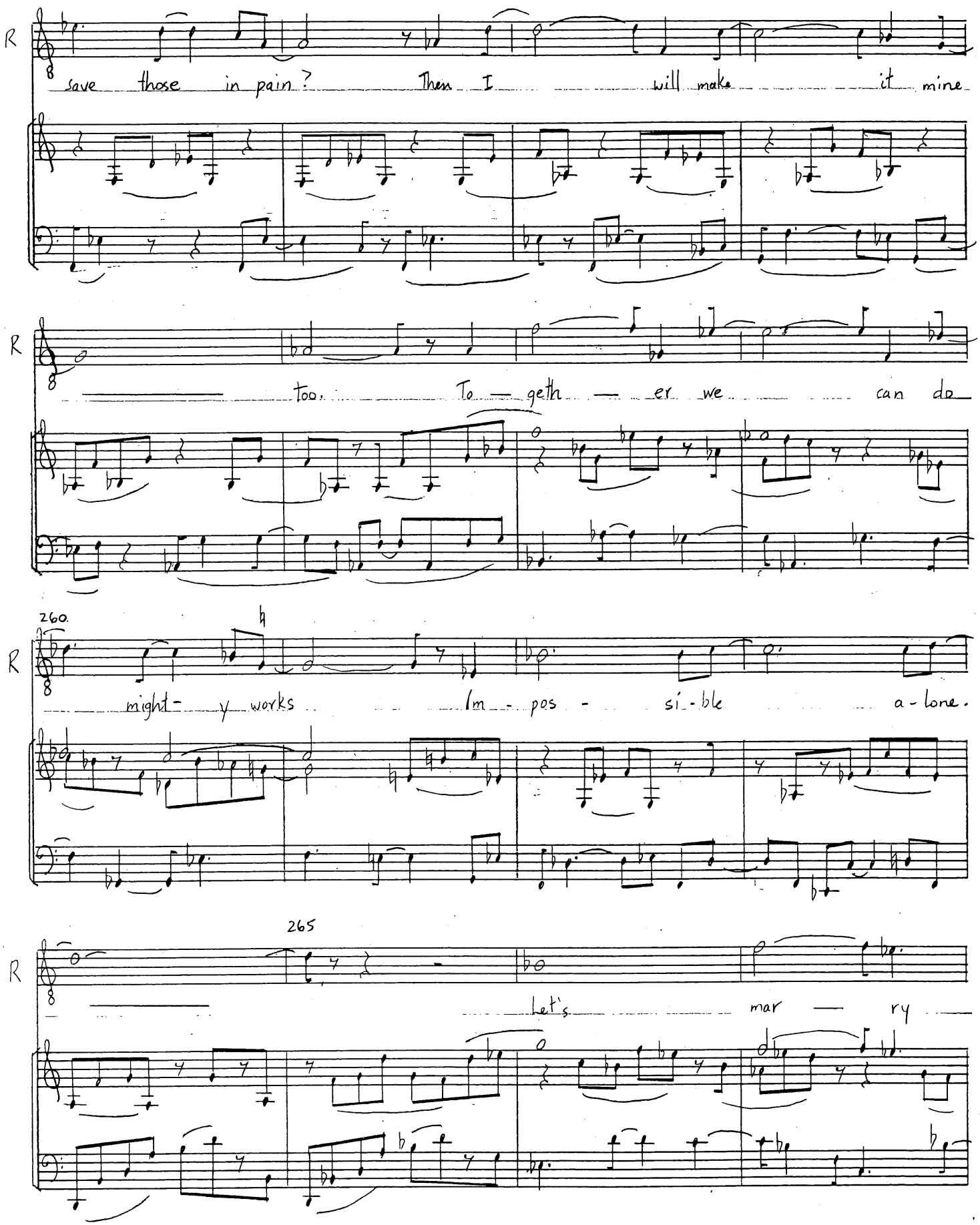
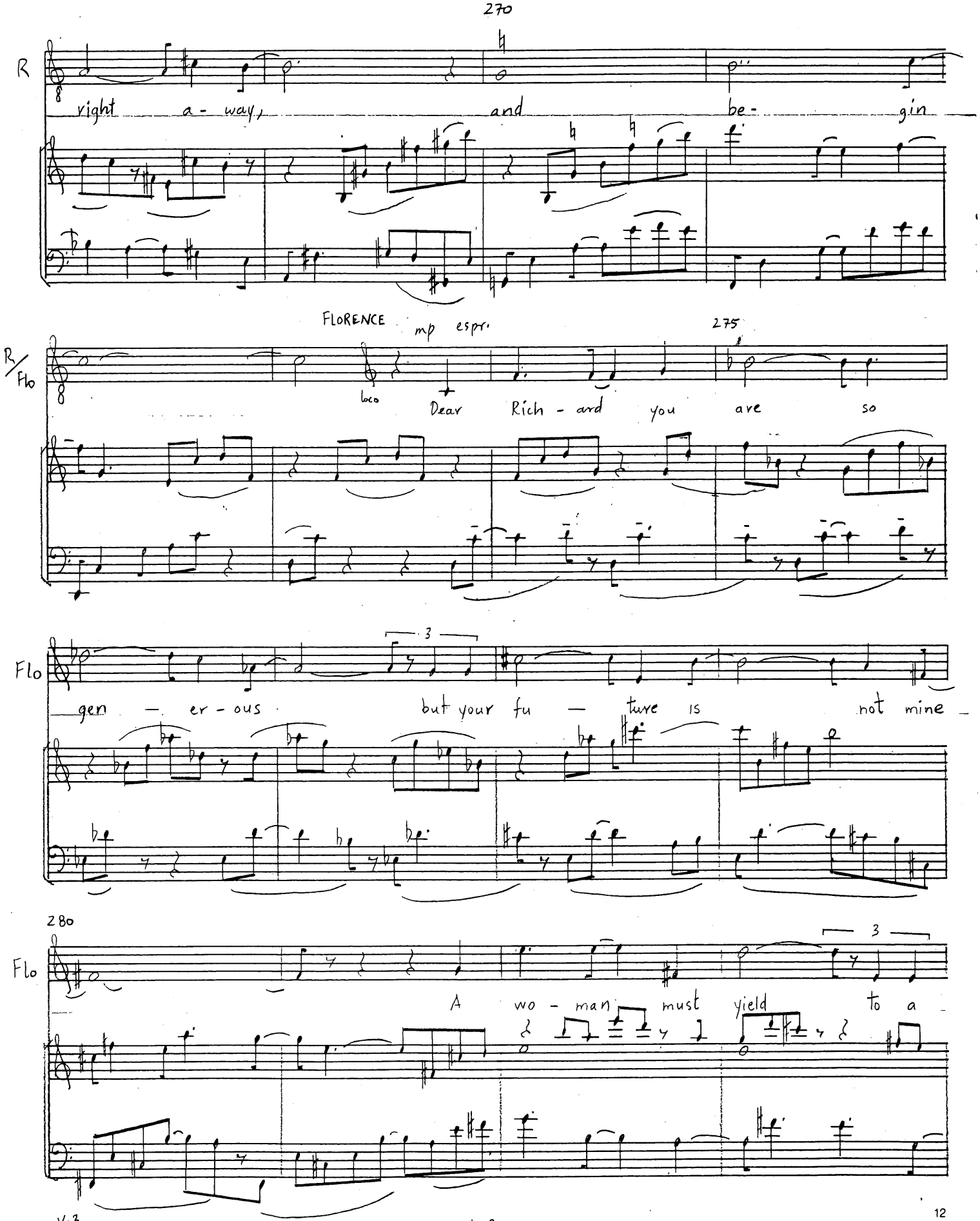
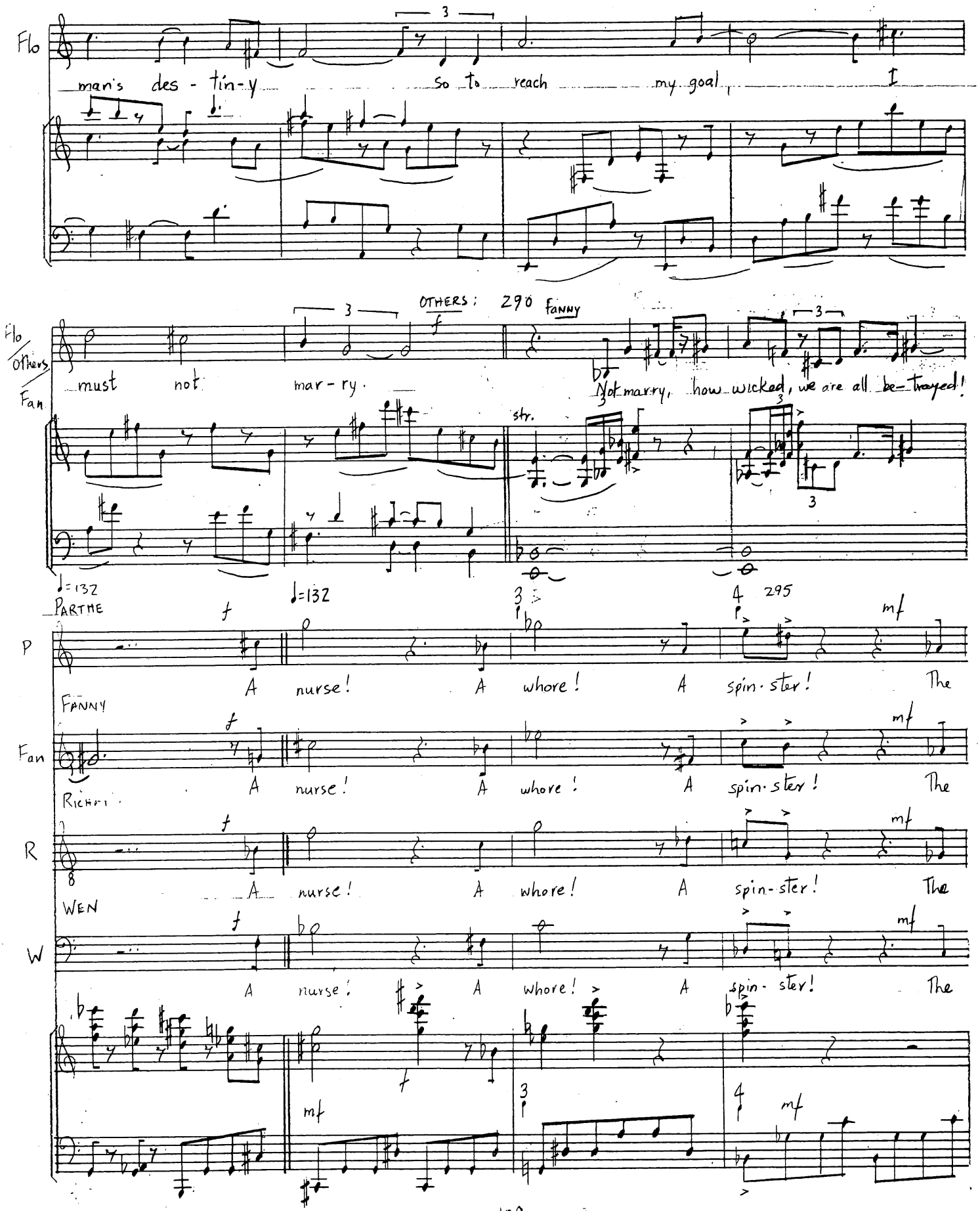
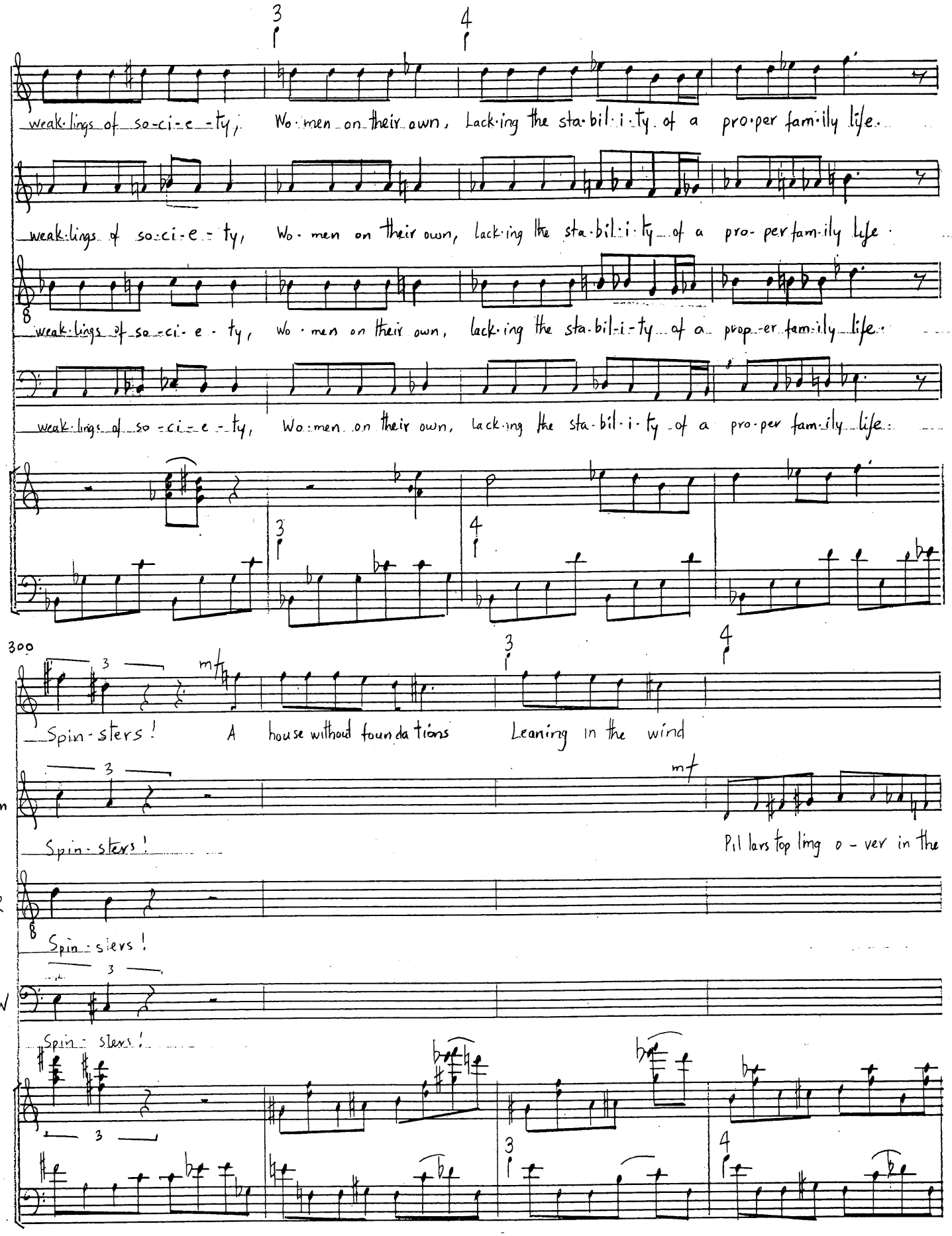
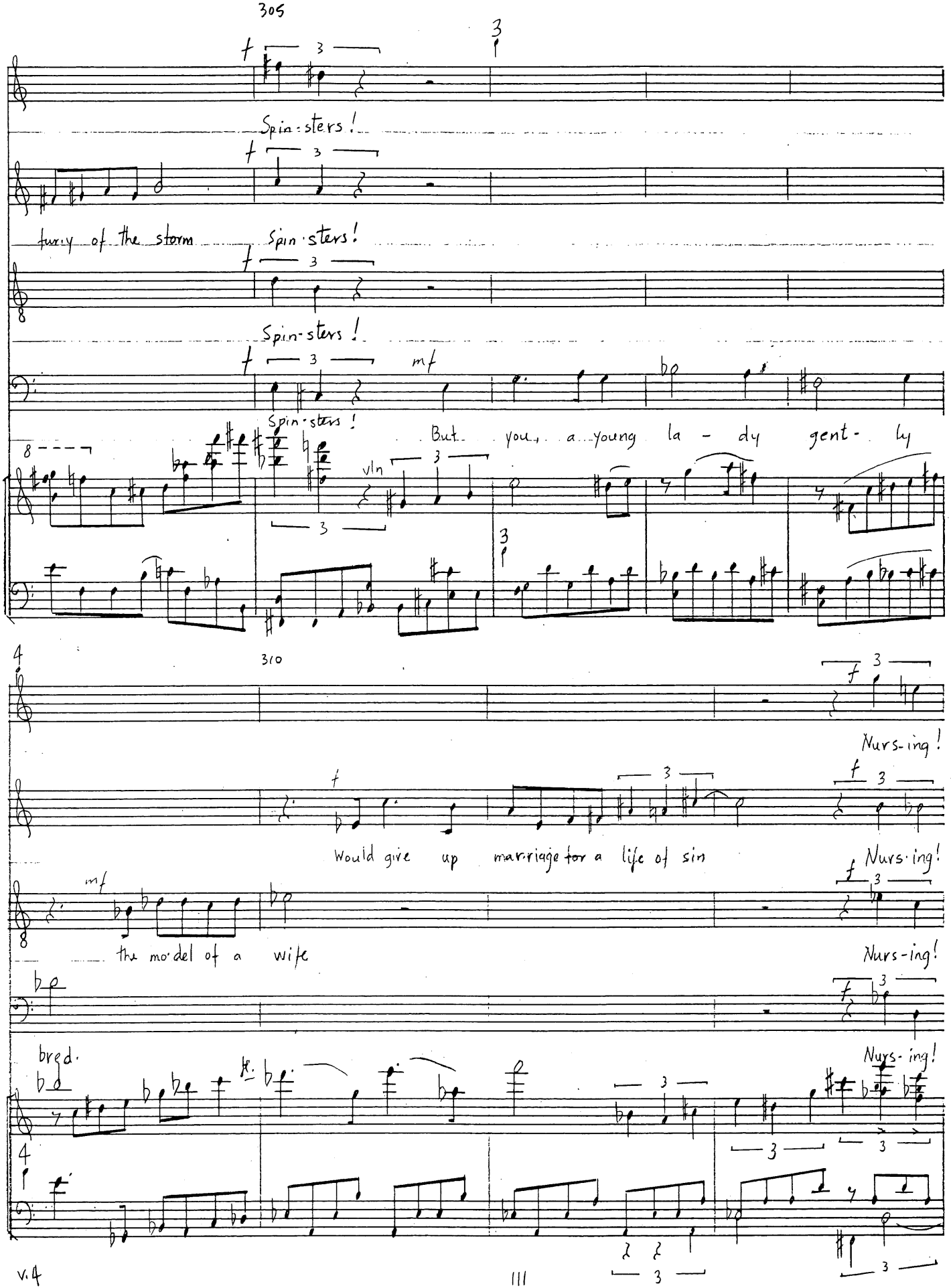
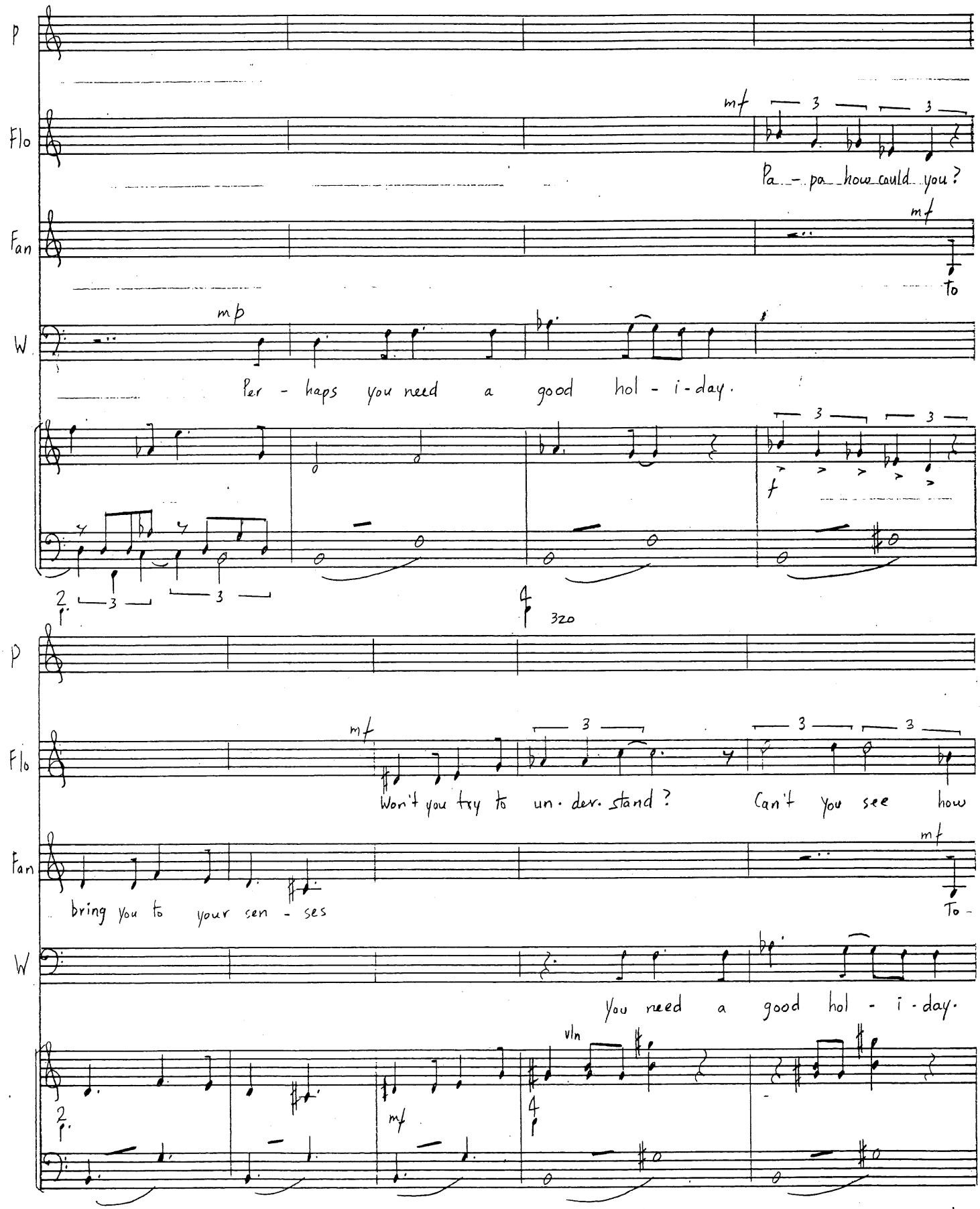
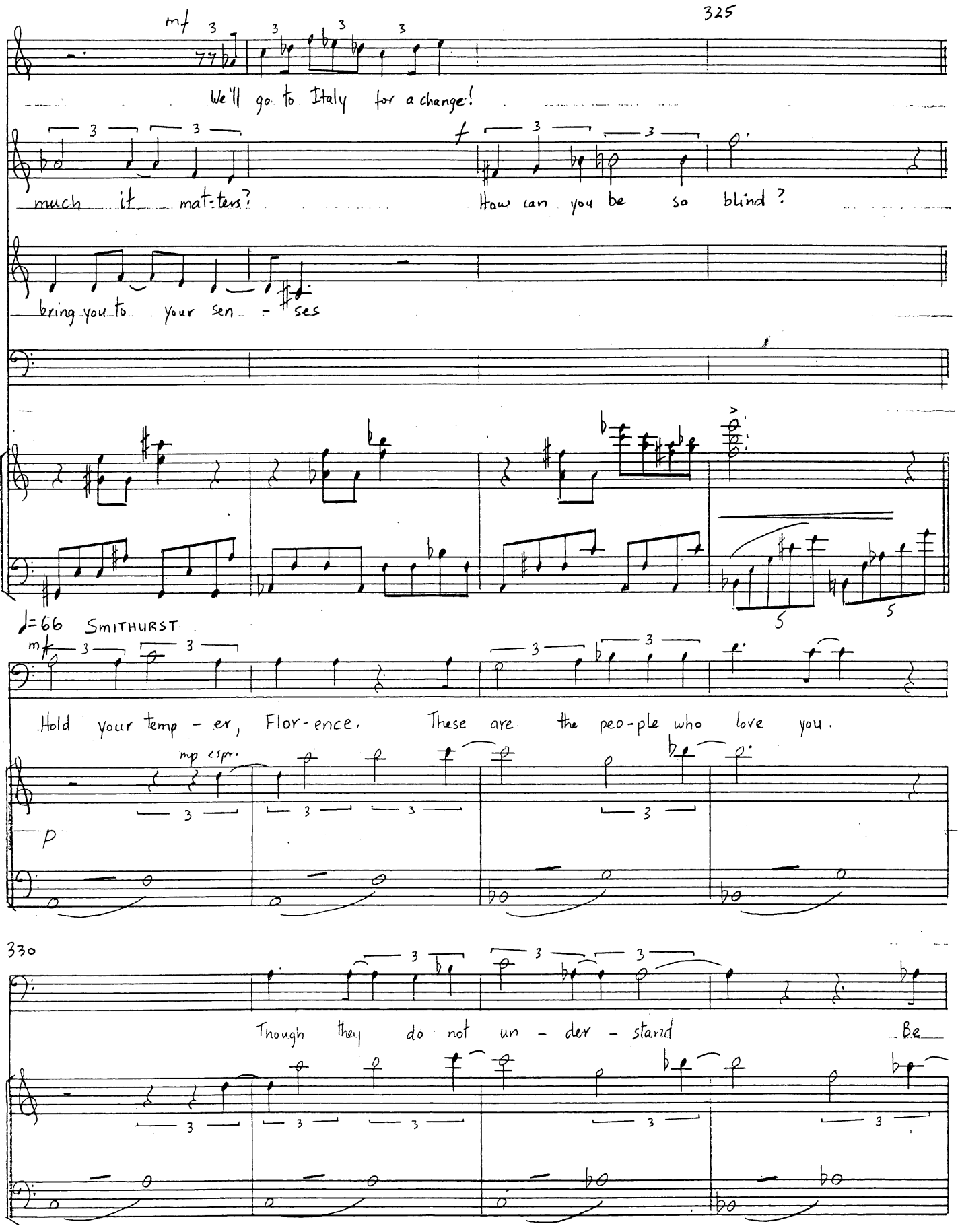
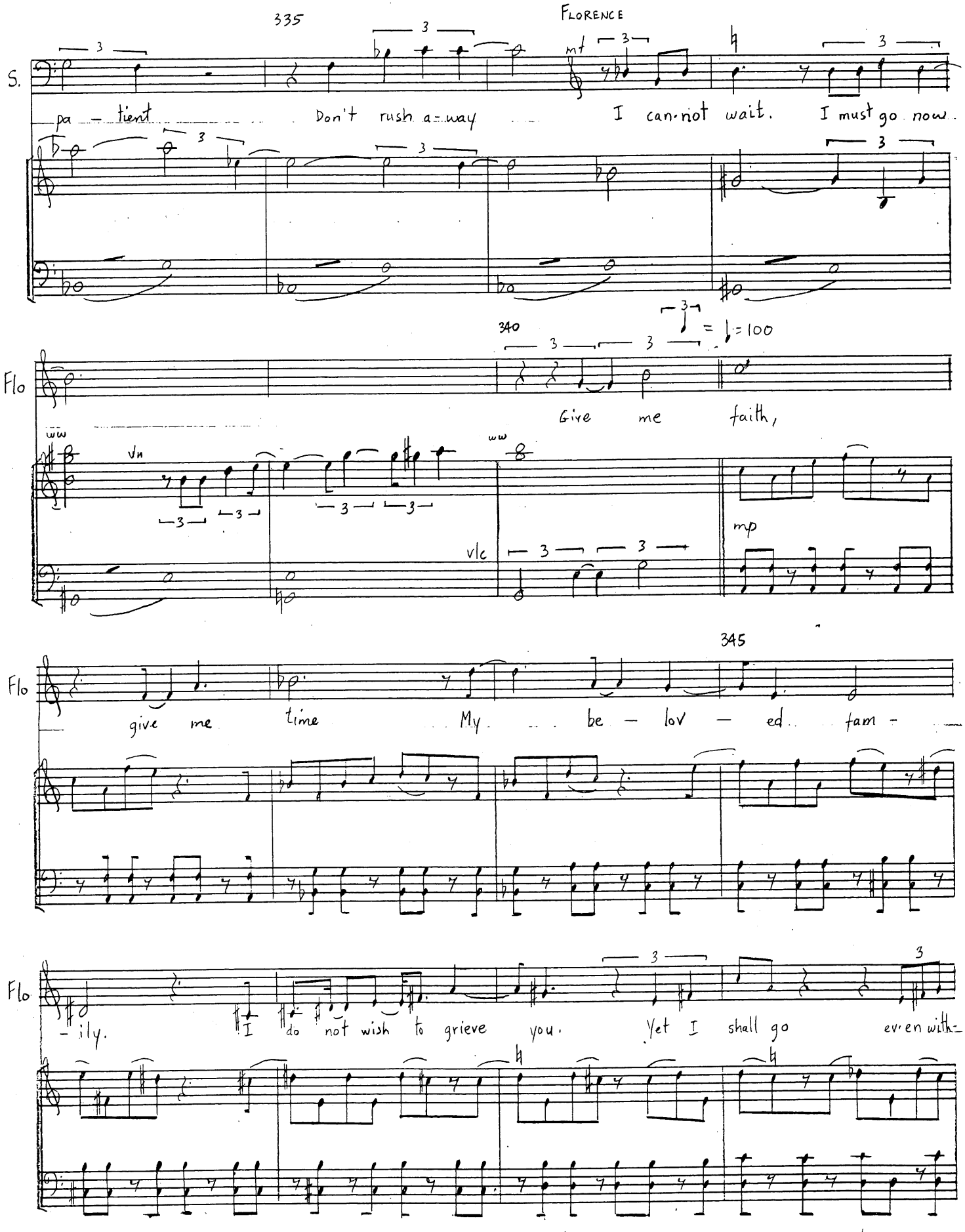
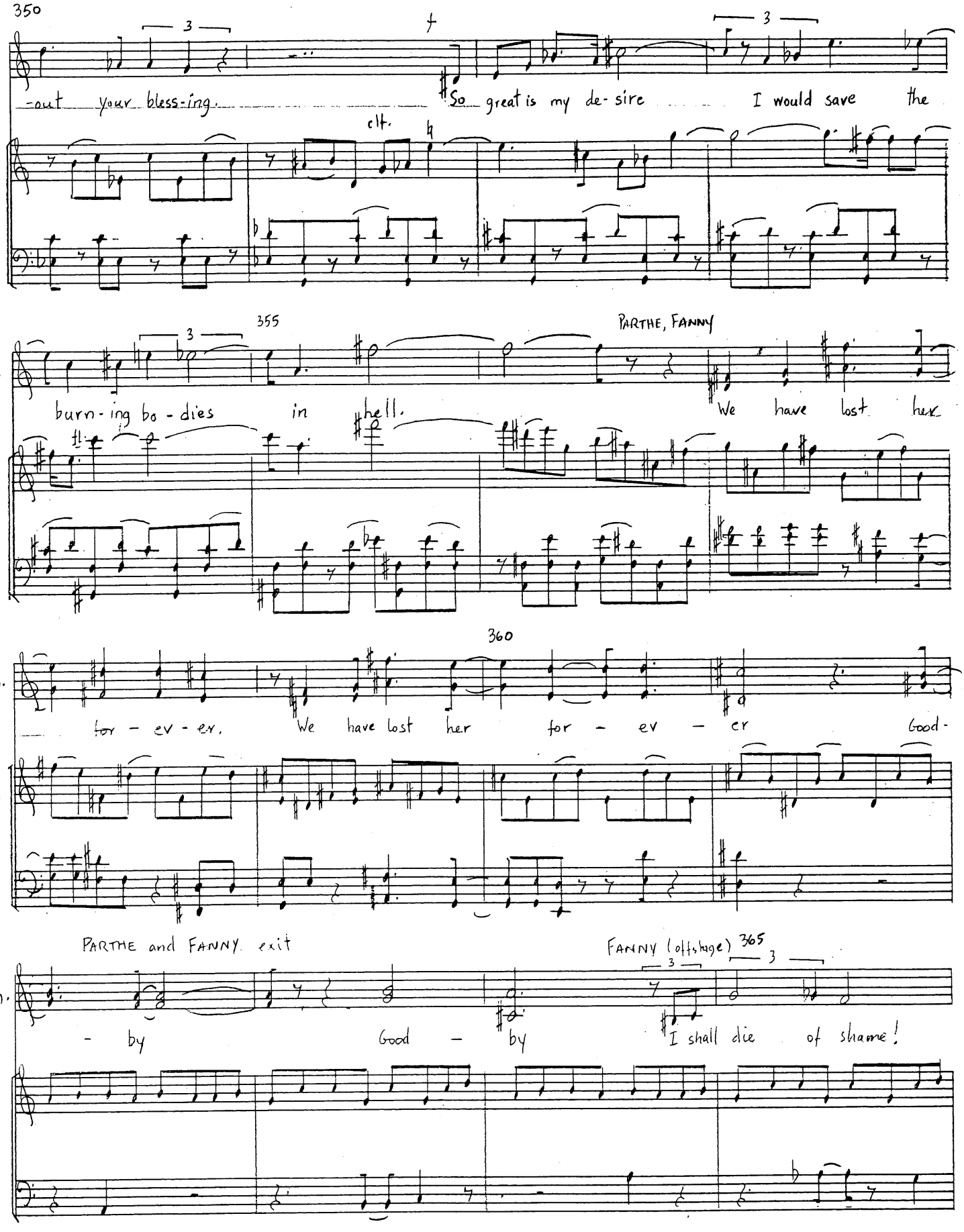
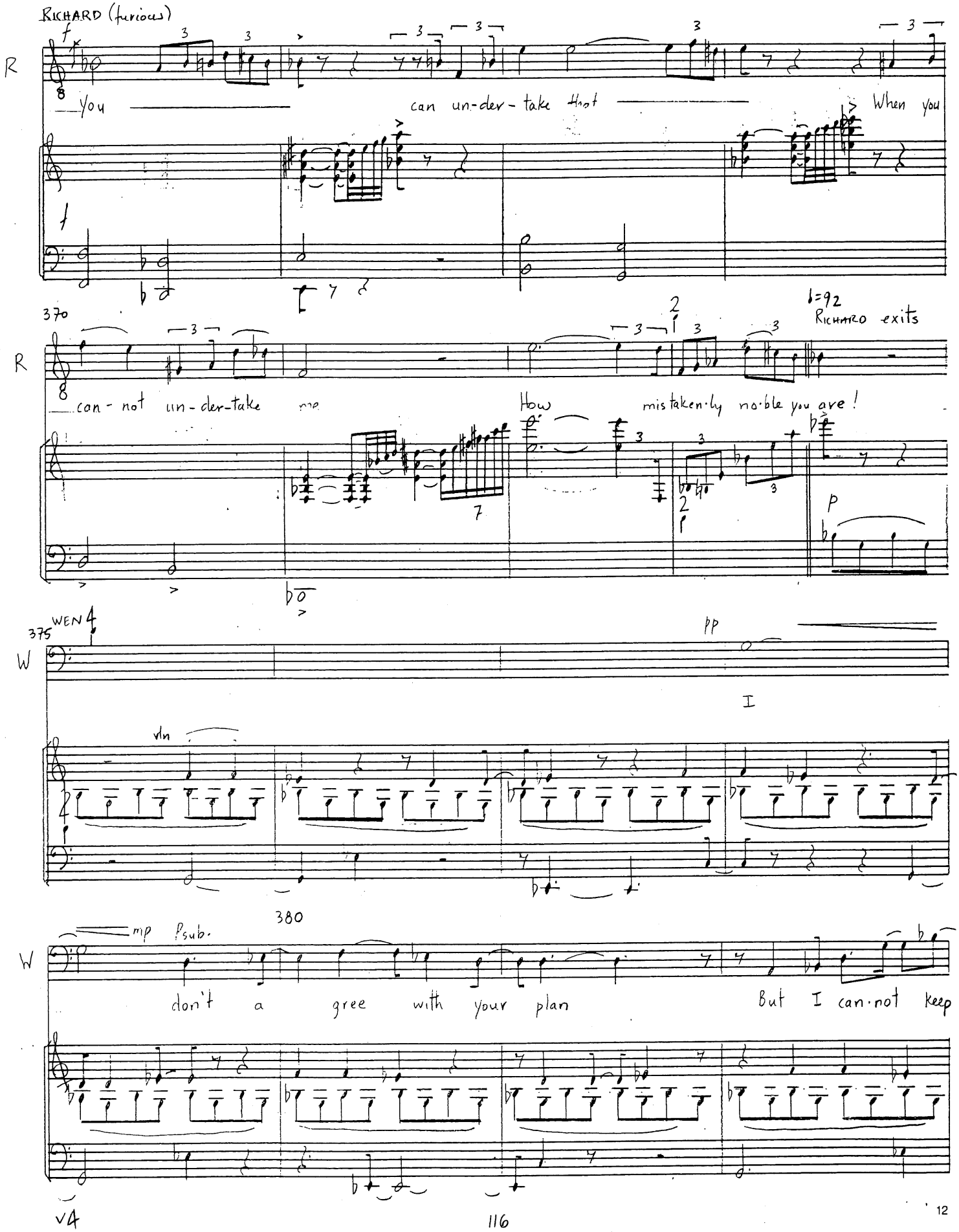
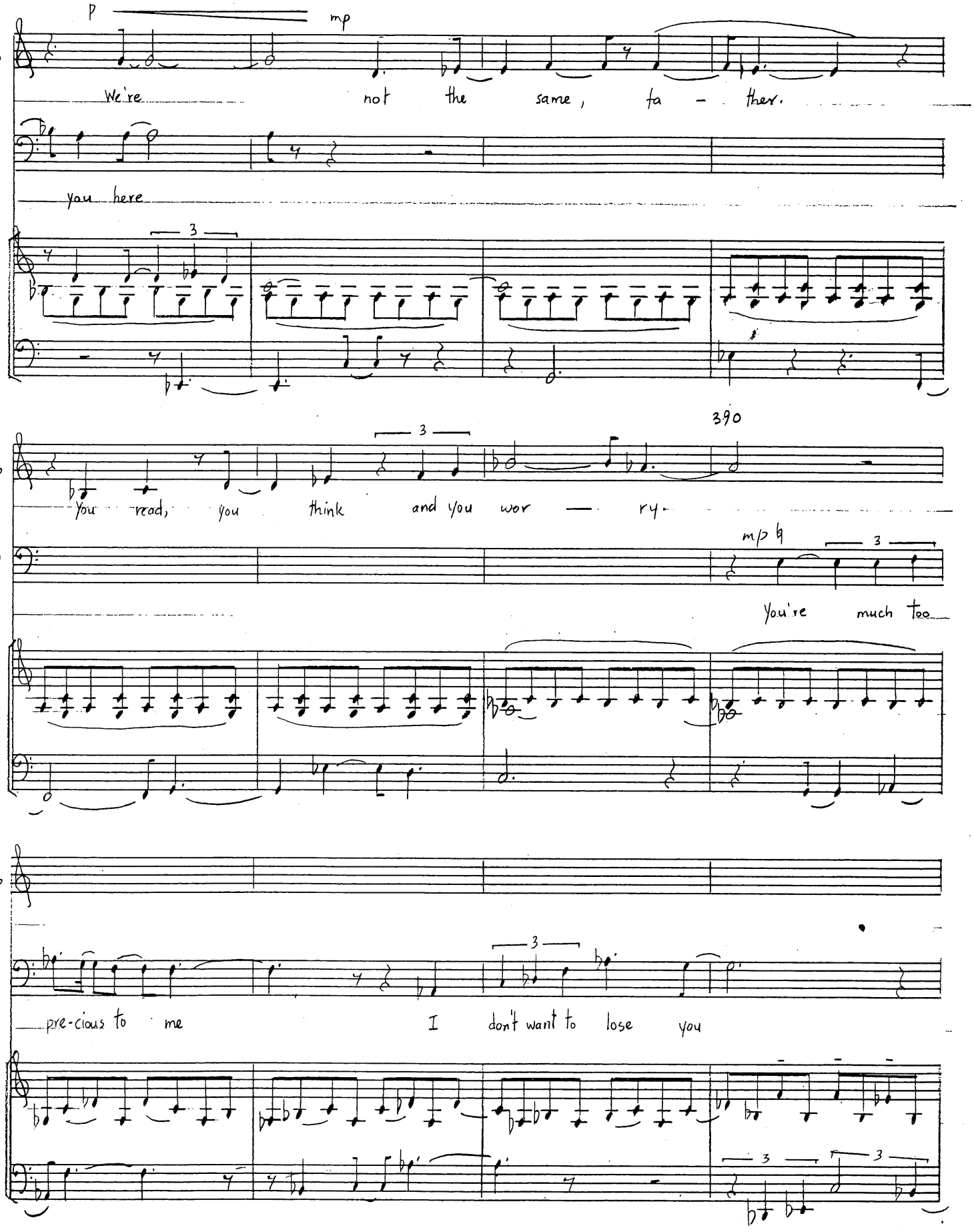
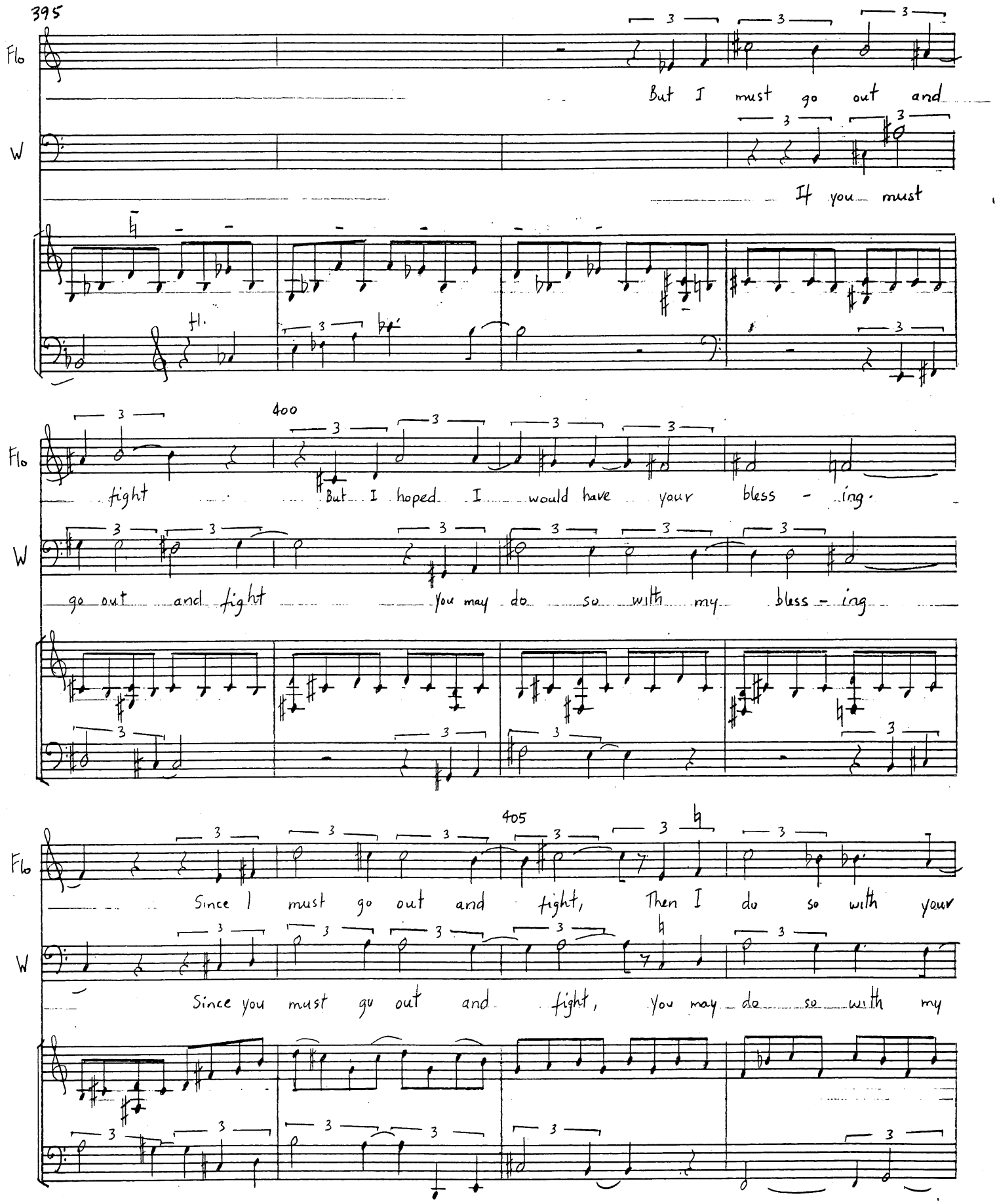

P
Dis - turb·ing to her - self A my - stery to us all
FAN
-turb·ing to her-self A my - stery to us all.
W
Dis - turbing to her·self A my - stery to us all

V.3

105
P
We shake our heads and won - der
FAN
We shake our heads and won - der
W
We shake our heads and won - der
110
P
And
FAN
Whither will she fly?
And where will she rest?
W

P
where will she rest?
Whither will she fly?
And
FAN
And where will she
W
3
Whither will she fly?
And where will she rest?


P
3
where will she rest?
Whither will she fly? And where will she rest?
FAN
rest?
Whither will she fly?
And
W
Whither will she fly
And

V.3

P
Whither will she fly?
And where will she rest?
FAN
where will she rest?
Whither will she fly?
W
where will she rest?
Whither will she fly?

♩=132

125

P
FLO
My dear fam-i-ly you can stop wor-ry-ing now you
FAN
W

130
FLO
See I've fin-al-ly found my grand op-por-tun-i-ty!
FAN
mf
oh,
2
♩.=104
135
FLO
FAN
good, you've de-cid-ed. I knew you'd settle on Richard he is such a suitable
mf
♩=132
140
FLO
That's not it, ma-ma. Some-thing much
FAN
match
f

2 ♩.=104
145
Flo
-greater requires my de- vo - tion.
Fan
mf
How sil - ly! What could mat- ter more than a fine
mf
2
4 ♩=132
150
mf
Flo
The needs of those in mis-er-y mat-ter more to me. How I have longed for
Fan
mar- riage?
4
mf
mf
Flo
some im-port-ant work. Finally God has shown me.
Fan

155
P
You, a nurse!? Im-pos-si-ble!
Flo
I shall be-come a nurse!
Fan
You, a nurse!? Im-pos-si-ble!
W
mf
Be come a nurse, Im-pos-si-ble!
160
P
Such a hor-ror!
Flo
Fan
Ne-ver! Such an i-de-a. Such a hor-ror! La-dies do not be-come
W
Ne-ver!
V.3

165
Flo
Not af-ter I am fin-ished!
Fan
PARTHE
mf
nurs-es.
It's an oc-cu-pa-tion for a tramp!
Flo, you
PARTHE
P
170
FLO
know what nurses are: They stag-ger in the streets, they sleep in the gut-ters
Not af-ter
Fan
mf
They don't have proper homes.
FLO
I am fin-ished!
WEN
mf
Surely, my dear, you must be mis-tak-en God would ne-ver send you to

175
P
Flo
Fan
W
f
No,
fa-ther!
mp
do such un-sav-our-y work
Per-haps you should ask Him a-gain.
180
P
Flo
I am certain of my call, I shall change the in-just-ice
Fa-ther, don't you un der stand?
Fan
W

P
mf
A nurse, Im-pos-si-ble! A nurse! Im-pos si ble! Im pos si-ble!
Fl.
Oh, how can I make them see?
Fan
mf
A nurse! Im-pos-si-ble! Im-pos-si-ble! Im-pos-si-ble! Im-pos-si-ble!
W
mf
A nurse! Im-pos-si-ble! Be-come a nurse? Im-pos-si-ble!
190
A nurse! A whore! An ad-dict! The
Flo
A nurse! A whore! An ad-dict! The
A nurse! A whore! An ad-dict! The

P
dregs of the ci-ty, wo-men in dis-grace. Dri-ven by liquor to the lowest forms of work.
Flo
Fan
dregs of the ci-ty, wo-men in dis-grace. Dri-ven by li-quor to the low-est form of work.
W
dregs of the ci-ty, wo-men in dis-grace. Dri-ven by li-quor to the low-est forms of work.
195
P
Nur-sing! Lur-ching through the wards, leer-ing at the sick.
Flo
Fan
Nurs-ing! Of-fer-ing their bo-dies to
W
Nur-sing!

200
P
Nurs-ing!
Flo
Fan
—help relieve the pain.
Nursing
W
Nur-sing
But you, a young la - dy, gent- ly
205
A mo-del of your Kind
Nurs-ing!
Would throw your-self in-to a life of sin!
Nurs-ing!
bred
Nurs-ing!

P
How cruel you are! If you leave, it will kill me!
Flo
Fan
W
mf
Stay at home, Flo,
mf
215
P
mf
How can you a-ban-don me for strangers?
Flo
Fan
t
It is your du-ty to stay at home.
W
we need you here.

P
Flo
mf
You call it my du - ty To stay
Fan
I for-bid you to go!
W
mf
220
Flo.
home and do no-thing, Now I see my own du - ty clear- ly, I will
225
Flo.
make nurs- ing a worth-y pro-fes - sion So that o - ther women may choose it without

Flo
shame
E - qual to their mar - ried sis - ters.
FANNY
Fan
♩=138
Now I can see it all.
235
You are keep - ing comp - an - y with some vul - gar
synth.
vlc.
mf
Flo
That's not so, mo - ma!
I am
Fan
surg - eon. That is why you want to leave
I shall die if you a -
w.w.
synth

240
(Richard enters)
Flo
on - ly on fire with my cause.
(begins to "faint")
mf
Fan
-buse me so!
Rich-ard, help us.
I can hardly bear to
Pf.
mf
245
Fan
tell you what Flo pro - pos - es
W
mf
Flo wish-es to be-come a nurse, I hope you can change her
vln
clt.
♩=104
mf espr.
250
R
Is this your dream, to
W
mind.
♩=104
mp
VA

R
save those in pain? Then I will make it mine
R
too. To — geth — er we can do
260.
R
might- y works Im - pos - si - ble a - lone.
265
R
Let's mar — ry

270
R
right a - way, and be - gin
FLORENCE mp espr.
275
R/Flo
loco
Dear Rich - ard you are so
Flo
gen - er - ous but your fu - ture is not mine
280
Flo
A wo - man must yield to a
V.3

Flo
man's des - tin-y
so to reach
my goal
I
OTHERS: 290 FANNY
Flo
Others
Fan
must not
mar - ry.
Not marry, how wicked, we are all be-trayed!
str.
♩=132
PARTHE
♩=132
295
P
A nurse! A whore! A spin-ster! The
FANNY
Fan
A nurse! A whore! A spin-ster! The
RICHT
R
A nurse! A whore! A spin-ster! The
WEN
W
A nurse! A whore! A spin-ster! The

P
weak-lings of so-ci-e-ty, Wo-men on their own, Lack-ing the sta-bil-i-ty of a pro-per fam-ily life.
Fan
weak-lings of so-ci-e-ty, Wo-men on their own, lack-ing the sta-bil-i-ty of a pro-per fam-ily life.
R
weak-lings of so-ci-e-ty, Wo-men on their own, lack-ing the sta-bil-i-ty of a prop-er fam-ily life.
W
weak-lings of so-ci-e-ty, Wo-men on their own, lack-ing the sta-bil-i-ty of a pro-per fam-ily life.
300
mf
Spin-sters! A house without foun-da-tions Leaning in the wind
Spin-sters!
mf
Pil-lars top-ling o-ver in the
Spin-sters!
Spin-sters!

305
P
Spin-sters!
Fan
fury of the storm
Spin-sters!
R
Spin-sters!
W
Spin-sters!
But you, a young la - dy gent- ly
vln
310
Nurs-ing!
Would give up marriage for a life of sin
Nurs-ing!
the mo-del of a wife
Nurs-ing!
bred.
Nurs-ing!

P
Flo
mf
Pa - pa how could you?
Fan
mf
To
W
mp
Per - haps you need a good hol - i - day.
f
320
P
Flo
mf
Won't you try to un - der - stand?
Can't you see how
Fan
mf
bring you to your sen - ses
To -
W
You need a good hol - i - day.
vln
mf

325
P
mf
We'll go to Italy for a change!
Flo
much it mat-ters?
f
How can you be so blind?
Fan
bring you to your sen - ses
W
♩=66 SMITHURST
S
mf
Hold your temp - er, Flor-ence. These are the peo-ple who love you.
mp espr.
p
330
S
Though they do not un - der - stand Be

335
FLORENCE
S.
pa - tient
Don't rush a-way
mf
I can-not wait.
I must go now.
340
= = 100
Flo
Give me faith,
ww
Vn
vlc
mp
345
Flo
give me time
My be - lov - ed fam -
Flo
-ily.
I do not wish to grieve you.
Yet I shall go
ev-en with-

350
Flo
-out your bless-ing.
So great is my de-sire
I would save the
clt.
355
PARTHE, FANNY
Flo
burn-ing bo-dies in hell.
We have lost her
360
P, Fan.
for-ev-er. We have lost her for-ev-er Good-
PARTHE and FANNY exit
FANNY (offstage) 365
P, Fan.
-by Good-by I shall die of shame!

RICHARD (furious)
R
You can un-der-take that
When you
370
R
can-not un-der-take me
How mistaken-ly no-ble you are!
♩=92
RICHARD exits
WEN
375
W
pp
I
vln
380
W
mp
Psub.
don't a gree with your plan
But I can-not keep
V4

Flo
W
p
mp
We're not the same, fa - ther.
you here
3
390
You read, you think and you wor — ry.
mp
You're much too
pre-cious to me
I don't want to lose you

395
Flo
But I must go out and
W
If you must
fl.
400
Flo
fight
But I hoped I would have your bless - ing.
W
go out and fight
you may do so with my bless - ing
405
Flo
Since I must go out and fight, Then I do so with your
W
Since you must go out and fight, you may do so with my

FLORENCE and WEN embrace. WEN exits.

410

Flo

bles — sing.

W

bles — sing.

♩=116

mp

mf

Flo

I'm in my element now. The

W

♩=116 Pf.

mp

415

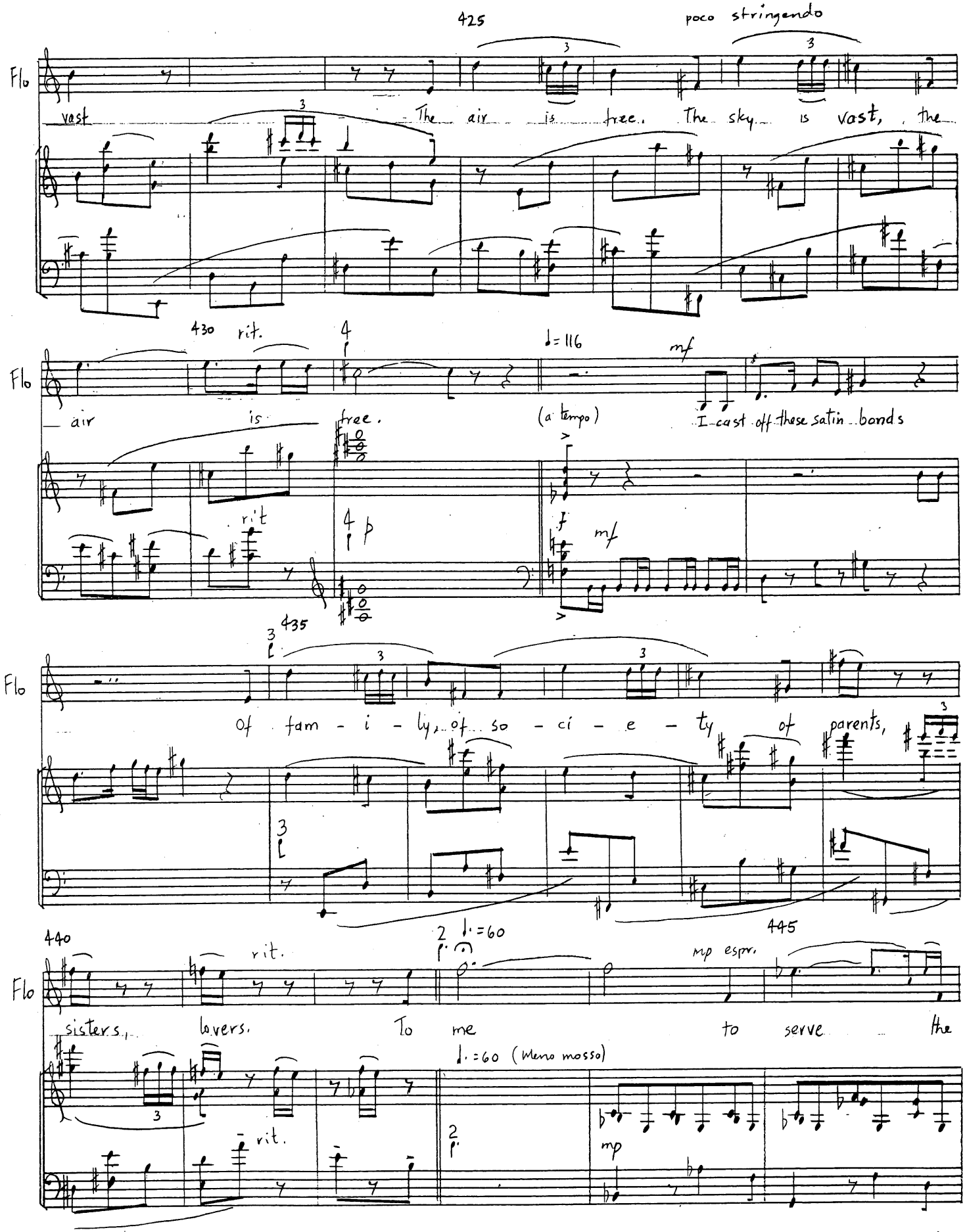
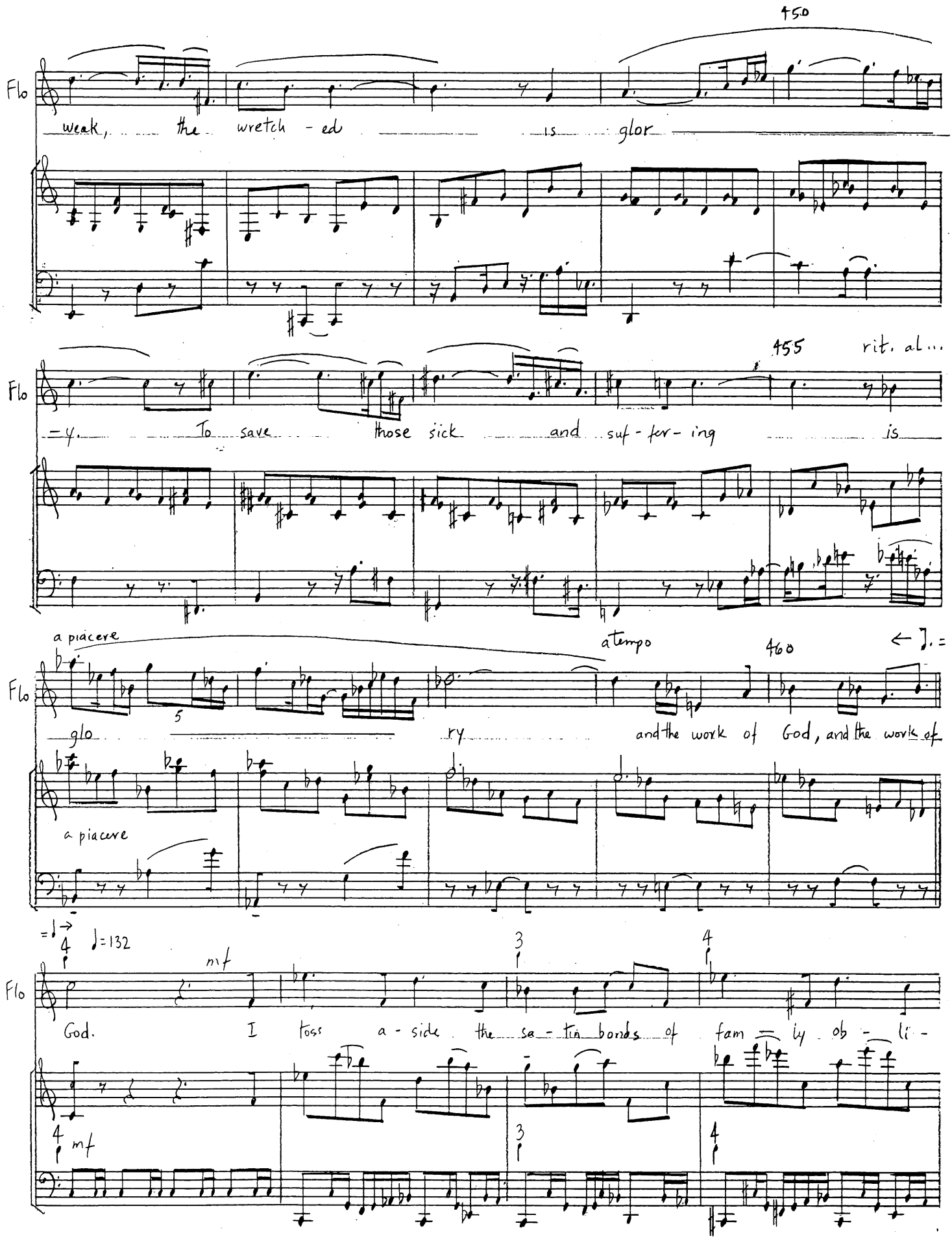
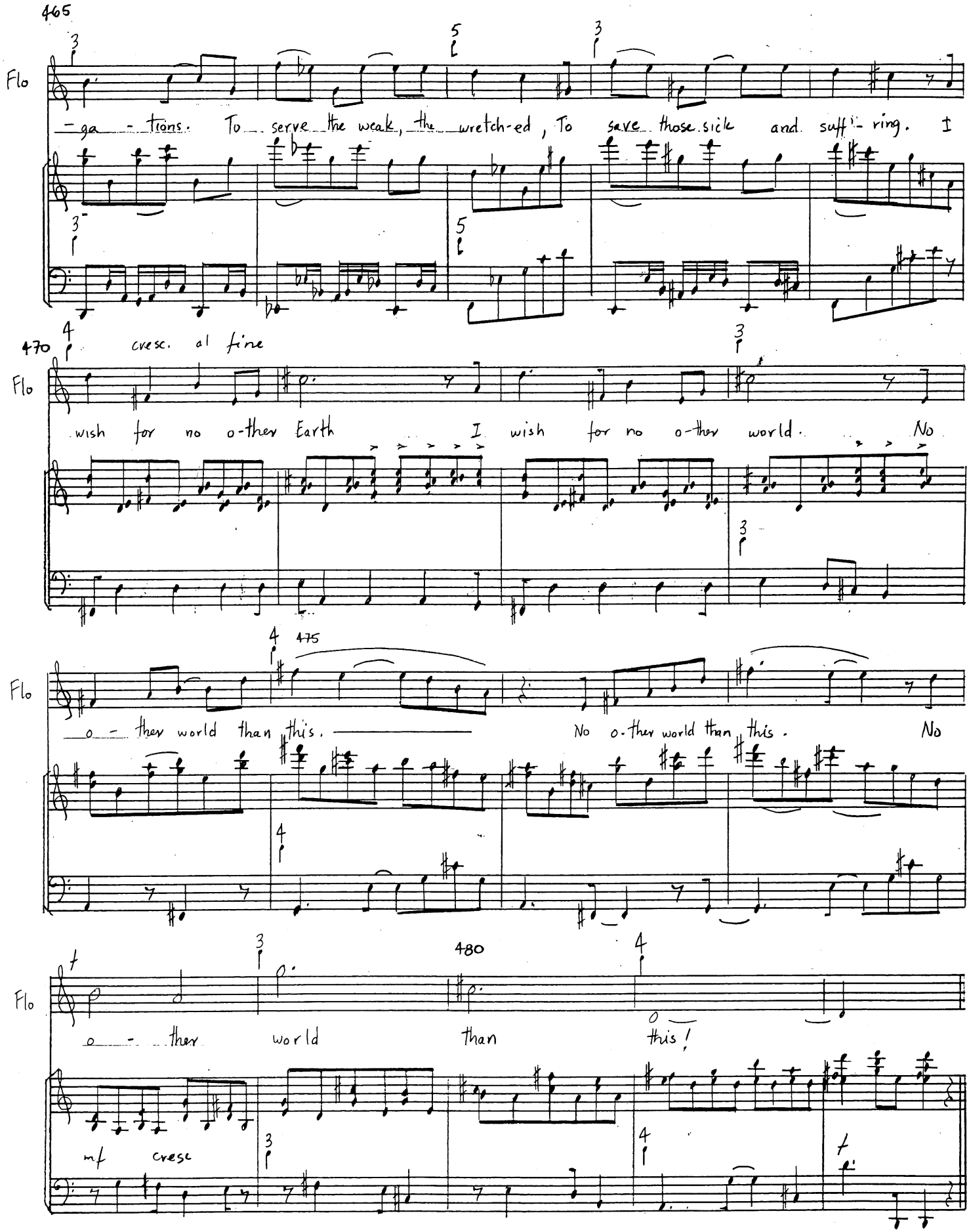
=♩ (♩.=76)

420

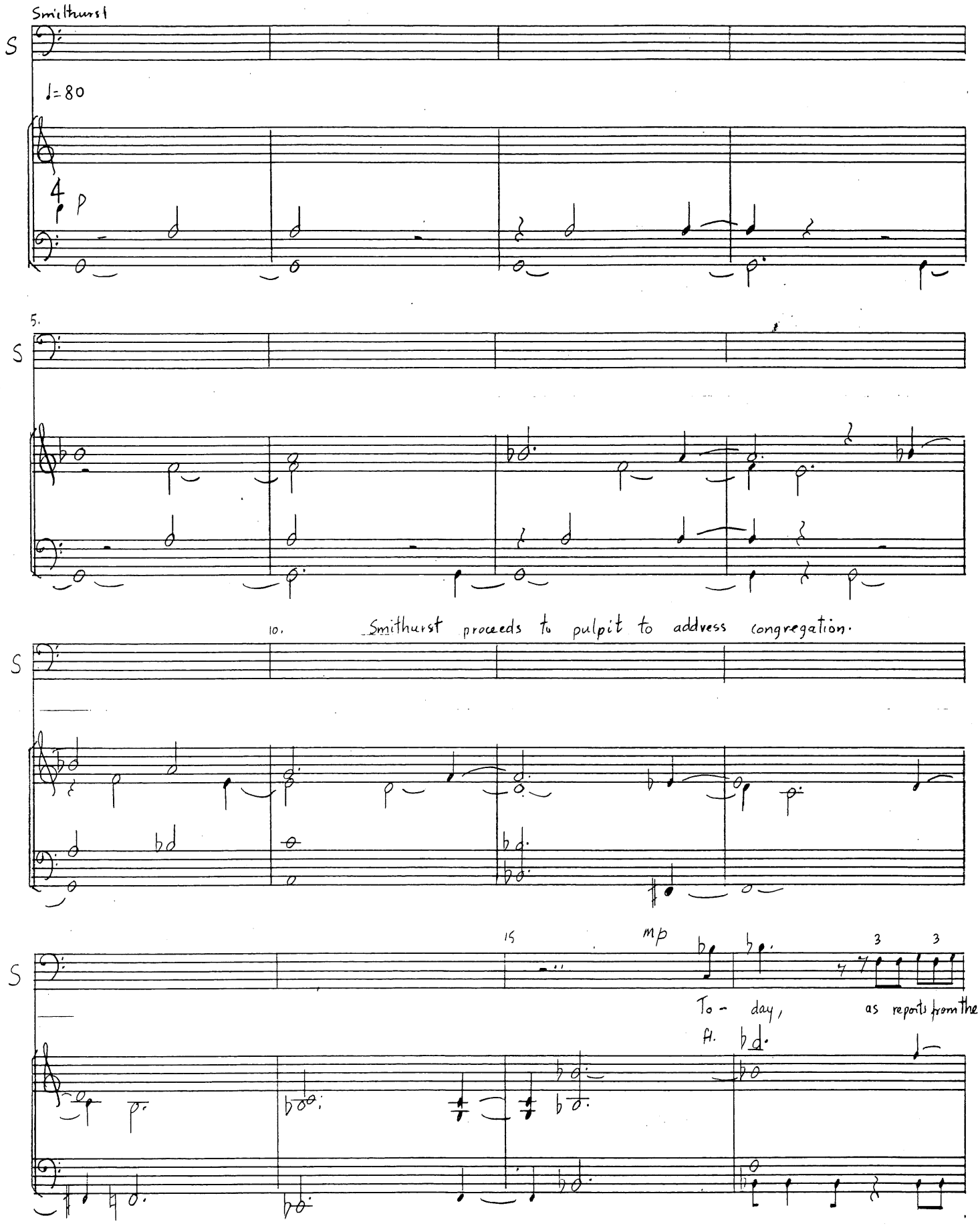
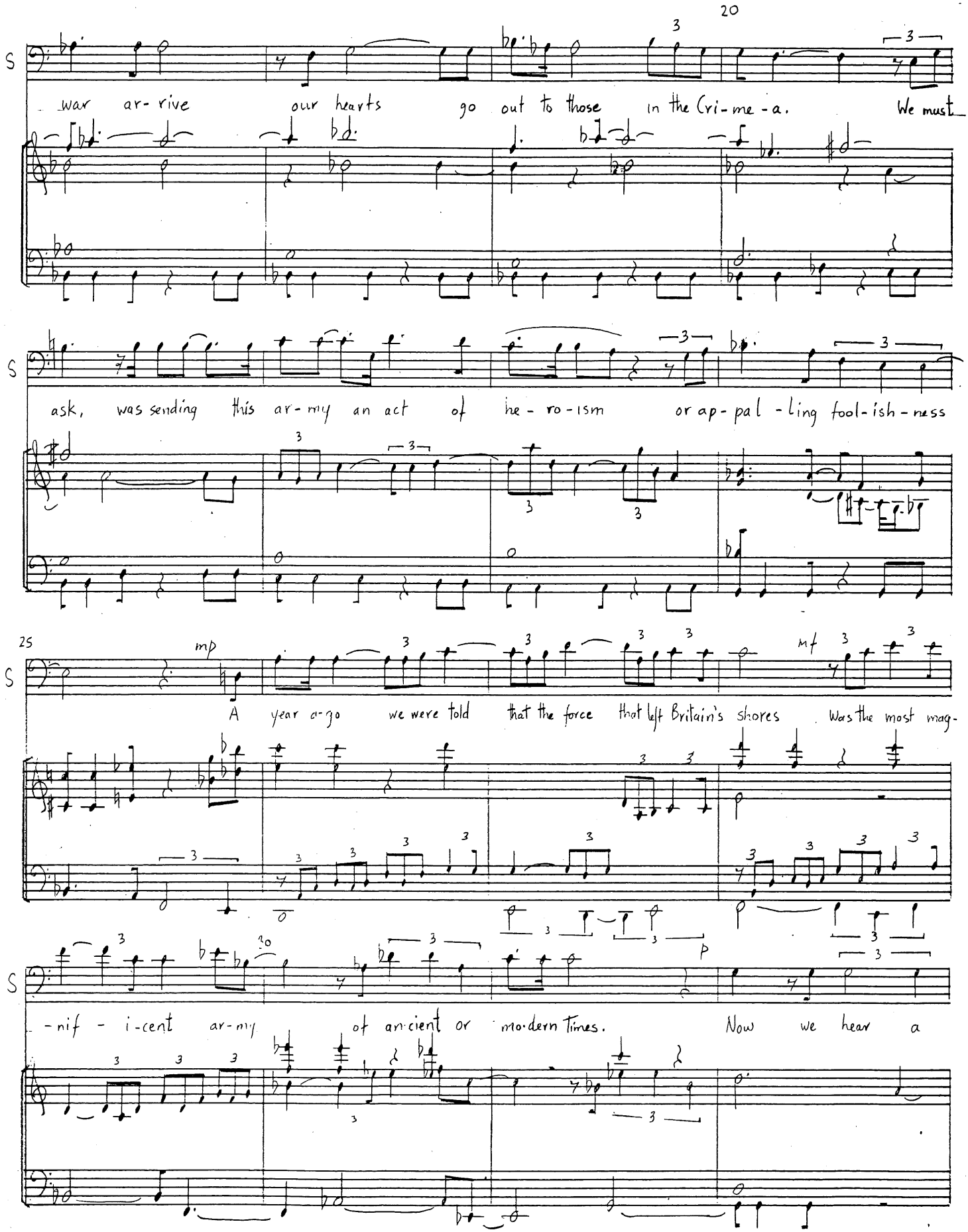
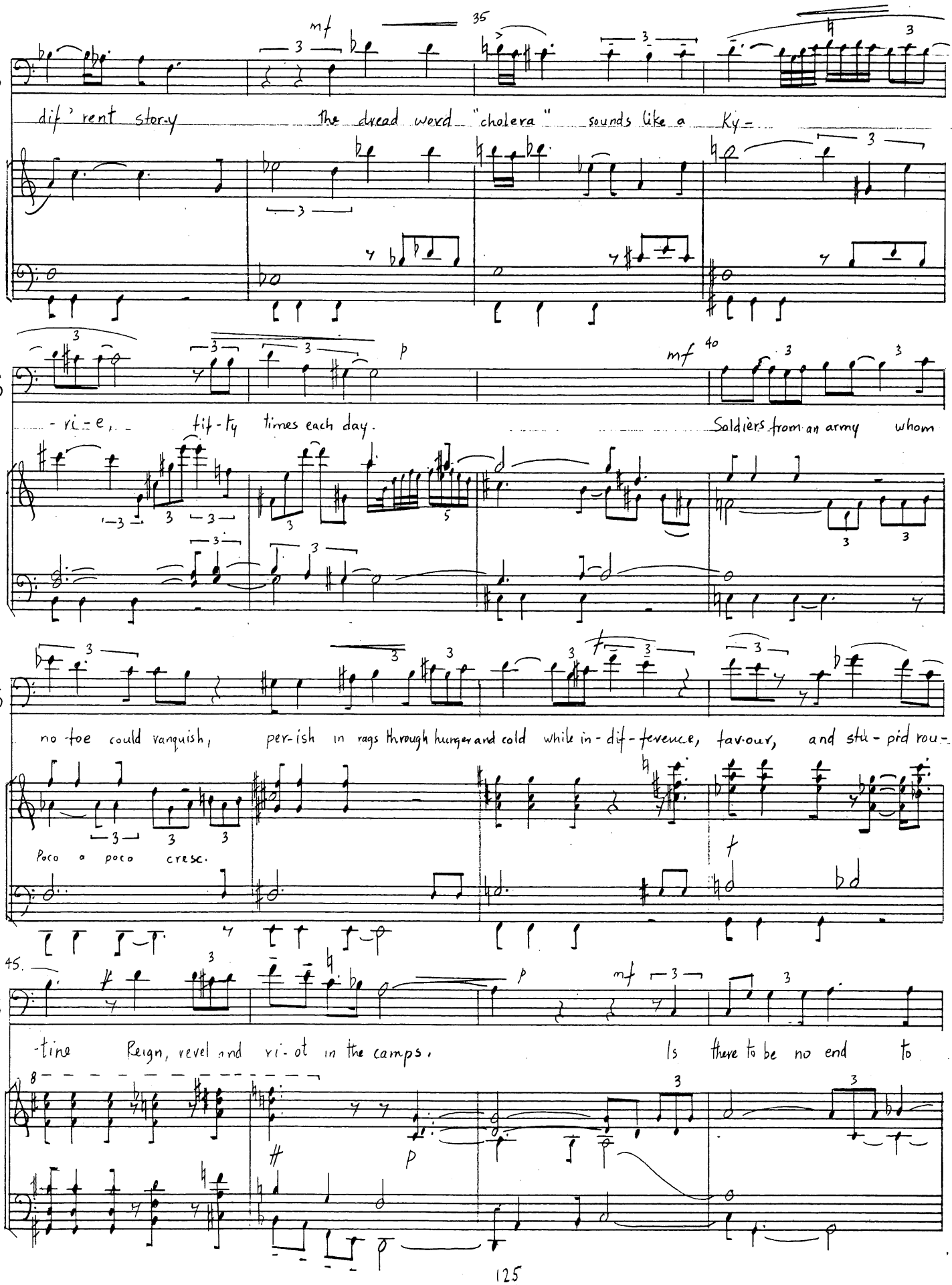
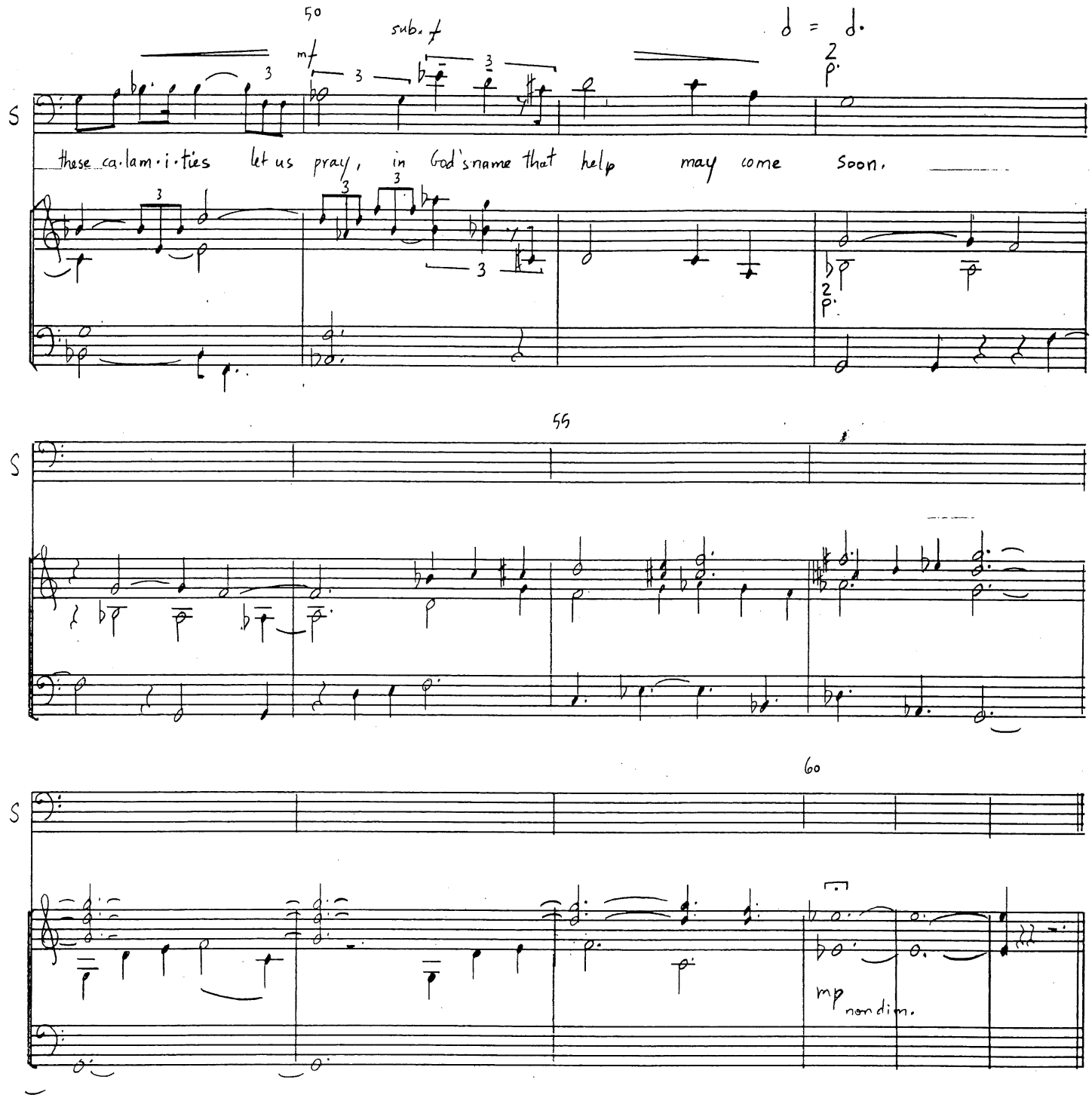
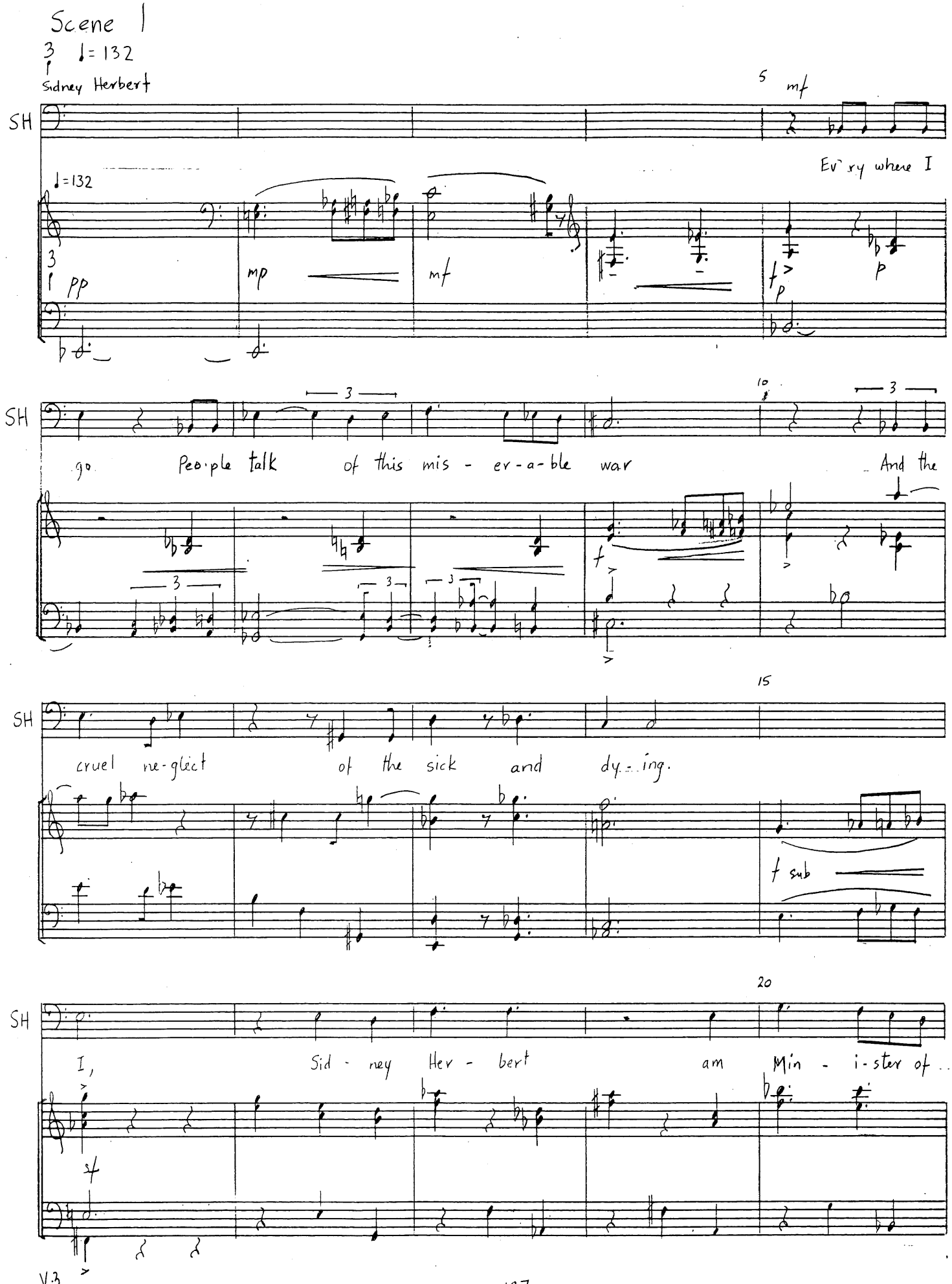
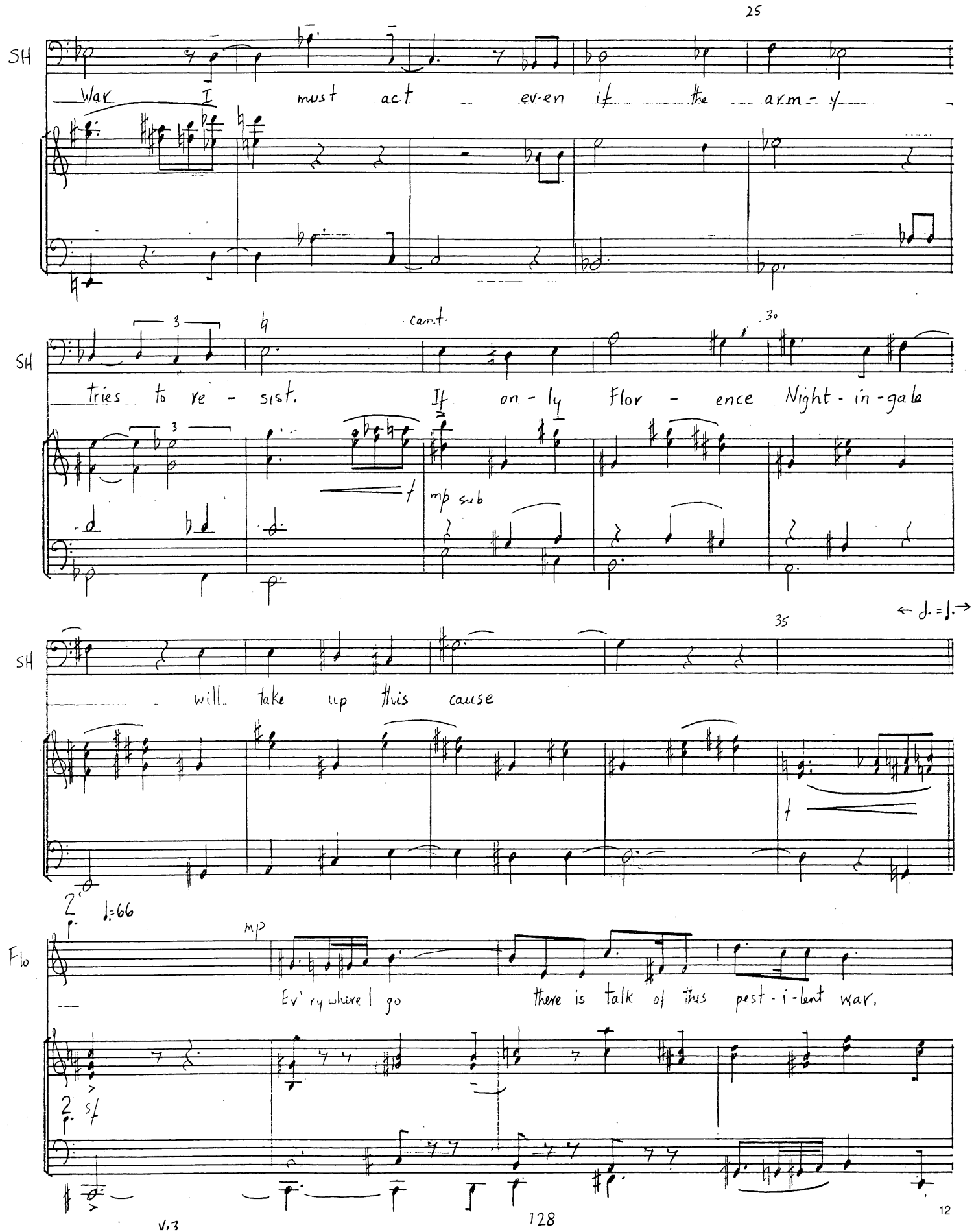
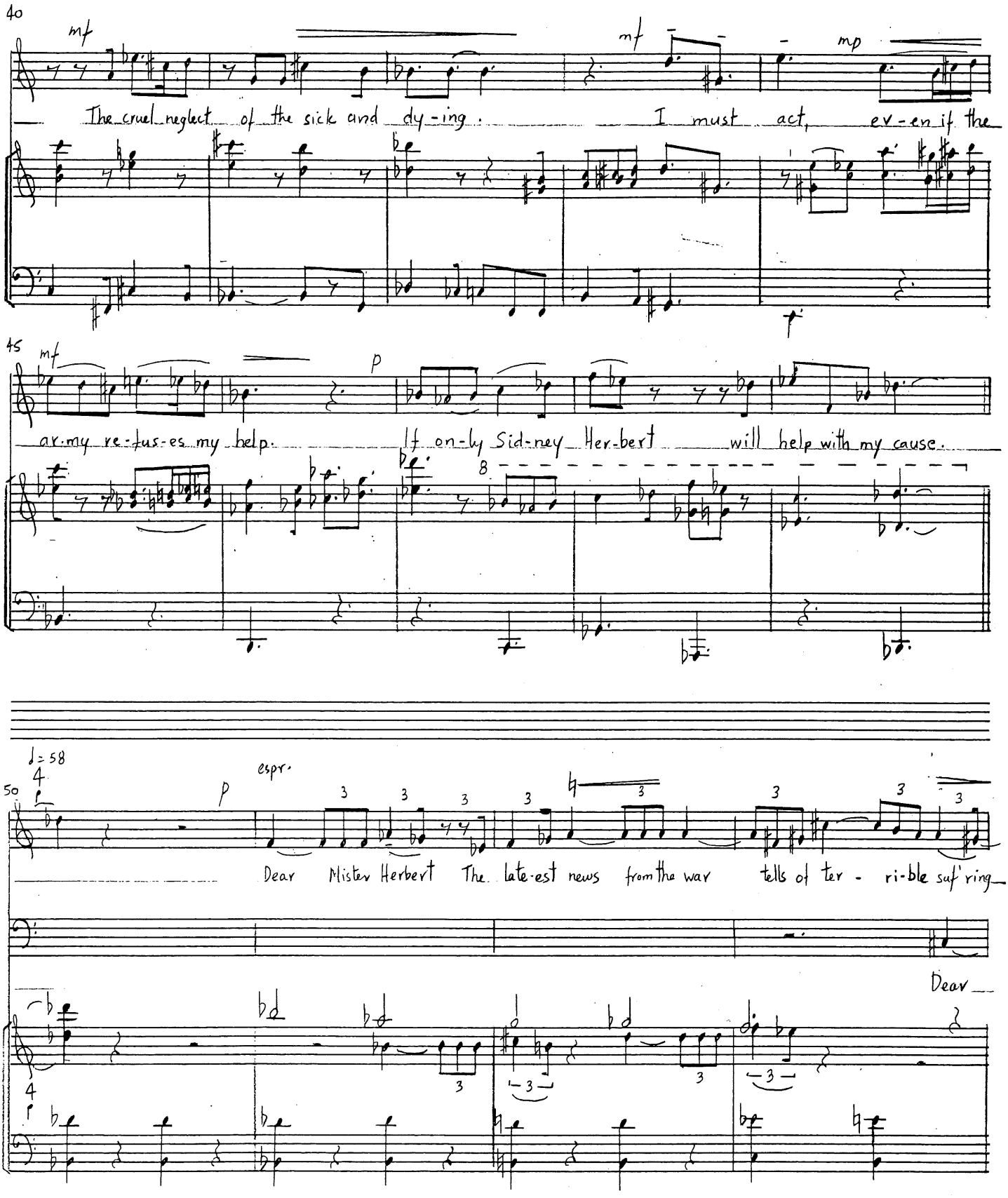
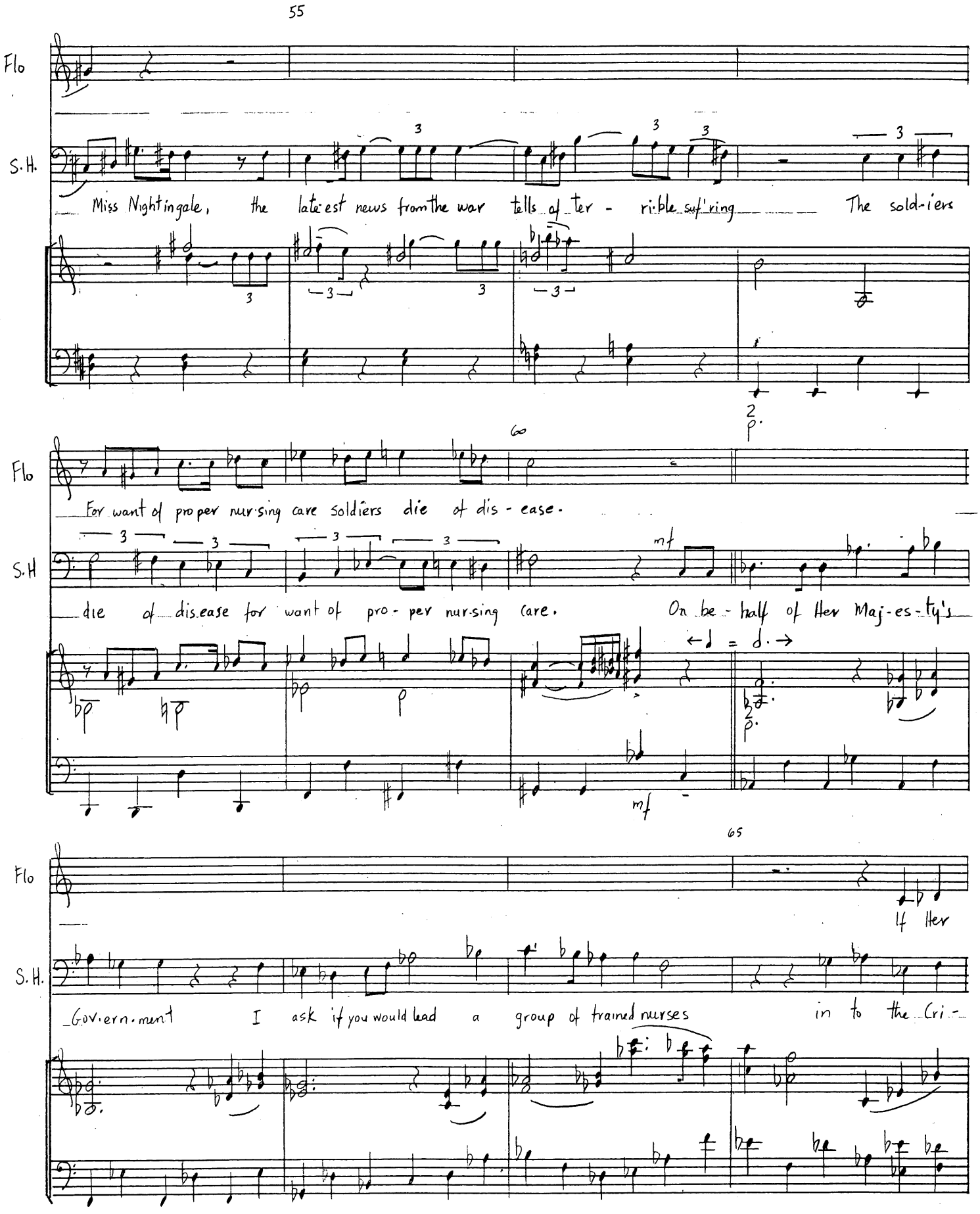
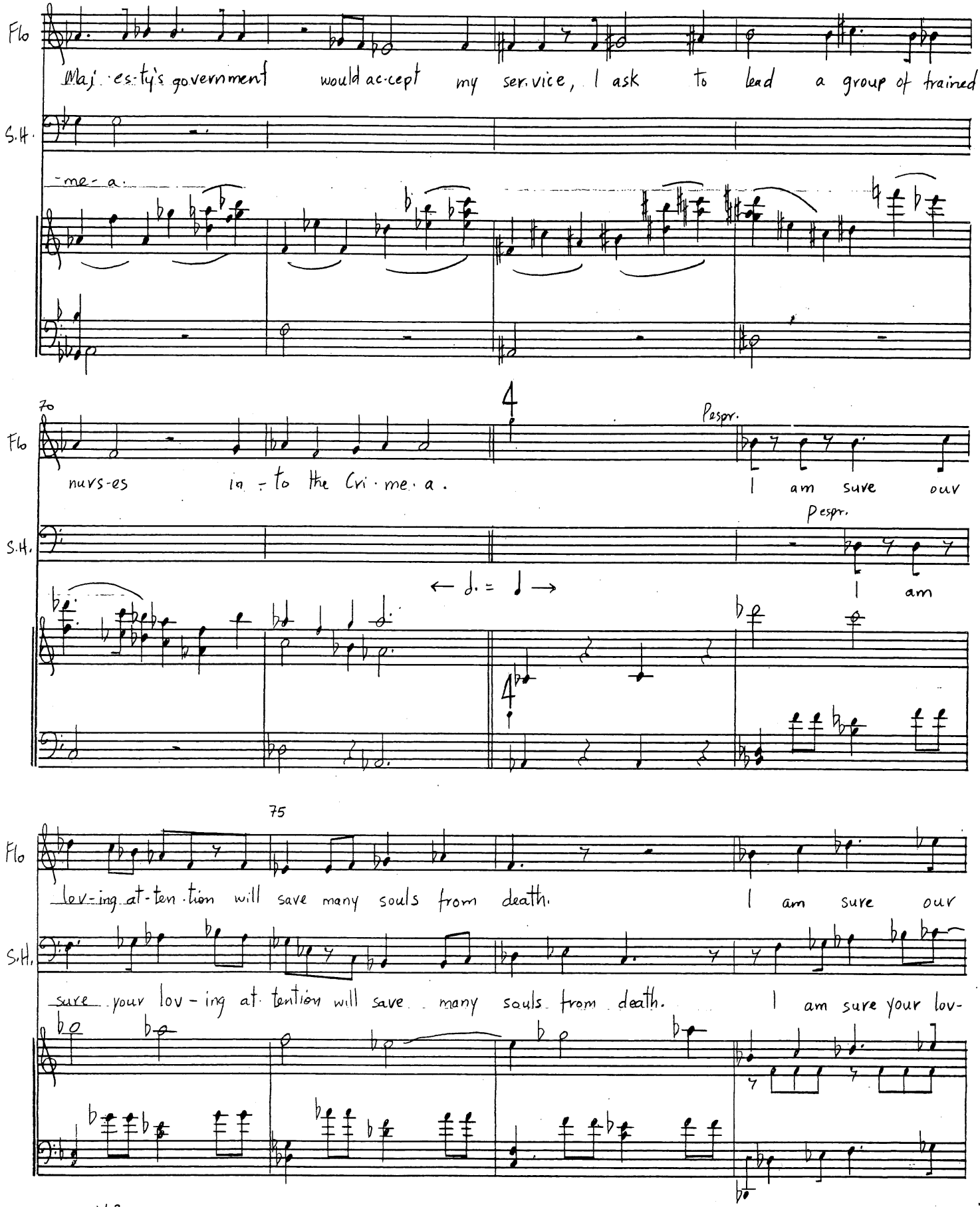
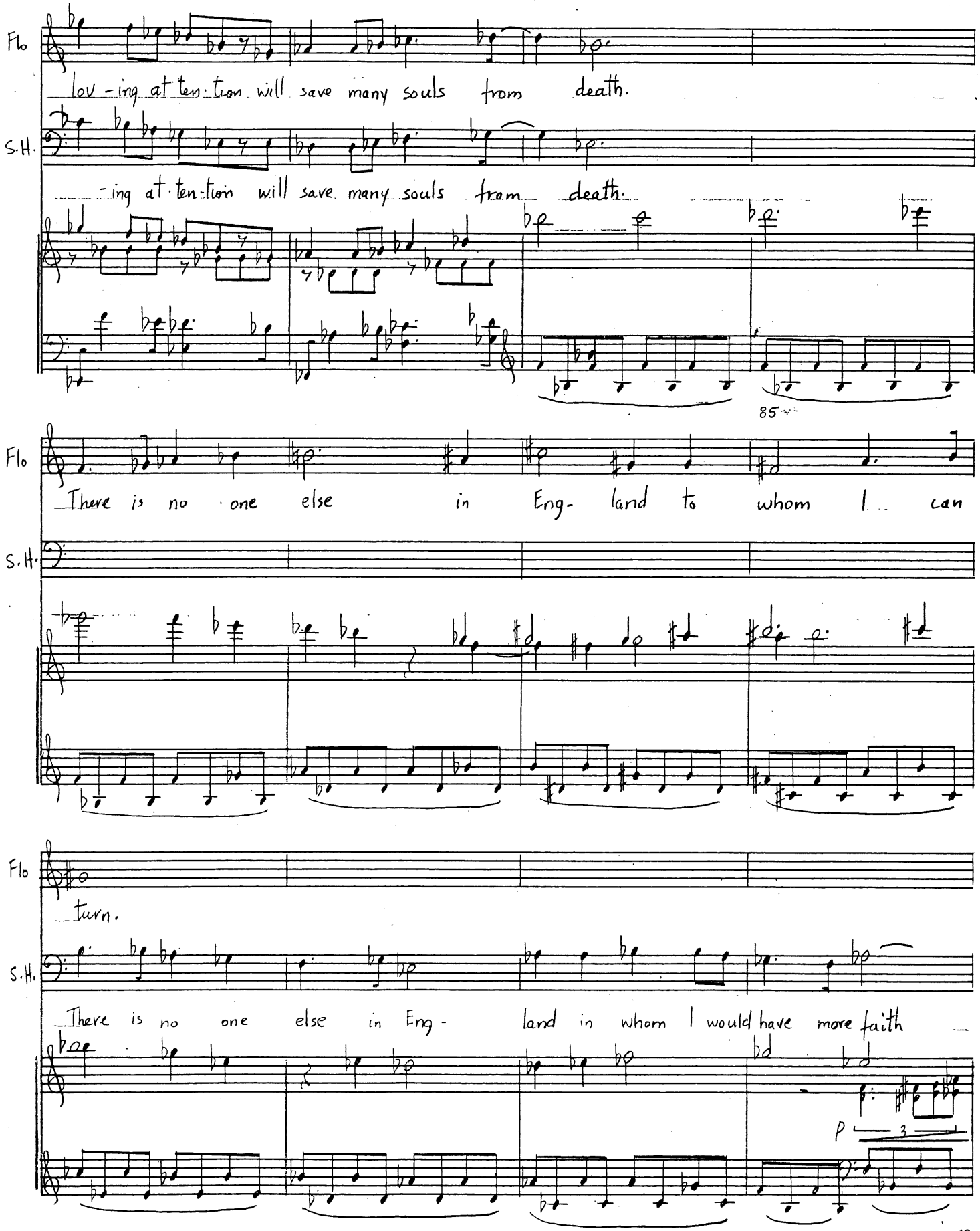
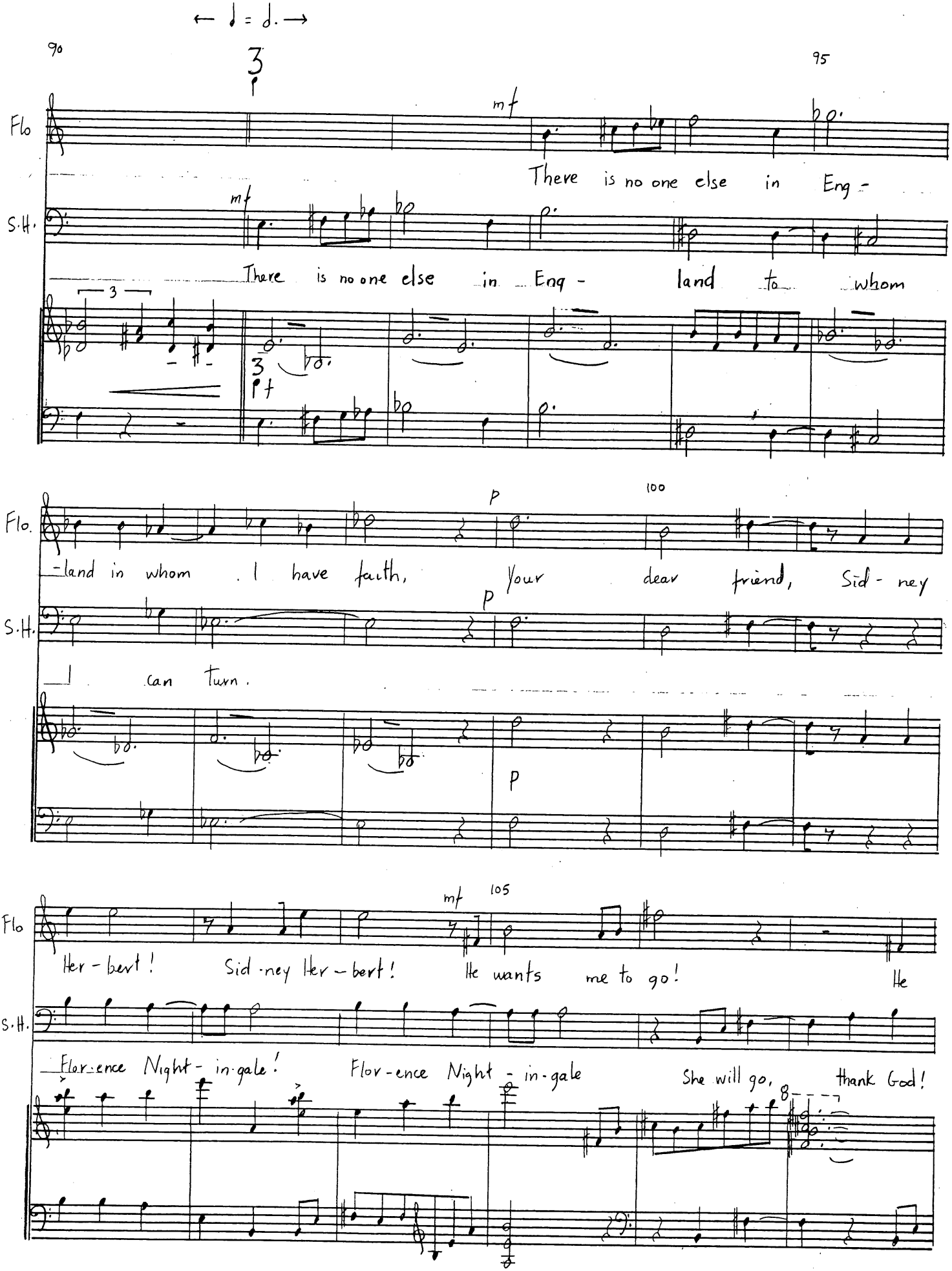
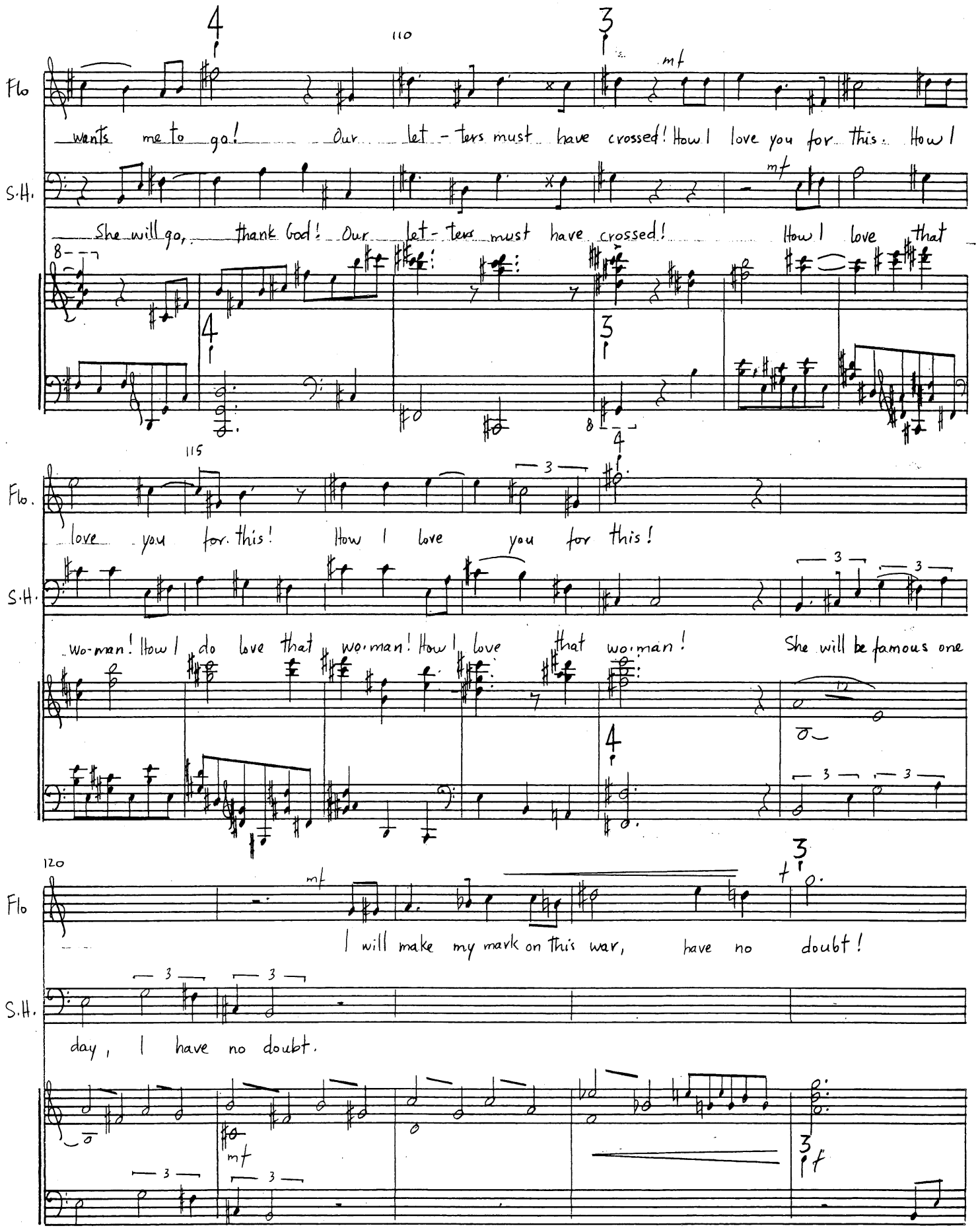
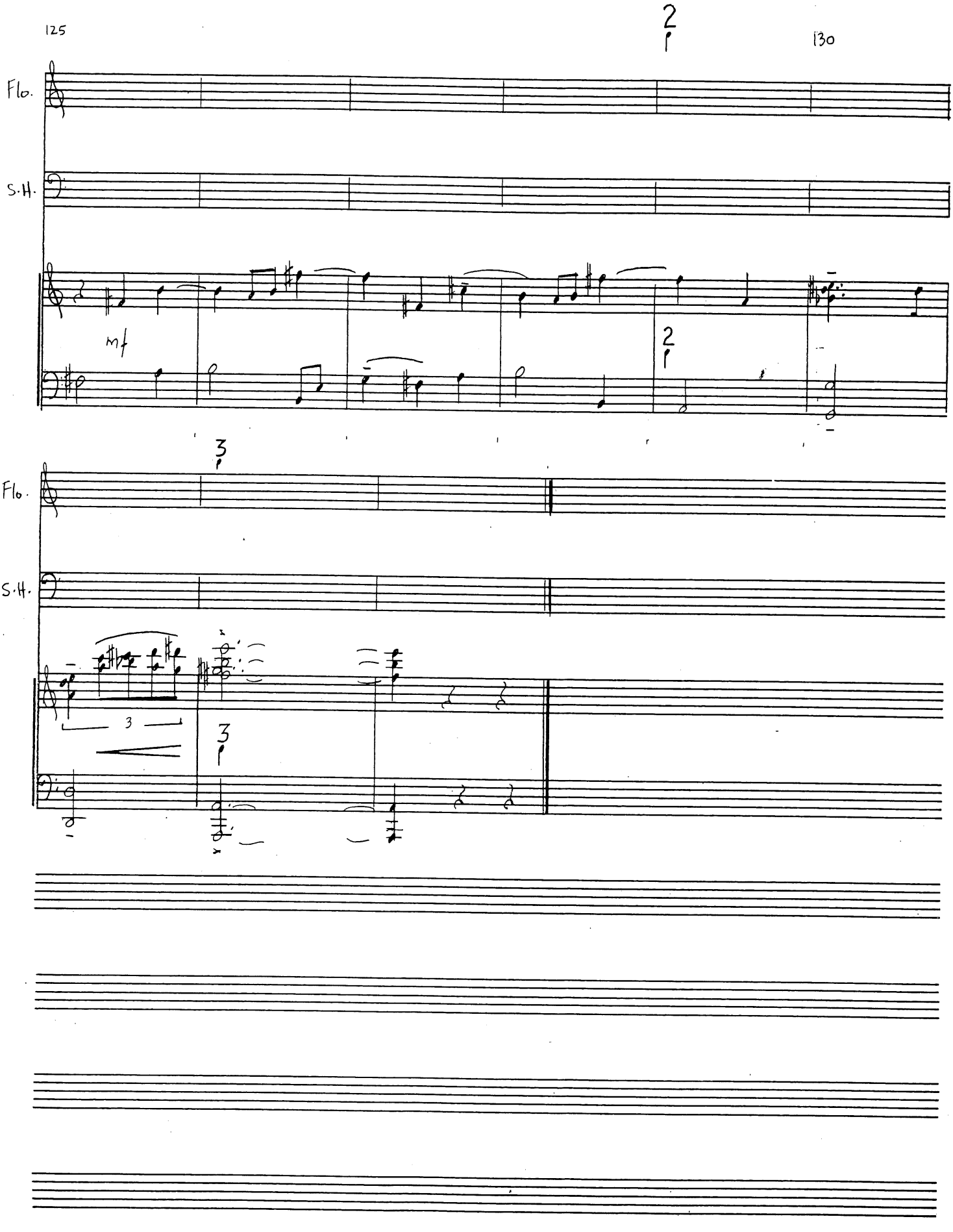
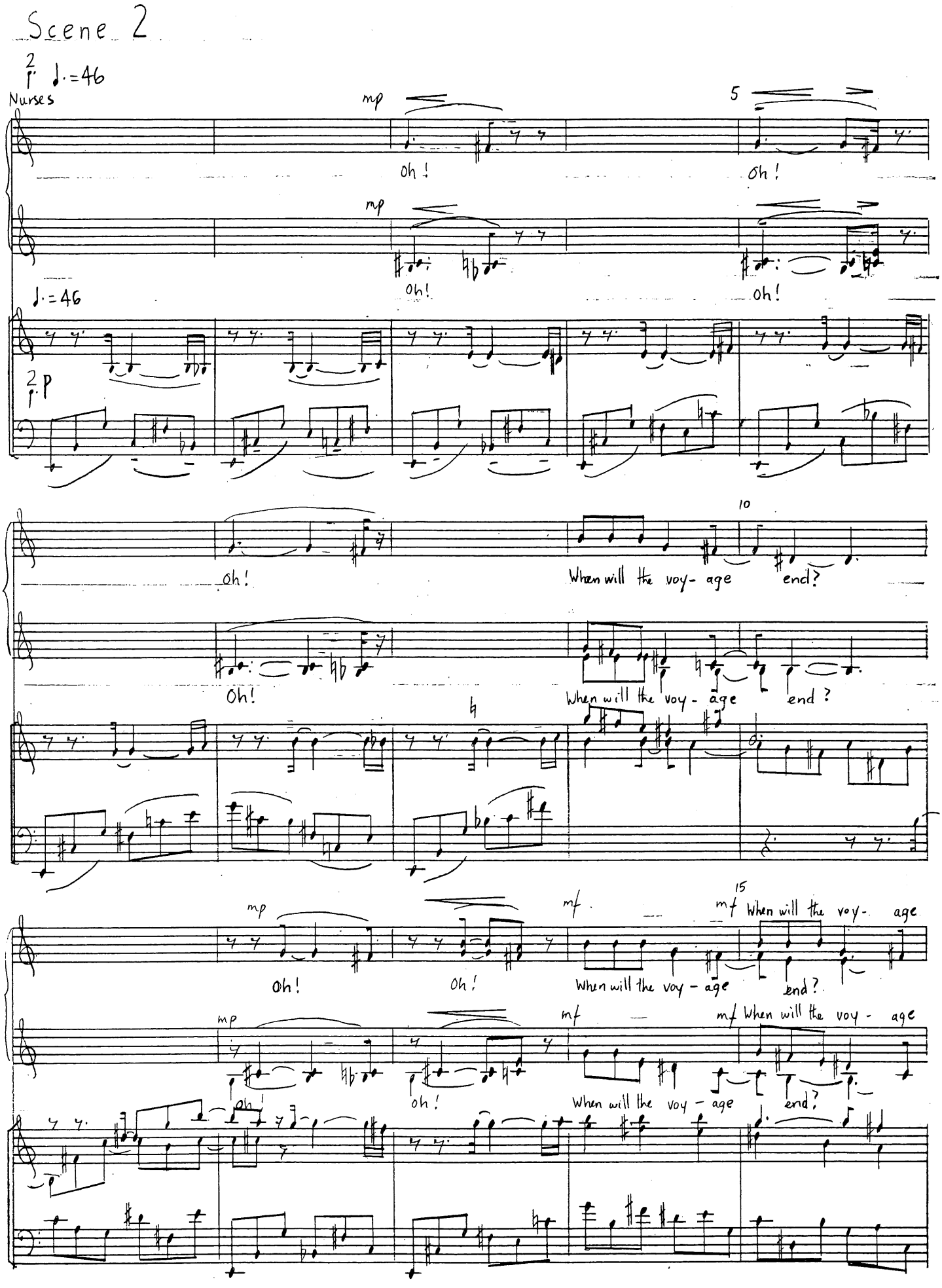
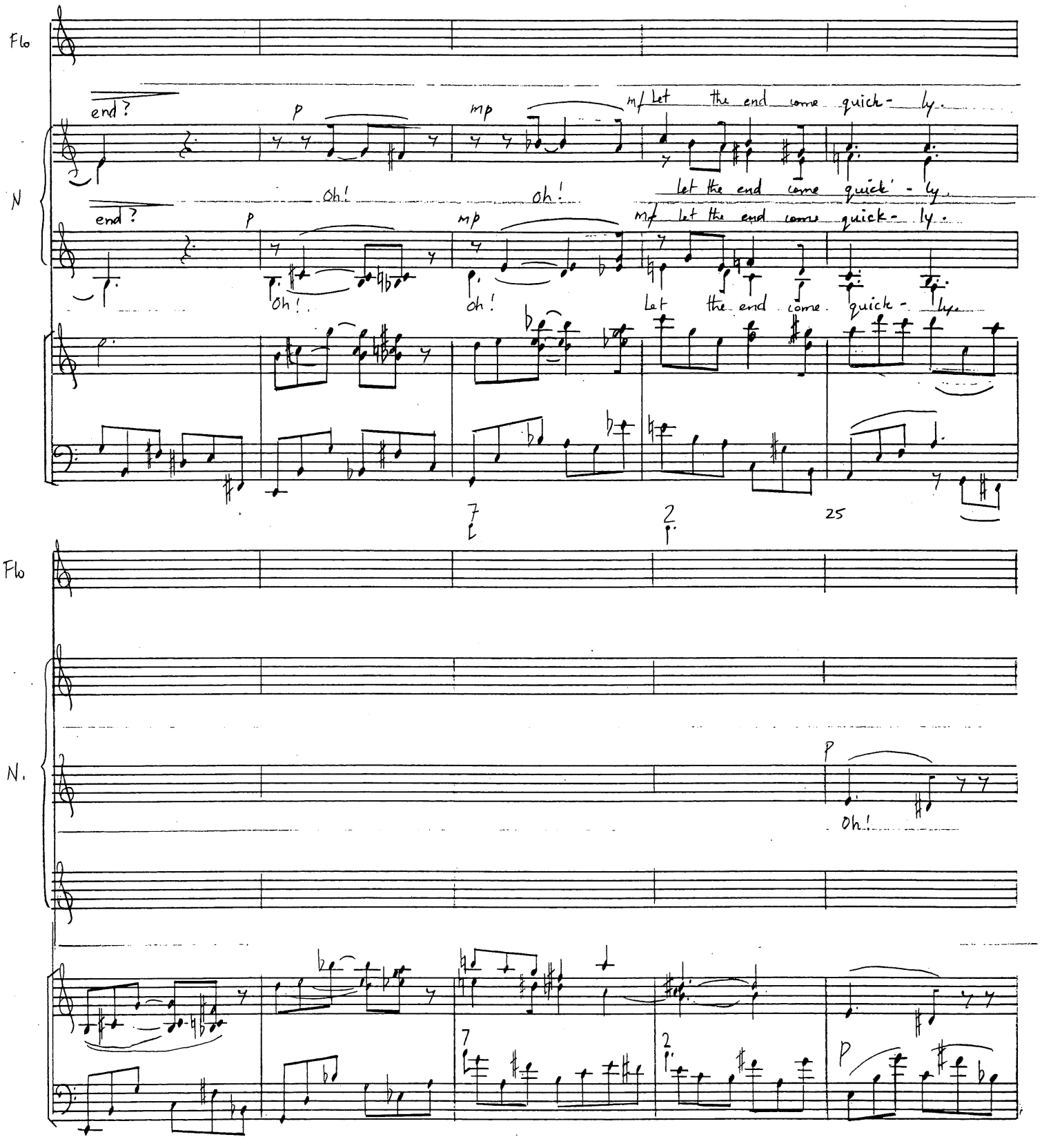
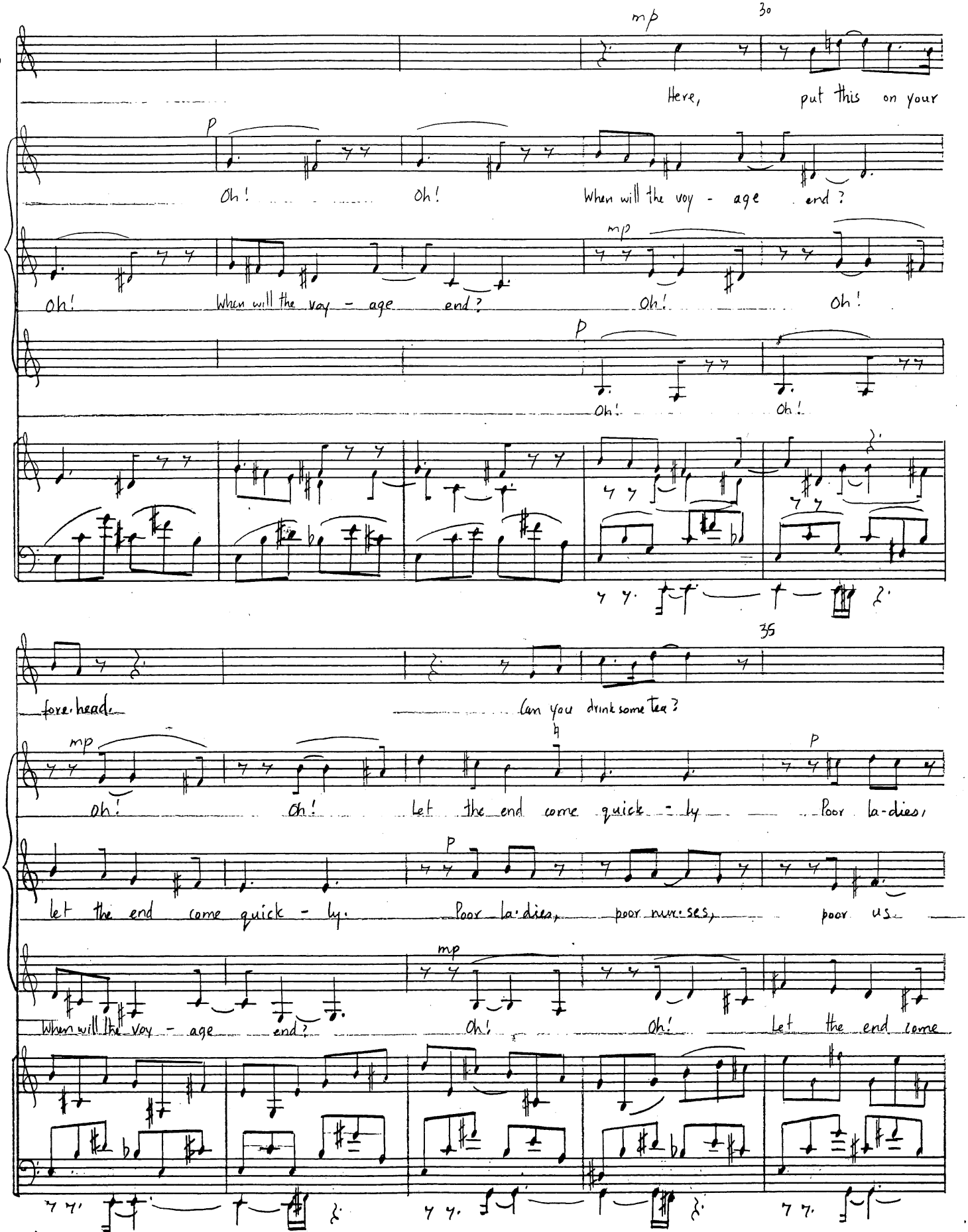
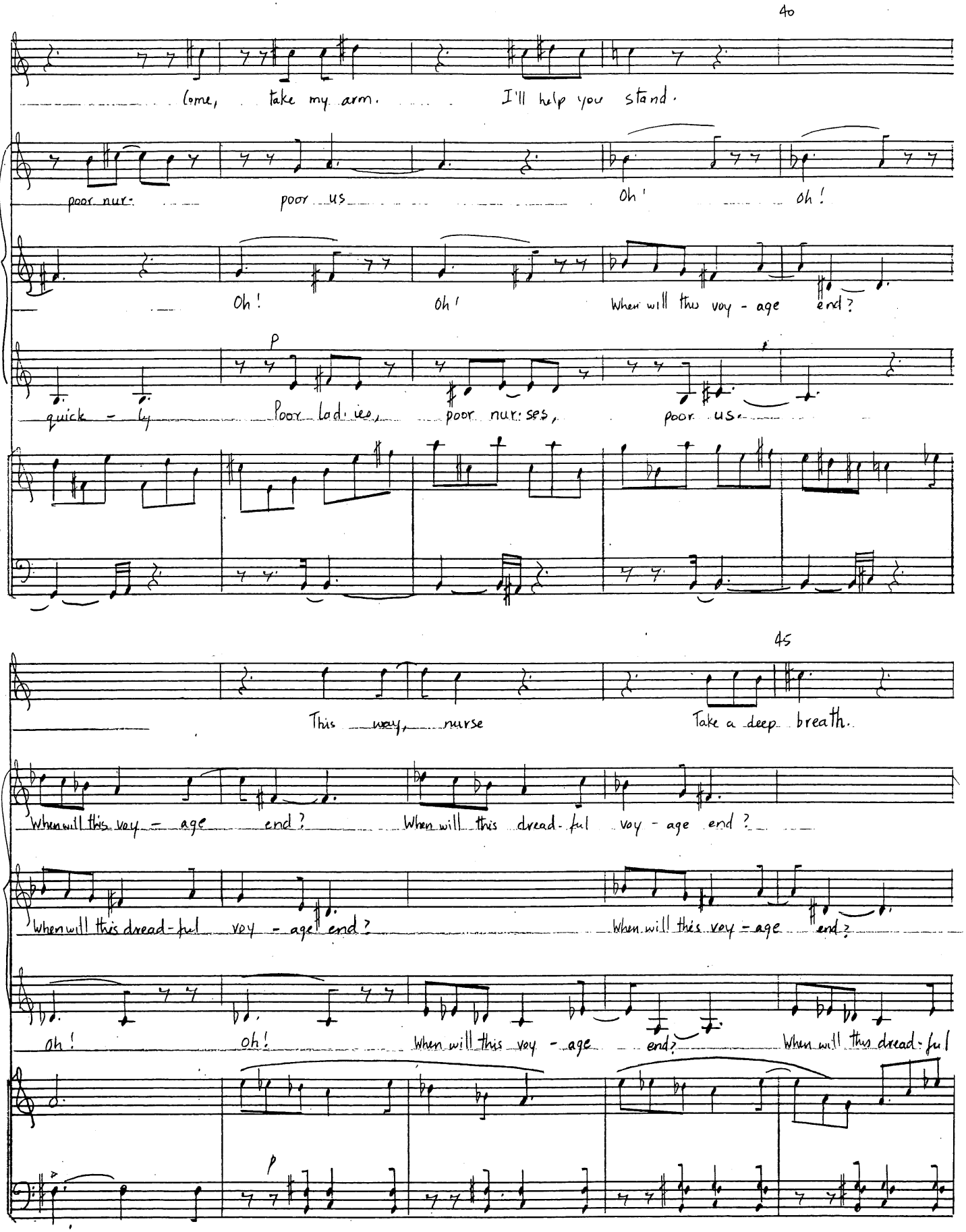
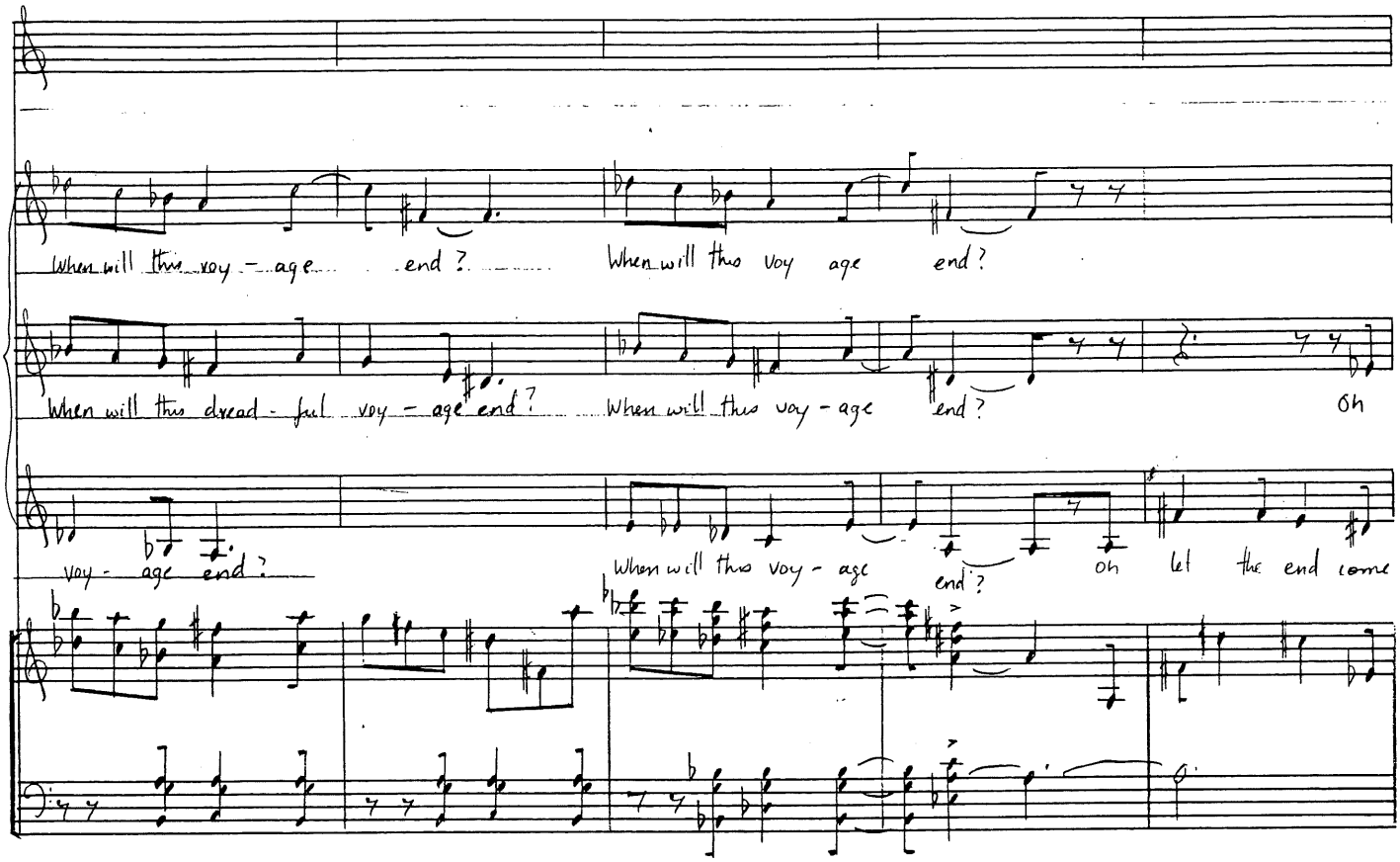
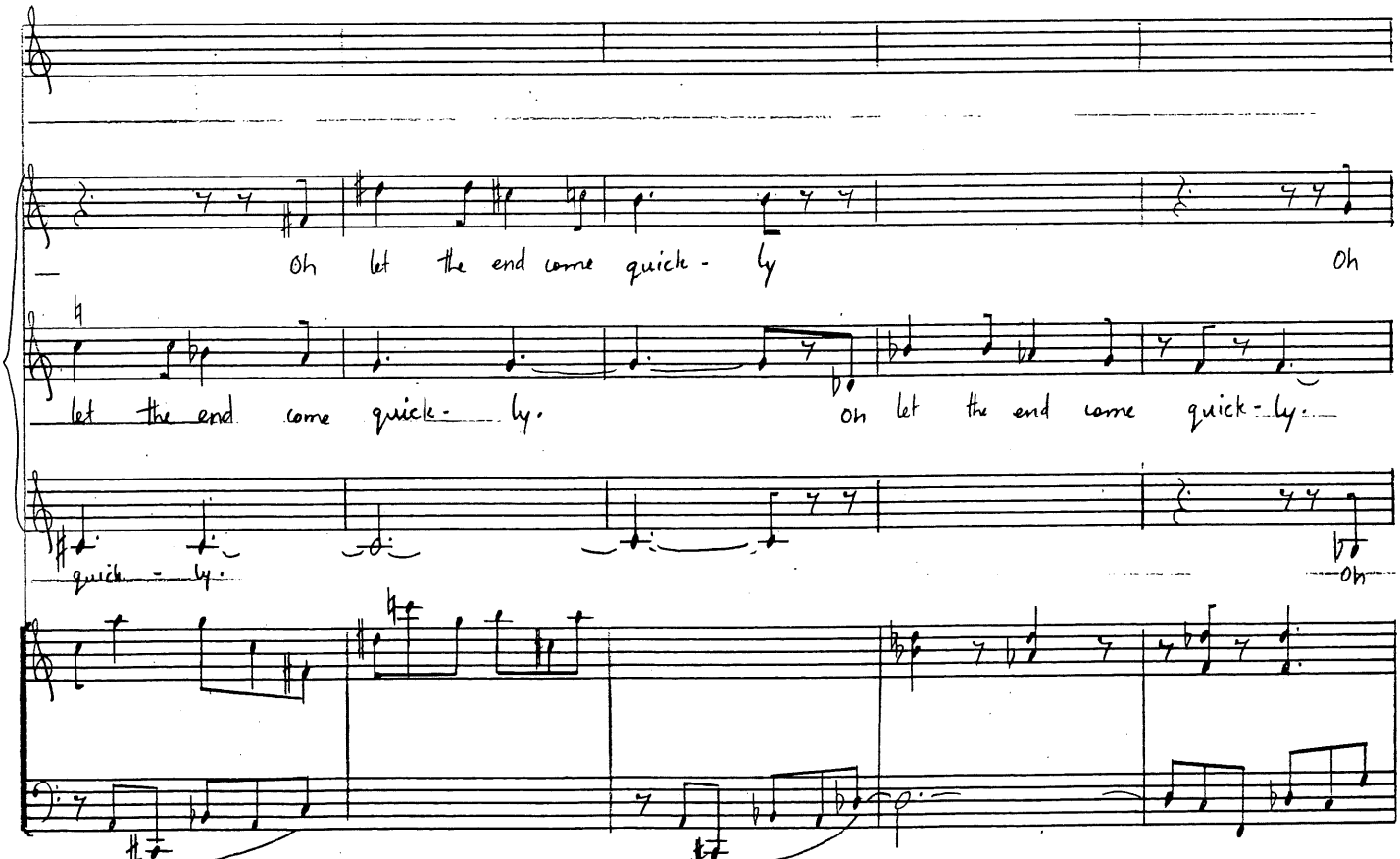
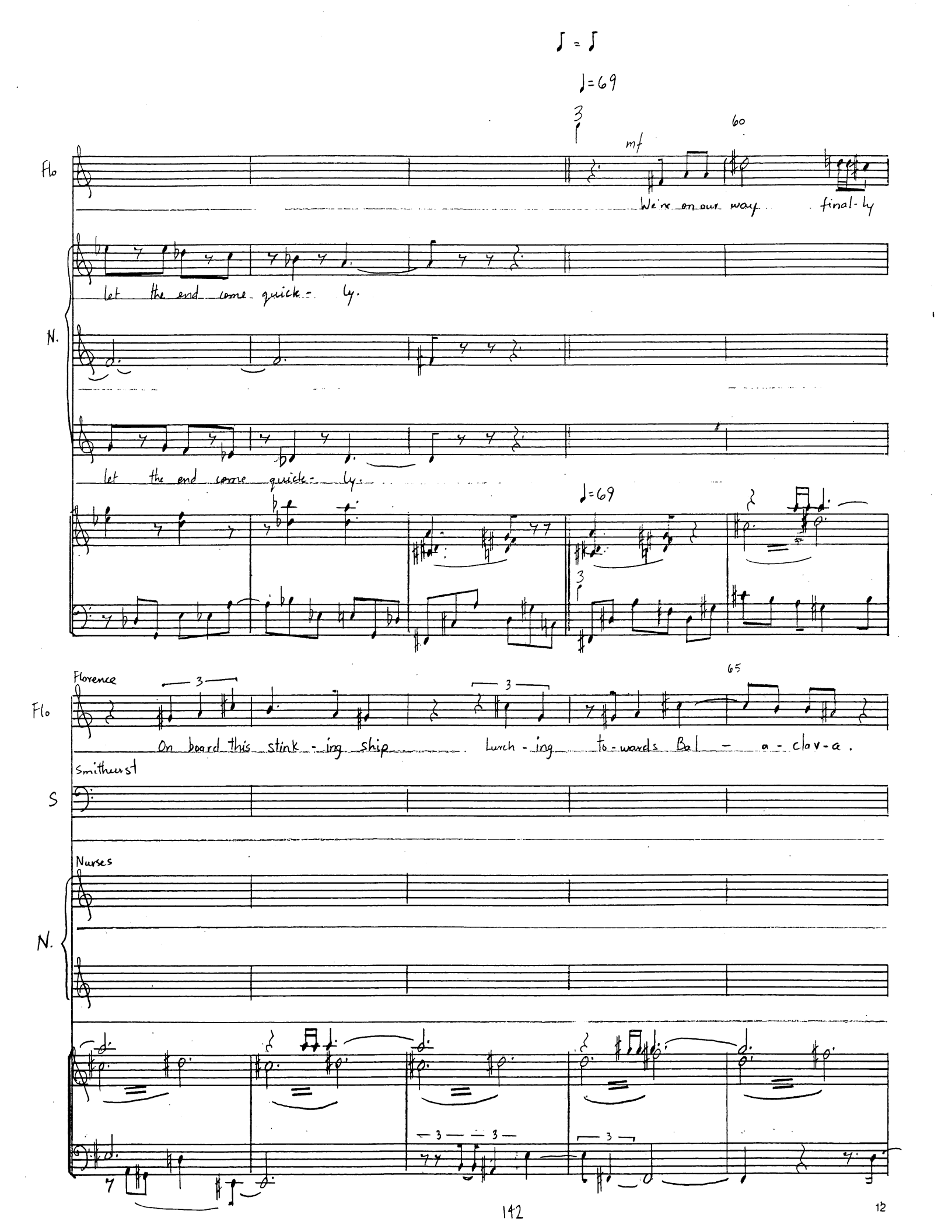
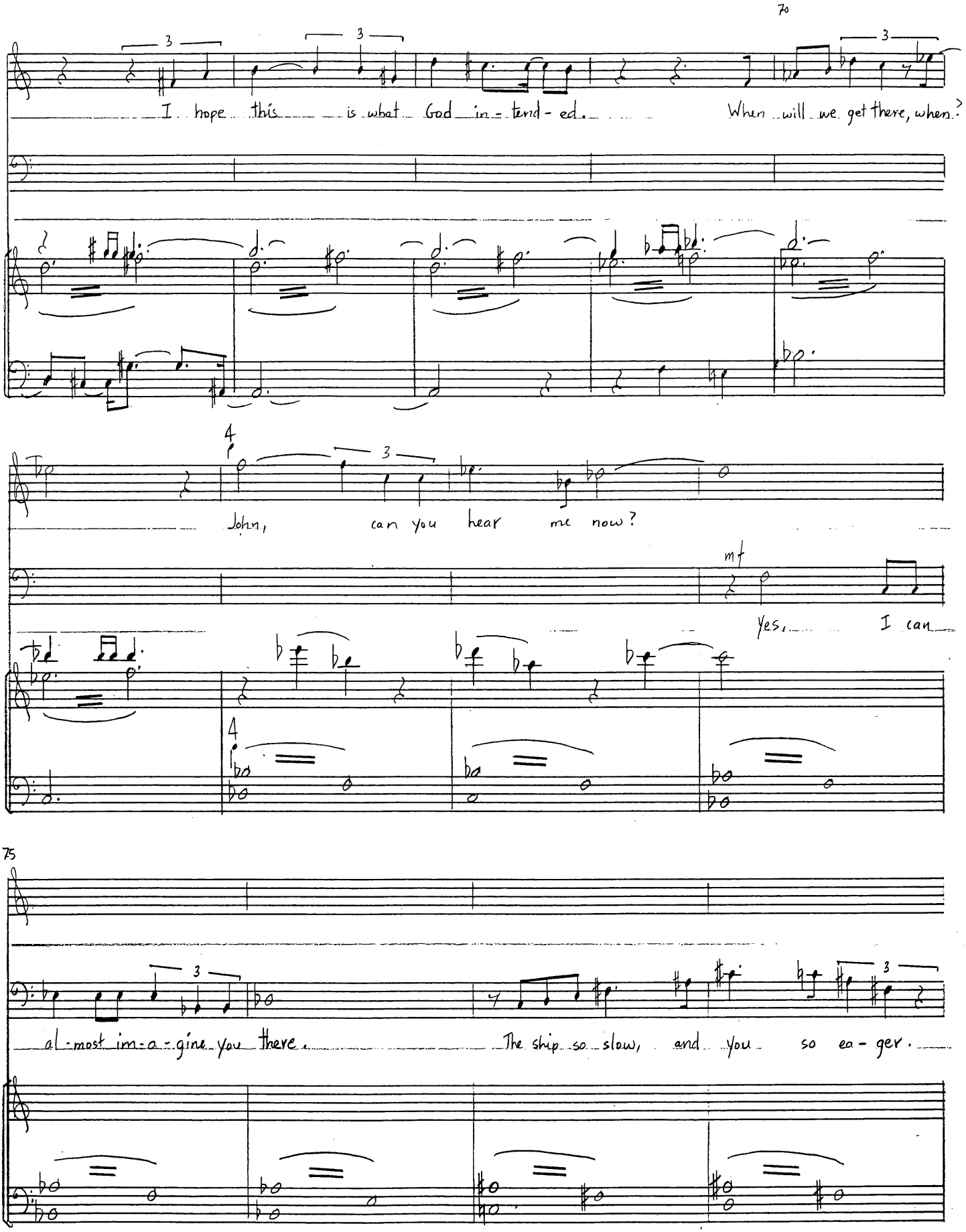
505

Flo

night - ingale flies from her gild - ed cage. The sky is

v.3

425
poco stringendo
Flo
vast
The air is free. The sky is vast, the
430
rit.
= 116
mf
air is free.
(a tempo)
I cast off these satin bonds
rit
p
f
mf
435
of fam - i - ly, of so - ci - e - ty of parents,
440
rit.
2
= 60
mp espr.
sisters, lovers. To me to serve the
= 60 (Meno mosso)
rit.
mp
445

450
Flo
weak, the wretch - ed is glor
455 rit. al...
Flo
-y. To save those sick and suf - fer - ing is
a piacere
atempo
460
Flo
glo ry and the work of God, and the work of
a piacere
mf
Flo
God. I toss a - side the sa - tin bonds of fam - ily ob - li -
mf

465
Flo
-ga - tions. To serve the weak, the wretch-ed, To save those sick and suff'- ring. I
470
cresc. al fine
wish for no o-ther Earth I wish for no o-ther world. No
475
o - ther world than this. No o-ther world than this. No
480
o - ther world than this!
mf cresc
t

Act II

Interlude

20
S
war ar- rive our hearts go out to those in the Cri- me - a. We must
ask, was sending this ar- my an act of he - ro - ism or ap- pal - ling fool- ish - ness
25
mp
mf
A year a- go we were told that the force that left Britain's shores Was the most mag-
30
P
- nif - i- cent ar- my of an- cient or mo- dern Times. Now we hear a

35
mf
S
dif' rent story
The dread word "cholera"
sounds like a
Ky-
40
p
mf
-ri-e,
fif-ty times each day.
Soldiers from an army
whom
no-toe could vanquish,
per-ish in rags through hunger and cold
while in-dif-ference, favour,
and stu-pid rou-
Poco a poco cresc.
45.
-tine
Reign, revel and ri-ot in the camps.
Is there to be no end
to
P

50
sub. f
mf
d = d.
S
these ca·lam·i·ties let us pray, in God's name that help may come soon.
55
S
60
S
mp
non dim.

Scene 1
♩= 132
Sidney Herbert
SH
mf
Ev`ry where I
♩=132
pp
mp
mf
p
go
Peo·ple talk
of this mis - er-a-ble war
And the
cruel ne-glect
of the sick and dy-ing.
f sub
I,
Sid - ney Her - bert
am Min - i-ster of..
V3

25
SH
War I must act ev-en if the arm-y
cant.
30
SH
tries to re - sist. If on - ly Flor - ence Night - in - gale
mp sub
35
SH
will take up this cause
2
♩.=66
Flo
mp
Ev' ry where I go there is talk of this pest - i - lent war.
2
sf

40
mf
mf
mp
Flo
The cruel neglect of the sick and dy-ing. I must act, ev-en if the
45
mf
p
Flo
ar-my re-fus-es my help. If on-ly Sid-ney Her-bert will help with my cause.
8
♩= 58
50
p
espr.
Flo
Dear Mister Herbert The late-est news from the war tells of ter - ri-ble suf'ring
S.H.
Dear
V.3

55
Flo
S.H.
Miss Nightingale, the latest news from the war tells of ter - rible suf'ring The sold-iers
60
Flo
For want of proper nur-sing care soldiers die of dis - ease.
S.H
die of disease for want of pro - per nur-sing care. On be - half of Her Maj-es-ty's
mf
mf
65
Flo
If Her
S.H.
Gov-ern-ment I ask if you would lead a group of trained nurses in to the Cri -

Flo
Maj·es·ty's government would ac·cept my ser·vice, I ask to lead a group of trained
S.H.
-me- a.
70
Flo
nurs·es in·to the Cri·me·a.
4
Pespr.
I am sure our
S.H.
Pespr.
I am
← ♩. = ♩ →
4
75
Flo
lov-ing at-ten·tion will save many souls from death.
I am sure our
S.H.
sure your lov-ing at·tention will save many souls from death.
I am sure your lov-

Flo
lov - ing at ten - tion will save many souls from death.
S.H.
- ing at ten - tion will save many souls from death.
85
Flo
There is no one else in Eng- land to whom I can
S.H.
Flo
turn.
S.H.
There is no one else in Eng - land in whom I would have more faith
p
3

← ♩ = ♩. →
90
95
100
105
Flo
S.H.
mf
There is no one else in Eng -
There is no one else in Eng - land to whom
p
-land in whom I have faith, Your dear friend, Sid - ney
I can turn.
mf
Her - bert! Sid - ney Her - bert! He wants me to go! He
Flor - ence Night - in - gale! Flor - ence Night - in - gale She will go, thank God!

Flo
wants me to go! Our let-ters must have crossed! How I love you for this. How I
S.H.
She will go, thank God! Our let-ters must have crossed! How I love that
110
mf
115
Flo.
love you for this! How I love you for this!
S.H.
wo-man! How I do love that wo-man! How I love that wo-man! She will be famous one
120
Flo
I will make my mark on this war, have no doubt!
S.H.
day, I have no doubt.
mf
ff

125
130
Flo.
S.H.
mf
2
3
Flo.
S.H.
3
3

Scene 2
2/4 ♩.=46
Nurses
mp
Oh!
5
Oh!
mp
Oh!
Oh!
♩.=46
2/4 p
10
Oh!
When will the voy- age end?
Oh!
When will the voy- age end?
mp
Oh!
Oh!
mf
15
mf When will the voy- age
When will the voy - age end?
mp
oh!
oh!
mf
mf When will the voy - age
When will the voy - age end?

Flo
N
end?
p
mp
mf Let the end come quick- ly.
Oh!
Oh!
let the end come quick- ly.
end?
p
mp
mf let the end come quick- ly.
Oh!
oh!
Let the end come quick- ly.
7
2
25
Flo
N.
P
Oh!
7
2
P

Flo
mp
30
Here, put this on your
P
Oh! Oh! When will the voy - age end?
N.
mp
Oh! When will the voy - age end? Oh! Oh!
P
Oh! Oh!
35
fore-head. Can you drink some tea?
mp
Oh! Oh! Let the end come quick - ly Poor la-dies,
P
let the end come quick - ly. Poor la-dies, poor nurses, poor us.
mp
When will the voy - age end? Oh! Oh! Let the end come

40
Flo
Come, take my arm. I'll help you stand.
poor nur- poor us Oh! Oh!
N.
Oh! Oh! When will this voy - age end?
p
quick - ly Poor lad-ies, poor nur-ses, poor us.
45
Flo
This way, nurse Take a deep breath.
When will this voy - age end? When will this dread-ful voy - age end?
N.
When will this dread-ful voy - age end? When will this voy - age end?
oh! oh! When will this voy - age end? When will this dread-ful
p

lo
When will this voy - age end? When will this voy age end?
J.
When will this dread - ful voy - age end? When will this voy - age end? Oh
voy - age end?
When will this voy - age end? oh let the end come

lo
Oh let the end come quick - ly Oh
N.
let the end come quick - ly. oh let the end come quick - ly.
quick - ly.
Oh

♩ = ♩
♩=69
60
mf
Flo
We're on our way
final-ly
let the end come quick-ly.
N.
let the end come quick-ly.
♩=69
65
Florence
Flo
On board this stink-ing ship
lurch-ing to-wards Bal-a-clav-a.
Smithurst
S
Nurses
N.
142
12

70
Flo
I hope this is what God in-tend-ed.
When will we get there, when?
S
4
Flo
John, can you hear me now?
S
mf
Yes, I can
75
Flo
S.
al-most im-a-gine you there.
The ship so slow, and you so ea-ger.

♩=80

80

Flo

Oh, yes, ev'ry wasted hour makes me more im-pa-tient.

S.

How keen I

85

Flo

I

S.

was to be-gin I was so sure they would want me I ne-ver

90

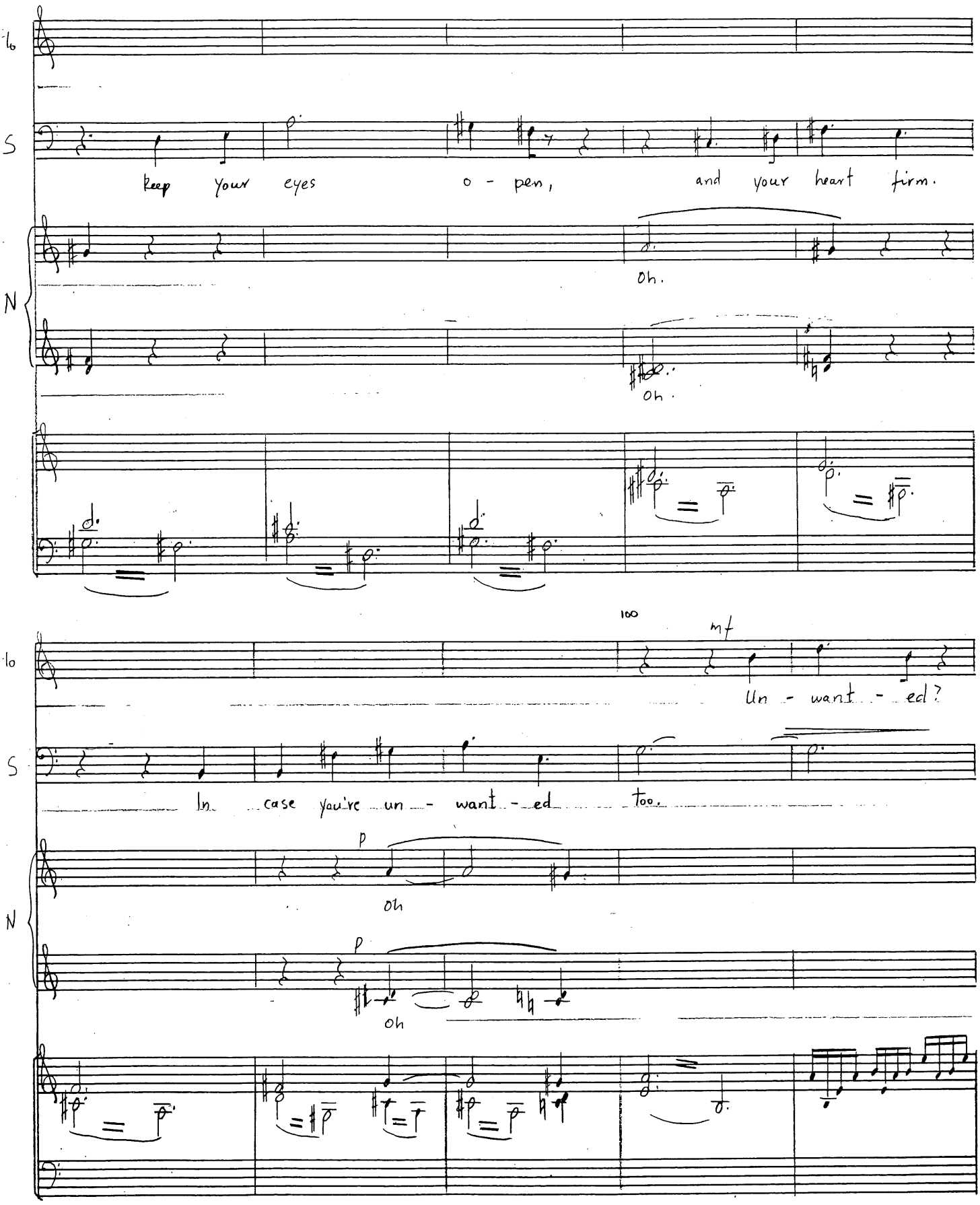
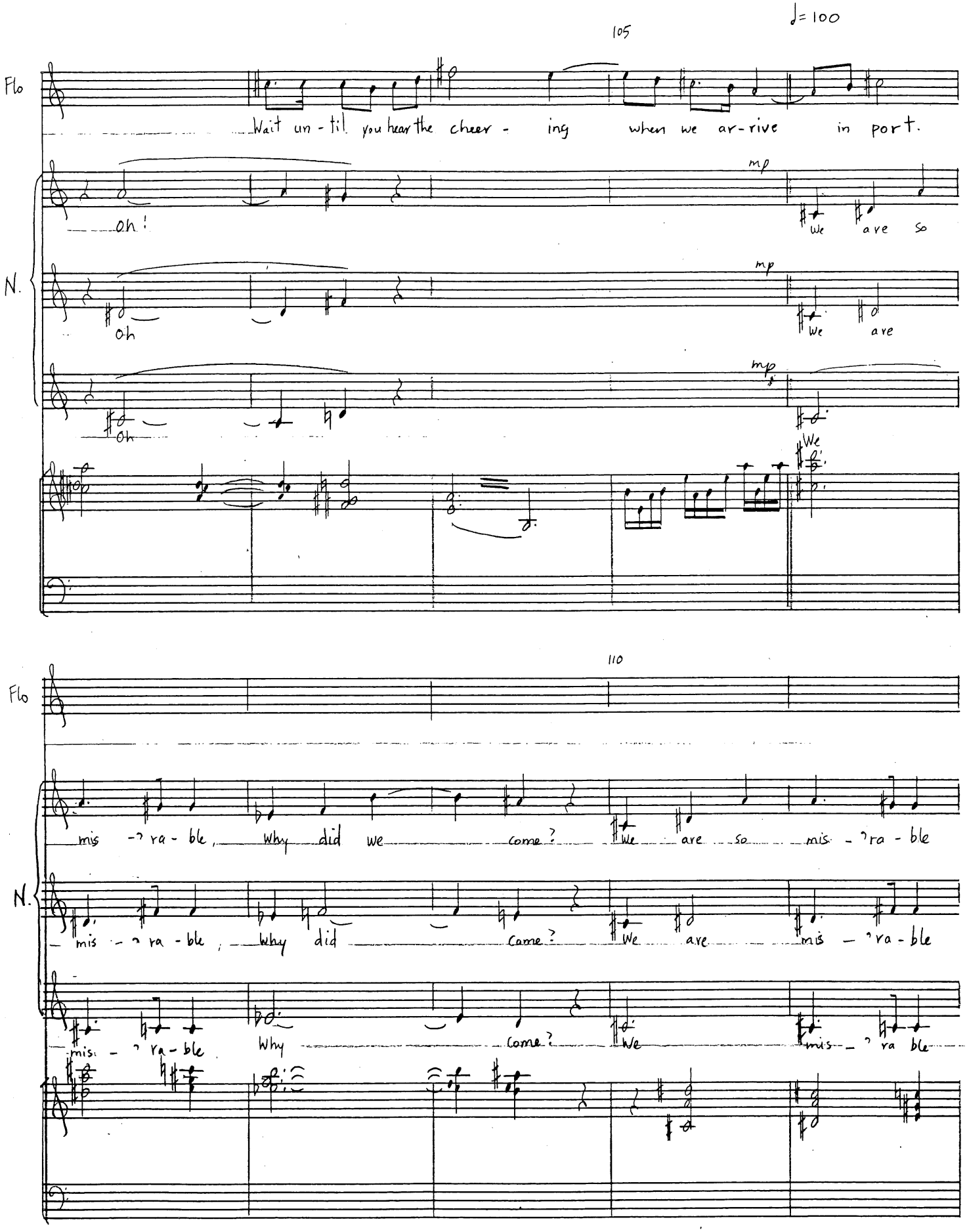
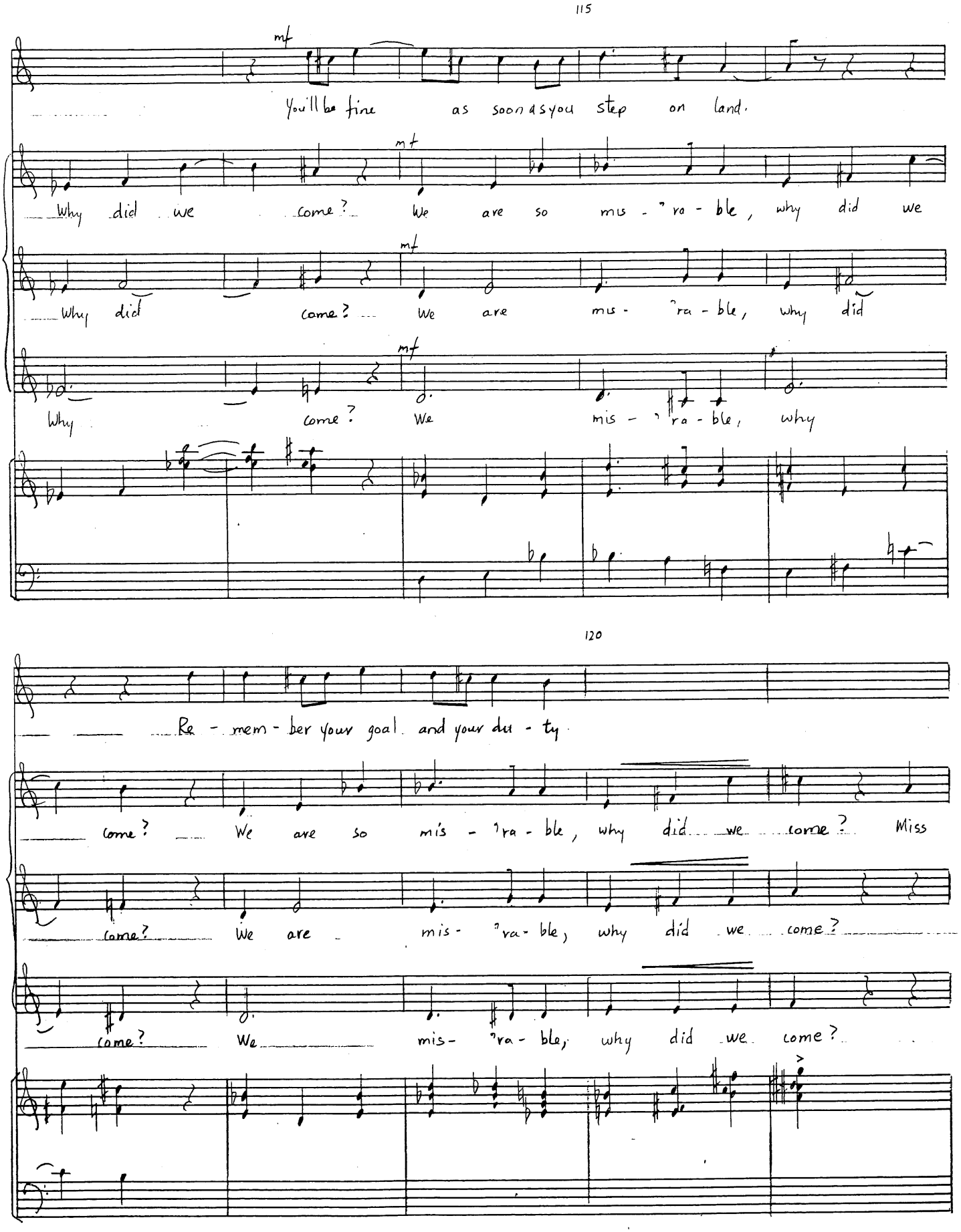
Flo

long to be with those poor wretch-es Dy-ing a hundred ev'ry day.

S

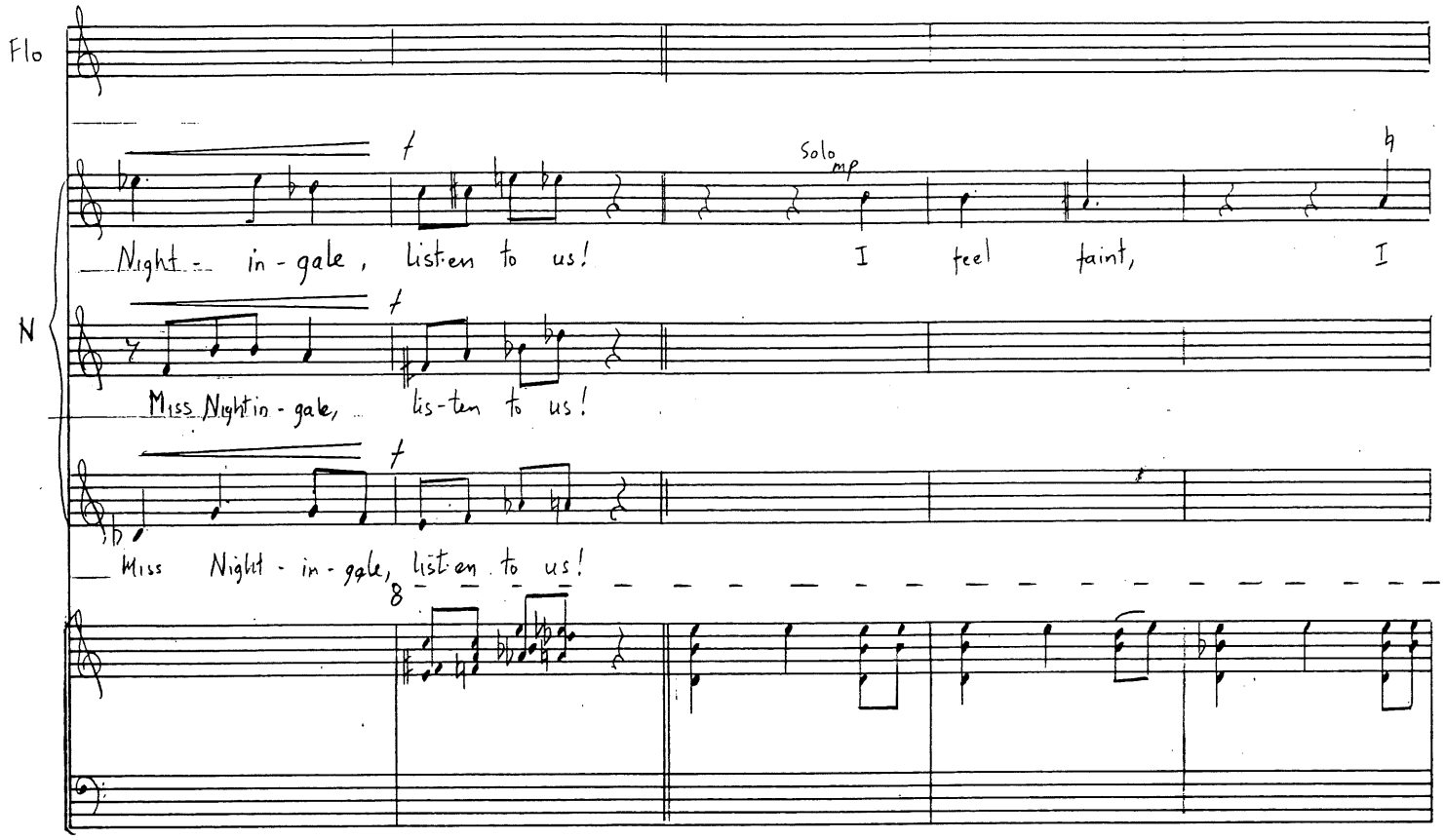
Nurses PP

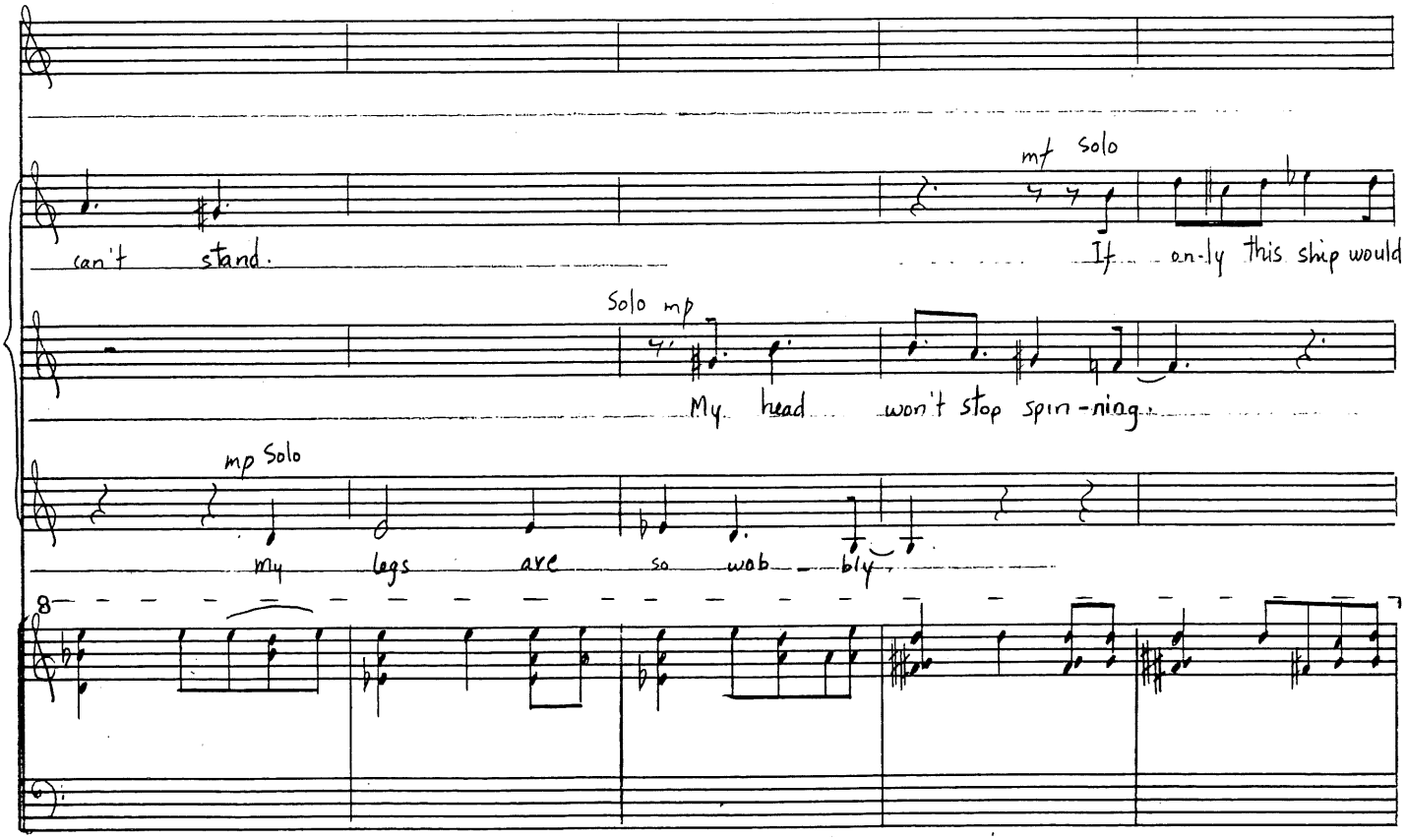
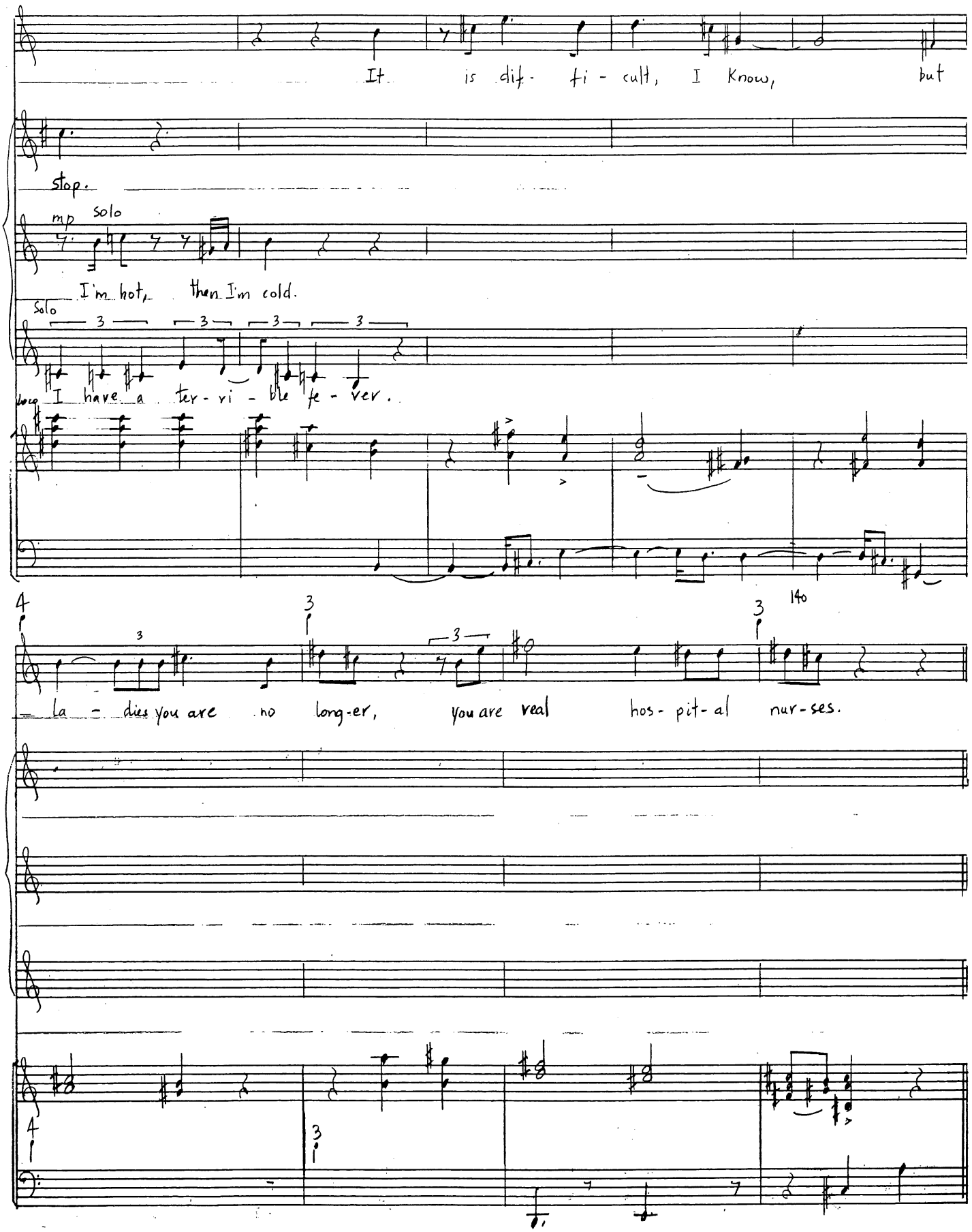
thought I'd be un-wel-come. Oh:

12

Lo
S
Keep your eyes o - pen, and your heart firm.
N
oh.
oh.
100
mf
Un - want - ed?
In case you're un - want - ed too.
p
oh
p
oh

♩= 100
105
Flo
Wait un - til you hear the cheer - ing when we ar-rive in port.
N.
oh!
mp
We are so
oh
We are
oh
We
110
mis - ra - ble, Why did we come? We are so mis - ra - ble
mis - ra - ble, Why did come? We are mis - ra - ble
mis - ra - ble Why come? We mis - ra ble

115
Flo
mf
You'll be fine as soon as you step on land.
mf
Why did we come? We are so mis - 'ra - ble, why did we
N
mf
Why did come? We are mis - 'ra - ble, why did
mf
Why come? We mis - 'ra - ble, why
120
Flo
Re - mem - ber your goal and your du - ty
come? We are so mis - 'ra - ble, why did we come? Miss
N
come? We are mis - 'ra - ble, why did we come?
come? We mis - 'ra - ble, why did we come?

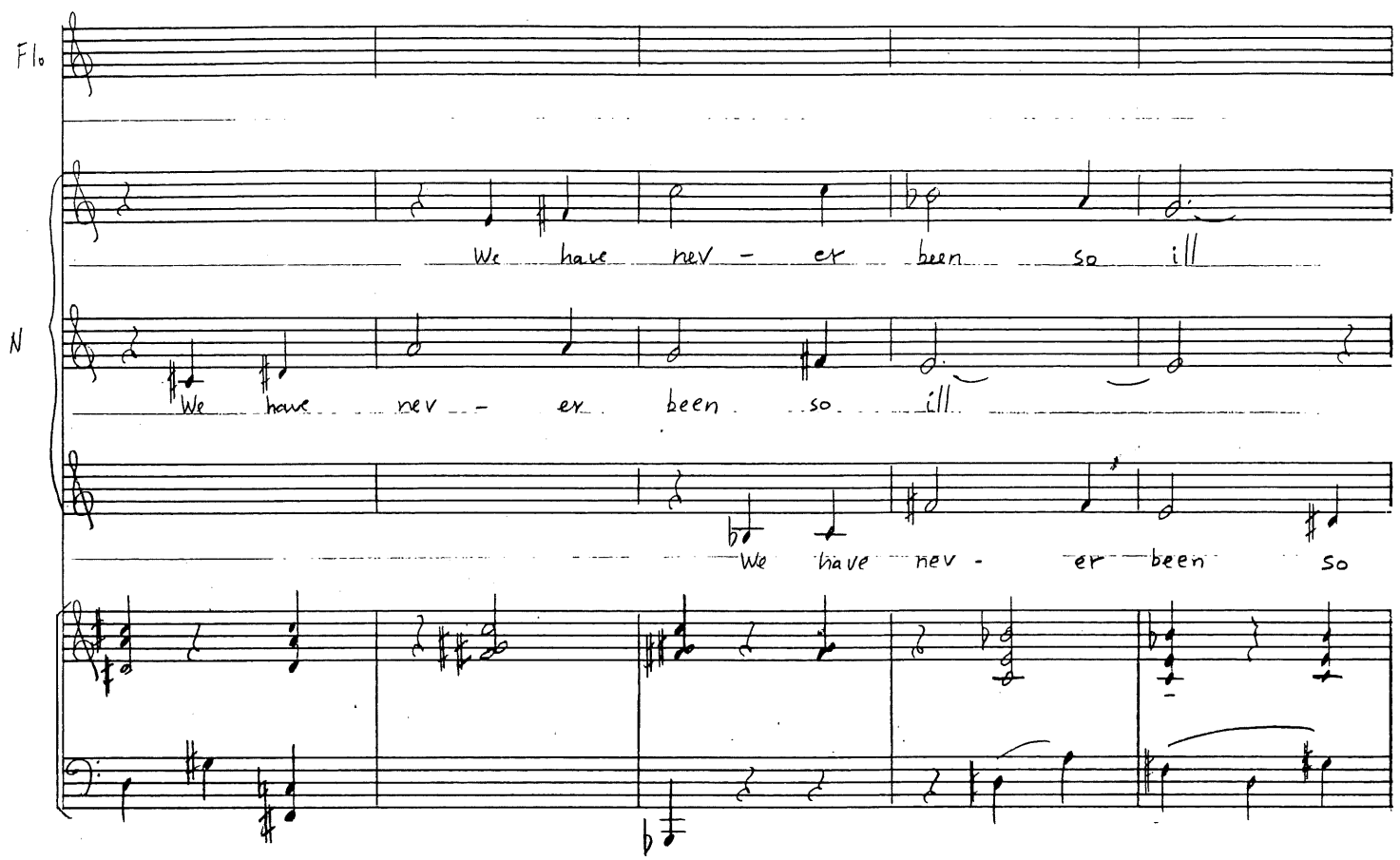
♩= 82

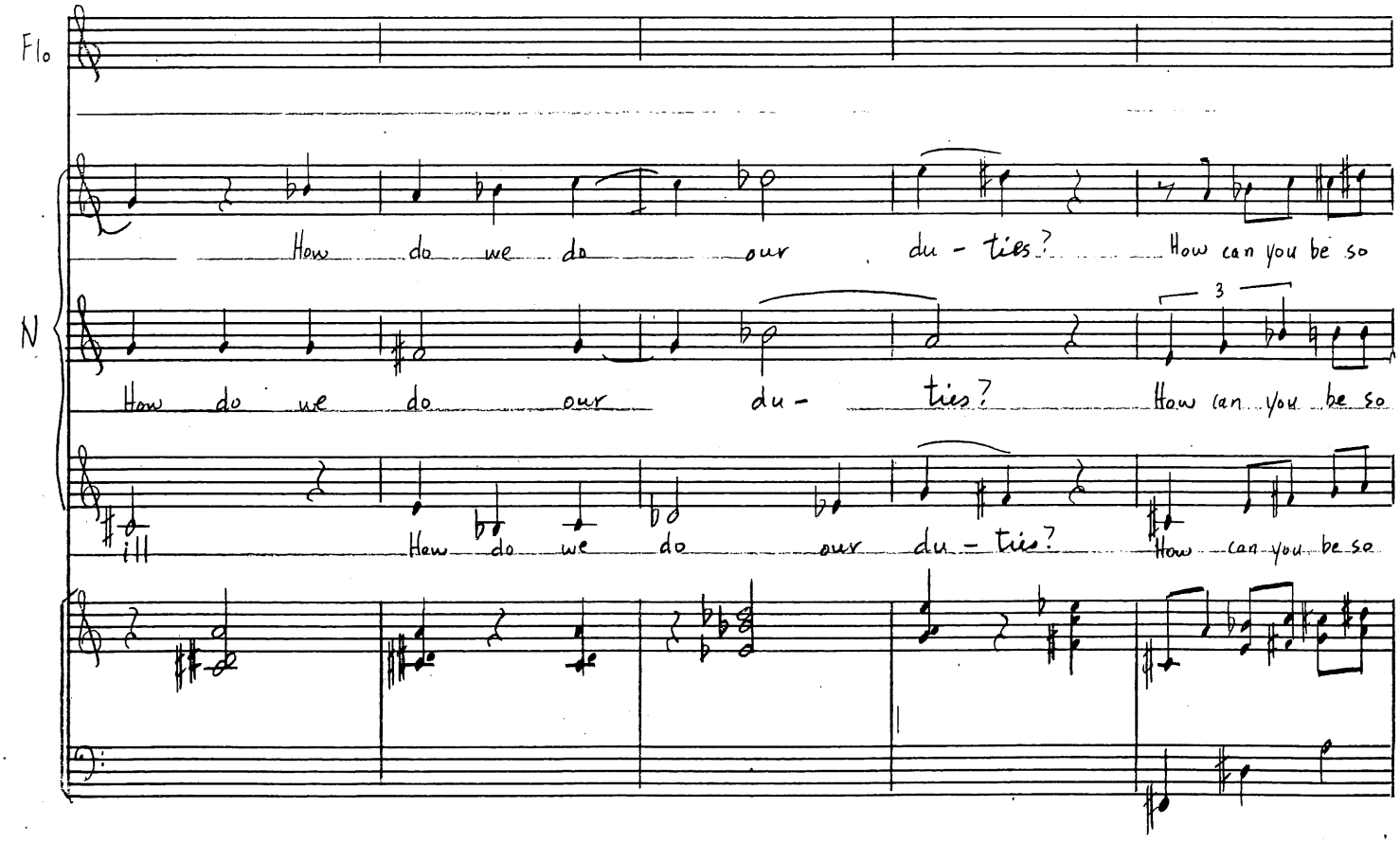
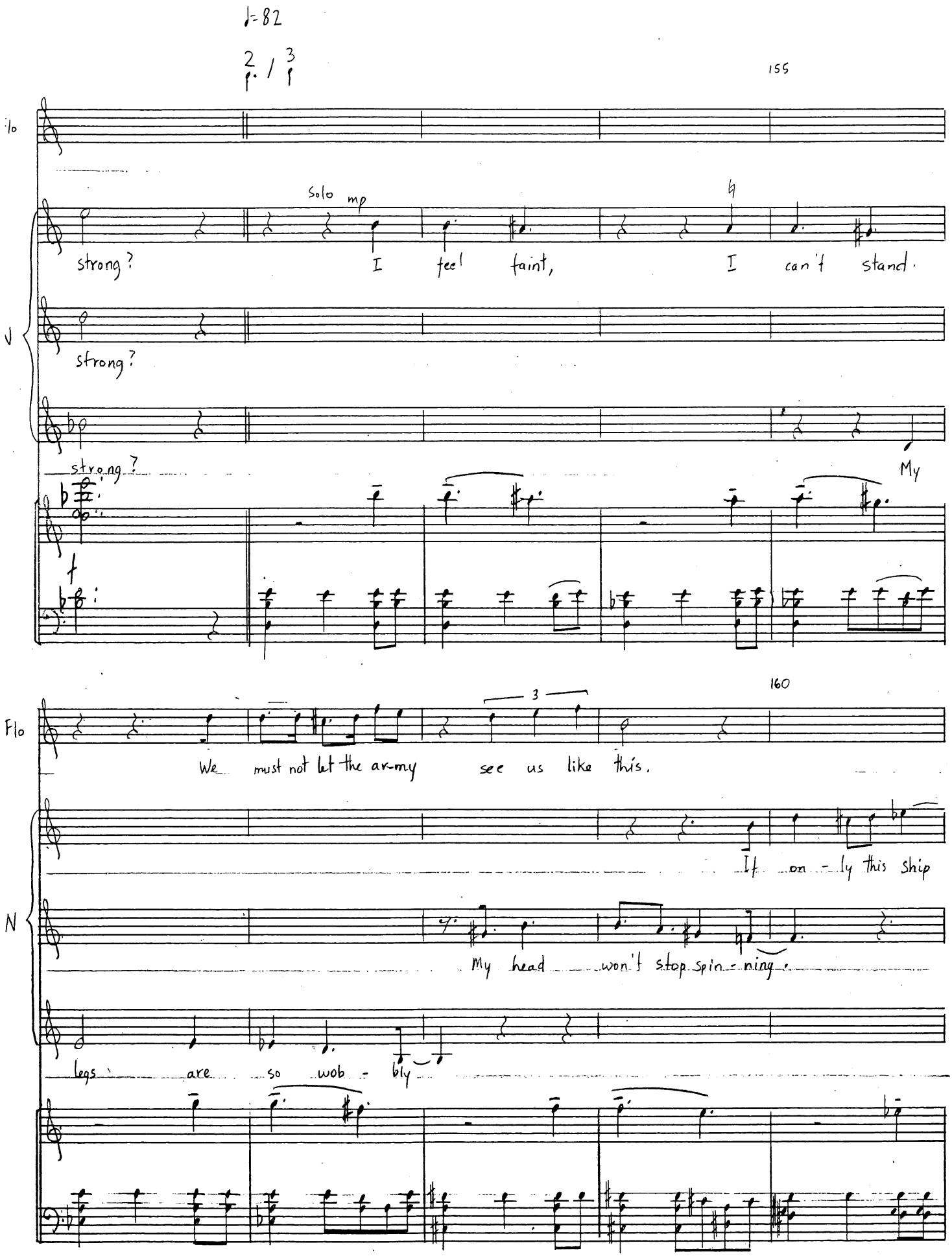
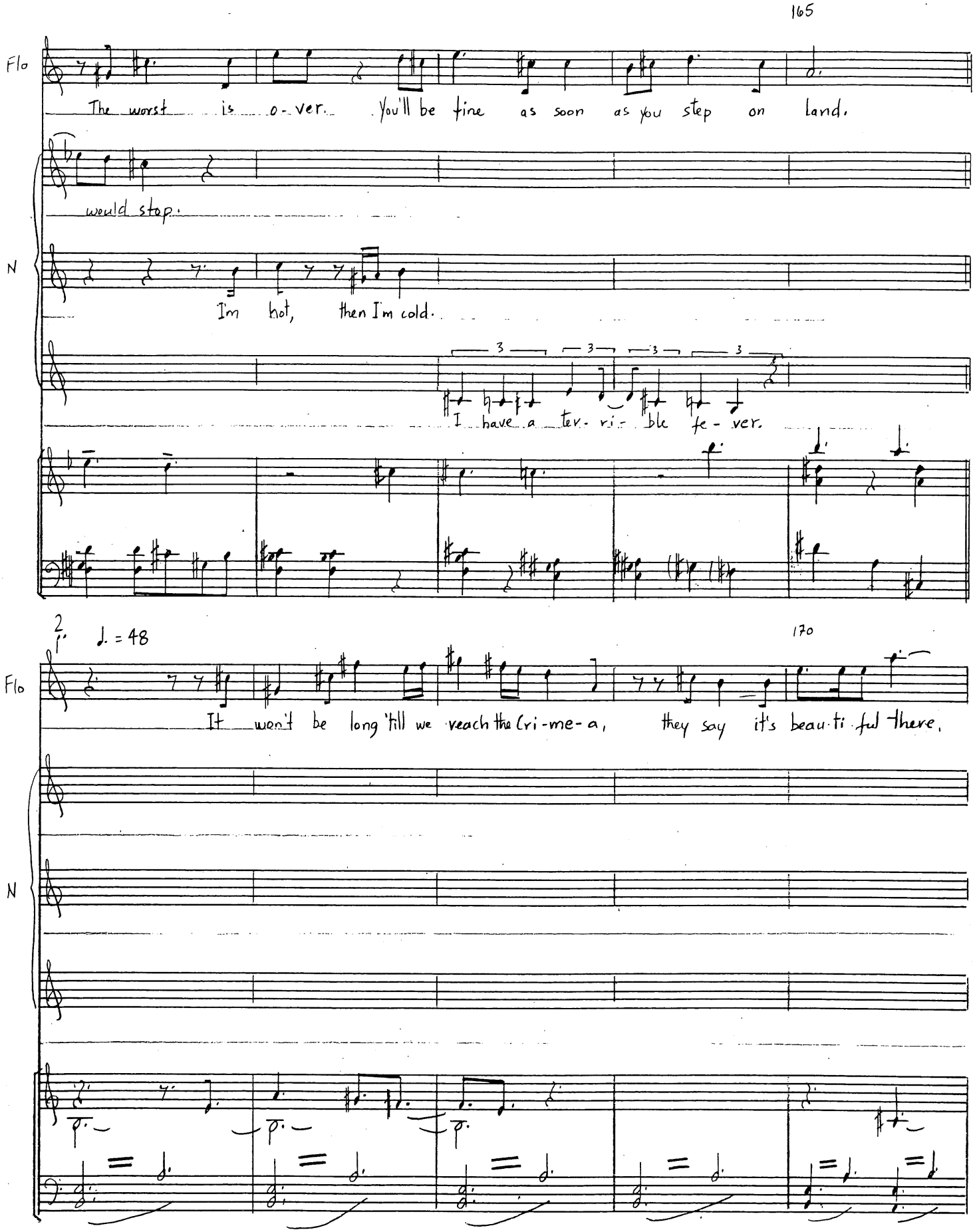
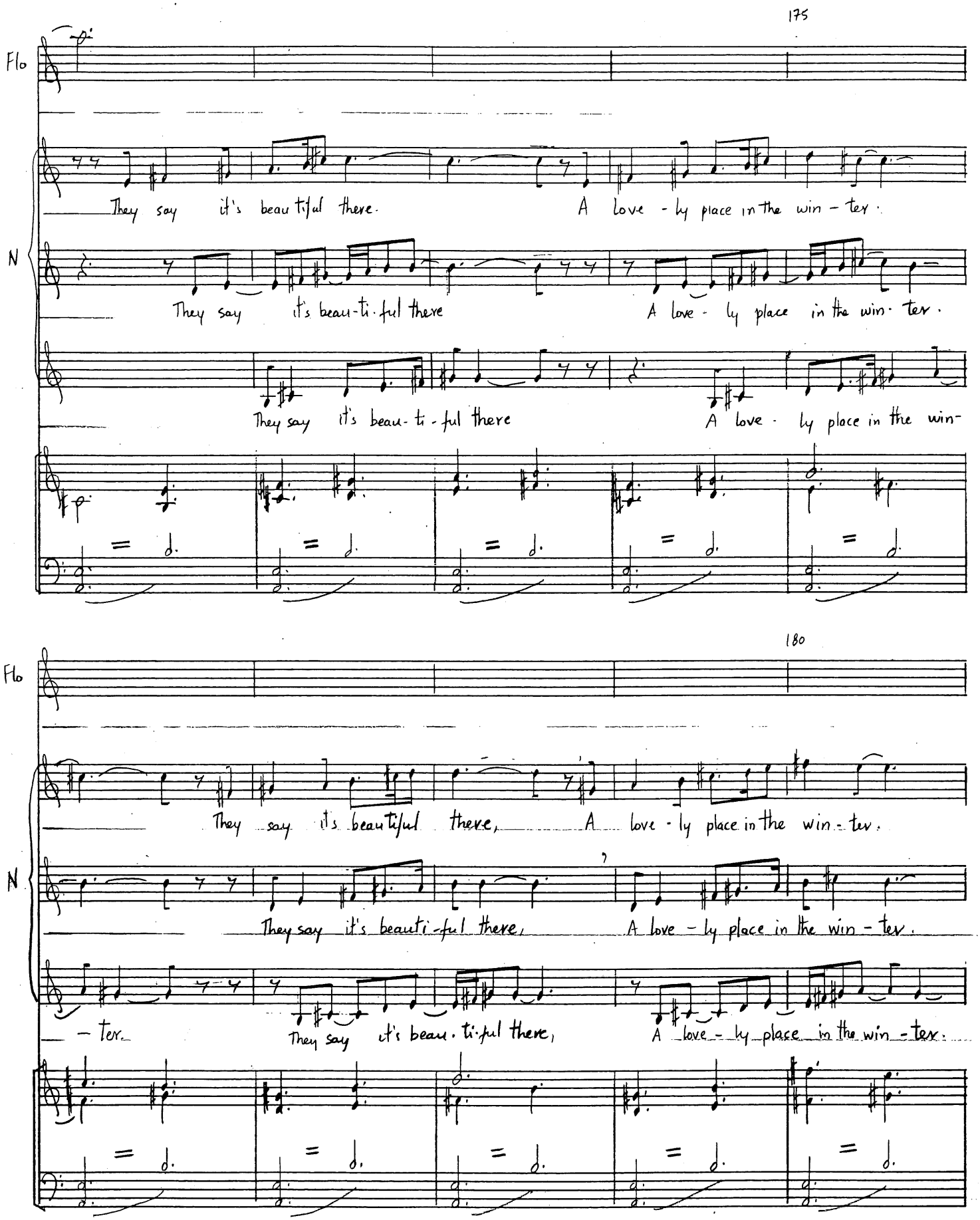
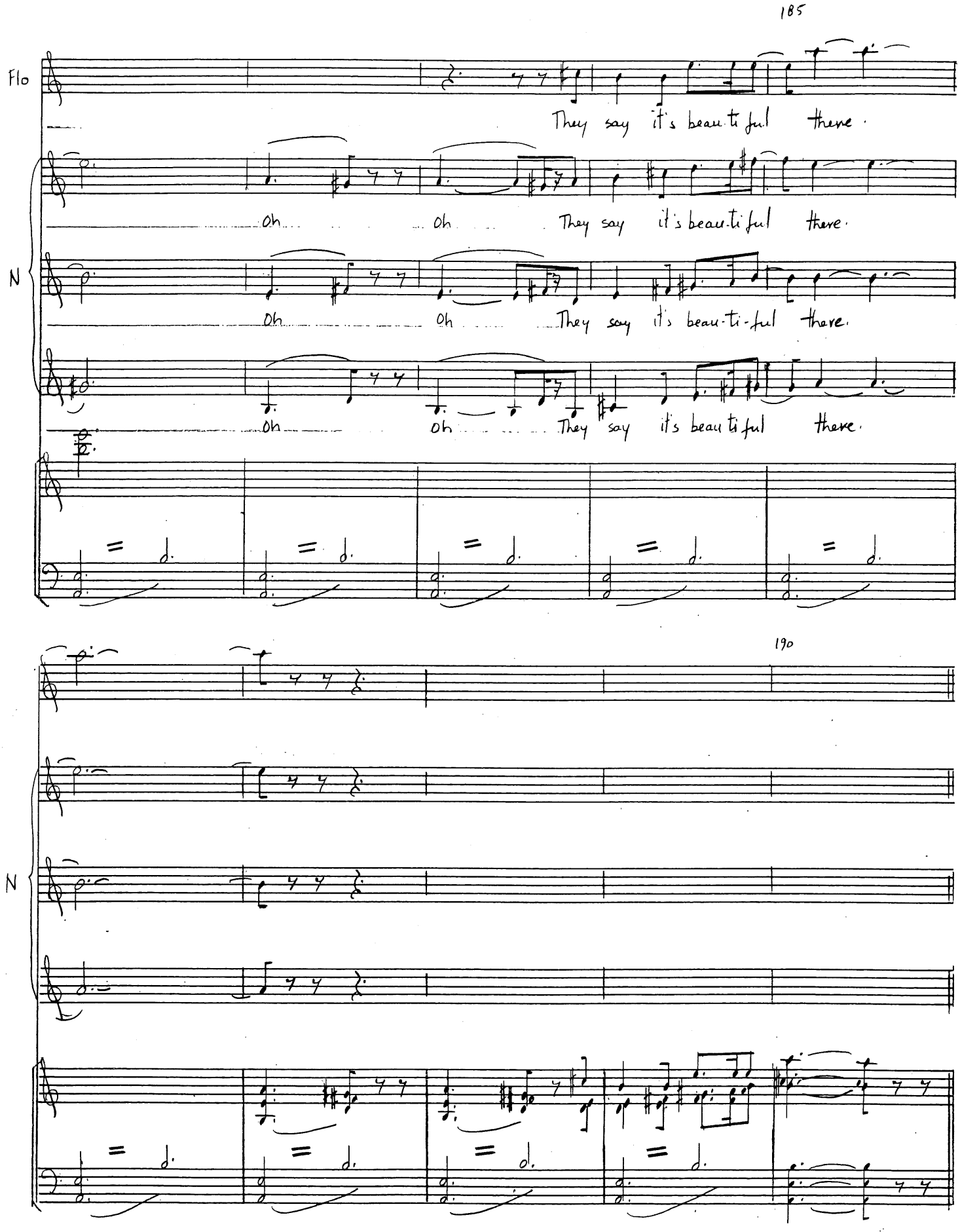
2/3

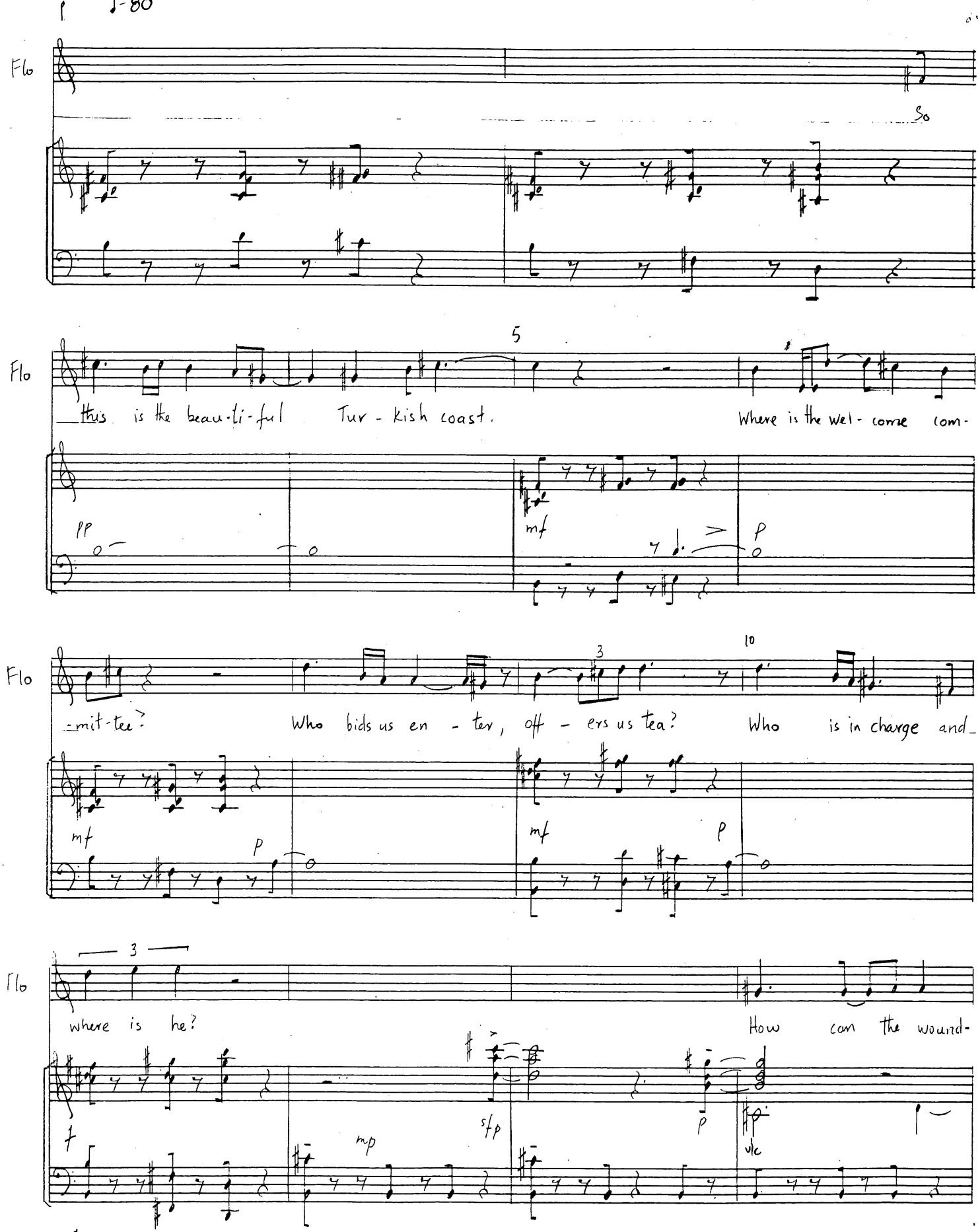
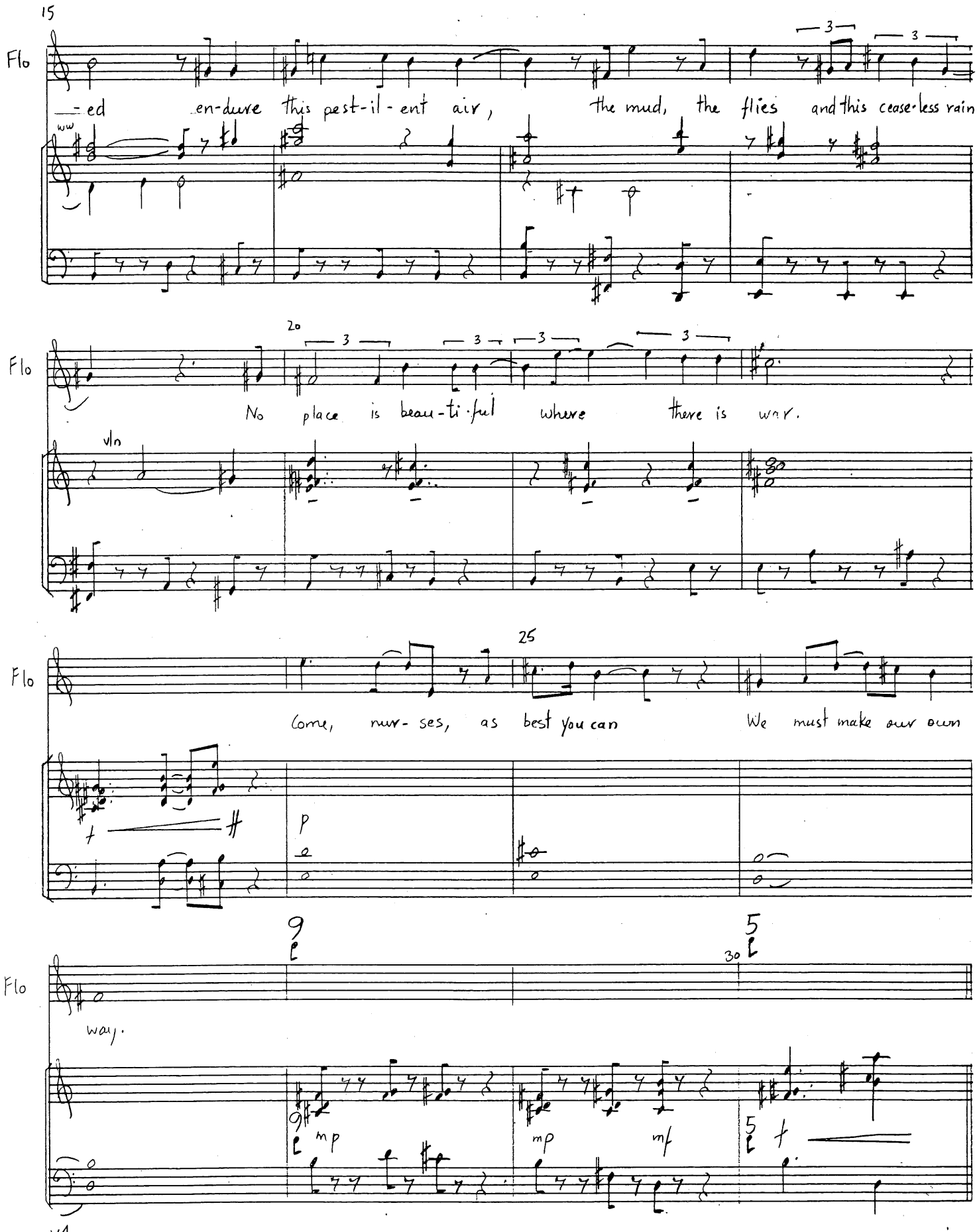
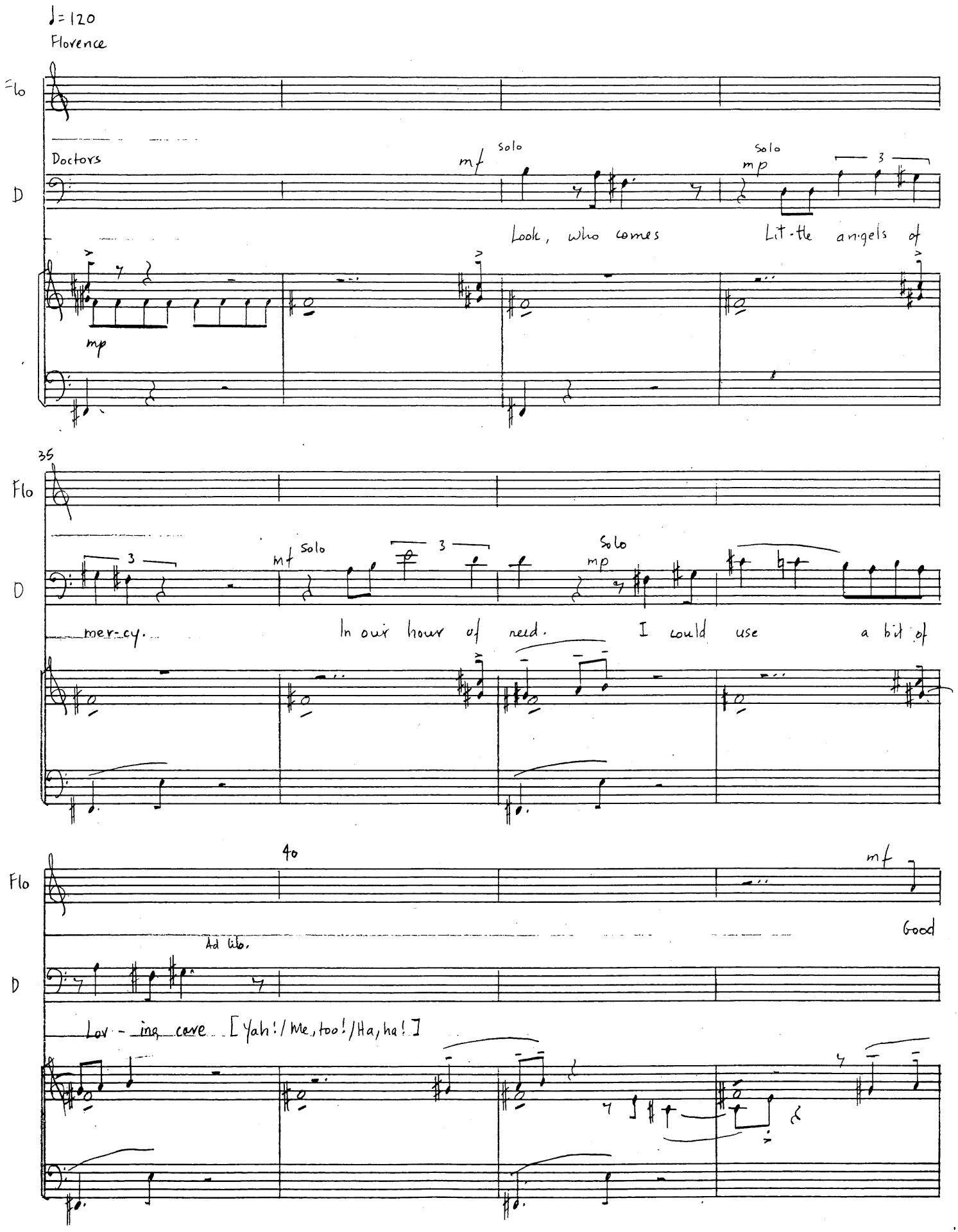
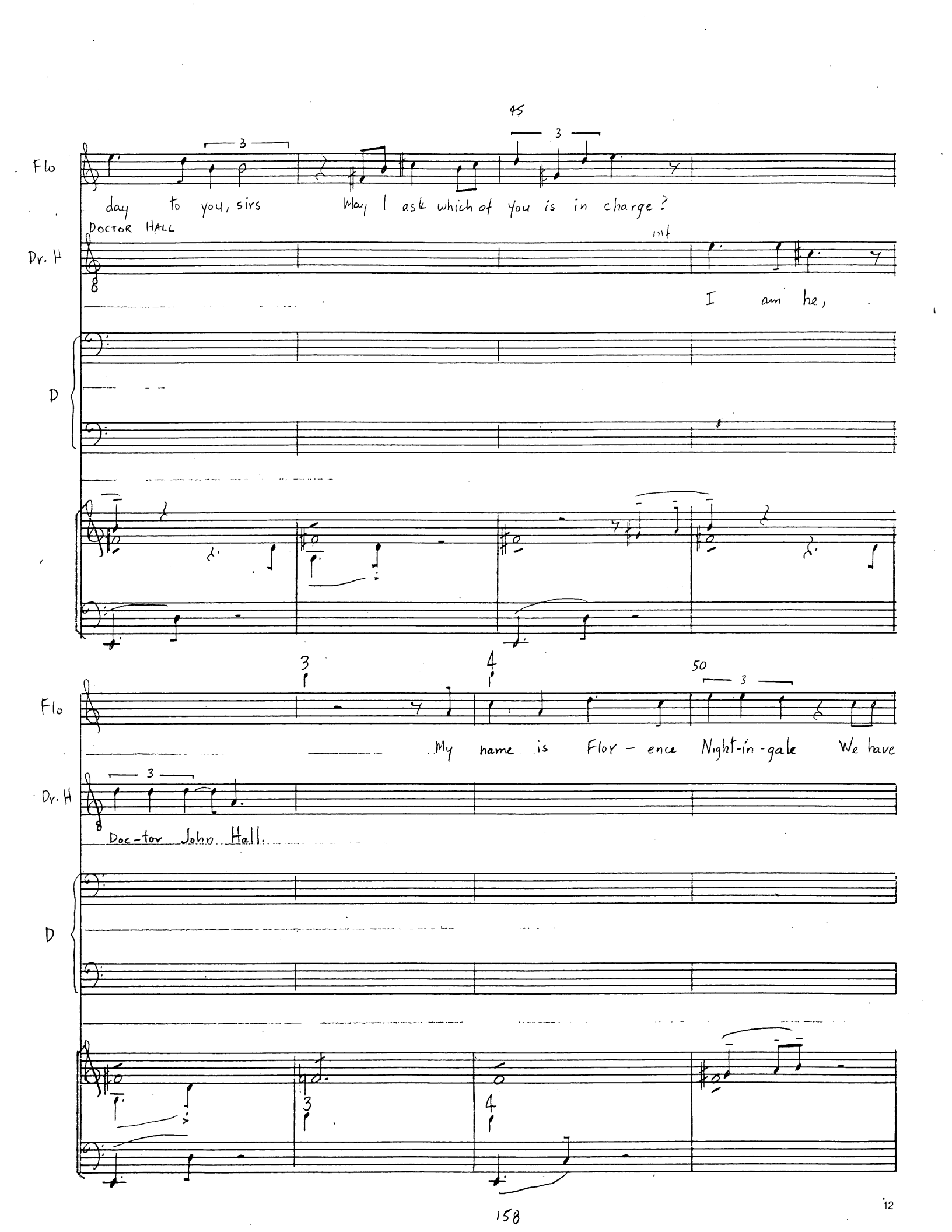
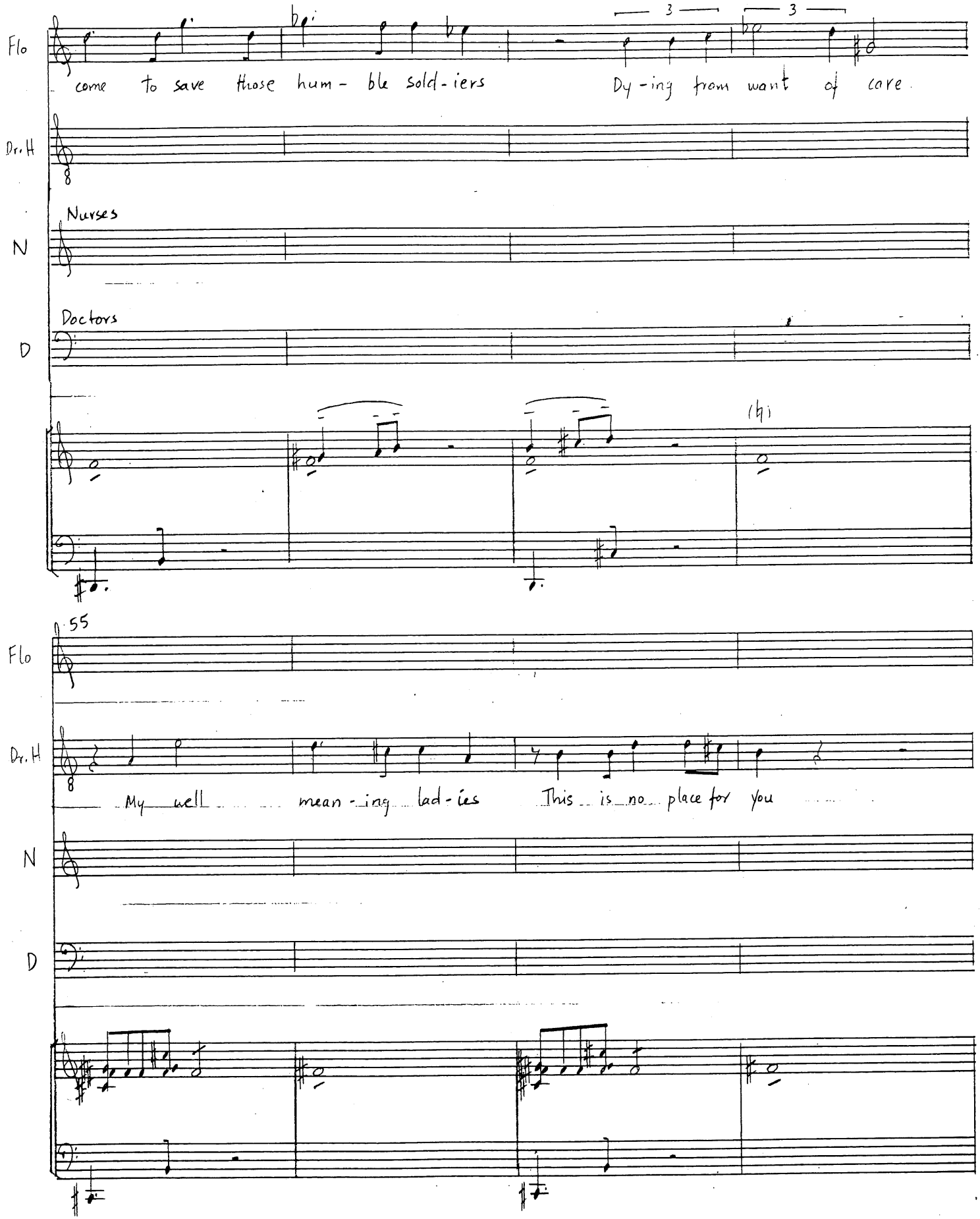
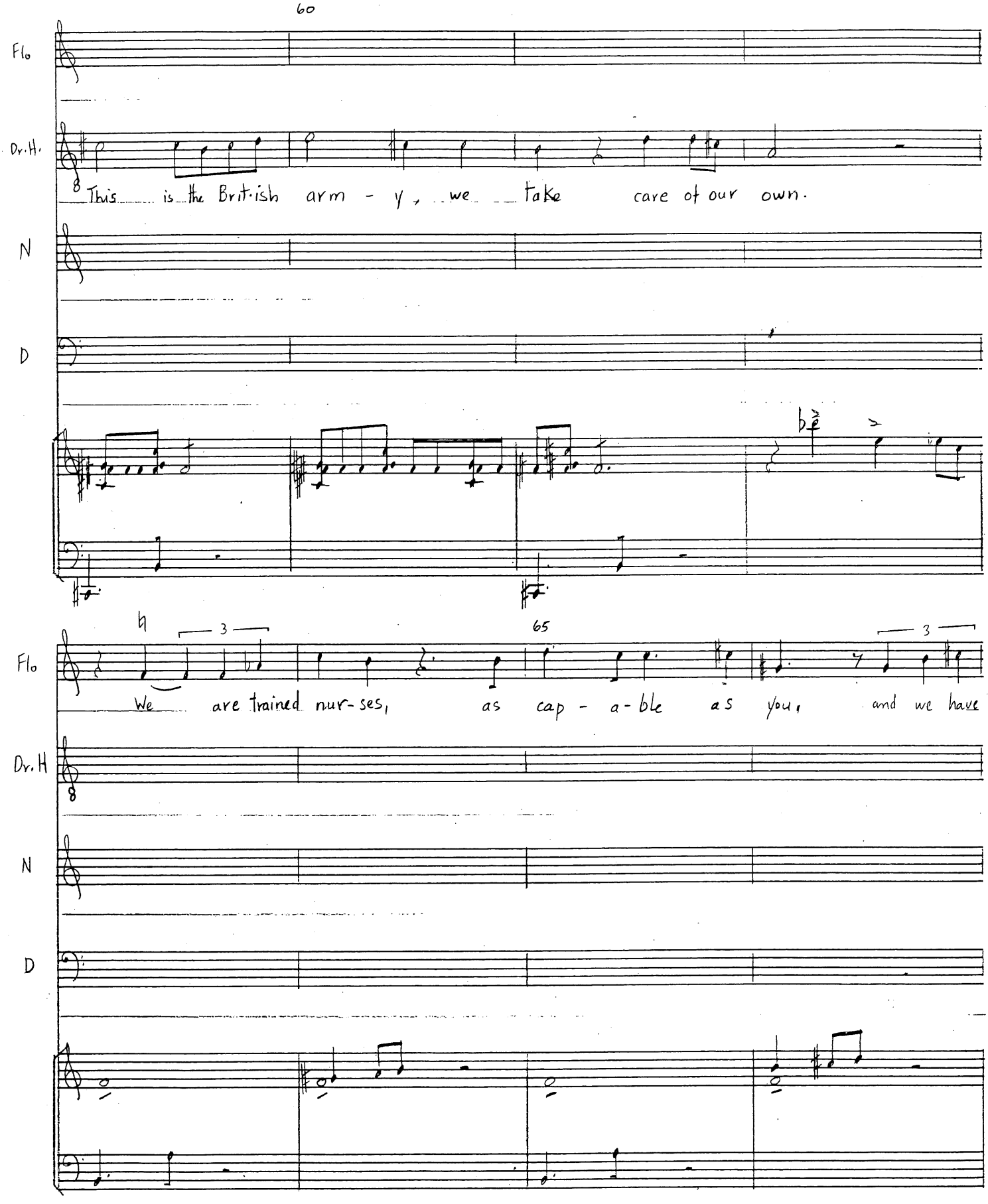
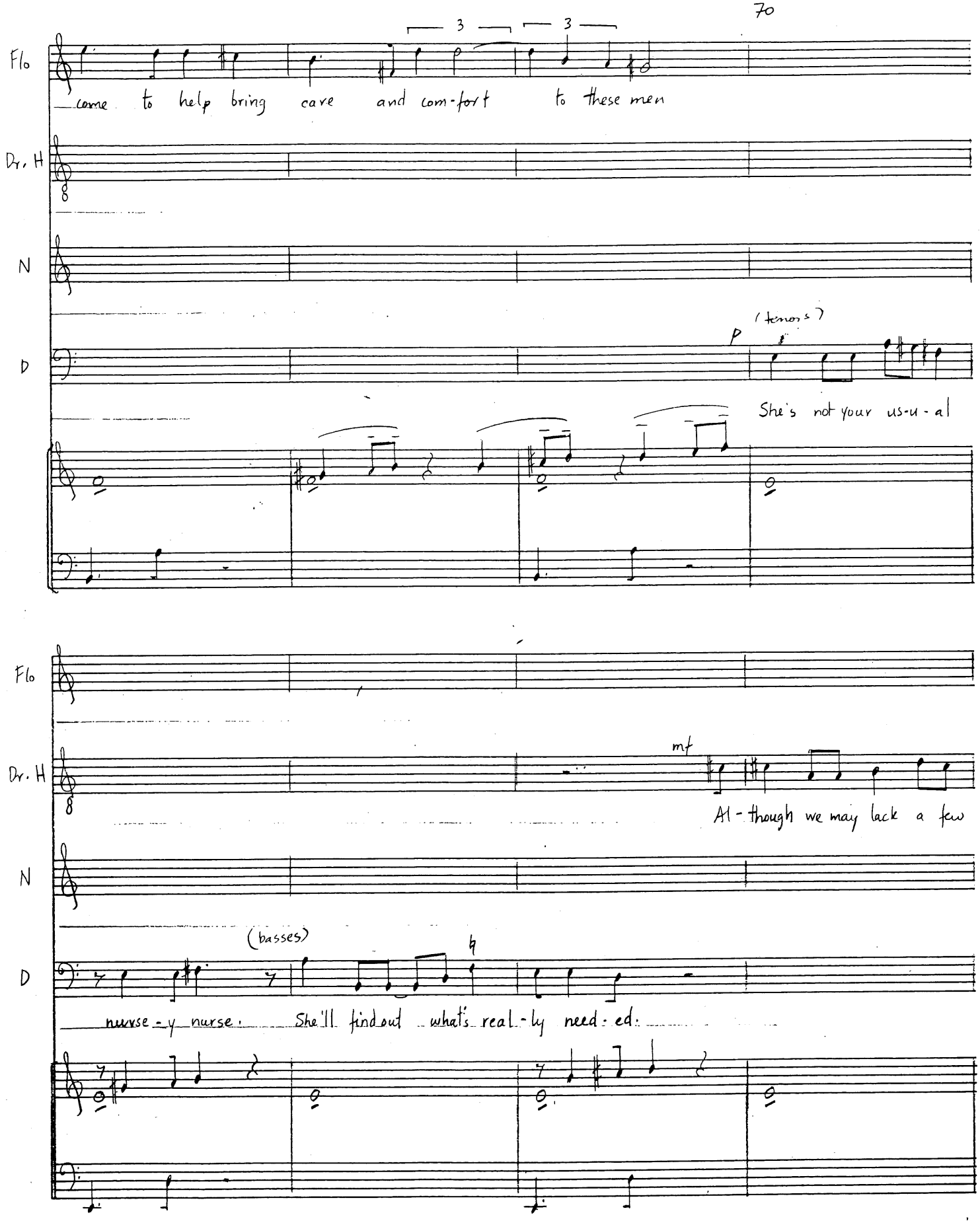
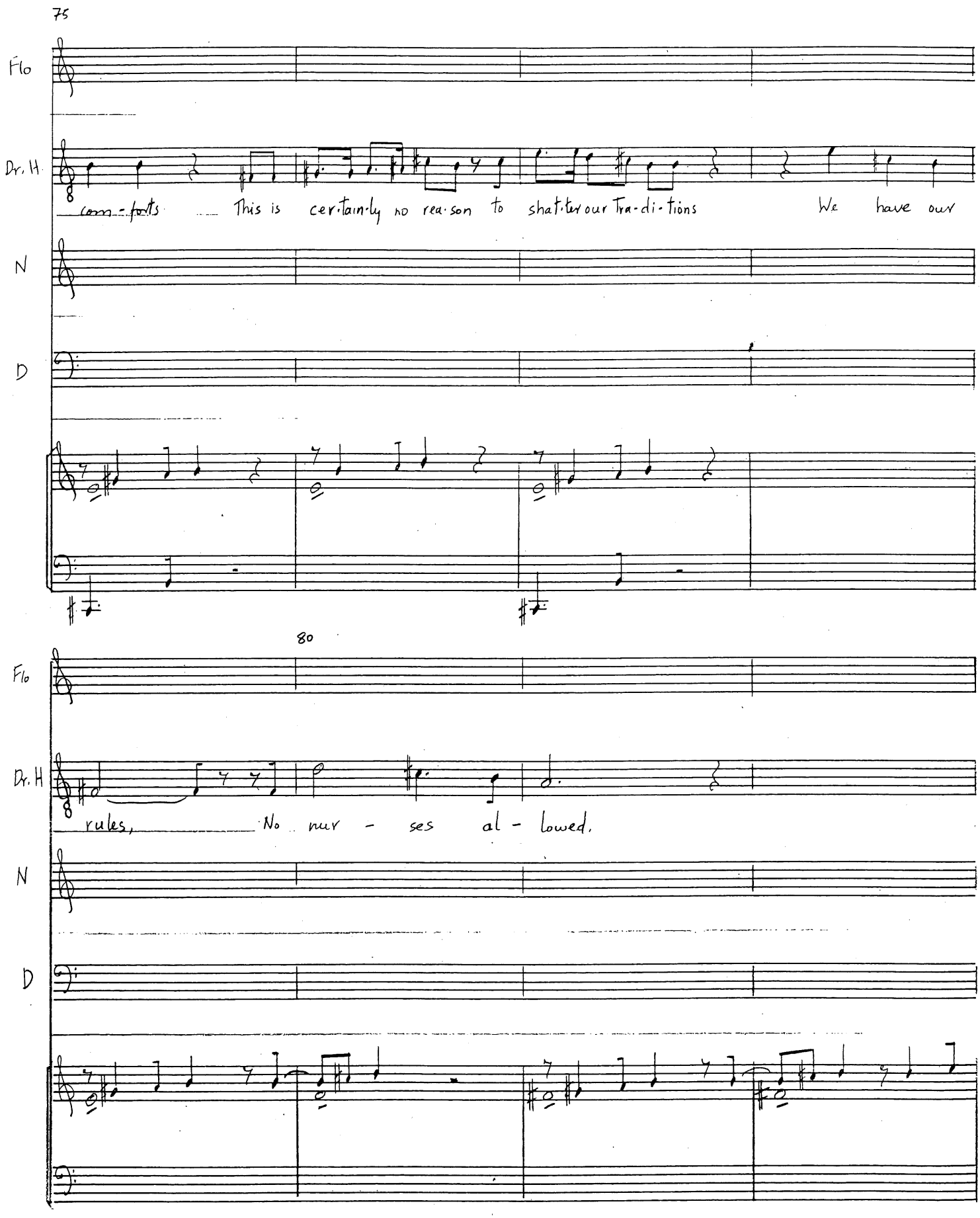
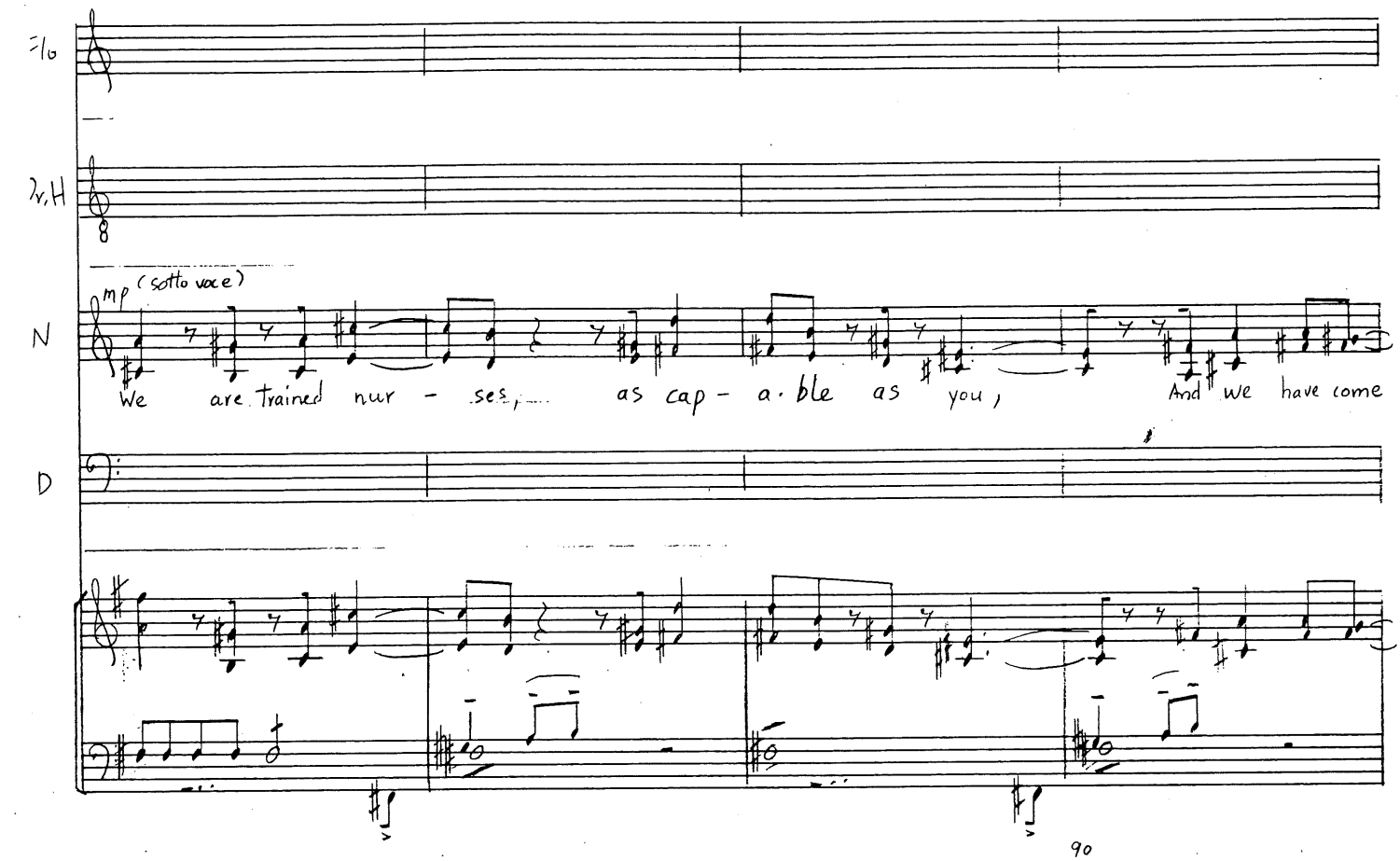
125

Flo
N
t
Solo mp
Night - in - gale, listen to us!
I feel faint, I
Miss Night in - gale, lis - ten to us!
Miss Night - in - gale, listen to us!
8

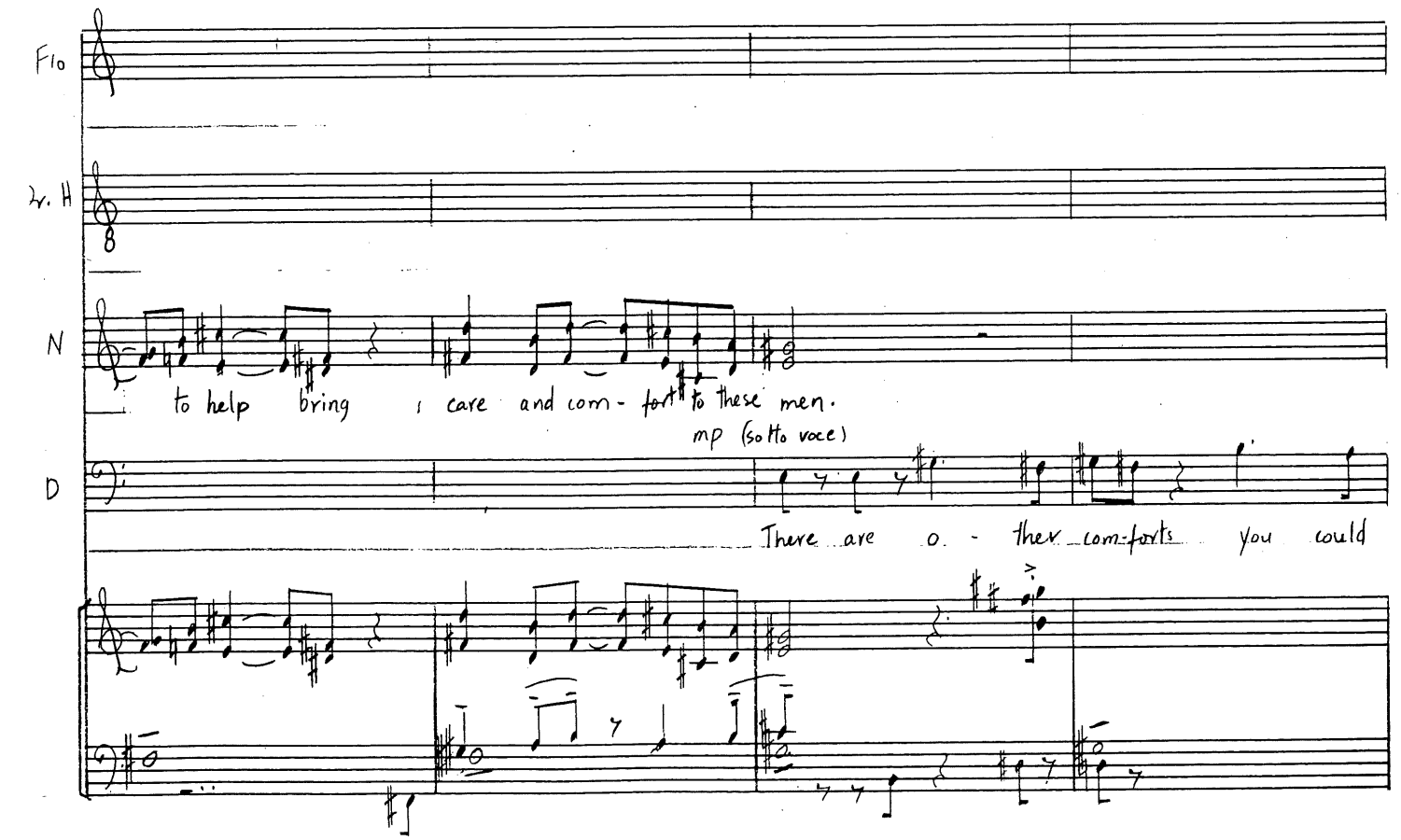
130

N
mf solo
can't stand.
If only this ship would
Solo mp
My head won't stop spin - ning.
mp Solo
my legs are so wob - bly.
8

It is dif- fi - cult, I Know, but
stop.
mp solo
I'm hot, then I'm cold.
Solo
long I have a ter- ri - ble fe - ver.
la - dies you are no long-er, you are real hos- pit- al nur-ses.

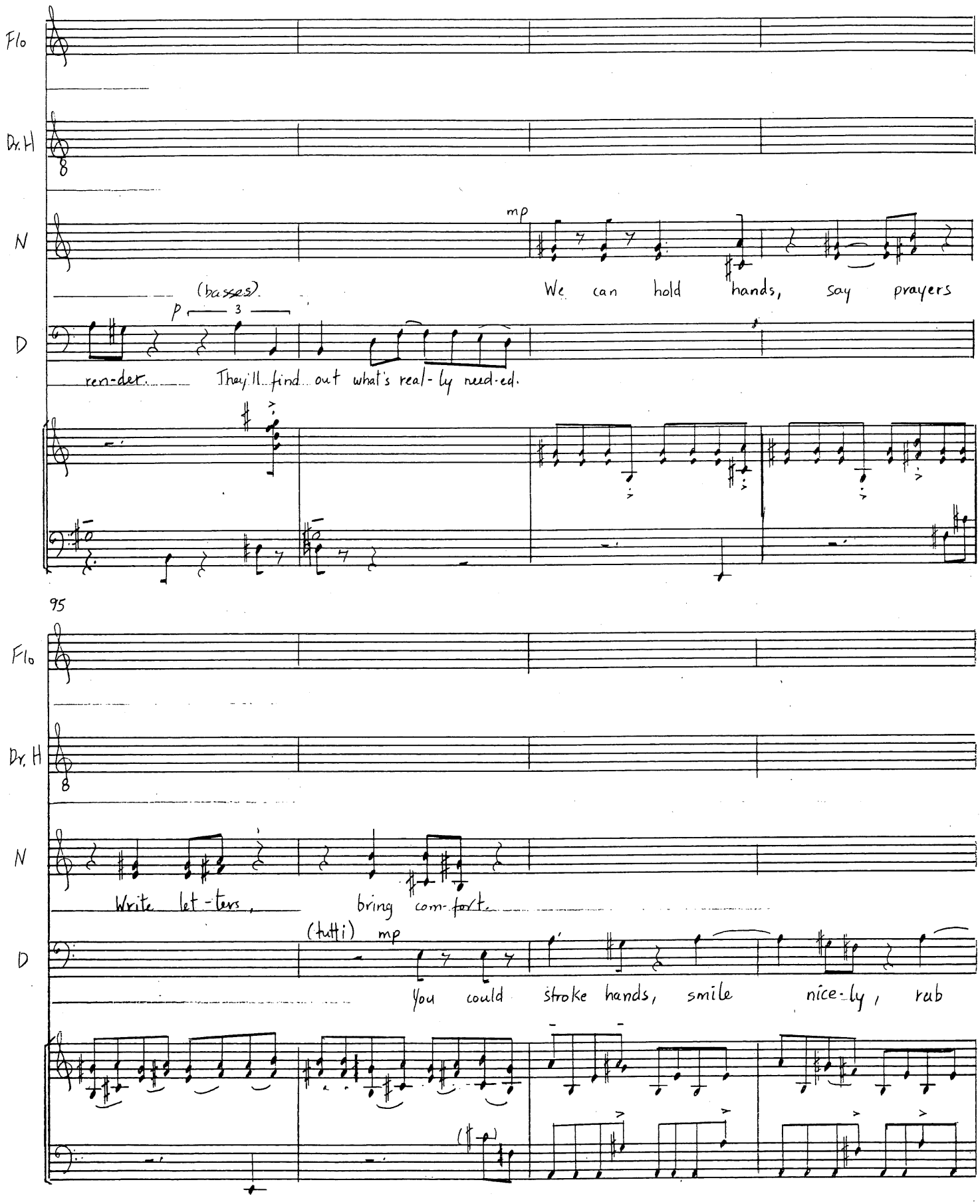
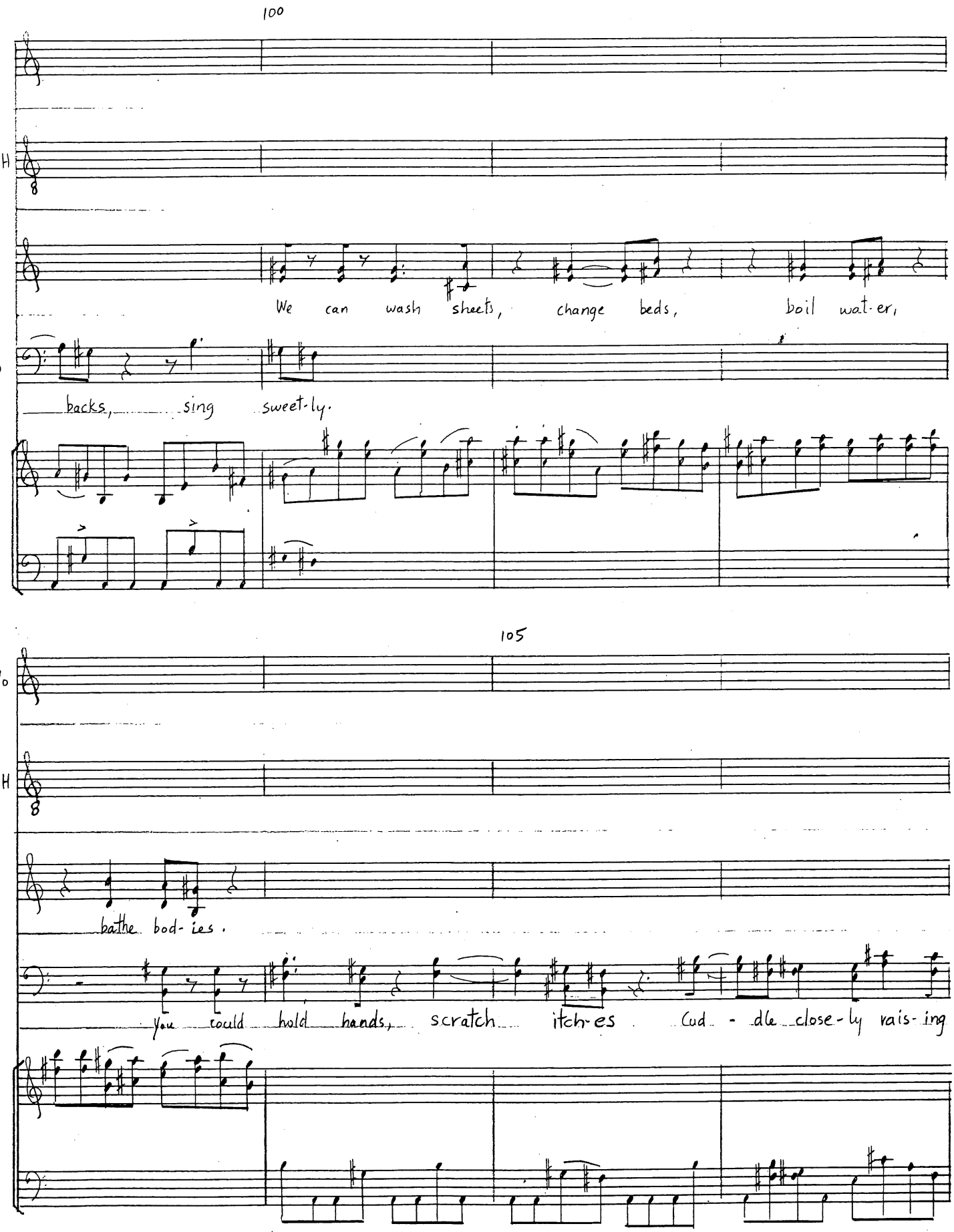
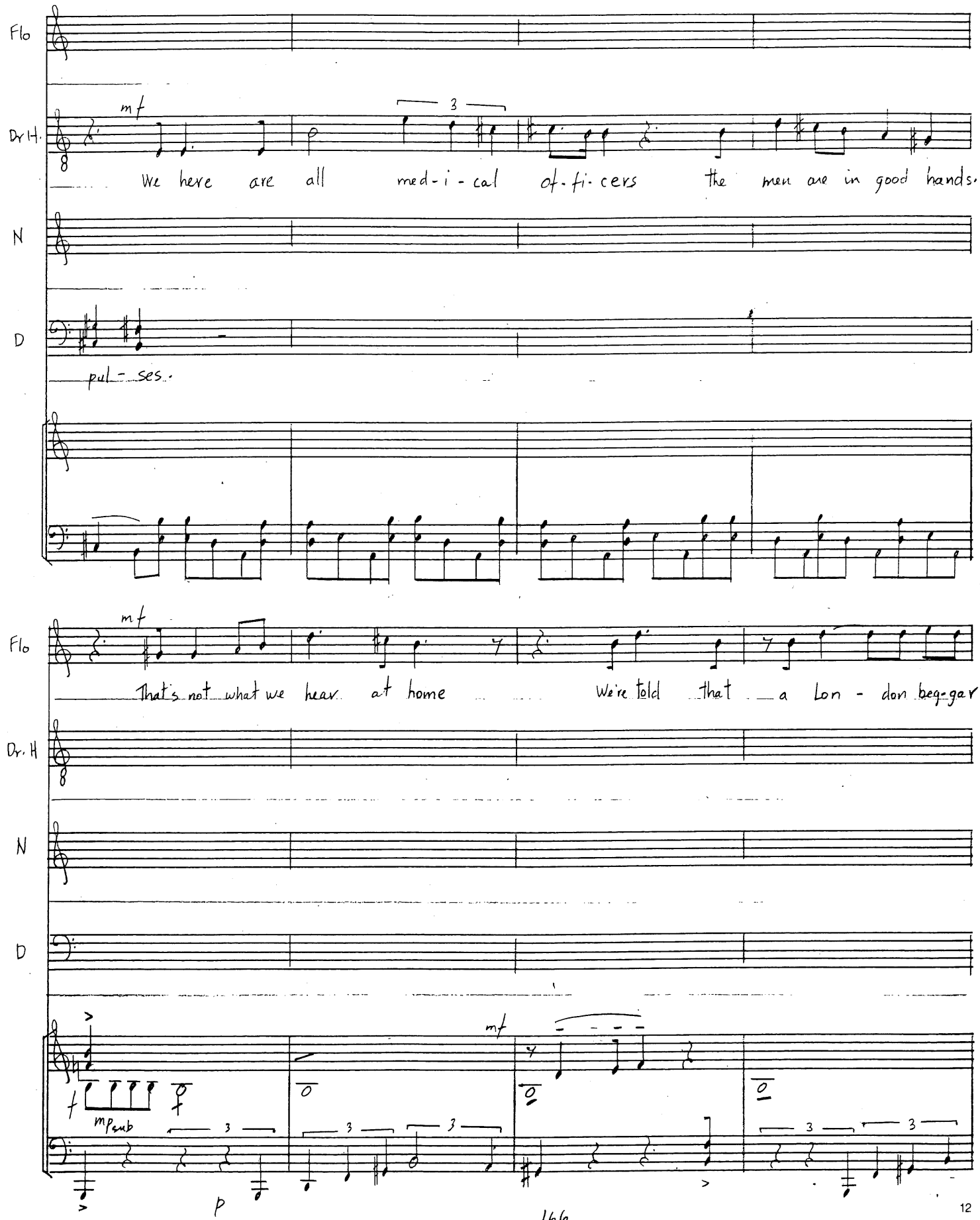
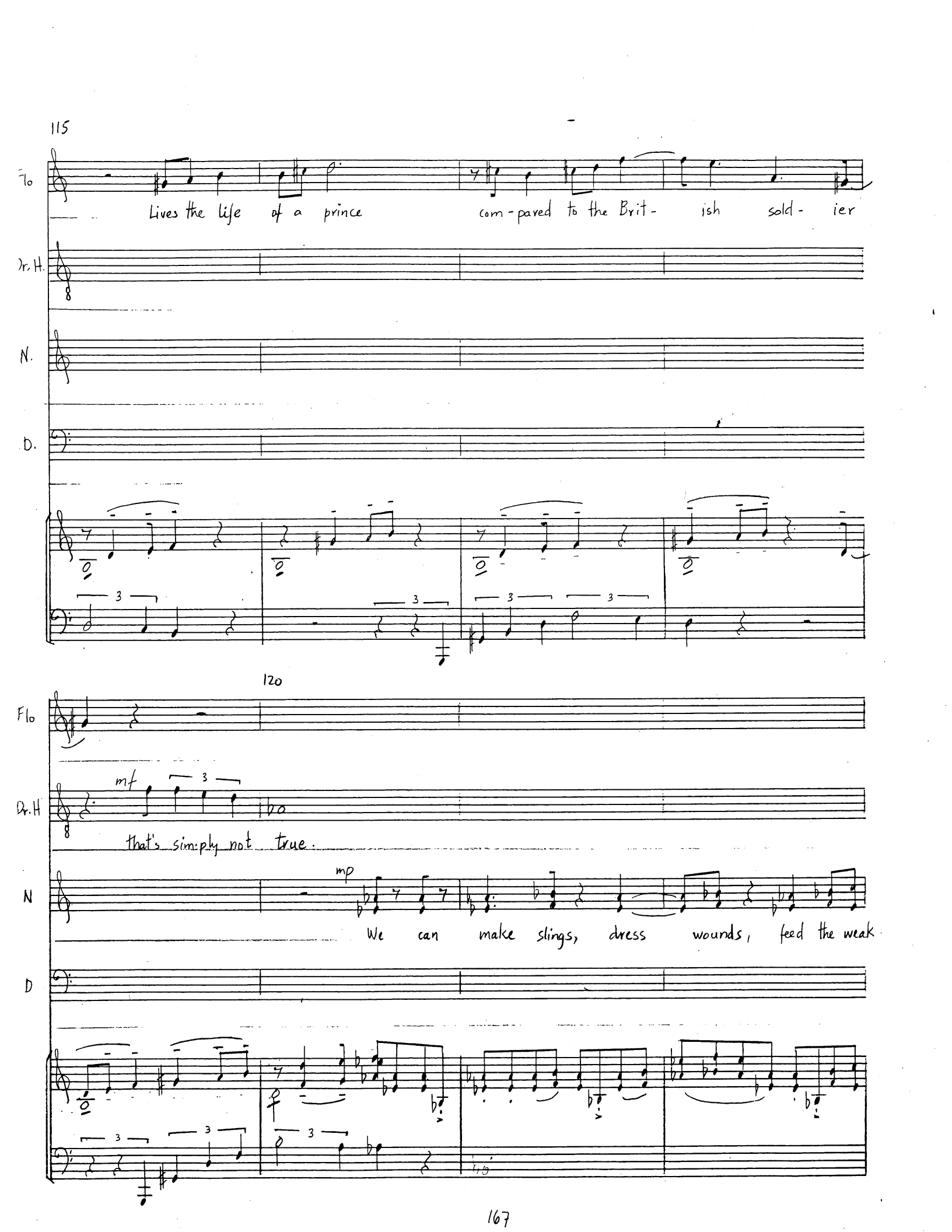
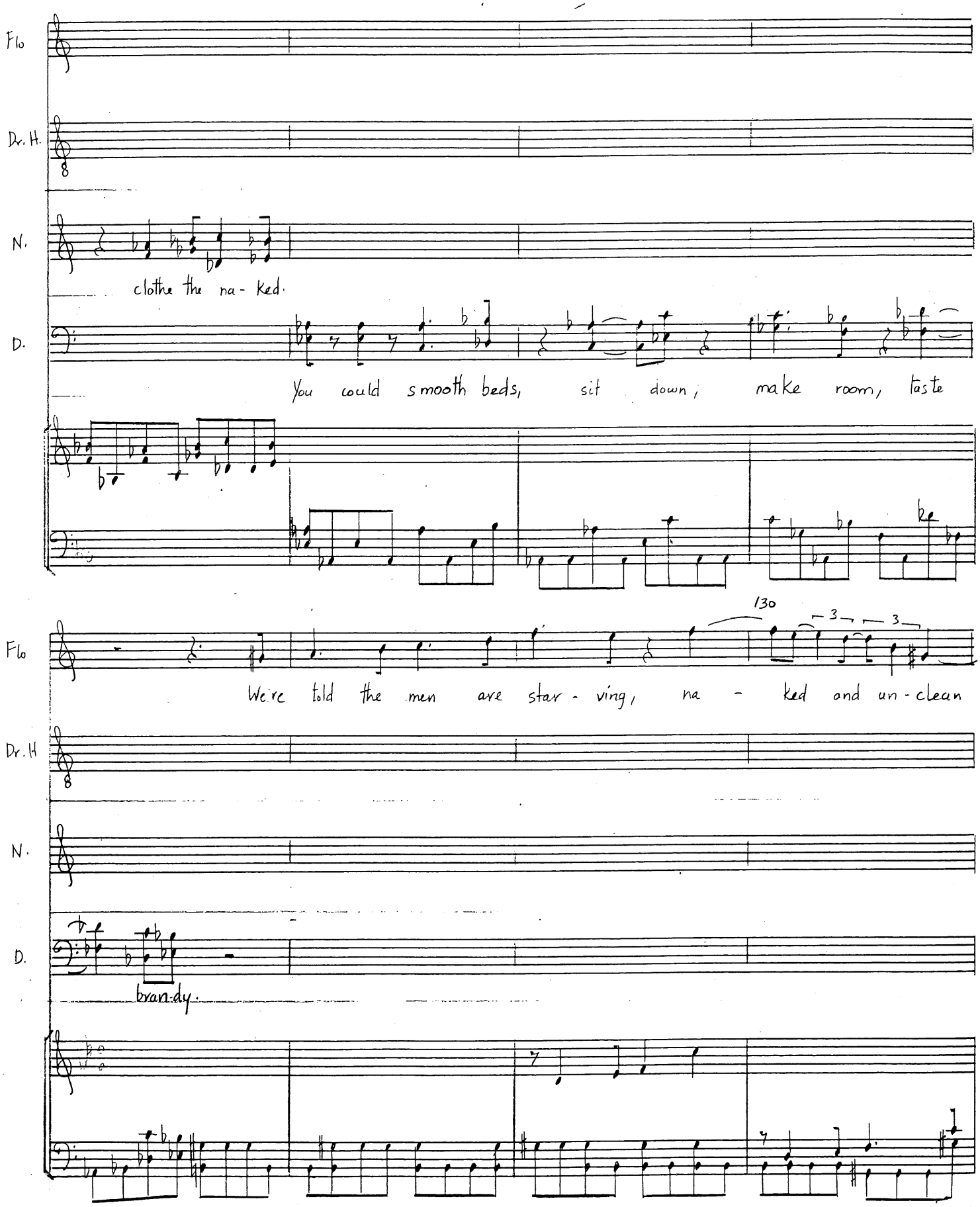
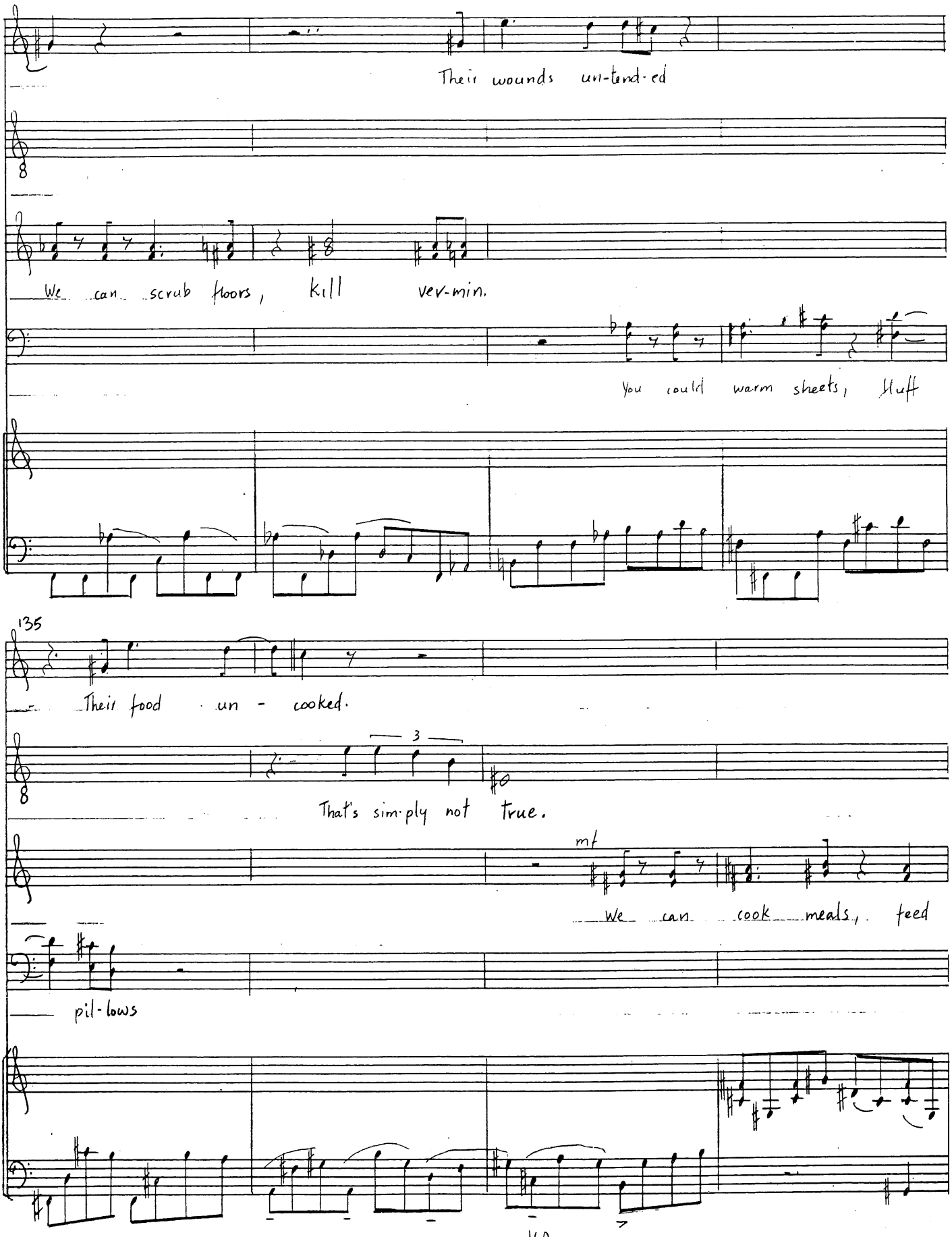
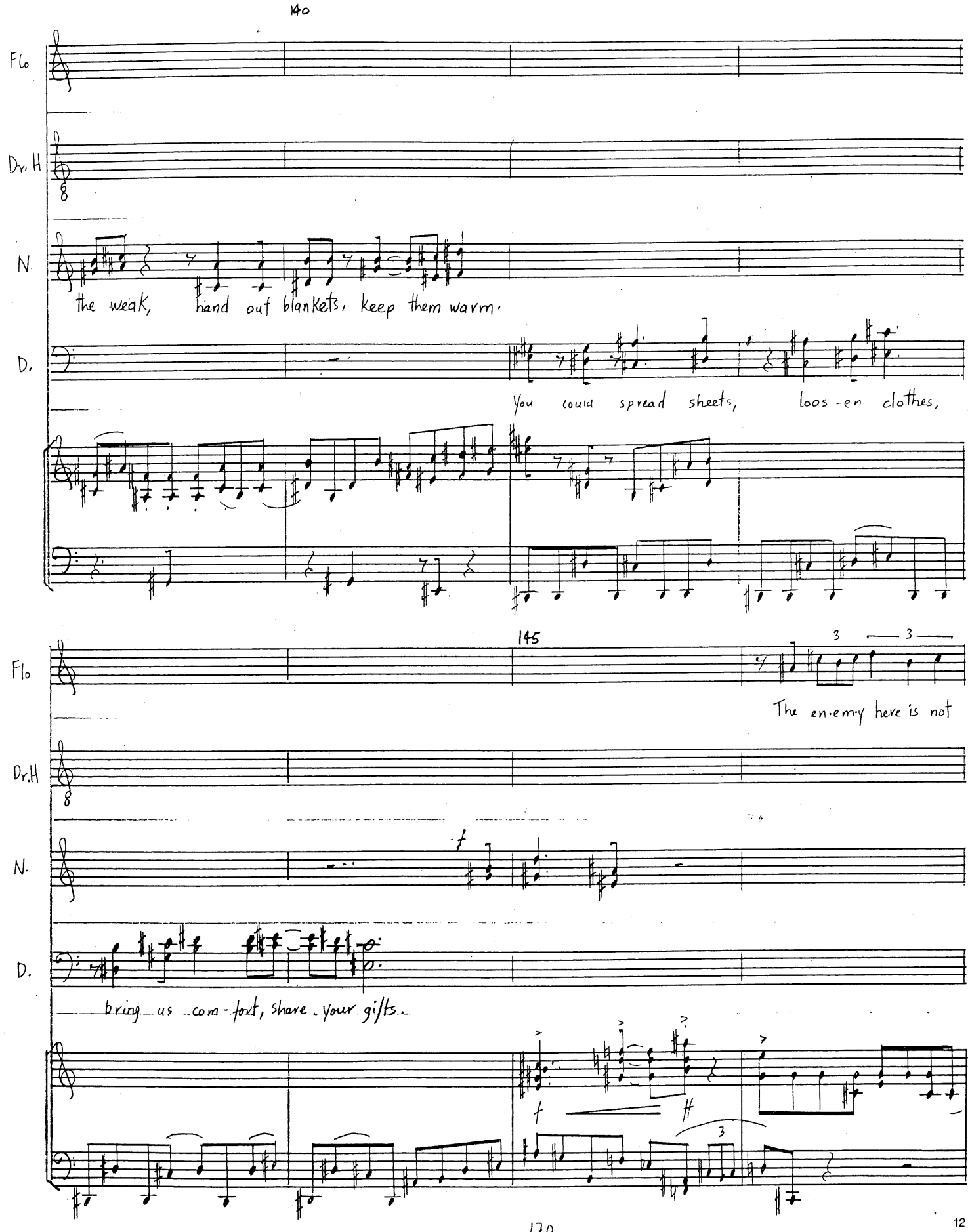
♩=100

145

Flo
N
We have nev - er been so ill
We have nev - er been so ill
We have nev - er been so

150

Flo
N
How do we do our du - ties? How can you be so
How do we do our du - ties? How can you be so
ill
How do we do our du - ties? How can you be so
3

♩=82
155
Solo mp
strong?
I feel faint,
I can't stand.
strong?
strong?
My
160
We must not let the ar-my see us like this.
If on-ly this ship
My head won't stop spin-ning.
legs are so wob-bly

165
Flo
The worst is o-ver. You'll be fine as soon as you step on land.
would stop.
N
I'm hot, then I'm cold.
I have a ter-ri-ble fe-ver.
2
♩. = 48
170
Flo
It won't be long 'till we reach the Cri-me-a, they say it's beau-ti-ful there.
N

175
Flo
N
They say it's beau ti ful there. A love - ly place in the win - ter.
They say it's beau-ti-ful there A love - ly place in the win- ter.
They say it's beau- ti - ful there A love - ly place in the win-
180
Flo
N
They say it's beautiful there, A love - ly place in the win - ter.
They say it's beauti-ful there, A love - ly place in the win - ter.
- ter. They say it's beau - ti-ful there, A love - ly place in the win - ter.

185
Flo
They say it's beau-ti-ful there.
N
Oh Oh They say it's beau-ti-ful there.
Oh Oh They say it's beau-ti-ful there.
Oh Oh They say it's beau-ti-ful there.
190
N

Scene 3

4
♩=80
Flo
So
5
this is the beau-ti-ful Tur-kish coast.
Where is the wel-come com-
pp
mf
p
10
3
-mit-tee?
Who bids us en-ter, off-ers us tea?
Who is in charge and-
mf
p
3
where is he?
How can the wound-
f
mp
sfp
vlc

15
Flo
—ed endure this pest-il-ent air, the mud, the flies and this cease-less rain.
ww
20
Flo
No place is beau-ti-ful where there is war.
vln
25
Flo
Come, nur-ses, as best you can We must make our own
p
Flo
way.
mp
mp
mf
f
V4

♩=120
Florence
Flo
D
Doctors
mf
Solo
mp
Solo
3
Look, who comes
Lit-tle angels of
mp
35
Flo
D
3
mf
Solo
3
Solo
mp
mer-cy.
In our hour of need.
I could use
a bit of
40
Flo
mf
Good
Ad lib.
D
Lov-ing care [Yah! / Me, too! / Ha, ha!]

45
Flo
day to you, sirs
May I ask which of you is in charge?
DOCTOR HALL
Dr. H
mf
I am he,
D
50
Flo
My name is Flor - ence Night-in-gale We have
Dr. H
Doc-tor John Hall.
D

Flo
come to save those hum - ble sold - iers
Dy - ing from want of care
Dr. H
Nurses
N
Doctors
D
(h)
55
Flo
Dr. H
My well mean - ing lad - ies
This is no place for you
N
D

60
Flo
Dr.H.
This is the Brit-ish arm - y, we take care of our own.
N
D
65
We are trained nur-ses, as cap - a-ble as you, and we have
Dr.H
N
D

70
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
3
3
come to help bring care and com-fort to these men
(tenors)
p
She's not your us-u-al
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
mf
Al-though we may lack a few
(basses)
nurse-y nurse. She'll find out what's real-ly need-ed.

75
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
com-forts
This is cer-tain-ly no rea-son to shat-ter our Tra-di-tions
We have our
80
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
rules,
No nur - ses al - lowed.

Flo
Vn. H
8
mp (sotto voce)
N
We are trained nur - ses, as cap - a - ble as you, And we have come
D

90

Flo
Vn. H
8
N
to help bring care and com - fort to these men.
mp (sotto voce)
D
There are o - ther com-forts you could

V.1

Flo
Dr. H
N
D
mp
(basses)
p
3
We can hold hands, say prayers
ren-der.
They'll find out what's real-ly need-ed.
95
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
Write let-ters,
bring com-fort.
(tutti) mp
You could stroke hands, smile nice-ly, rub

100
Flo
Dr. H
N
We can wash sheets, change beds, boil wat-er,
D
backs, sing sweet-ly.
105
Flo
Dr. H
N
bathe bod-ies.
D
You could hold hands, scratch itch-es Cud - dle close-ly rais-ing

Flo
Dr H.
N
D
mf
We here are all med-i-cal of-fi-cers the men are in good hands.
pul-ses.
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
mf
That's not what we hear at home
We're told that a Lon-don beg-gar
mpsub
p
mf

115
Flo
Lives the life of a prince
com-pared to the Brit-
ish
sold-
ier
Dr. H.
N.
D.
120
Flo
mf
Dr. H
that's sim:ply not true.
N
mp
We can make slings, dress wounds, feed the weak
D

Flo
Dr. H.
8
N.
clothe the na - ked.
D.
You could smooth beds, sit down, make room, taste
130
3
3
Flo
We're told the men are star - ving, na - ked and un - clean
Dr. H
8
N.
D.
bran-dy.

Their wounds un-tend-ed
We can scrub floors, kill ver-min.
You could warm sheets, fluff
135
Their food un - cooked.
That's sim-ply not true.
mf
We can cook meals, feed
pil-lows

140
Flo
Dr. H
N.
the weak, hand out blankets, keep them warm.
D.
You could spread sheets, loos-en clothes,
145
Flo
The en-emy here is not
Dr.H
N.
D.
bring us com-fort, share your gifts.
170

Flo

Rus·sian guns, it is dis - ease. There is fe - ver, sur - vy, dys - ent - ry,

Jr. H

N

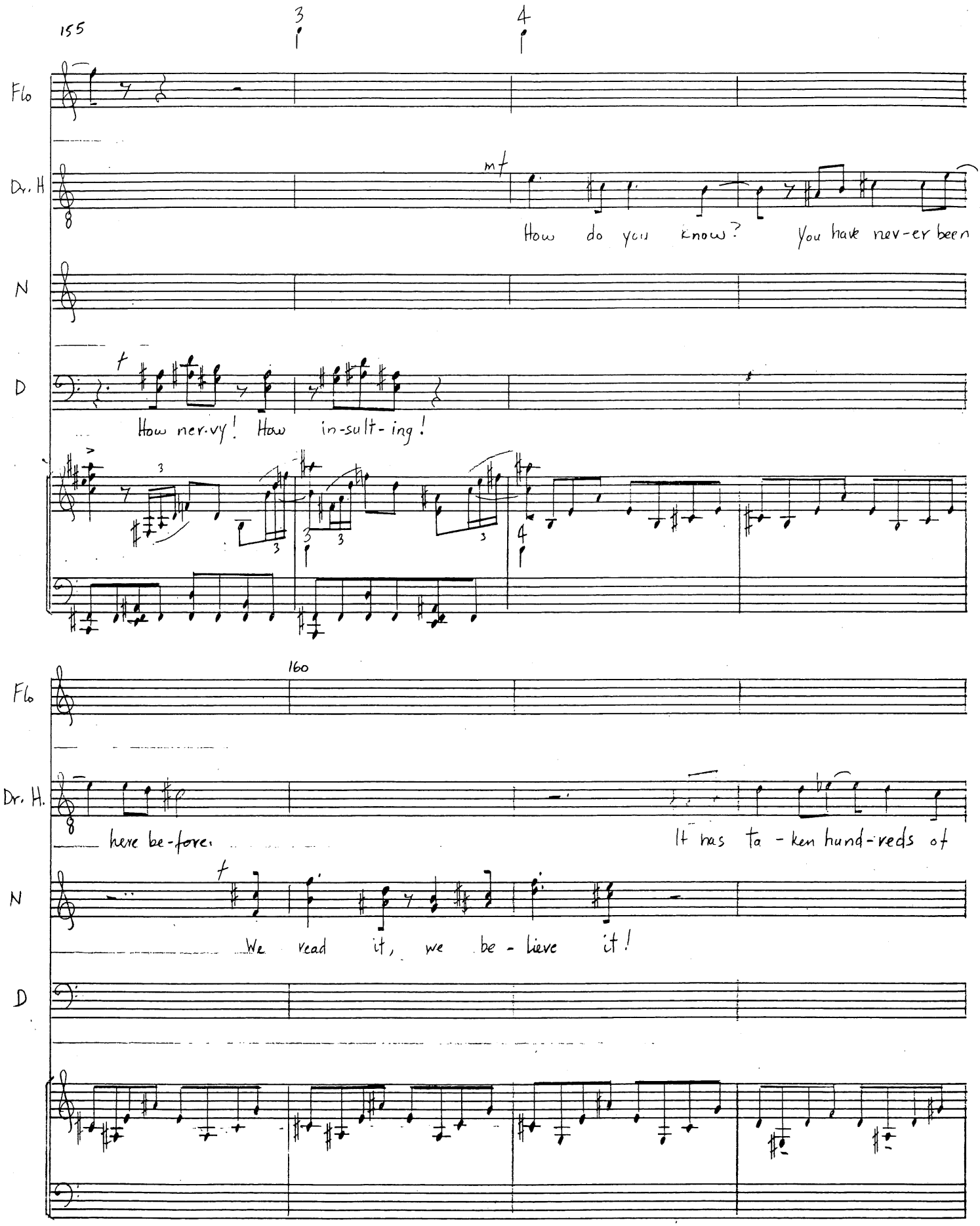
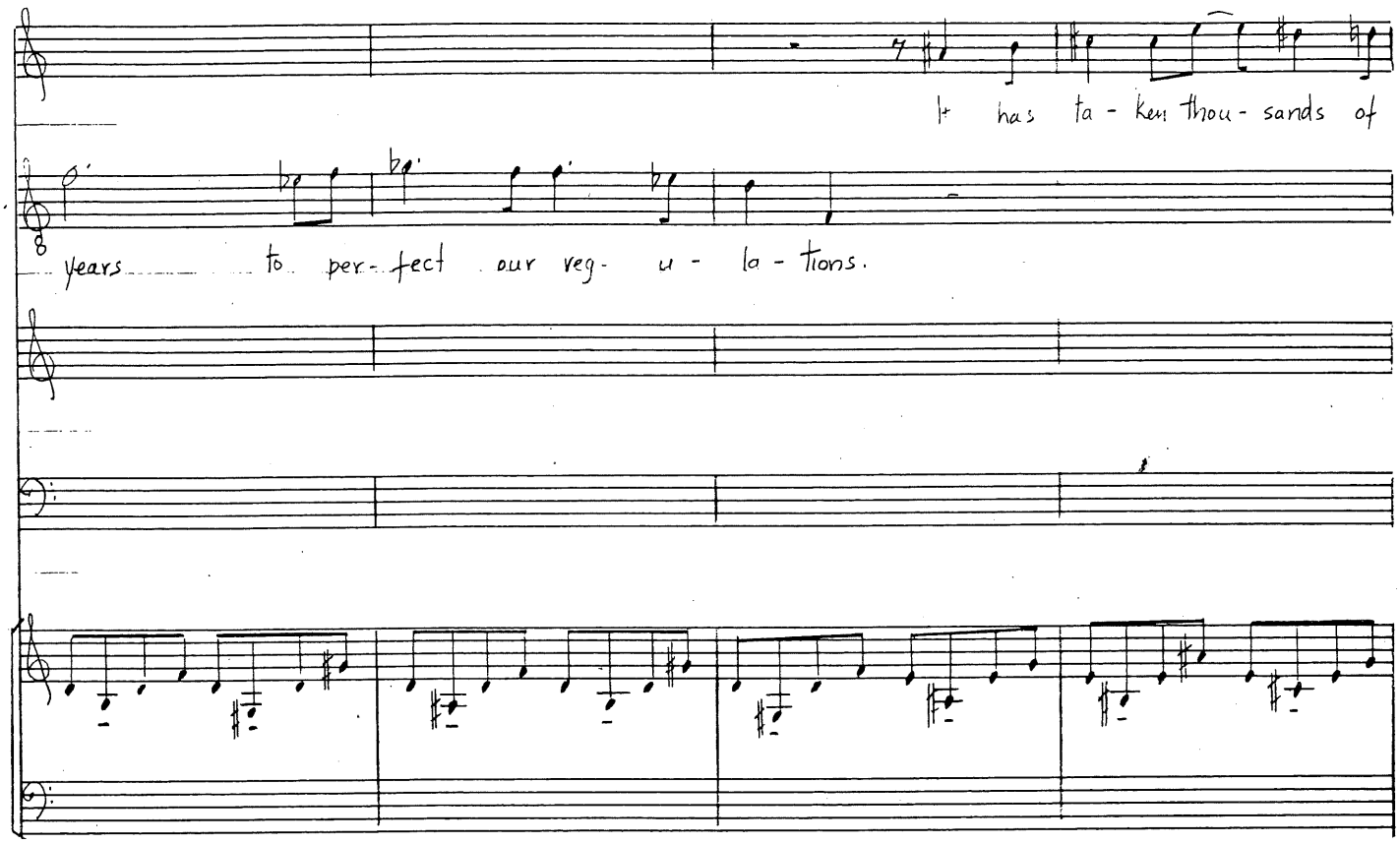
D

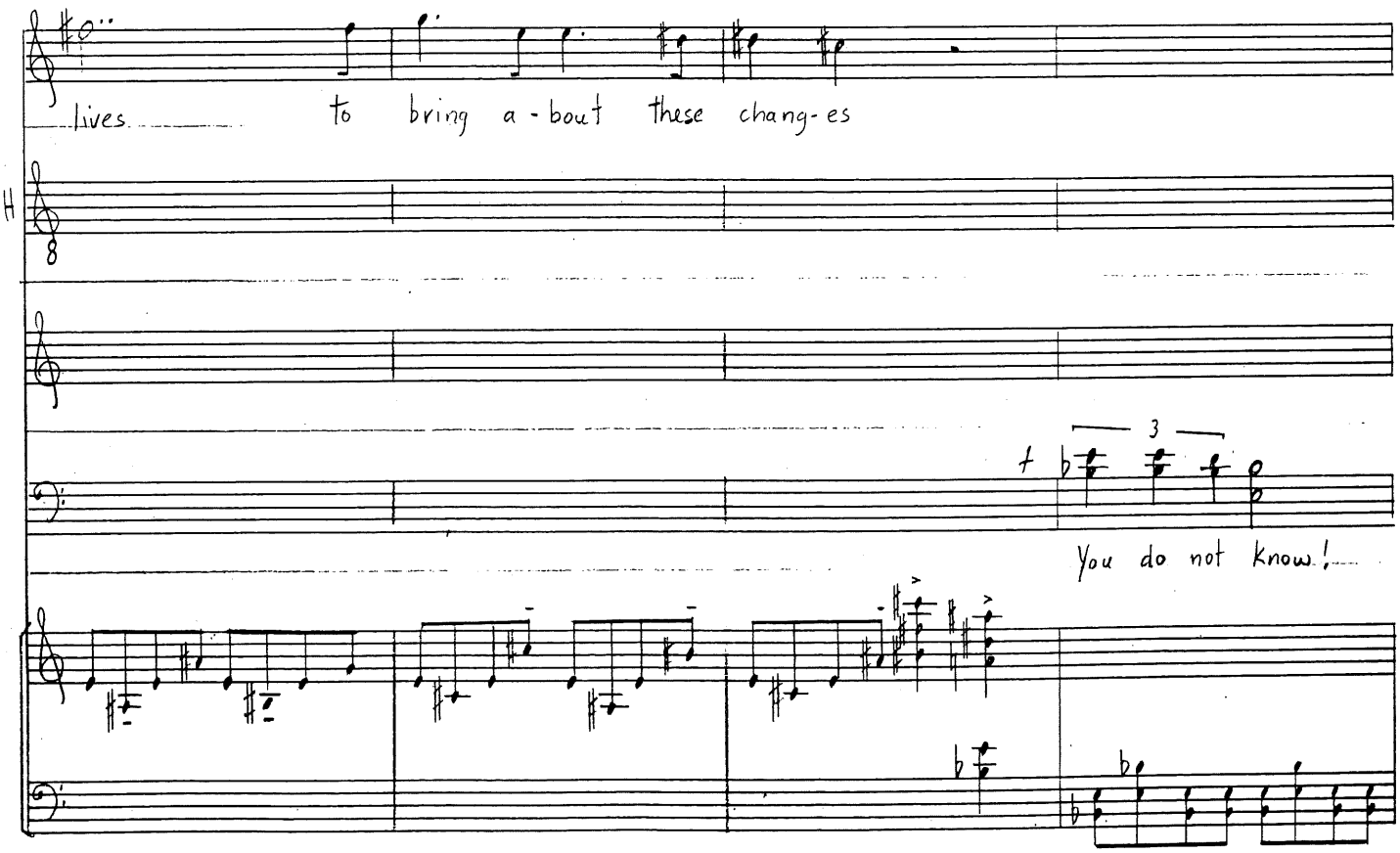
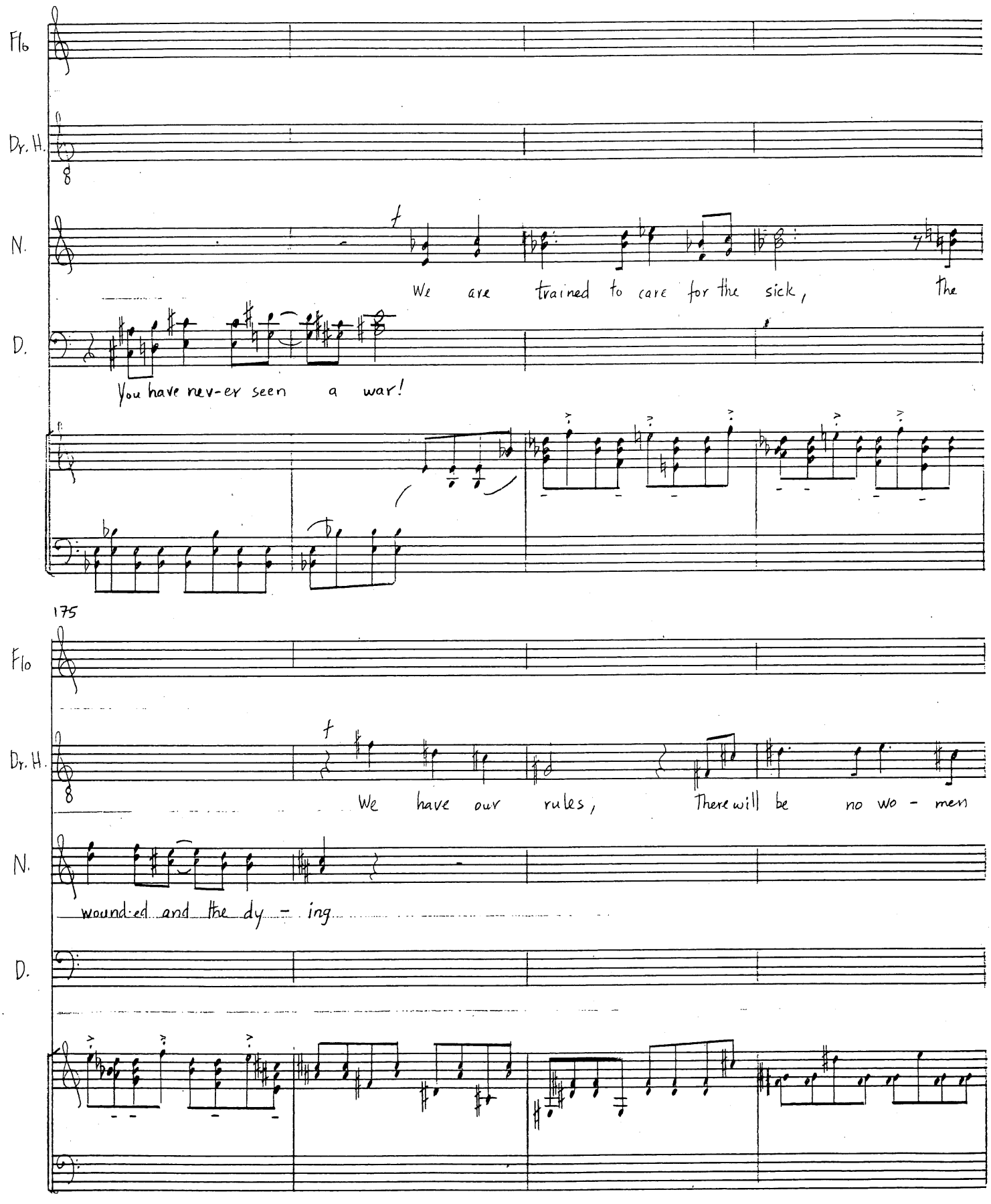
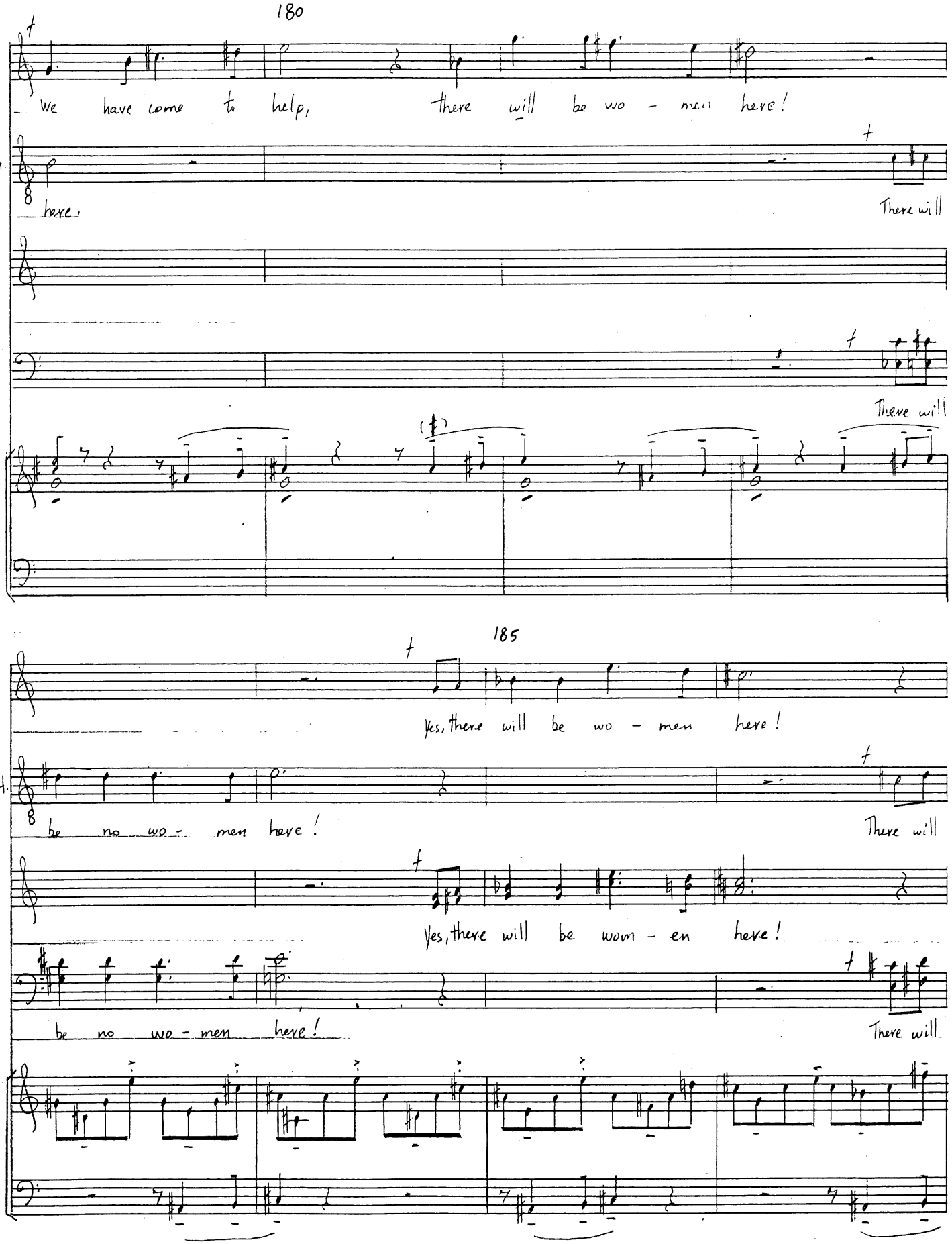
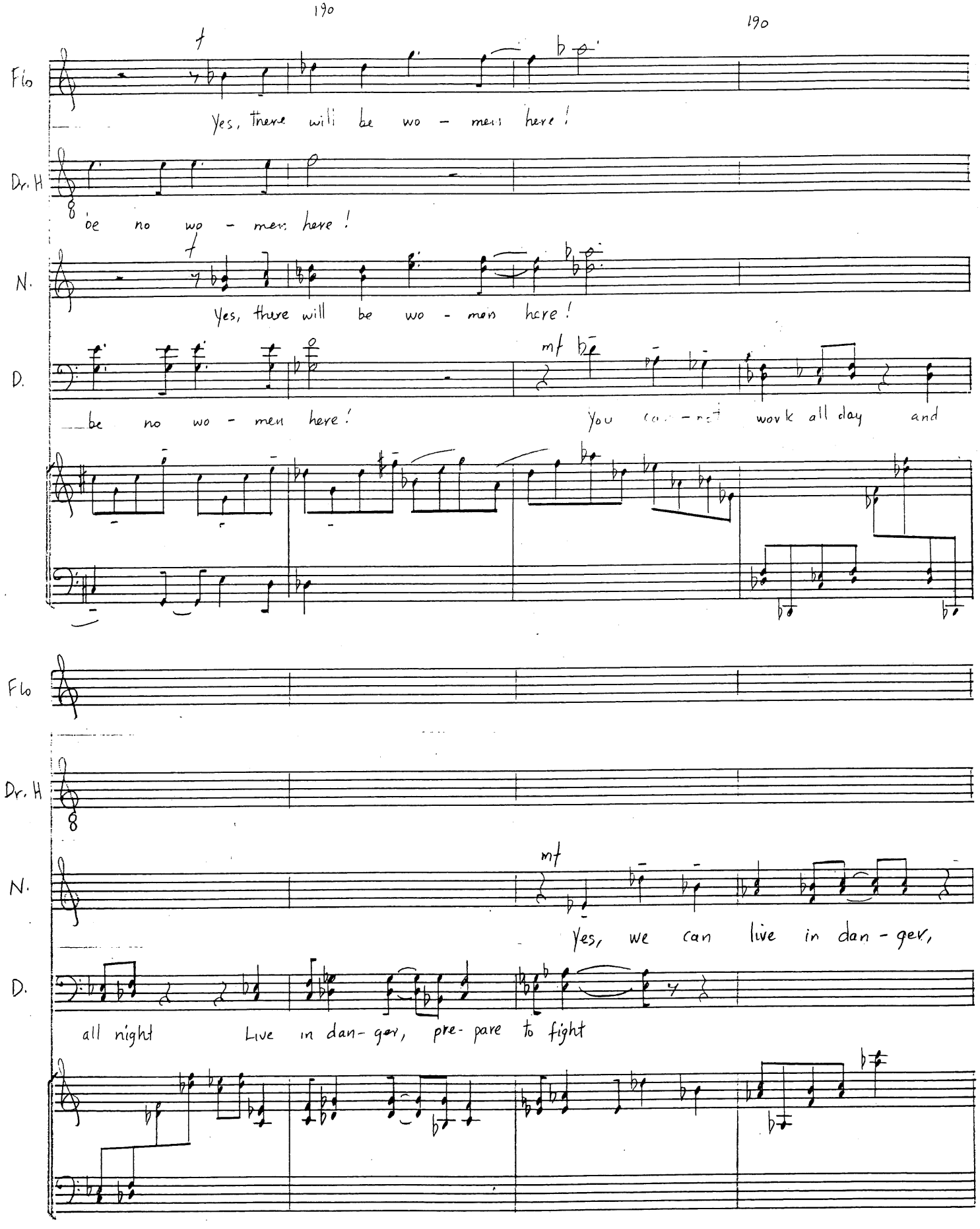
Flo

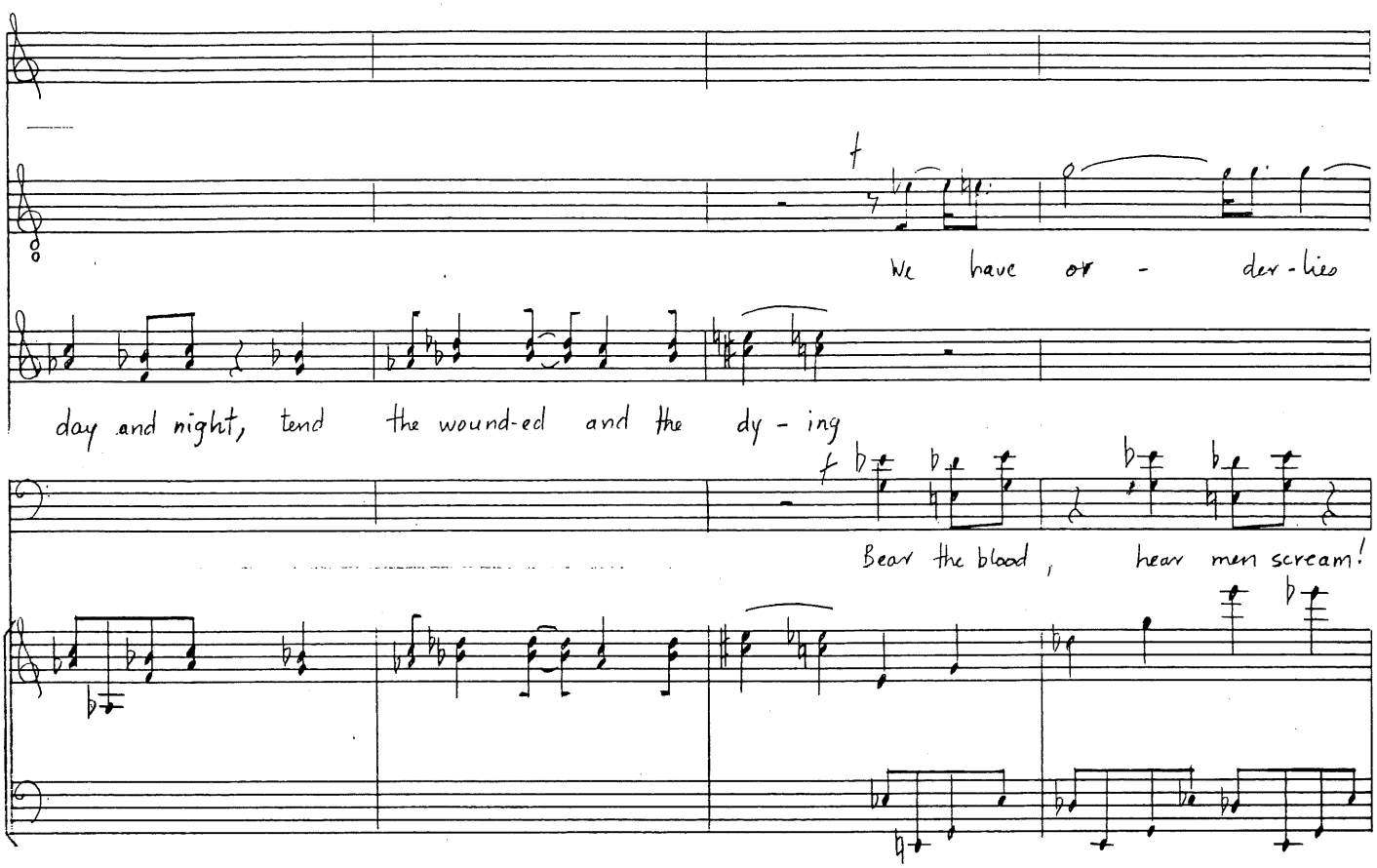
chol - er - a in those char·nel hou - ses you call hos - pit - als

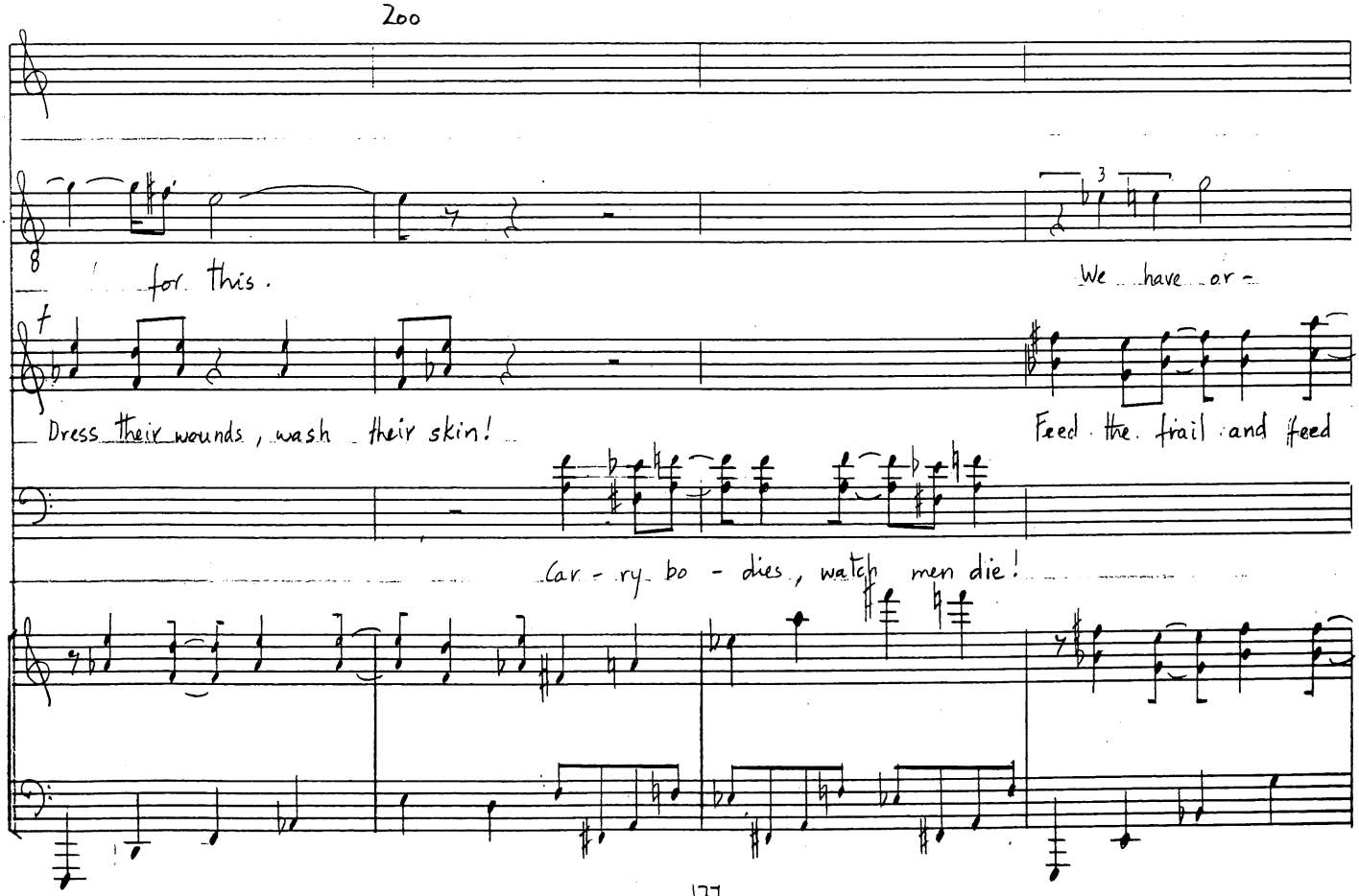
Jr. H

N

D

155
3
4
Flo
Dr. H
N
D
mf
How do you know? You have nev-er been
f
How nerv-vy! How in-sult-ing!
160
Flo
Dr. H.
here be-fore.
It has ta-ken hund-reds of
N
f
We read it, we be-lieve it!
D

lo
It has ta - ken thou - sands of
r. H.
years to per - fect our reg - u - la - tions.
V.
D.

170

Flo
lives to bring a - bout these chang - es
Dr. H
N.
3
D.
You do not know!

Flo
Dr. H.
N.
D.
f
We are trained to care for the sick, The
You have nev-er seen a war!
175
Flo
Dr. H.
f
We have our rules, There will be no wo - men
N.
wound-ed and the dy - ing
D.

180
Flo.
We have come to help, There will be wo - men here!
Dr. H.
here.
There will
N.
D.
There will
185
Flo.
Yes, there will be wo - men here!
Dr. H.
be no wo - men here!
There will
N.
Yes, there will be wom - en here!
D.
be no wo - men here!
There will

190
190
Flo
Yes, there will be wo - men here!
Dr. H
be no wo - men here!
N.
Yes, there will be wo - men here!
D.
be no wo - men here!
mf
You can - not work all day and
Flo
Dr. H
N.
mf
Yes, we can live in dan - ger,
D.
all night Live in dan - ger, pre - pare to fight


Lo
r. H
V.
D.
We have or - der - lies
day and night, tend the wound-ed and the dy - ing
Bear the blood, hear men scream!

200

Lo
r. H.
V.
D.
for this.
We have or -
Dress their wounds, wash their skin!
Feed the frail and feed
Car - ry bo - dies, watch men die!

Flo

Dr.H

8 - der - lies for this

N

the star-ving. Need help!

D

Shell - shocked! Mu - ti - o - ted!

8

Flo

Dr.H

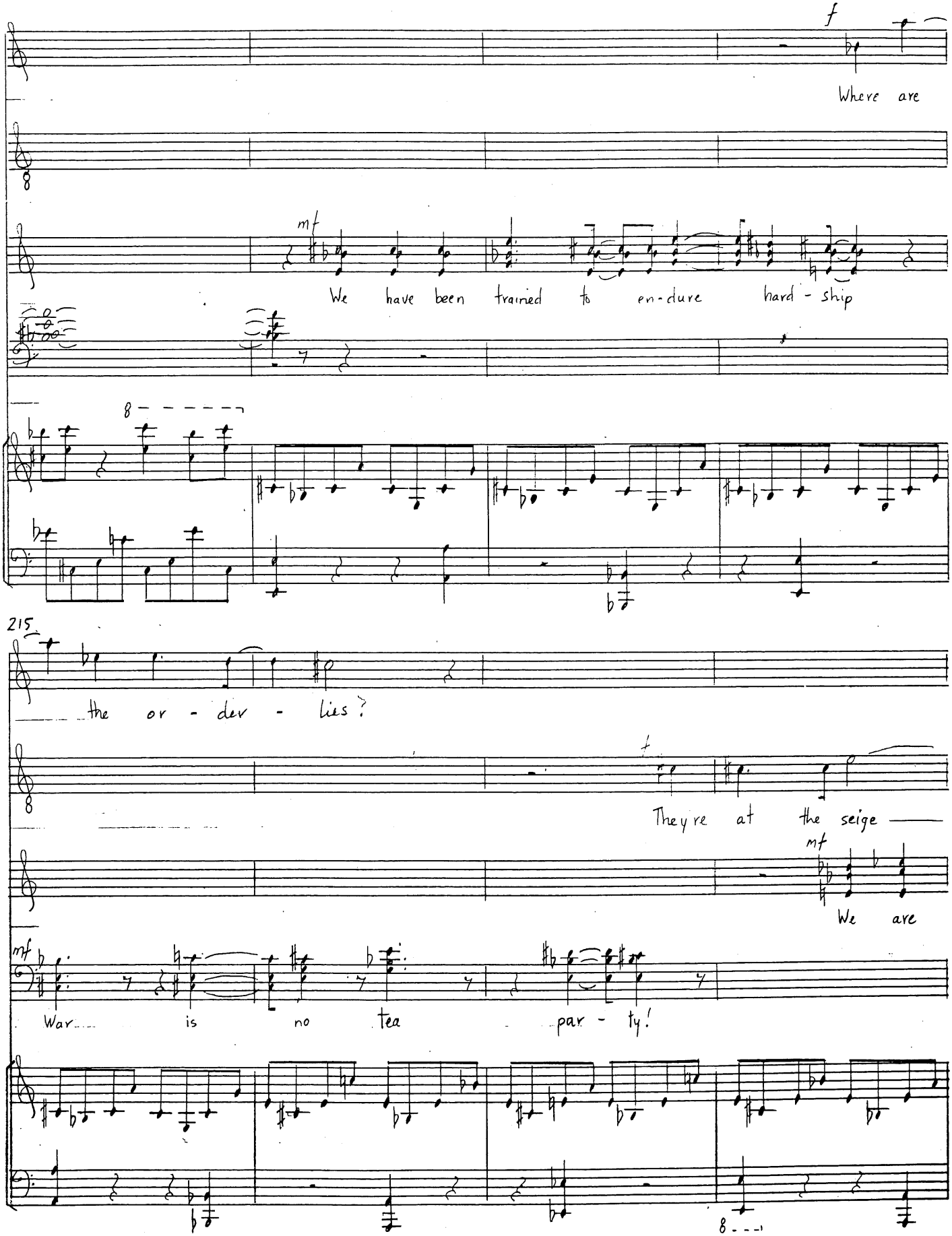
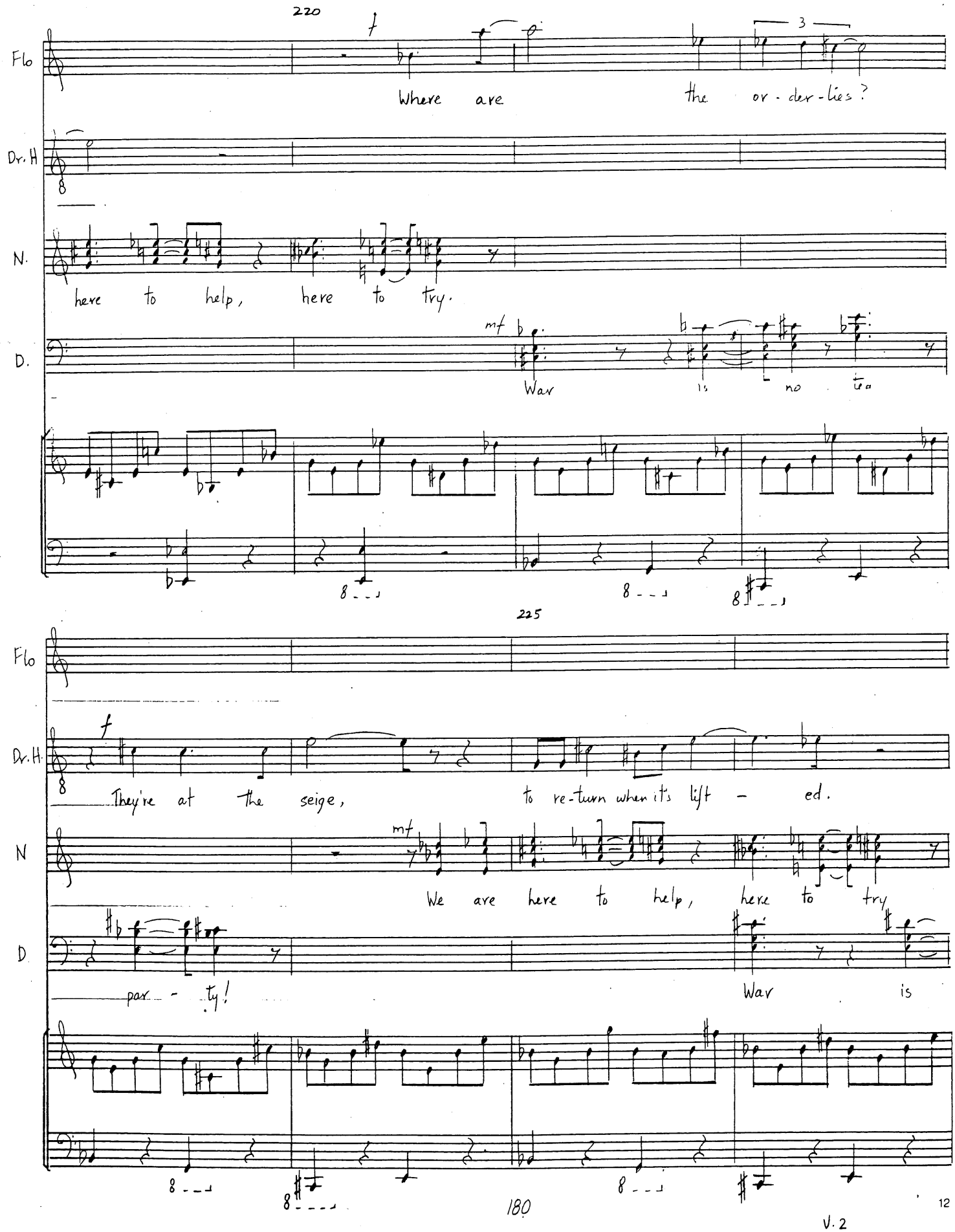
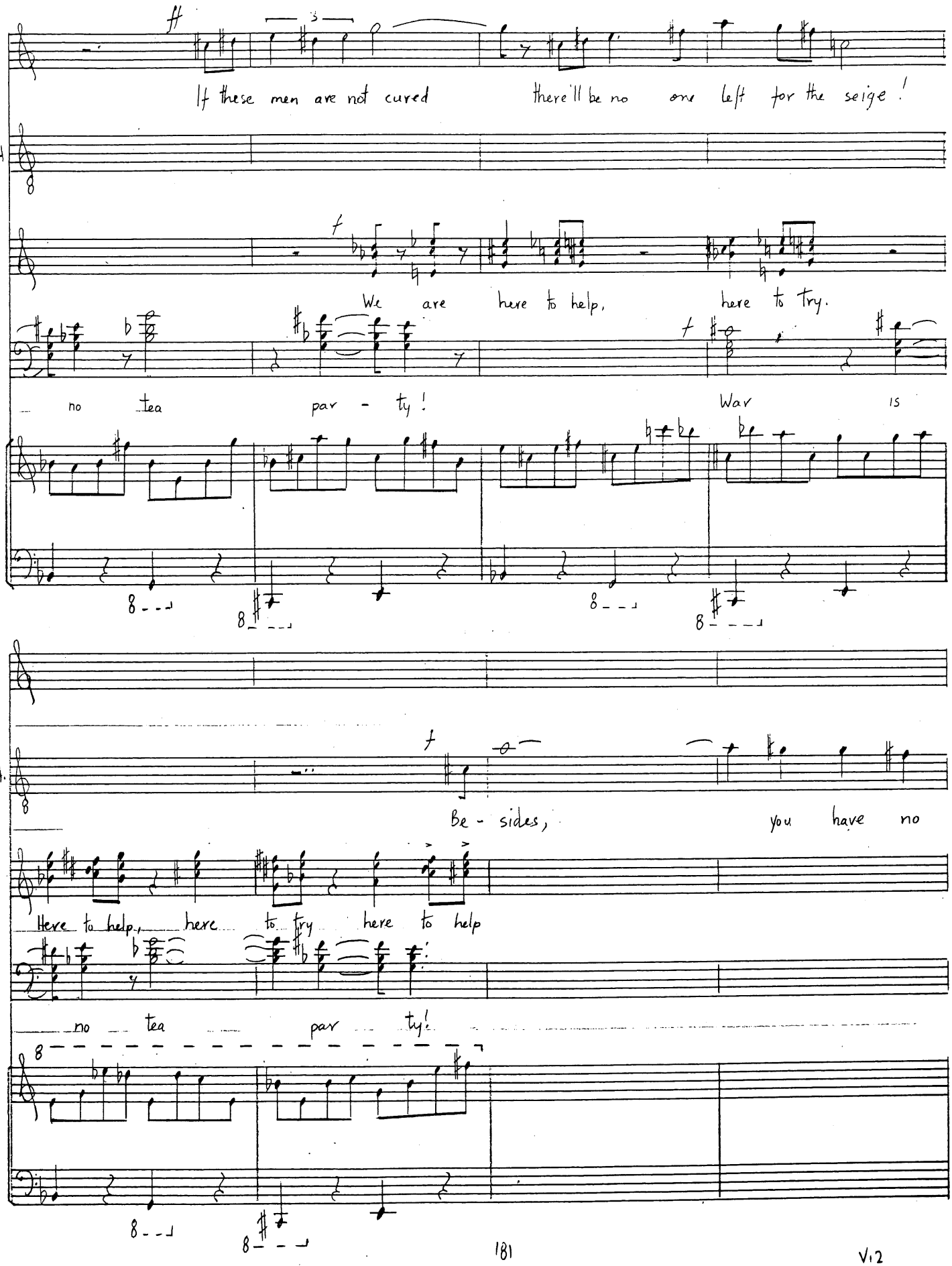
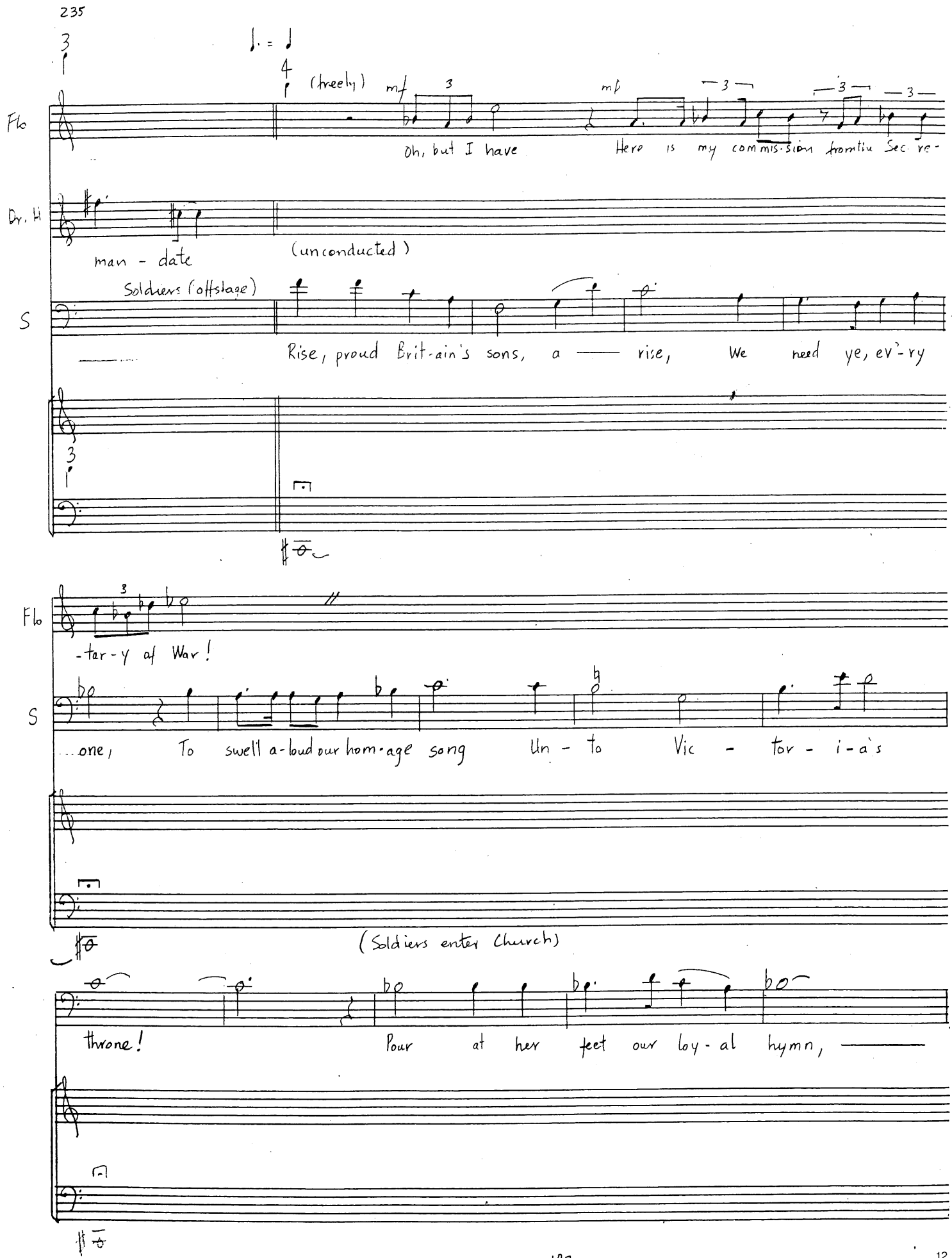
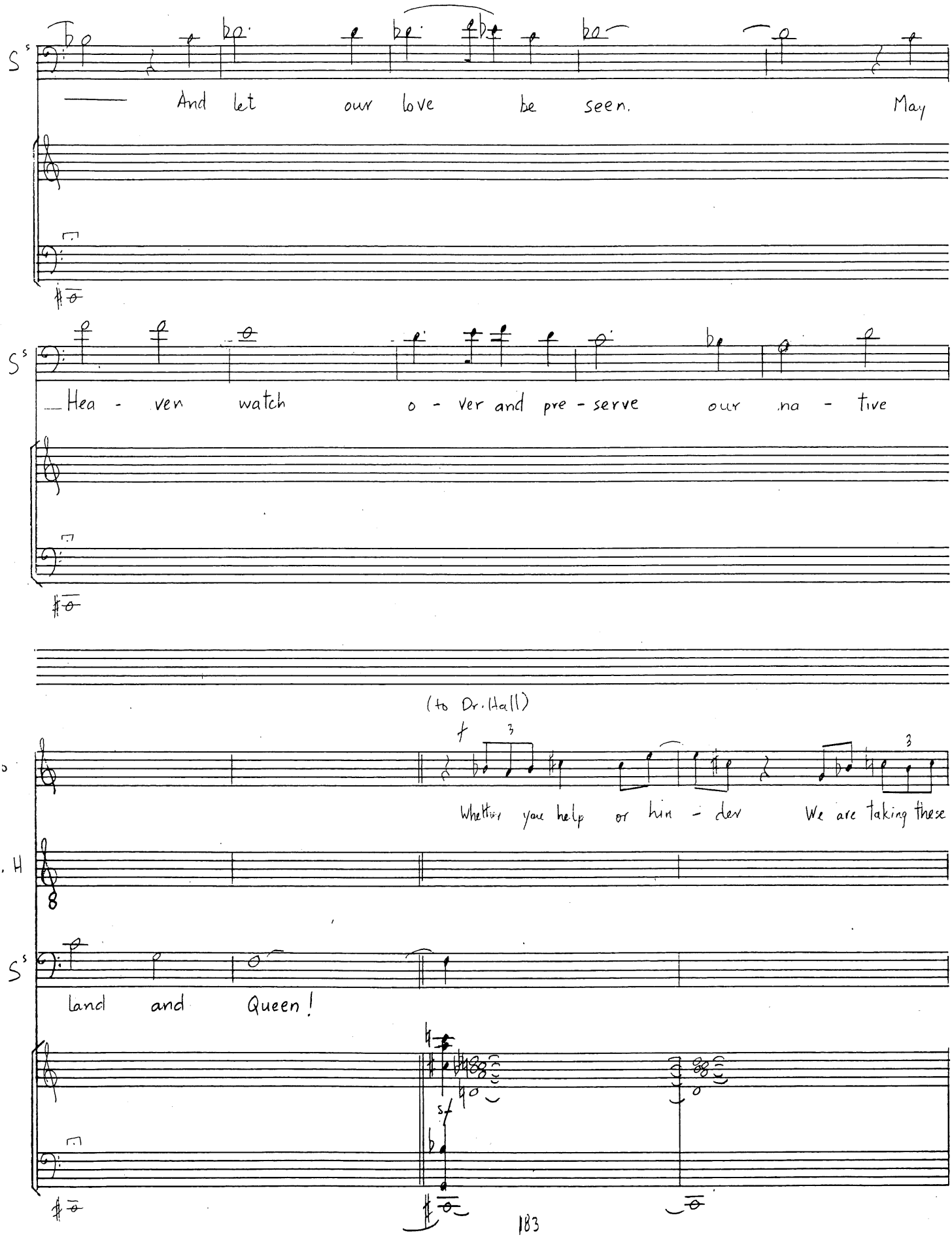
8

N

Un - at - tend - ed! All a - bandoned!

D

Amp - u - ta - ted! Gone in - same!

8 8

Fl
r.H.
V.
D.
f
Where are
mf
We have been trained to en-dure hard-ship
215
Fl
the or-der-lies?
r.H
They're at the seige
N
mf
We are
D
mf
War is no tea par-ty!

220
Flo
Where are the or - der - lies?
Dr. H
N.
here to help, here to try.
D.
mf
War is no
225
Flo
Dr. H
They're at the seige, to re-turn when it's lift - ed.
N
mf
We are here to help, here to try
D
par - ty!
War is
180

Flo
If these men are not cured there'll be no one left for the seige!
Dr. H
N
We are here to help, here to try.
D
no tea par - ty! War is
Flo
Dr H.
Be - sides, you have no
N
Here to help, here to try here to help
D
no tea par ty!

235
(freely)
mf
Fl.
Oh, but I have
Here is my commis-sion from the Sec re-
Dr. H
man - date
(unconducted)
Soldiers (offstage)
S
Rise, proud Brit-ain's sons, a — rise, We need ye, ev'-ry
-tar-y of War!
...one, To swell a-loud our hom-age song Un - to Vic - tor - i-a's
(Soldiers enter Church)
throne! Pour at her feet our loy-al hymn, —

S
And let our love be seen. May
S
Hea - ven watch o - ver and pre - serve our na - tive
(to Dr. Hall)
Whether you help or hin - der We are taking these
H
S
land and Queen!

(Flo and Nurses help Soldiers.)

205

Flo

men with us!

(To Doctors)

Dr. H

It is Her Maj-es-ty's re-quest We must ad-mit these

270

Dr. H

fe-males What a dread-ful day this is All the no-bil-i-ty of war

S

(Soldiers, Nurses begin to exit. Doctors gradually assist Nurses)

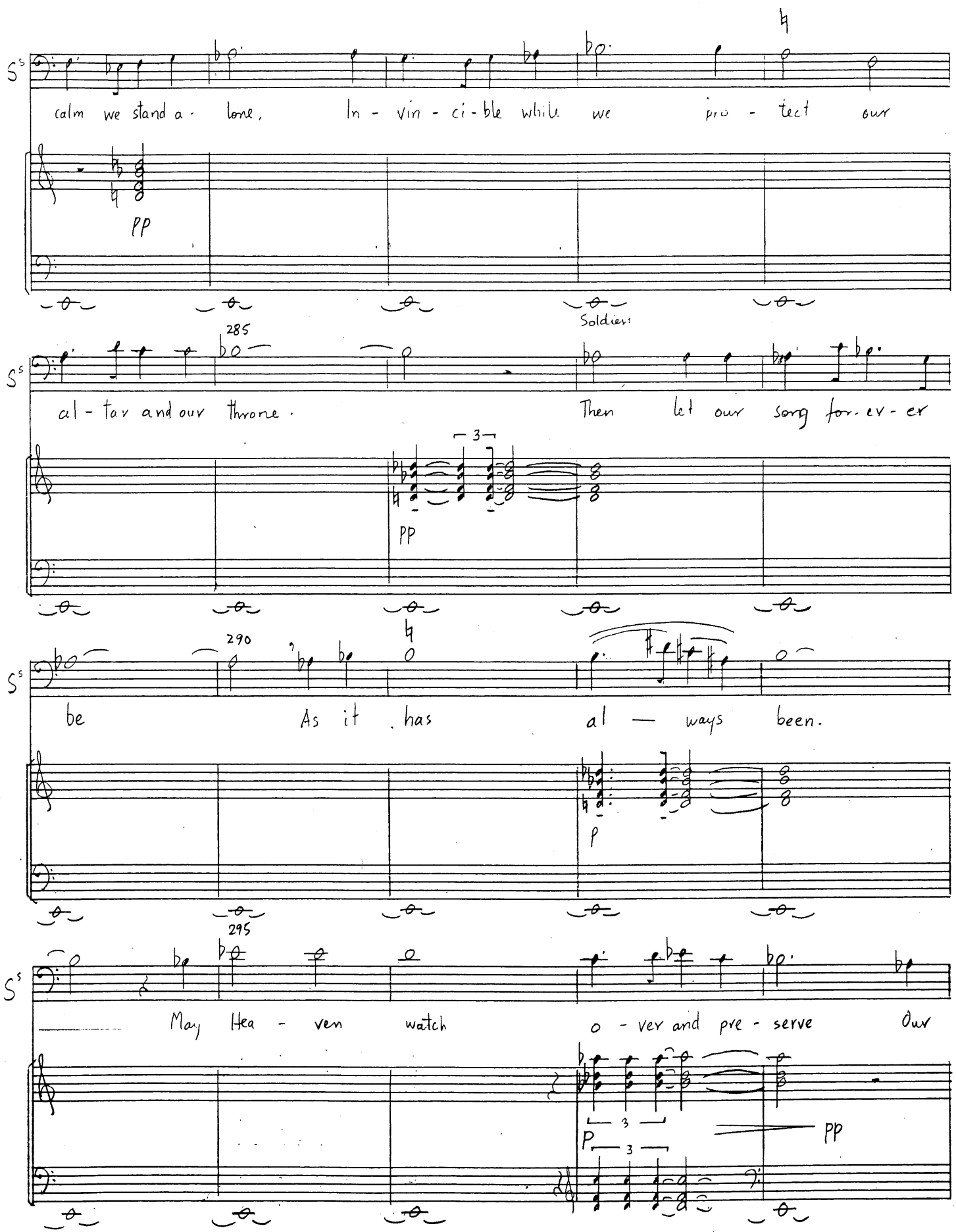
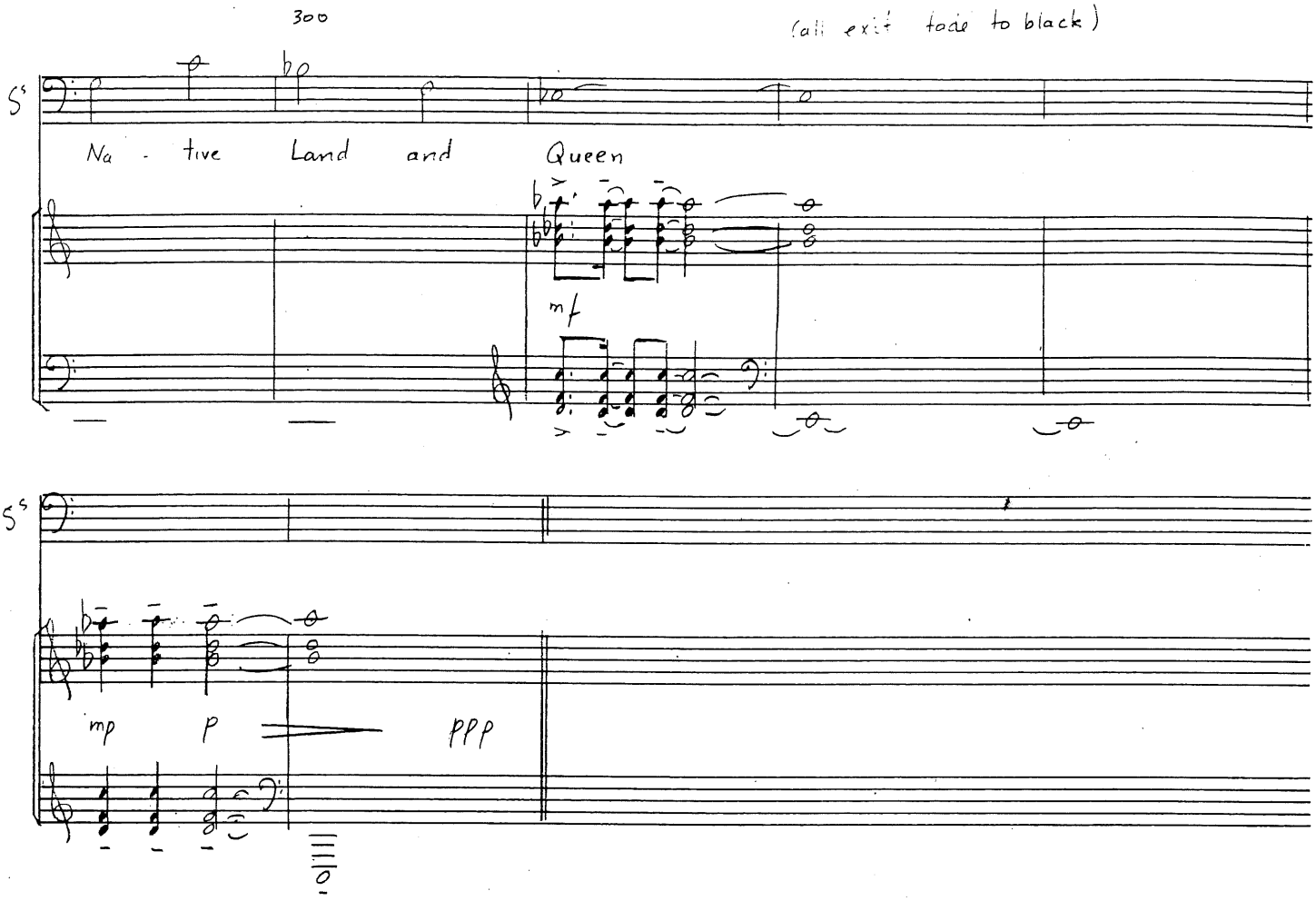
Dr. H.

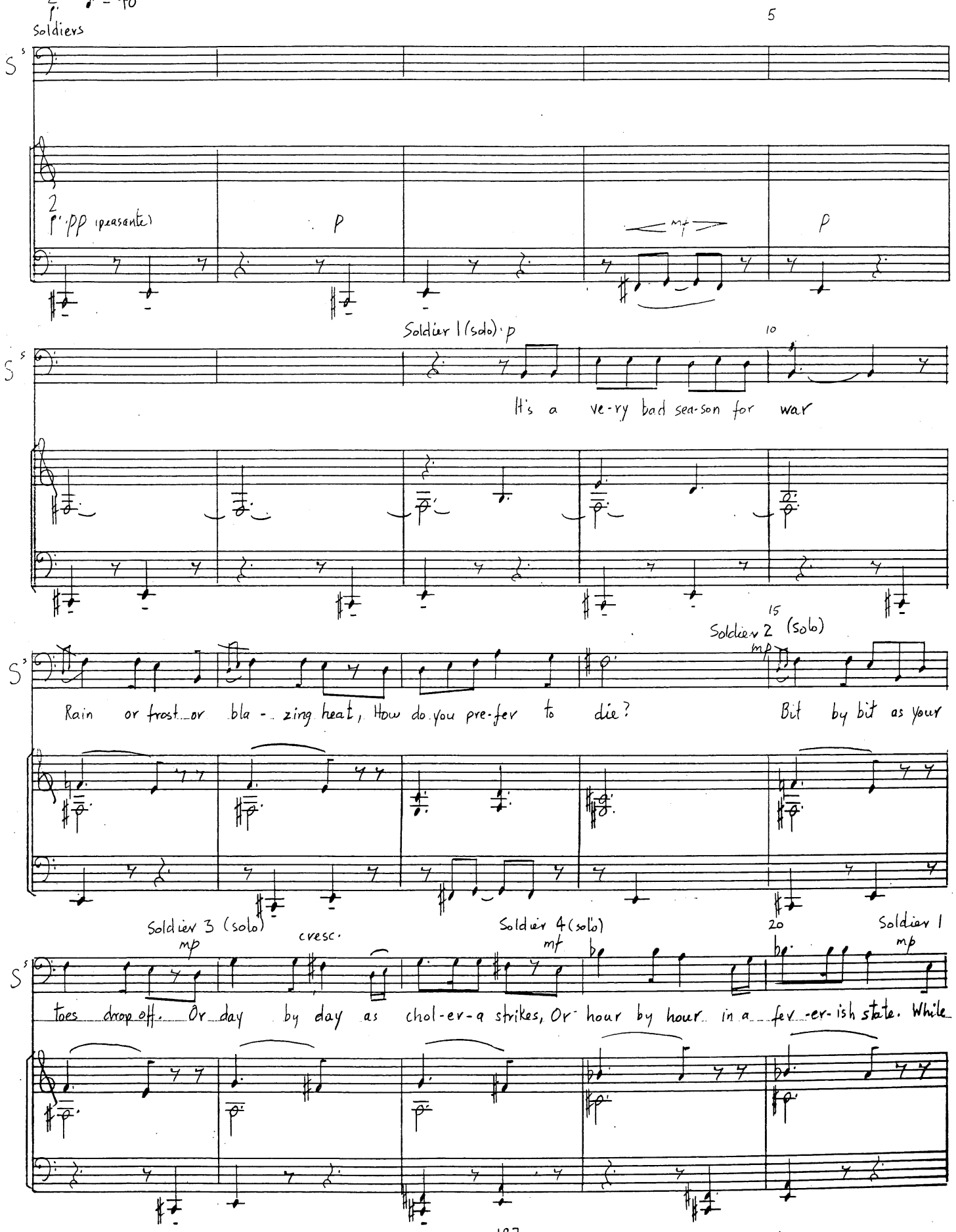
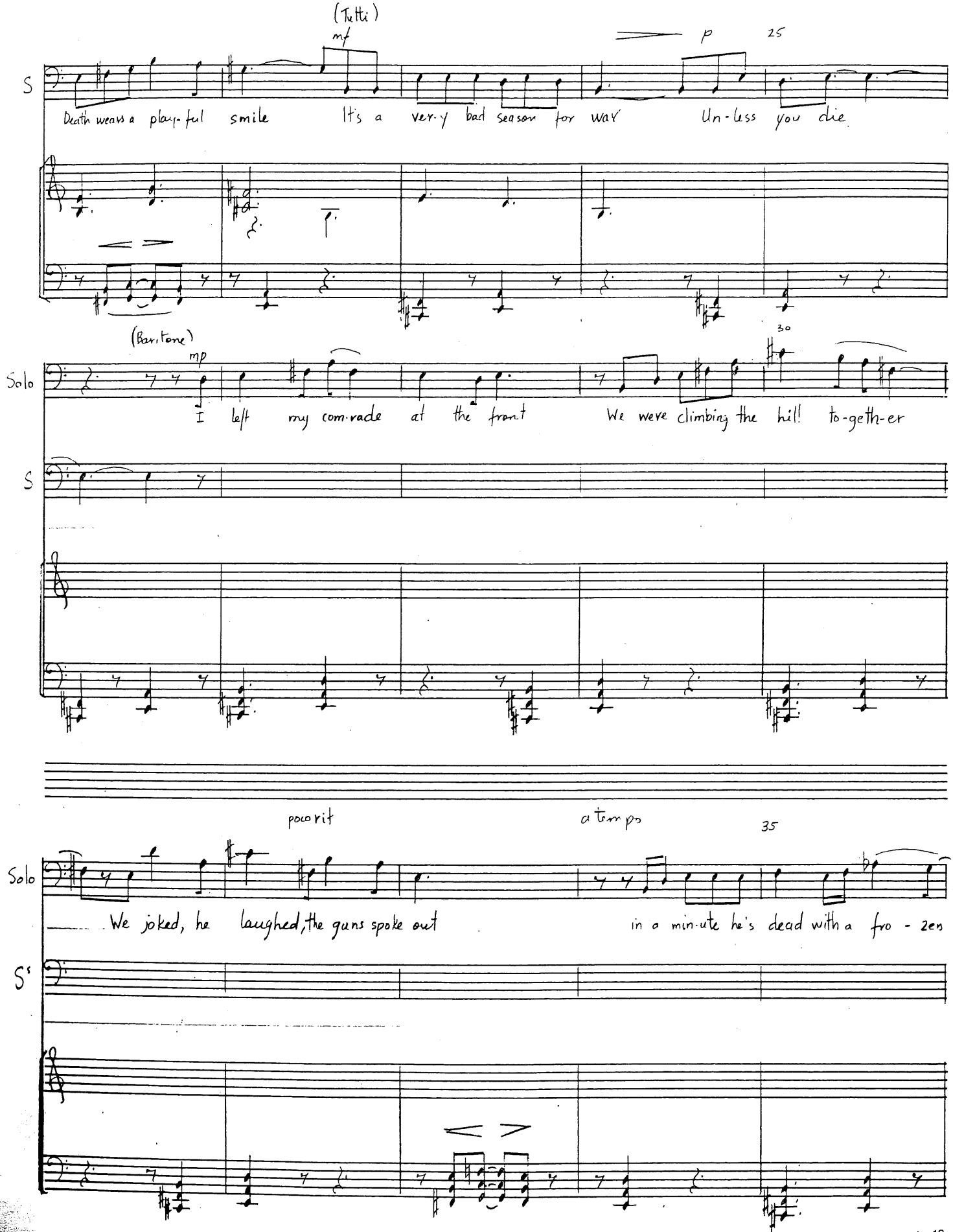
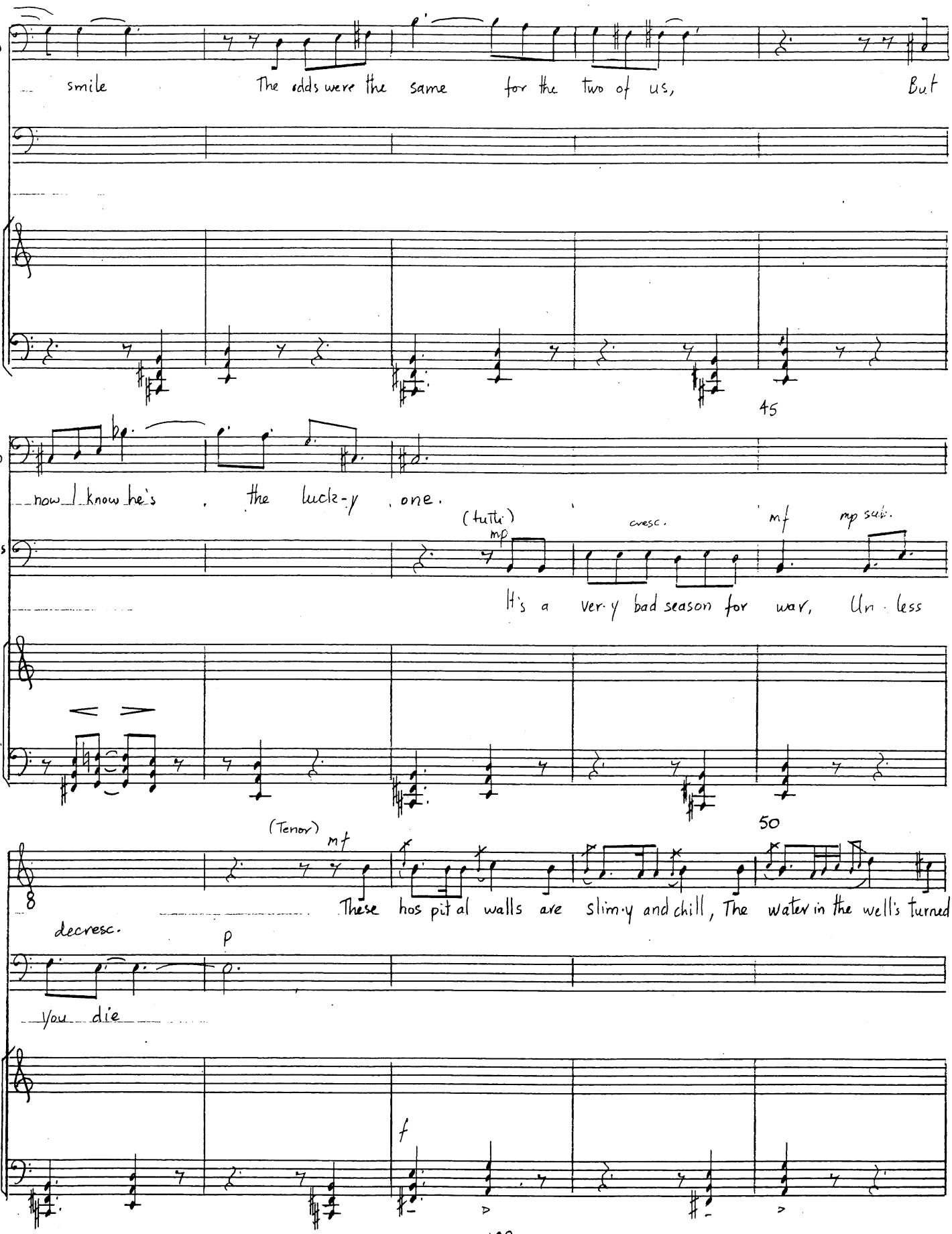
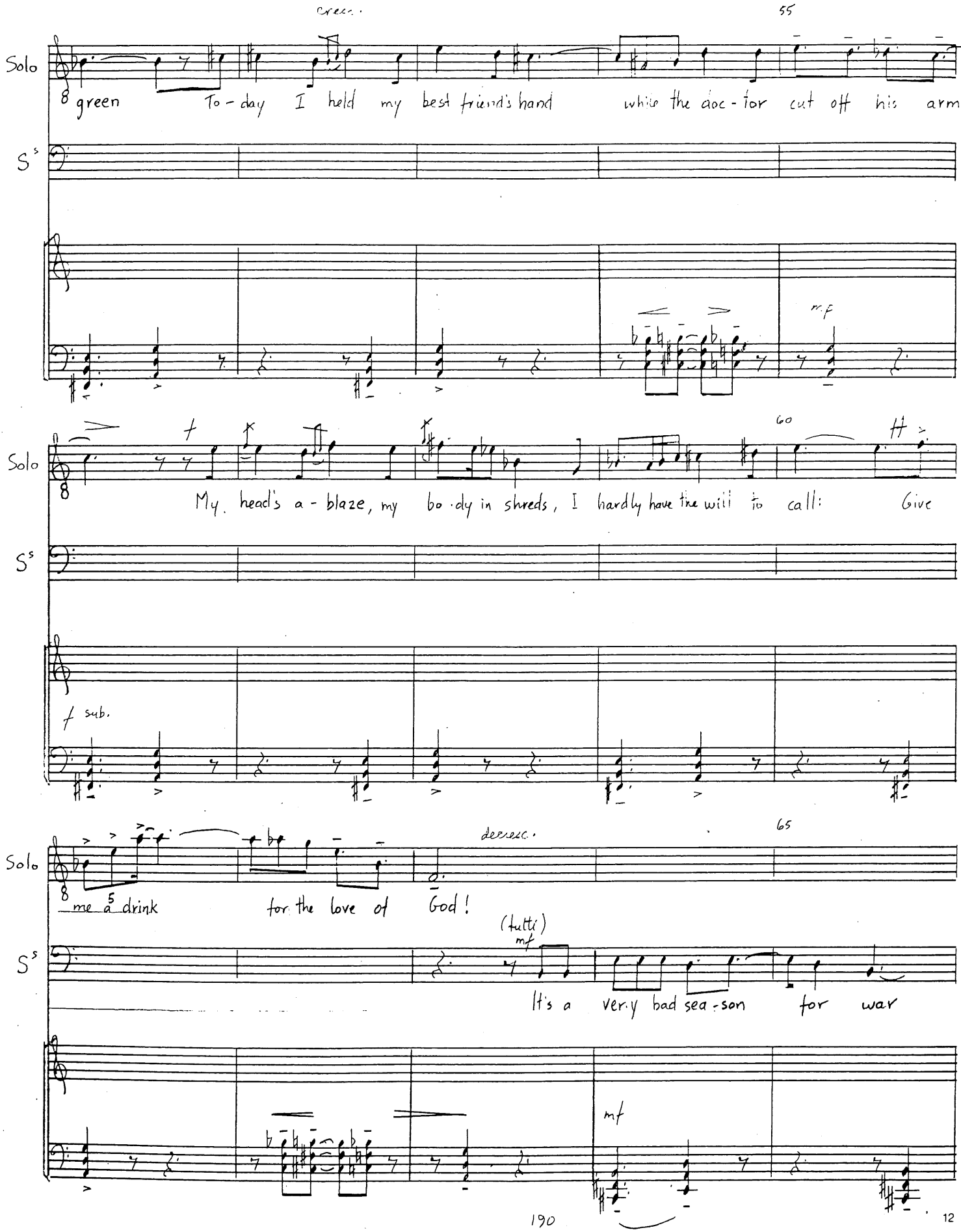
Is coming to an end.

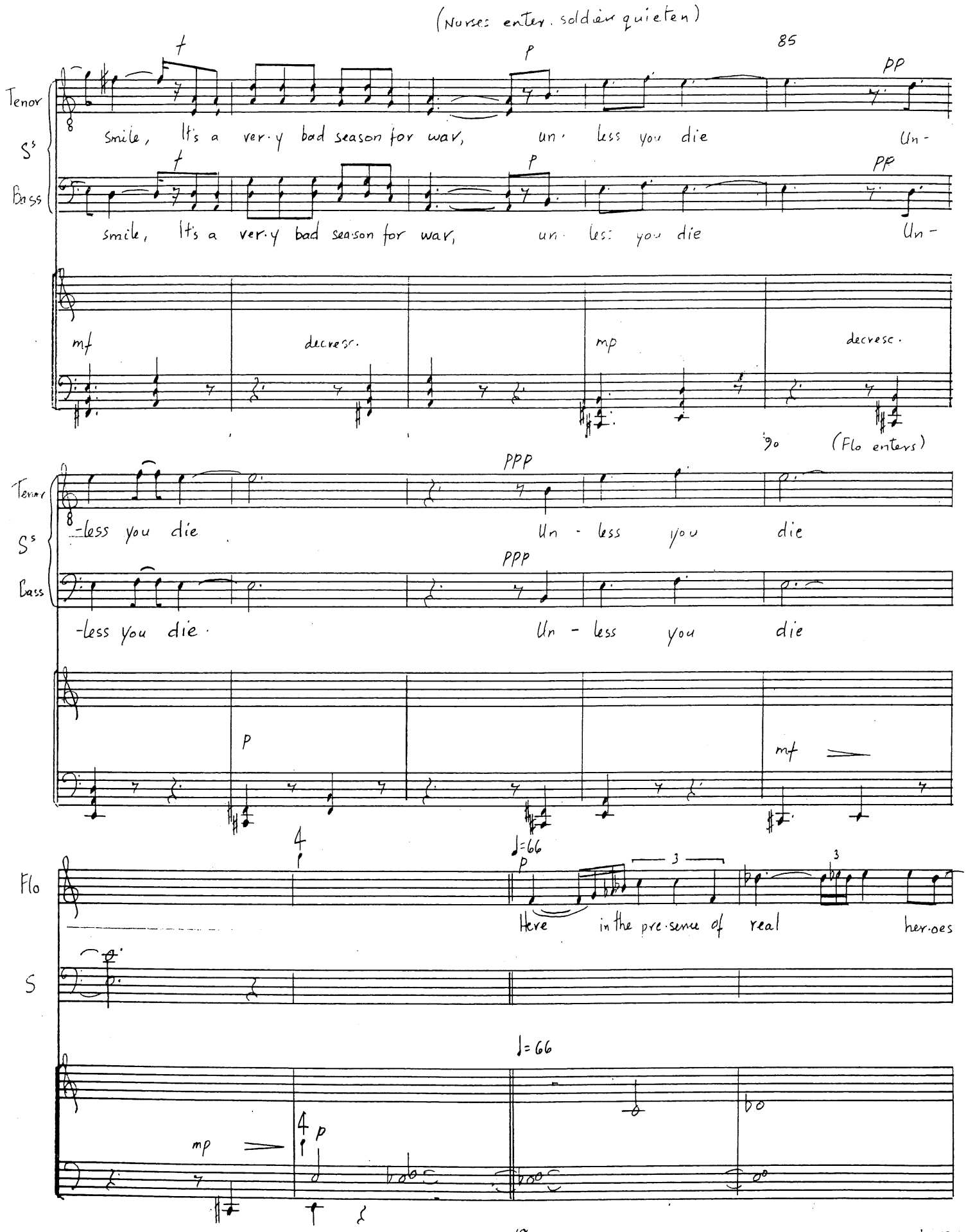
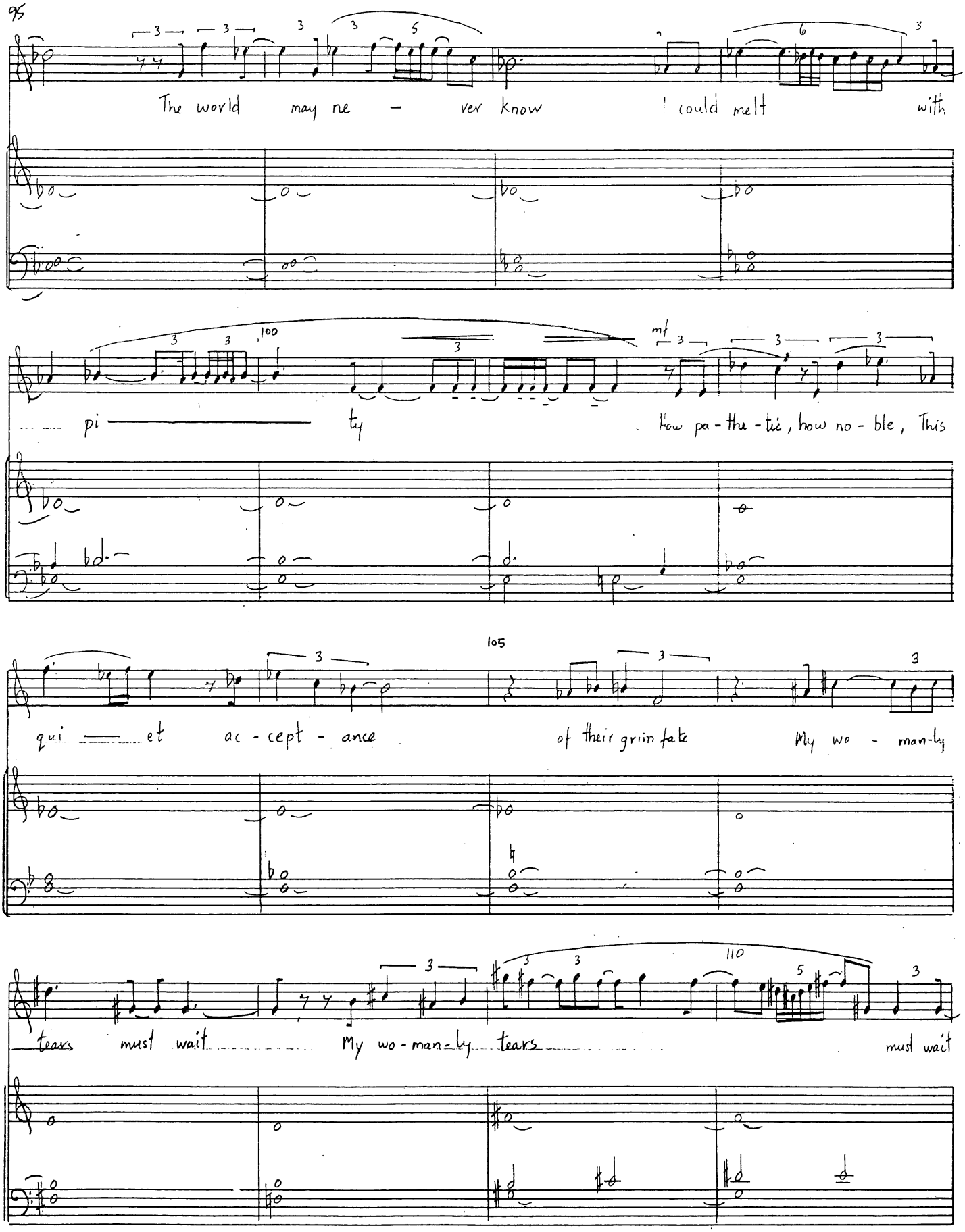
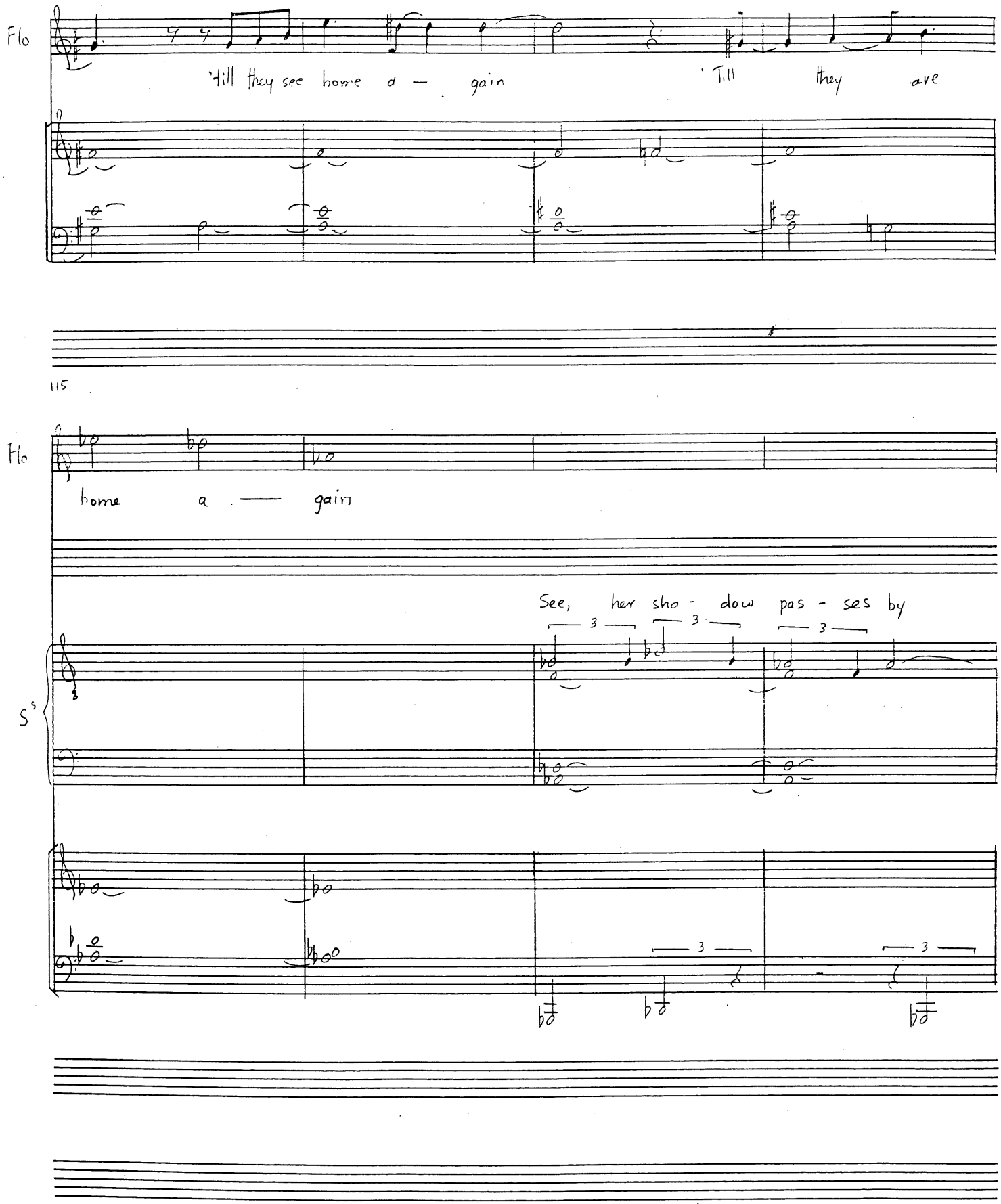
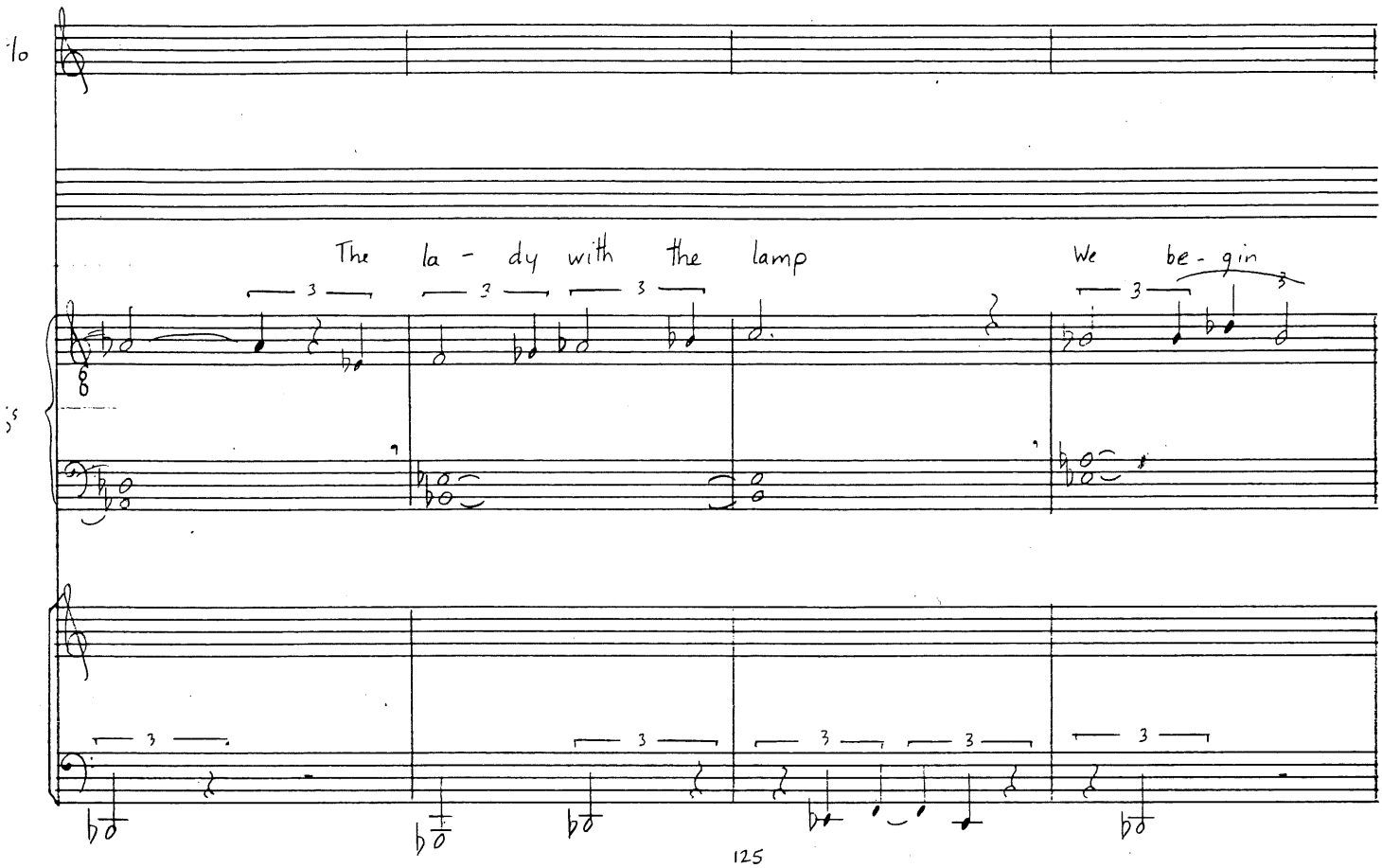
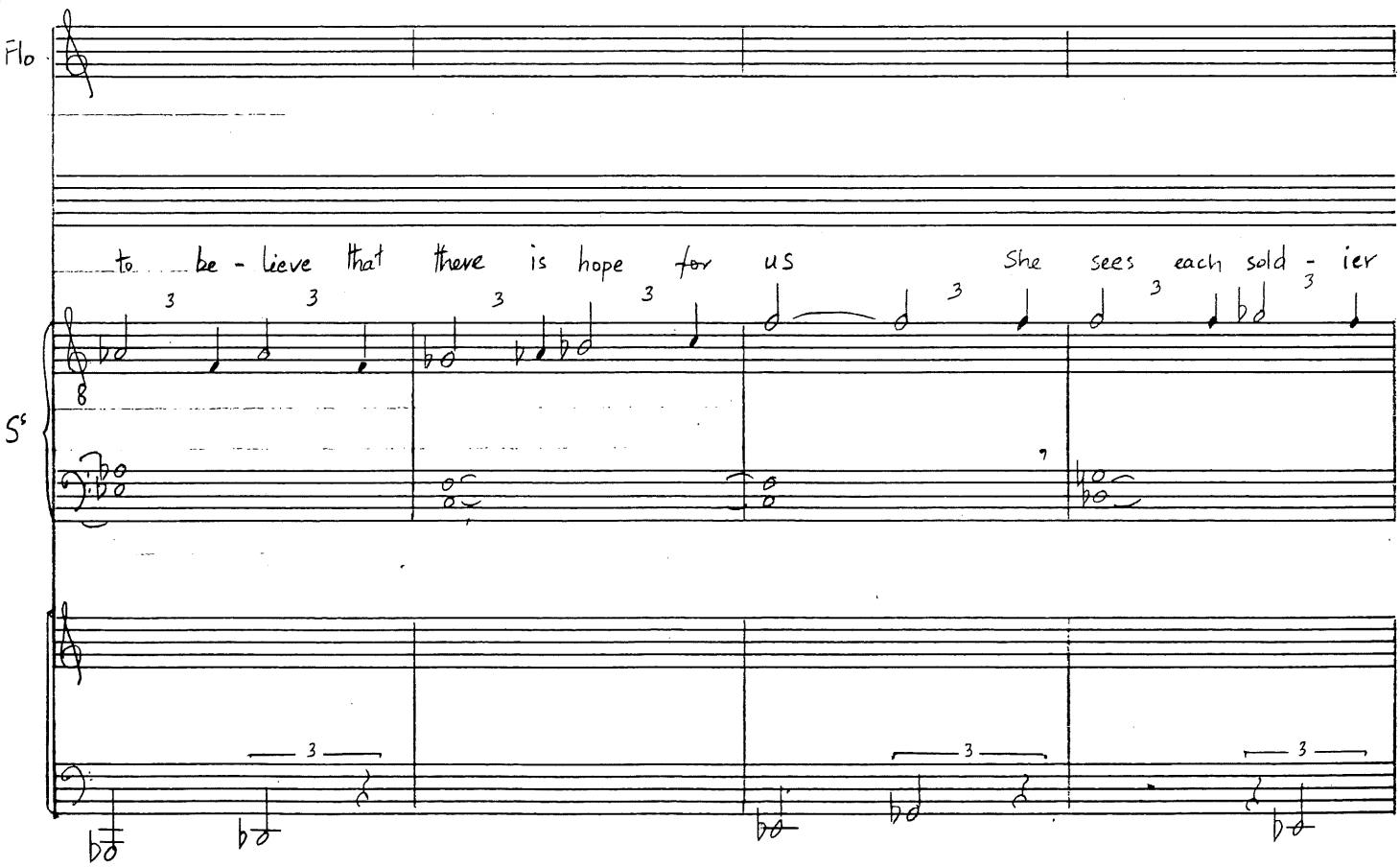
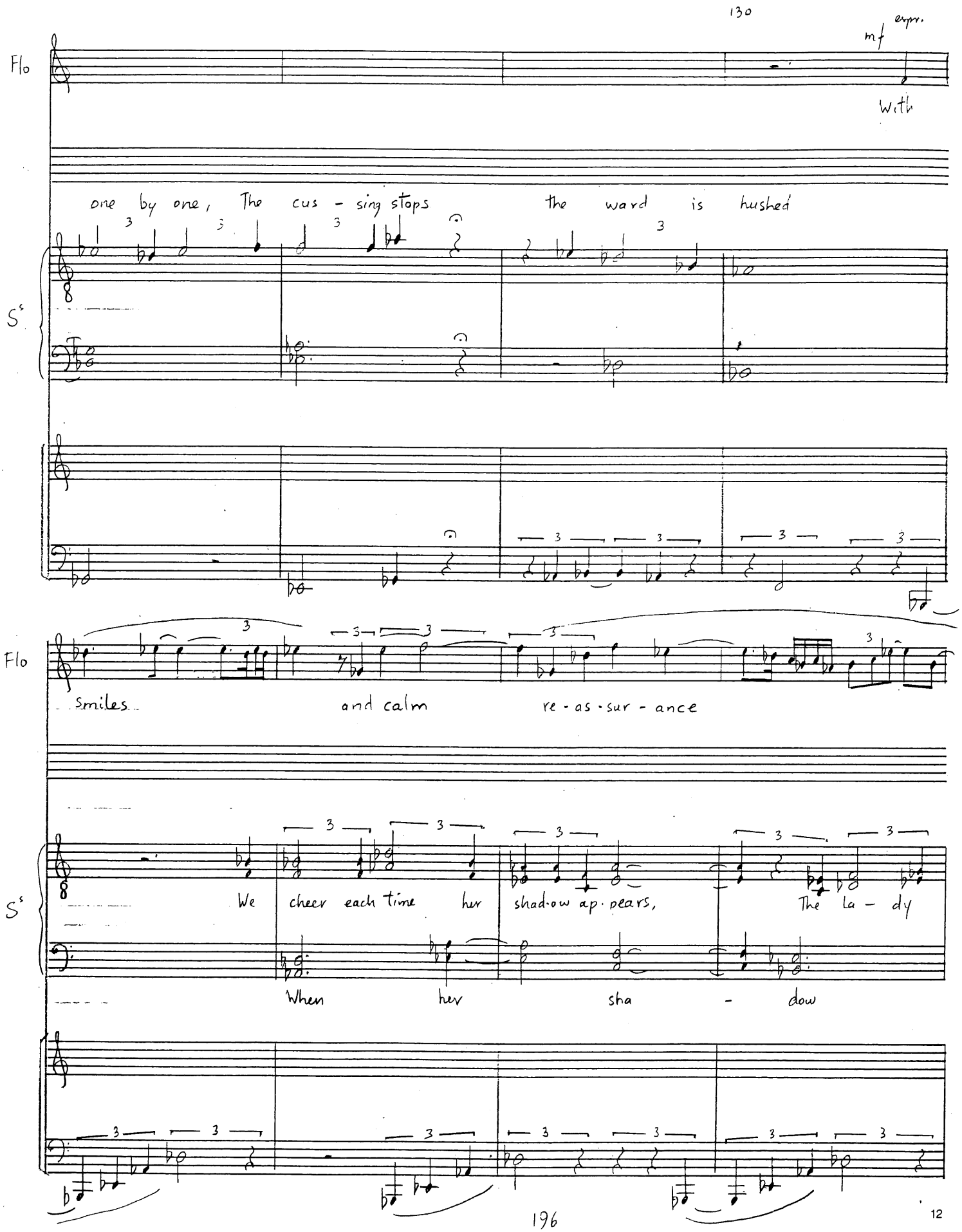
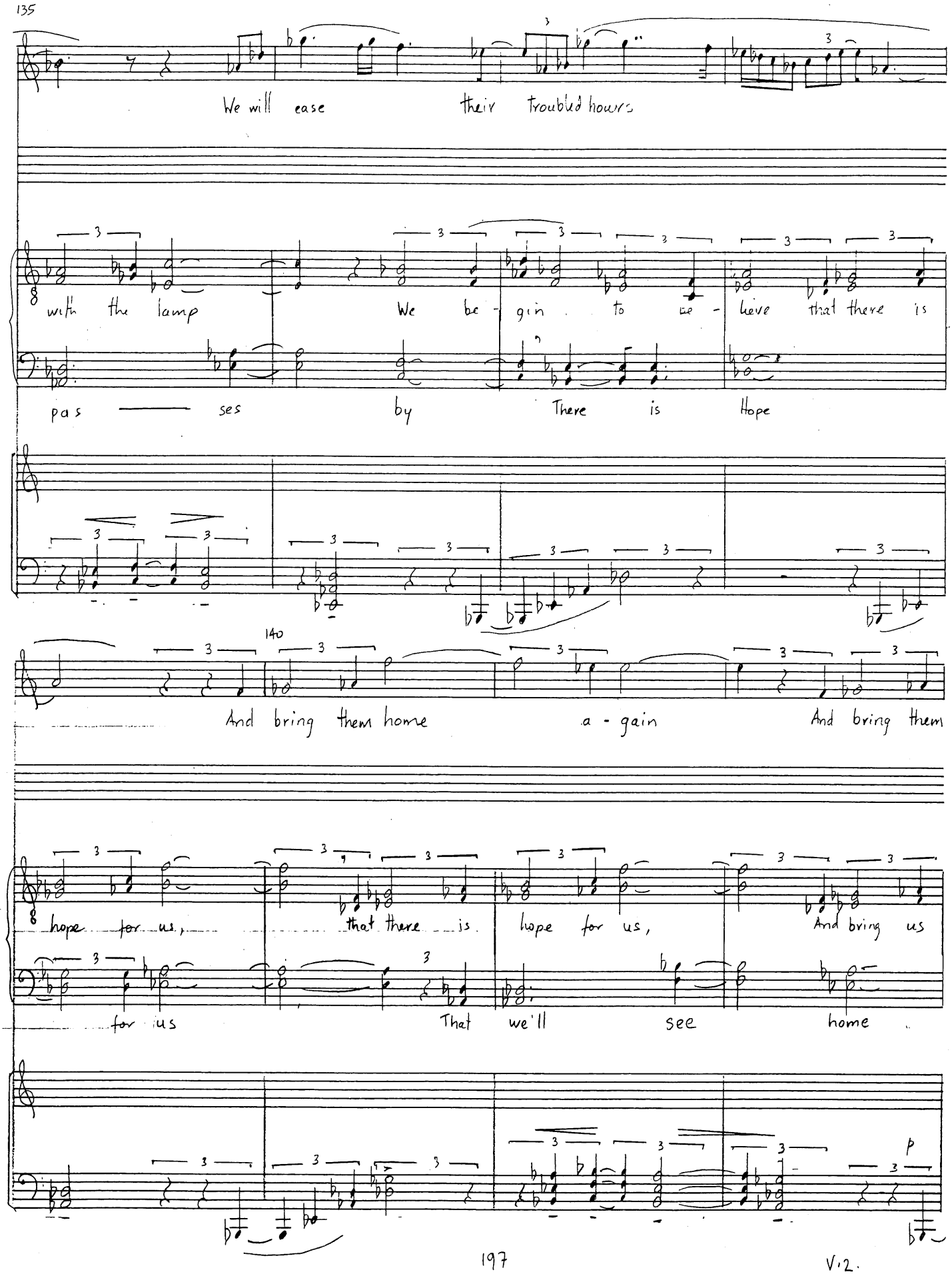
p

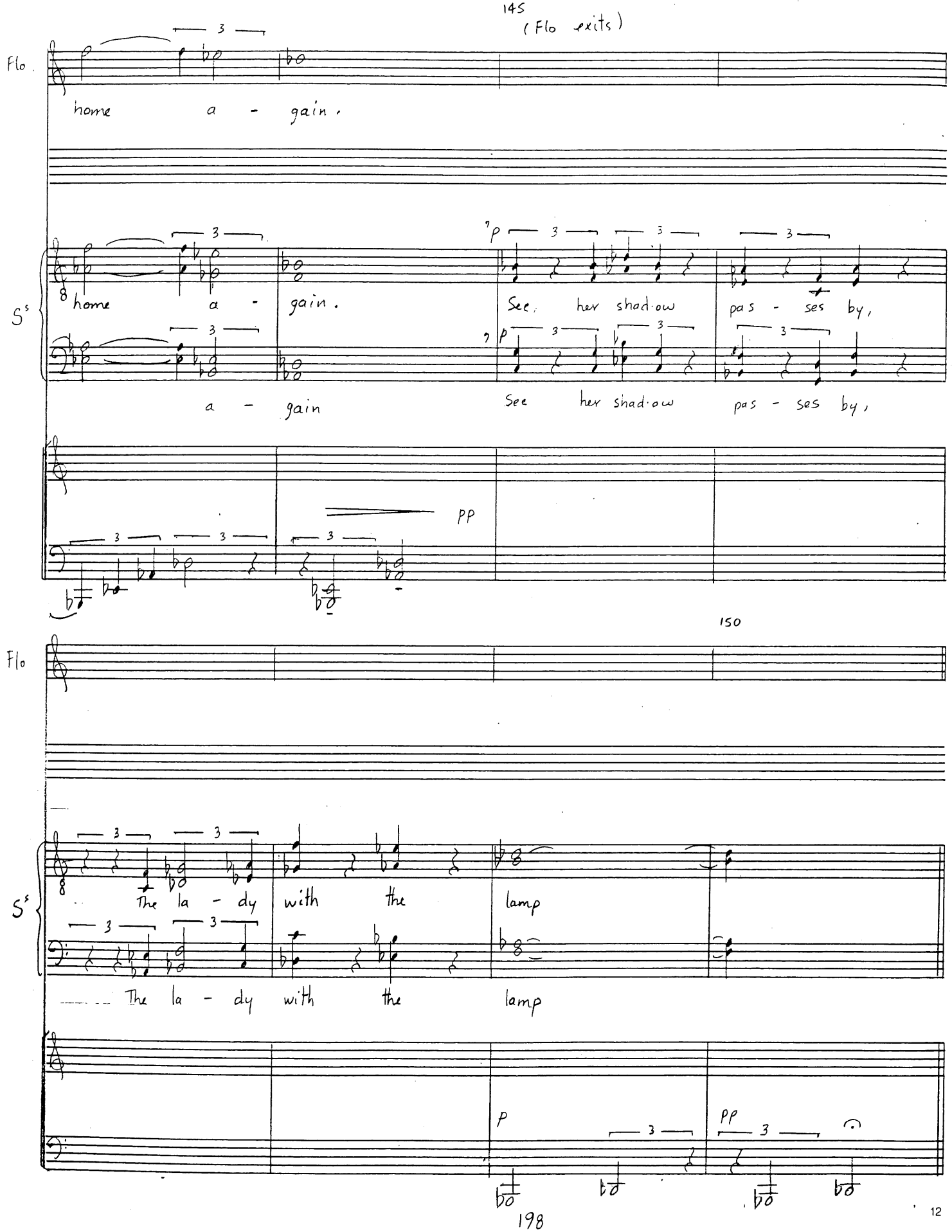
S

While na- tions sink in-to the dust, Calm

PPP

calm we stand a - lone, In - vin - ci - ble while we pro - tect our
PP
Soldiers
285
al - tar and our throne. Then let our song for - ev - er
3
PP
290
be As it has al — ways been.
P
295
May Hea - ven watch o - ver and pre - serve Our
3
P
3
PP

300
(all exit fade to black)
Ss
Na - tive Land and Queen
mf
Ss
mp
p
ppp

Scene 4

2 ♩. = 48
Soldiers
5
S
2
pp (peasants)
p
mf
p
Soldier 1 (solo) p
10
It's a ve-ry bad sea-son for war
15
Soldier 2 (solo)
mp
Rain or frost or bla - zing heat, How do you pre-fer to die?
But by bit as your
Soldier 3 (solo)
mp
cresc.
Soldier 4 (solo)
mf
20
Soldier 1
mp
toes drop off. Or day by day as chol-er-a strikes, Or hour by hour in a fev-er-ish state. While

(Tutti)
mf
p
25
S
Death wears a play-ful smile
It's a ver-y bad season for war
Un-less you die
(Baritone)
mp
30
Solo
I left my com-rade at the front
We were climbing the hill to-geth-er
S
poco rit
a tempo
35
Solo
We joked, he laughed, the guns spoke out
in a min-ute he's dead with a fro - zen
S'

olo
smile
The odds were the same for the two of us,
But
S
45
olo
now I know he's
the lucky one.
(tutti)
mp
cresc.
mf
mp subito
S
It's a very bad season for war,
Un less
50
(Tenor)
mf
olo
8
These hos pit al walls are slim·y and chill, The water in the well's turned
decresc.
p
S
you die
f

cresc.
55
Solo
8 green To-day I held my best friend's hand while the doc-tor cut off his arm
S
mf
60
Solo
My head's a-blaze, my bo-dy in shreds, I hardly have the will to call: Give
S
f sub.
65
Solo
decresc.
me a drink for the love of God!
(tutti)
mf
S
It's a very bad sea-son for war
mf

70
p
It's a very bad season for war, Rain or frost or blaz - ing heat, How do you pre-
It's a very bad season for war, Rain or frost or blaz - ing heat, How do you pre-
mf
75
-fer to die? Bit by bit as your toes drop off, or day by day as the
-fer to die? Bit by bit as your toes drop off, or day by day as the
mp (sub.)
80
chol-er-a strikes, or hour by hour in a fe - ver-ish state, While Death wears a play - ful
chol er a strikes, or hour by hour in a fe . ver-ish state, While Death wears a play - ful

(Nurses enter. soldiers quieten)
85
Tenor
Ss
Bass
Smile, It's a very bad season for war, un- less you die Un-
Smile, It's a very bad season for war, un- less you die Un-
mf
decresc.
mp
decresc.
90
(Flo enters)
-less you die
Un - less you die
-less you die.
Un - less you die
Flo
S
Here in the presence of real heroes
♩=66
mp

95
Lo
The world may ne - ver know I could melt with
100
mf
pi ty How pa - the - tic, how no - ble, This
105
Lo
qui et ac - cept - ance of their grim fate My wo - man-ly
Flo
110
tears must wait My wo - man-ly tears must wait

Flo
'till they see home a — gain
'Till they are
115
Flo
home a — gain
See, her sha - dow pas - ses by
3
3
3
S
3
3

lo
The la - dy with the lamp
We be - gin

Flo
to be - lieve that there is hope for us
She sees each sold - ier

130
mf expr.
Flo
With
one by one, The cus - sing stops the ward is hushed
S
Flo
Smiles and calm re - as - sur - ance
S
We cheer each time her shad-ow ap-pears, The la - dy
When her sha - dow

135
Flo
We will ease their troubled hours
Ss
with the lamp We be - gin to be - lieve that there is
pas ses by There is Hope
140
Flo
And bring them home a - gain And bring them
Ss
hope for us, that there is hope for us, And bring us
for us That we'll see home
p

V.2.

145
(Flo exits)
Flo
home a - gain.
S
home a - gain.
See her shad-ow pas - ses by,
a - gain
See her shad-ow pas - ses by,
pp
150
Flo
The la - dy with the lamp
The la - dy with the lamp
p
pp
198

Scene 5

♩=132

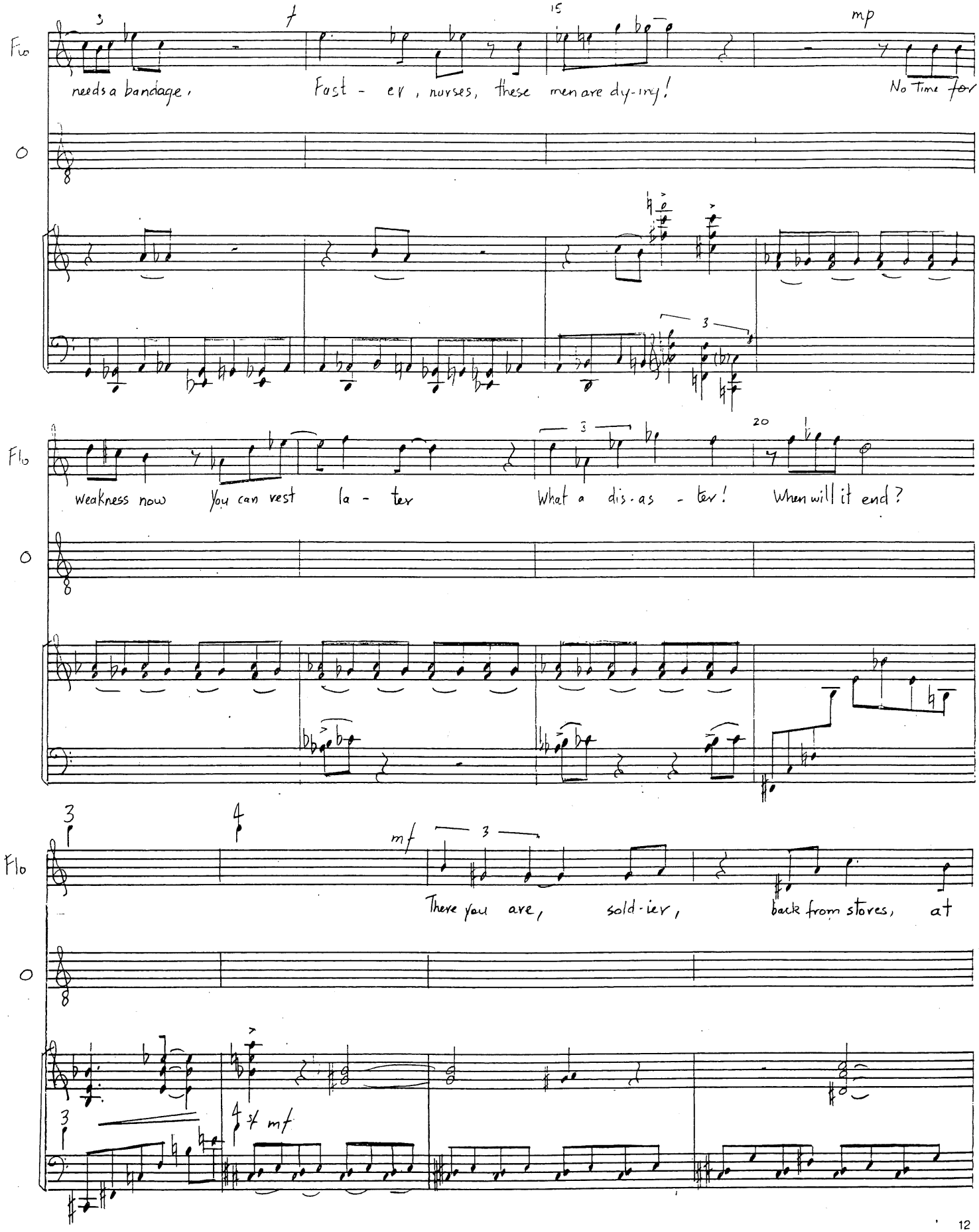
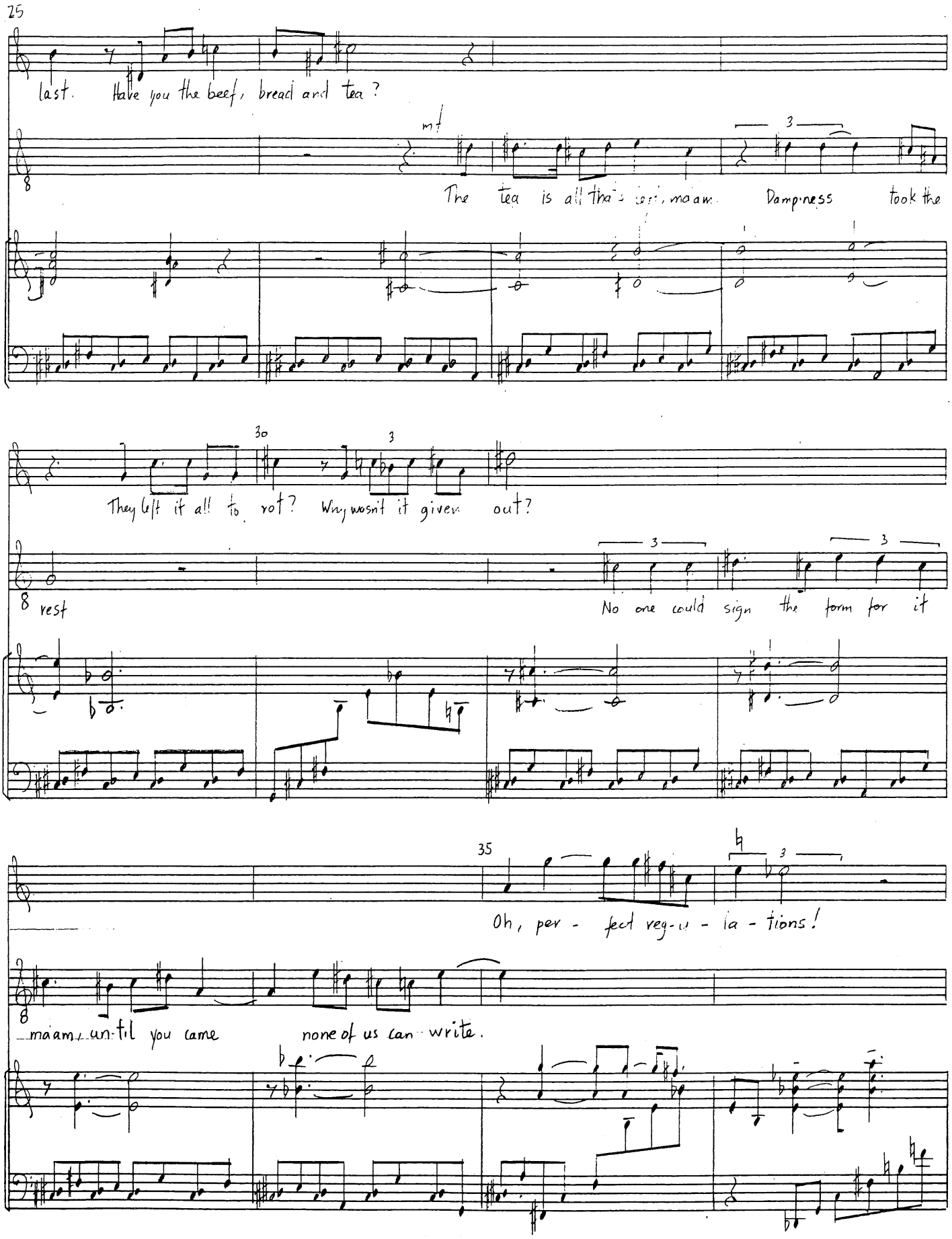
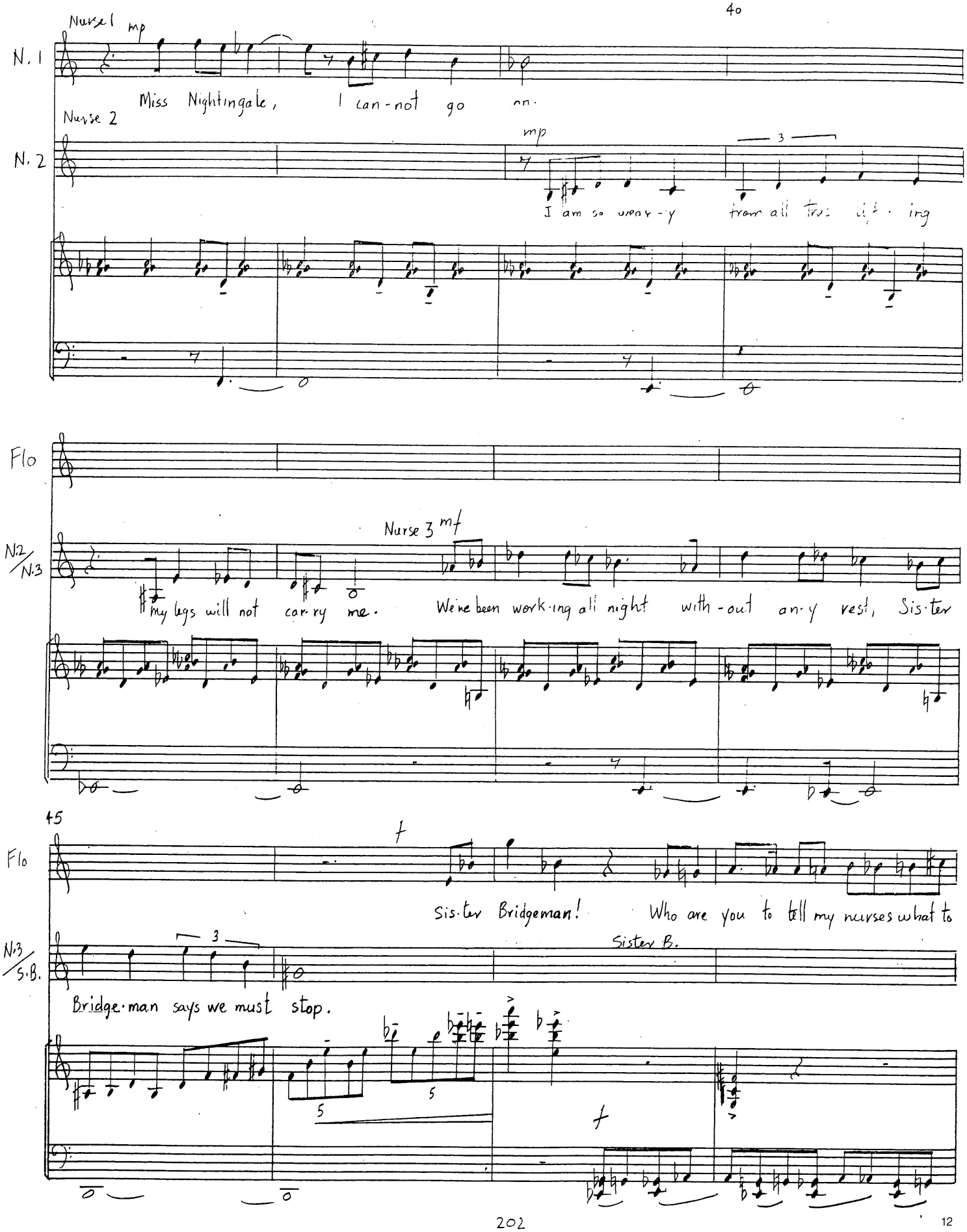
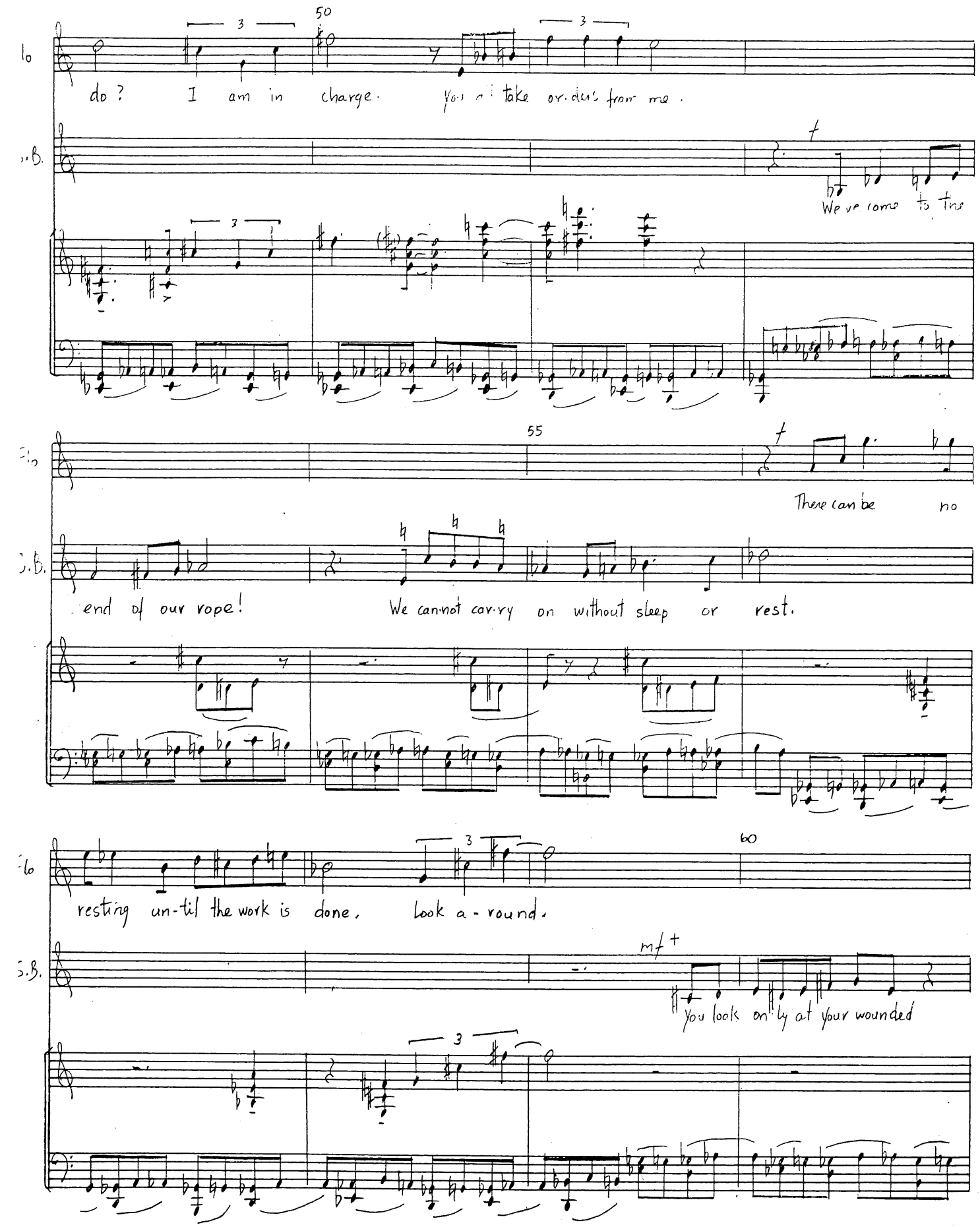
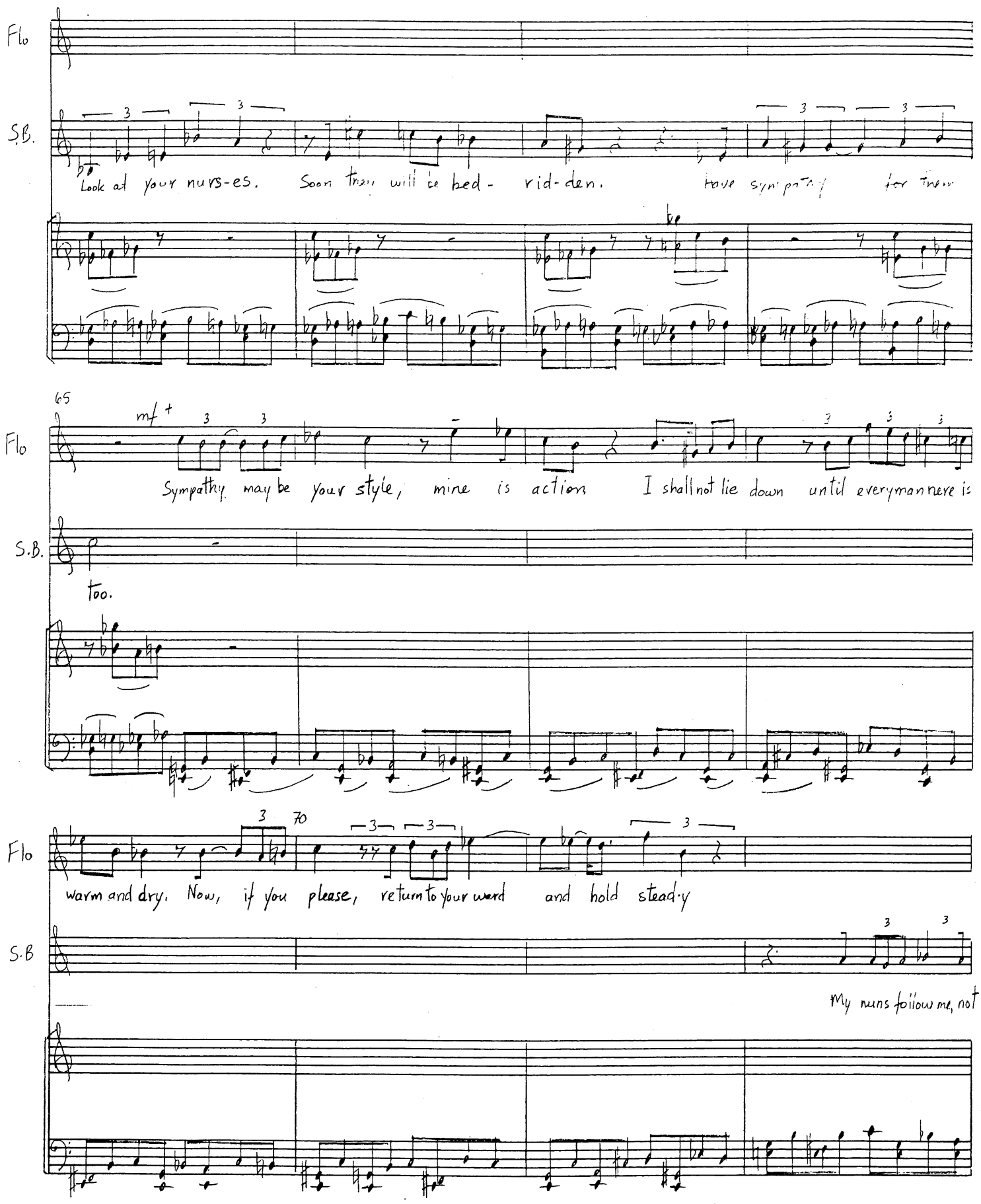
Orderly

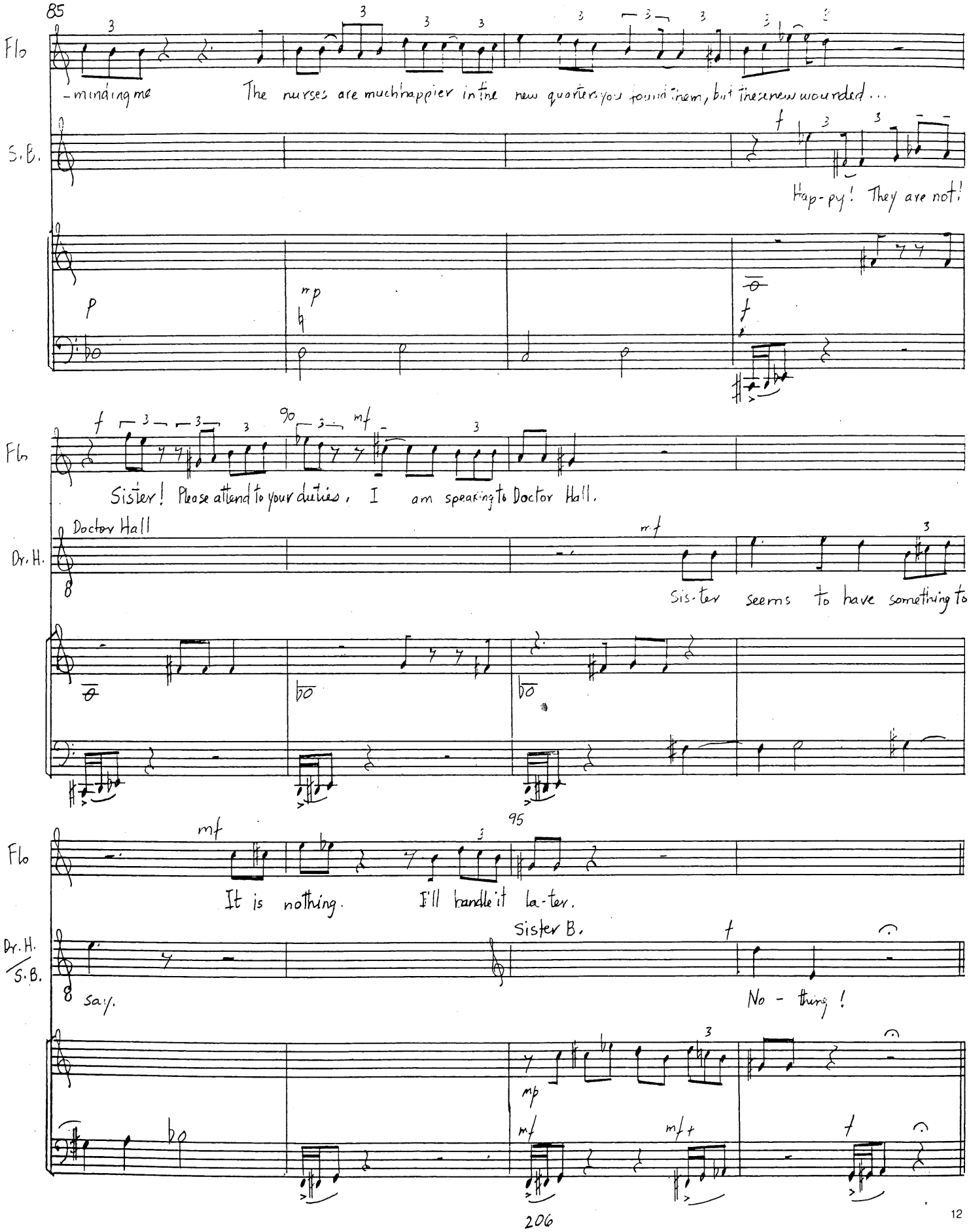
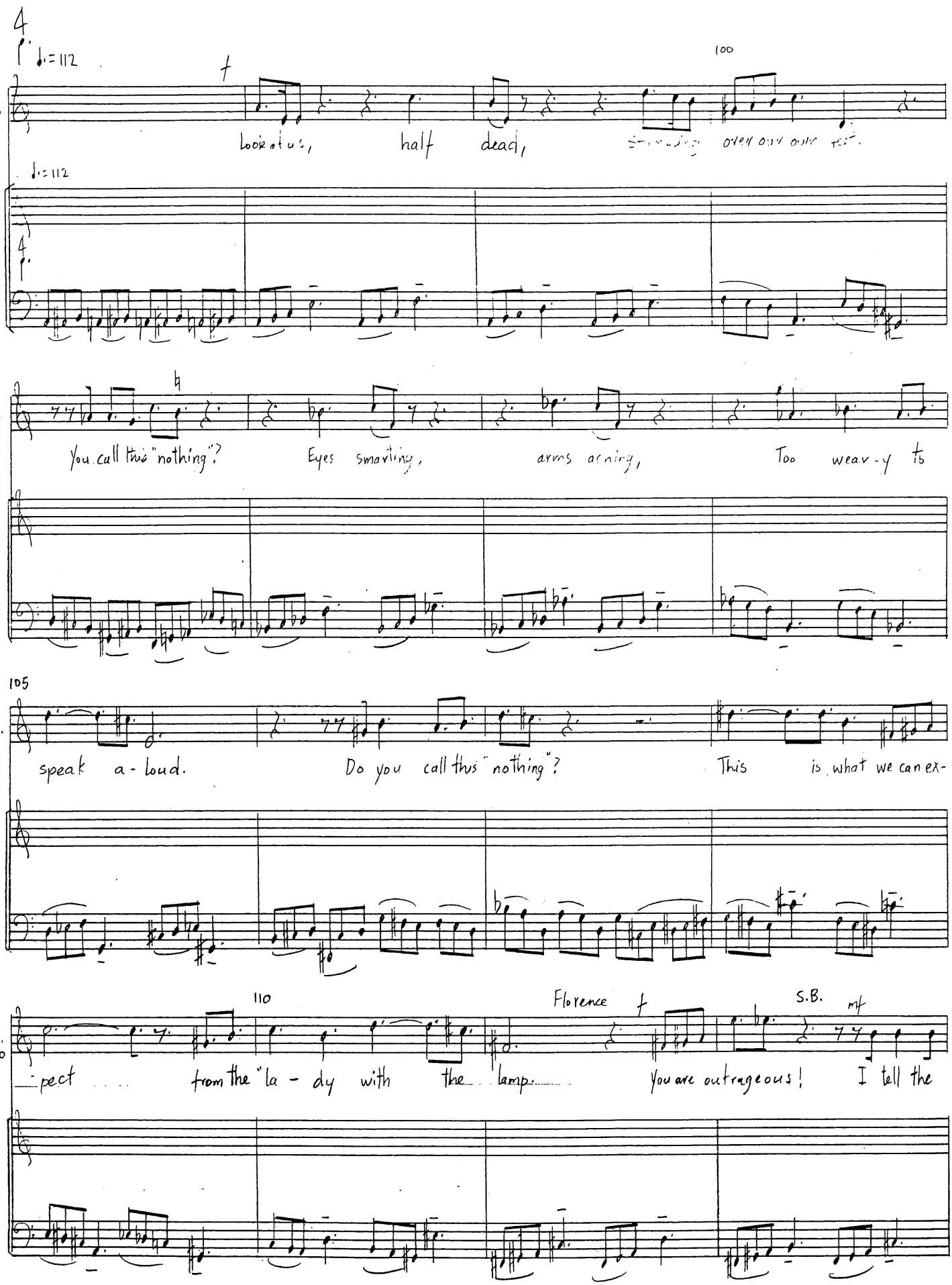
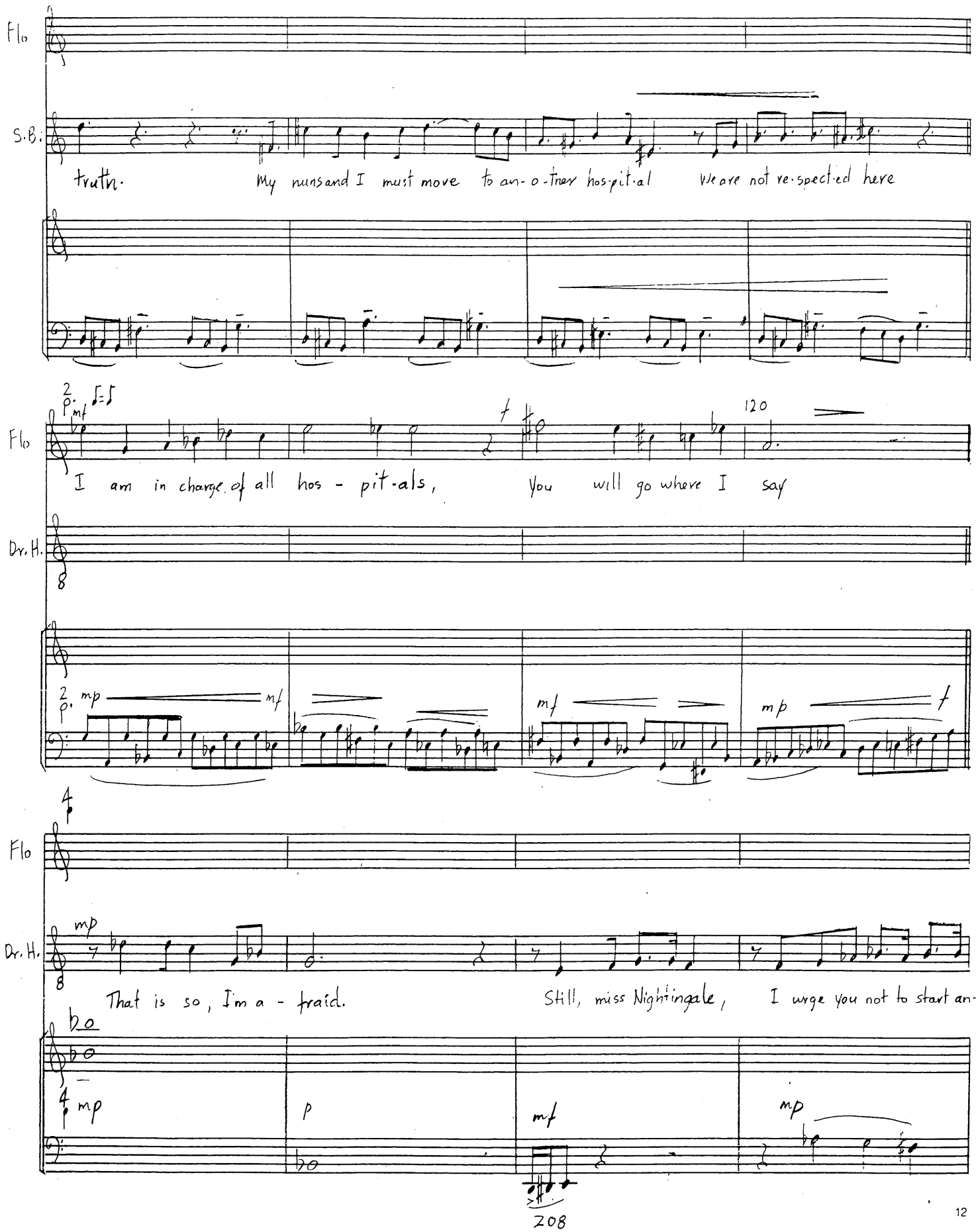
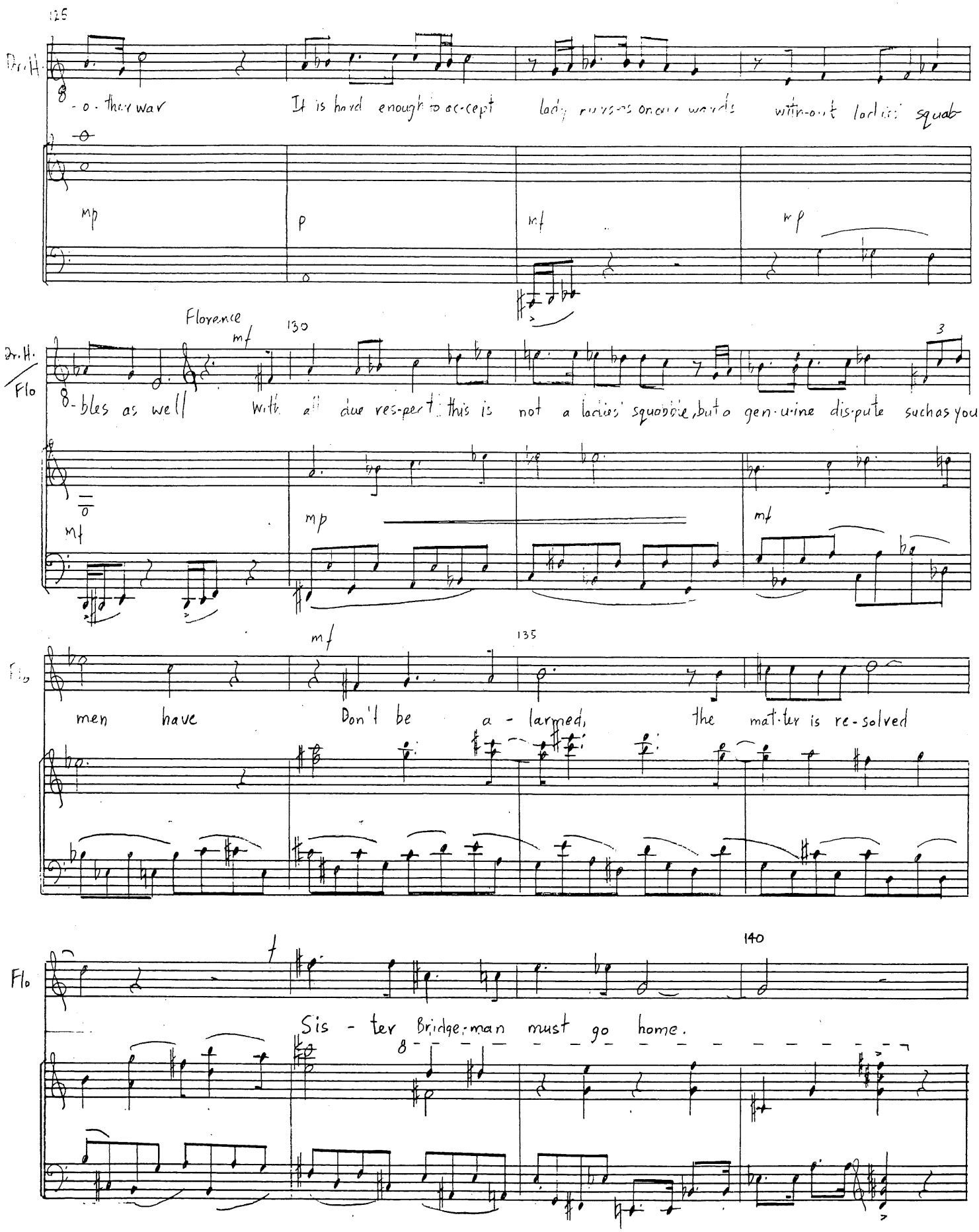
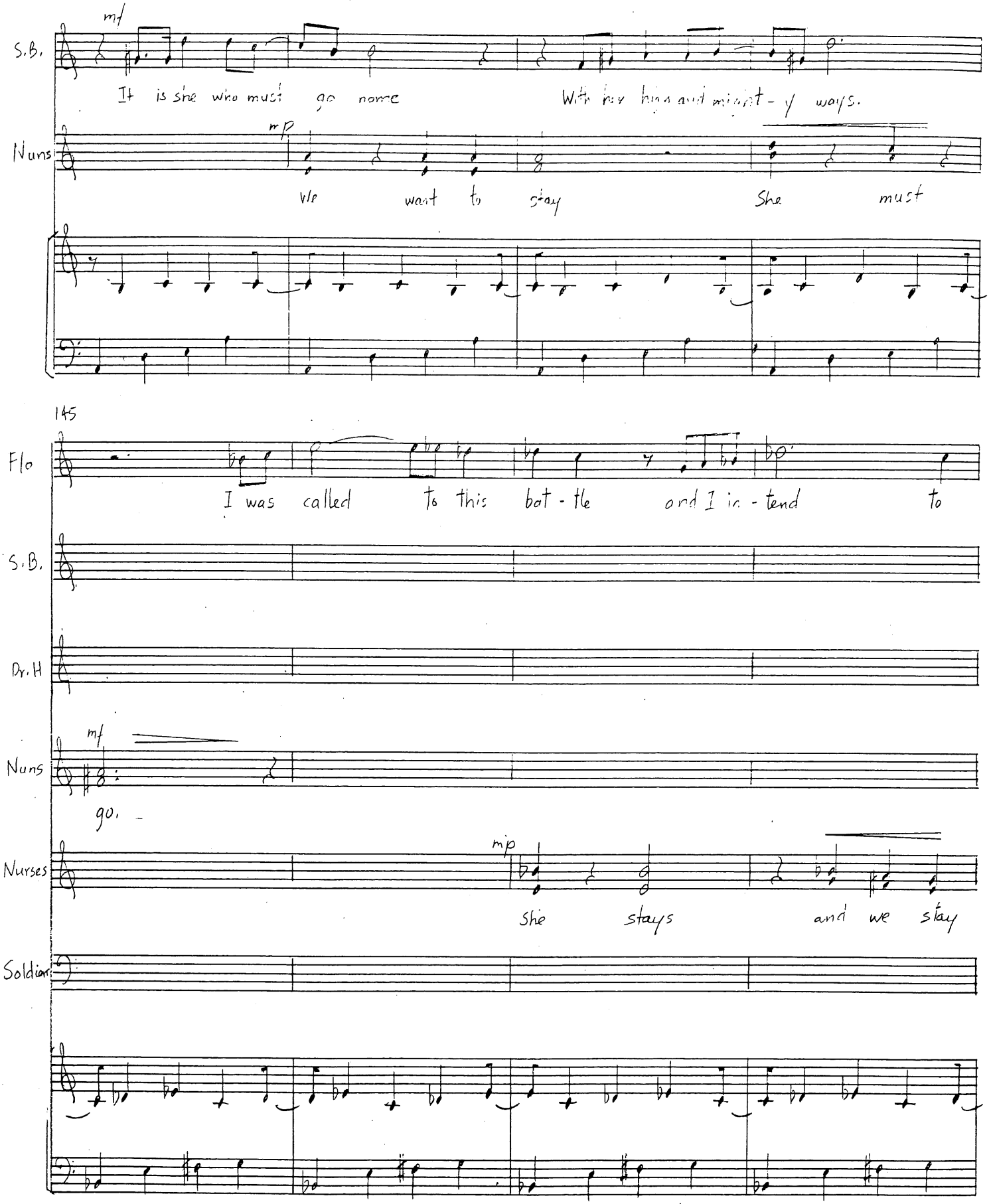
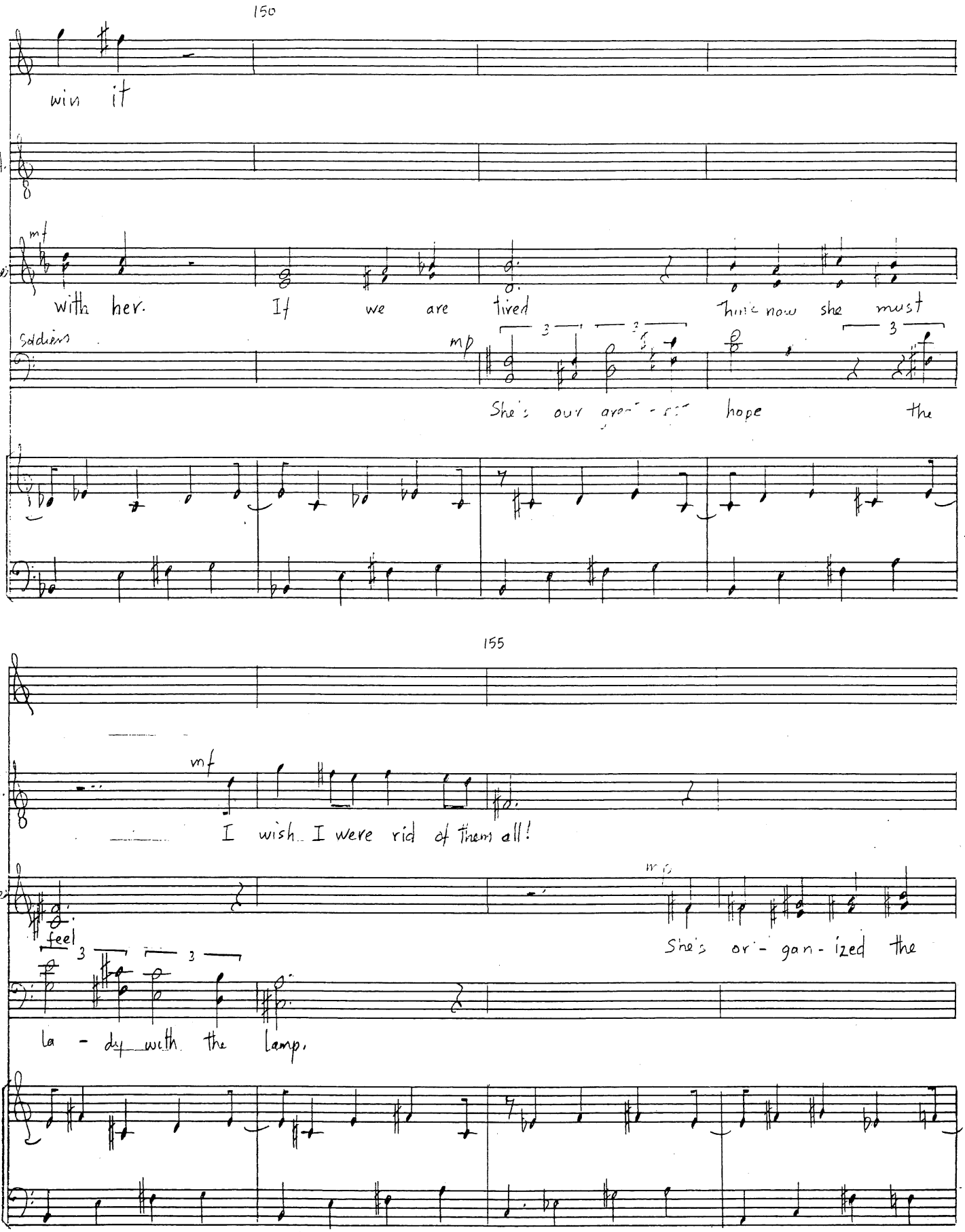
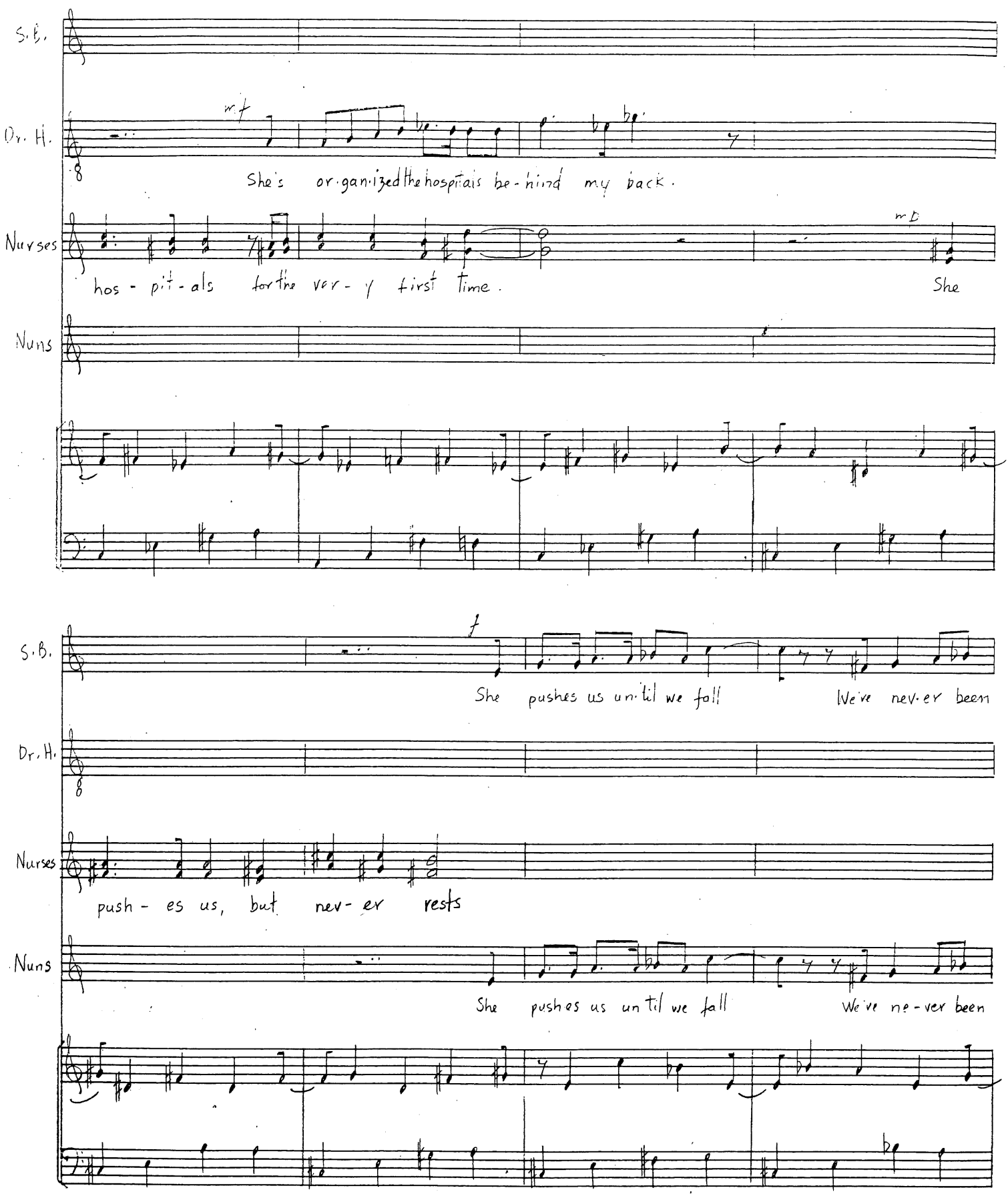
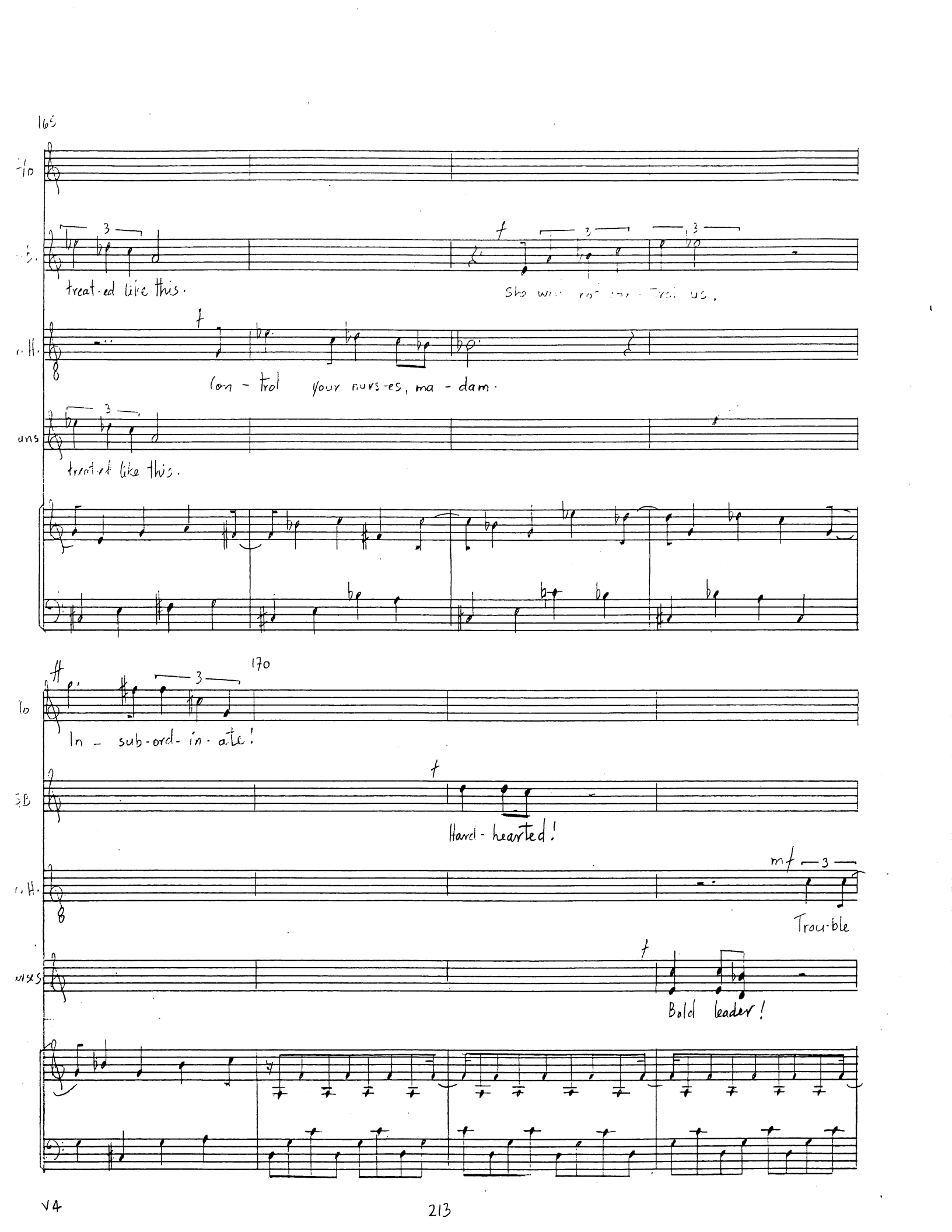
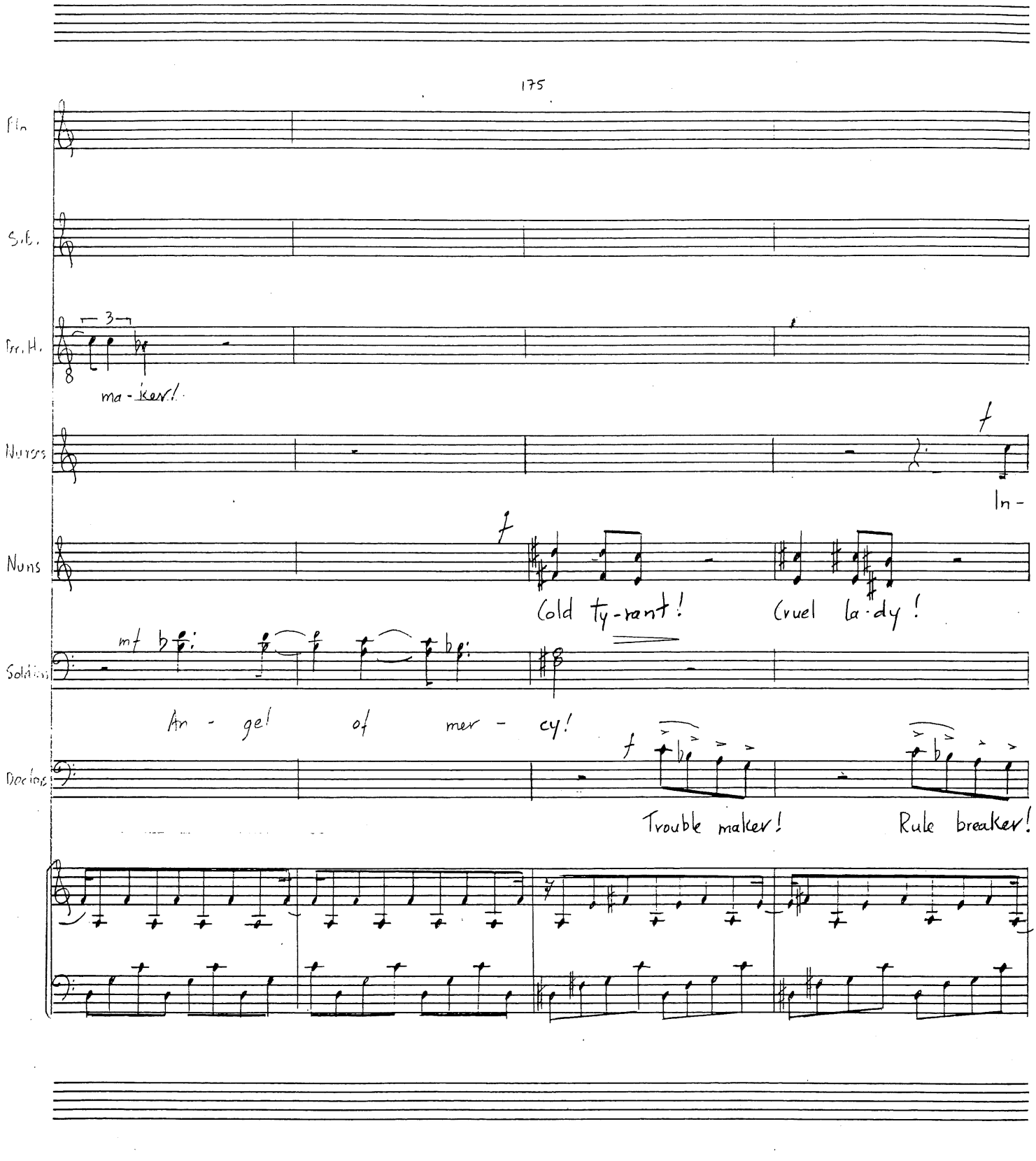
5

t

Over there! Can't you see the empty bed?

mf

In the corner, nurse! This man

Flo
O
needs a bandage.
Fast - er, nurses, these men are dy-ing!
No Time for
mp
15
Flo
O
weakness now
You can rest la - ter
What a dis-as - ter!
When will it end?
20
Flo
O
There you are, sold-ier,
back from stores, at
mf

25
last. Have you the beef, bread and tea?
mf
The tea is all that's left, ma'am. Dampness took the
30
They left it all to rot? Why wasn't it given out?
rest
No one could sign the form for it
35
Oh, per - fect reg-u - la - tions!
ma'am, un-til you came none of us can write.

40
Nurse 1
mp
N. 1
Miss Nightingale, I can-not go on.
Nurse 2
N. 2
mp
3
I am so weary from all this ly-ing
Flo
N.2/N.3
Nurse 3
mf
my legs will not car-ry me. We've been work-ing all night with-out any rest, Sis-ter
45
Flo
Sis-ter Bridgeman! Who are you to tell my nurses what to
N.3/S.B.
3
Sister B.
Bridge-man says we must stop.
5
5

50
do? I am in charge. You will take orders from me.
t
We've come to the
55
t
There can be no
end of our rope!
We cannot carry on without sleep or rest.
60
resting un-til the work is done. Look a-round.
mf t
You look on-ly at your wounded

Flo
S.B.
Look at your nurs-es. Soon they will be bed- rid-den. have sympathy for them
65
mf
Flo
Sympathy may be your style, mine is action I shall not lie down until everyman here is
S.B.
too.
Flo
70
warm and dry. Now, if you please, return to your ward and hold steady
S.B
My nuns follow me, not

(Enter Dr. H., Doctors)
(Shriek)
♩= 80
mp
You disobey me! Be-ware sister!
Dr. Hall
you.
I have many questions for you
Only the pain of seeing so much misery
I thought I heard you scream, are you in pain?
Now, about the new wounded.
Thank you, Sis-ter, for re-
Sister B.
Doc-tor, I must speak to you about the state of the nurses.

85
Flo
-minding me
The nurses are much happier in the new quarters you found them, but these new wounded...
S.B.
Hap-py! They are not!
p
mp
f
Flo
Sister! Please attend to your duties, I am speaking to Doctor Hall.
Doctor Hall
Dr. H.
mf
Sis-ter seems to have something to
90
95
Flo
It is nothing. I'll handle it la-ter.
Sister B.
Dr. H.
S.B.
say.
No - thing!
mp
mf
206

4
♩.=112
100
S.B.
look at us, half dead,
♩.=112
S.B.
You call this "nothing"? Eyes smarting, arms aching, Too weav-y to
105
S.B.
speak a-loud. Do you call this "nothing"? This is what we can ex-
110
Florence
S.B.
S.B/Flo
-pect from the "la-dy with the lamp. You are outrageous! I tell the

Flo
S.B.
truth.
My nuns and I must move to an-o-ther hos-pit-al We are not re-spect-ed here
Flo
I am in charge of all hos - pit-als,
You will go where I say
120
Dr. H.
That is so, I'm a - fraid.
Still, miss Nightingale,
I urge you not to start an-
208

125
Dr. H.
-o-ther war
It is hard enough to ac-cept
lady nurses on our wards
with-out lad-ies squab
mp
p
mf
mp
Florence
mf
130
Dr. H. / Flo
8-bles as well
With all due res-pect this is not a ladies' squabble, but a gen-u-ine dis-pute such as you
mf
mp
mf
3
Flo
men have
Don't be a-larmed,
the mat-ter is re-solved
mf
135
Flo
Sis-ter Bridge-man must go home.
140

mf
S.B.
It is she who must go home With his him and mine - y ways.
mp
Nuns
We want to stay She must
145
Flo
I was called to this bat - tle and I in - tend to
S.B.
Dr. H
mf
Nuns
go.
mp
Nurses
She stays and we stay
Soldiers

150
win it
with her.
If we are tired
think now she must
Soldiers
She's our great - est hope the
155
I wish I were rid of them all!
feel
She's or - gan - ized the
la - dy with the lamp.

S.B.
Dr. H.
mf
She's or-gan-ized the hospitals be-hind my back.
Nurses
mp
hos - pit - als for the ver - y first time.
She
Nuns
S.B.
f
She pushes us un-til we fall
We've nev-er been
Dr. H.
Nurses
push - es us, but nev - er rests
Nuns
She pushes us un-til we fall
We've ne - ver been

165
treat-ed like this.
She will not con-trol us.
con-trol your nurs-es, ma-dam.
treated like this.
170
In-sub-ord-in-ate!
Hard-hearted!
Trou-ble
Bold leader!

175
Fls.
S.S.
Trr.H.
ma - ker!
Nurses
f
In -
Nuns
f
Cold ty-rant!
Cruel la-dy!
Soldiers
mf
An - gel of mer - cy!
Doctors
f
Trouble maker!
Rule breaker!

Fl.

C.B.

V.H

f

You'll be the death of the

Nurses

- different medical officers.

t

You'll

Nurs.

t

Cold tyrant! Cruel lady!

Soldiers

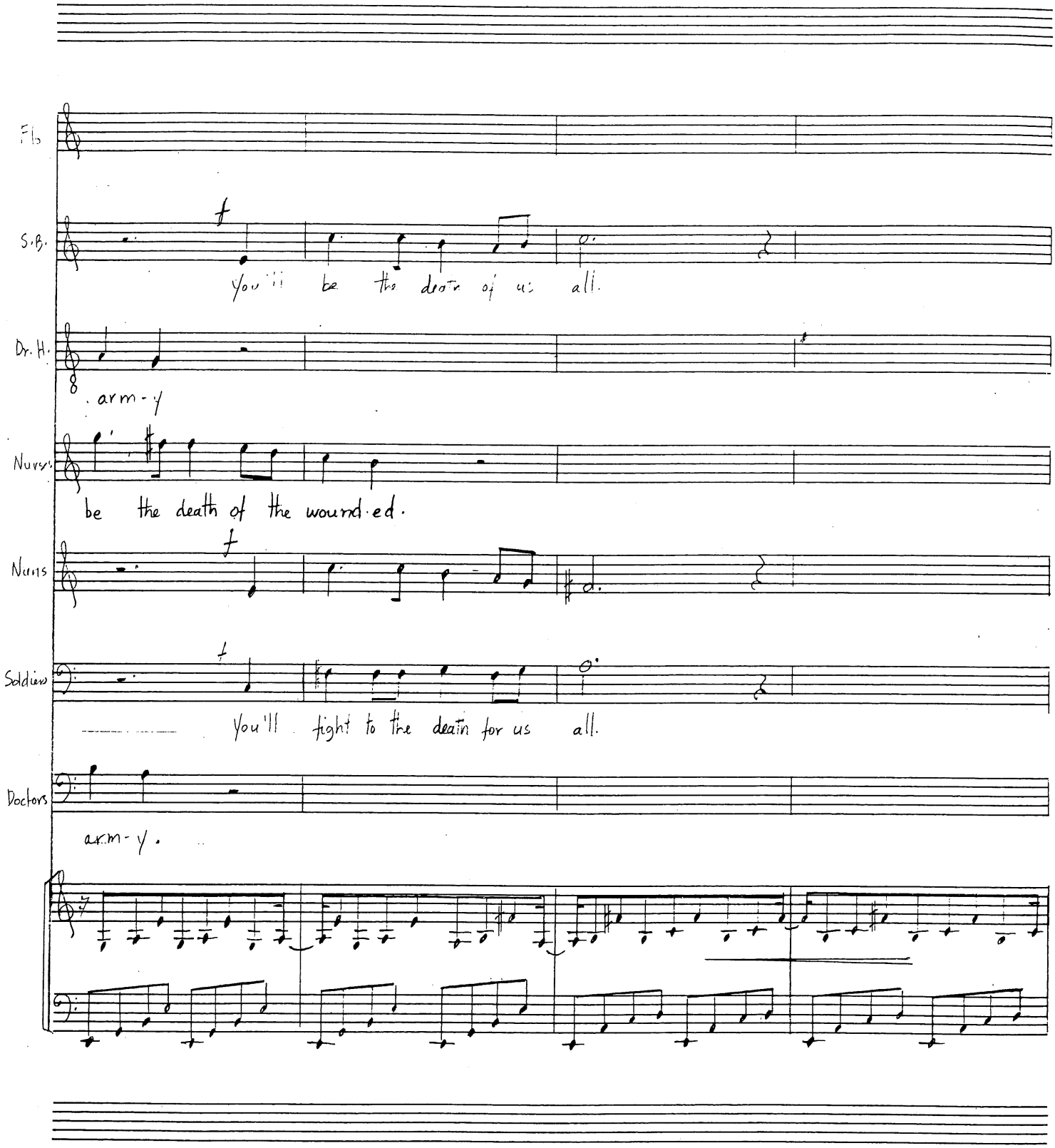
mf

La - dy on a sacred mis - sion.

Doctors

t

You'll be the death of the

V4

Fls.
S.B.
you'll be the death of us all.
Dr. H.
arm-y
Nurses
be the death of the wounded.
Nuns
Soldiers
you'll fight to the death for us all.
Doctors
arm-y.

V4

185

Fl.

S.Sx.

Dri - ven to ex - haus - tion.

Trpt.

Meddl-ing so - ci - e - ty la - dies.

Vlns

Red tape and care - less - ness.

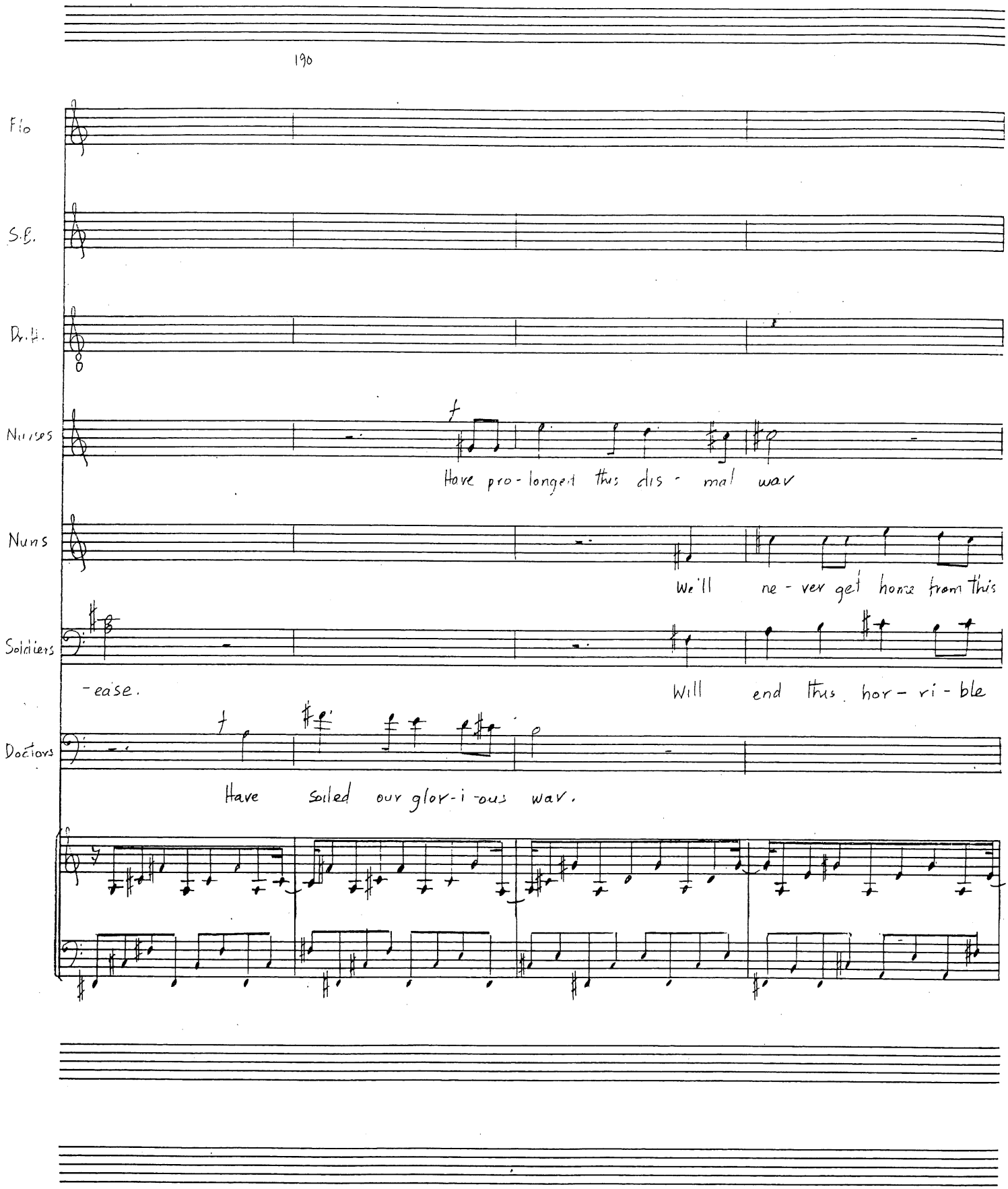
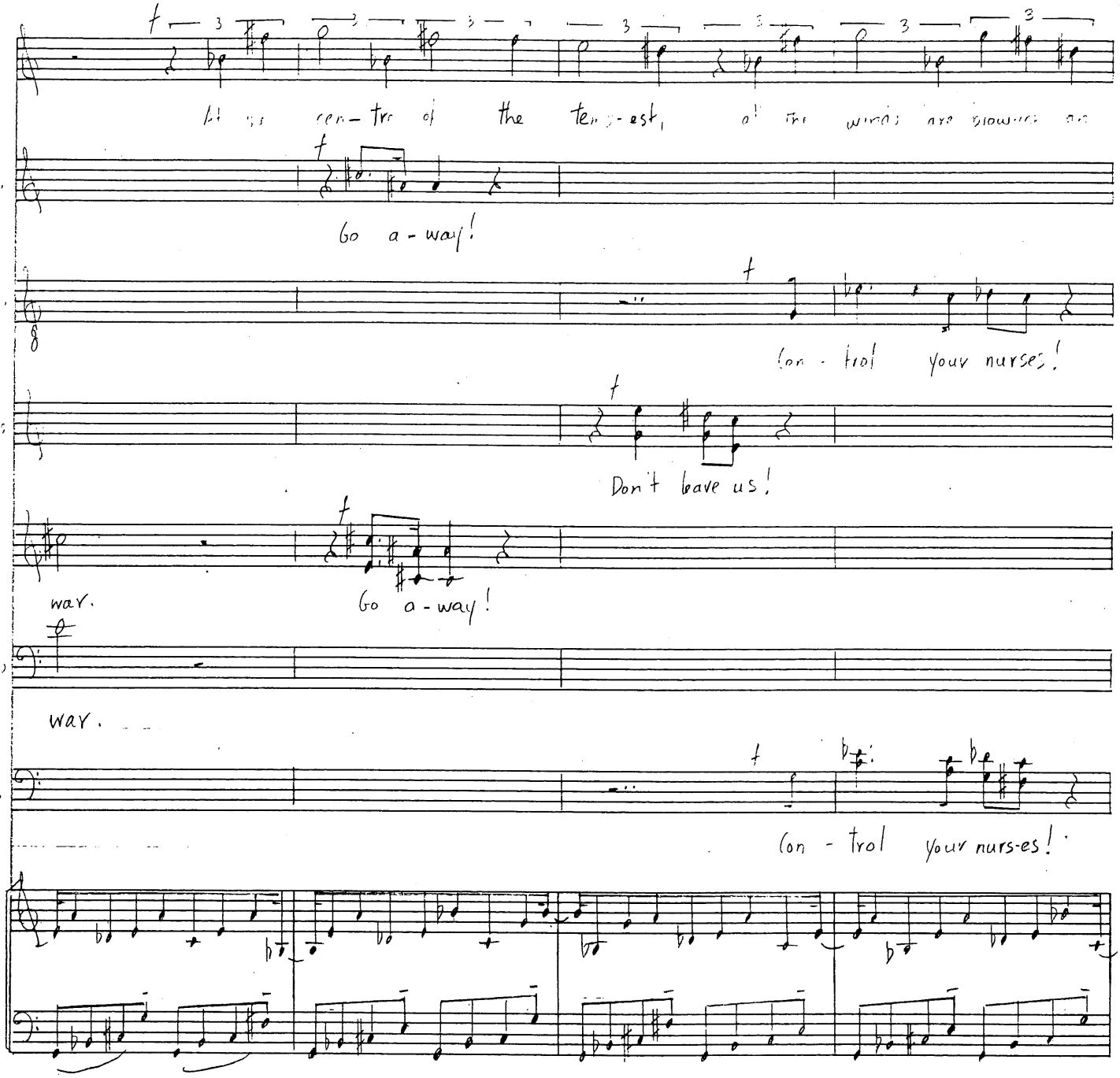
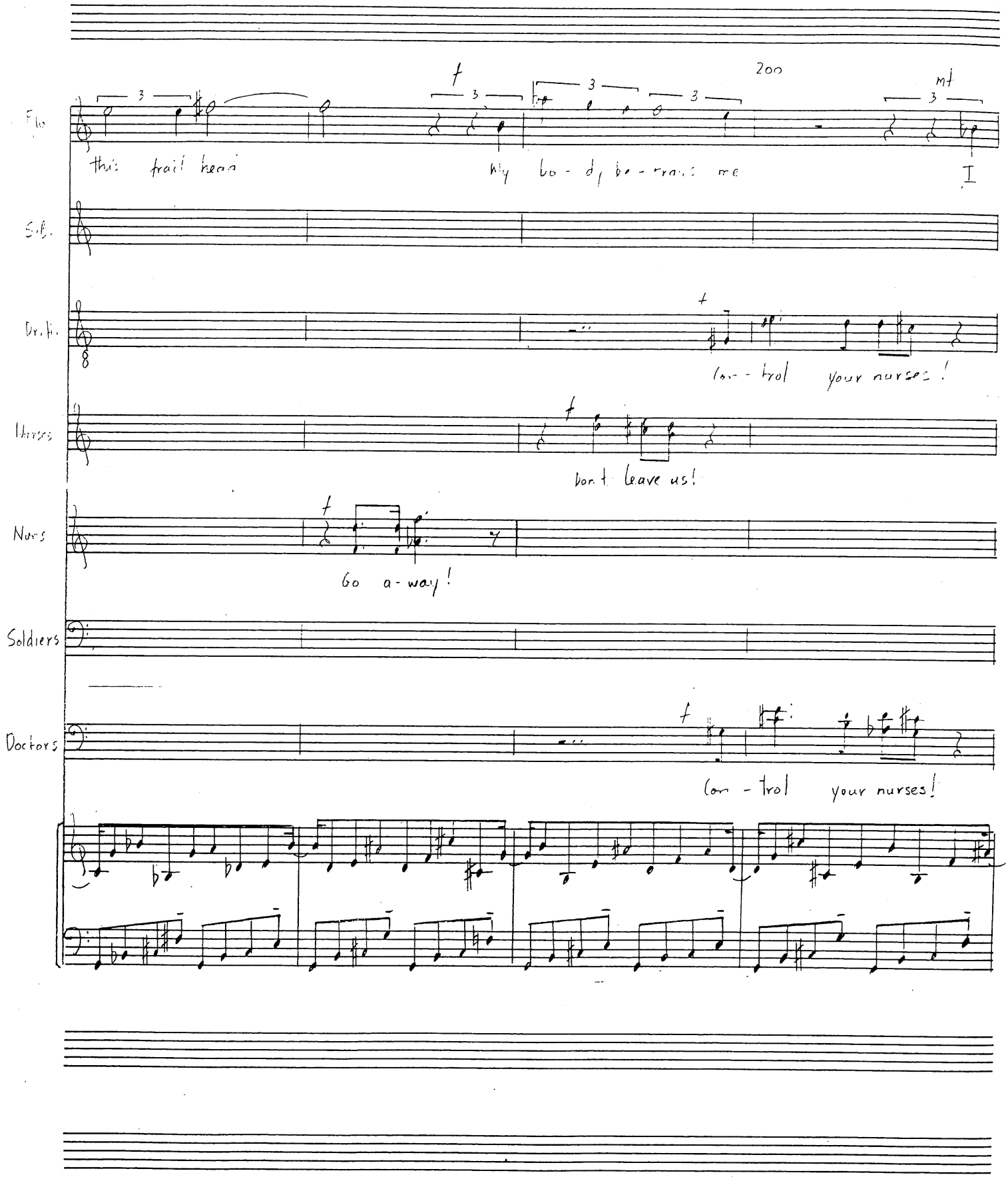
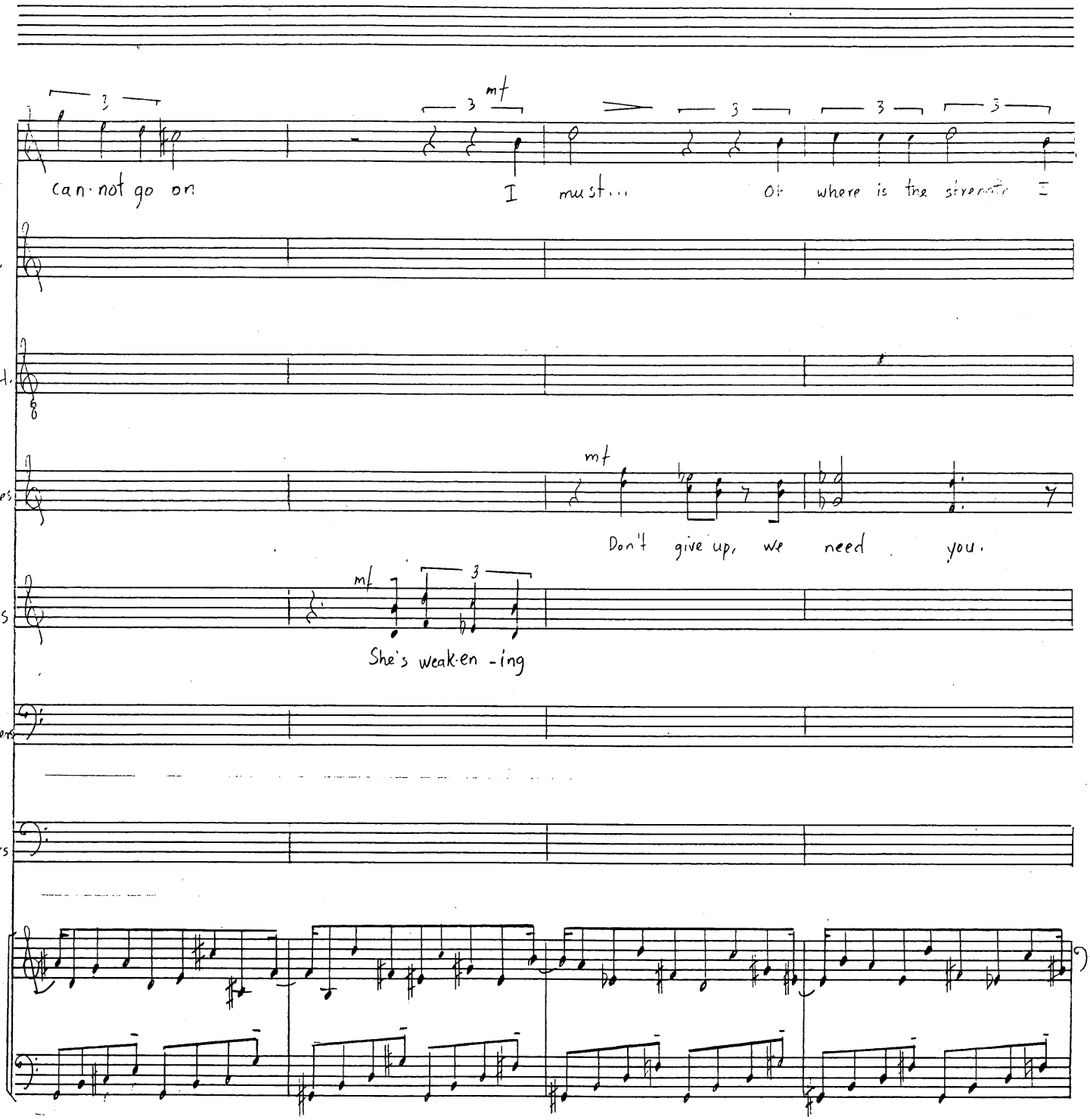
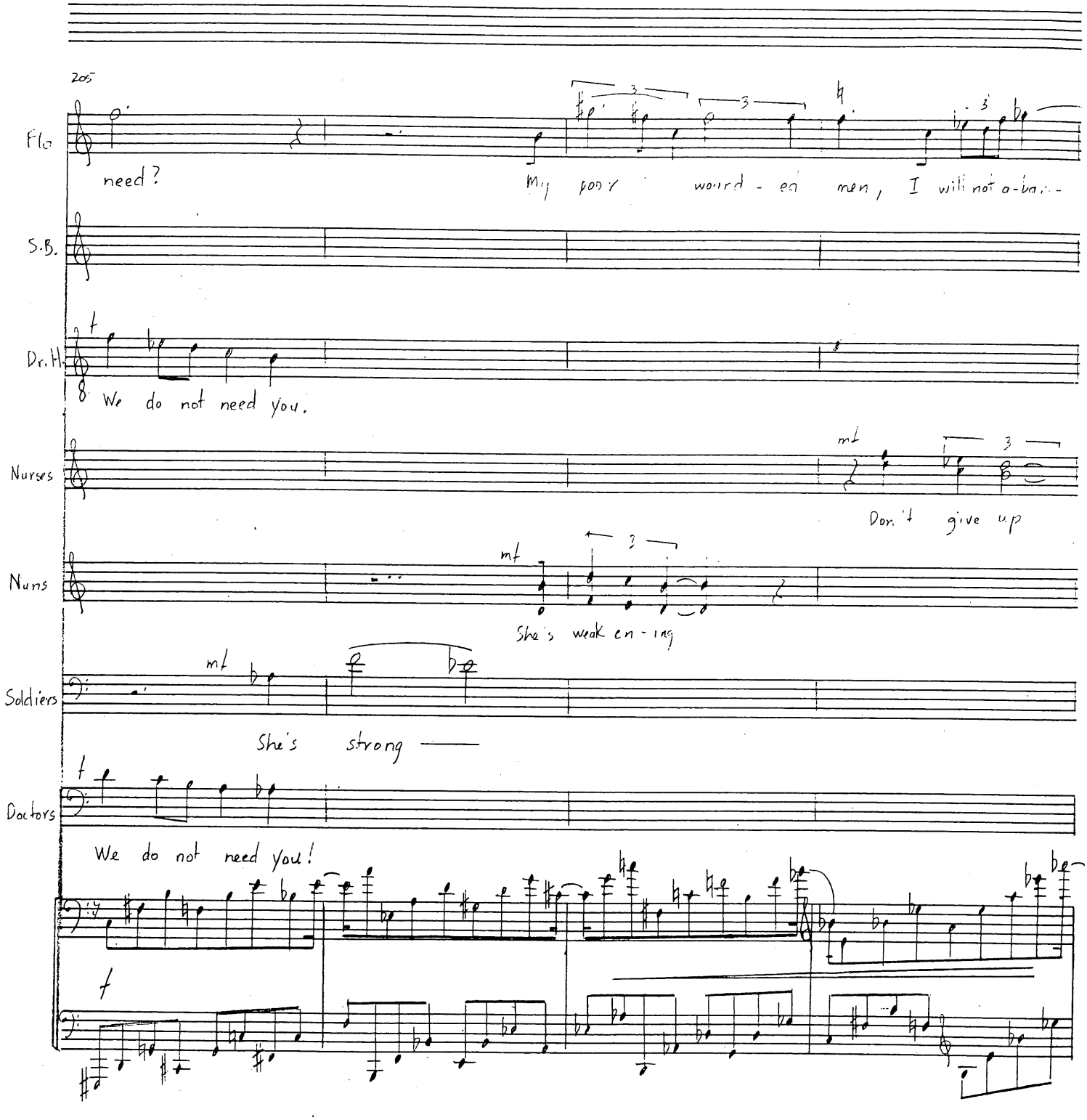
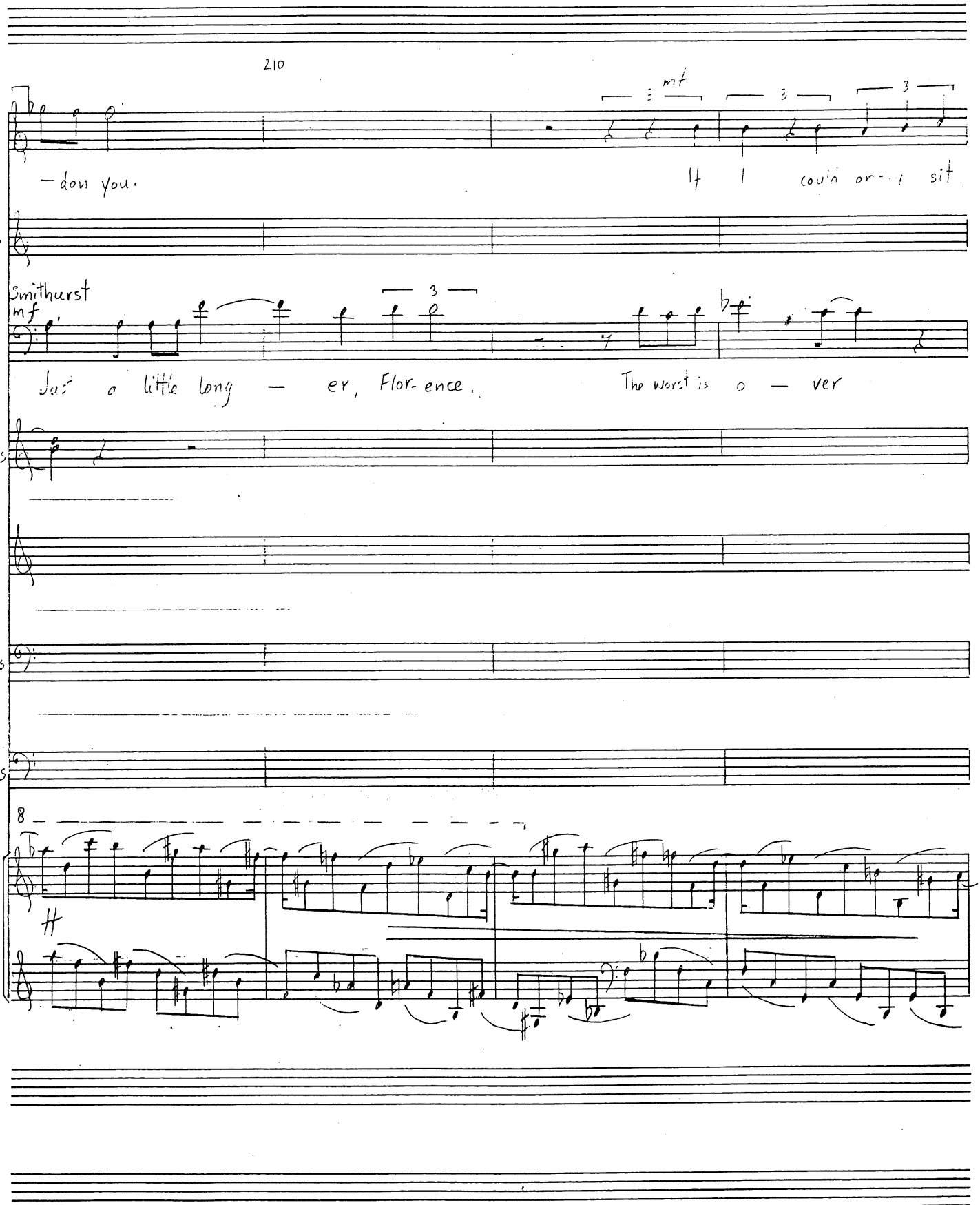
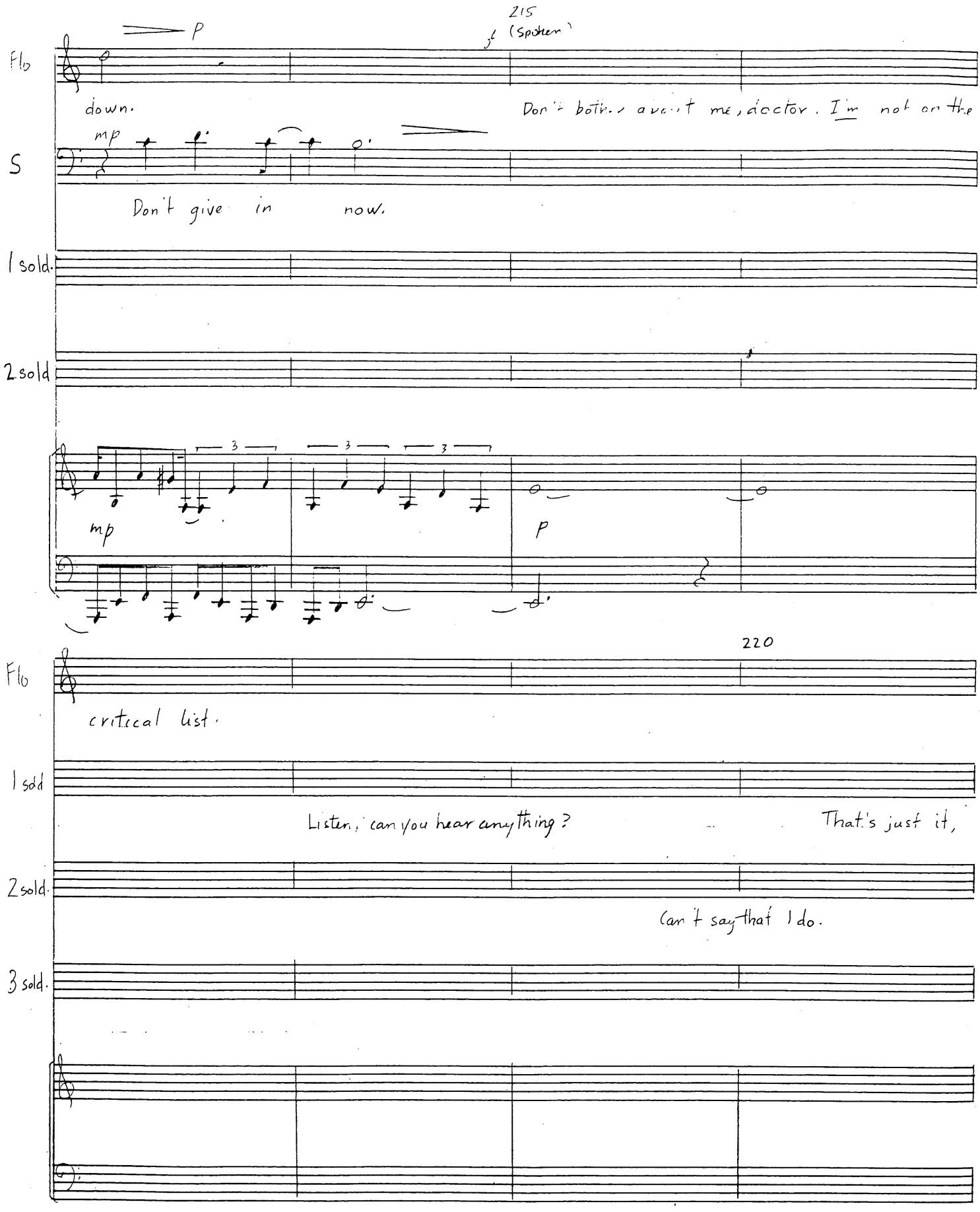
Dri - ver to ex - haus - tion.

Violin

mf

Wi - ping out dis -

Violas

Meddl-ing so - ci - e - ty la - dies.

Flo
S.B.
D.H.
Nurses
Have pro-longed this dis-mal war
Nuns
We'll ne-ver get home from this
Soldiers
-ease.
Will end this hor-ri-ble
Doctors
Have soiled our glor-i-ous war.

t
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
t
Go a - way!
t
Con - trol your nurses!
t
Don't bave us!
t
Go a - way!
way.
way.
t
Con - trol your nurs-es!

Flo
this frail head
f
3
3
3
3
200
my bo - dy be - trays me
mf
3
I
S.B.
Dr. H.
f
con - trol your nurses!
Nurses
f
don't leave us!
Nurs
f
Go a - way!
Soldiers
Doctors
f
con - trol your nurses!

mf
can·not go on
I must...
Oh where is the strength I
mf
Don't give up, we need you.
mf
She's weak·en -ing

205
Flo
need?
My poor wound-ed men, I will not a-ban-
S.B.
Dr. H
We do not need you.
Nurses
mf
Don't give up
Nuns
mf
She's weak en-ing
Soldiers
mf
She's strong
Doctors
We do not need you!
f

210
mf
3
3
3
– don you.
If I could on- - - sit
S.B.
Smithurst
mf
3
S
Just a little long – er, Flor- ence.
The worst is o – ver
lucas
lans
ldiers
octors
8

215
p
f (spoken)
Flo
down.
Don't bother about me, doctor. I'm not on the
mp
S
Don't give in now.
1 sold.
2 sold
3
mp
p
220
Flo
critical list.
1 sold
Listen, can you hear anything?
That's just it,
2 sold.
Can't say that I do.
3 sold.

♩=84

3 soldier

1

there's no shelling. What do you think it means? If you ask me, it's the end of the war.

pp

(+)

♩=84

2 soldier

225

Smithurst

S.

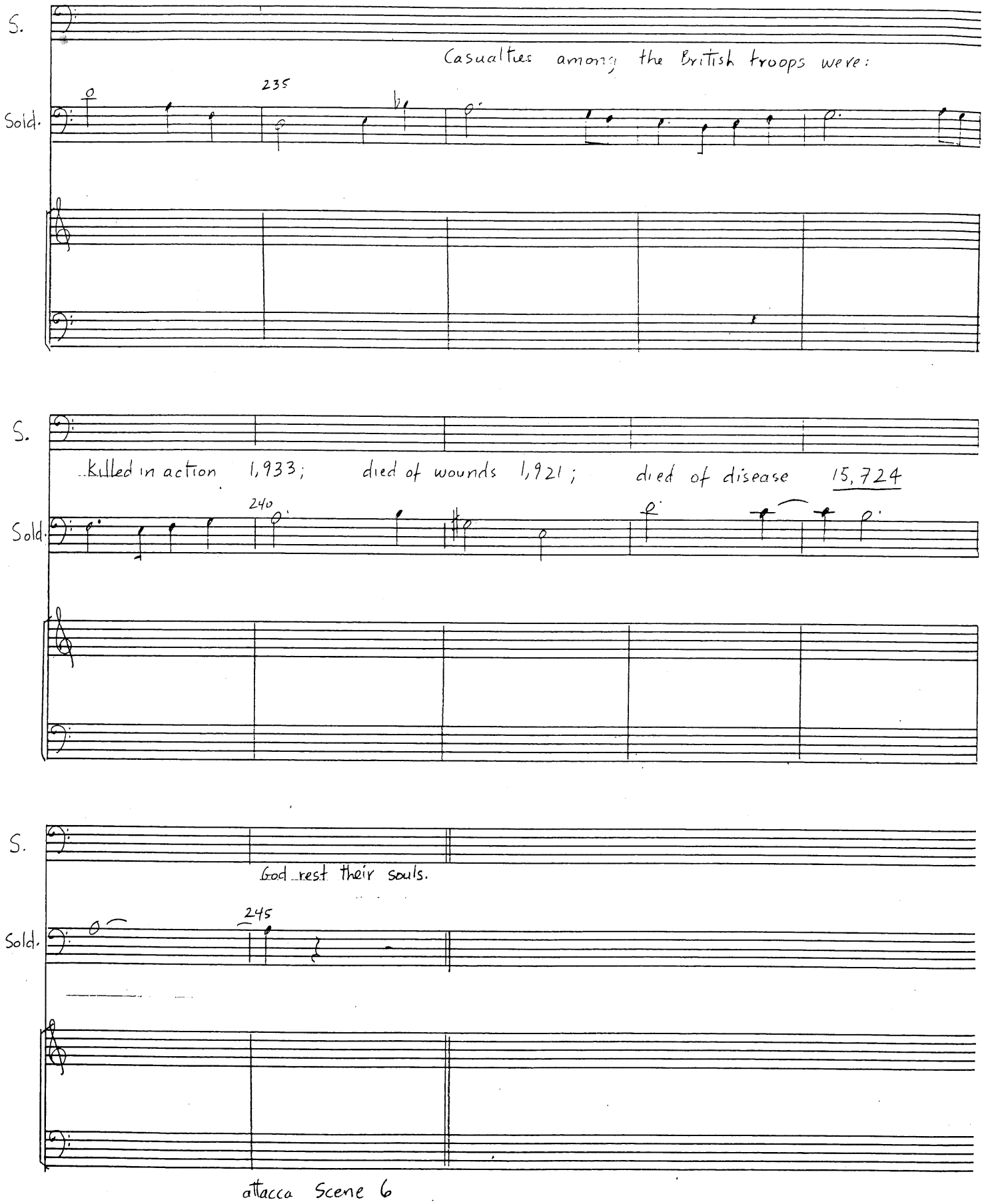
Go on, it'll never end. At 10 o'clock on Saturday the 30th of

Soldiers

230

S.

March the Treaty of Paris was signed, officially ending that miserable war.

Sold.

S.
Casualties among the British troops were:
235
Sold.
S.
Killed in action 1,933; died of wounds 1,921; died of disease 15,724
240
Sold.
S.
God rest their souls.
245
Sold.
attacca Scene 6