

Lieut. The Duke Of Dunstable

Medium role. Tenor. Range: D3 – A4 (opt.C#5)

Audition Music: “Your maiden hearts” – from Act 1 Finale

Music found in Chappell Score pg 66-68

Or G&S Archive edition pg 79-81 [here](#)

Fair amount of dialogue, extended solo sections and ensemble singing.

Sickeningly rich, posh buffoon who has bought his way into the 35th Dragoons in hopes of escaping constant adulation. He hopes he will be bullied in the Military – he is not. The regiment he has chosen are all lovely chaps and tend to humour him.

Our vision for the Duke is that he is ‘new’ to the regiment and therefore does not know their ‘manoeuvres’ (which look a lot like dance steps...). We want him as an almost ‘Jones’ from Dad’s Army figure, always one step behind the rest of the company and so we ideally would like someone who is a confident ‘mover’ on stage.

Audition Dialogue:

“Here I am!” – “The thought was rapture, and here I am.”

Dialogue on following pages.

COLONEL. Well, here we are once more on the scene of our former triumphs. But where's the Duke?

(Enter DUKE, listlessly, and in low spirits.)

DUKE. Here I am! *(Sighs.)*

COLONEL. Come, cheer up, don't give way!

DUKE. Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a Duke, with a thousand a day!

MAJOR. Humph! Most men would envy you!

DUKE. Envy *me*? Tell me, Major, are you fond of toffee?

MAJOR. Very!

COLONEL. We are all fond of toffee.

ALL. We are!

DUKE. Yes, and toffee in moderation is a capital thing. But to *live* on toffee – toffee for breakfast, toffee for dinner, toffee for tea – to have it supposed that you care for nothing *but* toffee, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but toffee were offered to you – how would you like *that*?

COLONEL. I can quite believe that, under those circumstances, even toffee would become monotonous.

DUKE. For “toffee” read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great heavens, what is there to adulate in me? Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

COLONEL. You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

ALL. You are!

DUKE. Exactly! That's it exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much! Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this second-class cavalry regiment. In the army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied, who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.