

Patience

Large Role. Soprano. Range: C4 – A5 (opt. D6)

Audition Music:

“Still brooding on their mad infatuation” Recit. AND “I cannot tell what this love may be” Song. First verse only.

AND “Love is a plaintive song” First verse only.

Music found in Chappell Score pg 13-17 AND pg 112-113

Or G&S Archive edition pg 14-18 AND 129-130 [here](#)

Large amount of dialogue, lots of singing.

A dairy maid and the heroine of the show. She is completely ignorant and therefore completely happy. She has no aspirations and is comfortable with her life – she believes she is a good person. That is, until Angela tells her how selfish it is to *not* love someone else. She sees through Bunthorne from the start and knows he is not a nice or genuine person. One of the only G&S heroines who has a real depth and an actual character arc – we need to see her develop and change throughout the show. Patience should have a rustic innocence and an inner beauty that shines through – she is playful, positive and naturally (unintentionally) wise. When she reunites with Grosvenor at the end of Act 1, we see her fall in love for the first time. Alas, she doesn't understand 'love' aside from what Angela has told her it should be like...

Audition Dialogue (please prepare both):

- 1. “No, thanks, I have dined...” – “Well, if that’s poetry, I don’t like poetry.”**
- 2. “Archibald!” – “Once more, adieu!”**

Dialogue found on following pages:

1.

BUN. Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. *Are you?*

PATIENCE. No, thanks, I have dined; but – I beg your pardon – I interrupt you.

BUN. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PATIENCE. Really, I'm very sorry.

BUN. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

PATIENCE. (*misunderstanding him*) I earn my living.

BUN. (*impatiently*) No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face, daily, with the Multiplication Table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans and to find puddles? – to long for whirlwinds and yet have to do the best you can with the bellows? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PATIENCE. If you please, I don't understand you – you frighten me!

BUN. Don't be frightened – it's only poetry.

PATIENCE. Well, if that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

2.

PATIENCE. Archibald!

GROS. (*Turns and sees her.*) Patience!

PATIENCE. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever?

GROS. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime – (*Seizes her hand.*)

PATIENCE. (*indignantly*) Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (*He releases her.*) If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's! (*Very tenderly.*) But you *do* love me, don't you?

GROS. Madly, hopelessly, despairingly!

PATIENCE. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

GROS. And you love this Bunthorne?

PATIENCE. With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings! (*Sadly.*) It is my duty.

GROS. Admirable girl! But you are not happy with him?

PATIENCE. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

GROS. That's right! I never can be yours; but that's right!

PATIENCE. But go now. I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald; I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

GROS. Ah, if I only dared – (*Advances towards her.*)

PATIENCE. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another! (*Tenderly.*) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

GROS. Loving! (*Advances towards her.*)

PATIENCE. Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! (*Tenderly.*) Farewell, Archibald! (*Sternly.*) Stop there! (*Tenderly.*) Think of me sometimes! (*Angrily.*) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!