

NewLOG The Yeomen of the Guard 2026 – Roles and audition requirements

Requirements for most larger roles include both a solo aria and a section or full reading of a small ensemble item. For the ensemble items, only the sung line of the character auditioned for should be prepared.

Those auditioning for multiple roles should prepare separate arias for each role if the voice types/character of those roles differ significantly. Only one ensemble extract (of the auditionee's choice) need be prepared per audition.

We encourage solo arias to be off-book; ensemble extracts need not be off-book. Dialogue need not be off-book, but please be prepared to act the scene, not just read.

If you have any questions please email takepart@newlondonoperagroup.org

Sir Richard Cholmondeley *Baritone*
(Lieutenant of the Tower)

Medium role

Any baritone or bass baritone aria from the G&S canon and

Act 1 No. 8 Trio 'How say you maiden' from 'Temptation o temptation' to end (final chorus)

Colonel Fairfax *Tenor*

Large role

Either Act 1 No. 5 'Is life a boon?' or Act 2 No. 4 'Free from his fetters grim' and

Act 2 No. 5 Quartet 'Strange Adventure'

Sergeant Meryll *Bass-baritone*

Medium-large role

Any baritone or bass baritone aria from the G&S canon and

Act 2 No. 5 Quartet 'Strange Adventure'

Leonard Meryll *Tenor*

Small role

Act 1 No. 4 Trio 'Alas! I waver'

Jack Point *Comic Baritone*

Large role

Act 2 No. 2 'Oh! A private buffoon'

and Act 1 No. 8 Trio 'How say you maiden' from 'Tho' as a general rule of life' (Point's solo) to end (including final chorus)

Wilfred Shadbolt *Baritone*

Medium role

Any baritone or bass-baritone aria from the G&S canon
and Act 2 No. 3 Duet 'Hereupon we're both agreed'

First Yeoman *Tenor*

Small role

Any tenor aria from the G&S canon
No audition dialogue

Second Yeoman *Baritone*

Small role

Act 1 No. 2 from 'This the autumn' to 'days of long ago' (Second Yeomen's solo)
No audition dialogue

Elsie Maynard *Soprano*

Large role

Act 1 No. 10 'Tis done! I am a bride'
and Act 2 No. 10 Trio 'Tis said that joy in full perfection'

Phoebe Meryll *Mezzo-soprano*

Medium-large role

Act 1 No. 11 'Were I thy bride'
and Act 2 No. 10 Trio 'Tis said that joy in full perfection'

Dame Carruthers *Contralto*

Medium role

Act 1 No. 3 'When our gallant Norman foes'
and Act 2 No. 10 Trio 'Tis said that joy in full perfection'

Kate *Soprano*

Small role

Act 2 No. 5 Quartet 'Strange Adventure'
No audition dialogue

AUDITION DIALOGUE: SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELEY (LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER)

LIEUTENANT: And how came you to leave your last employ?

POINT: Why, sir, it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted.

LIEUTENANT: But I trust you are very careful not to give offence. I have daughters.

POINT: Sir, my jests are most carefully selected, and anything objectionable is expunged.

LIEUTENANT: Can you give me an example? Say that I had sat me down hurriedly on something sharp.

POINT: Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment.

LIEUTENANT: Humph! I don't think much of that. Is that the best you can do?

POINT: It has always been much admired, sir, but we will try again.

LIEUTENANT: Well, then, I am at dinner, and the joint of meat is but half cooked.

POINT: Why then, sir, I should say that what is underdone cannot be helped.

LIEUTENANT: I see. I think that manner of thing would be somewhat irritating.

POINT: At first, sir, perhaps; but you would come in time to like it.

LIEUTENANT: We will suppose that I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose.

POINT: Under *her* very nose, good sir! That is where I would kiss her. Do you take me? Oh, sir, a pretty wit - a pretty, pretty wit!

LIEUTENANT: The maiden comes. Follow me, friend, and we will discuss this matter at length in my library.

POINT: I am your worship's servant. But, before proceeding, can you tell me, sir, why a cook's brain-pan is like an overwound clock?

LIEUTENANT: A truce to this fooling - follow me.

AUDITION DIALOGUE: COLONEL FAIRFAX – 2 EXTRACTS

LIEUTENANT: Halt! Colonel Fairfax, my old friend, we meet but sadly.

FAIRFAX: Sir, I greet you with all good-will; and I thank you for the zealous care with which you have guarded me from the pestilent dangers which threaten human life outside. In this happy little community, Death, when he comes, doth so in punctual and business-like fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.

LIEUTENANT: Sir, you bear this bravely, as a brave man should.

FAIRFAX: Why, sir, it is no light boon to die swiftly and surely at a given hour and in a given fashion! Truth to tell, I would gladly have my life; but if that may not be, I have the next best thing to it, which is death. Believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss!

PHOEBE: (aside to MERYLL) Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it!

FAIRFAX: Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. (Sees MERYLL) Sergeant Meryll, is it not? Why, man, what's all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow - we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well - for, in sooth, I have tried both.

FAIRFAX: So my mysterious bride is no other than this winsome Elsie! By my hand, 'tis no such ill plunge in Fortune's lucky bag! I might have fared worse with my eyes open! But she comes. Now to test her principles. 'Tis not every husband who has a chance of wooing his own wife! (Enter ELSIE) Mistress Elsie!

ELSIE: Master Leonard!

FAIRFAX: So thou leavest us tonight?

ELSIE: Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

FAIRFAX: And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

ELSIE: Why, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

FAIRFAX: Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

ELSIE: It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard.

FAIRFAX: Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

ELSIE: Thou? And of whom?

FAIRFAX: Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

ELSIE: Of Colonel Fairfax?

FAIRFAX: Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie - I love thee, ardently, passionately! (ELSIE alarmed and surprised.) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days - which is a long time - and I would fain join my life to thine!

ELSIE: Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

FAIRFAX: Jestings? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever - with a love that is a frenzy - with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?

ELSIE: (aside) Oh, mercy! What am I to say?

FAIRFAX: Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

ELSIE: I love all brave men.

FAIRFAX: Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest them all, I withdraw my thanks.

ELSIE: I love the bravest best. But, sir, I am not free - I - I am a wife!

FAIRFAX: Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered - nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?

ELSIE: Oh, sir! keep my secret - My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

FAIRFAX: The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!

ELSIE: It is very like. He is naught to me - for I never saw him. I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!

FAIRFAX: He was to have died, and he did not die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain! Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.

ELSIE: I now wish I had!

FAIRFAX: (aside) Bloodthirsty little maiden! (aloud) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine - he will never know - he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie - we will be married tomorrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

ELSIE: Master Leonard! I am amazed! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee! (Flees)

FAIRFAX: Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee - (Shot heard.)

AUDITION DIALOGUE: SERGEANT MERYLL– 2 EXTRACTS

LEONARD: I'd give my life to save his!

MERYLL: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

LEONARD: Aye, father – I'm no braggart.

MERYLL: Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

LEONARD. Well?

MERYLL: None has seen thee but ourselves?

LEONARD: And a sentry, who took scant notice of me.

MERYLL: Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of Yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell - he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother Yeomen, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? (To PHOEBE) The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

PHOEBE: (demurely) I think - I say, I think - I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think - mind I say, I think - you may leave that to me.

MERYLL: Then get thee hence at once, lad - and bless thee for this sacrifice.

MERYLL: 'Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e'en suffer for it! (DAME C enters) Dame Carruthers!

DAME C: So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll!

MERYLL: Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. (aside) Yet, if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There's nothing for it - (aloud) - Hush, pretty one! Such bloodthirsty words ill become those cherry lips! (aside) Ugh!

DAME C: (bashfully) Sergeant Meryll!

MERYLL: Why, look ye, chuck - for many a month I've - I've thought to myself - 'There's snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for some one, and why not for thee - that's me - so take heart and tell her - that's thee - that thou - that's me - lovest her - thee - and - and -well, I'm a miserable old man, and I've done it - and that's me!' But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is –

DAME C: Meryll's heart?

MERYLL: No, Meryll's hand.

DAME C: It's the same thing!

MERYLL: Is it?

AUDITION DIALOGUE: LEONARD MERYLL

LEONARD: Father!

MERYLL: Leonard! my brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phoebe!

PHOEBE: Aye - hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

LEONARD: Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

PHOEBE: Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!

LEONARD: Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand - nay, my body - my life, to save his!

MERYLL: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

LEONARD: Aye, father - I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? and am I not his foster-brother?

MERYLL: Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

LEONARD: Well?

MERYLL: None has seen thee but ourselves?

LEONARD: And a sentry, who took scant notice of me.

MERYLL: Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch and get thee hence at once! Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? (To PHOEBE.) The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

PHOEBE: (demurely) I think - I say, I think - I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think - mind I say, I think - you may leave that to me.

MERYLL: Then get thee hence at once, lad - and bless thee for this sacrifice.

PHOEBE: And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

LEONARD: And thine. eh? Humph! Thy love is new-born; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.

AUDITION DIALOGUE: JACK POINT

LIEUT: And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

POINT: Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.

LIEUT: I have a vacancy for such an one. What are your qualifications for such a post?

POINT: Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once; I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests - ancient and modern - past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you - a pretty, pretty wit!

LIEUT: And how came you to leave your last employ?

POINT: Why, sir, it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth, I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir - Wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up, sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid 10,000 a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good - for nothing. 'Twas but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted. I had as lief not take post again with the dignified clergy.

LIEUT: But I trust you are very careful not to give offence. I have daughters.

POINT: Sir, my jests are most carefully selected, and anything objectionable is expunged. If your honour pleases, I will try them first on your honour's chaplain.

LIEUT: Can you give me an example? Say that I had sat me down on something sharp?

POINT: Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment.

LIEUT: Humph! I don't think much of that. Is that the best you can do?

POINT: It has always been much admired, sir, but we will try again.

LIEUT: Well, then, I am at dinner, and the joint of meat is but half cooked.

POINT: Why then, sir, I should say that what is underdone cannot be helped.

LIEUT: I see. I think that manner of thing would be somewhat irritating.

POINT: At first, sir, perhaps; but use is everything, and you would come in time to like it.

LIEUT: We will suppose that I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose.

POINT: Under her very nose, good sir - not under yours! That is where I would kiss her. Do you take me? Oh, sir, a pretty wit - a pretty, pretty wit!

LIEUT: The maiden comes. Follow me, and we will discuss this matter in my library.

POINT: I am your worship's servant. That is to say, I trust I soon shall be. But, before proceeding to a more serious topic, can you tell me, sir, why a cook's brain-pan is like an overwound clock?

LIEUT: A truce to this fooling - follow me.

POINT: Just my luck; my best conundrum wasted!

AUDITION DIALOGUE: WILFRED SHADBOLT

WILFRED: Mistress Meryll!

PHOEBE: (looking up) Eh! Oh! It's you, is it? You may go away, if you like. Because I don't want you, you know.

WILFRED: Haven't you anything to say to me?

PHOEBE: Oh yes! Are the birds all caged? The wild beasts all littered down? All the locks, chains, bolts, and bars in good order? Ugh! you brute!

WILFRED: These allusions to my professional duties are in doubtful taste. I didn't become a head-jailer because I like head-jailing. I didn't become an assistant-tormentor because I like assistant-tormenting. We can't all be sorcerers, you know. (PHOEBE is annoyed) Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

PHOEBE: Colonel Fairfax is not a sorcerer. He's a man of science and an alchemist.

WILFRED: Well, whatever he is, he won't be one for long, for he's to be beheaded to-day for dealings with the devil. His master nearly had him last night, when the fire broke out in the Beauchamp Tower.

PHOEBE: I wish he had escaped in the confusion! But there's still time for his petition for mercy.

WILFRED: Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past seven - ah!

PHOEBE: You're a monster to speak so of the death of a young and handsome soldier.

WILFRED: Young and handsome! How do you know he's young and handsome?

PHOEBE: Because I've seen him every day for weeks past taking his exercise.

WILFRED: Curse him!

PHOEBE: There, I believe you're jealous of him. Jealous of a poor soul who's to die in an hour!

WILFRED: I am! I'm jealous of everybody and everything. I'm jealous of the very words I speak to you - because they reach your ears - and I mustn't go near 'em!

PHOEBE: How unjust you are! Jealous of the words you speak to me! Why, you know as well as I do that I don't even like them.

WILFRED: You used to like 'em.

PHOEBE: I used to pretend I liked them. (Exit PHOEBE.)

WILFRED: I don't believe you know what jealousy is! I don't believe you know how it eats into a man's heart - and disorders his digestion - and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior.

AUDITION DIALOGUE: ELSIE MAYNARD

FAIRFAX: Mistress Elsie! So thou leavest us tonight?

ELSIE: Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

FAIRFAX: And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

ELSIE: Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

FAIRFAX: Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

ELSIE: It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

FAIRFAX: Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

ELSIE: Thou? And of whom?

FAIRFAX: Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

ELSIE: Of Colonel Fairfax?

FAIRFAX: Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie - I love thee, ardently, passionately - and I would join my life to thine!

ELSIE: Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

FAIRFAX: Jestng? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever!

ELSIE: (aside) Oh, mercy! What am I to say?

FAIRFAX: Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

ELSIE: I love all brave men.

FAIRFAX: Nay, there is love in excess.

ELSIE: I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen - I am not free - I - I am a wife!

FAIRFAX: Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered! Come, his name?

ELSIE: Oh, sir! keep my secret - it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

FAIRFAX: The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured dog in Christendom!

ELSIE: It is very like. He is naught to me - for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die - and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!

FAIRFAX: A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine - we will be married tomorrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

ELSIE: Master Leonard! I am amazed! Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed - not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty. and - oh, sir! - thy words terrify me - they are not honest - they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee!

AUDITION DIALOGUE – PHOEBE MERYLL (2 EXTRACTS)

WILFRED: Mistress Meryll!

PHOEBE: (looking up) Eh! Oh! It's you, is it? You may go away, if you like. Because I don't want you, you know.

WILFRED: Haven't you anything to say to me?

PHOEBE: Oh yes! Are the birds all caged? The wild beasts all littered down? All the locks, chains, bolts, and bars in good order? Is the Little Ease sufficiently uncomfortable? The racks, pincers, and thumbscrews all ready for work? Ugh! you brute!

WILFRED: I didn't become a head-jailer because I like head-jailing. We can't all be sorcerers, you know. (PHOEBE is annoyed) Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

PHOEBE: Colonel Fairfax is not a sorcerer. He's a man of science and an alchemist.

WILFRED: Well, whatever he is, he won't be one for long. His master nearly had him last night, when the fire broke out in the Beauchamp Tower.

PHOEBE: Oh! how I wish he had escaped in the confusion! But take care; there's still time for a reply to his petition for mercy.

WILFRED: Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past seven - ah!

PHOEBE: You're a cruel monster to speak so unfeelingly of the death of a young and handsome soldier.

WILFRED: How do you know he's young and handsome?

PHOEBE: Because I've seen him every day for weeks past taking his exercise on the Beauchamp Tower.

WILFRED: Curse him!

PHOEBE: There, I believe you're jealous of him, now. Jealous of a man I've never spoken to! Jealous of a poor soul who's to die in an hour!

WILFRED: I am! I'm jealous of the very words I speak to you - because they reach your ears - and I mustn't go near 'em!

PHOEBE: How unjust you are! Jealous of the words you speak to me! Why, you know as well as I do that I don't even like them.

WILFRED: You used to like 'em.

PHOEBE: I used to pretend I liked them. It was mere politeness to comparative strangers.

PHOEBE: And I helped that man to escape, and I've kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I was his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I'll turn nun, and be sister to everybody - one as much as another!

(Enter WILFRED.)

WILFRED: In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

PHOEBE: Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy - well, 'tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

WILFRED: But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

PHOEBE: Jealous of thee! Bah! I'm jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he'd do an he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou - set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the pale little fool - set that down Master Wilfred - and my heart is wellnigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it!

WILFRED: The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

PHOEBE: (aside) Oh, mercy! what have I said?

WILFRED: Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother? Ha! should it be this Fairfax! (PHOEBE starts.) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who -

PHOEBE: Whom thou hast just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

WILFRED: Ah - I - I may have been mistaken. But I'll make sure - I'll make sure. (Going.)

PHOEBE: Stay - one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax - mind, I say I think - because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie - and - and - as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife!

AUDITION DIALOGUE: DAME CARRUTHERS

DAME C: A good day to you!

YEOMAN: Good day, Dame Carruthers. Busy today?

DAME C: Busy, aye! The fire in the Beauchamp last night has given me work enough. A dozen poor prisoners - Richard Colfax, Sir Martin Byfleet, Colonel Fairfax, Warren the preacher-poet, and half-a-score others - all packed into one small cell, not six feet square. Poor Colonel Fairfax, who's to die today, is to be removed to No. 14 in the Cold Harbour that he may have his last hour alone with his confessor; and I've to see to that.

PHOEBE: It's a cruel thing, a wicked thing that so gallant a hero should lose his head - for it's the handsomest head in England!

DAME C: For dealings with the devil. Aye! if all were beheaded who dealt with him, there'd be busy doings on Tower Green.

PHOEBE: You know very well that Colonel Fairfax is a student of alchemy - but this wicked Tower, like a giant in a fairy-tale, must be fed with the best and bravest blood in England, Ugh!

DAME C: Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I've grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there's not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my right hand.

DAME C: Sergeant Meryll, don't go. I have something of grave import to say to thee. Master Leonard, I've naught to say to thy father that his son may not hear. 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

FAIRFAX: Aye, fair as a peach blossom - what then?

DAME C: She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

FAIRFAX: She's as dainty a little maid as you'll find in a midsummer day's march.

DAME C: Then be warned in time, and give not thy heart to her. Oh, I know what it is to give my heart to one who will have none of it!

MERYLL: And why is my boy to take heed of her? She's a good girl, Dame Carruthers.

DAME C: Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

MERYLL: A married woman! Tush, old lady - she's promised to the Lieutenant's new jester.

DAME C: Tush in thy teeth, old man! As my niece Kate sat by her bedside today, this Elsie slept, and as she slept she moaned and groaned, and turned this way and that way - and, 'How shall I marry one I have never seen?' quoth she - then, 'An hundred crowns!' quoth she - then, 'Is it certain he will die in an hour?' quoth she - then, 'I love him not, and yet I am his wife,' quoth she! Now, mark my words: it was of this Fairfax she spake, and he is her husband, or I'll swallow my kirtle!

New London Opera Group - *The Yeomen of the Guard* 2026

Audition form

(Please print, complete and hand in to the audition panel)

Name:

Email address:

Phone number (mobile preferred):

Which role/s are you auditioning for?

Please list any relevant performance experience – past principal roles etc. You may attach a performance CV if you have one.

We will automatically consider auditionees for suitable roles beyond those they are specifically auditioning for, unless you request otherwise at audition.

If you know of any absences you may have for the rehearsal period please list them here:

PLEASE NOTE: Rehearsals will take place on Thursday evenings generally from 7-9.30pm (venues will vary) and Sunday afternoons, generally from 2-5.30pm, at Holy Trinity. There may be supplementary rehearsals for principals by mutual arrangement. All principals will be expected to be off-book for dialogue relevant to each rehearsal. The performances will take place at the Riverhead Theatre in Louth, Lincolnshire, on Thursday 18, Friday 19 and Saturday 20 June at 7.30pm. All cast will be expected to be in Louth from lunchtime on Wednesday 17 June for technical, musical and dress rehearsals.

The New London Opera Group is a not-for-profit amateur theatre company and all roles are unpaid. A 'show fee' is payable by all cast members to help cover production costs; this will be kept as low as possible. Accommodation and travel expenses are to be borne by the participants.