

“DOROTHY” by Alfred Cellier & B C Stevenson

ACT I

[2] No. 1 CHORUS

SCENE *The Hop Gardens R. The Hop-Pole Inn L. Path over foot-bridge opposite door of house. Fence on R. with gate (practicable) down R. Another gate up R. Entrances R. and L. Bird in cage hangs above Inn door. Table and two stools down L. Stool by fence. Three glasses on table L.*

*(As curtain rises, Chorus are discovered dancing and singing. Three Chorus characters, “DARBY and JOAN” and BLACKSMITH are at table L., “DARBY and JOAN” seated L. and R. of it, BLACKSMITH standing behind it. Shriek of laughter from Chorus as curtain rises, As first line is sung OSTLER brings jug of beer from house to table, for which BLACKSMITH pays, and then fills glasses, The three drink. OSTLER remains by table. Male Chorus carry Morris-sticks; Female Chorus wear wreaths of hops in their hair.)*

Lads and lasses round about the hop-pole trip,  
While old age indulges in another sip;  
With an arm around her waist,  
Ev’ry lass shall have a taste;  
Then each lad shall toast his lass  
To the bottom of the glass.  
Age and youth with mirth combine—  
Tis the merry hopping time.

DANCE (SOLO DANCER and CHORUS)

*(Enter PHYLLIS R., runs on to bridge, stops and beckons to TOM, who then runs on, but on seeing crowd halts. PHYLLIS has run down a few steps, then turns, and seeing him faltering, runs up, takes his hand and leads him down R. C. TUPPITT at same time has entered by door L., greeting all jovially, but on seeing TOM and PHYLLIS, remains down L. C. looking annoyed.)*

CHO. ‘Tis Phyllis and her lover!

And what a fool he looks!

TOM

Oh, Master Tuppitt, here I stand,  
An honest lad you see;  
To ask you for your daughter’s hand,  
That we may married be!

*(turns and talks to PHYLLIS, R., taking her hands)*

CHO. Oh, Master Tuppitt, there they stand,  
Two nice young folks you see;

*(TUPPITT looks morose)*

Now give to him your daughter’s hand,  
That they may married be!

TUP. *(spoken)* Never! *(turns away to L)*

CHO. He refuses!

*(The young couple are dismayed. TOM speaks to PHYLLIS, persuading her to plead with Tuppitt.)*

PHYL. Would you see your Phyllis weep,  
Who ever was the gayest of the gay?  
Lose her roses, miss her sleep,  
And sob a disappointed life away?

*(On seeing TUPPITT still obdurate, she turns to TOM, who tries to comfort her. She is inconsolable.)*

CHO. Forbear defying

The course of true love!  
By quick complying  
Your senses prove!

*(PHYLLIS breaks down and cries on TOM’s shoulder)*

And see her!  
She is crying!

TOM *(leaving PHYLLIS crosses to C.)*

Happy the home that waits your daughter,  
Honest the heart that I have brought her,  
Sturdy the arm that shall support her.  
You will relent!  
You must consent!  
Give me your daughter.

*(TUPPITT unrelenting, crosses up R. and goes up C. addressed by CHORUS in sections as they sing. TOM, dejected. BLACKSMITH tries to cheer him.)*

CHO. You will relent!

You must consent!

TOM *(to BLACKSMITH on his L.)*

Really, never man required such pressing.

TUP. *(relenting)* I consent!

*(Shout of delight from CHORUS)*

Take the child.

*(places PHYLLIS’s hand in TOM’s hand)*

And with her take my blessing.

*(TUPPITT blesses them)*

CHO. Ha ha! Ha ha!

TOM Hence forward I devote my life

To making her a happy wife. (*Kisses her.*)

(*PHYLLIS goes R., and TOM to L., and both are congratulated, TOM by Men, PHYLLIS by the Girls. They then join TUPPITT up C. TUPPITT receives jug and two glasses from OSTLER, and pours out beer into glasses, and gives them to PHYLLIS and TOM. PHYLLIS looking in glass at the little he has given her, asks for more. TUPPITT refuses. All drink, TUPPITT from jug, then on "Gaily tripping," they have given up glasses and jug to OSTLER, and join in dance towards end of Chorus.*)

CHO. Now each lad shall toast his lass  
To the bottom of the glass.  
Gaily tripping in and out,  
Up and down and round about,  
Age and youth in mirth combine  
'Tis the merry hopping time.

[*Dance and exit of CHORUS*]

TUP. (*taking TOM by arm, and pulling him over to L.*)

Now, my lad, I can't have any loitering here. My lass has got her work to do. You will have more than enough of her by-and-by, if she takes after her poor mother.

TOM All right, Master Tuppitt; I'll be off to parson to get him to name the day.

TUP. Day! What day?

TOM The wedding day, to be sure! I was thinking that to-morrow would be a likely kind of day.

PHYL. (*coquettishly*) Oh, to-morrow would be much too soon.

TUP. Nay, lass, what has to be done, should be done quickly.

TOM Then to-morrow it shall be.

TUP. Settle it as you please, I shall have no peace till you have your own way. (*turns to PHYLLIS*) Now, Phyllis, bustle about and get the tables ready. I must go and taste that last cask of ours. Come along, Tom.

[*Exit into Inn, TOM following*]

PHYL. (*calling, and stopping TOM*) I say, Tom, father is so fond of that ale, he can't keep his lips off it.

TOM (*bashfully*) It ain't easy for a man to keep his lips off anything that he's very fond of. (*Seizes her in his arms and kisses her, and exits into Inn.*)

Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA, over bridge)

PHYL. (*running after TOM*) Ah, Tom! You surprise me.

DOR. Oh, Phyllis!

PHYL. (*seeing DOROTHY*) Miss Dorothy!

LYDIA Oh, Phyllis!

PHYL. (*turns and sees LYDIA, L.*) Miss Lydia! (*pretending innocence*)

DOR. (*turning to her*) How dreadful! (*turns away.*)

LYDIA Why did you let him do it? (*turns away.*)

DOR. (*same bus.*) Why didn't you slap his face?

LYDIA (*same bus.*) Why didn't you scream?

DOR. If it were only for the sake of appearances. (*turns away with gesture*)

LYDIA Really, I am ashamed of you. (*same bus.*)

PHYL. But I am going to be married, Miss—

DOR. and LYDIA (*both turn towards her sharply*) To be married?

DOR. To whom?

PHYL. To Tom Strutt.

LYDIA (*with mock tone of pity*) Dear me, I am sorry for you.

DOR. (*same bus.*) What a pity to spoil such a nice girl.

PHYL. Ah, Miss! Why, Tom is as handsome as paint, and as good as gold!

DOR. Paint, my dear, is often used to cover a blemish.

LYDIA And as for goodness in man, it's seldom here to-day, and always gone to-morrow.

DOR. You take my advice and draw back, or you will repent when it is too late.

LYDIA Don't you have anything to do with marriage, my dear.

PHYL. But what am I to do?

LYDIA Do without it.

DOR. As we do. Listen to me.

[3] No. 2 TRIO DOROTHY with LYDIA and PHYLLIS

DOR. Be wise in time,  
Oh, Phyllis mine,  
Have a care,  
Maiden fair,  
Pray beware.  
Men that combine  
Such traits divine  
Ever dare,  
Never spare,  
Never care.  
Would you your liberty resign,  
To gain a golden ring?  
'Twere best in spinsterhood to shine,  
Than to do so rash a thing, ah!

All men deny,  
 All men defy,  
 Warily,  
   Charily,  
   Airily!  
 Renounce the tie,  
 And single die,  
 Let all three  
   Swear to be  
   Ever free.

(Takes LYDIA's and PHYLLIS's hand comes forward)

As prudent maidens ought;  
 Recall the plight you rashly gave  
 No man is worth a thought, ah!  
 Oh, Phyllis mine,  
 Have a care,  
   Maiden fair,  
   Pray beware.  
 Men that combine such traits divine,  
   Never share,  
   Never care.

Take good advice and pray behave

ENSEMBLE      Be wise in time,

Ever dare,

(As they come down, DOROTHY crosses C.)

(LYDIA indicates belief in the sentiment, PHYLLIS withdraws her hand, going L. doubtfully)

DOR. Well, there, Phyllis, you have my advice, and if you don't follow it you will get no pity from me.

LYDIA Nor from me. Now, what do you think of our dresses?

DOR. Do you like them? Will they do?

PHYL. They are beautiful.

DOR. Do you think anyone will notice us?

PHYL. Oh dear no, Miss. Nobody would possibly guess that you were ladies.

DOR. and LYDIA (disappointed) Oh!

(PHYLLIS, seeing her words misunderstood, goes and attends to bird in cage)

DOR. But, Lydia, you don't want anyone to guess who you are.

LYDIA I'm not so sure of that.

DOR. Didn't we agree that we would throw off our hoops and furbelows for one day and join in the village feast, as if we had done nothing all our lives but milk cows and scrub cottage floors?

LYDIA But they will know us for all our disguise.

DOR. Without our powder? Don't flatter yourself, my dear.

Who will ever guess that I, Dorothy Bantam, the Squire's daughter, and you, Lydia Hawthorne (LYDIA gives a rustic curtsy), his niece, are masquerading amongst the yokels of the village? Come, Lydia, pocket your pride, put on your best smile, and I promise you— (PHYLLIS comes down L.)

LYDIA Something good?

DOR. That before the day is an hour older, some rustic swain shall be at your feet.

LYDIA (with gesture of contempt) A ploughman, perhaps.

DOR. What of that? A ploughman is better than no man.

PHYL. (coming to DOROTHY) Oh! And what am I to say, Miss, if any questions are asked?

DOR. Say what you please. (LYDIA protests they must arrange something) Stay! We must agree in our story. Say that we are your sisters.

PHYL. (laughingly) But what will father say to that —

DOR. Let him be in the secret. He must find some tale to justify the sudden increase in his family.

PHYL. I'll make him understand. He'll do it. I'll make him!

[Exit into Inn, talking until off.

DOR. (goes down to table L.) Poor girl! She will know more about it some day.

LYDIA When it is too late. I pity her.

DOR. (L., thoughtfully) This is the fifth marriage that has taken place during the month.

LYDIA Yes; it looks as if we shall be the only spinsters left in the neighbourhood.

DOR. (heroically) But we will never swerve from our determination to remain single.

LYDIA (same tone) Never!

DOR. Let us swear once more—

LYDIA Yes, let us swear.

BOTH (with hands raised solemnly) We— (WILDER and SHERWOOD without R., shouting, "Hulloa, there! House! Landlord!") (DOROTHY and LYDIA, hearing voices, run up C.)

DOR. (gets on foot of bridge) Why, who are these—

LYDIA (by door L.) Men, my dear! They are coming this way.

DOR. Gentlemen! And young, too. (runs down C.)

LYDIA (looks towards bridge) They will take us for serving maids. (runs down) We'd best be going.

DOR. What! Would you fly at the first sight of the enemy—

(looks up C.) Oh, goodness! Here they come.

Enter WILDER, R. over bridge.

WILD. (calling) House! Landlord! Some of you! (Goes to door and knocks)

(SHERWOOD follows, also calling)

(WILDER, finding no one answers, looks round, and seeing DOROTHY and LYDIA, goes down to them)

WILD. Pretty maidens, stay one moment! Give your assistance to two poor fellows in distress. Our horses are lame; we have lost our way.

SHER. And we would know—

WILD. Where we can stay to-night.

DOR. (is now pushed by LYDIA to C. between gentlemen) Really, gentlemen, if you would enquire in the house, they will help you..

(Turns to go towards LYDIA, R., and finds herself stopped by WILDER)

WILD. (detaining them) Nay! Why such haste?

(DOROTHY turns to go, and is stopped by SHERWOOD)

SHER. What! Do you run away from your customers?

(DOROTHY breaks away, runs behind to R., dodging WILDER, gets to L. of LYDIA. WILDER gets L. C.)

DOR. (aside to LYDIA) We must act up to our parts, cousin.

Put your manners in your pocket.

(SHERWOOD now crosses behind to L. of LYDIA, as DOROTHY crossing again to C., is stopped by WILDER at door L.)

[4]

No. 3 QUARTET  
WILDER, SHERWOOD, DOROTHY, LYDIA

WILD. We're sorry to delay you. (spoken as DOROTHY tries to leave) Don't go.

SHER. And pardon us, we pray you. (spoken as LYDIA tries to join DOROTHY) Ah, stay!

(LYDIA tries to run to DOROTHY. SHERWOOD stops her. She runs through gate down R. into hop-field. SHERWOOD stops her by standing at top gate, then on "Give us drink," she runs down out lower gate and over to DOROTHY)

WILD. Aching limbs and weary feet,  
Palates parched with dust and heat;  
With fatigue we're fit to sink,  
Fetch us anything to drink.

SHER. Anything to drink!

WILD. and SHER. Anything to drink!

(Girls tip-toe up stage unobserved by Men)

Have you beer, or ale, or porter?  
To make our anguish shorter.  
Such a thirst  
At the worst  
We could cure without water!

ENSEMBLE (Repeat)

(DOROTHY stands behind stool L. of table, LYDIA ditto behind stool R. of table L. WILDER and SHERWOOD talk together. On "Be seated, Sirs,"

WILDER goes to L. of table,

SHERWOOD crosses to R. of table)

DOR. (to WILDER) Be seated, Sirs, we pray you.

(spoken) Sit down!

(WILDER sits L. of table)

LYDIA (to SHERWOOD) We will not long delay you.

(SHERWOOD bows politely, does not sit for a moment; she takes him by shoulders and pulls him on to stool suddenly) (spoken) Sit down!

DOR. We have food and drink for all,  
Here you have the house of call.

LYDIA Here the food is of the best;  
And the drink can stand the test.  
We have but the best.

DOR. and LYDIA We have but the best. (pointing to Inn)  
We have beer and ale and porter  
To make your anguish shorter;  
Such a thirst  
At the worst  
We can cure without cold water.

(On repeat of Ensemble, DOROTHY and LYDIA go R. C., followed by WILDER and SHERWOOD, L. C.)

WILD. Don't go yet. (arm round DOROTHY)

SHER. (to LYDIA) You mustn't stir. (arm round her)

DOR. But if you don't let us go, how will you quench your thirst?

WILD. I had forgotten that I had a thirst.

SHER. And I that I had anything but a heart.

DOR. (trying to get away) Pray, Sir--

WILD. You wouldn't leave me alone in a strange place?

DOR. Give me my hand, and let me go.

WILD. Not till you have told me who and what you are.

(DOROTHY runs into hop-garden by lower gate, and runs up inside fence and exits. WILDER runs up outside fence through upper gate, and runs off after DOROTHY)

LYDIA (about to follow, but is stopped by SHERWOOD getting R. of her) Nay, Sir! I beg of you!

SHER. It is impossible to see you and not to talk of—

LYDIA And yet you have only just set eyes on me.

SHER. A good reason for never having loved you before, and a better one for loving you now.

LYDIA Your speech is involved, Sir.

SHER. Shall I make its meaning plainer to your lips — (about to kiss her. DOROTHY and WILDER re-enter by upper gate)

LYDIA (slaps his face, escapes him and runs to DOROTHY) Oh, what do you think of that?

DOR. What is the matter?

LYDIA He offered to kiss me.

DOR. Did he? How nice of him.

(LYDIA, scandalised, turns from her)

WILD. Answer my question, and you shall be free to go, provided you promise to return immediately.

DOR. You will forget all about us, even if I do tell you who we are.

WILD. Never!

SHER. (*L., holding his cheek*) Forget you? Never!

DOR. Well, then, I am Dorcas, and this is my cousin Abigail.

LYDIA And we are both daughters of Farmer Tuppitt, who lives in yonder house. (*Confusedly turning to point to R. and L.*)

DOR. (*aside, to LYDIA*) What are you saying, child?

LYDIA I mean that this is Dorcas, and I am my cousin Abigail.

WILD. (*laughing*) Now we know.

DOR. (*aside to LYDIA, takes her by the arm to L.*) Come along; I'm afraid you've said too much already. And now, gentlemen, having satisfied your curiosity, we will satisfy your thirst. Come, cousin.

[DOROTHY and LYDIA exit into Inn L.]

WILD. (*crossing towards door*) Stay! (*calling after them*)

SHER. What is it?

WILD. Their relationship seems somewhat mixed. I wanted to analyse it.

SHER. Clear enough, it seems to me.

WILD. What, when your little Abigail called herself her own cousin? (*behind, laughingly*)

SHER. Do you doubt her word?

SHER. (*by door, turning to WILDER*) can be her own cousin—or anyone else's.

WILD. Of course; why not?

SHER. On second thoughts, though, I'll do the analysing.

[Exits into Inn]

WILD. Hang St. James's and brocades! Give me dimity and sweet simplicity!

[5]

No. 4 SONG WILDER

With such a dainty dame none can compare,  
Ten thousand thousand Cupids play in her hair;  
A million little loves within her eyes.  
Lie wanton waiting for some sweet surprise.  
Her smile can bid me feel as light as air,  
Her frown can throw me into deep despair!  
Her varied charms such joy to me impart,  
That I have given her my heart.

But if my heart has now ceased to be mine.  
However much I may there to incline,  
I could not, if I would, give what I lack,  
Nor would I, if I could, receive it back.  
Alas! I know not how, or when, or where,  
But love, who never yet was known to spare,  
Has fled victorious from the battle far,  
And left me with my heart no more.

(SHERWOOD re-enters from Inn)

SHER. (*gazing rapturously off L.*)

I never beheld anything so charming.

WILD. What a figure!

SHER. What a complexion!

WILD. What glorious eyes.

SHER. What a rosebud mouth!

WILD. (*turning on SHERWOOD*) You don't mean my girl, I hope?

SHER. (*same bus.*) Nor you mine, I trust?

WILD. Mine is the most beautiful—

SHER. The sweetest, most angelic—

WILD. Then you accept my toast?

SHER. With all my heart—for my girl!

WILD. Well, we'll make it the couple!

SHER. And to think that we should have been wasting our time in the scented boudoirs of Mayfair, while such a pair of rustic beauties awaited us here.

WILD. Harry, I renounce St. James's and all its ways. From henceforth behold me the slave of my country goddess.

SHER. Until your rural peace be disturbed by our friend Lurcher.

WILD. The sheriff's officer; I had forgotten all about him.

SHER. He will not have forgotten all about you after the fall you gave him.

WILD. Ha, ha! And we took the last of the nags, and left him to follow on foot.

SHER. (*goes R.*) Oh, he'll follow!

WILD. If he does, I shall throw myself on my uncle's mercy, cry "peccavi," promise to be a good boy, and try my best to swallow my cousin Dorothy, though the pill will be a bitter one. (*sits on table*)

SHER. I wish you well out of your scrape with all my heart; what is the amount of the debt?

WILD. Nay, Harry, why worry our heads about the figures on a writ, when we have other figures to think of—and such figures.

SHER. There's a touch of gentility beneath their rustic manners.

WILD. (*seated L. deep in thought*) There's some mystery about them.

SHER. We, shall soon know, for here comes the father.

(Enter TUPPITT from Inn)

TUP. (*comes down*) Gentlemen, your humble servant!

WILD. The landlord? (*rising*)

TUP. At your service, Sir. Have you far to ride?

WILD. As far as Squire Bantam's.

TUP. Then you are close to the end of your journey, for Sir John's house is only two miles from here. (*Up C., pointing out Hall in distance, R.*)

SHER. (*aside*) I would it had been further!

TUP. (*comes down to SHERWOOD*) I will see that your horses are fed and ready for you to proceed at once. (*Turns to go up C. WILDER pulls him back by hook of whip*)

WILD. Nay, there is no great hurry, so long as we reach the Squire's to-night.

TUP. You will find a goodly company there, and a hospitable welcome. Do you know his Worship, Sir?

WILD. I should know him, but it is some years since we met. I am his nephew.

TUP. I am pleased to see you, Sir.

WILD. (*aside*) Egad! It is more than my uncle will be.

TUP. (*to SHERWOOD*) We have a beanfeast preparing, Sir.

Would you honour us with your company?

SHER. A beanfeast? What say you, Geoffrey?

WILD. It depends upon who are invited.

TUP. All the village.

WILD. Men?

SHER. And women?

TUP. Both, Sir.

WILD. Then the beanfeast by all means.

SHER. And in the meantime we would ask for a taste of your ale.

TUP. You shall have it, Sir. My daughters have just gone to draw it.

[6]

No. 5 QUINTET

TUPPITT, WILDER, SHERWOOD, DOROTHY

TUP. (*with pride struts down stage*)

A father's pride and joy they are,  
Renowned for beauty near and far;  
They say they much resemble me,  
The likeness you of course can see.

WILD. and SHER. Of course, the likeness we can see. (*spoken*) Yes! (*sung*) We can see.

TUP. Their hair exactly mine, you know. (*turns up stage, his head is seen to be bald*)

WILD. (*aside to SHER.*)

It must have been some time ago.

SHER. (*aside to WILD.*)

To think that they resemble him!

BOTH It is a most outrageous whim.

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

TUP. (*aside*) I think I've got my story pat—

I wonder what they're laughing at?

WILD. and SHER. (*aside*)

Upon my word, it's hardly fair  
The beast with beauty to compare.

(*They push him up stage implying that he is chaffing them*)

Enter LYDIA from Inn, L., carrying jug of ale and two glasses, which she places on table L., and goes L. of table.

(TUPPITT, WILDER, SHERWOOD and LYDIA at table L.)

(*Enter DOROTHY from Inn. She comes to C. pensively*)

DOR. (*aside*) What sense is o'er my spirit stealing,

Joy and pain to me revealing?

I who was scorning only this morning

Maidens who suffer'd from any such feeling.

Let me rather steel my heart

'Gainst the pangs of Cupid's dart ;

Pride shall assist me,

None shall resist me.

I'll arm myself in every part.

(*WILDER rises at table, glass in hand, and comes C.*)

WILD. Then fill up your glass to the brim

With a bumper of foaming October,

Fill your glass right up to the brim,

And drain the dregs in honour of him

Who was never sulky, never sober!

(*DOROTHY comes down R., TUPPITT passes to C.*)

ALL Then fill up your glass, etc. (Repeat)

(*TUPPITT turns L. as if to speak to SHERWOOD, but finding him toasting, turns to WILDER with same effect, then turns upstage laughing*)

SHER. Here's a glass to the lady who loves me,  
And one to the girl whom I love.

WILD. A bumper for her who adores me,  
And another for her I adore.

ALL Then fill up, etc.

(At end of symphony LYDIA takes SHERWOOD's glass, DOROTHY takes WILDER's. They put them into TUPPITT's jug)

TUP. (going L.) Come, lasses, bustle about! Two tables to be laid here.

[Exit into Inn, taking jug, followed by LYDIA and SHERWOOD. DOROTHY about to follow.

WILD. One word! (stops DOROTHY by taking her hand)

DOR. I must not listen to you.

WILD. (putting an arm round her and bringing her down C.)

But you will—I can read it in your face.

DOR. And who are you, Sir, that professes to read so readily a woman's face?

WILD. (releasing her) I should have presented myself before. I am Geoffrey Wilder.

DOR. Geoffrey Wilder!

WILD. (kneels) Your most devoted servant and slave, nephew to Sir John Bantam of Chanticleer Hall, in this very neighbourhood, who lays himself (which is all he has) at your feet and implores—

DOR. (interrupting) Stay, Sir! Has not the Squire a daughter called Dorothy?

WILD. (taken aback, rising and going R) I understand there is something of that kind about the premises.

DOR. And you are the Mr. Wilder who is destined to be her husband? At least, so my father tells me.

WILD. (brazening it out) What! I marry Dorothy Bantam? An insufferably conceited, supercilious little minx—

DOR. (aside) Oh!

WILD. Who gives herself the airs of a beauty because, forsooth, when she was presented she managed to turn the heads of a few young nincompoops about town.

DOR. (aside) He shall suffer for this...

(aloud) But you have never seen the lady, Sir— (WILDER turns to her as if to say, "How do you know?") at least, so my father says.

WILD. No, thank Heaven! I was absent from town when she arrived. But I have heard of her.

DOR. Heard what of her?

WILD. Nay, child; do not let us discuss her further. It is you and you alone I love. (Kisses her hand and puts his L. hand round her waist. As she speaks, she tries to put his left hand away with her left, and facing audience passes him to R. He takes her left hand so that when she has got R. his right arm is now round her waist. During her speech he is kissing her left hand rapturously)

DOR. But you are going to the Squire's house, and to-night will see your cousin Dorothy, and you will swear that you love her, and kiss her hand— (knocking his hand away from her) Don't do that!

WILD. Never! I swear it. Not if she begs for it on her knees.

DOR. (disdainfully going L.) She is not likely to do that.

WILD. (turning from her to R.) One never knows what these little country girls are likely to do.

DOR. (aside) Oh, wait till we meet this evening!

[Exit rapidly L.

WILD. (turning L. as if expecting to find her still there) And

so, my darling—you—(Misses her and runs L. in direction she has taken)

(Slap is heard off L., and SHERWOOD runs on from Inn door to C. WILDER, hearing noise, turns and sees him)

WILD. Hulloo! How did you get there?

SHER. Tell me, is there a very red mark on my cheek?

WILD. Yes, rather! How did you get it?

SHER. (looking off) She is as powerful as she is beautiful.

WILD. Well, Harry, I have made up my mind to marry Dorcas.

SHER. To marry her? But how about your cousin Dorothy, and your plan to reconcile your uncle by accepting her hand, and having your debts paid?

WILD. (turns to him) I will have none of my cousin Dorothy and her airs and graces. Give me dimity and sweet simplicity.

SHER. And the money?

WILD. Money! (comes up to SHERWOOD and sentimentally places hand on his shoulder) What is money compared with true love?

SHER. (tapping him playfully on chest with his whip) Have you ever tried that sentiment on your creditors?

WILD. Not yet. (goes R. laughing)

SHER. (up L., by bridge) Then now's your chance, for (pointing off R.) here is our friend Lurcher close on your heels.

WILD. What is to be done? (They stand hesitating and talking)

(LURCHER runs on over bridge, places a hand on each one's shoulder, and they come down together in step to music. WILDER R., SHERWOOD L., LURCHER C.)

## 7 No. 6 SONG AND CHORUS LURCHER

LUR. I am the Sheriff's faithful man,  
The King's own writ I hold, Sir;  
I'd say, why pay it if you can,  
If I might be so bold, Sir.  
The debt amounts to twenty pounds,  
The costs to fifty more, Sir;  
The sum now owing will be found  
To come to eighty-four, Sir.  
The bill of costs be pleased to scan,  
It surely is not much...  
To levy from a gentleman,  
For treating him as such.  
So will you pay the debt you owe,  
Or else I am afraid, Sir—  
That into prison you must go,  
And stop until it's paid, Sir.

TOGETHER That into prison you must go, etc.

(On symphony, LURCHER backs up explaining writ to WILDER and SHERWOOD, and comes down again. WILDER and SHERWOOD change places behind him)

LUR. (turning R., expecting WILDER, then to L.)  
 Attorneys bills do not decrease  
 In size by contemplation;  
 And arguing does not release  
 A debtor's obligation.  
 You surely would not let me see  
 A man in your position  
 Object to pay a little fee,  
 Or cavil at addition.  
 A six and eight pence less or more,  
 You really must not grudge, Sir;  
 And two and two make more than four  
 When ordered by a Judge.  
 So will you pay, etc.

(At end WILDER passes LURCHER to R., and is about to go up. LURCHER pulls him back to C. and hands him writ and bill)

LUR. And since the costs in the writ 'ave been incurred, there is a matter of personal damages to settle.

WILD. (pointing to LURCHER's coat) Do you call these personal damages?

LUR. What do you call 'em?

WILD. I should say a sign for a rag-shop.

LUR. You object to the openwork pattern? (showing rents in coat, and hole in hat) Look at my 'at, genelman! Then there's a charge for twisted ankles, broken knees, loss of temper, loss of time.

SHER. Well, you will be paid in time. (passes behind and down L.)

LUR. Paid in time! I'd rather be paid in money. Not a nag to be 'ad at the last stage, my own worn down to cat's meat. I've 'ad to tramp through the mud six dirty miles in discharge of my duty to the Court. (SHERWOOD laughing)

WILD. I've no doubt the Court will recompense you.

LUR. (to SHERWOOD) Yes, laugh but will the Court give me a new 'at? (to WILDER) Will you?

WILD. Let me but give you the slip once more and you shall have my eternal gratitude. (goes up R. and looks after DOROTHY L.)

LUR. Will eternal gratitude mend my breeches? (goes R. and sits, looks at rents in his clothes) And now, Sir, are you going to pay? (judicially)

WILD. (turns to LURCHER) It is a most preposterous thing to ask a man to pay when he hasn't the money. (goes to SHERWOOD L.)

SHER. (to WILDER L.) You'll have to give in to your uncle's wishes, and marry your cousin after all.

WILD. What! Give up Dorcas and dimity? Never! Stay, I have an idea.

LUR. (R., in difficulty with a tear in his coat) 'Ave you got a pin?

WILD. What if I can get the money?

LUR. When? Likewise, 'ow?

WILD. From my uncle.

LUR. Your uncle? There isn't one in the neighbour'ood.

WILD. I mean Squire Bantam. He shall lend me the money, and not, know that he lends it. I'll extort it from him by a stratagem.

LUR. (rising and coming down C.) By a what-a-gem?

WILD. You know the Squire?

LUR. (haughtily) No, I don't know 'im; 'e gave me fourteen days once, and we 'aven't been on speaking terms since.

WILD. He is very fond of the quality, and prides himself upon being the most hospitable man in the county.

LUR. What then, Sir?

WILD. Why, then I will be a man of quality. I'll appear as an elderly Duke; sport a blue ribbon across my shoulder, patches on my face—

LUR. And what about some patches on my breeches?

WILD. And if you will both assist me, we will call upon the

Squire to-night, and be received with as much ceremony as if we were really what we appeared.

SHER. And his Grace will play the Squire at picquet after supper, and possibly finish richer than he began!

WILD. No, no, the Squire never plays. I have a more honourable design than that, I assure you.

SHER. What is it? Out with it, Geoffrey.

LUR. I prefer the honourable design; cards are vulgar. Let me play 'im at skittles—I'll do 'im in twice. (SHERWOOD hits him on chest with whip) Do you take me for the front pin?

WILD. Why, when all are asleep we will clap on cloaks and masks—

SHER. And rob the house?

LUR. Rob the 'ouse! Oh, think of my feelings, genelman.

(humbly) I love you both very much, genelman, but I won't be 'anged for your little jokes.

WILD. There shall be no robbery.

LUR. Nay, Sir, I will not be fooled like this. I'm busy! I 'ave a writ to serve on an old woman in the neighbour'ood, and a distraint to make on an impicunous cow.

SHER. A cow?

LUR. (witheringly) Yes, Sir, a female bull; and if the cow sees me before I seize 'er, it'll be a toss up between us. The cow's business will take some five minutes—p'raps less! And when I return to London, it must be with you, or your money. WILD. But, my good friend—

SHER. My worthy Lurcher— (following up)

LUR. It is impossible, genelman, I will 'ave no further e-qui-vo-ke.

WILD. But can't we make some arrangement? (leans hand on LURCHER's shoulder; he throws it off)

LUR. None of your familiarity. I've 'ad enough.

I'm wound up.

SHER. Can't we —er— procrastinate?

LUR. Procrastination gathers no moss.

SHER. What do you say to weekly payments?

(LYDIA makes movement as if about to slap his face again; he retreats up, a little alarmed. She proceeds to lay table.

SHERWOOD returns and tries to assist. She resents interference, replacing knives and forks, which he has moved, as she had before placed them)

WILD. Nay, child; it is you and you alone that I love.

DOR. (R. C.) But can you love me for your life? A poor country girl?

WILD. I would marry you even if it meant disinheritance.

(they go up R. and down again, talking)

(SHERWOOD has knife in each hand, and clashes them together as if sharpening them as he speaks)

SHER. I will not, cannot, live without you! (replaces knives)

WILD. (to DOROTHY) We must meet again.

DOR. Not to-day. But meet me here to-morrow at the same hour. (LYDIA listens and overhears this)

Take this ring—(gives ring) and show it to me then as a token of your promise.

LYDIA (L. C., to SHERWOOD) Meet me here to-morrow at the same hour, and when you show me this ring you shall have my answer.

WILD. I swear that it shall never leave my finger. (puts on ring)

SHER. I will never part with it. (putting on ring)

[8]

No. 7 QUARTET

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD

DOR. You swear to be good and true  
To the maid whom you adore,  
And tell her your love as few  
Have ever lov'd before.

LYDIA You swear to be, etc.

WILD I swear to be good and true  
To the maid whom I adore;  
I never was, in love before.  
'Tis only you that I adore.

SHER. We will devote our lives to you

WILD.} {And swear to be for ever true.

DOR. Then swear to be, etc.

LYDIA }

DOR. Oh, never-never-never-never-never-never

LYDIA } Were such impudent deceivers!

We will defy  
The men who try  
To make us weak believers.

WILD. I never was in love before,

SHER.} { 'Tis only you that I adore.

ALL Oh, never-never-never-never-never-never

Were such impudent deceivers!

He says it's true

He loves but you,

And swears that he is dying.  
We don't believe a word you say;  
We hear the same thing ev'ry day.

And yet 'tis sweet

When at your feet

A lover kneels a-sighing!

ALL Oh, never-never-never, etc.

(Bus. They kiss the two girls, who run off into Inn. WILDER and SHERWOOD about to follow when they hear noise off R. U. E., point off and retire R. watching)

(Enter LURCHER, over bridge without hat, clothes torn. He runs wildly across to Inn, and as he reaches door, Blacksmith, apparently coming out to find cause of noise, appears at door simultaneously. Crowd rush on bridge from R. and shout to him to stop LURCHER, who has by this time run down C. and over to R., only to be stopped by two Tenors who appear R. LURCHER turns back to L. and is seized by Blacksmith who has followed him. Rest of CHORUS enter different entrances, OSTLER from house L. with Blacksmith)

[9]

No. 8 CHORUS WITH LURCHER

CHO. Under the pump! Under the pump!  
Over the brook with a kick and a jump.

(LURCHER turns to R. and is met by girl, who seizes his writs and tears them up, throwing them in his face. He goes L. and is threatened by the others.)

LUR. They've battered my 'at,  
And they've ruined my clothes,  
They've pulled out my 'air,  
And assaulted my nose;  
Each bone in my body 'as suffered a wrench,  
And look at the writs  
Of the Court of King's Bench.  
Look at the writs!  
Torn into bits!

CHO. Under the pump! etc.  
 We'll teach him his betters to grind and oppress,  
 By serving upon them a writ of distress;  
 He's frightened and bullied a helpless old wench,  
 And we don't care a rap for your Court of King's Bench

*WILDER and SHERWOOD have passed behind bench to lower gate, and now come forward. LURCHER sees them and clings to WILDER's arm.)  
 (Melos continues through following dialogue)*

LUR. (to WILDER) Save me, Sir, for mercy's sake!

WILD. (aside to him) One good turn deserves another; if I do, will you follow me to-night?

LUR. I will, Sir, and do anything you please.

WILD. Good! (aloud) My lads; this gentleman is a particular friend of mine. (Crowd jeer – unbelievably) And anyone who touches him will have to deal with me. (Crowd murmurs) Nay, this is no time for quarrelling, here comes the dinner. (Crowd moves)

*[WILDER and SHERWOOD escort LURCHER off R.]*

**[10]** No. 9 FINALE

*(As Symphony commences, TOM enters from house L. carrying small table ready laid for three persons. PHYLLIS follows carrying two stools. TUPPITT follows her, carrying pie which he places on table. TOM has placed table R. and moved stool from fence R. to R. side of it. The three sit and TUPPITT serves pie. On 9th bar of symphony, SHERWOOD and WILDER re-enter R, and go to R. C. as DOROTHY and LYDIA re-enter from house L. and go L. C.)*

DOR. and LYDIA

Now take your seats at table spread,  
 With best of British beef and bread  
 Potatoes, cabbages, all hot,  
 And bacon steaming from the pot.

SHER. Who can refuse? (passes to stool L. of table)

WILD. Not I, for one— (passes to stool R. of it)

*The rest already have begun! (after SHERWOOD has passed to L. LYDIA goes to back of table)*

DOR. (coming down R. of WILDER, with curtsy)

Be pleased kind Sir to take a seat  
 And tell us what you wish to eat. (curtsy)

SHER. The sight of you is more than quite  
 Enough to stay my appetite.

WILD. (seizing DOROTHY's left hand)

There is no lady in the land  
 With such a dainty little hand.

DOR. Release my hand for that at least  
 Is not included in the feast.

*(He tries to kiss her hand, she slaps his face lightly and goes up, LYDIA follows, and they talk up C., not noticing WILDER and SHERWOOD.)*

CHO. Ha, ha, ha, ha! That's right, my lass;  
 And now my lads another glass!

WILD. (gazing at DOROTHY)

How perfect every feature!

SHER. (gazing at LYDIA)

A most delicious creature!

WILD. My heart I must resign

To such a Queen divine.  
*(Both go up joining the girls)*

TUP. (at back of small table R.) To-morrow let it be!

TOM. (stands on chair R. of table)

And all we hope to see.

*(TOM nearly falls in excitement; PHYLLIS helps him down)*

CHO That's right, that's right!

And we will dance all night.

*(DOROTHY comes down, takes PHYLLIS by hand down C. TOM busy with dinner with TUPPITT, until his attention is arrested by DOROTHY's words to PHYLLIS.)*

*(LYDIA, WILDER, and SHERWOOD, grouped listening)*

DOR. (to PHYLLIS)

And are you not afraid,  
 You most imprudent maid,  
 To trust your life's long span  
 To any living man?  
 You'll find when it's too late,  
 You've brought about a fate  
 That you did not anticipate;  
 Believe me, if you can.

QUARTET (Male Principals)

With indignation great  
 We must repudiate  
 The notion that such doubtful fate  
 Awaits her with a man.

*LURCHER has re-entered furtively during Quartet, and remains L. of table, at opportune moments helping himself to mouthfuls of pie.)*

## ENSEMBLE.

CHO. And why should any maid  
Of wedlock be afraid?  
As if a life's long span  
Can't end as it began;  
With such a pretty mate  
We all congratulate  
The bridegroom on his fate,  
He is a happy man.  
And why should any maid  
Of wedlock be afraid?  
As if a life's whole span  
Can't end as it began;  
My love for him is great,  
And he at any rate  
Shall guide my future fate;  
Not any other man!

WILD., TOM, TUP., LUR.

To-morrow, then, we meet.

SHER. To-morrow, then, we meet.

*(They go up on to bridge)*

DOR. and LYDIA To-morrow, then, we meet.

ALL *(waving adieu)* Farewell!

## END OF ACT I

## ACT II

SCENE—Chanticleer Hall. Scene represents interior of Sir John Bantam's house, the hall, with staircases leading R. and L. to gallery, from which there are staircase exits off stage. In centre at back double doors leading into outer hall. Large transparent stained glass heraldic window. Fireplace and Door L. Table down R. with three chairs. Table down L. with four chairs. Long oak seat up R. Two armoured figures R. and L. of double-doors. Oaken strong-box down R. Candelabra at top and bottom of each staircase, on tables and mantelpiece. Cards on table L. Punch-bowl, ladle, and bottles on table R. Trophy of Arms on balcony. Ancestral portraits on walls.

**[11]** No. 10 INTRODUCTION AND COUNTRY DANCE

*(As Curtain rises, BANTAM and Guests are discovered. PAGES stand extreme R. and L. PARSON is seated R. of table R. mixing The Parsons' Brew in punch-bowl. At end of dance he fills two small tumblers (on silver salver) with Brew and 1ST PAGE (R.) comes to table ready to take salver to BANTAM C.)*

BANTAM dances with MRS. PRIVETT *(who has peculiarity of speech, pronouncing "m" as "b")*, and LADY BETTY dances with a Tenor Chorus Gentleman. Six other couples take part in dance. Rest of guests are grouped about stage, and three are seated at card-table L. After dance, LADY BETTY and partner retire R. BANTAM is C. with MRS. PRIVETT.)

BANTAM *(to PRIVETT)* Madam, I am your most obedient. Will you take a little refreshment after your exertions?

*(PAGE brings tray from table and stays on BANTAM's R.)*

MRS. PRIVETT *(after declining, then accepting)* Well, the tiniest drop—for I am afraid it will get into by head.

BAN. You will not perhaps object to my putting my lips to the Parson's Brew, merely to test it. *(drinks)*

*(FOOTMAN enters at double doors and comes down C.)*

FOOTMAN *(behind them)* A gentleman to speak

BAN. *(places glasses on tray and PAGE replaces tray on table)* A gentleman to speak with me? Bid him join us. *(leads PRIVETT to chair at table)*

FOOTMAN *(speaks off R.)* Sir John is this way, Sir.

*(Enter LURCHER, who is dressed in the fashion, from R.)*

FOOTMAN bows him on, then stands stiffly on his L.)

LUR. The old gentleman in brown? *(no reply)* You've been in the starch basin, 'aven't you? *(comes down C. FOOTMAN remains C.)*

BAN. Sir, I am proud to know you—

LUR. My name Sir, is Blazes, William, Sekertery to the Dook of Berkshire.

BAN. Sir, I am prouder to know you.

LUR. The Dook is on 'is way to the South Coast for the benefit of 'is 'ealth, but on the road 'is carriage 'as broken down, caught in the ruts.

*(PARSON has now joined Guests up R.)*

BAN. In this neighbourhood?

LUR. At your very door.

BAN. *(crossing L.)* Tch! Tch! That any ruts of mine should so behave to his Grace!

LUR. And now 'e craves your 'ospitality for a night, until 'is carriage can be tinkered up, as it were.

BAN. Craves it! Why, he should command it! And is his Grace's carriage without!

LUR. No, 'is Grace is without 'is carriage. *(grins)*

BAN. And where is he?

LUR. 'E's on the mat! *(walks up C., slipping on' polished floor, looking reproachfully at BANTAM and floor.)*

BAN. Without? *(crossing R. to MRS. P.)* Nobody of any degree or quality passes by my house. I must hasten to greet my noble guest.

LUR. *(calling off R.)* Noble guest! Off the mat on to the linoleum, and mind the grease! *(returns)*

FOOTMAN *(announcing)* His Grace the Duke of Berkshire and My Lord Crinkletop.

*(Enter WILDER from R. followed by SHERWOOD, both disguised)*

BAN. Sir, I am your Grace's most devoted humble servant to command.

WILD. Sir John, I am your most obliged and most grateful. I am glad of the accident which makes me your guest. I could by no means have excused myself had I passed by and not paid my respects. (*presenting SHERWOOD*) My personal friend, Lord Crinkletop.

[PAGES exit

(*Guests promenade*)

WILD. (*presenting LURCHER*) My secretary—a faithful soul, though somewhat eccentric.

LUR. How are you, old cock! (*Bus.*)

(*SHERWOOD reproves him aside—BANTAM then makes very elaborate bow, which LURCHER tries to imitate. LURCHER gets his legs entangled and, nearly falling, is caught by SHERWOOD. LURCHER then goes up stage and listens to conversation.*)

BAN. (*crossing to WILDER, bowing*) Gentlemen! I am proud to welcome you to my house, a modest country home, your Grace, but I can offer you a good bed, a bottle of good wine, and for our country fare I rely upon your Grace's goodness.

(*LURCHER comes down to speak aside to SHERWOOD*)

LUR. Bantam's a funny old bird —'ear what 'e calls 'im. 'Is gracious goodness. Ha! ha! ha! (*gives BANTAM a heavy slap on back*)

BAN. What! (*collapses, coughing*)

SHER. Silence, fool! (*pushes him away up stage. SHERWOOD remains up, but LURCHER soon moves down to R. of WILDER*)

WILD. (*explaining to BANTAM*) My secretary is of a somewhat hilarious turn of mind. I love to be surrounded by mirth — (*bows to MRS. PRIVETT, who is seated*)—and beauty. (*joins SHERWOOD*)

LUR. (*to BANTAM*) Ha! ha! That made you cough, old man! (*BANTAM turns to Guests, and speaks to them*) You should try some bronical trocaderos. (*Backs off, laughing, and sits in MRS. PRIVETT's lap—she screams—he rises—aside*) What 'aye I done? Sat on the cat? (*Looks round—sees her and gives long whistle, then to her*) Civil 'pology, mum!

(*He slinks away*)

SHER. (*aside to WILDER*) Do you spy your cousin, Geoffrey?

WILD. No! But, patience, she will be here in good time.

Remember, I am not to be plagued with her. She is yours.

SHER. I accept the gift! (*BANTAM is with guests up C.*)

(*LURCHER has taken bottle in his hand, and is about to drink from it—FOOTMAN watching him offers him a glass from table, but he takes no notice*)

BAN. (*noticing him*) Sir! Sir! That is the raw material.

(*SHERWOOD and WILDER are L., watching and annoyed*)

LUR. I prefer thc raw material. It's warmin' to the stummick!

(*drinks*)

MRS. P. (*screams and rises*) Oh! He said stubbick!

LUR. (*apologetically*) Beg pardon! I should 'ave said hinnards! (*drinks*)

MRS. P. Oh, he said hinnards! Oh, take be away, Squire.

(*BANTAM hands her to LADY BETTY, who has come down at the scream. He then joins WILDER, who endeavours to explain LURCHER's manners.*)

LUR. (*following her, bottle in hand. To her*) What! going away? Won't you 'ave a nip before you go?

MRS. P. Oh, no, no!

LUR. Oh, do! Just a thimbleful—it won't 'urt you!

MRS. P. No, no. I never-well, very seldob—do you think

the Squire (*looks apprehensively towards BANTAM who catches her eye, she hurriedly declines*) No, I bust go, Cub, LADY BETTY (*aside to her*)

He's really rather fascinating. He, he!

[MRS. PRIVETT and LADY BETTY exit

LUR. (*flicking at her with handkerchief*) Go 'long, you saucy old crumpet! (*He calls after her.*) Your 'ealth, mum. (*about to drink from bottle*)

WILD. (*calls over to him*) No, Mr. Blazes.

LUR. Sir?

SHER. Say "Your Grace."

LUR. Eh?

SHER. Say, "Your Grace." (*LURCHER clasps hands round bottle and looks up in sanctified manner and mumbles as if saying Grace*) Put it down!

LUR. That's just what I was going to do. (*about to drink*)

WILD. You've had enough. You'll be under the table.

(*LURCHER is putting bottle under the table*)

SHER. Put the bottle on the table.

LUR. Oh, hon the table! (*puts bottle on edge of table*)

(*SHERWOOD turns to BANTAM; LURCHER throws handkerchief over bottle, thus hiding it, and later at convenient moment calls FOOTMAN's attention to something on ceiling. As FOOTMAN looks, he picks up handkerchief and bottle with it, and exits*)

(*FOOTMAN sees this and is scandalised*)

SHER. A good soul, though somewhat rough-mannered.

BAN. But serves you well, I doubt not, your Grace.

WILD. Serves me extremely well (*aside*) with writs.

(*aloud*) You have a charming house, Sir John.

BAN. Your Grace is pleased to admire my humble abode.

SHER. (*looking round sees strong-box, R.*) And a cheery looking strong-box for the guineas, eh, Sir John?

BAN. A paltry few, but, such as they are (*to WILDER*) entirely at your Grace's commands.

(*SHERWOOD looks R. accidentally, and apparently seeing LURCHER bows to BANTAM and hurries off*)

WILD. (*aside*) Egad, my dear uncle, I shall take you at your word.

BAN. Your Grace's condescension in observing these trifles quite overwhelms me.

WILD. Nay, Sir John, the possession of a ducal mansion does not lessen my appreciation of so excellent a house as yours. (*Snuff-box business*)

[12] No. 11. SONG. WILDER and CHORUS

WILD. Though born a man of high degree,  
And greatly your superior,  
I trust I know that courtesy  
Is due to an inferior.

So, conscious that a ducal bow  
Will liquidate the debt I owe,  
I bend my back and bow my head,  
And thus accept your board and bed.  
CHORUS He bends his back and bows his head.  
And thus accepts your board and bed.

WILD. Exalted rank should condescend  
On festival occasion,  
And even Dukes must learn to bend  
Before a host's persuasion.  
So, being graciously inclined  
To take whatever I can find,  
I bend my back and bow my head,  
And thus accept your board and bed.  
CHORUS He bends his back, etc.

(SHERWOOD re-enters R.)

BAN. I thank your Grace for your condescension. Will it please you to sup?

WILD. We have already supped on the road, Sir John.

BAN. Well, well, what news? What news in London? I have a nephew there, but I have not seen the young profligate these ten years. (Exchange of glances between WILDER and SHERWOOD, who comes R. of BANTAM)

A wild lad, your Grace, a wild lad!

WILD. I am sorry to hear it. In what way has he displeased you?

BAN. I am his nearest relative, and yet he disobey me.

SHER. And spends your money, eh, Sir John?

BAN. Nay, none of that; he shall not have a penny of mine while I live—and as little as the entail will allow when I die.

WILD. (aside) I must have a small matter while you live, dear uncle.

BAN. I beg your Grace's pardon?

SHER. My friend thinks you should allow him a small matter while you live.

BAN. No, no, not while he refuses to settle down and marry his cousin Dorothy.

WILD. Ah! He has a cousin?

BAN. My daughter, your Grace, and my only child.

(FOOTMAN approaches from table R., bowing) Pardon me!

(BANTAM crosses R. and he and FOOTMAN go up stage; he giving instructions. SHERWOOD goes up to WILDER)

WILD. Now, Harry, I will have none of my cousin Dorothy. I resign her to you.

SHER. Egad! I am content. (crosses L.)

(Enter LADY BETTY, MRS. PRIVETT, and LURCHER)

**[13]** No. 12 MUSIC for entrance of DOROTHY and LYDIA

(After music has begun, BANTAM instructs FOOTMAN to open double doors. He does so and PAGES enter and bow as DOROTHY (R.) and LYDIA (L.) enter and come down)

BAN. Your Grace, my daughter and her cousin, Miss Lydia Hawthorne.

WILD. (aside) What beauty! What enchanting grace!

SHER. (aside) I've seldom seen so beautiful a face.

BAN. Dorothy, let me present to you his Grace the Duke of Berkshire and his friend, Lord Crinklepot.

DOR. (low curtsy) Your Grace is welcome.

WILD. (to DOR.) I thank your ladyship. (To LYDIA) Madam, I kiss your hand. (Raises her and takes her to L.)

SHER. Madam, I am your most obedient to command. (Raises her, she passes him and down to LYDIA)

(WILDER joins SHERWOOD up C.)

DOR. (aside to LYDIA) My dear, these gallants we have seen before!

LYDIA (aside to DOROTHY) Of course, we "served" them at our "father's" door!

(DOROTHY and LYDIA laugh aside to each other and observe SHERWOOD and WILDER over their fans.)

WILD. My dear Sir John, I trust my presence here will not be allowed to interfere with your entertainment.

BAN. Then if your Grace would join us in the dance?

WILD. My limbs have long since lost their power to prance, but I might hobble through some stately measure.

(to LYDIA) If this fair lady lends her hand.

LYDIA With pleasure.

**[14]** No. 13 GRACEFUL DANCE

(WILDER dances with LYDIA, SHERWOOD with DOROTHY, BANTAM with LADY BETTY, LURCHER with MRS. PRIVETT)

(At end of Dance, DOROTHY and SHERWOOD, LYDIA and WILDER retire to table L. and play cards, SHERWOOD first moving chair from wall to the table.)

(PAGES exit under balcony. FOOTMAN places chair from wall next to one at table R. PARSON has not danced, and now comes down and sits at table. BANTAM talks to Guests at his table, other Guests quietly promenade and sit on the long seat R. LURCHER has been in conversation with MRS. PRIVETT up stage.)

BAN. (bowing to LADY BETTY) Your ladyship has greatly honoured me. (He leads her to table and they sit)

LADY B. Nay, Sir John, the honour is mine.

LUR. (coming down with MRS. P.) No! A 'naunted room?

MRS. P. Yes.

LUR. I don't like ghosts. Where is it, and 'oo' 'aunts it?

MRS. P. It's in the left wing there. (*Points L.*) A forber Lady Bantab died bysteriously and they say she walks that staircase ev'ry—but, hush!—we are observed.

LUR. Can I 'ave the pleasure of a few moments' private conversazionly with you about it?

MRS. P. Oh! after so short an acquaintance.

LUR. Yes, we 'aven't known each other long, 'aye we? But we're getting on. A little later, p'raps.

MRS. P. (*laughingly*) Yes, perhaps a little later. (*Strolls away, sits in at table, and interests herself in the card-playing.*) (*LURCHER seeing vacant chair, sits. Ogles LADY*

BETTY. *She gives him a look and pulls her train close to her.*

BANTAM *is filling glasses with "Brew" gives one to LADY*

BETTY. LURCHER, *thinking it is for him, extends hand across LADY BETTY.* BANTAM *gives him look, and LURCHER subsides, smacking lips indicating thirst. BANTAM fills another glass—business, LURCHER again*

BAN. That is not for you, Sir. It is for the Vicar.

LUR. (*looking very disgusted, then tries to get up conversation with LADY BETTY*) Nice change in the weather, marm.

BAN. (*taking it up*) No, it is not a nice change in the weather. A little rain would do no harm. Everything's very dry.

LUR. Yes, a little wet would be very acceptable.

BAN. I said rain!

LUR. (*meaningly*) And I said wet! (*pause*) I notice you keep all the wet on your side. It's very 'ot, ain't it?

BAN. I beg pardon?

PAR. (*joining in*) Hot! H.O.T., Hot!

LUR. That's what I said.

But whether it's wet or whether it's 'ot,  
We 'ave to weather it whether or not.

(*to LADY BETTY*) That's po'try, marm. Did you notice it! (*She takes no notice. LURCHER rises, looks round, then whistles to MRS. PRIVETT*)

MRS. P. (*she looks at him; he winks*) Does he bean be? What an odd person!

LUR. (*approaching MRS. P.*) Prithee, pardon me, but art thou still livingst with thy parints?

MRS. P. (*bursts into hearty laugh*) Oh, that's too funny I  
Living with by parents! Ha, ha, ha! You quaint little ban!

LUR. (*aside*) I've tickled the old gal! She likes my Shakespeare! (*to her*) If perchant thou is not, tell me thy dear cognomin and dommysil.

MRS. P. Well, my nabe is Sarah Priscilla.

LUR. Sarsaparilla?

MRS. P. No, Sarah Priscilla, but – (*sings with cadenza*) They call me Priscilla!

LUR. Art thou in pain, lady? Is that the voice that givst thee indigestion? Dost know that plaintiff little *hair*" The Old Woostid Stocking" or "The Darning Needle's Complaint"?

MRS. P. No, is it within by cabpass?

LUR. Depends on your chest measurement—it's a long stocking. Yours is a pretty name, though—smacks of the country, the ditches, the farmyards, and the mangled weasels.

MRS. P. Yes, it bakes be feel quite pastoral.

LUR. (*aside*) Very past; date unknown! pre-'istoric!  
(*aloud*) Pris! I believe you're a giddy little flirt!

MRS. P. Ha, ha! You're a wag, a wicked wag; I knew you were! (*bus.*) . . .

LUR. Ha, ha! You've seen something in your time! But come, Priscilla, let us dissemble by the ironmongery, and tell me more about the 'aunted room.

(*DOROTHY has risen, and leaves SHERWOOD, joining LYDIA, sitting in chair vacated by MRS. P. WILDER at same time joins SHERWOOD*)

WILD. (*coming down*) No more dimity for me!

SHER. Hang your beauty unadorned.

WILD. How do you like my cousin Dorothy?

SHER. Exquisite! Enchanting!

WILD. I give her up to you, Harry, be happy. As for me, I am all for Lydia.

BAN. (*has poured out glass of "Brew," and now comes forward, meeting WILDER and offering glass*) Your Grace must try the Parson's Brew. Nay, I will not be denied. (*PAGES enter with glasses and distribute wine to CHORUS*)

WILD. Well, then, just a sip. (*takes glass and moves to LYDIA*)

SHER. Do you leave the toasts to your guests, Sir John!

BAN. (*to SHERWOOD*) Nay, my lord, and by his Grace's leave, I will give you one.

**[15]** No. 14 SONG BANTAM and CHORUS

ALL. (*spoken during symphony*) Yes, yes, the Squire's toast.  
(*LURCHER takes two glasses. PAGES stand on stairs half-way up, with trays ready to collect glasses after song*)

BAN. Contentment I give you and all that it brings,  
To the man who is fully decided  
To take what he has, and be thankful that things  
Are such as his lot has provided.  
Some strive for high rank, for preferment, for place,  
Ever ready to sell at a price  
Tradition of family, pride, or race,  
In return for a jewelled device.

CHO. But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,  
Who never sits sighing for what he has not,  
Contented and thankful for what he has got;  
With a welcome for all  
To Chanticleer Hall.

BAN. The old would be young, and the young would be old,  
The lean only long to grow fatter;

[https://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item\\_code=8.660447](https://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.660447)

The wealthy want health, and the healthy want gold,  
A change to the worse for the latter.  
The single would wed, but the husband contrives  
To consider his fetters a curse.  
And half the world sighs for the other half's wives,  
With the risk of a change for the worse.

CHO. But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,  
Who never sits sighing for what he has not,  
Contented and thankful for what he has got;  
With a welcome for all  
To Chanticleer Hall.

*(At end of song, PRINCIPALS place their glasses on tables.*

*FOOTMAN removes extra chairs back to wall and waits by fireplace L. PAGES collect glasses from CHORUS and exit.)*

*(LADY BETTY rises and is about to go)*

BAN. Your ladyship is not leaving us so soon?

LADY B. It is late, Squire. The chance for beauty sleep has gone already. Would you have us all moping about in the morning with our backs to the light.

BAN. Nay, Heaven forbid!

LADY B. Then let us give nature a chance of touching up her handiwork.

**[16]** No. 15 SEXTET and CHORUS  
BANTAM, DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD, LURCHER

BAN. Now let's to bed. *(goes up)*

SHER. To bed so soon?

DOR. *(curtsying to SHERWOOD)* Good night!

LUR. *(to MRS. PRIVETT, spoken)* Going to bye-bye? *(escorts her up stage)*

WILD. *(to LYDIA)* We leave our hearts behind us.

LYDIA *(to WILDER, with curtsy)* Most polite! *(DOROTHY runs across to LYDIA)*

DOROTHY and LYDIA *(aside to each other)*

Alas! How soon can man forget!  
To-day he swore that he'd be true  
To me—yes, me alone—and yet  
To-night he sighs, and dies for you!

WILD. *(to LYDIA)* If you and I once more could meet

SHER. *(to DOROTHY)* Our happiness would be complete!

BAN. Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams.

ALL Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams.

DOR. Your Grace, good-night!

WILD. *(to LYDIA)* We meet again to-night.

PRINCIPALS Pleasant dreams attend your slumber!

Happy fancies without number  
Guide you in the land of sleeping,  
While the fairies' vigil keeping.

*[Chorus Ladies begin exit up stairs]*

ALL Visions bright, your sleep adorning,  
Tend you till the light of morning,  
Through the latticed window breaking  
Tells you that the day is waking;  
Through window pane  
Creeps day again!  
Your Grace, good-night!

*(PAGES enter with lighted lanterns and extinguishers. They extinguish candles on mantelpiece, pedestals and balcony. FOOTMAN takes candelabra from both tables and exits.)*

LUR. *(shaking hands with armoured figure up L.)*

Good-night, old man, good-night! *[exits]*

*All lights are out except glow from fire and moonlight through window)*

**[17]** No. 16 RECIT. AND QUARTET  
WILDER, SHERWOOD, DOROTHY, LYDIA

WILD. *(as LYDIA goes to arch)* One moment, pray!

*(DOROTHY goes to door L.)*

WILD. *(coming down with LYDIA)*

Oh, fly not yet! 'Tis not too late  
To bid me hope or mourn my fate.  
For lovers learn from early morn,  
The cruel hand of time to scorn!

*(WILDER and LYDIA go up)*

SHER. *(with DOROTHY)*

What matters what the hour may be,  
Time was not made for you and me,  
Then hear me whisper e're we part,  
The promptings of a beating heart!

DOR. And do you think the test, Sir,  
Of love, so light a thing,  
That maids will leave their nest, Sir.  
Like fledglings in the spring?

LYDIA (*with WILDER*)  
Because they've wings to fly with,  
And want to soar above.  
The man I live and die with,  
Must prove to me his love!

(*WILDER to LYDIA; SHERWOOD to DOROTHY*)  
Pray take from me this token;  
My vows are never broken.  
Let me on your finger place this ring.

(*DOROTHY to SHERWOOD; LYDIA to WILDER*)  
Your vows will soon be broken.  
This ring I take as token  
That a man is but a faithless thing.

(*Each kisses his lady; DOROTHY and LYDIA then run off*)

WILD. (*pointing R. and L.*) There go the rings.

SHER. How shall we answer to our village dimities to-morrow for the loss of their love tokens?

WILD. (*with bravado*) To-morrow, Harry, is to-morrow, and will have to answer for itself. But now. You understand my plans?

SHER. Perfectly.

WILD. Has Lurcher the cloaks and masks?

SHER. He brought them with him.

WILD. Where is he? Asleep, I'll wager.

SHER. I bade him wait in his room.

WILD. I'll see if he has recovered from the "Parson's Brew". It was pretty stiff! *[Exit WILDER*

SHER. (*calling after him*) I'll join you in a moment. (*going to door L., in loud whisper*) Miss Dorothy! One word! I have something very particular to say to you. (*Knocks at door*) Miss Dorothy! (*aside*) No answer! Oh, this is cruel!

**[18]** No. 16 SONG SHERWOOD

I stand at your threshold, sighing,  
As the cruel hours creep by;  
And the time is slowly dying,  
That once too quick did fly.  
Your beauty o'er my being  
Has shed a subtle spell;  
And alas there is no fleeing  
From the charms that you wield so well.

For my heart is wildly beating, as it never beat before;

One word, one whispered greeting,

In mercy I implore—

For from daylight a hint we might borrow,

And prudence might come with the light;

Then why should we wait till to-morrow?

You are queen of my heart to-night!

(*listens at door and comes to C. disconsolate*)

Oh, tell me why, if you intended  
Thus to treat my love with scorn;  
Such rents as will never be/have mended  
In this poor heart you've torn!  
Why, why did your beauty enslave me?  
And give me such exquisite pain;  
Oh, say but the word that would save me,  
And bid me hope again.

For my heart is wildly beating, etc.

(*At end of song, LURCHER, without his coat but covered by black cloak, enters from R. very sleepily and, unnoticed by SHERWOOD, he lies on long seat*)

SHER. (*listening*) No, not a sound! Oh, Miss Dorothy, you have so turned my head that I hardly recognise myself. (*sighs*) Ah, well, I must go, or we shall have the dawn upon us before.

LUR. Oh! I'll be there; but, Priscilla, you will never leave me thus?

MRS. P. I bust.

LUR. Bust? Don't!

MRS. P. I bust—I'm going to—Oh, I'b so ebbarrassed I

LUR. (*muddled*) Going to throw yourself on the parish?

MRS. P. No, I'b so ebbarrassed!

LUR. Oh, going to Paris! But, Priscilla, before you go, surely you will imprint one chaste salute upon my burning brow?

MRS. P. Where is it?

LUR. I 'ave it with me 'ere; and oh, Pris, it does burn! (*realises that she is below*) Oh, you are down there! I thought you were on the verandah. Will you come up to me, or shall I come down to you?

MRS. P. I think you had better cobe down to be—Oh!

LUR. (*slips on stairs and slides to bottom, sitting position*) Don't be alarmed, Priscilla; I think everything's secure. Where are you? (*rises and gets to table*)

MRS. P. I am here, dear Blazey.

(*LURCHER discovers punch bowl on table, and drinks from ladle*)

LUR. I can't see you, but I am with you in spirit! (*moves towards her and falls*) They 'ave been waxing this floor. Shan't risk walking any more. Ab! There you are, birdie! Can I assist you, or p'r'aps you'll assist me. (*she helps him to rise*) I'b afraid you are a wicked, dangerous ban.

LUR. Yes, as long as I stand still—I can't run after you!

MRS. P. Ah! have pity on a poor little fluttering bird!

(*loud thud heard off; MRS. PRIVETT screams and runs off*)

(*WILDER and SHERWOOD enter, masked and cloaked, and cough threateningly. SHERWOOD carries length of rope and pistol. WILDER has a rope round his chest under the cloak, and carries a pistol*)

(*LURCHER falls on his knees, clutching at SHERWOOD's cloak, thinking it is MRS. PRIVETT's dress*)

LUR. (*very scared*) Oh, Priscilla, flutter round me!

SHER. (*pulling cloak from him*) Hands off! And turnout your pockets!

WILD. (*in assumed voice, to LURCHER*) Your money or your life.

LUR. (*in despair*) 'Ighwaymen! That makes my dream come true. Oh, genelmen, take all I've got—but spare my life!

WILD. How much have you got?

LUR. Fourpence and a bit o' string!

WILD. We will take the fourpence; you can keep the string to hang yourself with. (*goes up stage*)

LUR. Genelmen, you wouldn't 'arm a poor little sheriff's orficer who wouldn't 'urt a fly!

SHER. Unless there was a writ out against it! Get up, you rascal. (*gives him a kick*)

LUR. Oh! I know that kick. (*the two raise their masks*) Is it you, genelmen? 'Ow you did frighten me!

WILD. (*holding out hand with pistol in it*) Let me help you up!

LUR. Thank you, Sir. (*puts hand on pistol*) Oh, it's something cold. It's a pistol! (*rises*) Oh, Sir, for 'eaven's sake, think of it. We might all be 'ung for this job.

WILD. But I tell you, man, there is to be no robbery.

LUR. But assault and battery—misdemeanour and forgery by strangalation. I know the law, Sir.

SHER. Come, come, a little courage and you shall have

your share, robbery or no robbery. (*gives LURCHER slap on back*)

LUR. Oh, don't do that, Sir, the Parson stirred the Brew enough.

WILD. Now, first of all—(*pointing pistol towards LURCHER, emphasising words*)

LUR. First of all, point that pistol the other way. You should never play with fire-irons—I mean fireworks.

WILD. You mean firearms.

LUR. (*indignantly*) I know what I mean, Sir.

SHER. And we are not playing, I warrant you!

WILD. First of all, we shall attract the notice of my worthy uncle.

SHER. Do you understand? His worthy uncle.

LUR. (*sleep'ily, hand to head, as if offering pledge to pawnbroker*) 'Ow much on this, uncle?

WILD. He will think that his house is being robbed, and will be in terror for the safety of the guineas in his strong-box there. (*indicating it*)

LUR. (*feebly*) In his string-box, yes?

SHER. Strong-box—you understand? Over there. (*pointing*

*across to LURCHER with pistol*)

LUR. (*pushes it away from him*) Don't point—it's rude.

WILD. Then you rush from my room and declare that I have been robbed of every penny, and that you are burning with indignation.

LUR. (*hand to head*) True, but not with indignation. And then, Sir. What then?

SHER. Then we shall see what we shall see.

LUR. Marvellous! 'Ow did you think of that?

WILD. Go into my room and be ready to obey my instructions to the letter. (*hustling him up stage*)

LUR. Mind what you're doing! My parints will be very angry when they 'ear of this. All right, I'll go quietly. I shall be glad of a lay-down. And, by the way genelmen, where do we live—in the fowls' 'ouse, or the dog's 'ouse, or the wash 'ouse? (*he is pushed off by them*)

WILD. Now, Harry, are you ready?

SHER. Ready to do or die!

**[19]** No. 17 TRIO WILDER, SHERWOOD and BANTAM

SHER. Are you sure that they are all in bed?

WILD. Silence! Silence! Be careful how you tread.

SHER. (*binding WILDER's arms with cord already on his shoulder*) Let me bind you.

WILD. Take care, not too tight.

SHER. Now's the time to wake our worthy friend the Knight! (*Both go to foot of stairs*)

WILD. Ha! ha! (*shouting, a la villain*)

SHER. Ho! ho! (*ditto*)

BAN. (*appearing with lighted candle*) Who's there?

WILD. Hush! Here he comes! (*they hide against staircase*)

BAN. (*coming down*) Speak! Who is there? (*he stumbles on last stair, almost falling forward*)

SHER. We've got him now.

BAN. Confound the stair! (*he places candle on table*)

(*WILDER blows out candle. They seize and drag him forward and throw him on his knees.*)

For mercy, Sir, I humbly crave,

Pray take my cash and all I have,

But spare my life!

WILD. and SHER. We want your cash and all you have,  
But not your life!

*(SHERWOOD binds BANTAM with cord he carries, and forces him down. He falls prostrate. SHERWOOD binds WILDER to pedestal of banisters, places cloaks, masks and pistols off.)*

[20] No. 18 CHORUS

*(As symphony commences, Ladies enter on balcony in dressing-gowns and carrying lighted candles. They creep down stairs, frightened. Chorus Gentlemen enter below, without coats, and exchange conversation with them. Pages enter on balcony, with lanterns and tapers and light candles above and below, then return upstairs and stand on balcony.)*

CHO. What, noise was that, waking us from our slumbers  
What to goodness, caused such a clatter?  
Hand joined to hand — safety there is in numbers,  
Let us find out, what is the matter.

BAN. *(on floor)* Help! Help! I'm almost dead!

CHO. Come! Come! Raise up his head!

*(Footman enters with lighted candelabras and places them on tables, raises BANTAM and unbinds him, assisted by Chorus Gentlemen.)*

WILD. Help! Help! I'm almost dead!

*(SHERWOOD enters, pretending alarm, and releases WILDER)*

CHO. Help! Help! Lift up his head!

*(Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA, MRS. PRIVETT and LADY*

*BETTY enter. Footman exits on balcony.)*

DOR. Oh, father, what a dreadful sight,  
To see you in so sad a plight.

*(SHERWOOD calls attention to WILDER, whom he has released)*

CHO. Oh! What a sight!

DOR. and LYD. *(going to WILDER and bringing him down)*

And see, most shocking to relate!  
His Grace has met the self same fate!

PRINCIPALS Oh! What a night!

CHO. Daring a death to plunder

PRINCIPALS Too shocking, quite!

CHO. What's coming next, we wonder.

Oh what a night, etc.

*(Footman re-enters with keys. BANTAM takes them and opens box. Examines contents)*

BAN. *(spoken)* My money's safe!

CHO. How very strange.

BAN. There's not a penny missing! *(locks box and returns with keys)*

WILD. *(spoken)* Ah!

*(LURCHER enters and runs down excitedly with an open cash-box in his hand)*

BAN. Not one!

WILD. *(to LURCHER)* Speak! What is it?

LUR. Your Grace, I fear—

CHO. Ah!

LUR. Has been robbed!

CHO. Oh!

SHER. They've got the swag?

LUR. Yes, taken every bag. *(handing box to SHER.)*

*(spoken)* And left the winder open!

SHER. See, not one shilling left! *(turning box upside down and returning it to LURCHER. WILDER expresses in gesture he will not accept.*

*LURCHER remonstrates; if WILDER will not mention the amount, he will)*

The sum amounts to eighty pound,  
Perhaps a little more, Sir,  
And as a host, I think you're bound  
The money to restore, Sir.

*(BANTAM goes to strong-box, opens it, takes out bag of coins and returns)*

CHO. Pray take the guineas, he feels bound

The money to restore, Sir.

*(BANTAM crosses to WILDER, who, after profuse denial, accepts bag of coins)*

BAN. *(spoken)* Here are a hundred guineas. I beg your Grace to accept them.

WILD. Well, then, I take the money, as a loan.

*(He hands bag to SHERWOOD, who places it in cash-box held open by LURCHER, who shuts box, puts it under his arm and goes L.)*

SHER. And when his Grace returns this way

The money he is sure to pay.

WILD. *(aside to SHERWOOD)*

I'm much afraid it won't be paid.

ALL Of course the loan will be repaid.

*(First Chime—all listen)*

DOR. Hark! I hear the quarter chime!

*(Second Chime)*

LYDIA What on earth can be the time?

*(Third Chime)*

DOR. Midnight not long past, be sure.

*(Fourth Chime)*

DOR. and LYD.

Why the clock is striking four!

*(Clock strikes four)*

BAN. Once more to slumber!

CHO. and LUR. *(Ladies mount stairs again)*

We must all to bed again,

SHER. Once more to slumber,

CHO. Till the sunshine through the pane,

ALL And the bright

Morning light

Brings us day again.

All to bed again, etc.

*(WILDER escorts LYDIA to arch. BANTAM having escorted LADY BETTY to door R. ascends stairs DOROTHY is led to door L. by SHERWOOD. MRS. PRIVETT, LADY BETTY, DOROTHY and LYDIA all leave. LURCHER blows kiss to MRS. PRIVETT. General movement as though to exit is arrested by sound of hunting horn. All stop and listen.**After echo—)*

LUR. Priscilla, quick! The quadrille band has arrived!

WILD. Sir John, your men are early afoot with the hounds!

BAN. *(on stairs)* Charles, open the door!*(Footman does so as symphony proceeds)***[21]** No. 19 FINALE*(Huntsmen heard without)*

Hark forward! Hark forward, away!

A hunting we'll go to-day!

And the early dawn of the Autumn morn,

Is ready to show the way!

Hark forward! Hark forward, away!

'Tis a beautiful hunting day,

DOR. And horse and hound

Shall skim the ground

To the sound of the horn so gay.

*(Huntsmen enter at double-doors)*

MEN And the early dawn of the Autumn morn

Is ready to show us the way.

LADIES Tally ho!

MEN And horse and hound shall paw the ground

To the sound of the horn so gay.

ALL Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!

A hunting we'll go to-day.

Etc., etc.

*(At end of 1st verse DOROTHY enters in riding-habit, hat, etc., and is escorted by SHERWOOD. At the same time LYDIA enters from arch, similarly dressed and is escorted by WILDER. Huntsman enters with hounds at double-doors.)*

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN

END OF ACT II

ACT III

*SCENE "The Round Coppice." A Forest Glade in neighbourhood of Sir JOHN BANTAM's house. Through break in tree~, up L., village church is seen in distance. An ancient oak with withered and broken branches and on bench, which surrounds tree, six old women from village are seated chatting and knitting. They each have a stick. Girls, wear wreaths of autumn flowers; men wear nosegays in honour of PHYLLIS's wedding. The children of Act I carry baskets of flowers to strew in the bride's path after the wedding.***[22]** No. 20 BALLET**[23]** No. 21 DANCE OF THE PEASANTS*(Enter PHYLLIS as rustic bride, escorted by TUPPITT. She comes to Old Women. Congratulations pass and signs from general Chorus that they are ready to accompany her to Church. Old Women on seat. TUPPITT remains near them.)***[24]** No. 22 SONG PHYLLIS

PHYL. The time has come when I must yield

The liberty I loved so well;

To him to whom my heart revealed

Sighed forth the love I dare not tell.

My love, my life I freely give—  
 Myself and all that in me is,  
 Henceforth in happiness to live  
 For him alone as only his.  
 Ah! But liberty to me so dear  
 I now resign without a fear.

(“DARBY” comes forward and greets her)

They say when wooing days are o’er,  
 And there is nothing left to gain,  
 That turtles coo their love no more,  
 And honeymoons get on the wane.  
 But I will bind him to my heart  
 With love that shall not fly too soon,  
 And life shall be till death us part  
 One everlasting honeymoon.

Ah! And liberty so dear, etc.

WOMEN Eh! Eh! Eh! Tho’ feeble we be,  
 Better than that we can dance you’ll see  
*[Exeunt PHYLLIS, TUPPITT, Old Women and Chorus]*

*(Enter MRS. PRIVETT)*

MRS. P. There goes Phyllis to be barried. Heigho! I wonder when by turn will cub again? *(sits under tree)*

LUR. *(speaking loudly off, in imaginary conversation)* Yes, the ‘Ermit’s Oak. Eh? Oh, just through ‘ere! What? Got a crazy old wench underneath it? Eh? Oh, a shaky old bench!

Right! *(He enters and sees MRS. PRIVETT)* Ah, there she is! *(calls “Priscilla!”)* She looks cooly R. and he calls “Chick, chick!” then comes to her, singing “Little Bird with Bosom Red” in reference, to scarlet on her dress)

MRS. P. Oh, Br. Blazes, how you startled me! I’b shaking all over!

MRS. P. Why, the Duke of Berkshire, to be sure.

LUR. *(recollecting himself)* Oh, Ah! Of course... yes... But I am not always in the Dook’s society;. *(puts his arm round her)*

MRS. P. But you are his secretary! Oh, don’t do that! *(Bus. worked up)* You bake me feel so funny! *(with little squeal)*

LUR. *(relieved)* Thank you, Priscilla, I won’t. Colds are ketching. Besides, at present I have other duties to attend to.

MRS. P. *(wheedling him)* And what are those other duties?

*(Flicking his face playfully with handkerchief)* Cub, you bust keep nothing hob be now.

LUR. You may continue that, Priscilla, I rather like it. It keeps the flies off. Yes, I ‘ave other duties. You know I am an officer.

MRS. P. No!

LUR. Yes, an orficer.

MRS. P. I’b so glad. I adore officers.

LUR. You addorus; some people abborous! Yes, I belong to a dev’lish cracked regiment, in fact, we’re all cracked, including the drum. But what will Mr. Pivot say to this?

MRS. P. There isn’t one.

LUR. No Pivot? You’ve lost your Pivot? Then, my own Priscilla, you are a widder? *(puts his arm round her again)*

MRS. P. *(in his arms, bashfully)* I ab four widows.

LUR. Four widders? —You must ‘ave been busy in your little way.

MRS. P. I will conceal nothing frob you. I will tell you all.

LUR. Yes, I can bear it; let me know the worst. *(withdraws his arm and turns L.)*

MRS. P. Well, before Br. Pdvett, there was Br. Perkins.

LUR. What Benjamin Perkins, the soap b’iler? *(she nods)* I remember Benjamin well. Ah, many’s the bit of good old yeller I’ve ‘ad off Benjy.

MRS. P. *(sorrowfully)* Ah, yes, he was a generous ban.

LUR. But ‘e didn’t like it known. ‘E didn’t know it ‘imself.

MRS. P. No.

LUR. *(aside)* No, I ‘ad it when ‘e wasn’t looking. *(aloud)*

Continue, Priscilla.

MRS. P. *(continuing)* And before Br. Perkins there was Br. BacBurcott.

LUR. Of course, I know all about your menagerie. You mean Mr. Sandy Macpherson MacMurcott, a Scottish gentleman. They called ‘im the Northern Addonnis—spiteful sarkism.

MRS. P. Yes, you rebind me of the poor dear ban.

LUR. Do I remind you of Donny? No, don’ee say that!

MRS. P. Yes, his hair was very buch after your colour.

LUR. Very much after my colour, eh? A sort of strawberry blonde.

MRS. P. No, I called it a rich auburn.

*(LURCHER’s hair is caroty)*

LUR. ‘E was a fine man. I remember seeing ‘im once in’ is full regimentals. There was ‘is kilt, and ‘is claymore, and ‘is tobacco-pouch, and ‘is tartar shawl, and ‘is whisky bottle all complete.

MRS. P. Yes, he was going to the gathering of the clans.

LUR. Oh! I knew he was out for the day!

*(BANTAM has entered, but on seeing them halts and watches)*

MRS. P. Yes, he was a bonny, braw laddie.

LUR. Yes, ‘e was a bit bony—*(indicating shins)*

MRS. P. He had a good heart.

LUR. A big ‘eart—ditto feet. Continue, Priscilla.

MRS. P. Well, before—

BAN. (*coming forward*) Mrs. Privett!

(*MRS. PRIVETT screams*)

MRS. P. Oh, Sir John, how you bade be jump!

BAN. I trust you've jumped in time, Madam!

(*to LURCHER*) And so, you rascal, you have the audacity to pay your addresses to this lady?

LUR. (*as MRS. P. is about to speak*) Priscilla, taisez-vous.

Squire, allez-vous! (*pronounced as spelt*)

You are an incorrigible interlopper.

BAN. I do not understand you, Sir.

LUR. You are de trap. (*pronounced as spelt*)

If yon don't understand French, it means you're putting your nose where it ain't wanted!

MRS. P. Pardon be, Squire, this gentleban's social position as an officer—

BAN. Officer! Yes, a Sheriff's officer—

MRS. P. A Sheriff's officer! What do I hear? (*collapses*)

(*they catch her*)

BAN. Who, I've just discovered, has been masquending with that rogue of a nephew of mine—and robbing me!

LUR. Excuse me, old bird, look after our little robbing redbreast.

MRS. P. (*hysterically, on high notes*) Sheriff's officer! Sheriff's off—Sherry's off—Sherry's off— (*collapses again*)

LUR. (*aside, in deep voice*) Sherry's off!

(*To BANTAM*) She's been at the decanter again. Why didn't you lock up the tantaliser? Wretch! See what you've done? You've destroyed our little Eva.

BAN. What do you mean, "Eva"?

LUR. (*lifting her*) 'Eave 'er up a little.

BAN. We shall have to carry her back to the house.

LUR. All right, don't make a fuss. You take 'old of 'er 'ead and I'll catch 'old of 'er—

MRS. P. (*suddenly recovering*) Never! Sheriff's officer!

Ugh! Sheriff's officer! (*produces smelling bottle*)

LUR. Oh, Priscilla, don't say you're going to abboe me now.

MRS. P. Don't touch be. And as for you, Squire, I ab astonished that anyone could be so easily taken in by a carrot-haired villain like that! Sheriff's officer! Oh!

[Exit indignantly, sniffing at smelling bottle.]

LUR. She's always like that after winkles for breakfast. Does it run in the family, Squire?

BAN. Now, Sir, I give you one minute to consider whether you'll make a clean breast of it and take a guinea, or whether I shall hand you over to the village constable.

LUR. Sir, you needn't trouble the constable. I will smother all personal feelings and take your guinea.

BAN. Then follow me and we will touch the bottom of this business.

[Exit]

LUR. But—touching the guinea— No! No touching at the moment.

[Exit, following]

(*Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA disguised as men*)

DOR. Now, Lydia, a little more confidence—a dash of bravado. (*gives her slap on back*)

LYDIA (*startled*) Oh! I feel so strange in this dress. I'm sure someone will see us.

DOR. That's what we've come for, my dear. They'll take us for gallants from town. Have you the pistols?

LYDIA (*who has pistol-case under her arm*) Here they are!

DOR. Set them down.

LYDIA (*crossing behind and putting case on tree-seat*) Do you think they will come?

DOR. I haven't a doubt of it. I know they received our letters this morning.

LYDIA And what shall we do then?

DOR. (*taking pistol from case*) Why then, my dear, we shall give them the choice of a duel or a marriage with the ladies whom they met last night.

(*has taken pistol and is looking at it with muzzle towards LYDIA*)

LYDIA And if they consent to marry? (*finds herself opposite muzzle and moves away*) Oh, don't!

DOR. If they consent to marry we will never speak to them again. (*puts pistol in case*)

LYDIA But, Dorothy, what if they prefer to fight?

DOR. Then we shall know that they love us for ourselves, and then, Lydia, then—

LYDIA But the pistols?

DOR. We shall take good care to load them with powder only. They will go off with a little, puff. You will scream—I shall not. All will end happily, and who knows but Mr. Wilder will marry his cousin Dorothy after all. (*swaggers down stage*)

LYDIA Why—Dorothy!

DOR. (*imitating*) Why—Lydia! I'll be bound you'll be content to pair off with his friend. (*looking off L.*) Here they come! (*LYDIA snatches up pistol-case*) Let us watch them from behind this tree and see what effect our letters have had. (*Drags LYDIA behind tree. They watch following scene*)

(*Enter SHERWOOD and WILDER. SHERWOOD has a pistol-case under his arm*)

WILD. This must be the spot, Harry.

SHER. And here is the tree under which these bloodthirsty provincials would call us to account. (*places case on tree-seat producing letter from pocket*)

WILD. One might almost treat the affair as a joke, if it were not for our honour. Let me see...

(*producing letter from pocket and reads*)

"Sir, your letter has been handed to me—"

SHER. (*reading*) "Your letter has been handed to me—"

WILD. (*reading*) "By Miss Lydia Hawthorne—"

SHER. (*reading*) "By Miss Dorothy Bantam, and as that young lady's best friend, I insist upon an explanation or immediate satisfaction."

WILD. (*reading*) "You will find me ready for either at the Hermit's Oak in the Round Coppice at eleven o'clock this morning.

"Your obedient servant to command, PERCY DASHER."

SHER. (*reading*) "Tilbury Slocomb."

WILD. There's no doubt about it. They are 'in earnest.

[https://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item\\_code=8.660447](https://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.660447)

(*looking at watch*) It's close on eleven. Have you the pistols?

SHER. Here they are. (*pointing to pistols*)

DOR. (*aside*) Good gracious! There'll be bullets in them!

LYDIA Oh, dear!

WILD. (*solemnly*) And now, Harry, if anything should happen to me—

SHER. Pshaw! Man—what are you thinking of?

WILD. These rustic blades are dangerous fellows.

LYDIA (*gaining courage, aside*) Do you hear that, Dorothy?

WILD. They shoot straight.

LYDIA I wish we did!

WILD. You will not fail to tell my dear Dorcas that I remained faithful to her to the last: that I preferred death to giving her up.

DOR. (*aside to LYD.*) What do you say to that?

SHER. And how about the ring she gave you, and which you so rashly handed over to Miss Lydia last night?

WILD. Say—say that you buried it with me.

LYDIA (*aside to DOROTHY*) Oh! I have it on my finger now.

SHER. You can depend on me. And you will do the same by me with my sweet Abigail?.

WILD. I will, Harry.

SHER. You will say that never for a moment was her sweet image absent from my heart.

WILD. And the ring you gave to my little cousin Dorothy?

SHER. (*adopting WILDER's tone*) Say—say that it was so tightly clasped in my death grasp that no effort could tear it from the finger which it had never left!

DOR. (*aside to LYDIA*) Till he put it on mine. (*creeps down a little, LYDIA taking her place, she draws back*)

WILD. You can depend on me. If I lie in my grave—

SHER. (*shaking hands*) I will lie for you. If I lie in my grave

WILD. I will lie for you. (*perceiving DOROTHY and LYDIA who come down a step*) Ah, they are here!

(*They bow, DOROTHY to SHERWOOD, LYDIA to WILDER—the bow is returned by WILDER and SHERWOOD. Then DOROTHY bows to WILDER, and LYDIA to SHERWOOD*)

SHER. (*aside to WILDER*) Why, surely these cannot be our opponents?

WILD. (*aside to SHERWOOD*) Straight from the nursery.

LYDIA (*stammering nervously, to WILDER*) Mr. W-Wilder, I b-believe?

WILD. At your service, young gentleman.

LYDIA I am Mr. P-P-Percy Dasher.

WILD. (*laughing*)

LYDIA (*indignantly*) Sir!

WILD. Dashed Dash me! A fine Dasher! (*laughing*)

LYDIA Ugh! (*turns away*)

(*DOROTHY walks across to C. bombastically*)

(*SHERWOOD pretends fear, and retreats to tree and takes her height with hand-comparing it against tree and laughs*)

DOR. (*to SHERWOOD*) Mister Sherwood, I presume!

SHER. You presume rightly, my young friend.

DOR. Gentlemen, we are here to resent an insult put upon Miss Dorothy Bantam.

LYDIA And Miss L-Lydia Hawthorne.

DOR. We deSire to ask whether you are prepared to atone for your conduct by offering the only reparation possible, or whether you are ready to meet the consequences.

SHER. By reparation I presume you mean marriage?

DOR. I do.

WILD. And the consequences mean a duel?

LYDIA (*tremulously*) They d-do.

SHER. In point of fact, you mean matrimony or murder?

DOR. and LYDIA Precisely!

WILD. (*sternly*) Then we prefer murder!

(*DOROTHY and LYDIA fall against each other for support*)

SHER. Our words are pledged to two other ladies.

WILD. And we mean to keep them.

DOR. (*aside to LYDIA*) Do you hear that, cousin? But we must keep it up until we can change our clothes.

(*aloud*) Then gentlemen, you have only to choose your weapons.

WILD. Weapons! Young gentlemen, I should say that a birch rod or a bundle of nettles would best befit your age and dignity.

DOR. I would have you know, Sir, that this is a serious matter, and that your jokes are as misplaced as they are ancient and ill-chosen!

WILD. Well, since you will have it so— the consequences be on your own foolish little heads.

(*SHERWOOD gets his case from tree-seat and goes down R., putting case on stage*)

DOR. I am ready to take the consequences.

LYDIA (*aside*) We are not.

DOR. (*aside to LYDIA*) Where are the pistols? Recollect" when you load them—powder—and no ball.

(*LYDIA runs up to tree and gets her pistol-case from behind it*) Here are the p- p- pistols.

WILD. Pardon me. We are the challenged. We have brought our own.

DOR. And must we use them?

SHER. Certainly!

DOR. (*aside*) Good Heavens!

LYDIA (*pleadingly*) Oh, do have these.

SHER. Certainly not.

(*WILDER turns away; LYDIA puts case on tree-seat*)

SHER. But in order that things should be perfectly fair, you will load one and I the other. (*hands pistol to LYDIA, who takes it, holding it in finger tips at arm's length*)

(*SHERWOOD loads other pistol*)

WILD. Have you the bullets, Harry?

SHER. Here they are. All in order.

LYDIA and DOR. *(aside)* Bullets!  
*(SHERWOOD hands pistol to WILDER)*

DOR. But how are we to know which of the pistols has no bullet?

LYDIA *(hysterically)* I don't know.

WILD. They will both have a bullet in them, and so may one of us presently.

DOR. Ah, don't point it at me! *(avoiding pistol, retreating)*

WILD. I did but anticipate a pleasure by a few moments.

*(turns to SHERWOOD)*

LYDIA *(holding pistol very awkwardly)* What shall I do with it, dear? *(to DOROTHY)*

SHER. *(to LYDIA)* Allow me, Sir. You seem unaccustomed to the ways of these little barkers. *(takes pistol)*

LYDIA *(avoiding pistol)* Ah, don't! *(runs behind DOROTHY)*

SHER. It's not loaded, but cheer up, it will be directly!

*(SHERWOOD turns away and proceeds to load second pistol)*

WILD. Now, gentlemen, as this is to be a duel to the death—

LYDIA and DOR. To the death?

WILD. I said to the death. It will be necessary for us to carry out the latest fashion. We can't all shoot at once. We must begin two and two.

DOR. Then perhaps if you two gentlemen would begin first!

SHER. We have no cause of quarrel. Permit me! *(gives her pistol, puts case on tree-seat)*

DOR. Of course, I forgot. *(aside to LYDIA)* Cousin, we must get out of this as soon as we can.

WILD. *(to DOROTHY)* You and I, Sir, had best lead off.

DOR. Lead off—where?

WILD. One of us, perhaps both of us, to the grave *(flourishes pistol)*

DOR. *(to LYDIA)* The grave!

LYDIA Let's get out of it now!

WILD. Each will have his second; your friend will serve you. We will place ourselves back to back; then walk five paces.

DOR. Only five?

WILD. Well, six, if you like it better. One pace per second; my friend will time us. We shall then both turn on our heels. *(he does so)*

DOR. and LYDIA *(afraid)* Ah!

WILD. And fire!

DOR. and LYDIA Ah!

WILD. One of us will fall, possibly both!

*(lightly)* And then the others will have a turn.

LYDIA *(aside)* No, I don't. I have one already.

WILD. *(to DOR.)* Now, Sir, to place ourselves. Harry!

*(SHERWOOD solemnly draws a line on stage with his heel)*

DOR. *(aside to LYDIA)* Oh! If I only knew how to escape from this!

*(WILDER and DOROTHY place themselves back to back DOROTHY facing L. up stage, LYDIA at her side dolefully fanning DOROTHY with her hat. WILDER facing R. down stage, SHERWOOD at his side)*

SHER. Now, gentlemen, are you ready? *(producing watch)*

WILD. Yes.

SHER. Then—go! *(he keeps his eye on watch)*

*(DOROTHY and WILDER march L. and R.)*

*(counts)* One, two, three —

*(DOROTHY and LYDIA bolt off, unseen by SHERWOOD, taking pistol with them)*

*(he continues)* Four—

*(Enter BANTAM moodily,*

*and not seeing what is LURCHER following)*

Five— Six—

*(WILDER turns sharply and aims L. BANTAM looks up, sees muzzle of pistol, and waving stick and arms, shouts)*

BANTAM. Stop! Murder! Thieves! Put that down, Sir.

*(LURCHER runs up and gets behind tree, climbing it. SHERWOOD, on hearing BANTAM's voice, puts his hat over pistol)*

WILD. *(startled at noise, lowers pistol)* Why, what's this?

*(SHERWOOD looks round, and missing DOROTHY, looks off L.)*

SHER. Our adversaries have fled. *(takes WILDER's pistol and puts it in case on seat of tree)*

WILD. A pretty couple of cowards.

BAN. And you a pretty couple of murderers, Sir. What, is the meaning of it?

SHER. *(coming down)* The quarrel was none of our seeking, Sir John. It was forced upon us by two foolish boys who took offence at some little attention we, paid to two of your local beauties—apparently. They challenged in haste and repented as quickly, for they've run away.

WILD. And, my dear uncle, I congratulate you on a very narrow escape from being the victim of their hasty repentance. It would have grieved me to have made such an ill return for your generous hospitality last night.

BAN. None of your flowery speeches for me, Sir. Keep them for those who appreciate such stuff. So it was you, Geoffrey, who assumed the clothes and manners of your betters and imposed upon your too-confiding relatives.

WILD. Necessity, my dear uncle, is the mother—

BAN. Necessity, Sir, is the mother of thieves.

*(LURCHER appearing between fork of branches)*

LUR. *(to SHERWOOD and WILDER)* 'Ave you been shooting for nuts, genelman?

SHER. *(threatening with his fist)* No, but I'll have a shot at one directly.

LUR. No don't, it's the only one I've got. *(comes down)*

SHER. You've peached, you rascal!

LUR. The promptings of my conscience.

SHER. And your pocket, I'll be bound.

BAN. *(angry, to WILDER)* Though born a man of high degree, eh, you villain. Where is my money?

WILD. *(pointing to LURCHER)* I must refer you to this gentleman!

LUR. This genelman refers you to the Court!

*(Enter TUPPITT)*

BAN. And the Court will refer me to Heaven knows who.

TUPPITT I humbly crave your worship's pardon.

BANTAM What is it now?

TUP. The young couple are coming to meet your worship at the Old Oak *(indicating tree)*

BAN. What young couple? I've had enough of young couples!

TUP. Tom and my daughter Phyllis, who have just been married, your worship. *(wedding bells in distance)*

BAN. What do they want with me?

TUP. Your worship's blessing.

BAN. Blessing? Do I look like blessing? Well, well, bring them along.

*(CHORUS enter in pairs and dress stage in groups; Five Old Women and "Darby and Joan" enter and come down C. to L. Blacksmith and Ostler follow and come down to L. Children follow, strewing flowers in path of PHYLLIS and TOM, who now enter, followed by TUPPITT.*

*PHYLLIS and TUPPITT come down to BANTAM. BANTAM motions them to kneel. TOM dusts stage for PHYLLIS and himself, and they kneel. BANTAM blesses them and raises PHYLLIS, giving her a kiss. TOM rises and BANTAM gives him guinea. and BANTAM comes C. to address WILDER.)*

[25]

No. 23 SEXTET AND CHORUS

PHYLLIS, TOM, TUPPITT, BANTAM

*(Bells finish as voices begin)*

What joy untold to feel at last

That all delay and doubts are past;

Her future lot with him is cast,

TOM & BAN. Her own, his own.

PHYL. & TOM. {My own, my own.

A maiden's feelings who can tell?

Her happiness no pow'r can quell;

I think she's married very well,

TOM & BAN. I own, I own.

PHYL. & TOM. {My own, my own.

Now send for the parson and send for the ring,

And merrily let the bells chime;

For marriage is not a sad thing,

It only gets gloomy in time.

The lover is ready, the maiden says "Aye,"

(She'll make such a beautiful bride!)

The knot, though remarkably easy to tie,

Is not quite so lightly untied.

Then send for the parson and send for the ring,

And merrily let the bells chime;

For marriage to start with is not a bad thing,

So let the bells merrily chime.

*(Bells on concluding note and symphony)*

BAN. *(to WILDER)* Now, Sir, you may thank your stars that the sight of these young folks' happiness has put me in a better mood. *(WILDER bowing low)*

BAN. None of your London manners with me, Geoffrey.

I am ready to forgive you, and take you back to my heart where there has long been an empty corner waiting for you, if you will marry your cousin Dorothy.

*(Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA dressed in their peasant clothes of First Act)*

WILD. My dear uncle, I would gladly do anything I could to meet your wishes, but that is impossible.

BAN. How impossible? Are you married already?

WILD. Nay, Sir, but I hope soon to be.

BAN. To whom?

WILD. *(meeting and bringing DOROTHY down C.)* To this lady if she will so far honour me.

*(SHERWOOD goes up, meeting LYDIA and bringing her down R.)*

BAN. To her? Why that is your cousin Dorothy. Ha! Ha!

WILD. My cousin Dorothy!

DOR. *(with curtsy)* The same!

SHER. *(to LYDIA)* Then you—

LYDIA *(with curtsy)* I am Lydia Hawthorne.

*(SHERWOOD turns and seizes LURCHER, who is laughing, by throat.)*

LUR. Pardon me, Sir—that is my jocular vein.

WILD. Then last night we—

DOR. *(to BANTAM)* Yes, father, I wanted to find out whether a man could love a woman for herself alone.

The ring which I gave him, and which he now wears on his finger, is a proof of his constancy.

*(to WILDER)* Show it, cousin.

WILD. *(hesitating)* I— I—

LYDIA And I, too, entrusted this gentleman with a ring, which he now wears on his finger.

*(to SHERWOOD)* Where is it?

SHER. *(aside)* I hardly know what to say— er—

LUR. *(to him)* Say you've pawned it!

(PRISCILLA enters, and finding herself near LURCHER, pretends to be very indignant. They eventually make it up.)

WILD. (recovering his self-possession) Ahem I, I confess that recognising my cousin Dorothy last night, I returned it to her as a keepsake, and— and—, (hesitating)

SHER. That is exactly what I wished to say myself.

LYDIA (to SHERWOOD) Had my ring a green or a red stone? (showing ring)

DOR. (to WILDER) Did the stone change its colour on your finger, cousin? (showing ring)

WILD. No, it changed its destination.

SHER. Exactly!

DOR. Well, then, if that is all the explanation you have to give (giving WILDER her hand), I accept it.

SHER. (to LYDIA) And you?

LYDIA (giving her hand to SHERWOOD) I suppose I must follow Dorothy's example.

BAN. That's right, young people.

[26]

No. 24 FINALE

DOR. You swore to be good and true  
To the maid whom you adored,  
Who promised to love her as few—  
Have ever loved before?

LYDIA Who promised to be good and true  
To the maid whom he adored,

DOR. & LYD. Who promised to love her as few—  
Have ever loved before?

CHO. We will devote our lives to you  
And swear to be forever true.  
He! Eh! Eh! Poor little dear,  
Wait till you come to the end of the year.

BAN. There take her, be happy, for what you have got,  
Be thankful or never allow that you're not.  
And on this occasion I ask the whole lot,  
There's a welcome to all— at Chanticleer Hall.

CHO. And lucky the man who is pleased with his lot  
Who never sits sighing for what he has not.  
Contented and happy for what he has got,  
There's a welcome to all— at Chanticleer Hall.

END OF ACT III

Taken from the 1924 edition of the Chappell libretto with amendments to the vocal lines