

(The stage is darkened; moonlight streams through oriel window. The clock strikes twelve, and the veil before LADY MAUD's picture is withdrawn. LADY MAUD is discovered full length in the frame. She sings the following recitative.)

No. 8. - RECIT.

LADY MAUD.

I breathe! I live! Since last I saw the day
Five tardy centuries have passed away.
No longer o'er my grave let chaplets wreath,
My bosom throbs with life! I live! I breathe!

(LADY MAUD descends from the frame.)

No. 9. - SONG.

LADY MAUD.

Moments so fleeting stern spirits give,
My heart is beating, I breathe! I live!
For three short hours, while darkness lowers,
My mystic powers I breathe! I live!

Night's sombre awning has set me free;
The daylight's dawning brings night to me.
My heart is aching, the daylight's breaking,
All other waking, brings night to me.

(There is an optional second verse)

LADY MAUD. Am I in the world? And if so, where in the world am I? *(Looking round.)* A picture gallery! oh, of course, *our* picture gallery. But the pictures. I don't know them. What extraordinary costumes. They are all strangers to me. They were not there when I died. Died? Then I'm dead! I'm sure I died. But here I am walking about in my own picture gallery. Then I suppose I'm a ghost! My own ghost! I wonder if I ought to be frightened? But who has the castle now? The title deeds disappeared the day before I died in accordance with the wicked compact by which Sir Roger de Bohun obtained possession of this castle a hundred and fifty years ago, and by the terms of the compact it would remain unoccupied for about eighty years after my death. But evidently it *is* occupied. Then at least eighty years have elapsed. I wonder how my portrait has kept? It was painted many years before I died by Leonardo da Vinci. A rather clever young artist. He sent it to the Royal Academy, but he didn't know anybody on the Hanging Committee, so he didn't get it in. Let me see, where did it hang? *(Walks up to frame.)* Why, the picture's gone. Faded away. Nothing left but the background. Oh, it's too bad. I paid I don't know how much for it. These modern painters seem quite to have lost the art of mixing colours. Now a Cimabue or a Giotto would be as fresh as if it had been painted yesterday. Oh, it's too bad! *(Looks at her dress.)* Why, this is the very dress I was painted in! and all my jewels exactly as I wore them. What an extraordinary coincidence! *(She has a rose in her hand.)* And here is the very rose that Messer Leonardo make me carry because he wanted a bit of colour down here. But I came from there just now! I remember distinctly coming down from that frame. Then I'm only a picture. Well, I'm glad I'm not a ghost. Then I've done Messer Leonardo da Vinci a very

serious injustice. (*Takes up a hand mirror.*) Oh, there's another picture of me here and it moves. Stop - I remember - it's a mirror. I saw one when I was quite a little girl. It was sent over from Venice and cost a mint of money. How exceedingly foolish to leave a valuable object like this about. Now I suppose this is worth about four or five hundred pounds (*looking at herself in it*). Yes, I'm looking very well - I'm very like - quite a speaking likeness. I wonder whose portraits these are. (*Reads tablets on frames.*) Dame Cherry Maybud. Lord Poppytop. (*Then seeing SIR CECIL.*) Oh, how perfectly charming! What a noble face! What magnificent colour! There's a flesh tint! and then such dignity! such expression! I wonder who painted it! (*Reads.*) Michael Angelo - I never heard of the gentleman. Quite an unknown man. After all, on looking at it again it's very tricky, quite a fourth or fifth-rate production. Date 1602 - Oh, some mistake. They must mean 1502. I died in 1500. I should really like to know whose portrait it is, for with all its faults, there is really a manly dignity about it which must have been strongly impressed on the original. (*Apostrophising picture.*) You are very handsome - very, very handsome. I'm glad you're only a picture. If you were a real living man, I should be obliged to be rather particular, but as it is I may say what I like to you.

No. 10. - SONG.

LADY MAUD. So please you, Sir, to hear my story while I tell
The happiness awaiting you: a maiden loves you well.
She dares not to declare the love that makes her sigh,
And would you know that maiden, so please you, Sir, tis I.

She would a saint beguile, her hair is soft and bright,
A happy laugh, a pleasant smile, and eyes that dance with light,
A dimple here and there, a pretty, touching sigh,
And would you know that maiden, so please you, Sir, tis I.

SIR C. A sweeter fate I never heard, my gratitude you've earned.

LADY M. (*aside*). (My goodness me, he's talking!)

The Sorcerer :

MR. W. Now shrivelled hags, with poison bags,
Discharge your loathsome loads!
Spit flame and fire, unholy choir!
Belch forth your venom, toads!
Ye demons fell, with yelp and yell,
Shed curses far afield -
Ye fiends of night, your filthy blight
In noisome plenty yield!

MR. W. (*pouring phial into tea-pot - flash*)

Number One!

CHORUS. It is done!

MR. W. (*same business*) Number Two! (*flash*)

CHORUS. One too few!

MR. W. Number Three! (*flash*)

CHORUS. Set us free!

Set us free - our work is done

Ha! ha! ha!

Set us free - our course is run!

Ha! ha! ha!

ALINE and ALEXIS (*aside*).

Let us fly to a far-off land,
Where peace and plenty dwell –
Where the sigh of the silver strand
Is echoed in every shell.

CHORUS OF FIENDS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

FINALE ACT I.

Stage grows light. MR. WELLS beckons villagers. Enter villagers and all the dramatis personæ, dancing joyously. MRS. PARTLET and MR. WELLS then distribute tea-cups.

CHORUS.

Now to the banquet we press;
Now for the eggs and the ham;
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam!
Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
And now for the gay Sally Lunn!

WOMEN. The eggs and the ham, and the strawberry jam!
MEN. The rollicking bun, and the gay Sally Lunn!
The rollicking, rollicking bun!

RECIT. – SIR MARMADUKE.

Be happy all – the feast is spread before ye;
Fear nothing, but enjoy yourselves, I pray!
Eat, aye, and drink – be merry, I implore ye,
For once let thoughtless Folly rule the day.

TEA-CUP BRINDISI, 1st Verse – SIR M.

Eat, drink, and be gay,
Banish all worry and sorrow,
Laugh gaily today,
Weep, if you're sorry, tomorrow!
Come, pass the cup around –
I will go bail for the liquor;
It's strong, I'll be bound,
For it was brewed by the vicar!

CHORUS. None so knowing as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
Ha! ha!
A pretty stiff jorum of tea.

TRIO – MR. WELLS, ALINE, and ALEXIS. (aside)

See – see – they drink –
All thoughts unheeding,
The tea-cups clink,
They are exceeding!
Their hearts will melt
In half-an-hour –
Then will be felt
The potion's power!

During this verse CONSTANCE has brought a small tea-pot, kettle, caddy, and cosy to DR. DALY. He makes tea scientifically.

BRINDISI, 2nd Verse – DR. DALY (with the tea-pot).

Pain, trouble, and care,
Misery, heart-ache, and worry,
Quick, out of your lair!
Get you all gone in a hurry!
Toil, sorrow, and plot,
Fly away quicker and quicker –
Three spoons to the pot –
That is the brew of your vicar!

CHORUS.

None so cunning as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
Ha! ha!
A pretty stiff jorum of tea!

ENSEMBLE – ALEXIS and ALINE (aside).

Oh love, true love – unworldly, abiding!
Source of all pleasure – true fountain of joy, –
Oh love, true love – divinely confiding,
Exquisite treasure that knows no alloy, –
Oh love, true love, rich harvest of gladness,
Peace-bearing tillage – great garner of bliss, –
Oh love, true love, look down on our sadness –
Dwell in this village – oh, hear us in this!

It becomes evident by the strange conduct of the characters that the charm is working. All rub their eyes, and stagger about the stage as if under the influence of a narcotic.

TUTTI (aside).

Oh, marvellous illusion!
Oh, terrible surprise!
What is this strange confusion
That veils my aching eyes?
I must regain my
senses,
Restoring Reason's law,

ALEXIS, MR. WELLS and ALINE.

A marvellous illusion!
A terrible surprise
Excites a strange confusion
Within their aching eyes –
They must regain their
senses,
Restoring Reason's law,

Or fearful inferences
The company will draw!ⁱ

Or fearful inferences
The company will draw!

*Those who have partaken of the philtre struggle in vain against its effects, and, at the end of the chorus, fall insensible on the stage.*ⁱⁱ

END OF ACT I

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In the 1877 libretto, the stage direction at this point read: “*Those who have partaken of the philtre struggle against its effects, and resume the Brindisi with a violent effort.*” It continued:

TUTTI.

Eat, drink, and be gay,
Banish all worry and sorrow –
Laugh gaily today –
Weep, if you’re sorry tomorrow.
Come, pass the cup round –
We will go bail for the liquor;
It’s strong, I’ll be bound,
For it was brewed by the vicar!
None so cunning as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
Ha! ha!
At brewing a jorum of tea!

The Pirates :

RECITATIVE – MABEL.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity’s name,
For shame!
It’s true that he has gone astray,
But pray
Is that a reason good and true

Why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?

GIRLS. *(aside)*

The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?

MABEL. For shame, for shame, for shame!

SONG – MABEL.

MABEL.

Poor wandering one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one!
Poor wandering one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind –
Why, take it, it is thine!
Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart – take mine!

GIRLS.

Take heart; no danger lowers;
Take any heart-but ours!

Exeunt MABEL and FREDERIC. EDITH beckons her sisters, who form a semicircle around her.

RECIT – GENERAL.

Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted
Be summoned to receive a General's blessing,
Ere they depart upon their dread adventure.

FRED. Dear, sir, they come.

Enter Police, marching in single file. They form in line, facing audience.

SONG – SERGEANT, with POLICE.

When the foeman bares his steel,

Tarantara! tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara!
And we find the wisest thing,
Tarantara! tarantara!
Is to slap our chests and sing,
Tarantara!
For when threatened with emeutes,
Tarantara! tarantara!
And your heart is in your boots,
Tarantara!
There is nothing brings it round
Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Like the trumpet's martial sound
ALL. Tarantara! tarantara!, etc.
MABEL. Go, ye heroes, go to glory,
Though you die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story.
Go to immortality!
Go to death, and go to slaughter;
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your grave shall water.
Go, ye heroes, go and die!
GIRLS. Go, ye heroes, go and die!
SERGEANT, with **POLICE.**
Though to us it's evident,
Tarantara! tarantara!
These attentions are well meant,
Tarantara!
Such expressions don't appear,
Tarantara! tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer,
Tarantara!
Who are going to meet their fate
In a highly nervous state.
Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!
Still to us it's evident
These attentions are well meant.
Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!
EDITH. Go and do your best endeavour,
And before all links we sever,
We will say farewell for ever.
Go to glory and the grave!
GIRLS. Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless;
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.
SERG. We observe too great a stress,
On the risks that on us press,
And of reference a lack

The Pirates of Penzance

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To our chance of coming back.

Still, perhaps it would be wise

Not to carp or criticise,

For it's very evident

These attentions are well meant.

POLICE. Yes, it's very evident

These attentions are well meant, etc.

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

Go ye heroes, go to glory, etc When the foeman bears his steel, etc.

GEN. Away, away!

POLICE. (*without moving*) Yes, yes, we go.

GEN. These pirates slay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then do not stay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then why this delay?

POLICE. All right, we go.

Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!

POLICE. We go, we go

Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!

ALL. At last they really go!

Exeunt Police. MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exit, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The MAJOR-GENERAL and others follow. FREDERIC remains alone.

Patience :

GKOS. Oh did he so ? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold, my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a decalet a pure and simple thing, a very daisy a babe might understand it. To appreciate it it is not necessary to think of anything at all.

ANG. Let us think of nothing at all !
recites.

Gentle Jane was as good as gold,
She always did as she was told.
She never spoke when her mouth was full,
Or caught blue-bottles their legs to pull ;
Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,
Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,
Or vivisected her last new doll,
Or fostered a passion for alcohol.
And when she grew up she was given in marriage

To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage !

GROS. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

ANG. Not one ; it is purity itself.

GROS. Here's another.

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy ;
A great big squirt was his favourite toy ;
He put live shrimps in his father's boots,
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits ;

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He punched his poor little sisters' heads,
And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds ;
He plastered their hair with cobbler's wax,
And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.
The consequence was he was lost totally,
And married a girl in the corps de bally !
SAPH. How simple how earnest how true !

ANG. Marked you how grandly how relentlessly the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong-Doer. Oh, it was terrible !

GROS. (aside). This is simply cloying. (Aloud). Ladies, I am sorry to distress you, but you have been following me about ever since Monday, and this is Saturday. I should like the usual half-holiday, and if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day, I shall take it as a personal favour.

ELLA. Oh, sir, do not send us from you, for our love leaps to our lips, and our hearts go out to you !

GEOS. Poor, poor girls! It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

ANG. (ivildly). But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

GKOS. Don't you ? Then I will sing it to you.

SONG . GROSVENOR .

A magnet hung in a hardware shop,
And all around was a loving crop
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
Offering love for all their lives ;
But for iron the magnet felt no whim,
Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him,
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
For he'd set his love on a Silver Chum !
ALL. A Silver Churn !

GBOS. A Silver Churn !

His most aesthetic,
Very magnetic
Fancy took this turn
" If I can wheedle
A knife or needle,
"Why not a Silver Churn ?
CHOB. His most aesthetic, &c.

GROS. And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,

The needles opened their well drilled eyes,

The pen-knives felt " shut up," no doubt,

The scissors declared themselves " cut out,"

The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,

While every nail went off its head,

And hither and thither began to roam,

Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

ALL. It drove them home ?
GROS. It drove them home ;

While this magnetic,
Peripatetic

Lover he lived to learn,
By no endeavour,
Can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn !

ALL. While this magnetic, &c.

[T]hey go off in low spirits, yazing back at him from time to time.

COL. Awkward, not at all Observe, suppose you choose Angela, I take Saphir, Major takes nobody. Suppose you choose Saphir, Major takes Angela, I take nobody. Suppose you choose neither, I take Angela, Major takes Saphir. Clear as day !

ANGELA. Capital !

SAPHIR. The very thing !

QUINTETTE.

DUKE, COLONEL, MAJOR, ANGELA, and SAPHIR.

DUKE (taking SAPHIR).
If Saphir I choose to marry,
I shall be fixed up for life ;
Then the Colonel need not tarry,
Angela can be his wife.

(Handing ANGELA to COLONEL.)
{Dura dances with SAPHIR, COLONEL with ANGELA, MAJOR dances alone.}

MAJOR (dancing alone).

In that case unprecedented

Single I shall live and die
I shall have to be contented

With their heartfelt sympathy !

ALL (dancing as before).
He will have to be contented
With our heartfelt sympathy !

DUKE (taking ANGELA).

If on Angy I determine,

At my wedding she'll appear,
Decked in diamond and ermine,

Major then can take Saphir !

(Handing SAPHIR to MAJOR.)

(DUKE dances with ANGELA, MAJOR with SAPHIR. COLONEL dances alone.)

COLONEL dancing.
In that case unprecedented,
Single I shall live and die,
I shall have to be contented,
With their heartfelt sympathy !

ALL (dancing as before).
He will have to be contented,
With our heartfelt sympathy !

DUKE (taking both ANGELA and SAPHIR.)

After some debate internal,

If on neither I decide,
Saphir then can take the Colonel, (handing SAPHIR to COLONEL.)

Angy be the Major's bride ! (handing ANGELA to MAJOR.)

(Col. dances with SAPHIR, MAJOR with ANGELA, DUKE dances alone.)

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DUKE dancing.

In that case unprecedented,
Single I must live and die,
I shall have to be contented,
With their heartfelt sympathy !

ALL. (dancing as before).
He will have to live contented,
With our heartfelt sympathy !

[At the end, DUKE, COLONEL, and MAJOR, and two girls-
dance off arm in arm.

Princess Ida : :

PRIN. Infamous creature, get you hence away!
HILARION, *who has been with difficulty restrained by FLORIAN during this song, breaks from him and strikes CYRIL furiously on the breast.*
HIL. Dog! There is something more to sing about!
CYR. (*sobered*) Hilarion, are you mad?
PRIN. (*horrified*) Hilarion? Help!
Why, these are men! Lost! lost! betrayed, undone! (*Running on to bridge.*)
Girls, get you hence! Man-monsters, if you dare
Approach one step, I – Ah! (*Loses her balance and falls into the stream.*)

PSY. Oh! Save her, sir!

BLAN. It's useless, sir – you'll only catch your death! (HILARION *springs in.*)

SACH. He catches her!

MEL. And now he lets her go!

Again she's in his grasp –

PSY. And now she's not,

He seizes her back hair!

BLAN. (*not looking*) And it comes off!

PSY. No, no! She's saved! – she's saved! – she's saved! – she's saved!

FINALE.

CHORUS OF LADIES

Oh joy! our chief is saved

And by Hilarion's hand;

The torrent fierce he braved,

And brought her safe to land!

For his intrusion we must own

Princess Ida

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This doughty deed may well atone!

PRIN. Stand forth ye three,

Whoe'er ye be,

And hearken to our stern decree!

HIL., CYR. & FLOR. Have mercy, O Lady – disregard your oaths!

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!

The man whose sacrilegious eyes

Invade our strict seclusion, dies.

Arrest these coarse intruding spies!

They are arrested by the 'Daughters of the Plough'.

LADIES. Have mercy, O Lady, – disregard your oaths.

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!

CYRIL & FLORIAN *are bound.*

SONG – HILARION.

Whom thou has chained must wear his chain,

Thou canst not set him free,

He wrestles with his bonds in vain

Who lives by loving thee!

If heart of stone for heart of fire,

Be all thou hast to give,

If dead to my heart's desire,

Why should I wish to live?

CYR., FLOR. & LADIES. Have mercy, O Lady!

No word of thine – no stern command

Can teach my heart to rove,

Then rather perish by thy hand,

Than live without thy love!

A loveless life apart from thee

Were hopeless slavery,

If kindly death will set me free,

Why should I fear to die?

LADIES. Have mercy! Have mercy!

He is bound by two of the attendants, the three gentlemen are marched off.

Princess Ida

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Enter MELISSA.

MEL. Madam, without the castle walls

An armèd band

Demand admittance to our halls

For Hildebrand!

ALL. Oh, horror!

PRIN. Deny them!

We will defy them!

ALL. Too late – too late!

The castle gate

Is battered by them!

The gate yields. SOLDIERS rush in. ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are with them, but with their hands handcuffed.

ENSEMBLE.

GIRLS. MEN.

Rend the air with wailing, Walls and fences scaling,

Shed the shameful tear! Promptly we appear;

Walls are unavailing, Walls are unavailing,

Man has entered here! We have entered here.

Shame and desecration³ Female execration

Are his staunch allies, Stifle if you're wise.

Let your lamentation Stop your lamentation,

Echo to the skies! Dry your pretty eyes!

Enter HILDEBRAND.

RECITATIVE.

PRIN. Audacious tyrant, do you dare

To beard a maiden in her lair?

HILD. Since you inquire,

We've no desire

To beard a maiden here, or anywhere!

SOLDIERS. No, no. We've no desire

To beard a maiden here or anywhere!

³ Sullivan did not set the last four lines of this verse.

Princess Ida

SOLO – HILDEBRAND.

Some years ago,

No doubt you know

(And if you don't I'll tell you so)

You gave your troth

Upon your oath

To Hilarion my son.

A vow you make

You must not break,

(If you think you may, it's a great mistake),

For a bride's a bride

Though the knot were tied

At the early age of one!

And I'm a peppery kind of King,

Who's indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of chit,
And that's the long and the short of it!
SOLDIERS. For he's a peppery kind of King, etc.
If you decide
To pocket your pride
And let Hilarion claim his bride,
Why, well and good,
It's understood
We'll let bygones go by –
But if you choose
To sulk in the blues
I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes.
I'll storm your walls,
And level your halls,
In the winking of an eye!
For I'm a peppery Potentate,
Who's little inclined his claim to bate,
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and the short of it!
SOLDIERS. For he's a peppery Potentate, etc.
TRIO – ARAC, GURON *and* SCYNTHIUS.
We may remark, though nothing can
Dismay us,
That if you thwart this gentleman,
Princess Ida
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He'll slay us.
We don't fear death, of course – we're taught
To shame it;
But still upon the whole we thought
We'd name it.
(*To each other.*) Yes, yes, yes, better perhaps to name it.
Our interests we would not press
With chatter,
Three hulking brothers more or less
Don't matter;
If you'd pooh-pooh this monarch's plan
Pooh-pooh it,
But when he says he'll hang a man,
He'll do it.
(*To each other.*) Yes, yes, yes, devil doubt he'll do it.
PRIN. (*recit.*) Be reassured, nor fear his anger blind,
His menaces are idle as the wind.
He dares not kill you – vengeance lurks behind!
ARAC, GUR. & SCYN. We rather think he dares, but never mind!
No, no, no, – never, never mind!
HILD. I rather think I dare, but never, never mind!
Enough of parley, as a special boon,
We give you till tomorrow afternoon;
Release Hilarion, then, and be his bride

Or you'll incur the guilt of fratricide!

ENSEMBLE.

PRINCESS. THE OTHERS.

To yield at once to such a foe Oh, yield at once, 'twere better so,
With shame were rife; Than risk a strife!

So quick! away with him, although And let the Prince Hilarion go –
He saved my life! He saved thy life!

That he is fair, and strong, and tall Hilarion's fair, and strong, and tall –

Is very evident to all, A worse misfortune might befall –

Yet I will die, before I call It's not so dreadful after all,

Myself his wife! To be his wife!

SOLO – PRINCESS.

Though I am but a girl,

Defiance thus I hurl,

Princess Ida

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Our banners all

On outer wall

We fearlessly unfurl.

All. Though she is but a girl, etc.

PRINCESS. THE OTHERS.

To yield at once to such a foe, etc. Oh, yield at once, 'twere better so, etc.

The PRINCESS stands, surrounded by girls kneeling. HILDEBRAND and soldiers stand on built rocks at back and sides of stage. Picture.

END OF ACT II

The Mikado

TRIO – YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING, with CHORUS OF GIRLS.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school-girl well can be
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,

Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. Everything is a source of fun. (*Chuckle.*)

PEEP-BO. Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*Chuckle.*)

PITTI-SING. Life is a joke that's just begun! (*Chuckle.*)

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

ALL (*dancing*). Three, little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary –

THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum –

PEEP-BO. Two little maids in attendance come –

PITTI-SING. Three little maids is the total sum.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school!

YUM-YUM. From three little maids take one away.

PEEP-BO. Two little maids remain, and they –

PITTI-SING. Won't have to wait very long, they say –
THE THREE. Three little maids from school!
ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary –
THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

(*Enter KO-KO and POOH-BAH.*)

KO. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*)

YUM. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

KO. Well, that was the idea.

YUM. (*aside to PEEP-BO*). It seems odd, doesn't it?

PEEP. It's rather peculiar.

The Grand Duke

CT II.

(THE NEXT MORNING.)

SCENE. – Entrance Hall of the Grand Ducal Palace.

Enter a procession of the members of the theatrical company (now dressed in the costumes of Troilus and Cressida), carrying garlands, playing on pipes, citharæ, and cymbals, and heralding the return of LUDWIG and JULIA from the marriage ceremony, which has just taken place.

CHORUS.

As before you we defile,
Eloia! Eloia!

Pray you, gentles, do not smile
If we shout, in classic style,
Eloia!

Ludwig and his Julia true
Wedded are each other to –
So we sing, till all is blue,
Eloia! Eloia!
Opoponax! Eloia!

Wreaths of bay and ivy twine,
Eloia! Eloia!

Fill the bowl with Lesbian wine,
And to revelry incline –
Eloia!

For as gaily we pass on
Probably we shall, anon,
Sing a Diergeticon –
Eloia! Eloia!
Opoponax! Eloia!

(LISA, through this, has expressed intense distress at having to surrender LUDWIG.)

SONG – LISA.

Take care of him – he's much too good to live,
 With him you must be very gentle:
Poor fellow, he's so highly sensitive,
 And O, so sentimental!
Be sure you never let him sit up late
 In chilly open air conversing –
Poor darling, he's extremely delicate,
 And wants a deal of nursing!

LUD. I want a deal of nursing!

LISA. And O, remember this –
 When he is cross with pain,
A flower and a kiss –
 A simple flower – a tender kiss
Will bring him round again!

His moods you must assiduously watch:
 When he succumbs to sorrow tragic,
Some hardbake or a bit of butter-scotch
 Will work on him like magic.
To contradict a character so rich
 In trusting love were simple blindness –
He's one of those exalted natures which
 Will only yield to kindness!

LUD. I only yield to kindness!

LISA. And O, the bygone bliss!
 And O, the present pain!
That flower and that kiss –
 That simple flower – that tender kiss
I ne'er shall give again!

(Exit LISA, weeping.)

(Exit BARONESS. March heard.)

LUD. (recit.) Why, who is this approaching,
 Upon our joy encroaching?
Some rascal come a-poaching
 Who's heard that wine we're broaching?

ALL. Who may this be?
 Who may this be?
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

(Enter HERALD.)

HER. The Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his beautiful daughter.
They've paid off all they owe,
As every statesman oughter –
That Prince of Monte Carlo
And his be-eautiful daughter!

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER. The Prince of Monte Carlo,
Who is so very partickler,
Has heard that you're also
For ceremony a stickler –
Therefore he lets you know
By word of mouth auric'lar –
(That Prince of Monte Carlo
Who is so very particklar) –

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER. That Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his be-eautiful daughter!

LUD. (recit.) His Highness we know not – nor the locality
In which is situate his Principality;
But, as he guesses by some odd fatality,
This is the shop for cut and dried formality!
Let him appear –
He'll find that we're
Remarkable for cut and dried formality.

(Reprise of March. Exit HERALD. LUDWIG beckons his Court.)

LUD. I have a plan – I'll tell you all the plot of it –
He wants formality – he shall have a lot of it!
(Whispers to them, through symphony.)
Conceal yourselves, and when I give the cue,
Spring out on him – you all know what to do!
(All conceal themselves behind the draperies that enclose the stage.)

(Pompous March. Enter the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO, attended by six theatrical-looking nobles and the Court Costumier.)

DUET – PRINCE and PRINCESS.

PRINCE. We're rigged out in magnificent array
(Our own clothes are much gloomier)
In costumes which we've hired by the day
From a very well-known costumier.

COST. (bowing) I am the well-known costumier.

PRINCESS. With a brilliant staff a Prince should make a show
(It's a rule that never varies),
So we've engaged from the Theatre Monaco
Six supernumeraries.

NOBLES. We're the supernumeraries.

ALL. At a salary immense,
Quite regardless of expense,
Six supernumeraries!

PRINCE. They do not speak, for they break our grammar's laws,
And their language is lamentable –
And they never take off their gloves, because
Their nails are not presentable.

NOBLES. Our nails are not presentable!

PRINCESS. To account for their shortcomings manifest
We explain, in a whisper bated,
They are wealthy members of the brewing interest
To the Peerage elevated.

NOBLES. To the Peerage elevated.

ALL. They're/We're very, very rich,
And accordingly, as sich,
To the Peerage elevated.