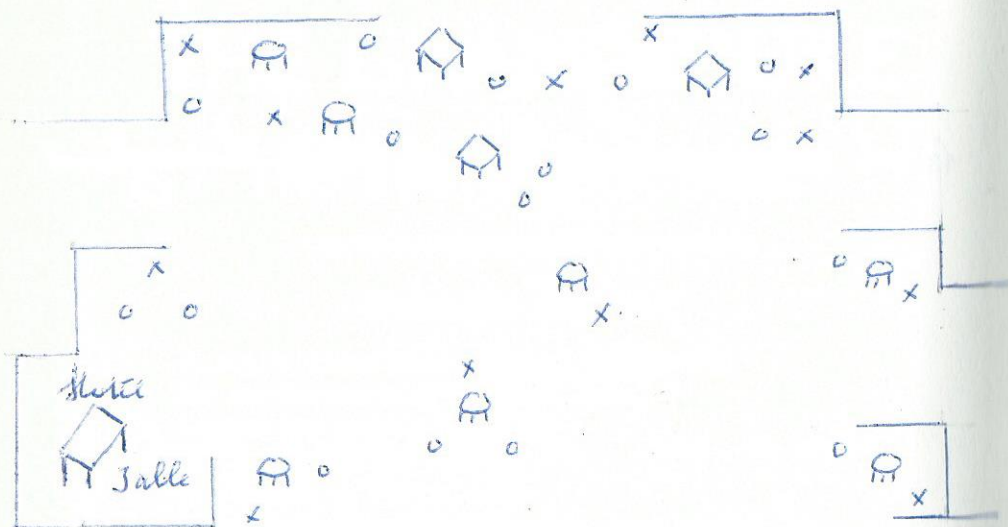


THE GRAND DUKE

Sym. Symphony.

Curtain up on 4th Bar.



all ladies seated - a few Gents seated

As curtain rises it is evident that repeat is ending

The waiters are removing Plates & Dishes & taking them into Hotel R.

Bustle & excitement

Gents are assisting to clear & attending on ladies, Bottles & drinking stugs remain.

THE GRAND DUKE;

OR,

THE STATUTORY DUEL.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Market Place of Speisesaal, in the Grand Duchy of Pfennig Halbpennig. A well, with decorated iron-work, up L.C. GRETCHEN, BERTHA, OLGA, MARTHA, and other members of ERNEST DUMMKOPF'S theatrical company are discovered, seated at several small tables, enjoying a repast in honour of the nuptials of LUDWIG, his leading comedian, and LISA, his soubrette.

Lisa

CHORUS.

Won't it be a pretty wedding?
~~Will not~~ ~~Doesn't~~ Lisa look delightful?
 Smiles and tears in plenty shedding—
 Which in brides of course is rightful.
 One might say, if one were spiteful,
 Contradiction little dreading,
 Her bouquet is simply frightful—
 Still, it is a pretty wedding!
 Oh, it is a pretty wedding!
 Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

ELSA. If her dress ~~is~~ badly fitting,
 Theirs the fault who made her *trousseau*.

BERTHA. If her gloves ~~are~~ always splitting,
 Cheap kid gloves, we know, will do so.

OLGA. ~~If her wreath is all lop-sided,~~
~~That's a thing one's always dreading.~~

GRET. ~~If her hair is all untied,~~
~~Still, it is a pretty wedding!~~

CHORUS. Oh, it is a pretty wedding!
 Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

CHORUS.

Here they come, the couple plighted—
 On life's journey gaily start them.
 Soon to be for aye united,
 Till divorce or death shall part them.
 (LUDWIG and LISA come forward.)

Rising

DUET.—LUDWIG and LISA.

LUD. Pretty Lisa, fair and tasty,
 Tell me now, and tell me truly,
 Haven't you been rather hasty?
 Haven't you been rash unduly?
 Am I quite the dashing *sposo*
 That your fancy could depict you?
 Perhaps you think I'm only so-so?
 (She expresses admiration.)
 Well, I will not contradict you!

CHORUS. No, he will not contradict you!

LISA. Who am I to raise objection?
 I'm a child, untaught and homely—
 When you tell me you're perfection,
 Tender, truthful, true, and comely—
 That in quarrel no one's bolder,
 Though dissensions always grieve you—
 Why, my love, you're so much older
 That, of course, I must believe you!

CHORUS. Yes, of course, she must believe you!

CHORUS.

If he ever acts unkindly,
 Shut your eyes and love him blindly—
 Should he call you names uncomely,
 Shut your mouth and love him dumbly—
 Should he rate you, rightly—leftly—
 Shut your ears and love him deafly.
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Thus and thus and thus alone
 Ludwig's wife may hold her own!

(LUDWIG and LISA sit at table.)

& Notary ---
Sentences for
chattering

{ Very late indeed
Why were you not here
before, you silly old man
you are always late you are.

Notary comes down to C then R of Table C.

Girls sit.

① Chair placed back of Table C for Lud'

x Not



L ---
o Lisa

② Girls rise in disgust & group.

Stools passed off quickly & quietly

③ Rising & going R.

Bertha rises & goes L.

Enter NOTARY TANNHÄUSER. R 9-12 Hurriedly

Not. Hallo! Surely I'm not late?

(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)

Not. But, dear me, you're all at breakfast! Has the wedding taken place?

(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)

all try to speak. Ladies seated
Not. My good girls, one at a time, I beg. Let me understand the situation. ② As solicitor to the conspiracy to dethrone the Grand Duke—a conspiracy in which the members of this company are deeply involved—I am invited to the marriage of two of its members. I present myself in due course, and I find, not only that the ceremony has taken place—which is not of the least consequence—but the wedding breakfast is half eaten—which is a consideration of the most serious importance. still laugh.

(LUDWIG and LISA come down.) to Table & sit

LUD. But the ceremony has not taken place. We can't get a parson! still repeat: We can't get a Parson.

Not. Can't get a parson! Why, how's that? They're three a penny!

LUD. Oh, it's the old story—the Grand Duke!

ALL. Ugh!

LUD. It seems that the little imp has selected this, our wedding day, for a convocation of all the clergy in the town to settle the details of his approaching marriage with the enormously wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt, and there won't be a parson to be had for love or money until six o'clock this evening!

LISA. And as we produce our magnificent classical revival of *Troilus and Cressida* to-night at seven, we have no alternative but to eat our wedding-breakfast before we've earned it. So sit down, and make the best of it.

④ GRET. Oh, I should like to pull his Grand Ducal ears for him, that I should! He's the meanest, the cruellest, the most spiteful little ape in Christendom!

OLGA. Well, we shall soon be freed from his tyranny. Tomorrow the Despot is to be dethroned!

LUD. Hush, rash girl! You know not what you say.

OLGA. Don't be absurd! We're all in it—we're all tiled, here.

Sitting

(A) LUD. That has nothing to do with it. Know ye not that in alluding to our conspiracy without having first given and received the secret sign, you are violating a fundamental principle of our Association? all assent

(B) SONG.—LUDWIG.

By the mystic regulation
Of our dark Association,
Ere you open conversation
With another kindred soul,
You must eat a sausage-roll! (*Producing one.*)

ALL. You must eat a sausage-roll! To one another

LUD. If, in turn, he eats another,
That's a sign that he's a brother—
Each may fully trust the other.
It is quaint and it is droll,
But it's bilious on the whole.

Bring Lisa down

##

ALL. Very bilious on the whole.

LUD. It's a greasy kind of pasty,
Which, perhaps, a judgment hasty
Might consider rather tasty:
Once (to speak without disguise)
It found favour in our eyes.

ALL. It found favour in our eyes.

LUD. But when you've been six months feeding
(As we have) on this exceeding
Bilious food, it's no ill-breeding
If at these repulsive pies
Our offended gorges rise!

ALL. Our offended gorges rise!

lights up
Elsa

MARTHA. Oh, bother the secret sign! I've eaten it until I'm quite uncomfortable! I've given it six times already to-day—and (*whimpering*) I can't eat any breakfast!

BERTHA. And it's so unwholesome. Why, we should all be as yellow as frogs if it wasn't for the make-up!

LUD. All this is rank treason to the cause. I suffer as much as any of you. I loathe the repulsive thing—I can't contemplate it without a shudder—but I'm a conscientious conspirator, and if you won't give the sign I will. (*Eats sausage roll with an effort.*)

LISA. Poor martyr! He's always at it, and it's a wonder where he puts it!

To eating

(A) a slight check of lights?

(B) a mere suggestion of change

1 hour in Groups

Wot'

x lud'

A

@ Lisa

lud' comes forward

Going up to table - picking up a sausage & looking at it.

Volney has remained seated eating & drinking
lights up slowly - focus off - Bertha turns up c.

SONG.—ERNEST.

Were I a king in very truth,
 And had a son—a guileless youth—
 In probable succession;
 To teach him patience, teach him tact,
 How promptly in a fix to act,
 He should adopt, in point of fact,
 A manager's profession.
 To that condition he should stoop
 (Despite a too fond mother),
 With eight or ten "stars" in his troupe,
 All jealous of each other!
 Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew,
 Each member a genius (and some of them two)
 And manage to humour them, little and great,
 Can govern this tuppenny State! Early & late

X ALL. Oh, the man, &c.

Olga Berka
- Christ R
Gent on his R.

Early & corner
Elsa L.

Both A and B rehearsal slight—
 They say they'll be "all right at night"
 (They've both to go to school yet);
 C in each act *must* change her dress,
 D *will* attempt to "square the press"; Gent L corner
 E won't play Romeo unless
 His grandmother plays Juliet;
 F claims all hoydens as her rights
 (She's played them thirty seasons);
 And G must show herself in tights
 For two convincing reasons—
 Two very well-shaped reasons!
 Oh, the man who can drive a theatrical team,
 With wheelers and leaders in order supreme,
 Can govern and rule, with a wave of his fin,
 All Europe—with Ireland thrown in!

ALL. Oh, the man, &c.

[Exeunt all but ERNEST. all exits]

ERN. Elected by my fellow conspirators to be Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpsfennig as soon as the contemptible little occupant of the historical throne is deposed—here is promotion indeed! Why, that instead of playing Troilus of Troy for a month, I shall play Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpsfennig for a lifetime! Yet am I happy? No—far from happy! The lovely English *comédienne*—the beautiful Julia, whose dramatic ability is so overwhelming that our audiences forgive

Sits

SYM R foot down - L behind - Bob - repeat
 then a "Pas Bas" step & turn
 Gents start on opposite foot

o'gret x Gent o Olga x Ern o Berka
x Not
o Elsa
 Principals same steps as above

x Dance during chorus by these principals
 Ernest with the two best dancers

This should be a set dance according to talent

x Gent o Olga x Ern
o Berka
o'gret x Not
o Elsa

Dances as before - One seat remains
 at each side of door.

x Ernest



Ernest raises his hat & bows

o Julia x Ernest

Ernest "Oh certainly

x Bringing forward the other stool.

even her strong English accent—that rare and radiant being treats my respectful advances with disdain unutterable! And yet, who knows? She is haughty and ambitious, and it may be that the splendid change in my fortunes may work a corresponding change in her feelings towards me!

Rising
Ernest

Enter JULIA JELlicoe. R. V. E.

JULIA. Herr Dummkopf, a word with you, if you please.

ERN. Beautiful English maiden— Going towards her

JULIA. No compliments, I beg. I desire to speak with you on a purely professional matter, so we will, if you please, dispense with allusions to my personal appearance, which can only tend to widen the breach which already exists between us.

ERN. (aside). My only hope shattered! The haughty Londoner still despises me! (Aloud.) It shall be as you will.

JULIA. I understand that the conspiracy in which we are all concerned is to develop to-morrow, and that the company is likely to elect you to the throne on the understanding that the posts about the court are to be filled by members of your theatrical troupe, according to their professional importance.

ERN. That is so.

JULIA. Then all I can say is that it places me in an extremely awkward position.

ERN. (very depressed). I don't see how it concerns you.

JULIA. Why, bless my heart, don't you see that, as your leading lady, I am bound under a serious penalty to play the leading part in all your productions?

ERN. Well?

JULIA. Why, of course, the leading part in this production will be the Grand Duchess!

ERN. My wife?

JULIA. That is another way of expressing the same idea. Going to R.

ERN. (aside—delighted). I scarcely dared even to hope for this!

JULIA. Of course, as your leading lady, you'll be mean enough to hold me to the terms of my agreement. Oh, that's so like a man! Well, I suppose there's no help for it—I shall have to do it! Sits R.

ERN. (aside). She's mine! (Aloud.) But—do you really think Going to R.C. you would care to play that part? (Taking her hand.)

JULIA (*withdrawing it*). Care to play it? Certainly not—but what am I to do? Business is business, and I am bound by the terms of my agreement.

ERN. It's for a long run, mind—a run that may last many, many years—no understudy—and once embarked upon there's no throwing it up. Takes her hand

JULIA. Oh, we're used to these long runs in England: they are the curse of the stage—but, you see, I've no option.

ERN. You think the part of Grand Duchess will be good enough for you?

Off handish JULIA. Oh, I think so. It's a very good part in Gerolstein, and oughtn't to be a bad one in Pfennig Halbpennig. Why, what did uses you suppose I was going to play?

Ernst ERN. (*keeping up a show of reluctance*). But, considering your strong personal dislike to me and your persistent rejection of my repeated offers, won't you find it difficult to throw yourself into the part with all the impassioned enthusiasm that the character seems to demand? Remember, it's a strongly emotional part, involving long and repeated scenes of rapture, tenderness, adoration, devotion—all in luxuriant excess, and all of the most demonstrative description.

JULIA. My good sir, throughout my career I have made it a rule never to allow private feeling to interfere with my professional duties. You may be quite sure that (however distasteful the part may be) if I undertake it, I shall consider myself professionally bound to throw myself into it with all the ardour at my command.

ERN. (*aside—with effusion*). I'm the happiest fellow alive! (*Aloud.*) Now—would you have any objection—to—to give me some idea—if it's only a mere sketch—as to how you would play it? It would be really interesting—to me—to know your conception of—of—the part of my wife.

Going L JULIA. How would I play it? Now, let me see—let me see. (*Considering.*) Ah, I have it!

Sym Come to c BALLAD.—JULIA.

How would I play this part—
The Grand Duke's Bride?
All rancour in my heart
I'd duly hide—
I'd drive it from my recollection
And 'whelm you with a mock affection,
Well calculated to defy detection—
That's how I'd play this part—
The Grand Duke's Bride.

Julia with draws her hand.
" Cross to L.C.
X: Following her to c.

x Ernst o Julia

As allad.

x Ernst o Julia

Coquettish actions - handkerchief etc
Pressing him to L

o Julia

x Ernest

(x) Action with handkerchief

Allegro Vivace Gradually come together

Together.

II

Embracing him
cross to R
With many a winsome smile
I'd witch and woo;
With gay and girlish guile
I'd frenzy you—
I'd madden you with my caressing,
Like turtle, her first love confessing—
That it was "mock," no mortal would be guessing,
With so much winsome wile Turn & go to him
I'd witch and woo!

Did any other maid
With you succeed,
I'd pinch the forward jade—
I would indeed!
With jealous frenzy agitated
(Which would, of course, be simulated),
I'd make her wish she'd never been created —
Did any other maid
With you succeed!

And should there come to me,
Some summers hence,
In all the childish glee
Of innocence,
Fair babes, aglow with beauty vernal,
My heart would bound with joy diurnal!
This sweet display of sympathy maternal, Action nursing
Well, that would also be baby
A mere pretence! cross to L & C

My histrionic art,
Though you deride,
That's how I'd play that part—
The Grand Duke's Bride! Exit song

ENSEMBLE.

ERNEST.	JULIA.
Oh joy! when two glowing young hearts,	My boy, when two glowing young hearts,
From the rise of the curtain,	From the rise of the curtain,
Thus throw themselves into their parts,	Thus throw themselves into their parts,
Success is most certain!	Success is most certain!
If the <i>role</i> you're prepared to endow	The <i>role</i> I'm prepared to endow
With such delicate touches,	With most delicate touches,
By the heaven above us, I vow	By the heavens above us, I vow
You shall be my Grand Duchess!	I will be your Grand Duchess!

Turn, trip up stage R & L R & L Turn Julia (Dance.) p.t.c

[illegible]

Positions remain

Exeunt of chorus R & L all available exits

Note: Quick change for L-hamburians
change of positions during SYM Lud 'tims up &

Olya turns up sympathises with Lud

Ernest goes over to Notary chats a moment
then Notary goes up to "Well & sits
making notes in book"

Lisa goes over to Julia speaks to her

* Julia cross to L



x Lud

x Notary

x Ernest

o Lisa

o Julia

LUD. Well, as I bowed to his applause,
Down dropped he with hysteric bellow—
And *that* seemed right enough, because
I *am* a devilish funny fellow.
Then suddenly,
As still he squealed,
It flashed on me
That I'd revealed
Our plot, with all details effective,
To Grand Duke Rudolph's own detective!

ALL. What folly fell,
To go and tell
Our plot to any one's detective!

CHORUS.

(Attacking LUDWIG.) You booby dense—
You oaf immense,
With no pretence
To common sense!
A stupid muff
Who's made of stuff
Not worth a puff
Of candle-snuff!

Pack up at once and off we go, unless we're anxious to exhibit
Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up upon the Castle
gibbet!

[Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG, LISA, ERNEST, JULIA, and
NOTARY.

* JUL. Well, a nice mess you've got us into! There's an end of
our precious plot! All up—pop—fizzle—bang—done for! Runs to L

LUD. Yes, but—ha! ha!—fancy my choosing the Grand Duke's
private detective, of all men, to make a confidant of! When you
come to think of it, it's really devilish funny!

ERN. (angrily). When you come to think of it, it's extremely
injudicious to admit into a conspiracy every pudding-headed baboon
who presents himself!

LUD. ~~Yes—I should never do that. If I were chairman of this
gang, I should hesitate to enrol any baboon who couldn't produce
satisfactory credentials from his last Zoological Gardens.~~

LISA. Ludwig is far from being a baboon. Poor boy, he
could not help giving us away—it's his trusting nature—he was
deceived.

JULIA (furiously). His trusting nature! (To LUDWIG) Oh, I
should like to talk to you in my own language for five minutes—
only five minutes! I know some good, strong, energetic English

remarks ~~that would shrivel your trusting nature into raisins—only you wouldn't understand them!~~

LUD. Here we perceive one of the disadvantages of a neglected education!

ERN. (*to JULIA*). And I suppose you'll never be my Grand Duchess, now!

JULIA. Grand Duchess? My good friend, if you don't produce the piece how can I play the part?

ERN. True. (*To LUDWIG*.) You see what you've done.

LUD. But, my dear sir, you don't seem to understand that the man ate three sausage-rolls. Keep that fact steadily before you. Three large sausage-rolls.

JULIA. Bah!—Lots of people eat sausage-rolls who are not conspirators.

~~LUD. Then they shouldn't. It's bad form. It's not the game. When one of the Human Family proposes to eat a sausage-roll, it is his duty to ask himself, "Am I a conspirator?" And if, on examination, he finds that he is *not* a conspirator, he is bound in honour to select some other form of refreshment.~~

LISA. Of course he is. One should always play the game. (*To NOTARY who has been smiling placidly through this.*) What are you grinning at, you greedy old man?

NOT. Nothing—don't mind me. It is always amusing to the legal mind to see a parcel of laymen bothering themselves about a matter which to a trained lawyer presents no difficulty whatever.

ALL. No difficulty!

NOT. None whatever! The way out of it is quite simple.

ALL. Simple?

NOT. Certainly! Now attend. In the first place, you two men fight a Statutory Duel.

ERN. A Statutory Duel?

JULIA. A Stat-tat-tatutory Duel! Ach!—what a crack-jaw language this German is!

LUD. Never heard of such a thing.

NOT. It is true that the practice has fallen into abeyance through disuse. But all the laws of Pfennig Halbpennig run for a hundred years, when they die a natural death, unless, in the meantime, they have been revived for another century. The Act that institutes the Statutory Duel was passed a hundred years ago, and as it has never been revived, it expires to-morrow. So you're just in time.

JULIA. But what is the use of talking to us about Statutory Duels when we none of us know what a Statutory Duel is?

NOT. Don't you? Then I'll explain.

Lisa
o
v

Lud'
x
v

Notary

x Ernst

x Lud'

Not'

x Ern'

Lisa
o

Julia

x Hud' x Nat' x Em'

⬠ Lisa

⬠ Julia

all rise & come to Notary as if
asking what he means by "Ghoest"
then turn to each other



Hud' & Em' get more interested

SONG.—NOTARY.

About a century since,
The code of the duello
To sudden death
For want of breath
Sent many a strapping fellow.
The then presiding Prince
(Who useless bloodshed hated),
He passed an Act,
Short and compact,
Which may be briefly stated.
Unlike the complicated laws
A Parliamentary draughtsman draws,
It may be briefly stated.

ALL. We know that complicated laws,
Such as a legal draughtsman draws,
Cannot be briefly stated.

NOT. By this ingenious law,
If any two shall quarrel,
They may not fight
With falchions bright
(Which seemed to him immoral);
But each a card shall draw,
And he who draws the lowest
Shall (so 'twas said)
Be thenceforth dead—

In fact, a legal "ghoest" turns up as "Ghoest"
(When exigence of rhyme compels,
Orthography foregoes her spells,
And "ghost" is written "ghoest.")

ALL (aside). With what an emphasis he dwells
Upon "orthography" and "spells"!
That kind of fun's the lowest.

NOT. When off the loser's popped
(By little legal fiction),
And friend and foe
Have wept their woe

In counterfeit affliction,
The winner must adopt
The loser's poor relations—
Discharge his debts,
Pay all his bets,
And take his obligations.

In short, to briefly sum the case,
The winner takes the loser's place,
With all its obligations.

ALL. How neatly lawyers state a case!
The winner takes the loser's place,
With all its obligations!

LUD. I see. The man who draws the lowest card—

NOT. Dies, *ipso facto*, a social death. He loses all his civil rights—his identity disappears—the Revising Barrister expunges his name from the list of voters, and the winner takes his place, whatever it may be, discharges all his functions and adopts all his responsibilities.

ERN. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but it only protects one of us. What's to become of the survivor?

LUD. Yes, that's an interesting point, because I might be the survivor.

NOT. The survivor goes at once to the Grand Duke, and, in a burst of remorse, denounces the dead man as the moving spirit of the plot. He is accepted as King's evidence, and, as a matter of course, receives a free pardon. To-morrow, when the law expires, the dead man will, *ipso facto*, come to life again—the Revising Barrister will restore his name to the list of voters, and he will resume all his obligations as though nothing unusual had happened.

* JULIA. When he will be at once arrested, tried, and executed on the evidence of the informer! Candidly, my friend, I don't think much of your plot!

NOT. Dear, dear, dear, the ignorance of the laity! My good young lady, it is a beautiful maxim of our glorious Constitution that a man can only die once. Death expunges crime, and when he comes to life again, it will be with a clean slate.

ERN. It's really very ingenious.

x Notary turns up

LUD. (to NOTARY). My dear sir, we owe you our lives!

LISA (aside to LUDWIG). May I kiss him?

LUD. Certainly not: you're a big girl now. (To ERNEST.) Well, miscreant, are you prepared to meet me on the field of honour?

ERN. At once. # By Jove, what a couple of fire-eaters we are! Goes L.

LISA. Ludwig doesn't know what fear is.

LUD. Oh, I don't mind this sort of duel!

ERN. ~~It's not like a duel with swords. I hate a duel with swords. It's not the blade I mind—it's the blood.~~

LUD. And I hate a duel with pistols. It's not the ball I mind—it's the bang.

NOT. Altogether it is a great improvement on the old method of giving satisfaction.

x Lud'

x Notary

x Ernest

o Lisa

o Julia

x Ernest turns up a step - thinking

x Notary turns up - takes a pinch of snuff

Lud' goes R pretending to be frightened

⊗ Ernest goes L.

NOT. (*to LUDWIG*). Now take a card with heart of grace—
(Whatever our fate, let's play our parts)

LUD. (*drawing card*). Hurrah, hurrah!—I've drawn an Ace!

ALL. He's drawn an Ace!
He's drawn an Ace!
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts!

ALL. (*dancing*). He's drawn an Ace!
Observe his face—
Such very good fortune falls to few—
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts—
Sing Clubs, Spades, Hearts and Diamonds too!

NOT. That both these maids may keep their troth,
And never misfortune them befall,
I'll hold 'em as trustee for both—

ALL. He'll hold 'em both!
He'll hold 'em both!
Sing Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds, Spades and all!

ALL. (*dancing*) By joint decree
As { our } trustee
 { your }
This Notary { we } will now instal—
 { you }
In custody let him keep { their } hearts,
 { our }
Sing Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds, Spades and all!

(*Dance and Exeunt*—LUDWIG R., ERNEST L., and NOTARY
off C. with the two Girls.)

March. Enter the seven Chamberlains of the GRAND DUKE

RUDOLPH. *R.V.F. March round stage*

CHORUS OF CHAMBERLAINS.

The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig,
Though, in his own opinion, very very big,
In point of fact he's nothing but a miserable prig
Is the good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

Though quite contemptible, as every one agrees,
We must dissemble if we want our bread and cheese,
So hail him in a chorus, with enthusiasm big,
The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

They whisper R & L at each other in each other
4 Bars sym.
Start off

o Lisa Notary o Julia
x x x
Lud' x
x x
all anxiously waiting for result
x x

Note: (K) Notary collect card from Ernest 3 Bars
before (K) hands pack to Lud' as a present.

x x x x x x x
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

x x x x x x x
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

cts Duke enters - open out this :-

+5
+6
+7
x
4
3
2
1
x

X
 AVC
 X
 DAVE
 X
 S DAVE
 X
 T S DAVE
 X
 AT S DAVE

Lord Chamberlain

x Each command given to Lord Chamberlain
 who passes it on to the next, who passes it to
 the officer it concerns who then bows.

Enter the GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH. He is meanly and miserably dressed in old and patched clothes, but blazes with a profusion of orders and decorations. He is very weak and ill, from low living.

He bows until he passes down then
 SONG.—RUDOLPH. form a crescent

A pattern to professors of monarchical autonomy,
 I don't indulge in levity or compromising bonhomie,
 But dignified formality, consistent with economy,
 Above all other virtues I particularly prize.
 I never join in merriment—I don't see joke or jape any—
 I never tolerate familiarity in shape any—
 This, joined with an extravagant respect for tuppence ha'penny,
 A keynote to my character sufficiently supplies.

(Speaking.) Observe. (To Chamberlains.) My snuff-box!
 (The snuff-box is passed with much ceremony from the Junior Chamberlain, through all the others, until it is presented by the Senior Chamberlain to RUDOLPH, who uses it.)

ALL. That incident a keynote to my character supplies
 ALL. That incident, &c.

RUD. I weigh out tea and sugar with precision mathematical—
 Instead of beer, a penny each—my orders are emphatical—
 (Extravagance unpardonable, any more than that I call),
 But, on the other hand, my Ducal dignity to keep—
 All Courtly ceremonial—to put it comprehensively—
 I rigidly insist upon (but not, I hope, offensively)
 Whenever ceremonial can be practised inexpensively—
 And, when you come to think of it, it's really very cheap!

(Speaking.) Observe. (To Chamberlains.) My handkerchief!
 (Handkerchief is handed by Junior Chamberlain to the next in order, and so on until it reaches RUDOLPH, who is much inconvenienced by the delay.)

It's sometimes inconvenient, but it's always very cheap!
 ALL. It's stately and impressive, &c.

RUD. My Lord Chamberlain, as you are aware, my marriage with the wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt will take place to-morrow, and you will be good enough to see that the rejoicings are on a scale of unusual liberality. Pass that on. (Chamberlain whispers to Vice-Chamberlain, who whispers to the next, and so on.) The sports will begin with a Wedding Breakfast Bee. The leading pastrycooks of the town will be invited to compete, and the winner will not only enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his breakfast devoured by the Grand

6 Bow Ducal pair, but he will also be entitled to have the Arms of Pfennig Halbpennig tattoo'd between his shoulder-blades. The Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. All the public fountains of Speisesaal will run with Gingerbierheim and Currantweinmilch at the public expense. The Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. At night, everybody will illuminate; and as I have no desire to tax the public funds unduly, this will be done at the inhabitants' private expense. The Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. All my Grand Ducal subjects will wear new clothes, and the Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will collect the usual commission on all sales. Wedding presents (which, on this occasion, should be on a scale of extraordinary magnificence) will be received at the Palace at any hour of the twenty-four, and the Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will sit up all night for this purpose. The entire population will be commanded to enjoy themselves, and with this view the Acting-Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will sing comic songs in the Market Place from noon to nightfall. Finally, we have composed a Wedding Anthem, with which the entire population are required to provide themselves. It can be obtained from our Grand Ducal publishers at the usual discount price, and all the Chamberlains will be expected to push the sale. (Chamberlains bow and exult.) I don't feel at all comfortable. ~~X~~I hope I'm not doing a foolish thing in getting married. After all, it's a poor heart that never rejoices, and this wedding of mine is the first little treat I've allowed myself since my christening. Besides, Caroline's income is very considerable, and as her ideas of economy are quite on a par with mine, it ought to turn out well. Bless her tough old heart, she's a mean little darling! Oh, here she is, punctual to her appointment!

Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT. L. V. E.

⊗ BAR. Rudolph! Why, what's the matter?

RUD. Why, I'm not quite myself, my pet. I'm a little worried and upset. I want a tonic. It's the low diet, I think. I am afraid, after all, I shall have to take the bull by the horns and have an egg with my breakfast.

BAR. I shouldn't do anything rash, dear. Begin with a jujube. (Gives him one.)

RUD. (about to eat it, but changes his mind.) I'll keep it for supper. (He sits by her and tries to put his arm round her waist.)

BAR. Rudolph, don't! What in the world are you thinking of?

RUD. I was thinking of embracing you, my sugarplum. Just as a little cheap treat.

BAR. What, here? In public? Really you appear to have no sense of delicacy.

RUD. No sense of delicacy, Bon-bon!

Lord Chamberlain receives command, Passes it to Vice Chamb' who bows & so on.

Note: all this speech & business as smart as possible

They come into a straight line opposite exit

x	x	x	x	x	x	x
7	6	5	4	3	2	1

Exit R. 2. E. single file walking sideways & foot over R. Eyes on Rud' until off all as stiffly as possible (change to 1st dress)

* Takes off sword, leans it against house R. Sit having brought forward second seat from R.

⊗ Passing Baroness to seat R he sits beside her.

Bar'
Rud'

BAR. No. I can't make you out. When you courted me, all your courting was done publicly in the Market Place. When you proposed to me, you proposed in the Market Place. And now that we're engaged you seem to desire that our first *tête-à-tête* shall occur in the Market Place! Surely you've a room in your Palace—with blinds—that would do?

RUD. But, my own, I can't help myself. I'm bound by my own decree.

BAR. Your own decree?

RUD. Yes. You see, all the houses that give on the Market Place belong to me. but the drains (which date back to the reign of Charlemagne) want attending to, and the houses wouldn't let—so, with a view of increasing the value of the property, I decreed that all love-episodes between affectionate couples should take place, in public, on this spot, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when the band doesn't play.

BAR. Bless me, what a happy idea! So moral too! And have you found it answer?

RUD. Answer? The rents have gone up fifty per cent., and the sale of opera glasses (which is a Grand Ducal monopoly) has received an extraordinary stimulus! So, under the circumstances, *would* you allow me to put my arm round your waist? As a source of income. Just once!

BAR. But it's so very embarrassing. Think of the opera glasses!

RUD. My good girl, that's just what I *am* thinking of. Hang it all, we must give them *something* for their money! What's that?

BAR. (unfolding paper, which contains a large letter, which she hands to him). It's a letter which your detective asked me to hand to you. I wrapped it up in yesterday's paper to keep it clean.

RUD. Oh, it's only his report! That'll keep. But, I say, you've never been and bought a newspaper?

BAR. My dear Rudolph, do you think I'm mad? It came wrapped round my breakfast.

RUD. (relieved). I thought you were not the sort of girl to go and buy a newspaper! Well, as we've got it, we may as well read it. What does it say?

BAR. Why—dear me—here's your biography! "Our Detested Despot!"

RUD. Yes—I fancy that refers to me.

BAR. And it says—Oh, it can't be!

RUD. What can't be?

(X) BAR. Why, it says that although you're going to marry me to-morrow, you were betrothed in infancy to the Princess of Monte Carlo!

Barren
Rud'

(X) Bar' rises & goes to L.C.
(X) Rud' rises

RUD. Oh yes—that's quite right. Didn't I mention it?

BAR. Mention it! You never said a word about it!

RUD. Well, it doesn't matter, because, you see, it's practically off.

BAR. Practically off?

RUD. Yes. By the terms of the contract the betrothal is void unless the Princess marries before she is of age. Now, her father, the Prince, is stony-broke, and hasn't left his house for years for fear of arrest. Over and over again he has implored me to come to him to be married—but in vain. Over and over again he has implored me to advance him the money to enable the Princess to come to me—but in vain. I am very young, but not as young as that; and as the Princess comes of age at two to-morrow, why at two to-morrow I'm a free man, so I appointed that hour for our wedding, as I shall like to have as much marriage as I can get for my money.

BAR. I see. Of course, if the married state is a happy state, it's a pity to waste any of it.

RUD. Why, every hour we delayed I should lose a lot of you and you'd lose a lot of me!

✕ BAR. My thoughtful darling! Oh, Rudolph, we ought to be very happy!

RUD. If I'm not, it'll be my first bad investment. Still, there is such a thing as a slump even in Matrimonials.

BAR. I often picture us in the long, cold, dark December evenings, sitting close to each other and singing impassioned duets to keep us warm, and thinking of all the lovely things we could afford to buy if we chose, and, at the same time, planning out our lives in a spirit of the most rigid and exacting economy!

RUD. It's a most beautiful and touching picture of connubial bliss in its highest and most rarified development!

DUET.—BARONESS and RUDOLPH.

✕ BAR. As o'er our penny roll we sing,
 It is not reprehensive
 To think what joys our wealth would bring
 Were we disposed to do the thing
 Upon a scale extensive.
 There's rich mock-turtle—thick and clear—

"It's so like me" "Well it doesn't"

~ ~ ~ ~ X O

✕ Embracing him tenderly

⊗ Bar leaves him as he takes her hand
 & kisses it.



Note: cut from (A) in Scene Page 58 14th Bar

Takes sword & puts it on.

RUD. (*confidentially*). Perhaps we'll have it once a year!

BAR. (*delighted*). You *are* an open-handed dear!

RUD. Though, mind you, it's expensive.

BAR. No doubt it *is* expensive.

BOTH. Oh, he who has an income clear
Of fifty thousand pounds a year
Can purchase all his fancy loves—

BAR. Conspicuous hats—

RUD. Two-shilling gloves—

BAR. (*doubtfully*). Two-shilling gloves?

RUD. (*positively*). Two-shilling gloves—

BOTH. Cheap shoes and ties of gaudy hue,
And Waterbury watches, too—
And think that he could buy the lot
Were he a donkey—

RUD. Which he's *not*!

BAR. Oh no, he's *not*!

RUD. Oh no, he's *not*!

BOTH. That kind of donkey he's *not*!
(*Dancing.*) Then let us be modestly merry,
And rejoice with a derry down derry.
For to laugh and to sing
Is a rational thing—
It's a joy economical, very!

[Exit BARONESS. R. 2 F.]

RUD. Oh, now for my detective's report. (*Opens letter.*) What's this! Another conspiracy! A conspiracy to depose *me*! And my private detective was so convulsed with laughter at the notion of a conspirator selecting him for a confidant that he was physically unable to arrest the malefactor! Why, it'll come off! This comes of engaging a detective with a keen sense of the ridiculous! For the future I'll employ none but Scotchmen. And the plot is to explode to-morrow! My wedding day! Oh, Caroline, Caroline! (*Weeps.*) This is perfectly frightful! What's to be done? I don't know! I ought to keep cool and think, but you *can't* think when your veins are full of hot soda water, and your brain's fizzing like a firework, and all your faculties are jumbled in a perfect whirlpool of tumblication! And I'm going to be ill! I know I am! I've been living too low, and I'm going to be very ill indeed!

SONG.—RUDOLPH.

When you find you're a broken-down critter,
 Who is all of a trimmle and twitter,
 With your palate unpleasantly bitter,
 As if you'd just ~~eaten~~ a pill— *Bitten*
 When your legs are as thin as dividers,
 And you're plagued with unruly insiders,
 And your spine is all creepy with spiders,
 And you're highly gamboge in the gill—
 When you've got a beehive in your head,
 And a sewing machine in each ear,
 And you feel that you've eaten your bed,
 And you've got a bad headache *down here*—
 When such facts are about,
 And these symptoms you find
 In your body or crown—
 Well, you'd better look out,
 You may make up your mind
 You had better lie down!

When your lips are all smeary—like tallow,
 And your tongue is decidedly yellow,
 With a pint of warm oil in your swallow,
 And a pound of tin-tacks in your chest—
 When you're down in the mouth with the vapours,
 And all over your new Morris papers
 Black-beetles are cutting their capers,
 And crawly things never at rest—
 When you doubt if your head is your own,
 And you jump when an open door slams—
 Then you've got to a state which is known
 To the medical world as "jim-jams."
 If such symptoms you find
 In your body or head,
 They're not easy to quell—
 You may make up your mind
 You are better in bed,
 For you're not at all well!

(Sinks exhausted and weeping at foot of well.)

Enter LUDWIG.

LUD. Now for my confession and full pardon. They told me
 the Grand Duke was dancing duets in the Market Place, but I
 don't see him. (*Sees RUDOLPH.*) Hallo! Who's this? (*Aside.*)
 Why, it is the Grand Duke! *What are you doing there?*
 Get up Sir.

Rud'



Lud'

x Rud'

x Lud'



x Rud'

Rud' rises sits on side of "Well" looks at report

x Lud' takes a step forward.

x Lud' x Rud'

Rud' comes forward & interested - folds up report & puts it in his pocket

x Rud' x Rud'

RUD. (sobbing). Who are you, sir, who presume to address me in person? If you've anything to communicate, you must fling yourself at the feet of my Acting Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain, who will fling himself at the feet of his immediate superior, and so on, with successive foot-flingings through the various grades—your communication will, in course of time, come to my august knowledge.

LUD. But when I inform your Highness that in me you see the most unhappy, the most unfortunate, the most completely miserable man in your whole dominion—

RUD. (still sobbing). You the most miserable man in my whole dominion? How can you have the face to stand there and say such a thing? Why, look at me! Look at me! (Bursts into tears.)

LUD. Well, I wouldn't be a cry-baby.

RUD. A cry-baby? If you had just been told that you were going to be deposed to-morrow, and perhaps blown up with dynamite for all I know, wouldn't you be a cry-baby? I do declare if I could only hit upon some cheap and painless method of putting an end to an existence which has become insupportable, I would unhesitatingly adopt it!

x RUD. You would? (Aside.) I see a magnificent way out of this! By Jupiter, I'll try it! (Aloud.) Are you, by any chance, in earnest?

RUD. In earnest? Why, look at me! Longing

LUD. If you are really in earnest—if you really desire to escape scot free from this impending—this unspeakably horrible catastrophe—without trouble, danger, pain, or expense—why not resort to a Statutory Duel?

RUD. A Statutory Duel? Rising

LUD. Yes. The Act is still in force, but it will expire to-morrow afternoon. You fight—you lose—you are dead for a day. To-morrow, when the Act expires, you will come to life again and resume your Grand Duchy as though nothing had happened. In the meantime, the explosion will have taken place and the survivor will have had to bear the brunt of it. Runs to L.

RUD. Yes, that's all very well, but who'll be fool enough to be the survivor?

LUD. (knocking). Actuated by an overwhelming sense of attachment to your Grand Ducal person, I unhesitatingly offer myself as the victim of your subjects' fury.

RUD. You do? Well, really that's very handsome. I daresay being blown up is not nearly as unpleasant as one would think.

LUD. Oh, yes it is. It mixes one up, awfully!

Rising RUD. But suppose I were to lose?

LUD. Oh, that's easily arranged. (*Producing cards.*) I'll put an Ace up my sleeve—you'll put a King up yours. When the drawing takes place, I shall seem to draw the higher card and you the lower. And there you are!

RUD. Oh, but that's cheating.

LUD. So it is. I never thought of that. (*Going.*)

RUD. (*hastily*). Not that I mind. But I say—you won't take an unfair advantage of your day of office? You won't go tipping people, or squandering my little savings in fireworks, or any nonsense of that sort?

LUD. I am hurt—really hurt—by the suggestion.

RUD. You—you wouldn't like to put down a deposit, perhaps?

LUD. No. I don't think I should like to put down a deposit.

RUD. Or give a guarantee?

LUD. A guarantee would be equally open to objection.

RUD. It would be more regular. Very well, I suppose you must have your own way.

LUD. Good. I say—we must have a devil of a quarrel!

RUD. Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

x LUD. Just to give colour to the thing. Shall I give you a sound thrashing before all the people? Say the word—it's no trouble.

RUD. No, I think not, though it would be very convincing and it's extremely good and thoughtful of you to suggest it. Still, a devil of a quarrel!

LUD. Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

RUD. ~~No half measures. Big words—strong language—rude remarks.~~ Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

LUD. Now the question is, how shall we summon the people?

RUD. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. Bless your heart, they've been staring at us through those windows for the last half hour!

x Rud' x Lud'

x Rud' x Lud'

x Catching Rud' by collar - shaking him

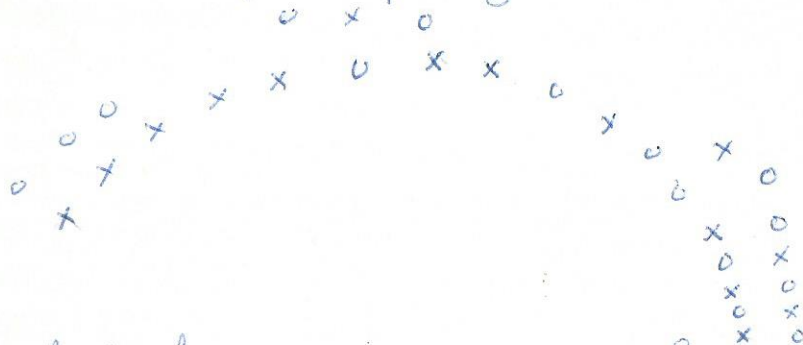
x Rud' x Lud'

Rud' & Lud cross - re-cross in 4 Bars of SYM

Then appear at various wings R & L wondering what is happening - then call girls on -

They gradually appear

still in broken groups 3 Bars before (A) then in front of irregular circle



x. Rud' & Lud cross - re-cross during chorus from (A) glaring at each other as they pass 14th Bar from (A) chorus turn to go as Rud' & Lud face each other

20th Bar from (A) chorus look back to see what's happening & try to listen all express anxiety.

FINALE.

RUD. Come hither, all you people—
When you hear the fearful news,
Lud' All the pretty women weep'll,
Men will shiver in their shoes.

LUD. And they'll all cry "Lord, defend us!"
When they learn the fact tremendous
That to give this man his gruel
In a Statutory Duel—

Both. This plebeian man of shoddy—
This contemptible nobody—
Your Grand Duke does not refuse!

(During this, Chorus of men and women have entered, all trembling with apprehension under the impression that they are to be arrested for their complicity in the conspiracy.)

CHORUS.

To each other

With faltering feet,
And our muscles in a quiver,
Our fate we meet
With our feelings all unstrung!
If our plot complete
He has managed to diskiver,
There is no retreat—
We shall certainly be hung!

RUD. (aside to LUDWIG).
Now you begin and pitch it strong—walk into me abusively—

LUD. (aside to RUDOLPH).
I've several epithets that I've reserved for you exclusively.
A choice selection I have here when you are ready to begin.

RUD. Now you begin—

LUD. No, you begin—

RUD. No, you begin—

LUD. No, you begin!

CHORUS (trembling). Has it happed as we expected?
Is our little plot detected?

DUET.—RUDOLPH and LUDWIG.

RUD. (*furiously*).

Big bombs, small bombs, great guns and little ones!
 Put him in a pillory!
 Rack him with artillery!

LUD. (*furiously*).

Long swords, short swords, tough swords and brittle ones!
 Fright him into fits!
 Blow him into bits!

RUD. You muff, sir!
 You lout, sir!

LUD. Enough, sir!
 Get out, sir! (*Pushes him.*)

RUD. A hit, sir?
 Take that, sir! (*Slaps him.*)

LUD. (*slapping RUDOLPH*).

It's tit, sir,
 For tat, sir!

CHORUS (*appalled*). When two doughty heroes thunder,
 All the world is lost in wonder;
 When such men their temper lose,
 Awful are the words they use!

~~LUD. Tall snobs, small snobs, rich snobs and needy ones!~~

~~RUD. (*jostling him*). Whom are you alluding to?~~

~~LUD. (*jostling him*). Where are you intruding to?~~

~~RUD. Fat snobs, thin snobs, swell snobs and seedy ones!~~

~~LUD. I rather think you err.
 To whom do you refer?~~

~~RUD. To you, sir!~~

~~LUD. To me, sir?~~

~~RUD. I do, sir!~~

~~LUD. We'll see, sir!~~

~~RUD. I jeer, sir!
 (*makes a face at LUDWIG*). Grimace, sir!~~

~~LUD. Look here, sir—
 (*makes a face at RUDOLPH*). A face, sir!~~

(A) *Allegro Vivace* 1 hour begin to come
 back to circle

Rud' crosses to L

Gu's gradually come into front
 x Rud' x Rud'

1 hour encourage Rud' & Lud'

Two biggest men from R & L ends

come forward while gu's form

Two broken half circles round Rud' & Lud'

x o x o x o x o x o x o x
 x Rud' o x
 x Man Rud' x Man o x
 x o o x x o x

Rud' Lud' work round in circle

Girls entry at end of each Solo
I hear girls the same as then how.

BERTHA. So merciful, so gentle!
So highly ornamental! Goes round back to place

OLGA. And now that you've departed,
You leave us broken-hearted! up to him & return

ALL (pretending to weep). Yes, truly, truly, truly, truly—
Truly broken-hearted!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (Mocking him.)

RUD. (furious). Rapsallions, in penitential fires,
You'll rue the ribaldry that from you falls!
To-morrow afternoon the law expires,
And then—look out for squalls!

[Exit RUDOLPH, amid general ridicule.]

Counting off

CHORUS. Give thanks, give thanks to wayward fate—
By mystic fortune's sway,
Our Ludwig guides the helm of State
For one delightful day!

(To LUDWIG.) We hail you, sir!
We greet you, sir!
Regale you, sir!
We treat you, sir!
Our ruler ~~be~~
By fate's decree
For one delightful day!

NOT. You've done it neatly! Pity that your powers
Are limited to four-and-twenty hours!

LUD. No matter, though the time will quickly run,
In hours twenty-four much may be done!

SONG.—LUDWIG.

Oh, a Monarch who boasts intellectual graces
Can do, if he likes, a good deal in a day—
He can put all his friends in conspicuous places,
With plenty to eat and with nothing to pay!
You'll tell me, no doubt, with unpleasant grimaces,
To-morrow, deprived of your ribbons and laces,
You'll get your dismissal—with very long faces—

But wait! on that topic I've something to say!
(Dancing.) I've something to say—I've something to say—I've some-
thing to say!

Oh, our rule shall be merry—I'm not an ascetic—
And while the sun shines we will get up our hay—
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS. Oh, his rule will be merry, &c.

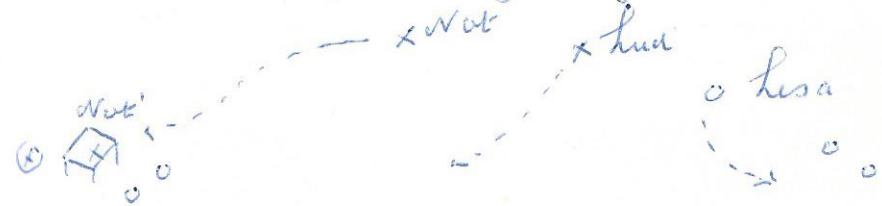
(During this, LUDWIG whispers to NOTARY, who writes.)

Quill Pen in ear.

Rud' standing thro' this arms folded, boiling with rage



* chorus re-form circle as Rud' leads Lisa up &
receiving their greetings

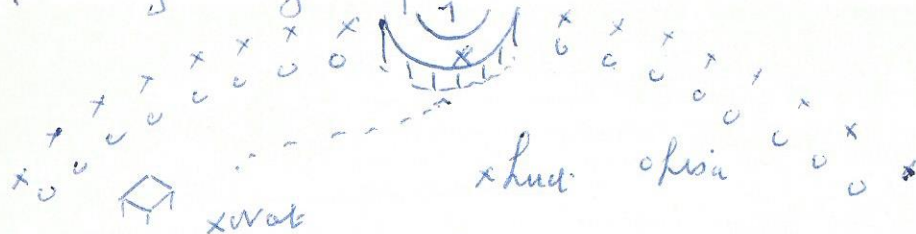


Sym chorus 3 "Pas Bas" steps & turn
Rud' & Lisa the same

Notary sits, takes various Foolscap papers
from his pocket - selects one - reads it -
flourish put on bottle hung inside his coat

During chorus comes to Notary
chorus dance.

* Notary rises goes up to Hud' Pan in hand.



L. enters into this excitedly

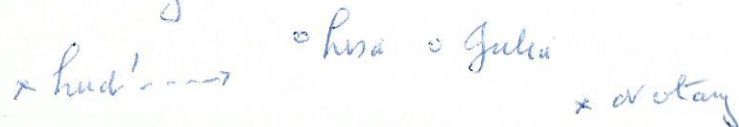
⊗ Notary goes up to "Well" Lisa & writes -
During chorus of 2nd Verse, Hud' dances with Lisa
joins hands "Pas Pas" & tuck out
(artist's ability)

Julia enters R.V.C. 5 Bars before ⊕ and
asks Notary the meaning of hilarity
He explains & shows paper.



Julia "Oh heavens" - chorus "What's the matter?"
Lisa runs up to Julia

L. enters all tensely anxious
Lisa looks to Hud' then to Julia
wondering what she means



For instance, this measure (his ancestor drew it),

(alluding to NOTARY)

This law against duels—to-morrow will die—

The Duke will revive, and you'll certainly rue it— what for

He'll give you "what for" and he'll let you know why!

But in twenty-four hours there's time to renew it— yes

With a century's life I've the right to imbue it—

It's easy to do—and, by Jingo, I'll do it!

(Signing paper, which NOTARY presents.)

It's done! Till I perish your Monarch am I!

⊗ Your Monarch am I—your Monarch am I—your Monarch am I!

L. enters give
evidence of delight

Though I do not pretend to be very prophetic,

I fancy I know what you're going to say—

By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,

A very great deal may be done in a day!

ALL (astonished). Oh, it's simply uncanny, his power prophetic—

It's perfectly right—we were going to say.

By a pushing, &c.

Enter JULIA, at back.

LUD. (recit.). This very afternoon—at two (about)—

The Court appointments will be given out.

To each and all (for that was the condition)

According to professional position!

ALL. Hurrah! Lisa goes to Lisa R.C.

JULIA (coming forward). According to professional position?

LUD. ALL According to professional position!

JULIA. Then, horror!

ALL. Why, what's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?

SONG.—JULIA. (Lisa clinging to her.)

Ah, pity me, my comrades true,

Who love, as well I know you do,

This gentle child,

To me so fondly dear!

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

JULIA. Each sympathetic heart 'twill bruise
When you have learnt the frightful news—
Her love for him is all in all!

Ah, cursed fate! that it should fall

Unto my lot

To break my darling heart.

ALL. Why, what's the matter?
 LUD. What means our Julia by those fateful looks?
 Please do not keep us all on tenter-hooks—
 Now, what's the matter?

JULIA. Our duty, if we're wise,
 We never shun.
 This Spartan rule applies
 To every one.
 In theatres, as in life,
 Each has her line—
 This part—the Grand Duke's wife
 (Oh agony!) is mine!
 A maxim-new I do not start—
 The canons of dramatic art
 Decree that this repulsive part
 (The Grand Duke's wife)
 Is mine!

ALL. Oh, *that's* the matter! *Julia goes to*

LISA (*appalled, to LUDWIG*). Can that be so? *Antony - speaks*

LUD. I do not know—
 But time will show
 If that be so.

CHORUS. Can that be so? &c.

LISA (*roast*). *Time will show if this be so*
 Be merciful! *in action*

DUET.—LISA and JULIA.

LISA. Oh, listen to me, dear—
 I love him only, darling!
 Remember, oh, my pet,
 On him my heart is set!
 This kindness do me, dear—
 Nor leave me lonely, darling!
 Be merciful, my pet,
 Our love do not forget!

Julia goes to Lisa
 JULIA. Now don't be foolish, dear—
 You couldn't play it, darling!
 It's "leading business," pet,
 And you're but a soubrette.

⊗ So don't be mulish, dear—
 Although I say it, darling,
 It's not your line, my pet—
 I play that part, you bet!
 I play that part—
 I play that part, you bet! *Julia goes to L*
 (LISA overwhelmed with grief.)

Lisa rises & circles her
for a moment.

Circle remain

Antony
 x hud' o Lisa o Julia

hud' staggers back a step. Lisa unable
 to grasp it.

x hud' o Lisa o Julia x Antony

Chorus into groups some seated. Quietly discuss.

x hud' goes to seat & sits pensively, Lisa over to C.

⊗ hud' o Lisa o Julia x Antony

Julia goes up to Lisa - over sympathetic

⊗ hud' rises slowly goes up stage during
 Bar rest

o o hud' turns as if hesitating what to do
 Lisa goes slowly to R drops down & leans on seat

Chorus break into groups - listen & agree.

x lud' x wct'

o Lisa

o Julia

⑤ Chorus slowly into mixed groups, a few seated



* Lud' rises, looks as if longing to follow her
Julia & wctary come down

⑥ Chorus come into circle, 4 small parts forward.



Chorus dance Bar Bas of Stomp variation

Principals 2 Bars after a chain step then
a figure 8 step

x lud' o Julia x wctary

NOT. The lady's right. Though Julia's engagement
Was for the stage meant—
It certainly frees Ludwig from his
Connubial promise.
Though marriage contracts—or whate'er you call 'em—
Are very solemn,
Dramatic contracts (which you all adore so)
Are even more so!

ALL. That's very true!
Though marriage contracts, &c.

Julia & wctary go up sit on "well"

SONG.—LISA
Lud' trusts to explain that he's hopeless

⑤ The die is cast, Lud passes to C
My hope has perished!

Lud sits R

Farewell, O Past,
Too bright to last,
Yet fondly cherished!
My light has fled,
My hope is dead,
Its doom is spoken—
My day is night,
My wrong is right
In all men's sight—
My heart is broken!

But at 2nd Bar Page 92

[Exit, weeping. R-I-E.]

* LUD. (recit.). Poor child, where will she go? What will she do?

JULIA. That isn't in your part, you know.

* LUD. (sighing). (Quite true!)
(With an effort) Depressing topics we'll not touch upon—
Let us begin as we are going on!

For this will be a jolly Court, for little and for big!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. From morn to night our lives shall be as merry as a grig!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. All state and ceremony we'll eternally abolish—
We don't mean to insist upon unnecessary polish—
And, on the whole, I rather think you'll find our rule tol-
lollish!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

JULIA.

But stay—your new-made Court

Without a courtly coat is—

We shall require

Some Court attire,

#

And at a moment's notice.

In clothes of common sort

Your courtiers must not grovel—

Your new noblesse

~~Must~~ have a dress

Original and novel!

haughty walk to R.Chorus 2 lines

LUD.

Old Athens we'll exhume!

The necessary dresses,

Correct and true

And all brand-new

The company possesses:

Henceforth our Court costume

Shall live in song and story,

For we'll upraise

The dead old days

Of Athens in her glory!

ALL.



Yes, let's upraise

The dead old days

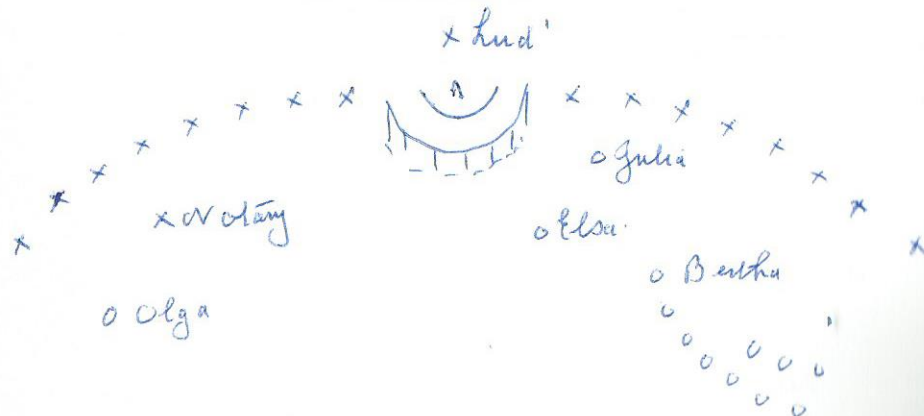
Of Athens in her glory!

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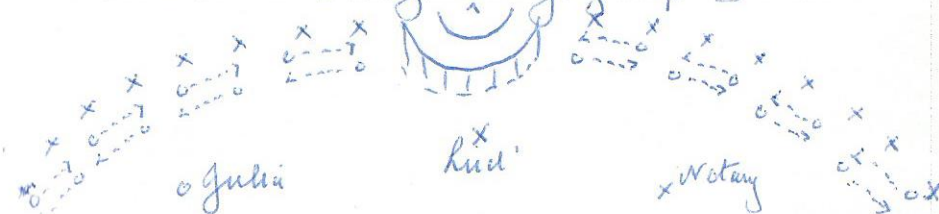
ALL.

Agreed! Agreed!

For this will be a jolly Court for little and for big! &c.

(They carry LUDWIG round stage and deposit him on the ironwork of well. JULIA stands by him, and the rest group round them.)PICTUREANDACT DROP.

① Slight break into groups a moment then 2 circles

② 4 Bars before Lud's Solo 3 Principals meet & discuss.
Chorus has a slight haughty step - Gents bow.

③ Ludwig back to circle

Similar hornpipe step

④ all stand & sing with full joyous action 16 Bars
Lud' leads Julia up stage acknowledging this applause

Turn & come down again 16 Bars

Lud' dances forward - turn & finish - Picture
when 2 end Gents from each side come forward
and lift him on to their shoulders and
carry him round L.Notary leads Julia after them - the 4 small parts
follow - 4 small parts kneel.
Ladies in front row kneel
all hands out to Ludwig.

ACT 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, citharae, and cymbals, and heralding the return of LUDWIG and JULIA from the marriage ceremony, which has just taken place.

3/4

CHORUS.

As before you we defile, 8 steps forward.
 Eloia! Eloia! stand all hands up to chest
 Pray you, gentles, do not smile 6 steps forward.
 If we shout, in classic style,
 Eloia! stand action
 Ludwig and his Julia true
 Wedded are each other to—
 So we sing, till all is blue,
 Eloia! Eloia! action raising both arms
 Opoponax! Eloia!

Wreaths of bay and ivy twine, Sway R & L
 Eloia! Eloia!
 Fill the bowl with Lesbian wine, 4 Bars
 And to revelry incline—
 Eloia!

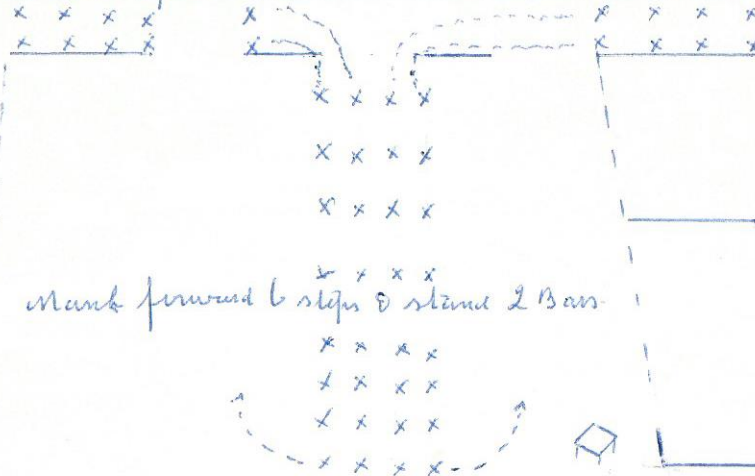
For as gaily we pass on
 Probably we shall, anon,
 Sing a Diergeticon—
 Eloia! Eloia! Men bow
 Opoponax! Eloia!

Hand enters leading Julia 4 Bars forward.

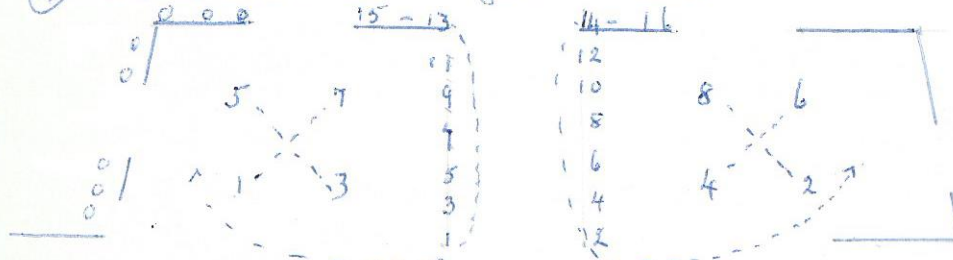
RECIT.—LUDWIG.

Your loyalty our Ducal heartstrings touches:
 Allow me to present your new Grand Duchess.
 Should she offend, you'll graciously excuse her—
 And kindly recollect I didn't choose her! all rise

Curtain up 18th Bar - then enter on 22nd Bar.



- ⊗ Outside 4 turn out & line up stage 2 Bars
- ⊗ Inside 4 turn into position of 2 lines R & L
- ⊗ All in lines & down stage R & L - action



1 to 8 file off R & L make pose of garlands while 9 to 16 pass down & round them playing instruments up into position R & L - 1 to 8 follow - then into 4 lines 7 Bars from the end.



W all spread out up & down
 # hisa acts in distance R & L
 Ladies kneel & bow.

SONG.—LUDWIG.

At the outset I may mention it's my sovereign intention

To revive the classic memories of Athens at its best,

For the company possesses all the necessary dresses

And a course of quiet cramming will supply us with the rest.

We've a choir hyporchematic (that is, ballet-operatic)

Who respond to the *choreutæ* of that cultivated age,

And our clever chorus-master, all but captious criticaster,

Would accept as the *choregus* of the early Attic stage.

This return to classic ages is considered in their wages,

Which are always calculated by the day or by the week—

And I'll pay 'em (if they'll back me) all in *oboloi* and *drachmæ*,

Which they'll get (if they prefer it) at the Kalends that are Greek! I am to
(Confidentially to audience.) each other

At this juncture I may mention

That this erudition sham

Is but classical pretension,

The result of steady "cram.":

Periphrastic methods spurning,

To this audience discerning

I admit this show of learning

Is the fruit of steady "cram."!

CHORUS.

Periphrastic methods, &c.

In the period Socratic every dining-room was Attic

(Which suggests an architecture of a topsy-turvy kind),

There they'd satisfy their thirst on a *recherché* cold *ἀριστον*,

Which is what they called their lunch—and so may you, if you're inclined.

As they gradually got on, they'd *τρέπεσθαι πρὸς τὸν πότον*

(Which is Attic for a steady and a conscientious drink).

But they mixed their wine with water—which I'm sure they didn't oughter—

And we modern Saxons know a trick worth two of that, I think!

Then came rather risky dances (under certain circumstances)

Which would shock that worthy gentleman, the Licensor of Plays,

{ Corybantian maniac kick—Dionysiac or Bacchic—

And the Dithyrambic revels of those undecorous days. 2 high kicks ⊗
(Confidentially to audience.)

And perhaps I'd better mention,

Lest alarming you I am,

That it isn't our intention

To perform a Dithyramb—

It displays a lot of stocking,

Which is always very shocking,

And of course I'm only mocking

At the prevalence of "cram."

CHORUS.

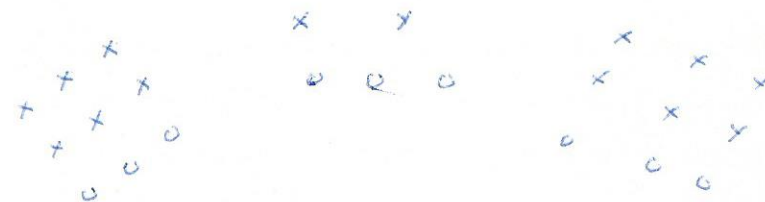
It displays a lot, &c.

Song.

SYm gules up & with haughty swagger.
exit L.V.E

Chorus come into 4 circles

by arlands & instruments aside



o Olga o Gut

o Elsa

o Bertha

Chorus very attentive & agreeing all thro's song.
actions must be of the slightest

⊗ The 2 Bars rest can be filled

responses "Oh no"

⊗ The 2 Bars stop & high kick & repeat.

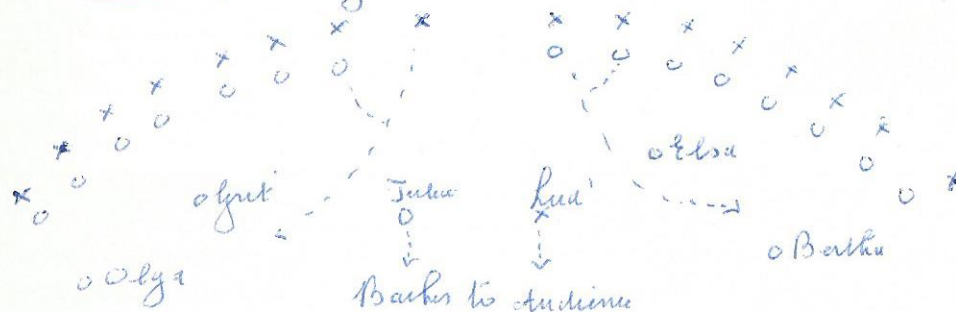
1 hour Positions remain

Both hands up to face

SYM before 3/4 Julia enters L & E without

head dress (Mantle)

SYM before 3/4 go back into 2 circles



1 hour exeunt, ladies pass down C & off R & L & E

Gents off R & L & E starting at 11th Bar

* Julia goes over to lud' as if to sit by him
when lisa starts to sing

o Lisa o Julia - - - - - (X) Lud'

Yes, on reconsideration, there are customs of that nation
Which are not in strict accordance with the habits of our day,
And when I come to codify, their rules I mean to modify,
Or Mrs. Grundy, p'raps, may have a word or two to say.
For they hadn't macintoshes or umbrellas or goloshes—

And a shower with their dresses must have played the very deuce,
And it must have been displeasing when they caught a fit of sneezing,
For, it seems, of pocket-handkerchiefs they didn't know the use.

They wore little underclothing—scarcely anything—or no-thing—
And their dress of Coan silk was quite transparent in design—
Well, in fact, in summer weather, something like the "altogether."
And it's there, I rather fancy, I shall have to draw the line!

(Confidentially to audience.)

And again I wish to mention
That this erudition sham
Is but classical pretension,
The result of steady "cram."
Yet my classic love aggressive
(If you'll pardon the possessive)
Is exceedingly impressive

When you're passing an exam.

Lud' turns up & meets Julia brings her down. They stand backs to the
CHORUS. Yet his classic love, &c.

1 hour exeunt of Bar with swaying etc. taking handkerchiefs to audience
Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG, JULIA, and LISA.

Lisa enters at 3/4 8th Bar looks on greatly distressed

LUD. (recit.). Yes, Ludwig and his Julia are mated!

For when an obscure comedian, whom the law backs,
To sovereign rank is promptly elevated,
He takes it with its incidental drawbacks!
So Julia and I are duly mated!

Note: attitude of lud' towards lisa is not ignoring her but to
(LISA, through this, has expressed intense distress at having to
surrender LUDWIG.) avoid seeing her

* Lud' brings forward seat to L & E - sits
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! Julia puts her arm
round him

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! Eating chocolate

LISA.

And O, the bygone bliss! Julia puts an armAnd O, the present pain! round his shoulder

That flower and that kiss—

That simple flower—that tender kiss

I ne'er shall give again!

[Exit, weeping. R.I.C.]

✕ Lud' rises & makes to go after her - Julia stops him

JULIA And now that everybody has gone, and we're happily and comfortably married, I want to have a few words with my new-born husband.

Sitting
Julia takes her new-born husband! LUD. (aside). Yes, I expect you'll often have a few words with him. (Aloud). Well, what is it? Lets

JULIA. Why, I've been thinking that as you and I have to play our parts for life, it is most essential that we should come to a definite understanding as to how they shall be rendered. Now, I've been considering how I can make the most of the Grand Duchess.

LUD. Have you? Well, if you'll take my advice, you'll make a very fine part of it.

JULIA. Why, that's quite my idea.

LUD. I shouldn't make it one of your hoity-toity vixenish viragos.

JULIA. You think not?

\$ LUD. Oh, I'm quite clear about that. I should make her a tender, gentle, submissive, affectionate (but not too affectionate) child-wife—timidly anxious to coil herself into her husband's heart, but kept in check by an awestruck reverence for his exalted intellectual qualities and his majestic personal appearance. Rise & cross

JULIA. Oh, that is your idea of a good part? ##

o Lisa o Julia

✕ Lud'

End of 1st Scene Julia kisses Lud's Brow

Lisa leads Julia away a shade more
confidentially

o Lisa o Julia

✕
✕Lisa gives Julia a small square of chocolate
She gives it to Lud'

Lud' unwraps chocolate

Eats it

✕ Julia turns up a step in doubt as to
what she ought to do

o Lisa o Julia

✕ Lud'

\$ Julia puts her arm round his neck.
he takes it away

Δ Julia nestles closer to him

Lud' rises & goes c.

x Lud



Julia rises with attitude of "yes"
" sets " " " " Oh!
x " crossing her legs clasps hands under her knee

x Lud o Julia

SYM Julia walks haughtily to L
x " returns to C.

x Lud o Julia

Lud gives a slight flippant few steps
& a curt curtsy.

LUD. Yes—a wife who regards her husband's slightest wish as an
inflexible law, and who ventures but rarely into his august presence,
unless (which would happen seldom) he should summon her to
appear before him. A crushed, despairing violet, whose blighted
existence would culminate (all too soon) in a lonely and pathetic
death-scene! A fine part, my dear.

x JULIA. Yes. There's a good deal to be said for your view of it.
Now there are some actresses whom it would fit like a glove.

LUD. (aside). I wish I'd married one of 'em!

Musi

JULIA. But, you see, I *must* consider my temperament. For instance, my temperament would demand some strong scenes of justifiable jealousy.

LUD. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. You shall have *them*.

JULIA. With a lovely but detested rival—

LUD. Oh, I'll provide the rival.

JULIA. Whom I should stab—stab—stab! stab!

LUD. Oh, I wouldn't stab her. It's been done to death. I should treat her with a silent and contemptuous disdain, and delicately withdraw from a position which, to one of your sensitive nature, would be absolutely untenable. Dear me, I can see you delicately withdrawing, up centre and off! lift splendid splendid

JULIA. Can you?

LUD. Yes. It's a fine situation—and in your hands, full of quiet pathos!

DUET.—LUDWIG and JULIA.

LUD. Now Julia, come,
Consider it from
This dainty point of view—
A timid tender
Feminine gender,
Prompt to cooly coo—
Yet silence seeking,
Seldom speaking
Till she's spoken to—
A comfy, cosy,
Rosy-posy
Innocent ingenoo!
The part you're suited to—
(To give the deuce her due)
A sweet (O, jiminy!)
Miminy-piminy
Innocent ingenoo!

ENSEMBLE.

LUD.

The part you're suited to—
(To give the deuce her due)
A sweet (O, jimini!)
Miminy-piminy,
Innocent ingenoo!

JULIA.

I'm much obliged to you,
I don't think that would do—
To play (O, jimini!)
Miminy-piminy,
Innocent ingenoo!

JULIA. You forget my special magic
(In a high dramatic sense)
Lies in situations tragic—
Undeniably intense.
As I've justified promotion
In the histrionic art,
I'll submit to you my notion
Of a first-rate part.

J.C. LUD. Well, let us see your notion
Of a first-rate part.

JULIA (dramatically).

I have a rival! Frenzy thrilled,
I find you both together!
My heart stands still—with horror chilled—
Hard as the millstone nether!

(X) Then softly, slyly, snaily, snaky—
Crawly, creepy, quaily, quaky—
I track her on her homeward way,
As panther tracks her fated prey!

(X) (Furiously) I fly at her soft white throat—
The lily-white laughing leman!
On her agonized gaze I gloat
With the glee of a dancing demon!
Catch him My rival she—I have no doubt of her—
So I hold on—till the breath is out of her!
—till the breath is out of her!

(X) And then—Remorse! Remorse!
O cold unpleasant corse,
Avaunt! Avaunt!

That lifeless form
I gaze upon—
That face, still warm
But weirdly wan—
Those eyes of glass
I contemplate—

And then, alas,
Too late—too late!
I find she is—your Aunt!
Remorse! Remorse!

KneelRise(Shuddering.)

x hud'

o Julia

hud' bawling --- x

⊗ Pressing hud' to R.C.

⊗ Latching hud' by neck - he yields

A step to R turn & ## jumps towards hud'

* I throw mantle off her shoulders down R.C.

o Julia

x hud' looks on
as if he saw a "horse".

Note: hud' should closely follow the
whole of the acting

Julia

x hud' hurries to L

Julia x hud'

Toward front

Throws herself on mantle & hugs it.

Bar'

Bar'

Chorus open out L & R

(X) Baroness crosses to R, hud' goes to L annoyed.

(B) comes to R C, looks into 2 circles curious

Baroness x hud'

Bar'

x hud'

X Then, mad—mad—mad!
With fancies wild—chimerical—

Now sorrowful—silent—sad—

Now, hullabaloo hysterical!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

But whether I'm sad or whether I'm glad

Mad! mad! mad! mad! Missing taking up mantle
& swinging it with pride

This calls for the resources of a high-class art,
And satisfies my notion of a first-rate part!

[Exit JULIA. L & R]

Enter all the Chorus, hurriedly, and in great excitement.

CHORUS.

Your Highness, there's a party at the door—

Your Highness, at the door there is a party—

She says that we expect her,

But we do not recollect her,

For we never saw her countenance before!

With rage and indignation she is rife,

Because our welcome wasn't very hearty—

She's as sulky as a super,

And she's swearing like a trooper,

O, you never heard such language in your life!

Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT, in a fury. L & R.

BAR. With fury indescribable I burn!

With rage I'm nearly ready to explode!

Going to L
to hud' There'll be grief and tribulation when I learn

To whom this slight unbearable is owed!

For whatever may be due I'll pay it double—

There'll be terror indescribable and trouble!

With a hurly-burly and a hubble-bubble

I'll pay you for this pretty episode!

ALL. Oh, whatever may be due she'll pay it double!—

(X) It's very good of her to take the trouble—

But we don't know what she means by "hubble-bubble"—

No doubt it's an expression *à la mode*.

BAR. (to LUDWIG).

Do you know who I am?

LUD. (examining her). I don't;

Your countenance I can't fix, my dear.

BAR. This proves I'm not a sham.

(Showing pocket-handkerchief.)

LUD. (*examining it*). It won't;
It only says "Krakenfeldt, Six," my dear.

BAR. Express your grief profound!

LUD. I sha'n't!
This tone I never allow, my love.

BAR. Rudolph at once produce!

LUD. I can't;
He isn't at home just now, my love. Bar L

BAR. (*astonished*). He isn't at home just now!

ALL. He isn't at home just now,
* (*dancing derisively*) He has an appointment particular, very—
You'll find him, I think, in the town cemetery;
And that's how we come to be making so merry,
For he isn't at home just now!

BAR. But bless my heart and soul alive, it's impudence personified!
I've come here to be matrimonially matrimonified!

Young C. LUD. For any disappointment I am sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite unexpectedly—

ALL (*sobbing*). Tol the riddle lol!
Tol the riddle lol!

Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!

* (*Then laughing wildly*) Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!

Thomas laugh heartily at Lud & Bar

* BAR. But this is most unexpected. He was well enough at a
quarter to twelve yesterday.

LUD. Yes. He died at half-past eleven.

BAR. Bless me, how very sudden!

LUD. It was sudden.

BAR. But what in the world am I to do? I was to have been
married to him to-day!

ALL (*singing and dancing*).

For any disappointment we are sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite unexpectedly—
Tol the riddle lol!

BAR. Is this Court Mourning or a Fancy Ball?

LUD. Well, it's a delicate combination of both effects. It is
intended to express inconsolable grief for the decease of the late
Duke and ebullient joy at the accession of his successor. I am his
successor. Permit me to present you to my Grand Duchess.
(*Indicating JULIA.*)

BAR. Your Grand Duchess? Oh, your Highness! (*Curtseying
profoundly.*)

Girls remain

Lud' trips to L

* Girls in inner circle join hands & dance

* 8 Bars round Baroness so they sing &
others join at her

* Inner circle close round Baroness
H steps then dance round her 8 Bars
then into full circle

Lud' crosses for last 4 Bars - catches
Bar' & waltzes her to L

* All laugh.

x Lud & Bar

\$ Julia enters R. I. E.

Groups remain

o Julia x Lud o Baroness

Julia goes to R.C. indignant

o Baroness "ah! he would"

x Lud

o Julia

o Baroness

⊗ chorus interested slowly re-form circles

x Julia cross to Baroness

x Lud

o Julia ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ o Baroness

JULIA (sneering at her). Old frump!

BAR. Humph! A recent creation, probably?

LUD. We were married only half-an-hour ago.

BAR. Exactly. I thought she seemed new to the position.

JULIA. Ma'am, I don't know who you are, but I flatter myself I can do justice to *any* part on the very shortest notice.

BAR. My dear, under the circumstances you are doing admirably—and you'll improve with practice. It's so difficult to be a lady when one isn't born to it.

JULIA (in a rage, to LUDWIG). Am I to stand this? Am I not to be allowed to pull her to pieces?

LUD. (aside to JULIA). No, no—it isn't Greek. Be a violet, I beg.

BAR. And now tell me all about this distressing circumstance. How did the Grand Duke die?

LUD. He perished nobly—in a Statutory Duel.

BAR. In a Statutory Duel? But that's only a civil death!—and the Act expires to-night, and then he will come to life again!

LUD. Well, no. Anxious to inaugurate my reign by conferring some inestimable boon on my people, I signalized this occasion by reviving the law for another hundred years.

BAR. For another hundred years? Then set the merry joy-bells ringing! Let festive epithalamia resound through these ancient halls! Cut the satisfying sandwich—broach the exhilarating Marsala—and let us rejoice to-day, if we never rejoice again!

LUD. But I don't think I quite understand. We have already rejoiced a good deal.

BAR. Happy man, you little reck of the extent of the good things you are in for. When you killed Rudolph you adopted all his overwhelming responsibilities. Know then that I, Caroline von Krakenfeldt, am the most overwhelming of them all! Go to embrace her.

LUD. But stop, stop—I've just been married to somebody else!

JULIA. Yes, ma'am, to somebody else, ma'am! Do you understand, ma'am? To somebody else!

BAR. Do keep this young woman quiet; she fidgets me!

JULIA. Fidgets you!

LUD. (aside to JULIA). Be a violet—a crushed, despairing violet.

JULIA. Do you suppose I intend to give up a magnificent part without a struggle?

LUD. My good girl, she has the law on her side. Let us both bear this calamity with resignation. If you must struggle, go away and struggle in the seclusion of your chamber.

Solo and CHORUS.

Now away to the wedding we go,
So summon the charioteers—
No kind of reluctance they show
To embark on their married careers.
Though Julia's emotion may flow
For the rest of her maidenly years,
To the wedding we eagerly go,
So summon the charioteers!

Now away, &c.

(All dance off to wedding except JULIA.)

RECIT.—JULIA.

So ends my dream—so fades my vision fair!
Of hope no gleam—distraction and despair!
My cherished dreams, the Ducal throne to share,
That aim supreme has vanished into air!

SONG.—JULIA.

Broken every promise plighted—
All is darksome—all is dreary.
Every new-born hope is blighted!
Sad and sorry—weak and weary!
Death the Friend or Death the Foe,
Shall I call upon thee? No!
I will go on living, though
Sad and sorry—weak and weary!
No, no! Let the bygone go by!
No good ever came of repining:
If to-day there are clouds o'er the sky,
To-morrow the sun may be shining!
To-morrow, be kind,
To-morrow, to me!
With loyalty blind
I curtsey to thee!
To-day is a day of illusion and sorrow,
So *viva* To-morrow, To-morrow, To-morrow!
God save you, To-morrow!
Your servant, To-morrow!
God save you, To-morrow, To-morrow, To-morrow!

[Exit JULIA. R. 2. 15

X- Lud' sympathetically arguing with Julia
She in tears

Lud' turns to Bawous, bows & offers
her his hand.

All dance off C & to L, Julia slowly up C.

Julia during last 10 Bars looks off L
then slowly takes off brown.

& places it on (Pedestal) R.

Note: order of 2
lines in Score.

Enter ERNEST.

ERN. It's of no use—I can't wait any longer. At any risk I must gratify my urgent desire to know what is going on. (Looking off.) Why, what's that? Surely I see a wedding procession winding down the hill, dressed in my *Troilus and Cressida* costumes! That's Ludwig's doing! I see how it is—he found the time hang heavy on his hands, and is amusing himself by getting married to Lisa. No—it can't be to Lisa, for here she is! Then to L

Enter LISA. L.V. 12

LISA (not seeing him). I really cannot stand seeing my Ludwig married twice in one day to somebody else!

ERN. Lisa!

(LISA sees him, and stands as if transfixed with horror.)

ERN. Come here—don't be a little fool—I want you.

(LISA suddenly turns and bolts off.)

ERN. Why, what's the matter with the little donkey? One would think she saw a ghost! But if he's not marrying Lisa, whom is he marrying? (Suddenly.) Julia! (Much overcome.) I see it all! The scoundrel! He had to adopt all my responsibilities, and he's shabbily taken advantage of the situation to marry the girl I'm engaged to! But no, it can't be Julia, for here she is!

Enter JULIA. R.V. 12

JULIA (not seeing him). I've made up my mind. I won't stand it! I'll send in my notice at once!

ERN. Julia! Oh, what a relief!

(JULIA gazes at him as if transfixed.)

ERN. Then you've not married Ludwig? You are still true to me?

(JULIA turns and bolts in grotesque horror. ERNEST follows and stops her.)

ERN. Don't run away! Listen to me. Are you all crazy?

JULIA (in affected terror). What would you with me, spectre? Oh, ain't his eyes sepulchral! And ain't his voice hollow! What are you doing out of your tomb at this time of day—apparition?

ERN. I do wish I could make you girls understand that I'm only technically dead, and that physically I'm as much alive as ever I was in my life!

JULIA. Oh, but it's an awful thing to be haunted by a technical bogie!

ERN. You won't be haunted much longer. The law must be on its last legs, and in a few hours I shall come to life again—resume all my social and civil functions, and claim my darling as my blushing bride!

Ernest avoids them seeing him, to be a surprise

Looking off R.V. 12 goes quickly to R

Julia crosses to L.C. as she speaks

x Ernest

o Julia

x Ernest

o Julia

Going to embrace her, she avoids him & goes R.

JULIA. Oh—then you haven't heard?

ERN. My love, I've heard nothing. ~~How could I? There are no daily papers where I come from.~~

JULIA. Why, Ludwig challenged Rudolph and won, and now *he's* Grand Duke, and he's revived the law for another century!

ERN. What! But you're not serious—you're only joking!

JULIA. My good sir, I'm a light-hearted girl, but I don't chaff bogies.

ERN. Well, that's the meanest dodge I ever heard of!

JULIA. Shabby trick, I call it.

ERN. But you don't mean to say that you're going to cry off!

JULIA. I really can't afford to wait until your time is up. You know, I've always set my face against long engagements.

ERN. Then defy the law and marry me now. We will fly to your native country, and I'll play broken-English in London as you play broken-German here! *Runs to embrace her.*

JULIA. No. These legal technicalities cannot be defied. Situated as you are, you have no power to make me your wife. At best you could only make me your widow.

ERN. Then be my widow—my little, dainty, winning, winsome widow!

JULIA. Now what would be the good of that? Why, you goose. I should marry again within a month!

DUET.—ERNEST and JULIA.

ERN If the light of love's lingering ember
 Has faded in gloom,
 You cannot neglect, O remember,
 A voice from the tomb!
 That stern supernatural diction
Should act as a solemn restriction,
 Although by a mere legal fiction
 A voice from the tomb!

JULIA (*in affected terror*).

#

I own that that utterance chills me—
It withers my bloom!

With awful emotion it thrills me—
That voice from the tomb!

Oh, spectre, won't anything lay thee? *Leaves him*
Though pained to deny or gainsay thee,
In this case I cannot obey thee,
Thou voice from the tomb!

Throws voice from Tomb

o Julia x Ernest

o J x Em.

o J x Em.

Embracing her.

She withdraws from him slightly

o Julia x Ernest

* Into each others eyes

* Trip. to L 8 Bars - turn on 8th Bar
 (X) " " R 8 Bars - stand, cutting on 4th Bar
 " " L.C. cutting on 8th Bar. (E)
 Note: Ernest looks on at her attitude staggered
 (X) raising his arms pressing her to L (E)
 returns to C
 4 Bars after (E) turns to her.
 * Ernest exits 2.1.E. *Ernest exits L. 1.1.E.*

Chorus dance in in pairs alternately going R & L
 ## Enter Hud' leading Baroness down C
 Chorus entrance & line R & L.

Song (Bar')

X	O
O	X
X	O
O	X

 See Score 136.
 x Hud' O Bar'

General action from Chorus 3 Bars
 at last SYM

\$ March heard - all stand still 2 Bars
 then pass strings & Bottles off.

Ladies seated
 Front Ladies
 D. forms on the side
 of the stage.

X	X	X	X	X	X
X	O	O	O	O	X
X	O	O	O	O	X
X	O	O	O	O	X
X	O	O	O	O	X
X	O	O	O	O	X
X	O	O	O	O	X

Hud' O O O O X

(dancing). So, spectre appalling,
 I bid you good-day—
 Perhaps you'll be calling
 When passing this way.
 Your bogeydom scorning,
 And all your love-lorning,
 I bid you good-morning,
 I bid you good-day.

ERN. (furious) My offer recalling,
 Your words I obey—
 Your fate is appalling,
 And full of dismay.
 To pay for this scorning
 I give you fair warning *She shrinks from him*
 I'll haunt you each morning,
 Each night, and each day!

(Repeat Ensemble, and exeunt in opposite directions.)

Re-enter the Wedding Procession dancing. Those at top first
Bottles & drinking Mugs from wings. Gents fill mugs
 CHORUS.

Slight step. Now bridegroom and bride let us toast
 In a magnum of merry champagne—
 Let us make of this moment the most,
 We may not be so lucky again.
 So drink to our sovereign host
 And his highly intelligent reign—
 His health and his bride's let us toast
 In a magnum of merry champagne!

(March heard.) *Break into groups*
Hud' to Baroness

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. *on Bar end of 22*

HER. The Prince of Monte Carlo, *then H steps forward*
 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-eutiful daughter!

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, &c.

Hud' follows Herald & to R.

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, &c.

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

2nd LUD. (recit.). His Highness we know not—nor the locality all agree
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. all agree.

* (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. Nobles bow unobtrusively as Prince enters then Nobles line across qu & 1st Bar.

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. Sweeping hat off.

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.

Note: The Question of seats for ladies to sit
is an open one.

Same positions remain

5 Bars from end Herald swaggers round.
during 2 Bars - stand c for 3 Bars

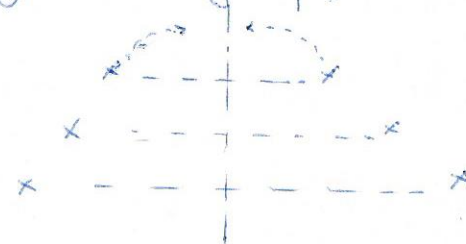
exit Herald Those at top put their fingers
to their nose as he passes.

all rise & laugh heartily
* They fall into ranks & close in slightly
& exeunt all available exits except R.V.E

Ⓢ Nobles enter in single file R.V.E & go to C.

* * * * *
6 5 4 3 2 1

James go down stage - file R & L alternately



Nobles 2 Bars to C 2 Bars down stage
one Bar file off sides

Prince & Princess enter on 7th Bar down c
followed by Herald & Costumier

Nobles take hats off, bow & line across.

or 25 Positions Nobles 1/2 way down stage

Nobles

	1	3	5	6	4	2
	x	x	x	x	x	x

x Herald

x Prince o Princess

2nd Verse

o Princess x Prince

* Feet at 5th Position R hands in chest

End of number all bow to Princess & Prince
She curtsies

⊕ Nobles sway to R & L on sustained note
at end go back 3 paces.

Costumier brushes one or two clothes and
kicks them.

x x x x x x

x Herald

x Prince

x Costumier

o Princess

Prince general movement of Swan.

NOBLES. We're the supernumeraries. Bowing hand in heart

ALL. At a salary immense,
Quite regardless of expense, Wave R hand
Six supernumeraries! Head to R

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

NOBLES. Our nails are not presentable! Show hands

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. 5th Position

ALL. Princess & Prince change sides
{ They're } very, very rich,
{ We're }
And accordingly, as sich,
To the Peerage elevated.

⊕ PRINCE. Well, my dear, here we are at last—just in time to compel Duke Rudolph to fulfil the terms of his marriage contract. Another hour and we should have been too late.

looking at watch
PRINCESS. Yes, papa, and if you hadn't fortunately discovered a means of making an income by honest industry, we should never have got here at all.

PRINCE. Very true. Confined for the last two years within the precincts of my palace by an obdurate bootmaker who held a warrant for my arrest, I devoted my enforced leisure to a study of the doctrine of chances—mainly with the view of ascertaining whether there was the remotest chance of my ever going out for a walk again—and this led to the discovery of a singularly fascinating little round game which I have called Roulette, and by which, in one sitting, I won no less than five thousand francs! My first act was to pay my bootmaker—my second, to engage a good useful working set of second-hand nobles—and my third, to hurry you off to Pfennig Halbpfennig as fast as a *train de luxe* could carry us!

PRINCESS. Yes, and a pretty job—lot of second-hand nobles you've scraped together! Going a little L

PRINCE (doubtfully). Pretty, you think? Humph! I don't know. I should say tol-lol, my love—only tol-lol. They are not wholly satisfactory. There is a certain air of unreality about them—they are not convincing.

COST. But, my goot friend, what can you expect for eighteen-pence a day!

PRINCE. Now take this Peer, for instance. What the deuce do you call him?

COST. Him? Oh, he's a swell—he's the Duke of Riviera.

PRINCE. Oh, he's a Duke, is he? Well, that's no reason why he should look so confoundedly haughty. (To Noble.) Be affable, sir! (Noble takes attitude of affability.) That's better. (Passing to another.) Now, who's this with his moustache coming off?

COST. Why, you're Viscount Mentone, ain't you?

NOBLE. Blest if I know. (Turning up sword belt.) It's wrote here—yes, Viscount Mentone.

COST. Then why don't you say so? 'Old yerself up—you ain't carryin' sandwich boards now. (Adjusts his moustache.)

PRINCE. Now, once for all, you Peers—when His Highness arrives, don't stand like sticks, but appear to take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in what is going on. You needn't say anything, but let your gestures be in accordance with the spirit of the conversation. Now take the word from me. Affability! ¹(attitude). Submission! ²(attitude). Surprise! ³(attitude). Shame! ⁴(attitude). Grief! ⁵(attitude). Joy! ⁶(attitude). That's better! You can do it if you like!

⊗ PRINCESS. But, papa, where in the world is the Court? There is positively no one here to receive us! I can't help feeling that Rudolph wants to get out of it because I'm poor. He's a miserly little wretch—that's what he is.

PRINCE. Well, I shouldn't go so far as to say that. I should rather describe him as an enthusiastic collector of coins—of the realm—and we must not be too hard upon a numismatist if he feels a certain disinclination to part with some of his really very valuable specimens. It's a pretty hobby: I've often thought I should like to collect some coins myself.

PRINCESS. Papa, I'm sure there's some one behind that curtain. I saw it move!

PRINCE. Then no doubt they are coming. Now mind, you Peers—haughty affability combined with a sense of what is due to your exalted ranks, or I'll fine you half a franc each—upon my soul I will!

(Gong. The curtains fly back and the Court are discovered. They give a wild yell and rush on to the stage dancing wildly, with PRINCE, PRINCESS, and Nobles, who are taken by surprise at first, but eventually join in a reckless dance. At the end all fall down exhausted.)

X X Noble referred to 5th Position on breast

X Nobles come forward 3 Paces

1. Wave R hand

2. Bow & open wide both arms

3. Both hands up, eyes & mouth open

4. Lower face with both hands

5. Waving hands look up as if crying

6. Clapping hands & jumping up

⊗ Nobles go back 3 Paces

Gong: 8 Bars to cover entrance of hud's court

Dance Tarantella style should be taught & set

Back to groups

X Hud

X Prmie

o Bar on ones

o Prmies

x x x x x x

x Lud.

x Prince

o Baroness

o Princess

x To "Nobles" surprise - they strike attitude

x Lud.

x Prince

o Baroness

o Princess

⊕ 1 hour in irregular circles

Princess comes to Lud.

LUD. There, what do you think of that? That's our official ceremonial for the reception of visitors of the very highest distinction.

PRINCE (*puzzled*). It's very quaint—very curious indeed. Prettily footed, too. Prettily footed.

LUD. Would you like to see how we say "good-bye" to visitors of distinction? That ceremony is also performed with the foot.

PRINCE. Really, this tone—ah, but perhaps you have not completely grasped the situation?

LUD. Not altogether.

PRINCE. Ah, then I'll give you a lead over. (*Significantly.*) I am the father of the Princess of Monte Carlo. Doesn't that convey any idea to the Grand Ducal mind?

LUD. (*stolidly*). Nothing definite.

PRINCE (*aside*). H'm—very odd! Never mind—try again! (*Aloud.*) This is the daughter of the Prince of Monte Carlo. Do you take?

LUD. (*still puzzled*). No—not yet. Go on—don't give it up—I daresay it will come presently.

PRINCE. Very odd—never mind—try again. (*With sly significance.*) Twenty years ago! Little doddle doddle! *Two* little doddle doddles! Happy father—hers and yours. Proud mother—yours and hers! Hah! *Now* you take? I see you do! I see you do!

LUD. Nothing is more annoying than to feel that you're not equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. I wish he'd say something intelligible.

PRINCE. You didn't expect me?

LUD. (*jumping at it*). No, no. I grasp that—thank you very much. (*Shaking hands with him.*) No, I did not expect you!

PRINCE. I thought not. But ha! ha! at last I have escaped from my enforced restraint. (*General movement of alarm.*) (*To crowd who are stealing off.*) No, no—you misunderstand me. I mean I've paid my debts!

⊗ ALL. Oh! (*They return.*)

PRINCESS (*affectionately*). But, my darling, I'm afraid that even now you don't quite realize who I am! (*Embracing him.*)

BARONESS. Why, you forward little hussy, how dare you? (*Takes her away from LUDWIG.*)

LUD. You mustn't do that, my dear—never in the presence of the Grand Duchess, I beg!

PRINCESS (*weeping*). Oh, papa, he's got a Grand Duchess! from L

(*) LUD. A Grand Duchess! My good girl, I've got three Grand Duchesses!

PRINCESS. Well, I'm sure! Papa, let's go away—this is not a respectable Court.

PRINCE. All these Grand Dukes have their little fancies, my love. This Potentate appears to be collecting wives. It's a pretty hobby—I should like to collect a few myself. This (*admiring* BARONESS) is a charming specimen—an antique, I should say—of the early Merovingian period, if I'm not mistaken; and here's another—a Scotch lady, I think (*alluding to JULIA*), and (*alluding to LISA*) a little one thrown in. Two half-quarters and a makeweight! (*To LUDWIG*). Have you such a thing as a catalogue of the Museum?

PRINCESS. But I cannot permit Rudolph to keep a museum looking round.

LUD. Rudolph? Get along with you, I'm not Rudolph! Rudolph died yesterday!

PRINCE and PRINCESS. What!

LUD. Quite suddenly—of—of—a cardiac affection.

PRINCE and PRINCESS. Of a cardiac affection?

LUD. Yes, a pack-of-cardiac affection. He fought a Statutory Duel with me and lost, and I took over all his engagements—including this imperfectly preserved old lady, to whom he has been engaged for the last three weeks.

PRINCESS. Three weeks! But I've been engaged to him for the last twenty years!

(*) BARONESS, LISA, and JULIA. Twenty years!

PRINCE (*aside*). It's all right, my love—they can't get over that. (*Aloud*). He's yours—take him, and hold him as tight as you can!

PRINCESS. My own! (*Embracing LUDWIG*).

LUD. Here's another!—the fourth in four-and-twenty hours! Would anybody else like to marry me? You, ma'am—or you—anybody! I'm getting used to it!

BARONESS. But let me tell you, ma'am—

JULIA. Why, you impudent little hussy—

LISA. Oh, here's another—here's another! (*Weeping*) Pointing to Princess

Groups remain Irregular circles
o Bar' x Lud' o Princess x Prince

Nobles go up to Tables R & L upper corner
o sit - refreshments

(*) Lud' turns up expressing "Here's a mess"
as Julia & his sister hand in hand.

o Bar' x Lud'
o Julia x Prince
o Lisa o Princess

(*) Lud' comes down C.

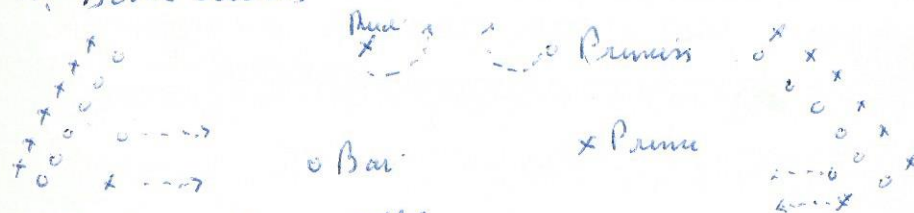
(*) o Bar' x Lud'
o Julia o Princess
Lisa

x Prince

still prepare to dance off to the Wedding

* Ern * Rud * Not' --->

* Form circles

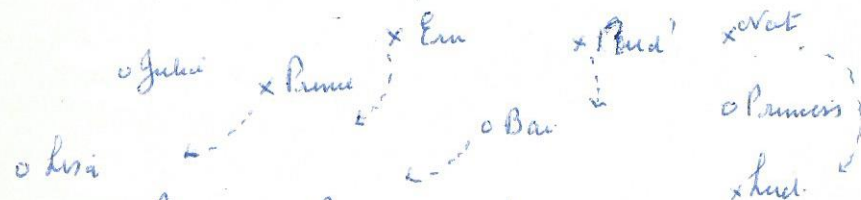


Start to go off on 13th Bar

Notary Rud & Ern on to C by 14th Bar

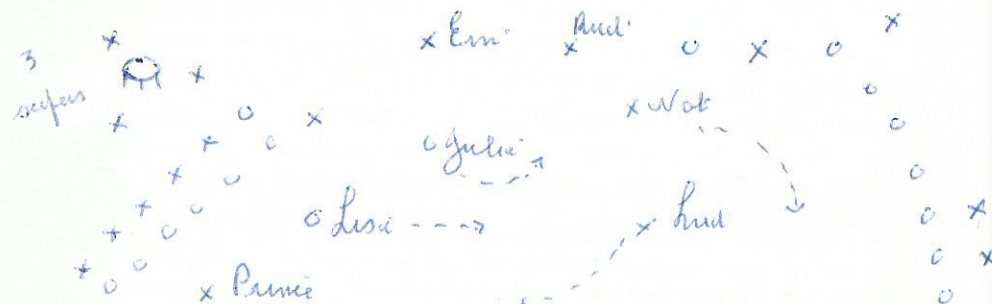
End of last "Forbear" all 3 take 3 steps forward.

⊙ all fall back into positions chorus in circle



Princess & Barons forward.

Julia & Ernest meet & chat.



Sherald walks down to R. Lestermier down to L

PRINCESS. Poor ladies, I'm very sorry for you all; but, you see, I've a prior claim. Come, away we go—there's not a moment to be lost!

CHORUS. (as they dance towards exit).

Humat Humat Humat

Away to the wedding we'll go

To summon the charioteers,

Though her rival's emotion may flow

In the form of impetuous tears— From A.O.B.

(At this moment RUDOLPH, ERNEST, and NOTARY appear. All kneel in astonishment.)

RECITATIVE.

RUD., ERN., and NOT. Forbear! This may not be!

Frustrated are your plans!

With paramount decree

The Law forbids the banns!

ALL. The Law forbids the banns! Notary cut in scene End of 21/4

LUD. Not a bit of it! I've revived the Law for another century!

RUD. You didn't revive it! You couldn't revive it! You—you are an impostor, sir—a tuppenny rogue, sir! You—you never were, and in all human probability never will be—Grand Duke of Pfennig Anything!

ALL. What!!!

RUD. Never—never, never! (Aside.) Oh, my internal economy!

LUD. That's absurd, you know. I fought the Grand Duke. He drew a King, and I drew an Ace. He perished in inconceivable agonies on the spot. Now, as that's settled, we'll go on with the wedding.

RUD. It—it isn't settled. You—you can't. I—I—(to NOTARY) Oh, tell him—tell him! I can't!

NOT. Well, the fact is, there's been a little mistake here. On reference to the Act that regulates Statutory Duels, I find it is expressly laid down that Ace shall count invariably as lowest!

ALL. As lowest! Notary goes round to L slowly.

RUD. (breathlessly). As lowest—lowest—lowest! So you're the ghost—ghost—ghost! (Aside.) Oh, what is the matter with me inside here!

ERN. Well, Julia, as it seems that the Law hasn't been revived—and as, consequently, I shall come to life in about three minutes—(consulting his watch)—

JULIA. My objection falls to the ground. (Resignedly.) Very well!

PRINCESS. And am I to understand that I was on the point of marrying a dead man without knowing it? (To RUDOLPH, who revives.) Oh, my love, what a narrow escape I've had!

RUD. Oh—you are the Princess of Monte Carlo, and you've turned up just in time! Well, you're an attractive little girl, you know, but you're as poor as a rat! (They retire up together.)

LISA. That's all very well, but what is to become of me? (To LUDWIG.) If you're a dead man— (Clock strikes three.)

LUD. But I'm not. Time's up—the Act has expired—I've come to life—the parson is still in attendance, and we'll all be married directly. (Embraces her & leads her to L.C.)

ALL. Hurrah! (Chorus come into 2 crescents.)

FINALE.

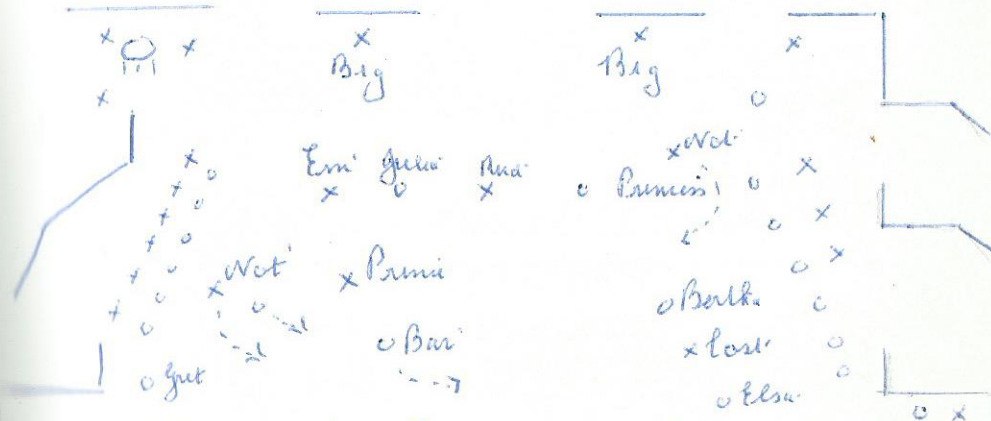
Happy couples, lightly treading,
Castle chapel will be quite full!
Each shall have a pretty wedding,
As, of course, is only rightful,
Though the bride be fair or frightful.
Contradiction little dreading,
This will be a day delightful—
Each shall have a pretty wedding!
Such a pretty, pretty wedding!
Such a pretty wedding!

(All dance off to get married as the curtain falls.)

THE END.

Note: Order of various speeches.
Irregular circles chorus.

Anna ———— Premier
x Julia x Ernest x Lost
x Herald x Lisa x Not
x Premi x Barman x Barthe
Finale
Thud' leads Premier halfway down C 3 Bars
They stand & receive
Bar' leads Premi forward & curtseys - bow
Thud' leads her a forward, kneel & return to L 6 Bars
Ernest leads Julia " " " " to R 6 Bars



23rd Bar Thud' leads Premier down to front - turn
down her up - Bar' & Premi follow - then Thud' & Lisa
then Ernest & Julia - then stand to go

Curtain

Property Plot Act I

Discovered

12 Small tables

20 Seats or stools (1 hour

Plates & dishes

5 Bottles of Wine 1 on Table (reserved)

Drinking cups & mugs for company

Plate of sausages & sandwiches Table R.

Personal.

Folded sheets of foolscap. (Writing) }

Ink bottle attached to coat & Quill Pen }

Pack of Playing cards

Basket with snuff box & handkerchief in it }

Juni chamberlain -

Guzike for Baroness.

Newspaper with large letter in envelope.

Act II

Discovered

2 Round tables R & L corners

3 chairs at each

1 Dish of sandwiches on each table

2 Bottles of Wine dishes etc

Seat for 2 L

Pedestal near R. 2. E.

Personal

In Wings

Handkerchief for Baroness

4 Garlandes for Ladies

Musical instruments for rest of Ladies

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