

An Italian Straw Hat

or, “Haste to the Wedding”

An Operetta in Three Acts

Written by W. S. Gilbert

Composed by George Grossmith

with additional music by

Frank Osmond-Carr, Alfred Cellier, Corney Grain,

Sydney Jones and Arthur Sullivan

*The piece is original only as far as regards its musical setting.
The plot is a very free adaptation of "Le Chapeau de Paille
d'Italie" by Eugène Labiche, previously translated by Gilbert
as "The Wedding March" and produced at the Royal Court Theatre
on the 15th November 1873.*

*First produced as “Haste to the Wedding” at the Criterion Theatre, London, under the personal direction of the Authors
on Wednesday, July 27th, 1892.*

About this libretto

My intention in creating this series of libretti is not to publish an in-depth, scholarly appraisal of each of the works included, that can, and has been done far more effectively by others. My aim is to issue the libretti of the operas and choral works of Gilbert and Sullivan, both in partnership with each other, and with others, and of the works of other librettists and composers whose operas appeared at the Savoy Theatre in the 1890's and early 1900's, in as complete a form as possible.

Hopefully, these libretti will appeal to:

1. Those who share an interest in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and their contemporaries, but who have had little if any opportunity to read and evaluate these works, many of which have been out of print for decades, for themselves.
2. Enterprising amateur and professional companies who, due to the lack of printed material, have fought shy of presenting some of these works.

In each of these publications I have endeavoured to include as much material as it has been possible to unearth, including dialogue and lyrics cut before or during the original productions and, where known, ad-libs, both sanctioned and unsanctioned.

Each libretto is printed to order, and in general follows the same standard layout:

- a) standard text and lyrics are printed in black.
- b) text and lyrics cut before or during production are printed in blue.
- c) ad-libs are printed in blue.
- d) stage directions are printed in red.
- e) other variations from the standard text are printed in green.

Advances in modern technology have also enabled me to include 'lost' musical numbers in some of the libretti - for example, the Despard/Margaret Duet "If you attempt to take the girl" in RUDDYGORE. It is hoped at a later stage to be able to produce Vocal Scores for some of the more obscure works.

The ink used in printing **will smudge or run** if brought into contact with liquid or left in a damp atmosphere for any length of time, and will also fade if subjected to prolonged direct sunlight.

Several of the libretti in this series have already been used for production purposes and it has been found that the A4 format is the most convenient. However, any comment about the layout, format, or content, will be most welcome. I hope very much that you will enjoy this libretto.

Ian C. Bond

“HASTE TO THE WEDDING” / AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT

In his monumental two volume survey of “The British Musical Theatre”¹, Kurt Gänzl questions the need for music in connection with the famous Labiche farce, “The Italian Straw Hat”, and in the case of the work in question argues that the piece, ‘did not need the songs it got -’. I can conceive that, in a badly staged, poorly paced production, this operetta could be deadly dull; but anyone who saw the revivals at either Chichester (1975) or Exeter (1976), will know what a tremendous piece this is.

Rather than cutting or tightening the action, the Chichester/Exeter production took Gilbert's original 1873 translation, “The Wedding March”, as their starting point, added the lyrics and music from “Haste to the Wedding”, added a few more lyrics of their own (with music adapted from Offenbach's “Barbe-Bleue”), and called the resulting confection “The Italian Straw Hat”. The production was a riot from start to finish, and although I cannot speak for Chichester, I do know that the Northcott was full at every performance from 29th January to 21st February, a total (with matinées) of 28. **This current version retains Gilbert's original libretto whilst adding extra music from the British comic opera, operetta and music hall traditions.**

“HASTE TO THE WEDDING” first appeared at the Criterion Theatre on the 27th July 1892, and played for just 22 performances. Maybe, as with the ill-fated JANE ANNIE, this work was too zany for the audiences of 1892. Today it is tremendous fun. The original cast is given below with the Chichester/Exeter cast beside for comparison.

<u>“HASTE TO THE WEDDING”</u>	<u>THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT</u>
Woodpecker - Frank Wyatt	Woodpecker - Jeremy Arnold
Maguire - Lionel Brough	Maguire - Malcolm Mudie
Bopaddy - William Blakely	Bopaddy - Clifford Mollison
Foodle - George Grossmith Jnr.	Foodle - Edward Harbour
Duke of Turniptopshire - David James	Duke of Deal - John Biggerstaff
Bunthunder - Sidney Valentine	Bunthunder - Basil Lord
Cripps - Welton Dale	Cripps - Basil Lord
Wilkinson - Percy Brough	Wilkinson - Anthony Guilfoyle
Bapp - Frank Atherley	Bapp - Alan Gill
Barns - Fred Bond	Barns - Anthony Guilfoyle
Jackson - W. R. Shirley	Jackson - John Biggerstaff
Marchioness - Ellis Jeffreys	Marchioness - Judith Paris
Bella Crackenthorpe - Sybil Carlisle	Bella Beauperthuis - Michelle Magorian
Leonora - Day Ford	Leonora - Judith Paris
Patty - Haidee Crofton	Patty - Lynda Rooke
Maria - Marie Studholme	Maria - Helena Breck
	Bronwyn - Theresa Streatfeild
	Gwyneth - Janet Smith
	Lythin - Jonathan Kiley
	Dido, Lady Popton - Michelle Magorian
	Algernon Sopwith - Jonathan Kiley
	Basil, Bishop of Bayswater - Basil Lord
	Sophie - Theresa Streatfeild

¹ Macmillan Press Music Division - 1986 - ISBN 0-333-39839-4 v. I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WOODPECKER TAPPING, a Bridegroom

MR. MAGUIRE, a Market Gardener

UNCLE BOPADDY

COUSIN FOODLE

THE DUKE OF TURNIPTOPSHIRE, an Emotional Peer

MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER

CRIPPS, a Milliner's Bookkeeper

WILKINSON, a Policeman

BARNS, a Family Retainer

JACKSON, a Valet

CAPTAIN BAPP

**THE MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH, an Emotional
Peeress**

LADY POPTON

MARIA, a Bride

BELLA CRACKENTHORPE, a Milliner

PATTY PARKER, a Lady's Maid

LEONORA BUNTHUNDER

Chorus of: Wedding Guests and Members of the Upper Aristocracy

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I, Scene 1 - A Room in Woodpecker Tapping's London Home

ACT I, Scene 2 - A Milliner's Show-room

**ACT II - A handsomely furnished front and back drawing-room in Carlton
Gardens**

**ACT III, Scene 1 - Dressing-room in Major-General Bunthunder's
House**

ACT III, Scene 2 - A Street, with Square in the distance

TIME - 1873

ACT I, Scene 1

Supplementary - PRELUDE ²

SCENE - Room in MR. WOODPECKER TAPPING'S house. Door C. Doors R. and L. JACKSON discovered dusting chairs. Enter PATTY on tip-toe C. from L.

Patty. Is it all right, Mr. Jackson?

Jackson. All is right, Patty. (*Kisses her.*)

Pat. Now, none of that, if you please. Your master, Mr. Woodpecker Tapping, is to be married to-day, and you told me I might come and see the wedding presents. Where are they?

Jack. In the next room - you shall see them presently.

Pat. But how comes it that the wedding takes place from the bridegroom's house, and why are all the wedding presents sent there?

Jack. Because the bride, Miss Maria Maguire, live at Pettytwiddllm, in a remote corner of Wales - and as Mr. Tapping can't get leave to go down to a remote corner of Wales, a remote corner of Wales has to come to him.

No.1. - DUET - Patty and Jackson

Jack. Today, at eleven,
Young Woodpecker Tapping
Will enter the heaven
Of matrimonee -
To 'Ria Maguire
That beauty entrapping
Woodpecker Esquire
United will be.

Both. *Dancing.*) And the bells they will jingle,
The wine it will bubble,
As Woodpecker single,
Turned Woodpecker double,
Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

Pat. ³ Young Woodpecker Tapping
(Professed lady-killer)
Is rarely caught napping
By widow or maid,

² From UTOPIA (LIMITED) (1893) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan.

³ The original printed libretto allocates this verse to Patty but the published Vocal score indicates Jackson.

But her fascinations -
Her gold and her siller -
All considerations,
Have thrown in the shade.

Both. (*Dancing.*) So the bells they will jingle,
The wine it will bubble,
As Woodpecker single,
Turned Woodpecker double,
Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

Enter UNCLE BOPADDY, who catches them dancing. They stop abruptly when they see him. He is very deaf, and carries a band-box

Bopaddy. Don't mind me - it's only Uncle Bopaddy - nobody minds Uncle Bopaddy!
Anybody come yet?

Jack. (*with a great show of deference.*) Not yet, you ridiculous old rag-bag! Not yet, you concentrated essence of disreputable senility!

Pat. (*aside to JACKSON.*) Hush! hush! you'll make the old gentleman angry.

Jack. Oh, no - he's as deaf as a post - he can't hear. (*Shouting to him.*) You can't hear, can you? (*To PATTY.*) I always talk to him like that; it amuses me very much. (*To BOPADDY, who is much struck with PATTY.*) Don't you think at your age you might find something better to do than to go about chucking young girls under the chin, you disreputable old vagabond?

Bo. Yes, yes - you are perfectly right. I told him so myself; but, bless you, you might as well talk to a post! (*To PATTY.*) Here, my dear, take this (*giving her parcel.*) It's a little present for the bride - now, don't crush it, there's a nice little gal!

Pat. All right, old sixpennorth of halfpence!

Bo. (*much amused.*) Yes - you're quite right. I often do myself. Ha, ha! (*Exit PATTY with parcel.*) What a nice little gal! Very nice little gal! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer little gal!

Jack. Go along, you wicked old pantaloon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age! (*Gives him a chair.*) There, sit down and hold your wicked old tongue!

Exit JACKSON.

Bo. (*sits.*) Thankee kindly. Remarkably civil, well-spoken young man to be sure! Don't know that I ever met a nicer-spoken young man.

Enter WOODPECKER TAPPING.

Wood. Well, here's a pretty piece of business!

Bo. My nephew - my dear nephew (*shaking his hand.*) Where's the wedding party - have they arrived?

Wood. They're coming - in eight cabs. But listen to my adventure. I was riding in Hyde Park just now, and I accidentally dropped my whip -

Bo. (*shaking his hand*). My boy, those sentiments do honour to your head and your heart.

Wood. What sentiments? Oh, I forgot - he's deaf. No matter. Well, I dismounted and picked it up, and then discovered that the noble animal had bolted, and was at that moment half a mile away.

Bo. But I go farther than that. I go so far as to say that a good husband makes a good wife.

Wood. Here's an old donkey!

Bo. Thank you, my boy, I am - I always was.

Wood. Well, after a long run I came up with my spirited grey, and found him in the act of devouring a Leghorn hat belonging to a young and lovely lady who was indulging in an affectionate tête-à-tête with a military gentleman who may or may not have been her betrothed. I jumped on my horse - apologized to the lady, threw her a sovereign (or it might have been a shilling - I'm sure I don't know), and this is all the change I got out of it (*showing the remains of a straw hat*).

Bo. Dear me, that's a very nice straw - a very nice straw! I don't know that I ever saw a nicer straw! Ha! now that's very curious.

Wood. Eh?

Bo. Nothing. It's curious - it's a coincidence. It's just like the one I've given Maria for a wedding present. Hah! At what time is the wedding?

Wood. Eleven (*shows him on fingers*).

Bo. Eh?

Wood. Eleven (*shouting*).

Bo. You must speak a good deal louder - I can't hear.

Wood. Eleven (*whispering*).

Bo. Oh! eleven. Why didn't you say so at first? (*Looking at watch.*) Half-past ten - just time for a glass of sherry. I saw it on the sideboard as I came up - you'll find me at the sideboard as you go down.

Exit BOPADDY.

Wood. So in one hour I shall be a married man! Married to the daughter of a human porcupine - one of the most ill-tempered, crotchety, exacting old market-gardeners in Great Britain! Maria is a charming girl - she has only one drawback - a cousin, Alfred Foodle, who was brought up with her. He kisses her. It's permitted in some families. It's permitted in hers. I don't quite see why - he's as big as I am. The best of it is, I'm not allowed to. Of course it's all right, because they were brought up together. At the same time, I wish he wouldn't.

No.2. - SONG - Woodpecker

Maria is simple and chaste -
She's pretty and tender and modest -
But on one or two matters of taste
Her views are distinctly the oddest.
Her virtue is something sublime -
No kissing - on that there's a stopper -
When I try, she says "All in good time -
At present it's highly improper."
Such virtue heroic I call
To complain were the act of a noodle
She's allowed to kiss no one at all
But her cousin - her cousin : young Foodle.

Now a maiden could never offend
By embracing her father or brother;
But I never could quite comprehend
Why cousins should kiss one another.
Of course it's an innocent whim -
Beneath it no mischief is hidden.
But why is that given to him
Which to me is so strictly forbidden?
It's as innocent as it can be;
He's a kind of performing French poodle.
But why withhold kisses from me
Which are freely accorded to Foodle?

Enter CAPTAIN BAPP and LEONORA.

Wood. Who's this?

Bapp. This is the scoundrel's house, and (*seeing WOODPECKER*) this is the scoundrel!

Wood. Confusion! It's the lady of the Leghorn hat and her military admirer!

Leo. Dear Captain Bapp, be careful!

Bapp. Leonora, leave this to me. (*To WOODPECKER.*) Well, sir, suppose you offer this lady a seat. (*WOODPECKER gives LEONORA a chair, and is about to take another.*) Don't sit down yourself, sir! How dare you attempt to sit down in this lady's presence? Now, sir, to business. You have grossly insulted this lady.

Wood. How?

Bapp. In the first place, you devoured this lady's hat.

Wood. Pardon me - my horse devoured her hat.

Bapp. A quibble sir; you are responsible for his actions. You devoured this lady's hat; and you then have the audacity to throw her this contemptible coin as compensation! (*Showing WOODPECKER a shilling.*)

Wood. (*aside.*) It was a shilling! I thought it was. (*Aloud.*) Sir, it was a mistake - allow me to rectify it. (*Gives him a sovereign.*)

Bapp. Fire and fury! What's this?

Wood. That is a sovereign - or pound - for the hat.

Bapp. Insult upon insult! We have not come here for compensation.

Wood. Then what the deuce have you come for?

Bapp. In the first place, an apology.

Leo. No, no; I forgive him! Come away - it's not necessary.

Bapp. Leonora, will you leave this to me? Well, sir, the apology.

Wood. Well, sir, I apologize.

Bapp. Unreservedly?

Wood. Unreservedly. Now, what is the moral of all this, Leonora?

Leo. Sir!

Bapp. By the God of War - !

Wood. I call you Leonora because I don't know your other name. The moral of this is - if you will walk out in Hyde Park with surreptitious captains in the Army -

Leo. Sir, you are in error. This gentleman is my cousin. We were brought up together.

Wood. Oh, I see; he's your Foodle.

Bapp. This lady's what, sir?

Wood. Her Foodle. I say you're her Foodle. You don't know what I mean; but you may depend upon it you are. I wish you'd go.

Bapp. Oh, but I haven't done yet. This hat, sir, is a present from the lady's husband.

Wood. What! There's a husband, is there? Oh, Leonora, I should have expected this from Bapp, but I'm surprised at you.

Leo. My husband is the most jealous man in the world, and if I go home without it, he'll kill me. There's only one thing to be done - you must get another exactly like it.

Wood. With pleasure - to-morrow.

Bapp. To-morrow! And what's to become of the lady in the mean time?

Leo. Oh, I'll remain here *(sits)*.

Wood. Here! - in my house? On my wedding-day? Impossible!

Mag. *(without)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. The wedding party has arrived, and do not suppose that that is the Bull of Bashan. No - it's my father-in-law elect! *(Shouts.)* Coming! *(To LEONORA.)* Stop - I see a way of doing it. I'll invent an excuse to call at the milliner's on the way to the registrar's, and tell her to send one here.

Mag. *(without)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. Coming! *(to BAPP.)* Will that do?

Bapp. *(to LEONORA.)* Will that do?

Leo. *(to BAPP.)* That will do.

Bapp. *(to WOODPECKER.)* That will do.

Mag. *(furiously)*. Woodpecker!

Wood. He's coming up - he mustn't find you here. Go in there - quick! *(Places BAPP in room R. and LEONORA in room L.)* Just in time!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter the wedding party, composed of semi-grotesque old-fashioned and countrified couples. They dance round the stage. MARIA, in bridal dress, dances on with FOODLE, a loutish simpleton ; BOPADDY follows, and finally MAGUIRE in a towering rage.

No.3. - SOLO - Maguire and Chorus

Chorus. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Mag. *(furiously)*. It's off! It's off!

Wood. What's off?

Mag. The wedding! I won't have it!

SONG - Maguire

You've kept us all waiting outside!
Such insults I never foresaw
You've insulted your beautiful bride -
You've insulted your father-in-law!
You've insulted our excellent guests -
You've pooh-poohed the connubial knot -
You've insulted the flyman
Who'd drive you to Hymen -
By George, you've insulted the lot!

All. Yes, yes, yes,
By George, you've insulted the lot!

Mag. It's off! Her affection's misplaced!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! such a man I disown!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! Take your arm from her waist!

All. It's off!

Mag. It's off! let the lady alone!

All. It's off!

Mag. And to your beautiful bride, who belongs
To a father who never ignores
Insults by the dozen,
She'll marry her cousin -
Here, Foodle, be happy - she's yours!

All. Yes, yes, yes,
Here, Foodle, be happy - she's yours!

(MARIA goes weeping to FOODLE, who embraces her.)

CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Wood. St! st! st! Suppose I apologize.

Mag. Then it's on again.

Wood. Then I apologize.

Mag. *(joyfully)*. It's on again! *(To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.)* Foodle, my boy,
it's on again!

Food. *(releasing her)*. Oh, Maria! *(MARIA reverts to WOODPECKER.)*

No.3a. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -

Supplemental 1. - SONG - Maria. ⁴

It's my opinion - though I own
In thinking so I'm quite alone -
In some respects I'm but a fright.
You like my features, I suppose?
I'm disappointed with my nose:
Some rave about it - perhaps they're right.
My figure just sets off a fit;
But when they say it's exquisite
(And they *do* say so), that's too strong.
I hope I'm not what people call
Opinionated! After all,
I'm but a goose, and may be wrong.

When charms enthrall
There's some excuse
For measures strong;
And after all
I'm but a goose,
And may be wrong!

My teeth are very neat, no doubt;
But after all they *may* fall out:
I think they will - some think they won't.
My hands are small, as you may see,
But not as small as they might be,
At least *I* think so- others don't.
But there, a girl may preach and prate
From morning six to evening eight,
And never stop to dine,
When all the world, although misled,
Is quite agreed on any head -
And it is quite agreed on mine.

⁴ From THE MOUNTEBANKS (1892) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Alfred Cellier.

All said and done,
It's little I
Against a throng.
I'm only one,
And possibly
I may be wrong!

Chorus. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Maria. Oh! (*screams*).

Mag. What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, something's pricking me!

Wood. A pin? Allow me (*proceeds to remove it*).

Mag. (*stopping him*). How dare you, sir?

Maria. How dare you?

All. For shame!

Mag. Foodle, remove the pin! (*FOODLE crosses to MARIA and removes the pin, kisses it, and pricks his lip accidentally.*) They were brought up together (*addressing WOODPECKER, who is furious*). Now then, are we all ready? Then away we go!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding," the guests are dancing off.

No.3b. AIR

Wood. Stop! (*music and guests stop short - aside*). I must find some excuse to stop at the milliner's - what shall I say? I can't tell them I've got to stop and buy a hat for one lady on my way to be married to another.

Mag. (*who has been standing on one leg in the exact attitude in which he was stopped*). Nearly finished your soliloquy, Woodpecker?

Wood. (*aside*). Ha, I know! (*Aloud*). Hullo! It's very awkward - I've lost the licence!

Mag. What!

All. Lost the licence!

Mag. It's off! Another instance of insulting neglect! It's off! Foodle shall have her! (*Hands her to FOODLE.*)

Food. (*embracing her*). Maria!

No.3c. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -

Wood. Stop! Don't be absurd - it's easily rectified. We must call at Doctor's Commons on the way to the church, and get another. You can remain below in the cabs while I apply for it. *(Aside.)* They're all country people, and don't know the difference between Doctor's Commons and a milliner's shop! *(Aloud.)* Will that do?

Mag. It's on again! It's on again! *(To FOODLE, who is embracing MARIA.)* Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

No.3d. - CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

Mag. Will you stop that? Foodle, take the bride - pair off and away we go!

Music. "Haste to the Wedding." All dance off, WOODPECKER last.

No.3e. - AIR

Wood. *(over music.)* If ever I get married again, it shall be into a family without a Foodle!

Exit after the others.

ACT I, Scene 2

Scene: A Milliner's Show-room. Some bonnets and two common dolls' heads on table up L. High desk with ledger R. Wide opening C., with doors R. and L.

Enter BELLA CRACKENTHORPE.

Bella. *(calling off)*. Now, make haste, young ladies - attend to your work and don't chatter. Upon my life, I've been very fortunate! I only purchased this business four months ago, and I've quite a large connection already! Ah! it's not everywhere that civility and punctuality, combined with the latest Paris fashions, are to be obtained at a moderate advance on Store prices.

No.4. - BALLAD - Bella

By dreams of ample profit lured,
And overflowing till,
By easy payments I secured
Stock, fixtures, and goodwill.
But fixtures are but means to end,
Goodwill's a term misplaced,
Unless you with them deftly blend
Politeness and Good Taste.
Without you, money paid is waste,
So hail, Politeness and Good Taste!

Without your calm unpurchased aid,
Work hardly as one may,
The finest business in the trade
Falls off and fades away.
The stock depreciates in tone,
The goodwill dwindles fast,
The humble fixtures, they alone
Are faithful to the last!
Ye fixtures, though but means to ends,
You do your best, my humble friends!

Enter WOODPECKER (in breathless haste).

No.5. - RECIT and DUET - Bella and Woodpecker

Wood. I want a hat of finest straw,
At once - a handsome one.
Trimmed with an armadillo's claw,
Three truffles and a bun,
Two thingummies of peacock blue,
A what-its-name on each,
A snuff-box and a cockatoo
Two mackerel and a peach.
If you have such a thing in stock,
I'll buy it - *(looking at watch)* half-past ten o'clock!

RECIT

Bella. (*recognizing him*). Ah, heavens! 'Tis Woodpecker!
Oh judge and juries!

Wood. (*aghast*). 'Tis Bella Crackenthorpe,
By all the furies!
(*aloud*). You've nothing like it in your shop?
No consequence - good morning!

Bella. (*holding his coat-tails*) Stop!
Ah, false one!

(WOODPECKER much depressed.)

BALLAD - Bella (with Woodpecker)

You offer to take me, one fine day,
To the Naval Exhibition;
You borrow the money from me to pay
The price of our admission.
The rain pours down on my brand-new dress,
And boots of thin prunella.
Do you stand me a hansom?
Oh dear, no!
You stand me under a portico,
Like a shabby young fellow, and off you go
To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Wood. Poor Bella!

Bella. To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Wood. Did I stand her a hansom?
Oh dear, no!
I stood her under a portico,
Like a shabby young fellow, I off did go
To borrow a friend's umbrella!

Bella. The rain goes on, and the days they grow -
To months accumulating;
And patiently under that portico
They find me waiting - waiting.
To her allegiance staunch and true
Stands your deserted Bella.
At length six weary months have passed;
The weather, no longer overcast,
Clears up - and you return at last
Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. Poor Bella!

Bella. Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. Although six weary months had passed;
The weather, no longer overcast,
Cleared up - and I returned at last
Without that friend's umbrella!

Wood. I forgot the umbrella. I'll go and fetch it. (*Going.*)

Bella. (*stops him*). Not if I know it!

Wood. (*aside*). Confound it! And the wedding party at the door, in eight cabs!

Bella. To think that this contemptible creature actually promised to marry me!

Wood. Marry you? Why, of course I did! Marry you? Certainly I will!

Bella. You will?

Wood. Why, of course! What do you take me for?

Bella. And you didn't desert me in order to run after somebody else?

Wood. Ha, ha! As if I'd dream of anybody else!

Bella. Oh, what a relief! Oh, Woodpecker! (*in his arms*).

Wood. Now, then; I want a Leghorn hat trimmed with a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel one peach, three truffles, and a bun.

Bella. (*jealous*). Oh, for some young lady, I suppose.

Wood. For some young lady! That's very likely; come, you know me better than that. No; it's for a Captain in the Guards, who wants it as a birthday present for - for his Colonel.

Bella. Well, by an odd coincidence, I believe I happen to have the very thing; and you shall have it on one condition: that we dine together at Simpson's this afternoon -

Wood. (*aside*). Very likely!

Bella. And that you take me to the Adelphi Theatre this evening!

Wood. Capital! Excellent idea! I was just saying to myself as I came in, "What in the world shall I do with myself this evening?" and the Adelphi Theatre is the very thing. Now, then, where's the hat?

Bella. In the next room. Come along, and don't let me catch you making eyes at the young ladies!

Exit BELLA.

Wood. (*in despair*). Here's all the wedding party coming up the stairs!

(Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, MARIA, FOODLE, BOPADDY, and the wedding party, two and two, dancing round the stage. The guests range themselves on the left of the scene.)

No.5a. - AIR

Mag. So here we are in Doctor's Commons. *(To WOODPECKER.)* I think you told us this was Doctor's Commons?

Wood. Yes, yes - but why in the world have you left your cabs?

Mag. Never mind that - have you got the licence?

Wood. No - the - the Registrar has not arrived yet; that is, he's busy. Go back to your cabs and I'll go and fetch him. Oh, dim! dim! dim!

WOODPECKER exits hurriedly after BELLA.

Mag. It's all right - it is Doctor's Commons. My friends, let us behave ourselves, we are in Doctor's Commons. Let those who have their gloves put them on. I - I am much agitated: and you, my child?

Maria. Papa, the pin is still there!

Mag. Walk about my child, and it will work down. Foodle, my boy, sing Maria a song to take her mind off the pin.

Supplemental 2. - SONG - Foodle and Chorus ⁵

There were three anglers young and gay,
Sing, ho for the rod and line o!
Sat fishing in a punt one day!
Sing, ho for the rod and line o!
They fish'd throughout the live-long day,
But ne'er a single bite had they,
But still they caroll'd forth this lay,
This merry roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum,*
And a pretty little wriggling *wum,*
And a pretty little wriggling *wum!*

Foodle. Full fifty years have passed away,
Ah me! the rod and line o!
Still side by side those anglers stay,
Ah me! the rod and line o!

⁵ "The Three Anglers" from A LEGEND OF THE THAMES written and composed by Corney Grain, (dedicated to George Grossmith Esq.).

Their backs are bent, their beards are grey,
Yet ne'er a single bite have they,
But still they quaver forth this lay,
This trembling roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*!

Foodle. But where are they now, those anglers gay?
Oh woe! the rod and line o!
Buried side by side are they,
Oh woe, the rod and line o!
They all three died the self same day,
Yet never a single bite had they,
But still they sing - so old folks say -
This ghostly roundelay -

Chorus. Hey no nonny nonny,
Hey no nonny nonny
Prithee little fishes come,
We've a nice little gentle on the end of a hook,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum, wum, wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*,
And a pretty little wriggling *wum*!

Mag. (*Goes to desk.*) Here is the entry-book. We shall all have to sign our names in it.

Maria. Papa, what are they going to do to me?

Mag. Nothing, my child. The Registrar will say to you, "Do your parents consent to this marriage?" and you'll reply, "I am" (*looking off*). Oh, the Registrar is coming. (*To FOODLE who has only got one glove on.*) Put on your other glove, will you?

Food. I can't - I've lost it!

Mag. The put your hand in your pocket. (*FOODLE puts the gloved hand in his pocket.*) Not that one, stupid! the other one! (*FOODLE does so.*) Now, then, prepare to receive the Registrar!

Enter CRIPPS, out of breath and wet through.

No.6. - DUET - Cripps and Maguire (with Chorus)

Cripps. Gracious, how I have been running,
Backwards, forwards, in the rain -
Impecunious clients dunning;
All my trouble, too, in vain!

Chorus. Bow to the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar! *(All bow to CRIPPS.)*

Cripps. Sitting in wet things is odious,
Rheumatiz my nature loathes;
So, behind my desk commodious,
I'll at once change all my clothes!

Chorus. This is the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar!

(In the meantime, CRIPPS has dived under the desk and is concealed from their view.)

RECIT

Mag. Why, where's he gone?
He's disappeared from view!
Hallo, you sir! Hallo! *(Craning over desk.)*

Cripps. *(showing his head only).* Good day to you!

Mag. This is my daughter, sir.

Cripps. One moment, pray.

Mag. These are her bridesmaids - this her bridal day!

Cripps. *(aside).* No doubt a wedding party, come to make
Some purchases!

Mag. Our names, perhaps, you'll take?

CRIPPS, who has taken off his wet coat, puts it on again, and prepares to take their names.

Mag. My name is Anthony Hurricane Egg,
Bartholomew Capperboy Property Skegg -
I haven't done yet - Conolly Maguire -

Cripps. But really -

Mag. I haven't quite finished, Esquire!
Do not forget the "Esquire!"

Chorus. His name is Anthony Hurricane Egg,
Bartholomew Capperboy Property Skegg -

Cripps. But really -

Chorus. *(rising from their seats and dancing up to the Registrar and back again.)*

Also Conolly Maguire -
Pray, pray, pray,
Do not forget the "Esquire!"
Do not forget the "Esquire!"

All sit down suddenly.

Cripps. *(speaking.)* Sir, the Christian names are immaterial.

Mag. Oh! *(Sings)*

Oh, I was born at Pettybun

Chorus. On a Saturday - on a Saturday -

Cripps. *(speaking.)* Your place of birth is also immaterial.

Mag. Oh! *(Sings)*

In eighteen hundred and twenty-one,

Chorus. On the fourth of May - on the fourth of May -

Cripps. *(angrily.)* My dear sir, I don't want your biography - you have told me quite enough!

Mag. Very good. *(To BOPADDY.)* Now it's your turn. *(Loudly.)* Now it's your turn.
(In a whisper.) Now it's your turn.

Bo. Oh! - my turn *(advancing with dignity.)* Sir *(to CRIPPS)*, before I consent to become a witness in this matter -

All. *(bursting into chorus.)* On a Saturday - on a Saturday!

Bo. I should like to express my views as to the qualifications of a witness -

All. *(as before.)* On the fourth of May - on the fourth of May!

Cripps. What's he talking about?

Bo. In the first place he should be of full age. I am. In the second, he should be a Briton by birth. I am. In the third -

Chorus. Bow to the Registrar!
He can the licence grant -
He is the man we want -
Bow to the Registrar!

All sit suddenly.

Food. *(looking off.)* Oh, uncle, uncle! look here!

During the dialogue that follows BOPADDY has been much fascinated with the two milliner's dolls' heads, flirting first with one, then with the other, as if unable to make up his mind which of them he prefers.

Mag. What! my son-in-law elect kissing a young woman! It's off! It's off! Foodle, my daughter is yours!

Food. Maria! *(putting his arms round her).*

Enter WOODPECKER C. from R.

Wood. Why in the world haven't you gone back to your cabs?

Mag. Sir, it's off! It's off!

Wood. Very good.

Mag. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Wood. What have I done?

Mag. You dare to ask that when I saw you through that door with a young woman in your arms!

Wood. *(aside).* He saw me! *(Aloud).* I admit it, sir!

Maria. *(crying).* He owns to it!

All. *(crying).* He owns to it!

Food. My darling! *(embracing MARIA).*

Wood. Will you stop that hugging?

Food. She's my cousin - we were brought up together.

Mag. It's quite allowable - she's his cousin.

Wood. His cousin? Oh, then, the lady I was embracing was my cousin!

All. Oh indeed - that's quite another matter!

Mag. It's on again! Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

Food. *(relinquishing MARIA).* Old teetotum!

Mag. Introduce me to your cousin - I'll invite her to the wedding.

Wood. *(aside).* Bella at Maria's wedding! *(Aloud).* It's of no use - she can't come - she's in mourning.

Mag. What, in a pink dress?

Wood. Yes - it's for her husband.

Mag. (*convinced*). Oh - well, we're quite ready, sir, when you are (*to CRIPPS*).

All sit in a row opposite desk.

Wood. What are they doing?

Cripps. I really must make a complete change. I'll go into the next room - there's no one there. (*Going towards the door R. with his dry clothes under his arm.*)

Mag. Where are you going?

Cripps. I shall catch my death of cold if I don't - I really can't help it - you must excuse me. [*Exit door R.*]

Mag. My friends, let us follow the Registrar.

Music. They all dance after CRIPPS in couples, BOPADDY last, with one of the doll's heads, kissing his hand to the others. Off R.

No.6a. - EXIT

Wood. Where the deuce are they all going?

Enter BELLA C. from R.

Bella. Here's your specimen (*giving remains of hat*). I'm very sorry, but I can't match it.

Wood. What!

Bella. If you like to wait three weeks I can get you one from Florence.

Wood. Three weeks!

Bella. I only know of one like it in London.

Wood. I buy it - mind, I buy it.

Bella. Impossible! I sold it a week ago to -

Wood. To whom?

Bella. The Marchioness of Market Harborough! (*Exit.*)

Wood. This is pleasant! A Marchioness! I can't call on a Marchioness and ask her how much she wants for her hat!

No.6b. - PROMENADE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes under his arm, pursued by the wedding party dancing as before, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. They exeunt after CRIPPS.

Music forte while they are on - pianissimo when they are off.

Wood. Hi! Mr. Maguire, where are you going? (*Is about to follow.*)

Enter JACKSON.

Jack. Sir, I've just come from home.

Wood. Well, is the Captain there still?

Jack. Yes, he's there, but he ain't still. The lady has fainted, and can't leave the house.

Wood. Wrap her up in a blanket and send her home at once! (*Exit JACKSON.*) I must have this hat at any rate. (*Refers to Blue Book.*) The Marchioness of Market Harborough - Carlton Gardens. I'll get married first, and then I'll call on her. But what shall I do with the wedding party? I know. I'll shut 'em up in the Duke of York's Column. I'll say to the keeper, "I engage this Column for twenty-four hours - let no one out." (*Exit.*)

No.6c. - FINALE ACT ONE

Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes, very breathless.

Cripps. (*spoken over music*). Why the deuce do the people follow me everywhere? It's impossible for me to change my clothes!

Enter all the wedding party as before. Music forte. CRIPPS runs round the stage and off, followed by the wedding party, BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. He is much exhausted with running.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE. - A handsomely furnished front and back drawing-room in Carlton Gardens. The two rooms separated by handsome double curtains which are closed during the early part of the Act. A sumptuous luncheon is laid on the table in the back-room, but concealed from the audience by the curtains. Doors R. L. Window up stage L. Small table R. with vase and bouquet. Grand piano L.C.

Supplemental - ENTR'ACTE ⁶

Enter BARNS, an old family retainer.

Barns. (*announcing*). The Duke of Turniptopshire!

Enter DUKE. Exit BARNS.

Duke. Admirable! Magnificent! What gorgeous decorations! What refined taste! What have we here? (*Looks through curtains.*) A most luxurious cold collation! Seven-and-sixpence a head, if it cost a penny! I wonder if (*looking around him*) there's no one coming - I wonder if I might venture to take just one tartlet! I will - (*Takes a tartlet from table and eats it.*)

Enter the MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH.

March. Well Duke.

Duke, Marchioness (*embarrassed, with his mouthful*) - I - I - delighted to see you.

March. (*more in sorrow than in anger.*) Ah, Duke, Duke - you've been picking the luncheon again! Now that's too bad!

Duke. I'm sorry - very, very sorry. Forgive me, it was thoughtless - criminal if you will, but I was ever a wayward child, accustomed to have his every whim gratified, and now, in middle age, I find it difficult to shake off the shackles that custom and education have rivetted on me. (*in tears.*)

March. (*in tears.*) You were my late husband's early friend!

Duke. (*with an effort*). And now, my dear Marchioness, whom do you expect at your concert this morning? Tell me all - do not fear - you can trust me implicitly!

March. I feel I can! Well, then, there's Lord and Lady Popton, the Duke and Duchess of Deal, Colonel Coketown, the Dowager Duchess of Worthing, Lord and Lady Pentwhistle, and the Archbishop of Bayswater.

Duke. (*aside*). All dem snobs! (*Aloud*). And who sings?

March. The most delightful creature in the world - no other than the distinguished falsetto, Nisnardi, who arrived only a week ago from Bologna, and who has already turned all the crowned heads of Europe. He can go up to G!

Duke. Gad bless me, what a gift!

⁶ From THE SORCERER (1877) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan.

March. You have no idea how deliciously eccentric he is.

Duke. Well, you know, a man who can touch an upper G is not like us common fellers: he's a genius - a genius.

March. Exactly. I asked him to sing two songs this afternoon, and sent him a cheque for 3,000 guineas; here is his reply: *(reads)*, "Madam, you ask me to sing two songs. I will sing three; you offer me 3,000 guineas - it is not enough - "

Duke. Dem foreigner!

March. "It is not enough; my terms are - a flower from your bouquet!"

Duke. A what?

March. "A flower from your bouquet!" Is it not romantic?

Duke. It's a poem - a "ballade!" Pardon this weakness! *(Wiping his eyes.)*

March. Dear, dear Duke! *(Wiping her eyes.)* You know the Princess Polpetti - with the pretty feet?

Duke. I know her pretty feet.

March. What do you think were his terms for singing at her concert?

Duke. I don't know. He seems fond of flowers - perhaps a pot of mignonette?

March. Nothing of the kind - one of her old slippers!

Duke. *(in tears)*. Don't - demme, I can't stand it - I can't, indeed.

March. What tenderness - what sympathy! *(Pressing his hand.)* You were my late husband's early friend! *(Noise and carriage heard.)* Here are my guests, and I've been crying! I mustn't be seen in this state! Duke, oblige me by receiving them - I'll be down in one minute! *(Exit MARCHIONESS.)*

Duke. *(takes out snuff-box, opens it and is about to take snuff, produces a powder-puff, and powders his face to remove traces of tears)*. Why am I cursed with this tremulous sensitiveness? Why are my heartstrings the sport and toy of every wave of sympathetic second-hand sentiment? Ah! ye small tradesmen and other Members of Parliament, who think rump steak and talk bottled beer, I would give ten years of my life to experience, for one brief day, the joy of being a commonplace man!

No.7. - SONG - Duke

Oh butcher, oh baker, oh candlestick-maker,
 Oh vendors of bacca and snuff -
 And you, licensed vittler, and public-house skittler,
 And all who sell stick sweet-stuff -

Ye barbers, and Messrs. the Bond Street hair-dressers
(Some shave you, and others do not) -
Ye greasy porkpie men - ye second-hand flymen -
All people who envy my lot (*taking up tambourine*) -
Let each of you lift up his voice -
With tabor and cymbal rejoice
That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
An over-devotional,
Super-emotional,
Hyper-chimerical,
Extra-hysterical,
Wildly-æsthetical,
Madly phrenetical,
Highly-strung sensitive Duke!

You men of small dealings, of course you've your feelings
There's no doubt at all about that -
When a dentist exacting your tooth is extracting,
You howl like an aristocrat.
But an orphan cock-sparrow, who thrills to the marrow
A duke who is doubly refined,
Would never turn paler a petty retailer
Or stagger a middle-class mind!

Let each of you lift up his voice -
With tabor and cymbal rejoice
That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
An over-devotional,
Super-emotional,
Hyper-chimerical,
Extra-hysterical,
Wildly-æsthetical,
Madly phrenetical,
Highly-strung sensitive Duke!

(Dances to tambourine accompaniment.)

Enter BARNS.

Barns. Your Grace, a gentleman is below who desires to speak with her ladyship.

Duke. (*seizing him by the throat, with startling energy*). His name - his name! Do not deceive me, varlet, or I'll throttle you!

Barns. I have known your Grace, man and boy, these eighteen months, and I have never told you a lie yet. The gentleman declines to give his name, but he says that he wrote to her ladyship this morning.

Duke. It is he - the falsetto - the supreme Nisnardi! Show him up, and treat him with the utmost courtesy. He can touch an upper G!

Barns. An upper G! Gad bless me, what a gift. *(Exit in amazement.)*

Enter WOODPECKER timidly.

Wood. *(mistaking the DUKE for a servant).* I say - Chawles, come here, my man. Half-a-crown for you. *(Gives him money.)* Now then, just give this note to her ladyship *(gives him a note)*, there's a good fellow.

Duke. *(pocketing the coin).* In one moment; the Marchioness will be here directly. In the meantime, permit me to introduce myself - the Duke of Turniptopshire!

Wood. The what!

Duke. The Duke -

Wood. Go on, you're joking!

Duke. Not at all - observe - *(Twirls round and postures.)* Are you convinced?

Wood. I am! *(Aside.)* And I took him for a flunkey! I've given a live Duke half-a-crown - and I'm going to ask a live Marchioness how much she wants for her hat! I shall never be able to do it!

Duke. *(aside).* He speaks English very well, but he's clearly an Italian, he has such a rummy waistcoat. I'll draw him out a bit. *(Aloud.)* Princess - pretty feet - old slippers - ah, you dog!

Wood. Pretty feet?

Duke. Yes, pretty feet - pretty little tootsicums! I've heard all about you, you see.

Wood. *(aside).* The upper circles appear to have a method of expressing themselves which is entirely and absolutely their own. *(Aloud).* Could I see the Marchioness?

Duke. Yes. I'll send word to her. Ha! ha! *(with deep meaning).* Songs - old slippers - flower from a bouquet - three thousand guineas! My dear sir, you're delicious - you're simply delicious!

[Exit DUKE R.]

Wood. It's quite clear to me that I shall never be equal to the intellectual pressure of aristocratic conversation. So I'm married at last - really and truly married. On leaving Bella's, we started for the Church - Maria and I were made one - and now if I can only get the hat from the Marchioness, everything will end happily. *(Looking out of window.)* There's the wedding party - in eight cabs - waiting patiently until I come down. I told them - ha! ha! - that this was St. James's Hall, and that I would go up and make arrangements for the wedding breakfast! and they believed it! Oh, yes, they believe it! I hear the Marchioness. I hope she got my note.

Enter MARCHIONESS R. She approaches him melodramatically.

March. Stop - don't move! Let me gaze upon you until I have drunk you in. Oh! thank you. *(WOODPECKER, much astonished, exhibits symptoms of nervousness - buttoning his coat, putting on his hat and taking it off again.)* Ah, you are cold - cold - cold! You are unaccustomed to the rigour of our detestable climate.

Wood. As you say, it's a beast of a climate -

March. Ah, sir, I can offer you a hospitable welcome and an appreciative company, but I cannot - alas! I cannot offer you an Italian sky!

Wood. Pray don't name it - it's not of the least consequence. *(Aside.)* I shall never understand the aristocracy!

March. Ah, Bella Italia! It's a lovely country!

Wood. It's a dooced lovely country! Oh, I beg pardon!

March. What a wealth of Southern emphasis! What Italian fervour of expression.

Wood. I - I did myself the honour of writing a note to your ladyship -

March. A most delightful note, and one that I shall always carry about with me as long as I live.

Wood. Thank you. *(Aside.)* She's very polite. *(Aloud.)* In that note I ventured to ask you to grant me a slight favour.

March. Oh, of course - how extremely dull of me! Well, you shall have what you want.

Wood. Really?

March. Really - though you are a bold bad man! *(Turns to bouquet.)*

Wood. At last, at last the hat is mine! I wonder how much she wants for it. Shall I beat her down? No, no, you can't beat down a Marchioness! She shall have her price.

March. *(giving him a flower).* There is the flower you asked for - bold bad man!

Wood. A flower? There's some mistake - I want an article of attire.

March. An article of attire?

Wood. Yes; didn't you get my note?

March. Yes, here it is. *(Taking note from her bosom.)* "My terms are - a flower from your bouquet - Nisnardi."

Wood. Nisnardi? What's that?

March. Hush, eccentric creature - my guests are arriving.

Enter BARNS.

Barns. (*announcing.*) Lord and Lady Popton, Colonel Coketown, the Marquis of Barnsbury, Lady Pentwhistle, the Archbishop of Bayswater, and the Duke and Duchess of Deal. (*Exit door L.*)

Enter LORD and LADY POPTON, COLONEL COKETOWN, and other guests.

March. My dear Duke - my dear Lady Popton allow me to present to you the incomparable Nisnardi!

(All bow reverentially to WOODPECKER.)

Lady P. (*crossing to him*). And are you really Nisnardi?

Wood. (*aside*). I must brazen it out. (*Aloud.*) I am!

Lady P. Incomparable falsettist!

Wood. (*aside*). Good heavens, I'm a singer - a falsettist! Why, I'm a bad baritone!

Lady P. And are you really about to favour us with a specimen of your marvellous talent?

March. Signor Nisnardi is most kindly going to sing three songs.

(How delightful!
All. { Charming!
(What a treat!

Wood. (*aside*). I must get out of this fix at once. (*Aloud.*) Marchioness, I have a most extraordinary and - I am afraid you will say - unreasonable request to make.

March. Oh name it, name it!

Wood. But it's a secret!

March. Oh, but I'm sure our friends will excuse us.

Guests bow, and exeunt R. and L.

Wood. Marchioness, I am the slave of impulse!

March. I know you are.

Wood. Eh? Oh! Well, it's a most remarkable thing, but when a whim enters my head, I lose my voice until it is gratified. A whim has just entered my head, and listen!
(*Grunt.*)

March. Heavens, what is to be done?

No.8. - DUET - Woodpecker and Marchioness

Wood. The slave of impulse I,
Born 'neath the azure sky
Of beautiful Firenze.

With fierce desires I brim,
When I conceive a whim,
That whim becomes a frenzy!
A wish ungratified,
Wounds my Italian pride,
Like stab of sharp stiletto
.My blood is turned to gall,
I cannot sing - I squall,
And, this is worst of all -
Away goes my falsetto,
My exquisite falsetto!

March. *(aside)*. Oh, heavens! should it
befall,
My guests it will appal,
If, when assembled all -
Away goes his falsetto!
His exquisite falsetto!

Wood.

My blood is turned to gall,
I cannot sing - I squall,
And, this is worst of all -
Away goes my falsetto,
My exquisite falsetto!

March. Lord of the Upper G,
By peers of high degree
Assiduously courted!
Falsettist all divine,
No heaven-sent whim of thine
Ought ever to be thwarted.
Society should strain
Each nerve to spare thee pain,
Whatever's on the tapis;
The impulse I admire
That's born of Southern fire;
I know what you require -
Here - take it, and be happy.

(Takes off her shoe and gives it to him.)

March. *(hopping)*. The impulse I admire
That's born of Southern fire:
I know what you require -
So take it, and be happy!

Wood. *(puzzled)*. Although I much desire
A part of your attire,
That's not what I require -
That will not make me happy!

Wood. But this is not what I want.

March. *(hopping)*. You said it was an article of my attire.

Wood. Yes - but - it's the other end!

March. The other end?

Wood. You wear a straw hat?

March. I was - I mean I do -

Wood. It is for that straw hat that I have conceived this indescribable longing! Is it not a mad idea?

March. Mad? Not a bit - most reasonable. I understand perfectly - you want it as a pendant to the slipper.

Wood. *(aside)*. The aristocratic mind seems to go about in slippers!

March. You shall have it at once, oh divine creature!

Exit MARCHIONESS, hopping off.

No.8a. - HOPPING EXIT

Wood. In two minutes the hat will be mine, and then I must be off before they have time to discover the imposture. I'll tell Maguire that they've no private room to spare at St. James's Hall. I wonder how the old boy is by this time. *(Goes to window.)* There are the cabs - eight of them! Ha! ha! I can almost hear him growl.

Enter MAGUIRE through curtains, rather tipsy, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other. WOODPECKER is leaning out of the window.

No.9. - RECIT and SONG - Maguire (with Chorus)

Mag. Now, Woodpecker! until you come, my dear sir,
We cannot budge a peg!

Wood. Why, what the dickens are you doing here, sir?
Explain yourself, I beg!

SONG - Maguire

Why, we're all making merry
On port and on sherry,
It's liberal, very -
At price you don't sti-hickle!
When you spoke of our fooding,
Thinks I, he's allooding
To chops and to pooding,
Bread, cheese, and a pi-hickle -
All very good things to tuck into our frames.
But that's not the menoo at the Hall of St. James!

Why, bless us, there's dishes
Of fowls and of fishes -
Of all that's delishes -
There's muckle and mi-hickle!

There's puddings and ices.
And jambong in slices -
And other devices our palates to ti-tickle!
Fine Frenchified fixings -
I don't know their names.
But they do the thing well at the Hall of St. James!

Chorus (within).

There's puddings and ices.
And jambong in slices -
And other devices our palates to ti-tickle!
Fine Frenchified fixings -
I don't know their names.
But they do the thing well at the Hall of St. James!

Wood. Here's a pleasant state of things! We shall be kicked out - given into custody - a honeymoon in Holloway Jail!

Enter MARCHIONESS still hopping.

March. Well, have they brought you the hat?

Wood. *(trying to hide MAGUIRE)*. Not yet, my lady. If you would kindly ask them to hurry a little -

March. *(seeing MAGUIRE)*. Who is this nobleman?

Wood. That nobleman? Oh, this nobleman is a nobleman who always accompanies me - everywhere!

March. Your accompanist? Indeed, a good accompanist is invaluable. And you, sir, are also Italian?

Mag. *(also hopping sympathetically)*. I? Oh, I come from Pettywiddllm.

Wood. *(hastily)*. Pettywiddllm, a romantic village on the Abruzzi. His name is Magghia; he was formerly a brigand, but he's reclaimed. He's quite harmless.

March. A reclaimed brigand? How supremely interesting. Then, if everything is ready, my guests shall come in - they're dying to hear you. *(To MAGUIRE.)* Will you oblige me with your arm?

Mag. *(gives his arm to MARCHIONESS)*. More guests! What a wedding this is, to be sure!

Exeunt, both hopping.

Wood. I'm going mad - I feel it! My reason totters on its throne!

Enter PATTY with band-box.

Patty. Here's the straw hat!

Wood. The straw hat! Hurrah! Saved - saved! Take this sixpence - and be happy. *(Opens band-box and takes out a black straw hat.)* A black straw! Positively a black straw! Come here, miss; there's some mistake. I want a Leghorn hat, trimmed with a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel, one peach, three truffles, and a bun!

Patty. Oh! my lady gave that one to her niece, Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder.

Wood. All the ground to go over again! Where does she live?

Patty. 12, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

Wood. Right! Vanish! *(Exit PATTY.)* My course is clear - I must be off, and leave my father-in-law and the wedding party to square matters with the Marchioness.

Exit rapidly.

Re-enter MARCHIONESS and MAGUIRE with the MARCHIONESS'S guests.

March. Now, if you will kindly take your places, the concert will begin. Why, where's Signor Nisnardi?

Enter DUKE, leading WOODPECKER by the ear.

Duke. He was actually bolting! I napped him just as he was getting into eight cabs.

Wood. No - no - you are mistaken. I had forgotten my tuning-fork, and I was going to fetch it! *(Aside.)* Oh, dim! dim! dim!

All. *(applauding)*. Bravo! Bravo!

Wood. *(aside)*. This is most awkward! I'm a bad baritone! What in the world shall I sing them!

MAGUIRE sits at piano and strikes a few discords. WOODPECKER begins on a ridiculously high note.

Bo. *(behind curtains.)* Ladies and Gentlemen!

All. Eh! *(Movement of surprise.)*

Bo. As the oldest friend of Maria Tapping, I beg to propose the health of the bride!

Exclamations from MARCHIONESS and her guests.

Wedding Guests. *(behind curtains.)* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

No.10. - FINALE ACT TWO

Chorus of Wedding Guests.

Hurrah for the bride with a right good will -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the bridegroom bold who pays the bill -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For his father-in-law give three times three,
And three for her cousin - young Foodle he -
And three for this capital companee -
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BARNS rushes on and draws the curtains, discovering the wedding party at luncheon. BOPADDY on a chair on the table, with doll's head in on hand and glass of wine in the other. Music changes to "Haste to the Wedding." Party all rise and come down dancing two and two. They cross the stage from R. to L. dancing off L., BOPADDY last with doll's head, WOODPECKER having disappeared as soon as the curtains opened. MARCHIONESS faints in DUKE's arms. General consternation among her guests.

Curtain.

END OF ACT II

ACT III, Scene 1

SCENE - Dressing-room in MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER'S House. Doors R. and L. Large screen R., with double hinges to fold both away. The MAJOR-GENERAL is discovered within the screen in full uniform, taking a footbath; a blanket conceals his legs. His boots are on the floor L. of screen. A hot-water can stands near them.

No.11. - SONG - Bunthunder

Though called upon I've never been
To court a warrior's tomb,
Or to defend my Sovereign Queen
In battle's dread boom - boom!
Resistless I, when I am stirred
To doughty deeds of wrath,
So on myself I have conferred
The Order of the Bath!
You trace my humour's devious path?
You see my meaning through?

(impressively.) The knightly Order of the Bath -

(disappointed.) I don't believe you do!

Let me explain - you're in the dark -
The "Bath's" a high degree
Conferred on warriors of mark,
But not conferred on me.
From "Bath" we easily derive
This footbath - common delf -
And that's the compliment that I've
Conferred upon myself.

(explaining.) This bath - of crockery or delf
A play on meanings twain.

(mortified.) I'm sorry; I forgot myself -
It sha'n't occur again.

Bun. It's a most extraordinary thing that my wife should not have returned - I can't understand it at all. My wife said to me this morning, at a quarter to nine o'clock, "Bunthunder, I'm going out to buy a pint of Barcelona nuts," and it's now twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, and she has not yet returned. By dint of worrying myself about her I've got a splitting headache, and for a splitting headache there's nothing like putting one's feet in hot water. Where can she be?
(Rising.) Oh, Leonora, Leonora, if I thought you were deceiving me, there is no vengeance that would be to dire! *(Knock at street door.)* There she is - there she is at last! she's coming upstairs. *(Resuming his seat. Knock at room door.)* Come in, come in! I'm taking a footbath, but come in.

No.12. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder

Wood. Your pardon, sir.
Am I addressing
The Major-General Bunthunder
I greatly wonder?
In search of him I roam.

Bun. I am, as you are rightly guessing,
That most unhappy warrior -
No man sorrier -
But I am not at home.

Wood. (*suspiciously*). You're not at home?

Bun. No, sir, I'm not at home.

Wood. This information is distressing;
If you will shortly be returning,
My soul is burning
With keen anxiety to know?

Bun. I've gone abroad on business pressing;
When home from places foreigneering
I shall be steering
Is quite uncertain! Go!

Wood. (*doubtfully*). Uncertain? Oh!

Bun. It's quite uncertain! Go!

SOLO - Woodpecker.

From the Marchionesses,
Whom nobody guesses
To be of the rank of a peeress or peer -
In courtesy lacking
They sent us all packing,
And each with a very fine flea in his ear.
Those Johnnies and Jackies
The overfed lackies
They "went for" the bride and her guests with a rush -
The combat was heated
But we were defeated
By insolent armies of powder and plush.
And Mister Maguire,
Who's raging with ire,
Has taken an oath by the powers that he,

That restaurant-keeper,
Shall not close a peeper
Until she has published an apologee!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Until she has published an apologee!

Bun. Well, sir, what's all that to me, sir? Will you go, sir?

Wood. Oh, I see (*raising blanket*), you're taking a footbath.

Bun. (*furious*). I won't listen to you. I'm not well. I've got a headache! Who are you?

Wood. Woodpecker Tapping - married this morning: the wedding party is at your door, in eight cabs.

Bun. I don't know you, sir! What do you want?

Wood. Your wife.

Bun. (*rising*). My wife! Do you know my wife?

Wood. Not at all, but she possesses something that I am most anxious to purchase.

Bun. We don't sell it. Will you go?

Wood. Not till I've seen Mrs. Bunthunder.

Bun. She's not at home. (*Sings.*)

Wood. Nonsense, I know better! I dare say she's in here - at all events, I mean to look.

WOODPECKER closes screen round BUNTHUNDER, concealing him from the audience, and leaving his boots outside on his L. WOODPECKER then runs into room R.

Bun. He's a thief - he's a burglar! Wait one moment - only one moment, until I've finished dressing!

Enter MAGUIRE L., limping.

Mag. My son-in-law is a most remarkable person; he invites us to his house, and when he gets there, he shuts the door in our faces! Fortunately the lock didn't catch, and here I am. Now, now I shall be able to take off these confounded tight boots which have been bothering me all day.

Bun. (*in screen*). One moment - only one moment! (*Taking his trousers, which are hanging over the top of the screen.*)

Mag. Hallo, Woodpecker! He's in there. Ha! (*seeing BUNTHUNDER'S boots.*) The very thing; that's uncommonly lucky! (*Takes off his own boots and puts on BUNTHUNDER'S.*) The very thing! (*They are much too large for him.*) Dear me, what a relief! (*Puts his own boots by screen, where BUNTHUNDER'S were.*)

Bun. *(reaching round screen for his boots, and takes MAGUIRE'S).* Now for my boots - wait one moment - only one moment!

Mag. I say, my boy, your wife's below.

Bun. Oh, my wife's below, is she? Just one moment - I'm nearly ready!

Mag. All right! I'll go downstairs and tell them all to come up.

[Exit MAGUIRE. At the same moment enter BOPADDY.]

Bun. *(in screen).* My feet seem much swollen, I can scarcely get my boots on; but no matter. Now then! *(Coming out of screen, sees BOPADDY, whom he mistakes for WOODPECKER, and swings him round.)* Now, you scoundrel, I've got you!

Bo. Don't - I don't want to dance - I'm quite tired out!

Bun. It's not the same - it's another of the gang! *(Noise heard within.)* He's in there! *(Rushes off R.)*

Bo. Another wedding guest, and in regimentals, too! Dear, dear - Woodpecker is certainly doing it uncommonly well!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Enter MAGUIRE, FOODLE, MARIA, and the wedding party, all dancing on in couples. They dance round the stage and range themselves at the back.

No.12a. - AIR

Mag. That's right my dears - stop there, because Woodpecker hasn't quite finished dressing - he's behind the screen, and he won't be a minute, and you mustn't look, any of you. *(The screen is now open.)* Woodpecker, my boy, your wife is here; and while you're completing your toilet, I'll give you both a bit of matrimonial advice, drawn from my own experience.

No.13. - SONG - Maguire (with Chorus)

If you value a peaceable life,
This maxim will teach you to get it:
In all things give into your wife, -
I didn't - I lived to regret it.
My wife liked to govern alone,
And she never would share with another;
Remarkably tall and well grown,
She had plenty of muscle and bone,
With an excellent will of her own -
And my darling takes after her mother!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,

We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Mag. Never wake up her temper, - I did -
And smash went a window, instanter;
Invariably do as you're bid, -
I didn't - bang went a decanter.
Give in to each whim, - I declined -
At my head went a vinegar-cruet.
Whatever inducement you find,
Never give her advice of a kind
That is known as "a bit of your mind," -
I did - and the crockery knew it!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Mag. Though her aspect was modest and meek,
She could turn on the steam in a minute:
Her eruptions went on for a week -
Vesuvius, my boy, wasn't in it.
Give your wife of indulgence her fill,
Though your meals be unpleasantly scrappy -

Never look at her milliner's bill;
Gulp down that extravagant pill,
And you may, and probably will,
Be bankrupt - and thoroughly happy!

Oh, if early in life
I had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
We should not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, my darling
Takes after her mother!

Chorus. Oh, if early in life
He had happily known
How to humour a wife
With a will of her own,
They would not have been snarling
All day at each other -
And, remember, his darling
Takes after her mother!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Wedding party all dance off.

MARIA remains and addresses herself to the screen, still thinking WOODPECKER is behind it.

Supplemental 3. - SONG - Maria ⁷

My wedded life
Must every pleasure bring
On scale extensive!
Now I'm your wife
I must have everything
That's most expensive -
A lady's maid -
(My hair alone to do
I am not able) -
And I'm afraid
I've been accustomed to
A first-rate table.
These things one must consider when one marries -
And everything I wear must come from Paris!
Oh, think of that!
Oh, think of that!
I can't wear anything that's not from Paris!

⁷ From HIS EXCELLENCY (1894) written by W.S. Gilbert, composed by Frank Osmond-Carr.

From top to toes
Quite Frenchified I am,
If you examine.
And then - who knows? -
Perhaps some day a fam -
Perhaps a famine!
My argument's correct, if you examine,
What should I do, if there should come a f - famine!

Though in green pea
Yourself you needn't stint
In July sunny,
In Januaree
It really costs a mint -
A mint of money!
No lamb for us -
House lamb at Christmas sells
At prices handsome:
Asparagus,
In winter, parallels
A Monarch's ransom:
When purse to bread and butter barely reaches,
What is your wife to do for hot-house peaches?
Ah! tell me that!
Ah! tell me that!
What is your wife to do for hot-house peaches?
Your heart and hand
Though at my feet you lay,
All others scorning!
As matters stand,
There's nothing else to say
Except - good-morning!
Though virtue be a husband's best adorning,
That won't pay rates and taxes - so, good-morning!

Exit MARIA, R. Enter WOODPECKER L., with several hats in one hand, and the specimen in the other.

No.14. - DUET - Woodpecker and Bunthunder

Wood. I've come across hats of all colours and sorts,
But none like this specimen, demme!

Enter BUNTHUNDER L.

Bun. (*seizing him*). Thief! Burglar! Away to the Criminal Courts,
With your skeleton keys and your jemmy!

Wood. Excuse me, you're really mistaken in that -
I'll prove it, if patient you'll be, sir:
This morning my horse ate a young lady's hat -

Bun. Well, what does that matter to me, sir?

Wood. But she's now at my lodgings - and leave 'em she won't
Until I've procured her another!

Bun. By all that is prudent and proper, why don't
The young lady go home to her mother?
Already too long she has tarried -
Why don't the young widow withdraw?

Wood. Young widow? good gracious, she's married,
And her husband can claim her by law!

Bun. *(tickled)*. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog! *(Digging WOODPECKER in the ribs.)*

Wood. *(same business)*. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, her husband's a jealous old fellow,
A savage old Tartar, no doubt,
A middle-class, white-washed Othello -
One leg in the grave, and one out -

Bun. *(amused)*. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, you'd think he'd abuse her or thrash her,
Just to give her a kind of a fright.

(Spoken.) My dear sir, he'd simply and silently smasher her!

Bun. *(emphatically)*. And, by George, he'd be perfectly right!
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. Now, assist me if you could be brought to,
We'd hoodwink Othello, I bet -

Bun. No, really I don't think I ought to,
I don't think I ought to - and yet -
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Wood. Sly dog!

Both. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Wood. (*producing specimen*). Here are the fragments - decorated they,
With choicest gifts of Flora's.

Bun. (*recognising them*). By all the blighting tricks that devils play,
That hat is Leonora's!
(*Pointing to name in hat*). Her name, sir - Leonora's!

Wood. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

Bun. Be quiet, sir!
The married lady
For whom, with motives base and shady,
A furnished lodging you've provided,
Turns out to be my wife misguided!

Wood. What!

Bun. (*seizing him*). Scoundrel, villain, scurvy traitor
Peace of mind exterminator!
So, for private tater-tater,
With my wife you've made a fixture!

Wood. Let me go, sir - you're mistaken -
Or my anger you'll awaken;
I object thus to be shaken
Like an eighteenpenny mixture!

ENSEMBLE

Bunthunder. Fire and fury!
Judge in ermine
(With a jury)
Shall determine
How to treat this social
wrong, sir -
Come along, sir - come along,
sir!

Woodpecker. Cease your fury!
Judge in ermine
My injury
Shall determine!
Your remarks are clearly
wrong, sir -
Much too strong, sir - much
too strong, sir!

***BUNTHUNDER drags WOODPECKER off L. Music changes to "Haste to the Wedding."
The wedding party enter C., dance in couples across the stage, after them. BOPADDY last
with the doll's head.***

SCENE CHANGE

ACT III, Scene 2

SCENE. - A Street, with Square in the distance. A rainy night.

WOODPECKER'S house L., another house beyond it. Police-station R. A lamp C. supported by brackets from each side of the stage. A lamp-post L.U.E. Window of first floor of police-station is practicable. Door-steps to WOODPECKER'S, a light in one window. A gutter crosses the stage.

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Wedding party enter dancing in couples round the stage with umbrellas up. BOPADDY politely holding umbrella over doll's head

No.14a. - ENTR'ACTE

Mag. *(leading them).* This way, my friends - this way! Hallo! look out for the gutter!

He jumps over it - all the wedding party follow, jumping over it in succession.

Maria. Oh, papa, where's Woodpecker?

Mag. Eh? Isn't he here? Why, he has given us the slip again!

Maria. Papa dear, I'm so tired - I can't go any farther. *(Sits on step of WOODPECKER'S house.)*

Food. And my new boots hurt me so that I must sit down!

(Crosses and sits by her.)

Mag. *(stamping about in Major-General's boots.)* Ha, ha! so did mine, but I've changed 'em!

Maria. Oh, papa, why did you send away the cabs?

Mag. Why? I've paid 'em eleven pounds fifteen already - isn't that enough? But where are we?

All. I don't know!

Maria. Woodpecker told us to follow him to his house, No. 8, Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square.

Mag. Perhaps this is Mulberry Square. *(To BOPADDY.)* Your great grandfather used to live in London - is this Mulberry Square?

Bo. Yes - yes 't is - splendid - splendid weather for ducks and peas! Ha, ha! Oh, yes - for ducks and peas!

Mag. He's doting - doting!

Enter WILKINSON, a policeman. WILKINSON (sneezes).

Mag. Here's a policeman, I'll ask him. *(Very politely.)* I beg your pardon, but will you be so polite as to tell me is this is Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square?

Wilk. *(sternly).* Move on! *(Exit.)*

Mag. And I pay taxes to support that overbearing underling! I feed him, I clothe him, I lodge him, and I pay him; and in return he tells me to move on! Insupportable bureaucrat!

Food. *(who has climbed up lamp-post and read name of street).* Hurrah! Little Pickleboy Gardens! It's all right - here we are!

Mag. And here is No. 8. *(To MARIA, who is sitting on the doorstep.)* Get up, my dear.

Maria. Papa, dear, it's no use - I must sit down somewhere.

Mag. Not in a muddy road, in a thirty-seven and sixpenny wedding dress, my love. Why don't they come? *(Knocks.)*

Food. There's a light on the first floor.

Mag. Then Woodpecker must have arrived before us. *(Calls.)* Woodpecker! Woodpecker!

All. Woodpecker! Woodpecker!

Enter WILKINSON, R.I.E.

Wilk. *(to BOPADDY, who has fallen asleep on step).* Now, then, can't have that noise here. *(Shakes him.)* Move on! Move on, will you? *(Pushing his shoulder, which is muddy.)*

Bo. Thank you, my dear friend; don't you trouble to brush it off; I'll do that when I go in.

Exit WILKINSON, L.U.E.

Bo. *(to doll's head.)* It was a nice 'ickle gal! It was a very nice 'ickle Lucy! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer 'ickle Lucy Loo!

Supplemental 4. - SONG - Bopaddy and Chorus ⁸

"Love laughs at lock-smiths" - so they say -
But don't believe it's true,
For I don't laugh when lock'd away
From my own darling Loo,
You'd feel like me if you could see
The girl who owns my heart,
And understand my misery
Whenever we've to part.
I seem as tho' cut in two,
My heart is my own no more,
And so I sing to little Loo
To keep her at the door -

⁸ From the Gaiety Burlesque DON JUAN (1893) written by Willie Younge, composed by Sydney Jones.

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Bopaddy. You should have seen my Loo and me
Once strolling side by side,
The day I ask'd her if she'd be
My little blushing bride;
She hung her head, her face grew red,
Her eyes glanc'd up to mine,
An in a trembling voice she said,
"Yes, darling I'll be thine,"
We then had a loving kiss,
I murmur'd "Once again,"
And to prolong such perfect bliss
I sang the old refrain -

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Bopaddy. And now I'm counting every hour
Till she becomes my wife,
Until this beauteous, budding flow'r
Is grafted on my life.
And when it's done, and we are one,
Still strolling side by side,
We'll face the world,
And know there's none
Will dare us to divide.
As we wander hand in hand,
As each to each we cling,
All those who look will understand
The reason why I sing -

Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

Chorus. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

DANCE

All. Linger longer, Lucy - linger longer, Loo
How I love to linger, Lucy - linger 'longer you,
Listen while I sing -
Ah, promise you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo.

JACKSON opens door of WOODPECKER'S house.

Mag. Hurrah! Here we are! Come in!

Music commences "Haste to the Wedding" as the wedding party begin to dance into the house.

No.14b. - AIR

Jack. Stop. *(All stop suddenly in arrested attitudes.)* Out of the question!

Mag. Eh?

Jack. Impossible; more than my place is worth. Why, the lady is still upstairs!
(Movement.)

Mag. A lady! What lady?

Jack. The lady who is stopping with master - the lady without a hat.

Mag. A lady stopping with your master!

Food. On his wedding-day!

Maria. And without a hat! *(Faints into FOODLE'S arms.)*

Mag. *(furiously)*. It's off! It's off! I'll get you divorced, my dear. Foodle shall have you!

Food. Maria!

Mag. Come along back to Pettytwiddllm. There's a train at eleven; we shall just catch it.

Maria. Oh, papa - papa -

Mag. What is it my child?

Maria. (*tragically*). Am I never - never to see Woodpecker again?

Mag. Never!

Maria. Woodpecker, whom I loved so fondly, and who was the very music of my little life?

Mag. Never!

Maria. Oh, then hadn't I better take back my wedding presents?

Mag. My dear, you're a very sensible girl. To be sure you had. (*to JACKSON.*) Go and bring out all my daughter's wedding presents - mind- every one!

Exit JACKSON into house.

Enter WOODPECKER, as if pursued.

All. Here is the monster!

Mag. It's off! It's off! You - you serpent!

Wood. Hold your tongue - be quiet! I hear him - he's coming!

Mag. Who's coming?

Wood. Major-General Bunthunder. (*Listening*). No - he's missed me - he's got tight boots and he can't run. There'll be time to get Leonora out of the house before he arrives.

Mag. Oho! So, sir, you own to Leonora?

Wood. Of course I own to Leonora!

All. Oho! He owns to Leonora!

Enter JACKSON from the house with his arms full of wedding presents, done up in parcels.

Jack. Here are the wedding presents.

Mag. My friends, let us each take a parcel (*JACKSON gives a parcel to each, MAGUIRE gets the band-box given by BOPADDY in Act I.*) And now off we go to Pettytwiddllm!

Wood. What's all this?

Jack.. Wedding presents, sir.

Wood. Oh, this won't do! Drop those things directly!

All drop their parcels.

Mag. Nonsense - pick them all up again!

All pick up parcels. WOODPECKER and MAGUIRE struggle for the band-box.

Bo. Take care - you'll crush it! It's a Leghorn hat worth twenty pounds!

Wood. What!

Bo. It's my little present - I'm in the trade. I sent to Florence for it, for my little niece!

Wood. Give it here. *(Takes band-box from MAGUIRE - takes out straw hat and compares it with the fragments.)* Good heavens, it's the very thing! Here's the cockatoo - and the armadillo's claw - and the mackerel - and the peach - why, it's the very thing I've been looking for all day! *(Shakes hands with BOPADDY, holding band-box under his arm).*

Mag. *(aside)*. A hat worth twenty pounds! He sha'n't have it, the scamp! *(Takes hat out of band-box unobserved, and shuts box again.)*

Wood. *(who believes that the hat is in the box)*. Wait one moment - I'll give her the hat and then we'll all go in and enjoy ourselves. *[Exit into house.*

Mag. *(who has watched him off)*. Now, my friends - off we go to Pettytwiddllm.

All going.

Enter WILKINSON.

Wilk. Hallo! what's all this? What are you doing with these parcels?

Mag. We - we are moving.

Wilk. What! at this time o'night? This won't do, you know - I know you!

Mag. Sir!

Wilk. What have you got here, eh?

Mag. That? Oh, that's a - a carriage clock.

Wilk. *(opens muff-box and finds a muff)*. That's very like a carriage clock! Come along - all of yer, in yer go!

Music, "Haste to the Wedding." They all dance into station-house, except BOPADDY, who is walking off slowly, talking to doll's head.

No.14c. - AIR

Bo. *(to doll's head)*. It was a nice 'ickle gal! It was a very nice 'ickle gal! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer 'ickle gal!

Wilk. *(coming out of station-house, crosses to BOPADDY)*. Now then - come along - in yer go!

WILKINSON taps BOPADDY on the shoulder, and points to station. BOPADDY mildly expostulates, and resumes his flirtation with the doll's head. WILKINSON seizes him roughly. BOPADDY again remonstrates. WILKINSON shakes him, BOPADDY suddenly turns furious, flies at WILKINSON, knocks him down, seizes his, thrashes him soundly, and finally drags him off triumphantly into station.)

Enter WOODPECKER, CAPTAIN BAPP, and LEONORA from house.

Wood. Come along, you are saved! I've found the hat! Make haste, put it on and be off before your husband arrives.

He gives them the band-box. They open it.

All. Empty.

Wood. It was there - I'll swear it was! My old villain of a father-in-law has stolen it. *(Enter WILKINSON from station-house.)* Where is my father-in-law?

Wilk. Where? Station-'us.

Wood. And my wedding party?

Wilk. Station-'us. Run 'em all in. *(Exit WILKINSON.)*

Wood. And they've got the hat! What is to be done?

Bapp. Wait a moment - I know the inspector - he'll give it to me if I explain the facts.

Exit into station-house.

Bun. *(without)*. Stop! Cabman! Hi! Put me down here!

Leo. Heavens! my husband! I'll run and hide in your house!

Wood. Not for worlds! He's coming to search it!

Leo. But what shall I do?

Wood. I know! I'll give you in charge. Hi! policeman. *(Re-enter WILKINSON.)* Take this woman away. Drunk and disorderly.

Wilk. *(R. crosses to her)*. What, agin? Come along - I know yer! *(Walks her into station.)*

Enter BUNTHUNDER, hobbling.

Bun. So, here you are! Open your door! I'll blow her brains out, and your brains out, and my brains out!

Wood. By all means - only take me last!

Exit BUNTHUNDER into house.

CAPTAIN BAPP appears at window of station-house, first floor.

Bapp. Quick! quick! here's the hat!

Wood. Throw it out - make haste!

BAPP throws hat, which rests on the lamp - just out of reach.

Wood. Confound it! *(Tries to unhook it with his umbrella, but in vain.)*

Re-enter BUNTHUNDER from house.

Bun. She's not there! Forgive me, I've been unjust!

Wood. You have. Come under my umbrella. *(Takes BUNTHUNDER'S arm, and puts up umbrella to conceal hat. They both stand under the lamp.)*

Bun. No, no - it doesn't rain! Put the umbrella down. It's quite fine overhead.

Wood. But it's so wet underfoot.

Bun. That's true. I've made a great fool of myself, sir.

Wood. You have. *(He jumps to unhook the hat with his umbrella, and makes BUNTHUNDER jump too.)*

Bun. I apologize, sir.

Wood. I think you should, sir. *(Jumps.)*

Bun. Forgive me, sir.

Wood. I do, sir. *(Jumps.)*

Bun. What are you jumping for?

Wood. Violent cramp - indigestion. Can't help it - always takes me so.

Bun. Indeed! Have you tried - *(WOODPECKER jumps again and comes down on BUNTHUNDER'S toes.)* Don't, sir! I won't be trodden on by bridegrooms!

Enter LEONORA from station, followed by MAGUIRE, BOPADDY, and all the guests - one of whom unhooks the hat, which falls to the ground.

Mag. It's all right - it's all right! The Captain has squared the Inspector, and we leave the Court without a stain on our characters! Oh, it's a great country!

No.15. - FINALE ACT III

Chorus.⁹ Free, free! Hurrah!
Free, free! Hurrah!
False charges fade into thin air -
(This is a great Countree!)
When English justice; nobly fair -
(This is a great Countree!)
Is freely tipped with English gold!
For then the wicked oppressor is sold,
And all stray lambs come back to the fold -
This is a great Countree!
Yes -
This is a great Countree!

Leo. (*Coming forward, wearing the hat*). So, sir - I found you out at last!

Wood. (*aside, astonished*). She's got the hat!

Leo. At your assurance I'm aghast!

Bun. (*aside, astonished*). She's got the hat!

Leo. While you've been on clandestine jaunts -

Bo. ¹⁰ (*aside, astonished*). She's got my hat!

Leo. I've waited for you - at my aunt's!
I've waited, waited, waited, waited -
All day I've waited for you - at my aunt's!

CHORUS

She's got the hat - she's got the hat
(We don't know how, but never mind that) -
It's tat for tit, and tit for tat -
She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

Bun. Forgive me - I have been unjust!

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. You'll overlook the past, I trust?

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. But, stop! The gate of Heaven shuts!

⁹ Although printed in all versions of the libretto, this Chorus does not appear in the Vocal Score.

¹⁰ For some reason the Vocal Score allocates this to Bunthunder, which is obviously incorrect.

All. She's got the hat!

Bun. Where are the Barcelona nuts?
The Barcelona - lona - lona -
You have not got the Barcelona nuts!

CHORUS

Well, what of this and what of that -
Somehow or other she's got the hat -
It's tat for tit, and tit for tat -
She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

FINAL CHORUS

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied -
Bridegroom's bosom swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

During these lines the Bride and Bridegroom bid farewell to the guests and go towards the house. All the others gradually move off R., except BOPADDY, who, still carrying the doll's head, proposes to enter the house with the bridal couple. He is brought back by MAGUIRE as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT III