

The Chieftain

An Original Comic Opera in Two Acts
written by F.C. Burnand
music by Arthur Sullivan

Dramatis Personæ

Count Vasquez de Gonzago
Peter Adolphus Grigg (*a British tourist in search of the picturesque*)
Ferdinand de Roxas (*Chieftain of the Ladrones, disguised as Pietro Slivinski, a Polish courier*)
Sancho (*1st Lieutenant of the Ladrones*)
José (*2nd Lieutenant of the Ladrones*)
Pedro Gomez (*consulting lawyer, astrologer, and keeper of the archives of the Ladrones*)
Blazzo
Escatero
Pedrillo (*a goatherd*)
Inez de Roxas (*Chieftainess of the Ladrones*)
Dolly (*Mrs. Grigg, Peter A. Grigg's wife*)
Juanita (*the dancing girl of the Ladrones*)
Maraquita
Anna (*a camerista*)
Zitella
Nina
Rita (*an English lady engaged to Count Vasquez; and in 2nd Act the Countess de Gonzago*)

Act I — A mountain pass between Compostello and Seville
Act II — Exterior of a posada.

NOTE. — ACT I.

The scene of the First Act is laid in the wild mountainous region (*vide Black's "Geographical History of the Moors in Spain"*) between Santiago de Compostela and Leitariegos in the N.W. of Spain. "Santiago" or "Compostela" has, at different times, been called "Campus-Stellæ," "Campostella," and "Giacomo Postulo" contracted into "Compostelo." During the Peninsular War it was pretty generally known among the English as Compostello (*Major Monsoon's "Story of the Commissariat in the Peninsula," edited by Captain C. O'Malley*), which spelling and punctuation, as more consistent with the tone and character of the ordinary tourist, has been adopted throughout this Opera.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Mountain pass between Compostello and Seville. A splendid summer afternoon. SANCHO discovered watching R., JOSÉ, L. Ladrones about, partially hidden by rocks, and appearing from time to time unexpectedly.*

DUET and CHORUS.

SANCHO. Hush!
JOSÉ (to him, angrily). Hush!
SANCHO (louder). Hush!
JOSÉ (louder, and more angrily). Hush!
SANCHO. Not a step, not a sound
Can I hear
Far or near,
With my ear
To the ground.
JOSÉ (remonstrating with SANCHO).
Any stranger while you talk
Might, close by, unheeded walk.
SANCHO. Take my orders, sir, from you!
Ridiculous! Pooh! pooh!
JOSÉ (aside). Him with iron heel I'd crush!
SANCHO (aside). Trusty knife,
Take his life!
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Now, one blow!
Now, one blow!
Now, one blow!

They approach, turn, meet, hide their knives.

JOSÉ and SANCHO. Hush! Hush!
BOTH (aside). Bah! my rage I can't conceal,
MEN. Hush! Hush!
BOTH. Crunch him, scrunch him with my heel!
MEN. Tush! Tush!

BOTH. Sharpen, whet the gleaming steel!
No! My vengeance he shall feel!

MEN. Hush! Hush!
To the Queen we will appeal!

The women, led by ZITELLA, appear coming down rocks. Some urging SANCHE and JOSÉ to fight.

WOMEN. Coward! Traitor!
Weapons handy! (*pointing*)
Be they pistol, sword, or pike!
Coward! Traitor!
Words don't bandy.
Would you strike? Then strike, then strike!

Some other women, led by JUANITA, urging SANCHE and JOSÉ to put down their weapons.

WOMEN. Brother! Brother!
Words don't bandy!
Do not strike! Oh, do not strike!

MEN. To the Queen we will appeal!

The tumult is at its height when a pistol-shot is heard. All the men cower. INEZ, pistol in hand, appears on rock above.

INEZ. Ladrones! Braggarts! Bullies! Rapparees!
Down! Down! And beg my pardon on your knees!
SOPRANOS. Down! Down!

MEN (*humbly*). We pardon beg!

CONTRALTOS. They pardon beg!

INEZ. The pardon beg of all these fair ones too!
Roused from their beauty sleep!

MEN. We do!

WOMEN. They do!

JOSÉ and SANCHE. One word –

INEZ (*producing second pistol and pointing one at SANCHE and the other at JOSÉ*).
Not one! Would you my temper try?

CHORUS. They wished to say –

INEZ. Obey! Obey! The closure I apply!

INEZ replaces the pistols in her girdle, descends from the rock and comes down amongst them.

CHORUS. Viva la Reina!
Viva la Reina!

SONG. — INEZ.

[This song was cut during the run of *The Chieftain* and replaced by another one for Inez beginning "My parents were of great gentility." The lyrics to this song are included in the appendix.]

Let others seek the peaceful plain,
Amid the mountains let me reign,
Be mine the rugged crest,
Be mine the eagle's nest,
High in the ancient hills of Spain!
In the ancient hills of Spain!
CHORUS. In the ancient hills of Spain!

Be mine the man who bears the knife,
Who for my smile would risk his life,
I'll take his manly hand,
By him content to stand,
For I will be to him a loving wife!
In the ancient hills of Spain!
CHORUS. In the ancient hills of Spain!

Viva la Reina! Viva la Reina!
Hail to our Chieftainess!

RECITATIVE.

INEZ. Sancho, surnamed "The Badger," it is now one year,
One day, since any tidings came of my dear husband,
Our redoubted Chieftain, Ferdinand de Roxas.
JUANITA. Madam, of his death have you proof?
INEZ. None, Juanita, none. Were his decease
A certainty, then I should by my oath
Be surely bound to choose a Chieftain who
Would also be my husband.
"Such is the law of the Ladrones!"
ALL. Aye! Such is the law of the Ladrones!
SANCHO. But in default of any news of him —
INEZ. I, whether wife or widow, am your leader.
But today my office ends, Regent am I no more.
"Wanted — a Chieftain!" Be this the form
Of our advertisement.

CONCERTED PIECE.

[This ensemble was cut during the run of *The Chieftain*.]

INEZ. Wanted a Chieftain whose qualification
Is not quite a question of civilization.
SANCHO. For he may belong to a barbarous nation,
Or e'en be a black from a cotton plantation.
JOSÉ. There'll be neither trial or examination,
And nothing to pay, and not time for probation.

JUANITA. He *will* not be asked for a recommendation,
Or whether he has or has not education.
INEZ. And should he apply, then, without hesitation,
He'll straight be elected to *this* situation,
And so will receive formal ratification,
Which all must agree will be great consolation.
CHORUS. Which all must agree will be great consolation,
(*Joyfully*)
And likewise a source of much gratification,
A source of considerable gratification;
ALL. He'll at once be elected to this situation,
And then his appointment receive confirmation,
Which all must agree will be great consolation,
And likewise a source of great gratification!

RECITATIVE.

SANCHO. Would Madam deign to hear the case as put
By our Attorney General Pedro Gomez?
INEZ. Pedro, advance.
PEDRO. My lady, if all here
Beg, nay insist upon, a consultation –
Six shillings and eight pennyworth, we'll say,
Of sound opinion -(*all assent*)- I am theirs, and yours.

THE LAW AND TRADITION OF THE LADRONES.

PEDRO. When hath expired one year and a day,
If still the bold Chieftain remaineth away,
The very first stranger who treadeth these boulders
The robe of the Chieftain is thrown o'er his shoulders,
The old sacred hat must be placed on his head,
Him leader choose,
Should he refuse
Then one, two, three-bang! and the stranger falls dead!

*This exhausts the 8 pages – he now summarily scans and sums up
the remainder.*

So *this* indenture doth express –
"Whereas, hereby, and nevertheless" –
No question of disbanding;
"These presents witness" as you see
"The aforesaid" – "all to the contraree,"
"Whereby and not withstanding."
CHORUS. So *this* indenture doth express, etc.

PEDRO. Such is my best
Very brief digest
Of our Leges Blagardones.
You will pay the fee
For consulting me
On the "Law of the Ladrones."
CHORUS. Such is his best
Very brief digest

Of our Leges Blagardones.
We will owe the fee
For consulting thee
On the "Law of the Ladrones."

Exeunt omnes, followed by GOMEZ, requesting his fee. INEZ, SANCCHO, and JOSÉ remain.

INEZ. That is settled. The first stranger who arrives will be our Captain.
SANCCHO. The sooner the better. Our funds are low.
JOSÉ. As, when your husband disappeared –
SANCCHO. He took our cash box with him.
INEZ. His motto was always "Ready! aye, ready!"
JOSÉ. And we have only one prisoner in hand.
SANCCHO. The English girl with the Spanish name of Rita.
INEZ. That proves she has Spanish friends or relatives – or a lover.
JOSÉ and SANCCHO. Aha!
INEZ. A lover – a real, true, devoted lover – who will risk his money or his life for his love – (*she says this with intention, eyeing SANCCHO and JOSÉ*) – and who will himself bring her ransom.
JOSÉ. And be ransomed himself in turn. Aha!
SANCCHO. Aha! Ransom for two.
INEZ. In the meantime, the captaincy is in commission.
JOSÉ. And couldn't the husbandry be in commission too?
INEZ (*proudly*). Gentlemen! gentlemen!

TRIO. – INEZ, SANCCHO, and JOSÉ.

INEZ. 'Tis very hard to choose
A captain of banditti!
SANCCHO and JOSÉ. Ha! Ha!
ALL. A captain of banditti!
INEZ. But one the prize must lose,
Which is, I admit, a pity!
SANCCHO and JOSÉ. Ha! Ha!
ALL. Well, that does seem a pity!
SANCCHO. When free, ma'am,
Take me, ma'am,
Good-looking I am, and witty.
JOSÉ. Take me, ma'am,
And he, ma'am,
May wed either Polly or Kitty!¹
SANCCHO. My honey!
I've money.
I'm rough, but I am true-gritty!

¹ *Polly or Kitty*. "Probably alluding to some of Sancho's private flirtations, as these characters do not appear in the drama." – *Passim*. [Burnand]

JOSÉ. Devoted!
No bloated
Aristocrat in the city!

INEZ. All offers I refuse
With strict equanimity!

SANCHO and JOSÉ. Ha! Ha!

ALL. With strict equanimity!

SANCHO. Your eyes, ma'am,
A prize, ma'am,
Would win from an Art Committee!

JOSÉ. Oh, we two,
Might flee to
New Zealand or Otaheite!

SANCHO. Are many
Or any
Like you in Palazzo Pitti?

JOSÉ. Hub banished
Or vanished
Take José *pendite lite*!

INEZ. But one the prize can win,
Which is, we admit, a pity!

SANCHO and JOSÉ. Ha! Ha!

ALL. Which is, we admit, a pity!
And so we end the ditty!

DANCE

Exeunt.

SENTINEL *enters on rocks above, and is seen pacing up and down at back. In the distance the "Angelus" bell is heard. The SENTINEL pauses.*

SENTINEL. Hark! 'tis the Angelus!

CHORUS (*offstage*). Ave Maria! gratia plena,
Dominus te cum.

[The above choral Angelus does not appear in the second edition of *The Chieftain*.]

Then enter RITA. SENTINEL challenges her, but recognizing her as their prisoner he lets her pass. She comes down the rocks.

SONG. — RITA.

The tinkling sheep-bell knells the parting day,
The flocks collect from meadow, hill, and moor,
The happy goatherd homeward takes his way,
His wife and children wait him at the door.
To me the bells speak with no cheering tone,
Only the night wind sighs, "Alone! alone!"

Tinkle the bells upon the mountain steeps,
Fainter and fainter down the narrow ways,

Soon in his cot, the shepherd, ere he sleeps,
Joins with his loved one in their hymn of praise.
To me the bells speak with no cheering tone,
Only the night wind sighs, "Alone! alone!"

RITA. Ah, dear! (*Takes out her diary and pencil.*) My diary was very commonplace up to now. "An English lady in Spain." Among the Ladrones. The lady and the Ladrones. This may be worth something when I return to England. When? They don't treat me badly considering. Situation unequalled in Europe. Beautiful view. Air magnificent. Open house – rather too open; lodging not exactly what one has been accustomed to. Living *en pension*; wine – ugh! – water scarce. Soap not provided by the hotel. I wonder when my friends will send for me! And my poor Vasquez! he'll be wretched. (*Music.*)

The sentinel reappears at back, waving his hat. RITA starts up.

RITA. Oh! – if this should be –

Sentinel seeing her movement points gun at her; she stops.

RITA. Young man, don't you know it's very rude to point!

Enter over rocks JOSÉ and SANCHO, JOSÉ first with pistol, then PEDRILLO, whom he twists roughly round and throws on to stage, then follows VASQUEZ disguised as shepherd, and behind him come SANCHO and a brigand, ESCATERO. SANCHO above and JOSÉ below whistle. It is answered without, and enter immediately INEZ, JUANITA, ZITELLA, NINA, and all the Ladrones.

INEZ (*sharply*). What's this? Our prisoner (*looking at RITA*) safe? Good! then (*savagely*) what is all this great cry (*eyeing the goatherd and boy*) – and about a little wool?

SANCHO. The ransom for our female prisoner not being forthcoming –

JOSÉ. The shortest way is to send for it.

SANCHO. This boy has a swift mountain pony – close at hand.

RITA (*joyfully*). He will take a message. (*Writes in her diary.*)

INEZ. Tell your friends to send the ransom within a couple of hours, or we return their Rita to them, by installments on account, a finger at a time. (*to VASQUEZ*) I'm coming to you: as a hostage for the boy we will retain his ancient parent.

RITA (*offering the note she has written*). This is my letter.

INEZ. Add "P.S. – No police need apply." On the first appearance of a patrol or soldier, you will be shot off-hand.

INEZ takes letter from RITA, hands it to PEDRILLO, then signs to a Ladrone.

INEZ. Escatero! Lose no time! Away!

The Ladron goes up and disappears. PEDRILLO follows him and remains at back as if watching ESCATERO below.

INEZ (to VASQUEZ). Tell me, gentle shepherd, have ye seen a stranger pass this way?

RITA listening anxiously.

VASQUEZ (in feigned voice). Your Majesty, I have. (Movement.) An Englishman, as I judge from his attire.

INEZ. This may be our expected leader. Sancho, José, Pedro, Escatero, take up your positions. (To girl who is with the sentinel.) Nina, come away from Blazzo! Hand of Fate direct his steps and ours!

QUINTET and CHORUS.

INEZ, RITA, VASQUEZ, SANCHE, JOSÉ.

INEZ, VASQUEZ, SANCHE, JOSÉ.

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token!
Voice of Fate! when shall thy word be spoken?
Hither lead upon the mountain way
The man to whom we are fated to obey!

RITA. Fate! kind Fate! in hope I wait thy token!
Fate! kind Fate! when shall thy word be spoken?
Speed! speed my note upon its homeward way.
Fate! O kind Fate! for liberty I pray.

VASQUEZ (in a feigned voice). An hour ago
Among the hills below,
I came across a strange, a foreign face.
He bore a load,
Had lost his road,
And even now is wandering near the place.

JOSÉ. Had he a pack
Upon his back?
With money ready to our hand?

SANCHE. It matters not
What he has got,
We'll make him Captain of our band.

INEZ, VASQUEZ, JOSÉ. Whoe'er is there?

INEZ, VASQUEZ, JOSÉ, SANCHE. We swear
We'll take him
And make him
Captain of our band.

ENSEMBLE.

RITA and JUANITA. Fate! kind Fate! etc.
INEZ, VASQUEZ, JOSÉ, SANCHE, and CHORUS. Hand of Fate! we wait thy token! etc.

All disappear. RITA lingers watching the goatherd, VASQUEZ, who

appears to be giving final instructions to PEDRILLLO.

DUET. — RITA and VASQUEZ

VASQUEZ. A guard by night, a guide by day
 Upon the mountain wild
 The sacred sign protects the way —
 May saints watch o'er the child!

RITA. Oh, tell me, will he see my love?

VASQUEZ. Thy lover he will not see.
 Place all thy trust in Heaven above,
 Pray Heaven set thee free!

ENSEMBLE.

RITA. I'll place my trust, etc.
VASQUEZ. Place all thy trust, etc,

VASQUEZ retires.

RITA (*sadly*). I only beg one grace,
 Once more to see his face:
 If never more,
 Why, then, be death my choice!

VASQUEZ (*within, R.H.*). Rita!

RITA. My name!

VASQUEZ. Dear Rita!

RITA. 'Tis his voice!
 I cannot see. . . .
 I faint 'twixt hope and fear!
 Vasquez!

VASQUEZ. Dear Rita!

RITA. Vasquez!

VASQUEZ (*re-entering*). I am here!

ENSEMBLE.

RITA.	VASQUEZ.
My love, again to see thee	My love, again to see thee
Dispels the falling tear,	Dispels the falling tear,
He comes, he comes to free me!	Yes, I am here to free thee;
Ah, why then should I fear?	Then banish all thy fear.

RITA. A prison with you
 Is no prison for me!

VASQUEZ. For the moments too few
 That are spent, love, with thee!

BOTH. When the sun brightly rises o'er hill, dale, or lea,
 There's hope in the morrow, ah! then we'll be free!

Exeunt VASQUEZ and RITA.

During the last part of the duet BLAZZO has reappeared; he starts at seeing VASQUEZ and RITA, then cautiously descends, enters

cave, and returns immediately, having secured the shepherd's costume which VASQUEZ has previously worn. He crosses stage quietly and exit at same exit L.H. Stage clear.

Enter down the rocks at back GRIGG. He is in tourist suit, and carries a black leather case and camera.

SONG. — GRIGG.

From rock to rick
With many a shock
And bump
And thump
And terrible knock
I fall: but not a soul is near
The traveller's lonely path to cheer.
Oh, why
Did I
Set out to roam
And dare the sea's unpleasant foam?
Slipping,
Tripping,
Air so nipping,
Up in the hills away from home.

The love of arts
In foreign parts
Has taken me all the way to Spain.
Fumble,
Stumble,
Crumble,
Tumble:
Up the middle and down again!
This camera, too,
To take the view
I never did such a nuisance know.
If by shock awry
Knocked like crockery
On the rockery
Smash 'twill go!

I say to myself,
My dear friend Grigg,
If safe return
I'd rather dig
Than follow the arts
In foreign parts!
But I'll take to the farm with horses and carts,
And rear up my lot of little Griggs,
Who'll lead us a life with their nursery rigs,
Little Griggs
and
Little pigs.
My spouse!
My cows!

My sows! Ha! ha!
And my little pigs!

GRIGG. Where am I? I've gone wrong. Let me think. Count Vasquez was right. What did he say to me? "Pedro Griggo" – that's Spanish for Peter Grigg – "don't go alone in the mountains." I wish I had taken his advice. Yet, I'm artistic, I love solitude! Not too much of it at a time; and I prefer it when I've got some one to share it with me. It's this confounded camera that has laid me astray. Let me see: how was it? Oh, of course – In consequence of my ardent desire to show my wife, on my return to England, *where* I had been, and *how* I had personally conducted myself, I've lugged about this infernal machine everywhere. I've "taken" everything that came in my way: brooks, rocks, and I'd have taken a five-barred gate if there'd been one in my way. Well – two more views, my friend – confidentially "*in camera*" – and down I go. Oh! how I wish there was some one here to guide my steps safely back to Compostello. Talking of guiding my steps, won't my wife be astonished when I show her how to dance the bolero, the cachuca, and the wizzimarilla. That's a round dance – all Spanish – I learnt them from a dancing mistress in Compostello – I shall tell my wife it was a dancing master – sounds better and avoids discussion. I'm so fond of it! dancing I mean, not discussion. It's so exhilarating – but now to business –

By this time he has arranged the camera and disappears under cloth.

SANCHO and JOSÉ appear cautiously. They give the signalling whistle of the Ladrones.

TRIO. – GRIGG, SANCHO, and JOSÉ

GRIGG (*reappearing from underneath cloth*).

Hullo! What's that?

'Twasn't a cat!

Something I heard, just like a bird!

No! No!

JOSÉ and SANCHO whistle.

GRIGG. 'Tis a pee-wit,
Gone in a fit –

Oh, this is very absurd!

I think that the lens I can clearly direct,
And at last I have got a quite charming effect.
Ah! now to arrange it. A capital plan.

I've sighted a rock. No, 'tis a man!

SANCHO. Ha! ha! you have hit on a capital plan –
I am a man!

GRIGG. And another!

JOSÉ. Another young man!
Well!
SANCHO. Well!
GRIGG. Quite well, thank you!
JOSÉ. Nay, your hand –
SANCHO. Your hand.
GRIGG. Good morning! I can't stay.
JOSÉ. You must.
SANCHO. You must.
GRIGG. I must!
You're fond of jokes.
JOSÉ. Remain!
SANCHO. Explain!
GRIGG. What horrid-looking folks!
JOSÉ. I'm called the Buck!
GRIGG. A swell! (*aside*) More like a cadger.
(*aloud*). You look it, sir. (*to* SANCHO) And you –
SANCHO. And I! the Badger!

JOSÉ and SANCHO. We're members of a robber band,
We offer you, as Captain, the command –
Our Captain you must be.
GRIGG. Upon my word, I don't understand –
In fact, I'd rather not.
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Refuse!
Then choose,
Be captain or be shot!
GRIGG. What?
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Shot!
GRIGG. Not –
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Shot!
GRIGG. What?
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Shot!
GRIGG. For what?
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Yes, shot!
GRIGG. Well, agreed!
JOSÉ and SANCHO. 'Tis agreed!

GRIGG. Dance the Bolero! Dance the bolero!
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Mad! 'tis my belief.
Wild tarentellas will welcome our Chief!
Dance the Bolero!
GRIGG. Why the Bolero?
JOSÉ and SANCHO. Dance!
GRIGG. Why?

JOSÉ and SANCHO. Bolero! Bolero! the robbers' pet,
We'll dance to the pipe and the gay castanet.
GRIGG. Bolero! Bolero! A dreadful set!
I wish that I never these gentlemen met.

DANCE.

Exeunt SANCHO carrying the sticks, JOSÉ the camera, dancing.

GRIGG. Gone. Very much gone. And they've taken my camera. Afraid of being taken alive! Cowards! (*Looking about.*) I hope nobody heard me. I've read of fugitives "seeking an asylum" in the mountains. Judging from these two lunatics, there must be an asylum close at hand. More where they came from. I had better be careful how I speak to them. I must be guarded. (*Brigands appear suddenly with guns.*) Oh! I am guarded. Evidently a shooting party out. Ugly-looking dogs – (*seeing them levelling their guns at him*) – all pointers. Hope they won't make game of me. I shouldn't have even a chance of a run for my money. I feel like a mere cipher in front of these very awkward-looking figures. Gentlemen! – I'll make a touching appeal. Gentlemen! – No – these figures are not to be touched. What on earth shall I do!

Enter R. VASQUEZ, brought in guarded by two Ladrones.

VASQUEZ. Gentlemen, I'm unarmed, I give you my word I won't attempt to escape.
GRIGG. Count Vasquez!
VASQUEZ. Ah, my friend Grigg!
GRIGG. I won't ask what brought you here. I see.
VASQUEZ. I am a prisoner – so is Rita.
GRIGG. What! Miss Rita!
VASQUEZ. (*lightly*). It's only a matter of business with our friends here. I've sent for our ransom – 2,000 pesetas.
GRIGG. (*reviving*). Good. But it's a lot of money.
VASQUEZ. Liberty is a luxury. Besides, as the ransom is for two –
GRIGG. (*pleased*). Of course.
VASQUEZ. Rita and myself.
GRIGG. (*disappointed*). Eh! (*reviving.*) But abroad, enough for two is plenty for three – at a restaurant.
VASQUEZ. Ah! you won't get off on those terms with our Spanish Ladrones.
GRIGG. Oh, the deuce!

Enter L.H. INEZ, attended, then at the same time RITA, guarded. BLAZZO carrying Shepherd's disguise accompanies INEZ.

INEZ. Count Vasquez, you are our prisoner. We shall proceed with your case in due order. (*BLAZZO retires. INEZ turns towards GRIGG.*) Produce the stranger destined to be our Captain.

JOSÉ, SANCHE, PEDRO GOMEZ, BLAZZO. Here!

ALL. Here!

GRIGG. I! Your Captain!

INEZ. You are unanimously elected.

GRIGG. I unanimously decline.

INEZ. Decline! One! – (*they all raise their carbines*) – Two – (*RITA kneels to INEZ.*)

GRIGG *(in abject terror)*. I accept! *(Falls into the arms of VASQUEZ.)*
INEZ. At once don the uniform of the Captain.
GRIGG *(objecting)*. No, I'd really rather – *(at a sign from INEZ)* – I agree.
INEZ. Conduct him to the dressing cave. He will find there everything that is fitting, or misfitting.
GRIGG *(obsequiously)*. Thank you. *(to the Brigands.)* Show me to the ready-made department and the toilet club.

The two Brigands stand R. and L. of cavern with carbines sloped towards GRIGG as he enters. PEDRO GOMEZ precedes as master of ceremonies, then JOSÉ ushering him in politely with pistol, then GRIGG, then last SANCHE following with knife and pistol. Exeunt into cave.

INEZ. Count, business is business.
VASQUEZ. Madam, you make it a pleasure.
INEZ. You flatter me!
RITA. Impossible!
INEZ. You're very good. It's an unpleasant affair to speak of; but some time ago you and your men were in pursuit of my husband –
VASQUEZ. The Chieftain, Ferdinand de Roxas. We never caught him.
INEZ. Indeed! You knew his name.
RITA. Every one is Compostello know *that*.
INEZ. Indeed!
RITA. He is a very handsome man. He sat to the principal photographers, and his portrait, with his name beneath, is all over the place.
VASQUEZ. Among the professional beauties.
INEZ. So like him!
VASQUEZ. Very like him, no doubt – as a portrait. If on my return I have any news of him, I promise I will let you know, And now – have we your permission to take our departure?

Going up, stopped by PEDRO GOMEZ with the document in his hand, who enters under arch.

INEZ. Not yet. The law of the Ladrones is peculiar. Nothing can now be done without the new Captain's permission. He comes!

FINALE OF ACT I.

INEZ. The sacred Hat
 Which all Ladrones know,
 Bring forth!
 It on our Chief
 We now bestow!

Enter procession over rocks, and from the cavern re-enter JOSÉ, then GRIGG in costume of Captain of Ladrones, then SANCHE. They

take him round. In the meantime ESCATERO has placed the mat under the pikes, on which is placed the hat. PEDRO GOMEZ places hat on GRIGG's head.

HYMN OF THE HAT.

CHORUS. Hail to our Ancient Hat;
'Neath this our Chiefs have sat.
Kneel down upon the mat,
Hail! hail! Ladrones!
Take it, O martial spouse,
Wear it upon thy brows;
May it thy zeal arouse!
Viva! Ladrones!

GRIGG. 'Tis far too big to fit my brows,
So thus I place the Hat;
(*aside*) I'm sure I heard her call me "spouse,"
What *did* she mean by that!

CHORUS. Bow down! bow down with awe!
To the hat without a flaw!
Wear it! it is the law
Of the Ladrones!

VASQUEZ. O worthy representative of royalty,
Let us depart; depend upon our loyalty.

GRIGG. My friends, to leave you're free –

JOSÉ and SANCHO (*sharply to GRIGG*). No!

The Brigands stop VASQUEZ and RITA. JOSÉ and SANCHO whisper hurriedly to GRIGG.

GRIGG (*finishing it pettishly*). Yes – I know.
(*Turning to VASQUEZ and RITA.*)

I mean that when the ransom comes, you'll go!

CHORUS. Not until the ransom comes!

Drums without.

BLAZZO. Oho, there! Oho! The soldiers!

INEZ (*to VASQUEZ*). Traitor!

VASQUEZ. Hold!

PEDRILLO rushes in by mountain pass, closely followed by soldiers. PEDRILLO runs to VASQUEZ.

VASQUEZ. 'Tis the boy! (*to Soldiers*) Ground arms!
See, here is Rita's ransom – may I owe
For my own liberty?

INEZ assents. SANCHO and JOSÉ scowl.

RITA. We're free to go?

GRIGG. O happy pair!
INEZ (*offering her hand*). We're friends?
VASQUEZ. Aye, from to-day! (*Grasps her hand.*)
INEZ. Then we invite you, here, without formality,
Pray you accept our simple hospitality,
You both, I trust, will join in our carousals –
GRIGG. Do, do.
RITA and VASQUEZ. With pleasure.
INEZ. Held for our espousals.
RITA, VASQUEZ, and GRIGG. Espousals?
INEZ. Mine and thine!
RITA and VASQUEZ. "O happy pair!"
GRIGG. But I –
INEZ (*imperiously*). Decline? (*All raise their guns.*)
GRIGG (*helplessly*). Accept!
INEZ. Good! As you were.

They all lower their guns, and then put them down.

GRIGG (*with cringing politeness*).
I, such honour undeserving,
Would withdraw to set you free!
(*aside*) From my marriage lines I'm swerving,
Going in for bigamee!
INEZ (*with fierce determination*).
I'll abate no jot or tittle
Of my right so just, so clear!
(*changing tone to one of simpering affection*)
Though at first you "love me little,"
You will "love me long," my dear.

SANCHO (*obsequiously*).
Captain! my congratulation –
So delighted we have met.
(*aside to him confidentially*)
I'll retain my situation
In the present Cabinet.

JOSÉ (*fawningly*).
Pray accept my deep devotion
To your personalitee.
(*aside to him confidentially*)
Should by chance there be promotion,
Captain! you'll remember me!

RITA.
At your honours I'm delighted,
You're indeed a lucky man.
(*aside*) When we're free – don't be affrighted,
We will help you – *if we can.*

VASQUEZ.
You're a very lucky fellow
Such a lovely queen to wed!
(*aside*) I'll return from Compostello,

Find you here alive – or dead!

CHORUS (*grandly*).

You above us all shall tower!

You our leader brave shall be!

(*aside, confidentially*)

In your ear – when you're in power,

I'm your friend, remember me!

GRIGG.

From my marriage lines I'm swerving,

Going in for bigamee!

ENSEMBLE.

INEZ.

Though at first, etc.

RITA.

When we're free, etc.

VASQUEZ.

I'll return from Compostello, etc.

JOSÉ and SANCHO.

Should by chance, etc.

CHORUS.

In your ear, etc.

ALL.

You above us all shall tower!

You our leader brave shall be!

They all go up and form themselves into groups. INEZ invites GRIGG to sit by her side. JOSÉ and SANCHO R. and L. of them. GRIGG rises and INEZ puts her arm on his shoulder affectionately.

INEZ.

Come! share my throne!

GRIGG.

I'll do what is correct.

RITA.

See! Such a lovely picture! Such a grand effect!

VASQUEZ.

Magnificent! [BLAZZO brings forward the camera.]

A snapshot! Thank you!

RITA.

Stay!

INEZ.

Don't move! (to GRIGG)

RITA (to GRIGG).

Now smile! your head the other way!

VASQUEZ.

Now! Ready! Done!!! Thanks! it will come out fine!

INEZ.

Ere you depart the photograph we'll sign!

PEDRO GOMEZ (*holding up his hand*).

And now, Ladrones! ere the rite is o'er,

Commence we "*La Fiesta del Amor*!"²

The dance known among the Spanish peasantry as "La Fiesta del Amor" commences.

CHORUS.

Dance, now dance and sing,

Now dance and sing,

² "This dance," observes Señor d'Aubano in his charming work entitled "Footsteps in Spain," "is a vestige of the Moorish domination. It was probably associated with some Moorish religious ceremony." (*Œuvres d'Aubano*, vol. x., cap. 10. "El Capitano.") [Burnand]

We dance and sing the summer night away!

Hail to the ring –
The wedding ring –
Ring about our tuneful lay!
We dance and sing, we dance and sing,
Dance and sing the summer night away!
Dance and sing!

After the dance with chorus they all advance, rising their cups and bottles.

CHORUS. Hail to our Queen!
And to our Chieftain by her side!
Health to the Captain!
Health to the Bride!

SANCHO (to RITA and VASQUEZ).
You, noble pair, may misfortune never part!
Your health and your happiness, with all our heart!

CHORUS. Viva! viva!

SANCHO. And instead of a speech, if we don't presume too far,
We'll call for a song from our gay Hussar!

CHORUS. From the gay Hussar!
Viva! viva!

SONG. – VASQUEZ with CHORUS.

VASQUEZ. Let us lead a life of pleasure!
Let us tread a lively measure!
Time defying merrily!
Singing all so cheerily!
Drink to the gay Hussar!

CHORUS. The gay Hussar!

At the trumpet call, boys, steady!
Ready at command, aye, ready!
Here and there a comrade lies,
Here and there a foeman dies,
Killed by the fierce Hussar!

CHORUS. The fierce Hussar!

Then, hey, boys! jolly let us be, boys!
Hey, boys! drink a bout with me, boys!
Till we go
To meet the foe
With a dash and a loud Hurrah!

Drink! drink! military measure!
Clink! clink! lead a life of pleasure!
Sing and drink,
Our glasses clink,
To the life of a gay Hussar!

CHORUS. Hey, boys! jolly let us be, boys! etc.

Hark! hark! the trumpet call!
March! march! in line we fall!
 'Tis the same old story, boys!
Farewell to sparkling glass!
Farewell to tearful lass!
Charge onward in serried mass!
 Hurrah! for death or glory!
CHORUS. Death or glory!

VASQUEZ. Then, hey, boys! jolly let us be, boys, etc.

CHORUS. Drink! drink! military measure! etc.

TABLEAU.

RITA and VASQUEZ ascend rocks as if going off, the soldiers present arms. RITA turns to wave adieux to GRIGG and INEZ, as does also VASQUEZ. GRIGG takes a step forward as though he would like to follow, but his road is barred by SANCHE and JOSÉ, both politely bowing, with pistols. INEZ pulls him round to the throne on which he stands, SANCHE and JOSÉ guarding him. Curtain.

NOTE. - ACT II.

The scene is laid in the picturesque village of Dehesas, on the River Sil. The Sil produces gold in sufficient quantity to supply the local peasantry with trinkets, and to enable them to do a very fair trade with these ornaments in outside markets. The River Sil, famed alike for its excellent fishing and its undiminished supply of gold sand, runs for nearly two miles through the extensive property of the fortunate Count de Gonzago. The Posada de Reina is the only inn in this valley where adventurous tourists will find a comparatively comfortable lodging. It is to this hostelrie that the Courier takes the English travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Grigg, as it is on the direct road to the Château Gonzago. The legend of the River Sil, telling how the gold was a gift from the gods, is here told by the Peasants to the Countess Rita, who, during her residence in Spain, has mastered the ancient traditions of the country.

ACT II.

SCENE. - *Exterior of a Posada, the "Piela de Oro," in the picturesque village of Dehesas on the River Sil. Picturesque bridge crosses stream at back leading off L.4.E. Distant landscape. Early morning of a lovely day.*

Enter COUNT VASQUEZ over bridge with gun à la chasseur, and sings under RITA's window.

SONG. - COUNT VASQUEZ.

"Wake, then awake, fly away, come with me,
Up in the morning early,"
Thus carolled a lark to an owl in a tree,
Up in the morning early.
But blinked the owl, drowsily shaking his head,
Then chuckled a slug to a mole that he led,
"You'll never catch me from my flowery bed -
Up in the morning early."

Away flew the lark ere the carol was done,
Up in the morning early,
Alas! to be shot by a man with a gun,
Up in the morning early.
At night when the slug swaggered out for a stroll,
Then down pounced the owl and devoured him whole,
"The moral is, never to be," quoth the mole,
Up in the morning early!"

Exit into Inn.

Enter MARAQUITA and the Gold Washers with their sieves and bags.

CHORUS.

The River! the River! the Golden Sand!
The flowing River!
We never return with an empty hand!
The Golden River!

WOMEN.

We show our feet,
With ankles neat,
Our shoes away we fling,
And, free from socks,
We tread the rocks,
And trip it while we sing –

ALL.

The River! the River! the Golden Sand!
The flowing River!
Ah, who will return with an empty hand!
The Golden River!

SOLO. – MARAQUITA.

Gold from a cave
Under the wave
The water sprite brings each day;
He sprinkles sand
With lavish hand,
Then merrily runs away.
Should he be wrath
Avoid his path
Where reeds bow low and quake;
"Let him pass by,"
The willows sigh,
"Ruin is in his wake!"

[The following verse is included in the libretto but not in the vocal score.]

On stormy night
The River Sprite
Will laugh at our dismay;
His anger o'er,
He'll smile once more,
And all are blithe and gay.
Hark to his call,
"Come one and all!
Obey my high command!"
Who lag behind
Never will find
Wealth of Golden Sand!

CHORUS. The River! the River! the Golden Sand! etc.

Enter RITA and VASQUEZ from Posada, R.H. All curtsy to them.

RITA. Good morning!

1ST MAID. We wish your Ladyship and your Lordship every sort of happiness.

VASQUEZ. Thanks for both – and may you find plenty of gold sand in the river. My wife can tell us how it came there.
RITA. It was in the golden days of the old heathen gods.

SONG. – RITA.

Two happy gods, gay Mars and Jove,
Came down to Spain a bet to prove,
For Mars had vowed, "Men work to live,
And some may sell, but *none* will give."
They begging went from door to door,
But nothing gained from rich or poor;
And so through Spain they starved until
They chanced upon the River Sil.

Ah, long ago!

So long ago!

Such marvels happened long ago!

CHORUS. Ah, long ago! etc.

And here they sought a lowly pair,
Who set before them humble fare,
And gave them money for their way,
"You want it more than we," said they.
Then, smiling, Jove the truth declared,
Quoth he, "Since we so well have fared,
These sands for ages yet untold
Shall pass the bank as current gold."

Ah, long ago!

Yes, long ago!

Such marvels happened long ago!

CHORUS. Ah, long ago! etc.

CHORUS. The River, ah, the River!
Sing ho! for the River!

Exeunt CHORUS. RITA and VASQUEZ remain.

RITA. Is there any news of our English friend, Mr. Grigg?

VASQUEZ. This letter is from my secretary. He says, "The brigands had moved their camp, so I have had great difficulty in finding your friend."

RITA. Then that accounts for Mr. Grigg's not having returned in time for our wedding.

VASQUEZ. Precisely.

RITA. But we brought on his luggage from the hotel.

VASQUEZ. And discharged Mr. Grigg's bill. Ransom paid, bill settled. So, attended by my secretary and free from all responsibility, he can come on with his wife.

RITA. His wife! Not the chieftainess!

VASQUEZ. No. His genuine wife – the prima donna herself – not the "understudy." Mrs. Grigg travelled from England to meet him, and my secretary informs me that a first-rate

courier is personally conducted them straight here.
RITA. How glad she must have been to see her husband again.
Fancy *my* being separated from *you*!
VASQUEZ. Or *you* from *me*! But why think of such a thing during
our honeymoon!
RITA. Our honeymoon! It seems only yesterday that I was at
school.
VASQUEZ. Au Couvent des Oiseaux.
RITA. In Paris.
VASQUEZ. Were we met for the first time.
RITA. And as you were Spanish –
VASQUEZ. And as you were English –
RITA. We both hit on the happy idea of conversing in French –
VASQUEZ. So that none of the Parisian visitors could possibly
understand us.

³**DUET. – RITA and VASQUEZ.**

RITA. Ah, oui, j'étais
Une pensionnaire,
VASQUEZ. Toujours si gaie,
Joyeuse et débonnaire!
RITA. And yet –
VASQUEZ. And yet –
RITA. When first we met
VASQUEZ. 'Twas pas un mot,
RITA. C'était au couvent "des Oiseaux."
BOTH. au couvent "des Oiseaux."
VASQUEZ. Et encore je t'entends
à la messe
Avec ta douce voix en-
Chanteresse.
RITA. Et j'ai dit "Pour moi,"
Ah! il n'y a que toi
Par toi mon cœur est pris!
VASQUEZ. I came with some friends
To your school for a fête.
RITA. And I was a girl,
But si gauche et si bête!
VASQUEZ. I stammered, "How d'ye do?"
"Comment vous portez-vous?"
RITA. I was so shy
I could barely reply,
"Merci! très bien, mossoo!"
BOTH. I was/You were so shy, etc.
RITA. You gave me a sweet little lollipop,
You won my young heart with a chocolate drop,
For convent girls, 'tis the best of treats,

³ It must be borne in mind that this French duet is sung by an English girl whose education was not completed at "Les Oiseaux," and a Spanish officer not in full command of the French language. [Burnand]

To give them a box of sweets.
 Et quand j'ai dit, "Je t'aime!"
 Then I did much the same-e!
 Et parlant à mon aise -
 Voici!
 La lange quite française
 J'ai dit,

 "Que veux-tu, O ma chère?
 Tu peux prier ta mère,
 Tu peux prier ton père,
 Et nous nous marierons!"
 Et je t'ai dit, "Que faire?
 Mais sans prier ma mère,
 Et sans prier mon père,
 Oui! nous nous marierons!"
 Ah!
 Et sans prier ta mère,
 Ni ton père,
 Nous nous marierons!
 Et sans prier, etc.

RITA *and* VASQUEZ *exeunt* R.

Cracking of whip heard. Enter from Posada R.H. Landlord, Waiter, Chambermaid, etc., Peasants, and Gold Washers.

CHORUS .

Bustle! Bustle! 'Tis a stranger –
Quite an unexpected treat!
Hie to larder! Hie to manger!
See there plenty be to eat.
Should the coming guest be lonely,
He will need the choicest fare;
(*to Landlord*) You'll be lucky if he only
Be as rich as he is rare.
Bustle! Bustle! etc.

Stable help, boy, etc., etc., out and over bridge.

[The following chorus is included in the libretto but not in the vocal score.]

Who on earth can be the stranger?
Him or them we come to greet;
We'll direct them, we'll inspect them,
An arrival is a treat!
Be they single, be they double,
For a time our work we strike,
And we take a deal of trouble
Just to see what they are like!

Enter FERDINAND, disguised as "PIETRO SLIVINSKI", the Polish Courier, dancing. He salutes everybody.

FERDINAND. Hola! Hola! Hola! Hola!

SONG. — FERDINAND.

A courier all of you welcome in me,
 Whom Boniface grudgingly greets,
I bring him the guests, but insist on my fee
 Of twenty per cent. on receipts.
Now, who's for the Danube and out on the Spree?
 A tour you will never regret,
Take Bagdad and Bonn (quite a small familiee),
From Cork to the Caucasus, and would you see
 Queer races, we'll go for Thibet.

CHORUS. Take Bagdad and Bonn, etc.

I take a sweet pair on their honeymoon trip,
 Of course they like being alone;
A flirt and a youth who's been rather a rip,
 Reduced to be Darby and Joan.
They gaze on a lake with a Baedeker book,
 "Three men in a boat" over-oar'd,
They travel through France with a trustworthy Cook,
And everyone says from their much Murray'd look,
 "Mark! Innocents Twain all aboard!"

CHORUS. They travel through France, etc.

I'll see you to Paris and drive you about,
 To every café and show,
To Hamburg, or Baden, or Aix for the gout,
 An Aix-cellent place, as you know.
Look here! we can stay at Algiers for the day,
 Though lure us it may from our path;
And if you, dear friends, our expenses will pay,
I'll take you by Coventry all of the way
 From Jericho over to Bath!

CHORUS. And if you, dear friends, etc.

Exeunt all except FERDINAND. Those connected with the Inn remain on to receive the guests.

FERDINAND (*calling*). This way, Señor. This way, Señora.

Enter across bridge the helps with portmanteaus, bags, etc. Then GRIGG and DOLLY. Re-enter VASQUEZ and RITA R.

VASQUEZ. Ah, at last!

GRIGG. Count, Countess, allow me to present my wife.

VASQUEZ. Charmed!

RITA. Delighted!

GRIGG (*to FERDINAND*). Pietro Slivinski, see to our rooms.

FERD. Oui, monsieur — si, signor — ja, Herr — si, señor, con

mucho gusto.

Exeunt FERDINAND and landlord, with porter carrying luggage into Posada.

GRIGG. And now let me explain —

DOLLY. No, Peter, I will explain myself.

SONG. — DOLLY, with RITA, VASQUEZ, GRIGG, and FERDINAND.

"To Spain," said my husband, "I'm forced, dear to go."

Said I, "I go with you, that's flat."

"Which doubles expenses," says he, "as you know."

I owned, "There is something in that."

Tra la la la la!

Financially something in that!

He started and wrote to me every day,

His letters — love, travel, and chat —

They suddenly ceased, then a week passed away:

I thought, "There was something in that."

Tra la la la la!

A feminine something in that!

ALL. Tra la la la la!

I knew his hotel, and I followed to Spain,

We met at the door, on the mat,

Then he said, "In the train there'll be time to explain"—

There seemed to be something in that.

Tra la la la la!

A feasible something in that!

But in the compartment he slept all the way,

His head in his wide-awake hat.

Was he taking his time to invent what to say?

I think there was something in that.

Tra la la la la!

A cunning, sly something in that!

ALL. Tra la la la la!

RITA. Hasn't he told you about the brigands?

DOLLY. The brigands! No! Oh! do —

GRIGG. My dear, I have waited for this moment (*aside*) with terror.

Enter ANNA from Inn.

RITA. We'll have chocolate out here, and you shall know the whole story.

ANNA. This way to Madame's apartment.

DOLLY. I'll be with you in less than five minutes. I long to hear this mystery about the brigands.

Exit DOLLY into Posada, R.H.

GRIGG, *agitated*, brings RITA and VASQUEZ down C.

RITA and VASQUEZ. What's the matter?

GRIGG. Everything's the matter. It's a question of "how to be happy though married" – very much married! You remember what happened in the mountains?

VASQUEZ. Yes. You were compelled to marry –

RITA. "The second Mrs." – Grigg.

GRIGG. Hush! I haven't dared to breathe it. I'll explain.

TRIO.— RITA, VASQUEZ, and GRIGG.

GRIGG (*agitated*).

There are cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell,
When 'tis better that the truth should not be known.
When we'd better leave it lying at the bottom of the well,
And agree with me to let that well alone.

VASQUEZ. What mean you?

RITA. Explain.

GRIGG.

When we met at Compostello t'other day, my wife and I,
There was little time to talk when there were other people
by,
Quite silent in the railway it was difficult to keep,
So I cleverly pretended to be very sound asleep.

ALL. There are cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell,
When we'd better leave it lying at the bottom of the well.

GRIGG.

And tho' I thought and thought again, and tho' my brain I
racked,
I couldn't find a fiction ever founded upon fact.
How could I say a Captain of Ladrones I had been,
And the temporary consort of a widowed Brigand Queen?

ALL. In the cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell,
We had better leave it lying at the bottom of the well.

VASQUEZ. 'Tis a difficult case, but a case you must face,
And we are the trio to do it!
You must try my invention; I've every intention
To see you successfully through it.

RITA. (to VASQUEZ)

To whate'er you may say, as I'm bound to obey,
I will swear without any restriction;
I will aid you a bit, with my womanly wit,
And an air that will carry conviction.

ALL. 'Tis a difficult case, but a case you must face,
We will see you successfully through it,
We'll swear what you mention is truth, not invention,
Oh, we are the trio to do it!

Re-enter DOLLY, having changed her travelling costume. At the same moment FERDINAND enters with tray of chocolate, bread, cake, iced water, and cigarettes.

RECITATIVE.

DOLLY. Charming! So blithe and gay!
GRIGG. My Dolly dear,
Your sunny smile –
DOLLY (*putting him aside*). So nice! (*to RITA.*) I want to hear
The story of the brigands.

FERDINAND *lets tray go on table with a bang.*

FERDINAND (*aside*). Brigands!
(*aloud, apologizing.*) It's the tray.
The chocolate, tartine –
VASQUEZ (*to Ladies*). Be seated, pray!
DOLLY (*clapping her hands*). The Brigands!
GRIGG. Silence for the Count!
VASQUEZ. I'll try
My best!
DOLLY. I'm all attention.
FERDINAND (*aside*). So am I!

QUINTET. – RITA, DOLLY, VASQUEZ, GRIGG, and FERDINAND.

VASQUEZ. One lovely summer day
In the mountains we were straying,
RITA. We strayed far, far away,
GRIGG. Like couples gone a-maying.
FERDINAND (*aside*). I'll list to what they're saying.
VASQUEZ. We chose a lovely spot,
The sun was slowly setting,
RITA. By all the world forgot
And all the world forgetting.

ENSEMBLE.

RITA, VASQUEZ, GRIGG, and DOLLY. **FERDINAND** (*aside*).
One lovely summer day I'll list to what they say!
We/They strayed far, far away! I'll list to what they say!

VASQUEZ. By soothing, sweet cascade
We were sitting, spooning, luning
RITA. When we head a bugle played,
As though sadly needing tuning.
VASQUEZ. The Brigands! See! – she cried.
Her fears were too well founded.
They swarmed! they multiplied!
RITA. And we – we were surrounded!

ENSEMBLE.

DOLLY and GRIGG. **FERDINAND** (*aside*).
How dreadful! what a day! I wonder what he'll say.
And you so far away! I've head that bugle play!

VASQUEZ (*dramatically*).

Then here and there, and all around,
Like demons springing from the ground,
They bound on every boulder.

RITA. A dagger here, a pistol there,
Yes, deadly weapons everywhere,
All pointed from the shoulder.

VASQUEZ. Beware! They take a deadly aim.

DOLLY (*agitated*).

And no one to your rescue came?

FERDINAND. As though they were a brace of game.

RITA (*proudly, pointing to VASQUEZ*).

He was my sole defender!

VASQUEZ. My pulse beat quick,
The guns went "click!"

The brigands cry "Surrender!"

FERDINAND (*laughing sardonically*).

Ha! ha! that's good. (*Stops himself.*)

DOLLY. What, can it be,
That you approve such knavery?

FERDINAND (*apologetically*).

Oh no! what so delighted me

Was your undoubted bravery!

(*bowing to VASQUEZ and RITA*)

DOLLY. But say, my husband where does he
Come in to show his bravery?

GRIGG. I'll tell you now where I came in,
And how I showed my bravery.

Listen!

I was in the mountains walking,
With my photographic lens,
When I heard some people talking,
And the voices all were men's.
Then I crept along, so supple,
Gliding, wriggling, like a snake,
Till I came upon a couple,
(*indicating VASQUEZ and RITA.*)
Bound, but very wide awake.
And I whispered, "Trust to me —
I'll return and set you free."

ENSEMBLE.

RITA and VASQUEZ.

DOLLY

FERDINAND

(*bewildered*). (*aside*).

Then he
whispered, etc.

Then you
whispered, etc.

This is strange — it puzzles me—
How on earth became they free?

GRIGG.

Jumping on a steed, I galloped,
Galloped faster than the wind!
How I kicked, and spurred, and walloped,
What I suffered — never mind!

Down the hills and through the valleys,
Over meadows, o'er the plain,
Passing castles, farms, and châteaux,
Never, never drawing rein.

Gave him water dashed with arrack!
Then I made the pace increase,
Till at last we reached the barrack,
Where are stationed the police!

Armèd force, my voice obeying,
Bravely charged the Brigand troop;
Inez, Sancho, José, swaying,
Fight and fall at one fell swoop!

Now I cut their cords asunder!
Moi qui parle – I tell the tale!
Now he cuts their cords asunder!
Lui qui parle – he tells the tale!

GRIGG. Then as after storm and thunder,
Reigneth peace o'er hill and dale!
ALL (*gratefully*). Reigneth peace o'er hill and dale!

DOLLY. Oh, Peter, you are a hero!

ALL (*warmly*). Ah!

DOLLY. I never knew you could ride.

GRIGG. No more did I. It was an inspiration! – but a painful experience.

DOLLY. You ought to publish your adventures! It's a thrilling sensational romance!

GRIGG. It is! You would scarcely have recognized me if you had seen me after that desperate equestrian performance. I was quite a *Rider Haggard*.

FERD. And this Inez, this Sancho, this Pedro, the brigands you mentioned – are they all – dead?

GRIGG. Well, I think we may safely speak of them as "the departed."

FERDINAND *goes up and off* R.2.E.

VASQUEZ. Bravo! My wife and I are going to inspect the gold-washing on my property down the stream, at the mill yonder. (*pointing off* L.H.)

RITA. Join us as soon as you can.

DOLLY. With pleasure!

Exeunt VASQUEZ and RITA L.2.E.

DOLLY. If my husband isn't ready I won't wait for him – (*to GRIGG and embracing him as she passes on*) for even heroes do take a long time at their toilet.

GRIGG. My dear, my motto is "Ready, aye ready" in a few minutes.

Exit DOLLY into Inn.

GRIGG. What a lucky escape! The brigand episode all over, and nothing will ever be heard of it again! I came to Spain a nobody; I shall leave it a hero!

Exit into Posada R.H. gaily humming the refrain of his song in Act I.

FERDINAND *returns R.2.E., carrying a canvas bag and a sieve.*

FERD. So! The band of the Ladrones has broken up! Sancho, José, gone! and my wife Inez, too! Ah! I shall never look upon her again. I hope not, I'm sure. And now I'm free. Under the disguise of Pietro Slivinski, the Polish courier, no one will detect the once bold Captain of the Ladrones, Ferdinand de Roxas! As courier to these simple foreigners I can make my way to England, and once there, the funds of the Ladrones which I safely invested in my own pockets, will be of material assistance. Now to try a little gold-washing. It is not often one has the chance of making a pile and coming out of the transaction with clean hands. (*As he is speaking the above he has been turning up his sleeves.*) A few moments ago I shouldn't have dared to expose these tattoo marks. Aha! (*going up to boat*) and now I can once again fearlessly sing my favourite "Caballero Capitano" without danger of the harmony being disturbed by an unwelcome chorus.

SONG. — FERDINAND.

During which he pulls the chain of boat on shore, trundles the mop, fetches the punt-pole, deposits the bag and the sieve in the punt. Drinks from a flask, replaces it in pocket, takes off his jacket, rolls a cigarette, lights it, then enters boat, releases and hauls in chain, takes punt-pole.

SONG. — LA CRIADA

[Burnand supplied extensive footnotes for this song. See Appendix.]

"O dónde está
 La criada?"
"Ella está
 A Grenada!
Ella ha para su sabado
Una fiesta en el prado!"
 La criada! La la la la!"
 La criada!
 Le posada!
 La criada de posada!

"Quiero el camerero?"

"Deme mi sombrero!"
"Mi amigo,
Don Rodrigo!
Hoy he comido."
"Doñas d'España,
Posada mañana
Yo soy paro!"

"La criada! mi llama!
Paciencia y barajar!
La! La! La!
Paciencia y barajar!"

As he finishes the song he disappears, punting, L.3.E.

Enter from over bridge, and at back, and down, PEDRO GOMEZ, SANCHE, JOSÉ, JUANITA, and INEZ; JOSÉ as Secretary, Treasurer, and Apothecary; SANCHE as Maître d'Hotel and Travelling Physician; PEDRO GOMEZ as the Lady's Legal Adviser, Attorney, Solicitor, and Private Astrologer; JUANITA as First Singing and Dancing Lady of the Bedchamber; INEZ as a Grand Lady of Spain.

QUINTET. — JUANITA, INEZ, PEDRO GOMEZ, SANCHE, and JOSÉ.

INEZ. There's no one I'm certain would know me again,
Disguised as a typical lady of Spain;
Regular gad-about,
Me they're all mad about,
I'm so delightfully gay.
Smiles comprehensible!
None are insensible!
Quite indefensible
Conduct they say.
Arm in arm linkingly,
Flirting unthinkingly,
Winkingly,
"Isn't she gay?"

SANCHE. Appointed her private physician I am.
Small doses prescribing in raspberry jam,
They call me a quack; 'tis
Because of my practice.
Now is this prescription a sham?
Take tannic phosphoric,
Pil: hum paregoric,
Cum aqua caloric,
Benzoic sulphas,
Sarsaparilla,
Mistura Manilla,
Vanilla,
And back Isinglass!

PEDRO. And I am her chaplain and *maître d'hôtel*,
An employment that suits me exceedingly well,
Part of my office I

Have got to prophesy
And to foretell the event of the day.
Making astrology
'Lectro-biology
And demonology pay.

JUANITA. I'm lady in waiting, I'm leading soubrette,
I'm of the Imperial ballet the pet,
Sweepingly, peepingly,
Whirlingly, twirlingly
Three simple ladies in one!
Flittering, fluttering,
Compliments uttering,
Artful in buttering
Second to none
Smilingly, willingly,
Sweetly beguilingly
Rilingly
Too, but in fun!

JOSÉ. I'm the Secretary
And apothecary
Both wary and gay.
Bursar
And pursar,
Both paying
And weighing
All drugs, bills,
Draughts, pills,
All the day.

REPEAT ENSEMBLE.

JUANITA. No sign of the Captain.
INEZ. My Ferdinand! What says our legal adviser and private
astrologer, Pedro Gomez?
PEDRO. The voice of the stars tells me that the Captain is
somewhere about.
JUANITA. If he be, we are safe to hear him singing the Captain's
song.
INEZ. "*Caballero Capitano!*" I should at once recognize the
lovely voice and melody.
JUANITA. Can he have gone to Buenos Ayres?
SANCHO. If so, he may yet return by extraditional express.
INEZ. He may! But what says the voice of the stars?
PEDRO. The majority of the Voices of the Stars say that if our
Chieftain has not already spent the money, he still has
it with him, or at least part of it.
SANCHO. The stars are brilliant!
JOSÉ. When the stars tell you that sort of thing, Pedro
Gomez, do they wink much?
INEZ (*with dignity*). José! Be cautious! (*Observing DOLLY
approaching under portico of Inn, and JUANITA.*) Keep
your eyes open!

Enter from Inn DOLLY, with her hat and sunshade as if for walking.

DOLLY *(speaking off)*. Peter! once for all, if you cannot be ready in two minutes, I shall go without you. *(Comes down buttoning her gloves. JOSÉ and SANCHO come down tip-toe, signalling to each other.)* He has got into such a muddle with his portmanteau! When I'm not there to pack for him, he loses everything. *(JOSÉ picks her pocket. PEDRO GOMEZ distracts the waiter's attention, but JUANITA attracts the attention of INEZ to what is going on.)* Now I gave him two minutes *(pulls out watch)*, I've been here quite one, and now – there I sha'n't lose any more time.

INEZ has come down between SANCHO and DOLLY and prevents his taking her watch. DOLLY is going, finishing buttoning gloves and opening sunshade. GOMEZ sees waiter into Posada. INEZ draws dagger, threatens JOSÉ, who drops purse.

INEZ. Madame –

DOLLY. Did you speak to me?

JUANITA. Madame has dropped something. *(JUANITA presents purse.)*

DOLLY. A thousand thanks. *(JUANITA retires up.)*

INEZ. Don't mention it.

JOSÉ *(introducing INEZ)*. Permit me! La Duchesse Inez de Roxas.

INEZ. Permit me! My physician, Dr. Sandrigo Valenado – my secretary, Don Plumita Calabaza – my majordomo, Don Ruggiero – my lady-in-waiting, Señora Juanita de Bandana.

ALL. Charmed!

DOLLY. Delighted. *(At a sign from INEZ they retire up R. and L., and exeunt.)* I am waiting for my husband.

INEZ. A bond of union. I am in search of mine.

DOLLY. Is he lost?

INEZ. No; only gone before, – that is before we had time to prevent him.

Enter GRIGG.

DOLLY. Ah! at last. Peter, dear –

GRIGG. My own one.

DOLLY. Let me introduce you. *(Aside.)* A lady of some importance. *(Aloud.)* Duchess – allow me – my husband.

GRIGG. *(bowing)*. Duchess! *(Recognizes INEZ, both start – aside.)* Inez! "The New Woman!"

INEZ *(aside, eyeing him, significantly)*. "A woman – with a past!"

TRIO. — DOLLY, INEZ, and GRIGG.

DOLLY (*aside to GRIGG*). What is the matter, Peter?
 (*aside to herself*). He seems afraid to greet her!

GRIGG (*aside*). I'm not prepared to meet her!

INEZ (*aside*). A fickle, perjured cheater!

DOLLY (*aside to GRIGG sternly*).
 Remember, you're a hero — not a booby!

GRIGG (*miserably, aside*).
 If one wife is too much, O what will two be!

INEZ (*with grim satisfaction, aside*).
 I think another ransom soon will due be!

GRIGG (*aside to DOLLY*). I'll struggle with my shyness.

DOLLY (*aside to GRIGG*). Do overcome your shyness.

INEZ (*aside*). I'll make him pay for slyness.

GRIGG. Here goes!
(*Addresses INEZ, nervously affecting courageous politeness*).
 How is your Highness?
 Your Grace, I mean!

(*Taking advantage of DOLLY's turning away laughing at his mistake, he goes on aside to INEZ*). Be merciful, oh, do be!

INEZ (*aside with cutting politeness*). My Grace is well!
(*aside to him, viciously*). You villain!
(*aloud, politely*). How may you be?

DOLLY (*aside, turning away and laughing*).
 "Your Highness!" Shy as Peter very few be!
 "Your Highness!" Ha! ha! ha!
(*aloud*). The Duchess will excuse you!

INEZ (*taking her hand*). Must you go? I can't refuse you.

GRIGG. Au revoir!

INEZ (*aside to him while DOLLY is waving her handkerchief, as if to COUNT and COUNTESS in the distance*). I will not lose you!
 You're not free!

GRIGG (*despairingly, aside*). I'm not free!

DOLLY (*signalling at wing*). Me they see!

GRIGG (*explaining to INEZ*). Our friends are waiting yonder.

DOLLY. Hurry up! or off they'll wander,

INEZ (*stopping GRIGG as he tries to pass her*).
 Then of friends you are much fonder
 Than of me!
 O dear me!
 Past the tree!

GRIGG (*aside, wretchedly*). What a terrible virago!
(*INEZ puts him round viciously and gets towards DOLLY*.)

INEZ (*aloud to DOLLY, pointing off*).
 Who are those? They cannot far go?

DOLLY (*to INEZ*). Count and Countess de Gonzago.

INEZ (*surprised and delighted*). Them I know!

DOLLY (*surprised and delighted*). What! them you know!

GRIGG (*suddenly recollecting, and now utterly dejected, aside*).
 Yes! just so!
(*in depths of despair*) Here's a go!

DOLLY and INEZ. Then let us walk together,

It is such lovely weather
For walking I'm in feather,
All aglow!

DOLLY (*confidentially to INEZ*).

I will tell you as we're walking,
But he must not hear us talking,
How the brigands do the stalking,

(*INEZ starts. GRIFF despairing.*)

Though approve of it you mayn't,
Let us run and go before him
As my story would but bore him,
Should he come, we can't ignore him –
He is modest as a saint!

INEZ.

What a character revealing!
Private diary unsealing!
With a hero we are dealing –
On his honour not a taint.

(*aside to him*).

'Tis no use in mercy crying!
I shall hear how you've been lying!
For escape don't think of trying
Any trick, or dodge, or feint!

GRIGG (*aside*).

Oh, my brain is whirling, reeling,
There is something o'er me stealing,
Just the sickly kind of feeling
That's produced by smelling paint.
I am writhing like a conger,
Going weaker 'stead of stronger,
If they keep it up much longer
I shall have a fit and faint!

ENSEMBLE.

DOLLY and INEZ.

What a character revealing! etc.

GRIGG.

Oh, my brain is whirling, reeling, etc.

DOLLY and INEZ dance off merrily arm in arm. GRIGG whirls about, then staggers and falls into chair, fainting.

SANCHO and JOSÉ re-enter and come down. Meanwhile JUANITA and GOMEZ are crossing bridge and coming down.

SANCHO (*coming down*). The poor gentleman has fainted. (*to JOSÉ*) Apothecary! the restoratives.

JOSÉ. Restoration isn't much in our line. (*They feel his pulse.*) I may as well take my fee in advance.

SANCHO (*taking his watch and chain*). There's a weight off his chest.

Re-enter INEZ.

INEZ. How doth the patient?

JOSÉ. He is already considerably relieved.

INEZ. Leave him to me. (to SANCHE) Keep watch.
SANCHE. I will. (aside) And chain.
INEZ (to JUANITA). Pinch him!
GRIGG (starting up). At . . . ch . . . (stops in middle of a sneeze.) Inez - José - Juanita - Sancho - it's the gang!
ALL. (indignantly). Sir!
GRIGG. I apologize.
INEZ. We accept your apology. And now what course do you mean to take?
GRIGG. Well, I haven't got much appetite for anything.
INEZ. No trifling. How will you deal with the facts?
GRIGG. How? (puzzled) How? (suddenly and boldly) I shall deny them!
ALL (PEDRO GOMEZ, JUANITA, SANCHE, JOSÉ coming down). Witnesses!
INEZ. (showing photo taken in Act I.). The photograph!
GRIGG. The photo! (He reels.)
JUANITA. Taken by Count Vasquez.
INEZ. Signed by you, by me, by them!
SANCHE, JOSÉ, and PEDRO. And Us!
JUANITA (coming down). Your wife and friends are returning.
GRIGG. What's to be done?
INEZ. Purchase the picture - and our silence.

All nod and put their fingers to their lips.

GRIGG. Good! A hundred pounds!
INEZ. Done!
GRIGG. It's mine. (Stretching out his hand.)
INEZ. The money!
GRIGG. I haven't got it!
INEZ. Borrow.
GRIGG. "Borrow in Spain" - (suddenly) of the Count! I will. In ten minutes you shall have it - here!
ALL. Agreed! (They make a sign of silence.) Mum!

SEXTET. - JUANITA, INEZ, PEDRO GOMEZ, GRIGG, SANCHE, and JOSÉ.

We quite understand we'll whisper the band what never must be repeated,
That every penny no matter how many is paid and bill receipted;
And never a word of what has occurred we'll drop to any chum,
We swear! we swear! that everywhere we'll be mum! mum! mum!
Be mum! be mum!
To every chum!

Should anyone go like this (all nudge one another) "I know" -
we'll hope that no one goes so -
You ought to reply with t'other eye (all wink) and finger to nose
so! (They suit action to word.)
Or make the sign of the classic line, "He spoke no word of doubt,"
But put his thumb up to his nose and he spread his fingers out.

We'll be mum!
Be mum! be mum!
To ever chum!

Exeunt [SANCHO, JOSÉ, PEDRO GOMEZ, and JUANITA].

Re-enter, L.2.E., DOLLY, VASQUEZ, and COUNTESS RITA. DOLLY goes to GRIGG; VASQUEZ and RITA to INEZ.

VASQUEZ. I have news for you. The police are in possession of your husband's portrait.

RITA. They say he is here in disguise.

INEZ. I love him! and love can penetrate any disguise.

GRIGG has beckoned to VASQUEZ, who crosses to him.

DOLLY. Yet they say love is blind!

INEZ. No! only short-sighted; and, generally speaking, very short-sighted. No disguise can avail him against the loving instinct of a wife.

RITA and DOLLY go up apart with INEZ. GRIGG comes down hurriedly with VASQUEZ.

GRIGG (*anxiously to VASQUEZ*). You understand!

VASQUEZ. Perfectly! She possesses the photo that I took of you two in a compromising attitude. Will she part with it?

GRIGG. For a hundred pounds. But –

VASQUEZ. You haven't the money. I'll arrange that.

GRIGG. My dear Count!

VASQUEZ. No thanks – peace at any price. Come along.

Enters Posada, turns and calls RITA.

RITA (*to INEZ and DOLLY*). Excuse me.

Exit into Posada after VASQUEZ.

GRIGG. Good fellow, the Count. What a position! (*Looking at DOLLY.*) My better half – (*looking at INEZ*) and my worse half!

DOLLY. Yes, Duchess, we really *must* return to England

GRIGG (*aside*). Bravo! (*Aloud*) It is an absolute necessity.

DOLLY. I will pack at once.

GRIGG. Do. We'll be off by the next train. (*Looking pointedly at INEZ.*) When I've settled my debts.

DOLLY inclines formally to INEZ, who returns it, and exit into Posada.

INEZ (*holding up photograph*). Your note of hand.

SANCHO (*coming down, bowing*). Going to leave us?

JOSÉ (*same business*). No, the gentleman is coming back to "settle."

GRIGG. Immediately. Cash forward.

Exit into Posada, R.H.

JUANITA and GOMEZ rush in hurriedly over bridge.

JUANITA. Madame, one of our band –

PEDRO. Has heard some one singing the Captain's song,
"Caballero Capitano."

All start.

INEZ. No one sings *that*, except the Captain!

FERDINAND *heard without, singing.*

INEZ. 'Tis he! 'Tis Ferdinand!

All join sotto voce in the refrain and withdraw stealthily R. and L., as FERDINAND, his sleeves still tucked up, returns with the sieve and the bag filled.

FERD. Ha! ha! Bravo! Gold sand! Tra la la – a first rate catch. (*Pours it out.*) La! la! la! la!

As he sings, SANCHO, JOSÉ, and INEZ come down, GOMEZ at back. With the last note SANCHO twitches his right whisker, JOSÉ his left, GOMEZ seizes his wig, all are taken off at once and INEZ steps down. JUANITA returns.

ALL. La!

FERD (*staggered*). My wife! (*Gasps. FERDINAND struts up. The group breaks up simultaneously so as to block his passage at every possible exit with dagger and pistol, then finding that he is trapped and unarmed he stops, broken down. Business.*) She speaks –

INEZ. Ferdinand! Come to my arms!

FERDINAND *feels for his knife, which has been removed by SANCHO.*

SANCHO and JOSÉ (*with pistols, politely*). Chieftain!
Come to our arms!

FERDINAND (*aside*). No escape! (*Aloud, feigning boisterous delight.*) Inez – this moment of happiness repays me for everything. (*Embraces INEZ.*)

SANCHO. Then you'll kindly repay us.

JOSÉ. The money belonging to the band, noble Chieftain!

GRIGG (*who has entered, followed by RITA and VASQUEZ. Aside*). Chieftain!

RITA and VASQUEZ. Chieftain!

INEZ. My dear husband!

GRIGG (*puzzled, aside*). But that costume?

INEZ (*to GOMEZ, SANCHO, and JOSÉ*). See that my husband, your

Chieftain, is attired as becomes his rank.

They go up guarding him off.

INEZ (aside to GRIGG). And now – our bargain.
GRIGG (aside to her). The money. (*Hands note.*)
INEZ (aside to him). The photo. (*Gives it to him.*)
GRIGG. Safe! (to VASQUEZ) Burn it. (*Gives it to VASQUEZ.*)
DOLLY (*entering ready for travelling as the servants carry the luggage across the bridge*). Peter! Where's our courier? (*Looks about.*)
RITA. He has gone to get some change.

INEZ sounds her silver whistle. Ladrones crowd on.

DOLLY. Why (*looking from one to the other*) who are these?
INEZ. Our faithful followers welcoming home my gallant, my long lost husband, (*grandly*) Ferdinand, Duke di Roxas.

FERDINAND, returning in a brigand's hat and mantle, takes C. – and all salute him – then he removes the hat and hand it to GOMEZ.

GRIGG. Count – friends all – au revoir! I congratulate you on the return of your Chieftain – the Duke Ferdinand!

FINALE OF ACT II.

RITA. The Chieftain is found! and we welcome again.
ALL. Tra la la la la la!
RITA. The Duke whom the Duchess has sought for in Spain!
ALL. Tra la la la la la!
VASQUEZ. The Chieftain is found! and with her, his dear wife,
ALL. Tra la la la la la!
VASQUEZ. The Duke will remain for the rest of his life.
ALL. Tra la la la la la!
ALL SOLOISTS.
The Chieftain is found! and with her, his dear wife,
The Duke will remain for the rest of his life!
The Chieftain! The Chieftain! Our joy and our pride!
We welcome the Chieftain, returned to his bride!
ALL. Tra la la la la la!

Tableau.

CURTAIN.

APPENDIX.

The following song replaced "Let others seek the peaceful plain" late in the run.

SONG. — INEZ.

My parents were of great gentility,
no hostility
to nobility;

And such was my great amiability,
Me none disobeyed, la, la, la!

CHORUS. La, la, la!

Admirers to gain I'd adopt a away,
And I flopt away,
But they dropt away;

No question they'd pop, but they popped away
With "Fair Spanish Maid, ta, ta, ta!"

CHORUS. Ta, ta, ta!

A suitor approached in reality,
all vitality,
no formality;

He sighed, "Oh, be mine!" — 'twas fatality —
I murmured, "I'm thine!" la, la, la!

CHORUS. La, la, la!

Says he, "My love made to endure it is,
Oh! be sure it is!
And so pure it is!

'Tis not for your banking securities,
Though those will be mine," la, la, la!

CHORUS. La, la, la!

We eloped, and he said, "Bring your money, do!
Oh, my honey, do!
'Twill be funny, do!"

He begged me with smile, oh, so sunny, "Do!"
I brought every stitch, la, la, la!

CHORUS. La, la, la!

We fled to the mountain defiles away.
Many miles away,
Time he wiles away;

Quoth he, "Thus the Chieftain beguiles away
A Chieftainess rich," la, la, la!

CHORUS. They fled to the mountains, etc.

NOTES TO LA CRIADA.

by F.C. Burnand

It is, perhaps, impossible to render satisfactorily into English a song so purely national and local as this ballad of the Captain's, which, some years ago at least, would have been as popular on the hillside from Pajareo to Caparroso, and even further south as far as Albacete and S. Elena, among the gay but lawless brigands, the *picadores*, the *chulos*, the *espadas* (at least, if the authority of Romero may be trusted) and the matadors "á lo majo." Premising that it is supposed to be sung by a gallant Caballero visiting an inn, the following admirable translation (for which we are indebted to Signor Giovanni Murré) will doubtless succeed in conveying a clear idea of the scope, meaning, intention, and the Southern colour of the simple original.

"LA CRIADA!" *i.e.*, "THE CHAMBERMAID, OR MAIDSERVANT."

(*The Cavalier commences by asking: -*)

"Dónde está La criada?"	"(Tell me) Where is The Chambermaid?"
----------------------------	--

(*Then the Waiter or the Landlord or the Second Chambermaid is supposed to answer: -*)

"Ella está	"She" (<i>this particular Chambermaid</i>) is (now at this moment)
A Grenada!	At Grenada."
Ella ha para su sabado	"She has" (<i>continues the deponent</i>)
Una fiesta en el prado!"	"started (having taken) her Saturday out" (<i>literally "on her Saturday, a festival or holiday"</i>) "for (to show herself on) the parade" (<i>i.e.</i> , on "Church parade," as is the custom in London on Sundays).

(*Whereat the Cavalier, pretending to be much amused at the idea, exclaims with feigned gaiety: -*)

"La criada! La la la!"	"The Chambermaid! (on the Church parade, that is a good notion!)" (<i>and he sings, snapping his fingers jauntily.</i>) "La! La! La! La!"
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(*Being unable to see his inamorata, the Chambermaid, the Cavalier earnestly inquires: -*)

"Quiero el camerero?"	"Where is the Chamberlain (or Head Waiter)?"
-----------------------	--

(*Who, it may be supposed, immediately appears. Whereupon the*

Cavalier tells us what he has been waiting for, by commanding the Chamberlain thus: -)

"Deme mi sombrero!"

"Give me my hat."

(This order is punctually attended to, and the gay Cavalier, issuing forth, joins his friend Don Rodrigo in the street, to whom he says by way of excuse: -)

"Mi amigo,
Don Rodrigo,
Hoy he comido."

"My friend,
Don Rodrigo,
I have dined!"

(Which dismisses Don Rodrigo, and then the gay Cavalier, being free from any engagement, addresses himself generally in a light and airy manner to the fair sex: -)

"Doñas d'España
Posado mañana
Yo soy paro!"

"Ladies of Spain,
(not to-day but) The day after
to-morrow
I am ready for you!"

(That is to say, "I do not renounce all chance of winning the lovely Chambermaid, but when I have followed her up to-day, if she is not gracious to me, then, come one, come all, I am, Spanish Ladies, entirely at your service.")

(Then he reverts to his first love, and exclaims: -)

"La criada! mi llama!"

"The Chambermaid! I call to
her!"

(This is an ancient, Andalusian abbreviation, rarely used except by persons expressing themselves in a kind of familiar patois, which is not exactly slang, but a colloquialism.)

(And then, as he will have to wait some hours before he is able to visit the "prado" and see his pretty Chambermaid, he comforts himself, in true Spanish fashion, with the old proverb: -)

"Paciencia y barajar!"

"Paciencia y barajar!"

(Which speaks for itself. And once more he sings gaily "La! La! La!" as he departs to find the girl to whom he is temporarily devoted.)

"La! La! La!"

"La! La! La!"

(He sings, repeating)

"Paciencia y barajar!"

"Paciencia y barajar!"

(Let us hope that his patience will be rewarded, and that the pretty Chambermaid, of whom he is evidently enamoured, will prove herself worthy of so devoted a lover.)