

First produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, Saturday, 29th February, 1897, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

HIS MAJESTY;
or,
The Court of Vingolia
in Two Acts
by F.C. Burnand and R.C. Lehmann
[additional lyrics by Adrian Ross]
music by Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie

Dramatis Personæ

FERDINAND THE FIFTH (<i>King of Vingolia</i>)	Mr. George Grossmith
COUNT COSMO (<i>Prime Minister and First Lord of the Admiralty</i>)	Mr. Scott Russell
BARON VINCENTIUS (<i>Lord High Chamberlain and Commander-in-Chief and Secretary of War</i>)	Mr. Jones Hewson
BARON MICHAEL (<i>Vice-Chamberlain; of Celtic extraction, his family having become naturalised in Vingolia</i>)	Mr. Earldon
PRINCE MAX (<i>of Baluria</i>)	Mr. Charles Kenningham
MOPOLIO VII (<i>King of Osturia</i>)	Mr. Fred Billington
BOODEL (<i>Ex-Master of the Revels to KING FERDINAND</i>)	Mr. Walter Passmore
HERR SCHIPPENTRIMMER (<i>Court Costumier</i>)	Mr. Bryan
CHEVALIER KLARKSTEIN DE FRISE (<i>Court Perruquier</i>)	Mr. H. Charles
ADAM (<i>a Woodman</i>)	Mr. Herbert Workman
PRINCESS LUCILLA CHLORIS (<i>of Osturia, daughter of MOPOLIO</i>)	Miss Florence Perry
FELICE (<i>adopted daughter of ADAM and GERTRUDE</i>)	Madame Ilka Palmay
DUCHESS GONZARA (<i>Mistress of the Royal Wardrobe</i>)	Miss Macaulay
DAME GERTRUDE (<i>Wife of ADAM</i>)	Miss Bessie Bonsall
<i>Principal Ladies-in-Waiting on PRINCESS LUCILLA CHLORIS</i>	
HELENA	Miss Jessie Rose
DOROTHEA	Miss Ruth Vincent
CLAUDINA	Miss Mildred Baker

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court of Vingolia
and Ladies of the Court of Osturia in attendance on PRINCESS CHLORIS.

The Opera Stage managed by Mr. Charles Harris, and produced under the special direction of the
Author and Composer.

ACT I. — Interior of the Palace of Vingolia. View of the Royal Art Galleries.

ACT II. — On the Vingolian Ramparts. Preparations for War!
(both designed by Mr. Harford)

Musical Director: Mr. Francis [sic] Cellier.
Stage Manager: Mr. W.H. Seymour.

Dresses designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, and executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Auguste, Madame Leon, and Mr. B.J. Simmons. Dances by Mr. John D'Auban. Stage Machinist: Mr. Peter White. Electrician: Mr. Lyons.

Five of the Lyrics are by "Adrian Ross."

THE STORY OF THE OPERA.

Extract from the Ancient Statute Book of Vingolia.

"Cap. vi., Sect. 10. And be it hereby and herein declared and enacted that no portrait of the Reigning Monarch or of any Member, male or female, of the Royal Family of Vingolia shall be sketched, drawn, printed, engraved, painted, stamped on coins, medals, sculptured in any material or by any known or hereafter invented method or process or art whatever produced, whether for private possession or circulation, or for public exhibition in any illustrated or non-illustrated paper or serial of any description whatsoever, on pain of, &c." (Here follow the penalties for first and subsequent offences against this law, the three last being imprisonment, banishment for a term, and the last penalty of the Law). The Statute goes on to further enact that anyone "*causing, or commanding, or advising, or selling, or putting up for auction*" such a likeness shall be duly proceeded against.

Ferdinand, now King of Vingolia, has when Prince and disguised as an art student named Oswé, promised marriage to Felice, the adopted daughter of a woodman. Ferdinand, as King, must marry the Princess of Osturia, who with her ladies comes to the Court of Vingolia for the betrothal. Ferdinand and the Princess have never met and have never seen any portrait of one another.

Princess Chloris is in love with Prince Max. Prince Max devises a plan which, if carried out, will allow the Princess to elope with him, while Felice takes her place.

What comes of the attempt to carry out this design the play itself will show.

ACT I

SCENE. — *Gallery in the Palace of Vingolia. Works of Art, Statues, etc., as in a gallery. Picture on Easel L.2.E., with Curtain drawn across it, and COURTIERS and COURT LADIES assembled.*

TRIO and CHORUS. — COSMO, VINCENTIUS, and MICHAEL.

TRIO. When Ferdinand came to Vingolia's throne
 Succeeding to the late Alexis,

He upped at once and made a speech —
 “I’m master,” he said, “and I’m bound to teach
 That,” said the King in an awful tone,
 “The will of Ferdinand, Rex, is.”

He very soon showed what he really meant,
 This King with a taste for teaching,
 For all of us had to attend a class
 With papers and marks, and plough, and pass,
 And it’s woe to the wretch who hints dissent
 When Ferdinand, Rex, is preaching.

SOPRANOS. In short since young prince Ferdinand succeeded to the crown,
 He’s turned our whole Society completely upside down.

CONTRALTOS. A Prince whose French translation seemed a trifle over-glib,
 Was by Ferdinand convicted of referring to a crib.

ALL WOMEN. He was marched away in handcuffs and he expiates his fault
 On a bread-and-water diet in a subterranean vault.

FULL CHORUS. On a bread-and-water diet in a subterranean vault.

Next a Bishop with a manifest intention to deceive,
 Who had hidden the commandments very neatly up his sleeve,
 Has been sent to do a year or two of county curate’s work,
 With a school-board to look after him and see he doesn’t shirk.

TRIO *and* CHORUS. With a school-board to look after him and see he doesn’t shirk.
 At every form of energy this monarch has a shy,
 Inserts his fingers eagerly in everybody’s pie
 And not content with fingering as other monarchs do,
 He settles the ingredients, and bakes the piecrust too.

SOPRANOS. Last Saturday an admiral who said he wouldn’t knit,
 Was hoisted by a midshipman and flogged into a fit;

CONTRALTOS. While a general who spilt a pot of ink upon his theme,
 And excused himself by saying he had done it in a dream,
 Just to teach him to be truthful and to moderate his pranks,

ALL WOMEN. Was imprisoned in a fortress and degraded in the ranks.

FULL CHORUS. Was imprisoned in a fortress and degraded in the ranks.
 Then a Duchess who, as ladies will, collapsed in rule of three,
 Was condemned to tripe and onions at her breakfast and her tea;
 And a Marchioness who rashly interceded for her Grace,
 At her breakfast and her tea-time has to meet her face to face.

TRIO *and* CHORUS. At her breakfast and her tea-time has to meet her face to face.
 At every form of energy, etc.

DUCHESS (C.). When does His Majesty’s official betrothal take place?

COSMO (L.H.). To-morrow. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Lucilla Chloris of Osturia, arrived
 last night. She will be presented to-day.

DUCHESS. Is she handsome?

COSMO. Strikingly so. Royal brides invariably are. It's true I haven't seen her, nor has any one else. She was fatigued with her journey, and has remained in her apartments.

DUCHESS. Where the King has visited her, I suppose?

COSMO. As yet His Majesty has not set eyes on the Princess.

DUCHESS. How very extraordinary! What an absence of sentiment!

COSMO. In politics sentiment is out of place. This marriage is political.

DUCHESS. How so?

COSMO. The ratification of a treaty between the late King Alexis and King Mopolio, by a condition of which the successor to Alexis — namely, Ferdinand — must marry the heiress to the throne of Osturia, Mopolio's daughter.

DUCHESS. How very unromantic! Well, I trust, at all events, that when the King is married, the Court will be more cheerful than it has been lately.

COSMO. Don't buoy yourself up with false hopes, my dear Duchess. There will be no jollifications.

DUCHESS. What! no banquets! no state balls?

COSMO. No. Since his engagement to the Princess was announced the King has been a changed man — morose, dissatisfied, hasty-tempered. Only yesterday he discharged his Master of the Revels.

DUCHESS. What! dear Boodel! He used to be such a favourite.

COSMO. He never will be again. Piqued at his discharge, he foolishly gave an imitation of His Majesty at some banquet last night. The imitation was, unfortunately, generally recognised.

DUCHESS. Really! Then he must have told his audience for whom it was intended! And what will be done to poor Boodel?

COSMO. We shall know presently. His Majesty is thinking it over. (*Trumpets — shouts without — "Long Life King Ferdinand!"*)

VINCENTIUS. Here comes His Majesty! Let us sing the anthem he has written and composed. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a poor thing, but his own. (KING FERDINAND *enters, attended by four guards, one of whom is BOODEL disguised. All rise and salute him.*)

CHORUS.

Hail, our King: in regal splendour
Lo, His Majesty appears.
People's hope and faith's defender,
Old in wisdom, young in years.
Wheresoe'er he leads we follow,
Never shall his praise be done,
Mars, Minerva, young Apollo,
He is each and all in one.
Hail, renowned in song and story,
Most magnificent and grand,
Thus we celebrate the glory
Of our master Ferdinand.

SONG. — FERDINAND.

I was born upon a Sunday; at the early age of one day
I was Colonel in the Lancers and the wearer of a sword.
And they made me on the Tuesday, which I always call my cruise-day,
Into captain of a cruiser, though I could not go aboard.
Every sort of decoration I received from foreign nations;
All the potentates of Europe showered crosses on my head,
And before the week was ended I was looking really splendid
Lying tucked with all the orders of my knighthood into bed.

CHORUS. And before the week was ended, etc.

FERDINAND. In the Arts I was a dabbler, for I dipped in Hedda Gabbler
And emerged with the aroma of a quintessential train.
And I drew cartoons historic with a meaning allegoric —
You can buy them in the city twopence coloured, penny plain.
Then I taught my friends to grovel at a sketchy little novel
Which I wrote to put the novels of the ancients on the shelf,
And without a word of proem I made up an epic poem,
And composed a three-act opera and acted it myself.

CHORUS. He composed, etc.

FERDINAND. Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, I had got them in a bottle,
All their systems I had mastered at the age of two or three,
And from Hegel, who speaks darkly, and from Kant and Bishop Berkeley
I decanted a philosophy of Ego dashed with me.
I can set a host in motion, send a fleet across the ocean;
I'm a lexicon of learning with omniscience imbued.
And I prosecute my pressmen, and can start the world of guessmen
Groping blindly for the meaning of my latest attitude.

CHORUS. Groping blindly, etc.

FERDINAND. Thus let all the nations know it, I am painter, playwright, poet:
I'm the father of my country and that country's greatest son.
When I'm sad my subjects falter but when circumstances alter
I can always set them laughing at what *I* consider fun.
When compared to King and Kaiser, I am greater, better, wiser,
I'm to nil my brother sovereigns as infinity is to nought
Yet my character's the oddest for I'm so supremely modest
That I know I never value all my merits as I ought.

CHORUS. Yet his character's, etc.

FERDINAND (C.). Lord High Chamberlain, have you made known our commands as to the
reception to-day in honour of the arrival of the Princess of Osturia? (VINCENTIUS *bows*.)
You are aware that is a train and tail day — ladies will come in trains — Sunday trains.
There is one other matter I wish to touch upon. I hear that last night, my late Master of

the Revels — Boodel — so far forgot himself as to give a comic imitation of “My Majesty” at some public banquet. (*To COSMO L.C.*) Were you there?

COSMO (*embarrassed*). Well, sire — I did just look in.

FERDINAND. Was the imitation funny?

FERDINAND. Well sire, it was funny — in a way — but anybody could have done it. He certainly caught your Majesty’s walk (*chuckling*) and the voice was — (*with intense enjoyment*).

FERDINAND. Silence! You ought to have gone out. Now, there *are* imitations. — You’ve herd my imitation of a steam-roller? Ch-k, ch-k, ch-k, pr-r-r. (*All admire.*)

COSMO. Marvellous!

VINCENTIUS. You can almost see it coming along.

FERDINAND. Nothing personal about that. But to imitate a monarch appears to me the acme of bad taste. The Royal orders — including our order as to Boodel — will be read out to the Guards before they go on patrol. (*Gong sounds.*)

VINCENTIUS. The first gong — the signal for the palace to be thrown open to the public.

FERDINAND. Ladies and Lord, clear the court!

CHORUS.

Words to celebrate thy praise meant,
 How inadequate they sound.
 King, behold us in amazement
 Bowing humbly to the ground.
 Oh, renowned in song and story,
 Most magnificent and grand!
 We depart to spread thy glory,
 Ferdinand, our Ferdinand!

Exeunt all except FERDINAND and the four guards who remain on at back.

FERDINAND (*drawing back the curtain from the picture on easel.*) My darling Felice, my sweet peasant maid! Little do you imagine that the artist who took your portrait and your fancy at the same time, is not Oswé, the poor painter — no, I’m not a poor painter — I mean Oswé, the humble artist, but your King! (*Enter COSMO L.H.*) Look at my latest chef d’œuvre! (*Gets R.*) You appreciate it?

COSMO (L.C.). Highly.

FERDINAND. It is intended as a present to the King of Osturia.

COSMO. Charming! (*Aside.*) That’s the sixth original picture he has sent to neighbouring monarchs within the year!

FERDINAND. By the way, what did the King of Baluria say to the picture I sent him?

COSMO. Sire, he has not even acknowledged it.

FERDINAND. Give him time. No doubt I shall hear soon of its enthusiastic reception by the Balurian Royal Academy. (*COSMO bows.*) But the public must be arriving. See that the sticks and umbrellas are left in the hall. Give out the tickets and catalogues. Throw open the doors and prepare for the rush!

COSMO (*bows*). Your Majesty. (*Exit R.2.E.*)

FERDINAND (*going to the picture on the easel*). I wish I had not promised to part with this picture; but at any rate I won't give up the original. I must get rid of the Princess of Osturia somehow. Now to assume my disguise of the art student. I have now worn it since I painted that portrait. In this character I can wander through the galleries and gather public opinion, and if any critic presumes to disapprove of my work, he dies (*Re-enter COSMO and VINCENTIUS R.2.E.*) Well, how about the rush? Are they flocking in, in their thousands?

COSMO (L.C.). Well, sire, there was one boy who tried to flock in, but when he found there were no waxworks he observed "Not me," and went away.

FERDINAND (C.). He must be called back. I'll make some wax-works! Which way did he go? (*Calling.*) Hi! Boy! (*Exit L.H.*)

VINCENTIUS (R.C.). Now for the Royal orders. (*Reading.*) "Know all men by these," etc., etc. "Boodel" — Ah, here it is! Rather a strong order too. "One hundred crowns reward" —

—
COSMO (looking over him and reading). "For the head" —

VINCENTIUS. "Alive or dead, of" —

BOTH. "Boodel!" (*BOODEL, who has been standing with the four guards at back, now falls forward.*)

VINCENTIUS. Why, it's Boodel! What does this masquerading mean?

BOODEL (C.). I wanted to avoid arrest. You won't give me away?

COSMO. No, we won't give you away. If we want to dispose of you we can sell you.

VINCENTIUS. For a hundred crowns —

BOODEL. Only one hundred crowns! Then keep me. The longer I'm kept the more valuable I shall become.

VINCENTIUS. What possessed you to give an imitation of His Majesty?

BOODEL. My irrepressible humour, — I had hardly touched any champagne. You know how he looks when he's in a bad temper. (*Begins to imitate FERDINAND walking to L.H.*)

COSMO (*aside to VINCENTIUS*). I can't stand dear old Boodel's imitations. I'm off.

VINCENTIUS. Don't be offended if we go away, but you see we mustn't stay and hear you make fun of His Majesty.

COSMO. Much as we should like to do so —

VINCENTIUS. So, perhaps you'll excuse us. (*Exeunt COSMO and VINCENTIUS R.2.E.*)

BOODEL. Idiots! They won't know me again when they see me. I've got a wardrobe of disguises, and if I can only contrive to do His Majesty a service I may earn my pardon. (*Seeing the three Guards, who are still on duty, calls them down — they come down.*) Halt! You shall hear my imitation. You look like an appreciative audience! (*The Guards are absolutely stolid.*) The King is in a temper. (*Imitates.*) "Ludwig, what the deuce do you mean by bringing my shaving water iced?"

FELICE (*outside*). Thank you. I've got my number. It's all right.

BOODEL. Somebody's coming. This is no place for us. Left about turn! March! (*Exit BOODEL with the other three Guards R.2.E.*)

FELICE (*as she enters at back L. and down C.*). At last in the palace where Oswé paints! My Oswé! But is he still my Oswé? It's a month since I saw him! During that time the Court has been in mourning, the palace has been closed to the public, and as Court painter, Oswé must have been shut up with the other art treasures. What a lucky chance it was for me that the Princess's carriage broke down at our cottage, and that she took a fancy to me

and engaged me as lady-in-waiting! Still, if it were not for Oswé, I would not have left my woodland home for a palace!

SONG. — FELICE.

In the forest, in the forest, ah! how joyous are the days,
For the sun itself is brighter and the leaves are greener there,
And the lark goes rippling higher with his morning song of praise;
Yet he warns amid his warbling, “Oh, beware my love, beware!
Life is short and time is fleeting, oh my darling have a care!”
Heed the warning that he utters
As he ripples and he flutters,
Passion’s pilgrim swelling upward, ever upward in the air!

Shall I ever, shall I ever hear the whisper of the trees?
Hear again the ceaseless murmur of the brooklet flashing by?
Hear the far-off sounds of evening faintly wafted on the breeze,
See the rooks in slow procession as they sweep across the sky,
In black and solemn pageant, cawing, cawing as they fly?
Then while all the world is sleeping,
Come the fairy folk a-peeping,
Tripping warily and coyly, for the fairy folks are shy.

Little fairies, little fairies, when the night is calm and clear,
Bring your fireflies from the stable in the shelter of the pine;
Then bestride them and come riding tricked in all your fairy gear,
While the night birds in amazement flit before you as you shine,
Prancing, curvetting and charging, all your chivalry in a line —
Till at last you come and wake me,
In the quiet night, and take me
To the old familiar forest and the joys that once were mine.

BOODEL *comes down*.

FELICE (*inspecting statues, etc.* R.H.). I wonder what this is?

BOODEL. Please not to touch.

FELICE. I beg pardon, but can you inform me ——

BOODEL (L.H.). Catalogue, sixpence.

FELICE. Thank you. I say, what is this?

BOODEL. The subject is — ahem — classical.

FELICE. What does classical mean?

BOODEL. Well, it *means* very little — but you *see* a lot.

FELICE. Oh! (*Goes up R. and C. and then down L.C. by picture.*)

BOODEL (*reading from the catalogue*). 1613, “Approach of Winter” — Frieze. 1644, “Charity and the Beggar” — Relief in silver. 1760, “The Thirsty Toper” — bas relief. (*Goes up R.*)

FELICE (*not listening to him but gazing at the portrait of herself*). Good heavens! Surely I know that face. It is strangely beautiful — why! good gracious — it's myself! It must be the portrait that Oswé began in the forest and took away to finish. I wish he had stuck a little more closely to the original. Ahem! (*To BOODEL.*) Can you tell me anything about this singularly interesting work? Whose portrait is it?

BOODEL. That? Oh — that's nobody. Just a model, you know.

FELICE (*turning away R.*). Indeed!

BOODEL (*L.C. aside*). Wait a moment! I believe it *is* somebody, unless I am very much mistaken. (*Compares portrait with FELICE. Aloud and facing her. She is terrified.*) The eyes — nose — mouth — chin — hair. (*Aside.*) Why it's her portrait! There is a mystery here. I'm on the track of a conspiracy. If only I can unravel it, I may be restored to royal favour at once. (*Aloud.*) Miss — er — one moment. I'll cross-examine her. Are you acquainted with the King?

FELICE. I have never seen the King in my life.

BOODEL (*aside*). Perjury! She evidently sat to him for this portrait — “Rex Pinxit.” She's telling lies. Obviously an adventuress. (*Aloud.*) Have you been long in Vingolia? (*L.H. with manner of bullying counsel.*) Now, don't evade the question. I must have an answer — yes or no?

FELICE (*hesitating R.H.*). Well — yes.

BOODEL (*repeating*). “Yes, yes.” (*Aside.*) I've forgotten what the question was. Never mind, I'll ask another. (*Aloud.*) Who are you?

FELICE (*shyly*). Oh, please don't look at me like that.

BOODEL (*aside*). I'm hypnotising her. (*Aloud.*) Now who are you?

FELICE (*nervously*). I'm the new lady-in-waiting to Princess Chloris.

BOODEL (*aside*). That's a bit thin. (*Aloud.*) Come! What's your game?

FELICE. What an alarming man.

DUET. — FELICE *and* BOODEL.

BOODEL.	Now what's your age?
FELICE.	It's hard to fix!
BOODEL.	Because — Of course I know your tricks Sixteen?
FELICE.	No, no!
BOODEL.	Then sixty-six!
FELICE.	No, no that's exaggeration I'll tell you, if you won't be wroth.
BOODEL.	Well, is it either, which, or both? Remember you are on your oath.
FELICE.	I'll remember I am on my oath.
BOODEL.	In cross-examination
FELICE.	In cross-examination
BOTH.	Oh, cross-examination Delight of litigation That makes you state The latest date

Of your incarceration
To prove the gross unfitness
Of each and every witness,
It needs but a fee
To a bold Q.C.
For cross-examination.

BOODEL. Now tell your name upon the spot.

FELICE. Felice, Sir!

BOODEL. Felice what?

Now do you know, or do you not?

Don't try prevarication.

FELICE. You see, my parents long ago

BOODEL. You mustn't try to shuffle so,

Answer my question, yes or no?

FELICE. I'll answer your question, yes or no?

BOODEL. It's cross-examination,

FELICE. It's cross-examination,

BOTH. Oh cross-examination,

In spite of protestation,

Will soon extract,

Each shady fact,

By sheer exasperation,

If gentleman, or lady,

Has done a deed that's shady,

Without a doubt

It will come out,

In cross-examination.

DANCE.

Enter DAME GERTRUDE L.2.E.

FELICE (*to DAME bringing her down L.H. to chair*). Mother dear! You must be tired!

BOODEL (*aside, R.H. taking notes*). Mother dear! Another conspiratrix!

FELICE. Where's Daddy?

BOODEL (*aside*). Daddy!

FELICE (*leaving her and running up to L.2.E.*). Ah! There he is! With the box! (*Beckons on ADAM L.2.E.*)

BOODEL (*aside*). Daddy and the box! That clinches it! It is a conspiracy! (*Enter ADAM with box L.2.E., down C., FELICE L.C. and GERTRUDE seated L.H.*) In the whole history of drama there was never a box dragged in that was not connected with a plot of some kind. I must secure that box.

ADAM (*to FELICE*). No, thank ye, dear, it will do well enough here.

BOODEL (*crossing to him*). Can I assist you? (*Tries to get hold of other end of box.*)

ADAM (*passing box to L.C.*). No, thank ye, young man. You're very kind.

BOODEL. It's my nature. Whenever I see a man with a heavy box I say, "Let me help you." Let's take out the contents of that box.

ADAM. The contents? Ah! there's the mystery. It's this way —

FELICE (L.C.) and GERTRUDE (L.H.). Hush, Daddy.

ADAM (C.). There's nothing to hush about.

BOODEL. Of course not. It's your daughters box.

FELICE. Yes, it belongs to me. (*Crosses to C. confronting BOODEL.*) Now you know.

ADAM. Eh! but he don't know as you ain't our daughter.

BOODEL. Then — (*enlightened*) — you're not her father and mother?

ADAM and GERTRUDE. Not a bit of it!

FELICE (*distressed*). Oh, please don't go on. (*Taking ADAM by left arm.*)

BOODEL (*taking ADAM by right arm*). Nay, proceed sweet warbler! your story interests me much. (*Releases ADAM's arm, then to R. aside.*) Nothing like drawing him out on the old melodramatic lines.

ADAM (*with whom FELICE is remonstrating*). Why not? It's all true. (C.) It's this way. Years ago a beautiful lady left this child with us. Attracted by her blue eyes and winning ways —

GERTRUDE (L.H.). This lady paid us two thousand crowns —

ADAM. And, passionately embracing the child, she said, "Take this casket" (*indicating box*).

GERTRUDE. This old hair trunk.

ADAM. It's not to be opened until my child's wedding day.

BOODEL (*aside*). I knew it! Oh, my dramatic instinct! I knew it!

ADAM. "Never part with it," she said.

FELICE. And you never do.

GERTRUDE and ADAM. Never.

BOODEL. And what became of the beautiful lady? But I needn't ask. I've invented a plot of that sort myself. Of course, with a wild wail she left you.

GERTRUDE and ADAM. She did.

BOODEL. Most interesting. (*Aside.*) But utterly unconvincing. This story is too old and too obvious to be true. I'm more certain than ever that there is a plot afoot. These people are endeavouring to mislead me. (*Aloud.*) Then you haven't an idea what the box contains.

ADAM (C.). No, excepting it's bricks.

BOODEL. Um! (*Aside R.*) "Bricks" is probably some flash term used by the League to signify dynamite. (*Takes note in book.*) I must secure the box at any cost. (*Aloud.*) May I see it safely stored away? (*Moves towards it. ADAM and GERTRUDE anticipate him. Each takes a handle of the box.*)

GERTRUDE and ADAM. No, no, we mind it.

FELICE (*between them and behind box*). But, mother, daddy, you'll have to leave it with someone. I'm sure to meet Oswé here. He said so. Then there will be our marriage, and I shall want the box.

BOODEL. Exactly — she's sure to meet Oswé. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce is Oswé? Another conspirator. "Marriage" must be explosion. (*Takes note.*) Aha! I'm on the track.

FELICE. I promise not to open it until the right time.

GERTRUDE. Well, let her ask the Princess to take charge of it for her. (*FELICE nods assent.*)

BOODEL (*aside*). "The Princess!" Who can she be? Some desperate character, the Lady President, I daresay, of this regicide league. (*Takes note. Gong. At this, GERTRUDE starts up from chair, ADAM alarmed, then FELICE down C.*)

BOODEL. That's the signal for all visitors to turn out.

VOICE (*heard without, singing*). "Who goes home?"

FELICE. There, you must leave —

QUARTET. — GERTRUDE, ADAM, BOODEL, *and* FELICE [*and Voice without*].

GERTRUDE *and* ADAM. Who goes home? must we then be going?
 Farewell, happy moments, happy but too few
 Nothing for your dowry save our love bestowing
 Henceforth at home, dear, we shall think of you.
 Hark, hark, without the warning voice is calling,
 Old folks are we and hardly fit to roam
 Soon, far too soon, the shadows will be falling,
 Farewell, darling, we must wander home.
ALL. Hark, hark, again, the warning voice is calling, etc.

Exeunt ADAM *and* GERTRUDE L.2.E. FELICE *after seeing them off comes down to fetch the box.*

BOODEL (*aside*). I don't want to lose sight of that box. I might get her to let me take charge of it.
Suppose I make love to her. (*Aloud, affectionately.*) Let me take charge of the box for you.

FELICE (L.C.). Why? (*Sits on box C.*)

BOODEL (R.C.). Why? Because (*aside*) it's the only way. (*Aloud.*) Because I love you — oh, do not turn away! Maid of Honour — e'er we part — Hear me kneel, o mean hear me swear.

FERDINAND (*heard off*). I shall want a van in ten minutes. (*FELICE puzzled starts up.*)

BOODEL (*rising quickly, aside*). The King! (*Aloud.*) Obdurate fair! For the present I leave you.
(*Aside.*) But if that box is to be had, I'll have it. (*Exit R.2.E. hurriedly. FELICE hides behind the picture. Enter FERDINAND R. and down C.*)

FERDINAND (*continuing his instructions*). Send it by *passenger* train, mind. And address it to King Mopolio, of Osturia. (*Advancing, looks round and sees nobody*). Hullo! There's the rush! That scamp of a boy. I believe he's been having a lark with me. I gave him a shilling for his entrance, sixpence for a catalogue, and half-a-crown to admire my work. I expect he's gone and spent it on butter-scotch or squandered it on his mother.

FELICE (*aside*). Oswé!

FERDINAND. They told me downstairs they had sold one catalogue. And there's still one sunshade in the cloak room. The one catalogue looks as if the rush — by which I mean the boy — was honest after all, but he didn't have a sunshade. (*Admiring picture.*) What a touch I have! I think I've flattered her.

FELICE (*concealed behind easel*). No, you haven't.

FERDINAND (*startled*). What's that? Nobody. It is a speaking likeness — and — (*FELICE shows her feet*) it's a "living picture!"

FELICE. Aha! (*FERDINAND follows her round the easel. They meet. He is about to embrace her. She pushes him away indignantly.*)

DUET. — FELICE *and* FERDINAND.

FERDINAND. Oh, why, oh, why this cruel mockery?
 You've treated me as crockery
 Is treated by a lady when her temper's rather short;
 You've shaken me and battered me,
 And shivered me and shattered me,
 It may be amusing, but I fail to see the sport.

FELICE. I've always been too sweet a girl,
 If this is how you greet a girl,
 A girl you've stayed away from till she very nearly died;
 I fear it's too correct a view
 To say I can't expect of you
 Kind words and kind behaviour when the fatal knot is tied.

{FERDINAND. Oh, why this cruel mockery? etc.
 { FELICE. I fear I can't expect of you, etc.

BOTH. There, there, I wasn't serious,
 Such tiffs can only weary us,
 In rapture and in happiness our lovers' difference ends;
 Come, kiss, and let us seal it here,
 There's no one to reveal it here,
 A silly quarrel parted us, a kiss shall make us friends.

DANCE.

FELICE (*looking at picture again*). Oh, Oswé, you *are* clever.

FERDINAND. Yes, I think it's rather — I'm sending it as a present to His Majesty the King of Osturia.

FELICE. What! The father of the Princess?

FERDINAND (*aside*). Bother the Princess!

FELICE. And she has arrived here to be married to our King Ferdinand?

FERDINAND. So everybody says. *I've* never seen her — (*aside*) — and don't want to.

FELICE. Ah, I *have*. She was at our cottage.

FERDINAND. The Princess!! At your cottage!!

FELICE. Yes. Her carriage had broken down. I waited on her; she took a great fancy to me.

FERDINAND. Most natural.

FELICE. And she engaged me — (*he starts*) — as her confidential lady-in-waiting.

FERDINAND (*aside*). Phew!

FELICE. That takes your breath away!

FERDINAND. It does. (*Aside.*) What a row there'll be!

FELICE. She told me to come to-day, and here I am. I shall be always here — with *her*.

FERDINAND. Here! With *her*?

FELICE. And with *you*! You're pleased?

FERDINAND. My pet! Pleased — (*aside*) — the deuce — (*aloud*) — "pleased" isn't the word.

FELICE. And whenever the King takes the Princess out for the day, I shall have my Sunday out, and we will go somewhere together. We can easily manage it, can't we?

FERDINAND. Oh, easily! (*Following her to the chair, L.*) Tell me, sweet, have you ever *seen* the King?

FELICE. Never. Nor has the Princess. There are no photos.

FERDINAND. By the law of Vingolia no portrait of the reigning monarch is permitted to be taken.

FELICE. How silly!

FERDINAND. Yes, isn't it? (*Aside.*) But how lucky!

FELICE. But what does the King *look* like?

FERDINAND. Well, he's a very handsome fellow — in fact, he's not unlike *me*. (*FELICE pleased.*) (*Confused:*) In height, I mean — only in height. Otherwise there is no sort of resemblance; he has a profusion of bright auburn hair, beard and moustache of the same colour.

FELICE (*turning away L.H.*). What a brilliant prospect for the Princess! (*Two SERVANTS enter, remove picture, and exeunt with it L.1.E.*)

FERDINAND (*aside, while FELICE fetches her box from L.2.E., and brings it with her to C.*) I must cut this short — there's not a moment to lose.

FELICE. Well, I must go and take my box to the Princess. But I shall see you again soon?

FERDINAND (who is getting anxious and impatient). Of course! Of course! Good-bye! (*Exit FELICE, kissing her hand to FERDINAND as she drags off her box L.2.E. He comes down.*) At last! (*Calls at telephone between L.1.E. and L.2.E.*) Hola, there! Send the perruquier, the costumier, the chamberlain and the Keeper of the Robes! (*Comes down.*) Anybody can get into a scrape, but to get out again, and triumphantly, is only for the genius of Ferdinand of Vingolia. (*Enter COSMO L.H., VINCENTIUS R.2.E., MICHAEL R.1.E., SCHNIPPENTRIPPER L.1.E., DE FRISE R.2.E., FIRST LADY IN WAITING and DUCHESS GONZARA L.1.E.*) I swear you all to secrecy. (*They place their open palms on their mouths.*) Issue, by telephone, by instantaneous wire, and by all the latest inventions, secret and sealed orders only to be disobeyed on pain of fine and imprisonment, that at the reception to-day of the Princess of Osturia, all the nobility and gentry from the highest to the lowest are to wear beards, whiskers, and moustachios. I ordered this to be a collar-and-tail day — it shall also be a “beard” day. You (*to KLARKSTEIN*) will provide them.

KLARKSTEIN. Of what colour, sir?

FERDINAND. All colours. The whole court will appear in beards!

SEPTETT. — COSMO, VINCENTIUS, MICHAEL, DUCHESS,
SCHIPPENTRIMMER, KLARKSTEIN, *and* FERDINAND.

[The vocal score does not include a part for the First Lady in Waiting in this number.]

COSMO. He doesn't explain, I wish he would, this very obscure affair,
Which covers each smooth Vingolian chin with somebody else's hair.

VINCENTIUS. I can't understand, I must confess, where reason or sense comes in.
There's never been anything wrong so far in showing a naked chin.

MICHAEL. They'll never look well, that's fairly plain, they're both of them far too old,
But I fancy myself in a waving beard, the colour of shiny gold.

DUCHESS. There's something in being a woman, still I own I shall see with glee
These rickety scarecrows all rigged out in beards by the King's decree.

SCHNIP. Now what is the use, pray tell me that, of making us look like goats?

He ought to have issued an order for compulsory gold-laced coats.
 KLARKSTEIN. The fact is enough for me, my friends, for reasons I don't much care:
 With orders like this I see my way to dying a millionaire.
 FERDINAND. A little more smartness, if you please, you've all of you had your say:
 So right about face and get your beards; I order and you obey.
 COURTIER. It's a beard for you and a beard for me, MICHAEL. Ha, ha!
 (except MICHAEL). A beard for every one; KING. Ha, ha!
 For so declareth the King's decree,
 A bit of our new King's fun.
 It's beards of a wonderful auburn hue
 And beards of a dusky tinge,
 Black beards that might suit a pirate crew,
 Or shaped like a Newgate fringe.
 When next I/they appear, you'll be surprised
 At finding their faces queered
 With the whole of the lower half disguised
 In a beautiful brand-new beard.

Exeunt all, R.L., R.2.E., L.2.E., R. and L.C. at back, with FERDINAND off C. and R.

*Enter to symphony from the terrace at back, and then group R. and L. HELENA, DOROTHEA,
 CLAUDINA, and the LADIES-IN-WAITING in attendance on the PRINCESS LUCILLA
 CHLORIS OF OSTURIA.*

FEMALE CHORUS.
 [Entry of MAIDENS and PAGES.]

The mistress we adore is
 About to enter here:
 O bright Lucilla Chloris,
 Appear, princess, appear!
 Thy maidens and thy pages,
 We serve thee without fee!
 We only ask as wages,
 Princess, a smile from thee.
 Thus worshipping thy beauty,
 We count thy presence gain,
 Content with humble duty,
 In sweet Lucilla's train.

Enter C. on terrace the PRINCESS LUCILLA CHLORIS; she skips down joyously.

SONG with FEMALE CHORUS. — CHLORIS.

Delightful, oh delightful! I feel inclined to shout,
 For now at last I realize I'm regularly out.

Instead of creeping through the day with measured step and slow,
I'll dance a merry measure of the light fantastic toe.
Go tell the news to whom you please — I shan't do as I did,
I mean to do the things I like, and not what I am bid.
Someday I'll marry somebody, no doubt, and be a wife,
But now I'll chase the flying hours and see a little life.

So sing, sing a merry little song,
And dance, dance, for dancing is not wrong.
Free, free at last are we
With music and with revelry to drive the day along.
So sing, sing a merry little song, etc.

CHORUS.

CHLORIS.

Last week papa came up to me, with sad and solemn gait,
Said he, "My love, the time has come, you must fulfill your fate.
Go wander forth and leave me here, go seek a foreign land,
The law ordains that ere you die you marry Ferdinand,
Young Ferdinand, the occupant of proud Vingolia's throne.
The carriage will be round at once, so fare you well, my own."
He wept, and just to make a show, I wiped away a tear
Then packed my traps and started off, and so, hurrah, I'm here.
Unfortunately, Ferdinand, a king of high degree,
Whose destined bride by law I am, is not the man for me.
No troth I plight to Ferdinand, I'll never wear his ring.
This heart has only room for one, and that one's not the king.
His Valentine he sent inscribed: "From Ferdy to his dove."
Next day there came a special wire six pennyworth of love.
The king may send me telegrams and *billet-doux* in stacks,
He shall not make me marry him, nor win my heart from Max!

So sing, sing a merry little song, etc.

CHORUS.

So sing, sing a merry little song, etc.

CHLORIS. Well, ladies, we are free for a month.

HELENA (R.). Until the day of your wedding.

CHLORIS. Don't talk of it. Between ourselves — well, ladies, you know I never have any secrets
from you — you never chatter, and we've had plenty of fun in the dullest of places —
that's at home.

DOROTHEA (L.). Princess, you can trust us anywhere — with anything —

CHLORIS. And with anybody — I know I can — Ha! (*Sound of mandolin heard without and
symphony.*) It is Max! (*All steal off R. and L. as PRINCE MAX enters. Enter on terrace
from L. to C. PRINCE MAX singing to mandolin accompaniment.*)

SERENADE. — MAX.

Fair Chloris, let me be thy slave, yet free
To breathe and live in that delightful air
Which from thy lips is shed, and bow my head

Low in the salutation of my fair.
So, let me longing live, if thou but give
One look to him that, singing lingers, here;
Deign, lovely Chloris, deign to soothe my pain,
Give but one look, and let thy slave draw near.

Shine with a glad surprise
Through those twin-sun, thine eyes,
On him that now in chilly shadow stands,
And waits, poor wight, his darling Queen's commands.

Chloris, if but I may, I come to lay
At thy dear feet the tribute of my heart;
Treat not with haughty scorn my plight forlorn,
I needs must be, beloved, where thou art.
Still, still through every change, where'er, I range,
Keeping a constant and a loving mind.
Chloris, to thee I come, O be not dumb,
Speak forth and tell me thou art not unkind.

Shine with a glad surprise, etc.

Re-enter CHLORIS R.2.E.

MAX. Chloris!

CHLORIS. Max! (*They embrace.*) What delightful chance has brought you here?

MAX. My father has sent me on a mission.

CHLORIS. What's the mission?

MAX. Well, my father was awfully offended about that picture which King Ferdinand sent us.

CHLORIS. What picture was it?

MAX. Oh, a picture representing "The defeat of Baluria by Vingolia, B.C. 567." He said it was a dashed piece of impertinence. Of course, he really used a much stronger word than "dashed."

CHLORIS. *I* know!

MAX. I hope you *don't*. I don't think it was the one you mean. It was a terrible word. Then he said, "Take the blank picture back." *That* was a vulgar word, too, but not so bad as the other.

CHLORIS. King Ferdinand will be very much annoyed.

MAX. I don't think so. I shall be very diplomatic. I shall simply tell him we don't *like* the picture.

CHLORIS (L.C.). He'll be furious.

MAX. Nonsense! Nobody's annoyed at honest criticism.

CHLORIS. They never admit it *is* honest — except when somebody else is criticised.

MAX. In any case the mission has brought us together, and now we must scheme to thwart your betrothal to King Ferdinand.

CHLORIS. But I'm to be betrothed to-morrow.

MAX (*sadly*). I know. (*Suddenly turning and getting L.C., CHLORIS R.C., joyously to her.*) I have an idea! Sometimes I have brilliant ideas.

CHLORIS. Have you?

MAX. Brilliant as meteors that flash across my brain, they illumine my mind —

CHLORIS. And then?

MAX (*despondently*). They vanish into space — like comets — not leaving even a tail behind them.

CHLORIS. And not re-appearing for another thousand years!

MAX (*excited*). But this time I've got it. Can't we put the calendar back, and pretend to-morrow's yesterday, so as to —

CHLORIS. Silly! (MAX *despondent*.) What good would that do? Don't you remember the treaty?

MAX. I wish I could forget it.

CHLORIS. I, as the heiress to the throne of Osturia, *must* marry King Ferdinand.

MAX (*crossing to R.H. as CHLORIS despondently takes stage to L.H.*). There's an end to my first brilliant idea! (*Enter FELICE L.2.E. with box.*)

FELICE (C.). Oh! bother the box! There's the Princess. (*Curtseying.*) Your Royal Highness!

CHLORIS (*as she extends her right hand to FELICE and then crosses to C.*). This is my new lady-in-waiting, Felice.

FELICE (*kissing the Princess's left hand*). Oh, I am so happy, I shall now see my Oswé every day!

CHLORIS (C.). Your Oswé? Ah, I think you told me — the Court painter. (*To MAX R.*) Did you ever hear of the Court painter Oswé?

MAX (*reflectingly*). No, never. But (*confidentially*) between ourselves, I expect we ought not to hear of him.

FELICE (L.). Why?

MAX (*confidentially*). I rather imagine that Oswé is the painter of various works of art to which His Majesty puts the finishing touch of signing his own name. (*FELICE up.*)

CHLORIS (L.C.). Then Oswé is "the ghost."

FELICE (*down C.*). He's no ghost. He's real flesh and blood, I'll vouch for that. (*MAX up to back.*)

CHLORIS (R.C.). When are you going to be married?

FELICE (L.). As soon as we have the money.

MAX (*suddenly and joyously coming down C. between them*). I've got it!

FELICE (L.C.). The money?

MAX (C.). Yes, and the idea! Hooray! (*Dances round, going L., then up stage and down between them C.*)

FELICE (C.). What's the matter with him?

CHLORIS (R.C.). He's got an idea.

FELICE. I suppose it doesn't often happen?

MAX (*down C.*). No, not such a grand one as this! Tra! la! la!

CHLORIS (*to MAX*). Don't be excited. (*To FELICE.*) Hold him! (*They seize him.*) Cool down!

FELICE (L.C.). Simmer!

CHLORIS. Now tell us!

MAX. Listen! Attend! Felice, you're in love. (*She turns away coyly and gets L.H.*) Will you help two unfortunate lovers?

FELICE (L.C.). Two lovers, who? (MAX and CHLORIS *look sentimental*.) Not you? (MAX and CHLORIS *embrace*.) Is this the King then?

CHLORIS. No! This is Prince Max of Baluria.

FELICE. Oh! (*rises, disgusted*) only a prince! (*Turns away L. and goes up.*)

CHLORIS (*to MAX*). We can trust her (*leaves MAX, who remains R.C., and goes to L.H. as FELICE comes down C. looking from one to the other, then CHLORIS appeals to her.*) We love each other. (*FELICE looks from one to the other.*) And I don't mean to marry King Ferdinand.

MAX. Will you help us?

FELICE (*with determination taking their hands*). I will!

MAX. Brava! Bravissima! Fortunatissima! (*The three join hands and dance. Enter BOODEL R.1.E., still in Guard's costume.*)

BOODEL (*aside*). Capital! Just in time to overhear a meeting of this Regicidal League. (*Conceals himself behind pedestal unobserved by MAX, CHLORIS, and FELICE.*)

CHLORIS (*to FELICE*). You're a dear!

MAX (R.C.). You shall be richly dowered.

FELICE (C.). Oh!

BOODEL (*aside R.H. from behind pedestal*). That means — if she does the trick she'll be well paid for it.

MAX (R.C.). Oswé shall be made a peer of Baluria.

FELICE. Oh!

CHLORIS (L.C.). With lands in Osturia! (*They go up stage, explaining to FELICE, so that their backs are turned to BOODEL.*)

BOODEL (*aside*). Oswé! The chief conspirator! I've got 'em, I'll assume a suitable disguise, enter into conversation with them, and extract their secrets. (*Exit R.1.E., as the others come down.*)

FELICE (C.). Oh! but hold on, one moment — What am I to do for all this?

CHLORIS (L.C.). Yes, what is she to do?

MAX (R.C. *to FELICE*). You must dress up and represent the Princess to-day and be betrothed to the King.

FELICE (*turning suddenly*). I represent the Princess? (*Crosses to L.*) But the King will know it isn't the Princess.

CHLORIS (C.). He has never seen *me*, and I have never seen *him*.

FELICE (L.C.). But the people about the Court?

CHLORIS (C.). They've never seen me. I arrived last night.

FELICE. But won't your ladies be rather astonished?

CHLORIS. I've trusted them before — haven't I, Max? (*Crosses to FELICE L.C.*) I'll disguise you so that your own mother wouldn't know you. Royal robes (*FELICE struts, crossing to C., CHLORIS gets L.C.*) such a head-dress (*FELICE down to R. MAX to L.C., and CHLORIS following FELICE*) different coloured hair. (*FELICE struts from R. to C. leaving CHLORIS R.C. and MAX L.C.*)

FELICE (C.). But for how long shall I have to keep up the character?

CHLORIS (L.C.). A day or two — just to give Prince Max and myself time to get away safely. (*Coaxingly to her.*) You shall follow and bring your Oswé. (*CHLORIS R.C., MAX L.C., go up with FELICE C., explaining to and coaxing her. BOODEL re-appears in Conspirator's cloak and hat.*)

BOODEL (*aside*). This time my disguise defies detection. It is at once complete and unconventional.

FELICE (C. *resolutely*). I'll do it! (*Gives a hand to each.*)

MAX (R.C.). Bless you — hooray! Whoop! (FELICE *goes to her box* L.2.E.)

CHLORIS (C.). Do be quiet. (MAX *dances up stage with his back to* BOODEL.)

BOODEL (*aside*). "Hooray! Whoop!" Evidently the pass-word of the League. (*Retires behind pedestal, taking notes, as FELICE comes* L.C. *from* L.2.E. *with her box.*)

CHLORIS (C.). What is that box that gives you so much anxiety?

FELICE (*coming down* L.C. *with box*). Oh, Princess, I was to ask you if you would keep it for me. (MAX *comes down* R.H. *regarding* CHLORIS, FELICE, *and box and not seeing* BOODEL.)

CHLORIS. Whose is it?

FELICE. Mine.

BOODEL (*aside* R.H., *and then retires behind pedestal*). Mine! Explosives! Ha! ha!

FELICE. It's not to be opened till my wedding-day. I haven't an idea what it contains.

CHLORIS. How interesting! Prince Max will take charge of it.

FELICE. Thank you so much. (FELICE *gets* C. *with box as if presenting it to* MAX.)

BOODEL (*aside*). Good! I'll attach myself to Max and secure the bax — I mean box! (*Retires.*)

QUARTET. — FELICE, CHLORIS, MAX, *and* BOODEL (*at back*).

FELICE. I shall wear velvet and satin that speckless is,
Diamonds and pearls in a fashion that reckless is
Then I shall marry an artist who chequeless is
Making him rich as the style of my dress.
Promptly disguised as a duck who has dyed her down,
I shall live softly in velvet and eider down
Do what I want to and keep every chider down
That's what it means to become a Princess.

FELICE, CHLORIS, MAX. That's what it means to become a Princess.

BOODEL. Dynamite, dynamite, or so I should guess.

CHLORIS. I shall take orders, I don't mean the clerical,
Always be gay as a bird with a merry call,
Never have time to be hipped or hysterical
Busy all day in performing my task,
I, who arrived as a sort of a mating maid,
I a princess for the purpose of feting made,
Now by a change shall appear as a waiting maid,
Doing whatever Felice may ask.

FELICE, CHLORIS, MAX. Doing whatever Felice may ask.

BOODEL. Soon in King Ferdinand's favour I'll bask.

MAX. I made the plot and I haven't repented it,
Nay, I'm delighted at having invented it
Let the King rave in a frenzy demented, it
Doesn't much matter to Chloris and Max.

ENSEMBLE.

FELICE, CHLORIS, MAX.

He to his end has determined to buy a way,
Whether his tempers continue or die away,
Home to Baluria, quickly they'll/we'll fly
away
Far from his anger and safe from attacks.

BOODEL.

I to my pardon must find or must buy a way
Whether the plot should continue or die away.
Better be pardoned then frowned out and fly
away,
So I'll denounce them and pocket the fee.

Exeunt FELICE and CHLORIS dancing off R.H.

MAX. Bother the box! I must get it conveyed to my apartments. (*Signals off.*) Here!

BOODEL (*coming down*). I'm your man!

MAX (*puzzled*). Eh!

BOODEL (R.C.). "Hooray-whoop!" The countersign!

MAX. What countersign?

BOODEL. "Hooray-whoop!" I'm one of you — don't you understand?

MAX. No, I'm hanged if do. (*Goes up and signals off L.2.E.*)

BOODEL (*referring to his notes — aside*). Now, what's their flash word for dynamite? Here we are — "Bricks." "Explosion" is "Marriage." (*Aloud.*) Sir, I'm willing to risk my life and assist in promoting the "*marriage.*"

MAX. You are?

BOODEL. Certainly. Only give me charge of the "*Bricks*."

MAX. Bricks? What are you talking about?

BOODEL (*aside*). He's awfully cautious. (*Aloud.*) "Bricks," *you* know. In the box.

MAX. Bricks in Felice's box! (*Aside.*) Odd!

BOODEL. Let *me* take charge of it.

MAX. Stop a minute. Do you want to help us?

BOODEL. Certainly. We will bring off the "*marriage*."

MAX. Ah, if you can help me in that, I'll make your fortune. (*Enter Servant* L.2.E.) Here, you two (*to* BOODEL *and* *Servant*). Take this to my apartment. (*To* BOODEL.) As you are going to help us don't wear that particular dress. It may attract attention.

BOODEL. I will see to it, and I'll invent a private and peculiar whistle so that when you want me you'll know where to find me. (*Whistles.*)

MAX (*repeats the whistle*). All right! (*Both whistle and exit MAX.*)

BOODEL. Aha! They're in my power. They laugh last who laughs longest. I shall get possession of the box and expose the plot against the King and once again be restored to Royal favour. Now, how am I to let this chap know that this box isn't an ordinary box that can be chucked about and turned upside down? Perhaps he's one of us." "Hooray-whoop!" (*Servant stares.*) No, he isn't one of us. I must warn him somehow; otherwise when *he* goes off, the box may go off too. What shall I do? *I* know. I will sing soothingly to the infernal thing to keep it quiet — a lullaby — I'll croon to it some sunny serenade about love and mangoes — and sleeping babies. As the author of several musical comedies myself, I feel that the box should be dragged in, in order to — in order to drag in a coon lullaby.

COON SONG. — BOODEL *and* CHORUS.
[words by Adrian Ross]

In de music-hally pieces, when de rumty tumty ceases,
And de leading lady comes to see de moon,
When de plot am mos'ly ended (that's if any were intended)
Den it's time for de carol ob de coon!
For de heroine hab got on pretty stripy pants ob cotton,
With a fold upon de lef' leg or de right.
And de limelight show her figure as she warbles like a nigger,

Jus' like me
Jus' like he,
Don't you see!
CHORUS. Yes, we see.
BOODEL. Singing hush-a-bye my Dinah, dynamite!
CHORUS. Singing hush-a-bye my Dinah, dynamite!
BOODEL. Oh! ma honey, oh! molasses,
Oh! ma cream ob apple-sasses,
Hear me singing as a boy ob Carolina might;
ALL [*chorus "bouche fermée"*]. Go to sleep,
Oh, so deep
BOODEL. To the crooning of my cooning, darling Dinah, dynamite.
ALL. Darling Dinah, dynamite.

BOODEL. When de girl am singing for us, come a sympathetic chorus
Somewhere undergroun' or up in a balloon,
So de ole plantation air may be accompanied "bouche fermée"
Dat's de time in de carol ob de coon!
De intelligent assistance ob de voices in de distance,
Are irrational but obviously right,
For it always seems de rigueur in de ballard ob de nigger,
When he sigh —
CHORUS. When he sigh —
BOODEL. Lullaby!
CHORUS. Lullaby!
BOODEL. Singing Lullaby, my darling Dinah, dynamite!
CHORUS. Hush-a-bye, my darling Dinah, dynamite!
BOODEL. Oh! ma honey, oh! molasses,
Sleep along till daylight passes
Till de silver stars am coming out to shine a might:
ALL [*chorus "bouche fermée"*]. Go to sleep,
To de deep
BOODEL. And becoming sort of humming, darling Dinah, dynamite!
CHORUS. Darling Dinah, dynamite!

Exit BOODEL, and servant with box, L.2.E. Enter all the Courtiers R., L., R.2.E., L.2.E., and then COSMO, VINCENTIUS, MICHAEL, bearded and mustached. Then KING FERDINAND, with red beard, hair, and mustache.

BEARD CHORUS. — (MALE CHORUS.)

By the King's decree
All of us are hirsute:
Every face you see,
Covered in a fur suit.
Whether it's a mere
Freak, or gloomy mystery,
It's a precious queer
Way of making history.
What's the reason why?
Hang me if I know it.
Each one had to buy,
Hadn't time to grow it,
Jokes our Court can bear,
Still with but a few more,
We shall cease to care
Much for royal humour.

FERDINAND (*inspecting the beards and moustaches of the Courtiers*). Let me see — yes, you'll do — you'll all do. The custom will be continued until further notice. (*Aside.*) I hope it won't be necessarily long. (*Aloud.*) But in the presence of our visitors, and while they remain at our Court, our royal edict *is not to be questioned*, nor is it to be the subject of any conversation whatever, on pain of degradation, fine, imprisonment for various terms, banishment or (*solemnly*) the last penalty of law. (*Sensation.*)

VINCENTIUS. Her Royal Highness approaches.

FERDINAND (*aside*). And in her train will be my Felice. She will never penetrate this disguise. (*Goes to R.C. Enter, R.2.E., Ladies of Princess' suite to reprise of 9* [“The mistress we adore is,” etc.]. FELICE *as Princess in low dress wearing wig of colour distinct from that of her own hair. CHLORIS as First Lady-in-waiting.*) (*Speaking with affected politeness, paying no real attention to supposed Princess, but looking about for FELICE.*) Your highness is welcome to our Court. I kiss your hand.

CHLORIS (L.H., *aside to FELICE, L.C.*). Give him your hand, make a low curtsy. (*FELICE does so.*)

FERDINAND (*aside*). I can't see Felice anyway.

CHLORIS (*aside to FELICE*). Say “Your Majesty is most gracious!”

FELICE. Your Majesty is most graceful — I mean, gracious. (*Aside.*) Where is Oswé? (*Searches about among the Courtiers, L.H., for Oswé.*)

VINCENTIUS (C., *at back and down R., announcing*). Prince Max of Baluria! (*Enter, C. and down R., PRINCE MAX.*)

MAX. Your Majesty (*reception*).

FERDINAND (*affably*). I trust the King and the President of the Royal Academy of Baluria were delighted with the picture I painted with my own hand and presented to your Royal Father?

MAX (R.H., *with extreme courtesy*). Sir, that is the subject of my present mission.

FERDINAND (C.). Ah! (*gratified*) and a magnificent subject!

MAX. As might have been expected from so magnificent a monarch.

FERDINAND (*flattered*). In the centre gallery of your Royal Academy it will have the advantage of an excellent light.

MAX. It would put everything else in the shade.

FERDINAND (*politely*). Oh, no —

MAX. And so, your Majesty, on behalf of my Royal Father and the President and Council of the Academy, my special mission is to return —

FERDINAND (*complacently*). Their thanks —

MAX. Their most sincere thanks — and —

FERDINAND. And?

MAX. And the picture. (*The Servants at back have brought in the picture, and produce it up stage, R.C.*)

FERDINAND. My picture! Rejected! (*Courtiers express sympathetic anger.*)

MAX (*bowing*). Returned —

FERDINAND (*furious*). Sir, the word is “rejected.” I say “rejected,” “rejected!” This is an insult —

MAX. An insult?

FERDINAND (*violently*). An insult to the nation!

ALL. Hear, hear!

FERDINAND. The nation is insulted through *me*. I am the nation — and there can be but one answer! They say I can’t paint — I’ll show them I can draw! (*Half draws sword and replaces it.*) War with Baluria!

ALL. War with Baluria!

FERDINAND. This will postpone the betrothal!

CHLORIS (L.H., *to FELICE, aside*). As the betrothal is off, ask to go away.

FELICE (L.C., *aside to CHLORIS*). I don’t *want* to go away. If I do, I shan’t see Oswé.

MAX (R.C., *proudly*). Sir, I accept your challenge. Our navy is prepared, so is our army!

FERDINAND (C., *violently*). So’s ours!

MAX. The Princess and her suite will now return. Allow me to escort them.

FERDINAND (*quickly, relieved at idea of Princess going away*). Oh, certainly. (*Then suddenly recollecting that FELICE is in her train.*) Stop! (*Aside.*) If the Princess goes, Felice goes with her. (*Aloud.*) Return! Impossible! (*Movement.*) Sir, my picture there is *my* child; I sent it to your father to be hung, to be cherished, retained, and made much of by him! The Princess is to King Mopolio, *her* father, what my picture is to me. He sends her to me to be hung — I mean, married, cherished, retained, and made much of. If I return her “declined with thanks,” it would be as great an insult to *him* as is the return of my picture to *me*. No, on consideration, the Princess and her ladies will remain here. (*CHLORIS and MAX rejected.*) Send for my Naval and Military uniforms! Publish a declaration of war! Close all the gates and allow no one except Prince Max to leave the Palace.

CHLORIS (*aside — wretched*). Oh, a prisoner?

FELICE (*aside — delighted*). Locked up with Oswé

MAX (*meeting CHLORIS C., whispers rapidly to her*). I will return and carry you off in spite of all obstacles.

FERDINAND (*coming down between them and separating them*). To arms! (FERDINAND *gives directions to* VINCENTIUS *and exit*. MAX, FELICE, and CHLORIS *go up to terrace at back, while* VINCENTIUS, *as Commander-in-Chief, comes to the front*.)

FINALE.

VINCENTIUS. War — the very word inspires us; lo! the trumpet wakes again;
'Mid the thunder, and the lightning let us quit ourselves like men;
MEN. Let us quit ourselves like men.
VINCENTIUS. Peace may suit a race of cowards, we are men of sterner mould,
MEN. Peace may suit, etc.
VINCENTIUS. Not for us the market's chaffer and the merchant's dream of gold.
MEN. War — the very word inspires us; lo! the trumpet wakes again.
VINCENTIUS. 'Mid the thunder, and the lightning let us quit ourselves like men.
Far too long in peace and plenty, growing feebler by degrees
We have lingered late and early lapped in comfortable ease.
MEN. Far too long, etc.
VINCENTIUS. Now once more the drum is rolling and the piercing bugle charms,
And we hear the measured tramping of a nation under arms.
MEN. And we hear the measured tramping, etc.
War — the very word inspires us, etc.
While in unison our voices far above the tumult ring,
And our swords leap from their scabbards for our country and our King!

WOMEN. We are with you, we are with you, though we don't quite act like you.
Forming square and charging cannon, yet we have our work to do.
Though we shoulder not the rifle, though with us no sabre clanks,
Death and wounds and fire and ruin shall not drive us from the ranks.
We shall march with you to battle: leaving dull domestic cares,
Some of us shall go as nurses and the rest as vivandières.
When a hero slips from horseback, if of blood there be a hint,
We shall swiftly overwhelm him with an avalanche of lint.
We shall bind his brows with plaster, powder all his bruises white,
And, revived with brandy,
MEN. And, revived with brandy, send him back to join the fight.
WOMEN. We shall march with you to battle, etc.

FERDINAND *re-enters*. Courtiers cheer on seeing him. Courtiers and Ladies R. FERDINAND R.C.
FELICE, CHLORIS, and MAX *come down* L. with Ladies-in-Waiting on Princess.

SOLO. — FERDINAND, *and*
OCTET. — FELICE, CHLORIS, DUCHESS, MAX,
SCHIPPENTRIMMER, KLARKSTEIN, COSMO, *and* MICHAEL.

Then it's up, my lads, and at 'em,
 We may not linger long.
 Yet, as we march to battle
 We'll sing another song.
 We'll march and fight and sing, my lads,
 And while we troll it out,
 With a ready, boys, and steady, boys,
 We'll put the foes to rout.
 ALL. With a ready, boys, etc.
 MAX (*coming forward*). We too will rouse our manhood,
 And bid our ranks advance;
 Lo! How the fire-flakes glisten
 On bayonet and lance.
 And now the lines move onward
 And shrill the trumpets sound,
 While its bayonets to the fronts, my lads,
 We'll pin them to the ground!
 We'll parry them and harry them,
 And pin them to the ground.
 ALL. Then it's up, my lads, and at 'em,
 We may not linger long.
 Yet as we march to battle
 We'll sing another song.
 Oh, King, we gather round you,
 Our warrior and our lord,
 For you are flags are flying,
 For you we draw the sword.
 For you we fight, for you we fall,
 For you we cheer and sing,
 So it's out, my boys, and shout, my boys,
 For Country and for King.
 Let them hear again, let them fear again,
 Our warlord and our king.
 So it's out, my boys, etc.

TABLEAU. — CHLORIS R.C. *fainting in arms of* DUCHESS, *as* FERDINAND *leads* FELICE *up stage*
 C. and MAX L.C. *at back on terrace defies the* KING. *All the Courtiers with drawn*
swords and the ladies waving coloured handkerchiefs. End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *Seaview. Ramparts. Terrace at back. Entrances through archways* L.1.E., L.2.E.,
 R.2.E., *and up stage to* Tower R.1.E. LADIES OF THE COURT, VIVANDIÈRES, *and* SOLDIERS
discovered.

INTRODUCTION *and* CHORUS.

Behold us a mobilised nation:
Our banners are flaunting in high,
In a tempest of shrill irritation
Our bugles are piercing the sky.
Our drums, whether simple or kettle,
Keep on rataplanning all day
And we've all of us put on our mettle,
And most of us docked of our pay.

Each day when we've finished our drilling,
The King takes his army in tow
Though we march with the object of killing,
We never discover the foe.
I've a trigger and know how to pull it,
But where is the point of the fun
When there's no one to billet your bullet
In loading and firing a gun?

The King may get upon his bay 'oss,
But we, we are down in the dumps:
For the game that we play is a chaos,
Where none of us holds any trumps.
"Your goods," says the King, "and your chattels
I tax when I'm fighting Prince Max."
But we'd sooner be beaten in battles
Then crushed as we are with a tax.

Behold us, a mobilised nation, etc.

Exeunt all except CLAUDINA, DOROTHEA and HELENA as CHLORIS enters L.2.E. and down L.C.

CHLORIS. This is a very odd position!

CLAUDINA. How long is your Royal Highness to continue disguised as one of your own ladies in waiting?

CHLORIS. Impossible to say! I can't confess who I am, and who Felice is, until I have consulted Max.

DOROTHEA. It is nearly a week since Prince Max left us.

HELENA. It is reported that he is approaching with his fleet.

CHLORIS. Then the town will be bombarded, or something horrid. Please, dears, go and keep a good look-out, and if you see any signs of him, let me know at once! (*Exeunt Ladies R.2.E.*) Oh, Dear! I was so glad to escape from my father's dreary Court, so light-hearted and hopeful, and now —— (*Goes up R. at back as FELICE still disguised as Princess enters L.2.E. and down stage.*)

FELICE. Nobody seems to know anything about the Court painter, Oswé. What has become of him? I can't see his name signed to any of the pictures. On most of them is written "Rex

Pinxit.” Mr. Rex Pinxit seems to have done most of the daubs in the gallery, and whenever I say to anyone, “Can you tell me who Rex Pinxit is?” they always laugh, and say. “Oh, your Royal Highness will have your little joke.” But I don’t know what my little joke is!

CHLORIS (*at back on terrace*). My Max!

FELICE (*down*). My Oswé! (To CHLORIS.) Oh, your Royal Highness, can you imagine where my Oswé can be hidden?

CHLORIS (*coming down*). He has probably been ordered to the front.

FELICE. Right in front! How dangerous! Oh, Princess! Princess!

CHLORIS. I’m in as sad a plight as yourself. My Prince, my Max, is on board a man-of-war — at sea.

FELICE. Isn’t he a good sailor?

CHLORIS. One of the best, and the bravest of the brave! But a well-aimed shot, or a chance bullet, when he isn’t looking — Oh, it’s too horrible! I wish I could have smuggled on board in your box.

FELICE. Oh, where is my box?

CHLORIS. Prince Max said in a letter to me that he had to leave it in the custom house on the wharf, because he couldn’t say what was inside it. He sent me the ticket for it.

FELICE. May I go and get it?

CHLORIS. You forget — you’re the Princess now. It would look odd for you to go by yourself to claim an old trunk. No, *I’ll go*. (*Crossing to L.1.E.*)

FELICE. May I come and meet you?

CHLORIS. Do. And mind you abuse me for having been so long — just to show you’re a person of quality. (*Exit CHLORIS L.1.E.*)

FELICE. She’s really very kind. But it’s absurd of her to make such a fuss about her silly Prince Max. Now Oswé is a very different matter. He’s one in a thousand. There are far more good princes than painters. I wonder what he’s doing now. Sitting in his tent, I should think, writing his will on a drumhead, with a faithful deer-hound by his side. As an orderly — with his arm in a sling — calling him a command for Oswé to go to the front. Cannon roaring in the distance, and jackals howling, and vultures circling ominously overhead. Oh, it’s terrible to think of. Perhaps, though, I’m wrong — perhaps he’s doing nothing of the kind.

SONG. — FELICE.

[lyrics by Adrian Ross]

(*Romantic ballad style.*)

When a gallant soldier lover
From his lady-love must go,
In her dreams she seems to hover
O’er the field when he meets the foe.
By the bivouac bonfire blazing,
He thinks of his darling’s eyes,
To his lips in rapture raising
Her latest cabinet size.
Ah, me! Ah, me!

(*Change of style.*) And her lover the while in his masculine style

Has forgotten the girl he left behind him.
 In an easy undress with some men of his mess,
 At a party of poker you'll find him!
 Or perhaps he'll be found where the cannons resound
 On the field of the cloth that is level,
 Where he's chalking his cue for a desperate screw
 That would puzzle a Roberts the Devil!
 (Romantic ballad style.) When the ruddy campfire dances
 To the restless roaming wind,
 Then the soldier turns his fancies
 To the girl he left behind!
 And he sees her linger weeping
 At the window of her room,
 While the moonlit trees are sleeping,
 And the night birds call is gloom.
 Ah, me! Ah, me!

(Change of style.) And in practice, as the fact is,
 While her lover is planning assaults
 She is swaying to the playing
 Of a recently popular waltz!
 Stealing glances, as she dances
 With a masher, the beau of "the House"
 Who entices her with ices
 To the sound of the music of Strauss!

(Waltz. Monologue [in the original rehearsal libretto, monologue as follows: "Awf'ly nice, isn't it? Do you reverse? Shall you barn-dance? Thanks, if you don't mind sitting out. Oh no! it's ripping in the conservatory. Going to Switzerland this year? No, Norway! Claret-cup? Thanks so much! (ad lib. more or less as desired)."] as music continues, ad lib as desired, then continuing with last lines of waltz.)

So she prattles, while he battles
 So she rattles as he battles
 To the music of shells and of Strauss!

Exit FELICE L.1.E. Enter L.2.E. at back and R.2.E. the Courtiers wearing beards and moustaches, and then VINCENTIUS L.2.E. at back and down R.C., MICHAEL R. at back and down R., COSMO L.2.E. at back and down L.H.. and DUCHESS L.2.E. at back and down C.

DUCHESS (*laughing*). You really must forgive me, Count. I need hardly tell you that I hadn't the remotest intention of cutting you. But with that false beard you are utterly unrecognisable.

MICHAEL. Does anybody know *why* His Majesty issued the order about beards?

COSMO. I can't tell you officially. But I fancy it's to lead up to some joke of his about oysters, which he has been working up for some months, and which he will very likely spring on us to-night.

VINCENTIUS. Take care; here comes His Majesty. (*All bow. Enter FERDINAND.*)

FERDINAND (C.). What's the time? (*Looking at watch.*) I make it twelve.

ALL (*except COSMO*). Twelve, your Majesty.

COSMO (*consulting his watch*). I make it two minutes past.

FERDINAND (*severely to COSMO*). Silence! (*Consulting memo.*) At twelve — inspection of gunboats and torpedoes — torpedo practice. Delightful! Enemy's fleet approaching — bristling with guns. Grand! Little torpedo goes out under water — whizzle — whizzle — whizzle — bang! Pop goes enemy's fleet. End of naval engagement.

VINCENTIUS. But, your Majesty, we have neither torpedo-boats nor torpedoes.

FERDINAND. No torpedoes! Then, go and make 'em. (VINCENTIUS *bows and exit quickly* R.2.E.) I never knew such a fellow for creating difficulties. (*Aside.*) What can have become of Felice? She cannot have left the Palace — no human being leaves without my signed permit/ As soon as this war is over I'll offer Mopolio a good sum to cancel the marriage treaty. But can I marry Felice, a woodman's daughter? Would it be stretching my subjects' loyalty too far? I'll raise her to the peerage. This moustache is a nuisance. I'm obliged to take it off at meal times — which involves dining alone — and I'm going to take it off in bed for the future. I slept in it last night, and dreamt I was a terrier trying to get out of a furze bush. The only person who can tell me anything about Felice is the Princess, but I haven't spoken to her, or seen her for that matter, since the presentation. (*Sees FELICE and CHLORIS approaching.*) Hullo! — here she comes — and — just my luck, half my moustache has got loose. I'll have that Klarkstein beheaded. (*Enter* L.1.E. FELICE, CHLORIS, BOODEL, *and Sailors, carrying box.*)

CHLORIS (*aside to FELICE*). I have got your box, and this nice-mannered sailor (BOODEL *ducks*), and his amiable friends (*indicating Sailors*), have carried it here for me.

BOODEL (*aside*). Been hanging around the wharf the last three days till the box was clamed. (*FELICE tries to obtain possession of box, but CHLORIS draws attention to FERDINAND, who, R.C., is bowing to her.*)

FERDINAND (R.C.). How do you do, Princess? What a lucky *rencontre*.

FELICE (L.C.). How do you do? Delightful weather, isn't it?

FERDINAND. It is, indeed. I wish to ask you, Princess — (*Aside.*) Those infernal fellows put me out. (*Aloud.*) Here. (*To BOODEL and Sailors.*) Pass along there!

FELICE (*curtseying so as to hide the box from FERDINAND.*) Oh, these are some men I —

BOODEL (*comes forward and checks her. Aside.*). Not a word about the box, or he'll find out all about the plot! *I'll* take care of it for you. (*Aloud, crossing to C.*) Mornin' your honour.

FERDINAND (R.C. *to* BOODEL). Who are you?

BOODEL. Jack Parbuckle, at your honour's service.

FERDINAND (*aside*). A sailor — I'll be familiarly hearty with him. It may make me popular with the service. (*Aloud.*) Where do you hail from, my lad?

BOODEL (*aside*). Where the deuce *do* I hail from? (*Aloud.*) Been coalin' durin' the winter, your honour. (*Aside.*) That sounds right, and doesn't commit me.

FERDINAND. Coalin', have you? Not bad sport either. (*Aside.*) It'll never do to admit I don't know what he means. (*Indicating box.*) And what have you got there?

FELICE (L.C., *frightened*). Oh, your Majesty, that —

CHLORIS (L.H., *aside to her*). Hush! Not a word!

BOODEL (*recovering himself and winking aside to FELICE*). That, your honour? Oh, that's nothing, only my sea chest.

FERDINAND. What do you keep in it?

BOODEL (*confused*). Keep in it? Only odds and ends — bits of lanyard and junk — marlinspikes and lime juice in case of scurvy, your honour.

FERDINAND (*aside*). I mistrust this man. (*Aloud.*) Are you quite sure you're a sailor?

BOODEL (C.). Quite sure? Why, your honour never takes Jack Parbuckle for a snivelling land-lubber? Shiver my timbers! Avast there! I'll prove it to your honour. (*Sailors take the box. FELICE and CHLORIS go up to terrace at back.*)

NAUTICAL SONG *and* HORNPIPE. — BOODEL.

Who would not be a sailor to his tarry fingertips?
With a yeo, heave-ho as we scud along so free!
CHORUS. With a yeo, heave-ho, etc.
BOODEL. Especially a sailor when there ain't no cranky ships,
With the breakers all a-roaming and a-foaming on the lee.
CHORUS. With the breakers, etc.
BOODEL. Davy Jones don't keep no lockers for to make a tar a ghost,
In a country which has frontiers but which hasn't got a coast
CHORUS. With a yeo, heave-ho.
BOODEL. Now and then our ardour fanning
We get ready for the manning
Of a navy which we're planning
While we're also planning docks.
But whene'er the timbers shiver,
It is better for the liver
To go sailing on a river
Where there's neither waves nor rocks.
CHORUS. But whene'er, etc.
BOODEL. So I'll tell you all a secret which'll please you very much
With a yeo, heave-ho as we scud along so free!
CHORUS. With a yeo, heave-ho, etc.
BOODEL. If you want to be a sailor, why you dresses up as such,
With the breakers all a-roaming and a-foaming on the lee.
CHORUS. With the breakers, etc.
BOODEL. For the country loves its sailors though their numbers may be small
And prefers them terra firmers to not having them at all.
CHORUS. With a yeo, heave-ho.
BOODEL. But I'd rather be a tailor
Than a true salt-water sailor
Who is not allowed to quail or
Go below when tempests rave.
Of my comfort I'm a miser,

So I stay on land and try, Sir,
If I cannot say, Aye, Aye, Sir,
Just as well as on the wave.

CHORUS. Of my comfort, etc.

Hornpipe, after which exeunt BOODEL and Sailors with box. FELICE and CHLORIS return L.

FERDINAND (*aside R.*) I don't believe he *is* a sailor. (*Seeing FELICE.*) Now I will ask the Princess about Felice. (*Aloud.*) Princess, I wish to ask you — (*Seeing CHLORIS L.C.*) Send that girl away. I should like to confer with you on a confidential matter.

FELICE (C.). Oh, never mind her. She cannot understand us. She's only a poor foreigner — an Italian. (*Aside to CHLORIS, L.C.*) Pretend you are an Italian.

CHLORIS (*crossing to C.*). *Si majesta, povera Italiana.*

FERDINAND. Oh, well, that's all right. I'm sorry I don't speak your poetic language (CHLORIS *curtseys, and retires so as to come down L. of FELICE*), though I understand a word here and there — "*piano*" and "*forte*," and things like that.

CHLORIS (*aside to FELICE*). Ask him where Max is.

FELICE. My little friend here wants to know where Prince Max is?

FERDINAND. Prince Max? (*Aside.*) Oh, this Italian is the girl he was bidding good-bye to so affectionately. Nice looking girl too. (*Aloud.*) Oh, Max is all right. (CHLORIS *crosses joyfully to C.*) I've sent a torpedo to meet him. "*Il est très bien.*" No, I forgot — "*sta bene.*" Commendatore Max — *molto bene.* (*Taking her by the arm and pointing to the steps R.H.*) If you go up to the top of the tower you'll find a telescope, and you'll see Max, *sul mare lucida* — on board his boat. Now then — *andiam* — I mean, off you get!

CHLORIS (R.2.E.). Thanks awfully — (FERDINAND *starts*) — I mean, *mille grazie!* (*Exit R.2.E.*)

FREDINAND (R.C.). Hullo! How about her only knowing Italian? She said "thanks awfully."

FELICE. Well, you see her father was an organ grinder. It's a phrase he picked up with the coppers.

FERDINAND (*aside*). Rather a nice girl! (*Aloud.*) I hope you're not annoyed at the postponement of our betrothal?

FELICE. Not at all; I like it!

FERDINAND (*surprised*). Eh? (*Aside.*) Have I suddenly become insane, or is there a look of Felice about her?

FELICE (*with affectedly aristocratic manner*). I think short engagements are so "bourgeois." (*Aside.*) He's a very fine man!

FERDINAND. I want to talk to you about a Lady-in-Waiting of yours — I think her name is Felice.

FELICE (*aside*). What does the King know about Felice? (*Looking at him.*) Extraordinary! He's got quite the stupid look of Oswé about the eyes. (*Aloud.*) Oh, she's somewhere about — not far off.

FERDINAND. It's a most mysterious thing that I can never see that young lady.

FELICE. You can see her now — if you look about. (*Aside.*) Can Oswé have confided in him? I'll try. (*Aloud.*) Now I want to ask *you* something. I want to have my portrait taken by the Court painter — what is his name — Oswé? Very talented, isn't he?

FERDINAND. Oh yes! He really is a clever fellow — not only at painting — but all round!

FELICE. Why does one never see *him*? Has he gone to the war?

FERDINAND. Not yet, but he'll go when I go. (*Aside.*) She's very attractive! After all, it would be scarcely infidelity to Felice to make love to anyone so like her. If it were *not* for Felice I think I could have made myself very comfortable *here* (*indicating FELICE*).

FELICE. What delightful men kings are. (FERDINAND *flattered aside.*) If it were not for Oswé, I could certainly like this gentleman with the brilliant beard.

DUET. — FELICE *and* FERDINAND.
[lyrics by Adrian Ross]

FELICE (*aside, operatic*). What is this mysterious feeling
Through my nervous system stealing,
Till my spirit seems to hover
'Twixt the old love and the new
For my passion for the painter
Grows phenomenally fainter,
As I see this royal lover
With the hair of auburn hue.
Shall I break
Every oath,
And forsake
One or both?
Heav'n above,
Earth below,
Is it love?
Yes or no?

FERDINAND (*aside*). Though I love a peasant maiden,
Who is not the present maiden,
And adore her amorously
As I still intend —
While I stand particularly
Stiff and perpendicularly
Inclination clamorously,
Calls on me to bend!

ENSEMBLE.

FERDINAND.
This is simply horrid of me
Fit to brand the forehead of me
If I thus perfidiously
Love the fair princess.
I should be no other to her
Than a sort of brother to her
Is it not a hideously
Complicated mess?

FELICE.
Oh, this feeling
Past concealing,
Makes me shiver
With distress
Must I grieve him
And deceive him
To deliver
The Princess?

FERDINAND. As we are betrothed, you know—

FELICE. Yes, we are betrothed, I know,
 FERDINAND. That may serve to make me bolder —
 FELICE. That may serve to make me bolder —
 BOTH. It is hardly well to show
 What is termed a colder shoulder.
 Rather nearer we should stand
 To behold each other nicely,
 Take an arm, or take a hand,
 And of course just so, precisely.

At the close of duet, FERDINAND, R.C., kisses her hand.

FELICE (L.H., *aside*). Oh, this will not do. I must remember my Oswé.
 FERDINAND (R.H., *aside*). This is all very nice but I must not forget Felice. (*Aloud as he, in a most courtly manner, approaches her, C.*) Princess, confide in me. (*Takes her arm in his and begins to promenade her from C. to R., then in front of stage for R. to C.*) You are not talking about Oswé for the sake of the picture.
 FELICE. Oh, no, for the sake —
 FERDINAND. I know, Oswé told me.
 FELICE. Told you?
 FERDINAND. That he is in love with your lady-in-waiting, Felice.
 FELICE. You are not angry with him?
 FERDINAND. Angry with him? Pooh! These two faithful lovers should be allowed to meet.
 FELICE (*tenderly*). When can they?
 FERDINAND. I can send Oswé here in ten minutes.
 FELICE (*forgetting herself*). Oh, lovely! (*Resuming her courtly style.*) I am so glad for *her* sake.
 FERDINAND. Will you undertake to produce Felice in ten minutes — here — on this spot?
 FELICE. I will. (*Extends her hand.*)
 FERDINAND. Then (*takes her hand and ceremoniously kisses it*) Oswé shall be here to meet her. (*Crosses to L.H. as FELICE, seeing CHLORIS enter R.2.E., forgets her royal manner and runs joyously to CHLORIS.*)
 FELICE. Oh, Prin —
 CHLORIS (*stopping her*). Altessa Principessa! (*Comes down R.*)
 FERDINAND (L.C., *aside to FELICE*). Hush! don't talk before the Italian girl.
 FELICE (C.). She doesn't understand.
 FERDINAND. Oh, you never know. Pretend we're talking State secrets in Balurian French!
 FELICE. But I only know Osturian German.
 FERDINAND. That'll do. We'll puzzle her!

TRIO. — FELICE *in German*; CHLORIS *in Italian*; FERDINAND *in French*.

FELICE. Das kleine Fräulein Müffchen,
 ("Little Miss Muffit") Sass munter auf 'nem Tüffchen,
 Verzehrend, frisch und Magen-stark,
 Molken und noch dazu den Quark,
 Da kam 'ne grauenhafte Spinne

Und setzt sich nieder bei dem Kind,
Plötzlich verlor sie dann die Sinne,
Und ausser sich lief ab geschwind!
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, nein,
Den theuren, weissen Deutschen Wein!

CHLORIS.	Verstehest Du?
FERDINAND.	Capisce tu?
ALL.	Comprenez-vous?
FELICE.	No, no!
CHLORIS.	Potz-tausend!
FERDINAND.	Ohimé!
ALL.	Parbloo!
FELICE.	This is a jolly plot!.
CHLORIS.	I wish I knew!
FERDINAND.	I'm puzzled, too!
ALL.	Je suis perdoo,
FELICE.	Oh, oh!
CHLORIS.	Wie heisst es?
FERDINAND.	Comè?
ALL.	Savez-vous?
	This dreadful polyglot.

CHLORIS. Adagino, piano, piano,
Chi va lento va lontano,
Due voci poco fanno
Pagliacci rusticano.
Non c'è vita senz' amore, ah!
È battendo con calore, ah!
Sentiam palpitar il cuore,
Traviata Trovatore.
Evviva! bel paese dei fieri Gondolieri
Ch'il diletto son' dei pazzi forestieri
Di Rossini, di Bellini;
Dolci vini, mandolini
Bell' Italia t'amo sempre
Oggi ancora, come ieri.

DANCE.

FERDINAND. (*"Froggy would a-wooing go"*)
Grenouillet voulait faire
La cour tout à son aise;
Il planta là sa mère,
Et partit à l'anglaise.
Sieur Antonin Roulard
S'ecrie "roulez poulet,

	Moi j'aime les épinards, J'aime bien le lard O-hè."
	Allons, enfants allons, ma mère, Partons, partons pour Leicester Square!
FELICE.	Verstehest Du?
CHLORIS.	Capisce tu?
FERDINAND.	Comprenez-vous?
ALL.	No, no! etc.

Exeunt CHLORIS, FELICE, and FERDINAND R.2.E. *Enter* BOODEL *preceding*, L.H., KING MOPOLIO, *who is dressed entirely in black, followed by two men carrying the picture of FELICE seen in Act I. It is now covered.*

MOPOLIO (*crosses to R., pointing L.*) Place the picture there. (*They place it on chair, L.H., and exit men. To BOODEL.*) Leave me.

BOODEL (*hesitating*). Sir, I am loth to leave you alone.

MOPOLIO. I am never alone. My grief is ever with me. I am a widower. (*Exit BOODEL, L.*) I must — I will — find out the original. (*Drawing aside the curtain of the picture.*) How strange! King Ferdinand's present to me. The very image of my first wife! The ill-fated, unjustly suspected, and never-to-be-sufficiently lamented Hippolyta! There she is, as she was when, with her infant daughter, Joanna Hippolyta, Princess Royal of Osturia, she fled from the palace never to return! Never to return the many gifts I bestowed upon her, the regal diadem of Osturia on her handsome brow, jewelled bracelets on her arms, three "colliers" of real diamonds about her neck, and the remainder of the Crown Jewels in her chest! I believed her false to her marriage vow, but she was as true as were the diamonds! The proof came too late. I was a widower. Then I married again! A new wife, a new set of diamonds — paste on this occasion — and now a widower again, but with a ray of hope that justice may yet to be done to the memory of Hippolyta in the person of our daughter, if she be alive — and then — oh then, once more will these lips know what it is to smile. (*Covers picture.*)

SONG. — MOPOLIO.

I am a king who must not smile,
A fact profoundly vexing.
To keep a first class funeral style
For life is most perplexing.
I smile not when I bite or sup,
And when my jokers joke it,
Though mirth within my heart leaps up,
I always have to choke it,
Since all the world — which makes me wild —
Knows me as one who never smiled.

Once all things wore a different hue,
Before one wife had left me,

Ere death, dispatching number two,
Of love and joy bereft me.
My court suggested number three,
A notion I said “pish” to,
Since when I never dared to be
As genial as I wish to.
Since all the world — which makes me wild —
Knows me as one who never smiled.

For now my reputation needs
I should be glum at all costs
Should talk of plumes and crape and weeds,
And what each kind of pall costs.
I must not jump, I must not shout, (*tries to dance*)
For being so reputed
I have to sigh, and crawl about,
With all my heart strings muted.

Yet might my joy again ring free
Against the sounding rafter:
If I could find my daughter, she
Would legalise my laughter
A lawless smile I cannot bear,
But, could I gaze upon her,
Once more I’d cry, “Be gone, dull care”
And smile, in peace, with honour.
And no one then would make me wild
Or dub me one who never smiled.

[*The above song was replaced during the opera’s run with the following song:*]

SONG. — KING MOPOLIO.
[words by Adrian Ross]

I’m a model of a melancholy King,
And I haven’t been amused by anything,
Since my diamonds and my daughter
Of the very finest water,
Took erratic and contemporaneous wing!
So I find that it is needful to explain
That I follow in the English monarch’s train
Who declared, without evasion,
I forget on what occasion,
That he never should be seen to smile again!
Joke and jape and woman’s winsome wile
Vainly would my gloomy grief beguile,

But the jesters and the japers of the many penny papers,
Cannot move me to a melancholy smile.

No, no!

They emphatically do not make me smile!

I have seen the comicalities of Crete,
And the farces that are acted by the fleet;
And appreciate the humours
Of the wild Athenian rumours
As the howling newsboy sells them down the street!
There is screaming fun in Cuba and in Spain,
With the battles that the rebels lose and gain,
When the slaughter, though infernal,
Is restricted to a journal;

Still, it never seems to make me smile again.

Joke and jape and woman's winsome wile

Vainly would my gloomy grief beguile,

But the music of the wires of the Cretan loots and liars,
Cannot move me to a melancholy smile!

BOODEL (*re-entering* L.H.). Excuse me, sir, I think I am safe in suggesting that you are one of us? (*Mysteriously.*) Hooray! Whoop!

MOPOLIO (*aside*). What a singular man! (*Aloud.*) Who are you?

BOODEL (*mysteriously*). Well, I'm naturally one of you. (MOPOLIO *shrugs his shoulders and turns up.*) (*Aside.*) This must be the arch-conspirator Oswé — the Number One. I've got the box concealed in the Royal Property Room, and if only I can secure "Number One," my pardon is assured. Let me see. He said he was a widower. "Marriage" means explosion, therefore "widower" must mean one who has wrecked one monument and is in a position to wreck another. It's wonderful how you can piece a language together from just a few words. (*Aloud and confidentially.*) You can talk with perfect freedom to me, sir. I am, as they say, "in the know."

MOPOLIO (*aside, going to L.*). I wonder who this can be? There can be no harm in asking him a few questions. (*Aloud.*) Well, Sire, can you put me in the way of finding the original of this portrait?

BOODEL. Don't you know? (*Aside, recognising portrait which he has seen in Act I.*) Why that's the — (*aloud*) it's the — wait a moment — (*aside, consulting notes*). What's their flash term for the girl who's going to blow up the Palace? Ah! Here we are! "The Princess." (*Aloud.*) It's the "Princess."

MOPOLIO (*aside*). Ah! (*Covers the picture and comes down L.*) If he should be right! (*Aloud.*) Do you know where she is?

BOODEL. I think I can find her when necessary. (*Confidentially.*) I've got the bricks.

MOPOLIO. What?

BOODEL. The "bricks" for the "marriage."

MOPOLIO. I don't know what you mean.

BOODEL (*aside*). He's deep — very deep! (*Aloud.*) I suppose you belong to some foreign branch of the League?

MOPOLIO. I'm a stranger in Vingolia, certainly.

BOODEL. But (*confidentially*) tell me, why this mysterious dress?

MOPOLIO. I am here on a secret errand. I have come to see the King.

BOODEL (*aside*). Aha! Now we are getting at it. An assassin! I'll draw him out. With a present?
(*Indicating picture.*)

MOPOLIO (L.C.). No — with a past: of which more anon.

BOODEL. Oh, that's all right. Lots of men have pasts. Why, I can assure you, when I was a young chap, and perhaps not th every worst-looking young chap that ever was seen, I used to — but there! I hate the man who brags about his successes.

MOPOLIO (*aside*). His modesty attracts me. (*Aloud.*) Sir, something about you suggests that there is an affinity between us. To begin with, why are *you* appavelled as you are?

BOODEL (R.C.). The fact is, I was once in a better position, and I've dropped out of it, and I've got the "hump," and these sable garments — (*aside, in conversational tones*) — Second Conspirator's dress from the Royal Revels Wardrobe — (*aloud*) suit the gloomy humour of my soul (*melodramatically to R.H.*).

MOPOLIO (*aside, L.H.*). A kindred spirit. (*Aloud.*) I, too, sir, have been used to having silks and satins and bright caparisons. We appear to be in similar plight. (*They meet C.*) Two noblemen in distress.

DUET. — BOODEL *and* MOPOLIO.
[lyrics by Adrian Ross]

BOODEL. Where is my keep and its barbican battlement,
 Parks for my cattle meant,
 Cherished so dearly?

MOPOLIO. There are the jerry-built homes of a newer age,
 Villas with sewerage
 Thirty pounds yearly!

BOODEL. Where are the shields in the glass of the oriel,
 Bearings armorial,
 Noble and knightly?

MOPOLIO. Stolen by aldermen, knights of a latter day,
 So says the "Saturday,"
 Probably rightly!

BOTH. Probably rightly!
 Old nobility learns humility
 Down in the deeps of a shabby gentility
 Moneyed success costs the noblesse,
 Yes, yes
 We are noblemen in distress!
 We are really noblemen in distress!

BOODEL. Where are my portraits in cuirass and furbelow,
 People who *were* below
 Famous in story?

MOPOLIO. Sold to the nobles whose family never is,

Owners of breweries,
 Great in their glory!
 BOODEL. Where is the jewelry worn by each Miss of race —
 Ruby and chrysophrase,
 Pearls and carbuncles?
 MOPOLIO. Gone from the house of your fathers and ancestors,
 Gone to the fancy stores
 Kept by your uncles!
 BOTH. Kept by your/our uncles!
 Sad disparity, singularity!
 Nobles have come to depend upon charity.
 Even our dress helps you to guess
 Yes, yes!
 That we are noblemen in distress!
 We are really noblemen in distress!

Enter CHLORIS, R.1.E., still as Lady-in-Waiting.

CHLORIS. What a splendid telescope! It brought Max so near that I had to blow him a kiss, dear boy. (*Horror stricken at seeing MOPOLIO approaching L.1.E.*) Father! (*Aside.*) What on earth brings him here? This will upset our plot completely.
 MOPOLIO. Chloris!
 CHLORIS. Papa! (*They embrace.*)
 MOPOLIO. Where is King Ferdinand?
 CHLORIS. I don't know. Last week he declared war against Baluria, and now he's bust laying down half a dozen new ironclads.
 MOPOLIO. War! — and your betrothal?
 CHLORIS. Deferred till he returns.
 MOPOLIO. 'Tis well. Child! for you there may be *no* betrothal.
 CHLORIS (*overjoyed*). What! Oh how delightful! (*About to embrace him.*)
 MOPOLIO (L.C.). Stay, the time has arrived when I must confide to you the story of my life.
 CHLORIS. Father, spare me, I know it.
 MOPOLIO. But you do *not* know that my daughter, your half-sister, the Princess Royal, is alive! alive!! alive!!!
 CHLORIS. No, I do not know that! Do you?
 MOPOLIO. No, at least not yet. It is not a cert, but it is a hundred to one on. And if she be alive — do not be dejected!
 CHLORIS. Dejected! I shall be delighted!
 MOPOLIO. Eh?
 CHLORIS. It is the heiress to the crown of Osturia who has to marry King Ferdinand? (MOPOLIO *assents.*) Then, if my half-sister is alive, she will marry him and I shall be free?
 MOPOLIO. Absolutely.
 CHLORIS. Lovely! And then you'll let me marry Max?
 MOPOLIO. Prince of Baluria! No better match!
 CHLORIS. Oh, you dear Papa. (*Embraces him wildly.*)

MOPOLIO. Now to find King Ferdinand (*aside*) and learn who is the original of that picture. (*Exit L.*)

CHLORIS. I'll go and have another look through the telescope. (*Turns to go up steps just as MAX, wearing a clock and helmet with big plumes and closed vizor appears getting over wall.*)
Oh, who is this?

MAX. Chloris, my darling! Help me to get this up. (*CHLORIS and he struggle with vizor, which they succeed in raising, then they embrace.*)

CHLORIS. What has brought you here?

MAX. Why, you signalled me to come at once!

CHLORIS. I signalled!

MAX. You did so (*business*) and in our naval semaphore code that means "Come ashore at once."

CHLORIS. But in my code it means (*kisses hand to MAX*) that!

MAX. That's all it meant? Oh, blow it!

CHLORIS. That's what I did do — blow it! (*Kisses hand again.*) (*Enter FELICE in her peasant dress, L.2.E.*)

MAX. Hurrah! here's Felice! (*Tries to embrace her.*)

FELICE. No, no! Go away! I don't know you in your matinee hat.

CHLORIS (*who has been looking off*). There's a man coming. (*MAX puts his vizor down.*)

FELICE. It's only Oswé. I came here to meet him. (*Enter FERDINAND as Oswé, R.2.E.*)

FERDINAND. Felice!

FELICE. Oswé! (*Embrace.*)

CHLORIS. So that's Oswé!

FERDINAND (*seeing MAX*). Who is this extraordinary person?

CHLORIS. Oh! he's — he's called about the electric light. (*MAX makes peculiar sounds.*) He's not very well. He's got a throat affection.

FERDINAND. Nonsense. You're a Balurian spy, sir. If I denounce you, you you'll have a very bad throat affection soon! (*Imitates business of hanging.*)

FELICE. No, Oswé. He's only Prince Max. (*MAX raises vizor.*)

Ferdinand. Prince Max! What is he doing here?

CHLORIS. He came to see *me*. You can't be annoyed — you're lovers yourselves.

FERDINAND. Well, we'll allow five minutes for refreshments, and then we'll see what King Ferdinand say to you.

QUARTET. — FELICE, CHLORIS, MAX, *and* FERDINAND.

[words by Adrian Ross]

FELICE.	Although we're all at war —
FERDINAND.	At war by land and sea —
BOTH.	Immunity covers philandering lovers, And lovers are you and we!
CHLORIS.	We'll let the cannons roar —
MAX.	We'll let the bullets hiss —
BOTH.	And army and navy be done to a gravy, So long as we have our kiss!
ALL.	Here's to fun, and flirting, and flattery, Flirting and flattery —

Flirting and flattery!
 Let barbette, battalion, and battery,
 Blaze and bang and bicker their best!
 Hew and hack and halberd and howitzer,
 Halberd and howitzer,
 Halberd and howitzer,
 But, though law may fail to allow it, Sir,
 We'll have a dozen bars' rest,
 Ha, ha! a dozen bars' rest!

FELICE. For love is more than laws,
 FERDINAND. And conquers war's array,
 BOTH. And beautiful Emma was Nelson's dilemma,
 Though often explained away!
 CHLORIS. Antonius failed because —
 MAX. He loved old Egypt's queen —
 BOTH. And mighty Napoleon made himself lowly
 To elegant Josephine.
 ALL. Conquerors and figures heroical,
 Figures heroical,
 Figures heroical,
 Were not stern and frigidly stocial,
 All the might of Cupid confessed.
 So opinion will not be stiff for us,
 Will not be stiff for us,
 Will not be stiff for us,
 If in battle's music vociferous
 We have a dozen bars' rest,
 Ha, ha! a dozen bars' rest!

DANCE.

Noises hear without — increasing. The ladies of the Court rush in R.2.L. entrance, then the Courtiers without their beards, then L.2.E. to C. VINCENTIUS, MICHAEL, R.2.E., and down R.

VINCENTIUS. Your Majesty, this is no time for disguise or ceremony. The enemy's fleet is in the offing. (*Crosses down to R.*)

FELICE (*starting R.C. and looking at FERDINAND*). "Your Majesty!" Where?

FERDINAND. Give me my naval uniform!

FELICE (R.C.). Then you — the painter Oswé — are ——

ALL. King Ferdinand!

FELICE (R.C.). Ah! (*Utters a scream and falls into FERDINAND's arms. BOODEL rushes on L.2.E. down steps, in Master of the Revels' dress, with box. He flings himself at the King's feet.*)

BOODEL (C.). Sire, Sire, a boon! I have discovered a plot against your Majesty's life, and I crave free pardon. (MOPOLIO, *who has followed BOODEL on, now starts on seeing FELICE — looks from her to picture and back again.*)

FERDINAND. Boodel!

BOODEL. This box, I need hardly inform one of your Majesty's astuteness, is nothing more nor less than an infernal machine. (FELICE *starts up.*)

ALL (*except CHLORIS, MOPOLIO, and FELICE*). An infernal machine! (*Preparations for a general stampede.*)

FERDINAND (*suddenly realising the fact*). An infernal ——— (*about to run*).

FELICE (*stopping him*). No, it is mine!

MOPOLIO (*advancing to C.*). No, it is *mine*!

ALL. Yours!

MOPOLIO. I am King Mopolio of Octuria! This box contains the Royal diadem of Osturia, the Crown diamonds, the certificates of our marriage and of Hippolyta's birth. (*During this BOODEL has opened the box and taken out the contents.*)

BOODEL. Didn't I tell you so?

MOPOLIO. This (*indicating FELICE*) is my daughter!

FERDINAND. Felice! your daughter?

FELICE. Papa! A King! And I'm a real Princess! Oh! (*Crosses to MOPOLIO, embraces him.*)

FERDINAND. And a Queen! (*They embrace.*)

CHLORIS (*bringing down MAX*). And now, papa, you'll let me marry Max!

FERDINAND. "Papa"! What does this mean? That's the *povera Italiana*!

MOPOLIO. This (*indicating CHLORIS*) is my younger daughter, Lucilla Chloris.

FERDINAND. The Princess! Then who was it that was presented at our Court — that the King was to have been betrothed to?

FELICE. That was I — Felice.

FERDINAND. Felice!

FELICE. But if you are the King, who was the gentleman with the brilliant beard?

FERDINAND. That was I!

FELICE. Why then — (*clasping her hands with delight*) ———

MOPOLIO (*turning to MAX on his left*). Max, my boy, delighted! (*To CHLORIS on his right.*) Chloris, bless you! Bless you all! Now I can smile again.

FERDINAND. He's going to smile. (*All turn and watch MOPOLIO's face. He smiles.*)

BOODEL. You will doubtless now require a Master of the Revels. I shall be happy to resume my old position.

FERDINAND. All right!

ALL. Long live King Ferdinand!

FINALE.

FERDINAND. Every thought of trouble over, I propose to live in clover —

FELICE. As an undisputed Monarch, with Felice for his wife.

MAX. And I'll ask you all to fill a brimming bumper to Lucilla —

CHLORIS. To Lucilla, who is shortly to be bound to him for life.

COSMO. Was there ever aught of bonny? With a double ceremony?

MOPOLIO. I shall polish off my daughters and shall bag a brace of sons.

FERDINAND. Joy your faces over-spreading, you must all attend the wedding
And behold two Royal couples fairly welded into one.

ALL. Joy your/their faces over-spreading, etc.

FELICE. Then sing, sing a merry, merry song,
And dance, dance, for dancing is not wrong.

CHLORIS. Free, free,
Free at last are we
With music and with revelry to drive the day along.

ALL. Then sing, sing, etc.

Curtain.