

Working Script

56

DOROTHY

ACT I

Property of
J. C. Williamson, Inc.

THE PROPERTY OF

C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

Sp

Script marked by D. Tholant 16/4/32

DOROTHY

Re-produced
opera William
Gilbert & Sullivan Co

At rise of Curtain ~~Chorus~~ grouped around
Stage Steps & Tents ^{ACT I} ~~Central~~ ~~Passes~~ L, they are
in a semi-circle around stage
(SCENE: - The hop gardens, etc.)

(As the curtain rises TUPPIT and CHORUS are discovered
YOUNG MEN and WOMEN singing and dancing, OLD MEN and
WOMEN sitting and drinking)

CHORUS *Curtain 8-11*

(Chorus and ballet of PEASANTS AND HOP PICKERS)

Lads and lasses gaily trip, (*new turn girls*)
Age indulges in a sip; (*Drinking beer*)
With an arm about her waist (*young young waist*)
Every lass shall have a taste (*girls laugh at men*)
Then each lad shall toast his lass all hands up, toasting
To the bottom of the glass. (*Drinking cheers*)
Chorus up to Budge as Ballet enters for Budge RUE
See the maids their locks entwine
With the blossom and the bine
Gaily tripping in and out *Ballet Dance*
Up and down and round about,
Age and youth with mirth combine
In the merry hopping time,
all point to Phyllis & Tom as they enter over Budge
Tuppit enters from Inn and turns his back on them

'Tis Phyllis and her lover
Oh! what a fool he looks! (*to each other*)

TOM

*Phyllis
Play Phyllis
him*

Tuppit turns his back on him
Oh, master Tuppit, here I stand,
An honest lad you see,
To ask you for your daughter's hand,
That we may married be.

Ph	Tom	Tupp
o	X	X

all appeal to him

CHORUS

Oh, Muster Tuppit, there they stand,
Two nice young folks you see;
Now give to him your daughter's hand
That they may married be,

TUPPIT

Turns Never!

CHORUS

(To each other) He refuses!

all dance country dance, with Ballet,
Phy & Tom join in, at end of Dance Tom tries
to kiss her, she slaps his face, (Chorus laugh)
and runs down R, he after her, he catches her &
kisses her, she is not unwilling.

Tom defected, Phyllis goes to him, and
pantomimes, that she will plead.

Tom Ph Tup
X O X

PHYLLIS

Would you see your Phyllis weep,
Who ever was the gayest of the gay?
Lose her roses? Miss her sleep,
And sob a disappointed life away?
Breaks down sobbing, & turns to Tom, who comforts her

CHORUS

Forbear defying all hands out. pleading to Tuppi
The course of true love.
Be quick complying
Your better sense prove;
And see her, *Phyllis cries on Tom's shoulder*
She is crying! *Chorus ladies turn into men*

Ph Tom Tup
O X X

TOM

X to Tuppi
Happy the home that waits your daughter,
Honest the heart that I have brought her,
Sturdy the arm that shall support her;
You will relent
You must consent
Give me your daughter!

Tuppi goes up stage, Chorus surround him, pleading

CHORUS

You will relent, ~~Tom~~
You must consent!

Tom

X L Sure never man required such earnest pressing!

Tuppi gives in and comes down between, & brings them together

TUPPI T

There, take the child and with her take my blessing!

CHORUS

Ha! ha! ha! *(all delighted)*

TOM

Henceforth I devote my life
To making her a happy wife!

*all come round and congratulate them
4 men go in bring out trays of things - Tom, Tuppi
get at tray with three inches for Tom, Phyllis
Lads and lasses - etc.*

CHORUS

(DANCE and exit)

Ph Tom Tup
O X X

TUPPI T

Wiping Table with his apron
Now, my lad, I can't have any loitering here. My lass
has got her work to do. You will have more than enough of
her by and bye if she takes after her poor mother.

TOM X

X All right, Muster Tuppi - I'll be off to parson to get
him to name the day. *(Going up to Bridge)*

TUPPI T

Day! what day!

She, amazed at such a question

TOM The wedding day, to be sure! I was thinking that to-morrow would be a likely kind o f day.

PHYLLIS Oh! to-morrow would be much too soon.

TUPPIT My lass, what has to be done should be done quickly.

TOM Then to-morrow it shall be.

TUPPIT Settle it as you please. I shall have no peace until you settle it in your own way. Now, Phyllis, bustle about and get the tables ready. I'll just go and taste that last cask of ours. Come along, Tom.

(Exit L.)

PHYLLIS ^C Father is very fond of that ale, he can't keep his lips off it.

TOM It ain't easy for a man to keep his lips off anything that he is very fond of.

(Kisses her and exit L.)

(Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA ^{by} *Bridge in time to see the kiss*)

PHYLLIS Lor, Tom, how could you? *(Looking off at Tom)*

DOR: R Oh! Phyllis! *Both come down quickly either side of her, both indignant.*

LYDIA L Oh! Phyllis! *Do Ph Lyd*

PHYLLIS ^C Miss Dorothy! Miss Lydia! How you did frighten me!

DOR: Serve you right!

LYDIA Why did you let him do it?

DOR: Why didn't you slap his face?

} All these lines said quickly

LYDIA Why didn't you scream?

DOR: If it were only for the sake of appearances -

} *Quickly*

LYDIA Really, I am ashamed of you.

PHYLLIS But I am going to be married, Miss -

DOR & LYDIA To be married! *(Amazed)*

DOR: To whom?

PHYLLIS To Tom Strutt.

LYDIA Dear me! I am sorry for you. *(Drops L a little)*

DOR: What a pity! *(Drops R a little) / to look such a nice girl*

PHYLLIS Lor, miss! how you frighten me! Why Tom is as handsome as paint, and as good as gold.

DOR: *(comes to her)* Paint, my dear, is often used to cover a hole in the plank

LYDIA *(comes to her)* And as for virtue in man, it is here to-day and gone to-morrow. *what of Dorothy?*

DOR: You take my advice and draw back, or you will repent it when it is too late.

LYDIA Don't you have anything to do with marriage.

PHYLLIS But what am I to do?

LYDIA *Do,* Do without it.

DOR: As we do - Listen to me.

*Phyllis goes to run away over the Bridge,
they both run up & bring her down*

TRIO - "Be wise in time."

DOR:

Be wise in time, Dor Phy Lyd
Oh, Phyllis mine. 0 0 0
Have a care,
Maiden fair,
Pray beware!

Men that combine
Such traits divine
Ever dare
Never spare
Never care!

Would you your liberty resign
To win a ~~goddam~~ ring?
In spinsterhood far better pine
Than dare so rash a thing.

PHYLLIS

There comes a time,
Oh! mistress mine!
Mistress fair
Have a care
Pray beware!

When maids unkind
Are left behind
Nor are there
Men to spare
Everywhere!

*Phyllis
wms R
Dor brings
her back
(for Dor)
2. 1. 1. 1.*

All men deny, Phy Dor Lyd
All men defy, 0 0 0
Warily
Charily
Airily.

Renounce the tie,
And single die,
Let all three Dor + Lyd hold up their hands
Swear to be as if taking an oath, Phy refuses
Ever free. + goes a little R.

Dorothy goes to her & pulls her round & urges this to her.
Take good advice and pray behave,
As prudent maidens ought,
Recall the plight you rashly gave
No man is worth a thought.

DOR:

Well, there Phyllis. You have my opinion and if you don't
follow it, you will get no pity from me. X L

Ph Lyd Dor
0 0 0

LYDIA Nor from me. Now what do you think of our dresses? *(Turns showing off Dress, Dorothy does the same)*

PHYLLIS They are beautiful!

DOR: Do you think anyone will notice us? *(Comes to L of Lydia)*

PHYLLIS Oh, dear no, Miss! Nobody would possibly guess that you were ladies. *(Crosses L down to flower bed; fixes flowers)
goes up then Lyd Dor Phy*

DOR;
&
LYDIA *(Disappointed)* Oh!

DOR: But Lydia, you don't want anyone to guess who you are.

LYDIA I am not so sure of that.

DOR: Did we not agree that we would throw off our hoops and fur-belowes for one day, and join in the village feast as if we had done nothing all our lives but milk cows and clean cottages floors?

LYDIA But they will know us for all our disguise.

DOR: Without our powder? Don't flatter yourself, my dear. Who will ever guess that I, Dorothy Bantam, the Squire's daughter and you, Lydia Hawthorne, his niece, are masquerading amongst the yokels of the village? Come, Lydia, pocket your pride, put on your best smile, and I promise you, before the day is an hour older, that some rustic swain shall be at your feet.

LYDIA A ploughman perhaps.

DOR: What of that, a ploughman is better than no man,

Lydia *at Dor* *Will you wouldn't like a ploughman yourself*
PHYLLIS *(To DOR:)* And what am I to say, miss, if any questions are asked?

DOR: Say what you please - stay! We must agree in our story. Say that we are your sisters. *(Phyllis starts to go)*

PHYLLIS But what will father say to that?

DOR: Let him be in the secret. He will find some tale to justify the sudden increase of his family.

PHYLLIS *How leave it to me Miss,*
I will make him understand.

DOR: *(Exit) into Collage*
(Goes and sits R of table)
Poor girl! she will know more about it some day.

LYDIA When it is too late. I pity her.

DOR: *Do you know Lydia*
This is the fifth marriage that has taken place during the month.

LYDIA If we don't take care we shall be the only spinsters left in the neighbourhood.

DOR: *Rise & come c/*
But we shall never swerve from our determination to remain single.

LYDIA Never!

DOR: Let us once more swear to -

LYDIA Yes, let us swear. *(Both put their hands up)*

(WILDER and SHERWOOD without R. shouting "Holloa, there House - landlord! Some of ye!")

DOR: *(Both run up to Bridge)*
Why, who are these?

LYDIA Men, my dear; human creatures. They are coming this way

DOR: Gentlemen! - and good looking too.

LYDIA *(Going)* They will take us for serving maids. We had best be going.

Bus They don't sit down until each girl
says "Sit Down", they pull them down
Lydia's deep voice comedy

DOR: (Stopping her) What! would you fly at the first sign of the enemy? Oh lud! Here they come! (Going back) *Both run down R*
Lyd Dow Wild Sher
 (Enter WILDER and SHERWOOD R) *calling "Horse - Horse"*

WILDER *C then see part*
 Pretty maidens - stay one moment. Turn and give your assistance to two honest fellows in distress. Our horses are lame. We have lost our way.
Lyd Dow Sher Wild
o o X X

SHERWOOD And we would know.^c (Aside) What a sweet girl!

WILDER Where we can stay to-night. (Aside) She is surprisingly handsome!
Lyd Sher Dow Wild
X o o X

DOR: (Going)^c Really, gentlemen - if you would inquire in the house they would help you.

WILDER (Detaining them) Nay, why such haste?

SHER: What! do you run away from your customers?
Lyd Sher Dow Wild
X o o X X

DOR: (Aside to LYDIA) We must act up to our parts, cousin. Put your manners in your pocket.
Lyd Sher Dow Wild
o X o X

Q U A R T E T T E

WILDER "We're sorry to delay you."
 We're sorry to delay you *Dow goes c*
 Don't go!
Lyd Sher Dow Wild
o X o X

SHER: To pardon us we pray you
 No stay!

TOGETHER Aching limbs and weary feet,
 Palates parched with dust and heat;
 With fatigue we're fit to sink,
 Bring us anything to drink. *Lyd X to Dow Wild*
Sher Lyd Dow
X o o X
 Have you beer, or ale, or porter,
 To make our anguish shorter?
 Such a thirst
 At the worst,
 We could almost quench with water.
Lydia crosses down to L of table
Dorothy " R b "

DOR: Be seated, sirs we pray you
Wilder X to R of table
Sher " " L "
Dow Lyd
Wild o o Sherwood

Both coming to the girls at the repeat. The girls curtsy to them. The men to the girls.

Dorothy goes into Inn brings out tray with Jug + three mugs; pours out beer.

LYDIA

We will not long delay you. *D. W. Lyd. Sher*
all rise + come c *o x o x*

TOGETHER

We have drink and food for all,
Here you have the house of call,
Where the food is of the best,
Where the drink can stand all test.

We have beer, and ale, and porter,
To make your anguish shorter

Such a thirst,
At the worst,

We can cure without cold water.

At end of No. 2 Inn, takes Wilder's mug, puts it on table then goes to go up stage, he stops her
(DOR: and LYDIA going) Lydia does the same she goes to

WILDER

Don't go yet. (Arm round DOR:) *go into Inn he stops her*
D. W. S. Lyd
o x x o

SHER:

You must not stir. (Arm round LYDIA)

DOR:

But if you do not let us go, how shall you quench your thirst? *(Trying to get away from him)*

WILDER

I had forgotten that I had a thirst.

SHER: *(To Lydia)*

And I that I had anything but a heart.

WILDER *x to Sher still has hold of Dorothy's hand*

They have the perfect men of fine ladies at St James.

SHER: *x to Wilder (Same)*

I am surprised - such dialect too! Don't let her go Geoffrey. *(Up with LYDIA)*
Dorothy tries to break away, Lydia breaks away + runs down L of table, Sherwood follows her

WILDER

Not I!

DOR:

(Trying to get away) Pray, sir, as you are a gentleman.

WILDER

You would not leave me all alone in a strange place.

DOR:

Give me my hand, and let me go.

WILDER

Not till you have told me who and what you are. *(Up following DOR:)* *Both go up R.*

He pulls her from around table
LYDIA (Down, followed by SHER:) Nay, sir, I beg of you.

SHER: It is impossible to see you and not to talk in raptures.

LYDIA And yet you have only just set eyes on me.

SHER: A good reason for never having loved you before, and a better one for loving you now.

LYDIA Your speech is involved sir.

SHER: Shall I make my meaning plainer to your lips? (About to kiss her) *(She smacks his face)*

LYDIA (Escaping him and running to DOR:) Oh Dorothy, what shall I do?
W D L S
X O O X

DOR: What is the matter, cousin?

LYDIA He offered to kiss me!

DOR: Did he? How nice of him!

comes R of Dorothy
WILDER Answer our question, and you shall be free to go where you will, provided you promise to return immediately.

DOR: You will forget all about us, even if I tell you who we are

WILDER Never! *(Loud Bawl)*

SHER: *(Cursey)* Forget you - *(feeling his face)* Never

DOR: Well then. I am Dorcas, and this is my cousin Abigail. *(Cursey)*

(overly quick)
LYDIA And we are both daughters of Farmer Tuppit who lives in yonder house.

DOR: (Aside to LYDIA) What are you saying, child?

LYDIA (Confused) I mean that this is Dorcas, and I am my cousin Abigail.

WILDER Now we know. *(Shewood comes at length to E of Willow)*
with you you see

DOR: (Aside to LYDIA) Come along or you will mix up the relationship so that there will be no disentangling of the confusion. *(*)* And now, gentlemen, having satisfied your curiosity we will bring you that which shall appease your thirst. Come cousin! *Both exit into Inn.*
Dorothy coughs first, Shewood goes to chase Lydia, Turkey who screams scath. (Exit DOR: and LYDIA)

WILDER Stay!

SHER: What is it?

WILDER The relationship of this fair hamlet seems somewhat mixed.

SHER: Simple enough, it seems to me.

WILDER What! when your charmer declared herself to be her own cousin?

SHER: Do you doubt her word, sir? *(Mock Threaten)*

WILDER Nay, heaven forbid!

SHER: I would have you to understand, sir, that if she chooses she can be her own cousin or anyone else's cousin.

WILDER I meant no offence.

SHER: And that any gentleman doubting her right, will have to deal with me. *(Hat. bow)*

(Exit House L)

WILDER Hang your St James's manners and brocades, say I.

after No. smack of stage, Sherwood runs out
holding his cheek

Sherwood - I've got it again

Wilder - Got what?

Sherwood - Is there a red mark on my face

Wilder - Yes - where did you get it, inside

Sherwood - No - outside

Below Chair of table, under a College

Sit at Table, & read BALLAD "With such a dainty Maid." 12

WILDER

With such a dainty maid none can compare,
Ten thousand, thousand Cupids play in her hair
A million little loves within her eyes
Lie wanton waiting for some sweet surprise;
Her smile can bid me feel as light as air,
Her frown can throw me into deep despair,
Her varied charms to me such joy impart
That I would gladly yield to her my heart.

C for 2nd

2,

But, if my heart has now ceased to be mine,
However much I may thereto incline,
I could not, if I would give what I lack,
Nor would I, if I could receive it back.
Alas! I know not how or when or where,
But love, who never yet was known to spare,
Has fled victorious from his battle field
And left me weeping with no heart to yield.

(Re-enter SHER: from house)

SHER: I never beheld anything so charming!

WILDER What a shape!

SHER: What a neck!

WILDER What an instep!

SHER: What a foot!

WILDER You don't mean my girl, I hope, sir.

SHER: Nor mine, I trust sir?

WILDER Mine is the most beautiful piece of flesh and blood -

SHER: Mine is the sweetest - most angelic little rogue -

WILDER Then sir, do you accept my toast?

SHER: With all my heart - for my girl!

WILDER Of course - and mine.

SHER: *Looks off in Linn*
And to think we should have been wasting our time among the rouged and painted syrens of the ring, while such a pair of beauties were waiting for us.

WILDER Harry! I renounce the town and all its ways. From henceforth behold me the slave of my country goddess. *(Bows to the Inn)*

SHER: Until your rural peace be disturbed by our friend Lurcher.

WILDER Our worthy friend, the Sheriff's officer. I had forgotten all about him.

SHER: He will not have forgotten all about you, after the fall you gave him as we came out of the wells.

WILDER ~~X~~ Ha! ha! And we took the last of the nags, and left him to pursue us on foot.

SHER: He is sure to track you here.

WILDER And, if he does, I shall throw myself on my uncle's mercy cry "peccavi" promise to be a good boy, and try my best to swallow my cousin Dorothy - though the pill will be a bitter one.

SHER: I wish you well out of your scrape with all my heart. What is the amount of the debt?

WILDER Nay, Harry, why worry our heads about the figures on a writ when we have other figures to think of - and such figures! *(Looks at Linn)*

SHER: There is a touch of gentility beneath those rustic ways.

WILDER There is some mystery about them.

SHER: We shall soon know, for here comes the father.

(Enter TUPPIT) *from Inn*

TUPPIT Gentlemen, your humble servant.

WILDER The landlord?

TUPPIT At your service, sir. Your horses have been attended to. Have you far to ride?

WILDER As far as Squire Bantam's.

TUPPIT Then you are close to the end of your journey, for he lives but two miles from here.

SHER: (Aside) I would it had been further by some miles.

TUPPIT I will see that your nags are fed, and ready for you to proceed at once. *(Goes to go up stage)*

WILDER *Hops him!* Nay, there is no great hurry so that we find shelter at the Squire's to-night.

TUPPIT You will find a goodly company there, and a hospitable welcome. Do you know his worship?

WILDER *Dusting his boot on chair* I should know him, but it is some years since we met. I am his nephew.

TUPPIT I am pleased to see you, sir.

WILDER (Aside) Egad! it is more than my uncle will be!

TUPPIT *(Charming)* Will you dine, sir? We have a bean-feast preparing.

SHER: The bean-feast by all means. What say you, Wilder?

WILDER It all depends on the company - who are bidden? *knowing*

TUPPI T All the village.

WILDER Men?

TUPPI T And women.

WILDER Then the bean-feast, by all means.

SHER: And in the meantime we would ask for a taste of your ale.

TUPPI T You shall have it, sir. My daughters have just gone to draw it. (O)

WILDER Your daughters?

TUPPI T Yes, sir. *My daughters* ^{*Willa*} ^{*Sher*} ^{*Willd*}
~~Willa~~ ~~Sher~~ ~~Willd~~ X X X

Q U I N T E T T E

"A Father's joy and pride."

TUPPI T A father's joy and pride they are -
 Renowned for beauty near and far;
 I'm told they much resemble me,
 The likeness you of course can see.

W; & S: Of course the likeness we can see.

TUPPI T Their hair exactly mine, you know.

WILDER (Aside) It must have been some time ago.

W: & S: (Aside) It is a most outrageous whim,
 To think that they resemble him!

TUPPI T I think I've got my story pat;
 I wonder what they're laughing at?

W: & S: Upon my word it's hardly fair
 The beast with beauty to compare.

*Enter Dorothy & Lydia from Inn, Dorothy goes
 c for her solo, Sherwood sits R, Wilder R of table, Lydia 16
 has tray with 2 mugs & Jug of Beer, she pours it out.
 (Enter DOR: and LYDIA during singing)*

WILDER

Ah! here the liquor comes at last!
 Fill up the foaming glass!

Tuppit goes off, gets a mug of Beer & long clay pipe

DOR:

(Aside) What sense is o'er my spirit stealing
 Half joy half pain to me revealing?
 Why was I scorning
 Only this morning
 Maidens who suffered from any such feeling?

Nay, let me rather steal my heart
 Against the point of Cupid's dart;
 Pride shall assist me
 None shall resist me,
 I'll arm myself in every part.

WILDER

Rises come c & gives Dorothy a mug
 Come fill up your glass to the brim
 With a bumper of foaming October,
 And drink to the honour of him

Who never was sulky or sober.

as they sing their Bravos all come into position

SHER:

goes R c
loves
 Here's a glass to the lady who ~~here~~ me,
 And one to the girl whom I love!

WILDER

To Dorothy
 A bumper to her who adores me,
 And another to her I adore

ALL

Come fill up your glass - etc!

TUPPIT

~~Come, come, lassies! Bustle about! The tables have to be
 laid.~~

Lydia takes off tray & mugs, Sherwood follows her.

(Exit into house followed by LYDIA
 and SHER:.)

WILDER

One word. (Stopping DOR: as she crosses L

DOR:

I must not listen to you.

*W D
 X O*

WILDER

But you will. I can read it in your face. *(Pushes her to house)*

DOR:

And who are you, sir, that read so readily in the pages
 which you first studied half an hour ago? *gets a little h.*

Wilder looks at her, wondering how she knows this

Wilder goes to work.

WILDER I should have presented myself before. I am Geoffrey Wilder.

DOR: Geoffrey Wilder?

WILDER Your most obedient servant and slave, nephew to Squire Bantam of Chanticleer Hall, in this very neighbourhood, who lays himself which is all he has, at your feet, and implores -

DOR: (Interrupting) Stay, sir, has not the squire a daughter called Dorothy.

WILDER: *Goes R unimpressed*
I understand that there is something of that kind about his premises.

DOR: And you are the Mr Wilder who is destined for the Squire's daughter, ~~at~~ at least so my father tells me.

WILDER What? I marry Dorothy Bantam? A stuck-up pert conceited little minx.

DOR: (Aside) Oh!

WILDER Who gives herself the airs of a beauty because, forsooth, she once managed to get up to town and squeeze herself into decent company.

DOR: (Aside) He shall suffer for this. (Aloud) But you have never seen the lady, sir, so, at least my father says.

WILDER No, thank Heaven! I was absent from town when she arrived. But I have heard of her -

DOR: Heard what of her?

WILDER Nay, child, do not let us discuss her further. It is you and you alone I love. (Kisses her hand)

DOR: But you are bound to the Squire's house, and to-night you will see your cousin Dorothy, and you will swear that you love her and you will kiss her hand. *(He kisses her hand again she pulls it away) Will do that.*

WILDER (Kissing her hand) Never! I swear it. Not if she begs for it on her knees.

DOR: She is not likely to do that. × /

WILDER One never knows what these little country girls are likely to do.

DOR: (Aside) Oh! wait till we meet this evening!

(Exit L.A.E. rapidly)

(Enter SHER: from house) LIE (smack hand of L)

WILDER (Turning back) ~~And so, my darling — you — (Seeing SHER:)~~
Hullo! ~~How did you get there?~~

SHER: L Tell me, is there a very red mark on my cheek?

WILDER R Yes, rather, where did you get it? , *inside*

SHER: *No, outside*
She is as powerful as she is beautiful.

WILDER Oh fie! Well, Harry, I have made up my mind to marry Dorcas

SHER: To marry her! But how about your cousin Dorothy? and your plan to ~~prostitute~~ *prostitute* your uncle by accepting her hand, and having your debts paid?

WILDER I will have none of my cousin Dorothy and her fine airs! Give me dimity and sweet simplicity. (*kisses his hand*)

SHER: And the money?

WILDER X R Money! What is money, compared to true love?

SHER: L Have you ever tried that sentiment on your creditors?

WILDER Not yet!

Goes up to Budge looking off R

SHER: Then now's your chance - for, if I mistake not, here is our friend Lurcher close on your heels.

Goes up

WILDER: What! the bailiff? I thought we had given him the slip!

SHER: He must have followed us!

WILDER: What is to be done?

*W L S
X X X*

(Enter LURCHER) over Budge & on two chords claps Wilder & Sherwood on shoulders, all three come down stage on music
SONG "I am the Sheriff's faithful man."

LURCHER

1 Verse only

I am the Sheriff's faithful man
The King's own writ I hold, sir!
I pray you pay up if you can
If I may be so bold, sir.
The debt amounts to twenty pounds -
The costs to fifty more, sir -
The sum now owing will be found
To come to eighty four, sir!

The bill of costs be pleased to scan;
It surely is not much, sir
To levy from a gentleman
For treating him as such, sir!
So will you pay the debt you owe?
Or else, I am afraid, sir, *Pause - Wilder, threatens with whip - "Well"*
That into prison you must go,
And stop until it's paid, sir.

L: S: & W:

That is wrong
~~So will you pay, etc.~~

LURCHER

For Symphony same 3 Steps.

~~Attornies' bills do not decrease
In size by contemplation;
And arguing does not release
A debtor's obligation
You surely would not let me see
A man in your position
Object to pay a little fee
Or cavil at addition;
A six and eightpence less or more
You really must not grudge, sir;
And two and two make more than four
When ordered by a judge, sir!~~

L: S: & W:

So will you pay etc.

Pub: his riding crop through hole in the hat.

Lurcher - Trot it out.

LURCHER: And since the costs in the writ have been incurred, there is a matter of personal damages to settle.

WILDER: (Pointing to his coat) Do you call these personal damages?

LURCH: What do you call them?

WILDER: I should say a sign for a Rag Shop.

LURCH: You object to the open work pattern? (Showing holes and rents in coat) Look at my hat, gentlemen?# Then there is a charge for delay, discomfiture, loss of temper, loss of time

SHER: How loss of time?

LURCH: Not a nag to be had at the last stage - my own worn down to knacker's meat. I have had to tramp through the mire six weary miles in discharge of my duty to the Court.

WILDER: I have no doubt the Court will requite thee.

LURCH: Will the Court give me a new hat? *(Shows hat to Wilder who knocks it out of his hand with his crop)*

WILDER: Let me give thee the slip once more and my eternal gratitude - X c
L W S
X X X *(shows holes Wilder cracks his whip)*

LURCH: Will eternal gratitude mend my breeches? And now, Sir, are you going to pay?

WILDER: It is a most preposterous thing to ask a man to pay when he has not got the money.

SHER: You will have to give in to your uncle's wishes and marry your cousin after all.

WILDER: What! give up Dorcas and dimity? Never! Stay - I have an idea. What if I can get the money?
#

Lurcher — Oh, the old rooster up at the hall

During Wilder's speech, Lurcher has been looking round stage for a pin, for a hole in his coat) Excuse me, sir, have you got such a thing as a pin? (picks something up on stage) — a piece of chaw (Wilder cracks whip)

LURCH: How?

WILDER From my uncle.

LURCH: Your uncle? *(hand has 9 Jew)* There isn't one in the neighbourhood!

WILDER I mean squire Bantam. [#] He shall lend me the money and not know that he lends it to me. I'll extort it from him by stratagem.

LURCH: Whatagem? *Shady Tim - who's he?*

WILDER You know the squire.

LURCH: Yes, he gave me fourteen days once, and we've never been on speaking terms since. *(Walks round in a circle, Wilder cracks whip at him)*

WILDER He is very fond of quality, and piques himself upon being the most hospitable man in the country.

LURCH [⊕] What then, sir?

WILDER Why, then I'll be a man of quality. I'll disguise myself as an elderly duke - I'll clap a blue ribbon across my shoulder and a patch upon my face -

LURCH: Will you put a patch upon my breeches? *(Wilder cracks whip)*

WILDER And, if you will both assist me, we will wait upon the Squire to-night, and be received with as much joy and ceremony as if we were really what we appeared.

SHER: And his Grace will play the Squire at picquet after supper and bite him.

WILDER No, no, the squire never plays. I have a more honourable design than that I assure you.

SHER: ~~What is it? Out with it Geoffrey.~~

They both bow to him mockingly, he returns them

⊕ Both - What

Juncker H Equivoque, was the word I said gentlemen,
Besides I've got to seize Farmer Bacon's
Black Bull, (goes up to Budge) but if the
Bull sees me before I ~~can~~ seize him, it'll
be a toss up between us

⊕ Both

Threaten him with their whips.) Well

comes
c
Gentlemen, Gentlemen, I have been brought up ²²
gently, I will have nothing to do with cards, they is low & vulgar
LURCH: I prefer the honourable design. Cards are vulgar. Let
me play him at skittles. I'll do him in twice.

(SHER: hits him with whip)

Do you take me for the front pin? X R.

WILDER (Continuing) Why, when the family are fast asleep, we
will clap on our masks -

SHER: (Angrily) And rob the house?

LURCHER Rob the house! Oh, ^{pray consider} think of my feelings, gentlemen. (Hum-
bly) I love you both very much, gentlemen, but I will not
be hanged for your projects. ^{dearly} #

WILDER There shall be no robbery.

LURCH: Nay, sir, I will not be fooled like this. I have a writ
to serve on an old woman in the neighbourhood and a distraint
on her husband's false teeth, which will take me some five
minutes, ^c and when I return to town it must be either with you
or your money. (starts to go up)

WILDER But, my good friend (pulls him round)

AHER: My worthy Lurcher - (Same)

LURCH: ^{what's this a circus}
~~It is impossible~~, gentlemen, I require no further ^{le}equivoke
#

WILDER But can't we make some arrangement, say weekly payments.
(Starts to go up to Bridge)

LURCH (Disgusted) Weekly payments! Bah! What, do you take
me for a sewing machine? Now a thousand words won't mend
the matter. My mind's made up, and when I make up my mind
to do a thing I never do it!

(Exit over bridge R.C)

WILDER What is to be done now?

SHER: You must carry out your design without him. Ah! Here
comes our charmers once more. (WILDER and SHER: up) ^{hide}
^{arrange. vndo}

Dorothy has table cloth, Lydia tray Runners Forks etc

(Enter DOR: and LYDIA with table cloths, etc)

DOR: R (To LYDIA) Now cousin, if you will follow my lead, I will show you what a base and faithless thing is man.

LYDIA L But how?

DOR: Have you the ring I gave you?

LYDIA That with the green stone? I never part with it (shewing it).

DOR: Nor I with that you gave me with the red stone, but we shall have to part with them to-day.

LYDIA What! give them away!

DOR: Nay! only loan them for a time. We shall recover them to-night.

LYDIA What do you mean?

DOR: Follow my lead, ~~I say~~. Do as I do, and you shall see (goes R)

(Beginning to lay table cloth R.L.) ^{W D} X O ^{X shew} Lydia

WILDER (To DOR:) Will you not let me help you? (Bus. with table cloth) *(he catches hold of end of table cloth & pulls her to him with it)*

SHER: (To LYDIA) Let me show you the way.

DOR: X R (To WILDER) Nay, no more love, I entreat you

LYDIA (To SHER:) I know by your looks what you mean.

SHER: Have you no pity? *(Goes to embrace her, she threatens to him, he drops back)*
(LYDIA and SHER: go up) *Lydia shew set table*

WILDER Nay, child, it is you and you alone that I love.

(Bus of Sherwood sharpening two knives
together)

while Dorothy sings Lydia goes up stage, get a piece
of straw and ties it on Sherwood's ring finger, she
comes down R. of him

DOR: But can you love me for your life? A poor country girl without a position.

WILDER I would marry thee though I worked with ^{this hand (shows me)} my own hands.
 and this. (Shows other)

SHER: (Coming down with LYDIA) I will not ^{Put heart on my hand} ~~cannot~~ live without you. ^(Push heart on my hand)

LYDIA (Holding up knife Forks as if to dig it in his chest)
 (Aside) Oh man! for flattery and deceit renowned.

WILDER (To DOR:) We must meet again.

DOR: Not to-day. But meet me here tomorrow at the same hour. Take this ring - (Gives ring) and shew it to me to-morrow as a token of your promise. (Lydia watches all this)

LYDIA (To SHER:) Meet me here to-morrow at the same hour, and when you show me this ring you shall have my answer.
 Takes Sherwood in front of table

WILDER I swear that it shall never leave my finger. ^{Success it} (Puts on ring)

SHER: I will never part with it. (Putting on ring) ^{Success it}
 $\begin{matrix} w & D & L & J \\ X & O & O & X \end{matrix}$
 Q U A R T E T T E "Now swear to be good and true."

D: & L: Now swear to be good and true
To the maid whom you say you adore,
And promise to love her as few
Have ever loved woman before.

W: & S: I swear to be good and true
To the maid whom I fondly adore -
I promise to love you as few
Have ever loved woman before.
I never was in love before,
'Tis only you that I adore; ^{both men kneel}
We will devote our lives to you
And swear to be for ever true.

D: & L: (Aside) We don't believe a word they say,
 They swear the same thing every day.
Oh! never - never - never
Were such gay deceivers!

We will defy
 The men who try
 To make us weak believers.
 And yet 'tis sweet
 When at your feet
 A lover kneels a-sighing. *They kneel*
 And says it's true
 He loves but you
 Or swears that he is dying.

(Bus. after quartette. They kiss the two GIRLS who
 run off into the house. WILDER and SHER; ~~exit R~~ *at back*
Sherwood after he has kissed Sylvia, picks up chair to defend
 (Enter LURCHER, without hat his clothes torn - fol-
 lowed by an indignant CROWD who menace him)

C H O R U S "Under the pump."

L: etc

Under the pump! under the pump!
 And into the brook with a skip and a jump.
 He's frightened old Margery out of her wits
 A-sneaking about and a-serving out writs.
Chorus men in front who brush him around from one
to the other

LURCH:

They've pattered my hat and they've ruined my clothes
 They've pulled out my hair they have pummelled my nose
 Each bone in my body has suffered a wrench,
 And look at the writs of the Court of King's Bench.
 Look at the writs
 Torn into bits.

Same business

CHORUS

Under the pump! under the pump!
 We'll teach him his betters to grind and oppress
 By serving upon them a writ of distress
 He's frightened and bullied a helpless old wench
 And we don't care a rap for the Court of King's Bench!
at end of No. they all crowd round, tear his papers & coat.
 (WILDER and SHERWOOD have re-entered and watch business.
 After chorus they come forward. LURCH: sees them and
 he cling to WILDER)

LURCH:

(To WILDER) Save me, Sir, for mercy's sake!

WILDER

One good turn deserves another. If I do will you follow
 me to-night?

LURCH:

Indeed I will, sir, anything you please!

WILDER

My lads, this gentleman is a particular friend of mine, &
 and anyone who touches him will have to deal with me

(CROWD murmurs)

Nay, this is no time for quarrelling, Here comes the dinner!

(Enter DOR: LYDIA and PHYLLIS with dishes etc which the WOMEN arrange.) *Wilder & Sherwood sit at table L*

FINALE

W *S*
X *O* *X*

WILDER

How perfect every feature

SHER:

A most delicious creature

WILDER

My heart I must resign
To such a queen divine.

TUPPIT

To-morrow let it be

TOM

And we all hope to see

CHORUS

That's right! That's right!
And we will dance all night.

DOR:

And you are not afraid
You most imprudent maid
To trust a life's long span
To any living man?
You'll find when it's too late
You've brought about a fate
You don't anticipate
Be wise then while you can!

W;S:T:& CH: MEN

all rise
With indignation great
We must repudiate
The notion that such fate
Awaits her with a man.

CH: WOMEN

Ah! why should you upbraid
And why should any maid
Of wedlock be afraid
With such a charming man?
With such a pretty mate
We all congratulate
The bridegroom on his fate
He is a happy man!

TOM

My love for her is great
And she at any rate
Shall guide my future fate
I am a happy man!

PHYLLIS

Ah! why should you upbraid?
And why should any maid

Of wedlock be afraid
With such a charming man?
My love for him is great
And he at any rate
Shall guide my future fate
Not any other man.

W: & S:

To-morrow then we meet
To make our joy complete.

D: & I:

Such infamous deceit
Due punishment shall meet.

END OF ACT I

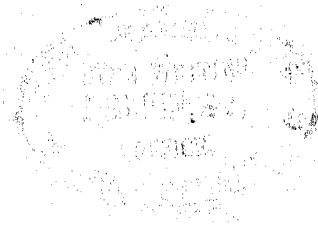
*For Curtain 2 new on Bridge, all
cheering Dorothy & Lydia down stage L
Low of Phyllis new R.*

Curtain 8-47

THIS PROPERTY OF
W. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

D O R O T H Y

A C T II.



THE PROPERTY OF
. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

DOROTHY

Curtain 9-5

Squire & W. Privett enter from C all bow as they enter

ACT II.

after
Curtain opens on a Logan de Courcy Dance

SCENE:- Represents the interior of Squire Bantam's House. The hall with staircase leading R. and L. to a gallery on which the bedrooms are supposed to be situated. In the centre at back is a large door leading into the outer hall. Large old fashioned mullioned windows. Fireplace. Tables in corners of hall.

(Some of the GUESTS are seated at tables - some dancing. The Act opens with a Country Dance, which is danced by the SQUIRE with one of his guests - MRS PRIVETT. At end of DANCE - Country DANCE No. 1.

(At end BANTAM and MRS PRIVETT down C. SERVANT with tray of glasses comes down to them)

BANTAM

after Dance
(To MRS P:) Madam, I am your most obedient. Will you take any refreshment after your exertions? (Gets glasses from table)

MRS P-

(After declining) Well, the tiniest drop - for I am afraid it will get into my head.

BANTAM

You will not perhaps object to my putting my lips to the Parson's brew - merely to test it. (Drinks)

SERV-

A gentleman to speak to you.

BANTAM

A gentleman to speak with me? Bid him join us. (Leads MRS P: to R. chair) L of Table

SERV-

(Goes up C. and speaks off R.) Sir John is this way, sir.

(Enter LURCHER from R., who is dressed in the fashion)

LURCH-

The old gentleman in brown? (Comes down C.)

BANTAM

R Sir, I am proud to know you. (Bows)

Lurcher - Your Grace, come off the meat.

Wilder forgets Lurcher, who whistles him & pantomimes "what about me"

o Lurcher bows to Bantam ^{and says "How are you Bantam,} & backs & knocks Chorus down who is leaning over table. Chorus runs for up stage after knock, Parsella, comes back & sits on chair again.

LURCH- My name, sir, is Blazes - Secretary to his Grace the Duke of Berkshire.

BANTAM Sir, I am prouder to know you. *(Bows, Lurcher bows)*

LURCH- His Grace is on his way to the South Coast for the benefit of his health, but on the road his carriage has broken down.

BANTAM In this neighbourhood?

LURCH- At your very door.

BANTAM ~~(Grosses L.)~~ Lord, lord! That any ruts of mine should so behave to his Grace!

LURCH- And now he craves for us your hospitality for a night until his carriage be repaired.

BANTAM Craves it! Why he should command it! ~~And is his Grace's carriage without?~~ And where is his Grace?

LURCH- He is without - on the mat! *(Gag) Walks up to c bowing to all*

BANTAM (R.) Without! and here am I standing in my own hall with a Duke knocking at my front door. Nobody of any degree or quality passes by my house. But I forget myself, and must hasten to greet my noble guest. (Gag) (Goes up to the R. to meet him) *all rise, Priscilla goes down R*

(WILDER appears with SHERWOOD disguised - they come down together)

~~Ah! here he comes.~~ Sir, I am your Grace's most obedient humble servant. *Lurcher drops down R*

WILDER (L.C.) Mr Bantam - I am your most faithful and obedient servant. I am glad of the accident which makes me your guest. I could by no means have excused myself if I had passed by and not paid my respects. (Presenting SHER:) My personal friend. (Gag) (Presenting LURCHER) My Secretary - a faithful soul. *x (Gag)*

BANTAM (R.C., bowing) Gentlemen! I am proud to welcome you to my house, though 'tis but a dog hole may it please your Grace, a mere dog hole. I have a clean bed or so - a bottle or two of good wine. (Bowing) But your Grace's goodness.

LURCH- Bantam's a funny old cock. His gracious goodness. Ha, ha, ha! (Gives BANTAM a heavy slap on back)

BANTAM *goes up stage*
(Collapses - coughing) What? *(Up stage)* What? (Collapses coughing) *Lady Betty comes to him*

SHER- (Turns to LURCH) Silence, fool!

WILDER *x/c.*
(Explaining to BANTAM) My secretary is of a somewhat hilarious turn of mind. I love to be surrounded by mirth. (Bows to MRS P: who is seated R.C.) - and beauty!

LURCH- (To BANTAM) Ha! ha! that made you cough, old man? You should try some Bronchial Trocaderos. (Backs, laughing and sits in MRS P:'s lap - she screams - Aside) What have I done - sat on the cat? (Looks round - sees her and gives a long whistle) *and goes down R (Fussella uses Bantam's face)*
dim O Per Bam w s h-her, 7 cresler her) shk. etc. again
x x x x x

WILDER (Looking round - aside to SHER:) Where can they be?

SHER- (Aside to WILDER) Do you spy your cousin, Geoffrey?

WILDER Not I! But patience, she will be here in good time. Remember, I am not to be plagued with her. She is yours.

SHER- I accept the gift. *(Both go up stage & little talk to fuss)*

LURCH- (Has taken decanter from spirit-stand and is about to drink) Well, here's luck!

BANTAM- (C., noticing him) Sir, sir; that is the raw material.

LURCH- I prefer the raw material. It is warming to the stumick.
(Wilder & Sherwood hear this & parboonies to put it down, he takes no notice of them)

MRS P- (Screams and rises) Oh! he said "stumick"!

LURCH- (Apologetically) I beg your pardon, I should have said, the hinnards.

MRS P- Oh! he said "Hinnards"! Oh! take me away, Squire.

(BANTAM joins WILDER)

LURCH- (Following round to R.C., bottle in hand - to MRS P:) Won't you have a nip before you go?

MRS P- *R/* No, no! (Aside) How very dreadful!

(LURCHER smirking at her - MRS P: melting)

And yet he is very fascinating.

LURCH- (Back - flicking at her with his handkerchief) Go 'long! You saucy old puss.

(Bantam goes up amongst the forest)
(MRS P: runs off R.)

(Calls after her) Your health, mum! (About to drink from bottle)

WILDER No, Mr Blazes.

(Chokes as he is stopped drinking)

LURCH- Sir! - ~~I mean your Grace.~~

SHER- Yes, say "your Grace".

LURCH- Eh?

SHER- Say "Grace".

(LURCHER clasps hands round bottle and looks up in sanctified manner and mumbles as if saying grace)

Put it down!

LURCH- (About to drink) That's just what I was about to do.

Lunches - points to bottle, & says "A-ah", Sherwood
repeats "on the table", then turns &
talks to Wilber

SHER- Put ~~the bottle~~ on the table.

#

LURCH- O-h!! Hon the table - not hunder the table? (Puts bottle on edge of table R., throws his handkerchief over it, thus hiding it; and later, at convenient moment when no one is looking; picks up handkerchief and bottle with it, pockets bottle and

SHER- *after exit all three come down* A good soul, but rough in his ways. *goes off with it) R-1 E*
Squire

	Ch	Bant	Wild
	X	X	X

BANTAM (C.) But serves you well, I doubt not, ~~your Grace!~~

WILDER Serves me excellently well. (Aside) With writs. (Aloud) You have a charming house, Squire.

BANTAM Your Grace is pleased to admire my humble abode.

SHER- (Looking round, sees strong chest) And a cosy little box for the guineas. Eh, Squire?

BANTAM *paltry* A pretty few, but, such as they are, entirely at your Grace's commands.

WILDER (Aside) Egad! my dear uncle, I have a good mind to take you at your word.

BANTAM Your Grace's condescension in observing these trifles quite overwhelms ~~me~~. *I humbly crave your grace's pardon*
Sherwood used
RUE
SONG - WILDER.

"Though born a Man of High Degree."

I.

Though born a man of high degree,
And greatly your superior,
I trust I know that courtesy
Is due to an inferior.
So, conscious that a ducal bow
Will liquidate the debt I owe,
I bend my back and bow my head,
And thus accept your board and bed.

CHORUS

He bends his back and bows his head,
And thus accepts your board and bed.

WILDER

II.

Exalted rank should condescend,
On festival occasion,
And even dukes must learn to bend
Before a host's persuasion.
So, being graciously inclined
To take whatever I can find,
I bend my back and bow my head,
And thus accept your board and bed.

CHORUS

He bends his back etc.

~~(Enter LURCHER R., tipsy, with his hat on and smoking
long straight pipe followed by SHERWOOD who is protest-
ing with him) L S W
X X X X~~

BANTAM

~~(R.C.) If I may be permitted to say so - the grace - the
ease - the facility - the excellence, the -~~

~~(LURCHER facing SHERWOOD R., backs on to BANTAM - knock-
ing him over to L.)~~

~~Good lud! (To WILD) I humbly crave your Grace's pardon.~~

WILDER

~~(To BANTAM) 'Tis granted.~~

BANTAM

~~(To LURCHER) What are you doing, fellow?~~

LURCH-

~~(To BANTAM) What are you flopping about like that for?~~

~~(SHER. takes the bottle, now empty, from LURCHER's pocket
and gives it to SERVANT, who is much scandalised.
BANTAM talks to GUESTS L.) S L W
X X X~~

WILDER

~~(To LURCH:) Be careful, knave, or I'll have you turned
out of the house.~~

LURCH-

~~Do you think I don't know how to behave at a smoking con-
cert?~~

WILDER

~~It is not a smoking concert.~~

LURCH-

~~Well, a free and easy?~~

WILDER

It is not a free and easy. It is an evening party.

LURCH-

Have you come to the evening party? Now, look here, I've got the writ in my pocket and I budge not without your worship.

(THEY push him up stage - he bumps against a GUEST)

(To GUEST) What's the matter with you? Have you come to the evening party?

(Exit C, indignantly)

WILDER

Look to him, Harry, or his follies will mar our plbt.

(SHER: ^{and then RVE} goes up and watches him off) S B L
X X X

BANTAM

(R.C.) Will your Grace be pleased to sup?

WILDER

Thank you,
We have already supped on the road.

BANTAM

Well, well, what news? What news in London? I have a nephew there - I have not seen the profligate these ten years -

(Exchange of glances between WILD: and SHER:)

- ~~who has been~~ a very wild lad. *your Grace, a wild lad*

WILDER

(C.) I am sorry for that.

BANTAM

He disobeys me, and yet he is my kin.

SHER-

And spends your money? Eh, Mr Bantam?

BANTAM

Nay, none of that. He shall not have a groat of mine - while I live, but when I die, he must.

WILDER

(Aside) I must have a small matter while you live, dear uncle.

BANTAM

What's your Grace's pleasure? My ears did not rightly lay hold on your last words.

SHER- He says you should allow him a small matter while you live.

BANTAM No, no, not while he squanders it as he does, and refuses to settle down and marry his cousin Dorothy.

WILDER Ah, he has a cousin?

BANTAM My daughter, your Grace! (Bows)

SHER- Like her father, no doubt, ~~and~~ surpassingly beautiful.

BANTAM You are pleased to flatter. (Up back)

WILDER (To SHER:) Now Harry, I will have none of my cousin, Dorothy, I resign her to you.

SHER- Egad! I am content. X L

BANTAM (Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA. Enter MRS PRIVETT and LADY BETTY) Here ^{is} comes my daughter and her cousin.

WILDER Ye powers! what beauty! what enchanting grace!

SHER- In such a spot as this quite out of place.

LYDIA Your Grace is welcome. X to Wilder bows

WILDER Ma'am, I kiss your hand. , then go up stage

SHER- X I am your most obedient to command. then go up & join Wilder

DOR- X That hand, that figure I have seen before.

LYDIA It cannot be?

(LURCHER enters and joins MRS P: up C.)

DOR- I have, and I am sure I recognise the ways.

LYDIA It must be so.

DOR- They were our faithful swains not long ago.

LYDIA How could they think so shallow a disguise
Could serve to hide them from a woman's eyes.

WILDER My dear Sir John, I trust my presence here
Will never be allowed to interfere
With any entertainment. *Both go up stage talk to fresh R.*

BANTAM Please your Grace - *Both new come down still looking at feet*

WILDER (To SHER: ignoring BANTAM)
What teeth!

SHER- (The same to WILDER)
What lips!

WILDER (The same to SHER:) What eyes!

SHER- (The same to WILDER) A perfect face!

WILDER (To BANTAM, who has been waiting)
Your pardon, what were you about to say?

BANTAM That if your Grace would join us in the dance,

WILDER *I might wonder how some*
My limbs have long since lost their power to prance,
~~But I could hobble through some stately measure.~~ (To LYD:) *would be*
If this fair lady lends her hand?
Chorus *S W P S L B B P. L.*
 o x o x o x o x o x

LYDIA *Just man put table back* With pleasure!

(Graceful DANCE - WILDER dances with LYDIA, SHERWOOD with DOROTHY; BANTAM with LADY BETTY; LURCHER with MRS P:)

Footmen bring table back
after Dance Do. Walden, Sherwood, Lystra
retire up stage walk Barham, taken Lady 13
to chair & table he sits at back footman replace
extra chair by Lady Betty

SONG - DOROTHY.

"What gracious affability."

DOR-

3
What gracious affability! What condescension!
Of noble birth how great a proof,
When scions of nobility with kind intention
Honour with their presence a provincial roof.

With faltering felicity we tread the measure,
Each maiden blushing with surprise,
Deploring her rusticity, accepts with pleasure
Compliments that fall on her from ducal skies.

Oh! how sweet,
Eyes to meet
 Beaming admiration;
Eyes that fire
Or admire,
 Wrapped in contemplation.

With faltering felicity we tread the measure
Each maiden blushing with surprise
 At the simplicity,
 The affability,
 The true nobility
 That meets her eyes.

LURCH-
and
MRS P-

1
Up and down, and round and round,
With dainty feet that scorn the ground,
Weaving figures in and out,
See us whirling round about.

CHORUS

2
Gaily tread the dainty measure,
Dancing in the path of pleasure;
 Hand in hand
 A merry band,
Tripping feet despising leisure.

(BANTAM R.C. with LADY BETTY)

BANTAM

(Bowling to LADY BETTY R.) Your ladyship has greatly hon-
oured me.

LADY B-

Nay, sir, the honour is on the other side.
Lurcher comes down with Mrs P. - whispers) What did you observe, I didn't catch your meaning?

LURCH-

(Coming down with MRS P: - whispering) Can I have the
pleasure of a few moments' conversazione with you?

Before he sits down to Equire - It's very hot (looking at drink
Equire is pouring
out.)

Equire - It is very warm

Lurcher - I said oh

Equire - Yes - we want some rain

Lurcher - looking at drink) Yes, we could do with some wet.

Lurcher - backing from her smiling) (mops) Yes - best for
you and best for meth (turns to Lady B.) a
& eats by her, she pulls her skirt) a
nice change in the weather, mum,

Bart - No ev, it is not a nice change, there's
an East Wind blowing

Lurcher (nices) Oh, well, whether it's wet or whether
it's hot, you've got to weather it, whether
or not.

MRS P-R

Nay, sir, after so short an acquaintance. *I know not what to say?*

LURCH-L

Yes, we haven't known each other long, have we? A little later on, perhaps?

MRS P-

(Laughingly) Yes, *that would be best.* ~~a little later on.~~

(BANTAM drinks behind table) #

VICAR

~~How do you like that, Sir John?~~

BANTAM

~~Excellent! Won't you taste it - then I shall give you a large glass.~~

~~(LURCH: takes it)~~

~~This is not for you, sir; this is for the Vicar.~~

~~(MRS P: strolls away. LURCHER looks round - then whistles to her)~~

MRS P-

looking sickly) I'm being quite neglected
~~Does he mean me? What an odd man!~~

LURCH-

You'll excuse me - but are you living with your parents now?

MRS P-

(Bursts into a hearty laugh) Oh, that's too funny! Living with my parents! Ha, ha, ha! *(Laughs behind her fan)*

LURCH-

she's having a rare old laugh behind the fire-screen
I've tickled the old gall! You will at least tell me your name and address?

MRS P-

Well, my name is Priscilla.

LURCH

Sarsaparilla?

MRS P-

No, Priscilla.

LURCH-

Have you had that name long. It's a pretty name so simple
~~(Backing about stage) Oh yes. It's a pretty name, smacks so of the country hay-fields - and the "mangled weasels".~~

MRS P-

Yes, quite pastoral.

LURCH-

Yes, very purely and butteral, I beg pardon, that was a lapsus purgus - But it smells of the country - Lay - (Muddled) Yes, very pastoral and buttery. Do you know, Priscilla, I believe you're a saucy little puss. The clover, and the mangle weazels, so they call you Priscilla, say say voice) They call me Priscilla

MRS P-

Ha, ha! you're a wag!

LURCH-

I beg your pardon, would you mind repeating that. No, you're mistook - it is not my beauty, but pretty little ways. repeat) They call me Priscilla (goes up the scale) (Both go up laughing. After telephone bus:)

LURCH-

Nice change in the weather. what a pretty voice is that. the same voice for eat. with (Pris laughs) excuse

BANTAM

No - it is not, we could do with a little rain. and that was one of my bow most

Pris LURCH-

smacks him on the arm with her fan) Ah - you're a wag

Lurcher BANTAM

smacks her on the arm) No you're mistook, it's not. I said a little rain. my beauty, it's my pretty little ways

Pris LURCH-

Hot, sir. Now I know you're a wag

Lurch BANTAM

Oh you're a one (both exit up stage laughing) Hot, Mr Lurcher.

LURCH-

But I say hot. (after their exit Dorothy + Lydia curtsy to their partners + go over to table) 0 1 0 0 0

WILDER *come down*

No more dinner for me, say I.

SHER- *come down*

Hang your beauty unadorned.

WILDER

How do you like my cousin Dorothy?

SHER-

Exquisite! Enchanting!

WILDER

I am glad of it. I give her up to you, Harry. Be happy. As for me, I am all for Lydia.

Lynia aside to Dorothy laughing) Mrs Grace ha ha

S D	L.B Row		
X O	O X	W L	Pair
		X O	L P
		L W	X O
		O X	

Prise from table & comes to them

BANTAM

(Offering glass) Your Grace must try the parson's brew -#
Nay, I will not be denied.

WILDER

Well then, just a sip. (Takes glass)

~~SHEP~~

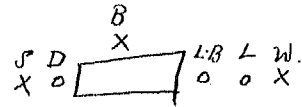
Do you leave the toast to your guests, Sir John? *X with Dosty R.*

BANTAM

(To WILDER) Nay, your Grace, by your leave I will give you one.

ALL

Yes, yes, the Squire's toast.



SONG and CHORUS.

"Chanticleer Hall."

Footmen hand wine to all

BANTAM

I.
Contentment I give you, and all that it brings
To the man who is fully decided
To take what he has and be thankful that things
Are such as his lot has provided.
Some strive for high rank, for preferment, place,
Ever ready to sell at a price
Traditions of family, fealty, or race,
~~For a ribbon or~~ jewelled device.
In return for a

BANTAM
and
CHORUS

But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,
Who never sits sighing for what he has not,
Contented and thankful for what he has got,
With a welcome for all
To Chanticleer Hall.

II.

The old would be young and the young would be old,
The lean only long to grow fatter;
The wealthy want health, the healthy want gold,
A change to the worse for the latter.
The single would wed, but the husband contrives
To consider his fetters a curse,
And half the world sighs for the other half's wives,
With a risk of a change for the worse.

(Repeat CHORUS) *all rise after No.*

(LADY BETTY rises and is about to go)

Luther & Pasella re-enter & Mrs. Down R

BANTAM

Your ladyship is not going to leave us so soon.

LADY B-

It is late, Squire; the chance for beauty sleep is slipping away. Would you have us all moping about in the morning with our backs to the light?

BANTAM

Nay, heaven forbid!

LADY B-

Then let us give Nature a chance of touching up her handiwork.

BANTAM

As your ladyship commands. (Bows off LADY B:)

all Ladies curtsy Gentlemen bow

SEXTETTE and CHORUS. *Lydia x c*

"Now, let's to bed."

S D X O L B L P X O X O

BANTAM

Now, let's to bed. *low silent bow turn to Pres - are you going to bed.*

WILDER

To bed so soon?

DOR-

Good-night. *curtsey*

WILDER

We leave our hearts behind us.

LYDIA

Most polite. *curtsey*

DOR-

(To LYD:) *Both girls come c.*

Alas! how soon can man forget!
To-day he swore that he'd be true
To me - yes, me alone - and yet
To-night he sighs and dies for you!

WILDER *then come to them*

If you and I once more could meet -

SHER-

Our happiness would be complete!

BANTAM

Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams.

ALL

Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams!

WILDER

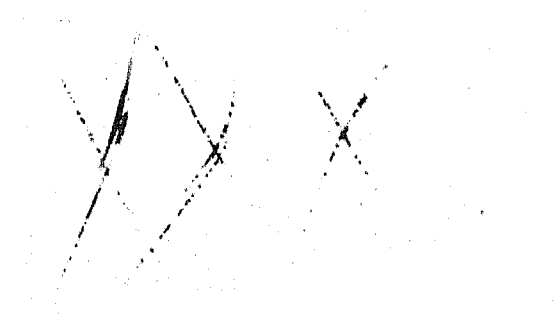
Good night, mine host, and pleasant dreams.

BANTAM

This way - *all chorus move over Ladies R.*

WILDER

(Aside to LURCH:) Is all prepared?



at end of No Dorothy bars them x $\frac{1}{2}$ exit 2
Lydia " " " " R

Both men cross stop them

LURCH- (Aside to WILDER) All right!

DOR- Your Grace, good night!

WILDER (To ^{Lyd.} SHER:) We meet again to night.

TUTTI.

Pleasant dreams attend your slumber,
 Happy fancies without number
 Guide you in the land of sleeping,
 While the fairies, vigil keeping,
 Visions bright your sleep adorning,
 Send you, till the light of morning
 Through the latticed window breaking,
 Tells you that the day is waking -
 And through the pane,
 Creeps day again!
 Good night! good night!

WILDER (To LYDIA)
 One word, when all the rest have gone.

SHER- (To DOROTHY)
 I want to speak with you alone.

TUTTI.

And as every eyelid closes,
 Nature shall repaint the roses;
 Prink the cheek as is the duty
 Of the tiring maid of beauty;
 Virgin blush and bloom restoring,
 Into eyes fresh flashes pouring,
 Tenderly each face adorning
 Ready for the light of morning.
 When thro' the pane
 Creeps day again.
 Good night! Good night!

(Exeunt BANTAM and CHORUS)

LURCH- (As he goes off, ^{swings out to Paris this is a pause note} shakes hands with armour figure up R.)
 Good night, old man, good night. (Very affectionately)

(Then exit L. and R.)

QUARTETTE.

Lyd W S D
 X X O

"One Moment, pray."

WILDER One moment, pray!

SHER-

Nay - do not run away.

DOR-

Meet me to-morrow.

LYDIA

Meet me to-morrow.

WILDER
and
SHER-

To-morrow is to-day.

WILDER

Oh! fly not yet. 'Tis not too late
To bid me hope or mourn my fate,
For lovers learn from early morn
The cruel hand of time to scorn.

SHER-

What matters what the hour may be?
Time was not made for you and me;
Then hear my whisper ere we part,
The promptings of a beating heart!

DOR-

And do you think the test, sir,
Of love so light a thing,
That maids will leave their nest, sir,
Like fledglings in the spring.

LYDIA

Because they've wings to fly with,
And want to soar above!
The man I live and die with
Must prove to me his love.

WILDER
and
SHER-

(Aside to each other)

Your ring pray give in token
Of vows ne'er to be broken;
On her finger you must place that ring.

DOR-
and
LYDIA

(Aside to each other)

Their rings they'll give as token
Of vows ne'er to be broken;
Oh! a man is but a faithless thing.

WILDER

(To LYD: - giving ring)

This ring accept. It is a sign
That I am yours and you are mine.
Then take it pray and let it be
A token of my constancy.

SHER-

(To DOR:, giving ring)

This ring, I pray, in token take
That other maids I do forsake;
For never man shall prove as true,
As I, my love, will be to you.

DOR-

(Aside to LYD:)

How soon the vows were broken!
 To you he pledged his love,
 And now he gives your token
 To me his faith to prove.

LYDIA

(Aside to DOR:)

A master in deceiving!
 Believe his word who can?
 In truth there's no believing
 In such a thing as man.

WILDER
and
SHER-(To LYD: - SHER: to DOR:)

Accept, I pray, this token
 Of vows ne'er to be broken;
 Let me on your finger place this ring.

DOR-
and
LYDIA(To SHER: - LYD: to WILD:)

This ring I take as token
 Of vows made to be broken;
 Till to-morrow I will keep this ring.

(Exeunt DOR: L. and LYDIA R. door,
 slamming them as they exeunt)

WILDER

There go the rings, *Harry*.

SHER-

How shall we answer to dimity to-morrow for the loss of
 their love tokens?

WILDER

To-morrow, Harry, is to-morrow, and will have to answer
 for itself. But now to business. You understand my plan?

SHER-

Perfectly.

WILDER

Has Lurcher the cloaks and vizards!

SHER-

He brought them with him.

WILDER

Where is the lazy scoundrel? Asleep, I'll wager.

SHER-

I bid him wait in yon room until we called.

WILDER

I must go and see whether he has recovered from the parson's
 brew.

(Exit WILDER) *up c*

SHER-

I will join you in a minute. (Pause. He hums or whistles
snatch of last number - going towards door L. - in loud
whisper) Miss Dorothy, one word! I have something very
particular to say to you. (Knocks at door) Miss Dorothy!
No answer! I wonder if she is at all nervous. (Aloud) Miss
Dorothy Bantam - there's a dreadful smell of smoke. I am
afraid the house is on fire. (Knocks again) Not a sign! Oh,
this is cruel!

SONG - SHERWOOD.

"I stand at your threshold sighing."

SHER-

I stand at your threshold sighing,
As the cruel hours creep by,
And the time is slowly dying,
That once too quick did fly.

Your beauty o'er my being
Has shed a subtle spell,
And alas! there is no fleeing
From the charms that you wield so well.

For my heart is wildly beating
As it never beat before;
One word! one whispered greeting,
In mercy I implore.

For from daylight a hint we might borrow,
And prudence might come with the light;
Then why should we wait till to-morrow?
You are queen of my heart to-night.

Oh! tell me why, if you intended,
To treat my love with scorn!
Such rents as will never be mended,
In this poor heart you've torn?

Why, why did your beauty enslave me?
And give me such exquisite pain?
Oh! say but the word that would save me,
And bid me to hope again.

For my heart is wildly beating,
As it never beat before;
One word! one whispered greeting,
In mercy I implore.

For from daylight, etc.

(At end of SONG, LURCHER staggers on C. from R., very tipsy, and unnoticed by SHER: he lies on long seat up R.)

SHER-

It's no use - not a sound! Oh, Miss Dorothy, you have so turned my head that I don't know where I am. (Sighs) Well, I must go and look after that victim of the parson's brew, or we shall have dawn upon us before we can carry out our plan! Which way did I come in? Confound the dark! Ah, there's a passage. (Looks C. and R.) Perhaps that's the way.

(Exit C. and R.)

LURCH-

(Asleep) Put it outside the door! (Pause) I say, put it outside the door! (Tries to turn over as if in bed and falls on floor) Halloa, where am I? (On knees - smacks lips as if very dry) Where's the water bottle? Oh, that parson's brew! The roof of my mouth is like a tinder box and my tongue's like a bit of blotting paper! To think that a respectable member of the Church of England should put his lips to such a vile compound. (Gets up) Oh, my poor head! (Knocks up against staircase) I beg your pardon! Well, if you don't like it you can do the other thing. At all events you're no gentleman! If I only get out of this may I be hanged, drawn, and quartered -

(A loud thud heard outside. MRS PRIVETT appears from door on gallery and gives suppressed scream)

Somebody's dropped their socks! I shall go to bed. (Ascends staircase on hands and knees R.)

enter on top of stairs L.

MRS P-

(Aside) Whatever could it have been? I feel so frightened! (Comes down a step or two L.)

LURCH-

This is the most uncomfortable house I ever was in! (Pauses on steps half way up) The worst of these old fashioned bedsteads is they're so high! (Goes on ascending steps then seeing MRS P: on opposite steps - pauses scared) Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What's that? It's Juliet on the Grand Stand. (Relieved) No, it's my Priscilla. (Calls) Priscilla! *(enters stairs)*

MRS P-

Ah! who calls?

LURCH-

It's me. Your sweet William, your John Anthony William.

the fair I thought you were as good

Pais - Oh are you as spectacular

Lure - Spectacular I'm a man I
know as a table spirit appears
like apparitions because

Pais What's that

Lure That's a message from a departed
spirit

she comes down he tries to catch her, but can't
see her in the dark

Pais - Baby can't catch me

Lure Baby doesn't want to, (claps) Gosh, heavens
I've been washing the floor

Pais runs round him) Bogey Bogey

Walter & Sherwood enter Pais sees them
and runs off screaming.

MRS P- Oh, I fear you are a bold, bad man.

LURCH- *Yes I am a gay Lutheran* (stumbles in "where")
Excuse the question. But when and where?

MRS P- (Bashfully) You would not be so daring as to meet me at the Hermit's Oak in the Round Coppice to-morrow morning?

LURCH- (Muddled) Meet you in the Round Cottage in the Round Pond?

MRS P- No, no, Hermit's Oak - Round Coppice. (*Mark to go*)

LURCH- *Yes, I'll drop in*
Oh, wouldn't I! But Priscilla, you will never leave me thus?

MRS P- Oh, I know not what to say, I am so embarrassed.

Sure
Priscilla
LURCH- *You'll throw yourself on the Parish*
No no I'm so embarrassed (raise her voice at the end)
You will go to Paris. But, Priscilla, you will imprint one chaste salute on my baby brow?

MRS P- Where is your baby brow?

LURCH- *Slips down a couple of steps*
I have it on the stairs. (Sits suddenly) Excuse me, Priscilla, but will you come up to me or shall I come down to you?

MRS P- I think you had better come down to me.

LURCH- *the last step*
(Slips on stairs and slides to bottom, sitting position)
You will excuse me - but I am so embarrassed. Priscilla dear, where are you? (Rises) #

MRS P- (Having come down stairs, is now L.C.) I am here.

LURCH- (Staggering towards her) They have been waxing this floor. Expect a long quadrille evening, I suppose. (Gets L.C.)

(MRS P: R.C. They meet)

MRS P- I am afraid you are a wicked, dangerous man.

LURCH- (Chuckling) Yes, I feel devilish saucy! (Struts about)

MRS P- Have you no pity for a poor giddy little thing?

(Another loud thud heard - WILDER and SHER: enter C. from R., masked and cloaked, and cough threateningly.)

(MRS P: screams and runs off R. opening)

(LURCHER falls on his knees and clutching at SHER:'s cloak)

LURCH- Oh, Priscilla, don't leave me!

SHER- *Pushes*
(Eluding him) Get away!

WILDER (In assumed voice - to LURCHER) Your money or your life!

LURCH- *still kneeling*
(In despair) Highwaymen! I thought so! That makes my dream come true! Oh, gentlemen, take all I've got, but spare my life!

WILDER How much have you got?

LURCH- Fourpence and a bit of string.

WILDER We will take the fourpence and you may keep the string.

LURCH- Gentlemen, you wouldn't harm a poor little Sheriff's Officer who wouldn't hurt a fly?

SHER- Not unless there was a writ out against it. Get up, you rascal!

LURCH- Oh, is it you, gentlemen? *I didn't know you in your half mourning*
~~How you did frighten me. (to masks)~~

WILDER (Holding out hand with pistol in it) Let me help you up.

LURCH- *what's that? a pistol*
(Puts hand on pistol) Oh, it's something cold. It's a pistol! (Rises) Oh, sir! for heaven's sake think better of it.

We might all be hung for this job.

WILDER But I tell you, man, there is to be no robbery.

LURCH- But assault and battery - and misdemeanour - and forgery by strangulation, I know the law, sir.

SHER- Come, come, a little courage and you shall have your share - robbery or no robbery. (Gives LURCH: a slap on the back)

LURCH- Oh! don't do that - it does so shake up the liquor.

WILDER Now let me see whether I can drum your instructions into your muddled pate. First of all - (Pointing pistol towards him - emphasizing words)

LURCH- First of all, point that pistol the other way. You should never trifle with fireirons - I mean fireworks.

WILDER You mean fire arms.

LURCH- (Indignantly) I know what I mean, sir.

WILDER First of all we shall attract the notice of my worthy uncle.

SHER- His worthy uncle! Do you understand?

LURCH- (~~Sleepy - as if offering pledge to pawnbroker~~) How much ~~on this, worthy uncle?~~ *His worthy, uncle.*

WILDER He is sure to think that his house is being robbed and will be in terror for the safety of his guineas in yobder strong box.

SHER- Strong box! You understand! Over there. (Pointing across LURCH: with pistol)

LURCH- Don't point that pistol over there. (Puts it away from him)

WILDER Then you shall come in terror from my room and declare that I have been robbed and bound.

LURCH- And then. What then?

SHER- ~~Then we shall see what we shall see.~~

WILDER Go into my room and be ready to obey my further instructions to the letter, or to perish in the attempt. (Hustling him up stage) *with the pistol*

LURCH- Oh lud! my parents will be very angry when they hear of this. (Maudlin) Dear me - the way I am chivied about. (As they push him off C) Gentlemen, where do I live - in the fowl's house?

(He is pushed off by them)

WILDER Now, Harry, are you ready?

SHER- (Ready to do or die!

TRIO. *Sherwood gets chair places it
e.g. stage*

WILDER Silence pray - be careful how you tread!

SHER- Are you sure that they are all in bed?
Let me bind you

WILDER *Sit in chair, Sherwood binds him* Take care; not too tight!

SHER- Now's the time to wake our friend, the knight!

WILDER Ha, ha!

SHER- Ho, ho!

BANTAM *Enter from R chair
with candle* Who's there?

WILDER Hush, here he comes!

BANTAM Speak! who is there?

SHER- We've got him now!

BANTAM Confound the stair!

For mercy sir I humbly pray -
Pray take my cash and all I have
But spare my life

WILD We want your cash and all you have

and But not your life.

SHER- *Sherwood, throws candle over his head & he falls on stage
then Sherwood exits* (Exit SHER:)

(Enter GUESTS, some in dressing gowns with candles, 24 all very frightened.)

CHORUS *all enter Ladies L & group then R*

What noise was that - waking us from our slumbers?
What to goodness caused such a clatter?
Hand joined to hand - safety there is in numbers - *Sherwood re enters*
Let us find out - what is the matter?

BANTOM Help! Help! I'm almost dead!

CHORUS Help! Help! Raise up his head.

WILDER Help! Help! I'm almost dead!

CHORUS Lift up the Squire's head.

DORO- *enters from R.* Oh, father! What a dreadful sight,
Lydia To see you in so sad a plight? *of her L. her father*

CHORUS Oh, what a sight!

DORO- And see, most shocking to relate!

LYDIA His Grace has met the self-same fate. *D.B.L. O X O*
They unburied him, how moves chain

BANTAM & CHORUS Too shocking, quite! *P. Do B.W.L. Sher Prin*
Oh, what a sight! *O XX O X O*

CHORUS Daring a duke to plunder
What's coming next, we wonder.

BANTAM *Pres. to page* My money's safe.

CHORUS How very strange!

BANTOM There's not a penny missing

WILDER Ah!

BANTAM Not one! *Bantam goes up with Dr Lyde.*

WILDER Speak! What is it!
LURCH- *enters from R with an empty cash box* Your Grace, I fear -

CHORUS Ah!

LURCH- Has been robbed! *W.L.S. X X X*

CHORUS Oh!

SHER- They've got the swag!

LURCH- Yes, taken every nag! *(turning box upside down)*

SHER-

See! not one shilling left!

WILDER

Of everything bereft!

BANTAM

The sum must be repaid at any cost.

*Conny down
his ~~own~~ Will ~~be~~ ~~lost~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~lost~~*

CHORUS & BSNTAM

Pray mention what amount your Grace has lost.

*D B W L S L P
D X X X X O O*

LURCH-

The sum amounts to eighty pound
Perhaps a little more, sir;
And as a host, I think you're bound
The money to restore, sir.

CHORUS

Pray take the guineas - he feels bound
The money to restore, sir.

WILDER

*Bantam gives money to Wilder Lurcher takes it from Wilder
w/ his protest Lurcher shows him*
Well, then, I take the money as a loan.

CHORUS

*Lurcher
accepts
loan*

His Grace, we own
Accepts the loan.
With such a tone

That one would feel inclined to think the gold was all his own

SHER-

And when His Grace returns this way
The money he is sure to pay.

LURCH-
& SHER-

With aside

I'm much afraid
It won't be paid.

WILDER

Of course your loan will be repaid.

LURCH-

& SHER-

CHORUS

(First chime)

Hark! I hear the quarter chime!

(Second chime)

Off to bed, it is now time;
What on earth can be the time,

(Third chime)

There it is, the half hour sure!

(Fourth chime)

Why, the clock is striking four.

(The GUESTS are returning to their chambers, grouping up
the staircase. Hunting horn heard.)

LURCH-

Ha
Priscilla, it's the waits! ~~The Quadrille Band has come.~~

(ALL pause and listen)

WILDER

(Spoken) ~~And as I live your men are on foot with the hounds.~~

(Huntsmen heard without)

all hunters spoken out. Enter Lemons from 2 lewis across stage, 1 gives him a whip

FINALE

"Hark forward away"

Hark forward! Hark forward! Away!
A hunting we'll go to-day,
And the early dawn of the autumn morn
Is ready to show the way.

Hark forward! Hark forward Away!
'Tis a beautiful hunting day,
And horse and hound
Shall skim the ground
To the sound of the horn so gay!

The fox may hide
By the cover side,
But to-day we are certain to find
And well we know
How the best will go
And the timid ones scatter behind!

Hark, forward! etc.

END OF ACT II.

Curtain 10-2.

THE PROPERTY OF
J. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

D O R O T H Y

-----\$\$\$\$\$-----

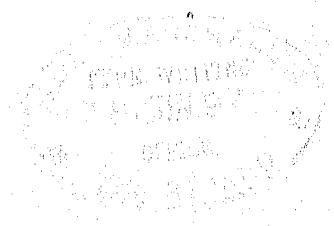
A C T I I I .

THE PROPERTY OF
H. W. RAMSON, LTD.

D O R O T H Y

-----\$\$\$\$-----

A C T I I I



D O R O T H Y

-----\$\$\$\$-----

Curtain 10-16

A C T III

SCENE:- A Forest Glade in the neighbourhood of Squire Bantam's house. Through a break in trees the village church is seen in the distance, and far to the right stands Chanticleer Hall, an old Elizabethan house. On the right of the stage is an ancient oak with withered and broken branches, and on a bench which surrounds the tree, old women from the village are seated chatting to one another and knitting.

(Enter Ballet of GROOMSMEN and BRIDESMAIDS)

(When the Ballet is over, the dancers retire up the stage and the OLD WOMEN rise and come forward)

OLD WOMEN'S CHORUS

Dancing is not what it used to be
In the merry days when our tread was light,
When our feet were nimble, and our hearts were free,
And we danced from dusk till the sun shone bright.
Eh! eh! eh! Tho' feeble we be,
Better than that we can dance you'll see.

(OLD WOMEN dance, then retire R. and sit on benches)

(Enter PHYLLIS, who is greeted by the OLD WOMEN and Dancers. Congratulations pass and signs that they have come to fetch her to church)

BALLAD - PHYLLIS

"The Time has come" (With Refrain)

The time has come when I must yield
The liberty I loved so well
To one to whom my heart revealed,
Sighed forth the love I dared not tell.
My love, my life, I freely give,
Myself and all that in me is,
Henceforth in happiness to live
For him alone as only his.
But liberty to me so dear
I now resign without a fear.

Ques - You head - like a pebble
Lover - The love is like a pebble - in the
old days the clock used to take your
time take your time - now they can
get at it fast as if.

2.

They say, when wooing days are o'er,
 And there is nothing left to gain,
 That turtles coo their love no more,
 And honeymoons get on the wane.
 But I will bind him to my heart,
 With love that shall not loose too soon,
 And life shall be till death us part,
 One everlasting honeymoon.
 And liberty to me so dear
 I now resign without a fear.

CHORUS of OLD WOMEN

Eh! eh! eh! Poor little dear!
 Wait till you come to the end of the year.

(Exeunt PHYLLIS and CHORUS C. and L.
 OLD WOMEN R.I.E.)

(Enter MRS PRIVETT L.)

MRS P-

There goes Phyllis to be married. Heigho! I wonder when my turn will come again. (Sits under tree)

(Enter LURCH) *from C. up stage*

LURCH

(Aside) They told me that this was the Hermit's Oak. Ah, there she is. (Aloud) Priscilla!

(She starts coyly)

X O

Enjoying the breezes under the trees.

MRS P-

Oh, sir, how you frightened me, I am afraid you will think no good of me for keeping my promise. Don't, pray don't look at me like that I implore you. (Turns head away)

LURCH

(Aside) I wonder if Priscilla has anything in the way of "oof". ~~If there be no privett and there's anything reasonable in the way of settlements I'll do it.~~ (Aloud) Madam, have you a heart? *(sits in seat)*

MRS P-

How can you ask me such a thing?

LURCH

When I say a heart, I mean have you a thing which goes bumping up and down "bibbity-bob" trying to burst your waistcoat buttons?

Duet Pis You'll swear to be good and true
To the lady you say you adore

Luv - I'll swear I'll ne'er be untrue
To the daisy whom I adore

Pis - ah never, never, never,

Pis (spoken) Never

Luv Oh never never never, so help me never

MRS P- *(angry)* And can you say that heart beats for me?

LURCH Save and excepting ^{*an occasional flutter in the shape of something strong*} a taste of something short, this heart has never been moved by anything else.

MRS P- Can you swear?

LURCH Can I swear? You ask 'em down our street. I mean I should rather think I could. But I think you will find it better to take my word for it.

DUET

"You'll never be untrue."

MRS P- (Spoken) Jamais?

LURCH Oh never, ~~so help me never!~~

MRS P- ~~Though~~ I cannot imagine what you could have seen in me after your experience of all the fine ladies in London who must be much more beautiful than I am.

LURCH Yes.

MRS P- Eh?

LURCH Oh, no!

MRS P- Oh, yes. I have no doubt you met many of them in the Duke's society at the Court.

LURCH ^{*at the Court*} (Aside) I wonder if she means the Sessions or the County Court. (Aloud) The Duke? What Duke?

MRS P- Why, the Duke of Berkshire, to be sure.

LURCH (Recollecting himself) Oh, of course, yes. But I am not always in the Duke's society. (Puts his arm round her)

MRS P- But you are his secretary. Oh, don't do that, you make

Post D: for help please

look - see an example of what

me feel so fun-ny! (With a little squeal)

LURCH

No, I have other duties to attend to. *I am very busy and I don't have time to play with you.*

MRS P-

(Wheedling him) And what are those other duties? (Flicking his face with her handkerchief) Come, you must keep nothing from me now.

LURCH

You may continue that, Priscilla. I rather like it. (Aside I wonder if she takes me for a fly-paper. Yes, I have other duties. You know I am an officer.

MRS P-

An officer! I adore officers!

LURCH

(Aside) Some on'em don't! (Aloud) Yes, I belong to a deuced crack regiment - in fact we're all cracked - down to the drummer. But what will Mr Privett say to this?

MRS P-

There isn't one.

LURCH

No Privett? You have lost your Privett? *Privett, then you revolve on your own axis* Then my own Priscilla, you are a widow?

MRS P-

(In his arms - bashfully) I am four widows.

LURCH

Four widows! You must have been busy, mum.

MRS P-

I have had a most busy life in very cold, very wet weather than a pleasure
I will conceal nothing from you.

LURCH

Yes, keep nothing back. Let me know the worst.

MRS P-

Before Mr privett, there was Mr Perkins.

LURCH

What, Benjamin Perkins, the soap boiler? (She nods) I remember Benjamin well. Ah, many's the bit of Brown Windsor I have had off him.

MRS P-

(Sorrowfully) Ah, yes, he was a generous man.

Yes he was a journalist, he found his voice in
time to help at first Chomsky's, he just had
a very published

Paris what name

time when the paper is what's really the name
there to be found in a certain time

* Short book

Paris (crying) what have they been saying about my Mac
(all during the next speech work it up)

LURCH Yes, he was quite round shouldered with it.

MRS P- (Continuing) And before Mr Perkins, there was Mr McMuscott.

(BANTAM enters L. and watches them)

LURCH *what.* Oh, yes, Mr Sandy Macpherson, a Scotch gentleman, - ~~a light complexioned individual.~~

Yes a bonny braw laddie.
Yes a bony, I mean a bonny braw laddie, a light complexioned individual.

MRS P- Yes - when I look at your hair it reminds me of ^{my} the poor dear man. *Mae*

LURCH Yes, it was like mine - *what they call a Strawberry Blonde* - a delicate auburn. (LURCHER'S hair is carrotty) He was a fine man! I remember seeing him once in his full regimentals. He had his kilt, and his claymore, and his jellybag - I mean his phillabeg.

MRS P- Yes, he was going to the Gathering of the Clans.

LURCH- *x* Yes, I know, he was out for the day. But, do you know - it is very cruel - but they have circulated nasty evil reports about the dear man. You know I feel it my duty to tell you - for it has been on the 'trapeze' for some time (Apologetically) but the fact is they say that the reason Mr McMuscott wore a kilt was his feet were so large that he couldn't get them through the bottom of his breeches.

MRS P- (Weeping) Oh, what a wicked thing to say!

LURCH- Yes, a cruel thing to say behind a man's feet - I mean back. Still you must admit that he covered a deal of ground when he walked.

MRS P- *Ah he was very fond to me*
Yes, he was a bonnie braw laddie.

LURCH- *Yes a fond heart, but large feet.*
Yes, I admit he was a 'bony' - I mean a bonnie raw laddie.

MRS P- Ah, yes, rest his memory.

LURCH- 'And' his poor feet.

MRS P- Well, before Mr McMuscott there was -

BANTAM (R.C. coming forward) (Indignantly) Mrs Privett, I am astonished!

*WP B L.
o X X*

MRS P- *Race for R* Law, Squire! how you frightened me!

BANTAM (R.) I trust I've frightened you in time, madam. (To her) And so, you villain, you have the audacity to pay your addresses to this lady.

(Gag) *Bantam old Boy*

LURCH- Pardon me, ~~she~~ you are 'de trop' (Gag - pronounced as spelt) *you are an interlooper.*

MRS P- *x.c.* Pardon me, Squire - this gentleman's social position as an officer -

BANTAM Officer! Yes - a Sheriff's officer!

MRS P- A Sheriff's officer! What do I hear! (Gag - collapses) *in their arms*

BANTAM Who has been masquerading about with that rogue of a nephew of mine - and robbing me.

LURCH I protest against the robbery!

MRS P- (Hysterically) Sheriff's officer! Off! oh! (Collapses again) (They catch her) Sheriff's officer! *Low hear what the lady says Sheriff's off. she's been at the account again*

LURCH Wretch - see what you have done! You have destroyed our little Eva!

BANTAM What do you mean? Eva?

LURCH (Lifting her) Just 'eave her' up a little. *We shall have to take her back to the house*

BAN- ~~We had better take her to the fountain.~~

LURCH- *all right don't make a fuss, you take hold of her*
~~No, Squire, spare the fish her head & I'll take hold of her~~

BAN-

Then we must carry her back to the house.

LURCH-

All right - don't make a fuss. You take hold of her head and I'll catch hold of her -

MRS P-

(Suddenly recovering) Never. Not while I'm a living woman! Sheriff's officer! Ugh! (Going L.)

LURCH-

² Oh, Priscilla, you will not leave your Launcelot -

MRS P-

What will the neighbours say!# (To LURCHER) Don't touch me! Come not near me. Let my wrongs make me sacred!

(Exit indignantly L.)

LURCH-

(With action - pointing to head signifying she is insane) She's always like that after pancakes - muffins - for tea.

(Gag)

BANTAM

Now, sir, I give you one minute to consider whether you'll make a clean breast of it and take a guinea or whether I shall hand you over to the village constable.

LURCH

Sir, you need not trouble the constable. I will subdue all personal feelings and I will take your guinea.

BAN-

Then follow me and we will get to the bottom of it.

(Exit L. 2 E.)

LURCH-

But - touching the guinea?

(Exit following)

(Enter DOROTHY and LYDIA disguised as men) L U E

DOR- R

Now, Lydia, a little more confidence, a dash of bravado.

LYDIA L

I feel so strange in this dress. I fear that someone will see us.

DOR-

What if they do, cousin? They will but take us for two gallants from town. Have you the pistols?

LYDIA (Who has the case under her arm) Here they are.!

DOR- Set them down.

LYDIA Do you think that they will come?

DOR- I haven't a doubt of it. I know they received our letters this morning.

LYDIA ~~*/~~ And what shall we do then?

DOR- Why then, my dear, we shall give them the choice of a duel or a marriage with the ladies whom they met last night. (Has taken pistol and is looking at it with muzzle towards LYDIA)

LYDIA And if they consent to marry? Oh, don't!

DOR- If they consent to marry we will never speak to them again. (Puts pistol in case)

LYDIA But, Dorothy, what if they prefer to fight?

DOR- Then we shall know that they love us for ourselves, and then, Lydia, then -

LYDIA But the pistols?

DOR- We shall take good care to load them ourselves only with powder. They will go off with a little puff. You will scream, I shall not. All will end happily, and who knows but Mr Wilder may have to marry his cousin Dorothy after all.

LYDIA Why, Dorothy!

DOR- Why Lydia! And I'll be bound to say that you will be content to pair off with his friend. (Looking off L.) Oh, Lud! here they come. Let us watch them from behind this tree and see what effect our letters have had on them. (Drags LYDIA behind the oak tree. They stand on the bench and watch the following scene)

(Enter SHERWOOD and WILDER L. SHER: has a case of pistols under his arm)

WILD- This must be the spot, Harry.

SHER- R And here is the tree under which these blood-thirsty provincials would call us to account. (Producing letter from pocket)

WILD- One might almost treat the affair as a joke if it were not for our honour which must needs stand up to be shot at for an opinion in favour of one woman against another. Let me see (Producing letter from pocket - reads) "Sir, your letter has been handed to me" -

SHER- (Reading letter) "Your letter has been handed to me -"

WILD- (Reading) "By Miss Lydia Hawthorne -"

SHER- (Reading) "By Miss Dorothy Bantam, and, as that young lady's best friend, I insist upon an explanation or immediate satisfaction."

WILD- (Reading) "You will find me ready for either at the Hermit's Oak in Round Coppice at eleven of the clock this morning. Your humble obedient servant to command, Percy Dasher".

SHER- (Reading) "Tilbury Slocomb". The letters are identical in all respects save the name.

WILD There's no doubt of it. They are in earnest. (Looking at watch) 'Tis close on eleven. Have you the pistols?

SHER- Here they are. (Producing pistols)

DOR- (aside) Good gracious! There'll be bullets in them!

WILD- And now, Harry, if anything should happen to me -

SHER- Pshaw! man what are you thinking of?

WILD These rustic blades are dangerous fellows.

LYDIA

(Aside) Do you hear that, Dorothy?

WILD-

They shoot straight. [#] You will not fail to tell my dear Dorcas that I remained faithful to her to the last. That I preferred death to giving her up.

DOR-

(Aside to LYDIA) What do you say to that?

SHER

And how about the ring which she gave you, and which you so rashly handed over to Miss Lydia last night?

WILD-

Say that you buried it with me.

LYDIA

(Aside to DOR:) Oh! why I have it on my finger now.

SHER-

You can depend upon me. And you will do the same by me with my sweet Abigail?

WILD-

I will, Harry.

SHER-

You will say that never for a moment was her sweet image absent from my heart.

WILD-

And the ring you gave to my little cousin Dorothy?

SHER-

Say that it was so tightly and lovingly clasped in my death grasp that no effort could tear it away from the finger which it had never left.

DOR-

(Aside to LYDIA) *Perceiving* Why, ~~I have the ring on my finger now!~~

(DOR: and LYDIA come down)

WILD-

You can depend upon me. If I lie in my grave -

SHER-

I will lie for you. And if I lie in my grave -

WILD-

I will lie for you. (Perceiving DOR: and LYDIA) Ah, here they come!

(They bow - DOR: to SHER: LYDIA to WILDER. The bow is returned by WILDER and SHER:)

SHER-

(Aside to WILDER) Why, surely these cannot be our opponents!

WILD-

(Aside to SHER:) Straight from the nursery.

(DOR: pushed LYDIA to C.)

LYDIA

(To WILDER) Mr Wilder, I believe.

WILD- X C

At your service, young gentlemen.

LYDIA

(Stammering) I am Mr Percy Dasher.

WILD- *Wilder
Lydia*

(Laughs)
sur
(Laughing) (LYDIA indignantly "Sir!") Dasher! Dash me! a fine dasher!

LYDIA

Ugh! (Up)

Lydia
Doro X *S*
W
X

DOR- X k

(To SHER:) Captain Sherwood, I presume?

SHER- X c

You presume right, my young friend.

DOR-

Gentlemen, we are here to resent an insult put upon Miss Dorothy Bantam.

LYDIA *come down
a little*

And Miss Lydia Hawthorne.

DOR-

We have come to ask whether you are prepared to atone for your conduct by offering the only reparation possible, ~~or~~ whether you are ready to meet the consequences.

SHER-

By reparation, I presume you mean marriage?

DOR-

I do.

Leg Kick. Swing R foot out to front, then tap it in front
of L foot, then cross the R foot over left leg. toe of
R foot on stage, this is done in 1-2-3 time

WILD-

And the consequences imply a duel?

LYDIA

(Tremulously) They do.

SHER-

In point of fact you mean matrimony or murder?

DOR-
and
LYDIA

Precisely

WILD-

Then we prefer murder. *(loud)*

SHER-

Our words are pledged to two other ladies. *(Whispering)*

WILD-

And we mean to keep them. *(Whispering)*

DOR-

(Aside to LYDIA) Do you hear that, cousin? But we must keep it up until we are able to change our clothes. (Aloud) Then, gentlemen, you have only to choose your weapons.

WILD-X C

*Sherlock goes to see about the clean coat
pistols*
Weapons! Young gentlemen, I should say that a birch rod or a good bundle of nettles would best befit your age and dignity.

DOR-

I would have you to know, sir, that this is a serious matter, and that your jokes are as misplaced as they are ancient and ill chosen.

WILD-

Well, gentlemen, since you will have it, the consequences be on your own foolish little pates.

DOR-

I am ready to take the consequences.

LYDIA

(To DOR: scared) We are not!

DOR-

(Aside to LYDIA) *get them* Where are the pistols? Recollect when you load them - powder first, and no ball. (Aloud) ~~Here~~
Here are the pistols

WILD-

Pardon me, we are the challenged. We have brought our own pistols.

DOR-

Must we use them?

SHER-

Certainly.

DOR-

(Aside) Good Heavens!

LYDIA

(Aside) What's to be done?

SHER-

Oh! To take care of them
 In order that things should be perfectly fair you will load one. (Hands pistol to LYDIA) & one to Wilder

WILD-

(Beginning to load the other pistol) Have you the bullets, Harry?

SHER-

Here they are. (Hands one to WILDER)LYDIA
and
DOR-(Aside) Bullets!(SHER: hands a bullet to DOR:)

DOR-

But how are we to know which of the pistols has no bullet?

WILD-

(Finishes loading and primes) They will both have bullets inside them, and so may one of us presently.

DOR-

Ah! Don't! you pointed it at me. (Avoiding pistol)

WILD-

I did but anticipate a pleasure by a few moments.

LYDIA

(Holding pistol very awkwardly) What shall I do with it, dear? (To DOR:) *(points it)*

SHER-

(To LYDIA) Allow me, sir. You seem unaccustomed to the ways of these little barkers.

LYDIA

(Avoiding pistol) Ah! Don't! (Runs behind DOR:)

SHER-

It's not loaded,

LYDIA

But it might go off. (Aside) What are we to do?

WILDER

Now, gentlemen, as this is to be a duel to the death -

LYDIA

and

DOR-

To the death!

WILD-

I said to the death. It will be necessary for us to carry out the latest fashion of the duello. ~~We can't all shoot at once.~~ We must begin two and two.

DOR-

Then perhaps, if you two gentlemen were to begin first.

SHER-

We have no cause of quarrel.

DOR-

Of course, I forgot. (Aside to LYDIA) Cousin, we must get out of this as quick as we can.

LYDIA

(Aside to DOR:) One of these pistols is sure to go off in a minute.

WILD-

(To DOR:) You and I, sir, had best lead off.

DOR-

Lead off! Where?

WILD-

One of us - possibly both of us - ^{deep voice} to the grave. (Flourishes pistol.)

DOR-

The grave! ~~Don't point it at me!~~ (Putting pistol aside)

WILD-

Each will have his second. Your friend will serve you. We will place ourselves back to back - each will walk five paces.

DOR-

Only five paces!

WILD-

Well, six if you like it better. We shall then both turn on our heels. (Presenting pistol)

Lydia. Mind you take good long ones Dorothy
5 feet

DOR-
and
LYDIA

(Afraid) Ah!

WILD-

And fire. One of us will fall, possibly both, and then the others will have a turn.

LYDIA
and
DOR-

(Aside) A turn!

WILD-

(To DOR:) Now, sir, to place yourself.

SHER-

(To DOR: giving pistol) Here is your pistol. *(Dor pointing at it him (all bus))*

DOR- *R*

(Aside to LYDIA) Oh, if I only knew how to escape from this!

(WILDER and DOR: place themselves back to back C. DOR: facing L. up. LYDIA at her side. WILDER facing R. down SHER: at his side) *(Dor shaking hand)*

SHER- *R*

Now, gentlemen, are you ready? *(Takes out handkerchief)*

WILD- *R*

Yes.

*L D S
o o X W
X*

SHER-

Then - go!

(DOR: marches three steps)

DOR-
and
LYDIA

Ah!

(They run off R.U.E.)

(WILDER having marched three steps Enter BANTAM and LURCHER *WILDER* wheels and presents his pistol at BANTAM's head) *Lurcher runs behind her*

BAN-

Stop! Murder! Thieves!

WILD-

Why, what's this?

S W 8
X X X

SHER- Our adversaries have fled.

WILD- A pretty couple of cowards.

BANTAM Pretty couple of murderers, sir!

WILD- *x* *h* *h* My dear uncle, I congratulate you on a very narrow escape.

BAN- No, sir! It is you who assume the clothes and manners of your betters and impose upon your too confiding relatives.

WILD- Necessity, my dear uncle.

BAN- Necessity, sir, is the mother of thieves. (~~Sees LYDIA's hat at his feet and hits it up stage with stick~~)

LURCH- (Coming between SHER: and WILDER) Have you been shooting for nuts, gentlemen?

SHER- (Holding his fist to LURCHER's head) No! But I'll have a go at one directly. *po*

LURCH- *I can see down the barrel it isn't loaded*
~~No, don't, it's the only one I've got.~~

SHER- You've peached, you rascal!

LURCH The promptings of my conscience, gentlemen.

SHER- And your pocket, I'll be bound!

BAN- (L.). (Angry to WILD:) Though born a man of high degree" eh, you villain. Give me my money back!

WILD- (Pointing to LURCHER) I must refer you to this gentleman.

LURCH- This gentleman refers you to the Court. *If he will off my*
lands. *Joels with*
plut with da
Warren

BAN-

Who may possibly restore the money to my grandchildren after I have spent twice the amount in asking for it.

(Enter TUPPITT L.U.)

TUP-

I humbly crave pardon.(C.)

BAN-

What is it now?

TUP-

The young couple are coming to meet your worship at the old oak.

BAN-

What young couple?

TUP-

Tom and my daughter Phyllis, who have just been married.

(Enter TOM and PHYLLIS C.) *UE followed by Chorus*

BAN-

What do they want with me?

R. I. L. Ballet & Old Women's Chorus group

TUP-

Your Worship's blessing.

Old Women sit at Tree, Ballet group of either side of Stage

BAN-

(Cross C.) Blessing! Do I look like blessing?

(Enter VILLAGERS) *Lurcher goes up of flint with SEPTETT and CHORUS. Old Women*

PHYLLIS, TOM, TUPPITT, WILDER, SHERWOOD and BANTAM

TOM and PHYLLIS

What joy untold to feel at last
That all delay and doubts are past,
My future lot with you is cast,
My own.

Lurcher flirts with old Women at tree

TUPP-

A parent's feelings who can tell?
His satisfaction who can quell?
I wished to see her married well,
I own.

BAN-

and
CHORUS

They are indeed a happy pair,
What lot on earth can now compare
With theirs? I only wish it were
My own.

PRINCIPALS and CHORUS

They're happily married by parson and ring,
 So merrily let the bells chime;
 For marriage to start with is not a sad thing,
 It only gets gloomy with time.
 A husband was ready - the maiden said "aye",
 She makes a most beautiful bride;
 The knot was remarkably easy to tie,
 It won't be so lightly untied.

(DANCE)

BAN-

(To WILDER) Now, sir, you may thank your stars that the sight of these young folks' happiness has put me in a better temper.

(WILDER bows low)

None of your London manners with me, sir; I am ready to forgive you, and even to take you back to my heart, where there has ben long an empty corner waiting for you, if you will marry your cousin Dorothy. *RTE*

(Enter DOR: and LYDIA dressed in their peasant clothes of the first Act) *Re enters RTE*

WILD-

That is impossible!

Low Shew Lyd W Dov Paul. Low Ph. Larp
 X X X X X X X X

BAN-

How impossible? Are you married already?

WILD-

Nay, sir, but I hope soon to be,

Yea M I B W S W P L
~~X O X X X X X X~~

BAN-

To whom?

WILD-

(Bringing DOR: down) To this lady, if she will so far honour me.

BAN-

To her? Why, that is your cousin Dorothy.

WILD-

My cousin Dorothy!

DOR-

(With a curtesy) The same.

SHER-

(To LYDIA) Then you -

LYDIA

Luv
WILD-

(With a curtsey) I am Lydia Hawthorne, her cousin.
Sherwood seizes Lurches by the throat when you're quite finished with my jubilee vein (throws him off)
 Then last night we - (Aside to SHER:) Oh, Harry, here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Looks Piss R I E

DOR-

(To BAN:) Yes, father, I was anxious to find out whether a man could love a woman for herself and not for her money. The ring which I gave him, and which he now wears on his finger is a proof of his constancy. (To WILDER) Show it, cousin.

Shew
WILD-

(Hesitating) I - (Aside) What in the world is to be done?

LYDIA

Wild

LURCH-

And I too entrusted this gentleman with the ring which he now wears on his finger. (To SHER:) Where is it?

Show it constancy

(To LYDIA) I think he's pawned it, mum. *(Sherwood threatens him he runs up to her, then comes down - drops R of Piss who catches R I E)*

SHER-

Luv
WILD-

(Aside) What shall I say?

Show it Constancy

(Recovering his self-possession) Ahem! I confess that recognizing my cousin Dorothy last night I returned to her as a keepsake and, and - (Hesitating)

SHER-

That is exactly what I wished to say myself.

DOR- *could he know*

(To WILDER) Did the stone change its colour in your pocket cousin? (Shewing ring)

LYDIA *could he know*

(To SHER:) Had my ring a green or red stone? (Shewing ring)

WILD-

I have nothing to say. *forgive me*

DOR-

Well, then, if that is all the explanation you have to make - (Giving WILDER her hand) I accept it.

SHER-

(To LYDIA) And you?

~~Jul p Tom B D W L S P Luw~~
~~X O X X O X O X O X~~

Finale

Luw	Pus	Shen	Lya	Wcl	Dor	Rant.	Sow	Phy	Suppl.
X	O	X	O	X	O	X	X	O	X
	R			C				L	

Old Ladies on Seat. at Tree

Chorus grouped around Stage

Ballet in front of Chorus

LYDIA

(Giving her hand to SHER:) I suppose I must follow Dorothy's example.

BAN-

That's right, young people.

DOR-

(To WILDER) After all you were ready to die rather than marry Lydia.

LYDIA

(To SHER:) I cannot forget that you preferred death to Dorothy.
~~Pross Lurker Sherlyd Bant Dow Wildt Corp Phy Tom~~

F I N A L E

DOROTHY to WILDER - LYDIA to SHERWOOD

Etet.

Who swore to be good and true
 To the maid whom he dared to adore?
 Who promised to love her as few
 Have ever loved woman before?

BAN-

(~~Advancing and joining hands of DOROTHY and WILDER and LYDIA and SHERWOOD~~)

There, take him. Be happy. For what you have got.
 Be thankful, or never allow that you're not.
 And on this occasion I ask the whole lot.

There's a welcome to all
 At Chanticleer Hall.

TUTTI

And lucky the man who is pleased with his lot,
 Who never sits sighing for what he has not,
 Contented and thankful for what he has got.

There's a welcome to all
 At Chanticleer Hall.

C U R T A I N 10-45

During Finale Lurker has a wedding Ring, wrapped in various colored tissue paper, and finally gives it to Priscilla in last note she is in a state of excitement. During the unwrapping.