

THE LYRICS
OF
DOROTHY

A Comedy Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

B. C. STEPHENSON.

MUSIC BY

ALFRED CELLIER.

817th Performance, December 17th, 1888.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

London :

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET W.

CITY BRANCH—15, POULTRY, E.C.

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Lyric Theatre.

(Sole Proprietor and Manager ... HENRY J. LESLIE.)

817th Performance, Dec. 17th, 1888.

CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE BANTAM	Mr. FURNEAUX COOK
GEOFFREY WILDER	„ BEN DAVIES
HARRY SHERWOOD	„ C. HAYDEN COFFIN
JOHN TUPPITT	„ S. KING
LURCHER	„ ARTHUR WILLIAMS
TOM STRUTT	„ J. LE HAY
DOROTHY BANTAM	Miss MARIE TEMPEST
LYDIA HAWTHORNE	„ AMY F. AUGARDE
PHYLLIS TUPPITT	„ FLORENCE PERRY
MRS. PRIVETT	„ HARRIET COVENEY

Act I.—THE HOP GARDENS.

Act II.—CHANTICLEER HALL.

Act III.—THE ROUND COPPICE

The action takes place in the county of Kent, in October, 1740

ARGUMENT.



ACT I.

IN the hop-gardens, which surround the inn belonging to old John Tuppitt, the countryfolk of the neighbourhood of Chanticleer Hall, in the county of Kent, the property of Squire Bantam, are enjoying themselves on the morning of an autumn day, in the middle of the last century. The picking is nearly over, and the pickers are looking forward to the feasting and jollity with which, thanks to their good-hearted old landlord, their labour is to end. Dorothy Bantam, the Squire's daughter, and Lydia Hawthorne, his niece, are not sorry for an opportunity to put off their hoops and furbelows and join in the festivities. They arrive on the scene just in time to find that Phyllis, old Tuppitt's daughter, has rashly promised to marry Tom Strutt, a yokel of the village, and that no warning of theirs will induce her to alter her mind. This is not at all what they like; for Dorothy and Lydia not only preach that woman should remain free from the fetters of matrimony, but they practise what they preach, and have sworn to remain single. It is possible that Dorothy's determination may arise from the fact that her father has already settled her wedded lot. If she marries anyone she must marry Geoffrey Wilder, Squire Bantam's nephew and heir, for the old man has set his heart on the match. But she has never seen her cousin, who has been living a pretty wild life in London. As luck will have it, however, on this very day Wilder, with the bailiffs at his heels, on his way to his uncle's house, compelled by the pressure of debt to cry "peccavi," and consent to Squire Bantam's terms, arrives from town, and, with his friend Sherwood, pulls up at Tuppitt's inn for refreshment for themselves and rest for the hacks, which have been put to their best speed in getting out of the way of a certain

Sheriff's Officer, Lurcher by name, who has been close on the heels of Geoffrey all the way from London. Dorothy, ever ready for fun, takes advantage of the dresses in which Lydia and herself could hardly be recognized, even if her cousin knew her by sight, and passes herself and Lydia off as Dorcas and Abigail, Tuppitt's daughter. Wilder and Sherwood are impressionable, and the charms of Dorothy and Lydia take such an effect that the plan of submission to the uncle is given up, even at the risk of arrest, and Dorcas takes the place of Dorothy in the matrimonial schemes of Mr. Geoffrey Wilder. At this moment Lurcher, the Sheriff's Officer, overtakes his man, having got over the obstacles with which the fugitives have endeavoured to stop him. Wilder, determined not to marry Dorothy, has a scheme by which he thinks he can get the money from his uncle. Lurcher would listen to no schemes if it were not for the fact that he has aroused the indignation of the villagers by serving a writ on an old woman of the neighbourhood. Wilder saves him from a ducking, and, in return, he promises to help in the scheme, and to join the two gentlemen in their visit to the Squire's house that evening. Meantime, the attractions of her cousin have had a considerable effect on Dorothy; and Lydia, since she has seen Sherwood, is by no means so certain about perpetual spinsterhood. But, to test the value of the earnest protestations of their adorers, Dorothy gives her ring to Wilder and Lydia hers to Sherwood, the ladies exacting from the gentlemen the promise that they will never part with them.

ACT II.

A dance is being given by Squire Bantam to his neighbours. The festivities are going on merrily, when a servant announces the arrival of a stranger. This is no other than Lurcher, who, disguised as the Secretary of the Duke of Berkshire, has come to announce the breakdown of his Grace's carriage in the neighbourhood of Chanticleer Hall, and to beg the Squire's hospitality. The Squire wishes for nothing better than to receive a member of the aristocracy into his house, and Wilder is ushered in, accompanied by Sherwood. The two gentlemen do not recognize the ladies in their powder, and

Wilder makes an express stipulation with his friend that he is not to be bothered with his cousin Dorothy. As the evening goes on the charms of Lydia have a very serious effect on Wilder, while Sherwood is at Dorothy's feet. And an opportunity soon occurs for Dorothy to show Lydia what "a base and faithless thing is a man," by inducing Sherwood to give her up the ring which Lydia had given him in the morning; while Lydia, with Wilder at her feet, has no difficulty in gaining possession of Dorothy's ring. Meantime the night has come, lights are put out, the guests retire to rest, and in the dark, Wilder, Sherwood, and Lurcher proceed to carry out Wilder's scheme. Cloaked and masked, they rouse the Squire's attention and pinion him. At the same time Sherwood binds Wilder. The house is soon roused by the Squire's cries; but, when the guests reappear, everyone is astonished to find that the robbers, whoever they are, have taken none of their host's money. The "Duke," however, has not been so fortunate. His money-box is empty. To allow a guest to be plundered in his house, without making good the loss, is what the old Squire cannot permit, and, after some little hesitation, his Grace accepts as a loan the amount which is stated by Lurcher to be missing, and which happens to correspond exactly with the amount claimed of Mr. Geoffrey Wilder by the Sheriff. The early dawn sets the men afoot with the hounds—for the Squire starts his late autumn day, now and then, with a gallop after a cub—and while the ladies retire to their broken slumber, the gentlemen get ready for a morning's exercise.

ACT III.

The Act opens with the wedding of Phyllis to Tom Strutt. The bridesmaids and groomsmen come to fetch her. And now Dorothy and Lydia are going to see what is the real value of the protestations of their unfaithful swains. Wisdom has come with the morning. Wilder and Sherwood have returned to Dorcas and Abigail, and have written to withdraw their pledges of the night before to Dorothy and Lydia. In reply to their letters, they have received a challenge from two young gentlemen, who are prepared

to call them to account for their conduct to Miss Dorothy Bantam and Miss Lydia Hawthorne; and the two ladies are waiting in Round Coppice to find out whether the men they have chosen will prefer a duel to giving them up. Lydia is nervous about the pistols, but Dorothy reassures her. They have brought their own pistols, which will only be loaded with powder. When, however, their adversaries arrive, it seems that they will have to use the pistols which those gentlemen have brought, and which will probably contain bullets. It is with a not entirely unmixed feeling of satisfaction that they hear that the gentlemen decline to marry Dorothy and Lydia, and are prepared to risk their lives for the sake of Dorcas and Abigail, so eventually flight seems to be the only way out of the difficulty. The Squire is on his way to the old oak in Round Coppice, where Tom and Phyllis, who have been married, come for his blessing. Lurcher has betrayed the plot. But the Squire is ready to forgive everything if his nephew is ready to marry Dorothy, and eventually the old gentleman has his way. Dorothy marries her cousin; Lydia marries Sherwood; and the awkward circumstances under which Dorothy's ring found its way on to Lydia's finger, and Lydia's ring on to Dorothy's, are overlooked, for each lady knows that her lover was ready to die rather than marry her friend.

DOROTHY.

ACT I.

THE HOP GARDENS.

CHORUS AND BALLET OF PEASANTS AND HOP PICKERS.

CHORUS.

Lads and lasses gaily trip,
Age indulges in a sip ;
With an arm about her waist
Every lass shall have a taste,
Then each lad shall toast his lass
To the bottom of the glass.

See the maids their locks entwine
With the blossom and the bine,
Gaily tripping in and out,
Up and down and round about,
Age and youth with mirth combine
In the merry hopping time.

CHORUS.

'Tis Phyllis and her lover
Oh ! what a fool he looks !

TOM.

Oh ! Muster Tuppitt, here I stand,
 An honest lad you see,
 To ask you for your daughter's hand,
 That we may married be.

CHORUS.

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

TUPPITT.

Never !

CHORUS.

He refuses !

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 ?

CHORUS.

Forbear defying
 The course of true love !
 By quick complying
 Your better sense prove ;
 And see her,
 She is crying !

TOM.

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 !

CHORUS.

You will relent,
 You must consent!
 Sure never man required such earnest pressing!

TUPPITT.

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

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha!

TOM.

Henceforward I devote my life
 To making her a happy wife.

CHORUS.

Lads and lasses, &c.

TRIO.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, AND PHYLLIS.

DOROTHY.

Be wise in time,
 Oh! Phyllis mine.
 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 wedding ring?
 In spinsterhood far better pine,
 Than dare so rash a thing.

PHYLLIA.

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!

All men deny,
 All men defy,
 Warily,
 Charily,
 Airily.

Renounce the tie,
 And single die.
 Let all three
 Swear to be
 Ever free.

Take good advice, and pray behave,
 As prudent maidens ought,
 Recall the plight you rashly gave,
 No man is worth a thought.

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, AND SHERWOOD

WILDER.

We're sorry to delay you.

SHERWOOD.

To pardon us we pray you.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

Aching limbs and weary feet,
 Palates parched with dust and heat ;
 With fatigue we're fit to sink,
 Bring us anything to drink.

Have you beer, or ale, or porter,
 To make our anguish shorter ?

Such a thirst,
 At the worst,
 We could almost quench with water.

DOROTHY.

Be seated, Sirs, we pray you.

LYDIA.

We will not long delay you.

DOROTHY AND LYDIA.

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.

BALLAD.

WILDER.

1.

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.

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.

QUINTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD, TUPPITT.

TUPPITT.

A father's pride and joy they are—
 Renowned for beauty near and far;
 I'm told they much resemble me,
 The likeness you of course can see.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD

Of course the likeness we can see.

TUPPITT.

Their hair exactly mine, you know.

WILDER. (*Aside.*)

It must have been some time ago.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD. (*Aside.*)

It is a most outrageous whim,
 To think that they resemble him!

TUPPITT.

I think I've got my story pat ;
I wonder what they're laughing at.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

Upon my word, it's hardly fair
The Beast with Beauty to compare.

WILDER.

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

DOROTHY. (*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 steel 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.

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.

SHERWOOD.

Here's a glass to the lady who bores me,
And one to the girl whom I bore.

WILDER.

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

ALL.

Come fill up your glass, &c.

SONG AND TRIO.

LURCHER, WILDER, AND SHERWOOD.

LURCHER.

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,
 That into prison you must go,
 And stop until it's paid, Sir.

TRIO.

So will you pay, &c.

LURCHER.

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 !

TRIO.

So will you pay, &c.

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, AND SHERWOOD.

DOROTHY AND LYDIA.

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.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

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 ;
 We will devote our lives to you
 And swear to be for ever true.

DOROTHY AND LYDIA. (*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,
 And says it's true
 He loves but you,
 Or swears that he is dying.

CHORUS.

LURCHER, &c.

Under the pump! Under the pump!
 And into the brook with a kick and a jump.
 He's frightened old Margery out of her wits,
 A-sneaking about, and a-serving out writs!

LURCHER.

'They've battered 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.

CHORUS.

Under the pump, &c.
 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.

FINALE.

WILDER.

How perfect every feature,

SHERWOOD.

A most delicious creature.

WILDER.

My heart I must resign
To such a queen divine.

TUPPITT.

To-morrow let it be,

TOM.

And all we hope to see.

CHORUS.

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

DOROTHY.

And are you 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!

WILDER, SHERWOOD, TUPPITT, AND CHORUS OF MEN.

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

CHORUS OF 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.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

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

DOROTHY AND LYDIA.

Such infamous deceit
 Due punishment shall meet.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

OHANTICLEER HALL.

Country Dance.

SONG.

WILDER (*in disguise*)

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.
 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, &c.

Graceful Dance.

DOROTHY.

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.

LURCHER AND MRS. PRIVETT.

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.

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

SONG.

BANTAM.

1.

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.

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.

2.

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 wive,
 With a risk of a change for the worse.

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.

SEXTETT AND CHORUS.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD, BANTAM,
AND LURCHER.

BANTAM.

Now let's to bed.

WILDER.

To bed so soon?

DOROTHY.

Good-night.

WILDER.

We leave our hearts behind us.

LYDIA.

Most Polite.

DOROTHY to LYDIA.

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.

If you and I once more could meet—

SHERWOOD.

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—

WILDER. (*Aside to LURCHER.*)

Is all prepared?

LURCHER. (*Aside to WILDER.*)

All right!

DOROTHY.

Your Grace, good-night!

WILDER. (*To SHERWOOD.*)

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

SHERWOOD. (*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!

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, SHERWOOD, AND WILDER.

WILDER.

One moment, pray!

SHERWOOD.

Nay—do not run away.

DOROTHY.

Meet me to-morrow.

LYDIA.

Meet me to-morrow.

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

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.

SHERWOOD.

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!

DOROTHY.

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 (*aside to SHERWOOD*)—SHERWOOD (*aside to WILDER*)

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

DOROTHY (*aside to LYDIA*)—LYDIA (*aside to DOROTHY*).

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

WILDER to LYDIA (*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.

SHERWOOD (*to DOROTHY, 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.

DOROTHY (*aside to LYDIA*).

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 DOROTHY*).

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

WILDER to LYDIA—SHERWOOD to DOROTHY

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

DOROTHY to SHERWOOD—LYDIA to WILDER.

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

BALLAD.

SHERWOOD.

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, &c.

TRIO.

WILDER, SHERWOOD, AND BANTAM.

WILDER.

Silence pray—be careful how you tread !

SHERWOOD.

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

WILDER.

Take care ; not too tight !

SHERWOOD.

Now's the time to wake our friend, the Knight !

WILDER.

Ha ! ha !

SHERWOOD.

Ho ! ho !

BANTAM.

Who's there ?

WILDER.

Hush, here he comes !

BANTAM.

Speak ! who is there ?

SHERWOOD.

We've got him now !

BANTAM.

Confound the stair !
 For mercy, Sir, I humbly crave—
 Pray take my cash and all I have,
 But spare my life !

WILDER AND SHERWOOD.

We want your cash and all you have,
 But not your life

CHORUS.

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—
 Let us find out—what is the matter.

BANTAM.

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.

DOROTHY.

Oh, father ! What a dreadful sight,
 To see you in so sad a plight.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a sight !

DOROTHY.

And see, most shocking to relate

LYDIA.

His Grace has met the self-same fate.

BANTAM AND CHORUS.

**Too shocking quite!
Oh, what a sight!**

CHORUS.

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

BANTAM.

My money's safe!

CHORUS.

How very strange!

BANTAM.

There's not a penny missing.

WILDER.

Ah!

BANTAM.

Not one!

WILDER.

Speak! what is it?

LURCHER.

Your Grace, I fear—

CHORUS.

Ah!

LURCHER.

Has been robbed!

CHORUS.

Oh!

SHERWOOD.

They've got the swag.

LURCHER.

Yes! taken every mag.

SHERWOOD.

See! not one shilling left

WILDER.

Of everything bereft!

BANTAM.

The sum must be repaid at any cost.

CHORUS AND BANTAM.

Pray mention what amount your Grace has lost

LURCHER.

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.

Well, then, I take the money as a loan.

CHORUS.

His Grace, we own,
Accepts the loan
With such a tone
That one would feel inclined to think the gold was all his own

SHERWOOD.

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

LURCHER AND SHERWOOD.

I'm much afraid
It won't be paid

WILDER, LURCHER, AND SHERWOOD.

Of course your loan will be repaid.

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!**

FINALE,

**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! &c.**

ACT III.

ROUND COPPICE.

BALLET OF BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN.

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.

BALLAD.

PHYLLIS.

1.

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.

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.

SEPTETT AND CHORUS.

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.

TUPPITT.

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

BANTAM 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.

FINALE.

DOROTHY *to* WILDER—LYDIA *to* SHERWOOD.

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 ?

BANTAM.

(*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.

THE END.