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CUPS AND SAUCERS

A Satirical Musical Sketch.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

GEO. GROSSMITH, Jun.

For Stage or Drawing Room.

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CHARACTERS:

| | | | | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------------|
| MRS. NANKEEN WORCESTER | | | | | A China Maniac. |
| GENERAL DEELAH | | | | | Another. |

SCENE.—MRS. NANKEEN WORCESTER'S MORNING ROOM. *Time, 7 o'clock. Piano L. Fashionable low tea-table, centre, with chairs on each side. MRS. WORCESTER heard calling without.*

Jane! Jane! Fetch me from the third delf shelf "*Crackwell on Old China*"; and, Jane, if General Deelah calls this evening, shew him in; and, Jane, covers for two. (*Enter MRS. WORCESTER, R., with tea-cup and saucer and a blue book. She is a fashionably dressed widow.*) And, Jane (*runs back to door*), Jane, that will be all. (*She sits L. of the tea-table, puts down cup and saucer after sipping, and becomes absorbed in book.*) Now let me read this most interesting and curious statement once more. "All that remains of Julius Cæsar's favorite tea-service is one little blue and white saucer. The remainder of these celebrated cups and saucers came to a melancholy end in consequence of a little dispute between Julius Cæsar and his mother-in-law, who, self-invited, had been spending three months with him and showed no disposition to terminate her visit." How inconsiderate of her! "Hence the origin of the term '*Break a brick,*' now called '*bric à brac.*'" How intensely interesting, digging up the meaning of old words like this! "The saucer in question was found on a portion of waste land situated where *Warder Street* now stands, it having missed the head of Cæsar in consequence of the emperor's dodging, and flown through the window of the imperial residence near *Cheyne (or China) walk.*" How curious! "Mrs. Cæsar's mother was a lady of great *hurling* power, and is said to have distinguished herself at the *Hurlingham* matches of that period." Fancy *Hurlingham* matches in those early ages. I thought the Prince of Wales invented them. I would not part with this little book for worlds (*kisses it*)! "The saucer was picked up some years after by *William Rufus*, from whose hands it passed, in the course of a century or two, to *George*

IV., from whose treasury it was stolen by a *Sorceress* who had access to the court." Wonderful! "Since then, the saucer *has never been found.*" Oh, yes, it has though! "But it is still in existence." Yes, in my dress (*points to her side pocket*). "It is marked underneath with an extended hand, the thumb of which is in contact with a rather indistinct monograph, somewhat resembling a nasal organ." How extremely remarkable! (*Reads the sentence again carefully.*) Marvellous! It is the same, without doubt. (*Takes blue and white saucer carefully from her pocket.*) *La Duchesse de Sevres* says so, and *Lady T. Pottery* has offered to stake her valuable collection of *Dresden Pugs* on the genuineness of my treasure. If such is the case, it is worth £10,000! What a surprise this will be for the dear General—General Deelah! I shall not tell him of its value until he—he *proposes to me.* He must marry me for myself (*sighs*). He ought to have declared himself before now. The late *Mr. Nankeen Worcester* was not ten days before he had laid his hand and fortune at my feet. His hand was very *large* and his fortune was very *small*—had it been otherwise—but why revert to the painful past? (*Rises and puts down book.*) I am sure it is not my fault that General Deelah has failed to speak. I have given him every opportunity and encouragement. I wish I knew for certain if he is in possession of the valuable collection of old china with which *society* credits him. I must ascertain that! General Deelah is certainly most fascinating, even without the china, but he would be far more so *with it.* I need scarcely say that when we are married, I shall make him *sell the lot.* He must give up his old *Derby* and stick to his *Joan.* But it is certainly strange that he never refers to his china, stranger still that he does not refer to my decision on a still more delicate matter. Ah, well! Perhaps he finds courtship so fascinating, he has not the courage to terminate it. I will beguile the moments till he comes with singing my little china love-song for the one hundredth time this week.

SONG.—"MY LITTLE SAUCER."

No. 1.

ANDANTE.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is marked *p* (piano) and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

p Mrs. WORCESTER.

1. A friend most dear did give to me That lit - tle sau - cer years a - go; I
 2. An - oth - er friend, a con - nois - seur, That sau - cer did perchance to see, When

Piano accompaniment for the second system, continuing the two-staff arrangement. It includes a *Flute.* part in the right hand of the upper staff, which begins in the final measure of the system. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

thought the gift a *jeu d'esprit*, The sau - cer's worth I did not know; It
 quick - ly he pronounced its worth To be ten thousand pounds to me: It

Piano accompaniment for the third system, continuing the two-staff arrangement. It includes a *Flute.* part in the right hand of the upper staff, which begins in the final measure of the system. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The word *lento.* is written below the piano part in the third measure of this system.

cres. seem'd to me to be a fright, I used to put it out of sight, *f* It
 seem'd no more to be a fright, It nev - er, nev - er leaves my sight; It

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and ends with a *f* (forte) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also starts with a *cres.* marking and reaches a *f* dynamic. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature.

accel. *lento.* *mp*
 drove me mad, It drove me mad, And made me sing from morn till night. This was the bur - then
 drives me mad, It drives me mad, And makes me sing from morn till night. This is the bur - then

Flute.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line includes dynamic markings *accel.*, *lento.*, and *mp*. The piano accompaniment follows with *accel.* and *lento.* markings. A flute part is introduced in the third measure of this system, marked *Flute.* and *pp* (pianissimo). The piano accompaniment ends with a *pp* marking.

dim. *a tempo.*
 of my song, This was the bur - then of my song! I can - not love that lit - tle sau - cer, That
 of my song, This is the bur - then of my song! I'll nev - er leave my lit - tle sau - cer, My

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line features *dim.* (diminuendo) and *a tempo.* markings. The piano accompaniment also includes *dim.* and *a tempo.* markings. The music maintains the same key signature and time signature as the previous systems.

lit - tle sau - cer, no! not I! I can - not love that lit - tle sau - - cer, And
lit - tle sau - cer, no! not I! I'll nev - er leave my lit - tle sau - - cer, And

Flute.

rall. what is more, I'll nev - er try! try!.....
what is more, I will not

1o. 2o. *dim.*

Flute.

rall. *p* *sf*

At the end of song, enter GENERAL DEELAH. He is in evening dress with opera hat under his arm. He is a hearty looking man with red face, very gray hair and moustache, and of over-refined manners. Mrs. W. who is kissing the saucer, hastily puts it away.

GEN. D. Ah, my dear Mrs. Worcester!—my very dear Mrs. Worcester! How are you? (*Detains her hand.*)

MRS. W. Oh, General! You completely surprised me!

GEN. D. I assure you, your charms have repeatedly surprised me!

MRS. W. (*Shyly.*) Oh, General! You are quite too complimentary.

GEN. D. Oh, no. Too impossible to be—a—to be—

MRS. W. Pray, be seated, General.

GEN. D. (*Hands seat politely to Mrs. W. L., and sits on another chair, n. of table. Awkward pause. GENERAL taking of his gloves.*)

GEN. D. How fine it was to-day?

MRS. W. It was.

GEN. D. It was.

MRS. W. Yes, it was. (*Pause.*)

GEN. D. And yet yesterday was wet.

MRS. W. (*Quickly.*) It was.

GEN. D. It was.

MRS. W. Yes, it was. (*Another pause.*)

GEN. D. Have you ever noticed—

MRS. W. Oh, I have!

GEN. D. So have I, frequently! How much we are alike. But although the rain is disagreeable, yet I always think it makes the grass, and the fields and flowers look—look—wet!

MRS. W. Oh, it does, and increases the growth of the simple buttercups and saucers.

GEN. D. What cups and saucers?

MRS. W. How absurd! What will you think of me? I meant buttercups and daisies. (*Aside.*) He won't take the hint.

GEN. D. (*Rising and speaking aside.*) Will she never refer to that saucer!

Lord Pekin declares she has it, and I won't propose till I know for certain. Why, after our marriage I could sell it for a fortune!

MRS. W. General, you appear distract!

GEN. D. (*Seating himself beside her again, and gazing at her with a comical, fond expression.*) Pardon my apparent rudeness. I was wondering upon what favored object Mrs. Worcester was bestowing a kiss as I entered. I was vain enough, but for a moment, to imagine it was one of my letters.

MRS. W. (*Tapping his shoulder playfully with her fan.*) Oh, how can you, General,—you conceited man!

GEN. D. Was it not, really?

MRS. W. Oh, no, General, how could you! You will smile, perhaps. It was but a simple piece of china.

GEN. D. (*Aside and eagerly.*) She has got it! (*Aloud, calmly.*) A piece of China. Do you like old china?

MRS. W. I adore it—do not you?

GEN. D. I worship it. Have you a large collection?

MRS. W. No; but one small piece.

GEN. D. (*Aside.*) That's the one!

MRS. W. (*Pointedly.*) You, I believe, have a very large collection?

GEN. D. (*Endeavoring to evade the point.*) Oh, ah! I have a large collection of china (*Aside.*) hundreds of miles away.

MRS. W. Is it very old china?

GEN. D. I have a large collection of china (*aside*) in China. (*Aloud;* Would it surprise you to hear I am related to the Chinese?)

MRS. W. Dear me—really, General—

GEN. D. Really! There is a legend of my relationship to Foo Choo Chan, which I will give you if it will not bore you.

MRS. W. You could not bore me, General! (*Bus.*) would you hand me my tea. (*GENERAL DEELAH does so, and gives his opera hat in mistake, while gazing at her. Bus. ad lib. During the song, MRS. NANKEEN WORCESTER beats her cup with spoon at the refrain.*)

SONG.—“FOO CHOO CHAN.”

No. 2.

ALLEGRETTO. This Symphony to be played only at commencement and end of Song.

mp Triangle.

FINALE.

♩ GEN. DEELAH.

Foo Choo Chan was a merchant of Ja - pan, Ching-a - ring, ching-a - ring Chi - na! Who wished he'd been born an

L. H. L. H. L. H.

Triangle.

Eng - lish - man, Ching-a - ring, ching-a - ring Chi - na! He'd wives un - told, and sil - ver and gold, He'd

L. H.

Triangle.

shares in a Lis - bon tram! All these he declared he would glad - ly have spared To be born of a Brit - ish

mp

ma'am. (Together.) All these he declared he would glad-ly have spared To be born of a Brit-ish ma'am! Singing

mp MRS. WORCESTER,
ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring Chi - na!

pp GEN. DEELAH.
ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring, ching - a - ring Chi - na!

pp

Ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring Chi - na!

Ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring, ching-a-ring Chi - na!

Sym. (ad lib.) between the verses.

L.H. > L.H. >

MRS. W. (*During Symphony.*) I do not see how you're related to the Chinese.

GEN. You cannot expect it in the *first verse*.

2d VERSE.

To live in a land with gamblers bold,
Ching-a-ring, &c.,
Where lovely daughters are bought and sold,
Ching-a-ring, &c.,
Where thought is gagged and madmen free,
Where fashion holds the sway,
Where an old cracked plate, with an antique date,
Is a curate's annual pay!

CHORUS as before.

MRS. W. That is perfectly clear. (*GEN. D. uses his opera hat as a tray to receive the cup and saucer from Mrs. W. He places them on table and then gazes fondly at her. She turns her back to him shyly.*)

GEN. D. Let us speak of something more adorable than china.

MRS. W. What could be more adorable?

GEN. D. (*Seizing her hand.*) Yourself! (*She rises.*) I love you! In long, I've loved you short. I mean, in short, I've loved you long. Since I find we are alike in a keen appreciation of art, let me offer you the art I possess (*she turns from him*), the art with the "H." Be my wife!

MRS. W. Oh, General! this is quite too awfully sudden.

GEN. D. (*Kneels.*) Answer me, or I die at your feet!

MRS. W. Oh, I'm fainting! (*Falls in chair.* GEN. D. runs for his opera hat and fans her.)

GEN. D. Oh, Emily, come too! Open your eyes! Your Edwin implores you! (*Aside.*) I wonder where that saucer is! (*He leaves her to look about the room. She looks up at him, but, on catching his glance, she falls back again. He runs to her.*)

GEN. D. Oh, Emily, my Emily, will you never speak! This is genuine. What shall I do? I never was in such an embarrassing position before in my life. (*Runs to door, R.*) Jane! Jane! Here! Come here! Jane! (*Mrs. W. darts after him suddenly.*)

MRS. W. Gracious goodness! What are you calling Jane for? Jane, we don't want you. (*Waving right hand.*)

GEN. D. (*Waving right hand also.*) Jane, we don't want you.

MRS. W. Go away, Jane.

GEN. D. Go away, Jane.

MRS. W. (*Falls in a chair, L., and fans herself.*) I'm better now. What ever made you call Jane?

GEN. D. (*Leaning on chair, R. and fanning himself with opera hat.*) Whatever made me call Jane?

MRS. W. I am better now (*sits on chair, L.*), my dear Edwin. It is extremely gratifying to know you love me for myself. It is still more gratifying to be able to inform you that the little piece of china you saw me kissing is worth—calm yourself, Edwin—£10,000. (*GEN. D. expresses emotions of joy aside, and then turns calmly to Mrs. W.*)

GEN. D. Indeed!

MRS. W. When you take me, you take the saucer! On this point I have hitherto deceived you. It was a woman's weakness, Edwin; forgive me!

GEN. D. (*Apparently indignant.*) Emily!!! what do you suppose to me is the worth of a few paltry (*snapping fingers*) thousands to the possession of you (*sits beside her on chair R.*), my future little wife!

MRS. W. Generous and genuine General. (*Feeling in pocket.*) Here, take my treasure.

GEN. D. No! no! I will not! (*Eager to clutch it.*)

(*Mrs. W. gives saucer, which the GENERAL seizes with her hands, and glances with a comical love-expression at her.*)

MRS. W. (*During Symphony.*) I don't yet see your relationship, General.

GEN. D. Ah, then I'll cut out the next thirty-two verses and come to the point.

3d VERSE.

Said Foo Choo Chan, as I am not an Englishman,
Ching-a-ring, &c.,
I'll wed an English lady if I can;
Ching-a-ring, &c.,
He to London came and wedded a dame,
And I was related to the bride;
For she was the sister of my brother's second aunt,
By an uncle on my grandmother's side.

CHORUS as before.

GEN. D. My love! my life! (*Walks to R.*) (*Aside.*) I've got it! (*He gazes at it, turns it over, and a look of horror comes over his face. His back is towards Mrs. W.*)

MRS. W. How delighted he appears! He can scarcely contain his joy. I knew he would be entranced.

GEN. D. (*Suddenly recovers himself and sits on chair.*) How foolish of me! (*Aloud.*) Emily!

MRS. W. Yes, love.

GEN. D. Of course, this is not THE saucer?

MRS. W. Yes—the only one I have in the world!

GEN. D. Ten thousand horrors!

MRS. W. You mean ten thousand pounds!

GEN. D. (*Rising to R.*) What have I done! Fool! Fool!! Fool!!! (*Beats his brow and gazes in agony at the bottom of the saucer.*)

MRS. W. Edwin! You alarm me! This is a genuine *curio*. See the rare mark. The finger to the nose.

GEN. D. Mark! Genuine! *It is my own make!*

MRS. W. Your own make. Explain yourself General. I tell you that is the saucer of the late Julius Cæsar, Esq.

GEN. D. I tell you it is my own make. It is no more Julius Cæsar's than it's Julius B—B—Benedict's. (*Falls weeping into chair, R.*)

MRS. W. (*Aside heroically.*) Can this indeed be true? If so, this is the moment in which to show him of what his countrywomen are made. (*Aloud.*) Edwin—Edwin—do not weep for me!

GEN. D. (*Makes a weeping noise.*)

MRS. W. Do not weep for my sake. Fortified by your affection, I will learn to bear up under this crushing calamity, and learn to love your collection of china even better than I have done my own. Edwin, I repeat it: do not weep for me. (*She turns towards piano and buries her face in her pocket handkerchief.*)

GEN. D. (*Rises.*) It is useless for me to deceive you, madam. It is useless for you to love my collection of china.

MRS. W. (*Anxiously.*) Why? Why?

GEN. D. My collection of china is my own make as well!

MRS. W. Your own make too? (*Falls hysterically into chair, L., then rises in anger.*) Go! cruel deceiver! Go! You have broken my heart. Go on, sir! Complete the wreck which you have made by breaking the wretched saucer which is as false as yourself; leaving me to—to the remembrance of what might have been. (*Falls, overcome, in chair, L.*)

GEN. D. (*R. Smites his breast.*) Edwin, be a man! I obey your command, and leave you forever. (*Walks to R.*)

MRS. W. He shall not see what this decision costs me. I will dismiss him with an air as callous and indifferent as his own.

(*MRS. WORCESTER seats herself at the piano, and plays the Mazurka that forms the accompaniment to the "Farewell Song." At the end of the song she falls with her head and arms on the treble keys of the piano, thereby making a discordant noise.*)

THE "FAREWELL SONG."

No. 3.

(MRS. W. cries through the music.) (GEN. D. walks to Mrs. W. at piano.) Spoken (à la melodrama.)

ANDANTE.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a series of notes, followed by rests. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and block chords in the left hand.

"Wilt thou not say good-bye? not one word of adieu? Ah! cruel one!" (*ad lib.*)

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Wilt thou not say good-bye? not one word of adieu? Ah! cruel one!" with some notes marked as *ad lib.* The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system.

GEN. DEELAH.

Fare thee well, a long fare - well! (MRS. W. cries aloud.) But

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "Fare thee well, a long fare - well!" and "But". The piano accompaniment continues. The system ends with a double bar line and a sharp sign on the vocal staff.

where to go I can-not tell! (Mrs. W. cries aloud.)

1st time. A - dieu, a-dieu, my native
2d time. Then fare thee well, my trim-buil

shore! wherry! (Mrs. W. weeps.)

She must have heard those words be - fore.
A boat, a boat, haste to the ferry.

Fare thee well, my Ma - ry Anne, For me, Su - san - nah, don't you cry; You

will not kiss me for my moth - er, Good - bye, good - bye, sweetheart, good - bye, good -

dim.

- bye, sweetheart, good - bye sweetheart, good - bye, good - bye, sweetheart, good - bye, Good-

dim.

- bye, sweetheart, good - bye, sweetheart, good - bye, good - bye, sweetheart, good - bye, (*falls on keys.*)

p

pp

ppp

Sya

GEN. D. I have lost her through being so mercenary. Farewell! (*Going*)

MRS. W. Stay! (*Rises from the keys.*) If you had only been mercenary, Edwin, I could have forgiven you. We are all rather mercenary at times. But it is clear you loved my china better than you loved me. (*Falls on keys as before. GENERAL DEELAH starts at the discordant noise.*)

GEN. D. (*Candidly and excitedly.*) Never! Never! I hate old china! But society has forced me, with the alternative of being thought vulgar, to pretend an admiration for its inartistic, ugly beauties at which my true soul actually revolts!

MRS. W. (*Rising from keys.*) And yet, you manufacture new china and sell it as old. Oh! modern sham uncle of Aladdin. (*Falls on keys.*)

GEN. D. (*Starts and says, aside.*) I wish she would weep in tune. (*Aloud.*) Oh, how you wrong me! Let me explain. A set of vagabonds who infest England have bought up every bit of Oriental ware, are doctoring it up, making it look dirty, cracking it, and then palming it off on would-be fashionable folks as rare *bric à brac*. One little town in Japan had been completely cleared out of every cup and saucer, and the poor Japanese (*affected*) were compelled to drink their tea out of ink-bottles and blacking-pots. I could not bear to see this; so I started a firm for the manufacture of *English china* to supply the wants of the natives, and I flatter myself I am doing very well!

MRS. W. (*Rising to her feet.*) A very charitable and estimable thought, Edwin, but is it not rather vulgar?

GEN. D. Oh, dear, no. When I am away, society is always under the impression that I am abroad on foreign service. There's always a war in the East somewhere or other. Besides, if the aristocracy make iron and sell tea, why not make "cups and saucers?" That's my excuse, presuming I am found out!

MRS. W. (*Shyly.*) Then what do you propose to do?

GEN. D. Again propose to *you*! And if your little income—(*anxiously*)—you have a little income, have you not?

MRS. W. It is useless disguising the fact; I have, and you have a half-pay?

GEN. D. I have; and if they manage to keep us separately, why not together for ever?

MRS. W. (*Taking his hand.*) Agreed! (*Going to door, R.*) Jane! Jane!

GEN. D. Here, don't call Jane!

MRS. W. I am not going to. (*Calling.*) Jane, hurry the dinner. General Deelah will stay. You will stay, Edwin, won't you?

GEN. D. Most certainly; and for many a dinner to come, I hope!

MRS. W. And our future fate is—

GEN. D. To give up old china and live in Japan.

MRS. W. And make cups and saucers?

GEN. D. As fast as we can.

DUET.—"WE'LL GIVE UP OLD CHINA."

No. 4.

With Spirit.

Piano introduction consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Mrs. WORCESTER.

Vocal line for Mrs. Worcester. The lyrics are: "We'll give up old Chi-na and live in Ja-pan, We'll give up old Chi-na and".

GEN. DEELAH.

Vocal line for Gen. Deelah. The lyrics are: "We'll give up old Chi-na and live in Ja-pan, We'll give up old Chi-na and".

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal part. It includes two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and some melodic lines. Pedal markings are present at the beginning and end of the section.

Vocal line for Mrs. Worcester. The lyrics are: "live in Ja-pan, And make cups and sau-cers as fast as we can."

Vocal line for Gen. Deelah. The lyrics are: "live in Ja-pan, And make cups and sau-cers as fast as we can."

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal part. It includes two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and some melodic lines. A *Sya* marking is present above the right hand.

rallen - - - tan - - -

We'll add to their sale, for the poor Japanese

Shall soon learn the custom of

rallen - - - tan - - -

We'll add to their sale, for the poor Japanese

Shall soon learn the custom of

rallen - - - tan - - -

do. a tempo.

five o'clock teas.

p

We will! we will!

do. a tempo.

five o'clock teas.

Sya

We will! we will!

do. a tempo.

p

cres.

We will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! We'll

cres.

We will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! we will! We

cres.

mar-ry as soon as we pos-si-bly can, We'll mar-ry as soon as we pos-si-bly can, We will! we will! we will! we will! we will! We'll mar-ry as soon as we

p

will! we will! We'll give up old Chi-na and live in Ja-pan, We'll give up old Chi-na and live in Ja-pan, We'll give up old Chi-na and live in Ja-pan, We'll

cres.

cres.

f give up old China and live in Japan!

f give up old China and live in Japan!

f (*curtain.*) *fff* *fff*