

THE WILLOW PATTERN

[Transcribed from the libretto in the British Library by Vincent Daniels]

CHARACTERS

AH-MEE (*a Chinese Maiden*)

HI-HO (*her Lover*)

SO-HI (*her Father*)

SO-LO (*his Friend*)

WEE-PING (*a Rich Lady*)

PING-PONG (*her Lover*)

TEE-THING (*his Grandmother*)

FEE-FI (*a Poor Girl*)

FO-FUM (*her Lover*)

CHORUS OF PAIRS OF LOVERS

MISS AGNES FRASER

MR POWIS PINDER

MR REGINALD CROMPTON

MR R. ROUS

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SCENE: A CHINESE GARDEN, AS IN THE WELL-KNOWN WILLOW PATTERN

Libretto

SCENE. - *A Chinese garden, House L.C., Willow tree L of House, Bridge R, It is late afternoon.*

Enter CHORUS, CHINESE MEN and GIRLS

CHORUS. Comes a merry throng
With wreaths and garlands laden
Sound the joyous gong,
China man and maiden.
Beat it loud and long,
Bing! Bang!
Sound the gladsome gong,
Cling! Clang!
In praise of the god Choo-Chow
Tow! Kow!
In praise of the god Choo-Chow.

FO-FUM. For today is the Feast of Lovers
When every youth discovers
His heart is laid
At the feet of a maid
With toddling tootsicums!

FEE-FI. And every maid that toddles

Is dressed in her best, and swaddles
 Her figure *petite*
 In a costume neat –
 So rattle the Chinese drum,
 And beat
 Every Chinese gong
 Clang! Clang!
 FEE-FI. Beat them loud and long.
 ALL. Bang! Bing!
 FEE-FI. And join in the joyful song
 I sing
 In praise of the god Choo-Chow.
 ALL. In praise of the god Choo-Chow.
 WEE-PING. (*Recitative*) Come gladsome song!
 Peace, joyful throng!
 Oh, spare one sad and sympathetic sigh
 For disappointed love-birds such as I.

SONG WEE-PING

Once I loved as I do now
 Madly! Madly!
 I exchanged a lover's vow
 Gladly! Gladly!
 Then my heart was palpitating,
 Full of hope exhilarating
 Now 'tis growing tired of waiting
 Sadly! Sadly!

 I look back upon the day
 Sadly! Sadly!
 When my Ping-Pong went away
 Madly! Madly!
 Went away to seek his fortune!
 God of Lovers / importune!
 But I'm out of time with your tune
 Badly! Badly!

WEE-PING - Ah why did Ping-Pong leave me!

FO-FUM. I can tell you. I have heard your miserable story seventeen hundred times. Twenty years ago your lover left to seek his fortune. You were rich and he was penniless, and you would not risk the accusation of marrying you for your money. Full of the self-confidence of youth, he trudged forth will all his processions packed in a wheelbarrow – six willow pattern plates, a new umbrella and an old grandmother – and he has never returned. The god of love has not been kind to you; but we cannot allow that to interfere with the proper observance of his feast-day which would probably make him unkind to *us* and so

CHORUS. Come O merry throng
 With wreaths and garlands laden!
 Sound the joyous gong

China man and maiden &c, &c. [*Exeunt*]

WEE-PING. Lovers think of no one but themselves. Ah me! Ah me!

(AH-MEE *appears at window of house*)

AH-MEE. Did you call me? My name is Ah-Mee. I am the daughter of the rich mandarin who is a miser and lives in this house. My father makes me act as his only servant, and will not let me marry my lover because he has no money. Mine is a sad story.

WEE-PING. I will tell you *mine*. Heigh-ho!

(HI-HO enters)

HI-HO. Did you call me? My name is HI-Ho. I am the lover of Ah-Mee who is the daughter of the rich mandarin who is a miser and lives in that house. Her father makes me act as his only servant, and kicks me whenever I come hither, for he will not let me marry Ah-Mee because —

WEE-PING. I have heard your story. It is very sad. But I will tell you *mine* —

AH-MEE. (*entering from house*) I heard it through my window. It is very sad but — we will both tell you ours.

AH-MEE and HI-HO (*speaking together*). My name is Ah-Mee/Hi-Ho, I am/she is, the daughter of the rich mandarin who is a miser and lives in that house. Her/my father makes her/me act as his only servant, and will not let us marry because —

WEE-PING. I have heard both your stories. They are very sad. But you have not heard the saddest part of *mine*. Listen! When my lover and I parted, we made a solemn vow that if the God of Lovers was not kind to us within twenty years, we would drown ourselves in this lake.

HI-HO. And you are going to do it?

WEE-PING. Tonight, if my lover does not return with a fortune.

HI-HO. He won't. But I can give you a few words of comfort. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, and there's a silver lining to every cloud.

WEE-PING. There is none to this. We have given the God of Lovers every chance and he has failed us.

HI-HO. That's just it. You will drown yourselves this evening. You are going to sacrifice your life to the God of Lovers. If anything will propitiate him *that* will. A human life! Think of it! There's no knowing how pleased it will make him! There's no knowing what he may do after that.

WEE-PING. It will be too late. I shall have done for *myself* then.

HI-HO. Yes, but we shan't, Ah-Mee and I. I never felt so hopeful before. I shall not speak to your father tonight, but I shall come first thing in the morning and —

WEE-PING. Hark! I hear footsteps! Perhaps they are that of —

AH-MEE. Perhaps they are those of my honourable father.

HI-HO. He has heavy feet.

AH-MEE. Perhaps he is bringing with him the rich mandarin whom he means me to marry. The rich mandarin will marry me though I have been brought up as a servant and my feet are of ordinary size.

HI-HO. Your father's feet are of extraordinary size. I will fly from the fury of your father. (*Exeunt*)

(*Enter SO-HO and SO-LO walking in Chinese fashion, SO-HI leading*)

SO-HI. Fools worship the God of Lovers.

SO-LO. Wise men worship the God of Money-Making.

SO-HI. I am a wise man. My father was a wise man. I follow in the footsteps of my father.

SO-LO. He had large feet.

SO-HI. You recollect my father?

SO-LO. You remind me of him. (*Both sit*)

SONG – SO-LO

Your father in his day
Was quite a noted miser,
From whom skinflints
Accepted hints
As miserly adviser.
For he had such a way
Of cutting down expenses
That other mis-
Ers not so wise
Could scarce believe their senses.
And seated on a threadbare mat
Your infant form he'd dandle,
And say "My other miser friends
"Collect and keep their candle-ends –
"I know a game worth two of that–
"I never burn a candle!"

One morning there arrived
A garrulous and gay gent,
With polished boots
Who smoked cheroots –
A life insurance agent!
Your father he contrived
To dazzle with his methods,
Who made his wives
Insure their lives
At fairly heavy death odds!
And when you father said good-bye,
He gave this explanation,
And said "Their premiums I shall pay
By saving all their meals a day,
Then in a week they ought to die
Of consequent starvation!"

Good luck, or its reverse,
The man who waiteth comes so;

His wives were dead
And as he said
He'd saved their premiums too!
But rather than disburse
Their funeral expenses,
He also died
(A suicide)
Retaining all his senses!
And you became his heir and found
His gold in curious places –
Tied up in old merino socks,
Concealed in twenty cuckoo clocks,
Cleverly buried underground,
Wrapped up in pillow-cases!

(They rise and exeunt into house)

(Enter PING-PONG with a wheel-barrow, in which is seated his grandmother. He sets barrow in centre of stage. He wears an enormous pair of Chinese spectacles.)

PING. Failure!

WEE-PING. Wee-Ping.

PING. Wee-Ping was young. Wee-Ping was pretty. Now I see –

WEE-PING. Too clearly. Take off your spectacles. You did not wear spectacles twenty years ago. *(He removes them.)* They entirely alter your appearance. You look better without them.

PING. So do you Wee-Ping! *(He holds out his arms and embraces her.)*

WEE-PING. And have you failed to make a fortune?

PING. Utterly. The God of Lovers has not been kind to us. We have come back as we were and a little the worse for wear *(Showing torn umbrella)*. I have only one plate left and that is cracked *(Showing it.)*

WEE-PING. And your grandmother?

PING. Yes. She is cracked too. She *will* imagine she's a Japanese doll. She entered her second childhood seven years ago.

WEE-PING. And what have you been doing all these years?

PING. I have tried my hand at many trades. I have been a soldier, a sailor, a tinker, a tailor, an apothecary, a ploughboy and a Government contractor. Then an idea struck me and I became a free lecturer.

WEE-PING. Is it easy to make money out of free lectures?

PING. I had an object in view.

GRANDMOTHER. I was the object. I was always in view. On the platform.

PING. She seems a little more sensible today. It is quite true that was the object and my subject was "The Theory of Contrast – as applied to Matrimony". I have proved conclusively to millions that contrast in matrimony leads to happiness. And by carrying that argument to its logical conclusion, I have convinced them that it is the duty of a rich young man to marry a poor old woman. No rich

young man is allowed to marry his own grandmother, but anyone *could* marry *mine*. I have travelled round the world with this object and - (*Indicating barrow*) – *that*; all the rich young men have accepted my theory but they have refused grandmamma. She has been a failure and so have I.

WEE-PING. And we must drown ourselves tonight. Unless -

PING. Unless I can get a rich young man to marry her within an hour. It will be difficult. It is more difficult now than it was. Now she is in her second childhood the young men argue that her behaviour detracts from her age and to a certain extent damages the theory of contrast as far as she and they are concerned. So it does. Her second childhood upset all my plans. The first straw she put in her hair was the last that broke the camel's back.

WEE-PING. Do not let us say die – Not yet.

PING. No. Not for another hour. But I have very little hope of success. However a drowning man will clutch at a straw. (*Removes straws from hair of GRANDMOTHER*). I will try just one more lecture. (*To GRANDMOTHER*.) Look as old as you can. (*He puts his spectacles on her*.) Dear me! They are quite a disguise.

Enter CHORUS.

PING. Come listen to a lecture on the latest of philosophies.
That opposites should mate,
I make no settled charges (although it means a loss of fees)
I merely pass a plate.
(*He hands plate. It is passed round nobody putting anything in.*)

SONG — PING-PONG

My purpose is to make a mean
'Twixt Prince and Peasant, Clown and Queen
In fact, as one might say, between
Acidity and honey;
And, by a simple process, I
Believe I shall, before I die,
Achieve that noble project by
Judicious matrimony!
No one will dwell in palace rich,
No one will die in dirty ditch,
But all should hail a system which
Puts them on common level.
For if we strike a mean, you see
'Twixt very high and low degree
In merry mediocratee
Society will revel.

CHORUS. For if we strike a mean, you see &c.
Young ladies will decline with thanks
The managers of County Banks,
To wed some private in the ranks
Or honest railway porter.
While younger sons of sandwich men
Will only think of wedding when

They find a girl with more than twen-

Ty thousand pounds a quarter!

The middle class of persons who

Are comfortably well-to-do

May at the age of forty two

All marry one another!

But millionaires with wealth untold

(If also young) should heap their gold

On someone plain and poor and old –

For instance my grandmother!

CHORUS

But millionaires with wealth untold &c.

PING. Are there no young millionaires in the audience? Come, gentlemen, surely I've convinced you. Will someone make a start? You sir, thank you –

FO-FUM. I did not speak.

PING. You winked at me, sir. I took it as a bid.

FO-FUM. I did not wink at you.

PING. Then was it at my grandmother?

FO-FUM. I did not wink at all.

PING. I did not think you winked at *all*, sir – but at one – at grandmamma. Perhaps I was mistaken. (*Aside.*) Failure! For the last time – Failure!

WEE-PING No, success. You have succeeded in convincing *me*. I am rich and you are penniless – but why should that prevent our marrying?

PING. Why indeed? But you thought differently twenty years ago.

WEE-PING. I have changed since then.

PING. Very little. (*Preparing to put on spectacles.*)

WEE-PING. No, don't put them on. The god Choo-Chow has been kind to us after all.

PING. After twenty years!

FINALE

CHORUS.

Then join the merry throng

With wreaths and garlands laden!

Sound the joyous gong

China man and maiden!

Beat it loud and long.

Bing! Bang!

Sound the gladsome gong.

Cling! Clang!

In praise of the god Choo-Cow -

Tow! Row!

In praise of the god Choo-Cow.

DUET – WEE-PING *and* PING-PONG

Once we made a foolish vow

Madly! Madly!
Both of us regret it now
Sadly! Sadly!
Both our hearts are palpitating,
Full of love exhilarating,
Suicide repudiating
Gladly! Gladly!

ENSEMBLE

Once they made a foolish vow &c.

QUARTETTE

FEE-FEE, WEE-PING, FO-FUM *and* PING-PONG *with Chorus*

Oh, to-day is the Feast of Lovers,
When every youth discovers
His heart is laid
At the feet of a maid
With toddling tootsicums
And every maid that toddles
Is dressed in her best and swaddles
Her figure petite
In a costume neat –
So rattle the Chinese drums
And beat
Every Chinese gong
Clang! Clang!
Beat them loud and long
Bang! Bing!
And join in the joyful song
We sing
In praise of the god Choo-Chow.

DANCE

(which is interrupted by entrance of HI-HO.)

HI-HO.

Stop!
Do not gaily skip or hop!
To what I say
Attention pay
I pray!

ALL.

AH-MEE *(at window)*

HI-HO.

Hi-Ho!
My lover!
Listen!

RECITATIVE

HI-HO.

Some time ago, these two, Wee-Ping and Ping-Pong,
Both made a vow to Choo-Chow, God of Lovers,
That if by certain date the aforesaid Ping-Pong
Should fail to make a fortune, they together
Should drown themselves; the time is up this evening!
Their suicidal sacrifice by drowning

Would gratify Choo-Chow, I know immensely,
And we should benefit by Choo-Cow's pleasure!
If we, upon the other hand, allow them
 To disappoint Choo-Chow we shall be punished!
 The god Choo-Chow must not be disappointed!
It rests with such of us who may be lovers
To see they meet their death to-night by drowning.

What say you?

FO-FUM

Yes!

PING.

No!

CHORUS.

Yes!

HI-HO.

The yeses have it!

SOLO

HI-HO (*to PING-PONG and WEE-PING*).

By some means or other
A fortune will make
 In an hour from now,
 Or else we vow
To drown you in the lake,
 Although your vow
 To great Chow-Chow
You feel inclined to break.

FO-FUM.

That inclination smother,
For we will undertake,
 In an hour from now,
 To keep your vow
And drown you in the lake.

ALL.

 Although your vow
 To great Choo-Chow
You feel inclined to break.

PING (*to WEE-PING*).

By some means or another
A fortune I will make,
 In an hour from now,
 Although where or how
I cannot undertake
 To tell you now,
 And yet I vow
A fortune I will make!

ALL.

By some means or another
A fortune you must make,
 In an hour from now,
 Or else we vow
To drown you in the lake!

(Exeunt Chorus with all, except PING-PONG and WEE-PING.)

(The light begins to change. AH-MEE closes window. A light appears inside house.)

WEE-PING. Death by drowning or a fortune – in an hour? How?

PONG. I have tried all trades.

GRANDMOTHER. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy –

PING. Wee-Ping?

WEE-PING. Yes?

PING. Have you at home a dark Chinese lantern, a disguise and a small crowbar? (*Taking spectacles and putting them on.*)

WEE-PING. I think so.

PING. Then lend them to me – and ask no questions. Come. (*Exit, wheeling barrow, WEE-PING following*)

(*Enter SO-HI and SO-LO from house. It is now growing dark – SO-HI carries a lantern*)

SO-HI. Fools worship the god of Lovers.

SO-LO. Wise men worship the god of Money-Making.

(*Intermezzo music – it grows gradually dark. The moon rises. Light in house goes out.*)

(*Enter PING-PONG stealthily. He is wearing a Chinese mask, and carries a dark lantern.*)

SONG: - PING-PONG.

Creepy, crawly, crawl and creep!

Mandarin is fast asleep!

Mandarin's a miser-man,

Steal his money if I can!

Not one servant does he keep

(Style of living very cheap);

Daughter has to work (and weep),

Wash and sow and cook and sweep –

She and he are both asleep;

Lucky little burglar-man. (*He goes to house and tries door.*)

Creepy, crawly, creep and crawl!

Burglar man no luck at all!

Door is locked and where's the key?

How commit a burglaree?

Upper window rather small;

Shall he try to scale the wall?

If he make a sound at all

Mandarin begin to bawl,

Pretty daughter scream and squall,

"Burglar man is up a tree."

(*He prepares to climb willow, but is interrupted by the entrance of HI-HO*)

SERENADE – HI-HO

Soft as the dove

Which dwells in yonder willow,

I coo my love!

Oh, leave your silken pillow,

Ah-Mee! Ah-Mee!

Do you not know

The voice of your Hi-Ho?

'Tis I who coo to you,

Ah-Mee-
'Tis I, Hi-Ho..

(AH-MEE *appears at window*)

DUET

HI-HO. Ah-Me!
AH-ME. Hi-Ho!
HI-HO. Ah-Me!
AH-ME. Hi-Ho!
TOGETHER. 'Tis I who coo to you,
Ah-Mee,
"Tis I – Hi-Ho!/Oh my Hi-Ho!

AH-MEE. (*at window*) Is it you, Hi-Ho, my lover, standing in the shadow of the willow?

HI-HO. It is I Hi-Ho, your lover – but I am not standing by the willow.

AH-MEE. (*seeing him*). Then who is standing in the shadow of the willow?

HI-HO. Is it perchance, your honourable father, who kicks me whenever I come hither?

AH-MEE. No. My father is away from home, and will not be back until later.

HI-HO. That is a thief who is hiding by the willow, and I will gain favour with your kicking and honourable father by drowning the thief in the lake. (*He drags out PING-PONG*).

AH-MEE. Perhaps the Chinese God of Lovers has given you this first-rate opportunity of finding favour in the eyes of my father – by saving his money from a thief; for my father worships his money.

PING. (*to HI-HO*) You are making a mistake. I am not a thief.

HI-HO. Then who are you?

PING. Don't you recognize me?

HI-HO. No.

PING. I am the Chinese God of Lovers. I am an idol who comes to life once in a blue moon. Listen! (*He whispers*).

AH-MEE (*entering*). What is he telling you?

HI-HO. He is telling me a story.

AH-MEE (*to Ping-Pong*). What is your story?

HI-HO. That he is the God of Lovers, who comes to life once every thousand years, and has the power to turn us into two turtle-doves, so we can escape from the fury of your father.

AH-MEE. That is the old history of the Willow Pattern. I can repeat it.

PING. It is a history which repeats itself. It is going to repeat itself now.

TRIO

AH-MEE. A thousand years ago
I fancy was the date
When the pretty willow-pattern was put upon a plate.
HI-HO. There lived a certain mandarin,
I've heard the story state
ALL. (The story of the pretty willow-pattern they relate).

HI-HO. The rich man had a daughter,
 AH-MEE. And his daughter had a lover,
 PING. But her lover had no money,
 HI-HO. So the Mandarin objected
 AH-MEE. To the young man as a suitor,
 PING. And would not allow the marriage,
 ALL. Oh piti-piti-pitiful the legend they relate
 Of that pattern pair of lovers on the Willow-Pattern Plate!
 Willow! Willow! Willow!
 In the pattern of that plate
 AH-MEE. But maidens as we know
 Although a parent prate,
 Will behave as the maiden in that Willow Pattern Plate!

 HI-HO. For there the pretty heroin
 Did brave her father's hate
 ALL. (In the story of the pretty Willow Pattern they relate)
 HI-HO. So the maiden and her lover
 AH-MEE. Did agree to fly together,
 PING. But the mandarin pursued them,
 HI-HO. And he might have caught and killed them,
 AH-ME. But the God of Lovers changed them
 PING. Into turtle-doves for safety.
 ALL. So happy, happy, happy, ultimately was the fate
 Of that pattern pair of lovers on the Willow Pattern plate!
 Cooing, cooing, cooing,
 In the corner of that plate.

HI-HO. And do you mean to say that you are the being who favoured the lovers in the Willow Pattern and that you can change *us* into turtle-doves as you changed *them*?

PING. I have said so once. I do not mean to say it again.

AH-MEE. The do it now, that we may fly away together from the fury of my father.

PING. I will turn you into turtle-doves but it will take five minutes.

AH-MEE. My father may be back in five minutes.

PING. The start upon your journey at once, and if you have not turned into turtle-doves in five minutes you will know I am not an idol, but a thief and you can return and drown me in the lake.

HI-HO. But if you are a thief you will have stolen away.

AH-MEE. My lover is wise. If he is a thief and not an idol, he was standing by the willow because he knew my father's money is buried there. I will take the money bags from their hiding place and put them inside the house - so; and lock the door – so (*does it*).

HI-HO. And I will tie him with strong cord, which I have brought to bind Ping-Pong with, when we drown him later on – so and so, and so, and so. And so he will not be able to move, but must sit and wait for our return, if we do not turn into turtle-doves in five minutes, as he has promised.

AH-MEE. I hear the footsteps of my father.

HI-HO. He has heavy feet. Come quickly. (*Exeunt*)

Enter SO-HI

SO-HI. Ah-Mee! Come and unfasten the door for me, your father. Ah-Mee! Where are you? Ah-Mee!

PING. Ah-Mee has fled with her lover Hi-Ho.

SO-HI. Who are you?

PING. Ah-Mee has fled with her lover Hi-Ho and has stolen all your money.

SO-HI. Stolen my money? (*He runs to hiding place*) Yes, it is stolen! Where is she?

PING. Upon the lake in a boat with her lover, and your money.

SO-HI. It is true. I can see them in the blue moonlight. How can I pursue them without a boat?

PING. If you would untie me and lend me one of your shoes, I could use it as a boat and pursue them. But it is unnecessary, as they will come back in five minutes.

SO-HI. Who are you, who know everything?

PING. I am the God of Money-Making.

SO-HI. The God of Money-Making?

PING. Yes, I am an idol who comes to life once in a blue moon attend!

SONG – PING-PONG

Nid – nod,
I'm a Chinese God
With a disposition sunny!
I guarantee
For a trifling fee
To manufacture money!
For a slice of bread
That is lightly spread
With marmalade or honey,
And a pinch of rice
As a sacrifice
I'll make you heaps of money!
I'm excessively old,
Though I've not been told
Precisely when they date me;
But Kow-tow
Before me now
And try to propitiate me!

Nod – Nid,
If you do as you're bid,
I've a manner rather taking,
I need no rest,
And I feel depressed
When I'm not money-making!
Though I work all-night
You'll find me bright,
And busy when you're waking;
In fact, I rank
As a private bank,
Which there's no chance of breaking!

Then do as you're told
If you're fond of gold,
And a first-rate god you'll rate me;
But Kow-tow
Before me now
And you'll propitiate me!

SO-HI. Will you make any money tonight?

PING. I think so. Already I have given you back all your money that was stolen.

SO-HI. Have you? Where is it?

PING. Inside the house.

SO-HI. The door is locked. I have not the key.

PING. But you have a large foot.

SO-HI. You know everything. (*He bursts open the door with his foot*).

PING. It is true that your money is there?

SO-HI. It is true. You are indeed a wonderful being.

PING. I am the God of Money-Making.

SO-HI. Will you stay with me always?

PING. I should like to. But unhappily I am the property of Hi-Ho, your daughter's lover.

SO-HI. The property of Hi-Ho! Why did he leave you behind?

PING. He could not carry me and all your money at the same time. So he tied me up as a parcel and will return for me.

SO-HI. But if you are the God of Money-Making, and belong to him, why did he want to steal my money?

PING. He does not know that I am the God of Money-Making. I have never told him. Hi knows I am an idol, but does not know what sort of idol. I have not told him, because he is not a worshiper of Money-Making as you are.

SO-HI. And you would like to belong to me?

PING. Very much. For you are a worshiper of Money and he is not.

SO-HI. I will steal you from him if you like.

PING. I should be happier if he gave me to you. He will give me to you in exchange for his daughter.

SO-HI. Are you sure?

PING. Yes. Say to him when he returns, "I have big feet, but a big heart. I will give you my daughter, and will take that old idol in exchange."

SO-HI. And shall I say nothing about his having stolen my money?

PING. Nothing. Have I not restored it to you? You will put me in the room where you put your most valuable things and all your money, and no one else shall rob you I promise you. Hush! Go inside the house. He will not dare come near while he can see you. (*Exit SO-HI*)

Enter HI-HO and AH-MEE

HI-HO. We have not turned into turtle-doves. Now we know you are *not* the God of Lovers, and I am going to drown you in the lake, as I shall drown Ping-Pong later on.

PING. Wait! There was no need to turn you into turtle-doves. I have made the rich mandarin believe that I am the God of Money-Making. He will give you his daughter willingly, if you give me to him in exchange. Now you know I *am* the God of Lovers.

AH-MEE. I hear the footsteps of my father.

PING. He has big feet.

SO-HI. (*entering*). And a big heart. I will give you my daughter, and I will take this old idol in exchange. It is worthless.

HI-HO. You think it is the God of Money-Making and genuine?

SO-HI. Oh no! It is an imitation and quite worthless. But I have a big heart. I will take it in exchange for my daughter. (*He lifts PING-PONG and goes to house.*)

AH-MEE. He is indeed the God of Lovers to have so influenced my father.

SO-HI. (*to PING-PONG*) I shall put you in the place where I keep my most valuable things. Do you think you will have made much money by the morning?

PING. Yrs. I think I shall have made much money by the morning. Sleep peacefully.

HI-HO. I shall sleep peacefully. (*He carries PING-PONG inside*)

AH-MEE. My father has taken him in.

HI-HO. And he has taken in your father.

AH-MEE. He is indeed the God of Lovers.

HI-HO. If he were indeed the God of Money-Making and belonged to me, I would have given him in exchange for thee, oh my Ah-Mee!

AH-MEE. Oh my Hi-Ho!

DUET

HI-HO. I, like the tender turtle-dove,
Deem love
Above
All other blessings;

AH-MEE. What do the dove and I
Care for the sweets of rank
Or money at the bank?
The dove would deem her life a blank
Unless her love were nigh
To sit and sigh
Her soft caressings!

TOGETHER. And so I do not ask for love
I dainty cot or flowery dell,
For in an attic I believe a dove
Could coo as well. (*Exeunt music to end*)

(*The window opens and SO-HI appears*)

SO-HI. I have put the god of Money-Making where I keep my most valuable things. He has promised to make much money tonight. Such luck only comes to a man once in a blue moon. Tonight the moon is very blue. I shall sleep peacefully. (*He shuts window*)

PING. (*entering from door with money bags*). I have made much money as I promised. (*Exit*)

CURTAIN