

THE MERRY ZINGARA;

OR, THE TIPSY GIPSY & THE PIPSY WIPSY.

A WHIMSICAL PARODY ON THE "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

(Produced at the New Royalty Theatre, under Miss M. Oliver's Management,
Saturday, 21 March, 1868.)

CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| COUNT ARNHEIM | Mr. DEWAR. |
| FLORESTEIN (<i>his Nephew</i>) | Miss FOWLER. |
| THADDEUS | Miss COLLINSON. |
| MAX (<i>his Valet</i>) | Miss BELLA GOODALL. |
| DEVILSHOOF | Mr. DANVERS. |
| RUDOLPH | Miss JESSIE BOURKE. |
| ARLINE (<i>the Count's Daughter</i>) | Miss M. OLIVER. |
| GIPSY QUEEN | Miss CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS. |
| BUDA (<i>Arline's Nurse</i>) | Miss CONWAY. |
| GIPSIES, SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, NOBLES, &c., &c. | |

Scene I. – Exterior of Count Arnheim's Castle.
(*Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the first and second Scenes.*)

Scene II. – A Street in Presburgh – (Night.)

Scene III. – Market Place in Presburgh.
(*Grand Bohemian Ballet.*)

Scene IV. – Interior of Justice Hall.

Scene V. – Gardens attached to Count Arnheim's House.

The Scenery painted by Mr. **Cuthbert** and Assistants.

The Music arranged by Mr. **Hermann**.

SCENE I. – *Exterior of COUNT ARNHEIM'S Castle, P. S. Rock pieces, U. E., O. P., and P. S., and Bridge across. Flag-staff, O. P. Mountains in the distance. Retainers discovered about stage drinking tea, with the air of robbers carousing. Attendants carrying trays of muffins, water-cresses, &c., are waiting on the Retainers.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Air – “Sound now the trumpet fearlessly.” – Puritani.

Brown now the crumpet fearlessly!
 Circulate the muffins and the brown bread!
 Toast now the tea-cake peerlessly!
 Sally Lunn, the Sally, Sally Lunn, Sally Lunn!

SOLO.

Quaff unadulterated tea,
 Bohea – bohea – bohea!
 Toast now the tea-cake fearlessly,
 Sally Lunn, the Sally, Sally Lunn, Sally Lunn!

ALL. Brown now the crumpet, &c.

1ST RET.
 Now for the hunt!

2ND RET.
 It's hardly time to start,
 Come, one more crumpet, friends, before we part!
 Let's all be jolly!

3RD RET.
 There I quite agree with you.
 Come, Jones, the pleasure of a cup of tea with you!

2ND RET.
 I've one more toast, for which I won't prepare you –
 Long live Count Florestein!

ALL.
 Hurrah!

FLORES. (*entering*).
 How dare you
 To take such freedom with your noble hosts!
 Be silent!

2ND RET.
 But we're not half through our toasts;
 To leave out one would disappoint us greatly.
 (*to RET.*) Count Florestein has not been drunk –

FLORES.
 Not lately.

2ND RET.
 Though we are but retainers, try our tea.
 You spurn it?

FLORES.
 I believe you my *Bohea*!
 That I'm no barrister, no fact is plainer,

Or you *might* find me *fee'd with a retainer*.
 Come, silence everywhere for all and each:
 Attention for Count Arnheim's annual speech!

Enter COUNT ARNHEIM *and* BUDA, *carrying* ARLINE, *a mechanical baby*.
All cheer.

COUNT.

Up with my flag! (*The Austrian flag is run up to top of flag-staff.*)
 Don't mind me – 'tis my manner.

Oh, how I love that gallant Austrian banner!
 I was born under it – a babe forlorn.
 I may say I was to the *banner* born.
 We'll drink its health, and let our tongues then wag on:
 Why don't you fill your cups? you've got the *flag on*.
 Oh, how I love all you assembled here!
 How lovely you all look in hunting gear.
 An ostrich feather laps o'er every phiz
 And then – you're dressed in green!

ALL. We are!

COUNT. You is!

How kind of you to trim your dress with bugles;
 How thoughtful, to procure your guns from Dougall's;
 How good of you to clothe in gloves your knuckles;
 How condescending to wear belts with buckles!
 Rich sables everywhere I see occur,
 You are so near – and yet you are so *fur*.
 You've all got swords –

ALL.

We have!

COUNT.

Spears!

ALL.

Short and tall!

COUNT.

Oh, gracious goodness! how I love you all!
 Though time has partly silvered o'er my tresses,
 Yet my old age is green as –

1ST RET. (*to waiter*)

Water-cresses. (COUNT *annoyed at interruption.*)

COUNT.

'Tis with emotion, not with age I shake;
 You may perhaps consider me a –

2ND RET. (*to waiter.*)

Cake!

COUNT.

I might enlarge, amid these joyous stuffins,
 On my respect for you, but that's all –

FLORES. (*to waiter*).

Muffins!

COUNT.

Were I a wealthy man, from morn to noon
I'd scatter gold among you like a –

3RD RET. (*to waiter*)

Spoon!

COUNT.

To far more splendid banquets you I'd beg;
Upon that table I would lay –

4TH RET. (*to waiter*)

An egg!

COUNT.

But that I'm poor is surely not my fault;
Alas! Count Arnheim isn't worth his –

4TH RET.

Salt!

COUNT.

You are your country's very proudest boast;
I drink your health with pleasure –

FLORES. (*to waiter*).

Buttered toast!

COUNT.

Welcome, all welcome to your lord's estate;
You are invited to this hunting fete.
Because to-day Arline, whom all must praise,
Is five years, seven months, and fourteen days! (*fondling* ARLINE.)
Her every look and word my heart-strings touch;
It's strange that I should love that child so much!
I'm but her father! (*weeps*) pardon me that tear –
Somehow I've loved her so since I came here
To govern all the soldiers in the *cartial*.
To them, *ma-martial*, but to her *pa-partial*!
Now go and hunt; go scour each hill and glen,
You're not expected back till half-past ten.

(*All go off to hunt. ARLINE accompanies FLORESTEIN. The COUNT and BUDA enter the house. Then enter MAX hurriedly, as if pursued. He beckons off, and FLORESTEIN enters cautiously.*)

MAX. (*sees flag*)

The Austrian flag; we're still in danger then;
No Pole is safe with these vindictive men.

THAD.

Why do you tremble? It should cheer your soul
To see the Austrian flag fly from the *Pole*.
This is Count Arnheim's house; I know it well;
He hates us Poles, as all of us *can* tell.
We should avoid his presence, if we *can* shun it.

MAX.

Count Arnheim's mansion? Oh, dear me, don't *mansion* it!
This is no place for us – though grand and huge it –
If we begged for a refuge, he'd *refuge* it.

I shall be off, for I'm half dead with fear –
 THAD.
 Perhaps you're right (*going*). Hallo – whom have we here?

Enter DEVILSHOOF and GIPSIES. R. U. E. and L. U. E.

DEVIL. (*taking THADDEUS'S hand*)
 Stop, pretty sir, for gold we don't importune.
 You'll let this pretty gipsy tell your fortune?

THAD.
 Thanks, graceful being, but we've got no gold
 My fortune's stolen.

DEVIL. (*Relinquishing hand.*)
 Then your fortune's *stoled*.
 Who are you? What's your name? Where was you riz?

THAD.
 My name is Thaddeus, friend.

DEVIL.
The deuce it is!

MAX.
 We're refugees from Poland, all the way,
 Our country shall avenge our wrongs some day;
 Warsaw triumphant once we thought we *fore-saw*,
 That isn't now the case, but *wice-warsaw*!

DEVIL.
 Two hunted criminals? A hand will lend you,
 You should be safe with *Poland* to defend you.

THAD.
 They've set a price upon my head –

DEVIL. (*Examining his head.*)
Ha! where?

THAD.
 Get out, you muff, it isn't in my hair!
 The guards pursue me now –

DEVIL.
You might do wus
 Than join our gang – say, will thou *gang* wi' us;
 We'll beat the soldiers if you'll be confiding.

THAD.
 You'll beat them? How?

DEVIL.
By giving you a *hiding*.

MAX.
 Pooh! you can't hide us from the soldiers, man!

DEVIL.
 You mustn't throw cold water on our plan.

MAX.
 Well, as for that, 'twere pleasanter to con you,
 If someone oft'ner threw cold water on you!

DEVIL.
 We are choice spirits – our abode unfixed.

THAD.

But your choice spirits are so very mixed.

DEVIL.

We're butterflies, but schooled to fortune's rubs.

MAX.

Oh, butterflies! I set you down as *grubs*.

DEVIL.

Now, who are you? You'd better, far, be frank.

THAD.

A Polish noble of exalted rank,
But poor.

DEVIL.

Pooh! that won't wash at any point.

THAD.

You don't object to it on *that* account?
Why you're as black as soot, you dirty brute you.

MAX.

Theirs is a mode of life that's sure to *soot* you.

THAD.

This is my servant – trained to wait at table,
An able valet, and most *valley-able*.
But there, my lot is yours, if you'll but take it.

DEVIL.

Good – there's my hand.

THAD. (*after inspecting it.*)

My servant, here, shall shake it. (MAX *does so.*)

It isn't highly white, so I decline.

DEVIL.

Not *highly white*? But you'll this *black gang jine*?

MAX.

Here are the soldiers sure as eggs, eggs is.

DEVIL.

Ha, ha! Be quick disguise yourself with this. (*gives THADDEUS a very thin cane.*)
(*to MAX.*) Put on these gloves – this scarf-pin in your tie;
(*to THAD.*) Here is an eye-glass, stick it in your eye.

THAD.

An eye-glass? surely that'll never do,
That's a disguise that's made to be *seen through*.

DEVIL.

They come, they come, now mingle in our brood;
Assume an unembarrassed attitude.

[THADDEUS and MAX assume intensely melodramatic
attitudes of concealment, apart from the rest.

I never saw a man in a position
Less calculated to excite suspicion!

Enter OFFICER and SOLDIERS. R. U. E.

OFF.

Ha! gipsies. Here friend (*gives money.*) Did you see, I pray,
Ten minutes since a ruffian pass this way?

His name is Thaddeus – p'raps he's somewhere hid.
DEVIL.
Thaddeus, of Warsaw?
OFF.
Yes.
DEVIL.
Of course I did.
(*points off R.*) You see that tree that stands against the sky?
OFF.
I do.
DEVIL.
A church then meets your eye –
OFF.
Aye, aye.
DEVIL.
Above it, rises high, a wooded hill,
And on its very summit there's a mill;
Carry your eye along its wavy ridge,
And you'll distinguish, if your sharp, a bridge –
OFF.
I see it – and beyond, a slight projection.
DEVIL.
Well then, he took – the opposite direction. (*points L.*)
[OFFICER *and* SOLDIERS *exeunt* L. W.]
TRIO AND CHORUS. – THADDEUS, DEVILSHOOF, *and* MAX.
Air. – “*La Langouste Atmosphérique.*” – *Oeil Crèvé.*
THAD.
We're much obliged to you I'm sure.
A fact I've hinted at before.
MAX.
Take care, they're hardly out of hearing,
That they will soon return I'm fearing.
Unquestionably, if they do,
It's all U.P. with me and you.
THAD.
Yes, in your gang myself concealing,
Much more secure I shall be feeling.
DEVIL.
Undoubtedly unless you do,
It will be all U.P. with you.
THAD.
Oh, for a while, for a while to dilly dally.
MAX.
When in a fix you should never shilly-shally.
DEVIL.
Whack fol, lol, lol; whack fol, lol, lol; whack fol, lol, lol, lay.
THAD.
Please, understand, that I do it willy-nilly.
MAX.
Yes, if you don't, you will rue it silly-billy.
DEVIL.
Whack fol, lol, lol, &c., &c., &c.
ALL.
Oh, for a while, for a while to dilly-dally.
(*repeat last six lines together.*)

(At the conclusion, enter FLORESTEIN, R., in great alarm, meeting COUNT and BUDA coming from the house.)

FLOR.

Help, help – a huge wild boar with tusks immense
Has seized Arline, and quickly borne her hence;
Undaunted by the danger or the distance,
We nobly fled, that we might get assistance!

COUNT.

That was so like you, your devotion much is;
My Arline in the brute's destructive clutches;
The incident so vividly he paints,
Pardon a loving father, if he faints.

[THE COUNT faints. THADDEUS, who seizes a pop-gun, discharges it, runs off R., and returns bearing ARLINE, and a dead sucking-pig.

THAD.

Your daughter safely to you I restore,
My trusty Enfield settled that *small bore*.
No thanks – a trifle.

FLORES.

He don't care a fig.
Call that a *small boar* – why it's very *pig*!

COUNT.

That she's uninjured let me be assured,
Her body's safe, although her skirt is *gored*.

THAD.

My bullet reached her heart before he crunched her –
The beast had almost munched her.

COUNT.

What a munchter!

FLORES. (*sees wound on ARLINE'S shoulder.*)

He's been a-biting her – her life-blood drawing!

COUNT.

A-biting? Oh, dear me, this is *a-gnawing*!
Her fate was almost sealed – a frightful death!

FLORES.

A fact that this indenture witnesseth.

COUNT. (*to THAD.*)

She would have perished in the monster's jaws,
If you'd not introduced your saving claws.
You'll join our sports – among our friends we rank you –
You'll stop a day?

DEVIL. (*officially.*)

We will – a month.

COUNT. (*coldly*)

Oh, thank you.

(*fondling ARLINE.*) I love this very best of pipsy-wipsies,
(*shakes hands with DEVIL.*) I've a particular respect for gipsies.
(*shaking hands with HUNTERS.*) Hunters I worship, as I said before,
(*shaking hands with FLORESTEIN.*) I love all nephews,

(*kisses BUDA*)

Nurses I adore;

Mankind at large I love, my heart's so big –
(*sees pig*) I'm also very fond of sucking pig.
There take her in, my darling little treasure.

MAX.

Allow me to escort you.

BUDA.

Oh, with pleasure.

(MAX, BUDA, and ARLINE go into house.)

COUNT (*to THADDEUS.*)

Come, pick a bit – my choicest meats invoke 'em.
(*to DEVIL.*) What do you generally pick, sir?

DEVIL.

Oakum!

COUNT.

Come drink – our cellar every tap can show,
Hyson or Congou, Souchong or Pekoe;
We're in Bohemia, famed for our Bohea.

DEVIL.

Well, thanks, I'm not pertickler to a T!

COUNT.

A toast, my friends; come, take the time from me,
Our Emperor we'll drink in three times three!
[He notices that THADDEUS does not drink.]
Come, drink his health – you might, you could, you should.

THAD.

I don't desire his health, or *'elth* I would.
Your emp'ror is not mine – take back your dole,
My king's dethroned – know Count that I'm a Pole! (*All start.*)

COUNT. (*aside*)

He's saved Arline, I don't want to be down on him.

THAD.

I pledge my king!

COUNT.

You'll never *get a crown on him.*

For you I grieve I must decline to cater.

1ST RET.

A spy!

2ND RET.

A base informer!

FLOR.

And a traitor!

[DEVILSHOOF steals unobserved into the castle.]

COUNT (*aside*).

They'll tear him limb from limb, and gouge each eye,
They all will want a finger in this *spy*.
(*Aside to THAD.*) You will be off, my joker, if you're wise.
[THAD. threatens him.]

It isn't me; I'm rather fond of spies.

*Enter BUDA and MAX, – at the same time DEVILSHOOF appears on bridge with
ARLINE.*

BUDA.

Arline has gone, my lord!

COUNT.

What's that you say?

BUDA.

The gipsy stole her, as she slept, away,
In his torn cloak the sleeping baby wrapping –

MAX.

A most disgraceful instance of *kid* -napping;
He placed it on his back – I heard it cough –
He hooked it on, and then – he hooked it off!

FLOR. (*pointing to DEVIL.*)

See, there's the thief – Arline with him along!

COUNT. (*reproachfully.*)

Now, Devilshoof, this is extremely wrong!
To lose my little baby much dislikes me.
Pursue him! Stay; a slight objection strikes me,
Why, we should catch him – all would then go wrong!

FLOR.

Well, in the opera they sing a song –

COUNT.

And so will we; perhaps that gipsy plain
May be induced to practice the *refrain*.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Air – “Toi qui connais.”

COUNT.

Oh, what a great – what a horrible affliction,
Thus for to lose such a tiddy, iddy sing!

FLOR.

Ne'er was there known in the history of fiction
Such an exceedingly ungentlemanly thing.

MAX.

Please let me go, Miss Arline for to follow;
Back to her pa in a minute I will bring.

DEVIL.

Oh, what a row, what a bother, what a hollo!
All for a picky, wicky, tiddy, iddy sing!

(All repeat first four lines.)

MAX.

Well, that a babby's a shocking source of bother
You will in all probability concur.

FLORES.

Croup, pip, and whoop, when it hasn't got a mother,
Must play the deuce with a jolly widower.

DEVIL.

I may remark I'll return the little rover,
If but the price you allow me for to name.

COUNT.

Though it's a loss I shall probably get over,
Decency requires we shall all of us exclaim

ALL. Oh, what a great, &c., &c., &c.
(Dance. – Scene closes in.)

Scene II.

– A street in Presburgh. Night. A tent R. Hotel L. H. Enter DEVILSHOOF. R.

DEVIL.
 Who'd think twelve years had passed, and better, rather,
 Since Devilshoof stole Arline from her father;
 Am I awake? or do I only dream so?
 A dozen years. Dear me! it dozen seem so!
(looking at his clothes.) To look at these the fact you'd never tell,
 The very clothes I wore; they've lasted well:
 Though I've grown older, thanks to grief and care!
 It's evident I am not what I wear.

MAX. *(entering.)*
 'Twas here, I think, our Queen agreed to meet us;
 Why ain't she at the rendezvous to greet us?
 This may not be the right direction –

DEVIL.
 True,
 P'raps that is why it's called the *wrong-devous*:
 But see, she comes, in some mysterious flutter.
(Enter QUEEN muttering melodramatically.)

What are you growling? come, what's the *mutter*?

MAX.
 Has the imperial palace been blown down?

DEVIL.
 Has anybody spent the royal crown?

MAX.
 Or cracked the three-legged throne?

DEVIL.
 Or, inter alia,
 P'raps someone has been smoking the Regalia?
 Or p'raps you find your royal wheels, my child,
 Appear to work more smoothly when you're *riled*?

QUEEN.
 Oh, if I only chose – but mind, I don't –
 I might reveal a mystery – but I won't;
 Still, to suggest its nature, I will try:
 Who's he? and who are you? and who am I?

MAX.
 Why, we're poor gipsies, ain't we?

QUEEN.
 Gipsies? Pooh!

You're all – no matter what.

DEVIL.
 And as for you.
 You are our Queen, *(aside)* and I suspect a tipsy one.

QUEEN.

A queen? Ha! ha! what kind of queen? A Gipsy one!

DEVIL.

We crowned you yesterday, and wisely too,
The Royalty's the proper place for you.

MAX.

A queen's a queen, as anyone can see,
A spade's a spade, you know, a tree's a tree.

QUEEN.

A tree's a tree? yes, but some trees are fruit trees,
And other trees are not, for instance, boot-trees.
You don't make nose-gays out of railway stocks,
Or decorate your hose with eight-day clocks.

DEVIL.

Of novel truths an out-and-out instructor!

QUEEN.

You don't draw lightning with a 'bus conductor,
You never put gas pipes between your lips,
Or go to sea in secretary-ships.
Or perish by a Crystal Palace *fete*,
Or lay your head on pillars of the state,
Or build asylums for the window-blind,
Or hang a picture in a frame of mind.
When stock goes up, plough-shares you do not sell then!

DEVIL.

Of course I don't, you donkey!

QUEEN.

Very well, then!

DEVIL.

Who *are* we all?

QUEEN.

Well, I reply auricularly.

You all are – someone else – and you particularly.

(*to DEVIL.*) But there, it doesn't matter.

DEVIL.

Oh, indeed.

QUEEN.

To business, if you please, we'll now proceed.

MAX.

Well then, Count Florestein –

QUEEN.

I know him well.

Oh, of that count I could a secret tell;

But there, no matter.

MAX.

Well, he's just been dining
In that hotel from which the light is shining;
They've kept it up with drinking and tom-foolery,
He's absolutely hung about with joolery!

DEVIL.

And see, he comes, and very, very tipsy;
Now seize upon your prey, each pretty gipsy.

Enter FLORESTEIN from hotel, tipsy.

FLORES.

Well, ta, ta, Jones; we've emptied all the cellar;
(*confidentially to QUEEN.*) You don't know Jones? – uncommonly good fellar.

QUEEN.

I don't know Jones. Humph! if the gipsy chose
To publish everything the gipsy knows
About that Jones whom you've just left in there,
Oh, I can tell you Jones's wife would stare! (*Exit R.*)

MAX.

A copper, please. All night I've here been hoverin'.

FLORES.

A copper? Never wear 'em – here's a sovereign. (*gives one*)

DEVIL.

It's not enough – we want as much again.

FLORES.

I've come down handsome, why do you *come plain*?
I'm in the army, mind what you're about.

MAX.

Oh, in the army; then you'd better *shell out*.

FLORES.

Right through my heart you first of all shall shoot

DEVIL.

Oh, never mind your heart, we want your *loot*.

FLORES.

Now call a cab.

DEVIL.

That's not sufficient ransom;
You must come down, sir.

FLORES.

I have come down. (*calling off*) Hansom!

(*FLORESTEIN staggers off. They laugh, and follow off after him. Loud singing and noise in hotel, L. H. ARLINE enters from tent, R. H.*)

ARL.

Oh, what a noise; it's shameful I do think,
With such a hubbub who could sleep a wink;
I shall remove my tent into the subbubs:
It's that hotel; it must be the *Old Hubbubs*!

Enter THADDEUS, R., very despondingly.

My Thaddeus! How you sigh. What *does* it mean?

THAD.

I've fancied, recently, beloved Arline,
This humble life disgusts you.

ARL.

Why, bless me,
I'm as contented as a girl can be.

THAD.

But it's so dull, so limited in range.

ARL.

Dull? Why my pocket's giving way with *change*
With cards for fortune-telling, dance or song,
Don't I make money, dearest, all day long,
From morn to night in fascinating manner.

THAD.

While the sun shines you'll never want a tanner.

ARL.

And when new moons supplant the daylight sunny,
You find me still employed at *turning* money.

THAD.

The happy days we spend at races, too – Ascot and Derby.

ARL.

Dar be sure we do!

THAD.

Upon the road we always take our stations,
And sing our songs.

ARL.

Rode's air, with variations!
The gay quadrille, waltz, galop, schottische, Lancer
I've learnt on stilts to dance, and find it (*d*) *answer*;
I play my cards at fortune-telling, too.
I'm not the only one, 'twixt me and you
Who gains a livelihood in foreign lands
By "looking over other people's hands."
Your Arline's life is one prolonged delight;
She sees you all day long, and every night
Your presence fills her reverie.

THAD.

So it ought.

ARL.

Which proves to you you're in *her every* thought.

TRIO – THAD. *and* ARL., *and afterwards* DEVILSHOOF.

Air – "*Ada with the Golden Hair.*"

ARL.

Oh listen while I tell you;
I'm about to tell you;
Yes, I will tell you –
I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
With slaves and vassals there –

THAD.

And of all assembled in those walls
You were the fairest fair.

(*offering his hand.*) I've always got a great deal on my hands.

ARL. (*Looking at his hands with disgust.*)

You have, you can't have washed 'em for a cent'ry,
And yet I've heard you called *light-fingered* gentry!

(DEVILSHOOF *goes up, and unperceived, beckons on the QUEEN, who enters, they both remain up and listen.*)

THAD.

Arline, a secret I must now unearth.

ARL.

A secret?

THAD.

Yes, the secret of your birth.
That scar upon your arm, made by a boar,
Will some day prove your right to wealth galore.

ARL.

That mark a proof of my superior station?
I always thought it was a vaccination!

THAD.

Some day you'll leave us, quit this roaming life,
Whatever shall I do then for a wife?

ARL.

But the Queen loves you fondly.

THAD.

I don't care!

ARL.

Her dread revenge you'll surely have to dare.

THAD.

My love for you I here embody – thus – (*kisses her and kneels.*)

ARL.

Oh, agony – run over by a 'buss!

QUEEN.

Upon *his knees*, that's 'nough, it's on the tappy,
(*interrupting them*) Oh, what's the odds so long as you *are rappee*,
A tête-à-tête! For this, miss, you've been waiting?

ARL.

Oh, dear how very irritate- *a-tating*.

QUEEN.

Love-making with my Thaddeus you have been!
Is this your gratitude to me, your Queen,
Who fills your throne? I mean – your three-legged stool;
Who rules your roast – when there's a roast to rule.
Who all the complicated cares of state,
Contrives with regal love to *regal- 'ate*.
Who set you up in business – taught your art?

ARL.

Yes, I'll admit you've given me a start!

QUEEN.

If you persistently pursue your subject,
I shall assume the Queen.

ARL.

Then drop the subject.

QUEEN.

Here in my eye you see, and you might stop it,
The pearly dew-drop trembling.

ARL.

Oh, *dew-drop* it.

QUEEN. (*furiously.*)

A monarch's cuss –

THAD.

Oh do stop all this fussing,
I'm sure the matter doesn't want *discussing*.

QUEEN.

True. (*to DEVIL.*) I'll dissemble, and their hands I'll jine,
A horrible revenge shall yet be mine!

(*to THAD.*) Take her; the union your monarch blesses,

(*aside to DEVIL*) She little fancies that her Queen possesses
A ghastly secret that would make you stare.

(*mysteriously*) She wears a frizzy thing inside her hair!

Soft, not a word; she thinks that no one knows it –

We'll wait a fitting moment to disclose it.

(*aloud to THAD.*) There, take her, take her, take the little minx,
I'm quite agreeable.

ARL.

That's as people thinks!

QUEEN.

And take this medal – better ne'er was seen,
It is a present from the gipsy queen. (*places medallion on ARLINE'S neck.*)
This sort of thing a lady at a ball marks;
It's fit to wear at Almack's – here's the *hall-marks*.

DEVIL. (*to THAD.*)

And I was rather rude to you just now,
Here is my gift, a watch without the bow.

QUARTETTE – DEVIL, QUEEN, THADDEUS, and ARLINE.

Air – “Chanson du Pot au feu.” – Robinson Crusoe.

ARL. (*with medal.*) Picky wicky, picky wicky, gay, gay, gay,

QUEEN. Very, in a quiet sort of way, way, way,

THAD. (*with watch*) Showee, showee, showee time o' day, day, day!

DEVIL. (*aside.*) Ticky wicky, pocky picky, pay, pay, pay!

ARL. (*aside.*) She's so knowing, knowing, knowing, knowing, that I fear a trick,

THAD. (*with watch.*) It is going, going, going, going Ticky, ticky, tick, tick, tick!

QUEEN. Picky, pocky, pocky, pick!

ARL. Picky, pocky, pocky, pick!

DEVIL. Picky, pocky, pocky, pick!

THAD. Picky, pocky, pocky, pick!

QUEEN AND DEVIL. Picky, pocky, picky, pocky, pocky pick!

ALL. Picky wicky, picky wicky, gay, gay, gay,
Very in a quiet sort of way, way, way,
Showee, showee, showee time o' day, day, day,
Ticky wicky, pocky picky, pay, pay, pay.

QUEEN. At my duty, duty, duty, duty, know I never stick.

DEVIL. It's a beauty, beauty, beauty, beauty, ticky, ticky, tick, tick, tick!

QUEEN. Ticky, ticky, ticky, tick!

DEV. Ticky, ticky, ticky, tick!

THAD. Ticky, ticky, ticky, tick!

ARL. Ticky, ticky, ticky, tick!

ALL. Picky, wicky, picky, wicky, gay, gay, gay, &c.
(Dance, and all off. – End of scene.)

Scene III.

– Market-place at Presburgh, with fair going on. Justice Hall. – Crowd of nobles, peasants, gipsies, &c. Slow music, to which enters COUNT ARNHEIM, R. U. E., followed by FLORESTEIN (who carries a small umbrella), and RUDOLPH. The COUNT'S whole appearance is suggestive of exaggerated sorrow.

COUNT.
It's very strange, but since that fatal day,
When Arline from my arms was whipped away,
There have elapsed, exactly, as I've reckoned,
Twelve years, two months, one day, *(looks at watch)* and half a second!
(to followers) Haven't I quite convinced you of my woe?
Doesn't slow music play where e'er I go?
Haven't I flown into tremendous rages?
Haven't I cut down everybody's wages?
With measured step in public don't I walk too?
And am I not a dismal chap to talk to?
And yet, although the fates our futures sever,
Don't I love everybody more than ever?
In personal appearance altered quite,
Old age has nearly robbed me of my sight,
And as I'm paradoxically told
I see no longer, now that I *be'old*.
Ain't I a damper in the strictest sense?

ALL.
You are.

COUNT.
All right, then let the sports commence!

SOLO AND CHORUS – COUNT ARNHEIM.
Air – "Voici le Sabre."

COUNT. Tea in the harbour I'll prepare,

Cake, shrimps, and water cresses too;
 Though yon may quarrel with your fare,
 It will not disagree with you.
 When I was quite a little kiddy,
 A considerable time ago,
 My mother, then a lovely widdy,
 Used always for to feed me so.
 Tea in the arbour – the arbour – the arbour,
 Tea in the arbour – the arbour, I'll prepare!

Chorus – Tea in arbour, &c., &c., &c.

(During the chorus two ordinary chop-house waiters appear at the back, R. and L., each carrying a tray of tea things, which he holds up in the air, after the manner of Nepomuc with the sabre in the "Grande Duchesse." They come down and hand refreshments to the people).

Grand Ballet of Gipsies. At its conclusion the QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES enters, followed by gipsies and populace.

QUEEN.

Walk up, walk up, walk up. At once apply;
 The pretty gipsy's going to prophecy
 This is the mystic Sybil from Cremorne.
 Give your age, she'll say when you were born;
 Inversely, too, she's so extremely sage;
 Tell her when you were born, she'll tell your age.
 This gifted creature can with surety say
 If we had pleasant weather yesterday;
 She'll even tell – her art you'd better borrow –
 What kind of weather it *may* be to-morrow:
 She can inform you, from her learning's stock,
 What month comes next, and also what's o'clock;
 A living essence, she, for weak digestions,
 Of Pinnock, Walkingame, and Mangnall's Questions!

Enter ARLINE, dancing and singing.

TRIO – COUNT, ARLINE and FLORES.

Air – "Come, lasses and lads."

ARL. Perhaps you're aware I'm a Zingara fair;
 And I come from my Norwood glades.
 COUNT. The love I bear to my race, I swear,
 Extends to gipsy maids.
 FLORES. It's a popple-y wobble-y wing,
 And a pickle-y, ickle-y sing!
 COUNT. It's a tiddle-y, iddle-y, popple-y, wobble-y
 Pickle-y, ickle-y sing!
 ALL. It's a tiddle-y, &c., &c., &c.
 FLORES. Oh, say shall I marry a maiden fair,
 Who money and lands will bring.
 ARL. Oh, please believe that I can't conceive

A more unlikely thing!

FLORES. It's a popple-y, &c., &c., &c.
 COUNT. It's a tiddle-y, &c., &c., &c.
 ALL. It's a tiddle-y, &c., &c., &c.

FLORES.
 Come, ply your trade – we'll listen to your talk.

ARL.
 Well, then, attend – if you should ever walk
 Beneath a ladder, which to do were plucky –
 And some one falls on you, – why, that's unlucky!
 (To COUNT.) Remember this – if ever to a friend
 Your new umbrella you should rashly lend,
 E'en though it only be the road to cross –
 That means you'll soon experience a loss!

[COUNT *crosses over to FLORESTEIN, takes the umbrella from
 him, and exit into Justice Hall.*

(to a RETAINER.) To bring a friend to dine once in your life,
 When a cold dinner's furnished by your wife;
 By whom your friend is unexpected quite;
 That signifies – no sleep for you that night.

FLORES.
 Haw! very good!

QUEEN.
 Skilled are our clever band at it.
 It isn't difficult.

FLORES.
 I'll try *my* hand at it.
 (with meaning to ARLINE.) When one appropriates what isn't his'n,
 It signifies, when caught, he'll go to pris'n;
 And though my prophecy refers to "he,"
 The same remark holds good if it's a "she."

ARL.
 Whatever do you mean?

FLORES.
 Well, then, in fine,
 That silver medal on your neck is mine! (*all start.*)
 A dozen friends who round me now are rally'in,
 With this medallion have seen *me dallyin'*.

ARL.
 Oh, nonsense, sir, the thing you've never seen,
 'Twas given me last night.

ALL.
 By whom?

ARL.
 Our Queen!
 She will the statement that the toy is mine,
 Be verifyin'.

QUEEN.
 Oh, that's *very fine!*

Take her away, it's not the least use showing it,
It's evident, my dear, that you've been going it.

[RUDOLPH and GUARDS seize ARLINE.]

That's an old hand, my dear, that there you've got,
I never could abide her, though my lot
With her to be associated, fated me.

ARL.

There now, I always said *as how she hated me*.

THAD. (*entering*)

Why what's all this? my Arline in a strait?

ARL.

Oh, Thaddeus, I'm, alas, in danger great;
They say I've stolen this!

THAD.

Our Queen, I know,
Gave her that medal just six hours ago. (*looks at watch.*)

FLORES.

Why, that's my watch!

ARL.

Oh, you're in error quite,
'Twas given him by Devilshoof, last night.

THAD.

Yes, here he is, he'll speak to that, I'm sure.

DEVIL. (*entering*).

I never see the gentleman before.

OFF.

I saw the robbery, they'll both be rueing it,
(*aside to FLORES.*) How many shall I swear I saw a doing it?

FLORES.

These two.

OFF.

Come on – of all thieves you're the worst.

THAD.

A thief? I'd go into the workhouse first,
On skilly and on toke my body charishing.

OFF.

Come now, dis parish don't you be *disparishing*,
Come, there's the Justice Hall, your case the fust is.

ARL.

Is that the Hall of Justice?

OFF.

Yes, it just is.

QUINTETTE – ARLINE, THADDEUS, QUEEN, DEVILSHOOF, and FLORESTEIN.
Air, from "Ernani Quadrilles," p. 4.

ARL. Oh, please; oh, please to let me go – to let me go – to let me go;
A grain of mercy, please to show,
To the pickle-y sing!

THAD. This dreadful day you'll surely rue – you'll surely rue – you'll surely rue,
Upon my word, I never knew

Such a terrible thing!

- FLORES. Away, away,
 RUDOLF. Whatever you say, whatever you say,
 QUEEN. To her doom,
 To her doom, the tomb!
 Take her off to her doom,
 Her doom – the tomb – her doom – her terrible doom.
 DEVIL. I assume,
 The tomb will loom,
 When they show her her doom – the tomb!
 Her doom – the terrible tomb!
 ALL. Oh! please, oh, please to let me/her go, &c., &c.
 Air – Change to Crescendo Galop.
 ARL. Mussy, mussy, mussy, mussy! Vainly, vainly I implore!
 FLORES. Hussy, hussy, hussy, hussy! Oft in custody before.
 THAD. (*to* QUEEN) Cussy, cussy, cussy, cussy! on your noddle I'll ensure.
 QUEEN. Pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh!
 DEVIL. When her lot I have got in a knot with my plot,
 I'll be trot, trot, trot, trot, trotting!
 QUEEN. But not to your cot, for I wot it's a spot,
 They'll be jot, jot, jot, jot, jotting.
 THAD. Spare her, spare her. spare her, pray!
 FLORES. Bear her, bear her, hence, away!
 ALL. Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do.
 QUEEN., FLORES., DEVIL. Pooh, pooh, pooh, &c., &c., &c.
 ALL. Mussy, mussy, mussy! Vainly, vainly she'll implore, &c., &c., &c.

(*ARLINE and THADDEUS are taken into custody, picture, and Scene closes in.*)

Scene IV.

Interior of Hall of Justice. Door in centre.

Enter COUNT.

- COUNT.
 Now that the war is over – over, mind –
 My general's commission I've resigned.
 Oh, how I worshipped war – till war did cease –
 Now I'm on the commission of the peace;
 Peace, how I love it! Bless these tranquil times!
 Now I've to deal with none but civil crimes.
 As great unpaid, interpreting the laws,
 My pay is – nothing. How is that? Because
 My value's priceless, so no sum on earth
 Can represent so truly what I'm worth!
 Of Justice I'm so fond; in cases many
 I can't make up my mind to part with any,
 Then I'm so fond of home, that I allot one

For six months to all tramps who haven't got one.
 So fond of turnips, too, that 'stead of wiggling 'em,
 I give small, hungry boys six weeks for priggling 'em.
 In short, I think there cannot be a doubt
 That I'm the softest-hearted party out.
 In that respect, I've often heard it said,
 My heart is only equalled by my head;
 My soul is sad – I'm far from well; I fear me!
 Say, shall I order up, to soothe and cheer me
 My troupe of Bayaderes to dance before me?
 No! bother Bayaderes – they only bore me.

(To OFFICER.) Bring in some pris'ners with their crimes unfurled;
 For if there is, in all this blessed world,
 An occupation that the mind enlarges,
 And soothes the soul, it's sentencing night charges.

Enter OFFICER, with ARLINE in custody, followed by FLORESTEIN and general public.

OFF.

Here's the first charge upon the sheet to-day.

(To ARL.) Stand up, young woman; come, you know the way.
 She's an old hand; there never was a worse 'un.
 This time the charge is stealing from the person.

COUNT (*aside*).

My code is simple, based on first impressions
 I formed it on a recent case at Sessions.
 Always convict the ugly and the sooty ones;
 Caution the plain ones, and let off the pretty ones.

(*Indignantly*) That nose a thief's? what nonsense to advance!
 Those eyes steal anything – except a glance!
 That face rob any one, of any kind
 Of anything – except their peace of mind?
 To such a charge – although it may be true –
 My virtuous indignation answers "Pooh!"

FLORES.

A girl who'd steal a pin would steal a pound;
 If she will steal a look, then, I'll be bound
 She'll steal a handkerchief, the little rogue 'll.

COUNT (*doubtfully*).

A glance is certainly a kind of (*f*) *ogle*!

FLORES.

She stole this medal which last night I wore;
 She's an accomplished thief – been here before.

COUNT.

Indeed, if your account is worth believing,
 The charge should not be stealing but *re-thieving*.
 Is she in trade? Unequal quite my nerve is.

ARL.

No, she's a member of the *Sybil* service.
 Who at your little feet, in anguish sore,
 Lays all her small co-operative store!

FLORES.

Commit her uncle – I’ll take no denial,
In the Old Bailey dock you’ll take your trial.

ARL.

My craft is fortune telling –

FLORES.

Oh, my dear,

That won’t go down.

ARL.

Well then it’s very clear,
A craft that won’t “go down,” you silly block,
Is not a *craft* that needs be *sent to dock*.
(*Appealing to COUNT.*) I’ve always been in life and occupation
A member of the floating population.
On life’s rude waves right buoyantly I skip,
No need to send me on a *trial trip*.
(*To Officers who seize her.*) It’s no good aggravating – how you tease me.
(*Draws dagger*) I’ve this good *dagger-a-waiting* to release me.
Mercy! I see that vainly I beseech it.
This to my heart!

COUNT.

Why?

ARL.

If I want to reach it
I *must* employ a blade, because you see
My heart is where my hand can never be.

COUNT.

Those eyes – that nose – that bunchy black, back hair,
Remind me of my Arline, I declare;
And shall I in my arms once more enfold her;
And ah! that scar, how came it on your shoulder?

ARL.

By a wild boar ’twas caused – yes one of yours –
It took the customary course of *bores*,
Who to improve acquaintance, try too hard,
It called, it found me out, and *left it scarred*.

COUNT.

Anticipated joy half drives me wild!
Say, were you once a very little child?

ARL.

I was!

COUNT.

A girl?

ARL.

A very little girl!

COUNT.

You wore – a frock?

ARL.

Yes, and my hair in curl!

COUNT.

Do you remember how each morning you,
When quite a baby –

ARL.

Yes, I do, I do!

COUNT.

Can you withdraw from recollection's source
How sometimes you attempted to –

ARL.

Of course!

COUNT.

And how, before I grew so old and wrinkly,
I always used to –

ARL.

Let me think – distinkly!

The circumstances you allude to seem
Like the dim ghosts of some forgotten dream
It all comes back to me!

COUNT.

Then have I got
Once more my late lamented long lost –

ARL.

What?

COUNT (*disconcerted*).

My long lost daughter.

ARL.

Oh, of course. I see –

Then you're my father?

COUNT.

Why, of course I be!

Your name?

ARL.

Arline!

COUNT.

'Tis she. For years I've sought her,
My long lost late lamented (*d*)Arline daughter.

Enter THADDEUS, MAX, and DEVIL, in custody.

ARL.

Ha! ha!

COUNT.

Ha! ha!

FLORES.

Ha! ha!

THAD.

Ha! ha!

RUD.

Ha! ha!

DEVIL. (*terrified*).

Her pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pa!

COUNT.

Her antecedents I must somehow hush up.

(to THAD.) Who are you? – speak!

DEVIL.

We're the next case, your wushup.

COUNT. (*looking at THAD.*)

A member of the very gipsy lot,

Who years ago stole Arline from her cot;

(*sees DEVIL.*) The very man who did the dirty action!

DEVIL.

I took her in a moment of abstraction.

COUNT.

I'll hang you all, your guilt there's no denying,

For "Auld lang syne," my friends, *you'll all hang sighing.*

CONCERTED QUARTETTE. – COUNT, THADDEUS, ARLINE, and DEVILSHOOF.

Air – "Il était un petit navire."

COUNT.

The very self same tipsy gipsy

Who stole my darling pipsy wipsy,

(*sobbing*)

My little pip-pip-pipsy wipsy wee!

My little pip-pip-pipsy wipsy wee!

ARL. (*to THAD.*)

At leaving you my heart is smarting,

I'm sure your Arline feels at parting,

(*sobbing*)

As melanchol-chol-choly as can be!

As melanchol-chol-choly as can be!

THAD. (*to ARL.*)

My Arline from me he will sever,

I feel convinced you're destined never

(*sobbing*)

To see your Thad-Thad-Thaddeus any more!

To see your Thad-Thad-Thaddeus any more!

DEVIL.

In some disguise my figure draping

I must contrive to be escaping

(*sobbing*)

Or they'll be chok-chok-choking me I'm sure,

Or they'll be chok-chok-choking me I'm sure!

(*Dance off; ARLINE in custody.*)

Scene V.

– *Grand Saloon in COUNT ARNHEIM'S House; Fancy Ball going on; Dance of guests, at conclusion of dance, enter GIPSY QUEEN, mysteriously, followed by DEVILSHOOF; both are masked; the QUEEN is very pale and haggard; she wears a domino.*

QUEEN.

This is the ball-room, then; the die is cast,

A secret, whisper, (*mysteriously to DEVIL.*) *here we are at last!*

Another, hush! – this caution is most prupper –

I know where the best dishes are at supper!

Here is the *menu*, – it contains the gist of them. (*gives it.*)

You're such a sensualist, I've *sent you a list* of 'em.

With what a silent eloquence it speaks,

(*hungrily*) I haven't tasted food for fifteen weeks!

No gipsy brings my customary messes,
I've taken nothing in, except my dresses.

DEVIL.

Since Arline left us, we've lost all our gain –
I've tried all kinds of dodges, but in vain.
In the advertisements I made a stir
As daughter of a general officer,
But people all discovered in this quarter,
Much more of the "old soldier" than his daughter!

QUEEN.

With begging letters too, I'm proud to own it,
I sought the rich man's door, – and I was shown it.
The rich man only said, "Directly slope,
Of these here letters here's an *end ve'll hope*."

DEVIL.

For weeks I've sat as skinny as a mummy,
With nothing left to fill my little tummy
Except the mackerel, which, impelled by craving,
I drew in lively colours on the paving!

QUEEN.

Alas! no money in the tribe we've got,
How hard is now the gipsy monarch's lot,
Reduced to feed on bark and hedges hipsy,
I am in every sense, a *gnaw-wood* gipsy.
(*mysteriously*.) Here, one more secret that your frame will thrill –
Having to gnaw wood makes this *Gipsy 'ill!*
But soft, I see Arline!

DEVIL.

Where?

QUEEN.

In the distance.

Let Devilshoof solicit her assistance.

(*giving domino*.) Disguise himself with this, if he's afraid,
And masquerading, let *him ask her aid!*

(DEVILSHOOF *puts on domino and retires up stage*. QUEEN *goes off, C., mysteriously*.)

Enter ARLINE.

ARL.

Oh, Thaddeus, Thaddeus, what a fate is mine!
Betrothed this very night to Florestein!
The joy seems general at this our splicing,
The very wedding cakes are all *rich-icing!*
The little nuisance never leaves my side,
But pesters me all night to be his bride,
Proposing, musically, for my hand,
Accompanied by Coote and Tinney's band.
It's only natural that I should be
Abhorring him for thus *a-boring* me.
He wants to dance with me, I know, the ninny!
But I'll refuse him, *coute qui coute* – and Tinney.

To me the prospect's anything but nice!
 [DEVILSHOOF *comes forward.*

DEVIL.
 Allow me miss to offer you a hie. (*removes his mask.*)

ARL.
 Not Devilshoof?

DEVIL.
 Yes, risking chance of capture.
 [*Beckons on THADDEUS, who rushes into ARLINE'S arms.*
 QUEEN and MAX *follow on.*

THAD.
 Arline!

DEVIL. (*as a showman.*)
 Joy! ecstasy! delirium! rapture!

THAD.
 We've come to beg you to come back again;
 Our tents are pitched on yonder grassy plain;
 Think of your verdant couch of moss and sedges;

QUEEN.
 Think of the linen drying on the hedges.

THAD.
 Think of your bed of rush and grass together –

DEVIL.
 And think how happy you could be with *heather*?

MAX.
 Think of our jolly, open-air regaling.

DEVIL.
 Think of the pewters on the area railings.

THAD.
 Think of the dances – your prophetic presages.

QUEEN.
 Think of the babes with money sent on messages.

THAD.
 Think of our tents in which we lived so gaily;
 Our tents so white – although we *pitched* them daily.

QUEEN.
 Think of our great pecuniary loss;
 Think how with silver coins you used to cross
 A hundred hands a day, with winning ways.

ARL.
 Ah! those, indeed, were very *palmy* days!

THAD.
 The freedom of that time you surely miss;
 Contrast it with the chilling pomp of this;
 Now you must pass a stately, formal life.

QUEEN.
 And mustn't even eat peas with your knife.

THAD.
 Now you must sit for hours at stately feast.

DEVIL.

And wash your hands three times a week, at least!

THAD.

Though in all else in rivalry we burn,
We have one wish in common – your return!

MAX.

A favourable answer can't you find?

ARL.

Oh, in my face you surely read my mind;
Once more to share the gipsy's lot and cup!

QUEEN. (*spitefully*).

Your *face* suggests, dear, that your mind's *made up*.

Enter COUNT and FLORESTEIN, arm-in-arm, very hot, 1ST E. L.)

COUNT.

Phew! this is hot! What, ho! some lemonade –
I'm nearly boiled – it's eighty in the shade!
I'm not a cook, a cooking of a praty,
Altho' I am a boiling *up at eighty!*

FLORES. (*sees THAD. and ARL.*)

Hullo! A gipsy my **Arline** addresshing!
Well, this is cool – I may say quite refreshing!
Go on; but you've forgotten quite, I see
(These things escape one so) you're pledged to me!
(*To THAD.*) Who are you, scum? Admit the truth you'd best.

THAD.

A wandering knight who takes his evening rest
Under a hedge, or where he finds a rick set.

COUNT.

Under a hedge? Why, this must be Don *Quick-set!*
A wanderer whose back there's scarce a rag upon!
A wagabon? A theme my tongue can *wag upon!*
I'll teach you o'er the country thus to roam,
Six months for daring not to have a home!

ARL.

Then his companion in the jail I'll be,
For years I was a houseless, sir, as he;
It's hard to have no home – you only try it.

COUNT (*relenting*).

Well, so it is, its *'ouseless* to deny it.

ARL. (*points to THAD.*)

This is my notion of a handsome phiz,
My Thaddeus! He is mine, and I am his.

COUNT (*aside*).

A common gipsy, going through life's scene,
With Miss Arline's an awful *misarleence*.

THAD.

I'm no mere gipsy, I'm a swell by birth.

COUNT.

A swell? Ha! ha!

THAD.

Most unbecoming mirth.
 [*Hands COUNT a document on which is painted a complicated coat of arms.*]

My crest! That shows I come of noble kin.
 COUNT (*returning it*).

They're "found" for four and six in Lincoln's Inn!

THAD.

My mother's line is long –

COUNT.

Yes – I'll take oaths on it! –
 She couldn't otherwise hang out the clothes on it.

THAD.

I have commanded Polish regiments, crack ones,
 The Polish Guards.

COUNT.

You mean, of course, the black ones.

THAD.

I've frequently smelt powder, hear me swear it.

COUNT.

Oh, very likely, servants often wear it.

THAD.

Foiled! foiled! Distraction – everything goes wrong.
 Stay! an idea! attention for a song.

SONG. – THADDEUS.
Air – Fair Land of Poland.

THAD.

When to share land in Poland allowed, to my roof
 Once a year came a man badly drest.
 His shirt it was shady, and splashed was his hoof,
 And an inkbottle hung at his breast.
 He handed a paper and surlily frowned,
 With for payment a sulky request.
 And the paper he handed me then, as I found
 Was a schedule of taxes assessed.
 My private carriages, my servants, my crest.

COUNT.

It's not your own – it's not your own.

THAD.

My men in livery, my horses, my crest,
 Which is my own, which is my own, were thus asses't!

(*Hands a schedule of assessed taxes to the COUNT, business as in Opera.*)

COUNT (*reads*).

Dogs, carriages, each girl a horse allowed her,
 Servants, armorial bearings, and hair powder.
 Yes, everything I see extremely proper,
 You were an unmistakeable tiptopper.
 Take her, she's yours, and now the war is o'er,

Your forfeit property I'll soon restore.
 I'll raise your rank as soon as you are plighted.
 (to THAD.) You shall be baroneted, (to ARL.) and u-nited.

[THADDEUS and ARLINE embrace.

You little know with whom you have to deal.

QUEEN. (*coming forward.*)

But stay! I have a secret to reveal.
 Now, now for Devilshoof – let him advance.
 You are –

DEVIL.

Of course, I see it at a glance!

QUEEN.

Let *me* reveal the secret!

DEVIL.

No I shan't!
 My mother! sister! second cousin! aunt!
 My brother's wife! the niece of my papa!
 My uncle's sister, and my grandmama!
 The only daughter of my sister's son,
 And all my female relations in one!
 To specify them all I will not tarry,
 My everybody – whom I mustn't marry!
 [QUEEN embraces DEVILSHOOF.

QUEEN.

Count, are you pretty steady?

COUNT.

Like a rock.

QUEEN.

Then nerve yourself for a gigantic shock.
 Your little wife you'll recognize in me,
 But stolen from you at the age of three!

COUNT.

This is indeed a blow. But what's your history?

QUEEN.

I am a deep unfathomable mystery,
 A sphinx, and one worn out by grief and strife,
As sphinx it's time she dropped that line of life.
 In me see one who's drained her bitter cup,
 A living riddle, – giving herself up! (*throws herself into COUNT's arms.*)

ARL.

So, gipsies, Arline bids you all “good-bye,”
 But, ere she quits her gipsy life for aye,
 Permit her once to ply her ancient trade.
 (to audience.) You married gentlemen, I'm much afraid
 There's a surprise in store, before you sup, for you –
 What is it? *A dark lady's sitting up for you!*
 Ladies – for you a journey, I declare –
 With a *fare* man – the man who takes your fare!
 For both – a gift – to take it of us deign;
 We give you – leave to go, and come again!

To make you tell *my* fortune now I mean.
 What fate is on the cards for poor Arline?
 How has she played? – for 'twas to *play* she came –
 How say you – has the gipsy won her game?
 The game – no easy one – she understands:
 You've simplified it, for you've "shown your hands!"

FINALE.

Air – Allons gai chasseurs – Oeil crèvé.

ARL. Don't go away; one moment stay; attention kindly lending;
 My vital sands within your hands – this evening all along have been;
 So life and death upon your health decidedly depending.
 The right to live be pleased to give – to give to Thaddeus and Arline!

ALL. Don't go away; one moment stay, &c., &c., &c.

Air – Change to "Come lasses or lads."

QUEEN. Perhaps you're aware I'm a Zingara fair,
 And I come from my Norwood glade.

THAD. If you'll return, his thanks you'll earn,
 And all expenses paid.

FLORES. It's a pickle-y ickle-y sing!

MAX. And tiddly, iddly wing!

COUNT. It's a tiddly, widdly, popply, wopply
 Pickly, ickly sing!

ALL. It's a tiddly widdly, &c., &c., &c.

Air changes to "Allons gai chasseurs."

ALL. Don't go away, &c.
 Long life to Thaddeus and Arline!

CURTAIN.