

William Schwenck Gilbert, 1836-1911

La Vivandière: Or True To The Corps!  
An Operatic Extravaganza Founded On  
Donizetti's Opera, *La Figlia Del Regimento*.

First Produced at St. James's Hall, Liverpool, Saturday, June 15th, 1867

<b>Count Roberto</b> The husband of the Marchioness of Birkenfelt, disguised as Manfred, and living on the summit of Mont Blanc.	Mr. C. Wyndham
<b>Tonio</b> A Chamouni guide, also living, in another sense, on Mont Blanc, a Mazeppa without his wild steed, that is to say a <i>chasm-er</i> and one to whom Sulpizio agrees to <i>jine his Darter-y</i>	Miss M. Brennan
<b>The Earl of Margate</b> A British Tourist unknown to Donizetti, one of the many liberties taken by the Author, with the original story; a liberty however that no one will resent, as it will be apologised for by	Miss Goodall
<b>Lord Pentonville</b> His Companion, man of small Parts.	Miss Deane
<b>Sir Peckham Rye</b> His Companion, man of small Parts.	Miss Armstrong
<b>The Marquis of Cranbourne Alley</b> His Companion, man of small Parts.	Miss Vining
<b>Pumpnickel</b> Steward to the Marchioness, in love with everybody.	Mr. E. Newbound
<b>Sergeant Sulpizio</b> Paymaster Sergeant and Drill Sergeant Major, risen <i>from</i> the ranks <i>to</i> the ranks	Mr. J. D. Stoyale
<b>Cospetto</b> Soldier who doesn't say much, but—thinks a good deal	Miss Chester
<b>Ortensio</b> Soldier who doesn't say much, but—thinks a good deal	Miss J. Gunniss
<b>Notary</b> his motto is <i>deeds</i> , not <i>words</i>	Mr. A. Brown
<b>Maria</b> Supposed to be the child of the Regiment; Roberto, however eventually discovers that Miss Maria's his daughter	Miss Maria Simpson
<b>Marchioness of Birkenfelt</b> her Mother	Miss H. Everard
<b>Cocotte</b> her Maid	Miss E. Seymour
Guests, Happy Peasants, Soldiers, and others, by a host of unrecognized Siddonses and Kembles	

**Scene 1. – The Grand Mulets on Mont Blanc. Sunset.**

*The Pic-Nic. "The mysterious Stranger." The Vivandiere and the belted Earl. The Rescue. Meet me by Moonlight, and a Gal'op on the Grand Mule-eh!!!*

**Scene 2. – The Guard Room, Secret of Maria's birth revealed. THE LOVERS. THE COMPACT. WHAT A PLAN!**

**SCENE 3. – CHATEAU OF THE MARCHIONESS, CHAMOUNI. MONT BLANC IN THE DISTANCE.**

*Preparations for a Fete in honour of her Birthday.*

**Grand Ballet in which the Misses EMMA and ELLEN GUNNISS will appear.**

*"Mysterious Stranger" again. Sudden appearance of the French Contortionist – Goodalet, Wyndmande, Gunoche, and Stoylete . The Regiment in the Blues. Maria dines and deserts. Grief of the Fallen-tears. General Woe ending in a general Jig.*

**Scene 4, as B 4. – A tender farewell Separation of the Lovers.**

*MARIA gives vent to her grief in a Cornet Solo, A la Levy. The Marchioness carries off her daughter. The Clock Strikes, and the Scene ends with a grand Din, Din.*

**Scene 5. – Illuminated gardens belonging to the Chateau of Birkenfelt.**

**CASCADE AND FOUNTAIN OF REAL WATER.**

*Two years are supposed to have elapsed. "The mysterious Stranger" again – he has changed colour. Startling introduction and intense agitation. The wounded Soldier. Union of the Lovers. General ecstasy, and*

**BLAZE OF TRIUMPH.**

**Scene I.** – *Grands Mulets on Mont Blanc. Sunset. Lord Margate and his five Companions are discovered at Luncheon.*

CHORUS.

*Air* . – *Galop from "Orphée aux Enfers."*

Thoughts of care away we fling,  
And gaily drink and gaily sing,  
And gaily sing – and gaily sing –  
And gaily, gaily, gaily sing.  
Hither, when our flight we wing  
With songs we make the welkin ring:  
The welkin ring, the welkin ring,  
The welkin, welkin, welkin ring.

SOLO. – LORD MARGATE.

When home in Piccadilly,  
Turning, willy, nilly,  
Little noddles, silly, silly, silly, silly,  
Each pretty little filly,  
Polly, Jenny, Tilly,  
Finds she must to us capitulate.

*All.* Here we dance and here we sing, &c.

*Ld. Mar.* Marquis of Cranbourne Alley's leave I cry –  
Lord Pentonville's, and yours, Sir Peckham Rye.  
You all remember, when we left the shore  
Of Rule Britannia, we in concert swore  
We'd do our best, on reaching these localities  
To show our undisputed nationalities,  
To show contempt in everything that *we* did:  
Tell me, my comrades, how have we succeeded?

*Marq. of Cran.* I've sworn at all who've hindered my researches.  
*Ld. Penton.* I've worn my hat in all the foreign churches.  
*Sir Peck.* When Frenchmen have conversed with me or you,  
We've always turned the talk to Waterloo!

*Ld. Mar.* I've half a dozen Frenchmen tried to teach  
That I'm twelve times as brave and strong as each,  
And showed that this corollary must follow, –  
One Englishman can thrash twelve Frenchmen hollow.

*Marq. of Cran.*  
But *did* you?

*Ld. Mar.* Well, they asked me if I wouldn't,

But they were only six: of course I couldn't!

*Marq. of Cran. (looking off.)*

Hello, who's this, who bounds from crag to crag?

Is it "Excelsior," without his flag?

Old sombre garments deck his every limb,

Though he's on white crags, *black rags* are on him.

*Ld. Pen.*

See how he bounds o'er yonder frozen plain,

From ice to snow, from snow to ice again.

*Ld. Mar.*

Well, that's not odd: a man who would look nice

Should always have his (s) *nose* between his *ice*,

Let's watch him unobserved, away you go –

Conceal yourselves beneath the frozen snow.

*Ld. Pen.*

But it'll be so cold, I'm frozen blue!

*Ld. Mar.*

What matter, so you be *congealed* from view!

*They all conceal themselves behind portions of the 'set,' when they are hidden, enter*

ROBERTO, with *alpenstock*.

*Rob.*

In dress, and thought, and look, and vocal tone,

I'm p'raps the gloomiest party ever known!

I'm wretched, dull, uncomfortably broody!

The only books I read I get from *Moodie*;

I go about in black and dismal rags,

And only care to haunt black beetling crags.

This mountain – white – I should in horror shun,

But that it is so very often *dun*.

Black nigger songs to sing I only care

And breathe a nipping and *an iggur* air,

And do my best to make myself appear

Like a cold mute, employed by *chilly-bier*.

LORD MARGATE *and his Companions appear and surround him.*

*Ld. Mar.*

Declare yourself instanter, or I'll fell you!

Your name?

*Rob.*

My name? guess three times and I'll tell you.

*Marq. of Cran.*

Hamlet!

*Ld. Pen.*

The Stranger!

*Rob.*

No, that's two already.

Ld. Mar.

Robinson Crusoe!

Rob.

Pretty near – *Man freddy!*

Ld. Mar.

I know, two years ago at Drury Lane  
You went on in a manner quite insane;  
I know, and may I ask without intrusion  
What is the meaning of your sad seclusion?

Rob. (*mysteriously*)

I'm married, that's the circumstance that kills me!

Ld. Mar. (*shuddering.*)

The icy horror of your story thrills me!  
How could you hope to live 'neath such a ban?  
Married! Oh you unfortunate old man.

Rob.

Of all my ills that circumstance the fountain's!

Ld. Mar.

You call 'em *ills*, by Jove, I call 'em *mountains*.

Rob.

They are – so many I could hardly count 'em,  
In vain I've often essayed to surmount 'em,  
But failed in scaling them, full twenty times.  
What wonder that I fled to other *climbs*?  
I was a soldier ere I took a wife,  
But when I did, she led me such a life;  
I trembled as I drained my bitter cup:  
E'en on parade I used to "*shudder up!*"  
At length she said, in some domestic strife,  
"Go fight your country's battles, not your wife."  
The notion seemed particularly good,  
At home I learnt to fight – I *fought* I would,  
And so I went, escaping wife and writs  
To fight the Austrians at Austerlitz:  
Ten horses were shot under me – sure I'm of it,  
We had indeed a most *horse tryin'* time of it;  
My comrades' blood on every side was spilled,  
At length my turn arrived, and *I* was killed!  
A bullet where my brain should be, went through.

Ld. Mar.

How sad. (*affecting to weep.*)

Rob.

Yes, at the time I felt it, too;  
I was reported dead, but – do not start,  
My head is not a very vital part;  
I had but swooned, nor thought I should be soon dead.  
Says they, "he's killed," thinks I, "Oh no, he's *wounded*."  
When I recovered and became awake,  
I took advantage of the sad mistake:  
I came up here, that I might live alone,

And shun my scolding wife's upbraiding tone.  
She drove me mad with everlasting teazin'!

*Ld. Mar.*

Up here you'll never feel a *loss* of (*f*) *reasin*!  
(*aside.*) That squint! that nose! Ha, can it be? It can  
The Marchioness of Birkenfelt's good man;  
He left her years ago. I know her well;  
She's down at Chamouni: a splendid sell  
'Twould be to take him down in friendly tether,  
And bring the loving pair once more together;  
She persecutes me, 'twill be tit for tat.  
(*To ROBERTO*). Manfred, it seems a thousand pities that  
A person of your intellectual bent, (*crosses left*)  
With such a fund of lofty sentiment,  
Should waste it on the air – away we'll burk you,  
And form a joint stock company to work you,  
Come, with us from your mountain holdfast sally,  
And try the soothing joys of yonder valley,  
A decent servant hire, some handy elf,  
And set a proper *valley* on yourself.

*Rob.*

True, true, I've had enough of mountain dallying  
Here in my chilly chalet, *shilly shallying*:  
This icy solitude I've had my fill on,  
A pris'ner – and a pris'ner with the *chill on*,  
I'll join your party.

*Ld. Mar.*

It'll do you good,

*Rob.*

I'll be a swell.

*Ld. Mar.*

It's just *as well* you should.

*Rob.*

A silky sable wear when out I stir  
A proper garment for a *flossy fur*.

[LORD MARGATE *and Companions offer ROBERTO Champagne bottle – Business.*

*Rob.*

Champagne? Ah! once I thought it very plis'nt  
An empty vanity, (*spills wine*) Oh, no, it isn't! (*drinks with disgust.*)  
And there are some who love this filthy drink!  
*Is it champagne?* (*drinks*) No, it's Moselle I think, (*drinks.*)  
And this men drink, and then talk wildly, blabbily. (*They offer him more.*)  
Hock, and Sauterne? they haven't done it *Shabbily*.  
Ha, Burgundy, and Claret, every sort,  
This summit tall, provides a *summit short*,  
Of such a landscape who could take a survey?  
The mountain's drunk—it's clearly *tipsy-turvey*.

DUET AND CHORUS.  
*Air* – "For a few days."

*Rob.* The fumes of wine obstruct my view  
With a rude haze – with a rude haze –  
The fumes of wine when mingled, do  
In a rude haze all things blend!

*Ld. Mar.* But of hours there are twenty four  
In the true days – in the true days –  
Yes, of hours there are twenty four  
'Ere the true day's at an end!

*Chorus.* Yes, yes, twenty four  
In the true days – in the true days –  
Yes, yes, twenty four  
'Ere the true day's at an end!

*Ld. Mar.* You mustn't talk in this shocking way,  
For it rude is – for it rude is –

*Rob.* I quite agree in what you say:  
That it rude is all agree.  
The books I read, as I said before,  
Are from Mudie's – are from Mudie's:  
The books on which I set a store  
Are from Mudie's libraree!

*Chorus.* Yes, yes, all he reads  
Are from Mudie's – are from Mudie's –  
Yes, yes, all he reads  
Are from Mudie's libraree!

*Enter MARIA from opposite direction. She does not see LORD MARGATE and his party.*

*Maria.*  
So, half my walk is done, I think I'd best  
Do my *remainder* when I've done my *rest*. (*Sits on rock.*)  
An uncongenial seat! I wish I could  
Exclaim with perfect truth "*Sofa so good.*" (*Sees tourists.*)  
Oh, who are these? I wasn't sir, aware –

*Ld. Mar.*  
Don't be alarmed, most charming vivandiere,  
We'll be your escort, may we make so bold? (*MARIA appears frightened.*)  
Why how you're trembling! If it's caused by cold  
Accept this coat. (*offering fur coat.*)

*Maria. (aside.)*  
I'm in a pretty mess caught!  
(*aloud.*) Thanks, I require neither coat nor ( w ) *escort*.

*Ld. Mar.*  
Then tell us why you're here, discarding flam any.

*Maria.*  
I walked up here from Chamouni.

Ld. Mar.

Oh, jammini!

Maria.

My morning stroll is from yon fertile plain,  
Right up Mount Blanc each day and down again;  
When I get down again, for bread I'm famine-y.

Ld. Mar.

What down to even money!

Maria.

Even *cham-money*.

Ld. Mar.

We'll take our toll then, come, kiss all the lot.  
Yes, by my troth I swear.

Maria. (*repulsing him.*)

Betrothed we're not.

Ld. Mar. (*putting his arm round her.*)

Sweet avalanche of charms in one fair bunch!

Maria. (*repulsing him.*)

An avalanche! you've had an '*eavy lunch* .

All.

We want a kiss.

Maria.

Well, if I must be kiss't,  
Of course it's useless for me to resist.  
(*aside.*) If Tonio would but come to my relief!  
(*aloud.*) It's opportunity that makes the thief.

Ld. Mar.

The opportunity's your pretty face,  
An opportunity we'll all embrace! (*They endeavour to kiss her.*)

Maria.

Help! help! help! help! Respect my accents moany, oh.  
Oh Tonio, Tonio, where, where art thou, Tonio!

[*Enter TONIO . She rushes to his arms. Tableau.*]

You are all armed or quickly he'd correct you.

Tonio.

Don't be *all-armed*, I'm here, dear, to protect you.  
(*to Ld. Mar.*) I'll pitch you over if you touch the girl;  
You're a pretty fellow for a *hurl* .  
(*to Maria.*) Maria, if he tries to come too near,  
I'll pitch a snowball at this ( *s* ) *noball* peer.

Ld. Mar.

Shall a chivalric Earl thus tamely risk her,  
For such a *curl* be *bearded* by this *swiss-curl*?  
(*to Tonio proudly.*)  
It's Margate's heir, young man, that you're displacing.

Tonio.

I've heard the *air* of Margate is (*hem!*) *bracing*?  
My name is Tonio; now, if you please,  
Inform me who are you, and who are these? (*pointing to Tourists.*)

TRIO AND CHORUS. – LORD MARGATE, TONIO, MARIA, AND COMPANIONS.

*Air* . – "The Galloping Snob."

*Ld. Mar.*                   Whoever can you be, not to know,  
Not to know, not to know  
The lolloping nobs of Rotten Row.  
[Imitating with their alpenstocks the attitude of Rotten Row loungers leaning  
over the railings, while Tonio and Maria gallop up and down before them.  
We are those lolloping nobs,  
With our fingers in our fobs,  
We watch the passing cobs,  
We watch the cobs, the cobs, the cobs,  
The galloping cobs of Rotten Row.

*Chorus.*                   We are those lolloping snobs, &c.

*Tonio.*                    You Alpine snobs, with your dot and go,  
Dot and go, dot and go.  
                                  [Imitating the action of men walking with alpenstocks.  
If you don't mind, you'll be shot, and go

*Maria.*                    It will, right through your nobs,  
You dreadful Alpine snobs,  
With your fingers in your fobs,  
You dreadful snobs, you snobs, you snobs,  
You Alpine snobs, with your dot and go.

*Chorus.*                   You/we dreadful alpine snobs, &c.

DANCE – SCENE CLOSES.

**Scene II.** – Interior of Guardroom. Enter *Cospetto* meeting *Ortensio* .

*Orten.*  
Sergeant Sulpizio's in an awful way  
Our daughter he's not seen since break of day.

*Corp.*  
She left this morning, matters not to mince,  
To climb Mount Blanc and ain't been heard of since!  
Perhaps she's fallen down some fearful cut in it,  
Some chasm.

*Oten.*  
If she has she's put her fut in it!

Enter SERGEANT SULPIZIO.

*Sul.*  
Where is our daughter?

Orten.

Up on yonder height.

Sul.

Once more upon her reckless headlong flight,  
Bounding from rock to rock! Herself she bears  
As if that flight were but a flight of stairs.

Cos.

Oh, she's sure footed quite: you know it's true,  
Come give the darling girl her mountain due,  
She's like an antelope on ridge or coping.

Sul.

An antelope? I hope she *an't eloping*.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Maria.*

Papa, why what's all this! why look so glum?

*Sul. (embracing her)*

My ravings were but empty froth—she's *come*,  
(*sternly*) You should have asked and got the full consent,  
Of all your fathers, 'ere away you went.

*Maria.*

To please a thousand fathers hard for me,  
How can I when they always disagree?  
(*shivering*) I am so cold, how can you treat your ward so?  
Upon the mount it froze so.

*Sul.*

Yes, I *thawed* so;

No wonder you're frozen by your climb,  
You're precious ( *s* ) *nowing*, and you talk in *rime*.  
You shouldn't leave the valley, you're too fragile.

*Maria.*

Forgive me! There, to show I'm very agile,  
At one big bound, although the road's a hard 'un,  
I go from Chamouni to *Pardon—pardon*;

*Sul. (kissing her)*

Then you're forgiven: now then to reveal  
A secret which I longer can't conceal,  
I've always said and you believed it true,  
You were the Reg'ment's daughter, didn't you?

*Maria.*

Oh yes, a thousand fathers now surround me.

*Sul. (impressively)*

You're *not* the Reg'ment's daughter!

*Maria. (amazed)*

You astound me!

*Sul.*

Long years ago upon a battle plain,  
The Captain of my company was slain.  
But ere he died, he handed to my care  
A pretty Baby beautifully fair,



And dolls that were impossible in their magnificence.  
Yes, in my childhood's happy day,  
Those were the sort of toys with which I used to play.  
Instructive magic lanterns were the costly consequence,  
And dolls that were impossible in their magnificence.

*Sul.* My playthings, as a boy, were neither elegant nor new;  
A bit of chalk, a rabbit skin, some washerwoman's blue,  
Some cobbler's wax, a cabbage, half-a-pipe, a lump of glue,  
A piece of string, a kitten, seven buttons and a shoe!  
Yes, in my boyhood's happy day,  
Those were the only toys with which I used to play.  
Some cobbler's wax, a cabbage, half-a-pipe, a lump of glue,  
A piece of string, a kitten, seven buttons and a shoe!

(COMIC DANCE.)

*Exeunt* SULPIZIO, COSPETTO, and ORTENSIO. TONIO *pops his head in at the door.*

*Tonio.*  
May I come in, Maria? It's your lover.

*Maria,*  
Oh, Tonio. – If the sergeant should discover! (*TONIO comes in.*)  
The Sergeant's grown suspicious, dear, of late.

*Tonio.*  
The matter's *urgent*, dear, and cannot wait:  
I come to say I love you; wilt be mine?

*Maria.*  
You love me? yes, that's all extremely fine,  
You've conquered *me*, but haven't done your task;  
My thousand father's leave you first must ask;  
These gallant soldiers all are my papas!

*Tonio.*  
Who are your mothers then?

*Maria.*  
My mothers? *Mars* !  
If their consent you can beg, steal, or borrow,  
I'll be your little wifey dear to-morrow.  
'Twas but the accident of fire and sword  
Made me their *protégée*, their little ward.

*Tonio.*  
Oh, what a union! bless you for affording it,  
A union, too, with such a *casual ward* in it.

*Maria.*  
A casual ward? That never very sad is,  
When cared for by a thousand "kind old daddies."

DUET. – TONIO *and* MARIA.  
*Air* – “*Dites, la jeune belle.*”

*Tonio.* Sweeter lollipop than –  
Longer I dare not stay –  
*Maria.* Fleeter, never a man,  
Flew from his love away;  
My fathers you'll seek – a,  
I'll be yours in a week – a,  
If they agreeing are.

*Tonio.* What? a week, without slumber?  
*Maria.* Yes, remember their number;  
*Tonio.* The date is much too far.

*Both.* Sweeter lollipop than –  
Longer he dares not stay,  
Fleeter, never a man,  
Flew from his love away.  
[*At the conclusion of the Duet, they embrace each other.*]

*Enter* SULPIZIO.

*Sul.*  
A "Guide" to Polly paying his addresses  
I'll give you mustard, Miss, with your *caresses*,  
With a mere guide, a poor Mont Blanc explorer!

*Tonio.* (*kissing her.*)  
This is my way of showing I adore her.

*Sul.* (*dragging him away.*)  
Of these proceedings, sir, I'll have no more.  
This is my way of showing you a *door*. (*points to door.*)  
Unless you do those loving words rescind, o.'  
Sulpizio, here, *sal pitz yo* out of window.  
Be off, or you shall go to your account.

*Maria.*  
Don't treat him so, he did, when on the mount,  
From six stout English noblemen assist me,  
Who, led by one, Lord Margate, would have kiss't me.  
And when my blood was curdled with alarms,  
He *curdled* me within his manly arms,  
He to my rescue, or you'd outlive me;  
Need I say more, *or esk you* to forgive me.

*Sul.* (*To Tonio.*)  
When first she came among us, sir, we said  
Maria should a soldier only wed,  
Into a soldier if you like we'll coin you,  
If you consent to join us, why we'll join you,

[TONIO *gives her hand a token of consent.*]

TRIO. – SULPIZIO, MARIA, *and* TONIO.

*Air.* – "*Ciascun lo dice.*"

*Maria.* Tonio devoted ne'er will we part,  
Your only trump card, pluckily, pluckily playing  
*Sul.* You'll be promoted, your loving heart,  
Down at her tootsies luckily, luckily laying!  
*Tonio,* I am devoted as you agree  
When I'm promoted, wedded we'll be.  
*Maria.* What a plan, what a plan, what a plan 'twill be  
*Tonio.* What a plan, what a plan to be joined to she.  
*Sul.* There never was known such an excellent plan,  
There never was seen such a brave little man.

*Air changes to Rataplan Chorus.*

*All.* What a plan, what a plan, what a plan,  
What a plan, what a plan, plan, plan,  
If I'm right I'll/he'll delight for to fight day and night and at sight he will draw on a foe;  
What a plan, what a plan, what a plan,  
What a plan, what a plan, plan, plan,  
I'm/He's a wight, very dight, ready quite for to bite, like a kite at a chick or a crow.

*DANCE.* – *and off together.*

**Scene III.** – —*Exterior of Marchioness of Birkenfelt's Chateau, in Chamouni. View of Mont Blanc in the distance. A triumphal Arch is seen at the back of the stage hung with evergreens, banners, &c., and the scene generally, conveys the idea that festive preparations are in progress. Villagers superintended by Pumpernickel are discovered hanging Flags, dressing the Arch, &c., On the Arch is inscribed the legend "Of Age to Day." Bells heard.*

*Enter LORD MARGATE and his companions, they contemplate the proceedings with dignified curiosity.*

*Ld. Mar.*  
Why bless us, what's all this? What's up, I say?

*Pump.*  
The Marchioness has come of age to-day.

*Ld. Mar.*  
Of age, Ha! ha! ha! ha! It's time she did,  
Why she was thirty, when I was a kid.

*Pump. (amazed)*  
A splendid creature, for a princess fit,  
A woman of a thousand, you'll admit.

*Ld. Mar.*  
One of a thousand! No – but truth to say,  
She's one of forty seven, if a day!

*Pump.*  
The cannon's firing, and the bells are ringing,

All nature with one voice to-day is singing  
The very trees rejoice as on she marches,  
With joyous ( s ) *beeches* and triumphal ( l ) *arches* . (*Pointing to the Arch*)  
That one appears to say, "Hail Beauty's Queen,  
She's twenty one!"

*Ld. Mar.* (*pretending to admire it.*)

Yes, it's extremely green.

*Pump.*

But see, she comes with grace in every feature,  
(*rapturously*). Oh, isn't she a charming, charming creature.

SONG – LORD MARGATE.

*Air* . – "*Oh, how delightful.*"

(This song is missing from the seen copy.)

*Enter the MARCHIONESS from house attended by peasants, throwing flowers; she has all the appearance of a faded Coquette, and her manner is characterized by an affectation of extreme juvenility: all hurrah as she enters.*

*Marchs.*

Of age, a baby but the other day!  
How rapidly my years have passed away!  
Ah, how time flies.

*Ld. Mar.* (*aside*).

So quickly has it run:

Her fifty years have seemed like twenty-one!  
(*aloud*). No wonder that it passes as you mention,  
Such beauty must command so much attention. (*retires.*)

*Ld. Cran.*

Those sunny smiles the coldest heart would jog,  
(*aside.*) They're very like the sun seen thro' a fog.

*Ld. Pen.*

The rose and lily matched, in colour could be!  
(*aside.*) Only the rose is where the lily should be.

*Sir Peck.*

Yes, strawberries and cream, and all the rest of it,  
(*aside.*) Only the strawberries have much the best of it!

*Marchs.*

My simple beauty of itself don't tell,  
I'm worshipped for my rank and wealth as well,  
I am no fool. (*ogling.*)

*Ld. Mar.*

How roguishly it twinkles!

Some one has put you up to lots of *wrinkles* .

*Marchs.*

They were born with me, sir.

*Ld. Mar.*

Yes, I'll engage,

Your wrinkles, like yourself *have come of age* .

*Marchs.*

Some people say and tell me as a duty,  
My cheeks are much too ruddy for a beauty.

*Ld. Mar.*

The wretch who said so is with falsehood tainted,  
T hey're nothing like so ruddy as they're painted.

*Marchs.*

That I should use more powder!

*Ld. Mar.*

Powder? *Puff!*

*Marchs.*

And that my figure's padded!

*Ld. Mar.*

Padded? *Stuff!*

*Marchs.*

My hair a wig, that's rudeness pretty blunt,

*Ld. Mar.*

Rudeness? I stigmatize it as *affront* .

*Marchs.*

That it's stained yellow – things which I denied first,

*Ld. Mar.*

*You* stain your tresses yellow? you'd have *died* first.

*Pump.*

The country ringing with your fame of feature,  
And such a voice.

*Ld. Mar.*

Yes, you are a famous ( *s* ) *creature*.

*Pump.*

Now villagers, a dance, and soldier's too  
Her ladyship would see what you can do,  
The anniversary, friends, of her birth  
You've got some *ground* for showing her some *mirth*.

*Grand Ballet; at the conclusion, the MARCHIONESS goes into the house with her attendants:  
then enter ROBERTO.*

*Rob.*

Poor thoughtless butterflies, they little think  
That grief is joy disguised in robes of ink.

*Ld. Mar.*

Well, Manfred, this is better far I guess  
Than life up there in lazy loneliness.

*Rob.*

Lazy! Ha, ha; I really thought you knew  
The nature of the work I had to do;  
For fifteen years I've been engaged for one  
In tunnelling the Alps: it's not yet done,

*Sulp.*

For fifteen years! I'd freely have assured them

That long 'ere this you'd thoroughly have *bored* them.

Rob.

Gigantic rocks and frozen mountains too,  
You've no idea what I had to go through.

Sulp.

Console yourself with this reflection aided,  
You didn't *go through* half as much as they did.

Ld. Mar.

The Marchioness you've seen, (*winking.*)

Rob.

What makes you wink so?

Ld. Mar.

A splendid woman!

Rob. (*interested.*)

*Is she?*

Sulp.

I should think so.

Rob.

Well, well, what matters it although she be?  
That sort of thing has passed away from me.  
Though I was once, you'd hardly think it— yet,  
I was the jolliest dog in all my 'set.'  
The evening parties that I gave unfurled  
The jolliest little suppers in the world.  
Cut oranges and sandwiches a plateful,  
And ginger wine, but still they were ungrateful;  
My sandwiches aside they'd coolly put 'em,  
And wouldn't even take this '*and which* cut 'em:  
My ginger wine, they'd openly contemn,  
As if my ginger wine could ( *g* ) *injure* them.  
Yes, at my parties, somehow, all seemed surly,  
They didn't go, although my guests did— early.

TRIO.— ROBERTO, LORD MARGATE, and SULPIZIO.

*Air* . — *Payne's Cap Dance in Cinderella.*

Rob.

Oh, of all men I have been the most unfortunate.

Ld. Mar.

Words, which cannot fail their hearers all to shock:

Rob.

Woe, for fools alone to know me are importunate;

Sul.

Birds, whose feathers are the same, together flock:

Rob. (*irritated.*)

Dickies of a feather, says the proverb, fly together,  
But I do not seem to see that that applies to me.

Sul. and Ld. Mar. (*laughing.*)

Dickies of a feather, says the proverb, fly together,  
But he doesn't seem to see that that applies to he.

Rob.

Why must I in vain for sympathy be calling out?

Ld. Mar.

You of course can't understand how that can be:

Rob.

I with fools cannot get on, we're always falling out:

Sul.

Two of one profession never do agree.

Rob. (*irritated.*)

Two of a profession don't agree, but that expression

Doesn't seem, in my opinion, to apply to me.  
*Sul. and Ld. Mar. (laughing.)*  
Two of a profession don't agree, but that expression  
Doesn't seem, in his opinion, to apply to he.

*French grotesque Dance.*

ROBERTO *slides off to the slow movement, and* LORD MARGATE *follows him, imitating his action. Then enter* ORTENSIO, COSPETTO, *and Soldiers, all weeping.*

*Cos.*  
Here's tidings! Our Maria we shall lose,  
To-night I'll get no slumber thro' this *noose* .

*Enter Sulpizio.*

*Sul.*  
The regiment blubbering, beyond a doubt,  
Wriggling and weeping! what's it all about?

*Ort.*  
We're reg'lars, and not wrigglers.

*Sul.*  
It appears  
You're more like *wrigglers* mixed with *fallen tears*,

*Enter Marchioness.*

*Marchs.*  
Why, what's all this; all weeping unexpect'ly,  
And I of age to-day? Rejoice directly.  
To-day with joy you should away be carried.

*Ort.*  
Our Vivandiere is going to be married.

*Sul.*  
The Regiment's daughter, she on girlhood's brink,  
At least we've always *daught her* so to think;  
Because when *borne* to us in utter dearth,  
We gave the friendless little child a *berth*.

*Ort.*  
We gave her then a place, her fortune made is.

*Sul.*  
Well, soldiers always should give place to ladies,  
Away for someone else she wants to fling us:  
The viper that we've warmed now turns to sting us:  
The tears come welling when I think on't!

*Marchs.*  
Does 'em.

*Sul.*  
And thus I tear the *wiper* from my buzzum.  
*[Takes a very common pocket handkerchief from his breast and wipes his eyes on it.]*

*Marchs. (startled.)*

That handkerchief to me one moment give,  
(*looking at mark.*) My late lamented husband's as I live!  
It was his only one, he loved it so!  
His habit was to wear it.

*Sul.*

*Were it though?*

*Marchs.*

See, here's his name, by me the writing's done  
In patent marking ink, "Roberto – One."

*Sul.*

I always thought and always said it too,  
The day would *gum* when this would give some *glue*:  
My shipwrecked hopes clung to that fond belief,  
And my chief anchor was this *handkerchief* .

*Marchs.*

To me his death a blow tremendous dealt;  
The mainstay of the house of Birkenfelt:  
I let it when he first paid nature's debts  
At Austerlitz, and now the *'ouse to let's!*  
We had one girl – a female – one alone:  
He was the most devoted father known;  
Towards the infant he felt such attraction,  
He always took it with him into action,  
There they were killed, no doubt of that I fear!

*Sul. (who has been struggling with his feelings during this speech.)*

The Captain was – the little Babe is here!

*Enter MARIA, followed by LORD MARGATE and his companions, who are annoying her with their attentions.*

*Marchs. (embracing Maria.)*

My child! I haven't seen her, that I know,  
Since she was born, just nineteen years ago.

*Ld. Mar.*

Then this astounding fact remains untold,  
You must have been a Ma at two years old.

*Marchs.*

She's got her mother's eyes, her mother's fin,  
Her mother's nose, her mother's little chin.

*Sul.*

But no one in her conduct ever saw  
Her mother's *cheek*, nor yet her mother's *jaw*.

*Marchs.*

Prepare to leave these soldier-folk to-day  
And join our family without delay.  
We're going to dinner, please to look alert.

*Sul.*

To dinner? No – you're going to *desert* .

*Marchs.*

Don't tease her so, or else away I'll hurry her,  
A soldier needn't always be a *worry-er* !

CONCERTED PIECE.

*Air* – “*Oh Mary, oh Mary.*”

*Sul.*

Most unhappy we are, losing our Maria:  
Us of her, this fat old female's going for rob.

*Maria.*

I shall miss you greatly, all disconsolately,  
I shall sigh, and sob, and cry, and sigh, and sob.

*Sul.*

Oh, Tarry, Oh Tarry;  
Tonio, you're bound to marry.  
Oh, Tarry, Oh Tarry,  
How can you treat your true love so.

*Chorus.*

Oh, Tarry, &c.

*Marchs.*

She's clearly in our power, a lovely little flower,  
The very image of her ma, as anyone can see.

*Ld. Mar.*

Honeysuckle, lily,  
Cowslip, daffodilly,

*Sul.*

Mignonette and violet, and a sprig of rosemary;  
Rose-mary, rose-mary,  
Is a type of this young fairy,  
Rose-mary, rose-mary,  
Bunch of the sweetest flowers that grow.  
Rose-mary, &c.

**Scene IV.** – *Interior of Guard Room, enter ORTENSIO meeting TONIO dressed as a Soldier.*

*Ort.*

Well, Tonio, I suppose you've heard the news,  
Our Vivandiere beloved, we soon shall lose.

*Tonio.*

Maria!

*Ort.*

Yes, Maria, as we named her.

The Marchioness of Birkenfelt has claimed her. (*Exit.*)

*Tonio.*

Burked? Agony! Then we shall parted be?  
Oh, how this *Burkin'* will be *felt* by me. [*Enter MARIA and Sulpizio.*  
Maria, say, is this report quite true?

*Sul.*

Ah, my young shaver, you may well look blue.

*Maria.*

Yes, Tonio, we must part for ever.

*Tonio.*

Why?

*Maria.*

Because our ranks apart so widely lie.  
You, in a private soldier's humble dress,  
A marchin' are – and I'm a *marchin' ess* .

*Tonio.*

But then, you are so brave, so good to all,  
You've always been adored by great and small;  
In action, always present, like a brick,  
With good strong brandy, tending on the sick,  
With pity, evergreen.

*Sul.*

Green! He's aware.

Her pity takes the form of *petit verre* .  
(*To Maria*) For cognac you would never let them pay,  
You always put it down, and so did they.

*Tonio.*

I've always paid my score, though long it be,  
For eau-de-vie, I never *owed a fee* .

*Maria.*

Farewell, my drum! none could your parchment rap  
So well as I.

*Sul. (pointing to her canteen)*

I always liked your *tap* .

*Maria.*

I ne'er shall beat you more, Adoo! Adoo!  
I bid a long *tata* to my *tattoo* .

TRIO – TONIO, MARIA *and* SULPIZIO.

*Air* – "*Tootle on the Cornet.*"

*Sul.*

Your thoughts when you have left our band,  
Will take a wider range,  
You'll wear expensive dresses,  
And a pocketful of change;  
In lavish stream will flow the fount,  
Of skilly and of toke,  
With more Cigars than you can count;  
But no you never smoke,  
Our heart was all her own,  
To ribbons she has torn it;  
To take her from us thus is very  
Brutal! brutal! brutal! but I've borne it!

*Tonio.*

You'll go to bed at 5 a.m.  
Get up at 12 or 1,  
And drive or go to Rotten Row;  
And when your ride is done,  
You'll lunch at three and then maybe,  
Drive out and make a call,  
Then drive at eight, and go in state,

To opera and ball.  
*Maria.* What quite forget my friends?  
I beg to say I'd scorn it,  
My grief I will embody in a,  
Tootle, Tootle, Tootle, on the Cornet.

CORNET SOLO. – MARIA.

*Maria.*  
I'll weigh my anchor now, or else I'll melt, –  
Say nothing to my mother; if you felt  
The weight of her displeasure, you'd not thank her.

*Sul.*  
She knows it's heavy, for she's *weighed her rancour*,  
She's now a lady, high in rank and style,  
While you, you know, are only *rank and vile* .

*Enter MARCHIONESS and PUMPERNICKEL.*

*Marchs.*  
Come, daughter, bid these people all good-bye,  
Prepare to start, and don't begin to cry.

*Pump.*  
The train starts in five minutes, as I've reckoned,  
To pack up now you've only got a second.

*Sul.*  
A harder case I never, never knew,  
Once more, adoo! (*embracing her.*)

*Maria.*  
Well if I must – Aadoo!

*Tonio.*  
Aadoo! (*embracing her.*)

*Maria.*  
Aadoo!

*March.*  
Stop billing it, and cooing it,  
Say good-bye and don't be so long *a-dooing it* .

*Tonio. (desperately.)*  
Don't take her, madame, or let me go too.

*Marchs.*  
And may I ask, sir, who on earth are you?  
From whom descended, from what Royal fountains?

*Tonio.*  
Descended! From Mount Blanc, the King of Mountains!

*Marchs.*  
Descended from the mountain, stupid lout!

*Sul.*  
Yes, he's the *mountain heir* you've heard about;  
The heir-apparent.

*Marchs.*

Judging from his tone,  
An heir much more *presumptive* ne'er was known;  
And what's his character?

*Tonio.*

It's most illustrious;  
I'm cleanly, honest, sober, and industrious.

*Pump.*

It can't be done, the Marchioness allows  
No followers whatever in her *hows* .

*Sul. (aside to Tonio.)*

In silence you must love, for once be cowed.

*Tonio.*

In silence!

*Sul.*

Yes, no followers *aloud*. (*Clock strikes four.*)

QUINTETTE. – MARCHIONESS, MARIA, TONIO, SULPIZIO, *and* PUMPERNICKEL.

*Air* . – "*Din, din, din, din, minuit sonne.*"

*Marchs.*

Din, din, din, din, There's the hour,

*Maria.*

Din, din, din, din, Oh dear, what shall I do!

*Pump.*

Din, din, din, din, It is fower,

*Sul.*

Din, din, din, din, This day we all shall rue.

*Tonio. (wildly.)*

Oh, for one moment stay, ma'am,  
Don't take my love away ma'am,  
Or take me too, I pray, ma'am,  
Or I shall crazy go!

*Marchs.*

This man is most annoying!

*Sul.*

Such words in vain employing!

*Pump.*

False hope his love is buoying

*Maria.*

How I love he'll never know.

Bonsoir!

*Tonio.*

Bonsoir!

*Marchs.*

Bonsoir!

*Sul.*

Bonsoir! (*bis*)

*Exeunt R. & L.*

**Scene V.** – —*Gardens attached to the Marchioness's house.*

*Enter PUMPERNICKEL meeting COCOTT.*

*Pump.*

A pretty state of things, upon my word,  
Since first that recognition strange occurred;  
A sergeant, and a lot of soldiers too,  
Have lived with us with naught on earth to do.

*Cocotte.*

Well, what of that? They're all nice looking men,

Ah, who would think twelve months had passed since then;  
We've been so merry since they first came here,  
It's one continual grin from *year* to *year* .  
From gaiety to gaiety we're carried,  
Maria to Lord Margate's to be married.

*Pump.*

Maria married; oh, that makes me sad.  
(*melo-dramatically.*) A whisper!

*Cocotte.*

Well!

*Pump.*

I love her; yes, like mad! (*COCOTTE surprised*)

But that's not all, shall I go on?

*Cocotte.*

Oh yes!

*Pump.*

You may have heard p'raps of the Marchioness?

*Cocotte.*

My mistress! why of course, what's she to you?

*Pump.*

Well then, Ha, ha, ha, ha! I love her too!

*Cocotte.*

You do!

*Pump.*

But *that's* not all I've got to tell.

*Cocotte.*

Indeed, what more?

*Pump.*

I worship you as well!

Yes, for all three for months I've angling been,

*Cocotte.*

Angling? Ha! ha! *Tri-angling* you must mean.

*Enter* LORD MARGATE *and* ROBERTO *who is dressed in ludicrously showy costume.*

*Ld. Mar. (to Pump.)*

Summon my friends – the contract's here to sign,  
Which makes Maria's hand and fortune mine, [*Exeunt* PUMP. *and* COCOTTE. *R.*  
For two long years I've waited since I met them.

*Rob.*

For two long years? Well you deserve to get them  
You'll never find, as it to me appears,  
A better ornament than *two long ears*.

*Enter* MARCHIONESS.

*Marchs.*

Lord Margate's come, his blushing bride to find,  
Though when he sees her, he may change his mind.  
Powder and paint she christens dirty messes!

She won't "go off" unless her hair she dresses:  
So great a gun as she should be much prouder,

*Enter Sulpizio.*

*Sul.*

No great gun can "go off" without some powder.

*Marchs.*

I've always worn it since I first could read,  
And see how I've gone off.

*Sul. (aside.)*

You have indeed.

*Marchs.*

She still goes out wherever she is sent to  
Dressed *a la Figlia del Regimento*  
In coat of scarlet cloth, turned up with camlet.

*Sul.*

She'll always always be *a figlia*, while she *am let*.

LORD MARGATE *comes down with* ROBERTO.

*Ld. Mar.*

This gentleman has just this moment come,  
*(introducing.)* The Marchioness – Haw! – Mr. Manfred – Hum!  
Manfred, the Marchioness, *(aside)* and now she's righted!

*Rob. (with great affectation.)*

Haw! lovely creature, 'pon my life delighted,  
This is indeed a pleashaw; 'pon my soul,  
Most happy 'sure you. Can't my joy control.

*During this speech the MARCHIONESS has coyly concealed her face.*

*Marchs.*

You bad man go along, *(tapping him with her fan.)*

*Rob.*

In form and feachaw,  
You are indeed a most superior creechur  
The numerous advantages you see,  
A concentrating of themselves in me,  
Under your notice I should like to bring,  
I'm single, haw, and all that sort of thing,  
A Bachelor, who is tired of single life  
And wants to marry.

*Marchs. (coyly showing her face.)*

Go away.

*Rob. (starts.)*

My wife!

*Marchs.*

My husband! It's my long lost count Roberto,  
Roberto certo, living and unhurt, O! *(embraces him.)*

*Rob.*

If I had had a notion, whom thou wer't, O!  
Rather than quit the Alps, I'd have been scalped,  
(*resignedly.*) I can't go back, what's done cannot be *alped* .

CONCERTED PIECE – MARCHIONESS, ROBERTO, LORD MARGATE *and* SULPIZIO.

*Air* . – “*Market Gardener.*”

*Rob.*

Oh, upon my word and honour –  
Till I cast my eye upon her,  
I'd no notion she was such a near relation.

*Marchs.*

You're as cruel as Bishop Bonner:  
I'm a broken hearted Donna!  
Pray remark my unexampled agitation.

*Sul.*

Such a thing I never knew –  
Why, whatever will they do,  
Oh, isn't this a striking situation;  
It's enough a man to nettle.

*Ld Mar.*

Now this matter can't I settle,  
Or do anything by way of mediation.

*Sul.*

I'm familiar with the clatter  
Of her chatter, chatter, chatter,  
She's a lady of excessive animation.

*Marchs.*

You may beat me to a batter,  
But I'll shew you what's the matter!  
You may well exhibit signs of perturbation.

*Ld. Mar.*

Oh, isn't this a go?  
All circumstances shew  
You had better have declined my invitation.

*Rob.*

Oh, I wish upon my honour,  
I had never looked upon her;  
Or descended from my recent elevation.

*Chorus.*

Oh, my! why, Roberto, why,  
Didn't you decline his invitation.  
Don't you wish, upon your honour,  
You had never looked upon her,  
Or descended from your recent elevation.

*At the end of concerted piece, all go off into the house, except LORD MARGATE.*

*Enter MARIA.*

*Ld. Mar.*

Allow me, dear, on this auspicious day,  
To offer you this exquisite bouquet. (*offering bouquet.*)

*Maria. (returning it)*

I like to pick my flowers all alone,  
I always find that when I cull my own,  
The odour seems much sweeter to the nose.

*Ld. Mar.*

*Odour cull own* – you'd call it, I suppose!  
I'm the best match, my dear, in all the South,  
Born with a silver spoon Miss, in my mouth –

*Maria.*

A silver spoon? how very shocking!

*Ld. Mar.*

Eh!

*Maria.*

It seems to have affected all you say!

*Ld. Mar.*

Once, you would sigh, and when I left you, fret –  
And squeeze my hand, but now I only get  
A frigid shake, *that's* not behaving *nicily* .

*Maria.*

You say that I press coldly!

*Ld. Mar.*

Yes, *press-icily*.

From life's rude blasts you'll safely lie, my dear,  
Under the sheltering lee of Margate *peer*.  
The Isle of Thanet's yours, for so I'll plan it,  
Your love I value much more *highly than it*.

*Maria.*

But you have railed so long at married life.

*Ld. Mar.*

I'm changed completely, and I want a wife,  
Love it as much as once I did detest it,  
And pleasure take in all that can suggest it.  
I find an occupation most enticing,  
Even in watching tars their timbers *splicing*,  
I love the sands and long have on them tarried.  
Cause, when the sea goes down it leaves them *arid* ;  
But never will consent with crowds to mingle  
Upon the beach as long as it is *shingle* ;  
In life connubial I'll be all to thee,  
Tell me, my love, *can you be all* to me.

*Enter the MARCHIONESS with Notary and Soldiers, Peasants and Guests, and Sulpizio.*

*Marchs.*

Here is the marriage contract, daughter Mine,  
The Notary's prepared to seal and sign.

*Maria. (reading contract.)*

Don't seal it yet, a trifling flaw I spot:  
It says that I consent, and I do not;  
You'd better far, if fairly you'd be dealing,

Repair the *flaw*, ere you begin the *sealing* .

*Marchs.*

Amazement! Do you know, miss, what you've said?

*Maria.*

Without my father's leave I'll never wed.

*Marchs.*

Your father's?

*Maria.*

Yes, Sulpizio's!

*Marchs.*

Very fine!

(*to Sul.*) We want the girl at once the deed to sign:  
Speak on the point, to you, she said she'd rather first.

*Maria.*

In other words, I said I'd see you *father* first.  
My Tonio will return and scare these folk,  
True as the mistletoe unto the oak.

*Sul. (aside.)*

'Ere this by Charon o'er the Styx he's ferried,  
Like mistletoe, I'm pretty sure he's *berried* .

*Maria.*

The most accomplished soldier ever drilled.

*Marchs.*

Well, as for that, he certainly is ( *s* ) *killed* .

*Maria.*

His grief would quite destroy his handsome phiz.

*Ld. Mar.*

He couldn't be more "cut up" than he is!

*Enter COCOTTE and PUMPERNICKEL. L.*

*Cocotte.*

Oh, madam, for one moment please to wait,  
Here's a poor wounded soldier at the gate,  
He says he must come in, he brings some news  
About poor Tonio.

*Maria. (to MARCHS.)*

Oh, you won't refuse?

*Marchs.*

Indeed, I will. (*to COCOTTE.*) Keep him outside the gate.

*Enter TONIO. L.*

*Tonio.*

The soldier didn't feel inclined to wait.

*Maria.*

My Tonio!

*Marchs.*

This is extremely fine.

*Ld. Mar. (taking MARIA.)*

I am Lord Margate, and the lady's mine.

*Sul. (to LD. MAR.)*

Say, are you covered, pardon the allusion,  
With strawberry marks in prodigal profusion?  
Two on each shoulder, on your bosom four;  
Twelve on your back, on each arm seven more;  
Three on your left foot, nine upon each knee;  
Five on your calves, upon each elbow three,  
Just sixty six in all.

*Ld. Mar. (rapidly counting.)*

Exactly so.

*Sul.*

Then you are *not* the Earl of Margate!

*Marchs. (surprised.)*

No!

*Sul.*

No peer of Margate, young, old, short, or tall,  
Had ever any strawberry marks at all.

*Tonio. (suddenly.)*

I have no strawberry marks.

*Sul.*

Ha! Then I see  
The rightful Earl of Margate you must be;  
I can't help saying, for so well I knows yer,  
This is a most *extrawberry* disclosure.

*Enter ROBERTO with paper, hurriedly. L.*

*Rob.*

Here's a dispatch that's just delivered been,  
For Captain Tonio, from his King and Queen.  
*(reads)* "As a slight recompense for all you've done,  
Your country now appoints her gallant son  
Head Constable of all the Royal Towers;  
Chief Councillor of European powers;  
Chancellor too, of every King's resources;  
Field Marshal of all continental forces;  
Lord Admiral of all terrestrial seas;  
Governor too, of all our colonies;  
Prince of a dozen countries, here and there;  
Duke of most places, Earl of everywhere!"

*Marchs. (Giving MARIA to TONIO.)*

Take her, she's yours—you have my full consent,  
To give her to you, all along, I meant.  
*(to LORD MAR.)* Come, you be off, go to the right about.

*Ld. Mar.*

Preposterous old female, you get out!

*Maria.*

I think I've shown myself throughout my part,

True to my regiment and my Tonio's heart;  
As true as iron, to both kinds of *cores* :  
I've given him *my* hand, pray give me yours.  
"True to the Corps!" be you in mode emphatic,  
True to what "Corps?" True to my "*Corps dramatique* ."

FINALE.

*Air* – "*Eclipse Galop*."

*Sal.* And now our fun to earth is run,  
The play is nearly ended,  
We must admit the fact, that it  
Can hardly be defended.

*Ld. Margate.* And true it is, that now to this,  
Conclusion we awaken,  
That many a grievous liberty,  
With it we've freely taken.

*Rob. (frantically.)* Sally come up and Sally go down  
I've made a great sensation.

*Tonio.* He's mad as he can fairly be,  
Don't heed his peroration.

*Rob.* Skidamalink and a tippity wink,  
And an ounce of approbation.

*All.* He's mad as he can fairly be,  
Can fairly, fairly be.

*Maria.* Give your hands, don't be too critical,  
Breaking flies on wheels – I pity call,  
Give your hands, don't be too critical,  
Give your hands and come another day.

*All.* And now our fun, &c.

CURTAIN.