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RETAINED ON BOTH SIDES:

Operetta in One Act.

WRITTEN BY

H. B. FARNIE.

COMPOSED BY

CH. LECOCQ.

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1875.
"Retained on Both Sides."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SUGDEN ... ... (a Briefless Barrister) ... ... TENOR.
ARAMINTA ... ... (His Wife) ... ... SOPRANO.


*" Applications in reference to the performance of this Work should be made to Messrs. Metzler & Co., 32, Great Marlborough Street, of whom the Band Parts may be obtained.
RETAINED ON BOTH SIDES:

OPERETTA IN ONE ACT.

OVERTURE.

Music Lib.
Allegro moderato.
No. 1. **SONG—"FOOL WANT NO LAW."**

**ARAMINTA.**

**SCENE.** Eugene's Chambers. A dressing room set with bed-case, or appearance of lawyer's litter on side-tables. A window and a door. The usual furniture. For the business of the opera, a high-backed chair is reserved for the judge. An ordinary round-headed wig is discovered on a corner. On a small side-table is a red table-cloth, and on that a small white coat about 20 inches by 12. These are to dress judge with. A pair of green spectacles also are to be used with a piece of white cloth, and slipped round the head of the wig. A barrister's wig and gown (for Araminta) hang on wall.

**Customs.** Araminta—untwisting dress, but too tight, which would interfere with trial scene. Squire—ordinary walking coat, with green wig, and spectacles.

**ARAMINTA.** is discovered holding door open, and stepping off, as curtain rises.

**ARAN.**—Thank you, sir, depend upon it your case will be attended to with the utmost despatch. One more, sir, has always been that Punctuality is the chief of Time.

**MALE VOICE.** (off.) Good morning.

**ARAN.**—Good morning! (shuts door and comes down radiant.)

Our first client I find to think that poor, dear Eugene in the utmost walking up and down the hall, never dreaming that his wife has got a client for him. I declare I'm getting the most brilliant little woman out!
set all man-kind by the ears!
Yes! mine one hope and one wish on

ad lib.

To set all man-kind by the ears, To set all man-kind by the ears.
colla parte.

once thought Law was cruel scheming, And lawyers bad as people said,

leggiero.
then I was so far from dreaming, A brief-less bar-ri-tur I'd wed! And

after much deep ru-mi-na-tion, I do think law-yers are ma-lign'd, I do think

law-yers are ma-lign'd, And my be-lief is, lit-i-ga-tion Is

very wholesome for man-kind! Yes! my be-lief is, lit-i-ga-

ra-l. Leggiero.
[Enter by door, back, SUGDEN in barrister's wig and gown, and highly elated. He goes at ARAMINTA violently.]

SUG.—My wife! (Embracing her.)
ARAM.—Hold enough!
SUG.—I do. (Embracing her again.) My partner!
ARAM.—Well, what is it?
SUG.—What is it? Prepare to be knocked over!
ARAM.—Thanks to you, I am thoroughly prepared for that!
SUG.—I have got——
ARAM.—Sunstroke?
SUG.—No; a client!
ARAM.—Ah! not sunstroke—moonshine.
SUG.—You don’t look surprised?
ARAM.—No; why should I?
SUG.—Considering it’s our first!
ARAM.—Your first, you mean.
SUG.—How my first?
ARAM.—(Impatiently.) Because I’ve had one too.
SUG.—One, two—that makes three! And with mine——
ARAM.—Spare me your forensic wit! One, also!
SUG.—Stranger than fiction! A brace of litigants—two victims on the altar of NSI Prais. Tell me all about it, partner. (Each takes chair, and sits close together. C of stages, and well down.)
ARAM.—First, you!
SUG.—Well: mine was a lady.
ARAM.—Strange; mine was a gentleman.
SUG.—A sweet little litigant as ever trembled in the witness box.
ARAM.—(Impatiently.) Mine was as fine a man as ever——
SUG.—(Impatiently.) Yes, yes; but these superfluous descriptions are not professional.
ARAM.—(Wickedly.) Except when they concern sweet little litigants.
SUG.—We are travelling out of the case.
ARAM.—What did she want?
SUG.—A separation.
ARAM.—Odd. So did my client.
SUG.—(Musing.) Matrimony is more and more the social puzzle. A priest sets it up and a lawyer takes it down.
ARAM.—And the pieces get very much muddled in the process.
SUG.—Yes; but the chips come in this form—(shows £10 note) bank-notes. It rustles like her dress. Yes! notes are the fists of currency!
ARAM.—And what is the sweet little litigant’s name?
SUG.—Tiff—Anna Maria Tiff.
ARAM.—(Sotto voce.) Gracious! (Consulting card in her hand)
SUG.—Yes, she is. Very gracious.
ARAM.—(Unheeding him.) Reeling in Paradise Villas, Bruxon?
SUG.—How do you know?
ARAM.—(Painfully.) Oh, Sugden——
SUG.—Well, well?
ARAM.—My client’s the husband.
SUG.—What! the male Tiff?
ARAM.—Yes!
SUG.—Oh! (They lean back to back, and fan themselves with handkerchiefs.)
ARAM.—(Rising, and putting back chairs.) One thing is certain, we can’t act——
SUG.—For the gentleman. No. (Zest.)
ARAM.—For the lady. Certainly not!
SUG.—Partner, let us be business-like.
ARAM.—We will. Proceed.
SUG.—What did the gentleman leave you?
ARAM.—His card. (Shows it.)
SUG.—And she—she was fortified with this recommendation from the Governor and Council of the Bank of England. Can I afford to pooh-pooh Threadneedle Street! (ARAMINTA sits L.) Never!
No. 2.

**SONG—"THE LAWYER'S CREED."**

**VOICE.**

I can't engage, or, to speak plainly, The other side have given gold,

Piano.

Pray, madam, see my first retainer, A Bank of England five twice told!

I gazed upon it with emotion, For, if the future's like the past, This

fire, I have a sort of motion, Which is the first, may be the last!
Therefore do not think me too defiant, If, when gazing on thist'en-pound note, I say I will stick to my client, And to her my energies devote. Who pays me well, ... and pays me often, My ready aid, may count upon, To poor folks tears I'll never soften; The days of chivalry are
gone! For when a fellow's income's slender, He can't afford a heart that feels, And
if he finds it getting tender, Then at once that feeble heart he steals.
Therefore do not think me too defiant, If when gazing on this ten-penny note, I say I will stick to my
client, And to her my energies devote!
ARAM.—(Rising.) It's all very well, but justice is justice.
SUG.—Doubtless, but it isn’t law.
ARAM.—And you actually mean to plead for that—that person?
SUG.—That injured woman. Yes. I've already sketched out my address to the jury.
ARAM.—(Sarcastically.) I should like to hear it.
SUG.—Why not?
ARAM.—Yes—but with the right of reply.
SUG.—Be it so.
ARAM.—Well, begin.
SUG.—Without a court? Never!
ARAM.—Oh! as for that, that's easy enough. (Giving bров.)
There's your judge. (Giving red table cover and small white nat.) His robes and wig. (Whilst SUGDEN is speaking and arranging the judge, ARAMINTA bores down Barrister's gown and wig, and puts them on.)
SUG.—(Putting bров on arm chair C. and dressing it.) I'll give you a model judge. He won’t snub counsel—or make untenable jokes—or charge on the wrong side—although he might take it into his head to make some sweeping remarks. There—are ARAMINTA, who comes down L. Hallo! my learned brother, how nice you look! Give us a kiss.
ARAM.—(Sternly.) Respect the majesty of the law! His ludship's eye is upon you! (Sits L.)
SUG.—(Rising.) My lud (bowing to bров) I beg your ludship's pardon, and with your ludship's permission will now proceed to address the jury. (In natural tone to ARAMINTA.) Where is the jury though?
ARAM.—Where they very often are—in the clouds.
SUG.—(Clearing voice.) Deem! Gentlemen, it is scarcely needful for me to address you. Though I could a tale unfold would bring down the grey hairs of his ludship. (Thread pulled at side—judge's white coat falls off.)
ARAM.—One moment, whilst I replace his ludship's grey hairs. (Does so.)
SUG.—You have heard the evidence, from that first overt-act of unhusband-like conduct on the part of the ruffian Tiff.
ARAM.—(Rising) I object, my lud, to such a description. (Sits.)
SUG.—My lud, I throw myself upon the court.
ARAM.—Don't. The court will come down on you. You do.
SUG.—My lud, there constant interruptions affect me as little as they appear to affect you. I can afford to imitate, at a humble distance, that serenity of brow, that unmoved majesty of wig, which are characteristic of your ludship; and (working himself up) gentlemen of the jury, I am equally satisfied, after this plain, unvarnished account of a wife's injuries, to leave with you, husbands and brothers, (handschufp) the reparations of the wrongs inflicted upon my unfortunate client, Anna Maria Tiff. (Dubbing brow with handschufp)
I will now, with the confidence and dignity inspired by my cause, take my seat. (Sits down and lands on stage. ARAMINTA rises. SUGDEN fetches chair and sits R.)
ARAM.—My lud, gentlemen of the jury, my learned brother, has occupied the floor so much, that my observations must be short. Indeed, they do not require to be anything else. It must be evident to you that the learned counsel on the other side is influenced—yes, influenced by the fact that his client is a woman.
SUG.—(Rising.) My lud, that observation from the other side is entirely uncalled for.
ARAM.—(Forgetting himself.) It isn't. (Steps towards him.)
SUG.—It is! Ridiculous! (Steps towards her.)
ARAM.—Sugden, you said she was a pretty little litigant.
SUG.—(Retiring.) My learned brother forgets the respect due to this court, and to his long-suffering ludship.
ARAM.—(Aside to public.) I actually forgot myself. (Aloud.)
Hem-hum. I pass over this interruption with the contempt which it merits, and which I perceive your ludship shares. Tiff, gentlemen, is an injured, a nagged, and a nestlemanable man. You have heard the story of his miseries—from that day that the pernicious Anna Maria always would boil his eggs hard—
SUG.—(Mysterious.) (Sits.)
ARAM.—The other side may suffer, but his ludship knows better. His ludship, who is familiar not only with the highways and byways, but with all the crossings of life, has a heart to feel for his fellow-man, and that heart is, I am sure, at this moment profoundly moved—I say moved (the brow is pulled over slowly by a thread worked at side, and falls)—judgment for the husband!
SUG.—(Rising.) Enough, madam. I see how it is.
ARAM.—(Taking off gown and wig, and ringing them on chair.) That's a comfort.
SUG.—You take an interest in Mr. Tiff?
ARAM.—As you do in Mrs. Tiff?
SUG.—That's different.
ARAM.—I can't see it.
SUG.—She's a client.
ARAM.—So's he.
SUG.—Not mine!
ARAM.—Mine.
SUG.—Keep him then.
ARAM.—If I choose.
SUG.—Madam!
ARAM.—Sir!
SUG.—Pooch!
ARAM.—Poo—poo!
SUG.—(Snapping fingers.) There! (Crouses to L.)
ARAM.—(R. Snapping fingers.) And there!
No. 3.  

Duet—"WHAT A TEMPER."

ARAMINTA.

What a tem-per! what a
SUDDEN.

Allegro molto.

What a tem-per! what a

Piano.

pass-ion, Can this be, then, man and wife? Se-pa-ra-tion is the fash-ion, And I'll ne-ver bear this

pass-ion, Can this be, then, man and wife? Se-pa-ra-tion is the fash-ion, And I'll ne-ver bear this

life! No! ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver! No! ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver!

life! No! ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver! No! ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver!
— ver, To live in con-stant ter-ror, is what I'll ne-ver do! A-bove all, when the
— ver, To live in con-stant ter-ror, is what I'll ne-ver do! A-bove all, when the

er-ror Is cer-tain-ly with you! Yes, sir, a-bove all, when the er-
er-ror Is cer-tain-ly with you! Ma-dam, cer-tain-ly the
er-ror, A-bove all, when the er-ror Cer-tain-ly is with
er-ror E-vi-dent-ly is with you, Cer-tain-ly is with
you, Certainly is with you. Yes, sir, above all, when the error, when the error, when the error, when the error, when the error, is with you, is with you, is with you, is with error. Evidently is with you, evidently is with you. Ah! with you. The error is with you. (He goes to chair C, sits moodily, and turns away from her. She slaps foot defiantly and shrugs shoulders.)
Swell.

Larghetto.

Sudden (seated).

So men marry, fondly believing: Hy-men will

expressive.

strew their path with flow'res! But woman, their hope all deceiving, Their faithful and tender heart

roll,

grieving, With the buds of happier hours. With-er the buds of happier hours.
ARAMINTA (who has come close to him).

ARAMINTA (rising).

Cove, no more angry glances, Let's make it up, my dear; I do...

Allegro.

- cline your advances, For I am master here! yes! master here!

To

SUGDEN.

such unjust dominions Be sure I'll never bow! It, madam, that's your o-

pin-ion, We'll say our fare-well now.


What a temper! what a passion! Can this be, then, man and wife? Separation is the
fashion, and I'll never bear this life; No, never, never, never, No, never, never,
never, To live in constant terror is what I'll never do! Above all, when the
error is certainly with you, Yes, sir, above all, when the error is certainly with you, Ma-dam, cer-tain-ly the error, a-bove all, when the error Cer-tain-ly is with error Er-vid-ent-ly is with you, Cer-tain-ly is with you, Cer-tain-ly is with you, Yes, sir, a-bove all, when the error, when the error, when the you, Ma-dam, a-bove all, when the error, when the error, when the
SUO.—Well?
ARAM.—Speaking to me?
SUO.—I suppose so.
ARAM.—Thought you might be addressing the court.
SUO.—The court is no longer sitting.
ARAM.—That was only an imaginary court—suppose we try a real one.
SUO.—Suppose we do.
ARAM.—I quite enter into the feelings of that poor dear innocent Mrs. Tiff.
SUO.—(Turning head.) Oh! you do, do you?
ARAM.—Yes!
SUO.—Glad I've convinced you—but I must say my sympathies are entirely with the injured husband.
ARAM.—(Turning head.) Oh! they are, are they?
SUO.—Yes!
ARAM.—Glad I've convinced you. But our case is very different.
SUO.—Very different.
ARAM.—(Rising.) Appearing for myself I could truly say that never, oh never had woman such an inscrutable husband! (Comes L.C.)
SUO.—(Rising and coming R.C.) And I for myself could plead with natural moisture in my eyes that never had man such a coquette for a wife!
ARAM.—It's not true. (Advancing towards him.)
SUO.—It is. (Advancing towards her.)
ARAM.—Sir!
SUO.—Madam! (Knock heard at door.)
ARAM.—Hush! some one. (Man coughs off.)
SUO.—Your client, Mr. Tiff. You'd better let him in.
ARAM.—If I please.
SUO.—I can go, you know. *(Goes up stage to window, and looks out.) Hallo! there she is.

ARAM.—Who?

SUO.—*(Coming down flurried.) My client—Mrs. Tiff.

ARAM.—You’d better let her in. I can go, you know.

SUO.—If I please. *(Suddenly)* But, good gracious! they’ll meet on the stairs!

(Sound of a kiss off)

ARAM.—They have met on the stairs.

(Another kiss heard)

SUO.—They’ve met twice on the stairs.

ARAM.—Listen.

MALE VOICE.—*(Off)* Forgive!

FEMALE VOICE.—*(Off)* And forget!

SUO.—*(At door listening:) They’re going down-stairs. They’re off. *(Comes down, and sits upon chair, L.) Here endeth the first client!

ARAM.—*(L. C.)* Never mind. You’ve got another

SUO.—Who?

ARAM.—Yourself.

SUO.—In what suit? *(Rises, and comes R. C.)

ARAM.—Against me

SUO.—Ah!

ARAM.—Not to mention the cross-action I am going to bring against you. *(Pause—they look at each other.)*

SUO.—Can’t we arrange matters?

ARAM.—*(Slowly)* I don’t know.

SUO.—*(Putting arm round waist*) What will you take to compromise?

ARAM.—Not less than Mrs. Tiff.

SUO.—And what was that? *(Araminta offers cheek with a smile. He kisses her, and they shake both hands, laughing.)*

---

**No. 4.**

**FINALE.**

*Moderate.*

**RECONCILIATION.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

If a-gain quarrels shall come e-ver, O may the ver-dict aye be
dis: That the court will not let us se-ver, And fine us both a lov-ing kiss!
SUS.

Piu mosso.

And I, too, no more defiant,
Owning a lesson I've been taught,
By my much regretted

SUS.

Piu mosso.

client, Which won't be forgot. (*They join hands, end mark marks movement is next ensemble.*)

SUS.

Piu mosso.

ARAH. leggero.

No more complication, Kind friends, please report, Of our little

SUS.

No more complication, Kind friends, please report, Of our little

chastable.

SUS.

Settlement, "Settled out of court." Henceforth both of us will undertake,

SUS.

Settlement, "Settled out of court." Henceforth both of us will undertake,
Married litigants good friends to make; And we hope that we may... make the bus'ness

pay.

Yes! we hope that we may make it pay.

(Certain quick.)
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