The Soldier's Legacy.
AN OPERA DA CAMERA
Written by
John Oxenford
Composed and dedicated to his friend
MRS VICKERY
by
G. A. MACFARREN.
Ent. Sta. Hall. price 6d.
LONDON, EWER & CO.
THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY,
An Opera da Camera,
IN TWO ACTS.

The Music by G. A. MACPARRREN. The Libretto by JOHN OXENFORD.

PERSONÆ.

Lovy... Soprano. | CHRISTOPHER CAESAR (the village fiddler) 
Widow Wantley... Mezzo Soprano. | JACK WHARF (a Husser)

PERIOD, 1814.

Scene.—Tutbury, and the road to Hilton, on the borders of Staffordshire.

ACT I.

Scene.—The main street of the village of Tutbury, looking up towards the ruin of castle.

Christopher's house R.H., with upper and lower practicable windows facing the audience, and a practicable door at right angles. Widow's house L.H., with practicable door and window. Sunset; which gradually darkens into night, when the long gathering storm breaks out.

Widow seated at her door, lace-making upon a pillow.

SONG.

Widow. "You promised to come with the dawn of the day,
Oh! Willy, dear Willy, what keeps you away?
Weary, weary, the hours will be,
While, Willy, you keep away from me."
To empty ari thus Jenny spoke;
She looked from the gate again and again,
But always in vain;
Her heart was nearly broke.

The hours crept along and the sun slowly set,
And poor sighing Jenny was sorrowful yet;
Weary, weary the day had been,
For Willy the false she had not seen.
At last the gate, with heavy swing,
Flew open, and quickly as lightning or thought
Came Willy, who brought
A golden wedding ring.

Widow. Poor Jenny, was a lucky girl after all. If she did have to wait a little, she got her Willy at last. I don't know that I shall be equally lucky. I have been encouraging Sergeant Cummings ever since his return from the Peninsula; and just as I think I have him fast, comes a letter saying the dreadful Duke of Wellington is going to take him to Flanders. However, I have invited him to supper, and perhaps he may be persuaded to marry me before he goes. Then if he gets killed, I shall only be a widow, as I am now. There'll be nothing lost. Still, a husband in Flanders is a very unsatisfactory sort of person to a wife in Staffordshire; and, perhaps, after all, I was too hasty in refusing Christopher. He is not so handsome as the
Serjeant, to be sure; but he has saved something for a rainy day; and though by fiddling at every merry-making he has earned the name of the Dancing-master’s Kit, he has not fiddled for nothing, and one can hear a nickname with a good round sum attached to it. (Enter Christopher from his house.) Here he is. Suppose I try a little wheeling now, to secure a footing in case of accident. Ah! Mr. Orpheus, you look more fascinating than ever—positively dangerous.

**Duet.**

_Widow._ 'Tis not so much that comely face, 
Though 't were must think it charming, 
But, further, there's a matchless grace, 
Which makes you quite alarming.

_Chris._ Oh, fie!—a wheeling, flattering tongue 
You have in your possession; 
Those praises half to me belong, 
And half to my profession.

_Chris._ For all are delighted whenever I appear, 
My face and my fiddle are known far and near, 
The merry I charm and the doleful I cheer, 
The lasses cry out when they see me, “Oh, dear! 
The fiddler is here.”

_Widow._ Yes, all are delighted whenever you appear, 
That face, grace, and figure are known far and near, 
But though you pretend every list'ner to cheer, 
You cause many hearts to ache sadly I fear. 
Oh! dear, Sir, oh! dear.

_Widow._ Did I seek a proper match, 
For I should not have to look.

_Chris._ Ah! a husband you would catch, 
And you shrewdly bait your hook.

_Widow._ Why thus linger, dally, tarry, 
When you might make one woman blest?

_Chris._ Don't you see, if one I marry, 
I break the hearts of all the rest.

_Chris._ & Widow._ Oh, all are delighted, &c.

_Widow._ Yes, all are delighted, &c.

_Chris._ No, widow, no, it won't do; you must set your springs for other birds. To leave off joking, and put you out of your misery, I stab you to death at once with the intelligence that I am engaged.

_Widow._ Engaged! What does the man mean?

_Chris._ I mean that I am going to marry my ward, Lotty.

_Widow._ A man of your years marry that child!

_Chris._ There is a slight disparity. I own; but I do my duty. When my cousin, her father, went to the wars, I promised to keep her till she grew up, and then find her a good husband, to share his prize-money. Well, she is now sixteen, and the good husband is your humble servant. Ye'll own I could not have done better.

_Widow._ For which party, pray?

_Chris._ Say for both. On the one hand, there is my experience; on the other, her extreme simplicity.

_Widow._ Her extreme idiocy, I should call it; but perhaps she's not such a fool as she looks. Ah! there's her silly laugh. (Lotty laughs behind the scenes.)

_Chris._ Musical as the notes of my own fiddle. (Enter Lotty from house R.H.)
TRIO.

Lotty. Ha! ha! ha! I scarcely know
What has set me laughing so;
An idle thought,
The merest naught
Will make me laugh, laugh, laugh away;
I must be merry come what may.

Chris.

Ha! ha! ha! but few I know
Damsels tamed like this can show;
Her very thought
And wish is brought
Beneath my mild paternal sway;
When I say yes, she can't say nay.

Widow.

Ha! ha! ha! full well I know
Women are not conquered so;
You'll soon be caught,
You'll soon be taught
That girls while feigning to obey
Are scheming how to have their way.

Chris.

This innocent I mean to wed.
Already she is over head
And ears in love with me.

Widow.

That simpleton you mean to wed,
I'll say that artful minx instead,
And more correct 'twill be.

Lotty.

Oh, dear! I cannot raise my head;
There's nothing I so greatly dread
As folks that stare at me.

Widow.

You think she'll always prove obedient to your will?

Chris. Think! nay, I know it.

Widow. That is better still.

Chris. That she is under my control you surely will confess,
When you have heard her answer all my questions with a "yes."

(Brings Lotty down.)

(Lotty. Yes.

Chris. Wish I may live for ever?

Lotty. Yes.

Chris. To me you will be humble?

Lotty. Yes.

Chris. Without a shrug or grumble?

Lotty. Yes.

Widow. Is she knave, or is she fool,
That she thus can go to school?

Chris. You deem me quite a beauty?

Lotty. Yes.

Chris. To love me is your duty?

Lotty. Yes.

Chris. You're grateful to me always for my bounty?

Lotty. Yes.

Widow. The greatest fool you are in all the county?

Lotty. Yes—

Yes, after you, ma'am, after you.

Chris. Ha! ha! ha! ha! come, that will do.
Wellow. The saucy jade this jest shall rue.
Laugh at me! how very low!
Manners, Sir, you do not know:
But you'll be taught,
Sir, as you ought,
Respect where it is due to pay,
When my brave warrior names the day.

Lotty. Ha! ha! ha! I scarcely know, &c.
Chris. Ha! ha! ha! but few I know, &c.

(Exit Wellow into house l.r.)

Chris. Well, I don’t envy the man who becomes the husband of that lovely creature; she’s half cat and half she-dragon. When I compare her with my docile little Lotty here, what a lucky dog I feel myself to be. But I must not stop any longer pondering over my own felicity, or I shall be too late for Sorjeani Cummings’ wedding. Lotty, fetch my cloak and fiddle, that’s a good girl. (Exit Lotty into house). Aye, and I’ll give her a little wholesome advice before I go. Nothing like making assurance doubly sure. (Re-entr Lotty with cloak and fiddle). Come here, child, mind what I say.

DUET.

Chris. You’ll lock the door securely. Lotty. Yes.
Chris. And answer most demurely. Lotty. Yes.
Chris. To none you’ll grant admission. Lotty. Yes.
Chris. Whatever their petition. Lotty. Yes.
Chris. (apart.) Those two last “yeses” did not fit; The girl who always “yes” replies, And never anything denies, May fall into a strange mistake; Some alteration I will make, If I’ve sufficient wit.

Lotty. He’s looking very serious, And wondrously mysterious; He frowns, he smiles; I greatly doubt If any good he thinks about.

Chris. The danger is most serious. “Yes” may be deleterious, The soundness of my plan I doubt, Another scheme I must find out.

Chris. I have it, I have it, ha! ha! it shall be so; Instead of “yes” she shall answer “no;” “No”’s a word that cannot hurt you, “No” will guard both cash and virtue; When intrusive suitors come, “No” will send them baffled home; When a friend desires to borrow, “No” will save a word of sorrow; While the man who can’t refuse Will his friend and money lose. Lotty, now, be all attention, Listen to my new invention— Instead of “yes,” “no”—you will always say.
We'll practise till you're perfect quite,
Until your answers are all right.
No visitor must enter here.
Lotty. Oh! dear, oh! dear,
I've been so used to answer 'yes,'
That 'no' is puzzling, I confess.
Chris. No visitor will you let in.
Lotty. Yes, Chris. No.
Lotty. Yes, no, now I begin
To understand—no, no, no, no.
Chris. Just so; not 'yes,' but 'no'—just so,
Do not think you can deceive me;
There's a little bird, believe me,
Who will list to every word,
And repeat what he has heard.
Lotty. A little bird! What, ev'ry word?
Chris. (Aside)—E'en that she swallows; how absurd!
I shall lead a happy life
With this pretty docile wife,
For husbands I'll set up a school,
And teach them how their better halves to rule.
Lotty. Mine will be a peaceful life,
Free from trouble, care, and strife;
As wise as any girl at school
Shall I become beneath my husband's rule.
Chris. My cloak—and now good night—you won't forget?
Lotty. Yes.
Chris. No;—my fiddle—(takes it)—you've not got it yet.
Lotty. No, no.
Chris. Just so.
Chris. & Lotty. (At last you've got it right.
Lotty. I'm sure to have it right.
Lotty. No, no, no, no.
Chris. Just so, just so.
Both. Good night, good night.

(Exit Chris., at back.)

Lotty. Well, I wish my wedding-day would come. I don't know that I particularly love Mr. Christopher; but, at all events, I suppose that when I am a wife, I shall have a little more liberty than I have now. What a lonely life I do lead, to be sure! This bullfinch is my only friend. Ah! Bully, Bully (takes down bird), you are not the naughty tell-tale bird Mr. Christopher talks about, are you? No, no, you'll not tell tales and make mischief? you'll only repeat the pretty songs I teach you; eh, Bully? Ah! by the bye, I'll give you a lesson now.
SONG.

Cose, pretty bird, attend;
Your supper you must earn,
Your lesson you must learn,
Little friend.

Mind, the task will not be long;
With your tiny warbling throat,
Note by note,
After me repeat the song.

"Ah! welcome, young soldier, fresh home from the wars,
How handsome and gallant thou art!
Forgotten are surely thy wounds and thy scars,
Save one little wound in thy heart.
With a tira, tira, tira, la.
Tira, tira, la." (Bird imitates.)

Pretty well, pretty well,
We'll try it again,
The trouble will not be in vain,
No! Practice will make you excel.

"Ah! welcome, young soldier, &c." (Bird imitates.)

Perfect, perfect, I declare;
What a little duck you are!
"Twas bravely done;
Well your lesson you have learned,
Well your supper you have earned,
And a kiss besides you've won.

(Exit with echo into house 2nd.)

_Night has set in, and storm begins. Enter Jack at back._

_Jack._ Hang it, I have lost my way, and night has set in already. That's inconvenient for a man on the look-out for a son he would not know if he met him in broad daylight. However, whether the job be difficult or not, the boy must be found; it was my promise to poor Dick Frebrand, when he lay dying of a gunshot wound at Salamanca, that I would take care of the child he has left behind him in England. Poor Dick! I can fancy myself at his side now.

SONG.

With placid face, awaiting death,
My friend, my gallant comrade lay;
His voice had dwindled to a breath,
But something yet be had to say.
Though all had faded from his sight,
A passing glitter in his eye
Showed, as he pressed my fingers tight,
How well he knew a friend was nigh.
Methought a light upon him broke,
And with his pallid lips he smiled,
As scarcely with a sound he spoke—
"To you I leave my orphan child."
Those dying words I hear them still,
I heard them 'mid the battle's strife;
Through peace and war, through good or ill,
They mark the purpose of my life.
And by the soldier prize'd shall be
His brother soldier's legacy.

Jack. Poor dear fellow! and he slipped into my hand the child's name and address,
scribbled on a little piece of paper. Such a scrawl! Dick was the best man in the world. He
was my guide and adviser, and truest friend through the whole of the campaign. But writing
was not his strong point. However, I could make out Tutbury, Staffordshire; and Tutbury
seems to be somewhere hereabouts. Now I suppose the great task of my life is begun. Well,
I'll perform it to the best of my power; and that I may be perfectly unencumbered, and a
fitting father to Dick Firebrand's child, I have resolved that I will never take unto myself a
wife. However, the first job at present is to find a lodging for the night. Eh! I wonder what
sort of place this is?—(Knocks at Christopher's door.)

DUET.

Lotty (looking out of upper window).
Yes, yes, indeed, there's some one there;
To mind my lesson I'll take care.
Jack. Ah! that's a woman, I declare;
But whether she be brown or fair
I cannot say,
Since in the dark all cats are grey.
Lotty (to herself). Really, I am half afraid.
Jack. Lovely widow, wife, or maid.
Lotty. Lovely! (checks herself).
Jack. Lovely you must be,
I feel, although I cannot see;
Now, listen, Susan, Bess, or Kitty,
The man is in a sorry plight
Who out of doors remains all night;
And that will be my case precisely
Unless you show some pity.
I should not be so bold,
If the night was not so cold;
But now I trust you'll answer nicely.
Lotty. No. Jack. No?
Lotty. No. Jack. No!
That word's as hard as any blow;
Jack. In the cold you'll let me die? Lotty. No.
Admittance steadily deny? Lotty. No.
Jack. Come, come, the answers much improve;
At last, compassion I may move.
Jack. There's something in that pretty voice
    That sets me in a twitter,
    And makes my heart with warmth rejoice,
    Although the cold is bitter.

Lotty. Go down I must, I have no choice;
    Poor man, the cold is bitter;
    And then there's something in his voice
    That sets me in a twitter. (Disappears.)

Jack (listening at door). There's a footstep! nearer, nearer!
    She's coming down the stairs—I hear her;
    She turn's the lock—that's better still, and better;
    The night is wet, and shortly will be wetter.

    (Enter Lotty from door.)

    Your heart of stone they did not fashion.

Lotty. No, ah! no!

Jack. Nor close it 'gainst each tender passion.

Lotty. No, ah! no!

Jack. You would not bid a lover perish?

Lotty. No, sh! no!

Jack. Nor gentle thoughts refuse to cherish?

Lotty. No, ah! no!

Jack. I thought my words at last would melt her,
    I need not now despair of shelter.

Lotty. No, ah! no!

Lotty. I never was addressed before with words so kind;
    That wicked, little, spiteful bird I do not mind;
    My orders I have followed well,
    And if he pleases, he may tell.

Jack. Her voice is music soft and sweet, her words are kind,
    A hidden treasure in their sound I seem to find.
    What truth does that old proverb tell,
    "All, all is well that endeth well!"

    (Exeunt into house R.H.)

Storm becomes more violent. Enter Christopher at back.

Chris. Thank goodness, I am near home again. Really people should think twice, before
    they make a musician and a man of business lose his precious time on a fool's errand. The
    Sergeant's wedding has been put off till to-morrow, and I am put off too. And such weather
    for long walks! Well, I'm sure to find all right at home; that's one comfort. Lotty has no
    candle, and she is not allowed the use of her tongue; and a woman that can neither talk nor
    set the house on fire is incapable of much mischief.

FINALE.—(Bird sings).

Chris. "Oh! welcome, young soldier, fresh home from the wars"—
    I've play'd that tune myself sometimes—
    "Forgotten are surely thy wounds and thy scars."
    The tune is good enough;
    But yet I scarcely like the rhymes;
    They're filled with just the kind of stuff
    That turns a damsel's head.
    I wish the noisy bird were dead
Widow (looking from her window).

Who's there, who yonder lurks about?
The Sergeant? yes, beyond a doubt.
Naughty man, at last you're here.

Chris.

Eh! what's that?

Widow.

Oh! why so dear
Seem'st thou to this faithful heart,
Fickle as thou art?

Chris.

Gh, the widow up so late!
Me she feize would win.

Widow.

A little moment longer wait,
And I'll come down to let you in.

Chris.

Of what she thinks her winning ways
She is not weary yet;
The old, old game untired she plays,
And hopes a husband stilt to get.
This evening she
Looks after me,
To-morrow some one else 'twill be.

Widow.

Those wicked men! their artful ways
They never can forget;
Though I have watched them all my days,
I cannot understand them yet.

A traitor he
Appeared to be,
Now sneaking, he returns to me. (Disappears).

(Christopher knocks at door. Lotty and Jack appear at upper window. Bird sings.)

Chris. Again that most unlucky tune!
If that bird I cannot check,
I will surely wring his neck
Very soon.

Chris. Open, open quick the door;
Lotty. At the door, he's at the door!
Jack. What a bore! oh, what a bore!
Jack. Can't you let him wait a minute?
Chris. No reply—the deuce is in it—
She can't be out? (Knocks.)

Lotty (to Jack). I beg—implor
That from the window you'll escape.

Chris. Within! within!
Jack (to Lotty.) I'm in a scrape.

Well—

Lotty. I entreat—
Jack. But still—
Lotty. I pray—

Chris. That's Lotty's voice, I'll swear. I say.
You know me?

Lotty (to Chris.) No.
Jack. From such a height?
This ring upon your finger slight
Let me place before I go. (He does so.)

Chris. You'll let me in?

Lotty. No, no, no. no.

Chris. My child, my pretty innocent,
That answer was for others meant,
And not for me.

Lotty. For pity's sake—

Jack. My leave I'll take.

Chris. The door I'll from its hinges break.

(Heats violently at the door, and drops his cloak in the ejection.)

Lotty. Pray be gone.

Jack. Pretty one. (Kisses her hand, and descends from the window.)

Chris. Ha! 'tis done!

(The door gives way, CHRISTOPHER enters house as J ACK descends from window. L OTTY disappears.

Bird sings.)

Jack. Good, I'm out of doors again
In the rain;
With rage I burn,
Thinking of that chap's return.
Was it not unseasonable?
Aye, and most unreasonable,
And against the law of love most treasonable?
With rage and love I glow,
But these will not suffice
To keep me warm, I'm cold as ice;
My heart's on fire, my fagers I must blow. (Stumbles on cloak).
But, halloo—hey-day, what is this?
A cloak (puts it on); it does not come amiss;
How nice! Kind fortune, take my thanks,
I quite forgive you all your other pranks.

Widow (advancing from her house).

Hiither, this way, follow me;
None will see.

Jack. Who is she?

Widow. Supper now is ready quite. Jack. Hot?

Widow. Yes, hot. Jack. And you invite?

Widow. You, of course. Make haste, make haste,
A moment do not waste.

Jack. This is the place where all delights abound;
Upon the ground
Warm cloaks are found;
And ere you've time to look around,
Up comes a supper nicely brown'd,
And naught there is to say;
Here pretty creatures beg and pray.

Widow. Come this way, dear, come this way.
Chris. (appearing at lower window.)
So, there is the beau, sure, for whom I was taken;
Another she's caught, to be once more forsaken.
Always hunting for a lover,
Sometimes fond and sometimes spiteful;
When will she her tricks give over?
Oh! her conduct is most frightful.

Widow.
He's not quite an ardent lover,
In his words there's naught delightful;
When the wedding day is over,
He may find me rather spiteful.

Jack.
For a cold and hungry rover,
'Tis a village most delightful.
Let us hope, when all is over,
It will change to nothing frightful.

Lotty. (appearing at upper window with bird.)
Now, thank goodness, all is over!
Oh! my terrors have been frightful;
Yet, if he could be my lover,
How delightful, how delightful!

END OF ACT 1.
Act II.

SCENE.—Outside of Mayhurn Farm, with Hilton Church in the distance.—A water-butt against the wall; a table with tankards and a jug of ale; rustic seats; a fowling-piece leaning against the house.

Sounds of revelry within. Enter Jack from farm.

SCENE AND BALLAD.

Jack. “Bride and bridegroom!” that’s the toast;
The merry boys!
Of what mighty lungs they boast,
How they seem to love their noise!
And then the sergeant, with his bride
By his side,
How he seems to glow with pride!
I envy him—stop—do I? no!
Perhaps I only fancy so.
That gentle girl who talked to me last night,
Though of her face I could not get a sight,
I cannot quite forget,
I’m thinking of her yet.
Pshaw! Let me chase her from my mind.
Most likely she is frightful.
Stuff, she was nothing of the kind;
I’ll swear she was delightful.
Then, besides, there was another,
Whose face I could not see,
Of her I only know that she
Kicked up a most tremendous bother.
’Tis not she by whom I’m haunted,
But she whose husband chanced to call
When he was wanted not at all.
Her husband! no, oh no, let’s rather
Suppose it was her father.
Nay, why
Should I
Trouble thus my head about her?
Not so easily I’m caught.
Maid or wife, to me she’s naught.
Naught! Oh, I feel I could not live without her.

BALLAD.

A simple tune sometimes we hear,
That seems to bear a power unknown;
At first it only charms the ear,
But soon declares the heart its own.
And there a lasting home it makes;
Unheeded, there it oft will sleep;
Then, unexpectedly awakes,
To bid us smile—to bid us weep.
More sweet than any tune could be,
The gentle voice I lately heard,
Has such a lasting charm to me
That still I cling to every word.
In vain arise the sounds of mirth,
From rumor sounds it keeps apart;
And, lightly floating o'er the earth,
My ear still charms, still melts my heart.

*Enter Christopher from farm.*

*Chris.* So here you are, they are waiting for you to accompany them to the church. *Are* you going to give us the slip?

*Jack.* Not I, though I have important business on hand; chance has caused me to stumble on my old friend, Sergeant Cummings, on his wedding-day—so chance means that I should attend the church, and duly honour the dinner. My son won't miss me, I'll put off my son till to-morrow. (*Exit into farm.*)

*Chris.* Son, did he say? Son? What an extremely young man to be talking about his son! But folks are so precocious now-a-days. There's Lotty with her bird, and its ridiculous story about the young soldier. Perhaps the bird means nothing by singing that stuff; but if its teacher is equally innocent.—Ah! here's my esteemed friend, Widow Wantley; she seems greatly excited. Shall I accost her? No, I think I'll first let her simmer down a little. (*Retires.*)

*Enter Widow, L. H., with a boy, which she lays on a bench before the door.*

*Widow.* Ah! this is the place. I shall find the Sergeant at this cottage, they said; and why did they laugh when they told me so? I'm sure I can't make out; oh! the world is grown sadly uncivil. To think that when I was expecting the Sergeant last night, a stranger should come in his place. The impudent knave! I noticed that the voice was not right, and when I asked for an explanation, out jumps my gentleman from the window. Does he think an honest woman's reputation is to be jumped away in that fashion? Some saucy comrade, sent by the Sergeant, I'll be bound. But I shall have reparation, the Sergeant shall marry me, or he shall make his friend marry me. I have a cloak here, and can identify somebody, one or the other. How I long for revenge!

**SONG.**

Something I'll do—something I'll do,
Something that somebody surely shall rue:
How I feel my anger rise!
I could pull out some one's eyes;
I could tear
Some one's hair:
I could do anything I declare;
Let somebody beware!

Something I'll do—what shall it be?
That we shall see—that we shall see;
I'll be some one's wedded wife,
Then I'll lead him such a life.
All is fair
To repair
Wrongs that no widow on earth could bear;
Let somebody take care!
Chris. (comes forward). Good morning, fair Widow; you've come to the wedding of Rose Fairleigh, I suppose.

Widow. Rose Fairleigh? What, is she going to be married?

Chris. Of course. Do you mean to say you have heard nothing about it?

Widow. Not a word; but that's quite natural. I have enough to do with my own affairs, and therefore I don't indulge in little tattle about my neighbours.

Chris. Ah! certainly, you have enough on your hands; and the worst of it is, your business keeps you up so uncommonly late.

Widow. What do you mean by that, sir?

Chris. Oh, nothing; never mind me; you'll find enough to amuse yourself at the wedding. (aside). How delighted she'll be when she hears that the bridegroom is Sergeant Cummings. Ha! ha! ha! (Exit into farm.)

Widow. He laughs, too! Every body seems uncommonly merry to-day. (Enter Lotty L.H. dressed for the wedding.)

DUET.

Lotty. (aside). She here! oh, Lud, I'm quite distress'd!

Widow. (aside). She here! and wonderfully dress'd!

Lotty. You have not made yourself too smart.

Widow. Some persons need no aid from art.

Lotty. Yet still that cap—you bought it lately.

Widow. Suppose I did.

Lotty. I don't admire it greatly.

Widow. No thought had I of pleasing you

Lotty. When buying it.

Widow. Perhaps 'twill do,

Lotty. Perhaps the fault is in the wearer.

Widow. (aside). Oh! into pieces I could tear her.

Lotty. How could you such a ribbon buy?

Widow. But you, with your fastidious taste,

Lotty. And then your waist so tightly he'd—

Widow. It's vulgar quite, oh my! oh fie!

Lotty. I'm getting tired of this debate. (suppressing a yawn).

Widow. Perhaps you go to bed too late.

Lotty. (aside). She can't have seen. If all they say is true,

Widow. I don't sit up so late as you.

Lotty. (aside). She can't have seen. I will dissimulate.

Both. Can she suspect?

Lotty. Could she detect?

Widow. Precaution I will not neglect.

Both. No—no—I will dissimulate.

Lotty. I own I slept not much last night. Widow. Nor I.

Both. Excuse me, might I ask the reason why?

Widow. The rain beat hard at my window pane.

Both. I turned on my pillow again and again;

Widow. 'Till up I rose in a terrible fright,

Both. And just peep'd out to see all was right.

Both.  Nought save the black and stormy night.
Lotty.  That sounds quite right.
Widow.  That sounds quite right.
Both.  Most satisfactory is her reply.
Still something she has seen, she looks so sly.
Widow.  If nothing one sees, there's nothing to tell.
Lotty.  Of course not.
Widow.  Of course not.
Lotty.  That's well.
Widow.  Very well.
Lotty.  And 'e'en if there had been, man—
Widow.  Men!
Lotty.  Are so bold.
Widow.  Yes, child, 'tis their nature.
Lotty.  At least so I'm told.
Widow.  Nothing therefore will we mention.
Lotty.  That's precisely my intention.
Widow.  I confess I like you.
(aside).  Only just now I thought that I could strike you.
Both.  But still for you I have a great regard.
Constant friendship let us row,
Well we know each other now;
Should some little tempest rise,
To each other we're allies.
What are squabbles, storms, and furs,
When they're met by friends like us?

Enter Jack, from farm.

Jack.  I have the pleasure of addressing the Widow Wantley? (both nod apart). Which
of the two, might I ask?
Widow.  (pleased.)  My name is Wantley, young gentleman.
Jack.  I am here on a diplomatic mission.
Lotty.  Diplomatic?  What's the meaning of that?
Widow.  Don't you know, my dear?  When people say the most disagreeable things in the
most carrying manner, that's what they call diplomatic.
Jack.  Your definition is but too accurate.  You see, my friend Sergeant Cumings had
serious thoughts, I may say very serious, of making you Mrs. Cumings.
Widow.  I should think he had. Indeed.
Jack.  But you see by a curious—we can't exactly say, coincidence—he has this very morning
married Rose Fairleigh instead.  (aside)  I flatter myself that is delicately put.
Widow.  Married Rose Fairleigh?  Monstrous!
Lotty.  Did you not know that?  Why I was invited expressly to the wedding.
Widow.  And I never heard a word of it.
Jack.  Exactly.  There's the Sergeant's delicacy.  He would not wound your feelings
prematurely.  He would not make you as wretched as himself.
Widow.  Why, what right has he to be wretched?
Jack.  Every right in the world, when compelled to marry one who is not—you.
Widow.  What do you mean by compelled?  Surely a man can do as he pleases?
Jack.  Not a military man—that's the misfortune of our vocation.  As for the particular case
of poor Cumings, I will just hint that—You have heard of the balance of power?
Widow. No, I can't say I have. Lotty. Nor I either.

Jack. Well, then, it will be enough to state that, by the express orders of the Duke of Wellington, indeed, if you add the name of the Emperor Alexander, you will not be altogether wrong. So in short, putting this and that together, Cummings is sacrificed, but Europe preserved.

Lotty. How odd that such very great people should concern themselves about such very little ones!

Widow. I don't see that, my dear. I do not deem myself below anybody's consideration.

Jack. Quite right, Widow—and you ladies will submit the more readily to disappointments of this kind, certain that in your case a loss can never be irreparable. The matured charms of Mrs. Wontley—

Widow. Oh, sir!

Jack. The budding beauties of my little friend here— Lotty. Psha! don't—

Jack. Are too potent not to repair the defection of a lover at a moment's notice.

Widow (aside). What a very comfortable young man.

Enter Christopher from farm.

Chris. I say, things are going on very slowly. The bride and bridegroom are only thinking of each other, and all the rest seem to be sweethearts. Could not you tell us a story, just to liven the gap before dinner?

Lotty. Ah, yes; something about the war.

Widow. Yes, I do so adore anything military.

Chris. No! no! I've been bor'd to death with war and all that belongs to it, by the Sergeant. Could not you go on with the story you began, about last night's adventure?

Lotty & Widow. By all means.

QUARTET.

(They bring forward seats, and all sit down.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jack</th>
<th>All attention, all attention,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A wondrous story you shall hear;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>True it is, and no invention;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Draw near, draw near.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lotty</th>
<th>All attention, all attention,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Widow</td>
<td>A wondrous story we shall hear;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; Chris</td>
<td>Is it true, or mere invention?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Draw near, draw near.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Jack | Through a village last night I was wandering, |
|      | Not thinking at all of philandering; |
|      | But cursing my fate, |
|      | Because it was late, |
|      | And the rain was beginning to fall. |

| Chris | That village, pray, what do they call? |
| Jack | Can't say. |

| Lotty | Was it large? Widow. Was it small? |
| Jack | Nay, that I can't tell you at all. |
|      | The cold is frightful in that part, |
|      | Yet does not reach the female heart, |
|      | As you will soon confess; |
|      | What happen'd you will never guess. |

All Three. We ne'er shall guess, we ne'er shall guess.
Jack. The wind ripp'd my skin more and more;
    Despairing, I knocked at a door.
Lotty. At a door?  widow.  at a door?  chris.  at a door?
Jack. A window open'd overhead,
    And somebody look'd out;
    A woman 'twas, I could not doubt.
Lotty & Widow. The story I begin to dread.
Jack. I begged that she would let me in.
Chris. Of course your entrance she forbid.
Jack. If betting, sir, you would not win;
    She answer'd "no;" but let me in she did.
    And what is very droll,
    Yet true, upon my soul,
No matter what remark I made,
    "No, no, no, no," was all she said.
Lotty & Widow. No, no.
Jack. No, no.
Lotty. I feel afraid
Chris. Am I betrayed?
Widow. I'm not afraid.
Lotty. 'Tis he, tis he, 'tis surely he;
    And all the story points to me.
    I'll give a hint, and then the rest
    I hope and trust will be suppress'd.
Jack. I said a curious tale 'twould be!
    And 'tis most curious you'll agree;
    But let your judgment be suppress'd,
    Until I've told you all the rest.
Widow. Conspire, come, from danger I am free,
    The story does not point to me;
    "Yes" is the word that suits me best,
    With "no" I never my tongue distress'd.
Chris. To think a woman true could be,
    Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee;
    By mischief is the sex possess'd,
    And none is better than the rest.
Lotty (aside). The ring, the ring,
    Ah! that's the thing.  (Fills a goblet with ale.)
Chris. Well, pray, kind sir, proceed, proceed.
Lotty. His throat is getting dry, I think.
Jack. To tell the truth, it is indeed. (Lotty drops ring into goblet.)
Lotty. Perhaps this cup of ale you'll drink?
(aside). The ring, the ring.
Yes, that's the thing.
Jack (drinking). What's this? there's something in the ale.

Chris. What?

Jack (recognising ring.) Nothing. I'll resume my tale.

Jack. The very ring I gave last night!

Forewarn'd in time, I'll set all right.

Lotty. I feel that I could sink with fright;

No, no, he smiles, so all is right.

Chris. Siggs! glances! I'm persuaded quite

That something wrong occurred last night.

Widow. One looking left, one looking right,—

The story has perplexed me quite.

Jack. Well, now with my tale I'll get on,

Or else I shall never have done.


Lotty. O dear! how I wish it were done.

Jack. So happy I ne'er felt before,

When bang came a knock at the door.

Lotty. So there did! Widow. Not at mine.

Chris. Mighty fine.

Jack. 'Twas the husband returned.

Widow. Mine is dead, that is well.

Chris. & Lotty. What next will be tell?

Jack. With anger I burn'd,

When she told me that I

From the window must fly.

Widow. Mine jumped out of window, I did not know why.

Lotty. Oh, goodness, oh my!

Chris. That window is high.

Jack. Her voice was so sweet, I was forced to comply.

Widow. Sweet voice—that means me.

Lotty. Oh, lost I shall be!

Jack. I jumped on the ground. Lotty & Widow. Oh!

Chris. That I did not see.

Jack. Thus was suddenly broke—

Lotty. Your leg?

Widow. Arm?

Chris. Or neck? (aside) that had been a good joke.

Jack. No, no, the illusion—I suddenly woke.

Lotty. Woke! woke! What a pleasant delusion.

Widow. Woke! woke! And so ends the confusion.

Chris. Woke! woke! Here I scent a collusion.

Jack. Confusion—illusion—intrusion,

All ended, I suddenly woke.

Lotty, Widow, & Chris. That's all—for he suddenly woke.
Jack.    I thought you would have guessed before
It was a dream, and nothing more;
Such as at times invades the brain,
Then melting, leaves it free again.

Lotty.    I'm safe; but though the peril's o'er,
I feel as o'er I felt before;
And scarcely can I wish restrain
That all might happen once again.

Widow.    A dream forsooth, and nothing more;
I wish he'd said as much before.
By scandal we instruction gain,
But dreams are innocent and vain.

Chris.    The girl said "No," and nothing more;
The husband thundered at the door;
A chilly night, a dazzling rain:
No dream was this, 'tis very plain.

(Jack gives an arm to each lady, and takes them into farm.)

Chris.    Dream indeed! yes, very like a dream. That abominable young soldier has been besieging my citadel, and found the enemy ready to throw open the gates. No doubt he is the gallant young soldier the bird welcomes home from the wars. "Forewarned forearmed," they say; but I was not wise enough to act upon the hint. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Who would have the care of a woman, especially a young one?

SONG.
The man who is doomed of a lass to take care,
A bursa of trouble is likely to bear;
All night he may think,
Not sleeping a wink,
How best he may rule,
How best he may school
The tender, young creature and bend her soft will.
She's certain to prove over much for him still.
She'll cause him to pine, fret and grieve;
For, trust me, a man,
Let him do what he can,
Won't thoroughly conquer a daughter of Eve.
Perhaps he endeavours to work on her fears,
At once he is swamped by a deluge of tears;
A woman who cries
Has force in her eyes
That's sure to subdue
All men but a few;
And if some poor wretch a small victory gains,
He's sure to be called "horrid brute" for his pains;
Then those who don't cry will deceive;
For, trust me, a man, &c.
Perhaps he endeavours to wheedle and coax.
The last grows as firm as a forest of oaks;
As sure as he’s born,
She’ll treat him with scorn,
Will have her own way,
Whate’er he may say:
She’ll fight with her tongue; and if that weapon fails,
Will sometimes, I’m told, have recourse to her nails;
This truth all the world should believe—
That never a man,
Will thoroughly conquer a daughter of Eve.

Chris. Ah! here comes the pretty innocent; doubtless the gallant soldier will soon be after her. I’ll just get into this cask and watch their movements.

(As he does so, enter Lotty from house.)

Lotty. I will await him here. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is the meaning of this emotion? I, who never knew a trouble in the course of my days.

BALLAD.

I never knew my heart held fast
By any lasting tie;
My sorrows, fleeting swiftly past,
Have scarce outlived a sigh.
Joys ever fresh have come unsought
To brighten all my hours;
Now by the feathered songsters brought,
Now sparkling from the flowers.

I tremble, for a voice within
Too plainly seems to say,
"Another life will soon begin,
And this dissolve away;"
It tells me of a love more deep
Than that for birds or flowers:
Ah, me! I feel that I could weep
For childhood’s happy hours.

Chris. (looking from cask.) She is clearly very fond of somebody. If she refers to me, I am a Dutchman.

TRIO.

(Enter Jack from farm.)

Jack. Happy moments pass more fleetly,
Being lighter than the rest;
Now I find you smiling sweetly,
Quickly be my love confided.

Lotty. Stranger, greatly you surprise me,
And, indeed, I would conceal—
Least, perchance, you should despise me—
All, or nearly all I feel.

Jack. Lovely charmer, say not so,
Do not let this moment go,
Till I hear you fondly own
That your heart is mine alone.
Lotty. Though 'tis very wrong I know,
    Or, at least they tell me so,
Love without reserve to own,
    Stranger, I am yours alone.

Chris. (peeping, mimics) "Stranger, I am yours alone."
    Very pretty, I must own.
Jack. Nought on earth our hearts shall sever,
    I'll remain with you for ever.

Lotty. How delightful?
    This is pleasent.
Chris. Stop—I can't begin at present—
    I must go this very night.
Lotty. Go! I did not hear you right.
    Oh! no.
Jack. Even so.
Chris. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Lotty. But some remembrance you will leave.
Jack. Oh! yes, this brooch I'll give,
A trilling present 'tis to make.

Lotty. I'll wear it for the donor's sake.
    Oft will I upon it gaze
When the light across it plays;
    When I see it sparkling here
I shall fancy you are near.
Jack. When upon that face I gaze,
    Where a smile so sweetly plays,
I would stay for ever here,
    Though the parting hour is near.

Chris. Such are women now a-days,
    Even me they can amaze.
Vast experience, that is clear;
    Do I gain by watching here.

Jack. Stay, I forgot;
    Suppose your tyrant sees your brooch.
Lotty. No, he shall not.
Chris. He shall—he must.
Lotty. He'll not, I trust,
Pay much attention to a trinket.

Chris. Oh! I am blind, then. Don't you think it.
Jack. To make all safe before I go,
    I'll send a bullet through him.

Chris. Oh!
Jack. (aside, observing Chris) Hey-day, he's there—
    A bullet!
Lotty. Mark how I'll send one now through yonder cask.

Chris. Stop, stop, young fellow, don't be rash and stupid.
Chris. & { I am } not Jack, but { honest } Christopher.
Lotty. { He is }
Jack. Love's enemy! then know that I am Cupid.
   Thus with my bow revenge I take (takes up gun and points it).
Lotty. Hold, hold!
Chris. Leave off, for goodness sake,
   Or else, by Jove, I'll bring an action.
Jack. No; I must give you satisfaction.
   Came out, don't tremble, steady, steady,—
   Now—
Chris. Oh! (falls on knees) I'm satisfied already.
Jack. You're not. With husbands 'tis a rule—
Chris. But I'm no husband—I'm not such a fool.
Jack. No husband!
Lotty. No. Pray be a little cool.
Chris. Have a care, sir; have a care,
   I'm no husband I declare,
   So my life be pleased to spare, Prithee, do!
   If the girl, sir, you desire,
   Take her now, but do not fire.
   Sir, I give what you require,
Jack. Not a husband, and you dare
   To molest that nymph so fair;
   I will teach you, Sir, I swear,
   Yonder damsel I require,
   On her husband, brother, sire,
   If they cross me I will fire,
   Who is who.
Lotty. Angry broils I cannot bear,
   And this contest is not fair;
   Oh! his life be pleased to spare, Prithee, do!
   If my love, Sir, you desire,
   You must quench this mood of fire;
   Better tempers I require,
   As on you.
Chris. There, there, don't let us have any more trouble about the matter; if you are so fond
of this girl, marry her at once—I resign all my pretensions.
Lotty. Yes, do, sir, do.
Jack. With the greatest—oh! I had forgot—I have no personal objection; but I can't
marry anybody. I promised my dear old friend that I would always remain a bachelor, in order
to protect his orphan child.
Lotty. Oh! you cruel deceiver, to trifle with a poor girl's feelings in this way.
Chris. Of all the impostors I ever saw, this man is the chief. However, Miss Lotty, if you
choose to throw your heart away without making proper enquiries, you must put up with the
consequences. I'll have no more to do with you. Ah! you are well named Firebrand, for the
house has been in a blaze ever since you entered it.
Jack. Stop! Do you mean to say that this young lady's name is really Firebrand? Why
that is the name of my dear old friend.
Chris. Not Richard Firebrand?
Jack. Yes; only I always called him Dick, and it was Dick's child I promised to protect.
But the child was a son, not a daughter—look here! (Gives paper.)
Chris. Dick's scrawl, as sure as fate; many a time I have been puzzled by his hieroglyphics.
(Reads.) "Recommend to your care my Charley." Well, it's all right, this is his Charley here.
Lotty. Yes, it's his Charley.
Jack. Stuff! this young lady's name cannot be Charles.
Chris. No; but it is Charlotte, and Charley is short for Charlotte, as well as Lotty.

(Widow at cottage door listening.)

Jack. Capital. Then I have only to take Lotty for a wife, and I shall have fulfilled my promise. (Widow disappears) and be a married man into the bargain.

Lotty. Oh! how nice!

(Enter from cottage, Widow, with bag.)

Widow. Stop, stop, not so fast— I have a certain cloak in this bag, and the owner of this cloak is bound to— (Takes out cloak.)

Chris. Why, how did you get hold of my cloak?

Widow. Your cloak—yours—was it you then who invaded the sanctity of my domicile last night?

Jack & Lotty. Fie! fie! Mr. Christopher.

Chris. Nay! I protest—

Widow. Don't be uneasy; a generous heart forgives the excesses of a genuine passion. I always had a regard for you, Mr. Christopher; and, as old Mr. Growler has left me all his money, I think we might be tolerably happy.

Chris. Growler's money yours! Widow—(take hand)—I repair the injury.

Jack. Well resolved. Come, you must let me give your bride away; and then, if you will do the same for mine, you will prove a worthy executor of my poor friend's will and testament, and (to Lotty), whether Charley or Lotty, you are the richest bequest he could leave me.

FINALE.

All. Yes, by the Soldier prized shall be
His brother Soldier's Legacy.
Here's an end to care and doubt,
Strange things are brought about;
This way, that way, were we cast,
But each has found his place at last.
Fui, lai, la!

Widow & Chris. Thus together we are brought,

Who'd have thought it, who'd have thought it?

O'dly though our love begins,
He's the longest laughs who wins.

Lotty & Jack. Love with this has much to do,

What think you, dear, what think you?

Love a deal of trouble makes,
But love can rectify mistakes.

A COUNTRY DANCE.

THE END.
ACT I.

N° 1. Prelude and Ballad.

Andante.

Pianoforte.
"You promised to come with the dawn of the day, Oh Willy, dear—"

Willy, what keeps you away? Woe, weary the hours will be—While,"

Willy, you keep away from me.” To empty air thus Jenny—"

spoke; she looked from the gate again and again, But always in"

vain, her heart was nearly broke.
The hours crept along and the sun slowly set, And poor sighing

Jenny was sorrowful yet; Wear-y, wear-y the day had been. For Willy, the false one, she had not seen. At last the
gate, with heavy swing, flew open, and quick as lightning or thought came

Willy, who brought a golden wedding ring.
- positively dangerous.

No. 2. Duet.

Widow. Moderato

Tis not so much that comely face,

Christopher. Moderato

Though all, yes all, must think it charming,

Pianoforte. \( \text{mf} \)

But, further, there's a matchless grace which makes you
quite alarming which makes you quite alarming alarming alarming.

Oh, fie! oh, fie! a

wheedling, flattering tongue You have in your possession; Those:

praises half to me belong, And half to my profession. For all are de-

Yes, all are delighted whenever you appear,

light-ed, for all are delight-ed whenever I appear. My face and my
That face, grace, and figure are known far and near. But though you pretend to be fair, my face and my fiddle are known far and near. The merry lass on her lane,

tends ev'ry listener to cheer. You cause many hearts to ache sadly charm and the doleful I cheer. The lasses cry out when they see fear.

Oh dear, Sir, oh dear, Sir, oh dear me: Oh dear! The fiddler is here, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, the
dear Sir, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear!

fiddler is here, oh dear, oh dear, the fiddler is here!

Did I seek a proper match, Far I should not have to look

Oh! a husband you would catch, And you shrewdly bait your

Why thus linger? Why thus linger?

hook linger? linger? linger?
Why thus linger, dally, tarry, When you might make one woman linger?

blest.

Don't you see, if one I marry, I break the hearts of all the rest.

Oh! all are delighted whenever you appear,

lighted, oh, all are delighted whenever I appear, My face and my
That face, grace, and figure are known far and near, But though you play my fiddle, My face and my fiddle are known far and near, The merry I tend ev'ry list'ner to cheer, You cause many hearts to ache sadly I charm and the doleful I cheer, The lasses cry out when they see fear. Oh dear, Sir, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, me: Oh dear! The fiddler is here, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, the fiddler is here, oh dear, oh dear.
dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, the fiddler is here. All are delighted when I appear.

dear, Sir, you cause many hearts to ache, oh pear, The lassies cry out when they see me: Oh

dear, Sir, oh dear, Sir, oh dear, oh dear, the fiddler is here, the fiddler is here, the

dear, Sir, oh dear!

fiddler is here!
No 3. Trio.

Lotty. (in house.)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha. There's her silly laugh. Ha ha ha ha ha ha...

Widow.

Christopher.

Allegro.

Pianoforte.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Musical, as the notes of my own fiddle.

(Enters.)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I scarcely know what has set me...
laughing so;

An idle thought, The merest naught Will make me laugh, laugh,

laugh away;

I must be merry come what may.

Ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. I scarcely

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

But few I know, Dam -
know What has set me laughing so; An idle thought, the merest

- selstrain'd like this can show; Her ev'r thought And wish is brought naught Will make me laugh a-way, I must be merry,

- Beneath my mild paternal sway, When I say merry come what may. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

"yes, she can't say "nay." Ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha. I scarcely know what has set me laughing
ha. Full well I know Women are not conquered so:
ha ha ha ha ha. But few, I know DamSELs' pride like

so; An id'le thought Will make me
You'll soon be taught you'll soon be taught, That girls, while
this can show Her ev'ry thought And wish is brought

laugh, laugh, laugh a away; I must be merry, merry
feigning to obey Are scheming how to
—Beneath my mild paternal sway When I say "yes," she
come what may. Oh, dear! I cannot raise my head; (To Christ.)

have. Their way. Ha ha ha ha. That simpleton you mean to
can't say nay. Ha ha ha ha. This innocent I mean to wed.

Oh, dear! I cannot raise my head; there's nothing
wed, That simpleton you mean to wed, I'll

This innocent I mean to wed, Al ready.

(Goes up stage,

I so greatly dread As folks that stare at me.

say that "artful mix" in - stead, And more cor - rect twill be. You

she is over head. And ears in love with me.
to arrange plants.

Think, she'll always prove obedient to your will?

That is better still.

Think? nay, I know it! That she is under my control most surely you'll confess when you have heard her answer.
all my questions, you'll confess
When you have heard her answer all my
questions with a "yes?"

Yes.

(To Lotty.)

You think me good—and clever?

Wish

* "When the heart of a man is oppress'd with cares."
Yes.

I may live—forever? To me you

Yes.

will be humble? Without a shrug or

Yes.

Is she knave, or is she fool,

gumble?
poco rall. a tempo

That she thus can go to school?

You deem me quite a

Yes.

beauty?  To love me is your duty?

Yes.

(To Lotty.)

The greatest

You're grateful to me always for my bounty?
Yes, after you, ma'am.

fool you are in all the county?

(Curtseying.)

after you.

The saucy jade, the saucy
collo parte a tempo

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

jade this jest shall rue, the saucy jade, this jest shall rue.

Laugh at

ha ha ha ha. Come, that will do, that will do. Ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha.
I scarcely know
What has set me laughing so,

ha ha ha ha ha.
But few I know,
Damsels train'd like this can show,

An idle thought,
the merest naught
Will make me laugh, laugh,

But you'll be taught, Sir, as you ought,
Respect when it is due,

Her ev'ry thought
And wish is brought
Beneath my mild pa-
laugh a - way, I must be merry come what may,
to pay, When my brave war - rior names the day, When

ter - nal sway, When I say "yes", she can't say "nay"; When

I must be merry come what may, come what
my brave warrior names the day. But you'll be taught,
I say "yes", she can't say "nay", she can't say

may, come what may, come what
but you'll be taught, Re -spect where it is due to pay, where it is due to
"nay", she can't say "nay"; When I say "yes", she can't say

71
may. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

pay. Laugh at me! how very low! But you'll be taught, Re-

"nay": Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

When

ha. I must be merry come what

spect when it is due to pay. When my brave warrior names the

I say "yes" she can't she can't say

may.

day.

"nay":
Lotty.

Christopher.

Pianoforte.

Allegro.

* The Took.
Yes.

none you'll grant admission.

Yes.

Whatever their petition.

(aside)

Those two last 'yes's' did not fit; The girl who

always 'yes' replies, And never anything denies, May
fall into a strange mistake.
Some alteration I will make, if I've sufficient wit.

The looking very serious, and wonderfully mysterious;
Danger is most serious, "Yes" may be deleterious; He frowns, he smiles;
I greatly doubt, the soundness of my plan.
doubt. If any good he thinks about, I greatly doubt, if any

Some other scheme I must find out, I must find out; Some other

good he thinks about.
scheme I must find out.

I have it, I have, hel! hel! it shall be so; Instead of "yes" she shall
answer "no";  "No" is a word that cannot hurt you,

"No" will guard both cash and virtue;  When intrusive suitors come,  "No" will send them baffled home;  When a

friend desires to borrow,  "No" will save a world of
sorrow; While the man who can't refuse, Will both friend and money lose; While the man who can't refuse, Will both friend and money lose.

Lotty, now be all attention, Listen, listen to my new in-
Yes. Instead of "yes" you'll always say: No.

Yes. No. No. No. Nay, We'll practice till you're perfect quite, Until your answers all are right.

Yes. No. visitor must enter here.
I've been so used to answer

No, oh dear, oh dear.

---

Yes, "That--no" is puzzling, I confess

No

---

Yes. Yes.

Visitor will you let in.

No.

---

Now, I begin to understand._
No, no, no, no.

Just so; not "yes" but "no", just so;

Do not think you can deceive me;

There's a little bird, believe me,

Who will

A little

list to every word, And report what he has heard.
bird! What, every word?

E'en

this she swallows; how absurd! how absurd! how absurd!

Mine

I shall lead a

will be a peaceful life, Free from trouble, care, and

happy life With my pretty docile
strife; As wise as any girl at school, as any girl at school, Shall

wife. For husbands I'll set up a school. To

become, shall I become beneath my husband's rule.
teach them how, to teach them how their better halves to rule. My

(puts it on him.)

cloak, and now good night, you won't forget.

Yes. (takes it) No, no. I'm

No. My fiddle; you've not got it yet. No, no. At
sure to have it right. No, no, no, no, no, no, no,

last you've got it right, right, you have got it

cresc.
poco rit.

You have it right, you have it

You have it right at last, at last, you've got it

71
right, right, you have it right,

you have it right, you have it right at last, at

last you've got it right, good night, good night,

good night, good night. (Exit and returns.)
good night, good night.
Yes, yes, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no, just

no, no, no, no,

so, at last you've got it right, good

cresc.

I'm sure to have it right, good night.

night, at last you've got it right, good night.
N° 5. Song.

Lotty.

Andantino.

Come, come, pretty bird, attend;

Pianoforte

Your supper you must earn,
Your lesson you must learn, Little friend,

Harmonium.

Come, come, pretty bird, attend;

—Your supper you must earn,
Your lesson you must learn, Little friend,

Come, come,
Oh! welcome, young soldier, fresh home from the wars. Bow
handsome and gallant thou art! Forgotten are
surely thy wounds and thy scars, Save one little wound in thy
heart, in thy heart. Oh! wel-
wel-
wel-
wel-
Oh! welcome, young soldier, fresh home from the
How handsome and gallant thou art! La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la, a wound in thy heart

Pretty well, pretty well, We'll try it again. The trouble will not be in
vain. Not the trouble will not be in vain, No!

practice will make you excel. Come, pretty bird, pretty bird, the

trouble will not be in vain. Oh! welcome, young soldier, fresh

home from the wars, How handsome and gallant thou

art! Forgotten are surely thy
wounds and thy scars, Save one little wound in thy heart, in thy heart. La

la  la  la

la  la  la

la  la  la
Perfect, perfect, I declare, What a little duck you are! 'Twas bravely done, Well your lesson you have learnt, Well your supper you have earned And a kiss besides you've won. Perfect, perfect, perfect, I declare.
No 6. Song.

Jack.

Moderato.

Pianoforte.

(Enter Jack.)  Hang it! I have lost my way.
and night-hasset in already.
That's inconvenient for a man on the look out for a son whom he would not know if he saw him in broad daylight.

However whether the job be difficult or not, the boy must be found.

It was my promise to poor Dick Firebrand, when he lay dying of a gunshot wound at Salamanca, that I would take care of the child he had left in England.
Poor Dick! I fancy myself at his side now. With placid face, a-waiting death, My friend, my gallant comrade lay; His voice had dwindled to a breath, But something yet he had to say, Though all had faded from his sight, A passing glitter in his eye, showed as he pressed my fingers tight, how well he knew a friend was nigh, how well he knew a friend was nigh.
Methought a light upon him broke, And with his pal - lid lips he 

smiled, As scarcely with a sound he spoke: "To you, I leave my or - phan child:"

Those dying words, I hear them still, I heard them mid the bat - tles 

strife; Through peace and war, through good and ill,

pp poco piu mosso.
They mark the purpose of my life.

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be—His brother.

soldier's legacy.

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be—His brother.

soldier's legacy.
sort of a place this is?

No. 7. Duet.

Allegretto soave.

Lotty.

(knocking.)

Jack.

(looking out of upper window.)

Yes, yes, indeed, there's some one there;

(to mind my lesson I'll take care.)

(Ah! that's a woman, I declare; but whether she be brown or
fair I cannot say, Since in the dark all

(Really, I am half a
cats are grey.)

fraid...) Lovely?

Lovely widow, wife or maid...

Love-ly you must be, I feel, although I cannot see.
Listen, Susan, Bess, or Kitty, The man is

(Remains all in a sorry plight. Who out of doors remains all night.)

night!)

(Exactly)

And that will be my case precisely. Unless
you show some pity
I should not be so bold,

If the night were not so cold;

trust, but now I trust, I trust you'll answer

No! No!

That words as
hard as any blow. In the cold you'll let me die?

No.

Admitance steadfastly deny?

(Come, come, the answers much improve;

At last, compassion I may

(Go down I move. (There's some-thing in her}
must, I have no choice; Poor man, poor pretty voice, That sets me in a twitter, And makes my heart with

man, the cold is bitter; And then, and then, there's warmth rejoice, Although the cold is bitter. There's something in that pretty voice, that

something in his voice, there's something in his voice, That sets me in a sets me in a twitter, And makes my heart with warmth rejoice, Al - tho' the cold is (disappears)
twitter, that sets me in a twitter, yes, all in a twitter.) bitter, rejoice al - tho' the cold is bitter, rejoice al - tho' the cold is bitter.)

a tempo cresc. pp
Listen at door.

There's a footstep!
Nearer! nearer!

She's coming down the stairs,
I hear her;
She turns the lock,
That's better still, and better;
The night is wet,
and shortly will be wetter.
Andante con moto.

No, ah! no!

Your heart of stone they did not fashion?

Nor close it against each tender passion?

You would not bid a lover perish?

Nor gentle thoughts refuse to cherish?

(I thought my words at last would melt her.)
tell. I never was addressed with words so all is well that endeth well." Her voice is sweet, her words are kind; I never was addressed before with words so kind, with her voice is sweet, her words are kind, her words are kind, her words are kind. You would not bid a lover perish?

No, ah! no!

Nor gentle thoughts refuse to cherish?
You would not bid a lover perish?

no! ah! no! no! ah! no! ah! no! ah no! ah no! ah no! ah no!

You would not! ah!

no! ah! no! no! ah! no! ah! no! ah! no! (Exeunt into Cottage.)

no! ah! no! no! no! ah no! ah no! ah no! ah no! (Aside as he goes.) Still I must not forget poor Dick's Legacy.
No. 8. Monologue and Finale.

Christopher.

Moderato.

Pianoforte.

(Enters)

(speaks)

Thank goodness! I am near home again.

Really, people should think twice before they make a musician and a man of business lose his precious time on a fool's errand.

*"Drops of brandy.
and such weather
too for long walks.

Well! I am sure to find all right at home.
that's one comfort. Lotty has no candle.
and she is not allowed the use of her tongue.
and a woman that can neither talk nor
set the house on fire is incapable of much mischief.

Allegretto.

(Bird sings.)
(Harmonium.)

welcome, young soldier, fresh home from the wars.” I've play’d that tune my-

self sometimes.

“Fvo-
Gotten are surely thy wounds and thy scars. The tune is good enough. But
yet I scarcely like the rhymes; They're filled with just the kind of
stuff that turns a damsel's head, stuff!

I wish the noisy bird were dead.

Widow: (looking from her window.)
When there?
Who yonder lurks a-bout? The Serjeant? yes, beyond a
doubt, beyond a doubt. Naughty man,

Christopher. Widow.

naughty man, at last you're here. Eh, what's that? Ah, why, why so
dear Seemst thou to this faithful heart? Fickle, fickle,

Christopher.

fickle as thou art. Ah, the widow! Up so late.
Widow.

Christopher.  hst!  hst!

Me she feign would win.  hst!  hst!

hsh!  hshh!  A little

hsh!  hshh!

moment, prithee, wait, And I'll come down to let you in.  hsh!

hsh!  These wicked men, their artful ways Trey

hsh!  Of what she thinks her winning ways She

poco rit.  p
never can for-get, Though I have watch'd them all my days, I
is not wea-ry yet; The old, old game un-till she plays. And

cannot un-derstand them yet. A traitor he Ap- peared to be. Now
hopes a husband still to get. This ev-ning she Looks af- ter me, To-

sneaking he re-turns to me, A traitor he Ap- peared to be. Now
morrow some one else will be, This evning she Looks af- ter me, To-

(disappears)

sneaking he returns to me. (knocking at door.)
morrow some one else will be.
Again that most unlucky tune: "Young soldier!"

If that bird I cannot check, I will surely wring his neck.

Allegretto agitato.

Very soon, very soon. (Lotty and Jack appear at window.)

Lotty.

Jack.

Christopher.

What a

Open, open quick the door!
Jack.

Can't you let him wait a minute?

Christopher.

No reply—the duchess is in it!

Lotty.

I beg, implore,

She can't be out?
That from the window you'll escape. From the window you'll escape,

cape,

I'm in a scrape.

Within! within! within! within!

I entreat, I pray, I beg,

Well, but still, (knocks.)
pray._ I beg._ implore, That from the window you'll es-

but still,

Open, open,

Open the

cape, 

beg implore, that from the window you'll es-

If you (knocks.) implore, I from the window must es-
door!

Open the

cape, I pray,

cape, nay, nay,

door! That's Lot-ty's voice, I'll
I pray.

nay, nay.

swear.

That's Lotty's voice, I'll swear.

(to Christopher.)

No.

I say, You know me?

(Looking down.)

No!

From such a height?

You'll let me in?

*Have your hunting*
No, no, no, no, no, no!

This ring upon your

No?

(He does so)

fingertip slight, Let me place before I go.

My child, my

pretty innocent,

That answer was for others—meant, and
(to Jack.)

For pity's

not for me, and not for me.

(Throws off cloak)

sake—

My leave I take.

The door I'll from its

Pray, be gone, pray, be gone!

(knocks) (knocks) (knocks)

hinges break. Ha, ha, ha!
Allegretto come primo.

(Jack descends from window. Door gives way.)

(Exit into house.)

Hal—tis done! (Har.)

(Jack reaches the ground)

cresc.

and comes forward.) Good I'm out of doors a-gain In the rain;

With rage I burn,
Thinking of thatchaps re-turn.

Was is not un-sea-

-sonable,

Aye, and most un-rea-

-sonable,

And against the law of love most trea-

-sonable.

With rage and love I glow, But these will

not suffice To keep me warm, I'm cold as ice.
My heart's on fire,

(Stumbles on cloak.)

—my fingers I must blow.
But hulloah, hey-day,

(sits it on.)

what is this?
A cloak;

it does not come a-miss,
How nice!

Kind fortune, take my thanks,
I quite forgive you
Widow. (advancing from her house.)

hst!

all your other pranks.

hst! hsh! hssh!

hst! hst! hsh! hssh!

hsh! Hither, this way, follow me. None will

(Who is she?)

see. hsh! Supper now is ready

hsh!
quite. Yes, hot... You, of course. Make haste, make haste.

Hot? And you invite?

haste. A moment do not waste, make haste, make haste.

This is the place where all delights abound; Upon the ground warm clefts are found;

Come this way, dear, come this way, dear.
Come, come, come this way,
Add cre you've time to look around,
Up comes a

come this way, come, come,
supper nicely browned, And naught there is to

come, come this way, dear, come this way,
pay.

Chris. (at upper window.) Here

come this way.
pretty, pretty, pretty creatures beg and pray, here pretty

ho! there's the beau for whom I was taken; A
Come this way, dear, come this way
creatures, pretty creatures beg and pray
other she has caught, to be once more, to be once more forsaken.

Andante.
Now, thank goodness,
He's not quite an ardent lover,
For a cold and hungry

Andante.
Always hunting for a lover,
all is over
In his words there's naught delightful
'Tis a village most de-

Al-ways hunting for a lover
Oh my terrors have been frightful Yet if
In his words there's naught delightful
Lightful Yes most delightful
Sometimes fond and sometimes spiteful When will
he could be my love
When the wedding day is over He will find me rather
Let us hope when all is
she her tricks give over Oh! her conduct is most

er Oh if he could be my
spiteful When the wedding day is over He will

o ver It will change to
frightful When will she her tricks give over Oh! her

71
lover How delightful
find me rather spiteful When the wedding day is nothing frightful Let us hope when all is conduct is most frightful When will she her tricks give

-ful, how delightful, how delightful, how de-
over When when when the wedding day is over Let us, let us hope when all is over When when when will she her tricks give

lightful, how delight -ful, how de-
over He will find me rather spiteful, he will over It will change to nothing frightful oh no! over oh! her conduct is most frightful it is
lightful.
(Curtain falls as Christopher comes on in a light cap with candle to seek his cloak.)

spiteful.

frightful.

frightful.

(Bird sings)

(Har.)
A C T II.

N°9. Entr‘acte, Scene and Ballad.

Allegro gioviale.

Pianoforte.
Jack.
Recit.

a tempo

"Bride and bridegroom; that's the toast.

The merry boys! Of what mighty lungs they boast, How they seem to love their noise!

And then the sergeant, with his bride. By his side,

How he seems to glow with pride. I envy him—stop, do I? No! Perhaps I only
Allegro moderato.

fancy so.

That gentle girl who talked to me last night, Though of her face I could not get a sight, I cannot quite forget, I'm

thinking of her yet. Pshaw! Let me chase her from my mind. Most likely she was frightful. Stuff, she was nothing of the kind; I'll swear she was de
sides, there was another, whose face I could not see.

Of her I only know that she Kick'd up a most fer-

dinous bother.

'Tis not she by whom I'm haunted, But
she whose husband chanced to call When he was not wanted at all. Her husband?

No, oh no, let's rather Suppose it was her father. Nay,

why Should I Trouble thus my head about her. Not so easily I'm caught. Maid or wife, to me she's naught

Naught? naught? Oh! I felt I could not live with
Moderato.

out her.

A simple tune sometimes we hear, That seems to

bear a pow'r un-known; At first it only charms the ear, But soon de-

clares the heart its own. And then a lasting home it makes; Unheed-ed,

there it oft will sleep. Then un-ex-pect-ed-ly a-wakes, To bid us

rall.
smile, to bid us weep.

More sweet than any tune could be, The gentle voice I lately heard Has such a

lasting charm for me That still I cling to every word In vain a

rise the sounds of mirth, From ra-der sounds it keeps a part; And, lightly

collo parte

floating o'er the earth, My ear still charms, still melts my heart.
N° 10. Song.

Allegro vivace.

Widow.

Pianoforte.

Something I'll do, something I'll do, something I'll do, something that somebody surely shall rue, something I'll do, something that somebody surely shall rue.

How I feel my anger rise, I could pull out some one's eyes; I could tear some one's hair; I could do
a-ny-thing, I de-c-lare; Let some-body be-ware, let

some-body be-ware, oh some-body, oh some-body, oh

some-body, some-body, some-body, some-body, some-body, some-body,

some-body, some-body, some-body'd better be-ware, for something I'll

a tempo
do, something I'll do, something that some-body surely shall rue; something I'll
do, something I'll do, something that some-body surely shall rue.

Something I'll do, something I'll do,

what shall it be? what shall it be? That we shall see,

we shall see, we shall see; I'll be some one's wedded wife,

Then I'll lead him such a life.
All is fair to repair wrongs that no widow on earth could bear; let somebody take care, oh somebody, yes somebody, yes somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody, better take care, for something ill colli parte
do, something I'll do, something that some-body surely shall rue; something I'll
do, something I'll do, something that some-body surely shall rue.

How I feel my anger rise—

I could pull out some one's eyes,—

I could tear some one's hair, I could do any-thing, I de-clare. Yes any-thing, I do—
care! take care! I'll be some one's wedded wife.

Then I'll lead him such a life.

All is fair To re-pair Wrongs that no widow on earth could

bear, no widow on earth could bear; let some-body, some-body,
some-body take care, take care, take care; Let

some-body take care, let some-body take care,

let some-body, some-body,

some-body take care!
N. 11. Duet.

Allegro moderato.

Lotty.

Widow.

Pianoforte.

(She here? oh Lud,

I'm quite dis-tressed!)

(She here? and won-der-fully dress'd!)

71
All the world and his wife are invited, no doubt, With one sole exception:

I, I am left out, only I am left

You have not
made yourself too smart.

Some persons need no

Yet still, that cap, you bought it

aid from art.

lately.

I don't admire it greatly.

Suppose I did.

No thought had I of pleasing you. When buying it.
Well, it may do; Perhaps the fault is in the wearer.

(Oh!

Perhaps, perhaps,
in-to pieces I could tear her, I could tear her, I could

perhaps 'twill do.

tear her.) But you, with your fastidious taste!

How could you such a ribbon buy? Tis vulgar quite,
quite, quite, And then your waist so tightly laced! Oh-

I'm getting tired of this decency! oh fie!

(yawnlag.)

bated.

Perhaps you go to bed too late.

(Whispering.)

(She can't have seen.) if all they say is
true. I don't sit up—so late as you—

(Whispering.)

She can't have seen. I will dis-simulate.

(Can she suspect? Could she de-

tect? Pre-caution I will not ne-glect. Can she sus-

pect? Could she de-tect? Pre-caution I will not ne-glect. Can
Could she detect? Precaution I will not neglect,
she suspect? Could she detect? Precaution I will
detect, no, no, no, no, I will detect,
not neglect, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I will
detect, I will simulate, I will simulate,
I will simulate, I will simulate, I will simulate,
I will simulate, I own I
slept not much last night.

Nor

Ex-cuse me, might,

Ex-cuse me, might,

might, might I ask the reason why? Ex-

might I ask the reason why?

cuse me, Ex-cuse me!

Ex-cuse me, Ex-cuse me!
Andante, quasi Allegretto.

The rain beat hard at my window pane, the

The rain beat hard at my window pane.

rain beat hard, I turn'd on my pillow a-

at my window pane, I turn'd on my pillow a-

gain, again, I turn'd again, Till up I rose in a

gain, again, I turn'd again, Till up I rose in a

terrible fright, Till up I rose and just peep'd

terrible fright, in a terrible fright, and just
out, And just, and just peep'd out to see all was
peep'd out, And just peep'd out to see all was
right. Peep'd out? You saw,
right. Peep'd out? You saw, You

Naught, naught, naught, save the black and stormy
saw, no doubt, Naught, naught, save the black and stormy

night, Naught, no naught, save the black and stormy
night, Naught, no naught, save the black and stormy
night. That sounds quite right,

night. That sounds quite right, that sounds quite right,

that sounds quite right, that sounds quite right,

right, that sounds quite right,

that sounds, that sounds,

that sounds, that sounds,

that sounds, that sounds,

quite right.

quite right.
Allegro.

(Most_ satis-fac-to-ry

Allegro.

(Most_ satis-

is her re-ply. Still something she has seen,

fac-to-ry is her re-ply. Still something she

she looks so sly. she looks so sly.)

has seen, she looks so sly.)

If nothing one sees, there is nothing to
Of course not.  That's well.

tell.

Of course not.  Ve-ry

Thats well.

And well.  Ve-ry well.

even if there had been, Men-

are so

Men!

bold.

At

Yes, child, 'tis their na-ture.
least, so I'm told.

Nothing therefore need we mention.

That's precisely my intention. Dear Madam.

Dear child.

I confess I like you, (Only just now I

Sometimes I'm saucy.

thought that I could strike you.) Sometimes I'm
But still for you I have a great regard.

Constant friendship, let us vow. Well, we know each other now; Should some little tempest rise, To...
other were allies.

otherwere allies. What are squabbles, storms, and fuss,

When they're met by friends like us,

What are squabbles, storms, and

fuss,

When they’re met by friends like us, When they are

When they are met by friends, by

When they are met by friends, by
friends like us, When they are met by friends, by friends like us, When they are met by friends, by

friends like us, ah friends like us, What are

squabbles, storms, and fass, What are squabbles, storms, and

fass, When they are met by friends like us. Constant,
constant, constant, constant, constant, constant friendship let us
constant, constant, constant, constant, constant friendship let us

vow, Well, we know each other now; Should some little tempest
vow, Well, we know each other now; Should some little tempest

Più mosso.

rise, To each other we're allies. Ah what, ah what are
rise, To each other we're allies. Ah what, ah what are

Più mosso.

storms, and fuss, When they are met by
storms, and fuss, When they are met by
friends like us, by friends like us, by
friends like us, by friends like us, by
cresc.

friends like us, When they are
friends like us, When they are
pff cresc.

met, are met by friends like us.
met, are met by friends like us.
N° 12. Quartet.

Allegro.

Lotty.

Widow.

Jack.

All attention, all attention,

Christopher.

Pianoforte.

All attention, all attention,

All attention, all attention,

A wondrous story you shall

All attention, all attention,
A wondrous story we shall hear; Is it true, and no invention?
Draw near, draw near.

A wondrous story we shall hear; Is it true, and no invention?
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

A wondrous story we shall hear; Is it true, and no invention?
It is true, and no invention!
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

(They bring chairs and seat themselves)
Through a village last night I was wandering, Not thinking at all of philandering. But cursing my fate, Because it was late, And the rain was beginning to fall.

Can't that village pray what do they call?

"Cold and raw."

71
Was it large?

Was it small?

say.

Nay, that I can't tell you at all.

The cold is frightful in that part, Yet does not reach the

fe-male heart, As you will soon confess.

What

What happend?
We ne'er shall guess, we ne'er shall guess.

happ'nd you will never guess.

The wind nip'pd my skin more and more; Despairing I

At a door?

knock'd at a door.

A window open'd

At a door?
o-ver head, and some-body look’d out, ’Twas a woman, I could not

The sto-ry I be-gin’d to dread,

The sto-ry I be-gin’d to dread.

do ubt. I begg’d that she would let me

in. If bettng, sir, you would not

Of course your entrance she for-bid.
win; She answered "no"; but let me in she did; she did, but let me in she did. And what is wondrous

droll, Yet true upon my soul. No matter what, re-
mark I made. No, no, no, she always said. (They all rise and come forward.) No,

I feel afraid!

I feel afraid!

I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid.

Ah!

"No, no," she said.

Am I betrayed?

Am I betrayed?

Andante, p

Tis he, 'tis he, 'tis surely he;

Come, come, from danger I am free,

I said a curious tale 'twould be!

To think a woman true could be, fiddle de
and, oh! the story points to me. Tis he, tis he, tis

The story does not point to me; Come, come, from danger

And 'tis most curious you'll agree; a curious tale I
dee, fiddle de dee; To think a woman

surely he; and, oh! the story points to me. I'll

I am free. The story does not point to me, The

said 'would be! And 'tis most curious you'll agree; But let your
ture could be, Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee, By

give a hint, and all the rest, I hope and trust, will be sup.

word is 'Yes' that suits me best, With "No" my tongue I never dis.

judgment be suppressed, Until I've told you all the

mischief is the sex possessed, And none, and none is
(Fills a goblet with ale)

that's the thing)

His

Well, now, kind Sir, proceed, proceed.

throat is getting dry, I think.

To tell the truth, it is in.

(secretly drops ring into the goblet.)

Perhaps this cup of ale you'll

deed.
drink? Per-haps this cup of ale you'll

(Chris. takes goblet from her and hands it to Jack.)

drink? (The ring, the ring, Yes,

that's the thing.)

(drinking.)

What's this? there's something in the
I feel I could sink with fright;
One looking left, one looking right,
I'm persuaded quite that something

I feel that I could sink with fright;
No, no, he smiles, so
The story has per-

Wrong, that something wrong occurred last night, yes, I'm persuaded
all, all is right, he smiles, so all is right, he
plex'd, yes, the story has perplex'd them quite, one looking left,
set all, forewarn'd in time, I'll set all right, fore
quite something occurred, yes, something wrong occurred last night,

smiles, so all is right, he smiles, so all is
one looking right, one
warnt I'll set all right, forewarn'd I'll set all
something last night, something occurred last

Allegro come primo.

Well now with my
night.
tale
I'll go on,
Or else I shall never have

Oh! dear! how I wish it were

Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on,

cresc.

Oh! I ne'er felt so happy before, When

on.
a tempo
So there did!
Not at mine.

bang came a knock at the door.

'Twas the Mighty fine.

What next will he tell?
'Twas not mine, that is well.
husband return'd.

What next will he tell?

With anger I burn'd, When she told me that
Oh, goodness, oh!

Mine jumped out of window, I did not know
I from the window must fly.

Why!

Sweet voice, that means me.

Voice was so sweet, so sweet,
I was

Oh, lost I shall be!

Forced to comply.

I jumped on the

That window is high.
Oh! Arm?
Oh! Your leg?
ground, I suddenly broke —
That I did not see.

Or

You suddenly
You suddenly
No, no, no, no,
neck? That had been a good joke.
You suddenly

They press round him.

The illusion — I suddenly woke.

Woke!
Woke! woke! And so ends the confusion.
Woke! Here I scent a conclusion.
Woke! woke! What a pleasant delusion, a pleasant delusion, so ends the confusion.
Woke! woke! Here I scent a conclusion.
Pu-sion, All ended, all

Pu-sion, All ended, all

Pu-sion, All ended, all

Pu-sion, All ended, all

End-ed, he sud-den-ly woke.

End-ed, he sud-den-ly woke.

End-ed, he sud-den-ly woke.

Presto.

Sud-den-ly woke. I'm safe, but tho' the
Sud-den-ly woke. A dream, forsooth, and
Sud-den-ly woke. I thought you would have
Sud-den-ly woke. The girl said "No" and
pe·ri·ls o'er, I feel as ne'er I felt before, And scarcely can the
no·thing more; I wish he'd said as much before. By scandal we in-
guessed before it was a dream, and no·thing more; Such as at times in-
no·thing more. The husband thunder'd at the door; A chil·ly night, a

wish re·tain That all might hap·pen once a·gain. I'm safe but tho' the
struc·tion gain, But dreams, if in·no·cent, are vain. A dream, forsooth, and
vades the brain, Thea melting, leaves it free a·gain. I thought you would have
drizz·ling rain, No dream was this, 'tis ve·ry plain. The girl said "No," and

pe·ri·ls o'er, I feel as ne'er I felt before, And scarcely can the
no·thing more; I wish he'd said as much before. By scandal we in-
guessed before it was a dream, and no·thing more; Such as at times in-
no·thing more. The husband thunder'd at the door; A chil·ly night, a
all a dream, and nothing more, all
not a dream, but something more, not

nothing more.
nothing more.
nothing more.
something more.
especially a young one?

Christopher.

Allegro.

The man who is doom'd
of a lass to take care.
A burthen of trouble is likely to bear;
All night he may think,
Not sleeping a wink.

How best he may rule,
How best he may school
The tender young creature and bend her soft will.
She's certain to prove over much for him.
still, o-ver much for him still. She'll cause him to pine, fret and grieve.

For, trust me, a man, Let him do what he can, Won't thoroughly conquer a daughter of Eve. No, trust me, a man, Let him do what he can, Won't thoroughly conquer a

*"Here's to the maiden."*
daughter of Eve.

Perhaps he endeavours to work on her fears, At once he is

swamped by a deluge of tears; A woman who cries has force in her

eyes; That's sure to subdue. All men save a few, save a

few, to subdue all men save a few. And if some poor
wretch a small victory gains. He's sure to be called 'horrid brute, horrid brute, horrid brute' for his pains; Then those who don't cry will deceive.

For, trust me, a man, Let him do what he can, Won't thoroughly conquer a daughter of Eve. No, trust me, a
man, Let him do what he can, Woe'throughly conquer a
dauh-ter of Eve.

Perhaps he en-deavours to whee-dle,

he en-deavours to whee-dle and coax. The lass grows as

firm as the firm-est of oaks; As sure as he's born, She'll
treat him with scorn, Will have her own way, What e'er he may

say. She'll fight; she'll fight, she'll fight with her

...tongue; and if that weapon

fails, Will—sometimes, I'm told, have recourse to her

...nails; This truth? all the world should believe:

That nev'er a
man, Let him do what he can, Will thoroughly conquer a
daughter of Eve. No, never a man, Let him do what he
can, Will thoroughly conquer a daughter of Eve, a
daughter of Eve, none will conquer a daugh-
ter of Eve.
- in the course of my days.


Andante con moto.

Lotty.

I never knew my heart held fast

By any lasting tie;

My sorrows, flitting swiftly past, Have scarce outlived a sigh.

Pianoforte.
Joys ever fresh have come unsought, To brighten all my hours;
Now by the feather'd songsters brought, Now sparkling from the flow'r's, Now sparkling from the flow'r's.
Tremble, for a voice within Too plainly seems to
say  Another life will soon begin  And
	his dissolve away;  It tells me of a

love more deep Than that for birds or flowers;  Ah,

me!  I feel that I could weep, For childhood's happy

hours, could weep For childhood's happy hours.
No. 15. Trio.

Allegretto affetuoso.

Jack.

Pianoforte.

fleeting, being lighter than the rest; now I find you smiling sweetly.

Quickly be my love confessed. Stranger,
greatly you surprise me, and, in deed, I would conceal, lest, per-

chance, you should despise me, all, or nearly all I feel. Love-ly
charmer, say not so, Do not let this moment go Till I hear you fondly own That your heart, your heart is mine

Lotty.

a - lone. Tho' 'tis very wrong I know,

Or, at least they tell me so, Love without reserve to own.

Stranger, I am yours a-
"Stranger I am yours a-

Jack.

Nought on

alone." Very pretty, I must own.

Lotty.

earth our hearts shall sev- er, I'll re-main with you for ev- er. How de-

Jack.

lightful! Stop-- I can't begin at present-- I must

(This is pleasant.)
Lotty.

go this very night. Ge! I did not hear you right. Oh!

Jack.

no. E'en so. But some re-

(oh ho! ho ho ho! I must laugh for very spite.)

Jack.

membrane you will leave. Oh! yes, this lit-tle brooch I'll give, A trifling

Lotty.

present 'tis to make. I'll wear it for the do - nor's sake.
Andante soave.

Lotty

Oft will I upon it gaze While the light across it plays, When I

see it sparkling here I shall fancy you are near.

Jack.

Oft will I upon it gaze While the light across it

When upon that face I gaze, Where a smile so sweetly

plays, When I see it sparkling here I shall fancy you are

plays, I would stay for ever here, Though the parting hour is
near. 
Oft will I upon it gaze While the light across it plays. 
When I near. 
When upon that face I gaze, Where a smile so sweetly plays, I would 
Christopher. 
(Such are women now a-days. Even me they can a-maze.

see it sparkling here I shall fancy you are near, 
stay for ever here, Tho' the parting hour is near, 
Vast experience that is clear, Do I gain by watching here, by watching 

That you are near. That you are near. 
for ever here, for ever here. 
here, by watching, watching here.)
Allegro.

Jack.

Stay, I forgot; if your tyrant sees your brooch.

Lotty.

No, he shall not. Christ. He'll

(He shall, he must.)

not, I trust, Pay much attention to a

Jack.

trinket. To make all

(Oh! I am blind then. Don’t you think it.)
sure before I go, I'll send a bullet through him.

Lotty.  Jack.

(Heyday, he's there.) A bullet! There an

Oh!

(Takes fowling piece from against the wall.)

easy task, Mark, Mark, how I

send one now through yonder cask.

Stop, stop, young
Jack.

Jack in the box.

fellow, don't be rash and stupid.

Lotty.

You are mistaken, Sir, He is not Jack, but

You are mistaken, Sir, I am not Jack, but

Jack.

honest, honest Master Christopher. Love's

honest, honest Master Christopher.

e - ne - my! then know that I am Cu - pid. Thus with my bow re-

"Here we go round the mulberry bush."
(Points gun.) Lotty.

venge I take. Hold, hold!

Leave off, for goodness' sake, leave

off, leave off, Or else, by Jove, by Jove, I'll bring an

Jack.

No; I must give you satisfaction. Come out, don't

action.

(Gets out of cask)

cre - seen - do poco

tremble, steady, steady, steady, steady,
Now—You're not.
Oh! I'm satisfied already.

husbands' tis a rule—
But I'm no husband, I'm not such a

Lotty.
No husband! No, pray be a little cool.

fool.

Jack.
Not a husband, and you dare. To molest that nymph so fair; I will

71
teach you, Sir, I swear, Who is who.

Yonder damsel I require, On her

husband, brother, sire, If they cross me I will fire, As on you.

Have a

care, sir, have a care, I'm no husband, I declare, So my life be pleased to spare, Frithere,

do! If the girl, sir, you desire, Take her now, but do not fire. Sir, I
Lotty.

Angry words I cannot bear, And this
give what you require, Yes, I do.

contest is not fair, Oh! his life be pleas’d to spare, Prithee, do! If my

love, Sir, you desire, You must quench this mood of fire; Better tempers I require, Yes, I
do! Better, better, better, better tempers I re-

Take her, take her, take her, take her now, but do not
quire, 
Better, better, better, better,
I will fire, I will fire, 
fire, 
Take her, take her, take her, take her 

streams I require, 
Angry words I cannot 
will fire, I will fire, Not a husband, and you 
now, but do not fire, 
Have a care, sir, have a 

bear, And this contest is not fair, — His life be pleased to 
dare To molest that nymph so fair, I'll teach you, Sir, I 
care, I'm no husband, I declare, I give what you re -
It my

Yonder

quire, Yes, I do!

If the girl, sir, you de-

love, Sir, you de-sire, You must quench this mood of
damsel I require, On her husband, brother,
sire, Take her now, but do not fire. Sir, I give what you re-quire, what you re-

fire; Better tem-pers I re-quire,
sire, If they cross me, I will fire,
quire, Sir, I give what you re-

Ped.
— oh yes, I do. Do not fire,

— just as on you, I will fire,

— oh yes, I do. Do not fire,

do not fire, much better tempers I require, oh yes, I

fire, upon her husband I will fire, just as on

do not fire, sir, I give all that you require, oh yes I

do, indeed I do.

you, just as on you.

do, indeed I do.

Jack. With the greatest— oh! I forgot! I promised my dear old friend, that I would always remain a bachelor to protect his orphan child.

Lotty. Oh, you cruel deceiver, to trifle with a poor girl's feelings in this way.

Chris. Of all the impostors I ever saw, this man is the chief. However, Miss Lotty, if you choose to throw your heart away without making proper inquiries, you must put up with the consequences. I'll have no more to do with you. Ah, you are well named Firebrand; the house has been in a blaze ever since you entered it.

Jack. Stop! Do you mean to say that this young lady's name is really Firebrand?
Why, that is the name of my dear old friend.

Chris. Not Richard Firebrand?
Jack. Yes, only I always called him Dick, and it was Dick's child I promised to protect. But this child was

Chris.

a son not a daughter— look here! (Gives paper.) Dick's servant, as sure as fate. Many
a time have I been puzzled by his hieroglyphics, (reads) "Recommend to your care my Charley."

Lotty. Yes, I'm his Charley.

Jack. Stuff! This young lady's name cannot be Charles.

Chris. No, but it is Charlotte, and Charley is short for Charlotte as well as Lotty.

Jack. Capital! Then I have only to take Lotty for a wife, and I shall have fulfilled my promise, and be a married man into the bargain. Lotty. Oh, how nice!

Widow. Stop, stop, not so fast. I have a certain cloak in this bag, and the owner of this cloak is bound to...

Chris. Why, where did you get my cloak?

Widow. Your cloak? Yours? It was you then who invaded the sanctity of my domicile last night?

Jack & Lotty. Fie! Fie! Mr. Christopher!


Widow. Don't be uneasy; a generous heart forgives the excesses of a genuine passion. I always had a regard for you, Mr. Christopher, and as old Mr. Growler has left me all his money, I think we might be tolerably happy.


Jack. Well resolved. Come! You must let me give your bride away, and then, if you will do the same for mine, you will prove a worthy executor of my poor friend's will and testament. And, whether Charley or Lotty, you are the richest legacy he could have left me.
Allegro. (They join in a country dance and sing.)

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be. His brother soldier's Lega-

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be. His brother soldier's Lega-

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be. His brother soldier's Lega-

Yes, by the soldier prized shall be. His brother soldier's Lega-

Allegro. (They join in a country dance and sing.)

Here's an end to noise and
cy.

Here's an end to noise and
cy.

Here's an end to noise and
cy.

Here's an end to noise and
cy.

rout, Fal la la la, Strangely things have come a-bout, Fal la la la,
This way, that way were we cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la. Here's an end to noise and rout, Fal la la la,

Strangely things have come about, Fal la la la, This way, that way were we
cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la.

Thus together we are brought, Who'd have thought it?

Oddly though our love begins, We know,

Who'd have thought? Oddly though our love begins, We know,
He lon-gest laughs, he lon-gest laughs,
He lon-gest laughs, he lon-gest laughs, who
He lon-gest laughs, he lon-gest laughs, who
Here's an end to noise and rout, Fal la la la,
Here's an end to noise and rout, Fal la la la,
Here's an end to noise and rout, Fal la la la,
Here's an end to noise and rout, Fal la la la,
wins.
wins.
wins.
Strangely things have come about, Fal la la la, This way, that way were we

Strangely things have come about, Fal la la la, This way, that way were we

Strangely things have come about, Fal la la la, This way, that way were we

Strangely things have come about, Fal la la la, This way, that way were we

cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la.

cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la.

cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la.

cast, Fal la la la, But each has found his place at last, Fal la la la.

Love with this has much to
What say you, dear?

What say you? Love a

deal of troublesome makes But

deal of troublesome makes But
each has found his place at last. Fal la la la la la la la la
each has found his place at last. Fal la Fal
each has found his place at last. Fal la la la la la la la
each has found his place at last. Fal la Fal
la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la Fal la Fal la Fal
la la la la la la la la la la la la
la Fal la Fal la Fal
la la la la la la la la la la la la
la Fal la la Fal la Fal
la Fal la Fal la Fal
la Fal Fal Fal Fal Fal Fal Fal