



CHRISTMAS  
PLAYS  
FOR  
CHILDREN



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See you again







H. THOMAS

THREE CHRISTMAS PLAYS,

For Children.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

CRINOLINA.



BY THERESA PULSZKY,

WITH MUSIC BY PROFESSOR L. JANSA,

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES ARMYTAGE.

LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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POPULAR tales and traditions are so attractive, that we find them migrating from one country to the other: becoming naturalized among the most distant nations, and constituting a common heir-loom to the children of the north and of the south. Many a trait in the Arabian Nights has been traced to Mediæval and even to Classic literature; and the fables of the Sanscrit Hitopadesa are daily told in our nurseries. Some of these traditions became the frame-work to the most sublime poetry; and Shakespeare himself did not disdain to embellish by his genius the tales current among his countrymen as well as among the people of the continent. Well aware of this inde-

structible charm of "folks-lore," I have availed myself of it, in order to strengthen my frail work.

The following three plays have been written so as to require only a minimum of stage-decorations, whilst allowing any amount of scenic display where it can be afforded. As to the dramatic effect, I know from experience, that they amuse the young performers as well as their audience; and therefore I trust they may be acceptable to mothers, as well as to children.

THERESA PULSZKY.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

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A Play for Children.

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IN FOUR ACTS.

## Persons represented.

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HAROUN ALRASHID, *the Caliph.*

GIAFAR, *his Vizier.*

MESROUR, *his Chief of the Police.*

EYES' DELIGHT,  
CORAL LIPS,  
MORNING STAR, } *Slaves to Haroun.*

ABU-L-HASAN, *the Wag.*

BUSTAN, *his Mother.*

CLUSTER OF PEARLS, *Slave to Hasan.*

ALI,  
MAHMOOD, } *Citizens.*

First Fool, Second Fool, Third Fool.

ABDALLAH, *Superintendent of the Madhouse.*

A Cadi.

A Mullah.

Two Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, *and Slaves to Haroun.*

SCENE FOR THE FIRST ACT,—*Hasan's Room.*

SECOND ACT,—*Imperial Palace.*

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD SCENE.—*Imperial Hall.*

FOURTH SCENE.—*Banquet Hall.*

THIRD ACT, FIRST AND SECOND SCENE,—*Hasan's Room.*

THIRD SCENE,—*at the Madhouse.*

FOURTH ACT,—*Imperial Hall.*

# THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in Hasan's House.* BUSTAN *embroidering.*

*Enter* HASAN.

HASAN. May I request to have a meal prepared?  
Some guests are coming soon.

BUSTAN. What? guests again?  
Have you not had enough of them, my son?  
They squander'd half your property, and hours  
Of woe they cost you. Men of the present day  
Esteem you much while they believe you rich,  
But cast you off when you have nought to give.  
Youths are unvirtuous, parasites ungrateful.

HASAN. Yes, so it is: yet, mother, food and wine  
I never can enjoy without a guest.

Give me dry bread and sprightly company ;  
 I far prefer it to the daintiest cake  
 Which I must taste in solitude.

BUSTAN. I know  
 You are not born to be a saint, who hears  
 The voice of angels in the wilderness,  
 While in a worldly crowd he feels alone.

HASAN. I think that to enjoy alone is not  
 A saintly deed ; it is but selfishness,  
 The common practice of a vulgar mind.  
 Pleasure increases by exchange, and shrinks  
 In loneliness : just as a miser's gold  
 Who lives upon the capital, afraid  
 To lay it out on interest.

BUSTAN. Mid-way  
 Is best. I do not wish you to forsake  
 Your father's house and seek a desert home ;  
 But live as formerly your honour'd sire.  
 He used to say : " You must not give, but lend ;  
 A gift degrades the accepter, but a loan  
 Impels the debtor to activity."  
 He never gave without return, whilst you  
 Too freely offer hospitality  
 To men you never meet again.

HASAN. I give  
 But what I get again, some hours of mirth.

What if my comrades have betray'd my trust,  
Should I then banish strangers from this house?

BUSTAN. Surely you know not that a stranger, too,  
Will not betray you.

HASAN. He who grants no trust  
Can fear no treason; I invite a guest,  
And not a friend. The guests whom I to-day  
Have asked were just arrived. They disembark'd  
Close to a bridge, whereon I watch'd to find  
Some partner in a cup of wine. Soon came  
Two men of comely mien, whom I approach'd;  
And bowing to the elder one, I said:

“ My honour'd master, if good wine and song  
Delight you, and for *one* night to repose  
At Abu-l-Hasan's house, come follow me.”

He courteously replied: “ We follow you:

Whoever likes not wine and song,  
Must be in mind or body wrong.”

BUSTAN. If he is young like you, I blame him not:  
Youth goes with folly.

HASAN. Nay, but wisdom, too,  
Is gay and cheerful. Melancholy  
Falls no return. [*Approaching the window.*] I see the  
strangers come.

BUSTAN. I have no choice but to prepare for them.  
[*Exit BUSTAN.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter HAROUN ALRASHID and GIAFAR, disguised as merchants.*

HASAN. Blest be your entrance to my humble house.

HAROUN [*glancing round*]. The master who herein  
presides has not

A humble taste ; he well knows beauty's worth,  
Which clothes in lovely grace the meanest thing.

Nothing seems here superfluous, yet we find  
Everything here for which the mind may crave.

[*Pointing to the ornamented walls.*

Even to lifeless walls you lend the gift  
Of eloquence.

HASAN. No object in this world  
Is dumb, except perchance the barren mind,  
Powerless to rouse the slumb'ring charms of life.

HAROUN. You leave no drowsiness in your abode.  
Hark, how in yonder court the fountains mix  
Their rustling melodies with voice of birds,  
Warbling the praises of the host who gives  
Such cheer to guests unknown.

HASAN. The tree of knowledge  
Yields bitter fruit ; I therefore seek the men  
Who least to me are known.



HAROUN.

Yet intercourse

With strangers, like the sheen of fire-works, tempts  
 By novelty alone the gazer's eye :  
 But thoughts with friends exchanged, like sun-beams,  
     warm  
 And fructify.

HASAN.      And scorch and injure us,

If we imprudently gaze eye to eye.

GIAFAR. And yet a friendless man, however strong,  
 Must perish as a solitary trunk,—  
 Bleak, bare, unsheltered : he who numbers friends,  
 Stands in their midst well shielded, as the tree  
 On woody banks.

HASAN.      He who protection needs,

Seeks it in vain : he finds the palace closed,  
 The huts alone are open to his step.

HAROUN. You must have met with dire ingratitude,  
 To take so sad a view of sympathy,  
 A boon most prized by the majority.

HASAN. But wisdom rests with the minority,  
 And I have found in fact this sympathy  
 Needless to *me*.

[*He rings, Slaves appear.*

Let the repast be spread.

[*Slaves set out the meal.*

Cluster of Pearls may now appear to soothe  
 Discordant feelings by the mellow strain  
 Of her pure voice.

[*Exeunt Slaves.*

*Enter* CLUSTER OF PEARLS.

Bid welcome to our guests.

[*They sit down to the meal.*]

CLUSTER OF PEARLS *sings* :

“Your presence is a pleasure,  
Your presence is a boon :  
These moments let us treasure,  
For they depart too soon.”

GIAFAR. Too soon, indeed ; might we not hope again  
To meet hereafter ?

HASAN. Nothing is our own  
Beyond the present : one enjoyment lost  
Never can be retrieved. Let us enjoy  
Fearless the present hour, and little care  
For future days ; the present let us praise.

CLUSTER OF PEARLS *sings* :

“The present is the light ;  
The future is the night :  
The present day is bright ;  
Who knows what comes with night ?”

HAROUN. And yet I could but half enjoy this hour  
Did I not hope in future times to pay  
The debt I now incur.

HASAN. Your presence now  
Is all I claim : when you have well reposed,  
I trust you will depart in joy and peace.

HAROUN. A traveller far and wide, of things and men  
Something I claim to know ; yet *you*, in truth,  
Perplex my mind : politely unpolite,  
You offer pleasure to create regret.  
Your story must be strange to justify  
Your ways.

HASAN. My story but repeats again  
The old and well-known fact, that wealth buys friends  
And poverty makes enemies. My sire,  
A man of substance, held the principle  
That hoarding is the highest goal of life.  
Once asked what he would choose, if he might wish  
Three boons, he said : “ First, gold ; then all the gold  
Of the whole world ; and thirdly, still more gold.”  
He kept me tight, as tight as his own purse,  
And when he died, he left me boundless wealth.  
To me it had the charm of novelty.  
By instinct prudent, though unwise by taste,  
I put one half of all my cash aside,  
And spent the other half to lead a life  
Of mirth and pleasure with my numerous friends,  
Who, much delighted with my wine and wit,  
Promis’d to stand by me in weal and woe.  
One year elapsed, and swallow’d up my funds ;  
But when I told this to my bonny guests,  
Entreating their advice and help, then they

Contemtuously said; "Advice and help were lost  
On fools!" I grieved at first, then made a vow  
That henceforth none but strangers to Bagdad  
Should be received and feasted at my house,  
And only for one single night. Excuse,  
Therefore, my wish, plainly express'd, to bid  
Farewell to you when early dawn appears.

HAROUN [*laughing*]. By Allah, friend, you are ex-  
cused. We prize  
Your confidence, and honour your resolve.

*Enter Slave with basin and ewer, who sprinkles their  
hands. HASAN lights three candles and three  
lamps, spreads the table-cloth, brings wine, fills a  
cup and offers it to GIAFAR.*

HASAN. Please let me serve you as your humble  
slave.

[*He fills a second cup, and turns to HAROUN.*

My boon companion, bashfulness is now  
Dismiss'd: with your permission, let us drink.

[*He kisses the cup, and hands it to HAROUN,  
who kisses it, drinks, and gives it back.*

CLUSTER OF PEARLS *sings*:

"Beware, beware!

Keep measure

In pleasure:

For wine is like fire,  
It kindles desire ;  
Beware, beware !”

[*Exit.*

HAROUN. Hasan, you are a model of a host,  
Presenting silver fruit on golden plates.  
We should be glad indeed, could we requite  
Your hospitality ; have you no wish ?  
Our camels carry precious loads, and some  
Might suit your taste.

HASAN. My tastes are satisfied:  
I live in comfort, pleased with friendliness.  
One only thing does sometimes make me wish  
For princely power, which I prize not else.  
Here, in the neighbourhood, there is a mosque  
To which an Imaum and four Sheikhs belong,  
A set of worthless hypocrites ; they spread  
Calumnious reports about my life !  
When, in defence, I laid their slanders bare,  
They fined me for contempt. A hundred blows  
Would be their due, and give me great delight.

HAROUN. A hundred blows ! that would be rather  
hard.

Though calumny is wicked, yet is it  
Too despicable, methinks, to treat with blows.

HASAN. You may be right ; but they are wicked men  
Who spy about, sow discord, and intrude

Into the chamber of the dying man  
 And madden him with fears beyond the grave,  
 Until, to ransom all his sins, he makes  
 The mosque his heir, and its trustees the Sheikhs.

HAROUN. May not your judgment err?

HASAN. I could produce  
 Full evidence to bear it out.

HAROUN. But how  
 Can such misdeeds escape the law?

HASAN. Because  
 People lack courage to expose the men  
 Held up as saints and great philanthropists.  
 I wish to see them punish'd, and I know  
 My wish is just.

GIAFAR. May Allah grant your wish!

HASAN. Caliph, but for one day, I wish I were:  
 I should not shrink from seeing justice done.

HAROUN. It's midnight now, and calls us to  
 repose.

HASAN. Let me get one more flask of wine for you,  
 And then you may retire. [*Exit.*]

HAROUN. I will fulfil  
 His wish. [*Puts a lozenge in a cup of wine.*]

This lozenge puts him soon to sleep.  
 As Caliph, in the morn he shall awake.  
 Go, Giafar! hither bid Mesrour, to wait

Behind that door, ready to carry off  
Our host.

*Enter HASAN with a flask of wine.*

Before I take more wine from you,  
Hasan, from *me* accept a cup.

*[He kisses the cup, and offers it to HASAN.]*

HASAN *[drinks]*. I drink your precious health.

*[He empties the cup, and offers another to HAROUN.]*

And now your turn !

*[Drinks, and offers a cup to GIAFAR.]*

Drink freely ! may it give you strength and health !

GIAFAR. This is well-flavour'd wine, as fine as musk.

HASAN *[drinks and utters heavily]*. It is the best,

I feel I gave the best :

You owe me gratitude ; but all I claim,

Is, that you close the gate when you depart :

Else evil spirits might get in by stealth

And torture me, and that would please the Sheikhs.

*[Falls asleep.]*

HAROUN *[gives a sign to GIAFAR, who summons*

MESROUR]. Take him from hence straight  
to the palace ; mind

To leave the gate ajar. I follow you.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall at the Palace.*

HAROUN, GIAFAR.

HAROUN. Have you complied with our command?

GIAFAR. I have.

Abu-l-Hasan, the Wag, has been undress'd,  
 And clad in thy imperial garb: he sleeps  
 Upon the purple couch of royalty,  
 Where he shall wake as Caliph.

HAROUN. Bring him then  
 To this apartment: we have bid our slaves  
 Hither to come anon, and at levée  
 To greet our friend as their own sovereign.  
 Be quick: the hour for waking is at hand. [*Exit* GIAFAR.  
 But here, to witness his astonishment,  
 I hide myself: it is rich fun indeed.

[HAROUN *repairs behind a screen.*

## SCENE II.

HASAN *is brought on a couch, which Slaves put down,  
 followed by MESROUR, EYES' DELIGHT, CORAL  
 LIPS, MORNING STAR, and other Attendants.*

[EYES' DELIGHT, *standing at the head of HASAN's  
 couch, puts a small bottle of vinegar under his nose;  
 he presently turns his head and sneezes.*



HASAN. Mother! O mother! why do you wake  
me up?

It is not late. [*Opening his eyes and perceiving* EYES'  
DELIGHT.] How young you look! Why!  
what!

MESROUR. Commander of the Faithful! time is far  
Advanced: the morning calls our Prince to prayer.

*The Slaves prostrate themselves and sing:*

“ O Prince of the Faithful! awake!  
Awake for thy children's sake!  
Thy glance dispelleth the night;  
Thy glance gives life and delight.”

HASAN. What means all this? is this reality?  
Are these the Houris? is this paradise?  
Paradise hath no pain: soon shall I know  
If truly I am yet a mortal man,  
Subject to pain. [*To MESROUR.*] Come! rouse me  
by a blow,  
A good straightforward blow.

MESROUR. How can I raise  
My hand against my Prince?

HASAN. You shall obey,  
Or else you lose your head.

MESROUR. I must obey.

[*He strikes HASAN.*]

HASAN. Enough! enough! I feel the pain; I feel  
I am a mortal yet! But who am I?

Hasan I cannot be: I know him well;  
He never sleeps from home. That man address'd me,  
"Caliph!" yet Hasan was I yesterday.

Am I bewitch'd? my guests of yester-eve  
Must have enchanted me.

MESROUR. Oh, mighty Prince!

May I express my fear the hour for prayer  
Is passing?

HASAN. Why thus call you me? To me  
You are unknown. I cannot be your Lord.  
You must mistake me for some other man.

MESROUR. Commander of the Faithful! awful Power!  
Successor to the Prophet's sacred sway!  
Lord of the wide-spread world from east to west!  
In sportive mood it pleaseth thee to try us,  
Nor hast forgot Mesrour, thy worthless slave,  
Who has for many years been serving thee!

[HASAN falls backwards on his pillow, laughing; all  
around keep grave silence. HAROUN, behind the  
screen, is greatly amused.]

HASAN. It is amusing, quite as much as strange.

MESROUR [*perceiving that HASAN is getting up*].

May Allah grant a happy day to thee.

[EYES' DELIGHT *presents* HASAN *with a pair of magnificent slippers; he examines them and puts them into his sleeve.*

EYES' DELIGHT. Oh, Prince! the slippers should protect your feet.

HASAN. You speak the truth: all slippers, I dare say, are meant to be put on; but these appear too rich. Still, as you wish it, let me wear them.

[*He puts them on.*

Your name, my lovely lady?

EYES' DELIGHT.

Eyes' Delight.

HASAN. Most charming Eyes' Delight! you look as if

Untruth had never stain'd your peerless lips;  
Can you inform me who I am, and where?

EYES' DELIGHT. Sire, you are lord and only ruler here,

Amidst your slaves in the imperial hall.

HASAN. What she too says cannot be aught but true.

[*In the moment when HASAN puts his foot on the floor, the Ladies and Officers cry out all together:*

Commander of the Faithful! may your day  
Be blest!

EYES' DELIGHT. With you the sun has risen to us.

HASAN. She is indeed delightfully polite.

[CORAL LIPS *and* MORNING STAR *present him with a basin and ewer, then with the Sultan's turban and kaftan, and help him dress.*

HASAN. Thank you, my fairest friends!—I meant to say

All right!—To you it is a privilege,  
Of course, to wait upon your Prince and Lord.

*Enter* GIAFAR.

GIAFAR. Prince of the Faithful—

HASAN. What is here? Why, *you*  
The merchant are of Moosul, late my guest.  
My dream is vanishing, for I am Hasan!

GIAFAR. Prince, what delusion stirs your gracious  
mind?

I am Giafar, your slave and minister,  
And wait for your commands. The hour has struck  
Devoted to the business of the state.  
Is it your pleasure to dismiss your slaves,  
And let the whitebeards come who give advice?

HASAN. How strange! but after all, why should  
not I  
The Caliph be? I always felt that I  
Was born to rule and benefit mankind.

[*With dignity.*] Retire, sweet Eyes' Delight; and  
meaner slaves,

All ye, whose several names we cannot know.

[*Exeunt* Slaves.]

Mesroul! we wish to see our councillors.

SCENE III.—*The same, with the CADI and MULLAH.*

GIAFAR. Prince of the Faithful! news has come  
from Rûm;

The Emperor, tired of war, seeks now for peace.

HASAN. Let him have peace as soon as possible.

GIAFAR. Your resolution certainly is wise;

We want our army in our Eastern realms,  
Where districts late annex'd are troublesome.

HASAN. Why then have we annex'd those  
provinces?

GIAFAR. Prince! for their benefit and our own  
renown.

HASAN. Well, if they spurn our beneficial rule,  
They call for chastisement: yes, and shall have it.  
Restore them to their native chiefs, whom we  
Robb'd of their country for misgovernment;  
Their rule shall punish such ingratitude.

HAROUN [*behind the screen*]. Giafar, it is high time  
to change the theme.

MESROUR. There are some urgent cases to decide :  
Is it your pleasure to attend to them ?

HASAN. We have some other matters on our mind ;  
Yet justice must be first administer'd.

[GIAFAR gives a sign.

*Enter ALI and MAHMOOD.*

ALI. Prince of the Faithful, source of justice, hear !  
This man, who now looks so respectable,  
Has stol'n five hundred guineas from thy slave.  
I lent the sum to him ; he was my friend ;  
No witnesses were present, nor does he  
Deny that he received from me the sum.  
But as I claim it back, he now maintains  
With brazen face, he has repaid the debt.  
He is a traitor, liar, scoundrel, thief.

MAHMOOD. Poor friend ! will you, while I now  
state the case,  
Be kind enough to hold this staff for me ?  
Forgive, oh, Prince ! the violence of my friend ;—  
For friends we always were, and friendly still  
Are all my feelings tow'rds him ; though he now,  
Deluded by some strange mistake, maintains  
That I have not repaid my debt to him.  
He has the money back ; unhappily  
Allah alone is witness to the fact.

HASAN. The case is simple and still complicate.

[Turning to CADI and MULLAH.

Our wisdom fails; we now want *your* advice.

MULLAH. The suit must be decided by an oath.

HASAN. Which of you is prepared to take the oath?

ALI. I.

MAHMOOD. I.

HASAN. The case remains as intricate as ever!

Which shall we trust?

CADI. Trust the defendant, Prince!

Though charged with theft, his blood is not aroused;

And innocence is calm.

HASAN. It may be thus.

MULLAH. Mahmood! do you maintain it under oath,  
That you have duly paid your debt?

MAHMOOD. I do.

ALI. He adds to theft the crime of perjury.

MAHMOOD. Poor friend! will you return my staff to me?

[ALI raises the staff, threatening MAHMOOD.

HASAN. Stop, Ali, give the staff to me; I think  
It's weightier than it ought to be. [Unscrewing the

staff, gold falls out of it.] Mahmood

Was right in saying he has paid the debt;

Ali may pocket it: but as Mahmood

Unfairly claim'd the gold-fill'd staff again,

He pays an equal sum as fine to us.

CADI *and* MULLAH. Great is the wisdom of our  
Prince and Lord !

[*Exeunt* ALI *and* MAHMOOD.

HAROUN [*behind the screen*]. The wag, indeed, is  
wiser than I thought.

HASAN. Giafar, there are yet other things to do.  
An honest woman lives here in Bagdad,  
Bustan, the mother of Hasan the Wag,—  
A man far better than his fame, whom you,  
If ever you should meet him, must respect.  
Present a purse of gold to her, and say,  
That like a mother she is dear to us.  
Close to her house there is a mosque, to which  
Belong a worthless Imaum and four Sheikhs ;  
Men who their calumny and malice vent  
Against their neighbourhood, disturb the peace  
And sow disunion, cheating honest men.  
Expel them from the mosque ; one hundred blows  
Distributed between them is their due.

CADI *and* MULLAH. Great is the wisdom of our  
Prince and Lord !

HASAN. Mesrour, see justice done.

[*Exit* MESROUR.

Truly I'm tired :

To rule an empire is no easy task.

Let us adjourn now to the banquet hall.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—*The Banquet Hall.*

HASAN seated at the table; GIAFAR and Attendants,  
EYES' DELIGHT, CORAL LIPS, MORNING STAR, and  
Slaves standing around; HAROUN behind a screen.

HASAN. Dear Eyes' Delight! sit down, you must be  
tired.

[To CORAL LIPS and MORNING STAR.] And you, sweet  
girls! refresh us with a song.

CORAL LIPS and MORNING STAR sing:

Welcome, hour of peace!  
Calm as the silent heath,  
Calm as the dreamless sleep,  
Calm as the waveless deep.

Welcome, sweet repose!  
Sweet as the fragrant rose,  
Sweet as the bridal tune,  
Sweet as the light of moon.

Welcome, hour of mirth!  
Bright as the dew-sprinkled earth  
Bright as the ocean's hue,  
Bright as the heav'nly blue.

HASAN. Thank you. Refresh yourselves with food  
and wine.

[*To EYES' DELIGHT.*] Can we not tempt you our  
repast to share?

EYES' DELIGHT. O Prince, the honour is too great  
for us.

I am a slave; the Lady Zubediyya  
Alone is privileged to dine with thee.

HASAN. Is Lady Zubediyya fair as you?

EYES' DELIGHT. She is the moon among us humble  
stars.

HASAN. We always have admired the stars much  
more

Than sun and moon. Yet, Giafar! say, where is  
The Lady Zubediyya? toil of rule

Has dimm'd our memory; go and bring her here.

HAROUN [*behind the screen*]. Find an excuse, or woe  
be unto you.

GIAFAR. Prince most august! hast thou forgotten  
then

That our belov'd Sultana, weak in health,  
Has sought the mountain-air? and that, before  
The moon should wane, you gave to her the pledge  
Yourself to follow?

HASAN. Doubtless you are right,  
Though vainly try we to remember it.

GIAFAR. No wonder, Prince: surely an empire's cares  
Are all absorbing to a sovereign.

HASAN. Don't mention cares : let us enjoy for once.  
 [*To EYES' DELIGHT.*] Go, fill a cup : your hand  
 will sweeten it.

[*EYES' DELIGHT fills a cup at the sideboard and puts  
 a lozenge into it, she offers the cup to HASAN.*

I drink your health ! [*he empties the cup*] and Lady  
 Zubediyya's,

Of course ! and now, good Giafar, let us drink.

The ladies may retire. [*Exeunt Female Slaves.*] What  
 is the hour ?

GIAFAR [*filling Hasan's cup*]. The moon has not yet  
 ris'n.

HASAN. And still I feel

Quite dull. Come let us drink and sing a song.

GIAFAR. Wine and song	Wine and song
Lighten the heart,	Brighten the eye,
Make us strong.	Loosen the tongue.

[*While HASAN joins in the last verse, his voice grows  
 fainter and he falls asleep.*

HAROUN [*stepping forth*]. Take him from hence,  
 back to his own abode.

He acted well as Prince, now let us see  
 Whether, when once he has felt the charms of power,  
 He 'll wisely bear his humbler state again.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—HASAN'S *Room*.HASAN *alone*.

HASAN. Giafar, sweet Eyes' Delight, Mesrour and slaves,  
 Where do you linger? don't arouse my wrath!  
 Who has transform'd my palace and my hall  
 Into this wretched hovel, good enough  
 For citizens, such as was Hasan the Wag,  
 But not for me, the sovereign of the earth.

*Enter BUSTAN and speaks.*

What ails you, son? what nonsense do you talk?

HASAN. Good woman! who is it you style your son?

BUSTAN. Why you! or are you not Hasan my son?

HASAN. What! I your son? you know not what  
 you say!

For, Hasan I am not; I am Haroun,  
 Prince of the Faithful, greatest of the Caliphs.

BUSTAN. Son, hold your tongue, and spare your  
silly joke ;

To say you're Caliph is a crime and treason.

HASAN. Ill-omen'd woman, dream not that I jest :  
I am Haroun, the sovereign of the earth,  
Whose will is law, whose wish must be obey'd.  
Relieve me of your presence instantly.

BUSTAN. What evil genius has possess'd his mind ?  
I will pronounce a spell : perchance I may  
Succeed to banish the delusive dream.

“ Genius of Evil, depart :  
Dwell not in Hasan's heart.  
I, his mother, command :—  
Free him ! or else my hand,  
Swinging a powerful wand,  
Summons a mightier band,  
Than Genii can command.”

HASAN. Good woman, go ; your spell is powerless :  
No genius has hold of *me* ; but *you*  
Delusion strange bewilders. Quick depart,  
Or I must call my guards to take you hence.

BUSTAN. If you think fit to bid your mother go,  
I will not go without reminding you  
How amply you partook last night of wine,  
Forbidden by our law.

HASAN. I am the Caliph ;  
I am the law.

BUSTAN. This is a senseless dream,  
The punishment for having taken wine.

HASAN. There seems some sense in what she now  
is saying.

BUSTAN. Of course there is much sense in all I say.

HASAN. No, my good woman ; no, I am Haroun.  
I cannot doubt ; I saw sweet Eyes' Delight.

BUSTAN. The dream has strong possession of his  
mind.

HASAN. You seek your son ; go, try and find  
him out ;  
And when you've found him, come and say where  
dwells

Hasan, and yours shall be a princely gift.

BUSTAN. I've had one princely gift ; two might  
be one

Too much.

HASAN. How so ? I've given you nothing yet.

BUSTAN. Of course not you, my son ; it was the  
Caliph,

He sent me yesterday a purse of gold.

HASAN [*passionately*]. I sent it you.

BUSTAN. Mesrour himself came here,  
Came from the Caliph.

HASAN [*with increasing passion*]. He was sent  
by *me*.

BUSTAN. Hasan, you jest. I gladly see you jest :  
For gaiety is akin to health, and proves  
You are at last recovering again.  
To keep you therefore in your happy mood,  
At once I give you pleasant news to learn.  
Here to the mosque Mesrour came yesterday,  
And has expell'd the Imaum and the Sheikhs,  
To the delight of all the neighbourhood :  
One hundred blows were given them.

HASAN. So it is !  
I sent Mesrour to strike the hypocrites :  
I sent the purse of gold to you, Bustan :  
I am Haroun, and not Hasan your son.

BUSTAN [*crying*]. O my poor Hasan, O my luck-  
less son,  
Mad as a hare in March !

HASAN. Woman, begone !  
Don't try my patience : you have tried it long ;  
I must imprison you if you persist  
To call me son. Depart and shun my wrath.

BUSTAN. This is too much : to turn his mother out !  
Muslems, Muslems, to aid ! my son is mad.

Two Neighbours *rush in*.

1ST NEIGHBOUR. What is the matter ?

2ND NEIGHBOUR.

What a noise!

BUSTAN.

He is mad.

HASAN. Mesrour! Giafar! my guards! come in! expel  
These wretched fellows from my princely sight!

[*They advance to take hold of him.*

Keep back, foul, faithless traitors, or be kill'd.

[*He raises his stick, but they secure him after some  
struggle, and carry him off. Exeunt with HASAN.*

BUSTAN. My poor Hasan! They take him to the  
madhouse.

What can I do? Alas, my hapless son! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*In the Madhouse.*

HASAN is flung into the Room, where there are three  
other Fools.

1ST FOOL. Allah protect you, friend, in this abode.

HASAN. A courteous welcome to a wretched  
house.

1ST FOOL. A wretched house indeed, unfit for us.  
The inmates all are mad, save me and you.  
That cowering fellow thinks he is of glass!

[*Pointing to 2d Fool; he comes near to him.*

2D FOOL. Don't touch my head, or it will break!

HASAN.

Indeed,

It seems already crack'd.



2D FOOL. Is it, indeed?

Then woe to me!

1ST FOOL. That other haughty fool  
Believes he is Giafar the just, and gives  
Commands, as if he were the Grand Vizier.

3D FOOL. Be off, you scoffing fool, or I shall have  
You bound and sent to jail!

1ST FOOL. Unhappy youth!  
A cloud has darken'd here a hopeful mind.  
Honest ambition guided all his steps:  
He might have once become a man of note;  
But soaring to the skies, his wings broke down,—  
He fell; but though benighted, still his mind  
Delights in dreams of greatness and of power.  
Not e'en the blows daily bestow'd on him  
Dispel his fancies.

HASAN. Blows? I trust you jest!

1ST FOOL. No, friend, I do not jest. We are  
indeed

Here in the power of a ruthless man,  
Who treats e'en *me* with utter disrespect.

[*He makes the symbol of flogging.*]

HASAN. And may I ask your name and rank?

1ST FOOL. Kneel down,  
O miserable slave! I am Haroun,  
Prince of the Faithful! Lord of all the earth!

Ensnared by an enchanter to this den !  
 If you deliver me from this abode,  
 Then—you may ask your price, e'en if it were  
 One half of all my treasures and my realms.

HASAN [*laughing*]. Unhappy, wretched fool! I am  
 Haroun ;

But yesterday I sat upon the throne,  
 And Eyes' Delight enchanted me ; Giafar  
 Fulfill'd my orders.

3D FOOL [*jumping up*]. No, I did not !  
 I never would obey a fool like you.

2D FOOL. Friends, don't you think him mad ?

1ST FOOL. He is, indeed !

[*To HASAN*]. And now confess you are a fool, or else  
 A treacherous impostor, who avails  
 Himself of my unlucky state to claim  
 The throne and to impose upon the world.

HASAN. Unhappy wretch ! You know I am Haroun !  
 [*He spars as if for boxing.*]

3D FOOL. I am the only man here to decide ;  
 Who but Giafar can know Haroun ? [*To 1st Fool.*]

Will you

At last acknowledge that I am Giafar ?

1ST FOOL [*after a pause*]. I will !—And now, Giafar,  
 take hold of him,

That I may vent my wrath upon his head.

[3d Fool *wrestles with* HASAN  
*whilst* 1st Fool *pummels* him.]

2D FOOL. Help! Murder! Stop them, they are  
 raving mad.

They shiver me to pieces! murder! help!

SCENE III.

*Enter* ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH. Will you keep peace, sirs! or shall  
 here this stick [He raises a stick.

The umpire be?

1ST FOOL. Magician! I submit.

2D FOOL. Take care, for Allah's sake; I am of glass!

3D FOOL. If the Caliph submits, how should  
 Giafar

Resist?

HASAN. What an indignity, to treat  
 A prince in such a way! [To ABDALLAH.] I thank  
 you, friend,

For your most timely aid. Remove them all,  
 I shall reward your faithful loyalty.

ABDALLAH. Unhappy man! learn to bear up with  
 these

Your fellow-sufferers; make friends with them,  
 Until you see that you are not Haroun.

Don't you remember *me*, who was your guest  
When you were proud to be Hasan the Wag?

HASAN. Abdallah! yes, I know you well; indeed,  
Where have I seen you? when? not yesterday!  
Not in my princely hall,—no, months ago!  
But where? [*striking his forehead*] in Hasan's house.

ABDALLAH. I was your guest.  
You were a jolly host.

HASAN. I was! I was!  
But who was I? and who am I?

ABDALLAH. You were  
Hasan the Wag, the hospitable host;  
You are Hasan awakening from a dream.

HASAN. A dream! no, no! [*passionately*] I feel I  
have not dreamt  
Of Eyes' Delight and of the throne; I know  
It was reality—I am Haroun.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter* BUSTAN.

BUSTAN. Hasan, my son, do you remember me?

HASAN. You are Bustan, you are my mother; yes,  
But still I am Haroun; else how could you  
E'er from the Caliph have received that gold,  
And the vile Sheikhs have had their hundred blows?  
*Who* sent the gold and punishment but I?

ABDALLAH. Now listen to my words, Hasan the

Wag :

If you were really Caliph, and not Hasan,  
Deluded by a wicked Genius,  
Like yonder men, how could it be that I  
Should keep you here in this predicament ?

HASAN. By Allah ! you have spoken truth, it seems :  
I was asleep and *dreamt* I was Haroun.

Some evil genius crept into my house :  
Maybe my guests did leave the gate ajar !

BUSTAN. Indeed they left it wide ajar.

HASAN. Faithless,  
Ungrateful men !

BUSTAN. Forget the past, my own  
Hasan, and be again my treasured son.

HASAN. How could I e'er forsake my mother's care ?

BUSTAN. Thank Allah ! he is cured, my own Hasan.  
Come, let me take you hence to your abode ;  
Cling to your mother.

HASAN. Yes, I follow you,  
And rather lose an empire than your love. [ *Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*On the Bridge of Bagdad.*

HAROUN, GIAFAR.

HAROUN. 'Tis rather strange that since Hasan was  
 Prince  
 We never meet him here again. Has he  
 Given up his former hospitality?

GIAFAR. Maybe he found the taste of power so  
 sweet,  
 That now, secluded in his house, he still  
 Revels on it in haughty solitude,  
 Happy that Caliph for one day he was.

HAROUN. At any rate, I have discharged my debt.  
 One day's delight repays an evening's mirth;  
 But still I feel obliged to him! In truth,  
 His merry reign amused me much, and I  
 Remain his debtor still.

GIAFAR. But now he tries  
 Our patience sorely; for the seventh night  
 Here are we on look-out for him.

HAROUN. Giafar,  
 Is not that he?

GIAFAR. It is Hasan the Wag.

HASAN *approaches*.

HAROUN. Welcome, my friend! may Allah be with you.

HASAN. Ungrateful guests! pray let me pass in peace.

HAROUN. Why do you tax us with ingratitude? We've waited for you here, night after night, To ask you to accept a meal from us.

HASAN. I wish for no return of kindness from you: I did but ask of you to close the gate, Yet you, unmindful, left it wide ajar; And evil spirits entering troubled me, Marring my mind, so that in waking sense Caliph I seem'd to be. Yes, yes, in truth,

[*Stamping with his foot.*]

Caliph I *was*, whatever they may say!  
The Sheikhs were punish'd after all! but then  
I had to suffer for my luckless dream.  
I quite forgot my mother and myself,  
Was thrust into a madhouse, beaten hard  
Until my mind recover'd from the shock;  
And all this happen'd for your carelessness!

HAROUN. That really *was* too bad! Excuse me, friend.

Your wine was excellent; it bears the blame;  
For, sleepy as we were, perhaps we closed

The gate imperfectly. But let us be  
Friendly again; come now with us.

GIAFAR.

Close by

We took a house; let us adjourn to it.

HASAN. Excuse me: much I liked the meal with  
you,

But not its after-taste: I rather keep  
Away from sweets which leave such bitterness.

GIAFAR. This was by accident; come, try again;  
It is not just to charge on *us* alone  
The sad mishap; your wine must share the blame:  
It stript us of our wisdom.

HAROUN.

Come, come, Hasan,

You are too courteous to refuse again.

HASAN. I cannot go with you. The proverb says:  
“ Who trips against a stone, once and again,  
He is a fool!” and I for one shall try  
To shun the second stumbling.

HAROUN.

Yet the Genius,

Who, as you say, disturb'd your mind, is not  
Your foe; or would not have fulfill'd your wish  
Of punishing the Sheikhs.

HASAN.

This is a fact.

[*Musing*] And, then, my dream was of a pleasant  
kind.

I wish I might once more sit on the throne,



Beholding Eyes' Delight, and take the cup  
Of fragrant wine from her fair hands.

HAROUN [*smiling*]. We have  
High-flavour'd wine to offer you ;—who knows  
But it has power to rouse a pleasant dream ?  
And from the Genius you can save yourself,  
Since *you* will have to close the gate, not *we*.

HASAN. This is an argument ; but yet,—one hair,  
One single hair, is for the Genius  
Enough to hold us fast. The scalded man  
Avoids the fire ; from foresight wisdom springs.

HAROUN. But mirth is not begot by foresight ;  
come,  
Hasan, and be yourself again : the Wag,  
Whose charm lies not in wisdom, but in wit :  
Each man has his own gift ; we little gain  
If we forsake our nature ; happiness  
Consists in faithfulness to each man's self,  
And kindness to our brethren ; you behave  
Unkindly tow' rds us, if you thus refuse.

HASAN. It's true, not for one moment am I glad,  
Since I forsook my hospitality :  
It is not good to live too much alone.

HAROUN. Come, then, with us.

HASAN. For once I do consent.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—*In the Palace.*

HAROUN *and* GIAFAR ; HASAN *asleep on a couch.*

GIAFAR. Prince of the Faithful, what is your command ?

You have now drugg'd Hasan once more ; Mesrour Here to this hall once more has carried him.

What is your princely pleasure now ?

HAROUN.

Once more

He must be Caliph ; now I wish to see  
How he can keep the balance of his mind ;  
Whether once more he will forget himself,  
His mother, and the madhouse, and the blows,  
Intoxicated by the charm of power ;  
Or whether, by experience wise, he knows  
To turn the lesson to the best account.  
At any rate I shall step in, in time.  
Let all the court assemble as before,  
And be prepared to act their part again.

[HAROUN *retires behind the screen.* GIAFAR *exit.*

SCENE III. *The former.*

GIAFAR, MESROUR, EYES' DELIGHT, CORAL LIPS,  
MORNING STAR, *and* Attendants.

*Chorus of Slaves.*

"O ! Prince of the Faithful, awake !  
Awake for thy children's sake !

Thy glance dispelleth the night,  
Thy glance gives light and delight."

HASAN [*awaking*]. What 's this? am I again Caliph? again

Bewitch'd? But no, I am Hasan the Wag;  
I don't wish to be mad once more; but lo!  
Here's Eyes' Delight;—good morning, Eyes' Delight.

GIAFAR. Prince of the Faithful, what is your command?

HASAN. In Allah's name, be off, all evil Genii!—  
They don't dissolve to air; this is no dream!  
Ha! this is not Giafar, it is my host  
Of yesterday, the merchant of Moosul;  
Now I begin to understand the game!  
Sweet Eyes' Delight, tell me the truth; this man,  
Is he a merchant, or is he Giafar?

EYES' DELIGHT. He is Giafar.

GIAFAR. Yes, so it is. I am  
Your slave Giafar, awaiting your commands,  
Commander of the Faithful, great Haroun.

HASAN. You jest, I never was Haroun; I am  
Hasan the Wag; still, as you now insist,  
I will for one short moment be the Prince.  
Mind what I say: unless you find the man  
Whom, yesterday, we honour'd as a guest,  
And bring him hither to our throne, your life

Is forfeited, before we leave this hall.  
 Mesrour, see that my will be carried out.

HAROUN *steps forth.*

HAROUN [*laughing*]. I cannot leave Giafar in jeopardy,

And come myself to hear what 's your desire ?

HASAN [*prostrating himself*]. Prince of the Faithful, listen to my prayer !

I am not fit for all these charms, let me  
 Be what I was : Hasan—no more the Wag :  
 The Wag remains here, though I now depart !

HAROUN [*smiling*]. I see you lecture me ! full right  
 it is :

Hasan the Wag is now Hasan the Wise.  
 So be it : but as I once have been your guest,  
 Remain my guest for ever in this house.

HASAN. No, Prince ; excuse my rudeness ; I prefer  
 The princedom of my own small house to sway,  
 Unenvied, independent, frank, and free :  
 I covet not what others may possess,  
 Not e'en the throne which rules from east to west.  
 Who treasures not his independent self  
 Becomes a slave, unfit for happiness.  
 Proud to have given some pleasure to my Prince,  
 I am too proud to be his toy.

HAROUN.

His toy ?

Not thus, Hasan ; his friend. He who respects  
Himself, will be respected e'en at court.

HASAN. Prince of the Faithful, you have broken  
the spell

Which bound me to a solitary home,  
And you have giv'n a friend to me, full worth  
The host of boon-companions I have lost.  
This well might compensate my sufferings ;  
But yet it is not all : I owe you more :  
For by your teaching have I learnt to feel,  
That any dream, however bright it be,  
Is never worth e'en bare reality.  
Dreams are for madness but a fairer name ;  
Reality and Wisdom are the same.

CHORUS.

Long live Haroun the Wise !  
Long live his honour'd guest !  
May he in fortune rise !  
May he live long and blest !

[*Curtain drops.*]



THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

---

A Play for Young Children.

---

WITHOUT CHANGE OF SCENERY.

## Persons represented.

---

*The KING, deposed from his throne.*

*The QUEEN, his Consort.*

PRINCE ALFRED,  
PRINCE RUPERT, } *Sons to the King and Queen.*

A Shepherd.

MARY, *his Daughter.*

SHADRACH, *a Jew.*

A Constable.

Clown.

*The Speaker of the Wise Men.*

*Wise Men, Citizens, and other People.*







# THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

---

*Enter CLOWN as Prologus.*

You have come here to see a Christmas play,  
Then grant us kindly your indulgence, pray—  
For we must own our wardrobe is poor stuff;  
The decorations, too, are rather rough.

Imagination must supply  
All that we can't afford to buy;  
In fact, our purse is short  
For a dramatic sport!  
Therefore allow me to explain  
Whate'er your eyes may seek in vain.

Remember, too,  
That we can't do  
Without well-season'd spice  
Of your approving voices,  
Just as roast pork is scarcely nice  
Until the plate in apple-sauce rejoices.

[*Exit CLOWN.*

## ACT I.

*Enter* CLOWN.

ALLOW me to say that this is a valley; and that there, at a little distance, stands a hut; it is now evening. [*Exit* CLOWN.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, ALFRED, *and* RUPERT.

KING. My Queen, my love, where shall we sleep to-night?

You are so pale; the children long for food.

QUEEN. My Lord, do not despair, but trust to Him Who clothes the lilies and who feeds the fowls. See yonder hut; it is not far from hence: Maybe we gain admittance there anon. Go, Alfred; Rupert, go; knock at the door: Politely ask for shelter and for food.

ALFRED *and* RUPERT *run to the hut.* MARY *appears.*

MARY. My father is not home yet with the sheep; What is your pleasure, good young gentlemen?

ALFRED. We want a bed for our dear parents' rest; For *us* but bread and milk, my gentle maid.

KING *and* QUEEN *have approached.*

MARY [*curtsyng*]. Come in, your Honours, please,  
and take a seat,  
And I shall soon get supper for us all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter* CLOWN.

CLOWN. This is a place before a tavern. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* SHADRACH *and* CONSTABLE.

CONST. I tell you, friend, this matter can't last long ;  
The King can't last ; he is no King by right.

SHAD. Hush, hush ! what language do you hold ?  
You know that times have changed since Michaelmas.

CONST. Yes, they have changed, but we are fools  
to bear  
The foreign yoke, which we despise and hate.

SHAD. Hush, hush ! dear sir, the trees have ears,  
methinks :  
You know the foreign spies are everywhere.

CONST. [*shaking his fist*] Confound the spies ! It  
cannot last, I say ;  
The poor old King, I wonder where he is ?  
He's dead, they say. How should he not, poor Lord !

His Queen, and he, and his dear little ones,  
They fled—to spare the land a bloody war.

SHAD. And well they did: it is not safe to fight.  
But hold your tongue, and you shall hear some news.  
In town there is a witch; she sleeps and sees  
When she's asleep, the things that are to come.  
She says [*lowering his voice*], “At Whitsuntide the  
King shall die.”

CONST. Which King shall die? the King that is no  
King?

SHAD. [*nodding*] Hush, hush! dear Sir; good bye,  
I must go home.

[*They shake hands, and exeunt in different directions.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter* CLOWN.

CLOWN. This is the Shepherd's garden; time, the  
morning. [*Exit.*]

KING and QUEEN *sitting on a bench*, MARY *collecting  
flowers*, ALFRED and RUPERT *assisting her*.

KING. The Shepherd and his child are honest  
folks,  
Their softest down and finest sheets they spread  
For us, and slept themselves on the hard bench.

[MARY comes forward and presents  
a nosegay to the QUEEN.]

QUEEN. Thank you, my lovely child; let's make  
exchange;

[She puts a sovereign into her hand.]

And in your prayers include your homeless Queen.

[MARY, running to the hut, shouts.]

MARY. Dear father, father, come, here is the Queen!  
She *is* the Queen, for, look! she gave me gold.

*Enter* SHEPHERD.

SHEP. What nonsense, child! Queens do not  
leave their King,  
And Kings wear crowns; therefore, no King is here.

MARY. She is the Queen, for who but queens give  
gold?

KING [*quietly*]. The child is right, and you are  
right, my friend, [*Pointing to the QUEEN*].  
She is a Queen—I am a King no more!  
To the usurping Prince I left the crown,  
That war should not pollute this blessed land.

SHEP. Our gracious Lord should not have left the  
crown;

A King without a crown is not a King.

KING. That which is done is done ; the past is past.  
But for the present, friend, can you afford  
To keep us here for love and little money ?  
We are not rich, we have not robb'd the people.

SHEP. All that is mine is yours, my gracious King ;  
You ruled by love, and love we feel for you.

KING. Yes, love has shielded us in days of woe !  
We've roamed about the realm for full six months,  
And have found many friends, no traitors yet.  
We shall stop here, and live and work with you.

*[The Shepherd kneels before the KING, and kisses his hand. ALFRED and RUPERT, who have listened to the latter part of the conversation, clap their hands with joy, and MARY shyly looks on the whole scene.]*

QUEEN *[kissing MARY]*. A mother I shall be to you,  
my child ;  
Now come with me, and let us go to work.

*[Exeunt QUEEN and MARY ; all follow them.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter CLOWN.*

CLOWN. This is again the place before the tavern.

*[Exit.]*



SHADRACH *and* CONSTABLE, *sitting at a table with victuals and wine, eating and drinking.*

SHAD. Now let me hear what is the news in town?

CONST. Well, Shadrach, you were right, the witch spoke truth.

[*Emptying a glass.*] The reckless Prince who called himself a King

Is dead. Hurrah! for him who now succeeds.

SHAD. Hurrah! hurrah! but who shall now succeed?

CONST. [*putting his forefinger on his nose*] This is the question both of doubt and dread.

The Prince's fate has frightened all his heirs:

They say that evil sprites have caused his death!

And each of them refused to wear the crown.

SHAD. The people cannot live without a King;

So much is sure. Hm, hm! I have it now!

Let them look out for our late blessed Lord.

CONST. That will not do, he left us in the lurch;

He was a peace-man: such for Kings won't do.

The Wise Men of the realm in council met,

Unable to agree from morn to night.

They went to dinner first, and then to bed;

And what a wonder! they did dream a dream,

And all dreamt the same dream: but what they dreamt,

They had forgotten all ; they only know  
 That thirty days hence a bright youth shall come,  
 Hotly pursued in race, and he shall show  
 The dream itself and its interpretation.  
 Now all the people wait, and long to see  
 The youth who shall point out the King to be.

SHAD. Miraculous ! miraculous, indeed !  
 Who knows but you or I may wear the crown !

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

---

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Enter* CLOWN.

CLOWN. This is again the Shepherd's garden.

[*Exit.*

KING and QUEEN sitting on the bench, QUEEN spinning ;  
 ALFRED, RUPERT, and MARY run in with a bird in  
 a cage.

ALFRED [*with the cage in his hand*]. See, father, see  
 what funny bird we caught !

It is rich game, I'm sure ; it shines like gold ;  
 Its crest is like a crown of sparkling gems ;  
 Its wings are purple, and its tail displays

The colours of the rainbow, and strange signs  
 Mysterious are glitt'ring on the plumes.  
 We caught it in the wood, but not by stealth ;  
 It flew on Mary's hand, and seem'd well pleased  
 To go into the cage which Rupert brought.

QUEEN [*taking up the cage*]. Indeed the bird is  
 wonderfully rare :

I never saw the like.

KING. Nor I. My boys,  
 You had a royal sport. [*To MARY.*] But tell me, child,  
 Do you not know how it is called ?

MARY. Not I ;  
 My father knows the birds here all around :  
 Come, let us go to him, and ask its name.

[*MARY, ALFRED, and RUPERT exeunt.*]

KING. Three months have nearly passed since we  
 came here,  
 And all our gold is gone : what shall we do ?  
 Remain a burden to our honest host ?

QUEEN. There's no relief before the hour of need !

KING. We need it sorely now, it ought to come.

*Enter SHADRACH.*

SHAD. Ol' clo', ol' clo' ! who sells or buys ol' clo' ?

KING. Had I but one suit more, I'd part with this.

[*Pointing to his dress.*]

SHAD. Well, have you nothing else to spare? I buy  
Jewels, old shoes, snuff-boxes, kitchen-stuff,  
There's nothing high or low which I despise.

[KING *shakes his head.*]

SHAD. [*perceiving the bird*] What funny bird is  
this? is it for sale?

[*Takes up the cage, and holds it to the light.*]

He spreads his fan out like a peacock—Ho!

I see here Hebrew characters inscribed.

What do they mean? do I see right indeed?

[*Reads, aside :*]

“ Whoso feedeth on my head,  
His the crown shall be!  
Whoso on my heart is fed,  
Roll in gold shall he.”

Hurrah! I shall be King myself. The bird,  
It must be mine, whate'er its price may be.

[*Turning quietly to the QUEEN.*]

Well, gentle lady, will you part with this?

The bird is not so rare. A friend of mine

Has bought its hen from me. Perchance he may

Now like to have the cock. What is the price?

QUEEN. I have no price for it, it is not mine.

SHAD. [*turning to the KING*] Then it is yours. What  
do you want for it?

KING. It is not mine, it is my children's bird.

SHAD. Nonsense! if twenty sovereigns I bid

For it, you will soon find that it is yours.

The offer which I make is far too high.

KING. What? twenty sovereigns, that royal bird?

SHAD. So you would sell it for a higher sum?

Two hundred sovereigns I will risk on it,

Ten times as much as it is worth. In fact

I am a fool about this bird. It is—

I know its hen. Poor thing, she is so lone,

And pines for her good mate; and my soft heart

Can't bear to see the lovely birds divorced.

What did I say? I give two hundred pounds.

[*He draws forth his purse.*]

[KING *shakes his head.*]

SHAD. [*losing temper*] You are a usurer! a Jew;

I say,

It must be mine this bird, at any price.

[*Checking himself.*]

In fact I am a fool about this thing,

It has bewitch'd me like a damsel fair. [*He weeps.*]

A thousand pounds! it's all I have to give;

Take it, and let me have the bird at once.

QUEEN [*whispers to the KING*]. Enough to send the children both to school.

KING [*to the QUEEN*]. A thousand pounds will make us comfortable! [*Addressing Jew.*]

Put down the gold, then shall the bird be yours.

SHAD. I am a fool, a good-for-nothing fool!

A thousand pounds! how shall I part with them?  
Said I a thousand pounds? Do pity me!

KING. We do not claim your gold, we keep the bird.

SHAD. Alas! alas! you have a heart of stone.

KING [*getting up, taking the cage, and beckoning  
QUEEN to follow him*]. Joanna, come, the  
dinner hour draws near.

SHAD. [*rushing after him, and throwing down a bag  
with gold*] You said a thousand pounds!  
the bird is mine. [*He takes the cage.*]

*Enter ALFRED, RUPERT, and MARY.*

RUPERT. You naughty man! how dare you take  
our bird?

SHAD. Take care, young gentleman, the bird is  
mine;

I bought it rather dear! a thousand pounds.

[*He takes up the gold, and presents it to the  
KING, who takes it. SHADRACH exit.*]

KING. My children, yes! the bird is his, he paid  
Enough to keep you both at school for years. [*Exit.*]

RUPERT. We'd rather keep the bird than go to  
school.

QUEEN. You must submit to your dear father's  
will. [*Exit.*]

ALFRED. We must. But it is hard for us to see  
The bird thus sold. What will he do with it?

RUPERT. What will he do? why gave he such a price?

ALFRED. Come, let us follow him where'er he goes.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* CLOWN.

CLOWN. This is a wood about eight miles from the Shepherd's hut. [Exit.]

SHADRACH *alone.* ALFRED *and* RUPERT *in the background.*

SHAD. [*plucking the bird*] 'This is my prize, it cost one thousand pounds ;  
It's not too much if it secures the crown.  
Shadrach the First shall be my royal name ;  
It shall outshine all monarchs of the earth !  
But should the bird have lied—awful to think !  
But no ! I saw it plainly with my eyes,  
Written in Hebrew masoretic points :

“ Whoso feedeth on my head,  
His the crown shall be !  
Whoso on my heart is fed,  
Roll in gold shall he.”

Now I could eat the head and heart at once,  
Could eat them raw. But, no ! a future King

Can't be oblivious of his dignity,  
 Nor eat things raw ; he seasons well his food.  
 Quick then to work ; I must some faggots get,  
 And kindle here a fire to roast my bird. [*Exit.*]

ALFRED *and* RUPERT *rush forward.*

RUPERT. Well, have you heard, he wants to be  
 a King,

And to get gold much more than any King !  
 That cruel man who kill'd the royal bird.

ALFRED. The bird it came to us, and not to him ;  
 I am to be the King, and not the Jew.

[*He cuts the head off.*]

RUPERT. I take the heart, and when I get the gold,  
 I pay the Jew ten times his sovereigns back.

[*He takes the heart ; both run away.*]

*Enter* JEW *with faggots.*

SHAD. Here is the wood ; now for the royal feast.

[*Putting down the wood and taking up the bird.*]

Good gracious ! what is this ! the head is gone !  
 My crown is stol'n !—The heart is also gone !  
 My thousand pounds ! my crown ! my heaps of gold !  
 What miserable bargain I have made !  
 I am a luckless dog, a stupid ass !  
 To leave the bird here, where a fox, or dog,



Has bitten off the head, and ate the heart.  
 Who shall be now the King, and roll in gold ?  
 What blockhead, dotard, madman, fool, I was !

[*He strikes himself, and runs away.*]

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*Enter CLOWN. He crosses the stage behind, and says  
 in passing,*

This is the forest. Lo ! the boys, asleep. [*Exit.*]

ALFRED [*awaking from sleep*]. Heigh ho ! [*with  
 a yawn*] I still feel tired. Why, where  
 am I ?

Still in the wood, that everlasting wood,  
 Where yesternight we stray'd and lost our way.  
 And where is Rupert ? there he lies asleep,  
 Tired with our wanderings : but I'll wake him up.  
 Ho ! Rupert ! wake !

[*RUPERT raises himself into a sitting posture.*]

Why ! what lies under you ?

RUPERT. What ? what, indeed ! can I believe  
 my eyes ?

It's gold, pure gold, a heap of shining gold.  
 Then not for nothing did I eat the heart  
 Of that fair bird : yes, yes, the Jew was right.  
 Oh, joy, joy, Alfred ! that you ate the head.  
 But now return we to the Shepherd's hut ;  
 The morn is bright, we cannot miss our way.

ALFRED. Right, brother, right : quick, we'll collect  
 the gold,  
 And hasten to relieve our parents' care.

*[They take up the money and put it into their pockets.]*

*Enter* CONSTABLE.

CONST. Stop, little wretches, stop ! such heaps  
 of gold !

Where did you steal it, little thieves ? you rogues !

*[He threatens them with his fist.]*

ALFRED. Steal it, you wicked man ? we do not steal.

CONST. Then tell me, sir, where did you get  
 it from ?

RUPERT. Mind your own business, sir ; the gold  
 is mine.

CONST. It is my business to catch thieves ; unless  
 You can account for all this heap of gold  
 I march you off hence to the county jail.

*[RUPERT suddenly scatters the gold on the  
 ground ; CONSTABLE stoops to collect it.]*





RUPERT [*to* ALFRED]. Take to your heels, and I shall do the same.

[*Run off in different directions.*]

CONST. O rascals, which of them am I to chase? The slender first. Then for the bigger one.

[*Runs after* ALFRED.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* CLOWN.

CLOWN. This is the market-place, and the day where and when the Wise Men wait for the interpretation of their forgotten dream. [*Exit.*]

*The Wise Men holding the crown on a crimson cushion. People around them.*

SPEAKER OF THE WISE MEN. This is the day which shall decide our fate!  
The thirty days have pass'd; we now shall know  
What we have dreamt, and what we have forgot,  
Who is to be our gracious Lord and King?  
A youth is to appear, shouting for help.  
He is to show the dream, and to interpret.

ALFRED [*behind the scene*]. Help! Help!

THE PEOPLE. Hurrah! here is the promised youth!

ALFRED *appears, closely followed by the* CONSTABLE.

CONST. Stop thief! stop thief!

SPEAKER. He is no thief! Young man,  
We wait for you to show the dream to us,  
Which we, renown'd Wise Men, have all forgot,  
And to interpret it. What was the dream?

ALFRED. You dreamt you saw a bird like shining  
gold,  
Its crest was like a crown of sparkling gems,  
Its wings were purple, and its tail display'd  
The colours of the rainbow, and strange signs  
Mysterious were glittering on its plumes.

SPEAKER. This is the dream! It is our precious  
dream!

ALFRED. The signs were Hebrew characters,  
inscribed

With masoretic points, and meant to say:—

“Whoso feedeth on my head,  
His the crown shall be!  
Whoso on my heart is fed,  
Roll in gold shall he.”

SPEAKER. This is our dream! It is our precious  
dream!

Now let us know the true interpretation.

ALFRED. The true interpretation is, that I  
Have eaten the bird's head, and am your King ;  
Your King by right, the son of your old King.

[*He takes the crown and puts it on his head.*]

PEOPLE. Hurrah, hurrah ! hip, hip, hip, hurrah !

ALFRED. Wise Men, your task is done, and ours  
begins.

Go to the forest, to the Shepherd's hut,  
Invite our royal father, and the Queen,  
Our gracious mother, to our princely court.  
The Shepherd's daughter likewise bring to us ;  
She has found favour in our royal eyes,  
And is to be your Queen, your gracious Queen.

[*Deputation of Wise Men exit.*]

RUPERT [*addressing ALFRED*]. My Lord and King,  
we are in honour bound

To pay the Jew ten thousand pounds, who read  
The mystic words, and kill'd the royal bird ;  
Be pleased to send a messenger for him,  
That we may grant him that which he deserves.

SHAD. [*steps forth*] No messenger is needed,  
gracious Prince,  
For here I am to pocket all your gold.

[*RUPERT gives him a heap of bank notes.*]

SHAD. [*aside*] Thus, after all, my bargain was  
not bad.

*Enter Deputation of Wise Men, with KING, QUEEN,  
and MARY.*

PEOPLE. Hurrah! hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

[*Old KING and QUEEN take MARY in their midst,  
and lead her to ALFRED, blessing them.*

CHORUS.

God save our gracious King,

Long live our noble King,

God save the King.

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

FINIS.



CRINOLINA

## Persons represented.

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THE EARL.

FOX,  
SHARK,  
SNIPE, } *Sons to the Earl.*

SELMA, *daughter to the Earl.*

CRINOLINA, *the Witch.*

THE QUEEN *of the Fairies.*

THE GIANT.

AN ELF.

THE KING.

THE CUPBEARER,  
THE GENTLEMAN-CARVER,  
THE GENTLEMAN-USHER, } *to the King.*

TOM, *Steward to the Earl.*

Guards *to the King.*

SCENE FOR THE FIRST ACT,—*at the Earl's Castle.*

SECOND ACT,—*at a Tavern.*

THIRD ACT,—*at the Royal Residence.*

FOURTH ACT,—*in a Wood.*

FIFTH ACT,—*in CRINOLINA's Castle.*

# CRINOLINA.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*In the Earl's Room.*

EARL *and* STEWARD.

EARL *sitting at a table examining a map*, STEWARD *at the window.*

EARL. This is the way that Fox should come ; there  
Shark ;

Here Snipe ; [*addressing STEWARD*] are they not  
coming yet ?

STEW. Not yet.

EARL. Three years have now elapsed since they  
have gone !

STEW. Poor boys ! they were so young when they  
left home,

Mere striplings yet.



I stood there powerless, enraged, forlorn ;  
She scoff'd triumphantly and disappear'd !

STEW. And you, my Lord, lay prostrate in the park,  
Deprived of sense ;—we found you thus, and still  
You did not know the worst.

EARL. You told it me :  
My wife was dead ! the Witch had strangled her  
And stolen the child.

STEW. It was my woful task  
To make it known to you. I never thought  
You could survive the blow : for weeks and weeks  
You utter'd not a word, and when at last  
You seem'd to be yourself again, to care  
For the young masters, then you sent them all  
From hence !

EARL. It cost me more than I can tell  
To part with them.

STEW. And still your Lordship's mind  
Seem'd less oppress'd when they had left the house.

EARL. My faithful Tom, you well might deem this  
strange ;  
But I have sacrificed my only joy—  
To see my sons round me—for three long years,  
Trusting they may turn out *the* men of worth  
To win their sister back. You know that I  
Spent strength and power in vain to trace the Witch ;

Exhausted by my fruitless search, I once  
 Sat hopeless down upon the tomb where rests  
 My wife, when she appear'd to me and spake :  
 “ Be of good cheer ! don't seek the Witch, but seek  
 The happiest, richest, wisest men on earth ;  
 For they shall trace and bring our daughter back.”  
 I felt relieved,—but how was I to find  
 The happiest, richest, wisest men on earth ?  
 A thought flash'd through my mind ; my *sons !* my  
                           *sons !*

Why may not haply *they* redeem my child ?  
 Let me but pave the way. I set to work,  
 And to the King I sent my eldest son,  
 That as a page he Fortune's smiles may court.  
 Out to the diggings went my second boy ;  
 The third in Circumlocution's chamber-maze  
 Unravels wisdom at the very source.  
 To-day they are to come.

STEW.                                   Heav'n bless them all !  
 Some one is coming—here is Master Fox.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Fox.*

Fox. My father ! my old Tom ! how glad I am  
 To have come back to you !

STEW. Dear Master Fox,  
You are as kind as ever.

EARL. Welcome, my son.

STEW. How well he looks! how smart! how he  
has grown!

But I must go and see some lunch prepared.

[*Exit* Steward.]

FOX. My father, here I am, a happy man;  
But if you wish, I'll go at once and fight  
The Witch.

EARL. Be calm, dear Fox, and let me hear  
If you have found the happiness you sought.

FOX. Ha! as for happiness, a lucky lad  
I am, the luckiest that was ever born.

I greet the sun as gay as any lark,  
My meals find me as hungry as a wolf,  
At night I sleep and never care to dream.

EARL. But tell me now, my son, what have you  
got?

What honours has our King bestow'd on you?

I see no ribbon and no star: perchance—

FOX [*interrupting*]. None of those baubles, none  
do I possess,

I am too fortunate to court such toys.

EARL. Maybe a coronet has been your share?  
Whom Fortune loves, she loves to see adorn'd.

FOX. A coronet? what should I do with it?  
 A coronet is neither warm nor cool;  
 It is but burdensome, and might not fit  
 My brow: this would not do: I cannot bear  
 To feel oppress'd.

EARL. What then have you obtain'd?

FOX. Our gracious King gave me a lump of  
 gold.

EARL. All right! but let me see the royal gift.

FOX. Excuse me: I have changed it on the road.

EARL. Changed it? I hope for better ware?

FOX. No doubt.

The lump was much too weighty for my strength,  
 It clogg'd me, I felt tired, when on my way  
 I met a Knight well-seated on his steed.  
 The Cavalier, whom my good luck had led  
 To me, stopt short. "You are a lucky man,"  
 Said he, "to have such gold." "More lucky still  
 Are you," was my reply; "your horse is good,  
 It carries you, while I must drag the lump."  
 "That's true," said he; "your burden is not light.  
 I feel for you with Christian sympathy,  
 And therefore in exchange for that same gold  
 My horse I freely yield you." I consented,  
 Of course.

EARL. And pray where is the precious steed?



FOX. Exchanged.

EARL. Exchanged? why did you buy it then?

FOX. Ha! there's my luck again. In highest  
glee

I vaulted on the steed and urged it on,  
When all at once it pranced and overtopp'd.  
Most fortunate that I came off alive!  
An ugly fall it was in very truth;  
And had not luckily a farmer chanced  
To come that way, leading his cow to town,  
Who kindly help'd me to my feet again,  
I might not tell my story now. He seem'd  
An honest man; he praised my fiery steed,  
And when I said, *I* had enough of it,  
And called him happy, that a cow he had,  
Which gave him milk and cheese, and could be led  
With ease along;—he kindly offer'd me  
To take the horse and leave the cow to me:  
Was that not fortunate?

EARL. Maybe it was!

FOX. Well, towards noon, grown hungry, I sat  
down

To milk the cow; it's true I had no pail,  
But thought my hat would do. I squeezed and  
squeezed:

Alas! there came no milk: I squeezed too hard,

Poor cow ! she gave me such a monstrous kick,  
 That down I fell to the ground ; but by a chance—  
 A happy chance—a butcher, carrying pigs  
 Within his cart, pass'd by and raised me up.  
 Quickly he got some water from a well  
 To comfort me, and I was right again.  
 I told him what the cow had done : he said,  
 “ She had no milk, and should be sold for meat.”  
 “ Alas ! cow's meat is tough,” was my reply,  
 “ It's not so nice as pork.” The butcher said :  
 “ Well, though the cow is tough, as you remark,  
 Still, to oblige you, I'll exchange the cow  
 Against a pig.” Was that not fortunate ?  
 Of course I gave the cow and got the pig.

EARL. A precious pig, indeed !

FOX.

That is not all.

I drove my pig along, much pleased with it,  
 When, in a lane, a lad accosted me  
 Who had a goose, which, he assured, did weigh  
 Twelve pounds. “ No doubt it does,” I answer'd him ;  
 “ But look, my pig is also fat ; it weighs  
 A hundred pounds.” “ Hum ! hum !” quoth he,  
 “ maybe  
 It costs you more.” “ How so ?” “ Oh, don't you  
 know,”  
 Continued he, “ that yesterday a pig

Was stolen at yonder market-town I left ?  
 The beadle has been sent to track the thief,  
 And soon will find that this your precious pig  
 Is just the pig they miss." "I bought it here :  
 The thief shall answer for himself." "All right,  
 My friend ; but if they find it here with you,  
 They'll lock you up, at once, and keep you tight  
 Until you prove your innocence." "That's bad !"  
 Exclaim'd I, much alarm'd, "what shall I do ?"  
 Says he : "Well, *I* know every nook and path ;  
*I* am too sly for them : I'll take the pig,  
 And leave the goose to you." And so he did.  
 Was that not fortunate ?

EARL [*impatiently clasping his hands*]. Where is the  
 goose ?

Fox. That is not all. I thought, my father bade  
 Me to return the happiest man on earth ;  
 Will he believe that Fortune favour'd me,  
 If I can bring him nothing but a goose ?  
 This thought was troubling me, when by good luck  
 I met a grinder, whistling like a thrush.  
 I stopt and listen'd, and accosted him :  
 "You are a happy man,—your trade seems good !"  
 "A golden trade ! a merry grinder has  
 His pockets always full. But let me see—  
 Your goose, it's fat ; what did you give for it ?"

“ A pig ; for that a cow ; and for the cow  
A horse ; but for the horse a lump of gold.”

“ Well, you are sharp,” observed the man : “ could  
you

But always keep your pocket full of gold,  
No man on earth could happier be than you.”

“ But how am I to keep my pocket full ? ”

Ask'd I. “ You must become a grinder ; yes,  
A whet-stone is the thing you want, that 's it !  
My stone is rather worn, but just as good  
As any other stone, and, if you wish,  
I give it for your goose.”

EARL. Did you accept ?

FOX. Of course. Was it not fortunate to get  
A stone which was to keep my pockets full ?

EARL. And did it always keep your pockets full ?

FOX. It might have kept them full for aught I  
know !

But hear me to the end. The grinder's stone,  
Which had such hidden virtue, was of course  
A weighty stone ; it made my shoulders ache,  
I soon got tired and long'd to quench my thirst ;  
When, lucky as I always am, I just  
In time perceived amidst the fields a well.  
I laid my stone with care down at the brink  
And stoop'd to draw some water, but by chance

I push'd the stone, and down it went at once.  
 Was that not fortunate? the stone *alone*  
 Plunged down, not *I*: I was all safe and free,  
 Free as a bird in air; no treasure now  
 Oppress'd me: I could run to you; and here,  
 Happy, I am.—

EARL. Yes, here, my son; a fool,  
 Who has not learnt to treasure Fortune's gifts!

## SCENE III.

*Enter SHARK and SNIPE.*

EARL [*shaking hands with them*]. Welcome, my sons.

FOX [*shakes hands with them*]. Welcome, my  
 brothers both!

What have you seen? what news have you to tell?

SNIPE. No news, but wisdom I have learnt, which  
 gives

The power to see what others cannot see.

EARL. All right, my son; I soon shall test your  
 wits.

And you, dear Shark, have you well fill'd your purse?

SHARK. No purse can ever hold what I have got.

FOX. But you must want some rest, you've tra-  
 velled far.

SHARK. Well! London is not far!

EARL. Have you not been  
Across the sea?

SHARK. I found the mines of wealth  
Quite close at hand; no need to cross the sea.  
In London you get gold as cheap as game  
Here in the woods.

SNIPE [*nodding assent*]. Yes, so it is indeed.

[EARL *shakes his head incredulously*].

FOX. How wonderful! now let us see your cash.

SNIPE [*with scorn*]. He wants to see! my boy, you  
have to learn,

That, to get cash, you must *believe* in cash;  
And never want to *see* it in your purse.

SHARK. Buy cheap, sell dear, and never mind the  
cash;

Credit alone must do.

FOX. How wonderful!

It sounds quite grand!

EARL. I like the ring of gold  
Far better than the pomp of sounding words.

SNIPE. These are old fashion'd views.

SHARK. Exploded quite.

SNIPE. Tinkle and glitter give not gold its value;  
Tinsel is brighter, glass perchance more tuneful,  
And gold itself contains no active life.

'Tis what it is. Put in your purse a pound,  
(I mean a sovereign,) and it will not *grow*.

SHARK. Just so.

SNIPE. But put some credit in your desk,  
(They call the credit "Shares,") and, full of life,  
They rise and fall, and rise again.—

SHARK. Just so.

SNIPE. Where hope, despair, and promise live,—  
is life :

They call it speculation ;—it is life !

FOX. How wonderful ! how wise you are, dear  
Snipe !

EARL [*shaking his head*]. I am old fashion'd, words  
are not enough

For *me*.

SHARK [*exhibiting a bundle of papers*]. Well, here  
is something tangible :

Great Eastern,—Surrey Gardens,—British Bank.—

EARL. What ?

SNIPE. Sound investments all, you may depend ;—  
Managed by first-rate men ; I know them well,—  
Have *dined* with them !

SHARK. Just so ! I bought them cheap.

FOX. What ? whom ? the gentlemen ?

SNIPE. He means the shares.

SHARK. Just so.

EARL. But if you bought them cheap, their price  
Was low, and have they risen since?

SHARK. Not yet,  
They have declined, but they will rise again.

EARL. Why so!

SHARK. I bought them cheap,—shall sell them  
dear.

This is the wise man's traffic.

EARL [*passionately*]. O, you fool!—  
Alas! the wicked Witch has play'd her pranks  
On both my sons. Shark fancies he has wealth,  
But has waste paper; whilst poor Fox is blind  
To all he once possess'd. She has bewitch'd  
Them both. [*Addressing* SNIPE.] On you alone my  
hope now rests.

SNIPE [*with unction*]. Who builds on me, he builds  
upon a rock.

*Enter* Steward, covers the table and puts dishes with  
meat, apples, oranges, flasks of wine, &c. &c.  
upon it. *Exit.*

EARL. Sit down, my sons, strengthen yourselves  
with food. [*They sit down to supper.*  
Now, Snipe, 'tis time to hear what you have learn'd.

SNIPE. To cook accounts.

EARL. What do you mean by that?



SNIPE. To show that white is black, and black is white,

Deficiency a surplus, loss a gain.

EARL. Figures are stubborn, and you can't make out

That two twice told is ten.

SNIPE. Why not? Look here—

How many pears are here?

EARL. Four, I should say.

SNIPE. Well, I say ten.

EARL. It rests with you to prove

Your strange assertion.

SNIPE. Yes, of course, just see:

Where four are, there are three, and three includes the two,—two one; you see that's clear, add all, *One, two and three and four*, you make up ten.

EARL. Well then, to me give two; to Fox and Shark

Two more: the rest are yours, worth quite as much, Snipe, as your wisdom is. Alas! my sons, My faith was strong, but it is broken now.

[*Covers his face with his hands, SNIPE makes a scornful gesture, SHARK shrugs his shoulders, FOX grasps his father's hand.*]

FOX [*affectionately*]. My father! dearest father, don't despair!

You may be sure we'll bring our sister back!

[EARL *shakes his head.*

FOX. Do give us but a chance:

SHARK.

Just so.

SNIPE.

To judge

Without a trial is unfair.

FOX.

I vouch

For all of us we'll bring our sister back.

EARL [*despondingly*]. I have no hope, no faith, no will; I am

A broken, helpless man! Where witchcraft reigns  
There wisdom fails, but fools perchance turn wise!

[*Taking out his purse.*] Take here this gold and try  
your luck.

FOX.

I vouch

Before a year has pass'd we'll bring her back.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Room in a Tavern.*

FOX, SHARK, and SNIPE seated at a table, with viands,  
*flasks, and tumblers before them.*

FOX [*emptying a glass of wine*]. I call our life a  
jolly life. We roam

About this splendid land, o'er hill and dale ;  
 And when we want to rest, we find a house  
 As snug as we can wish, as if it were  
 On purpose built for us ; and all we wish,  
 Good food and wine, is ready on the table.  
 A tavern is a fine invention ! made  
 To take all trouble off your mind. It's true  
 We have as yet not found the wicked Witch,  
 But we have time ! we are a happy set.

SNIFE. If to be happy means to have more time  
 Than cash—

FOX [*interrupting him*]. Of course he that has time  
 has life ;

And who has life, can get all that he wants.

SHARK. Yes, credit too, and that's the thing.

SNIFE. Nonsense !

Cash is the thing, I say, and ours is gone.

FOX. No, brother, here your wisdom fails. We have  
 Yet quite enough ; have we not, Shark ?

SHARK. Just so !

If we had more, I should have laid it out  
 In good Peruvian shares. [*Looking into his memoran-*  
*dum book*]. Our purse contains :

Twelve pounds, ten shillings, threepence halfpenny.

[*He takes out his purse and counts the money.*

Just so, it's quite correct.

SNIPE. Old boy, it's scarce  
 Enough to last a single month.

Fox. Ne'er mind!  
 Time brings relief; if we but have what now  
 We want, we have, believe me, quite enough.

*Enter FAIRY QUEEN, disguised as beggar-woman.*

FAIRY QUEEN. Some alms! dear gentlemen!

SNIPE. I give no alms.  
 Read Malthus, and read Whately: dole of alms  
 Is sin against the state.

Fox [*with warmth*]. But I have read:  
 "Give to the poor;" it is a golden rule!

SHARK. I go for golden rules. In truth, to give  
 Yields me no dividend; but still, I'll lend  
 At ten per cent. if you [*to Fox*] will pay for me.

Fox. Most willingly; and if, dear Snipe, you *too*  
 Would waive your principle, and let me give  
 Likewise for you, I should feel gratified.

SNIPE. It's wise to side with the majority.  
 Therefore I shall be generous. Do you  
 Give for me also.

Fox. Thank you, dearest Snipe!  
 [*To SHARK.*] Shark, give a crown for me, and one for  
 you,

Less ten per cent., and then a crown for Snipe ;  
Add all, deduct it then from my account.

[SHARK *puts every item down in his memorandum-book, and gives the money to FAIRY QUEEN.*

Fourteen and sixpence, it is quite correct.

FAIRY QUEEN *throws off her disguise and appears in rich Greek costume.*

FAIRY QUEEN [to FOX]. You little want yourself, and still you feel

For those who want : you do a generous deed,  
And claim no merit nor reward : we like  
Such men as you : if ever you want help,  
You may appeal to me.

FOX. To find the Witch  
And bring my sister home, is all I want.

FAIRY QUEEN. The Witch hides her abode : there  
is but one

Who knows her residence : it is the King.  
She pays him tribute, and he likes her well,  
And keeps her secret safe.

FOX. How then can *we*  
Learn it? I know his gracious majesty.  
I was his page; he never hears petitions,  
But calls them dangerous and rebellious acts.

FAIRY QUEEN. *He* only wins, who tries. You can  
succeed

Only by stratagem;—you have to use  
Your wits.

FOX. This is a task for you, dear Snipe :  
Your wisdom must supply my wits.

FAIRY QUEEN. Farewell !  
When you approach the end, we meet again.

*[She waves her hand and disappears.]*

SHARK *[to FOX]*. Please, brother, call her back, and  
ask for me  
What shares will rise.

SNIPE. You want no fairy, Shark,  
Your brother's wisdom can enlighten you.  
I know the hands by which the wires are pull'd  
That make the papers and the people rise—  
And fall : no witchcraft is required for that,  
Plain trickery alone will do.

SHARK. Just so :  
You are a star of wisdom, brother Snipe.

SNIPE. And you a moon-calf, like the rest, who live  
Upon the rise and fall of what you call  
*Securities*.—

FOX *[interrupting]*. My brothers, do not touch  
Such ticklish ground. Let well alone. Good luck

Has pointed out our way ; then let us try  
To keep the solemn promise which we gave.

SHARK. Just so ; that's it. To keep your promise,  
                    keeps  
Your credit up.

FOX.                      Come on, I lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Room in a Hotel in the Capital.*

FOX *stretching himself on a couch*, SHARK *writing  
accounts at a desk.*

SHARK. Our journey costs us much.

FOX.                                      But we have reach'd  
The royal residence, and soon shall gain  
The end.

SHARK. But how ?

FOX.                                      That is not my affair :  
Snipe will accomplish it, for he is wise.

*Enter SNIPE with a bundle under his arm.*

Here wisdom comes ;—well, Snipe, had you good  
luck ?

SNIPE. Wisdom compels good luck to serve her ends.  
 This morning, when I walk'd about the streets,  
 I saw a crowd around a herald, who  
 Was shouting loud : " Oyez, our gracious King  
 Has shamefully been robb'd ;—he who finds out  
 The thieves may freely claim his own reward,  
 But if he tries and fails his head is lost."

FOX. How fortunate this is !

SHARK. Why fortunate ?

FOX. Why ? may not we find out the thieves ?

SHARK. And lose

Our heads ?

SNIPE. Fools only lose their heads, and I  
 Am wise ;—let us at once proceed to court ;  
 I as a doctor, my disciples you.

SHARK. Just so, disciples give you credit.

SNIPE. Yes ;

A doctor has good chance to feel the pulse :  
 And why should not the pulse betray the thieves ?

FOX. Why not, indeed ? and even if it fails,  
 There is Dame Fortune yet to favour us.

SNIPE [*undoes his bundle, exhibits the gowns of a*  
*Doctor and two Students*]. The gown is half  
 the man ;—your better halves ;—

Take them.

SHARK. Just so. [*Puts on the gown.*]



FOX [*putting on the gown*]. It will disguise me well.

SNIFE [*having dressed*]. The doctor's hat was made to fit my brow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*At Court.*

*The KING sits at the dinner-table, Chamberlains and Guards around him, the GENTLEMAN-CARVER and the CUPBEARER in attendance. KING eats and drinks in majestic silence.*

*Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER.*

GENTLEMAN-USHER. Most gracious Majesty ! you have decreed

That he who undertakes to trace the thieves  
Shall be admitted here at any time.—

A man, who styles himself the Doctor Snipe,  
Has come to claim this privilege.

KING [*after a pause*]. Let him come.

[*Exit GENTLEMAN-USHER, and returns, introducing*  
SNIFE, FOX, and SHARK.

KING. Wait. [*Continues dining.*]

SHARK [*aside to SNIFE*]. Look, how richly all of them are clad !

SNIFE. Yes, all ; but stay ! one knows not who is who.

[*To FOX.*] You have been often here before ; then say, Which is the first in rank of these three here.

[*Pointing at GENTLEMAN-USHER, GENTLEMAN-CARVER, and CUPBEARER.*

FOX [*pointing at GENTLEMAN-USHER, who just passes him*]. This is the first.

GENTLEMAN-USHER [*having heard these words, aside*].

Good gracious ! does he know

My crime ?

[*He remains trembling behind the KING's chair.*

FOX [*to SNIPE, pointing to CUPBEARER, who passes them with the KING's Cup*]. This is the second.

CUPBEARER [*drops the cup and exclaims half-aloud*].

Woe to me !

KING [*roused by the noise of the falling cup from the contemplation of his dishes, addresses CUPBEARER*]. What has befallen you, Sir Archibald ?

CUPBEARER [*in confusion*]. Most gracious Majesty, my foot has slipp'd.

[*Bows and retires ; filling another cup, he presents it to the KING.*

KING [*having emptied the cup, beckons to GENTLEMAN-CARVER to approach ; CARVER obeys, passing FOX*].

FOX [*to* SNIPE]. That is the third.

[*The* CARVER *is startled, and exchanges anxious glances with* GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* CUP-BEARER.

KING [*to* SNIPE, *who bows*]. Before we hear from you

Who are the men to be condemn'd for theft,  
Let us first test the value of your words ;  
That we may judge of your ability  
Of seeing things unseen to other eyes.

[*He points to a covered dish.*

If you can tell us what this dish contains,  
We shall declare you competent.

SNIPE [*striking his forehead with the palm of his hand thoughtfully*]. NOW SNIPE !

[*At a sign of the* KING, *the* GENTLEMAN-CARVER *removes the cover of the dish.*

KING [*astonished*]. A snipe, indeed !

GENTLEMAN-CARVER [*kneels down to the feet of the* KING, *and exclaims*] Alas ! he knows it all !

But I am not the principal—I turn

King's evidence ! Oh pardon, pardon me,

Most gracious Majesty ! [*Points at* GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* CUPBEARER.] They are the thieves,

Who have seduced your true and faithful slave !

[GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* CUPBEARER  
*kneel down before the KING.*

GENTLEMAN-USHER. We are found out, undone,  
our guilt is great,

But mercy, mercy, gracious Majesty!

KING [*beckons to the Guards to remove the culprits*].  
[*Exeunt Guards and culprits.*

Your turn will come.

[*To SNIPE.*] You have fulfill'd your task :  
Claim your reward ; whate'er it be, we pledge  
Our royal word to grant it you at once.

SNIPE [*bowing*]. Your Majesty allowing me free  
choice,

I beg an answer to a question, which  
I take the liberty to put.

KING. Yes, bold  
Indeed is your request ; we rather grant  
A knighthood, even a title, than comply  
With such a claim, unheard of at our court.  
The thieves, who shamefully have robb'd our crown,  
And forfeit made of rank and dignity,  
Leave now three places vacant at our court ;  
Let them be yours and your two friends, but drop  
Your wild desire of claiming a reply.

SNIPE. I beg, your Majesty, to be excused  
If I must humbly choose my own reward,  
That which I named.

KING [*displeased*]. A most seditious act !  
But as our royal word is pledged, we shall  
Comply. Speak, sir.—

SNIPE. Then may I beg to learn  
Where Crinolina dwells, the artful Witch ?

KING [*very wroth*]. My faithful liege ? [*frowning*]  
she dwells beyond that wood.

[*Gets up and departs, followed by*  
Attendants, Guards, &c.

SNIPE. Beyond that wood ! and that is all he says ;  
Most scanty information !

SHARK. Yes, the King  
Was born to be a man of business ;  
He husbands, when he has to pay a debt.

FOX. Well, it is fortunate that now we know  
Which way we have to take. Let us proceed.

SNIPE. But if we lose our way ? the wood is dense.

FOX. With *buts* and *ifs* success was never won.  
We have the clue, and we must follow it. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*In the Wood.*

FOX, SNIPE, SHARK.

SNIPE. Three hours we have been walking through the woods.

The moon has risen,—whither shall we turn?

ELF [*behind the scene*]. First to the left; and when you pass the oak,

You take the right, until you reach a birch:

You turn there to the beech and eglantine.

FOX. Hush!

SNIPE. Pst!

[SHARK *draws out his memorandum-book and writes.*

ELF [*very fast*]. Up-hill, then down, until you cross the brook—

SHARK [*interrupting her*]. Stop, stop, take breath, I cannot follow you. [ELF *laughs aloud.*

SNIPE. Why interrupt her? now she laughs at us; Perhaps she will not help us any more.

FOX. She! who? whom mean you? no one here I see.

SNIPE [*pointing to a bush*]. I saw a lady's dress there in the briars.

ELF, *dressed in an immense crinoline, dances forward and sings :*

“ By the moon I sport and play,  
With the night begins my day ;  
As I dance the dew does fall ;  
Trip it, little urchins all.”

[*She catches hold of FOX, SHARK and SNIPE by turns, and makes them dance.*]

FOX. Her face is fairy like, but her attire  
Is like a witch's garb.

SHARK [*out of breath*]. Enough, enough !

ELF *takes hold of FOX and SNIPE, forms a round, and sings :*

“ Oh ! you must needs dance and sing,  
Which if you refuse to do,  
I will pinch you black and blue ;  
And about we go.”

[*Continues whirling around ; all at once she stops, shivers, and points upwards.*]

FOX [*kindly*]. What is the matter, my poor fairy child ?

ELF [*trembling*]. Ha ! There she flies, the tyrant :  
do you see ?

FOX [*looks upwards*]. That bird is strange, I never saw the like.

ELF. It is no bird, it is the wicked Witch:  
She wants no stick, no broom to fly aloft:  
Her gown is the balloon which carries her  
All through the air.

FOX. And whither does she fly?

ELF. I cannot tell, but hark! the clock strikes  
twelve.

Come, let me hurry home, or woe to me!

FOX. Why so, poor child?

ELF. The witch is merciless:  
I am her slave.

SNIPE. You know, then, where she lives?

ELF. Too well!

FOX. Then lead us to her house at once.

ELF. Yes, to the gate, but there the Giant dwells.

SHARK [*to SNIPE*]. He may perhaps be bribed;  
that's my affair.

[*They follow ELF, who precedes them with FOX.*

*Exeunt all.*

SCENE II.—*At the Gate of the Witch's Castle in the  
Wood.*

GIANT, *alone, smoking, and pacing up and down.*

GIANT. It's dull indeed, there's no excitement here!  
I must pace up and down, night after night,



And never meet a single living soul,  
 Except the Elf, whom for her pretty face  
 The witch condemns to wear her livery.

[*Compassionately.*] I pity the poor darling, whom she  
 caught

Two years ago ; since then, I try to keep  
 The other Elves away ! [*sits down and smokes*] I found  
 that they

Dislike tobacco smoke, and though I hate  
 The noisome weed, I took to it, to drive  
 The helpless Elves away. [*Brooding for some moments.*]

How dull it is !

[*He lights a lantern and draws a newspaper  
 from his pocket.*]

This paper dropt from Crinolina's pocket,  
 When she was passing here in rapid flight.  
 Maybe I here shall find some news [*unfolds the  
 papers*]. What's that ?

Advertisements ! and hackney'd too ! " Champaign,"  
 We have enough of it ! Here " Furniture,"—  
 The house is full ; " Pianos"—not for us,  
 The owls are our musicians. Ha ! what's that ?  
 " Investments, Railway Shares in full demand,"  
 " A splendid speculation ! profits clear."—  
 Yes, speculation ! gambling is the thing,

That is excitement!

[ELF *rushes in and jumps on GIANT's knee.*

GIANT [*coaxing* ELF]. Come, you little dear—

ELF. Three friends of mine want you, dear Mr. Giant.

GIANT. None of your friends for me, my little pet, Keep them away, or Crinolina makes All of them slaves like you.

ELF. They are not Elves.

GIANT. What then? not *men*, I trust; or Crinolina Burns them alive, if they approach this house.

ELF [*turns to FOX, SHARK, and SNIPE, lurking in the background*]. Dear gentlemen, begone at once; the Witch

Is coming soon.

GIANT [*turning round clumsily*]. Be off, I say, be off; [*Assuming great fierceness*] Or I shall smother you.

FOX [*stepping forward*]. With what, Sir Giant?

GIANT [*calmly*]. Why! with tobacco smoke! I hate your race.

FOX. Why, my dear sir?

GIANT [*full of wrath*]. Because the wicked Witch Belongs to it, and is my tyrant now.

ELF [*patting his cheek*]. But why then stop with her?

GIANT. Ha! why, indeed?  
 Because she scolds, torments, and worries me,  
 Gives me no peace, no rest, keeps me in breath.  
 It is excitement of some kind; and I,  
 Without excitement, care not for my life.

FOX. Then let us go into the house; the Witch  
 Will blow on you a storm of fury, much  
 According to your taste.

GIANT. Nay, such a storm  
 Will more than tickle.

SHARK [*holding out his purse*]. Well! would this  
 not do?  
 Enough for strong excitement by Tokay.

GIANT. But not to me.

SHARK [*sighs, and offers the bundle of his shares*].  
 Look, will that do perhaps?

GIANT [*inspects them*]. Ha, shares! a heap of shares!  
 my virtue fails,  
 As I behold them fraught with risk, of all  
 Excitements most exciting—speculation!

[*To FOX and SHARK.*] I leave you masters of the  
 house; transfer

The shares to me, O wealthiest of men.

SHARK. Just so.

SNIPE [*stopping him*]. Too quickly dealt is badly  
 dealt.

First let us know whether this house contains  
The child we seek.

GIANT [*impatiently*]. Of course, the little girl  
Whom Crinolina stole four years ago  
Has ever since been here asleep. [*To ELF.*] Dear Elf,  
Take them to her: [*grasping the shares*] I run to  
'Change at once. [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Hall in CRINOLINA'S Castle. SELMA asleep  
on a couch.*

*Enter ELF and FOX.*

ELF. Your brothers are well hidden in the wood:  
Now let us try to bring the child to them.  
Be quick, or else the Witch might catch us all.

[FOX *hurries to SELMA, kisses her, she  
opens her eyes in great wonder.*]

ELF [*astonished*]. She wakes! how strange! She  
always lay asleep.

You have released her; now I see at last  
Why Crinolina never let me kiss

The lovely darling! Oh, how nice she looks!

[*Tenderly.*] Come, sweetheart, to the woods; there  
let us dance!

*Dances and sings:*

“By the moon we sport and play,  
With the night begins our day;  
As we dance the dew does fall;  
Trip it, little urchins all!”

[*She takes hold of SELMA and of FOX, who has been  
caressing his sister, and dances about with them.*]

FOX. Stop, stop, the Witch is coming.

ELF [*throws herself to the ground and covers her face*].

Hush! she comes.

I hear her rustling through the air!

FOX [*hurrying on SELMA*]. Come on.

[*They run to the door, enters CRINOLINA, seizes  
FOX, and shakes him furiously.*]

CRINOLINA. Giant! ungrateful, treacherous fool!

FOX [*bows politely, and tries to hide SELMA behind  
CRINOLINA's gown.*] My Lady,

I am no giant, please allow me here

To pass. [CRINOLINA catches his arm.]

CRINOLINA. No mortal passes here alive.

FOX [*soothingly*]. My Lady, let your magnanimity  
Equal your beauty and your loveliness.

CRINOLINA [*relents, but seeing that SELMA tries to escape, she shouts angrily, turning to ELF.*]

Slave, impish slave! where is the Giant?

ELF.

Gone.

CRINOLINA. Where to? why has he gone?

ELF.

I cannot say.

CRINOLINA. You good-for-nothing imp, guard you  
the child, [*ELF bows mechanically.*]

Until I settle with this foolish lad;

And then I deal with you.

[*Exit with FOX.*]

ELF [*throwing her arms round SELMA*]. She'll burn  
the youth.

[*Both children are sobbing—pause—they listen  
to the voices behind the scene.*]

FOX [*behind the scene*]. My Lady, be as gracious  
to your slave

As you are fair.

CRINOLINA [*behind the scene*]. No, you are doom'd,  
young fool;

Here is your funeral pile; I always keep  
One ready for emergencies.

FOX [*behind the scene*]. Then let  
Me, fairest Lady in the land, once more  
At least embrace my sister!

CRINOLINA [*reappears with FOX, and draws a magic  
circle round him and the children*]. There!

And now you cannot possibly escape ;  
 No mortal foot can overstep this mark.  
 But as you show some feeling for my worth,  
 I therefore spare your feelings, and will grant  
 A sudden death to you. I set the pile  
 On fire, and throw you then into the flames. [*Exit.*

[*ELF and SELMA cling to FOX.*

FOX [*thoughtfully*]. Is there no help? Could I but  
 save the child!

[*Strikes his forehead.*] The fairy said, when I approach  
 the end,

She shall appear—my end is near! Oh, come,  
 Fairy! sweet Fairy, come! and save the child.

FAIRY QUEEN *appears*, ELF *kneels down*, and makes  
 SELMA *kneel*.

ELF. Our Fairy Queen!

FAIRY QUEEN [*to FOX*]. Yes, you approach the end!  
 And your good luck has not forsaken you.

You do not need my help. [*A shriek is heard from  
 behind the scene.*] She's perishing.

Lighting the funeral pile, the Witch's garb  
 Caught fire, and even she attempts in vain  
 To quench the flames which catch a crinoline.

[*She touches ELF with her wand, the witch-livery disap-  
 pears, and ELF appears in her own Greek costume.*

FAIRY *takes her up*.

My darling Elf, the wicked Witch is burn'd :

I can release you now. [ELF jumps up and runs away.

FAIRY [waving her wand round the magic circle, to FOX].

And you are free ! [disappears.

FOX. How fortunate !

*Enter ELF, with SNIPE and SHARK, who greet their brother ; all three take up SELMA in triumph.*

FOX. Success is won by luck !

SHARK. Just so ; and by my shares !

SNIPE. And by my wits !

*ELF dances around them, and sings :*

“ Round about, round about, in a fine ring, A !

Thus I dance, and thus I dance, and thus I sing, A ! ”

THE END.



# Your presence is a pleasure.

Song for Soprano.

L. JANSA.

VOICE.

*Andante espressivo.*

Your pre - sence is a plea - sure, Your

ACCOMP.

## ERRATA.

Page 1, 2nd Bar.—Lower minim in the Bass should be D, not B.

Page 1, 3rd Bar.—The two last D's in the Bass should have ♯ before them.

Page 5, 1st Bar.—The first notes in the Bass should be A A, not B A.

they de - part too soon, These mo - ments let us trea - sure,

*f* They de - part too soon, These mo - ments let us trea - sure, For

*f* *sf*

they de - part too soon, For they de - part too

*f*

soon.

*f* *espress.*

# The present is the light.

Song for Soprano.

L. JANSA.

VOICE. *Andante.*

The pre - sent is the light, The

ACCOMP.

fu - ture is the night; The pre - sent day is

*Sva. . . . . loco.*

bright, Who knows what brings the night? The pre - sent day is

*dol. espress.*

bright, . . . Who knows what brings the night? Who knows, who

knows, Who knows what brings the night? who knows what brings the

night, Who knows what brings the night? . . . . .

# Beware, beware.

Song for Soprano.

L. JANSA.

VOICE. *Un poco Allegretto.*

Be- ware, be- ware! Keep

ACCOMP.

*f* *p*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and an accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics 'Be- ware, be- ware! Keep'. The accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) and starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, moving to piano (*p*) during the vocal phrase. The tempo is marked 'Un poco Allegretto'.

mea - sure In plea - sure. Be - ware, be - ware!

*f*

The second system continues the vocal line and accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics 'mea - sure In plea - sure. Be - ware, be - ware!'. The accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic throughout this system.

*p*

For wine is like fire, It

*p* *f*

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics 'For wine is like fire, It'. The accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The tempo remains 'Un poco Allegretto'.

*cres.* kin - dles de - sire. *f* Be - ware, *dim.* be - ware, *f* be -

The first system consists of a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand staff with chords and a left-hand staff with a bass line. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, and *dim.*.

- - - ware! . . . . . *p* be - ware, be - ware! Keep

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand staff with chords and a left-hand staff with a bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

*cres.* mea - sure In plea - sure. *f* Be - ware, be - ware!

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand staff with chords and a left-hand staff with a bass line. Dynamics include *cres.* and *f*.

For wine is like fire, It

*p*

*p*

*f*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a treble clef, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

kin - dles de - sire. Be - ware,

*f*

*f*

*f*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two lines of music. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. Dynamics include forte (*f*).

. . . be - ware, . . . be - ware, be - ware!

*f*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of music. The vocal line concludes with a half note G5, followed by a quarter rest and a final quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation. Dynamics include forte (*f*).

Chorus.

# O, Prince of the faithful.

L. JANSÁ.

*Andante.*

SOPRANO.

Musical staff for Soprano voice, showing a whole rest followed by a half note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Dynamics include *p* and *dolce.*

*dolce.*

O,

ALTO.

Musical staff for Alto voice, showing a whole rest followed by a half note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Dynamics include *p* and *dolce.*

O,

TENOR,  
(8ve. lower.)

Musical staff for Tenor voice, showing a whole rest followed by a half note G3, quarter note A3, and quarter note B3. Dynamics include *p* and *dolce.*

O,

BASS.

Musical staff for Bass voice, showing a whole rest followed by a half note G2, quarter note A2, and quarter note B2. Dynamics include *p* and *dolce.*

O,

ACCOMP.

Musical staff for Accompaniment, showing piano accompaniment with dynamics *p*, *sf*, *p*, *dim.*, and *p*.

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a wake, a - wake, . . . a -

Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a wake, a - wake, . . . a -

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake, for thy children's

Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake, for thy children's

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake, for thy children's

Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake, for thy children's

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake,

Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake,

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake,

Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake,

Musical staff with lyrics: Prince of the Faithful, a - wake, a - wake,



*cres.* *f* *p*  
 - wake, . . . a-wake for thy children's sake, a - wake for thy children's  
*cres.* *f* *p*  
 for thy children's, for thy children's sake, a - wake for thy children's  
*cres.* *f* *p*  
 for thy children's, for thy children's sake, a - wake for thy children's  
*f* *p*  
 a - wake, a - wake, a - wake for thy children's

*cres.* *f*  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
*cres.* *f*  
 sake! Thy glance, thy glance, . . . thy glance dis - pel - leth the

*f*  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
*f*  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
*f*  
 sake! Thy glance dis - pel - leth the night, Thy  
*cres.* *f*  
 sake! Thy glance, thy glance, . . . thy glance dis - pel - leth the

glance gives life and de-light, Thy glance dis-pel - leth the  
 glance gives life and de-light, Thy glance dis-pel - leth the  
 glance gives life and de-light, Thy glance dis-pel - leth the  
 night, . . . Thy glance gives life and de-light, dis-pel - leth the  
 night, Thy glance gives life and de - light, Thy glance, thy  
 night, Thy glance gives life and de - light, Thy glance, thy  
 night Thy . . glance gives life and de - light, Thy  
 night, Thy glance gives life and de - light, Thy glance, thy

*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*f* *p* *f*  
*f* *p* *f*  
*f* *p* *f*  
*f* *p* *f*  
*f* *p* *f*

glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy glance gives life and de -

glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy glance gives life and de -

glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy glance gives life and de -

glance, . . . thy glance dispelleth the night, . . . Thy

- light, Thy glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy

- light, Thy glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy

- light, Thy glance dis-pel-leth the night, Thy..

glance gives life and de-light, dis-pel-leth the night, Thy

glance gives life and de-light, dis-pel - - leth the

glance gives life and de-light, dis-pel - leth the

glance gives life and de-light, Thy glance dis-pel - - leth the

glance gives life and de-light, dis-pel - leth the

night, Thy glance gives life and de-light.

night, Thy glance, thy glance gives life and de-light.

night, Thy glance, thy glance gives life and de-light.

night, Thy glance, thy glance gives life and de-light.

night, Thy glance, thy glance gives life and de-light.

# Welcome, hour of peace.

Duet for two Sopranos.

L. JANSA.

VOICES. *Allegro moderato.* *Dolce.*

Welcome, hour of  
 Welcome, sweet re -  
 Welcome, hour of

ACCOMP. *p* *f* *p* *p*

peace!  
 - pose!  
 mirth!

Calm as the si - lent heath,  
 Sweet as the fra - grant rose,  
 Bright as the dew-sprinkled earth,

*p* *cres - - - cendo.*

Calm as the dream-less sleep, Calm as the waveless deep,  
 Sweet as the bri - dal tune, Sweet as the light of moon,  
 Bright as the o - cean's hue, Bright as the heav'nly blue,

*p* *cres - - - cendo.*

*cres - - - cendo.*

*p*

Calm as the dreamless sleep, Calm as the wave-less deep,  
 Sweet as the bri-dal tune, Sweet as the light of moon,  
 Bright as the o-cean's hue, Bright as the heav'n-ly blue,

Calm as the waveless deep, wave-less deep.  
 Sweet as the light of moon, light of moon.  
 Bright as the heavenly blue, heaven-ly lue.

1st & 2nd. 3rd.

*p* *sf* *sf*

# Wine and Song.

Song for Soprano.

L. JANSÁ.

VOICE. *Allegro.*

ACCOMP.

Wine and song Light - en the heart,

Make it strong. Wine and song tongue.

Bright-en the eye, . . . Loos - en the tongue.

Wine and song Loos - en the tongue, Wine and

song . . . Loos - en the tongue.



# Long live Haroun the wise.

Last Chorus.

L. JANSA.

*Allegro.*

SOPRANO.  
ALTO.

TENOR.  
BASS.

ACCOMP.

*f*

Long live Ha - roun the Wise,

*p*

Long live his honoured guest, May he in for - tune rise,

*p*

*cres.*

*p dolce.*

May he live long and blest! May he in for - tune rise,

*p*

*cres.* *f* *p*

May he in for - tune rise, May he live long and blest,

Long live his honoured guest, Long live Ha - roun the Wise,

Long and blest, May he live long and blest,

long live his honoured guest, Long live Ha - roun the Wise.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "long live his honoured guest, Long live Ha - roun the Wise." The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the vocal line.

The piano accompaniment for the first system continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *f* is placed above the piano part.

Long and blest, long and blest,

The second system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are "Long and blest, long and blest,". The music continues in the same key and time signature. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a bass line. Dynamic markings of *ff* (fortissimo) are placed above both the vocal and piano parts.

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *ff* is placed above the piano part.

long and blest.

The third system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are "long and blest.". The music continues in the same key and time signature. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a bass line.

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *ff* is placed above the piano part. The system concludes with the word "FINE." written in capital letters.

# Crinolina.

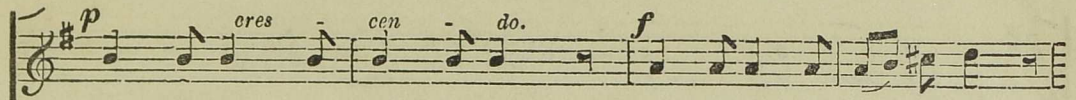
Song for Soprano.

L. JANSÁ.

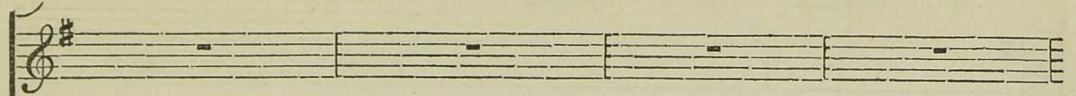
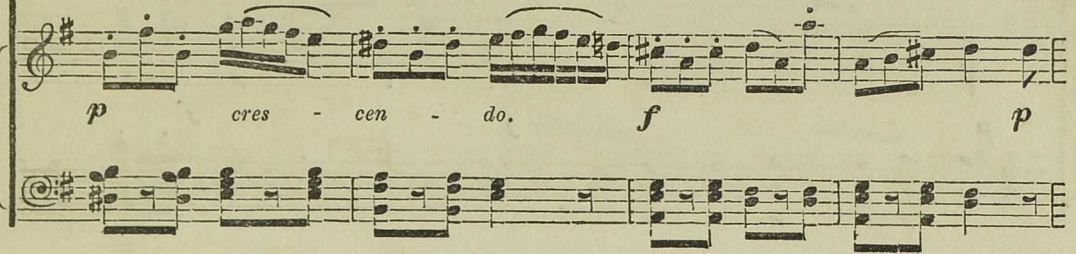
VOICE. *Allegretto.*

ACCOMP.

*p* By the moon I sport and play, *f* With the night be-gins my day;



As I dance the dew doth fall, Trip it lit - tle ur-chins all.



Oh! you must needs dance and sing, Which if you re-fuse to do,



I will pinch you black and blue. And a - bout we go.

*p* *f* *f*

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics "I will pinch you black and blue. And a - bout we go." The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamics increase to forte (*f*) in the latter half of the system.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line, which is mostly empty, indicating a rest for the singer. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment, featuring some grace notes (*gr*) and accents (*>*) in the right hand.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line, which is mostly empty, indicating a rest for the singer. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment, featuring some grace notes (*gr*) and accents (*>*) in the right hand. The dynamics range from piano (*p*) to fortissimo (*ff*).

# Crinolina.

Song for Soprano.

L. JANSA.

VOICE. *Allegro.*

Round a - bout, round a - bout

ACCOMP.

*f* *p*

in a fine ring, a! Thus I dance, thus I dance,

*f* *sf* *p*

and thus I sing, a! a, a, a, a,

*f* *p* *>*

a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a.



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