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ENTITLED

# ROBINSON CRUSOE

WRITTEN AND INVENTED BY

A. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle") and ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.

Lyrics by CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

PRODUCED UNDER THE SOLE STAGE DIRECTION OF

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# ROBINSON CRUSOE.



## CHARACTERS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE	...	...	...	...	...	...
POLLY PERKINS	...	...	...	...	His Sweetheart	
ERMYNTRUDE	...	...	...	...	Her Friend	
MRS. CRUSOE	...	...	...	...	Robinson's Mother	
WILL ATKINS					The former Captain of his Mother's Ship	
THE MCSTINGER	...	...	...	...	A Slave Exporter	
RODERICK	...	...	...	...	The Midshipmidget	
RUDOLF DUMKOFF	...	...	...	...	A Ship's Cook	
JONES	...	...	...	...	Robinson's Friend—A Strolling Actor	
MULEY	...	...	...	...	A Slave Merchant	
TEMPERATE TIM	}	...	...	..	Two Dryland Sailors	
BREEZY BILL						
RAKAT	}	...	...	...	Slaves in Barbary	
LAKOUM						
AYAH						
AINISHAH						
THE FAIRY OCEANA	...	...	...	...	...	...
KING CROODLE	...	...	..	Of the Cannibal Islands		
CANOODLE	...	...	...	...	His Daughter	
DOODLEUMDAY	...	...	...	His Favourite Slave		
FRIDAY	...	...	...	His would be Son-in-law		



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# Synopsis of Scenery.

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## Part I.

- SCENE 1.** The Port of Hull ... .. (Tritschler)
- SCENE 2.** At the Dock Gates ... .. (W. R. Young)
- SCENE 3.** The Slave Market—Barbary ... (Tritschler)
- SCENE 4.** 'Tween Decks of the "Saucy Sea Gull"  
... .. (W. R. Young)
- SCENE 5.** The Ship ... .. (Tritschler)
- SCENE 6.** (a) The Wreck.  
(b) The Island.  
(c) The Caves. } (Tritschler)
- GRAND SCENE.** The Court of Neptune

## Part II.

- SCENE 1.** The Sea Shore ... .. (J. Gordon)
- SCENE 2.** Another Part of the Island (R. McCleery)
- SCENE 3.** Amongst the Palms ... .. (W. Jackson)
- SCENE 4.** Crusoe's Hut and Stockade (R. McCleery)
- SCENE 5.** The Way to the Beach ... .. (Tritschler)
- SCENE 6.** The Masque. The British Ship. (Tritschler)

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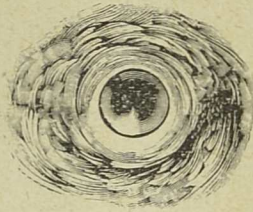


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Mr. R. McCLEERY, Mr. J. GORDON, Mr. W. JACKSON,  
and Assistants.**

---

The whole of the **ELABORATE COSTUMES** and **ACCESSORIES** designed expressly for this production by **Mr. WILHELM**, to whom the Management is indebted for many valuable suggestions.

---

**THE MUSIC** composed, selected, and orchestrated by **Mr. William Southworth** (Mus. Bac.) and **Mr. Alfred Haines**.

**LYRICS**, by **Mr. C. H. Taylor**.

**SPECIAL NUMBERS** have been composed by **Mr. Herbert E. Haines**, including the Storm Music and Finale to Act I., and by **Mr. H. B. Norris**.

**MUSIC**, selected from the publications of Messrs. Francis, Day, & Hunter, B. Feldman & Co., Reeder & Walsh, Price & Reynolds, C. Sheard & Co., M. Witmark & Son, Frank Dean & Co., Elkin & Co., Ascherberg & Co., Boosey & Co., Bosworth & Co., Hopwood and Crew, etc.

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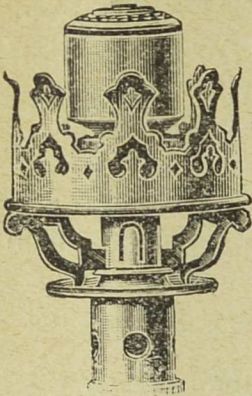
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# ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ACT I., SCENE I.

## The Port of Hull.

*Opening Chorus of Market People and Sailors.*

*(Enter TIM and BILL singing and holding out hats begging).*

TIM. Keind friends, will you spare a copper for two pore shipwrecked sailor men what 'ave tramped over 5,000 miles on land and sea looking for work.

BILL *(to Tim)*. Who's looking for work?

TIM. We are.

BILL. Not *me*.

TIM. Very well then *I* am.

BILL. Then it'll serve you jolly well right if you find it.

OMNES. Ha! ha! ha!

TIM. Don't take any notice of him, ladies; he ain't much to look at but he's got a kind 'eart. Smile for the ladies, Bill.

*(BILL smiles).*

OMNES. Oh!

TIM. It's all right, it's only pure joy makes him do that.

*(Enter RODERICK from ship).*

ROD. Now then, all aboard my lads, all aboard. *(Sees TIM and BILL)*. Hullo! what do these two lubbers want?

1st SAIL. They *ses* they wants a ship.

BILL. Who wants a ship?

TIM. We want a ship.

BILL. Not *me*!

ROD. Well my lads, make up your minds. You don't look up to much, but as we're short-handed I daresay the skipper might take you. Where was your last voyage?

BILL. On board the "Star Spangled Haddock" from Dudley Port to Gosta Green.

ROD. What?

TIM. He's only joking, sir. He's a regular wag is Bill. See him laughing—*(to BILL)*—Smile Bill! Smile, or I'll break your jaw.

*(BILL smiles).*

ROD. I believe you're only a couple of canal side loafers.

TIM. No, no, guv'nor; we're regular handy men, but you mustn't send us aloft because that makes us dizzy.

BILL. And we can't go below, because that makes us sick.

*(CROWD jeer).*

ROD. Oh, you're no good! Now my lads, remember we sail next tide.

*(EXEUNT RODERICK and CROWD laughing derisively).*

*(BILL sees Tavern and stands gazing at sign).*



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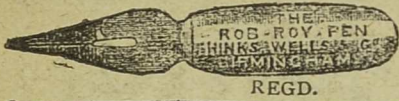
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TIM. I allers told yer, Bill, we ought never to work the Mariners of England wheeze within fifty miles of the briny. It's dangerous.

BILL. D'ye see it, mate?

TIM. Now hall this might 'a been hobviated if we'd been a couple of 'ard up Hagricultural Hirish landlords—(BILL nudges him)—as 'ad lost their ready in—

BILL. D'ye see it?

TIM. What?

BILL. There! That be-autiful word “beer.”

TIM. Where? (*Eagerly*).

(*They rush off into Tavern*).

(*Enter ATKINS from ship*).

ATKINS. Now then, come on Porridge, it'll soon be over.

(*McSTINGER looks over ship's bulwarks*).

McSTIN. Is it all right? Dare I show my face?

ATKINS. Well, I shouldn't if it was mine, but please yourself.

McSTIN. Oh that terrible old woman, I'm a pretty good plucked 'un, and I've done some fearful deeds since I joined the slave trade, but when I think of Old Mother Crusoe I get palpitation of the feet.

ATKINS. Then what did you want to ask her to marry you for?

McSTIN. I didn't! She asked me! You see I used to board at her house and I got five weeks behind with my lodging money, so I thought it would be the cheapest way out.

ATKINS. But what d'ye want to masquerade in these duds like a snuff shop dummy.

McSTIN. All to please her. She's very fond of Scotch. She says I remind her of Bonnie Prince Charlie, so I have to call myself “The McStinger”—my proper name is Charlie Stingo—and I can't speak the beastly lingo.

ATKINS. What ho, my Rudyard Kipling. Well, it's only for an hour or two more. Once the tide's turned we slip our cable—up with the jolly Roger and its hey! for the slave trade and Barbary. Why, what's that?  
(*Drum and band heard off*)

McSTIN. What's what?

ATKINS. Can't you hear the brass band (*looks off*). Why its—fiends and furies—yes its—

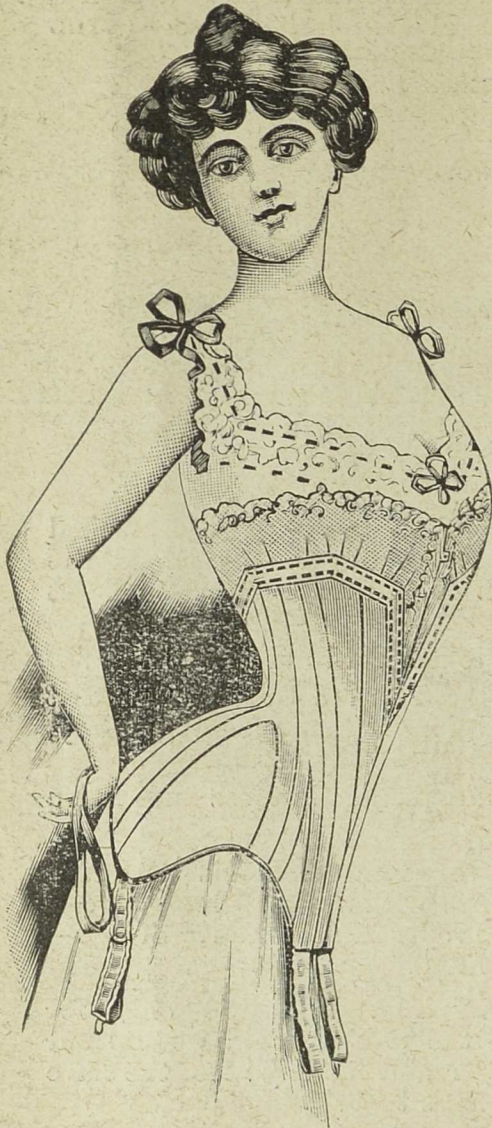


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MCSTIN. What? What? Can't you speak?

ATKINS. Hide yourself, crawl into something! Blot yourself out. It's the Terror!

MCSTIN. I'm a dead man.

ATKINS. Here, get into this.

MCSTINGER *crawls into fish basket.*

(*Enter MRS. CRUSOE, preceded by brass band.*)

(*Seeing ATKINS*) Oh! this is how you keep your appointment with a poor lone widow, is it, you bounder? I've been to St. Bride's Church according to arrangement with that little Scotch viper, which was to have been my husband, and my fiancé was not there! Result—cold feet and nothing done.

ATKINS. Well, what a remarkable mistake. Why, the happy man—if you will excuse me calling him so

(*MCSTINGER groans "Oh, help!" from basket.*)

— Went on to St. —; dear me, what a memory I have for names, but if a humble seafaring man might advise you, ma'am, I should knock up all the other Saints till you find the right one.

MRS. C. Well, I've paid for the license, and I'm not the woman to waste it. A husband I will have, dead or alive, if he kills me.

SONG—"Oh, the Business."

*By kind permission of Mr. Harry Randall. Published by Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.*

(*Band strikes up, and procession proceeds off with MRS. CRUSOE.*)

MCSTIN. (*Crawls out of basket.*) Saved! Is she gone?

ATKINS. Yes, but only for the time. Now look here, my youthful Wallace, the hero of Scotland, it's understood between us; once out at sea we seize the ship and drop young *Captain* Robinson overboard, eh?

MCSTIN. Yes! Yes!

ATKINS. And, by the way, why not ship a few English girls on board, and sell them in Morocco? Good market! Eh!

MCSTIN. Yes, yes; let's sell Mother Crusoe.

ATKINS. Oh, we'll give her away. What d'ye say to taking little Ermyntude?

MCSTIN. The pretty little barmaid? (*Points to tavern.*)

ATKINS. Yes—and Polly!

MCSTIN. Robinson's sweetheart?



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ATKINS. Exactly!

McSTIN. They'd sell very well, but how could we get them on board?

ATKINS. I know. Leave it to me. You get away, put on your wedding garments, and——

McSTIN. But I don't want to be married.

ATKINS. Shut your squeaker, Rob Roy. If it comes to the worst you can always drop her over the side after you're spliced, can't yer?

McSTIN. Oh! I'm going to be a kidnapper! Aha! Once on board the lugger and the girl is mine. Aha! I'm a bold, bad——

ROBINSON. Ahoy! Ship ahoy!

McSTIN. (*Startled.*) What's that?

ATKINS. (*Looks off.*) It's young Robinson coming this way.

McSTIN. Oh, I don't think I'll stop just now. I've got to see a man——

(*Runs into tavern.*)

ATKINS. Ha! Ha! Ha! Look at the kidnapper.

(*Exit into tavern.*)

(*Enter ROBINSON.*)

ROBIN. Ah! There's the dear old “Sea Gull,” my first ship. Mother has let me sail at last, and I ought to be the happiest lad in England; but I don't like leaving Polly—dear little Polly. It's hard lines having to wait so long. If people mayn't love each other when they're young, life isn't worth living.

SONG—“There's a Girl wanted there.”

*Published by Francis, Day and Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.*

[*Exit.*]

(*Enter MCSINGER from Tavern.*)

McSTIN. Oh! What a villain I am. I ought to be stopped. I ought, really. It isn't so much what I *do*, because I haven't done anything; but it's what I *mean* to do. It's the plotting that does it. Ha! Ha! I love her to distraction, curse her! And yet I really had an easier time of it before I joined the Slave Trade, when I was an upright, *honest* tram conductor. Ho! Ho!

[*Bus. and Exit.*]

(*Enter ATKINS, TIM, and BILL from Tavern.*)

TIM. That's all right, guv nor, we rumbles. When you says “Go,” we seizes the ship.



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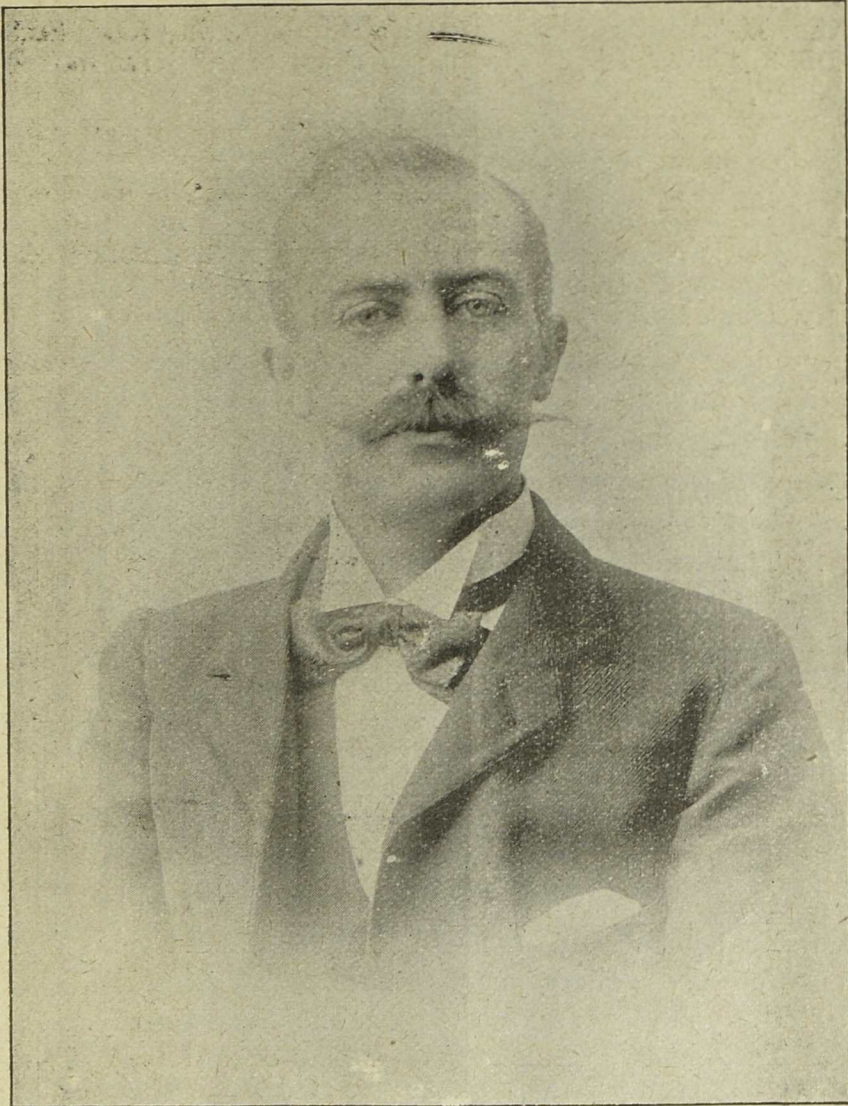




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BILL. *Who seizes the ship?*

TIM. *We do.*

BILL. *Not me.*

ATKINS. *Then give me my money back.*

TIM. *No, no, no! He'll do it all right, gov'nor. That's his fun. He's always joking. Look at him laughing now. Smile, Bill! Smile! or I'll give yer a thick ear—(BILL smiles)—There, gov'nor!*

ATKINS. *Well, I'll take your word for it; but if you try to double on me—*

TIM. *Right ho! We know all about mutinies, gov'nor; we've had experience.*

BILL. *Yus! We nearly broke out of Winson Green once, when they stopped our Sunday marmalade.*

ATKINS. *Don't talk so much! Clear out! Get aboard*

*(TIM and BILL go aboard ship.)*

*(Enter ERMYNTRUDE from Tavern.)*

ERMY. *Mr. Atkins! Mr. Atkins!*

ATKINS. *What is it, my dear?*

ERMY. *You've given me a bad sixpence; see here, it's bad.*

ATKINS. *That's all right, my dear; so was the whiskey.*

ERMY. *It isn't fair. I shall be expected to make it good.*

ATKINS. *Quite right, my dear; you make it good and then it won't be bad.*

ERMY. *Oh, very well, Mr. Atkins, I'll serve you out. You shall have it in your change next time you call.* *[Exit.*

ATKINS. *There's a wicked girl—threatens to pass a bad sixpence on me.* *[Exit,*

*(Enter ROBINSON and POLLY.)*

ROBIN. *Ah, Polly dear! I knew you would come to say good-bye.*

POLLY. *Yes; but oh, Robin, how I wish you weren't going away.*

ROBIN. *Poor dear; there, put your head on my shoulder.*

POLLY. *But you've got a head on your shoulders already.*

ROBIN. *Yes, but two heads are better than one. (Bus.) That's it. Oh! Now you look at me like that I can't help myself, and whenever I can't help myself I always do help myself.—(Kisses her.)*

POLLY. *I'm afraid, sir, you'll be kissing other girls when I'm not with you.*

ROBIN. *Well, I have rather an affectionate disposition. I say, Polly, don't you think you'd better come with me and take care of me?*

POLLY. *The idea! As if your mother and my old aunt would ever let me.*



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ROBIN. Don't ask them!

POLLY. What do you mean?

ROBIN. Why, see here, Polly, I don't believe mother ever *will* consent to let me marry anybody. She says she isn't going to be a mother-in-law at her time of life—let alone a grandmother. So why not run away and get married on our own, eh?

POLLY. Oh, I daren't run away—and nobody but men on the ship, too.

ROBIN. Ask your friend Ermytrude to come with you. She's often said she's tired of a barmaid's life.

POLLY. Well, if *she* came—but no, I couldn't think of it.

ROBIN. Don't *think* of it—do it!

POLLY. Quite impossible! Er—er—when does the ship sail?

ROBIN. In half-an hour—then you will meet me?

POLLY. Certainly not—er—where?

ROBIN. Slip quietly on board ten minutes before we sail, and when the anchor's weighed you'll be safe with me.

POLLY. And Ermytrude?

ROBIN. Run in and ask her.

(POLLY enters *inn*.)

Dear little Polly, the brightest, bonniest girl in all the whole wide world.

(JONES sings off. ROBINSON looks off.)

But who's this coming?

(Enter JONES.)

JONES. What! Robinson!

ROBIN. Why, Jones, old boy! I am glad to see you again. Where have you been these three years?

JONES. Oh! round the world and back again.

ROBIN. Still acting, I suppose?

JONES. No, resting. I'm a London actor now my boy—you know the sort—never appear out of London, and very seldom in it.

ROBIN. Ha, ha! The same cheerful old chap as ever. You're just in time to see me sail away to Barbary in my own ship.

JONES. Oh, you're a captain now, are you? Well, I hope you'll have better luck than a friend of mine—Maloney—did.



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Four Courses, Bread ad lib. -1/6- Coffee. SPECIAL MENU DAILY.



ROBIN. Ha, ha, ha!

(Enter POLLY and ERMYNTRUDE from tavern.)

Well, dear, what does she say?

POLLY. Well, she says—she says—

ERMY. She says that if you really mean going, and there's a chance to see a bit of the world, she s with you every time.

ROBIN. Bravo!

JONES. Who's going, and where?

ROBIN. Ah, that's a secret, old man.

JONES (to ERMY). You'll tell me, won't you?

ERMY. Oh, you'll hear all about it soon enough.

(Enter ATKINS and MCSTINGER—in bridal dress.)

ATKINS. Here's the little Ewe-lamb all ready for the sacrifice. I found it in the hen-coup, it's come to let the New Year in. Look as if you liked it or I'll serag you!

MCSTIN. I'm awful cold without ma breeks (to ATKINS). Is that right?—She takes me for a cockatoo.

ATKINS. You look more like a Welsh rabbit.

MCSTIN. It's all very well for you. You've not got to marry her Oh! (Shivers).

POLLY. What's the matter, Mr. McStinger, are you ill?

ATKINS. No, bless you, that's only rapture, he's thinking of the bliss in store for him.

MCSTIN. Oh help! Get me out of this and I'll turn honest

ATKINS. No time now for rash experiments. You've got to go through it. We'll give 'em the slip on the way to church. Come along! Time's up! Can't you hear the Wedding Bells?

### CONCERTED PIECE—"Wedding Bells" -

Written by C. H. Taylor. Composed by Herbert E. Haines.  
Exeunt.

### DANCE—M. ESPINOSA AND MDLLE. NEILSON.

(Shouts general entrance.—Enter DUMKOFF from ship. Followed by RODERICK and indignant sailors who throw bundles after him).

ROD. We'll teach you how to cook—now skip.

DUMK. Vell, how vas I to know mit vat style de gentleman's wanted de cookings. Some gentlemans like de Italian vay, some de French vay, some de German vay, some de West Bromwich vay, but I make de cookings all de vay.

ROD. Well, the way we don't want is your way. Skip off now, if we catch you on the "Saucy Sea Gull" again we'll cook your goose for you.

(EXEUNT RODERICK and Sailors. OMNES).



THE SUN SHINES SOMETIMES,  
**“MATCHLESS” METAL POLISH**  
 SHINE ALL THE TIME.

---

DUMK. I am always in trouble getting, if it is not mit the womens it is with the cookings, and ven it is not mit the cookings it is mit de womens. As de proverb says—“Man proposes and woman sues him for breaches of promise.” I have breaches of promise in twenty-seven places gegotten. I no sooner to a town gecommen dan I meet some little girl mit eyes like stars, cheeks like peaches, und lips like cherries, und den I don’t know nodings more till I have anoder summons for breaches of promise und again I haf to schkip away like dat fellow say just now. But vat can I do? I swear oft every time und den dere comes anoder girl and den I swear on, it is not mein fault it is mein misfortune.

SONG—

[Exit.

(Enter MRS. CRUSOE—Battered and furious).

MRS. C. This was to have been my wedding morning. I have been chased from the church by the villagers throwing rice at me, boiled and unboiled. One old gentleman struck me three times with this rice pudding—he said it was for luck.

(Re-enter DUMKOFF)—

Hallo! A stranger and handsome! Sir, good morning.

DUMK. (Aside)—She is geschmittet mit me. Rudolf, dis is not useful. (Aloud)—Vell you see I think I had better go alone. I am a single man you see, und my character is de only one I haf in de world, und I wouldn’t like to lose it. As the proverb says “Modesty is the best policeman.” I had better be a schkipper—Goot morgen. — (Going).

MRS. C. No, stay! — (Aside)—How noble he looks! He says he is a skipper—why shouldn’t I? — Yes I will engage him.  
 (Aloud)—Oh, Captain!

DUMK. Captain! Vat a nice lady!

MRS. C. Can I help you with the parcels.

DUMK. I couldn’t think of it. But come and sit down here little snowdrop, and I will tell you de story of my life.—(They sit on handles of barrow which tips up under their weight).

MRS. C. (L)—What are you doing? This is a nice beginning, you’ve twisted all my insertion.

DUMK. (R. coaxingly)—Come on und sit down here—come on, Lillie!



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and "GOLDEN PRIORY" at 1/10 and 2/- per Pound.

INSIST ON HAVING IT FROM YOUR GROCER.



MRS. C. Oh! he's very nice; I'm all of a titter.

DUMK. Vell, as the proverb says, "All is not old that titters."  
Come a little closer.

MRS. C. (*Seizing his arms and pulling them round her.*) Let me go! Let me go! I'm afraid this is not genteel.

DUMK. No, but its very useful.

MRS. C. You've got that light in your eye, I don't no whether it's love or beer.

DUMK. I can't help it. My fader was a regular divil amongst de laties.

MRS. C. Oh fie! Silly boy!

(*Bus.: Slaps him, and falls between the handles. He pulls her out by the feet.*)

You unmitigated bounder. Y—ou!

DUMK. I'm sorry I had hold of the wrong end

MRS. C. Catching hold of my ankles, you might have throttled me.

DUMK. Oh come on now, don't be cross.

MRS. C. Go away from me, go away! (*Trips over parcel at back.*)

DUMK. Come now, Lillie—Lillie—

MRS. C. I cannot resist him. (*Taking arm as before.*) Oh, put it there again, s'r, it's like a bit of new flannel.

DUMK. She's a lala calucher, this one.

MRS. C. And what is my new name to be?

DUMK. Vell, my name is Rudolf Dumkoff.

MRS. C. Rudolf, how genteel, it sounds like a furniture polish.  
This is all I wanted to fill my cup of facility.

DUMK. Now you've done it again, Rudolf!

MRS. C. Let us go, sweetheart.

(*They are departing, when they meet ATKINS and McSTINGER.*)

ATKINS. We've given him the slip, now for the "Saucy Sea Gull" and—"The woman who did!"

McSTIN. Dash my cockaleekie—the old woman.

MRS. C. Oh, there you are. Leave me alone. I'm only a poor weak woman, but I can shift them. So, you short skirted monstrosity, you would keep me waiting at the church door, would you—you slave dealer, you dirty nigger driver? (*Backing ATKINS and McSTINGER round stage.*) You couple of crawling, creeping, miserable earwigs. Did you really suppose I would demean myself by marrying that thing?

McSTIN. Eh, what? What? Will you let me off?

MRS. C. This is the gentleman I am going to wed.

McSTIN. He's the very man for the job.

ATKINS. It serves him right.

DUMK. But I haf schwore off. Bless you, I was only joking. I wouldn't part two loving hearts. Goot morgen. (*Going.*)

MRS. C. Don't you demean yourself by speaking to 'em, Rudolf. Come along you'll lose your watch if you stop talking to those dog thieves. (*Goes and gets wheelbarrow.*)

DUMK. Never mind, I get schtraight mit you fellows ven I vas not so busy. But I wouldn't part two loving hearts. Goot morgen.



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**W. DARE**

**SON,**

**SOUTH END**  
**BREWERY,**

**BELGRAVE ROAD, BIRMINGHAM**



(*Is taken off by MRS. CRUSOE, who trips him up, protesting, in wheelbarrow.*)

ATKINS. What a bit of luck. Now, partner, we've nothing to do but cut the cable and start.

MCSTIN. I'm that tickled I'd like to kiss you.

ATKINS. Stand off! Here comes that confounded young Robinson.

*Enter ROBINSON; JONES follows.*

ROBIN. Oh, there you are! Where's my mother?

ATKINS. She's gone to be married.

ROBIN. Married! to whom?

MCSTIN. Aye, I'm heartbroken; she's jilted me!

ROBIN. I don't understand. Whom has my mother married?

ATKINS. Why, a sea-cook that she's picked up.

ROBIN. My mother married to a sea-cook!

ATKINS (*to TIM and BILL who enter*). Now, lads; all hands on deck!

TIM and BILL. Aye, aye, sir! (*They go on board.*)

MCSTIN. Safe at last. (*Goes on board.*)

(*Enter POLLY and ERMYNTRUDE in cloaks.*)

ROBIN. Now, girls, quick; get on board. (*They do so.*)

JONES (*to ROBINSON*). Who are these?

ROBIN. Cargo, my boy!

JONES. Oh, you trade in sweetstuff, eh?

(*General entrance*)

*Musical Finale.*—Written by C. H. Taylor. Composed by Herbert E. Haines.

---

## SCENE II.

### The Dockgates.

(*Enter JONES*)

JONES. Well, I hope friend Robinson has a lucky trip. He's got two nice little girls with him, anyway—the fair-haired one in particular. I almost wish I'd gone myself. That mother of his is a quaint old party though. Her wedding bells seem to have come a regular cropper.

(*JONES yarns and exits.*)

---

## SCENE III.

### The Slave Market, Morocco.

#### OPENING CHORUS.

*Written by C. H. Taylor. Composed by Harry B. Norris.*  
(*After chorus Enter ROBINSON, POLLY, and RODERICK through arch.*)

ROBIN. Come along, dear. Now we're here we want to see all the curiosities. This is the Slave Market!



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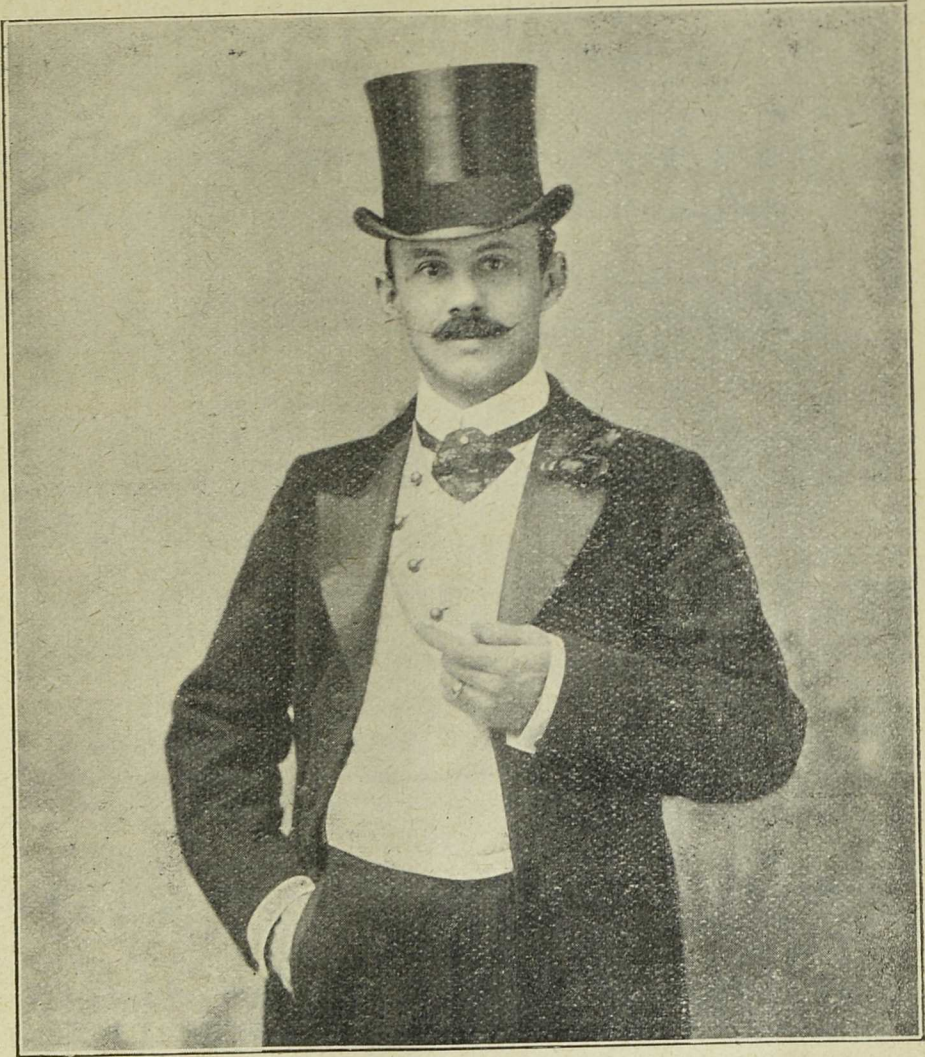




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RODERK. The slave market! Yum! Yum! Let's go and buy some. I say, you fellows—(to Guards)—where can I find the slave dealer, I want to buy a few girls.

(*Swaggers off*).

ROBIN. Much better buy a pennorth of nuts! There's a young Mormon for you. And now, Polly, I'm off to find an English Parson, get a license, and in a brace of shakes you'll be Mrs. Robinson.

POLLY. Oh, Robin! You must promise me that when we're married you'll never; never quarrel with me.

ROBIN. Never!

POLLY. And you'll never stay out late at night—and you'll never smoke—and you'll never drink—and you'll never—

ROBIN. Here! Steady on, Polly—I'm not an angel—I'm only a human being.

POLLY. Well, men always promise those things to the girls they're going to marry, don't they?

ROBIN. And when a girl gets married she always promises to obey her husband, doesn't she?

POLLY. Ye—es!

ROBIN. So don't you think, dear, the fewer promises we make the fewer fibs we shall tell? There! There! I've no doubt we shall be a model couple (*Kisses her*). By the way, where's Ermy got to?

POLLY. Oh! Don't you know; that Mr. Jones has come on after us, somehow, and he's squiring her round.

ROBIN. Good old Jones! So that's how the land lies. Well, wait here, dear, till I come back with the English Chaplain. Bye-bye, *Mrs. Crusoe*. Ha, ha, ha.

(*Exit ROBINSON.*)

POLLY. He's a dear good boy and as near perfection as any girl has a right to expect.

SONG—"Pansy Faces."

*Published by Francis, Day and Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.*

(*Enter MCSTINGER hurriedly.*)

MCSTIN. She's after me. I've seen her. She's on board the English ship that's been following us. She's changed her mind and means to marry me after all.—(*Sees ARAB GUARD*)—Here, you, Muley! Abdallah! What's your name, you know me. I've come here with slaves for the Emperor. You know, the Emperor. Now you stand here and if an old woman comes along asking for me, shoot her—you understand—don't play about with it, shoot her! Aim low!!



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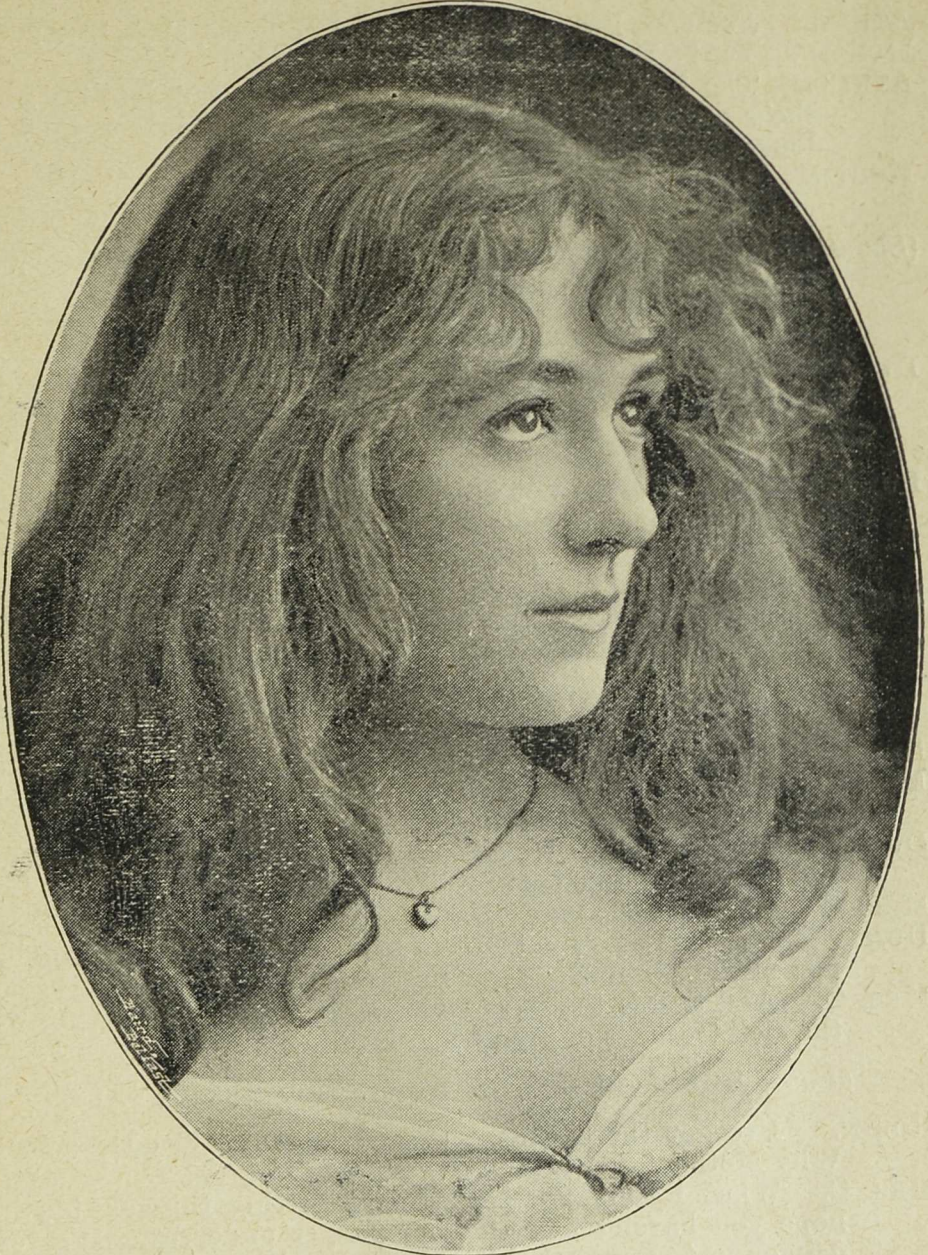
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## SONG—"There She was Again."

*Published by Francis, Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.*

*(Enter ATKINS running.)*

ATKINS. For your life, partner, congeal yourself, she's here!

MCSTIN. Yes! Yes! I know! I've seen her.

ATKINS. The bride of Dammermoor—nearly ran into her arms. She's coming up this way with the Rotterdam Cook on donkeys.—*(Whip cracks).*

MCSTIN. Let's run.

*(They Exeunt).*

*(Shouting of natives, cracking of whips, and rattle of donkeys' feet).*

*(Enter MRS. CRUSOE and DUMKOFF on donkeys—*

*MRS. C. falls on the stage).*

DUMK. *(To donkey boys).* Pick the lady up and place her on the throne.

*(Two of them throw her violently on ottoman.)*

DUMK. Nein, nein! Vot are you doing? I ordered the lady to placed on the throne, not thrown on the place.

*(Boys go off).*

MRS. C. Oh, Rudy, I hope they haven't torn my Dolman. I don't want to send it back to Madame Louise. A nice state for a respectable lady which has gone through three husbands to land amongst the natives of this barbarous country. Where will they think I was brought up?

DUMK. Dey vill dink you vas brought down here upon de floor.

MRS. C. How dare you answer me, and with ribaldry. Oh, why did you ever pursue me with you love?

DUMK. Me? pursue? No dot vas a mistake, I vas not persuvius, dot leg vas on de oder boot.

MRS. C. Oh, you rude man. Have you no idea how to treat a lady?

DUMK. Vat? You vant treating again? Und just now you had two mit lemon und—sugar in dem.

MRS. C. And this is the man upon whom I would have bestowed the rich treasure of my girlish love.

*(Enter ROBINSON, POLLY, ERMYNTRUDE and JONES).*

ROBIN. I've got the license. *(Sees MRS. C.)* Good gracious! Why Mother!

MRS. C. What Robin, my boy—you're getting thinner, boy. I hope you haven't left off your Jaeger undervest. It's very dangerous to leave anything off this weather. I never thought to see you again. You are a wicked boy to desert your poor old mother.

DUMK. Ja! Vot for you leave de poor old voman?

MRS. C. Old woman! Did you hear that? Oh, Robin, he's twisted my heart strings.

ROBIN. Cheer up, mother, here's Polly.



# RYOTT & CO., *Mineral Water Manufacturers.*

Our Mineral Waters can be obtained at all the Bars of this Theatre.  
**BALSALL HEATH ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.**

---

MRS. C. (*turning to* ERMY.) Oh, dear me! And so this is the young woman who runs away with boys who are their mothers only joy and prop.

ERMY. *I haven't run away with him.*

JONES. Then come here and run away with me.

*(They go up and off.)*

ROBIN. No no, Mother dear, *this* is Polly.

MRS. C. Well, my dear, I never thought—that's a pretty bit of stuff. I hope this—(*points to* DUMK.)—will be a warning to you, and if not married will remain so till death do us part, as they say on the Christmas Cards; for who takes a husband, takes care.

POLLY. Yes, ma'am; I mean to take care.

ROBIN. Yes, mother, she is going to take me.

MRS. C. Well, upon my word, what are boys coming to? You ought to be at home keeping rabbits, sir. Marrying indeed? When I was your age I no more thought of marrying a girl—*(They laugh.)*

DUMK. Love is a beautiful dream, marriage is de awaking. Love is de fireworks, marriage de splutter und smoke. Dere's more fun in flirting, my dear, dan in schmacking de squalling babies.

MRS. C. Rudolf, lie down; get in the corner and chase your shadow.—*(To* POLLY.)—Well, my dear, I hope for the best, but I fear the worst. He's a good boy, and his heart's in the right place, though nearly always away when he's wanted to run on an errand or what not. But you know how it is yourself-- spoil the rod, and when he is old he will not depart from it. I'm sure I wish you a many of 'em. When you've had as many as me, you'll see the folly of your ways. Kiss me!

ROBIN. Then you are not married yet, mother?

MRS. C. No, my dear, but I'm in correspondence.

POLLY. Don't you remember me, Mr. Dunkoff?

DUMK. My dear young lady, to me all women vos beautiful flowers—*(sees* MRS. CRUSOE)—but no, I haf no use mit dem. I haf schwore off. *Exit.*

MRS. C. You're at it again, you bounder, are you?

*(Runs off after him.)*

ROBIN (*laughing*). Ha! ha! Poor old mother!

*(Exit with* POLLY.)

*(Enter* RODERICK, *and Chorus of Arab boys.)*

ROD. Well, I am having a picnic—a regular beano. I hope we don't sail for a month yet. Here, boys, we'll have another song, it's my turn.



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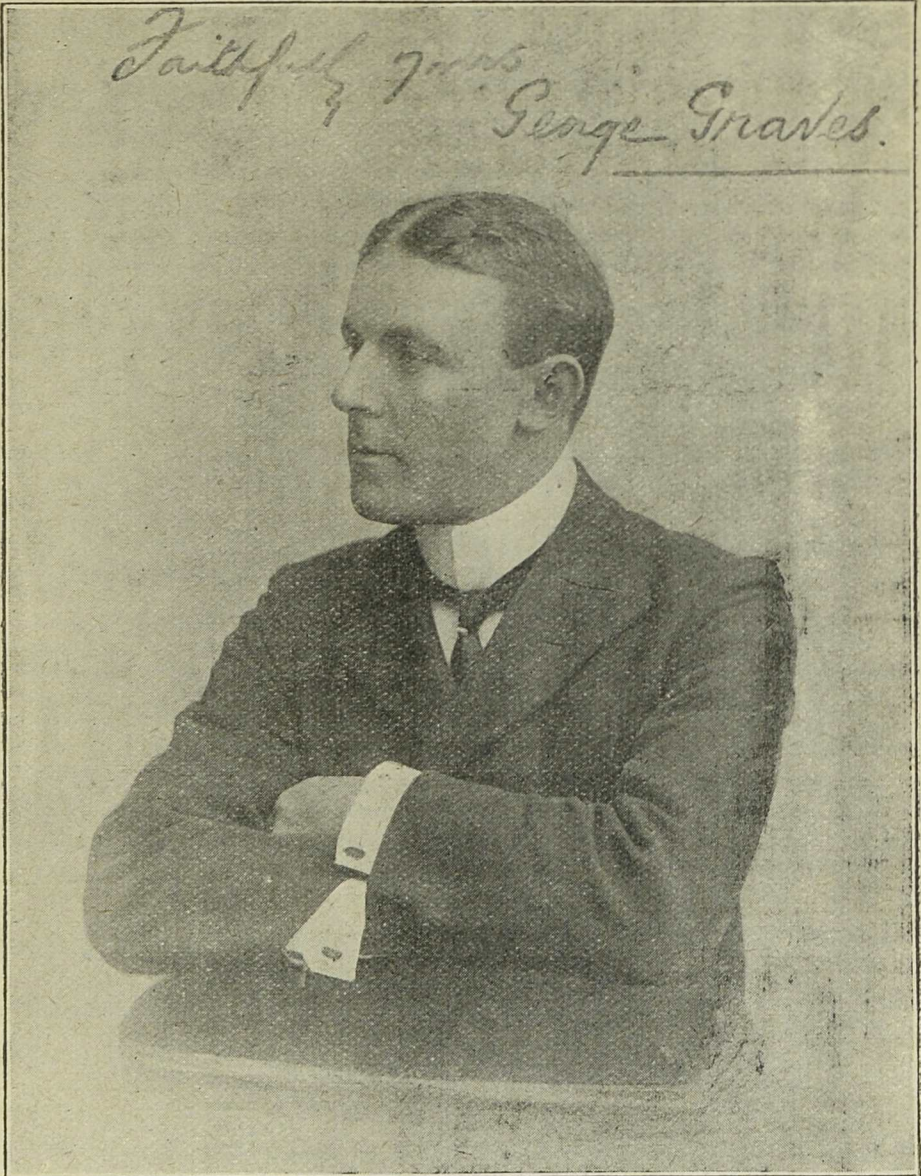




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London, W.C.*

*(Enter ATKINS and MCSTINGER.)*

ATKINS. Great Scott, what an escape!  
MCSTIN. Yes, yes; let's get back to the ship. *(Going.)*  
ATKINS. Phew!

*(Enter MRS. CRUSOE, and sees them.)*

ATKINS. Golly! Look behind you. *(Runs off.)*  
MCSTIN. Where? *(Runs off, pursued by MRS. CRUSOE.)*  
MRS. C. *(Shouting)*. Here Robinson, Rudolf. *(Runs off.)*  
*(Re-enter ATKINS with sheet and MCSTINGER with beard,  
followed by MRS. CRUSOE. They run off, she misses them  
and runs off. Re-Enter ATKINS and MCSTINGER. MCSTINGER  
has another sheet, Exit.)*

*(Enter MRS. CRUSOE.)*

MRS. C. I've lost the scent, I've lost the scent. Tally ho! *[Exit.  
(ATKINS and MCSTINGER enter.)*

MCSTIN. That infernal cook is coming back. Here! lie down for  
your life.

*(ATKINS lies down. MCSTINGER dons turban and swings  
sheet round him. Sits on ATKINS' chest.)*

MRS. C. *(Re-Entering)*. Hello! Looks as if it had been dropped  
out of a moving job. Have you seen anybody running.

MCSTIN. Allah! Akbar, Kismet, Bismillah!

MRS. C. I beg your pardon.

MCSTIN. Soliman, Nebuchadnezzar Mussulman and Cockileeky.

MRS. C. I wonder if the poor heathen really thinks he knows  
what he means.

*(Falls over ATKINS' feet as she goes out. Bus. pulling up  
stocking).*

Dear me, what long feet the old gentleman wears. You'll  
excuse me, sir, but haven't you run to seed a bit?

MCSTIN. Akkhabarcelonamahmoudestan.

MRS. C. Quite so. Well, if anybody wants me I'm buying a  
fringe net. *[Exit.*

MCSTIN. Lie down! Here's another of them.

*(Enter DUMKOFF.)*

DUMK. *(speaking off)*. Now you just wait there. I'll be back,  
don't go away. *(Trips over feet.)* So? Vot for an animal  
haf we here, gefunden. Can you ze English gesprechen?

MCSTIN. It's a braw bricht moonlicht necht the necht, Mrs. Recht.



DUMK. Sprechen zie Deutch?

McSTIN. Mangetza Moteratza Italiano icea creamo, a twopenny glass, or a threepenny glass.

DUMK. He's got rats in his belfry. Maybe if I sit down here you can tell me. (*Sits on ATKINS.*)

ATKINS. Get off my face. (*Bus.*)

DUMK. I say maybe you can tell me. (*Sits again.*)

ATKINS. Get off my face. (*Bus. repeated.*)

DUMK. Dis fellow has got another voice way down in his lungs—Maybe— (*Sits again.*)

ATKINS. Get off my face. (*Bus.*)

DUMK. Maybe you can tell me if you have seen dot miserable unhangd scoundrel of a Captain Atkins.

ATKINS. What? (*Sits up, throws off sheet.*)

DUMK. If I could only see that Captain Atkins I would give him such a soakin' in der face, I would say to him—

ATKINS. Well, what would you say, eh? (*Threatens him.*)

DUMK. Oh, nothing; I vas just passing, und I dink to mineself, now I will just enquire into de health of dot good kind Captain Atkins dot vas always so good to me.

ATKINS. Oh, you've changed your tune? Now you can skip as fast as you like.

McSTIN. (*aside to ATKINS.*) He'll give us away. We must keep him here till we bring up the Mutineers.

(*Enter RODERICK and two Slaves.*)

ATKINS. Hello! Goliath, what have you found there?

DUMK. Ach, dot vos nice. If only I wasn't shword off.

ROD. Just picked them up in the slave market. A bargain! Nice little things, splendidly trained. They'll do anything I tell 'em. Down, Tiny; lie down, Birdie. (*They kneel and kiss his hand.*)

SLAVES. Speak, little husband, and we obey.

McSTIN. Oh, help!

DUMK. Vasn't dat pretty? Und so useful? I would like some little girls to play like dot.

ROD. Lots of 'em inside. Pick 'em out where you like.

(*Swaggers off with girls.*)

ATKINS. That boy's spending his overtime money. I know where he got those two— at the Ko-op. He's getting a divvy on 'em, too.

DUMK. Vas dis de Slave Market? Vell, how funny! If you don't mind I will go in und pick up some educations to improve de moral system.

McSTIN. That'll hold him fast. (*Calls girls on.*) Here are a few for you to be going on with. Let me introduce Faith, Hope, and Excitement. We'll leave you to it—urgent business.

(*Exit.*)

ATKINS. (*Grimacing.*) All right, all right; I say, not a word to the old woman. (*Going off.*) All right, I say, extra. (*Winks and Exits.*)



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DUMK. Goot morgen, you don't mind if I make a talkings to you. No! dot is nice, will you tell me what is your names—Masie, Loosie and Goosie.—Dot is nice, what a big Goozie, I shall need a step-ladder to kiss her. Please I don't know how to begin. You don't mind if I make my arm round your waist, und you? Hello! You are out in de cold, cluster up girls. Come closer, dot's right, let us sit down cosy like on here.

*(Bus., arranging cushions round ottoman talking the while.)*

Does your fader know dot you are out. No! Vell, he von't mind much, vill he? How many faders have you got? One each? Quite a large family, ain't it? *(Sits down on floor, one girl each side and one on ottoman at back of him.)* This is nice. You mind if I gif you a kiss. No? *(Bus.)* Dot is nice; just like sucking oranges. And you—No? Don't go away; I'll be round again in a minute. *(Bus.)* That is like eating peaches. And the girl from up there? No? *(Bus.)* Oh, dis is nice.

GIRL. What would the neighbours say if they saw you now?

DUMK. Oh, let the neighbours say und be dammit! Oh! I beg your pardon; it slipt out mit out me seeing it. Oh, if dot old woman could only see me now. She is cruel to me; she beats me, und slaps me—on my honour she slaps me. If she could only see me now. You vill make a sloplings mit me? *(Enter MRS. CRUSOE and ROBINSON slowly at back looking round at sights. ROBINSON catches sight of DUMKOFF and explodes; MRS. CRUSOE hears him laugh but does not at first see cause, finally catching sight of DUMKOFF she proceeds to go through the exercises for developing the muscles.)*

1ST GIRL. Rather!

DUMK. Und you?

2ND GIRL. Rather!

DUMK. Dear liddle ding. Und you?

3RD GIRL. Try me, master.

DUMK. "Try me, master," Kezia never says like so. I don't care dot much—*(snaps fingers)*—for dot old vomans. She can say vot she likes; I vill mit dese elopen, und if dot ole Kezia vas here now, I vould say—*(catching sight of her)*—Halloa!

MRS. C. Oh, you profligate! You monster! You spotted serpent!

DUMK. Oh, dere you are, my dear! I vas just waiting for you! I vos only just asking dese ladies vot fine veather we vas having.

*(Bus. of tearing him away from the girls—seizes him by the foot, smacks and kicks him.)*

DUMK. Oh, vy don't you use an axe?



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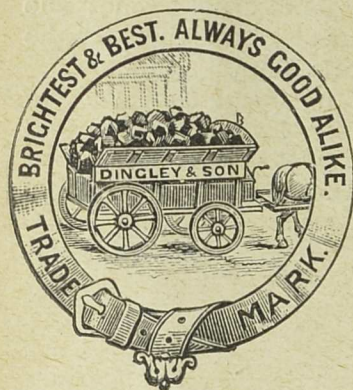
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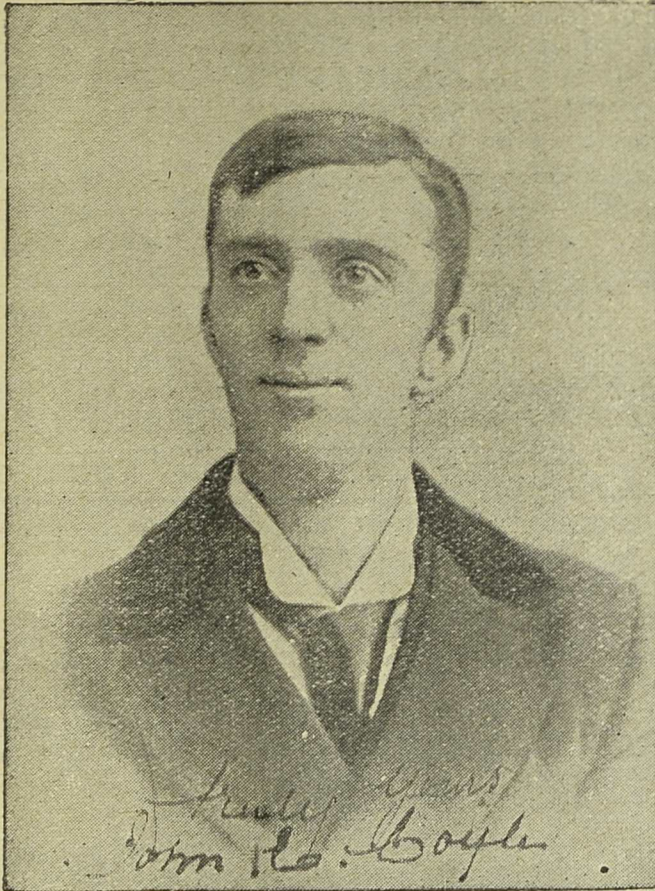




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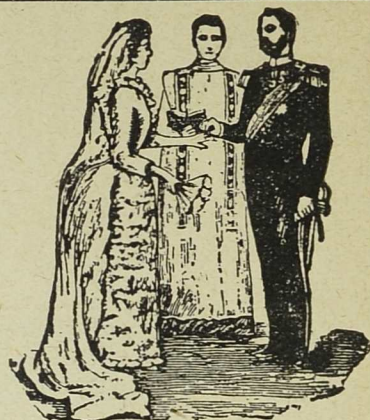
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MRS. C. I'll talk to you on board ship. As for you hussies, away with you. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves kissing a man old enough to be my son—I mean your father. Go off, you minxes. It's girls like you that make a man forget the money he owes. Don't you stand grinning at a respectable woman, who can show three lots of marriage lines, and with every hope of more to follow.

(SLAVES *Exeunt*).

That's your way (*points*). Away with you, don't stand arguing, no! not another word, go this minute. Oh, they've gone. Wait till I get you aboard, I'll talk to you.

DUMK. Now you haf no right to break up my little party. Dey were very nice laties, und I liked dem, und you haf no right to break up my little party, but I get even mit you, I know vere dey live.

(*Runs off*).

MRS. C. Where they live, the man's a flirt; I knew what it would be, when he lured me to these wicked foreign parts.

(*Enter RODERICK and Slaves*).

ROBIN. Why, what's this?

ROD. These are my little lot, just bought them. What do you think of them?

MRS. C. (*to ROBINSON*). Stand over there, my dear. Don't look round. What's that you say? Just bought them! Who served you? You're not fourteen. If I were your mother do *you* know what I'd do to you, I'd seize you with the left hand, put you across the right knee. One, two, three, a glass of water, bed and no supper.

ROD. Oh, you would, would you?

MRS. C. Yes, I would.

ROD. Well, yah to you.—(*Bus., putting fingers to nose*).

MRS. C. I know what it is, my dear. I've seen it in the museums on the walls, it's Egyptian for defiance.—(*Business*)—And as for your stripy friends—(*crossing to slaves*)—do you know that you are liable under section sixteen of the Kidnapping Act.

ROD. Here, I say, as an officer and a gentleman, I cannot allow you to discuss the ladies who honour me with their affection.

(*Roughly pulls MRS. C. across*)

ROBIN. Oh, what a comb our little bantam's got.

MRS. C. Look at his triceps, he's as muscular as a towel-horse. I'll touch him last. (*Business*).

(*Enter ATKINS, ARAB GUARDS, TIM and BILL*).

Oh, here's the pirate. At last, you vagabond, you runnion, you rapscaillon.

ATKINS. Seize them, guards. (*GUARDS swarm on and down*).

ROBIN. What does this mean?





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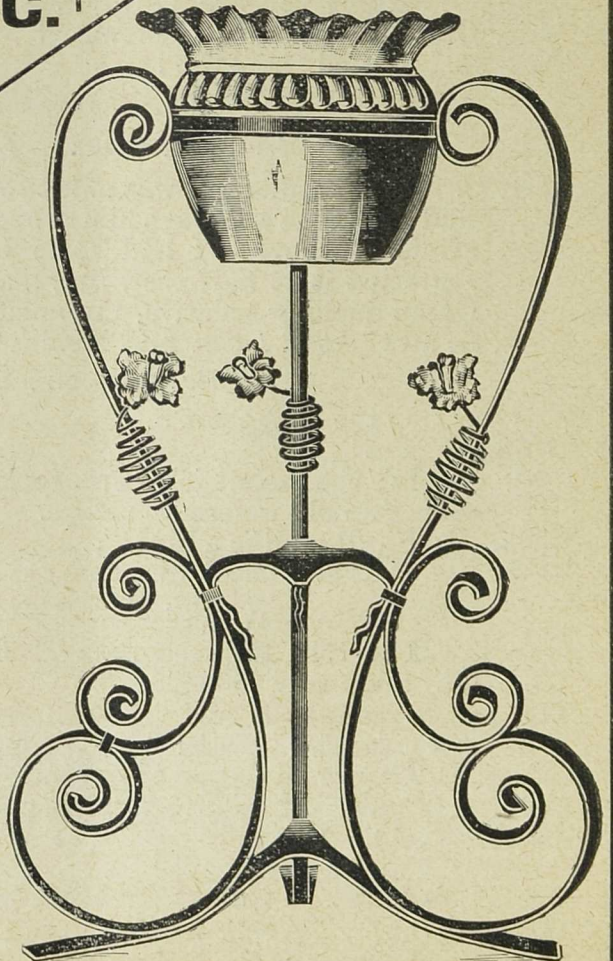
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BILL. But that's all *we* get out of it.

MRS. C. I don't care, I won't escape for a penny less.

BILL (*gives her money*). There you are, then.

MRS. C. Good! Now which way do I go?

BILL. We'll have a boat ready for you.

TIM. In two minutes.

BILL and TIM (*shouts off*). Hi there! is that boat ready? *Exeunt.*

MRS. C. There's an air of secrecy about this escape that is very delightful—but still there is a willingness to allow me to depart that is not exactly flattering. I wonder if there is anybody on the ship who doesn't know I'm going to escape. (*Calls off.*) Hallo there! I'm going to escape.

VOICES (*off, shout*). All right!

MRS. C. They *all* know about it.

(*Enter ROBINSON.*)

ROBIN. Hullo, Mother! I hear you're escaping.

MRS. C. Yes, Robin, I'm very busy. Hush, get in here.

(ROBINSON *hides.*)

(*Enter TIM and BILL.*)

TIM and BILL. The boat's ready!

MRS. C. Yes, but I've changed my mind, I'm not going.

TIM. We'll go and tell the captain. (*Exeunt.*)

(ROBINSON *comes out of cabin.*)

ROBINSON. It's all right, stand by, Mother, and when I give the word out with the lights.

(*Enter TIM and MCSTINGER, BILL, and ATKINS.*)

BILL. There she is—she won't escape.

TIM. And she's got our £5.

ATKINS. Oh! we'll settle with her. On to them lads and overboard they go!

(MCSTINGER and ATKINS *go for Mrs. C. TIM and BILL go for ROBINSON.*)

ROBINSON. Now mother!

(MRS. CRUSOE *puts out lights. Shouts and struggle. Mrs. C. and ROBINSON Exeunt at back.*)

(*Lights up. ATKINS fighting MCSTINGER—struggle off, TIM fighting BILL.*)

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## SCENE V.

### Main Deck of the "Saucy Sea Gull."

(Sailors discovered standing round Deck. Music. Enter ROBINSON  
Sailors salute as he comes down Stage.)

ROBIN. Well, Mr. Atkins didn't bring it off that time. I don't believe there's a mutineer on the ship except himself and those two hang-dog longshore lubbers, Tim and Bill. The crew are all staunch true-hearted British boys—the right sort—and if Old England only keeps her weather eye lifting when once she's got it wide open, there won't be much wrong for the future with John Bull's store.

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(Enter ERMYN TUDE.)

ERMY. (looking back). I thought that horrible Mr. Atkins was following me. I believe he's rather sweet on me. I wonder if a little judicious flattery would help to release us. I'll try.

(Enter ATKINS.)

ATKINS. (giving orders through speaking trumpet). Starboard the rattlines there! Haul out the Spanker! Luff the larboard watch ahoy! Belay! I don't know what it means, but I hope they'll do it. I don't care what happens to me, two port wines and I'll push the ship over (Sees ERMYN TUDE). Ah, good evening, Miss! Lovely weather on the water, isn't it?

ERMY. Yes!

ATKINS. Ditto! Are you strolling by yourself?

ERMY. Yes!

ATKINS. Ditto! Are you engaged?

ERMY. No!

ATKINS. Ditto! Do you know—

ERMY. No. I don't.

ATKINS. No, I thought you wouldn't. I think there's going to be a storm (using speaking trumpet as telescope). Are you afraid of storms?

ERMY. Not when I have a brave man to take care of me.

ATKINS (aside). Nice girl, this!—(aloud)—Of course, it takes a bit of pluck to be a sailor.

ERMY. Oh, I love sailors.

ATKINS (aside). What a gay dog I feel.

ERMY. Especially if they are as brave as you are.

ATKINS (aside). Oh, I don't think I'll sell this one.



ERMY. By the way, are you brave?

ATKINS. Eh? Certainly! (*calls off*). Brail away the spanker there. Heave up the larboard pongelo!

ERMY. How clever you are! But how do you know there is going to be a storm?

ATKINS. Well, it says so in the paper (*takes out paper*). Here you are. "Heavy gale from the South-West—variable fogs with sunny intervals—snow and local thunderstorms." (*Thunder*) Do you hear the local thunderstorm?

ERMY. Yes!

ATKINS. Aren't you frightened?

ERMY. Not with you!

ATKINS (*aside*). Oh, I'm sure I won't sell *this* one.

ERMY. Do you know, people are telling awful stories about you.

ATKINS. Are they? It's a good job they're not telling the truth. What lovely blue eyes you have. Do you mote?

ERMY. Sometimes. What lovely black eyes you have.

ATKINS. Yes; I've had them blacker than that. Oh, what a pretty girl!

ERMY. Oh, what a handsome man!

ATKINS. (*Bus.—looking all round.*) Discovered.

ERMY. Are you fond of dancing?

ATKINS. Yes, I'm a very good dancer; in fact I have two brothers in the lancers, I come of a very good family—I had to come from them. I went to three dances last week, and at the last I lost my overcoat.

ERMY. Lucky you didn't lose it at the first.

ATKINS. That's where I got it. I believe she loves me and doesn't like to show it. I would propose to her only I feel so frightened.

ERMY. Isn't it strange how frightened a man gets when he wants to propose.

ATKINS. Yes; isn't it strange how frightened a woman gets if he don't. But tell me, Miss Ermytrude, why have you treated me so coldly all through the voyage.

ERMY. Oh! I thought I had been surprisingly nice, considering. I'm awfully sorry if I've been rude, but it's so difficult to be really nice with people whom you detest.

ATKINS. You'll be more civil when you know me better.

ERMY. I quite agree that it takes time to get used to ugly things.

ATKINS. What is it you dislike about me?

ERMY. Really I'm not prejudiced against anything except your looks, and your manners, and your conversation, and your



presence, and your existence. If I had never seen you I really don't think I should have disliked you half so much.

ATKINS. Well, if fair words won't do we'll try t'other way.—(*Tries to kiss her*)—Come, my pretty wild cat, I've tamed fiercer beasts than you, and I'm going to tame you, don't be shy. Give me your hand. Give me a kiss.

ERMY. No, I won't!

ATKINS. Come on, give me a kiss.

ERMY. No, I won't!

ATKINS. Go on.

ERMY. No!

ATKINS. Risk it. (*Putting arm round her waist*).

ERMY. Take your arm away. Help! help!

(*Enter POLLY at back*).

POLLY. You brute! How dare you treat my friend like this? — (*Seizes him*).

ATKINS. Why not? And you too! (*Puts other arm round her waist*). That's right, struggle away! I won't sell either of you, you shall run in double harness with me.

POLLY. Help! help!

ERMY. Help! help!

(*Enter ROBINSON and JONES*).

(ROBINSON seizes ATKINS, kicks him, spins him round to JONES, who kicks him into corner.)

ATKINS. Good! You play for our side on Saturday. *Exit*.

(POLLY and ERMYNTRUDE are sobbing on each other's shoulders. ROBINSON puts arm round POLLY's waist, and JONES puts arm round ERMYNTRUDE.)

POLLY and ERMYN. (*together*.) How dare you sir? How—— (*Recognises*.) Oh, it's you! (*Sinks into embrace*.) Oh!

(*Exeunt together*.)

(*Enter TIM and BILL at back*.)

TIM. I tell you what, Bill, I've had about enough of life on the ocean wave.

BILL. There's nothing in it.

TIM. We're a bit nimbler on our pins though, mate. This going aloft seems to "wile the jints." (*Does Step*)

BILL. I dunno! The Brixton Stepper used to be pretty good practice. (*Imitates Treadmill*).

TIM. A bit too cramped though; now, out here, we can spread ourselves.

SONG.—"And his day's work was done."

(*Dance and Exeunt*.)



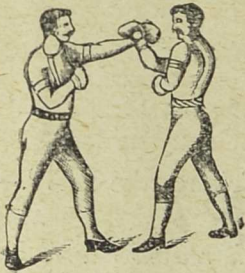
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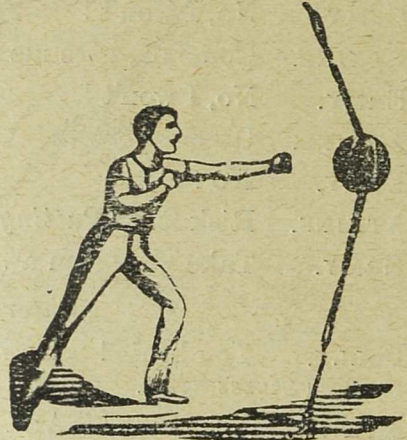
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(Enter at back MRS. CRUSOE leaning on RODERICK.)

MRS. C. Put me ashore! Put me ashore at once. There's a storm coming on.

ROD. Not a bit of it, ma'am—the wind's a little fresh, that's all.

MRS. C. Oh, but I know there is. I can feel it, I'm all wobbly.

ROD. (To two sailors who have come on deck). Here, hand this lady below: (Shouts orders.) Ahoy! Take a pull at her stays!

MRS. C. He shall do nothing of the sort.

ROD. (shouting order). All hands lay aft to scrub at her waist.

MRS. C. Let 'em dare to lay a finger on me.

(Collapses, and is carried off.)

(Thunder, stage darkens. TIM, BILL, ATKINS, McSTINGER, and DUMKOFF rush on from back. Shouts! Confusion! Terrific thunder crash and lights out!)

## WRECK OF THE "SEA GULL."

---

### SCENE VI.

### THE ISLAND.

(Enter ROBINSON in torn clothes.)

ROBIN. Oh, where am I?

(Enter FAIRIES.)

Hello! I thought we'd left the Slave Market, are you two of Muley's lot?

FAIRY. This is no Slave Market, we are no slaves, open thine eyes and look around.

ROBIN. But I thought I had been shipwrecked.

FAIRY. Even so.

ROBIN. But am I drowned?

FAIRY. No, thou hast been shipwrecked and nigh unto drowning, but thy life has been spared by our dread lord and ruler of the realms of the sea.

ROBIN. And mother, and Polly, and the others.

FAIRY. Their lives also have been spared.



ROBIN. Oh, what a relief, where are they?

FAIRY. I may not answer. I am sent to take thee to my master.  
Mortal, follow me. (*Exeunt.*)

*Scene Changes.*

## THE CAVES.

(*Enter DUMKOFF.*)

DUMK. Vel, I haf been in a few picnics, but I think dey vas all foolishness to dis. No more ships for me, and if there is any choices, let me have a nice leedle earthquake before another storm. First I was thrown up in de sky, den I was scraped along de bottom—every mean liddle wave in de sea hit me in de face, und ven I opened my mouth to tell 'em it vas not useful, I schwallowed enough water to float all de kippers in de ocean.

MRS. C. (*Off.*) Rudy! Where are you?

DUMK. Here comes de little mermaid.

MRS. C. (*Entering.*) Rudy, my boy. Oh, what a time we had. What a brine bath, I feel as if I were a pickle jar.

DUMK. Vell, you vas all right now—you've taken your medicine, cheer up.

MRS. C. Yes, but I feel like a weather-beaten old sponge; when I I came to myself I was lying on the shore with a crab in each hand and a lump of seaweed in my mouth. But my poor boy—my Robin—where is he?

DUMK. He vas all right—don't you fret, Kezia. Dot boy vas never born to be drowned.

MRS. C. What! Did you mean that? Ah, my poor boy, where is he? Bless his dear heart, to think of him getting wet, and not a change of anything by him, and such a boy he is for catching the snuffles.

ATKINS. (*Outside.*) Ship ahoy!

DUMK. Here comes two more water ducks.

(*Enter McSTINGER and ATKINS.*)

McSTIN. Help! We're in the canal. Kind friends, can you lend me an overcoat?

ATKINS. (*to Mrs. C.*) Hulloo! Why I thought you went down three times.

MRS. C. Yes, and came up for the fourth round with you. Call yourself a sailor. You're not fit to navigate a shrimp net.

DUMK. Where in de name of goodness are we?

ATKINS. It must be the Aquarium. But we're near a human habitation.

DUMK. Vy?

ATKINS. Because, where there are lights there must be livers.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Scene Changes.*



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(Enter FAIRY and ROBINSON.)

ROBIN. Thanks for bringing me to all these beautiful places, but I want to see mother.

FAIRY. Now prepare thyself. This is the entrance to dread Neptune's caves, but be thou not afraid.

ROBIN. Afraid; have I not faced shipwreck, and lived in perilous towns. What have I to fear? Lead on, I'm game for anything.

## THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

(Enter SEA NYMPHS—*Superba Quartette Dance.* Enter TRITONS—*Chorus.* Enter NEPTUNE and ROBINSON.)

## GRAND FLYING BALLET.

Principal Aerial Fairy—MISS OLIVE LESLIE.

END OF PART I.

## ACT II.

### Sea Shore.

(ROBINSON discovered listening to chorus of voices of the winds. As the chorus dwindles, he stretches his arms in a gesture of impatience, and pulling knife out of pocket, cuts notch in post.)

ROBIN. Another day!

(Chorus resumed, as ROBINSON listens his face brightens, but as the Chorus dwindles again he repeats the gesture of impatience.)

Bah! only the voices of the wind. Yet it comes from over there, where England lies, and with it come words—brave, ringing English words, that whip and drive my coward fears. Only the voices of the wind! The only voice that I shall ever hear. But no! buck up Robinson, I *will* believe. "Cheer 'up and hope" the North wind said, the lusty wind from merry England. Another day! (Throws knife away.)  
Another day nearer home and friends and—Polly.



*(Goes to pick up knife and sees footprints.)*

What's this? *(Rubs his eyes)*. Woa, Robin! Steady lad! Voices then visions. This gay life is making me giddy. No! one, two, three, four, five. I'm sane enough to count the toes—there's no mistake, some one has been here. I am no longer alone! *(Claps hands and dances)*. I shall see another face than mine. I shall hear another voice. "Cheer up and Hope." I wonder who it is. The policeman on the beat or the milkman? But why—what is the matter with me to-day. Isn't that smoke I see away on the horizon? That's the coast on the other side of the marsh, which I've never dared to cross. But I'll do it now. I'm in luck to-day, and fear is dead! Courage Robinson. Cheer up and Hope.

*(Exit.)*

---

## SCENE II.

### Another part of the Island.

*(McSTINGER discovered patrolling up and down as Sentry).*

McSTIN. Who goes there? Friend! Pass friend! I'm a sentry, ha! ha! and I'm a landowner, too, ha! ha! This bit of the island belongs to me and Atkins *(points)*, and that bit belongs to old mother Crusoe *(points)* and that bit *(points)* is a frontier line, and belongs to nobody. If I catch anybody trespassing on our kingdom, there'll be trouble.

*(Speciality and Exit).*

*(Enter DUMKOFF).*

DUMK. Ach! Zese lasy peoples will not zemselves awaken, come all you schleepers! *(beats gong)*. Breakfast! Breakfast!

*(Enter MRS. CRUSOE, POLLY, ERMYNTRUDE and RODERICK).*

MRS. C. Yes, we know its breakfast time, but I'll take short odds none of you thought of bringing anything to eat. I've got a little surprise for you here. It's a spring chicken.

*(Business, nursing chicken).*

And now, my good people, as this is our second day in our new surroundings, we may as well settle how we stand!

OMNES. Hear! Hear!

MRS. C. To begin with, I am the Queen, of course.

*(ATKINS and McSTINGER, TIM and BILL look out of arbours).*  
I say I am the Queen, of course.

*(Everybody silent).*

Will anybody second that resolution.



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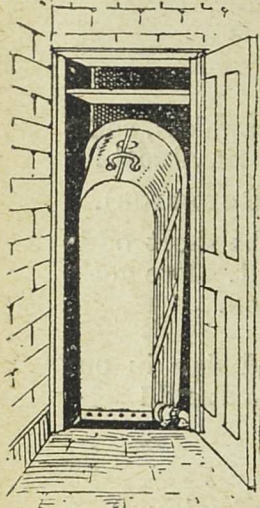
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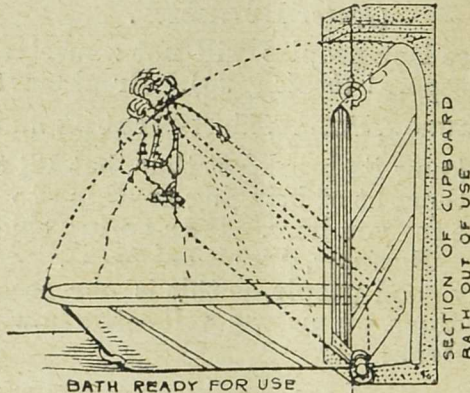
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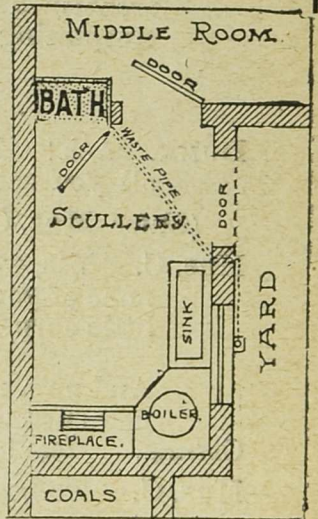


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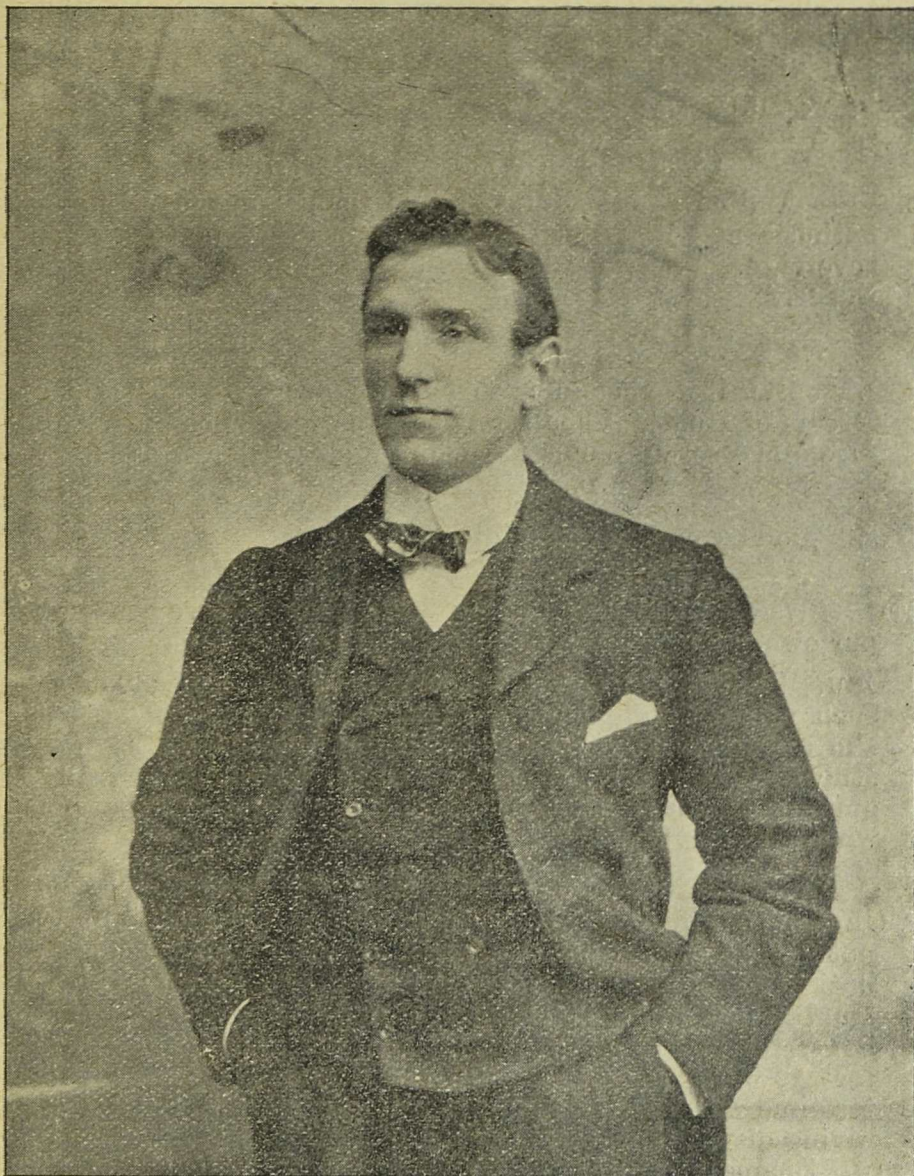
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MCSTIN. Oh, look at the Queen.

ATKINS. Mother Crusoe the on'st.

TIM and BILL. Ho! ho!

MRS. C. (*Glaring at them*)—And I expect you all as loyal subjects to rally round and protect me from the insulting machinations of that neighbouring, but unfriendly potentate, sloppy-eyed Bill Atkins.—(*Points*).

OMNES. Hear! hear!

(*ATKINS' party laugh derisively*).

MRS. C. And now I have only to return thanks for the unanimous enthusiasm with which you have elected me to be your sovereign. I need hardly mention that I am a woman of few words.

ATKINS. Hear! Hear!

MRS. C. But if I am again to be interrupted by the "Miner's Dream of Home," I shall have to pop over the boundary and give him a severe bump on the brain box with a banana.

(*Threatens him*)

ATKINS. Don't you dare come into our yard.  
(*Bus*).

MCSTIN. Who wants your measly Kingdom. We've got one of our own.

MRS. CRU. That's the worst of these savage Islands, you do get such vulgar neighbours. And now remember, good people, I'm a woman of very few words, but whatever I say goes. Rudolf, have you got anything to drink there? For really I am that parched—(*smacks lips*). I'm sure we must be somewhere East of Suez!

DUMK. Ich habe nozzing but some cold cocoanut milk gegotten.

MRS. CRU. Well, bung it over here. (*Takes it*). Though milk was not what I was used to when I was the reigning toast of Society in dear old Angleterre, and many's the bottle of real English port as my own lawful wedded husband have brought home for my birthday, and drunk it hisself before breakfast, to wish me good health, and blackened my eyes before tea-time with the same breath, being naturally of a free and giving disposition—

MCSTIN. Shame!

MRS. CRU. (*Glaring at him*). And not Scotch.

MCSTIN. Yah! I'm no more Scotch than you are, I was only humbugging you.

MRS. C. As if I didn't know it all the time. D'ye think, you indecently clad barbarian, you could deceive me with your pre-historic hearthrug, and your Park Street, Harry Lauder accent at five stone seven.



DUMK. Der breakfasten is gready quite. It is mein favourite  
confection.

POLLY. What's the name of it?

DUMK. Gesselschloppsnochwerinzolverein.

ERWY. Gracious! what does that mean?

JONES. Hash!

DUMK. But pefore we sit down Ich cannicht let dis suspicious  
occasion pass mitout proposing de health of the peautiful  
lady vat has just peen drunk.

MRS. C. Drunk! he said I was drunk. I'll shift him! Put 'em up!  
put 'em up

*(Chases DUMKOFF with melon and pineapple for bowing gloves.  
DUMKOFF gets corner, saying "Oh Lillie! Lillie!" McSTINGER  
and ATKINS come forward laughing, McSTINGER gets swinging  
blow in stomach and falls in corner).*

ATKINS *(getting between MRS. CRUSOE and DUMKOFF)* Fowl  
*(Picking up Chicken).*

McSTIN. *(Groaning)* Oh! Oh! *(Doubles up).*

TIM. and BILL. Right on his "Little Mary."  
*(Savage yells heard off.)*

POLLY. *(Who with ERMYNTRUDE has got up during fight—  
screams)—*Back! quick! the wood is full of black men.

ROD. The Niggers we've seen on the Island—Cannibals.

OMNES. Cannibals!

*(All rush off bearing breakfast things).*

MRS. C. *(Clutching DUMKOFF who is bolting.)* Rudolf, promise  
me that you will not rush into danger.

DUMK. I schwear it, Lillie; I will nowhere rush that I dare not  
send you first.

*(Savage yells closer—They climb tree—Music—Entrance of Savages.  
Finally, KING, CROODLE and DOODLEUMDAY.)*

DANCE, by Superba Quartette.

Mdlles. BELLA BELL, GIBBIE DONALD, MAGGIE CLENNEL,  
and AIDA HARLEY.

KING. Enough! Doodleumday, order my guards to bring  
Otafidey here to be cooked.

DOOD. Yes, your Majesty.

*(Music.*

*All Exeunt.)*

*(KING yawns and lies down).*

MRS. C. *(up tree).* I don't like his face.



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DUMK. (*up tree*). He's a lazy divil, anyway.

MRS. C. I don't like that growth on his elbows.

KING (*yawns*). Dose five gals we stewed yesterday hab giben me big indigestion.

MRS. C. I'm afraid the gentleman is not a vegetarian.

KING. But to-day we eat Oatfidey, who dared to aspire to de hand of my daughter Canoodle. He's not p'raps as juicy, but dere's good pickin' on him, more substantial and nourishing dan de gals.

MRS. C. I told you there'd be dirty work before long. He's an ogre—that's what he is.

DUMK. He's a monkey—monk—

KING. I think a little brain sauce would do me good.

MRS. C. Well, it may not be ladylike, but he's got to have it, the villain. (*Drops cocoanut on his head*)

DUMK. Oh, Lillie! Lillie!

KING. Who frew dat? Instant death for de scum dat frowed dat nut. (*Sees them.*) Ha! two whitefolk up de tree. Come down dis minute and be killed.

DUMK. Go down, Lillie; we must humour him.

KING. Come down!

MRS. C. We're not here, its an hallucination.

DUMK. You can't see me; I've got my fingers crossed. Besides, you must not eat us; dis is the tree of knowledge, and we are the forbidden fruit.

KING. Come along down. My Guards dere!  
(*Goes up stage and looks off.*)

DUMK. Go down, Lillie; humour him.

MRS. C. Well, if I come down you must turn your head away.

(*King turns to call Guards. MRS. CRUSOE and DUMKOFF descend tree quickly—and slink off.*)

KING. Dey 're a long time coming down. (*Turns.*) Ah! Gone! But they can't leave the island; my guards will soon catch dem.  
[*Exit, bawling gibberish.*]

(*Music.*)

(*Enter ROBINSON.*)

ROBIN. I thought I heard voices. Yes, this must be the spot where I saw the smoke. I must be careful though or in my haste to meet my fellow man I shall get inside him. If only a ship should pass this way. I've signal fires ready to light



on all the hills, and once they sight them all trouble would be over and we'd soon be sailing home.

SONG—"Sailing Home."

*Published by Francis, Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.*

*(FRIDAY is dragged on between the Guards—dramatic struggle.*

*FRIDAY is tied to stake. Savages start to dance round.)*

*(Enter ROBINSON, who fires gun.) (Exeunt Savages.)*

*(Bus. ROBINSON bringing FRIDAY round from faint; he sees the white face and is terrified. Bus. Reassuring him. Picture, CRUSOE'S foot on FRIDAY'S head.)*

ROBIN. You are not dead yet, old chap.

*FRIDAY gets up and shakes fists, and storms after Savages)*

Stop, that! It may be bad language! Come here.

*(FRIDAY shows surprise at colour of ROBINSON'S skin against his own.)*

ROBIN. Different colour? Yes, I hope so. What's your name?

FRIDAY. Tambus a Tambus Balewany Zepa.

ROBIN. No! Not if I can help it. Well, as it's Friday, I'll call you Friday for short. Did they bring you here by ship? Yes, and they were going to eat you. No, no, I don't want to eat you. I never eat meat on Fridays—at least not your kind. If you're to be trusted, my friend, you shall live to be my servant, my companion, my army and navy, and auxiliary forces; and, now just wait here till I see if it is safe to take you back to my hut. [Exit.

*(Enter CANOODLE at back.)*

CANO. Otafidey! Hist!

FRIDAY. Canoodle!

*(They mutually jabber delightedly.)*

*(Dance and Exeunt.)*

*Enter MRS. CRUSOE, POLLY, JONES, DUMKOFF,  
ERMYNTRUDE, and RODERICK.*

POLLY. Oh! but tell me, is there any danger?

DUMK. Tanger! Ja! We was by savages entirely surrounded

MRS. C. Yes, savages have a way of surrounding you. I once knew a savage who surrounded three missionaries.

ERMY. But surely one savage couldn't entirely surround three missionaries.

MRS. C. This one did. He had an exceptional appetite

POLLY. But how can we escape?



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MRS. C. Escape! You leave it to me. I'm simply a genius at escaping. I've been at it all my life. You should see me get out of the five-shilling ring. All you have to do is to keep cool.

(Enter ROBINSON, FRIDAY follows.)

ROBIN. What's this? Surely—Why Polly—Mother!

MRS. C. My boy—my boy. (They embrace.)  
Why, you've torn your cycling knickers. (FRIDAY sings.)  
Who is your baritone friend?

ROBIN. Oh! He's my new servant.

MRS. C. He talks like a bookmaker.

ROBIN. Well, there's no time to express my joy here. The savages may be on us at any minute. You must all come with me to my stockade. I've lots of guns, and if we are attacked we can at least make a good fight for it.

GRAND FINALE—"Have a little bit on me."

*Published by Chas. Sheard & Co., 196, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.*

"There's music in the air."

*Published by Francis, Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.*

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### SCENE III.

#### The King's Camp.

(Enter ATKINS).

SONG—"Owd yer Row."

(Exit ATKINS).

*Published by Chas. Sheard & Co., 196, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.*

(Enter MCSTINGER).

MCSTIN. I don't feel at all at home here. A black man just now invited me to dinner, so I went home with him, and said "Where's the dinner?" He said, "You're the dinner"! Luckily I got away before dinner time. Why they actually live on each other here, but that's nothing new. I know a Wolverhampton man who's lived on his relations for years.



(Enter ATKINS).

ATKINS. Mac, Mac, have you found anything to eat

McSTIN. Not a bite.

ATKINS. Robinson's party have got all the food off the wreck.

McSTIN. They haven't even left us a dog biscuit.

ATKINS. We must wait till it's dark and then steal some grub from their hut.

(Enter CANNIBAL KING.—*Creeps over to them, and sticks dummy head in ground by ATKINS*).

McSTIN. I'm afraid to be out in the dark with all those cannibals about.

ATKINS. Coward! All the cannibals in the wide world couldn't terrify me.

*Puts hand on dummy head, backs round McSTINGER*).

McSTIN. Pardon me, Mr. Chamberlain, I think you've dropped your orchid.—*Hands it to KING*).

KING. Slanthagalmavourneen Angus gramachreemacoulin gram-achreemacruiskeenlaun.

McSTIN. What horrible language. What *does* he mean?

ATKINS. I don't know, but I'm sure he *means* it.

KING. Prepare to die!

ATKINS (*stops him*). One moment.

KING. How?

ATKINS (*points to club*). We'd like to join your club as country members.

KING. For dat I kill you twice (*shakes club—they kneel*). One!

McSTIN. I star two.

KING (*swings club*). Two!

ATKINS. Don't keep us in suspense, I'm ready and willing to die.

McSTIN. I'm willing, but I'm not quite ready.

KING. Three! and—(*swings club*).

ATKINS (*blows whistles*) Half-time. (*KING drops club*). That's the easiest club to beat I ever played against.

(*They rise*).

Look here, old man, don't kill us, an we'll put you on to a real good thing.

KING. What am a real good thing?

McSTIN. A sure snip at an outside price.



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Hors d'œuvres and Coffee.



ATKINS. We'll show you where some white folks live, pretty girls.  
eh, what?

KING. Ah, good! good!

ATKINS. He likes that. (*To KING*). And such a nice old woman,

KING. Ah! no good! no good!

McSTIN. He knows what's what. (*To KING*.) And guns, you  
know, Bang!

KING. Ah! afraid, afraid.

McSTIN. Oh no! We'll show you how to use them.

ATKINS. Yes, come on! Get your warriors ready, and to night  
we'll attack the hut. (*Points*).

KING. Slanthagalmavourneen!

McSTIN. Oh yes. } (*Both together.*) We swear it.  
ATKINS. Quite so. }

### SHORT TRIO—"Mumblin' Moss."

*Published by Chas. Sheard & Co, 196 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.*

*(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter CANODLE followed by DUMKOFF.)*

DUMK. Ach! ja mein Kleine Kattchen—(*Sings*)—"You vas  
mein honey suckle."

*(She goes away scornfully.)*

I don't know how it was all the womans was in love mit me.  
I dink I must begin to wear a mask—(*Goes to her*)—Vell, my  
dear, to me all womens was beautiful flowers.

*(She turns away)*

but you vas mein honey—

*(She draws knife and almost stabs him.)*

Ach! Himmel! nein nein, I didn't mean a vord of it. It  
vas all a mistake. It vas anoder lady dot vas de honey honey  
suckle.

CANO. Me! Princess! (*Exit scornfully.*)

DUMK. Dot vas de easiest schwore off I haf ever took. I haf  
suspicion dot girl was of mein beauty jealous. For the  
future, I haf no more to do mit laties, I stick only to mein  
leedle schnapps.

SONG.

*(Exit.)*



## SCENE IV.

## Robinson's Hut.

(MRS. CRUSOE and FRIDAY discovered—FRIDAY sweeping floor and singing at top of voice.)

MRS. CRU. Friday, shut up and take off your hat when you are in my presence. How many more times am I to tell you! Listen to this. (*Reads piece from Weldon's*). We'd better get something to eat. Fetch the rolling pin. (*Takes dough out of tin*). Take away the race game. Meat pudding—no meat makes no fighting children—dumplings and treacle never answer you back. Knife!

*Bus.*

Mad Mullah! (*Bus., making dumplings*). This is a centre surprise packet, and you never know your luck. (*Bus.:* That is for Master Robinson.

(FRIDAY throws on flour. MRS. CRUSOE making second dumpling.) This is a pudgynut with a tip for the Lincoln in each corner. (*Bus.:*) that is for Miss Polly. (*Bus.:*) This is rather an ambitious effort, it is called a croquet a la Rue de Rivoli. (*Bus.:*) That is for me.

FRIDAY. Me! Friday! piece!

MRS. CRU. There's one for you. Now don't be a glutton.

(*Bus:* gives him small piece—he kneads all four up into one very dirty lump and replaces on table.)

(*Bus:* snake.)

Take it away. That's the worst of cheap servants. If they don't drink your beer, they introduce strangers. Get me the dredger. You're exasperating me, my boy. I'll send you back to your tribe in a minute, and take all those pretties off you. You've been done in your reference, I suppose you know that.

(*Business, dredger, white and black*).

The swallows must be nesting. I'll have to make it into a black pudding now. Look at it. It looks like a tramway accident.

(FRIDAY on table up at back, sings. She throws piece of dough at him, he falls through table laughing, and approaches her. She puts dough over his face.) [Exeunt.

(Enter POLLY, JONES and RODERICK).

POLLY. Oh! do you think the savages will attack us?

JONES. No, I don't think they'll dare to do that.

ROD. Not while I am here.



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(ROBINSON *Enters.*)

ROBIN. Of course not, my little Charley Beresford. I'm just going down to the beach to reconnoitre.

POLLY. Mayn't I come too, Robin.

ROBIN. No, no, dear; stop here and help mother get dinner ready.

MRS. C. (*From door of hut*)—You'll find the dinner on Friday's face. (*Exit.*)

ROBIN. Now, boys, get down to the shore and see if all is quiet on that side. Good-bye, and don't be uneasy, darling.

(*Kisses POLLY and Exit. POLLY goes into hut.*)

RODER. No! don't be uneasy, darling.

(*Takes JONES' arm and struts off.*)

(*Enter ERMYNTRUDE and Ladies.*)

SONG—"Rose of the Riviera."

*Published by E. Ascherberg & Co., 46, Berners Street, W.*

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter DUMKOFF dragging on McSTINGER with rope round his waist.*)

DUMK. Come along—you can't get away dis time. Dere's de savages behind, und de laty waiting. Vich will you take?

McSTIN. I don't want either. Oh! I'm so hungry.

DUMK. Come on and make love mit her.

McSTIN. No, no. I only came to look for a bite of something to eat. I'm starving.

DUMK. Vell, you make love mit her and she vill give you a good blow out. Ach! here she comes. No, you can't run away mit dat foot.

(*Enter MRS. CRUSOE from hut.*)

MRS. C. Ah! Rudolf, my love, you have come back to me. (*Sees McSTINGER.*) And pray what do you want here, Mr. McStinger? (*Walks away.*)

DUMK. Now speak mit her. De laty was waiting for you to make love mit her.

McSTIN. Here, you're a better hand at the business.

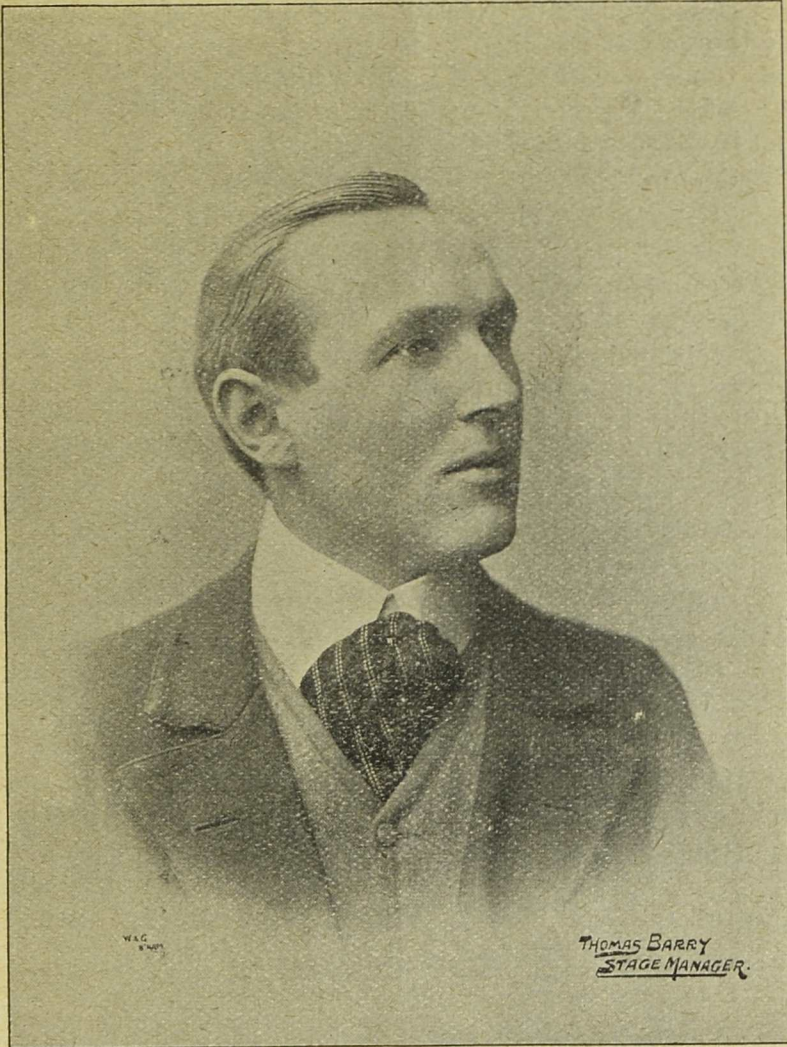
(*Pushing him forward.*)

DUMK. Nein! nein! You don't understand de womans. Dey vos always like dot. Ven a woman say "go away," she mean "come along, closer," und if de fellow go away, she say "Vat a mean schneak," und don't schpeak mit him no more. Go on, you go kiss her, make it up mit her, and you vill have two eggs for breakfast. Go on, dive in.



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MCSTIN. Who'll pull me out?

DUMK. I've got hold of the life line— (*Tugs it*). Go on, you've kissed worse than that.

MCSTIN. Yes, but I woke up. Does it come under the new Act? Well, here goes. (*Bus*).

MRS. C. You low beast! What are you doing? Do you know—

MCSTIN. Here, you seem to know the business, suppose you show me the way of it.

DUMK. (*puts arm round MRS. C.*). Excuse, me, laly, vile I show de gentleman. You just make your arm round her so, and den you just squeeze her, so.

MRS. C. Oh, do be careful; I heard something crackling.

DUMK. Den you just chuck her under the chin, like so, und you rest her little head upon your manly shoulder—und—

MRS. C. (*kissing him*). My own dear Rudy—at last, then, we are really engaged?

DUMK. Nein, nein; I vas only—

MCSTIN. I'm a witness. I'll prove it; you can't get out.

(*ATKINS pushes white flag on at wing, and waves it about*).

MRS. C. Good gracious! What ever's that?

MCSTIN. Don't be nervous, bridegroom.

DUMK. Who vas nerfous?

MRS. C. It must be the washing come home. Come in.

(*Enter ATKINS*).

ATKINS. I am a messenger of Peace from the King.

DUMK. Peace mit honour? Dot vas good.

ATKINS. He has heard you are suspicious of an attack, and his feelings are hurt.

MRS. C. Serve him right.

ATKINS. He hopes that just to show your confidence in him you'll all go to sleep and leave your windows and doors open.

MCSTIN. That would be very nice of you.

MRS. C. I daresay, but we won't do it.

DUMK. Who cares for dot old King!

MRS. C. I don't; he's only a coon after all, and all coons look alike to me. They remind me too much of the old plantation minstrels from way down south.

OMNES. (*Laugh like niggers*). Yah! yah! yah!

QUARTETTE — "Plantation Melodies."

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(*Exeunt*).

(*TIM and BILL enter*).



TIM. They say we're going to have a fight. Ain't you glad Bill? Smile! Look pleased or I'll dot your eyeball. (BILL smiles.) There you are. 'Aint he 'appy?  
 (*Business with table, FRIDAY joins in. Yells heard. ROBINSON enters chased by Savages—enter MRS. CRUSOE, DUMKOFF, JONES, ATKINS, MCSTINGER, CANNIBAL KING—Cutlass fight, a rally and close in.*)

SCENE V.

The Way to the Beach.

(Enter JONES).

JONES (*loq.*). The savages have wrecked the hut. Luckily, the girls weren't there. We managed to escape and so has Robinson. I don't know where the others are. I was too busy to look. One big, fat savage was particularly attentive to me, but I guess his funeral's to-morrow. I hope they'll give him a good wake. (*Speciality.*)

(Enter ERMYNTRUDE).

ERMY. Oh, you haven't run away very far then.

JONES. I haven't run away, at all—have you?

ERMY. Well, you don't suppose I was going to wait till they killed and ate me, do you?

JONES. Where's Polly?

ERMY. (*points*). With Robinson. Quite safe, and what do you think?

JONES. Give it up!

ERMY. There's a ship in sight.

JONES. No!

ERMY. Fact! Robinson's lit all his signals and we believe they've seen us, and are coming to the rescue.

(*Gun heard.*)

Hark! Those are her guns.

JONES. Hooray!

ERMY. Thank Heaven, we shall soon be back in dear old England.

(*Exeunt.*)

(Enter KING, TWO CANNIBAL GUARDS, MCSTINGER, MRS. CRUSOE, and DUMKOFF),

KING. (*to MCSTINGER*). You hab betrayed me. You shall die.

MRS. C. Hear! Hear!

KING. (*to her*). And you too—unless—(*to DUMKOFF*). How many sheep will you gib me in exchange for her.

DUMK. Sheep! I will give you one mutton chop.

KING. Then you die, too.

(Enter ATKINS).

ATKINS. What's up, partner?

MCSTING. Look here, you mustn't talk to me like that. Do you know we are great warriors.



- KING. Pooh!
- MCSTING. Last month I slew twenty-seven policemen just because they looked cross at me.
- MRS. C. Twenty-eight! Please be accurate. Twenty-eight.
- DUMK. Dot's right, humour him, Lillie.
- KING. Did you eat them?
- MCSTIN. Well, we ate some of them.
- MRS. C. To be strictly accurate, we ate fifteen.
- KING. Ah! You are my brudders!
- (*Rubs noses with MRS. CRUSOE.*)
- MRS. C. Help! Help!
- DUMK. No, no! Humour him, Lillie; humour him.
- (*Loud gun heard.*)
- KING (*falls on knees*). Ah! Thunder gun—me 'fraid.
- ATKINS. A gun! What does it mean? [*Enter ROBINSON.*]
- ROBIN. It means a British ship of war is in the bay.
- (*Enter RODERICK with Union Jack.*)
- RODER. And we annex the Island in the name of King Edward.
- (*Puts foot on KING's neck.*)
- MRS. C. Hooray!
- DUMK. (*to KING*). Ja! You vas like me, a British subject, now.
- ROBIN. (*to ATKINS and MCSTINGER*). And as for you —
- ATKINS. We'll apologise.
- MCSTIN. We'll apologise.
- MRS. C. Oh! You'll have to do a great deal more than that—  
You'll do time when we get you home.
- ROBIN. Hurrah for England, Home—and Polly. The ship's  
Chaplain shall splice us on the way. [*Exit.*]
- MRS. C. (*seizing DUMKOFF*). A good idea. Delays are dangerous.
- OMNES. Ha! Ha! Ha!

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*Published by Price and Reynolds, 41, Berners Street, London, W*

DUET.—“So do I.”

*Written by Carl Howard.*

## SCENE VI.

### The British Ship.

*March and All Principals down.*

- ROBIN. We haven't married yet, but hope to do so.  
(*to Polly*). As soon, dear, as you've bought your wedding trousseau;  
Call in and bring your friends to introduce oh!  
To Robinson and Polly—Mrs. Crusoe.

FINALE.



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