



CINDERELLA;

A Parlour Pantomime.

(FT)
CINDERELLA...
[1878]

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C I N D E R E L L A ;

A Parlour Pantomime.



Cinderella



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P R E F A C E.

'Oh, may our critics be not hard to please!'—*Cinderella*, page 38.

MY dear little Cinder!
Whatever should hinder
The child from enjoying her lot?
Why should her endeavour
To please her friends, ever
Attract sneering wits to the spot?

Now, don't you be frightened—
Your joy shall be heightened
By knowing your audience approve.
The little folks love you—
They don't feel above you—
And their feelings their elders' will move.

All you who are reading,
The play without heeding
This opening appeal—and I mean it—
Pray don't be exacting:
'Twas written for acting,
And can't be condemned till you've seen it!

Dramatis Personæ.

PRINCE EGLANTINE—*the somewhat sentimental Hero.*

KING CASHCRAVE—*his impecunious Father.*

BARON GOLDUST—*possessed of three charming Daughters,
a mint of money, and a never-failing appetite.*

LORD SNUFFY—*the original proprietor of Mull.*

BLAWFORTH—*the Herald ; rather fond of 'blawin' his ain
trumpet.'*

CINDERELLA — *the Heroine, who, notwithstanding her
innumerable good qualities, is a decidedly slippery
character.*

DOLABELLA—*her elder Sister, the Court beauty.*

BLUETTE—*their eldest Sister, a strong-minded lady.*

MARGARITA—*a beneficent Fairy, godmother to Cinderella.*

CINDERELLA.

SCENE I.

Kitchen in the Ancestral Castle of the Goldusts.

Enter CINDERELLA.

CIN. Oh, it's so cold! But, bless my heart, it's late!
Who would have thought I'd sleep till half-past eight!
Papa will soon be calling for his breakfast;
I'd better go and get the bread to bake fast!

Exit CINDERELLA. Enter GOLDUST.

GOLD. Breakfast not ready! Well, that are too bad!
More specially when a cove's just been and had
The worstest night's rest as he ever got,
Owin' to his not takin' somethin' hot
Last night—oh, bother! I was never meant
For a Good Templar—that 'ere 's not my bent.
It's true, poor Cinder's far too much to do.
She's always workin' on, and never through.
Bluette, her eldest sister, 's awful clever—
I don't know as I seed her ekal ever—
She'll cook a case; but yet, as I'm a sinner,
I don't believe that she can cook a dinner.
As for the other, Lady Dolabella,
She's far too much an out-and-outer swell, ah!
She's pretty, and will maybe make a match
With royalty, if he'll come up to the scratch.

But this has nought to do with what I'm sayin'.
 I don't like servants in the house, a-layin'
 All folks's secrets open, and sich-like,
 And ready, when you needs them most, to strike
 For bigger wages, meat, or smarter clothes—
 You don't find *me* troublin' my head with those.

Enter BLUETTE.

BLUE. Good morning, pa. I'm regularly tired
 With last night's lecture on 'The Brain Inspired.'
 To-day I've thirteen meetings to attend,
 And answers to inquiries without end
 To write to those whose minds have been enlightened
 By my remarks. But you need not be frightened,
 I'm ready for them all.

GOLD. I guess you are ;
 You're just too ready. Yes, Blurette, by far
 Too much good time you gives up to them notions,
 That might be spent in beneficial motions.
 Why don't you help your sister, if you can,
 To cook the dinner ?

BLUE. There, how like a man !
 While *we* of weighty subjects grave are treating,
Their only grave consideration's—eating !
We think of schools to train the youthful mind—
They first ask, anxious, 'Have the children dined ?'
We give our time to poetry, romance ;
 And oftimes, when you sit as in a trance,
 Your heart with bright reflected ardour glowing,
 Your spirit ready braced for toil, and growing
 Impatient for the conflict, it is hard
 To hear a bass voice interrupt your bard
 With 'Day by day I'm quickly getting thinner,
 Take, take your poems ; but oh, give me my dinner !
 It's bad enough to hear, but worse by far

To know that you, the bright, particular star,
 Who were to burst forth on this world in splendour,
 Must all your high ambitious aims surrender,
 Remain obscured by the thick, murky cloud
 Of petty household cares, and not allowed
 Even to prompt your male prop, by the gruff
 And dignified remark, 'My dear, what stuff!'

GOLD. I never could match Blue at holding forth ;
 But here comes Dolly. (*Enter DOLABELLA.*) Bless you,
 gal, ye're worth
 A fortune any day.

DOLA. Pa, I declare !
 You are so boisterous ; and you'll spoil my hair !
 I've lain awake all night.

BLUE. Thinking, I hope ?

DOLA. Yes, dear. I managed to get up and grope
 All through the wardrobe for my pale blue sash ;
 'Twill look so sweet to-night, I think.

BLUE. What trash
 To fill the mind of any sane young woman !

DOLA. Oh, sister, you could ne'er be so inhuman
 As to condemn my toilet for to-night
 Before you've seen it !

Enter CINDERELLA.

CIN. Breakfast's ready quite.
 Why, what's the matter ? Tell me, Dolly, dear.
 Papa, you have been scolding her, I fear.
 Mind she's not strong, and mustn't be excited,
 At least, at home—not till the gas is lighted.
 Suppose we have a song, to mend the matter,
 And I'll begin. Sound 'Doh !' a little flatter !

Tune, '*Old Uncle Ned.*'

CINDERELLA.

I'm a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And I don't know what to do.
 I've to wash, and cook, and mend, and scrub, and some
 times to hurl
 A big wheelbarrow about the whole day through.
 I wish I could float in a balloon
 To some delightful land beside the moon,
 Where people are allowed to sit and fold their hands,
 And don't need to get up till noon.

Chorus.

But you're just a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And you don't know what to do ;
 Perhaps some day the big wheelbarrow will hurl
 You off to the fairies, too.

DOLABELLA.

I'm a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And I don't know what to do ;
 For my dress won't be pretty, and my hair won't curl,
 And I can't bear sister Blue.
 I wish I were safe at the ball
 With the Prince, so handsome and tall,
 Attending at my side, while I, in my pride,
 Torment him before them all.

Chorus.

But you're just a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And you don't know what to do ;
 Perhaps your hair will really curl.
 And the Prince admire you too.

BLUETTE.

I'm a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And I don't know what to do ;

For I've tried a long time my banner to unfurl—
 'Independence' in bright true blue.
 I wish the people round about would be
 More ready to listen to me,
 That the women would try to be as sensible as I,
 That the men to the plan would agree.

Chorus.

But you're just a poor little miserable wretched girl,
 And you don't know what to do.
 Perhaps some day the banner you'll unfurl,
 And get supporters too.

GOLDUST.

I'm a poor little miserable wretched gal—
 No I aint, by the way it's not true.
 But I'm so faint and hungry, I feel just like to fall,
 And I wish I had my breakfast, that I do.
 I hope there'll be mince-pies,
 And ham and tongue likewise,
 And that each and all will be done to a nicety,
 Is my wishes, which I hope you won't despise.

Chorus.

You're just a poor little miserable wretched gal,
 And you don't know what to do.
 Perhaps you'll get into the parlour before you fall,
 And demolish your breakfast too.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING CASHCRAVE.

KING. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were not done at all. My courtiers tell

Me often of my cleverness and wit—
 They'd doubtless call this sentence quite a hit.
 It is the case, though—and, of course—no doubt—
 They know—I always know—what I'm about.
 I've sent for Eglantine, to talk it over ;
 So till he comes I'll keep myself in clover.

Song—Tune, ' Bay of Biscay.'

I am a mighty monarch,
 King Cashcrave is my name.
 No one need try to fool me,
 For I know his little game.
 And my burning wrath shall fall
 On the traitor mean and small
 Whom I know
 To be so,
 All throughout the country, oh !

I can't put up with nonsense,
 Or any high-flown flights.
 I hate determination,
 And can't bear ' Woman's Rights.'
 I should just like to see,
 Such preachers come to me.—
 They should know
 That must go
 Out of this my country, oh !

Enter PRINCE EGLANTINE.

PRINCE. Well, sire, you may be precious glad you sent
 For me just now, for I had really meant
 This very night to make a moonlight flitting.
 I am so very tired of always sitting
 At home with folded hands, or mooning out,
 I wish I had some work to go about !

Dear father, you might let me be a sailor,
 And roam to Iceland, maybe, in a whaler,
 And see strange animals, and plants, and places,
 And mermaids with sweet voices and fair faces!

KING. Tuts, nonsense, boy! You don't know what
 you're saying!

A pretty thing to let a prince go straying
 About the world like any common being!

PRINCE. Uncommon ones enough I would be seeing.

KING. But now you need not idle any longer.
 Our first care is to make the army stronger.
 The next, to raise supplies; now, here's my plan,—
 You've seen old Goldust here?

PRINCE. I know the man.

KING. He has a daughter, beauteous as a dream;
 Her blue eyes shine like stars, her tresses gleam
 Like pure, pale gold, rippling o'er marble white.
 Her very presence brings a flood of light.

PRINCE. Too long I've known my worthy father's style
 To doubt that, though he wanders, all the while,
 There's method in his madness.

KING. Well, the point
 Is—that the times are once more out of joint.
 I was not born to set them right; but you,
 Possessed of money, anything can do.

PRINCE. In short, you want me, only for her dower,
 To marry her. I fear the grapes are sour—
 She wouldn't have me.

KING. Don't you be afraid.
 I've watched the tactics of the lovely maid.
 She wants a husband at whatever cost,
 And royalty, of course, will weigh the most.

Duet—Tune, 'Men of Harleek.'

KING.

See the prospect fair before you !
Victory, smiling, hovers o'er you !
Nought but non-success could bore you,
And success is sure.

PRINCE.

Sweetest, loveliest Dolabella,
Won't you smile on this poor fellah ?
Listen while you hear me tell, ah !
That my love's secure.

KING.

Don't you mention money.

PRINCE.

No, I'll be all honey.

BOTH.

For you know it's not the thing,
And she might think it funny.

PRINCE.

Oh, I hate the very notion !

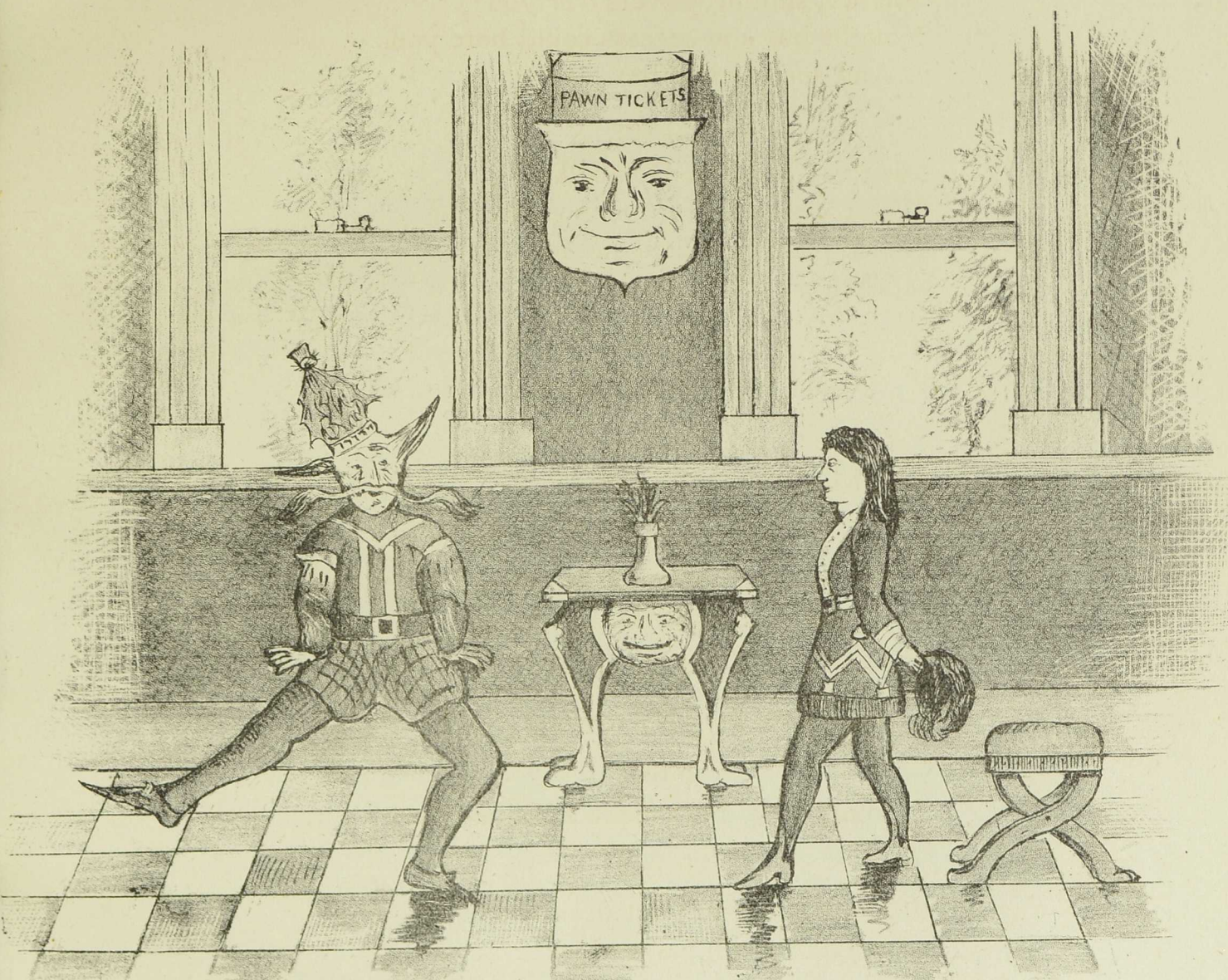
KING.

Come now, don't make a commotion.

BOTH.

She will joy in your devotion ;
Then you'll just endure.

Exeunt severally.



SCENE II

KING CASHGRAVE, "DON'T YOU MENTION MONEY!"

PRINCE EGLANTINE, "NO, I'LL BE ALL HONEY."

SCENE III.

*A Street.**Enter* PRINCE EGLANTINE.

Song, 'Nancy Till.'

At daybreak, at twilight, at noon, and at night,
 I'm dreaming of her who my heart shall delight.
 I think of all the pretty girls I ever knew,
 And that, I may mention, includes not a few.

No, Dolabella! you are not my love.

She's waiting for me somewhere, my own, my gentle
 dove.

No, Dolabella! I'll never marry you,

No matter what my father may say or do.

I think of her often, her picture is set
 In my mind, and I'd know her at once if we met.
 She's lovely, she's gentle, she's kind, and she's true;
 She'll counsel and help me in all that I do.

No, Dolabella! &c.

I sit thinking of her when the moon is in the sky.
 I wonder when I'll see her, I wonder if she's nigh.
 I do believe she is, for there's something in the air,
 And a sweet fragrance comes from I don't know where.

No, Dolabella! &c.

PRINCE. I see a fellow coming down the way—
 It's Blawforth!

Enter BLAWFORTH.

BLAW. Weel, hoo's a' wi' ye the day?
 Ye're lookin' thin and shilpit, puir wee man!
 I'll ripe ma pooches, an' see if I can

Get ony sugar-bools or maybe gundy
 Tae comfort ye. Ye see, this is jist Monday,
 An' "Sweetie Jock," the gundy-man, ye ken
 (He's the bit gangrel body frae the glen),
 Wull no' bring roun' his barrow till the morn—

PRINCE. Fellow, I treat your insolence with scorn!

BLAW. Eh, megsty me! I'd really quite forgot
 That ye were no' a bairn yet. Yet, why not?
 Ye've surely never grown sae awfu' haughty
 As tae be mad at yer auld frien', my dawtie?
 Ye'll min' hoo I hae ta'en ye on my back
 An' cairried ye, when ye cud scarcely walk?
 An' hoo I've whittled sticks tae mak' ye whustles,
 An' jagged my fingers pu'in' up the thrustles,
 For fear they'd hurt ye wi' yer wee bare feet—

PRINCE. Ah, yes, I do remember what a treat
 It was to me to go with you, my friend.

BLAW. An' sae, ye see, I didna mean t' offend
 Yer dignity, noo ye're a strappin' fellow;
 'Twas jist the thochts o' auld langsyne—

PRINCE. Well, well—oh!
 There's Goldust and his daughters coming here;
 And there's no way for me to bolt, I fear!

Enter GOLDUST, BLUETTE, *and* DOLABELLA.

Most noble lord, it fills me with delight
 To see you, and your beauteous daughter bright,
 And you, most learned lady, fair Blurette—
 It's such a long time since we two have met.

GOLD. You see, we just was takin' a bit airin',
 An' Dollybeller here was a-declarin'
 As how she were afraid the time would go,
 An' that she wouldn't have none left to throw
 Away upon her dress an' fixin's—

DOLA. Pa!
How can you be so vulgar?

GOLD. Vulgar?

PRINCE (*coming forward to Blurette*). Ah!

My old playfellow! May I call you so?
'Tis nearly ten years since we used to go
A-roaming through the neighbouring woods together,
Or climbing hills, covered with purple heather.
One day, I well remember, I had run
Away from all the rest, and, just for fun,
I hid beneath a bush upon a ledge
Which crumbled, and I rolled over the edge,
And there I lay, for no one heard me shout,
Till dear Blurette came and pulled me out.
How glad I was when on firm ground I stood!

BLUE. Your Highness' memory is very good—
I had forgotten it completely—

GOLD. (*coming forward*). Why!
Gals, do you know what Blawforth says? My eye!
Dolly, you'd best look out; there's goin' to be
The most tremendous war you never see.

BLUE. A war? Oh dear!

DOLA. But not before the ball?

PRINCE. No; that's my welcome and good-bye to all
My friends at once.

BLAW. It's gaun tae be a swell ane—
The bills for dresses are eneuch tae fell ane.
An' oh, his Majesty telt's tae proclaim
That when ye come ye're no' tae gi'e yer name,
But stick a dingy cloot before yer face,
An' say ye've come frae ony daft-like place.

DOLA. A fancy ball! oh, how delicious! Blue,
I think I'll do for Juliet, don't you?

GOLD. I say, gals, p'raps you'd better just go home.
I'm goin' to see the King. Blawforth, you come.

Exeunt GOLDUST and BLAWFORTH.

PRINCE. I'll hope to see you there to-night?

DOLA. Oh yes!

I couldn't stay away. You'll know my dress—
It's lovely white—

BLUE. The King is to be there?

PRINCE. He so intends.

BLUE. Then I will!

DOLA. I declare!

Round.

BLUETTE, DOLABELLA, and PRINCE.

Softly now the hour is chiming,
Our departure homeward timing—
Good-bye. Good-bye.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.

Hall in Goldust's Castle.

CINDERELLA *sitting.*

Song, 'I'm Afloat.'

I'm alone, I'm alone in this dim, dismal hall.
My father and sisters are off to the ball.
How happy they'll be! O that I could have gone
To enjoy myself too! But no, I'm alone.

They'll dance all night long in the brightest of lights,
On the softest of carpets, with brave, handsome knights;
Whilst I sit in the dark on this cold cheerless stone,
Uncared-for, unflattered, unpraised, and alone.

The shadows are gathering—the hour must be late.
 I can't sleep, I can't rest, I must just sit and wait.
 I think something's wrong at the wind's every moan,
 And there's no one to help me. Alas! I'm alone.

FAIRY (*from behind the scenes*).

Song, 'La Campana.'

Young mortal, why weep you?
 What sad vigils keep you?
 Why cannot you sleep, you
 So young and so fair?
 Nay, never fear me.
 Trust me, and hear me;
 While you are near me
 No burden you bear.

CIN. Who is it speaks? It is a kindly voice,
 And bids my heart cease mourning, and rejoice.

FAIRY. Tell me your woes—I'll ease them.

CIN. I'm ashamed
 To tell you why I sat so long and blamed
 My friends for my misfortunes. But indeed
 I felt quite out of sorts.

FAIRY (*entering*). I think you need
 Some healthful exercise to set you right,
 So I shall send you to the ball to-night.

CIN. What happiness! But no, it's just a dream,
 And I shall waken soon.

FAIRY. Poor child, you seem
 To lead a lonely, joyless life. But know
 I am your fairy godmother, and so
 Have power my promise to perform.

CIN. How nice!
 But I must reach the palace in a trice.

FAIRY. Yes ; here's your carriage and your tiny steed—
I brought them in my pocket. You will need
A coachman, so I'll send you one express.

CIN. But must I go in this old ugly dress ?

FAIRY. Your beauty will outshine all ornament ;
But you shall go in state is my intent.

Song, '*Belle Mahone.*'

FAIRY.

Now these dingy rags must fall,
Ere your chariot from this hall
Bears you radiant to the ball,
 Bright as a star !
There the Prince shall see your charms,
Think of you when war's alarms
Tear him from his loved one's arms,
 Dearer when far.
Dearer when far ! Dearer when far !
He will hold your image dear
 Dearer when far !

Duet, '*Nora Creina.*'

CINDERELLA.

Now I'm off to have some fun.
Won't you wish me much enjoyment ?
Happier days for me 're begun,
And more girlish an employment.

FAIRY.

Yes, but don't you stay out late.
When the great clock twelve is striking,
Haste away, or else your fate
Will not be quite to your liking.

BOTH.

Yes, a ball's a splendid thing,
When you don't stay there till morning.

Grey daylight will put to flight
The charms of night, so heed this warning.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Anteroom in the Palace.

Enter BLAWFORTH.

BLAW. Is't no' near time tha'e dancin' fouk were comin' ?
I dinna ken hoo ony man or wumman
Possessed o' onything like common sense
Can waste guid time on ony sic pretence
O' fleein' like the birdies in the air,
Or soomin' like the fish, or like the hare
Loupin'—it strikes me they hae a' gane daft—
I ne'er wad be sae silly or sae saft.
They're unco late. Tae while awa' the time,
I'll gi'e ye a' my story in a rhyme.

Song.

My birthplace was fair Embro' toun—
(It's there I mean tae settle doun
When Cashcrave's gotten his sodgers kilt,
His kingdom ta'en, an' his savin's spilt).

My mither sent me tae the schule—
The maister telt's I was a fule—
I wadna bide tae be misca'ed,
Sae played the kip, an' got ootlawed.

Nae lear for me. I next cam' here
Tae bottle wine, an' ale, an' beer.
Eh my! that *was* a jolly time,
An' a' the taps—they were jist prime.

'Twas then I met a bonnie lass,
 An' sighed, an' gaed on like an ass,
 An' praised her cheeks, an' lips, an' e'en.
 She lauched at me—sae ends this scene.

A'e nicht the King was awfu' mad—
 I think his gouty tae 'd been bad—
 He cheenged the places o' us a',
 An' ga'e me the herald's trump tae blaw.

I'm tired o't noo. I want a view
 O' a' improvements, a' that's new.
 I houp the National Monument
 Is worth the cash that's there been spent.

'Mid sic a set o' cooncillors wise,
 Ane nicht tae the occasion rise,
 Propose wi' gless tae roof it in
 For concerts—then the fouk wad rin.

'Twad pay far better nor the Market.
 But gin I didna 'keep it dark,' it
 Micht get abroad, an' gar some think
 'Twad be a better skatin'-rink.

I'm gaun tae walk in Princes Street,
 An' a' my auld acquaintance meet
 Aneath the shade of stately trees—
 I dinna think I'm hard tae please.

Frae a' I hear, an' see, an' read,
 There maun be lots o' cheenges 'greed
 On tae be cairried oot. I doot
 I winna ken't when I come oot.

Bell rings.



SCENE V

ENTER BARON GOLDUST

BLAWFORTH, "EH, THERÈS HER FAITHER; HE'S AN AWFU' SCRUB".

"HE, LOOKS AS IF HÈD COME OOT O' A DUB".

BLAW. Oh, here they come! Let's try an' see wha's wha,
The Prince himsel', of coorse, is first o' a'.

PRINCE *passes*.

A weel-faured chiel' he is—jist far ower bonnie
Tae be set up tae shoot at. Like as ony
He'll come hame kilt.

DOLABELLA *passes*.

Wha's that? An awfu' swell.
Oh, it'll be the Leddy Dolabell.
She's awfu' gran' got up—but oh, the cost!
On every gown there'd be a fortune lost.

BARON GOLDUST *passes*.

Eh, that's her faither—he's an awfu' scrub—
He looks as if he'd come oot o' a dub.
He winna brush his claes when they get dirt
For fear the claith should wear, or tear, or hurt.

The KING *passes (disguised)*.

A furriner at last! Wha can he be?
I seem tae ken him, tae. Weel, bide a wee.
We'll see when they tak' aff thae dingy cloots.

FAIRY *passes*.

Anither body no' frae hereabouts!
A wiselike lady.

BLUETTE *passes*.

I should ken that face—
I've seen it in some awfu' croodit place.
I ken it noo—our learned Lady Blue!
It's queer tae see her here, at least the noo.

CINDERELLA *passes*.

Eh my! Wha's that? An empress or a queen?
For sic' a sicht o' splendour ne'er was seen

Wi' ony ither body ! Wi' what grace
 She walks ! Noo in the dance she's ta'en her place,
 The Prince her pairtner—they're a handsome pair !
 They're comin' here tae dance—my corns 'll fare
 But puirly at their han's, or rather feet,
 Sae I had better mak' guid my retreat.

Exit BLAWFORTH. Enter the Dancers. Dance off.

Enter BLUETTE and KING.

BLUE. You say, sir, you're acquainted with the King ?

KING. I am, fair lady.

BLUE. That's the very thing !
 I'm very anxious for an interview
 On business of importance, so could you
 Arrange to let me see him ?

KING. Do you think
 The courage of his majesty would shrink
 From an encounter with a lady fair ?
 Believe me, he would any danger dare
 (Except your frown) for one glance from those eyes !

BLUE. That is the kind of language I despise.
 In plain words, sir, will you say 'Yes' or 'No ?'

KING. 'Yes' is my answer, madam.

BLUE. Then I go
 To plan my line of action—Sir, farewell.
 Thanks for your kindness.

Exit BLUETTE.

KING. Ah ! I cannot tell
 What strange new feelings agitate my heart !
 Whate'er the case be, I must take her part.
 What grace, what wit, what learning she displayed !
 And then, when my presumptuous thoughts had strayed
 From my control, and into words broke out,
 With how much dignity she turned about !
 Ah, such a woman should have been a queen !
 She may be yet—remain that to be seen.

Enter the Dancers.

CIN. What a nice dance we've had! I liked it so.

PRINCE. And so did I indeed. (*Aside*) I'm in a glow.
She's found at last I've waited for so long—
My pent-up feelings must find vent in song.

Duet—'Love's Young Dream.'

PRINCE. Oh, in all my life I never felt so happy as
to-night!

CIN. Oh, indeed, to me it's like a dream of beauty and
delight!

PRINCE. The lights, the flowers, the beauty round.

CIN. The music and the dance.

BOTH. All, all combine with fairy power our spirits to
entrance.

CIN. Oh, 'tis sweet to taste of pleasure's cup, if only for
an hour!

PRINCE. Oh, 'tis sweeter far to taste of love, far stronger
is its power!

CIN. You are so noble, kind, and good.

PRINCE. And you so fair and true.

BOTH. From this time forth my brightest thoughts shall
ever be of you.

The Clock strikes Twelve—CINDERELLA runs off.

PRINCE. Gone? She is gone! She was a vision bright,
And lent just for a moment to our sight.

Alas! No traces has she left, no clue—

But stay, what's this? Ah yes, it is her shoe—

This precious little keepsake hope restores,

And bids me not despair. Guards at the doors,

Tell me, saw ye a lovely princess pass?

BLAW. Nae princess, but a puir bare-fitted lass.

PRINCE. Proclaim, old Blawforth, all throughout the
town,

And then in golden letters write it down :
 'Whene'er the *slipper* goes on lady's foot
 The Prince will take her as his bride, to *boot*.'

PRINCE—' *Here awa', There awa'*.'

Come back to me, oh! my sweet lovely princess;
 Lonely I sit, ever dreaming of thee.
 Come to me, love, ere I faint and grow weary—
 If thou art wanting, what will my life be?

DOLABELLA—' *Paddle your own Canoe*.'

You've taken an awfully serious fit,
 And its not good breeding at all
 To let every fair young damsel sit
 All night, whom you've asked to a ball.
 If you can't make the Princess come back,
 You needn't sit moping up there,
 Ask some other lady to dance—there's no lack
 Of partners. You won't? I don't care.

KING—' *Write me a Letter from Home*.'

Lonely I stand here and weep—
 Though I can't squeeze out a tear—
 All the night long I shan't sleep,
 Thinking so much of my dear.
 Caschrave, you're not very old,
 You used to be thought quite a beau;
 Dress makes you youthful you're told,
 Try it—perhaps that is so.

FAIRY—' *Gentle Spring*.'

Sleep, sleep, mortals sleep!
 Gentle sleep will soothe your sorrow

Take it then—don't wake and weep—
All will bright be on the morrow.

(*Here BLAWFORTH goes round with the flask, on the old principle of 'keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down.'*)

GOLDUST—'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.'

Stop, stop, stop, whatever is you doin' ?
Time, time, time you all was off to bed ;
Off, off, off, how long you is in goin' !
Cold, cold, cold, I'm a-gettin' in my head.
What, what, what, d'ye mean by feelin' sorrow ?
Stuff, stuff, stuff and nonsense quite complete.
Quick, quick, quick, or this'll be to-morrow—
Wish, wish, wish I'd something nice to eat !

BLAWFORTH—'Folly Good Fellows.'

There's naithing the maitter ava—
We're a' quite happy an' braw.

Chorus.

FAIRY.

Sleep, sleep, mortals sleep !
Gentle sleep will soothe your sorrow.
Take it then, don't wake and weep—
All will bright be on the morrow,
Cease your noisy mirth and fun—
In bright day that should be done—
Day is lively, gay, and glad—
Night is calm, and still, and sad.
Let not sorrow cloud your day,
Let not night be scared away—
Sleep, sleep, etc.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE VI.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter* BLUETTE *and* GOLDUST.

BLUE. Father, all's right—so leave me, I implore.

GOLD. 'F you don't let's in, I'll listen at the door.

What sort of business have you with the King?

I tell you plain, Blue, as it ain't the thing

For no young 'ooman to speak up so queer,

And not to let her lawful father hear.

He was uncommon sweet on you last night—

I must see as the settlement's all right.

BLUE. I don't know what you're saying.

Enter BLAWFORTH.

BLAW. (*To* GOLDUST) Here a meenit!

Exeunt GOLDUST *and* BLAWFORTH.

BLUE. If this is the beginning of the scene, it
Will task my nerves indeed. But never pause,
Bluette! Think upon your glorious cause!

Song.

How long in sadness and despair

Shall these our hopes be blighted?

How long, for trifles light as air,

Shall our great cause be slighted?

We cry—the world heeds not our prayer;

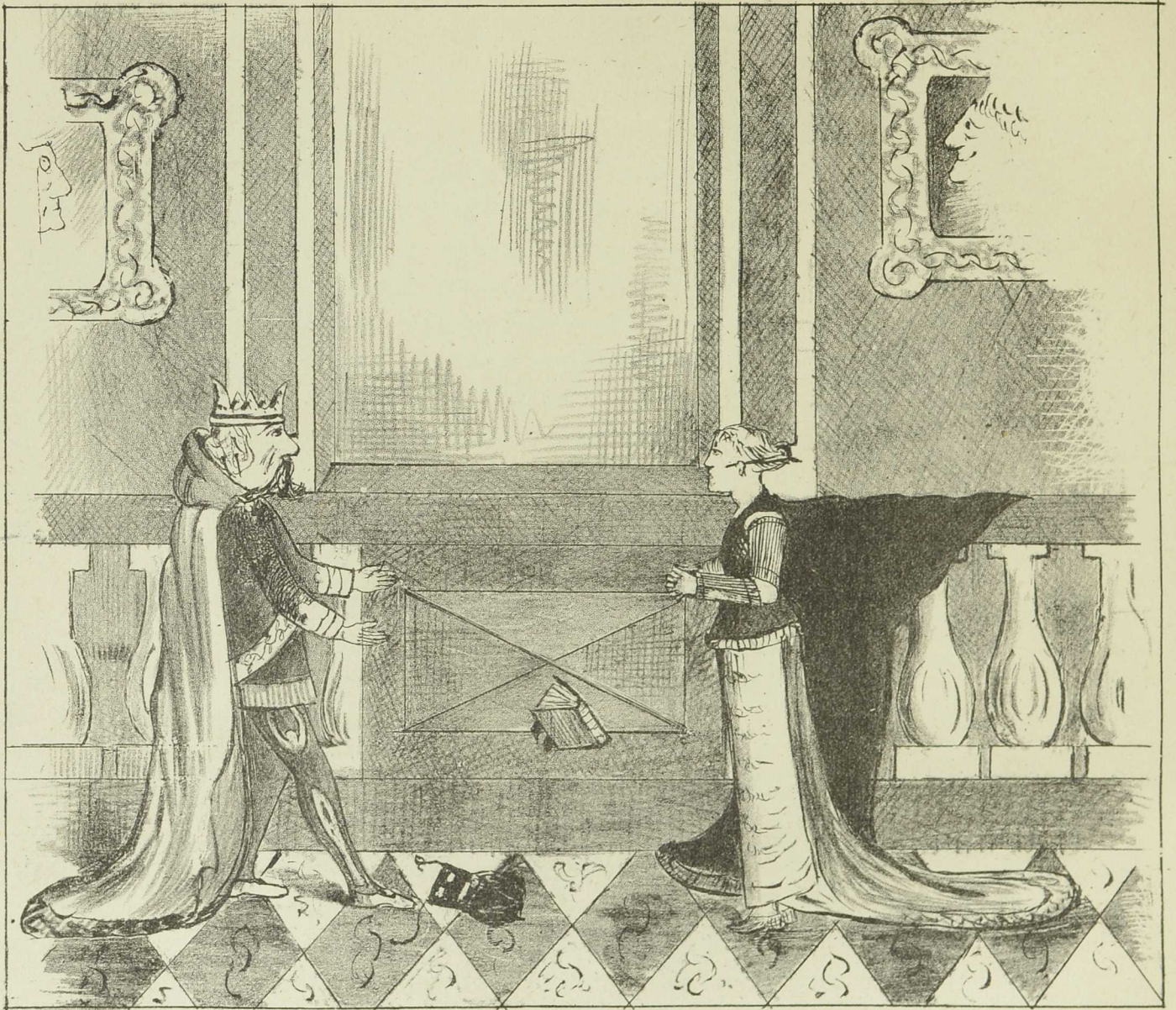
We work—it mocks our work and tears.

How long shall this our fight last, ere

The looked-for aid appears?

How long will you, our sisters, be

Engrossed by empty pleasures?



SCENE VI

THE KING REMOVES HIS DISGUISE.

Or striving narrow-mindedly
 For gold and earthly treasures?
 And you, our brothers in the race,
 Oh, help us onward on our way,
 Nor your authority disgrace
 By forcing us to stay!

How long shall grim and bloody war
 On each fair land be smiting?
 And kinsmen kinsmen from afar
 With murderous rage be fighting?
 Oh, lay your martial weapons down,
 Disband the host with all its pride,
 See Peace enrich each smiling town,
 And Love exult beside!

Enter KING (disguised).

KING. The King will see you, madam.

BLUE. And to you,

For your kind interest, my thanks are due.

KING. It was a selfish kindness!

BLUE. Never mind.

Just show me, please, where I the King may find.

And now, farewell.

KING. (*Removing his disguise.*) Nay, nay, you must
 not go.

I am the King, fair dame. What would you know?

BLUE. It is his majesty! What shall I say?

My self-possession's vanished quite away.

And yet I do not *fear* him—for my mission

Has nourished in my mind the high ambition

To hold it up to emperors and kings,

Nor heed their frown, or the results it brings.

My life's of little value—what am I?
 And for my mission I would gladly die!
 But there's some other feeling tugging here,
 And whispering: 'From this King you've nought to fear.
 His kindness will allow no timid doubt.
 But yet, be still, Blurette—don't speak out.'

KING. Whate'er you ask I'll grant.

BLUE. One moment wait—
 Your gracious promise may have come too late—
 Pray tell me, sire, if all your army's ready?

KING. I know the wine last night was somewhat heady,
 My ears deceive me yet.

BLUE. Nay, sire, 'tis true.
 I ask you if you've ta'en the last review
 Of your brave troops—and when the war begins—
 And what will happen if the enemy wins?

KING. Madam, you ask strange questions. Ere this day
 Draws to a close, the troops will be away,
 The Prince commanding.

BLUE. What! Your only son?
 How quickly you'd have his life sands run!
 Your majesty, pray listen for a while.
 You send these men away for many a mile.
 At home, their wives and children cry for bread—
 You give them empty promises instead.
 Say that you are victorious—the men,
 Weaned from their labours, won't go back again.
 Strikes and lock-outs will be the common cry,
 And some will riot, some lie down and die.
 Your son, too, may be slain, with many more,
 And many a mother's heart made sad and sore.

KING. What would you have?

BLUE. I'd have you make a peace.
 I'd have all wars between all nations cease.

I'd have a learned, skilful, happy race
 Of men and women rise in this one's place.
 Not in this land alone—throughout the earth
 I'd have disseminated joy and mirth ;
 Not noisy idle mirth, but peaceful joy.
 But, sire, pray pardon me if I annoy.

KING. Say on, say on! I'd stand for ever here ;
 Your voice is sweetest music to my ear.
 You now must know, Blurette, I adore you !
 No human creature's fit to place before you.
 You are the wisest, fairest, I've e'er seen,
 And so, I ask you—Will you be my Queen ?

BLUE. Oh no, my liege !

KING. Why not? You don't like me ;
 But that will come in time. I want to see
 How your new government would prosper here
 (For you should govern as you liked, my dear),
 And ventilate your new ideas, and try
 To make the people better. Do not sigh.

BLUE. Again, my liege, oh no! I ne'er shall wed,
 I've vowed to lead a virgin life instead ;
 To give my time to the pursuit of knowledge,
 And, for that end, to form a Ladies' College.

KING. And must I then give up my dream of bliss?
 Ah me! I never thought 't would end like this!

BLUE. But, sire, you'll follow my advice?

KING. Indeed

I will. No more reminders shall I need
 Of what my duty is towards the State.

BLUE. I'm glad the warning didn't come too late.

KING. I have a plan. You won't refuse me now?
 I have the means your College to endow.
 You'll make me a Director, and my days
 Shall quietly pass in showing forth your praise.

The young of all the nation there shall gather ;
I'll watch them with the care of any father.
And you? Your fame shall spread throughout the land,
And with the noblest you shall take your stand.

Duet, '*Carnival of Venice.*'

KING.

I scarce can lose the notion
That I shall win you yet ;
You have my heart's devotion—
I never can forget.

BLUETTE.

Pray put away the useless thought,
It never can come true.
I only think on what I ought.

KING.

And that with me is—you !

BOTH.

We'll not think of what might have been,
We'll stick to what shall be.
We'll never groan or grumble,
For cheery folks are we.

BLUETTE.

You'd best resign the crown, then—
The Prince is old enough—
All cares of State lay down then,
What want we with such stuff?

KING.

Ah, yes! I feel I'm growing old,
And getting dull and stiff;
There's 'silver threads among the gold.'

BLUETTE.

What does it matter? If

BOTH.

Our lives be spent in doing,
Our hearts will ne'er grow cold.
Our people's good pursuing,
We fear not growing old!

SCENE VII.

Hall in Goldust's Castle.

Enter CINDERELLA.

CIN. I am so tired this morning! When I rose,
And found that I had on my dingy clothes,
I wished that lovely dream would come once more.
Gracious, what's that I've let fall on the floor?
A lovely slipper, made of shining white,
Just like the ones I dreamt I wore last night!
I'll put it in my pocket for the present.
The fire's gone out—that isn't very pleasant.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLA. Oh, Cinderella, it is precious cold!
How could you let the fire out, child?

CIN. Pa told
Me to be very careful of the coal,
For 't would be dear this winter.

DOLA. A French roll
And half a cup of coffee's all I need.

CIN. Oh, you shall have your breakfast, never heed
The fire. How did you like the ball last night?

DOLA. Just pretty well. I must have looked a fright,
Because the Prince never asked me to dance;
Indeed, I don't believe he gave one glance
In our direction all the night.

CIN. Indeed!
Who was his partner?

DOLA. I must really plead
My ignorance of who she was, or why.
In such a desperate hurry she'd to fly.
She left her shoe; whoever gets it on
Is lucky, as the proclamation's gone
Forth that the Prince will wed her. I shall try;
But owing to the road not being dry,
I've got some nasty chilblains.

CIN. Your poor feet!
Come, now the fire's right, I'll give you a treat—
Something you're very fond of. Can you guess?

DOLA. Some pottedhead?

CIN. No.

DOLA. Herrings?

CIN. No.

DOLA. Tripe?

CIN. Yes.

You'll never take it before folk, you know,
But only when you're feeling rather low.

DOLA. Oh, thank you, dear; it's really very nice.
I'll have the basin emptied in a trice.

Enter LORD SNUFFY and BLAWFORTH.

BLAW. I cam' tae see if ony o' you twa

Was gaun tae no'-obey the Prince's law—
 Guid keep us, Leddy Dolly, that's no' you?
 Ye'll be in what's ca'ed dishabill the noo?

DOLA. Oh, mercy! Cinderella, hide the bowl.

LORD S. Fair damsel, pity a poor hungry soul.
 It can't be—yes, I do believe its tripe!
 Just wait a minute.

BLAW. Dinna stop tae wipe
 Yer glesses, an' exaumine it that way—
 The servant lass'll no' get leave tae stay.

LORD S. (*to Dola*). Fair lady, I have heard so much of
 you—

Your beauty, and your wit (your fortune too),
 And now, to see your thriftiness as well,
 It overcomes me more than I can tell.
 Try on the slipper; but I hope 't won't fit!
 You see before you one who's fairly hit.

BLAW. Ay, an' Lord Snuffy, mind ye's nae pair catch.
 His lands for ony lass are quite a match.
 He's no' that auld himsel', the cratur, aither—
 Nae aulder than yer ain respeckit faither.

DOLA.—It won't go on: I knew it!

LORD S. Never mind,
 In me a noble husband you will find.

DOLA. You'd better ask papa.

LORD S. I will, my dear.
 Just wait until this matter's settled here.
 Will you try on the slipper? (*To Cinderella.*)

DOLA. Oh, what stuff!
 Cinderella's foot was never small enough.

Enter FAIRY.

FAIRY. Yes, it fits well; and now produce the other.

CIN. Do change my dress again, you dear godmother!

FAIRY. Now, ere you all return quick to the Court,
We'll have a song together for some sport.

Song, '*The Laird o' Cockpen.*'

FAIRY.

The play's almost ended, the secret's come out—
Cinderella's the Princess, of that there's no doubt—
And fair Dolabella a husband has found,
Whom she won't find she'll get quite so easily round.

DOLABELLA *and* LORD SNUFFY.

What care we for prophecies gloomy and dark?
We've both got what we wanted, we're gay as the lark.
He'll give me his wealth for the rest of my life.
She'll make me a handsome and dutiful wife.

CINDERELLA.

I am so very happy, I don't know what to do!
I hope all the rest are quite happy too.
When I am the Princess I'll give a grand ball,
And send invitations to each and to all.

BLAWFORTH.

We'd better no' bide ony langer at present,
Or the Prince'll be vexed, an' that wadna be pleasant.
I think on my road hame I'll rin in an' speer
If the minister's ready—ye'll need him, that's clear.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Hall in the Palace.

PRINCE. Oh, what a fool am I! Am—was—have been—
To think a shoe could point me out my queen!
I'll never find her, and I'll have to wed
Some stuck-up, simpering fashion-plate instead.

Enter FAIRY, CINDERELLA, DOLABELLA *and* LORD S.

FAIRY. Behold your bride!

PRINCE. Impossible! Ah, yes!
It is her very self! Such happiness
Is far too much for me! I'm like to faint.

Enter GOLDUST.

GOLD. This can't was Cinderella? No, it ain't.
And yet it's very like her, only just
Got up a bit—oh, hold me, or I'll bust!
Who's this a-spoonin' on my darter Dolly?
No, no, I'll not put up with no such folly.

LORD S. Sir, do you say you've never heard of me?

GOLD. Have n't the least idea who you'll be.

LORD S. My name, sir, has struck terror to the heart
Of many a mighty man, and made him start.
Lord of the Isles——

GOLD. What iles? not paraffin?
If that's the case, we'd better just lay in
A stock at once. You'll give a good discount?
And Dolly here'll make up the amount.

LORD S. Sir, all your vulgar speech I laugh to scorn;
For know, a Highland chieftain I was born.
My *property*'s in Mull most, and in Perth,
(Australia), Iceland, *all* parts of the earth.

The river *Tay*'s my *proper* place to fish in,
My country residence is—Castle Sneeshin'!
Now, are you satisfied?

GOLD. I'll need to be,
For Dolly is, as far as I can't see.

DOLA. Give us your blessing, pa!

GOLD. Bless yer, my child,
And may yer man be worthy——

LORD S. Draw it mild.

CIN. Dear pa, we want to ask the very same.

GOLD. Who is that next a-hollerin' out my name?

CIN. Just me.

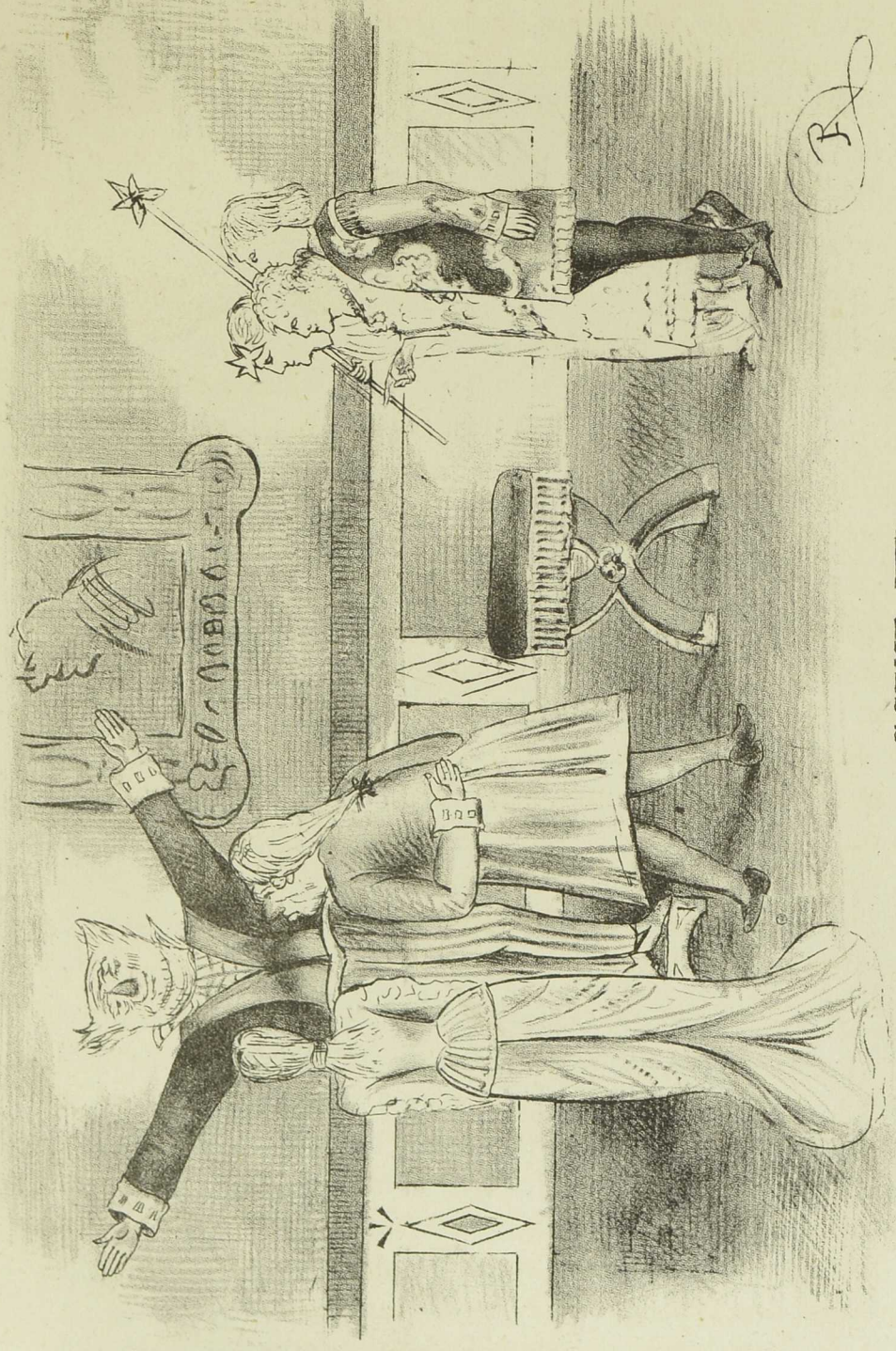
GOLD. Then you're my little Cinderella?
And have I got to you to say farewell? Ah!
Some one go fetch a sheet to catch my tears—
I don't want to begin till it appears.
Oh, child, once you are gone, what shall I do?
I'll never get another cook like you!
No one will darn my stockings, mend my clothes,
And, when I'm feelin' queer, give me a dose.
I'm fairly crushed. But bless yer, anyway,
The Prince is precious lucky—that I'll say.

Enter BLUETTE and KING.

Any more wanted in the blessin' line?
To have a King for son it would be fine.

KING. Your son? Alas! that pleasure is denied us.
(*Aside.* But such a father really would have tried us.)
We must announce to all our subjects dear,
That now no dreadful war they have to fear.
Peace is proclaimed; so send the herald round.

PRINCE. But where's the herald? He's not to be found.



SCENE VIII

Enter BLAWFORTH.

BLAW. Eh me, I'm oot o' breath, I've run sae fast—
 What maitters it, gin I've fund ane at last?
 I'll tell ye my adventures. First, ye see,
 I thocht I'd jist look in on the U.P.
 A snod-like servant lass cam' tae the door,
 An' telt's he'd gane tae some tremendous splore
 About the turnin' o' a play-house roun'
 Intil a Lecture-Hall. I felt a stoun'
 O' wonderment—I'd aye thocht the word 'stage'
 Set a' thae black-coat bodies in a rage.
 No that they canna mak' fules o' themselves—
 That's neither here nor there, a' body tells.
 Bit tae my tale. I next ca'ed on the Free
 Wi' jist as muckle guid success, for he
 Was at a meetin', tae, wi' the intent
 O' knockin' down the auld Establishment.
 (I thocht that ministers were unco guid,
 An' hectored fouk for keepin' up bad bluid,)
 I knockit at the Auld Kirk minister's manse.
 The dour auld wife that cam' ga'e mony a glance
 A' ower's, then speered hoo muckle I could len' her—
 'The maister's at a Presbytery denner.
 He'll no' be hame afore the mornin' comes;
 An' whan he does, he's aften in the strums.
 I haena tasted meat the day.' I wipet
 My e'en in kindly sympathy, an' ripet
 My pooch as hard as e'er I could for siller.
 A' that was in't wadna ha'e drooned the miller—
 Or paid the water-rate for daein't. At last
 I seized my trumpet, blew a farewell blast,
 Then passed it ower. 'Twould maybe no bring muckle,
 (An' for a new ane I'm no gaun tae truckle.)
 I houp the body mayna ha'e felt ill,

For, as I left, she muttered, 'No' a'e gill !'

KING. Blawforth, what strange forgetfulness is this ?
The fellow's drunk, or mad ; something's amiss.
Seize him, ye guards ! Keep him in durance vile,
And let him drink cold water all the while !

BLUE. My liege, I ask it as a special favour—
Pray pardon him.

GOLD. He'll be on good behaviour
Henceforward. But it were an orful sin
To give so much brass for so little tin !

KING. You're pardoned, sir, d'ye hear. If there's no
more
Of your mad freaks, you're herald as before.

BLAW. Muckle obleeged t'ye, but I maun decline.

GOLD. What does yer mean by kickin' up a shine ?

BLAW. Jist this—I'm wearyin' for my native toun,
Upon the Calton Hill tae lay me doun,
Tae promenade the Gardens, the Arcade,
An' the new Market. They ha'e a' been made
Since I was there last, an' I'm gettin' curious
Tae see if they're the rale Mackay—no spurious.

FAIRY. You'll have your wish. Surely you'll all admit
That Modern Athens is a city fit
To call forth praise. Goldust, you'd better be
Prepared to set out too.

GOLD. No, mum, not me.
I means to shut up shop here, and to board
With my three darters—sure they can afford
To give their poor old parient shelter now,
Seeing they ha'in't been brought up anyhow.

LORD S. Certainly, sir, my lovely bride and I
Will be most glad to have you, and will try
To keep you in comfort and elegance
On two pound weekly—payable in advance.

FAIRY. Do so then ; you will keep each other bright,
 Sharpening your wits all day, and all the night
 Using them on each other. King Cashcrave
 And wise Bluette, you have both been brave
 In giving up all selfish happiness.
 Your College, I predict, will bring success.
 Followed by blessings you will take your way
 Along life's path—honour to you, I say !
 As for the young folk, the Prince Eglantine
 And Cinderella—hero, heroine
 Of this whole story—we can but rejoice
 In your great happiness, and with one voice
 Call out, 'Long life to the new King and Queen !'
 Nobler and fairer there have never been.

KING. Thanks for your kindly wishes. I'm content

BLUE. Indeed, and so am I. I ne'er was meant
 For a quiet, peaceful, happy, family life—
 I must have stir, excitement, work, and strife.
 My mission seems at last about to be
 Accomplished—if that's true, no thanks to me.
 I have been overbearing, rash and proud,
 Despised the few that I might win the crowd,
 Have looked for great results at once, and often
 Have murmured when my prayers no heart could soften.
 But I know better now. I'll try to move
 By milder means—not threatenings, but love—
 Be pleased with small beginnings, glad to see
 The first faint glimmerings of knowledge—be
 Patient and hopeful, courteous, kind, and meek—
 These are the new acquirements that I seek.

PRINCE. One-tenth part of your words come true would
 serve us—

I can't say any more, I feel so nervous.

BLAW. I'd fair forgot tae say the Bishop's comin'

In hauf an oor tae mak' ye man an'—wumman.

CIN. How late to tell us! But we'll have a song.
Oh yes, we must, dear Fairy—come along!

Song—' *Bonnie Dundee.*'

CINDERELLA.

Here's a very good health to our friends one and all,
May no shadow of sorrow upon them e'er fall,
May the nation be prosperous, gay, and at ease,
And oh, may our critics be not hard to please!

Chorus.

To-night we're so happy we heed not a frown—
If we're laughed at, we'll laugh the intended laugh down—
We care not a straw for any of these,
But 't will make us e'en merrier still if we please.

PRINCE—' *The Lass o' Gowrie.*'

Now I'm the king I mean to start
A lot of new inventions smart,
And in their working take a part,
As I'm a lucky fellow!
In time the streets shall run on wheels,
The cats and dogs shall dance Scotch reels
Instead of uttering midnight squeals,
And giving many a yell, oh!

FAIRY—' *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*'

Poor dear Cinderella,
Poor dear Cinderella,
You will have to try and rule
Your husband too, like Dolabella.

Don't you fear, though, 't will be done—
 He will do whatever you wish—
 Don't let him to danger run,
 At the same time don't be shrewish.

Chorus.

Poor dear Cinderella, &c.

BLUETTE—*'The Scottish Bluebell.'*

Oh where, tell me where has my haughty spirit gone?
 I feel quite inclined now to join in the fun.
 Here's long life and prosperity to both my sisters dear,
 And a grand night's enjoyment to everybody here.

KING—*'A Man's a Man for a' that.'*

Is there a man among us here,
 Desires to be a King, sirs?
 He little knows the weight of care
 A crown to him would bring, sirs.

Chorus.

The cares of State a burden great
 Are found in every case, sirs.
 We'd each lay down a golden crown
 Without a doleful face, sirs.

DOLABELLA and LORD SNUFFY—*'Kelvin Grove.'*

Will you come to Sneeshin' Castle, lords and ladies, oh?
 Will you come to Sneeshin' Castle, lords and ladies, oh?
 Mirth and fun will there abound, and the cheering pinch
 go round
 When you come to Sneeshin' Castle, lords and ladies oh!

GOLDUST—‘*What’s a’ the steer, kimmer?*’

I’ll come an’ see yer, Dolly—

Come precious quick—

If you don’t tell me coolly

For to cut my stick.

Oh, I’ll tuck into the snuff, won’t I

Tuck into the snuff!

And I hope there’ll be enough, don’t I

Hope there’ll be enough!

BLAWFORTH—‘*There’s nae Luck.*’

Oh, there’s no toun like Embro’ toun

O’ a’ the touns I see—

But it’s no polite tae threep on that,

Sae please tae pardon me.

I houp the mairriages the nicht

Will come off ticht and fast.

They’re a’ like turtle-dooos the noo—

Hoo long, nae, will it last?

Chorus.

It’s sure to last throughout our lives,

We haven’t the slightest fear.

So wish us every happiness,

And many a pleasant year.

Round.

Now our trials all are past,

And good fortune’s come at last,

In our happiness do we

Hope you may as happy be.

