



P E R D I T A

OR THE

ROYAL MILKMAID

BEING THE LEGEND UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SUPPOSED
TO HAVE FOUNDED HIS

WINTER'S TALE

A NEW AND ORIGINAL BURLESQUE

BY

W I L L I A M B R O U G H .

LONDON.
THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND.

PERDITA; OR, THE ROYAL MILKMAID.

*First Represented at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
on Monday Sept. 15th, 1856.*

CHARACTERS.

- LEONTES (*King of Sicilia; a King
who, in spite of the belief to the con-
trary, could do wrong.*) . . . MR. S. CALHAEM.
- POLIXENES (*King of Bithynia.*) . MR. WILLIAM BROUGH.
(*His first appearance on any stage.*)
- FLORIZEL (*his Son and Heir—dis-
obedient as usual, but charming as
ever.*) . . . MRS. A. MELLON, (late MISS WOOLGAR.)
- AUTOLYCUS (*a Rogue, and it is
hardly necessary to add, a Vagabond*) MR. J. L. TOOLE.
- CAMILLO (*a Sicilian Lord*) . . . MR. J. G. SHORE.
- ANTIGONUS (*a Nurse.*) . . . MR. BARRETT.
- THE BEAR (*an Ursa.*) . . . MR. H. MARSHALL.
- BLOCUS (*an old Shepherd, supposed
—by everybody but the Audience, who
know better—to be Perdita's Father.*) MR. HOLSTON.
- TIME, as CHORUS (*up to everything,
including, of course, the time of day.*) MISS HARRIET GORDON.
- HERMIONE (*Leontes' Queen, always
elegant, and finally quite Statuesque.*) MRS. BUCKINGHAM WHITE.
- PERDITA (*the Royal Milkmaid.*) . MISS M. WILTON.
- PAULINA (*a strong-minded Matron;
considerably the better-half of Anti-
gonus.*) . . . MRS. WESTON.
- Lords, Ladies, Courtiers. Attendants, Nobility, Gentry, and the
Public in General; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Peasants,
Tagrag and Bobtail.

With New Scenery, by Mr. B. Tannett, of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh; Mr. F. Holding of the School of Design, Manchester; and Assistants, The Dresses by Madame Serin, and Mr. D. May. The Appointments by Mr. E. Bradwell. The Machinery by Mr. Sloman. The Music Composed and Arranged by Mr. W. II. Montgomery.

BANQUETING HALL in the PALACE OF
LEONTES.

DESERT SPOT, ON THE SHORES OF BOHEMIA, OR
BITHYNIA, or wherever it is.

A CLASSICAL ALLEGORY,

Getting through a lapse of 16 years in something like 16 minutes.

Miss Rosina Wright,

Madlle. Clari, Miss Horn, Madlle Marie, Miss Bullen, Miss Ladd,
Miss Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

GRAND AERIEL TABLEAU.

ROAD NEAR THE SHEPHERD'S FARM.

THE FEAST OF SHEEP SHEARING.

Apartment in the Palace of Leontes.

THE HALL OF THE STATUE.

P E R D I T A .

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by TIME, as CHORUS in front of the curtain.

Kind ladies and gentlemen, ere we begin,
You'll allow me a word or two just to put in;
I am Time—not the Old Time, that all of you know,
With his scythe, and his hour-glass, hobbling and slow.
Times change—I'm the modern, the go-a-head fast Time—
We laugh at the old one, because he's a past Time.
I'm here as the Chorus. The fact is, this play,
As written by Shakspeare, won't do in our day.
There's so strange an admixture of periods historical,
An emp'ror of Russia, a pedlar, an oracle,
That now in this critical age each man wonders
The bard should make such chronological blunders.
Yet the reason is plain, for we're told that his rhymes,
He wrote not for one age, but for all sorts of times ;
They've called upon me as Time only can reconcile,
Time's contradictions, so in a few seconds I'll
Show how I've righted what Shakspeare left wrong ;
And as I'm a chorus, I'll do it in song.

SONG,—TIME.—AIR, " *The Ratcatcher's Daughter.*"

Long time ago from Bohemia
Sailed the king—no, we're wrong about the quarter ;
For the king didn't come from Bohemia,
'Cause he couldn't come thence by water.
So we can't have that,
But we'll place him at

Bithynia—it's a name no shorter,
 Nor longer than the other, so the lines come pat,
 And prevent the poor old dramatist's slaughter.
 Doodle dum, &c.

I've the actors dressed, just as I thought best,
 In Greek Robes, with the Phrygian bonnet;
 It's a fine effect, and may be correct,
 Since the bard says nothing upon it.
 Though a pedlar to place,
 Selling tapes and lace,
 On the stage, in this dress, may be thought a
 Mistake—not a bit,
 He looks well in it,
 So what matter for the dramatist's slaughter.
 Doodle dum, &c.

This period to match, in each single snatch
 Of music to be sung, I've tried of
 The oldest tunes to get, including that, as yet,
 Unknown melody the old cow died of.
 And that all might be
 In antiquity,
 Alike, I for my puns cry quarter,
 For I've chosen, good folks,
 The most ancient jokes,
 For this worthy old dramatist's slaughter.
 Doodle dum, &c.

PROMPTER. (*outside.*) Time!

TIME. What?

PROMPTER. Time for the curtain now to rise.

TIME. All right! don't wait for me. I'm off. Time flies!

Exit TIME, L.

Music.—Curtain rises.

SCENE I.—*Banqueting Hall in the Palace of Leontes.*

At the rising of the Curtain, LEONTES and POLIXENES are discovered, R., reclining on couches, after the manner of the ancient Greeks; NOBLEMEN, COURTIERS, & C, grouped L., GUARDS, R. and L. A large punch-bowl, of classic design, C, beside which stands the SYMPOSIARCH, or Master of the Feast, with the punch-ladle of his office. ATTENDANTS bring spirits, hot water, lemons, sugar, &c, and pour them into the bowl.

SONG,—LEONTES AND CHORUS.

AIR, " *Come landlord fill the flowing bowl*"

Come, slaveys, fill yon classic vase,
Until it does run over,
For your monarch means to be
The opposite of sober.

CHORUS. For our monarch means to be, &c.

(at the end of chorus, POLIXENES rises, and shakes hands with LEONTES.

LEON. Don't go, old fellow. Have another—do.

POLIX. Not a drop more—I must be off.

LEON. Pooh ! pooh !

Sit down, I tell you. What's your hurry, eh ?

POLIX. Why, the fact is, I've been so long away—

My subjects may complain.

LEON. Oh ! hang the grumblers !

Sit down. *(pushes him down.)*

POLIX. But really !

LEON. Nonsense. Ho ! Clean tumblers.

POLIX. *(rising.)* You must excuse me. State affairs demand—

LEON. The sugar ! *(ATTENDANT brings it.)*

POLIX. Who knows ? I may find my land
Convulsed with civil wars—with strife and slaughter,
All through my absence, getting in—

LEON. *(to ATTENDANTS.)* Hot water !

POLIX. How would my conduct then seem ?

LEON, (*to ATTENDANTS.*) Ram!

POLIX. And I

Should be pronounced—

LEON. (*to ATTENDANTS.*) A spoon!

POLIX. Just so. Good bye. (*going.*)

LEON. (*rises.*) Come, just taste this ! I wish you'd stop—
you'd better—

POLIX. Nine months already have we been a debtor
To your kind hospitality. I know you
Don't grudge it—but consider what we owe you:
Myself, my suite, my courtiers and dependants,
Three quarters' board and lodging, with attendance—
Washing and firing extra—need I go on
To items such as boot-cleaning, and so on ?

LEON. Why speak of this ?

POLIX. Then have you taken me,
Daily, your city's wondrous sights to see.
I've viewed your public squares and fountains—

LEON. What?
The square and fountains ? Oh! I hope you've not.

POLIX. The noble stream that flows your city through
I've seen—

LEON. And, I'll be sworn, have smelt it too.

POLIX. Your statues, of the heroes you hold dearest,
Some of the finest—

LEON. And some of the queerest.

POLIX. I've viewed your parks—your palaces, each one of
them—

And your new senate houses—

LEON. All that's done of them.

I fear, my friend, few men in being now

Will live to see *them* finished anyhow.

POLIX. But of all sights I've seen, the one most glorious
Was the return of your brave troops victorious
From well-fought battle fields. When, thro' their
ranks

Their sov'reign passed, bestowing well won thanks,
Scarce a dry eye was there in all the crowd.

LEON. You're right—of that sight we may well feel
proud.

POLIX. (*shaking hands.*) But now, once more, good bye.
 LEON. Will nothing stay you ?
 POLIX. Nothing.
 LEON. But till to-morrow.
 POLIX. (*going R.*) Can't.
 LEON. I pray you.

Enter HERMIONE and LADIES, L.

HER. What's this I hear ? You've bid your servants pack
 Your bag, as if we'd given you the sack.
 Nay, I am sure your Majesty but jokes—
 You only talk of starting, for the hoax.
 POLIX. Start for the Oaks ? Not so ; my heart it grieves,
 Speaking of trees, that we must take our leaves,
 And trunks, and make our bows. To follow suit
 With these vile puns, we should be now *en route*.
 HER. You really mean it then ? This conduct's fine—
 Taking your leave without first asking mine.
 Suppose I bid you stop.
 LEON. (*L. H.*) 'Twould be in vain.
 It's quite impossible he can remain.
 He told me so just now—he can't deny it.
 HER. Can't I prevail on you ?
 LEON. Suppose you try it.

SONG,—HERMIONE.—AIR, "*Il segreto.*"

Sir, let us be happy together,
 For a week or two longer I pray;
 Just ask yourself candidly whether
 You can't contrive somehow to stay.
 Royal visits just now, we've so few, sir,
 We can't let your Majesty go,
 Let us hope then that you, sir,
 Will stay a bit, do, sir,
 If but for a fortnight or so.
 Why go away ?
 Stay, sir, I pray,
 And let us be happy together &C.

Sc. 1.

PERDITA.

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POLIX. (*taking her hand.*) I ne'er could disoblige a lady.

LEON. What ?
Then you won't go ?

POLIX. No.

HER. There—I knew you'd not.

POLIX. When a fair lady bids—

LEON. (*aside.*) I like not that ?

(POLIXENES *kisses her hand.*)

Under my very nose ! I smell a rat !

HER. How could you think of going ? Don't you know
There's the regatta and the flower show
You promised us to visit—eh, my lord ?

LEON. The boat race! true—(*aside.*)—I'll pitch him over-board.

HER. Then you forget to-morrow.

POLIX. Not at all.

HER. Our grand review.

LEOX. (*aside.*) The troops shall load with ball.

HER. And I've arranged a pic-nic for next week.

LEON. (*aloud.*) May it rain cats, dogs, pitchforks—

HER. Did you speak ?

LEON. Not I.

POLIX. Your majesty seems moved.

LEON. Oh, no.

HER. 'Tis but a head ache: he is often so
After his grog. Here, let me bind it—It'll
Be well again—

LEON. Your napkin is too little.
(*throwing handkerchief away a la Othello*)

POLIX. That's rude, (*crosses to L. H.*)

HER. Don't mind him. Come out in the air—
'Twill do you good.

LEON. (R. H.) Go you—I'll join you there.

HER. Come, he'll be better soon—feel no alarm.

(*Music.—Exeunt HERMIONE and POLIXENES, L.,
followed by NOBLES, COURTIERS, GUARDS, &c.*)

LEON. (*watching them.*) See! see! by heavens, they're
walking arm-in-arm !

Passing the door he stops now to give place to her;
And when she speaks, by Jove! he turns his face to
her.

What more proof's wanted? Now, he speaks, I
 think
 She nods ! That nod's as good as any wink.

Enter CAMILLO, L.

How now—your news ? Camillo, in one word,
 What says our court of this ?

CAM. My liege, I've heard—
 LEON. What have you heard ? Don't keep me in suspense.
 CAM. The king stops here to-night.
 LEON. And when goes hence ?
 CAM. That I know not; but my informant says—
 Most likely 'twill be—one of these fine days.
 LEON. Oh, never shall the sun that fine day see.
 We made him welcome—he's himself made free.
 I bid him come to court; but on my life
 I little thought he'd come to court my wife.
 CAM. My liege, you have your royal lady wronged.
 LEON. Listen, Camillo ! I would have prolonged
 His stay—tried every argument I knew,
 Brewed him some punch—you know how I *can*
 brew?
 He scorned it.
 CAM. That looks bad.
 LEON. But at her bidding
 He stays.
 CAM. The deuce!
 LEON. You must find means of ridding
 Me of his presence.
 CAM. I ?
 LEON. You are, I think,
 Our cupbearer.
 CAM. I am.
 LEON. Then drug his drink.
 Start not—'tis daily done throughout our nation.
 CAM. What, pois'ning ?
 LEON. Well, it's called adulteration.
 All I ask is you'll mix our royal brother
 A glass so strong he'll never want another.
 Then name your own reward—fail, and you'll rue it.
 CAM. Obedience seems to pay the best—I'll do it.

LEON. Thanks, thanks, my friend. You've made my heart so light.

To-morrow then at breakfast, eh ?

CAM. All right!

Exit LEONTES, L.

This ugly deed a handsome price must hook in,
Which makes the ugly deed much better lookin';
For who to such an act could reconcile
His conscience—if 'twere not made worth his while ?
'Tis the reward makes me in guilt thus bold:
Who cares for guilt when he can get real gold ?
But see—my victim ! Hah ! a thought—suppose
I were to tell him—all the plot disclose,
Which would pay best ?

Enter POLIXENES, L.—*crosses to R.*

POLIX. What ails the king, I wonder ?

He passed me now with brow as black as thunder.

What's happened ? Here, you what's a name—you flunkey—

What's up—besides your royal master's monkey ?

CAM. One or two questions first, sire, do not think 'em impertinent. But what's your average income ?

POLIX. (*aside.*) I see his drift—this questioning implies an income tax commissioner in disguise.

I must be cautious. (*aloud.*) Well, it's far from large.

CAM. Then will I conscientiously discharge my duty.

POLIX. Stay—explain.

CAM. You can't afford it.

I'm sorry for you, but—

POLIX. Speak ! I'll reward it

Beyond your wildest hopes.

CAM. But can you ? will you ?

POLIX. I will—I can—

CAM. Now were I paid to kill you !

POLIX. To kill me ? (*starting.*)

CAM. We'll suppose the case. Consider

You see me going to the highest bidder,

One says " I'll give you so much for your trouble,
If you will do it," what would you say.

CAM. You would?

POLIX. I would

CAM. And pay it.

POLIX. Honour bright!

CAM. Take my advice, then; lets be off to-night.

POLIX. What mean you?

CAM. I'll explain some other time.

Happy the conscience that is free from crime!

Exeunt, R.

Enter TIME, R. U. E.

TIME. Time's needed now for them, on board to get.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, AND LORDS

LEON. Camillo gone!

TIME. Stop! You don't know it yet.

LEON. I beg your pardon.

TIME. Time must first elapse,
But there's' no reasoning with these jealous chaps,
So I must leave to your imagination
The time required for their safe embarkation..
Suppose them nearing, now, with favouring breeze,
Bohemia--or Bithynia-which you please.
(*to* LEONTES.) Now then, your Majesty, you may go

LEON. Then as I said before—Camillo gone!

Oh! traitor ! villain! False disloyal slave!

Polixenes gone too, oh, coward, knave!

Oh ! misery, despair! oh, everything

That's disagreeable !

ANTI. Nay, be calm great king;

LEON. Go, bid the waves be calm when tempests roar.

Bid ratepayers be calm when at the door

The poor rate calls. Bid those by rail who travel

Be calm when Bradshaw's mysteries they'd unravel.

Bid studious men be calm when 'neath their windies

An organ boy kicks up his fearful shindies.

Bid any one you please be calm—But don't

Bid me—

ANTI. Well then, your Majesty, we won't.

LEON. Call the queen hither.

Enter HERMIONE, PAULINA (*with a baby*), and ladies, L.

HER. At your wish behold me.

LEON. You're a nice woman, you are—

HER. So you told me.

When first you sought my hand, though then I own
You said it in a somewhat different tone.

What ails my lord ?

LEON. I'm not your lord.

PAUL. Halloo!

HER. What have I done ?

LEON. AS if you didn't know,

HER. No, on my honour.

LEON. Oh, your phrases spare,

Your honour, ma'am, is neither here nor there.

HER. Is it my husband 'gainst my honour cries out ?

PAUL. Were it *my* husband, I would tear his eyes out

Antigonus, what means your master's whim ?

Here—hold the baby, I'll just talk to him.

LEON. Silence that dreadful belle—

PAUL. I'd like to see

The man amongst you that would silence me.

HER. Nay, for my sake ! But husband, will you not

Say what I've done ?

LEON. You have deceived me.

HER. What?

SONG,—LEONTES.

AIR, "*I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids.*

You've kissed and you've prattled with Mr. Polixenes,

Out of my power is he,

Camillo's gone too, who should now be a mixin' his

Majesty's morning Bohea.

But tho' they have escaped me, think not I am blind

To your falsehood and treachery;

I'm nought of the kind, to your cost you shall find,

So take that for your perfidy.

(He strikes her.—Tableau.

HER. This public outrage—

PAUL. Coward! Don't you know, man,

The man who lays his hand upon a woman—

Save in the way of kindness, is-in fact,
 Liable to six months, by the new act.
 HER. Cruel Leontes—Oh, I faint.
(she faints in the arms of her LADIES.)

LEON. Pooh ! pooh !

HER. I die!

LEON. About the best thing you could do.

PAUL. Monster! you've killed her—she was truer—
 fairer—

LEON. Peace! bear her hence—for my part, I can't bear
 her.

*Music.—Exeunt PAULINA and LADIES supporting HER-
 MIONE—LORDS hang their heads down weeping.*

LEON. Now then, I say, what's all this melancholy?

Traitors ! I bid you instantly be jolly.

Weeping for her, you censure me, so come,

Laugh, I command you—he who dares look glum,

Or pipes his eye shall die—whoe'er it may be.

(the CHILD cries.)

Who's crying now ?

ANTI. Please, sir, it's only baby.

LEON. Off with her head!

ANTI. Nay, pardon, sire, I beg,

She's cutting such a great big toosey peg.

Children are always cross when teething.

LEON. Pshaw!

What care I for her teeth, or for your jaw ?

Away with her, she is too like her mother.

ANTI. What shall I do with her?

LEON. Do! hang her, smother,

Roast, boil, or bake her.

ANTI. But--

LEON. —No buts, no sort o'but,

I'll listen to—yes, there's one sort, the water-butt,

Go!

ANTI. Sire, the fearful task on me you've thrown.

LEON. Say you will do it, or leave it alone.

ANTI. If I might choose—the latter.

LEON. Be it so!

Leave it alone—I mean the baby, though—

In some wild desert—in some distant clime,

Where wild beasts mostly walk at feeding time.

(ANTIGONUS *is about to speak.*)

No words! obey me, if you prize your head.

That matter's settled—so I'll go to bed.

Music—Exeunt LEONTES, NOBLES, &c., L. ANTIGONUS
with BABY, R.

SCENE II.—*A desert spot on the shores of Bithynia.*
Thunder, lightning, rain, &c.

Enter TIME, R.

TIME. This is Bo—no, Bithynia—to whose shores,
O'errun with lions, bears, and dreadful boars,
Fate and foul winds have driven the ship that, bears
Leontes' heiress, who, to suit his airs
Has been cast out-not quite the proper way,
To get a daughter off one's hands, you'll say.

SONG,—TIME.—AIR, "*Stride la vampa*"—(*Trovatore.*)

Deeds of this stamp are
Of all excuse bereft;
Packed in a hamper ,
Children too oft are left,
Tied to one's knocker,
Left in the streets alone,
Without a frock or
Rag of their own.
But when such deeds we see
Committed by, a king,
You'll all agree with me,
'Tisn't quite—not quite the thing. *Exit, R.*
(storm gets louder.)

Enter ANTIGONUS, L., with the BABY (*crying.*)

ANTI. Hush, then, pretty darling, don't it cry,
Be a good baby then and go bye-bye ;
Here's weather, it has soaked me through and
through, (CHILD *cries.*)
Oh, hold your noise you little nuisance, do,

At last it's quiet. Now let me reflect
 Where am I? on this coast have I been wrecked,
 The salt sea wares my ship dashed all to shattery,
 Battered it so it seemed both *salt* and battery.
 Of all the crew which manned that craft so fine,
 Not one's preserved—though all are in the brine;
 Alone, exhausted, weary, here did I land. (*rain.*)
 Ugh! even I can't say that I'm on dry land!
 This spot will do, whose land soe'er it is,
 Leontes cares not so it isn't his.
 Oh, cruel king! the child you ought to cherish,
 To leave a burden a foreign parish!
 Who can look on this face so calm, so mild.
 And not feel— (C HILD *cries.*)

Wide awake, oh drat the child!

I'd rock it off, could I find aught to sit upon.

(CHILD *cries.*)

Hah! she objects; it seems that rock we split upon;
 Was it a beauty; then a precious pet one.

(CHILD *cries.*)

Who'd be a nurse, especially such a wet one?
 (*sits down on ground and rocks child to sleep.*)

SONG,—ANTIGONUS.—(*To its own air.*)

Hush a baby bunting,
 It's mammy's been affronting
 Its daddy, and a storm there's been
 At home, as bad as baby's in.
 So hush a baby bunting,
 Its nurse has come a hunting
 A spot where wild beasts roar and grin,
 To leave the pretty baby in.

Asleep by jingo, now I'll leave her slap,
 Before she wakes! again; I've brought her pap,
 And farinaceous food, yes, that's all right,
 And here's her milk and water for the night,
 And clean things for to-morrow, there, bye bye,
 Be a good baby, now, and don't she cry. (*going.*)
 Stay, here's her purse, if wild beasts should—
 (*roar outside.*) Halloa!
 Talk of the—

Oh! a Bear—help! murder, oh!

(bear follows him round stage, roaring.

(Music.— ANTIGONUS runs off; BEAR springs out after him, R., roaring outside—thunder, rain, &c. very loud.

Enter BLOCUS, L., a handkerchief tied over his hat, umbrella up, &c., a shepherd's crook in his hand.

SONG,—BLOCUS.—AIR, "Little Bo Peep."

When Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep,
She cried 'cause she couldn't find 'em ;
I'll just let 'em alone—for they're not my own,
I'm but paid by the day to mind 'em.

Could I manage by hook, or still better by crook,
In the temper I'm in to find 'em,
Just let me alone—I'd soon get them home—
They should think 'twas Old Nick behind 'em.

Bother the sheep! I shan't have them to pay for,
It's their own fault, what did they run away for ?
Scared by the storm they fled, such capers cuttin',
Each with its own particular leg of mutton.
The rams drew in their horns, and altogether,
Seemed, like the ewes, quite frightened by the weather.
Why should I care) ? Here from the search I'll cease,
Go home and smoke my shepherd's pipe in peace.

(CHILD cries.

That bleating ! Hah! a lamb that's somewhere hid,
(sees CHILD.

No, not a lamb, but a poor little kid.
Eh ! what's this ? money! I was right of course,
'Tis a dear little lamb with this mint sauce.
What care I for lost sheep ? With, pockets full,
I'll make no cry about a little wool,
Mid sumptuous feasts my late mishaps I'll mock,
And in my feather bed forget my flock.

Exit with BABY and bundle, L.

(Music.— Scene changes to clouds.

Enter TIME, *through cloud, C.*

TIME. Now you must wait a bit, for sixteen years
 Must pass ere we go on—nay, calm your fears ;
 Don't think I'll keep you sitting there a vast time;
 Years soon pass now. I told you I'm a fast Time.
 Here, month by month, those years shall pass before ye,
 In what I call a classic allegory.
 I've brought the symbols of the months. No doubt
 You recognise them—still I'll point them out.

*(Music.—Scene opens, and discovers a globe, encircled by
 the Signs of the Zodiac.*

TIME. *(pointing to each.)* The ram, the bull, the heavenly
 twins,
 And next the crab and lion shines;
 The virgin, and the scales;
 The scorpion, archer, and the goat,
 The man that holds a watering pot,
 And fish with glittering tails.

*(the globe sinks, and the LADIES personifying the Zodiac
 form a semi-circle round the stage. The scene then opens,
 and discovers PHŒBUS with ATTENDANT SPIRITS.*

TIME. That's Phoebus, or, in other words, the sun ;
 He sixteen times will round the zodiac run,
 Which will make sixteen years. I'll leave them to it;
 P'raps you'll keep count the while, and see they do it.

GRAND BALLET.

MISS ROSINA WEIGHT, MADLLE CLARI, MISS HORN,
 MADDLE MARIE, MISS BULLEN, MISS LADD, MISS BER-
 TRAM, AND THE CORPS DE BALLET,

Re-enter

TIME, L.

TIME. How many times have you been round? Sixteen?
(PHŒBUS makes sign in the affirmative.
 Quite sure ? *(PHŒBUS repeats sign.)*
 That's right! Then now for the next scene.
(MUSIC.—Scene closes in.

SCENE IV.--*A road near the shepherd's farm.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *with pedlar's box, R.,*

AUT. Any tapes, ribbons, stay-laces to-day ?
 Hare skins or rabbit skins ? Now, girls, this way !
 Any old wine or beer bottle to sell?
 If not, old silver spoons will do as well.
 Good prices given—and then, to make the best of 'em.
 No questions asked, of how you came possessed
 of 'em.
 My trade's not bad, in spite of the belief
 That the receiver is worse than the thief.
 Why shouldn't I be proud of profits made
 In mine as well as any other trade ;
 There's so much swindling how, there's scarce a fig
 To choose between the tradesman and the prig.

SONG, AUTOLYCUS.—AIR,—"*Bobbing Around.*"

The shopkeeper who gives short weight,
 Is robbing all round, all round, all round;
 The grocers who adulterate,
 Like me go robbing all round.

The milkman in his lowly walk,
 Goes robbing all round, all round; all round,
 When 'stead of milk, he walks his chalk,
 And so goes robbing around.

The publican dilutes our beer,
 A robbing all round, all round, all round,
 With water, and still worse, I fear,
 So he goes robbing around.

In all we eat, or drink, or buy,
 There's robbing all round, all round, all round,
 And tradesmen with each other vie,
 Who'll best do robbing all round.

Who'll first at me, then, throw a stone,
 For robbing around, around, around ?
 My trade's as honest as their own,
 Since all go robbing around.

But who comes here ? sure I should know that phiz;
 Can it be young Prince Florizel ? It is!
 What brings him here ? I'll watch!

Enter FLORIZEL, L.

FLOR. Ho! fellow! stay!

Hast seen a hawking party pass this way ?

AUT. Sir, I'm a hawking party. (*opening pack.*)

FLOR. So I see,

But curb your hawker's license, sir, with me,
 Or of your pedlar's head I'll be a breaker,
 And make each pedlar's bone a pedlar's *acher*.
 Leave me.

AUT. (*picks his pocket of handkerchief*) I'm off.

FLOR. Or, stay—go seek my train,
 That they may know I've sent you, take this chain,
 (*gives chain from his wrist.*)

They'll recognize it—

AUT. (*aside.*) I'm afraid they'll not,
 If I once get it to the melting pot. *Exit, L.,*

FLOR. Heigho! I'm worn out, tired, beaten hollow,
 Fool that I was the game so far to follow.
 I've lost my party, and I've lost my way,
 And now, in seeking both, I've lost the day.
 I've had no dinner, though (pray don't feel hurt
 At the old joke) I have got my dessert.
 (Why couldn't I let others seek the game ?
 I might have *said* I caught it all the same.
 How oft I've known hares, partridges, and pheasants,
 By famous sportsmen sent to friends as *p r e s e n t s*,
 And known full well more birds, by ten to one,
 Were brought down by their purse than by their gun!
 I've known men who kill rabbits by the score,
 That late were hanging at the poulterer's door,
 And first-rate fishermen their baskets filling
 With splendid river trout, at three a-shilling!
 Where are my fellows? Ho! Halloa ! In vain
 I've called so often I can't call again;
 I've tried allday, till I've near cracked my throat,
 It's no use calling, so I'll send a note. (*blows horn.*
 Still no one comes. Yes! coming steps I hear!

Enter PERDITA, with a milk-pail, R.

What's that? My stars!

PER. (*starting.*)

Oh my!

FLOR. (*starting.*)

Oh lor!

PER.

Oh dear!

FLOR. Smitten completely! Yes, I'm done for surely.

PER. Oh! something's struck me here, I feel quite poorly.

FLOR. Fairmaid!

PER. Fair sir!

FLOR. I—that is, how d'ye do?

PER. Considerably worse for seeing you.

FLOR. And my poor heart, you've sent an arrow thro' it.

PER. Have I? indeed I didn't go to do it.

But let me fly for something that will heal
Your wounds.

FLOR. Not so! first tell me how you feel.

PER. A little better than I did—but still—

FLOR. Describe the symptoms.

PER. If I can I will.

DUET, - FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.—AIR, "*Lilly Baker.*"

PER. Oh! my heart goes pit-a-pat. (*symphony piccolo.*)

And my brain goes whirligig. (*symphony violin.*)

Brows all throbbing rub-a-dub. (*symphony drum.*)

FLOR. Just my case precisely, oh.

PER. Trembling like the aspen tree,

FLOR. Just my symptoms to a T.

PER. Feeling like I can't tell what,

FLOR. Just the ailment I have got.

TOGETHER. Both our hearts go pit-a-pat, (*sym. piccolo.*)

Both our brains go whirligig. (*sym. violin.*)

Both our brows throb rub-a-dub. (*sym. drum.*)

And match each others, nicely oh,

Rub-a-dub, whirligig, pit-a-pat. (*sym. piccolo.*)

Trembling, shivery quivery. (*triangle.*)

Whirligig, pit-a-pat, rub-a-dub. (*sym. drum.*)

That's the case precisely oh.

PER. But I must go.

FLOR. First hear me breathe my vows.

PER. I've got to feed the sheep and milk the cows.

FLOR. Hear me! I'm rich, you shall in robes of silk
walk,

PER. You're very kind —my walk in life's a milk walk.

FLOR. My station's high as the bright stars that glow
I' the milky way above.

PER. Mine's milk below.

FLOR. Still what is rank?

PER. My butter will be soon,
If I stand talking all the afternoon.

FLOR. Nay, was a churn e'er meant for hands like these

Though in a cottage bred, you're quite the cheese.

Think not of butter, then, be mine, I pray,

Nor let the paltry *curds* stand in your way.

PER. These tender words are hard to be withstood,
But it can't be, I only wish it could.

SONG,—PERDITA.—AIR, "*Kemo Kimo!*"

I'm a simple country maid,
You may sing songs, and folly talk, to try me, oh,
But you don't mean it, I'm afraid,
Sing song folly meant to guy me, oh.
Some folks, forgetting their condition,
Sing song stations such as I'm in, oh,
Will give full swing to their ambition,
Sing song policy and climbin, oh.
Scheme, oh, climb, oh, where? up there.
You're high, I'm low, our lots together bringing,
Such a medley 'twould be—palace—sheep-cot—
Sing song folly don't come nigh me, oh.

FLOR. You do not love me, then.

PER. Oh! don't I though ?

FLOE. You do!

PER. I'm p'raps too bold in saying'so.
But—

FLOR. But you do ?

PER. False modesty I'll shelf,

Thus I embrace your offer and yourself.

(embraces him.)

What have I done? *(starting away.)*

FLOE. Precisely what you should do.

Under the circumstances—all you could do.

Do it again.

PER. Nay ; but my father—

FLOR. Pshaw!

He'll not object to such a son-in-law.

Lead me to him at once.

PER. I should be proud

To lead you but " no followers are allowed"

In this place, he on that point is so strict,

Each love-sick shepherd out o' th' farm is kicked.

FLOR. May I ask why ?

PER. He says it doesn't pay,

For Corin to be piping half the day

To Phillis, while they both have work to do.

FLOR. Of course not, when he pays the piper too.

He'll not object to me, though, I'll engage.

PER. He does to all—he gets in quite a rage,

Flies at them like a tiger.

FLOR. Hah ! 'twill be

My offer he will jump at—not at me.

DUET. AIR, *Cheer up, Sam."*

FLOR. So come, fear, nought, my charmer, you'll see what
you shall see,

PER. My father would be furious, if he thought that
you loved me.

FLOR. However fierce his fury, my passion his shall
quell.

PER. Oh, no ; I wish you'd leave me, and seek some
fairer belle.

FLOR. Cheer up, dear! and don't let your spirits go
down,

For there's no fairer belle—that you know well—

And I'll make it all right for a crown.

PER. Dear, oh, dear! you'll be done so uncommonly
brown,

FLOR. Well, do you know the farm house over there ?

AUT. Old Blocus's! well I should think I did.

FLOR. Within that farm-house is a treasure hid,

Which must be mine. Now could you aid me win it ?

AUT. Aid, you ! we'll crack the crib in half a minute.

FLOR. What mean you?

AUT. Oh, all right! there's nought to fear,

FLOR. 'Twould make but little difference if we should—

The papers, say, they're not a bit of good.

But all I want is to get in the place.

AUT. That's all one ever wants in such a case.

The treasure that you speak of then—you snatch it,

And, chuck it out—I'll wait below to catch it.

FLOR. Chuck out my treasure !—she, so fair—so tender !

AUT. She! Stop! here's some mistake about the gender.

A woman! Ah !—(*hesitating.*)

FLOR. You hesitate—and wherefore ?

AUT. Well, it's not quite the sort of job I care for.

FLOR. Still if I pay you well—

AUT. Sir, I'm your man.

FLOR. Good! There's my hand: and now, then, what's your plan?

DUET,—AUTOLYCUS AND FLORIZEL.

(*With whistle obligato*) AIR, " *Bill Simmons.*"

AUT. They're busy sheep-shearing at present, I know,
So in as a lab'rer your plan is to go.

FLOR. Though the plan is degrading, I'll not hesitate,
But submit to the shears, as the scissors of Fate.

AUT. Success, then, is sure, 'tis on all hands agreed,
By dint of *sheer* industry all may succeed.

FLOR. Sheer industry! Stuff! At such maxims I scoff!
My shearing will be but with her to sheer off.

AUT. While there to assist you, to-morrow I'll be.

FLOR. But how will you do it ?

AUT. Just leave it to me.

Exeunt—FLORIZEL R., AUTOLYCUS L.

SCENE V.—*The feast of Sheep-shearing*

BLOCUS *the Shepherd's farm—trees hung with garlands—the farm house, R.—SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES, PEASANTS, &c, all enjoying themselves—a barrel of beer on the stage, c., FLORIZEL and PERDITA seated under a tree, R.—BLOCUS moving about amongst his guests. At the opening of the scene FLORIZEL comes forward.*

FLOR. Come friends, take what you please to drink or eat,
There's nought to pay, remember, I stand treat
See is that cask of home-brewed running short,
If so, roll out another—that's your sort.

(another cask is rolled in—cheers.)

Fair shepherdess, you do not take your wine,
Your cup's untasted, put your lips to mine.

PER. I put my lips to yours ?

FLOR. Precisely so ! *(kisses her.)*
(aside.) I meant my cup—I like this better, though.

BLOCUS. Young stranger!

FLOR. None of that, old fellow, come,
No stranger. *(slaps him on the back.)*

BLOCUS. Well, you make yourself at home,
I must confess ; I was about to say,
We've only known you, sir, since yesterday,
Yet twice my daughter you've made free to kiss.

PER. But not more free than welcome.

BLOCUS. Silence, miss!

Enter AUTOLYCUS, L.

AUT. Now, then, my lads, look sharp—come on, come on.
This way for the original cheap John

(the PEASANTS, flock around him.)

For you, sir, thank you—one for you, now then,
In every sense I may say " sold again."

FLOR. A word with you.

AUT. All right, sir. *(aside to him.)* Well, what news ?
How are things going ?

FLOR. Just as I could choose.

AUT. That's right! I've got disguises in the cart,
So give the word when you're inclined to start.

FLOR. Nay, you mistake, I do not mean to carry her
Away by force if they will let me marry her.

FLOR. I'll ask permission first.

AUT. If they refuse you'll—

FLOR. Why do without it, to be sure, as usual.

AUT. Hush ! we're observed.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised, TIME leading them in, L. H.

TIME. (*aside.*) He's there, I told you so!

FLOR. (*looking at POLIXENES through eyeglass.*) Who's
our friend in the cloak, I'd like to know ?

TIME. He does not recognise you.

POLIX. He'd be rather

A wise son in this dress to know his father.

PEE. (*crosses from R.*) Welcome, sirs, to our sheep-
shearing.

FLOR. It savours,

Still more of shearing with you two old shavers.

POLIX. (*aside.*) Presumptive heir! Now this disguise I'll
tear off,

And—stead of sheep-shearing, cut my own heir off.

TIME. (L. H.) Nay, wait a while and watch them.

CAM. (*looking at PERDITA.*) It's a pity

She's not high-born, she's really very pretty.

BLOCUS. (C.) How's this? all silent! come, my friends,
I say.

POLIX. (L.) Don't let us interrupt your pastimes, pray.

AUT. (*to him.*) Buy a twelve bladed knife, sir.

POLIX. Don't want any.

AUT. Yard and a half of songs, then, for a penny.

POLIX. No thank you.

AUT. I've all sorts of songs, here's what d'ye call

Comic songs—love songs—sentimental—nautical.

(PEASANTS *flock round him.*)

1ST PEASANT. Here, give me one !

2ND PEASANT. And me!

3RD PEASANT. And me!

4TH PEASANT. And me!

POLIX. (*watching FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*) How lovingly
they walk together! See!

Now will I speak. I've seen, you'll grant, I hope,
enough.

TIME. Not quite! Just wait a little—give him rope
enough.

POLIX. Rope enough! Yes; had I one here, I would,
That is the end of one—'twould do him good.

(*making signs as if administering personal chastisement.*
CAMILLO *endeavours to pacify him.*)

POLIX. I can endure no more! Old man, come hither!

(*to BLOCUS.*)

Who is that maid? and who's that young sprig with
her?

FLOR. Young sprig!

PER. Nay, be not wroth, respect his age,
Old enough—

FLOR. To know better, I'll engage.

BLOCUS. This maid's my daughter; this—

FLOR. Stop! friends, draw near;

What I've to say 'tis fit that all should hear.

You wish to know what brings me to this place?

Listen to me, then—I'll explain the case.

SONG,—FLORIZEL.—AIR, " *The Charming Woman*"

Miss Perdita's going to marry—(*all start.*)

Yes, I thought by surprise you 'twould take;

But I swear to you, by the Lord Harry,

It's a fact, without any mistake.

Now of course you'll be anxious to learn

Where to look for the merit that can

Deserve such a charming woman?

(*in an affected style.*)

Well, 'tis I am the fortunate man.

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,

And 'tis I am the fortunate man.

PER. It's quite true we are going to marry,

No sort of denial he'd take,

Nor e'en for my wedding dress tarry,

But he's ordered the ring and the cake.

BLOCUS. (*aside.*) I know he's uncommonly rich,

So to make all things pleasant's my plan;
(weeping and joining their hands.)
 Take my blessing, young man and young woman,
 And forgive a soft-hearted old man.

POLIX. Sorry to thwart your matrimonial plans,
 Old gentleman, but I forbid the banns.

FLOR. Forbid the banns, you can't!

POLIX. Why not, young spark?

FLOR. Bands are forbidden only in the park.

Say who are you, to interfere that durst ?

POLIX. *(discovering himself.)* Your father! King Polixenes
 the First!

FLOR. The king! the deuce!

(AUTOLYCUS and PEASANTS sneak off.)

PER. Then every hope has flown!

FLOE. Not a bit, dear! You just let me alone!

POLIX. Follow me to the court, sir!

FLOR. Never!

POLIX. How ?

FLOR. That for your court! *(snaps his fingers.)*

TIME. I see there'll be a row !

POLIX. Degenerate boy ! with swineherds to consort,
 And show thus plainly your contempt of court.

Think of the station you relinquish thus—

FLOR. *(embracing PERDITA.)* This is my station—nay,
 my terminus —

Whence I'll not stir—

CAM. Nay, sir, reflect awhile

Upon your rank.

FLOR. Who cares for rank, old file ?

POLIX. Once more, I say, come home with me to court!

FLOR. Once more, sir, I'll do nothing of the sort!

DUET,—POLIXENES AND FLORIZEL.

AIR, "*Diddle cum dinky do.*"—*American.*

POLIX. Boy, do you dare then our anger defy ?

Come, march on directly before us.

FLOR. To shew my contempt of your threats I reply
 In the words of the Yankee chorus.

Diddle cum dinky do.

POLIX. What?

FLOR. Diddle cum dinky do.

POLIX. Dare you such language to use to a king ?

FLOR. The language, I own, is a rum un;
But it seems Yankee singers esteem it the thing.

POLIX. Once for all you to court I summon.

FLOR. (*folding his arms and smiling at him*)—
Diddle cum dinky do.

POLIX. Oh!

FLOR. Diddle cum dinky do.

(POLIXENES *rushes out*, L., *followed by* CAMILLO.)

PER. For my sake, canst thou brave thy father's wrath ?

FLOR. Let fifty thousand fathers go to Bath,

Rather than they should part us !

PER. Oh, how nice!

But say, how shall we act ?

TIME. (*coming down*, C.) On my advice.

FLOR. And that is—

TIME. Cut.

FLOR. Just so; but what we want is

A place to go to.

TIME. Go to King Leontes,

King of Sicilia.

FLOR. Why select that spot?

TIME. Because it's necessary to the plot.

No words—be off!

PER. But you'll come too ?

TIME. Nay—I,

As Chorus, have yet other fish to fry.

I'll follow.

FLOR. Come with us—I wish you would, Time.

PER. You will, eh ? Say your *coming*, like a *good Time*.

TRIO,—TIME, FLORIZEL, AND PERDITA.

AIR, " *Turn on Old Time*."—*Maritana*.

FLOR. Come on old Time, a pretty pass,
You've brought us to if here you stay,
Come on, oh Time, we don't, alas,
Unto Sicilia know the way.

TIME. Now here I stand just like an ass,
Between two loads of tempting hay,
My wish says go, but then, alas,
The piece requires me here to stay.

PER. }
 FLOR. } Come on, Time, do.
 TIME. I can't—adieu !

Exeunt FLORIZEL and PERDITA, R., TIME, L.

SCENE VI.—*An apartment in the palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, (followed by GUARDS,) with a lot of stringless shirt collars, R.

LEON. (*examining them.*) Now these again! not one with strings on—This is
 Too bad, by Jove ! Oh! how I miss the missis;
 She would my shirts examine ere I wore 'em,
 Mending my things almost before I tore 'em.
 Sticking sometimes at work the whole day through
 for me,
 Now I have but a housekeeper to do for me.
 The difference in them let my wardrobe show,
 One all stitch stitch, the other but so-so;
 I once had shirts in plenty, but somehow
 It seems all dickey with my linen now.
 (*calls.*) Paulina, my good woman!

Enter PAULINA, L.

PAUL. Well, now then ?
 LEON. Here are my collars with no strings again!
 PAUL. I can't be always sewing strings on,
 LEON. (*wildly.*) No,
 Of course not, but sometimes you might be though.
 PAUL. You're always grumbling.
 LEON. Don't say that now, pray !
 PAUL. Expect to have clean collars every day!
 LEON. Nay, but consider,
 PAUL. (*snatching collars.*) Give those things to me,
 I'll get you one when you have company—
 There's no one coming here to-day.

(*a loud knock at the door.*)

LEON. Halloa!
 ATTENDANT *brings in card on a waiter, L. H.*
 " Prince Florizel! " Who's he I'd like to know ?

PAUL. Say you're not in.

LEON. A prince, such slight to put on!

PAUL. You know there's nought for dinner, but cold mutton.

LEON. He's here.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA, L.

FLOR. Great king I trust you'll pardon us
Coming upon you unexpected thus.

LEON. Sir, you are welcome heartily, walk in—

PAUL. (*aside to ATTENDANT.*) Send for a pound of ham
and beef—cut thin.

FLOR. Just landed from a long sea trip I am
With my young bride—

PAUL. (*calling back ATTENDANT who is going.*) Two
pounds of beef and ham.

Exit ATTENDANT, L.

FLOR. I come, sir, in my father's name,

LEON. I see.

But may I ask you what his name might be.

FLOR. Polixenes!

LEON. Polixenes, my brother !

(*shaking him by the hand.*)

How is your father, boy—and how's your mother?

FLOR. Well, thank you—(*aside.*) Oh, my hand he nearly
wings off.

LEON. (*to PERDITA.*) And you, dear, go up stairs and
take your things off.

PER. Sir, this most kind reception—

LEON. Sweetest creature,

(*starts aside.*) What heavenly beauty dwells in every
feature ?

PAUL. (*tapping him on shoulder.*) Now then,

LEON. (*taking her by the hand.*) One moment—deem it
not amiss,

But, might I ask the favour of—

(*another loud knocking.*)

Who's this ?

Enter ATTENDANT, L.

ATTENDANT. Your majesty here's—

POLIXENES *runs in L., pushing past, followed by CAMILLO.*

POLIX. Stand aside, slave—So

I've caught you, eh ?

FLOR. The gov'nor! here's a go!

LEON. Polixenes!

POLIX. Leontes! Best of friends !

(they embrace.)

PER. *(aside.)* Here then my dream of bliss for ever ends.

LEON. Can you forgive me then—Camillo too ?

Come back once more—old fellow how d'ye do?

I'am so glad to see you all—*(dances about.)*

POLIX. (L. C.)

But hold,

'Tis time that we our bus'ness here unfold.

Come hither, boy!

POLIX. (R.—*leading PERDITA forward.*) Well, here we are.

POLIX. We?

FLOR. We!

LEON. (L.) As fair a couple as I'd wish to see.

POLIX. Peace!

LEON. What's the matter ?

POLIX. He's a traitor!

LEON. What?

And that sweet princess—

POLIX. *(scornfully.)* Princess!

LEON. Is she not ?

POLIX. Leontes, she's a low-bred shepherd's daughter.

LEON. *(looking at her.)* No ? Well, she's not so pretty as I thought her.

FLOR. *(to him.)* Sir, plead for us. *(both kneel.)*

LEON. I couldn't think of it.

Tear them asunder, guards !

Enter TIME, L.

TIME. Here, stop a bit!

LEON. What means this interruption ?

TIME. Stay, you'll see.

Enter BLOCUS, L., carrying a bundle.

TIME. So—come at last. Here, give those things to me.

Take this—(*offering bundle to LEONTES.*) thus all your
late proceedings quashing;

LEON. Sir, you're mistaken : we don't take in washing.
(he turns away.

TIME. Come here, fair maid. (*to PERDITA.*) Now all of
you give ear,
While I the mystery of her birth make clear.

SONG,—TIME,

AIR. " *When the fair land of Poland*"—*Bohemian Girl.*

When this fair one on cold land without e'er a roof,
But the sky was left helpless, alone,
This worthy old man, (of the fact I have proof,)
Took her home—brought her up as his own.
One morn came a stranger, his fancy she caught,
In two words, 'twas the youth at your side,
With palaver as usual the maiden he sought,
She was wooed—she was won for his bride.
Her birth is noble, as of the best,
Among you all let this attest.

(gives bundle to LEONTES, C.

Enter AUTOLYCUS at back, L. H.

LEON. (*opening it.*) What do I see ? a lot of baby's frocks!

PAUL. See, see, sir! don't you know those worsted socks ?
These pinafores too! Oh, those stripes and checks—
And see one marked—Read, sir !—

(holds up a baby's shirt.

LEON. Leontes Rex!

PAUL. 'Tis she—our Perdita! I shall go wild—

Leontes! Sir, it is your long-lost child!

(she throws PERDITA across into LEONTES' arms.

LEON. My child ! I feel with joy my heart will burst.

(looking at her.) She's ten times prettier than I
thought at first.

FLOR. When you've quite done with her—

POLIX. (*crossing to R. C, embraces PERDITA, and hands her
over to FLORIZEL.*) Hah ! that's your style.

I meant that he should have her all the while.

LEON. (*to BLOCUS.*) Friend, for your goodness to her you
shall find

Me not ungrateful, (*holding out his hand.*)

AUT. (*taking it.*) Sir, you're very kind.

We've done the best we could for her.

BLOCUS. (*aside to him.*) How we?

AUT. Well never mind, old fellow—say 'twas me.

LEON. I thank you both.

AUT. That's right. I don't see why
I shouldn't have a finger in the pie.

(*shaking hands with* POLIXENES.

And how are you, sir—feel yourself the thing?

POLIX. Quite well.

AUT. That's right. A civil sort of king!

(POLIXENES *crosses to L.*

PAUL. Your Majesties, if you will condescend

In my poor house the evening to spend,

I've something there to show you.

LEON. Eh, what is it?

PAUL. Something that you will own is worth a visit.

A statue I've had years in preparation.

This day is fixed for its inauguration.

LEON. But why this day?

PAUL. The oracles decree it

Should remain covered till this maid could see it.

PER. Till I could see it?

PAUL. Ask no questions, dear.

You soon shall learn. Come, all of you.

AUT. Hear, hear!

CONCERTED PIECE.—AUTOLYCUS, LEONTES,
POLIXENS, PERDITA, AND FLORIZEL.

AIR, " *Statty Fair.*"

AUT. I'll make one!

LEON. And so will I!

POLIX. I, too, will be there, oh!

PER. And I'm all curiosity

To see this statue fair, oh!

FLOR. Statues in the streets abound,

As you are aware, oh!

Never yet, tho' one I've found,

To call a statue fair, oh!

ALL. Let's be off, this sight to see,

Good ones are so rare, oh!

Novel at the least will be,
To see a statue fair, oh! *Exeunt, L. H.*

SCENE VII.—*The Hall of the Statue. A room in Paulina's house.—C, a recess at some height from the ground, with steps leading to it—footlights in recess. A green curtain like that of a theatre hanging in the recess; R. and L., chairs for spectators.*

Enter a procession of GUARDS, COURTIERS, WOMEN, &c, LEONTES, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, AUTOLYCUS, BLOCUS, PAULINA, &c. They take their seats, and two guards stand one on each side of the recess, like beef-eaters at the Royal box.

PAUL. Your Majesties, the honour you bestow
By this state visit on my humble show
On this its opening night—

LEON. Nay, we'll dispense
With ceremony. ring up and commence.

FLOR. Don't keep us waiting, pray.

PAUL. Well, then, prepare.

AUT. (*whistles.*) Go it!

FLOR. Be quiet in the gallery there.

PER. I'm all impatience for this sight surprising.

PAUL. (*rings bell.*) Now then—slow music, for the curtain's rising.

(The curtain rises from, the recess., and discovers HERMIONE as a statue on a circular table.

FLOR. (*looking through eye-glass.*) Not bad, 'pon honour!
PER. Beautiful! divine!

LEON. Wonderful!

AUT. Stunning!

POLIX. Marvellous!

FLOR. Dem fine!

(statue revolves—music.

LEON. (L.) Those eyes!—

POLIX. (R.) That nose!—

LEON. That mouth!—

POLIX. That form!—

LEON. That phiz

Sc. 7. PERDITA. 37

POLIX. It can't be !

LEON. Is it ?

POLIX. Yes!

LEON. No !

POLIX. 'Tisn't!

LEON. 'Tis!

Perdita, 'tis the image of your mother.

PEE. My mother!

POLIX. Like as one pea to another! (*statue stops.*)

PER. Nay, then I'll speak to her. (*goes and kneels to statue.*)

LEON. What's she about

PER. Oh, mother, you but little know I'm out

Of all my troubles now. (*statue inclines its head.*)

FLOR. It's very odd !

I could have sworn I saw the statue nod.

PAUL. Nod! This is madness! Shortly you'll be thinking

It winks as well.

POLIX. By heavens.! it is winking.

(*statue sneezes.*)

LEON. There, there! It lives, it breathes, say what you please,

Where's the fine chisel that can cut a sneeze.

FLOR. What means this mystery, beauteous figure speak,

Are you a statue or a pose plastique ?

If living, why up there still silent sticking ?

(*Music of the Grecian statues.—HERMIONE strikes various attitudes.*)

LEON. See, see, she moves—she *is* alive.

FLOR. And kicking!

CONCERTED PIECE,—FLORIZEL, LEONTES, PERDITA,

POLIXENES, AND HERMIONE.

AIR,— "*College Hornpipe.*"

FLOR. Well, of all queer sights that I ever did see,

This beats them all, to a certainty.

LEON. The more I look the more I feel 'tis my Hermione,


That used to sew my strings and tapes and bobbins on.

PER. (*to PAULINA.*) Oh, madam, pray explain these things,
of mystery so rife.

POLIX. (*to LEONTES.*) Sir, take her to your heart, and no
more doubts and strife.

LEON. But how, if it's my wife, did you bring her back to life?

HER. Why I arn't been dead at all like Jack Robinson.
(she comes down from pedestal.)

 HER. *(embracing PERDITA.)* Kiss me, my pet—Leontes,
how d'ye do? *(holds out her hand.)*
Once more am I on speaking terms with you.

LEON. Why not before?

HER. I by a vow was bound
Never to see you till our child was found.
We've much to say.

FLOR. No-doubt, but time is pressing.
So cut it short, and just give us your blessing.

(PERDITA and FLORIZEL kneel to HERMIONE, C.)

HER. Take it, my children—there! my daughter's thine.

LEON. And take my blessing too.

POLIX. And mine!

AUT. And mine!

POLIX. *(pulls AUTOLYCUS away, R.)* Be off.

LEON. Then all is settled.

Enter TIME, L.

TIME. Stop! allow
Time, who works wonders, just to work one now.
(to LEONTES.) You've found your wife. *(to PAULINA.)*
Your husband still you miss.
Behold!

Enter ANTIGONUS, followed by the BEAR, respectably dressed, L.

PAUL. 'Tis he! *(runs across to embrace him.)*

FLOR. It may be, but who's this?
A bear?

(BEAR bows to the COMPANY, and kisses Perdita's hand.)

PER. Good gracious! what extreme civility.

FLOR. You wouldn't think it a bare possibility.

ANTI. *(L.)* He took me home to dinner years ago,
I couldn't get away he pressed me so.
I tamed him—by degrees, his tastes advancing,
And finally instructed him in dancing.
Say, would you like to see him dance?

FLOR. I should?

If you, kind friends, (*to AUDIENCE.*) would only be
so good
As furnish music. (*indicates clapping.*) Poor the best
of bands,
To the sweet sound of your applauding hands;
Let us hear that, with joy; we all will then dance,
And nightly on your pleasure dance attendance.

FINALE.—TIME, HERMIONE, AND FLORIZEL,

AIR,—"*Pullaway Cheerily*"—RUSSELL.

TIME. Then let us hear from you kindly—one cheer from
you,

Is all we want now our troubles to end.

HER. Don't be too hard on us—all our faults pardon us—
Let us run on, p'raps in time we may mend.

FLOR. If we've made free with the Bard we all venerate
'Tis that we prize him beyond all the rest,
Such is the way of the world, we, at any rate,
Ever make freest with those we love best.

CHORUS. Then let us hear from you kindly, &c.

CURTAIN.

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