



# LA! SONNAMBULA!

OR,

THE SUPPER, THE SLEEPER,

AND THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

**An Original Operatic Burlesque Extrabaganza.**

BY

**HENRY J. BYRON,**

*(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)*

AUTHOR OF

Orpheus and Eurydice, Lady Belle Belle, The Old Story, Dundreary Married and Done For, Cinderella, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazourka, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love, The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp, Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good, Ivanhoe in Accordance, etc., Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othellos, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Eily O'Connor, George de Barnwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, Timothy to the Rescue, The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm, The Sensation Fork, My Wife and I, Beautiful Haidee; or, the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers, Ill Treated Il Trovatore, The Motto: "I am all there!" 1863, St. George and the Dragon, The "Grin" Bushes, Lion and the Unicorn, Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Boom, Princess Springtime; or, the Envoy that Stole the King's Daughter, Pan; or, the Loves of Echo and Narcissus, &c, &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Valentine and Orson, & Forty Thieves (Savage Club)

**THOMAS H A I L E S L A C Y,**

**89, STRAND, LONDON.**

First performed at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, (under the management of Miss Marie Wilton) on  
 Saturday, April 15th, 1865, a New and Original Operatic Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled

# LA! SONNAMBULA!

OR,

## THE SUPPER, THE SLEEPER, AND THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

Being a passage in the life of a famous 'Woman in White;' a passage leading to a tip-top story, told in this  
 instance by HENRY J. BYRON, Esq.

The new Scenery by Mr. CHARLES S. JAMES and Assistants. The Overture and Incidental Music composed and  
 arranged by Mr. J. C. VAN MAANEN. The Machinery by Mr. BARRS. The Costumes by Mrs. HINTON, Mr. S. MAY and  
 Assistants. The Appointments by Mr. JONES. Pertuquier, Mr. CLARKESON.

THE EXTRAVAGANZA PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AUTHOR.

### Characters.

THE COUNT RODOLPHO (*Misanthropical, Metaphysical, Metaphorical, Dyspeptic, Bilious and  
 Disagreeable*) ..... Mr. F. DEWAR.  
 VILLAGE NOTARY (*Marriage Contracts, Paternal Blessings, Title Deeds, Rightful Heirs, and other Stage  
 Requirements, on the shortest notice*) ..... Mr. H. W. MONTGOMERY.  
 ALESSIO (*"the Merry Swiss Boy," Village Barber, and Chatterbox, combining two extreme military ranks,  
 being at once Private Inquirer and General Gossip*) ..... Miss MARIE WILTON.  
 ELVINO ..... Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.  
 A VIRTUOUS PEASANT ..... (by the kind permission of the Legitimate Drama) ..... Mr. HARRY COX.

AN INGENUOUS RUSTIC ..... Mr. BROWN.  
 A SIMPLE-MINDED VILLAGER ..... Mr. JONES.  
 A GUILILESS CLODHOOPER ..... Mr. ROBINSON.  
 AMINA ..... Mr. J. CLARKE.  
 TERESA (*Aunt to Amina—in the Opera she is Amina's Mother, but in the present Drama she isn't*) Miss LILLIAN HASTINGS.  
 ELVIRA } ..... Miss BLANCHE WILTON.  
 LISETTA } ..... Miss AUGUSTA WILTON.  
 LIZA (*Mistress of the Village Inn, but not of herself, who having been thrown over by Elvino, naturally feels considerably upset*) ..... Miss BELLA GOODALL.  
*Peasants and Populace regardless of expense.*

LA ! SONNAMBULA.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

Sc. 1. The Village of Tra-la-lal-la in the Picturesque Mountains of Lurliety.

Everything is redolent of happiness, for it is the day on which Elvino and Amina are to be betrothed. One person objects to the general joy—it is Liza; she has her reasons. She loves Elvino, and is jealous of Amina naturally. Alessio attempts to make up for Elvino and to Liza but is snubbed—he grins and bears it. Amina enters—war closes and there is a concerted piece. The betrothal. The Count re-visits the scenes of his childhood, and (though mysterious) is agreeable. Stopping, he is put into

**THE HAUNTED CHAMBER!**

And is informed of the Kleptomaniacal tricks of the Village Phantom. The house being full and the Count empty, he puts up with what he can get, and at the Inn in question.

SCENE 2. EXTERIOR OF THE 'GOLDEN FLEECE' INN.

In which Alessio finds the awkwardness of making love to too many people at the same time, and a real live specimen of that magnificent Dramatic Biped, the *Virtuous Peasant*, tells his story of unrequited love.

SCENE 3. NUMBER SIX.

The Count has to put *up* with a shake *down*; he prefers the floor.

THE PHANTOM.

Something very like stealing, and something else very painfully like a discovery. Indignation on the part of the Villagers. THE VILLAGE KLEPTOMANIAC. AG-O-NY.

SCENE 4. EXTERIOR OF THE 'GOLDEN FLEECE' INN.

The Virtuous Peasant turns his attention to "fresh fields, and *pastures new*," being assisted by Alessio, who knowing you can't to the *good add virtue*, gives him some *good ad-vice*.

SCENE 5. THE OLD WATER "MILL;" or, "HOSTILE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

How Alessio is on with the old love and off with the new, or rather off with the news, which is detrimental to Amina, who having contracted a bad habit of eating suppers, has gone in for going out in a sonnambulist condition. How Amina's trials only result in a conviction that she is innocent! How Alessio points a moral, and Mr. C. S. JAMES adorns a tail, by furnishing the finish with an exquisite Scene, entitled very appropriately

DREAMLAND!

Which, it is hoped, concludes the Piece to the satisfaction of everybody.

\*\* This Burlesque is not placed on the List of the Dramatic Authors' Society. The Terms on which it can be performed may be obtained by applying to the Management.

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## LA! SONNAMBULA.



SCENE FIRST.—*A Mountainous Landscape.*

*Enter* PEASANTESES, L. U. E.—*Ballet.*—*Exeunt*, R. 1 E.  
*Enter* LIZA, R. 2 E.

LIZA. Elvino once loved *me*, but now he don't;  
But yet to cross his *will* is not my *won't*.  
So, till he's married, I'll e'en smile, not frown on him,  
And then for heavy damages come down on him.

*Enter* TERESA, L. U. E..

TERESA. What is the use of going on like this ?

LIZA. (*pettishly*) Be quiet, *madam*.

TERESA. Beg your pardon—*miss* :

Teresa, properly Amina's ma,  
But then our authors *change tout cela*.  
And as with youth the opera overladen arn't,  
Changed me to *maiden* aunt, and so I'm *made an* aunt.  
You know than even woman man is fickler,  
They're changeable.

LIZA. Elvino in partic'ler.  
He led me to believe in *him*, you see,  
And now I find that him be leavin' *me* :  
For a poor miserable upstart creature,  
Who's really not possessed of one good feature.  
A plainer girl than I, say all who've seen her,  
And poorer, too—a *poorer* and *A meaner*.

TERESA. I know it's irritating, dear, to lose him,  
And natural, of course, you should abuse him  
Under the circumstances.

LIZA. Cruel fate!  
And I was firmly *bent* on acting *straight*.  
I promised him my *inn*, "The Golden Fleece,"  
Where business always is on the *in*-crease;  
All its neat wines, goodwill, and fixtures, too,  
Most of the furniture as good as new.  
He was to take—I wanted not his tin;  
But, oh how differently—he *took my inn*.

TERESA. He often took you *out*.

LIZA. He did.

TERESA. Come, Liza,  
Drop Mr. E.

LIZA. I cannot, *Miss Ter-e-sa*.

TERESA. Come, there's Alessio, who hair dresses, he—

LIZA. Mustn't pay his *hairdresses*, ma'am, to me.

Liza's some pride, Teresa—you can't *know* her;  
And she looks *higher*.

TERESA. (*eyeing her—aside*) Couldn't look much *lower*.  
Somebody's coming, smile and smooth your hair.

LIZA. First let me drop a tear, my heart is *sair*.

TERESA. NO, no; don't drop a *tear*, but drop *it there*.

(*Music, "The Merry Swiss Boy"—LIZA and  
TERESA go up and off, L. U. E.—ALESSIO enters,  
R., down rocks*)

ALESSIO. Well, as I look around I trust I may  
Hope this for me may prove a lucky day.  
You see I shave, and some say past a doubt,  
That I am p'raps the smartest shaver out;  
With razors and with soap my living gather—  
I go in for the *former* and the *lather*.  
I've had some slight experience in the business,  
And though the dazzling thought first gave me  
dizziness,  
Friends told me not to be the least faint-hearted,  
And so in business for myself I've started.  
They said that on my shop there might be *great*  
runs  
When *backed*, or rather *fronted* by my patrons.

I'll make no promises—they're merest stuff—  
 The shop itself is promising enough;  
 But to the business of the evening warming—  
 Instead of *promising* commence *performing*. (*bells*  
*peal*)  
 There's Liza, out of temper, and she's shewing it.

*Enter LIZA, L., comes down, R.*

Sweet village belle, your namesakes there are going it.  
 Enthusiasm seems to prompt each ringer—  
 Would *I* might be the *ringer* of that finger.  
 You'd suit me, sweetest Liza, to the letter.  
 LIZA. *Alessio*—the *a-less-you* say the better.  
 I'm not in mood for flirting, rustic dense.  
 ALESSIO. You're not in *mood*, perhaps, but I'm *in-tense!*  
 My heart *throbs* like a *bird*; its thumping, bobbin'.  
 LIZA. Throbs like a *bird*, indeed—*what* bird ?  
 ALESSIO. Th'-*robin*.  
 Let's have a double wedding.  
 LIZA. Never!  
 ALESSIO. Why ?  
 You've got some other party in your eye.  
 LIZA. (*aside—pleased*) Jealous! I have, and nobody  
 can beat him.  
 ALESSIO. I beg your pardon, *I* shall if I meet him.  
 You'll give me back my present?  
 LIZA. Oh, what *is* it?  
 ALESSIO. My very prepossessing *carte de visite!*  
 'Twould in the shop a tidy figure fetch,  
 Painted in *ile*—an *iley* finished sketch.  
 I'll take it back.  
 LIZA. And welcome. You'll return  
 My letters, which immediately I'll burn.  
 (*crosses to L.*)  
 ALESSIO. Of course, you'll send me mine.  
 LIZA. I've none.  
 ALESSIO. I say,  
 I sent you lots—one every other day.  
 The very alphabet proves that I'm true ;  
 There's several *letters* dear, from *I* to *U*.

So mind you *let a* fellow have them. Eh ?  
 Here comes Amina; p'raps you'll clear the way.  
*(goes aside)*

*Music—DANCERS trip on—then TERESA and AMINA, L. U. E.*

AMINA. *(sings)* Dearest companions and friends, who thus  
 Partaking joy, because I'm joyous—

*Air, " Hornpipe."*

I, to-day, am going to be married in a jiffey, and  
 I've dressed myself in Sunday best, and look so smart  
 and spiffey, and

The lads and lasses tittering,  
 Have set my heart a twittering  
 And fluttering, whilst muttering  
 Their praise on every side.

TERESA. Elvino and Amina, such a pair were never seen-a;  
 Looking cleaner than two circus riders fresh in the arena.  
 As sweet as sugar, or as new mown hay, or the verbena,

Or the voice of Adelina Patti—famous far and wide.

ALESSIO. Let's hope there'll be no bickering, and love's  
 light won't go flickering ;  
 The lady take to laziness, the husband take to liquoring,  
 He's been to a crack silversmith's, I understand, to pick  
 a ring.

There never was a thicker ring upon a finger tried.

TERESA. Elvina and Amina! let's hope jealousy that's  
 greener  
 Than the greenest verdigris can be, will ne'er rise you  
 between-a.

AMINA. Like the pair in Fra Diavolo, or the Inn of  
 Terracina.

ALESSIO. Some of Jean Marie Farina's Eau de Cologne  
 for the bride.

Fol de riddle, ol de riddle, &c, &c.

*(all but AMINA go off; L. U. E., to symphony—AMINA  
 dancing a hornpipe)*

AMINA. Heigho! I can't help sighing, and yet *why* ?  
 I don't see any reason I should sigh:  
 My future pathway's rosy, soft and sunny,  
 For dear Elvino's got a little money;

And I have got no parents, so you see  
 There's a resemblance between him and me ;  
 Which is a fact that I to Aunty *tell* often,  
 For *I'm* a *poor* orphan, whilst *he's* a *well* off-'un.  
 He gives me wealth, and loving care and duty,  
 Whilst *I* can bring him nothing—'cept my beauty.

*Air, " My Love is like a Red, Red Rose. "*

My love is like the red, red rose,  
 As in the summer's seen,  
 When figged out in his Sunday clothes,  
 And looking nice and clean;  
 With him I would absquatulate,  
 Elope, flit, vanish, fly—  
 For his proposals I did wait  
 Till thirty-five or nigh. (*a whistle heard*)  
 Ha ! ha! that whistle ! he it is doth blow it,  
 It is Elvino ! Oh, how *el ve* know it.

*Music—Enter ELVINO, down L.*

ELVINO. My precious girl, behold me! Nay, don't fear,  
 I am your ever—hem ! in short I'm here !  
 AMINA. (*pettishly*) In *short* you're *here*, is very well to say,  
 In short you're here ! how *long* you've been *away*.  
 A very nice excuse no doubt you brings home,  
 ELVINO. Fact is, my laundress never sent my things home.  
 Come, don't be angry.  
 AMINA. (*coquettishly*) Go along!  
 ELVINO. Amina!  
 The notary is just behind the scene-a.  
 AMINA. The time is getting so extremely near—  
 You'll always treat me kindly ?  
 ELVINO. Though I hear  
 You've been a terrible coquette, my dear,  
 I will admit *I've* been a trifle fast,  
 But my wild oats are sown, my sad days past.  
 There's one fact that I ought to mention though,  
 You will be tidy in your dress, you know ;  
 Do what you can to make yourself attractive,  
 Your face is—  
 AMINA. When one's led a life so active,

In a hard-working *hamlet* one's life's past,  
 To this *complexion* one must come at last.  
 ELVINO. I'll have that sweet face, and the nose especially—  
 AMINA. Enamelled! Oh, Elvino, don't act *rashel-ly*.  
 To say I'm *brown*, my dear, is scarcely *fair*,  
 The reason that I am so, you're aware,  
 Folks often drink my health—of it you've boasted,  
 I'm country *bred*, and I'm so often *toasted*. (*crosses, L.*)  
 It's rather hard—  
 ELVINO. I didn't mean to snub, dear.  
 AMINA. You'll give up smoking?  
 ELVINO. Yes.  
 AMINA. Likewise your club, dear?  
 Ha, ha! If you have clubs, you'll soon leave me  
 then. (*ELVINO sighs*)  
 You sighed?  
 ELVINO. A-side.  
 AMINA. De-cide.  
 ELVINO. De-cided-lee, then. (*bowing*)  
 But I may bring a friend home, now and then?  
 AMINA. Yes, if it's understood he goes at ten;  
 There's nothing more, I think?  
 ELVINO. A latch-key.  
 AMINA. Pooh!  
 I like your impudence, indeed I do,  
 Whenever you're out late, I shall remain up.  
 ELVINO. When I *adore*.  
 AMINA. A *door*, dear, with the chain up  
 Is safest.  
 ELVINO. Why not leave it on the latch,  
 (*affectionately*) And just one *lucifer*.  
 AMINA. Let's drop the *match*,  
 I see we shan't agree. (*they turn up stage and meet R.C.*)  
 ELVINO. NO, I give in,  
 Our friends are on the green, and on the grin.

*Music—enter* NOTARY, ALESSIO, TERESA *and* LIZA, L.U.E

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LIZA. ALESSIO. ELVINO. NOTARY. AMINA. TERESA.  
 R. L.

*Air—" Billy Taylor."*

NOTARY. Which are the contracting parties ?

ELVINO. I am one.

AMINA. And I am t'other.

NOTARY. Come and sign your names, my hearties.

ALESSIO. Tchh ! (*chucking LIZA under the chin*)

LIZA. Alessio, don't *butther*.

ELVINO. My fortune's—never mind.

ALESSIO. But ain't it immense ?

ELVINO. With it thee I do endow—

ALESSIO. House, land, live-stock, and hereditaments.

ELVINO. Pigeons, pigs, poultry, pump and plough.

(ELVINO, AMINA, and others sign contract)

ALESSIO. (*to LIZA*) Tiddy, &c.

LIZA. (*indignantly*) Tiddy, etc., etc.

(*all go up—ELVINO brings down AMINA*)

ELVINO. Take now this ring, 'tis thine, love.

Observe, Amina, don't it shine, love?

(AMINA fails to give vent to her emotions)

ALESSIO. (*L., to audience, pointing to AMINA*) Oh! she cannot give expression.

At least can't find a fresh 'un,

Like M.P.s, who each session

Have to say the same thing o'er again.

*Air, " Belle of Camberwell."*

ELVINO. Oh ! happy day, oh I who can say, how much we  
feel of joy ? [alloy.

Such bliss as this, I wis, oh, miss, is bliss without

ALESSIO. The beauty of the blushing bride's the theme of  
every tongue;

Some brides are old, as we've been told, but ain't  
Amina young ?

AMINA. For she's a dear, that's very clear,  
And captivates their hearts.

ALESSIO. Just like the Belle of Camberwell,  
A place in foreign parts. (*repeat all*)

LIZA. Oh! rage, despair and agonee. How happy they  
appear.

NOTARY. That lady's temper is enough to sour her own  
small beer;

She's a domestic thunderstorm—tempestuous is she.

Amina, on the contrary's all amiabilitee.

AMINA. For she's a dear, &c, &c, &c. (*repeat all*)

*Exeunt*R.U.E., *except* ALESSIO, *who goes up* R.

*Music.*—*Enter* COUNT RODOLPHO, L., *a pallid and gloomy-looking person, who wears high Hessian boots and a long sword.*

COUNT. Once more my foot's upon my native heather,  
Or would be but for intervening leather.

(ALESSIO *comes down*, R.)

These tip-top Hessians, which I always wear,  
When to my native country I repair:  
Whenever into Switzerland I pops  
I always make a *point* of *mountin' tops*.  
Festivities are—

ALESSIO. (R. *bowing*) Hem! just round the corner,  
There is a shop where beards and whiskers shorn are.  
The operator's warranted most steady.  
N. B.—high mettled *razors* always ready.  
Might I suggest that you should take your chin there.

COUNT. (L.) I've seen that face somewhere.

ALESSIO. I've often been there.

COUNT. 'Tis really an extraordinary rum thing,  
But everything remindeth me of something ;  
But what that something *is*, or why it *should*,  
Whether it be for *evil* or for *good*,  
Or middling, or for *neither*, or all *three*,  
Is all a dense mysterious fog to *me*.  
I'm metaphysical and transcendental  
By no means useful and not ornamental;  
A mixture of the erudite philosopher,  
Manfred, The Stranger, and a sheriff's ossifer.  
What's going on?

ALESSIO. (*about to go* L.) I am.

COUNT. (R.) Ingenuous peasant.

ALESSIO. A marriage.

COUNT. Hah! I'll give the bride a present.

ALESSIO. Thankee.

COUNT. (*absorbed*) The mem'ry of the past will last  
Through life.

ALESSIO. (*with hand out*) The *present*—never mind the *past*.

COUNT. HOW far's the chateau ?

ALESSIO. Six miles; (COUNT *looks more gloomy*)  
Don't look down.

In *his* case, *six* (s) *miles* seem to make *one* frown.

Stop and be pleasant.

COUNT. Humph!

*Enter* LIZA, R. U. E., and TERESA, L.

ALESSIO. This lady here,  
Keeps the hotel. (LIZA *curtseys*)

COUNT. (*starting*) Ha, ha! *that face!*

LIZA. The beer

Is mild, but honest, and our bread is brown.

Our porter's always up, our beds are—

COUNT. (*aside—hitting his breast*) Down!

(ALESSIO and LIZA *go up, R.*)

I know the inn, 'tis the old fashioned sort,  
Where you get fine old crusted logwood port,  
At fifteen bob the bottle. Where the doors  
Are made so that they don't fit to the floors.  
Where all the windows rattle through the night,  
And where the row commences with the light.  
Where all the servants liberal fees expect,  
Where you ring twenty times with no effect.  
Where all you get to read, should it be wet,  
Is last week's local, beery, torn gazette.  
Where the tough barn-door fowls are done to shreds,  
And it's thought waste of time to air the beds.  
The bad old-fashioned sort of—past a doubt—  
*Slow-going inn, that's now fast going out.*

ALESSIO. (*to* LIZA) From his remarks to *me* it's very clear  
(L.) He evidently knows the house, my dear.

*Music.—Concerted Piece.*

COUNT. AS I views those inns so charming,  
A fond remembrance of bills alarming,  
In days long vanished and passed away—  
*Air, "Montgomery's Bow Bells Polka."*

ALESSIO. Pray take my advice, now,  
Settle in a trice, now.

Liza soon will cook you something nice, now.

LIZA. Anything I've got, sir,  
It's no matter what, sir,  
I'll make piping hot, sir,  
Piping hot!

ALESSIO. (C.) Make yourself at home, sir.  
Do not further roam, sir;

TERESA. Evening 'gins to gloam, sir,  
Cruel Mr. Somes, sir,

LIZA. Makes us shut at one, sir,  
Stopping all our fun, sir.

ALESSIO. She'll have something done, sir.  
If you'll stay.

*(symphony continued pianissimo)*

*Enter AMINA, R. 1 E. ; all but COUNT retire up.*

COUKT. Where is the bride?

AMINA. (R. C.) I am the party.

COUNT. *(starting)* Hah!

*That face!* but tush !

AMINA. Tush ?

COUNT. Yes, and likewise pshaw !

*(takes her hand and sings)*

Maid, those bright eyes my heart impressing,

You'll forgive me thus digressing, but, &c.

*(Music—ALESSIO and others repeat Bow Bells  
Polka, and polka up, with the exception of AMINA)*

*Enter ELVINO, R.*

COUNT. And now I'm getting drowsy; show the way,

Since you have settled that I'm here to stay.

Show me the way, dear; *by the way*, your name ?

*(to AMINA, who is R.)*

ELVINO. *(forward, R.)* Mrs. Elvino, if it's all the same.

COUNT. *(starting)* Ha, ha! *that face!* but no—and yet—  
but yes!

'Tis very ster-ange!

ELVINO. *(to AMINA)* Amina, I confess

I think you're forward.

AMINA. Bother!

ELVINO. Bother!

COUNT. Where  
Is my apartment ? (*down R. C.*)

LIZA. (*comes down, R.*) Number six.

AMINA. What *there !*  
(ALESSIO *down L. of COUNT*)  
I hope of ghosts and goblins you've no fear,  
That chamber's *haunted, harn't it, haunty-dear?* [and I  
ALESSIO. (*aside to COUNT*) Yes, by a phantom all in white,  
Shrewdly suspect that it's alive! (*grasping his arm*)

COUNT. Oh, my!  
You've watched it, then ?

ALESSIO. Yes, I should think so, *reether*.

COUNT. The Inn haunt-*ded*.

ALESSIO. The phantom *harn't dead* neither.  
I've my suspicions. (ALESSIO *brings COUNT down*)

COUNT. Gracious! (*scene darkens—tremulous music*)

*Phantom Chorus Music, leading to—Air, " 'Orrible Tale."*  
(*all alarmed in front*)

ALESSIO. A terrible ghost comes here each night,  
As soon as rises the moonlight,  
She walks about Teresa's Mill,  
In a state of nocturnal dishabille.  
And oh, she is so horrible pale,  
Is this mysterious female,  
We can only murmur when she doth come—  
Ter wedle, ter wodle, ter widle, ter wum.  
(*during this every one is alarming the COUNT by  
fearful gestures; he gets lower and lower, and  
at the end of verse two sinks flat*)

AMINA. About the Inn it hovers nightly,  
The police should take up this ghost unsightly,  
We've no policeman to detect her,  
For she you see's our sole inspector.  
And oh, she is so horrible pale,  
Though I've never myself seen this strange female,  
Which to say the least is rather rum—  
Ter wedle, ter wodle, ter widle, ter wum.  
(*note on drum, all start—LIZA shews COUNT off L.*  
SYMPHONY—COUNT *sliding a la the Corsican  
Brothers Ghost*)

AMINA. And now, farewell, until to-morrow, dear,  
 I'll make you a good missus, never fear;  
 Elvino, you do not forget, I trust,  
 I've such a light hand at a flaky crust.

ELVINO. Don't mention it.

ALESSIO. Beg pardon, but you know,  
 Before third parties, spooning's rather slow.

ELVINO. It is—adieu.

*(goes to kiss AMINA, ALESSIO comes c.)*

AMINA. Adieu, you wicked rover.

ALESSIO. Yes, yes, all right, consider that it's over.

*Quartette—"Come where my love lies dreaming."*

ELVINO. Come, there's a love, try dreaming, &c.

*Exeunt, R.U. E.—AMINA and TERESA, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Exterior of the "Golden Fleece"—  
 Lively Music.*

NOTARY *enters with ELVIRA and LISETTA, L. 1 E.*

NOTARY. NOW then, you chattering magpies, get along;  
 This prattling's very pleasant, but it's wrong.  
 I've got my business to attend to.

ELVIRA. Still,  
 When you wed folks, do you send in your bill,  
 Or are there fees?

LISETTA. Paid down at once, you know.

NOTARY. Why do you ask—*you* haven't got a *beau*.

ELVIRA. Indeed I have—he'd wed me on the spot,

LISETTA. And I've a *bow* who would the wedding *knot*  
 Fasten at once, the ring instanter buy,  
 And bind our two hearts with *avidi-tie*.

ELVIRA. That, Notary's, also the case with *me*.

NOTARY. Well, do *not hurry* says the *Not-hurree*.  
 This is the rapid age, when no one stops;  
 Small boys turn up their noses at their tops,  
 Smoke penny pickwicks, 'ere they've stick-up collars,  
 Swagger like juvenile Peruvian Rollas;  
 Girls think of getting married at a time  
 When they ought still to love a pantomime;  
 Play the piano soon as they are born. *(both girls yawn)*  
 It seems to me, these parties play the *yawn*.

ELVIRA. We didn't ask you for advice, because  
That's six and eightpence.

NOTARY. That's to say it *was*.  
But won't be long, a certain party he's  
Trying to play Old Harry with our fees.  
If he succeeds, for us 'twill be a bore,  
The Chancellor'll destroy all *chance o' lor*.

ALESSIO *enters*, R 1 E.

ALESSIO. NOW then.

ELVIRA. (*aside*) Heigho !

LISSETTA. Heigho!

NOTARY. Both sighed I see.

Awkward a number as is number three (*crosses to L.*)

In this case number four, I greatly fear,

's no better off—*I'm* better off than here. *Exit*, L. 1 E.

ELVIRA. Well, dear. (ALESSIO *gets to c.*)

LISSETTA. Well, love?

ELVIRA. Miss!

LISSETTA. Miss!

ALESSIO. HOW awkward ! Gracious!

ELVIRA. You're very forward.

LISSETTA. And you're most audacious.

(*the two GIRLS look at each other, then scream and  
fall, R. and L., into ALESSIO'S arms*)

ALESSIO. I wish I'd not made love though to 'em both,

To leave 'em like this, too, I'm rather loth;

Can't leave two girls of senses quite bereft;

She can't be *right*, and she—she can't be *left*.

(*attempts to get away, they clutch him*)

Like to the Brothers Davenport am I,

I'm in a Tom-Fool's knot I can't untie ;

I must be off, there's really no way but it,

I can't untie it, p'raps I'd better *cut* it.

Let go, my dears.

*Enter* VIRTUOUS PEASANT, *suddenly*, L. 1 E.

VIRTUOUS P. (*starting melodramatically*) Ha, ha! what's  
that I see?

LISSETTA. Lisetta? (*reviving*) Virtuous Peasant!

VIRTUOUS P. Which it's me!



*Concerted Piece—Air, " The German Band. "\**

- VIRTUOUS P. My story p'raps may prove a bore.  
 ALESSIO. NO, go it, Virtuous Peasant,  
 We've heard the history before.  
 VIRTUOUS P. I know that it's unpleasant.  
 I once did love and did propose.  
 LISETTA. Before you did to me ?  
 VIRTUOUS P. Her conduct wasn't quite "la chose"  
 Whatever that may be.  
 I sought her hand, my fancy's queen,  
 The prettiest in the land. [the flageolet  
 But she flirted with a foreigner, who played  
 In the middle of a German band.  
 CHORUS. He sought her hand, &c.  
 VIRTUOUS P. He'd a jacket laced, and round his waist  
 Was a band of ornamentation.  
 If ever I get near the rascal's flageolet,  
 I'll give him such a flagellation.  
 I'll punch his vile Teutonic knob  
 Whenever him I meet,  
 If so be as the reg'lar bob-  
 by's another part of the beat.  
 I'll lace his jacket more than ever he expects,  
 As he stands by his music stand,  
 When I catch that indiwiddle, I'll run him  
 through the middle  
 In the middle of his German band.  
 CHORUS. He'll lace his jacket more, &c.  
 (*go up, and dance off singly, R.—dance by*  
 VIRTUOUS PEASANT, *and exit, R.*)

SCENE THIRD. — *The Bed Room. The oak panelling painted in a ghostly manner, with goblinessesque faces ; with a shakedown bed, L. C. ; a shower bath, L. C. ; a looking glass, &c. R.; door, R.; window, R. C.*

*Symphony of " A Horrible Tale," played as LIZA enters, shewing in the COUNT he is still tremulous as at the finish of First Scene—LIZA carries a chamber candlestick with very short piece of candle.*

LIZA. This is your room, and that's your shakedown.

\* Music published by D'Alcorn, may be had of all Book and Music-sellers.

COUNT. (*hitting the bed which is hard*) Eh ?  
 You can't call that a *shakedown*, I should say:  
 The feathers that's composed of are quill pens.  
 Of all the vile uncomfortable dens  
 I ever did—

LIZA. YOU must put up with this.  
 We're full.

COUNT. I'll do my best to bear it, miss.

LIZA. Good—there's your candle.

COUNT. (*taking it*) Dip infinitesimal.  
 Tallowy fragment, oleaginous decimal.  
 Cleverly timed to burn almost until  
 One's got one's boots off—in to-morrow's bill—  
 Prophetically (knowing hotel tricks)—  
 I see you termed " Wax candles, two and six."  
 It's *candle* us!

LIZA. When do you wish the Boots  
 To call you ?

COUNT. Oh! whenever him it suits.

LIZA. Talking to you, I cannot longer keep—  
 Say how *long* do you generally sleep ?

COUNT. Well, about five feet nine or thereabouts.

LIZA. Fool!

COUNT. P'raps her temper's good, but I've my doubts.

(*Music—pas de candlestick — LIZA going off shuts  
 door, R. in COUNT'S face on last note*)

COUNT. NOW for a casual glance—I'm not prepared  
 To answer for that *shakedown* being air'd.  
 Here goes to try—(*puts glass in*)—a never-failing  
 dodge,  
 For those who in unknown apartments lodge.  
 'Tis well I tried, the folks about here seem,  
 Decidedly, to wash their sheets by *steam*,  
 And then forget to dry them.

(*noise of CAT under the shakedown*) Miow !

COUNT. (*in a phrenzy of melodramatic agony*) What's  
 that?

(*going to door and calling*)

I say, excuse me, but you've left the cat!

If there's a thing of which I have a horror—

CAT. Miow ! (COUNT *draws his sword*)

COUNT. That feline animal will come to sorrow.

(*looks about for Cat*)

Ha, ha! no doubt it's there. (*looks under bed*) Ha !

*That face!*

(*dashes his sword wildly under the shakedown—  
noise of CAT spitting—after a short battle all is  
silent—COUNT looks up scared*)

(*a la Macbeth*) I've done the deed. (*tapping heard at  
the window*) Didn't I hear a noise?

A tapping—only vulgar little boys

Playing their larks. No thought the tapping merits.

(*tapping again*)

Perhaps this public's haunted by bad spirits ?

Oh, dear! Yet no, the thought's not worth a rap.

(*tapping again*)

This tavern seems, to me, to be all *tap*.

Ha, ha! there, now the candle's blown out. Pooh!

'Twill soon be morning. (*knocks up against the shower  
bath, R.*) Murder! (*seizes it*) Who are you ?

'Tis vain to struggle ! Mind I've sword and pistol.

Why, it's a *Bath!* It made my hair all *Bristol*.

Phew! where's my couch? Can't find it, that's a  
bore !

There's one couch one can *always* find—the floor.

(*about to lie down*) My watch,—in sleeping, I the  
glass might crash,

A family relic it won't do to smash.

I am a soldier, and they mustn't catch

A sentinel a *sleeping on his watch*.

(*takes his watch out and looks at it*)

You're best off—whilst on boards your master's  
kicking,

All of the coming night you'll *keep on ticking*.

Hard boards, accept a weary soldier's thanks.

(*knocks stage*)

I can't say life's all *prizes* and no *planks*.

It's precious draughty—slumber o'er me creeps.

Somebody ought to here observe, "he sleeps."

*Music.*—AMINA *appears at door, c. with lighted candle*—  
COUNT *looks up in horror, sits up gradually, his wig straight up.*

COUNT. Ha, ha ! *that face !*

AMINA. It's very strange—where can Elvino be?  
It's cold—tishshoo ! tishshoo ! (*blows out candle*)

COUNT. 'Tis *shoo ! 'tis she !*

AMINA. (*combs her hair at glass, R.*) Elvino, I'm afraid  
you won't be true,

You won me, gentle *dove*, by one grand *coo*.  
Whilst others ogled, simpered, sniggered, sighed,  
You asked me boldly to become your bride ;  
And I, poor artless maiden, guileless, free,  
Hearing how well off you would shortly be,  
Gave you a simple peasant's love—there, take it!  
And nothing, except poverty, will shake it.

(*music, piano, all through speech*)

COUNT. Unselfish, generous girl! (*weeps*)

AMINA. Your voice is broken, (*goes to bed*)

Let me have something, dearest, as a token.

What's this ?—your watch—yes I tell me, is it going ?

COUNT. Yes, it is going.

AMINA. Come, now, I'll be knowing,

And keep it; then when you are out too late,  
The minute you come back, dear, I can state.  
So I can *time* you, when your games you're arter.

COUNT. *Time me !* I shouldn't like to *time her*, the Tartar!

That valuable watch of mine, no doubt,  
Full speedily'll ascend some neighbouring spout.

AMINA. To go well that's the ticker—that's the ticket.

COUNT. The ticket! she alludes to the *du-plic*-ate.

I cannot strike a light, in vain's percussion;  
She is a *Tartar*, but my light's a *Rush'un*.

(*noise of murmuring heard—tremulous music—  
pantomime rally, played at first very piano, then  
gradually forte*)

COUNT. (*a la clown*) Somebody's coming!

(*hurries about in fear, and falls down on his face—  
AMINA, still sleeping, mechanically picks him up  
in the Pantaloon fashion, not looking at him,  
but her eyes still gazing on vacancy*)

COUNT. They're coming here, and I in dishabille!  
Where can I go—in here ! of course,—I will. (*enters  
bath, pulling curtains to*)

*Music.*—*Enter* ALESSIO, LIZA, ELVIRA, LISETTA, NOTARY,  
TERESA, and VIRTUOUS PEASANT, *door R.*

" *Orphee Polka,*" *very piano*—ALL *but* AMINA.

Now we shall soon find out—ha, ha!  
No doubt—ha, ha!  
All about—ha, ha!  
She who resistance stout—ha, ha!  
To our endeavours made.  
For we have watched her here—ha, ha!  
It's clear—ha, ha !  
Never fear—ha, ha !  
Close she must now appear—ha, ha!  
For she is now way-laid.

AMINA. (*sings aside*) *Air, " He, She, and the Postman."*

Amina you a wife will make,  
A wife of whom to boast, mum.  
Elvino care had better take,  
Between you, *me,* and the post, mum.

(*Chorus repeat*)

ALESSIO. (*seizing AMINA by the arm*) Let's see your face.  
(AMINA awakes)

ALL. Amina!

ALESSIO. Oh!

(*falls into the arms of NOTARY overcome*)

AMINA. Oh, dear! (*picture*)

Will some one tell me what I'm doing here?

Where am I ? Speak! Is each of you a dumb 'un ?

LIZA. Oh, oh! Amina!

ELVIRA. Oh ! you bad young wumman !

LIZA. NOW we know who it is, who has of late

Purloined from here small articles of plate.

AMINA. Oh!

ALESSIO. The spoons have vanished, and most strange to say,  
Some silver forks have forked themselves away.

AMINA. Give me *one hearing*—(a *murmuring*)—only let me speak!

LISSETTA. I lost a *pair of hearrings*, miss, last week.

AMINA. Oh!

VIRTUOUS P. Here, I could say a sentimental lot,  
P'raps on the whole though I had better not.  
As Virtue's *not* triumphant just at present,  
They might, p'raps, kick the simple-minded peasant.

NOTARY. This is the thief then; for these acts she'll grieve.  
The thief, who to alarm us, makes believe  
To be a ghost. We'll pop, despite her sorrow,  
This *ghost* in prison! (*sensation*)

ALESSIO. Which she *goes t-o-morrow*,  
And no mistake!

AMINA. Which! when! why! what! how! who! (*all turn*)  
I'm all abroad, and don't know what to do.  
What is my crime?

ELVINO *enters R.*—AMINA *flies to him\**

ELVINO. What's all this row about?

AMINA. Elvino! Dear Elvino, take me out;  
They are so *rude*.

ELVINO. Rude! if they are, ma belle,  
They'll find their conduct shall be *rued* as well.

AMINA. I'm old enough to know what I'm about,  
Of that there can't be the remotest doubt.  
Amina is of age or folks malign her,  
Remember, I'm *Amina*, not a *minor*.

ELVINO. Alessio, what's the matter?

ALESSIO. Well, you see,  
Since you must know, the fact is, *E.*, that *she*,  
This *lass an' I* decided~~lee~~ agree  
That she's committed petty larcenee.

AMINA. *Me!* larcenee! He, he!

ELVINO. It's too absurd!  
She is as truthful as a little *bird*.

---

\* VIRT. P. LISSETTA. ELVIRA. ALESSIO. NOTARY. ELVINO. AMINA. LIZA.  
R.

ALESSIO. Just so, a *humming* bird. Her *face* I know  
 Doth with expression truly honest glow;  
 But it's a sham; her face delusive is !  
 Like cheap Moselle, deception's in her *phiz*.  
 It's true!

VIRTUOUS P. Oh, yes, she has suspected it  
 Some time.

ELVIRA. Indeed !

LISSETTA. Good gracious!

AMINA. Wait a bit. (*crosses C.*)

If I'm a thief I must have stolen some'at.

NOTARY. A logical conclusion that to come at!  
 You must.

AMINA. Then prove it!

ELVINO. (*seeing the chain of the watch*) Ha! what's that?  
 a chain ?

ALL. A chain!

ELVINO. For its possession you'll explain.

A gold chain! traitress! heartless, cruel jilt!

ALESSIO. A *gold* chain isn't evidence of *guilt*;  
 Still it looks bad.

NOTARY. NO doubt she's robbed some friend of it

AMINA. Gracious ! what's this, a gold watch at the end  
 of it?

NOTARY. A watch by a crack maker; her *intent*  
 Is *evident*—(*hands it ALESSIO*)

ALESSIO. Oh! yes, it's *heavy* (*looking at maker's name*) *Dent*,  
 Decidedly.

AMINA. Elvino, it's not true;

(*clutching ELVINO*) Say that you don't believe them.

ELVINO. (*throwing off her hand*) But I *do*.

AMINA. YOU do?

(*staring wildly, then bursting into a loud fit of blub-  
 bering, falls back against NOTARY on TERESA'S  
 shoulder*)

TERESA. Bear up, your grief is heavy, so are *you*.

ELVINO. Don't speak to me.

AMINA. I shall, I must, I *will*.

ELVINO. Be quiet, yes, " False one, I love thee *still*."

Take her, I cast her off!

AMINA. NO, no !

ELVINO. In vain.  
 A wife of mine purloin a watch and chain!

VIRTUOUS P. Come to this virtuous waistcoat.

ALESSIO. (*knocking him back*) Bother.

VIRTUOUS P. I can *bear* it.

ALESSIO. I can't, and only wish you wouldn't wear it.

ELVINO. Farewell ?

AMINA. Oh! mercy! Pity me!

ELVINO. Away!

AMINA. I faint! I die ! some air! some air, I say!  
 (*staggers towards bath—pulls string—a rush of water is heard*)

COUNT. (*popping his head out after sneezing, his hair is perfectly white*) My hair is white, it is from fright;  
 You see the fears of this most awful sight,  
 Experienced through this dreadful night,  
 Have turned my raven locks a snowy white;  
 The dye's come out—the water here is still on,  
 I feel I'm like the *prisoner with the chill on*.  
 (*AMINA again pulls string—another rush of water is heard—COUNT leaps from bath*)

AMINA. Is this your watch ?

COUNT. Should rather say it *was*. (*coming down, c.*)

ALESSIO. Just so, but is it *now*?

COUNT. Of course, I'm *poz*.

ALESSIO. (to NOTARY) The prosecutor says his name is *Poz*.

AMINA. When did you know me take what wasn't mine ?  
 I'd never even take a glass of wine,  
 Unless you urged me ; no, nor take a chair,  
 Nor take a liberty, nor take the air,  
 Or take a buss, though showers of rain might soak.  
 You never even knew me *take a joke*. (*a general howl*)

ALESSIO. Well, most decidedly I must say she  
 'S the sort of girl who's never taken *me*.

ELVINO. I'll hear no more—no Baron Wylde could sever  
 (*AMINA crosses to ELVINO*)  
 More thoroughly our plighted vows for ever.

AMINA. NO matter—I can bear thy scorn—aye, thine !  
 Triumphant o'er my foes I yet shall shine,  
 Illuminated by sweet truth's sublime light,  
 By conscious innocence—

ALESSIO. And by the lime light.

*Concerted Piece.—Finale to Act II., Sonnambula.*

AMINA. (*sings*) I am not guilty !  
 CHORUS. Oh, here's a go!  
 A.MiNA. Don't accuse me.  
 CHORUS. Oh, here's a go!  
 AMINA. I am in a fog most dense, most dense, most dense.  
 I am not guilty!  
 CHORUS. Oh, here's a go!  
 AMINA. Don't accuse me— don't accuse me !  
 Or abuse me, or ill-use me, if you please.  
 CHORUS. Oh, here's a go!  
 ELVINO. (*sings*) I am broken-hearted!  
 CHORUS. Oh, here's a go!  
 ELVINO. Broken-hearted at this wretched news.  
 Agonee-ee-ee-ee and despair, a-a-and despair!  
 A—a—a—a and despair!  
 CHORUS. Oh! oh ! oh !  
 (*AMINA during chorus appeals to each in turn—  
 ALL turn from her—lastly to ELVINO, who throws  
 her off into NOTARY'S arms—ELVINO staggers  
 up to bath, in which COUNT has again taken refuge  
 —pulls string and another rush of water is heard  
 —closed in on picture*)  
 COUNT *in bath.*  
 LISETTA. ELVIRA. ALESSIO. ELVINO. AMINA.  
 LIZA. NOTARY.  
 VIRT. P. TERESA.  
 R. L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Exterior of the " Golden Fleece" Inn.*  
*Enter VIRTUOUS PEASANT, R. 1 E., who paces stage tra-*  
*gically.*

VIRTUOUS P. Why, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 I fancy virtue's gone a little by.  
 I've thumped my waistcoat, bragged about my heart,  
 And gone through all the dodgery of the part  
 With no effect. I recollect the time  
 When my remarks, so lofty and sublime,  
 Such as, " Nay, proud patrician, high in rank,  
 With piles of lucre in the county bank;

With silken couch, and gilded marble halls;  
 With pampered powdered slaves, who cringe and  
 crawl,  
 And, spaniel-like, their bodies forward thrust  
 To lick the hand that lays them in the dust—  
 The yumble peasant scorns ye !" That, I vow,  
 Used once to bring 'em down, but it don't now.  
 No, I must give up virtue, I'm afraid;

*Enter ALESSIO, L.*

For, recently, it's not a thing that's paid.  
 I don't know what to do.

ALESSIO. *Be natural.*  
 VIRTUOUS P. Dear me.  
 I can't say that I ever tried that key.  
 ALESSIO. The present age don't care for affectation,  
 It's *weakness* is—  
 VIRTUOUS P. What ?  
 ALESSIO. TOO much *strength*—sensation,  
 And all that sort of thing.  
 VIRTUOUS P. What shall I do ?  
 I can't live on my wits.  
 ALESSIO. That's very true.  
 The age objects to being bored.  
 VIRTUOUS P. (*snaps his fingers*) That *for* it!  
 The age is *hollow*.  
 ALESSIO. Then you needn't *bore* it.  
 If you can't live upon your head you know,  
 Try what your heels will do.  
 VIRTUOUS P. At once, I'll go.  
 From Switzerland I'll amputate *my* hickory,  
 And go in instantly—  
 ALESSIO. For what?  
 VIRTUOUS P. *Terpsichore.*

*Duet, " Going Home to Dixie." (they walk round)*

VIRTUOUS P. Walk around, around about,  
 Choose your step, and dance it out,  
 Toe and heel it,  
 Reel it,

Seal it with a little stamp.  
 TOGETHER. Keeping time together,  
 Keeping time so true,  
 Let us both see whether  
 We can't a break-down do.  
 ALESSIO. I'll bet a pound—a pound—a pound about,  
 Rheumatiz—matiz or gout,  
 This would cure it,  
 Sure it,  
 Lure it off, likewise the cramp.  
*(repeat chorus, and dance off, R.)*

SCENE FIFTH.— *The Mill.*

*Music—the PEASANTS come on dancing and singing before  
 ELVINO and LIZA, who come on arm-and-arm, R. U. E.*

ALL. Hurrah !  
*(ELVINO appears downcast, LIZA, particularly  
 lively)*  
 ELVINO. Cease tral-lal-laing.  
 LIZA. Yes, do stop your riot.  
 And let us both get married on the quiet.  
 ELVINO. Heigho!  
 LIZA. Don't sigh, dear, why, you should rejoice,  
 I am the partner of your early choice ;  
 Having found out Amina's tricks, Elvino,  
 You've no occasion now dear to say *me no*.  
*(aside)* It's quite a triumph. After all, first love,  
 All other kinds is very far above,  
 Isn't it, dear ?  
 ELVINO. *TOO* dear, you'll understand,  
 I don't give you my heart, girl, with my hand;  
 My heart is vacuous—it's empty—hollow.  
 LIZA. Ah, 'twill *come after*.  
 ELVINO. No, it doesn't *follow*.  
 Your prospect, mind, by no means is delectable.  
 LIZA. *I* think that so much rapture's not respectable.  
 ELVINO. My heart is seared, remember.  
 LIZA. Oh, no matter.  
 ELVINO. And I can't *bear* you.  
 LIZA. Hate folks myself who flatter.

ELVINO. I shall keep shocking hours, and shall expect  
To find you up, *mending*—you'll recollect,  
However late at night, to this attend.

LIZA. YOU know the proverb—*never too late to mend*.

ELVINO. I shall be also anything but steady.  
P'raps I may strike you.

LIZA. (*coquettishly*) That you've done already.

ELVINO. Knowing these drawbacks, if you choose to  
take me,

And a submissive slave domestic make me,  
I'm yours, as says, or *should* say, some great poet,  
(*almost yawning*) If everything's prepared for the  
match—go it!

If I don't turn out well when we're together—

LIZA. (*aside*) In that case, dear, you'll turn out altogether.  
Come, friends, one glass, ere we resume our way.

1ST PEASANT. What, going to treat us ?

LIZA. Yes.

1ST PEASANT. Oh, then, *hooray!*

(*Music—Exit LIZA and PEASANTS, L. 1 E.*)

ELVINO. (*alone*) What shall I do, can't run away, and yet,  
I never shall Amina quite forget,  
She was so beautiful! Now then!

ALESSIO *enters crying, R.*

ALESSIO. Oh, my!

ELVINO. Alessio, stupid, wherefore pipe your eye,  
All traces of your tears away pray wipe.

ALESSIO. Oh, dear, enough to make a party pipe.  
You've took away my Liza.

ELVINO. (*hastily*) Take her back.

ALESSIO. She won't be took, alas! likewise, alack!

I shall cease barberizing, up she's shut me.

I can't look at my razors since she's cut me.

Can't with dull razors customers affront,

I've got none *sharp*, and ain't got any *blunt*.

Oh, dear !

ELVINO. This marriage I can't stand; I'll fly,  
Anywhere. (*crosses to R.*)

ALESSIO. I'm agreeable, so will I.

ELVINO. I'll hide, become a hermit.

ALESSIO. Just so, do.  
 ELVINO. A *recluse*.  
 ALESSIO. I'll become a *wreck loose*, too.  
 Take to low company, and stick by *you*.  
 (*taking his arm*)  
 ELVINO. We're much alike : we've each a broken heart  
 ALESSIO. You're well off, and I ain't—we'll never part.  
 But ere we leave,—this Count—  
 ELVINO. Ha, ha! go on.  
 ALESSIO. (*seizing ELVINO'S arm melodramatically*) Had he  
 not *come*—  
 ELVINO. (*same business*) His watch—  
 ALESSIO. Would not have—  
 ELVINO. *Gone!*  
 (*they break off and look at each other, then look off  
 melodramatically opposite sides*)  
 ALESSIO. We owe him a deep debt of vengeance.  
 ELVINO. True.  
 ALESSIO. We'll hide him—understand ?  
 ELVINO. Hide *him!* *H'I do.*  
 ALESSIO. He mustn't live ! We'll for the deed prepare.  
 ELVINO. We will! the villain *dies!*  
 ALESSIO. He *does*—his HAIR !  
 We'll call him out.  
 ELVINO. We will. (*they go up*)  
*Enter the COUNT, R., he is suffering from a very severe cold  
 in the head, has his head tied up, and appears woebegone  
 in the extreme.*  
 COUNT. I'm very ill;  
 That sudden shower was enough to kill,  
 And now I'm suffering from a chronic chill.  
 I'm always going to sneeze, but never can.  
 ELVINO. (*down R.*) Come on.  
 ALESSIO. (*down L.*) Come on.  
 COUNT. Come on?  
 ALESSIO. (*sparring*) If you're a man.  
 ELVINO. Defend yourself.  
 COUNT. Leave off.  
 ELVINO. Leave off! ha! ha!  
 COUNT. I've been to *Bath*—don't want to go *to Spa*.

ELVINO. What made you come upon us like a blight:  
 We were so happy here before last night.  
 But for your watch, which tempted on to steal folks,  
 ALESSIO. They call it kleptomania in genteel folks;  
 But, if it's one who's in a humbler station,  
 They say it's priggish, and it's transportation.  
 That's what it is.  
 ELVINO. Amina tried—found guillity.  
 COUNT. Young man, get her defended with ability.  
 Get a good barrister who's up to snuff,  
 A Q.C., who wears *silk*.  
 ALESSIO. And who talks *stuff*.

*Enter LIZA, R. U. E., down L.*

COUNT. And then you possibly may pull her through ;  
 The *watch* has a strong *case*, and so have you.  
 But, if it's going hard against her, say  
 She did it in her sleep.  
 ALESSIO. Beg pardon ?  
 COUNT. Pray,  
 Did you never hear yet of somnambulism ?  
 LIZA. Never.  
 COUNT. Well, then, I'll tell you what it is'm:

*Enter LISETTA, VIRTUOUS PEASANT, ELVIRA and TERESA,  
 R. 1 E.—they all crowd round.*

*Air, " Carnival of Venice."*

COUNT. When one's had hearty supper,  
 And seeks refreshing bed, ma'am,  
 One's apt, when rest should soothe us,  
 To walk about instead, ma'am.  
 ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
 COUNT. Whilst in this state so mystic,  
 What they're about folks never know,  
 Whilst thus somnambulistic.

*(AMINA enters to symphony, CHARACTERS open stage,  
 standing, R. and L.)*

*Air—"Jemima Brown."*

AMINA. (*sings*) He used to treat me everywhere, to all the sights in town,  
But now he's left me in despair, (like) naughty Jemima Brown.

VIRTUOUS P. (*continuing the "Carnival of Venice"*)  
She's there asleep, behold her,  
Quite fast asleep is she.

ALESSIO. And certainly much colder  
Than I should care to be.

ALL. See! See! See! See! See! See! See! See! See! See!

VIRTUOUS P. She'll tumble sure the pond in,  
No, no, no, she rights herself now, you see,  
Like clever Mister Blondin.

*Air, "Jemina Brown."*

AMINA. He used to take me everywhere,  
To all the sights in town,  
To Arrah na Pogue—The Woman in Mauve—  
The Hunchback, and Mrs. Brown.

*Air, "Slap Bang."*

ELVINO. There are a set of acrobats who risk their necks  
each night.

ELVIRA. Amina now resembles them, and horrifies us quite.

ALESSIO. For they always show such folly, oh!  
Such folly, oh! such folly, oh!  
She'll fall, she will, by golly, oh!  
It's evident to see.

ALL. She'll fall! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
She'll fall! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Slap bang!

*(after a pause, during which she has nearly fallen)*

AMINA. Here we are again!  
Here we are again!

ALL. Here she are again!  
Slap bang!  
Here she are again!  
As jolly as can be.

ELVINO. She'll tumble! no, righted again already;  
Amina always was extremely steady.

She'll fall, I know she will.

(AMINA *drops the candlestick—general thrill of horror*)

ALESSIO. She's safe!

LIZA. They little know

How precious deep the water is below.

VIRTUOUS P. The water's deep p'raps, but Amina's deeper,  
Of thoughts a *train* is passing o'er the *sleeper*.

ELVIRA. Not an *express* train for she doesn't speak.

*Air, "Slap Bang."*

VIRTUOUS P. And now, poor thing, she's disappeared  
completely from our view;

It's really most mysterious where she is going to.

She's paid dear for her folly, oh!

Her folly, oh! Her folly, oh!

Poor Norma, left by Pollio,

Could not have looked more blue.

With a fal lal la, &c.

*Re-enter AMINA, below, L.*

ALL. Slap bang!

AMINA. Here we are again!

ALL. Here she are again!

Here she are again, &c.

AMINA. Elvino, why away, dear, do you roam.

ELVINO. (*in an agony*) She calls on me!

LIZA. I wouldn't be at home.

AMINA. A pretty time to come in, really!

ALESSIO. She

Thinks you're her husband, and you've got the key.

AMINA. (*very shrewishly*) Here I've been sitting up till  
nearly four.

Go! and make sure you've fastened the front door—  
Then see the kitchen fire's out.

ELVINO. HOW she wheedles!

AMINA. GO down at once, regardless of the beetles—

Quick! let me see, you monster, you've obey'd me.

ELVINO. What a sweet wife the darling would have made  
me. (*weeps on ALESSIO'S shoulder*)

VIRTUOUS P. Upon the whole, from what I see, I'm not  
Disgusted with a bachelor's lone lot.

ELVINO. (*sings*) Still so gently o'er me—

*Enter* NOTARY, R. 1 E.

NOTARY. (*sings*) Stealing

Is a crime there's no concealing,

(*spoken*) So don't attempt it.

ELVINO. She's asleep!

NOTARY. So be it.

ALESSIO. Justice is blind.

NOTARY. It *just is*, and don't see it.

ELVINO. Oh! I must shake her and awake her—here!

(*note on the drum—AMINA gives a comic start*)

AMINA. Ha, ha! where am I? what, Elvino dear! (*embraces*)

I was a dreaming that I had just found bail,  
Then heard your voice—so tender, like a *wail*,  
It *woke* me.

ALESSIO. (to LIZA) For your wicked schemes a choker.

To quote Tom Moore, your "sweet wail have awoke  
her."

She's wide awake.

AMINA. Where am I?

ELVINO. Here, with friends.

From this time forth, dear, all suspicion ends.

You were but dreaming.

AMINA. Dreaming!

ELVINO. So it seems.

AMINA. Hah, it's them suppers which produces dreams.

ELVINO. And quite unconsciously you—

LIZA. (*aside*) Rage! despair!

I'll be revenged on some one, I declare.

I have it! no, I won't, and yet I *will*;

Hem! Count Rodolpho, there's your little *bill*.

(*produces a long bill*)

COUNT. I've not enough to pay.

VIRTUOUS P. That small amount,

I never saw less money on *ac-count*.

ELVINO. I'll see to that, let's all be happy.

ALESSIO. Stay!

There's something else, before we end our play,

(to audience) A fitting closing picture we have yet  
 To shew you,—*Dreamland*:—don't one fact forget,  
 Which in our *favour* should your *hearts* be *touching*,  
 We only had *three* weeks to do so *much* in;  
 All have their ablest tried, their best to do,  
 But all in vain, unless it pleases *you*. (music)

## TRANSFORMATION SCENE !

*Illustrative of Dreamland, and painted by the eminent  
 Scenic Artist, C. S. James.*

*Finale, " Banjo play," from the "Maid and Magpie."*

ALESSIO. NOW, when the curtain falls to-night  
 Upon our little play,  
 TERESA. Applaud, and make our spirits light.  
 LIZA. Upon our path a ray  
 VIRTUOUS P. Shed with your smiles,  
 ELVINO. And say it wiles  
 An hour away,  
 In manner gay.  
 AMINA. Send brothers, sisters, pa and ma  
 To *La Sonnambula*.  
 ELVIRA. SO all shortcomings overlook,  
 LISETTA. And cheer us on our way;  
 ALESSIO. For errors bring us not to book,  
 But come another day.

*Chorus.*—Come another day.

ALESSIO. AMINA. ELVINO.  
 LISETTA.. COURT.  
 ELVIRA. TERESA.  
 NOTARY. VIRT. P.  
 R. L.

**Curtain.**