LA! SONNAMBULA!

OR,

THE SUPPER, THE SLEEPER,

AND THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

An Original Operatic Burlesque Extravaganza.

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, Robin Hood Cruise, Mazourka, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Ira Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrims 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, Georgé de Banwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, Timothy to the Rescue, The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm, The Sensation Fork, My Wife and I, Beautiful Haidée; or, the Sea Nymph and the Saline Rovers, Ill Treated Il Todtore, 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 Room, 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 HAILES LACY,

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. Harris. The Costumes by Mrs. Hinton, Mr. S. May and Assistants. The Appointments by Mr. Jones. Perruquier, Mr. Claxton.

**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, Pernicious 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** .................................................. (the "Nice Young Man" of the Village) ........................................... Miss Fanny Josephs.
- **A VIRTUOUS PEASANT** .............................. (by the kind permission of the Legitimate Drama) ........................................... Mr. Harry Cox.
Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

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

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 Lizia; she has her reasons. She loves Elvino, and is jealous of Amina naturally. Alessio attempts to make up for Elvino and to Lizia 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 advice.

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 soppors, has gone in for going out in a somnambulistic 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.
LA! SONNAMBULA.

SCENE FIRST.—A Mountainous Landscape.

Enter PEASANTESSES, 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.
LA! SONNAMBULA.  

[Sc. 1.]

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'rops 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 ille—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 spiffy, 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.
Com, 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 *rashely*.

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;
Ther'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.

*Musici—enter **NOTARY, ALESSIO, TERESA and LIZA, L.U.E*
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. Tchk! (chucking LIZA under the chin)
LIZA. Alessio, don't bother.
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?

[Aloy.
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 amiability.

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;
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. Thankey.

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)

In his case, six (s) miles seem to make one frown.
Don't look down.

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.
LA! SONNAMBULA. [Sc. 1.

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.

TERESA. Do not further roam, sir,

ALESSIO. (C.) Make yourself at home, sir.

DONELLA. 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. C. ; all but COUNT retire up.

COUNT. 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, hasn't it, haunt-y-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- dotted.
ALESSIO.  The phantom hasn't dead neither.
     (ALESSIO brings COUNT down)
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, tér wodle, tér widle, tér 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. I 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!

LISETTA. 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.)

LISETTA. Well, love?

ELVIRA. Miss!

LISETTA. Miss!

ALESSIO. How awkward! Gracious!

ELVIRA. You're very forward.

LISETTA. 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?

LISETTA. Lisetta? (reviving) Virtuous Peasant!

VIRTUOUS P. Which it's me!
I'm the original, false girl, of those
Injured young persons, who in rustic clothes.
Waistcoat especially, as stiff as armour,
Paintedly clean, perambulate the drama.
ALESSIO. Virtue should be rewarded.

(takes LISETTA towards him)

VIRTUOUS P. (looking contemptuously at her up and down)
Minion! (repeats, more mildly) Minion!
I may be wrong, but that is my opinion.
ELVIRA. Which he's a brute.

VIRTUOUS P. Go on, I knew you would:
I likes to be despised, it does me good.
Wrapped in my conscious virtue, miss, I feel
With pride that I can stand a goodish deal.
Beneath this waistcoat beats—

ALESSIO. Oh! rubbish! Pooh!
You'll find that something beats outside it, too.

VIRTUOUS P. Too! too what!
ALESSIO. TWO fists. (squaring)
LISETTA. Oh! if you fight, oh! dear!
ELVIRA. I'm going to scream.

VIRTUOUS P. Nay, lady, do not fear,
Virtue is incompatible with ire.
I have a heart of gold, and will retire. (going, 1.)

LISETTA. Retire indeed! your conduct rude I call;
I don't think you retiring, sir, at all.
Forgive me, do—I didn't mean to vex.

VIRTUOUS P. You're like the rest, Lisetta, of your sex,
Admiring more the dainty looks and ways
Of gentlefolks; preferring far to gaze
Upon a handsome swell than on the yumble
Farm labourer, whose life is one long grumble.
One who speaks softly you prefer to me,
Whose grammar ain't quite what it ought to be.
False one, you're all alike! You know my story?

ALESSIO. We do.
VIRTUOUS P. In telling it I rather glory;
(crosses to C.)

It serves to illustrate the case before us.
Please support Conscious Virtue in the chorus.
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 bobby'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 goblinsque 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 Norrible 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 shake-down, 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.  
’Praps her temper’s good, but I’ve my doubts.  
(Music—pas de candlestick — LIZA going off shuts  
door, it. in COUNT’S face on last note)  
COUNT. Now for a casual glance—I’m not prepared  
To answer for that shake-down 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 shake-down) 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.
(CONT. 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 cotch

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—tisshoo! tisshoo! (blows out candle)
COUNT. 'Tis she! '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)
SC. 3.]

LA! SONNAMBULA. 23

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, LISSETA, 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!

LISETTA. I lost a *pair of* earrings, miss, last week.

AMINA. Oh!

VIRTUOUS P. Here, I could say a sentimental lot,

Praps on the whole though I had better not.

As Virtue's *not* triumphant just at present.

They might, praps, 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 *decidedlee* 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. L.
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!

LISETTA. 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 TERAESA'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!
AMINA. 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!
CHORUS. Or abuse me, or ill-use me, if you please.
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!

(AМИНА 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.
VIRTUOUS P. NOTARY.
L.

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

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.

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.
'Praps 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! He mustn't live! We'll for the deed prepare.
ELVINO. We will! the villain dies!
ALESSIO. 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 prigging, 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! 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, "Jemima 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 falalal, &c.

Re-enter AMINA, below, L.

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 beedles—
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,
(speaking) 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 acount.
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 fulls 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. A M I N A .    ELVINO.
LISETTA. M.                COURT.
ELVIRA. S.                TERESA.
VIRTUOUS P. L.

Curtain.

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