

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE

PLAID IN A NEW TARTAN.

An Ephemeral Burlesque,

FOUNDED ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S IMMORTAL POEM,

AND WRITTEN BY

R. REECE, ESQ.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society).

AUTHOR OF

Ulf the Minstrel, or the Player, the Princess, and the Prophecy; Prometheus,
or the Man on the Rock; Guy Mannering in a New Guise, Tale of a
Moderator; Castle Grim; Love's Limit, &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS H A I L E S LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

*First performed at the New Royalty Theatre (under the management of Miss M. Oliver) on
Saturday, September 8th, 1866.*

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE

PLAID IN A NEW TARTAN.

The new and elegant Scenery by Mr. H. CUTHBERT. Music arranged by Mr. T. HERMANN. New Costumes by Mrs. SAXBY and Mr. S. MAY. Machinery by Mr. CHAPMAN and Assistants. The whole produced under the superintendence of the Author.

Characters.

JAMES V. (*Of Scotland—a romantic young monarch with roving propensities, addicted to many aliases, a beau, who, after a narrow escape from the horns of the deer, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma*) Miss ROSINA RANOE.

“THE DOUGLAS” (*a type of the familiar Scotchman—a chieftain, exiled and depressed, who, after leading a slow life amongst his highland fastnesses, comes out strong in the last scene*) Mr. RUSSELL.

RODERICK DHU (*a “very valiant rebel” with a supreme contempt for James V. and his Court, his own court, to Ellen, being a failure—a partizan of the Douglas, but too fond of fighting to be particular, an original reformer who goes in for railing, and is ultimately bagged by the saxon*) Miss ADA TAYLOR.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

- MALCOLM GREME (*Ellen's lover, Gremio de la Graeme of the clan, an impetuous youth, always in hot water which he occasionally varies by jumping into cold*) Miss H. LINDLEY.
- Mc HOWLER (*the Family Bard—the original improvisatore, a slow-man, but fast to the interests of the Douglas, who gives a good deal of rhyme for no particular reason, proud of his harp's music which he has often Chattered on, with a gift of prophecy which is not turned to much profit*) Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.
- JOHN DE BRENT (*the incorruptible Englishman—a type of his nation with an eye to the main chance*) Mr. FAIRFIELD.
- MALISE (*Roderick's henchman, whose name aptly fits his character, a knave who tries to take a highland Bradshaw who assumes to guide the stranger, with the inevitable result*) Miss ANNIE BOURKE.
- SANDY McSILLER } (*Roderick's creatures—such ruffians! whose names are not to be found*
SANDY McGUINNESS } *in the poem, but the author, being hard up for titles, takes any*
SANDY McFOU } *name that's handy*) Mr. GEMINER.
- McCRAB (*the Ferryman—the ferry man wanted for the piece*) Mr. GRIFFITHS.
- Mc BEAGLE.....(*the King's Chief Huntsman—a dogged fellow*)..... Mr. COBBETT.
- NORMAN.....(*a highlander—and a islander*)..... Miss EVANS.
- ANGUS.....(*a servant who understands Roderick's ris augus-ta*)..... Miss CAREW.
- ELLEN (*the Lady of the Lake and of all hearts—a real heroine who undertakes no end of toils to save her father from the enemy's snares—who has grown an accomplished roarer of her bark*)..... Miss M. OLIVER.
- BLANCHE (*the forsaken—an olla podrida of sentiment borrowed from Ophelia, Madea, and Lady Macbeth—Roderick's lost love with no love lost between them, an instrument to avenge all wrongs, always fretted, and often played upon*) Mr. E. DANVERS.
- Scotchmen, Gillies, Henchmen, Citizens of Stirling, &c., who are left mostly to the imagination of the Audience.*

Programme of the Scenery and Incidents.

Scene 1.—ELLEN'S ISLE AND DISTANT VIEW OF LOCH KATRINE.

How the erratic Monarch loses his way, his horse, and his heart—The Lady of the Lake—An interruption, and a mediæval tea party—An arrival—A proposal, and a breach of the peace—Base imitation of a popular actor, and his "sensational scene."

SCENE 2.—ON THE ROAD TO STIRLING.

How Roderick speeds on his revolutionary scheme—An inflammatory oration—The Douglas missing—Ellen and Mc Howler in tribulation—Unexpected assistance—The Distracted One—Blanche to the rescue!

SCENE 3.—A WOODY PASS NEAR COILANTOGLE FORD.

Everybody moving to Stirling—an innocent duet—the plot! the betrayal! the challenge! the combat! in which the whole strength of the company is introduced in a novel manner—The fatal hairbrush! A retreat.

SCENE 4.—A ROOM IN STIRLING CASTLE.

The Douglas in training for coming events—A spoony duet, with an awkward denouement—More signs of the times—The arrangement! the disguises! intense interest!!

SCENE 5.—THE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF STIRLING CASTLE.

The incorruptible warder on duty—Sudden amalgamation of the characters—The royal announcement—The games! The discovery! Affecting magnanimity of the King—Touching reconciliation—on which the Curtain modestly falls.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE!
PLAID IN A NEW TARTAN.

SCENE FIRST.—*Loch Katrine from the Shore of Ellen's Isle—high rock, (R.) On stage, (L.) the cottage of Douglas, open to front the audience—door in side practicable—within are seen on walls trophies of antlers, shields, pikes, bows, and a large sword—benches and rude furniture within.*

Chorus of HUNTERS, who are passing the Isle in a ferry boat.—Air, " Little Bo-Peep."

'Twould be a relief could we light on our chief,
Or if he could only find us.
We're out for the day, and have lost our way,
And we've left the provisions behind us.
(as they finish they get out by rock, R.U.E., and look for FITZJAMES—boat returns)

Mc BEAGLE. No use, my friends, we're off the track it's clear.

Unlike these hills, I haven't a 'igh deer.
We've sought him far and wide, and only get
Still deeper in the wilds, and in the wet.
So take my hint, and drop this hunting fuss,
If we can't find *him*, why, *he* must find *us*.
Praps, while we hunt, with some fair game he dallies,
One of the *ills* that's common to us *valets*.

Exeunt shouting and singing, L. 2 E.

Re-enter FERRYMAN with FITZJAMES, who leads his horse out, and leaves him by the rock—FERRYMAN retires, R.U.E.

FITZJ. I thought I heard my fellows; but I find
'Tis but the rising of the evening wind.
How still this place—no stir of life around,
Except my gallant grey, and he's not *sound*.

Quite still; removed from man and all his bustle,
 Like the new government without a *rustle*, (*horse falls*)
 There goes my steed! Yes, gone beyond recalling.
 The wretched brute, he had a *knack o' falling*.
 Why did he bear me to this spot forlorn ?
 Disconsolate I cry "*Why was I borne !*"
 But not to retrograde into heroics,
 I'll raise the echoes with the usual "yoicks!"

(*he winds his horn—a boat is seen to quit the shore
 and make for the island*)

No use! I'm out of breath—there's not a sign.
 As a refresher I'll imbibe *cool wine*, (*taking flask*)
Why not —ha ! talk of wine, there goes a *bark !*
 A *fairy* form within the *ferry* mark;

Look to it, James! luck ever was your share,
 Assume your brightest and most killing air.
 (*he steps to wing—a light shallop reaches the Isle,
 at rock, with ELLEN, who steps out, not seeing*

FITZJAMES)

ELLEN. (*to boat*) Steady, old girl ! After these years of
 swimming

I think you might dispense with all this *trimming*.

FITZJ. (*aside*) By Jove! delicious!

ELLEN. Sure I heard the sound

Borne on the *wind*, of one a horn who *wound*.

(*calling off*) Papa dear, is that you? No! none I see—

As usual, every one is late for tea.

P'raps 'tis another who is still more welcome,

I'll try it—not so loud—is that you, Malcolm ?

FITZJ. (*coming forward*) I can't stand this?

ELLEN. (*starting*) Good gracious, there's a stranger !

Say, who are you ?

FITZJ. Upon these hills a ranger!

Lost in the wilds while in pursuit of *deer* ;

But now 'tis evident I've traced her here, (*bowing*)

ELLEN. A gallant, by your compliments, I guess.

FITZJ. And you a bonnie fishwife by your dress.

(*offering to kiss her*) I see you've left your *smack*—can I
 supply one ?

ELLEN. (*raising her hand*) I've *smacks*, sir, to bestow if
 you would try one.

Who *are* you? nay, don't smile, sir, so sardonically.

If you've been *on the lake*, why speak laconically?

FITZJ. You see I am a gentleman.

ELLEN. (*hesitating*) Why, yes!

FITZJ. What makes a gentleman, if not *address*!

ELLEN. Fine feathers make fine birds, so that don't
follow, mon!

FITZJ. For such a *lively 'un*, you're quite a *Solomon*!

But truce to doubts, I've been to chase the deer,

I've lost my way, you see my horse lies here.

ELLEN. This is the only house for miles of range,
And there *I* live.

FITZJ. In that *strange house*, how *strange*!

Why then, you're *not* a fairy?

ELLEN. How absurd!

FITZJ. You're beautiful as one, though, on my word!

Duet.—Air, " Jolly Young Waterman."

FITZJ. You remind me so much of that jolly young
waterman,

Who at Blackfriars they say used to ply,

You've twice as much grace, with at least his dexterity;

Plus such a form as delights ev'ry eye,

You steer so straight, and you row so prettily,

Then you've the knack of conversing so wittily.

When I view all your charms and your graces—so rare,

Your figure, your face, and your bonny black hair,

I think nature has never made any so fair!

ELLEN. You've learnt all this craft 'mongst the fair city
ladies,

Whose talk, like your own, means just nothing at all;

You see a fair face, and conceitedly fancy,

Its owner in love must immediately fall;

Although I will own you improve opportunity,

I'm not a girl to be chaffed with impunity,

You see at your praise I've consistently laughed,

For all my life long, I've been used, sir, to *craft*,

And am known as being *cannie*, as well as being fair!

FITZJ. This is your home then?

ELLEN. Yes, I have no other,

Here, with my sire I live—I have no mother.

So I make friends of everything that's near,
 There's something on the hills that's always *dear!*
 Some hint of home my every sense receives,
 The trees remind me of paternal *eaves* ;
 E'en on the lake, whene'er I chance to roam,
 The very waves, sir, have a touch *of home*.

FITZJ. Oh ! blissful fate, that led my feet astray
 To hunt more fascinating game to-day;
 This is a chase to set my soul on fire! (*seizing her hand*)

ELLEN. A *steeple chase* that leads you to *aspire* !

FITZJ. *Aspire*, forsooth! (*aside*) Ah, foolish tongue be still;
 (*aloud*) Will you not tell your name, fair maid ?

ELLEN. I will,
 But we must make an interchange of names.

FITZJ. I am the knight of Snowdon; James Fitzjames.

ELLEN. My name is Ellen Douglas.

FITZJ. (*aside*) Then I see
 One of my valiant rebel's family,
 Can he have fall'n to this,
 (*distant horn which sounds nearer and nearer till*
DOUGLAS'S entrance in ferry boat)

ELLEN. But hark, I hear a
 Horn, which portends my *father* drawing *nearer*,
 He comes!

FITZJ. One fond embrace e'er he discover----

ELLEN. (*aside*) A marked improvement on my peasant
 lover, (*embrace*)

*Enter, with FERRYMAN, R.C, DOUGLAS, MALCOLM, and MAC
 HOWLER, the FAMILY BARD, just as ELLEN and FITZ-
 JAMES embrace. They land—DOUGLAS draws his sword.*

DOUG. What do I see ? my child ! and ha! who's there ?
 A party!

FITZJ. (*bowing*) Friendly!

DOUG. I should think you *were*,
 Our friends don't take a liberty like this,
 So if you're what I think, and I don't miss,
 (*ELLEN runs up to MALCOLM and whispers to him*)
 I have twa words to say to you, my mon,
 Twa little words though meaning much—" Come on."
 (*striking attitude*)

MALC. This is a *new trait* in the courtly breeding,
What, kiss a stranger ? an *outré* proceeding !

FITZ. This is mis-apprehension—a mistake !

F. BARD. (*unslinging his harp*) Excuse me, I've a few
remarks to make.

(FAMILY BARD *sits on small camp stool and sings*)

Air.—" *Sort of thing you read about, but very seldom see.*"

This party is a noble knight,
Who went to seek the deer;
Deserted by his followers
He chanced to wander here.

His name's Fitzjames, a braver soul could ne'er
imagined be,

(*interest*) In fact, the sort of knight you read about, but
very seldom see! (*repeat*)

(*to FITZJAMES*) The noble Douglas is your host,
His daughter Ellen she,
And I the bard attached unto
The exiled family;

This is the weird harp of the North, prophetic
feigned to be,

(*interest*) In fact, the sort of harp you read about, but
very seldom see! (*repeat*)

(FAMILY BARD *gets up and shoulders his harp*)

DOUG. Prophetic father, thanks!

F. BARD. (*affably*) You're very welcome!

You see events, great chief, as I foretell come.

I'll sing another verse, (*preparing*)

ALL. Oh! no, no, no!

ELLEN. (*aside*) Great institution; but a trifle slow.

FITZJ. (*to F. BARD*) Thanks for the kindly compliments
you passed.

F. BARD. Than whom a more agreeable, though fast.

(*retires up with MALCOLM*)

DOUG. Sir, you are welcome!

ELLEN. (*aside*) So he's made all right.

DOUG. You're named Fitzjames ?

FITZJ. And I am Snowdon's knight—

Last of my race!

MALC. (*coming forward*) Nay, 'mongst the hills alone,
Full many a *night of snowed on* have I known.
You love the chase I see. (*goes up to horse*) Dead!
not a breath!

It seems you ride your *hobby*, sir, to death.

FITZJ. (*bowing*) I don't complain since to such friends
I'm fated.

MALC. Your compliment is *lame*; you're *hobbly-gaited*.

ELLEN. Now, Malcolm, shew the stranger in.

MALC. I shan't!

ELLEN. At least, you can be civil to him.

MALC. Can't!

After my faithful love, it's very hard! (*blubbering*)

F. BARD. This is a case now for the Family Bard.

Quintette.—Air, " Hornpipe Tune."

F. BARD. Take the good advice I'm stating,

ELLEN. Stop the rating you're so great in,

He shall not be kept a waitin',

MALC. (*sarcastically*) Captivatin' dear!

FITZ. Never mind the boy's derision; that he's fou'
I've some suspicion,

DOUG. Let us go to our provision,—run and get the beer.

FITZ. Thanks, my friends, for all your kindness;

Not to see it would be blindness!

MALC. AS I said, he'd better mind his eye when I
get near!

ALL. (*but FITZJAMES*) Come along, 'tis time for tea, sir.

All is ready as you see, sir.

If you please, sir, follow me, sir, to our house
in here.

*(they dance off together into house—ELLEN prepares
tea of the period—business of MALCOLM annoying
FITZJAMES, and Mc HOWLER mediating)*

DOUG. Pray take a seat. Such fare our means afford
Is yours.

ELLEN. At least, there's lodging—

FITZJ. (*sitting on bench, suddenly*) Yes, and board!

ELLEN. (to MALCOLM) Isn't he charming?

MALC. Pooh! a mere assumer!

Trying at *fun*, without a *whit* of *humour*.

FITZJ. (*handling sword*) A pond'rous weapon of a giant
mould!

MALC. One which *your* tender hands could scarcely hold.

F. BARD. A sign with this if he a foe can settle,
He's one of more than ordinary *mettle*.

FITZJ. SO you're an exile ? (*to DOUGLAS*)

DOUG. Yes; 'gainst court intrigue,
'Gainst king and silken courtiers in league.
What could an honest loving clansman do
But—cut and run !

FITZJ. (*uneasily*) Ahem! that's very true.

DOUG. I strove to argue—the result, why tell ?

F. BARD. He lost his *cause*-----

ELLEN. And his *effects* as well!

DOUG. Just try my snuff, (*handing box*) Take care, 'tis
rather full of it.

Once a plain ram's horn. (*FITZJAMES inspects mull*)

F. BARD. (*taking snuff grotesquely*) 'Till you made a *mull*
of it.

ALL. Good gracious ! what's the matter?

F. BARD, (*writhing*) (*seizing FAMILY BARD*)
Hold on, please!

(*recovering*) I only thought I was about to sneeze.

(*distant bagpipes playing a march are heard*)

DOUG, and ELLEN, (*starting up*) Those pipes !

F. BARD. (*in agony*) That snuff!

MALC. It is-----

ELLEN. It can't be true.

(*hideous noise of bagpipes*) Clan Alpine's signal;
yes, it's Roderick Dhu.

MALC. This is too much ; two rivals in one day.

FITZJ. (*aside*) This hour decides it! here I mustn't stay.

(*great hurry—clearing up things—each trying to
conceal himself—enter FERRYMAN with RODERICK
DHU and HIGHLANDERS, R.C.—they step out and
stands in line*)

Song.—RODERICK DHU.—*Air, " Sprig of Shillelagh."*

Before you I stand, at the head of my clan,

From crown to the heel a true born Hielandman.

CHORUS. It's Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ieroe!

ROD. Arrayed in full fig, from my plume to my shoe,
 Observe my bright claymore, inspect my skene dhu ;
 Tho' far from pacific, I'm not here to fight,
 Since I come on a mission, extremely polite, (*bowing*)

CHORUS. Roderick vich Alpine Dhu, ho ieroe!

*Enter HUNTERS, L. 2 E., who salute FITZJAMES, and stand
 by him.*

DOUG. Great chieftain, hail !

ROD. (*pushing past him*) Sweet Ellen, how are you ?

Ah, do vouchsafe a smile to Eoderick, *do*.

(*to MALCOLM*) Ah, my young whipper-snapper, how
 go deer?

(*to Mc HOWLER*) And you, old *slo-man*,—looking
 rather queer !

Harp not in tune ? Your servant, young exquisite.

(*to JAMES*)

DOUG. And now, great chief, why this distinguished visit?

ROD. I hate much talking—to the point.

F. BARD. Hear, hear!

ROD. The recreant king's been hunting down our deer.
 His cockney huntsmen scoured our covers through,
 And 'mongst the gallants, Douglas, I saw you !

(*sensation*)

No words! this treachery to our good cause-----

F. BARD. (*aside*) Which means upsetting the existing laws.

ROD. Is past excuse !

ELLEN. My father, is this true ?

Nay, do not tremble. Say on, Roderick Dhu!

ROD. Now, either you declare on the king's side,
 And quit the faith to which, with us, you're tied,
 And live at court upon your best behaviour-----

F. BARD. (*aside*) Withasmall prospect of regaining *favour*.

ROD. Or now, and here, declare for this our band,
 And as a pledge give me fair Ellen's hand.

Douglas with Alpine joined—this maid my own,
 We'll sweep the carpet king from off his throne!

DOUG. My child, what say you ?

ELLEN. Sooner would I die!

I love another !

FITZJ. (*to MALCOLM*) Is it you or I?

ROD. I own she's faults ; but e'en with these I'll take her.

MALC. If she must *mend*, you're not the *man to make her*.

ROD. (*sneering*) I see—a rival! Come, your answer, chief.

ELLEN. (*aside*) I think a little row would be relief.

ROD. NOW are you ready ? I am waiting here.

F. BARD. This is a case for me to interfere, (*attempts to sing, when RODERICK kicks his stool over*)

ROD. Oh, shut up! there, (*helping him up*) I never meant to slight ye!

F. BARD. Than whom a more considerate though flighty!

ROD. Come, Douglas, come ! your answer—you're too slow!

In one word answer!

DOUG. In one word then, No !

ROD. Now, by St. Bride of Bothwell-----

MALC. (*to the front*) Cease your clatter !

Douglas, stand back! I'll answer in this matter !

Poor brawler, spare your blustering, here's one,

Who tells you boldly, Roderick *Dhu*, you're *done* !

ROD. I'm choking! what? while others praise each bit o' me.

That *poor epitome* shall *poor he pity me* ?

I must chastise him! (*they grapple*)

ELLEN. Oh, don't go to blows !

F. BARD. To quote the great Welsh song, *ah! heed your nose ! (ar hyd y nos)*

DOUG. Part them, they are incensed!

ROD. (*disengaging himself*) No, understand!

A slight you've put on me, and on my band!

Now war shall rage! Each distant crag and fosse

Shall bear the signal of the fiery cross.

Down with the Cockney King—come wind! come storm!

Our battle cry be Roderick and Reform!

ELLEN. What can be done ?

FITZI. (*to ELLEN—aside*) Fear not, my love, come here,

This feud is like to cost your father dear.

(*giving ring*) This ring comes from great hands—

I don't mean mine—

Seek out the King—claim any boon, 'tis thine!

ELLEN. A thousand thanks, farewell—the time may come
When you'll be glad you sought the Douglas' home.

ROD. (*to MALCOLM*) For you, my sprig, you'll ne'er again,
you'll see,

Treat such a *spirit* with *asperity*.

Look out for squalls! (*raging up and down*)

DOUG. This scene our house disgraces!

ROD. There'll be the deuce to pay in several places!

ELLEN. Malcolm, desist!

MALC. My love, I thus obey you!

(*to RODERICK*) Proud chieftain, know that I will not
betray you.

Douglas, farewell—sweet Ellen, pray forgive me,
(*running up to the water, R. C. by the ferry*) Waves of
Loch Katrine, in your depths receive me !

(*he leaps from rock into the lake—consternation—*
CHORUS *rush about wildly, hemmed in by*
Roderick's men)

Chorus.—Finale First Act of " Castle Grim."

Here's a change from love to hate;

What a scene of wild confusion.

Things are in a fearful state

Of impending revolution!

(*at conclusion, ELLEN faints in DOUGLAS'S arms,*
FAMILY BARD *trying to recover her—closed in*
on tableau)

SCENE SECOND.—*A pass on the road to Stirling.*

Enter RODERICK and MALISE, R.—hurry music.

ROD. Despised ! rejected ! scoffed and turned away!

As I observed there'll be the deuce to pay.

I'm not opposed to Douglas—it's the King

He favours!

MALISE. Well, it's nearly the same thing.

ROD. Within a stroke of winning, to be foiled,

And flung back to the spot from whence I'd toiled.

And Malcolm !

MALISE. Well, such vaunting I ne'er met, oh !

High words and a sham fight! a weak false set to.

These are your usual feuds, Sir Roderick, is 'em!
A humourous split, a sort of witty schism!
 A reg'lar fight pulled up and made to cease
 By you—and nothing broken but the peace!
 Your henchman bids you use your trusty claymore,
 Take his advice, he's *cannie*—*can he say more?*

ROD. I will ! I'll pound these gallants with my *truncheon!*

MALISE. But-----

ROD. Nay! no *buts*, I'll give their heads a *puncheon*.

MALISE. And what if you—'tis only to begin,
 Filled up the measure, sir, and *killed a King*.

ROD. Enough! go telegraph to all our band,
 Scattered in various *leagues* o'er *miles* of land.
 Bid them collect their grievances together,
 In one black cloud portending nasty weather!
 Speed, Malise, speed! remind them of their rents!
 Make captains of the noisest malcontents.
 Say, Saxon blood must in the cause be spilt;
 And this weak King not only *scotched* but *kilt*.
 Speed, Malise, speed! let pipers fret their drones!
 Let little gillies lay in *stocks of stones!*
 Bid them with flaunting banners quick repair,
 To Stirling Castle's Park—say we'll be there !
 Speed, Malise, speed! we'll save proud Scotland's
 crown !

Or at the worst we'll have the *railings down!*

Exeunt RODERICK, R., MALISE, L.

Enter ELLEN and FAMILY BARD.

ELLEN. (*hastily*) Where is my father ? where the stranger
 knight ?

Where's Malcolm ?

F. BARD. All escaped ere morning light.

ELLEN. Why didn't you predict what would occur ?

With your *two eyes* you should use *fore-sight*, sir.
 But all you're good for seems—the more's the pity,
 Some *foolish song* or other *absurd-ity!*

F. BARD. My child, in Roderick's speech enough I saw,
 To justify a reference to law.

So Douglas will—

ELLEN. Well, what ?

F. BARD. Nay, don't be fiery,—
Will prosecute-----

ELLEN. Him ?

F. BARD. Not him—an enquiry!

ELLEN. Roderick means mischief; he is more than frisky,
Besides he's worked up with unusual whisky !
You know his habit; drinks from morn to night-----

F. BARD. Occasionally breaking off to fight'-----

ELLEN. Monday and Tuesday—so, a whole week
through—
Drinking on *Wednesday* 'cos he's *thirsty*, too!

F. BARD. You've well described him—soft ! who comes
this way ?
The very gallant we saw yesterday.

ELLEN. Fitzjames!

F. BARD. The same, and from appearance, too,
He contemplates a journey.
Enter FITZJAMES, R., with dainty travelling bag, &c.

FITZJ. Which he do!
Well met, fair maid.

ELLEN. You seem equipped for moving;
Like all you gallants, you've a turn for roving.

FITZJ. I'm off to Stirling, for I hear them say
Your father's gone to seek the King to-day;
And, so, since I have learnt his destination,
I will be there to back his application.

ELLEN. The way is dangerous—you'll need a guide.

Enter MALISE, carelessly, L.

F. BARD. The very thing occasion doth provide!

FITZJ. Who is he?

MALISE. Malise, sir, known everywhere
As fortune's favourite, at fight or fair!
I have a taste for rats, for cats, and badgers,
And the society of all Scotch cadgers;
Know all the turf transactions on the quiet—
Can dance a jig, or institute a riot!
Can box, swim, shoot, fish, and know all the ground
Better than any man for twelve miles round.

FITZJ. Well, Mr. Malise, if you've no objection,
 We'll go in for the mutual protection.
 ELLEN. A lucky chance, and now shake hands upon it!
 MALISE. I'm honest, sir, as any that wear bonnet,
 And so your hand! (*grips FITZJAMES*)
 FITZJ. (*writhing*) Good gracious! oh !
 MALISE. Beg pardon!
 FITZJ. Your hand is like a *vice*, it's such a hard 'un.
 F. BARD. Well, for a good stout grip you needn't scout him,
 P'raps it's the only *vice* he's got about him.
 FITZJ. Ellen, farewell—and look well to that ring,
 'Twill stand you in good stead, dear, with the King.
 (to MALISE) Come on, my lad ! Here—can you sing ? (*to*
 FAMILY BARD)
 F. BARD. A little.
 FITZJ. Ellen, you can? And you? (*to MALISE*)
 MALISE. Ah, like a kittle!
 FITZJ. There being a long and weary way before us,
 We'll cheer the journey with a jovial chorus.

Quartette.

F. BARD. (*with harp—old business*)
 Come speed on your journey now,
 E'er the shades of evening close ;
 Remember the path's beset
 With trouble as well as foes!
 ELLEN. Look out and guard your way, sir,
 Through mountain pass and tide.
 MALISE. No fear when he's so protected,
 And has such a willing guide.
 FITZJ. And trusty sword to help him,
 Which danger has ever defied!
 (*repeat ensemble*) Come speed, &c.
 FITZJAMES and MALISE *dance off, R.*
 ELLEN. Come, let us hasten home—stay! who is this
 That comes here so disordered, and doth kiss
 Her hand to every nodding bough and branch ?
 Look, where she comes ?
 F. BARD. 'Tis poor distracted Blanche.
 ELLEN. Let's step aside.

F. BARD. D'ye mark her eye and phiz ?

ELLEN. I take her for a *witch*, sir.

F. BARD. *Which she is !*

But stand aside, her ravings let us view !

They retire, R.

*Soft music—"All in the Downs"—enter BLANCHE distracted,
L., melancholy mad—she sings last line at the lights.*

BLANCHE. "Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

Heigho! alack! alas! and well-a-day!

That's what a damsel so distressed should say!

I'm Blanche! *sweet* Blanche they call me—as you see,

I labour 'neath a slight infirmity,

Which adds an interest to my beauty—ah !

Why did you take me, Roderick, from papa ?

Dear fond enslaver! when persuasion failed

He killed my family, which dodge availed—

And when his first affection chose to cease,

He left me, and, to finish, killed my peace—

(taking out paper) I've got his promise here to
marry—right!

Written in shocking hand, and black and white;

With this to floor him, I am somewhat sedulous,

Tho' of this *black ink* I am most *ink-red-ulous*;

I must adopt whatever chance avails,

Putting my trust in *this*, and in my nails!

His followers I've tried to turn to me,

But then the *dog's* so *puppylar* you see!

I all my money spent—and then I ran,

To *I.O.U.s.*, my *heigho!* us-ual plan !

And to supply my necessary want,

My *uncle* has become my daily *haunt!*

I've only beauty left, and should that fail,

I've nought to do but *blubber* and *bewail*.

Song—BLANCHE—"Ship's Carpenter."

When the heart of a girl is t-o-r-n—torn,

What is left her but just to m-o-r-n—mourn ?

'Tis the fate of this wretched young m-a-d—maid,

Who's cruelly been b-t-r-a-d—betrayed !

Singing, Diddle, doddle, diddle, chip,

chop, cho, choorial li lay! *(short dance)*

Oh, why did he come to our h-o-w-s—house,
While I was a milking the k-o-u-s—cows,
He said I was fair as the d-a-u-n—dawn,
But he has left me for l-a-u-n—lorn!

To sing, Diddle, &c.

(short dance)

I know from these strange p-a-n-e-s—pains,
I'm amiss in my b-r-a-n-e-s—brains,
Which goes very far to p-r-u-v—prove,
The effects on the mind of l-u-v-e—love.

Singing, Diddle, &c.

*(dances and then relapses into melancholy—FAMILY
BARD and ELLEN come forward)*

F. BARD. Fair Blanche!

BLANCHE, *(turns round, screams, and embraces him)* Ah!

Roderick! my love! my own!

Have you returned? how beautiful you've grown;

Oh, could you know how you've made this heart ache!

F. BARD. *(struggling)* Good gracious, what a horrible
mistake!

ELLEN. Fair Blanche! this gentleman is not, you see-----

BLANCHE. Away! no one shall share mon *cher* with me.

F. BARD. Get out! I'm stifling, your nails are sharp!

BLANCHE. My heart-strings! *(distractedly)*

F. BARD. Mind the strings, miss, of my *harp*.

BLANCHE. Let me regard this face and give a scoldin',

(releasing him gradually) False, fleeting, perjured Rod—

(sees BARD) by Jove, an old 'un!

ELLEN. It seems your wrongs have made you slightly crazy,

Besides your vision must be somewhat hazy.

Embrace my bard! this fault I'll not endure it!

It is *incumbent* on you, miss, to *cure it*.

BLANCHE. Excuse me, dear, 'tis but disordered fancy.

In Ireland they'd take me for a banshee,

Because I'm wild and pale, and in the night,

Look in through people's windows, where I fright

Small children into fits, which last a week,

By giving out a telling sort of shriek.

I find it pays—folks give me what I axes,
I can live anywhere, and pay no taxes!

ELLEN. 'Twas love then worked this woe ?

BLANCHE. Ah, there's a *deal here!*

I go in for a sort of Scotch Ophelia,
Of whom you've read in Shakespeare's works. .

F. BARD. She says

In Shakespeare's *works*.

ELLEN. Of course, she means his *plays*.

Well, as you've still some glimmering of reason,
And as it's not a very moony season,
We'll take you in our counsels. Now, you see,
We seek revenge on Roderick.

BLANCHE. (*shrieking*) He, he!

Just show me but a chance of how to get him—
Bring him to me—within my nails' length set him,
If he escapes, he's free to go his way!
(*savagely*) I'll let'em grow, and *point 'em* from to-day.

F. BARD. You speak most feelingly.

BLANCHE. Yes, you shall see a
Change from the mild Ophelia to Medea!
(*drinking from flask*) Come, come, you spirits!
stimulating thought!

Unsex me till the rogue's to justice brought.
Stop up mine ears when he for mercy cries,
Suggest some new and startling cruelties.
Let no compunctions turn my purpose fell,
But horrid thoughts within this bosom dwell
Till I have wrought his misery and death !—

(*quietly*) A speech that's slightly altered from Macbeth.

F. BARD. Come Ellen, we'll to Stirling, join your father,
Double on Roderic Dhu !

BLANCHE. I think so, rather !

ELLEN. Beseech the King!

F. BARD. Claim pardon for the clan !

BLANCHE. And have a settling with my gentleman!

F. BARD. If you would punish him as suits your case,
Bring him at once to evil and disgrace,
In fact, to deepest execration carry him.
You must-----

BLANCHE. I see! I understand ! *I'll marry him!*

(*Trio*—FAMILY BARD *on stool as before*, BLANCHE *sings first bars of "Qual Cor Tradisti," which is interrupted by FAMILY BARD, "John Brown's in the army."*)

F. BARD. Done brown he'll not trouble any more.

CHORUS. (*surprised*) Done brown, &c.

But kept to "moving on."

ELLEN. Only think I hardly knew you.

CHORUS. Only think she, &c,

Her wits being almost gone, (*walk round*)

ELLEN. Pack up a knapsack and come along to shore.

CHORUS. We must be marching on ! (*walk round*)

BLANCHE. We'll have Roderick quickly up a tree.

CHORUS. As we are marching on,

His tricks will hardly do here, &c,

So let us all begone!

(*change into break down and off, L.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A woody pass near Coilantogle Ford—
sunset—soft music.*

Enter MALCOLM and DOUGLAS, R. 2 E., with carpet bags, &c.

MALC. Come Douglas ! this slow pace makes journeys longer!

DOUG. It's well to say "slow pace," your limbs are stronger!

MALC. What, *you* complain of weakness ? this *is* new !

Would I had arms of *oak* and limbs like *you*!

DOUG. Ah! Malcolm, 'tis the mind, of *that* I speak.

MALC. Well I confess I always thought *that* weak.

DOUG. See what an errand's mine! I seek for pardon
Where I have least offended !

MALC. That's a hard 'un!

DOUG. And now, besides, I've poverty to fear,

You see I always *kick* against *arrear*,

I had a little pension as you know,

The King, not wishing quite my overthrow,

Now to his wrath these feuds have added fuel,

And so, alas ! he's stopped *that screw* !

MALC. *That's cruel !*

DOUG. Cut off the entail, misfortune on me lumped.

MALC. Cut off the *entail*, then you're completely *stumped*!

Why, what will Ellen do ?
DOUG. The very thing
Which makes me stow my pride and seek the King.
MALC. With no protection left!
DOUG. Mac Howler's there!
MALC. Who seems to shew an old duenna's care.
For her whate'er the chance of fate may bring,
That old *duenna* would *do* anything,
I'm satisfied of that—come let's be moving!
Your fortunes at the Court be quick in proving.
DOUG. Is this the road ?
MALC. Nay, till the stream is low'rd,
We cannot pass o'er Coilantogle Ford.
DOUG. Time presses!
MALC. Well, we'll try a pass below,
So jog along, old gov'nor! let's go !
Duet.—Air, " C'est le Roi qui s'avance—Belle Helene."
MALC. Come, come off let us dance, sir! &c,
Surely,
You might try
Somewhat better speed—
Once, as you well are knowing,
None could touch you in going—
Now as years do advance, sir, &c,
I suppose the fine old man, sir, scarcely could succeed.
DOUG. You may see at a glance, sir ! &c,
Things 'arnt quite the same, sir, as in days gone by,
But since you're in a flurry,
I'll put on steam and hurry;
That is all that you can, sir, &c.,
That is all you can expect, sir, so here goes to try!
Dance off, L. 2 E.

*Slow melo-dramatic music.—Enter RODERICK, R.U.E., and
three CLANSMEN, moodily, from L.U.E, R. 2 E., and L. 2 E*
1ST CLAN. The gov'nor's moody.
ROD. (*pacing up and down*) Ha!
2ND CLAN. He's off once more.
ROD. Revenge !
3RD CLAN. He made that same remark before.
ROD. Ha! ha!

1ST CLAN. (*imitating*) Ha! ha!
 2ND CLAN. Ha ! ha!
 3RD CLAN. Ha ! ha!
 ROD. (*suddenly turning on them*) How now!
 Who bid you make that idiotic row ?
 Why curry favour with this thin pretence ?
 1ST CLAN. Our sound was but the echo to your sense;
 Nothing, sir, nothing.
 ROD. To your hiding places,
 And don't presume, till called, to shew your faces.
 (*they retire behind trees, R. and L.*)
 If Malise only plays his part aright,
 And here misleads that puling carpet knight
 Into my toils—'twill be no mighty matter
 To put a stop to his designing chatter,
 Should he but tell the King ere we're prepared,
 'Twould—(*horn sounds*) Eh? what's that I hear!
 What, Roderick scared!
 Courage ! 'tis Malise comes—cheer up, my hearty !
 Why should you start, eh ? Ah, here comes the party!
 Enter MALISE, running, R. 1 E.
 MALISE. Look out, he's coming—just behind me now!
 (*MALISE runs out, R.—RODERICK whistles—the*
 MEN look out from behind trees and nod, as the
 Spectres of Sleepy Hollow in Rip Van Winkle)
 ROD. You understand, there's going to be a row.
 (*MEN nod—RODERICK steps aside, L.*)
 Enter FITZJAMES and MALISE, R. 1 E.
 FITZJ. Upon my soul, young man, you're rather flighty ;
 Arn't you a little touch'd up here—not right—eh ?
 This is a pretty pass you've brought me to !
 MALISE. Well I should say, 'twas good enough for you !
 FITZJ. I don't know if I err 'gainst common sense,
 But that remark sounds much like impudence,
 No words, lead on!
 MALISE. That's more than I can do,
 The finish of the journey rests with *you*.
 FITZJ. What mean you?
 MALISE. Why, I've led you to this spot,
 It's left to you to tarry here or not !

FITZJ. I'm in the dark-----

MALISE. I think you soon *will* be,
And no enlightenment you'll get from *me* !

FRITZJ. This is unbearable ! (*seizing him*)

MALISE. (*whistles*) Ha! hold your hand!

FITZJ. A signal! I'm betrayed—now for it!
(*running up sword in hand he is met by RODERICK*)

ROD. Stand!

FITZJ. Hallo! my black freebooter, are *you* there ?

ROD. Come! have you got a pass ?

FITZJ. I'm not aware

You hold the right of way!

ROD. I've held it long,

And mean to keep it!

FITZJ. Ah ! for "right" read "wrong,"

As for a pass I haven't one—dismiss

(*flourishing*) All thought of any, save a *pass* from this!

ROD. I am the terror of these wilds; you'll murmur

When I shew *grounds* that make a *terror firmer*.

FITZJ. I'm very sorry you won't clear the way,

I tell you this is all the toll I pay;

You've drawn a cheque on me—(*crossing swords*)—

I cross it, so.

This bank shall tell whether you're paid or no!

Song.—FITZJAMES.—*Air, "Dolf, the Dandy, oh."*

Perhaps, you fancy that from my dress,
CHORUS. From his dress, &c.

I'm but a carpet knight, no less;

A reg'lar dandy, oh !

But understand ye, oh !

My sword is handy, oh!

To prove on you without ado,

That I'm not quite a dandy, oh!

Air changes to "Her Mince Meat Knife."

ROD. You think to frighten me, my buck;
No such luck—you'll soon be stuck,
In spite of all your show of pluck,
Which don't go down with me.

This sword of mine has held at bay
 Four stout hearts in the field,
 And dauntless still, will ne'er to-day,
 To single foeman yield—

To mince meat cut by my choppety chop, &c.
(Terrific Combat—RODERICK gets weak—MALISE engages FITZJAMES—MALCOLM rushes in, L. 2 E. and diverts MALISE—RODERICK whistles—an ATTENDANT falls upon MALCOLM — enter DOUGLAS, L. 2 E., who engages 1ST RUFFIAN—RODERICK vMstles—2ND RUFFIAN enters and beats back DOUGLAS—enter FAMILY BARD, L. 1 E., who engages him—3RD RUFFIAN enters, R. 2 E., is met by ELLEN, L. 1 E., who parries his blows—at the last bar of the tune, enter BLANCHE, L. U. E., who floors RODERICK from behind with a carpet bag—loud bang on drum—RUFFIANS run off with MALISE, R. U. E.)

BLANCHE. Hurray ! 'twas left for me the foe to floor.

DOUG. He's dead!

ELLEN. Ah, *il est mort.*

BLANCHE. *(triumphantly)* *Il est no more !*

FITZJ. What was the weapon slew him in this minute?

BLANCHE. A carpet bag, but with a hair brush in it.

I caught him with the corner !

F. BARD. *(inspecting him)* He's not dead !

Stunned by that fearful one-er on the head.

ELLEN. He breathes, he moves!

MALC. He's got what he don't like.

(RODERICK recovers and looks round feebly)

ROD. Who was the workman who got up that strike ?

BLANCHE. I was the *conqu'ring hero*—*(still at back)*

ROD. *(not seeing her)* You ? Well done!

BLANCHE. And made your *conk ring here, oh !*

ELLEN. *(bringing BLANCHE forward)* What a pun!

See you this wasted form—this slender frame,

Know you the gentle voice that breathed your name,

Look at these chastened features !

BLANCHE. Don't you know me ?

Look Roderick—yes 'tis I! *(melo-dramatically)*

ROD. *(collapses)* What, Blanche! oh ! blow me !

ELLEN. He's gone and made no sign—no breath—no sound!
That last blow laid him *flat!*

F. BARD. Oh, *he'll come round!*

MALC. See he recovers yet again !

F. BARD. Stand by !

I'll try the power of a melody !

Chorus—(Polka Tune.)

Here's a pretty state of things for he!

Ha! ha!—and it's

Just the sort of fate we wished to see !

Ha! ha !—and it-----

ELLEN. This is our cue for being jolly,

Now we've fairly won the day;

Though we're turning Walter Scott to folly,

In a most disgraceful way.

(repeat and dance)

ROD. You've won the day—I yield !

BLANCHE. You're most obliging;

We've got a way with us there's no *deniging*.

FITZJ. Come, Blanche, remove your lover, we'll away,

Before you, and arrange the coming day.

BLANCHE; Come on, my man! (RODERICK *staggers*)

F. BARD. *(with harp—reel played in the orchestra)* He's faint, this will restore him. *(giving flask)*

BLANCHE. Now I have punched his head—how I adore him;

ELLEN. He's getting better now. How do you feel, eh ?

ROD. I feel that I could dance a *reel*.

BLANCHE. Oh, really !

(Highland reel slow at first, gradually getting wild—dance off, L.)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Guard Room in Stirling Castle; table laid; arms all round, R.*

Enter three GUARDS, with DE BRENT, R.

Chorus.—" Three Jolly Post Boys."

We jolly warders drinking here in clover, *(repeat)*

Have to-day determined *(repeat)*

To have a summat over.

MALC. Jest with me as *you* please ; but say no man shall
My love's " too flattering sweet to be substantial."

ELLEN. I think this is, I don't know how you view it,
 Legitimate occasion for a duet.

*Duet.—ELLEN and MALCOLM.—Air, "I am an Alsatian."
 (Offenbach).*

MALC. You've made a sensation !

ELLEN. A sensation, have I ?

MALC. 'Tis your fascination,
 That makes me to sigh!

ELLEN. I share your impression,
 I will not deny !

MALC. With such a confession,
 Delighted am I !

ELLEN. I think I have heard this,
 A hundred times o'er !

MALC. And still I must tell it,
(waltz to air) A thousand times more, (repeat ensemble)

ELLEN. You'll meet me on the green, then, as you said,
 There to assist this too adventurous maid ?

MALC. We'll all be in disguise—won't that be fun;?

ELLEN. Yes; we will all *look cadgers, but be none!*

I'll seek the boon this signet bids me claim,
 And will invoke the kind Fitzjames's name,
 Should I succeed-----

MALC. Why then you know, dear Nell,
 There is a boon for *me* to claim as well;
 My faithful suit has waited long for this,
 Let me commemorate it by a kiss.

*(as they embrace, enter BLANCHE and FAMILY
 BARD, L.—ELLEN and MALCOLM run out, R.)*

BLANCHE. Wonders will never cease ! What *did* I see?
 No one e'er took that liberty with me!

F. BARD. That's *plain upon the face of it*—ahem !

BLANCHE. Eh? what?

F. BARD. I said 'twas very proper, mem.

BLANCHE. At her age, too! at mine, I will agree it

Is not so very bad. *(ogling FAMILY BARD)*

F. BARD. *(aside, shaking his head)* Ah, I don't see it.
(aloud) Where is your truant knight?

BLANCHE. He's very ill,
 He hasn't quite got o'er that little spill.
 I think he sleeps ;—that's reason to rejoice.
 (*goes to wing and listens*) Hush ! yes, he sleeps—I hear
 his *s'norous* voice !

He's getting *weakly daily*, I'm in doubt
 If for the games to-morrow he'll get out.

F. BARD. Oh, he but feigns !

BLANCHE. Nay, if I but thought so—
 I'd have the rascal up and make him go ;
 Where is the Douglas ?

F. BARD. There's with him no feigning,
 He's going in for a strict course of training,
 At the advice of his good friend Fitzjames,
 He'll come out strong to-morrow in the games!

BLANCHE. But peace, break off, look, where he comes
 again,

A Scotch male flying like a highland train !

*Enter DOUGLAS, L., rapidly in running dress, with huge
 dumb-bells, as if in a race.*

DOUG. Time! (*stopping short*)

F. BARD. (*producing huge watch*) Just three, twenty-two,
 the last half mile,

You're once again in your old form and style!

DOUG. That's pretty good for sixty-five, miss, ain't it ?

BLANCHE, 'Ere I had run half that I should have
 fainted.

DOUG. I'll teach the striplings what good blood can do,
 Backed by a pluck that sticks to what is true;
 When *I* run, I mean running.

BLANCHE. Right, quite right.

DOUG. And when I say I'll fight, why, I *do* fight!

F. BARD. And that some folks are 'ware of to their
 sorrow.

DOUG. When *wrestle!*-----

BLANCHE. There, the *rest'll* do to-morrow !

DOUG. Time! (*same business*)

BLANCHE. "What you're off again, ha ! ha !

F. BARD. Don't laugh ;

You interrupt me and my Chronograph !

FAMILY BARD—*Air*—" *Humpty Dumpty*."

(DOUGLAS *follows the directions through the song*)

Draw your belt, adjust your hose,
Place yourself in graceful pose,
Set your elbows, point your toes,
One, two, three, and off you goes !

DOUGLAS *runs out, R.*

BLANCHE. That looks like business, it's a good beginning.

F. BARD. Ah, it means more than that, it looks like
winning !

I'm off as well!

BLANCHE. What, after the old chap?

F. BARD. I mean to catch him in his second lap.

(BLANCHE *sings the air again, and starts FAMILY BARD, who carries his harp and campstool as dumb-bells and exit, R.— BLANCHE then makes two or three false starts, ultimately coming down to lights and singing*)

Air— " Shelling Green Peas."

Oh, how I sigh for days gone by;

Innocent hours,
That sweetly did fly.

There 'neath the trees, fanned by the breeze,
How my youth glided in plenty and peace.

But, sad to state,
Woe to relate;

Never again shall I know the same fate.

Fortune decrees that ever must cease,

The chaste occupation of shelling green peas.

(*dance and off, R.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The pleasure grounds of Stirling Castle arranged for the games—a throne set for KING JAMES at back, L.—GUARDS and PEOPLE, R. and L.—enter DE BRENT as a sort of policeman, R.*

DE BRENT. Now, clear the course, you chaps. What,
are you mad all ?

I wish I was behind you with a bradawl!

Just keep the people off the turf there, *do* !

Stand back, the park ain't meant for such as *you* !

My figure with this bawling getting thin is.
(calling off) Why are you *fiddling* there, you *pack*
o' ninnies!

Enter FAMILY BARD, L. U. E., as *Derby Prophet*, with *race*
cards, &c.

Now *you* keep back—the notice, don't you spy?
 You won't do here, you know. (FAMILY BARD *tips*
him) All right! I'm fly! (*retires up, R.*)

F. BARD. Now, then, my noble sportsman, show your
 paces—

Dorling's correct card of the Stirling Races, (*goes up*)

Enter RODERICK DHU as a *thimble rigger*, R. 1 E.

ROD. Here's a come down! I've not got very nimble,
 In this new fakement, with the pea and thimble.
 But needs must when—I—

DE BRENT. (*sidling up*) Don't interrupt, I hope,
 But—though against your *inclination—slope!*
 We can't have none of *you*, my leery rigger.
 So just move on, I say.

ROD. (*taking out purse*) Here! what's the figure?

DE BRENT. Pooh! pooh! a bribe! to make a party dumb?
 Corrupt the honest guard! (*takes money*) All right!
 I'm mum! (*goes up*)

Enter MALCOLM, L. 1 E, as a *rope-trick man*.

MALC. Now, any gentleman who likes to tie me,
 Can see there's no deception, (*aside*) Fate, stand by
 me!

If I am really tied, I don't know how
 I should get out.

DE BRENT. Come, I can't have that row.
 Be off there with your ropes, I say—just go it
 Ever so many knots an hour.

MALC. Blow it!

Let a poor chap just earn a bob to-day, (*gives money*)

DE BRENT. Well don't you go a stopping up the way!
 (*goes up—BLANCHE sings without*)
 Things is a looking up! What row is that?

Enter BLANCHE, R. U. E., as a *Ballad Singer*.

BLANCHE. "I'm sitting on the stile, Mar-eee!"

DE BRENT. (*shutting his ears*) That's flat!

BLANCHE. The stile I'm sitting on ? Your joke is weak.

DE BRENT. NOW then, young woman! we don't want
your cheek!

Just step it!

BLANCHE. (*taking out money*) Let me stay ! humbly sue, sir!

I'm poor ! but if you *do, sir*, here's a *douceur* !

DE BRENT. (*taking coin*) No tampering with the public
servants—ah ! (*inspecting money*)

She's rather *near* ! and don't go half as *far* !

Enter ELLEN as a gipsy, L.

ELLEN. I am to find them here they said! but *how* ?

Now then, my pretty ladies— (*professionally*)

DE BRENT. Hold your row!

I don't care for your fascinating look,

So mind your *eye*, my girl, and take your *hook* !

ELLEN. Pray let me see your palm—oh, there's no harm
in it— (*taking his hand*)

DE BRENT. There ain't no sort of witchcraft is there,
marm, in it?

ELLEN. I see you're honest—you'll be prosp'rous too !

(*putting money in his hand*) Just in the middle of
your palm I view,

An earnest of success—Fate's not long doling it!

DE BRENT. Dumb as a kettle drum, mum ! with an 'ole in it,
(*retires up, L.*)

ELLEN. Where can they be—I can't much longer wander!
Well I must seek them in the crowd out yonder.

(*while she speaks, RODERICK, BARD, MALCOLM, and
BLANCHE, get near her and offer their attractions*)

F. BARD. Card of the race, ma'am ?

ROD. (*manipulating*) Now you'll never see,
Under vich thimble his the little pea!

I'll take you for a flimsy !

MALC. See the knot, Miss.

I'll take the smallest trifle as you've got, miss,

Tie all the knots you like, I can escape any!

BLANCHE. (*bawling*) Yar, here's a hundred new songs for
an 'apenny,

(*sings*) " I would I were a bird."

" You know we're still of the old country fond,
 " You've had our *word*, and now we've got your *bond*.
 " Go on, old hoss, and prosper, says your fond son,
 " Farewell, time's up, let's liquor—yrs., A. Johnson."

(applause)

Now let the sports begin—we're ready here! *(sits)*

Enter MALISE with basket, L. 2 E.

MALISE. Apples or oranges, or ginger beer!

Bulla' eyes here, eight a penny—here's a lot!
 And brandy balls—just try 'em—ain't they hot?
 Portable med'cine chests at ten a penny,
 Or you may do the trick with half as many!

DE BRENT. Now, you young coster, s'pose you clear the
 path !

Move on there with that basket !

MALISE. Go to Bath! *(goes up)*

*(the sports, racing, wrestling, &c, in which DOUGLAS,
 RODERICK, MALCOLM, and MALISE engage—
 FAMILY BARD nowhere—at the end, putting the
 stone, which lights on BLANCHE'S feet, who floors
 RODERICK—RODERICK trembles and retires from
 the contest—DOUGLAS triumphant, is crowned)*

K. JAMES. *(starting up)* That cast! there's none in
 Scotland, far and wide,

Who could do that, save *one* !

DOUGLAS. *(discovering himself)* 'Tis not denied!

ALL. The Douglas !*(shouting)*

K. JAMES. Here, amongst our court again ?

Rash old intruder! *(crowd advance)*

DOUG. *(seizing sword)* Stand back, or I'll brain
 The lot of you ! Yes, James ! I am the man
 You banished!

ROD. *(coming forward)* I, who've lost through you my
 clan.

ALL. What, Roderick still alive!

ROD. Alive and kickin'

At these indignities, my royal chicken.

DOUG. My liege-----

K. JAMES. No more! I have you in my power.

Ho, warders ! take these traitors to our tower !

- ELLEN. Dear lord, forbear!
 K. JAMES. Fetters and warder, for the Graeme, out there!
(taking gold chain from his neck) Kneel down, rash
 youth—and, Ellen kneel beside him !
 We think in life the only way to guide him
 Is this, *(putting chain over their necks)* So linked,
 beyond man's art to sever,
 Be faithful to us, and yourselves for ever! *(cheers)*
- BLANCHE. Three cheers for James ! pray take the time
 from me,
 In fact we'll treat him to a three times three.
(loud cheering—ELLEN comes forward)
- ELLEN. *(to Audience)* And now will you, good friends,
 for Ellen's sake,
 Look kindly on the Lady of the Lake ?
 'Tis true the noble poem has been fated,
 By modern needs to be thus mutilated !
 No pardon can an old offender claim,
 But shelt'ring 'neath the mighty poet's name,
 We clemency submissively invoke,
 Especially for this, our final joke,
 Which, though an old one, comes suggestively,
 Actors and author, let us off *Scott* free!
- Chorus—Finale, " Zerlina Polka.*
- ELLEN. Our story told, to leave us,
 Without applause would grieve us.
- BLANCHE. Although we own we've gone and done a
 violence to poesy.
- F. BARD. But if you'll shew compassion
 In the usual kindly fashion,
- ELLEN. No happier folks will crack their jokes upon the
 stage than we ! *(repeat ensemble— dance,*

Curtain.