

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR;

OR,

THE LAIRD, THE LADY, AND THE LOVER.

A new and original Operatic Burlesque Extrabaganza.

*Founded on Donizetti's Popular Opera, and consequently very
unlike the Romance.*

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

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

PART AUTHOR OF

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

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

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First performed at the Prince of Wales's Theatre (under the management of Miss Marie Wilton),
on Monday, September 25th, 1865.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR;

OR THE LAIRD, THE LADY, AND THE LOVER.

The New Scenery by Mr. CHARLES S. JAMES. Machinery by Mr. H. BARRS. The Overture and Incidental Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. C. VAN MAANEN. Costumes by Mrs. HINTON, Mr. S. MAY, and Assistants. Pertuquier, Mr. CLARKSON. The Piece produced under the direction of the Author.

Characters.

HENRY ASHTON (*an astonishingly revengeful party, who in depth and bitterness acts up to his character as a Bass-o-profundio*) Mr. F. DEWAR.
DR. RAYMOND (*his guide, philosopher and friend, tutor to Lucy, physician to the family, accustomed to dog Henry and dog-latin*) Mr. H. W. MONTGOMERY.
EDGAR OF RAVENSWOOD (*an interesting young operative hero of the regular conventional type, whom Henry attempts to make a but of, but only succeeds in making a little pale*) Miss MARIE WILTON.
NORMAN (Head Huntsman to Henry) Mr. HARRY COX.
ARTHUR BUCKLAW (*a great swell in his way and also in Edgar's*) Miss FANNY JOSEPH.
LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR (*Henry's only sister, a simple dove-like creature, given by her own admission to melancholy, and by her brother to Bucklaw*) Mr. J. CLARK.
ALICE (*her confidential maid, who, like all confidential people, speaks her mind pretty freely to everybody*) Miss HUGHES.
From the Royal Olympic, her First Appearance at this Theatre.
Retainers, Bridesmaids and Attendants.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

Scene 1.—A FOREST GLADE.

How the head huntsman proves he is not only a brick, but a Norman arch, and how Alice presents a pretty appearance, though she shews a great fright at the appearance of Henry, who comes on, and goes on, and, with Raymond, "discourses" anything but "eloquent music" concerning his sister's love for the enemy to his house, and how Lucy and Edgar sing a duet, and being about to have a parting, they naturally divide the air.—The Quartette.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Scene 2.—BALL AT HENRY'S.

BRIDAL BALLET, by Miss BELLA GOODALL, assisted by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.

ARRANGED BY MISS BELLA GOODALL.

The forged Letters—How Arthur Bucklaw makes a slight mistake, and takes somebody for somebody else, falling in love with her in the confusion of the moment, and falling out with Henry in consequence—how, behind the *veil* he discovers the *plain*, at which he is a little *ill*, and Lucy exhibits a rapidly *mountain' pique*, but in consequence of the torrent of rage from Henry, who was previously a *friend*, but is now a *foeman*, he makes up his mind, and having very little of that article, it takes him a very short time to do it. Eventually, harassed by her family, and distracted at the thoughts of her lover's perfidy, Lucy accepts Arthur, and Edgardo on discovering that he is, as the Yankees say, "left out in the cold," indulges in what Artemus Ward calls "a most amoozing little cuss," and leaves her to her Fate.

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Scene 3.—MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE.

How Edgardo refuses to be comforted, and eventually rejects Raymond's prescription in favour of Alice's, which resolution leads, in the most natural way possible, to

THE DOUBT! THE DETERMINATION! AND THE DANCE!

SCENE 4.—CONSERVATORY AT THE CASTLE.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

How, as in the Opera, Bucklaw and Lucy are made one, but are by no means united, and how, as *not* in the Opera, Lucy does not go out of her mind, but out of her Brother's, accompanied by the object of her affections—how there is a breakdown, of the kind seldom seen in a Burlesque, and how Henry falls into a passion, Edgar falls into an error, Arthur falls into a trap, and Lucy falls into a puddle; and how matters appear at a dead lock, when, compelled by the force of circumstances and the exigencies of Dramatic Law, Henry is obliged to give his consent, and after the hairbreadth 'scapes, moving accidents by flood and field, and innumerable ups and downs, all tending to illustrate the truth of the old motto, that the "course of true love never did run smooth," Edgar and Lucy are permitted to pair

off, and

ALL ENDS HAPPILY!

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.



SCENE FIRST.—*A Woody Glen (2nd grooves), and cut piece (1st grooves).*

Music.—*Enter HUNTSMEN and NORMAN with spears, R. 1 E.*

NORMAN. Permit me to observe before we go,
Yoicks and hark forward, likewise tally-ho:
Also tantivy, hey ho, chivey, too;
Which is the proper sort of thing to do.
But, ere we go, we generally get
Something our ardour and our lips to wet
From Alice, my enchanting little coz.
Alice should bring the cup, she *allis* does.

Music.—*enter ALICE, R. 1 E., with drinking horn, gives it to NORMAN, who hands it to HUNTSMEN.*

ALICE. Good morning, gentlemen.

HUNTSMEN *bow and exit, L. 1 E.*

NORMAN. Oh, Alice, Alice!

Since that sweet evening at the Crystal Pallis-----

ALICE. You quite forget yourself, that's very clear.

NORMAN. I always *do*, my love, when *you* are near.

ALICE. Your conduct after marriage, I know well,
Would be most wearisome. All day you'd spell
Over some sporting paper—as for *me*,
My life would be as dull as dull could be.
You'd think, I'm certain, were I once your wife
More of your *Sporting News* than this *Belle's Life*.
Your prospects-----

NORMAN. When I look at *you, ma chere*,
My prospects are particularly fair.
Those eyes your Norman's breast with ardour fills,
Be Mrs. Norman on the Grampian 'ills.

ALICE. How you'd support a wife's to me a riddle.

NORMAN. My love, I'm a *supporting* indiwiddle.

(HENRY gives a loud "Hem!" off, L.)

But here comes master, (*tremulous music*) Now then !

Why this fear?

I'm not afraid, (*trembling violently*) only he *is* severe.

'Tain't fright—it's constitutional, my dear!

(HENRY is heard to give a loud "Hem!" they huddle together alarmed., R.)

ALICE. Oh dear! somehow there's something in his manner-----

NORMAN. Let us evaporate. P. S.—P-anner.

Chorus [from "Barbiere"].

NORMAN. O-o-oh, de-e-ear! here's master.

ALICE. O-o-o-oh, dee-e-ar! do go-o-o a little fa-a-a-ster.
(*repeat—exit ALICE, R. 1 E.*)

Enter HENRY, L. 1 E.

HENRY. (*stamps at NORMAN who leaps off R. 1 E.*) The chief peculiarity in *me*

Is that I hate like poison all I see.

My hatred doth embrace the worst and best,

And all those that I don't *hate* I detest.

My ancient house, which idiots denominate

" My old ancestral roof-tree," I abominate.

I execrate myself I beg to state;

Some folks love *number one*—my passions *hate*.

RAYMOND enters, L.

Raymond, in vain do I attempt to smile.

In here doth *boil*-----

RAYM. No, no; for boil read *bile*.

Blue pill-----(*beginning to write in pocket booh*)

HENRY. I'm well.

RAYM. You think so, p'raps; but, no ;

Be thou cool as ice—as pure as snow—

Thou shalt not 'scape calomel.

HENRY. These medicines, you've no notion what they cost us.

RAYM. (*writing*) *Aqua ad two ounce; miser, fiat haustus.*

HENRY. (*after looking round*) Raymond, I'm not inclined to let you chouse.

I'm *Harry Ashton*, and not *Billy-ous*.
My sister, and your pupil, thwarts my plan,
Lucy don't—Lucy does—Lucy does----

RAYM. Be as *Lucy does* you can.
HENRY. We're hard up, and the noble house of Ashton

Will very shortly, Raymond, be a smashed 'un.
My hateful friends refuse to lend me more;
Atrocious creditors bombard my door.
I've got no new acquaintances to rob;
I've loads of *bills*, but haven't got one *bob*.
The demons, if the money I can't hand 'em,
They'll *quod*, me.

RAYM. Hem! *quod erat demons-trandum*.
If Lucy marries well—well, what's to stop her ?
She is your only prop—it's only proper.
Young men, you know, you never let her see;
She can't love any one, unless it's *me*,
And that's not likely.

HENRY. I suspect she *do*.

RAYM. Love *me* !

HENRY. No, stupid! certainly not *you* !
But somebody; you're *nobody*. I fear—
Lend me-----

RAYM. I've got no money.

HENRY. Pooh! your ear.

Duet.—" The Sugar Shop."

HENRY. Last week we had a picnic, as you're very well aware we had.

RAYM. Out in the forest, where there no vulgar folks to stare, we had.

HENRY. We'd lots of chicken, ham and tongue;
Champagne it flowed like water there.

RAYM. And if *any* one didn't enjoy himself,
Why, all I can say is, he *oughter*, there.

HENRY. Oh my ! what a lot of things I ate there.

RAYM. Oh my ! what dyspepsi—ay !
Game pie, everything that I could get there.
Tiddy fol ol lol, tiddy fol ol lol, tiddy fol ol lol lay!

HENRY. Well, whilst we were enjoying what they call
the mazy dance, you know.
RAYM. We were all thrown into great alarm, at seeing
a bull advance, you know.
HENRY. His horns were raised, when flew a ball,
Which horrified us greatly, oh !
RAYM. Through his bones and his gristle,
As clean as a whistle, and
Settled him immedi-ately, oh!
HENRY. Oh my ! 'twas a lucky hit no doubt, there ;
Though I believe it when I say,
That shy party poaching was about there.
RAYM. Tiddy fol ol lol, tiddy fol ol lol, tiddy fol ol
lol lay!

HENRY. The man who shot the bull, you know, ha, ha!—
Weak women how suscepti**bull** they are,—
Made an impression that's by no means faint.
RAYM. But then he might be rich.
HENRY. He *might*—but ain't.
How now ?

Enter NORMAN, R. 1 E.

NORMAN. (*trembling*) Oh, sir !
HENRY. (*drawing his sword*) Dog! what's your news ?
Some dun
Asks for a cheque ? Ha, ha! I'll *give* him one.
Another execution ?
RAYM. Some one ill ?
HENRY. Some creditor who wants a draught ?
RAYM. Or pill ?
NORMAN. No, sir; we've found out----- (*HENRY seizing
him by the collar, and standing over him with
sword—NORMAN tries to speak*)
HENRY. Speak out, vile guggler!
Or I like Colonel Stodare-----
RAYM. Mind his *juggler*.
HENRY. (*C.*) What is it?
NORMAN. We've found out the party's name,
Who spoilt that bovine monster's little game.
His name is Edgar Ravenswood.

HENRY. My foe!
(throws him off, R.—chord—stamps on Raymond's toe, who limps up)

RAYM. My toe!

HENRY. A case of Juliet and Romeo.
 As for Edgardo, with one blow I'll fell him ;
 He'd better his *head guard*, O ! I can tell him.

Trio.—Air, " Barndoor Jig."

HENRY. If I meet him I'll tell him a bit of my mind,
 In a way that will not be so very refined.
 Oh, I'll knock him as flat as flounder, I will.
 If we meet the encounter must end in a mill.

NORMAN. A term understood ; for of late, the prize ring
 Is looked on by swells as the right sort of thing.

RAYM. For to make love to Lucy proclaims him a rogue.
 You'll remember this tune is in Arrah-na-Pogue.

HENRY, RAYMOND, and NORMAN *dance off, L. 1. E*
Enter ALICE, R. 1 E.

ALICE. At last they've gone—I thought they never would.
 And why select this spot they ever should,
 Considering it's the trysting-place of missis,
 Is more than I can say. A sad case this is;
 My lady deep in love enough to smother
 With the arch enemy of her big brother.
 But lawks! when once affection's in the case
 All argument and prudence must give place;
 When love sets in, reason may shut up shop;
 The heart's an organ *Babbage* couldn't stop.
 Ah! here's my missis—once none brighter, wittier;
 But now—alas ! well, poor dear thing, I pity her!

(goes off, L.)

Music—Enter LUCY, R. 1 E.

LUCY. Ah me ! this fluttering heart will *not* cease beating,
 I feel it worse a good deal after eating.
 Raymond declares it's indigestion : pooh!
 I can't say I'm in love—it wouldn't do,

In love too with our foe, it is a shame;
 I cannot help it, no, *il foe que j'aime*.
 Why did he kill the bull who o'er him towered ?
 Which very plainly proved he was no *cow-herd*.
 The brute's horns raised—fear did my bosom fill.
 I did his *horns see*—didn't *I get ill* !
 Something the temper of that bull had crossed,
 I made my mind up I was lost, and tossed;
 A moment more, 'twas very plain to see,
 'Twould literally be all *up with me*.
 His horns my arm did actually graze,
 Oh, dreadful sight! I've often heard the phrase
 The horns of a *dilemma*, but I'm sure
 Never the horns of a *di-lemma moor*.
 When click—a trigger! Oh! kind fate doth pull it,
 And by a timely *bullet* is the *bull hit*.
 He fell, half-fainting, then I looked around,
 But only broken bottles strewed the ground.
 I wanted something—for I can't stand shocks—
 The *champagnes* were all flat—so was the *'ocks*.
 Just then a noble form appeared close by,
 "A glass of water," I had time to cry,
 Then fell; he for a glass of water flew,
 And quickly *brought me one*, which *brought me too*.
 I loved him from that moment.

Enter ALICE, L.U. E.

ALICE. Here he comes, mum.

I know it by the pricking of my thumbs, mum.

Music.—Enter EDGAR, at back, L.—Exit ALICE, L. U. E.

EDGAR. (L.) Ha, ha! behold me, beautiful Lucia.

As the "Duke's Motto" had it, "I am he-ah!"

LUCY. (R.) This is imprudent, Edgar; Henry's cross.

EDGAR. I'm aware Henry don't feel *Henry-morse*.

LUCY. He is your bitter foe—bitter as senna !

He's such a *hater*.

EDGAR. Eighter! I'm a *tenner*.

Your brother is—no matter, he's your brother ;

But, dearest, if he'd only been another,

He would have been-----

LUCY. Somebody else; quite true.

EDGAR. To-night, dear, I must breathe a fond adoo.

LUCY. No, no ! *relittance* in your face I read.

 You don't mean an *adoo*.

EDGAR. *A-doo*, indeed.

 What can a man do when he's hard up, say ?

 Honour and conscience answer, " Cut away."

 I couldn't go into the workhouse.

LUCY. *Oui*.

 But why not seek a *union* with *me* ?

EDGAR. (*with fervour*) Live on *your* money!—could I
 stoop so low?

 Besides you haven't got enough, you know.

LUCY. I think, dear Edgar, we might make it do.

 They say enough for one's enough for two.

EDGAR. Who says so? Not your modern girls who
 sneer

 At stragglers with three hundred pounds a-year;

 Who always want their carriage after marriage,

 And who disparage cheaper stuff than *barrage*.

 Marry and live on love—a cottage, eh ?

 Cold meat and pickles every other day;

 One dingy servant girl, who it appears

 Has three first cousins in the Fusiliers;

 The furniture suggestive of the broker ;

 The kitchen chimney a continual smoker;

 Life one dull round of scowls, growls, and complaining!

 Love's nice *light* food, but it is *not* sustaining.

LUCY. But I can live on bread and butter—tea;

 It's very little that suffices me.

EDGAR. No—I'm resolved; I can't stop, here, becos

 You know my income isn't what it was.

 My house I'll let and every tree I'll fell,

 The timber for a trifle's sure to sell.

LUCY. Cut down the timber ? Oh, to think you *should!*

 You really must be *ravin!*, *Ravens-wood*.

 Cut those old friends ? Oh mind, dear, what you do!

EDGAR. The only tree I *won't* cut, dear, is *yew*.

 Against your race I vowed an endless hate;

 But, when I saw you in that trembling state,

 Pity completely quelled all animosity,

 And from that moment all my late ferocity

Merged in an ardent love. Oh, Lucy, Lucy!
(*embraces her*)

LUCY. Edgar, don't go on like a goosey-poosey.
Ha' done!

EDGAR. A *dun* !don't mention 'em, for I've a score ;
But when upon a foreign shore-----

LUCY. Oh, *pshaw!*
You cannot—*shall* not go I

EDGAR. Stay, Lucy, stay!
(*Music—pianissimo*)

Promise me, when in distant lands away,
That I shall know you're mine; though I desert
You for a time, at parties you won't flirt.
Then this you'll promise me—I know you will—
You'll never waltz—you *may* do a quadrille,
But only *that* with married men. And—oh!
You'll never bet a pair of gloves—it's low.
You'll think about your Edgar night and day,
You won't enjoy yourself in *any* way.
You'll never read any amusing book,
And in a bonnet shop you'll never look;
You'll never with a song your time beguile,
At least you'll promise me you'll never smile;
Rut make me happy when I'm o'er the sea
By knowing you're as wretched as can be.

Duet (from the Opera).

EDGAR. (R. C.) Oh, I must leave, 'tis getting late,
And for Edgardo the boat doth wait.

LUCY. (L.C.) Oh no, a few short moments stay;
Don't go—don't go, I pray.

Time changes to " Stay with me."

Oh, stay with me, my darling, stay,
And like a dream thy life shall pass away.

EDGAR. No; stay with thee I can't to-day—I cannot to-day.

Enter NORMAN, L., and ALICE, R.

Air.—Lilly Dale.

ALICE. Your brother now is keeping
Up unwonted revelry,
To drown the deep remorse he feels
At acting shamefulee.

If once he should discover
That you're deep in love with he—
The notion makes me tremble,
So please come in to tea.

ALL. Naught would avail.
How he would storm and rail—
With what rude epithets he would assail
Everybody who approached him,
With abuse he would regale.
Come with me
In to tea.

Let me prevail, (*all repeat*)

Exeunt LUCY and NORMAN, L.—ALICE and EDGAR, R.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Saloon. Doors, c.; door, L. 2 E.*

"*Don Guzman*" Music—*Enter* HENRY and RAYMOND, C.

HENRY, (R.) Humph!

RAYM. (L.) Come, look pleasant.

HENRY. Drop that constant buzz.

RAYM. All nature smiles.

HENRY. Yes, all *good* nature does.

I'm *not* good-natured. Do I look it?

NORMAN. No;

Your temper's high, but your behaviour's low.

HENRY. *High—low!* what *boots* it! Are the papers done?

RAYM. (*producing a small and large letter*) That's finished,
and that big 'un is big-un.

HENRY. In that you've his handwriting to a T.

I never saw a finer forgeree.

Each imitation is exact, by George, in it!

It's very *forginit* we thought of *forgin' it*.

She comes! Give me the papers—vanish!

Exit RAYMOND, R. *door.*

So-----

Now is the time to strike the final blow!

Enter LUCY, *door, L.*

Lucy, sweet sister—(*aside*) Down, compunction,
down.

LUCY. (*aside*) He smiles! I much prefer to see him frown.

(*aloud*) That hideous grin at once, dear brother, finish;
I'd sooner have you *Dullish*, far, than *Grin-ish*.

HENRY. (R.) Talking of Greenwich, wouldst have me a
pensioner
On fickle Fortune ?

LUCY. Henry, don't mention her;
The subject drop!

HENRY. The subject's Edgar!

LUCY. Pooh!

HENRY. I only wish *you'd* drop that subject too.

LUCY. Drop Edgar? Filled indeed's my sorrow's cup.

HENRY. Yes, drop him—Don't know where you picked
him up.
You think he *loves* you ?

LUCY. Yes, I think he *do*.

HENRY. *Do!* that's the word ! He is one! Yes, it's true;
A most decided *do*.

LUCY. (*seriously*) You are in fun.

HENRY. He's *past a do*.

LUCY. You mean that he's a *dun* !
Why don't you pay him then ?

HENRY. I shall! Deceiver!

LUCY. Who's he deceived ?

HENRY. : You! Will you be believer,
If with your own two eyes the proof you see ?

LUCY. *Two eyes!* I fear you're much *two wise* for me.
I'm but a simple ge-yurl.

HENRY. Behold that writing!
(*producing large and small letters*)
'Gainst proof so positive 'tis useless fighting.

LUCY. What do I see ? With rage and grief I stifle !
(*reads*) " Dear Henry, could you lend me a small trifle,
Till we together have the pleasant picking
Of the snug income of that tender chicken,
Lucy?—Excuse this worst of broken pens."
The vagabond spells chickens with two *hens*.
Oh, Hen-ry !

HENRY. Pooh ; don't make yourself a silly.
Here is another pretty little billet.
(*gives the large letter*)

LUCY, (*reads*) " Had the ox finished her, you'd not have missed her.

You are her brother! what made me *assist her* ?
I will *not* marry her; pray understand it,
Though on me she is more than sweet"—that's *candid*.
I'll go and find him—agony and rage! (*takes L. corner*)
I'll take the train.

HENRY. You needn't take the stage.
Don't go oh so.

LUCY. I shall go *off*, I fear, (*going up*)

HENRY. I won't have any of your fainting *here*.

LUCY. (*turning sharply*) Who's going to faint? Oh, Edgar!

HENRY. Cease this babble !

On me misfortunes *crowd*—I'm *miser-rabble*.

You've lost your heart, but I shall lose my head.

LUCY. Alas ! you are a traitor.

HENRY. So it's said.

The block awaits me—fear my bosom racks.

LUCY. The block! 'tis but the result of your own *axe*.

HENRY. (*catches her arm*) Wed Bucklaw, and away flies

Borrow, gloom. (*LUCY shrinks*)

All right—consign me to a traitor's doom.

I'm used to it. Ha, ha ! it's human natur';

It's not the proper thing to be a traitor.

One must put up with the results, that's clear;

(*wiping his eyes—LUCY strongly agitated*)

Now and then drop a tributary tear.

It don't hurt much, if what they say is true;

It's only *one chop*, and a good *chop too*.

(*buries his head in his handkerchief*)

Music.—Duet Opera.

LUCY. I'm thy sister.

HENRY. You won't save me.

I'm your brother, yet you brave me!

Poor Henrico, fool to seek, oh!

Pity, where there none can be.

LUCY. Oh, such anguish and despair, oh !

This indeed's a sad affair, oh !

HENRY. (*Dinorah*) Go, and leave me to my wretched

fa-a-a-a-te.

*Enter ALICE, R. 1 E.—marked symphony leading music—
"Sixty-six"—burst.*

ALICE. Oh, who do you think's outside?
Bucklaw, as you soon will see.
HENRY. Oh ! coining to claim his bride.
ALICE. Bless us ! why who is the party to be ?
LUCY. (*bursting into a sob*) Booh !
ALICE. Prythee, don't pipe your eye.
LUCY. Booh !
HENRY. Who can it be but he ?
LUCY. Booh!
ALICE. Might I remark, oh my !
HENRY. Suppose we slink off to the symphonee.

*HENRY supports LUCY off, door L.—LUCY shakes
and almost drops at each repetition of the burst—
HENRY carries her off—she sticks in the door and
clutches his hair—ALICE performs pantomime
action to the symphony—going up stage.*

ALICE. What will poor Mr. Edgar say to this ?
Who'd be a lady!

Enter ARTHUR, door, R. C.

ARTHUR. Yours devoted, Miss.
(*aside, using eye-glass*) Her photograph don't flatter,
I declare!
Carries herself with quite a regal air.
Deceptive is the photographic art,
You can't tell a girl's *carriage* from her *carte*.
I never, till this moment, believed quite,
That love, true love, was payable at sight.
But the first glance at such a face as this is-----
ALICE. (*aside*) I do believe he's taken me for Missis !
I wish he'd take me for her altogether.
ARTHUR. (*aside*) The only subject I'm *well up in's weather*.
It's cool, (*kisses her*)
ALICE. *Uncommon cool!* A kiss ! I smother!
What imp'rence !
ARTHUR. *Imp'rence!* (*kiss repeated*)
ALICE. He *imprints* another.

ARTHUR. I'm really captivated by your charms.

ALICE. Sir, this profession-----

ARTHUR. (*embracing her*) My profession's *arms*.

ALICE. Alms! Oh, a beggar!

ARTHUR. No, a soldier!

ALICE. Private ?

ARTHUR. Soon my majority I shall arrive at.

ALICE. I hope you'll like it. What a life, oh, dear!

Well might the soldier, sir, of whom we hear,

Turn on his heel, and then turn on a tear.

All marching—countermarching—stiff as starch in

A stock *so* tight, with thirst poor fellows parching.

ARTHUR. Smart soldiers like to be well tightened *in*.

Loose habits would destroy all discipline.

My men are pictures, straight as any dart.

ALICE. You needn't hurt them when you makethem smart.

A soldier's wife! Oh, dreadful! 'twouldn't suit me.

ARTHUR. Then may some friendly foeman shortly shoot me.

Since thus you seal my fate, farewell, (*going up*)

ALICE. (*coquettishly*) Don't go.

ARTHUR. (*turning back*) What do I hear! My ears deceive
me; no!

Then, you relent—I thought, sweet girl, you would.

You'll wed me!

ALICE. (*aside*) Oh, I only wish I *could*!

Oh, if I could, how happy we should be,

Like stage Helvetian peasants, whom we see,

Whose clothes are clean, whose lives are all sol-fa-ing,

And one unceasing round of tral-lal-la-ing!

Duet.

Exit ALICE, R. 1 E.

ARTHUR. (*after pacing stage*) Oh, joy; she's charming.

Enter HENRY, L.

Henry, how de do?

Your sister isn't in the least like *you*—

She's beautiful!

HENRY. This candour is delightful.

ARTHUR. You, on the contrary, are rather frightful.

HENRY. Ingenuous friend! (*frowning—aside*) Infatuated
prig-

ARTHUR. Her air's perfection!

HENRY. (*aside*) Must have changed her wig.

ARTHUR. Her eyes enchain one—yes, and hold one fast.

HENRY. (*aside*) He must have been oblivious to the cast.

ARTHUR. Her voice is music!

HENRY. Is it?

ARTHUR. Yes, it choice is.

HENRY. AS merchants say, "Can't always trust *in-voices*."

ARTHUR. At once the match shall be upon the tappy.

Oh, happy Arthur!

HENRY. Yes, you're *Arthur happy*;

Hope it'll last.

Enter RAYMOND, L. 1 E.

ARTHUR. (L.) Last! My dear sir, I vow
I never knew what true love meant till now;
I've flirted with a thousand girls, but never
Found one so *naive*, so artless, yet so clever.
And, what is more, it's evident to see—
He-hem! that Lucy's likewise struck with *me*.
It's not surprising-----

HENRY. That you may aver,
But I'll admit that to be struck with *her*,

(ARTHUR *goes up*)

Seems really----- (*aside*) Raymond, it's all right—
they've met;

As the song says, " We may be happy yet."
No sooner did he meet her, I declare,
Than my sweet sister struck him-----

RAYM. Did she ? where ?

HENRY. Here, in the heart.

(HENRY *goes up stage to* ARTHUR)

RAYM. (*down, c.*) Oh, love, there is no saying
How to our hearts thy sharp dart finds it's way in.
In that same Cupid's crucible of thine
The most unlikely opposites combine;
The stout to some one fragile pays his court;
Tall individuals like something short;

Noisy and dull light up with the same spark;
 The fair proverbially prefer the dark,
 Since the old days, no instance could be truer,
 When Desdemona cried out, *vive le Moor!*

Trio—"Turlurette."

ARTHUR. Oh, love is so capricious,
 Never the same at all,
 Enchanting and delicious
 With great and small!
 Opposite parties 'neath its thraldom
 Bow resigned to fate,
 When Cupid within his circle called 'em,
 Hopeless is their state!

Symphony.

Cruel's his sport—tall love the short,
 Sensible love the stupid;
 Everywhere pair dark with the fair,
 All on account of Cupid!

*Music—"Wedding March"—RAYMOND enters leading
 LUCY, with veil on—ALICE and NORMAN at back**

RAYM. This is the bride whose hand you are thinking of
 taking

HENRY. This is the femiale, my beautiful sister.

ARTHUR. Oh, how my heart is beating

LUCY. Too late for retreating.

ALICE. Oh, how afraid am I—am I—am I!

ALL. Hail, to the blushing bride,
 Lucy of Lammermoor!
 Hail to the blushing bride of Lammermoor!

Air, "Oh, would I were a Bird."

ALICE. Oh, would I were a bird,
 That I might fly away,
 For really, 'pon my word,
 I shan't know what to say.

* HENRY, ARTHUR, LUCY, RAYMOND, ALICE, NORMAN.

HENRY. Ha! ha! (*falls into RAYMOND'S arms*)

ALICE. Ha! ha! (*falls into ARTHUR'S arms*)

NORMAN. Ha! ha! (*falls into HENRY'S arms*)

HENRY. Every one's mad ! This day you shall be rueing,
We don't know what we're saying !

RAYMOND. Singing!

ALICE. Doing!

(*all go up*)

Air, " Mabel Waltz. "

ALICE. (*down, c.*) Up and down the City Road,
In and out the " Eagle! (*goes up*)

HENRY. (*coming down, c.*) That's the way the money
goes;

Pop goes the weazel!

ARTHUR. Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water:
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after !

LUCY. Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
And his wife could eat no lean;
And so, between the two-oo-oo
They scraped the platter clean.

NORMAN. Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone!
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum—
And said what a good boy am I!

RAYM. Tityre tu patulae requiescat in pace for five form a
quorum,

As in praesenti et arma Virumque cano, likewise pons
asinorum,

Emollet mores nec sinit esse feros,
Et tu Brute ut sunt Divorum;

Oh, populi vox! and also atra nox,
Keemo kimo, et Hi Cockolorum!

ALL. (*piano, down c.*) Oh ! oh! oh!

And Ah ! ah! ah ! ah !

And ooh ! ooh ! ooh! ooh! ooh!

Only to think that Skidlamalink

Should hoopedoodoodemdo!

(CHARACTERS *waltz*—NOBMAN and LUCY, and RAYMOND and ALICE, R.—LUCY *goes off*, R. —ARTHUR and HENRY *are face to face*)

HENRY. You have insulted a most ancient house—
Made game of me!

ARTHUR. (R.) Game!

HENRY. Yes, your conduct's *grouse*.
I must have satisfaction, minion!

ARTHUR. Pshaw!

Folks don't fight now-a-days, they go to law.

HENRY. Well, they don't get much satisfaction there.
Draw!

ARTHUR. I don't feel inclined.

HENRY. Boy! have a care,
Or I may spifflicate you on the spot.
Now draw!

ARTHUR. I draw 1 thankee, I'd *draw-ther* not.

HENRY. Then I shall seek my lawyer in a crack, (*going up*)

ARTHUR. (*drawing him back*) I give in.

HENRY. (*calls*) Raymond!

Enter RAYMOND, R. 1 E.

Here, fetch Lacy back.

RAYM. (L.) She's in a crooked temper, you must wait

HENRY. (C.) *Crooked* indeed! Tell her to come here
straight.

You can explain to her why 'tis we want her.
Girls' tempers change.

RAYM. (*crossing*, L.) Hem! *temporamutantar*. *Exit*, L.

HENRY. The only way with women—be severe.

You see she comes.

Enter LUCY, L.

Lucy, come here, my dear.

Tell him you love him.

LUCY. (C.) Don't like to.

HENRY. (C.) Have done!

Of course you don't like *two*; but you like *one*.

ARTHUR. (R.) That one am I—say so, fair Lucy.

LUCY. (L.) Nay.

HENRY. She's a slight cold. Hem! what is that you say?

LUCY. Nay.

ARTHUR. (R.) Nay?

HENRY. (C.) Just so. You know, of course,

Lucy says "nay," 'cos she's a little *hoarse*.

(*aside*) Think of the way your lover's acted—*do*.

LUCY. Oh, Henry dear, if all you say is true,

(*modestly*) I might p'raps possibly—rather than be

Doomed to a long life of celibacee— [you both.

HENRY. (C.) Of course—she loves you—take her—bless

ARTHUR. But if she doesn't, I must say I'm loth

To make her.

HENRY. Really you are much too kind.

She's a mere child, and don't know her own mind.

ARTHUR. Then you accept me ?

HENRY. Come, your love confess.

ARTHUR. Say, is it yes or no?

HENRY. (*pinches her*) Speak out, girl!

LUCY. (*crosses R.*) Yes ! (*chord*)

Enter EDGAR, C. *door*, RAYMOND, L., NORMA *and* ALICE, L.

EDGAR. What do I hear?

HENRY. You've no right here, it's dear!

So you may well remark, what do you here ?

EDGAR. (*advancing to ARTHUR, sternly*) Person! that lady
is engaged to *me*.

ARTHUR. (C.) For the next dance ?

EDGAR. (R. C.) For life!

ARTHUR. That cannot be.

She's just accepted *me*.

EDGAR. (*with contempt*) Accepted *you* ?

Then what I heard was actually true.

Tell me what I've done wrong.

LUCY. (R.) Oh, rubbish—stuff!

What, you've done *wrong* ? What you did *write's*
enough.

To send those letters;—but the lot I've seen.

(*staggers back to RAYMOND*)

HENRY. (L. C.) And not to pay the postage ; it was mean.

EDGAR. (L.) *Mean !* What d'ye mean? I'm in a fog!

Desist.

LUCY. Continue in your fog; you won't be *mist*.

EDGAR. A heartless, venerable joke. (*Music tremuloso*)

Oh! may

You find that matrimony doesn't pay!

May you soon find your fond adoring hub

Pass his whole time at his convivial club!

Until you *hate* him ; then when you can't bear him,

May nothing from your presence ever tear him!

May every play you go to turn out dull !

May every evening party prove a mull!

May he deny each debt by you incurred!

May your dressmaker never keep her word !

(*LUCY whimpers—agony on all sides*)

May you get table beer instead of Bass !

Have something always wrong about your gas !

May you, when you to breakfast come down late,

Find they've black-leaded your steel polished grate!

May Mudie never send you a new book !

And may you never get a sober cook!!!

(*at the culmination, LUCY falls into RAYMOND'S arms*)

*Concerted Piece.—Air, " Kafoozleum." **

HENRY. Pal-pitating is—pitating is—pitating is—

Pal-pitating is my breast with indignation.

EDGAR. There awaiting is—awaiting is—awaiting is—

There awaiting is a carriage for the station.

Into it I now shall pop.

ALICE. And away you'd better hop.

RAYM. This here damsel I shall drop;

Painful situation,

For she isn't feather weighted.

NORMAN. I this scene anticipated,

And from infancy have hated

Any altercation.

ARTH. Irritating is—ritating is—ritating is

Irritating is anathematization.

ALICE. Pooh! his prating is—his prating is—his prating

is—

Pooh! his prating is but vile dissimulation.

* RAYM., LUCY, EDGAR, ARTHUR, HENRY, ALICE, NORMAN.

- RAYM. He's too glad to get away,
Notwithstanding he may say,
Personalities—to-day,
 Suiting the occasion.
- NORMAN. All his rage is simulated ;
He's too glad he isn't mated,
For he is but situated
 As a poor relation.
- LUCY. (*reviving*) Animation is—nimation is—nimation is
 Animation is quickly coming to me.
The population is—ulation is—ulation is—
 The population is a-looking rather gloomy.
- RAYM. Arthur, he extremely loth'll
Be to give her up, and both'll
Recollect this sad betrothal,
 And do something fearful.
- HENRY. Don't with dim forebodings bore us,
All of us have time before us.
- EDGAR. And so let the concluding chorus
 Be a little cheerful.
- ALL. Rumptifoozleum, &c, &c.
*(general dance in line, and closed in, characters
still dancing)*

SCENE THIRD.—A Wood (*1st grooves*).

Enter ALICE, L.

- ALICE. How sad! poor missis and her lover parted.
The pair of 'em are well nigh broken-hearted.
Though I must say, if Norman had to me
Used such remarks as Edgar did to she,
I'd have scratch'd both his eyes out—that I would,
And make the wretch " a man of mark" for good.
I think if I were in the sere and yellow,
I wouldn't make a fuss about a fellow.
Missis between two stools may find herself,
Not on the ground perhaps, but on the shelf;
For doesn't every-day experience shew,
It's best to tie the knot when you've your beau.

Enter EDGAR, followed by RAYMOND, R,

EDGAR. Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of such.

RAYM. Physic's an article that dogs won't touch ;
And so, why throw it them ?

EDGAR. A sage remark :
The only med'cine dogs indulge in's *lark*.

RAYM. Let me prescribe. With symptoms such as these,
The following's the best of remedies :—
Take a young lady—one who's young and pleasant;
Add, say, a pair of earrings, as a present;
Pour compliments until the colour mounts ;
Your voice—a *drop*—and then your love *an-nounce*;
Repeat the dose until the cure's complete.

ALICE. (*coming down*) A low prescription one should not
.repeat.

No, no, I'll give you one, (*they get together*) I think
a better,

And one that meets your case, sir, to the letter.
He's called the girl a dose—I do not scoff.
You treat her *like* a dose, and *take her off*.

EDGAR. Elope!

ALICE. Like Lochinvar.

EDGAR. You've not, it's plain,
Perused your weekly pennyworth in vain.
I'll wait until the house is pretty clear.

ALICE. Just so—hide there.

EDGAR. Hide there! a good *hide here*,
(*seizing ALICE'S arm melodramatically*)
Then when the guests are busy with their wine-a,
I'll bear off Lucy, and I'll make her mine-a.

NORMAN *enters quickly*, R. I E.

NORMAN. For gracious sake, don't go on in that fashion!
Master's as usual in an awful passion.

Oh, carry off young missis, please, sir, do, sir,
And then into your service take us two, sir.
I will be faithful—she'll do all you bid her.
We don't want any wages.

EDGAR. (L. C.) Then consider
Yourselves engaged.

ALICE. (L.) Thauk'ee, sir.
 RAYM. (R. C.) *Nem con*, carried.
 NORMAN. (R.) We *are* engaged—we're anxious to be married.
 ALICE. Speak for *yourself*.
 NORMAN. Like master, dear, like man.
 Marry yourself, as soon, sir, as you can.
Concerted Piece—"Hot Corn."

ALICE. Now 'tis time to hurry back,
 Or we all shall get the sack;
 Master will be looking black,
 Black as any nigger, oh!

EDGAR. Hurry away, the bride will be
 Flurried, no- doubt, herself to see
 Filligreed out in finery—
 Filligreed out in finery!

NORMAN. Filligreed out in finery—
 Filligreed out in finery—
 Looking as smart as she can be !

RAYM. Smart as one could wish to see,
 Filligreed out in finery,
 With her beautiful phyzzymahoganee!

ALL. Ooh! ooh! ooh! oooh!

ALICE. One, two, come buekle my shoe,
 Turn yourself and shake about.

EDGAR. Twice eleven is twenty-two—
 That there's no mistake about,
 Three, four, knock at the door,
 Pay your guinea, and join a corps,
 If you wish yourself to see
 Looking so Jemmy Jessamee!

NORMAN. Filligreed out in finery,
 Filligreed out in finery,
 Quickly you should join a Re-
 Giment of the Artilleree!

RAYM. Tillery—tillery—tilleree!

ALICE. Finery is but fiddle-de-dee !

EDGAR. Ooh! Oooh! Oooh!

ALL. *Dance—break down each separately—and exit.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Banquet Hall, arch, c, (3rd grooves),
table with banquet—chairs, R.*

Music.—*Enter HENRY dressed for the wedding, c, with an enormous favour ; another wig (instead of the rough one) very smooth, and plain down the middle so as to form a perfect contrast to his first make up; his moustache and beard a la Napoleon, twisted out into spikes ; he is putting on a pair of white gloves.*

HENRY. (R. C.) Cheap gloves, like hollow friends, one
cannot trust ;
These eighteen-penny kids of mine have bust!
That simile of hollow friends is true,
They'll split upon a chap as such friends do.

Enter ALICE, L. U. E.

To day my sister's married, now then, why
On this eventful morning should you cry ?
ALICE. (L.) Missis keeps crying too I her wedding dress,
Is positively getting in a mess!

HENRY. Silence!

ALICE. I shan't ! You may p'rhaps stop my wages,
Or stop my locomotion, for the cage is
Under your vile authority, and near.
You are the master, and may stop my beer,
You may stop followers—you've often tried;
With a breakwater you may stop the tide;
You may stop many things—no doubt you *can*,
But you *can't* stop a woman's *tongue*, my man !
You brute!-----

HENRY. Stand back, the villagers are here.
Order unlimited-----

ALICE. (L.) What?

HENRY. (R.) Table beer!
Let them pitch into the home-brew'd, ad-libitum,
And if they ask for bread and butter, gib it 'em.

Music.— *Enter the VILLAGERS dancing—then LUCY, in her wedding attire, but looking the picture of misery—*

nose red from crying, c.—enter NORMAN, C, and stands by table—ALICE goes up R., and HENRY sits at table.

Air, " Wobbledewoe."

LUCY. I'm going to be married, oh, lar;
But really I much should prefer,
As I cannot wed dearest *Ed-gar*,
The coachman or *head gar-de-ner* !
Oh, wobbledewoe! oh, oh, oh, oh, &c.

Enter ARTHUR, hurriedly, and CABBY, C.

ARTHUR. (L., to HENRY) Here, lend me sixpence, please,
to pay the cabby,
It's not a mile!

HENRY. (*down R., taking a sixpence from a long and empty looking purse*) 'Tis here! (*aside*) That's rather shabby, (*going up*)

Am I deceived? (ARTHUR pays CABBY, who exits L. C.)

ALICE. (*up, R.*) He who would sixpence pay
To a poor cabman on his wedding day,
Would skin a flint.

HENRY. Now then, it's getting late ! (*coming down, R.*)

Enter RAYMOND and NORMAN, L. 1. E.

ARTHUR. I'm in no hurry, I beg leave to state.

LUCY. (C.) No, more am I—oh, Henry! oh, dear !

I am so young—let's put it off a year !

ARTHUR. (L.) Delighted!

HENRY. (*maudlin*) In a year I mayn't be still
Amongst you, dear friends!

ALICE. I'm afraid you will.

These bad folks always live to a good age !

Exit, L. c.

HENRY. Lucy! Bucklaw! Don't put me in a rage!
All is prepared!

LUCY. I'm not!

RAYM. Come, *coeteris paribus*!

HENRY. (R. C.) True!

RAYM. (L.) And I may add *propria quae maribus*.

*As the GUESTS are sitting to symphony, ALICE enters, c,
and speaks to LUCY, aside.*

ALICE. A letter from your Edgar—there, don't show it.
LUCY. (R.) His dear handwriting! oh, how well I know it!
(opens letter and starts—HENRY rises)

OMNES. Hear! hear! hear! hear! *(rattling goblets, &c.)*
RAYM. Pray silence for the chair!

HENRY. Excuse a manly tear—excuse another—
'Tis hard to part a sister and a brother.
I don't know if I make myself quite clear.
I shall have done directly—

ALL. Hear! hear! hear!

RAYM. *(loudly, after the others)* Chair!
(HENRY looks him down)

HENRY. Shew me a noble nature—I can do so;
One who ne'er shrunk at ordering the *trousseau*.

LUCY. *True so, he didn't.*

ALICE. On tick!

HENRY. Ha! who said it?
On tick? Well that adds greatly to his *credit*.

LUCY. *(aside to ALICE)* He's never given me a thing!

HENRY. That man—
That splendid creature—point him out I can.
Such folks exist; such noble souls—I mean it.
There is *one present*.

LUCY. *Is there? I've not seen it.*

HENRY. To him I give my sister, *(breaks down, and uses
pocket handkerchief)*

RAYM. *(sharply)* Chair!

HENRY. *(reviving)* Treat her gentle?
She is a fragile flower—ornamental. *(LUCY makes
a hideous grimace)*

A timid dove-like thing; a-----

*(LUCY bursts into a most dreadful fit of blubbing
—HENRY, overcome, buries his face in his hand-
kerchief—ARTHUR turns to console him—ALICE
brings on EDGAR in cloak, L.—EDGAR takes
LUCY'S hand)*

LUCY. That hand!

EDGAR. 'Tis Edgar's!

LUCY. Oh!

EDGAR. I've got a carriage.

Bother this low preliminary marriage.

No story now goes down, I vow this minute,

If bigamy's an element not in it.

In Scotch law you're my wife ; I can't disown-ee.

LUCY. The Scotch law is so vague on matrimony.

If caught my name in the newspaper columns-----

EDGAR. Think only of the *heroine* in three *vollums*.

(ARTHUR is *eating and drinking*—RAYMOND *assisting him*—ALICE, EDGAR, LUCY and RAYMOND *go down stage*)

Concerted Piece.—"Cobble Cobble" from Offenbach.

ALICE. Now, ere your brother doth discover
What an opportunity you've had to fly.

EDGAR. Quick! Lucy dear, your spoony lover
Most attentive is, you see, to that game pie.
Softly then, love, come with me,
Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter
Down the staircase, dear *Lucie*,
Mrs. Edgar Ravenswood as is to be.

LUCY. I'm in a state of agitation,
And I am afraid that I am sure to come
To a condition of tribulation.

ALICE. Which your brother'll see you in a moment,
Pray take my advice, oh, do. [mum.
Toddle, toddle, toddle, toddle!

EDGAR. Lucy, I will be so true.
Won't your brother, Henry, look uncommon
blue? (*piano in front*)

ALICE }
EDGAR. } (*repeat*) Pray take my advice, &c.

NORMAN. } For a heroine *she's* a true
RAYM. } Model, model, model, &c.

LUCY. Model, such as novel readers all take to.

*Exeunt EDGAR and LUCY, waved off by ALICE and
NORMAN—NORMAN goes to table on tiptoe, R. u. E.*

HENRY. (*rising*) And now the bride! Why, where's she gone? (*down c.*)

ALICE. (*L. c., falling on her knees*) Oh, mercy!
She doesn't love that party—vice versey.
So she's-----

HENRY. What?

ALICE. Edgar!

HENRY. Edgar! Speak out, do!

ALICE. They've fled!

HENRY. E-loped!

ALICE. He-loped, and *she*-loped too!

HENRY. (*pacing up and down*) My hunting whip! my spurs! my pistols—bring 'em me!

Hang out our banners on the outward thingummy!

Bring forth our fiery untamed one horse shay!

ALICE. In vain!—*they've* got it, and are on their way.

By this time they're upon the road to Gretna.

ARTHUR. (*up, L., and crossing into L. corner, drawing*) Our rage combined—Vesuvius and Etna—

Volcano-like shall swamp this recreant chief!

ALICE. They're past your reach.

(*a frightful crash heard L. U. E.*)

Oh, dear! they've come to grief.

ARTHUR. Ha, ha! in vain have they attempted flight.

HENRY. By this time my retainers have 'em tight.

Kind fate into our grasp the fellow flings.

NORMAN. (*L. U. E.*) Mast say I always *did* mistrust them springs, (*in R. corner*)

Air.—"Widow Brown."

HENRY. Quickly go seize them instanter!

Here's an *expose*, it's really most terrible,

Lucy to turn a levanter.

It'll be all over town.

She's an undutiful gaby.

Kind I have been, what can she mean ?

I vow I am angry as may be.

I'd like to knock somebody down.

(*menacing NORMAN, who sneaks up, R.*)

Enter EDGAR, L. C, *guarded*—SOLDIERS *remain at door*—
all go up, R.

EDGAR. (*down, c.*) We'd have been off in a canter,
Hadn't that shaky conveyance vehicular
Smashed, and there wasn't a man ter
Doctor it under a crown.
Once I was stronger than they be,
Ever so much—now in their clutch
I am as weak as a baby,
Feel I should fall at a frown, (*goes up, R.*)

Enter LUCY, *muddy and splashed about, L. c.*

LUCY. We should have chartered a van ter
Take us; the chaise gave, and I being heaviest
I must at once turn a Banter-----
Nigh in a puddle did drown.
Before one had time to call "cave"
Out of the fly, into it I,
As a tatur falls flop in the gravy,
Destroying my beautiful gown.

HENRY. (*down R..c.*) Scoundrel!

EDGAR. (*down L. c.*) Oh, spare your breath, we're in
your power!

HENRY. I'll give you just a quarter of an hour!

ARTHUR. *You* give him quarter, but *I'll* give him none.
(*coming down, R. c.*)

Edgar, for what you've been and gone and done,
The greatest punishment, I think, is *this*-----

LUCY. (*down c.*) Oh! mercy, Arthur!

ARTHUR. You'll excuse me, miss—
I haven't done. You've taken her, pray keep her;
She will be *dear* to you, to me much *cheaper*.

EDGAR. This insult, far more than the chaise, upsets me.
Stand back! I'll make a ghost of him that let's me.
You'll find that I can fight, like brave Mazeppa!

HENRY. Make me a ghost!

LUCY. Yes, do, and give him *Pepper*!

ARTHUR. What! before ladies! Couldn't think of it.

NORMAN. Then, there's no fight.

(*coming down L. corner with ALICE*)

RAYM. *Ex nihilo nil fit!* (*coming down R. corner*)

LUCY. Dear to him—yes, I'll never leave him, never;
 Nothing these two fond hearts shall ever sever!
 I'll scrub the floors—I'll cook the darling's dinner—
(aside) For exercise is sure to make me thinner;
 I'll bake the bread, and brew the table beer;
 I'll wash *myself*-----

EDGAR. I would—you want it, dear.

ARTHUR. I've done with her—she'll never marry *me* !

ALICE. *(to HENRY)* So, now you cannot help yourself,
 you see.

Norman—can't stay in such a place as this.

I'll marry you next week.

NORMAN. *(glumly)* Next week ? Oh, bliss!

LUCY. Give your consent—not that we care about it,

But we can't end our piece you know without it!

HENRY. If it will end your peace, I'll give it—there!

(crossing, c.—joining their hands roughly)

(savagely) Bless you, my children! Ugh! *(crosses back)*

EDGAR. Then no happier pair

Exists than us—a bride deck'd out to order—

But stay! What say our friends across the Border?

In our good-humoured nonsense of to-night

We haven't aimed at any lofty flight;

Sought but to raise a laugh for the occasion,

Taking an Op'ra plot for the foundation;

Not the great book, beloved by old and young,

But the distorted version which is sung.

Through you alone we success secure.

Say, will you—will you cheer di *Lammermoor* !

Finale.—" Runtifoozelum."

ALICE. When the curtain falls—the curtain falls—the
 curtain falls,

Make us certain all's to your satisfaction.

ARTH. When the curtain falls—the curtain falls—the
 curtain falls,

Make us certain all's to your satisfaction.

HENRY. Cheer Lucia now I pray,

Something kind about us say,

RAYM. And when you have gone away

Send your friends till *we're* full.

