

THE
BELLE OF THE BARLEY-MOW;
OR,
THE WOOER, THE WAITRESS AND
THE WILLIAN.

BY
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THE ARMOURER'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS CHARMING,
ETC., ETC.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

Produced at the Royal Gardens, Cremorne, (under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith,) Sept. 23,
 1867, A New and Original Romantic, Domestic, Operatic (and anything else, except Legitimate)
 Drama, in One Act, entitled, The

BELLE OF THE BARLEY-MOW,

OR,

THE WOOPER, THE WAITRESS AND THE WILLIAN.

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. WILLIAM CORRI. The Scenery by Mr. JULIAN HICKS.
 The Dresses would earn a wreath of laurels for the Costumiers, but they are LAURIE-YATES already.

CHARACTERS.

OLD TOM TODDY, { (Landlord of the Barley-Mow) though nearly frightened out of his } Mr. W. CORRI.
 { skin in the course of the piece, he is never quite ex-Corri-ated }
 MARY, { (His Daughter) a young, beautiful and innocent maiden, with } Miss CORRI.
 { a partiality for the Military. }
 CHARLIE, { A young Officer, known from his Martial Glory as "Campagne Charlie," } Miss CAROLINE PARKES
 { Brave, handsome, clever, and everything that is good. Though in rank }
 { only a Lieutenant, he is sure to be a General favourite, being played by }
 { (Squire of the Village) Rip, Rake, Roue, Ruffian, and Repro- }
 SIR GASTON { bate. Although a foe to his fellow creatures generally, } Mr. T. H. FRIEND.
 GUARDBLACK, { he hopes the audience will recognize him as a Friend, }

SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.
SCENE I. EXTERIOR OF THE BARLEY-MOW.
 SUNSET.

"As the refulgent orb of Phœbus sets
 With softened splendour bathed in roseate hue,
 (From a *M.S. Pastoral Poem to be published by subscription. Subscriber's names, accompanied by Cheque or P.O. order for £1 1s. may be forwarded to the author, care of Mr. E. T. Smith.*)

How Toddy resolves to allow his Daughter to serve in the bar; her delight at the *Inn-spiriting* prospect; and how more than one suitor casts sheeps'-eyes at the *bar-lamb*.
 The Young Soldier, and how he has escaped falling in battle only to fall in love. Meeting of the lovers outside the Inn.

THE INTERVIEW! THE INTIMATION!! THE INTERRUPTION!!!
 The Father's *In-ter-diction*. How the lovers turn to the parent pathetically; and how the parent's stern to the lovers ar:ipathetically.

THE PARTING! THE PLOT!! THE POSTER!!!

How Charlie disguises himself, and gets a situation as waiter—
 "Not e'en at menial tasks Love's light can pale, | But sheds a halo over pots of hale."
 The wicked Squire, and his broken fortunes. All is lost—His gloomy thoughts.

THE BURNING BRAIN! THE BLIGHTED BOSOM!! THE BEER!!!
 How Sir Gaston pays his disagreeable attentions to Mary, and how Charlie pays some not very agreeable ones to Sir Gaston. The Lover's pain—The Maiden's disdain—The Landlord's Champagne.

THE SLIP! THE SLAP!! THE SLOP!!!

How Toddy, dazzled by Sir Gaston's rank, promises to give him his daughter—The Wedding day fixed.

TYRANNY TRIUMPHANT! VILLAINY VICTORIOUS!!
(*Need we add that 'tis but for a time!*)

SCENE 2.—COUNTRY NEAR SIR GASTON'S ESTATE.

N I G H T.

Sir Gaston's deadly schemes :—How he meets with a mysterious stranger, and being assured that he is powerful in *vice* engages him to be his *screecher*, and how in his desire to serve everybody out, he is himself taken in.

THE DOUBT! THE DECLARATION!! THE DO!!!

How Toddy thinks as he *gets-old* it will be well if he *gets hold* of a rich Son-in-law, and how he *gets sold* altogether. How he endeavours in vain to persuade Mary to marry Sir Gaston.

THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER! THE DETERMINED DADDY!!

How Sir Gaston converses with his creature.

THE DISCLOSURE! THE EXPOSURE! THE DISCOMPOSURE!!

How Sir Gaston throws off the mask, which, as a hollow heart, he was in the habit of wearing, and how his creature turns out to be the Flower of Chivalry and no blooming error.

T H E R R I F I C C O M B A T,

Three to one against the Villain; but notwithstanding the fearful odds, Virtue is triumphant.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE AND HOPE.

REPENTANCE! REVIVIFICATION!! RECONCILIATION AND REJOICING!!!

THE
BELLE OF THE BARLEY-MOW,
OR,
THE WOOER, THE WAITRESS, AND THE WILLIAN.

—◆—
SCENE FIRST.— *Exterior of the Barley-Mow inn, R.—
practical door, small tables and benches, one table near
front—VILLAGERS are discovered drinking, TODDY waiting
on them—he comes down.*

SONG. AIR.—" *He's a pal o' mine.*"

TODDY. Those young men who throng my tap,
All have an eye
On that pretty gal o' mine,
But I don't let one young chap
Court that gal o' mine.

But those who call for anything
I never drive away,
And when I hear their money ring
Of course I gladly say,
My dear hoy, my dear boy,
You're a pal o' mine, &c.

Chorus of VILLAGERS. My dear boys, &c,
He's a pal o' mine, &c. 
(*Exeunt VILLAGERS, L.*)

TODDY. It makes a public-house quite popu-lar
To have a pretty girl behind the bar,
But as I hanker for my child's welfare,
It causes me a deal of *hanker*-shus care,
And I might well afford, as trade's not bad,
As pot-boy to engage some steady lad. (*goes up*)

Music. Enter MARY with little basket of flowers, L.

MARY. Culling wild flowers, I almost forgot
'Twas time to put the dinner in the pot,
And then—I met a nice young man—I fear
It's not quite right—but he is such a dear !

TODDY. (*comes down*) My child.

MARY. Yes pa.

TODDY. You're old enough, I think,
To help me in the business—

MARY. What, serve out the drink ?
Oh my, how nice ! (*looks towards inn*) At once pa, I'll
begin,

I see a nice young man has just come in. (*going*)

TODDY. Not if I know it, miss, you wicked elf,
I'll wait on all the nice young men myself.

(*Exeunt into inn, R, MARY pouting.*)

*Martial music. Enter CHARLIE, L., he goes up to door of
inn, and appears to be giving an order, then comes down.*

CHARLIE. The martial glory won in foreign parts
I thought had steeled me against Cupid's darts.
My heart unscathed, in dangers far from small,
'Scaped foe-man's bullet and Belgravian Ball;
It went through London seasons quite untorn ;
I didn't lose it—even at Cremorne.
But now it's lost, I'm very much afraid,
Made captive by a simple village maid.
(*looks round*) While waiting for one's love the time seem
long,
On topics of the day I'll sing a song.

SONG. AIR.—" *Bear it like a man*"

To prove myself of English race
I'll do the best I can,
This uniform I'll ne'er disgrace
But wear it like a man.

As all true Britons did of old,
Despising toil and pains,
My country's honour I'll uphold
While life-blood fills my veins.

Sc. 1.] BELLE OF THE BARLEY-MOW. 7

For England home and beauty, I
Will fight while fight I can,
And danger nigh, I'll never fly,
But dare it like a man.

(Additional verses on topics of the day.)

Enter MARY, from Inn, R.

CHARLIE. You darling pet. *(tries to embrace her)*

MARY. *(getting away)* Oh, don't be so ecstatical.

CHARLIE. You wouldn't have me sober and phlegmatical ?

MARY. I'd have you sober, *(he catches her and presses her in his arms—half shrieking)* Now you're—tight.

CHARLIE. Ah, trapped you are,

When *wrapt you are* within these arms, what *rapt-u-ar* !

MARY. *(getting away)* I won't allow it—such a warm caress,
It isn't proper—and it spoils my dress.

CHARLIE. How beautiful you are !

MARY. Time beauty tries!

Shall I be always lovely in your eyes ?
(He takes her hand and brings her down in the operatic style,

DUET. AIR.—" *Beautiful Isle of the Sea.*"

CHARLIE. Beautiful I'll ever see
Charms which have won my devotion,
Time cannot alter in me
Love which is deep as the ocean.

AIR.—" *The Man with the Indian Drum.*"

United my own one to thee
Unfaithful I never will be,
The dazzling charms I hold in my arms
Will be beautiful ever to me.

You have heard that we soldiers are gay,
And fall in love every day,
But believe that to you, I shall ever be true
In spite of what people may say.

MARY. I fear that your love is all hum, hum, hum,

CHARLIE. To doubt it, don't go for to come, come, come.
If you like, dear, I'll swear it by gum, gum, gum.

MARY. Then of course I'll believe you, my boy.

Ensemble.

{ You } I fear that my love is, &c.
I }

To doubt it { You } go, &c.
I }

If { You } like dear { I'll } &c.
I } You'll }

Then of course { You'll believe your dear boy.
I'll believe you my boy.

Dance, during which TODDY enters from inn with a placard inscribed "Wanted, as Pot-boy, a smart active lad," and a pot of beer, he puts placard, against nail of inn and comes down between the lovers.

MARY. Oh, my, here's pa!

CHARLIE. (*passionately*) I love your daughter.

TODDY. (*with freezing indifference*) Oh!

Your beer, young man, just drink it up and go.

MARY. Oh, pa, don't be so cruel.

TODDY. You needn't pout,

I don't approve of soldiers, so get out.

Music. MARY goes up, TODDY offers pot to CHARLIE, who makes signs to him to put it down on table, and stands in a dejected attitude, TODDY nudges him, and holds out hand for money. CHARLIE gives large coin, TODDY takes change out of his pocket and offers it to CHARLIE. As the latter does not notice it, TODDY does not take any pains to make him, but goes off R. chuckling, and forgets MARY. MARY gets round to CHARLIE; as TODDY gets to door of Inn he looks round and sees them making love again, comes back, fetches MARY, and takes her into Inn. CHARLIE follows them, and the door is slammed in his face.)

CHARLIE. (*coming down*) Heartless old man, he thrusts me from his door,

Simply because I happen to be poor.

For days and days I've come in hopes to see her,

And sums unlimited I've spent in be-er.

But now, although emotions fill my heart,

Before I could impart them we'd to part.

MARY. (*looking out from inn*) Hist!

CHARLIE. (*looking round*) What was that ?

MARY comes out from inn with wig, white jacket, and apron, takes placard and brings it down, shows it to CHARLIE.

MARY. The notion isn't bad.

CHARLIE. (*reading*) "Wanted as pot-boy, a smart, active lad!" (*CHARLIE looks at MARY enquiringly, she points to him and then to the placard, he points to placard and then to himself*) Eh?

MARY. Yes.

CHARLIE. You don't mean?

MARY. Yes I do.

CHARLIE. What me?

MARY. You will?

CHARLIE. I'm always ready for a spree.

MARY. See, here's your dress.

CHARLIE. Ah, trust to woman's wit.

MARY. And now the apron.

CHARLIE. What a splendid fit.

MARY. And now the wig will make your dress complete.

CHARLIE. Though not the fashion, it's extremely neat.

(*During the above, CHARLIE puts on the white jacket, apron, and wig.*)

MARY. There now, you're ready for a waiter's place, Pa'll never know you.

CHARLIE. How about my face?

MARY. Oh, don't look handsome, dear, and then, you won't be like yourself at all.

CHARLIE. (*blushing*) Oh—I say—don't.

(*MARY goes up to inn.*)

I wish all waiters followed in my track,
And wore clean white, instead of greasy black.

(*MARY brings TODDY out.*)

TODDY. Young man as waiter—is it?

CHARLIE. Waiter—yessir,

A smart one too, I hope that you'll confess, sir.

TODDY. You know your trade?

CHARLIE. I'm to the manner born, sir!

TODDY. You've had experience?

CHARLIE. Rather—at Cremorne, sir!

TODDY. Of Mister Smith I'll make enquirees.

CHARLIE. He'll say I've always done my best to please.

TODDY. What can you do?

CHARLIE. Allow me, sir, to state, sir,

Though of my talents I don't wish to prate, sir,

If to obtain your trust should be my fate, sir,

I'll strive to please you early, sir, and late, sir.

The art of waiting is in me innate, sir;

All hearts by courtesy I'll captivate, sir.
 In asking tips, be ever delicate, sir,
 Nor fix my wages at too high a rate, sir.
 I'll never cause a customer to wait, sir,
 Nor use my pocket-handkerchief to wipe a plate, sir.
 TODDY. I think you'll do. (*introducing MARY*) My
 daughter.

CHARLIE. She's a beauty !

My love, (*rushes over and embraces her*)

TODDY. Eh, what? Young man, that's not your duty.

Music. TODDY parts them, they get round and embrace
 again, all off into inn with business.

Melodramatic music. Enter SIR GASTON GUARDBLACK, a
 villainous-looking made-up beau, R. U. E.

SIR G. Once more my foot's upon my native—stop—
 I mean—once more I am about to pop
 The question. Would t'were at another shop,
 And something of more value I'd to pop.
 Her father has some cash, while I've been rash,
 And having cut a dash, have made a smash.
 I met her once and tried to catch her eye,
 But she turned up her nose and passed me by.
 Though young and handsome—oh cruel Destinee !
 The smiles of beauty never beam on me.
 But this is weakness.

(*sees pot of beer on table and takes a long draught.*)

Enter MARY, from Inn.

Ah, she comes. Once more
 My fond heart thrills.

MARY. Oh, there's that vain old bore.

SIR G. (*kneels, takes off his hat and lays it by him on the
 ground*) To think me too abrupt, dear, don't incline
 I wish to ask you—ah—in short—be mine.

MARY. You're much too old. (*turns away*)

SIR G. Nay—if I'm pale and thin,

'Tis from anxiety your heart to win.

(*During this, CHARLIE enters from inn, shakes his fist at
 SIR GASTON, comes down quietly, and takes SIR GASTON'S
 wig off as he completes the two following lines. SIR GASTON
 does not notice it.*)

And when you say I'm old—it isn't true,
 Believe me, I'm not more than thirty-two.

(*MARY looks round and smiles.*)

She smiles, (*sneezes*). MARY *breaks into a laugh*
She laughs, (*sneezes*) Such favour makes one bold.
(*rising*) One kiss, (*sneezes*) Oh, dash, it all, I'm catching
cold.

MARY. Why you're quite bald.

SIR G. Oh, no. (*puts hand to head and looks about
nervously*)

MARY. You old deceiver !

SIR G. I've had my head shaved for the scarlet fever.

(*finds wig and puts it on.*)

You cannot doubt me, if my face you scan.

MARY. I see quite clearly you're a *wig-ged* man.

(CHARLIE *comes bowing to SIR GASTON.*)

SIR G. Now who are you?

CHARLIE. *Head-waiter, sir !* [*points to SIR GASTON'S head*]

(SIR GASTON *aims a blow at him, he avoids it.*)

SIR G. (*resuming his love-making*) Don't pout,
Fair maiden, hear me.

CHARLIE. (*coming between them*) Orders, please.

SIR G. (*pushing him out of the way*) Get out.

Your charms, dear——

CHARLIE. (*as before*) Orders please.

SIR G. My heart enchain.

(CHARLIE *comes bowing again*)

Bother ! a bottle of your best champagne.

CHARLIE. Don't keep it, sir.

SIR G. Moselle?

CHARLIE. Just sold the lot.

SIR G. Then ginger-beer, or anything you've got.

(*Takes him by the shoulders and runs him out into inn.*)

(*resuming his love-making*) Would you behold your doating
lover dead ?

MARY. Don't be a fool ! Go home and go to bed.

DUET. AIR.—" *Flying Trapeze.*"

SIR G. 'Tis thus, then, my love, you so cruelly requite,
To treat me in this way can never be right,
Your conduct, young lady, is most impolite.
You ought to have asked me to tea.

MARY. Oh, why do you bother me so, sir ?

I've nothing to say to you more!

You clearly must see it's no go, sir, no go,

Your attentions are only a bore.

SIR G. Such treatment the coolest of lovers might craze,
 You'll drive me in madness to finish my days,
 I think I'll come out on the flying trapeze,
 And so break my neck speedilee.

Ensemble.

SIR G. Such treatment, &c.

MARY. Your foolish remarks sir, my senses amaze,
 You're perfectly welcome to finish your days,
 Come out if you like on the flying trapeze.
 And so break your neck speedilee.

Dance. SIR GASTON attempts to kiss MARY, she slaps his face, and runs into inn. SIR GASTON tries to follow and gets his head shut in the door.)

SIR G. Caught in the door which she would then have slammed,

My head and tender hopes at once were jammed.
(with intensity) Oh, would I were a bird—what say I? No,
 I'd be a storm, or avalanche of snow,
 Then falling on yon cot with deafening crash,
 I'd die with her in one stupendous smash.
 Revenge! my heart shall not forget the blow
 A day of vengeance deep and deadly—oh!

During the above, CHARLIE comes out with bottle and drinking cups, takes small table, comes down quickly and interrupts SIR GASTON'S speech by running against him, and knocking him down.

TODDY enters and comes down with chairs. They pick SIR GASTON GUARDBLACK up.

TODDY. Your servant, sir, you'll take a chair, I trust.

(Places chair. SIR GASTON is about to sit, CHARLIE takes it away, and dusts it with his apron, SIR GASTON tumbles down, He and TODDY tumble on CHARLIE.)

CHARLIE. Please, I was only dusting ~~off~~ ~~it~~ ~~trust~~.

SIR G. Dusting, indeed. I wonder how you *du'st*.
(they pick SIR GASTON up, he sits L. of table. CHARLIE puts bottle and cups on table.)

Landlord, sit down, and take a glass with me,
(TODDY sits R. of table)

That beautiful maid's your daughter!

TODDY. Sir, she be.

SIR G. She's lovely as the day.

(SIR GASTON is looking towards TODDY and holding out

his glass for CHARLIE to fill, CHARLIE pretends to be looking the other way and goes on pouring till the wine runs over on to SIR GASTON'S legs, he starts up)

Young man, you'll rue it.

CHARLIE. Beg pardon, sir, I didn't go to do it,

(SIR GASTON sits again, he and TODDY lean towards each other and converse. CHARLIE drinks out of the bottle, SIR GASTON and TODDY take up the empty cups, hob and nob, and, try to drink, look in cups, &c.)

SIR G. Look sharp.

CHARLIE. All right, sir.

(SIR GASTON and TODDY converse again. CHARLIE produces bottle labelled "Vinegar" and fills cups)

SIR GASTON and TODDY hob and nob again.

TODDY. This, you'll say, is good.

(they drink and splutter it out again)

SIR G. Hasn't it been a long time in the wood ?

(looks at label on bottle, shows it to CHARLIE.)

You stupid rascal, just mind what you're at.

CHARLIE. I am so sorry, sir. *(pouring it down SIR GASTON'S back)*

SIR G. I can't stand that.

(Hurry. They get up and run after CHARLIE. Comic business ad lib, at last SIR GASTON catches CHARLIE.)

SIR G. *(threatening him)* This to annoy me was a settled plan, sir.

CHARLIE. It wasn't me, it was the other man, sir. *(pointing off, L.)*

(SIR GASTON and TODDY look round, and CHARLIE pushes

TODDY against SIR GASTON and gets away into inn.

(business) SIR GASTON brings TODDY down.)

SIR G. A word in private may I be allowed.

I love your daughter.

TODDY. Sir, you do me proud.

SIR G. I'll make her Lady G., now don't refuse.

Enter CHARLIE and MARY from inn.

TODDY. I rather think it's not a chance to lose.

CHARLIE. You'd sacrifice your child because he's rich.

TODDY. Boy, you're a menial, behave as sich.

SIR G. She's mine.

MARY. Ah, wretched me !

CHARLIE. With rage I tremble,
Here, on this very spot, I'll—I'll dissemble.

QUARTETTE. AIR.—" *The Broken-hearted Shepherd.*"

TODDY. Disobedient daughter,
Thank your luck you oughter.
SIR G. If you frown, myself I'll drown,
Or take to gin and water.
MARY. 'Twould be a relief, sir,
If you came to grief, sir.
CHARLIE. The hint you'll take—it wouldn't break
Her heart if you should die.
SIR G. Oh, Mary! oh, Mary!
How can you be so contrary?
CHARLIE. Oh, Mary! oh, Mary!
On your lover's wit rely.
TODDY. Oh, Mary! oh, Mary!
'Tis all through the military!
Oh, Mary! oh, Mary!
You my wishes thus deny.

semble. *The parts harmonized, no accompaniments.*

{ SIR G.
and
TODDY. } Disobedient daughter,
Thank your luck you oughter.

{ CHARLIE.
and
MARY. } Thus to sell your daughter.
You really didn't oughter.

If { you } frown { myself I'll } drown.
Or take to gin and water.
'Twould be a relief, sir,
If { I } came to grief, sir.
The hint { I } take, it wouldn't break
Her { heart if { I } should die.
My { you }

Short hurry, business. TODDY throws MARY over to SIR GASTON.

AIR.—" *College Hornpipe.*"

TODDY. I propose without delay, that we name the
wedding day.
SIR G. Tomorrow morning early, I should say, say, say.

CHARLIE. I have hit upon a plan to defeat that horrid
man,
So, darling, be happy as you may, may, may.
MARY. (*crosses to CHARLIE*) My fate I trust to you,
TODDY. What are you about, you two ?
SIR G. Young party, this you'll rue, rue, rue.
CHARLIE. Let not your fate appal, for whatever may
befall,
Your lover will be true, true, true.
ALL. (*getting into line*) Ri tol de rol, &c.
Walk round, breakdown dance, and all off.

SCENE SECOND.—*Country near Sir Gaston Guardblack's
estate. Night.*

Music. Enter SIR GASTON in meditation, L.

SIR G. All through my life, on every cherished plan,
The hand of Destiny has placed a ban.
My balked ambitions towering but to fall,
Once steeped my youthful heart in bitterest gall.
And now, although a smile may wreath my face,
I thirst for vengeance on the human race.

SONG. AIR.—" *Flip up in de Skidamajink.*"

Oh, I'm a bad character,
You may behold in me
The heavy malefactor
In his worst intensitee.

I frighten all the little boys,
Who quail beneath my eye ;
But when they're out of reach they shout
" There goes another guy."

All men—at my appearance tremble ;
But when—my feelings I'd dissemble.
I make some observation that's jovial and gay,
As " Flip up in de Skidamajink," or " Riddle-cum-dinky-
day."

Comic dance.

And now to find a "creature," who'll not fear,
To aid the deadly schemes engendered here.

*Music. CHARLIE disguised in a ragged, dress and rough
beard and wig, enters L.*

Ah ! one goes there who looks a barbarous knave

With conscience not particular to a *shave*.
 My friend (CHARLIE *comes down*) you're poor ?
 CHARLIE, (*after having looked all round in the conventional manner*) I am.
 SIR G. (*same business*) 'Tis well 'tis so !
 And honest ?
 CHARLIE. Do I look like it ?
 SIR G. Well—no.
 I want a villain.
 CHARLIE. I'm the sort you need.
 SIR G. You'll serve me ?
 CHARLIE. Yes, I'll serve you (*aside*) out.
 SIR G. Agreed.
 But stop a bit, I'd like to ask one query
 Ere we engage : you're sure you're wicked ?
 CHARLIE. (*emphatically*) Very !

DUET. AIR.—" *D'ou venez-vous*" (*Domino Noir*).

SIR G. Can any crime deject you ?
 CHARLIE. Not any that I know.
 SIR G. Can female tears affect you ?
 CHARLIE. Not if in streams they flow.
 SIR G. Can anyone dismay you ?
 CHARLIE. But one that deed can do.
 SIR G. And who is he, I pray you ?
 CHARLIE. A tall man dressed in blue.

Operatie Recitative.

SIR G. I see you mean the bobby!
 CHARLIE. Ah, yes, that fatal name, 'tis he I fear.
 SIR G. But in this place 'tis nobby,
 There's no policeman, no policeman near.

AIR.—" *Dancing Mad*."

SIR G. In my employ, you'll have dear boy, in deadly
 deeds your fling.
 CHARLIE. Make no mistake, I'm wide awake, and game
 for anything.
 SIR G. He looks so queer, I rather fear, that in his head
 he's bad.
 CHARLIE. I am, you're right, for with delight, I feel I'm
 dancing mad.
 SIR G. He's mad.
 CHARLIE. I'm mad.

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SIR G. He must be very bad.
CHARLIE. I'm mad.
SIR G. He's mad.
BOTH. Let's both go dancing mad.
Eccentric dance, both off L.

Music and wedding bells. TODDY in his best clothes and with wedding favour, enters dragging MARY along, R.

TODDY. Come on.
MARY. I'll never marry him—
TODDY. You shall.
MARY. He's old.
TODDY. He loves you—disobedient gal.
Through life he'll guard you—be a loving fool.
MARY. He's such a *rake*.
TODDY. He'll be your *guarding tool*.
MARY. His love's sham—quite.
TODDY. 'Twill need the less requital.
MARY. Then he gets tight.
TODDY. But then you get a *title*.
Be Lady G. (*she shakes her head*) Ungrateful child, you must,
D'ye want your aged parent's heart to bust ?
MARY. (*looking off*) He comes—I'm off. (*stealing away, R.*)
TODDY. (*noticing it*) Oh, heartless daughter, could you
See these *g*airs with sorrow (*looks round*)
Ah, now, would you ? (*fetches her back.*)

Music. Enter SIR GASTON GUARDBLACK and CHARLIE, L., in conversation.

MARY. What style he is his company will show.
TODDY. The party with him does look rather low.

SIR GASTON GUARDBLACK and CHARLIE come down, TODDY and MARY listen.

SIR G. My wife must be disposed of first. (*MARY starts*)
TODDY. Hush! steady.
CHARLIE. All right. (*pantomime*)
MARY. The wretch has got a wife already.
SIR G. And then-----
CHARLIE. And then ?
SIR G. When once the *g*irl is mine,
There's that old party in the public line !
TODDY. That's me.

SIR G. You'll do the job ? (*pantomime*)

CHARLIE. (*same pantomime*) I will, with pleasure.

SIR G. And when he's-----(*pantomime*)

TODDY. When I'm (*imitating pantomime*) Oh

SIR G. We'll share his treasure.

TODDY. (L. MARY) My dear, let's go. (*going—SIR GASTON turns and meets them.*)

—TODDY. (*trembling*) Oh, squire, I've called to say
We'll put it off until some other day.

SIR G. (*aside, to CHARLIE*) They overheard.

CHARLIE, (*suggestively*) This is a lonely spot.

SIR G. (*to TODDY*) You'd trifle with me ?

TODDY. No.

SIR G. You'd better not—

She marries me to-day.

MARY. Oh, no, I don't,

I'll see you hanged first—

SIR G. Ha!

MARY. And then I won't.

SIR G. Old man-----

TODDY. Oh, mercy.

SIR G. (*producing paper*) You this deed will sign,
Which makes the girl and all your riches mine.

TODDY. I won't.

SIR G. You won't ? then now, before your eyes,
I'll kill the girl, and then, old man, *you dies* (*draws sword*)

I, as I hold aloft the glittering steel,

Like an old Roman gladiator feel;

The simile could not be appropriates

I loved her once, but now, I'm *glad I hate her.*

So now to do it. (*takes stage and raises sword*)

TODDY. Oh ! we're done for.

CHARLIE. (*suddenly producing sword and arresting the blow*) Hold!

SIR G. My creature turn against me, then I'm sold !

CHARLIE. Beware, vile wretch, who'd that fair girl be
killing,

I am not what you thought, a desp'rate villing,

But one who's ever ready to redress

The wrongs of helpless woman in distress.

SIR G. Who, then, are you, who dare with me to parley ?

CHARLIE. (*throwing off disguise*) Her soldier lover, known
as Campaign Charlie!

(TODDY and MARY express joy)

SIR G. Fighting a man's a different matter quite,
 This puts the bus'ness in an awkward light;
 And yet I think I'm quite—why be dismayed ?
 As big as he—oh, hang it, who's afraid?

Terrific broadsword combat. SIR GASTON is defeated and run through. TODDY and MARY find swords, which some careless persons have left about in the forest and stick them into him)

SIR G. Methinks I'm wounded! (*gasping*) Ah, I'm getting worse.

No matter, take a dying ruffian's curse, (*dies*)

CHARLIE. See, dearest, now your persecutor's dead,
 All painful terrors banish from your head.

MARY. And father, since you've saved our lives

CHARLIE. He won't

Refuse to bless our union.

TODDY. No, he don't.

(*TODDY is about to join their hands. SIR GASTON sits up, the others start back.*)

SIR G. I'm dead—but I'll repent—oh, yes, it's true,
 So think I'm justified in coming too,
 If I may hope for pardon's welcome sound.

CHARLIE. Oh, yes, as we're now hoping that we've found
 The kind approval of our friends around,
 All feelings of resentment we will smother,
 And as we ask indulgence, spare each other.

(*TODDY helps SIR GASTON up.*)

FINALE. AIR.— *Oh, Sweet Isabella:*'

MARY. Now all my griefs are over,
 Sweet visions round me hover.

CHARLIE. Believe that your true lover
 Will never prove a rover.

SIR G. Kind friends, if we discover
 In you a kind approver,
 We'll feel ourselves in clover

As we make our final bow.

TODDY. All that we want depends on you,
 If you'll say you like our play,
 Lend us a hand to pull us through
 Before you go away—do pray.

CHARLIE. My love, I hope you'll tell her
 You think none can excel her!

TODDY. The breast of this old feller
With joy will be a sweller.
SIR G. With voices sweet and meller
Boot, stick, and umbereller,
CHARLIE. Kind friends applaud the Belle-ah !
All. The Belle o' the Barley -mow.

Repeat last part Ensemble.

Curtain.