

# LUCRETIA BORGIA, M.D.;

OK,

LA GRANDE DOCTRESSE.

*An Original Burlesque Extrabaganza.*

*(Founded on a famous Opera.)*

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF

*War to the Knife; The Old Story; Dundreary Married and Done For; Cinderella; Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue; Robinson Crusoe; Little Don Giovanni; Mazeppa; The Maid and the Magpie, or the Fatal Spoon; The Babes in the Wood; Bride of Abudos; 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 Seaside Lodgings; The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm; The Sensation Fork; My Wife and I; Beautiful Haidee, or the Sea Nymph and the Bailee Raters; Ill Treated Il Trovatore; The Motto: "I am all there!" St. George and the Dragon; Lady Belle Belle; Orpheus and Eurydice, or the Young Gentleman who charmed the Rocks; 1863, or the Sensations of the Past Year; Mazourka, or the Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar; The "Grin" Bushes; Lion and the Unicorn; Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Room; Princess Springtime, or the Envoy that Stole the King's Daughter; La Sounambula! or the Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy; Pan; Lucia di Lammermoor; Pandora's Box; A Hundred Thousand Pounds; William Tell with a Vengeance; or, the Pet, the Patriot, and the Pippin; The Corsican Bothers; The Lancashire Lass; Blow for Blow; Not such a Fool as he Looks; Lord Bateman, &c., &c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*The Miller and his Men; Valentine and Orson; & Forty Thieves (Savage Club).*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Holborn (under the management of Miss Fanny Josephs),  
on Wednesday, October 28th, 1868, a New and Original Extravaganza, by H. J. BYRON, entitled

# LUCRETIA BORGIA, M. D.;

OR, LA GRANDE DOCTRESSE!

The New Scenery by Mr. JULIAN HICKS. The Costumes by Miss YATES and Mr. S. MAY. The Properties by  
Mr. BURDETT. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. T. HAINEA. The Burlesque produced under the  
direction of Mr. PARSELLE.

## Characters.

THE DOOK (a poor creature, but not to be confounded with the "Ducal Creature" in Rob Roy) Mr. FRANK DREW.  
RUSTIGHELLO ... (the "Pollaky" of the period) ... Mr. ARTHUR.  
JUBETTA (*Lucretia's* Physic Boy, who has so eager a taste for Medical Literature that he is always  
taking in his Mistress's Compositions) ... Mr. F. HUGHES.  
GENNARO (a Student of Medicine, on a reading tour with his fellow-pupils—one who is very nearly dying  
early in the Piece, but who eventually turns out to be one of those pupils who die-late) ... Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.  
ORSINI ... (his Friend and Ficher) ... Miss E. WEATHERSBY.  
LIREOTTO ... Miss EDITH CHALLER.  
PETRUCCI } (Young Medical Pupils, who will some day be Dog-tors) ... Miss LOVELL.  
VITELLI } Miss NELLIE JOY.

LUCRETIA BORGIA (*Duchess of Ferrara—a Lady who has "gone in" for medicine, and "come out" with honours, who, always closing the Ministry, may be considered a "piller" of the State, a Fer-"rara avis in terra," mistress of her art but not her heart, which is not the Dook's, but somebody else's*) ... .. **MR. GEORGE HONEY.**

... .. **GUESTS, SERENADERS, and ATTENDANTS.**

**Programme of Secnery, &c.**

**SCENE I.—A T V E N I C E.**

A Reading party and Reading sauce—arrival of a famous water party and touching interview between Lucretia and Gennato, resulting in

**The MOB! The MISSIS! and The MALEDICTION!**

**SCENE II.—APARTMENT IN THE DUCAL PALACE**

How the Dook and Rustighello—but no matter.

**SCENE III.—LUCRETIA'S SURGERY. The Insult. The Poison and the Antidote!**

**SCENE IV.—ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE DUCAL PALACE.**

**SCENE V.—THE DUCAL PALACE.**

Retributive Justice—the Dook's Punishment—the Climax—EVERYBODY TRIUMPHANT!

## LUCRETIA BORGIA!

SCENE FIRST.—*Terrace in the Grimani Palace. Bright moonlight. Curtain rises to " Beautiful Venice" in orchestra.*

*Lively music.*—Enter LIVEROTTO, VITELLOZZO, PETRUCCI and ORSINI, L.

LIVER. (R.) Beautiful Venice! Bother !

PETRU. (L. C.) Man, you're cracked.

LIVER. Well, I can't Say I see-it, that's a fact.

ORSINI. (R.C.) Just so; you do *not* see it. These cheap trips  
Give us a draught of Nature in ghort sips.

First, you must rise before the milkman rings,  
And, half asleep, just huddle on your things ;

Then catch the early train, which turns you out

At some far distant watering-place, about

An hour before returning time, so you

Have sixty minutes all the sights to view.

You catch a passing glimpse, p'raps, of the sea,

Pestered by folks suggesting shrimps and tea;

And after a slow journey back by train,

Find there's no cabs, though coming on to rain.

And after trudging home a precious way,

You try to think you've spent a jolly day.

I've tried them, and they've tried *me* !

PETRU. Well, my lad,

Stopping too long is every bit as bad.

Give me variety—and, by-the-bye,

Where is Gennaro ?

LIVER. Heaving of a sigh

Somewhere: he's precious dull, he's always mooney,

In fact, he savours somewhat of the spooney.

ORSINI. Spooney! pooh! he's a lad of metal, braver  
Than any here—shall I forget it? *naver* !

'Twas in the fight—when I was fighting *shy* of it

My fate cast, I was fain to make a die of it:

I'd just received a knock-down blow—a stunner,

From a big drummer, when he cot a " one'er;"

Followed quick by a "twoer," then a "threeer,"  
 Planted with science under the right e-ar;  
 And then a "fourer"—then what proved a lifer,  
 The *drummer* was quite settled by a "*fifer*."  
 He comes;—the story that I've told you's true,  
 I shouldn't chaff him much, if I were you.

*Music—Enter GENNARO thoughtfully, with a "Murray's Guide," L. 2 E.*

ORSINI. You don't appear, Gennaro, in a hurry.

GENNA. I'm doing Venice with the aid of Murray,

LIVER. What ! Lindley Murray?

GENNA. No, you stupid head !

*Guide* Murray, one whose works are always *red*.  
 On "Venice" I have crammed no end of columns;  
 Read Hazlitt's History in four big volums,  
 Got Ruskin's book by heart, and go about in  
 The famed Itialto, Shylock's speeches spouting,  
 Or else Othello's, whose dark form I sees  
 Pacing-----

ORSINI. No *moor* of Venice, if you please,  
 It's a take in,—to own the fact I grieve;  
 But Venice I for my part do believe  
 To be as big a swindle as Stoke Pogis—  
 Its history is one long line of do(d)ges!  
 Its famous bridge ain't big—quite otherwise,  
 How can they call that thing a Bridge of *Sighs* ?  
 The Grand Canal's a do.

GENNA. The Grand Canal !

Don't rail at Venice, my respected pal.  
 It sends *my* spirits up whene'er I come ;  
 And though before I've felt uncommon glum,  
 Once here, I do assure you I feel soon  
 As if I were—oh—up in a balloon.

*(throws away book)*

*Concerted Piece.—Air, " Up in a Balloon."*

*There's not a place here in Italy known,  
 Which can compare with Venice you'll own.  
 Gondolas floating by day and by night;  
 Those who like boating might*

Spend all their time on the pleasant canal,  
 Or they can stroll on the noble Ri-al-  
 To;—for my part, this excitable coon,  
 In Venice, feels just as if *in* a balloon.

Up in a balloon, boys,  
 Up in a balloon;

Take a glass of sherry and an almond maccaroon—  
 Then light a cigarette, and stroll about all afternoon,  
 Excursion trips to Venice are a most decided boon.

ALL. Up in a balloon, boys, &c

ORSINI *and* LIVEROTTO *dance off*, R. 1 E., *singing*  
*chorus*—PETRUCCI *and* VITELLI, L. 1. E.

GENNA. (*walks up, c, and down back again*) Where-  
 e'er I go the name of Borgia seems  
 To haunt me, even in my fitful dreams.  
 Though, with the pillow soft, each ear I stops.  
 I see it stuck above the tradesmen's shops  
 Instead of Smith or Robinson or Jones,  
 And even *stamped* upon the paving stones.  
 Big letters forming " Borgia" at me stare,  
 'Stead of "Who's Griffiths?" which I know is there.  
 Each playbill that I pass appears to say,  
 Lucretia Borgia is this evening's play.  
 On every wall the same word meets my view,  
 Each 'bus appears to run to *Borgia*, too.  
 Each penny boat—seldom I can afford yer—  
 Seems called Lucretia—when I get *aboard yer*.  
 The name throughout existence me keeps chivvyin',  
 Let me in slumber try to seek oblivvy-in. (*sleeps*)

*Music*—"Come to me when daylight sets."—A  
*gondola passes to c. from* R. 4 E. — *from*  
*gondola enter* LUCRETIA BORGIA, *wearing a*  
*mask, down c.—gondola goes off*, R. 4 E.

LUCRE. (*taking off mask*) The way that boatman winked  
 was rather queer:  
 They well may call that chap a gondo-leer !  
 I have come hither to avoid the crowd—  
 In Venice every one appears so loud.

The loudest shouting from all quarters greet yer,  
 And that's p'raps why they call it "*Beller Venizia*."  
 Venice, I always thought, was on the sea,  
 But, like Berlin, it seems upon the *spree*.  
 "Hurrays" are borne upon the midnight air,  
 Italian *bravos* meet you everywhere.

*Enter GUBETTA, R. 1 E.*

Talking of which, where is Gubetta ?

GUBET. Here!

LUCRE. Gubetta, your complexion isn't clear;  
 The air of Venice-----

GUBET. Never mind that air.  
 I've come here of my mistress to take care,  
 And don't want to take nothing else.

LUCRE. Absurd !  
 Of my Moravian mixture you have heard—  
 A sixth part every hour.

GUBET. It's a shame!  
 Do stop the physic. I'd a stalwart frame  
 Till I became your servant—born to be  
 A ruffian of the deepest dye you see  
 I'm so reduced by Mistress *Borgiah*,  
 I've scarcely got the strength to cry "ha, ha!"  
 I came to you as ruffian—but, instead—  
 Oh, what a life I've in your service led.  
 All your new medicines this poor cove you tries on,  
 And you don't even draw the line at pison.

LUCRE. Here's gratitude! Who was it who first tasted  
 My Sampson tonic ? but I see 'twas wasted.  
 Who was it, when appearing rather ill,  
 I brought round with my Rondaletian pill—  
 Ten to the dose ? And when too fat you'd grown again,  
 With my antarctic powders brought you down again.  
 Who, when you caught a cold which well nigh fix'd  
 yer,  
 With her own hands prepared a new cough mixture,  
 (*slowly*) Which had the same effect, this drug of mine,  
 As—*squills—upon the fretful porcupine ?*  
 Think how you're helping science, sir. (*crosses, R.*)

GUBET. Oh dear !  
 That I can't help myself it's very clear.

LUCRE. Away ! (*crosses to c*) Stay, how's your pulse ?  
*(feels his pulse, counting rapidly)* A little low,  
 You must take——

GUBET. (*falls on his knees*) Mercy, missis ; don't say so.  
 Let Die have *one* day's holiday, oh do.  
 To-morrow, mum, I'll take enough for two;  
 Or if I must, let it be something nice,  
 Flavoured with sugar, or a dash of spice.  
 Like your most famous San Francisco syrup.

LUCRE. Syrup ! I've only one remark, that's *girrur!*  
*(waves her hand for him to rise)*

Take this prescription !

GUBET. (*jumping up*) Never!

LUCRE. Gracious! What!

Hulloa, Gubetta!

GUBET. Mind *Gubetta not !*

LUCRE. Gubetta! Oh, Jupiter !

GUBET. Whatever's said on him,  
 The meanest little worm turns if you tread on him.  
 The last straw breaks the camel's back. (LUCRETIA  
*smiles*) Don't smile;  
 I've taken too much of your camel-mile.  
 I'm weary of this life of drugs and drudgery ;  
 I've taken every medicine in your *sudgnry* ;  
 To revolution pitch my rage now reaches-----

LUCRE. (*writing, quietly*) A cooling mixture, and two  
 dozen leeches,

That'll reduce this feverish state.

GUBET. (*collapsing*) I say,

I do not want reducing in this way.

Lucretia Borgia's slave—when all well know her—

It's quite impossible to make me lower.

I've got the influenza-----

LUCRE. Have you ? Oh,

The time's gone by for keeping patients low. . .

With feeding up, folks now their strength regain,

And real aches give way before sham-pain.

GUBET. Champagne indeed—you quack !

LUCRE. A *quack*, young man !

D'ye mean that I'm a Champagne Charley-tan.

*Duet, " Hunkey Dorum "*

LUCRE. I'm writing you a prescription.

GUBET. Oh!

Oh, Lucretia Borgi-ah !

LUCRE. It'll whip you up when you're rather low,  
Listen to what the ingredients are.

Seventeen minims of marking ink,  
A medicine not used in a regular way,  
A dram and three quarters of skidamalink,  
With some hunkey dorum doodle dum day.  
They'll mix it up in a six-ounce bottle,  
And two pence three ha'pence '11 be the sum tottle.

*(symphonie spasmodique)*

LUCRE. And as your illness you wish to master—

GUBET. *(faintly)* Oh, Lucretia Borgi-ah !

LUCRE. You must pop on your chest a kafoozleum plaster.

GUBET. *(indignantly)* Oh, Lucretia Borgi-ah !

LUCRE. And if you don't get rid of your chills,  
To bring you down as thin as a lath ;  
You must try some ritooralooral pills,  
And take a boodleyumpty bath.

And if you don't, &c.

*" Good-bye, John. "*

LUCRE. As both surgeon and physician,  
I can practise with the beat;  
As a skilful electrician,  
I am also in request.

GUBET. But not alone allopathy  
Does patients you assure ;  
Your triumphs with hydropathy  
Make folks say " What a cure! "

LUCRE. I'm a good sur-geon,  
And I practise on  
Everybody from the grown-up down to the little boys  
in knickerbockers;  
Good sur-geon,  
Is the verdict on  
This Mrs. Doctor Borgia.

LUCRE. I make my patients pay you see,  
 My fee upon the nail;  
 It's only fair to pay my fee,  
 As I am a fee-male.  
 There should be trust in every case,  
 Which cannot be denied;  
 The trust should be decidedly  
 Upon the patient's side.  
 I'm a deep sur-geon,  
 Yes, a knowing *one*,  
 A doctor quite as downy as the cove they call a chickaleary.  
 GUBBT. This good surgeon  
 Is paid down on  
 The nail, is mistress Borgia.

*Exit* GUBETTA, R.

LUCRE. Alas ! my search for pupils is in vain ;  
 I only wish I could the sight obtain  
 Of that young man----- (*sees* GENNARO) Lucretia,  
 quiet keep,  
 He's there—fast when awake—he's fast asleep.  
 Safely in Venice the dear youth I find!  
 Now that *he's here*, I'm *heasier* in my mind.  
 Hungry perhaps—for food this is the worst day—  
 Wednesday is market day, and p'raps he's *thirsty*.  
 With nought to drink, quite parched—gay heart  
 destroyer.  
*Poor boy*, with naught, as French folks say, *pour boy-er*.  
 I'll wake him. Hem ! Ha, ha !  
 GENNA. (*sitting up, suddenly*) Hallo, what's that ?  
 Some one exclaimed " Ha, ha," of *course*—the cat.  
 (*he lies down again*)  
 LUCRE. That's complimentary, though really, drat him!  
 He takes me for the *cat*—and now loo-k *at* him.  
 Once more upon his hand he rests his crown.  
 GENNA. If that's my shaving water, put it down.  
 LUCRE. Ah! *put it down*, indeed—'twould be a sin  
 To scrape the *pooty down* from off that *chin*;  
 GENNA. Chin! (*sits up—doesn't see* LUCRETIA)  
 LUCRE. (*curtseys*) Yes, *chin chin*—well you, I hope, I sees.  
 GENNA. (*rises*) Chin! phrase in common use with the  
*Chin-ese*.

That's fishing for a joke from rather far, oh!

LUCRE. The phrase is applicable to *Chin-aro*. (*down c.*)

I'm here, sweet youth—would we could never part,

I am no cat, though I've a *feelin'* 'art.

GENNA. What do you say ?

LUCRE. I say I've got a *feelin'* 'art,

And my profession, young man, is the *healin'* 'art.

GENNA. The foe-and-heeling art, ma'am, I should say,

Since you come dancing after me this way.

Well, there, I love you ; will that do ?

LUCRE. Oh, joy!

He loves me!—ha, ha! Say it again, my boy.

GENNA. You'd better go; my fellow-students, p'raps

(They are such terribly impetuous chaps),

Might be a little rude—you'd better go;

Medical students are so hasty.

LUCRE. No,

Not always.

GENNA. Yes, they're hasty, rash young men,

Till they're dubbed Doctor—they get *patience then*.

*Duet—Air, " Walking in the Zoo."*

GENNA. You'd really better go,  
I do not know your name, ma'am,  
But if I did you know,  
It would be all the same, ma'am;  
As soon would I be seen  
With that atrocious party,  
Ferrara's Duchess, as  
Seen walking dear with you.  
Walking e'en with Lu-  
cretia Borgi-----

LUCRE. (L, *aside in horror*) Oooh !

GENNA. Would not appear so very queer,  
If what folks say you knew,  
They watch me so they do. (*crosses, L.*)  
And if I'm seen with you-----

LUCRE. (R.) I've only one remark to make,  
Which that remark is " pooh !"

*Air—" Abyssinia ".*

Old enough to be your mother,  
Young enough to love you true;  
My affection I can't smother,  
Faithful I will be to *you* !

GENNA. Much too long, ma'am, have we been here,  
And I'm going to a ball.

LUCRE. Though I'm your *un-happy senior*,  
Age is nothing after all.

TOGETHER. Much too long, &c.

LUCRE. Oh!

GENNA. Ah !

*" Original."*

Lightly, lightly glide away the hours that bring no sorrow,  
Lightly, lightly glide away the hours that bring no sorrow,  
Youth should be but a summer's day,  
Winter, winter comes to-morrow.

Lightly, lightly, &c.

LUCRE. (R.C.) Somebody's coming. Masquerading gents.

GENNA. (L.C.) Leave us a lock of hair, at all events.

LUCRE. I shall be seen—let go, you little dolt!

GENNA. No, no, I want a *lock* !

LUCRE. I want to *bolt*!

I'm young and have no locks to give away,  
To have *locks*, one's hair must be *iron* grey.

GENNA. One kiss at all events, then you shall go.

LUCRE. Then as the song says, Kiss me quick and-----

*As GENNARO is about to embrace her, enter ALL as in opening of piece.*

OMNES. Oh !

*(GENNARO whistles unconcernedly—LUCRETIA with a smothered shriek, covers her face, and cowers and trembles, grotesquely—after a pause)*

GENNA. *(unconcernedly)* This lady—party of the highest rank, *(crosses to R.)*

Asked me—a—to direct her to the Bank.

*(to LUCRETIA, crosses to L.)* First turning to the right-----

LUCRE. *(in a feigned voice)* Thanks ! *(going, is stopped by ORSINI)*

ORSINI. I detect her!  
I didn't know you were a Bank director.

LUCRE. (*in a Mrs. Brown's voice*) You see it's dividend  
day, which it is.  
I'm a lone widder-----

ORSINI. Hah ! that air don't frizz.

LUCRE. Hair frizz ! Ha, ha! which you're a wag, I see.  
(*aside to GENNARO*) Get me away !

ORSINI. A wag!

LUCRE. (*aside*) Oh, (w)ag-onee !

GENNA. D'ye see this scabbard? Mind, my sword's now  
in it.

LUCRE. (*aside*) Oh ! I shall be *dis-cabbered* in a minute.

GENNA. The man who'd raise his fist-----

LUCRE. I must dissemble!

GENNA. Against a trembling woman-----

ORSINI. Bother!

GENNA. (*aside to LUCRETIA*) Tremble !  
(*LUCRETIA trembles violently*)  
At once a foe of young Gennaro makes.  
She's shaking greatly.

ORSINI. Pooh ! She's no great shakes!  
List to her crimes, of which each here complains,  
Crimes that should freeze the blood within those veins.  
(*Music—piano*)  
I'm Maffeo Orsini; my poor father,  
You sold some shaving soap that wouldn't lather!  
(*OMNES groan*)

VITEL. I am Vitelli—through your wicked skill,  
An uncle who had put me in his will,  
Who should have gone long since, is living *still!*  
(*OMNES groan*)

LIVER. I had an aunt, whose teeth you did extract,  
All of one side ;—I'm speaking simple fact.  
Of all her teeth on the *right* side bereft,  
The poor old creature only had *one left!*  
(*OMNES groan*)

PETRU. You saved my father's life; my father who  
Had left me everything, as well you knew,  
With one small dose. Why didn't he reject it?

LUCRE. (*aside*) It was a *Parr's* Life Pill; I recollect it.

*Concerted Piece—"Waltz."*

GENNA. Oh, horrible discovery! Oh dear, what shall I do?  
 Oh, terrible discovery! I didn't think 'twas you.  
 There isn't in the universe,  
 A party who is really worse,  
 A party more atrocious than

*Lucretia Borgia.*

ORSINI. She is a wicked woman, and she calls herself M.D.,  
 A feminine physician, which she didn't ought to be.  
 She's pass'd the College *and* the Hall;  
 At the examinations all  
 The eminent professors thought her

Worthy a degree.

GENNA. Oh, Lucretia, *Lucretia Borgia!*  
 Oh, Lucretia, *Lucretia Borgia!*  
 She can doctor every malady,  
 From elephantiasis,  
 Elephantiasis,  
 Elephantiasis down to corns.

ORSINI. Elephantiasis, elephantiasis,  
 Elephantiasis down to corns.

LIVER. Oh, why did I not stop at home instead of coming  
 here?  
 I thought the trip was cheap, but it is like to  
 cost me dear.  
 I feel as if I soon should drop,  
 And don't see any chemist's shop,  
 Or into it I'd quickly pop,  
 And gay, "Young man, look here!"  
 Oh, mix me up a something, and I don't care  
 what it is,  
 But you will be obliging me if you will make  
 it fizz.

*Enter GUBETTA, R. I E.*

GUBET. What's this I see? My missis is (*squaring*)  
 Enquiring of my fississes.  
 This is Gubetta, this is his  
 Cure *for* the rheumatic.

GENNA. Who's Gubetta, that he dares to thus intrude ?

LUCRE. Oh, Gubetta, they are treating me so rude !

GUBET. I'll protect you, missis !

GENNA. Who are you ?

Fellow in livery, fellow in livery,

Fellow in livery, entre nous.

Fellow in livery, fellow in livery,

We shall dust your jacket, too.

OMNES. Who's Gubetta, &c.

(*picture, LUCRETIA, c., protected by GENNARO—close in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

*Enter the DOOK, slowly, L. 1 E.*

DOOK. I have a wife, who's rather scientific,  
And against every ill she's some specific ;  
So much her life 'midst medicine she spends,  
That she has physic at her fingers' ends—  
A fact I didn't know when we were married.  
Her birth is regal, and her head is carried  
As high, quite, as the caput of a camel is;  
She springs from one of the cod liver *oyal* families.  
Teeth she takes out with every satisfaction,  
In fact, she's of extremely good extraction,  
One glance and all your molars up she sums,  
Seizes your teeth—one twist—and out it *gums*.  
And against any advertising quack  
Would I my own Grand Duchess *Often back*.  
Where's Rustighello ? Fellow, must I bellow,  
Until I'm yellow? Rustighello! helloa !

*Enter RUSTIGHELLO, R. 1. E.*

You are my creature and should always be,

To me, in very close proximity.

Well, how gets on the business ?

RUSTI. Oh, it thrives.

See my new circular, (*gives it DOOK*)

DOOK. (*reads*) " To jealous wives,

" Suspicious husbands, and the world at large.

" Inspector Rustighello's reg'lar charge

" Is his expences, and a small per centage;

" Heart-broken parties will see the advantage

" Of trying one who's secret, sharp, and steady."  
 What's this ! " N.B.—Divorces always ready."  
 Good !.—now the Duchess? (*returning scroll*)

RUSTI. She to Venice went,  
 Saying to find a pupil her intent;  
 But to such tricks is Rustighello fly.

DOOK. She's had some time that pupil in her eye.

RUSTI. But why she went to Venice I can't say,  
 Considering he lives across the way.

DOOK. How ?

RUSTI. Why, just opposite.

DOOK. You don't mean *that*?

RUSTI. He's taken the first floor.

DOOK. First floor?—the *flat*!

How did you find him out? With rage I foam.

RUSTI. I found him *out* by finding him at *home*,  
 Found him indoors.

DOOK. Nothing revenge now hinders, (*crosses, R.*)

You found him in *doors* ; I'll find him in *winders*.

RUSTI. Are you so jealous, Dook ?

DOOK. Are I so jealous ?

Ha ! take the natures of ten black Othellos,

A dozen Mrs. Oakleys, and to *she*

Add twenty-five Leontes-es—that's me.

RUSTI. And yet, Dook, you don't shew it

DOOK. (*holding his hand*) Shew it ? Blow it!

Does a man talk in rhymes 'cos he's a poet?

Does an attorney or solicitor,

When he's astonished always cry " Oh, *law!* " (*pause*)

Do cooks converse no way but gastronomically,

Or surgeons never speak save anatomically?

With bricks a builder ne'er his speech encumbers;

Arithmeticians do not lisp in numbers ;

Tailors but seldom *open* upon *close* ;

*Cabmen* when *wise* do not repeat their *whoas*.

Folks, jealous, do conceal their thoughts, or try to ;

Their wrongs, they *hide 'em—hide 'em*—that's what

*hide do.* (*clutching RUSTIGHELLO'S arm*) .

You know the Borgia wine ? (*music—tremulous*)

RUSTI. (*frightened*) Oh, please to stop!

It only takes one drop-----

DOOK. To make one *drop*.

Precisely. Now my faithful Rustigheller,  
 You're well acquainted with the Ducal cellar;  
 You from Gubetta must purloin the key,  
 And bring a bottle of that wine to me. (*crosses to L.*)

RUSTI. This is too fowl—still as I'm out of luck, sir.

DOOK. *Two fowl!* Your language is a *pair o' ducks*, sir!

RUSTI. This ugly business I don't like the shape on.

DOOK. Come, don't you be a *goose*, but put your *cape on!*  
 A goblet of the Borgia wine, no doubt,  
 Will bring my youthful friend's true nature out.  
 He seems of a most fast, and loud, and gassy turn,  
*In vino veritas*—you're *very tact* turn.

RUSTI. (R. C.) I see a way—that is I don't—yet might—  
 But, then again—why not? Precisely!

DOOK. (*hand on his arm*) Quite!  
 You've seized upon my meaning with avidity,  
 Explained it too with marvellous lucidity.  
 Gennaro!

RUSTI. Him!

DOOK. I leave the deed to you!  
 He's in my path!

RUSTI. He am!

DOOK. He dies!

RUSTI. He do!

*Duet.—" Meet me in the Lane."*

DOOK. He'll feel a little pain when the clock strikes nine,  
 If he takes a little drop of the Borgia wine;  
 He'll feel a little spasm,  
 Those who touch it always has'm,  
 And no pill or cataplasm,  
 Can take it-----away.  
 Bad wine gives one acidity,  
 If taken with avidity,  
 But this kills with rapidity—  
 With great rapidity.

*Air.—" Racketty Jack."*

DOOK. (*with a sort of swaggering step to time, which he  
 keeps up through song, smiling*)  
 I'm a racketty Dook,  
 With a capital cook,

And I always am ripe for a spree ;  
 I tipple all day,  
 In a regular way,  
 And I always take rum in my tea.

RUSTI. (*aside*) Revenge and despair,  
 He is little aware,  
 I am really his great encmee ;  
 But certain some day,  
 There's the devil to pay,  
 For his ear I am keeping a flea!  
 For his ear I am keeping—  
 Am keeping—am keeping  
 (*deep*) A retteri-butive—a-flea!

DOOK. I'm a rackety Dook,  
 And no Bashi Bazouck ;  
 Was ever my equal d'ye see,  
 At billiards I fluke,  
 And I laugh at rebuke,  
 And always declare it ain't *me*.

*Irish jig, both off, L I E.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of Borgia's Mansion.*

*Popular air played pantomimically—Enter GUBETTA, as a doctor's boy, from house, L.—places two boards, on one, " Sole Agent for the celebrated Settling Powders," on other, " Borgia's Fatal Mixture "—comic announcements on window, " Lively Leeches," " The Lucretia Lotion," " The Borgian Black Dose."*

GUBET. There, that's complete. Lawks, what a trade we do!

Missis, the agent is, for all what's new;  
 The latest pepsine preparations, while  
 Extractum carnis, and cod liver oil,  
 Are always ready, whilst her large connection  
 Amongst old gals who want a good complexion,  
 Is wonderful—this, too's the only domus  
 At which is sold the patent auricomus !  
 No matter if your hair is black or grizzled,  
 When it's well bleached and dyed, and nicely  
 frizzled,

It looks all right—folks here scorn nature raily,  
 And do from art complexions *Borrow daily*.  
*Exit GUBETTA stealthily into house.—Music, piano.*

*Enter* ORSINI, LIVEROTTO, PETRUCCI, VITELLOZZI *and*  
 GENNARO, R.

ORSINI. My dear old boy, it is no use your talking,  
 The time's arrived when we must all be walking.

LIVER. We can't be always with you ; if we could,  
 I speak for all when I declare we would.

We've bored you with our company enough.

PETRU. No matter, if he bore with, *us*, you muff!

LIVER. You call me muff?

PETRU. I do.

ORSINI. Now gents, no quarrels.

If I've a strong point, gentlemen, it's morals.

He'll lose his character.

LIVER. I wish I could;

The one I have at present isn't good.

We've smoked all your cigars, sodas and brandies

Imbided until it difficult to stand is,

And now we really—hallo! look.

GENNA. What now?

ORSINI. Here's mother Borgia's domicile, I vow !

Let's smash her windows.

LIVER. Yes, or pull the bell off.

PETRU. Or rob the till. I hear she's very well off.

VITEL. Suppose we break her bottles ?

LIVER. Yes, let's do it.

*(all move towards house—GENNARO stands in attitude)*

GENNA. Stand back! who dares to move a foot shall  
 rue it !

OMNES. Gennaro !

ORSINI. Come, you're not one for heroics :

Bosh about trembling woman and "brayv'o, 'Icks! "

You know the Borgia.

GENNA. Just because I do

I will not leave this insult, boys, to *you*. *(down, c.)*

I shall alone upon this portal place

An insult to the Borgia's very face.

She is a female doctor—a great talker—

Instead of Borgia, let us stick up " Walker."

*Concerted Piece.—"Granny Walker."*

GENNA. Let us write upon the portal  
Of this charlatanish mortal  
Something insolent, and I will be the chalker.  
There's a word that will apply  
In two senses, by the bye ;  
We've all heard of famous Mistress Doctor Walker.

ORSINI. She's a physici-an,  
As good as any man,  
Though jealous medicos did try to baulk her.

PET. But her great display of knowledge—

LIVER. Took the Hall likewise the College—

GENNA. SO success to Mistress Doctor Mary Walker.  
Tol de rol. (*all repeat*) Tol de rol  
*Exit GENNARO into house., R. 3 E., ORSINI, L. 2 E.,  
LIVEROTTO, L. 1 E., VITELLOZZO, R. 2 E., PETRUCCI,  
R. 1 E., using their swords as walking canes, and  
totteringly as old men.*

*Enter DOOK, L. U. E., rather tipsy,*

DOOK. The world revolves, the best plan p'raps would be,  
To wait until my house comes round to *me*;  
Or till the milkman comes—that notion's sound,  
The milkman is a chap who must *come round*.  
I think I heard the milk, or did I dream ?  
I always know the milkman by hi-s *cream*.  
Whene'er he meets me he takes off his cap,  
He is a very "canny" sort of chap.  
Although his milk his *watery*—Halloa!  
*Water!* That's why, p'raps, he says "*Milk be l'eau!*"  
I fancy that I've taken too much wine ;  
I ought to know that house. By George! it's mine.  
It was a cottage when I first did view it,  
But when I had it—had it—hadded to it.  
But what's that on the door? some reckless chalker  
Has actually dared to write up "Walker!"  
An insult to our house!

*Enter GUBETTA, L. 1 E.*

GUBET. Oh, please, your grace,  
Gennaro did it.

DOOK. Ha! if that's the case,

I see a way my deep revenge to win it.  
 (to AUDIENCE, *with dignity*)  
 You see that I am sober in a minute.  
 For when insulted which we cannot brook,  
 Toper no longer, we're once more the Dook.

*Music—Grand march—DOOK goes up stage and down again. Enter LUCRETIA with pestle and mortar, L.—short dressing gown—hair in papers and sleeves tucked up.*

LUCRE. What does this mean ? So you've been out again!  
 A cooling draught for you, it's very plain.  
 I'll write you a prescription-----

DOOK. Useless quite,  
 To write prescriptions your prescriptive right;  
 But now you've got your *wrongs* to right instead.

LUCRE. Poor Dook!—it's plain you're wandering in your head.

DOOK. (*clasps her arm*) Within your head, pray let your wandering eye  
 Rove till it rests upon that door.

LUCRE. (*starts violently*) Oh, my! (*drops pestle on his toe*)  
 What do I see—insulted ! scoffed at! guy'd!

GUBET. Dropping the *pestle* proves she's *mortar*—fied.

LUCRE. Would I'd their necks within my grasp, I'd twist 'em—

I'll teach 'em! (*up c.—hits GUBETTA with the pestle*)

GUBET. (R.) On the *Pestal-ozzian* system !

DOOK. (*clutching her arm*) Suppose, I say, suppose-----

LUCRE. Some stupid problem !

DOOK. Suppose, I say, this nobleman could nobble him,  
 Could from his secret *haunt* bring him who'd brave you—

LUCRE. Oh, bring from his *haunt*, you cunning *knave*, you ;  
 Some plan pray from his hiding place to snatch him,  
 At once pray *hatch Dook*—that's to say *Dook-at*ch  
 him. (*crosses and up, L.*)

DOOK. My prompter's whistle, (*whistles*)

*Enter RUSTIGHELLO, suddenly, R.*

Nothing could be prompter,  
 Prepare a cellar in the ducal compter  
 For your next prisoner. Quick!

RUSTI. (*touching his hat*) The cell is ready, (*gives a loud postman's knock at door*)

That ought to wake him up !

*Enter GENNARO, door R.3E.*

GENNA. Now then, sir, steady,  
You're not aware, obtrusive party, p'rhaps,  
That really I'm not *worth* so many raps.  
What's up?

RUSTI. You are—and you're my prisoner!

GENNA. Oh !

At whose suit ?

RUSTI. That you speedily shall know.

The Dook! (*LUCRETIA comes down, L., with GUBETTA, she has not seen GENNARO*)

LUCRE. I'll have his life, sure as this here's Ferrara!

DOOK. Behold the ruffian !

LUCRE. Where's the wretch ? Gennarer!

Oh ! (*falls into GUBETTA'S arms*)

DOOK. (*aside to RUSTIGHELLO*) See, at sight of him she sinks.

RUSTI. (*finger on nose*) I think

There's something most suspicious in the *sink*—  
(*shakes her*)

From information I've received—

GENNA. (*pushes him aside, crosses to R. C.*) Get out!

Will you inform me what it's all about?

While torpid—or for rhyme's sake, we'll say torpous—

Regardless of my rest—of " habeas corpus,"

Of other privileges, which you are aware, too,

Or ought to be, Italian flesh his heir to—

(*to RUSTIGHELLO*) I am thus roused, while weary,  
stupid pup ?

RUSTI. When weary, one expects to be knocked up.  
(*shakes LUCRETIA*)

Good!

GENNA. You take care you're not knocked down.

LUCRE. (*rousing from her fainting fit*) Where am I?

GENNA. Well, really, ma'm, I----- (*crosses to L. C.*)

LUCRE. (*aside*) Ha! calls me his mam-my.

Oh! that I could recall-----

DOOK. Read that, sir!

GENNA. (*going up*) Walker!

DOOK. Can you inform us who's the cheeky chalker?  
What is his name ? (*down, R.*)

LUCRE. (*in agony, aside*) Oh, grief !

RUSTI. (*with note book*) What his address is ?

GUBET. He frowns!

DOOK. He funks !

RUSTI. He flinches!

GENNA. He confesses!  
I'm *he*—Gennaro.

LUCRE. (*aside*) Filled is sorrow's cup.

RUSTI. Hem! let me take him down.

DOOK. Pooh! take him up.  
In charge I give him !

LUCRE. (*wildly*) No, he wasn't here !  
You wasn't in Ferrara, was you, dear ?

GENNA. I *wasn't* in Ferrara!

LUCRE. There!

DOOK. Young man,  
Admit you didn't do it—if you can. (*up c.*)

RUSTI. (*crosses to him*) Follow the peelers' plan, if sure,  
declare it;  
Unless you've any *doubt*, in which case, *swear* it.

LUCRE. Do ;—prove an alibi.

GENNA. No, I don't care to-----

LUCRE. He was elsewhere too—Oh yes, *that he'll s-where to*  
Won't you ?

GENNA. (*turning up*) I won't.  
(DOOK and LUCRETIA *down*)

DOOK. He won't! (to RUSTIGHELLO) The wine!

RUSTI. Instanter !  
Quick, in a galop.

DOOK. *Galop ! a d- canter*  
*Exit RUSTIGHELLO, R. 1 E.*

LUCRE. (*aside to DOOK*) What would you do ?

DOOK. That insolent young bragger  
Dies by the Borgia wine—or Borgia dagger.  
He must this day, ma'am, cease to be a breather.

LUCRE. Wine or a dagger?

DOOK. Yes, a *pint* of either !  
(*Music—tremulous—piano*)

LUCRE. Agony!

*Enter RUSTIGHELLO with three bottles on tray, R. 1 E.*

RUSTI. Here's the liquor.

DOOK. Good ! Young man,  
I like to do the civil when I can,  
To shew I don't bear malice; take this chalice  
To drink the Dook's health, and his ducal pallis!

GENNA. Certainly, (*aside*) This behaviour is a riddle.

RUSTI. Mind and give *him* the bottle in the middle.

(*pours out and gives wine*)  
LUCRE. (to GUBETTA) I'm almost certain that's the  
dreadful stuff,  
Of which two drops at most is quantum suff.  
He drinks!

DOOK. I'm happy, though I know it's wrong.  
(*bell rings*) The bell for dinner.

LUCRE. Dinner bell (*showing glass is empty*) hall gong !  
*All go off but LUCRETIA and GENNARO, R.*  
(R.) That wine, which you imagined to be port  
Was poison!

GENNA. (L.) Thought it a peculiar sort;  
But half the wine one drinks *is* poison.

LUCRE. Liquor  
Which people think is Roederer or Clicker,  
It's often gooseberry ; whilst down one's throttle  
Folks pour Epernay, worth *a perny* a bottle.  
I know all this, Gennaro, well I know it;  
Its likeness to Champagne is most *re mo'e't*,  
Whilst with vile Port folks quench their thirsty cravins,  
Which make them utter, " These good ports ! Good  
Amontillado hailing from the Cape; [*Havens!*]"  
Hocks innocent of grape in *any* shape ;  
Rhenish which never near the river Rhine was;  
Sauterne, *so turned*, you couldn't tell *it wine* was.  
I know that these exist, but these are mild,  
Compared with the effects of this, my child ;  
Yes, all combined, e'en if you drank an ocean,  
In their effect, can't come a-nigh the potion  
You drank. It kills folks ; first, though, turns 'em  
It is the poison of the Borgias! [cranky.]

*Re-enter the DOOK, R.—chord in orchestra.*

DOOK. (*mildly*)

Thankee!

GENNA. (C.) Dear me!

LUCRE. (R.) But his atrocious scheme I'll flout.

I have an antidote, an *hand it out*.

See here ! this sweetmeat all effect defeats.

DOOK. Ha! ha! What's that? (*comes down*)

LUCRE. Hem! are you fond of sweets ?

GENNA. How can you ask, when I'm so fond of *you* ?

LUCRE. I'll mix you up a little paper, (*eye on DOOK*)

GENNA. Do.

LUCRE. Just in the fashion of the man at fairs,

Who, when of sweets a ha'porth he prepares.

*Enter* VITELLOZZO, PETRUCCI, LIVEROTTI, ORSINI, GUBETTA,  
and RUSTIGHELLO, R. and L.

*Concerted Piece—Air, " Lemon Drop."*

LUCRE. A lemon drop, an acid drop,  
A lump of jargonelle,  
A little bit of lollipop,  
To flavour it as well;  
A tiny piece of peppermint,  
To make it nice and hot;  
So taste and try before you buy,  
A halfpenny for the lot.

*Air, " Husband's Boat."*

GENNA. Oh it's not so very pleasant,  
And I do not really care  
For his ducal vinous present,  
And this somewhat strange affair!  
Down Gennaro's throat—  
Gennar—Gennaro's throat  
Jolly old Port,  
Of the genuine sort,  
Down Gennaro's throat—  
Gennar—Gennaro's throat!  
Jolly old *porter biere* !

*Air, " Notting Hill."*

GENNA. Oh, never, never grieve-a—  
Of pleasure take your fill;  
You'll find I'm no deceiver,  
Through life taking nothing ill!

PETRU. Expect no single favour-----  
 LIVER. From pompous Pentonville !  
 VITEL. Despise stuck-up Belgravia!  
 GENNA. And the pride of Notting Hill!

*Air, " Immensikoff."*

DOOK. Ha, my dear friends, pray how de do ?  
 I hope I sees you well.

ORSINI. We thank you and the Duchess, too;  
 I speak for each young swell.

DOOK. Oh, it really was immense-ikoff,  
 The way in which he drank it off.

*Air, " I dote upon the Military."*

*(during this verse enter the entire. BALLET for " Cancan."\*)*

GENNA. Oh, no kick up of the military,  
 Who are mostly dilatory;  
 Ever came a-nigh to what we mean to do,  
 When me and you  
 The prime French dance go in for.

OMNES. Oh, no kick up of the military,  
 Who are, &c.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Hall or Passage leading to Ball Room.*

*Dance Music, piano—first enter FOOTMAN, extravagantly dressed—he carries tray of tea and coffee—stands C.—then GUESTS enter, L.—three pairs of DANCERS of previous Scene go off, R.—then LIVEROTTO and ORSINI, L., with light overcoats on, and small umbrellas—these they give to FOOTMAN—take cups from tray.*

ORSINI. *(drinking tea)* It's really rather rich to call this tea!

LIVER. This coffee's a decided mocha-ree.

ORSINI. It's not the kind of tea to make one nerui's.

I say—d'ye get this through the " Civil Service."

*Exit FOOTMAN, L. 1 E., indignantly.*

Oh, by the way, you're fond of wine ?

---

\* LIVEROTTO. BALLET.  
 BALLET. PETRUCCI.

BALLET. GUBETTA. DOOK. BALLET.  
 ORSINI. BALLET.  
 VITELLOZZO. BALLET. BALLET. RUSTIGHELLO.  
 LUCRETIA. GENNARO.

LIVER. Oh very.  
 ORSINI. Take my advice, don't try the Borgia sherry;  
 No! no, don't try it, boy, or if you *do*,  
 Be sure, friend Liverotto—'twill try *you*. (*putting on  
 gloves, &c.*)

LIVER. Come, your friend Liverotto do not quiz.  
 ORSINI. 'Twill make your *livet*—*otter* than it is.

*Enter VITELLOZZI and PETRUCCI, arm in arm, R. 1 E.*

VITEL. Rather a tidy show of girls, Petrucci?  
 PETRU. Yes!  
 VITEL. I don't care much for parties, I confess.

*Enter RUSTIGHELLO, R.*

The style of dancing that is now in vogue.  
 RUSTI. I know the style of dance *you* like, you rogue,  
 That just danced in the previous scene, you know.  
 LIVER. Which once in Paris was considered *low*,  
 Though as to steps it's really rather high,  
 It bids fair to eclipse the Breakdown.  
 RUSTI. Why ?  
 You see tastes change, fresh saltatorial tricks,  
 Produce the sentiment of " Brayvo Kicks !" (*aside*)  
 The time is near, when he, the Dook—my foe—  
 Will-----But no matter ! (*advances*)  
 ORSINI. What's that ?  
 RUSTI. Nothing—no;  
 Merely a muttering. Let's try our voices,  
 And then select the partners of our choices.

*(Part Song introduced.)*

*Dance—Breakdown—the Scene opens on last  
 note—Characters do not leave the Stage.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of Palace.*

BALLET *at opening—At end of dance, DANCERS form line,  
 down which ORSINI, LIVEROTTO, and the others present.*  
*Enter GUBETTA—hands ices about.*

ORSINI. (*to LIVER.*) A pleasant night—beats all your routs  
 and drums. (*GUBETTA backs against ORSINI*)  
 A careful flunkey mindeth were he comes,  
 Be careful or-----

GUBET. Pooh ! Flunkey in your teeth !  
 ORSINI. Where is my sword ?  
 LIVER. I've nothing but my sheath!  
 VITEL. Nor I!  
 PETRU. Nor I!  
 GUBET. You left your swords downstairs, sirs;  
 The proper thing to do, as you're aware, sirs.  
 ORSINI. He is a maniac who refreshment touches!  
 A dread suspicion haunts me, and-----  
 GUBET. (*announcing*) The Duchess !

*Music—Enter LUCRETIA, R. U. E., dressed in the first style of fashion, led by GENNARO, then the DOOK, a tremendous swell, with opera hat—dress, a mixture of modern swell and real dress of the character.*

LUCRE. Delightful party—though a little dusty !  
 Gentlemen, surely you must all be thursty. (*rumbling sound like thunder*)  
 GENNA. What is that rumbling ? Tell me what it means ?  
 There's something going on behind the scenes ;  
 Tell me at once!  
 ORSINI. Yes, madam, we insist.  
 LUCRE. Rash set of boys; your doom is settled. List!  
 And to your ears those tones so grim and fell,  
 Shall sound less of the " *Sooth'n*" than the *knell*.

*Song.—" Tommy Dodd."*

RUSTI. (*within*) Oh ! rash young man, your doom is fixed,  
 You will not live a day ;  
 DOOK. (*down, R.*) The Borgia wine so well is mixed,  
 It cures dyspepsi-ay.  
 For every other sort of ill,  
 Although it may sound odd,  
 It is a cure, doth also kill—  
 GENNA. Get out! that's Tommy Dodd.  
 They sing it, so attempt no lark,  
 In " After Dark."  
 OMNES. " After Dark."  
 GENNA. They sing it, so attempt no lark,  
 In " After Dark," " After Dark."  
 I do not mind your threats a straw, a fig,

Or butter-brod,  
 I never shrinks at Captain Jinks,  
 Or flinch at Tommy Dodd !  
 Venice, boys, don't care a pin, for Tommy Dodd !  
 OMNES. Tommy Dodd !  
 SENNA. Heads or tails are bound to win, at Tommy Dodd!  
 OMNES. Tommy Dodd!  
 Venice, boys, don't care a pin, for Tommy Dodd!  
 Tommy Dodd!  
 We've lots of pluck and lots of tin, and that for  
 Tommy Dodd !

LUCRE. The lot of you insulted me,  
 A little time ago,  
 And for that insult you shall pay,  
 As you shall shortly know.

ORSINI. We're done for, quite !  
 VITEL. And serve us right.

PETRU. This treatment's rather odd.

LIVER. We're all gone coons !

LUCRE. You set of spoons,  
 As sure as Tommy Dodd.

GENNA. They sing it, so attempt no lark, in "After Dark."  
 For Venice, boys, don't care a pin, for Tommy  
 Dodd, &c.

CHORUS. Hurrah for Tommy Dodd!

LUCRE. (L.) Ha! ha! Behold!  
*(the curtain is drawn aside—NIGGERS with large  
 white collars appear with bones, banjo, &c, &c,  
 half Christy, half Italian) See there ! (chord—  
 all point—picture—iremuloso music right on.—  
 " Bang, bang!" on drum)*

GENNA. (R.) What are they pointing at? As if they tried  
 To look like different versions of Black's Guide.  
 How now—ye secret black and midnight-----

DOOK. Boy !  
 The lot of you we're going to destroy, (*crosses, c.*)  
 Without exception!

LUCRE. No! except Gennaro!

GENNA. If going to destroy my pals you are—oh!  
 Not only they are doomed, vile Dook be shoo-ar,  
 I too am doomed !

RUSTI. No, that I'm doomed if you are.  
 LUCRE. Oh, say he shan't be sacrificed! (*kneels*) You won't?  
 DOOK. Ha! ha! at length I triumph, (*crossing to L., falls*)  
     No, I don't!  
 RUSTI. (*aside*) I do. A time will come—I've often said—  
     And now it has. Hem! (to DOOK) Tell us when  
     you're dead.  
 LUCRE. Oh, something's disagreed with him, I'm poz.  
 DOOK. Oh, dear ! I'm very bad.  
 LUCRE. You always was !  
     Your vile heart earned you terrible renown.  
 DOOK. It ain't my heart that's bad, it's lower down.  
 RUSTI. (*over him*) Do you remember-----  
 DOOK. (*quailing*) Ha!  
 RUSTI. A certain crime,  
     Which you committed once upon a time?  
 DOOK. I do—have pity !! Horror and remorse,  
     Agony, rage! fla, bring me another horse!  
 GENNA. What does it mean ?  
 RUSTI. I changed the bottles.  
 GENNA. What!  
     Poisoned ?  
 LUCRE. And I no antidote have got.  
     What's to be done ?  
 GUBET. I've got some antidote, mum.  
     I thought there was a chance although remote, mum,  
     That you might poison *me*. (*threatening attitude by*  
     LUCRETIA) Me you may strike, mum ;  
     Arsenic and soda are so much alike, mum.  
 DOOK. In mercy give it me.  
 GUBET. You'll raise my wages ?  
 DOOK. To do that same, Gubetta, I engages.  
 GUBET. You'll give me beer at supper?  
 DOOK. Yes, at supper.  
 GUBET. You won't insist upon my reading Tupper ?  
 DOOK. I won't.  
 LUCRE. (*snatches it*) You'll let Gennaro live?  
 OMNES. Hah !  
 DOOK. (*fiercely*) No!  
 LUCRE. Good afternoon, then. P'raps we'd better go.  
     (*movement as going, DOOK writhes*)  
 DOOK. Don't leave me!

LUCRE. Grant Gennaro a free pardon—  
Or else I fling this into the back garden.

DOOK. Our house he has insulted!

GENNA. Don't feel sore.

LUCRE. No, not our *house*, Dook, only our *front door*.

RUSTI. (*aside*) It strikes him home. He winces.

LUCRE. Hem ! I say,  
I'm going—you forgive him ?

DOOK. Yes!

LUCRE. Hurray!

There!

DOOK. (*after swallowing it*) Saved! My pardon I revoke!  
Seize him!

(RUSTIGHELLO *knocks him down with one blow of tray, which he turns to audience, and on it is written, "Ha! ha!"—drum*)

LUCRE. Hem ! Ain't you sorry that you spoke ?

GENNA. Foiled by your creature in your vile intent

DOOK. (*sits up*) A bright idea's just struck me.  
I repent,  
I do. (*all shake their heads*)

LUCRE. Oh, no!

DOOK. I *will!*

GENNA. Oh, no—no!

DOOK. But I *insist* upon repenting.

GENNA. Stay!  
We all want something in the lenient way.  
We'll forgive *him*—if you'll----- (*to audience*)

LUCRE. Forgive *us too*—  
Overlook our shortcomings, *will you ? Do!*  
You can't resist a lady—if you *can*-----

GENNA. You can't resist—ahem ! in short—a man!  
You *will*, in your old-fashioned kindly way,  
Lend us a hand, to help our little play ;  
Or *two* stuck very well together—so—(*action*)  
A version one might say of " Blow for Blow!"  
Make it a hit.

RUSTI. You can !

GUBET. You must!

LUCRE. You *will !*

GENNA. And help Lucretia Borgia up the hill.

*Finale.—" Up in a Balloon."*

GENNA. Say a kind word to your friends, if you please.  
 GUBET. Say it's the cheese, and all of 'em tease!  
 LUCRE. To come at their soonest opportunisms  
       To witness *Lucrezi-ah* !  
 RUSTI. For parody, punning, and dancing are here.  
 ORSINI. We all do our best to ensure a career.  
 PETRU. And if we succeed every separate coon-----  
 LUCRE. Will feel as if *in*—as if *in* a balloon !  
 GENNA. Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon!  
 LUCRE. If Lucretia Borgia hits what Scotchmen call  
       the " toon."  
 GENNAR. Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon!  
       The box office is open till five *in* the afternoon !

BALLET.	BALLET.	BALLET.	BALLET.
	LUCRETIA.	GENNARO.	DOOK.
	LIVEROTTO.		VITELLOZZO.
	PETRUCCIO.		ORSINI,
GUBETTA.			RUSTIGHELLO.
R.			L.

**Curtain.**

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COSTUMES.—Partly as in the Opera or Play, with the usual allowance of Burlesque.