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PAVILION THEATRE.

GORGEOUS

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

LITTLE BO-PEEP;

OR,

HARLEQUIN JACK AND JILL.

WRITTEN BY MESSRS. J. AND H. PANETON,
Authors of "Black Crook," &c.

SONGS WRITTEN BY MR. AKHURST.

THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ISAAC COHEN.

GORGEOUS SCENERY BY MESSRS. SMITHYES, CRACKNEL, AND
FENVUELEIGH.

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Dr. Ridge's PATENT COOKED Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, &c

GIVES

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QUIET NIGHTS!

TO

Mothers, Nurses, Infants, and Invalids,

CAN BE USED WITH OR WITHOUT MILK.

W. DOMETT STONE, Esq., M.P., in a letter to the *Times*, April 1, 1875:—

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Cures Cancerous Ulcers.	Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter.
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THE GOBLIN BELFRY.

Demons discovered.

CHORUS.

Ding-dong, ding-dong's our old bell song,
 Other ditties scorning;
 Ding-dong, their voices strong,
 Make hideous night and morning.

Enter Cling-Clang.

Cling-Clang—Well done, the spirit of the storm methinks
 Joins in your clamour loud, and holds high jinks.
 The world below alarmed at this wild pealing,
 Will vow that lightnings set the old Tower reeling;
 Or p'raps, as the Church say, vestry wrangling
 On parish matters set the bells a jangling,
 Speak the cause!

Triplebob— Wiseacre, the king is dead,
 And Anarchy with his exit lifts high head;
 A communistic tumult charged with vice,
 Rebellion paramount, so we rejoice.

Cling—Behave, or this stout rope shall make a track,
 Fellows, along each contumacious back;
 This piece of my rope, though its not a new rope,
 Is not so frail quite as the peace of Europe.

Enter Twentywords.

Twenty—Telegram, Cling-Clang, Goblin Tower, fourth floor,
 From Goodheart Fairy, sent out seven four,
 Wish to see you friendly, be not afraid,
 Wire reply quick, Twenty words,—answer paid.

Cling—Say come there, now stop your chaffing.

Twenty—Good, brevety's the soul of telegraphing.

SONG.

Our modern comic lays,
 As we all know too well;
 In glowing language praise
 The various forms of swell.
 From toffs who at the cost
 Of two-pounds-five are dressed,
 To lardy-dardy exquisite,
 Who languish in the west.
 But there's a kind of swell
 Admired by poor and rich.
 Who's common to Mile End, Pall Mall,
 Belgravia, and Shoreditch;
 And though in Stanza's terse,
 His praise we now remark;
 No spark so well deserves a verse.
 As the electric spark.

Cling—Why comes she here, to work me good or harm?
 To meet the worst, I'll make with potent charm
 Myself impervious to ill intent,
 I'll patent medicine at once invent,
 I'll need a spell to work,—you'll aid.

Goblins—Aye.

Cling.—

Good,

Unlettered crew, I'd have a bet they would ;
At once to work then, little ones begin,
Pluck me a hair from every Goblin's chin.

Business with Demons.

'Twas far from plucky imps that moan
Each grown-Goblin, gave a Goblin-groan ;
Now who's courageous ? quick, a Volunteer,
I want an eye tooth !

Triplebob.—Saved ! the Fairy's here.

Enter Fairy Goodheart.

Good.—I greet you Goblin Bellman.

Cling.—

Speak your mission,

Make known your wants.

Good.—

I will with your permission.

With fierce sedition all the land is rife,
Endangering the late King's daughter's life ;
None has she harmed, but there are times, alas !
When right is wrong, and wrong for right may pass.
I ask you then, the voice of every bell,
Attune to softness, every tongue let tell :
Of love and concord, whereon strife will cease,
And conflict dire give place to calm and peace.

Cling.—You're joking, Goblins join in peaceful chime,

In deepest vault they hide at such a time ;
Give us death knell, fire bell, mischief devilry,
We are evil Goblins sorrowing over revelry.

Enter Clamour.

Clam.—Well spoken, sweet Goodheart, your time, you waste,

The Fairy clamour is more to Goblin taste ;
Great Cling-Clang, Topsy-turvydom 'tis said
Is now much like a body, minus head.
It need's a ruler !

Cling.—

Don't ask me, I could'nt

Form you a government, in fact, I would'nt.

Clam.—Deride my power, can you not understand

That Clamour reigns supreme in every land ?

Good.— This may be true, but for Topsy-turvydom,

Say what newer evil would you now have come ?

Clam.—A phantom ruler, no Brown, Jones, or Smith,

But visionary potentate, a crowned myth,
Echo of these rafters' discordant knell,
Caught and embodied in that broken bell.

Good.—Shall we Wiseacre's child dethrone ?

Clam.—

Why ask ?

Good.—To gaurd her cause henceforth shall be my task,

(To *Twentywords*) Summon our Court.

Twenty.—

On lightnings streak I'll skate.

Clam.—Goblins to work, great big Bell Ben create.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for big Bell Ben,
Robin-a-Bobbin, shout ye then ;

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR GOUT.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

Who'll eat more meat than ten score men,
Hurrah for big Bell Ben.
Appearance of big Bell Ben. Procession all exeunt.

SCENE 2.

THE FAIRY DELL.

Enter Goodheart.

Good.—My sister fays have early risen and have gone,
Or have they still their dew-drop night-caps on?

SONG.

Bliethely Phœbus, while his studs neigh,
Mounts the golden car by Aurora driven;
And the flowers, in brilliant array,
Lift their heads in welcome to the god of day.
Upspringing from the earth, the wild lark
Now warbles his carol to heaven:
Fairies, haste! hither come! obey,
Or never be forgiven!
From your rose-leaf couches spring,
In the valley, and now rally
Round your mistress, in a ring,
Lovely Corps de Ballet!

Fairies enter.

Good.—My sisters! I commend your early rising:
Where wandered you? what worldly scheme devising?

Dew-drop—I the daybreak watched from off the hill
Where stands the well of Nursery Jack and Jill.

Brighway—And I the slumbers of your pet. Bo-peep,
Have watched, lest wicked men purloin her sheep.

Good.—'Tis well! But now Prince Truelove I expect,
Who shall the Princess Diamond-eyes protect.

Enter Prince Truelove.

True.—How sweet! O'er Switzerland I've wander'd far—
Done famed Killarney's shores on jaunting car;
I've seen the Land's End (where also the waves end),
And swallowed tea and shrimps at lovely Gravesend,
And gone by Cook's excursion round to Bow:
Not in it, nor have I, despite their praises,
In all my tours, such fays seen or such faces.

Omnes—Welcome, Prince!

True.— A princely welcome, really!
Worthy of Iudia, or nearly!

Good.—Well, that's all right! You—although such a sight!—
I feel convinced should be a gallant knight.
I claim your service for a maid distressed
By tyrant factions, 'prison'd, and oppressed.

True.—Heart, the prize, I'll win her.

Good.— Doubtful, oh!
She knows not love.

True.— She's never seen me.

Good.— No;
But she's a stone.

True.— So am I to all such folly;

I think to be loved, though, is awful jolly!

So if sweet—

Good.— Diamond-eyes.

True.— How very pretty!

Good.—She's now a prisoner held in her own city.

Fly to her aid: let knightly prowess prove

Brave deeds will fire the coldest heart to love.

GRAND BALLET.

SCENE 3.

A CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter Crackling, Oxtail, and Pillallo.

Pill.—It's past belief! I'll state, with your permission,

How much you rank below the court physician.

Crack.—But, Pillallo, Robin-a-bobbin wills

That joints henceforth precede your draughts and pills.

Ox.—If I, the butcher, should refuse to kill,

What comes of both your trades?

Pill.— Trades!

Crack.— Hold! be still:

I'll call the military. Ho, there! army.

Enter Rank and File.

Crack.—Army reform, the pride of the inventor:

But one brigade; one troop; one army centre.

Observe (whispers *Rank and File*) Invasion!

Rank and File chases them off.

Rank.—Recover arms! recover legs! dismiss repose!

Robin-a-bobbin's ministry, I suppose?

Now, if the force— The Princess in alarm?

Silence in the ranks! Form ones! Present arms! (EXEUNT)

Enter Princess Diamond-eyes.

Princess.—So, so! these brutes of men think to subdue me,

And abdication constantly bring to me.

Ill luck sticks to me, like old maids to tabbies,

Or Mrs. Prodgers to her friends the cabbies.

How moped I am! No maids in this dull prison!

No one to talk to, and, worse, no one to listen!

I know not who's married or who's born,

What bonnets or what color'd hair is worn.

If I had Jill to romp with—; but I fear to.

Jack (without).—Hot rolls!

Princess.—Her young man, the baker, coming here, too!

Enter Jack.

Jack.—I know you! You're the Princess, I can see!

I thought so by your laughing. (Aside)—She seems struck with me!

Princess.—You're Jill's Jack.

Jack.— He! he! Yes.

Princess.— How very silly!

Jack.—I'm her flowery Jack, and she's my Jilly.

You've heard the news, of course? You're not a dunce—

We were asked in church last Sunday both at once.

Her cottage door's wide open to receive you,

SAYER'S MIRACULOE EMBROCATION FOR SPRAINS.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s, 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

And if you'll stay with her, she'll never leave you ;
 And though I'm but a half-baked ignoramus,
 I'll make at breakfast time your roll-call famous.
 Love levels all mates—empress with the clown—
 And lays the baker's peel beside the crown.

Princess—Go to your Jill, looby !

Jack— Oh, don't flout me !

Have you observed a nobleness about me ?
 Know of my birth there is a mystery :
 I've heard it said, in short, I'm not me,
 But some-one else. My birth is noble.

Princess.—Silence !

Jack— Be my bride,
 Unstain'd my crest, upon my father's side.

Princess.—Return to Jill ; say I approve her plans.

Jack.—Wed her, I wont—I forbid the banns !

The marriage stop.

Princess.— You take too much licence ;

Don't, sir, tiffy get, but quickly fly, since
 You scarce are sane to thus absurdly act ;
 Bid Jill expect me, when my trunk is pack'd. (EXIT.

Jack.—You shall suffer for this, though I the ring have bought ;

I'll not wed Jill, she's quite out oft court :

Why upraise that veil to so upset my mind,

That curtain still should be to me a blind ;

Her very name, like sugar, my mouth doth fill,

Its not an outlandish ugly one like Jill ;

The street boys can't think of that, but loudly shout—

“ Give my love to Sarah, when I walk her out.” (EXIT.

Enter Crackling and Oxtail, dragging on Princess.

Princess.—Jack is gone ! Is there no gallant youth who fly will
 To injured woman's succour.

Enter Prince Truelove.

True.—Yes, I will.

Princess.—Ah ! charming stranger, you've my prospect brighten'd.

Crackling, Oxtail, &c.—We're the ministry, are you frighten'd ?

Truelove.—Ministers, now-a-days, are very harmless,

And treat all matters with such stolid calmness ;

So at doing nothing each a talent shews

The nation's prosperous and needs repose. My good men, go,

Crack—Robbin-a-bobbin shall of this know. (ALL EXEUNT.

True.—I'm sent, Princess, to be your firm protector,

By fairy Goodheart.

Princess.—Yes, I recollect her.

True.—You'll not reject me.

Princess.—Why should I scorn you,

But to friendship keep—I first must warn you ;

To vows of love I'm deaf, however fond :

My heart's not at home—I can't respond.

True.—My case is worse, for I've no heart at all.

Princess.—I'm glad of that, for I then may raise my fall,

We'll be such friends.

True.—I'm settled.

Princess.—That start ?

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR BRUISES.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

True.—Its just arrived.

Princess.—The toothache?

True.—No—my heart!

Princess.—What fun!—more conquests.

True.—Maiden, hear my vow,

My breast untenanted has been till now;

On this hand I swear—(kisses it).

Princess.— The other try;

That's just been sworn on by the baker's boy.

True.—There seems some magic in that face of thine.

Princess.—As birds are limed we catch each masculine.

Enter Crackling, Oxtail, Pillallo, and Rank and File

CONCERTED FINALE.

True.—Her deameanour's enchanting,

She's a charming Princess.

Ah, she's no less—she's no less.

Rough breasts she sets panting,

With fond ardour's success;

All—Ah, we confess—we confess.

Princess.—I accept your bold admiration

Freely; but cannot affection return.

True.—To sadness—perhaps desperation

I shall be driven, if my vows you spurn.

CHORUS.

Her demeanours enchanting,

She's a charming Princess, &c. (ALL DANCE OFF.)

SCENE 4.

VILLAGE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND FAMOUS WELL OF JACK AND JILL.

Scholars enter and go to School.

Applecheek, the little Village Pedagogue, enters.

SONG.

I'm a merry little wight, who school keep day and night,
On village green so far away from town;
I words and letters teach, passing verbs and parts of speech,
To the clever cute—stupid dunce and clown.
I sigh and think it lone, this quiet country home;
But in mercy to my elders thus I hide.
If my talents you can see, it would be with them U P;
Their books they'ü burn and fly to suicide.
I've a little sweetheart got—what little boy has not?
Who of Paul and Virginia ever read.
Her name, I've not confessed—its B.O., spell the rest;
And she's famous for her little sleepy head;
But worse—she is a dunce, says two and two make once;
Then, I box the ears of that sad little girl,
But ah! when no one's by, I bid her wipe her eye
And softly kiss the place to make it well.

DANCE.

Enter Bopeep and her sheep.

You're late again, Miss, my strict rules defying,

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR LUMBAGO.
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists,

But I'll excuse you—hush! leave off crying.

Bopeep.—I was so tired, that sheep-track is steepish.

Apple.—You bad schnieder—no wonder you look sheepish.

Business with sheep and puts them in the fold.

They Exeunt. Children knock at Jill's door.

Enter Jill.

Jill.—I saw you there—a pretty state of things,
To be got out by these sham knocks and rings.
Two things prevent, or on the sward I'd stretch 'em;
First, I'm so mild; second, I can't catch 'em.
I never lose my temper—no one should;
Jacks says, "It would be a blessing if I could."
Ha! here he is, he'll walk in, never fear,
And walk in to the bread and cheese and beer.
Can't he just peck, dear John, when I'm his bride:
I'll within—my sighs can't be outside.

Jack enters with basket.

Jack.—I've run so fast, my heart beats quite a hubbub,
Its such away from town is to this subbub;
But haste a courting shows the well-bred lover,
Who's much to do and wants to get it over.
That Princess—oh! the thoughts distressing;
Be still, my heart, and don't be change confessing.

Knocks at Jill's door—falls.

Enter Jill.

Jill.—A pretty fright to give.

Jack.—I thought I'd shock her.

Jill.—Such conduct, sir, is not up to the knocker,

Jack.—I found the knocker down on me.

Jill.—Then drop it.

Jack.—When we are wed I'll for a latch-key swop it.

Jill.—I've been by such larks annoy'd all day.

Jack.—Then, call the P'lice—where's the Police, I say?

Jill.—A Christy at that riddle would be daunted:

Where's the Perlice?—Of course, where they are not wanted.

In some snug kitchen where law defied is,

Searching some poor traveller's *bona fides*.

If our Princess—

Jack.—She's coming here.

Jill.— Good Hevens!

And here am I at sixes and sevens.

Jack! bear a hand—its cleaning day, 'twon't hurt ye.

Jack.—I see its cleaning day, things are so dirty.

DUET.

BUSINESS AND EXIT.

Enter Twentywords.

Twenty.—To all it may concern, that distant drum

Proclaim the Ruler of Topsy-turvydom;

Robin-a-bobbin, Ben—the crowd's selection,

Engaged in tour of general inspection.

Procession enter.—Robin-a-bobbin attended by his Court.

Twenty.—Give 'em a speech.

Robin.—'Bout what?

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR TOOTHACHE.
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

Wool.—I wont distress you!

Say something—the governor will address you.

Robin.—Subjects!—Electors!—that is, you'll agree

This is a happy day for you and me,

Especially me that's unused to spouting,

Except at my pawnbroker's if you're doubting,

You only have to listen to my reasoning.

But to proceed. (To Woolsack.) How was that for seasoning?

We promise everything; and you'll allow

That I'm a good performer—won't you now?

For those who are without a coin and starving,

We'll take the income tax off—who's that laughing?

We'll have no labour laws to spite our neighbour—

In short, its our intent to abolish labour.

We mean to legalize dog and man fights too,

And give you women's rights, babies' rights too.

Down with the cat! but that no doubt you boys

Already do, when you eat saveloys.

Down with the standing army! here we swear

Each soldier for a year shall his coat wear.

Down with the navy! I would add, but no

That's going down as fast as it can go.

With all things downy down, and don't forget

To down with all the cooper you can get.

Down with adulteration's schemes and shoddy!

Down with everything and everybody! (Drinks.)

Pale ale t'is well—I shook e'm up I think—

And now I'll take something to eat and drink.

To whom belong those sheep?

Applecheeks.—They are my sister's, Sir, Bopeep.

Robin.—Cook 'em! Cook 'em!!

Apple.—They're not your's to cook.

Wool.—Who are you?

Apple.—A schoolmaster. There's my school.

Wool.—You little—

Apple.—Big enough to teach a fool.

Robin.—Ten legs of mutton boil'd with caper sauce.

Six forequarters of a cow for a second course.

Cook those sheep.

Wool.— Hush! since we've ejected

Old rulers, great deeds are of us expected,

And education now in every way

Has become indeed the question of the day.

Parents haul'd up and fin'd, have careful grown,

And boys who truant play, 'tis true arn't known.

Robin.—My birth's a myst'ry, don't call me fool,

I've never seen a child turn out of school.

Wool.—First class in alphabet.

Twenty.—Don't at them sneer,

They'll face examination more severe.

Robin.—Then it's little use our staying here.

EXIT. FROM COURT.

GRAND EVOLUTION OF CHILDREN.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR LOSS OF STRENGTH
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

SCENE.
A CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter Sir Cower de Custard.

Sir Cower.—Oh! what a hill, a steeper I ne'er met one.
A run upon a bank does so upset one.
All's safe! I've distanc'd my pursuer,
Whether friend or foe, of that I am not sure.
I'm such a craven, by the least thing fluster'd,
My name implies it—I'm Coward de Custard.

Enter Rank and File.

Rank.—One, two, three, four, five.
Sir Cower.—A slight pulsation! I'm still alive!
It was an apparition as I thought,
For though he's gone off, I heard no report.
Where can Prince Truelove, my master be?
This was the rendezvous. Please let me be.

Enter Prince Truelove.

True.—A soldier, and afraid! what's this, sir, pray?
Sir Cower.—That party's acting in the strangest way,
He's learnt my delicate organization,
And takes advantage of the situation. (RANK AND FILE EXITS.)
Prince.—Robin-a-bobbin, traitor vile, no less,
Has torn from me my love, the fair Princess,
She's fast prisoner kept, in castle keep,
Where window's high and wall is steep,
But not too high for love to climb secure,
And such a fate she shall not long endure.
I want a youth, as Scotch say, wee.

Sir Cower.—That remark is singular, if wee, means me.
True.—Her turret window's small, but you'll squeeze through it,
Now a rope ladder seek quickly, do it.
Sir Cower.—I climb a wall! you quite unnerve me.
True.—You are my trusty knight, and sworn to serve me.
Sir Cower.—If I should stick of all below the scoff.
True.—The guard below would doubtless pick you off.

Enter Rank and File.

In great enterprises the plan I think
Is first, the guard dispose of. Fetch me some drink.
EXIT SIR COWER.

With no one to relieve you, your duty's hard.
Rank.—Requested not to speak to the man on guard.

Re-enter Sir Cower with Wine.

True.—Comrade, drink.
Rank.—Hem, no, silence in the ranks.
True.—Just one glass.
Rank.—One to three, relieve guard, thanks.

Enter Oxtail, Crackling, Pillaloo, and Mob.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Let the wise ones say that drinking
Leads to sorry witless state,

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR UNBROKEN CHIL-
BLAINS.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

Let them tell us brains will soften,
 Boldly still will brave our fate.
 He who lives without enjoyment,
 Pleasure clothing with a pall,
 Must be more than half demented,
 Such a one ne'er live at all.
 Such a one ne'er live at all.
 Such a one ne'er live at all.
 Fill, fill high the sparkling cup,
 Brave soldier ever loves good wine,
 Gaily then the nectar sup,
 And drinking swear it is divine.
 SIR COWER, PRINCE, AND RANK AND FILE DANCE OFF.

Crackling.—The Army is drunk, a pretty state of things,
 You see the result that bad example brings;
 Robbin-a-bobbin is to blame for this;
 Through his misconduct its all amiss.

Wool.—Listen to me: of what do you complain?
 What reason do you raise 'gainst Robin's reign?

Crack.—He eats.

And drinks.

Pill—

No, physic takes.

Crack.—The duties of the state he quite forsakes.

Ox.—Bid him resign.

Wool.—

Do; and by my gown,
 Whoever bids, will quickly get knock'd down.
 He comes.

Enter Robbin-a-bobbin with Jack.

Robin.—Vulgar, who cares, let 'em talk,
 I can get more up with my knife than fork.
 Those sheep, who brings them to morrow e'er I wake
 Shall Princess wed.

Jack.—She'll be sorry for this, governor.

Robin.—Must have 'em.

Jack.—Governor.

Robin.—Those sheep.

Jack.—Bopeep's sheep I'll steal.

Robin.—Good, let it be seen to,
 Name your reward.

Jack.—I mean to.

I the Princess want: I'm silly but not shy,
 I'm not afraid: that you'll find old boy.

Robin.—She's yours.

Jack.—Your hand on it old pal!

Now must Jill *avaunt*; I want another gal.
 Who could have thought such luck could e'er occur,
 The sheep for him and then *Sheep's eyes* for her.

Crack (at Robin.)—Gourmond.

Pill.—Glutton.

Robin.—What's this effrontery,
 Keep vituperation for the country.

Jack.—Here's a row.

Crack.—You speak!

Ox.—

You!

Bid him resign.

Crack.—

Robin.—What's this?

Wool.— They're tired of you. Desire you'll sign
Your abdication. To their murmurs hark!

Robin.—I can't write, but I'll make my mark. (BEATS THEM)

Jack.—If they turn him out, what's to become of me?

Robin.—How's that for seasoning? read the riot act.

Wool.—Mighty Governor, these signatures exact
Your resignation; they demand a change.

Robin.—Who does?—is it you, or you,—or you? that is strange.

SONG.

I wish that I could look severe,
And see my subjects quake;
But when I frown they think I'm queer,
And have the stomach ache.
Before the glass I often try,
With dignity to pose;
But the effect is ruined by
This pimple on my nose.
Jack.— Robin, it is a carbuncle,
That is very clear,
Inherits p'raps from your uncle,
Or may be caused by beer.
A little cooling physic, I
Would recommend to you,
At all events, try to get rid my boy
Of that carbuncle do.

ALL DANCE OFF BUT JACK.

Jack.— They'll all suffer for this, of nursery Jacks
I'm the chief, to me the rest are quacks;
Me excel, they can't! but in the dumps
All own this Jack is Jack of trumps.

Enter Jill.

Jill.—At last I've found you, sir! what brings you here?

Jack.—Don't look crusty, called with bread, my dear:
Go in your bonnet, you'll suffer for this.

Jill.— Call yourself a lover?

Remove your duff, and yourself, you duffer!

I'll turn you up, though I with grief may sob.

Jack.—What! turn up Jack? then take one for his nob.

Bus—Chase.— Enter Prince and Princess.

Princess.—How shall I thank you?

True.— Give me your hand.

Princess.—What fun! how slow you are to understand;
Hands with hearts go, and hearts I've none, 'tis plain,
Or 'tis from home to-day; pray call again.

True.—Nay, say 'tis sleeping, like a bud held close,
Till love unseals it, as love the rose;
Dared I but clasp thee in my arms fast pressed,
I would catch the flame that now consumes my breast.

Princess.—Vain man!

True.— In love past hope, I swear I am!

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR RHEUMATISM.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

I love you more than boys love bread and jam ;
 Than girls love flattery—politicians place—
 More than Kenealy loves the Tichbourne case ;
 Than Irishmen a row ; than ducks love rain ;
 More than Don Carlos loves to torture Spain.

Princess.—How'ere you love me, pray stop at that ;
 Burst out I shall at thought of tittlebat.

True.—Deride me, cold one—I will not hope resign ;
 Love conquers ever, you will yet be mine.

Jill.—Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,
 Whose trembling pattens brings her to your door ;
 Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, and aforesaid,
 Because I don't happen to know any more.

True.—Obdurate fair !

Jack.— Ha ! don't fear, I will, I can
 Perfect you, Princess.

Princess.—Noble, good young man.

True.—Flirting before my face, with rage I'm burning,
 I will, I'll try my hand at table turning.

(*To Jill*)—Maiden, listen to my tale of love confessed ;
 Your heart is granite.

Jack.— Oh gran it—my request.

Jill.—Better dressed than Jack, how smart his clothes is ;
 Are you dressed by Hyam ?

True.— I am.

Jill.— Oh, Moses !

Princess.—Have done, take this boy away—fickle.

True.—Such sentiments from you my fancy tickle.

Princess.—Jealous !

Jill.— He proposed to me.

True.— That was in fun.

Jill.—You'll find it precious serious afore I've done ;
 I'll have the law.

Jack.— That's right, prove yourself a tearer,
 Nail your colours to the jury-mast ; wake up Sarah !

Jill.—I'll sue you, since you my word impeaches,

A breach of promise—yes, and as a pair of—trowsers. (EXIT.)

Jack.—Sarah has woke up.

Enter Twentywords.

Twenty.— Telegram.

Jack.— Not to-day.

A tip from the course to back a stiff 'un ; Eh ?

Twenty.—From Robbin-a-bobbin, wants a sheep for dinner.

Jack.—Oh ! I'd quite forgotten the sheep—then—win her.

Princess.—Solicitations cease.

True.— I sue for pardon

Say my delinquencies, you'll not be hard on ;

By enemies surrounded, you're here alone ;

Give me but hopes, I'll win you back your throne.

Jack.—What about me, you've heard ? of Willy—Nelly ;

What folks must—bah ! ba ! black sheep—I'm so silly ;

Rapture and ecstasy, combined with bliss,

As I've before observed—you'll suffer for this.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR GOUT.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

QUARTET,

True.—Mournfully, the hopes I cherished;
I surrender.

Princess.— No bad plan;
For though I regret they've perished,
I've no love for any man.

True.—Happiness now dissipated,
Off I shall go to Figi;
And when I have emigrated,
P'raps you'll think sometimes of me.

Princess.—There I'm told instead of wheaten
Loaves, on Emigrants they're fed,
But should you be killed and eaten;
Sympathetic tears I'll shed.

True.—If cannibals tuck you in Sir,
You'll not agree with them I'm sure.

Jack.—Georgy, porgy, pudding, pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
Georgy porgy, so they say
Kissed the girls, then he ran away.

Omnes.—Georgy, porgy, &c.

(EXEUNT.)

SCENE 6.

THE WATERFALL.

*Bopeep and Sheep discovered.**Enter Jack and Heads of People.*

Jack.—Have I gone wrong *wearship*? I think I ought,
This is a case of *Wearship* Street, if caught;
And this is where *Shep-as-tures* her small flock,
Worse Sheep I've seen than this young party's stock.
They'll suffer for this, that confounded glutton
H's saddled me with the charge of his mutton;
I'm cold,—the *Wether* p'raps, or thought of prison,
I'd like to *Ram* a weather down his wizen.
My shaking legs advance one step refuse to,
'Cause stealing *Ewes* is what they're quite unused to,
Shall I relent and lose that royal lass?
Pooh! wake up *Jack* and don't be a *Jackass*,
Bring 'em along, don't fancy this is flight,
I am going to see that all is right.

(EXIT.)

People carry off Sheep.

CHORUS.—“Little Bopeep, &c.”

Enter Fairy Queen.

Fairy Queen.—Faries, to Prince *Truelove* I must now hasten,
And blow him up, I should say, him I'll chasten;
The reason I am sure you'd never guess,
He's not aware a woman's *no* means *yes*.
From the Princess, the Prince has ran away,
They tell on Princes in the present day;
Of course I don't know, being but a Fairy,
Don't run away from girls,—quite the contrary.
Strike up a dance, as all who are here can dance,
And after that you'll on me dance attendance.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR NEURALGIA.
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

BALLET.

Bopeep and Applecheek rush on.

Apple.—We'll get 'em back dear, dont' look so forlorn,
I'll bring 'em quickly, let me blow your horn (BLOWS HORN);
Run Peepy, run, they can see me,
Here's *Sneider* first, bless his dear old jemmy.

Business with Sheep-Dog and Jack.

Jack—Where's the *Daily Telegraph*? brute unhand me,
Another man and dog fight, not at Hanley.

Jack fights dog. End of Scene.

SCENE 7.

Enter Princess.

Princess—Why did Truelove go, forward, foolish boy,
I scarce knew what I said, yet he must fly;
I thought he curt seem'd, then I curter grew,
And so he curt me, now what shall I do?
The tyrant Robin vows: who robs Bopeep,
The thief for his reward, my hand shall reap;
Sickly thought, if I a hand refuse, 'tis said
As an alternative, I lose my head,
It's going round, what's that, dread terrors creep?
My fate is sealed, they come, the sheep, the sheep. (EXIT.)

Enter Woolsack, Applecheek, Bopeep, and Sheep.

Apple.—Don't cry, Peepy, they'll repent this act,—poz.

How dare they drag you here? say who it was.

Wool.—That clever Jack, he failed to steal the sheep
And so kidnapped the shepherdess, Bopeep.

Apple.—I should like (squaring), but I went out of charity,
Take a mean advantage of desparity.

I'll give yon what you merit,—the cold shoulder.

Wool.—This tone is bold.

Apple.—You'll find this stone's Boulder.

Bopeep— Come away.

Wool.—Your name is Applecheek.

Bopeep— Of course.

And you are what you eat with *Apple* sauce.

Wool.—You whipper snapper, I'll crush you 'neath my heel.

Apple.—'Neath your heel you'll find me orange peal,
There dont be frighten'd Peepy, dry your eye,
She's tired and jaded, come to her boy (bye).

Wool.—Come to my chambers.

Apple.— He wants to bone us,

Very like a whale, Sir,—not for *Jonas*.

Wool.—I'll take her in,—I've a snug room got,

The cosiest little place, the tinst cot.

Apple.—While you kill her sheep, why they are not all here strange.

Wool. (aside)—Jack's preparing the others for the cooking range;

I did but jest when I talk'd of killing.

Let her come with me, you see she's willing. (*Bears Bopeep off.*)

Apple.—I'm left alone, I should annoy'd be, only,
We Englishmen dont mind much being lonly;
Left to ourselves, we very seldom blunder,

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR SPRAINS.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

But do such deeds, as strike the world with wonder.
 Our Livingstone, only by death o'erthrown,
 Show'd what a Britain could afford, alone ;
 Our gallant Nares and his companions brave
 Left by themselves to plough the Artic wave,
 Are sure what so'ere their luck,
 To give a good account of British pluck ;
 Hoping they'll win this last new game of pole'ah,
 And being quite alone I'll do a solo

SONG.

Although only a rustic,
 Yet of London I'm so fond,
 It's town and country both in one,
 Fron Sloane Street to Ball's Pond.
 For if I were a hunting man ;
 To Foxhall I could run,
 If Volunteer could practice at
 The Buts of Newington.
 I delight in Spitalfields,
 Where the air's so pure and sweet,
 And I am fond of Aldgate, too, of pump renown ;
 And I love the fragrant smell
 Of the Green of Clerkenwell,
 And the dear romantic grade of Horsley Down.
 (DANCES OFF.)

Enter Cower-de-Custurd.

Sir Cower.—I saw a little giant three feet high,
 I wonder if he's harmless, I'm so shy ;
 Why I am a prisoner kept, find bail I can,
 Give I O U, my heigho ! usual plan.

Enter Goodheart and Twentywords.

Who's that ?

Good.— Your master seek—

Twenty.—That I would do,
 But now I'm off duty.

Sir Cower.—

Good.—You are courageous, bold.

Sir Cower.—

No thank'ee,
 I'm mildest of young men, the weakest swankey ;
 Observe my mien sedate, my moral cast,
 I wear no watch because it might go fast.
 Dont bet, if I'd a good thing would'nt back it,
 At billiards, bowles, ne'er go the racquet ;
 Drink naught, but Schepp's entire tee-total cheer,
 Advise cremation to avoid the bier.

Good.—Serve me, and I'll free you from tyrant thrall,
 Bid your master quickly obey my call ;
 Tell him, I thought him made of firmer stuff,
 Than from love's contest fly, at first rebuff.
 Though perhaps 'tis well that he at least should learn
 How weak it is young Cupid's power to spurn ;
 Still his cause to serve, I'll lend my aid,
 Bid him the heart of this most stubborn maid

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR BRUISES.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists,

Again Essay.

Sir Cower.—He has, and finds denial.

Good.—In legal phrase then let him move new trial,
Listen to me, a thousand glittering Knights
Of well-proved valour in unnumbr'd fights;
Shall round his banner crowd, then once displayed
Bravery, will soon win the coyest maid.
Let him the crown obtain for diamond eyes,
And she shall no warrior's love despise;
Go, arm in freedom's cause, me bid him meet,
Where shall I say,—Hertzegovina Street. (EXIT.)

Sir Cower.—Fairies have us under their protection,
I feel more plucky at that reflection. (A NOISE.)

Twenty.—Uproar in Robbin-a-bobbin's kitchen,
The cooks revolting into Jack are pitching,
Shout interloper, resent his foolery.
Broken heads are threatened in the scullery. (EXEUNT.)

Enter Cooks and Jack; Cooks with joints. General Melee. Cooks Exit.
Sir Cower and Twenty words return.

Jack.—Because I am so silly. 'Twas a lively cricket;
Fine fielding that for single wicket.
Say did I shine that inning?

Sir Cower.— You did that.

Jack.—Observe! I gracefully carry out the bat. (EXIT.)

Sir Cower.—Artful rogue.

Twenty.— 'Tis time that you were gone,
But first a song.

Sir Cower.— Oh, no!

Twenty.— Yes, just one.

Sir Cower.—Don't be peppery, I've courage muster'd,
I'm now the brave Sir Cower de Custard.

DUET.

Sir Cower.—A valiant knight you'll find in me,
Now fairies lend to us their aid,
I'll be a Thames incendiary,
Of nothing on the earth afraid.

Twenty.—This statement I consider a
Tarraddiddle didder,
Tarraddiddle day.

Sir Cower.—And those who doubt my pluck will make
A very terrible mistake,
Will make a terrible mistake.

Twenty.—Terrible.

Sir Cower.—Terrible.

Both.—In the battle's terrible rivalry,
Up to all kinds of mischief and develry,
You will find that mirror of chivalry,
Cower de Custard, ha! ha!! ha!!!

DANCE OFF.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR LUMBAGO.
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

SCENE 8.

THE HALL OF PELICANS.

GRAND EVOLUTIONS.

Good.—Bopeep's schoolmates by me equipped are these,
Whose numbers will attacking force increase.

True.—Fair Princess, in your cause my sword shall speak,
And on usurping tyrant vengeance wreak.
Robin-a-bobbin's doomed, we'll soon unseat him,
And free each captive.

Princess— First with fair words greet him.

Good.—The populace roused are now debating
Where best their efforts may with yours be mating,
A red burst yonder of bright flame will tell
That venturous stormers come, to numbers swell.

Princess—Go summon him before an outraged nation,
To sue for pardon and yield abdication.

Enter Applecheek.

Apple.—We little folks will courage shew good knights,
With you to champion dear freedom's rights.

True.—Champion of the light weights.

Sir Cower— Impudence grows
So fast in these young boys, that no one knows
Where it will end.

Princess— Don't quarrel pick,
Its modern smartness.

Apple.— There's a French word—chic.

Jill Enters.

Jill—Here he comes, and hasn't he just heard my mind,
Jack's with him, birds of a feather both you'll find.

Enter Jack and Robbin-a-bobbin.

CONCERTED PIECE.

True.—Your army is as helpless.

Rank.— As helpless as can be.

Good.—And all is up with you.

Princess— While you are up a tree.
When you descend your noddle—

True.—We'll chop off and then go.

All—Down where the buttercups and daisies grow.

CHORUS (ALL DANCING).

Jack—I kissed my Dolly once and my Dolly kissed me.

Jill— Oh!

True.—I kissed my Dolly twice, and my Dolly

Princess— Kissed you? no!

Jack—I kissed my Dolly thrice.

True.— And so did I.

Princess— How low.

All—Down where the buttercups and daisies grow.

Jack—You'll all suffer for this
To morrow.

Jill— Oh! no doubt,

Go and your Dolly kiss, but mind what you're about.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR TOOTHACHE:
In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

Robin.—I shall my Dolly nix

And fake away also.

All—Down where the buttercups and daisies grow

GENERAL CHORUS.

Robin.—Refreshing this.

Jack—

Princess, you now are mine.

Princess—Come and and take me (Truelove gets before her).

Enter Clamour.

Clam.—

The fates 'gainst you combine,

But since they're sorrow laden, no grief I know.

True.—Advance, and by your prowess, quickly show

Designing traitors they well may pause.

When hands and hearts unite in freedom's cause.

GRAND MANŒUVRES.

Characters—Down with the traitors.

Jack—I'll suffer for this, I'll join the other side ;

But perhaps they wouldn't have me if I tried.

Still Robin has played out his little game,

They'll prison him and serve me too the same.

Horrible thought ! I'd sooner split my wizen

Then be locked up in that vile model prison.

Once there, you'll wish you were the turf beneath,

You can't escape there by the skin of your teeth.

The goalors render that quite hopeless, they

Invariably take your teeth away.

Should you this statement be disposed to doubt,

Ask the Alderman, and he will bear me out.

Crack., Pill., and Ox.—Down with the tyrant.

Jack—

Don't hurry, fair play ;

Don't cry down, till what's up you say.

Princess—Who keeps me captive, you bad old sinner ?

Wool.—Who swells the pension list for thieves to care ?

Crack.—Who neglects his duty for sumptuous fare ?

True.—His heart is hollow as his parent bell.

Jill and Jack—And, who, ah who ! put poor pussy in the well.

True.—Look, the signal, ah ! down with Bell Ben,

Who eats more meat than ten score men.

(MELEE.)

TABLEAU, END OF SCENE.

SCENE 9.

THE PALACE GARDENS.

Enter Prince Truelove.

True.—The shout of conquest and the triumphant roar

Around proclaim that tyrant's reign is o'er.

Now might I boldly claim the victor's prize,

But fear again the scorn of Diamond-eye's ;

My stubborn pride has 'gainst my heart rebelled,

And will not sue again to be repelled.

Bah ! I'm a fool ! such weakness I'll scorn,

Again be pink of fashion, mould of form ;

In Ulster wrapped, from chin to hidden feet,

Smoke cigars and ogle every girl I meet.

SONG.—“How do ye do?”

Well drest, I like walking along the street :
 Ah, how do ye do ? how do ye do ?
 With wave of my hand, so, I every one greet :
 Ha, how do ye do ? how do ye do ?
 That sporting gent, passers by whisper,
 A gentleman rider is he ;
 Or, if I but draw back my elbow,
 They champion at billiards think me.
 Sometimes, I unlucky creditors meet :
 Ah, how do ye do ? how do ye do ?
 He stares as I pass him, abashed at my sweet
 How do ye do ? how do ye do ?

Enter Woolsack, Crackling, Sir Cower de Custard, Pillallo, and Oxtail.

Wool.—This way he fled. Behold our noble chief !

Crack.—Hiding, at such a time, is past belief !

Sir Cower—Concealed, when every danger's past and gone !
 I could understand it if the fight were on.

Pill.—The tyrant has our strictest search evaded :
 High and low we've sought.

Sir Cower— I, too, have aided :
 Not that I cared to find him ; but, do ye see,
 I feared, if left alone, he might find me.

True—Where's the Princess ?

Wool.— We've met, and now declare
 Her sovereign sway ; but she her throne must share,
 In short, must marry.

Pill.— What bliss if she'd wed me !

Crack.—If she were mine—oh, double ecstatic !

True.—What suitors ! I can't imagine why men
 In such low circles should so yearn for Hymen.

Sir Cower—She'd joyfully accept you, if you'd declare
 Your ardent passion.

True.— Really, I don't care ;
 I'll make the effort.

Sir Cower— Don't be afraid to try.

Prince—Never !

Sir Cower— Then ask her to have me.

True.— Not I !

I've been rash : sad warning take from me !

Sir Cower—To save your bacon, I'd a rasher be.

True.—Both the sex, who please men but to fool 'em :
 They've reign'd too long ; it's time for us to rule 'em.

DUET.—“Air Les Retemeurs.”

True.—To woman's rights I have a great objection,
 If the fair sex wants nothing that's unfair ;
 But bear in mind we must, for our protection,
 Insist that woman do man's duties share.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR UNBROKEN CHIL-
 BLAINS.

In Bottles, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. To be obtained of all Chemists.

CHORUS.

Smoke and drink, bet and fight,
 In pool and billiards take delight,
 Get occasionally tight,
 And be locked up till morning.
 Lots of bills your name put to,
 And never pay them when they're due,
 And be bored and dunned till you
 Wish you'd ne'er been born.

Sir Cower—The army and navy they must serve in;
 In the police, too, and look after prigs;
 If judges made, they mus'n't think of swerving
 From duty, though they wear those hideous wigs.
 Smoke and drink, &c.

Enter Jill.

Jill—Here's a to do! The Princess has absconded,
 Because the court that she should wed demanded!
 Wouldn't I marry without such compulsion!
 I'd revel in it: there'd be no revulsion
 In my case to the nuptials. Says she, "I shan't
 Marry till I can love, and love I can't!"

True.—Let's seek her friends! Be quick! there's much to fear
 We foes may meet.

Sir Cower— Then I'll bring up the rear.

True.—Though hearts she chills, resentment we'll not cherish:
 Come, follow, friends! we'll succour her or perish! (EXEUNT.)

Jill—Oh! foolish woman, Diamond-eyes, come back!
 Can she have bolted with that rascal, Jack?
 He promised to make me his missus lawful:
 To lose the chance of being married—awful!
 If Jack's deserted me, he's no right to:
 There's woman's last resource I still can fly to.
 To bold Brigham Young myself I'll carry;
 He is a person always about to marry.
 Return, dear, if on all fours, to your love,
 And all shall be forgotten and forgiv!
 Come back, and claim this gushing heart now proffer'd!
 No further reward will after this be offer'd.

Enter Applecheek.

Apple.—Dear Jill, where, where is she?

Jill— Where's he?

Apple.—Where's who?

Jill— Where's my Jack?

Apple.—Where's Bopeep?

Jill.—Dun know!

Apple.—Why did I go?—why leave Bopeep to fate?

Jill.—These whys, it seems, are wise too late.

Apple.—If she had kept near me as I bid her,

They could not easily thus have hid her.

Jill.—That's plain as nose on face you may maintain;

Not my nose—nothing about me is plain.

Apple.—You've no foster-sister—feel my loss you can't.

Jill.—Not even a foster-uncle, that I arn't.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR TIC DOLOREUX.
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Apple.—Spectres!

Jill.—Police!

Apple.—Inspector.

Jill.—Where's that glutton?

They're ghosts of sheep—coldest of cold nautton.

The Spectres of the Sheep appear.

Apple.—I know what it is that each poor ghostly ails,
They'll never rest till you cut off their tails.

Jill.—I bless their sheeps'-heads—I hav'nt the pluck,
Here, take the scissors and you do cluck.

Business of cutting off Sheeps' tails.

Look!—look! the sheeps's tails all alive!

Apple.—These I'll keep—as to find Bopeep—I strive
With joy that sleepy-head again to see,
We then, like old King Cole, will merry be.

DANCE AND EXEUNT.

Enter Robin and Jack with bundles.

Robin.—All still!

Jack.—Let's go back—we shall suffer for this.

Robin.—If found, we're lost!

Jack.—Yes—everything's amiss.

Robin.—Flight's our only chance, to guard against surprises
We'd better at once assume our planned disguises.

Jack.—What! put 'em on here?

Robin.—Yes—your garments doff.

Jack.—Pulling them on's nothing to taking them off,
If we are seen.

Robin.—Pooh! bosh!—stop this agitation;
Screen yourself, like me, from observation
This wooing soon, I fear, will mind derange.

Jack.—Nay, this disguise be at least a change.

Robin.—That folks love chang^e who will the fact gainsay,
On crotchets prevalent we'll have our say.

DUET. AIR—“It seems very shocking to me.”
Though prophets we certainly are not, and don't
To be wiser than others profess;
We can see through a millstone as well, p'raps,
As most, and give what is called a shrew'd guess.
When we see dirty tricks such as when a man kicks
His missus, and knocks her about;
Though he may be well drest we call him a beast,
And I don't think we're very far out.

CHORUS.

I don't think we're very far out, my friends,
And though what we say you may scout;
If you calmly reflect, then I strongly suspect,
You'll find we're not very far out.
The brave Balaklava men some weeks ago,
Well feasted at fair Muswell Hill,
And a short time before the Turks, whom their gore
They spilt for, dishonored their bill.

If the bold Muscovite against Turkey should fight,
 And the Turks for help to us should shout,
 Our reply would be "can't—fight your own battles" shout,
 And I don't think I'm very far out.

Enter Applecheek.

Apple.—I've got them now, the joke my fancies tickle,
 They little think the rod for them in pickle. *Steal dresses.*

Robin (misses dress).

Robin.—What lark is this, sir? What's your little game?

Jack.—I was just about, sir, to remark the same.

Robin.—What, sir?

Jack.—Don't think at me, sir, to raise a grin;
 I can't myself, sir, see where the laugh comes in.

Robin.—I will come and pull your nose!

That is, I will, if you bring back my clothes.

Jack.—Bring what?

Robin.—My clothes.

Jack.—Your clothes?

Robin.—Do you decline?

Jack.—How can I bring back yours, when you've got mine?

Robin.—If I knew who tricked us.

Jack.—What then my hearty?

Robin.—They'd get a dressing.

Jack.—I wish I was the party.

Enter Applecheek, Woolsack, Crackling, Oxtail, Twentywords, and Sir Cover.

AIR.—"They all have a mate but me."

CHORUS.

Oh, the badger and the bear
 Are dressed better than this pair;
 So likewise is the big monk-ee;
 While the donkeys and the rabbits
 Are more decent in their habits,
 You don't in such a state them see.

Jack.—This if an awkward exposé,

I'll be sorry for this I guess.

Twenty.—I'll telegraph this very strange event

Directly to the press.

Sir Cover.—This shivering and this shaking is

Most painful to behold.

(JACK AND ROBIN SNEEZE.)

Jack and Rob.—Oh! put us in our beds, and tie up both our heads,

For we have each caught a terrible cold.

CHORUS.

Oh! the badger, &c.

ALL DANCE OFF.

SCENE 10

THE HOWLING WILDERNESS.

Enter Princess.

Here in these forest wilds my life I'll pass,
 From wicked men and all their naughty class;
 From pomp and power I'll sooner be divorced,

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION FOR GOUT.

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SONG.

*Enter Woolsack and Crackling.**Wool.*—She's here !*Crack.*— Princess, behold us in the dust ;*Princess.*—That's where you should be !*Wool.*— Marry one you must !*Princess.*—Never !*Enter Goodheart.*

'Tis so, if you'd the land release

From clamour, rule, and re-establish peace.

Princess.—All men I hate !*Wool.*— Oh, Princess !*Crack.*— Don't still frown.*Princess.*—Where's the Prince? why don't he claim and take **my**
crown ?*Good.*—Alas ! rash youth ! madden'd by your rejection,

Than into marriage by their will be forced.

Wed at the words of fools, whose pates are haddled,

Why should I be with such a bridal saddled ?

I want to be as all heriones should—

To all entreaties, stone—yes, to be woo'd

For years by one, who'd quarrel every morn

To make it up at night, who'd coyness scorn ;

Who'd kiss me though forbidden, and who'd guess

My sternest no implied the meekest yes.

Who'd grow impatient with my trifling till

He'd bear me off and wed me 'gainst my will :

Then joy confessing, we'd be two such spoony 'uns,

Oh ! blissful picture, sweetest of heart unions.

Has braved our power—accused us of deception—

For which his fate is sealed.

Princess.— No, Fairy, no !

Spare ! oh, spare him !

Good.— You plead !*Princess.*— I love him so.*Enter Twentywords and Prince Truelove.**Twenty.*—He's here.*Princess.*— My love !*True.*— Oh, bliss !*Princess.*—It was too hard to test my heart like this !

I'll never speak to you more.

*Enter Sir Cower and Jack.**Sir Cower.*— They ran away.

I've caught one.

Jack.—State the charge, and say what friend the fine will pay.

I'm so silly !

*Enter Jill.**Jill.*— I'll be bail.*Jack.*— No doubt of it.

If in a well I fall, she bails me out of it.

*Enter Applecheek and Bopeep with Robin.**Apple.*—Here's the glutton.*Robin.*— I'll never be one more !*Apple.*—He sheep seized.

Robin.— Which, if I would, I can't restore.
 Send me to the Belfry, where happily I dwelled :
 I'm tired of rebel, let me be reb-belled.
Good.—The last disposed of, to joint satisfaction—
 Settled out of court, 'stead of civil action—
 Your peace to crown, I bad and good invite—
Princess.—One moment, Fairy ! out of order, quite !
 Ere we depart, we've yet one task to do,
 Which is, kind public, to appeal to you.
 Don't be severe, but all the fears remove—
Jill.—Of Jack,
Jack.— And Jill,
Apple.— Bopeep,
Princess.— And Prince Truelove.

FINALE.—AIR "Auguste."

Prince.—If you to us your hands will now give,
 A handsome compliment 'twill be :
 In your esteem, if we can but live,
 We shall ne'er court other fee.
Princess.—To make us happy you've the power,
 The will also, I know you'll say.
Twenty.—If they've the will, my royal flower,
 I'm sure that they know the way.
Prince, Princess, and Twenty words.
 'Tis thus, thus, thus, and thus, thus,
 Thus, thus, thus, and thus, thus ;
 No language more expressive, or
 Agreeable is to us.
 Hip, hip, hurrah.

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hip, hurray.
 Finished is our little play,
 Hip, hip, hip, hurray.
Prince.—I'm to marry this sweet Princess.
Princess.—And I'm to marry this dear Prince.
Twenty.—This arrangement me convince,
 That from marriage I'd not wince.
All.—Hip, hip, hip, hurray, &c.
Jill.—If my face you tickle,
 You may laugh.
Jack.—Though I'm made ridiculous,
 And in a pickle
 Find myself, yet still
 I can stand chaff.
Sir Cower.—So can I, though timid as a calf.
 CHORUS.
 Hip, hip, hip, hurray, &c.

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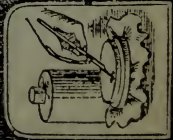
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