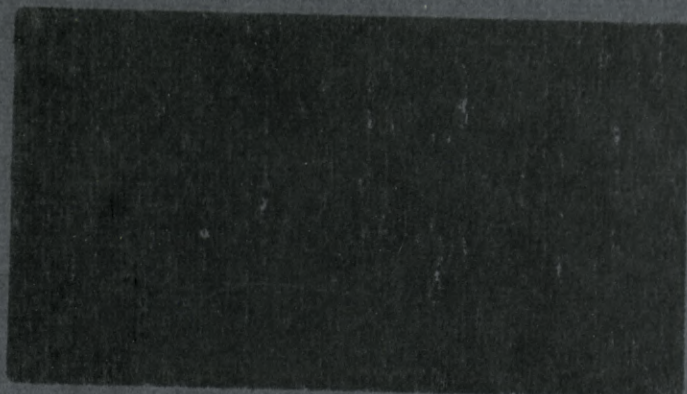


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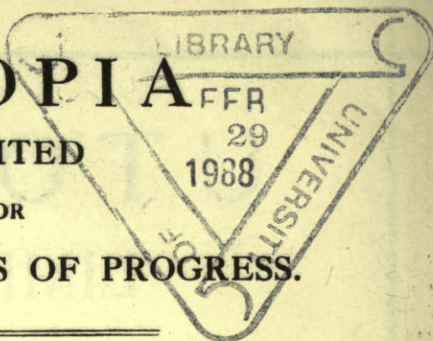
CANADIAN BRANCH

UTOPIA

LIMITED

OR

THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING PARAMOUNT THE FIRST	King of Utopia
PHANTIS	}	<i>Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court</i>
SCAPHIO				
TARARA	<i>The Public Exploder</i>
CALYNX	<i>The Utopian Vice-Chamberlain</i>

IMPORTED FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.

LORD DRAMALEIGH	<i>A British Lord Chamberlain</i>
CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE	<i>First Life Guards</i>
CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, K.C.B.	<i>Of the Royal Navy</i>
MR. GOLDBURY	<i>A Company Promoter</i>
<i>Afterwards Comptroller of the Utopian Household</i>				
SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.				
MR. BLUSHINGTON	<i>Of the County Council</i>

THE PRINCESS ZARA	...	<i>Eldest Daughter of King Paramount</i>		
THE PRINCESS NEKAYA	}	<i>Her Younger Sisters</i>
THE PRINCESS KALYBA				
THE LADY SOPHY	<i>Their English Gouvernante</i>
SALATA	}	<i>Utopian Maidens</i>
MELENE				
PHYLLA				

ACT I.—A UTOPIAN PALM GROVE.

ACT II.—THRONE ROOM IN KING PARAMOUNT'S PALACE.

UTOPIA

LIMITED

OR

THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Utopian Palm Grove in the garden of KING PARAMOUNT'S Palace, showing a picturesque and luxuriant Tropical landscape, with the sea in the distance. SALATA, MELENE, PHYLLA, and other Maidens discovered, lying lazily about the stage and thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotos-eating fashion.*

OPENING CHORUS.

In lazy languor—motionless,
We lie and dream of nothingness;
For visions come
From Poppydom
Direct at our command
Or, delicate alternative,
In open idleness we live,
With lyre and lute
And silver flute,
The life of Lazyland!

SOLO.—PHYLLA.

The song of birds
In ivied towers;
The rippling play
Of waterway;
The lowing herds;
The breath of flowers;
The languid loves
Of turtle doves—
These simple joys are all at hand
Upon thy shores, O Lazyland!

CHORUS.

In lazy languor, &c.

Enter CALYNX.

CALYNX. Good news! Great news! His Majesty's eldest daughter, Princess Zara, who left our shores five years since to go to England—the greatest, the most powerful, the wisest country in the world—has taken a high degree at Girton, and is on her way home again, having achieved a complete mastery over all the elements that have tended to raise that glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilized nations!

SALATA. Then in a few months Utopia may hope to be completely Anglicized?

CAL. Absolutely and without a doubt.

MELENE (*lazily*). We are very well as we are. Life without a care—every want supplied by a kind and fatherly monarch, who, despot though he be, has no other thought than to make his people happy—what have we to gain by the great change that is in store for us?

SAL. What have we to gain? English institutions, English tastes, and oh, English fashions!

CAL. England has made herself what she is because, in that favoured land, everyone has to think for himself. Here we have no need to think, because our monarch anticipates all our wants, and our political opinions are formed for us by the journals to which we subscribe. Oh, think how much more brilliant this dialogue would have been, if we had been accustomed to exercise our reflective powers! They say that in England the conversation of the very meanest is a coruscation of impromptu epigram!

Enter TARARA in a great rage.

TARARA. Lalabalele talala! Callabale lalabalica falahle!

CAL. (*horrified*). Stop—stop, I beg! (*All the ladies close their ears.*)

TARARA. Callamalala galalate! Caritalla lalabalee kallalale poo!

LADIES. Oh, stop him! stop him!

CAL. My Lord, I'm surprised at you. Are you not aware that His Majesty, in his despotic acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people, has ordered that the Utopian language shall be banished from his court, and that all communications shall henceforward be made in the English tongue?

TARARA. Yes, I'm perfectly aware of it, although—(*suddenly presenting an explosive "cracker"*). Stop—allow me.

CAL. (*pulls it.*) Now, what's that for?

TARARA. Why, I've recently been appointed Public Exploder to His Majesty, and as I'm constitutionally nervous, I must accustom myself by degrees to the startling nature of my duties. Thank you. I was about to say that although, as Public Exploder, I am next in succession to the throne, I nevertheless do my best to fall in with the royal decree. But when I am over-mastered by an indignant sense of overwhelming wrong, as I am now, I slip into my native tongue without knowing it. I am told that in the language of that great and pure nation, strong expressions do not exist, consequently when I want to let off steam I have no alternative but to say, "Lalabalele molola lililah kallalale poo!"

CAL. But what is your grievance?

TARARA. This—by our Constitution we are governed by a Despot who, although in theory, absolute—is, in practice, nothing of the kind—being watched day and night by two Wise Men whose duty it is, on his very first lapse from political or social propriety, to denounce him to me, the Public Exploder, and it then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite—allow me (*presenting a cracker which CALYNNX pulls*), thank you—and, as some compensation to my wounded feelings, I reign in his stead.

CAL. Yes. After many unhappy experiments in the direction of an ideal Republic, it was found that what may be described as a Despotism tempered by Dynamite provides, on the whole, the most satisfactory description of ruler—an autocrat who dares not abuse his autocratic power.

TARARA. That's the theory—but in practice, how does it act? Now, do you ever happen to see the Palace Peeper? (*producing a "Society" Paper*).

CAL. Never even heard of the journal.

TARARA. I'm not surprised, because His Majesty's agents always buy up the whole edition; but I have an aunt in the publishing department, and she has supplied me with a copy. Well, it actually teems with circumstantially convincing details of the King's abominable immoralities! If this high-class journal may be believed, His Majesty is one of the most Heliogabalian profligates that ever disgraced an autocratic throne! And *do* these Wise Men denounce him to me? Not a bit of it! They wink at his immoralities! Under the circumstances I really think I am justified in exclaiming "Lalabalele molola lililah kallabalele poo!" (*all horrified*.) I don't care—the occasion demands it.

[*Exit TARARA.*]

March. Enter Guard, escorting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.

CHORUS.

O make way for the Wise Men!
 They are prizemen—
 Double-first in the world's university!
 For though lovely this island,
 (Which is *my* land),
 She has no one to match them in *her* city.
 They're the pride of Utopia—
 Cornucopia
 Is each in his mental fertility.
 O they never make blunder,
 And no wonder,
 For they're triumphs of infallibility.

DUET.—SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.

In every mental lore,
 (The statement smacks of *vanity*),
 We claim to rank before
 The wisest of humanity.
 As gifts of head and heart
 We wasted on "utility,"
 We're "cast" to play a part
 Of great responsibility.

Our duty is to spy
 Upon our King's *illicities*,
 And keep a watchful eye
 On all his *eccentricities*.
 If ever a trick he tries
 That savours of *rascality*,
 At our decree he dies
 Without the least *formality*.

We fear no rude rebuff,
 Or newspaper publicity;
 Our word is quite enough,
 The rest is *electricity*.
 A pound of dynamite
 Explodes in his *auriculars*:
 It's not a pleasant sight—
 We'll spare you the *particulars*.

It's force all men confess,
 The King needs no *admonishing*—
 We may say its success
 Is something quite *astonishing*.

Our despot it imbues
 With virtues quite delectable;
 He minds his P's and Q's,—
 And keeps himself respectable.

Of a tyrant polite
 He's a paragon quite.
 He's as modest and mild
 In his ways as a child;
 And no one ever met
 With an autocrat, yet,
 So delightfully bland
 To the least in the land!

So make way for the wise men, &c.

Exeunt all but SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. PHANTIS is pensive.

SCA. Phantis, you are not in your customary exuberant spirits. What is wrong?

PHAN. Scaphio, I think you once told me that you have never loved?

SCA. Never! I have often marvelled at the fairy influence which weaves its rosy web about the faculties of the greatest and wisest of our race; but I thank Heaven I have never been subjected to its singular fascination. For, O Phantis! there is that within me that tells me that when my time *does* come, the convulsion will be tremendous! When I love, it will be with the accumulated fervour of sixty-six years! But I have an ideal—a semi-transparent Being, filled with an inorganic pink jelly—and I have never yet seen the woman who approaches within measurable distance of it. All are opaque—opaque—opaque!

PHAN. Keep that ideal firmly before you, and love not until you find her. Though but fifty-five, I am an old campaigner in the battle-fields of Love; and, believe me, it is better to be as you are, heart-free and happy, than as I am—eternally racked with doubting agonies! Scaphio, the Princess Zara returns from England to-day!

SCA. My poor boy, I see it all.

PHAN. Oh, Scaphio, she is so beautiful. Ah! you smile, for you have never seen her. She sailed for England three months before you took office.

SCA. Now tell me, is your affection requited?

PHAN. I do not know—I am not sure. Sometimes I think it is, and then come these torturing doubts! I feel sure that she

does not regard me with absolute indifference, for she could never look at me without having to go to bed with a sick headache.

SCA. That is surely something. Come, take heart, boy! you are young and beautiful. What more could maiden want?

PHAN. Ah! Scaphio, remember she returns from a land where every youth is as a young Greek god, and where such poor beauty as I can boast is seen at every turn.

SCA. Be of good cheer! Marry her, boy, if so your fancy wills, and be sure that love will come.

PHAN. (*overjoyed*). Then you will assist me in this?

SCA. Why, surely! Silly one, what have you to fear? We have but to say the word, and her father must consent. Is he not our very slave? Come, take heart. I cannot bear to see you sad.

PHAN. Now I may hope, indeed! Scaphio, you have placed me on the very pinnacle of human joy!

DUET.—SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.

SCA. Let all your doubts take wing—
Our influence is great.
If Paramount our King
Presume to hesitate,
Put on the screw,
And caution him
That he will rue
Disaster grim
That must ensue
To life and limb,
Should he pooh-pooh
This harmless whim.

BOTH. This harmless whim—this harmless whim,
It is, as { I } say, a harmless whim.
 { you }

PHAN. (*dancing*). Observe this dance
Which I employ
When I, by chance,
Go mad with joy.
What sentiment
Does this express?

(PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO vainly endeavours to discover its meaning.)

Supreme content
And happiness!

BOTH. And happiness—and happiness—
Of course it does—and happiness!

PHAN. Your friendly aid conferred,
I need no longer pine.
I've but to speak the word,
And lo! the maid is mine!
I do not choose
To be denied.
Or wish to lose
A lovely bride—
If to refuse
The King decide,
The Royal shoes
Then woe betide!

BOTH. Then woe betide—then woe betide
The Royal shoes then woe betide!

SCA. (*dancing*). This step to use
I condescend
Whene'er I choose
To serve a friend.
What it implies
Now try to guess;

[SCA. continues his dance while PHANTIS is vainly endeavouring to
discover its meaning.]

It typifies
Unselfishness!

BOTH (*dancing*). Unselfishness! Unselfishness!
Of course it does—unselfishness!
This step to use
We condescend! &c.

[*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*]

March. Enter KING PARAMOUNT attended by guards and nobles
and preceded by girls dancing before him.

CHORUS.

Quaff the nectar—cull the roses—
Gather fruit and flowers in plenty!
For our King no longer poses—
Sing the songs of *far niente*!

Wake the lute that sets us liting,
 Dance a welcome to each comer;
 Day by day our year is wilting—
 Sing the sunny songs of summer!
 La, la, la, la!

SONG.—KING.

A King of autocratic power we—
 A despot whose tyrannic will is law—
 Whose rule is paramount o'er land and sea,
 A Presence of unutterable awe!
 But though the awe that I inspire
 Must shrivel with imperial fire
 All foes whom it may chance to touch,
 To judge by what I see and hear,
 It does not seem to interfere
 With popular enjoyment, much.

CHORUS.

No, no—it does not interfere
 With our enjoyment much.

RECIT.—KING

My subjects all, it is your wish emphatic
 That all Utopia shall henceforth be modelled
 Upon that glorious country called Great Britain—
 To which some add—but others do not—Ireland.

ALL.

It is!

KING.

That being so, as you insist upon it,
 We have arranged that our two younger daughters
 Who have been "finished" by an English Lady—

(tenderly) A grave, and good, and gracious English Lady—
 Shall daily be exhibited in public,
 That all may learn what, from the English stand-point,
 Is looked upon as mainly perfection!
 Come hither, daughters!

Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA. They are twins, about fifteen years old; they are very modest and demure in their appearance, dress, and manner. They stand with their hands folded and their eyes cast down.

CHORUS.

How fair! how modest! how discreet
 How bashfully demure!
 See how they blush, as they've been taught,
 At this publicity unsought!
 How English and how pure!

DUET.—NEKAYA and KALYBA.

- BOTH. Although of native maids the cream,
 We're brought up on the English scheme—
 The best of all
 For great and small
 Who modesty adore.
- NEK. For English girls are good as gold,
 Extremely modest (so we're told),
 Demurely coy—divinely cold—
- KAL. And we are that—and more.
 To please papa, who argues thus—
 All girls should mould themselves on us
 Because we are
 By furlongs far
 The best of all the bunch,
 We show ourselves to loud applause
 From ten to four without a pause—
- NEK. Which is an awkward time because
 It cuts into our lunch.
- BOTH. Oh, maids of high and low degree,
 Whose social code is rather free,
 Please look at us and you will see
 What good young ladies ought to be!
- NEK. And as we stand, like clockwork toys,
 A lecturer whom papa employs
 Proceeds to praise
 Our modest ways
 And guileless character—
- KAL. Our well-known blush—our downcast eyes—
 Our famous look of mild surprise
 (Which competition still defies)—
- NEK. Our celebrated "Sir!!!"
- KAL. Then all the crowd take down our looks
 In pocket memorandum books.
 To diagnose Our modest pose
 The Kodaks do their best:

NEK. If evidence you would possess
Of what is maiden bashfulness,
You only need a button press—

KAL. And we do all the rest.

Enter LADY SOPHY—an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanour and dress. She carries a lecturer's wand in her hand. She is led on by the KING, who expresses great regard and admiration for her.

RECIT.—LADY SOPHY.

This morning we propose to illustrate
A course of maiden courtship, from the start
To the triumphant matrimonial finish.
(*Through the following song the two princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by LADY SOPHY.*)

SONG.—LADY SOPHY.

Bold-faced ranger
(Perfect stranger)
Meets two well-behaved young ladies.
He's attractive,
Young and active—
Each a little bit afraid is.
Youth advances,
At his glances
To their danger they awaken;
They repel him
As they tell him
He is very much mistaken.
Though they speak to him politely,
Please observe they're sneering slightly,
Just to show he's acting vainly.
This is Virtue saying plainly,
"Go away, young bachelor,
We are not what you take us for!"
When addressed impertinently,
English ladies answer gently,
"Go away, young bachelor,
We are not what you take us for!"
As he gazes,
Hat he raises,
Enters into conversation.

Makes excuses—
 This produces
 Interesting agitation.
 He, with daring,
 Undespairing,
 Gives his card—his rank discloses—
 Little heeding
 This proceeding,
 They turn up their little noses.
 Pray observe this lesson vital—
 When a man of rank and title
 His position first discloses,
 Always cock your little noses.
 When at home, let all the class
 Try this in the looking-glass.
 English girls of well-bred notions,
 Shun all unrehearsed emotions,
 English girls of highest class
 Practise them before the glass.

 His intentions
 Then he mentions.
 Something definite to go on—
 Makes recitals
 Of his titles,
 Hints at settlements, and so on.
 Smiling sweetly,
 They, discreetly,
 Ask for further evidences:
 Thus invited,
 He, delighted,
 Gives the usual references.
 This is business. Each is flattered
 When the offer's fairly uttered.
 "Which of them has his affection?"
 He declines to make selection.
 Do they quarrel for his dress?
 Not a bit of it—they toss!
 Please observe this cogent moral—
 English ladies never quarrel.
 When a doubt they come across,
 English ladies always toss

RECIT.—LADY SOPHY.

The lecture's ended. In ten minutes' space
 'Twill be repeated in the market-place!
 [*Exit* LADY SOPHY, *followed by* NEKAYA and KALYBA.

CHORUS.

Quaff the nectar—cull the roses—
 Bashful girls will soon be plenty!
 Maid who thus at fifteen poses
 Ought to be divine at twenty!

[*Exit* CHORUS. *Manet* KING.

KING. I requested Scaphio and Phantis to be so good as to favour me with an audience this morning. (*Enter* SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.) Oh, here they are!

SCA. Your Majesty wished to speak with us, I believe. You—you needn't keep your crown on, on our account, you know.

KING. I beg your pardon (*removes it*). I always forget that! Odd, the notion of a King not being allowed to wear one of his own crowns in the presence of two of his own subjects.

PHAN. Yes—bizarre, is it not?

KING. Most quaint. But then it's a quaint world.

PHAN. Teems with quiet fun. I often think what a lucky thing it is that you are blessed with such a keen sense of humour!

KING. Do you know, I find it invaluable. Do what I will, I *cannot* help looking at the humorous side of things—for, properly considered, everything has its humorous side—even the Palace Peepers (*producing it*). See here—"Another Royal Scandal," by Junius Junior. "How long is this to last?" by Senex Senior. "Ribald Royalty," by Mercury Major. "Where is the Public Exploder?" by Mephistopheles Minor. When I reflect that all these outrageous attacks on my morality are written by me, at your command—well, it's one of the funniest things that have come within the scope of my experience.

SCA. Besides, apart from that, they have a quiet humour of their own which is simply irresistible.

KING (*gratified*). Not bad, I think. Biting, trenchant sarcasm—the rapier, not the bludgeon—that's my line. But then it's so easy—I'm such a good subject—a Bad King but a good Subject—ha! ha!—a capital heading for next week's leading article! (*makes a note*). And then the stinging little paragraphs about our Royal goings-on with our Royal Second Housemaid—delicately sub-acid, are they not?

SCA. My dear King, in that kind of thing no one can hold a candle to you.

PHAN. But the crowning joke is the Comic Opera you've written for us—"King Tuppence, or A Good deal Less than Half a Sovereign"—in which the celebrated English tenor, Mr. Wilkinson, burlesques your personal appearance and gives grotesque imitations of your Royal peculiarities. It's immense!

KING. Ye—es—That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Now I've not the least doubt but that even *that* has its humorous side, too—if one could only see it. As a rule, I'm pretty quick at detecting latent humour—but I confess I do *not* quite see where it comes in, in this particular instance. It's so horribly personal!

SCA. Personal? Yes, of course it's personal—but consider the antithetical humour of the situation.

KING. Yes. I—I don't think I've quite grasped that.

SCA. No? You surprise me. Why consider. During the day thousands tremble at your frown, during the night (from 8 to 11) thousands roar at it. During the day your most arbitrary pronouncements are received by your subjects with abject submission—during the night, they shout with joy at your most terrible decrees. It's not every monarch who enjoys the privilege of undoing by night all the despotic absurdities he's committed during the day.

KING. Of course! Now I see it! Thank you very much. I was sure it had its humorous side, and it was very dull of me not to have seen it before. But, as I said just now, it's a quaint world.

PHAN. Teems with quiet fun.

KING. Yes. Properly considered, what a farce life is, to be sure!

SONG—KING.

First you're born—and I'll be bound you
Find a dozen strangers round you.
"Hallo," cries the new-born baby,
"Where's my parents? which may they be?
Awkward silence—no reply—
Puzzled baby wonders why!
Father rises, bows politely—
Mother smiles, (but not too brightly)—
Doctor mumbles like a dumb thing—
Nurse is busy mixing something.—
Every symptom tends to show
You're decidedly *de trop*—

ALL.

Ho! ho ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Time's teetotum,

If you spin it

Gives its quatum

Once a minute.

I'll go bail

You hit the nail,

And if you fail

The deuce is in it!

You grow up, and you discover

What it is to be a lover.

Some young lady is selected—

Poor, perhaps, but well-connected,

Whom you hail (for Love is blind)

As the Queen of fairy kind.

Though she's plain—perhaps unsightly,

Makes her face up—laces tightly,

In her form your fancy traces

All the gifts of all the graces.

Rivals none the maiden woo,

So you take her and she takes you!

ALL.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Joke beginning,

Never ceases

Till your inning

Time releases,

On your way

You blindly stray,

And day by day

The joke increases!

Ten years later—Time progresses—

Sours your temper—thins your tresses;

Fancy, then, her chain relaxes;

Rates are facts and so are taxes.

Fairy Queen's no longer young—

Fairy Queen has got a tongue.

Twins have probably intruded—

Quite unbidden—just as you did—

They're a source of care and trouble.

Just as you were—only double.

Comes at last the final stroke—

Time has had his little joke!

ALL.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Daily driven

(Wife as drover)

Ill you've thriven—

Ne'er in clover

Lastly, when

Three-score and ten

(And not till then),

The joke is over!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Then—and then

The joke is over!

[*Exeunt* SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. *Manet* KING.]

KING (*putting on his crown again*). It's all very well. I always like to look on the humorous side of things; but I do *not* think I ought to be required to write libels on my own moral character. Naturally, I see the joke of it—anybody would—but Zara's coming home to-day; she's no longer a child, and I confess I should *not* like her to see my Opera—though it's uncommonly well written; and I should be sorry if the Palace Peeper got into her hands—though it's certainly smart—very smart indeed. It is almost a pity that I have to buy up the whole edition, because it's really too good to be lost. And Lady Sophy—that blameless type of perfect womanhood! Great Heavens, what would *she* say if the Second Housemaid business happened to meet *her* pure blue eye!

Enter LADY SOPHY.LADY S. My monarch is soliloquizing. I will withdraw (*going*).

KING. No—pray don't go. Now I'll give you fifty chances, and you won't guess whom I was thinking of.

LADY S. Alas, sir, I know too well. Ah! King, it's an old, old story, and I'm well nigh weary of it! Be warned in time—from my heart I pity you, but I am not for you! (*going*).

KING. But hear what I have to say.

LADY S. It is useless. Listen. In the course of a long and adventurous career in the principal European Courts, it has been revealed to me that I unconsciously exercise a weird and supernatural fascination over all Crowned Heads. So irresistible is this singular property, that there is not a European Monarch who has not implored me, with tears in his eyes, to quit his kingdom, and take my fatal charms elsewhere. As time was getting on it occurred to me that by descending several pegs in

the scale of Respectability I might qualify your Majesty for my hand. Actuated by this humane motive and happening to possess Respectability enough for Six, I consented to confer Respectability enough for Four upon your two younger daughters—but although I have, alas, only Respectability enough for Two left, there is still, as I gather from the public press of this country (*producing the Palace Peeper*), a considerable balance in my favour.

KING (*aside*). Da—! (*Aloud.*) May I ask how you came by this?

LADY S. It was handed to me by the officer who holds the position of Public Exploder to your Imperial Majesty.

KING. And surely, Lady Sophy, surely you are not so unjust as to place any faith in the irresponsible gabble of the Society press!

LADY S. (*referring to paper*). I read on the authority of Senex Senior that your Majesty was seen dancing with your Second Housemaid on the Oriental Platform of the Tivoli Gardens. That is untrue?

KING. Absolutely. Our Second Housemaid has only one leg.

LADY S. (*suspiciously*). How do you know that?

KING. Common report, I give you my honour.

LADY S. It may be so. I further read—and the statement is vouched for by no less an authority than Mephistopheles Minor—that your Majesty indulges in a bath of hot rum-punch every morning. I trust I do not lay myself open to the charge of displaying an indelicate curiosity as to the mysteries of the royal dressing-room when I ask if there is any foundation for this statement?

KING. None whatever. When our medical adviser exhibits rum-punch it is as a draught, not as a fomentation. As to our bath, our valet plays the garden hose upon us every morning.

LADY S. (*shocked*). Oh, pray—pray spare me these unseemly details. Well, you are a Despot—have you taken steps to slay this scribbler?

KING. Well, no—I have *not* gone so far as that. After all, it's the poor devil's living, you know.

LADY S. It is the poor devil's living that surprises me. If this man lies, there is no recognized punishment that is sufficiently terrible for him.

KING. That's precisely it. I—I am waiting until a punishment is discovered that will exactly meet the enormity of the case. I am in constant communication with the Mikado of Japan, who is a leading authority on such points; and, moreover, I have the ground plans and sectional elevations of several capital punishments in my desk at this moment. Oh, Lady Sophy, as you are powerful, be merciful!

DUET.—KING and LADY SOPHY.

KING. Subjected to our heavenly gaze
 (Poetical phrase),
 My brain is turned completely.
 Observe me now,
 No Monarch, I vow,
 Was ever so far afflicted!

LADY S. I'm pleased with that poetical phrase,
 " A heavenly gaze,"
 But though you put it neatly,
 Say what you will,
 These paragraphs still
 Remain uncontradicted.

Come, crush me this contemptible worm
 (A forcible term),
 If he's assailed you wrongly.
 The rage display,
 Which, as you say,
 Has moved your Majesty lately.

KING. Though I admit that forcible term,
 " Contemptible worm,"
 Appeals to me most strongly,
 To treat this pest
 As you suggest
 Would pain my Majesty greatly

LADY S. This writer lies!

KING. Yes, bother his eyes!

LADY S. He lives, you say?

KING. In a sort of way.

LADY S. Then have him shot.

KING. Decidedly not.

LADY S. Or crush him flat.

KING. I cannot do that.

BOTH.

O royal Rex,
 { My } blameless sex
 { Her }
 Abhors such conduct shady.
 { You } plead in vain,
 { I }
 { You } never will gain
 { I }
 Respectable English lady!

[Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.]

March. Enter all the Court, heralding the arrival of the PRINCESS ZARA, who enters, escorted by CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE and four troopers, all in the full uniform of the First Life Guards.

CHORUS.

Oh, maiden, rich
 In Girton lore,
 That wisdom which
 We prized before,
 We do confess
 Is nothingness,
 And rather less,
 Perhaps, than more.
 On each of us
 Thy learning shed.
 On calculus
 May we be fed.
 And teach us, please,
 To speak with ease
 All languages,
 Alive and dead!

SOLO—PRINCESS and CHORUS.

ZARA. Five years have flown since I took wing—
 Time flies, and his footstep ne'er retards—
 I'm the eldest daughter of your king.
 TROOPERS. And we are her escort—First Life Guards!
 On the royal yacht,
 When the waves were white,
 In a helmet hot
 And a tunic tight,
 And our great big boots,
 We defied the storm:

For we're not recruits,
 And his uniform
 A well-drilled trooper ne'er discards—
 And we are her escort—First Life Guards!

ZARA. These gentlemen I present to you,
 The pride and boast of their barrack-yards;
 They've taken O such care of me!

TROOPERS. For we are her escort—First Life Guards!
 When the tempest rose,
 And the ship went so—
 Do you suppose
 We were ill? No, no!
 Though a qualmish lot
 In a tunic tight,
 And a helmet hot,
 And a breastplate bright
 (Which a well-drilled trooper ne'er discards).
 We stood as her escort—First Life Guards!

FULL CHORUS.

Knightsbridge nursemaids—serving fairies—
 Stars of proud Belgravian airies;
 At stern duty's call you leave them,
 Though you know how that must grieve them!

ZARA. Tantantarara-rara-rara!

CAPT. FITZ. Trumpet-call of Princess Zara!

CHORUS. That's trump-call, and they're all trump cards—
 They are her escort—First Life Guards!

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS.

PRINCESS ZARA and FITZBATTLE-

LADIES. Knightsbridge nurse-
 maids, &c.

AXE (*aside*)

MEN. When soldier seeks, &c.

Oh! the hours are gold,
 And the joys untold,
 When my eyes behold
 My beloved Princess;
 And the years will seem
 But a brief day dream,
 In the joy extreme
 Of our happiness!

FULL CHORUS. Knightsbridge nursemaids, serving fairies, &c.

KING, PRINCESSES NEKAYA and KALYBA, and LADY SOPHY.
As the KING enters the escort present arms.

KING. Zara! my beloved daughter! Why, how well you look
 and how lovely you have grown! (*embraces her*).

ZARA. My dear father! (*embracing him*). And my two beautiful little sisters! (*embracing them*).

NEK. Not beautiful.

KAL. Nice looking.

ZARA. But first let me present to you the English warrior who commands my escort, and who has taken, O! such care of me during the voyage—Captain Fitzbattleaxe!

TROOPERS.

The First Life Guards.

When the tempest rose,
And the ship went so—

(CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE *motions them to be silent. The Troopers place themselves in the four corners of the stage, standing at ease, immovably, as if on sentry. Each is surrounded by an admiring group of young ladies, of whom they take no notice.*

KING (*to CAPT. FITZ.*). Sir, you come from a country where every virtue flourishes. We trust that you will not criticise too severely such shortcomings as you may detect in our semi-barbarous society.

FITZ. (*looking at ZARA*). Sir, I have eyes for nothing but the blameless and the beautiful.

KING. We thank you—he is really very polite! (LADY SOPHY, *who has been greatly scandalized by the attentions paid to the Lifeguardsmen by the young ladies, marches the PRINCESSES NEKAYA and KALYBA towards an exit.*) Lady Sophy, do not leave us.

LADY S. Sir, your children are young, and, so far, innocent. If they are to remain so, it is necessary that they be at once removed from the contamination of their present disgraceful surroundings. (*She marches them off.*)

KING (*whose attention has thus been called to the proceedings of the young ladies—aside*). Dear, dear! They really shouldn't. (*Aloud.*) Captain Fitzbattleaxe—

FITZ. Sir.

KING. Your Troopers appear to be receiving a troublesome amount of attention from those young ladies. I know how strict you English soldiers are, and I should be extremely distressed if anything occurred to shock their puritanical British sensitiveness.

FITZ. Oh, I don't think there's any chance of that.

KING. You think not? They won't be offended?

FITZ. Oh no! They are quite hardened to it. They get a good deal of that sort of thing, standing sentry at the Horse Guards.

KING. It's English, is it?

FITZ. It's particularly English.

KING. Then, of course, it's all right. Pray proceed, ladies, it's particularly English. Come, my daughter, for we have much to say to each other.

ZARA. Farewell, Captain Fitzbattleaxe! I cannot thank you too emphatically for the devoted care with which you have watched over me during our long and eventful voyage.

DUET.—ZARA and CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE.

ZARA. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true
 In tented field and tourney,
 I grieve to have occasioned you
 So very long a journey.
 A British soldier gives up all—
 His home and island beauty—
 When summoned by the trumpet-call
 Of Regimental Duty!

ALL. Tantantara-rara-rara!
 Trumpet-call of Princess Zara!

ENSEMBLE.

MEN.	FITZBATTLEAXE and ZARA (<i>aside</i>)
A British warrior gives up all, &c.	Oh my joy, my pride, My delight to hide, Let us sing, aside, What in truth we feel.
LADIES.	
Knightsbridge nursemaids, &c.	Let us whisper low Of our love's glad glow, Lest the truth we show We would fain conceal.
FITZ.	Such escort duty, as his due, To young Lifeguardsman falling Completely reconciles him to His uneventful calling When soldier seeks Utopian glades In charge of Youth and Beauty, Then pleasure merely masquerades As Regimental Duty!
ALL.	Tantantara-rara-rara! Trumpet-call of Princess Zara!

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS.

MEN.

A British warrior, &c.

WOMEN.

Knightsbridge nursemaids, &c.

FITZBATTLEAXE and ZARA (*aside*).

Oh the hours are gold
 And the joys untold
 When my eyes behold
 My beloved Princess,
 And the year will seem
 But a brief day-dream
 In the joy extreme
 Of our happiness!

[*Exeunt KING and PRINCESS in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction. Enter, at back, SCAPHIO and PHANTIS, who watch the PRINCESS as she goes off. SCAPHIO is seated, shaking violently, and obviously under the influence of some strong emotion.*]

PHAN. There—tell me, Scaphio, is she not beautiful? Can you wonder that I love her so passionately?

SCA. No. She is extraordinarily miraculously lovely! Good heavens, what a singularly beautiful girl!

PHAN. I knew you would say so!

SCA. What exquisite charm of manner! What surprising delicacy of gesture! Why she's a goddess! a very goddess!

PHAN. (*rather taken aback*). Yes—she's—she's an attractive girl.

SCA. Attractive? Why you must be blind! She's entrancing—enthraling!—intoxicating! (*aside*). God bless my heart, what's the matter with me?

PHAN. (*alarmed*). Yes. You—you promised to help me to get her father's consent, you know.

SCA. Promised! Yes, but the convulsion has come, my good boy! It is she—my ideal! Why, what's this? (*staggering*). Phantis! Stop me—I'm going mad—mad with the love of her!

PHAN. Scaphio, compose yourself, I beg. The girl is perfectly opaque! Besides, remember—each of us is helpless without the other. You can't succeed without my consent, you know.

SCA. And you dare to threaten? Oh ungrateful! When you came to me, palsied with love for this girl, and implored my assistance, did I not unhesitatingly promise it? And this is the return you make? Out of my sight, ingrate! (*Aside.*) Dear! dear! what is the matter with me?

Enter CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE and ZARA.

ZARA. Dear me. I'm afraid we are interrupting a *tête-à-tête*.

SCA. (*breathlessly*). No, no. You come very appropriately. To be brief, we—we love you—this man and I—madly—passionately!

ZARA. Sir!

SCA. And we don't know how we are to settle which of us is to marry you.

FITZ. Zara, this is very awkward.

SCA. (*very much overcome*). I—I am paralyzed by the singular radiance of your extraordinary loveliness. I know I am incoherent. I never was like this before—it shall not occur again. I—shall be fluent, presently.

ZARA. (*aside*). Oh, dear, Captain Fitzbattleaxe, what is to be done?

FITZ. (*aside*). Leave it to me—I'll manage it. (*aloud*) It's a common situation. Why not settle it in the English fashion?

BOTH. The English fashion? What is that?

FITZ. It's very simple. In England, when two gentlemen are in love with the same lady, and until it is settled which gentleman is to blow out the brains of the other, it is provided, by the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act, that the lady shall be entrusted to an officer of Household Cavalry as stakeholder, who is bound to hand her over to the survivor (on the Tontine principle) in a good condition of substantial and decorative repair.

SCA. Reasonable wear and tear and damages by fire excepted?

FITZ. Exactly.

PHAN. Well, that seems very reasonable. (*To* SCAPHIO.) What do you say—Shall we entrust her to this officer of Household Cavalry? It will give us time.

SCA. (*trembling violently*). I—I am not at present in a condition to think it out coolly—but if he is an officer of Household Cavalry, and if the Princess consents—

ZARA. Alas, dear sirs, I have no alternative—under the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act!

FITZ. Good—then that's settled.

QUARTETTE.

FITZBATTLEAXE, ZARA, SCAPHIO, and PHANTIS.

FITZ. It's understood, I think, all round
That, by the English custom bound,
I hold the lady safe and sound
In trust for either rival,

Until you clearly testify
 By sword or pistol, by and bye,
 Which gentleman prefers to die,
 And which prefers survival.

ENSEMBLE.

SCA. and PHAN.

It's clearly understood, all round,
 That, by your English custom bound,
 He holds the lady safe and sound
 In trust for either rival,
 Until we clearly testify
 By sword and pistol, by and bye,
 Which gentleman prefers to die,
 And which prefers survival.

ZARA and FITZ. (*aside*).

We stand, I think, on safe ground,
 Our senses weak it will astound
 If either gentleman is found
 Prepared to meet his rival.
 Their machinations we defy;
 We won't be parted, you and I—
 Of bloodshed each is rather shy—
 They both prefer survival!

PHAN. If I should die and he should live,
 (*aside to FITZ.*) To you, without reserve, I give
 Her heart so young and sensitive,
 And all her predilections.

SCA. If he should live and I should die,
 (*aside to FITZ.*) I see no kind of reason why
 You should not, if you wish it, try
 To gain her young affections.

ENSEMBLE.

SCA. and PHAN (*angrily to each other*).

If I should die and you should live,
 To this young officer I give
 Her heart so soft and sensitive,
 And all her predilections.
 If you should live and I should die,
 I see no kind reason why
 He should not, if he chooses, try
 To win her young affections.

FITZ. and ZARA. (*aside*).

As both of us are positive
 That both of them intend to live,
 There's nothing in the case to give
 Us cause for grave reflections.
 As both will live and neither die
 I see no kind of reason why
 I should not, if I wish it, try
 To gain your young affections!

[*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS together.*]

DUET.—ZARA and FITZBATTLEAXE.

ENSEMBLE.

Oh admirable art!
 Oh neatly-planned intention!
 Oh happy intervention—
 Oh well-constructed plot!

When sages try to part
 Two loving hearts in fusion,
 Their wisdom's a delusion,
 And learning serves them not!

FITZ. Until quite plain
 Is their intent,
 These sages twain
 I represent.
 Now please infer
 That, nothing loth,
 You're henceforth, as it were,
 Engaged to marry both—

Then take it that I represent the two—
On that hypothesis, what would you do?

ZARA (*aside*). What would I do? what would I do?

ZARA. In such a case,
Upon your breast,
My blushing face
I think I'd rest— (*doing so.*)
Then perhaps I might
Demurely say—
“ I find this breastplate bright
Is sorely in the way! ”

That is, supposing it were true
That I'm engaged to both—and both were you!

ENSEMBLE.

Our mortal race
Is never blest—
There's no such case
As perfect rest;
Some petty blight
Asserts its sway—
Some crumpled roseleaf light
Is always in the way!
(*Exit FITZBATTLEAXE. Manet ZARA.*)

Enter KING.

KING. My daughter! At last we are alone together.

ZARA. Yes, and I'm glad we are, for I want to speak to you very seriously. Do you know this paper?

KING (*aside*). Da——! (*Aloud.*) Oh, yes—I've—I've seen it. Where in the world did you get this from?

ZARA. It was given to me by Lady Sophy—my sister's governess.

KING (*aside*). Lady Sophy's an angel, but I do sometimes wish she'd mind her own business! (*Aloud.*) It's—ha! ha!—it's rather humorous.

ZARA. I see nothing humorous in it. I only see that you, the despotic King of this country, are made the subject of the most scandalous insinuations. Why do you permit these things?

KING. Well, they appeal to my sense of humour. It's the only really comic paper in Utopia, and I wouldn't be without it for the world.

ZARA. If it had any literary merit I could understand it.

KING. Oh, it *has* literary merit. Oh, distinctly, it has literary merit.

ZARA. My dear father, it's mere ungrammatical twaddle.

KING. Oh, it's not ungrammatical. I can't allow that. Unpleasantly personal, perhaps, but written with an epigrammatical point that is very rare now-a-days—very rare indeed.

ZARA. (*looking at cartoon*). Why do they represent you with such a big nose?

KING (*looking at cartoon*). Eh? Yes, it is a big one! Why, the fact is that, in the cartoons of a comic paper, the size of your nose always varies inversely as the square of your popularity. It's the rule.

ZARA. Then you must be at a tremendous discount, just now! I see a notice of a new piece called "King Tuppence," in which an English tenor has the audacity to personate you on a public stage. I can only say that I am surprised that any English tenor should lend himself to such degrading personalities.

KING. Oh, he's not really English. As it happens he's a Utopian, but he calls himself English.

ZARA. Calls himself English?

KING. Yes. Bless you, they wouldn't listen to any tenor who didn't call himself English.

ZARA. And you permit this insolent buffoon to caricature you in a pointless burlesque! My dear father—if you were a free agent, you would never permit these outrages.

KING (*almost in tears*). Zara—I—I admit I am not altogether a free agent. I—I am controlled. I try to make the best of it, but sometimes I find it very difficult—very difficult indeed. Nominally a Despot, I am, between ourselves, the helpless tool of two unscrupulous Wise Men, who insist on my falling in with all their wishes and threaten to denounce me for immediate explosion if I remonstrate! (*Breaks down completely.*)

ZARA. My poor father! Now listen to me. With a view to remodelling the political and social institutions of Utopia, I have brought with me six Representatives of the principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy and blameless country which the consensus of European civilization has declared it to be. Place yourself unreservedly in the hands of these gentlemen, and they will reorganize your country on a footing that will enable you to defy your persecutors. They are all now washing their hands after their journey. Shall I introduce them?

KING. My dear Zara, how can I thank you? I will consent to anything that will release me from the abominable tyranny of these two men. (*Calling.*) What ho! Without there! (*Enter CALYXX.*) Summon my court without an instant's delay! (*Exit CALYXX.*)

FINALE.

Enter Everyone, except the Flowers of Progress.

CHORUS.

Although your Royal summons to appear
From courtesy was singularly free,
Obedient to that summons we are here—
What would your Majesty?

RECIT.—KING.

My worthy people, my beloved daughter
Most thoughtfully has brought with her from England
The types of all the causes that have made
That great and glorious country what it is.

CHORUS. Oh joy unbounded!

SCA., TAR., and PHAN. (*aside*). Why, what *does* this mean?

RECIT.—ZARA.

Attend to me, Utopian populace,
Ye South Pacific Island viviparians;
All, in the abstract, types of courtly grace,
Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race,
But little better than half-clothed barbarians!

CHORUS.

That's true—we South Pacific viviparians,
Contrasted when
With Englishmen,

Are little better than half-clothed barbarians!

Enter all the Flowers of Progress, led by FITZBATTLEAXE.

SOLO—ZARA. (*Presenting CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE.*)

When Britain sounds the trump of war

(And Europe trembles),

The army of that conqueror

In serried ranks assembles;

'Tis then this warrior's eyes and sabre gleam

For our protection—

He represents a military scheme

In all its proud perfection!

FITZ. Yes—yes—

I represent a military scheme

In all its proud perfection!

CHORUS. Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

SOLO—ZARA. (*Presenting SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.*)

A complicated gentleman allow me to present,
Of all the arts and faculties the terse embodiment,

He's a great Arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease
That two and two are three, or five, or anything you please;
An eminent Logician who can make it clear to you
That black is white—when looked at from the proper point of view;
A marvellous Philologist who'll undertake to show
That " yes " is but another and a neater form of " no."

SIR BAILEY. Yes—yes—yes—
Oh “yes” is but another and a neater form of “no.”
All preconceived ideas on any subject I can scout,
And demonstrate beyond all possibility of doubt,
That ~~whether~~ you're an honest man or whether you're a thief
Depends on whose solicitor has given me my brief.

CHORUS. Yes—yes—yes—
That whether you're an honest man, &c.
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

SOLO.—ZARA. (*Presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and County Councillor.*)

What these may be, Utopians all
Perhaps you'll hardly guess—
They're types of England's physical
And moral cleanliness.
This is a Lord High Chamberlain
Of purity the gauge—
He'll cleanse our Court from moral stain
And purify our Stage.

LORD DRAM. Yes—yes—yes—
 Court reputations I revise,
 And presentations scrutinize,
 New plays I read with jealous eyes,
 And purify the Stage.

CHORUS. Yes—yes—yes—
New plays, &c.

ZARA. This County Councillor acclaim,
 Great Britain's latest toy—
On anything you like to name
 His talents he'll employ—
All streets and squares he'll purify
 Within your city walls,
And keep meanwhile a modest eye
 On wicked music halls.

C.C. Yes—yes—yes—
In towns I make improvements great.

Which go to swell the County Rate—
 I dwelling-houses sanitate,
 And purify the Halls!

CHORUS.

Yes—yes—yes
 He'll dwelling-houses, &c.
 Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

SOLO.—ZARA. (*Presenting MR. GOLDBURY.*)

A Company Promoter this, with special education,
 Which teaches what Contango means and also
 Backwardation—
 To speculators he supplies a grand financial leaven,
 Time was when *two* were company—but now it
 must be seven.

MR. GOLD.

Yes—yes—yes—
 Stupendous loans to foreign thrones
 I've largely advocated;
 In ginger-pops and peppermint-drops
 I've freely speculated;
 Then mines of gold, of wealth untold,
 Successfully I've floated,
 And sudden falls in apple-stalls
 Occasionally quoted:
 And soon or late I always call
 For Stock Exchange quotation—
 No schemes too great and none too small
 For Companification!

CHORUS.

Then soon or late, &c.
 Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

ZARA. (*Presenting CAPT. SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.*)

And lastly I present
 Great Britain's proudest boast,
 Who from the blows
 Of foreign foes
 Protects her sea-girt coast—
 And if you ask him in respectful tone,
 He'll show you how you may protect your own!

SOLO.—CAPTAIN CORCORAN.

I'm Captain Corcoran, K.C.B.,
 I'll teach you how we rule the sea,
 And terrify the simple Gaul.
 And how the Saxon and the Celt

Their Europe-shaking blows have dealt
 With Maxim gun and Nordenfelt
 (Or will, when the occasion calls)
 If sailor-like you'd play your cards
 Unbend your sails, and lower your yards,
 Unstep your masts—you'll never want 'em more,
 Though we're no longer hearts of oak
 Yet we can steer and we can stoke,
 And, thanks to coal, and thanks to coke,
 We never run a ship ashore!

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever run a ship ashore!

Then give three cheers, and three cheers more,
 For the tar who never runs his ship ashore;
 Then give three cheers, and three cheers more,
 For he never runs his ship ashore!

CHORUS.

All hail, ye types of England's power—
 Ye heaven-enlightened band!
 We bless the day, and bless the hour,
 That brought you to our land.

QUARTETTE.

Ye wanderers from a mighty State
 Oh teach us how to legislate—
 Your lightest word will carry weight
 In our attentive ears.
 Oh teach the natives of this land
 (Who are not quick to understand)
 How to work off their social and
 Political arrears!

CAPT. FITZ. Increase your army!

LD. DRAMALEIGH. Purify your Court!

CAPT. COR. Get up your steam and cut your canvas short!

SIR B. BAR. To speak on both sides teach your sluggish brains!

MR. B., C.C. Widen your thoroughfares, and flush your drains!

MR. GOLD. Utopia's much too big for one small head—
 I'll float it as a Company Limited!

KING. A Company Limited? What may that be?
 The term, I rather think, is new to me.

CHORUS. A Company Limited? &c.

SCA., PHAN., and TARARA (*aside*).

What does he mean? What does he mean?

Give us a kind of clue!

What does he mean? What does he mean?

What is he going to do?

SONG.—MR. GOLDBURY.

Some seven men form an Association,

(If possible, all Peers and Baronets)

They start off with a public declaration

To what extent they mean to pay their debts.

That's called their Capital: if they are wary

They will not quote it at a sum immense.

The figure's immaterial—it may vary

From eighteen million down to eighteenpence.

I should put it rather low;

The good sense of doing so

Will be evident at once to any debtor.

When it's left to you to say

What amount you mean to pay,

Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.

CHORUS.

When it's left to you to say, &c.

They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,

Quite irrespective of their capital

(It's shady, but it's sanctified by custom);

Bank, Railway, Loan, or Panama Canal.

You can't embark on trading too tremendous—

It's strictly fair, and based on common sense—

If you succeed, your profits are stupendous—

And if you fail, pop goes your eighteenpence.

Make the money-spinner spin!

For you only stand to win,

And you'll never with dishonesty be twitted.

For nobody can know,

To a million or so,

To what extent your capital's committed.

CHORUS.

No, nobody can know, &c.

If you come to grief, and creditors are craving,

(For nothing that is planned by mortal head

Is certain in this Vale of Sorrow—saving

That one's Liability is Limited).—

Do you suppose that signifies perdition?

If so you're but a monetary dunce—

You merely file a Winding-Up Petition,
 And start another Company at once!
 Though a Rothschild you may be
 In your own capacity,
 As a Company you've come to utter sorrow—
 But the Liquidators say,
 "Never mind—you needn't pay,"
 So you start another company to-morrow!

CHORUS.

But the Liquidators say, &c.

RECIT.

KING

Well, at first sight it strikes us as dishonest,
 But if it's good enough for virtuous England—
 The first commercial country in the world—
 It's good enough for us.

SCA., PHAN., and TARARA. You'd best take care—
 (*aside to KING.*) Please recollect *we* have not been consulted.

KING And do I understand you that Great Britain
 (*not heeding them*) Upon this Joint Stock principle is governed?

MR. GOLD. We haven't come to that, exactly—but
 We're tending rapidly in that direction.
 The date's not distant.

KING (*enthusiastically*). We will be before you!
 We'll go down to Posterity renowned
 As the First Sovereign in Christendom
 Who registered his Crown and Country under
 The Joint Stock Company's Act of Sixty-Two:

ALL.

Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

SOLO.—KING.

Henceforward, of a verity,
 With Fame ourselves we link—
 We'll go down to Posterity
 Of sovereigns all the pink!

SCA., PHAN., and TAR. (*aside to KING*). If you've the
 mad temerity

Our wishes thus to blink,
 You'll go down to Posterity
 Much earlier than you think!

TARARA (*correcting them*). He'll go *up* to Posterity,
 If I inflict the blow!

SCA. and PHAN. (*angrily*). He'll go down to Posterity,
We think we ought to know!

TARARA (*explaining*). He'll go up to Posterity,
Blown up with dynamite!

SCA. and PHAN. (*apologetically*). He'll go up to Posterity,
Of course he will, you're right!

ENSEMBLE.

KING, LADY SOPHY, NEK., KAL,
CALYNX, and CHORUS.

Henceforward of a verity
With fame ourselves we link,
And go down to Posterity
Of sovereigns all the pink!

SCA., PHAN., and TARARA
(*aside*).

If he has the temerity
Our wishes thus to blink,
He'll go up to Posterity
Much earlier than they think!

FITRBATTLEAXE and ZARA
(*aside*).

Who love with all sincerity,
Their lives may safely link;
And as for our Posterity—
We don't care what they think

CHORUS.

Let's seal this mercantile pact—
The step we ne'er shall rue—
It gives whatever we lacked—
The statement's strictly true.
All hail, astonishing Fact!
All hail, Invention new—
The Joint Stock Company's Act—
The Act of Sixty Two!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Throne Room in the Palace. Night. FITZBATTLEAXE discovered, singing to ZARA.*

RECIT.—FITZ.

Oh Zara, my beloved one, bear with me!
 Ah do not laugh at my attempted C!
 Repent not, mocking maid, thy girlhood's choice—
 The fervour of my love affects my voice!

SONG.—FITZ.

A tenor, all singers above,
 (This doesn't admit of a question),
 Should keep himself quiet,
 Attend to his diet,
 And carefully nurse his digestion:
 But when he is madly in love
 It's certain to tell on his singing—
 You can't do chromatics
 With proper emphatics
 When anguish your bosom is wringing!
 When distracted with worries in plenty,
 And his pulse is a hundred and twenty,
 And his fluttering bosom the slave of mistrust is,
 A tenor can't do himself justice!
 Now observe—(*singing a high note*),
 You see, I can't do myself justice!
 I could sing, if my fervour were mock,
 It's easy enough if you're acting—
 But when one's emotion
 Is born of devotion
 You mustn't be over-exacting.
 One ought to be firm as a rock
 To venture a shake in *vibrato*,
 When fervour's expected
 Keep cool and collected
 Or never attempt *agitato*.
 But, of course, when his tongue is of leather,
 And his lips appear pasted together,
 And his sensitive palate as dry as a crust is,
 A tenor can't do himself justice.
 Now observe—(*sings a cadence*),
 It's no use—I can't do myself justice!

ZARA. Why, Arthur, what *does* it matter? When the higher qualities of the heart are all that can be desired, the higher notes of the voice are matters of comparative insignificance. Who thinks slightly of the cocoanut because it is husky? Besides (*demurely*) you are not singing for an engagement, (*putting her hand in his*) you have that already!

FITZ. How good and wise you are! How unerringly your practised brain winnows the wheat from the chaff—the material from the merely incidental!

ZARA. My Girton training, Arthur. At Girton all is wheat, and idle chaff is never heard within its walls! But tell me, is not all working marvellously well? Have not our Flowers of Progress more than justified their name?

FITZ. We have indeed done our best. Captain Corcoran and I have, in concert, thoroughly remodelled the sister-services—and upon so sound a basis that the South Pacific trembles at the name of Utopia!

ZARA. How clever of you!

FITZ. Clever? not a bit. It's as easy as possible when the Admiralty and Horse Guards are not there to interfere. And so with the others. Freed from the trammels imposed upon them by idle Acts of Parliament, all have given their natural talents full play and introduced reforms which, even in England, were never dreamt of!

ZARA. But perhaps the most beneficent change of all has been effected by Mr. Goldbury, who, discarding the exploded theory that some strange magic lies hidden in the number Seven, has applied the Limited Liability principle to individuals, and every man, woman, and child is now a Company Limited with liability restricted to the amount of his declared Capital! There is not a christened baby in Utopia who has not already issued his little Prospectus!

FITZ. Marvellous is the power of a Civilization which can transmute, by a word, a Limited Income into an Income (*Limited*).

ZARA. Reform has not stopped here—it has been applied even to the costume of our people. Discarding their own barbaric dress, the natives of our land have unanimously adopted the tasteful fashions of England in all their rich entirety. Scaphio and Phantis have undertaken a contract to supply the whole of Utopia with clothing designed upon the most approved English models—and the first Drawing Room under the new state of things is to be held here this evening.

FITZ. But Drawing Rooms are always held in the afternoon.

ZARA. Ah, we've improved upon that. We all look so much better by candle-light! And when I tell you, dearest, that my court train has just arrived, you will understand that I am longing to go and try it on.

FITZ. Then we must part?

ZARA. Necessarily, for a time.

FITZ. Just as I wanted to tell you, with all the passionate enthusiasm of my nature, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!

ZARA. Hush! Are these the accents of a heart that really feels? True love does not indulge in declamation—its voice is sweet, and soft, and low. The west wind whispers when he woos the poplars!

DUET.—ZARA and FITZBATTLEAXE.

ZARA. Words of love too loudly spoken
Ring their own untimely knell;
Noisy vows are rudely broken,
Soft the song of Philomel.
Whisper sweetly, whisper slowly,
Hour by hour and day by day;
Sweet and low as accents holy
Are the notes of lover's lay!

BOTH. Sweet and low, &c.

FITZ. Let the conqueror, flushed with glory,
Bid his noisy clarions bray;
Lovers tell their artless story
In a whispered virelay.
False is he whose vows alluring
Make the listening echoes ring;
Sweet and low when all-enduring,
Are the songs that lovers sing!

BOTH. Sweet and low, &c.

[Exit ZARA.]

Enter KING, dressed as Field Marshal.

KING. To a Monarch who has been accustomed to the uncontrolled use of his limbs, the costume of a British Field Marshal is, perhaps, at first, a little cramping. Are you sure this is all right? It's not a practical joke, is it? No one has a keener sense of humour than I have, but the First Statutory Cabinet Council of Utopia (*Limited*) must be conducted with dignity and impressiveness. Now, where are the other five who signed the Articles of Association?

FITZ. Sir, they are here.

Enter LD. DRAMALEIGH, CAPTAIN CORCORAN, SIR BAILEY BARRE, MR. BLUSHINGTON and MR. GOLDBURY from different entrances.

KING. Oh! (*addressing them.*) Gentlemen, our daughter holds her first Drawing Room in half an hour, and we shall have time to make our half-yearly report in the interval. I am necessarily unfamiliar with the forms of an English Cabinet Council—perhaps the Lord Chamberlain will kindly put us in the way of doing the thing properly, and with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion.

LD. DRAM. Certainly—nothing simpler. Kindly bring your chairs forward—his Majesty will, of course, preside.

They range their chairs across stage like Christy Minstrels. KING sits c., LORD DRAMALEIGH on his L., MR. GOLDBURY on his R., CAPT. CORCORAN L. of LORD DRAMALEIGH, CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE R. of MR. GOLDBURY, MR. BLUSHINGTON extreme R., SIR BAILEY BARRE extreme L.

KING. Like this?

LD. DRAM. Like this.

KING. We take your word for it that this is all right. You are not making fun of us? This is in accordance with the practice at the Court of St. James's?

LD. DRAM. Well, it is in accordance with the practice at the Court of St. James's Hall.

KING. Oh! it seems odd, but never mind.

SONG.—KING.

Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses,
Which empties our police courts, and abolishes
divorces.

CHORUS. Divorce is nearly obsolete in England.

KING. No tolerance we show to undeserving rank and
splendour;

For the higher his position is, the greater the offender.

CHORUS. That's a maxim that is prevalent in
England.

KING. No peeress at our Drawing Room before the Presence
passes

Who wouldn't be accepted by the lower-middle classes.
Each shady dame, whatever be her rank, is bowed
out neatly.

CHORUS. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely!

It really is surprising
What a thorough Anglicizing
We have brought about—Utopia's quite another
land;

In her enterprising movements,
She is England—with improvements,
Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

KING. Our city we have beautified—we've done it willy-nilly—
And all that isn't Belgrave Square is Strand and
Piccadilly.

CHORUS. We haven't any slummeries in England!

KING. We have solved the labour question with discrimination
polished,

So poverty is obsolete and hunger is abolished—

CHORUS. We are going to abolish it in England.

KING. The Chamberlain our native stage has purged, beyond
a question,

Of "risky" situation and indelicate suggestion;

No piece is tolerated if it's costumed indiscreetly—

CHORUS. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely!

It really is surprising, &c.

KING. Our Peerage we've remodelled on an intellectual basis,
Which certainly is rough on our hereditary races—

CHORUS. We are going to remodel it in England.

KING. The Brewers and the Cotton Lords no longer seek
admission,

And Literary Merit meets with proper recognition—

CHORUS. As Literary Merit does in England!

KING. Who knows but we may count among our intellectual
chickens

Like you, an Earl of Thackeray and p'raps a
Duke of Dickens—

Lord Fildes and Viscount Millais (when they come)
we'll welcome sweetly—

CHORUS. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely!

It really is surprising, &c.

(At the end all rise and replace their chairs.)

KING. Now then, for our First Drawing Room. Where are
the Princesses? What an extraordinary thing it is that since
European looking-glasses have been supplied to the Royal bed-
rooms my daughters are invariably late!

LD. DRAM. Sir, their Royal Highnesses await your pleasure in the Ante-Room.

KING. Oh. Then request them to do us the favour to enter at once.

MARCH.—*Enter all the Royal Household, including (besides the Lord Chamberlain) the Vice-Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord Steward, the Comptroller of the Household, the Lord-in-Waiting, the Groom-in-Waiting, the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, the Gold and Silver Stick, and the Gentlemen Ushers. Then enter the three Princesses (their trains carried by Pages of Honour), LADY SOPHY, and the Ladies-in-Waiting.*

KING. My daughters, we are about to attempt a very solemn ceremonial, so no giggling, if you please. Now, my Lord Chamberlain, we are ready.

LD. DRAM. Then, ladies and gentlemen, places if you please. His Majesty will take his place in front of the throne, and will be so obliging as to embrace all the *débutantes*. (LADY SOPHY, much shocked.)

KING. What—must I really?

LD. DRAM. Absolutely indispensable.

KING. More jam for the Palace Peepers!

The KING takes his place in front of the throne, the PRINCESS ZARA on his left. The two younger Princesses on the left of ZARA.

KING. Now, is every one in his place?

LD. DRAM. Every one is in his place.

KING. Then let the revels commence.

Enter the ladies attending the Drawing Room. They give their cards to the Groom-in-Waiting, who passes them to the Lord-in-Waiting, who passes them to the Vice-Chamberlain, who passes them to the Lord Chamberlain, who reads the names to the KING as each lady approaches. The ladies curtsy in succession to the KING and the three Princesses, and pass out. When all the presentations have been accomplished, the KING, Princesses, and LADY SOPHY come forward, and all the ladies re-enter.

RECIT.—KING.

This ceremonial our wish displays
 To copy all Great Britain's courtly ways.
 Though lofty aims catastrophe entail,
 We'll gloriously succeed or nobly fail!

UNACCOMPANIED CHORUS.

Eagle high in cloudland soaring—
 Sparrow twittering on a reed—
 Tiger in the jungle roaring—
 Frightened fawn in grassy mead—
 Let the eagle, not the sparrow,
 Be the object of your arrow—
 Fix the tiger with your eye—
 Pass the fawn in pity by.
 Glory then will crown the day—
 Glory, glory, anyway!

[Then Exeunt all.

Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS, now dressed as judges in red and ermine robes and undress wigs. They come down stage melodramatically—working together.

DUET—SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.

SCA. With fury deep we burn—

PHAN. We do—

We fume with smothered rage.
 These Englishmen who rule supreme,
 Their undertaking they redeem,
 By stifling every harmless scheme
 In which we both engage—
 They do—

In which we both engage.

BOTH (*with great energy*). For this mustn't be, and this won't do,

If you'll back me, then I'll back you,
 Let's both agree, and we'll pull things through,
 For this mustn't be, and this won't do.

No, this won't do,

No, this won't do,

No, this mustn't be,

And this won't do.

Enter the KING.

KING. Gentlemen, gentlemen—really! This unseemly display of energy within the Royal Precincts is altogether unpardonable. Pray what do you complain of?

SCA. (*furiously*). What do we complain of? Why, through the innovations introduced by the Flowers of Progress all our harmless schemes for making a provision for our old age are ruined. Our Matrimonial Agency is at a standstill, our Cheap Sherry business is in bankruptcy, our Army Clothing contracts are paralyzed, and even our Society paper, the *Palace Peeper*, is practically defunct!

KING. Defunct? Is that so? Dear, dear, I am truly sorry.

SCA. Are you aware that Sir Bailey Barre has introduced a law of libel by which all editors of scurrilous newspapers are publicly flogged—as in England? And six of our editors have resigned in succession! Now, the editor of a scurrilous paper can stand a good deal—he takes a private thrashing as a matter of course—it's considered in his salary—but no gentleman likes to be publicly flogged.

KING. Naturally. I shouldn't like it myself.

PHAN. Then our Burlesque Theatre is absolutely ruined!

KING. Dear me. Well, theatrical property is not what it was.

PHAN. Are you aware that the Lord Chamberlain, who has his own views as to the best means of elevating the national drama, has declined to license any play that is not in blank verse and three hundred years old—as in England?

SCA. And as if that wasn't enough, the County Councillor has ordered a four-foot wall to be built up right across the proscenium, in case of fire—as in England.

PHAN. It's so hard on the company—who are liable to be roasted alive—and this has to be met by enormously increased salaries—as in England.

SCA. You probably know that we've contracted to supply the entire nation with a complete English outfit. But perhaps you do *not* know that, when we send in our bills, our customers plead liability limited to a declared capital of eighteenpence, and apply to be dealt with under the Winding-up Act—as in England?

KING. Really, gentlemen, this is very irregular. If you will be so good as to formulate a detailed list of your grievances in writing, addressed to the Secretary of Utopia (*Limited*), they will be laid before the Board, in due course, at their next monthly meeting.

SCA. Are we to understand that we are defied?

KING. That is the idea I intended to convey.

PHAN. Defied! We are defied!

SCA. (*furiously*). Take care—you know our powers. Trifle with us, and you die!

TRIO.—SCA., PHAN., and KING.

SCA. If you think that when banded in unity,
We may both be defied with impunity,
You are sadly misled of a verity!

PHAN. If you value repose and tranquility,
You'll revert to a state of docility,
Or prepare to regret your temerity!

KING. If my speech is unduly refractory
You will find it a course satisfactory
At an early Board meeting to show it up.
Though if proper excuse you can trump any,
You may *wind* up a Limited Company,
You cannot conveniently *blow* it up!

(SCAPHIO and PHANTIS thoroughly baffled.)

KING (*dancing quietly*). Whene'er I chance to baffle you
I, also, dance a step or two—
Of this now guess the hidden sense:

(SCAPHIO and PHANTIS consider the question as KING continues
dancing quietly—then give it up.)

It means—complete indifference.

ALL THREE (*dancing quietly*). Indifference—indifference—
Of course it does—indifference!

We } might have guessed its hidden sense.
You }

It means complete indifference!

KING (*dancing quietly*). SCA. and PHAN. (*dancing furiously*).
As we've a dance for every mood
With *pas de trois* we will conclude.
What this may mean you all may guess—

SCA. and PHAN. } It typifies remorselessness!

KING. } It means unruffled cheerfulness!

KING dances off placidly as SCAPHIO and PHANTIS dance furiously.

PHAN. (breathless). He's right—we are helpless! He's no longer a human being—he's a Corporation, and so long as he confines himself to his Articles of Association we can't touch him! What are we to do?

SCA. Do? Raise a Revolution, repeal the Act of Sixty-Two, re-convert him into an individual, and insist on his immediate explosion! (TARARA enters.) Tarara, come here; you're the very man we want.

TAR. Certainly, allow me. (*Offers a cracker to each, they snatch them away impatiently.*) That's rude.

SCA. We have no time for idle forms. You wish to succeed to the throne?

TAR. Naturally.

SCA. Then you won't unless you join us. The King has defied us, and, as matters stand, we are helpless. So are you. We must devise some plot at once to bring the people about his ears.

TAR. A plot?

PHAN. Yes, a plot of superhuman subtlety. Have you such a thing about you?

TAR. (*feeling*). No, I think not. No. There's one on my dressing-table.

SCA. We can't wait—we must concoct one at once, and put it into execution without delay. There is not a moment to spare!

TRIO.—SCAPHIO, PHANTIS, and TARARA.

ENSEMBLE.

With wily brain upon the spot
A private plot we'll plan,
The most ingenious private plot
Since private plots began.
That's understood. So far we've got
And, striking while the iron's hot,
We'll now determine like a shot
The details of this private plot.

SCA. I think we ought—(*whispers*).

PHAN. and TAR. Such bosh I never heard!

PHAN. Ah! happy thought!—(*whispers*).

SCA. and TAR. How utterly dashed absurd!

TAR. I'll tell you how—(*whispers*).

SCA. and PHAN. Why, what put that in your head?

SCA. I've got it now—(*whispers*).

Oh, take him away to bed!

PHAN. Oh, put him to bed!

TAR. Oh, put him to bed!

SCA. What! put *me* to bed?

PHAN. and TAR. Yes, put him to bed!

SCA. But, bless me, don't you see—

PHAN. Do listen to me, I pray—

TAR. It certainly seems to me—

SCA. Bah—this is the only way!

PHAN. It's rubbish absurd you growl!

TAR. You talk ridiculous stuff!

SCA. You're a drivelling barndoor owl!

PHAN. You're a vapid and vain old muff!

(*All coming down to audience.*)

So far we haven't quite solved the plot—

They're not a very ingenious lot—

But don't be unhappy

It's still on the tapis

We'll presently hit on a capital plot!

SCA. Suppose we all— (*whispers*).

PHAN. Now *there* I think you're right.

SCA. Supposing we all— (*whispers*).

TAR. That's true—we certainly might.

I'll tell you what— (*whispers*).

SCA. We will if we possibly can.

Then on the spot— (*whispers*).

PHAN. and TAR. Bravo! a capital plan!

SCA. That's exceedingly neat and new!

PHAN. Exceedingly new and neat.

TAR. I fancy that that will do.

SCA. It's certainly very complete.

PHAN. Well done, you sly old sap!

TAR. Bravo, you cunning old mole.

SCA. You very ingenious chap!

PHAN. You intellectual soul!

(*All, coming down, and addressing audience.*)

At last a capital plan we've got;

Never mind why and never mind what:

It's safe in my noddle—

Now off we will toddle,

And slyly develop this capital plot!

[*Business. Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS in one direction, and TARARA in the other.*]

Enter LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. GOLDBURY.

LORD D. Well, what do you think of our first South Pacific Drawing Room? Allowing for a slight difficulty with the trains, and a little want of familiarity with the use of the rouge-pot, it was, on the whole, a meritorious affair?

GOLD. My dear Dramaleigh, it redounds infinitely to your credit.

LORD D. One or two judicious innovations, I think?

GOLD. Admirable. The cup of tea and the plate of mixed biscuits were a cheap and effective inspiration.

LORD D. Yes—my idea, entirely. Never been done before.

GOLD. Pretty little maids, the King's youngest daughters, but timid.

LORD D. That'll wear off. Young.

GOLD. *That'll wear off.* Ha! here they come, by George! And without the Dragon! What can they have done with her?

Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA, timidly.

NEK. Oh, if you please, Lady Sophy has sent us in here, because Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe are going on, in the garden, in a manner which no well-conducted young ladies ought to witness.

LORD D. Indeed, we are very much obliged to her Ladyship.

KAL. Are you? I wonder why.

NEK. Don't tell us if it's rude.

LORD D. Rude? Not at all. We are obliged to Lady Sophy because she has afforded us the pleasure of seeing you.

NEK. I don't think you ought to talk to us like that.

KAL. It's calculated to turn our heads.

NEK. Attractive girls cannot be too particular.

KAL. Oh, pray, pray do not take advantage of our unprotected innocence.

GOLD. Pray be reassured—you are in no danger whatever.

LORD D. But may I ask—is this extreme delicacy—this shrinking sensitiveness—a general characteristic of Utopian young ladies?

NEK. Oh no; we are crack specimens.

KAL. We are the pick of the basket. *Would* you mind not coming quite so near? Thank you.

NEK. And please don't look at us like that; it unsettles us.

KAL. And we don't like it. At least, we *do* like it; but it's wrong.

NEK. *We* have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being educated by a most refined and easily-shocked English lady, on the very strictest English principles.

GOLD. But my dear young ladies—

KAL. Oh don't! You mustn't. It's too affectionate.

NEK. It really does unsettle us.

GOLD. Are you really under the impression that English girls are so ridiculously demure? Why, an English girl of the highest type is the best, the most beautiful, the bravest, and the brightest creature that Heaven has conferred upon this world of ours. She is frank, open-hearted and fearless, and never shows in so favourable a light as when she gives her own blameless impulses full play.

NEK and KAL. Oh, you shocking story!

GOLD. Not at all. I'm speaking the strict truth. I'll tell you all about her.

SONG.—MR. GOLDBURY.

A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,
 In her magnificent comeliness,
 Is an English girl of eleven stone two,
 And five foot ten in her dancing shoe!
 She follows the hounds, and on she pounds—
 The "field" tails off and the muffs diminish—
 Over the hedges and brooks she bounds
 Straight as a crow, from find to finish.
 At cricket, her kin will lose or win—
 She and her maids, on grass and clover,
 Eleven maids out—eleven maids in—
 And perhaps an occasional "maiden over"!
 Go search the world and search the sea,
 Then come you home and sing with me
 There's no such gold and no such pearl
 As a bright and beautiful English girl!

With a ten-mile spin she stretches her limbs,
 She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims—
 She plays, she sings, she dances, too,
 From ten or eleven till all is blue!
 At ball or drum, till small hours come,
 (Chaperon's fan conceals her yawning)
 She'll waltz away like a teetotum,
 And never go home till daylight's dawning.
 Lawn tennis may share her favours fair—
 Her eyes a-dance and her cheeks a-glowing—
 Down comes her hair, but what does she care?
 It's all her own and it's worth the showing!
 Go search the world, &c.

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
 For prudery knows no haven there;
 To find mock-modesty, please apply
 To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
 Rich in the things contentment brings,
 In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
 Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
 For body and mind are hale and healthy.
 Her eyes they thrill with right goodwill—
 Her heart is light as a floating feather—
 As pure and bright as the mountain rill
 That leaps and laughs in the Highland heather!
 Go search the world, &c.

QUARTETTE.

NEK. Then I may sing and play?

LORD D. You may!

KAL. And I may laugh and shout?

GOLD. No doubt!

NEK. These maxims you endorse?

LORD D. Of course!

KAL. You won't exclaim "Oh fie!"

GOLD. Not I!

GOLD. Whatever you are—be that:
 Whatever you say—be true:
 Straightforwardly act—
 Be honest—in fact
 Be nobody else but *you*.

LORD D. Give every answer pat—
 Your character true unfurl;
 And when it is ripe,
 You'll then be a type
 Of a capital English girl.

ALL. Oh sweet surprise—oh dear delight,
 To find it undisputed quite,
 All musty, fusty rules despite,
 That Art is wrong and Nature right!

NEK. When happy I,
 With laughter glad
 I'll wake the echoes fairly,
 And only sigh
 When I am sad—
 And that will be but rarely!

KAL. I'll row and fish,
 And gallop, soon—
 No longer be a prim one—
 And when I wish
 To hum a tune,
 It needn't be a hymn one?

GOLD and LORD D. No, no!
 It needn't be a hymn one!

ALL (*dancing*). Oh, sweet surprise and dear delight
 To find it undisputed quite—
 All musty, fusty rules despite—
 That Art is wrong and Nature right!

[Dance, and off.]

Enter LADY SOPHY.

RECIT.—LADY SOPHY.

Oh, would some demon power the gift impart
To quell my over-conscientious heart—
Unspeak the oaths that never had been spoken,
And break the vows that never shall be broken!

SONG.—LADY SOPHY.

When but a maid of fifteen year,
Unsought—unplighted—
Short petticoated—and, I fear,
Still shorter-sighted—
I made a vow, one early spring,
That only to some spotless king
Who proof of blameless life could bring
I'd be united.
For I had read, not long before,
Of blameless kings in fairy lore,
And thought the race still flourished here—
Well, well—
I was a maid of fifteen year!

The KING enters and overhears this verse.

Each morning I pursued my game
(An early riser);
For spotless monarchs I became
An advertiser:
But all in vain I searched each land,
So, kingless, to my native strand
Returned, a little older, and
A good deal wiser!
I learnt that spotless King and Prince
Have disappeared some ages since—
Even Paramount's angelic grace
Ah, me!
Is but a mask on Nature's face!
(*KING comes forward.*)

RECIT.

KING.

Ah, Lady Sophy—then you love me!
For so you sing—

LADY S. No, by the stars that shine above me
(*indignant and surprised*). Degraded King!
(*Producing "Palace Peeper."*)

For while these rumours, through the city bruted
Remain uncontradicted, unrefuted,
The object thou of my aversion rooted,
Repulsive thing!

KING. Be just—the time is now at hand
When truth may published be
These paragraphs were written and
Contributed by me!

LADY S. By you? No, no!

KING. Yes, yes, I swear, by me!
I, caught in Scaphio's ruthless toil,
Contributed the lot!

LADY S. And *that* is why you did not boil
The author on the spot!

KING. And *that* is why I did not boil
The author on the spot!

LADY S. I *couldn't* think why you did not boil!

KING. But I know why I did not boil
The author on the spot!

DUET.—LADY SOPHY and KING.

LADY S. Oh, the rapture unrestrained
Of a candid retraction!
For my sovereign has deigned
A convincing explanation—
And the clouds that gathered o'er,
All have vanished in the distance,
And of Kings of fairy lore
One, at least, is in existence!

KING. Oh, the skies are blue above,
And the earth is red and rosal,
Now the lady of my love
Has accepted my proposal!
For that *asinorum pons*
I have crossed without assistance,
And of prudish paragons
One, at least, is in existence!

(KING and LADY SOPHY dance gracefully. While this is going on LORD DRAMALEIGH enters unobserved with NEKAYA and MR. GOLDBURY with KALYBA. Then enter ZARA and CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE. The two girls direct ZARA's attention to the KING and LADY SOPHY, who are still dancing affectionately together. At this point the KING kisses LADY SOPHY, which causes the Princesses to make an exclamation. The KING and LADY SOPHY are at first much confused at being detected, but eventually throw off all reserve, and the four couples break into a wild Tarantella, and at the end exeunt severally.)

Enter all the male Chorus, in great excitement, from various entrances, led by SCAPHIO, PHANTIS, and TARARA, and followed by the female Chorus.

CHORUS.

Upon our sea-girt land
At our enforced command
Reform has laid her hand
Like some remorseless ogress—
And make us darkly rue
The deeds she dared to do—
And all is owing to
Those hated Flowers of Progress!
So down with them!
So down with them!
Reform's a hated ogress,
So down with them!
So down with them!
Down with the Flowers of Progress.

(*Flourish. Enter KING, his three daughters, LADY SOPHY, and the FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.*)

KING. What means this most unmannerly irruption?
Is this your gratitude for boons conferred?

SCA. Boons? Bah! A fico for such boons, say we!
These boons have brought Utopia to a standstill!
Our pride and boast—the Army and the Navy—
Have both been re-constructed and re-modelled
Upon so irresistible a basis
That all the neighbouring nations have disarmed—
And War's impossible! Your County Councillor
Has passed such drastic Sanitary laws

That all the doctors dwindle, starve, and die!
 The laws, re-modelled by Sir Bailey Barre,
 Have quite extinguished crime and litigation:
 The lawyers starve, and all the jails are let
 As model lodgings for the working-classes!
 In short—
 Utopia, swamped by dull Prosperity,
 Demands that these detested Flowers of Progress
 Be sent about their business, and affairs
 Restored to their original complexion!

KING (to ZARA). My daughter, this is a very unpleasant state of things. What is to be done?

ZARA. I don't know—I don't understand it. We must have omitted something.

KING. Omitted something? Yes, that's all very well, but—

(SIR BAILEY BARRE *whispers to ZARA.*)

ZARA (*suddenly*). Of course! Now I remember! Why, I had forgotten the most essential element of all!

KING. And that is?—

ZARA. Government by Party! Introduce that great and glorious element—at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness—and all will be well! No political measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party has done; and while grouse is to be shot, and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless law-suits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the Army and Navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity!

ALL. Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

PHAN. (*aside*). Baffled!

SCA. But an hour *will* come!

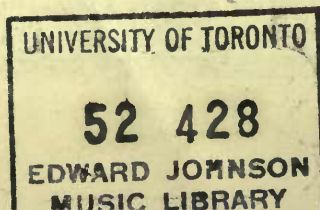
KING. Your hour has come already—away with them, and let them wait my will! (SCAPHIO and PHANTIS are led off in custody.) From this moment Government by Party is adopted, with all its attendant blessings; and henceforward Utopia will no longer be a Monarchy (Limited), but, what is a great deal better, a Limited Monarchy!

FINALE.

ZARA. There's a little group of isles beyond the wave—
So tiny, you might almost wonder where it is—
That nation is the bravest of the brave,
And cowards are the rarest of all rarities.
The proudest nations kneel at her command.
She terrifies all foreign-born rascallions;
And holds the peace of Europe in her hand
With half a score invincible battalions!
Such, at least, is the tale
Which is borne on the gale,
From the island which dwells in the sea
Let us hope, for her sake,
That she makes no mistake—
That she's all she professes to be!

KING. Oh may we copy all her maxims wise,
And imitate her virtues and her charities;
And may we, by degrees, acclimatize
Her Parliamentary peculiarities!
By doing so, we shall, in course of time,
Regenerate completely our entire land—
Great Britain is that monarchy sublime,
To which some add (but others do not) Ireland.
Such, at least, is the tale, &c.

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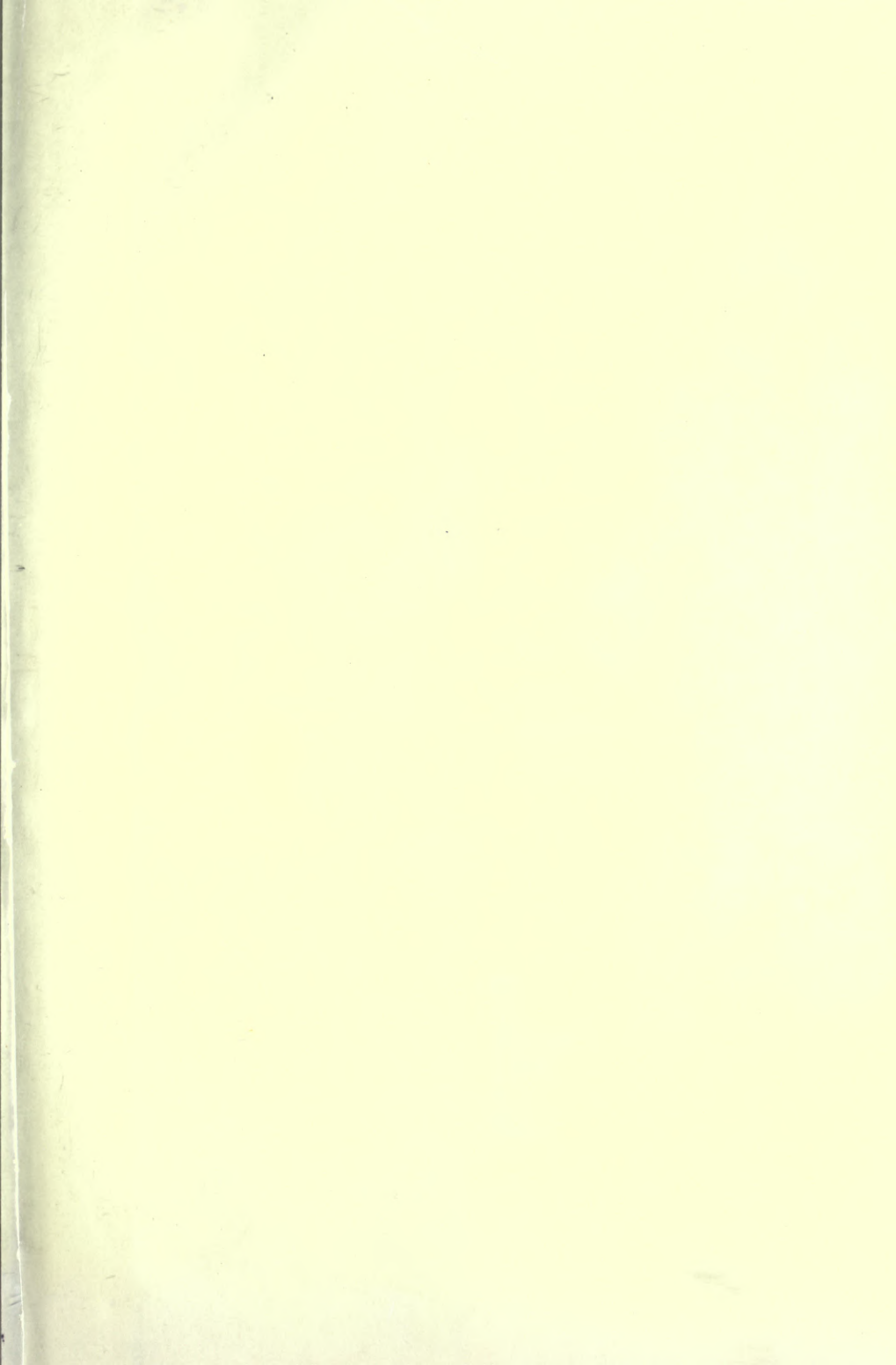
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