# THE EMERALD ISLE;

OR,

THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA.

A Rew and Original Comic Opera
IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

BASIL HOOD.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

AND

EDWARD GERMAN.

ARRANGED FROM THE FULL SCORE BY
WILFRED BENDALL.

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### PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The numbers of the Opera composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, with the exception of Nos. 1 and 2, which were completed by him, have been orchestrated and harmonized by Mr. Edward German.

## THE EMERALD ISLE;

OR.

### THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA.

## Characters.

	. 0						
THE EARL OF NEWTOWN, K.P. (Lord Lieux	tenant d	of Irel	(and)	•••	***	•••	Mr. Jones Hewson
DR. FIDDLE, D.D. (his Private Chaplain)		•••	•••	•••	***	•••	Mr. R. Rous
TERENCE O'BRIAN (a young Rebel)	•••	•••	•••	•••	١	•••	Mr. ROBERT EVETT
PROFESSOR BUNN (Shakespearian Reciter, Ch	aracter	· Impe	rsonat <b>or</b>				Mr. WALTER PASSMORE
PAT MURPHY (a Fiddler)	•••	•••					Mr. HENRY A. LYTTON
BLACK DAN							Mr. W. H. LEON
MICKIE O'HARA (Irish Peasants)	•••	,•••	•••	,•••	•••	•••	Mr. C. EARLDON
SERGEANT PINCHER							Mr. R. CROMPTON
PRIVATE PERRY (H.M. 11th Regiment	of Foot	)	•••	***	•••	•••	Mr. P. PINDER
THE COUNTESS OF NEWTOWN	•••	•••	•••	***			Miss Rosina Brandram
LADY ROSIE PIPPIN (her Daughter)	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••		Miss Isabel Jay
MOLLY O'GRADY (a Peasant Girl)	•••	•••	•••	•••		•••	Miss Louie Pounds
Susan (Lady Rosie's Maid)	•••	•••	•••	•••	Mi	ss Br	ANCHE GASTON-MURRAY
NORA (Barrett Citt)	a.						( Miss Lulu Evans
KATHLEEN (Peasant Girls)	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	Miss Agnes Fraser
Irish Peasants an	ed Sola	liers a	of 11th.	Regime	ent of I	Foot.	( MISS TIGHES TRASER
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ACT I.—OUTSIDE THE LORD L	IEUTEI	NANT'	s Coun	TRV R	ESIDEN	ICE )	
ACT II.—THE CAVES OF CARRI						}	W. HARFORD.
PERIOD.—A			ממממוא	VEAD	···	••• )	•
Produced under the Personal Direction of t	he Aut	thor, a	and unde	er the	Stage 1	Direct	ion of Mr. R. BARKER
Musical Director	•••	••		M	Ir. Fra	NCOI	S CELLIER.
The Costumos d		l 15 1	M. Des				
The Costumes d	esigned	ı by	Mr. PE	RCY A	NDERSC	ON.	
Stage Manager	•••	•••	• •••	•••	Mr.	W. H	. Seymour.
The Dances arranged by Mr. J. D'AUB	an. I	Oresse	s bv M	iss Fi	SHER.	Mme.	AUGUSTE Mme Tron
and Mr. B. J. SIMMONS. Stage Machinist,	Mr. P.	Wні	TE. E	lectricia	an, Mr.	Lyo	NS.
Acting Manager					M≠ T	137 T	ЗЕСКИІТН
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## THE EMERALD ISLE;

#### THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA.

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"Sing a rhyme of 'Once upon a time'"

"Listen! Hearken, my lover"

"Good-bye, my native town" ...

"I love you! I love you!" ....

"There was once a little soldier"

"With a big shillelagh"

FINALE ... Vocal Score.

SCENA ...

SONG (Murphy)...

CONCERTED PIECE AND DANCE

DUET (Molly and Murphy)

SONG (Terence) WITH CHORUS

No. 

II

## The Emerald Isle.

#### INTRODUCTION.



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#### <u>Nº 1.</u>

#### CHORUS and DANCE.























#### №2.

## RECIT. and SONG. (Terence) with CHORUS.







SONG: (Terence) with CHORUS.











**Ter.** (to Nora). And now, mavourneen, you will not again mistake me for a Saxon, will you? (To others) It is an ever-burning shame to me that I do not speak with the brogue which is my birthright. More—it is an ever-burning injustice! For had not the grasping Government of England purchased my father's dilapidated estate, to serve, after extensive repairs, as a summer residence for their Viceroy, my parents would not have been lured to the luxurious lap of London, where I, their child, was taught by alien nurses to lisp a tyrant tongue! Within those gates lies my father's fine estate, wrested from him by the tempting offer of a rapacious Government!

(Enter Murphy.)

All. Shame! Shame!

Mur. May I speak to your honour?

**Ter.** My honour is my countrymen's. If you are a countryman—

**Dan.** Devil a doubt! Blind Murphy's never seen a town!

**Mur.** And it's Blind Fiddlers we've been from father to son for more generations than I can remember. But it's ourselves (who ought to be your tenantry) that share the injustice with you in the matter of the brogue, or the want of it. It's the Lord Lieutenant forces us to speak Irish with an English accent.

**Ter.** Is it possible?

**Mur.** It is that. For what with his free classes for English Elocution and Deportment, it's the Irish brogue and other characteristics that he tramples under his feet by settin' his face against 'em!

All. Bad cess to him!











**Ter.** But why attend the Elocution and Deportment Classes?

**Mur.** Sure, it's the filthy money-prizes that sap the resolution out of a man, <u>and</u> put the correct English into him.

Ter. I see.

**Dan.** It's myself that has had roast pork for a month from the "Boy who stood on the Burning Deck," and the second prize he (*pointing to Mur.*) took with bein' elegantly recited.

**Ter.** But this is monstrous! Do you mean to say that under this alien's influence you have learnt to forget the marked characteristics of our nation?

**Mur.** Your honour, there's not a man nor a colleen here that could dance an Irish jig correctly, and say "Begorra" at the end of it with any conviction. (*Exit* Mur.)

**Ter.** Terrible! It shall be my first care to restore and foster these customs. But how? Where shall I find a tutor where all are ignorant?

(Professor Bunn has entered; he carries a large carpet-bag.)

Bunn. (to Terence, presenting hand-bill). Permit me!

Ter. (reading). "Professor Bunn."

Bunn. Of Bath.

**Ter.** "Mesmerist, Ventriloquist, Humorist, and General Illusionist." Really, my dear sir, I don't see—

**Bunn.** You will sir—you will!

**Ter.** "Shakespearian Reciter, Character Impersonator, and Professor of Elocution. Children's Parties a Speciality." This is a political meeting, Mr. Bunn—not a children's party.

**Bunn.** Sir, in politics or business I favour no particular party.

**Ter.** This is a *secret* meeting sir.

**Bunn.** A lucky meeting, sir—I was on the way to the Lord Lieutenant.

**Ter.** I will not deprive him of your company. I desire nothing in common with the Lord Lieutenant.

**Bunn.** Don't be hasty, my dear sir. I overheard your speech, and I must say your delivery is very fine—very fine indeed. May I ask, are you in Parliament?

**Ter.** Not yet.

**Bunn.** I thought you couldn't be. Now, sir, I overheard your wishes with regard to the instruction of the Irish peasantry. I overheard your aspirations—you aspirate beautifully—and I said to myself, "That's the man for my money!" or rather, "That man's money is for me!"

**Ter.** I don't understand you?

**Bunn.** I have been engaged by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant as Local Professor of English Elocution in the Infant Schools. <u>But</u> how would it be if the Character Impersonator of Irish Types were in *your* pay, eh?

Ter. I don't see—

**Bunn.** You shall see, sir. You want these poor peasantry to be typical Irish, do you not?

Ter. It is one of my dearest wishes.

**Bunn.** It will work out one of your cheapest, if you engage me, I assure you.

Nº4.

SONG. (Bunn) with Chorus.



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EXIT OF CHORUS.



Ter. Well, Mr. Bunn, I shall engage you.

**Bunn.** Thank you, sir. (*Gratified.*)

**Ter.** Not because I think you will be of any use, for your methods seem to me to border on the burlesque; but because, having forced yourself into our secret meeting, it would be necessary by the rules of our society to exterminate you if you were not promptly made one of us. Henceforward you will be a member of the *Clan-na-Gael*. It is the only way to insure your life.

**Bunn.** I see—a rather heavy premium, but—I see.

**Ter.** I'm glad you do. You will go through the ceremony of initiation and branding at our midnight meeting. (*To others*.) Where shall we hold it?

**Dan.** At the caves—the Caves of Carrig-Cleena. It's a lonely place.

**Ter.** Very well. Go there at once. I will find the way and follow in an hour. You can trust this gentleman to me. (*Showing pistol*.) Let the password be "Erin-go-bragh."

**All.** Erin-go-bragh!

Bunn. (feebly). Erin-go-bragh!

(Exeunt all to reprise, except Terence and Bunn.)

Ter. Mr. Bunn!

Bunn. Sir!

**Ter.** I have no wish to confide my love affairs to you—but—

**Bunn.** Go on, sir. I'm a bachelor myself.

**Ter.** But there is no hope for it. I am in the anomalous position of being secretly engaged, though a rebel, to the daughter of the Lord Lieutenant. I am now going to try to obtain a secret interview with the lady I love—the question is, what shall I do with you?

**Bunn.** Oh, don't mind *me*, sir. (Going.)

**Ter.** It is the question of *how* to mind you that troubles me. (*Enter* Murphy.) Ah! (*to* Murphy). Blind Murphy—it would be absurd to ask you to keep an eye on this gentleman—but (*taking halter from side of cottage, and placing noose round* Bunn's *neck*) keep your hand on him—so. (*Giving end of cord to* Murphy.) The cord will not slip over his head (*trying noose*), and if he tries to slip over the bridge—(to Bunn) but I think I can trust you.

**Bunn.** I think you *have* trussed me.

Ter. I have a contempt for that form of humour, sir!

**Bunn.** And, dash me, if I admire *yours*, sir—dash *me*, if I do!

(Exit Terence through park gates.)

(Bunn cautiously produces a large knife and is about to cut the cord).

Mur. What are ye doin' with that knife?

**Bunn.** I am going to cut my hair. For a blind man, you are extremely inquisitive.

Mur. I'm not blind at all.

**Bunn.** (*scrutinizing him*). Do you mean to say you are an imposter—that you have been deceiving people all your life?

**Mur.** Only since I left school, when my father taught me blind-fiddlin'—the only honest trade he knew. You're the first I've undeceived, so ye needn't complain. Listen! It's you that shall cure me of my blindness. It's a great little Quack Doctor ye shall be, and restore my sight—the aisiest thing in life, seeing I was never without it. The fame of your miraculous cure will spread through the land like the potato disease. It's not money you'll want, but the room to stack it.

**Bunn.** It's worth considering. But if you have never been blind, why do you want to be cured?

Mur. Look down the road. What do you see?

**Bunn.** A colleen. As far as I can tell, a sweetly pretty young person.

**Mur.** That's why I want to be cured. It's this way: how can I tell her I've never been blind without sayin' I'm a mean, deceivin', thievin' hypocrite, that's been stealin' her pity under false pretenses? A miraculous cure is my only remedy, and it's you that shall supply it. Whist, now!

(Enter Molly.)

Mur. Molly, darlin', is that you?

Mol. I am that.

Mur. I have news for ye.

**Mol.** They're sayin' that Terence O'Brian is here. (Regarding Bunn.) Is that him? Well, it's the littlest men are often the great ones.

**Bunn.** I am not Mr. O'Brian. I am Professor Bunn, the distinguished oculist.

**Mur.** More than that, Molly, he's an eye-doctor! Molly, what would ye say if he were to tell me he could cure my blindness?

**Mol.** When he'd done it, I'd marry him to-morrow if he asked me. I can't say worse than that.

**Mur.** If he cured me, you'd marry him?

**Mol.** Yes, Pat—if he cured you.

Bunn. I feel convinced your cure will be affected in a few hours.

(Exit Molly into Murphy's cottage.)

Mur. I'll not be cured by you at all. It's some other way I'll find.

**Bunn.** My dear sir, a bargain's a bargain. I can't help the ladies running after me.

**Mur.** Maybe *I* can.

(Enter Terence from park.)

**Mur.** (To Terence) Terence, avick, it's the little Professor here I find is a traitor and a spy—and he best be hanged, take my word for it.

**Bunn.** Well, of all the—if you'll kindly listen—

(Molly appearing at the door.)

Mol. It's deeds more than words I'd listen to.

**Ter.** Yes. You shall have one more chance of proving your usefulness. Deliver this letter to Lady Rosie's maid, up at the house. I have tried and failed. The sentries would not let me pass. Succeed, and your life shall be spared.

(Bunn takes note as Sentry appears at gates. Bunn approaches him.)

**Sen.** Passers-by will not pass by without a pass. If passers-by pass by without a pass, they will pass out and pass by. Them's my orders. Pass on.

**Bunn.** Listen, my good man. Everyone has his price. Now, If I walk on and come back again, what will you charge?

Sen. Bayonets! (Does so.)

Bunn. H'm!

**Sen.** Passers-by will not pass by without a pass. If—

**Bunn.** Stop! I am going to show you a pass—several passes—which you've never seen before. Look at me. (*He mesmerizes the* Sentry, puts him in a convenient attitude, then passes by him up avenue. The Sentry remains rigid.) Bong soir! (*Raises his hat, and exit.*)

**Ter.** Mesmerism! I shall keep my eye on him—but he shan't keep his on me! (Enter Molly. She goes to the well and draws some water.)

**Mol.** (aside to Terence). Listen, your honour. If ye stay here, bear me out in all I say before poor blind Pat, and say nothin' yourself of what ye see a poor girl doin' for the sake of—of friendship for a poor boy. (As she goes across.) Are ye not afraid at all at having Carrig-Cleena for your hiding place? (She sits and begins to peel a bowl of potatoes, which she has brought from cottage.)

**Ter.** Why should I be?

**Mol.** Don't ye know that it's haunted with fairies?

Ter. Well, I—

**Mol.** You don't believe in fairies? Few do nowadays under the Lord Lieutenant's rule, but Pat and me, we know they're true, don't we?

Mur. Yes, Molly.

**Mol.** (to Terence). The Fairy Cleena is their queen. Sometimes she takes the shape of a peasant woman, and shows herself, they say. It's the Fairy Cleena herself has taken a fancy to Blind Murphy—she and her small folk do many little things for him—little enough, but helpful to a blind man that has no women-kind of his own. It's few evenings he'll not find his praties peeled for supper—by the small folk—and water drawn—it's the fairies that do it. We know that now, don't we, Pat?

Mur. Yes, Molly, darlin'.

**Ter.** The Fairy Cleena?

**Mol.** Sure enough. We don't tell the other boys. They've left off believing in such things. It's only Pat and me that know the old tale's true, after all.

## $N^{\circ}$ 5.

# TRIO-(Molly, Terence and Murphy.)











(Molly takes Murphy's hand and leads him; they exeunt.)

**Ter.** (looking through the gates). Rosie! (Enter Lady Rosie.) You had my note? (Enter Susan. She stands demurely waiting, with eyes fixed on ground.)

Rosie. (to Terence). Yes. How do you do?—(after glance at Susan)—darling!

**Ter.** I am quite well, thank you—(after glance at Susan)—dearest! And you?

**Rosie.** Very well, indeed—(aside)—love!

**Susan.** Shall I wait, my lady?

**Rosie.** Oh, are you there, Susan? No, you need not wait, Susan. Er—Susan!

**Susan.** Yes, my lady!

Rosie. Is that soldier a friend of yours?

**Susan.** The sentry, my lady? Well, my lady, I believe I do happen to have made his acquaintance.

Rosie. You may talk to the sentry if you like.

Susan. Thank you, my lady.

Rosie. You may even walk a little way with him, on his beat, up the coach road.

**Susan.** Thank you, my lady. (She goes to Sentry. He is still rigid, in a mesmeric trance.)

**Ter.** (to Rosie). I'm afraid the sentry is not quite himself—the fact is, my messenger who took my letter—

**Rosie.** Oh, he had one for Papa, too.

**Ter.** For the Lord Lieutenant! A letter! From whom?

**Susan.** (to Rosie). It's a curious thing, my lady, but he don't seem to take no notice.

**Rosie.** It is his sense of discipline, Susan, because I am here. You can whisper to him that I shall not mind his walking up the coach road. I shall not report him for it.

**Susan.** Oh, I've told him that you're dying for him to go, my lady. I'll tell him again. (*Goes to* Sentry.)

**Ter.** (to Rosie). You say my messenger had a letter for the Lord Lieutenant?

**Rosie.** Susan said so—I have reason to believe she is a painfully truthful girl.

**Ter.** What can it have been? (*Goes up.*)

**Susan.** (to Rosie). I can't upset his discipline not anyhow, my lady. But there's a gentleman coming down the drive who's winking at me lady. The one who brought the note—

**Rosie.** Do you think you could—just for once—make the sentry—er, *jealous!* Do you think *that* would—er—move him?

**Susan.** I'll see what I can do, my lady.

(Enter Bunn. He ogles Susan.)

Ter. I must talk to this Mr. Bunn.

**Rosie.** Don't interrupt them, *please*—to please *me*. (*She takes him up*.) (*Business with* Susan.)

**Bunn.** Remarkably warm evening, miss—?

**Susan.** (coyly). Susan.—Do you think so? I'm such a chilly mortal. Just feel my fingers! (Offers hand.)

Bunn. (taking it). Ah! Cold hands, warm—

Susan. (coyly). We are not alone. (Indicating Sentry.)

**Bunn.** Oh, he won't take any notice.

**Susan.** I think perhaps he will, soon. I believe I saw him twitch.

**Bunn.** Oh, well, I don't want you to feel any restraint. I'll send him on his beat. (Susan turns up to Rosie, and Bunn turns to Sentry and releases him from his mesmeric trance.) **Susan.** (to Rosie). It'll be all right soon, my lady.

**Rosie.** Thank you, Susan.

Bunn. (to Sentry). Right!

(*The* Sentry wakes. His expression changes as he sees Susan; he smiles. She goes to him.) **Sen.** Lord Lieutenant's domestics require no pass.

(Exeunt Susan and Sentry arm in arm. Bunn is left astounded and disconsolate.)

Ter. I want to talk to you, Mr. Bunn, on business. I hear you left a letter—

**Rosie.** Oh, *must* you talk business *now?* I thought—(*Pouting*.)

**Ter.** Well, the business shall wait. (*To* Bunn.) But so must you. I am not going to let you out of my sight—

**Rosie.** Need this gentleman wait? I thought—(*Pouts.*) (*Enter* Susan.)

**Ter.** Someone must keep an eye on him.

**Susan.** Could I help, my lady?

Rosie. Susan! Why have you come back?

**Susan.** The sentry has just been made a prisoner by the Corporal, my lady—for talking to me.

**Rosie.** But I thought the Corporal was a particular friend of yours?

**Susan.** That's just it, my lady, he *is*—most particular.

Rosie. Then you had better go and talk to the Corporal.

**Susan.** Thank you, my lady. (Exit.)

**Ter.** The problem is, how to take two persons from three persons, and not leave a remainder of one person.

Rosie. I think I could do it with apples. Suppose you had three apples—

**Bunn.** Allow me. (*Produces three apples by a conjuring trick*.)

## <u>Nº 6.</u>

# QUARTET (Rosie, Susan, Terence & Bunn.)





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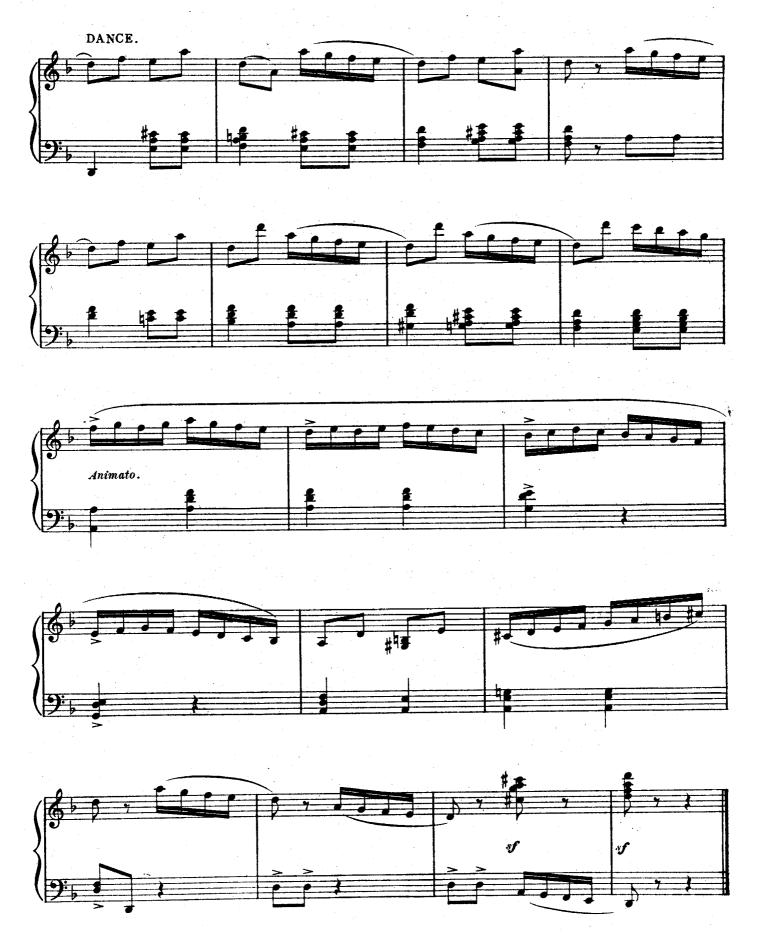












#### (Exeunt Terence and Rosie.)

**Bunn.** So you are left in charge of me? Hadn't you better hold me tight, Susan? (*Business. They sit.*)

**Susan.** It seems to me there's mysteries afloat. Who is this Mr. O'Brian?

Bunn. A very dangerous young man.

Susan. I love dangerous young men. Why have I to keep my eye on you?

**Bunn.** Why? Because I'm more dangerous than he is. He's jealous. You think I'm stout. I'm not. It's gunpowder.

Susan. Lawks! Why, you might go off!

**Bunn.** (aside). So I might—if I can get the chance. Susan, you must take your eye off me for a few minutes. I'm going to change my costume.

Susan. What for?

**Bunn.** For the costume of the lean and slippered pantaloon, in my impersonations of the Seven Ages of Man. You *do* love dangerous men?

**Susan.** I've always had a leaning that way. That's why I lean to soldiers.

Bunn. Ah! I set my face against soldiers.

**Susan.** So have I, sometimes. But detectives is my craze. Here comes the Lord Lieutenant! You're not the Irish League?

**Bunn.** No. Scotland Yard!

Susan. A detective! That breaks my dream. (Exit.)

(Bunn enters Murphy's cottage, carrying costume, which he takes from carpet-bag.)
(Enter Lord Lieutenant, Countess, and Dr. Fiddle, and later, Rosie with Terence, at back. Rosie comes down innocently and Terence exit hurriedly.)

# Nº 7. Entrance of Lord Lieutenant, Countess and Chaplain.









#### Nº 8. SONG.—Lord Lieutenant, (with Rosie, Countess and Chaplain.)















**Lord L.** I may suppose, I think, that any one Who saw me standing thus would be deceived, And think I am a King!

**Coun.** No, not deceived.

You *are* a King and I'm a Queen, my lord. The only difference that lies between Us and all other Kings and Queens is this—We are more dignified!

**Lord L.** Much more. I am

The only King, or representative
Of Royalty (outside the characters
Of Shakespeare's plays) who make a special point
Of talking in blank verse, and who insists
That every member of his family
And household shall converse in blank verse too
Sir—Doctor Fiddle—

**Fid.** Yes, your Excellency!

**Lord L.** Go and enquire if one Professor Bunn

Has yet arrived: I am expecting him.

(To Countess.)

Professor he of elocution:
And with his elocutionary art
He mingles parlour magic. In a word,
He'll make a pudding in your hat—not mine—
Extract a rabbit from your pocket, or
An egg from your back hair.

**Coun.** 'Tis false!

Lord L. I mean

He *could*—not necessarily he *will*. I have engaged him for our Infant Schools: He'll interest the children. Send him here At once.

**Fid.** I'll put my best foot forward.

Lord L. No,

Not forward—go out backwards, if you please. (*Exit* Fiddle.) I think it rather odd the peasantry Do not cheer us.

**Coun.** Yes. But let us cheers ourselves!

Can we not form a Royal group of two—
A family group in studied attitudes
Of dignity combined with perfect grace,
Such as a Royal Portrait Painter loves?
You standing there, the left leg well advanced
To show the calf: your elbow resting on
A marble pillar. We'll imagine that,
Also a curtain and a thunder-cloud
Behind. That's exquisite! (Stands contemplating him.)

(Terence and Rosie enter at back.)

**Rosie.** (aside). Go! Fly to your hiding place—to Carrig-Cleena!

**Ter.** To-morrow—you will meet me to-morrow?

**Rosie.** Yes! (*They kiss*.)

(Exit Terence.)

**Coun.** (to Lord Lieutenant) I by your side, Holding your hand and gazing at you thus—(Kneeling.)

**Rosie.** (coming down). What are you doing?

Coun. Showing all the world

That Kings need not depend upon their crowns

For dignity. Some monarchs have, I know,
In English history—who when dethroned

Forgot their pride; but we should not!

Lord L. Not we!







(Dr. Fiddle advances.)

**Fid.** Your Majesty!

**Lord L.** Glide, Dr. Fiddle, glide!

Pray do not skip! Toes more turned out, and eyes Turned up, to show the whites; the body bent: Humility combined with grace—that's it. Remember that position, sir, and mine!

**Fid.** The elocutionist, Professor Bunn,

Has not arrived yet; but some stranger left

This note for you. (*Hands note*.)

(Enter Molly and Murphy at back.)

Lord L. (glancing at it). Anonymous! Ah, well,

In these days men who cannot sign their names

Can make their mark!

(*Reads*.) "The Lord Lieutenant's warned that the rebel Terence O'Brian is in the neighbourhood—his secret meeting place is Carrig-Cleena. The writer has been forced against his will into joining the rebel society, and will be much obliged by the Lord Lieutenant exterminating same at as early date as possible."

**Mol.** (aside). What's that?

Lord L.Pooh!Coun.Fudge!Fid.Bosh!

**Lord L.** Dr. Fiddle, you

Forget yourself! This letter is not bosh; Go, send a messenger for extra troops And we'll exterminate these rebels: point Your toes.

(Exit Dr. Fiddle, Lord Lieutenant and Countess critically watching him.)

Mol. (to Murphy). There's been a double-faced traitor somewhere. Do ye hear, Pat?

Mur. I do, Molly. I wish it was in my heart to tell ye that I can see as well!

**Mol.** If ye could, would I be holdin' your hand?

Mur. That's it. Ye would not.

**Lord L.** What have we here?

Coun. From his appearance I Should say an impecunious performer Upon the violin.

Mur. Not at all, your honour. It's a poor fiddler I am.

**Coun.** Bow, when the Lord Lieutenant speaks.

Lord L. Bow thus. (Showing him.)

Are you in need of alms?

Mol. No, eyes, your honour, seein' he's blind.

**Lord L.** "Alms" with an "I"—Bow!—were the alms I meant.

**Mol.** Arms with an el-bow were the arms *I* meant. Come, Pat, it's not the Lord Lieutenant I want to be splittin' straws with.

**Lord L.** Kiss hands when you retire.

(Murphy kisses his hand to the Countess.)

**Coun.** He kissed his hand

To me!

Mol. He's blind, ma'am. He wouldn't have done it else. Come, Pat. I'll show ye to your door.

**Lord L.** Stay—an idea!

**Coun.** That makes two to-day!

**Lord L.** (to Murphy). Do you perform upon the bagpipes, knave?

**Mur.** Do I? Molly, darlin', fly into my cabin like the angel without wings ye are, and bring the pipes. His Lordship will not ask that of me twice when he's heard me once.

(He hands fiddle to Molly, who exit into cottage.)

Lord L. I ask because I fancy it would lend,

If possible, additional effect And dignity to my appearance, if

My comings and my goings were announced

By bagpipes, played a little in advance

Of where I walk.

**Coun.** It might attract a crowd.

Lord L. It might. So, if I pay a pound a week
To this poor man to pipe in front of me
Whenever I leave home 'til I return,
I shall, I think, successfully combine
Cheap charity with much advertisement—
The soul of up-to-date philanthropy;
Charity which, though it begin at home,
Is seen and heard for miles.

**Coun.** An excellent idea!

**Mur.** It is that! A pound a week! It's an offer of marriage I see peepin' out o' that offer as soon as I get my eyesight, which I'll find somehow by this time to-morrow, if I go blind in the search. (*Enter* Molly, with pipes.) I'm at your service and in it, Lord Lieutenant darlin', from this moment.

**Mol.** (aside). You! Is it you that has turned the traitor? Oh, I wouldn't have believed it! (Turns slowly and exit.)

**Mur.** But ye do, mighty quick! Ah, Molly, if ye knew everything, ye would understand more.

**Coun.** Come, now, prepare to pipe.

(Rosie enters.)

**Rosie.** Papa! Papa! Oh, is it true the soldiers have been summoned to make a raid on Carrig-Cleena, and to catch and hang the rebels?

Lord L. Yes, my chuck!

They will parade at sunset, here. And I

Shall then address them, as I love to do,
A few soul-stirring words.

Coun.

**Lord L.** (*to* Murphy). Prepare to pipe some proud appropriate air Indicative of victory.

And so shall I.

**Mur.** Molly, Molly, you've filled my heart with emptiness! (Murphy begins to play a doleful air.)

Lord L. I have no ear for music, but is that Indicative of victory? It sounds to me Like groans and moans**Mur.** It's the groans and moans of the vanquished that ye hear, your honour: how can ye have a victory without a defeat at all?

(Exit playing, being led by Fiddle and followed by Lord Lieutenant and Countess.)

Rosie. At sunset! How can I warn him? Oh, what shall I do?

## Nº 10.

## SONG. (Rosie.)

Edward German.



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(Enter Terence.)

**Ter.** Dearest!

**Rosie.** You have not gone?

**Ter.** I tried to, but I've been hanging about here—

**Rosie.** You will be, dear, if you don't take care! Papa has been warned; the soldiers are going to raid Carrig-Cleena—you have been betrayed.

(Enter Susan.)

**Ter.** That's Professor Bunn! Where is he? I knew he was dangerous! (*Runs up.*)

Susan. Ah!

Rosie. (to Susan). Where is he, Susan?

**Susan.** Oh, he's safe enough, my lady.

**Ter.** Not he! (Rosie and Terence exeunt.)

(Enter Bunn, disquised as a very old man, from cottage.)

Susan. You don't know him as I do! He's a nero.

**Bunn.** (coming down). Not a Nero, Susan. I cannot marry a lady without aspirations.

**Susan.** Go away, you silly old man!

**Bunn.** Susan! (*Taking off long beard*.)

(Terence and Rosie enter at back.)

**Susan.** Mystery on mystery!

**Ter.** So you are trying to escape in disguise? (*Presenting pistol*.)

**Rosie.** Don't let it go off, please! (Both girls stop their ears.)

**Bunn.** You are frightening the ladies, sir. (*Goes to them, and shields himself between them.*)

**Mol.** (entering, followed by girls). Listen, Terence O'Brian! Do ye know the soldiers are out—and a traitor somewhere?

**Ter.** Yes, and I know where he is! There!

**Mol.** Wait, lest ye shoot an innocent man. It is in my mind to say it is another—though it is not in my heart to say who. But the game's not up—it is only beginning.

Ter. How?

**Mol.** This way. I have thought how to keep Carrig-Cleena clear of the soldiers. They are mostly men from Devonshire, and they say such are mighty afraid of fairies. We'll tell them the tales of the place bein' haunted. We'll tell them how the Fairy Cleena catches all the good-lookin' boys and keeps them sleepin' and dreamin' for fifty years.

**Ter.** They won't believe *everything* you choose to tell them. They're ordinary soldiers, not the Intelligence Department.

**Mol.** They shall believe it. It's myself that's goin' to appear to them as the Fairy Cleena herself—and seein' is believin'.

**Ter.** There really might be something in it!

**Bunn.** *Now*, perhaps, you will let me tell you why I put on this costume. Not for any purposes of escape. Not from any selfish motive. *I* am prepared, for the purpose of hoaxing the soldiers, to impersonate a gentleman who has been kept a prisoner by the Fairy—er—

Ter. Cleena?

**Bunn.** Precisely—by the Fairy—er—er—for fifty years. *That* is why I have adopted this costume. It is the nearest thing to Rip Van Winkle I had by me.

**Rosie.** How clever!

**Bunn.** Yes, I am pretty quick at getting to an idea. If you will all follow my instructions, I have no doubt I shall be able to frighten these soldiers into fits.

**Ter.** Mr. Bunn, I am sorry—I was hasty.

**Bunn.** Well, you were a little free with the shooting-gallery. But there! I don't bear malice. Say no more about it.

**Ter.** Thank you. You are very kind.

**Susan.** A nero, if ever there was one! And like a nero to deny it!

# Nº 11. QUINTET (Rosie, Susan, Molly, Terence & Bunn.)

#### Arthur Sullivan.













## <u> Nº 12.</u>

## Entrance of Soldiers.

























## <u>№ 13.</u>

## SONG.-Sergeant with Chorus.

























(Enter Terence.)

**Ter.** (to Sergeant). And so, my honest fellow, you don't forget the girls you have left behind you?

**Ser.** No, zur. There be Mary Hooper and Mary Cooper and Jane Tucker and Emily Snugg and Susan Wickens and Hepzibah Lugg and pretty Polly Potter—(sighs).

**Ter.** And yet—and yet—you are all going to Carrig-Cleena!

**Ser.** Ess. There be Thomas Perry and Thomas Merry and Jan Hadley and Timothy Mudd and Harry Budgen and Oliver Budd and myself and—

**Ter.** Poor fellows!

Ser. Eh?

**Ter.** Suppose—merely suppose—that when you reach the caves of Carrig-Cleena, which, as you know, are haunted by fairies—(repeating with emphasis) which, as you know, are haunted by fairies—

Ser. Aw! I an't ayerd nort about that!

Ter. Haven't you? You will before long. What's this?

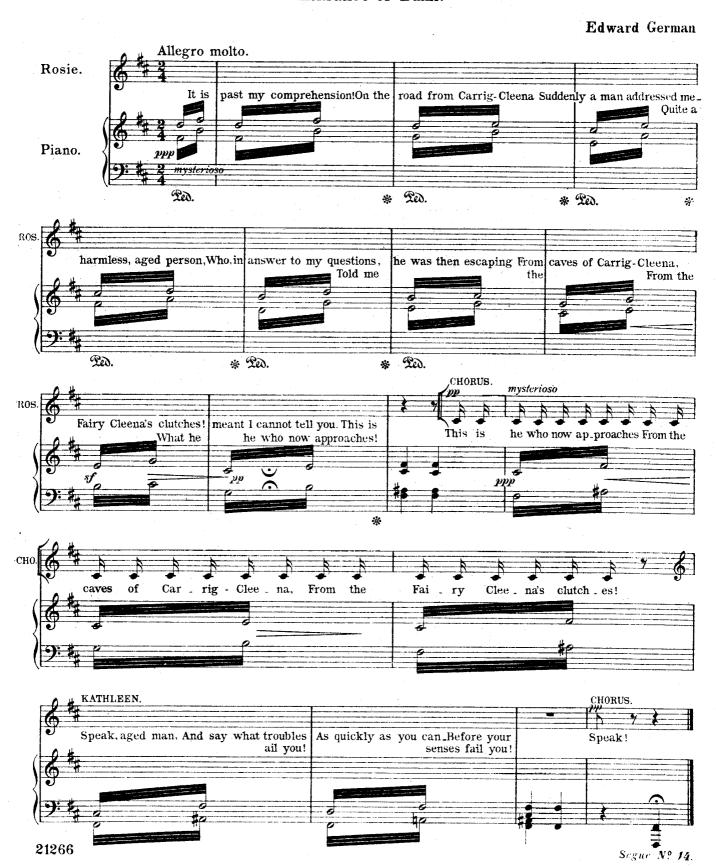
(Enter Susan, hurriedly, over bridge.)

**Susan.** Oh, my mistress, Lady Rosie, daughter of the Lord Lieutenant, has been greatly agitated by a very strange encounter!

(Rosie enters.)

**Kathleen.** (addressing her). What's the matter, noble lady? Calm yourself, and try to tell us.

#### Entrance of Bunn.



#### <u>Nº 14</u>.

### SONG. (Bunn) with Chorus.



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# (The Soldiers are greatly affected—others pretend to be.) (Enter Murphy from park.)

Mur. Is that Molly's voice that I heard—Molly O'Grady's?

Nora. (aside). Hush! It's frightening the soldiers we are!

Rosie. It is the Fairy Cleena!

**Ter.** The Queen of the Fairies!

**Mur.** Is it the Queen of the Fairies ye are?

**Mol.** I am that! I have taken Molly's shape and her voice for my appearance.

**Mur.** It's a wise choice ye made, Cleena, darlin'. It's her voice I'd follow whenever it called—even to the caves, on a dark night.

Bunn. Fool! Look at me, and tremble!

**Mur.** I'd be a fool to tremble with lookin' at any one, bein' blind. Cleena, darlin', ye may not know it, but it's a miraculous cure for my blindness that I'm lookin' for. It's my mind was made up to come to your caves this very night to ask for it as a gift from the fairies. I'll follow you.

Mol. No; the fairies cannot cure your blindness. You will be disappointed, Blind Murphy—

Mur. Not at all. It's certain sure I am that I'll be able to see by the mornin'—

**Mol.** Be warned—do not trust too much in the fairies, poor Blind Murphy.

**Ter.** You will be kept in the Cavern of Dreams for fifty years!

Mur. Bedad, then, I'll be after puttin' a few things in a bundle for my visit. (Exit into cottage.)

**Ser.** Now, diddee iver zee sich a chubble-headed vule's 'er is in awl yer born days? I niver didden!

Nº 15.

FINALE.





























































