

*Inscribed*  
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THE CINGALEE

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ACT I.

THE PROPERTY  
OF  
J. C. WILLIAMSON.



THE PROPERTY  
→ OF ←  
J. C. WILLIAMSON.

THE SINGHALEE.

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A Two-Act Musical Play

by

JAMES T. TANNER.

MRS. MARSHALL'S  
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CHARACTERS.

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- HARRY VEREKER ... .. A young and poor member of a titled family, twice removed from an Earldom, who has settled as a Tea-Planter in Ceylon.
- CHAMBHUDDY RAM ... .. A "Baboo" Lawyer, practising in Kandy.
- SIR PETER LOFTUS K.C.B., C.S.I., etc. High Commissioner and Judge at Colombo.
- BOBBIE WARREN ... .. An articted pupil on the "Tea Plantation", a nephew of Sir Peter's.
- FREDDY LOWTHER )  
DICK BOSANQUET ) ... .. Other Englishmen, pupils on the  
JACK CLINTON ) Plantation.
- MYAMGAH ... .. Servant to Sir Peter.
- BOOBHAMBHA CHETTUR BHOY ... .. A Native Nobleman of Kandy. A Dissave Mahatmeya.
- NANOYA ... .. A Tea-Girl on Vereker's Plantation.
- PEGGY SABINE ... .. A smart little London girl engaged by Vereker to act as Governess, adviser and companion to Nanoya.
- LADY PATRICIA VANE ( ... .. A distant relation of Vereker's, a woman of fashion.
- NAITOOMA )  
SATTAMBI ) ... .. Tea-Girls.  
MYCHEELAH )  
COOROOWE )
- ANGY LOFTUS ... .. Sir Peter's Daughter.
- FRAULEIN )  
MADemoISELLE )  
SIGNORINA ) ... .. Angy's Governesses.  
MISS )
- ARTHUR VEREKER ... .. The missing heir.



MUSIC PLOT.

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|---|-----------------------|
| 1. <u>OPENING CHORUS.</u>                           | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 2. <u>CONCERTED NUMBER: Tea-Girls &amp; Pupils.</u> | Greenbank - Monckton. |
| 3. <u>SONG: Ancy and Governesses.</u>               | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 4. <u>SONG: Vereker.</u>                            | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 5. <u>DUET: Vereker and Nanoya.</u>                 | Greenbank - Monckton. |
| 6. <u>SONG: Peggy and Chorus.</u>                   | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 7. <u>SONG &amp; CHORUS: Boobhamba.</u>             | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 8. <u>SONG &amp; CHORUS: Chambhuddy.</u>            | Rubens.               |
| 9. <u>SONG: Patricia.</u>                           | Greenbank - Monckton. |
| 10. <u>CONCERTED NUMBER: Tea-Girls.</u>             | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 11. <u>DUET: Chambhuddy and Peggy.</u>              | Rubens.               |
| 12. <u>OCTETTE.</u>                                 | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 13. <u>SONG: Nanoya.</u>                            | Ropes - Monckton.     |
| 14. <u>FINALE.</u>                                  | Ropes - Monckton.     |

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T H E S I N G H A L E E .

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A C T I .

SCENE: Vereker's Tea Plantation, Karagama, in Ceylon. On the Right is the verandah of Vereker's bungalow. On the left and led up to by a flight of steps cut into the rock is a tea-drying shed. The main road leading to the Bungalow comes over a slight elevation in the ground from R.U.E. to Centre. In the middle distance and disappearing up the side of a hill left is the Tea Plantation. Beyond this, in the distance, right is seen the still water of a lagoon, with its fringe of cocconut palms, beyond which again the deep blue of the Indian Ocean is seen. The Scene is one mass of tropical vegetation with its gorgeous blooms. This, in the foreground, near the Bungalow, shows signs of cultivation, and control. Around the verandah are cane seats, chairs, tables - etc. under it is slung a silk hammock. In the tea shed left are scales, account books, etc.

TIME: It is noon. The time of year is April.

(As the Curtain rises, THE NATIVE TEA GIRLS with their baskets of picked leaves are discovered reclining in groups, the hour of siesta having nearly passed. The OPENING CHORUS commences with these girls only - THE MALE CHORUS - COOLIES & ENGLISH PUPILS together with the FOUR PRINCIPAL ENGLISH PUPILS, WARREN, LOWTHER, BOSANQUET & CLINTON, enter later on in the Number. The FOUR GIRLS, while the FOUR PUPILS OF CHORUS go up to drying shed left and make with the COOLIES some pretence of working and collecting the tea - etc., but all is done in a lazy and perfunctory way, the work being often interrupted by THE PUPILS larking with the GIRLS)

No.1. OPENING CHORUS.

SOPRANOS &  
CONTRALTOS

Never a cloud in the sky,  
Never a wind on the hill,  
Birds do not waken to cry,  
Noontide is still.  
Only the billows that break  
Echo eternally on,



Music that cannot awake  
Music that cannot awake  
Sleepy Ceylon!  
Sleepy Ceylon!

But we - but we -  
Are waking like the sea,  
And singing while we bring  
The newly gathered tea;  
We stop, we stop,  
The little leaves to drop,  
So slender and tender,  
The best of all the crop!

For we girls are tea girls,  
As busy as can be,  
And ever so clever  
At gathering the tea.  
The tea, the tea, the tea,  
The Wattalottee tea!  
At gathering, at gathering  
The Wattalottee tea!  
The tea, the tea,  
The Wattalottee tea!  
Wattalottee tea!

1st TEA GIRL

I wonder where across the sea  
A ship will bear our precious tea,  
When dried and rolled and sold for gold,  
What will its future be?

SOPRANOS &  
CONTRALTOS

What will its future be?

2nd TEA GIRL

At five o'clock a girl like me,  
But in a frock that's odd to see,  
Will deftly make and take with cake  
Our very fragrant tea!

CHORUS

Our very fragrant tea!  
And all will chat together,  
"What really awful weather!  
One day with cold we're aching,  
The next the heat is baking!  
We never understand which -  
Do take another sandwich! -  
It's really most distressing,  
We don't know how we're dressing,  
We don't - ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
But someone comes, who can it be?  
The young sahibs - let's gather tea!



PUPILS

We are pupils who are learning at a premium  
 How to grow a tea at eighteenpence a pound,  
 But the flies are ever buzzing with a dreamy hum,  
 And the rolling billows have a drowsy sound;  
 So with Anglo-Saxon energy we mingle ease  
 Underneath a tropic heaven's azure dome,  
 And as bachelors we flirt a bit with Singhalese,  
 Till we go to married blessedness at home.  
 And as bachelors we flirt a bit with Singhalese  
 Till we go to married blessedness at home.

SOPRANO &  
CONTRALTO

No, within our garden border  
 Maiden blushes must be hidden;  
 Don't you know the latest order?  
 All flirtation is forbidden,  
 All flirtation is forbidden!

PUPILS &  
MALE CHORUS

Can it be forbidden?

SOPRANO &  
CONTRALTO

Utterly forbidden.

PUPILS & MALE CHORUS.

Can it be - ch  
 Can it be forbidden?  
 This is really being rather too  
 particular,  
 And we can't imagine why the rule  
 was made;  
 After toiling in a sun that's  
 perpendicular,  
 Are we not to flirt a little in  
 the shade?  
 Growing tea is not so bad as an  
 experiment,  
 But to do it all the time is very  
 slow!  
 If we can't have a bit of harm-  
 less merriment,  
 We shall chuck the blessed  
 bus'ness up and go;  
 If we cannot have a bit of  
 harmless merriment,  
 We shall chuck the blessed  
 bus'ness up and go!

No flirtation!  
 No flirtation!  
 It's forbidden!  
 For tea girls are the girls  
 The only girls we see,

SOPRANO & CONTRALTO

Utterly forbidden!

Though we very much regret it,  
 Still within our garden border

That's the rule  
 And don't forget it.

Ladies do not flirt by order--  
 Ladies do not flirt by order--

No flirtation!  
 No flirtation!  
 It's forbidden!  
 For we girls are tea girls  
 And busy we must be,



Can flirting be hurting  
 The gathering of the tea,  
 The tea, the tea, the tea,  
 The Wattalottee tea!  
 The gathering,  
 The gathering of Wattalottee tea,  
 The tea, the tea,  
 The Wattalottee, Wattalottee tea!

Not shirking, but working  
 At gathering the tea,  
 The tea, the tea, the tea,  
 The Wattalottee tea!  
 The gathering,  
 At gathering the Wattalottee tea  
 The tea, the tea,  
 The Wattalottee, Wattalottee tea!

(THE THREE GIRLS cluster round WARREN and OTHERS, clap their hands joyfully and run to the shed to have their tea weighed, chattering and laughing)

LOWTHER

I say, old chap! You might play the game.

BOSAN-

I call it rotten! (Sitting on a seat) Here have I been swotting all the morning -

LOWTHER

What about Naitooma, eh?

(OMNES laugh)

WARREN

Gentlemen, your reports, please.

LOWTHER

Oh, here you are! (Hands paper)

WARREN

(Reads) My own sweet Cooroowe.

(General laugh)

LOWTHER

Hang! (Snatches papers and gives another)

CLINTON

Hallo, here they are! Here's Mycheelah, Naitooma, Cooroowe and Sattambi.

(Enter NAITOOMA, SATTAMBI, MYCHEELAH and COOROOWE, the FOUR PRINCIPAL TEA GIRLS - the "Particular" girls of the FOUR PUPILS. They are dressed in a more elaborate way than the OTHER TEA GIRLS, who as they enter express admiration of their costumes. THE FOUR GIRLS enter in an excited, giggling state, the idea being that they have occupied all the morning in trying on their new costumes which they are to wear as attendant bridesmaids to NANOYA)

WARREN

Here, what are you doing with my "Sketch"?



BOSAN- (R.) And that's my "Sporting and Dramatic".

NAIT- (C.) Naitooma see fashion. Naitooma be bridesmaid when Vereker Sahib marry Nanoya.

SATT- (R.C.) All be bridesmaids.

NAIT- Like all same as English ladies like that. (Pointing to paper)

No.2. CONCERTED NUMBER.

TEA GIRLS & PUPILS.

TEA GIRLS (Come together C.)

Girls on a tea plantation  
Don't often get the chance  
Even to take a glance  
At a lady's paper.

PUPILS

Where is the fascination?  
What is the use of "styles"  
When you are miles and miles  
From a linen-drapeer?

TEA GIRLS

It may be vain, as you suggest,  
But we have often thought of late  
How should we look if we were dressed  
Exactly like a fashion plate?  
Like this or that,  
Like this or this or that!  
Just like that! Just like that!  
With a very, very fine costume on  
And a great big ostrich plume on every hat.

PUPILS

and  
TEA GIRLS

Thin or fat, thin or fat,  
We should all be in the fashion,  
Wrongly or rightly, laced very tightly,  
Just like that!

PUPILS

Smart little frills and laces  
Want such a lot of care,  
For they are apt to tear,  
And that's such a pity.

TEA GIRLS

Putting on airs and graces,  
Lazily we would loll  
Under a parasol,  
Oh, we should look pretty!



PUPILS

Perhaps you would look rather nice,  
 But now you're prettier by far,  
 So little girls, take our advice,  
 Remain exactly as you are!  
 Like that, or that!  
 Like this, or this, or that!

TEA GIRLS

Just like this! Just like this!  
 Very dainty and demure and simple,  
 Cheeks with a bewitching dimple,  
 Made to kiss.

ALL

Dark-eyed Miss, dark-eyed Miss,  
 Looks a great deal more attractive,  
 Nicer and neater, very much sweeter,  
 Just like this!

NAIT-

How you like our dresses? No, no - go away - you  
 spoil them.

WARREN

Ha, ha! I say, Naitooma, where's my morning kiss?

NAIT-

There are no more morning kisses from Naitooma.

WARREN

What? Well, well! I'll have the evening one in  
 advance.

NAIT-

Evening kisses more naughty than morning kisses.

BOSAN-

What? What rot!

NAIT-

Naitooma not like it more than Bobbie Sahib - not  
 always nice to be proper.

SATT-

But Vereker Sahib is going to marry Nanoya.

ASPANTIA

Who is only little tea girl like us.

NAIT-

And Vereker Sahib say we to be very good little  
 girls.

SATT-

And then we think perhaps you marry us.



ASPANTIA Same as Vereker Sahib marry Nanoya.

NAIT- English girls no kiss Sahibs, they not marry -

WARREN Don't they, though!

NAIT- Tea girls no kiss Sahibs unless they marry them.

SATT- Like Vereker Sahib and Nanoya.

WARREN I shall talk to Vereker about this.

(Shouts are heard outside. ALL on stage turn and look off R.U.E.)

Good Lord! It's my Uncle, Sir Peter Loftus, the Judge from Colombo. What the deuce does he want?

(More shouts getting nearer)

Look out, boys, let him find us hard at it, or it's all up with my next advance.

(They all affect to be very busy as

SIR PETER, carried on in a sort of hammock, slung on a bamboo, enters, borne by NATIVES, and followed by his NATIVE SERVANT, MYAMGAH. SIR PETER is asleep) (ANGY & GOVERNESSES to enter following)

MYAM- Put the Judge Sahib down.

(THE BEARERS let the hammock drop suddenly which wakes SIR PETER up)

SIR P- (C.) What the devil! Eh? How dare you? Myangah! where are we, eh? Oh, Vereker's Tea Plantation, of course! Confound! Myangah! Myangah! where the deuce is Myangah?

MYAM- (R.) Myangah here beside yourself, Sahib.

WARREN (L.) My dear Uncle!

SIR P- Eh? - who the deuce - ch, ah! Yes, Bobbie - well - been hard at work? - Right! Nothing like hard work,



always at it - look at me. Nice girls here - that chocolate one now - Myamgah, where was I?

MYAM- Hard at work - look naughty nice little girls, Sahib.

SIR P- Eh, right! Hard work? Why did they make me Judge? Hard work - why did they? - that's a devilish pretty girl!

(Note: SIR PETER, in contrast to what he says, does absolutely nothing. MYAMGAH waiting on him and doing those things which men ordinarily do for themselves - such as taking off his gloves, etc.)

WARREN It's awfully good of you to come to see me, Sir Peter.

SIR P- See you? I've come all the way from Colombo about some bother between two native fellows - girl missing or something of the sort. (Sits down) Thought I'd drop in and see Vereker. - Come here, my dear!

NAIT- (R.) The great Judge Sahib casts a smiling eye on the poor tea girl.

SIR P- (C.) He does, my dear - two of them. I shall stay here, you must see me after dinner. I'm best after dinner.

NAIT- And the Judge Sahib will marry Naitooma?

SIR P- Marry, eh? What the deuce does the girl mean?

WARREN Why, you see, sir - Vereker is going to marry one of the tea-girls and all the others are looking out for chances.

SIR P- Harry Vereker - next door but one to a title, going to marry a native tea-girl!!! It's the climate! I'll talk to Vereker about this - this must be stopped. Vereker! Where is Vereker? Oh, there you are!

(Enter VEREKER, R.)



HARRY My dear Sir Peter and Angy! Welcome to Karagama.  
Delighted to see you here.

SIR P- Thankee. I suppose you can put us up for the night?

HARRY Certainly! The boys (To PUPILS) must turn out of  
their quarters for the ladies.

(THE FOUR PUPILS express pleasure)

WARREN Oh! I'll attend to that!

NAIT- (To WARREN) You go make say nice things to her,  
(Meaning ENGLISH GOVERNESS), Naitooma not make say  
nice things to you any more.

SIR P- Run along! Run along!

(THE FOUR PUPILS, ANGY and GOVERNESSES  
exeunt)

HARRY What has brought you up country, Sir Peter?

SIR P- Official business. On my way to Kandy - damn nui-  
sance missed the races, missed the Governor's Ball,  
and all for a blessed Baboo lawyer, Chambhuddy Ram!  
(Crosses L.)

HARRY (Laughing) Ah, I know him! I had the lease of this  
plantation through him.

SIR P- Ah! then it's ten to one there's something wrong  
with it.

HARRY Rather a swell at Kandy, isn't he?

SIR P- Swell! Inflated ass! - What's this I hear about you  
and a tea girl?

HARRY What do you hear about me and a tea girl, Sir Peter?

SIR P- They say you're going to marry her.



HARRY Then they're quite right. I intend to.

SIR P- What the devil for?

HARRY Because I'm very fond of her.

SIR P- That's no reason - a man can't marry every girl he's fond of; and supposing you come into the property one day?

HARRY Then Nanoya shall share it.

SIR P- A tea girl? One of the girls here?

HARRY (Nods) My Mascotte - she came here a year ago, a stranger. Everything has prospered with me since.

SIR P- But - I thought you and your cousin Lady Patricia Vane were very fond of each other?

HARRY Nonsense! Pat and I were very good friends, that's all.

SIR P- You know she has arrived in Ceylon?

HARRY Pat here in Ceylon?

SIR P- Boat just arrived - and I had no time to meet her. You'd better drop this tea girl.

HARRY Ah! wait until you see her.

SIR P- Oh, I daresay she's pretty enough; they all are, bless 'em. It's the climate. (Going to squeeze NAIT:)

HARRY I beg pardon, Sir Peter, don't do that. I can't allow it on this plantation.

SIR P- This isn't the one, is it?



HARRY No.

NAIT- Perhaps the Judge Sahib want nice little wife like as well as Vereker Sahib?

SIR P- They've all got it - it's the climate. I know it's the climate.

HARRY I hope you will make yourself at home, Sir Peter.

SIR P- There was a time when that meant - (Looking meaningfully at GIRLS) Do you remember the devil dance we had - and the little girl under the dish-cover? Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

HARRY Please, Sir Peter!

SIR P- And to-night I suppose it'll be tea and a dashed magic lantern.

(Exit to Bungalow)

HARRY (To NAIT:) Naitooma, where is Nanoya?

NAIT- Nanoya go find flowers. When is Sahib and Nanoya marry together?

HARRY Next moon, Naitooma.

NAIT- Vereker Sahib very glad? Happy all time along?

HARRY Yes, I am, Naitooma - so happy with my little tea girl.

(Exit NAITOOMA, L.I.E.)

No.3. SONG - HARRY.

"Pearl of Sweet Ceylon".

Beyond the bar of fair Manaar  
The diver seeks for pearls,  
I know a gem out-shining them,  
A jewel queen of girls;



The fairest, the rarest,  
 In worth so far above;  
 No man alive in the sea would dive  
 So deep as I in love!

Pearl of sweet Ceylon,  
 Dearer and rarer  
 Than on Eastern Queen  
 Ever has shone;  
 Fair tho' gems have been,  
 Her face is fairer,  
 How I long to win and wear her,  
 Pearl of Sweet Ceylon!

CHORUS

Pearl of Sweet Ceylon - etc.

2.

HARRY

Across my way at dawn of day  
 In light of love she came,  
 As morn that thrills above the hills  
 And sets the world aflame;  
 My one maid - my sun maid -  
 Too dear for words to tell;  
 When she is near then the sky is clear,  
 And all the world goes well.

Pearl of Sweet Ceylon - etc.

(ALL exeunt but HARRY)

HARRY

(Sitting) Ah! (With sigh of content) I wish I  
 could make the time go faster - three more weeks and  
 then - ah!

(NANOYA appears parting the branches of a tree  
 above him; she throws a whole shower of flowers  
 over him; he starts up)

Nanoya!

NANOYA

Good morning, Harree!

HARRY

Come down - you'll fall.

NANOYA

Nanoya thinks quite safe here. More safe as down  
 there. (Blows a kiss)

HARRY

Ah! but I want to talk to you.



NANOYA You talk there; Nanoya little bird up here hear all you talk.

HARRY (Turning his back) Oh, very well, if you won't come down I don't care.

NANOYA Ah! Nanoya fall! (Pretending)

(HARRY rushes to her in alarm)

No, Nanoya not fall! (She laughs at him and comes down)

HARRY Nanoya - my little Nanoya - soon mine for always; and then I'll take you to England.

NANOYA No, no! Harree stop here with Nanoya all time in Ceylon.

HARRY Now, Nanoya, I want to talk to you seriously.

NANOYA Oh! (Clapping her hands) I like Harree when he want to talk seriously. Harree sit here.

(HARRY sits)

Nanoya sit here. (Sits on his knee) Make pretty curl on Harree's head, so! Now Harree make talk.

HARRY Listen, Nanoya.

NANOYA (Pouting) Harree going to be cross?

HARRY No, no! (Kisses her) There!

NANOYA Harree nice boy again. (Sticks a flower behind his ear)

HARRY You know, Nanoya, when you are my wife you'll meet a lot of my friends.

NANOYA Nice boys like Harree?



HARRY Yes. Well, you'd like to know what to do when you meet them, wouldn't you?

NANOYA Oh, Nanoya knows - she smile like that - then she kiss them like that - (Kisses)

HARRY (Starts up) No, you must only kiss me.

NANOYA Only kiss Harree?

HARRY Only me.

NANOYA Nanoya think that damn silly.

HARRY Nanoya! Good Heavens!

NANOYA That's what Bobbie Warren Sahib say.

HARRY Now that settles it - you must have some lessons. Now there was a very jolly little woman I knew in England - what's the matter?

NANOYA You kiss the jolly little woman in England?

HARRY No, no!

NANOYA Nanoya hate the jolly little woman!

HARRY But you mustn't! You must like her. Now I wrote to this lady telling her all about you and asking her if she would come out to Ceylon and teach you.

NANOYA Nanoya don't want any jolly little woman. (Crosses R.)

HARRY But to please me.

NANOYA What is her name?



HARRY Peggy.

NANOYA Pegg-ee! Ah! (With an expression of disgust)

HARRY Sabine.

NANOYA Sabine! When Peggee come here?

HARRY That's a little surprise I had for you. She is here, she arrived at Colombo yesterday, and I've sent to meet her. Now you must be a very good little school-girl.

*Cut*  
No.4. DUET (NANOYA and HARRY) Percy Greenbank.

HARRY Little girl to school must go,  
There she has to stand up, so,  
With her hands behind her back, like this!

NANOYA Is the master very stern?  
Will Nanoya have to learn

HARRY Lessons all the same as English miss?  
Yes, you must be taught indeed  
How to write and how to read,

NANOYA And, of course, to add up two and two.  
Oh, Nanoya, think it fun,  
Never get her lessons done,

BOTH Stop all day with master nice as you.  
Schooltime's jolly for a Cingalee,  
When she's sitting on her master's knee,  
Pupil has to learn her lessons quick,  
Reading, writing and arithmetic.

2.

HARRY By and bye perhaps there'll be  
Lessons in geography;

NANOYA Well, my Harree, let us make a start!

HARRY No, you mustn't come too near,  
One thing you've to learn, I fear,  
England and Ceylon are far apart.

NANOYA Oh, Nanoya know that true, (Pouting)  
But it much too bad of you,  
Master just as horrid as can be.

HARRY Stop, I've something more to tell,  
Sweet Ceylon's an island -

NANOYA Well?

HARRY Islands are surrounded by the sea! (Arms round her)

BOTH Schooltime's jolly - etc.



3.

HARRY You must learn deportment next,  
Or you will be quite perplexed  
If you have to curtsey and to bow.  
NANOYA That as easy as can be,  
HARRY And you'll have to dance, you see,  
Like we do at home -  
NANOYA Then show me how!  
HARRY First you get a partner who  
Takes the greatest care of you -  
NANOYA Oh, Nanoya manage that all right!  
Why put arm round girlee's waist?  
HARRY That is where it's always placed -  
NANOYA Please does ev'ry partner squeeze as tight?  
BOTH Schooltime's jolly - etc.

(NANOYA and HARRY exit R.)

(BOSANQUET and CLINTON enter C. and look off R.)

BOSAN- (Excitedly) Look! They're bringing a lot of ladies' luggage this way!

CLINTON Someone from England, perhaps. Let's find Warren and tell him.

(Exeunt R.)

No.5. CHORUS and ENTRANCE OF PEGGY.

(A stir and noise off - then enter a COOLIE with a lady's hat-box marked "P.S." and some of the TEA GIRLS & PUPILS)

GIRLS (Curious)  
What on earth is that  
That's carried by the Coolie?

PUPILS (Looking)  
That's a lady's hat - (GIRLS surprised)  
The hat is in it truly!

GIRLS (Pointing to letters on box)  
What does that express  
Perhaps it's what her trade is!

PUPILS  
People say P.S.  
Is everything with ladies!

ALL  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!



(TWO COOLIES enter with a lady's dressing bag  
marked "P.S." - followed by more of the CHORUS)

PUPILS Here's a bag with combs and brushes,  
Powder puffs and bottled blushes -

GIRLS (Laughing)  
Fastened bags are only riddles,  
You are telling tarradiddles!

PUPILS If you want her Paris frock, it  
Will be carried in her pocket!

GIRLS Such a fact would be provoking,  
But we know that you are joking!

GIRLS It is all a wicked )  
Yes, we own it is a ) story!

Here are frocks in all their glory!

(Enter FOUR COOLIES with large box painted  
"Peggy Sabine", followed by the rest of the  
CHORUS)

PUPIL Sure as egg is  
Egg, it's Peggy's.

GIRLS Peggy? Peggy? Who is Peggy?

ALL (GIRLS after PUPILS)

Peggy keeps a place  
For feminine deportment!  
Giving every grace  
In every assortment!  
If you're far too fat  
Or if you're lean and leggy,  
She will see to that,  
You bet your boots on Peggy!  
Hurrah! Peggy!



(Enter PEGGY)

WARREN What! Dear little Peggy Sabine!

PEGGY Bobbie! Of course - I'd forgotten that you came out to learn tea-planting. Killing the little girls here, eh?

WARREN How's the place in Hanover Square?

PEGGY Do you mean my training establishment?

WARREN Still teach presentation curtseys and that sort of thing?

PEGGY Oh, my dear boy, they're out of date altogether - Now it's muscular development to fight out a society crush. Last month I trained a Marquis before going to New York to get married.

(THE TEA GIRLS exhibit the greatest curiosity over PEGGY's luggage, trying to peep in the boxes, etc.)

Do make those girls leave my things alone!

WARREN Take the lady's boxes in.

PEGGY If those little wretches get at my peau de creme, it'll be ruined!

(The CHORUS exeunt, the GIRLS following the boxes chattering and still curious)

WARREN Peggy, here's Vereker!

(Enter HARRY VEREKER, R.I.E.)

(Exit WARREN up stage to Bungalow)

HARRY My dear Peggy!

PEGGY Harry! (Shakes both hands) Well, it is good to see



you. How brown you are! And you do look happy!

HARRY Do I, Peggy? - you'll understand why when you've seen Nanoya.

PEGGY Oh, that's her name? Is she very dark?

HARRY Ha, ha! No, only eight amas, as we say out here.

PEGGY Eight amas?

HARRY Yes, that means half white, half native - her father was an Englishman - it's very good of you to have come all this way.

PEGGY Not a bit! I'm thinking of settling in Ceylon myself.

HARRY Really?

PEGGY (Nod) You never can tell. I may marry a native Prince. I made his acquaintance in London, and now I'm going to make enquiries in Kandy. But where's your little girl that I've got to take in hand?

HARRY She's hiding - she's just a little afraid of you - Nanoya!

(NANOYA appears shyly at door - HARRY brings her forward)

Nanoya, this is my friend, Miss Peggy Sabine, from England.

( NANOYA hides behind HARRY)



(Speaking as though NANOYA were beside him while really she is hiding on the other side of him, making fun of him and little grimaces at PEGGY) Now, Nanoya, you must pay attention to all that is told you by the English lady. (Turns, misses NANOYA then finds her the other side - she becomes suddenly serious - passing NANOYA in front of him to left and turning to go right) I'll go and look after your rooms, Peggy.

(NANOYA has slipped behind him to R., so that he misses her and finds her on his right, just as he is going into Bungalow he passes her over to L. again)

I'll leave you together. Now, Nanoya, be a good girl!

(Exit HARRY)

(NANOYA stands shyly apart from PEGGY. During this PEGGY has affected to be taking no notice but has occupied herself with a little puff-bag and mirror - after HARRY has gone, there is a pause, and NANOYA advances timidly, but fascinated and curious at the costume, etc. of PEGGY - PEGGY turns and finds NANOYA beside her - NANOYA gives a little ejaculation and starts away)

PEGGY Well, little Nanoya?

NANOYA Nanoya think she like the school lady.

PEGGY Bless you, I'm not an ordinary school lady. I teach girls how to behave when they come out. And then a good many come back able to teach me something. You speak English very well.

NANOYA (Nods) Yes, I love - thou lovest - we love -

PEGGY That's quite enough - you know I like - er - dark complexions - I may one day marry a Native gentleman myself when I find him - and if his references are satisfactory. (Crosses R.)

NANOYA Oh, do tell Nanoya about the native gentleman, Peggee.

PEGGY Well, I met him in London - a Native Prince. He was called Chambhuddy Ram. Soon after, he disappeared, but I found out he had come to Ceylon, and now I've come to Ceylon.



NANOYA You will be grand lady when you marry Prince?

PEGGY So will you when you marry Harry Vereker.

NANOYA Oh, I never marry Harry.

PEGGY Good gracious, why?

NANOYA Nanoya will tell Peggee a secret. (Comes down) I married all time already!

PEGGY You married already! (Rises)

(NANOYA nods)

And Harry doesn't know?

NANOYA No, Harree such nice boy - Nanoya not like tell him.

PEGGY And how long have you been married?

NANOYA Twelve years?

PEGGY What? (Rises)

NANOYA Nanoya tell you - I not really poor Tea girl - this tea plantation all mine.

PEGGY Yours?

NANOYA It belong to my father Englishman - he marry my mother she high caste - (Shows PEGGY caste marks on her instep) Caste mark there - then Nanoya little orphan girl - mother's people take her way - long way.

PEGGY Poor little girl!

NANOYA Then when Nanoya four years old, they marry her to great big nobleman.



PEGGY Married at four, were you? Nice country to live in.  
(Crosses R.)

NANOYA Bini marriage - not see husband - him great man -  
Boobhamba. Soon Nanoya grow big girl - soon time  
coming for proper wedding. I see Boobhamba one day. Ugh  
Nanoya not like marry Boobhamba - Nanoya run away -  
come here, be tea girl!

PEGGY Oh I see, and that's how you met Harry? You are in  
a fix. Well, you can't have two husbands

(MUSIC Cue)

NANOYA Some do in Ceylon.

PEGGY One's enough as a rule.

NANOYA (Clutching PEGGY in alarm -scream) Peggy, look, look!  
there he is!

PEGGY Who?

NANOYA My husband, Boobhamba - coming here. Oh, he will  
take me away! (Crosses R.)

PEGGY Does he know you?

NANOYA No, no, he has never seen me.

PEGGY That's all right then. Don't be frightened. I'll  
see if I can't help you, come along with me.

(They exeunt to Bungalow)

(Enter, attended and followed by CHORUS, BOOB-  
HAMBA)

No. 7 MARCH - CHORUS & SONG - BOOBHAMBA.

CHORUS Hail the noble deeply venerated  
For his ancient pedigree  
Since his race has not degenerated  
From its thoroughbred degree  
He can trace descent historically  
As we own with pride of him



Up to Adam categorically  
And the other side of him.

Then bang the drum and thump it  
To mark our rhythmic chant  
And hail him with the trumpet  
Of ev'ry elephant.  
And let the guileless lamb bah!  
To greet with simple joy, Boobhamba  
Boobhamba, Boobhamba, Chettur Bhoy!  
Boobhamba, Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

SONG: BOOBHAMBA & CHORUS

1.

I am glad to see that you  
With a boo,

CHORUS  
BOOB-

With a boo  
Make a suitable salaam  
With a Bham!

CHORUS  
BOOB-

Bham!  
As you heartily hurrah!  
With a Ba!

CHORUS  
BOOB-  
CHORUS

With a Ba!  
With a Boo and then a Bam and a ba!  
Ba!

BOOB-

For my blood is very blue  
With a boo!

CHORUS  
BOOB-

With a Boo!  
And of older race I am  
With a Bham

CHORUS  
BOOB-

Bham!  
Then a Sultan or a Shah  
With a Ba!

CHORUS  
BOOB-

With a Ba!  
With a Boo and then a Bham and a Ba!  
Ba, ba!

CHORUS  
BOOB-

For their earliest begetter  
Dates from ages after Chettur  
And their claims cannot annoy  
Chettur Bhoy! He's the bhoy!  
Of a blood without alloy  
There is nothing of the sham ba -  
Ronial in Boobhamba

Brightly born Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!  
(CHORUS kneel)

CHORUS

For their earliest begetter  
Dates from ages after Chettur  
And their claims cannot annoy  
Chettur Bhoy, he's the Bhoy



Of a blood without alloy  
 There is nothing of the sham ba-  
 Ronial in Boobhamba  
 Brightly born Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

2.

BOOB- Now the girl I designed to woo  
 With a Boo!

CHORUS With a Boo!

BOOB- Like an over timid lamb  
 With a Bham!

CHORUS Bham!

BOOB- Bolted off without tata  
 With a Ba,

CHORUS With a Ba!

BOOB- With a Boo and then a Bham and a Ba!

CHORUS Ba!

BOOB- But my plan I'll carry through  
 With a Boo!

CHORUS With a boo -

BOOB- Though I do not care a d-  
 With a Bham!

CHORUS Bham!

BOOB- For a lover's tra-la, la,  
 With a Ba,

CHORUS With a Ba!

BOOB- With a Boo and then a Bham and a Ba!  
 Ba, Ba!

BOOB- Still I never mean to let her  
 Shun alliance with a Chettur  
 By affecting to be coy  
 To a Bhoy, Chettur Bhoy!  
 Any means I will employ  
 As they say in Spain, Caramba!  
 She must love Boobhamba  
 Beautiful Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

CHORUS Yes, he doesn't mean to let her  
 Shun allegiance with a Chettur  
 By affecting to be coy  
 With a Bhoy! Chettur Bhoy!  
 Any means he will employ  
 As they say in Spain, Caramba!  
 She must love Boobhamba!  
 Beautiful Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!  
 Boobhamba, Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

BOOB- Where are my guards?

(TWO GUARDS come down and salaam)



- I hear this rascal Chambhuddy Ram has been seen in the neighbourhood. Arrest him and bring him here at once.

(GUARDS exit)

(Enter from R. MYAMGAH)

- Where is his Excellency, the English Judge?

MYAMGAH Sahib hai.

BOOB- I must see him and lay my case before him, we shall soon have him by the heels.

(Exit BOOBHAMBA & MYAMGAH into Bungalow R.)

(First entrance of CHAMBHUDDY in Act 1.)

(Enter NAITOOMA and the other THREE PRINCIPAL TEA GIRLS. They express the utmost admiration and suppressed excitement, forming a picture of curiosity and respect as CHAMB: enters. He is dressed in what he considers the height of English fashion - tall hat - too small, frock coat too short in the sleeves, light lavender trousers with braid down the side and very short, spats too large, and very new patent leather boots. He also carries every possible accessory, such as key-chain, etc., and an elaborate umbrella. He beams with self-conscious vanity at the effect he has produced on the TEA GIRLS and turns slowly round so that they may take him in from every point of view.)

GIRLS Oh, how lovely!

CHAMB- (Producing gorgeous card case) My card - Chambhuddy Ram - Temple Bar-at-law, London.

NAIT- Oh, what beautiful clothes! Are they English?

CHAMB- They are the slap up thing.

(ALL GIRLS regard him very curiously)

NAIT- What is that? (Pointing to umbrella)



- CHAMB- That? That is umbrella. Every perfect English gent carries umbrella. An Englishman may forget his wife but never his umbrella.
- NAIT- Doesn't it cost a lot of money?
- CHAMB- No, you buy a cheap one, and then exchange it. All best English people keep a lot in the hall. When you call, if you see one you like better than your own you can take it.
- NAIT- (Pointing to spats) And, he, he! What are those things?
- CHAMB- Those are boots. No English gent is allowed in Society without boots.
- NAIT- And those?
- CHAMB- Trousers! No English gent is allowed in Society without his trousers.
- NAIT- You very great man in London?
- CHAMB- Yes. There is a hue and cry for Chambhuddy there. When I was called to bar -
- NAIT- Bar?
- CHAMB- Bar - there are several in London - Temple, Criterion. Oh, lots of bars! When I was called to Bar, Mr Gill K.C. said, "Chambhuddy, there is not room for both of us." Gill K.C. married man - I single - I play the magnanimous - I come back to Ceylon!
- NAIT- What lovely English you speak?
- CHAMB- I studied at the Royal Academy of Music.
- NAIT- Are the English ladies very beautiful?

*Royal  
Academy  
of Music, etc*



CHAMB- They are luscious as the Pomegranate - the end of their hair is a lovely gold, the other a delicate green, but they are not nicer than little Singhalese girl. (Kiss.)

NAIT- Oh, nasty moustache, I like English Sahib no moustache.

CHAMB- Quite right, I'll take it off. All English bar-at-laws bareheaded on the face.

NAIT London must be a funny place.

CHAMB- Funny! I never laughed so much in my life as the first time I was taken to Vine Street Police Station. I said to the Inspector of the Guard - Aha, you have got the wrong purse by the sow's ear. I am bar-at-law. It was in my honour Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar."

~~(The GUARDS who have warrant, enter at back and confer together, looking at CHAMB:)~~

NAIT- Did they let you go?

CHAMB- Not until I had used force. Vine Street was a shambles. I said "Aha, misters - ~~(Bus:)~~ - You didn't know I rowed in Oxford eleven - and bumped Cambridge at Tattenham Court Corner. You didn't know I was 100 not out in the Tripos. You don't know Chambhuddy Ram.

GUARD Chambhuddy Ram, we arrest you.

~~(They seize CHAMB:)~~

CHAMB- Arrest me? Me? English bar-at-law - if ladies were not present, I should have a go at snip-snaps with you.

~~(GUARDS open basket and sign him to enter)~~

I will go in that - at least - in London you may go in a cab - I may say good-bye to my family, I presume. ~~(He kisses the GIRLS)~~ Don't worry, I have a complete answer to the charge, whatever it is.

~~(He is shut up in basket)~~

~~(At the arrest of CHAMBHUDDY, the PRINCIPAL OFFICER goes into Bungalow, presumably to tell BOOBHAMBA of the arrest)~~



(Enter BOOBHAMBA, followed by this OFFICER)

BOOB- Arrested, good! Bring him here at once.

(Enter SIR PETER)

SIR P- You're the gentleman who lays a complaint against this Chambhuddy Ram? Boobhamba, I suppose?

BOOB- (Reciting his titles) Chettur Bhoy, Dissave Mahat-meya. Mahatmah of the Doombera.

SIR P- Yes, yes, I know. Now Sir, I've come up country at considerable inconvenience to myself. (Settling himself very comfortably in chair)

(MYAMGAH arranges cushions, etc.)

- with a view of enquiring into this matter. What's the charge?

BOOB- There are two.

SIR P- Go on, sir - don't waste time. The first.

BOOB- I was married - by proxy - twelve years ago, to a native girl, who was four years of age at the time -

SIR P- What you call Bini marriage, eh?

BOOB- Exactly.

SIR P- Don't talk to me, sir. Bini marriage - (Making note)

BOOB- In condescending to marry this girl I also condescended to accept her property - this tea plantation.

SIR P- Vereker's plantation?

BOOB- Illegally leased by Chambhuddy Ram, a Baboo lawyer, who got himself appointed guardian of my wife, and trustee of her property.



SIR P- Yes, yes, come to the point.

BOOB- The point is that the time has arrived for the second marriage to take place.

SIR P- Why doesn't it take place?

BOOB- Because when told to produce my wife, Chambhuddy has the audacity to say he knows nothing about her.

SIR P- Where is this Chambhuddy?

BOOB- Your Excellency, he has been arrested.

SIR P- Arrested! Pooh! Losing a lady is not a criminal charge.

BOOB- Aha! But the next is. This rascal has stolen a valuable Pearl.

SIR P- Why didn't you say so at once. (Making note) Pearl - go on.

BOOB- The Great Black Pearl, which 100 years ago was looted by the English soldiers from the Coronation seat at Kandy, and which finally fell into the hands of a collector in London.

SIR P- Hands - collector -

BOOB- This reptile Chambhuddy on going to England was entrusted by some other Native gentlemen and myself with a lac of rupees, wherewith to purchase the Pearl.

SIR P- Well?

BOOB- We have evidence that the Pearl was duly purchased but Chambhuddy will not deliver it.



SIR P- That's a different matter. Very serious! That is a criminal charge. Where is the fellow?

BOOB- He is closely secured yonder.

SIR P- Bring him here.

(Enter CHAM in basket l.E.L.)

CHAMB- How dare you, misters, incarcerate me in a basket of durance vile? Is this your boasted British jurisprudence? Is a deuced fine free born English subject to be shut up like poultry to market. (Requests to be released and is let out of basket) Where is your Magna Charta - where is your Habeas Corpus - eh? Odds! Lack-a-day!

SIR P- Silence!

CHAMB- Most respectable and glorious big pot, you arrive in the very old nick of time. I am prostrate with joy at beholding your benevolent phiz.

SIR P- The charge.

CHAMB- I leave it to you, as the cabmen say. I beg you to turn the deaf ear that comes out of the other to the insinuates of this noodle chap against one who has ploughed at Oxford College - England.

SIR P- Don't talk so much, sir.

CHAMB- At your fatherly suggestion I respectfully shut up.

SIR P- Now then - Boobhamba.

BOOB- (Again going to read) May it please your Excellency Dissave and Mahatmeya -

SIR P- Take it as read - take it as read - Boobhamba -



CHAMB- Take it as read.

SIR P- Not another word, sir.

CHAMB- I knuckle down to your lordship.

SIR P- (Preparing to take notes) Now, I have it here in my notes. Boobhamba was married to a native girl when she was four years of age.

CHAMB- For the defence, my lord. I ask for proof, the pudding of which is the eating.

SIR P- What did you say the girl's name was?

BOOB- I didn't say.

CHAMB- He didn't say. I ask your lordship to make a note of that admission. He didn't say! Ah! He didn't say - oh! gentlemen, he didn't say. I leave the court without a stain on my character.

SIR P- Quiet! What was her name?

BOOB- She had sixteen, but she can be identified by her caste mark on the right instep.

SIR P- (Taking note) Right instep.

CHAMB- (Looking over SIR PETER's note) One K in instep.

SIR P- Go away, sir

BOOB- The prisoner was entrusted with her property - my property

CHAMB- Not until celebration of second marriage. (To SIR PETER) Between you and me and the pillar post that is a spokeshave in his wheel

BOOB- The marriage cannot take place without the bride

SIR P- Why don't you produce the bride?

CHAMB- She was run off valedictorily. Hooked her stick with a French leave.

SIR P- Then you must find her

CHAMB- I've never seen her.



SIR P- You've never seen her. Then I'll give you twenty-four hours to produce her.

BOOB- Good. Now your Excellency, as to the Pearl. This iniquitous robber will not deliver it.

CHAMB- Most honourable! Having the eagle eye of a divining rod, you will at once see how this bone of contention cannot stand on one leg. No time to deliver pearl was specified.

SIR P- Then it ought to have been.

CHAMB- Aha! (To BOOB:) You hear what the solemn old Josses gent says?

SIR P- So I will specify it - you will produce the pearl too, in twenty four hours.

BOOB- Aha! (To CHAMB) You hear - in twenty-four hours you produce my wife and the great Black Pearl or I shall see you in the dock. Now I think I will take a stroll round my property.

(Exit attended)

(SIR PETER is going... CHAMB: stops him)

CHAMB- Will your lordship grant your well-wishing servant a moment's confab?

SIR P- What is it?

CHAMB- (Nervously) When I explain you will be sympathised. - You will say "Chambhuddy Ram, you are not to blame." It was a piccadilly - that is all - a mere piccadilly.

SIR P- Oh, I shall, shall I?

CHAMB- It is a fore-going conclusion. You will say "If I had been in your shoe that pinches, I should have done the same, I should have given her the Pearl.

SIR P- The Pearl?

CHAMB- The great Black Pearl.



- SIR P- Do I gather you have given this pearl away?
- CHAMB- You demonstrate everything as clearly as the Hon. Mr Euclid. If A is - B. draws a straight line... etc.
- SIR P- Yes, yes - but who to?
- CHAMB- To a highly fashionable member of the swell mob in England - Lady Patricia Vane.
- SIR P- (Whistles) A relative of Mr Vereker's?
- CHAMB- As Mr Euclid says, two parallel lines will never bump.
- SIR P- Quiet, sir - and Lady Patricia Vane knew you - a pettifogging lawyer?
- CHAMB- H'm! Not as a pettifogging lawyer - as a Native Prince!
- SIR P- A Prince - the devil!
- CHAMB- As Poet Burns says - the rank is but the penny stamp.
- SIR P- And you gave her Boobhambá's pearl?
- CHAMB- We were in the conservatory - ah, yes - you are the gay old bird - you have been there many a time.
- SIR P- Perhaps, but I don't give away other people's property. (Crosses R.) You're in a fix.
- CHAMB- I am beastly tight in a corner.
- SIR P- How dare you draw me with black babies in my arms? Nothing will give me greater pleasure than inflicting the maxium penalty - seven years. Did you draw that?
- CHAMB- One of my little efforts.
- SIR P- I'll make it fourteen.
- MYAM- Eh, good judge, too.
- SIR P- A month for you, if you're not careful. (Exits with MYAM: R.)
- CHAMB- I shan't be out in time for Ascot.. Never mind, I'll get another. Seven years! Chambhuddy, you are in a tight place, but you've been in many before and come up smiling. Remember there is a sweet cherub that sits in a cockloft and as the gentleman who was frost bitten said "Nil desperandum" or buck up your pecker.



*Cut*

No 8. SONG. (CHAMBHUDDY RAM)

"What's the Matter with Cham?"

(Words and Music by Paul A. Rubens)

1.

Some years ago, when a very chotah boy,  
 No one could argue that Chambhuddy was coy!  
     I was as cute,  
     As a new top boot,  
     All Cingaleesy children I'd annoy.  
 I had a nurse - such a little native flirt,  
 Soldier would come, put his arm around her skirt,  
     That little game  
     Can be played the same  
 By Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K. Ram,  
     I Gran' Slam!

REFRAIN

I'm well known in Kandy  
     I'm known everywhere,  
 But to see him making  
     Eyes at Nana I can't bear.  
 I cried out to Ayah  
     From my wicker pram,  
     Oh, I insist  
     If you must be kissed,  
     What's the matter with Cham?

2.

People in England are very funny folk,  
 Either they're rich or they're absolutely broke,  
     If they have got  
     A tremendous lot  
     They go to interview a lawyer bloke,  
 Nice lawyer man, he will very kindly say  
 I will take care of your property to-day  
     This very hot  
     And all Thomas Rot,  
 To Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K. Ram,  
     I Gran' Slam!

REFRAIN

I'm well known in Kandy  
     As I say before,  
 Why hand over money  
     To a fat solicitor?  
 He will only run off  
     And stick to it like jam -  
     If you want someone  
     Who can really run  
     Well, what's the matter with Cham?



3.

One day in London a wedding I was at.  
 Right in the church near the singing men I sat,  
     I see the bride,  
     And groom at her side,  
 My little heart was going pit-a-pat.  
 All of a sudden the parson fellow said  
 "Does anyone know why these should not be wed?"  
     "Yes," shouted I,  
     "I do know why  
 Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K. Ram,  
 I Gran' Slam".

REFRAIN

I'm well known at Kandy  
     Tell you things I can  
 Him she must not marry  
     For he is no gentleman.  
 Turning to the lady  
     I remarked, "Madam,  
         If this will queer  
         Your honeymoon, dear,  
 Well, what's the matter with Cham?"

4.

I went to dine at a pukka restaurant,  
 Some of my friends shouted, "Buddy come along!"  
     Off started we  
     And at half past three  
 All of us still were going jolly well strong.  
 But when I started to walk along the street  
 I felt my head, but I could not feel my feet  
     All London Town  
     Seemed upside down,  
 To Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K. Ram,  
 I Gran' Slam!

REFRAIN

I'm well known in Kandy  
     But somehow to-night  
 Everything about me  
     Seems to me to be too tight.  
 Where are all the 'buses?  
     Hansoms or a tram?  
         Young man in blue,  
         Please tell me, do  
 What is the matter with Cham?"



5.

London Bar in a very rotten state  
 Nobody know how to really legislate,  
     No wonder Judge  
     All a great big fudge,  
 Not on the bench till he is ninety-eight.  
 Man tell a fib 'bout a darling friend of mine,  
 Judge only say "You must pay a little fine,"  
     He'd very quick  
     Get a saucy kick  
 From Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K.Ram,  
 I Gran' Slam!

REFRAIN

I'm well known in Kandy  
     I can make the speech  
 I want no retainers,  
     I charge only sixpence each.  
 Frankly I ask you  
     Modest though I am,  
     Mr Edward Clark  
     May have made his mark,  
 But what's the matter with Cham?

6.

Englishy actor extraordinary man  
 Always prefer play the same part if he can,  
     Trust to the dress  
     To make a success,  
 This seems to me a most expensive plan.  
 Him play along for 2,300 nights,  
 Then make a speech in front of footy-lights,  
     This awful bosh  
     'Twill not wash  
 With Chambhuddy Jabberjee O.K.Ram,  
 I Gran' Slam!

REFRAIN

I have played in Kandy  
     For a Charity,  
 Romeo or Juliet  
     Both were quite alike to me.  
 All the audience thought so  
     And the house was cram  
     If Waller and Tree  
     Get a d--n big fee,  
 Well, what's the matter with Cham?

(Exit CHAMBHUDDY)



(A Jinrickshaw is run on the stage C. from R.U.E. with LADY PATRICIA inside)

PAT- Is this Mr Vereker's place?

(RUNNER salaams)

(Enter HARRY VEREKER R.)

HARRY Pat - you! Whoever thought of your coming out here?

PAT- Now, my dear boy, don't tell me you're not pleased to see me.

HARRY Of course I am. But why didn't you tell me you were coming.

PAT- Because I thought I should like to catch the first expression on your face at seeing me unexpectedly.

HARRY I hope it was satisfactory?

PAT- Quite flattering! Then you really are glad to see me

HARRY My dear Pat - of course!

PAT- Then I'll alight. (Does so)

(Jinrickshaw is wheeled off)

It's a good thing you're glad to see me, because they say at home that I'm to marry you.

HARRY Married! You and I! Ha, ha!

PAT- Yes, Harry. Do you know you're next to the title now. and you know the family arrangement. (Crosses L.) I have to marry the heir, whoever he may be. I'm on my way to Japan with the Mortimers, so I thought I'd just drop in and pop the question to you.

)BOTH laugh)

My heart's at your feet - pick it up!



No 9. SONG. (LADY PATRICIA)

1.

PAT-

As you have to decide  
 On a bride,  
 Let me offer myself for the post,  
 You must first call to mind  
 I'm good-tempered and kind,  
 Then - at my age, - twenty-five at the most.  
 I've a nice taste in dress,  
 Now confess!  
 And they tell me I'm fairly good-looking  
 In addition to these  
 Other charms, if you please,  
 I have had a few lessons in cooking.

Ah, think of that!  
 Just think of that!  
 Some excellent lessons in cooking!  
 Ah, here is the hand  
 I am ready to proffer,  
 How can you withstand  
 Such a generous offer?  
 Drink all that is sweet  
 Out of Fate's Loving-cup,  
 My heart's at your feet  
 Pick it up - pick it up!

2.

Though I'm told that my mind  
 Is refined,  
 I've domestic ideas, so to speak,  
 And I never will get  
 Very badly in debt,  
 For I'll keep the accounts ev'ry week,  
 Oh, of virtues I've got  
 Such a lot,  
 That I can't recollect them precisely,  
 If you're down in the blues,  
 I can always amuse,  
 And I play the piano so nicely.

Ah, think of that!  
 Just think of that!  
 I can play the piano so nicely.  
 Ah, here is the hand - etc.

HARRY

But, my dear Pat, even if we wanted to get married,  
 it's impossible!

PAT-

Why? You're not married already, are you?



HARRY No, but I'm just going to be.

PAT- My dear boy, you were always just going to be married to somebody. What a shame for me to come and upset your plans - who is she?

HARRY Nanoya.

PAT- Nanoya sounds like a native.

HARRY She is a native - that is, half a native.

PAT- Half a native - that sounds like a re-laid oyster - some little Princess?

HARRY No, a Tea girl.

PAT- (Bus) My dear Harry, you're not really serious!

(HARRY nods)

Ha, ha! what a ridiculous boy you are! You always were. I hope the little tea girl isn't very fond of you!

HARRY Well, I hope she is.

PAT- Oh, don't be so absurd! A native Coolie girl Lady Barty!

HARRY Yes, she'll be Lady Barty if I succeed to the title.

PAT- But it's awful! Well, can she speak English?

HARRY Oh yes - and Peggy Sabine has come out to give her some lessons -

PAT- Peggy Sabine? Is she here? The little wretch! I wish she didn't play Bridge so well. Do you know, she has cleaned us all out on the voyage?



HARRY Ha, ha! is that all?

PAT- No, it isn't. She's won a lovely Black Pearl which was given me by an Indian Prince in England. Such a love!

HARRY The Prince!

PAT- The Pearl. And now I've lost it to that little cat, Peggy.

HARRY Buy it back.

PAT- I've offered to, and she wants just double what I can afford.

HARRY Ha, ha! Peggy is a smart little thing. But come in, my dear Pat, and let's find my little Nanoya.

PAT- You don't seem to realise that I'm suffering from the pangs of an unrequited love for you.

HARRY Are you much cut up?

(Gong.)

What's that?

PAT- That's the gong for tea. I hope you've got something besides tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter.

(Exeunt R.)

(Enter NAITOOMA and TEA GIRLS, for

No 10. "Tea, Tea, Tea."

We're four young ladies whose pleasant trade is  
 To make tea all the day long,  
 At dawning daily, we get up gaily,  
 And take our tea very strong.  
 At noon together, in sunny weather,  
 We sip our tea in the shade,  
 And then it's splendid, when work is ended,  
 To chat while tea's being made.



We're ever gay  
 Working away  
 When we have our  
 Tea in the morning, tea in the evening,  
 Tea in the afternoon,  
 That's our time, (Chinking) cup and spoon (Chinking)  
 Tea of our growing always is going  
 As you see  
 And there's nothing yet invented so incomparably  
 scented,  
 As our tea, tea, tea! (Sniffing cups)

TEA GIRLS  
& CHORUS

Tea in the morning - etc.

2.

NAITOOMA

And while we chatter it does not matter  
 If young Sahib saunter up,  
 They see us drinking, and ask us winking  
 "I say just keep us a cup."  
 They grow quite witty and call us pretty,  
 And one will tell us "Now don't look jealous  
 You all may give me a kiss."  
 We often say  
 "Oh, go away  
 But they come too  
 Tea in the morning, tea in the evening,  
 Tea in the afternoon.  
 That's their time (Kissing) kiss and spoon (Kissing)  
 That is the flavour they seem to favour,  
 So do we,  
 For the pretty little misses like a lot of sugar  
 kisses,  
 In their tea, tea, tea! (Kissing)

TEA GIRLS  
& CHORUS

Tea in the morning - etc.

(Enter CHAMBHUDDY, he begins to peer about at the  
TEA GIRLS's feet - trying to find the caste  
mark of the missing Nanoya)

CHAMB-

Twenty-four hours to find a girl with a caste mark  
 on her right instep, and a Pearl which is in England.  
 (Pounces down on ground and looks at GIRLS' feet)

(GIRLS shriek and exeunt.)

(Aside) No sign of a doorstep on either inkblot.  
 If only I had brought my Rontgen Hip-hoorays with me!  
 What do I see? Lady Patricia in proper personae gratis  
 The very woman I gave the Pearl to. What a bit of pot  
 luck! Chambhuddy, you must get that Pearl back by your  
 billycoo arts.



(Enter PATRICIA R.)

PAT- The Prince!

(She does nothing but laugh at CHAMBHUDDY, who puts out all his fascinations)

CHAMB- Beautiful one! I am confoundedly staggered with joy. Have you been wafted from England on the wings of a South Western?

PAT- Ha, ha, Prince - as poetical as ever.

CHAMB- My mixed metaphor feebly expresses what I experience in my inner circle.

PAT- OH, oh, Prince, please stop!

CHAMB- Do you remember the soft small talk I whispered aurticularly to you when we trod on the amazing dance? Or are they washed away by the waters of Lithia?

PAT- Could one ever forget them?

CHAMB- And our lachrymosial good-bye when I had to pack my traps and go? Hey day! those were smelting moments

PAT- Ha, ha!

CHAMB- (Aside) Now to strike the right nail while the head is hot. Do you remember the insignificant black pearl I dared to offer you?

PAT- I should think I do.

CHAMB- It was a trivial - not worth a fig leaf - I am ashamed to confess that the oyster that made that Pearl was a native of Paris. Give it to me back, and tomorrow I will fill your lap with rubies, diamonds, sapphiras ananiasses.

PAT- I can't give it you back, Prince, if I would.



CHAMB- Eh?

PAT- I've unfortunately lost it. (Crosses L.)

CHAMB- Misled the great Black Pearl?

PAT- Not exactly - gambled it away.

CHAMB- You have gambled like the pet lamb?

PAT- Yes, I was rather a lamb. I lost it at cards to a Miss Peggy Sabine.

CHAMB- (Sits down) Peggy Sabine! Great Scotch! Here's a mess of potage! Seven years!

PAT- Do you know Peggy Sabine?

CHAMB- Know her? My stars and a garter! Yes! (Crosses L.)

PAT- Then you'll be glad to know she's here.

CHAMB- Here! And she has the Pearl?

(PAT nods)

Then I must beg her to enter the gold bands of padlock (Crosses R.) Thus I will kill two birds of a precious stone with one feather!

PAT- But, Prince -

CHAMB- Lady Patricia, I am sorry for you - you can no longer be mine. My heart has given you the cold shoulder.

PAT- But may I not hope?

CHAMB- What is the good of hoping, when to-morrow I may be another's. You were once the apple of my core, now all is over, as the cricket umpires say. Farewell! Think of me as a man and a brother, and if ever I can be of any service to you, ring me up 3333s Central.



PAT- (Very sadly) My Prince! My Indian admirer has suddenly cooled off. (Goes L.)

(Enter PEGGY)

Oh, you wicked little Shylock, you! Will you let me have the Pearl back?

PEGGY Certainly, dear Lady Pat, at the price I asked you.

PAT- £500 - and you know I've only £250. If I give you this I shan't have a penny left to go to Japan.

PEGGY Everything is very cheap there, they say.

PAT- Oh, you mercenary little wretch! Ugh!

(Enter HARRY WEREKER from up stage)

HARRY (C) I say, Bat, you mustn't quarrel with Peggy, our Peggy! What's the matter?

PEGGY (R) I've cornered the Pearl market, that's all.

HARRY And the pearl is beyond price, eh?

PEGGY Exactly. Lady Pat's price.

HARRY May I see it?

(PEGGY gives it to him)

Poor Pat! It is a beautiful Pearl!

PAT- Isn't she a heartless little thing?

HARRY You don't mind if I buy it, Lady Pat.

PEGGY Oh, you extravagant man! You'll be running a Theatre at your Castle some day

HARRY (Laughing) Oh, it's not for myself - but for a lady.



PAT- Fancy that now. Well, he is a dear.

HARRY Well, how much, Peggy?

PEGGY £500.

HARRY (Giving it back to PEGGY) Just twice as much as I can afford Peggy - put it away. (Goes up)

PAT- (Drawing PEGGY aside) Peggy, he wants to buy it for me. Take his £250. I'll give you the other £250. - Mind he's not to know.

PEGGY As long as I get £500 I don't care who gets it. (Takes PAT's money) Very well, Mr Vereker, as it's for a lady, you can have it for £250.

HARRY No, Peggy. I am robbing you if it's worth double.

PEGGY Oh, that's all right.

HARRY You're quite sure you won't lose by it?

PAT- Oh, don't worry too much about that, Harry!

HARRY (Takes pearl) How quaint the setting is! (Admiring it)

PAT- (Excitedly) Yes, isn't it? Oh, Harry, how good - how generous of you!

HARRY Good! Generous! Nonsense! Such a toy cannot enhance the beauty it will be privileged to adorn.

PAT- And a pretty speech with it, too.

HARRY You think she will like it?

PAT- (Blankly) She?



HARRY Nanoya - my Nanoya! (Looking at pearl, he

Exits to Bungalow)

(PEGGY bursts out laughing)

PAT- (R) He's going to give my Pearl to Nanoya! Well, of all the sells! Don't laugh, you hard-hearted little thing! If you had any feeling you'd give me my money back.

(Enter CHAMBHUDDY, dressed in Oriental things)

PEGGY Oh, I couldn't - that would spoil the joke - ha, ha, and the pretty speech with it too!

PAT- Harry will have to pay my passage to Japan and back or I shall have to walk.

PEGGY Lady Pat, I am so sorry for you.

PAT- Oh!

(Exit)

PEGGY I've done all right with my black Pearl, but what about my black Prince? The worst of it is he only said his address was Ceylon, and Ceylon is a larger place than I thought.

CHAMB- (At back, seizes a shawl, puts it round his head) I'll appeal to her symphony. (Begins to cry)

PEGGY Good heavens! What's that? (Looks round)

(CHAMBHUDDY cries)

A poor little native woman in distress - fallen down and hurt itself, I expect.

CHAMB- (Only cries, aside) I wonder where she's got it?

PEGGY Can I help you?

CHAMB- Oh, my life has been full of troubles. (Takes her hand and looks at bangles, aside) No sign of the pearl - only silver plated napkin ring.



PEGGY Won't you tell me what's the matter?

CHAMB- That would take a lifetime. (Caresses her neck)  
(Aside) Not a trace - rotten, imitation coral reef.

PEGGY Tell me some of your troubles then.

CHAMB- Some girls carry their jewels in a secret pocket. (Bus

PEGGY What are you doing?

CHAMB- Oh, my Prince!

PEGGY Prince! What Prince?

CHAMB- My pet baby boy - my darling Golliwogg- Chambhuddy Ram.

PEGGY Do you know Chambhuddy Ram?

CHAMB- Most famous brown polished gentleman. I was his Ayah his nurse. I dwindled him in my arms, I nursed him from a baby upwards, and chastised him from a slipper downwards.

PEGGY Is he rich?

CHAMB- Oh, he is a great Prince - most noble - owns the land all round the Island.

PEGGY I'm glad to hear that, because I've come out here to marry him.

CHAMB- Have you?

PEGGY Yes, he's not much to look at, I know, but of course a girl can't be too particular when she gets a chance of being a Princess.

CHAMB- When!



PEGGY He's such a funny little brown man, and then I can leave him at home when I go out, you know.

CHAMB- Oh - ah! I'm afraid you'll never see him again.

PEGGY Why?

CHAMB- Oh, he's in such trouble! He's lost a great Black Pearl, and unless he finds it he'll have his life chopped off, or his head put in prison for seven years.

PEGGY What - a black pearl with diamonds round it?

CHAMB- Yes, that's it.

PEGGY And I could have saved him. Why, I had it in my hands this morning.

(CHAMB: rushes and looks into her hands)

Oh, it's not there - now I sold it to Mr Vereker.

CHAMB- Vereker - Vereker! Oh, where and oh where is my Vereker gone? You know Vereker Sahib?

PEGGY Oh yes, I am here to teach his little girl, Nanoya.

CHAMB- Then you are an ayah too - a nurse?

PEGGY Not exactly a nurse - more like a finishing governess

CHAMB- I bring up black child - you bring up white child - we must compare white and black notes.

PEGGY I know nothing of little brown girls.

CHAMB- And I, nothing of little white girls.



No 11. DUET (CHAMB: and PEGGY)

"White and Brown Girl"

1.

- PEGGY Little English whitey girl is absolutely white,  
Ah! absolutely white!
- CHAMB- Likewise little Browny girl is nearly always brown,  
Ah! good old Windsor Brown!
- PEGGY Whitey girl is very slim, and statueque in height  
Ah! Five foot seven quite!
- CHAMB- Browny girl voluminous, her figure tumble down -  
Ah! Paint the town all brown!

REFRAIN

- PEGGY Little whitey girl out at seventeen!
- CHAMB- Little browny girl not so very green
- PEGGY Whitey girl goes out to dine,  
Eats from eight to half-past nine,
- CHAMB Browny girl eats stacks of rice,  
Till her waistband breaks in twice!
- BOTH Ah, ah! ah! Singaleesy sing,  
Whether white or browny girl  
All same thing!

2.

- PEGGY Browny girl wear very little down below, I note,  
Ah! not got petticoat!
- CHAMB- Whitey girl wear silky stocking,  
Whether fine or wet  
Ah, more like fishing net!
- PEGGY Browny girl have browny skin, and boot of purest white  
Ah, fits her very tight!
- CHAMB- Whitey girl have browny leg and shiny browny shoes,  
Ah, lady please excuse.

REFRAIN

- PEGGY Little whitey girl blush a crimson red,
- CHAMB- Little browny girl blush inside her head.



PEGGY Whitey girl in Hyde Park walk,  
Nod and smile and bow and talk.

CHAMB- Brown girl more extravagant -  
Bump about on elephant.

(DANCE - they exeunt.)

(Enter BOOBHAMBA)

BOOB- It is a most desirable property!

(Enter PEGGY)

(Sees PEGGY) Salaam!

PEGGY Nanoya's husband - better make his acquaintance. How  
do you do, Mr - ?

BOOB- Boobhamba Chettur Bhoi, Dissave Mahatmeya - my card.  
(Takes out a small roll, which unwinds to two yards, which  
which is covered with titles)

PEGGY Good gracious! What a swell you must be!

BOOB- I am rather! You don't see me at quite my best - I  
am ruffled - I am looking for a wife.

PEGGY I should think a great Prince like you wouldn't have  
much difficulty in finding one.

BOOB- But I mean, I have lost a wife.

PEGGY A widower?

BOOB- No, lost her - can't find her.

PEGGY Oh, mislaid her! I shouldn't trouble about a wife  
who didn't appreciate the happiness of being with you  
always. (Sighs and ogles him)

BOOB- You are the first sensible English girl I have met  
- the others out there - (Meaning SOCIETY LADIES) dared  
to laugh at my back hair.



PEGGY Envy!

BOOB- You think so?

PEGGY Sure of it.

BOOB- You like it then?

PEGGY It's most distingue. I've made a conquest.

BOOB- (Sits) You may come and sit upon my knee.

PEGGY Oh, I couldn't all at once.

BOOB- No, partly.

PEGGY An English girl only sits on one knee.

BOOB- I only offered you one knee.

PEGGY I mean her husband's.

BOOB- (Consulting plan) A suite of rooms in my Zenana shall be vacant next week. I have been tired of my amber wife for some time.

PEGGY Your amber wife?

BOOB- Yes, I dress them in different colours instead of numbering them. You shall choose your own colour.  
(Putting his arm round her)

PEGGY I see, you have a kind of rainbow establishment.

(Enter SIR PETER and LADY PATRICIA)

SIR P- Delighted to see you, dear lady - just in time to cure Vereker of his tomfool ideas about marrying tea girls.



(Enter WARREN and ANGY)

PAT- Oh, Sir Peter, don't let us talk of marriage - I've come out to enjoy myself and see your beautiful Island of Gay Ceylon.

BOOB- Have you been here long?

PEGGY? No, I have only just arrived from England, and I am most anxious to see all over your Gay Ceylon.

No 12. SEXTETTE "In the Island of Gay Ceylon"

PATRICIA, PEGGY, ANGY, BOOBHAMBAMBA, SIR PETER, WARREN

1.

PAT- Oh, what an Isle where Nature's smile  
Is never dim or chilly,

WARREN Yes, it is not so bad a spot -

SIR P- Though not like Piccadilly.

ANGY Temples are there whose aged air  
Antiquity evinces,

BOOB- Nobles who trace their lofty race  
Through fifteen hundred Princes.  
Shall I proceed their names to read?

OTHERS No, thank you!

ALL In the Island of Gay Ceylon,  
Lovely jewels you come upon,  
Pretty pearls and cats-eyes,  
Some as big as that size.  
Finer gems have never shone  
Coconuts shaken off the palm,  
Breezes blowing with breath of balm,  
Scent of musk and roses,  
Charming all the noses  
In the Island of Ceylon.

2.

PAT- Travellers speak of Adam's Peak,  
That gives a view of wonder.

WARREN If you would care we'll take you there  
But I am staying under.



PEGGY

(To BOOB:)

I'll have a walk with you and talk,  
About that native marriage -

BOOB-

I cannot go on foot, you know,  
My rank demands a carriage.  
So may I call enough for all?

OTHERS

Please do!

ALL

In the Island of Gay Ceylon,  
If some friend talks of walking on,  
You will answer quick "Pshaw!  
Let us call a rickshaw!"  
That's so nice to ride upon,  
Ladies sit back and wave a fan,  
Gentlemen rag the rickshaw man  
Leaning on a cushion,  
While the coolies push on,  
Round the Island of Ceylon.

(DANCE, and exeunt.)

(Enter HARRY R. with coat on arm, letter in  
hand. Enter CHAMBHUDDY up stage L.)

HARRY

By Jove, how delighted Nanoya was when I gave her the  
Pearl!

CHAMB-

Vereker! I must find out if he has the Pearl.

HARRY

Wonderful how women are all alike, they are all fond  
of jewellery.

(Bus - CHAMB:)

Hullo, Chambhuddy!

CHAMB-

Ah, Mr Vereker, you remember me. I sold you this  
Estate.

HARRY

Oh yes. What do you want?

CHAMB-

Nothing - only wanted to congratulate you on your  
having the great Pearl.

HARRY

Oh yes, I have the Pearl.

CHAMB-

He has it - he has it.



HARRY (To A COOLIE) Take that to the post. (Holds out letter)

CHAMB- (Takes letter and examines it) Not there! (Gives letter to COOLIE)

(Exit COOLIE)

Perhaps it's in his coat.

HARRY I wonder what my people will say when they read that and find I'm going to marry a tea girl! Ha, ha! What a row there'll be, they'll hold a family council and disown me. (Turns, sees CHAMB:)

CHAMB- Oh, your coat - allow me. (Bus, helps him on, gags while feeling in pockets - ) Not there, nasty hard lump there. Oh, only watch - no pearl - 22½ hours to find a girl and a pearl!

HARRY Oh, it's the pearl you are looking for, is it? Well it isn't there.

CHAMB- Why didn't you say so before - if you would only lend it to me - just let me hold it in my hands for a minute You should have it back by return of post.

HARRY Lend it you? What for?

CHAMB- Just to show the confidence trick you have in me.

HARRY I can't! I've given it away.

CHAMB- Given it away? Everybody's giving my pearl away!

HARRY To my wife that is to be.

CHAMB- I go to wheedle your is-to-be- wife.

HARRY No, you don't. Chambhuddy, get out



(Enter NANOYA with pearl on a necklace round her neck)

CHAMB-

There it is! Oh, so contagious, and yet so far!  
(Hovering round NANOYA) May I offer you my felicitous words to the is-to-be?

(NANOYA shrinks from him and clings to HARRY)

HARRY

Get out, Chambhuddy!

CHAMB-

Oh, very well - I only thought -

HARRY

Go and think elsewhere, or -

CHAMB-

Oh, Mr Vereker, strike an English barman! Oh, woe! I'm going! I'm going!

(Exit, followed by HARRY)

NANOYA

Nanoya don't know what to do - can't stay here - if she go away make poor Harree sad - and then no more lessons, no more kisses by the Cinnamon Tree that Nanoya love, where she first met Harree.

No 13. SONG (NANOYA)

"My Cinnamon Tree"

In my happy childhood hours,  
That are past and flown,  
I'd a little plot of flowers,  
For my very own.  
All the blossoms that a girl  
Loves to look upon,  
But my garden's pride and pearl,  
Was my Cinnamon!

I was always going  
Just to watch it growing,  
With its tender  
Leaves so slender,  
One could hardly see,  
I was so enchanted  
With the tree I p,anted  
I would woo it  
Singing to it,  
Oh, my Cinnamon Tree!



2.

Now I'm wiser, if you please,  
 For I've found out this,  
 There are men as well as trees,  
 That are good to kiss.  
 And a word of love from you  
 To my heart has gone,  
 Sweeter than the breeze that blew,  
 Through my Cinnamon.

All my roses splendid  
 Long have lain untended,  
 Sun will harden  
 Now the garden  
 No more tilled by me,  
 But a deeper pleasure  
 Than my childish treasure,  
 I discover  
 With my lover  
 You're my Cinnamon Tree.

NANOYA Nanoya afraid Boobhamba catch her - she run away!

(Enter LADY PATRICIA R.)

PAT- One of the tea girls - pretty little thing!

NANOYA Nanoya salaam mem-sahib.

PAT- Nanoya! Oh, then you are Nanoya? I've been looking for you. I suppose Harry hasn't told you his family want me to marry him?

NANOYA Marry you? Vereker Sahib marry you?

PAT- No, of course not - and now I come to have a good look at you I don't wonder at it.

NANOYA Ah, then Nanoya do Vereker Sahib harm if she marry him

PAT- Well, my dear, of course as a titled lady you'd be a but unusual.

NANOYA Then Nanoya go away.



PAT-            Whatever for?

NANOYA        Nanoya not hurt Harree.

PAT-            Why, you sweet little thing, I don't want to marry Harry. We're too good friends, and we must be good friends too.

NANOYA        Nanoya love Mem-sahib.

PAT-            And Mem-sahib loves Nanoya. Now I'll just go and tell Harry - that I relinquish all claim to his hand - I shall go to Japan, and marry some nice little almond eyed Count, who will go well with a suite of furniture I've got. Good-bye, little Nanoya.

(Exit R.)

NANOYA        Ah, nice lady - but Nanoya go all same - afraid of old Boobhamba

(Enter CHAMBUDDY)

CHAMB-        Alone! H'm! Don't be frightened - about that little matter of a wedding present -

NANOYA        I want no wedding present - Nanoya - going away.

CHAMB-        There it is - would you allow me to look at that pearl - only just one moment?

NANOYA        (Runs away from him frightened) No, no, go away!  
(Bus.) What are you doing?

CHAMB-        Nothing, only little English custom. In England we don't shake hands, we shake feet. (Sees caste mark)  
Aha! the caste mark on the instep! (Aside) Boobhamba's wife - and the pearl together. (He is elated)

(NANOYA is going - CHAMB: dodges her)

NANOYA        Nanoya call Vereker Sahib. (Cross R.)

CHAMB-        No, don't - you're going away - where?



NANOYA Far away - but Nanoya like to see Vereker Sahib once more.

CHAMB- You shall if you do as I tell you - you hide here - that's right - you go here - don't come out until I tell you.

(NANOYA hides)

(Enter SIR PETER and BOOBHAMBA)

BOOB- I'd give a lac of rupees if the sentence on Chamb-huddy were heavy.

CHAMB- (Aside) Oh, you would!

SIR P- How dare you suggest such a thing to me? Hullo!  
(Sees CHAMB:) Well, sir, have you found this person's wife?

CHAMB- (Smiling) Time not up yet - after the Ball.

(Enter PEGGY)

PEGGY My Prince, at last my Prince!

BOOB- You shall be bastinadoed, rascal!

(CHAMB: hums a tune)

PEGGY Bastinado a Prince.

BOOB- He's not a Prince. He's a villain of a pettifogger

CHAMB- Don't you listen to him, he's a nincompoop.

PEGGY What?

(CHAMB: hums a tune again, keeping an eye on the Mango grove.)

BOOB- Insolent fellow! I demand my wife - and the Pearl!



No 14. FINALECHORUS

Have you found the girl?  
 Have you found the gem?  
 Maid and dusky pearl,  
 Have you heard of them?  
 Vain your prayers and tears  
 If the search should fail  
 You'll have seven years in jail  
 You'll have seven years  
 Making mats, making mats in jail.

CHAMB-

My lord and parties,  
 You need not jeer  
 My steely heart is  
 Deplete of fear.  
 In light fandango  
 I shall repair  
 To grove of mango  
 And who goes there?  
 Behold! all told  
 The girl! the pearl!

CHORUS

Behold - all told  
 The girl - the pearl!  
 Is it Nanoya?

NANOYA

It is Nanoya!

PAT-

It is Nanoya, Nanoya!

CHORUS

It is Nanoya!

CHAMB-

When this girl was a wee girl

CHORUS

A wee girl - a wee girl

CHAMB-

She married a man on the native plan  
 Which did not give her joy  
 And so she turned a tea girl

CHORUS

A tea girl - a tea girl

CHAMB-

And laboured on her own estate  
 Because she didn't adore her mate  
 Boobhamba!



CHORUS

Boobhamba!

CHAMB-

Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

CHORUS

When this girl was a wee girl  
 A wee girl, a wee girl,  
 She married a man on the native plan  
 Which did not give her joy.  
 And so she turned a tea girl  
 A tea girl, a tea girl,  
 And laboured on her own estate  
 Because she didn't adore he mate  
 Boobhamba, Boobhamba!  
 Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy.

BOOB

Young woman, though in style undignified  
 You fled from happy wedded life,  
 I'll act as though that never signified,  
 And take you as my pale blue wife.

PATNANOYA

His

WARREN

pale blue wife.

BOOB-

My

2nd PUPILCHORUS

His pale blue wife!

BOOB-

That is your tint, of robe and veil  
 But do not go beyond the pale  
 My pale blue -

CHORUS

His pale blue wife.

PAT-

Nanoya married?

BOOB-

My palanquin.

PAT-

Where's Harry?

BOOB-

Just hand her in.

CHORUS

She must go in.  
 She must go in.



CHORUS

Bear away the bride,  
 Found so lately,  
 Down the mountain side  
 Slow and stately,  
 Soon a wife to be  
 By the law's decree  
 One of high degree  
 Honoured greatly.

HARRY

Stop! My love, my own! tho' vows unknown  
 In childhood's days have bound you,  
 My English love shall rise above  
 The walls of law around you.  
 I break the chain they bind again  
 My maiden I recover,  
 No power can bind you heart and mind,  
 Away from me, your lover.

CHORUS

He will not own the vows unknown  
 But all too well they bound her,  
 No darling love can rise above  
 The walls of law around her.  
 He strives in vain to break the chain,  
 The captive to recover,  
 Her heart and mind must be resigned  
 To leave her English lover - her lover.

PAT-

Her lover!

HARRY

Stand back! Beware! I do not care  
 For spear and sword that serve your lord!

PUPILS

Yes, stand aside (We'll keep the  
 (Release his bride!  
 You'll get it hot if you do not.

CHORUS

They mean to fight! We're in a fright  
 Is no one here to interfere?

SIR P-

Young man, withdraw, your rash attempt abandon  
 The local law leaves you no leg to stand on.

CHAMB-

You've got no leg to stand on,  
 To standon, to stand on!



CHORUS With proper awe, **respect** the law!

PAT- If law is on your side we must obey

CHORUS You must obey!

PAT- But ere you take your bride, a moment stay

CHORUS One moment stay!

PAT- Give but the leave to say adieu!  
So much to them, so little to you.

CHORUS So little to you.

PAT- Can you deny the boon, I pray  
Ah may they say -

CHORUS Ah, may they say.

PAT Farewell!

CHORUS Farewell!

NANOYA It is true, my own  
I'm leaving you alone  
One moment yet to sigh  
And then - forget - good-bye!

HARRY Though parted now in pain

NANOYA It is too true!

HARRY My love I vow again  
I'm leaving you.

PAT Fortune may smile anew  
HARRY A little while, adieu  
& NANOYA  
CHORUS She must go in!  
She must go in!



ENSEMBLEENGLISH GIRLSPUPILSCHORUS

If she be a bride She will be a bride  
 Duly mated Badly mated  
 To a man with pride Tho' with pomp and  
 pride  
 so inflated. Satiated  
 Happy she will be It's a shame to see  
 In a year or three For there ought to be  
 With her Singhalee Laws to set her free  
 It is fated. Liberated.  
 She will be a bride She will be a bride  
 Badly nated Badly mated  
 She's a bride She's a bride  
 Of a man with pride With all pomp and  
 pride  
 So inflated. She'll be sated  
 Oh, can she be Oh, can she be  
 Another's bride? Another's bride.  
 Woe the bride! She will be another's  
 bride  
 Ah woe, ah woe. Woe to the bride!  
 Ah woe! ah woe!

Bear away the bride  
 Found so lately.  
 Down the mountain  
 side  
 Slow and stately.  
 Soon a bride to be  
 By the law's decree  
 One of high degree  
 Honoured greatly  
 Bear away the bride  
 Found so lately  
 Bear the bride  
 Down the mountain  
 side.  
 Slow and stately.  
 Oh, bear her down  
 The mountain side.  
 Bear away the moun-  
 tain side.  
 Hail the bride!  
 All ahail all hail!

PATRICIANANOYAHARRY

Can she be a bride I must be his bride  
 Can she be a bride Ever from your side  
 So mismated Separated  
 From her lover You will go far o'er  
 Separated the sea  
 Love will set her So it has to be  
 free It is fated  
 It is fated!  
 Ah, can she be a bride I must be his bride  
 Can she be a bride? Never from your side  
 From her lover's side separated  
 Separated. Oh must I be  
 Oh can she be Another's bride  
 Another's bride Woe the bride  
 Woe the bride Ah woe, ah woe  
 Ah woe - ah woe!

Must she be a bride  
 So mismated.  
 No it shall not be  
 I will set you free  
 It is fated.  
 Can she be a bride  
 To a husband tied  
 Whom she hated  
 Oh can she be  
 Another's bride  
 Woe the bride!  
 Ah woe, ah woe

CURTAIN



*In Tenodia*

2

*Label*  
THE CINGALEE

-----  
ACT II.

THE PROPERTY

OF

J. C. WILLIAMSON.



THE PROPERTY  
→ OF ←  
J. C. WILLIAMSON.

THE CINGALEE

-----@-----

ACT II.

MRS. MARSHALL'S  
TYPE WRITING OFFICE.  
3 MAY 1904  
128, STRAND, W.C.



Hand Properties Continued.

1 Small Tom-tom for Devil Dancer.  
6 Sets of Thumb Cymbals :  
6 Pair of Small " : For dancing Girls.  
4 Spinning Balls 5.E.R.  
4 Spinning Flags 5.E.R.  
6 " Balls 3.E.L.  
6 " Flags "  
4 Flambeaux lighted, top E.L.  
3 " " "  
1 Stool for Monkey Duet 3.E.L.  
1 Stool " " and 2 Toy Tambourines 2.E.R.  
Rope " " with 2 loops hanging 2.E.L.  
3 Musical Instruments for Supers 1.E.L.  
20 Fans 3.E.L.  
20 " 3.E.R.  
1 Large telescope with stand top E.R.  
1 Crystal Ball, top E.R.  
Gold Canopy, top E.L.

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L I M E P L O T

-----@@@@-----

Cue: As "Cingalee" Song begins.

ALL ARCS AND LIMES AT BACK GO TO PALE AMBER - SLIGHTLY CHECK BACK BATTENS. RED BATTEN ON AND RED LIMES ON BACK OF BACK CLOTH.

Cue: At beginning of Quartette.

ALL ARCS AND LIMES AT BACK TO GO TO DARK AMBER. Battens 5.6. 7.8.9. check  $\frac{1}{2}$  Blue on in 8.

Cue: When Chambhuddy is thrown in the lake.

ALL LIMES AND ARCS AT THE BACK CHANGE TO SALMON. CHECK ELECTRIC AT BACK  $\frac{3}{4}$  FRONT  $\frac{1}{4}$  ALL ARCS AND LIMES IN THE FLIES CHANGE TO AMBER.

Cue: Beginning of 'Hut Number.'

BLUE ON EVERYWHERE AT BACK. ALL LIMES ON THE PERCHES TO GO TO PALE AMBER. CHECK ALL ELECTRIC BATTENS THREE QUARTERS FOOTLIGHTS  $\frac{1}{2}$

Cue: End of first verse of 'Hut Number.'

ALL WHITE AT BACK OUT AND ALL BATTENS AT BACK BLUE LIMES AND ARCS AT BACK DARK BLUE.

LIMES ON PERCHES GO TO SALMON ALL WHITE BATTENS OUT, BLUE BATTENS ON EVERYWHERE. FOOTLIGHTS GO TO BLUE - ARCS AND LIMES IN FLIES BLUE - ARCS ON STAGE SALMON. 3rd and 4th Entrances R. and L.

Cue: At finish of solo 2nd Verse of 'Hut Number.'

ALL ARCS ON STAGE TO BLUE. LIME ON PERCHES BLUE.

Cue: At exit of 'Hut.'

LIGHTS ARE BLUE EVERYWHERE. BLUE IN THE FOOTLIGHTS. DARKER AT THE BACK. PERCHES BLUE.

Cue: At words 'Light the Star'

LIGHT ON IN TOWER AT THE BACK OF THE BACK CLOTH - THEN ILLUMINATE BACK OF CLOTH.

Cue: At entrance of Lanterns.

WHITES SLOWLY UP. THEN ALL ILLUMINATIONS ON AT SOLO DANCERS' ENTRANCE. THEN WHITE IN FLIES AND PERCHES. FULL UP EVERYWHERE.



Tom-tom Beaters.

3 Ladies with leaves and pots

Candian Noble.

Attendant with fan.

3 ladies with

3 Chorus gentlemen 2 cocoa nuts 1 trophy.

6 Ladies with fans and shawls.

3 Ladies with gongs.

Candian Noble and Attendant.

3 Ladies with work.

3 Gentlemen with cocoanuts

6 Ladies with shawls and fans

Candian Noble and Attendant

6 Ladies with bowls.

Candian Nobles and Attendants.

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# THE CINGALEE

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## ACT II.

(The Evening of the Following day)

THE SCENE shows the Exterior of Boobhamba's Palace by the Great Lake at Kandy. The entrance to the Palace is on Left and in the foreground and right is the public Palm Walk. Round the shores of the Lake and in the distance are Palaces and Temples all of white marble with Terraces and steps to the water. Magnificently decorated native barges are moored to the landing stages of the Palaces.

Beyond the Lake the distant mountains are seen.

(As the Act commences, it is late afternoon, and as the action progresses the light changes to a sunset and later a moonlight effect)

(As the Curtain rises the place is seen en fête. A celebration - called by the Natives a "Parahara" is being held - first in honour of the restoration of the Great Black Pearl, and further in celebration of the marriage of BOOBHAMBAMBA to the long-lost NANOYA. CHAMBHUDDY RAM as the benefactor who has been the means of restoring the pearl is the hero of the hour)

(The above is the action of

### No. 1. OPENING CHORUS.

At the Palace of Boobhamba on the Lake,  
We assemble for his most important sake,  
All inhabitants of Kandy  
Or as many as are handy  
And appropriately festival we make.  
So the brightly blazoned banners we unfurl  
As we dance in a kaleidoscopic whirl  
To announce to near and far  
A most impressive Parahara  
For the finding of the patriarchal Pearl  
The Patriarchal Pearl.

TENORS &  
BASSES

And honour too we properly do  
To that Baboo, discoverer true,  
Who sought and bought  
And brought as he ought  
The jewel darkly fair.



As we've no doubt that he is about  
 We'll call him out with welcoming shout,  
 Ram Salaam to Chambhuddy Ram!  
 And the Coronation chair.

Oho! Oho! Salaam! Salaam! Salaam!  
 Ram Salaam! Chambhuddy Ram!  
 Ram! Salaam to Chambhuddy Ram!

A low salaam of grateful joy  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!

And Chambhuddy Ram - salaam!

A low salaam of grateful joy  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy and Chambhuddy Ram  
 And Chambhuddy Ram!  
 Chambhuddy Ram!

At the Palace of Boobhamba on the lake  
 We assemble for his most important sake,  
 All inhabitants of Kandy  
 Or as many as are handy

And appropriately festival we make  
 So the brightly blazoned banners we unfurl  
 As we dance in a kaleidoscopic whirl  
 To announce to near and far

A most impressive Parahara  
 For the finding of the patriarchal Pearl  
 Oho! Oho! salaam! salaam! Salaam!  
 Ram! Salaam to Chambhuddy Ram!  
 Ram! Salaam to Chambhuddy Ram!

A low salaam of grateful joy  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!  
 To great Boobhamba Chettur Bhoy!  
 And Chambhuddy Ram! Salaam! Salaam!

*start  
here*

*No. 1 -  
Opennil  
Chords*

(Enter BOOBHAMBAMBA L.I.E.)

BOOB- The nine lamps of nine stars shine upon you, my children!

CROWD Chambhuddy! Chambhuddy!

BOOB- Oh! It's Chambhuddy you want, is it?

(Enter SIR PETER L.I.E. CROWD again shout "Chambhuddy")

SIR P- Thank ye, very gratifying. I shall have much pleasure in mentioning your loyal welcome in my despatches.



BOOB- Ha! ha! Your Excellency is mistaken - all this enthusiasm is meant for the impostor Chambhuddy.

SIR P- Why don't you kick the fellow out? (Crosses R.)

BOOB- I daren't - for the moment he is too popular - but once I am married to Nanoya....

SIR P- Ah! How is the little girl - how is she going on?

BOOB- She does nothing but call for something named Harry.

SIR P- That's Harry Vereker.

BOOB- The tea-planter. (Alarmed) Do you think he would dare to come here after Nanoya?

SIR P- Oh! He'd dare right enough, but I've checkmated him.

BOOB- Good! How?

SIR P- I've given strict instructions to all the guards - that if a Mr Vereker attempts to enter the city he is to be arrested.

BOOB- May you live in the shade of the Sacred Bo Tree. May mighty cobras guard your sleeping head.

SIR P- Thank you, and a nice time I should have of it with the wet season coming on. Now, I'll give you a word of advice; if you marry the girl against her will - you'll have a devil of a time of it.

(Exit R.l.E.)

(As SIR PETER exits, ALL CHORUS salaam to him - then turn quickly to NANOYA with cheers)

(Enter NANOYA and GUARDS L.l.E.)

NANOYA I won't be shut up, and I won't be married to you. I don't like you - there! (Crosses C.) I go to Harree. (Goes up, down C. GUARDS stop her)



BOOB- (Signs to GUARDS who oppose NANOYA) No, you don't!  
And if Harry comes here - Harry will be arrested.

NANOYA I hate you.

(Bustle is heard off and enter FOUR PRINCIPAL  
TEA GIRLS, talking - NANOYA claps her hands in  
delight -

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD hustles  
FOUR TEA GIRLS off)

It's Naitooma - Sattambi and the others.

BOOB- Who are Naitooma, Sattambi and the others?

NANOYA Nanoya's friends - Tea girls - oh, you let them  
stay with Nanoya.

BOOB- Certainly not.

NANOYA Oh, please - then Nanoya won't hate you any more,  
think you nice man very pretty.

BOOB- Aha!

NANOYA Yes - yes - you let them stay - nice kind Boobhamba!

BOOB- Well, if they'll promise to be very good little girls.

NANOYA (Delighted) Yes, yes.

BOOB- And treat me with proper respect - they may stay on  
approval.

(ATTENDANT appears at Palace I.E.L.)

ATTENDANT His Excellency Chambhuddy Ram bids you shortly to  
a feast he has prepared.

(Cheers)

BOOB- My wedding Feast! This must be stopped!



(BOOBHAMBHA exits L.I.E.)

(Enter NAITOOMA, SATTAMBI, MYCHEELAH and COOROOWE R.U.E. NANOYA rushes up, meets them and comes down C.)

NANOYA Naitooma! Sattambi!

NAIT- (R.C.) We come all along way see you married, Nanoya.

NANOYA (C.) Then you come all along way for nothing - Nanoya not marry Boobhamba.

SATT- (L.C.) Boobhamba a very great man!

NAIT- Not nice man like Vereker Sahib, but all same very rich.

NANOYA Is Vereker Sahib at plantation?

NAIT- No, he come here.

NANOYA But he will be arrested. (Goes L.) You won't leave me? (Crosses C.)

GIRLS No, no - not leave Nanoya.

NANOYA Boobhamba say you stay in the Palace with me - if you're very good. (Suggestively)

NAIT- Oh! we always very good girls.

SATT- We not make very much noise.

NAIT- We not play any jokes on Boobhamba.

MYCH- (R.C.) No pins in the cushions.

NAIT- No pepper in his betel leaf.



SATT-            No rice in his hat.

NANOYA            We'll lead him a pretty dance.

No. 2. SONG: NANOYA, TEA GIRLS, & CHORUS.

"The Dance I'll lead him".

1.

NANOYA            I'm a maiden merry  
                              Sorry to be sold  
To a husband very  
                              Old!

TEA G-                        Very, very old!

NANOYA            But I'm not dejected  
                              And before he's done,  
He'll have unexpected  
                              Fun!

TEA G-                        Such a lot of fun!

NANOYA            Soon may I and you be  
                              Seeing him perhaps  
Getting caught in booby  
                              Traps.

TEA G-                        Pretty little traps!

NANOYA            And he'll put a frown on  
                              After he begins  
Sitting calmly down on  
                              Pins!

TEA G-                        We have got the pins!

NANOYA            I'm Nanoya, young, entrancing,  
I enjoy a chance of dancing  
I'm Nanoya, I won't heed him  
And a pretty little dance I'll lead him!

(Chorus repeat refrain)

2.

NANOYA            Weariness will never  
                              Hurt Boobhamba's life,  
When he has a clever  
                              Wife!

TEA G-                        Clever little wife!



NANOYA

Though a little worry  
 May be still his lot,  
 He will get his curry  
 Hot!

TEA G-

Won't he get it hot!

NANOYA

If he says with laughter  
 "Sit upon my knee!"  
 When he's merry after  
 Tea!

TEA G-

Merry after tea!

NANOYA

It will be amusing  
 If he once begins  
 He will find I'm using  
 Pins!

TEA G-

Nasty little pins!

NANOYA

I'm Nanoya  
 He must drop it!  
 I'll employ a  
 Pin to stop it!

NANOYA  
TEA G-

I'm )  
 ) Nanoya!  
 She's )  
 I )  
 She) don't heed him!

And a pretty little dance ( I'll )  
 ( ) lead him!  
 (she'll)

CHORUS

She's Nanoya - etc.

(Dance - exeunt)

(Enter SIR PETER & ANGY, PUPILS & GOVERNESSES,  
 R.U.E.)

ENGLISH G- Never mind that - we want to see the Procession.

SIR P-

You've missed the Procession of the Sacred Pearl,  
 but you're just in time for the Parahara.

ALL

The Parahara! What's that?

SIR P-

Parahara? It's a kind of a Cingalese Bank Holiday.  
 They have a devil of a time, these fellows! Oh! It's  
 great fun at a Parahara!



CONCERTED NUMBER: (Percy Greenbank)

"The Parahara!"

GER: GOV-

I'm afraid I do not quite  
Understand what people mean  
By Parahara!

ALL

By Parahara!

SIR P-

It will fill you with delight  
If you never yet have seen  
A Parahara!

ALL

A Parahara!

ITALIAN  
GOV-  
ANGY

Is it something like a beanfeast or perhaps a Lord  
Mayor's Show?  
Do you think it is a function to which ladies ought  
to go?

WARREN

Oh, it's perfectly respectable and strictly comme il  
faut

Is this Para, para, para, parahara!

ALL

Then oh! for the Para, Parahara!  
It sounds very odd to you and me  
But festivals like these  
Afford the Cingalese  
A little chance of going on the spree!  
It seems to be awfully attractive  
For people will flock from near and far-ah!  
And nearly ev'ryone  
Is sure to have some fun  
At a para, para, para, parahara!

2.BOSAN-

It's a mad, excited whirl  
Here and there and all around  
This Parahara!

ALL

This Parahara!

CLINTON

Held in honour of the Pearl  
That has recently been found  
This Parahara!

ALL

This Parahara!

ENG:GOV-  
WILSON  
WARREN

Now the natives will be very, very busy all to-day  
So we mean to do our best to get Nanoya safe away  
And if only we're successful on our own account we may  
Hold a para, para, para, parahara!



ALL

Then oh! for the para, parahara! etc.

(Dance and

ALL exit 2.E.R.)

(Enter the CROWD, shouting)

CROWD

Chambhuddy!

(Enter CHAMBHUDDY at Palace 3.E.L. magnificently costumed, the whole CROWD fall down, bowing their heads to the ground)

CHAMB-

Ladies, Honourable Misters and dear old Cocks - you do well to cheer on. I am a hero. I deserve the Victoria Station Cross - Who was it restored to you the Great Black Pearl?

(Cheers and shouts of CHORUS)

Chambhuddy Ram! Has man ever before run such riskiness in his efforts to restore what had been mislaid? Did I not go into the very thickest of things and mix with the most dangerous of mankinds - the British - Did I not go to Eton Cricket meadows and play wicket in the midst of a field where balls rained thick as bullets from a cannon gun? Did I not, though only a spectacular myself, join in the scrimmage during the match with footballs - and sit on the Captain's head - while the tea interval was on and endure some terrible penalty taps?

MAN

And was the great Chambhuddy ever wounded?

CHAMB-

Was I ever? What a question! Where was I not injured? My body is black and blue now from a tea fight on the tennis lawn at Henley rowing carnivals.

MAN

And did the great one row?

CHAMB-

Did I row? Did I not row the Cambridge Eight from Mortlake to Boulogne all myself and win in a canter by one and two to play! Suffice it, I have restored to you the great Black Pearl!

(Cheers)

Gentlemen, you may smoke.



MAN

And what mean these garments of strange and varied hue?

CHAMB-

This is the garbage of the smoke jacket. Ah! of all sports - wickets their crickets, their footballs - give me a fox chase, with its meat breakfast. Its scented dog hounds and its parliamentary whippers in. The Master points to a wood and says, "draw that". There is no time for sketching woods. We creep on all fours - we surround the wood - the dog hounds point out a fox - it escapes away, away, now is the time to see whether you or the dog hounds will get the fox first. I pass the others. Aha! Misters! The Native gent shows you a clean pair of heel-taps. Now over a 'tally ho'! now clearing a 'tantivy' - I gain on the dogs. I am beside them - a few spanking whacks of my whip and they fall back howling. Two more leaps and I crush the fox under my horse's feet!

(Cheers)

Chambhuddy triumphs! The defeated others come up - the ladies smile on me - the men swear in their jealous rage. It is nothing - I know him. The English Big Pot!

(Cheers)No. 4. SONG: CHAMBHUDDY."The Wonderful English Pot".1.

If English Pot a rich man be,  
 He spend it all in a day  
 When finished with a thing, then he  
 Will throw the lot all away.  
 He buy a cab for half a crown  
 To drive about all over town  
 And when he's done he give it back  
 To the coachman on the box.

Chorus.

This wonderful English Pot  
 Him a very luxurious man,  
 For he loves to brag  
 Of Gladstone bag  
 And collar of Astrachan  
 This beautiful English Pot  
 He always exclaims "Eh! what!"  
 If he do this well  
 He's a fearful swell  
 Is this wonderful English Pot!

Cut



2.

This English Pot he loves to shoot  
 With one or two smart young boys  
 Pop goes his gun, but still his suit  
 Makes jolly side much more noise.  
 He takes a gorgeous shooter's box  
 And hides behind big stones and rocks  
 In case a cow should bite him  
 While he's looking somewhere else.

CHORUS

The wonderful shooting Pot  
 Go stalking if it's quite fine  
 When keeper fire  
 Him awful liar  
 Him say - "That stag was mine"  
 This wonderful shooting Pot  
 When he has had fifteenth shot  
 If he get small bird  
 Him yell 'My word!'  
 "By Gad! - what a d....d good pot!"

This wonderful shooting Pot  
 When he has had fifteenth shot  
 All rabbit and hares  
 Say family prayers  
 For the wonderful shooting Pot.

3.

When English Pot is tired of life  
 He takes a small walk round  
 He makes a little girl his wife  
 And then he wish he were drowned.  
 What use is she to gay young spark  
 Except to walk about the Park?  
 She won't mend holes in socks  
 Or empty the bath into the street.

CHORUS

The wife of the English Pot  
 Wears nothing but small necklace  
 No lace on deck  
 Just simply neck  
 Neck simply all over place.  
 This wife of the English Pot  
 Oh, my! what a Hottentot!  
 No sign of vest  
 On family chest  
 .Of the wife of the English Pot!



4.

The daughter of the English Pot  
 She fearfully fetching minx  
 Each day a grand new hat she's got  
 And dresses in blue and pinks.  
 She drives a devilish smart turn out  
 And smokes like factory chimney spout  
 Then she becomes a "scorcher" or a  
 "Pretty hot lot" - what ho!

CHORUS

The daughter of English Pot  
 Her figure peculiar thing  
 For she wears thin sticks  
 As hard as bricks  
 Tie up with a long piece string.  
 This daughter of English Pot  
 She much underneath has got,  
 Like a battle ship  
 Is the upper hip  
 Of the daughter of English Pot!

5.

If English Pot have eldest son  
 He calls him his son and heir  
 And he calls father "Son of a gun"  
 Or "rotten old stingy bear"  
 When son grows up to man's estate  
 He learns to practise tête-tête  
 And 'Toss the coin' and 'do the guy'  
 And put five quid on a horse.

CHORUS

The son of the English Pot  
 Has not got a brain at all!  
 Him try to pass  
 Into any class  
 And lunch at Romano's Hall  
 This son of the English Pot  
 Gets tied up in awful knot  
 To papa he'll go  
 And papa says 'no'  
 And the son - well - he goes to pot!



The English Pot he used to ride  
 A bicycle on his own  
 But now he puts on devilish side  
 And calls it a "shake-the-bone"  
 To-day he drives in motor car  
 A 60-horse power Panhard  
 And kills policemen, cats and all other  
 Rubbish in the road.

Chorus.

The wonderful Motor Pot  
 Him dresseth all up in furs  
 Takes a girl about  
 You can't make out  
 Whatever is his or hers.  
 This wonderful Motor Pot  
 Right over a wall is shot  
 Come back by train  
 Whatever remain  
 Of automobilious Pot!

(Enter BOOBHAMBHA L.I.E. turning the FOUR TEA GIRLS: NAITOOMA: SATTAMBI: MYCHEELAH and COOROOWE out of Palace.)

BOOB-

How dare you treat a Mahatma of the Doombera with such disrespect? You've made all my wives change colour, you have dared to set booby traps all over the Palace - You must leave...

(THE FOUR GIRLS pleased)

I have spoken - go!

(FOUR TEA GIRLS retire up stage C. in a little disconsolate group)

(Enter PEGGY R.U.E. followed by COOLIES, carrying luggage as in Act I. They place boxes across stage, and retire up back and play cards. ONE COOLIE brings on hammock-chair - and places R.C.)

BOOB-

(R.C.) The nice little girl who wanted to sit on my knee.

PEGGY

(R.C.) This is the Palace, I suppose. (Sees BOOB:) How do you do?

BOOB-

The nine lamps of the nine stars shine upon you.



PEGGY That's very nice.

BOOB- Has the fair English lady thought over my humble suggestion as to marrying me?

PEGGY I thought you were going to marry Nanoya! I've come to the wedding.

BOOB- Nanoya, oh, yes, but one wife more or less doesn't count.

PEGGY Ah, but one day I might be the one wife less.

BOOB- Never. Say yes!

PEGGY Oh, Mahatmara, I think I should first like to see what the life in your palace is like. (Aside) I must get in the palace to see Nanoya.

BOOB- (Going L.) I go to prepare a suite of rooms for the charming English Lady.

(THE FOUR TEA GIRLS crowd round him and beg him to forgive them)

And if you little girls dare to show your wicked little faces here again, I'll have your hair cut off -

(Squeals)

- and your eyebrows shaved -

(Squeals)

- and then thrown to the crocodiles. (Cries)

(BOOB: exits to palace)

PEGGY Oh, the little tea girls. What's the matter?

NAIT- (C) Boobhamba turn us out.

PEGGY Why?

NAIT- Because we friends of Nanoya.



PEGGY So am I - that's why I'm going into the Palace.

NAIT- That's why we've been turned out of the palace.

PEGGY And you want to get back to help Nanoya. One, two, three, four - I think I can manage it. (Opens dress basket, pulls out dresses) What's a chiffon or two when a friend's in trouble- Come along, jump in!

(FOUR TEA GIRLS run to boxes and jump in)

NAIT- Oh, thank you.

PEGGY If you talk you must be shut up. (Shuts the lids of baskets one by one- clapping her hands)

(COOLIES come down to boxes)

Take my luggage into the palace.

(THE COOLIES carry the baskets into the Palace - as they exeunt the GIRLS peep out of the lid of the basket with funny business)

(Going to hammock-chair) How hot it is, and how tired I feel - I'd give anything in the world for a cold, foggy, London day. (Sits in hammock-chair)

(Enter CHAMBHUDDY 3 E.L.)

CHAMB- Peggy! Now for a peck of trouble and a hurly-burly. Peggy, I want to speak to you.

PEGGY (R. Pushes him off with her parasol) Oh, no - thank you! I want several things explained first.

CHAMB- Explanation! Plenty in stock and expect some more in on Tuesday.

PEGGY In the first place, why did you tell me in England that you were a Prince.

CHAMB- Did I say that? Did I really, well at times I am non compos mentis - or, as you English say, on the top of the pole.



PEGGY Are you - or are you not a Prince?

CHAMB- Well, I'm not so sure - it's open to discussion. I am and again I'm not.

PEGGY This is absurd. (Sitting in hammock-chair)

CHAMB- I know.

PEGGY I have nothing further to say to you. (Lolls in hammock chair)

CHAMB- Oh, Peggy - listen to me, don't loll, my heart glows like a worm for you. (She puts sunshade up. He goes round hammock) Peggy, when a man declares his passion it is not right to poke fun - or sunshades - in his nose.

PEGGY Leave me alone. (Puts sunshade round the other side)

CHAMB- (Coming lower down and leaning on hammock) Oh, what a pretty face, Peggy, even upside down, and those eyes as beautiful as two holes in a blanket - and that little nose - I feel I want to pinch it.

PEGGY Go away - please go away.

CHAMB- Why do you hide your face? How cold you are up this end - (Goes down to feet) Oh, these dainty little ankles peeping out from 'neath that fichu of point to point lace. (Goes to head of hammock and kisses her) I have done it - I have done it.

PEGGY (Sitting up in chair) How dare you! It's an unfair advantage - go and leave me at once!

CHAMB- Very well, Peggy Sabine, I will go - but remember you shall never set eyes on the liniments of my irregular but good-natured mug. (Gets to head of hammock-chair)

PEGGY Gone! Impossible! What a foolish man to take a



woman literally - perhaps I was too hard on him. (CHAMB:  
pulls back of chair) (She falls back again shrieking)

CHAMB- Peggy, once and for all - I'm a devil of a fellow -  
Are we to be wife and man?

PEGGY No, no, no!

CHAMB- Oh! oh! oh! (Pulling the feet up)  
(PEGGY screams)

PEGGY Let me down.

CHAMB- Not until you say you love me.

PEGGY Never- never!

CHAMB- (Lifting feet higher) Not till you say you love me.  
Peggy, you have to be well shaken before taken. Do  
you love me?

PEGGY Never!

(CHAMB: gives a big hoist)

Oh, Chamb! I love you!

CHAMB- (Dropping hammock) At last! You cheer up the cockles  
of my heart. You give me your solemn word - your Solomon  
Davids?

PEGGY Oh, yes - yes - anything. (getting out of hammock)  
Chambhuddy, I'm really very angry with you.

CHAMB- Oh, Peggy, don't be tempestuous - I love you, and  
to-morrow we will burn the hymeneal candle at both ends.

PEGGY Wait a little - there are still a few preliminaries.

CHAMB- Oh, the preliminaries can come after. Peggy, be  
mine. Peggy, I love you. Speak, I am sitting on the  
spike of suspense.



PEGGY How dare you talk of love when you've separated little Nanoya from Mr Vereker?

CHAMB- Hoity toity! here is a pretty kettle of fish.

PEGGY Yes - didn't you hand my little pupil over to Boobhamba?

CHAMB- Your pupil - was she the friend of my pomegranate?

PEGGY Yes, and so is Mr Vereker.

CHAMB- My eye! Then I have let the cat out of the apple cart.

PEGGY You must set Nanoya free.

CHAMB- And if I do? You will be my little wife? Do not say no, or to-morrow I shall be a post mortem.

PEGGY We shall see. Can you settle Boobhamba?

CHAMB- Settle Boobhamba? Oh, rather! I will settle on him like a hundred of bricks. I will send him back with his legs between his tail. You see that window? Nanoya is shut up there - a ladder when all is quiet - a boat across the Lake, hey presto! - off they pop .(crosses R)

PEGGY But won't it be very dangerous? Suppose they catch you?

CHAMB- Do you think I am a pusillanimous? What is danger when I face it for my moon-faced Peggy - I will be like the middle-aged knights - I will rescue the girl or perish - one farewell kiss! (He kisses her)

PEGGY Oh, don't do anything rash.

CHAMB- Faint heart never got rid of fair lady. I must - my blood is up - this is no Dutch courage - but the genuine article - all wool - Farewell! I go to face the



foe. (Feeling for her hand - kisses her) You will find my last wishes in my collar box - One more embrace - (Kisses her) Think of me sometimes, Peggy - One last kiss - (Kisses her) Farewell! (Prepares to make heroic exit)

PEGGY Yes, but that's the palace, isn't it? (Pointing in opposite direction)

CHAMB- Thank you, I know; I'm going round the back.

(Exeunt R.I.E.)

(Enter LADY PATRICIA, 4.E.R. in a Jinrickshaw with VEREKER disguised as a Native runner - he makes the native noises of a runner as he enters)

PAT- (L) Harry, I'll never engage you again - you've taken my breath away.

HARRY Aha! but we got past the Guards, didn't we?

PAT- Passed the Guards! we'd have passed an express train.

HARRY It was your idea that I should be a native and take you in this thing.

PAT- But it wasn't my idea that I should be shaken as well as taken.

HARRY Every moment I am parted from Nanoya is an age.

PAT- Oh, well, I suppose if I interfere in other people's love affairs I must take the consequences.

HARRY Pat - you're the dearest girl in all the world - but Nanoya - how can we find her?

PAT- Well, she's somewhere here in Boobhanba's palace.

(HARRY gets furious)

Now, you promised me you'd do nothing foolish.



HARRY I'll break every bone in his body. (cross L.)

PAT- (Seating herself in jinrickshaw) Very well, if you are going to behave like that - Home!

HARRY Very well, Pat, I'll promise.

PAT- (Dismounting) Good! (Crossing L)

HARRY But how can we find where Nanoya is?

PAT- Here's Sir Peter - perhaps I can get some information out of him. (She puts VEREKER in background as

SIR PETER enters L.I.E.)

Ah, Sir Peter!

SIR P- Ah, dear lady, welcome to Kandy - though I find it a deuced uncomfortable place with all this coroboree going on.

PAT- Oh, I must see everything - and if I shouldn't be a nuisance to you, it would be so delightful if you would show me round.

SIR P- Nuisance! (crosses R) Get out of my way, fellow. (to VEREKER) My dear lady, more than delighted. Now this is the lake - (Turning up to VEREKER/does same and stands in his way) It dates from 1500 B.C. (To VEREKER) Hang you! (Coming down)

PAT- How very interesting, but tell me about this wedding of Boobhamba to the little tea girl. When is it to be?

SIR P- This evening.

(VEREKER by rickshaw, drops it in horror)

What is the matter with that man?

PAT- He is rather eccentric - And where is the bride now?



SIR P- Aha! Boobhamba has taken my advice and shut her up.  
(Crosses L.) You see that window -

(VEREKER crossing L. to window)

- she's there - that man's a lunatic! (Referring to  
VEREKER's agitation at discovering where NANOYA is)

PAT- Don't bother about the coolie - How clever you are -  
Sir Peter - but suppose Harry were to follow her here?

SIR P- Ha, ha! no chance of that - he couldn't get past the  
guard - he can't hoodwink me! (Crosses R.)

PAT- Of course not! Ha, ha!

HARRY Ha, ha!

SIR P- I'm one too many for him. I wasn't going to let him  
make a fool of himself when it was his duty to marry you

PAT- He has treated me in the most heartless manner, Sir  
Peter! (Pretending to cry, with a sly look at HARRY)

SIR P- The rascal!

PAT- Ah, but Sir Peter, I should so like to see my rival

SIR P- But you mustn't be too severe.

(VEREKER goes R.)

- she's a sweet little thing. It's all Vereker's fault  
dashed wheedling way with women - so have I!

PAT- Has he? You see, I haven't experienced it.

SIR P- (C) Dear lady, sorry - tender subject - of course -  
but, come along.

PAT- (L. to HARRY) Wait here for me, slave! Don't go away



SIR P- You hear the lady, fellow - don't stir! Can't help laughing about the whole thing. Ha, ha! That fellow Vereker will be sold - serves him right! When he gets to Kandy - finds she can't get in -

PAT- Ha, ha! How awfully funny, Sir Peter!

SIR P- One of the best jokes - I shall tell it at the Club.

(THEY exeunt to Palace, laughing L.L.E.)

HARRY Nanoya - Nanoya - my dear little Cingalee!

No 6. SONG: VEREKER

"My dear little Cingalee"

(At finish of song, NANOYA appears at window)

1.

When sunbeams rise out of the skies,  
 Flooding the world with light,  
 All shadows grey vanish away,  
 After the weary night.  
 From early morn, and the whole day through  
 Till twilight and evening shade,  
 I'm sure to be thinking, thinking of you  
 My dear little dark-eyed maid.

Cingalee! Cingalee!  
 I've lost my heart to a Cingalee!  
 She will be true to me,  
 My dear little Cingalee!

2.

When day is done, proudly the sun  
 Sinks from his throne on high -  
 The evening breeze, wooing the trees,  
 Murmurs a lullaby!  
 Then stars shine out in the deepening blue,  
 As visions of daytime fade -  
 And I begin dreaming, dreaming of you,  
 My dear little dark-eyed maid.

Cingalee! Cingalee!  
 I've lost my heart to a Cingalee!  
 She will be true to me,  
 My dear little Cingalee!



NANOYA I thought I heard Harree's voice - only rickshaw man.

HARRY Nanoya!

NANOYA Why you call Nanoya?

HARRY Nanoya, don't you know me? Nanoya, I have come to take you away.

NANOYA Nanoya so glad - she never marry old Boobhamba - but how? Nanoya locked up here.

HARRY Lady Pat is in the Palace, and will help us.

NANOYA Nanoya love Lady Pat! H'st! Someone is coming.

(She blows a kiss and disappears from window)

(VEREKER resumes his place by the rickshaw.)

(Enter BOOBHAMBAMBA L.I.E., leading in LADY PAT:)

PAT- (C) What a perfectly delightful place you have, Lord Boobhamba! Your bride ought to be a very happy girl!

BOOB- (L.C.) Quite so - she ought to be, but she's not. I've had to shut her up.

PAT- Ah - now - if you'll excuse my saying so, that's where you're quite wrong.

BOOB- It's what we always do in Kandy

PAT- Ah! but you see, this case is so different - this girl has been treated by my cousin as an English girl would be treated - allowed to go about as she likes.

BOOB- Absurd!

PAT- Quite so - to you; but there it is - now, my advice is that if you wish her to forget Mr Vereker - you must give her more freedom.



BOOB- You think so?

PAT- Certainly! Now let her have a little ride round the Lake to see the decorations for the wedding.

BOOB- You think she would be impressed?

PAT- Undoubtedly!

BOOB- I'm inclined to try.

PAT- She shall have my own rickshaw.

BOOB- (Clapping hands) Bid the Lady Nanoya attend. (To GUARD)

PAT- Oh, no, no! Ask the Lady Nanoya if she will be good enough to come here.

(ATTENDANT exits)

BOOB- These are weird customs.

PAT- Oh, they work admirably. Now I will go with her.

BOOB- A few judicious words in my praise on the way.

PAT- You may depend on me.

(Enter NANOYA and GUARD L.)

BOOB- This English lady has obtained my permission for you to ride with her.

NANOYA Oh, thank you, kind Mem-Sahib. (Crosses C.)

BOOB- But mind, a quarter of an hour - no longer.

PAT- That will give us plenty of time.



BOOB- Eh?

NANOYA To see the decorations?

BOOB- Oh! you think this man is to be trusted? (Crosses R.C.)

NANOYA Oh, yes!

BOOB- Eh?

NANOYA I mean he looks a very steady man.

BOOB- You'll take the greatest care of the lady, slave?

(VEREKER salaams)

PAT- Oh, you may rely on him.

BOOB- I don't quite like his looks.

NANOYA Oh, I do!

PAT- I've known him for years.

BOOB- Eh?

PAT- By reputation.

BOOB- Good! A quarter of an hour, mind. (Crosses L.C.)

NANOYA Oh, dear, good, kind, sweet Boobhamba!

BOOB- (To PAT:) It's beginning to work.

PAT- What did I tell you ?



BOOB- I'm very glad I took your advice - won't the little Nanny give her Booby one little kiss before she goes?

NANOYA Nanhy will give her stupid old Booby two - when she comes back.

BOOB- It's marvellous! I'm so glad I took your advice.

PAT- So am I!

BOOB- (Blows a kiss on exit) Pleasant ride! Hindu Para. (Cingalese adieu)

(Exit BOOBHAMBA L.I.E.)

(NANOYA and VEREKER fly into each other's arms.  
LADY PAT: goes C brings WILSON down, he has been on the watch)

HARRY Nanoya, at last!

NANOYA Oh, Harree, Harree!

PAT- (L.C.) The coast is quite clear - why, how is it you lovers have to weave such plots and plans - why can't the course of true love run smooth?

No 7. QUARTETTE

(LADY PAT L.C. NANOYA in rickshaw - WILSON L., and HARRY VEREKER R.C.)

"The Course of True Love"

Spite of all that lovers do  
 Fate is hard, and foes are cunning,  
 And the course of love that's true,  
 Never yet was smoothly running.  
 Birds will fly, and blossoms wither,  
 Luck goes any way but hither,  
 Can we lure the flow'rs and birds,  
 Back to us with idle words?

*Cut*



Back to us with idle words - lack-a-day!  
 Oh, can we lure the flow'rs and birds  
 With a lack-a-day, - with a lack-a-day -  
 With a lack-a-daisy me!

(Between the verses HARRY turns rickshaw round)

If a maiden love a man  
 If her own her lover's heart is,  
 Fate by some malignant plan  
 Links them both to other parties.  
 Vain are tears of wounded feeling,  
 We are cards that chance is dealing,  
 Pairing luckless men and maids,  
 Queen of Hearts, with Knave of Spades!  
 Queen of Hearts with Knave of Spades  
 Lack-a-day!  
 Oh, pairing luckless men and maids  
 With a lack-a-day, with a lack-a-day  
 With a lack-a-daisy me!

PAT- Here, we mustn't waste time with this sort of thing.  
(Going R.)

(WILSON looks off R.3.E.)

HARRY I'll run you out of the City like lightning! (Begins to move)

PAT- No, we must stop now and then to look at the decorations. (Down R.)

HARRY I see - go casually out of the gate and then -

CAPTAIN (Off stage) Guard, turn out!

PAT- What's that?

(PICTURE: A GUARD with OFFICER appear, and form a line)

CAPTAIN Stop!

HARRY What do you want?

CAPTAIN Slave, we are sent to attend the Lady Nanoya in her ride.

(Exit NANOYA, HARRY and GUARDS R.3.E.)  
LADY PAT and WILSON R.1.E.)



(Enter CHAMBHUDDY R.3.E. with ladder, stands C)

CHAMB- That's Nanoya's window. (Opens ladder) There's the ladder. If I am caught, I shall be in the soup! (Puts ladder against window) Nanoya! Nanoya! This is for my Peggy's sake. You'll excuse my calling so early. Not up yet - not in - perhaps not home yet - is it for this I'm risking my life? - Ah! perhaps she's in the other room?

(Disappears L.)

(Enter from Palace, BOBBIE WARREN and CLINTON L.L.E. As they enter, CHAMBHUDDY falls through window - crash)

WARREN I've got a plan to help Vereker. You see this, (Holding up a packet) it's a sleeping draught.

CLINTON A what?

WARREN A sleeping draught - a native Johnny gave me. And if I can get Boobhamba to have a drink with me, he'll go to sleep for twenty-four hours. Hurry up - here he comes!

(Exit CLINTON R.2.D.)

(Enter BOOBHAMBAMBA L.)

WARREN (R.C.) Rippin' sort of place you have here!

BOOB- (L.C.) My humble dwelling is unworthy of your notice

WARREN Not at all! Now, what a splendid Polo ground you have there?

BOOB- That! That is the pasture of the Sacred Cow. May I -

WARREN What's that?

BOOB- Betel. (Putting betel leaf in his mouth)

WARREN Don't like 'em! Now I could join you in a drink.



BOOB- An English custom!

WARREN Common. In England you say rotten weather, ain't it, have a drink?

BOOB- Rotten weather, ain't it? Have a drink?

WARREN With pleasure.

BOOB- (Signs to ATTENDANT) Slave, bring palm toddy.

(ATTENDANT exits)

I do not drink wine.

WARREN Oh! anything will do to put it in.

BOOB- Eh?

WARREN Anything to drink your health in.

(ATTENDANT brings Native goblets)

BOOB- (Crosses R.) These are curious customs, but as they are English, they must be right, I suppose.

(WARREN takes one goblet, puts sleeping draught in it)

WARREN (L) Chin chin! (Bus:) Now, we change glasses.

BOOB- And drink?

WARREN And drink. (Drinks his)

(WARREN watches BOOB: anxiously. BOOB: bows and raises goblet to his lips. WARREN excited, just as BOOB: is about to drink, his eye falls on the ladder at NANOYA's window, he puts the goblet down in a prominent position)

BOOB- (Furious) What's this? A ladder at Nanoya's window! (Crosses up and strikes gong at 3 E.L.) Some villain dares to desecrate the apartment of my bride!

(General entrance of some of the CHORUS)



Slaves, go and secure the miscreant. Put him in a sack. He shall be thrown into the lake. (Goes L.)

(Exit ATTENDANTS)

WARREN (Anxiously) But you haven't had your drink?

BOOB- (Up C.) Drink! Am I to drink when some slave has the audacity to break into my Palace?

(There is a great commotion amongst the SERVANTS)

Aha! Perhaps an attempt to steal my bride! Go! order her to return to the Palace at once.

(An ATTENDANT rushes out)

I'll let them know what it means to dare to insult a Dissave - a Brachmina Wanse.

(Enter GUARDS with CHAMBHUDDY, kicking, in a sack)

Aha! (Peeps into sack) Chambhuddy! At last, I have a chance of getting rid of him. Into the Lake with him Nirvana for him.

(The GUARDS throw sack into the water)

(Exits into Palace, WARREN following expostulating)

WARREN Don't go without your drink.

(Clear stage)

(Enter CHAMBHUDDY - emerges from Lake, staggers forward, sees the goblet, and drinks the contents WARREN enters and sees him)

WARREN Good Lord! you don't mean to say you've drunk that?

CHAMB- That! That's nothing, I've drunk the Lake.

WARREN But you'll never wake up now.

CHAMB- I don't want to wake up.

(Enter GUARD, urging on HARRY with NANOYA in jinrickshaw)



NANOYA Don't go away, Harree. Nanoya come out again soon.

(Exit with GUARD to Palace)

WARREN Here, Vereker. Peggy says this fellow has a scheme to rescue Nanoya.

HARRY What's the matter with him?

WARREN He's taken a sleeping draught. Walk him about or you'll get nothing out of him. I'll go and get an antidote, keep him moving.

HARRY Hurry up then.

WARREN Keep him moving.

(Exits R.2.D.)

HARRY Here, get up, will you? Steady! (Walks CHAMB: up and down)

CHAMB- How dare you, common coolie man! (Yawns) Turn my bath on at nine.

HARRY Wake up! I'm not a coolie. I'm Vereker - Vereker - plantation, you know.

CHAMB- Vereker - yes - there's something most important. (Yawns) Most imp -

HARRY Well, what is it? (Shakes him)

CHAMB- Do that again! (Bus:) Of course, Vereker - Nanoya.

HARRY Yes, yes - Nanoya - go on!

CHAMB- (Yawns) Nanoya - escape - the signal.

HARRY Well, the signal, what is it?

CHAMB- Chambhuddy friend of Nanoya - friend of ladder -



- HARRY           What the devil do you mean?
- CHAMB-           Most important communication. (Yawns)
- HARRY           Look here, Chambhuddy, if you don't pull yourself together, I'll pitch you in the Lake again.
- CHAMB-           All right! Put hot water bottle in bed. Goo' night!
- HARRY           What's this about Nanoya's escape?
- CHAMB-           Yes, escape - do Boobhamba. Signal - take boat lake - not coolie man - Mr Vereker - it's like this. When Nanoya - sees boat in window - no, I mean the ladder in boat - three whistles on the near side.
- HARRY           Three whistles? Who's to whistle?
- CHAMB-           Shall turn in now.
- HARRY           Look here - rouse yourself. What three whistles - what boat?
- CHAMB-           Goo' night. (Falls asleep)
- HARRY           I must find Warren and give this fellow the antidote.
- (Carries CHAMBHUDDY off R.2.D., in his arms, asleep)
- (Enter LADY PATRICIA)
- PAT-           I do hope poor Harry will get Nanoya safely out of the palace and then I can go back home to someone who is waiting for me. (C) Poor Harry - and poor me. Neither of us seem to be getting on very well. There was someone in England who cared very much for me. If he were here now, I know what I'd say to him - I'd just say - Now, I wonder what I would say?



SONG - PAT.

1.

If only all the world had been made for you and me  
 Oh! what a lovely place the world would be!  
     If every bell had rung  
     And every bird had sung  
 Merely for you and me.  
 Every little flower would belong to us  
 We could keep a private omnibus  
     We should have no single soul to thank  
     We shouldn't want a penny in the Bank.

If you and I, and I and you  
 Upon this little world could be the only two  
     We'd live and love and high above  
         The stars would sing a lullaby -  
 But you and I and I and you  
 Upon this little world are not the only two  
     And so you see, we ought to be  
         Quite glad there's even you and I.

2.

If only all the world had been made for you and me  
 We shouldn't want a Bradshaw or an A.B.C.  
     The days would all be fine  
     The sun would always shine  
     Merely for you and me.  
 Should there be a night without a moon  
 We could get another one very soon  
     Every bit of news would be quite true  
     The papers would be full of me and you.

(Chorus repeat)

3.

If only all the world had been made for you and me  
 He would be a private company  
     Nobody could rend  
     The smallest dividend  
         Either from you or me.  
 Every moment of the day we'd meet  
 We'd prepare a lovely balance sheet  
     If we worked together hand in glove  
     We'd have to carry over lots of love.

(Chorus repeat)

(Exits)

(Enter VEREKER & CHAMBUDDY R.2.D.)



HARRY That was a wonderful antidote, wasn't it? There! are you all right now, Chambhuddy?

CHAMB- Parts of me are all right. Some of my internal organs have been severely dismantled.

HARRY Time's getting on.

CHAMB- Plenty of time.

HARRY To stop this wedding?

CHAMB- (Nods) You remember every cup has a slippery lip. At a Native wedding there's no clergyman, but there's an Astrologer. (Strutting about) Ha, ha! an astrologer.

HARRY What does he do?

CHAMB- He does a fat lot, he casts the horoscope of the bride and bridegroom. If they're favourable, all right, go on with the marriage, if they're unfavourable wedding's right off, it is ophf Mr Vereker.

HARRY Would this Astrologer take a bribe?

CHAMB- Well, he's a man of very strict principles, but to oblige a friend - (Holds out hand)

HARRY You - are you the astrologer?

CHAMB- Oh, you are so impercipant. I shall be.

HARRY You think it will be all right?

CHAMB- You make me smile like a Cheshire cheese. It is a cert, a deceased cert. I owe Boobhamba a bit - pitched me in the Lake, did he? Thought he'd made a gold-fish of Chambhuddy, did he? Odds hooks!

HARRY Chambhuddy, you're a good fellow, after all. How much?



CHAMB- No, no! I am poor but impercunious.

(Bus: with money)

If you help me I help myself. And will you say a few honey-suckled words for me with Peggy?

HARRY So Peggy Sabine likes you, does she?

CHAMB- She simply antidotes on me. She thinks I little piece of alright.

HARRY All right, Chambhuddy. I'll say a word for you.

CHAMB- Thank you. She will now be mine for ever and everness.

HARRY And I can rely on you?

CHAMB- Trust me? Rather! Is it like I should kill the calf that lays the fatted egg? I must now go and do some horoscoping. We will yet cock our snooks at Boobhamba. Mr Vereker, you offered me money and I said no - you offered it me out of the goodness of your heart - you offered it me and I refused. (ad lib) Perhaps you are right. (Takes book and

Exits R., VEREKER follows)

(Enter BOOBHAMBA & CHORUS GENTLEMEN, R. and L.)

1 NOBLE- Will the wedding of the most Noble take place this evening?

BOOB- Certainly - Why not?

2 NOBLE- There are rumours that the bride is unwilling!

BOOB- That is true! - but I do not mind that - it will all come right in the future!

*Song: 'It will all come right  
in the future'*



SONG - BOOBHAMBA.1.

The task of persuading a maiden  
 To marry against her desire  
 Is frequently found to be laden  
 With troubles you hardly require.  
 It's bad if she frankly confesses  
 There's somebody else in the way  
 For you feel that your chance of success is  
 A poor one, although you may say

It will all come right in the future  
 Though at present you cannot say when  
 But the feminine mind you're aware is inclined  
 To be fickle concerning men.

She may lead you a dance, but you're sure of a chance  
 And you've only to wait till then.

Happy New  
 Year  
 No here

3.

It makes us a trifle reflective  
 To read in the papers of late  
 The record a certain detective  
 Has managed to put on the slate.  
 The islands that lay in the Channel  
 Are known to be sunny and hot  
 And Kersey we gather 's flannel  
 The warmest of course of the lot.

It will all come right in the future  
 But it makes us so nervous to know  
 That we haven't a check on the ways of a "Tec"  
 Who may follow us where we go!



That an intimate friend may turn out in the end  
To be rather an awkward foe!

(Exeunt)

(Enter PEGGY from Palace l.E.L. in bathing costume  
and wrap)

PEGGY No bathroom in the Palace! Good gracious! Whatever do you do? in a climate like this too?

GIRL Oh, nice bathing place in the lake - there. (Pointing)

PEGGY In the lake? In public? Not even a bathing machine?

GIRL No one see Mem-sahib.

PEGGY It looks quiet - there's nobody about.

GIRL No. Nakita wait at top of steps there for English lady

PEGGY Mind you do wait for me.

(GIRL salaams and exits L.U.E.)

Well, the ways of this place are curious.

(Enter CHAMBUDDY R.)

CHAMB- Peggy!

PEGGY (Laughs at him) Oh, how you frightened me!

CHAMB- (R., fetching her) Don't be afraid of me - it's only Cham - your little Cham - how sweet you look - you look as sweet as a little sucking pig - I never knew till now what you were and what you don't wear now you are - well as you were.

PEGGY (L) Don't be unkind, Cham.

CHAMB- When I look at you, I can't understand how I can remain a spinster -

(PEGGY goes up C.)

- Where are you going?



PEGGY To bathe in the Lake.

CHAMB- Then I'll come too.

PEGGY Certainly not.

CHAMB- I can tell you all about the Lake - the Lake, I know it well. I am full of it.

PEGGY It's not proper for you to come with me.

CHAMB- Not proper for a bride and bridegroom to swim together in double harness.

PEGGY We are not bride and bridegroom yet.

CHAMB- Oh! why didn't I bring a registrar's office with me? Aren't you very hot in that coat?

PEGGY Not a bit, thank you.

CHAMB- Isn't there room for me beneath the folds of its luxurious umbrage? (Takes corner of cloak and wraps it round himself - taking it off PEGGY)

PEGGY Get away, how dare you! (Suddenly) What's that? I thought I heard a noise. (Crosses R.)

CHAMB- (Turning round) I see no noise - why should my Peggy be in such a state of alarums at a noise?

PEGGY Well, just think, if anybody saw us like this! What do I look like?

CHAMB- I don't know - I really don't - I'll stand quite still and you walk past as if you didn't know I was there - and then I'll suddenly look up and catch sight of you and tell you what you look like.

(PEGGY laughs and walks by)



A rabbit or a parrot.

PEGGY What do you think you look like?

CHAMB- When finished I'll be an Astrologer.

PEGGY Astrologer? You look more like a monkey.

CHAMB- I'm a monkey for a pony as the English makers of books say. Peggy if I am a monkey you are a monkey too - you are the nicest little monkey that ever cracked a nut.

No. DUET - "Monkeys".

1.

PEGGY In a Jungle once on a time  
Lived two little monkeys -

CHAMB- On the tree-tops they would climb  
These two little monkeys.

PEGGY As they swung from tree to tree  
She would murmur, "Do you love me?"

CHAMB- He would say, "Don't forget half past three."

BOTH Oh, what little monkeys!

PEGGY Monkey No 1.

CHAMB- Monkey No 2.

PEGGY Playing in the Jungle as Monkeys always do.

CHAMB- Everything seemed bright  
And absolutely right

BOTH To Monkey No 1 and No 2.

PEGGY Monkey No 1.

CHAMB- Monkey No 2.

PEGGY Very shortly after start to bill and coo

CHAMB- Parents got enraged  
These monkeys got engaged

BOTH Oh my! what a silly pair of monkeys!



PEGGY These two monkeys left their home  
Adventurous monkeys!

CHAMB- Far across the sea to roam -  
What ill little monkeys!

PEGGY Just imagine these monkeys rage  
Finding themselves in a great big cage

CHAMB- With a couple of nuts and a bad greengage

BOTH Zoological Monkeys!

PEGGY Monkey No 1.

CHAMB- Monkey No 2.

PEGGY Couldn't see the 'logic' only saw the 'Zoo!'

CHAMB- Sometimes got a bun  
And sometimes just for fun  
They snatched a feather from a hat or two;

PEGGY Monkey No 1.

CHAMB- Monkey No 2

PEGGY Talk of little monkeys looking 'rather blue',

CHAMB- In the fogs and smuts  
They couldn't live for nuts

BOTH Oh my! what a sickly pair of monkeys!

(Exeunt CHAMB & PEGGY)

(Enter SIR PETER, ANGY & GOVERNESSES 1.E.L.)

SIR P- You're just in time to see the New Year celebration.

ANGY (L) Oh, papa, what are all the natives coming this way for?

SIR P- Because it's the New Year celebration!

ANGY New Year, but it's the thirteenth of April!

SIR P- Quite so. The Buddhist New Year - rum lot these natives - they have their New Year commence on a different day and hour every twelve months.



ANGY They have all got lanterns but not alight.

SIR P- Ah! the moment the New Year commences, they light them from the Temple there.

ANGY Oh! how very interesting.

SIR P- Now come on the balcony and see the fun.

(They retire, - as enter CHORUS)

No. 10 - THE NEW YEAR'S CHORUS.

On the great lake the moonbeams shimmer  
 Other light is none,  
 Other light is none,  
 Not a fire to glow or lamp to glimmer  
 Till the year is done  
 Till the year is done.  
 On the darkened earth the year is dying  
 Wearied out and worn  
 Wearied out and worn  
 And upon the grave where he is lying, lying,  
 So the year is born.  
 Light afar, light afar  
 Like a star, like a star,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 How it grows, how it grows,  
 How it leaps to the steeps of the hill  
 Till it fills the valley  
 From height to height  
 Out of the dark a spark there came,  
 Out of the dark a golden flame  
 Out of the flame, arise oh! sun!  
 Out of the flame arise, oh! sun!  
 The year is begun, begun.

Caper light and nimble, let the bells and cymbal  
 Clang, clang, clang bang!  
 Sing and shout and bellow  
 Loud as ever fellow  
 Sang! sang! sang! bang!  
 Laugh in joy ecstatic  
 At the acrobatic  
 Gang, gang, gang, bang!

And their free and easy  
 Stock of Cingaleesy  
 Slang, slang, slang, bang!  
 Caper light and nimble  
 Let the bells and cymbal  
 Clang, clang, clang, bang!



Sing and shout and bellow, bellow,  
Loud as ever fellow, fellow sang!

(By this time the stage is lit only by moonlight so that the whole scene is bathed in blue. In the far distance is seen one glimmering flickering light which is the sacred fire burning in the Temple across the lake. THE NATIVES enter very quietly, each carrying an unlighted lantern. They have each a kind of praying shawl (of a certain colour scheme) which during the first part of the Chorus, that of the old year, and which is very subdued - they manipulate so as to give a rather weird colour effect)

(A gong sounds announcing the New Year and immediately and rapidly lights in the distance appear commencing from the light in the Temple as though they were kindled from it, getting very quickly more and more numerous until they come right into the foreground when the people on the stage have their lanterns lighted and passed from hand to hand, the various buildings are lit up in the same way until the whole stage is one blaze of illumination. From the time the gong sounds the general effect is a crescendo of lights, colour, sound and movement until at the climax the whole scene is one of wild excitement with Devil Dancers, etc - ALL exit)

(GENERAL ENTRANCE)

ALL

The Bride!

(THE NATIVES etc., enter with NANOYA in palanquin, 4 TEA GIRLS as bridesmaids follow and PUPILS I.E.I. GOVERNESSES I.E.R. and SIR P:)

CHAMP-

Stop!

(Start from CROWD)

This marriage cannot take place.

(Consternation of CROWD)

The stars forbid it!

BOOB-

No, no!

(Wail from CHORUS)

CHAMB-

Oh, here's a horoscope! (Looking through telescope)



A perfect chamber of horoscopes! There's the sun getting over the balcony into the widow's house next door, and you won't spot a winner in the whole of the flat races!

(During the above, the NATIVES at the different Points wail)

BOOB- Then I must release the bride?

ALL Release the Bride!

BOOB- Then if I must, I must!

(NANOYA leaves canopy and gets R.C., to HARRY)

BOOB- One moment!

(The canopy is taken off 3.L.E. and re-enters directly with PEGGY - goes L.C.)

You shall not be disappointed of a wedding - another lady has promised to be my bride. (Gives another bribe to CHAMB:) A good one this time.

CHAMB- Ah, this is a smiling future. Smile! The smile that won't come off. If Boobhanba marries this lady - you'll have a splendid time - oh, this marriage must take place at once.

(The CROWD receive all these omens with expressions of joy and at the finish clamour for the bride)

ALL (Cheers) The Bride! the Bride!

(BOOB: goes triumphantly to Canopy opens Curtains and to CHAMB:'S consternation reveals PEGGY who crosses to R.C.)

CHAMB- Peggy! I take back that horoscope! The milk has curdled!

PEGGY (Aloud) How dare you entrap an English lady in your Palace! Sir Peter, I appeal to you for protection. (Crosses to C.)

(HARRY fetches down Rickshaw C)

BOOB- But you promised.



SIR P- What do you mean, sir, kidnapping an Englishwoman?

CHAMB- Yes, how dare you! in your pallias.

BOOB- Chambhuddy! I have been tricked. I demand a wife.

CHAMB- Certainly! Quite right! So do I, so does Mr Vereker - (Introducing FOUR GOVERNESSES) All Europe to choose from.

(BOOB: crossing to R.)

SIR P- Vereker! You, the rickshaw man! Well, I'm - ! So you've done me after all!

HARRY And now for England!

NANOYA (Crossing to C., and getting into rickshaw) Nanoya sure of a welcome there to the little Cingalee!

F I N A L E.

HARRY

Cingalee, Cingalee!  
My wife for life is my Cingalee!  
Cingalee! Cingalee!  
His dear little Cingalee!

CHORUS

In the island of gay Ceylon  
May their days go serenely on  
Like a necklace splendid  
Bright and never ended,  
Made of pearls from out the sea!  
Here's good luck to the happy pairs,  
Wish them plenty of all but cares;  
May good will and laughter!  
Now and ever after  
Hail our merry Cingalee!

C U R T A I N.



✓ 3 + one principal

✓ 4 *Summa*

6 *ducing pit*

1 Solo

24 Chorus

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38

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