

# PRINCESS TOTO

**An entirely new and original English Comic Opera  
in Three Acts**

**Written by W. S. Gilbert**

**Composed by Frederic Clay**

*First produced at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham on Saturday 24th June 1876  
under the management of Kate Santley*

*Produced at the Strand Theatre, London on Monday 2nd October 1876  
under the management of Mrs Swanborough*

## PRINCESS TOTO

Of all W.S. Gilbert's major operatic works, with the exception of THESPIS, this opera is probably the most enigmatic. It was the only libretto not to be included in Gilbert's 'Original Plays' <sup>1</sup>, although Jane Steadman in her biography of Gilbert <sup>2</sup> states that the proof copy was on the dramatists desk ready for correction at the time of his death. This seems strange, as the opera usually quoted as being on Gilbert's desk at this time is THESPIS. Despite never being corrected, THESPIS was indeed included in Series Four - TOTO was not.

After the initial production at Nottingham and the subsequent provincial tour, Gilbert, obviously in need of some ready cash, sold the performing rights to composed Frederic Clay for a period of ten years. It was Clay therefore who oversaw the London Productions of 1876 and 1881, and also that in New York during 1879-80. This is not to say that Gilbert abandoned the work. He was keen to ensure that no changes were made to the libretto and when Clay was preparing the 1881 production Gilbert specifically requested him not to make any changes or allow any interpolations.

This is a substantial show, the main body of the Vocal Score running to some 192 pages plus a 17 page appendix. There are substantial preludes to the first and last acts, and an entr'acte into the second. Having already written a number of works together, composer and librettist were obviously in tune with each other. The libretto reads very well and seems to cry out for a modern revival. It is only through a miscalculation by Richard D'Oyly Carte of Gilbert's mood in 1897, that PRINCESS TOTO did not become a Savoy Opera. Had this revival taken place, TOTO may still have been alive today.

The most recent professional production that can be traced was staged by the Birmingham Repertory Company in 1935. As for life on the amateur stage - well, I have never seen the piece listed in any society's programme under 'Past Productions'.

Sadly, the music publisher Cramer & Co. tell me that the band parts and printing plates for both Vocal Score and Libretto, perished during the London blitz.

The original cast was as follows:-

King Portico - John Wainwright  
Zapeter - J. H. Ryley  
Jamilek - W. H. Seymour  
Caramel - Joseph E. Beyer  
Floss - B. R. Pepper  
Jacquier - W. S. Penley  
Doro - E. Loredan  
Jelly - Alice Hamilton  
Toto - Kate Santley

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<sup>1</sup> Published by Chatto and Windus.

<sup>2</sup> W.S. Gilbert - A Classic Victorian and his Theatre - O.U.P. 1996 - ISBN 0-19-816174-3

**Dramatis Personæ**<sup>3</sup>

**KING PORTICO**

**ZAPETER, his prime minister**

**JAMILEK, his grand chamberlain**

**PRINCE CARMEL**

**COUNT FLOSS, member of Prince Caramel s Suite**

**BARON JACQUIER, member of Prince Caramel s suite**

**PRINCE DORO, betrothed to Princess Toto**

**GIOVANNI, an old beggar \***

**PAOLINI \***

**VERGILLO \***

**JELLY**

**TAPIOCA \***

**SAGO \***

**VERMICELLI \***

**CATHAY \***

**DEVINE, Princess Toto s favourite page \***

**PRINCESS TOTO**

**Chorus:- Courtiers and court ladies, pages, brigands, Red Indians**

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**Synopsis of Scenes**<sup>4</sup>

**Act I: The Gardens of King Portico s Palace**

**Act II: Mountain Home of the Brigand Chief**

**Act III: An Island in the Pacific Ocean**

**SCENE: Nowhere**

**TIME: Never**

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<sup>3</sup> Characters marked with an asterisk (\*) did not appear at Nottingham and were deleted by the time of the revival at the Opera Comique, London on 15th October 1881. Two new characters, a female called FOLLETTE and a PRISONER were added.

<sup>4</sup> For the 1881 revival the scene for Act II was described as 'A Rocky Pass', and Act III as 'A Tropical Island'.

## PRELUDE.

### ACT I

***SCENE: Gardens of KING PORTICO s palace. ZAPETER, JAMILEK, COURTIERS, etc., discovered. All are very prim and precise in appearance.***

#### No.1. - CHORUS.

This is a court in which you'll find  
The most respectable society;  
To every fault we are all blind,  
Except the fault of impropriety.

We pride ourselves upon our taste,  
It is indeed our only vanity;  
And when in false positions placed  
It almost drives us to insanity.

This is a court in which you'll find  
The most respectable society;  
To every fault we are all blind,  
Except the fault of impropriety.

***Flourish.<sup>5</sup> Enter KING PORTICO.***

King<sup>6</sup> Is there no sign of Prince Caramel?

Zapeter. None, my liege.

King. This is a bad beginning. His marriage to our daughter was to have taken place the day before yesterday; for two days and a half everything has been in readiness, and we are getting tired of waiting; besides, the people are becoming impatient, and when we appear among them we shall be received with derisive remarks. It's a bad beginning. It's a slight. It will serve to make us appear ridiculous in the eyes of the surrounding nations. I will give him five minutes more, and then - Is everything ready?

Jamilek. Everything, sire.

King. The musicians are here?

Jamilek. They are here, sire.

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<sup>5</sup> The flourish is not included in the published Vocal Score.

<sup>6</sup> The first two lines of dialogue foreshadow those spoken at the beginning of PRINCESS IDA.

King. I trust the cornet-players have been instructed not to puff out their cheeks when they blow; nothing is more ridiculous than to see a man expressing a tender sentiment with cheeks like dumplings. The singers - I hope they will be careful not to open their mouths too wide; it's a very common fault with singers. <sup>7</sup>The pew-opener - she is not a ridiculous old person at whom the crowd are likely to laugh, I hope? A laugh would be fatal. The gentlemen of the press, too, I hope you have seen that they have had their hair cut, and that they are neatly shaved?

Zapeter. All this has been attended to.

King. Very good. There will be no cheering, of course. Nothing is more vulgar than enthusiasm. I shall make but one speech, and that will be received in respectful silence.

Zapeter. Your speeches, sire, are always so received.

King. I have remarked it. Well, I think we have provided against mishaps, as far as we are able to do. There is nothing left but to trust that nothing will occur to make us ridiculous in the eyes of surrounding countries. *Let the procession be formed that all may be in readiness.*

### **REPRISE - Chorus**

This is a court in which you'll find  
The most respectable society;  
To every fault we are all blind,  
Except the fault of impropriety.

### ***Exeunt JAMILEK and Chorus***

King. Zapeter, between ourselves, it's a most extraordinary thing that young man doesn't come. Three days late for his wedding. It's inexcusable.

Zapeter. It will be deplorable if anything has occurred to change his mind.

King. Deplorable! It will be more than deplorable - it will be disastrous! It is no news to you that the unparalleled eccentricities of my daughter, Toto, have caused me the greatest uneasiness; for they have drawn down ridicule upon us, and made us absurd in the eyes of surrounding nations. It therefore became necessary, as we value our own self-respect, to get her married at once. Prince Doro, to whom she was betrothed in infancy, unfortunately died, and as Prince Caramel immediately offered to supply his place I closed with him at once. He is a highly respectable young prince, but he is certainly unpunctual. Three days late! Dear, dear, dear! I trust it won't get about; I am most anxious about this. Great heavens! - if he should not come at all - or, worse still, if he should come ridiculously dressed. There is madness in the thought!

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<sup>7</sup> Text printed in blue throughout this libretto appears in the Lord Chamberlain's licence copy or in the Metzler libretto, but not in both.

Zapeter. My liege, in the excess of our grief and disappointment I believe we should all go stark staring mad.

King. Do you really think you would? Then I trust you will be careful to go mad with dignity, and even in your severest paroxysms preserve your sense of self-respect.

*Re-enter JAMILEK.*

Jamilek. Sire, a gentleman is at the gate, and desires to speak with your Majesty alone.

King. Alone! This is a very strange request.

Jamilek. The gentleman, sire, is a stranger.

Zapeter. It may be that he brings news of Prince Caramel.

King. Very likely; but why should he not speak openly?

Zapeter. Perhaps he brings news that it would be undignified to publish.

King. Such as -

Zapeter. Such as that his Highness has the measles, or the mumps. A royal wedding postponed on account of the bridegroom's mumps! Oh! If it should get into the papers!

King. I should die of confusion; the whole universe would be laughing at us. Admit him by all means; and if the news is such as I can listen to without loss of dignity, I will hear what he has to say.

*Exeunt KING and ZAPETER.*

*Enter PRINCE DORO*

Doro. At last, after many perils by land and sea, I have arrived at my destination, and the particular fortune in store for me will soon be revealed. What a singular one is mine! Betrothed at the immature age of one to a lovely princess of twelve months, whom, owing to a confoundedly annoying series of circumstances, I have never seen since! Who can wonder at my anxiety to know what kind of young lady she has blossomed into?

**No.2. - SONG - Doro.**

Oh bride of mine, Oh baby wife,  
In cradledom demurely plighted.  
Has time dealt kindly with thy life,  
Since thou and I were first united?  
Art thou as fair, and yet as fond  
As in that stage of preparation?  
Ah! Since those days the wizard's wand  
Has worked some wondrous transformation.

Oh bride of mine, whose smiles or tears

Will season all my hopes and fears,  
How art thou changed in eighteen years?

Art thou a cold, imperious maid?  
Or canst thou stoop to homely duty?  
A scornful Juno, proud and staid?  
A Hebe blushing in her beauty?  
Hast thou a brain with lore opperst?  
With science in its ev'ry section?  
Or is thy learning in thy breast?  
Thine only art - to win affection?

Oh bride of mine, whose smiles or tears  
Will season all my hopes and fears,  
How art thou changed in eighteen years?

***Re-enter KING PORTICO.***

King. I believe you wished to see the King?

Doro. Am I right in supposing this to be the royal palace?

King. This is a - in short, one of them. It is not the best of them; but the others are under repair. *(aside.)* I trust he is not sneering at our Sunday Palace.

Doro. Sir, I salute you with every sentiment of the profoundest respect.

King. *(aside.)* Now I wonder if he meant that!

Doro. You would perhaps like to know who I am. It is but natural. I, sir, have the honour to be betrothed to your daughter. I have had that honour for many years past, but circumstances have prevented me from making use of the fact. I have been wrecked on a savage shore, and found myself compelled to dwell among the natives for ten years. Eventually, I made my escape, and the first thing I did was to hasten hither to see if my little Toto loved me still.

King. *(weeping.)* It is an affecting story; but I don't know you. You won't pretend you are Prince Caramel?

Doro. Certainly not; I am Prince Doro.

King. How extremely awkward!

Doro. I am not usually considered so.

King. Pardon me, I don't mean that. Don't be angry; but it was generally supposed that you were - in short, dead; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the Princess is going to marry another Prince - a nice, well-behaved young man - plays the flute, does worsted work, wears galoshes, attends spelling-bees. He's a highly respectable young man. It's a highly respectable court too; they all play the flute and wear galoshes - a very nice court! Plenty of quiet fun, and no excess.

Doro. And where is this exemplary youth?

King. That's what I want to know; we're waiting for him. We can't think why he hasn't come. It - it's a slight. It will put us in an absurd light. I - I - I am very angry - very angry indeed.

Doro. Well, upon my honour, this is extremely pleasant!

King. It's extremely kind and extremely pleasant of you to look at it in that way; and between ourselves - between ourselves, I say - I don't think you've lost much.

Doro. Not lost much? Why she promised to be as beautiful as the day.

King. Oh! She's more beautiful than some days - the day before yesterday, for instance. Yes, she's a very fine woman: but - well - she is rather difficult to deal with. **The fact is - between ourselves - my daughter is a woman. This will go no farther?**

Doro. **On my honour. But you astonish me.**

King. **Yes, I thought I should.** Toto, bless her! is extremely wilful and obstinate, and ridiculously impulsive and romantic. Her head is filled with foolish ideas about gypsies, robbers, actors, pirates, paving commissioners, Red Indians, and outlandish people of that sort. Just now it's the brigand Barberini, the scourge of the neighbourhood. She can think and talk of nothing else - wears a lock of his wig round her neck. You have no idea how she compromises me. Then she has no memory - no memory whatever; forgets events that are not ten minutes old. Acts, too, on the spur of the moment - gets up on the spur of the moment - sits down on the spur of the moment. And this causes a great deal of pain and inconvenience.

Doro. **To the Princess?**

King. **No, to the court.** I assure you, it's a fortunate thing for you that you are dead.

Doro. But I can scarcely be said to be dead.

King. Oh yes, you are, indeed! You think you're not, but you are. We had it on the best authority; you were eaten by savages. You can't get over that, you know.

Doro. But I assure -

King. Really, I can't permit the subject to be reopened. It comes to this. Either you are dead, or *I* am placed in a very awkward and ridiculous position. You see my difficulty.

Doro. Perfectly. I also see my own. Am I to understand that I've travelled night and day from the shores of Patagonia for nothing?

King. Of course, I can't say how much it has cost you, but you are lucky if you've travelled all that way for nothing; you've nothing to complain of. After all, you'll see the wedding festivities, you know; you're in time for that. Your name will be in the papers. What more can you want?



Doro. What more? Why, my life is a blank from this moment, I loved her the first day I saw her. I can see her now, lying in her nurses arms, and toying with an india-rubber ring. Is she much changed?

King. Yes, you'll find her grown. Fickle, like all women, she has wearied of her india-rubber ring. As for her personal appearance, you can judge for yourself, for here she comes.

*KING and DORO retire.*

*Enter BRIDESMAIDS and PRINCESS TOTO, followed by JELLY.*

### **No.3. - CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS**

Of our opinion to impart  
Some notion let's endeavour:  
May she be mistress of her heart,  
And he her slave for ever.

Toto. Dressed at last! How do I look, Jelly?

Jelly. Lovely, your Highness!

Toto. Let me see! What did I put this dress on for, Jelly?

Jelly. To be married in, your Highness.

Toto. Of course; I forgot. It's an awful thing to be married!

Jelly. It's still more awful not being married, your Highness!

Toto. Do you find that, Jelly?

Jelly. I do, your Highness.

Toto. Well, I suppose you're right. It's certainly very pleasant to think that somebody who loves you better than anybody else in the whole world, and who is going to love you like that, only more so, all his life, and isn't going to care a button for anyone else as long as he lives, is coming all the way, from ever--so-far [like an arrow from it's quiver to marry you](#) because he can't get on any longer without you.

### **No.4. - SONG - TOTO**

Like an arrow from its quiver  
Comes my love this very day.  
On the ever-running river  
Speeds my love upon his way.  
Comes to give a lover's greeting -  
Comes to press me to his heart.  
Those who meet with such a meeting  
Surely never, never part.

Over spotted meadows fleeting,  
Over hill and over lea,  
Flushed with joyous hope of meeting,  
Comes my love to marry me.

I the while, my love awaiting,  
Sit in silence, prim and coy:  
Yet my heart is palpitating  
And I can't conceal my joy.  
Though I droop my eyes demurely,  
Though my hands I primly fold.  
Yet my beating heart will surely  
Tell the truth that they withhold.

Tell the truth that gaily fleeting  
Over hill and over lea,  
Flushed with joyous hope of meeting,  
Comes my love to marry me.

***KING comes down stage.***

- Toto. Why, papa, you look annoyed. Don't you like the song?<sup>8</sup>
- King. Yes, *it's an agreeable song, and* I like the sentiment *of it*; but it won't do, my child, it don't fit the situation. He is not coming like an arrow from it's quiver; he's dawdling, my child, dawdling.
- Toto. Who's dawdling?
- King. Why, Prince Caramel's dawdling.
- Toto. And who is Prince Caramel, I wonder? I know the name, too. I've heard it somewhere. Jelly, what do I know about Prince Caramel?
- Jelly. He's the gentleman your Highness is going to be married to.
- Toto. Of course; I remember. Today, isn't it?
- Jelly. This very day. I've been dressing you for the purpose.
- Toto. To be sure you have. Now, what an old goose you must be to have forgotten that!
- King. Pardon me, we did not forget it; and we are not an old goose.
- Toto. Well, if I'm to be married, let's get it over!
- King. But the bridegroom! We must wait for the bridegroom.

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<sup>8</sup> The published Metzler libretto prints this as, "Don't you like the sentiment?" The following line for the King would suggest that Gilbert intended 'sentiment'.

Toto. Wait for the bridegroom? Nonsense! Who cares about the bridegroom at a wedding? Nobody thinks about him. The bride monopolizes all the interest; and if she is ready we'll begin. She is ready, isn't she?

Jelly. Quite ready, your Highness!

Toto. Then send her here; I should like to see her. (*JELLY hands her a looking glass.*) What's this? Oh! Of course, I'm the bride. You silly old man, you forgot I was the bride. Ah! It's lucky I've my wits about me, or I don't know what would become of you all.

King. But the bridegroom! He's insignificant, I admit, but so is the organ-blower in church, yet the organist can't get on without him. You admit the parallel?

Toto. Entirely; but as anybody can blow an organ, so anybody can be a bridegroom. This gentleman, for instance - who is he? (*indicating DORO.*)

Doro. I am the unhappy prince, who has been cruelly jilted. False girl, I am the miserable Doro.

Toto. Doro? I know that name - Jelly, what do I know about the miserable Doro?

Jelly. He's the gentleman your Highness was betrothed to before Prince Caramel; the gentleman who died.

Toto. I remember. I loved you, Doro, and to this day when I think of your unhappy end, I can't restrain my tears. You - you were devoured by cannibals: they ate you up (*sobbing*). Did - did - did it hurt?

Doro. Cruel girl, you concern yourself with the torture of a devoured body, but you have little sympathy for the agony of a crushed soul. Learn, faithless one, that I was not eaten - that I escaped - and I stand before you.

Toto. My own, own husband. (*embracing him*).

Doro. You love me then?

Toto. Love you? If you had any idea how slowly the last three days have passed without you, you would not ask that question. (*to JELLY*). Come, we must be off.

***Re-enter ZAPETER.***

Jelly. Off! Off where?

Toto. Off where? What a memory you have! Why off to the church, to be sure. They've entirely forgotten that this is my wedding day. Oh! It's enough to vex a saint, it is.

Doro. But why are we to go to church?

Toto. Why? Why, to be married, of course - I've waited three days. Isn't that enough?

Zapeter. Oh, but your Highness, this is not -

King. *(aside.)* Hush! Silence! She has mixed up her lovers. *(aside to DORO.)* Fall in with her views.

Zapeter. But, sire, reflect, Prince Caramel may arrive at any moment, and if he should lose his temper - a very likely contingency under the circumstances - and interrupt the ceremony, you would be placed in a very ridiculous and absurd position. Everyone would laugh at you.

King. Oh, would they? Very good. We will take precautions against that. You will remain here and receive Prince Caramel; you will explain the case to him diplomatically - you will so frame your explanation that he shall receive it in perfect good humour; indeed, he shall rather like it than otherwise. And if he gets angry, or says or does anything to make us appear ridiculous in the eyes of surrounding nations, we shall hold you responsible for it; you understand?

**No.5. - ENSEMBLE - Toto, Doro, Zapeter and King.**

Doro. Come, let us hasten, love, to make us one,  
And on your finger I will place a token;  
*(aside.)* This is a thing that's very often done,  
For promises are made to be broken.

Toto. I mean to be his wife this very day,  
And you should have been here some days before, oh!  
*(aside.)* I have resolved to give my heart away,  
And if to anyone, why not to Doro?

King. *(aside.)* We cannot wait;  
If he is late  
It's his affair,  
And he must bear  
Without offence  
The consequence  
Of being late;

Zapeter. *(aside.)* They cannot wait;  
If he is late  
It's my affair  
And I must bear  
For my offence  
The consequence  
Of being late;

King. We cannot  
wait,  
If he is late  
It's his affair,  
And he must  
bear  
The  
consequence  
Of being late;

Zapeter. They cannot  
wait;  
If he is late  
It's my affair  
And I must  
bear  
The  
consequence  
Of being late;

Jelly. We cannot  
wait,  
If he is late  
It's his affair,  
And he must  
bear  
The  
consequence  
Of being late;

King, Toto, Doro and Chorus.

So let us away to the wedding,  
Away to the wedding today,  
No minuet measure be  
treading,  
But merrily trip it away.

Zapeter.

So now they are off to the  
wedding,  
Off, off to the wedding today,  
While I many tears shall be  
shedding,  
But there'll be the dickens to  
pay.

*All but ZAPETER dance off.*

Zapeter. This is a pleasant position for a diplomatist. I have to explain, diplomatically, to the Prince, that the bride he is coming to marry is at present being married to somebody else, and the news must be broken so diplomatically that he shall rather like it than otherwise. *(Trumpets heard without.)* Unless I am very much mistaken, there he is. He has arrived at last. Oh! Spirit of diplomacy - angel or devil - whichever you are - assist me in this emergency. *(exit.)*

*Enter COUNT FLOSS, PRINCE CAMEL and JACQUIER preceded by fife and drum. The PRINCE is engaged on a pair of worsted work slippers. JACQUIER is knitting, and FLOSS is tating. They are very mild and simple young men.*

### No.6. - MARCH

With princely state  
With fife and drum  
Some three days late  
We come, we come!  
When such as we come out in state,  
What if we be some three days late!

Caramel. Three days late! It's not much, and even now my wedding present is not finished!  
*(showing slippers.)*

Jacquier. Nor mine!

Floss. Nor mine!

Caramel. Late as we are, they don't seem to be ready for us. The town is empty; not a soul to be seen! Not a guard of honour, no sentries, no band, no people!<sup>9</sup> It's most extraordinary!

*Re-enter ZAPETER.*

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<sup>9</sup> This speech foreshadows that of the Duke of Plaza-Toro in Act Two of THE GONDOLIERS, some thirteen years later.

Jacquier. (*seeing ZAPETER.*) Ha! here is a person at last! Sir, will you kindly inform us whom we have the honour of addressing?

Zapeter. (*aside.*) A skilful diplomatist never commits himself to a statement. (*aloud.*) You ask me who I am? Who shall say? Know thyself, said the philosopher; and he was right. (*aside.*) Neatly parried.

Caramel. The Princess, I trust, is well?

Zapeter. Well and ill are relative terms. Of three individuals - A, B and C - A may be singularly robust as compared with C, but a confirmed invalid as compared with B. These are momentous questions. (*aside.*) Well fenced.

Floss. Is her Highness engaged?

Zapeter. It may be that she is engaged. It may even be that she is married. (*aside.*) The thin end of the wedge!

Caramel. I do not understand you. Her Highness is a single lady.

Zapeter. Single and double are relative terms of people. Of three people, A, B and C, B may be single as compared with A, but double as compared with C. Some people are more single than others; some people, on the other hand, are more double than others. A wedding! What is it? A ceremony! Why stand upon ceremony? The Princess desires that there may be no ceremony between you. (*aside.*) The ice is broken.

Caramel. Oh, sir, I am a plain man who does not understand wily talk. That your words are wise, I feel sure, for I cannot make head or tail of them. It seems to me that you wish to express some idea. If you would kindly translate it into words of two syllables and under, I think I should succeed in grasping it more readily.

Zapeter. (*aside.*) Brought to bay. It is not possible to express oneself diplomatically in two syllables. (*aloud.*) Sir, the Princess waited for you until she could wait no longer.

Caramel. Yes, I follow you.

Zapeter. So another potentate -

Caramel. That's three syllables.

Zapeter. True: I apologise.

Jacquier. That's four!

Zapeter. I beg your pardon.

Jacquier. Oh, but it is. A - po - lo - gise.

Zapeter. Yes, I mean to say that I am sorry, I regret it. A prince having offered - Prince Doro - she accepted.

Floss. Three.

Zapeter. (*correcting himself.*) Closed with him. They are being married now. (*aside.*) Ruined; he winces.

Caramel. But, goodness me! You don't mean to say that I'm jilted?

Zapeter. I didn't mean to say it, but you made me. If you had let me run on in polysyllables.

Caramel. There you go again.

Zapeter. I would have broken it more delicately; but you would have it in two syllables, and I'm a ruined diplomatist.

Floss. But is there no way?

Zapeter. None, they're at the church now; *the first part of the wedding takes place today, the second part tomorrow.*

Caramel. We will go to the church, and protest.

Zapeter. (*in great terror.*) No, no, don't do that, for mercy's sake; I shall lose my head if you do.

Caramel. But what am I to do? You can't expect that I am going to submit quietly to such an insult. I can bear a good deal, but I can't stand that.

Floss & Jacquier. We can't stand that, you know.

Zapeter. Stop! An idea occurs to me. Work upon her emotions; trade on her impulses; make capital out of her eccentricities. The Princess had no memory; and acts always on the spur of the moment. Just now she can talk and think of nothing but the brigand Barberini. Her romantic mind is fascinated by the account she has heard of his personal beauty and his picturesque exploits. Disguise yourself as the brigand, catch her alone after the ceremony, declare yourself, she will forget all about her recent marriage, she will propose to join you, yield an unwilling assent - off you go with her.

Caramel. But where?

Zapeter. To the Rocky Pass. Send your friends and relations on ahead disguised as the brigand's band; keep up the illusion for a day or two; then, when she is thoroughly tired of robber life, undeceive her, have a clergyman in readiness, and marry her straight off. (*aside.*) I ought to be ashamed of myself.

### **No.7. - QUARTET - Prince Caramel, Floss, Jacquier and Zapeter.**

Caramel. My hand upon it - 'tis agreed!  
I'll do the deed!

Floss & Jacquier. He'll do the deed!

Caramel. In masquerade as brigand chief,  
I'll play the thief!

Floss & Jacquier. He'll play the thief!

Zapeter. Then come with me, and do not doubt;  
I'll rig you out!

The Others. He'll rig us out!

Zapeter. Look fierce, and stamp to make a show;  
And stamp just so - just so!

### **ENSEMBLE.**

In this disguise  
From knowing eyes  
We shall be quite secure;  
A brigand dress  
This quaint Princess  
Successfully will lure!

*Exeunt OMNES.*

*Enter wedding procession with KING, PRINCE DORO, PRINCESS TOTO, etc. COURT all dancing.*

### **CHORUS.<sup>10</sup>**

Yes, here we come back from the wedding,  
And all has gone smoothly today;  
The populace tears have been shedding  
In a most satisfactory way.

### **No.8. - VOCAL WALTZ - Toto and Chorus.**

Toto. Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
Let me not rejoice alone;  
Rob from pleasure all it's treasure,  
For my love is all my own.

Banish reason for a season,  
Place King Folly on his throne,  
Fairest flowers deck the hours,  
For my love is all my own.

Banish sorrow,  
Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
Banish sorrow,  
For my love is all my own,  
Banish sorrow for a season,

---

<sup>10</sup> Although present in the Lord Chamberlain's copy, this chorus does not appear in either the published libretto or Vocal Score. The Vocal Waltz 'Banish Sorrow' appears in its place.



Place King Folly on his throne,  
Ah, ah, ah.

Bridesmaids. Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
Her true love is all her own,  
Rob from pleasure all his treasure,  
For her true love is all her own!

Toto. Ah!  
Men tell of vows that droop and perish,  
Ere yet the spring of life is past;

Toto & Doro. Within my heart thy love I'll cherish:  
While it beats that love will last.

Toto. Ah!  
That love shall last,  
That love, that love, shall last,  
Ah!

Chorus. Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
Her true love is all her own,  
Rob from pleasure all his treasure,  
For her true love is all her own!

Toto. Ah, ah, all my own, all my own,  
My true love is all my own.

Toto.  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Ah, all my  
own  
All my own,  
My own,  
All my own!

Chorus & Doro.  
Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
Banish sorrow till tomorrow,  
  
Her true love, her true love is  
All her own,  
Her own,  
All her own!

*They dance off, leaving TOTO and DORO.*

Doro. At last we are alone together! Alone for the first time in our lives!

Toto. It's very pleasant. I wonder if I shall like you!

Doro. I think you'll like me; I'm very popular.

Toto. Good-tempered?

Doro. Angelic.

Toto. Because I think I ought to have a good-tempered husband. I think I am the sort of girl who would irritate a touchy man. You see my temper is uncertain; and I'm

impetuous, and impulsive, and my memory is very bad.

Doro. Very bad?

Toto. Very bad indeed. Do you know - but you'll be angry if I tell you.

Doro. Not a bit.

Toto. Well, then, do you know that on my way back from the church I've been twice on the point of asking you if you were going to make a long stay with us?

Doro. No?

Toto. It's a fact - and just now I was all but enquiring of Jelly whether you were married or single. I quite forgot we'd just been married; that's bad, isn't it?

Doro. Yes, I should try to recollect that, if I were you. It might give rise to unpleasantness if you forget it often. What are you doing?

Toto. (*who is tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief.*) That is to remind me that I'm a married lady; as long as that's there I shall never forget it.

Doro. But in course of time the pocket-handkerchief will go to the wash, and what will you do then?

Toto. What a clever man you are! Of course it will, I never thought of that. Then bless me! (*showing another knot.*) I shall forget this too - and this is ten times more important than the other.

Doro. And what may that knot be for?

Toto. I shan't tell you - it's a secret.

Doro. But there must be no secrets between us; we are man and wife now, and you must tell me everything.

### **No.9. - DUET - Doro and Toto.**

Doro. Oh tell me now, by plighted vow,  
And tell me, tell me truly,  
What cunning plot lies in that knot,  
That you have tied so newly?  
Does it recall some public ball  
To which you want inviting?  
Or is it to encourage you  
Some letter to be writing?  
My jealous mind no rest will find  
My eyes will know no sleeping,  
Till I extract the mystic fact  
It holds within its keeping.

Doro. Oh, let that mystic fact be known  
To me alone, to me alone.

Toto. No, no; that secret shall be known  
To me alone, to me alone.

Toto. Yes, I'll confide why this was tied -  
Forgive my thoughtless chatter.  
It is designed to call to mind  
A most important matter.  
I'll tell you now, although I vow  
We're not one till tomorrow,  
The knot was tied by me, your bride,  
To tell me that -  
To tell me that -  
To tell me that -  
To tell me that -  
Oh grief, oh rage, oh sorrow!  
My fatal memory knows no laws,  
My head is filled with cotton,  
I cannot tell you, dear, because,  
Alas, I've quite forgotten;

Toto. The secret never can be known,  
Not even unto me alone.

Doro. (*angrily.*) Until that fact to me is known  
I'll live alone, I'll live alone.

*Exit DORO furiously.*

Toto. Poor fellow, I'm sorry he's so angry, but what can I do? I've entirely forgotten what it refers to. Next time I want to remember something, I shall tie two knots - one to remind me that I want to remember something, and the other to remind me what it is I want to remember.

*Re-enter JELLY in great excitement.*

Jelly. Oh! Your Highness, such news. As I was looking through the great iron gates of the palace just now, what should I see but three great fierce-looking men in sugar-loaf hats trimmed with ribbons, great mysterious-looking cloaks on their shoulders, and guns and daggers and pistols stuck all over them.

Toto. (*delighted.*) They must be brigands - how delightful. And what did you do?

Jelly. Do! I saw at once that all was lost, so I ran back to the palace for the key, unlocked the gates, and threw myself into their arms, exclaiming, 'Resistance is useless. I am your prisoner, carry me off to your mountain home.'

Toto. Noble-hearted girl! And what did they do?

Jelly. Why, they said I was a bold-faced thing, and ought to be ashamed of myself. The tall one gave me a tract.

Toto. Eccentric creatures! Did you hear their names?

Jelly. Let me see, the tall one was called Barbar - Barber -

Toto. *(excited.)* Not Rini? Don't say it was Rini.

Jelly. Rini it was Barberini.

Toto. It is their blood-stained and desperate chief.

Jelly. He was working a pair of slippers. He said they were for you.

Toto. For me? Send him here at once, don't lose a moment. *(Exit JELLY.)* At last I shall see the romantic monster who is the dread of the whole country. What can he want with me? - Perhaps to carry me off - How dreadful but how picturesque!

***Enter PRINCE CAMEL disguised as a brigand. He is followed by JELLY, and looks very mean and pitiful.***

Caramel. My heart is in my mouth, but I have committed myself to it, and must go on with it. I have sent Floss and Jacquier to tell my court to disguise themselves as brigands, and await me in the Rocky Pass.

Toto. *(coming forward.)* Are you really Barberini?

Caramel. I am really Barberini. Ain't you frightened?

Toto. Not a bit.

Caramel. But I look terrible, don't I?

Toto. Not so terrible as I expected. I thought there would be more of this sort of thing about you. *(striding fiercely about.)*

Caramel. Oh, I'm like that sometimes. *(strides about stage.)*

Toto. That's more like it. Go on - oh, it's lovely. Isn't it, Jelly?

Jelly. It's beautiful - so noble, so picturesque and oh, so beautiful.

Caramel. *(who has been stamping all this time.)* Do you wish me to keep this up? It's rather fatiguing.

Toto. No, not now that I see you can do it, if you like. Come and sit down, and tell me all about yourself.

Caramel. With pleasure. *(They sit. JELLY takes up a carbine and looks into it.)* Don't touch that, my dear; never play with firearms, an accident so soon happens. Put it down, there's a good girl.

Toto. Do what the gentleman tells you, Jelly. And so you are really the ferocious monster I've heard so much about? You don't look so very dreadful either.

Caramel. Oh, that's my nasty cunning; it disarms people and puts them off their guard. *(JELLY has taken up carbine.)* Now do leave that gun alone.

Toto. And do you really hide behind trees, and pot travellers as they ride by, and take them prisoners, and make them write for ransom, and send them home a little bit at a time if the ransom don't come?

Caramel. All this we do, and much more. We are devils of fellows!

Toto. And then at night do you sit round your fires in a cavern, and count your disgraceful gains? And sing choruses, and have bands of bayadères to dance before you?

Caramel. Yes, and we play for tremendous stakes too! We think nothing of threepenny points we devils don't! *(To JELLY, who has taken up the gun again.)* Now, once for all, if that girl don't put down that firearm, I shall go!

Toto. Jelly, you're making the gentleman nervous. Do be quiet! And where are you going now?

Caramel. I am on my way to join my band in my home. We have a little dance tonight. All the respectable brigands for miles around will be there.

Toto. And you'll dance in the moonlight, I dare say?

Caramel. Yes, the wild quadrille, the maddening Sir Roger de Coverley. Bless you, we devils don't care what we dance!

Toto. *(suddenly.)* I'll go with you!

Jelly. But your Highness -

Toto. I'll go with him, and so will you! Now don't stop to argue the point. When my mind's made up, all the talk in the world won't change it.

Jelly. But think for one moment -

Toto. I've no occasion to think! I'm my own mistress, and I can do what I like. That's the beauty of being single! We'll come for a week just to see how we like it. You have some elderly ladies there to make it respectable?

Caramel. Lots of elderly ladies! Bless you, we devils don't care how elderly they are!

Toto. Then that decides me. I'll come. The life will suit me exactly. The dress is picturesque, the occupation is healthy, I've plenty of pluck, and absolutely nothing to detain me here. What do you say?

Caramel. My hand on it. *(aside.)* She's mine. *(Whistles - the stage is filled with BRIGANDS.)*

**No.9a. - FINALE - Toto, Jelly, Caramel, Jacquier and Chorus.**

Toto.           A hat and a bright little feather,  
                  A gun on my shoulder - so;  
                  Dagger in scabbard of leather,  
                  And a pistol for a foe.<sup>11</sup>

Chorus.        A hat and a bright little feather,  
                  A gun on her shoulder - so;  
                  Dagger in scabbard of leather,  
                  And a pistol for a foe.

Caramel.       A daring mountain ranger  
                  From rock to rock you'll bound;

Caramel & Jelly.

                  In the foremost ranks of danger  
                  Our Toto will be found.

Jacquier.      A daring mountain ranger  
                  From rock to rock you'll bound;  
                  In the ranks of danger  
                  Our Toto will be found.

Toto. *(suddenly.)* Who goes there?<sup>12</sup>

Caramel & Jelly. *(alarmed.)*

                  Who goes where?

Toto. *(pointing.)* Why, there.  
                  A man on a pony a-straddle,  
                  Hurrying home to his bed.  
                  Bang - and he drops from his saddle,  
                  Dead as the lead in his bed.  
                  *(aside.)* Who shall it be?  
                  Let me see. *(considering.)*  
                  *(aside - suddenly.)*

                  He's a bagman from Emmanuel  
                  On an expedition annual,  
                  Or he represents the names  
                  Of Howell and of James;

---

<sup>11</sup> The first four lines of the Finale are imported by Gilbert from his own translation of Fiorella's entrance song in THE BRIGANDS (1871).

<sup>12</sup> The lyrics in blue are found in the Lord Chamberlain's licence copy, but not in the Metzler libretto or the published Vocal Score.

With jewels o' erladen  
For highly bred maiden  
His wallet and things are bursting with rings.  
A diamond locket  
In each waistcoat pocket,  
His coat-tails distended with emeralds rare,  
And rubies and diamonds everywhere.  
This kind of prey  
Will come my way  
Three times a day,  
Three times a day.

Toto & Jelly. Then away to the mountain brow,  
With rifle and six-shooter;  
It is the life of lives, I vow,  
Is the life of a freebooter.

Chorus. Then away to the mountain brow,  
With rifle and six-shooter;  
It is the life of lives, I vow,  
Is the life of a freebooter.

Caramel & Jacquier.

Away, away!

Chorus. Away, away!

Toto & Jelly. Away, away!

Chorus. A hat and a bright little feather,  
A gun on her shoulder - so;  
Dagger in scabbard of leather,  
And a pistol for a foe.

Jelly. Away to the mountain brow.

Toto. Away to the mountain brow,  
Away, away now, away -

All. Away!

*As they are going the act drop falls.*

## ENTR ACTE

### Act II

***SCENE: A picturesque mountain pass. JACQUIER, FLOSS and other members of CARMEL's court are discovered disguised as brigands; they are engaged, when the curtain rises, in waiting on a very ragged old beggar, whom they have taken prisoner. They are supplying him with wine and other good things, and JELLY is superintending his comforts. A party of female brigands dance before the old man at intervals, and all are vying with each other in ministering to him.***

### No.10. - CHORUS.

Chorus. Cheer up, old man - pluck up a heart;  
Cheer up, old man - soon you'll depart;  
Cheer up, old man - give us one smile;  
Cheer up, old man - 'tis but a while.

### SOLO - Jacquier.<sup>13</sup>

If he's feeling weak or fainty,  
Run and fetch a tonic dainty;  
If for want of food he drops,  
Feed him up with mutton chops,  
Oh! feed him,  
Oh! feed him up with mutton chops!

Chorus. We'll feed him up with mutton chops!

Jacquier. Here's Chateau-Margaux; pray mention  
If Lafitte you would prefer.  
None can pay too much attention  
To a poor old prisoner!  
Ah! feed him,  
Ah! feed him up with mutton chops!

Chorus. Poor old man,  
Poor unhappy party,  
If you can,  
Make a dinner hearty!

### DANCE

Chorus. Poor old man,  
Poor unhappy party,  
If perchance you can  
Pray eat a dinner hearty

---

<sup>13</sup> The published libretto allocates this solo to Jelly, but the Vocal Score gives it to Jacquier as shown.



<sup>14</sup>Come, cheer up,  
You shall go tomorrow;  
In this cup  
Try to drown your sorrow.

Cheer up, old man - pluck up a heart;  
Cheer up, old man - soon you'll depart;  
Cheer up, old man - give us one smile;  
Cheer up, old man - 'tis but a while.

*At the end of the chorus PRISONER falls into a drunken sleep. FEMALE BRIGANDS fan him.*

Jacquier. Poor old gentleman, he seems quite comfortable now.

Floss. Yes, he's forgotten all his troubles for the moment. How peacefully he slumbers!

Jacquier. It's an awful thing, Floss, to reflect how one act of deception leads to another, and how often that which begins in harmless folly ends in downright crime. We began by pretending to be brigands in order to enable our dear Prince to recover the possession of his promised bride. Well, there's no harm in that. But being brigands we've got to act like brigands, and that's where the harm comes in. The Princess Toto has unfortunately taken a liking to the life, and insists on our committing all sorts of atrocities from which our tastes revolt.

Floss. I wish it were all over. I'm a respectable man and I've a wife and family, and I want to go home.

Jacquier. Well, as soon as the Princess consents to marry Caramel, he will explain the deception we have practised on her, and then we shall all go home. And the sooner the better, for I've had three days of this, and I'm heartily sick of it. But hush - here comes her waiting-maid; we must keep up appearances before her.

*Enter JELLY.*

Jelly. Good morning, Jacquier.

Jacquier. Good morning, Jelly. Well, you've had three days among the brigands. How do you like the life?

Jelly. Oh, it's lovely. Nothing to do all day but to sing and dance, and eat and sleep, and do your hair, and keep company. It shows what a hard time we poor servants have when I tell you that I've been six years in service, and this is the only place I ever had that exactly suits me.

Floss. I'm glad you like it, Jelly. We're a noble set of fellows, ain't we?

Jelly. Well, n - no, I don't agree with you there, I'm rather disappointed in you. You don't do the dashing things I expected of you.

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<sup>14</sup> This passage does not appear in the published Vocal Score.

Jacquier. (*hurt.*) Dashing things, Jelly?

Jelly. Yes. Attacking travelling carriages, shooting gendarmes, and all that sort of thing. (*Sees PRISONER.*) Who's that?

Jacquier. (*with some pride.*) That, Jelly, is a prisoner. The last one. He came in last night.

Jelly. Why, he's tipsy!

Jacquier. No, he's not, he's drunk.

Jelly. What has made him drunk?

Jacquier. I can't imagine, unless it's the champagne.

Jelly. Champagne?

Jacquier. Yes, perhaps he's not used to champagne.

Jelly. I should think not. Why, he's a beggar!

Floss.<sup>15</sup> (*pityingly.*) Poor old boy!

Jelly. What strange brigands you are! You take a penniless little boy, or a ragged old woman, and you feed them up and treat them so kindly that you've the greatest difficulty in inducing them to return to their friends; and when they do return, they give such a glowing account of your kindness, that the whole village comes in instalments to give themselves up to you. How many have you got now?

Floss. We've thirty-seven.

Jelly. And instead of cutting them up, and sending them home in little bits, they feed on the fat of the land, while you wait on them, and hope they are pretty comfortable.

*During the last few lines CAMEL has entered.*

Caramel. Well, you know, Jelly, prisoners are fellow-creatures after all, and they have their feelings like you and me. If we take them we are bound to look after them; you know the rites of hospitality must be respected.

Jelly. (*sarcastically.*) Do you expect to get much ransom out of him?

Caramel. That gentleman's mother is going to send five hundred thousand francs for him this very afternoon. (*PRISONER wakes.*) He wakes. (*All interested.*) Have you had a nice dinner, my good old friend?

Prisoner. Pretty good; the mutton was rather tough.

Caramel. Tough, was it? (*to FLOSS.*) Now that's your fault. (*to PRISONER.*) You see we've had such a rush of prisoners today, that our larder was exhausted; but it shall not occur again. Did you sleep pretty comfortably last night?

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<sup>15</sup> The published libretto allocates this speech to Jacquier, which is logical as the passage typed in blue is not present.

Prisoner. Pretty well. I should like another blanket; it gets chilly towards morning.

Caramel. You are quite right, it does get chilly towards morning; I feel it myself when I'm standing sentry over you to keep the wild beasts away. Jelly, see that the gentleman has another blanket. *(to PRISONER.)* Go with Jelly, there's a good man.

Jelly. Five hundred thousand francs! His mother must be very fond of him. If he were my son, I'd give five hundred thousand francs to get rid of him.

***Exit JELLY with PRISONER.***<sup>16</sup>

Caramel. Poor fellow! It goes to my heart to detain him; but when you're a desperado, you must act like a desperado. If I were to obey the natural impulses of my heart, Toto would detect the imposture in a moment.

***Enter SAGO.***<sup>17</sup>

Sago. Prince Caramel.

Caramel. Hush! Barberini! The blood-thirsty Barberini if you please.

Sago. I beg your pardon: Barberini, I've bad news for you.

Caramel. Bad news! Are the police upon us?

Sago. No, but two more peasants have come to yield themselves prisoners.

Caramel. Two more? How tiresome. We shall be eaten out of house and home. Where are they?

***SAGO beckons; enter two ragged and dirty PRISONERS led by a BRIGAND.***

Caramel. *(aside.)* Humph! - Not much to be got out of them. *(aloud.)* Well, gentlemen, what can we do for you?

2nd Prisoner. We've come to surrender.

Caramel. But nobody asked you to surrender.

2nd Prisoner. No, but we feel resistance would be useless; we are your prisoners, and we are very hungry.

Both. Very hungry.

Caramel. It's extremely tiresome, but there's no help for it. If you are a desperado, you must behave like a desperado. I dine in half an hour, and they must dine with me. *(to FLOSS.)* Take them away and give them a nice suit of clothes - I won't have them at my table in those rags - and here's an order for blankets, counterpanes, and feather beds. Do you prefer a feather bed, or a mattress?

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<sup>16</sup> The published libretto indicates that FLOSS also exits at this point.

<sup>17</sup> The Metzler libretto has FLOSS returning at this point and allocates all Sago's speeches to him.

Both. Feather beds is what we've been mostly used to.

Caramel. Yes; so I should think. Perhaps you'd like a warm bath, gentlemen, before dinner?

Both. No, we don't seem to care much about a warm bath.

Caramel. But, indeed, I think you'd better. You've no idea how refreshing a warm bath is now and then. *(to JACQUIER.)* Tell Jelly to see that they have a warm bath. Or stop - Floss had better see about that.

2nd Prisoner. But I don't want a warm bath.

Caramel. *(ferociously.)* Ha! Rebellion! The Brigand Barberini has spoken! Away with them, they *shall* be washed!

***Exeunt SAGO and PRISONERS, followed by FLOSS.***

Floss. *(yawning.)* Oh dear, oh dear, I'm getting very tired of this.

Jacquier. Is there no sign of the Princess relenting?

Caramel. My dear friends, your patience and devotion are about to be crowned with success. Congratulate me - I have at length persuaded her to consent to an immediate marriage. In half an hour we shall be made one. *The friar I brought with me has orders to prepare at once for the wedding,* and tomorrow I shall break the truth to her that we are gentlemen of character, wealth, and position, that instead of a brigand's wife she is the bride of one of the wealthiest potentates in the world.

All. Hurrah!

Caramel. So go, and make your preparations for an early departure; at six o'clock tomorrow morning we start.

### **No.10a. - CHORUS of Brigands**<sup>18</sup>

Men. We are nobles all, though in brigands' disguise,  
All men of peace, though armed to the eyes,  
Forced to masquerade in ferocious attire -  
Not the sort of thing that we nobles admire.

Ladies. We are ladies all, and of gentle degree,  
Picturesque in our dress, perhaps you'll agree;  
Forced to masquerade in this brigand attire -  
It's not the sort of thing that we ladies admire -  
For oh! this masquerade is  
Too hard upon ladies;  
No more, forsooth, we'll brigands be,  
But end our lives respectably.

***Exeunt BRIGANDS.***

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<sup>18</sup> This chorus appears in both the Lord Chamberlain's licence copy and the published Vocal Score, but not in the Metzler libretto.

Caramel. At last, at last! Oh Toto what crimes I have committed for you! What risks I have run for you! (*Enter TOTO.*) My darling, you look depressed, you have not repented your promise?

Toto. No, but it's a terrible step to take; I've often thought over it, and wondered why a girl can't be happy without deserting the people who, for the last twenty years of her life, have proved themselves to be her very best friends, *and casting her lot with a man of whose character in nine cases out of ten she knows nothing whatever.* Yes, I often think of it. I once dreamed I *was* married.

Caramel. Nonsense!

Toto. Yes, to a beautiful young Prince named Doro.

Caramel. (*hurriedly.*) Oh! It was only a dream.

Toto. (*sighing.*) Yes, I know it was only a dream. He was a great deal too handsome to be true. One's only married to really handsome men in dreams.

Caramel. (*hurt.*) That's rather a reckless thing to say, Toto.

Toto. It's quite true.

Caramel. It may be true, but it's not pretty to say so.

Toto. *We went off to church, and there was papa, looking very correct, and all the court looking very correct, and there was Jelly, and all of them looking very correct. And we were regularly married by a very correct clergyman and an extremely correct clerk, and a very correct pew-opener, and a highly correct beadle kept off the most correct crowd of spectators. And then I came back, and I sang and danced, and then - I don't remember anything more. Ah, it was very nice, I've often tried to dream that dream again.*

Caramel. Yes, but you mustn't try to dream of him now, Toto.

Toto. *Why not? He's in a kind of way my husband. I married him in my sleep, you know.*

Caramel. *But you're going to marry me when you're awake, you know.*

Toto. *Yes, you'll be my husband while I'm awake, and he'll be my husband when I'm asleep. Surely that's reasonable.*

Caramel. *But marriages in one's sleep don't count for anything.*

Toto. *Don't they? Then there can be no harm in trying to make them.*

### **No.11. - SONG - Toto.**

I have two worlds - I live two lives  
One here, and one elsewhere;  
In both of them men marry wives,  
And love them here and there.

This world that rolls about the sun  
With sin and sorrow teems;  
The other, and the fairer one,  
Is called the world of dreams.

In that sweet land you rule the roast,  
Whatever rank you bear,  
For, come what may, you are the most  
Important person there.  
Whatever you may wish come true,  
You always win your stake,  
And, should misfortune threaten you,  
You've only got to wake.

Oh, if we, who are wide awake,  
And very shrewd and deep,  
Could wipe out every sad mistake  
By falling fast asleep;  
If from our folly we were freed  
Whene're a nap we take,  
How very, very few indeed  
Would ever keep awake.

*Enter SAGO, BRIGANDS, BRIDESMAIDS etc. All the BRIGANDS imitating trumpets,  
Tan - ra- ra - ra, Tan - ra - ra - ra .*

Sago.<sup>19</sup> Everything is prepared for the wedding; the clergyman is ready, and the bridesmaids are ready, and we are only awaiting your pleasure.

**No.12. - COUPLETS - Toto, Jelly, Floss, Caramel and Chorus.**

Toto. At last I shall marry my own,  
For I love Barberini alone;  
It cannot be too widely known  
That at last I shall marry my own.  
Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm to be married today.

Chorus. Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.  
Let everyone be gay, be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.

Caramel. The brigand has chosen his bride,  
In a minute the knot will be tied;  
To be with a brigand allied,  
Is a very fine thing for a bride.  
Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm to be married today.

---

<sup>19</sup> The Metzler libretto allocates this line to JELLY.

Chorus. Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.  
Let everyone be gay, be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.

Jelly. I wish that my turn it would come,  
But all of these brigands are dumb,  
I'd pay down a pretty large sum  
If it only would make my turn come.  
Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm to be married today.

Chorus. Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.  
Let everyone be gay, be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.

Floss. I wish that this bubble would burst.  
I'm sick of it, own it I must.  
When once they are married, I trust  
This jolly old bubble will bust.  
Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm to be married today.

Chorus. Let everybody be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.  
Let everyone be gay, be gay,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.  
For I'm/they're to be married,  
For I'm/they're to be married,  
For I'm/they're to be married today.

*General dance and exeunt.*

*Enter DORO.*

Doro. This must be the spot which was indicated to me as the halting-place of the brigand Barberini; but I see no sign of his presence. So, Prince Doro, your fortunes are about to take a decided turn for the worse; you are about to enlist yourself in the ranks of one of the most unscrupulous ruffians of modern times. You're a nice young man, Prince Doro, to declare war against your fellow-man, and in such disreputable society. Declare war against my fellow-man? Nothing of the kind, my fellow-man has declared war against me. Who induced me to fall in love with Toto? My fellow-man. Who married me to her? My fellow-man. And who bolted with her ten minutes after marriage? My fellow-man. My fellow-man has thrown down the glove, and in joining Barberini's band I only take up the challenge. Will he have me? Yes, I'm young and strong, and brave, and I don't care twopence for my life - in fact I want to die, and if a man who want's to die won't make a good brigand, who will? Oh! I dare say it's very shocking, but I'm tired of life, and desperate; besides, there are plenty of brigands in broadcloth who

hold up their heads in society, and I don't see that a scoundrel's any the worse for being picturesque.

**No.13. - SONG - Doro.**

There are brigands in every station,  
And robbers in every rank;  
Some plunder the wealth of a nation,  
Some modestly pillage a bank;  
Some brigands are bubble directors,  
And others may wear a fez hat;  
They're out of the reach of inspectors,  
But they're none the less brigands for that.

Oh, did you know all that I know,  
Your eyes would start out of their sockets;  
You'd better take care of your pockets  
If you only knew half that I know.

There are brigands well known as stock-jobbers,  
Who safely may follow this bent,  
While other respectable robbers  
Lend money at eighty per cent;  
Then think of the swindlers and plotters,  
The forgers and robbers of banks,  
The murderers, thieves, and garotters  
Now walking about in your ranks.

Oh, did you know all that I know,  
Your eyes would start out of their sockets;  
You'd better take care of your pockets  
If you only knew half that I know.

***Exit DORO. Shouts outside. Re-enter CARMEL and TOTO.***

Toto. Married at last.

Caramel. Yes, securely married at last.

Toto. Dear husband!

Caramel. Dear wife!

Toto. To think that my dream is realized, and that I'm a real live brigand queen at last.  
I've longed all my life to be a brigand queen.

Caramel. Yes, it's a delightful life - so comfortable.

Toto. So unconventional.

Caramel. So snug.



Toto. So romantic.

Caramel. So respectable.

Toto. So - so honest.

Caramel. Yes, 'so-so' honest.

Toto. Then there's such a good feeling between you all. You all hang together so well; that's the best of it.

Caramel. Yes, we *shall* all hang together, and that's the worst of it..

Toto. The life suits me down to the ground. I shall live and die a brigand queen.

Caramel. Quite so. But what a joke it would be if - if, I say - it turned out that we were not real brigands, but only respectable people who were playing at brigands! I say, if that were to take place, what a joke! Oh lord, what a joke it would be!

Toto. (*severely.*) You have a very grim idea of a joke.

Caramel. Grim?

Toto. Yes, grim, not to say ghastly.

Caramel. Why, what would you do?

Toto. Do? What would I do if I thought you had deceived me? Let me think; - in the first place I would shoot you.

Caramel. Shoot me?

Toto. Dead.

Caramel. You're joking.

Toto. Am I? Try.

Caramel. But I only said 'if'.

Toto. I know you did; but 'if' is quite enough. I am much obliged to you for the suggestion. It will be extremely useful to me in my profession.

Caramel. How, useful?

Toto. Why, thus. When I want to nerve myself to a deed of unusual daring, when I want to screw myself up to a pitch of remorseless fury, when I want to throw off the woman and assume the tigress, I shall only have to imagine for a moment that I have been made the victim of a practical joke. Do you understand?

Caramel. I think I understand.

Toto. *Thoroughly?*

Caramel. Thoroughly. I was only joking.

Toto. I am glad of it.

***Exit TOTO.***

Caramel. Whew! Here's a pretty piece of business. Who'd have thought she had so much devil in her? And how is all this to end? I shall have to carry this sort of thing on to the end of my life; I'm committed to it. We shall get into nice hot water with the police; I know we shall. Gracious goodness! If we should be taken up; she's always urging me to stop mail-coaches, and secure wealthy travellers. We shall catch a Tartar some day, as sure as a gun.

***Re-enter DORO.***

Caramel. *(seeing him.)* We are lost; the police are upon us.

Doro. Are you the ferocious Barberini?

Caramel. *(in terror.)* I am, but I have repented of all my crimes, and in a fit of remorse I was just going to deliver myself up to justice as you came in.

Doro. I am sorry for that, for I came for the purpose of joining your band.

Caramel. Then you're not the police?

Doro. Not at all.

Caramel. *(fiercely.)* And yet you have dared, audacious mortal, to beard the ferocious Barberini in his den? Are you not aware that none but the police are ever admitted into this lair? Are ye not terrified at the probable consequences of your presumption?

Doro. Not a bit. You will no doubt be delighted to admit so promising a recruit to your band. I'm a dare-devil fellow, and whenever you have an expedition of unusual danger on hand, I only ask that you will place me at its head.

Caramel. You seem to have a pretty good opinion of yourself, you do.

Doro. No, I'm a reckless, desperate man. This is not courage, it is despair. I want to die.

Caramel. If I can assist you in any way - *(Offers him pistol.)*

Doro. You can. Appoint me your lieutenant.

Caramel. I think you're a very pushing young man.

Doro. Then you refuse to admit me into your ranks?

Caramel. Yes, we've no opening for you at present. If any vacancy should occur, leave your address, and we'll let you know.

Doro. Very good. Then, in the meantime, I suppose I must consider myself your prisoner. Take me; I surrender.

Caramel. Now look here! We don't want any more prisoners. We've more than we can manage already. Go away. We've nothing for you. You are a very pushing young man.

***Re-enter TOTO.***

Toto. Stop; what is all this about?

Doro. *(aside.)* Why, if I'm neither mad, nor asleep, this is my Toto.

Caramel. This, Toto, is a forward young man, who wants to join our band. I've told him we have no vacancy, and he had better join his friends.

Toto. You told him that?

Caramel. Yes.

Toto. You told that fine young man you didn't want him?

Caramel. That is what I told him.

Toto. Then you're a donkey. Come here, young man.

Doro. She don't recognise me. She has forgotten her husband.

Toto. I like your appearance. It pleases me. You're smart and active - I like your face; I fancy I have seen it before.

Doro. *(aside.)* She fancies she has seen it before! And this is the wife to whom I was married only three days since.

Toto. You seem to have all the qualities that should make an excellent brigand; I am Queen of the band, and I hereby admit you a member of it.

Caramel. But, Toto, my darling, reflect -

Toto. Silence! *(to DORO.)* Behave well, show yourself worthy of promotion, and you shall have it! *(aside.)* I cannot think where I seen that young man's face before.

**No.14. - TRIO - Toto, Doro and Caramel.**

Toto. So take my hand, we are agreed;  
A brigand you will be indeed;  
It is a life you will adore.  
*(aside.)* I'm sure I've seen his face before.

Doro. Three days ago the knot was tied  
Which constituted her my bride;  
Yet when we meet she isn't sure,  
But 'thinks she's seen my face before'.

Caramel. This conduct comes within the range  
Of that which is considered strange;

She likes him well, and, what is more,  
She 'thinks she's seen his face before'.

### ENSEMBLE

*DORO and CAMEL sing these lines mutatis mutandis.*

All Three. Oh matter perplexing,  
Annoying and vexing,  
All over the world I will/she'll explore -  
I'll/she'll travel and travel,  
The knot to unravel,  
And learn where I've/she's met him/me before.  
Where have we met, where have we met before?

No bothering worry,  
No family flurry  
Turns out such a terrible bore,  
As when you see faces  
Forgetting the places  
In which you have met before.

Toto.	Doro.	Caramel.
So take my hand, it is agreed;	Three days ago the knot was tied	This conduct comes within the range,
A brigand you will be indeed;	That constituted her my bride;	Of that which is considered strange,
It is a life you will adore.	But now she is not sure but thinks	She likes, she likes him well, and thinks
A life you will adore.	She's seen my face before.	She's seen his face before.

### *Exit CAMEL.*

Toto. I'll tell you what it is, my husband must be mad to reject such a promising recruit. *Have a cigarette?* You're just the sort of man we want up here, for between ourselves, our brigands are not up to much. They're a very weedy lot; I have always great difficulty in spurring them up to anything like a deed of daring. Little girls sent out with halfpence to fetch milk; old ladies with their omnibus fares in their gloves; cans hanging on area railings, and so on. Such deeds as these - there's no disguising it - are not worthy of Barberini's hand. *(aside.)* I can't think where I have seen his face before.

Doro. Oh! Toto, have you forgotten me so completely? Learn that I who stand before you am no other than the cheated and discarded Doro.

Toto. Doro? I know that name.

Doro. Know that name? Perhaps you do. It is that of your husband.

Toto. (*puzzled.*) My husband? No, his name is Barber - Stay, I know, you're my dream husband! Of course you are; how stupid of me, to be sure! Then let me see - I must be asleep, and this must be a dream.

Doro. A dream?

Toto. Yes, I know it's a dream by you. Look here, I have two husbands.

Doro. (*aghast.*) What?

Toto. Two husbands. One when I'm awake - he's real; and one when I'm dreaming - he's sham. You're the sham one, you're an illusion. (*feeling his arm.*) Yes, you seem real, but you're not. You'll vanish presently; by the by, you can tell me something I want to know: what becomes of you when I wake? I hope you don't go and marry anybody else? I wish you were the real one and Barberini the sham one. I love you better than Barberini, though he's nice too.

Doro. If you've taken leave of your senses, allow me to bring them back to you. I am your real husband; real live flesh and blood. You're as wide awake as ever you were in your life, and that's not saying much.

Toto. Then do you mean to say that - that I did *not* dream that we were married by a correct clergyman, in a correct church, with a respectable beadle, and an Orthodox pew-opener, and all that?

Doro. Most certainly not! We were actually married, and immediately afterwards you vanished.

Toto. (*crying.*) Oh dear, oh dear, I am so sorry! I - I quite forgot all about it. I - I remember it now. Oh dear, oh dear, I don't know what I shall do. You'll ne - ne - never f - f - forgive me, I know you won't. I've been a very naughty, ungrateful, forgetful girl and I ought to be ashamed of myself. Oh, forgive me; do, do forgive me - I won't go and marry anyone any more.

Doro. Forgive you! When you eloped with another man within ten minutes of your marriage?

Toto. It was p - p - p - platonic. It was wrong of me, I know; but I acted on the spur of the moment.

Doro. It is impossible to accept that excuse.

Toto. But if I forgot, what was I to do? I suppose you forget sometimes. You're not absolutely infallible, I suppose.

Doro. It is useless.

Toto. Now, my own, own dearly-loved - darling, darling - I forget your name for the moment.

Doro. Doro!

Toto. Exactly, Doro! Now my darling Doro, don't, oh, don't blight my young life; don't ruin my hope of happiness; don't surround my whole existence in gloom for a mere act of childish forgetfulness, for I love you dear - dear - dear -

Doro. Doro. *Take a card. (Gives card.)*

Toto. I was going to say 'Doro', only you take one up so. Indeed, indeed, I love you very fondly; and if you'll only forgive me, I'll be such a good little wife to you, and never cause you any sorrow any more (*sobbing*). Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?

Doro. Poor little girl, she does seem very fond of me. Well, after all, it was only an act of forgetfulness. She forgot she was married. A good many highly respectable people make the same mistake. Besides, when a woman begins to cry, what is a man to do? (*aloud.*) There, Toto, I forgive you this once; but don't, oh, don't you ever, ever do such a thing again as long as you live.

Toto. My darling husband!

### **No.15. - DUET - Toto and Doro**<sup>20</sup>

Doro. My own, own love, my gentle wife,  
Devoted partner of my life,  
How sad a future would it be,  
If I were passed away from thee!

Toto. My own, own love, my husband dear,  
In all I say I am sincere;  
While in my bosom beats a heart  
We twain will never, never part.

Doro. Oh gentle wife,

Toto. Oh husband dear,

Doro. My love, my life,

Toto. I am sincere.

Doro. Oh maid divine,

Toto. Oh loving heart,

Doro. Oh life of mine,

Toto. We'll never part.

*Exeunt together.*

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<sup>20</sup> Clay composed two versions of this Duet, the second of which appears in the Vocal Score as an appendix No.15a.

*As they go off the KING enters with ZAPETER and JAMILEK from the bridge. They are disguised as Red Indians, and carry tomahawks, etc. They enter with a quaint hopping step, singing at the same time.*

**No.16. - TRIO - King, Zapeter and Jamilek.**

With skip and hop,  
With jerky jump,  
We come down plop,  
And come down plump;  
We are installed  
In Indian rig,  
Our name is called  
Hop - pe - de - gig.

Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
Hoppedegig are we,  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
From an isle beyond the sea,  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
You think our colour's paint.  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
I do not say it ain't.

With feathers, paint, and patches  
And a tom, tom, tom,  
That with our colour matches  
With a tom, tom, tom,  
We'll sing unmeaning snatches  
With a tom, tom, tom,  
Till we are under hatches  
In a tom, tom, tom.

With skip and hop,  
With jerky jump,  
We come down plop,  
And come down plump;

We are installed  
In Indian rig,  
Our name is called  
Hop - pe - de - gig.

King. *(who preserves a stately and dignified air, notwithstanding his disguise.)* At last we are in the brigands' lair, and before many moments I shall have an opportunity of testing our scheme to take back my thoughtless daughter to my arms. Zapeter, it is to your diplomatic brain that this experiment is due. It was you, my trusty and well-beloved cousin, who suggested that we should take advantage of her taste for novelty, and disguise ourselves as Red Indians, in the hope that the peculiarity of

our appearance and the quaintness of our attitudes might fascinate her volatile mind - Zapeter, I cannot thank you too affectionately for the suggestion.

Jamilek. But should the lynx-eyed maiden see through our disguise, and detect the imposition that we have practised on her?

King. Oh, heavens! The laugh would then be turned against us. If ever it should get abroad that I, King Portico, have stooped to disguise myself in this mountebank's dress, to shave my head and paint my face, I should expire with confusion. If the tidings of this unutterable degradation were to reach the ears of surrounding nations, I should never hold up my head again. *(suddenly.)* Zapeter, it is to your shifty and tortuous brain that this device, this monstrous device is due. If it should fail, before heaven, your head shall pay the penalty.

Zapeter. Fear nothing. The wary paleface has diligently studied the works of Fenimore Cooper, and they have made him downy. He is familiar with the methods of expression of his red brother and the wary paleface courts investigation; his tread is the tread of the wild cat, his eye is the eye of the hawk, his jump is the jump of the opossum, *and his nose is the nose of the Jew.* Why should he tremble? The Unmitigated Blackbird has spoken. Wagh!

King. And you, Jamilek, do you feel yourself equal to sustaining the character you have assumed?

Jamilek. *(speaking in Hiawathan metre.)*  
O thou proud and mighty monarch;  
Monarch of a loyal people,  
Monarch of a thousand cities,  
Monarch of a spacious country  
Dotted with unnumbered villas,  
Villas standing in a garden,  
Villas of both brick and stucco,  
Villas with commodious stabling,  
Stabling for a pair of horses,  
Stabling with a man's room over,  
If you ask me if I'm equal  
To sustain the part of Red Man  
So as to defy detection?

I would answer, I would tell you,  
If the being quite familiar  
With the metre and construction  
Of the poem 'Hiawatha'  
Is enough to qualify me,  
Apprehend no kind of danger!  
For I'd give to Paw-puk-ke-wis,  
Paw-puk-ke-wis the great boaster,  
or the lovely Mi-ne-ha-ha,  
Six to four and beat 'em easy.



King. My true and trusty Jamilek, as for myself, fortified with the assurance that in assuming my present garb I have made myself sufficiently ridiculous, I will not further stultify myself by affecting a method of expression as artificial as it is inconvenient. I have stooped to this, I will stoop no lower.

*TOTO is heard singing without loudly. ZAPETER listens with his ear close to the ground.*

King. What do you hear?

*KING and JAMILEK are eager for a reply.*

Zapeter. Softly, and the Red Man will interpret. His ears are long and his patience proverbial. *(listening while TOTO sings very loudly.)* It is the sound of a voice - as it articulates words, it is a human voice. *(KING and JAMILEK surprised at ZAPETER's keenness of ear.)* It is fresh and bell-like, and therefore it is a woman's voice - a young woman's voice - behold! *(TOTO runs on singing.)* Said I not well? Wagh!

King. It is our Toto.

*KING, ZAPETER and JAMILEK strike attitudes.*

Toto. Why, bless my heart! Who are these? They're the funniest people I ever saw in the whole course of my life.

King. *(aside.)* Funny? Have I lived to be considered funny? Oh! The humiliation of it! And in this tom-fool's dress - and before my own daughter too. *(to Jamilek.)* Tell her who we are, for upon my soul I forget.

Jamilek. *(to TOTO.)*

Blushing maiden of the paleface,  
If you ask me to what nation,  
To what aggregate of people,  
We've the honour of belonging,  
I will answer, I will tell you!  
This is little Wappewango,  
Which in language of the paleface  
Means the consequential vulture;  
This is Pooby-Jubbegabo,  
Or the Abernethy Biscuit,

I am Hicky-hawky-pawky,  
The Unmitigated Blackbird.

*They all strike attitudes; the KING quickly recovering himself and becoming dignified.*

King. That I should have lived to hear myself described as an Abernethy Biscuit. 'Abernethy Biscuit'. Oh, it is hard - it is hard.

Toto. And do you always paint your face?

King. (*aside.*) To have to admit it to my own child. (*aloud.*) Yes, always. It - it - it is a sign of distinction. (*Skips, then resumes dignity - aside.*) A sign of distinction! Bah! It is the sign of a mountebank.

Toto. And where are you going?

King. To - to the island of Brandee-pawnee. There are our wigwams, and our squaws.

*(Sings from Old King Cole )*  
Every wigwam has a little squaw,  
And a very fine squaw is she.

Wagh!  
*(Skips - then resumes his dignity - aside.)* Oh, Zapeter. You shall pay heavily for this. Wagh!

Jamilek. Wagh!

Zapeter. Wagh!

Toto. And how do you intend to get there?

King. A vessel is awaiting us at the nearest port.

Toto. And are you quite primitive, and unconventional, and all that?

King. Primitive? Unconventional? Look here! *(They skip absurdly about the stage.)* Don't you call that unconventional? *(aside.)* Oh, degradation!

Toto. That sort of thing is just what I've been seeking for years in vain. I have been educated in a court where such innocent gambols would be punished with instant death. I'll go with you!

All. *(affecting surprise.)* What?

Toto. I'll go with you; I'm tired of being a brigand, and there's nothing to detain me here - at least, I don't think so. *(reflecting.)* No, I don't recollect anything. No, nothing. Come along; I'm delighted at the idea. I shall wear feathers, and paint, and perhaps marry one of the tribe, and be a squaw. I've often wished I was married. I once dreamt I was married to a beautiful prince named - named - let me see - Doro. But that was only a dream. Come, if I'm to be a squaw, the sooner I'm a squaw, the better.

## **No.17. - FINALE - AC T II**

Toto. Away, away to the Indian isles <sup>21</sup>  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal smiles  
And Palm trees woo the breeze;

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<sup>21</sup> The libretto has:- 'Away, away to the Indian isle,/Where the poo-poo sings in the trees,/Where nature wears an eternal smile,/And the palm trees bend to the breeze.

Away, away to the Indian isles  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal smiles  
And Palm trees woo the breeze;

Away! away! away!  
To the Indian isle.

King, Zapeter and Jamilek.

Within our wile,  
In first-rate style  
Our Toto is entrapped  
With softly smile,  
Although our guile  
May get our knuckles rapped.

Within our wile,  
In first-rate style  
Our Toto is entrapped  
With softly smile,  
Although our guile  
May get our knuckles rapped.

Toto.       Away, away, away,  
              To the Indian isle.  
              Away, away, away,  
              To the Indian isle.  
              Ah ...  
              Away, away, away,  
              Away, away, to Indian isles  
              That dot Pacific seas,  
              Where nature wears eternal smiles  
              And Palm trees woo the breeze.

All.         Away, away, to Indian isles  
              That dot Pacific seas.

Toto and Jamilek.

Away, away, to Indian isles,  
Away, away, to Indian isles.

***Re-enter CARMEL, JACQUIER, FLOSS, JELLY, and all the BRIGANDS. They see TOTO and others on the bridge at back.***

Caramel. *(recitativo.)* Who goes there? I charge you stop!

King. *(aside.)* The brigands, hold me or I drop.

Caramel. What are you doing, Toto, what, oh! what?

Toto. With these Red Indians I have cast my lot.  
I leave you Brigands, so pursue me not.  
With these Red Indians I have cast my lot.

King, Zapeter and Jamilek.

Ah!

Toto, King, Zapeter and Jamilek. <sup>22</sup>

With feathers, paint, and patches  
And a tom, tom, tom,  
We sing unmeaning snatches  
In a tom, tom, tom,  
With a tom, tom, tom,  
With a tom, tom, tom,  
Till we are under hatches  
In a tom, tom, tom.

Toto, King, Zapeter and Jamilek.

Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
Hoppedegig are we,  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
From an isle beyond the sea,  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
You think our colour's paint.  
Hoppedegig, Hoppedegig,  
I do not say it ain't.

Brigands. Oh joy - oh rapture  
Our Toto's capture  
Will set us free.

Away misgiving  
For we'll be living  
Respectablee.

Caramel. (*furious.*) Among these Brigands is there one  
Who knows the way to load a gun?  
Among these Brigands is there one  
Who knows the way to load a gun?  
I'll freely promise half-a-crown  
To anyone who'll bring them down.

---

<sup>22</sup> These lyrics appear in the published Vocal Score. In the licence copy and the published libretto, those printed in blue appear.

Chorus.        Among us Brigands is there one  
                  Who knows the way to load a gun?  
                  I'll freely promise half-a-crown  
                  To anyone who'll bring them down.

Caramel. *(in despair.)* Not one, not one  
                  Can load a gun.  
                  Not one, not one  
                  Can load a gun.

Toto, King and Jamilek.

                  Not one, not one  
                  Can load a gun.  
                  Not one, not one  
                  Can load a gun. *(they laugh.)*

Jelly.         You take a ball and powder,  
                  Which you ram to make it louder;  
                  If your enemy you'd cripple,  
                  Place a cap upon the nipple;  
                  Take aim, and pull the trigger,  
                  And he'll cut a pretty figure;  
                  If you hit him in the head,  
                  He will fall dead, dead,  
                  You hit him in the head,  
                  He will fall dead, dead.

Chorus.        Hurrah! Hurrah!  
                  This one, this one  
                  Can load a gun.<sup>23</sup>

Men.          Let us follow,

Girls.         Let us follow,

Men.          Let us follow,

Girls.         Let us follow,

All.           Let us follow, follow, follow, follow, follow!

***But they don't follow.***

King and Jamilek. If you stir a step upon my word ...  
                  Upon my word you will rue it.

Ladies.       Let us follow,

All.           Let us follow, follow, follow, follow, follow!

---

<sup>23</sup> Not in published Vocal Score.

*But they don't follow.*

Caramel. It's all very well to cry "follow",  
But why the dickens,  
Why the dickens don't you do it?

Chorus. With joy and rapture and with glee,  
We are as glad, as glad can be,

Chorus. All this will end,  
And we shall spend  
Our future lives  
Respectably,  
Our future lives  
Respectably.

Caramel. Oh rage, oh fu -  
- ry, oh despair ...  
I stamp my feet,  
I tear my hair.

Toto. Ah!  
Away, away, away,  
Away, away to the Indian isles  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal smiles  
And Palm trees woo the breeze,  
Away, away to the Indian isles  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal smiles  
And Palm trees woo the breeze,

Toto. Away, away, away to the  
Indian isles,  
Away, away to the Indian isles  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal  
smiles  
And Palm trees woo the  
breeze,  
Away, away to the Indian isles  
That dot Pacific seas,

The Rest. They're off, they're off,  
they're off to the Indian isles,  
They're off to Indian isles  
  
That dot Pacific seas,  
Where nature wears eternal  
smiles  
And Palm trees woo the  
breeze,  
They're off to Indian isles  
  
That dot Pacific seas,

Toto.	Away, away to Indian isles, Away, Away, Away!	The Rest.	They're off to Indian isles, They're off, They're off, They're off!
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*Dance of joy for BRIGANDS. CAMEL and JELLY furious. TOTO and RED INDIANS triumphant.*

## PRELUDE.

### ACT III

***SCENE:** A tropical island. The court of KING PORTICO are discovered dressed as Red Indians. During the opening chorus ZAPETER dances a war-dance of a grotesque description.*

#### No.18. - CHORUS.

Bang the merry tom-tom, sing the merry song,  
Wear a merry Indian smile, a merry Indian smile,  
Bang the merry tom, tom, sing the merry song,  
Pleasantly the moments fly, the merry moments fly along  
On the merry Indian isle, the Indian isle.

Follette. Coriander seeds,  
Glass and metal beads,  
Pretty little shells and tinkling bells,  
Coriander seeds,  
Glass and metal beads,  
Pretty little tinkling bells.

Zapeter.<sup>24</sup> Hoppedegig are we, are we, are we,  
Hoppedegig beyond the sea.  
Hoppedegig are we, are we, are we,  
Hoppedegig beyond the sea.

Chorus. Coriander seeds,  
Glass and metal beads,  
Pretty little shells and tinkling bells.

Jamilek. Hoppedegig are we,  
Hoppedegig are we,  
Pretty little shells and tinkling bells.  
Hoppedegig are we,  
Hoppedegig are we.

All. Hoppedegig, an isle beyond the sea,  
Beyond the sea!

Bang the merry tom-tom, sing the merry song,  
Wear the merry Indian smile, the merry Indian smile,  
Bang the merry tom, tom, sing the merry song,  
Pleasantly the moments fly, merry moments fly along.

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<sup>24</sup> Zapeter's verse is shown only in the published Vocal Score.



Zapeter. Whew! That's hot work; but what's worth doing at all is worth doing well. When you're Red Indians you must do as Red Indians do; and a Red Indian tribe without a war-dance were a degrading spectacle indeed.

Cathay.<sup>25</sup> *I like this out-of-door life.* What a contrast to the ceremony and formality of our pompous court at home.

Devine. Yes, fancy the King's state of mind if he caught us smoking cigarettes in the palace. Now here we can smoke the pipe of peace under the royal nose, if we like, because it's an Indian habit.

Follette. For my part, I don't like living in the open air, and I should like to get back home at once. Brown paint don't become me.

Zapeter. Local colour, my dear, nothing more.

Follette. Local colour is all very well, but a girl's complexion is her complexion.

Zapeter. *(dancing.)* Not always, my dear, not always. Brown suits you very well. You're just what a meerschaum should be after three days' smoking; you're colouring beautifully.

Cathay. *(kissing her.)* And you've a lovely mouthpiece.

Follette. I wish you wouldn't do that. I'm always telling you of it.

Devine. But, Zapeter, don't it occur to you that we are taking a rather roundabout way to lure the Princess back to civilization?

Zapeter. No doubt, my dear, but we must be diplomatic.

Follette. But her father has got her away from the brigand! Why don't he reveal himself and put an end to it all?

Zapeter. Diplomacy, my dear. You don't understand these things.

Follette. Instead of that, he makes us all disguise ourselves as Red Indians, and encamp on a desert rock ten miles from anywhere.

Zapeter. All this is diplomacy. *(dances down stage.)*

***Enter KING PORTICO as Red Indian. He sees ZAPETER dancing ridiculously. He is much shocked.***

King. Zapeter, Zapeter, what are you doing?

Zapeter. Sire, I am practising the war-dance of the tribe.

King. It cuts me to the heart to see you, a man of high position and education - a minister, a grave, earnest gentleman - compelled to resort to such buffoonery.

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<sup>25</sup> The Metzler libretto allocates this dialogue to Follette.

Zapeter. Sire, so great is our love to you, so earnest our desire that you and yours may be more happy, that we care little what personal humiliation we may undergo.  
*(dances.)*

King. My faithful friend! It now remains to be answered how we shall break the news to the Princess, that we have deceived her. Oh, Zapeter, I know her wayward temper well, and it will be necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. I dread the consequences of telling her that she must return with us to our court.

Zapeter. But why return to your court at all?

King. Eh?

Zapeter. Why not live here for ever? You look a Red Indian! Why not be a Red Indian? As for your kingdom, great as would be the pain of quitting you for ever, I would even return, and rule in your place; such, sire, is the love I bear you.

King. My faithful and self-denying Zapeter, it is wisely and kindly purposed - we will think of it! But, soft, she approaches.

*They all resume dance and chorus<sup>26</sup> as TOTO enters, dressed as an Indian princess.  
ZAPETER dances at her.*

### CHORUS.

Bang the merry tom-tom, sing the merry song,  
Wear the merry Indian smile, the merry Indian smile,  
Bang the merry tom, tom, sing the merry song,  
Pleasantly the moments fly, merry moments fly along.

*At end of chorus all exeunt except KING, TOTO and ZAPETER. ZAPETER continues to dance at her.*

King. Ha! Hum! The brow of the ha - paleface young woman is clouded. Is anything wrong?

Toto. Yes, I'm bitterly disappointed - and that's the truth. It has been the aim of my life to throw off the trammels of conventionality, and to revel in the society of barbaric man in all his primeval magnificence. I thought I had found it in the brigand's lair, but the brigand, imposing at a distance, turned out, on close inspection, to be a thing of petty fears, insignificant jealousies, and underdeveloped intelligence. I thought I had found it amongst the Red Indians, but the Red Indians eat caviare, and shave with a Mappin's razor. His very tomahawk has the Birmingham stamp on it.

King. And yet we are considered a very fair representative tribe.

Toto. *(contemptuously.)* A Red Indian with a double eye-glass.

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<sup>26</sup> There is no reprise indicated in the published Vocal Score or Libretto, but the double bar on VSP 176 would indicate the following chorus.

King. The fact is that the hawk-eyed Red Man is getting on in years, and his eyesight isn't what it was. There was a time when he could see the wind, when he had - a - no difficulty in following the flight of a bullet, when he was known as - as - Zapeter, what was I known as before my eyesight went?

Zapeter. You were known, sire, as 'Pish-tush-pooh-bah', or the Oxy-hydrogen Microscope.

King. Exactly - a - that is what I was known as.

Toto. Yes. I dare say you were all you say, but civilization has set its stamp upon you, and you interest me no more. True, you are called, 'Chumpee Chookee', the 'Abernethy Biscuit', that sounds very well; but for anything primeval there is about you, your name might be Watkins, and you might keep a penny ice shop in the Borough Road. Why, your very dinners are civilized; boiled mutton and caper sauce. Why don't the Red Man go and hunt the wild buffalo like a Red Man?

King. Because, to be quite plain with you, I do not think the Red Man would succeed in capturing that animal. If the Red Man depended for his meals on the wild buffaloes he might happen to secure, the Red Man would go supperless to his - what do you call it?

Toto. Wigwam.

King. Wigwam - thank you, that is the word I wanted.

Toto. But it's very easy! You've only got to disguise yourself in a buffalo's skin, and when you see a herd approaching, go up to them on all fours, bellowing like a bull. Now, do go and catch a wild buffalo.

King. Never, never; now understand me, Toto, I will not do it.

Toto. This is rebellion. *(retires up stage.)*

King. Very likely. I can't help it, I will *not* catch wild buffalo.

Zapeter. *(aside to KING.)* Sire, I think if I were you I should humour her.

King. Zapeter, I will not do it. I have stooped to so much since I came here. I have painted my face like a clown in a pantomime, I have danced ridiculous war-dances, I have dressed myself in unpleasant things that tickle dreadfully, but go on all fours bellowing like a bull - *I will not; now understand me*, I will *not* do it.

Toto. Well, I declare, I wish I'd never left the brigands. *(comes over.)* I was very happy there, although I didn't know it. One never knows when one's well off. I like the old story of the King of the Pigs.

King. The King of the Pigs? The Red Man cannot recollect that he ever heard of that potentate.

Toto. Then I'll tell you all about him.

**No.18a. - SONG - Toto and Chorus.** <sup>27</sup>

- Toto.           The King of the Pigs was a good piggee,  
But he was a lean as lean could be,  
  
And he feared what his subjects all would say  
In the Cattle Show week, on the opening day;  
He tried all sorts of fattening fare  
Till he gave it up in blank despair,  
And at last determined one fine day  
To make his mark in a different way!  
A different way, a different way,  
To make his mark in a different way!
- Chorus.        To make his mark in a different way, a different way, a different way!
- Toto.           Said he, with a sigh, 'The world is right,  
A very fat pig *is* a lovely sight,  
And the judges properly give the prize  
To the pig that can't see out of his eyes.  
But the judges are men of liberal views,  
And it's not unlikely they might choose  
To forgive my want of adipose  
If I came to the show in a Roman nose,  
A Roman nose, a Roman nose,  
If I came to the show in a Roman nose.'
- Chorus.        If I came to the show in a Roman nose, a Roman, a Roman nose.
- Toto.           This original notion pleased him much -  
The King was a King, and behaved as such;  
And he tried all night, and he tried all day  
To bend his nose in the Roman way.  
He tied it down with a piece of string,  
And he hung great weights to his royal ring  
Till his natural snout - the story goes -  
Was more or less like a Roman nose,  
A Roman nose, a Roman nose,  
Was more or less like a Roman nose.
- Chorus.        Was more or less like a Roman nose, a Roman, a Roman nose.
- Toto.           It was high at the bridge, and the tip drooped down,  
And it lent itself to a noble frown.  
He could sneer also if he felt inclined,  
For the nostrils both were well defined.  
There was general joy when the news got wing,  
For his subjects all adored their King,  
And every pig walked on tip toes

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<sup>27</sup> This number is included in the published vocal score as an appendix.

When he found his King had a Roman nose,  
A Roman nose, a Roman nose,  
When he found his King had a Roman nose.

Chorus. When he found his King had a Roman nose, his King had a Roman nose.

Toto. But his sad ambition proved his ban.  
He was sold at once to a “peep-show” man.  
<sup>28</sup> *His foolish dreams of glory fed.*  
*He was shown to the mob at a penny a head:*  
‘Walk up, walk up, here’s a pig-faced child,  
A knock-kneed Giant, an Indian wild,  
A dwarf but two foot six in hose,  
A real live pig with a Roman nose,  
A Roman nose, a Roman nose,  
A real live pig with a Roman nose.

Chorus. A real live pig with a Roman nose, a pig with a Roman nose.

**MORAL.** (*All rise.*)

Toto. Now let this tale impress on you,  
For every word is strictly true  
And cannot be too widely known,  
The golden rule, ‘Let well alone’.  
When to astonish friends and foes,  
You ill-advisedly propose  
To gild pure gold, or paint the rose,  
Remember the pig with a Roman nose,  
A Roman nose, a Roman nose,  
Remember the pig with a Roman nose.

Chorus. Remember the pig with a Roman nose,  
A Roman, a Roman nose.

***Exeunt TOTO and Chorus.***

Jamilek. (*who has been looking out at back.*) Sire, a boat is approaching the shore, and there are five strangers on board. What in the world shall we do?

King. A boat with five strangers? Great heavens! If they should happen to know me I should be a standing object of ridicule to the end of my days. We must conceal ourselves at once. Where can we lie hid?

Jamilek. Sire, there is a thicket of prickly cactus within a few hundred yards. In that we might conceal ourselves till they depart.

Toto. Prickly cactus! Oh, how horrid!

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<sup>28</sup> These two lines do not appear in the published Vocal Score.

King. Thanks, thanks, my trusty Jamilek. Your ingenious suggestions are always at hand in cases of emergency. Bless you, Jamilek! I do not altogether like lying down in prickly cactus, but there is no time to hesitate. To think that King Portico should have to stoop to such an expedient. Oh, Jamilek, if ever it should become known that I had stooped to conceal myself in a bed of prickly cactus, your head shall pay the penalty.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter DORO, CAMEL, JACQUIER, FLOSS and JELLY, rowing in an open boat at back.*

**No.19. - BARCAROLLE - Jelly and Quintette.**

Jelly. When you're afloat  
In an open boat,  
With nobody there to tow,  
You ply your oar  
Till you reach the shore,  
And that is all I know.  
When you're afloat  
In an open boat,  
With nobody there to tow,  
You ply your oar  
Till you reach the shore,  
And that is all I know.  
You ply your oar  
Till you reach the shore,  
Till you reach the shore,  
Till you reach the shore,  
You ply your oar  
Till you reach the shore,  
And that is all I know.

All. When you're afloat in a sailing boat  
Which is much too big to row,  
You spread your sail  
To the quickening gale,  
And that is all we know.  
When you're afloat in an open boat  
Which is much too big to row,  
You spread your sail  
To the quickening gale,  
And that is all we know.  
You spread your sail  
To the quickening gale,  
To the quickening gale,  
To the quickening gale,  
You spread your sail

To the quickening gale,  
And that is all we know.

***DORO, CAMEL and JELLY disembark, FLOSS and JACQUIER row off.***

Caramel. At last, after a week's weary tossing in an open boat on a rough sea, we have arrived at our destination.

Doro. Yes, this is no doubt the island which was indicated to us as that to which the ship sailed that conveyed the beautiful Toto from her unhappy husband's arms.

Caramel. My kind friend.

Doro. My devoted ally.

Jelly. *(crying.)* My poor mistress! She was very kind to me.

***Exit boat.***

Caramel. Oh, she was a lovely woman!

Doro. Lovely indeed; to this moment the tears come into my eyes when I think of her.

Caramel. My dear friend! *(aside to JELLY.)* This man's sympathy for my loss is inexplicable. He could not have regretted her more if he had been married to her himself. *(Retires up stage.)*

Doro. *(aside to JELLY.)* Jelly, this goof fellows interest in my bereavement touches me here - here, Jelly. Such single-hearted sorrow for the misfortunes of a comparative stranger is simply phenomenal. My more than a brother!

Jelly. Now, this is very affecting. Each of these young men thinks that the other is helping him to discover his wife. They've been too sea-sick to compare notes, and when the truth comes out that Toto has married both of them, there'll be a row. *(exits.)*

Doro. *(coming down stage.)* What a wife she would have made.

Caramel. You may say that.

Doro. *(suddenly.)* Caramel, I will never desist until I have discovered Toto.

Caramel. I am afraid you are giving yourself a great deal of trouble.

Doro. Trouble! What is trouble when such an end is in view?

Caramel. Well, you are the kindest-hearted fellow I ever met.

Doro. Kindest-hearted? No, it is upon you that the epithet should be conferred. I can not tell you how I honour you for you efforts to discover her. ***Caramel, it is noble - noble. (Exit.)***

***Re-enter TOTO.***

Toto. Why, whom in the world have we here?

Caramel. At last, at last I've found her (*clasping her in his arms*). Toto, Toto, where have you been all this time, and what have you been doing?

Toto. (*in his arms.*) I know your face somewhere.

Caramel. To quit me a you did, within an hour of your marriage, and then to give me this hunt after you - oh, Toto, it's too bad.

Toto. Stop a bit; let us understand each other. You are - let me see -

Caramel. I am Prince Caramel, known to you as Barberini.

Toto. Barberini! I know that name. (*suddenly.*) It's the brigand.

Caramel. (*hurt.*) Yes, it's the brigand.

Toto. Let me see - didn't I marry you *or something*?

Caramel. Yes, you did marry me, and you left me immediately afterwards with a parcel of Red Indians, and I've followed you ever since! And now I've found you, what have you got to say for yourself?

Toto. That I'm very, very sorry. I remember it all now. *There was a highly correct clergyman, and a beadle and a pew-opener.*

Caramel. (*annoyed.*) *There was no beadle and no clergyman. We were married by a friar in the mountains.*

Toto. *Of course, the other was a dream. I remember all about it, But my going away was a mere lapse of memory.* The Indians came, and they amused me, and when they asked me to join them I forgot all about you, and I went. But I'm very sorry, and I love you very dearly, and I won't run away anymore. Oh dear, oh dear! If you only knew how I loved you, you'd forgive me directly.

Caramel. (*annoyed.*) Well - I - now don't cry, I can't bear to see anyone cry. If you'll promise to return with me and never forget you've been married any more, why I'll try and forgive you.

Toto. And never tease me about it again?

Caramel. No, the matter shall be buried and forgotten.

Toto. Then I'm forgiven?

Caramel. Yes. (*Kisses her.*)

Toto. (*in his arms.*) Quite?

Caramel. Quite.

### **No.20. - SONG - Toto.**

*First verse sung to CAMEL.*



I'm a simple little maid,  
A garden growing wild;  
I cannot be demure and staid -  
I'm but a wayward child.

My simple heart knows no deceit,  
It loves but thee alone,  
And while I live that heart will beat  
For thee, my own - my own, for thee, for thee.  
For thee, for thee, my own, my own.  
<sup>29</sup> Oh have no fear, oh love of mine,  
My simple heart is ever thine.

*At the end of the first verse CARMEL turns up stage and goes off slowly as DORO enters. DORO comes down stage and TOTO sings second verse to him, not noticing that any change has taken place.*

While borne from thee o'er many a mile  
Of cold and stormy sea,  
Although my lips have worn a smile  
My heart has ached for thee.  
If many a year had passed away  
And time had left his sign,  
And thou and I were old and grey,  
My heart would still be thine!  
Would still be thine!  
Would still be thine,  
Yes only thine!  
Oh have no fear, oh love of mine,  
My simple heart is ever thine.

*At the end of the song DORO repulses her.*

- Toto. There, now you're cross again.
- Doro. Cross? I should think so, to leave me as you did, with a set of strangers. I'll never forgive you, never - never -
- Toto. Why, you promised you would never refer to it again!
- Doro. I promised you that?
- Toto. Certainly! Now, do drop the subject, and don't refer to it again.
- Doro. Well, you're the coolest young lady I've met for some time.
- Toto. *(coaxingly.)* Now, Barberini -

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<sup>29</sup> These two lines do not appear in the published Vocal Score. The published libretto also indicates an ensemble for Toto and Doro after the second verse which does not appear in the published Vocal Score.

Doro. Barberini? I beg to inform you that my name is Doro.

Toto. Doro, is it? Then why did you tell me your name was Barberini?

Doro. I never told you so.

Toto. Then I'm mixing you up with someone else.

Doro. I object to that process.

Toto. There is a brigand, Barberini, isn't there?

Doro. There is just now, but if you mix him up with me, there won't be a brigand Barberini very long.

Toto. I'll try and keep you distinct, but it's very confusing. Let me see, *I was married to you by a friar in the mountains.*

Doro. *By a friar in the mountains? Not at all, we were married in a church. There was a clergyman, a beadle, and a pew-opener, and your father gave you away.*

Toto. *So I said just now, but you contradicted me.*

Doro. *Never.*

Toto. *I shall get this right. You see, I married one man in reality and one man in a dream. Now which are you?*

Doro. *I am the real man.*

Toto. *Then look here, you wear that (tying a handkerchief round his arm) and then I shall know you.*

Doro. It shall never quit me while I have life. *(Kisses her.)*

***Enter CAMEL, who comes down to the place DORO occupied.***

Toto. *(speaking to CAMEL.)* Why, you've taken it off already. Oh, you men, there's no trusting you.

Caramel. I don't think I quite understand.

Doro. Now you're mixing us up again.

Toto. True. Caramel, get away, you're a dream

Caramel. A dream!

Toto. A hideous dream.

Doro. A nightmare.

Caramel. But.

Toto. Go away, I tell you. Don't come near me. If you speak another word I'll wake, and then where will you be?

Caramel. False, fickle, perjured girl! I renounce you for ever! There is one lowlier in station, but lovelier in personal appearance, who tended me during the protracted agonies of the voyage, and to whom my heart will ever turn with sympathetic yearnings. I go to her. *My own Jelly. (Exit.)*

Toto. Oh, Doro, I begin to regret that I ever left home. I can't help thinking that young girls should never leave their father's roof with a band of brigands, without first obtaining their father's permission. Mine was not a very wise man, perhaps, but he loved his daughter devotedly.

***Re-enter the KING, one half of his face is quite white; he keeps the painted side towards TOTO.***

King. The crisis is at hand. The rain came as I was sleeping sweetly in the prickly cactus, and I forgot to bring the walnut-juice with me. There isn't a drop in the island. If I can't contrive to keep the painted side of my face towards her, all must be discovered. With a little ingenuity I may contrive to keep up the deception for a few hours, but I cannot hope to be permanently successful.

Toto. *(coming down stage with DORO.)* Allow me to introduce my husband who has come here in search of me. Prince Doro, this is 'Choakee-Choakee', the 'Abernethy Biscuit'.

King. *(aside.)* This is extremely awkward. *(As DORO is on his white side, the KING conceals that side of his face with his drapery.)*

Doro. I have come to claim my bride. I hope there will be no difficulty?

King. *(aloud.)* None whatever. *(aside.)* If they could only be induced to keep on the same side of me, all might be well. *(aloud.)* In this country, it is customary for married people never to leave each other's side for a moment.

Doro. It is not customary in my country, but I am quite willing. *(Crosses to TOTO.)*

King. *(aside.)* A piece of diplomacy worthy of Zapeter!

***Enter CAMEL and JELLY. They come down to the white side of the KING.***

King. Tut, tut, this is worse than ever; who would have thought of finding these people here?

Jelly. Why, that's never your Majesty?

Toto. Jelly! My dear Jelly, I am delighted to see you. Let me introduce you to our Ruler.

Jelly. Bless you, I've known his Majesty since I was born! *(aside.)* Poor thing, she's quite forgotten I've seen him every day for six years.

Caramel. If you please, I had the honour of being betrothed to the Princess, but finding that she loves somebody else -

Jelly. Why, he's going to marry me!

Toto. Why, Jelly, you're never going to marry that! Why, he's a dream!

***Re-enter JAMILEK, ZAPETER and COURT.***

King. Zapeter, how is this? You have removed your complexions! This is indelicate.

Jelly. Why, if it isn't the Prime Minister and all his court.

Toto. I know all your faces somewhere; haven't I seen them before?

Zapeter. Sire, it is no use! The last shower was too much for us, and there is no colouring matter on the island.

Toto. (*sees KING s full face.*) Why, what in the world have you been doing to yourself? Surely this side of your face is familiar to me?

King. I am your poor father who practised deception on you to bring you back to his arms.

Toto. My father. (*Is about to embrace him, but shrinks from the painted side of his face.*) No, the other side, please!

King. And you forgive me?

Toto. I have been very wilful and perverse and wayward, and I have given you a good deal of trouble and made you appear very ridiculous. (*KING deeply hurt.*) No, I don't mean that, but I'm very sorry and we'll all return to the court at once.

King. But first promise me one thing - that come what may, nothing shall ever induce you to reveal the fool I made of myself to regain possession of you. If it got about that I had consented to waive my rank and go about in the disguise of an Abernethy Biscuit, I should never hold up my head again.

Toto. Then that's settled; and now that I have a husband to look after me, I won't give you anymore trouble, as he will always be at hand to pull me up whenever I attempt to act on the spur of the moment.

**No.21. - FINALE - ACT III**

Toto. So pardon pray, you may depend  
Of all my follies here's an end.  
From further error I'll be free,  
I've a husband now to think for me.  
If ever I go wrong again  
Or make mistakes, it's very plain  
The whole responsibility  
Will rest with him and not with me!

Toto.           The whole responsibility  
Will rest with him and not  
with me!

Doro.           The whole responsibility  
Will rest with me and not with  
her!

All.            The whole responsibility  
Will rest, will rest with me/him!

**Curtain**

**<sup>30</sup> FINALE - ACT III - Toto and Chorus.**

At last I shall marry my own,  
For I love my dear Doro alone;  
It cannot be too widely known,  
At last I shall marry my own.  
Let everybody be gay,  
For we're to be married today.

**Curtain**

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<sup>30</sup> This is the finale as printed in the published libretto.