

**ROBERT THE DEVIL**  
**OR, THE NUN, THE DUN, AND THE SON OF A GUN.**

**An Operatic Extravaganza**

First performed at the opening of the Gaiety Theatre, Monday, 21 December, 1868.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

<b>Robert the Devil</b>	Miss E. FARREN
<b>Bertram</b> (his father)	Mr. J. MACLEAN
<b>Gobetto</b> (a drunken Sicilian—afterwards Bertram's familiar)	Mr. J. G. TAYLOR
<b>Ferdinando</b> Knight	Miss LOVE
<b>Bertuccio</b> Knight	Miss EGERTON
<b>Old Bailey</b> Wax figure from Chamber of Horrors	Mr. R. SOUTAR
<b>A Lady</b> Wax figure from Chamber of Horrors	Miss ANGUS
<b>King John</b> Wax figure from Chamber of Horrors	Mr. VAUGHAN
<b>Richard III.</b>	Mr. CRUTWELL
<b>Queen Mary I.</b>	Mr. VERULAM
<b>Albert</b> (Prince of Granada)	Miss L. WILSON
<b>Raimbault</b>	Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY
<b>Princess Isabella</b>	Miss DOLARO
<b>Alice</b>	Miss TREMAINE

**Scene I.**—*Port of Palermo.* **Scene II.**—*Interior of Princess Isabella's Palace.* **Scene III.**—*The Chamber of Horrors as it is.* **Scene IV.**—*The Chamber of Horrors as it ought to be.* **Grand Ballet.** *Herr CARLE and Mlle. EMMA CARLE.*

**Scene I.**—*The Post of Palermo, with entrance to an Inn, R. The sea, with galleys in the distance. The Castle of Palermo on the heights, L.*

**Ferdinando, Bertuccio, Gobetto, and other Sicilian Nobles** discovered looking into the window of Inn. **Gobetto** rather tipsy.

*Opening Chorus.*

*Air – “Versiamo a tuzza piena.” (Robert le Diable.)*

Oh dear—oh dear his soup is vermicelli.  
Oh dear—oh dear—and little sucking pigs.  
Oh dear—oh dear jugged hare and currant jelly.  
Oh dear—oh dear—and apple tart and figs!

*Air changes to “Al sol piacer.”*

Fig and walnut, grape and raisin,  
Pears and Barcelonas, oh—  
Fruits both in and out of saison,  
Gingerbeer and Curaçao!

(Solo.)

He's dining, dining rarely,  
While we can hardly pay for meat;  
'Twould be but acting fairly,  
Were he to ask us in to eat.

*Chor.* Fig and walnut, &c.

*Enter (from Inn) the Prince of Granada.*

**Prince.**

Yes—he's still at it, with his gloomy friend,  
It seems Duke Robert's dinner'll never end!

**Gobetto.**

His prodigality will prove his bane—  
Just look! He's helped himself to tart again!

**Ferdinando.**

What takes he now? Cheesecakes, or I'm a dunce!

**Gobetto.** (*excited*).

Cheesecakes? Yes! There goes two-pence all at once!  
Ah, when he gets his bill, surprised he'll be,  
He doesn't know that sherry's one and three!

**Prince.**

He's smoking cigarettes, and has a tray for 'em—  
I know they're precious dear—I hope he'll pay for 'em!

**Gobetto.**

He's smoking to a pretty tune, I'll bet, oh!

**Prince.**

The pretty tune must be “ *Il Cigaretto* !”

**Bertuccio.**

He's coming out!

**Gobetto.** (*aside*)

A guzzling, greedy gourmand, he!

(*aloud*) Come, boys, three cheers for Robert, Duke of Normandy!

*Enter Robert from hotel, followed by waiter with bill. Robert carries a cup of wine in his hand. All cheer.*

**Robert.** (*to waiter*)

My bill? Ha, yes—I've not sufficient metal.  
The dismal gentleman inside will settle!

**Gobetto.** (*aside*)

Yah! Sunday swell and seedy snob combined!

(*aloud*) I hope your Grace has comfortably dined.

I trust the wines were good—of course they would be  
And that the cookery was all it should be!

(*slyly*) We saw you through the window, pouring fizz in!

**Robert.** (*severely*)

I like the wines, but didn't like the *quizzin'*.  
The bill was heavy, too, but there—that's paid.  
My friends, I drink Palermo's town and trade! (*drinks*)

**Gobetto.**

This condescension, noble sir, will glad it!  
*(aside)* He'd drink Palermo's harbour, if he had it!

**Robert.** *(aside)*

Poor devil, how he glistens at the sight of it  
*(aloud)* Come glasses round, suppose we make a night of it!

*[All agree. Waiter hesitates]*

**Gobetto.** *(tipsily to waiter)*

Didn't you hear what Duke Roberto said?

**Robert.** *(aside to Gobetto.)*

I really think you'd better go to bed,  
 You must have drunk a cellar by your eye—

**Gobetto.**

Then it's a *salt cellar*, I am so dry.

*Enter Bertram (R.) from hotel. All stare in astonishment*

**Prince.**

Whoever are you, tell us, if you can?

**Bertram.**

I'm a particularly wicked man. *(they recoil)*  
 But stay: I don't indulge in crimes by choice;  
 In perpetrating them I have no voice.  
 And after perpetration comes revulsion.  
 A saint by choice, a devil by compulsion!

**Ferdinando.**

Oh, a policeman.

**Bertram.** *(disgusted)*

A policeman? No!

*(impressively)* Town trav'ler to the Gentleman Below,

Who, for my zealous aid in all futurity,  
 Accepts and holds my personal security!

**Bertuccio.**

But what's your duty?

**Bertram.**

What's my duty, eh?

I must secure one victim every day!

It *is* hard, isn't it?

**Bertuccio.**

And should you fail?

**Bertram.**

I pay for it by forfeiting my bail! *(indicating himself.)*

*(whining)* It's getting late. I've collared none to-day!

*(despairingly)* Will anybody volunteer? *(to Ferdinando.)* I say,

Oblige me, now—

**Ferdinando.**

No thanks, the dodge won't do,

I am, in fact, engaged.

**Bertram.** *(to Bertuccio)*

Well, then, will you?

**Bertuccio.**

I'm worse than he—I'm married, on my life!  
But here—I say—you're welcome to my wife!

*Enter Raimbault, with Guitar (L.)*

**Bertram. (to Raimbault.)**

*You're* just the sort of chap I'd like to bind.  
I am an easy-going man you'll find,  
If you but fall in with my little plan.

**Robert.**

A Mephistophelean easy-going man:

**Bertram. (taking Raimbault aside)**

Your name—how came you hither—never fear!

**Raimbault. (whispering)**

My name is Raimbault, and I *rambled* here.  
(*aloud*) I come from sunny France—a lovely spot!

**Robert. (aside)**

Humph!—so do I—and yet I know you not!

**Raimbault.**

To earn my bread as troubadour I try.  
No railway servant works so hard as I,  
Although, in truth, I'm *playing* all day long.

**Robert.**

A troubadour? Oblige us with a song!

**Raimbault.**

What shall I sing? What songs your fancies strike? (*they express indifference*)  
A quaint old Norman legend, if you like?  
I came from Normandy—a mighty ship in.

**Robert.**

From Normandy? Go it, my country's pippin!

*Song. Raimbault.*

*Air — “Les Rendezvous de noble compagnie.” (Pré aux Clercs.)*

*Recit.*

**Raimbault.**

Before I sing—my cap I circulate— (*handing round cap.*)  
The colour of your gold I like to see!  
In stirring verse the account I'll narrate (*bis*)  
Of Robert Duke of Normandee (*ter*)

*Aria.*

In his chateau,  
Many, many years ago,  
Lived a bravo,  
Duke of Normandy!  
Of him, untrue,  
He'd arranged with—you know who—  
Maids and wives too  
Should enamoured be!  
Public meetings  
Carried, for the many things

Such a gift brings,  
 Robert he must die!  
 He, poor fellow,  
 Saw, at once, he'd better go;  
 From his chateau  
 He was forced to fly.

**Robert.** (*aside*). That's my papa! He knows no more!  
**Raimbault.** I beg your pardon, sir—Verse four—  
 The fiend—for him the people call so—  
 Although no doubt he's dead, you see—  
 He left a son—called Robert, also,  
 Who turned out rather worse than he!  
**Robert.** I can't stand this, upon my honour.

**Raimbault.** It is too bad!  
**Bertram.** It is too bad,

**Robert, Bertram and Raimbault.**  
 Upon my word it is too bad,  
 A most unmitigated cad;  
 It's really sad—he's quite a lad,  
 Yet an unmitigated cad!

**Raimbault.** Now you all know  
 How (many, many years ago)  
 Lived that bravo  
 Duke of Normandy!

**Bertram, Raimbault.** By peer and peasant  
 Detested — pleasant!

**Robert, Bertram and Raimbault.**  
 Upon my word  
 I never heard  
 So bad/sad a song,  
 So bad/sad a song

*During this song, Bertram and Robert appear very much annoyed. At the end Robert works himself up into a furious rage.)*

**Robert.**  
 Well, have you finished?

**Raimbault.**  
 Yes—that's all the song.  
 But here's a work in verse, three volumes long,  
 About Duke Robert—his career's a Vandal's  
 Accept it—it contains the latest scandals.

**Robert.**  
 I think you'll find it *all the worse* for you!  
 Arrest that fellow!

**Raimbault.**  
 Why?

**Robert.**  
 You'll quickly see,  
 For I am Robert Duke of Normandy;

He dies!

**Raimbault.** (*in great terror*)

Oh can't you spare me?

**Robert.**

Quiet, will you?

Spare you? Of course I can—that's why I kill you.

*Concerted Piece.—Trio, Robert, Raimbault, Bertram, and others.*

*Air— "La tremenda ultrice spada." (Capuletti.)*

**Robert.** Soon my falchion, so tempered and trusty,  
Shall perforate you through and through!  
Men have found that it's blade's cut—and—thrusty,  
So shall you! so shall you! so shall you!

**Raimbault.** In my shoes, sir,  
I tremble—so would you, sir!  
Doomed to be, by a nobleman crusty,  
Cut in two! cut in two! cut in two!

*(Air changes to— "Hunting the Hare.")*

**Raimbault.** Mercy, oh mercy, I pray you, in charity;  
Wasn't aware you belonged to the clan.

**Robert.** I'll teach you to libel a Duke with hilarity,  
Chaffing Duke Robert's a dangerous plan.

**Raimbault.** Look at my hair and observe its rigidity,  
Notice my tears, you unmerciful man!

**Bertram.** Through your timidity, quibble and quiddity,  
See with rapidity surely I can!

**All.** Through his timidity, &c.

**Raimbault.** In a second I'll offer an humble apology—

**Robert.** Pooh, your apology's only a sham.

**Raimbault.** A second's an interval known in horology.

**Bertram.** Plainly the fellow's been drinking a dram!  
Off to the prison, and let him be put in it—  
Fasten the door with a vigorous slam!

**Raimbault.** I shall be shut in it—never be cuttin' it—  
Putting my fut in it always I am!

**All.** He will be shut in it, &c.

*(They are about to bear Raimbault away.)*

**Raimbault.**

My lord, one word—I and my future bride  
Have travelled, seeking you far and wide.  
We bear this note to you from your mama—

**Robert.**

A note for me? then hand it over— (**Raimbault gives him a large packet**) Ha!  
This *must* be money, though, at any rate.

**Raimbault.**

No—good advice—

**Robert.** Oh, good advice can wait (*puts packet in his breast*)  
Your bride is pretty, is she?

**Raimbault.**

Pretty? Very!  
 She has a smile so sweet—a laugh so merry,  
 A cheek so dimpled, and an eye so clear!

**Robert.**

Let me behold her eye—

**Raimbault.**

Behold her 'ere !

*Enter Alice (L).*

**Robert.**

My sister Alice!

**Alice.** (*astonished*)

Robert! (*embrace*)

**Gobetto.** (*very tipsy*)

That won't do;  
 The girl belongs to us as much as you.

**Robert.** (*to Gobetto.*)

My foster-sister.

**Gobetto.**

Sister? that's all lies.

**Robert.**

Stand off; the man who touches Alice, dies.  
 She is my foster-sister—nothing less—  
 You see I'm *forced to 'sist her* in distress.  
 (*to Alice*) You're just in time to save your lover's life.

**Alice.**

What has *he* done to justify the knife?

**Robert.**

He sang a verse and pitched it in a wrong key.

**Alice** (*aside to Raimbault.*)

You've been and sung that song to him, you donkey!

**Gobetto.** (*very drunk*)

His foster-sister? Nonsense, that's all lying!

**Robert.**

Bertram, old chap, just send these fellows flying.

[**Bertram** *scares them off with diabolical action. Exit Raimbault into hotel. Bertram remains at the back, and being fascinated with Alice, endeavours to attract her attention.*]

Now Alice, you may speak—we're quite alone.

**Alice.**

Why Robert, how you're changed in speech and tone!  
 Your forehead, once so smooth, now bears a frown in it;  
 As for your mouth, it's evident you're down in it.

**Robert.**

Yes, though I'm young, it's plain to all who con it  
 Down *in* the mouth before I've down *upon* it!  
 You'll find its reason in this lovely face,

*(Showing her a case containing miniature.)*

**Alice.**

I see there is a lady *in the case*.  
To me once more that pretty portrait give— (*Examining it*)  
The Princess Isabella, as I live!

**Robert.** (*surprised*)

You know her?

**Alice.**

Yes! Of course you've made a bid.  
You told her that you loved her?

**Robert.**

Yes, I did.

But all the court with indignation filled,  
Attacked me, and I surely had been killed,  
But dear old Bertram, there, dispersed my foes—

(**Bertram** *is at the back, smirking at Alice*)

**Alice.**

What, that disgusting person with the nose?

**Robert.**

The very same.

**Alice.**

But what a horrid fright!

**Bertram.**

The little darling's fascinated quite!

**Alice.**

With such a horrible complexion trammelled!

**Robert.**

That's not his fault, my dear, he's been enamelled  
How to get at my love I hardly know.

**Alice.**

Stop—I've a notion!

**Robert.**

Ha!

**Alice.**

A good one!

**Bertram.** (*coming down*)

Ho!

**Alice.**

Take pens—

**Bertram.**

And paper?

**Alice.**

Nothing could be better—

And write her

**Bertram.**

Yes—

**Alice.**

A long—

**Robert.** (*breathless with anxiety*)

Exactly!

**Alice.**

Letter!

**Robert.**

This is, indeed, a most ingenious plan.  
But who will take it?

**Alice.**

I will, if I can.  
I'll ask the sturdy porter at the gate  
*If Isabel is visible—*

**Bertram.**

But wait.  
Suppose the sturdy fellow, Miss, should frown!

**Alice.**

I'll *stir de fellow* up with half-a-crown.  
He'll spend it all upon his favourite wets,  
He tipsy gets with all the *tips he gets* !

**Robert.**

But stay! to prove myself a Duke of price,  
I must have money—Raimbault! Ho! Some dice

[*Enter Gobetto (and other Sicilians) and Raimbault.*

Come friends, a main! bring out some sparkling wine,  
The Princess Isabella shall be mine! (*A table is brought. They prepare to play*)

**Ber. (aside)**

Marry the princess? No, that's not my game,  
My victim, Robert, I should never claim.  
That slight consideration's not delectable,  
A man who marries often turns respectable.

(*aside to Gobetto.*) Take these, my friend—the gentleman you'll puzzle.

(*giving him dice.*)

**Gobetto.**

The dice are loaded?

**Bertram.**

Loaded to the muzzle!

Throw!

**Robert. (throwing)**

Sixes!

**Bertram.**

Good. Gobetto—

**Gobetto. (throwing)**

Ninety-seven! (*Takes money from Robert.*)

**Robert.**

Again! (*throws*) Ha! one!

**Gobetto. (throwing)**

Two millions and eleven!

(*Takes more of Robert's money.*)

**Robert. ("Box and Cox" business.)**

Those are good dice of yours? Once more we'll toss!  
Double the stakes! I must redeem my loss. (*Puts down last coin.*)  
I'm staking down my only chance to sup. (*Throws and loses.*)  
And all I'm staking down *he's taking* up.

One more expiring venture, sir—here goes—  
Pray, gentlemen, observe my dying *throes* !  
I pledge my jewelled collar. (*throws*) Seven! gone!

**Gobetto.**

Your pledge is mine, my lord. (*Takes Robert's collar.*)

**Bertram.** (*aside*)

*Rook takes knight's pawn !*

**Robert.**

No more of dicing—Whist! (*to Gobetto.*) you'll take a hand?

**Gobetto.**

Well, yes—the game I hardly understand.

**Bertram.** (*aside to Gobetto.*)

You are prepared, I hope?

**Gobetto.** (*aside to Bertram.*)

Oh, never fear!

Observe my boy—I've all the honours here!

(*Opens his doublet, and shows all the red court cards fastened on his breast.*)

**Bertram.**

Good boy, good boy! How pleasant 'tis to con him,  
With *all his blushing honours thick upon him!*

**Robert.** (*desperate*)

The bottle's empty! Landlord! Ho! More wine—  
We'll cut for deal (*does so*) Hurrah, the deal is mine!

**Bertram.** (*with Scotch accent*)

Eh, but I'm always unco glad to feel  
Robert associated wi' the *deil* !

*Quartette.*— **Alice, Bertram, Robert, Raimbault and Gobetto.**

*Air— "Bibi-Bamban."*

(*The four players, alternately playing and running round table.*)

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine, ten, knave, queen, king. (*Bis*)

**Robert.**

This is the road to ruin plainly,  
Very good cards you seem to hold!

**Alice. and Raimbault.**

Poor little man, he plays insanely,  
Poor little man, he's bought and sold!

**Bertram.** (*dealing fresh pack.*)

Ho! ho! ho!  
Nobody can know

What the cards I'm dealing out may show, show, show!

**All.**

Ho! ho! ho!  
Nobody can know

What the cards he's dealing out may show, show, show!

(*During this last line the players have gathered up their cards—then coming to the front, and showing their hands to audience.*)

**All.**

—Trumps at last!  
Ill-luck has past,  
Despair, despair away I'll throw,  
One rubber more—  
What luck's in store  
We never, never, never, never, never, never, never know!

*Air changes to "Ah qu'elles sont bonnes les pommes."*

**All.** Oh! look at the cheat a-cheating,  
Oh! ain't it a shameful case?  
Oh! now with his metre meting,  
Oh! punish the traitor base.

**Robert.** Throw him—thrust him—thrash him—throttle him,  
Place him under a traitor's ban.

**Bertram.** Blow him, bust him, bash him, bottle him,  
(*aside to Gobetto.*) Get out of this as soon as you can!

(*Gobetto falls— Robert standing over him— Bertram protecting him*).

**All.** Oh! look at the cheat a-cheating, &c.

### Tableau.

**Scene II.** —*Apartment in Princess Isabella's palace*

*Enter Isabella, followed by Prince of Granada, who is annoying her with his attentions.*

**Prince.**  
My darling cousin—but one chaste salute. (*tries to kiss her.*)

**Isabella.**  
Oh, go away, my lord—you persecute. (*he kisses her hand.*)  
Release me, sir; how dare you kiss my hand?  
Even your addled pate might understand  
That persons whom I absolutely hate,  
Detest, abhor, despise, abominate,  
Are not the persons I prefer to kiss.

**Prince.** (*foolishly.*)  
Of course—I understand (*aside*) Much more of this,  
And I shall almost think—unless she's fooling—  
The ardent rapture of her love is cooling!  
(*aloud*) Six months ago you called me best of men.

**Isabella.**  
Six month? I hadn't seen my Robert then!  
Whom you and yours drove from my father's court

**Prince.**  
Well, ya-as, because I found him spoiling sport,  
For when a fellow finds that though he's true,  
He's cut out, deuce knows how by deuce knows who—  
By somebody who's nobody, I swear,  
Who came here deuce knows when, from deuce knows where,  
And that, in mode particularly curt,  
Of course a fellow feels a little hurt! (*Exit, R.*)

*Enter Alice and Raimbault, L.*

**Alice.**  
Your highness—

**Isabella.**  
Is it Alice?

**Alice.**

Alice, certo,  
I bring some news to you of your Roberto!

**Isabella.**

Of Robert?

**Raimbault.**

Yes; he sends a letter—see!

**Isabella.**

A note from Robert, and addressed to me!

**Raimbault.**

Of course, or I should not have hither tramped.  
It's marked Immediate! Urgent! Private! Stamp'd!  
And then your name in full your vision blesses.

**Isabella.**

He always was most *marked* in his *addresses*!  
(*Open and reads.*) He says he'll soon contrive to me to steal!  
Oh, happiness! For Alice, dear, I feel  
So dull now that the castle is without him.

**Raimbault.**

And he's without the castle—never doubt him!

**Isabella.**

Robert without? Good gracious, who advised him?

**Alice.**

I: as a vintner's lad, I've well disguised him—  
Laden with flasks Rhenish cased in wicker.  
He comes!

(*enter Robert, disguised as vintner's lad, with bottles, &c*)

**Robert.**

Behold your Bob, *disguised in liquor* !

**Isabella.** (*embracing him*)

Well, how you planned it goodness only knows!  
You must have bribed the servants, I suppose!

**Robert.**

No, with my fists I silenced all inquisitors—  
I'm not one of those servant-tipping visitors  
Who go about with fivers in their grip,  
These are the only *fivers* that I tip! (*showing his fist.*)  
An honest Bob—just like an honest shilling—  
Is known by the perfection of his *milling*.  
Moreover—blinded by love's dazzling heat—  
I saw no sort of danger in the feat,  
I'm blind to everything—yet truth to tell,  
Blind though I be, I hope I see you well?  
I came to snatch one kiss this afternoon—  
Then I must go.

**Isabella.**

Oh, dear, that's very soon,  
If you are *blind*, dear Robert, why it's certain  
You're not unlike your visit—that's a *curt'un* !

*Quartette.— Robert, Isabella, Alice, and Raimbault.*  
*Air— “Le Chateau de Kaoutchou.”*

**Robert.** One moment more, and then you know  
 Its necessary I should go.

**Isabella.** Go, go, go?  
**Alice.** Go, go, go!

**Robert.** For, spite of all my close disguising,  
 My face they may be recognizing (*chord*)  
 They would divide of each of us  
 The beautiful oesophagus—

**Alice.** They would divide of each of us  
 The beautiful oesophagus!

**All.** Oh, what a sham, la! la! ou!  
 They'd take and run us through and through!  
 Oh, what a sham, la! la! ou!  
 They'd take and run us through and through!

**Isabella.** Oh come with me, a spot I know  
 Where, unperceived, we all may go.

**Alice.** Go, go, go!  
**Isabella.** Go, go, go!

**Alice.** Lead on, we'll follow as directed;  
 But, certainly, if we're detected (*chord*)  
 They will divide of each of us  
 The beautiful oesophagus. (*bis*)

**All.** Oh, what a sham, &c.

*(At the end of Quartette they dance off, R. Then enters Bertram.)*

**Bertram.** (*whining*)  
 I must stop Robert's plans at any cost!  
 If he weds Isabella, all is lost! (*draws dagger*)  
 For this behaviour you're quite right to blame me!  
 But if he weds, my ghostly dun will claim me!  
 I was a goose to trade with such a one,  
 There never was a goose so *under dun* !  
 (*looking at dagger*) What! against Robert use my sharp stiletto?  
 (*indignantly*) No! but I know a chap who will! Gobetto!

*Enter Gobetto looking very unhappy.*

**Bertram.** (*with remorse*)  
 A melancholy sight! My latest victim!  
 'Twas yesterday I nick'd him!

**Gobetto.**  
 Yes— *Old Nicked* him!  
 (*aside*) With such a master this must be a rum place!

*(Bertram overhears him, and frowns satanically at him.)*

**Gobetto.** (*with assumed enthusiasm.*)  
 Long live Count Bertram! Duke, no doubt, of some place!

**Bertram.** (*sternly*)  
 You quarrel with your place? I read your mind!

You might be in a worse place, as you'll find,  
Unless you do my bidding, sir, this morning!

**Gobetto.** (*aside*)

Oh lor, I can't stand this—I'll give him warning.

(*aloud*) Yah! this day month!

**Bertram.** (*sternly*)

What's that I heard you call!

**Gobetto.** (*changing his mind, very terrified.*)

Will be the fourth of February, that's all!

*Enter Robert. He is surprised at seeing Bertram.*

**Bertram.** (*going up to him.*)

Why came you here?

**Robert.**

I told you why, before.

I came to visit her whom I adore—

To try and make her fly with me—but no,

There's such a watch on her, she dares not go!

It's hard that Prince Granada and his mates

Should try to separate us, when the Fates

A pair of spoons like us together bring!

**Bertram.**

A pair of spoons? Pooh, pooh! there's no such thing!

**Robert.**

Indeed? Prove that!

**Bertram.**

I will—in half a second—

(*With intense meaning.*) *It's by the dozen, spoons are always reckoned!*

You and *one* other? It was well we met!

(*insidiously*) *You and eleven others* —That's the set.

**Robert.** (*innocently*)

Eleven wives polygamy they call!

**Bertram.**

Oh, go along—who talked of wives at all?

Hymen's a humbug and a hollow sham—

(*aside*) Oh what a very naught boy I am!

**Robert.** (*drawing sword*)

You scoundrel! Blacker words I never heard!

**Bertram.** (*much alarmed*)

I didn't mean it, Bob, upon my word!

**Gobetto.** (*aside to Bertram.*)

The dagger guv'nor?

**Bertram.** (*aside to Gobetto.*)

Stop—“another way,”

As works on cookery so often say—

I've still one deadly arrow left to launch—

If I can make him steal the magic branch

That's planted in the Nun's Enchanted Bower,

He'll be for ever shackled in my power.

(*to Robert.*) Now this time I'm in earnest.

**Robert.**

Well, begin!

**Bertram.**

If Princess Isabella you would win,  
Come, snatch the magic branch from where it's planted.

**Robert.**

And where is that?

*Enter Alice and Raimbault, R. They listen unperceived*

**Bertram.**

Why in a room that's haunted!  
It's called the Room of Horrors—it unfurls  
The statues raised to naughty boys and girls.  
You'll find there, penned in its resistless trammel,  
Thieves, murderers, and people who enamel.  
Whose slightest crime would make your bosom bleed.

**Alice.** (*coming forward*)

Madame Tussaud!

**Bertram.**

*Madam 'tis so, indeed!*

**Robert.**

A kind of treat for butchers only, meet!

**Bertram.**

A treat for *butchers*? nonsense! *Baker's treat!*

**Gobetto.**

How comes one there?

**Bertram.**

Why, I've been somewhere told  
That when you're dead, before your body's cold, there.  
To sketch your face their artist will repair,  
You'll first be hanged, then drawn, then quartered  
There you may seize at midnight's magic hour  
The mystic branch—none can resist its power!  
You can go where you will, and none can ban you.  
(*aside*) Oh, Bertram, oh you naughty boy, how *can* you?  
(*to Robert.*) Its sixpence each—a fact I to explain meant—

**Robert.**

Who pays for this *sixpensive* entertainment?

**Bertram.**

I do.

**Robert.**

That's well—come Bertram, quick, away!

**Bertram.** (*aside*)

Ha! he consents! he's mine, and from to-day!

*Quintette.*— **Robert, Bertram, Raimbault, Gobetto, and Alice.**

*Air*— “*Digue, digue, digue*” (“*L'Ile de Tulipatan*”).

**Alice.** Oh, he's tricky—tricky—tricky—tricky—trick—tricked him.

There's the deuce to pay  
As he'll find to-day.

**Raimbault.** (*to Robert.*)

You're his vicky—vicky—vicky—vicky—vick—victim.  
I'm glad it isn't I,  
He's so particularly sly!

**All.** Oh, he's tricky—tricky—, &c.

(*Air changes to finale to "L'Ile de Tulipatan,"*)

**Raimbault.** He's a very bad old gentleman—let him go, pray do!  
I'm sure that chamber isn't a place for boys like you!

**Robert.** My love, I can't be gaining,  
By here alone remaining!

**Bertram.** That's quite incontrovertible, and grandly true!

**All.** 'Txing! (*imitating cymbals*).

Tra! la! la! la! la! la!

Let us dance to Isabella!

Tra! la! la! la! la! la!

In a graceful Tarantella! (*Dance, and off, L.*)

**Scene III.**—*The Chambers of Horrors as it is.*

(*The room contains several figures dressed in imitation of clumsy wax-work, their faces very pink and white, blue dots for the beard, eyebrows very distinct, eye-lashes very marked and very far apart. They wear clumsy wigs and palpably false whiskers, and stand about in stiff, constrained attitudes. The clock strikes twelve—the figures gradually appear to wake, (stretching themselves in a jerky way as if they were moved by rusty clock-work. Old Bailey, a wax figure, dressed in chains, comes forward.)*)

*Chorus of Wax Figures.*

*Air.*— "A fosco cielo." (*La Sonnambula.*)

We're only wax-work,  
With hair of flax-work,  
And dressed in sack's work,  
Artistic quack's work!  
With clumsy rack's work,  
Our arms and backs work. — Oh! (*wildly*).

(*Reassuringly to audience.*)

Now pray don't run,  
That's but our fun!  
That's but our fun!

At midnight hour,  
When thunders lower,  
And lightnings glower,  
And torrents shower,  
It's in our power  
To leave our bower. Oh!

(*as before.*)

You needn't be  
Alarmed at me.  
Because you see,  
I'm only wax-work, &c.

**Old Bailer.**

'Tis now the very witching hour, tis said,  
When wax-works yawn, and stretch themselves in bed.

Awake, awake, awake, each waxen mummy!  
 Quite long enough at "Whist!" you've taken dummy!  
 Courvoisier—Marat—long enough you've sat  
 In that old bath of yours—come out of that!

**A Lady.** (*shocked*)

Oh, gracious goodness!

**Old Bailey.**

Why, you seem distressed!

**A Lady.**

You know he can't come out—he isn't dressed!

How shall we spend the time 'tween this and day?

**Old Bailey.**

Let's have a can-can!

**A Lady.**

Shocking! go away!

**Old Bailey.**

Suppose we go and worry in the gloom

The decent people in the other room!

**All.**

Agreed!

**Old Bailey.**

Come on then—silent as a mouse!

*They creep towards entrance (R.), when enter from R, as if pushed violently from behind, wax figures of **King John, Richard III., and Queen Mary.***

**Old Bailey.**

Who's this?

**King John**

A messenger from the other house!

Allow me—I'm King John—that's hump-backed Dick—

This is Queen Mary!

**Old Bailey.** (*chucking her under the chin.*)

Interesting chick!

**King John.**

They've turned us out of there — they're much the stronger —

They say they cannot stand us any longer. (**Mary cries.**)

**Old Bailey.**

Come, come, don't whimper — dry your tears, my dear —

You'll find yourselves much more at home in here.

**King John.**

It's very hard! a week has hardly passed

Since I was broken, melted, and re-cast!

**A Lady.**

You've taken other characters?

**King John.**

Of course!

For years I've passed as Mr. Wilberforce.

It's hard to saddle one, who saints has passed for,

With all the vices of a part he's *cast* for?

**Old Bailey.**

Well, well, *we* were not always steeped in crime,  
*(With cup.)* Here's better luck to all of us, next time!  
 I can remember — though it's long gone by—  
 When I was Pope — and she was Mrs. Fry! *(Indicating a Lady.)*  
 Listen! Of human steps I hear some traces —  
 Quick, all of you! resume your proper place.

*They all resume their original places and attitudes. Then enter Robert (R.), then Gobetto (L.), and finally Bertram (C.)*

*Trio.— Robert, Bertram, and Gobetto.  
 Air—From “Le Dieu et la Bayadire.”*

Oh, animosity and villainous verbosity,  
 Perpetual precocity, and fabulous ferocity  
 And venomous velocity and every other-ocity,  
 In planning an atrocity or compassing a crime.

**Bertram.** Cast, I pray, your pretty little eyes on  
 Folks who slay, and folks who garrotte —  
 And folks who stab, and folks who pison,  
 A fearful lot—a fearful lot!

**Chorus.** —Oh, animosity and villainous verbosity, &c.

**Robert.**  
 Is this the spot?

**Bertram.**  
 It is—here end our tracks!

**Robert.**  
 I never saw so large a spot of wax!  
*(in a great fright)* I don't half like it—please I want to go!

**Bertram.** *(sarcastically.)*  
 I thought you called yourself Diavolo!

*[Fetches a brazier from the wing. A scroll is attached to the brazier, and the magic branch (a policeman's staff, is above it.)]*

**Robert.**  
 In spots so dark and damp I'm no believer,  
 Diavolo would *die* of a *low* fever!

**Bertram.** *(pointing to staff.)*  
 Observe the magic branch, sir, if you please  
 Where any one can *seize* it at *his ease*.

**Robert.** *(looking at scroll)*  
 I see some words. My rights, should I exceed them,  
 If I attempt to —

**Bertram.**  
 By all means read them.

**Robert.** *(reads)*  
 “Hail, happy Robert — that *must* be the name  
 Of any one who hopes this staff to claim —  
 In safety you may always be a ranger—  
 For in all kind of modern high-way danger,

Invisibility it will afford —  
 If street-rows should be rife, or thieves abroad,  
 Or beery ruffians, brave with half-and half,  
*No eye can see the man who bears this staff!*”  
 The very thing! The staff shall soon be mine!

*(He attempts to seize the staff, but Bertram stops him.)*

**Bertram.**

Stop! There's the contract first to seal and sign —

**Robert.**

Oh, then I'll sign it now, if you'll reveal it,  
 There is no lack of wax, in reach, to seal it!  
 They're all upon the floor, both reds and blacks.

**Bertram.**

That being so, they can't be *sealing* wax.  
 These are all statues, raised from time to time,  
 To people who're remarkable for crime.

**Gobetto.**

What beautiful complexions, though, have some here!

**Bertram.**

They're much improved since Madame Rachel's come here!

**Robert.**

But if their wicked deeds could so unnerve one,  
 Why give them statues?

**Bertram.**

'Cause they don't deserve one!  
 That's our strict rule — a rule we never garble —  
 “Good deeds we write in sand — bad deeds in marble!”

**Robert.**

You said that they were wax—besides, it's plain!

**Bertram.**

“Wax to receive, but marble to retain.”  
 Now then, to give them life — *(Prepares to light the brazier.)*

**Gobetto.**

Poo—how you talk!  
 Have *you* the power to make wax figures walk?

**Bertram.**

Walk? I'll do more than that, before I've done *(lights brazier.)*  
 Increase the temperature, and they'll *run!*  
 Though dead, they'll move about until they're cool.

**Gobetto.**

At what heat will they run?

**Bertram.**

*A dead heat, fool!*  
 But if they're obdurate, you'll get a welting.

**Robert.** *(anxiously)*

Will they be obdurate?

**Bertram.**

No—see, they're *melting* ?

*(Bertram turns a winch behind the brazier, and as he turns the figures come to life. One of the figures, a Lady Abbess, comes forward, and suggests, by action, that they*

*should all give themselves up to enjoyment. The **Lady Abbess** waves her hand. The wax figures change suddenly to ballet girls, and the scene to —*

**Scene the Last.** —*Bertram's Palace.*

*Grand Ballet.*

*(Principal Danseuse — Mlle Emma Carle.)*

*In this scene the usual business between **Robert** and the **Lady Abbess** (now in fairy dress) is gone through. He snatches the branch, amid demonstrations of delight on the part of the supernatural people by whom he is surrounded. The ballet is then resumed.*

*At the end, enter **Robert**, followed by **Bertram**.*

**Robert.**

The staff is mine! Now then, to test its power —  
I'll summon Isabel in half an hour  
And marry her this very morning!

**Bertram.** *(in great fright.)*

No!

Now do you want to see me collard?

**Robert.**

Go —

She'll soon be mine for good!

**Bertram.**

She won't, my lad!

Be yours for good? You'll find it is for bad!  
You *must* not marry — listen ere you slay me —  
I am you father, and you *must* obey me!

**Robert.**

My father? Then of course I must submit!  
But are you sure?

**Bertram.**

Of course — no doubt of it.

*(pointing to letter in **Robert's** girdle.)* Your mother's note will show it in a trice.

**Robert.**

My mother's note? Of course! The good advice!  
*(Reads letter.)* "Dear Robert — though unkind it may appear,  
Beware of Bertram—he's your father, dear!  
He left me — yet he forces me to pension him —  
And that's why *men shun him*, and do not *mention him*.  
But, dear, I could forgive his conduct shady,  
(For, oh, I'm not at all a nice old lady!)  
I could forgive the brute's deserting me,  
(I should have done the same, if I'd been he,)  
But this I can't forgive, and can't forget —  
He took the keys, dear, of the cellaret!"

*(to **Bertram**.)* Oh, monster, this decides me —

**Bertram.**

Robert—no!

**Robert.**

Away! I marry and you go below!

*Song.* — **Robert and Bertram.**

*Air.* — “*My Father's Farm.*” “*Miller's Legacy.*”

**Bertram.**

Pity me, Robert, now you know  
That I your father be!  
For if I'm taken down below,  
What will become of me?  
With my vices here—with my vices there—  
Here a vice—there a vice—everywhere a vice!  
Pity me, Robert, now you know  
That I'm indeed your father.

**Robert.**

A wink's as good as any nod,  
So don't you balk my ends.  
Behold, I summon with this rod  
Both enemies and friends.  
Gobetto here — Gobetto there —  
Here a-to—there a-to—everywhere a to—  
(*Enter Gobetto.*)  
With a Raimbault here and a Raimbault there—  
Here a-bault, there a-bault, everywhere a-bault.  
(*Enter Raimbault.*)  
With an Alice here and an Alice there —  
Here an -ice, there an -ice, everywhere an -ice.  
(*Enter Alice.*)  
Ferdinando here — Ferdinando there—  
Here a -do—there a -do—everywhere a -do.  
(*Enter Ferdinando.*)  
Bertuccio here — Bertuccio there —  
Here a-cio—there a-cio—everywhere a-cio.  
(*Enter Bertuccio.*)  
With an Isabella here — an Isabella there —  
Here a -bella—there a -bella—everywhere a-bella.  
(*Enter Isabella.*)  
Come Isabella, come to me,  
Our troubles now are ended.

**Chorus.**

Come, Isabella, &c.

**Isabella.**

My Robert!

**Robert.**

Isabella! Rapture; Joy!

**Bertram.** (*aside*)

Oh, Bertram, you unlucky little boy!

**Robert.**

But where's my rival Albert?

**Isabella.**

I can't say.

After you left the palace, dear, that day,  
He seemed to fade like folks in foggy weather,  
And finely he vanished altogether!

**Bertram.**

I may as well confess, and fill the void;  
 He was a fiendish imp, by me employed  
 To stop, by rivalry and other harrying,  
 My dear young son, Roberto, there, from marrying  
 Prepare for an unusual surprise —  
 Behold your Albert in his proper guise!

*(The Prince of Granada rise through trap dressed as a demon with Old Bailey standing over him.)*

**Bertram.**

Ha! ha! My friend, Old Bailey? Say is that you?

**Old B.**

Well, not precisely, I'm Old Bailey's statue.  
 Madame Tussaud, a name I think you knew,  
 Wants a new horror — and she thinks you'll do.

*(aside to Bertram.)* You've lost your prey! *(aloud)* Advance — your comrade greet:  
*(Enter all the principal wax figures from Scene III.)*

**Old Bailey.**

A deputation, sir, from Baker-street.

**Bertram.** *(aside to Old Bailey.)*

You've lots of used up statues here, I see,  
 Can't you dress one of them, and say it's me?  
 Cardinal Pole — the Wizard of the North.

*(bright idea)* Here—can't you fake me up with George the Fourth?

*(Old Bailey expresses dissent.)*

*Finale. Bertram, Robert, Alice, Isabella, Gobetto, Raimbault and Chorus.*

*Air— “Logeons le donc, et dès ce soir” (Grande Duchesse.)*

**Robert.**

Among the dead men down you go —  
 Down to the wax-work of Tussaud—  
 You can't do much more harm, you know,  
 Safe in the walls of a waxwork show!

**Chorus.**

—Among the dead, &c. *(dancing.)*

**Raimbault.**

Dressed up in a pretty little wig,  
 With eyes and eyeballs widely staring,  
 Like a stuck piggy wiggy-pig,  
 Clad in the very clothes you're wearing!

**Bertram.** *(in great fright and blubbing.)*

Oh, no! oh, no! in pity, pity, no!  
 Oh, no! oh, no! in pity, pity, no!  
 In pity, pity, pity, pity, no! (“*Ce petit petit pas,*” &c.)

**Chorus.**

—Among the dead men, &c.

**Bertram.** *(appealing in great terror.)*

Let me go; let me go—if you please it wasn't me!  
 If you please—if you please—it was that big boy!  
*(indicating Robert.)*

*(“Voici venir, Paul, Boum et Puck”)*

Oh let me go! oh let me go!  
I'll never do no more  
What I've been and done before!  
If you'll let me go.

**Chorus.** —Among the dead men, &c.

*(General Dance of exultation. Bertram, with Old Bailey and Gobetto standing over him, sink through grave trap as curtain falls.)*