

THE GRAND DUKE

OR

THE STATUTORY DUEL

Libretto by

W. S. Gilbert

Music by

Arthur Sullivan

First produced at the Savoy Theatre in London on March 7, 1896.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUDOLPH (*Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpfennig*).

ERNEST DUMMKOPF (*a Theatrical Manager*).

LUDWIG (*his Leading Comedian*).

DR. TANNHÄUSER (*a Notary*).

THE PRINCE OF MONTE CARLO

VISCOUNT MENTONE

BEN HASHBAZ (*a Costumier*).

HERALD

THE PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO (*betrothed to RUDOLPH*)

THE BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT (*betrothed to RUDOLPH*)

JULIA JELlicOE (*an English Comédienne*)

LISA (*a Soubrette*).

Members of Ernest Dummkopf's Company:

OLGA

GRETCHEN

BERTHA

ELSA

MARTHA

Chamberlains, Nobles, Actors, Actresses, etc.

ACT I. – Scene. Public Square of Speisesaal.

ACT II. – Scene. Hall in the Grand Ducal Palace.

Date 1750.

PREFACE

The text of this libretto is follows that in Gilbert's *Original Plays, Fourth Series*, that being the best guide we have to Gilbert's final thoughts, and the Vocal Score, the latter being preferred where the texts deviate.

Shortly after *The Grand Duke* opened, Gilbert cut three songs from Act II: "Come, bumpers – aye, ever so many", "Take my advice – when deep in debt" and "Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow" which have been reinstated in this libretto. He also pruned the dialogue, but passages of dialogue which were cut either before or after the opening night have not been reinstated.

In the twentieth century, *The Grand Duke* did not form part of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's regular repertoire and so no performing tradition grew up around the opera. But several editions of the libretto appeared, each deciding for themselves what additional cuts to make. Passages of dialogue which are not included in the current Chappell libretto are underlined.

ACT I.

SCENE. – *Market place of Speisesaal, in the Grand Duchy of Pfennig Halbpfennig. A well, with decorated ironwork, up L.C. GRETCHEN, BERTHA, OLGA, and other members of ERNEST DUMMKOPF'S theatrical company are discovered, seated at several small tables, enjoying a repast in honour of the nuptials of LUDWIG, his leading comedian, and LISA, his soubrette.*

CHORUS.

Won't it be a pretty wedding?
Will not Lisa look delightful?
Smiles and tears in plenty shedding –
Which in brides of course is rightful.
One could say, if one were spiteful,
Contradiction little dreading,
Her bouquet is simply frightful –
Still, 'twill be a pretty wedding!
Oh, 'twill be a pretty wedding!
Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

ELSA. If her dress *is* badly fitting,
Theirs the fault who made her *trousseau*.

BERTHA. If her gloves *are* always splitting,
Cheap kid gloves, we know, will do so.

OLGA. If upon her train she stumbled,
On one's train one's always treading.

GRET. If her hair is rather tumbled,
Still, 'twill be a pretty wedding!

CHORUS. Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

CHORUS.

Here they come, the couple plighted –
On life's journey gaily start them.
Man and maid for aye united,
Till divorce or death shall part them.

(LUDWIG and LISA come forward.)

DUET – LUDWIG and LISA.

LUD. Pretty Lisa, fair and tasty,
Tell me now, and tell me truly,
Haven't you been rather hasty?
Haven't you been rash unduly?

The Grand Duke

Am I quite the dashing *sposo*
That your fancy could depict you?
Perhaps you think I'm only so-so?
(She expresses admiration.)
Well, I will not contradict you!

CHORUS. No, he will not contradict you!

LISA. Who am I to raise objection?
I'm a child, untaught and homely –
When you tell me you're perfection,
Tender, truthful, true, and comely –
That in quarrel no one's bolder,
Though dissensions always grieve you –
Why, my love, you're so much older
That, of course, I must believe you!

CHORUS. Yes, of course, she must believe you!

CHORUS.

If he ever acts unkindly,
Shut your eyes and love him blindly –
Should he call you names uncomely,
Shut your mouth and love him dumbly –
Should he rate you, rightly – leftly –
Shut your ears and love him deafly.
Ha! ha! ha!
Thus and thus alone
Ludwig's wife may hold her own!

(Enter NOTARY TANNHÄUSER.)

NOT. Hallo! Surely I'm not late? *(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)*

NOT. But, dear me, you're all at breakfast! Has the wedding taken place? *(All chatter unintelligibly in reply.)*

NOT. My good girls, one at a time, I beg. Let me understand the situation. As solicitor to the conspiracy to dethrone the Grand Duke – a conspiracy in which the members of this company are deeply involved – I am invited to the marriage of two of its members. I present myself in due course, and I find, not only that the ceremony has taken place – which is not of the least consequence – but the wedding breakfast is half eaten – which is a consideration of the most serious importance.

(LUDWIG and LISA come down.)

LUD. But the ceremony has *not* taken place. We can't get a parson!

NOT. Can't get a parson! Why, how's that? They're three a penny!

LUD. Oh, it's the old story – the Grand Duke!

ALL. Ugh!

LUD. It seems that the little imp has selected this, our wedding day, for a convocation of all the clergy in the town to settle the details of his approaching marriage with the

The Grand Duke

enormously wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt, and there won't be a parson to be had for love or money until six o'clock this evening!

LISA. And as we produce our magnificent classical revival of *Troilus and Cressida* to-night at seven, we have no alternative but to eat our wedding breakfast before we've earned it. So sit down, and make the best of it.

GRET. Oh, I should like to pull his Grand Ducal ears for him, that I should! He's the meanest, the cruellest, the most spiteful little ape in Christendom!

OLGA. Well, we shall soon be freed from his tyranny. To-morrow the Despot is to be dethroned!

LUD. Hush, rash girl! You know not what you say.

OLGA. Don't be absurd! We're all in it – we're all tiled here.

LUD. That has nothing to do with it. Know ye not that in alluding to our conspiracy without having first given and received the secret sign, you are violating a fundamental principle of our Association?

SONG – LUDWIG.

By the mystic regulation
Of our dark Association,
Ere you open conversation
With another kindred soul,
You must eat a sausage-roll! (*Producing one.*)

CHORUS. You must eat a sausage-roll!

LUD. If, in turn, he eats another,
That's a sign that he's a brother –
Each may fully trust the other.
It is quaint and it is droll,
But it's bilious on the whole.

CHORUS. Very bilious on the whole.

LUD. It's a greasy kind of pasty,
Which, perhaps, a judgement hasty
Might consider rather tasty:
Once (to speak without disguise)
It found favour in our eyes.

CHORUS. It found favour in our eyes.

LUD. But when you've been six months feeding
(As we have) on this exceeding
Bilious food, it's no ill-breeding
If at these repulsive pies
Our offended gorges rise!

CHORUS. Our offended gorges rise!

MARTHA. Oh, bother the secret sign! I've eaten it until I'm quite uncomfortable!
I've given it six times already to-day – and (*whimpering*) I can't eat any breakfast!

The Grand Duke

BERTHA. And it's so unwholesome. Why, we should all be as yellow as frogs if it wasn't for the make-up!

LUD. All this is rank treason to the cause. I suffer as much as any of you. I loathe the repulsive thing – I can't contemplate it without a shudder – but I'm a conscientious conspirator, and if you won't give the sign I will. (*Eats sausage-roll with an effort.*)

LISA. Poor martyr! He's always at it, and it's a wonder where he puts it!

NOT. Well now, about *Troilus and Cressida*. What do you play?

LUD. (*struggling with his feelings*) If you'll be so obliging as to wait until I've got rid of this feeling of warm oil at the bottom of my throat, I'll tell you all about it. (*LISA gives him some brandy.*) Thank you, my love; it's gone. Well, the piece will be produced upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. It is confidently predicted that my appearance as King Agamemnon, in a Louis Quatorze wig, will mark an epoch in the theatrical annals of Pfennig Halbpennig. I endeavoured to persuade Ernest Dummkopf, our manager, to lend us the classical dresses for our marriage. Think of the effect of a real Athenian wedding procession cavorting through the streets of Speisesaal! Torches burning – cymbals banging – flutes tootling – citharae twanging – and a throng of fifty lovely Spartan virgins capering before us, all down the High Street, singing "Eloia! Eloia! Opoanax, Eloia!" It would have been tremendous!

NOT. And he declined?

LUD. He did, on the prosaic ground that it might rain, and the ancient Greeks didn't carry umbrellas! If, as is confidently expected, Ernest Dummkopf is elected to succeed the dethroned one, mark any words, he will make a mess of it.

(Exit LUDWIG with LISA.)

OLGA. He's sure to be elected. His entire company has promised to plump for him on the understanding that all the places about the Court are filled by members of his troupe, according to professional precedence.

(ERNEST enters in great excitement.)

BERTHA. (*looking off*) Here comes Ernest Dummkopf. Now we shall know all about it!

ALL. Well – what's the news? How is the election going?

ERN. Oh, it's a certainty – a practical certainty! Two of the candidates have been arrested for debt, and the third is a baby in arms – so, if you keep your promises, and vote solid, I'm cocksure of election!

OLGA. Trust to us. But you remember the conditions?

ERN. Yes – all of you shall be provided for, for life. Every man shall be ennobled – every lady shall have unlimited credit at the Court Milliner's, and all salaries shall be paid weekly in advance!

GRET. Oh, it's quite clear he knows how to rule a Grand Duchy!

ERN. Rule a Grand Duchy? Why, my good girl, for ten years past I've ruled a theatrical company! A man who can do that can rule anything!

SONG – ERNEST.

Were I a king in very truth,
And had a son – a guileless youth –
 In probable succession;
To teach him patience, teach him tact,

The Grand Duke

How promptly in a fix to act,
He should adopt, in point of fact,
 A manager's profession.
To that condition he should stoop
 (Despite a too fond mother),
With eight or ten "stars" in his troupe,
 All jealous of each other!
Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew,
Each member a genius (and some of them two),
And manage to humour them, little and great,
 Can govern this tuppenny State!

CHORUS. Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew, etc.

ERN. Both A and B rehearsal slight –
They say they'll be "all right at night"
 (They've both to go to school yet);
C in each act *must* change her dress,
D *will* attempt to "square the press";
E won't play Romeo unless
 His grandmother plays Juliet;
F claims all hoydens as her rights
 (She's played them thirty seasons);
And G must show herself in tights
 For two convincing reasons –
 Two very well-shaped reasons!
Oh, the man who can drive a theatrical team,
With wheelers and leaders in order supreme,
Can govern and rule, with a wave of his fin,
 All Europe – with Ireland thrown in!

CHORUS. Oh, the man, etc.

(Exeunt all but ERNEST.)

ERN. Elected by my fellow-conspirators to be Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig as soon as the contemptible little occupant of the historical throne is deposed – here is promotion indeed! Why, instead of playing Troilus of Troy for a month, I shall play Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig for a lifetime! Yet, am I happy? No – far from happy! The lovely English *comédienne* – the beautiful Julia, whose dramatic ability is so overwhelming that our audiences forgive even her strong English accent – that rare and radiant being treats my respectful advances with disdain unutterable! And yet, who knows? She is haughty and ambitious, and it may be that the splendid change in my fortunes may work a corresponding change in her feelings towards me!

(Enter JULIA JELLICOE.)

JULIA. Herr Dummkopf, a word with you, if you please.

ERN. Beautiful English maiden –

The Grand Duke

JULIA. No compliments, I beg. I desire to speak with you on a purely professional matter, so we will, if you please, dispense with allusions to my personal appearance, which can only tend to widen the breach which already exists between us.

ERN. (*aside*) My only hope shattered! The haughty Londoner still despises me!
(*aloud*) It shall be as you will.

JULIA. I understand that the conspiracy in which we are all concerned is to develop to-morrow, and that the company is likely to elect you to the throne on the understanding that the posts about the Court are to be filled by members of your theatrical troupe, according to their professional importance.

ERN. That is so.

JULIA. Then all I can say is that it places me in an extremely awkward position.

ERN. (*very depressed*) I don't see how it concerns you.

JULIA. Why, bless my heart, don't you see that, as your leading lady, I am bound under a serious penalty to play the leading part in all your productions?

ERN. Well?

JULIA. Why, of course, the leading part in this production will be the Grand Duchess!

ERN. My wife?

JULIA. That is another way of expressing the same idea.

ERN. (*aside – delighted*) I scarcely dared even to hope for this!

JULIA. Of course, as your leading lady, you'll be mean enough to hold me to the terms of my agreement.

ERN. Oh, certainly!¹

JULIA. Oh, that's so like a man! Well, I suppose there's no help for it – I shall have to do it!

ERN. (*aside*) She's mine! (*aloud*) But – do you really think you would care to play that part? (*Taking her hand.*)

JULIA. (*withdrawing it*) Care to play it? Certainly not – but what am I to do? Business is business, and I am bound by the terms of my agreement.

ERN. It's for a long run, mind – a run that may last many, many years – no understudy – and once embarked upon there's no throwing it up.

JULIA. Oh, we're used to these long runs in England: they are the curse of the stage – but, you see, I've no option.

ERN. You think the part of Grand Duchess will be good enough for you?

JULIA. Oh, I think so. It's a very good part in Gerolstein, and oughtn't to be a bad one in Pfennig Halbpennig. Why, what did you suppose I was going to play?

ERN. (*keeping up a show of reluctance*) But, considering your strong personal dislike to me and your persistent rejection of my repeated offers, won't you find it difficult to throw yourself into the part with all the impassioned enthusiasm that the character seems to demand? Remember, it's a strongly emotional part, involving long and repeated scenes of rapture, tenderness, adoration, devotion – all in luxuriant excess, and all of the most demonstrative description.

JULIA. My good sir, throughout my career I have made it a rule never to allow private feeling to interfere with my professional duties. You may be quite sure that (however distasteful the part may be) if I undertake it, I shall consider myself professionally bound to throw myself into it with all the ardour at my command.

ERN. (*aside – with effusion*) I'm the happiest fellow alive! (*aloud*) Now – would you have any objection – to – to give me some idea – if it's only a mere sketch – as to how you would play it? It would be really interesting – to me – to know your conception of – of – the part of my wife.

The Grand Duke

JULIA. How would I play it? Now, let me see – let me see. (*considering*) Ah, I have it!

BALLAD – JULIA.

How would I play this part –
The Grand Duke's Bride?
All rancour in my heart
I'd duly hide –
I'd drive it from my recollection
And 'whelm you with a mock affection,
Well calculated to defy detection –
That's how I'd play this part –
The Grand Duke's Bride.

With many a winsome smile
I'd witch and woo;
With gay and girlish guile
I'd frenzy you –
I'd madden you with my caressing,
Like turtle, her first love confessing –
That it was "mock", no mortal would be guessing,
With so much winsome wile
I'd witch and woo!

Did any other maid
With you succeed,
I'd pinch the forward jade –
I would indeed!
With jealous frenzy agitated
(Which would, of course, be simulated),
I'd make her wish she'd never been created –
Did any other maid
With you succeed!

And should there come to me,
Some summers hence,
In all the childish glee
Of innocence,
Fair babes, aglow with beauty vernal,
My heart would bound with joy diurnal!
This sweet display of sympathy maternal,
Well, that would also be
A mere pretence!

My histrionic art
Though you deride,
That's how I'd play that part –
The Grand Duke's Bride!

The Grand Duke

ENSEMBLE.

ERNEST.

Oh joy! when two glowing young hearts,
From the rise of the curtain,
Thus throw themselves into their parts,
Success is most certain!
If the *rôle* you're prepared to endow
With such delicate touches,
By the heaven above us, I vow
You shall be my Grand Duchess!

JULIA.

My boy, when two glowing young hearts
From the rise of the curtain,
Thus throw themselves into their parts,
Success is most certain!
The *rôle* I'm prepared to endow
With most delicate touches,
By the heaven above us, I vow
I will be your Grand Duchess!

(Dance.)

(Enter all the Chorus with LUDWIG, NOTARY, and LISA – all greatly agitated.)

EXCITED CHORUS.

GIRLS. My goodness me! What shall we do? Why, what a dreadful situation!
MEN. *(To LUD.)* It's all your fault, you booby you – you lump of indiscrimination!
ALL. I'm sure I don't know where to go – it's put me into such a tetter –
But this at all events I know – the sooner we are off, the better!

ERN. What means this *agitato*? What d'ye seek?
As your Grand Duke elect I bid you speak!

SONG – LUDWIG.

Ten minutes since I met a chap
Who bowed an easy salutation –
Thinks I, "This gentleman, mayhap,
Belongs to our Association."
But, on the whole,
Uncertain yet,
A sausage-roll
I took and eat –
That chap replied (I don't embellish)
By eating *three* with obvious relish.

CHORUS. *(angrily)* Why, gracious powers,
No chum of ours
Could eat three sausage-rolls with relish!

LUD. Then² reassured, I let him know
Our plot – each incident explaining;
That stranger chuckled much, as though
He thought me highly entertaining.
I told him all,
Both bad and good;

The Grand Duke

I bade him call –
He said he would:
I added much – the more I muckled,
The more that chuckling chummy chuckled!

CHORUS. (*angrily*)
A bat could see
He couldn't be
A chum of ours if he chuckled!

LUD.
Well, as I bowed to his applause,
Down dropped he with hysteric bellow –
And *that* seemed right enough, because
I *am* a devilish funny fellow.
Then suddenly,
As still he squealed,
It flashed on me
That I'd revealed
Our plot, with all details effective,
To Grand Duke Rudolph's own detective!

CHORUS.
What folly fell,
To go and tell
Our plot to anyone's detective!

CHORUS.

(*Attacking LUDWIG.*)
You booby dense –
You oaf immense,
With no pretence
To common sense!
A stupid muff
Who's made of stuff
Not worth a puff
Of candle-snuff!

Pack up at once and off we go, unless we're anxious to exhibit
Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up upon the Castle gibbet!

(*Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG, LISA, ERNEST, JULIA, and NOTARY.*)

JULIA. Well, a nice mess you've got us into! There's an end of our precious plot!
All up – pop – fizzle – bang – done for!

LUD. Yes, but – ha! ha! – fancy my choosing the Grand Duke's private detective, of
all men, to make a confidant of! When you come to think of it, it's really devilish funny!

ERN. (*angrily*) When you come to think of it, it's extremely injudicious to admit into
a conspiracy every pudding-headed baboon who presents himself!

LUD. Yes – I should never do that. If I were chairman of this gang, I should hesitate
to enrol any baboon who couldn't produce satisfactory credentials from his last Zoological
Gardens.

LISA. Ludwig is far from being a baboon. Poor boy, he could not help giving us
away – it's his trusting nature – he was deceived.

The Grand Duke

JULIA. (*furiously*) His trusting nature! (*To LUDWIG.*) Oh, I should like to talk to you in my own language for five minutes – only five minutes! I know some good, strong, energetic English remarks that would shrivel your trusting nature into raisins – only you wouldn't understand them!

LUD. Here we perceive one of the disadvantages of a neglected education!

ERN. (*to JULIA*) And I suppose you'll never be my Grand Duchess now!

JULIA. Grand Duchess? My good friend, if you don't produce the piece how can I play the part?

ERN. True. (*To LUDWIG.*) You see what you've done.

LUD. But, my dear sir, you don't seem to understand that the man ate three sausage-rolls. Keep that fact steadily before you. Three large sausage-rolls.

JULIA. Bah! – Lots of people eat sausage-rolls who are not conspirators.

LUD. Then they shouldn't. It's bad form. It's not the game. When one of the Human Family proposes to eat a sausage-roll, it is his duty to ask himself, "Am I a conspirator?" And if, on examination, he finds that he is *not* a conspirator, he is bound in honour to select some other form of refreshment.

LISA. Of course he is. One should always play the game. (*To NOTARY, who has been smiling placidly through this.*) What are you grinning at, you greedy old man?

NOT. Nothing – don't mind me. It is always amusing to the legal mind to see a parcel of laymen bothering themselves about a matter which to a trained lawyer presents no difficulty whatever.

ALL. No difficulty!

NOT. None whatever! The way out of it is quite simple.

ALL. Simple?

NOT. Certainly! Now attend. In the first place, you two men fight a Statutory Duel.

ERN. A Statutory Duel?

JULIA. A Stat-tat-tatory Duel! Ach! what a crack-jaw language this German is!

LUD. Never heard of such a thing.

NOT. It is true that the practice has fallen into abeyance through disuse. But all the laws of Pfennig Halbpennig run for a hundred years, when they die a natural death, unless, in the meantime, they have been revived for another century. The Act that institutes the Statutory Duel was passed a hundred years ago, and as it has never been revived, it expires tomorrow. So you're just in time.

JULIA. But what is the use of talking to us about Statutory Duels when we none of us know what a Statutory Duel is?

NOT. Don't you? Then I'll explain.

SONG – NOTARY.

About a century since,
The code of the duello
To sudden death
For want of breath
Sent many a strapping fellow.
The then presiding Prince
(Who useless bloodshed hated),
He passed an Act,
Short and compact,
Which may be briefly stated.
Unlike the complicated laws
A Parliamentary draughtsman draws,

The Grand Duke

It may be briefly stated.

ALL. We know that complicated laws,
A Parliamentary draughtsman draws,³
Cannot be briefly stated.

NOT. By this ingenious law,
If any two shall quarrel,
They may not fight
With falchions bright
(Which seemed to him immoral);
But each a card shall draw,
And he who draws the lowest
Shall (so 'twas said)
Be henceforth⁴ dead –
In fact, a legal “ghoest”
(When exigence of rhyme compels,
Orthography forgoes her spells,
And “ghost” is written “ghoest”).

ALL. (*aside*) With what an emphasis he dwells
Upon “orthography” and “spells”!
That kind of fun’s the lowest.

NOT. When off the loser’s popped
(By pleasing legal fiction),
And friend and foe
Have wept their woe
In counterfeit affliction,
The winner must adopt
The loser’s poor relations –
Discharge his debts,
Pay all his bets,
And take his obligations.
In short, to briefly sum the case,
The winner takes the loser’s place,
With all its obligations.

ALL. How neatly lawyers state a case!
The winner takes the loser’s place,
With all its obligations!

LUD. I see. The man who draws the lowest card –

NOT. Dies, *ipso facto*, a social death. He loses all his civil rights – his identity disappears – the Revising Barrister expunges his name from the list of voters, and the winner takes his place, whatever it may be, discharges all his functions, and adopts all his responsibilities.

ERN. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but it only protects one of us. What’s to become of the survivor?

LUD. Yes, that’s an interesting point, because *I* might be the survivor.

The Grand Duke

NOT. The survivor goes at once to the Grand Duke, and, in a burst of remorse, denounces the dead man as the moving spirit of the plot. He is accepted as King's evidence, and, as a matter of course, receives a free pardon. Tomorrow, when the law expires, the dead man will, *ipso facto*, come to life again – the Revising Barrister will restore his name to the list of voters, and he will resume all his obligations as though nothing unusual had happened.

JULIA. When he will be at once arrested, tried, and executed on the evidence of the informer! Candidly, my friend, I don't think much of your plot!

NOT. Dear, dear, dear, the ignorance of the laity! My good young lady, it is a beautiful maxim of our glorious Constitution that a man can only die once. Death expunges crime, and when he comes to life again, it will be with a clean slate.

ERN. It's really very ingenious.

LUD. (*to NOTARY*) My dear sir, we owe you our lives!

LISA. (*aside to LUDWIG*) May I kiss him?

LUD. Certainly not: you're a big girl now. (*To ERNEST.*) Well, miscreant, are you prepared to meet me on the field of honour?

ERN. At once. By Jove, what a couple of fire-eaters we are!

LISA. Ludwig doesn't know what fear is.

LUD. Oh, I don't mind this sort of duel!

ERN. It's not like a duel with swords. I hate a duel with swords. It's not the blade I mind – it's the blood.

LUD. And I hate a duel with pistols. It's not the ball I mind – it's the bang.

NOT. Altogether it is a great improvement on the old method of giving satisfaction.

QUINTET. – LUDWIG, LISA, NOTARY, ERNEST, JULIA.

Strange the views some people hold!
Two young fellows quarrel –
Then they fight, for both are bold –
Rage of both is uncontrolled –
Both are stretched out, stark and cold!
Prithee, where's the moral?
Ding dong! Ding dong!
There's an end to further action,
And this barbarous transaction
Is described as "satisfaction"
Ha! ha! ha! ha! satisfaction!
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Each is laid in churchyard mould –
Strange the views some people hold!

Better than the method old,
Which was coarse and cruel,
Is the plan that we've extolled.
Sing thy virtues manifold
(Better than refined gold),
Statutory Duel!
Sing song! Sing song!
Sword or pistol neither uses –
Playing card he lightly chooses,
And the loser simply loses!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! simply loses.

The Grand Duke

Sing song! Sing song!
If society were poll'd!
Who'd suppose the method old!⁵
Strange the views some people hold!

NOT. (*offering a card to ERNEST*)

Now take a card and gaily sing
How little you care for Fortune's rubs –
ERN. (*drawing a card*) Hurrah, hurrah! – I've drawn a King:

ALL.

A King!
He's drawn a King!
Sing Hearts and Diamonds, Spades and Clubs!

ALL. (*dancing*)

How strange a thing!
He's drawn a King!
An excellent card – his chance it aids –
Sing Hearts and Diamonds, Spades and Clubs –
Sing Diamonds, Hearts and Clubs and Spades!

NOT. (*to LUDWIG*)

Now take a card with heart of grace –
(Whatever our fate, let's play our parts).

LUD. (*drawing card*)

Hurrah, hurrah! – I've drawn an Ace!

ALL.

An Ace!
He's drawn an Ace!
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts!

ALL. (*dancing*)

He's drawn an Ace!
Observe his face –
Such rare⁶ good fortune falls to few –
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts –
Sing Clubs, Spades, Hearts and Diamonds too!

NOT.

That both these maids may keep their troth,
And never misfortune them befall,
I'll hold 'em as trustee for both –

ALL.

He'll hold 'em both!
Yes, he'll hold 'em both!
Sing Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds, Spades and all!

ALL. (*dancing*)

By joint decree
As our/your trustee
This Notary we/you will now install –
In custody let him keep their/our hearts,
By joint decree as our trustee, etc.,
Sing Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds, Spades and all! etc.,

(Dance and exeunt LUDWIG, ERNEST, and NOTARY with the two Girls.)

The Grand Duke

(March. Enter the seven Chamberlains of the GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH.)

CHORUS OF CHAMBERLAINS.

The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig,
Though, in his own opinion, very very big,
In point of fact he's nothing but a miserable prig
Is the good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

Though quite contemptible, as every one agrees,
We must dissemble if we want our bread and cheese,
So hail him in a chorus, with enthusiasm big,
The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

(Enter the GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH. He is meanly and miserably dressed in old and patched clothes, but blazes with a profusion of orders and decorations. He is very weak and ill, from low living.)

SONG – RUDOLPH.

A pattern to professors of monarchical autonomy,
I don't indulge in levity or compromising *bonhomie*,
But dignified formality, consistent with economy,
Above all other virtues I particularly prize.
I never join in merriment – I don't see joke or jape any –
I never tolerate familiarity in shape any –
This, joined with an extravagant respect for tuppence-ha'penny,
A keynote to my character sufficiently supplies.

(Speaking.) Observe. *(To Chamberlains.)* My snuff-box!

(The snuff-box is passed with much ceremony from the Junior Chamberlain, through all the others, until it is presented by the Senior Chamberlain to RUDOLPH, who uses it.)

That incident a keynote to my character supplies.

RUD. I weigh out tea and sugar with precision mathematical –
Instead of beer, a penny each – my orders are emphatical –
(Extravagance unpardonable, any more than that I call),
But, on the other hand, my Ducal dignity to keep –
All Courtly ceremonial – to put it comprehensively –
I rigidly insist upon (but not, I hope, offensively)
Whenever ceremonial can be practised inexpensively –
And, when you come to think of it, it's really very cheap!

(Speaking.) Observe. *(To Chamberlains.)* My handkerchief!

(Handkerchief is handed by Junior Chamberlain to the next in order, and so on until it reaches RUDOLPH, who is much inconvenienced by the delay.)

The Grand Duke

It's stately and impressive, and it's really very cheap!⁷

RUD. My Lord Chamberlain, as you are aware, my marriage with the wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt will take place tomorrow, and you will be good enough to see that the rejoicings are on a scale of unusual liberality. Pass that on. (*Chamberlain whispers to Vice-Chamberlain, who whispers to the next, and so on.*) The sports will begin with a Wedding Breakfast Bee. The leading pastry-cooks of the town will be invited to compete, and the winner will not only enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his breakfast devoured by the Grand Ducal pair, but he will also be entitled to have the Arms of Pfennig Halbpennig tattoo'd between his shoulder-blades. The Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. All the public fountains of Speisesaal will run with Gingerbierheim and Currantweinmilch at the public expense. The Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. At night, everybody will illuminate; and as I have no desire to tax the public funds unduly, this will be done at the inhabitants' private expense. The Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. All my Grand Ducal subjects will wear new clothes, and the Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will collect the usual commission on all sales. Wedding presents (which, on this occasion, should be on a scale of extraordinary magnificence) will be received at the Palace at any hour of the twenty-four, and the Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will sit up all night for this purpose. The entire population will be commanded to enjoy themselves, and with this view the Acting Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will sing comic songs in the Market Place from noon to nightfall. Finally, we have composed a Wedding Anthem, with which the entire population are required to provide themselves. It can be obtained from our Grand Ducal publishers at the usual discount price, and all the Chamberlains will be expected to push the sale. (*Chamberlains bow and exeunt.*) I don't feel at all comfortable. I hope I'm not doing a foolish thing in getting married. After all, it's a poor heart that never rejoices, and this wedding of mine is the first little treat I've allowed myself since my christening. Besides, Caroline's income is very considerable, and as her ideas of economy are quite on a par with mine, it ought to turn out well. Bless her tough old heart, she's a mean little darling! Oh, here she is, punctual to her appointment!

(*Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT.*)

BAR. Rudolph! Why, what's the matter?

RUD. Why, I'm not quite myself, my pet. I'm a little worried and upset. I want a tonic. It's the low diet, I think. I am afraid, after all, I shall have to take the bull by the horns and have an egg with my breakfast.

BAR. I shouldn't do anything rash, dear. Begin with a jujube. (*Gives him one.*)

RUD. (*about to eat it, but changes his mind*) I'll keep it for supper. (*He sits by her and tries to put his arm round her waist.*)

BAR. Rudolph, don't! What in the world are you thinking of?

RUD. I was thinking of embracing you, my sugar-plum. Just as a little cheap treat.

BAR. What, here? In public? Really, you appear to have no sense of delicacy.

RUD. No sense of delicacy, Bon-bon!

BAR. No. I can't make you out. When you courted me, all your courting was done publicly in the Market Place. When you proposed to me, you proposed in the Market Place. And now that we're engaged you seem to desire that our first *tête-à-tête* shall occur in the Market Place! Surely you've a room in your Palace – with blinds – that would do?

RUD. But, my own, I can't help myself. I'm bound by my own decree.

BAR. Your own decree?

The Grand Duke

RUD. Yes. You see, all the houses that give on the Market-place belong to me, but the drains (which date back to the reign of Charlemagne) want attending to, and the houses wouldn't let – so, with a view to increasing the value of the property, I decreed that all love episodes between affectionate couples should take place, in public, on this spot, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when the band doesn't play.

BAR. Bless me, what a happy idea! So moral too! And have you found it answer?

RUD. Answer? The rents have gone up fifty per cent, and the sale of opera-glasses (which is a Grand Ducal monopoly) has received an extraordinary stimulus! So, under the circumstances, *would* you allow me to put my arm round your waist? As a source of income. Just once!

BAR. But it's so very embarrassing. Think of the opera-glasses!

RUD. My good girl, that's just what I *am* thinking of. Hang it all, we must give them *something* for their money! What's that?

BAR. (*unfolding paper, which contains a large letter, which she hands to him*). It's a letter which your detective asked me to hand to you. I wrapped it up in yesterday's paper to keep it clean.

RUD. Oh, it's only his report! That'll keep. But, I say, you've never been and bought a newspaper?

BAR. My dear Rudolph, do you think I'm mad? It came wrapped round my breakfast.

RUD. (*relieved*) I thought you were not the sort of girl to go and buy a newspaper! Well, as we've got it, we may as well read it. What does it say?

BAR. Why – dear me – here's your biography! "Our Detested Despot!"

RUD. Yes – I fancy that refers to me.

BAR. And it says – Oh, it can't be!

RUD. What can't be?

BAR. Why, it says that although you're going to marry me tomorrow, you were betrothed in infancy to the Princess of Monte Carlo!

RUD. Oh yes – that's quite right. Didn't I mention it?

BAR. Mention it! You never said a word about it!

RUD. Well, it doesn't matter, because, you see, it's practically off.

BAR. Practically off?

RUD. Yes. By the terms of the contract the betrothal is void unless the Princess marries before she is of age. Now, her father, the Prince, is stony-broke, and hasn't left his house for years for fear of arrest. Over and over again he has implored me to come to him to be married – but in vain. Over and over again he has implored me to advance him the money to enable the Princess to come to me – but in vain. I am very young, but not as young as that; and as the Princess comes of age at two tomorrow, why at two tomorrow I'm a free man, so I appointed that hour for our wedding, as I shall like to have as much marriage as I can get for my money.

BAR. I see. Of course, if the married state is a happy state, it's a pity to waste any of it.

RUD. Why, every hour we delayed I should lose a lot of you and you'd lose a lot of me!

BAR. My thoughtful darling! Oh, Rudolph, we ought to be very happy!

RUD. If I'm not, it'll be my first bad investment. Still, there *is* such a thing as a slump even in Matrimonials.

BAR. I often picture us in the long, cold, dark December evenings, sitting close to each other and singing impassioned duets to keep us warm, and thinking of all the lovely things we could afford to buy if we chose, and, at the same time, planning out our lives in a spirit of the most rigid and exacting economy!

The Grand Duke

RUD. It's a most beautiful and touching picture of connubial bliss in its highest and most rarefied development!

DUET – BARONESS and RUDOLPH.

BAR. As o'er our penny roll we sing,
It is not reprehensive
To think what joys our wealth would bring
Were we disposed to do the thing
Upon a scale extensive.
There's rich mock-turtle – thick and clear –

RUD. (*confidentially*) Perhaps we'll have it once a year!

BAR. (*delighted*) You *are* an open-handed dear!

RUD. Though, mind you, it's expensive.

BAR. No doubt it *is* expensive.

BOTH. How fleeting are the glutton's joys!⁸
With fish and fowl he lightly toys,

RUD. And pays for such expensive tricks
Sometimes as much as two-and-six!

BAR. (*surprised*) As two-and-six?

RUD. As two-and-six !

BOTH. Sometimes as much as two-and-six!

BAR. It gives him no advantage, mind –
For you and he have only dined,
And you remain when once it's down
A better man by half-a-crown.

RUD. (*doubtfully*) By half-a-crown?

BAR. (*decisively*) By half-a-crown!

BOTH. Yes, two-and-six is half-a-crown.
(*dancing*) Then let us be modestly merry,
And rejoice with a derry down derry.
For to laugh and to sing
No extravagance bring –
It's a joy economical, very!

BAR. Although as you're of course aware
(I never tried to hide it)
I moisten my insipid fare
With water – which I can't abear –

RUD. Nor I – I can't abide it.

BAR. This pleasing fact our souls will cheer,

The Grand Duke

With fifty thousand pounds a year
We *could* indulge in table beer!

RUD.

Get out!

BAR.

We could – I've tried it!

RUD.

Yes, yes, of course you've tried it!

BOTH.

Oh, he who has an income clear
Of fifty thousand pounds a year –

BAR.

Can purchase all his fancy loves
Conspicuous hats –

RUD.

Two shilling gloves –

BAR. (*doubtfully*)

Two-shilling gloves?

RUD. (*positively*)

Two-shilling gloves –

BOTH.

Yes, think of that, two-shilling gloves!

BAR.

Cheap shoes and ties of gaudy hue,
And Waterbury watches, too –
And think that he could buy the lot
Were he a donkey –

RUD.

Which he's *not*!

BAR.

Oh no, he's *not*!

RUD.

Oh no, he's *not*!

BOTH. (*dancing*)

That kind of donkey he is *not*!
Then let us be modestly merry,
And rejoice with a derry down derry.
For to laugh and to sing
Is a rational thing –
It's a joy economical, very! (Exit BARONESS.)

RUD. Oh, now for my detective's report. (*Opens letter.*) What's this! Another conspiracy! A conspiracy to depose *me*! And my private detective was so convulsed with laughter at the notion of a conspirator selecting him for a confidant that he was physically unable to arrest the malefactor! Why, it'll come off! This comes of engaging a detective with a keen sense of the ridiculous! For the future I'll employ none but Scotchmen. And the plot is to explode to-morrow! My wedding day! Oh, Caroline, Caroline! (*weeps*) This is perfectly frightful! What's to be done? I don't know! I ought to keep cool and think, but you can't think when your veins are full of hot soda-water, and your brain's fizzing like a firework, and all your faculties are jumbled in a perfect whirlpool of tumblication! And I'm going to be ill! I know I am! I've been living too low, and I'm going to be very ill indeed!

SONG – RUDOLPH.

When you find you're a broken-down critter,
Who is all of a trimmle and twitter,
With your palate unpleasantly bitter,
As if you'd just bitten a pill –

The Grand Duke

When your legs are as thin as dividers,
And you're plagued with unruly insiders,
And your spine is all creepy with spiders,
And you're highly gamboge in the gill –
Creepy! Creepy!
When you've got a beehive in your head,
And a sewing machine in each ear,
And you feel that you've eaten your bed,
And you've got a bad headache *down here* –
When such facts are about,
And these symptoms you find
In your body or crown –
It's a shady look out,
You may make up your mind
You had better lie down!
Go at once, go at once and lie down!

When your lips are all smeary – like tallow,
And your tongue is decidedly yallow,
With a pint of warm oil in your *swallow*,
And a pound of tin-tacks in your chest –
When you're down in the mouth with the vapours,
And all over your Morris wall-papers
Black-beetles are cutting their capers,
And crawly things never at rest –
Crawly things! Crawly things!
When you doubt if your head is your own,
And you jump when an open door slams –
Then you've got to a state which is known
To the medical world as "jim-jams"
If such symptoms you find
In your body or head,
They're not easy to quell –
You may make up your mind
You are better in bed,
For you're not at all well!

(Sinks exhausted and weeping at foot of well.)

(Enter LUDWIG.)

LUD. Now for my confession and full pardon. They told me the Grand Duke was dancing duets in the Market-place, but I don't see him. *(Sees RUDOLPH.)* Hallo! Who's this? *(aside)* Why, it *is* the Grand Duke!

RUD. *(sobbing)* Who are you, sir, who presume to address me in person? If you've anything to communicate, you must fling yourself at the feet of my Acting Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain, who will fling himself at the feet of his immediate superior, and so on, with successive foot-flingings through the various grades – your communication will, in course of time, come to my august knowledge.

LUD. But when I inform your Highness that in me you see the most unhappy, the most unfortunate, the most completely miserable man in your whole dominion –

The Grand Duke

RUD. (*still sobbing*). You the most miserable man in my whole dominion? How can you have the face to stand there and say such a thing? Why, look at me! Look at me!
(*Bursts into tears.*)

LUD. Well, I wouldn't be a cry-baby.

RUD. A cry-baby? If you had just been told that you were going to be deposed tomorrow, and perhaps blown up with dynamite for all I know, wouldn't *you* be a cry-baby? I do declare if I could only hit upon some cheap and painless method of putting an end to an existence which has become insupportable, I would unhesitatingly adopt it!

LUD. You would? (*aside*) I see a magnificent way out of this! By Jupiter, I'll try it!
(*aloud*) Are you, by any chance, in earnest?

RUD. In earnest? Why, look at me!

LUD. If you are really in earnest – if you really desire to escape scot-free from this impending – this unspeakably horrible catastrophe – without trouble, danger, pain, or expense – why not resort to a Statutory Duel?

RUD. A Statutory Duel?

LUD. Yes. The Act is still in force, but it will expire tomorrow afternoon. You fight – you lose – you are dead for a day. Tomorrow, when the Act expires, you will come to life again and resume your Grand Duchy as though nothing had happened. In the meantime, the explosion will have taken place and the survivor will have had to bear the brunt of it.

RUD. Yes, that's all very well, but who'll be fool enough to *be* the survivor?

LUD. (*kneeling*) Actuated by an overwhelming sense of attachment to your Grand Ducal person, I unhesitatingly offer myself as the victim of your subjects' fury.

RUD. You do? Well, really that's very handsome. I daresay being blown up is not nearly as unpleasant as one would think.

LUD. Oh, yes it is. It mixes one up, awfully!

RUD. But suppose I were to lose?

LUD. Oh, that's easily arranged. (*Producing cards.*) I'll put an Ace up my sleeve – you'll put a King up yours. When the drawing takes place, I shall seem to draw the higher card and you the lower. And there you are!

RUD. Oh, but that's cheating.

LUD. So it is. I never thought of that. (*Going.*)

RUD. (*hastily*) Not that I mind. But I say – you won't take an unfair advantage of your day of office? You won't go tipping people, or squandering my little savings in fireworks, or any nonsense of that sort?

LUD. I am hurt – really hurt – by the suggestion.

RUD. You – you wouldn't like to put down a deposit, perhaps?

LUD. No. I don't think I should like to put down a deposit.

RUD. Or give a guarantee?

LUD. A guarantee would be equally open to objection.

RUD. It would be more regular. Very well, I suppose you must have your own way.

LUD. Good. I say – we must have a devil of a quarrel!

RUD. Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

LUD. Just to give colour to the thing. Shall I give you a sound thrashing before all the people? Say the word – it's no trouble.

RUD. No, I think not, though it would be very convincing and it's extremely good and thoughtful of you to suggest it. Still, a devil of a quarrel!

LUD. Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

RUD. No half measures. Big words – strong language – rude remarks. Oh, a devil of a quarrel!

LUD. Now the question is, how shall we summon the people?

The Grand Duke

RUD. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. Bless your heart, they've been staring at us through those windows for the last half-hour!

FINALE.

RUD. Come hither, all you people –
When you hear the fearful news,
LUD. All the pretty women weep'll,
Men will shiver in their shoes.

BOTH. And they'll all cry "Lord, defend us!"
When they learn the fact tremendous
RUD. That to give this man his gruel
LUD. In a Statutory Duel –
RUD. This plebeian man of shoddy –
LUD. This contemptible nobody –
BOTH. Your Grand Duke does not refuse!

(During this, Chorus of men and women have entered, all trembling with apprehension under the impression that they are to be arrested for their complicity in the conspiracy.)

CHORUS.

With faltering feet,
And our muscles in a-quiver,
Our fate we meet
With our feelings all unstrung!
If our plot complete
He has managed to diskiver,
There is no retreat –
We shall certainly be hung!

RUD. *(aside to LUDWIG)*
Now *you* begin and pitch it strong – walk into me abusively –

LUD. *(aside to RUDOLPH)*
I've several epithets that I've reserved for you exclusively.
A choice selection I have here when you are ready *to* begin.

RUD. No, *you* begin –

LUD. No, *you* begin –

RUD. No, *you* begin –

LUD. No, *you* begin!

CHORUS. *(trembling)*
Has it happed as we expected?
Is our little plot detected?

DUET – RUDOLPH and LUDWIG

RUD. *(furiously)* Big bombs, small bombs, great guns and little ones!
Put him in a pillory!
Rack him with artillery!

The Grand Duke

LUD. (*furiously*) Long swords, short swords, tough swords and brittle ones!
Fright him into fits!
Blow him into bits!

RUD. You muff, sir!

LUD. You lout, sir!

RUD. Enough, sir!

LUD. Get out, sir! (*Pushes him.*)

RUD. A hit, sir?

LUD. Take that, sir! (*Slaps him.*)

RUD. It's tit, sir,
LUD. For tat, sir!

CHORUS. (*appalled*) When two doughty heroes thunder,⁹
All the world is lost in wonder;
When such men their temper lose,
Awful are the words they use!

LUD. Tall snobs, small snobs, rich snobs and needy ones!

RUD. (*jostling him*) Whom are you alluding to?

LUD. (*jostling him*) Where are you intruding to?

RUD. Fat snobs, thin snobs, swell snobs and seedy ones!

LUD. I rather think you err.
To whom do you refer?

RUD. To you, sir!

LUD. To me, sir?

RUD. I do, sir!

LUD. We'll see, sir!

RUD. I jeer, sir!
(*Makes a face at LUDWIG.*) Grimace, sir!

LUD. Look here, sir –
(*Makes a face at RUDOLPH.*) A face, sir!

CHORUS. (*appalled*) When two doughty heroes thunder,¹⁰
All the world is lost in wonder;
When two heroes, once pacific,
Quarrel, the effect's terrific!

LUD. and RUD. (*recit.*)
He has insulted me, and, in a breath,
This day we fight a duel to the death!

NOT. (*checking them*)
You mean, of course, by duel (*verbum sat.*),
A Statutory Duel.

ALL. Why, what's that?

NOT. According to established legal uses,
A card apiece each bold disputant chooses –
Dead as a doornail is the dog who loses –
The winner steps into the dead man's shoeses!

ALL. Dead as a doornail is the dog who loses, etc.

The Grand Duke

RUD. and LUD. Agreed! Agreed!

RUD. Come, come – the pack!

LUD. (*producing one*) Behold it here!

RUD. I'm on the rack!

LUD. I quake with fear!

(*NOTARY offers card to LUDWIG.*)

LUD. First draw to you!

RUD. If that's the case,
Behold the King! (*Drawing card from his sleeve.*)

LUD. (*same business*) Behold the Ace!

CHORUS. Hurrah, hurrah! Our Ludwig's won
And wicked Rudolph's course is run –
So Ludwig will as Grand Duke reign
Till Rudolph comes to life again –

RUD. Which will occur tomorrow!
Yes, yes, I'll come to life tomorrow!

GRET. (*with mocking curtsey*)

My Lord Grand Duke, farewell!
A pleasant journey, very,
To your convenient cell
In yonder cemetery!

LISA. (*curtseying*) Though malcontents abuse you,
We're much distressed to lose you!
You were, when you were living,
So liberal, so forgiving!

BERTHA. So merciful, so gentle!

So highly ornamental!

OLGA. And now that you've departed,
You leave us broken-hearted!

ALL. (*pretending to weep*)

Yes, truly, truly, truly, truly –
Truly broken-hearted!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Mocking him.*)

RUD. (*furious*) Rapsallions, in penitential fires,
You'll rue the ribaldry that from you falls!
Tomorrow afternoon the law expires.
And then – look out for squalls!

(*Exit RUDOLPH, amid general ridicule.*)

CHORUS. Give thanks, give thanks to wayward fate –
By mystic fortune's sway,
Our Ludwig guides the helm of State

The Grand Duke

(To LUDWIG.)
For one delightful day!
We hail you, sir!
We greet you, sir!
Regale you, sir!
We treat you, sir!
Our ruler be
By fate's decree
For one delightful day!

NOT. You've done it neatly! Pity that your powers
Are limited to four-and-twenty hours!

LUD. No matter, though the time will quickly run,
In hours twenty-four much may be done!

SONG – LUDWIG.

Oh, a Monarch who boasts intellectual graces
Can do, if he likes, a good deal in a day –
Can put all his friends in conspicuous places,
With plenty to eat and with nothing to pay!
You'll tell me, no doubt, with unpleasant grimaces,
Tomorrow, deprived of your ribbons and laces,
You'll get your dismissal – with very long faces –
But wait! on that topic I've something to say!
(*Dancing.*) I've something to say – I've something to say –

CHORUS. He's something to say! etc.

Oh, our rule shall be merry – I'm not an ascetic –
And while the sun shines we will get up our hay –
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS. Oh, his rule will be merry, etc.

(*During this, LUDWIG whispers to NOTARY, who writes.*)

For instance, this measure (his ancestor drew it),
(*alluding to NOTARY*)
This law against duels – tomorrow will die –
The Duke will revive, and you'll certainly rue it –
He'll give you "what for" and he'll let you know why!
But in twenty-four hours there's time to renew it –
With a century's life I've the right to imbue it –
It's easy to do – and, by Jingo, I'll do it!
(*Signing paper, which NOTARY presents.*)
It's done! Till I perish your Monarch am I!

CHORUS. Our Monarch is he, etc.

The Grand Duke

Though I do not pretend to be very prophetic,
I fancy I know what you're going to say –
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS. (*astonished*) Oh, it's simply uncanny, his power prophetic –
It's perfectly right – we *were* going to say,
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

(*Enter JULIA, at back.*)

LUD. (*recit.*) This very afternoon – at two (about) –
The Court appointments will be given out.
To each and all (for that was the condition)
According to professional position!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

JULIA. Oh, Heav'n!

ALL. What's the matter?

JULIA. (*coming forward*) According to professional position?

ALL. According to professional position!

JULIA. Then, horror! horror! horror! horror! horror!

ALL. Why, what's the matter? What's the matter?
What's the matter?

SONG – JULIA. (*LISA clinging to her.*)¹¹

Ah, pity me, my comrades true,
Who love, as well I know you do,
This gentle child,
To me so fondly dear!

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

JULIA. Our sister love so true and deep
From many an eye unused to weep
Hath oft beguiled
The coy reluctant tear!

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

JULIA. Each sympathetic heart 'twill bruise
When you have heard the frightful news
(O will it not?)
That I must now impart!

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

JULIA. Her love for him is all in all!
Ah, cursèd fate! that it should fall
Unto *my* lot

The Grand Duke

ALL. To break my darling's heart!
Well, what's the matter?

LUD.¹² What means our Julia by those fateful looks?

JULIA. Ah! cursèd fate!

LUD. Please do not keep us all on tenter-hooks –
Now, what's the matter?

JULIA. Our duty, if we're wise,
We never shun.
This Spartan rule applies
To every one.
In theatres, as in life,
Each has her line –
This part – the Grand Duke's wife

ALL. Well, what's the matter?

JULIA. (Oh agony!) is mine!

ALL. Oh, that's the matter, that's the matter, is it?

JULIA. A maxim new I do not start –
The canons of dramatic art
Decree that this repulsive part
(The Grand Duke's wife)
Is mine!

LISA. (*appalled, to LUDWIG*) Can that be so?

LUD. I do not know –
But time will show
If this be so.

ALL. Time will show if this be so.

DUET – LISA and JULIA.

LISA. Oh, listen to me, dear –
I love him only, darling!
Remember, oh, my pet,
On him my heart is set!
This kindness do me, dear –
Nor leave me lonely, darling!
Be merciful, my pet,
On him my love is set!¹³

JULIA. Now don't be foolish, dear –
You couldn't play it, darling!

The Grand Duke

It's "leading business", pet
And you're but a soubrette.
So don't be mulish, dear-
Although I say it, darling,
It's not your line, my pet –
I play that part, you bet!
I play that part –
I play that part, you bet!

(LISA overwhelmed with grief.)

NOT. The lady's right. Though Julia's engagement
Was for the stage meant –
It certainly frees Ludwig from his
Connubial promise.
Though marriage contracts – or whate'er you call'em –
Are very solemn,
Dramatic contracts (which you all adore so)
Are even more so!

ALL. That's very true!
Though marriage contracts are very solemn,
Dramatic contracts are even more so.

SONG – LISA.

The die is cast,
My hope has perished!
Farewell, O Past,
Too bright to last,
Yet fondly cherished!
My hope has fled,¹⁴
My life is dead,
Its doom is spoken –
My day is night,
My wrong is right
In all men's sight –
Ah me! My heart is broken!

(Exit LISA weeping.)

LUD. *(recit.)* Poor child, where will she go? What will she do?
JULIA. That isn't in your part, you know.
LUD. *(sighing).* Quite true!
(With an effort.) Depressing topics we'll not touch upon –
Let us begin as we are going on!

SONG – LUDWIG and CHORUS.

For this will be a jolly Court, for little and for big!

The Grand Duke

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. From morn to night our lives shall be as merry as a grig!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. All state and ceremony we'll eternally abolish –
We don't mean to insist upon unnecessary polish –
And, on the whole, I rather think you'll find our rule tollolish!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

JULIA. But stay – your new-made Court
Without a courtly coat is.
We shall require
Some Court attire,
And at a moment's notice.
In clothes of common sort¹⁵
Your courtiers must not grovel;
Your new *noblesse*
Must have a dress
Original and novel!

ALL. Now let us guess what kind of dress
Would be both neat and novel.

LUD. Old Athens we'll exhume!
The necessary dresses,
Correct and true
(And all brand-new)
The company possesses.
Henceforth our Court costume
Shall live in song and story,
For we'll upraise
The dead old days
Of Athens in her glory!

ALL. Yes, let's upraise
The dead old days
Of Athens in her glory!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Agreed! Agreed! Agreed!

LUD. For this will be a jolly Court for little and for big! etc.

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig! etc.

(They carry LUDWIG round stage and deposit him on the ironwork of well. JULIA stands by him, and the rest group round them.)

END OF ACT I.

The Grand Duke

ACT II.

(THE NEXT MORNING.)

SCENE. – *Entrance Hall of the Grand Ducal Palace.*

Enter a procession of the members of the theatrical company (now dressed in the costumes of Troilus and Cressida), carrying garlands, playing on pipes, citharæ, and cymbals, and heralding the return of LUDWIG and JULIA from the marriage ceremony, which has just taken place.

CHORUS.

As before you we defile,
Eloia! Eloia!
Pray you, gentles, do not smile
If we shout, in classic style,
Eloia!
Ludwig and his Julia true
Wedded are each other to –
So we sing, till all is blue,
Eloia! Eloia!
Opoponax! Eloia!

Wreaths of bay and ivy twine,
Eloia! Eloia!
Fill the bowl with Lesbian wine,
And to revelry incline –
Eloia!
For as gaily we pass on
Probably we shall, anon,
Sing a Diergeticon –
Eloia! Eloia!
Opoponax! Eloia!

RECIT. – LUDWIG.

Your loyalty our Ducal heartstrings touches:
Allow me to present your new Grand Duchess.
Should she offend, you'll graciously excuse her –
And kindly recollect *I* didn't choose her!

SONG – LUDWIG.

At the outset I may mention it's my sovereign intention
To revive the classic memories of Athens at its best,
For the company possesses all the necessary dresses
And a course of quiet cramming will supply us with the rest.
We've a choir hyporchematic (that is, ballet-operatic)

The Grand Duke

Who respond to the *choreutæ* of that cultivated age,
And our clever chorus-master, all but captious criticaster
Would accept as the *choregus* of the early Attic stage.
This return to classic ages is considered in their wages,
Which are always calculated by the day or by the week –
And I'll pay 'em (if they'll back me) all in *oboloi* and *drachmæ*,
Which they'll get (if they prefer it) at the Kalends that are Greek!

(Confidentially to audience.)

At this juncture I may mention
That this erudition sham
Is but classical pretension,
The result of steady "cram.":
Periphrastic methods spurning,
To this audience discerning
I admit this show of learning
Is the fruit of steady "cram."!

CHORUS. Periphrastic methods spurning, etc.

LUD. In the period Socratic every dining-room was Attic
(Which suggests an architecture of a topsy-turvy kind),
There they'd satisfy their thirst on a *recherché* cold *ἀριστου*¹⁶
Which is what they called their lunch – and so may you if you're
inclined.
As they gradually got on, they'd *τρέπεσθαι πρὸς τὸν πότου*¹⁷
(Which is Attic for a steady and a conscientious drink).
But they mixed their wine with water – which I'm sure they didn't
oughter –
And we modern Saxons know a trick worth two of that, I think!
Then came rather risky dances (under certain circumstances)
Which would shock that worthy gentleman, the Licenser of Plays,
Corybantian maniac kick – Dionysiac or Bacchic –
And the Dithyrambic revels of those undecorous days.

(Confidentially to audience.)

And perhaps I'd better mention,
Lest alarming you I am,
That it isn't our intention
To perform a Dithyramb –
It displays a lot of stocking,
Which is always very shocking,
And of course I'm only mocking
At the prevalence of "cram"!

CHORUS. It displays a lot of stocking, etc.

Yes, on reconsideration, there are customs of that nation

The Grand Duke

Which are not in strict accordance with the habits of our day,
And when I come to codify, their rules I mean to modify,
Or Mrs. Grundy, p'r'aps, may have a word or two to say.
For they hadn't macintoshes or umbrellas or goloshes –
And a shower with their dresses must have played the very deuce,
And it must have been unpleasing when they caught a fit of sneezing,
For, it seems, of pocket-handkerchiefs they didn't know the use.
They wore little underclothing – scarcely anything – or nothing –
And their dress of Coan silk was quite transparent in design –
Well, in fact, in summer weather, something like the “altogether”
And it's *there*, I rather fancy, I shall have to draw the line!

(Confidentially to audience.)

And again I wish to mention
That this erudition sham
Is but classical pretension,
The result of steady “cram.”
Yet my classic lore aggressive
(If you'll pardon the possessive)
Is exceedingly impressive
When you're passing an exam.

CHORUS. Yet his classic lore, etc.

(Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG, JULIA, and LISA.)

LUD. (recit.) Yes, Ludwig and his Julia are mated!
For when an obscure comedian, whom the law backs,
To sovereign rank is promptly elevated,
He takes it with its incidental drawbacks!
So Julia and I are duly mated!

(LISA, through this, has expressed intense distress at having to surrender LUDWIG.)

SONG – LISA.

Take care of him – he's much too good to live,
With him you must be very gentle:
Poor fellow, he's so highly sensitive,
And O, so sentimental!
Be sure you never let him sit up late
In chilly open air conversing –
Poor darling, he's extremely delicate,
And wants a deal of nursing!

LUD. I want a deal of nursing!

LISA. And O, remember this –
When he is cross with pain,
A flower and a kiss –

The Grand Duke

A simple flower – a tender kiss
Will bring him round again!

His moods you must assiduously watch:
When he succumbs to sorrow tragic,
Some hardbake or a bit of butter-scotch
Will work on him like magic.
To contradict a character so rich
In trusting love were simple blindness –
He's one of those exalted natures which
Will only yield to kindness!

LUD. I only yield to kindness!

LISA. And O, the bygone bliss!
And O, the present pain!
That flower and that kiss –
That simple flower – that tender kiss
I ne'er shall give again!

(Exit LISA, weeping.)

JULIA. And now that everybody has gone, and we're happily and comfortably married, I want to have a few words with my new-born husband.

LUD. *(aside)* Yes, I expect you'll often have a few words with your new-born husband! *(aloud)* Well, what is it?

JULIA. Why, I've been thinking that as you and I have to play our parts for life, it is most essential that we should come to a definite understanding as to how they shall be rendered. Now, I've been considering how I can make the most of the Grand Duchess.

LUD. Have you? Well, if you'll take my advice, you'll make a very fine part of it.

JULIA. Why, that's quite *my* idea.

LUD. I shouldn't make it one of your hoity-toity vixenish viragoes.

JULIA. You think not?

LUD. Oh, I'm quite clear about that. I should make her a tender, gentle, submissive, affectionate (but not too affectionate) child-wife – timidly anxious to coil herself into her husband's heart, but kept in check by an awestruck reverence for his exalted intellectual qualities and his majestic personal appearance.

JULIA. Oh, that is your idea of a good part?

LUD. Yes – a wife who regards her husband's slightest wish as an inflexible law, and who ventures but rarely into his august presence, unless (which would happen seldom) he should summon her to appear before him. A crushed, despairing violet, whose blighted existence would culminate (all too soon) in a lonely and pathetic death-scene! A fine part, my dear.

JULIA. Yes. There's a good deal to be said for your view of it. Now there are some actresses whom it would fit like a glove.

LUD. *(aside)* I wish I'd married one of 'em!

JULIA. But, you see, I *must* consider my temperament. For instance, my temperament would demand some strong scenes of justifiable jealousy.

LUD. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. You shall have *them*.

JULIA. With a lovely but detested rival –

LUD. Oh, *I'll* provide the rival.

The Grand Duke

JULIA. Whom I should stab – stab – stab!

LUD. Oh, I wouldn't stab her. It's been done to death. I should treat her with a silent and contemptuous disdain, and delicately withdraw from a position which, to one of your sensitive nature, would be absolutely untenable. Dear me, I can see you delicately withdrawing, up centre and off!

JULIA. *Can* you?

LUD. Yes. It's a fine situation – and in your hands, full of quiet pathos!

DUET – LUDWIG and JULIA.

LUD. Now Julia, come,
Consider it from
 This dainty point of view –
A timid tender
Feminine gender,
 Prompt to coyly coo –
Yet silence seeking,
Seldom speaking
 Till she's spoken to –
A comfy, cosy,
Rosy-posy
 Innocent *ingenoo!*
 The part you're suited to –
 (To give the deuce his¹⁸ due)
A sweet (O, jiminy!)
Miminy-piminy,
 Innocent *ingenoo!*

JULIA. I'm much obliged to you,
I don't think that would do!

ENSEMBLE.

LUD.	JULIA.
A sweet (O, jiminy!) Miminy-piminy, Innocent <i>ingenoo!</i>	To play (O, jiminy!) Miminy-piminy, Innocent <i>ingenoo!</i>

JULIA. You forget my special magic
 (In a high dramatic sense)
Lies in situations tragic –
 Undeniably intense.¹⁹
As I've justified promotion
 In the histrionic art,
I'll submit to you my notion
 Of a first-rate part.

LUD. Well, let us see your notion
 Of a first-rate part.

The Grand Duke

JULIA. (*dramatically*) I have a rival! Frenzy-thrilled,²⁰
I find you both together!
My heart stands still – with horror chilled –
Hard as the millstone nether!
Then softly, slyly, snailly, snaky –
Crawly, creepy, quailly, quaky –
I track her on her homeward way,
As panther tracks her fated prey!

(*furiously*) I fly at her soft white throat –
The lily-white laughing leman!
On her agonized gaze I gloat
With the glee of a dancing demon!
My rival she – I have no doubt of her –
So I hold on – till the breath is out of her!
– till the breath is out of her!
And then – Remorse! Remorse!
O cold unpleasant corse,
Avaunt! Avaunt!
That lifeless form
I gaze upon –
That face, still warm
But weirdly wan –
Those eyes of glass
I contemplate –
And then, alas!
Too late – too late!
I find she is – your Aunt!²¹

(*shuddering*) Then, mad – mad – mad!
With fancies wild – chimerical –
Now sorrowful – silent – sad –
Now hullabaloo hysterical!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
But whether I'm sad or whether I'm glad,
Mad! mad! mad! mad!

This calls for the resources of a high-class art,
And satisfies my notion of a first-rate part!

(*Exit JULIA.*)

Enter all the Chorus, hurriedly, and in great excitement.

CHORUS.

Your Highness, there's a party at the door –
Your Highness, at the door there is a party –
She says that we expect her,
But we do not recollect her,
For we never saw her countenance before!

The Grand Duke

With rage and indignation she is rife,
Because our welcome wasn't very hearty –
She's as sulky as a super,
And she's swearing like a trooper,
O, you never heard such language in your life!

(Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT, *in a fury.*)

BAR. With fury indescribable I burn!
With rage I'm nearly ready to explode!
There'll be grief and tribulation when I learn
To whom this slight unbearable is owed!
For whatever may be due I'll pay it double –
There'll be terror indescribable and trouble!
With a hurly-burly and a hubble-bubble
I'll pay you for this pretty episode!

ALL. Oh, whatever may be due she'll pay it double! –
It's very good of her to take the trouble –
But we don't know what she means by "hubble-bubble" –
No doubt it's an expression *à la mode*.

BAR. (to LUDWIG) Do you know who I am?

LUD. (examining her) I don't;

Your countenance I can't fix, my dear.

BAR. This proves I'm not a sham. (*Showing pocket-handkerchief.*)

LUD. (examining it) It won't;

It only says "Krakenfeldt, Six," my dear.

BAR. Express your grief profound!

LUD. I shan't!

This tone I never allow, my love.

BAR. Rudolph at once produce!

LUD. I can't;

He isn't at home just now, my love.

BAR. (astonished) He isn't at home just now!

ALL. He isn't at home just now,

(*dancing derisively*) He has an appointment particular, very –
You'll find him, I think, in the town cemetery;
And that's how we come to be making so merry,
For he isn't at home just now!

BAR. But bless my heart and soul alive, it's impudence personified!
I've come here to be matrimonially matrimonified!

LUD. For any disappointment I am sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite unexpectedly –

ALL. (*sobbing*) Tol the riddle, lol! Tol the riddle lol, lol lol lay!
(*Then laughing wildly.*) Tol the riddle, lol! Tol the riddle lol, lol lol lay!

The Grand Duke

BAR. But this is most unexpected. He was well enough at a quarter to twelve yesterday.²²

LUD. Yes. He died at half-past eleven.

BAR. Bless me, how very sudden!

LUD. It *was* sudden.

BAR. But what in the world am I to do? I was to have been married to him today!

ALL. (*singing and dancing*)

For any disappointment we are sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite unexpectedly –
Tol the riddle lol!

BAR. Is this Court Mourning or a Fancy Ball?

LUD. Well, it's a delicate combination of both effects. It is intended to express inconsolable grief for the decease of the late Duke and ebullient joy at the accession of his successor. I am his successor. Permit me to present you to my Grand Duchess. (*Indicating JULIA.*)

BAR. Your Grand Duchess? Oh, your Highness! (*Curtseying profoundly.*)

JULIA. (*sneering at her*) Old frump!

BAR. Humph! A recent creation, probably?

LUD. We were married only half an hour ago.

BAR. Exactly. I thought she seemed new to the position.

JULIA. Ma'am, I don't know who you are, but I flatter myself I can do justice to *any* part on the very shortest notice.

BAR. My dear, under the circumstances you are doing admirably – and you'll improve with practice. It's so difficult to be a lady when one isn't born to it.

JULIA. (*in a rage, to LUDWIG*) Am I to stand this? Am I not to be allowed to pull her to pieces?

LUD. (*aside to JULIA*) No, no – it isn't Greek. Be a violet, I beg.

BAR. And now tell me all about this distressing circumstance. How did the Grand Duke die?

LUD. He perished nobly – in a Statutory Duel.

BAR. In a Statutory Duel? But that's only a civil death! – and the Act expires tonight, and then he will come to life again!

LUD. Well, no. Anxious to inaugurate my reign by conferring some inestimable boon on my people, I signalized this occasion by reviving the law for another hundred years.

BAR. For another hundred years? Then set the merry joybells ringing! Let festive epithalamia resound through these ancient halls! Cut the satisfying sandwich – broach the exhilarating Marsala – and let us rejoice today, if we never rejoice again!

LUD. But I don't think I quite understand. We have already rejoiced a good deal.

BAR. Happy man, you little reck of the extent of the good things you are in for. When you killed Rudolph you adopted all his overwhelming responsibilities. Know then that I, Caroline von Krakenfeldt, am the most overwhelming of them all!

LUD. But stop, stop – I've just been married to somebody else!

JULIA. Yes, ma'am, to somebody else, ma'am! Do you understand, ma'am? To somebody else!

BAR. Do keep this young woman quiet; she fidgets me!

JULIA. Fidgets you!

LUD. (*aside to JULIA*) Be a violet – a crushed, despairing violet.

JULIA. Do you suppose I intend to give up a magnificent part without a struggle?

The Grand Duke

LUD. My good girl, she has the law on her side. Let us both bear this calamity with resignation. If you must struggle, go away and struggle in the seclusion of your chamber.

SONG – BARONESS and CHORUS.

BAR. Now away to the wedding we go,
So summon the charioteers –
No kind of reluctance we show
To embark on our married careers.
Though Julia's emotion may flow
In the form of impetuous tears,²³
To our wedding we'll eagerly go,
So summon the charioteers!

ALL. To the wedding we'll eagerly go, etc.

(All dance off to wedding except JULIA.)

RECIT. – JULIA.

So ends my dream – so fades my vision fair!
Of hope no gleam – distraction and despair!
My cherished dream, the Ducal throne to share,
That aim supreme has vanished into air!

SONG – JULIA.

All is darksome – all is dreary.
Broken every promise plighted –²⁴
Sad and sorry – weak and weary!
Every new-born hope is blighted!
Death the Friend or Death the Foe,
Shall I call upon thee? No!
I will go on living, though
Sad and sorry – weak and weary!

No, no! Let the bygone go by!
No good ever came of repining:
If today there are clouds o'er the sky,
Yet to-morrow the sun may be shining!
Tomorrow, be kind,
Tomorrow, to me!
With loyalty blind
I bow me to thee!²⁵
Today is a day of illusion and sorrow,
So *viva* Tomorrow!
God save you, Tomorrow!
Your servant, Tomorrow!
God save you, Tomorrow! *(Exit JULIA.)*

The Grand Duke

(Enter ERNEST.)

ERN. It's of no use – I can't wait any longer. At any risk I must gratify my urgent desire to know what is going on. (*Looking off.*) Why, what's that? Surely I see a wedding procession winding down the hill, dressed in my *Troilus and Cressida* costumes! That's Ludwig's doing! I see how it is – he found the time hang heavy on his hands, and is amusing himself by getting married to Lisa. No – it can't be to Lisa, for here she is!

(Enter LISA.)

LISA. (*not seeing him*) I really cannot stand seeing my Ludwig married twice in one day to somebody else!

ERN. Lisa! (*LISA sees him, and stands as if transfixed with horror.*) Come here – don't be a little fool – I want you. (*LISA suddenly turns and bolts off.*) Why, what's the matter with the little donkey? One would think she saw a ghost! But if he's not marrying Lisa, whom *is* he marrying? (*suddenly*) Julia! (*much overcome*) I see it all! The scoundrel! He had to adopt all my responsibilities, and he's shabbily taken advantage of the situation to marry the girl I'm engaged to! But no, it can't be Julia, for here *she* is!

(Enter JULIA.)

JULIA. (*not seeing him*) I've made up my mind. I won't stand it! I'll send in my notice at once!

ERN. Julia! Oh, what a relief! (*JULIA gazes at him as if transfixed.*) Then you've not married Ludwig? You are still true to me? (*JULIA turns and bolts in grotesque horror. ERNEST follows and stops her.*) Don't run away! Listen to me. Are you all crazy?

JULIA. (*in affected terror*) What would you with me, spectre? Oh, ain't his eyes sepulchral! And ain't his voice hollow! What are you doing out of your tomb at this time of day – apparition?

ERN. I do wish I could make you girls understand that I'm only technically dead, and that physically I'm as much alive as ever I was in my life!

JULIA. Oh, but it's an awful thing to be haunted by a technical bogie!

ERN. You won't be haunted much longer. The law must be on its last legs, and in a few hours I shall come to life again – resume all my social and civil functions, and claim my darling as my blushing bride!

JULIA. Oh – then you haven't heard?

ERN. My love, I've heard nothing. How could I? There are no daily papers where I come from.

JULIA. Why, Ludwig challenged Rudolph and won, and now *he's* Grand Duke, and he's revived the law for another century!

ERN. What! But you're not serious – you're only joking!

JULIA. My good sir, I'm a light-hearted girl, but I don't chaff bogies.

ERN. Well, that's the meanest dodge I ever heard of!

JULIA. Shabby trick, *I* call it.

ERN. But you don't mean to say that you're going to cry off!

JULIA. I really can't afford to wait until your time is up. You know, I've always set my face against long engagements.

ERN. Then defy the law and marry me now. We will fly to your native country, and I'll play broken English in London as you play broken German here!

JULIA. No. These legal technicalities cannot be defied. Situated as you are, you have no power to make me your wife. At best you could only make me your widow.

The Grand Duke

ERN. Then be my widow – my little, dainty, winning, winsome widow!

JULIA. Now what would be the good of that? Why, you goose, I should marry again within a month!

DUET – ERNEST and JULIA.

ERN.
If the light of love's lingering ember
Has faded in gloom,
You cannot neglect, O remember,
A voice from the tomb!
That stern supernatural diction
Should act as a solemn restriction,
Although by a mere legal fiction
A voice from the tomb!

JULIA. (*in affected terror*)

I own that that utterance chills me –
It withers my bloom!
With awful emotion it thrills me –
That voice from the tomb!
Oh, spectre, won't anything lay thee?
Though pained to deny or gainsay thee,
In this case I cannot obey thee,
Thou voice from the tomb!

(*dancing*)

So, spectre, appalling,
I bid you good-day –
Perhaps you'll be calling
When passing this way.
Your bogeydom scorning,
And all your love-lorning,
I bid you good-morning,
I bid you good-day.

ERN. (*furious*)

My offer recalling,
Your words I obey –
Your fate is appalling,
And full of dismay.
To pay for this scorning
I give you fair warning
I'll haunt you each morning,
Each night, and each day!

(*Repeat Ensemble, and exeunt in opposite directions.*)

(*Re-enter the Wedding Procession dancing.*)

CHORUS.

Now bridegroom and bride let us toast
In a magnum of merry champagne –

The Grand Duke

Let us make of this moment the most,
We may not be so lucky again.
So drink to our sovereign host
And his highly intelligent reign –
His health and his bride's let us toast
In a magnum of merry champagne!

BRINDISI – BARONESS with CHORUS.²⁶

Come, bumpers – aye, ever so many –
And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pomméry seventy-four!
Old wine is a true panacea
For ev'ry conceivable ill,
When you cherish the soothing idea
That somebody else pays the bill!
Old wine is a pleasure that's hollow
When at your own table you sit,
For you're thinking each mouthful you swallow
Has cost you a threepenny-bit!
So bumpers – aye, ever so many –
And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pomméry seventy-four!

CHORUS.

So bumpers – aye, ever so many, etc.

BAR.

I once gave an evening party
(A sandwich and cut-orange ball),
But my guests had such appetites hearty
That I couldn't enjoy it, enjoy it at all.
I made a heroic endeavour
To look unconcerned, but in vain,
And I vow'd that I never – oh never
Would ask anybody again!
But there's a distinction decided –
A difference truly immense –
When the wine that you drink is provided,
At somebody else's expense.
So bumpers – aye, ever so many –
The cost we may safely ignore!
For the wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pomméry seventy-four!

CHORUS.

So bumpers – aye, ever so many, etc.

(Exit BARONESS. March heard.)

LUD. (recit.)

Why, who is this approaching,
Upon our joy encroaching?

The Grand Duke

Some rascal come a-poaching
Who's heard that wine we're broaching?

ALL. Who may this be?
Who may this be?
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

(Enter HERALD.)

HER. The Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his beautiful daughter.
They've paid off all they owe,
As every statesman oughter –
That Prince of Monte Carlo
And his be-eautiful daughter!

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER. The Prince of Monte Carlo,
Who is so very partickler,
Has heard that you're also
For ceremony a stickler –
Therefore he lets you know
By word of mouth auric'lar –
(That Prince of Monte Carlo
Who is so very particklar) –

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte Carlo, etc.

HER. That Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his be-eautiful daughter!

LUD. (recit.) His Highness we know not – nor the locality
In which is situate his Principality;
But, as he guesses by some odd fatality,
This *is* the shop for cut and dried formality!
Let him appear –
He'll find that we're
Remarkable for cut and dried formality.

(Reprise of March. Exit HERALD. LUDWIG beckons his Court.)

LUD. I have a plan – I'll tell you all the plot of it –
He wants formality – he shall have a lot of it!
(Whispers to them, through symphony.)
Conceal yourselves, and when I give the cue,
Spring out on him – you all know what to do!

The Grand Duke

(All conceal themselves behind the draperies that enclose the stage.)

(Pompous March. Enter the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO, attended by six theatrical-looking nobles and the Court Costumier.)

DUET – PRINCE and PRINCESS.

- PRINCE.** We're rigged out in magnificent array
(Our own clothes are much gloomier)
In costumes which we've hired by the day
From a very well-known costumier.
- COST.** *(bowing)* I am the well-known costumier.
- PRINCESS.** With a brilliant staff a Prince should make a show
(It's a rule that never varies),
So we've engaged from the Theatre Monaco
Six supernumeraries.
- NOBLES.** We're the supernumeraries.
- ALL.** At a salary immense,
Quite regardless of expense,
Six supernumeraries!
- PRINCE.** They do not speak, for they break our grammar's laws,
And their language is lamentable –
And they never take off their gloves, because
Their nails are not presentable.
- NOBLES.** Our nails are not presentable!
- PRINCESS.** To account for their shortcomings manifest
We explain, in a whisper bated,
They are wealthy members of the brewing interest
To the Peerage elevated.
- NOBLES.** To the Peerage elevated.
- ALL.** They're/We're very, very rich,
And accordingly, as sich,
To the Peerage elevated.

PRINCE. Well, my dear, here we are at last – just in time to compel Duke Rudolph to fulfil the terms of his marriage contract. Another hour and we should have been too late.

PRINCESS. Yes, papa, and if you hadn't fortunately discovered a means of making an income by honest industry, we should never have got here at all.

PRINCE. Very true. Confined for the last two years within the precincts of my palace by an obdurate bootmaker who held a warrant for my arrest, I devoted my enforced leisure to a study of the doctrine of chances – mainly with the view of ascertaining whether there was the remotest chance of my ever going out for a walk again – and this led to the discovery of a

The Grand Duke

singularly fascinating little round game which I have called Roulette, and by which, in one sitting, I won no less than five thousand francs! My first act was to pay my bootmaker – my second, to engage a good useful working set of second-hand nobles – and my third, to hurry you off to Pfennig Halbpennig as fast as a *train de luxe* could carry us!

PRINCESS. Yes, and a pretty job-lot of second-hand nobles you've scraped together!

PRINCE. (*doubtfully*) Pretty, you think? Humph! I don't know. I should say tol-lol, my love – only tol-lol. They are not wholly satisfactory. There is a certain air of unreality about them – they are not convincing.

COST. But, my goot friend, what can you expect for eighteen-pence a day!

PRINCE. Now take this Peer, for instance. What the deuce do you call *him*?

COST. Him? Oh, he's a swell – he's the Duke of Riviera.

PRINCE. Oh, he's a Duke, is he? Well, that's no reason why he should look so confoundedly haughty. (*to Noble*) Be affable, sir! (*Noble takes attitude of affability.*) That's better. (*Passing to another.*) Now, who's this with his moustache coming off?

COST. Why; you're Viscount Mentone, ain't you?

NOBLE. Blest if I know. (*Turning up sword-belt.*) It's wrote here – yes, Viscount Mentone.

COST. Then why don't you say so? 'Old yerself up – you ain't carryin' sandwich boards now. (*Adjusts his moustache.*)

PRINCE. Now, once for all, you Peers – when His Highness arrives, don't stand like sticks, but appear to take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in what is going on. You needn't say anything, but let your gestures be in accordance with the spirit of the conversation. Now take the word from me. Affability! (*attitude*) Submission! (*attitude*) Surprise! (*attitude*) Shame! (*attitude*) Grief! (*attitude*) Joy! (*attitude*) That's better! You can do it if you like!

PRINCESS. But, papa, where in the world is the Court? There is positively no one here to receive us! I can't help feeling that Rudolph wants to get out of it because I'm poor. He's a miserly little wretch – that's what he is.

PRINCE. Well, I shouldn't go so far as to say that. I should rather describe him as an enthusiastic collector of coins – of the realm – and we must not be too hard upon a numismatist if he feels a certain disinclination to part with some of his really very valuable specimens. It's a pretty hobby: I've often thought I should like to collect some coins myself.

PRINCESS. Papa, I'm sure there's some one behind that curtain. I saw it move!

PRINCE. Then no doubt they are coming. Now mind, you Peers – haughty affability combined with a sense of what is due to your exalted ranks, or I'll fine you half a franc each – upon my soul I will!

(*Gong. The curtains fly back and the Court are discovered. They give a wild yell and rush on to the stage dancing wildly, with PRINCE, PRINCESS, and Nobles, who are taken by surprise at first, but eventually join in a reckless dance. At the end all fall down exhausted.*)

LUD. There, what do you think of that? That's our official ceremonial for the reception of visitors of the very highest distinction.

PRINCE. (*puzzled*) It's very quaint – very curious indeed. Prettily footed, too. Prettily footed.

LUD. Would you like to see how we say "good-bye" to visitors of distinction? That ceremony is also performed with the foot.

PRINCE. Really, this tone – ah, but perhaps you have not completely grasped the situation?

LUD. Not altogether.

The Grand Duke

PRINCE. Ah, then I'll give you a lead over. (*significantly*) I am the father of the Princess of Monte Carlo. Doesn't that convey any idea to the Grand Ducal mind?

LUD. (*stolidly*) Nothing definite.

PRINCE. (*aside*) H'm – very odd! Never mind – try again! (*aloud*) This is the daughter of the Prince of Monte Carlo. Do you take?

LUD. (*still puzzled*) No – not yet. Go on – don't give it up – I dare say it will come presently.

PRINCE. Very odd – never mind – try again. (*With sly significance.*) Twenty years ago! Little doddle! *Two* little doddle doddles! Happy father – hers and yours. Proud mother – yours and hers! Hah! *Now* you take? I see you do! I see you do!

LUD. Nothing is more annoying than to feel that you're not equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. I wish he'd say something intelligible.

PRINCE. You didn't expect me?

LUD. (*jumping at it*) No, no. I grasp that – thank you very much. (*Shaking hands with him.*) No, I did *not* expect you!

PRINCE. I thought not. But ha! ha! at last I have escaped from my enforced restraint. (*General movement of alarm.*) (*To crowd who are stealing off.*) No, no – you misunderstand me. I mean I've paid my debts!

ALL. Oh! (*They return.*)

PRINCE. And how do you think I did it, eh? Through the ingenious medium of roulette.

ALL. Roulette?

LUDWIG. Now you're getting obscure again. The lucid interval has expired.

PRINCE. Ah – I'll explain. It's an invention of my own. The simplest thing in the world. And what is more, it comes just in time to fill a distinct and long-felt want. I'll tell you all about it.

SONG – PRINCE.²⁷

Take my advice – when deep in debt,
Set up a bank and play Roulette!
At once distrust you surely lull,
And rook the pigeon and the gull.
The bird will stake his every franc
In wild attempt to break the bank –
But you may stake your life and limb
The bank will end by breaking him!

(*All crowd round and eagerly stake gold on the board.*)

*Allons, encore –
Garçons, fillettes –
Vos louis d'or –
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux –
Allons, la classe –
Le temps se passe –
La banque se casse –
Rien n'va plus!
Le dix-sept noir, impair et manque!*

The Grand Duke

Holà! holà! vive la banque!
For every time the board you spin,
The bank is bound to win!

CHORUS. For every time the board you spin, etc.

(During Chorus, PRINCESS and COSTUMIER rake in all the stakes.)

PRINCE. A cosmic game is this Roulette!
The little ball's a true coquette –
A maiden coy whom "numbers" woo –
Whom six-and-thirty suitors sue!
Of all complexions, too, good lack!
For some are red and some are black,
And some must be extremely green,
For half of them are not nineteen! *(All stake again.)*

Allons, encore –
Garçons, fillettes –
Vos louis d'or –
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux –
Allons, la foule!
Ça roule – ça roule
Le temps s'écoule –
Rien n'va plus!
Le trente-cinq rouge – impair et passe!
Très bien, étudiants de la classe –
The moral's safe – when you begin,
The bank is bound to win!

CHORUS. The moral's safe – when you begin,

PRINCE. The little ball's a flirt inbred –
She flirts with black – she flirts with red;
From this to that she hops about,
Then back to this as if in doubt.
To call her thoughtless were unkind –
The child is making up her mind,
For all the world like all the rest,
Which *prétendant* will pay the best!

Allons, encore –
Garçons, fillettes –
Vos louis d'or –
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux –
Qui perte fit
Au temps jadis

The Grand Duke

*Gagne aujourd'hui!
Rien n'va plus
Tra, la, la! le double zéro!
Vous perdez tout, mes nobles héros –
Where'er at last the ball pops in,
Be sure the bank is bound to win!*

CHORUS. Where'er at last the ball pops in, etc.

(PRINCE gathers in the stakes. Nobles fold up table and take it away.)

LUD. Capital game – Haven't a penny left!

PRINCE. Pretty toy, isn't it? Have another turn?

LUD. Thanks, no. I should only be robbing you.

PRINCESS. *(affectionately)* Do dearest – it's such fun! *(Embracing him.)*²⁸

BARONESS. Why, you forward little hussy, how dare you? *(Takes her away from LUDWIG.)*

LUD. You mustn't do that, my dear – never in the presence of the Grand Duchess, I beg!

PRINCESS. *(weeping)* Oh, papa, he's got a Grand Duchess!

LUD. A Grand Duchess! My good girl, I've got three Grand Duchesses!

PRINCESS. Well, I'm sure! Papa, let's go away – this is not a respectable Court.

PRINCE. All these Grand Dukes have their little fancies, my love. This potentate appears to be collecting wives. It's a pretty hobby – I should like to collect a few myself. This *(admiring BARONESS)* is a charming specimen – an antique, I should say – of the early Merovingian period, if I'm not mistaken; and here's another – a Scotch lady, I think *(alluding to JULIA)*, and *(alluding to LISA)* a little one thrown in. Two half-quarters and a makeweight! *(To LUDWIG.)* Have you such a thing as a catalogue of the Museum?

PRINCESS. But I cannot permit Rudolph to keep a museum –

LUD. Rudolph? Get along with you, I'm not Rudolph! Rudolph died yesterday.

PRINCE and PRINCESS. What!

LUD. Quite suddenly – of – of – a cardiac affection.

PRINCE and PRINCESS. Of a cardiac affection!

LUD. Yes, a pack-of-cardiac affection. He fought a Statutory Duel with me and lost, and I took over all his engagements – including this imperfectly preserved old lady, to whom he has been engaged for the last three weeks.

PRINCESS. Three weeks! But I've been engaged to him for the last twenty years!

BARONESS, LISA, and JULIA. Twenty years!

PRINCE. *(aside)* It's all right, my love – they can't get over that. *(aloud)* He's yours – take him, and hold him as tight as you can!

PRINCESS. My own! *(Embracing LUDWIG.)*

LUD. Here's another! – the fourth in four-and-twenty hours! Would anybody else like to marry me? You, ma'am – or you – anybody! I'm getting used to it!

BARONESS. But let me tell you, ma'am –

JULIA. Why, you impudent little hussy –

LISA. Oh, here's another – here's another! *(Weeping.)*

PRINCESS. Poor ladies, I'm very sorry for you all; but, you see, I've a prior claim. Come, away we go – there's not a moment to be lost!

CHORUS *(as they dance towards exit).*

The Grand Duke

Away to the wedding we'll go
So summon the charioteers,
No kind of reluctance we show²⁹
To embark on our married careers.

*(At this moment RUDOLPH, ERNEST, and NOTARY appear.
All kneel in astonishment.)*

RECITATIVE.

RUD., ERN., and NOT. Forbear! This may not be!
Frustrated are your plans!
With paramount decree
The Law forbids the banns!

ALL. The Law forbids the banns!

SONG – RUDOLPH.³⁰

(Furiously.) Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow, thus my life to shatter, O!
My little store of gold and silver recklessly you scatter, O!
You guzzle and you gormandize all day with cup and platter, O!
And eat my food and drink my wine – especially the latter, O!

ALL. The latter, O!
The latter, O!
Especially the latter, O!

RUD. But when compared with other crimes, for which your head I'll batter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of liberty
Scarcely seems to matter, O!

ALL. But when compared, etc.

RUD. My dainty bride – my bride elect – you wheedle and you flatter, O!
With coarse and clumsy compliment her senses you bespatter, O!
You fascinate her tough old heart with vain and vulgar patter, O!
Although – the deuce confound you! – you're unworthy to look at her, O!

ALL. Look at her, O!
Look at her, O!
Unworthy to look at her, O!

RUD. But even this, compared with deeds that drive me mad as hatter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of a liberty
Scarcely seems to matter, O!

ALL. But even this, etc.

The Grand Duke

RUD. For O, you vulgar vagabond, you fount of idle chatter, O!
You've done a deed on which I vow you won't get any fatter, O!
You fancy you've revived the Law – mere empty brag and clatter, O!
You can't – you shan't – you don't – you won't – you thing of rag and tatter, O!

ALL. Of tatter, O!
Of tatter, O!
You thing of rag and tatter, O!

RUD. For this you'll suffer agonies like rat in clutch of ratter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of a liberty
's quite another matter, O!

ALL. For this we'll suffer agonies, etc.

(RUDOLPH sinks exhausted into NOTARY'S arms.)

LUD. My good sir, it's no use your saying that I can't revive the Law, in face of the fact that I *have* revived it.

RUD. You didn't revive it! You couldn't revive it! You – you are an impostor, sir – a tuppenny rogue, sir! You – you never were, and in all human probability never will be – Grand Duke of Pfennig Anything!

ALL. What!!!

RUD. Never – never, never! *(aside)* Oh, my internal economy!

LUD. That's absurd, you know. I fought the Grand Duke. He drew a King, and I drew an Ace. He perished in inconceivable agonies on the spot. Now, as that's settled, we'll go on with the wedding.

RUD. It – it isn't settled. You – you can't. I – I – *(to NOTARY)* Oh, tell him – tell him! I can't!

NOT. Well, the fact is, there's been a little mistake here. On reference to the Act that regulates Statutory Duels, I find it is expressly laid down that the Ace shall count invariably as lowest!

ALL. As lowest!

RUD. *(breathlessly)* As lowest – lowest – lowest! So *you're* the ghoest – ghoest – ghoest! *(aside)* Oh, what *is* the matter with me inside here!

ERN. Well, Julia, as it seems that the Law hasn't been revived – and as, consequently, I shall come to life in about three minutes – *(consulting his watch)*

JULIA. My objection falls to the ground. *(resignedly)* Very well!

PRINCESS. And am I to understand that I was on the point of marrying a dead man without knowing it? *(To RUDOLPH, who revives.)* Oh, my love, what a narrow escape I've had!

RUD. Oh – you are the Princess of Monte Carlo, and you've turned up just in time! Well, you're an attractive little girl, you know, but you're as poor as a rat!

PRINCE.³¹ Pardon me – there you mistake. Accept her dowry – with a father's blessing! *(Gives him a small Roulette board, then flirts with BARONESS.)*

RUD. Why, what do you call this?

PRINCESS. It's my little Wheel of Fortune. I'll tell you about it. *(They retire up conversing.)*

LISA. That's all very well, but what is to become of *me*? *(To LUDWIG)* If you're a dead man – *(Clock strikes three.)*

The Grand Duke

LUD. But I'm not. Time's up – the Act has expired – I've come to life – the parson is still in attendance, and we'll all be married directly.

ALL. Hurrah!

FINALE.

Happy couples, lightly treading,
Castle chapel will be quite full!
Each shall have a pretty wedding,
As, of course, is only rightful,
Though the brides be fair or frightful.
Contradiction little dreading,
This will be a day delightful –
Each shall have a pretty wedding!
Such a pretty, pretty wedding!
Such a pretty wedding!

(All dance off to get married as the curtain falls.)

THE END

¹ This line is absent from *Original Plays*.

² Most libretti read: "Quite reassured,...", the vocal score as here.

³ In *Original Plays* this line reads "Such as a legal draftsman draws"

⁴ "Thenceforth" in *Original Plays*.

⁵ *Original Plays* reads "Some prefer the churchyard mould!" instead of the lines "If society were poll'd! Who'd suppose the method old"

⁶ "very" instead of "rare" in *Original Plays*.

⁷ This line reads "It's sometimes inconvenient, but it's always very cheap!" in *Original Plays*".

⁸ The marked passage is absent from the libretto in *Original Plays* but is retained in the vocal score.

⁹ The marked passage is found in *Original Plays* and the vocal score, but in some modern editions of the libretto it is reduced to the chorus:

When two doughty heroes thunder,
All the world is lost in wonder;
When two heroes, once pacific,
Quarrel, the effect's terrific.

¹⁰ In *Original Plays* these four lines read:

When two heroes, once pacific,
Quarrel, the effect's terrific!
What a horrible grimace!
What a paralysing face!

¹¹ This song was apparently severely cut. The vocal score retains the full version given above, but *Original Plays* replaces the marked passage with:

Ah, pity me, my comrades true,
Who love, as well I know you do,
This gentle child,
To me so fondly dear!

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

JULIA. Each sympathetic heart 'twill bruise
When you have heard the frightful news
Her love for him is all in all!
Ah, cursed fate! that it should fall
Unto *my* lot
To break my darling's heart!

¹² These lines are omitted from some editions of the libretto.

¹³ This line reads "Our love do not forget" in *Original Plays*.

¹⁴ *Original Plays* renders this line and the next as "My light has fled, My hope is dead."

¹⁵ In this instance, the words in the published libretto have been preferred. Thos in the vocal score read:

"For clothes of common sort,
Your courtiers must not grovel,
Your proud noblesse should wear a dress..."

¹⁶ Pronounced "ariston".

¹⁷ Pronounced "trepesthai pros poton".

¹⁸ "her due" in *Original Plays*.

¹⁹ *Original Plays* reads "Undoubtedly intense."

²⁰ This line and the next have been erroneously omitted from the vocal score.

²¹ *Original Plays* adds "Remorse! Remorse!"

²² Bradley, *The Complete Annotated Gilbert and Sullivan*, Oxford, 1996 omits the marked section without comment.

²³ This line reads "For the rest of her maidenly years," in *Original Plays*.

²⁴ In *Original Plays* the order of the first two lines of this song are reversed, as is the order of the third and fourth lines.

²⁵ This line reads "I curtsy to thee" in *Original Plays*.

²⁶ This song is not included in *Original Plays*.

²⁷ This song was cut by Gilbert during the run of *The Grand Duke*. Along with the surrounding dialogue, it does not appear in *Original Plays*.

²⁸ In *Original Plays* this line has been changed to "But, my darling, I'm afraid that even now you don't quite realize who I am!"

²⁹ In *Original Plays* these two lines read:

Though her rival's emotion may flow
In the form of impetuous tears –

³⁰ This song was cut during the original run and omitted from *Original Plays* where Ludwig's line immediately following the song is changed to "Not a bit of it! I've revived the Law for another century!"

³¹ These lines referring to Roulette were cut shortly after the opening when the song for the Prince of Monte Carlo was cut.