

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 69.

# CINDERELLA.

**A MUSICAL PLAY**

**For Home Parties or School Entertainments.**

*Songs in Tonic Sol-fa Notation.*



**PRICE ONE PENNY.**

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**B** stands for **BOVRIL**, so nice and so good,  
It helps folks get better, for it's strengthening food.



BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 69.

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# CINDERELLA.

A Musical Play.

The Words by MARION ADAMS.

The Music by STEPHEN R. PHILPOT.

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*ILLUSTRATED BY BRINSLEY LE FANU.*

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LONDON:

“BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS” OFFICE.

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# CINDERELLA.

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## Characters in the Play.

CINDERELLA.

PROUDIE  
CROSSPATCH } (*Her Sisters*).

FAIRY GODMOTHER.

PRINCE CHARMING.

SIR HECTOR  
SIR HOLIDAY } (*Courtiers*).

HERALD.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.



## ON DRESSING AND STAGING THE PLAY.

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IT is possible to act this version of *Cinderella* without any expensive accessories in the way of costume or furniture. Of course, the circumstances under which the play is performed will be infinitely varied, and while some little folks will be sufficiently fortunate in their relations and friends as to be able to command costumes, wigs, &c., such as the artist has drawn for their guidance, others will necessarily be content to perform the play in what they call their "party frocks" and suits, and with such furniture and stage preparation as any modest home would afford. But inasmuch as it is taken for granted that the plays will never be "got up" except with the assistance of some kind and clever mother, or sister, or teacher, or friend to coach and prompt the "little players," the full details as to the dressing of the play must be left to the judgment and genius of those who will render such assistance. The chief points to be remembered are that Cinderella herself should be dressed *before* the play in the long white dress which she will wear in the ball scene, but the skirt should be turned up and secured at the waist with a tight elastic, so that when the time for the transformation arrives the skirt can be easily and quickly released by merely removing the elastic. In the first scene she will wear a loose, coarse, and patched frock, long enough to effectually conceal the white dress underneath, and old shoes, which may as easily be removed when the magic slippers are forthcoming. A reference to the text in Scene I. will show that "Proudie's" dress must be green; and, that being so, the other sister might be gowned in yellow. As for the "Fairy Godmother," she would be effectively dressed if made to wear a short, crimson, quilted frock, a high-crowned Welsh hat (black, of course), and high-heeled shoes. The "Fairies" would be best dressed in white or spangled net or muslin.

In arranging the "stage" for this play two rooms with folding doors would answer admirably, because one room would



serve as the stage and the other as the auditorium. In such a case the difficulty of providing for the exits and entrances of the performers and for the lighting of the stage disappears, as there are almost certain to be doors in both rooms, while the lighting can be effected by the chandelier in the "stage" room, while the other room remains unlighted. If, however, folding doors are out of the question, any room which can be curtained off as a stage will suffice—say, the end of a drawing-room which opens into a conservatory, for then the players may regard the conservatory as "behind the scenes." Or, if the stage be draped on both sides, as well as at the back, the exits and entrances may be made at one side through an opening in the drapery. Individual taste and the length of the purse will suggest various details in the furnishing of the Dressing Room in Scene I., and of the Ball Room in Scene II.; but all that is absolutely essential is indicated in the text.

Above all, have every detail carefully rehearsed over and over again; see that the children are taught to speak slowly and clearly, without dropping their voices at the end of a sentence; let them know exactly where the prompter will be stationed while the performance is proceeding; correct any unnatural attitudes which they may be disposed to affect, especially correct any ungainly use of hands or feet, and teach them how to bow and retire gracefully when called before the curtain at the close of the performance. No special "make-up" of face will be necessary. Powder the red hands and arms of the players if you will; and in some cases the two cross sisters may be slightly "made-up" by the pencilling in of a few wrinkles; but otherwise all "making-up" should be discouraged as unnecessary in children's plays. Finally, if the songs and dances are introduced into the play, see to it that the pianist who accompanies the music is sufficiently accomplished to make the songs and choruses "go" with precision and artistic effect. An old notation edition of the play, with full vocal score and piano accompaniment, can be obtained from Egerton & Co., 10, Berners Street, London, W., for 1s., post free.



# CINDERELLA.

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## SCENE I.

### A ROOM IN CINDERELLA'S HOUSE.

*A raised stage is, of course, preferable to any simpler arrangement of the room; but a platform or stage is not absolutely necessary for this play. Any room, a portion of which can be curtained off as a stage, will suffice. If there is no second door through which the performers can make their exits and entrances, a screen, placed at the left-hand side of the stage near the back, will answer the same purpose.*

*The directions R.L.C. mean right, left, centre, to any one who stands FACING the stage.*

*For Scene I. place a small dressing-table with a hand-bell on it (C.), a low chair (L.), on which PROUDIE sits with a mirror in her hand, and another chair (R.), on which CROSSPATCH is sitting when the curtain goes up.*

CROSSPATCH (*rising and stamping her foot*).

Where are my gloves, and shoes, and things?

Where are my flowers? Where are my rings?

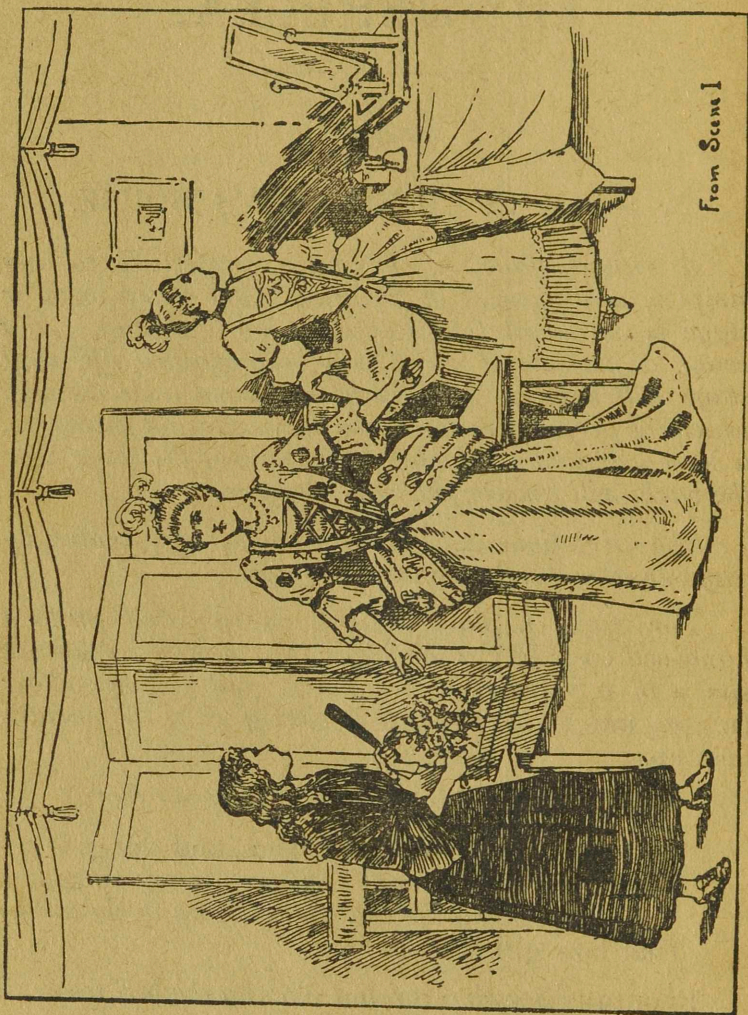
(*Seizing the bell and ringing it violently.*)

That lazy girl is never here.

PROUDIE (*jumping up and ringing the bell too*).

Where are *my* gloves? Oh dear! Oh dear!





From Scene I



(Enter CINDERELLA with gloves, fan, and some flowers.)

CROSSPATCH (to CINDERELLA).

Why didn't you come upstairs before?  
Gossiping, were you, at the door?  
Or dreaming by the fire? They say  
When we are out you sit all day  
Upon your stupid wooden stool,  
Watching the cinders glow and cool:  
That's why they call you cinder-girl.

(Seating herself.)

Come! Give my hair another curl!  
Be quick! We have no time to lose!

PROUDIE (sitting down and taking up the mirror again.)

Come here at once; put on my shoes!  
(Aside, looking at herself in the glass.)  
Now, who will be the belle to-night?

CROSSPATCH.

Not you, my dear. You look a fright!

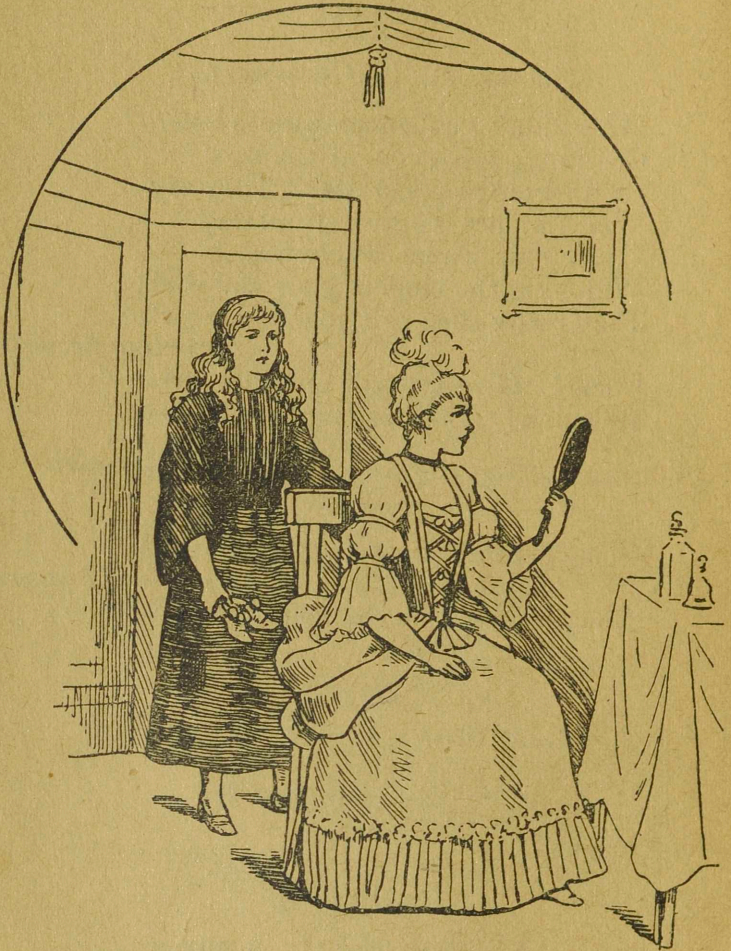
PROUDIE (indignantly).

A fright?

CROSSPATCH.

A perfect fright! A guy—  
You do indeed! Why, even I,  
With my good looks, would hardly dare  
That trying shade of green to wear.





PROUDIE: "NOW, WHO WILL BE THE BELLE TO-NIGHT?"  
(See previous page.)



PROUDIE (*laughing scornfully*).

With your good looks! Upon my word,  
Your vanity is too absurd! (*To CINDERELLA.*)  
My shoes, Cinderella! Do you hear?

(*CINDERELLA kneels down to fasten her shoes.*)

CINDERELLA.

What pretty shoes! Please, sister dear,  
You promised me, one day last year,  
That I should go to parties too  
When I was quite grown-up, like you.

(*Standing up and clasping her hands eagerly.*)  
Please take me to the ball to-night!

PROUDIE (*aside*).

Is the girl mad?

CINDERELLA.

'Twill be a sight  
Like some bright scene from fairyland!  
Even if I might only stand  
In a dark corner by the door,  
I'd like to see the shining floor,  
The lights, the flowers, and ladies fair,  
Prince Charming with his gracious air—  
The pages, courtiers, and—(*a little pause*) the  
Queen! (*Pleadingly.*)  
Sister, when you were seventeen  
You went to balls, I've heard you say—  
It was my birthday yesterday!

(*While the sisters take a last admiring look into the  
glass and put on their gloves CINDERELLA begins  
to sing*)—





CINDERELLA AND PROUDIE SINGING THE SONG ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



## SONG (CINDERELLA AND PROUDIE).

KEY F.

CINDERELLA. *Softly.*

{ | : : | : : | : : | : : m | t<sub>i</sub> : - : d }  
 I'm tired of }

{ | m : t : l | s : f : m | r : - : m r | r : d : t<sub>i</sub> }  
 wash-ing the dish - es, Heigh- ho ! To the gay pal - ace }

{ | d : - : m | r : - : l | s : - : s | s : l : s }  
 ball I'd like to go ! Of scour-ing and }

{ | f : s : f | m : f : m | r : m : r | m : l : s }  
 scrubbing, Of scold-ing, and snub-bing, I've had rath - er }

{ | d : f : m | r : - : m | d : - : - | s : - : - }  
 more than my share, you know, Heigh - - }

PROUDIE.

C.t.

{ | m : - : - | r : - : - | d : - : - : d<sup>f</sup> | m : s : fe }  
 ho ! Heigh - - ho ! When kitch-en maids }

{ | l : s : t | l : : l | l : - : r | r : m : f }  
 go out to balls, my dear ! The la - dies will }

{ | s : l : t | l : - : l | l : - : l | d<sup>i</sup> : s : ta }  
 all stay at home, I fear ; So sti - fle your }

{ | ta : l : l | l : m : l | s : f : l | d<sup>i</sup> : s : m }  
 wish - es, Look af - ter your dish - es ; You can - not go }

f.F.

{ | r : t : l | s : : s | d : - : d<sup>i</sup> | l<sup>m</sup> : t<sub>i</sub> : d }  
 with us to night, 'tis clear. CIND. I can - not go  
 : d d<sub>s</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub>  
 PROUDIE. You can - not go }



{	m	:t	:l		s	:f	:m		r	:—	:m.r		r	:d	:t <sub>1</sub>	}
	with	{	them	}	to	night	{	they	}	say,	But		in	the	dark	
	d	:m	:m		m	:r	:d		t <sub>1</sub>	:—	:t <sub>1</sub>		s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>	}

{	d	:r	:m		r	:—	:l		s	:—	:s		s	:l	:s	}
	kitch-en	a	-		lone	must			stay,	And			sit	sad	-	ly
	l <sub>1</sub>	:t <sub>1</sub>	:d		d	:—	:d		t <sub>1</sub>	:—	:r		de	:de	:m	}

{	f	:s	:f		m	:f	:m		r	:m	:r	}
	dream-ing	of			bright	jew	-	els		gleam - ing,	And	
	r	:m	:r		l <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	:s <sub>1</sub>		f <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	:r	}

{	m	:l	:s		d	:f	:m		r	:—	:m		d	:—	:—	}
	mer - ry	feet			danc-ing	the			hours	a	-		way.			
	d	:m	:m		d	:d	:d		t <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	:t <sub>1</sub>		d	:—	:—	}

{	s	:—	:—		m	:—	:—		r	:—	:—		d	:—	:—	
	Heigh	-			ho !				Heigh	-			ho !			
	t <sub>1</sub>	:—	:—		d	:—	:—		t <sub>1</sub>	:—	:—		d	:—	:—	
	Ah				no !				no !				no !			

NOTE.—The second voice may sing the same notes as the first, in this and subsequent melodies, if preferred.

(The sisters go off, singing the last line, and leave CINDERELLA alone.)

CINDERELLA (*sadly*).

No! No! There is no place for me

In the gay world outside, I see.

Among the ladies, grandly dressed,

I should but look a sorry guest—

(*Holding out her skirt.*)

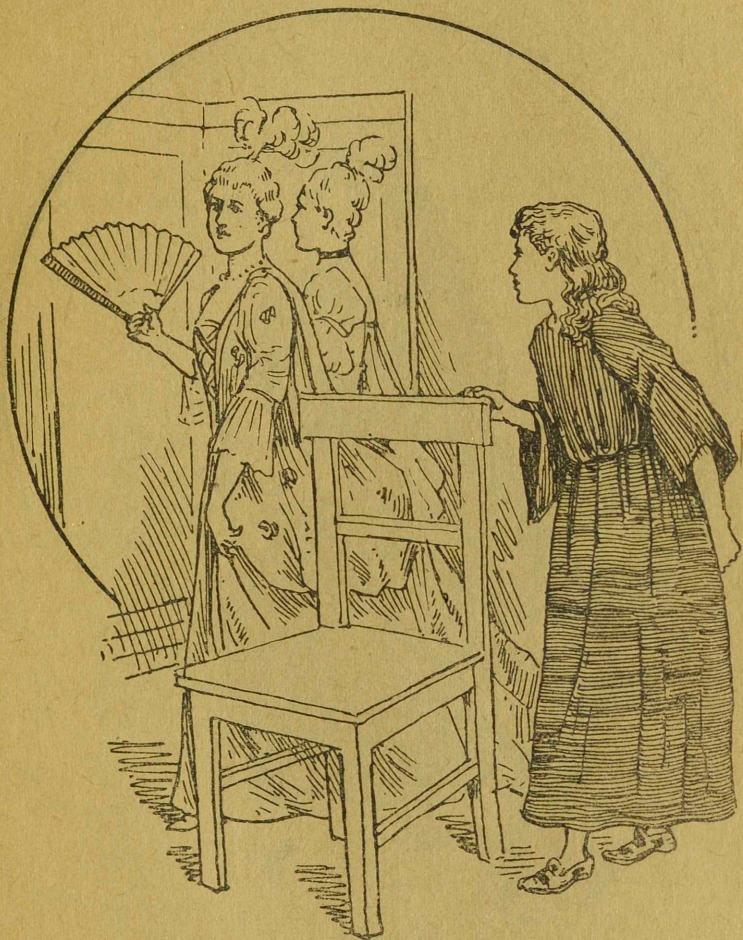
They don't wear ragged clothes like mine—

Their frocks with gold and jewels shine,

And diamonds glitter in their hair

Like dewdrops caught and tangled there.





DEPARTURE OF THE TWO SISTERS.





"WHY SHOULD SOME IN SILKS BE DREST?"



## SONG (CINDERELLA) AND FAIRY CHORUS.

KEY F.

S

{		:	:		:	:		s . l : s . m : r . d		f : — : — f	}
								Why should some in silks be drest,		While	
								Why should I be al - ways sad,		And	

{		s . s : l : t		s : — : . s		s . l : s . m : r . d	}
		some in rags must		go !		Why should some have all the	
		work the live - long		day —		While happier hours make oth - ers	

{		f : — : f		m . r : d . m : s . d		l : — . l : f . l	}
		best,		While		nothing's left for all the rest?	
		glad,		Their		life one glad - some hol - i - day?	

{		d' . r : r : —		s : l . s : l . r		d : — : —	
		want to know,		That's what I want to		know.	

2nd. FAIRIES (unseen).

{		d : — : m		s : — : d		d : — : r		d : r : t <sub>1</sub>	}
		know. Cheer		up,		sweet		maid, and	
						cease		re -	

{		l <sub>1</sub> : — : s <sub>1</sub>		s : — : d		d : m : r		d : r : t <sub>1</sub>	}
		pin - ing,		Ev - 'ry		cloud has a		sil - ver	

{		l <sub>1</sub> : — : s <sub>1</sub>		s : — : l		s : — : f		m : — : f	}
		lin - ing;		Some - times		ear - ly,		some - times	

{		r : — : —		d : t <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>		s <sub>1</sub> : d : f		m : — : r	}
		late,		For - tune		comes to		those who	

{		s : — : —		s : — : l		s : — : f	}
		wait,		For - tune		comes to	

{		m : — : f		r : — : —		d : t <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>	}
		those who		wait.		So it will	

{		s <sub>1</sub> : d : f		m : — : r		d : — : —	
		come, will		come to		you.	





ENTER FAIRY GODMOTHER.



Ah! *I* should like some pretty things,  
A white silk dress, two sparkling rings—

(*Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER. She stands L., a little behind CINDERELLA, who does not see her.*)

A fan—and, most of all, some shoes!  
I'd have those first, if I could choose!

GODMOTHER.

What kind of shoes, my little maid?

CINDERELLA (*starting up in terror*).

Oh! oh!

GODMOTHER.

My child, don't be afraid!  
I am no stranger—look at me—

CINDERELLA (*faltering*).

My godmother! . . . Ah . . . can it be?

GODMOTHER.

I am your godmother, my dear,  
Kiss me—and tell me, did I hear  
Your wishes rightly? A new dress—  
A pair of shoes—a fan—

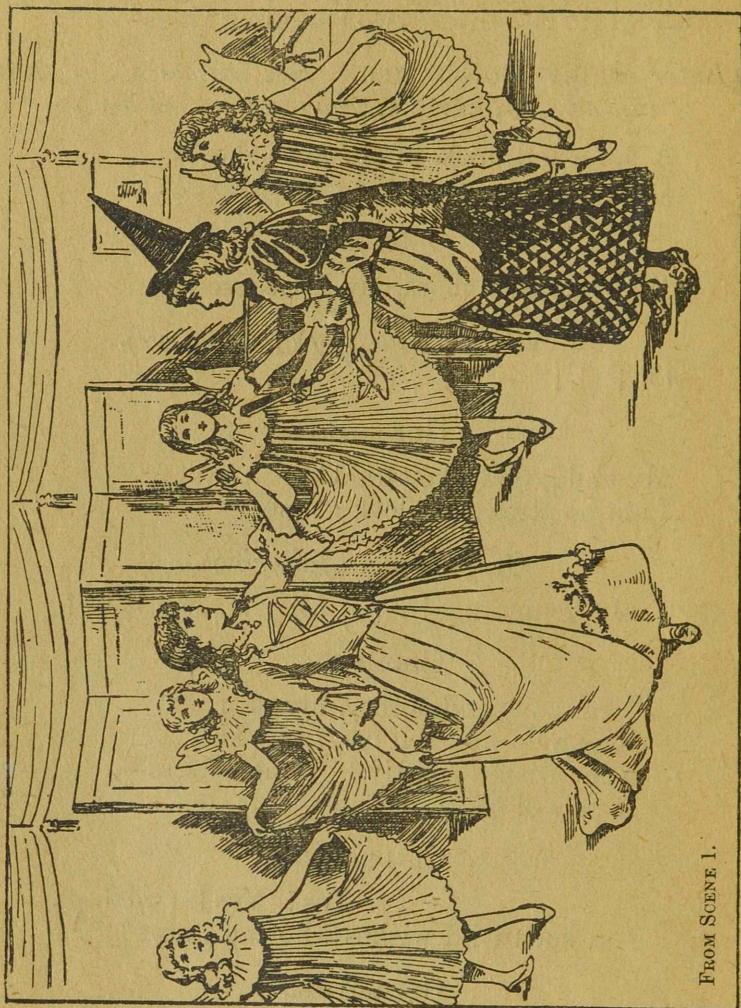
CINDERELLA.

Yes! Yes! (*sighing*).  
But such wild wishes who can grant?

GODMOTHER.

Child, I can give you all you want.  
(*Waves her wand.*)





FROM SCENE I.



(Enter FAIRIES, who dance round CINDERELLA, while her ragged frock falls off, disclosing a white ball-dress underneath. Her GODMOTHER then produces a fan and a pair of satin slippers from under her cloak. CINDERELLA, greatly delighted, sits down and puts the new slippers on. Meanwhile the FAIRIES, catching up their dresses with both hands, trip lightly round the room, singing the following song) :—

## FAIRY CHORUS.

KEY A.

S.

{ | : : | : : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | m : d : l<sub>1</sub> }  
When fair - ies come trip, trip, trip, }

{ | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : — | — : m<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d : t<sub>1</sub> }  
{ trip - ping, From their home a - mong the }

{ | f<sub>1</sub> : — : — | — : d : — . t<sub>1</sub> | r : d : l<sub>1</sub> | r : d : l<sub>1</sub> }  
{ stars, Down the lad - der of moon - beams }

{ | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : — | — : l<sub>1</sub> : ta<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> : m : r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> }  
{ skip - ping To this sleep - ing world of }

{ | r : — : — | s<sub>1</sub> : — : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : — : d | m : — : s<sub>1</sub> }  
{ ours, . . . Fair gifts they bring to }

{ | l<sub>1</sub> : — : d | m : — : f | m : — : r | l<sub>1</sub> : — : t<sub>1</sub> }  
{ you and me, And grant each wish, what- }

{ | r : — : d | s<sub>1</sub> : — : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : — : d | m : — : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : — : d }  
{ e'er it be— New fans, new frocks, new gloves, new }

{ | m : — : f | m : — : r | l<sub>1</sub> : — : t<sub>1</sub> | r : — : m | d : — : — }  
{ shoes, What shall we have? We need but choose. }  
D. S.





"THANK YOU, SO MUCH!"

They come gently creep-creep-creeping  
Into dreary rooms like this,  
Where maidens sit sighing and weeping  
For one little hour of bliss.  
Fair gifts they bring, &c.

When our hearts grow sad-sad-sadder,  
As we sit by the fire at home,  
Let us look for the silver ladder,  
And wait till the fairies come.  
Fair gifts they bring, &c.

CINDERELLA (*throwing her arms round her GODMOTHER*).

Thank you so much !

GODMOTHER.

Come, now, what next ?

CINDERELLA (*shyly*).

Dear Godmother, please don't be vexed—  
My new frock is so very pretty,  
I think it would be quite a pity  
To wear it here——

GODMOTHER.

Just so ! Just so !  
It is a ball-dress, as you know,  
And you must wear it at the ball.

CINDERELLA (*eagerly*).

Am I to go, then, after all ? (*dancing about*).  
Oh ! How surprised Crosspatch will be,  
And Proudie too——





THE GODMOTHER'S WARNING.

## GODMOTHER.

Ah! We shall see!  
They may not know you in that dress,  
But take you for some great princess.  
So—Cinderella—pay attention,  
One little thing I have to mention.  
Ere midnight you must steal away;  
As the clock strikes, your fine array  
Will vanish. For this new white frock  
Is only yours till twelve o'clock,  
Then you must wear your rags again.

## CINDERELLA.

Your warning shall not be in vain,  
I will not stay too late——

## GODMOTHER.

That's right!  
Do not forget my words to-night,  
Now, is your carriage at the gate,  
To take you to the ball in state?

## CINDERELLA.

Alas! We have an empty stable,  
Six lizards live beneath the gable,  
A large black rat behind the door;  
And white mice run across the floor.  
Yes! There are rats and mice to spare,  
But no fine horses capering there.

## GODMOTHER.

Have you a yellow pumpkin, pray?





"I'LL WAVE MY WAND ABOUT THEM TWICE."

## CINDERELLA.

I bought a large one yesterday,  
To make some jam with——

## GODMOTHER.

It will do  
For jam to-morrow—but to-night  
I'll change it to a chariot bright,  
With yellow wheels and gilded top,  
To take you to the palace. Stop!  
Six lizards, did you say, you've seen?  
Four shall be footmen, dressed in green,  
And two smart pages. For the mice,  
I'll wave my wand about them twice,  
And turn them into snow-white steeds.

*(Going towards the door and waving her wand.)*

Come, child, and watch these magic deeds.

*(Turning her head towards CINDERELLA.)*

A coachman you must have as well.  
Over the rat I'll cast a spell,  
A fine black-whiskered coachman he  
Will make upon the box, you'll see.

## CINDERELLA.

Dear Godmother, since you can weave  
Such wondrous spells—before you leave  
Please wave your magic wand this way.

*(Pointing to herself.)*

Mid ladies fair and ladies gay,  
I would be fair and charming too.





SONG BY CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRIES.

## GODMOTHER.

No maiden half as fair as you  
 Will grace the ball. No spell of mine  
 Could make your eyes more softly shine,  
 Paint brighter roses in your cheek.  
 Come ! For your fortune is to seek !  
 Mid ladies gay and ladies fair  
 The crown of beauty you shall wear.

## SONG (CINDERELLA).

KEY C.

{		:	:		:	:s		d' :-	:r'		t :-	:d'		l :-	:l		l :-	:s	}		
								I've	of		ten	heard	the	peo	-	ple	say,	How	}		
{		l	:	t	:	d'		t	:	d'	:	l		t	:-	:f		f	:-	:f	}
		soon	-	er		or		la	-	ter		on		some		fine	day,		Each	}	
{		m	:	f	:	s		l	:	se	:	l		t	:-	:m		d'	:-	:l	}
		ca	-			ter	-	pil	-	lar		in		green		or	grey		Turns	}	
{		d'	:	t	:	l		s	:	m'	:	r'		d'	:-	:-		:-	:-		
		in	-	to		a		but	-	ter	-	fly		gay.							

*(Last verse by the Fairies.)*

{		:	:		:	:s		d' :-	:r'		t :-	:d'		l :-	:l		l :-	:s	}		
								Good-	bye,		Cinderella,		and	don't		be	late,	For	}		
{		l	:	t	:	d'		t	:	d'	:	l		t	:-	:f		f	:-	:f	}
		sad				in	-	deed		will		be		your		fate		If you're	}		
{		m	:	f	:	s		l	:	se	:	l		t	:-	:m		d'	:-	:l	}
		found				in	-	side		the		Pal	-	ace		gate		When the	}		
{		d'	:	t	:	l		s	:	m'	:	r'		d'	:-	:-		t	:-	:l	}
		clock		in		the		tower		strikes		twelve,		When			the	}			
{		s	:	l	:	d'		r'	:	:-	:d'		d'	:-	:-		:-	:-	:-		
		clock		in		the		tower		strikes		twelve.									



## CINDERELLA.

2.

Till now I've been a poor little grub,  
I've had to sweep, and clean, and scrub,  
Or stand all day at the washing-tub  
    With a rub-a-dub, dub, dub, dub.

3.

But now you see I'm a butterfly fair,  
With gown of satin, and jewels rare,  
And on my feet the daintiest pair  
    Of slippers that ever were seen.

4.

Good-bye, and thanks, kind fairies all,  
And good-bye, kind friends, for I'm off to the ball,  
Where you shall see what fate may befall  
    Your happy Cinderella.

*(The GODMOTHER who, during CINDERELLA'S song, has been standing by the door ready to depart, now goes out, followed by CINDERELLA and the FAIRIES.)*

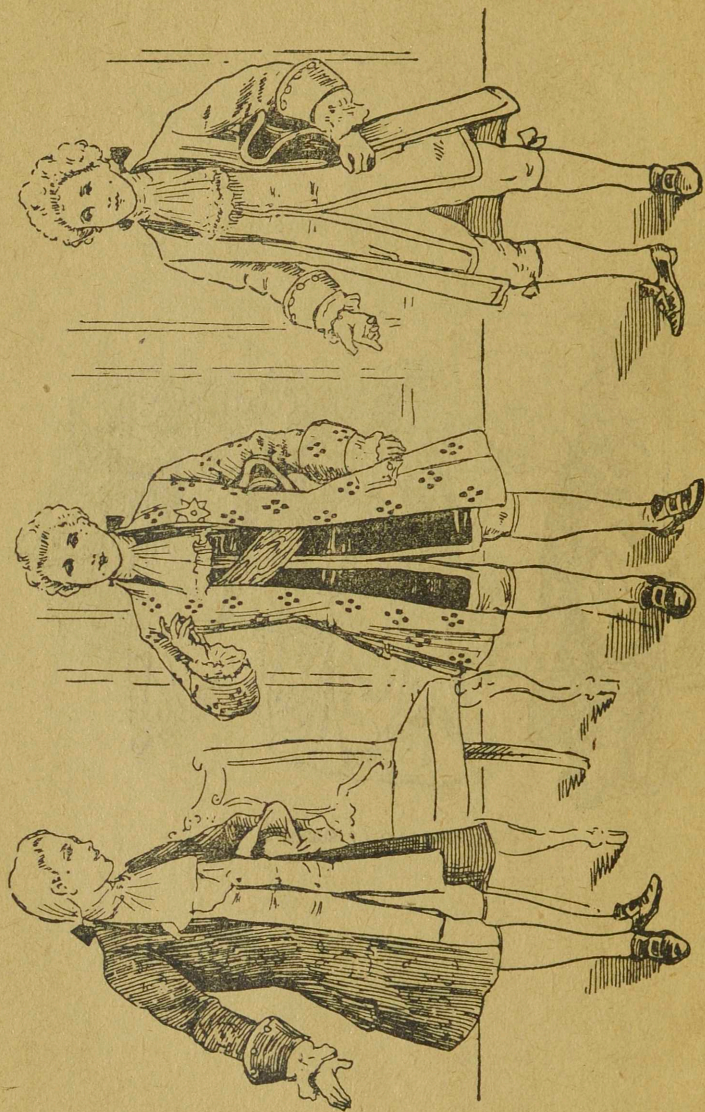
CURTAIN.

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AT THE END OF SCENE I.





## SCENE II.

## THE PALACE OF PRINCE CHARMING.

*Place a low chair at the back of the stage. Enter PRINCE CHARMING, followed by SIR HECTOR and SIR HOLIDAY.*

SIR HECTOR (*eagerly*).

Her eyes are grey—

PRINCE.

Blue, my friend ! Blue !  
Who calls them grey ? They are the hue  
The sky wears on a summer's day.

SIR HOLIDAY.

Her hair is auburn—

PRINCE.

Gold, I say !  
The sunny gold of ripened corn.

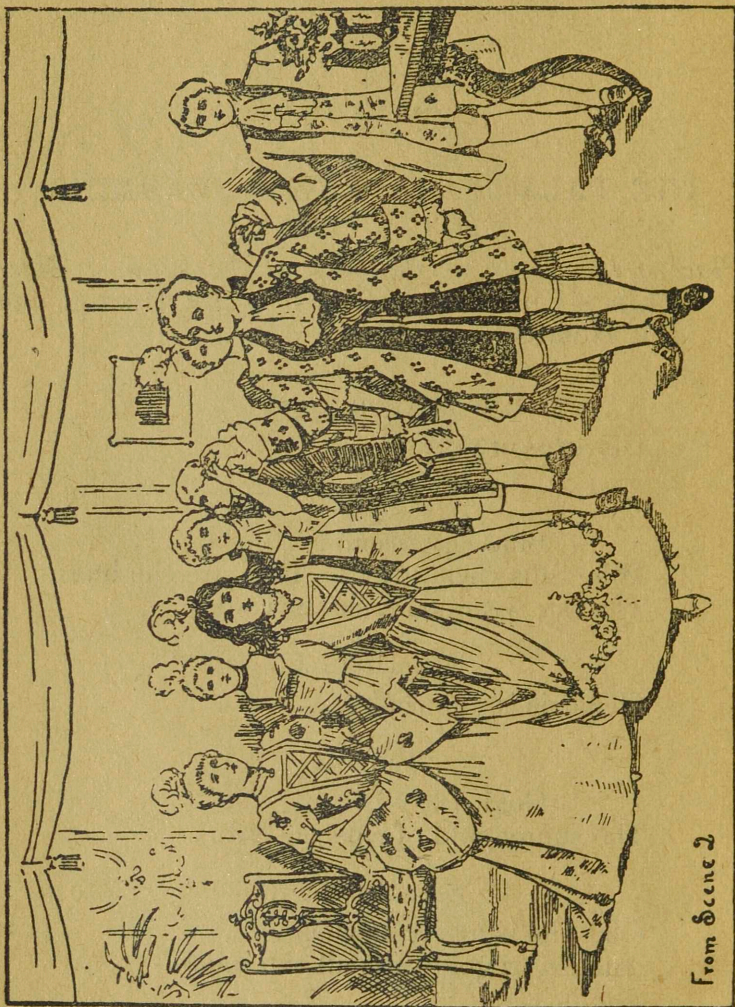
SIR HOLIDAY.

Oh ! she is lovely as the morn,  
Auburn or gold—'tis all the same—

PRINCE.

Does no one know her rank, her name ?





SIR HECTOR.

No, not a soul. But all agree  
 She is some dame of high degree.  
 Six horses drew her coach, and four  
 Smart footmen stood beside the door.  
 Her carriage glittered like the sun,—(*pauses*)  
 Her jewels dazzle every one.  
 And yet she is of modest mien,  
 The sweetest maid I've ever seen.  
 Ah! she must come from fairyland!

PRINCE.

For the first dance I'll ask her hand.

(*Exit.*)

SIR HOLIDAY (*gloomily*).

That dance was mine.

SIR HECTOR (*striking an attitude*).

No, mine!

SIR HOLIDAY.

Mine! Mine!

(*patting SIR HECTOR on the shoulder*).

But hasten! Other bright eyes shine  
 For you and me. And ladies fair  
 Will welcome us with gracious air.  
 Let the Prince woo his strange princess,  
 We'll try to be content with less.

(*Exit SIR HOLIDAY and SIR HECTOR. Enter the PRINCE leading CINDERELLA, followed by SIR HECTOR and SIR HOLIDAY with PROUDIE and CROSSPATCH.*)





AFTER THE DANCE.

## DANCE.

*(In the music for this dance, which is printed with the songs in the Old Notation edition, there is a note suggesting either a polka or a square dance. If a square dance be preferred, another couple—not in the cast—must be introduced.)*

*(At the end of the dance SIR HECTOR and SIR HOLIDAY come to the front with their partners, and CINDERELLA sits on the low chair at the back, the PRINCE bending over and talking to her).*

PROUDIE (to SIR HECTOR).

Who is that girl? She'll be quite vain!

SIR HECTOR.

The Prince admires her, it is plain.

PROUDIE.

And so is she—

SIR HECTOR (*horrified*).

She—plain? Oh, no!  
No one with truth could call her so.

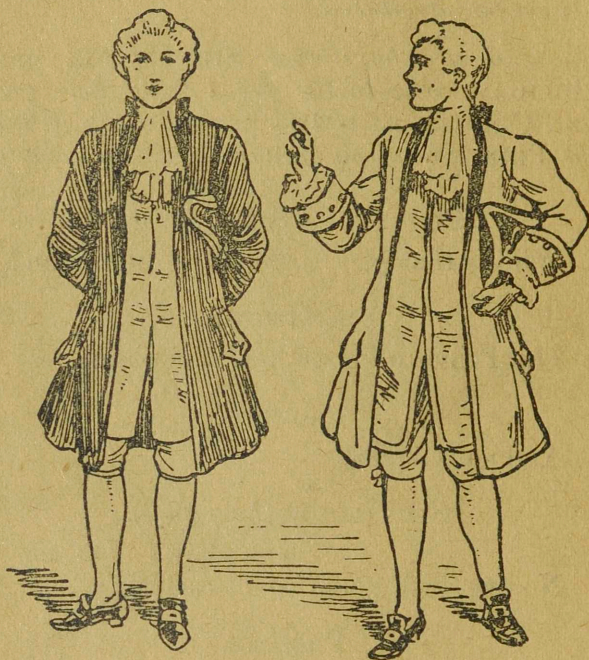
PROUDIE.

She has the awkward air of youth,  
One may say *that*, I think, with truth.  
Her dancing showed no style—no grace.

SIR HECTOR.

I never looked beyond her face.  
Her sweet grey eyes—





THE DUET.

SIR HOLIDAY (*laughing*).

Her eyes are blue—  
She holds them down so much, 'tis true  
Their hue is rather hard to guess.

CROSSPATCH (*crossing over to PROUDIE*).

I can't see why, I must confess,  
Her looks should steal all hearts away,—  
Fine feathers make fine birds, they say,  
And her chief beauty is her dress.  
Her hair is red—not golden—

PROUDIE (*eagerly*).

Yes!

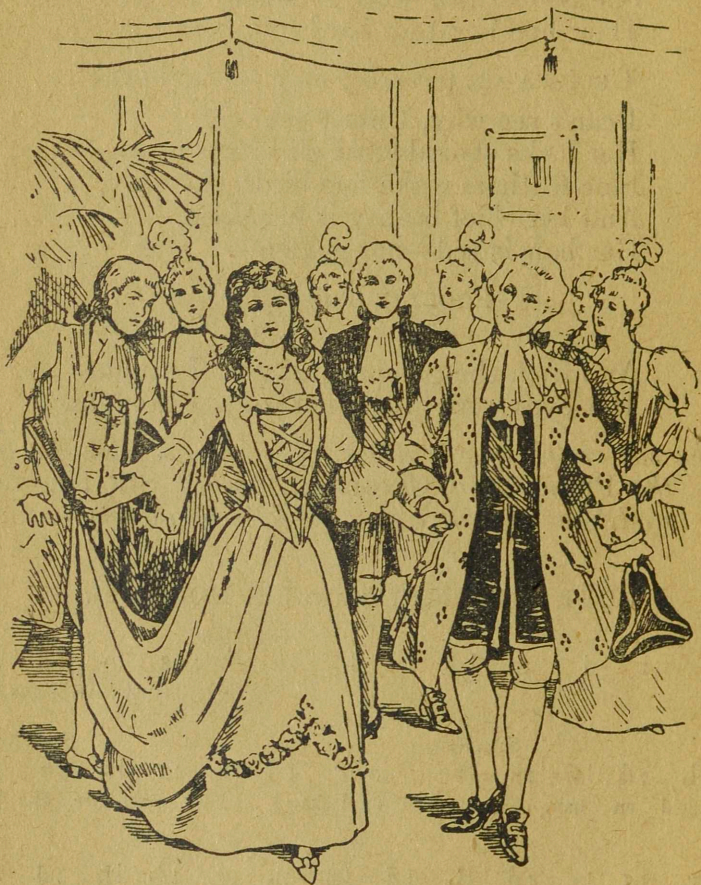
And from the glimpse just now I caught,  
Her eyes were green, not grey, I thought.

(*The sisters whisper together, glancing occasionally at the PRINCE and CINDERELLA, while SIR HECTOR and SIR HOLIDAY sing the following duet*):—

DUET (SIR HECTOR AND SIR HOLIDAY).

KEY F.		SIR HOL.	
{	:   :   :   :m   r :s  m :d }		
	My   love must have bright }		
SIR HEC.		SIR HOL.	
{	l <sub>1</sub> :d  s <sub>1</sub> :m  r :-m  r :d  t <sub>1</sub> :r  s <sub>1</sub> :m }		
	gold - en hair. For   gold - en locks I   don't much care. Her }		
SIR HEC.		SIR HOL.	
{	r :s  m :d  l <sub>1</sub> :d  s <sub>1</sub> :m  r :l <sub>1</sub>  t <sub>1</sub> :d }		
	eyes dark blue, I   need not say; Now   I would much pre . }		
SIR HOL.		SIR HEC.	
{	r :-d  d :m  s <sub>1</sub> .l :s <sub>1</sub> .m  d :l <sub>1</sub> .t <sub>1</sub> }		
	fer them grey. The   world is wide, And }		





CINDERELLA ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BALL.

SIR HOL.

{ <u>d .r</u> : <u>d .l</u>   s	: <u>l .t</u>   <u>d .r</u> : m	s : m	}
we      may      find	Each      one      a	maid      en	

SIR HEC.      BOTH.

{ m : r   r : m .f	s .l : s .m	d : l .t	}
to      his      mind.	The      world      is	wide,      And	

{ <u>d .r</u> : <u>d .l</u>   s	: <u>l .t</u>   <u>d .r</u> : m	s : m	r : - .d   d : -	
we      may      find	Each      one      a	maid      en	to      his      mind.	

SIR HOLIDAY.

Stately and tall my love must be.

SIR HECTOR.

My wife shall ne'er look down on *me*.

SIR HOLIDAY.

She shall be grave, and good, and wise.

SIR HECTOR.

Laughter shall sparkle in her eyes.

BOTH.

The world is wide, &c.

*(At the close of the duet a clock begins to strike twelve.)*

CINDERELLA *(coming down to the front, while the PRINCE and his friends gather round her).*

Twelve! Is it twelve o'clock? Alas!

I've stayed too late! Please let me pass!

PRINCE *(taking her hand).*

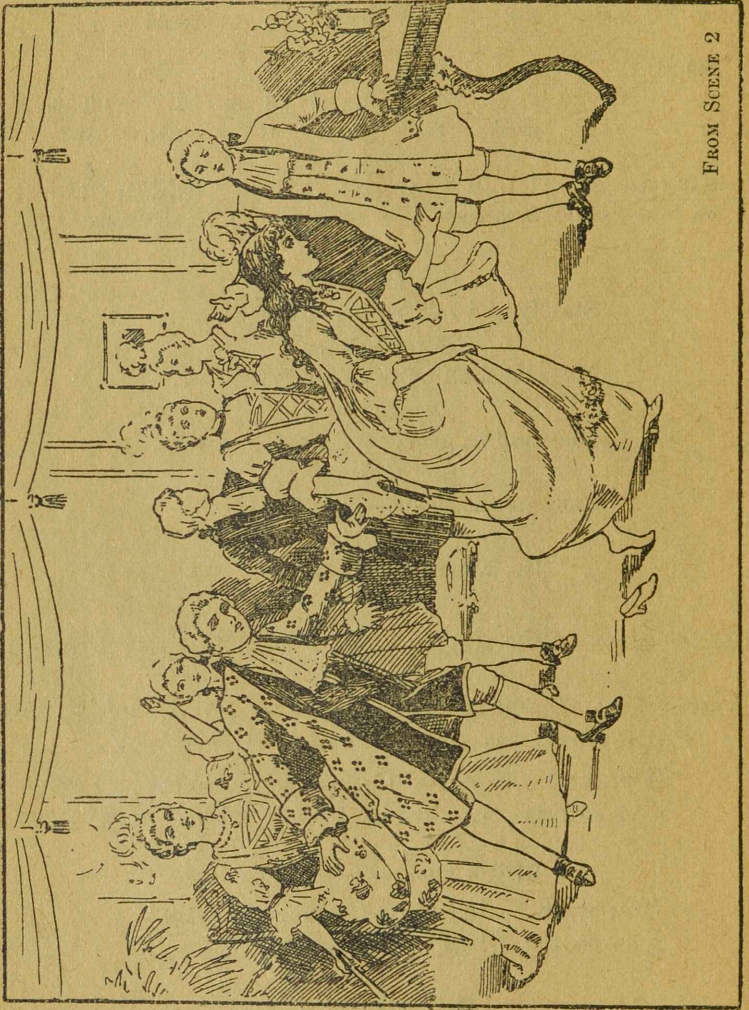
You wish to leave us? No,—oh, no!

I cannot, will not, let you go.

SIR HECTOR.

Pray stay! The hour is early yet.





FROM SCENE 2

CINDERELLA (*aside*).

Godmother! Oh, why did I forget  
The promise made before I came? (*To PRINCE.*)  
Farewell!

PRINCE.

At least tell me your name!

CINDERELLA (*despairingly*).

No! No! You would not understand—  
Some strange princess from fairyland—  
Think of me thus, nor seek to know  
Whence I have come, or whither go.

(*Runs off the stage, dropping one shoe as she goes.*  
*The PRINCE follows and picks it up.*)

PRINCE (*holding up the shoe*).

The lady must be found! This shoe  
Which she has dropped should be a clue.  
So small and dainty (*kissing it*), none but she  
Could wear it, as you all can see.

(*Giving it to SIR HECTOR.*)

To-morrow morn, my friends, your duty  
'Twill be to seek the vanished beauty.

(*SIR HECTOR and SIR HOLIDAY make a low bow.*)

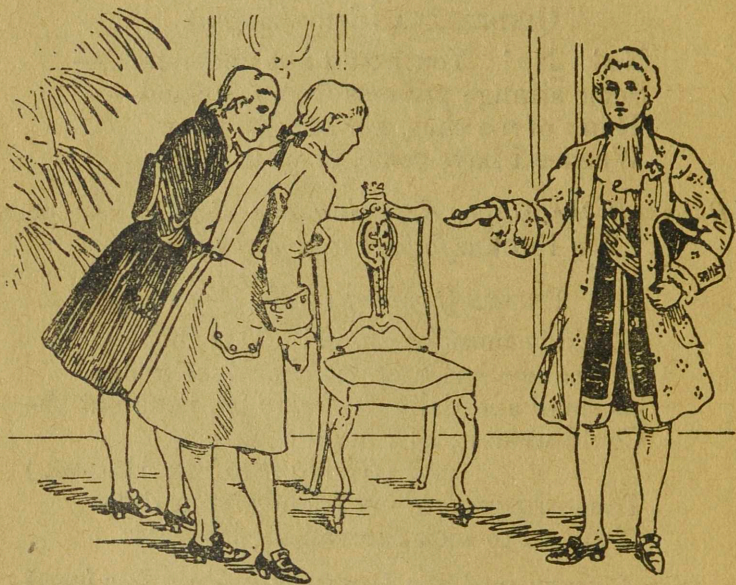
SIR HOLIDAY.

And if we find a maiden who  
Can show the fellow to this shoe?

PRINCE.

Straight to our royal palace bring her,  
Nor on the way one moment linger,  
For she shall be my bride—





THE PRINCE SENDS IN SEARCH OF THE OWNER OF THE SLIPPER.

SIR HECTOR (*in a hesitating tone*).

Your bride?

Your Highness, we'll search far and wide,  
But many maidens at the ball  
Have worn, perchance, such slippers small—  
And if we bring the wrong one—then—

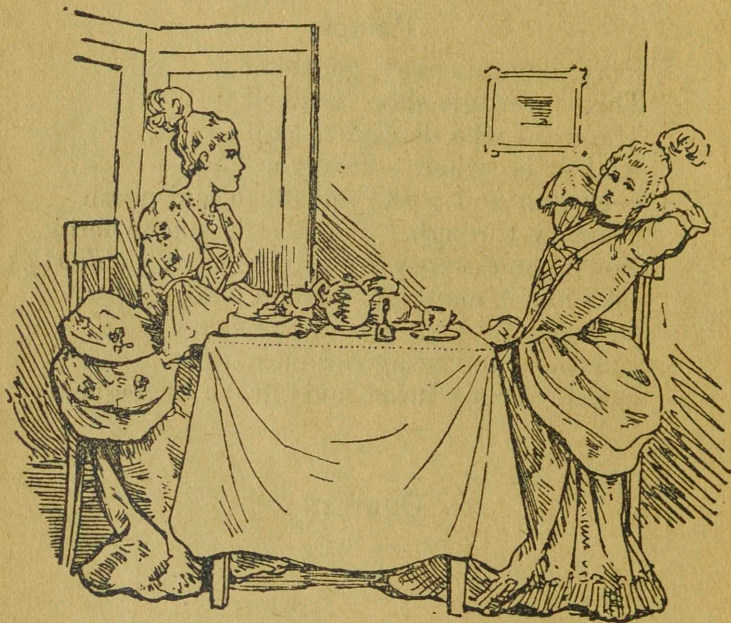
PRINCE.

Pray, be quite easy, gentlemen.  
This is a magic shoe, 'twill fit  
The maid who danced to-night in it,  
And fit no other.—Fare you forth—  
Seek east and west, and south and north  
The city through. Somehow—somewhere,  
You'll come across my princess fair. (*Slowly.*)  
Be what it may, her fortune, name,  
Or rank, I'll love her all the same.  
Find her, and bring her once again  
Queen o'er my heart and throne to reign.

CURTAIN

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OPENING OF SCENE III.

## SCENE III.

## ROOM IN CINDERELLA'S HOUSE.

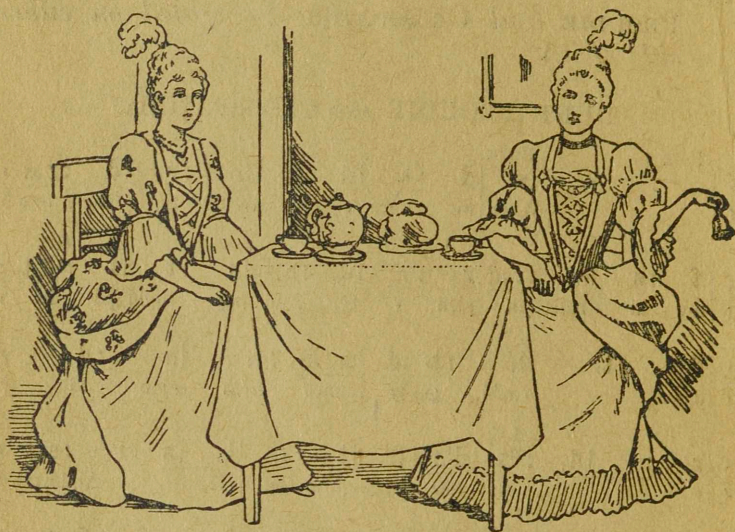
(Place small table c., with breakfast things on it.  
 PROUDIE and CROSSPATCH are seated on either  
 side of it.)

## DUET (PROUDIE AND CROSSPATCH).

KEY C.	BOTH.
{   :	:s   d :t <sub>i</sub>   d :r   m.f:r   d :r.m }
	When we were sweet and twen-ty, There were }
	G.t.
{   f :s   m :r.d   r :—   d :m.fe   s :t   l :s.d.t <sub>i</sub> }	
	roy - al balls in plen - ty, And we could gai - ly }
{   d :t <sub>i</sub>   l <sub>i</sub> :t <sub>i</sub> .d   s <sub>i</sub> .l <sub>i</sub> :s <sub>i</sub>   m :d }	
	dance, could gai-ly dance from nine to }
	f.C.
{   r :—   d :ds   d'.r':d'   t :s   l :s   — :s.s }	
	four. But now we're grow - ing old, And have }
{   d'.r':d'   t :s   l :s   — :s.s   l :s.f   m.f:s }	
	more than once been told By the young folks that our }
{   l :r'   t :s   l.t:d'   m :r   d :—   — : }	
	dan - cing days, Our dan - cing days are o'er.

We may as well confess it  
 (You would never, never guess it),  
 We're twins, and we were forty-two, were forty-two last May!  
 Last night, although 'tis true,  
 That our partners were but few,  
 We both feel very tired to-day, feel very tired to-day.





PROUDIE RINGS FOR CINDERELLA.

We really can't be flurried,  
 Or through the Lancers hurried—  
 Have supper when we ought to be, we ought to be in bed;  
 But hush! Don't breathe a word,  
 For if Cinderella heard,  
 She'd think she ought to go to balls, to go to balls instead.  
*(The Sisters should dance to last eight bars of music.)*

## CROSSPATCH.

I feel so sleepy! (*yawning*). Ah! Dear me!  
 Balls are not what they used to be  
 When you and I were young and gay!

PROUDIE (*in a conceited tone*)

I had my full share, I must say,  
 Of dancing, fun, and flattery.

## CROSSPATCH.

You took a little after me,  
 Poor thing! That may have made you vain.

## PROUDIE.

No! You were always very plain!  
 You had no figure, or complexion.  
 Now, e'en last night, in my direction  
 I saw the Prince glance once or twice.

## CROSSPATCH.

He looked at you? (*Laughing scornfully.*)  
 Ha! Ha! How nice!

*(Trumpet heard outside. PROUDIE rings the bell on the table.)*

I never noticed it. Each glance  
 I thought, and every dance  
 Was given to his stranger guest. (*Sarcastically.*)  
 However, doubtless you know best.





From Scene 3.

(*Enter CINDERELLA.*)

PROUDIE (*to CINDERELLA*).

Why are you deaf to all our rings?  
Quick! Take away the breakfast things.

(*CINDERELLA clears the table, and carries it to the back of the stage. Enter HERALD carrying CINDERELLA'S slipper on a cushion, and followed by SIR HECTOR.*)

HERALD.

Know! That Prince Charming gives his hand  
To the first lady in the land  
Whom this same slipper fits. And he  
Wishes each maid, whoe'er she be,  
To try it on——

PROUDIE (*eagerly*).

What, may we try?  
Bring me a chair, Cinderella, fly!

HERALD.

Whether her rank be high or low  
His Highness does not care to know,  
Whether she be of noble race,  
Or own no fortune but her face,  
She may be old or young, no matter!

CROSSPATCH (*aside*).

Oh! How my heart goes pitter-patter!

HERALD.

Hair gold or brown, eyes grey or blue,  
If only she can wear this shoe,  
His hand is hers, his heart, his crown.





TRYING ON THE SLIPPER.

SIR HECTOR (*bowing*).

So, ladies, will you please sit down?

(HERALD *kneels before PROUDIE and tries the shoe on.*)

PROUDIE.

Pull, boy! That's not the way at all!

HERALD.

I think it is a trifle small.

PROUDIE (*trying to pull the shoe on*).

Absurd! 'Twill fit me like a glove.

CROSSPATCH.

It does not *look* your size, my love!

PROUDIE (*to HERALD*).

Pull it a little to the right,  
Then it won't be at all too tight.  
Help him, Cinderella! It should be,  
If anything, too large for me.

(CINDERELLA and the HERALD both try to put the shoe on.)

HERALD (*rising*).

Madam, our efforts are in vain.

PROUDIE (*trying to seize the shoe*).

Give it to me. I'll try again.

CROSSPATCH (*sitting down*).

No! No! It is my turn to try!



(CINDERELLA *and the* HERALD *kneel down to try the shoe on.*)

Push ! It will slip on by-and-bye.  
Some slippers are so stiff, you know.

PROUDIE (*scornfully*).  
And your feet are so large, my dear !

HERALD (*rising*).  
No ! We must seek elsewhere. I fear  
These ladies cannot wear the shoe.

SIR HECTOR.  
Stop ! I have heard—can it be true ?  
You have another sister—

PROUDIE.  
Yes.—  
(*Leading CINDERELLA forward.*)  
Would she not make a fine princess ?  
Her rags and tatters would disgrace  
The Prince and Court——

SIR HECTOR.  
But not her face—  
No ragged dress can hide her beauty.  
(*Bowing to CINDERELLA.*)  
Madam, be seated ! For our duty  
Will not be done until we see  
How this shoe fits you——



SIR HECTOR BOWS TO CINDERELLA.





THE TRANSFORMATION.

CROSSPATCH (*aside*).

Oh, dear me !

He'll make her vain ; 'tis quite a pity,  
For who *could* think Cinderella pretty ?

(CINDERELLA *sits down and puts the shoe on. Enter her* FAIRY GODMOTHER.)

GODMOTHER.

Sir Hector, look ! Your search is over.  
In this fair maid you may discover  
The rightful owner of the shoe,  
And queen of last night's revels too.

(*She waves her wand over CINDERELLA, who stands up and allows her ragged frock to slip to the ground, showing her ball-dress underneath.*)

HERALD.

The slipper is a perfect fit.

SIR HECTOR.

Yes ! Yes ! There's not a doubt of it.

(*Enter PRINCE CHARMING, followed by SIR HOLIDAY. The PRINCE kneels at CINDERELLA'S feet, and kisses her hand. PROUDIE and CROSSPATCH withdraw to one side.*)

PROUDIE.

Can he be mad ? 'Tis some mistake !



## CROSSPATCH.

Pinch me, and see if I'm awake !

## PRINCE.

My bright princess from fairyland !——

PROUDIE (*aside*).

Such nonsense I don't understand !

PRINCE (*rising*).

I never thought so soon to find you, (*smiling*)  
Although you left your shoe behind you !

(*Taking her hand.*)

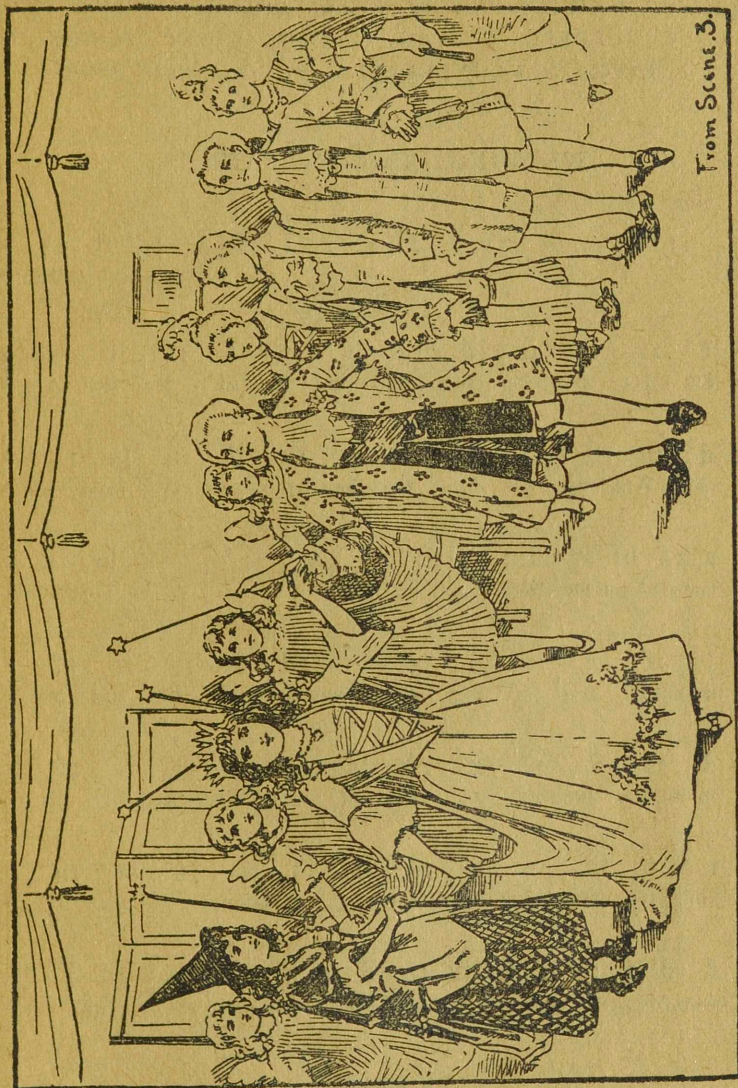
Fortune has smiled on me to-day,  
Will you smile too, I wonder, pray ?

## GODMOTHER.

Prince, be content, in her blue eyes  
The answer to your question lies.  
A maiden loving, true, and kind  
In my dear godchild you shall find.

(*Turning to audience and waving her wand.*)

And thus our fairy tale is ended,  
She whom my magic power befriended  
A good and gracious queen shall reign,  
While at her court her sisters twain  
Grow better, wiser, day by day  
Beneath her sweet and gentle sway.



From Scene 3.



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.....

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*"Cocoa is in itself a perfect food, and requires no addition of drugs whatever."—DR. ANDREW WILSON IN THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."*

When asking for Cocoa, insist on having **CADBURY'S**—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.