

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 93.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

An Original Fairy-Tale Play for Little Players.

With Songs in Tonic Sol-fa, and Numerous Illustrations.



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BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 93.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Fairy Tale Play.

Characters in the Play.

CASSIM (*an Eastern Merchant*).
BEAUTY
RUBY } (*Cassim's Daughters*).
EMERALD }
THE BEAST (*a Prince under a Spe'l*).
BOY } (*Servants to the Beast*).
MARY }

LONDON:

“BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS” OFFICE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE story of Beauty and the Beast is a favourite classic of the nursery, and there is so much in the story that lends itself to dramatic representation by children that it has been chosen as the subject of the play for this year in succession to "Cinderella," which appeared as No. 69; "The Sleeping Beauty," as No. 46; and "Dick Whittington," as No. 81.

Its Eastern setting gives plenty of scope for the display of originality, and even some magnificence in "dressing" where even a moderate amount of expense can be incurred; and those who cannot afford any such outlay will find that with one exception—that of the boy who plays the part of the Prince—suitable costumes can be arranged with little difficulty.

For general directions as to the mounting and lighting of simple children's plays the reader is referred to the Introduction to "Cinderella" (No. 69). Eastern furniture should be used if possible. Eastern embroidery, Turkey rugs, and Japanese goods might easily be requisitioned, and if the costumes are not hired they can easily be made.

Beauty might wear a zouave, with a light overskirt, necklace and bangles; Oriental shoes, a coloured sash, and a close-fitting embroidered cap. Emerald should wear a zouave fastened in the centre with a brooch, overskirt of coloured striped material and sash; bangles and Oriental shoes, and turban, which might be improvised with a coloured handkerchief. Ruby should also wear a turban, with a piece of white drapery falling from the back; aigrette at the side, loose white underdress, long tunic laced in front, and fringed at the bottom.

Cassim wears a turban, long white robe with broad sash, dagger or ornamental paper-knife in the sash, and Oriental shoes. The boy should wear a light shirt, loose knickerbockers, bright sash, and woollen cap. The servant girl wears a plain white frock with zouave; a cap with drapery at the back, and no ornaments.

To dress the boy who plays the double part of Beast and Prince is more difficult. A proper skin costume can be hired for half-a-guinea from any theatrical costumier, and the better plan is to leave the face uncovered, to render it possible to speak and sing with comfort, but dark gloves should be worn. If this skin costume is made so as to admit of its being worn over the costume of a Prince, there is little difficulty in effecting the transformation in Act III. If that is not possible, the curtain behind which the change is effected should be held near the exit door, and the Beast may slip away to change his dress (with assistance) as rapidly as possible, and the few words he is supposed to speak behind the curtain may be repeated by a substitute.

If players with good voices can be chosen, the songs should be introduced; if not, the songs may be scored out of the book without in any way spoiling the continuity of the play. The piano score of the songs and dances can be obtained from Messrs. Egerton & Co., 10, Berners Street, London, W., for 1/-, post free.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ROOM IN CASSIM'S HOUSE.

A low couch with cushions, on which RUBY is lying. One or two low chairs, EMERALD reclining in one of them, and sewing some fancy work. A palm and a Japanese screen. Pieces of Eastern embroidery, table covers or curtains might be disposed about the room, which should be made to look as Oriental as possible.

RUBY (*reading*).

And so a Princess she became—
These fairy tales all end the same.

(*Throwing book away.*)

No. 1.—DUET.—“THE TALES OF LONG AGO.”

(RUBY and EMERALD.)

KEY D.

<p>6 8</p>	<p>{ <i>Three bars for Piano.</i> }</p>	<p>: : : :d d :- :m d :- :m }</p>	<p>1. These fair - y tales of 2. The maid - en fair, we</p>
<p>{</p>	<p>s :f :m r :- :m d :- :m d :- :m }</p>	<p>long a - go Are all a - like, I'd know so well, Was well look'd af - ter,</p>	<p>}</p>
<p>{</p>	<p>s :f :m r :- :s l :- :f r :m :f }</p>	<p>have you know : The sweet prin - cess - es have you can tell; If roars you hear you</p>	<p>}</p>
<p>{</p>	<p>s :- :m d :r :m r :- :t l :- :r }</p>	<p>gold - en tress - es Which to their knees must need not fear, For wait - ing some where</p>	<p>}</p>

A. t.
 { s :- :- | - :- :^sd | t₁ :- :l | s₁ :- :r.r }
 flow— Their eyes so true are
 near, Fair maids to save, is a }

{ m :- :d | s₁ :s₁ :se₁ | l₁ :- :m | r :- :s₁ }
 al - ways blue, In the tales of long a -
 he - ro brave, In the tales of long a - }

f.D. CHORUS.

{ d :- :- |^ds :- :s | d' :- :l | l :- :s }
 go. } Oh, the fair - y days are
 go. }

{ d' :- :l | l :- :s | m :- :re | m :- :s }
 long since past When ev - 'ry - thing comes }

{ f :- :m | r :l :t | d' :- :s | f :m :f | l :l :m }
 right at last; If you trust the rhymes they had ve - ry fine }

{ r :m :r | d :- :d' | l :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :- }
 times But it's ve - ry, ve - ry long a - go. ||

3.

The gallant prince, his troubles past,
 Is sure to win his bride at last;

And we've been told

They don't grow old

In the tales of long ago.

These things you know

Are seldom so,

Save in the tales of long ago.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fairy days are long since past

When everything came right at last:

But still it seems

We may go in dreams

To that fairy land of long ago.

RUBY.

I wish a Prince would come *this* way.

EMERALD (*laughing*).

And if he did, my dear, he'd say
That *I* should make the fairer wife !

RUBY (*starting up*).

What impudence !

Enter CASSIM.

CASSIM.

Now, on my life,
This is too bad ! You snarl and snap
And leave me my own bag to pack.
Come, hurry up, I've lost a shoe !

Enter BEAUTY, *with shoe and girdle*

BEAUTY.

I've found it, father—girdle, too.

CASSIM.

Ah, that's my helpful little Beauty,
Who thinks of every simple duty.
Now, good-bye, girls, it's getting late—
My camel's waited at the gate
A good half-hour. What shall I bring
For each of you ?

EMERALD.

I want a ring
Of emeralds green and diamonds bright,
To flash and sparkle in the light.

RUBY.

I want a string of nice large pearls.



CASSIM: "ONLY A ROSE?"

CASSIM (*holding up his hands in horror*).

Whatever next? You dreadful girls,
You'll ruin me, that's very clear.
What shall I bring you, Beauty dear?
Diamonds or pearls, which shall I get?

BEAUTY (*shaking her head*).

Neither of them, dear father; yet
There is *one* thing I'd have you bring,
A red, red rose.

CASSIM (*in surprise*).

Only a rose?

SISTERS (*with contempt*).

Which in our own back garden grows!

BEAUTY.

The deep red roses all are dead.

EMERALD (*sneering*).

Well, have a pink or white instead.

BEAUTY.

I love them all, but most the red.

No. 2.—SONG.—“THE RED, RED ROSE.”

(BEAUTY.)

KEY C.

3 4	{	<i>Three bars for Piano.</i>	:	:m.s	d'	:	:d'	t	:—	:m.s	}					
			1. Oh, the	white,	white	rose	is a									
			2. Oh, the	pink,	pink	rose	is a									
			3. Oh, the	yel	low	rose	is an									
{			t	:	:t	l	:—	:se	s	:—	:r	s	:t	:—	.l	}
			la	-	dy	fair	With	state	-	ly	mien	and	with			
			vil	-	lage	girl	With	laugh	-	ing	eye	and	with			
			east	-	ern	queen,	A	gold	-	en	crown	on	a			
{			s	:—	:m	s	:—	:m.s	d'	:—	:d'	t	:—	:m.s	}	
			pow	-	dered	hair;	And	I	had	crowned	her					
			flax	-	en	curl;	I	gave	the	crown	to this					
			throne	of	green:	I	bow'd	be	neath	her						

{	t	:-	t		l	:-	s		t	:-	m'	:-	r'		t	:-	r	}
	beau	-	ty's		queen		Be	-	fore		the		red		red		rose	}
	maid	-	en		gay,		But	the	red		rose		stole		stole		my	}
	scep	-	tre's		sway,		Till	the	red		rose		stole		stole		my	}

CHORUS.

{	t	:-	l		s	:-	s	:-	m'		r'	:-	d'		t	:-	l	}
	I		had		seen.		Oh,	the	rose		is		red,		the		}	
	crown		a	-	way.												}	
	heart		a	-	way.												}	

{	d'	:-	t		f	:-	l		d'	:-	t		r'	:-	t	}
	vio	-	let		blue,		Car	-	na	-	tion's		sweet,		and	}

{	l	:-	se		s	:-	m'		r'	:-	d'		r'	:-	d'	:-	m	}
	so		are		you—		But		sweet	-	est		of				all	}

{	s	:-	f		d'	:-	t	:-	l		s	:-	s	}
	blos	-	soms		seen,		The		red,		red		red	}

{	l	:-	t	:-	d'		m'	:-	r'		d'	:-	:	
	rose		is		Beau	-	ty's		Queen.					

CASSIM (*thoughtfully*).

And so you only want a rose ;
 Well, you shall have it, though it grows
 Within the gardens of the king. (*Going.*)

ALL.

Good-bye.

EMERALD.

And don't forget my ring !

RUBY.

And don't forget my pearls to bring !

(EMERALD *throws herself down on the sofa and picks up her book.* RUBY *sits on chair and takes up some fancy work.* BEAUTY *stands at the door, looking after her father.*)

BEAUTY (*sighing*).

I hope he'll come back safe, and soon.

EMERALD.

You're always wishing for the moon.

Oh, I say, girls, what shall we do?

I'm tired of reading—(*Throws away her book.*)

RUBY.

Sewing, too.

Let's have a song. (*Throws away her work.*)

No. 3.—TRIO.—“WITH JEWELS AND GEMS.”

(BEAUTY and the SISTERS.)

KEY F.

BEAUTY.

6 { *Two bars* : : | : : m | s :- : l | t : l : s }
 8 { *for Piano.* Oh, fa - ther dear, wher- }

{ l :- : s | m :- :- | m : r : de | m : r : de }
 { e'er you roam, Think of your three lit - tle }

C.t.

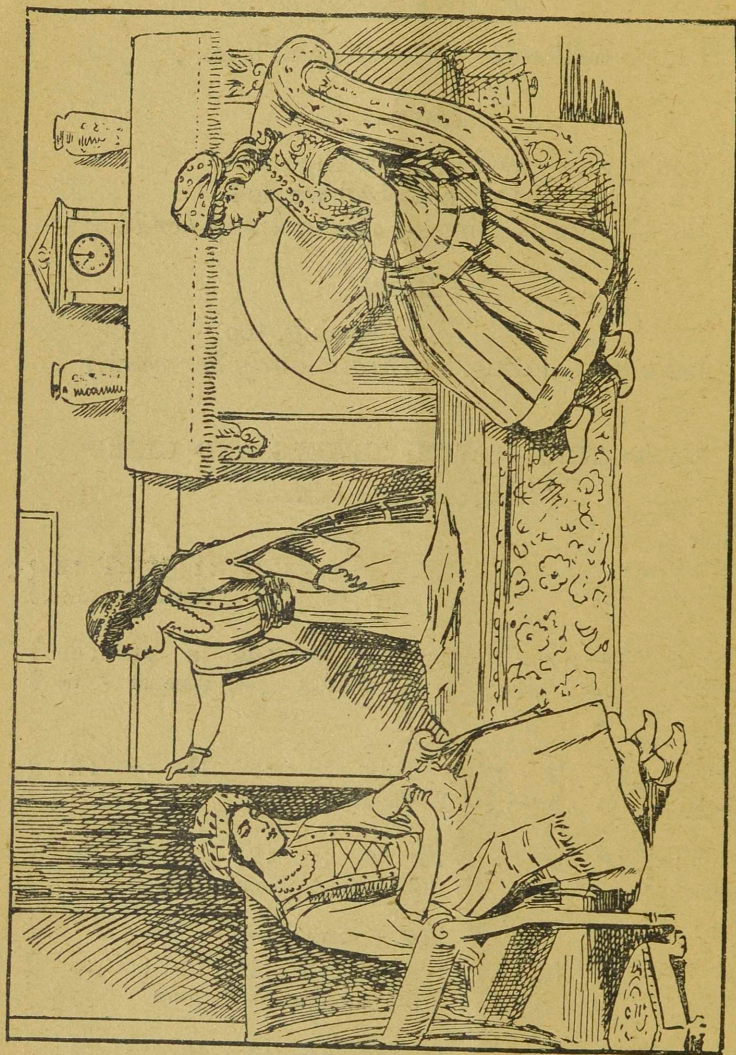
{ m :- : r | r :- : s d' | t :- : r' | l :- : d' }
 { maids at home, Who'll think of you in }

{ t :- : r' | l :- : d' | s :- : s | l : t : d' }
 { shine or rain Till soft winds waft you }

f.F. SISTERS.

{ r' :- : d' | d' :- : d s' | d : d : t' | d :- : m }
 { home a - gain. With jew - els and gems and }

{ s :- : s | s :- : s' | d : d : t' | d :- : m }
 { dress - es rare For maid - ens of high de - }



BEAUTY (*sighing*): "I HOPE THAT HE'LL COME BACK SAFE, AND SOON."

{ s :- :- | :- :s | l :t :l |s :- :d | f :s :f }
 { gree; And Turk-ish de - light, e - nough and to }

BEAUTY *only in the last line.*

{ m :re :n | l :- :l | t :- :s | d :- :- | : : ||
 (spare, And a | red, red rose for | me.

2. Oh, father dear, we'll sew and bake,
 And learn your favourite cake to make;
 Of slippers gay you'll find a score
 When home again you come once more. (CHORUS.)

3. Your arm-chair by the fire you'll see,
 Your tea shall always ready be;
 And comforts rare you shall not lack
 When once again we get you back. (CHORUS.)

(All three dance, arms linked in each other, BEAUTY
 in the middle.)





OPENING OF SCENE II.

THE BEAST'S GARDEN.

In the background palms and flowers. In the centre a bush with one large red rose on it. A piece of green felt for grass, or else a carpet, near the rose. Enter BEAST, with a silver-backed mirror in his hand; walks round the garden looking at the shrubs and flowers; a serving boy follows close behind him.

BEAST.

Go away!

BOY (*to BEAST, who is growling*).
Your princely dinner's getting cold.

BEAST.

No matter, do as you are told.

(Boy goes farther off.)

As for the dinner, it can wait—
I'm sick of palaces and state.
Within my garden I will stay,
Where everything is sweet and gay.
I love the stately palm trees tall,
I love the flowers one and all,
From lily fair to violet small;
I love the murmur of the bees,
The soft wind whispering through the trees—
All, all are fair; yes, all but me!

(Looks in the glass.)

And I'm a Beast; just think of that!
I *was* a Prince, a fair one, too,
Until a cruel fairy threw
Her wicked spell across my life,
And said that I must find a wife—

Enter Boy.

I—Beast—a lovely bride must gain

Ere I could be a Prince again !
(Looks at himself in the mirror ; shakes his head slowly.)

Im-poss-ible !

Boy.

Ahem ! ahem !

BEAST.

What, here again ? All right, I'll come.
(Follows, stops, sniffs the rose, and looks at it admiringly.)

My last red rose,
 The best that in my garden grows.
 Boy, tell my slaves that I have said
 That any slave must lose his head
 Who plucks this rose.

Boy *(bowing)*.

It shall be said.

[Exit BEAST and BOY.]

Enter CASSIM, carrying parcels, and looking very weary and with dress all awry.

Oh dear, oh dear, how tired I feel !
 I'm hungry, dirty, down-at-heel.
 I've lost my way, and torn my sash,
 I've spoilt my temper, spent my cash ;
 And since that camel ran away
 I've had to tramp it all the way ! *(Walking.)*
 With all these parcels for the girls.
(Throws himself down on the grass, and begins counting over his parcels.)

The silks, the satins, and the pearls. *(Taking necklace out of the folds of his dress.)*

No. 4.—SONG.—“NEEDLES AND PINS.”

(CASSIM.)

KEY C.

6 8 { *Two bars for Piano.* 1. *nee - dles and pins,* *nee - dles and pins,*
2. *Trou - blesome girls,* *trou - blesome girls,*
3. *Light-hearted girls,* *light-hearted girls,*

{ *When a man's mar - ried his trou - ble be - gins.*
One asks for ru - bies and one asks for pearls : And
How could I grudge you a string of pearls ? Or

{ *So says the song, but I'm sure that it's wrong, And that*
one for a rose which no - where grows, And
ev - en a rose, wher - ev - er it grows ? For

{ *cares and wor - ries in plen - ty come When*
that's the way your purse grows light When you've
af - ter all it's a hap - py home Where

G.t.
s.d { *three lit - tle maids are left at home.*
three lit - tle maids to say "Good-night !"
three lit - tle maids to greet you come.

CHORUS.

f.C.
{ *Three lit - tle maid - ens fair to see,*

{ *Three lit - tle maid - ens full of glee ;*

{ *What care I, though trou - bles come, If*

{ *three lit - tle maids are safe at home !*



CASSIM IN THE BEAST'S GARDEN.

Let's see—have I got everything?
The beads, the sweets, the diamond ring. (*Takes
a ring out of case.*)

Yes, everything I said I'd bring,
Save Beauty's rose. (*Shaking his head.*) Yes—
that's the thing.

To every garden have I been,
Yet not one red rose have I seen.
Whatever shall I do?

(*Walks up and down wringing his hands, then catches
sight of the rose-tree.*)

Bless me!

Why, here's one on this very tree.
What luck! I think I'll cut and run. (*Cuts off
rose, gathers up parcels, and is making off.*)

Enter BEAST.

(*Sees CASSIM, with rose, and flies after him, growling.*)

BEAST.

Stop thief! No doubt you think it's fun
To come and cut my choicest flower.
(*Catches him by the collar. CASSIM drops everything.*)
But now I've got you in my power,
And you must die!

CASSIM (*kneeling and imploring*).

Oh, noble Beast!

BEAST (*angrily*).

How dare you! Call me Prince, at least.

CASSIM (*trembling*).

Oh, noble Prince! oh, princely Beast!
Until this hour I never knew
That rose was yours.

BEAST.

Oh, didn't you ?
 And next you'll tell me, I suppose,
 You really thought it was *your* rose !
 Well, "he who prigs what isn't his'n,
 When he's caught, he goes to pris'n."

(Drags off CASSIM.)

CASSIM (*howling*).

Whatever will poor Beauty say ?

BEAST (*gruffly*).

Who's Beauty ?

CASSIM.

Sir, my daughter, she,
 The youngest of my daughters three.
 Oh, Prince, for her sake set me free.
 A bright red rose she asked of me,
 And though I've hunted up and down
 Through all the gardens of the town,
 I have not seen a single rose,
 Save this that in your garden grows.

BEAST (*releasing him*).

'Twill grow no more, you plainly see.
 But merciful, for once, I'll be.
 I'll let you go for Beauty's sake,
 If you a solemn promise make,
 That as you enter your own gate
 The first thing that to meet you runs
 You'll give to me without delay.

CASSIM (*slowly and thinking*).

"The first thing that to meet me runs"—

Why, that will be my good dog Tray.

I promise, Prince. Now may I go?

BEAST.

You may—within an hour or so.

First a good meal, and then a nap—

CASSIM (*hurriedly*).

No, no, I do not care a rap

For food or sleep; I feel quite spry—

BEAST (*laughing*).

You look it, little man! Good-bye!

(CASSIM, *with parcels, starts off running. Rose on the floor. BEAST sees it, picks it up, and runs after CASSIM, shouting.*)

BEAST.

Hi! stop!

CASSIM (*howling, and running faster*).

I wish that I had wings.

BEAST.

You have—the wings of fear.

Give this unto your daughter dear,

With my respects.

CASSIM (*shaking, takes the rose*).

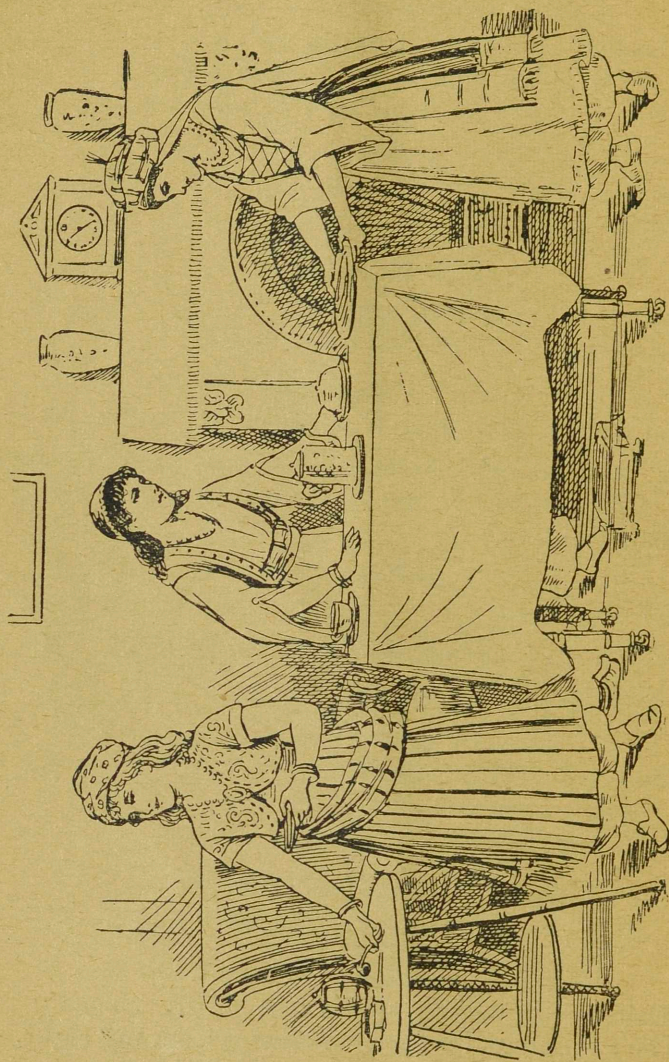
Th-th-thanks, very much.

BEAST (*looks after him, laughing*).

Although he's so tired, his feet hardly touch

The ground as he scampers away from my sight.

Poor little man, he *has* had a fright!



BEAUTY: "I'M GLAD THAT FATHER COMES TO-DAY."—ACT II., SCENE I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Same as in Act I., Scene I. Room in CASSIM's house. Table, on which is spread a tea-cloth; all three girls setting and arranging the tea-things; beside table an arm-chair and a footstool with carpet slippers on it for CASSIM, a little table near, on which one of the girls is arranging pipes, ash-tray, matches, &c. Clock on mantelpiece points to five minutes to five.

BEAUTY.

I'm glad that father comes to-day.

EMERALD.

It's ages since he went away.

RUBY.

I say, girls, what's become of Tray?

EMERALD.

He's in disgrace.

BEAUTY and RUBY (together).

Why, what's he done?

EMERALD.

The little wretch! Why, just for fun
He's pulled my feather fan to bits,
Also my pair of best silk mits.
He's in the wood-shed for the day—
I put him there, and there he'll stay!

RUBY.

You shouldn't leave your things about.
Come, Beauty, we'll soon get him out.

EMERALD.

You can't, because I've got the key;
He's going to wait till after tea.

RUBY.

Oh, poor old Tray—it is too bad!

BEAUTY.

He won't be here to welcome Dad.
You know he always runs like mad
Long before we his step can hear.

(A dog in the distance barks loudly and continuously.)

Why, listen!

ALL.

Father must be near.

RUBY.

Who'll meet him first?

BEAUTY.

I shall, my dear.

(They rush out of the room, BEAUTY first. A noise is heard in the distance, getting louder as CASSIM comes into view with all three girls hanging on to him.)

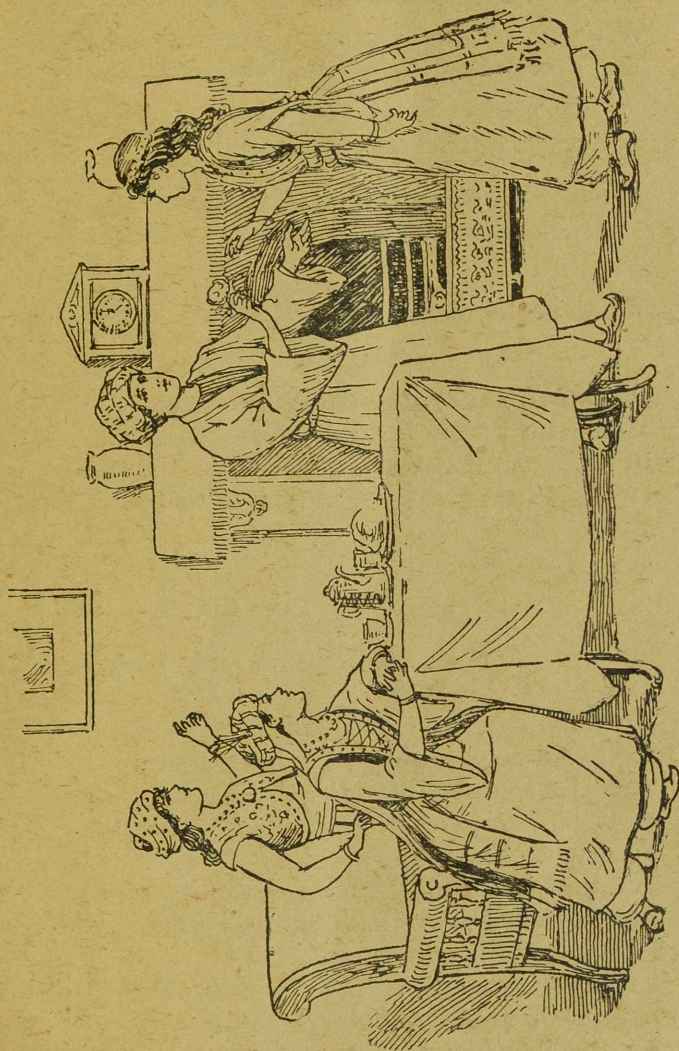
CASSIM *(gloomily)*.

Here are your presents.

(Throws parcels, pearls, ring case, &c., on table. RUBY and EMERALD pounce on them eagerly.)

CASSIM *(to BEAUTY)*.

Here's your rose,
Though what 'twill cost me no one knows!



CASSIM: "HERE'S YOUR ROSE."—ACT II., SCENE I.

BEAUTY (*laughing and sticking rose in her sash*).

Why, hasn't the rose been paid for yet ?

You don't mean to say you've got into debt ?

CASSIM.

I have—what's more, I will not pay.

(*Sits down, covers his face with his hands and cries.
Girls leave parcels and crowd round him.*)

ALL.

What is the matter, father, say ?

CASSIM.

Oh, listen to me, my children three :

That rose I stole from off a tree

In a beautiful garden where lives a Beast—

He *says* he's a Prince, but he *looks* like a Beast.

ALL.

A Beast !

CASSIM (*nodding*).

A Beast, with teeth and claws,

And furry skin and big black paws.

He was awfully mad about the flower,

And said I should die that very hour.

Then he let me go for Beauty's sake

If I a solemn vow would make,

To give to him right speedily

The first live thing, whate'er it be,

That to my home should welcome me.

I promised him, for lack-a-day !

I thought 'twould be my good dog Tray.

And now, unless my vow I break,

My darling *Beauty* I must take

To this great Beast, No, she shall stay ;



BEAUTY : "DEAR FATHER, YOU MUST KEEP YOUR WORD
EVEN WITH A BEAST."

The Beast can roar his heart away,
 But when he knows I've broke my vow,
 Oh, mercy! *won't* he make a row.
 And won't there be a score to pay.

RUBY.

Well, never mind, he's miles away

EMERALD.

And not on us his anger falls,
 For beasts can't pay "At Home" day calls!

BEAUTY (*quietly goes up to CASSIM and puts her hand
 on his shoulder.*)

Dear father, you must keep your word
 Even with a Beast.

RUBY.

I never heard
 Such nonsense! Why, he'll eat you up!

BEAUTY (*laughing*).

Then let us hope he'll find me tough.
 Besides, he may not hungry be,
 And, anyway, I'm going to see
 As soon as we have finished tea.
 I'm not afraid, to me at least
 He seems a sort of noble Beast.
 Somehow, I rather fancy him.

EMERALD (*mockingly*).

Our gracious lord, Prince Furry-skin!

BEAUTY.

Oh, very well, girls, laugh away;
 I think I've heard the people say
 That "handsome is as handsome does."
 Just keep your fingers from my pie,
 And each one to her taste, say I.

No. 5.—SONG.—“THERE ARE LOTS OF QUEER FOLK.”

(BEAUTY.)

KEY F.

E { *One bar* : | : d .r | m m m : re re re | r .r : d .d }
Piano. 1. There are lots of queer folk in the world, you know, And
 2. There are all sorts of fish in the sea, you know, From the
 3. There are lots of nice girls, dark and fair, you know, There are

{ f f f : m m m | re re re : r r r }
 ma - ny queer tastes with these queer peo - ple go, And I'm
 spratto the whale, and I'm glad it is so; If the
 girls fat and thin, there are girls high and low; But if

{ s s s : r r r | s s s : r s s }
 sure you'll a - gree it is much bet - ter so, For the
 small fry were big fry it would-n't suit me, For I
 all girls were dark, ex - cept those that were fair, There's no

{ l l l : t t t | d d d : r r r }
 queer folk, each one adds his share to the fun Of this
 put it to you— pray what would you do When you
 man - ner of doubt that all maid - ens would pout, And would

{ m m m : fe m fe s | d .r }
 jol - ly old world that we know.
 want - ed a sprat for your tea!
 sigh for a head of red hair. } There are

{ m : s s | d : r m f : l l | r : m .f }
 all sorts and kinds, and no wise per - son minds, For there's

{ s : m .d | l : t .d | r : — | — : s .se }
 plen - ty of room for us all. If

{ l .s : f m | s .f : r .r | s .f : m .r | f m .- : .se }
 each were like his bro - ther We should all be one an - oth - er And

D. C.

{ l : l .f | m : r | d : | : }
 that wouldn't do at all.

ACT II.

SCENE II.

The BEAST'S garden, as before, but with a small lounge or easy-chair. In the centre small table. BOY brings in fruit, lemonade, &c., puts flowers on table, brings cushion and footstool, prepares for a visitor, grumbling all the time. A maidservant (MARY) comes to help him.

MARY.

Here, hurry up, boy, look alive!

BOY (*snarling*).

I can't, I worked since half-past five
And never stopped for bite or sup.
I only wish I knew "what's up."

MARY.

Well, don't you?

BOY.

No, I don't; do you?

MARY.

Yes, you stupid, of course I do!
Come here, I'll whisper in your ear—
We're going to have a missus here!

BOY (*drops fruit and looks indignant*).
A missus, Mary! Oh dear, dear!

MARY.

Yes, sure as fate.



BOY: "I'VE GOT EYES, AS FAR AS THAT GOES."

MARY: "THEY'LL NEVER SEE BEYOND YOUR NOSE."

BOY.

How do you know ?

MARY.

I've got a pair of eyes, my dear.

BOY.

You've got a *tongue*, that's very clear.
I've got eyes, as far as that goes.

MARY.

They'll never see beyond your nose.

BOY (*sarcastically*).

Whilst you, of course, have seen the *lady*.

MARY.

No, but I've seen the *master*, baby !
What did he do all yesterday ?

BOY.

He combed his coat an hour or more.

MARY.

What did you fetch him from the store ?

BOY.

Hair wash and scent.

MARY.

Well, nothing more ?

BOY.

A book of poems.

MARY.

Why, there, you see ;
Hair wash and scent and poems, all three—
Put them together, they'll spell a wife
And very soon you'll see I'm right.
You're going to have a missus, there !
So, my fine boy, you'd best take care.
She'll soon find out who prigs the flowers !

BOY.

She'll soon find out who keeps late hours !

MARY.

She'll teach you to respect your betters !

BOY.

She'll stop you reading master's letters !

MARY (*trying to hit him*).

I'll teach you, sir !

BOY.

You silly duffer !
I'm only joking. We both shall suffer ;
We ought to be friends.

MARY (*taking his hand*).

Yes, yes, I know.
Close up the ranks and face the foe,
Firm as a rock together, so ! (*They embrace.*)*

* At this point an Extra Song, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" will be found in the Instrumental Score of the Music of the Play, but as the piece is perhaps sufficiently long it is omitted here, for reasons of space.

Enter BEAST quietly.

BEAST.

So this is how your tasks you shirk !
(*To girl.*) Be off, you hussy, get to work !

[Servant curtsies and departs.]

(*To boy.*) Have you remembered all I said—
The fruit, the cushions for her head ?

BOY.

Yes, everything, O Prince, I think—
The fruit, the flowers, and cooling drink.

BEAST.

Yes, yes, quite right, oh dear, dear me !
I quite forgot to tell you, a fan—
Run, boy, and get it as fast as you can.

[BOY runs off.]

(*BEAST sits down in chair, sighs, then looks in the back
of the silver mirror.*)

BEAST.

So far, so good ; she's on her way,
Her only comrade faithful Tray.
Brave little Beauty ! How lovely she seems,
Just as I've seen her in my dreams.
I wonder what her words will be
When first she catches sight of me ;
I wonder what on earth she'll say—
Perhaps she'll faint, or run away.
I've done the very best I could—
(*Sadly.*) Not that I think I've done much good.
I've combed my hair, and cut my nails,
And brushed my coat, but nothing avails.

A Beast I was, a Beast I am still,
And a Beast I shall remain until—

(A soft rustle is heard.)

Why, bless me! here she comes.

(Jumps up and watches from behind the bushes. BOY comes back in a great hurry with fan, MARY with him. They come to a full stop as BEAUTY steps timidly forward.)

BEAUTY *(to BOY and MARY)*.

Good day!

BOTH *(crossly)*.

Good day!

BEAUTY.

I pray you say
Whether Prince Furry-skin lives here.

BOY.

Oh yes, he does, but he's out to-day.

BOTH.

So leave your card and go away.

BEAUTY.

"Leave my card and go away"

After tramping all this way!

Certainly not,—I beg to say,

Once and for all, I've come to stay.

(Moves towards the arm-chair.)

BOY.

That chair is broken.

BEAUTY.

Then take it away.

(Sits on the grass.)



BEAUTY: 'ONCE AND FOR ALL, I'VE COME TO STAY.'—ACT II., SCENE II.

MARY.

The grass is damp.

BEAUTY.

Oh, well-a-day !

It's very hard to get a seat.

*(Takes cushions from chair, puts them on the grass
and sits on them.)*

That's right—and now for something to eat.

Now then, be quick, and pass that dish.

(Pointing to the fruit.)

BOY and MARY *(mysteriously)*.

It's poisoned !

BOY.

Better try some fish.

BEAUTY.

Some fish ? Well, all right, hurry up !

I've walked all day, and I'm ready to sup.

(Both stand still and stare at her.)

Why don't you go and get the fish ?

BOY.

Oh, very well, just as you wish.

*(Goes off grumbling, and returns with one shrimp on a
very big plate.)*

(BEAUTY jumps up and stares at the plate.)

BEAUTY.

Goodness, what's that ?

BOY.

Your dinner's served,

A better one than you deserved.

MARY (*laughing and offering a little box*).

And, Madam, please to take a pill,
Lest so much fish should make you ill.

(*At this moment a deep growl is heard, and PRINCE FURRY-SKIN dashes out. In his hand he holds a big whip, with which he chases both BOY and MARY off the stage, whipping them, they howling. Then he comes back, and bows to BEAUTY.*)

BEAST.

My servants' rudeness please forgive,
I'll serve you truly whilst I live.

(*Picks up cushions, and arranges them in the chair.*)

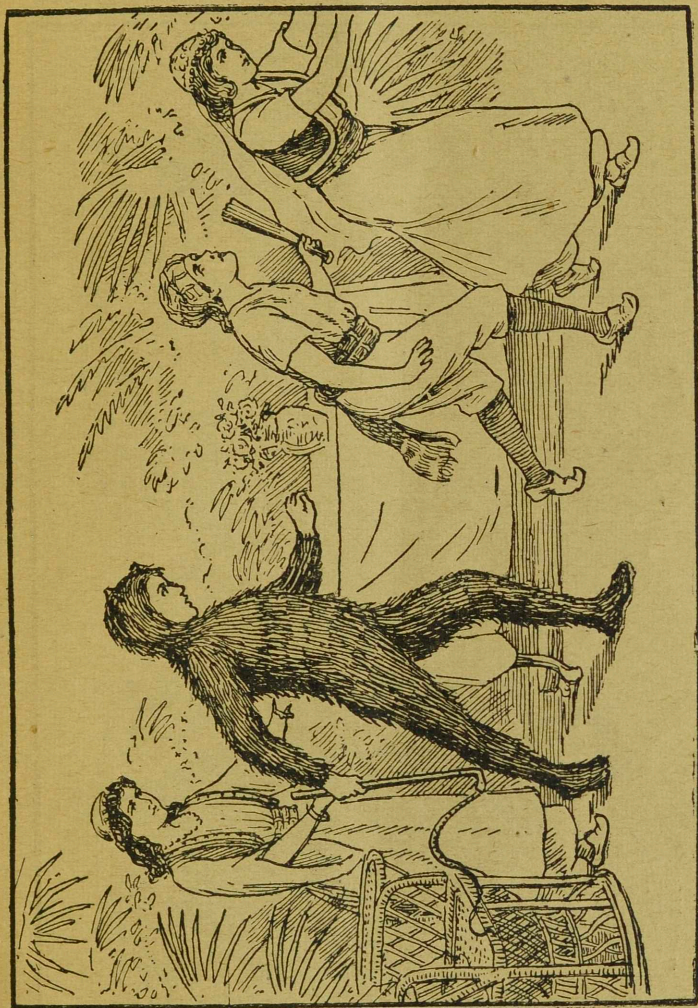
Madam, if you will please to come,
I'll show you o'er my humble home,
Which, with its park and gardens gay,
With my respects I humbly lay
At your fair feet. Allow me, pray. (*Offers his arm.*)

(*BEAUTY draws back embarrassed, hesitates, then catches up her dress with both hands.*)

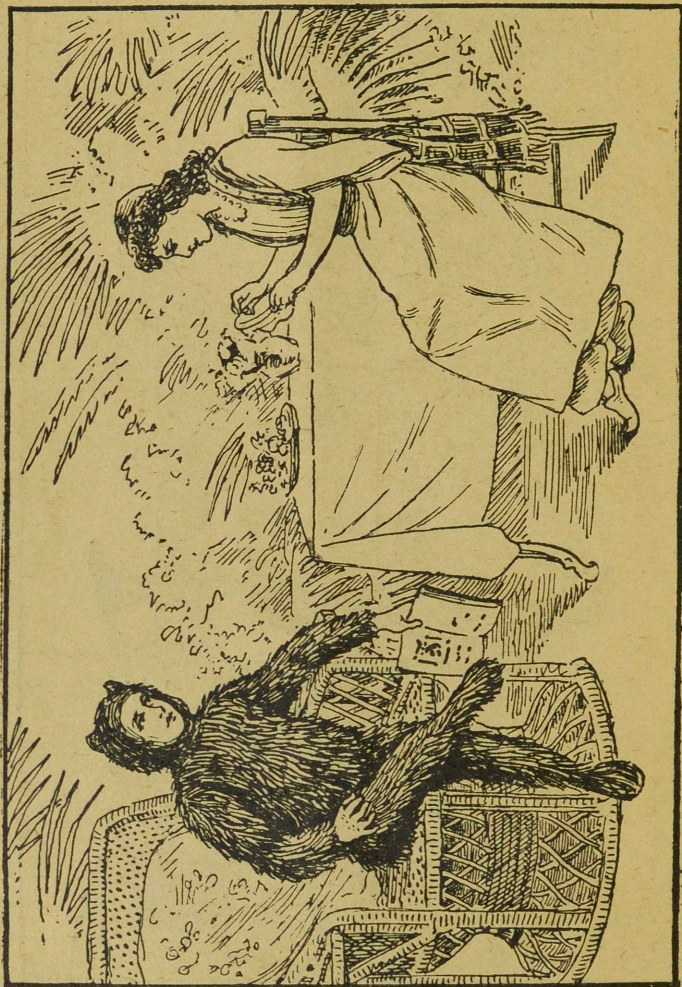
You see, I haven't a hand to spare,
This style of dress requires a pair;
Lead and I follow.

BEAST (*sighing*).

That's snub the first.
Well, anyway, she knows the worst,
And snubs in plenty are the least
One can expect when one looks a Beast.



ACT II., OPENING OF SCENE II.



IN ACT II., SCENE III.

ACT II.

SCENE III.

BEAST'S garden, as before. On one side of the table sits BEAUTY with some embroidery. In a garden chair on the other side sits the BEAST with a book of poetry in his hand; shuts it up with a snap.

BEAST.

And thus they lived happy for ever and ever.

BEAUTY (*without looking up, shaking her head*).

And never quarrelled, no, never, never.

BEAST.

You see, in spite of his ugly looks,
She loved him.

BEAUTY.

They always do in books.

BEAST (*sadly*).

But not in real life?

BEAUTY.

Never, never;
At least I think, well, hardly ever.
Pray, sir, how long have I been here?

BEAST.

A month to-day, my Beauty dear.
(*Draws chair nearer, BEAUTY moves hers a little farther off.*)

BEAUTY.

And how much longer must I stay?

BEAST (*sorrowfully*).

Oh, Beauty, would you go away
And leave me lonely day by day,
Sighing the dismal hours away ?

BEAUTY.

Let me go home for one short week,
And then, I promise you, I'll seek
Your home again.

BEAST.

One whole long week ?
I can't endure it ; I shall die.

BEAUTY.

Oh, stuff and nonsense ! You must try
To be a man !

BEAST.

Why, so I do.
Beauty, Beauty, tell me true
Do *you* think me ugly too ?

BEAUTY (*laughing and running away*).
Yes, *very*.

BEAST.

Well, I call that straight ;
She speaks her mind, at any rate.

BEAUTY (*peeping between the bushes*).
Good-bye, dear Beast, it's getting late.
Prince Furry-skin, are you asleep ?
Beauty, you know, is but skin deep,
And—just a word before I go—



"BEAUTY, STAY ; WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"—ACT II, SCENE III.

People have such *queer* tastes, you know,
That many ladies—at least, so I've heard—
Quite *ugly* husbands have preferred.

PRINCE (*starting up*).

Beauty, stay ; will you be my wife ?

BEAUTY (*laughing*).

And mend you and tend you for all your life ?
Certainly not. Good night. Good night.

(*Going off.*)

(*The BEAST watches BEAUTY, and as she disappears
he sings this song with tenderness and expression.*)

No. 7.—SONG.—“SLEEP, SOFTLY SLEEP.”

(BEAST.)

KEY D.

3 4	{	Four bars for Piano only.	1.	Sleep,	soft	-	ly	sleep,	}							
			2.	Sleep,	for	-	the	birds								
			3.	Sleep,	gen	-	tle	la								
{	{	{	{	-	:—	:m	S	:—	:—	-	:—	:r	r	:—	:—	}
				dy,	my	la	-	-	dy	fair,						
{	{	{	{	lie	warm	-	-	in	nest,	}						
				'tis	time	-	for	rest ;								
{	{	{	{	-	:—	:r	s	:—	:—	-	:—	:t	l	:—	:—	}
				The	Wrapt	in	-	the	veil							
{	{	{	{	The	flow'rs	of	-	the	day	}						
				The	sun	has	-	pass'd								
{	{	{	{	m	:—	:s	l	:—	:—	-	:—	:d'	t	:—	:—	}
				of	thy	ra	-	ven	hair.							
{	{	{	{	all	have	gone	-	to	rest.	}						
				through	the	gates	of	the	west.							

{		- : - : -		d' : - : -		t : - : s		m : - : -	}
				Sleep,		whilst		a -	
				Sleep		on,		my	
				Sleep,		till		he	
								bove	
								la	
								com	

{		r : - : d		l : - : -		l : - : -		l : - : -	}
		thee		to		guard		thy	
		dy,		for		night		is	
		eth		in		ro		sy	
								sleep,	
								nigh,	
								light,	

{		- : - : r		s : - : -		l : - : t		l : - : -	}
				The		gels		of	
				And		y		woods	
				Sleep,		gen		tle	
								night	
								mur	
								la	

{		m : - : f		r : - : -		- : - : d		d : - : -	}
		their		vi		-		gil	
		mur		lul		-		la	
		dy,		good		night,		good	
								keep.	
								by.	
								night.	

After last verse.

{		ta : - : -		l : - : -		se : - : -		s : - : -	}
		Good		night,		Good		night,	
		d : - : -		d : - : -		d : - : -		d : - : -	

{		d : - : -		- : - : d		d' : - : -		- : - : -		- : - : -		
		La				dy		sleep.				
		d : - : -		- : - : d		d : - : -		- : - : -		- : - : -		

NOTE.—If the girl playing the part of Beauty should have fair hair instead of dark, the word “golden” should be substituted for “raven” in the first verse.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Room in CASSIM'S house. The three girls are present. By BEAUTY'S side lies a hand-mirror with silver back.

RUBY.

Tell us about Prince Furry-skin.

BEAUTY.

Very well ; where shall I begin ?

RUBY.

At the beginning.

EMERALD.

First, his looks.

Is he like the Prince of our Fairy Books,
Stately and tall ?

BEAUTY.

Not in the least.

He isn't a Prince at all, he's a Beast,
Like the big brown bear we saw at the Zoo.

RUBY (*in horror*).

With great big teeth and great fat paws ?

EMERALD.

With long black tail and awful claws ?

BEAUTY (*nodding*).

Yes, that description fits him quite.

RUBY.

Oh dear, oh dear, he must look a fright!

EMERALD.

What do you do from morning to night?

BEAUTY.

He's a rather superior Beast, you know ;
He reads me poems while I sit and sew,
And then in the quiet evening hours
We wander together among the flowers,
Picking the roses and lilies fair
To make a garland to bind my hair ;
And he tells me each night in tones so sad
That flowers were the only friends he had
Until *I* came to make him glad.

(BEAUTY *pauses a minute, then continues sadly—*)

I wonder what he is doing now,
Poor Beast!

RUBY.

Poor Beast, forsooth!

Beauty, I think to tell the truth,
You're half in love with Furry-skin.
Confess it now.

BEAUTY.

My sisters two,
I do confess your guess is true.

RUBY.

What! have a furry beast for brother?



BEAUTY: "I WONDER WHAT HE IS DOING NOW?"—ACT III., SCENE I.

EMERALD.

If they're in love with one another
There's nothing left to say or do.
He wouldn't do for me—or you—
We couldn't marry beneath a peer—
But Beauty's taste was always queer.

RUBY.

And whether the bridegroom's Prince or Beast
There'll have to be a wedding feast,
Which means new frocks for you and me !

EMERALD.

Yes, frocks, and frills, and frivolity.
In gown of purple I'll be dressed—

RUBY.

I think pale pink would suit me best.
Where is your mirror, Beauty ?

BEAUTY.

Here.

(BEAUTY takes up the mirror, looks in it, arranges her curls, then turns it over, looks in the silver side and starts.)

Oh, dear !

RUBY.

Why, what's the matter, Beauty dear ?

EMERALD.

What new trouble have you found ?

RUBY.

She's got the glass the wrong way round !

BEAUTY.

Dear sisters, 'tis a magic glass,
 And wondrous things it brings to pass.
 In *this side (pointing to reflector)* look—your face
 you view ;
 But turn to the side of silver hue (*turning it over*),
 Think of the friend you wish to see
 And in the mirror there you'll see—
 Such is the magic mirror's power—
 What he is doing this very hour :
 Sleeping or waking, laughing or sad,
 Feasting or fasting, fretting or glad.
 And every day since here I've been
 Within this mirror I have seen
 The image of Prince Furry-skin.
 Only last night I thought he looked pale,
 With sunken eyes and drooping tail—
 He was lying where he first saw me,
 Beneath the darkest red rose tree ;
 And in the mirror to-day I see
 He is lying beside it yet, so still—
 Oh, dear ! I'm sure he must be ill,
 Poor Beast !

(*Drops the mirror and runs out of the room. RUBY
 picks it up and looks into it intently, silver side
 up.*)

RUBY.

Well, did you ever ?

EMERALD.

No, I didn't (*pirouetting round the room*). Well,
 I never !
 You're looking for the monster, too.



RUBY: "IF BEAUTY COULD THE BEAST DISCOVER,
I THOUGHT I'D LOOK FOR MY TRUE LOVER."

—ACT III., SCENE I.

RUBY.

I'm looking for a friend, quite true ;
 If *Beauty* could the Beast discover
 I thought I'd look for *my* true lover.

EMERALD.

And I for mine. Give me the glass,
 I am the eldest.

RUBY.

Not so fast.

First come, first served.

(*Runs round the room flourishing the glass and laughing.*)

Hey diddle-diddle !

For once, my dear, you're second fiddle.

No. 9.—DUET.

(RUBY and EMERALD.)

KEY D. *Brightly. Beating twice in a measure.*

6 8	{	Three bars for Piano.	1.	"Hey	did-dle	diddle,	you're	just	se -	cond	}																				
			2.	"Hey	did-dle	diddle,	you're	just	se -	cond																					
			3.	"Hey	did-dle	diddle,	tho'	I'm	se -	cond																					
{	fiddle,"	The	sun	sang	out	to	the	moon,	fiddle,"	The	sun	sang	out	once	more,	fiddle,"	The	moon	to the	sun	did	say,	}								
{	-	:	s	s	d'	:	t	l	t	:	l	s	l	:	f	And the	stars	.	all	twink- led	with	an	gry	}							
{	-	:	s	s	d'	:	t	l	t	:	l	s	l	:	f	And the	waves	.	rose	up	with	an	an	gry	}						
{	s	:	m	m	l	:	r	r	:	de	r	t	:	l	s	As they	heard	this	slight	to	their	Queen	of	night.	}						
{	light	As they	heard	this	slight	to	their	Queen	of	night.	As they	follow'd	their	la -	dy	from	shore	to	shore.	day,	And	which	is	the	no	-	bler	who	shall	say ?	}

CHORUS

{ :s :s | d' :- .t :l | t :l :s :s | l :- .t :l | s :m :d }
 { For it's | hey diddle did - dle, To be | called second fid - dle, Is }

{ m :- .r :d | d :t :d | r :- :- | - :m :f }
 { try - ing to mor - tal and | moon; You may }

{ s :- .m :d | d :m :s | d' :- .t :l | s :- :m }
 { think it or not, If we | all were tip - top, We }

Repeat Chorus.

{ r :- .t :l | s :f :r | d :- :- | : :s :s }
 { all should be tired of it | soon. For it's }

(EMERALD, *laughing*, chases RUBY out of the room.)

ACT III.

SCENE II.

The BEAST'S garden. BEAST lying beneath red rose tree, quite still. MARY and the BOY stand looking down at him.

BOY.

What do *you* think? I think he's dead.

MARY.

I think he's dying. He hasn't said
 A single sentence since the day
 That precious Beauty went away!

BOY.

Ssh! here she comes.

BOTH (*bowing low*).

Madam, good day!

Our master's ill; see, here he lies.

(BEAUTY *kneels down beside him.*)

BEAUTY.

Oh, Beast, dear Beast, open your eyes
And see your Beauty's here again,
To cheer you, love you, ease your pain.
Oh live, dear Beast, and all your life
I'll be your true and loving wife.

(BEAST *springs up, making them all jump and cry*
"Oh!")

BEAST.

You mean it, Beauty?

BOY.

On my life,
He isn't dead!

MARY.

Oh, what a fright
He's given me!

BEAUTY.

I mean it, dear.

BEAST.

Then even *I* may happy be.
Beauty, you see beneath that tree
A long red curtain?

BEAUTY.

Yes, I see;
Go, fetch it, boy.

BEAST.

Give it to me.

BEAST (*to BEAUTY*).

You hold this end, (*to MARY*) you hold the other.
 (*They hold curtain between them, making a screen.*
BOY in front.)

Cover your eyes, and don't uncover
 Until I bid you. Now, attention!

(*All still, eyes covered. BEAST goes behind curtain and slips off his disguise. Whilst he is doing so MARY gradually opens her eyes and peeps at BOY, who, opening his, winks at her.*)

BEAST.

By the way, I forgot to mention,
 If I should see an eyelid open,
 Before permission I have spoken,
 I'll turn you, sure as eggs are eggs,
 To spiders, with a hundred legs!

(*MARY and BOY cover their eyes, with a howl. BEAST, now turned into a Prince, comes and stands before BEAUTY.*)

BEAST.

Open your eyes, my lady bright,
 And tell me, truly, am I quite
 So ugly as when first you came?
 (*All uncover their eyes.*)

MARY and BOY.

Good gracious me! (*Run off shrieking.*)

BEAUTY.

Is this a game?

Oh, where's my Beast?

BEAST (*bowing*).

Madam, that name

Was mine; for in the long ago



PRINCE : " BY PROMISING TO BE MY WIFE
YOU GAVE ME BACK MY MORTAL LIFE."

A hundred years ago at least,
A Prince was turned into a Beast.
By promising to be my wife
You gave me back my mortal life.

(Taking her hand.)

Prince and Princess henceforth are we.

(To BOY and MARY, who are creeping cautiously back.)

Servants! behold your mistress, see—
No more cross looks, or can'ts or shan'ts!

Boy.

And here come her sisters, her cousins, and her
aunts.

Enter CASSIM, EMERALD, and RUBY.

BEAUTY.

My own dear father, sisters too,
Allow me to present to you
My future husband.

ALL *(bowing to PRINCE)*.

Pleased to meet you.

RUBY *(to BEAUTY)*.

You base deceiver!

EMERALD *(shaking her head at BEAUTY)*.

Oh, you cheat, you!

RUBY.

Is this your Beast with great fat paws?

EMERALD.

With long black tail and awful claws?

RUBY.

Like the big brown bear we saw at the Zoo ?

EMERALD (*to PRINCE*).

That's the description she gave of you.

CASSIM (*to girls*).

You might have known it wasn't true.

PRINCE.

Yes, that description was perfectly true
In every particular till to-day.
Then Love, the Magician, passed this way,
And waved his wand, when, lo and behold,
The Beast is a Prince again, as of old.



And love and joy shall banish sorrow
From henceforth; for, upon the morrow,
We'll celebrate the wedding feast
Of little Beauty and the Beast.

FINALE.

(Sung by ALL.)

KEY D.
Four bars
Piano only.

E { | m : m | m : m | f . s : m | r : — }
Now it's time to ring the bell,

{ | d : r | m : r . d | r : l | s : — | l : l | r : m . f }
Drop the cur-tain and say fare - well. Ev - 'ry girl and }

{ | s : s | d : — | f : f | t_i : d . r | m : m | l_i : — }
ev - 'ry boy, Each has tried to give you joy.

{ | ^fs : — . l | s : m | r : — . d | d : m | l : — . t | l : f }
And we hope on some fine day To please you with an - }

{ | m : — . r | r : s | d' : — . m | m . m : m | f . s : m | r : s — }
oth - er play. Tho' Cin - der-el - la has found her shoe, And }

{ | d' : — . m | m : m | f . s : m | r : r | s . l : s | f : f }
Whit - ting-ton is done for too, And Sleep-ing Beau-ty, }

{ | m . f : m | r : l | s : — . l | s : m | r : — . d | d : }
so it seems, Has left for good the land of dreams.

{ | : | : | : | : | m | r : d' | d' : d' }
And now the Beast, his }

{ | t . d' : l | s : m | r : d' | d' : d' | t . d' : l | s : — }
tri - als past, Has reach'd the Prince-ly state at last;

s.d.f.f. D.t.m.l.
{ | ^md : — . d | r : r | t_i : — . t_i | d : d | t_i r : s | m : t }
Still we hope, while friends are kind, Some fai - ry sto - ry }

{ | l : — . s | s : | : | : | : | ^fs : }
we can find. There's }

{ d' : d' | d' : d' | d' : t.l | s : m.r | d.r : m.f | s : d' }

{ Moth-er Goose in win - try sky Still plucks her bird while }

{ t.d' : l | s : l.t | d' : l | f : s.l | t : s | m : f.s }

{ snow - flakes fly, And Blue-beard's wife, who meant no harm, With }

{ l : f | r : d | t : r | s : s.m | f.s : l | l : s.f }

{ stir - ring tale your ears may charm. There's Ri - ding Hood, that }

{ m.f : s | s : f.m | f : f | f : m.r | m.f : s | s : s.l }

{ pret - ty sin-ner, The gree - dy wolf ate up for din-ner, And }

{ t : t | t : s.l | t : t | t : l.s | t : s | m : r }

{ by the fire, all sleek and fat, Lies Puss - in - Boots, that }

{ l.t : l | s : | : | : f | m : m | m : m }

{ clev - er cat. While in the wood not }

{ f.s : m | r : r | d : r | m : r.d | r : l | s : f }

{ far a - way The rob - ins hop from spray to spray, And }

{ m : m | m : m | f.s : m | r : r | f : f | f : m.r }

{ car - ry each a crim - son leaf The babes to cov - er }

{ m : m | m : s.l | f : f | f : m.r | m : m | m : — ||

{ while they sleep. We'll leave them there in slum-ber light— ||

{ m : — | r : d | f : — | — : — | — : — | f.l | t : — | d : — }

{ Throw you a kiss, and so "Good - }

{ s : — | d : — | d' : — | d' : — | — : — | — : — | — : — | — : — ||

{ night, good-night, good-night. " }

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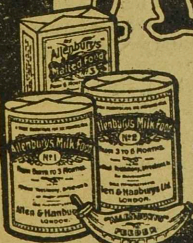
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