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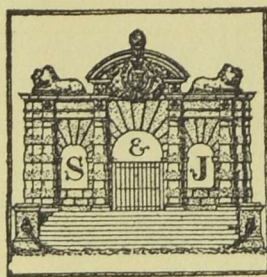
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WITH TWELVE SONGS TO POPULAR AIRS



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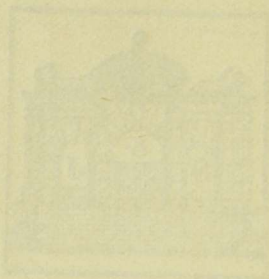
WAYS FOR KINGS

# CINDERELLA

E. NEBBIT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. B. HARRIS

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LONDON

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AIRS IN "CINDERELLA."

The Fisherman's Daughter.  
Let Me like a Soldier Fall.  
Poor Mary Ann ("All through the Night").  
La Donna è mobile.  
Blucher Lied.  
Little Bird (Kommt ein Vogel).  
Hush-a-bye Baby.  
Old King Cole.  
On the Ling Ho.  
We'll All go a Hunting To-Day.  
Bridal March (Lohengrin).  
Come, Lasses and Lads.

*Songs by* MARSHALL STEELE, OSWALD BARRON,  
*and* E. NESBIT.

## CHARACTERS.

THE KING.

THE QUEEN.

PRINCE CHARMING, *their son.*

BARON GRUNTHEIM.

DRESSALINDA, }  
MARIGOLDA, } *his daughters.*  
CINDERELLA, }

FAIRY GODMOTHER.

HERALD.

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN *of the Court.*

*Applications for permission to perform  
should be made to the Publishers.*

# CINDERELLA

## SCENE I

SCENE—*Dressing-room. A dressing-table with mirror on one side of the stage, and on the other a small table with fans, gloves, etc., on it. DRESSALINDA at mirror, MARIGOLDA at door, both calling impatiently, "Cinderella," as Curtain rises.*

*Dress. and Mari. [together]* Cinderella, Cinderella!

*Dress.* What can that girl be doing?

*Mari.* She's always out when we want her.

*Dress.* And just now, when we want to look our very best because we're going to the Prince's ball!

*Mari.* I can't think what she is doing. She must be asleep. Cinderella!

*Cind. [without, patiently]* I'm coming, sister.

*Dress.* I can't understand how it is she never comes when she's called. She has really nothing much to do; only to make the beds, and sweep the rooms, and clean the grates and the boots, and get the dinner, and lay the table, and do the sewing and the washing and the ironing, and to scrub the floors, and to help us dress; that's all. How idle she is! Cinderella!



*Enter CINDERELLA.*

*Cind.* I had to wash my hands, sister; they were so black with doing the grate.

*Mari.* Why couldn't you leave the grate till afterwards? And besides, why do you make yourself so dirty over everything you do? *We are always clean.*

*Cind.* [*meekly*] Yes, sister.

*Dress.* Now give me my fan.

*Mari.* Give me my gloves first.

[*CIND. fetches both.*]

*Mari.* I shall want my shawl.

*Cind.* [*aside*] I wish they wouldn't wear that shawl. It was my dear mother's shawl. Oh! how I wish she hadn't died and left me here to be miserable. I do everything I can for my step-sisters, and I wouldn't mind *how* much I did for them if they would only be kind!

*Mari.* Now then, be quick. I think my dress wants a stitch here.

*Dress.* And just pin my flowers a little higher. [*CIND. obeys.*] You tiresome little wretch, how cold your hands are! [*shivers*].

*Mari.* Come now, make haste, make haste, for it's time we started. The Prince is twenty-one to-day. It's his birthday party and we are invited.

SONG—*Air: The Fisherman's Daughter.*

*Dress.* Oh yes I'm delighted

To know I'm invited:

And the Court should all feel the  
same joy,

*Mari.* But they don't.

There are Princes by dozens

With brothers and cousins,  
Who will yearn to have me for a  
partner.

*Dress.* They won't.

*Cind.* I've no one to pet me,  
My sisters forget me,  
In their pleasures and parties I never  
can share.

CHORUS :

{ *Dress. and Mari.* But oh ! yes we're delighted.

{ *Cind.* But oh ! yes they're delighted.

{ *Dress. and Mari.* To know we're invited.

{ *Cind.* To know they're invited.

{ *Dress. and Mari.* The Prince gives a party  
and we shall be there.

{ *Cind.* The Prince gives a party and I shan't  
be there.

*Dress.* My dress is perfection,  
'Twill bear close inspection.

[*To Mari.*] But it makes yours look—well,  
rather dowdy, I fear.

*Mari.* But excuse the suggestion,  
The principal question  
Is, who is inside these same dresses,  
my dear.

*Cind.* I have nothing delightful,  
My dresses are frightful,  
I never go out and it's not at all fair.

*Dress. and Mari.* But oh ! yes we're delighted  
To know we're invited,  
The Prince, etc.

[*Chorus as before.*]

*Dress.* Now you silly girl, don't stand there  
dreaming. You must go and call a cab, a



respectable cab, mind, to look as much like a private carriage as possible. And mind that the horse is a good one, and mind that the cabman is a sensible, honest man, and mind——

*Mari.* Don't mind her at any rate! Be off, or we shall be late. [*Pushes CIND. off.*]

*Dress.* [*languishingly, after a look in the glass*] How beautiful I look.

*Mari.* [*looking over her shoulder at her hair*] I don't think—I don't want to be vain, Dressalinda—but I don't think I ever saw such an exquisite figure as mine.

*Dress.* Papa ought to see our dresses. I'll call him. [*Exit.*]

*Mari.* How vain she is!

*Enter BARON and DRESS.*

*Baron.* Well, well, well, what's all this about? Isn't it enough that I pay for your dresses and your cabs and flowers and furbelows, besides treating the Under-Secretary of State to three bottles of lemonade before he would put your names on the list of the Prince's party? And yet you must come and disturb me just as I was looking through my postage-stamp album, trying to find a place for the new farthing parcel-post stamp. [*Stamps his foot.*]

*Mari.* Talk about stamps! But, papa, you really must look at us. We're much finer than stamps.

*Baron.* Yes, I pay for it all—all—all. And yet you don't seem to go off. I don't know how it is. I sent you two girls to the best schools. I brought you up as I thought your poor dear mother would have wished. Her ideas were so different from my first wife's. I



told your teachers to spare no expense to make you suitable for the marriage-market—the royal marriage-market. And yet you don't seem to get on or go off—at least . . . Why, there have been at least a dozen German Royal Highnesses married since you grew up, and yet, here you are, still on my hands.

*Mari.* Well, never mind, father dear, we'll do our best. You know the Prince is to choose his bride to-night, and I have often thought that——

*Baron [severely].* You have never thought that he would choose you? Oh, vanity!

*Mari.* Well, papa dear, any daughter of yours would adorn any throne.

*Baron [softened].* Well, child, well, well, well.

*Dress.* And if he doesn't take a fancy to Mari-golda, he might be attracted by modest worth. "A violet by a mossy stone" . . .

*Mari.* Yes, or conscious merit. "A rose knows its own sweetness and" . . .

*Baron.* Have you sent for a cab?

*Dress.* Yes, but I daresay Cinderella hasn't found one, she is so stupid.

*Enter CINDERELLA timidly.*

*Cind.* Oh, papa, I wish I might go to the ball.

*Baron.* You? Why, nonsense, child. You mustn't think of such things till your sisters are got off. Eh, what? [*The two sisters pull him different ways*]. Besides you've got no dress and——

*Mari.* And you aren't fit for society. Besides——

*Dress.* And what about the cab?

*Cind. [in deep dejection]* Oh, the cab is at the door.

SONG—*Air: Let me like a Soldier Fall.*

*Dress.* The cab is at the door—hurrah!

Where have I put my fan?

The fare is half a crown, Papa——

*Mari.* And twopence for the man.

*Baron.* Then go at once, for if you wait,  
It will be sixpence more.

*Dress.* Don't worry or you'll make us late—  
The cab is at the door.

*All [repeat].* The cab is at the door.

*Mari.* The cab has come—I am so glad,  
I never looked so sweet:

The Prince with rapture will go mad——

*Dress.* Unspeakable conceit.

*Mari.* Though he may think my sister plain,  
My beauty he'll adore:

I *must* look in the glass again——

*Baron and Dress. [intercepting her]*

The cab is at the door.

*All [repeat].* The cab is at the door.

*Baron.* Make haste, I have no time to spare,  
My stamps I must arrange.

There's half a sovereign for the fare

And don't forget the change.

Your sister will sit up for you,

So mind you're back by four:

But *don't* wake *me*, whatever you  
do. . . .

*Cabman [without].* 'Ere, I sy, come along, I  
can't wyte all noight, I've got to fetch 'Is Ryle  
'Ighness, the Lord Mayor, I 'ave.

*All [alarmed].* The cab is at the door.

The cab is at the door!

[*Curtain Falls.*]

[*End of Scene I.*



## SCENE II

SCENE — *Kitchen.* CINDERELLA *discovered in front of fire.* CINDERELLA *has a loose overall, buttoning down the front, and her ball dress carefully hidden under it.*

SONG—*Air: Poor Mary Ann.*

*Cinderella.*

While they pass the time in pleasure  
All through the night,  
Wearily the hours I measure  
All through the night.  
If I sleep, I dream I'm making  
Beds till my poor back is aching,  
Scrubbing, scouring, boiling, baking,  
All through the night.

Oh, it's hard to sit here sighing  
All through the night,  
Yet I've cause enough for crying  
All through the night.  
If they loved their little sister,  
Ere they left they would have kissed her,  
But I'm certain they've not missed her  
All through the night.

*Cind.* Oh, how sad it is to be left alone here.  
Oh, how I wish I could go to the ball.

*Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER, unseen by CINDERELLA.*

I wouldn't have asked to dance—only to  
find some little corner out of sight where I



could squeeze in and see everything. I do try to be a good girl, but it's hard, very hard. Oh, how I wish I could go to the ball. [*Cries.*]

*Fairy.* Cinderella.

*Cind.* [*softly*] Yes, who is it?

*Fairy.* It is I, your Fairy Godmother.

*Cind.* [*getting up politely*] I didn't know I had a Fairy Godmother: but I am very pleased to see you. Will you take a chair and can I get you anything—some coffee or a glass of beer?

*Fairy.* Fairies don't drink beer.

*Cind.* I beg your pardon.

*Fairy.* Why were you crying just now?

*Cind.* I want to go to the ball.

*Fairy.* And why don't you?

*Cind.* I wasn't asked. I haven't a dress. I haven't a ticket or shoes or a fan or gloves or anything. [*Cries again.*]

*Fairy.* Don't cry, dear. Would you really like to go?

*Cind.* Oh, yes.

*Fairy.* Then stand up. [*CINDERELLA stands up, turning back to audience, unbuttons her overall, and at the word "three" lets it fall.*] One, two, three. [*The old dress falls off, displaying CIND. in her ball dress.*]

*Cind.* Oh, godmother, how beautiful. How good you are. Oh, how happy I am!

*Fairy.* You are a good girl and I haven't forgotten you all these years, but I have had so much to see to I haven't been able to come to see you before.

*Cind.* But, godmother, I've got no cab to go in. I fetched the last one off the rank for my sisters.

*Fairy.* Go into the shed and fetch me the pumpkin you cut this morning for soup.

[*CIND. goes.*]

*Fairy.* Poor child, poor child, poor Cinderella. But she is going to be happy now.

*Cind.* [*outside*] It's so big I can't get it in at the door.

*Fairy.* Well, leave it outside, and now go and get eight rats out of the trap. They won't hurt you, they are only fairy rats.

*Cind.* Yes, godmother. [*Fairy looks about kitchen and shrugs her shoulders in disgust.*]

*Cind.* [*outside*] There are just four in the trap.

*Fairy.* Now get four mice.

*Cind.* [*outside*] They are all here sitting in a row on the pumpkin as good as gold.

*Fairy.* Now come here and I will show you how we do things in Fairy Land. One, two, three. [*Waves her wand: points off stage.*]

*Cind.* [*looking off stage*] Oh, godmother, how wonderful! How *did* you do it?

*Fairy.* What do you see, child?

*Cind.* [*looking off*] Oh, it is splendid. The pumpkin has turned into a golden coach, and the eight rats into eight prancing white horses, and the mice have turned into coachmen and footmen. How clever of you! How did you do it?

*Fairy.* Why, like this. It's quite easy. I wave my magic wand and say—one, two, three, and the things change just as I wish them to. *That's* the way it's done!

*Cind.* [*doubtfully*] Oh, I see.

*Fairy.* Now, I suppose you'll want some shoes to dance in. Can you dance?

*Cind.* No, I'm afraid not.



*Fairy.* These are magic shoes [*handing a pair to CIND.*] They will teach you to dance better than anyone else in the room.

*Cind.* Dear little silver shoes! Shall I put them on?

*Fairy.* Of course. Did you think they were ust to look at?

[CINDERELLA *puts them on.*

*Fairy.* Now you must go, but before you start let me tell you something. The effects of my wand are very wonderful, but they don't last long. At twelve o'clock the charm breaks. Your coach will turn into a pumpkin, your horses into rats, and your servants into mice, and your pretty dress will be nothing but old rags again.

*Cind.* Oh, dear!

*Fairy.* So you must come away at eleven and that will give you nice time to get home before the clock strikes twelve. You'll remember, won't you?

*Cind.* Oh, yes, godmother, I'll remember.

*Fairy.* Be sure you do. Now run and get into the coach.

*Cind.* What's that music?

*Fairy.* Oh, it's only the fairies singing to you. It's their way of wishing you good luck.

[CINDERELLA *dances mazurka, stopping every now and then to listen.*

CHORUS of FAIRIES. *Air: La donna è mobile.*

Fair shines the moon to-night,  
And by its balmy light  
Thousands are hastening  
Where lights are glistening.  
For 'tis to-night they make  
Feast for the Prince's sake,

Pleasure in plenty,  
Since he's one and twenty,  
To the palace haste, dear,  
Bright pleasures taste, dear.

*[She stops and listens.]*

Sweet Cinderella,  
Haste to the ball!  
Haste! Haste! Haste to the ball.  
Haste! Haste! Oh haste, haste to the ball.

*[Curtain.]*

*[End of Scene II.]*



## SCENE III

SCENE—*The Ball-room. KING and QUEEN on a throne. LORDS and LADIES conversing.*

SONG : QUEEN. *Air : Blucher Lied.*

Twenty-one years ago when the young Prince  
was born  
The lion howled for happiness, and woke the  
unicorn,  
The largest golden table-spoon was in his  
princely mouth,  
And big bells and little bells were rung from  
north to south.

*Chorus.* Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! the King is  
his papa,  
His Mother is our gracious queen—  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

When that sweet princely baby would shut his  
princely eyes,  
There were nine hundred trumpeters to play  
him hush-a-byes ;  
The people came in thousands to bring him  
sugar-plums,  
And they came in their millions to see him  
suck his thumbs.

*Chorus.* Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! *etc.*

When his Highness was older, say, four or five  
or six,  
He played with diamond marbles, and built  
with golden bricks,

And when he rode a cock-horse, as everybody knows,  
There were rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes.

*Chorus.* Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! *etc.*

The walls of his Palace, white marble they shine,  
They're twice as long as Edgware Road, and fifty times as fine;  
And now he's to be married—to-night he makes his choice,  
Then shout for him, and shout for us, with one resounding voice.

*Chorus.* Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! *etc.*

*Enter HERALD hurriedly.*

*Herald.* His Most Noble, Most Powerful, Most Princely, Most Affable, Royalest, Highest Royal Highness, the Prince Charming, Lord of all the Eastern Islands, London Bridge, Spa Road, Bermondsey, Deptford, Greenwich and Woolwich, approaches.

*King.* Well done, my boy, well done. Twenty-one to-day—I'm proud of you, sir—your hand.

*Prince.* Your Majesty is too condescending.

[*They shake hands.*]

*Queen.* Come and give me a kiss, my dear. I hope you'll enjoy yourself and be a good boy, and don't upset anything over your best clothes. Oh, I forgot you were grown up.

*Prince.* Thank you, Mamma, you were always so kind and careful.

*King.* Now, Charming, you must open the Ball. Who are you going to dance with?



Lots of pretty girls, sweet as apples! Which is it to be—eh? What?

*Prince.* You see, your Majesty, whoever I dance with I shall have to marry, so I can't decide all in a minute.

*King.* Quite right. Marry in haste, you know. . . . I married in haste—and I've repented at leisure.

*Queen.* What, your Majesty?

*King.* I married in haste, I repeat, and I've been happy at leisure—but it mightn't happen that way with you.

*Prince.* Perhaps not, your Majesty. [*Goes up to Queen*] Mother, I had a strange dream last night. I thought a strange Princess came to the door of the Palace in a beautiful golden coach, drawn by eight white horses, and the moment I saw her, I loved her. If she were here, I could open the Ball. But dreams never come true—do they? [*Sighs.*]

*Queen.* Oh, yes they do—sometimes.

*Enter FIRST GENTLEMAN.*

*First Gent.* I say, Charming, a most beautiful strange princess is at the Palace door in a golden coach drawn by eight white horses, and she says is this the place where there's a birthday party? She is afraid her coachman has come to the wrong Palace.

*King.* Dear me, Charming, hadn't you better go out and see?

*PRINCE and HERALD go out.*

*Queen.* I think our boy has been working too hard. Ever since he worked so tremendously hard to pass the First Standard, he has not been quite himself.

*Enter* HERALD, *showing in* PRINCE and CINDERELLA.

*Herald.* Prince Charming and the beautiful Princess from nowhere.

[PRINCE *introduces* CINDERELLA  
to KING and QUEEN.

*Dress.* So this is his choice. Well, I can't say I think much of her.

*Mari.* She's rather pretty in a niminy-piminy sort of way, but no style.

*Dress.* Her dress is magnificent, but how painfully plain she is.

*Mari.* I don't think he need have waited for *her*.

*Dress.* I should think not, indeed !

SONG : PRINCE *Air : Little Bird.*

Lovely Lady, you're welcome, I kiss your white hand,

I am here at your feet, I am Prince of the land.

Your lips are vermilion, your smile is the sun,  
Your charms are a million, a million and one.

The day flies away : love and time are at spite,  
Do you love me a little ? Will you leave me to-night ?

Shall the light die away ? Will you leave me alone ?

O Queen of my heart, let me kneel at your throne.

*King.* What an extremely charming girl !

*Queen.* I wonder if she's a good house-keeper and sweet tempered.

*King.* I hope so, I'm sure.



SONG : CINDERELLA. *Air : Hush-a-bye Baby.*

Pretty Prince Charming, if I should say  
"Yes" in this sudden insequent way,  
We might regret it in one of these days :  
Love is a lottery, everyone says,  
Yet if you ask me some other day,  
I'm not sure I shall answer "Nay."

Wait and see, Wait and see,  
Pretty Prince Charming, wait and see, [*pause.*]  
But you may guess what the answer will be.

*Prince.* Fair Princess, I have waited for this hour. [*CIND. takes his arm.*]

*Second Gent.* [*to First Lady*] Your hand for this dance, fair lady.

*First Lady* [*aside*]. Ah yes, and for ever if he wishes it.

*Third Gent.* [*to Second Lady*] Who are you going to dance with, my sweetheart?

*Second Lady.* Why, with my sweetheart, of course. [*Takes his arm.*]

*Dress.* [*left sitting*] I don't think this is a very nice Ball.

*Fourth Gent.* [*to Dress.*] Will my lady grant me such happiness as I cannot deserve, but desire with all my heart?

*Dress.* [*smiling*] How bright and beautiful it all is!

DANCE : *Gavotte.*

*Second Gent.* [*to his partner*] Dear lady, if you will be my partner again, I shall not envy the Prince.

*First Lady.* I will, so shall I be kept from envy of the Princess.

*First Gent.* [*to Mari.*] The star of the ball-room rose for me when you came in. Will that star stoop so far? [*Holding out his hand.*]

*Mari.* [*aside*] The star can't get the sun, so she'll be content with the moon, who after all is very nice. [*Aloud*] You do me much honour. [*Takes his arm.*]

DANCE: *Second Figure of Lancers danced very slowly.*

*Fourth Gent.* Choose me again, my fairest!

*Dress.* [*aside*] The Prince is lost to me, but his friend has better taste. [*Aloud*] How happy you make me!

*First Gent.* We were made for each other, my angel. See, the dance waits for us.

*Mari.* [*aside*] Someone appreciates conscious merit, at any rate. [*Aloud*] Yes, our steps suit perfectly.

*Third Gent.* My darling, dance with me all the evening.

*Second Lady.* No, let us sit out again together and you tell me how much you love me.

DANCE.

*Prince.* Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath, have I beheld a lily like yourself.

*Cind.* Do all princes talk like that?

*Prince.* Only the English ones, not those made in Germany.

*Cind.* I am glad you are an English one.

*Prince.* My father has a thousand rose gardens, but no such rose.

*Cind.* Do all Princes have eyes like yours?

*Prince.* I don't know, I don't want *you* to



know. I want you never to look in any Prince's eyes but mine. Look in them now.

DANCE: *First Figure of Lancers very slowly.*

[*Then clock strikes.*

*Cind.* [*aside*] I ought to go. It's striking eleven.

*Herald.* Supper is served, your Majesties.

*Cind.* Why, it's *twelve*.

[*CIND. flies out, PRINCE follows her.*

*King.* Well, I'm sure.

*Second Lady.* He's met *his* fate.

*Third Gent.* I wonder if they'll be as happy as we shall, darling?

*Second Lady.* Of course not. How could they, dearest?

*King.* I hope he won't regret his choice. It's rather sudden. I married in haste and . . .

*Queen* Your Majesty!

*King.* And married a treasure.

*Queen.* Your Majesty always expresses himself with so much tact and judgment.

*Enter PRINCE with slipper. He waves his hand for silence.*

*Herald.* Silence in court for the Prince's speech.

*Prince.* She has gone. Her carriage has vanished. No one has seen her. How could they not see her? And she like the moon for splendour! They said no one had passed but a ragged kitchen wench. Yet here is her slipper. I found it in the hall. My herald shall take this dear little slipper and ride forth to-morrow with the first red of sunrise, and proclaim through this kingdom that I will

marry none but the girl who owns this slipper—that is, if your Majesty has no objection?

*King.* Oh, none at all. Don't mind me. But isn't it rather sudden? You know I married in haste——

*Queen.* *Your Majesty!*

*King.* I repeat, I married in haste and am blessed beyond measure. But it doesn't follow that he'll be. However, let's hope for the best.

*Prince.* She's lost—they'll never find her.

*[Falls weeping at Queen's feet and hides his face in her lap.]*

*Queen* [*petting him*]. I think you'd all better go, the party is over. The Prince isn't at all well. Herald, just run to the cloak-room and see that people get their right hats and things. [*Herald goes out.*] Good-night, everybody. You really must excuse me.

*Re-enter HERALD.*

*Herald* [*with contemptuous wave of the arm*] You're all fetched.

*All.* Good-night, your Majesty. Thank you very much for a very pleasant evening.

*[Guests go out.]*

*Queen* [*to Prince*]. There, there, don't cry. I'll get up early and make the Heralds a nice cup of tea before they start, and they'll soon bring her back. Don't cry—it shall have its pretty Princess.

*[QUEEN dries PRINCE'S eyes with her handkerchief. The KING and HERALD are stirred to the display of sympathetic emotion, and turn away using their pocket handkerchiefs as the Curtain falls.]*

*[Curtain.]*

*[End of Scene III.]*



## SCENE IV

SCENE — *Room in Baron Gruntheim's house.*

*DRESSALINDA and MARIGOLDA discovered, lolling in chairs, tired and untidy.*

*Dress.* Of course it's no use saying anything about it now. As we are not going to the ball to-night, we have not a chance. But if you had not been so eager to push yourself forward, there might have been a chance for modest worth. As it was, my costume was thrown away, simply thrown away.

*Mari.* It's no use your being so disagreeable, my dear. Spilled milk is spilled milk, and there's an end of it. But silly as he is, I think the Prince would hardly choose a bride for the sake of her dress, however stylish it might be.

*Dress.* Yes, he is a silly Prince! Isn't he?

*Mari.* As it turns out, he *is* a silly Prince. But Dressy dear, don't let's wrangle, because after all that white Princess is lost—remember that, my dear, lost.

*Dress.* Goldie, darling, how sweet of you to think of that. So she is—and now there is a chance for modest worth, isn't there, dear?

*Mari.* Yes, Dressy, as you say, there is now a chance for conscious merit: in fact for me.

*Dress.* No, for me.

*Mari. and Dress.* For me, for me, for me.

*Baron [entering].* Now once for all, I will not have it. This is the last ball you ever go to

with my consent! It was to be the making of our fortunes and I don't know what beside. And so I paid your dressmaker's bill with hardly a groan.

*Dress. and Mari.* Oh!

*Baron.* And I treated the Under Secretary of State to three bottles of lemonade at the pastry-cook's opposite the station. And now nothing has come of it all, and you have been wrangling all day.

*Dress.* Dear Papa, not wrangling, we've been discussing.

*Mari.* Not wrangling, Papa, only arguing. Not the slightest disagreement.

*Baron.* Well, whatever it was, it disagrees with me. I won't have it.

*Dress.* Papa——

*Baron* [*shouting*]. I will not have it. Going to balls is bad for my purse and bad for my temper. And my whole collection of stamps has got into the most frightful confusion. Why, I went and stuck in the Emperor William's new stamp as a Bill stamp.

*Dress.* Papa, believe me, all is not yet lost. The Princess we told you of *is* lost, and it has just occurred to us that now or never is the chance for modest worth.

*Mari.* Or conscious merit.

*Enter CINDERELLA.*

*Cind.* If you please, sister, the Herald's called. [*Whispers to her sisters.*]

*Baron.* Tell him to leave the account. I'll send it on, I'm expecting some money on Thursday.

*Dress. and Mari.* Papa, it's not the butcher.



*Cind.* Please, father, he says he won't—

*Baron.* Won't leave it without the money?  
Tell him I shall deal elsewhere in future.

*Dress.* [*very distinctly*] Papa, it's the *Prince's Herald*. He is going round trying on a slipper. If that slipper fits me, I shall be the Prince's bride, and modest worth—

*Mari.* The Herald is to find a lady with a *small* foot, my dear, and if conscious merit—

*Dress.* If conscious merit makes your feet small, it's cleverer than I think it. [*To Cind.*]  
Show the gentleman in.

[*CIND. goes out and re-enters with*  
*HERALD and PAGE.*]

HERALD'S SONG—*Air: Old King Cole.*

Oh, Young Prince Charming is a charming  
Prince,

And a charming young Prince is he,  
He has heaps of friends, he has lots of toys,  
He also has Heralds three.

Now two of these Heralds are very poor things,  
But the third is as fine as can be,  
Then shout "Hurrah" for this Herald fine—  
What matter for grammar? it's me!

Says young Prince Charming, "O Herald mine,  
With your manner so pleasant and free,  
Go, search for what Mr Shakespeare calls  
'The fair, unexpressive she.'

She's a dear little maid with a sweet little face  
And her foot is as small as can be."

Says I, "If any can find your girl,  
You can bet your royal boots it's me."

Says young Prince Charming, "O Herald  
mine,

Whose face is a pleasure to see,

[HERALD *grins absurdly*.

Go forth with this shoe and our Kingdom  
through

Proclaim our royal decree.

I'll marry the maid this shoe will fit

If the maiden herself agree."

"If she won't, why then, your Highness," says I,  
"Perhaps she will do for me."

For young Prince Charming this Herald fine,  
Whom the Queen often asks to tea, [*proudly*]

Says, "Try if this shoe will fit any of you,

O maidens of every degree.

Then one of you may become a Princess—

A chance you'll accept with glee."

Then shout "Hurrah" for this Herald fine,

Yes, hurrah, and hurrah for Me!

*Mari*. Try me first, please.

*Dress*. No, me. I'm the eldest.

*Mari*. Modest worth ought to know its  
place.

*Dress*. It's more than conscious merit does.

*Herald*. Perhaps the gentleman would like  
to try just to encourage the ladies?

*Baron*. Thanks, I always get my shoes at  
the Stores.

*Herald*. Now ladies, which is it to be?

*Mari*. and *Dress*. Me.

*Herald*. Toss up for it.

*Mari*. You can go first. It won't fit you.

*Herald*. That's right. Let's make a beginning.  
I won't hurt you more than I can help.



SONG—*Air: On the Ling Ho.*

*Herald.* My gentle maiden, I'll begin with you.

*Dress.* How delightful!

*Mari.* How provoking!

*Dress.* A most remarkably little shoe.

*Mari.* How delightful!

*Dress.* How provoking!

It's only a foot that's deformed and flat

Would ever go in a slipper like that.

How provoking!

*Mari.* How delightful!

[*DRESS. resigns shoe to MARI.  
who tries it on.*]

*Mari.* Now let me try on the slipper, please.  
How delightful!

*Dress.* How provoking!

*Mari.* I greatly fear it won't fit with ease.  
How provoking!

*Dress.* How delightful!

*Mari.* It shall go on then in spite of all.

*Herald.* No use, no use, Miss, it's much too small.

*Mari.* How provoking?

*Dress.* How delightful!

[*CINDERELLA tries on the shoe.*]

*Cind.* It does not hurt me a tiny bit.

*Dress. and Mari.* Did you ever? Did you ever?

*Cind.* Oh, sisters see, it's a perfect fit.

*Dress. and Mari.* Did you ever? Did you ever?

*Cind.* Go, Herald, tell the Prince with my love,  
The silver slipper fits *me* like a glove.

*Dress. and Mari.* Well, I never! Well, I never!

*Herald.* I do not think I ought to take a message like that.

*Dress.* Cinderella ! ! !

*Herald.* Pardon me, "Your Royal Highness!" But we must be going. Excuse me, your Royal Highness, but hadn't you better change your frock?

*Fairy* [entering]. *I'll do that. [Waves her wand and CINDERELLA appears in ball dress.*

*Baron* [to CIND.] Do I understand that it's you who are going to marry the Prince?

*Herald.* Ha, yes, I ought to have asked that question. Are you going to marry the Prince?

*Cind.* I think I oughtn't to answer that question until some one else asks me.

*Herald.* The Prince?

*Baron.* I think that is the idea.

*Herald.* Well, come along. [Pushes DRESS. and MARI. back.] Her Royal Highness first, if you please.

*Dress.* It's all up with conscious merit, Marigolda.

*Mari.* And I don't think modest worth has much chance now, my dear.

[All go out except BARON, DRESS. and MARI.]

SONG—*Air: We'll all go a-hunting to-day.*  
[With Dance.]

*Baron.* Oh a man may be said when his daughters are wed

To be happy as happy can be,

But I pity his lot when his daughters are not,  
And that's what's the matter with me.

But there'll be one of you married to-day—  
hooray!

There'll be one of you married to-day.



*Dress.* [to MARI.] It's not you.

*Mari.* [to DRESS.] It's not you.

*Baron.* But thank goodness it's true  
There'll be one of you married to-day. [*Dance.*

Cinderella's bright face with it's beauty and  
grace

Is so like her dear father's they say,  
And people suppose she inherits my nose,  
And that's why she's married to-day.  
For there's one to be married to-day—  
hooray!

There's one to be married to-day.

*Mari.* [to DRESS.] It's not you.

*Dress.* [to MARI.] It's not you.

*Baron.* But thank goodness it's true  
There'll be one of you married to-day. [*Dance.*

Cinderella, my pet, to her sisters has set  
An example to follow, poor things!  
So take pattern by me and your husbands,  
you'll see,  
Won't be Princes, oh, no, they'll be  
Kings!

*Dress. and Mari.* So, we're bound to be  
married some day—hooray!

*Baron.* Well, I *hope* you'll be married some  
day.

*Dress.* [to MARI.] What, you?

*Mari.* [to DRESS.] Dressy, you?

*Baron.* Yes, thank goodness it's true,  
You're bound to be married some day.

*Dress. and Mari.* [with him] We're bound,  
etc. [*Dance.*

[*Curtain.*]

[*End of Scene IV.*

## SCENE V

SCENE—*Room in the Palace.* KING and QUEEN  
*discovered.*

*Queen.* My dear, I am most uneasy about the Prince. He took no supper last night and he had no breakfast this morning. If the Princess is not found, I won't be answerable for the consequences. I've not been so anxious about him since he had the measles.

*King.* Don't distress yourself, my dear. There is an end of everything, and it must be a happy end because we are all in a fairy story: and the end must come soon, because this is the Fifth Act. You should always remember this sort of thing and not allow trifles to upset you.

*Queen.* It wasn't the trifle. I didn't have any supper either, and it was a beautiful birthday cake, but I couldn't touch it when my boy was so unhappy.

*King.* Wouldn't he have any then?

*Queen.* Not a crumb. He said, "I won't so much as touch a crumb of cake or a mug of milk, till my Princess is found. So there!"

*King.* Did he say "so there?" Dear, dear, I'd no idea it was so bad as that.

*Queen.* Hush, here he comes. Let's pretend to be talking of something else. I see they're having wonderful weather in Somersetshire.

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Good evening, Mamma.



*Queen.* Well, darling, and how do you feel now?

*Prince.* I feel as unhappy as if I were a common person. I don't care for my crown or my palace or my diamond marbles or even my new paint-box. I would give them all up if I could only have my dear little Princess, because I love her so. *[Bursts into tears and buries his head in QUEEN'S lap.]*

*King [blowing his nose].* There, there, lad, cheer up. You make me wish I was a boy again.

*Queen.* Ah! It brings back our youth—doesn't it? Youth is the only happy time. *[They all cry.]*

*Enter THIRD GENTLEMAN and SECOND LADY.*

*Queen.* Let me see, you young people are to be married to-morrow, aren't you?

*Both.* Yes, your Majesty.

*Queen.* Then you had better go away somewhere else. We don't want any happy people here just now, my dears.

*THIRD GENTLEMAN and SECOND LADY go out.*

*Queen.* Do you feel better, dear?

*Prince [jumping up].* Yes, Mamma, much. I've made up my mind not to sit and cry any more, but to go out like a brave Prince and look for her myself. So if you'll pack me a travelling bag I'll start at once. *[A trumpet is blown.]*

*Enter HERALD.*

*Herald [aside to Prince].* Cheer up, old man, I've got her. *[To King]* Your Majesty, I have the honour to announce that I have

found the Princess who owns the silver shoe, and I've got her outside in a cab.

*King.* There, didn't I tell you it would all come right?

*Queen.* There, my darling, you see I told you how it would be. Mother wouldn't let her Pretty fret for anything long.

*Prince.* Let me bring her in.

*Herald.* That's my place, sir. [*Goes out.*]

*Prince* [*reasonably*]. If you have no objection, Mamma, I think we might be married as soon as possible. I don't want to hurry anyone, but I should think we could all be ready in half an hour.

*Enter HERALD leading in CINDERELLA followed by DRESSALINDA and MARIGOLDA and the FAIRY GODMOTHER. Members of the Court crowd in. PRINCE kneels before CINDERELLA. She raises him and they kiss. He presents her to QUEEN, who offers her a cold cheek, and to KING who chucks her under the chin and kisses her several times.*

SONG—*Air: Bridal March from Lohengrin.*

*All.* Take her, O Prince, faithful and true,  
That little foot was just made for the shoe.

We are so glad : all of us knew  
That little Princess was just made for you.

Joy to the Prince, joy to his sweet,  
Lonely policeman, hurrah on your beat :  
[*POLICEMAN outside cheers madly.*]  
May life be long, joy be complete,  
Rose-strewn the path of those dear little feet.



*King.* Three cheers for the Prince and his bride. [*All cheer.*]

*Prince* [to *Herald*]. Thank you very much, my dear Herald. I shall never forget your zeal and discretion. There's half a sovereign for you. [*HERALD bows.*]

*King.* I should like to show my sense of the valuable services you have rendered my son by making you a little present. Every man ought to be paid for his work. There's fourpence for you.

[*Fetching it out of his pockets after diligent search. HERALD looks at it disparagingly and puts it away.*]

*Herald.* Thank you, your Majesty. I will put it in the Savings Bank.

*Dress.* [to *MARI.*] I'm very sorry to have been so horrid to Cinderella, but it would not do to say so now.

*Mari.* I'm sorry too, but if we said so, they would only think we were pretending because she is a Princess.

*Queen* [*remembering her royal manners*]. But we must not forget our Fairy Godmother, to whom we owe this happiness.

*Fairy.* Nonsense, children, I only brought true lovers together, and that's much easier than keeping them apart, as all the world knows. I can do something much more wonderful than that. [*She turned to DRESS.*] Speak the truth. One, two three.

[*Waves her wand.*]

*Dress.* Dear Cinderella, I am really and truly sorry I have been so unkind to you. Ever since I danced with this gentleman at the ball, I have been sorry, but I would not let myself say so. Will you forgive me?

*Cind.* [*kisses her*]. I shall never think of it again.

*Fairy* [*waving her wand over MARI.*] Speak the truth.

*Mari.* Ever since I danced with this gentleman the other night I have been sorry I was so unkind to Cinderella, because it made me so unworthy of him. Will she forgive me?

*Cind.* Dear sister, if you love me, I shall want nothing to make me quite happy.

[*Kisses her.*

[*The two partners take DRESS. and MARI. by the hands and looking inquiringly at the KING who says "Certainly. Bless you, my children," four times in succession. At first the PRINCE and CINDERELLA, and then the other couples kneel before him.*

*Prince.* Then we'll have three weddings to-day instead of one.

*Herald.* Oh, what a day we are having!

[*All come forward for final song.*

SONG—*Air: Come Lasses and Lads.*

*Queen.*

So here's an end of our little play:

We did it all for you,

And everything ends happily

As everything ought to do.

The Prince has got his dear

And all that was wrong is right:

We wish such luck to everyone here,

Good night, good night, good night.

*All.*

We wish such luck to everyone here,

Good night, good night, good night.



*Dress.*

The wicked sisters are very sad  
They were so naughty before.

*King.*

But they said they were sorry they  
were so bad,  
And nobody can say more.

*Cind.*

But now they'll be good and true,  
And you see they are happy quite.  
So, if ever you're wrong, say you're  
sorry too.  
Good night, good night, good night!

*All.*

If ever you're wrong, say you're  
sorry too.  
Good night, good night, good night.


[*Curtain.*]

[*End of Play.*]

# PUBLISHERS' NOTE

ON

## "PLAYS FOR SCHOOLS"



### SERIES OF NEW PLAYS

THE educational value of dramatic performances in Schools has long been recognised, rehearsal and representation alike benefiting the young actors by providing instruction of mind, exercise of memory, and discipline of body.

In preparing original plays for school purposes the most urgent and most important necessity is to avoid vulgarity of matter and of manner. Second only to this is the need for avoidance of triviality and futility in diction and purpose; a play for children should be (and can be made) *simple* without being either foolish or puerile.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following is an extract from the notice in a leading London daily newspaper of December 24, 1908, of a London pantomime dress-rehearsal, performed before a "large gathering of children":—

"The Prince's rattling song, with its infectious chorus, 'Where the girls are, you'll find me,' filled the children with such delight that they could not resist joining in the chorus with really very good effect. The humorous passages were also much enjoyed. Perhaps the scene of the Baron's intoxication was even too thoroughly appreciated; the appreciation smacked rather sadly of personal knowledge. 'Just like father!' was the observation of one small mite in the stalls."



The Publishers hope to issue plays which appeal to, and can be acted by, young children from the age of seven upwards, as well as plays more elaborate in construction and more mature in subject and meaning, which may be performed with advantage by older children up to the age of seventeen. It is hoped that some of these plays will be found suitable also for adult amateurs.

Further, they are convinced, after enquiry, that the convention hitherto tacitly accepted of writing plays for children in *rhymed verse* is a mistake. While the rhyme may in some degree facilitate the learning of parts, the ultimate benefit to the actor—and the pleasure of the audience—is lessened; and the exigencies of the rhyme, unless it be written with genius, cause too often a sacrifice of simplicity.

While the resources of many schools in the way of scenery, properties, etc., are naturally limited (to meet which objection plays of a simple setting will be provided), the introductions in this series will in all other instances point out how easily and economically stage effects can be obtained by the exercise of a little ingenuity.

The plays will be based either on favourite themes, fairy tales, etc., or on simple original plots.<sup>1</sup> The one essential is that they should

<sup>1</sup> "It is assuredly very difficult to invent a good fairy-tale. . . . Why seek to invent? Why impose this almost impossible task upon the Christmas playwright? Why not draw upon the inexhaustible fund of fairy-lore which the

exhibit good taste: but this need by no means imply that they cannot also be good dramatic literature.

With regard to the *music* employed in some plays, the Publishers' aim in part is to collaborate with the many recent societies and individual workers who are promoting the revival of English Folk-songs and Folk-dances, without, however, binding themselves to these alone, or entering into dispute as to what constitutes a Folk-song; popular national airs, if suited to the purpose, whether approved as Folk-song or not, may be utilised. In short, the general recommendations of the Board of Education will be followed, and their list of approved tunes (*see pp. 7 and 8*) used as far as possible.

The Publishers anticipate that in a few instances it may be possible to make plays into which Folk-songs (and no other kind of songs) can be introduced in their entirety. In general, however, the proposal is to utilise the tunes for singing with new words, written to the measure.

The Publishers do not intend, as a rule, to provide the music for these songs with the Plays, partly because most Schools are already provided with the necessary music,

children love? . . . One thing I would strongly urge upon the regenerator of pantomime, and that is a return to the free use of selected music, of familiar airs. It is the greatest possible mistake to give the children nothing but new music, however good its quality."—Mr WILLIAM ARCHER, in his notice of *Pinkie and the Fairies* at His Majesty's Theatre, in *The Nation*, December 26, 1908.



and partly because many Music Publishers issue special School Song-Books, and collections of Songs approved by the Board of Education.

A useful guide may be found in Mr W. H. Hadow's *Songs of the British Islands*, published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., 24 Berners Street, W., who also publish *Folk-Songs for Schools*, by Rev. S. Baring Gould and Cecil J. Sharp. These, however, are only two out of many collections which will provide material for songs.

**COPYRIGHT.**—Speaking from the legal point of view, the Publishers point out that where there is no licensed hall or room hired, no charge made for admission, and no payment to performers, copyright (even if it exists) is generally held to be not infringed. Otherwise, the Publishers will as often as may be possible arrange with the respective Authors to release *School* performances from the limitations of dramatic copyright, while making a charge for amateur public performances.

**The Publishers invite intending Authors to communicate with them, and submit MSS. or suggestions for their consideration.**

They wish to point out the great advantage to Authors of actual performance of their plays before publication, in view of the fact that *the difference between dramatic and literary effect* is scarcely to be realised except by such practical experiments.

Authors of plays which have already been

performed in Schools, or by children, but are still unpublished, should state full particulars of such performances, in view of settling the question of copyright above-mentioned.

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Extract from the List of Songs approved by the Board of Education in *Suggestions for the Consideration of Teachers* (1905).

## ENGLISH SONGS.

Begone, dull Care.  
 The Hunt is up.  
 The Jolly Miller.  
 The Keel Row.  
 John Peel.  
 Now, Robin, lend to me thy Bow.  
 Ye Gentlemen of England.  
 The Bailiff's Daughter.  
 Barbara Allen.  
 British Grenadiers.  
 Drink to me only.  
 Early one Morning.  
 Good Morning, Pretty Maid.  
 We be three poor Mariners.  
 The Oak and the Ash.  
 The Roast Beef of Old England.  
 Song of the Western Men.  
 Vicar of Bray.  
 A-hunting we will go.  
 Come, Lasses and Lads.  
 The Happy Clown.  
 The Maypole.  
 The Mermaid.



Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind (Arne).  
 The Lass of Richmond Hill (Hook).  
 Cherry Ripe (Horn).  
 The Spring's a-coming.  
 Under the Greenwood Tree.  
 The useful Plough.  
 The Bay of Biscay (Davy).  
 Here's a health unto His Majesty.  
 Hope the Hermit (Lady Frances Neville's  
 Delight).  
 Tom Bowling (Dibdin).  
 Sigh no more, Ladies.  
 Ye Mariners of England (Calcott).  
 With Jockey to the Fair.  
 The Golden Vanity.  
 Dulce Domum.  
 Farewell, Manchester ("Felton's Gavotte").  
 The Girl I left behind Me.  
 Polly Oliver.  
 Hearts of Oak (Boyce).  
 Joan to the Maypole.  
 The Barley Mow.  
 Golden Slumbers.  
 Now is the month of Maying (Morley).  
 Where the Bee sucks (Arne).  
 Fairest Isle (Purcell).  
 Since first I saw your Face (Ford).  
 It was a Lover and his Lass (Morley).

NOTE.—The above is extracted from a longer list, which nevertheless by no means exhausts the number of airs suited to the purpose, and can be easily extended.

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