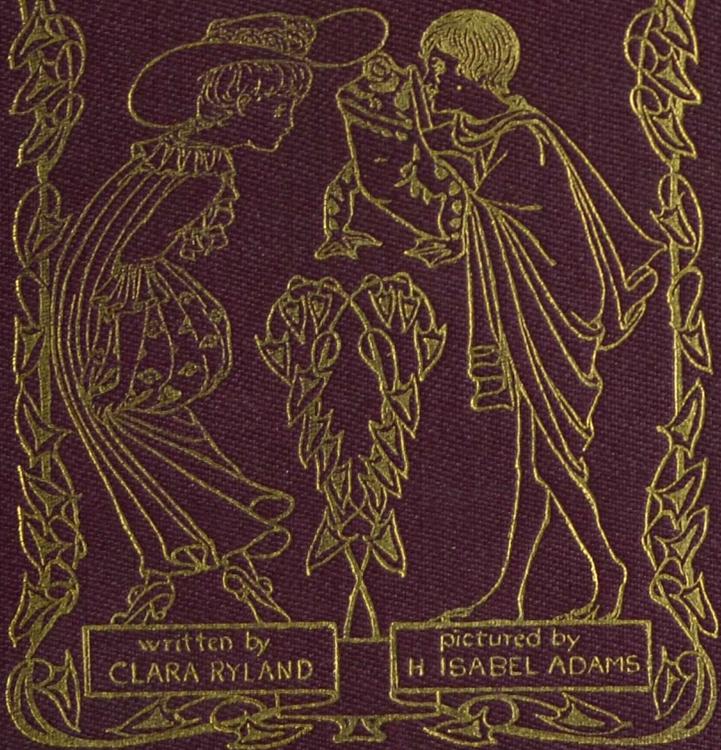


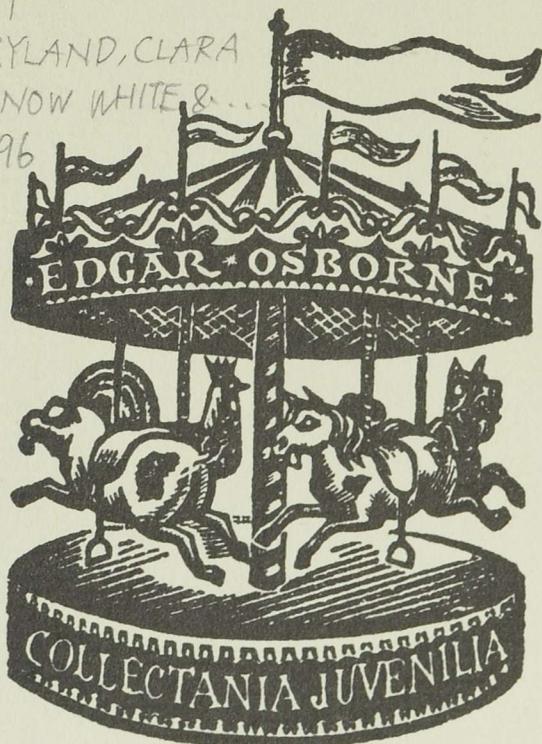
SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED
&
OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN



written by
CLARA RYLAND

pictured by
H ISABEL ADAMS

FT
RYLAND, CLARA
SNOW WHITE & ...
1896

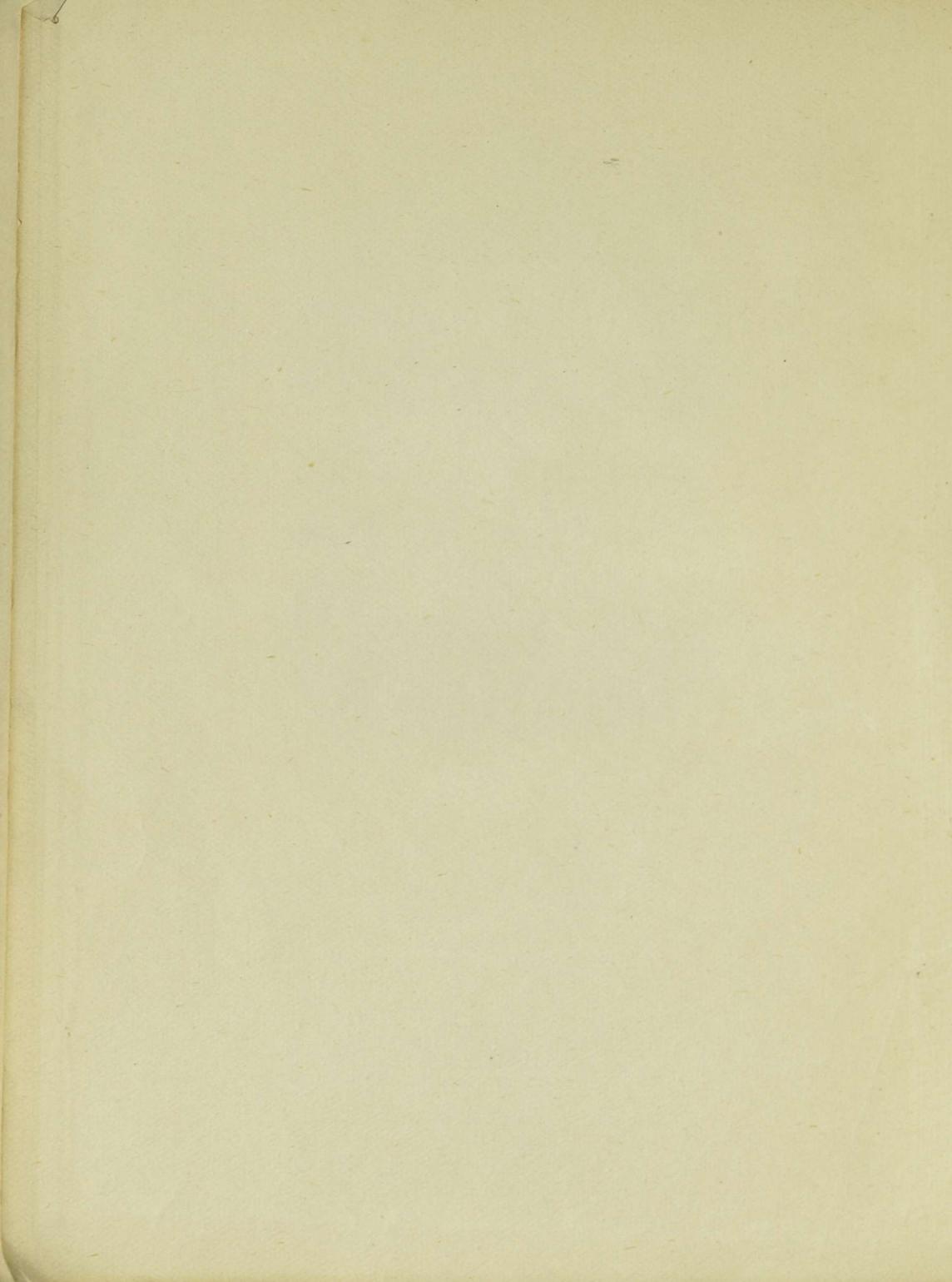


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SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

AND OTHER PLAYS FOR

CHILDREN

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&
OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

written by
CLARA RYLAND

pictured by
H. ISABEL ADAMS



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TO

MY CHILDREN

FOR WHOM THEY WERE WRITTEN

I Dedicate

THESE LITTLE PLAYS

PREFACE

THESE little plays were written for my own children, because I found it difficult to obtain any that were really suitable for such young performers. With this object I made both words and characters as simple as possible, and introduced no scene which could not be easily arranged on an amateur stage, with a very small amount of trouble and expense.

They have been actually tested year by year, by small performers of from four to ten years of age, and have proved thoroughly practical and simple for home use.

All children instinctively love acting, and such an occupation, I believe, not only gives them immense pleasure, but is also very valuable as a training.

They lose, in rehearsing, awkwardness and self-consciousness, learn to enunciate clearly and pleasantly,

to concentrate their attention, and to work together with method and good temper for a common recreation.

I have added to each play a few suggestions as to dress and scenery, which in some cases may be useful.

Nearly all the airs for the songs will be found in "Songs of England," edited by J. L. Hatton.



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Snow White and Rose Red

A FAIRY PLAY IN TWO ACTS

*Written for performers
from seven to nine years of age.*

HINTS ON DRESS AND SCENERY

DRESS

Snow White.—Close-fitting Norwegian peasant-girl's cap, in green velveteen trimmed with silver braid. Green velveteen bodice, cut square and trimmed with narrow white fur. White linen habit shirt and full sleeves to the elbow. White cashmere skirt, trimmed with a row of white fur. Fancy silk apron with coloured pattern. Silver beads and ornaments.

Rose Red.—Cap like Snow White's in red cloth, trimmed with fancy ribbon border and silver braid. Red bodice with habit shirt, sleeves, and silver ornaments like Snow White's. Red cloth or cashmere dress trimmed with rows of fancy gimp. White linen apron with two rows of open insertion. Red stockings and shoes with silver buckles.

Bear Prince as Bear.—Black bear's mask with a border of black fur. Black jersey suit. Black stockings drawn over hands and feet. Two little black hair door-mats slung on back and front.

Underneath must be worn the Prince's suit, for which any pretty page's costume is suitable.

Dwarf.—Old man's mask, with long flowing hair for beard,

as grotesque as possible. Red turkey lining tunic and knickerbockers, great fishing or shooting boots, coming up to the thighs.

SCENERY

Scenes I. and II. in the Cottage can easily be arranged on any amateur stage by introducing a few cottage accessories, which should be as pretty and simple as possible. A spinning-wheel, if procurable, is a very effective addition.

There should be two entrances, and a fireplace and window. The latter is easily made with a kitchen clothes-horse, and some Liberty muslin for curtains, should there not be a real window on the stage.

The Forest in Scenes III., IV., and V. requires a green cloth of some kind, to spread on the floor of the stage. Also two or three large shrubs in pots, and three or four poles, dressed with branches of evergreen, which make excellent forest trees, as the poles take up much less room than the pots, and can be put in the corners, or leant up against a wall. Sprays of ivy should be trailed about, and a few flowers put in banks of moss around the trees, for the children to gather.

In the scene where the children say, "Hark! how all the birds do sing!" a pretty effect may be obtained by using lark-calls behind the scenes (these calls are easily made out of quills blown in water).

The fishing scene can be managed without showing the pool, if the Dwarf sits with his back to the audience and

dangles a long rod and line in one corner of the stage, so arranged with the tree poles as to suggest a forest glade.

A big Japanese frog (which can be bought from Liberty for sixpence) makes an excellent "catch" when he lands it at last, and falls backwards, entangled in his line and hook.

Finally, in this as in the other plays, it has been impossible to suggest in the stage directions all the action required, but their success in acting will be much increased by plenty of pantomime and movement; the children enjoy it, and it prevents them from getting into a wooden and sing-song manner, and makes their acting much more natural and lively.

It will be found in practice that all the dresses and scenes can be arranged at a very small cost, as with a little contriving old dress materials can generally be largely utilised.

When it was first performed, the dress and scenery for "Snow White" cost twenty shillings, and those for "Prince Riquet" very little more.

Of course all the dresses were made at home, and a large country garden provided the forest.



CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

SNOW WHITE.

ROSE RED.

THE BEAR PRINCE.

THE KING OF THE DWARFS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. SNOW WHITE'S *and* ROSE RED'S *Cottage in the Forest.*

SCENE II. *The same three months later.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A glade in the Forest.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Forest.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the Forest.*

Lesson book



SNOW WHITE seated by the fire, ROSE RED opposite
arranging the flowers and evergreens at the window.

Snow White. 'Tis Christmas Eve, so now, dear Rosy,
We've done our work, and let's be cosy.

[Rises, takes ROSE RED by the hand, and makes her
sit down on a stool beside her at the fire.

Here all looks warm, and snug, and bright,
But outside 'tis a bitter night.

Hark! how the wind does whistle and blow,
And everything lies deep in snow.

Rose Red. But here in our little cottage, Snow White,
How pleasant it is by the warm fire-light.

[*Leans her arm on SNOW WHITE'S lap.*

What do we care for wind or weather,
Living so happily here together?
We sing at our work, we sing at our play,
So happy are we the live-long day.

Snow White. Hark! did you hear that knock at the door?

Rose Red. 'Tis only the wind, dear, nothing more.

Snow White. Nay, listen, Rosy, there it is again;
And then low moaning, like a man in pain.
At Christmas all are kith and kin,
So let me run and bring him in.

Rose Red (*peeping out of the window*). 'Tis some poor
traveller, no doubt,
Lost in the blinding storm without.

Snow White (*goes to the door and opens it*). I see no
one. Speak! who's there?

Rose Red (*screams*). Goodness me! A big black bear!

[*Enter BEAR on right; Children run away crying.*

Oh dear! Oh dear! What can be done?

Where shall we hide? where shall we run?

[*Children run behind screen on left; BEAR comes on to stage bowing politely.*

Bear. Pray be calm,
 Feel no alarm ;
 I mean no harm, believe me.
 To hurt a hair
 Of such a pair
 Of maidens fair, would grieve me.

Snow White (peeping from screen on left). Although
 his voice is rather rough,
 The words he says are kind enough.

*[Comes forward and throws herself on her knees
 before him with clasped hands.]*

Dear sir, if you are hungry, please eat me,
 And let my little sister here go free.

Rose Red (also running out to the front and kneeling).

No ! no ! If one of us must die to-night,
 Take me, and spare at least my dear Snow White.

Bear (laughs loud and long). Excuse my smiling, but
 it's quite too funny.

Bears don't eat children, don't you know, but honey.
(Speaks faintly.) But oh ! I am so famished, cold, and weary ;
 For days I've wandered in this forest dreary,
 Hungry and footsore, frozen and alone ;
 Worn-out at last, my strength is almost gone.
 I'm sorry that I gave you such a fright,
 But only let me stay and rest to-night ;

I'll lie quite quiet here upon the floor,
 And leave at daylight, to return no more.

Snow White. Oh, you poor bear! Of course we'll let
 you stay.

How rude of us it was to run away!
Here by the fire let me make your bed,
And you go fetch his supper, dear Rose Red.

Bear. Bless your kind hearts! That were indeed a
 treat!

Fire to warm myself and food to eat!

*[Sits down on the floor by the fire. SNOW WHITE
 strokes him and pats him. ROSE RED returns
 with pot of honey, bread, &c.]*

Rose Red. Here's honey for you, Bruin, and a great big
 loaf of bread,

Now rest and warm yourself, whilst I, the tablecloth will
 spread. *[She proceeds to lay the cloth.]*

I'd really no idea before, that bears were half so kind.
Your rough voice frightened us at first, but now we do
 not mind.

*[BEAR warms his feet at the fire and eats whilst the
 children brush and stroke him.]*

Snow White. Alas! how tired he looks! Dear sister,
let's retire,

And leave him for the night to sleep before the fire.

(Both curtseying.) Good night, kind Mr. Bear. May pleasant dreams attend you.

Bear (bowing low to the sisters). Good night, dear maidens both. May fairies good befriend you.

[Exit SNOW WHITE and ROSE RED. BEAR "makes play" before the fire, and finally curls himself up and goes to sleep.]

CURTAIN.



SNOW WHITE and ROSE RED at a little table washing
up cups and saucers.

Snow White. Can you believe it is three months
to-day

Since first that dear old Bear came here to stay?

Rose Red. Oh, what a fright he gave us that first
night!

And now, how we should miss him, dear Snow White!

Snow White. There's not a man on earth, or prince
or peasant,

Could as a comrade be one half so pleasant.

He's quite the Prince of Bears, and so well bred.

(Sighs.) I wish he really were, a prince, instead—
But hush! I hear him coming—that's his tread!

[Enter BEAR.]

Rose Red (running forward to take an arm). Come
 along, you dear old thing,
 Come and play Bear's-hug-in-the-ring.

Snow White (ditto ditto). Or what do you say to
having a dance?

We'll do the steps, and you can prance.

[They dance up the stage, singing as they go.]

Arm in arm together we go,
 Hold up your head and point your toe.
 Up the middle and back again,
 Hold up paws and down the lane.
 In and out, and round about,
 Follow your leader through the rout.

→ Compos

[They dance. BEAR at last throws himself down on a
 chair and wipes his eyes, whilst SNOW WHITE
 kneels affectionately beside him.]

Snow White. But, dear old Bear, what is the matter?
 You look quite sad through all our chatter.
 Why do you mope and turn away?
 I'm sure you're not yourself to-day.

Bear. Alas, dear little maids, I grieve
 Because the time has come to leave;

} shakes

||

For winter now at last is o'er,
And I must wander forth once more.

Both Children together. Oh, no! no! don't say so!
Indeed we cannot let you go (*they both cry*).

Bear. Dear little maidens, do not cry.
It breaks my heart to say good-bye,
But now that Spring has come again,
The wicked Dwarfs, who long have lain
Hidden in caverns underground,
Wake from their Winter slumbers sound,
And, armed with keen and poisonous darts,
Once more will seek by magic arts
To steal my treasures, stir up strife,
Nor cease not till they take my life.
For they have been my deadliest foes,
And wrought me all my present woes.
I thank you more than words can tell
For all your love, and so farewell!

Snow White (kissing him). Good-bye, dear Bear. It's
no use trying ;

Do what I will, I can't help crying (*she sobs*).

Bear. Good-bye, and don't forget your poor old
Bruin.

(*Growling.*) Woe to the wicked dwarfs who've been my
ruin.

shaks

For if through me their hateful king is slain,
Then, then, dear children, we shall meet again.

[Exit BEAR. Children go sorrowfully to the door and
kiss hands and wave handkerchiefs.

CURTAIN.





DWARF KING discovered with his long beard entangled in a tree. He is jumping about trying in vain to free himself. Enter SNOW WHITE and ROSE RED, gathering faggots as they come along.

Rose Red (*singing*). Five, six, pick up sticks, seven, eight, lay them straight.

Snow White. Come, Rosy dear, it's getting late.

Rose Red (*suddenly seeing* DWARF). But look yonder! What's the matter?

Dwarf (*angrily*). You stupid girls! come, end your chatter.

(*Stamps*). You bats! you moles! cannot you see I've got my beard caught in this tree?

(To SNOW WHITE.) Come here at once, and let me loose,
And don't stand staring there, you goose!

Snow White. How cross he is! But never mind;
To set him free will be but kind.

[The Children cross over to him and try in
vain to release him.

Both Girls. Oh dear! we've pulled with might and
main,
We cannot get it out again. Beard

[They pull again; DWARF screams louder.

Dwarf. How dare you pull my beard like that?
Leave it alone, you spiteful cat!

Snow White (gently). Pray, sir, be patient; we'll do all
we can

To set you free unhurt, poor little man!
How can we help him, Rosy? Oh, I know!
Here are my scissors; now, just snip it, so.

[ROSE RED cuts the tip of his beard, which
SNOW WHITE holds for him.

Snow White. There! that is right; now, sir, you're
free to go.

Dwarf (who comes forward in leaps and bounds, calling
furiously). You naughty girls, how dare you cut
it so!

My lovely silky beard ! how dare you do it ?

Be off, you little monsters, or you'll rue it.

[Pursues them round the stage ; Girls run off.

Dwarf (picking up bag, and looking round him suspiciously). My bag of gold ! I must at once go hide it.

I greatly fear those prying girls espied it.

CURTAIN.



Scene II. Another part of the Forest.

DWARF discovered fishing; he makes play for some time with his rod, finally hauls up a large fish or frog and tumbles backwards, his line and beard caught in the branches of the tree and all entangled. Enter Girls with basket of vegetables carried between them; as they come on to the stage they are skipping and singing.

MARKET-SONG.

AIR—"Then farewell, my trim-built wherry" (DIBDIN).

With their baskets, laughing, skipping,
Clad in snow-white cap and gown,
All the little maids go tripping
To the busy market-town.

Forth they go as day is dawning, (2) 20 J.P.
 Fair and rosy o'er the hill,
 In the fresh and dewy morning,
Whilst the town is sleeping still.

Homeward hastes each little maiden,
 Now the long day's work is done,
 With her heavy basket laden,
Trudging home ere set of sun.

Hasten, for the dews are falling,
 Slowly fades the lingering light ;
 Hasten, children, mother's calling,
 Hasten home—good night, good night!

Snow White (suddenly sees DWARF and starts). Why,
 there's that angry little man again.//
 Stay, let us help him, for he seems in pain.

Dwarf (shrieks to them). You gaping girls! come
 here at once

And find out what's the matter, dunce.

Rose Red. Please, don't be angry. Snow White, look!
 He's caught himself in his own hook.

Dwarf (jumping and stamping about). Idiots! Be
 quick and take it out.

Now, stupids! what are you about?

Snow White (timidly). Forgive us if we cut your
beard

A tiny bit again, (*cuts it*). I feared
We could not loose it else ; but see,
Tis but the tip, and now you're free.

Dwarf (springs up and shrieks with rage). My beauti-
ful long beard ! Oh ! Oh !
I'll teach you how to spoil it so.

[*Pursues them round and round the stage ;*

Girls run away.

Dwarf (picking up fishing-rod and basket). There !
now I've frightened them, I'll hide
My bag of pearls in this hillside.

CURTAIN.





DWARF *on the ground with a bag of treasures, holding them up and gloating over them, whilst he suspiciously peers round, fearing that he should be discovered. Enter SNOW WHITE and ROSE RED with baskets of flowers, dancing and singing as they come on to the stage.*

SONG.

SING ! sing ! pleasant Spring !
Hark ! how all the birds do sing !
April's past with all its showers,
Now let's gather sweet May-flowers.

Sing ! sing ! ting-a-ring !
 Butterflies are on the wing ;
 Listen to the wood-doves cooing,
 Every bird its mate is wooing.

Sing ! sing ! the changes ring
 On the sweetness of the Spring.
 Snows are melting, flowers are peeping,
 Buds are bursting, lambs are leaping.

Sing ! sing ! welcome Spring !
 Bringing life to everything,
 Waking hope and love and gladness,
 Banishing the Winter's sadness.

Snow White (suddenly comes from behind and sees the Dwarf). O sister, look ! what lovely things !
 Bracelets, and diamonds, and rings !

Dwarf (springing up furiously and turning on the Girls). How dare you, naughty children, stand
 there prying

On my poor treasures ? Always peeping, prying,
 Meddling with me, and getting in my way.
 Be off this instant. Do you hear, I say ?

[*Pursues them, shaking his fist at them. Enter BEAR growling. DWARF runs away terrified, screaming.*

Dwarf. Oh, help me ! help ! here comes the Bear !

[*Throwing himself on his knees before the BEAR.*

Dear Bruin, pity me and spare
My life. See, here are all your treasures ; take
Them back, büt grant my life, for pity's sake.
I am, you know, so very thin and tough,
To eat indeed I am not nice enough.

[*Drags out Children, who are hiding in the trees.*

Rather these wicked little children eat ;
They're dainty morsels, plump, and white, and sweet ;
Like two fat quails they'll taste. Pray, take and toast
them,

And I will gladly wring their necks and roast them.

Bear. You little wretch ! your cruelty and hate
Doomed you long since to die ! Now meet your fate.

[*Seizes him in his paws, kills him, and flings him
away off the stage ; both Girls run away in terror.*

Bear (*calling to them*). Come back, dear girls, come
back ; 'tis only me,

Bruin, your dear old playmate, don't you see ?
But now this wicked Dwarf at last is slain,
I can resume my natural shape again.

[*Slips off the stage and throws off the bear-skin.*

Rose Red (*timidly*). I hope he won't change into some-
thing frightful.

Snow White. Oh, no! I'm sure he'll always be delightful.
Let's wait and see what happens. Shut your eyes.
Oh, I do love so much a good surprise.

[*Children take hands and hide their eyes in their hands. Re-enter BEAR as PRINCE.*

Prince. Behold me as I am! a royal prince!
Changed by that Dwarf into a bear long since,
And doomed for ever in that shape to dwell
Till the enchanter's death should break the spell.
These are my treasures, stolen by his hand;
And now I can return to my own land.
But I shall value neither lands nor life
Unless, dear Snow White, you will be my wife.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Come, dearest, will you share my throne with me,
And let our little Rose my sister be?

Snow White. Dear Prince, I love you, and will *not* say
no,
If my dear Rosy, too, consents to go.

[*Puts her arm round her sister.*

Rose Red (kisses her). Dear sister, we have always
loved each other,
And now I'll love your Bear Prince like a brother.

[*All take hands and dance round the stage singing.*

So merrily, merrily, hand in hand,
We'll go together to find his land ;
In his palace, as in our cot,
We'll love each other, will we not ?
And ne'er forget, where'er we roam,
That love alone makes " Home, sweet Home."

*Children sing, and Orchestra plays,
" Home, sweet Home."*

CURTAIN.





Prince Riquet and the Princess Radiant

A FAIRY PLAY IN FOUR SCENES

*Written for children
from seven to ten years of age.*

SUGGESTIONS ON DRESS AND SCENERY

King.—A white tunic, down to the ground, with gold belt and wide gold tinsel border. A long dark red velveteen mantle, trimmed with rabbit fur, and lined with pale blue sateen. Gold and red velveteen crown.

In the scene in the dressing-room, he should be discovered in his tunic only, and should put on his cloak, crown, and wig as he talks to the Queen.

Prince.—Mauve cotton, satin, or sateen tunic, Cavalier style, with cream silk breeches and stockings. Mauve velveteen Cavalier hat, with long cream ostrich feather.

In the earlier scenes a very long false nose, which gives a most grotesque appearance, and a short page's mantle in cream satin or sateen, under which a large hump should be fastened, so that the Fairy Queen can toss them off the stage together when she says "Off with his hump, away it goes." He should stoop a good deal in the first part of the play, and stretch himself to his full length when the Fairies have transformed him.

Queen.—Long blue or crimson train, with Liberty tinsel muslin

front, in the Henry VIII. period of dress, with slashed sleeves, gold girdle, and chatelaine. Gold crown.

Princess.—Same period of dress. Long white velveteen train, white and silver tinsel front, loops of pearls sewn down the front, and sleeves slashed with silver braid.

Little gold net, sewn with pearls or wreath of white flowers, and net veil, in first scene.

Fairy Queen.—A long tunic of any soft silky gauze material, with an over-tunic of some silvery stuff draped across it in classical style. Gauze wings made on a cap-wire framework, bound with silver tinsel. A silver wand and tiara of silver stars from a costumier's. If she does any skirt-dancing, an ordinary white accordion pleated skirt will do, with a gauzy scarf lightly thrown across it, and plenty of silver tinsel sprays or fringe.

Attendant Fairies.—Spangled gauze dresses made over pale blue, pink, and yellow sateen. Stockings to match. Gauze wings and wreaths of flowers, silver wands.

Much more could be made of the dancing, which should be very pretty, if three additional Fairies could be introduced; in which case there should be two Fairies in each colour. Coloured lights thrown on this scene from a magic-lantern add greatly to its effect, and not very much to the expense.

Music from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is also a great help. For the Throne Room scene a very good effect can be obtained by making some slight wooden canopy over the thrones, and covering them with any kind of bright stuffs

that may be available. Two little pages to hold up the trains of the Queen and the Princess, as they stand on each side of the throne, make a very good addition. The enchanted forest can be arranged in the same way as in "Snow White," but all kinds of Christmas-tree balls and gay tinsel flowers add very much to the fairy effect.



CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

KING KANTREMEMBERWOTOKALLIM.

QUEEN OWOTEVERISERNAME.

THE PRINCESS RADIANT (*their daughter*).

PRINCE RIQUET (*her fiancé since childhood, but whom she has never seen*).

FAIRY QUEEN (*godmother to the Prince and Princess*).

BLUEBELL)
ROSEBUD { *Attendant Fairies.*
SYLVIA }

ACT I.

SCENE I. (*Morning*) *Dressing-room of the Queen.*

SCENE II. (*Noon*) *The Throne-room.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. (*Midnight*) *Fairies' Dell in the Forest.*

SCENE II. (*Next Morning*) . . *Fairies' Dell in the Forest.*



Prince Riquet
&
the Princess Radiant.
Scene I Dressing Room of Queen

KING (*standing L. before shaving-glass;
crown, &c., on a side-table*)—



OW, by our royal beard, I would,
I say,
This day were safely past, this
wedding day
Of our fair daughter, and that
royal Prince

To whom she was betrothed by us long since.

Queen (*seated at dressing-table, powdering her
face, R.*). My lord, I must admit I've heard
with pain

The Prince is reckoned to be somewhat plain.

King (*crossing to R.*). 'Tis true, my dear, that both
in form and feature

There never was an uglier little creature.
With squinting eyes, and long and crooked nose,
Enormous hump, and toad-like, turned-in toes.
But then he's good and brave, and wise and witty,
And so to lose him were a monstrous pity,
For our fair daughter, as too well you know,
Is in her intellect a *leetle* slow.

Queen (*rising and curtseying*). Why, yes, my dear,
you know I've always said
Our darling has indeed her father's head.

King (*angrily*). Madam, I beg you never will again,
Or else you'll find my language also, plain.

Queen. La, sir, what angers you? In any case
Our daughter favours *me* in form and face.

King. Yes, she is fair ; but also, to my grief,
She's dull and stupid almost past belief.
And those her wondrous beauty wins one day,
Her folly just as quickly drives away.
Prince Riquet loves her madly now, poor youth ;
But then he little knows the real truth,
Nor dreams the letters of his dear Princess
Are always written by her governess.
What will he do, when meeting her to-day

He finds she hasn't got a word to say?
Spite of her beauty, he will see at once
Our lovely daughter is a little dunce.

Queen. Oh no, my lord, *he'll* not find out, if we
Bid her with everything he says agree.
But what will happen when *she* sees his face,
And so discovers also the real case?
No one has dared to tell her yet the truth;
And so she thinks, that when she sees the youth
She'll find he's just as handsome, as he's witty.

King. To undeceive her yet would be a pity;
And so, my dear, lest she the truth discover,
Tell her no maid should look upon her lover
Till after marriage. Till then, upon the ground
A modest maiden's glances should be found.

Queen. My lord, I'll tell our daughter what you say,
But doubt if on this point she will obey.

King. Wed him she *must*—but hark, I hear the
drums;
Quick to the throne-room, for Prince Riquet comes.



KING and QUEEN seated, PRINCESS standing.

Queen. Now, daughter, mind and do as I have bidden,
 Unless by us you would be sternly chidden.
 Always look modestly upon the ground,
 That by your future lord you be not found
 Too bold ; and always answer " True "
 To what he says—so good wives do.
 Men do not relish *any* contradiction,
 And such behaviour saves domestic friction.

[KING *nods his head approvingly.*

Princess. Madam, I will obey, although, in truth,
 I long to look upon this lovely youth.

[*Seats herself on a footstool and clasps her hands.*
 Pray tell me of him. Is he dark or fair?

Has he blue eyes? What colour is his hair?
 He's handsome, tall, and fair, of course one knows;
 But *has* he a moustache and Grecian nose?

Queen. Well, well, my dear, it's difficult to speak
 Of one whose beauty is so—ahem!

King (hastily). Unique. [*Flourish of trumpets.*
 But hush, no more, here comes our royal guest.
 Now, daughter, be *discreet* and look your best.

[*Enter PRINCE.*

Prince. All hail, great King; fair Queen, I kiss your hand,
 And thank you for your welcome to this land.
 Hail, lovely Princess too, without compare,
 The queen of beauty, fairest of the fair.

Princess (sweetly). Prince, that is very true.

[*Curtseys with downcast eyes.*

King (aside). O foolish maid!
 He's bound to find her out, I'm afraid!

Prince. Long hast thou been my light, my guiding star.
 Thy beauty 'tis which draws me from afar.

Princess. Most true, O Prince! Indeed, I quite agree

[*Curtseys again.*

With *all* you're good enough to say of me.

King. The little fool! Whatever shall we do?
 (*Aside to QUEEN.*) He'll see her folly and 'twill all fall
 through.

Prince. Now she is making fun of me again.

(*Aside.*) Alas ! no wonder, since I am so plain.

King (*aside to PRINCESS*). Don't agree *always* ; to
differ with discretion

Will often make an excellent impression.

Prince. Alas ! I am not one by nature made
To please so sprightly and so fair a maid.

Princess. No, Prince, *indeed*, you're not.

[*KING treads on her toe and nudges her.*

Father, let go.

Why do you tread like that upon my toe ?

King. Confound her folly ! (*Aloud.*) Ho, strike up the
drum,

And to the church, fair Sir and Daughter, come.

Prince. Stay, King ! Let me beseech you, lovely
maid,

If you to look on me are *not* afraid,

Unveil those radiant eyes, and turn their light

Upon the form of thy poor captive knight.

[*KING starts forward.*

Forbid her not, for I will not deceive,

And she must see me, lest too late she grieve.

Princess (*looks at him and shrieks in horror*). The

Prince ! where is the Prince ? Oh, take away
That little monster ! Where's the Prince, I say ?

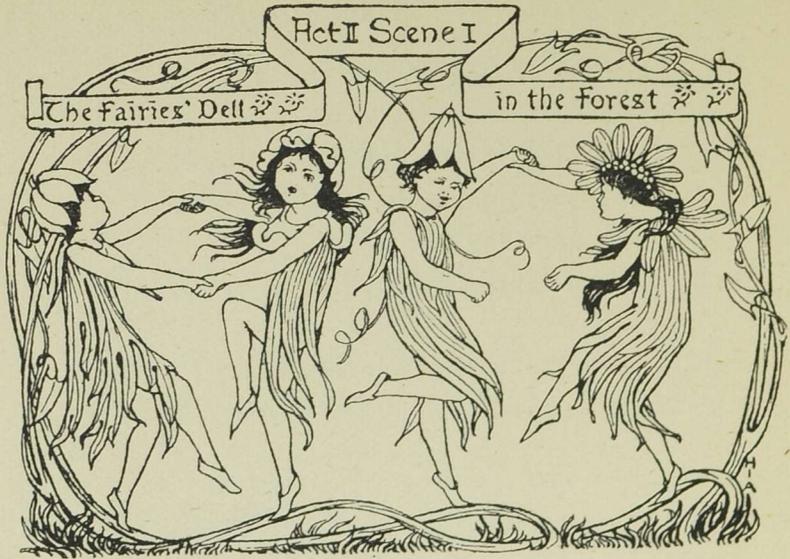
Prince (sadly). Alas! I am the Prince. Oh, have some pity!

King. Forshame, Princess; he's wealthy, wise, and witty. And you must wed him, be he ne'er so plain, Or never look upon my face again.

Princess. Though he were twice as rich, ten times as clever,
I wed that little monster? Never! never!

[*Faints.* QUEEN supports and fans her.]





Enter PRINCE.

Prince. Alas ! I know not where to go ;
My heart is sad and full of woe.
Here let me rest this weary night,
And dream of all my lost delight.

[*He lies down and falls asleep at the back of the stage.*

[FAIRIES are heard singing behind the scene.

AIR—"Come, lasses and lads."

Come, fairies and elves, assemble yourselves,
And away to the forest hie,
Where in the light of the moonbeams bright
The fairy dell does lie.

There in the glittering ring
We'll merrily dance and sing,
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
With bats upon the wing ;
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
With bats upon the wing.

Our fairy dell, we love it well ;
And now at set of sun,
When night dews fall, and owls do call,
Come, fairies, every one,
Come, every little sprite,
With flying footstep light,
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it all the night ;
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it all the night.

[*Enter FAIRIES dancing and singing.*

Fairy Queen. Trip, trip, trip, here upon the green.

Fairies. Skip, skip, skip, after Mab, our Queen.

Queen. Glide, glide, glide in the summer night.

Fairies. Ride, ride, ride on a moonbeam bright.

All together. Hither and thither, to and fro,
In and out of the circle go.

Skipping and singing,
 Leaping and springing,
 Hand in hand,
 The fairy band
 Merrily dance this Midsummer night,
 In and out of the moonshine bright.
 Trip, trip, trip, here upon the green.
 Skip, skip, skip, after Mab, our Queen.

Fairy Queen (bends over the PRINCE). But hush ! here sleeps a Mortal ; step aside.

'Tis poor Prince Riquet, mourning for his bride.

First Fairy. Alas ! how sad his lot has been.

Will you not pity him, great Queen ?

Second Fairy. His heart is kind ; his nature true and good.

Let him not seek in vain the Fairy's wood.

Third Fairy. Kneel, sisters, kneel with me, and pray Our Queen to take his woes away.

[*All kneel.*

Queen. Kind little fairies, grieve no more,
 For all his troubles now are o'er.
 Long enough, poor Prince, he's borne
 Cruel gibes, and general scorn ;
 By his sufferings to assuage,
 Jealous Fairy Batswing's rage,

Who, being at his christening forgot,
Doomed him, in envious rage, to this sad lot.

Quick, fairies, quick, and ere the dawn

See that all his woes be gone. *[Waves her wand.*

Off with his hump! Away it goes! *[Flings away hump.*

Now, Bluebell, straighten out his nose.

[BLUEBELL trips forward and pulls off false nose.

Let Rosebud next repaint his face.

[ROSEBUD comes forward.

And, Sylvia, lend him every grace.

[SYLVIA advances and waves her wand over him.

Now wave your wands around him, all,

[All dance slowly round him, waving their wands.

And weave your spells to make him tall.

[Soft music plays outside.

Sleep, sleep, my Prince, and when you wake,

No more, poor youth, your heart shall ache.

Ring gaily, ring the fairy bells.

[All sing and dance round him.

Sing, sing, and weave our fairy spells.

When he wakes to life once more

All his troubles shall be o'er.

Trip, trip, trip, here upon the green.

Skip, skip, skip, after Mab, our Queen.

[Exeunt.



Enter PRINCESS, with a cloak thrown over her.

Princess. At length this dreadful night has past,
And daylight come again at last.

I *am* so tired, and hungry too.

O dear, O dear, what shall I do?

[*Weeps.*]

Enter FAIRY, disguised as an old woman.

Fairy. Why, child, whatever have you done?
Why are you crying here alone?

Princess. I'm a Princess, and from my house I've fled,
Because an ugly Prince I will not wed.

Fairy. Is he a wicked Prince, you hate him so?

Princess. Oh no ; he's charming in himself, you know,
And very wise, they say, and good and witty.

(*Sighs.*) But then he *is* so ugly ; that's the pity.

Fairy. And what can *you* do, that you flout him so?

Princess (innocently). Oh, well, I'm *very* beautiful, you
know.

Fairy. But are you wise as well, or quick and clever?

Princess (doubtfully). Well, if I am, they never said
so, never.

Fairy (kindly). Why, then, I think, you foolish little
duck,

If this wise Prince will wed you, you're in luck.

Go home, my dear ; be wise and mind your books—

Think more of them, and less of people's looks.

And bear in mind henceforth, the proverb old,

Which says that "All that glitters is not gold,"

But that the finest gold is often found

In ugly caverns hidden under ground.

But stay a moment ! I will see at once

Whether you really are a little dunce.

Now fold your hands, my dear, and look at me.

What are two and two?

Princess (eagerly holding up her hand). I know.

They're *three*.

Fairy. Indeed ! Well, never mind. Now you must spell.

Princess. Oh, that I fancy I do very well.

Fairy. Spell Hononchronontologous.

Princess (hopelessly). I can't.

Fairy. Spell Ipecacuanha then.

Princess (sulkily). I shan't.

Fairy. How do you spell Rhinoceros ?

Princess (shakes her head). I don't.

Fairy. Spell Hippopotamus instead.

Princess (emphatically). I won't.

Fairy. Oh, this is worse and worse ; but perhaps history
Will prove to be a less alarming mystery.

Who shot King William Rufus ?

Princess (eagerly). Why, the sparrow.

He *said* he shot him, with his bow and arrow.

Fairy (shakes her head). In history *some* faults can
be detected ;

Perhaps geography is less neglected.

What is a Cape, and tell me where are some ?

Princess. A sort of cloak. I've *lots* of them at home.

Fairies (behind, peeping out from the trees).

Ha, ha, ha,

Ho, ho, ho,

Our little Princess

To school must go.

Fairy (throws off her disguise). Nay, do not weep,
and hang your head,
No more tears must now be shed ;
The spell is broken, now you see
Yourself as others see you. Be
[*Waves her wand slowly over her.*
Henceforth as wise, and witty too,
As you are pretty ; so adieu.

[*Exit—PRINCESS sits down under a tree on one side.*

[*Enter PRINCE.*



Prince. Oh, it's really too delightful
To find myself no longer frightful.

I fell asleep upon the grass,
 But know not how it came to pass,
 When I awoke my hump was gone
 And I was just like other men.

[*Dances a hornpipe.* Sees PRINCESS.

But who is this? O lovely maid!

'Tis I, your slave, be not afraid.

[*Bows low.*

Princess. O sir! you mock me, say no more,
 I never saw your face before.

Prince. Nay, lovely Princess, I am he
 Whom once you scorned; but now you see
 My real self, and feel surprise,
 Viewing me now with kinder eyes.
 But though thus changed my outward frame,
 My heart, Princess, is just the same.

[*Kneels, and takes her hand.*

If you consent to be my bride,
 Little I reck for all beside.

Princess. Dear Prince, with wonder and delight
 I view the changes of the night.
 Your face is not more changed, I find,
 Than is my vain and foolish mind.
 If you'll forgive my errors past,
 I'll be your faithful wife at last.

[*They embrace.*

Enter KING and QUEEN hurriedly; they throw up their hands in amazement.

Queen. What sight is *this* to meet a mother's eyes?

King. Daughter, your conduct fills me with surprise.
First by your flight you fill us with alarms,
And now we find you in a stranger's arms.

Princess. Your pardon, royal parents, I entreat,
Let me implore forgiveness at your feet.

[Throws herself on her knees.

You bade me wed this Prince without delay ;
I know my duty now, and will obey.

Queen. What wondrous change is this—how can it be?

King. Are you indeed Prince Riquet whom I see?

Prince. Sir, I am he, I swear, and love no less
Than I have always done this dear Princess.
But I, like you, am strangely lost in doubt
How all these wonders have been brought about.

FAIRY QUEEN, *with attendant FAIRIES, appears suddenly.*

Fairy. Then must your fairy godmother appear,
(*To the KING.*) To bid you join their hands, and have no
fear.

These two, be sure, are not the first who find
That faithful love to faults can make us blind.

And now, dear children both, once more farewell.
Content and happy you shall henceforth dwell,
Under love's guidance ; in each other's eyes
Be always witty, beautiful, and wise ;
And by your story, others shall be taught,
What seeming wonders by true love are wrought.

FINIS.



The Frog Prince

OR

WHAT YOU HAVE PROMISED THAT YOU
MUST PERFORM

A FAIRY PLAY IN TWO ACTS

*Written for children
from nine to twelve years of age.*

HINTS ON COSTUME AND SCENERY

COSTUME

Frog Prince.—A frog's mask bought or made at any toy-shop. A combination suit in olive-brown sateen, covering feet and hands, cut and stuffed in those parts to resemble webbed feet. The back should be painted with dark-brown spots; and the front should be in yellow sateen, also painted with brown spots. A cravat should be worn round the neck to hide the join of the mask and dress, and a flat cocked hat carried under the arm. As Prince, a costume in the Dresden china style to match as closely as possible with that of Clorinda.

King.—An eighteenth century general's costume, with cocked hat and feathers, and military cloak and top-boots. Should this not be convenient, any regal style will do perfectly well.

Belinda.—A graduate's cap and gown in red or violet cashmere. Blue spectacles, or double eye-glasses with handle. These should constantly be in use.

Aminda.—An old-fashioned housekeeper's dress. Black velvet bodice and skirt. Muslin fichu, frilled apron, and mob-cap. Elbow sleeves with muslin frills. Chatelaine and keys.

Clorinda.—Dresden china shepherdess dress, in pale-blue or pink quilted satin or sateen. Bodice and tunic in dainty flowered muslin. Small shepherdess's hat with ribbons tied on one side of the head.

SCENERY

The suggestions for the Forest have already been made in the other plays. The scene should be made as pretty as possible, and the pool suggested by a looking-glass frame, which can easily be bordered with ivy and moss, and partly concealed by the shrubs or poles dressed with evergreens.

The dance at the end should be carefully arranged, and made very bright and pretty, so as to introduce a little variety and action. The Gavotte is suggested as one of the most suitable dances for the purpose.





CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

THE KING.

BELINDA

(*Learned*)

AMINDA

(*Practical*)

CLORINDA

(*Romantic*)

} *His daughters.*

THE FROG PRINCE.

CHRISTMAS PROLOGUE

(To be used if required)

WOODLAND SCENE

BROWNIE, PIXIE, FAY, and other FAIRIES and ELVES
*discovered, lying asleep on the grass, or stretching
themselves, and yawning.*

Enter FAIRY QUEEN.

Queen. Bless me ! you little lazy elves !

What are you doing with yourselves ?

(*To BROWNIE.*) *You* should be busy at the farm,
To keep the cows and sheep from harm.

(*To FAY.*) And *you* should raise the drooping flowers,
And bring the thirsty ones fresh showers.

(*To PIXIE.*) Whilst *you*, astride the housemaid's broom,
Unseen should brighten all the room.

For shame, you lazy little crew !

All (touching their caps). Please, ma'am, we've got no
work to do !

Brownie. We've tramped the country up and down,
We've wandered on from town to town,
And still we're told at every door
That fairies need apply no more.

CHRISTMAS PROLOGUE

Pixie. These mortals tell us to our faces,
We're quite extinct, like other races ;
They say that all our fairy scenery
Can be produced by their machinery.

Fay. Insects and birds alone have wings,
A fungus makes our fairy rings !
In short, as every Baby knows,
We're frauds and shams and empty shows !

All (indignantly). Ha ! ha ! as every Baby
knows,
We're frauds and shams and empty shows !

Queen. Ungrateful man ! if this be true,
To all your race henceforth adieu.
Come, fairies, gather round your Queen,
And never more on earth be seen ;
Henceforth in Fairyland alone
Our ancient wonders shall be done ;
And you, my little elves, shall be
From all your tasks and labours free.

ELVES *and* FAIRIES *all together.*

Hip, hip, hurray !
Upon the green
We'll shout all day,
Long live our Queen !

Queen. Thus light of heart, my fairy band
Shall homeward flit to Fairyland ;
But once a year, at Christmas time,
We'll show ourselves in Pantomime,
And let the children learn from plays
Of our great deeds in ancient days.
This very night we'll show our power,
And give them just one happy hour,
Till old and young alike forget
To fuss and fume, and toil and fret,
And fairies shall no longer seem
Like idle fancies of a dream.
We'll bring again the enchanted prince
And all his friends, who lived long since,
And show that when *we* ruled on earth,
Men's lives were full of joy and mirth ;
That wicked wizards always failed,
Virtue and truth at last prevailed ;
All wrongs were righted, faults amended,
And every story gaily ended.
So come, my elves, no more delay,
Prepare at once this Christmas play,
And let there be a prince enchanted,
A sweet princess, and all that's wanted,
To show these men our former glory,

And make a good old fairy story.
So, chant your charms and wave your wands,
Weave your spells, and then join hands,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Now in magic circles meeting,
Now in courtly order pacing,
Now like little madcaps racing.

*[All dance, wave wands, and make
incantations.]*

Thus at last our task is done,
All is prepared, and Freedom won ;
Now wing to Fairyland your flight,
And bid our mortal friends good night.

All. Good night, good night, good night.

[More and more faintly as they disappear.]

THE FROG PRINCE

So here for hours I sit and dream,

[Leans forward and peers into the pool.]

And sometimes in the pool, I seem
To see the strangest things, although
They can't be really there, I know.

But lo ! before my wondering eyes
A stately Palace seems to rise,
With golden domes, and towers fair,
And carvings rich, and marbles rare.

And always on the threshold stands,
A noble youth with outstretched hands,
Who seems to say, "Dear Princess, come.
Long have I waited—Welcome Home !"

But these are idle fancies all.

[Rises.]

I'll dream no more, but play at ball—

[Takes ball up and looks at it.]

My golden ball, the gift, they say,
Of fairies on my christening day.

It's always been my favourite toy,
And brought me many an hour of joy,

As oft I've tossed it up on high,
Until it seemed to touch the sky.

[Singing, and tossing the ball.]

So come, my beautiful golden ball,
Come, little playmate, come to my call.
Darting swifter than the swallow,
Swifter than the lark can follow,

Fly until your course is run,
Fly until you reach the sun ;
Tell him how his pleasant glow
Gladdens us who live below.

Thank him for those happy days
He gives us basking in his rays ;
Then return again to earth,
Bringing with you joy and mirth.

Fly, my golden playmate, fly
To and fro 'twixt earth and sky.

*[Tosses the ball again, which falls
into the pool.]*

My ball ! alas, my beautiful ball !
Into the water I saw it fall.

[Wrings her hands.]

Alack ! alas ! for my playfellow bright,
It has sunk in the water, 'tis lost to sight.

[*Searches for it.*]

Ah, woe is me ! for I seek in vain,
I never shall see my ball again.

[*Frog's head appears from amongst the leaves.*]

PRINCESS *weeps bitterly.*

Frog. Croak ! croak ! croak !

Princess. Oh dear ! what noise is that ?

Frog. Croak ! croak ! croak !

Princess. Is it a water-rat ? [*Looks into the pool.*
I'm sure I saw one moving, just there beside the log,
And now it's swimming towards me. Oh horror ! it's a
frog ! [*Springs back to right, still sobbing.*]

Frog (appears, comes to front, and bows low)—

Lovely Princess, cease your fears ;
To hear your piteous moan,
And see your sweet eyes full of tears,
Would melt a heart of stone.

Mine, though a frog's, is not too cold
To feel another's woe.
So tell me, if I'm not too bold,
Why you are weeping so ?

Princess. I weep because I've lost my ball,
That's fallen in yonder mere.

Frog. Then dry your eyes if that is all,
And wait a moment here.

If I should bring your golden ball,
What shall be my reward?

Princess. O dear kind Frog, I'll give you all
You ask, upon my word.

My diamond stars and golden rings,
My jewelled belt, and chain—
I'll gladly give my loveliest things,
To get my ball again.

Frog. Your diamond stars and golden rings
I value not at all;
Nor for your chain or loveliest things
Will I go fetch your ball.

But if you'll be my comrade dear,
With me will dine and sup,
Give me your golden plate, nor fear
To share with me your cup;

And if beside, to crown my bliss,
 Before the King and all,
 You'll give me just one loving kiss,
 Why, *then* I'll fetch your ball.

Princess (aside). What nonsense does the
 creature croak !

(Aloud.) Oh yes, I'll promise all ;

(Aside.) Of course, he only means to joke.

(Aloud.) Make haste and fetch my ball.

Frog (dives, and returns with the ball in his mouth)—

Here at your feet your golden ball I lay,
 Which I have found at last.

[PRINCESS *snatches it and runs away.*

But leave me not, Beloved ; dear comrade, stay,
 I cannot run so fast.

Princess (looking back). The silly creature !
 what is that he croaks ?

I his Beloved indeed !

I cannot understand such froggish jokes,
 So home I'll run with speed.

Frog (panting and out of breath). Stay, faithless
Princess, I entreat you, stay ;
Stay, comrade, I implore.
Alas ! she heeds me not, she runs away,
And I can do no more.

[*Sings (AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground").*]

My lodging is in the cold marsh,
And hard, very hard is my cheer ;
But that which grieves me more, is
The coldness of my dear.

Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love !
I prithee turn to me,
For thou art the only one, love,
That can save, and set me free.

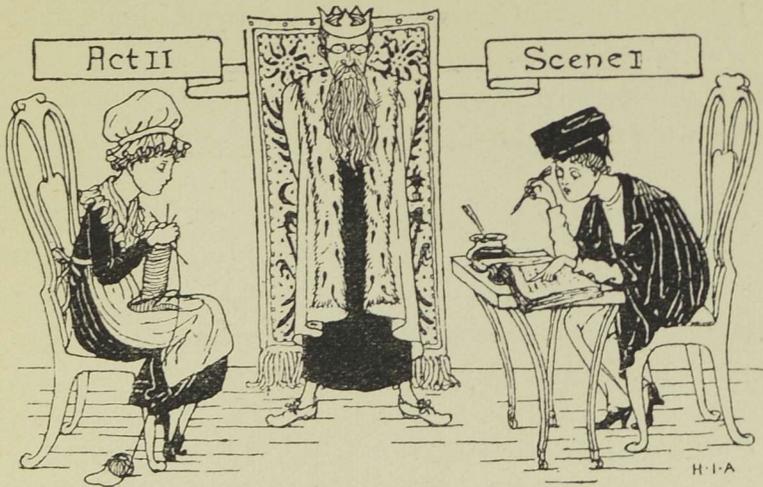
I'll claim then the promise you made, love,
I'll marry you yet with a ring,
The cruel spell will break, love,
And merrily we will sing.

THE FROG PRINCE

Then turn to me, my own love,
I prithee, love, turn to me ;
For thou art the only one, love,
That art adored by me.

CURTAIN.





A supper-table spread out. The KING standing with his back to the fire. BELINDA seated at the table in the front, with huge dictionaries, notebooks, and pencil. AMINDA on right, knitting an immense woollen stocking.

Aminda (murmurs). Knit two, pearl two, make, and then decrease.

Belinda (consults her dictionaries, then writes in her notebook). "Burning Sappho"! so described because she shone in Greece.

King. Where is Clorinda, where's my little maid ?

Aminda. Of course she's always late.

No doubt she's lying in the lime-tree's shade
Within the forest gate.

Belinda. 'Tis sad my sister will not mind her books,

[*Rises and shuts up her books.*]

But wastes her time all day,
Mooning about in country glades and nooks,
Or with her ball at play.

Aminda. True, sister, for in vain I've done my best

[*Rising and rolling up stocking.*]

To teach her household lore ;
She always turns my teaching to a jest,
And idles as before.

Belinda. She does not know a single word of Greek !

Aminda. She cannot bake nor fry !

Belinda. One single language only can she speak !

Aminda. She cannot bake a pie !

Belinda. Arithmetic and algebra she hates !

Aminda. Sewing she thinks a bore !

Belinda. She's always sadly casual about dates !

Aminda. She cannot scrub a floor !

Belinda. Political economy she shirks !

Aminda. She always tears her frocks !

Belinda. She yawns at Dr. Dryasdust's best works !

Aminda. She will not mend her socks !

Belinda (indignantly). She goes to sleep o'er that last
book of mine,

Yet raves about a poet !

Aminda. She eats my choicest entrées when we dine,
(*Tragically.*) And does not even *know* it !

Belinda. She'd rather gather daffodils in spring,
And hear the cuckoo's note,
Than go to lectures upon *anything*
She does not want a vote !

Aminda. She'd rather frolic with the lambs at play,
Amongst the waving grass,
Than learn to cook them in a useful way
At my new cooking class.

Both together. Oh, shocking ! it fills me with pain and
distress :
Our sister is greatly to blame.
Such conduct brings censure on any princess ;
Indeed, she disgraces our name.

King (sarcastically, coming between them). Since for
your sister's faults you grieve so sadly,
Come, wipe away your tears ;
I really do not think she does so badly,
Considering her years.

Sweet as a rose is she, and fair and slender,
Gentle as any dove ;
Bright as a sunbeam, yet so soft and tender,
A maid whom all must love.

Belinda (walking away angrily to the left). O Pa !
of course you always sing *her* praise,
And don't appreciate *us*.

Aminda (walking away angrily to the right). About
Clorinda from the earliest days
You've always made a fuss.

*Enter CLORINDA hastily, kisses the hand of the
KING, and sits at his feet.*

Clorinda. Dear father, pray forgive me if I'm late ;
I've run home all the way,
I feared so much that I should make you wait.
Sisters, excuse me, pray.

[KING *pats her on the head affectionately.*

King. My love, you're so impulsive and so hasty,
You've run too fast, I fear.

[*All rise and sit down at table.*

But now let's all try this *delicious* pasty,

[*Tastes it and makes a grimace.*

Made by your sister here.

[*Steps are heard outside, and a tap at the door.*

But what is that I hear? pit pat! pit pat!

It's just outside the door.

Clorinda (hastily). O father, surely it must be the
cat—

The cat, and nothing more.

King. Go, daughter, open; some one calls your name.
Make haste. Why this delay?
Why hang your head, and blush as if for shame?
Go, open and obey.

[*CLORINDA rises and opens the door, shuts it
hurriedly, and returns much agitated.*

King. What is the matter? Why, how pale you look!
As if you'd seen a ghost.

Aminda. Did you observe how all her fingers shook?
And how her wits seem lost?

Frog (without). King's daughter, remember the promise you made
When I brought you the golden ball,
As you sat and wept in the lime-tree's shade.
Now come, and answer my call.

King. What means this, Clorinda? Who calls you to come?
And why do you fear to obey?

Clorinda. Papa, 'tis a frog that has followed me home ;
Pray send some one to drive him away.

He fetched me my ball, which I lost in the Mere.
But I promised before he would go,
To bring him in here as my playfellow dear ;
I thought he was joking, you know.

Now he wants to eat from my golden plate,
And to drink from my golden cup.
(*Clasping her hands and looking at her father.*) O father !
a frog is a thing that I hate !
Send him back with the tadpoles to sup.

King (sternly). The promise you made, and your word
you must keep,
It is not yet too late.

Open the door. Nay, silly child, don't weep ;
Give him your golden plate.

Frog (calls outside). Little King's daughter, come open
the door,
I've followed you far and fast ;
Let me not wait outside on the floor ;
You must keep your promise at last.



CLORINDA opens the door ; FROG hops in, and bows to
the company ; AMINDA and BELINDA shriek and
jump on chairs, holding up their skirts.

Belinda. O goodness ! what a nasty little beast !
Alas ! I faint with fear !

Aminda. And I shall die with terror. Pray, at least,
Don't keep the creature here.

Frog (to BELINDA, *bowing sarcastically*). Madam, I've
 heard that you are famed for learning,
 (To AMINDA.) And you for common sense ;
 I see that fame has been indeed discerning,
 Your wisdom is IMMENSE !

[*Bows low, and hands them down from their chairs ;
 then hops up on to vacant chair by CLORINDA,
 who shrinks in horror from him.*

Frog. Now, comrade, please to make a place for me ;
 I'm hungry with my run.
 (*Eats clumsily.*) I find it hard to use a spoon, you see.
 I've only just begun.

Belinda (*spitefully*). To introduce your comrade, dear,
 You do not seem in haste.

Aminda. A charming friend to have so near—
 I do admire your taste.

Clorinda. O scornful sisters ! cease your jeers.
 (*In tears.*) How can you be so cruel ?

Frog (*tenderly*). Nay, never mind. I'll dry your
 tears ;
 So come to me, my jewel.



Belinda. It seems to me our sister dear
Does not enjoy the joke.

Aminda. And yet they'll make a charming pair,
When she has learnt to croak !

Frog. Now I have eaten from your plate,
Drink with me from your cup.

Clorinda. O father, must I? How I hate
To have like this to sup.

King. What, break your promise ! You a true Princess !
O daughter, fie for shame !
Do what you promised, neither more nor less,
And lose not your fair fame.

Clorinda. Alas ! even to touch him makes me shrink.
Ugh ! At the thought I shiver.
But I *will* keep my word ; so drink, Frog, drink,
Then leave me, wretch, for ever.

Frog. Thanks, loving comrade, thanks ; but stay
awhile !
For still, to crown my bliss,
One thing remains, so with your sweetest smile
Give me the promised kiss.

[CLORINDA *springs up and runs to the KING.*

Belinda (to AMINDA). Oh, what a joke!—can this be really so?

A fine betrothal truly!

Aminda. Hush, sister! let us see what she will do. Will she kiss Froggy duly?

Clorinda. What! kiss a frog! I'd sooner kiss a worm. O father! spare me this.

King (*holding up his finger*). What you have promised, that you must perform;
Give him the promised kiss.

[CLORINDA approaches the FROG, then shrinks away and hides her face.]

King. Come, come, no nonsense, daughter, I have spoken.

Your word should be your bond.

Give him the kiss, and keep your word unbroken,

(*Aside.*) Then pitch him in the pond.

Clorinda (*heroically*). Well, if Noblesse oblige, of course I'll do it.

Frog, leap upon that chair.

Now let me try to screw my courage to it.

Frog (*gleefully*). Croak! croak!

Clorinda. I've done it! *there!*

[Kisses him and hides her face.]

FROG *disappears behind screen and throws off his disguise.*

Frog (enters as a Prince). Look up, dear Princess,
look ! before you stands
One you have often seen.
Your own Dream - Prince behold ! with outstretched
hands,
To woo you as his Queen.

[They converse aside.]

Aminda (aside to BELINDA). Really, my dear, this is
a most provoking
And unexpected change.
I don't approve of masquerades and joking,
And call his conduct strange.

Belinda (aside to AMINDA). My dear, the creature's
simply a monstrosity
To science quite unknown.
I'd have him pinned out as a curiosity,
And in a glass case shown.

He'd be of interest as a new variety
After his transformation,
If he were bottled by some wise Society
And offered to the Nation.

Prince (turning to the KING). And now, great King, if
you'll confide
This lovely maid to me,
I'll prove my right to woo a bride
Of such a high degree.

My royal father called you friend
In happy days of yore ;
And now the spell is at an end,
I am a King once more.

(*To CLORINDA.*) You who from base enchanter's arts
Have bravely set me free,
Sweet Princess, bid me not depart,
But still my comrade be.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

For you have proved that all your life,
Through sunshine and through storm,
Whate'er you promise as a wife
You'll faithfully perform.

King. Bravo, my Prince ! I'll give her to you gladly.
And now let's have a dance.
And you two clever ones, don't look so sadly,
Some day you'll have a chance.

King. And now our play is done, so pray don't quarrel
If we insist once more upon the moral.

Belinda. If asked to give a promise, think well before
you make it.

Aminda. But when your word is given, then never,
never break it.

Prince. If any creature help you, beware how you
forsake it.

Clorinda. And if papa gives good advice, just do like
me and take it.

[*All come forward and sing.*

AIR—“*A Frog he would a-wooing go.*”

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh ho ! says Roly,
Whether his sweetheart would let him or no,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho ! says Anthony Roly.

So he ran till he came to her father's hall,
Heigh ho ! says Roly ;
And there he did both knock and call,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho ! says Anthony Roly.

Pray, Princess, will you let me in?
Heigh ho! says Roly.
To break your promise, 'twould be a sin,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Roly.

She opened the door, and he said he would sup,
Heigh ho! says Roly.
He ate from her plate, and he drank from her cup,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Roly.

Now give me a kiss as you sit by my side,
Heigh ho! says Roly.
For none but you shall be my bride,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Roly.

She wept and prayed, "Oh, spare me this!"
Heigh ho! says Roly.
But in the end she gave him his kiss,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Roly.

THE FROG PRINCE

And now, as all the world can see,
Heigh ho ! says Roly,
A happier pair there could not be,
With a Roly Poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho ! says Anthony Roly.

CURTAIN.



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