

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 81.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

A Musical Play in Four Scenes.

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PERFORMANCE.

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BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 81.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

A Children's Play in Four Scenes.

BY

MARION ADAMS.

CHARACTERS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. DICK WHITTINGTON. | 6. KING OF BARBARY. |
| 2. ALICE FITZWARREN
<i>(his sweetheart).</i> | 7. QUEEN OF BARBARY. |
| 3. JACK FITZWARREN
<i>(Alice's brother).</i> | 8. PRINCESS SILVERSWEET
<i>(their daughter).</i> |
| 4. COOK | 9. CAPTAIN SAILAWAY
<i>(of the "Nancy").</i> |
| 5. HOUSEMAID } <i>in Alderman Fitz-</i>
<i>warren's house.</i> | 10. THE CAT. |

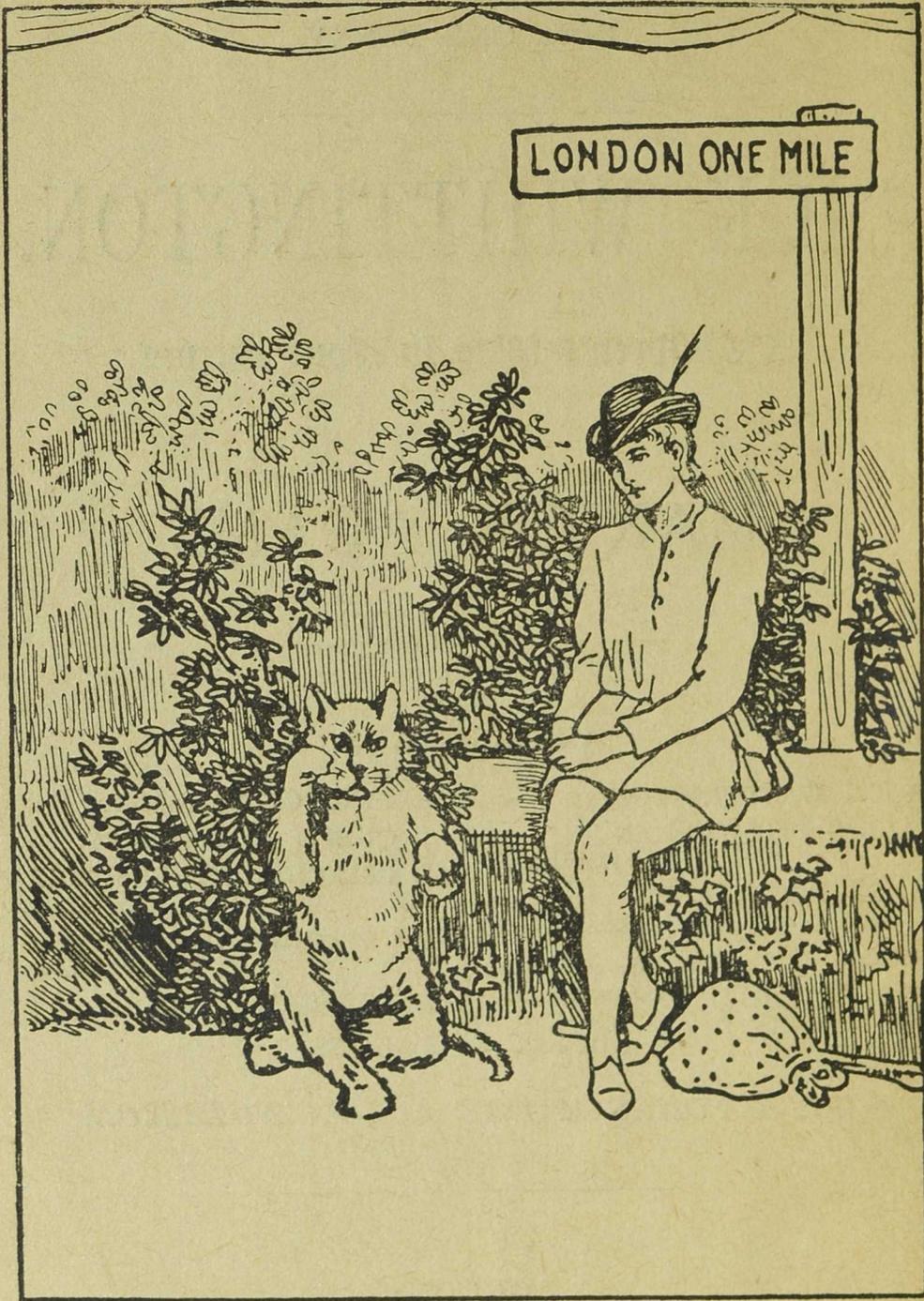
CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

WITH SONGS, TONIC SOL-FA NOTATION.

LONDON:

"BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS" OFFICE.

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DICK: "THAT'S RIGHT; SIT DOWN AND WASH YOUR FACE."

(Page 5.)

PREFACE.

THE two little plays already issued in the series of "Books for the Bairns" having met with much favour among my readers in all parts of the world, I am now following up the publication of "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty" with another play for Christmas based upon the old and favourite nursery tale, Dick Whittington.

Some of you may wonder how much historical truth underlies the story which is here presented in a new form. I cannot pretend that all the story is absolutely true, but there certainly was a Lord Mayor of London named Richard Whittington, although he was not a poor boy in the sense indicated in the popular legends which have grown up around his name.

As a matter of fact, he was related to people of position and of knightly rank. His father was Sir William Whittington, who lived upon his own estate in Pauntley, Gloucestershire. In those days, for we are talking of a time 500 years ago, there were few openings for the younger sons of the landed gentry of England; but at the death of his father young Richard decided to seek his fortune in trade, and he set out at the age of thirteen years for London, and became an apprentice in the house of Sir John Fitzwarren, his cousin, who was a prosperous mercer in the City. He subsequently married his master's daughter, and was enrolled a member of the Mercers' Company in 1392. Five years later he was made an Alderman and a Sheriff of the City, and in 1406 he became Lord Mayor. Ten years later we find him sitting as a Member of Parliament in the House of Commons, and in 1419 he was elected for the third time as Lord Mayor, and was knighted by King Henry V. He seems to have lived in a fine house in the parish of St. Michael's, Paternoster Row. It must have been a handsome residence, for here he entertained Henry of Agincourt and Catherine, his bride, with a magnificence which even astonished the King.

From these facts you will see that Richard Whittington must have been diligent in his business and more than usually successful. Indeed, his biographer has described him as "the model merchant of the middle ages."

How the story of the cat came to be associated with his name I cannot say, but for centuries it has been persistently mentioned in connection with Richard Whittington. The biographer referred to above accepts the story of the sale of the cat by a friendly sailor to a Moorish King, who was pestered with rats and mice. But the same story occurs in the folk lore of several other countries in Europe.

Anyway, the tale has long been a favourite in the nursery, and will doubtless continue to be so. It makes a very interesting play for school or home performances. Mrs. Adams has written the book with her usual skill, and Mr. Stephen Philpot has again kindly supplied the music for the songs which are added for the sake of those who wish to make it a musical play. They are not absolutely necessary, and when it is impossible to get suitable voices, the songs may be omitted (with the exception of "Bow Bells are Ringing," at the opening and close of the performance), without spoiling the play. Still, the music will greatly add to its interest. The piano score may be had of Egerton & Co., 10, Berners Street, London, W., for one shilling post free.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

NO raised stage is absolutely necessary ; the play may be acted in any room, a portion of which is curtained off as a stage.

If there is no second door through which the performers can make their exits and entrances, a screen placed at the left-hand corner of the stage (as far back as possible) will answer the same purpose.

The directions, R., L., C., mean right, left, centre, as one stands facing the stage.

The part of the Cat should be taken by a small boy. A suitable costume could be hired from any of the costumiers in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

The signpost for Scene I. may be made of thin wood and cardboard, with the letters painted on it in black. It should be nailed to a wooden box, which, covered with ivy, forms a seat underneath it. One or two plants and a few sprays of ivy on the floor will help to convey the idea of an out-of-door scene.

For Scenes II., III., and IV. a small table and two, or three chairs are required ; but in the King of Barbary's palace, the table should be covered by a pretty tablecloth, and the plants used in Scene I. may be introduced again. These simple directions are only given for the benefit of those who wish to "get up" the play with little or no expense ; many others will find it easy to elaborate the preparations, and by the exercise of their artistic and dramatic talents add greatly to the effect with which "Dick Whittington" is presented to their friends.

The rats can be made at home, of some brown material stuffed with sawdust, to be drawn across the stage on a string. If any of the children possess a mechanical toy in the shape of a rat, it can be used with great advantage.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

SCENE I.

ROAD NEAR LONDON.

A sign-post, "London one mile" R.C. Below it a seat covered with ivy. Enter DICK, shabbily dressed, with a bundle on his shoulder, followed by the CAT.

DICK.

Well, here we are, my friend!

CAT (*nodding his head*).

Mieaw!

DICK (*pointing to the mile-post*).

A mile away from London now!—
A mile from cruel blows, cross looks,
From pokers, frying pans, and cooks.
She *was* a vixen! More's the pity
That you and I, in all this city,
Should tumble on so hard a place!

(Sits down under the sign-post. CAT sits next to him, and begins to wash his face.)

That's right. Sit down and wash your face,
While our position I review—(*pauses*)
And settle what we're going to do.
First—was it wise to run away?

CAT (*nodding his head*).

Mieaw! mieaw! mieaw!

DICK.

I say
I'm not so sure about it yet—
We have no prospects—don't forget!

No happy home, no father—mother—
 Hardly a friend except each other—
 And not a coin to call our own.

CAT (*shaking his head*).

Mieaw! mieaw!

DICK.

I'm wiser grown
 Than when I first heard wondrous stories
 Of London's wealth and London's glories.
 What would you think if you'd been told
 That every street was paved with gold?

CAT (*shaking his head vigorously*).

Mieaw! mieaw!

DICK.

And at his leisure
 Each helped himself to shining treasure?

CAT (*still shaking his head*).

Mieaw! mieaw! mieaw! mieaw!

DICK.

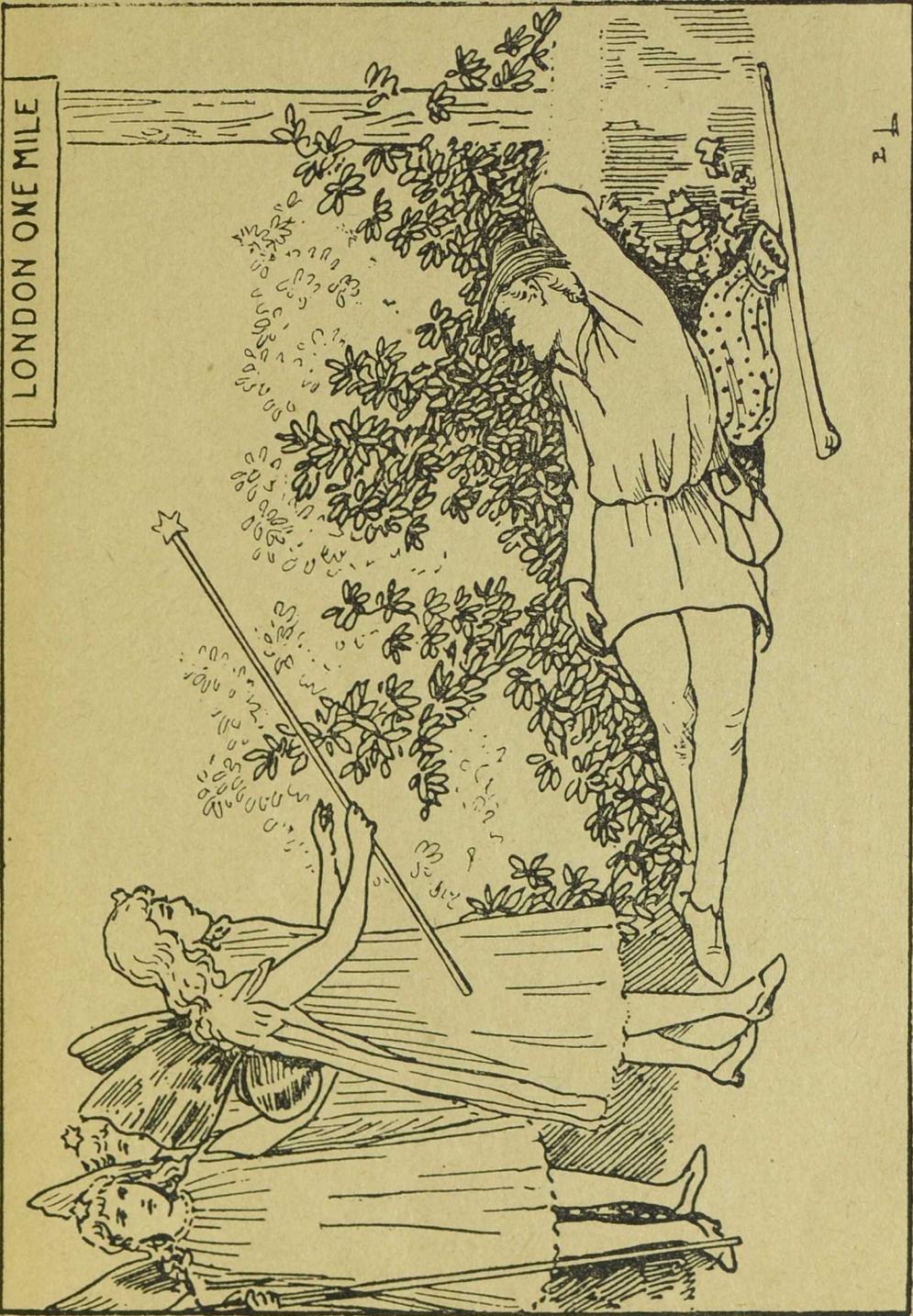
Of course I know much better now.
 If you want money you must earn it—
 It didn't take me long to learn it, (*rising and
 coming forward*)

When from my visions vague and splendid
 To washing dishes I descended,
 And just for very hunger's sake
 A scullion's place was glad to take
 With Alderman Fitzwarren's cook.
She very soon brought me to book!
 More kicks than halfpence came my way;
 She boxed my ears and stopped my pay;
 Cuffed me for doing nothing—(*pausing*)—O-oh!
 I mean—doing nothing *wrong*, you know.



DICK : "SHE GAVE ME A CRACK ON THE HEAD."

(Page 8.)



FIRST FAIRY: "DON'T WAKE HIM."
(Page 10.)

(Sleepily, as he lies down with his head on the stone :)

Don't let me sleep all morning, though !

(Falls asleep. Enter FAIRIES, to soft music.)

FIRST FAIRY *(waving her wand over him).*

Don't wake him, please ! How tired he seems !
We'll whisper to him in his dreams.

SECOND FAIRY.

Cheer up ! Cheer up, Dick Whittington !
Fortune and fame may yet be won.

THIRD FAIRY.

Wealth, honour, and a charming wife,
The long years of a happy life,
All shall be yours. But, Dick, we say

ALL THE FAIRIES.

You must not, must not run away.

FIRST FAIRY.

Such luck is not for those who shirk
Their daily woes or daily work.

SECOND FAIRY.

E'en cooks and basting spoons may be
The stepping stones to dignity.

THIRD FAIRY.

Keep a brave heart, though skies are grey.

ALL THE FAIRIES.

But do not, do not run away !

FAIRY CHORUS

(during which they and the CAT dance round DICK WHITTINGTON ; or they may simply join hands

and walk round DICK, singing the following Chorus, into which the chiming of the bells is introduced).

No. 2.—BOW BELLS ARE RINGING.

KEY G.

{ Six bars for
Piano only. | m : d : l₁ | t₁ : r : s₁ | m : d : l₁ | r : — : — }
1. Bow Bells are ringing, Hark! what do they say?

{ s₁ : d : m | r : s : t₁ | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : — : — }
For - tune is smi - ling on some - one to - day.

{ m : d : l₁ | t₁ : r : s₁ | m : d : l₁ | r : — : — }
Fair - ies have whis - per'd a word to the bells;

{ d : r : m | s : f : l₁ | m : r : m | d : — : — ||
Hear the glad fu - ture their chim - ing fore - tells!

REFRAIN. $\frac{2}{4}$ time.

{ s : m | d : m | r : t₁ | s₁ : — | s : m }
"Turn a - gain, Dick Whit - ting - ton, Thrice Lord }

{ d : m | r : t₁ | s₁ : — | s : m | d : m }
Mayor of Lon - don town; Turn a - gain, Dick }

{ r : t₁ | s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : d | t₁ : r | d : — ||
Whit - ting - ton, Lord Mayor of Lon - don town."

May-birds and brownies
Have settled his doom;
Fortune so frowning
Will smile on him soon.
Gold in his pocket,
A sword at his side;
The finest of horses
Our Lord Mayor shall ride.

REFRAIN.—"Turn again, Dick Whittington," &c.

So cheer up, dear laddie,
Go home to that cook;
And bear uncomplaining
Each blow and cross look.
And when she starts scolding
Just think of the bells,
And all the grand future
Their chiming foretells.

REFRAIN.—"Turn again, Dick Whittington," &c.



DICK : "I THOUGHT THREE FAIRIES CAME."

(Page 13.)

(DICK *rubs his eyes as the FAIRIES dance off.*)

FAIRY CHORUS (*off the stage*).

Turn again, Dick Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London town.

DICK (*rising and looking in the direction of the music*).

Ah! who is singing? Can it be
Such great things are in store for me?
Lord Mayor! (*bewildered*)—I don't quite
understand—

Surely I was in fairyland
Just now. I thought three fairies came—
I heard them call me by my name,
And say that fortune should be won
Some day by poor Dick Whittington.

FAIRIES (*unseen*).

Turn again, Dick Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London town.

DICK (*listening*).

Lord Mayor of London town! Lord Mayor!
Oh, I'll go back and gladly bear
The scolding that awaits me there.

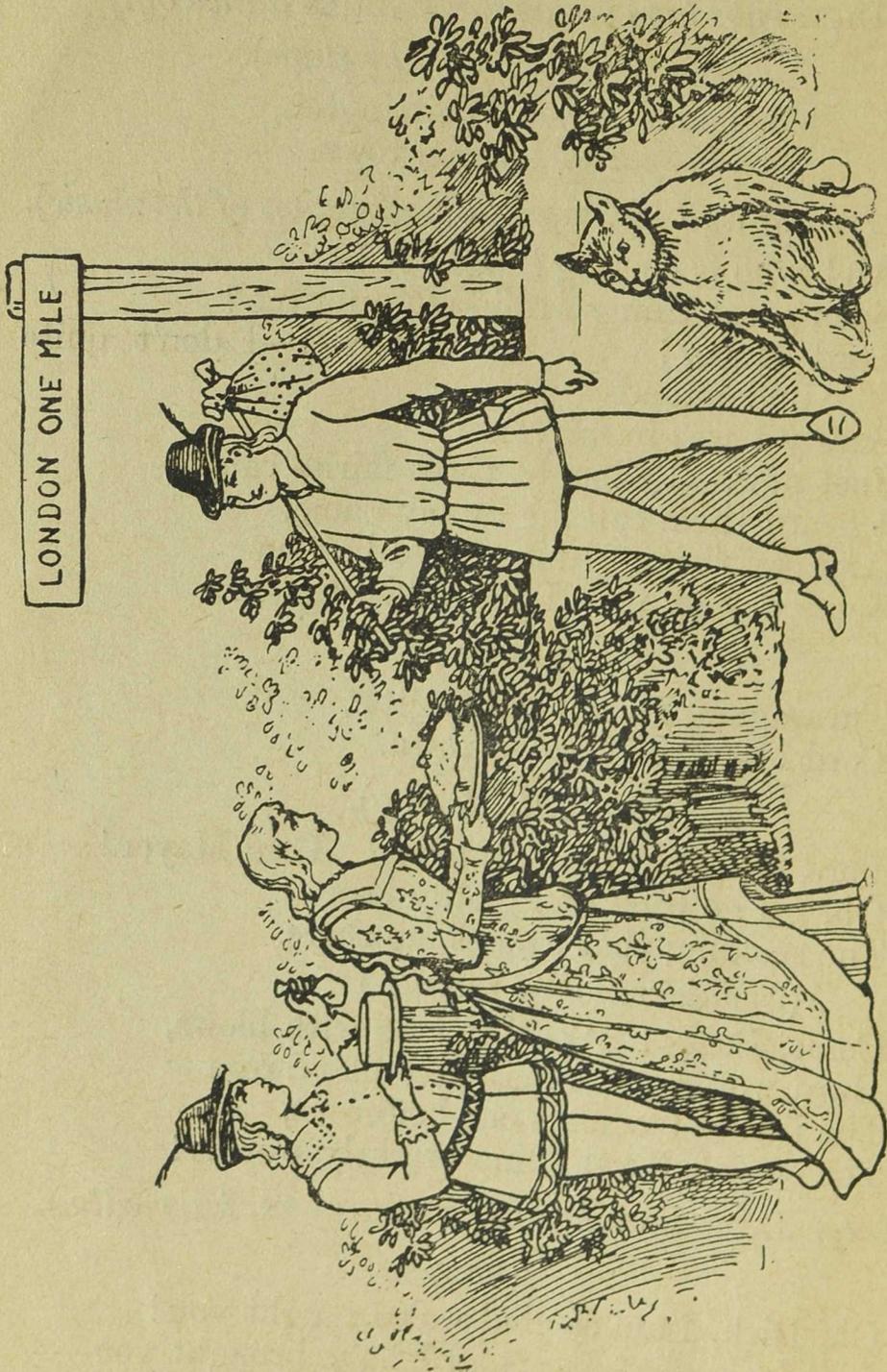
(*Shouldering his bundle.*)

Come, Pussy! We'll put up with blows,
Hard words, cross looks, for like a rose
The future blossoms out before us,
The sun shall yet shine brightly o'er us!

(*Enter JACK and ALICE FITZWARREN, hurriedly.*)

ALICE.

Oh, Dick, I am so glad we've caught you!
Just look what Jack and I have brought you—
An apple pasty and a cake—



ALICE: "JUST LOOK WHAT JACK AND I HAVE BROUGHT YOU."

(Page 13.)

JACK.

And here's some money you must take.

ALICE.

How could that horrid cook ill-treat you,
And say you were a scamp, and beat you?
You were quite right to run away.

DICK.

But—I am going back!

ALICE.

No! No!

JACK.

Back to the pots and pans?—Hallo!
You *are* a silly duffer, too,—
Why, she will beat you black and blue.
Take my advice, old boy, and cut—

DICK.

Didn't you hear the fairies?

JACK (*contemptuously*).

Phut!

No, more did you! But why and how?—

DICK (*quietly raising his hand*).

Listen, and you will hear them now.

(FAIRIES *repeat first verse of chorus, with refrain.*)

JACK.

Lord Mayor of London? Dick, how jolly!

DICK.

Ah! you agree it would be folly
To run from such a fate as this?

JACK (*astonished*).

Rather! It's not a thing to miss.
You'll be a tip-top city swell.

ALICE (*pouting*).

Then I sha'n't like him half so well!

DICK (*taking her hand*).

My dearest Alice, don't say that!

My honours will fall very flat

If with me you refuse to wear them.

JACK (*aside*)

He might ask me, I think, to share them!

DICK

You, too! I do not care a rap

For fame without you both, old chap!

SONG.—“WHEN YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE, DICK.”

Doh is D.

(JACK and ALICE.)

.	:	:	:	,d	d	,t ₁ :d	,t ₁
				1. When you're a million-			
				2. A velvet cloak and			
				3. When you're a million-			

d	:s	,s	d	,t ₁ :d	,m	l	:-	.s	f	,m:r	,s
aire, Dick, what			fun we three will			share!			You'll have a sword and		
shoes, Dick, with			buck - les made of			gold,			A feast whene'er you		
aire, Dick, and			fair - y chimes come			true,			Of course we'll share and		

CHORUS.

m	:d	,m	r	,m:r	,l	s	:	.s	d'	,d':d'	,l
spurs, Dick, And			gold - en chains to			wear.			} For this is com-mon }		
choose, Dick, And			no cross cook to			scold.					
share, Dick, And			set up house with			you.					

t	:f	,f	m	,r:d	,m	s	:	.s	l	,t:d'	t	d
sense, Dick, That			life has ma - ny			ills,			And pounds and shillings and			

s	:m	,m	r	,l:m	,r	d	:
pence,		Dick,		Are han - dy lit - tle		pills.	

CURTAIN.

Draw the curtain back to show the following Tableau, which should be accompanied by soft music:—

TABLEAU: JACK stands on the seat, R.C., waving his cap; ALICE, DICK, and CAT, C., hand in hand, CAT in the middle.



TABLEAU WITH WHICH SCENE I. ENDS.

SCENE II.

KITCHEN IN FITZWARREN'S HOUSE.

(Table L., COOK making pastry, HOUSEMAID cleaning silver, DICK scrubbing the floor.)

SONG.—"THE COOK."

Doh is C.

3 4	{	: : : :	: .m : f .m s :- .r : m .r	}
			1. Oh, who would be a cook I	
			2. The fish must al - ways be just	
			3. And when the lunch must ear - ly	

Key G.

{	s :- .l : t .s f :- .s : l .f m :- . ^s d : t ₁ .l ₁	}
	say, And work and slave the live-long day ; Make all the	
	so, And joint done to a turn, you know ; And tho' of	
	be, That's just the time, as you will see, When butcher	

{	s ₁ :- .d : t ₁ .l ₁ s ₁ :- .s ₁ : l ₁ .m r :- .s ₁ : r .m	}
	pies and bread and cake, And roast and boil and brew and	
	gra - vy you've a store, Some folks are al - ways wanting	
	boys stop half the day To talk with Ma - ry over the	

Key C. CHORUS.

{	d :- : d ^s .s s :- : d' d' :- : t	}
	bake. } And al - though she gets good	
	more. }	
	way. }	

{	t : m :- - :- : m s :- : l l :- : l	}
	mon - ey, Her life is not all	

{	l : f :- - :- : m f :- : d' t :- : f	}
	hon - ey, As ev - 'ry cook will	

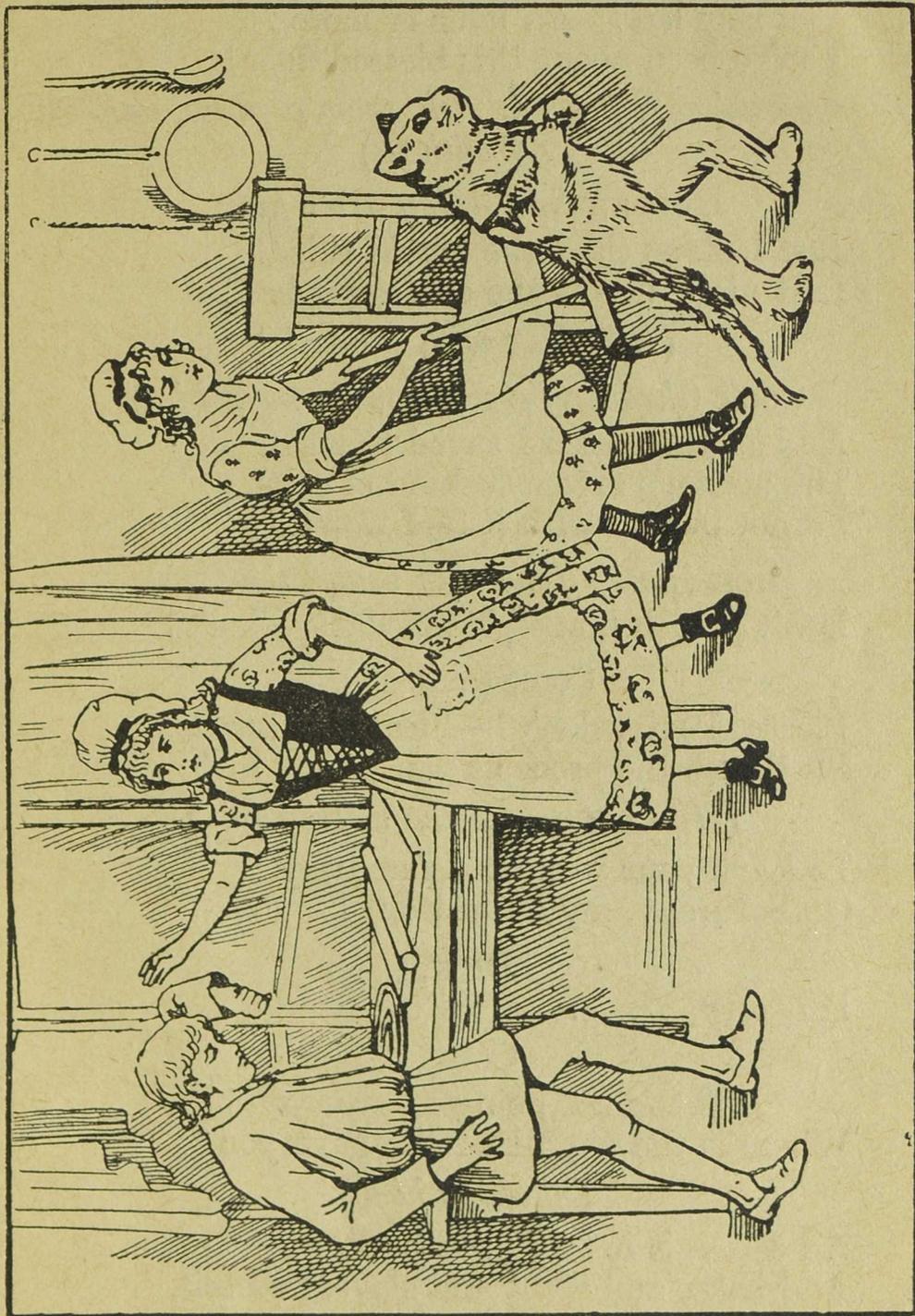
{	l :- : r de :- : r re :- : - - :- : -	}
	tell you to her sor - - -	

{	m :- : - - :- : s l :- : m f :- : s	}
	row ! What if to - day be	

{	l :- : - se :- : l t :- : se l :- : t	}
	good, She must think of next day's	

{	d' :- : - t :- : d' r' :- : d' l :- : fe l :- : s	}
	food, And the meals that she must give you	

{	d' :- : m r :- : - - :- : - d :- : - - :- :	}
	all to - mor - - - row.	



COOK: "YOU LAZY LAD!"
(Page 20.)

COOK (*boxing DICK's ears*).

You lazy lad! An hour or more
You've been about this blessed floor!

(*The CAT seizes a piece of fish from a plate, and runs off with it.*)

HOUSEMAID (*flying after him*).

Just look at that, the horrid thief!
Last night it was the cold roast beef.

(*Hits CAT with a brush.*)

COOK (*throwing a wooden spoon at him*).

And all the cream I saved to make
The master's favourite kind of cake.
I'll not put up with it!—I won't!

DICK (*putting his arm round the CAT*).

Don't punish him—please, Patty, don't!

COOK (*angrily*).

Please, Patty, don't!—Please, Patty do!
I'll thrash the precious pair of you!

(*Hits DICK with the rolling pin.*)

To leave your work and run away
On Saturday, my busiest day!

DICK.

I'm sorry.

COOK.

That's not going to save you!
Where is the pie Miss Alice gave you?

(*Shaking him.*)

All eaten, is it? I'm to broil,
And bake, and stew, and slave, and toil,
To make my apple-tarts for you!

(Enter ALICE, followed by JACK and CAPTAIN SAILAWAY.)

JACK.

Cook, what is all this hullabaloo?
Is it a fight?

COOK (*indignantly*).

Now, Master Jack!

JACK.

'Cos if you fight, you'll get the sack!

ALICE.

Yes! Please be quiet.

COOK.

So I am!

As peaceable as any lamb.
My fault is that I'm far too mild—
But sometimes, Miss, Dick drives me wild.

JACK.

And then you lose your temper, eh?

DICK (*aside*).

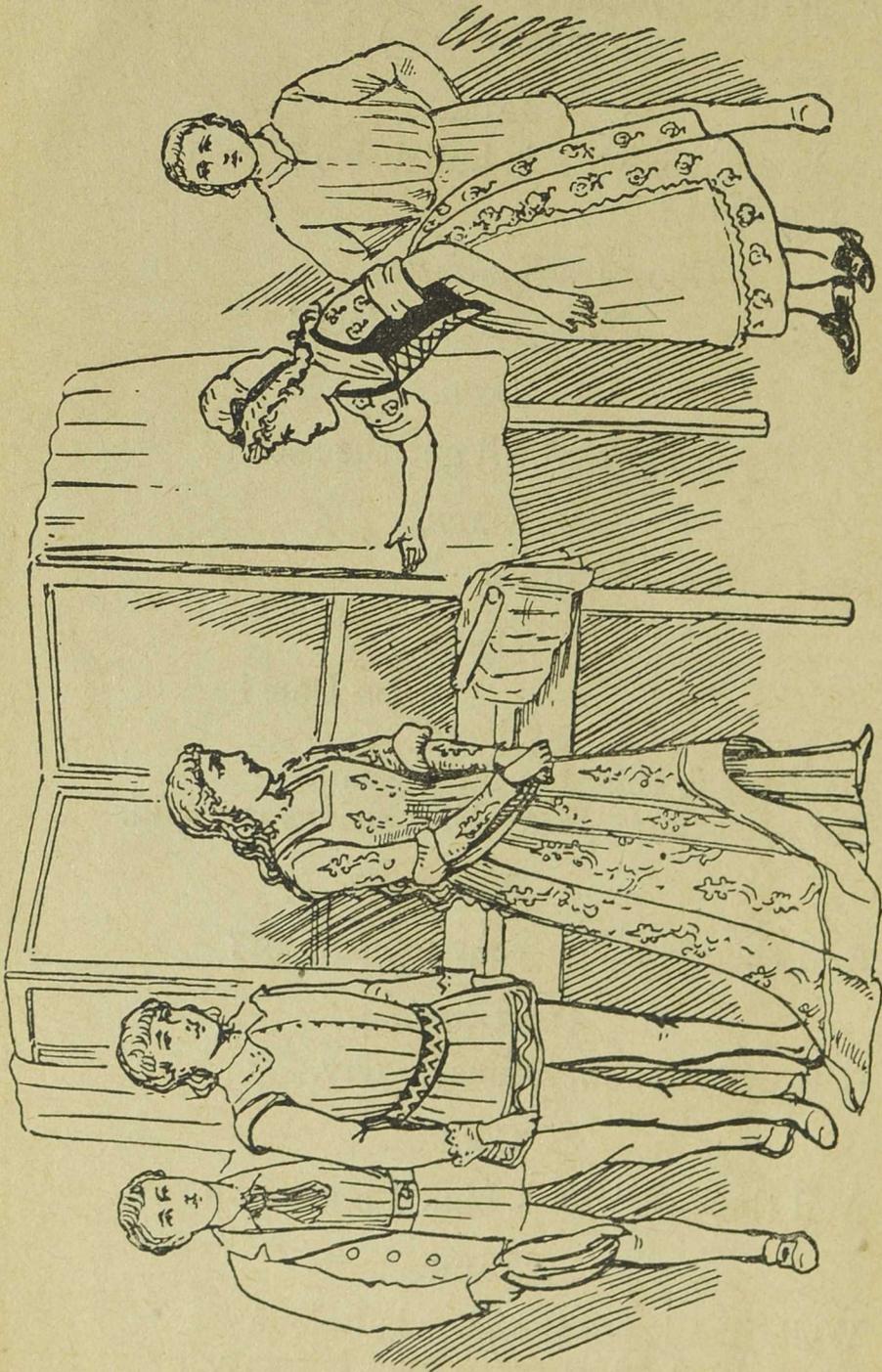
It happens twenty times a day.

COOK.

And then—I whack him, I must own.

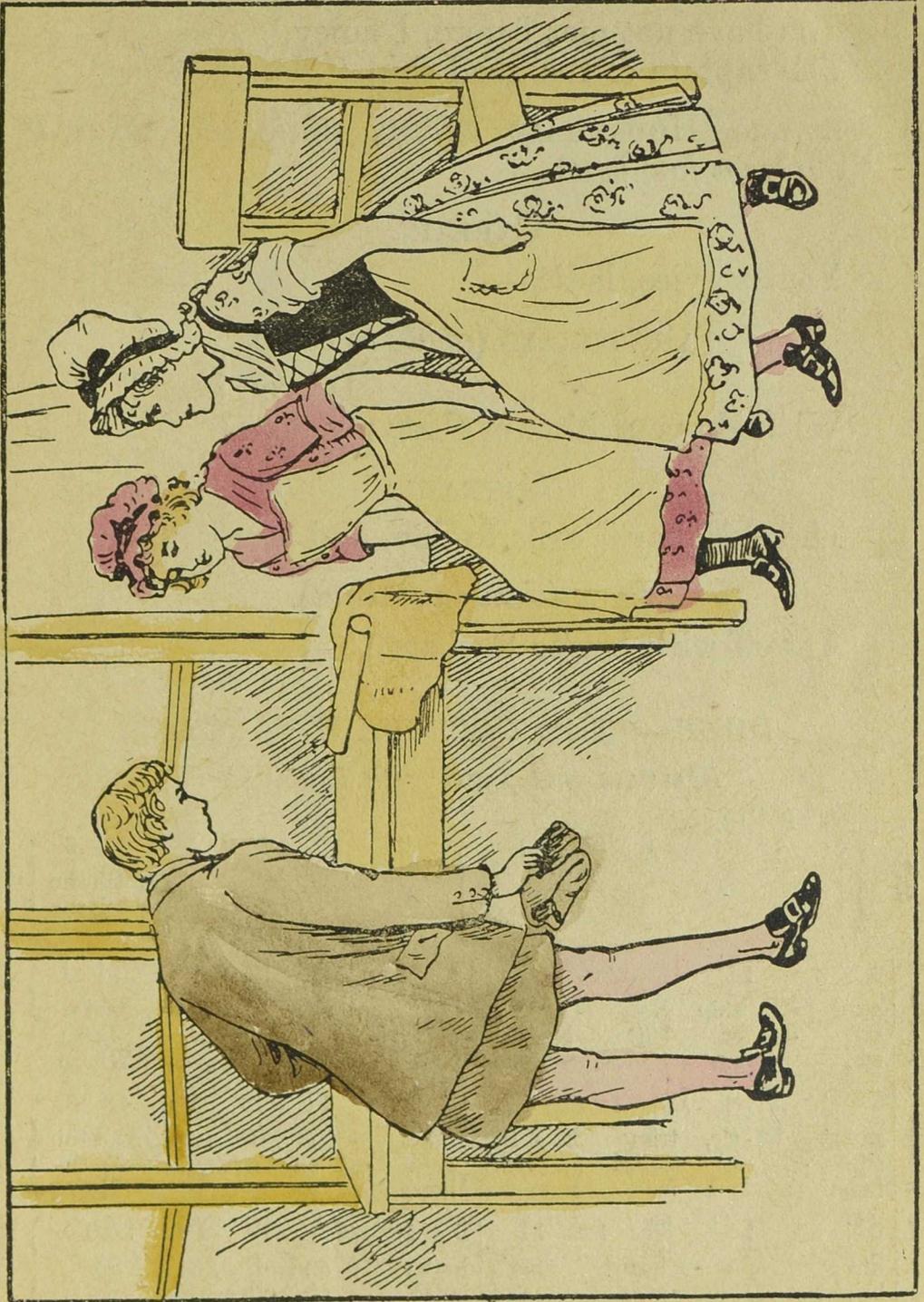
JACK.

Well, just leave the poor lad alone
For half an hour—give us a hearing,
And we will tell you something cheering.



COOK: "MY FAULT IS THAT I'M FAR TOO MILD."

(Page 21.)



CAPTAIN : "YOUR SERVICE, LADIES."
(Page 24.)

(*Bringing CAPTAIN SAILAWAY forward.*)

You have not met before, I fancy,
The captain of the good ship "Nancy"?

(*COOK and HOUSEMAID curtsy, while the CAPTAIN makes a low bow.*)

CAPTAIN.

Your service, ladies—

HOUSEMAID (*aside to cook*).

Do you hear?
What do you think of that, my dear?

CAPTAIN.

The "Nancy" sails to-day, and we—

JACK (*dancing about*).

Are off with her to Barbary!

DUET.—"THE GOOD SHIP NANCY."

(*CAPTAIN and JACK, with CHORUS.*)

Doh is D.

86	{	: : : :	: : : :s .s	}	1. Oh the
					2. Oh the
					3. So
{	s :- :l t :- :l s :- :m s :- :l.l	}	good ship Nan - cy sails the sea, And a		
	sail - or lad loves the pret - ty girls, With				
	off we go on the bound - ing main, Where				
{	s :- f:m r :- .de:r m :- :l s :- :s.s	}	smart lit - tle, trim lit - tle craft is she; And the		
	sun - ny smiles and with gold - en curls, With				
	fame and for - tune we hope to gain; Now				
{	d' :- :d' t :- :l t :- :s r :- :de	}	life a - board her's brave and free, So		
	bright blue eyes and laugh of glee, So				
	fare you well till we meet a - gain, And				

{	r	:	d'	:	t		l	:	:-	.se:l		t	:	:-	:l		l	s	:	:-	:s	.s	}
	heave-ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three,	With	a	three	times	three,	With	a	three	times	three,	With	a			
	heave-ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three,	With	a	three	times	three,	With	a	three	times	three,	With	a			
<i>rall.</i>																							
{	s	:	:-	:-		r	:	:-	:-		s	:	:-	:-		l	:-	:-	:-	:-	:s	}	
	three	times	three	times	three.	three.	three.	three.	three.	So	three.	three.	three.	three.	So	three.	three.	three.	three.	So			
	three	times	three	times	three.	three.	three.	three.	three.	So	three.	three.	three.	three.	So	three.	three.	three.	three.	So			
{	d	:	:-	.r:m		r	:	d	:	l		t	:	:-	:f	.f		l	f	:	:-	:m	}
	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	shout	for	the	sea ;	The	shout	for	the	sea ;	The	bound -	ing	main,	Where				
	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	shout	for	the	sea ;	The	bound -	ing	main,	Where	bound -	ing	main,	Where					
{	f	:	:-	:s		l	:	:-	:t.t		l	:	:-	:s		m	:	:-	:s.s	}			
	sail -	or's	life	is	the	life	for	me,	While	the	sail -	or's	bride	is	the	bride	for	me,	While		the		
	fame	and	for	tune	we	hope	to	gain ;	Then	fame	and	for	tune	we	hope	to	gain ;	Then					
{	d'	:	:-	:d'		t	:	:-	:l		s	:	:-	:l	:f		m	:	:-	:f	}		
	good	ship	Nan	-	cy	sails	the	sea ;	So	good	ship	Nan	-	cy	sails	the	sea ;	So					
	good	ship	Nan	-	cy	sails	the	sea ;	So	good	ship	Nan	-	cy	sails	the	sea ;	So					
{	s	:	:-	:l:s		m	:	f	:s		l	:	:-	:t		d'	:	:-	:	}			
	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three.	three.	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three.	three.					
	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three.	three.	heave - ho,	my	lads,	with	a	three	times	three.	three.					

CHORUS.

CAPTAIN.

We're off to Barbary, to bring
 A cargo fit for any king.
 With gold and jewels we can fill
 Our hold twice over if we will.

Cook (*eagerly*).

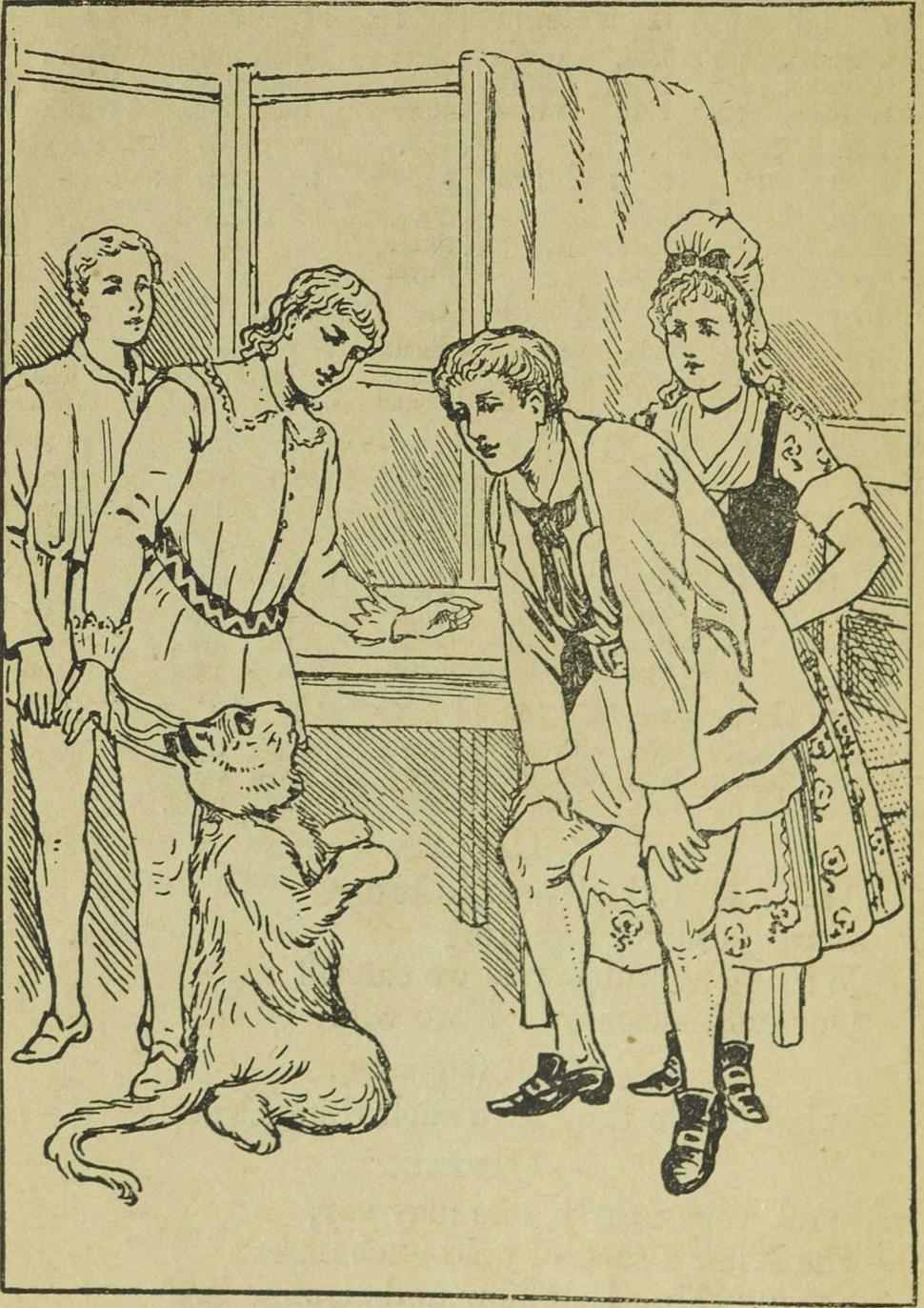
What! Do they give such things away?

CAPTAIN.

Well, very nearly, one may say,
 The King a sack of gold exchanges
 For anything that new and strange is.
 A piece of ribbon—

Cook.

I've got that!



JACK : " HE'S ASKING TO GO WITH US."

(Page 27.)

CAPTAIN.

A thimble—

HOUSEMAID.

Do take mine!

DICK.

A cat?

CAPTAIN.

I dare say he'd be pleased with that!
 A clever talking cat might sell
 For something handsome—who can tell?
 Take my advice and let him go—
 He'll kill our rats on board.

DICK (*hugging* CAT).

No! No!

JACK.

And make your fortune, Dick, you'll see.

(CAT *sits up before* CAPTAIN, *begging to be taken.*
Then runs to the door L., and looks back, as if
asking him to start at once.)

He's asking, plainly as can be,
 To go with us.

CAT (*running back to* CAPTAIN).

Mieaw! mieaw!

COOK (*hitting him*).

Will you stop making such a row?
 Here's my new ribbon—(*giving it to the* CAPTAIN)
 —apple-green—
 Take it and sell it to the Queen.

HOUSEMAID (*giving him a thimble*).

And here's my thimble, please exchange it
For something better—

CAPTAIN.

I'll arrange it.
Now, Dick, my lad, what will you send?
Be wise—give me your furry friend.

DICK (*to CAT*).

Puss, do you really want to go?

CAT (*nodding his head*).

Mieaw! mieaw!

ALICE.

That's "yes," you know.
He says if you're to be Lord Mayor,
He'll have to make your fortune there.

(*Pleadingly.*)

And they won't let me marry you
Unless the fairies' words come true.

DICK (*rising and bowing*).

That settles it! I'll gladly send him.
And may the best of luck attend him!

DUET.—"WE'RE OFF, MY FRIENDS."

(CAPTAIN *and* JACK.)

KEY C.

{	<i>Two bars for</i>	: : :	: s .s	s :- :l	l :- :d'	}
	<i>Piano only.</i>		1. We're	off,	my friends,	
			2. There are	sacks	of gold	and
{	l :- :s	m :re :m	l :- :s	m :- :d	}	
	wish us luck	As we	sail	a - cross		the
	shin - ing	silk, And a	fair	Prin - cess	for	



“A CHEER FOR OUR GOOD SKIPPER, LADS.”

(Page 30.)

{	f :- :- - :r :m	{	f :- :s l :t :l	}
{	sea, To the	{	sun - ny land with	}
{	Jack ; And	{	none of you shall	}

{	s :- :m d :r :m	{	r :- :t l :- :fe	}
{	gold - en sand, The	{	land of Bar - ba -	}
{	fare the worse When the	{	south wind blows us	}

Key G.

{	s :- :- - :f ^e t _i :d	{	r :- :t _i s _i :- :r	}
{	ree. Where the	{	ro - ses bloom in	}
{	back. For al -	{	tho' the broad seas	}

{	m :- :d s _i :r :m	{	f :- :r t _i :- :s _i	}
{	win - ter time And the	{	state - ly palm trees	}
{	roll be - tween We shall	{	think of you the	}

{	s :- :- - :- :m	{	f :- :m r :- :d	}
{	grow. A	{	cheer for our good	}
{	more. Fair	{	gifts there'll be for	}

{	t _i :- :l _i s _i :fe _i :s _i	{	r :- :s _i r :- :m	}
{	skip - per, lads, And a	{	hand be - fore we	}
{	each and all When a -	{	gain we step on	}

CHORUS (in which ALICE, COOK, and HOUSEMAID join)

Key C.

{	d :- :- - :l ⁱ m :s	{	d' :- :d' d' :t :l	}
{	go. } Oh, the	{	land of Bar - ba -	}
{	shore. }			

{	t :- :- - :r :m	{	f :- :s l :- :t	}
{	ree, It's a	{	land of milk and	}

{	l :s :- - :- :m	{	m :re :m f :m :f s :fe :s	}
{	hon - ey— With	{	beau - ti - ful dress - es and love - ly prin -	}

{	l :t :d' s :- :d' r' :- :m'	{	r' :d' :- - : :	}
{	cess - es, and pock - ets full	{	of mon - ey.	}

CURTAIN.

TABLEAU: DICK C., kneeling on one knee, in the act of kissing ALICE FITZWARREN'S hand. JACK R., with CAT on his shoulder. CAPTAIN L., with COOK and HOUSEMAID on each arm. Lively music.

SCENE III.

KING OF BARBARY'S PALACE.

(Table R. QUEEN sits by it threading beads. Enter KING.)

QUEEN.

What is the news, dear ?

KING (*gloomily*).

Worse and worse !

Gold, as you know, in every purse,
But not a loaf in all the town.

QUEEN.

What ! not a loaf ? (KING *shakes his head*).

My love, sit down

And tell me everything.

KING (*tragically*).

To-day

Thousands of rats have gnawed their way
Through to the royal granary floor.
Our store of corn exists no more.
Of meal or meat we haven't a bite,
They've stolen all our fowls by night,
Eaten our clothes, devoured our shoes—
They come and go just as they choose.

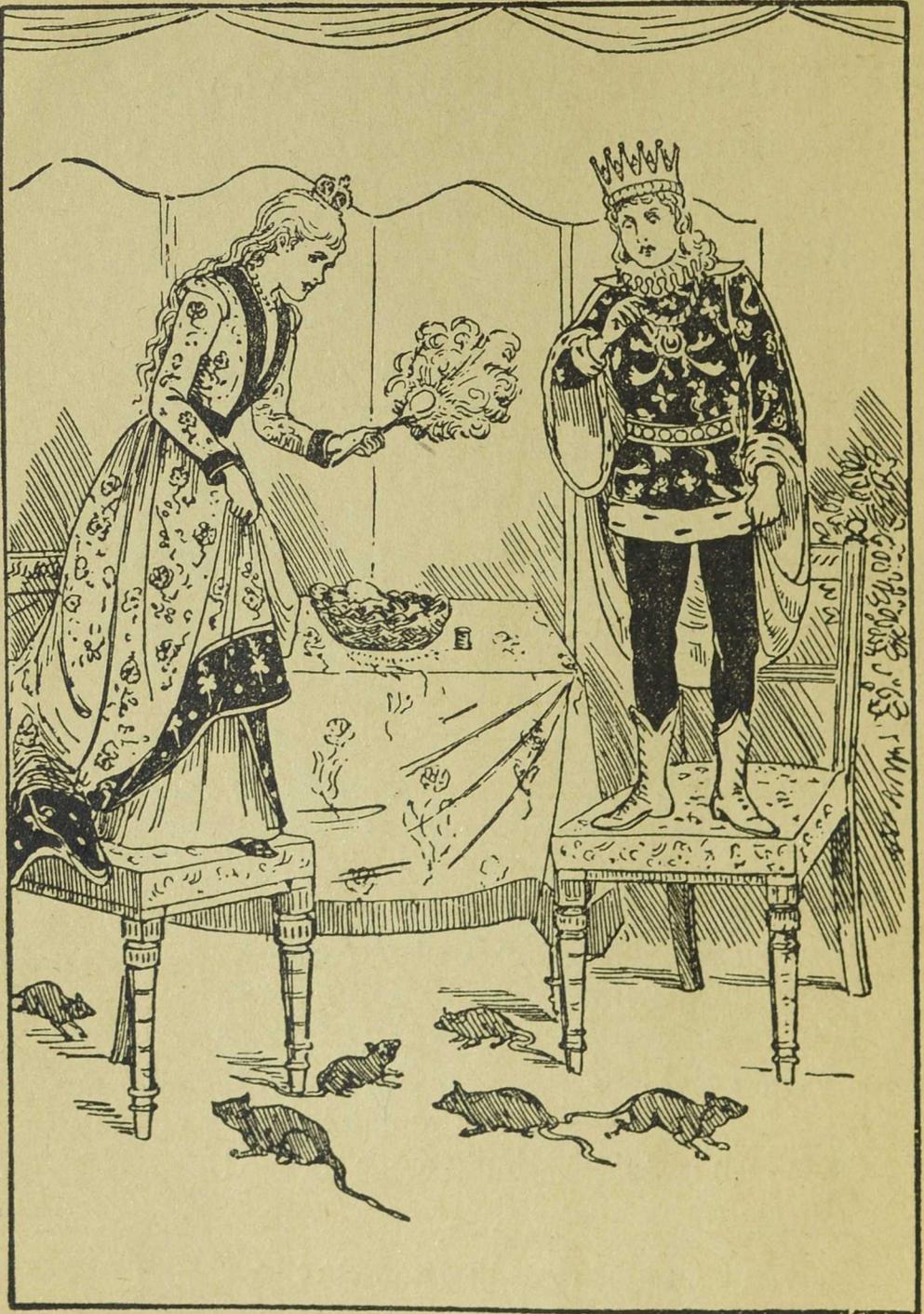
(Some rats cross the floor. KING and QUEEN shriek
and jump on the chairs.)

Oh ! Ah ! They want to eat us too !

KING.

I haven't a single doubt they do !

(Enter PRINCESS SILVERSWEET, who shrieks and jumps
on the table.)



KING: "AH! THEY WANT TO EAT US TOO!"

(Page 31.)

PRINCESS.

I *am* so hungry!

KING.

So are we

And all the folks in Barbary.

PRINCESS.

Isn't there just one piece of bread?

KING.

No, no, my darling! Not a shred
For anybody but a rat—
Why, I could almost eat my hat!

PRINCESS.

If some kind fairy came along
I hope it wouldn't be very wrong
To ask her if we couldn't be
Three rats instead of royalty.

QUEEN (*shuddering*).

Three rats? Oh, what a dreadful thought!

(*Enter* CAPTAIN SAILAWAY *and* JACK. KING, QUEEN,
and PRINCESS *jump down*, while the visitors make
a low bow.)

CAPTAIN.

Your Majesty, my ship's in port—
The "Nancy." You recall her name?

PRINCESS (*to* KING).

It's Captain Sailaway. He came,
Don't you remember? in the spring—



PRINCESS : " IT'S CAPTAIN SAILAWAY ! "

(Page 33.)

CAPTAIN (*bowing again*).

And had the honour then to bring
Some trifles, sir, which took your fancy.

PRINCESS (*smiling and looking at JACK*).

Is this a trifle from the "Nancy"?
Your latest English fashion?

CAPTAIN (*laughing*).

Yes.

'Tis Jack Fitzwarren, fair Princess;
A very gallant gentleman,
Who'll try to serve you, if he can.

PRINCESS.

If he could serve me with some beef
He would oblige me past belief.

QUEEN.

We're starving, Captain. Though you come
So far to see us, not a crumb
Have we, dear friend, to offer you—
The rats take everything.

CAPTAIN (*astonished*).

They do?

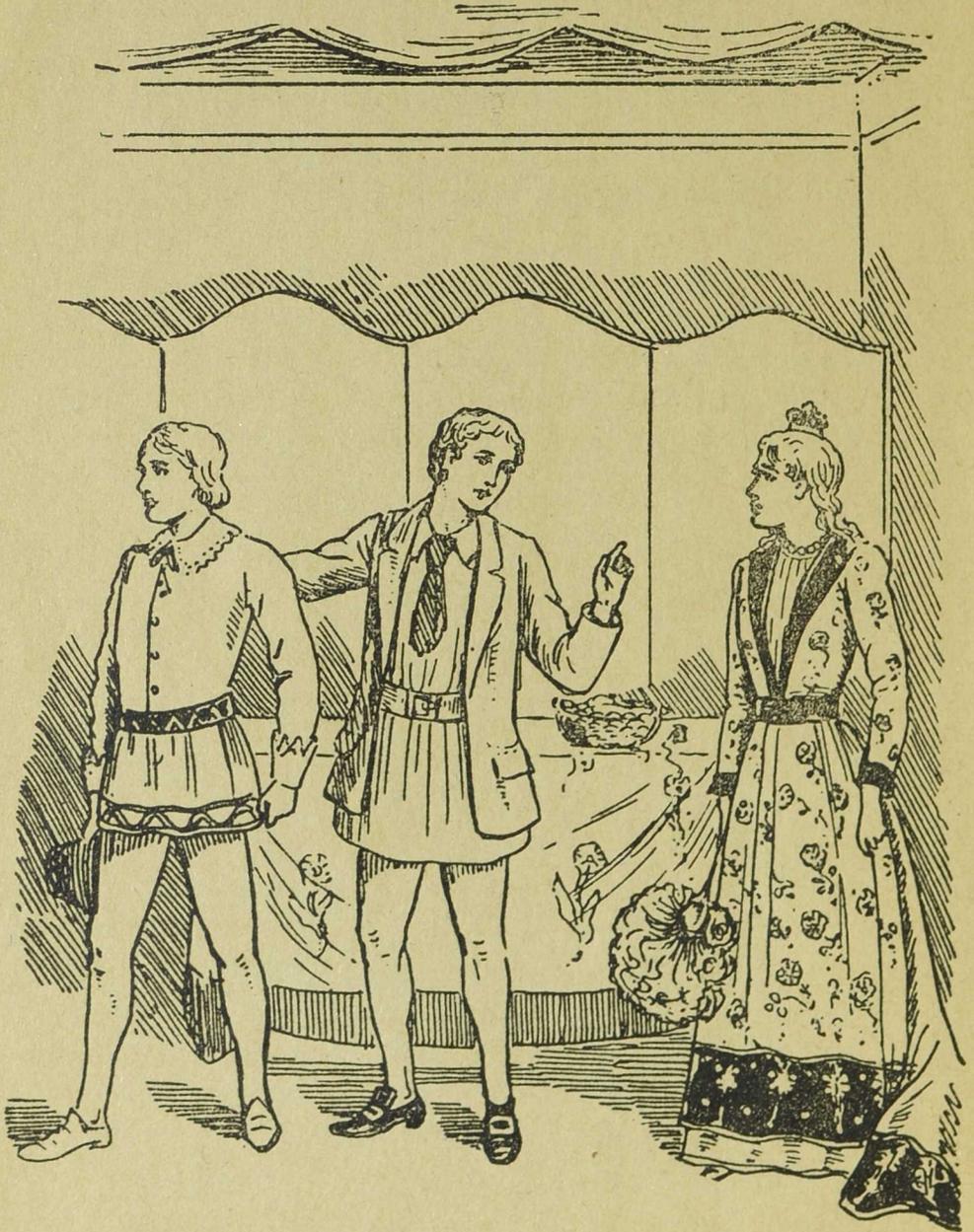
Why don't you kill them? (*Pushing JACK
toward the door.*) Hallo, Jack!

Off to the ship! Fetch the cat back,
And lots of beef, and bread and things.
My stars! to think of starving Kings!

(*To QUEEN.*)

We'll bring an animal on shore
Who'll kill your rats, ma'am, by the score.

(*Exit JACK.*)



CAPTAIN: "WE'LL BRING AN ANIMAL ON SHORE,
WHO'LL KILL YOUR RATS, MA'AM, BY THE SCORE."

(Page 35.)

SONG.—“THE CLEVER CAT.”

(CAPTAIN.)

6
8

Doh is B^b.
Three bars
for Piano.

: ; | : : s₁ | l₁ :- : t₁ | d :- : t₁ }

1. He is a clev - er }
2. He is a clev - er }
3. He is a clev - er }

{ f₁ :- :- | - :- : s₁ | l₁ :- : t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ }

cat ; He's sleek and fur - ry and }
cat, And when he kills a }
cat, A mor - al he can }

{ m₁ :- :- | - :- : m₁ m₁ | s₁ :- : m₁ | fe₁ :- : r₁ }

fat, With a haugh - ty scorn Of }
rat, Or chases a mouse All }
teach ; He never steals cream— If it's }

{ s₁ :- : m₁ | fe₁ :- : r₁ | m₁ : d : t₁ | l₁ :- : t₁ }

things low - born— A tru - ly pa - tri - cian }
over the house, A most en - er - get - ic }
out of his reach— An aw - ful - ly hon - est }

CHORUS (KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESS).

{ s₁ :- :- | - :- : s₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ }

cat. }
cat. }
cat. }
Oh, yes ! he's ve - ry }

{ s₁ :- :- | r₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ }

clew - er, And it is his en - }

{ s₁ :- :- | r₁ :- : m₁ | f₁ :- : s₁ | l₁ :- : t₁ }

deav - our To be a tip - top }

{ d :- : t₁ | l₁ :- : m₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | t₁ :- : l₁ }

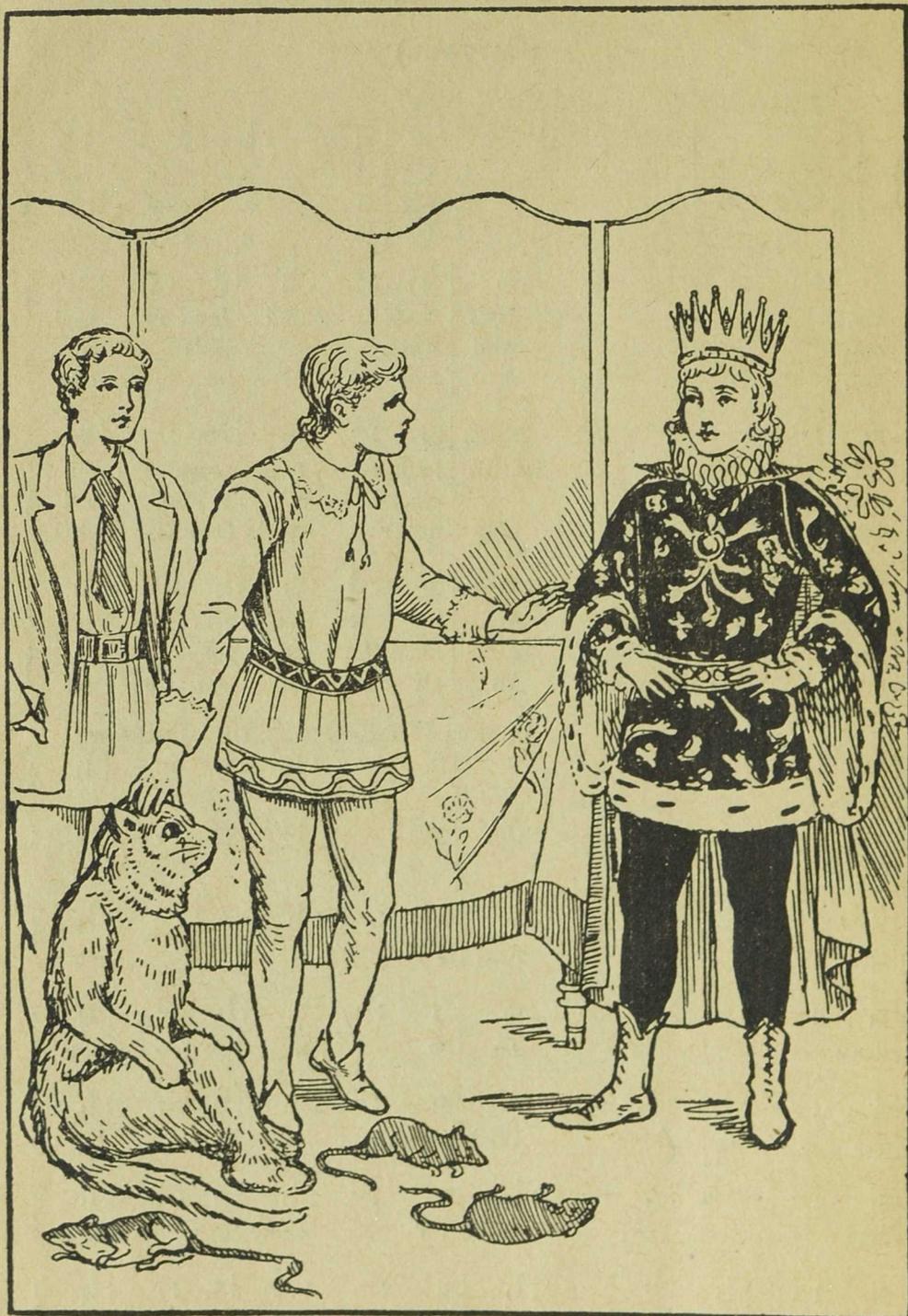
ope - ra star With sweet voice ring - ing }

{ s₁ :- : fe₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ }

loud and far ; And tho' some-times he'll }

{ s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ | s₁ :- : l₁ }

help, 'tween whiles, At mid - night con - certs }



JACK SELLS HIS CAT TO THE KING.

{ |s₁ :- :l₁ |s₁ :- :s₁ |m₁ :- :f₁ |s₁ :- :d |m :- :r }
 { on the tiles, Yet by the fire - light's cheer - ful }

D.S.

{ |d :- :l₁ |s₁ :- :l₁ |s₁ :- :f₁ |m₁ :d₁ :- | - :- :- ||
 { glow He sings his sweet - est dit - ty— ||

(Enter JACK with CAT, and a basket of provisions. The rats cross the stage again. The CAT pounces on them in turn, shakes, and drops them. QUEEN and PRINCESS jump on the chairs, shrieking. Lively music.)

KING (*clapping his hands*).

Ha! Ha! Bravo, brave beast! Bravo!

QUEEN.

I feel so frightened! (CAT pounces on a rat under her chair.)

O Oh Oh !

PRINCESS (*shivering*).

Ah! what a monster!

JACK (*indignantly*).

Monster—he?

As nice a cat as you could see!

(CAT rubs against him and he strokes his head.)

KING (*rapturously*).

Tell me the price of such a treasure—

I'll give you what you ask, with pleasure.

JACK (*in a solemn tone*).

Your Majesty, no man on earth
 Could rightly estimate his worth!
 For that, of course, I will not press,
 Seeing you in such dire distress.
 We'll say—a hundred sacks of gold.



PRINCESS : "PUSS, PUSS ; COME HERE.
(Page 41.)

KING.

Done with you, sir!

JACK (*seizing the CAT and throwing him to the CAPTAIN*).

Here—mark him “Sold”!

PRINCESS (*getting down from chair*).

Has he killed all the rats?

JACK.

Yes, yes;

So please make friends with him, Princess.

PRINCESS.

Puss—puss—, come here—poor puss—

*(CAT comes up to her, and rubs his head against her dress, purring softly.)*JACK (*encouragingly*).

That's right!

CAPTAIN (*bowing*).If royalty permits, we might
At once proceed to lay the cloth.*(Takes tablecloth out of the basket, and sets the table with beef, biscuits, cake, &c.)*

KING.

Well, Captain, I am nothing loth.
To tell the honest truth, I'd feel
The better for a good square meal.
What have you got? Roast beef—a pie—
A plum cake? Here is luxury!*(Places chairs for QUEEN and PRINCESS.)*Come, come, my dears! No more rat stew,
Rat soup, rat fricassée for you!

We'll dine as doth befit our station,
And bid good-bye to sheer starvation.

TRIO.—“WE ARE A ROYAL PARTY.”

(KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESS.)

Doh is F.

2 4	}	:	:	.m	s <u>f,m</u> :r .m	d .s ₁ :- .se ₁	}
				1. We	are a roy-al	par-ty, And of	
				2. We	found it ve-ry	pain-ful To	

}	l ₁ <u>f</u> :m .re	m	:- .m	r .l ₁ :t ₁ .d	}
	course it is our way	To		have roast lamb and	
	eat those rats as stew;	Nor		did we like rat	

}	r .s :- .t ₁	l ₁ .m :r .l ₁	s ₁ :	.s	}
	chick-en, And i-ces ev-'ry day;	Neither, my friends, would you.		The	
	cur-ry, Nei-			They	

}	s <u>f,m</u> :r .m	d .s ₁ :- .se ₁	l ₁ .f :m .re	}
	clear-est gold-en jel-ly With can-died fruit in-	They gave us rats for		
	gave us rats for	din-ner,		

Key C.

}	m	:	.m	f ^e t .s :d .s	t .l :d	}
	side, Or oy ster soup and tur bot, And		And	if we ask for sup-per, 'Twas		
	tea,					

Key F.

}	s <u>f</u> m :r .s	d	:- .d's	f .m :r .d	}
	pan-cakes nice-ly fried.	see.		But now we ask what's	
	rats a-gain, you			And so we ask what's	

CHORUS.

}	t ₁ .l ₁ :s ₁ .s	f .m :r .d	t ₁ .l ₁ :s ₁ .s	}
	in a name, If all the dish-es taste the same?	all the dish-es	taste the same?	
	in a name, If all the dish-es		taste the same?	} For

}	s .,l :s .m	s .,l :s	s .,l :s .m	s .,l :s	}
	be they hot or be they cold,	Be they young or be they old,			

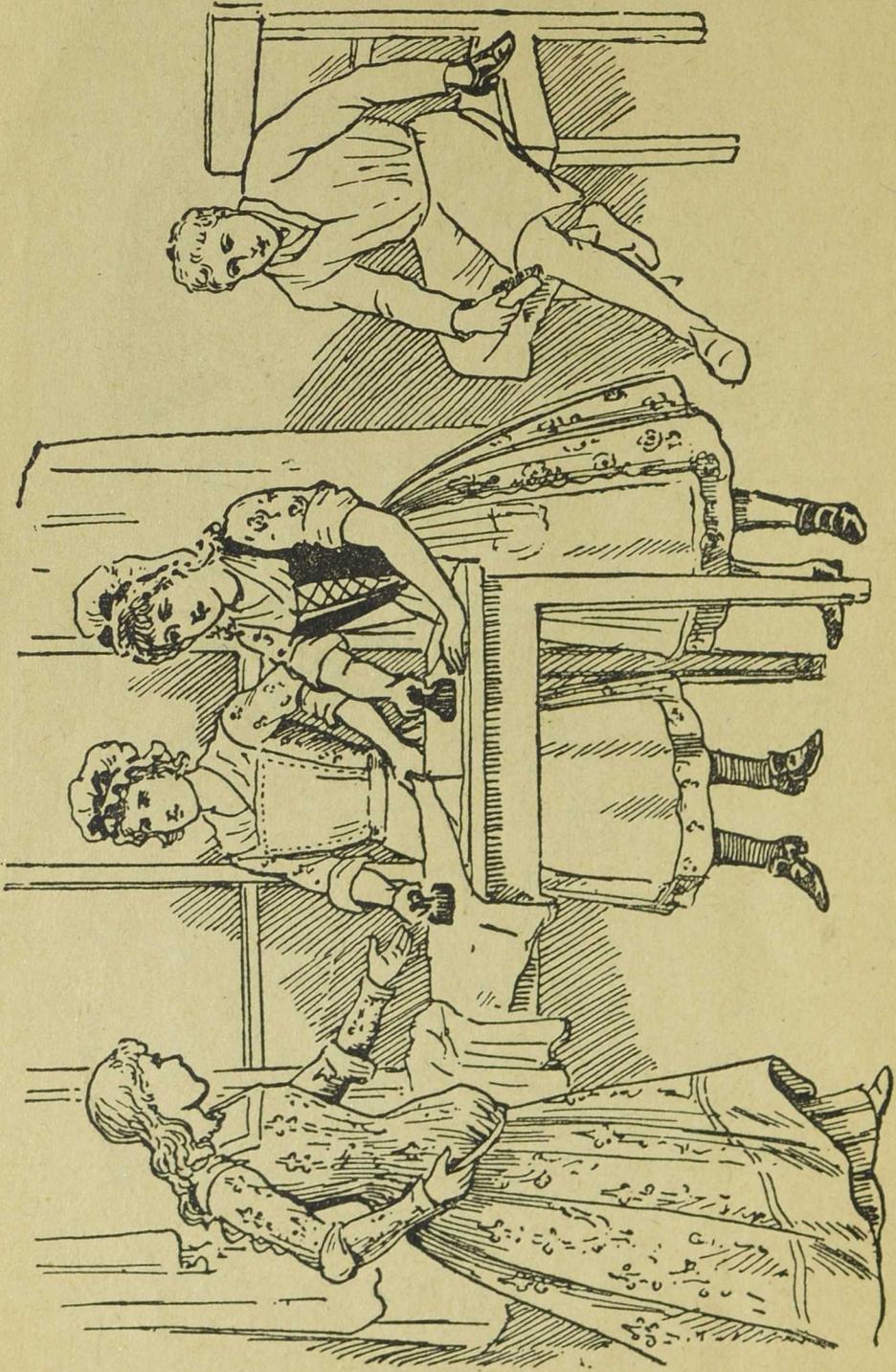
}	d .,r :d .l ₁	s ₁ .,l ₁ :s ₁ .d	s .,l :s .m	r .d :d	
	Be they ten-der, be they tough, Of rats we find we've had e-nough.				

(QUEEN, KING, and PRINCESS should dance during the chorus.)

CURTAIN.



DANCE AT THE END OF SCENE III.



ALICE: "COOK! GUESS THE JOLLY NEWS I'VE BROUGHT."

(Page 45.)

SCENE IV.

KITCHEN IN FITZWARREN'S HOUSE.

(COOK and HOUSEMAID ironing. DICK polishing boots.)

ALICE (*entering hurriedly*).

Cook! Guess the jolly news I've bought!

COOK (*crossly*)

I can't!

ALICE.

The "Nancy" is in port.

DICK (*snatching up his cap*).

The "Nancy"! I am off! Hurrah!

COOK (*seizing him*).

You jackanapes, stop where you are!

(DICK *rushes away*.)

There! Did you ever see such work?

Anything for a chance to shirk!

The least excuse, and off he goes—

Who'll clean the boots, do you suppose?

ALICE.

You mustn't think of work to-day—

I wonder what they'll have to say.

HOUSEMAID.

I wonder, Miss, what they will bring.

ALICE.

Jack promised me a diamond ring.

They may, of course, bring back the cat.

COOK.

Goodness! I hope they won't do that!

One of the pair is quite enough.

ALICE.

Poor Dick! It does seem rather rough

To take the truest friend he had.

SONG.—WON'T THERE BE JOLLITY.

(ALICE.)

Doh is C.

3	{	:	:		:	:		:	:s		s	:l	:m	}								
4	{	:	:		:	:		:	:s		s	:l	:m	}								
									1. Oh,		won't	there	be	}								
	{	s	:f	:t		f	:t	:f		l	:s	:m		s	:d'	:r'	}					
	{	jol	-	li	-	ty,		fun	and	friv	-	ol	-	ity		If		pus	-	sy	our	}
	{	d'	:t	:f		l	:—	:—		s	:—	:se		l	:s	:m	}					
	{	for	-	tune	has		made;			When		Jack	has	got	}							
	{	f	:s	:l		t	:l	:fe		s	:l	:t		r'	:d'	:m	}					
	{	rich	-	es,	He'll		stop	wash	-	ing		dish	-	es,	And		mar	-	ry	a	}	
	{	fe	:t	:l		s	:—	:—		—	:—	:s		Oh,	}							
	{	true	Eng	-	lish		maid.							Oh,	}							

CHORUS (COOK and HOUSEMAID as well as ALICE).

{	m	:re	:m		d'	:t	:l		d'	:t	:l		d'	:t	:l	}					
{	won't	there	be		jol	-	li	-	ty,		fun	and	friv	-	ol	-	ity,	If	}		
{	m	:re	:m		l	:s	:d		t	:—	:—		—	:—	:f	}					
{	pus	-	sy	our		for	-	tune	has		made;			When	}						
{	r	:m	:f		s	:t	:l		m	:f	:fe		s	:r'	:d'	}					
{	Jack	has	got		rich	-	es,	He'll		stop	wash	-	ing		dish	-	es,	And	}		
{	t	:le	:t		r'	:d'	:l		s	:—	:—		—	:—	:f	}					
{	mar	-	ry	a		true	Eng	-	lish		maid.			There's	a	}					
{	m	:re	:m		d'	:t	:l		d'	:t	:l		d'	:t	:l	}					
{	Kai	-	ser	in		Prus	-	sia,	An		Emp'	-	ror	in		Rus	-	sia,	And	}	
{	m	:re	:m		l	:s	:d		l	:—	:—		—	:—	:d'	}					
{	lots	of	grand	-	ees	in	the		West;			But	}								
{	d'	:t	:d'		m'	:d'	:s		l	:se	:l		d'	:l	:fe	}					
{	fear	-	less	young		lad	-	die	And		bon	-	nie	young		las	-	sie	In	}	
	<i>rall.</i>																				
{	l	:s	:d'		m	:f	:r		d	:—	:—		—	:—	:—	}					
{	Eng	-	land	you'll		sure	-	ly	find		best.				}						

Are there maidens more pretty,
 More clever or witty,
 If through the wide world he should roam;

Or any to tend him,
To love him and mend him,
Like some little maidens at home ?

CHORUS.—Oh, won't there be jollity, &c.

When from the commotion
Of old Father Ocean
Our travellers two have returned,
We'll heed not the winter rain,
Dread not grey skies again,
If they our fortune have earned.

CHORUS.—Oh, won't there be jollity, &c.

You'd better stop smacking,
And scolding and whacking—
The day has gone by for all that.
When Dick's our Lord Mayor, some day
You and the rest will pay
Honour to him and his cat.

CHORUS.—Oh, won't there be jollity, &c.

COOK (*raising her voice*).

That Dick's a good-for-nothing lad !
There's nothing for him but the stick.

(*Enter JACK, CAPTAIN, DICK, and PRINCESS, the three former carrying sacks of gold.*)

JACK.

Hallo ! We left you slanging Dick,
Have you been at it ever since ?
Be careful ! (*They set down the sacks.*) He's
become a Prince—
A man of means—a millionaire !
Not to be hustled here and there
By any humbug of a cook.

COOK (*indignantly*).

A humbug, Master Jack ?



JACK SHOWING THE GOLD.

(Page 49.)

JACK (*waving his hand*).

Just look —
In Barbary his cat was sold.

COOK.

Well ?

JACK (*impressively*).

For a hundred sacks of gold.

SONG.—NOW DICK'S A MILLIONAIRE.

(JACK.)

Doh is D.

6 { | : : | : : | : : | : : | : :s }
8 { | : : | : : | : : | : : | : :s }
1. Now }

{ | l :- :s | m :- :r | d :- :- | - :- :s }
{ | Dick's a mil - lion- | aire, Some }

{ | l :- :s | m :- :d | d :- :- | t :- :r }
{ | facts I wish to | men - tion : I }

{ | m :- :re | m :- :s | d' :- :- | - :- :t }
{ | hope you'll all take | care To }

{ | l :- :se | t :- :l | l :- :- | s :- }
{ | pay him due at - | ten - tion. ||

CHORUS (*all but the Cook*).

{ :s | s :m :d | d' :t :l | s :f :m | m :r :d }
{ | Your words will be hon - ey, Now | Dick has got mon-ey, To }

{ | m :f :s | l :t :d' | t :- :- | - :- :s }
{ | scold him you nev - er will | dare ; The }

{ | s :m :d | d' :- :l | s :f :m | r :- :l }
{ | cress - est of cooks will | al - ter her looks, And }

{ | s :f :m | m :- :r | d :- :- }
{ | smile on a mil - lion - | aire. ||



CAPTAIN: "I CHANGED IT FOR THIS NECKLACE RARE."

(Page 51.)

With hat in hand (*taking his own off*), inquire
 How can you meet his wishes ;
 No more he'll light the fire
 Or wash the supper dishes.

CHORUS.—Your words will be honey, &c.

It's on the cards he'll choose
 At once to leave off working—
 Of course you won't accuse
 A millionaire of shirking.

CHORUS.—Your words will be honey, &c.

For what he does is right,
 And all his words are honey ;
 We can't be too polite
 To chaps with so much money.

CHORUS.—Your words will be honey, &c.

(*Throwing up his cap.*)

Whittington and his cat for ever !

COOK.

Dick a rich man ! Bless me, I never !

(*To CAPTAIN.*)

Where's my green ribbon ?

CAPTAIN (*waving his hand towards the sea*).

Over there.

I changed it for this necklace rare,
 The finest gems in Barbary (*holding up a necklace*)—
 A pretty price 'twill fetch, you'll see.

(*Gives it to the COOK, who shows it to HOUSEMAID.*
Both look delighted.)

HOUSEMAID.

And my brass thimble—is it sold ?

CAPTAIN (*giving her a ring*).

Aye, for a ring of worth untold.

HOUSEMAID (*putting it on*).

Oh, what a love!

(*If COOK and HOUSEMAID are also taking the FAIRIES' parts, they go out here.*)

ALICE.

Jack, where's my ring?

JACK.

Why, that I quite forgot to bring.
But—(*leading PRINCESS forward*)—here's a greater
treasure. Guess
Who this is, Alice?

ALICE (*doubtfully*).

A Princess? (*Aside.*)

I wonder what Papa will say—
It's rather early in the day
For Jack to think of marrying—
Even the daughter of a King!

DICK.

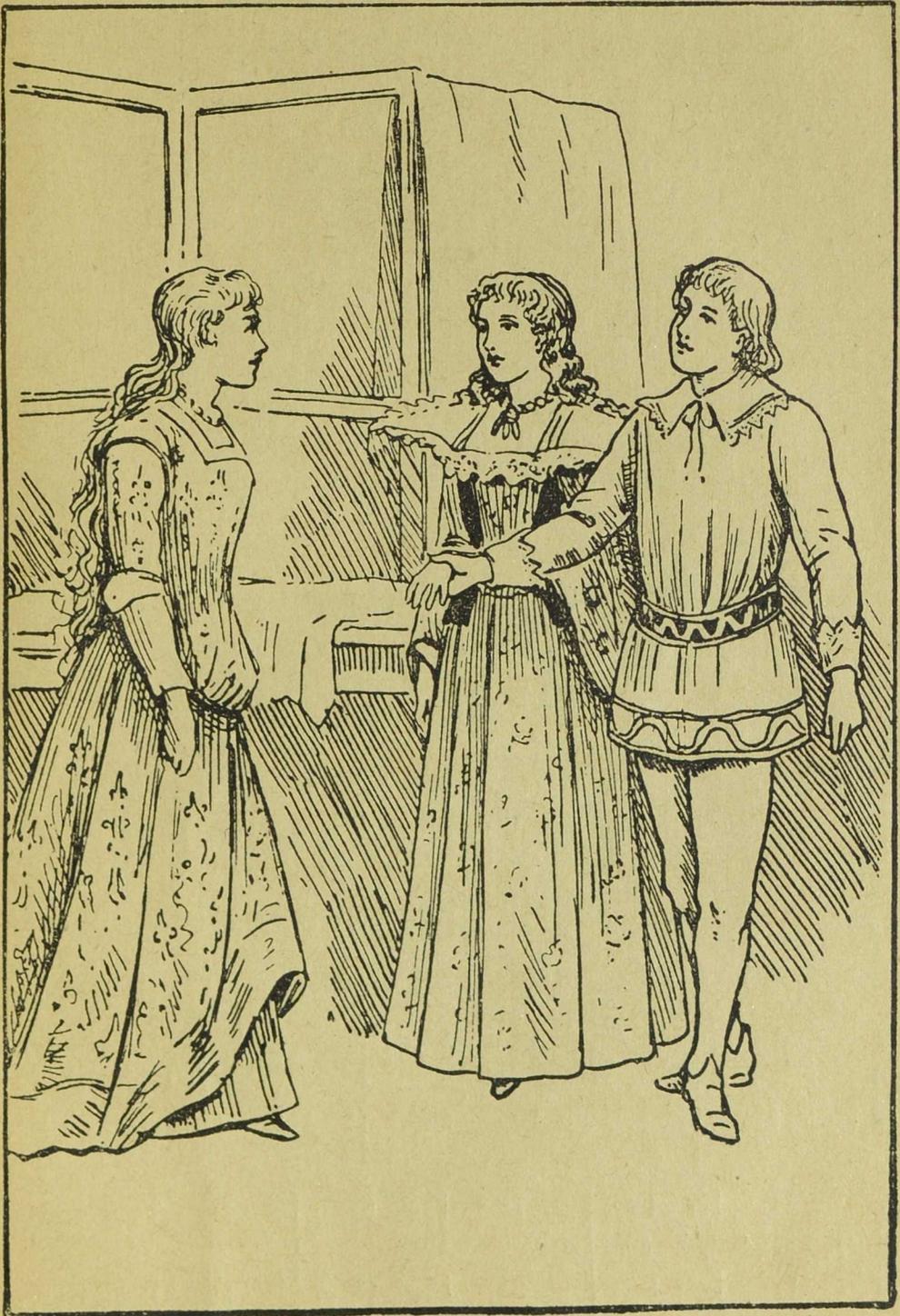
And that's what he will say, precisely!
Let's hope he'll tell the Princess nicely.

ALICE (*ruefully*).

He'll send her straight to school—and Jack—
Perhaps, he'll send us all three back!
We'll have to wait—(*sighing*)—Ah! many a year
Before our wedding-day, I fear!

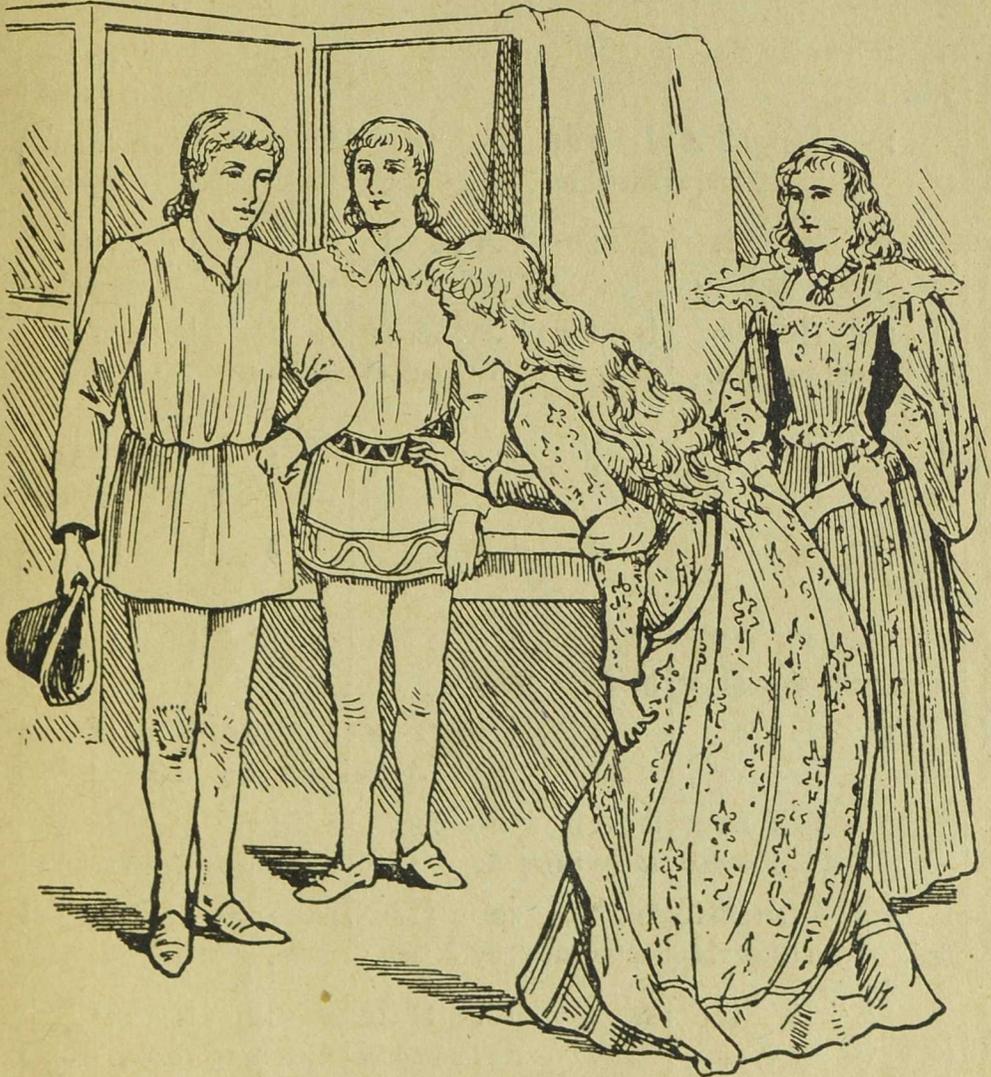
(*Taking PRINCESS'S hand.*)

But when you marry Jack, we'll be
Sisters-in-law—(*slowly and distinctly*)—Princess,
you see?



JACK : "GUESS WHO THIS IS, ALICE ?"

(Page 52.)



ALICE: "AND GREATER THINGS MAY HAPPEN YET."

(Page 54.)

{	:	.f : m .r	s : f	de : r	s :—	.r : m .r	}
		To have and	hold all	thro' his	life,	His Al-ice	
{	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	t ₁ : l ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	t ₁ :—	.f ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	}
	ask—	To have and	hold all	thro' my	life,	My Al-ice	

{	r : d	t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ :—	.m : f .fe	s : l ₁	t ₁ : f	}
	for his	lov - ing	wife.	When fickle	for - tune	smiled on	
{	f ₁ : m ₁	fe ₁ : fe ₁	s ₁ :	:	:	:	}
	for my	lov - ing	wife.				

{	m :—	:	:	:	:	.f : m .r	}
	you,					And now that	
{	:	.m : f .s	l : de	f : m	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	}
		I found a	friend in	Al - ice	true.	And now that	

{	s : m	m : t ₁	d :—	.m : t .l	s : d	m : r	}
	for - tune	smiles a -	gain,	We'll pull to-	geth - er	might and	
{	m ₁ : s ₁	fe ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ :—	.s ₁ : fe ₁ .fe ₁	s ₁ : m ₁	s ₁ : f ₁	}
	for - tune	smiles a -	gain,	We'll pull to-	geth - er	might and	

ALICE.

{	d :—	:	:	:	:	.m : f .fe	}
	main.					2. When flying	
{	m ₁ :—	:	:	:	:	:	}
	main.						

{	s : l ₁	t ₁ : r	s ₁ :—	:	:	:	}
	sauce-pan	found your	head,	Dick.			
{	:	:	:	.m : f .s	l : de	r : f	}
				To Al-ice	with my	woes I	

{	:	.f : m .r	s : f	de : r	s :—	.r : m .r	}
		And now that	sauce pans	fly no	more,	Great happi-	
{	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	t ₁ : l ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	t ₁ :—	.f ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	}
	fled.	And now that	sauce-pans	fly no	more,	Great happi-	

{	r : d	t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ :—	.m : f .fe	s : l ₁	t ₁ : f	}
	ness we	see in	store.	And now, dear	friends, to	one and	
{	f ₁ : m ₁	fe ₁ : fe ₁	s ₁ :—	:	:	:	}
	ness we	see in	store.				

{	m :—	:	:	:	:	.f :m .r	}
	all					Now this ad-	
{	:	.m :f .s	l :de	f :m	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ :s ₁ .f ₁	}
		A word be-	fore the	cur -	tain's	fall.	

{	s :m	m :t ₁	d :—	.m :t .l	s :d	m :r	}
	vice we	give to	cooks—	Don't use cross	words or	cross - er	
{	m ₁ :s ₁	fe ₁ :s ₁	l ₁ :—	.s ₁ :fe ₁ .fe ₁	s ₁ :m ₁	s ₁ :f ₁	}
	vice we	give to	cooks—	Don't use cross	words or	cross - er	

ALICE.

{	d :—	:	:	:	:	.m :f .fe	}
	looks.					3. To kitchen	
{	m ₁ :—	:	:	:	:	:	}
	looks.						

{	s :l ₁	t ₁ :r	s ₁ :—	:	:	:	}
	boys, if	here they	be,	DICK.			
{	:	:	:	.m :f .s	l :de	r :f	}
				And fain would	reach the	top - most	

{	:	.f :m .r	s :f	de :r	s :—	.r :m .r	}
		From duty	do not run	a -	way,	For duty	
{	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ :s ₁ .f ₁	t ₁ :l ₁	m ₁ :f ₁	t ₁ :—	.f ₁ :s ₁ .f ₁	}
	tree,	From duty	do not run	a -	way,	For duty	

(indicating the audience with a sweep of the hand.)

{	r :d	t ₁ :l ₁	s ₁ :—	.m :f .fe	s :l ₁	t ₁ :f	}
	done, brings joy	some	day.	Last, to all	lov - ers	gath - ered	
{	f ₁ :m ₁	fe ₁ :fe ₁	s ₁ :—	:	:	:	}
	done, brings joy	some	day.				

{	m :—	:	:	:	:	.f :m .r	}
	here,					And when they're	
{	:	.m :f .s	l :de	f :m	l ₁ :—	.l ₁ :s ₁ .f ₁	}
		May ev-'ry	Dick find	Al - ice	dear,	And when they're	

{	s :m	m :t ₁	d :—	.m :t .l	s :d	m :r	d :—	
	mar-ried, then, I	trow,	Will ring a -	gain the	Bells of	Bow.		
{	m ₁ :s ₁	fe ₁ :s ₁	l ₁ :—	.s ₁ :fe ₁ .fe ₁	s ₁ :m ₁	s ₁ :f ₁	m ₁ :—	
	mar-ried, then, I	trow,	Will ring a -	gain the	Bells of	Bow.		

(Exit CAPTAIN. Enter FAIRIES to the opening bars of the music. They dance round DICK and ALICE, and after the first verse of their song JACK and the PRINCESS join them in the dance.)

No. 12.—FAIRY CHORUS.

KEY G.

{	<i>Six bars for</i>	m	:d	:l ₁	t ₁	:r	:s ₁	m	:d	:l ₁	}
	<i>Piano only.</i>	1. Bow Bells	are	ring - ing,	And	what do	they	each sil -	ver		
		2. Hear the	glad	mes - sage,	Of	each sil -	ver				

{	r	:—	:—	s ₁	:d	:m	r	:s	:t ₁	}
	say?	bell,		Sun - shine	is	break - ing	through	his		
	List	while	the	fair - ies	his					

{	r	:d	:l ₁	s ₁	:—	:—	m	:d	:l ₁	}
	clouds that	were	grey.	(Then)	on - ward,	Dick,	For - tune	may		
	fu - ture	fore -	tell.							

{	t ₁	:r	:s ₁	m	:d	:l ₁	r	:—	:—	}
	tar - ry,	But	smi - ling	at	last,		on - ward,	Your	part	

{	d	:r	:m	s	:f	:l ₁	m	:r	:m	d	:—	:—	
	Makes ev' - ry	trou - ble	a	thing of the	past.		Bow Bells	are	ring - ing,	and	that's what they	say—	

REFRAIN. $\frac{2}{4}$ time.

{	s	:m	d	:m	r	:t ₁	s ₁	:—	s	:m	d	:m	}
	"Turn a -	gain, Dick	Whit - ting -	ton,	Thrice Lord	Mayor of							

{	r	:t ₁	s ₁	:—	s	:m	d	:m	}
	Lon - don	town;	Turn	a -	gain,	Dick			

{	r	:t ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	l ₁	:d	t ₁	:r	d	:—	:	
	Whit - ting -	ton,	Lord	Mayor of	Lon - don	town."						

CURTAIN falls while the last bars of the music are being played.

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