

THE WEDDING MARCH

BY

W. S. GILBERT, 1873

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THE WEDDING MARCH

BY W. S. GILBERT

WRITING AS F. LATOUR TOMLINE

“AN ECCENTRICITY IN THREE ACTS”

Translated from *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*
[*The Italian Straw Hat*]
by Eugene Labiche

First produced at the Royal Court Theatre

Saturday, November 15, 1873

HASTE TO THE WEDDING

AN OPERETTA

WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY GEORGE GROSSMITH

(This piece is original only as far as regards its musical setting. The plot is a very free adaptation of “Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie.”)

First produced at the Criterion Theatre

Wednesday, July 27, 1892

In 1873, W. S. Gilbert's play *The Wedding March* debuted at the Court Theatre, written under his pseudonym F. Latour Tomline. It was a free adaptation of Eugène Marin Labiche's *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* ("The Italian Straw Hat").

In 1892, W. S. Gilbert (words) and George Grossmith (music) presented the operetta *Haste To The Wedding* at the Criterion Theatre. It was a musical version of the 1873 play. What follows herein, is the operetta libretto interlaced with the play. The version of the libretto used is from Gilbert's 1911 *Original Plays - Fourth Series*.

It is assumed that anyone interested in this book is familiar with the substance and background of the play and opera; the introduction will therefore be devoted to clarifying how they will be presented.

There are a number of references in *The Wedding March* and *Haste To The Wedding* to music playing "*Haste to the Wedding*." This refers to a popular Irish song. Perhaps this is the source of the title of the Gilbert and Grossmith operetta.

The play has the characters MR. POPPYTOP and ANNA MARIA POPPYTOP from Pettytwiddleum, and the milliner SOPHY CRACKTHORPE. Gilbert changed them for the operetta to MR. MAGUIRE and MARIA MAGUIRE from Pettytwiddllm, and the milliner to BELLA CRACKENTHORPE. For clarity, combined names are used when the dialogue is common to play and opera: POPPYMAGUIRE – ANNAMARIA — SOPHYBELLA. CAPTAIN BAPP is designated as CAPT B in the play and BAPP in the opera. The other names and places are the same in play and operetta.

In the opera, Foodle has been downgraded to a "loutish simpleton."

A careful reading is required at the beginning of Act I, Scene 2. The bold type describes the hat of the play, trimmed with poppies. But the hat of the opera is trimmed in a much more unique, and Gilbertian, way.

The dialogue common to play and operetta are shown in normal type.

Dialogue unique to the play are shown in bold.

CHARACTER name underlined and dialogue is in different font for the opera.

Mixed dialogue in a sentence have **play words bold** and opera words underlined.

Lyrics unique to the opera are shown in the different type, sans underlining.

It will be observed that Gilbert appropriated much material unchanged from his play into the opera. However, also can be seen the word-smithing for which he is noted. When the same words are re-arranged or have different punctuation in play and opera, only one version has been chosen for simplicity of reading.

The reader will recognize many snippets and phrases which have found their way into the Savoy Operas.

CHARACTERS

WOODPECKER TAPPING		(a Bridegroom)
POPPYTOP	(Play)	(Market Gardener from Pettytwiddleum)
MR. MAGUIRE	(Opera)	(Market Gardener from Pettytwiddllm)
UNCLE BOPADDY		(a Deaf Gentleman)
THE DUKE OF TURNIPTOPSHIRE		(an Emotional Noble)
MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER		(a Companion of the Bath)
CAPTAIN BAPP		(of the Guards)
COUSIN ALFRED FOODLE		
CRIPPS		(a Milliner's Book-keeper)
WILKINSON		(a Policeman)
JACKSON		(Woodpecker's Servant)
BARNS		(Retainer at Market Harborough)
MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH		(an Emotional Noblewoman)
ANNA MARIA POPPYTOP	(Play)	(a Bride)
MARIA MAGUIRE	(Opera)	(a Bride)
SOPHY CRACKTHORPE	(Play)	(a Milliner)
BELLA CRACKENTHORPE	(Opera)	(a Milliner)
MRS. LEONORA BUNTHUNDER		
PATTY		(a Lady's Maid)
LADY POPTON		

ACT I, Scene 1.	A Room in Woodpecker's House.	Page 6
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ACT III, Scene 2.	Street - Exterior of Woodpecker's House (<i>Night</i>).	Page 49

(The dresses of the Wedding Party should be quaint country and rather old-fashioned in character, but not too much exaggerated. Indeed the success of the piece depends principally on the absence of exaggeration in dress and "make-up." Major-General Bunthunder, Captain Bapp, the Policeman, Woodpecker, Poppytop, and the Duke of Turniptopshire, should rely for the fun of the parts on the most improbable things being done in the most serious manner by persons of every-day life. A certain amount of exaggeration is permissible in Uncle Bopaddy, Cripps, and Cousin Foodle. The Marchioness should be particularly lady-like and Major-General Bunthunder and Captain Bapp are in full uniform.)

(Act I, Scene 1.—Room at in Mr. Woodpecker Tapping's house. Doors at center, right, left; three chairs discovered; hall clock seen through center door. JACKSON discovered arranging dusting chairs. Enter PATTY, on tip-toe.)

PATTY. Is it all right, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON. All is right, Patty. *(kisses her)*

PATTY. Now, none of that, if you please. Mr. Woodpecker Tapping, your master, is to be married to-day, and you told me I might come and see the wedding presents.

Where are they?

JACK. In the next room. We've plenty of time. You shall see them presently.

PATTY. *(looking at clock)* Just one! *(surprised as JACKSON kisses her)* What did you do that for?

JACK. You said "just one," and I gave you "just one."

PATTY. I meant the time.

JACK. Nonsense; it isn't [yet] ten—that clock's stopped [at one o'clock]—it's a wedding present, and hasn't any works.

PATTY. But how comes it that the wedding takes place from the bridegroom's house, and why are all the wedding presents sent there?

JACK. Because the bride, Miss Anna Maria Poppytop Maria Maguire, lives at Pettytwiddleum Pettytwiddllm, in a remote corner of Wales, and as Mr. Tapping can't get leave to go down to a remote corner of Wales, a remote corner of Wales has to come to him. The wedding party will arrive directly, but before they come, "just one." *(kisses her)*

DUET—JACKSON and PATTY.

JACK.

To-day at eleven,
 Young Woodpecker Tapping
 Will enter the heaven
 Of matrimonee—
 To 'Ria Maguire
 That beauty entrapping
 Woodpecker Esquire
 United will be.

(Dancing)

And the bells they will jingle,
 The wine it will bubble,
 As Woodpecker, single,
 Turned Woodpecker double,
 Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
 Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

PATTY.

Young Woodpecker Tapping,
 Professed lady-killer,
 Is rarely caught napping
 By widow or maid,
 But her fascinations—
 Her gold and her siller—
 All considerations
 Have thrown in the shade.

(Dancing)

So the bells they will jingle,
 The wine it will bubble,
 As Woodpecker, single,
 Turned Woodpecker double,
 Reforming his ways, which are rather too free,
 Walks into the heaven of matrimonee!

(Enter UNCLE BOPADDY, with a band-box in his hand; he is very deaf. He catches them dancing. They stop abruptly when they see him.)

BOPAD. Don't mind me. It's only Uncle Bopaddy. Nobody minds Uncle Bopaddy. Anybody come yet?

JACK. *(with much apparent great show of deference)* Not yet, you old humbug. Not yet, you ridiculous old ragbag. Not yet, you concentrated essence of disreputable senility.

PATTY. *(aside to JACKSON)* Hush! hush! you'll make the old gentleman angry.

JACK. Oh, no. He's as deaf as a post—he can't hear. (*shouting to him*) You can't hear, can you? (*to PATTY*) I always talk to him like that, it amuses me very much. (*to BOPADDY who is much struck with PATTY*) Don't you think that at your age you might be better employed than in kicking up your dissipated old heels at a wedding? Don't it occur to you that to see an old gentleman with one leg in the grave—kicking up the other one behind and before—is rather a melancholy spectacle? Candidly, now don't you? find something better to do than to go about chucking young girls under the chin, you disreputable old vagabond?

BOPAD. Yes, yes—I told him all that—so he said he'd come himself. So like Poppytop, ain't it? You are perfectly right. I told him so myself; but, bless you, you might as well talk to a post! (*crossing to PATTY*) Here, my dear, take this. (*giving her band-box*) It's a little present for the bride—now be very careful of it, there's a good girl. now don't crush it, there's a nice little gal.

PATTY. All right, old sixpennorth of halfpence.
(*Exit PATTY, with band-box.*)

BOPAD. (*much amused*) Yes—you're quite right. I often do so myself. Ha! ha! What a nice little gal. Very nice little gal. Don't know that I ever saw a nicer little gal.

JACK. Go along, you wicked old sinner pantaloon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age. There, (*gives him a chair*) sit down, and hold your wicked old tongue.

(*Exit JACKSON*)

BOPAD. (*sits*) Thankye Thankee, kindly. Very Remarkably civil, well spoken young man, to be sure! Don't know that I ever met a nicer-spoken young man.

(*Enter WOODPECKER TAPPING*)

WOOD. Well, here's a pretty piece of business!

BOPAD. My nephew! my dear nephew! (*shakes his hands shaking his hand*) Where's the wedding party? have they arrived?

WOOD. They're coming in eight cabs. **I counted them.** But listen to my adventure. I was riding **through in** Hyde Park just now, and I accidentally dropped my whip—

BOPAD. (*shaking his hand*) My boy—those sentiments do honour to your head, and your heart.

WOOD. What sentiments? Oh, I forgot—he's deaf. No matter. **As the whip is mounted in silver, I dismounted in haste; left my horse, in order to pick it up, and then discovered that in the meantime the spirited** Well, I dismounted and picked it up, and then discovered that the noble animal had bolted, and was at that moment half-a-mile away.

BOPAD. But I go farther than that—I go so far as to say that a good husband makes a good wife!

WOOD. Here's an old **fool donkey**.

BOPAD. Thank you, my boy—I am, I **am** always **was**.

WOOD. Well, **I made enquiries, and** after a long run, I came up with my spirited grey, and found him in the act of devouring a Leghorn hat, **trimmed with poppies, which was hanging from the bough of a tree, and which belonged belonging** to a young man and lovely lady, who was indulging in an affectionate *tête-à-tête* with a military gentleman **on a seat underneath who may or may not have been her betrothed**.

BOPAD. **Oh, that's wrong, that's quite wrong, my boy—quite wrong; I was born two days after the battle of Trafalgar.**

WOOD. **I jumped on my horse, began to apologise** to the lady, **when the military gentleman interposed. He abused me; I abused him; he struck at me, I ducked my head, and avoided the blow. I jumped on to my horse, threw him her** a sovereign, or it may **might** have been a shilling—I'm sure I don't know, and this is all the change I **get got** out of it. (*showing the remains of a straw hat*)

BOPAD. Dear me! that's a very nice straw—a very nice straw **indeed. I don't know that I ever saw a nicer straw! Ha!** Now, that's very curious.

WOOD. Eh?

BOPAD. **No matter. Nothing.** It's very curious. It's a coincidence. **Yes, it's a beautiful straw—I'm in the trade, you know—just like the one I ordered for Anna Maria. It's just like the one I've given Maria for a wedding present.** Ha! At what time is the wedding?

WOOD. Eleven. (*shows him on fingers*)

BOPAD. Eh?

WOOD. (*shouting*) Eleven!

BOPAD. You must speak **a great deal** louder, I can't hear.

WOOD. (*whispering*) Eleven.

BOPAD. Oh, eleven! Why didn't you say so at first? (*looking at watch*) Half-past ten, just time for a glass of sherry. I saw it on the sideboard as I came up; you'll find me at the sideboard as you go down. (*Exit BOPADDY*)

WOOD. So, in one hour I shall be a married man! married to the daughter of a human porcupine—one of the most ill-tempered, **unreasonable, crotchety**, exacting old market-gardeners in Great Britain. **Anna Maria** is a charming girl; she has only one drawback—a cousin, Alfred Foodle, who was brought up with her. He kisses her.

WOOD. I don't know why cousins kiss each other, but in some families it's permitted. It's permitted in hers. The best of the joke is, I'm not allowed to kiss her; the market-gardener thinks it's dangerous. "Wait," says he, "your time will come;" and in the meantime, I, who am engaged to be married to her, am compelled to sit quietly by, and see Cousin Foodle take liberties which are at present denied to me. It's permitted in some families. It's permitted in hers. I don't quite see why—he's as big as I am. The best of it is, I'm not allowed to. I know Of course it's all right, because they were brought up together. But it puts a bridegroom in an entirely false position. At the same time, I wish he wouldn't.

SONG—WOODPECKER.

Maria is simple and chaste—
 She's pretty and tender and modest—
 But on one or two matters of taste
 Her views are distinctly the oddest.
 Her virtue is something sublime—
 No kissing—on that there's a stopper—
 When I try, she says, "All in good time—
 At present it's highly improper."
 Such virtue heroic I call,
 To complain were the act of a noodle—
 She's allowed to kiss no one at all
 But her cousin—her cousin: young Foodle;
 Now a maiden could never offend
 By embracing her father or brother;
 But I never could quite comprehend
 Why cousins should kiss one another.
 Of course it's an innocent whim—
 Beneath it no mischief lies hidden.
 But why is that given to him
 Which to me is so strictly forbidden?
 It's as innocent as it can be;
 He's a kind of performing French poodle.
 But why withhold kisses from me
 Which are freely accorded to Foodle?

WOOD. Who's this?

(Enter CAPTAIN BAPP and LEONORA)

CAPT B. This is the scoundrel's house, and here (seeing Woodpecker) this is the scoundrel! (*fuming*)

LEON. Dear Captain Bapp, be careful!

WOOD. Confusion! It's the lady with of the Leghorn hat, and her military admirer.

LEON. **Now, then, dear Captain Bapp, collect yourself; be calm—be very calm.**

CAPT B. Leonora, leave this to me. **I will not be dictated to. Sir! Here I am—you see me—don't you?**

WOOD. **Distinctly.**

CAPT B. Well, sir, suppose you offer this lady a seat, **sir!** (WOODPECKER *gives LEONORA a chair, and is about to sit himself take another*) Don't sit down yourself, sir! How dare you attempt to sit down in this lady's presence? Now sir, to business. You have grossly insulted this lady in Hyde Park.

WOOD. How?

CAPT B. **You, first of all, eat her hat. In the first place, you devoured this lady's hat.**

WOOD. Pardon me. My horse ate devoured her hat.

CAPT B. A quibble, sir. You are responsible for his actions; **sir, you, first of all, eat you devoured** this lady's hat, and then you have the **impertinence audacity** to throw her this **insignificant contemptible coin as compensation!** (*crossing to showing WOODPECKER with a shilling in his hand*)

WOOD. (*aside*) It was a shilling! I thought it was. (*aloud*) **Captain Sir,** it was a mistake; allow me to rectify it. **There!** (*gives him a sovereign*)

CAPT B. Fire and fury! What's this?

WOOD. That is A sovereign, or pound, for the hat.

CAPT B. Insult upon insult! **Sir!** We have not come here for **pecuniary** compensation; **I return your sovereign.** (*throws it down*)

WOOD. Then, what the deuce have you come for?

CAPT B. In the first place, an apology.

LEON. No, no, I forgive him. Come away—**it isn't it's not** necessary.

CAPT B. Leonora, *will* you leave this to me? Well, sir! The apology. **Apologise to this lady for having eaten her hat.**

WOOD. Well, sir, I apologise. BAPP. Unreservedly? WOOD. Unreservedly.

WOOD. **But, I tell you, my horse ate her hat. My horse is a well-bred animal, and will, perhaps, apologise if you represent the facts to him with temper and gentlemanly moderation.** Now, what is the moral of all this, Leonora?

LEON. Sir!

CAPT B. **Fire and fury! By the God of War!**

WOOD. I call you Leonora, because I don't know your other name. The moral of this is—if you will walk out in Hyde Park, with surreptitious captains in the army—

LEON. Sir, you are in error. This gentleman is my cousin. We were brought up together.

WOOD. Oh, I see, he's your Foodle.

CAPT B. This Lady's *what*, sir?

WOOD. Her Foodle. I say you're her Foodle. You don't know what I mean; but you may depend upon it you are. (*aside*) I wish these people would you'd go.

CAPT B. **You are an idiot. Will you apologise?**

WOOD. **Certainly, if it will get rid of you. I apologise—now go.**

CAPT B. Oh, But I haven't done yet. This hat which you have eaten sir, is a present from this the lady's husband.

WOOD. What, there's a husband, is there? Oh, that's wrong. Leonora, I should have expected this from Bapp, but I'm surprised at you.

LEON. **Yes; the most jealous man in the world, and if I go home without it, he, who looks at everything in the blackest light—will look at this—**

WOOD. **In the yellowest—I see. But what's to be done?**

LEON. My husband knows every straw of this hat is the most jealous man in the world, and if I go home without it he will he'll kill me. There's only one thing to be done—you must get another exactly like it.

WOOD. **To get another exactly like it; of course.** With pleasure—to-morrow.

CAPT B. To-morrow! And what's to become of the lady in the meantime?

LEON. Oh, I'll remain here. (*sits*)

WOOD. Here—in my house? On my wedding-day? Impossible! **Why, I'm going to be married to-day! The wedding party is below at this moment.**

CAPT B. **The devil take your wedding party.**

WOOD. **Captain!**

CAPT B. **Will you procure this hat for this lady immediately, or will you not?**

LEON. A straw hat—of the very finest description, and trimmed with poppies.

WOOD. **But I tell you I'm going to be married. (POPPYTOP heard without)**

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*without*) Woodpecker! [*Poppytop in play. Maguire in opera.*]

WOOD. The wedding party have arrived, and do not suppose that that is a bull of Bashan. [*referring to Maguire's loud voice*] That's No, it is my father-in-law elect. (*shouts*) Coming. (to LEONORA) Stop; I see a way of doing it. I'll invent an excuse to call at a milliner's on the way to the church Registrar's, and tell her to send it one here.

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*without*) Woodpecker!

WOOD. Coming. (*to BAPP*) Will that do?

CAPT B. (*to LEONORA*) Will that do?

LEON. (*to BAPP*) That will do.

CAPT B. (*to WOODPECKER*) That will do.

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*without, very angrily furiously*) Woodpecker!

WOOD. He's coming up. He mustn't find you here. Go in there; quick. (*Music plays "Haste to the Wedding;" CAPTAIN BAPP exits right and LEONORA exits left*) Just in time.

(*Enter POPPYTOP, center, very red and furious, and the wedding party: ANNA MARIA escorted by FOODLE, BOPADDY with a myrtle in flower-pot under his arm.*)

(*Enter the wedding party, composed of semi-grotesque old-fashioned and countrified couples. They dance round the stage. MARIA, in bridal dress, dances on with FOODLE, a loutish simpleton; BOPADDY follows, and finally MAGUIRE in a towering rage.*)

CHORUS—EPITHALAMIUM. [*praise to bride and groom*]

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied—
Bridegroom's heart is swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*furiously*) It's off! It's all off!

WOOD. What's off?

POPPYMAGUIRE. The wedding. I won't have it.

SONG—MAGUIRE.

You've kept us all waiting outside!
Such insults I never foresaw:
You've insulted your beautiful bride—
You've insulted your father-in-law!
You've insulted our excellent guests—
You've pooh-poohed the connubial knot—
You've insulted the flymen
Who'd drive you to Hymen—
By George, you've insulted the lot!
Yes, yes, yes,
By George, you've insulted the lot!

ALL.

MAGUIRE. It's off! Her affection's misplaced!
 It's off! such a man I disown!
 It's off! Take your arm from her waist!
 It's off! let the lady alone!
 And your beautiful bride, who belongs
 To a father who never ignores
 Insults by the dozen,
 She'll marry her cousin—
 Here, Foodle, be happy—she's yours!

ALL. Yes, yes, yes,
 Here, Foodle, be happy—she's yours!

(MARIA goes weeping to FOODLE, who embraces her.)

CHORUS. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
 Happy hearts together tied—
 Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
 As he takes his blushing bride!

POPPY. You've insulted your father-in-law—you've insulted your bride—you have kept them waiting on your wedding-day. It's off. Come home, Anna Maria, you shall marry Cousin Foodle.

FOODLE. Anna Maria! (*kisses her*)

WOOD. But if St! st! st! Suppose I apologise?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Then it's on again.

WOOD. Then I apologise.

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*joyfully*) It's on again! (*to FOODLE, who is embracing ANNA MARIA*) Foodle, my boy, it's on again.

FOODLE. (*releasing her*) Anna Oh, Maria! (*weeping, goes upstage*)

(MARIA reverts to WOODPECKER)

CHORUS. Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
 Happy hearts together tied—
 Bridegroom's breast is swelling proudly
 As he takes his blushing bride!

ANNAMARIA. Oh! (*screams*) [*Anna Maria in play. Maria in opera.*]

ALL. What's the matter?

ANNAMARIA. Oh, something's pricking me. (*tries to get at a pin in her back*)

WOOD. A pin? Allow me. (*coming to her proceeds to remove it*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*stopping him*) How dare you, sir.

ANNAMARIA. How dare you.

ALL. For shame.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Foodle, remove the pin. (FOODLE *comes over, removes the pin from Maria's back, kisses it, and goes up stage again pricks his lips accidentally.*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*to addressing* WOODPECKER, *who is furious*) They were brought up together. Now then, are we all ready? Then away we go. (*music commences—"Haste to the Wedding"—all start off dancing the guests are dancing off*)

WOOD. (*after a bar*) Stop a bit. (*music and guests stops short; aside*) I must make find some excuse for calling at the to stop at a milliner's—what shall I say? I can't tell them I've got to stop and buy a hat for one lady, on my way to be married to another.

MAGUIRE. (who, like the others, has been standing on one leg in the exact attitude in which he was stopped) Nearly finished your soliloquy, Woodpecker?

WOOD. (*aside*) Ha! I know. (*aloud*) Hullo. It's very awkward—I've lost the licence!

MAGUIRE. What?

ALL. Lost the licence!

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*furious*) It's off! Another instance of insulting neglect! It's off! Foodle shall have her! (hands her to FOODLE)

FOODLE. Anna Maria! (*embrace*)

CHORUS. Ring, ye joybells—

WOOD. Stop! Don't be absurd—it's very easily rectified. We must call at Doctors' Commons on the way to the church, and get a new one another. You can remain below in the cabs while I go apply for it. (*aside*) They're all country people, and don't know the difference between Doctors' Commons and a milliner's shop. (*aloud*) Will that do?

POPPYMAGUIRE. It's on again—it's on again! (*to* FOODLE, *who is embracing ANNA MARIA*) Foodle, my boy, it's on again! (*to* BOPADDY) Come, give me my myrtle, and we'll be off.

CHORUS. Ring, ye joybells—

MAGUIRE. Will you stop that?

WOOD. A myrtle—what's that for?

POPPY. It's an emblem—I brought it from North Wales. It's a secret at present; but you'll see.

WOOD. But let the servant take it.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Entrust this myrtle to a servant—never! Wild horses shouldn't drag it from me! Foodle, take the bride—pair off, and away we go!

(*Music plays "Haste to the Wedding"; all dance off, except WOODPECKER, BOPADDY last, with the myrtle*)

WOOD. If ever I marry again, it shall be into a family without a Foodle!

(*Exit WOODPECKER*)

END OF ACT I - SCENE 1

(Act I, Scene 2.—*A Milliner's Ante Show room. Opening, center, backed by interior. Doors right and left; four chairs; table at back, with bonnet boxes and two dolls' heads; Some bonnets and two common milliners' dolls' heads on table; high desk with books on it ledger. The sides of the desk are boarded in from right. Enter SOPHY CRACKTHORPE BELLA CRACKENTHORPE, a Milliner.*)

[*Sophy Crackthorpe in play, Bella Crackenthorpe in opera.*]

SOPHYBELLA. (*calling off stage*) Now **pray** make haste, young ladies; attend to your work, and don't chatter. Upon my life, I've been very fortunate. **I've only been in I only purchased this** business four months **ago**, and I've quite a large connection already. **Ah! it's not everywhere that civility and punctuality, combined with the latest Paris fashions, are to be obtained at a moderate advance on Store prices.**

BALLAD—BELLA.

By dreams of ample profits lured,
 And overflowing till,
 By easy payments I secured
 Stock, fixtures, and goodwill.
 But fixtures are but means to end,
 Goodwill's a term misplaced,
 Unless with them you deftly blend
 Politeness and Good Taste.
 Without you, money paid is waste,
 So hail, Politeness and Good Taste!

Without your calm unpurchased aid,
 Work hardly as one may,
 The finest business in the trade
 Falls off and fades away.
 The stock depreciates in tone,
 The goodwill dwindles fast,
 The humble fixtures, they alone
 Are faithful to the last!
 Ye fixtures, though but means to ends,
 You do your best, my humble friends!

SOPHY. **Who's this?** (*Enter WOODPECKER, in **great** breathless haste.*)

WOOD.

I want a hat of finest straw,
 At once—a handsome one.
 Trimmed with an armadillo's claw,
 Three truffles and a bun,
 Two thingummies of peacock blue,
 A what's-its-name on each,
 A snuff-box and a cockatoo,
 Two mackerel and a peach.
 If you have such a thing in stock,
 I'll buy it—half-past ten o'clock! (looking at watch)

RECIT.

BELLA.

Ah, heavens! 'Tis Woodpecker! Oh judge and juries! (recognizing him)

WOOD.

'Tis Bella Crackenthorpe, by all the furies! (aghast)

(aloud)

You've nothing like it in your shop?
 No consequence; good morning!

BELLA.

Stop! (holding his coat-tails)

Ah, false one! (WOODPECKER much depressed)

BALLAD—BELLA.

You offer to take me, one fine day
 To the Naval Exhibition;
 You borrow the money from me to pay
 The price of our admission.
 The rain pours down on my brand-new dress,
 And boots of thin prunella. [woolen fabric]
 Do you stand me a hansom? Oh dear, no!
 You stand me under a portico,
 Like a shabby young fellow, and off you go
 To borrow a friend's umbrella!
 The rain goes on, and the days they grow—
 To months accumulating;
 And patiently under that portico
 They find me waiting—waiting.
 To her allegiance staunch and true
 Stands your deserted Bella.
 At length six weary months have passed;
 The weather, no longer overcast,
 Clears up—and you return at last
 Without that friend's umbrella!

WOOD. Madam, a straw hat—a Leghorn hat, trimmed with poppies. I'm in a great hurry.

SOPHY. A Leghorn hat. (WOODPECKER turns, she sees his face) Heavens, it's he!

WOOD. (*aside*) Sophy Crackthorpe, by all t hat's unlucky! An old flame, and my wedding party at the door in eight cabs! (*aloud*) You don't keep them? Very good. Good morning. (*going*)

SOPHY. (*stopping him*) Come back, sir. Where have you been these six months, if you please?

WOOD. I've been at—at—(*aside*) Infernal nuisance this meeting.

SOPHY. So this is how you treat a girl who loves you! (*crying*)

WOOD. Well, I did treat you rather cavalierly, I own.

SOPHY. *Rather* cavalierly. You offer to take me to Cremorne—we start—we are caught in a shower—and instead of offering me a cab, you offer me a portico [*building entrance*]!

WOOD. (*aside*) It was caddish, I own.

SOPHY. You then tell me to wait, while you fetch an umbrella. I wait accordingly, and at the end of six months you return—without the umbrella.

WOOD. I forgot the umbrella. I'll go and fetch it. (*going*)

SOPHYBELLA. (*stops him*) Not if I know it.

WOOD. (*aside*) Confound it! And the wedding party at the door in eight cabs. (*aloud*) Sophy, my darling Sophy, you know how fondly I love you.

SOPHYBELLA. To think that this contemptible creature actually promised to marry me.

WOOD. (*aside*) How infernally unlucky. (*aloud*) But I will marry you, upon my soul. I will marry you and no other.

SOPHY. Oh, I should like to catch you marrying another—I'd tear her eyes out.

WOOD. As if I'd dream of anybody else.

WOOD. Marry you? Why, of course I did! Marry you? Certainly I will!

BELLA. You will?

WOOD. Why, of course! What do you take me for?

BELLA. And you didn't desert me in order to run after somebody else?

WOOD. Ha, ha! As if I'd dream of anybody else!

BELLA. Oh, what a relief! Oh, Woodpecker! (in his arms).

WOOD. Now then, I want a Leghorn hat trimmed with poppies. (*gives torn hat*)

WOOD. Now, then; I want a Leghorn hat trimmed with a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel, one peach, three truffles, and a bun.

SOPHYBELLA. (*jealous*) Oh, for some other woman young lady, I suppose!

WOOD. Another woman—what an absurd idea.

WOOD. For some young lady! That's very likely; come, you know me better than that.

WOOD. No, it's for a captain in the Guards, who wants it as a birthday present for— for his colonel.

SOPHYBELLA. Well, by an odd coincidence I believe I happen to have the very thing; and you shall have it, on one condition.

WOOD. Name it.

SOPHYBELLA. That we dine together at Greenwich Simpson's this afternoon.

WOOD. (*aside*) Very likely.

SOPHYBELLA. And that you take me to the Royal Grecian Adelphi Theatre this evening.

WOOD. Capital! a capital excellent idea! I've nothing whatever to do to-night, and I was just saying to myself, as I came in, "what in the world shall I do with myself this evening"—the Royal Grecian and the Adelphi Theatre is the very thing. Where are the hats? Now, then, where's the hat?

SOPHYBELLA. Here, in the showroom. In the next room. Come along; and don't let me catch you making eyes at my the young ladies. (*Exit SOPHY BELLA*)

WOOD. (*in despair*) Here's all the wedding party coming up stairs.

(*Enter POPPYTOP MAGUIRE, ANNA MARIA, FOODLE, BOPADDY, and the wedding party, two and two, all dancing round the stage to music—Music, "Haste to the Wedding"*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. So here we are in Doctors' Commons! (to WOODPECKER) I think you told us this is was Doctors' Commons?

WOOD. Yes, yes—but why in the world have you left your cabs?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Never mind that. Have you got the licence? Where is the Registrar?

WOOD. In one moment—he'll be here directly. I'm going to fetch him—wait.

WOOD. No—the—the Registrar has not arrived yet; that is, he's busy. Go back to your cabs and I'll go and fetch him. Oh, dim! dim! dim!

(*Exit WOODPECKER hurriedly after BELLA*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. It's all right. So this It is Doctors' Commons. My friends, let us be very careful behave ourselves, we are in Doctors' Commons. Let those who have gloves put them on. Confound this myrtle, I wish I'd left it in the cab. I am much agitated, and you, my daughter child?

ANNAMARIA. Papa, the pin is still here there.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Walk about, my child, and it will work down. Here is the register. (at desk, takes up book goes to desk) Here is the entry-book. We shall all have to sign our names in it.

ANNAMARIA. Papa, what are they going to do to me?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Nothing, my dear child. The Registrar will say to you, "Do your parents consent to your this marriage?" and you you'll reply "I am."

POPPY. That's all—damn the myrtle! (*crosses to left of stage; enter at center, unseen by POPPYTOP, the Milliner's Book-keeper CRIPPS who is out of breath.*)

CRIPPS. Bless my heart, how I've been running—how hot I am to be sure—how it is raining—I'm wet through—I must change all my clothes—fortunately I keep a complete change under the desk (*goes to desk and stoops down to get clothes; as he rises again, POPPYTOP sees him*)

POPPY. Now then—here's the Registrar—bow—bow to the Registrar! (*the wedding party all bow low to CRIPPS, who don't see them; to FOODLE*) Put on your glove, will you! (*CRIPPS disappears under desk*)

FOODLE. I've lost it.

POPPY. Then put your hand in your pocket. (*FOODLE puts the gloved hand in*) Not that one—the other! Now, once more—all bow. (*they all bow—CRIPPS is under desk*) Hullo! he's gone! (*crossing and learning over desk*) Sir!

CRIPPS. (*looking up*) Sir!

MAGUIRE. (*looking off*) Oh, the Registrar is coming. (*to FOODLE, who has only got one glove on*) Put on your other glove, will you?

FOODLE. I can't—I've lost it!

MAGUIRE. Then put your hand in your pocket. (*FOODLE puts the gloved hand in his pocket*) Not that one, stupid! the other one! (*FOODLE does so*) Now, then, prepare to receive the Registrar!

(*Enter CRIPPS, out of breath and wet through*)

AIR—CRIPPS AND CHORUS.

CRIPPS.	Gracious, how I have been running, Backwards, forwards, in the rain— Impecunious clients dunning; All my trouble, too, in vain!
CHORUS.	Bow to the Registrar! He can the licence grant— He is the man we want— Bow to the Registrar! (<i>all bow to CRIPPS</i>)
CRIPPS.	Sitting in wet things is odious, Rheumatiz my nature loathes; So, behind this desk commodious, I'll at once change all my clothes!
CHORUS.	This is the Registrar! He can the licence grant— He is the man we want— Bow to the Registrar!

(In the meantime, CRIPPS has dived under the desk and is concealed from view.)

RECIT.

- MAGUIRE. Why, where's he gone? He's disappeared from view!
Hallo, you sir! Hallo! (craning over desk)
- CRIPPS. (showing his head only) Good day to you!
- MAGUIRE. This is my daughter, sir.
- CRIPPS. One moment, pray.
- MAGUIRE. These are her bridesmaids—this her bridal day!
- CRIPPS. (aside) No doubt a wedding party, come to make
Some purchases!
- MAGUIRE. Our names, perhaps, you'll take?
(CRIPPS, who has taken off his coat, puts it on again, and prepares to take their names.)
- MAGUIRE. My name is Anthony Hurricane Egg,
Bartholomew Capperboy Property Skegg—
I haven't done yet—Conolly Maguire—
- CRIPPS. But really—
- MAGUIRE. I haven't quite finished—Esquire!
- CHORUS. (rising from their seats, and dancing up to the Registrar and back again)
His name is Anthony Hurricane Egg, &c.
(All sit down suddenly)
- POPPY. This is my daughter—and this is her wedding party—bow. (*they all bow*)
- CRIPPS. They are very polite; but I wish they'd let me get my clothes.
- POPPY. Will you begin by taking our names?
- CRIPPS. With pleasure. (*aside*) A country wedding party come to make purchases, I suppose.
- POPPY. Now then—Anthony—Emilius—Bayboy—Poppytop.
- CRIPPS. (*very politely speaking*) Sir, The Christian names are immaterial.
- POPPY. Born at Pettywiddleum—
- MAGUIRE. Oh! (sings) Oh, I was born at Pettybun
On a Saturday—on a Saturday—
- CRIPPS. (*very politely speaking*) Your place of birth is also immaterial.
- POPPY. On the 18th June, 1801.
- MAGUIRE. Oh! (sings) In eighteen hundred twenty one
On the fourth on May—On the fourth on May—
- CRIPPS. (*angry*) My dear sir, I don't want your biography—you have told me quite enough.

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*to CRIPPS*) Very good. (*to BOPADDY in normal voice*) Now it's your turn. (*loudly*) Now it's your turn. (*in a whisper*) Now it's your turn.

BOPAD. Oh! My turn (*advancing with dignity*) Sir, (*to CRIPPS*) before I consent to become a witness in this matter—

ALL. (*bursting into chorus*) On a Saturday—on a Saturday!

CRIPPS. Eh?

BOPAD. I should like to give you express my views as to the qualifications of a witness.

ALL. (*as before*) On the fourth of May—on the fourth of May!

CRIPPS. What is he talking about?

BOPAD. **An efficient witness, sir, should combine three qualities—**

CRIPPS. **But—**

BOPAD. In the first place, he should be of full age. I am. In the second, he should be a Briton born by birth, or naturalised. I am. In the third—

ALL. Oh, he was born at Pettybun,
On the fourth of May—on the fourth of May,
In eighteen hundred twenty-one,
On a Saturday—on a Saturday!
(All sit suddenly)

FOODLE. (*who has gone up to door, looking off stage*) Oh, uncle, uncle! look here! (*during the dialogue that follows BOPADDY is much pleased with a doll's head on the Milliner's table—business has been much fascinated with the two milliners' dolls' heads, flirting first with one, then with the other, as if unable to make up his mind which of them he prefers*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*going up to door*) What! my son-in-law, elect, kissing a young woman! **Stop!** It's off, it's off! Foodle, my daughter is yours!

FOODLE. **Anna Maria!** (*putting his arms round her*)

(*Enter WOODPECKER*)

WOOD. Why in the world haven't you gone back to your cabs?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Sir, it's off! It's off!

WOOD. Very good.

POPPYMAGUIRE. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

WOOD. I am. What have I done?

POPPY. **Your conduct is infamous!**

WOOD. **Will you tell me what I've done?**

POPPYMAGUIRE. You dare to ask that, when I saw you through that door with a young woman in your arms!

WOOD. (*aside*) He saw me! (*aloud*) I admit it, sir.

ANNAMARIA. He owns to it! (*all cry crying*)

ALL. (*crying*) He owns to it!

FOODLE. My darling! (*embraces her embracing Maria*)

WOOD. Will you stop that hugging?

FOODLE. She's my cousin—we were brought up together.

POPPYMAGUIRE. It's quite allowable—she's his cousin!

WOOD. His cousin! Oh, then, **that lady whom I kissed just now the lady I was embracing** is my cousin!

ALL. Oh, indeed—that's quite another matter!

POPPY. Foodle, give her up—Tapping, take her again.

MAGUIRE. It's on again! Foodle, my boy, it's on again!

FOODLE. (*aside relinquishing MARIA*) Old teetotum!

POPPYMAGUIRE. Introduce me to your cousin, I'll invite her to the wedding.

WOOD. (*aside*) **Sophy Bella**, at Anna Maria's wedding! (*aloud*) It's of no use, she **won't can't** come—she's in mourning.

POPPYMAGUIRE. What, in a pink dress?

WOOD. Yes; it's for her husband.

ALL. (*convinced*) **Oh!**

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*convinced*) **Oh. Well, Now**, we're quite ready sir, when you are. (*to Cripps*) (*all sit in a row, opposite desk*)

WOOD. What **the deuce** are they doing?

CRIPPS. I really must **find an opportunity of making make** a complete change. I'll go into **this the next** room; there's no one there. (*going to door on right with his dry clothes under his arm*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Where are you going?

CRIPPS. I shall catch my death of cold if I don't—I really can't help it—you must excuse me. (*Exit CRIPPS*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. My friends, let us follow the Registrar.

(**Music.** *They all follow dance after CRIPPS in procession couples, BOPADDY last, with a doll's head one of the doll's heads, and kissing his hand to the other.* *All dancing as before—Music plays "Haste to the Wedding," to end of Act, forte when the party cross the stage, pianissimo when they are off. WOODPECKER is left alone.*)

WOOD. Where the deuce are they all going?

(Enter SOPHY BELLA)

SOPHYBELLA. Here is Here's your specimen. (*giving the remains of hat*) I'm very sorry, but I can't match it.

WOOD. What?

SOPHY. **It's a very fine straw. You won't find it anywhere. It must be made expressly for you.**

WOOD. **Here's a pleasant state of things.**

SOPHYBELLA. If you like to wait three weeks I can get you one from Florence.

WOOD. Three weeks?

SOPHYBELLA. I only know of one like it in London.

WOOD. I buy it, mind, I buy it.

SOPHYBELLA. **It's not for sale. Impossible!** I sold it a week ago to—

WOOD. To whom? **Her name?**

SOPHYBELLA. To The Marchioness of Market Harborough.

(Exit SOPHY BELLA)

WOOD. This is pleasant! A Marchioness, **that's awkward.** I can't call on a Marchioness, and ask her how much she wants for her hat!

(Enter CRIPPS, door right, with his dry clothes in his hand—he runs across stage, and exits, door left, followed under his arm, pursued by all the wedding party, dancing as before, BOPADDY last with the doll's head. They exeunt after CRIPPS. Music, forte while they are on, pianissimo when they are off.)

WOOD. Hi! **Mr. Poppytop. Mr. Maguire, where are you going?** (WOODPECKER *is about to follow*)

(Enter JACKSON)

JACK. Sir, I've just come from home.

WOOD. Well, is the Captain there still?

JACK. Yes, he's there, but he ain't still. **He's stamping like fury, and smashing all the chairs.**

WOOD. **Hang him!—and the lady?**

JACK. The lady has fainted, **the Captain sent for a doctor, who says she mustn't and can't leave the house on any account.**

WOOD. **What, in my house? I won't have it.** Wrap her up in a blanket, and send her home at once. (*Exit JACKSON*) **A lady at my house, and a doctor attending her, on my wedding day.** I must have this hat at any rate. (*refers to Blue Book*) The Marchioness of Market Harborough—**she lives in** Carlton Gardens. I'll get married first, and then I'll call **upon on** her. But what shall I do with the wedding party? I know. I'll shut 'em up in the Duke of York's Column. I'll say to the keeper "I **take engage** this column for twenty-four hours—let no one out."

(*Exit WOODPECKER*)

(*Enter CRIPPS, with his dry clothes—very breathless*)

CRIPPS. Why the deuce do **these the** people follow me everywhere! It's impossible **that I can for me to** change my clothes.

(*Enter all the wedding party, dancing; music forte, as before; CRIPPS runs round stage and off, followed by wedding party; BOPADDY last, with the doll's head. He is much exhausted with running.*)

END OF ACT I.

(Act II.—*Reception Room at the* MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH. *A handsomely furnished front and back Drawing Room in Carlton Gardens. The two rooms separated by handsome double curtains which are closed during the early part of the Act. A sumptuous luncheon is laid on the table in back-room, but concealed from audience by curtains. Three doors in flat, right and left and center, to discover handsome chamber backing; door and window at left; two doors at right, one with lock and key; two chairs at back. Small table with vase and bouquet of flowers; grand piano and music stool; handsome luncheon seen through doors at back. Enter* BARNS, an old family retainer.)

BARNS. (*announcing*) The Duke of Turniptopshire!

(*Exit* BARNS. *Enter the* DUKE OF TURNIPTOPSHIRE.)

DUKE. Admirable! Magnificent! What gorgeous decorations! What refined taste! What have we here? (*looks through door at back curtains*) A most luxurious cold collation! Seven and sixpence a head, if it cost a penny. I wonder if (*looking about around him*)—I wonder if—there's no one coming—if I might venture to take just one tartlet! I will—(*takes a tartlet from table, and eats it*)

(*Enter the* MARCHIONESS OF MARKET HARBOROUGH)

MARCH. Well, Duke.

DUKE. Marchioness—(*embarrassed, with his mouth full*)—~~—~~—delighted to see you.

MARCH. (*more in sorrow than in anger*) Ah, Duke, Duke—you've been picking the luncheon again. Now, that's too bad.

DUKE. I'm sorry, very, very sorry. Forgive me, it was thoughtless, criminal if you will, but I was ever a wayward child, accustomed to have his every whim gratified; and now, in middle age, I find it difficult to shake off the shackles that custom and education have riveted on me. (*in tears*)

MARCH. (*in tears*) You were my late husband's early friend.

DUKE. (*with an effort*) And now, my dear Marchioness, whom do you expect at your concert this morning? Tell me all—do not fear, you can trust me implicitly.

MARCH. I feel I can. Well, then, there's Lord and Lady Popton, the Duke and Duchess of Deal, Prince Colonel Coketown, the Dowager Duchess of Worthing, Lord and Lady Pentwhistle, and the Archbishop of Bayswater.

DUKE. (*aside*) All dem [*damn*] snobs. (*aloud*) And who sings?

MARCH. The most delightful creature in the world—no other than the **eminent tenor distinguished falsetto**, Nisnardi, who arrived only a week ago from Bologna, and whose name is already in everybody's mouth. who has already turned all the crowned heads of Europe! He can go up to G!

DUKE. Gad bless me! What a gift!

MARCH. You've have no idea how delightfully eccentric he is.

DUKE. Well, you know, a man who can touch an upper G is not like us common fellers: he's a genius—a genius.

MARCH. Exactly. I asked him to sing two songs this afternoon, and sent him a cheque for three thousand guineas; here is his reply: (*reads*) "Madam, you ask me to sing two songs. I will sing three; you offer me three thousand guineas, it is not enough."

DUKE. Dem foreigner!

MARCH. "It is not enough; my terms are a flower from your bouquet!"

DUKE. A what?

MARCH. "A flower from your bouquet?" Is it not romantic?

DUKE. **It affects me to tears! It's a poem, a "ballade!"** Pardon this weakness. (*wipes wiping his eyes*)

MARCH. Dear, dear Duke. (*wipes wiping her eyes*) You know the Princess Polpetti—with the pretty feet?

DUKE. I know her pretty feet.

MARCH. What do you think were his terms for singing at her concert?

DUKE. **I haven't the remotest idea. I don't know.** He seems fond of flowers—perhaps a pot of mignonette?

MARCH. Nothing of the kind—one of her old slippers!

DUKE. (*in tears*) Don't—**dimme demme**, I can't stand it—I can't, indeed!

MARCH. What tenderness! What sympathy! You were my late husband's early friend. (*she presses his hand; a noise of and carriages heard*) **Gracious!** Here are my guests, and I've been crying. **I can't see them mustn't be seen** in this state. Duke, oblige me by receiving them—I'll be down in one minute.

(*Exit MARCHIONESS*)

DUKE. (*takes out a snuff box, opens it as if about to take a pinch snuff, produces powder-puff, and powders his face to remove traces of tears—all this action as if about to take snuff*) **Now I am prepared to face the hollow world once more!**

DUKE. Why am I cursed with this tremulous sensitiveness? Why are my heartstrings the sport and toy of every wave of sympathetic second-hand sentiment? Ah! ye small tradesmen and other Members of Parliament, who think rump steak and talk bottled beer, I would give ten years of my life to experience, for one brief day, the joy of being a commonplace man!

SONG—DUKE.

Oh butcher, oh baker, oh candlestick-maker,
 Oh vendors of bacca and snuff—
 And you, licensed vittler, and public-house skittler,
 And all who sell sticky sweet-stuff—
 Ye barbers, and Messrs. the Bond Street hair-dressers
 —Some shave you, and others do not—
 Ye greasy porkpie men—ye second-hand flymen—
 All people who envy my lot (taking up tambourine),
 Let each of you lift up his voice—
 With tabor and cymbal rejoice
 That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
 A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
 An over-devotional,
 Super-emotional,
 Hyper-chimerical,
 Extra-hysterical,
 Wildly-aesthetical,
 Madly phrenetical,
 Highly-strung sensitive Duke!
 You men of small dealings, of course you've your feelings—
 There's no doubt at all about that—
 When a dentist exacting your tooth is extracting,
 You howl like an aristocrat.
 But an orphan cock-sparrow, who thrills to the marrow
 A Duke who is doubly refined,
 Would never turn paler a petty retailer
 Or stagger a middle-class mind!
 So each of you lift up his voice
 With cymbal and tabor rejoice
 That you're not, by some horrible fluke,
 A highly-strung sensitive Duke!
 &c. (dances to tambourine accompaniment)

(Enter BARNES)

BARNES. Your Grace, a gentleman is below who desires to speak with her ladyship.

DUKE. (seizing him by the throat, with startling energy) His name—his name! Do not deceive me, varlet, or I'll throttle you! (*seizes him*)

BARNES. I have know your Grace, man and boy, these eighteen months, and I have never told you a lie yet. The gentleman declines to give his name, but he says that he wrote to her ladyship this morning.

DUKE. It is he—the tenor falseto, the eccentric supreme Nisnardi! Show him up, and treat him with the utmost courtesy. **He is a man who has refused three thousand guineas. He can touch an upper G!**

BARNES. (*with his hands elevated*) **Three thousand guineas!—three thousand guineas! An Upper G! Gad bless me, what a gift!**

(Exit BARNES, in amazement.)

(Enter WOODPECKER, very timidly.)

WOOD. I say, John Thomas, can I see the Marchioness of Market Harborough? (*at door, to the DUKE*)

WOOD. (mistaking the Duke for a servant) I say—Chawles, come here, my man. Half-a-crown for you. (*gives him money*) Now then, just give this note to her ladyship (*gives him a note*), there's a good fellow.

DUKE. (pocketing the coin) In one moment; **pray walk in**, the Marchioness will be here directly. In the meantime, **allow permit** me to introduce myself—the Duke of Turniptopshire!

WOOD. The what?

DUKE. The Duke—

WOOD. **A real duke? Go on, you're joking!**

DUKE. **Certainly. Not at all.** Observe. (*twirls round and postures*) Are you convinced?

WOOD. I am. (*aside*) And I took him for a flunkey. **I'm speaking to a real Duke I've given a live Duke half-a-crown, and I'm going to speak to a real ask a live Marchioness. What am I going to say to her? Why I'm going to ask her how much she wants for her hat! I shall never be able to do it! Oh, I can't do it! It would be an outrage; the very family pictures seem to say to me, "Get out, this ain't a bonnet shop!" and they are right.**

DUKE. (*aside*) He speaks English very well, but he's clearly an Italian—he's got he has such a rummy [*queer*] waistcoat. I'll draw him out a bit. (*aloud*) Princess—Pretty feet—old slippers—songs—Polpetti—ah, you dog!

WOOD. (*not understanding puzzled*) Pretty feet? **you flatter me, your grace.**

DUKE. Yes, pretty feet—**oh, very pretty feet. pretty little tootsicums!** I've heard all about you it, you see.

WOOD. Yes, pretty feet, quite so. (*aside*) Wonder what he means.

WOOD. (*aside*) The upper circles appear to have a method of expressing themselves which is entirely and absolutely their own.

Wood. (*aloud*) Could I see the Marchioness?

DUKE. Oh, yes, I'll send word to her. Ha, ha, (*with deep meaning to WOODPECKER*) old slippers—songs—three thousand guineas—flower from a bouquet. My dear sir, you're delicious, you're simply delicious. (*Exit DUKE*)

WOOD. **What does he mean by old slippers, and three thousand guineas? It's quite clear to me that I shall never be equal to the intellectual pressure of aristocratic conversation.** So I'm married at last, really and truly married. On leaving Sophy Crackthorpe's Bella's, we started for the church, and Anna Maria and I were made one, and now **there's nothing to be done but to if I can only** get the hat from the Marchioness **everything will end happily.** (*looks looking out of window*) **Yes, there is There's** the wedding party, in eight cabs, waiting patiently until I come down. I told them, ha! ha! that this was **St. James Hall the Piccadilly Hotel**, and that **if they would remain below**, I would go up and make arrangements for the wedding breakfast. **And they believe it!** I hear the Marchioness. I hope she got my note. **I worded it very prettily. I concluded with this touching appeal—“Remember that becoming, as the hat may be, self-sacrifice is, after all, woman's noblest coronet.”** Pretty idea. It's so true.

(*Enter MARCHIONESS, she approaches him melodramatically.*)

MARCH. Glorious man!

WOOD. Your ladyship? (*very nervous, puts on his hat, takes it off again, buttons up his coat, &c.*)

MARCH. Pardon me for having kept you waiting! Do you find it cold?

WOOD. Infernally cold!

MARCH. Stop—don't move! Let me gaze upon you until I have drunk you in. Oh! thank you. (*WOODPECKER, much astonished, exhibits symptoms of nervousness—buttoning his coat, putting on his hat and taking it off again*) Ah, you are cold—cold—cold! You are unaccustomed to the rigour of our detestable climate.

WOOD. As you say, it's a beast of a climate.

MARCH. **What a wealth of southern emphasis.** Ah, sir, I can offer you a an hospitable welcome, and an appreciative company; but I cannot, alas, I *cannot* offer you an Italian sky.

WOOD. Oh, never mind, it's of no consequence if you haven't got it handy.

WOOD. Pray don't name it—it's not of the least consequence. (*aside*) I never shall understand the aristocracy!

MARCH. Ah, Bella Italia! It's a lovely country!

WOOD. It is a dooced lovely country! Oh, I beg pardon!

MARCH. What a wealth of Southern emphasis! What Italian fervour of expression!

WOOD. Ma'am, my lady, I—how am I to begin? I—I did myself the honour of writing a note to your ladyship.

MARCH. A most delightful note, and one that I will shall always carry about me as long as I live! I will never part with it—never!

WOOD. No, my lady—thank you, my lady. I may remind your ladyship that self-sacrifice, is, after all, woman's noblest coronet! (*with deep significance*)

MARCH. (*puzzled*) Oh, no doubt.

WOOD. Thank you. (*aside*) She's very polite. (*aloud*) In that note I ventured to ask you to grant me a slight favour.

MARCH. Oh, of course—how extremely dull of me. **But, do you mean to say that, when you made that request, you really were in earnest?**

WOOD. Earnest, my lady! damned earnest! I beg your ladyship's pardon!

MARCH. What Italian fervour of expression! I will keep you in suspense no longer, Well, you shall have what you asked for want.

WOOD. **But, immediately? Really?**

MARCH. **Immediately, Really,** though you're a bold bad man. (*turns to bouquet*)

WOOD. (*with fervour*) Bless you! At last, at last I shall obtain possession of that **infernal hat the hat is mine!** I wonder how much she wants for it. Shall I beat her down? No, no; hang it all, you can't beat down a Marchioness. **Let's do the thing handsomely. I'll give her She shall have** her price.

MARCH. (*takes giving him a flower from bouquet at side table*) There is **what the flower** you asked for—bold, bad man! (*gives it to WOODPECKER*)

WOOD. What do you call this? MARCH. The flower—you remember!

WOOD. But, I want a hat. MARCH. A hat?

WOOD. A flower? There's some mistake—I want an article of attire.

MARCH. An article of attire?

WOOD. Yes. Didn't you get my note?

MARCH. Yes, here it is. (*gives him note; WOODPECKER reads*)

(*taking note from her bosom; Marchioness reads*)

“My terms are, a flower from your bouquet—Signed, Nisnardi.”

WOOD. Oh, I see—then, I'm Nisnardi. Nisnardi? What's that?

MARCH. Hush. Eccentric creature—of course you are. my guests are arriving.

WOOD. (*aside*) They take me for somebody called Nisnardi. (*aloud*) But—

(Enter BARNs)

BARNs. (*announcing*) Lord and Lady Popton, Prince Colonel Coketown, the Marquis of Barnsbury, Lady Pentwistle, the Archbishop of Bayswater, and the Duke and Duchess of Deal.

(Exit BARNs. Enter LORD and LADY POPTON, COLONEL COKETOWN, and other guests.)

WOOD. Here's a fix. I shall get kicked out if I don't take care. What the deuce shall I do?

MARCH. My dear Duke, my dear Lady Popton, allow me you to present to you the incomparable Nisnardi. (*all bow reverentially to him WOODPECKER*)

LADY P. And are you really Nisnardi?

WOOD. Madam, I really am Nisnardi.

WOOD. (*aside*) I must brazen it out. (*aloud*) I am. LADY P. Incomparable falsettist!

WOOD. (*aside*). Good heavens, I'm a singer—a falsettist! Why, I'm a bad baritone!

LADY P. And are you really going about to favour us with a specimen of your marvellous talents?

WOOD. With the greatest pleasure.

MARCH. Signor Nisnardi is most kindly going to sing three songs.

ALL. How delightful! Charming! What a treat!

WOOD. (*aside*) Oh, I am a singer, am I? I can't sing a note. I must get out of this somehow fix at once. (*aloud*) Marchioness, I have a most extraordinary, and I am afraid you will say unreasonable, request to make.

MARCH. Oh, anything, I'm sure. Oh, name it.

WOOD. But it's a secret.

MARCH. Oh, I am I'm sure our friends will excuse us. (*Guests bow and exit.*) Now we are alone.

WOOD. You will think me mad when you hear what I have to say. Marchioness, I am the slave of impulse.

MARCH. I know you are.

WOOD. Eh? Oh! Well, it's a most remarkable thing, but when a whim enters my head, I lose my voice until it is gratified. A whim has just entered my head, and listen. (*grunts*)

MARCH. Heavens, what is to be done?

MARCH. My goodness, he won't be able to sing. (*earnestly*) What do you require? What ever it is, it is yours.

WOOD. I—I—hardly know how to ask for it.

MARCH. I will save you the trouble. I know instinctively what you want.

WOOD. You do?

MARCH. I do—take it; it is yours! (*takes off her shoe and gives it him—she hops about on her foot*)

DUET—WOODPECKER and MARCHIONESS

WOOD.

The slave of impulse I,
 Born 'neath the azure sky
 Of beautiful Firenze.
 With fierce desires I brim,
 When I conceive a whim,
 That whim becomes a frenzy.
 A wish ungratified,
 Wounds my Italian pride,
 Like stab of sharp stiletto.
 My blood is turned to gall;
 I cannot sing—I squall,
 And, this is worst of all—
 Away goes my falsetto,
 My exquisite falsetto!

MARCH. (aside)

Oh, heavens! should it befall,
 My guests it will appal,
 If, when assembled all—
 Away goes his falsetto!
 His exquisite falsetto!

MARCH.

Lord of the Upper G,
 By peers of high degree
 Assiduously courted;
 Falsettist all divine,
 No heaven-sent whim of thine
 Ought ever to be thwarted.
 Society should strain
 Each nerve to spare thee pain,
 Whatever's on the tapis;
 The impulse I admire
 That's born of Southern fire:
 I know what you require—
 Here—take it, and be happy.

(takes off her shoe
 and gives it to him)

MARCH. (hopping)

The impulse I admire
 That's born of Southern fire:
 I know what you require—
 So take it, and be happy!

WOOD. (puzzled)

Although I much desire
 A part of your attire,
 That's not what I require—
 That will not make me happy!

WOOD. No, no—it is not that! But this is not what I want.

MARCH. Not that? You said it was an article of my attire. (hopping)

WOOD. No Yes, but—it's the other end!

MARCH. The other end? (still hopping)

WOOD. Yes. You wear [*pronounced 'were'*] a straw hat.

MARCH. I was—I mean, I do.

WOOD. (*sepulchrally*) It is for that straw hat—that I have conceived this indescribable longing.

MARCH. Oh, is that all!

WOOD. That is all. Is it not a mad idea?

MARCH. Oh, not at all. Mad? Not a bit, most reasonable. I understand perfectly—you want it as a “pendant” to the slipper.

WOOD. (*aside*) The aristocratic mind seems to go about in slippers!

MARCH. You shall have it at once. Oh, divine creature!

(*Exit MARCHIONESS, hopping off.*)

WOOD. In two minutes, the hat is mine! Ha, ha! I wonder how old Poppytop is by this time? swearing like a Trojan, I'll be bound. (*looks out of window*) There's his cab. I can almost hear him growl. (*Enter POPPYTOP, rather tipsy. his mouth full.*)

POPPY. Where the dickens can Woodpecker have got to? Why there he is! (*calls*) Woodpecker!

WOOD. Eh! Why, Poppytop! What are you doing here, sir? explain yourself at once.

POPPY. Doing? Why, I'm breakfasting—and breakfasting devilish well, too! My boy, you have done the thing uncommonly well.

WOOD. I'll be hanged if the old gentleman hasn't been devouring her ladyship's luncheon!

POPPY. Uncommon well they seem to be doing these things at St. James's Hall—a better breakfast I never sat down to.

WOOD. But hang it all, sir—do you know what you've been doing?

POPPY. Yes, and I mean to do it again.

WOOD. But where are the others?

POPPY. The others? oh, they're all right.

WOOD. But where are they? Not breakfasting too?

POPPY. Oh, yes; and breakfasting devilish well.

BOPAD. (*within center door, back to audience, facing WEDDING PARTY*) Ladies and gentlemen; as the oldest friend of Anna Maria Poppytop—

VOICE. Tapping.

BOPAD. I beg to propose the health of the bride! Twenty-two years ago—

VOICES. Oh, oh! VOICE. Come to the point, Bopaddy!

BOPAD. In one word—in one word—I propose the health of the bride—“for she's a jolly good fellow!” (*all the WEDDING PARTY sing the refrain—great cheering*)

WOOD. In two minutes the hat will be mine, and then I must be off before they have time to discover the imposture. I'll tell Maguire that they've no private room to spare at the Piccadilly Hotel. I wonder how the old boy is by this time? (goes to window) There are the cabs—eight of them! Ha! ha! I can almost hear him growl.

(Enter MAGUIRE through curtains, rather tipsy, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other. WOODPECKER is leaning out of the window.)

RECIT.

MAGUIRE. Now, Woodpecker! until you come, my dear sir,
We cannot budge a peg!

WOOD. Why, what the dickens are you doing here, sir?
Explain yourself, I beg!

SONG—MAGUIRE.

Why, we're all making merry
On port and on sherry,
It's liberal, very—

At price you don't sti-hickle!

When you spoke of our fooding,
Thinks I, he's allooding

To chops and to pooding,

Bread, cheese, and a pi-hickle—

All very good things though they certainly be.

But that's not the menoo at the Piccadillee.

Why, bless us, there's dishes

Of fowls and of fishes—

Of all that's delishes—

There's muckle and mi-hickle!

There's puddings and ices,

And jambong in slices—

And other devices

Our palates to ti-tickle!

Fine Frenchified fixings—delicious they be—

But they do the thing well at the Piccadillee.

CHORUS (within) There's puddings and ices,

And jambong in slices—

And other devices

Our palates to tickle!

Fine Frenchified fixings—delicious they be—

But they do the thing well at the Piccadillee.

WOOD. Here's a pleasant state of things! We shall be all kicked out—given into custody—a honeymoon in Holloway Jail.

ALL (*shout within*) Will you be quiet? WOOD (*to POPPYTOP*) Come away!

POPPY. Hullo! oh! WOOD. What's the matter? POPPY. My myrtle—I've lost my myrtle!

WOOD. It's in the cab, I dare say. Will you come?

POPPY. But I can't get on without my myrtle.

(*Enter BARNS, he opens center door and sees WEDDING PARTY at breakfast.*)

BARNS. Eh, what's all this?—help—help!

WOOD. If he gives the alarm, all is lost! (*flies at BARNS*) Hold your tongue!

BARNS. (*very slowly and emphatically*) I have known your grace, man and boy, these eighteen months—

WOOD. Go in there! (*pushes BARNS into room on right, and sticks him in—calls to him*) There—do as much as sneeze, and I'll pitch you out of window!

(*Enter MARCHIONESS, still hopping.*)

MARCH. Well, have they brought you the hat?

WOOD. (*trying to hide POPPYTOP MAGUIRE*) Not yet, my lady. If you would kindly ask them to hurry a little—

MARCH. (*sees POPPYTOP seeing MAGUIRE*) Who is this gentleman nobleman?

WOOD. That gentleman nobleman? Oh, this gentleman nobleman is Mr. Poppytop, a nobleman who always accompanies me everywhere.

MARCH. Your accompanist? Indeed, a good accompanist is most invaluable.

WOOD. (*aside*) She takes him for a musician.

MARCH. (*to POPPYTOP MAGUIRE*) And you, sir, are also Italian?

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*also hopping, sympathetically*) I—oh, I come from Pettywiddleum Pettywiddllm.

WOOD. (*hastily*) Pettywiddleum Pettywiddllm, a romantic village on the Abruzzi. His name is Poppioppi Magghia—he was formerly a brigand, but he's reclaimed. He's quite harmless.

MARCH. A reclaimed brigand! How very supremely interesting!

POPPY. I wish I could find my myrtle.

MARCH. Your what?

POPPY. I've lost my myrtle.

MARCH. Your myrtle—what myrtle?

WOOD. (*hastily*) It's a song called "My Myrtle." Very pretty this—goes like this—(*sings to "Groves of Blarney"*)

"Though spring of myrtle

May deck my kirtle

Do not—

Mock turtle.

POPPY. (*suggesting*)

WOOD. Hold your row, do.

MARCH. **Then**, If everything is ready, my guests shall come in—they're dying to hear you. (*to POPPYTOP MAGUIRE*) Will you oblige me with your arm?

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*gives his arm going out with to MARCHIONESS*) More guests! What a wedding this is, to be sure. **Woodpecker certainly is doing the thing uncommonly well.**

(*Exeunt, both hopping.*)

WOOD. I'm going mad, I feel it. My reason totters on its throne.

(*Enter PATTY, with band-box.*)

PATTY. **Here is Here's** the straw hat.

WOOD. The straw hat! Hurrah! **At last**. Saved, saved. (*kisses her*) **Here**. Take this **sixpence; here is my purse—and** be happy.

PATTY. **Why, what's the matter with the gentleman?**

WOOD. **At last—at last!** (*opens band-box and takes out a black straw hat*) A black straw—positively a black straw. Come here, miss, **this is not the one there's some mistake**. I want **the a Leghorn hat, trimmed with poppies a parrot's head, an armadillo's claw, two mackerel, one peach, three truffles, and a bun!**

PATTY. Oh, my lady gave that one to her niece, Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder.

WOOD. **Just my luck**. All the ground to **cover go over** again! **Mrs. Major-General Bunthunder: Where does she live?**

PATTY. **Number 12**, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

WOOD. **Very good! Right!** Vanish! (*Exit PATTY*) My course is clear. I must be off, and leave my father-in-law and the wedding party to square matters with the Marchioness. **Now then for 12, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.**

(*Exit WOODPECKER, rapidly, door left.*)

(*Re-enter MARCHIONESS and POPPYTOP, door right, and her guests.*)

(*Re-enter MARCHIONESS and MAGUIRE with the MARCHIONESS'S guests.*)

MARCH. Now, **my dear friends**, if you will kindly take your places, the concert will **commence begin**. Why, where is Signor Nisnardi?

POPPY. **I don't know the gentleman. Does anybody know Signor Nisnardi?**

ALL. **Here he is; here he is.**

(*Enter DUKE, door left, leading WOODPECKER by the ear.*)

DUKE. He was actually bolting.

POPPY. (*aside*) **That ain't Nisnardi. (goes upstage)**

DUKE. I napped him just as he was getting into **his cab eight cabs**.

WOOD. No, no, **I assure you are mistaken**. I had forgotten my tuning fork, **left it in a cab and I was going to fetch it.** (*aside*) Oh, dim, dim, dim.

ALL. (*applauding.*) Bravo, bravo.

MARCH. Signor Nisnardi, we are quite ready when you are.

WOOD. Certainly; delighted, I'm sure.

ALL. Hush, hush.

WOOD. (*aside*) This is most awkward. I'm a bad baritone. My voice is like an old tin kettle. Hem, hem. (*clearing his throat*)

ALL. Hush, hush.

WOOD. What the devil in the world shall I sing them?

POPPY. (*making a ridiculous noise with the piano*)

WOOD. (*sings a line or two of a comic song*)

VOICES. (*heard behind center door*) "Long live the bride—long live the bride."

(*GUESTS much astonished—a gallop is heard—the three doors in flat open suddenly—the WEDDING PARTY burst into the room crying, "A dance—a dance"—they take the MARCHIONESS'S GUESTS and gallop round the stage as Act drop falls quickly. POPPYTOP dancing with MARCHIONESS, BOPADDY with LADY POPTON, FOODLE with ANNA MARIA.*)

(*MAGUIRE sits at piano and strikes a few discords. WOODPECKER begins on a ridiculously high note.*)

BOPAD. (*behind curtains*) Ladies and Gentlemen!

ALL. Eh! (*movement of surprise.*)

BOPAD. As the oldest friend of Maria Tapping, I beg to propose the health of the bride!

(*Exclamations from MARCHIONESS and her guests*)

WEDDING GUESTS. (*behind curtains.*) Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

CHORUS OF WEDDING GUESTS.

Hurrah for the bride with a right good will—

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

For the bridegroom bold who pays the bill—

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

For his father-in-law give three times three,

And three for her cousin—young Foodle he—

And three for this capital companee—

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

(*BARNS rushes on and draws the curtains, discovering the wedding party at luncheon. BOPADDY on a chair with one foot on the table, with doll's head in one hand and glass of wine in the other. Music changes to "Haste to the Wedding." Party all rise and come down dancing two and two. They cross the stage, dancing off. BOPADDY last with doll's head, WOODPECKER having disappeared as soon as the curtains opened. MARCHIONESS faints in DUKE'S arms. General consternation among her guests.*)

END OF ACT II.

(Act III, Scene 1.—*Dressing Room in MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER'S house.*)

(*Large screen; with footbath and hot-water can; chair in center; boot-jack behind screen. MAJOR-GENERAL BUNTHUNDER discovered within screen, taking a footbath—a blanket conceals his leg, his shoes are near his chair, he is dressed in full regimentals.*)

(Large screen with double hinges to fold both ways. The MAJOR-GENERAL is discovered within the screen in full uniform, taking a footbath; a blanket conceals his legs. His boots are on the floor. A hot-water can stands near them. His trousers hang on the screen.)

SONG—BUNTHUNDER.

Though called upon I've never been
 To court a warrior's tomb,
 Or to defend my Sovereign Queen
 In battle's dread boom—boom!
 Resistless I, when I am stirred
 To doughty deeds of wrath,
 So on myself I have conferred
 The Order of the Bath!

(impressively.)
 (disappointed.)
 You trace my humour's devious path?
 You see my meaning through?
 The knightly Order *the Bath*—
 I don't believe you do!

Let me explain—you're in the dark—
 The "Bath" a high degree
 Conferred on warriors of mark,
 But not conferred on me.
 From "Bath" we easily derive
 This *footbath*—common delf—
 And *that's* the compliment that I've
 Conferred upon myself.

(explaining.)
 (mortified.)
 This bath—of crockery or delf
 A play on meanings twain.
 I'm sorry: I forgot myself—
 It sha'n't occur again.

BUN. It's a most extraordinary thing that my wife should not have returned—I can't understand it at all. My wife said to me this morning, at a quarter to nine o'clock, "Bunthunder, I'm going out to buy a pint of Barcelona nuts;" and it's now twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, and she has not yet returned. **She can't possibly expect that I shall believe that it takes eight hours and thirty-five minutes to buy a pint of Barcelona nuts—unless, indeed, she went to buy them in the land of their birth.** By dint of worrying myself about my wife her, I've got a splitting headache, and for a splitting headache there's nothing like putting one's feet in hot water. Where can she be? (*suddenly*) Oh, Leonora, Leonora, (*rising*) if I thought you were deceiving me, there is no vengeance that would be too dire! (*knock at street door*) There she is—there she is at last—she's coming upstairs. (*resuming his seat knock at room door*) Come in, come in—I'm taking a footbath, but come in. (*Enter WOODPECKER*)

DUET—WOODPECKER and BUNTHUNDER.

WOOD. Your pardon, sir. Am I addressing
The Major-General Bunthunder,
I greatly wonder?
In search of him I roam.

BUN. I am, as you are rightly guessing,
That most unhappy warrior—
No man sorrier—
But I am not at home.

WOOD. (*suspiciously*) You're not at home?

BUN. No, sir, I'm not at home.

WOOD. This information is distressing;
If you will shortly be returning,
My soul is burning
With keen anxiety to know?

BUN. I've gone abroad on business pressing;
When home from places foreigneering
I shall be steering
Is quite uncertain! Go!

WOOD. (*doubtfully*) Uncertain? Oh!

BUN. It's quite uncertain! Go!

SOLO—WOODPECKER.

From the Marchioness's,
Whom nobody guesses

To be of the rank of a peeress or peer—

In courtesy lacking

They sent us all packing,

And each with a very fine flea in his ear.

Those Johnnies and Jackies

The overfed lackies

They “went for” the bride and her guests with a rush—

The combat was heated

But we were defeated

By insolent armies of powder and plush.

And Mister Maguire,

Who's raging with ire,

Has taken an oath by the powers that he,

That restaurant-keeper

Shall not close a peeper

Until she has published an apologee!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Until she has published an apologee!

WOOD. (*out of breath*) Beg pardon, are you Major-General Bunthunder?

BUN. A stranger—who is this gentleman? I *am* Major-General Bunthunder, sir; but I'm not at home.

WOOD. Indeed. (*sits quietly*)

BUN. No, sir, I am *not* at home; but you, sir, appear to be very *much* at home.

WOOD. They kicked us all out of the Marchioness's house. Poppytop is furious, he's going to write to the *Times* complaining of his treatment at St. James's Hall! (*rises*)

BUN. Well sir. What's all that to me sir? Will you go, sir?

WOOD. Why? (*crossing room*) Oh! (*raising blanket*) I see you are you're taking a foot bath.

BUN. (*furious*) I won't listen to you. I'm not well. I've got a headache.

WOOD. Then try some more hot water? (*pours water from can*)

BUN. Ho! High! Hold hard! Will you be quiet? What do you want? Who are you?

WOOD. Woodpecker Tapping, Esquire, married this morning, the wedding party are is at your door in eight cabs at your house.

BUN. I don't know you, sir! What do you want? I don't want you!

WOOD. And I don't want you!

BUN. Whom do you want then?

WOOD. Your wife!

BUN. (rising) My wife! Do you know my wife?

WOOD. Not at all, but she possesses something that I am most anxious to purchase!

BUN. We don't sell it. Will you go?

WOOD. Not till I've seen Mrs. Bunthunder.

BUN. She's not at home. (sings)

WOOD. Nonsense. I know better. I dare say she's in here—at all events, I mean to look!

BUN. He's a thief! He's a burglar! monster, avault! (*takes up water can to throw at him;*

WOODPECKER *closes the screen round him* BUNTHUNDER concealing and conceals him from the audience, by this means BUNTHUNDER'S boots are left and leaving his boots outside;

WOODPECKER *then runs into room, on right, concealed from view*)

BUN. Wait one moment, only one moment, till until I've finished dressing.

(*Enter POPPYTOP MAGUIRE, limping with his myrtle.*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. My son-in-law is a most remarkable person; he invites us to his house, and when we get there, he shuts the door in our faces; fortunately the lock didn't catch, and here I am; now—now I shall be able to take off these confounded tight, tight boots which have been bothering me all day.

BUN. (*in screen*) One moment—only one moment! (taking his trousers, which are hanging over the top of the screen)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Hullo! Woodpecker—there, is he? Hallo, Woodpecker! He's in here. Ha! (*sees seeing BUNTHUNDER'S boots*) The very thing, that's uncommonly lucky. (*takes off his own boots, and puts on others by screen BUNTHUNDER'S*) The very thing! (*They are much too large for him, and have spurs*) Dear me, what a relief. (*puts his own boots by screen, where BUNTHUNDER'S were*)

BUN. (*reaching round screen for his boots, and takes POPPYTOP'S MAGUIRE'S*) Now for my boots—just wait one moment. Only one moment.

POPPYMAGUIRE. I say, my boy, your wife is wife's below.

BUN. Oh—my wife is wife's below, is she? Just one moment—I'm nearly ready.

POPPY. All right, I'll just step into the next room, and wait there.

MAGUIRE. All right! I'll go downstairs and tell them all to come up.

(*Exit POPPYTOP MAGUIRE, to room on left. Enter BOPADDY, on left, from same door.*)

BUN. (*in screen*) My feet seem much swollen. I can scarcely get my boots on—but no matter. Now, then! (*coming out of screen, seizes sees BOPADDY, whom he takes mistakes for WOODPECKER, and swings him round*) Now, you scoundrel, I've got you!

BOPAD. No—no—I won't dance any more, thank you. I'm quite done up—very much obliged to you—but I'm really quite done up.

BOPAD. Don't—I don't want to dance—I'm quite tired out!

BUN. It's not the same—it's another of the gang. *(takes water can and presents it at BOPADDY)* Robber! where's your Captain?

BOPAD. Not another drop, thank you—I've done capitally and not another drop.

BUN. *(hears noise in room to the left right)* He's in there. *(rushes into room on the left right)*

BOPAD. Another wedding guest, whom I don't know, and in regimentals, too—what a swell. Dear, dear—Woodpecker is certainly doing it uncommonly well! Yah-yah-*(yawns)* I'm very sleepy. I wish I could find a boot-jack. *(goes upstage)*

(Enter POPPYTOP with his myrtle, and MAGUIRE, FOODLE, ANNA MARIA, and the wedding party, all dancing on in couples. Music, "Haste to the Wedding." They dance round the stage, and range themselves at back.)

POPPY. Now my dears, come in—Woodpecker has just finished dressing, behind that screen—he's nearly ready—make haste, my boy—*(to screen, which is open and contains nobody)* Your bride is here, and I'm going to avail myself of the opportunity to make a little speech—a little affecting speech.

ANNA. Oh, papa, I'm so agitated.

POPPY. Naturally, my daughter. When I make one of my affecting speeches, all who hear them are agitated. Now then, Woodpecker, come along. Not ready yet? No matter; stop where you are. You can hear what I've got to say. Foodle, my myrtle. I've been carrying it about all day for this. Give it me—the supreme moment has arrived.

FOODLE. Here it is. *(in tears, gives it to POPPYTOP)*

POPPY. My children, my dear children.

BOPAD. *(coming downstage)* Have you seen a boot-jack?

POPPY. Next door but one—go and hang yourself.

BOPAD. Thank ye. Yes, I will. *(goes upstage)*

POPPY. Confound him. Where was I?

FOODLE. Next door but one. Go and hang yourself.

POPPY. Oh, thankee. Now, Woodpecker, my son-in-law, my dear son-in-law, listen to what I'm going to say. My daughter, my flower, the apple of my eye, is yours. I have given her to you. Love her, honour her, cherish her—you hear—cherish her. *(pause)* Do you hear—cherish her. No answer; yes, I think I hear him sobbing. *(to the others)* Woodpecker is sobbing. *(they all sob)* As for you, my daughter, observe this myrtle. I planted it on the day you were born. Let it be your emblem through life; let its evergreen boughs remind you that you have a father, that you had a mother, that you may have—no matter—that—that—let its evergreen boughs remind you—*(aside)* I can't remember any more.

BOPAD. *(coming down with boot-jack)* Hurrah, I've found it.

ANNA. What?

BOPAD. The boot-jack.

POPPY. There, now go into the next room. We're going to have tea.

MAGUIRE. That's right my dears—stop there, because Woodpecker hasn't quite finished dressing—he's behind the screen, and he won't be a minute, and you mustn't look, any of you. (the screen is now open) Woodpecker, my boy, your wife is here; and while you're completing your toilet, I'll give you both a bit of matrimonial advice, drawn from my own experience.

SONG—MAGUIRE.

If you value a peaceable life,
 This maxim will teach you to get it:
 In all things give into your wife,—
 I didn't—I lived to regret it.
 My wife liked to govern alone,
 And she never would share with another;
 Remarkably tall and well grown,
 She had plenty of muscle and bone,
 With an excellent will of her own—
 And my darling takes after her mother!
 Oh, if early in life
 I had happily known
 How to humour a wife
 With a will of her own,
 We should not have been snarling
 All day at each other—
 And, remember, my darling
 Takes after her mother!
 Never wake up her temper,—I did—
 And smash went a window, instanter;
 Invariably do as you're bid,—
 I didn't—bang went a decanter.
 Give in to each whim,—I declined—
 At my head went a vinegar-cruet.
 Whatever inducement you find,
 Never give her advice of a kind
 That is known as “a bit of your mind,”—
 I did—and the crockery knew it!
 Oh, if early in life
 I had happily known, &c.

Though her aspect was modest and meek,
 She could turn on the steam in a minute:
 Her eruptions went on for a week—
 Vesuvius, my boy, wasn't in it.
 Give your wife of indulgence her fill,
 Though your meals be unpleasantly scrappy—
 Never look at her milliner's bill;
 Gulp down that extravagant pill,
 And you may, and probably will,
 Be bankrupt—and thoroughly happy!
 Oh, if early in life
 I had happily known, &c.

(Music, "Haste to the Wedding," wedding party, except POPPYTOP, all dance off through right door. Enter WOODPECKER, through another door with several hats in one hand, and the specimen in the other.)

WOOD. Can't find her anywhere. Why, what are you doing here? I left you in the cab, and shut the door in your face.

POPPY. You did—your conduct was disgraceful, sir. We will not disturb the harmony of the evening by quarrelling now—to-morrow we will have it out.

(Exit POPPYTOP, to join the wedding party.)

WOOD. Most extraordinary thing—found plenty of hats of all colours, blue, yellow, green, grey, plaid, but not one Leghorn hat among them.

BUN. Here he is! Now I've got you. *(seizes him)* Thief!

WOOD. Thief! Nonsense! let go—you don't understand; this morning my horse devoured a Leghorn hat, belonging to a lady who was engaged in flirting with a Captain in the Guards.

BUN. Well, sir, what's that to me?

WOOD. But you don't understand; that lady is now at my house and won't leave it.

DUET—WOODPECKER and BUNTHUNDER.

WOOD. I've come across hats of all colours and sorts,
 But none like this specimen, demme! *(Enter BUNTHUNDER)*

BUN. *(seizing him)* Thief! Burglar! Away to the Criminal Courts,
 With your skeleton keys and your jemmy!

WOOD. Excuse me, you're really mistaken in that—
 I'll prove it, if patient you'll be, sir:
 This morning my horse ate a young lady's hat—

BUN. Well, what does that matter to me, sir?

WOOD. But she's now at my lodgings—and leave them she won't
 Until I've produced her another!

BUN. By all that is prudent and proper, why don't
 The young lady go home to her mother?

BUN. Already too long she has tarried—
Why don't the young widow withdraw?

WOOD. Young widow? good gracious, she's married,
And her husband can claim her by law!

BUN. Ha, ha! Ho, ho! (tickled)
Sly dog! (digging WOODPECKER in the ribs)

WOOD. Sly dog! (same business)

BOTH. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

BUN. Why don't the young widow go home?

WOOD. Widow! good gracious! she ain't a widow. (*whispers*) she's a married woman,
and her husband knows nothing about it.

BUN. Ha! ha! (*laughing*)

WOOD. The worst of it is that her husband is a miserable one—a grinning idiot of a
washed-out Othello—who would thrash her if he found her out.

BUN. I can quite understand it.

WOOD. Now, her husband's a jealous old fellow,
A savage old Tartar, no doubt,
A middle-class, white-washed Othello—
One leg in the grave, and one out!

BUN. (much amused) Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

WOOD. Sly dog!

BOTH. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

WOOD. Now, you'd think he'd abuse her or thrash her,
Just to give her a kind of a fright.
(spoken) My dear sir, he'd simply and silently smash her!

BUN. (emphatically) And, by George, he'd be perfectly right!
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

WOOD. Sly dog!

BOTH. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

WOOD. Now, assist me if you could be brought to,
We'd hoodwink Othello, I bet—

BUN. No, really I don't think I ought to,
I don't think I ought to—and yet—
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Sly dog!

WOOD. Sly dog!

BOTH. Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

WOOD. But we'll hoodwink the humbug, with your help—sly dog, you—won't we, eh?

BUN. Sir—I don't think I ought to connive at—and yet—ha! ha! ha!

WOOD. Ha! ha! ha! Make haste now—here are the fragments. (producing hat)

BUN. Good heavens!

WOOD. Leghorn hat, trimmed with poppies.

WOOD. Here are the fragments—decorated they, (with specimen)
With choicest gifts of Flora's.

BUN. By all the blighting tricks that devils play, (recognizing them)
This hat is Leonora's!

Her name, sir—Leonora's! (pointing to name in hat)

WOOD. Quite right, it's Leonora's!

Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

Sly dog!

BUN. (*aside*) It's hers—it's my wife's—and the Barcelona nuts were a miserable subterfuge. Murder will come of this. (*aloud*) Sir, this lady who is stopping at your house is my wife.

WOOD. This is pleasant! This hat that I've been chevyng [*chasing*] all over London all day long, with my wedding party at my heels, turns out to be no other than the very hat my horse ate this morning!

BUN. Be quiet, sir! The married lady
For whom, with motives base and shady,
A furnished lodging you've provided,
Turns out to be my wife misguided!

WOOD. What!

BUN. Scoundrel, villain, scurvy traitor! (seizing him)
Peace of mind exterminator!

So, for private tater-tater,
With my wife you've made a fixture!

WOOD. Let me go, sir—you're mistaken,
Or my anger you'll awaken;
I object thus to be shaken
Like an eighteenpenny mixture!

BUN. Come along, sir.

WOOD. Where?

BUN. To your house. Where do you live?

WOOD. I decline to say. You shall never know.

ENSEMBLE.

BUNTHUNDER.

Fire and fury!

Judge in ermine

With a jury

Shall determine

How to treat this social wrong,
sir—Come along, sir—come along,
sir!*(Enter POPPYTOP)*

BUN. Where does this young man live?

POPPY. Number 8, Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square, South West.

BUN. Eh, good, come along.

WOOD. *(whispers)* But, my dear sir, this lady, who is at my house, is a negress, she's as black as your boots.

BUN. Artful evasion, sir—artful evasion! Come, sir—come, sir!

*(Drags him off stage through door at left—POPPYTOP goes to right, beckons wedding party, they enter and follow POPPYTOP off stage—BOPADDY last with the myrtle.)**(BUNTHUNDER drags WOODPECKER off. Music changes to “Haste to the Wedding.” The wedding party enter, dance in couples across the stage, after them. BOPADDY last with the doll's head.)*

END OF ACT III - SCENE 1

WOODPECKER.

Cease your fury!

Judge in ermine

My injury

Shall determine!

Your remarks are clearly wrong,
sir—Much too strong, sir—much too strong,
sir!

(Act III, Scene 2.—*A Public Square. Night. WOODPECKER TAPPING'S house on the left; another house next to it; police station on the right; a lamp, center stage, connected with each side by an iron bracket; lamp post; view of square, with illuminated windows on back cloth; doors practicable to houses; window practicable to police station; door steps to houses, right and left; a gutter across stage at back; it is supposed to be raining. Enter wedding party, dancing round stage with umbrellas, except BOPADDY, who endeavours vainly to get shelter by running first under one umbrella and then under another. Music as before.*)

(Act III, Scene 2.—A street, with Square in the distance. A rainy night. WOODPECKER'S house L, another house beyond it. Police-station R. A lamp C, supported by brackets from each side of the stage. A lamp-post L.U.E. Window of first floor of police-station is practicable. Door steps to WOODPECKER'S house, a light in one window. A gutter crosses the stage. Music, "Haste to the Wedding." Wedding party enter dancing in couples round stage, with umbrellas up. BOPADDY politely holding umbrella over doll's head.)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*leading them*) This way, my friends—this way! **Hullo Hallo**, look out for the gutter! (*He jumps over it, all the wedding party follow, jumping over it in procession succession.*)

ANNAMARIA. Oh, papa, where's Woodpecker?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Eh, **ain't isn't** he here? **No!** Why, **he's he has** given us the slip **again**.

ANNAMARIA. Papa, dear, I'm so tired. I can't go any **further farther**. (*sits on step of WOODPECKER'S house*)

FOODLE. And my new boots hurt me, so that I must sit down. (*crosses and sits on step by her*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*stamping about in BUNTHUNDER'S Major-General's large boots*) Ha, ha! so did mine, but I've changed **them 'em**.

ANNAMARIA. Oh, papa, **papa**, why did you send away the cabs?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Why? I've paid 'em eleven pounds fifteen **shillings** already—**ain't isn't** that enough? But where are we?

ALL. I don't know.

ANNAMARIA. Woodpecker told us to **go straight follow him** to his house. Number 8, Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Perhaps this is Mulberry Square. (*to BOPADDY*) Your great grandfather used to live in London. Is this Mulberry Square?

BOPAD. Yes—yes, **it is** splendid—splendid weather for ducks and peas. (*Enter WILKINSON, a policeman*) Ha, ha! oh, yes; for ducks and **green** peas. (*chuckles*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. **Ugh—you old fool! He's doting-doting!**

WILK. **Tissue!** (*sneezes*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Here's a policeman; I'll ask him. (*very politely*) I beg your pardon, but will you be so polite as to tell me if this is this Little Pickleboy Gardens, Mulberry Square, South West?

WILK. (*sternly*) Move on. (*Exit WILKINSON*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. And I pay taxes, **in advance**, to support that **pampered menial overbearing underling!** I feed him, I clothe him, I lodge him, and I pay him; and **in return** he tells me to move on! **It's too dear—it's a deal too dear. Insupportable bureaucrat!**

FOODLE. (*who has climbed up lamp post, and read name at corner of street*) Hurrah! Little Pickleboy Gardens. It's all right—here we are.

POPPYMAGUIRE. And **here's here is** Number 8. (*knocks; to ANNA MARIA, who is sitting on the doorstep*) Get up, my dear.

ANNAMARIA. Papa, dear, it's no use; I must sit down somewhere.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Not in a muddy road, **my dear**, in a thirty-seven and sixpenny **wedding dress my love.** Why don't they come? (*knocks*)

FOODLE. **Oh.** There's a light in the first floor.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Then Woodpecker must have arrived before us. (*calls*) Woodpecker! Woodpecker! **Make haste—it's pouring—come down!**

ALL. **Come down—come down! Woodpecker! Woodpecker!**

(*Re-enter WILKINSON*)

WILK. (*to BOPADDY, who has fallen asleep on step*) Now, then, can't have that noise here. (*shakes him*) Move on! (*shakes him*) Move on, will you. (*pushing his shoulder, which is muddy*)

BOPAD. Thank you, my dear **sir friend.** Don't you trouble **yourself** to brush it off; I'll do that when I go in.

(*Exit WILKINSON. JACKSON opens door of WOODPECKER'S house.*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Hurrah, here we are. Come in.

(Music commences, "Haste to the Wedding" as the wedding party dance into the house.)

JACK. **Stop.** (all stop suddenly in arrested attitudes) Out of the question.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Eh?

JACK. **It's impossible**, more than my place is worth. Why, the **lady's lady is** still upstairs. (movement)

(*ANNA faints into FOODLE'S arms*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. A lady? What lady?

JACK. The lady who's who is stopping with master. The lady without a hat.

POPPYMAGUIRE. A lady stopping with your master!

FOODLE. On his wedding day!

ANNAMARIA. And without a hat! (faints into Foodle's arms)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (furiously) Come along. I'll get you divorced, my dear. It's off—
it's off. Foodle shall have you.

FOODLE. Anna Maria! (embrace)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Come along back to Pettytwiddleum Pettytwiddleum. There's a train
at eleven; we shall just catch it. (all going)

ANNAMARIA. Oh! papa-papa-

POPPY. What's the matter? MAGUIRE. What is it, my child?

ANNAMARIA. (melodramatically tragically) Am I never, never to see Woodpecker again?

POPPYMAGUIRE. Never!

MARIA. Woodpecker, whom I loved so fondly, and who was the very music of my
little life?

MAGUIRE. Never!

ANNAMARIA. Oh! Then—hadn't I better take back my wedding presents?

POPPYMAGUIRE. My dear, you're a very sensible girl. To be sure you had. (to
JACKSON) Go and bring out all my daughter's wedding presents; mind, every one. **Be**
off. (sits down on step; Exit JACKSON into house.)

(Enter WOODPECKER, as if pursued)

ALL. Here is the monster.

WOOD. **Father-in-law, I'm exhausted. Let me sit on your lap.** (sits on POPPYTOP's lap)

POPPY. **It's off-off-off.** (screaming) MAGUIRE. It's off! It's off! You—you serpent!

WOOD. (suddenly listening) Hold your row tongue; be quiet. I hear him—he's coming.

POPPYMAGUIRE. Who's coming?

WOOD. Major-General Bunthunder. (listening) No, he's missed me. He's got tight
boots and he can't run. There's There'll be time to get Leonora out of the house before
he arrives.

POPPYMAGUIRE. **Leonora!** Oho! So, sir, you own to Leonora.

WOOD. **Why**, of course I own to Leonora.

ALL. Oho! he owns to Leonora!

(Enter JACKSON, from house with his arms full of wedding presents, done up in parcels.)

JACK. Here are the wedding presents.

POPPYMAGUIRE. My friends, let **each** of us each take a parcel. (JACKSON gives a parcel to each of the wedding party; POPPYTOP MAGUIRE gets the band-box given by BOPADDY, in Act I) And then **now** off we go to Pettywiddleum Pettywiddllm!

WOOD. What's all this?

JACK. Wedding presents, sir. (*Exit JACKSON, into station.*)

WOOD. Oh, this won't do—drop those things directly! (*they all drop their parcels*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Nonsense—pick them all up again! (*they all pick up parcels—*

WOODPECKER and POPPYTOP MAGUIRE struggle for the band-box)

BOPAD. **Ho.** Take care, you'll crush it—it's a Leghorn hat, worth twenty pounds!

WOOD. What?

BOPAD. It's my **wedding little** present! I'm in the trade—I sent to Florence for it for my little niece.

WOOD. Give it here. (*takes band-box from POPPYTOP—takes out straw hat, trimmed with poppies, and compares fragments*) Great Heavens!—it is the very thing—the very thing—exact—red poppies, and all! Hurrah, hurrah! (*he shakes hands with everyone*)

WOOD. Give it here.

(*takes band-box from MAGUIRE—takes out straw hat and compares it with the fragments*) Good Heavens, it's the very thing! Here's the cockatoo—and the armadillo's claw—and the mackerel—and the peach—why, it's the very thing I've been looking for all day! (*shakes hands with BOPADDY, holding band-box under his arm*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. (*aside*) A hat worth twenty pounds! He sha'n't have it—**scoundrel the scamp!** (*he takes the hat out of band-box unobserved, under WOODPECKER'S left arm, and shuts up box again*)

WOOD. (*who has not seen this who believes that the hat is in the box*) Wait one moment. I'll give her **her the** hat, **send her off**, and then we'll all go in and enjoy ourselves! (*Exit WOODPECKER, into house.*)

POPPYMAGUIRE. Now, my friends, off we go to Pettywiddleum Pettywiddllm! (*All going. Enter WILKINSON*)

WILK. **Hullo! Hallo!** what's all this? What are you doing with **those these** parcels?

POPPYMAGUIRE. We—we are moving.

WILK. What, at this time o' night? This won't do, you know—I know you!

POPPYMAGUIRE. Sir!

WILK. What have you got here—eh?

POPPYMAGUIRE. **There?** That? Oh, that's a—a carriage clock.

WILK. (*opens muff-box and finds a muff*) That's very like a carriage clock? Come along o' me—all of yer—in yer go!

(*Music, "Haste to the Wedding"—they all go dance into station-house except BOPADDY, who is walking off slowly, talking to his doll's head.*)

BOPAD. Twenty pounds—if it cost a penny, twenty pounds! (*walking slowly off*)

BOPAD. (to doll's head). It was a nice ickle [little] gal! It was a very nice ickle gal! Don't know that I ever saw a nicer ickle gal!

(*WILKINSON coming out of station house, crosses to BOPADDY.*)

WILK. Now, then; in yer go—come along!

(**BOPADDY waits.** *WILKINSON taps him BOPADDY on the shoulder and points to station.*)

BOPADDY mildly expostulates, and resumes his flirtation with the doll's head.

WILKINSON Then seizes him by collar roughly. BOPADDY again remonstrates. WILKINSON shakes him. BOPADDY suddenly turns furious, flies at WILKINSON, upsets him knocks him down, takes out seizes his staff, pummels him furiously thrashes him soundly, and finally drags him off triumphantly into station)

(*Enter WOODPECKER, CAPTAIN BAPP, and LEONORA, from house.*)

WOOD. Come along; you are saved! I've found the hat! Make haste, **your husband knows all**, put it on, and **for goodness sake, go be off** before **he your husband** arrives! (*he gives them the band-box—they open it, it is empty*)

ALL. Empty!

WOOD. It was there—I'll swear it was! My old villain of a father-in-law has **collared stolen** it. (*to enter WILKINSON, who has entered from station house*) Where is **he—where's** my father-in-law?

WILK. Where? **Why, in the** station 'us.

WOOD. And **the my** wedding party?

WILK. Station 'us—run 'em all in. (*Exit WILKINSON, into station.*)

WOOD. And they've got the hat; what **am I to do is to be done?**

CAPT B. Wait a moment. **I know.** I know the Inspector. **He'll give it to me if I explain the facts.**

(**CAPTAIN BAPP, crosses and exits into station house.**)

WOOD. Hurrah!

BUN. (*without*) Stop! cabman—hi! put me down here.

LEON. Heavens, my husband! (*going*) I'll run and hide in your house.

WOOD. **No, no! Not for worlds!** He's **going coming** to search **the house it!**

LEON. But, what shall I do?

WOOD. I know—I'll give you in charge. **Would you like to be given in charge?**

LEON. (*delighted*) **Oh, yes!**

(**Re-enter** WILKINSON, *from station*.)

WOOD. Hi, policeman! (*gives him coin tipping him*) Take this woman away. Drunk and disorderly.

WILK. What agin? (*crosses to her*) Come along, I know yer. (*walks her into station*)

(*Enter* BUNTHUNDER, *hobbling*.)

BUN. So here you are. **You escaped me when I wasn't looking.** Open your door. I'll blow her brains out [*Leonora*], **and his brains out** [*Captain Bapp*], and your brains out [*Woodpecker*], and my own brains out. (*Exit* BUNTHUNDER, *into house*.)

WOOD. **No objection if you'll only begin with yourself.**

WOOD. By all means—only take me last!

(*CAPTAIN BAPP appears at window of station house, first floor, with hat.*)

Capt B. Quick, quick; here's the hat.

WOOD. **Saved, saved.** Throw it out; make haste. **Her husband's in there.** (*CAPTAIN BAPP throws the hat, which rests on the lamp—just out of reach*) Confound it. (*tries to unhook it with his umbrella, but in vain—he can't reach it*)

(*Re-enter* BUNTHUNDER, *from house*.)

BUN. She's not there. Forgive me. I've been unjust.

WOOD. You have. Come under my umbrella. (*takes BUNTHUNDER'S arm and hides hat with umbrella puts up umbrella to conceal hat—they both stand under the lamp*)

BUN. No, no; it doesn't rain. Put the umbrella down. It's quite fine overhead.

WOOD. But it's so wet under foot.

BUN. That's true. I've made a great fool of myself, sir.

WOOD. You have. (*he jumps to unhook the hat with his umbrella, and makes BUNTHUNDER jump too*)

BUN. I apologise, sir.

WOOD. I think you should, sir. (*jumps again*)

BUN. Forgive me, sir.

WOOD. I do, sir. (*jumps again*)

BUN. What are you jumping for?

WOOD. Violent cramp, indigestion. Can't help it. Always takes me so.

BUN. Indeed, have you tried—(*WOODPECKER jumps again*) Don't, sir.

(*WOODPECKER jumps again, and comes down on BUNTHUNDER'S toes.*)

BUN. I won't be trodden on **like this, sir! by bridegrooms!**

(*Enter* LEONORA *from station, followed by* MAGUIRE, BOPADDY, and all the guests of the WEDDING PARTY, one of whom unhooks the hat, which falls to stage the ground. *LEONORA picks it up, puts it on, and comes forward.*)

[FINALE TO PLAY "THE WEDDING MARCH"]

LEON. (*to BUNTHUNDER*) So, sir, I've found you out at last!

WOOD. (*aside*) She's got the hat!

LEON. Here's pretty behaviour for a married man!

BUN. She's got the hat!

LEON. All day long have I been waiting for you—at my aunt's.

BUN. You have? Forgive me! But the Barcelona nuts—you have *not* got the Barcelona nuts!

WOOD. She's got the hat! You've got it, haven't you?

LEON. Sir—I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance.

WOOD. No—of course—oh, no—but you've got the hat. (*to the CROWD*) Has she the hat, or has she not?

ALL. She has!

BUN. (*crosses*) Leonora! (*embrace*)

(*Enter POPPYTOP, ANNA MARIA, FOODLE, CAPTAIN BAPP, JACKSON, and WILKINSON, from station.*)

POPPY. My son-in-law, your hand—it's all right—it's on again.

WOOD. What, the hat?

POPPY. No, the marriage. Your servant has told me all—you have behaved nobly. Foodle, let her go—take her, Tapping—kneel, my children. (*ANNA and WOODPECKER kneel*) Kneel while we sing the affecting little farewell which we have prepared for you this morning. Out music, and out handkerchiefs, all.

(*Everybody produces bits of music and pocket handkerchiefs, singing the Finale.*)

Air, "Il était un petit navire.")

ALL. To see you both for life united,
To hear your wedding promise plighted,
To this Metropolis we've come!
And, as the night is dark and dirty,
We'll go home by the eleven-thirty,
To Petty-petty twiddleum!

(*During these lines the BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM bid farewell, and go towards the house—all the others gradually moving off, except BOPADDY, who proposes to enter the house with the BRIDAL COUPLE—he is brought back by POPPYTOP, as the curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT III.

CURTAIN.

[FINALE TO OPERA "HASTE TO THE WEDDING"]

MAGUIRE. It's all right—it's all right! The Captain has squared the Inspector, and we leave the Court without a stain on our characters! Oh, it's a great country!

CHORUS.

Free, free! Hurrah!

Free, free! Hurrah!

False charges fade into thin air—

This is a great Countree!

When English justice; nobly fair—

This is a great Countree!

Is freely tipped with English gold!

For then the wicked oppressor is sold,

And all stray lambs come back to the fold—

This is a great Countree!

Yes—

This is a great Countree!

LEON. So, sir—I've found you out at last! (coming forward, wearing the hat)

WOOD. She's got the hat! (aside, astonished)

LEON. At your assurance I'm aghast!

BUN. She's got the hat! (aside, astonished)

LEON. While you've been on clandestine jaunts—

BOPAD. She's got my hat! (aside, astonished)

LEON. I've waited for you—at my aunt's!

I've waited, waited, waited, waited—

All day I've waited for you—at my aunt's!

CHORUS.

She's got the hat—she's got the hat!

We don't know how, but never mind that—

It's tat for tit, and tit for tat—

She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

BUN. Forgive me—I have been unjust!

ALL. She's got the hat!

BUN. You'll overlook the past, I trust?

ALL. She's got the hat!

BUN. But, stop! The gate of Heaven shuts!

ALL. She's got the hat!

BUN. Where are the Barcelona nuts?

The Barcelona—lona—lona—

You have not got the Barcelona nuts!

CHORUS.

Well, what of this and what of that—
Somehow or other she's got the hat—
It's tat for tit, and tit for tat—
She's got the hat, she's got the hat!

FINAL CHORUS.

Ring, ye joybells, long and loudly,
Happy hearts together tied—
Bridegroom's bosom swelling proudly
As he takes his blushing bride!

(During these lines the Bride and Bridegroom bid farewell to the guests and go towards the house. All the others gradually move off R, except BOPADDY, who, still carrying his doll's head, proposes to enter the house with the bridal couple. He is brought back by MAGUIRE as the curtain falls.)

END OF ACT III.

CURTAIN.