

THE GRAND DUKE

OR

THE STATUTORY DUEL

Libretto by Sir. William S. Gilbert

Music by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

The Gilbert & Sullivan Very Light Opera Company Version (1991, revised 2003 and 2014)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

RUDOLPH (*Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig*).

ERNEST DUMMKOPF (*a Theatrical Manager*).

LUDWIG (*his Leading Baritone*).

DR. TANNHÄUSER (*a Notary*).

THE PRINCE OF MONTE CARLO.

VISCOUNT MENTONE.

BEN HASHBAZ (*a Costumier*).

HERALD.

THE PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO (*betrothed to RUDOLPH*).

THE BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT (*betrothed to RUDOLPH*).

JULIA JELLCOE (*an English Dramatic Soprano*).

LISA (*a Soubrette*).

Members of Ernest Dummkopf's Company:

OLGA

GRETCHEN

BERTHA

ELSA

MARTHA

Chamberlains, Nobles, Tenors, Baritones, Basses, Sopranos, Mezzo Sopranos, Altos,, etc.

ACT I.--Scene. Public Square of Speisesaal.

ACT II.--Scene. Hall in the Grand Ducal Palace.

Date 1750.

First produced at the Savoy Theatre in London on March 7, 1896.

ACT I.

SCENE.--*Market-place of Speisesaal, in the Grand Duchy of Pfennig Halbpfennig. A well, with decorated ironwork, up L.C. GRETCHEN, BERTHA, OLGA, MARTHA, and other members of ERNEST DUMMKOPF'S theatrical company are discovered, seated at several small tables, enjoying a repast in honour of the nuptials of LUDWIG, his leading comedian, and LISA, his soubrette.*

CHORUS.

Won't it be a pretty wedding?
Will not Lisa look delightful?
Smiles and tears in plenty shedding--
Which in brides of course is rightful
One could say, if one were spiteful,
Contradiction little dreading,
Her bouquet is simply frightful--
Still, 'twill be a pretty wedding!
Oh, it is a pretty wedding!
Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

ELSA. If her dress *is* badly fitting,
Theirs the fault who made her *trousseau*.

BERTHA. If her gloves *are* always splitting,
Cheap kid gloves, we know, will do so.

OLGA. If upon her train she stumbled,
On one's train one's always treading.

GRET. If her hair is rather tumbled,
Still, 'twill be a pretty wedding!

CHORUS. Such a pretty, pretty wedding!

CHORUS.

Here they come, the couple plighted--
On life's journey gaily start them.
Soon to be for aye united,
Till divorce or death shall part them.

(LUDWIG and LISA come forward.)

DUET--LUDWIG. and LISA.

LUD. Pretty Lisa, fair and tasty,
 Tell me now, and tell me truly,
Haven't you been rather hasty?
 Haven't you been rash unduly?
Am I quite the dashing *sposo*
 That your fancy could depict you?
Perhaps you think I'm only so-so?

(She expresses admiration.)

Well, I will not contradict you!

CHORUS. No, he will not contradict you!

LISA. Who am I to raise objection?

 I'm a child, untaught and homely--
When you tell me you're perfection,
 Tender, truthful, true, and comely--
That in quarrel no one's bolder,
 Though dissensions always grieve you--
Why, my love, you're so much older
 That, of course, I must believe you!

CHORUS. Yes, of course, she must believe you!

CHORUS.

If he ever acts unkindly,
Shut your eyes and love him blindly--
Should he call you names uncomely,
Shut your mouth and love him dumbly--
Should he rate you, rightly--leftly--
Shut your ears and love him deafly.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Thus and thus and thus alone
 Ludwig's wife may hold her own!

(LUDWIG and LISA sit at table.)

Enter NOTARY TANNHÄUSER.

{Enter Notary Tannhauser.}

Notary: Hallo! Surely I'm not late? {All chatter unintelligibly in reply.} But, dear me, you're all at breakfast! Has the wedding taken place? {All chatter unintelligibly in reply.} My good girls, one at a time, I beg. Let me understand the situation. As solicitor to the conspiracy to dethrone the Grand Duke – a conspiracy in which the members of this company are deeply involved – I am invited to the marriage of two of its members. I present myself in due course, and I find, not only that the ceremony has taken place – which is not of the least consequence to me – but the wedding breakfast is half eaten – which is a consideration of the most serious importance.

{Ludwig and Lisa come down.}

Ludwig: But the ceremony has not taken place. For try as we might, we can't get a parson!

Notary: Can't get a parson! Why, how's that?

Ludwig: Oh, it's the old story – the Grand Duke!

All: Ugh!

Ludwig: It seems that the little imp has selected this, our wedding day, for a convocation of all the clergy in the town to settle the details of his approaching marriage with the enormously wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt, and there won't be a parson to be had for love or money until six o'clock this evening!

Lisa: And as we produce our magnificent classical revival of *Troilus and Cressida* tonight at seven, we have no alternative but to eat our wedding-breakfast before we've earned it. So sit down, and make the best of it.

Olga: Well, we shall soon be freed from his tyranny. Tomorrow the despised Despot is to be dethroned!

Ludwig: Hush, rash girl! Know ye not that in alluding to our conspiracy to depose the Grand Duke without having first given and received the secret sign, you are violating a fundamental principle of our Association?

SONG--LUDWIG.

By the mystic regulation
Of our dark Association,
Ere you open conversation
 With another kindred soul,
 You must eat a sausage-roll! (*Producing one.*)

ALL. You must eat a sausage-roll!

LUD. If, in turn, he eats another,
That's a sign that he's a brother--
Each may fully trust the other.
 It is quaint and it is droll,
 But it's bilious on the whole.

ALL. Very bilious on the whole.

LUD. It's a greasy kind of pasty,
Which, perhaps, a judgment hasty
Might consider rather tasty:
 Once (to speak without disguise)
 It found favour in our eyes.

ALL. It found favour in our eyes.

LUD. But when you've been six months feeding
(As we have) on this exceeding
Bilious food, it's no ill-breeding
 If at these repulsive pies
 Our offended gorges rise!

ALL. Our offended gorges rise!

Martha: Oh, bother the secret sign! I've eaten it until I'm quite uncomfortable!

Ludwig: This is rank treason to the cause. I suffer as much as any of you – but I'm a conscientious conspirator, and if you won't give the sign I will. *{Eats sausage roll with an effort.}*

Lisa: Poor martyr! He's always at it, and it's a wonder where he puts it!

Notary: Well, now, about your production of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Ludwig: Well, the piece will be produced upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. I endeavoured to persuade Ernest Dummkopf, our manager, to lend us the classical dresses for our marriage. Think of the effect of a real Athenian wedding procession cavorting through the streets. It would have been tremendous!

Notary: And he declined?

Ludwig: He did, on the prosaic ground that it might rain, and the ancient Greeks didn't carry umbrellas! If, as is confidently expected, Ernest Dummkopf is elected to succeed the dethroned one, mark my words, he will make a mess of it.

{He strolls up and off with Lisa.}

Olga: He's sure to be elected. His entire company has promised to push for him on the understanding that all the places about the Court are filled by members of his troupe, according to professional precedence.

Bertha: *{looking off}* Here comes Ernest Dummkopf. Now we shall know all about it!

{Ernest enters in great excitement.}

Martha: Well – what's the news?

Gretchen: How is the election going?

Ernest: Oh, it's a certainty – a practical certainty! So, if you keep your promises, and vote solid, I'm cocksure of election!

Olga: Trust to us. But you remember the conditions?

Ernest: Yes – all of you shall be provided for, for life. Every man shall be ennobled – every lady shall have unlimited credit at the Court Milliner's, and all salaries shall be paid weekly in advance!

Gretchen: Oh, it's quite clear he knows how to rule a Grand Duchy!

Ernest: Rule a Grand Duchy? Why, my good girl, for ten years I've ruled a theatrical company! A man who can do that can rule anything.

SONG--ERNEST.

Were I a king in very truth,
And had a son--a guileless youth--
 In probable succession;
To teach him patience, teach him tact,
How promptly in a fix to act,
He should adopt, in point of fact,
 A manager's profession.
To that condition he should stoop
 (Despite a too fond mother),
With eight or ten "stars" in his troupe,
 All jealous of each other!
Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew,
Each member a genius (and some of them two),
And manage to humour them, little and great,
 Can govern this tuppenny State!

ALL. Oh, the man who can rule a theatrical crew,
Each member a genius (and some of them two),
And manage to humour them, little and great,
Can govern this tuppenny State!

ERN. Both A and B rehearsal slight--
 They say they'll be "all right at night"
 (They've both to go to school yet);
 C in each act *must* change her dress,
 D *will* attempt to "square the press";
 E won't play Romeo unless
 His grandmother plays Juliet;
 F claims all hoydens as her rights
 (She's played them thirty seasons);
 And G must show herself in tights
 For two convincing reasons--
 Two very well-shaped reasons!
 Oh, the man who can drive a theatrical team,
 With wheelers and leaders in order supreme,
 Can govern and rule, with a wave of his fin,
 All Europe--with Ireland thrown in!

ALL. Oh, the man, etc.

[*Exeunt all but ERNEST.*]

Ernest: Elected by my fellow conspirators to be Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig as soon as the contemptible occupant of the throne is deposed – here is promotion indeed! Why, instead of playing Troilus for a month, I shall play Grand Duke for a lifetime! Yet am I happy? No – far from happy! The lovely English comedienne – the beautiful Julia – that rare and radiant being treats my respectful advances with disdain unutterable! And yet, who knows? She is haughty and ambitious, and it may be that the splendid change in my fortunes may work a corresponding change in her feelings towards me!

{*Enter Julia Jellicoe.*}

Julia: Herr Dummkopf, a word with you, if you please.

Ernest: Beautiful English Maiden –

Julia: No compliments, I beg. I desire to speak with you on a purely professional matter, so we will, if you please, dispense with allusions to my personal appearance.

Ernest: {*aside*} My hopes shattered! The haughty Londoner still despises me! {*aloud*} It shall be as you will.

Julia: I understand that the conspiracy in which we are all concerned is to develop tomorrow, and that the company is likely to elect you to the throne on the understanding that the posts about the court are to be filled by members of your theatrical troupe, according to their professional importance.

Ernest: That is so.

Julia: Then all I can say is that it places me in an extremely awkward position.

Ernest: {*concerned*} How so?

Julia: Why, bless my heart, don't you see that, as your leading lady, I am bound under a serious penalty to play the leading part in all your productions?

Ernest: Yes, and...?

- Julia:** AND, of course, the leading part in this production will be the Grand Duchess!
- Ernest:** My wife?
- Julia:** That is another way of expressing the same idea.
- Ernest:** *{aside – delighted}* I scarcely dared even to hope for this!
- Julia:** Of course, as your leading lady, you'll be mean enough to hold me to the terms of my agreement. Oh, that's so like a man! Well, I suppose there's no help for it – I shall have to do it!
- Ernest:** *{aside}* She's mine! *{aloud}* But – do you really think you would care to play that part? *{Taking her hand}*
- Julia:** *{withdrawing it}* Care to play it? Certainly not – but what am I to do?
- Ernest:** It's for a long run, mind – a run that may last many, many years, no understudy...
- Julia:** Business is business, and I am bound by the terms of my agreement.
- Ernest:** *{keeping up a show of reluctance}* But, considering your strong personal dislike for me and your persistent rejection of my repeated offers, won't you find it difficult to throw yourself into the part with all the impassioned enthusiasm that the character seems to demand? Remember, it's a strongly emotional part, involving long and repeated scenes of rapture, tenderness, adoration, devotion...
- Julia:** My good sir, you may be quite sure that (however distasteful the part may be) if I undertake it, I shall consider myself professionally bound to throw myself into it with all the ardour at my command.
- Ernest:** *{aside – with effusion}* I'm the happiest fellow alive! *{aloud}* Now – would you have any objection – to give me some idea – if it's only a mere sketch – as to how you might play it? It would be really interesting – to me – to know your conception of – the part of my wife.
- Julia:** How would I play it? Now, let me see. *{considering}* Ah, I have it!

BALLAD--JULIA.

How would I play this part--
 The Grand Duke's Bride?
All rancour in my heart
 I'd duly hide--
 I'd drive it from my recollection
 And 'whelm you with a mock affection,
 Well calculated to defy detection--
That's how I'd play this part--
 The Grand Duke's Bride.

With many a winsome smile
 I'd witch and woo;
With gay and girlish guile
 I'd frenzy you--
 I'd madden you with my caressing,
 Like turtle, her first love confessing--
 That it was "mock", no mortal would be guessing,
With so much winsome wile
 I'd witch and woo!

Did any other maid
 With you succeed,
I'd pinch the forward jade--
 I would indeed!
 With jealous frenzy agitated
 (Which would, of course, be simulated),
 I'd make her wish she'd never been created--
Did any other maid
 With you succeed!

And should there come to me,
 Some summers hence,
In all the childish glee
 Of innocence,
 Fair babes, aglow with beauty vernal,
 My heart would bound with joy diurnal!
 This sweet display of sympathy maternal,
Well, that would also be
 A mere pretence!

My histrionic art
 Though you deride,
That's how I'd play that part--
 The Grand Duke's Bride!

ENSEMBLE.

ERNEST.

Oh joy! when two glowing young hearts,
 From the rise of the curtain,
 Thus throw themselves into their parts,
 Success is most certain!
 If the *rôle* you're prepared to endow
 With such delicate touches,
 By the heaven above us, I vow
 You shall be my Grand Duchess!

JULIA.

My boy, when two glowing young hearts,
 From the rise of the curtain,
 Thus throw themselves into their parts,
 Success is most certain!
 The *rôle* I'm prepared to endow
 With most delicate touches,
 By the heaven above us, I vow
 I will be your Grand Duchess!

(Dance.)

Enter all the Chorus with LUDWIG, NOTARY, and LISA--all greatly agitated.

EXCITED CHORUS.

My goodness me! What shall we do? Why, what a dreadful situation!
 (To LUD.) It's all your fault, you booby you--you lump of indiscrimination!
 I'm sure I don't know where to go--it's put me into such a tetter--
 But this at all events I know--the sooner we are off, the better!

ERN. What means this *agitato*? What d'ye seek?
 As your Grand Duke elect I bid you speak!

SONG--LUDWIG.

Ten minutes since I met a chap
 Who bowed an easy salutation--
 Thinks I, "This gentleman, mayhap,
 Belongs to our Association."
 But, on the whole,
 Uncertain yet,
 A sausage-roll
 I took and eat--
 That chap replied (I don't embellish)
 By eating *three* with obvious relish.

CHORUS (*angrily*). Why, gracious powers,
 No chum of ours
 Could eat three sausage-rolls with relish!

LUD. Quite reassured, I let him know
Our plot--each incident explaining;
That stranger chuckled much, as though
He thought me highly entertaining.
I told him all,
Both bad and good;
I bade him call--
He said he would:
I added much--the more I muckled,
The more that chuckling chummy chuckled!

ALL (*angrily*). A bat could see
He couldn't be
A chum of ours if he chuckled!

LUD. Well, as I bowed to his applause,
Down dropped he with hysteric bellow--
And *that* seemed right enough, because
I *am* a devilish funny fellow.
Then suddenly,
As still he squealed,
It flashed on me
That I'd revealed
Our plot, with all details effective,
To Grand Duke Rudolph's own detective!

ALL. What folly fell,
To go and tell
Our plot to any one's detective!

CHORUS.

(*Attacking LUDWIG.*) You booby dense--
You oaf immense,
With no pretence
To common sense!
A stupid muff
Who's made of stuff
Not worth a puff
Of candle-snuff!

Pack up at once and off we go, unless we're anxious to exhibit
Our fairy forms all in a row, strung up upon the Castle gibbet!

[*Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG, LISA,
ERNEST, JULIA, and NOTARY.*]

- Julia:** Well a nice mess you've got us into! There's an end of our precious plot!
- Ernest:** Not to mention our very lives.
- Ludwig:** Yes, but – ha! ha! – fancy my choosing the Grand Duke's private detective, of all men, to make a confidant of! When you come to think of it, it's really devilish funny.
- Ernest:** *{angrily}* When you come to think of it, it's extremely injudicious to admit into a conspiracy every pudding-headed baboon who presents himself!
- Lisa:** Ludwig is far from being a baboon. Poor boy, he could not help giving us away – it's his trusting nature – he was deceived.
- Julia:** *{furiously}* His trusting nature! *{to Ludwig}* Oh, I should like to talk to you in my own language for five minutes. I know some good, strong, energetic English remarks – only you wouldn't understand them!
- Ludwig:** Here we perceive one of the disadvantages of a neglected education!
- Ernest:** *{to Julia}* And I suppose you'll never be my Grand Duchess, now!
- Julia:** Grand Duchess? My good friend, if you don't produce the piece how can I play the part?
- Ernest:** True. *{to Ludwig}* You see what you've done.
- Ludwig:** But, my dear sir, you don't seem to understand that the man ate three sausage-rolls. Keep that steadily before you. Three large sausage-rolls.
- Julia:** Bah! – Lots of people eat sausage-rolls who are not conspirators.
- Ludwig:** Then they shouldn't. It's bad form.
- Notary:** It is always amusing to the legal mind to see a parcel of laymen bothering themselves about a matter which to a trained lawyer presents no difficulty whatever.
- All:** No difficulty!
- Notary:** None whatever! While our very lives are at stake for plotting to depose the Grand Duke, the way out of being arrested, tried and executed, not necessarily in that order, is quite simple.
- All:** Simple?
- Notary:** Certainly! Now attend. In the first place, you two men fight a Statutory Duel.
- Ernest:** A Statutory Duel?
- Ludwig:** Never heard of such a thing.
- Notary:** It is true that the practice has fallen into abeyance through disuse. But all the laws of Pfennig Halbpennig run for a hundred years, after which they die a natural death, unless, (All: “Yes?”) in the meantime, (All: “Yes, yes?”) unless in the meantime the laws have been revived for another century. The Act that institutes the Statutory Duel was passed a hundred years ago, and as it has never been revived, it expires tomorrow at three o'clock. So you're just in time.
- Julia:** But what is the use of talking to us about Statutory Duels when we none of us know what a Statutory Duel is?
- Notary:** Don't you? Then I'll explain.

SONG--NOTARY.

About a century since,
 The code of the duello
 To sudden death
 For want of breath
 Sent many a strapping fellow.
 The then presiding Prince
 (Who useless bloodshed hated),
 He passed an Act,
 Short and compact,
 Which may be briefly stated.
 Unlike the complicated laws
 A Parliamentary draftsman draws,
 It may be briefly stated.

ALL. We know that complicated laws,
 Such as a legal draftsman draws,
 Cannot be briefly stated.

NOT. By this ingenious law,
 If any two shall quarrel,
 They may not fight
 With falchions bright
 (Which seemed to him immoral);
 But each a card shall draw,
 And he who draws the lowest
 Shall (so 'twas said)
 Be thenceforth dead--
 In fact, a legal "ghoest"
 (When exigence of rhyme compels,
 Orthography forgoes her spells,
 And "ghost" is written "ghoest").

ALL (*aside*) With what an emphasis he dwells
 Upon "orthography" and "spells"!
 That kind of fun's the lowest.

NOT. When off the loser's popped
 (By pleasing legal fiction),
 And friend and foe
 Have wept their woe
 In counterfeit affliction,
 The winner must adopt
 The loser's poor relations--
 Discharge his debts,
 Pay all his bets,
 And take his obligations.

In short, to briefly sum the case,
 The winner takes the loser's place,

With all its obligations.

ALL. How neatly lawyers state a case!
The winner takes the loser's place,
With all its obligations!

Ludwig: I see. The man who draws the lowest card –

Notary: Dies, *ipso facto*, a social death – a legal, though not physical death. His identity disappears and the winner takes his place, whatever it may be, discharges all his functions and adopts all his responsibilities.

Ernest: This is all very well, as far as it goes, but it only protects one of us. What's to become of the survivor?

Ludwig: Yes, that's an interesting point, because I might be the survivor.

Notary: The survivor goes at once to the Grand Duke, and, in a burst of remorse, denounces the “dead” man as the moving spirit of the plot: the instigator. He is accepted as King's evidence, and, as a matter of course, receives a free and complete pardon for testifying against the accused. Tomorrow, when the law expires, the dead man will, *ipso facto*, come to life again and resume all his obligations as though nothing unusual had happened.

Julia: When he will be at once arrested, tried, and executed on the evidence of the informer! Candidly, my friend, I don't think much of your plot!

Notary: Dear, dear, dear, the ignorance of the laity! My good young lady, it is a maxim of our glorious Constitution that a man can only die once. Death expunges crime, and when he comes to life again, it will be with a clean slate.

Ernest: It's really very ingenious.

Ludwig: *{to Notary}* My dear sir, we owe you our lives! *{to Ernest}* Well, miscreant, are you prepared to meet me on the field of honor?

Ernest: At once. By Jove, what a couple of fire eaters we are!

Lisa: Ludwig doesn't know what fear is.

Notary: Altogether it is a great improvement on the old method of giving satisfaction.

QUINTET

NOT. (*offering a card to ERNEST*).

Now take a card and gaily sing
How little you care for Fortune's rubs--

ERN. (*drawing a card*).

Hurrah, hurrah!--I've drawn a King:

ALL.

He's drawn a King!
He's drawn a King!
Sing Hearts and Diamonds, Spades and Clubs!

ALL (*dancing*). He's drawn a King!

How strange a thing!
An excellent card--his chance it aids--
Sing Hearts and Diamonds, Spades and Clubs--
Sing Diamonds, Hearts and Clubs and Spades!

NOT. (*to LUDWIG*).

Now take a card with heart of grace--
(Whatever our fate, let's play our parts).

LUD. (*drawing card*).

Hurrah, hurrah!--I've drawn an Ace!

ALL.

He's drawn an Ace!
He's drawn an Ace!
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts!

ALL (*dancing*).

He's drawn an Ace!
Observe his face--
Such very good fortune falls to few--
Sing Clubs and Diamonds, Spades and Hearts--
Sing Clubs, Spades, Hearts and Diamonds too!

[*Dance and exeunt LUDWIG, ERNEST, and
NOTARY with the two Girls.*

*March. Enter the seven Chamberlains of the
GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH.*

CHORUS OF CHAMBERLAINS.

The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig,
Though, in his own opinion, very very big,
In point of fact he's nothing but a miserable prig
Is the good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

Though quite contemptible, as every one agrees,
We must dissemble if we want our bread and cheese,
So hail him in a chorus, with enthusiasm big,
The good Grand Duke of Pfennig Halbpennig!

Enter the GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH. He is meanly and miserably dressed in old and patched clothes, but blazes with a profusion of orders and decorations. He is very weak and ill, from low living.

SONG--RUDOLPH.

A pattern to professors of monarchical autonomy,
I don't indulge in levity or compromising *bonhomie*,
But dignified formality, consistent with economy,
 Above all other virtues I particularly prize.
I never join in merriment--I don't see joke or jape any--
I never tolerate familiarity in shape any--
This, joined with an extravagant respect for tuppence-ha'penny,
 A keynote to my character sufficiently supplies.

(Speaking.) Observe. *(To Chamberlains.)* My snuff-box!

(The snuff-box is passed with much ceremony from the Junior Chamberlain, through all the others, until it is presented by the Senior Chamberlain to RUDOLPH, who uses it.)

That incident a keynote to my character supplies.

RUD. I weigh out tea and sugar with precision mathematical--
Instead of beer, a penny each--my orders are emphatical--
(Extravagance unpardonable, any more than that I call),
 But, on the other hand, my Ducal dignity to keep--
All Courtly ceremonial--to put it comprehensively--
I rigidly insist upon (but not, I hope, offensively)
Whenever ceremonial can be practised inexpensively--
 And, when you come to think of it, it's really very cheap!

(Speaking.) Observe. *(To Chamberlains.)* My handkerchief!

(Handkerchief is handed by Junior Chamberlain to the next in order, and so on until it reaches RUDOLPH, who is much inconvenienced by the delay.)

It's stately and impressive, and it's really very cheap!

- Rudolph:** My Lord Chamberlain, as you are aware, my marriage with the wealthy Baroness von Krakenfeldt will take place tomorrow, and you will be good enough to see that the rejoicings are on a scale of unusual liberality. The day will begin with a Wedding Breakfast. The leading pastry-cooks of the town will be invited to compete, and the winner will not only enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his breakfast devoured by the Grand Ducal pair, but he will also be entitled to have the Arms of Pfennig Halbpennig tattoo'd between his shoulder-blades. The Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. All the public fountains will run with Gingerbierheim at the public expense. The Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will see to this. Wedding presents (which, on this occasion, should be on a scale of extraordinary magnificence) will be received at the Palace at any hour, and the Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlain will sit up all night for this purpose. The entire population will be commanded to enjoy themselves, and with this view the Acting-Temporary Sub-Deputy Assistant Vice-Chamberlains will sing comic songs in the Market Place from noon to nightfall. Finally, we have composed a Wedding Anthem, which the entire population are required to obtain from our Grand Ducal publishers, and all the Chamberlains will be expected to push the sale. *{Chamberlains bow and exeunt.}* I hope I'm not doing a foolish thing in getting married. After all, it's a poor heart that never rejoices, and this wedding of mine is the first little treat I've allowed myself since my christening. Besides, Caroline's income is very considerable, and as her ideas of economy are quite on a par with mine, it ought to turn out well. *{Enter Baroness von Krakenfeldt.}* Oh, here she is. *{Approaching to embrace Baroness}* My little Gum Drop!
- Baroness:** Rudolph, don't! What in the world are you thinking of?
- Rudolph:** I was thinking of embracing you, my sugarplum.
- Baroness:** What, here? In public? Really you appear to have no sense of delicacy.
- Rudolph:** No sense of delicacy, Bon-bon!
- Baroness:** No. I can't make you out. When you courted me, all your courting was done publicly in the Market Place. When you proposed to me, you proposed in the Market Place. And now that we're engaged you seem to desire that our first tete-a-tete shall occur in the Market Place! Surely you've a room in your Palace – with blinds – that would do?
- Rudolph:** But, my own, – I'm bound by my own decree.
- Baroness:** Your own decree?
- Rudolph:** Yes. You see, all the houses that give on the Market Place belong to me, and, with a view of increasing the value of the property, I decreed that all love-episodes between affectionate couples should take place, in public, on this spot, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when the band doesn't play.
- Baroness:** Bless me, what a happy idea! So moral too! Has it worked?
- Rudolph:** The rents have gone up fifty per cent., and the sale of opera glasses (which is a Grand Ducal monopoly) has received an extraordinary stimulus! So, under the circumstances, would you allow me to put my arm round your waist? As a source of income. Just once!
- Baroness:** But it's so embarrassing. Think of the opera glasses!

- Rudolph:** My dear Caroline, that's just what I am thinking of. Oh, hang it all, we must give them something for their money! *(He gives her a hug...the newspaper she's carried in is uncomfortable between them, causing him to ask...)* What's that?
- Baroness:** *{Unfolding paper, which contains a large letter, which she hands to him}* It's a letter which your detective asked me to hand to you. I've concealed it in yesterday's paper. *{Begins to read paper}*
- Rudolph:** Oh, it's only his report! That'll keep.
- Baroness:** Why – dear me – here's your biography! "Our Detested Despot!"
- Rudolph:** Yes – I fancy that refers to me.
- Baroness:** Why, what's this? It says that although you're going to marry me tomorrow, you were betrothed in infancy to the Princess of Monte Carlo!
- Rudolph:** Oh yes – that's quite right. Didn't I mention it?
- Baroness:** Mention it! You never said a word about it!
- Rudolph:** Well, it doesn't matter, because, you see, it's practically off.
- Baroness:** Practically off?
- Rudolph:** Yes. By the terms of the contract the betrothal is void unless the Princess marries before she is of age. Now, her father, the Prince, is stony-broke, and hasn't left his house for years for fear of arrest from his creditors, who are legion. Over and over again he has implored me to come to him to be married or to advance him the money to enable the Princess to come to me – but in vain. As the Princess comes of age at three tomorrow, at three tomorrow I'm a free man, so I appointed that hour for our wedding, as I shall like to have as much marriage as I can get for my money.
- Baroness:** My thoughtful darling! Oh, Rudolph, we ought to be very happy!
- Rudolph:** If I'm not, it'll be my first bad investment.
- Baroness:** I often picture us in the long, cold, dark December evenings, sitting close to each other and singing impassioned duets to keep us warm, and thinking of all the lovely things we could afford to buy if we chose to ... which we won't! ... and, at the same time, planning out our lives in a spirit of the most rigid and exacting economy!
- Rudolph:** It's a most beautiful and touching picture of connubial bliss in its highest and most rarefied development!

DUET--BARONESS *and* RUDOLPH.

BAR. As o'er our penny roll we sing,
It is not reprehensive
To think what joys our wealth would bring
Were we disposed to do the thing
Upon a scale extensive.
There's rich mock-turtle--thick and clear--

RUD. (*confidentially*). Perhaps we'll have it once a year!

BAR. (*delighted*). You *are* an open-handed dear!

RUD. Though, mind you, it's expensive.

BAR. No doubt it *is* expensive.

BOTH. Oh, he who has an income clear
Of fifty thousand pounds a year--

BAR. Can purchase all his fancy loves
Conspicuous hats--

RUD. Two shilling gloves--

BAR. (*doubtfully*). Two-shilling gloves?

RUD. (*positively*). Two-shilling gloves--

BOTH. Yes, think of that, two-shilling gloves!

BAR. Cheap shoes and ties of gaudy hue,
And Waterbury watches, too--
And think that he could buy the lot
Were he a donkey--

RUD. Which he's *not*!

BAR. Oh no, he's *not*!

RUD. Oh no, he's *not*!

BOTH (*dancing*).
That kind of donkey he is *not*!
Then let us be modestly merry,
And rejoice with a derry down derry.
For to laugh and to sing
Is a rational thing--
It's a joy economical, very!

[*Exit* BARONESS.]

Rudolph: Oh, now for my detective's report. *{Opens letter}* What's this! A conspiracy to depose me! And my private detective was so convulsed with laughter at the notion of a conspirator selecting him for a confidant that he was physically unable to arrest the malefactor! This comes of engaging a detective with a keen sense of the ridiculous! And the plot is to explode tomorrow! My wedding day! Oh, Caroline, Caroline! *{Weeps}* This is perfectly frightful!

{Enter Ludwig}

Ludwig: Now for my confession and full pardon. They told me the Grand Duke was dancing duets in the Market Place, but I don't see him. *{Sees Rudolph}* Hallo! Who's this. *{Aside}* Why, it is the Grand Duke!

Rudolph: *{sobbing}* Who are you sir, who presume to address me in person?

Ludwig: Your Highness, in me you see the most unhappy, the most unfortunate, the most completely miserable man in your whole dominion –

Rudolph: *{still sobbing}* You the most miserable man in my whole dominion! How can you have the face to stand there and say such a thing? Why, look at me! Look at me! *{Bursts into tears}*

Ludwig: Well, I wouldn't be a cry-baby.

Rudolph: A cry-baby? If you had just been told that you were going to be deposed tomorrow, and perhaps blown up with dynamite for all I know, wouldn't you be a cry-baby? I do declare, if I could only hit upon some cheap and painless method of putting an end to an existence which has become insupportable, I would unhesitatingly adopt it!

Ludwig: You would? *{Aside}* I see a magnificent way out of this! By Jupiter, I'll try it! *{Aloud}* If you are really in earnest – if you really desire to escape scot free from this impending, unspeakably horrible catastrophe – without trouble, danger, pain or expense – why not resort to a Statutory Duel?

Rudolph: A Statutory Duel?

Ludwig: Yes. The Act is still in force, but it will expire tomorrow afternoon. You fight – you lose – you are dead for a day. The victor assumes your office, but just for a day. Tomorrow, when the Act expires, you come to life again and resume your Grand Duchy as though nothing had happened. In the meantime, the explosion will have taken place and the survivor will have had to bear the brunt of it.

Rudolph: Yes, that's all very well, but who'll be fool enough to be the survivor?

Ludwig: *{kneeling}* Actuated by an overwhelming sense of attachment to your Grand Ducal person, I unhesitatingly offer myself as the victim of your subjects' fury.

Rudolph: You do? Well, really that's very handsome for you. But suppose I were to win?

Ludwig: Oh, that's easily arranged. *{Producing cards}* I'll put an Ace up my sleeve – you'll put a King up yours. When the drawing takes place, I shall seem to draw the higher card and you the lower. And there you are!

Rudolph: Oh, but that's cheating.

Ludwig: So it is. I never thought of that. Pity. *{going}*

- Rudolph:** *{hastily}* Not that I mind. But I say – you won't take an unfair advantage of your day of office? You won't go tipping people, or squandering my little savings in fireworks, or any nonsense of that sort?
- Ludwig:** I am hurt – really hurt – by the suggestion.
- Rudolph:** You – you wouldn't like to put down a deposit, perhaps?
- Ludwig:** No. I don't think I should like to put down a deposit.
- Rudolph:** Very well, I suppose you must have it your own way.
- Ludwig:** Good. I say – we must have a devil of a quarrel!
- Rudolph:** Oh, a devil of a quarrel!
- Ludwig:** Just to give colour to the thing. Shall I give you a sound thrashing before all the people? Say the word – It's no trouble.
- Rudolph:** No, I think not, though it would be very convincing and it's extremely good and thoughtful of you to suggest it. Still, a devil of a quarrel!
- Ludwig:** Oh, a devil of a quarrel! Now the question is, how shall we summon the people?
- Rudolph:** Oh, there's no difficulty about that. Bless your heart, they've been staring at us through those windows for the last half hour!

FINALE.

RUD. Come hither, all you people--
When you hear the fearful news,
All the pretty women weep'll,
Men will shiver in their shoes.

LUD. And they'll all cry "Lord, defend us!"
When they learn the fact tremendous
That to give this man his gruel
In a Statutory Duel--

BOTH. This plebeian man of shoddy--
This contemptible nobody--
Your Grand Duke does not refuse!

(During this, Chorus of men and women have entered, all trembling with apprehension under the impression that they are to be arrested for their complicity in the conspiracy.)

CHORUS.

With faltering feet,
Our fate we meet
If our plot complete
There is no retreat--

And our muscles in a quiver,
With our feelings all unstrung!
He has managed to diskiver,
We shall certainly be hung!

RUD. (*aside to LUDWIG*).
Now *you* begin and pitch it strong--walk into me abusively--

LUD. (*aside to RUDOLPH*).
I've several epithets that I've reserved for you exclusively.
A choice selection I have here when you are ready *to* begin.

RUD. Now *you* begin

LUD. No, *you* begin--

RUD. No, *you* begin--

LUD. No, *you* begin!

CHORUS (*trembling*).
Has it happed as we expected?
Is our little plot detected?

DUET--RUDOLPH and LUDWIG

RUD. (*furiously*).
Big bombs, small bombs, great guns and little ones!
Put him in a pillory!
Rack him with artillery!

LUD. (*furiously*).
Long swords, short swords, tough swords and brittle ones!
Fright him into fits!
Blow him into bits!

RUD. You muff, sir!

LUD. You lout, sir!

RUD. Enough, sir!

LUD. Get out, sir! (*Pushes him.*)

RUD. A hit, sir?

LUD. Take that, sir! (*Slaps him.*)

RUD. It's tit, sir,

LUD. For tat, sir!

CHORUS (*appalled*).

When two doughty heroes thunder,
All the world is lost in wonder;
When two heroes, once pacific,
Quarrel, the effect's terrific!

LUD. and RUD. (*recit.*).

He has insulted me, and, in a breath,
This day we fight a duel to the death!

NOT. (*checking them*).

You mean, of course, by duel (*verbum sat.*),
A Statutory Duel.

ALL. What is that?

NOT. According to established legal uses,
A card apiece each bold disputant chooses--
Dead as a doornail is the dog who loses--
The winner steps into the dead man's shoes!

ALL. The winner steps into the dead man's shoes!

RUD. and Lud. Agreed! Agreed!

RUD. Come, come--the pack!

LUD. (*producing one*). Behold it here!

RUD. I'm on the rack!

LUD. I quake with fear!

(*NOTARY offers card to LUDWIG.*)

LUD. First draw to you!

RUD. If that's the case,
Behold the King! (*Drawing card from his sleeve.*)

LUD. (*same business*). Behold the Ace!

CHORUS. Hurrah, hurrah! Our Ludwig's won
And wicked Rudolph's course is run--
So Ludwig will as Grand Duke reign
Till Rudolph comes to life again--

RUD. Which will occur to-morrow!
Yes, yes, I'll come to life to-morrow!

GRET. *(with mocking curtsey).*
My Lord Grand Duke, farewell!
A pleasant journey, very,
To your convenient cell
In yonder cemetery!

LISA. *(curtseying).*
Though malcontents abuse you,
We're much distressed to lose you!
You were, when you were living,
So liberal, so forgiving!

BERTHA. So merciful, so gentle!
So highly ornamental!

OLGA. And now that you've departed,
You leave us broken-hearted!

ALL *(pretending to weep).* Yes, truly, truly, truly--
Truly broken-hearted!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! *(Mocking him.)*

RUD. *(furious).* Rascallions, in penitential fires,
You'll rue the ribaldry that from you falls!
To-morrow afternoon the law expires.
And then--look out for squalls!

[Exit RUDOLPH, amid general ridicule.]

CHORUS. Give thanks, give thanks to wayward fate--
By mystic fortune's sway,
Our Ludwig guides the helm of State
For one delightful day!

(To LUDWIG.) We hail you, sir!
We greet you, sir!
Regale you, sir!
We treat you, sir!
Our ruler be
By fate's decree
For one delightful day!

NOT. You've done it neatly! Pity that your powers

Are limited to four-and-twenty hours!

LUD. No matter, though the time will quickly run,
In hours twenty-four much may be done!

SONG--LUDWIG.

Oh, a Monarch who boasts intellectual graces
Can do, if he likes, a good deal in a day--
He can put all his friends in conspicuous places,
With plenty to eat and with nothing to pay!
You'll tell me, no doubt, with unpleasant grimaces,
To-morrow, deprived of your ribbons and laces,
You'll get your dismissal--with very long faces--
But wait! on that topic I've something to say!

(Dancing.) I've something to say--I've something to
say--I've something to say!

Oh, our rule shall be merry--I'm not an ascetic--
And while the sun shines we will get up our hay--
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS. Oh, his rule will be merry--he's not an ascetic--
And while the sun shines we will get up our hay--
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

(During this, LUDWIG whispers to NOTARY, who writes.)

For instance, this measure (his ancestor drew it),

(alluding to NOTARY)

This law against duels--to-morrow will die--
The Duke will revive, and you'll certainly rue it--
He'll give you "what for" and he'll let you know why!
But in twenty-four hours there's time to renew it--
With a century's life I've the right to imbue it--
It's easy to do--and, by Jingo, I'll do it!

(Signing paper, which NOTARY presents.)

It's done! Till I perish your Monarch am I!
Your Monarch am I--your Monarch am I--your Monarch am I!
Though I do not pretend to be very prophetic,
I fancy I know what you're going to say--
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

ALL (*astonished*).

Oh, it's simply uncanny, his power prophetic--
It's perfectly right--we *were* going to say,
By a pushing young Monarch, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

Enter JULIA, at back.

LUD. (*recit.*). This very afternoon--at two (about)--
The Court appointments will be given out.
To each and all (for that was the condition)
According to professional position!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

JULIA. Oh, Heav'n!

ALL. What's the matter?

JULIA (*coming forward*). According to professional position?

LUD. According to professional position!

JULIA. Then, horror! horror! horror! horror! horror!

ALL. Why, what's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?

SONG--JULIA. (*LISA clinging to her.*)

JULIA. Our duty, if we're wise,
We never shun.
This Spartan rule applies
To every one.
In theatres, as in life,
Each has her line--
This part--the Grand Duke's wife

CHORUS. Well, what's the matter?

JULIA. (Oh agony!) is mine!

ALL. Oh, that's the matter, that's the matter, is it?

JULIA. A maxim new I do not start--
The canons of dramatic art
Decree that this repulsive part
(The Grand Duke's wife)
Is mine!

ALL. Oh, *that's* the matter!

LISA (*appalled, to LUDWIG*). Can that be so?

LUD. I do not know--
But time will show
If that be so.

DUET--LISA and JULIA.

LISA. Oh, listen to me, dear--
I love him only, darling!
Remember, oh, my pet,
On him my heart is set
This kindness do me, dear--
Nor leave me lonely, darling!
Be merciful, my pet,
Our love do not forget!

JULIA. Now don't be foolish, dear--
You couldn't play it, darling!
It's "leading business", pet
And you're but a soubrette.
So don't be mulish, dear--
Although I say it, darling,
It's not your line, my pet--
I play that part, you bet!
I play that part--
I play that part, you bet! You bet! You bet!

(*LISA overwhelmed with grief.*)

NOT. The lady's right. Though Julia's engagement
Was for the stage meant--
It certainly frees Ludwig from his
Connubial promise.
Though marriage contracts--or whate'er you call 'em--
Are very solemn,
Dramatic contracts (which you all adore so)
Are even more so!

ALL. That's very true!
Though marriage contracts are very solemn,
Dramatic contracts are even more so.

SONG--LISA.

The die is cast,
 My hope has perished!
 Farewell, O Past,
 Too bright to last,
 Yet fondly cherished!
 My light has fled,
 My hope is dead,
 Its doom is spoken--
 My day is night,
 My wrong is right
 In all men's sight--
 My heart is broken!

[Exit weeping.]

LUD. (*recit.*). Poor child, where will she go? What will she do?

JULIA. *That isn't in your part, you know.*

LUD. (*sighing*). Quite true!
 (*With an effort.*) Depressing topics we'll not touch upon--
 Let us begin as we are going on!
 For this will be a jolly Court, for little and for big!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. From morn to night our lives shall be as merry as a grig!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUD. All state and ceremony we'll eternally abolish--
 We don't mean to insist upon unnecessary polish--
 And, on the whole, I rather think you'll find our rule tollolish!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

JULIA. But stay--your new-made Court
 Without a courtly coat is.
 We shall require
 Some Court attire,
 And at a moment's notice.
 In clothes of common sort
 Your courtiers must not grovel;
 Your new *noblesse*
 Must have a dress
 Original and novel!

ALL. Now let us guess what kind of dress
 Would be both neat and novel.

LUD. Old Athens we'll exhume!
The necessary dresses,
Correct and true
(And all brand-new)
The company possesses.
Henceforth our Court costume
Shall live in song and story,
For we'll upraise
The dead old days
Of Athens in her glory!

ALL. Yes, let's upraise
The dead old days
Of Athens in her glory!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Agreed! Agreed! Agreed!

LUDWIG. For this will be a jolly Court for little and for big!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!

LUDWIG. From morn to night our lives shall be merry as a grig!

ALL. Sing hey, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!
Sing hey, the jolly, jolly, jolly jinks!
Sing hey, sing hey, sing hey, sing hey, sing hey,
The jinks, the jolly jinks of Pfennig Halbpennig!
The jolly, jolly jinks,
The jolly, jolly jinks,
The jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly jinks!

(They carry LUDWIG round stage and deposit him on the ironwork of well. JULIA stands by him, and the rest group round them.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

(THE NEXT MORNING.)

SCENE.--*Entrance Hall of the Grand Ducal Palace.*

Enter a procession of the members of the theatrical company (now dressed in the costumes of Troilus and Cressida), carrying garlands, playing on pipes, citharae, and cymbals, and heralding the return of LUDWIG and JULIA from the marriage ceremony, which has just taken place.

CHORUS.

As before you we defile,
 Eloia! Eloia!
Pray you, gentles, do not smile
If we shout, in classic style,
 Eloia!
Ludwig and his Julia true
Wedded are each other to--
So we sing, till all is blue,
 Eloia! Eloia!
 Opoponax! Eloia!

Wreaths of bay and ivy twine,
 Eloia! Eloia!
Fill the bowl with thespian wine,
And to revelry incline--
 Eloia!

For as gaily we pass on
Probably we shall, anon,
Sing a Diergeticon--
 Eloia! Eloia!
 Opoponax! Eloia!

RECIT.--LUDWIG.

Your loyalty our Ducal heartstrings touches:
Allow me to present your new Grand Duchess.
Should she offend, you'll graciously excuse her--
And kindly recollect *I* didn't choose her!

SONG--LUDWIG.

At the outset I may mention it's my sovereign intention
 To revive the classic memories of Athens at its best,
 For the company possesses all the necessary dresses
 And a course of quiet cramming will supply us with the rest.
 This return to classic ages is considered in their wages,
 Which are always calculated by the day or by the week--
 And I'll pay 'em (if they'll back me) all in *oboloi* and *drachmæ*,
 Which they'll get (if they prefer it) at the Kalends that are Greek!
 In the period Socratic every dining-room was Attic
 (Which suggests an architecture of a topsy-turvy kind),
 But they mixed their wine with water--which I'm sure they didn't oughter--
 And we modern Saxons know a trick worth two of that, I think!

(Confidentially to audience.)

At this juncture I may mention
 That this erudition sham
 Is but classical pretension,
 The result of steady "cram."
 Periphrastic methods spurning,
 To this audience discerning
 I admit this show of learning
 Is the fruit of steady "cram."!

CHORUS. Periphrastic methods spurnin.,
 To this audience discerning
 I admit this show of learning
 Is the fruit of steady "cram."!

Yes, on reconsideration, there are customs of that nation
 Which are not in strict accordance with the habits of our day,
 And when I come to codify, their rules I mean to modify,
 Or Mrs. Grundy, p'r'aps, may have a word or two to say.
 For they hadn't macintoshes or umbrellas or goloshes--
 And a shower with their dresses must have played the very deuce,
 And it must have been unpleasing when they caught a fit of sneezing,
 For, it seems, of pocket-handkerchiefs they didn't know the use.
 They wore little underclothing--scarcely anything--or nothing--
 And their dress of Coan silk was quite transparent in design--
 Well, in fact, in summer weather, something like the "altogether"
 And it's *there*, I rather fancy, I shall have to draw the line!

(Confidentially to audience.)

And again I wish to mention
 That this erudition sham
 Is but classical pretension,
 The result of steady "cram."
 Yet my classic lore aggressive
 (If you'll pardon the possessive)
 Is exceedingly impressive
 When you're passing an exam.

CHORUS. Yet his classic lore, etc.

Wreaths of bay and ivy twine,
 Eloia! Eloia!
Fill the bowl with thespian wine,
And to revelry incline--
 Eloia!

[*Exeunt Chorus. Manent LUDWIG and JULIA*]

- Julia:** And now that everybody has gone, and we're happily and comfortably married, I want to have a few words with my new-born husband.
- Ludwig:** *{aside}* Yes, I expect you'll often have a few words with your new-born husband!
{aloud} Well, what is it?
- Julia:** Why, I've been thinking that as you and I have to play our parts for life, it is most essential that we should come to a definite understanding as to how they shall be rendered. Now, I've been considering how I can make the most of this part, the Grand Duchess.
- Ludwig:** Have you? Well, if you'll take my advice, I shouldn't make it another one of your hoity-toity vixenish viragos.
- Julia:** You think not?
- Ludwig:** Oh, I'm quite clear about that. I should make her a tender, gentle, submissive, affectionate (but not too affectionate) child-wife – timidly anxious to coil herself into her husband's heart, but kept in check by an awestruck reverence for his exalted intellectual qualities and his majestic personal appearance.
- Julia:** Oh, that is your idea of a good part?
- Ludwig:** Yes – a wife who regards her husband's slightest wish as an inflexible law. A crushed, despairing violet, whose blighted existence would culminate (all too soon) in a lonely and pathetic death-scene! A fine part, my dear.
- Julia:** Yes. There's a good deal to be said for your view of it. Now there are some actresses whom it would fit like a glove.
- Ludwig:** *{aside}* I wish I'd married one of 'em
- Julia:** But, you see I must consider my temperament. For instance, my temperament would demand some strong scenes of justifiable jealousy.
- Ludwig:** Oh, there's no difficulty about that. You shall have them.
- Julia:** With a lovely but detested rival –
- Ludwig:** Oh, I'll provide the rival.
- Julia:** Whom I should stab – stab – stab!
- Ludwig:** Oh, I wouldn't stab her. It's been done to death. I should treat her with a silent and contemptuous disdain, and delicately withdraw from a position which, to one of your sensitive nature, would be absolutely untenable. Dear me, I can see you delicately withdrawing, up centre and off!
- Julia:** Can you?
- Ludwig:** Yes. It's a fine situation – and in your hands, full of quiet pathos!

DUET--LUDWIG and JULIA.

LUD. Now Julia, come,
 Consider it from
 This dainty point of view--
 A timid tender
 Feminine gender,
 Prompt to coyly coo--
 Yet silence seeking,
 Seldom speaking
 Till she's spoken to--
 A comfy, cosy,
 Rosy-posy
 Innocent *ingenoo!*
 The part you're suited to--
 (To give the deuce her due)
 A sweet (O, jiminy!)
 Miminy-piminy,
 Innocent *ingenoo!*

JULIA. I'm much obliged to you,
 I don't think that would do!

ENSEMBLE.

LUD.	JULIA.
A sweet (O, jiminy!) Miminy-piminy, Innocent <i>ingenoo!</i>	To play (O, jiminy!) Miminy-piminy, Innocent <i>ingenoo!</i>

JULIA. You forget my special magic
 (In a high dramatic sense)
 Lies in situations tragic--
 Undeniably intense.
 As I've justified promotion
 In the histrionic art,
 I'll submit to you my notion
 Of a first-rate part.

LUD. Well, let us see your notion
 Of a first-rate part.

JULIA (*dramatically*).
 I have a rival! Frenzy-thrilled,
 I find you both together!
 My heart stands still--with horror chilled---
 Hard as the millstone nether!
 Then softly, slyly, snaily, snaky--
 Crawly, creepy, quaily, quaky--
 I track her on her homeward way,
 As panther tracks her fated prey!

(Furiously.) I fly at her soft white throat--
The lily-white laughing leman!
On her agonized gaze I gloat
With the glee of a dancing demon!
My rival she--I have no doubt of her---
So I hold on--till the breath is out of her!
--till the breath is out of her!

And then--Remorse! Remorse!
O cold unpleasant corse,
Avaunt! Avaunt!
That lifeless form
I gaze upon--
That face, still warm
But weirdly wan--
Those eyes of glass
I contemplate--
And then, alas!
Too late--too late!
I find she is--your Aunt!

(Shuddering.) Remorse! Remorse!

Then, mad--mad--mad!
With fancies wild--chimerical--
Now sorrowful--silent--sad--
Now hullabaloo hysterical!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
But whether I'm sad or whether I'm glad,
Mad! mad! mad! mad!

This calls for the resources of a high-class art,
And satisfies my notion of a first-rate part!

ENSEMBLE.

LUD.

And satisfies her notion
of a first-rate part!

JULIA.

And satisfies my notion
of a first-rate part!

[Exit JULIA

Enter all the Chorus, hurriedly, and in great excitement.

CHORUS.

Your Highness, there's a party at the door--
Your Highness, at the door there is a party--
She says that we expect her,
But we do not recollect her,
For we never saw her countenance before!

With rage and indignation she is rife,
Because our welcome wasn't very hearty--
She's as sulky as a super,
And she's swearing like a trooper,
O, you never heard such language in your life!

Enter BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT, in a fury.

BAR. With fury indescribable I burn!
With rage I'm nearly ready to explode!
There'll be grief and tribulation when I learn
To whom this slight unbearable is owed!
For whatever may be due I'll pay it double--
There'll be terror indescribable and trouble!
With a hurly-burly and a hubble-bubble
I'll pay you for this pretty episode!

ALL. Oh, whatever may be due she'll pay it double!--
It's very good of her to take the trouble--
But we don't know what she means by "hubble-bubble"--
No doubt it's an expression *à la mode*.

BAR. *(to LUDWIG).*
Do you know who I am?

LUD. *(examining her).* I don't;
Your countenance I can't fix, my dear.

BAR. This proves I'm not a sham.
(Showing pocket-handkerchief.)

LUD. *(examining it).* It won't;
It only says "Krakenfeldt, Six," my dear.

BAR. Express your grief profound!

LUD. I shan't!
This tone I never allow, my love.

BAR. Rudolph at once produce!

LUD. I can't;
He isn't at home just now, my love.

BAR. (*astonished*). He isn't at home just now!

ALL. He isn't at home just now,
(*Dancing derisively.*) He has an appointment particular, very-
You'll find him, I think, in the town cemetery;
And that's how we come to be making so merry,
For he isn't at home just now! He isn't at home just now!

BAR. But bless my heart and soul alive, it's impudence personified!
I've come here to be matrimonially matrimonified!

LUD. For any disappointment I am sorry unaffectedly,
But yesterday that nobleman expired quite unexpectedly--

ALL (*sobbing*). Tol the riddle lol!
Tol the riddle lol!
Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!
(*Then laughing wildly.*) Tol the riddle, lol the riddle, lol lol lay!

Baroness: *{aside}* But what in the world am I to do? I was to have married him today! *{aloud}*
Is this Court Mourning or a Fancy Ball?

Ludwig: Well, it's a delicate combination of both effects. It is intended to express
inconsolable grief for the decease of the late Duke and ebullient joy at the accession
of his successor. I am his successor. Permit me to present you to my Grand Duchess.
{indicating Julia}

Baroness: Your Grand Duchess?

Ludwig: We were married only half-an-hour ago.

Baroness: Exactly. I thought she seemed new to the position.

Julia: Ma'am, I don't know who you are, but I flatter myself I can do justice to any part on
the very shortest notice.

Baroness: My dear, under the circumstances you are doing admirably. It's so difficult to be a
lady when one isn't born to it.

Julia: *{in a rage, to Ludwig}* Am I to stand this?

Baroness: *{Ignoring her}* And now tell me all about this distressing circumstance. How did
the Grand Duke die?

Ludwig: He perished nobly – in a Statutory Duel.

Baroness: In a Statutory Duel? But that's only a civil death! – and the Act expires today, and
then he will come to life again!

Ludwig: Well, no. Anxious to inaugurate my reign by conferring some inestimable boon on
my people, I signalized this occasion by reviving the law for another hundred years.
(Chorus: "Hurrah!")

- Baroness:** For another hundred years! Then set the merry joy-bells ringing! And let us rejoice today, if we never rejoice again!
- Ludwig:** But I don't think I quite understand. We have already rejoiced a good deal.
- Baroness:** Happy man, you little know the good things you are in for. When you killed Rudolph you adopted all his overwhelming responsibilities. Know then that I, Caroline von Krakenfeldt, am the most overwhelming of them all!
- Ludwig:** But stop, stop – I've just been married to somebody else!
- Julia:** Yes, ma'am, to somebody else, ma'am! Do you understand, ma'am? To somebody else!
- Baroness:** Do keep this young woman quiet!
- Julia:** Do you suppose I intend to give up a magnificent part without a struggle?
- Ludwig:** My good girl, she has the law on her side. Let us both bear this calamity with resignation. If you must struggle, go away and struggle in the seclusion of your chamber. There's a dear ...

SONG--BARONESS and CHORUS.

- Now away to the wedding we go,
So summon the charioteers--
No kind of reluctance they show
To embark on their married careers.
Though Julia's emotion may flow
For the rest of her maidenly years,
ALL. To the wedding we'll eagerly go,
So summon, so summon the charioteers!

Now away, etc.

(All dance off to wedding except JULIA.)

RECIT.--JULIA.

So ends my dream--so fades my vision fair!
Of hope no gleam--distraction and despair!
My cherished dream, the Ducal throne to share
That aim supreme has vanished into air!

SONG--JULIA.

Broken every promise plighted--
 All is darksome--all is dreary.
 Every new-born hope is blighted!
 Sad and sorry--weak and weary!

No, no! Let the bygone go by!
 No good ever came of repining:
 If to-day there are clouds o'er the sky,
 To-morrow the sun may be shining!
 God save you, To-morrow!
 Your servant, To-morrow!
 God save you, To-morrow, To-morrow, To-morrow!

[Exit JULIA.]

Enter ERNEST.

Ernest: It's of no use – I can't wait any longer. I must know what is going on. *{Looking off.}*
 Why, what's that? A wedding procession winding down the hill, dressed in my
Troilus and Cressida costumes! That's Ludwig's doing! I see how it is – he found
 the time hang heavy on his hands, and is amusing himself by getting married to Lisa.
 No – it can't be to Lisa, for here she is!

{Enter Lisa}

Lisa: *{not seeing him}* I really cannot stand seeing my Ludwig married twice in one day to
 somebody else!

Ernest: Lisa! *{Lisa sees him, and stands as if transfixed with horror.}*

Ernest: Come here – why, what's the matter – I simply want to ask you... *{Lisa suddenly
 turns and bolts off.}*

Ernest: Why, what's the matter with the little fool? One would think she saw a ghost! But if
 he's not marrying Lisa, whom is he marrying? *{Suddenly}* Julia! *{Much overcome}*
 I see it all! The scoundrel! He had to adopt all my responsibilities, and he's
 shabbily taken advantage of the situation to marry the girl I'm engaged to! But no, it
 can't be Julia, for here she is!

{Enter Julia.}

Julia: *{not seeing him}* I've made up my mind. I won't stand it! I'll send in my notice at
 once!

Ernest: Julia! Oh, what a relief!

{Julia gazes at him as if transfixed.}

Ernest: Then you've not married Ludwig? You are still true to me?

{Julia turns and bolts in grotesque horror. Ernest follows and stops her.}

Ernest: Don't run away! Listen to me. Are you all crazy?

Julia: *{in affected terror}* What would you with me, spectre? Oh, ain't his eyes sepulchral!
 And ain't his voice hollow! What are you doing out of your tomb at this time of day
 – apparition?

- Ernest:** I do wish I could make you girls understand that I'm only technically dead, and that physically I'm as much alive as ever I was in my life!
- Julia:** Oh, but it's an awful thing to be haunted by a technical bogie!
- Ernest:** You won't be haunted much longer. In a few hours I shall come to life again, and claim my darling as my blushing bride!
- Julia:** Oh – then you haven't heard?
- Ernest:** My love, I've heard nothing.
- Julia:** Why, Ludwig challenged Rudolph and won, and now he's Grand Duke, and he's revived the law for another century!
- Ernest:** What! But you're not serious – you're only joking!
- Julia:** My good sir, I'm a light-hearted girl, but I don't chaff bogies.
- Ernest:** Well, that's the meanest dodge I ever heard of!
- Julia:** Shabby trick, I call it. A century. I really can't afford to wait until your time is up. You know, I've always set my face against these long engagements.
- Ernest:** Then defy the law and marry me now.
- Julia:** No. The legal technicalities cannot be defied. Situated as you are, you have no power to make me your wife. At best you could only make me your widow.
- Ernest:** Then be my widow – my little, dainty, winning, winsome widow!
- Julia:** Now what would be the good of that? Why, you goose. I should marry again within a month!

DUET--ERNEST and JULIA.

- ERN.** If the light of love's lingering ember
Has faded in gloom,
You cannot neglect, O remember,
A voice from the tomb!
That stern supernatural diction
Should act as a solemn restriction,
Although by a mere legal fiction
A voice from the tomb!
- JULIA** (*in affected terror*).
I own that that utterance chills me--
It withers my bloom!
With awful emotion it thrills me--
That voice from the tomb!
Oh, spectre, won't anything lay thee?
Though pained to deny or gainsay thee,
In this case I cannot obey thee,
Thou voice from the tomb!

(Dancing.) So, spectre, appalling,
I bid you good-day--
Perhaps you'll be calling
When passing this way.
Your bogedom scorning,
And all your love-lorning,
I bid you good-morning,
I bid you good-day.

ERN. (furious). My offer recalling,
Your words I obey--
Your fate is appalling,
And full of dismay.
To pay for this scorning
I give you fair warning
I'll haunt you each morning,
Each night, and each day!

(Repeat Ensemble, Exit Julia.)

{Enter Rudolph}

RUDOLPH: If there's anything more distressing than being legally dead, it's being legally dead, watching your fiancé marry someone else, and having to *pay* for it all! What a devil of a lot they're bound to have spent on that. Why it's enough to bring *anyone* back to life. (Seeing Ernest) Hallo! Are you defunct too?

ERNEST: Oh yes, I suppose I am. But it's not much good, you know. I feel terribly alive. My existence has become unendurable. My fiancé won't have me. She insists I'm too insubstantial for her.

RUDOLPH: Dear me. And mine seems to be making *me* less substantial by the moment. It's a devil of a thing, being defunct. But at least we shall come to life in a few hours.

ERNEST: Not at all. Haven't you heard? The act has been revived by that rascal, Ludwig. We shan't be free to resume our responsibilities and marry whom we like for a hundred years. Can you wait?

RUDOLPH: A hundred years? I don't think I can wait. Why, I shan't have a pfennig left!

ERNEST: There's only one thing to be done – defy the law and come to life again.

RUDOLPH: Defy the law? Why I don't think I could do that.

(Enter Notary)

NOTARY: When gentlemen are suffering the injustice of the law the customary thing is to retain an attorney.

ERNEST: You? You're the one who got us into this mess. A Statutory Duel! And yet, I'd do anything if I can only come to life and marry Julia.

NOTARY: Anything?

ERNEST: Anything!

NOTARY: Very good. (*Gestures to them to gather round him.*) Now, why break the law? Why not simply get around it?

ERNEST: What do you mean?

NOTARY: It's quite customary. Everybody does it. Nobody could afford to pay their taxes otherwise.

RUDOLPH: Dear me. I wish I'd known. Think of what I've squandered not knowing that.

NOTARY: What is required for the occasion is a loophole.

BOTH: A loophole?

NOTARY: A loophole. Something in the law hitherto overlooked or not understood by the *hoi polloi*, which may perhaps give the two of you an advantage over the uninitiated.

ERNEST: It sounds very shady. Are you sure it's all right?

NOTARY: It's always done.

RUDOLPH: Well, if it's always done – Very good, I consent.

NOTARY: Together we must evolve a *coup d'etat*. Something to make the blood boil. But subtle. With just the right touch of intellectual drollery.

RUDOLPH: But all perfectly legal?

NOTARY: Oh yes – perfectly legal.

TRIO -- Rudolph, Notary, and Ernest.

Ensemble

With wily brain upon the spot
A private plot we'll plan,
The most ingenious private plot
Since private plots began.
That's understood. So far we've got
And, striking while the iron's hot,
We'll now determine like a shot
The details of this private plot.

Rudolph: I think we ought--(whispers)
Notary and Ernest: Such bosh I never heard!
Notary: Ah! happy thought!--(whispers)
Rudolph and Ernest: How utterly dashed absurd!
Ernest: I'll tell you how--(whispers)
Rudolph and Notary: Why, what put that in your head?
Rudolph: I've got it now--(whispers)
Notary and Ernest: Oh, take him away to bed!
Notary: Oh, put him to bed!
Ernest: Oh, put him to bed!
Rudolph: What, put me to bed?
Notary and Ernest: Yes, certainly put him to bed!
Rudolph: But, bless me, don't you see--
Notary: Do listen to me, I pray--
Ernest: It certainly seems to me--
Rudolph: Bah--this is the only way!
Notary: It's rubbish absurd you growl!
Ernest: You talk ridiculous stuff!
Rudolph: You're a drivelling barndoor owl!
Notary: You're a vapid and vain old muff!

(All, coming down to audience.)

So far we haven't quite solved the plot--
They're not a very ingenious lot--
But don't be unhappy,
It's still on the tapis,
We'll presently hit on a capital plot!

Rudolph: Suppose we all--(whispers)
Notary: Now there I think you're right.
Then we might all--(whispers)
Ernest: That's true, we certainly might.
I'll tell you what--(whispers)
Rudolph: We will if we possibly can.
Then on the spot-- (whispers)
Notary and Ernest: Bravo! A capital plan!
Rudolph: That's exceedingly neat and new!
Notary: Exceedingly new and neat.
Ernest: I fancy that that will do.
Rudolph: It's certainly very complete.
Notary: Well done you sly old sap!
Ernest: Bravo, you cunning old mole!
Rudolph: You very ingenious chap!
Notary: You intellectual soul!

(All, coming down and addressing audience.)

At last a capital plan we've got
We won't say how and we won't say what:
 It's safe in my noddle--
 Now off we will toddle,
And slyly develop this capital plot!

Re-enter the Wedding Procession dancing.

CHORUS.

Now bridegroom and bride let us toast
 In a magnum of merry champagne--
Let us make of this moment the most,
 We may not be so lucky again.
So drink to our sovereign host
 And his highly intelligent reign--
His health and his bride's let us toast
 In a magnum of merry champagne!

BRINDISI--BARONESS with CHORUS.

I once gave an evening party
 (A sandwich and cut-orange ball),
But my guests had such appetites hearty
 That I couldn't enjoy it, enjoy it at all.
I made a heroic endeavour
 To look unconcerned, but in vain,
And I vow'd that I never--oh never
 Would ask anybody again!
But there's a distinction decided---
 A difference truly immense--
When the wine that you drink is provided, provided,
 At somebody else's expense.

CHORUS. So bumpers--aye, ever so many--
 The cost we may safely ignore!
 For the wine doesn't cost us a penny,
 Tho' it's Pomméry seventy-four!

Come, bumpers--aye, ever so many--
 And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
 Tho' it's Pomméry, Pomméry seventy-four!
Old wine is a true panacea
 For ev'ry conceivable ill,
When you cherish the soothing idea
 That somebody else pays the bill!
Old wine is a pleasure that's hollow
 When at your own table you sit,
For you're thinking each mouthful you swallow

CHORUS. Has cost you, has cost you a threepenny-bit!
So bumpers--aye, ever so many--
And then, if you will, many more!
This wine doesn't cost us a penny,
Tho' it's Pomméry seventy-four!

(Exit BARONESS. March heard.)

LUD. *(recit.)*. Why, who is this approaching,
Upon our joy encroaching?
Some rascal come a-poaching
Who's heard that wine we're broaching?

ALL. Who may this be?
Who may this be?
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

Enter HERALD.

HER. The Prince of Monte *Carlo*,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his beautiful daughter.
They've paid off all they owe,
As every statesman oughter--
That Prince of Monte *Carlo*
And his be-eautiful daughter!

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte *Carlo*, etc.

HER. The Prince of Monte *Carlo*,
Who is so very partickler,
Has heard that you're also
For ceremony a stickler--
Therefore he lets you know
By word of mouth auric'lar--
(That Prince of Monte Carlo
Who is so very particklar)--

CHORUS. The Prince of Monte *Carlo*, etc.

HER. That Prince of Monte *Carlo*,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his be-eautiful daughter!

LUD. (*recit.*) His Highness we know not--nor the locality
 In which is situate his Principality;
 But, as he guesses by some odd fatality,
 This *is* the shop for cut and dried formality!
 Let him appear--
 He'll find that we're
 Remarkable for cut and dried formality.

(*Reprise of March. Exit HERALD. LUDWIG beckons his Court.*)

LUD. I have a plan--I'll tell you all the plot of it--
 He wants formality--he shall have a lot of it!
 (*Whispers to them, through symphony.*)
 Conceal yourselves, and when I give the cue,
 Spring out on him--you all know what to do!
 (*All conceal themselves behind the draperies that enclose the stage.*)

Pompous March. Enter the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO, attended by six theatrical-looking nobles and the Court Costumier.

DUET--PRINCE and PRINCESS.

PRINCE. We're rigged out in magnificent array
 (Our own clothes are much gloomier)
 In costumes which we've hired by the day
 From a very well-known costumier.

COST. (*bowing*). I am the well-known costumier.

PRINCESS. With a brilliant staff a Prince should make a show
 (It's a rule that never varies),
 So we've engaged from the Theatre Monaco
 Six supernumeraries.

NOBLES. We're the supernumeraries.

ALL. At a salary immense,
 Quite regardless of expense,
 Six supernumeraries!

PRINCE. They do not speak, for they break our grammar's laws,
 And their language is lamentable--
 And they never take off their gloves, because
 Their nails are not presentable.

NOBLES. Our nails are not presentable!

PRINCESS. To account for their shortcomings manifest
 We explain, in a whisper bated,
 They are wealthy members of the brewing interest
 To the Peerage elevated.

NOBLES. To the Peerage elevated.

ALL. They're/We're very, very rich,
 And accordingly, as sich,
 To the Peerage elevated.

- Prince:** Well, my dear, here we are at last – just in time to compel Duke Rudolph to fulfil the terms of his marriage contract. Another hour and we should have been too late.
- Princess:** Yes, papa, and if you hadn't discovered a means of making an income, we should never have come here at all.
- Prince:** True. Confined for the last two years within the precincts of my palace by an obdurate bootmaker who held a warrant for my arrest, I devoted my enforced leisure to a study of the doctrine of chances – mainly with the view of ascertaining whether there was the remotest chance of my ever going out for a walk again – and this led to the discovery of a singularly fascinating little round game which I have called Roulette, and by which, in one sitting, I won no less than five thousand francs! My first act was to pay my bootmaker – my second, to engage a good useful working set of second-hand nobles – and my third, to hurry you off to Pfennig Halbpennig as fast as a train de luxe could carry us!
- Princess:** Yes, papa, and a pretty job-lot of second-hand nobles you've scraped together!
- Prince:** *{doubtfully}* No, they are not wholly satisfactory. There is a certain air of unreality about them – they are not convincing.
- Costumier:** But, my good friend, *{referring to the costumes}* what can you expect for eighteenpence a day!
- Prince:** Now take this Peer, for instance. What the deuce do you call him?
- Costumier:** Him? He's the Duke of Riviera.
- Prince:** Oh, he's a duke, is he? Well, that's no reason why he should look so confoundedly haughty. *{to Noble}* Be affable, sir! *{Noble takes attitude of affability}* That's better. *{Passing to another}* Now, who's this picking his ear?
- Costumier:** Why, you're Viscount Mentone, aren't you?
- Noble:** Blest if I know. *{Turning up sword belt}* It's wrote here – yes, Viscount Mentone.
- Costumier:** Then why don't you say so? Hold yourself up – you're not carrying sandwich boards now. *{Adjusts his moustache and hat – a handkerchief falls out.}*
- Prince:** And we may be permitted to hint to the Noble Viscount, in the most delicate manner imaginable, that it is not the practice among the higher nobility to carry their handkerchiefs in their vests.
- Noble:** I ain't got no pockets.
- Prince:** Then tuck it in here. *{Tucking it in his breast.}*
- Princess:** But, papa, where in the world is the Court? There is no one here to receive us! I can't help feeling that Rudolph wants to get out of it because he thinks we are poor. He's a miserly little wretch – that's what he is.
- Prince:** Well, I shouldn't go so far as to say that. I should rather describe him as an enthusiastic collector of coins – of the realm.
- Princess:** Papa, I'm sure there's someone over there.
- Prince:** Then no doubt they are coming. Now mind, you Peers – haughty affability combined with a sense of what is due to your exalted ranks, or I'll fine you half a franc each – upon my soul I will!

{Gong. The curtains fly back and the Court are discovered. They give a wild yell and rush on to the stage dancing wildly, with Prince, Princess and the Nobles, who are taken by surprise at first, but eventually join in a reckless dance. At the end of the dance all fall down exhausted.}

Ludwig: There, what do you think of that? That's our official ceremonial for the reception of visitors of the very highest distinction.

Prince: *{puzzled}* It's very quaint – very curious indeed. Prettily footed, too. Prettily footed.

Ludwig: Would you like to see how we say "good-bye" to visitors of distinction? That ceremony is also performed with the foot.

Prince: Really, this tone – ah, but perhaps you have not completely grasped the situation?

Ludwig: Not altogether.

Prince: *{significantly}* Allow me to explain. I am the father of the Princess of Monte Carlo. Doesn't that convey any idea to the Grand Ducal mind?

Ludwig: *{stolidly}* Nothing definite.

Prince: This is the daughter of the Prince of Monte Carlo. Do you comprehend?

Ludwig: *{still puzzled}* No – not yet.

Prince: *{with sly significance}* Twenty years ago! Little doddle doddle! Happy fathers. Proud mothers! Now you understand!

Ludwig: *{to the audience}* Nothing is more annoying than to feel that you're not equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

Prince: You didn't expect me?

Ludwig: *{jumping at it}* No, no. I grasp that. No, I did not expect you!

Prince: I thought not. But ha! ha! at last I have escaped from my enforced restraint. *{General movement of alarm.}* *{To crowd, who are stealing off.}* No, no – you misunderstand me. I mean I've paid my debts! And how d'you think I did it? Through the medium of Roulette!

All: Roulette?

Ludwig: Now you're getting obscure again.

Prince: I'll explain. It's an invention of my own. I'll tell you about it.

{Nobles bring forward a double Roulette table which they unfold.}

SONG--PRINCE.

Take my advice-when deep in debt,
Set up a bank and play Roulette!
At once distrust you surely lull,
And rook the pigeon and the gull.
The bird will stake his every franc
In wild attempt to break the bank--
But you may stake your life and limb
The bank will end by breaking him!

(All crowd round and eagerly stake gold on the board.)

*Allons, encore-
Garçons, fillettes-
Vos louis d'or
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux-
Allons, la classe--
Le temps se passe--
La banque se casse-
Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus!
Le dix-sept noir, impair et manque!
Holà! holà! vive la banque!
For every time the board you spin,
The bank is bound to win!*

CHORUS. For every time the board you spin

ALL. The bank is bound to win!

(During Chorus, PRINCESS and COSTUMIER rake in all the stakes.)

PRINCE. A cosmic game is this Roulette!
The little ball's a true coquette--
A maiden coy whom "numbers" woo--
Whom six-and-thirty suitors sue!
Of all complexions, too, good lack!
For some are red and some are black,
And some must be extremely green,
For half of them are not nineteen!

(All stake again.)

Allons, encore--
Garçons, filettes--
Vos louis d'or
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux--
Allons, la foule!
Ça roule--ça roule
Le temps s'écoule-
Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus!
Le trente-cinq rouge--impair et passe!
Très bien, étudiants de la classe--
 The moral's safe--when you begin
 Be sure the bank is bound to win!

CHORUS. The moral's safe--when you begin,

ALL. The bank is bound to win!

PRINCE. The little ball's a flirt inbred--
 She flirts with black--she flirts with red;
 From this to that she hops about,
 Then back to this as if in doubt
 To call her thoughtless were unkind--
 The child is making up her mind,
 For all the world like all the rest,
 Which *prétendant* will pay the best!

Allons, encore--
Garçons, fillettes--
Vos louis d'or--
Vos roues d'charette!
Holà! holà!
Mais faites vos jeux-
Qui perte fit
Au temps jadis
Gagne aujourd'hui!
Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus! Rien n'va plus!
Tra, la, la! le double zéro!
Vous perdez tout, mes nobles héros-
 Where'er at last the ball pops in,
 Be sure the bank is bound to win!

CHORUS. *Tra, la, la la! le double zéro! etc. .*

(PRINCE gathers in the stakes. Nobles fold up table and take it away.)

- Ludwig:** A capital game.
- Princess:** *{taking Ludwig by the arm}* Yes, it's such fun!
- Baroness:** Why, you forward little hussy, how dare you? *{Takes her away from Ludwig}*
- Ludwig:** You mustn't do that, my dear – never in the presence of the Grand Duchess, I beg!
- Princess:** Oh, papa, he's got a Grand Duchess!
- Ludwig:** A Grand Duchess! My good girl, I've got three Grand Duchesses!
- Princess:** Three Grand Duchesses! Papa, let's go away – this is not a respectable Court.
- Prince:** All these Grand Dukes have their little fancies, my love. This one appears to be collecting wives. It's a pretty hobby – I should like to collect a few myself. This *{admiring Baroness}* is a charming specimen – an antique, I should say, and here's another *{alluding to Julia}*, and *{alluding to Lisa}* a little one thrown in. *{To Ludwig}* Have you such a thing as a catalogue of the Museum?
- Princess:** But I cannot permit Rudolph to keep a museum.
- Ludwig:** Rudolph? I'm not Rudolph! *{Pretending to weep}* Rudolph – died yesterday!
- Prince and Princess:** What?
- Ludwig:** Quite suddenly – of – of – a cardiac arrest.
- Prince and Princess:** Of a cardiac arrest?
- Ludwig:** Yes, a pack-of-cardiac arrest. He fought a Statutory Duel with me and lost, and I took over all his engagements – including this imperfectly preserved old lady, to whom he has been engaged for the last three weeks.
- Princess:** Three weeks! But I've been engaged to him for the last twenty years!
- Baroness, Lisa, and Julia:** Twenty years!
- Prince:** *{aside}* It's all right, my love – they can't get over that. *{aloud}* He's yours – take him and hold him as tight as you can!
- Princess:** My own! *{embracing Ludwig}*
- Ludwig:** Here's another! – the fourth in four-and-twenty hours! Would anybody else like to marry me? You, ma'am – or you – anybody! I'm getting used to it!
- { **Baroness:** But let me tell you, ma'am –
{ **Julia:** Why, you impudent little hussy –
{ **Lisa:** Oh, here's another – here's another! *{weeping}*
- Princess:** Poor ladies, I'm very sorry for you all; but, you see, I've a prior claim. Come, away we go – there's not a moment to be lost!

CHORUS (*as they dance towards exit*).

Away to the wedding we'll go
To summon the charioteers,
No kind of reluctance we show
To embark on our married careers--

(*At this moment RUDOLPH, ERNEST, and NOTARY appear.
All kneel in astonishment.*)

RECITATIVE.
RUDOLPH, ERNEST, and NOTARY.

Forbear! This may not be!
Frustrated are your plans!
With paramount decree
The Law forbids the banns!

ALL. The Law forbids the banns!

SONG--RUDOLPH.

(*Furiously.*) Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow, thus my life to shatter, O!
My dainty bride--my bride elect--you wheedle and you flatter, O!
You fascinate her tough old heart with vain and vulgar patter, O!
And eat my food and drink my wine--especially the latter, O!

ALL. The latter, O!
The latter, O!
Especially the latter, O!

RUDOLPH. But when compared with other crimes, for which your head I'll batter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of liberty
Scarcely seems to matter, O!

For O, you vulgar vagabond, you fount of idle chatter, O!
You've done a deed on which I vow you won't get any fatter, O!
You fancy you've revived the Law--mere empty brag and clatter, O!
You can't--you shan't--you don't--you won't--you thing of rag and tatter, O!

ALL. Of tatter, O!
Of tatter, O!
You thing of rag and tatter, O!

RUDOLPH. For this you'll suffer agonies like rat in clutch of ratter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of liberty
's quite another matter, O!

(RUDOLPH *sinks exhausted into NOTARY'S arms.*)

Ludwig: My good sir, it's no use your saying that I can't revive the Law, in face of the fact that I have revived it.

Rudolph: You couldn't revive it! You are an imposter, sir!

Ludwig: That's absurd. I fought the Grand Duke. He drew a King, and I drew an Ace. He perished in inconceivable agonies on the spot. Now, as that's settled, we'll go on with the wedding.

Rudolph: It isn't settled. You can't. *{to Notary}* Tell him!

Notary: Well, the fact is, there's been a little mistake here. On reference to the Act that regulates Statutory Duels, I find it is expressly laid down that Ace shall count invariably as lowest!

All: Lowest!

Rudolph: *{breathlessly}* As lowest – lowest – lowest! So you're the ghoest – ghoest – ghoest!

Princess: And am I to understand that I was on the point of marrying a dead man without knowing it? Oh, my goodness, what a narrow escape I've had. *{turns to look at Rudolph}* Or did I speak too soon?

Rudolph: So you are the Princess of Monte Carlo. *{looking at her closely}* Rather an expensive taste in clothes.

Princess: I am dressed as becomes a Grand Duke's betrothed!

Notary: Remember, you're only officially betrothed till 3:00.

{ **Princess:** Well, if I don't suit you, then perhaps we should...

{ **Rudolph:** You know, I don't intend to squander money on fancy clothes for you.

{Clock strikes three.}

Princess: My Lord, I no longer hold you to your pledge.

Rudolph: And I happily release you from yours.

Princess: Thank goodness!

Prince: *{to Princess}* Well, my dear, it seems that you and I have come all this way for nothing.

Princess: Not for nothing, Papa, with all this new interest in roulette that can be turned to good account. *{they retire up together}*

Lisa: *{crying softly}* What's to become of me? I cannot marry a dead man.

Ludwig: But I'm no such thing! At the stroke of three, when the Act went out of existence, I came back into it! *{they retire up together}*

Ernest: Well, Julia, it seems that I am no longer a spectre appalling.

Julia: Very well, I am yours, but only if you promise to give me some strong scenes of justifiable jealousy!

Ernest: Justifiable jealousy! My love, I couldn't do it!

Julia: Then I won't play.

- Ernest:** Well, well, I'll do my best! *{they retire up together}*
- Rudolph:** *{to the Baroness}* My dearest, I am delighted to be restored to one who shares my tastes in frugality.
- Baroness:** We shall live out our lives together in blissfully Parsimonious Matrimony!
- Rudolph:** In blissfully Matrimonial Parsimony!
- Baroness:** And to celebrate our wedding, you and I, my own, will provide all these good people with as much as they can eat of my very favorite delicacy. *{Rudolph looks worried}*
- Ludwig:** *{coming forward with Lisa}* Caviar?
- Baroness:** Oh, no!
- Ernest:** *{coming forward with Julia}* Roast pheasant?
- Baroness:** Dear me, no. We shall have delicious, savory, melt-in- the-mouth – and reasonably priced – Sausage Rolls! *{Rudolph is greatly relieved. Everyone else is aggrieved}*
- Ludwig:** You're too kind, madam. But before we face – that is enjoy – our wedding feast, let us bring back the parson, and we'll all be married directly!
- All:** Hurrah!

FINALE.

Happy couples, lightly treading,
Castle chapel will be quite full!
Each shall have a pretty wedding,
As, of course, is only rightful,
Though the brides be fair or frightful.
Contradiction little dreading,
This will be a day delightful--
Each shall have a pretty wedding!
Such a pretty, pretty wedding!
Such a pretty wedding!

(All dance off to get married as the curtain falls.)

THE END