

THE
SPECTRE KNIGHT.

Fanciful Operetta,

BY

JAMES ALBERY AND ALFRED CELLIER

PRICE SIXPENCE

THE SPECTRE KNIGHT.

A New and Original Fanciful Operetta

IN ONE ACT,

BY

JAMES ALBERY AND ALFRED CELLIER.

First produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, February 9th, 1878-
Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte (for the Comedy Opera Company, Limited).

CHARACTERS

THE GRAND DUKE - (banished at the age of 40) - Mr. F. CLIFTON.
HIS LORD CHAMBERLAIN - (banished at the age of 35),
Mr. R BARRINGTON.
HER GRACE'S FIRST LADY IN WAITING - (banished at the age of -),
Miss EVERARD.
HER GRACE'S SECOND LADY IN WAITING - (banished at the age of -),
Miss MUNCEY
VIOLA - (a maiden, banished at the age of 1, from which the ages
of the other characters may be guessed - not mentioned),
Miss Giulia WARWICK.
GHOST - (The Spectre Knight, an impostor,)
buried A.D. 1294) - - - - -)
OTHO - ANOTHER GRAND DUKE - (A young) MR. RICHARD TEMPLE.
one, where they are plentiful, banished)
at the age of 7) - - - - -)

SCENE - A HAUNTED GLEN.

Time - The educated will perceive, the uneducated will not require to know.

SCENE BY MESSRS.GORDON & HARFORD. COSTUMES BY Mrs MAY.

STAGE MANAGER - Mr CHAS. HARRIS.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR - - Mr ALFRED CELLIER.

LORD C. I will receive it for them.

DUKE. 'Tis well.

RECITATIVE.

[No.2]

DUKE. What letters have they brought me from the palace?

LORD C. There were but four, and you behold them here.

DUKE. We'll ope them straight, and see what they contain.

(*opens one*). This speaks of money

LORD C. So, your grace, does this.

DUET. - (*Each reading*.)

[No.3]

DUKE. "Your grace, I am an eligible count -

LORD C. "An eligible count am I, your grace -

DUKE. "No place exalted that I could not mount -

LORD C. "Ready to mount the most exalted place -

DUKE. "I hear your child has goodness and has beauty -

LORD C. "I'm told your child is beautiful as good -

DUKE. "Who never yet has failed to do her duty -

LORD C. "In duty always acted as she should -

DUKE. "And yet, before I offer her my hand -

LORD C. "Before my hand I offer to a wife -

DUKE. "I'd like to know what fortune you command"

LORD C. "I'd like to know if you've insured your life."

TOGETHER. Now, is it not funny? they all think of money,
The brave and the noble, the gallant and gay;
Why not follow their wishes, like birds, beasts, and fishes,
And marry for love in the natural way?

DUKE (*opens other letters and reads*).

"You grace, I'm told you have a little girl -

LORD C. "I hear you highness has a little maid -

DUKE. "I'd give up trade if I could be an earl -

LORD C. "If I could be a lord I'd give up trade -

DUKE. "So if you could arrange for me to wed -

LORD C. "I fancy if a marriage could be planned -

DUKE. "Your little child, and place upon my head -

LORD C. "With your fair child, and give me some command -

DUKE. "A coronet, and grant a star or so -

LORD C. "In some high place of honour I could fill -

DUKE. "I'd overlook the little debt you owe."

LORD C. "I wouldn't ask you for your little bill."

TOGETHER. It's past understanding, so many demanding
With our / your little daughter to bind up their fate;
It's quite as surprising, as greedy fish rising
To nibble the hook when there isn't a bait.

DUKE. We have concealed our daughter from the world!

LORD C. But children are like sins - or virtues' sire -
'Tis hard to keep them dark for eighteen years.

DUKE. Now, if I should bestow my daughter's hand

On any one, he would expect to get
Her fortune, too!

LORD C. That is a human weakness.

DUKE. And as we've nothing here to live upon
But that same little fortune of my daughter's,
Behoves us that we see she does not wed.

LORD C. It much behoves us, and we'll take good care.

DUKE. Where are the servants?

LORD C. (*aside.*) Servants - where indeed!
I'm rather tired of this make believe.

DUKE (*calling.*) Well, now, you rascals, have you brushed my clothes?

LORD C. (*calling.*) You varlets, have you got the vegetables?

DUKE. They never answer.

LORD C. No, indeed they don't!
(*aside.*) For the best reasons, that they are not there.

DUKE *goes behind small screen, R., takes off his coat and
begins to brush it. LORD C. goes to screen L., puts
forward bucket of water, she takes carrots and begins
to clean them.*

1st LADY *comes behind screen, L.C.*

1st L. Where is the Cook?

LORD C. (*aside.*) Ah! yes, I wonder too.

2nd LADY *comes behind screen, R.C.*

2nd L. Where are those wenchs with the ironing?

1st LADY *commences to prepare food. 2nd to iron linen.*

QUARTETT.

[No.4]

1st L. (*with potatoes*) You may talk, you may talk, you may scold,
DUKE (*brushing*) With a shake, and a brush, and a rub,
2nd L. (*ironing*) With a hem and a seam and a fold,
LORD C. (*with carrot*) With a dip, and a wipe, and a scrub.

TOGETHER. These servants are a shocking plague,
Enough to drive one mad,
They hardly deign to stir a leg,
It really is too bad.

1st L. It's made me hoarse the way I've bawled,
DUKE & LORD C. The way she bawled;
2nd L. They never come when they are called,
DUKE & LORD C. Never come when they are called.
1st L. Why, good gracious!

Such vexatious
Servants yet were never had;
It is really
Very nearly
Plague enough to drive me mad.
(All repeat.)

DUKE. Well, so you've brushed my doublet, have you?
You rascal, you've been long enough about it!
Behoves me, I go dress.
[Exit into tent, R.]

LORD C. *(aside)* Behoves that I
Abuse my servant too. You scurvey varlet,
You've got those carrots scraped at last, I see.
I will prepare for dinner.

[Exit into tent, L., after moving things - when he carries off screen.]

1st L. Now, you lazy
Idle young cook maids, I will leave you here
To cook our frugal meal.

[Goes off with various things, then removes her screen.]

2nd L. Ah, no one's here
To hear me speak, I'll take my things and go.
[Goes off with ironing, &c.]

Enter OTHO, dressed as a friar, followed by two Pages.

OTHO. Here is the spot where the old, mad Duke lives
With my fair cousin who have never seen
A man beside her father, and the old
Lord Chamberlain who waits upon him still;
Now I will see this maid, and if she's fair,
And all I hope to find her, I shall win
A bride, not made of padding, stays, and paint,
But a pure girl.

SONG.

[No.5]

Said Cupid to me, come hither and see
That lady in ringlets so bright, boy.
Said I, with a nod to the knowing young god,
She puts them in papers at night, boy.
But, said Cupid to me, did ever you see
On any girl's cheek such a red bloom?
Said I, half a score, but don't mention it more,
She's a small pot of rouge in her bed-room.
But, said he, if you've taste, there's a beautiful waist,
The doves of my mother all haunt it;
He does a good trade, her corsets that made,
I can give you his card if you want it.

Ah! said Cupid, I see you're too clever for me,
And are heart-whole, where others have bled so;

And he fingered a dart by the feathery part,
And wink'd his blue eye as he said so.
Then he bade me good-bye, but said, gaze in her eye,
What a love-light of beauty there's in it.
I could scarce turn to look, when an arrow he took,
And pierced through my heart in a minute;
And he cried to the fair, as he flew through the air,
Nor in stays, paint or powder, love's dart is,
A glance or a smile has more power to beguile,
For nature more potent than art is.

OTHO. You have all things prepared?

1st P. They are, my lord.

OTHO. The supper and the wine?

2nd P. Are all at hand.

OTHO. My armour and new dresses for my friends?

1st P. All, sir, as you desired.

OTHO. Hush! stand aside!
This must be Viola.

VIOLA runs on - OTHO and PAGES retire to back.

SONG. – VIOLA.

[No.6]

I am free, I am free, for my labors [sic] are done,
I am free for the rest of the day;
I can sleep in the shadows, and laugh in the sun,
And gather the roses and may.
I will lie by the brookside, and comb out my hair,
And watch for the beautiful face
That looks into mine, when no ripples are there;
I suppose she's the queen of the place.

I will lie by the reeds, where the little frogs leap,
How I laugh when I see them pop out;
And down by the side of the hedges I'll creep,
When the young cuckoo's watching about.
I've seen him, I've seen him, the naughty bad thing,
In the nest where the speckled larks lay
And when his proud parents expect him to sing,
He'll go calling out "cuckoo!" all day.

I am free, I am free, for an hour or so,
I will race to the top of the hill,
And see the low sun with his face all aglow
Pursued by the moon at her will.
When he runs after her, it is dark when he sets,
When she runs after him, it is bright;
She is chasing him now, and the lower he gets,
She'll be brighter and brighter to-night.

OTHO waves the PAGES off, then comes down.

OTHO. By all that's good, she's fair.

VIOLA. Who's there?

OTHO. A friar.

VIOLA. We do not want you, we fry for ourselves,
And boil and cook if we have aught to cook,
And but pretend that we are waited on.

OTHO. How old are you?

VIOLA. I do not know, perhaps
My father does.

OTHO. How many summers, lady?
Can you remember?

VIOLA. Oh! They are so full
Of birds and sunshine shadows, trees and flowers,
I cannot count; but I should think a hundred.

OTHO. You are a fine old woman for your age.

Enter 1st LADY.

1st L. What do you want, you naughty, wicked man?

OTHO. Madam, I greet you, for one third you say
Is solid truth.
Naughty I'm not, nor wicked, but, alas!
I am a man.

1st L. And we have no men here.

OTHO. I should presume as much, from what I've heard.

1st L. Except the Duke and the Lord Chamberlain.

OTHO. Those you except - are unexceptionable.

RECITATIVE - OTHO.

[No.7]

OTHO. Pardon me, madam, I've a word to say
To this young lady, and I crave your leave
To speak to her alone. Be sure you may
Rest that a friar can't deceive.

TRIO. - OTHO. 1st LADY, and VIOLA

1st L. I have seen a holy friar,
With both voice and features bland,
Saying things I don't require
Innocence to understand.

OTHO. I am not a friar given
To pursue the evil ways

Of the sinners I have shriven,
But in fasting spend my days.

ENSEMBLE.

I am)
He is) not a friar given,
If he's)
To pursue the evil ways
Of the sinners I have / he has shriven,
But in fasting spend my / his days.

1st L. I will place no opposition,
Though, I must say, ne'ertheless,
'Tis a silly proposition,
As she's nothing to confess.

VIOLA. Go away, dear aunt and try us,
Very likely he is wise;
Tho' his beard does not look pious,
He has very holy eyes.

ENSEMBLE.

I am)
He is) not a friar given
If he's)
To pursue the evil ways
Of the sinners I have / he has shriven,
But in fasting spend my / his days.

(Exit.)

OTHO. And have you nothing to confess, dear child?

VIOLA. First tell me what confess if, then I'll answer.

OTHO. You've never heard the word?

VIOLA. I never used it;
I've heard my father say, "I do confess
I have enjoyed that bird; the wine is lovely,
The grapes delicious, and the pears superb."
If that's confession, then I do confess
The birds sing sweetly, and the sky is blue,
The trees are lovely, and I'm very happy.

OTHO. For all which sins you are absolved at once;
But is it true that you have never seen
A man, besides your father and your uncle?

VIOLA. And you: and somehow you are all alike.

OTHO. Alike!

VIOLA. Yes, you're not lovely. How is it
That everything is lovely but ourselves?

OTHO. And did you never see a pretty face?

VIOLA. Yes, there is one that lives within the brook,
Who, when it's very smooth, looks up at me.

OTHO. That is you own face that's reflected there.

VIOLA. Mine! No, how can that be?

OTHO. In every brook
You'll see the same, because it is your own.

VIOLA. But I shall not be prettier than my father;
He is a man, and ought to be most lovely.

DUET - VIOLA and OTHO.

[No.8]

VIOLA. The little goldfinch in her nest,
Is but a homely bird at best;
But then her mate, who gaily sings,
Has white and gold upon his wings.
The linnet's mate, less bright than he,
Is yet at least as fair as she;
Now, does it not seem very queer
That I alone am pretty here.

OTHO
and VIOLA. In earth, and sea, and air,
Beauty is every where!
My / Thy time has come.

OTHO. If it be true, as I am told,
The men you see are growing old,
And nature writes on every page
That beauty still declines with age;
The very trees above your head
Some day will shabby branches spread,
And so, fair maid, it is not queer
That you alone are pretty here.

Together. Yes / If it is true as you've / I've been told,
The men I / you see are growing old,
And Nature writes on every page
That beauty still declines with age.
And if the / The very trees above my / your head,
One day will shabby branches spread.
Why, gentle friar / lady 'tis not queer,
That I / you alone am / are pretty here.
In earth, and sea, and air,
Beauty is everywhere!
My / Thy time has come.

OTHO. And are you happy here, with these old men?

VIOLA. Yes, I am happy, but I should much like
To see a young one.

OTHO. That I promise you.
And is there nothing else that you desire?

VIOLA (*thinks*). Yes, lots of candles.

OTHO. Candles?
 VIOLA Yes.
 OTHO. And why?
 (*Soft music*).
 VIOLA Oh, don't you know? This is a haunted glen;
 There is a spectre knight who comes by here
 An hour after sunset. If we burn
 Nine candles, then he cannot come, they say:
 But father will not burn a single one,
 And so, for *fear*, I have to go to bed.
 I'd like to sit and hear the nightingale,
 And watch the moon creep downward to the earth;
 I'd like to find the glowworms, watch the moths,
 And hear the cosy croaking of the toads;
 But I'm afraid - fearing the spectre knight.
 OTHO. Have no more fear, you shall sit-up tonight.
 (*Calls.*) Here, boys, bring candles!
Enter TWO PAGES.
 VIOLA. Oh! Those are pretty, may I go and kiss them?
 OTHO. Not yet, they're not quite grown. Some other day.
 VIOLA. Will they be prettier when they are quite grown?
 OTHO. Well, yes, if they are mindful of their health.
 (*to PAGES*). Stick in the earth, nine candles in a row.
 [*Exeunt PAGES.*]
 VIOLA. How long will they be growing? They are pretty.
 OTHO. Oh, several years: but I will send you one
 That's quite grown up.
 VIOLA. Oh! How I long to see him.
 [*PAGES have entered and stuck candles in earth.*]
 DUET (*Repeated*). [No.8 bis]
 OTHO. You shall not be long alone!
 VIOLA. Shall I see a pretty man?
 OTHO. Ay, and call that man your own.
 VIOLA. Be as quick, then, as you can.
 TOGETHER. If / For 'tis true as you've / I've been told,
 All the men you've / I've seen are old,
 Then it will not long appear
 That I/you alone am/are pretty here.
 (*Exit OTHO and PAGES*)

VIOLA. Oh! how I long to see a lovely man!
A man that is not withered, wrinkled, dry.
There is something in the friar that I love
But for his beard and dress. He does not seem
So wither'd as my uncle or my father.
Oh! I hope (*sits thoughtfully*)
The man he sends me will be very lovely.

(*During the above, the LORD C. has brought in four bottles, and proceeds to fill each from a great jug of water.*)

LORD C. I'm really quite sick of the make believe!
These bottles fairly represent our titles.
As duke, count, lord and knight, mean all one thing,
So we have water put in every bottle,
And every bottle still its title keeps.
Hock's just like claret, sherry like champagne;
And precedence is all the difference.
One comes before the other - that is all.
And so the bottle's like a coronet.

(*He retires.*)

(*1st L. advances cautiously with food, and sets tables.*)

VIOLA (*aside.*) I wonder now if he will have a beard,
Or be smooth-faced like me? If he's a beard
The color [sic] of my hair, I shouldn't mind it.

(*1st L. strikes gong, goes off, and returns with others.*)

DUKE. So, so; the varlets are not late to-day. (*They sit.*)
Sit down. Come, Viola. (*She skips across.*) The
child seems merry!
What wine is that?

LORD C. Hock, sir!

DUKE. 'Tis very well!
(*aside.*) 'Tis very well-like; it is from the well.

RECITATIVE. – DUKE.

[No.9]

DUKE. Fill up, and let us drink to one another!
Fill up, and drown the sorrows of the past.
One bottle dead, we'll quickly crack his brother!

LORD C. (*aside*) We have a cellar will for ages last!

QUINTETT. [QUARTETT in vocal score]

LORD C. To you!

1st L. To you!

DUKE. To you!

VIOLA. To you!

Together. Joy go with the festive glass!
Clink, clink, clink, clink,
Let the social bottle pass!
Clink, clink, clink, clink,
Quaff the rosy, and be merry,

We've the best of everything;
Claret, hock, champagne and sherry!
We've the best of everything.

(*Aside, except VIOLA.*) All brought from the self-same spring.

VIOLA (*brightly*). Ting-a-ring-ting; ting, ting, ting.

DUKE. Did you ever taste such wine, sir?

1st L. Ever such a colour see?

LORD C. Ever a bouquet so fine, sir?

VIOLA. But they're all the same to me.
Yes; its very lovely, very!
Gathered light in crystal ring;

ALL, *except VIOLA.* Claret, hock, champagne, and sherry.
(*Aside.*) All brought from the self-same spring.

VIOLA (*brightly*) . Ting-a-ring, &c. (*Repeat Ensemble.*)

DUKE. Why is my Viola so very gay?

VIOLA. I've reason to be gay.

1st L. Has she gone mad?

DUKE. Why, what possesses her?

VIOLA I'm not possessed yet, but I soon may be!

DUKE. Behoves we put her under some restraint.

LORD C. What is it that has happened to you, lady?

VIOLA. I'm going to see a man: a young man, father!
Not old and grizzled, dear, like you and uncle!

DUKE (*spilling his wine*). What!

1st L. What!

LORD C. What!

VIOLA. Yes, father, and a young one!

DUKE. Does our brain totter? Have our royal wits
Gone gathering wool? Behoves we go to bed;
And let me hear no more about your young men.
We banish every young man from our court!

VIOLA. But, father, if he's young and beautiful,
You'll be pleased to see him as shall I!

DUKE. Go you to bed, and we will go to ours.
I am distraught. (*Exit to tent, R.*)

1st and 2nd L. And we, too, will retire. (*Exeunt into tents, C.*)

LORD C. If she gets married, what will hap to us?
Her little fortune's all that we possess.
Fair mistress, I am going to bed;
But, ere I go, to use your father's phrase,

Behoves me tell you that young men are bad:
Are not to be depended on, except
For doing evil things; and more than that -
The better they appear, the worse they are:
Behove you fix your heart on aged men.

(Exit into tent, L.)

VIOLA. I will not fix my heart on any one.
How pleasant 'tis to sit here all alone;
And now I need not fear the spectre knight.
I can sit down and watch the moon and stars
Go trooping overhead towards the West.
Oh, how I love the night!

ROUND.

[No.10]

Too-whit too-woo, Too-woo too-whit,
The owl has ta'en her flight;
The bats are out,
The moths about,
'Tis time to say good night!
Good night! good night!

VIOLA. They're all gone in: now I will light my candles,
And sit alone, and dream away an hour,
Thinking of that young man I am to see!

(Soft music as she lights the candles.)

[No.10 bis - Melodrame at VIOLA
"Thinking of that young man I am to
see".]

Now I'm alone beneath the sweet moonlight,
And I can mix my fancy with her beams;
Alone, yet need not fear the spectre knight,
But gather pleasant thoughts and weave my dreams.

(DUKE looking out.)

DUKE. What are these lights that glimmer through my tent?

VIOLA. They are to keep the spectre knight away.

DUKE. If you thus waste my candles you'll repent,
Behoves us not to turn night into day!

(DUKE steps forward and blows out candles one by one.)

VIOLA. Oh! father, we shall see the spectre now.

DUKE. What is a spectre to the great expense?

VIOLA. I feel the cold drops standing on my brow.

(As last candle goes out, KNIGHT appears.)

[No.11]

He's there! Oh, father! father! drive him hence!

DUKE. I will, I will; go instantly away.

(Exit fearfully into tent. Music.)

OTHO. (the Ghost). *(With role of parchment).*

Look up, fair maiden, and be not afraid.

(Opens visor.)

I never yet did harm to any one;
And last of all, dear girl, would I harm you.

VIOLA. The ghost speaks nicely; he appears to be
A very gentle and agreeable ghost.

OTHO. Well, are you still afraid?

VIOLA. I think I'll look.

*(She rises, turns, and slowly advances to him,
then quietly but joyfully says.)*

Oh, I quite like you; are you a young ghost?

OTHO. I was but twenty-eight when I was slain,
But I've been buried for three hundred years.

VIOLA. I don't mind that a bit as you look young,
I shouldn't mind if you'd been dead ten thousand.
Oh, father! father! come and see the ghost;
He does not frighten me a bit, and he's
So kind, and looks so young.

Don't be afraid!

He *is* such a nice ghost. If ghosts are all
Like him, I think I'd like to be a ghost,
And live with them.

(They all come timidly out.)

DUKE. I think it is my duty
To tell you that this little place is ours.
We have been banished for some - well, well - years;
And here we've lived in quiet and in peace.
What do you want?

OTHO. I think the place is mine.
This pleasant glen I've haunted now - let's see,
Some - well, well - years. But since, your grace, we've met,
Behoves me that I introduce myself.
I've not a card, but of my epitaph
I have a copy here.

(Hands it. All but VIOLA look over it.)

VIOLA. I like you so.

1st L. Oh, what a virtuous knight; men are not now
As good as in those days you must have been.

2nd L. Oh, you *were* good. *(With admiration.)*

OTHO. Well, pretty fair; but to be frank with you,

I well remember when a stripling ghost,
That is -

LORD C. Just so, when you had not arrived
At ghostly years discreet.

OTHO. You help me well.
What time I haunted houses and churchyards,
And misbehaved myself as gay young spirits
Are wont to do, I got back to my vault
Exceedingly late. And when my epitaph
One morn I read, I said this can't be me.
I never was so virtuous in my life;
But looking round, I found them all alike.

LORD C. We do say kind things when our friends are gone.

OTHO. But latterly I have reformed my ways,
And among ghosts I move with the *élite*.

SONG – OTHO

[No.12]

OTHO. I only mix with ghosts well known,
With Caesar and Pompey I pick a bone;
Among my friends the noblest *are* there,
I'm on visiting terms with Hamlet's father.
I haunt fair glens and respectable towers,
And always go home at decent hours;
For I am a ghost of high degree,
And other ghosts take off their hats to me.

DUKE. There isn't a doubt that you must be
A well-bred ghost of high degree.

ALL,) A well-bred ghost,
except) A well-bred ghost,
OTHO.) A well-bred ghost of high degree!

OTHO. I conduct myself now I am dead
In the moral way that I was bred;
I never flirt, though there are hosts
Of exceedingly naughty female ghosts.
There's a needy ghost I always pay
To clean my armour every day;
And I walk at night in haunted lanes
To get a shower-bath when it rains.

DUKE. There isn't a doubt you are the most
Scrupulously clean and moral ghost

ALL,) A moral ghost,
except) A moral ghost,
OTHO.) Scrupulously clean and moral ghost!

OTHO. I never stay out when the nights are cold,
For I think of my health, though I can't grow old;
And when you're under the cold grey stones,
There's no one to rub your ghostly bones.
I was very careful before I died

To see my tomb was air'd and dried;
So wrapped in turf as snug as toast,
I've not had a cough since I've been a ghost!

DUKE. There isn't a doubt when snug as a toast,
You're a thoroughly strong and healthy ghost.

ALL,) A healthy ghost,
except) A healthy ghost,
OTHO.) A thoroughly strong and healthy ghost!

LORD C. Sir, I congratulate you, and desire
To know you better.

(DUKE *takes* LORD C. *aside*.)

1st L. So, indeed, do I.

OTHO. Lady, I kiss your hand.

1st L. to 2nd L. How would it be
To get up a flirtation with a ghost?

2nd L. 'Twould be enough for scandal, evil tongues
Have ruined reputations for much less.

DUKE *to* LORD C. Behoves we show our hospitality.
Ghosts cannot eat or drink, 'twere well that we
Invite him every day to dine or sup;
(*advances*).

We entertain but little company;
But we shall be delighted, fair Sir Ghost,
To see you any time you pass this way.

OTHO. You shall see more of me, be sure of that.
Meantime, may I invite you all to sup?
This glen is mine an hour after sunset.

ALL. To sup?

OTHO. To sup; my viands are the choicest;

DUKE. But it behoves us ask, whence do they come?

OTHO. You'll see.

OTHO. Bandineer!)

PAGE (*without*). I am here.)

OTHO. Bozenband!)

ANOTHER P. Close at hand.)

OTHO. Linkenfrill!)

ANOTHER P. At your will.)

OTHO. Goldeni!)

ANOTHER P. Here am I.)

1st L. I hear voices in the air;)

VIOLA I hear voices everywhere;)

ALL Can you sir, explain the joke,)

Why they answered when you spoke?)

(*Music.*) [No.13]

(*Music.*)

[No.14]

VIOLA (*quickly*). Two of those little ghosts I saw before;
They waited on a friar, who said they were
Young men not quite grown up.

OTHO. They are the same,
And I'm the friar; I came to see you, lady,
Because I'd heard your praises.

VIOLA. Are you not
A ghost then?

OTHO. I am no more ghost than you.

*(During the following, pages spread banquet,
and hang lights from trees.)*

OTHO. What time, that you were banished with your father,
You had a little cousin.

VIOLA. Otho?

OTHO. Yes,
And he was banished too; but he grew up
To man's estate, became a knight, and learned
The use of arms; and but three days ago,
He overthrew the base usurping duke
Who took your father's throne. So, little lady,
You and your father, and your little court,
May all return, and claim your own again.

VIOLA. And where's my cousin Otho?

OTHO. At your feet.
A mere midsummer jest, this freak of mine;
I wanted first to see you, in disguise,
And for to-night let us keep up the jest;
You and your father shall know all to-morrow.

VIOLA. This seems the sweetest dream I ever dreamt.

OTHO. Weave dreams to solid fabrics that will wear.
I've watched and hoped thro' many changing years
To meet the face I see; and having found it,
I know my fate.

VIOLA. Your fate - and what is that?

OTHO. To love you, Viola. Can you love me?

(Pause, during which others come to the tent openings.)

OTHO. Well?

VIOLA. I am thinking.

OTHO. Sweet one, think aloud,

And may your uttered thoughts be nought but love.

SONG – VIOLA.

[No.15]

I have been taught that I should love
My father and my friends,
And all the tiny stars above,
The trees that o'er us bends,
Each creature that around doth move,
The flowers, the grass, the dew,
I love them all; but if that's love -
Why then I don't love you.

My father's voice to me is dear,
But does not thrill me thro';
My uncle brings no fluttering here,
Whatever he may do;
Round aunty's neck, my arms I steel,
While she will sit and hem;
If this is love for you I feel -
Why then I don't love them.

I long to look into your eyes,
Then fain must turn away;
'Tis not so when I con the skies
Or watch the leverets play.
I do not tremble at the flower,
But kiss it on the bough;
If what I feel is love's sweet power,
I never loved till now.

(OTHO takes her in his arms.)

FINALE

[No.16]

All coming from their tents.

He has come to our undoing!
Help us, all ye saints above!
He has really come a wooing,
And our Viola's in love.

DUKE. He is a ghost of very high degree;
And, if we can believe the things he boasts,
A very pleasant son-in-law he'd be,
And quite unlikely to have little ghosts.

LORD C. There is some argument in what you say -
DUKE. He, being settled, needs no settlement -
LORD C. He'd not desire her fortune we should pay -
DUKE. He's far to noble to collect her rents.

DUKE. Sir ghost, we give our daughter to you straight,
We think it a most eligible match.

OTHO. Well, let's to supper, tho' 'tis somewhat late.
1st L. I think a ghost at best a sorry catch.

ALL (*as before*). He's not come to our undoing,

He was sent by saints above.
Lo! a ghost has come a wooing;
Lo! a ghost is deep in love.

DUKE. Let's mark the time with merriment and mirth.
ALL (*solemnly*) Perhaps he's little time to stay on earth.
(Pause and slow music.)

OTHO. Yes, let us all be merry, duke, and sing.
(*to VIOLA.*) To-morrow I will tell them everything.

ALL. Joy go with the festive glass,
Clink, clink, clink, clink!
Let the social bottle pass,
Clink, clink, clink, clink!

Quaff the rosy, and be merry,
We've the best of everything,
Claret, hock, champagne and sherry.
Not brought from that precious spring!
Sing! for the new time let us sing!