

A NEW AND ORIGINAL EXTRVAGANZA

ENTITLED

DULCAMARA

or the

LITTLE DUCK AND THE GREAT QUACK

first produced at the
THEATRE ROYAL ST. JAMES'S
DECEMBER 29, 1866

by
W.S. GILBERT, ESQ.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THE STRAND PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY (LIMITED), 404, STRAND
1866

DULCAMARA
or
THE LITTLE DUCK AND THE GREAT QUACK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NEMORINO (a Neopolitan peasant, of whom you will hear more peasantly).....	MISS ELLEN McDONNELL
BELCORE (a sergeant of the Infantry, who is “cut out” for a good soldier by nature -- and by Nemorino).....	MR. F. CHARLES
DR. DULCAMARA.....	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
BEPPPO (his <i>Jack</i> -pudding -- a mystery, whose real nature is concealed by a mysterious <i>Pike</i> -crust)	MR. STOYLE
TOMASO (a Notary, keeping company with Gianetta: “Tomaso, and Tomaso, and Tomaso, creeps with his pretty <i>pay-</i> <i>sanne</i> ” -- Shakespeare)	MR. GASTON MURRAY
ADINA (the little Duck, who, it is hoped, will nevertheless be found to be very long in the bill)	MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON
GIANETTA (the pretty <i>paysanne</i> , to whom Tomaso <i>pays an over-</i> whelming amount of attention)	MISS ELEANOR BUFTON
CATERINA (an exquisite villager)	MISS MARION
MARIA (another)	MISS GUINNESS

Soldiers, Male and Female Peasants, Fisher Girls, etc.

Scene 1. -- **EXTERIOR OF ADINA’S FARM**

Arrival of Belcore and his warriors.

Scene 2. -- **INTERIOR OF NEMORINO’S HOUSE**

Scene 3. -- **A VILLAGE MARKET PLACE**

Dance of Soldiers and Peasants, and arrival of Dr. Dulcamara –
The Mystery! – The Love Philtre!

Scene 4. -- **INTERIOR OF ADINA’S FARM**

Preparation for the marriage of all the village girls.

Scene 5. -- **THE VILLAGE GREEN**

The Potion Works—Discomfiture of Belcore.—Astounding Solution
of a Remarkable Mystery, and Triumph of Agricultural Innocence
typified by

A GRAND ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU OF LOVE’S DEVICES!

The Music Arranged under the Direction of Mr. Van Hamme.

DULCAMARA
or
THE LITTLE DUCK AND THE GREAT QUACK

Scene I. -- *The exterior of Adina's farm. A Bright Landscape, with Cornfield, etc., in the distance. Adina's house r.*

(Gianetta, Catarina, Maria, and Village Girls discovered around Tomaso, who is the act of retailing village scandal.)

Tom. She did indeed!

Mar. Oh, dear! how very dreadful!

Gia. Who of such nonsense could have crammed her head full?

Cat. Adina, too, who treats us all like dirt!

Gia. Oh, what a wicked, heartless flirt! (*with an air of regret*) I am so sorry! It will grieve her pa so!

(All shake their heads and sigh)

(with vivacity) Tell us more, you dear old duck Tomaso!

Tom. Well, then, I *hear* -- but p'raps it isn't true --

Gia. But what? (*impatiently*)

Tom. That you, and you, and you (*indicating Gianetta, Catarina, and Maria*) --
(changing his mind) But, after all, I may malign the dear.

All *but* Gia. Oh, do go on -- we do so want to hear!

Tom. Well, then -- but, no!

All. Oh, do!

Tom. Well, then, in fine,
Although *maligning* isn't in *my line*,
She said that *you* (*whispers to Gianetta.*)

Gia. (*placing her hand on her back hair*) How dare she! It's my own!

Tom. She said its colour didn't match in tone;
Said that its life hung on a single spare pin,
Which might come out — for accidents will *hair-pin*.

Gia. To take my style off pleases Addy, does it? (*sneering*)

Tom. *She* says you always take it off to fuzz it.

(to Catarina) She says you (*whispers*) —

Cat. (*indignantly*) Oh, a pretty tale you're fetching!
I never touch a paint -- except for sketching.

Tom. She says you paint your face, to catch each duller he —
Which she calls *skitching*, p'raps because it's *colour-y*.
She says in painting you've such erudition,
She may say you're a perfect Exhibition!
Isn't it shocking?

Gia. Well, of all the spiteful --

(Enter Adina, followed by Nemorino.)

But here she comes (*to Adina*). You darling dear delightful --
(*Girls crowd around her.*)

We've come to see you, as it is your *fête*
Today, dear Addy, you're twenty-eight!

Adi. (*with apparent regret*) Oh no, alas! in error there you fall,
(*sighing*) I'm but a paltry eighteen, dear, that's all!
(*gushing*) How kind of you, your welcome so to frame,
That I might share the dignity *you* claim!

Gia. That you are joking, Ady, I'll engage.
You haven't raised my anger!

Adi. Nor your (*r*)age!
(*Gianetta looks spitefully at Adina. All take leave of her and go off*l. *Enter Nemorino, r.*)

Nem. Adina!

Adi. (*impatiently*) Well?

Nem. Adina, I am here
To urge my suit upon its wild career --
My undivided love on you I set,
The very first occasion that we met --
When through the poultry yard, I saw you pickin'
Your way as chicken-tender — tender-chicken!
Scattering barley — and altho' 'twas plain
That feeding chicks went quite "against the grain,"
I envied e'en the fowls who comically
Hopped around you like a feathery corps de *barley*:
One of those Dorkings I would be, in one sense.

Adi. What! be a Dorking? Pooh, you're *dorking* nonsense!

Nem. I feel most madly jealous, Bella Venere,
To see you daily going to your *Hen-ery*!
(*attempts to kiss her. She resists*)

Oh come, I think my love may take that scope,
You'll be my dear rib very soon, I hope.

Adi. Your *dear rib*? How can that be? As I bide
Here in the *Poultry*, you must mean *Cheap-side*.
It seems, sir, from this very rash confession,
That on your heart I've made some slight impression.

Nem. Impression! think you that my heart is flint?
Of the impression, dear, a proof I'll print.
(*attempts to kiss her — she resists*)

Nay, twill not hurt you — do not stand aloof,
I vow it shall not be an *Injure* proof (*kisses her.*)

Adi. (*angrily*) Oh, gracious goodness, if we were detected!
I'm sure that proof requires to be corrected,
So please consider that I've done so.

Nem. Yes --
The next step, then will be to "go to press"
(*squeezing her round the waist*)
Resist not one who faithfully adores!

Adi. Now, once for all, I can never be yours.
 Nem. Oh! if indifferent to you I be —
 Adi. No, you are not indifferent to me;
 For if you were describable as such
 I shouldn't like you or dislike you -- much!
 Nem. Say, am I fast, or fond of running ticks;
 False, bald, old, ugly --
 Adi. Yes, you are — all six.

Duet.

Air — "Hot Corn."

Nem. Do, do,
 Pity me; you
 Willy me, nilly me, charm me so!
 Adi. Pooh, pooh,
 Coming to woo;
 Pity me — quit o' me — calm me so!
 Nem. If you say nay, I can only say,
 Skid-a-ma-link and a doodah day,
 Boodle, oodley, umshebey,
 And a hunky dorum, doodle day —
 Both. { I say } nay { he } can only say,
 { You say } { I }
 Skid-a-ma-link and a doodah day,
 Ah! ah! ah! ah!
 Adi. No, no
 Toddle and go,
 Thingummy, sing o'me, now no more --
 Nem. So, so,
 Pretty a beau!
 Sad o' me, mad o' me, vow no more --
 Adi. If I say nay, he can only say,
 Skid-a-ma-link and a doodah day,
 Boodle, oodley, umshebey,
 And a hunky diorum, doodah day.
 Both. { he } etc.
 { she }

f

(Dance — Towards conclusion Adina, dances towards wing, following closely by Nemorino -- she faces him, turns him to the right-about, and both dance off in opposite directions, Nemorino expressing despair.)

(Drum heard. Enter Tomaso, meeting Gianetta.)

Gia. What are those sounds that strike upon me now?
 Tell me, Tomaso, what's the tow-row-row?
 Tom. Gianetta, twenty soldiers, all in blue,

With great Belcore marching with them too,
Approach the village -- and this way he comes,
I hear their *trumpets* on my *drums*.

(Enter Belcore's soldiers l.u.e., headed by drum-major and small drummer, and preceded by a troop of village boys and girls, singing.)

Chorus of Villagers and Soldiers.

Air -- "Johnny comes marching home."

Belcore comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He'll turn the village girls insane,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
On a soldier's coat all maidens doat,
Those joyful shouts that fact denote,
We'll all be gay!
Belcore comes marching home!

(Enter Belcore l.u.e.)

Song. — Belcore.

Air -- "La tremenda ultrice spada" (Capuletti)

Bel. For this welcome, unrivalled in story,
Belcore's thanks are truly, truly due,
I'll be civil, tho' sated with glory --
How de do? How de do? How de do?
(to Nemorino) Even *you*, sir!
I ask *you* how you do, sir?
I'll be civil, tho' sated with glory --
How de do? How de do? How de do?
(*surveying the villagers with exaggerated scorn*)
Humph! happy villagers! I think I oughtn't.
To miss this chance of showing I'm import'nt.
(*ferociously to crowd*) Ha ha! (*all start*) He he!
ho ho! -- once more ha ha!
Also, Yah! Pshaw! Phew! Ugh! Pish! Tush! Pooh! Bah!
(*aside*) The only interjection that I know,
Except "alas," which don't my meaning show.
(*to crowd*) Are you convinced, to treat me ill were folly?
All. We are!
Bel. You are? All right -- then let's be jolly.
Some wine! My order don't you be gainsayin' it,
I'll make you be obeyin' it -- with a *bayonet*!
(*threatens him -- Adina brings wine, r.*)
A stoup of wine -- my pretty little friend!
A stoup's the thing to make a man *unbend*.
(Belcore *drinks*.)

These, these syllables astonishing --
(And please encore 'em) "Hunky-dorum doodle diddle cum day.

Chorus. -- Cease, cease etc.

(Comic dance, upon which Scene I closes.)

Scene II. -- *Interior of Nemorino's Farm House.*

(Enter Nemorino, r.)

Nem. Nice men, these soldiers, for a quiet town!
They've turned Adina's noddle upside down.
She hardly speaks to me since here they came,
And all the other girls are just the same.
The fellows ogle in a shameful way,
And stalk about the hamlet all the day
With glass in eye, which they imagine swell is --
Those *eyes in glass* make me extremely *jellies*.
To make the thing as pleasant as can be,
Sergeant Belcore's billeted on me!
He shares my room and wardrobe, and I sup with him;
I've only one room, so I must "put up" with him.
When he gets up he uses, every day,
My toothbrush in an aggravating way;
My shirts and boots he looks on as his own,
And snores all night like a worn-out trombone.
This is a *hamlet*, as I've said before,
But this is not the Castle of *Els'nore*.
Well, I'll be even with him e're I go,
If irritating tricks can make me so.

(Enter Belcore, l.)

I hope you're pretty comfortable.
Bel. Why,
You will forgive my mentioning that I
Don't care to feed on raw, unwholesome fruits --
Don't often wear black-beetles in my boots --
Against coal-scuttles hate to bark my shins --
Don't care for sofas thickly stuffed with pins.
"Apple-pie order" suits methodic heads,
But I don't like it to extend to *beds*;
Don't like for snoring to be nightly blown up,
Don't like to find my coat-sleeves always sewn up.
It isn't paid for, I'd have you knowing!

Nem. *(aside)* I call it stitching, and he says it's *owing*!

Bel. My bed's as hard as wood whene'er I fill it --
 Nem. Well, you demanded, and you've got a -- *billet*.
 Bel. My pillow's like a log against my crown!
 Nem. I'm so *hard up*, you can't expect *soft down*.
 Bel. My breakfast done to rags -- not fit for food.
 Nem. What, over-boiled?
 Bel. I see, I'm *under-stewed*.
 With stinging herbs, my bed seems nightly settled.
 Nem. You seem annoyed?
 Bel. (*rubbing himself*) Well, I'm a good deal *nettled*!
 With these exceptions -- drawbacks, as you see. --
 I am as comfortable as can be.

(*Enter Adina, r. Nemorino runs to meet her*)

Nem. Adina!
 Adi. (*pettishly*) Oh, I wish we'd never met;
 As Scotchmen say, "A-dinna, please, forget."
 I love Belcore, and we mean to wed.
 Nem. (*aside*) Tonight, I sprinkle cayenne in his bed --
 Red-Pepper's ghost shall haunt him -- that be *my* end --
 The fellow cannot take it as un-*cayenned*!
 Adi. The sergeant's good as gold -- as people say --
 Nem. I'm as good as *argent*, any day!
 (*to Adina*) Once you approved my love -- now, you reject it!
 Adi. You've got no money -- so you can't expect it.
 (*aside to Belcore*) Despair o'erwhelms the hard-up bosom, I know,
 Of Nemorino, at the *name o' rhino*.
 Bel. (*to Nemorino*) She'd ne'er have loved you, if she had, before,
 Seen a Belcore head his *able corps*.
 Nem. His *sable* corps -- your meaning, sir, I track,
 A corps comprised of *guards*, whose tint is *black*!

Trio — (Adina, Belcore, Nemorino.)

Air -- "Harum-Scarum Galop."

Adi. Marry me, carry me, off we go, my hand Belcore take!
 Bel. I fear, my dear, this party here, objection has to make!
 Nem. Agony! bragany more I can't, for utterly I'm put out!
 Bel. I see that he, decidedlee, is done, without a doubt.
 Only say, you'll name the day,
 Delaying it were folly, O!
 Adi. Of this we'll speak on this day week,
 And all will then be jolly, O!
 Nem. I thought that she was fond of me,
 But now she loves this Pollio!
 Bel. It pleases me, a wee to see,

This party melancholy, O!

Bel. (*to Nemorino*) Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Get you gone as soon as you can.

Adi. (*to Nemorino*) Understand, you're in the way,
So get you gone to Botany Bay.

All. Botany, Botany, Botany, Botany,
Botany, Botany, Botany, Botany,
Botany, Botany, Botany, Botany,
Get you gone to Botany Bay
Discarded Nemorino!

(*Together*) Marry { her } carry { her } off { her } go --
me } { me } { me }
{ her } hand, Belcore take, etc.
my }

(*Dance off r.*)

Scene III. -- *Village Market Place, with Fair going on. Grand Ballet of peasants, soldiers, and fisher girls. At the close of the Ballet, all persons on the stage move towards the entrance from which Dulcamara is to appear. Then Dr. Dulcamara appears (r.) in a magnificent chariot drawn by a donkey; seated on the donkey is Beppo. The chariot stops in the c. of Stage.*

SONG -- Dulcamara and Chorus

Air -- "Hunkey Dorum."

Dul. Dulcamara's come to town!

Cho. Dulcamara, doodlecum day!

Dul. Spend with him a single crown!

Cho. Dulcamara, doodlecum day!

Dul. Try his pills and buy his Squills!

Cho. Dulcamara, doodlecum day!

Dul. No such ills as doctor's bills!

Cho. Dulcamara, doodlecum day!

Dul. If you should be melancholee,
Or visions see, or feel *ennui*,
Pray come to me, for I am he,
Who makes you free for half a fee!

Cho. Dulcamara's come to town etc.

Dul. (*speaking through a trumpet*)

Ta ran ta ra! Ta ran ta ra ra, ra ra!

Here you behold the famous Dulcamara.

This is my donkey -- sent me from Aleppo --

This is my other donkey -- silly Beppo.

(*Throughout the scene, Beppo affects the character of a drivelling idiot, except when soliloquizing*)

His loss of wits don't make him eat a bit less,

He eats his whittles, tho' the fellow's *wit (tle) less*.

Although of learned titles I've a score,
I'm Doctor Dulcamara -- nothing more!
No doser of his patients, here I show,
I am no *jalaping* snob of Savile Row!
I cure all maladies, in every station,
By my new process -- simple inhalation!

(*Producing an enormous pair of bellows*)

Which means that I amass my patients' wealth
By telling them that they're *in ailing* health!
(*to a peasant*) Say, do you ever have to scratch your head? (*peasant nods*)
You do? Consumption you are bound to dread!
(*to another*) Say, do you ever yawn in church?

(*second peasant*) I do.

Dul. Consumption, sir, has tackled on to you!
(*to a third*) You, when you run a mile, are out of breath? (*peasant nods*)
Why, bless my soul, my man, that's certain death!
(*to a fourth*) Say, can you punish bread and cheese and beer --
Make fearful mounds of victuals disappear --
Consume your dinner with voracious rage? (*peasant nods vigorously*)
Consumption in its most destructive stage!
(*to another*) Say, do you ever cough, or ever wheeze?
Or ever whoop or hack, or ever sneeze?
Or ever breathe with dreadful difficulty?

(*peasant*) No!

Dul. Then, one lung is gone -- ere *lung* the other'll go.
But I don't stick to invalid society --
I've books, toys, dolls in every variety.

(*Produces a model gun*)

Here is a model gun, contrived last season --
And made to "go off" cheap -- and for this reason --
The maker wasn't paid, that I'm aware --
But after all, that's *neider* here nor there!

(*Producing books*)

Here are some poems, which in my chaise are pack't,
They're rather -- h'm -- You understand? In fact, (*confidentially*) I shall suppress them -- which
will prove their blessing --

Tom. I think I'll take one, since you are *suppressing*!
(*Villagers crowd to buy the books.*)

Dul. (*producing another book*) Here's breathing liberty, in one long column,
A treatise on Reform -- by Green --one *Wallum*!

(*Producing picture of a policeman.*)

Want a policeman? it's a *bob*; not dear -- (*they shake their heads*)
I thought you didn't, or he'd not be here.

Song -- Dulcamara and Chorus

Air -- "To son ricco"

Dul. Buy my goods, as I'm advising

Buy for microscopic sum,
 (For its cheapness is surprising,)
 My Odontolagicum!
 Ev'ry shilling that you venture
 Half-a-guinea you may call --
 If you spend it on debenture,
 It will go for good and all.
Chorus. -- Yes, we'll buy as you're advising etc.

(During Chorus, the peasants crowd around the Doctor and buy various articles of him, then the cart is taken away
 l., and the women gradually go off with the soldiers, leaving the male peasants, with Nemorino and
 Tomaso, alone with Dulcamara and Beppo, who drivels idiotically about the stage.)

Nem. (*taking Dulcamara aside confidently, with the other male peasants*)

We want you to assist us in our plight --
 These soldiers have enslaved our sweethearts quite;
 The love that they've professed for many a day
 Seems to have faded from their hearts away:
 Like some cheap photo--- taken for one's *cara* --
 In a *dull camera*, great Dulcamara.
 We want 'em back -- can you perform the trick, sir?

Dul. Of course I can! Try my far-famed Elixir (*producing bottles*).

Use it as these instructions here direct --
 No girl your love can possibly reject.
 One shilling and three-ha'pence -- failing never!

Nem. (*reading*) It's Madame Rachel's "Beautiful for Ever!"

But we must work all day on yonder plain,
 So, won't our faces soon turn brown again
 At any sun that's then the heavens crowning?

Dul. If you're *at any sun*, you *can't* be *browning*!

Duet -- Nemorino, Dulcamara, and Chorus.

Air -- "*Champagne Charley is my name.*"

Nem. Our lovers all desert us for these military swells,
 And all alike, they've gone on strike, these fickle village belles;
 We'll lay it on thick as mud before we go to bed,
 And "beautiful for ever" in the morning be instead.
 For sham complexion is our aim,
 Sham complexion is our aim;
 We'll put it on the latest thing at night, boys;
 Tomorrow we'll be fascinating quite, boys!

All. Sham complexion is { their } aim, etc.
 { our }

Dul. If you have any doubt about the truth of Doctor D.
 You've only got to cast your eye upon the face of me.
 A plainer man than I was once you very seldom see,
 But now I am as beautiful as you could wish to be.

My sham complexion brings me fame,
My sham complexion brings me fame;
I lay it on the latest thing at night, boys --
In the morning, I am fascinating quite, boys.

All. Sham complexion brings $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$ fame, etc.
me

(They all go off r., except Beppo, who watches them carefully off -- then looking around him with an air of mystery, he comes cautiously down to the footlights. He then suddenly throws off all appearance of imbecility.)

Beppo *(with startling suddenness to audience)* I am not what I seem! An idiot? No!
Much farther from the truth you couldn't go!
An idiot? Ha! ha! ha! My senses waning?
The notion's really very entertaining!
No doubt you think I'm water-on-the-brainy,
A poor contemptible half-witted zany --
A mere jack-pudding, trained to thump and thwack --
A goose who travels with a noisy quack!
I'm no such thing! away with this inaning!
I am a mystery, that wants explaining!
Why am I here in this disgraceful dress?
Why do I paint my head with this black mess?
Why thus affect the semblance of inanity?
Affecting thus the zany -- and in~~z~~anity?
(confidentially) Well, then, I'm -- *(starts)* Ha!
(reassured) It's nothing! Well, then, I'm --
(mysteriously) But soft -- we are observed! -- another time!

(Enter Nemorino (r.). Beppo perceives him., and immediately resumes the demeanour of a zany. He dances off idiotically.)

Nem. Oh, happiness will surely turn my brain!
Tomorrow, I begin to live again!
Then will my tanned complexion surely seem,
Like intermingled strawberries and cream!
My nose -- which I inherit from my pater --
Like geological deposits -- *straighter*.
And thanks to Rachel, wheresoe'er I go,
I shall be stormed by every girl I know;
Thus reproducing in this peacefull dell,
That good old play, the sieging of *Rachelle*.

(Enter at the back -- Adina, on Belcore's arm, l., and all the female villagers arm-in-arm with the soldiers, unseen by Nemorino. He sings the following song without knowing that they are listening, until the chorus at the end.)

Song and Chorus --(Nemorino.)

Air - March from "Ching-Chow-Hi."

Nem. Oh, happiness is in our reach!
Chorus. Oh!
Nem. Lovers will be found for each!
Chorus. Lo!
Nem. Maidens for my heart will sigh!
Chorus. So!
Nem. Beautiful for ever, I!
Chorus. No!
Nem. 'Dina I will go and see.
Chorus. Go! Go!
Nem. Slow my love for her will be.
Chorus. Slow!
Nem. Treat her as she treated me.
(*dancing*) Happy Nemmy! happy Nemmy! ha, ha, ha!
Happy Nemmy! happy Nemmy! ha, ha, ha!
Chorus. (*dancing*) Happy Nemmy! happy Nemmy! ha, ha, ha! etc.

(Nemorino perceives that he was overheard, and assumes a disconcerted look. Villagers go off r. laughing, leaving Nemorino, Adina, and Belcore.)

Nem. (*annoyed*) Oh, listening, madam!
Adi. (*laughing*) Well, of all the louts!
The welkin's ringing with derisive shouts.
Nem. Then, by all rules by which I've been instructed,
The welkin isn't very *well kin*-ducted.
I love you not -- to all your beauties I'm
Insensible, though once upon a time
I doated on you wildly -- see my notes!
Bel. It's time you left off sowing your wild *doats*.
Nem. I wonder why!
Bel. You wonder why, you say!
When through the town you wander all the day
Without a *chaperone* -- with him alone!
Adi. (*tenderly to Belcore,*) What girl would not call such a *chap her own*?
Nem. It's pity, not contempt, for you I feel.
(*Belcore starts.*)
Adi. (*to Belcore*) Don't hurt him -- he's a harmless ne'er-do-weel
Whom no girl speaks of in endearing tone --
Nobody's Nenemy-no but his own (*she sees Nemorino laughing*).
Tomorrow week we wed.
Nem. (*aside*) For all your plotting,
Before tomorrow night you'll send him trotting.
Before the morning breaks, as I expect,
My philtre will have worked its full effect;
Her love will flow, however much I jilt her,

In a clear stream, when to my *lips comes philtre*.

Trio -- Nemorino, Belcore, and Adina.

Prelude to "Esulti per la barbara" -- Elisir.

- Nem. Right away I'll tod-tod-tod-tod-toddle,
Right away I'll toddle -- right away I'll toddle.
- Adi. Grief has turned his nod-nod-nod-nod-noddle,
Grief has turned his noddle, anyone can see.
- Bel. Lovers all despairing -- better far than wearing
Faces as dispirited as faces well can be.
Take him as your mod-mod-mod-mod-model,
Take him as your model, take him as your model.
- All. Right away { I'll
 he'll } tod, etc.

(Enter Tomaso, r. u. e., with ill-concealed joy, followed by all the peasants; he gives sergeant a paper.)

- Tom. There's a revolt in a far distant town --
You're all to go tonight and put it down.
You've no idea how all we fellows feel it --
We're so affected, we can scarce conceal it:

(They pretend to weep.)

Tonight you soldiers, one and all, clear out.

- Bel. *(contemptuously)* That you're affected nobody could doubt *(reads paper)*.
(annoyed) Hum! pleasant for a man whose tastes are gluttony --
Change for a mutiny these valleys *muttony*?
Exchange for barrack, bugle call, and charge, gents,
Chambers at *Sergeant's Inn*, through these *insargents!*
(aside) Tonight Adina I must off be carryin' her;
Though I'm a soldier I may be a *marryin' her*.
(to Adina) Adina, hence tonight we start away,
Your own Belcore will you wed today!

(Goes down on his knees to her. Each of the soldiers goes down his knees to the girl he is coupled with, imitating Belcore's action exactly.)

- Adi. As Nemorino treats me now so ill,
I do not hesitate to say I will!

(Belcore rises and kisses her. All the other girls intimate, with Adina, that they will marry their respective soldiers that day. Each of the soldiers rise and kisses his companion exactly at the same moment that Belcore does.)

- Nem. Oh, don't today the fatal splicing make fast!

- Adi. *(decidedly)* Today -- we hope to see you at the breakfast!

(All the male peasants imply, in pantomime, to the village girls, that they hope they will put it off, and all the girls [a line is missing at this point in the original printed version].)

Concerted Quartette -- Adina, Nemorino, Beppo, and Belcore. *The four Airs to be sung together.*)

Air -- "Alpen Horn."

Nem. She'll wed today I plainly see,
 In wedlock they'll united be.
 If I could make them wait a wee,
 The victory would rest with me!
Air - "Gentil Hussard."

Tom. Today she will marry Belcore, Belcore,
 No argument can ever modify that;
 He's wealthy in pay and in glory, in glory,
 But that Nemorino's as poor as a rat.
Air - "Polly Hopkins."

Bel. Pretty, pretty preparations,
 Dinner and song -- dinner and song;
 Dissi -- dissi -- dissipations,
 All the day long -- all the day long.
Air - "Buy-a Broom."

Bep. Oh, that I dared but relate you my history,
 Oh, that I only could speak of my woes!
 Sure, never was such a horrible mystery
 As I could tell you, if only I chose.
(Scene closes, leaving Beppo on the stage.)

Scene IV. -- Interior of Adina's farm. Beppo on the stage.

Bep. So I'm alone again! Once more alone!
 Now for a highly intellectual tone!
 Let me disclose at leisure all I feel --
 Which I, to man, for worlds would not reveal!
 My only confidants are foolish mutes,
 And sticks and stones, and uninspired brutes!
 To use a Roman almanacky tone,
 Whate'er from men I *'ide*, to them is *known!*
 Or would be -- but some prying fool comes by,
 And interrupts my grand soliloquy!
 With them try to be confidential, comin' it --
 And be more *definite* -- when they are *dumb in it*.
 To this mysterious dress and visage blistry,
 Some tale attaches -- I may say, *some 'istory*.
 Now to reveal it -- if you're not unnerved --
 Know, then, that I -- but soft! we are observed!
(Enter Nemorino I. Beppo resumes his expression of idiotcy, and retires up, unseen by Nemorino.)

Nem. The doctor says that I may yet, tonight,
 Adina win -- Belcore put to flight
 If I but for one other bottle pay --
(looking at coins) I've but three-ha'pence -- so I must today,
 Borrow a loan, to free me from my sorrow,

If not, I shall be quite *alone to-borrow!*

'Tis but a bob I want -- if fate would send it me!

(*sees Beppo*) The doctor's fool! He's mad -- perhaps he'll lend it me!

Bep. (*drivelling*) Not I -- not even if you were a dook!

Nem. I see you're not the idiot that you look.

Bep. (*changing his tone*) You think me mad? I'm not! Why, I intention it!

Nem. (*after a pause*) I think you're very right, my friend, to mention it.

Bep. It's an assumption -- I, at will, can move it --
I'm sane as you!

Nem. *That's* an assumption? Prove it.

Duet -- Nemorino and Beppo.

Air -- "The Nerves."

Bep. My woeful tale will make you quail,
Excuse me if I whine! (*weeps.*)

Nem. I don't suppose, that all your woes,
Can nearly equal mine (*weeps.*)

Bep. I said before, and now, *encore*,
As I just now observed --
When I unveil my painful tale,
You'll surely be unnerved!
Unnerved, unnerved, unnerved, unnerved,

Both. { He'll } surely be unnerved.
{ I'll }

Nem. I see, though foolishly he talks,
He's sane, decidedlie,

Bep. You never were, by many chalks,
As sane, my friend, as I --
I'll tell you now, without a cram --
But you will be unnerved --
I am -- I am -- I am -- I am --
(*starts*) But soft, we are observed!

Both. Observed, observed, observed, observed,
But soft, { We } are observed!
{ You }

(*Enter Belcore, l. and marriage party. Beppo dances off idiotically.*)

Nem. Adina lost! Once more I'll press my suit!
Adina, take *me* -- not this hulking brute!

Adi. This hulking brute, indeed -- because he's bulky!
I see, with half an eye, the brute who's *'ulky*.

Nem. (*desperately*) I'll be a so'ger - when I'm shot you'll weep.

Adi. Well, as you *sowed yer* crop so you must reap.

Nem. Or as a tar endeavour to forget you,
Tossed on the briny wave --

Adi. How it will wet you!
Nem. And covered with sea-salt in every weather!
Adi. Oh, let this subject, sir, *cease alt-together*.
With rage at your behaviour, sir, I burn!
Nem. Once more, then, to my diary I'll turn,
And enter up my heart's most recent bleedings.

(*Enter Tomaso and Gianetta l., and Dulcamara r.*)

Tom. Young man, you're *enter-upting* the proceedings --
(*aside*) It seems they all are going here to dine 'em
The deeds can wait -- we'll after dinner sign 'em.

Quintette -- Adina, Belcore, Tomaso, Gianetta, and Dr. Dulcamara.

Air -- "I vowed that I never would leave her."

Adi. We are all to be married today,
In a way, you may say,
That'll be undeniably gay --
Oh, tootle-tum tootle-tum tay!

Dul. And the notary here in full fig,
In a wig much too big,
Will join us in jumping a jig --
Oh, tootle-tum tootle-tum tay!

Adi. He'll turn about soon in a measure --
So we'll be admitting with pleasure
This rotary notary into our *côterie* --
Tootle-tum tootle-tum tay!

Bel. You may open your wondering eyes
With surprise at the size
Of the joints and the puddings and pies
Which are lavished upon you today!

Gia. So, notary, please take a seat,
For to eat of the meat --
For you won't often get such a treat --
Oh, tootle-tum tootle-tum tay!

Tom. Surrounded by roses and myrtle,
We'll stow within jerkin and kirtle
Mock turtle, mock turtle, mock turtle, mock turtle,

All. Mock turtle, mock turtle tum tay!

Tom. Indeed, you're exceedingly kind,
I'm inclined -- have a mind --
And in fact, all along have designed,
To join in your revels today.
I'll join you, *indubitablee*,
If so be we agree --
That it isn't instead of my fee --

Oh! tootle tum, tootle tum tay!
(*aside*) I hope he don't think that a pre-sent
Of dinner reduces my decent
Sum total, sum total, sum total, sum total,
Sum total, sum total, tum tay!

(*Dance, and all dance off and r. and l., except Belcore and Nemorino.*)

Nem. (*seizing Belcore's hand, and bringing him down*)
I want a shilling!
Bel. No uncommon want,
Nem. Can you oblige me?
Bel. Certainly I can't.
But – here's the Queen's -- come, be a soldier, lad?
Nem. A soldier? Come, the notion isn't bad.
Bel. A shilling down -- next week, a dozen more.
I'll be your banker for at least a score!
Nem. (*aside*) In wars alarms I shall be soon delighting,
The only prospect that's at all *in-fighting!*
(*to Bel.*) Yes, I'm your boy. I love the beat of drum --
You'll find me snap at dangers, when they come!
Bel. (*contemptuously*) A snapper of the kind that's known as *whipper!*
A shop-boy!
Nem. Yes -- but no *encounter-skipper* --
I'm the most dashing fellow ever seen!
Bel. A haber-*dashing* fellow, p'r'aps you mean,
Nem. An insult! Ha! (*draws stiletto*)
Bel. Come, stop this boyish rancour,
You've early learnt to draw upon your banker!

Duet -- Belcore and Nemorino.

Air – "Jog along Boys."

Nem. Well, thanks to you I've got the tin
My dear Adina for to win,
This shilling, please to understand,
Will purchase dear Adina's hand.
Bel. When you within my clutches come
I'll tie you up to the beat of drum --
With thump and whack, and bump and crack,
The cat shall lacerate your back.
Both. For it's flog along, flog along, flog along, boys,
Flog along boys, for the cat'll make a noise,
Flog along, flog along, flog along, boys,
Flog along, boys, Hurrah!

(*Dance off together.*)

Scene V. -- *The Village Green.*

(Enter Gianetta r., meeting Catarina and female peasants l.)

Cat. Our peasants say they'll join the sergeant's troop!
Belcore's 'listing all at one fell swoop!
Ricardo, Nemorino, and Elvino,
And Carlo, and Edgardo, and Jackino,
Have gone to join him.

Gia. (*contemptuously*) Well, they won't be mis't,
They are quite free to go, Miss, where they 'list!
But what has caused it, goodness only knows.

Cat. Oh! jealous of the soldiers, I suppose!
They all declared together they would ride hence
(*whispering*) They saw us cooing?

Gia. What a cooing-*vidence*!

(Enter Tomaso.)

Tom. It is -- and I can tell you, if I will --
Of one that's more extraordinary still --
Ricardo, Nemorino, and Elvino,
And Carlo, and Edgardo, and Jackino,
Each has his uncle lost!

Gia. What will they do?
They were so fond of those relations too!
Their *cartes-de-positis* always had about them!
Their uncles? Why, what will they do without them?

Tom. Why, what is stranger still, girls -- is it not? --
Each uncle leaves his nephew all he's got;
So if these nephews you're disposed to fleece,
To them you'd best go down upon your *kniece*.

Cat. Ricardo!

1st Peas. Nemorino!

2d Peas. Dear Elvino!

3d Peas. And Carlo!

4th Peas. Sweet Edgardo!

5th Peas. Loved Jackino!

Gia. (*to Catarina*) They're all worth catching, dearest, every man --
Go and secure your prize, dear, if you can.

Cat. But I'm so *naïve* -- so led by Nature's rule.

Tom. (*aside*) I think I may say you're more *knave* than fool!
I must propose at once, or I'll be done.

(*lovingly to Gianetta*) And won't you ever kindly think of one

Who, to accommodate your whims, will try --
Who thinks you are the apple of his eye.
Gia. Of *one* of them -- that's very likely, since
His *apples* are not *pairs*.
Tom. How so?
Gia. He *squince!*

Trio --Tomaso, Gianetta, and Catarina.
Air – “*Lin and Tin.*”

Tom. Now maidens all, these youngsters tall,
You'd all do well to wed --
They've all come in to no end of tin,
For their uncles all are dead.
Cat. We do not doubt that all you spout
Today's extremely true --
Gia. But all they'll say, when they hear us pray,
Is “Oodley umpty oo!”
Chorus -- Oodley oodley umpty oo! etc.
Each girl's engaged to one,
Tom. Well tell them, you know, that they all may go,
Why every day it's done!
But all they'll say, when they hear us pray,
Is -- Oodley umpty oo!
(*Dance off r. and l.*)

(*Enter Dr. Dulcamara, with Beppo, Nemorino, Tomaso, and male peasants meet them.*)

Bep. Walk in, walk in, walk in, walk in, walk in!
The doctor's just a-going to begin!
He's going to commence, indeed it's true!
(*aside, with deep feeling*) *Come hence! Go hence* is what I'd like to do!
(*aloud, with melodramatic action*) I can NOT keep it any longer -- I'm --
But humph! no matter! Well, some other time.
Dul. My learned friend will walk around the show,
If he'll allow me so to call him?
Bep. (*bowing with exaggerated action*) Oh!

(*Beppo clears a space, with a rope and two balls, around Doctor's cart.*)

Dul. Now, Mr. Merriman, around you go!
Bep. Merriman! Ha, ha! *Merriman!* Ho, ho!
(*aside*) But soft! another time for that will do.
Dul. Now Nemorino, how can I help *you*?
Nem. My sorrow's in my humble bosom locked.
Dul. Ha! chest disease! I'm really very shocked.

You'd better far inhale, as you can see,
If you *in hale* condition wish to be.

Nem. No -- it's too dear.

Bep. An undisputed cure!
His profit isn't great -- success is sure.
One single farthing now is all he's sacked --
One *trial*, gentlemen, has proved the fact.

Nem. To puff those wares, you needn't now endeavour,
We want a dozen -- "Beautiful for ever."
That we today may fascinating be.

Tom. You'll let me pay you when I've got my fee?
"I will do you credit.

Bep. Pooh -- you're talking trash!
We don't want *credit* -- what we want is *cash!*

Dul. I give no tick at all -- to sane or sick --
It's cost you cash -- although it is *cos'-me-tic*.

(Nemorino *buys and pays for a sufficient number of bottles to give one to each peasant.*)

Tom. (*expostulating*) That doesn't square with what I think is sound.

Bep. The gentleman has stood a *dozen round*.

(*Peasants all uncork the bottles and rub the contents simultaneously on their faces.*)

Nem. How do we look?

Dul. Enchanting, all the lot.

Tom. (*very conceitedly*) You couldn't photograph us on the spot?

Dul. (*to Beppo, alluding to Notary*) You'd hardly know him, but for wig and hose --
(*pointing to wig*) That shows the Notary!

Bep. Quite an *autre-y chose!*

Nem. There goes all that I got by my enlisting,
That Dulcamara there is no resisting!

Dul. Well, as for that, I'm such a wheedling talker,
Some people call me Dulcamary Walker!
But that's absurd -- it's plain to any man,
I'm not a *Mary* -- I'm a *Charlotte-Ann*.

Quartette -- Dulcamara, Nemorino, Beppo, and Tomaso.

Air -- "Old Sarah Walker."

Tom. Such a change, was never known -- why, how beautiful you've grown!
Your mother if she saw you now would tremble.

Bep. His mother, ha, ha, ha! how the words upon me jar;
But soft, I am observed -- I must dissemble!
When my face the maidens see, I shall happy, happy be!
Of my wounds Adina soon will be a caulker.

Dul. Well, a phase of woman's mission is to act as a physician --

The sentiments of Dulcamary Walker!

Bep. Tol de dol de dol, etc.
 I think a time has come, when no more I shall be dumb;
 But soft -- on second thoughts I will postpone it.

Tom. By this time, I daresay, I'm as beautiful as they,
 If Nemorino there would only own it.

Nem. Adina will be mine, and together we will shi --
 She'll take my arm and be a loving talker!

Dul. In woman there's a charm when she's taking off an arm --
 The sentiments of Dulcamary Walker!

Bep. Tol de dol de dol, etc.
(All dance off, except Nemorino, who leans against a tree.)

(Enter Adina -- she does not see Nemorino.)

Adi. Oh, am I not a dreadful little story,
 To throw up Nemorino for Belcore?
 My love to Nemorino back I'll carry --
 Besides, the Sergeant can't get leave to marry.
 Of money Nemmy's come into a store --
 A *coin-cidence* that, and nothing more,
 And doesn't influence me in the least.
(sees him) Ah, there he stands! Oh, how my love's increas't!
(goes to him) Why sit so glum and still? You well might be
 A marble man beneath a stony tree --
 A petrification quite, as stiff as starch.

Nem. *(pointing to tree)* Adina, this is not the marble *(L) arch*

Adi. How thin and pale you look, from constant sighing!
 To think that for Adina he is dying!

Nem. I'm not dead yet, though I'm as thin as spillikens:
 You are *A-dina*, but I'm not a Willikens.

Adi. It's true, Belcore's got a lot of money --
 But if you'll have me I'll be sweet as honey!

Nem. I'm sage enough to know you love this money 'un.

Adi. You're sage; but what is sage without a *honey 'un*?

Nem. *(aside)* That the Elixir's working now it's plain.
 At first I'll cool indifference maintain *(whistles)*.
(aloud) Don't bother me, you false, coquettish jade!

Adi. You've steeled your heart, just like your dagger-blade --
 Just as in Don Giovanni did Masetto!

Nem. My blade? I see, because my heart's *to let O!*
 In that condition I am not alone,
 Your heart is steeled as wall.

Adi. It's all your own!
 At grammar, dear, you're clearly not a Solon --
(wheedlingly) Of *steal*, the participle, dear, is *stolen* --

Nem. You love me then -- and me to love you bid?

Adi. Oh Nemorino, I should think I did!

(They rush into each other's arms. Enter Belcore, who starts on seeing them.)

Bel. Ha ha! Adina twining with another!
Suppose, you naughty girl, I told your mother?

Adi. I am an orphan, sir --

Bel. Of course you is,
I plainly see that you're a *fondling*, miss!
I'll settle this (*to Nemorino*) there -- you're on soldier's pay,
Come, quick march! several hundred miles away --
And stand on sentry there, till you're relieved.

Adi. To disappoint you, sir, I'm deeply grieved (*giving money to sergeant.*)
(*to Nemorino*) You're free -- I've paid your smart!

Nem. What's that you're sayin' --

Have you paid much?

No smart, dear, *without pay in'*

Trio -- Adina, Belcore, Nemorino.

Air -- "The Mousetrap Man."

Nem. (*to Belcore*) Don't it occur that you rather intrude?

Back to your quarters you'd much better wend --

I should be sorry to seem to you rude,

But we should be grieved to detain you, my friend!

Bel. I hardly know whether I sleep or I wake,

At owning defeat I'm uncommonly slow --

But this is behaviour, unless I mistake,

That's meant as a hint that she wants me to go!

Adi. Heigho, Nemorino!

This Bel-core may go.

We can be happy, my dear, on your late

Deeply lamented old uncle's estate!

ALL. Heigho, Nemorino, etc,

(Enter Dulcamara, meeting Gianetta walking with Tomaso, and all the village girls arm in arm with the male peasants. The soldiers saunter in afterwards and range themselves at the back of the stage.)

Dul. (*to Peasants*) Ha! ha! I see affairs are getting right.

Tom. Thanks to your philtre, we've enchained 'em quite.

Adi. His philtre! sold in little bottles black --

Invented by my pa! -- a famous quack?

He called it "Love's Elixir!"

Dul. I did -- rather!

Adi. Then you must be -- ha! ha! My long lost father!

Nem. My uncle! (*embrace.*)

Bel. And my cousin! (*embrace.*)

Not. Nephew loved! (*embrace.*)
Gia. (*counting rapidly on her fingers*) Then you are my first cousin once removed! (*embrace.*)
Adi. (*to Nemorino*) Then you're my cousin! (*embrace*)
Tom. (*to Belcore*) Yes, and you're my son!
Gia. (*to Notary*) And you, my grandfather -- and what a one!
To wed one's grandpapa one didn't oughter.
Bel. (*to Gianetta*) Then you must be my late lamented daughter.

(*Enter Beppo. He takes Dulcamara mysteriously down to the footlights.*)

Duet -- Beppo and Dulcamara.

Air -- "The Frog in Yellow."

Bep. I've a secret for to whisper -- a secret for to tell, oh!
Dul. Then please to let us have it in a word, you silly fellow!
Bep. Look at me -- look at me!
Don't you seem to know me well, oh?
Look at me -- look at me!
Don't you seem to know me well, oh?

(*Dulcamara shakes his head.*)

Chorus. Look at he -- look at he, etc.

Bep. Perhaps you will be good enough to look a little more, oh!
Dul. Well, I rather think I seem to have seen that face before, oh!
Bep. Look at me -- look at me!
Don't you trace me to another?
Dul. Let ma see -- let me see!
Yes it is -- my long-lost mother! (*embrace*)
Chorus. Let him see -- let him see, etc.
Bep. We'll all together live -- life lies before us.
There's nothing left now but the final Chorus!

During the Finale the scent changes to

Grand Allegorical Tableau of
LOVE'S DEVICES.

Finale.

"Bell Chorus," from "Stradella."

Dul. Any man a girl may fix, sir,
If he Love's Elixir buys --
Nem. If he loves he never licks her,
But to make her happy tries.
Chorus. Any man a girl, etc.
Bel. (*to audience*) Love's Elixir he can fix, sir --
Life's Elixir rests with you!
Adi. (*imitating applause*) That's the only known Elixir
That can pull us safely through.
Chorus. Lovers' philtres he can fix, sirs.

Nemorino Adina Beppo Dulcamara Belcore Gianetta Tomaso

CURTAIN.