

William Schwenck Gilbert, 1836-1911
Harlequin, Cock-robin and Jenny Wren (1867)

HARLEQUIN COCK-ROBIN AND JENNY WREN
OR,
FORTUNATUS AND THE WATER OF LIFE, THE THREE BEARS, THE THREE GIFTS,
THE THREE WISHES, AND THE LITTLE MAN WHO WOO'D THE LITTLE MAID
GRAND COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

A CHARACTERISTIC CAST OF THE CACHINATORY CHARACTERS.

Evil Spirits:—

The Demon Miasma (an awfully bad lot though a Fiend of common scents)	Mr. Henry Thompson
Ague and Malaria (his offensive offspring)	Misses Villiers and Kate Blandford
Satana (a supernatural preternatural and altogether utterly unnatural Mephistophelian personage—in league with Miasma)	Miss Goodall.
Demonio (not the Bel of that name but a Metallic Monster—the dumb familiar of Miasma who hasn't a word to say for himself, so is by no means vulgar)	M. Espinosa.

Good Spirits:—

The Spirit of Fresh Air (a beneficent Fairy—the Guardian Spirit of Dicky-Birds in general and Cock-Robin in particular, Jenny Wren's lively friend, and Miasma's deadly foe)	Miss Minnie Sydney.
Health and Happiness (her attendant Spirits—Godmothers of Cock-Robin and Jenny Wren)	Misses Nellie Burton and Lizzie Grosvenor
Fairies Oak Willow and Fir (her three Fairy Subordinates who are rooted to one spot but are never in want of change as they always have a little Sylva about them)	Misses Mabel Gray, Whitmore, and Page
Fairy Cook Fairy Butler and Fairy Fortune (Low menials who provide for Cock Robin's Hy-meneals—with her wheel but without her woe)	Misses Flowers, De Nevers, and Roselle
Fairy of the Fountain (The Spirit of the Water of Life, not to be confounded with the Spirit of Eau de Vie)	Miss O. Armstrong
First Fairy.	Miss Laidlaw

Wicked Animals:—

Cuckoo Raven and Sparrow (three conspicuous Conspirators, base to the back-bone, rejected lovers of Jenny Wren)

Masters Bird, Beaker, and Mr. J. Francis

Great Bear Middle-sized Bear and Little Bear (afterwards changed into three baser Bar-bear-ians and more rejected than ever by Jenny)

Mr. Templeton, Mr. Everard, and Master Grainger.

Virtuous Animals:—

Cock-Robin (the Bird who has been the burd-en of many a rhyme, the Cock that no one can be Robin of his fame who's he-red-itary red breast can be recognized by hen-nybody)

Miss Caroline Parkes

Jenny Wren (the little Wren who has ren-dered up her liberty to the Dicky-Bird of her heart and nearly breaks it when he hops the twig)

Miss Furtado.

Descriptive Description of Dicky-Birds:—

Messrs. Twit, Twitter and Twutter, Flit, Flitter, Fly and Flutter, Hop, Pop, Crop, Pick, Peck, Tweet, Sweet, Dick, Chick, Beak, Tweak, Chip, Chow, Bill and Coo, Chatter and Chirrup, &c

Mortals:—

Little Man

Miss Caroline Parkes

Little Maid

Miss Furtado

Gaffer Gray (Little Maid's Pa)

Mr. Marshall

Laundry-Women

Mesdames Suds, Soda, and Starch.

Mammoth Monsters:—

The Giant Herlotrobosanguinardodiotso

Mr. John Craddock

The Giant's Footman Lengthylankyshankylongo

Mr. Tallboy

the Giant Wittleemgobbleem

Mr. Wolfem

the Giant Clubemdrubem

Mr. Gogmagog

the Giant Feedy Greedy

Mr. Hungryman

the Giant Savagusravenous

Mr. Chopemup

the Giant Gorgeumsplogum

Mr. Longswallow

the Giant Swaemtareem

Mr. Wickedword

Other Personalities by Legions of Useful Utilities and Superior Supernumeraries.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND EVENTS.

THE DEMON MIASMA'S DISMAL SWAMP.

Deeds of Dreadful Note and Unnatural Enormity, any amount of Enmity, and no end of Vows of Vengeance — concluding with the Conspiracy against Cock-Robin and Jenny Wren.

FLORAL HOME OF THE SPIRIT OF FRESH AIR.

Grand Ballet of Animated Flowers! supported by M. Espinosa, Mdlle Sophie, M. Chapino's Pupils, and 100 Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. The Wedding Procession of Pet Dickies. The Conspiracy Hatched. The Grand Ballet of Canaries.

Treachery of the Demon Sparrow, and Death of Cock-Robin—the Trial! the Verdict! and Astounding Metamorphosis of Cuckoo, Raven, and Sparrow. into the Three Bears.

COCK-ROBIN'S GRAVE.

Invocation of Fairy Fresh Air — Vivification of Cock Robin — and Transformation of Cock-Robin and Jenny Wren into the Little Man and Little Maid.

HOME OF THE THREE BEARS.

How Little Maid tasted the Porridge, Sat on the Three Chairs, and Laid on the Three Beds of the Three Bears—how they discovered and made her into a Pie — and how Little Man rescued her — and how the Beneficent Fairy made Little Man a present of a Magic Ring.

GAFFER GRAY'S COTTAGE.

There is no luck about the house upon a Washing-day. — The Three Wishes, and how they were realised — determination of Black-Pudding to the nose — sudden appearance of the Fairy Fortune — the Three Gifts.

THE FAIRY AQUARIUM.

The Revels of the Fin-ny Tribe, finny-shing with a Grand Ballet of Gold and Silver Fish.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

Fortunio in search of the Waters of Life — Gigantic Interruption — Terrific Combat — Defeat of the Ogres, and Miraculous Change to Toy Island — Decapitation — and general Joy of the Lilliputian Inhabitants, with Little Man in a fix.

THE MYSTIC FOUNTAIN OF UNCEASING LIFE.

The Delirious Dance of Delight, a peculiar performance, performed by English and Foreign Peculiarities, peculiarly arranged by M. Milano, who is peculiarly peculiar in his peculiarities. — How Demonio Drugg'd the Water — how Little Man drank of the drug, and the awful consequences.

A BARE WOOD.

Bruin a Conspiracy — a Satanic Resolution — and Review of the Ragged, Rugged, Russian Regulars.

COURTYARD OF LITTLE MAID'S CASTLE.

The Major-Domo and the Major Demon — Grand Procession of Materials for Banquet — the Three Distinguished Foreigners — the Disguise, and the Abduction of Little Maid.

THE GROWLERY.

The captivating Little Maid a cap-tive — fortunate arrival of Fortunat-us and un-fortunate appearance of Miasma, whose un-savoury influence is checked by the savo-ry arrival of Fresh Air, Health, and Happiness, proving that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good — the rise of Little Man and Little Maid, and the fall of Miasma — all the trials over — and everybody transported (including, it is hoped, the Audience.)

THE GATES OF FANCY, leading to THE REALMS OF EVERLASTING SPRING.

The "Old Year out!" and the "New Year in!"

The Pantomime written by W. S. GILBERT, Esq.

The magnificent Scenery and resplendent Transformation by Mr. JAMES GATES, and his talented Assistants.

The Characteristic Overture composed, and the whole of the Music selected and arranged, by Mr. W. H. MONTGOMERY.

The Grand Ballet and appropriate Dances invented and executed under the entire direction of Mr. J. MILANO.

The Properties designed and modelled by Mr. H. ADAMS, Messrs. BRUNTON, ROBINSON, and BURNS.

The Stage Appointments and Mechanical Contrivances by Mr. H. LANHAM.

The Patent Electric Light and Magic Fountain patented by M. DELAPORTE, Artist Engineer of the Theatre Porte St. Martin, and principal Theatres of Paris.

The costly Dresses by Mr. G. MORIN, Costumier of the Parisian Theatres, Mr. DOBSON, and Mrs. HARRIS.

The Floral Decorations by Mrs. SHIELD.

The whole of the Pantomime produced under the immediate direction of E. T. SMITH, assisted by T. H. FRIEND, W. R. OSMAN, and G. CRAIG.

SCENE I. — MIASMA'S MARSH.

Miasma discovered: around him are grouped hideous Reptiles and Insects, of all kinds.

INCANTATION, *Miasma*, — Air, 'The Frog in Yellow.'

Gather round me, gather round me, gather round, each jolly fellow;
Owl, viper, toad, and scorpion, gather round, my plot is mellow.
Gather round at the sound, lizard, snake, and frog in yellow.
From my unwholesome fen, so dark and drear,
Want, Misery, and Pestilence, appear!

Want, Misery, and Pestilence, appear.

Gather around me, serpents, vipers, toads,
Scorpions, and beetles, from your dark abodes;
Infect the earth, the water, and the air;
Spit pestilential poison ev'rywhere!
With sulphurous fumes all human nostrils fill;—
You understand?—it is Miasma's will!

Pes. [Whining.]

My sphere of action's cramped as it can be;
Chloride of lime has nearly done for me!

Misery.

Poor people live so cleanly and so neatly,
I find my little game played out completely!
E'en from cheap lodging-houses back I'm sent:
Now poor folk lodge by Act of Parliament!

Miasma.

What's this I hear? My favourite deadly tools
Restricted now to fens and stagnant pools?
Have I no home — no friends — no footing? — none?
My occupation, like Othello's, gone?
I'm nearly stamped out in this cursed nation;
My epitaph, 'He died of Ventilation.'
[Savagely.] Whose work is this?

Satana rises, rapidly, through trap.

Satana. Oh, your old foe's, Fresh Air:

The hussy's sought for, welcomed, everywhere;
Where'er she goes, establishes her sway,
While yours decreases surely, day by day,
Attack her, ere our power she o'erwhelms!

Miasma. [Despondingly.]

Miasma cannot enter her pure realms!
No, no; we must invent some other plan.

Satana.

If you can't enter them, why others can.
My plan (by which you need not leave your fen)
Is this: Cock Robin marries Jenny Wren
To-day, and Fresh Air gives the festive spread;
Now, I heard chattering, just overhead,
Three birds, whose love proud Jenny has rejected —
(The fact, of course, might well have been expected),
The Cuckoo, and the Raven, and the Sparrow, —
Their unsuccessful suits their feelings harrow!
[*Mysteriously.*] This is my scheme, contained in half a breath:
Give *them* the compassing of Fresh Air's death!

Miasma.

A better plan I think I never heard;
But will they undertake it?

Satana.

Like a bird! [*Satana whistles.*]

Cuckoo, Raven, and Sparrow descend.

Miasma.

Hum!

Spar.

Don't explain—we heard you, perched up there:
You want us three to go and kill Fresh Air? [*Miasma nods.*]
Ha, ha! we live on her; on her depend Our lives, my unsophisticated friend!
Why such a deed would surely bring to grief us;—
No, no, no, no, not, NOT, NOT for Josephus! [*The Birds shake their heads knowingly.*]

Miasma.

Humph! this is awkward!

Satana. Well, 'Another way:'

As works on cookery so often say.
[*To Sparrow.*] If you decline to kill the hussy — bless her!
I guess you've no objection to distress her?

Spar.

How?

Satana. Kill her *protégé*, Cock Robin — then,
Of course, you three can fight for Jenny Wren.

Spar.

Cock Robin? — Won't we!

Satana.

Listen: I've a scheme.
[*To Cuckoo and Raven.*] You two intoxicated quite shall seem,
And tipsily kiss Jenny, Robin's treasure,

Cuckoo.

Kiss Jenny Wren? oh, that we will, with pleasure!

Satana. [*To Sparrow.*]

You shoot at them, excited by her sobbin',
Of course you miss them, and — you kill Cock Robin!

Spar.

But stop — that's dangerous — suppose we should —

Miasma.

You don't suppose the good Miasma would
On such an errand unprotected send you?
Satana and Demonio shall attend you.
Demonio, rise! [*Demonio rises through trap.*]
Protect these dickies, will you? [*Demonio expresses obedience.*]
Allow me, gentlemen—my dumb familiar,
Diavolo Demonio Spitz Von Ulgar! [*Demonio bows ceremoniously.*]
Though he's familiar, he's by no means vulgar!

Health and Happiness appear suddenly, through trap in flat.

Health.

Abominably treacherous design!

Hap.

Disgusting plot! Wren is a ward of mine.
Beware Fresh Air's revenge, insensate fool!

Miasma.

Upon my word, this is extremely cool!
Of strange intruders here I find the place full!
[*Savagely.*] Who are you?

Health.

Health!

Miasma. [*To Happiness.*]

You?

Hap.

Happiness!

Miasma.

Disgraceful!

You ought to be put down — some day you will!

Health.

Put down?

Miasma.

Yes, put down, in a doctor's bill!

What do you want?

Health.

We've come to this dark fen
To plead for Robin and his little Wren.

Hap.

They are our wards; their godmothers are we.

Miasma.

I'm very sorry, but it cannot be.

[*Aside.*] I must get rid of them, and send them home.

[*To Demonio.*] Stir up yon scummy miasmatic foam!

[*Demonio stirs up pool: fumes arise — Health and Happiness
very much overcome by their effect.*]

That tickles 'em!

Health. [*To Happiness.*]

Away from this foul dell!

I'm feeling so uncommonly unwell!

[To *Miasma*.] Be warned by me: if you refuse my prayer,
I'll hasten to the Spirit of Fresh Air,
And all her power against you have arrayed.

Miasma.

All right, go in and win — I'm not afraid!

QUARTET, Health, Happiness, Miasma, and Satana . — Air, '*The Frog in Yellow*.'

Miasma. Your threatened animosity I will do my best to quell — oh!

Health. We defy you, we defy you, abominable fellow!

Miasma. Ha! I quail, Turning pale, Or a kind of dirty yellow!

All. See him quail, &c.

Miasma. Come, be good enough to take yourselves out of this here dell, oh!

Satana. It's sufficient to alarm one, to hear the fellow bellow!

Miasma. You shall wot Of my plot, Wicked fairies, when its mellow!

All. We shall wot, &c.

[*General Dance*. — *Scene changes to*

SCENE II. — *FLORAL HOME OF THE SPIRIT OF FRESH AIR.*

GRAND BALLET.

After which, Fresh Air runs on, her hair streaming over her shoulders.

Fresh Air.

Stop, fairies, please — a moment's grace, I pray:

Remember that we've work to do to-day.

Cock Robin marries Jenny Wren, and I

Have bidden all the songsters of the sky.

What shall we give them all to eat and drink?

What diet suits them best? — now let me think!

Butler and Cook, assist us with your counsel.

Fairy Butler and Cook come forward.

Cook. [Suggesting.]

Chickweed *en Papillote*, or scalloped groundsel?

Fresh Air.

That don't sound nice!

Cook.

And then, for him who needs,

Have various plates of various kinds of seeds.

Fresh Air.

Ah, there I don't agree with what you've said;

I really couldn't give a seedy spread.

Then as to wines, you know—what say you, Butler?

Butler.

Well, speaking as a well-experienced sutler,

There's nothing for young folks so good as water.

Fresh Air.

What! at the marriage of my only daughter?
No! Robin loves on cherry-pie to dine;
Jenny, I know, adores sweet currant-wine.
Let currant-wine like water flow to hand,
And cherry-pie on every table stand! [*Cook and Butler bow and go off.*]

Enter Health, hurriedly.

Health.

Oh, fairy Fresh Air, here's such dreadful news!
All your enchantments you will have to use.

Fresh Air.

Why what's the matter? tell me, in a breath!

Health.

Miasma has designed Cock Robin's death!
I overheard him in his filthy fen.
Three former lovers of poor Jenny Wren
Have undertaken it, at his suggestion.

Fresh Air.

And will they do it, think you?

Health.

That's the question.

To the conspirators I'm quite a stranger,
But Robin's life is in no little danger; —
I tried my utmost to avert his fate,
But cruel Miasma would not let me wait.
From his dank pestilential dell he thrust me!
If Robin's killed, you will revive him?

Fresh Air.

Trust me!

DUET, Fresh Air, and Health .— Air, 'Morning Leaves Waltz,'

Fresh Air.

I'll do the very best I can, —
To save his life I'll try;
For all Miasma's wicked plan,
Cock-Robin shall not die!

Health.

But should Cock-Robin's life-blood stream,
Whatever will you do?

Fresh Air.

I have a pleasant little plan,
Which I'll confide to you.
He must put off his Robin's shape,
Assuming that of man,
And so he'll easily escape
Miasma's evil ban.

Health. Of such a plot he'll never dream!
I very clearly see
The sterling value of the scheme
Which you confide to me.

[Loud knocking, without.]

Fresh Air.
Who's he who knocks with such audacious touch?

A Fairy.
A guest, your Majesty.

Fresh Air.
I guessed as much.

Enter Satana .

Satana.
Ah! how d'e do? I hope you're quite at leisure?

Fresh Air.
A — let me see — a — have I had the pleasure —

Satana.
Of course not — no: allow me, pray — I am
The herald of the guests' arriving, ma'am;
Appointed, subject to your high behests,
M. C. in ordinary to your guests.

Enter the Guests, who are introduced, one by one, by Satana; the Cuckoo, the Raven, and the Sparrow, bring up the rear. — Then enter the Bride and Bridegroom, in a Car.

GRAND BALLET OF CANARIES.

After the Ballet, Cock-Robin and Jenny go up to be married.

Cuc. [To Sparrow.]
This is our time, I think — eh, master Sparrow?

Spar.
All right; I'm ready with my bow and arrow!

[Cuckoo and Raven try to kiss Jenny. — Cock-Robin pecks at them to drive them off. — Sparrow, pretending to shoot at Cuckoo and Raven, kills Cock-Robin. — General consternation. — Three bad Birds taken into custody.]

Fresh Air [Indignantly.]
Who kill'd Cock-Robin?
First Fairy. That wicked Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow, —
He kill'd Cock-Robin!

Fresh Air. Who saw him die?
Second Fairy. This little Fly,
With his little eye, —

	He saw him die!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Third Fairy.</i>	Who caught his blood? This pretty Fish, With his little dish, — He caught his blood!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Fourth Fairy.</i>	Who'll make his shroud? This jolly Beetle, With his thread and needle, — He'll make his shroud!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Fifth Fairy.</i>	Who'll dig his grave? This solemn Owl, With his spade and show'l, — He'll dig his grave!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Sixth Fairy.</i>	Who'll be the Parson? This grave old Rook, With his little book, — He'll be the Parson!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Seventh Fairy.</i>	Who'll be the Clerk? This pretty Lark, If it's not in the dark, — He'll be the Clerk!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Eighth Fairy.</i>	Who'll carry him to the grave? This soaring Kite, If it's not in the night, — He'll carry him to his grave!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Ninth Fairy.</i>	Who'll bear the link? This pretty Linnet; He'll fetch it this minute, — He'll bear the link!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Tenth Fairy.</i>	Who'll be chief mourner? This gentle Dove, Who mourns for her love, — She'll be chief mourner!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Eleventh Fairy.</i>	Who'll sing a psalm? This warbling Thrush, As he sits in a bush, — He'll sing a psalm!
<i>Fresh Air.</i> <i>Twelfth Fairy.</i>	Who'll toll the bell? This roaring Bull, Because he can pull, —

He'll toll the bell!

*[All the Birds and Beasts alluded to in the song proceed to undertake the various tasks allotted to them, the **Bull** tolling a bell, the **Owl** digging his grave, and so on.]*

Chorus. All the birds of the air fell a sighing and sobbin',
When they heard the bell toll for the death of Cock-Robin.

Fresh Air.

Raven and Cuckoo, Sparrow — in a breath,
We find you guilty of Cock-Robin's death!

Health.

You three bad birds shall be directly shot!

Satana.

I beg your pardon, miss, the birds shall not.
To change, all three, immediately prepare,
Into Great, Middle-sized, and Little Bear!

[The Three Birds change into three Bears. — General consternation, in the midst of which the scene closes.]

SCENE III. —A FOREST.

*The Three Bears enter, and in uncouth gambols express delight at the change in their condition. **Demonio** enters, and implies, in pantomime, that **Cock Robin** is to be buried there. — They are delighted, and conceal themselves. — Mournful Chorus heard from behind. — The Spirits of the **Oak**, the **Willow**, and the **Fir**, come out from their respective trees.*

Oak.

This is sad news indeed that greets our ears!

Willow.

Poor Robin! oh, I can't restrain my tears. *[Weeps.]*

Fir.

Ah me! our grief for him may well be bitter,
No longer on our boughs he'll trill and twitter!

Willow.

I saw him lying in his little nest;
His blood but mocked the crimson of his breast!
Each night my tears will quite bedew my pillow:
Let me be known henceforth as 'Weeping Willow!'

*Enter **Health** .*

Health.

This spot poor Robin's little corpse receives!
Here, where with tender care he strewed with leaves
Those poor lost babies who were left hard by,
And wandered here, to lay them down to die!
But see, *[Looking off.]* he comes, hid by his velvet pall!

Well, forest fays, take him for all in all,
Cock-Robin was a bird; — it's very plain,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again!

*Enter Funeral Procession; Rook as Parson, Lark as Clerk; Cock Robin's Body, under a pall,
borne by Kite .*

Forest F. [Invoking.]

Fairy Fresh Air, by whom each sapling lives!

Oak.

Fairy Fresh Air, who life and vigour gives!

Fir.

Fairy Fresh Air, who gives us lengthened years!

Willow.

Fairy Fresh Air, who dries my bitter tears!

Forest F.

Goddess of health and strength, and life and death,
Restore this little bird with thy sweet breath!

Fairy Fresh Air appears.

Fresh Air.

If death and burial he would escape,
He must henceforth appear in human shape:
So is my power limited. Shall I — ?

Forest F.

Oh, better even that than he should die!

Fresh Air.

Go forth, Cock-Robin, from this woody glade,
As Little Man who loved the Little Maid!

Cock-Robin changes to Little Man.

Lit. Man.

Delightful change! one of the race of men!
But, bless me! how about poor Jenny Wren?

Fresh Air.

She must go forth, according to my plan,
As Little Maid, beloved by Little Man!

Jenny Wren changes to Little Maid.

Lit. Maid.

What's this? a pretty little girl, I vow!
I was a little dicky-bird just now!
A transformation there has surely been,
And yet I see no transformation-scene!
I still feel peckish, though a mouth I've got,
[To Fresh Air.] Am I a dicky-bird, or am I not? [Fresh Air shakes her head.]
And who is he? [Indicating Little Man.]

Fresh Air.

Why, little Jenny Wren,
He is the very least of little men!

Lit. Maid.

And I? You know you must have changed me, too!

Fresh Air.

The very least of little women you!

SONG, *Fresh Air*, and *Fairies*.

Fresh Air.

There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, 'Little Maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say
Than, will you? — yea or nay?
For the least said is soonest mended-ed-ed.'

The little maid replied,
And some say, a little sighed,
'But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Light the fire in the kitchen,
And the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?'

The little man replied,
And, I'm told, a little cried,
For his little heart was full of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
'We will manage as we can,'
Said this foolish little man,
'And what we haven't got we will borrow, borrow, borrow!'

[*Little Man and Little Maid* illustrate the Song with pantomimic action, as the *Fairies* sing it, and at the end of the Song, all go off.]

SCENE IV. — HOME OF THE THREE BEARS.

The room is furnished with Three Beds (a large bed, a middle-sized bed, and a small bed); There Chairs (a large chair, a middle-sized chair, and a small chair); and Three Tables (a large table, a middle-sized table, and a small table); and Three Bowls on them (a large bowl, a middle-sized bowl, and a small bowl). — The Three Bears are discovered, in bed. — The youngest Bear wakes first, and belabours the others with a bolster. — They all turn out. — Business of dressing, &c. — The Three Bears go out with baskets to buy bread.

Little Maid then puts her head in at window.

Lit. Maid.

I beg your pardon! will you let me in?
The clouds blow up — the rain will soon begin.
What, no one here? It's coming on to *power*!

If I stop here, I shall be soaked, I'm *shower!*
[Gets in through window, and hops down like a bird.]
 There—I'm forgetting that I'm not a bird!
 But lor! to be particular's absurd.
 My birdlike habits why should I be dropping?
 For human beings often go 'a-hopping.' *[Sees bowls.]*
 What's this? some nice hot parritch, I declare!
 Well, I'm not very fond of 'parritch fare!
 But when one's hungry. *[Tastes from big bowl.]* Oh, dear me, how hot!
 And I'm so hungry, I could eat the lot! *[Sees second bowl.]*
 But here's another! *[Tastes it.]* Nearly cold — or quite!
 I'll try the third! *[Does so.]* The little one's just right! *[Eats its contents.]*
 Now I'll sit down. Where shall I sit? *[Sees big chair.]* Oh, there. *[Sits.]*
 I never sat upon so hard a chair!
 P'raps this is better. *[Tries second chair.]* Dear me, how absurd!
 That's just as much too soft! Oh, here's a third. *[Sits on little one.]*
 The little one, in this case, suits me quite!
 Neither too hard nor soft — exactly right! *[Yawns.]*
 I'm very sleepy — that I am, I vow! *[Stretches herself — chair cracks.]*
 Oh dear, I've cracked it! What shall I do now?
 I'll go to bed, so somnolent I feel! *[Gets into big bed.]*
 Oh no, that one's too lengthy by a deal. *[Gets off. — Tries second one.]*
 This one seems better, so I'll get inside. *[Does so.]*
 Oh dear me, how ridiculously wide! *[Tries little one.]*
 Again the little one befits me quite!
 Neither too long nor broad — exactly right! *[Goes to sleep.]*

Enter the Three Bears with bread. — They go to their porridge, and find that it has been touched.

First B.

Someone has dared my porridge hot to taste!

Second B.

And also mine, the nasty greedy baste!
 I left full twice as much in this here cup!

Third B.

They've been and gone and eaten mine all up!

First B.

Who has been sitting down on my arm-chair?

Second B.

Mine also has been sat on, I declare!
 The cushion's crumpled up in folds and creases!

[Little Bear sits on his chair — it breaks, and throws him down.]

Third B.

They've been and broken mine in little pieces!

First B.

Someone has been and gone and tried my bed!

Second B.

And, look here! mine as well, I'll lay my head!

Third B.

And mine as well, as sure as I'm a bear!

Why here she is — and sleeping, I declare!

[The Bears roar. — Little Maid starts up frightened, and screams.]

First B.

You've slept upon the bed used by our son!

Second B.

You've sat upon our chairs, and broken one!

Third B.

You've eaten up my porridge too, my dear,

The only food we ever get, up here!

Its hard enough to live on workhouse fare.

Little M.

A very proper diet for a bear!

For workhouse fare — I've seen it at a distance,

At very best, is but a *bare* subsistence.

First B.

How shall we cook her? I suggest a fry!

Second B.

A roast —

Third B.

A boil —

First B.

A stew —

Second B.

A hash —

Third B.

A pie!

[The Bears agree in pantomime to the last suggestion, and prepare materials for making one.]

SCENA, Little Maid and Bears, (Euryanthe.)

Bears. [Rolling out crust.]

Pat-a-cake-a-cake-ing

Pie prepare for baking,

Prick it, pat it, prick it, pat it, carefully mark it with T!

Flour-drudger taking,

Flour from it shaking,

Place in the oven — the oven, for Tiny and me!

Little Maid.

Oh, dear me!

Oh, hear me!

You couldn't come for to go for to cook such a particularly nice little girl as I?

Oh, spare me!

Don't tear me!
You mustn't come for to go, if you please, sir, for to take and put me in a pie!
Oh, sir, please to spare me,
Don't in pie prepare me!
Don't come for to go, sir, for to put me in a pie!

*[Bears seize her and put her in pie. Enter **Little Man**.]*

Lit. Man.

I heard my Little Maid's imploring voice,
The pretty little maid of my own choice!
Where is she? Ha! that pie! Their game I'll ruin;
A storm, I plainly see, those bears are *brewin'*!
Be off! You won't? *[Sees toes sticking out of pie.]* My little maiden's toes!
That doleful sight determines me — here goes!

*[Desperate fight with the Three Bears, in which they are assisted by **Demonio**. — The Three Bears eventually put to flight. — Dancing fight between **Little Man** and **Demonio**, in the midst of which the **Fairy of the Hearth** appears.]*

Fairy of H.

Hold! Reverence my sway, Demonio!
Thou monstrous and misshapen demon, go! *[**Demonio** slinks off.]*
I am the Fairy of this poor abode!
It is decreed, in our undying code,
That when those bears are beaten in fair fight,
To live in human homes they lose all right!
They now must roam for life in forest glades!
This house is yours — yours and your Little Maid's! *[Fairy vanishes.]*

Lit. Man.

There! Think of that, oh maid on whom I dote!
I'm a householder — and I've got a vote!

Lit. Maid.

Oh yes, that's very well, but only think;
Whatever shall we find to eat and drink?
You can't live on a vote!

Lit. Man.

Well, I don't know,
I think I've heard of people doing so!
We'll manage it, by accident, or hap!

*Fairy **Fresh Air** ascends through trap.*

Who's this a-driving up in his own trap?

Fresh Air.

The fairy Fresh Air, your protecting fay,
Who's watched your conduct carefully, all day;
And likes it much, your views I quite fall in with!
You *must* have something handsome to begin with.
Here is a lovely ring. *[Shows ring.]*

Lit. Man.

I have seen wuss!

Fresh Air.

Whoever wears it on his finger — thus,
May wish three times for things he most may prize;
Those wishes I myself will realize.
Take it, and keep it safe in your possession,
And exercise your right with due discretion. [*Gives him ring.*]

Lit. Man.

Oh ecstasy! the ring is mine — no other!
I wish — I wish — oh, let's consult your mother!

TRIO, Little Man, Little Maid, and Fresh Air . — Air, '*Devil among the Tailors*.'

Lit. Man. We'll go and ask your mother, dear, and right away will toddle-oddl.

Lit. Maid. Of a prudent woman that old dame is quite a model-odel!

Fresh Air Don't exert your power like a silly molly coddle-oddl.

All. Silly molly coddle-oddl, ol lol lay!

Fresh Air. I'm very much afraid your wishes will be very silly-illy!

Lit. Maid. I shall ride to market on a pretty little filly-illy!

Lit. Man. I shall be a swell and walk about in Piccadilly-illy!

All. Piccadilly-illy-illy, ol lol lay!

Lit. Maid. Matters have eventuated very comically-ally!

Lit. Man. Spirits which were low at first, I find begin to rally-ally!

Fresh Air. Go along at once and do not stop to shilly-shally-ally!

All. Shilly-shally-ally-ally, ol lol lay!

SCENE V. — HOME OF GAFFER AND GAMMER GRAY.

Laundry-Women, washing. — **Gaffer and Gammer** wake them up with big sticks. — Large practicable chimney in wing. — *Laundry-Women and Gaffer and Gammer* eventually go off.

Enter Satana, followed by Demonio.

Satana.

They're coming here, if I foresee their drift,
To put in operation Fresh Air's gift!
This time, my Little Maid and Little Man,
I think we may embarrass Fresh Air's plan!
The Little Man and Maid, I heard them say,
Will give the magic ring to Gammer Gray!
And she will exercise the right of wishing!
Now for some smart ingenious plan I'm fishing,
By which to nullify it — Oh! quite clear.
[*To Demonio.*] You whisper foolish wishes in her ear!
Wishes which would, if realized, distress them;

And she, the fool, will certainly express them.

[Demonio expresses acquiescence, and conceals himself. — Satana vanishes.]

Re-enter Gaffer and Gammer Gray.

Gaffer.

No people ever were so poor as we!
I am as hungry as I well can be.

Gammer.

The larder's empty, and the cask is dry!
Our daughter to assist us doesn't try!
The hussy never comes to see her mother;
If this goes on, we must devour each other!

Enter Little Maid.

Lit. Maid.

Oh, mother, here's good luck — a ring!

Gammer.

Oh, bless her!

Lit. Maid.

Which gives three wishes to its proud possessor!
We didn't know what kind of fish to fish for,
And thought you'd tell us what we ought to wish for.

Gaffer. [Snatching ring.]

Good child! good child! good child! — now let me see! —

Gammer. [Snatching it.]

Why, Gaffer, give it up — the ring's for me!
To use it well my anxious bosom burns.

Lit. Maid.

Suppose you take your right to it by turns!

[Demonio whispers into Gammer's ear. — Business.]

Gammer.

Well, then — I wish we had — it's such a treat —
A nice black-pudding, ready dressed, to eat. *[Black-pudding tumbles down chimney.]*

Gaffer.

That stupid wish your abject folly shows! *[Demonio whispers into his ear.]*
I'd like to see it sticking to your nose!

[Pudding sticks to Gammer's nose. — Little Maid very much distressed.]

Gammer.

There — oh! oh! oh! whatever shall I do?
Of our three wishes, we have wasted two!
With this appendage I shall look quite plain! *[Demonio whispers into her ear.]*
I wish — I wish — the thing was off again!

[Black-pudding drops off. — Old people run off with it, quarrelling for it.]

Enter Little Man.

Lit. Man.

Well, have they wished? And are we rich as Croesus?

Lit. Maid.

Of all our wishes they've contrived to fleece us!

Lit. Man.

Oh, it's too bad! we are ruined and undone —

We've nothing left — no hope — no money — none! [*They weep.*]

*The Fairy **Health** rises, with **Wheel**.*

Health.

Not so: all hope of wealth don't yet resign;

Another chance of happiness is thine.

The fairy Fresh Air's counsels you forgot:

This was your enemy Satana's plot. [*Enter **Satana**.*]

If you'll take my advice, you'll stop her plotting.

Satana.

If you'll take my advice, you'll send her trotting.

Fortunes both good and bad exist, you know.

There's Fortune's *weal*, and also Fortune's *woe*.

Health.

Here are three gifts, and careful of them be!

A sword that gives invincibility!

A purse that ever will with gold o'erflow!

A cap that takes you where you want to go. [*Gives him these things.*]

Take these, O Little Maid, and Little Man,

And use these presents wisely, if you can!

Lit. Man.

Joy!

Lit. Maid.

Rapture!

Lit. Man.

Gentle spirit, many thanks!

Now I may take my place in any ranks! [*Gives purse to **Little Maid**.*]

Here, take this purse — one thing alone I lack —

Longevity — I'll get that in a crack;

I go — to soon return — my little wife,

To find the Water of Unceasing Life.

Health.

Do so: to leave your wife don't be afraid;

The fairy Health shall wait on Little Maid.

*CONCERTED PIECE, **Little Man**, **Little Maid**, and **Satana**. — Air, 'Voici le Sabre.'*

Lit. Maid.

Take now the sabre you admire,
The Magic Purse and Wishing-Cap.

Lit. Man.

To use it well my heart's on fire:
I am a fortunate young chap.

Health.

Take now the sabre, &c.

All.

Take now the sabre, &c.

[Little Man puts on cap, and scene changes to

SCENE VI. — THE FAIRY AQUARIUM.

GRAND BALLET OF GOLD AND SILVER FISH. [*Principal Danseuse, Mdlle Verret.*]

SCENE VII. — THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

Enter Little Man.

Lit. Man.

Well, here at last! A very pretty scramble
I've had, to make my way through bush and bramble.
However, to my prize I must be near. [*Demonio appears.*]
Why, who is this? Demonio? Oh dear! [*A gigantic doorway appears in the forest.*]
Well, that's soon done! As Shuttleworth remarks, —
'A well-built house that overlooks the Parkes.'
Ah! here's a keyhole — through it I may spy;
I hope I shan't take *key-old* in the eye. [*Peeps through the keyhole.*]

Enter Giant Blunderbore, through the doorway.

Giant.

Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Whether he's alive, or whether he's dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!

Lit. Man.

Hullo! Who's this? Some mighty giant's son, —
Longman and Strongi'th'arm rolled into one.
I'd best be off, as any fool can tell. [*Giant prevents him.*]
What, you'll prevent me, will you! Very well!
Your plot this cap of magic will forestall.
Hey! presto! quick! invisible to all!

[Puts on cap, and escapes. — Giant bewildered at his disappearance.]

SCENE VIII. — THE ISLAND OF TOYS.

Enter Little Man, with head of Giant. — All cheer. — Satana appears, and waves her hands over Little Man, who falls insensible.

Satana.

So perish all who 'gainst Miasma plot.
Satana's victims always get it hot!

[Scene changes to

SCENE IX. — THE FOUNTAIN OF UNCEASING LIFE.

Enter *Little Man*.

Lit. Man.

At last I've nearly gained the precious prize!
Good Fairy of the Magic Fount, arise!

Fairy of the Fount rises.

Fairy.

What would you with me? All who enter here
May drink the magic water, free from fear!
If that is what you want, you have your will;
Of this fair fountain's water, take your fill!

[He does so; drinks water, and an extraordinary lethargy comes over him. — He falls on the bank asleep, Demonio standing in an attitude of triumph over him. — Scene closes.]

SCENE X. — THE FOREST.

Enter the *Three Bears*.

First B.

Satana sends no news of Little Maid.

Second B.

Ah! Little Man has licked us, I'm afraid!

Third B.

Dear Little Maid! she would, upon my life,
Have made an unexceptionable wife!
I'd soon have taught her walking on all fours.

Enter *Satana*.

Satana.

Here is a chance that she may yet be yours.
She's in her husband's house, and all alone;
Summon your brother bears, with growl and groan,
Seize her, and to your forest-cavern carry her,
And when you've got her, Little Bear can marry her.

First B.

Her husband, though, her cries would surely bring:
He has the magic purse, and cap, and ring.

Satana.

Her husband, thanks to good Demonio's care,
Is sleeping near the Magic Fountain, Bear.
He bribed the fish, with diabolic craft,
To drug the water with a sleeping-draught. *[All laugh.]*

First B.

Summon our forces with loud bugle-calls!
Hang out our banners on his outer walls!
And boldly storm the unprotected maid!
She's but a little woman — who's afraid!

SONG, *Satana*, and Chorus.

[After Song, the Bear Army enters, and performs evolutions, words of command being given by *Satana*, and *Demonio* leading them — they then march off.]

SCENE X. — COURT-YARD IN LITTLE MAID'S CASTLE.

Enter *Health*.

Health.

It's something to be able to disburse
Money from an unfailing magic purse.
This splendid house, and all that it contains,
Was bought with it, and just as much remains.
Beat such a purse as that is, if you can!
This very day, the lucky Little Man
Gives us a spread, to please us and elate us,
On taking name and arms of Fortunatus.

Enter *Little Maid*.

Lit. Maid.

Where is my husband?

Health.

Madam, not come back.

Lit. Maid.

With anxious fear my mind's upon the rack.
He left, a week ago, his little wife,
To seek the Waters of Unceasing Life!

Health.

No doubt he longed for it — I've had a touch of it;
Perhaps he's taken just a drop too much of it.
For 'Water of Unceasing Life,' you see,
Is only English, ma'am, for *Eau de vie*!

Lit. Maid.

Impossible! Well, send the people in,
He may be here before the sports begin.

[Procession of materials for Banquet, Cooks, &c., and Guests of all sorts. — Afterwards,
Enter *Satana*, and the Three Bears, the latter disguised absurdly in court dresses, wigs,
swords, &c.]

Satana.

Allow me, ma'am, to introduce to you

Three foreign noblemen!

Lit. Maid.

Oh, how d'e do? [*Bears nod clumsily.*]

[*Aside.*] Their costumes, and all that, are pretty fairish;

Their manners, though, I find extremely bearish!

[*Aloud.*] Are manners in your land so very shady,

That gentlemen don't bow before a lady?

Satana.

Come, bare your heads, my lords, before a leddy!

Lit. Maid.

Well, nature's *beared* their heads for them already!

[*Dance, which is interrupted by a shriek from **Little Maid**, who is struggling with **Third Bear.***]

Lit. Maid.

For shame! how dare you? there you've much displeased me!

Health.

What has he done?

Lit. M.

Done? been and gone and squeezed me!

First B.

Concealment and disguise away we tear —

I am your ancient enemy, First Bear!

Of my determined enmity you've heard.

Second B.

I am the Second Bear!

Third B.

And I the Third!

[*They seize **Little Maid**. — Desperate struggle. — She seizes sword and fights them, and has nearly overpowered them, when **Satana** whistles, and the Bear Army appears. — **Little Maid** is eventually overpowered and carried off. — Scene changes to*

SCENE XI. — THE BEARS' GROWLERY.

*Enter the Three Bears, dragging **Little Maid**.*

Lit. Maid.

Release me, monsters! — Please to let me go!

It's very rude of you to crease me so!

'Unhand me, ruffians!' as in many a play

Domestic heroines so often say.

Oh, Fortunatus! if you only knew

The anguish of your Little Maiden true!

Oh, Fortunatus, Fortunatus dear!

Oh, Fortunatus, Fortunatus!

***Fortunatus** appears suddenly, through trap.*

Fort.

Here!
I heard you, many thousand miles away!
Stand off, you scoundrels! let her go, I say!
You won't? Here goes — take that, and that, and that!

[Cutting at them with sword of invincibility.]

I'll smash you flatter than a Gibus hat!
Arm'd with this weapon, any foe I'd dare;
Come on, you growling, grisly, gawky bear!

*Combat. — Bears defeated. — Just as **Fortunatus** is going to kill them, **Miasma** rises, through trap, amid a cloud of miasmatic fumes. — **Fortunatus** and **Little Maid** are quite overpowered by their deadly effect.*

Miasma.

This is a deed I like, and, never loth, do!

Fort.

Ah me! — I faint! *[Faints.]*

Lit. Maid.

In point of fact, we both do! *[Faints.]*

Miasma.

So perish all who brave Miasma's will:
My noxious fumes their open nostrils fill!
Fresh Air alone will bring them to, that's clear,
And that's a thing that never ventures here!
That she could penetrate this wood, I doubt.

*Fresh Air appears, followed by **Health** and **Happiness**.*

Fresh Air.

I beg your pardon, you can't keep her out.
Where'er she goes, all decent men of sense
Rejoice to feel her gentle influence;
For cleanliness is her presiding feature.

Miasma.

Cleanliness? ugh! oh, you disgusting creature!
But why attended thus do you appear?
These two young women, what do they want here? *[Indicating **Health** and **Happiness**.]*

Health.

Oh, Health and Happiness, it's very plain,
Must always follow close in Fresh Air's train.
You know the fairy, Fresh Air, is our mother;
We couldn't well get on without each other.
Both Health and Happiness will make their way
Wherever Fresh Air can assert her sway.

Fresh Air.

Foul, poisonous monster, thus away I drive you! *[Waves off **Miasma** — he cowers.]*
And you, poor little lovers, I'll revive you! *[Breathes on them — they recover.]*

Fort.

I'm all alive!

Lit. Maid.

And I, for all their tricking!
If it were ladylike, I'd add, 'and kicking!'

CONCERTED PIECE, '**Chillingowullabadorie.**'

Miasma.

At Fresh Air I'm a railer!
The feather white I show!

Satana.

Oh, what a shame — Miasma's game
Turns out to be 'No go!'

Fort.

He's clearly growing paler!
As anyone can see!

Lit. Maid.

A pasty mixture of white lead
And early gooseberree!

Miasma.

I can't pretend to jabber for joy,
All of you know my story.
Hiky! piky! siky! crikky!
Chillingowullabadorie!

All.

He can't pretend to jabber for joy, &c.

[Air changes to 'Crescendo Galop.]

Miasma.

Some sensation alteration now is going on, I know!

Fort.

Agitation! agitation! consequent upon a blow!

Lit. Maid.

Approbation! approbation! I delighted am to show!

Satana.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fort.

With a slash and a crash, and a splash and a dash,
And a bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

Lit. Maid.

With a slash and a crash, &c.

Fort.

Forests right and left are flying!
Very soon you'll find us trying
If we know
How best to show
A Transformation Scene!

Scene

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

THE FAIRY GATES OF FANCY, LEADING TO THE REALMS OF EVERLASTING
SPRING.

HARLEQUINADE.

1. — POLICE STATION AND PRIVATE HOUSE. (E. Lauri, T. Lovell, W. Waite, Lizzie Grosvenor, and the Dusioni Family.) Waltz, Mr. Waite and Miss L. Grosvenor.

2. — THE ANIMATED KITCHEN. (A. Forest, J. Beckenham, Miss Page, Esther Austin, and the Dusoni Family.) Mazurka, Misses Esther Austin and Page.
3. — BUTCHER'S AND CLOTHIER'S SHOPS. (E. Lauri, T. Lovell, W. Waite, Lizzie Grosvenor, and the Dusoni Family.) Polka, Mr. Waite and Miss L. Grosvenor.
4. — A FARM-YARD AND MILL-STREAM. (A. Forest, J. Beckenham, Page, Esther Austin, and the Dusoni Family.) Belgian R. V. Dance, Misses E. Austin and Page.
5. — ST. JAMES'S PARK, AFTER A SNOWSTORM. Cold Comfort and a warm Reconciliation.