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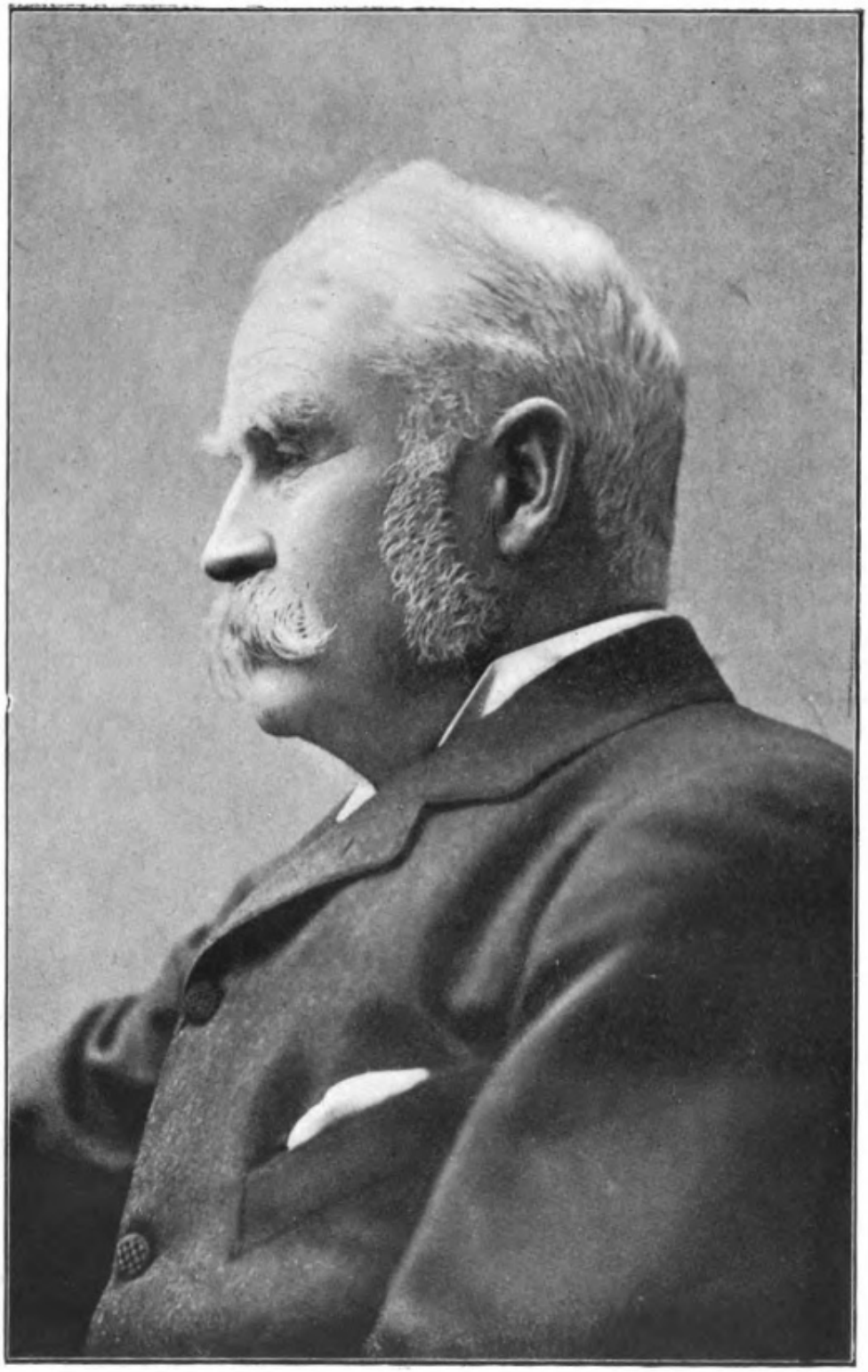

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Al. Ta! ta! See you later on! (*Descends through trap.*)

[ROSEBUD *waves wand. Scene disappears. Trap half opens, and* DEMON *slyly puts his head through.* FAIRY *sees him, and says: "Now that's a most ungentlemanly thing to do!"* DEMON *disappears. By this time scene has cleared off, revealing—*

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

THE REVOLVING REALMS OF RADIANT REHABILITATION.

SIR TREVOR, LADY ANGELA (*in her nurse's dress,* ALOYSIUS, *and* JUDGE (*in full robes and full-bottomed wig*), *discovered, looking up stage with their backs to the audience* (SIR TREVOR *represented by a "double"*). *The* FAIRY ROSEBUD *goes up stage and stands on pedestal.*

Rose. Attend to me—your destinies are strange:
Prepare to undergo a startling change.
Happy young lovers who have plighted troth,
A rich and rare award attends you both.
You, Mr. Parfitt, a new life begin,
As twirling, twittering, glittering Harlequin!

Aloy. As what? I beg your pardon, I didn't catch that remark.

Rose. As twirling, twittering, glittering Harlequin!

Aloy. But, pardon me, I don't know what that is.

Rose. You'll soon learn—it's quite easy. Come, Mr. Parfitt, you must do as you're told.

[*She touches him with wand. His clothes fly off him, and he is changed to Harlequin, retaining his spectacles.*

Aloy. But this is most embarrassing. I beg you will return me my coat and things at once. What on earth have I got on? This is certainly not the underclothing I put on this morning.

Rose. Now you must dance, you know.

Aloy. But really I can't dance. It's quite out of my line.

Rose. Then I'll give you a lesson.

[*Waves wand over him.* ALOYSIUS *makes involuntary galvanic movements, awkwardly suggesting "animation" business.*

Rose. You, Jane—his faithful Jane—henceforth shall shine
With him as his most loving Columbine!

Lady An. Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind! Are you aware that you are addressing the Lady Angela Mauleverer, and that *this* gentleman is my husband? (*Indicating* SIR TREVOR.)

Rose. I think you are a very obstinate young woman. Will you do as I tell you? You must—it's the game!

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PRINCE REGENT, *disguised as Nils Egilsson, a Strolling Player.*
GEORGE GRIFFENFELD, *Governor of Elsinore.*
ERLING SYKKE, *a Young Sculptor.*
DR. TORTENSSEN, *a Young Physician.*
MATS MUNCK, *Syndic of Elsinore.*
CORPORAL HAROLD, *of the King's Hussars.*
A SENTRY.
FIRST OFFICER.
SECOND OFFICER.
CHRISTINA, *a Ballad Singer.*
NANNA } *Griffenfeld's Daughters.*
THORA }
DAME HECLA CORTLANDT, *a Lady of Property.*
BLANCA, *a Vivandière.*
ELSA, *a Peasant Girl.*

ACT I.

MARKET PLACE OF ELSINORE.

ACT II.

COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE.

DATE—1801.

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Blan. (*confidentially to audience*). The Regent was weak in the head!

Har. She, taking the facts at a glance,
To his bosom unblushingly flew—

Blan. And he was so deeply in love, I declare.
That he married her then, and he married her there—

Both. So it ends with a wedding at Hanover Square,
As a three volume novel should do!

[*Exeunt together.*

Enter MATS MUNCK, *now dressed in* GRIFFENFELD'S *uniform.*

Mats. When a man is promoted unexpectedly to a position of the highest official distinction, it is always a satisfactory circumstance when his figure is calculated to set off his uniform to advantage. (*Sentry presents arms to him.*) Eh? Oh, thank you very much. You're extremely polite, I'm sure!

Sent. Please to remember the sentry.

Mats. Eh? Oh, certainly! [*Gives him money.*

Enter DAME CORTLANDT *unobserved. She comes forward.*

Dame C. (*putting her arm round him*). Mats! Little man!

Mats. Eh? Oh, it's you. Don't. I'm busy now. (*Aside.*) It was all very well when I was only a Syndic, but as a Governor I can look a good deal higher than this sort of person. (*Aloud, to sentry.*) Will you kindly do that again?

Sent. Certainly. [*Presents arms.*

Mats. Most gratifying, I'm sure! (*Tips him again.* DAME *again embraces* MATS.) Now, don't worry—can't you see that I have business with a gentleman? [*Reverts to sentry.*

Dame C. (*suppressing her rage with difficulty*). Mats! Take care! This is strange treatment—at the very outset of our engagement!

Mats. But, my good soul, you speak of our engagement as if——

Dame C. Don't deny it, Mats. I have your letter of proposal in my pocket—you have my letter of acceptance in yours! I'm trying to keep it down, Mats.

Mats. But as you very properly observed, that wasn't addressed to me but to the ex-Governor.

Dame C. It does just as w[illegible] for you, Mats. I accepted the Governor, and you *are* th[illegible]nor.

Mats. If it comes to [illegible] were proposed to by the Syndic, and I'm not the Synd[illegible]d the Syndic—go seek, go find—there's a good girl! [illegible] *to sentry.*) Will you oblige me once more? [*Giving him money.*

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I neither despair nor die!
The act of their setting
I see without fretting—
I wonder, wonder why!

Selene and Ethais.
The cause is beyond our ken, etc.

Ethais. I'll satisfy thy wonder in a word:
The face is the true index to the heart—
A ready formula whereby to read
The morals of a mortal at a glance.
Selene. Then, Ethais, is perfect comeliness
Always identified with moral worth?
Ethais. The comeliest man is the most virtuous.
That's an unfailing rule.
Selene. Then, Ethais,
There is no holier man on earth than thou!
Take thou this ring—it is a pledge of love—
[*Giving him a ring.*
Wear it until thy love fades from thy soul.
Ethais. 'Twill never fade while thou art true to me.
Selene (*amazed*).
Are women ever false to such as thou?
Ethais. Are women ever true?—well, not to me!
Selene. But these are earthly maidens, Ethais.
My love is purer than a mortal's love.
Ethais. Thine is no mortal love if it be pure.
Selene (*horrified*).
Then, mortal Ethais, what love is thine?
Ethais. (*taken back*).
I spake of women—men are otherwise!
Selene. Man's love is pure invariably?
Ethais. Pure?
Pure as thine own!
Selene. Poor trusting, cheated souls!

Song.—Sir Ethais.

When a knight loves ladye—
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!)
He sighs and he sings lackadaydy—
Hey, lackadaydy, O!
Of a love life-long
He'll sing a song—
(Hey, but a [illegible] a sorry little jade!)
Of a love supre[illegible]
He dreams a [illegible]
[illegible]adaydy, O!

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During this the Fairies have entered, led by ZAYDA, LOCRINE, NEODIE, FLETA, *and others. They examine him curiously and with much amusement.*

Zayda. A freak of Nature—not of Art!
'Tis Lutin, without wing!

Fleta. His likeness to his counterpart
Is most astonishing!

Leila. How beautifully formed is he—
How delicately quaint!

Zara. I wonder will he prove to be
A sinner or a saint?

Chorus. We wonder will he prove to be
A sinner or a saint?
We lay no stress
On blamelessness,
But still we wait
To speculate
On this—will he
Turn out to be
A sinner or a saint?

LUTIN (*who has been much impressed with the beauty of the Fairies*).

Though I'm no Mussulman, it's true,
Yet by some strange device
My soul has found its way into
Mahomet's Paradise!
If this is all I have to pay
For my career perverse,
It might have been, I'm bound to say,
Considerably worse!
Considering,
I've had my fling,
'Tis very well;
For, truth to tell,
From what I glean,
It might have been
Considerably worse!

Chorus. Considering
He's had his fling,
'Tis very well;
For, truth to tell,
From what we glean,
It might have been
Considerably worse!

[*Exit* ZAYDA.

Locrine (*entering*).
Why, this is Lutin's mortal counterpart!
How quaint! How picturesquely rugged!

Leila Yes!
Such character and such expression!

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SONG.—DARINE.

Triumphant I! Here is the charm!
Now to devise a plan to gain my end:
If I restore his strong sword arm,
He will become my friend.
But will it gain the love
That I prize all above?
That all-enthralling love which I would fain
Yield up my very fairyhood to gain!
And how shall I attain that dream?
Oh, god of impudence, lend me thine art!
I have bethought me of a scheme
That should enchain his heart!
No matter sin or shame
So, I fulfil my aim—
The dictates of the heart must be obeyed.
So, god of impudence, lend me thine aid!

Enter ETHAIS *from bower. He is very weak and ill.*

Darine (*tenderly*).
How fares Sir Ethais?
Ethais. Why grievously!
I am no leech and cannot dress my wound.
I'm sick and faint from pain and loss of blood!
Darine (*aside*).
Now for my plan!
(*aloud*) Sir Ethais, if Phyllon's words be true,
Thy wound is but a scratch!
Ethais (*indignantly*). A scratch, forsooth!
The devil's claws could scarcely scratch as deep!
Darine. He says—I don't believe him—but he says
That thou hast magnified its character
Because thou fearest to renew the fight!
He says thou art a coward!
Ethais (*furiously*). By my blood
He shall atone for this! Oh, Phyllon, coward!
Why, a dozen times
We two have fought our battles side by side,
And I'm to quail and blanch, forsooth, because
We two at last are fighting face to face!
Black curses on this wound! Were Lutin here,
My sword arm soon would be in gear again!
Darine. Lutin *is* here!
Ethais (*amazed*). Here? [illegible] in?
Darine. [illegible] behold! [*Shows phial.*
I have obtained [illegible] us charm from him.
Now, knight, [illegible] mettle!

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