



OR THE
INTERVIEWER

AND

MAINE

AN ORIGINAL OPERETTA

IN THREE ACTS

WORDS BY
A.G. LEWIS

MUSIC BY
LEO R. LEWIS

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PREFACE.

This Operetta is designed for the use of Schools, Singing Societies, the Amusement Department of Sunday Schools, — in short, for any entertainment given by children or young people. It may be given in one act or two acts, as well as in three. The first act is complete in itself; the first and a part of the third (see note on page 80) form an operetta, the parts of which, except that of R. E. Porter, may be assumed by children. In the operetta entire all the characters connected with the "Daily Inspector," except Skip, should be singers capable of sustaining the parts of easy concerted music.

The choruses of Fairies and Gnomes should be, respectively, girls and boys from five to fifteen years of age. It will be noticed that the music for the children is simple, and the voices well sustained by the piano, except, however, Brun's song on page 72. In all the Fairy choruses a second part is written, which may be sustained by older singers behind the scenes, or not given at all, as desired. The parts of the Fairy Queen and Attendants, Somnia and Stella, should be taken by misses of from twelve to fifteen years, and the part of Brun by a lad of the same age. Puck should be a very little boy or girl.

COSTUMES.

FAIRY QUEEN. — Tarlatan dress, white or tinted, gold spangles, cut from gilt paper and sewed upon dress; gold crown; stockings trimmed with gilt spangles; white slippers

SOMNIA. — Tarlatan of different shade trimmed with silver spangles; silver crown; silver spangles on stockings; white slippers.

STELLA. — White tarlatan, covered with black stars; stockings to match.

PUCK. — Plain bodice, low neck and short sleeves; short, full skirt sewed on to bodice; long stockings; white slippers; round cap perched on back of head. This costume is much improved by being covered liberally with fine spangles.

FAIRIES. — Light dresses of tarlatan or muslin, liberally spangled.

GNOMES. — Dark-brown cambric hoods with ears six inches long, and of stiff material, fastened to hood, and held perpendicular by dark thread; circular cape reaching to waist fastened to hood; trousers of same material gathered at ankle; dark stockings drawn over shoes.

BRUN. — Costume of Gnomes, trimmed with gold.

R. E. PORTER. — For first and second acts, walking suit and umbrella. For third act, a long skirted coat of light blue; buff trousers; red waistcoat; broad-brim hat. Gold and silver spangles should be freely used.

The chorus of Type-setters should have long aprons; the gentlemen should be in shirt-sleeves. It would add greatly to the effect of this chorus if each one could be provided with a composing stick. These can be borrowed of any printing office, and any compositor will teach the chorus how to hold them.

Other costumes modern and appropriate.

ARRANGEMENT OF STAGE.

FIRST AND THIRD SCENES. — If painted scenery cannot be obtained, the stage may be draped with green, and a few small trees and branches be used. The construction of the Fairy Grotto may be made very simple and inexpensive. Take four breadths of dark brown cambric ten yards long, sew together, and fasten by hooks to the ceiling above. This will form roof and sides of grotto; make background of scenery or cambric. Suspend from roof, by dark thread, glitterin' pendants, and sprinkle the sides with gold stars, and so forth. Use such ornaments as decorate Christmas trees. The grotto should be kept well lighted. Magnesium lights are good and may be obtained of any apothecary.

PROPERTIES.

Camp-chair for Porter; wands of Queen and Puck; very large key covered with silver for Somnia; writing materials for second act.

We have here given what is necessary for the complete production of the operetta. Of course it may be presented with good effect with much less elaboration. That the operetta may be found adapted to the needs of all who desire innocent amusement for children is the wish of

THE AUTHORS.

THE ARGUMENT.

R. E. Porter, an inveterate interviewer, on his way to "write up" a murder at Long Bay, falls asleep in the woods near the Fairy Dell. Somnia, the dream-fairy, finds him thus, and, intent on fun, unlocks his tongue with her magic key, but leaves his eyes shut. He is now wide awake with the exception of his eyes, and he finds out where he is. He interviews Somnia, but is of course unable to write anything. Moved by his entreaties, Somnia tells him she will give him a look at the Fairies on condition that, if he writes anything, he shall have his eyes locked up forever. Porter consents to this arrangement, but with a secret purpose to write all he can. Somnia unlocks Porter's eyes. He sees the Fairies and manages to write quite a little without being seen by Somnia. The latter is suddenly called away to attend her sick father, and Porter writes without restraint. He has obtained enough for a good article, and is about to leave, when Somnia returns, discovers his infidelity, and condemns him to have his eyes locked. The Fairy Queen finally pardons Porter, but takes his note-book, and, by waving her wand, causes him to forget what he has written, though what he has seen and not written still remains in his mind.

Porter returns to the newspaper-office and tells his chums what he has seen. He is overheard by Madam Blue, head editress, who is enraged at the fact that he has obtained news neither of the murder nor of the Fairies. She sends him back to "write up" the Fairies, telling him that if he fails to get a good article on "The Manners and Customs of Fairies," he shall be discharged from her employ, and be made known to the world as good for nothing.

Porter dresses in extravagant costume and returns to the vicinity of the Dell, where he meets Puck, the door-keeper of Fairy Land. Porter tries to persuade the little man to show the way into the Fairy Grotto, but Puck will not be persuaded. Porter is so much in love with the Fairies, especially the Queen, that he renounces his purpose of "writing up" the Fairies, and gains a sight of the Fairy Grotto. He is astounded to learn that the Gnomes, the guards of Fairy Land, will not permit him to enter; and overcome with grief and disappointment, decides to stab himself with his stylographic pen. The Fairies have just persuaded him not to kill himself, when Madam Blue and her corps of reporters and type-setters come upon the scene. Madam Blue sees how impossible it was for Porter to write contrary to the wishes of the Fairies. A general reconciliation takes place, and, as the mortals go on their way, the Fairy Queen throws the spell of forgetfulness over them, — this time as regards what has been seen as well as written.

CHARACTERS.

R. E. PORTER	of the "Daily Inspector".....	An Inveterate Interviewer.
BILLY BLUFF	" " ".....	Suburban News Gleaner.
GEDWIN GOODWIN	" " ".....	Criminal Local Editor.
AMOS GATLIN	" " ".....	Advertising Agent.
MONS. SHARP	" " ".....	Musical Critic.
SKIP	" " ".....	Colored Office Boy.
MADAM BLUE	" " ".....	Chief Editress.
THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES		
SOMNIA.....	The Dream Fairy.
PUCK.....	Door-keeper of Fairy Land.
BRUN.....	King of the Gnomes.
STELLA.....	The Star Fairy.

Chorus of Fairies.

Chorus of Gnomes, guards of Fairy Land.

Chorus of Type-setters (ladies and gentlemen).

OVERTURE.

Allegretto.

p sempre legato.

cres. dim. P *cres. dim. P* *mf*

poco piu f

cres. dim. P

cres poco a poco.

Allegro vivace.

ff *rit* *e dim.* *mf*

Ped: * Ped: * Ped: *

Ped: * Ped: *

Ped: * Ped: *

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a complex texture with many beamed notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes a measure with a circled 'x' in the bass clef.

8

Third system of musical notation, starting with a measure marked with a circled '7'.

8

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melodic and harmonic development.

*Allegro non troppo.
con espress.*

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a change in key signature to one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music becomes more rhythmic and driving.

Sixth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings: *cres - - cen - - do ff > mf*.

Seventh system of musical notation, featuring dynamic markings: *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*.

rit. e dim.

Allegro marziale.

Allo. moderato.

sempre f

All? Scherzando.

ACT 1.

Scene, a forest. Porter seated, L.C., in a camp chair, leaning against tree, handkerchief on his head, hat and umbrella on ground. He is asleep. Chorus of Fairies at R., behind the scenes.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

(behind the scenes.)

No 1.

Allegro vivace.

mf *dim - - -*

ritard. *mf a tempo.*

in - - u - - en - - do.

cres - cen - - do. *f*

dim - - in - u - en - do. *sempre a tempo.* *p* *mf* *f* (Curtain.)

CHORUS. (Behind the scenes.)

Round the ring we're gai-ly go-ing, Step by step, Step by step, Hap-py smiles on

p

each bestow-ing, As we lightly step. Thro' the ring we break our way,

Two by two in merry play, While we sing our rounde-lay, As we lightly

step.

con leggerezza *mp* *sempre a tempo.*

(Enter *Somnia*, R, laughing, still looking off R.)

p

SOMNIA. — Oh, what a lovely dance; so light and airy!

'T is such a jolly life to be a fairy! (Sees PORTER.) Ah! who is this? I think I know this creature. I guess I'll look again — ah, yes! each feature most surely indicates a man of letters. No doubt he thinks he's wiser than his betters. In Dreamland I am Queen; so 't is my duty to take in charge this wise and precious beauty. I'll wake him — no, I'll leave him half asleep; I'll just unlock his tongue; his eyes I'll keep shut close, for I mistrust — nay, feel quite sure — That he is what is called an interviewer, — One of those curious, aggravating fellows, Who write up all the stuff the papers tell us. If that is so, he's seen more than he ought to, And maybe he'd spy out our Fairy Grotto.

(She unlocks PORTER's mouth. He wags his lower jaw, sticks out his tongue once or twice, then speaks.)

PORTER. — I wonder what this means. Am I asleep?

I guess I have been dreaming pretty steep. I seem to be awake; and yet I know That waking never serves a fellow so. I thought I felt the turning of a key, As though my jaws unlocked;

(Lights a match and holds it before his eyes.)

I cannot see;

I guess some one has played a trick on me. (Starts up.) I must beware; I can depend upon it, The one who played this trick has on a bonnet. In my profession, when there's any sin it Always happens there's a woman in 't.

(Gropes about L.)

SOMNIA (aside). — So, so; it seems he's very good at guessing.

I shall not soon forget so sharp a dressing. In this affair, although I may be muter, We'll see, then, which of us can be the cuter.

PORTER (still groping and peering). — What I would see, I see not; what I hear Seems far away, yet sweetly, strangely near. Some influence 'round about me bids me wait In this strange place, — I'm sure it can't be late. (Meditating). Where was I last? Where am I now? Let's see.

Perhaps I'm dreaming — no, that cannot be. Started for that murder at Long Bay; I do remember resting by the way.

(Groping about, he comes upon his chair.)

Yes, here's the tree and chair (feeling on ground), and here's my hat, And I'm awake; but blind as any bat. I must remain. Some news I may secure

Well worth the effort of an interviewer.

(He is about to reseal himself, when SOMNIA who has been watching him at R., sneezes or coughs.) Hollo! hollo, there, neighbor! (Runs R., and strikes scenery.) Say, who's here?

(Listens. SOMNIA crosses to L.)

I thought just now I heard a footstep near; I even thought that some one near me spoke. 'T is hard without one's eyes to see a joke.

SOMNIA (L.). — Well, here I am, although you see me not.

(PORTER runs toward her, she crosses to R.)

(Aside.) The greatest rogues of all at last get caught.

PORTER (trying to get at SOMNIA). — I beg your pardon, miss; I'm so confused

I know not what has happened. I'm not used To such attacks as these, — I'm always well. I never lost my senses till I fell

Into this strange condition. I am blind.

Your voice would indicate a heart most kind. Perhaps, then, you will help me find the way To some hotel or place where I can stay Till I can summon friends.

SOMNIA. — I cannot tell

Of any neighbors nearer than the dell Where dwells a lovely band of fairies bright, — No doubt of that you'd gladly get a sight. I'm positive they do not keep an inn; They'd keep you out, I'd dare to bet a pin.

PORTER (surprised). — But who are you? Oh, tell me, I implore!

SOMNIA. — I'm Somnia. Shall I tell you any more?

PORTER. — No doubt you think me quite inquisitive,

But tell me, miss, pray tell me where you live.

SOMNIA. — I live (aside) — I'm not the least bit scary;

I'll plump my answer. (Aloud.) Sir, I am a fairy.

PORTER (pulling out note-book and stylographic pen). — My pen! an item! What a chance for me

To interview a fairy! Don't you see?

SOMNIA. — Oh, yes, I see; but you, alas! do not.

PORTER. — Alas, indeed! how awkwardly I'm caught!

But tell me more about this fairy grotto;

Since I am blind, I really think you ought to.

SOMNIA (aside). — He does not look just musically inclined;

I guess I'll sing a song to free my mind.

(During the song PORTER reseals himself, and makes great efforts to write something of what she sings.)

No 2. SONG, SOMNIA.

Allegretto scherzando.

mf

1. In a qui - et wood-land dell,
 2. In Fai - ry land we know no care;
 3. We sit up - on the blue - bell's crest;
 4. Who would not a fai - ry be?

There the fai - ries love to dwell; Where the sil - v'ry
 Hearts are light and free as air; We taste of Na - ture's
 We sleep up - on the dai - sy's breast; We sail up - on the
 Flee dull care and come with me; Come and see the

moonbeams dance, There the fai - ries love to prance.
 sil - ver cup; We drink the dia - mond dew - drops up.
 snowflake's tip; We kiss the blush - ing rose - bud's lip.
 Fai - ry Dell; Come and pluck the bright blue bell.

(Swaying with music.)

The $\frac{6}{8}$ measure of this piece is of the same length, in time, as the $\frac{2}{4}$

Dancing, prancing, full of glee, Fai - ry life's the life for me.

basso sempre marcato.

cres. - - - - f

Dancing, prancing, full of glee, Fai - ry life's the life for me.

f

(During the last verse PORTER has put up his writing materials, and has groped toward SOMNIA.)

PORTER. — Hold on — I 'm coming. Let me see which way.

(Aside.) Her song was good, but rather flat on A.

SOMNIA (aside). — No doubt your criticism is quite true;

I 'll prove that I can be quite sharp on you.

(Aloud.) I 'll lead the way — why don't you come along?

I fear you did not like my little song.

Why don't you try the chorus now, just so?

(Sings. They both dance, he very awkwardly.)

Dancing, prancing, full of glee,
Fairy life 's the life for me.

You seem to have a light fantastic toe. (Laughs.)

Your dancing has some quite attractive points,

Although you 're rather stiff about the joints.

(Runs off R., laughing and dancing, singing "Ha, ha, ha!" to tune of "Dancing, Prancing.")

PORTER tries to follow, but brings up against scenery. Gropes to his chair and sits.)

PORTER. — My usual fate; it seems to be my lot
By some unlucky fortune to be caught.

I never in my childhood set a snare

To capture fox or woodchuck unaware,

But that some hapless fellow sprung the trap —

And I was always that unlucky chap.

I never loved a spotted calf or chicken

But it was always sure to up and sicken.

I never threw my line to catch a trout

But that I always hooked a small horned-pout.

I never scaled a garden-wall for plunder

But that the rocks gave way and I went under.

I never tried the game of "little hatchet"

But father made me lie right down and "catch it."

I 've sometimes looked with fond, admiring
glances

On Marys, Marthas, Isabels, and Nancys;

But each time, when I knelt to learn my fate,

I always found myself an hour too late.

And now Dame Fortune seems still more unkind:

'T is mighty hard to find myself stone blind,

Here, right in sight of Fairy Land. 'T is tough

To spend my time in playing blind-man's buff.

(SOMNIA steals in R., and listens.)

(Confidently.) One thing I 'm sure of. Had I
but my sight,

No power on earth could hinder me; I 'd write

The full particulars of Fairy Land.

And label them with the R. E. Porter brand.

SOMNIA (aside). — This is delightful. Did he
know the power

That 's vested in the rulers of that bower,

He 'd drop his pen and take an early car,

And hasten home to find his dear mamma.

But never mind; if he persists in prying,

The one who gets the blow must do the crying.

PORTER (still meditating). — In the few years

I 've followed my profession,

The fates have made to me some slight concession.

I 've labored hard; I 've gained a taste of fame;

I 've laid up money — yes, I 've made a name.

But now (dejectedly) I sink in chicken-hearted
plight

Because of Fairy Land I 've lost the sight.

SOMNIA (to PORTER). — You seem to be quite

ill; I 'd ask a question.

Are you afflicted now with indigestion?

PORTER. — I never had a sickness in my life;

I 'm always well — I never had a wife.

I ought to be a happy man, I know,

But circumstances fall to make me so.

(Rises, comes down, and sings.)

No 3. SONG, PORTER.

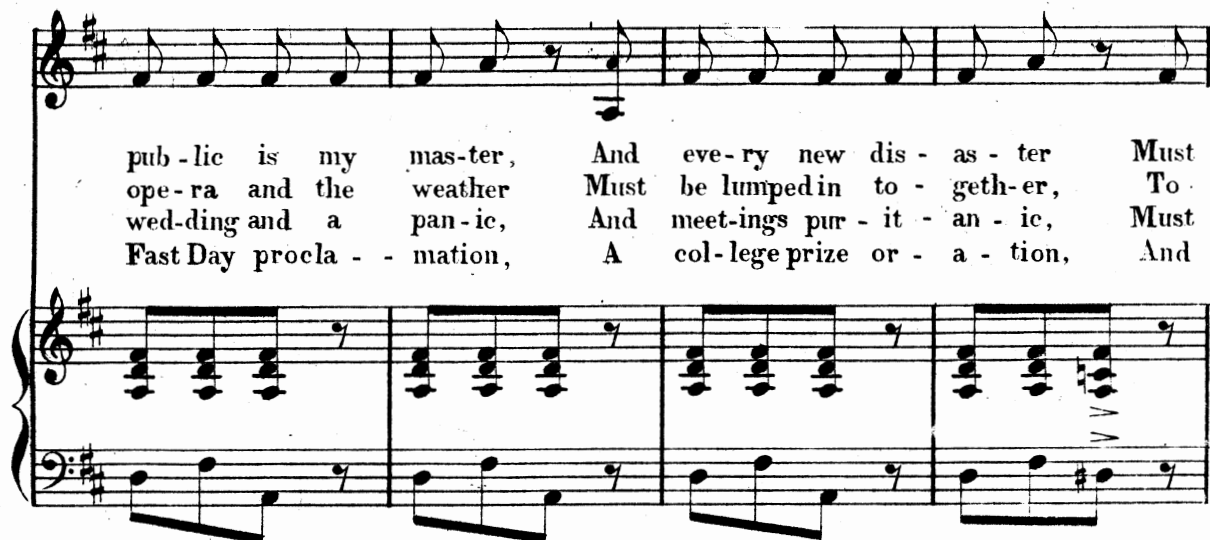
Allegro vivace.

1. In

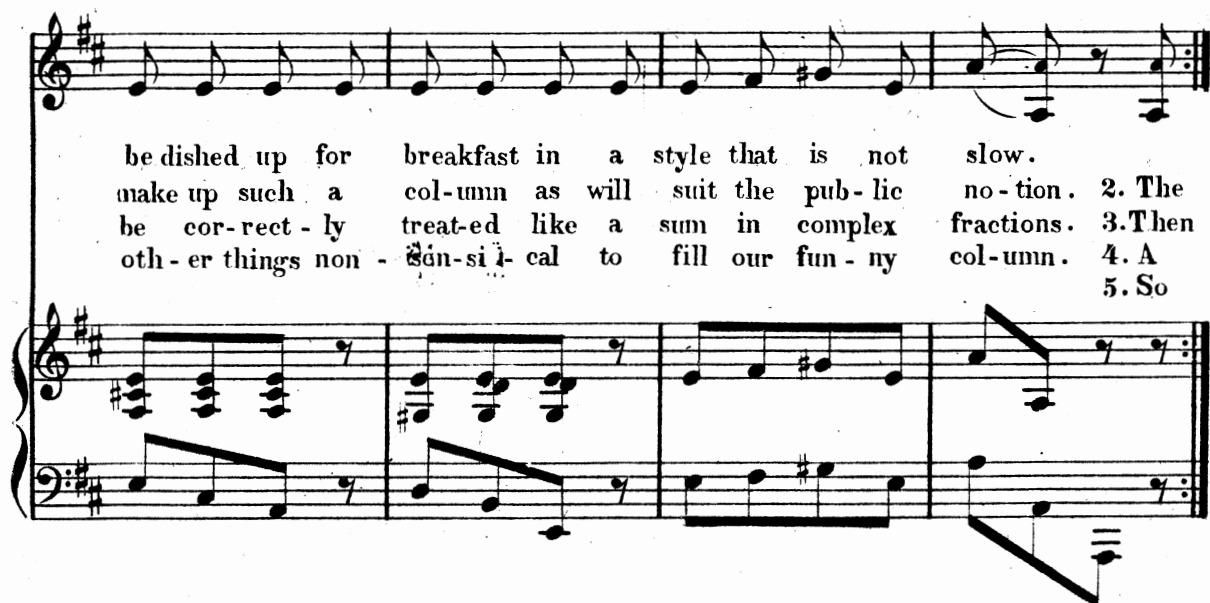
f stacc.

sing you now a dit-ty, Be-cause I need your pit-y, Be-
 murders and the ar-sons, Em-bez-zlers and the parsons, With
 fires and rows and plunders, And weath-er - bu-reau blunders, And
 woman's - suf - frage cau-cus, And oth - er things which shock us, Both

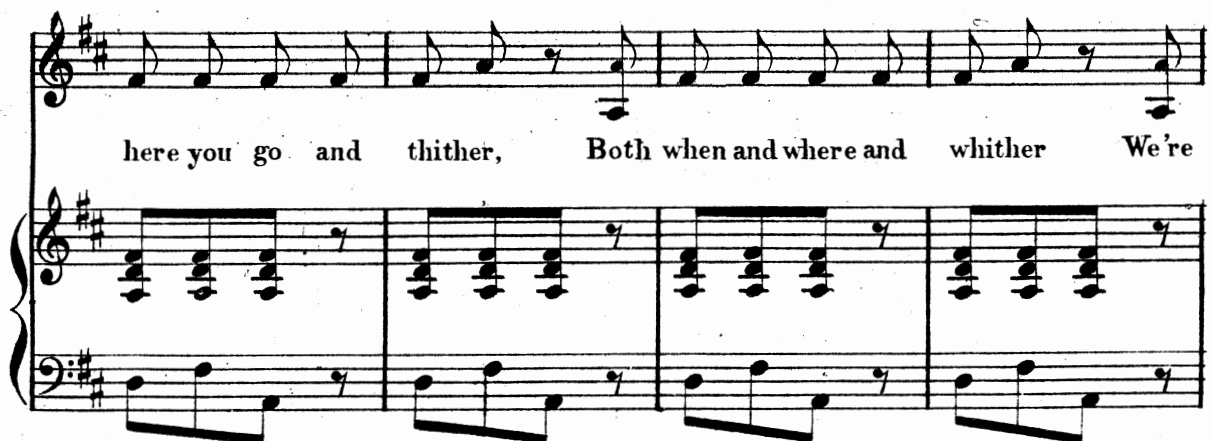
cause I've *heaps* of trouble that the world can nev-er know. The
 fire and steam ex - plo-sions and a Cit - y Hall com - motion. The
 jum - ket - ings and horse-thievings and oth - er like at - tractions; A
 laugh-a - ble and sen - si - ble and com-ic - al and sol-enn; A



pub - lic is my mas - ter, And eve - ry new dis - as - ter Must
 ope - ra and the weather Must be lumped in to - geth - er, To
 wed - ding and a pan - ic, And meet - ings pur - it - an - ic, Must
 Fast Day procla - - mation, A col - lege prize or - a - tion, And



be dished up for breakfast in a style that is not slow.
 make up such a col - umn as will suit the pub - lic no - tion. 2. The
 be cor - rect - ly treat - ed like a sum in complex fractions. 3. Then
 oth - er things non - sen - si - cal to fill our fun - ny col - umn. 4. A
 5. So



here you go and thither, Both when and where and whither We're

called to gath-er news-points of what - ev - er kind we can. We're

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F#76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F#77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F#78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F#79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F#80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F#81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F#82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F#83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F#84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F#85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F#86, G86, A86, 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(*At the close of song PORTER gropes back to his chair, and sinks into it.*)

PORTER. — Oh, how I hate this optic masquerade! This horrid joke! My fortune would be made if I could but report this Fairy Dell.

(*Dejectedly.*) Oh, I 'm so wretched. (*Brightening.*) Maybe it 's a sell.

(SOMNIA *sings, to tune of "Dancing, Prancing."*)

No, no, no, 't is not a sell,
But a first-class Fairy Dell.
Dancing, prancing, full of glee,
Fairy life 's the life for me.

PORTER (*despairingly*). — Oh, misery! thy perfect work, I 'm sure,
Is fully wrought upon thy Interviewer. (*Buries face in hands.*)

SOMNIA (*aside*). — Poor fellow, 't is too bad! If I were certain

That he is penitent, I 'd lift the curtain
That hides from view our Fairy Land. Ah, yes!
I 've hit it now. A little look, I guess,
At our bright fairy band won't come amiss;
And I can manage him all right with this. (*Holds up magic key.*)

I 'll let him see our fairy dance, but then
Upon condition he don't use his pen.

(*Aloud.*) Now, Mr. Interviewer, I will explain;
Thereby some information you may gain.
I took away your sight because I knew
That secrets were not safe with such as you.
The magic key I hold belongs to me,

The Fairy Queen of Dreamland; I am she.

I 'm also member of the secret band
Of fairies dwelling in yon Fairy Land.
I give or take your sight, just as I please;
I lock up people's eyes with magic keys,
If I discover them inclined to prying —
And sometimes keep them locked till they are dying.

(*Majestically.*) On one condition I give back your sight.

PORTER. — Thank Heaven! thank Heaven! then I again can write.

SOMNIA. — No, *no!* I swear by yon ethereal vapor

That you henceforth shall not touch pen to paper.
And if you fail this order to obey,

I 'll just lock up your eyes and smash the key.

PORTER. — This is an everlasting joke on me;
While it is *no* to write, 't is *yes* to see.

I wonder which predicament 's the worst!
Was ever man by such misfortune cursed?

(*After deliberation.*) Unlock my eyes; no choice
you leave to me.

(*Aside, savagely.*) I 'll make my terms when I
again can see.

(*He kneels before SOMNIA; she unlocks his eyes with key, goes to back of stage and beckons off, B. Enter CHORUS of Fairies. They trip about stage in time with music, and at conclusion of introduction, form group and sing. PORTER slyly gets note-book and pen, and begins to write.*)

No 4. CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

8
Allegro vivace.

8.....

8.....

CHORUS.

1. We come dancing, full of glee, Glid - ing, skipping mer - ri - ly;
 2. As the sunbeams, dance and play, So dance we the live - long day;
 3. Oh, we love the moonbeams bright; Oh, we love the stargleams light.

Who so light of heart can be? Who so gay and bright as we?
 Ev - er hap - py, ev - er gay, Sweet - ly sing - ing on our way
 We can nev - er, nev - er tell How we love our Fai - ry Dell

(Swaying with music.)

Sing - ing, danc - ing as we go, Tripping lightly to and fro,
 Sing - ing, danc - ing as we go, etc.
 Sing - ing, danc - ing as we go, etc. (At this point of 3d.v. Fairies form line and dance off R., as they came on.)

Care and pain we nev - er know, Tripping light - ly to and fro;

mp
 Trip - ping to and fro, Tripping to and fro.

8

After 3rd. verse.

dim. *pp*

22 (As fairies exeunt, *Porter* is writing. *Somnia* comes up and takes note-book away, running off after rest of fairies.)

Porter, (looking after fairies.) Oh, what a lovely sight! so novel, too;

Emphatically and absolutely new.

(looking cautiously about,) I don't see *Somnia* anywhere in sight,

I'll just improve my time; I'll write! I'll write!

(another note-book) How shall I catch the public eye? Let's see -

I'll set it off with (deliberates) - Startling Mystery!

With exclamation points on every hand

Announcing that I've news from Fairy Land. (about to write.)

(Enter *Fairy Queen* with *Somnia* and *Attendants*, *R.* Music plays introduction to song on this page. *Porter* astonished and delighted.)

Porter. Ye gods, what's this? an angel do I see?

Such beauty thrills my soul with ecstasy.

Whence come these beauteous maidens? I behold

A vision of such rare and radiant hold!

My pen! my paper! where, oh!

where are they?

I must report this thing this very day.

(To *Queen*.) Oh, maiden fair to see, please tell me true

What is thy name, whence comest thou, and who

Art thou? I pray thee tell that I may know

If thou art mortal and dwell here below;

To be in doubt I surely can't endure

Because, fair maid, I am an interviewer.

(During the song *Porter* attempts to write as before.)

NO 5. SONG, FAIRY QUEEN.

Allegro non troppo.

mp dolce.

mf

1. I am the Queen of the Fairies bright; My song I must sing my
 2. Within that bright grot - to no mor - tal dwells; No hu - man voice there its
 3. Dear sis - ters come faith - ful - ly promise me — This sign is your pledge of fi -
 (Holds up right hand.)

mf

heart is so light. In the depths of the for - est my sis - ters dwell; The sto - ry tells. But the eeh - o of con - flict and strife we hear — It del - i - ty — That the mys - ter - ies of our Fai - ry Dell, This

cres - cen - do. ff mf rall.

name of our home is the "Fai - ry Dell," The name of our home is the falls quite un - felt on the fai - ry's ear; It falls quite un - felt on the cu - ri - ous mor - tal you'll nev - er tell; This cu - ri - ous mor - tal you'll

cres - cen - do. ff colla voce.

QUEEN. *a tempo*

"Fai - ry Dell." Come hith - er my sis - ters, come hith - er to me; Come fai - ry's ear. Come hith - er my sis - ters, come hith - er to me; Come nev - er tell. Come prom - ise my sis - ters, come, prom - ise to me; Come

FAIRIES. (1st. & 2d. verses invisible.)

1	We're	com - ing to thee.
2	We're	com - ing to thee.
3	We	prom - ise to thee.

a tempo.

ff

hith-er my sis - ters, come hith-er to me; Come hith-er my sis - ters, come
 hith-er my sis - ters, come hith-er to me; Come hith-er my sis - ters, come
 prom-ise my sis - ters, come, prom-ise to me; Come prom-ise my sis - ters, come,

We're com-ing to thee, We're com-ing, we're com-ing, we're
 We're com-ing to thee, We're com-ing, we're com-ing, we're
 We prom-ise to thee, We prom-ise, we prom-ise, we

ff

f *p Fine.*

hith-er to me, Oh, come hith-er, come hith-er to me.
 hith-er to me, Oh, come hith-er, come hith-er to me.
 promise to me, You have promis'd, you've promised to me.

com-ing to thee, We are coming, we're com-ing to thee.
 com-ing to thee, We are coming, we're com-ing to thee.
 promise to thee, Yes, we promise, we promise to thee. *Fine.*

f *p*

After 2d. v. Enter FAIRIES, R. (They dance about as before and form group behind Queen.)

Allegro vivace. We come dancing full of glee, Glid-ing, skipping

ff f

mer ri ly, Who so light of heart can be? Who so gay and

bright as we? Sing ing, danc ing as we go, Tripping light ly

to and fro, Care and pain we nev er know, Tripping light ly

to and fro; Tripping to and fro; Tripping to and fro.

p *p* D. Cal Fine, for 3d.v.

(Queen seems weary.)

PORTER (to Queen). — Most royal madam, while you take the air,

I would suggest that I may bring a chair

That you may rest. (Starts off R., toward grotto.)

FAIRIES (catching at coat). — No, no; we'll go! we'll go!

PORTER (aside). — They checkmated that move. What shall I do?

Of Fairy Land I must obtain a view.

(FAIRIES return with chair; QUEEN seats herself.)

QUEEN. — Attendants, bring a pillow; quickly go.

PORTER (starting as before). — Allow me. I will go.

FAIRIES (detaining him). — By no means — no! (PORTER tries to get away while attendants bring pillow.)

QUEEN. — Attendants, bring a footstool for my feet.

I feel quite weary walking in the heat.

PORTER (bowing low). — Most lovely Queen, if it may be your pleasure,

To serve thee now would please me beyond measure.

I'll bring the footstool. (Starts towards grotto with grand rush, FAIRIES all shrieking, No, no, no, no, no! At same time two attendants come in bringing footstool.)

PORTER (aside). — That little ruse don't work.

I'll try another.

They are so cute, it makes an awful bother.

I'm bound to get inside that fairy grotto;

'Nil desperandum' is my favorite motto.

(Enter PUCK, R., running, bearing envelope, which he hands to QUEEN.)

QUEEN (reading). — King Somnambula's lying very sick;

Queen Somnia must come to Dreamland quick.

Physicians can't agree upon disease, —

By all means don't forget the magic keys.

(PORTER starts delightedly.)

SOMNIA (sorrowfully). — You do not seem to understand my sorrow.

PORTER. — I sha'n't get 'round to cry before to-morrow.

QUEEN (to SOMNIA). — I think you'd better go at once by cable.

'T will take too long to harness at the stable.

SOMNIA. — I'll go at once. (To FAIRIES, throwing kisses.) Good-by, good-by-good-by.

FAIRIES. — Adieu, dear Somnia. Good-by, good-by. (Exit SOMNIA R.)

PORTER (jubilant). — The coast is clear; she's got the magic keys.

I'll write this up, and write it as I please.

QUEEN languidly). — I feel quite overcome by such a flurry.

I'll rest a little. (Attendants seem alarmed.) Please, oh, please, don't worry!

Amuse yourselves by sporting on the green;

If you are happy, so will be your Queen.

(QUEEN closes her eyes. FAIRIES form a ring, about the stage, and dance around, joining hands, until song says "Through the ring we break our way," when two of the largest raise their hands high, forming an arch, through which the fairies pass by twos: that is, the two fairies opposite those who form arch; followed by others, move forward, pass through, separate, and come together again, re-forming ring, to sing second verse. Third verse ditto. PORTER writing for dear life all the while.)

N^o 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ AIR: PUCK. *

(To be sung when Puck brings in letter, see page 26.)

PUCK

Allegretto. A

mf.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line for Puck, starting with a whole rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter rest, and ending with a quarter note G4. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a half note G3, followed by a half note A3, then a half note B3, and ending with a half note C4. The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a half note G2, followed by a half note A2, then a half note B2, and ending with a half note C3. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamic is 'mf.'.

let - ter! a - let - ter! I bring a let - ter for the Queen; A

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line for Puck, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and ending with a quarter note C5. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a half note G3, followed by a half note A3, then a half note B3, and ending with a half note C4. The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a half note G2, followed by a half note A2, then a half note B2, and ending with a half note C3. The lyrics are 'let - ter! a - let - ter! I bring a let - ter for the Queen; A'.

let - ter, a let - ter, a letter for the Fai - ry Queen. From

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line for Puck, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and ending with a quarter note C5. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a half note G3, followed by a half note A3, then a half note B3, and ending with a half note C4. The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a half note G2, followed by a half note A2, then a half note B2, and ending with a half note C3. The lyrics are 'let - ter, a let - ter, a letter for the Fai - ry Queen. From'.

old King Soimnam - bu - la, Of dreamy land the ru - ler, I

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

f
bring a let - ter to the Queen, A letter to the Fai - ry Queen.

f *p*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment also begins with *f*. The system concludes with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the piano part.

(Puck kneels and presents letter to Queen.)

pp

The third system is a piano solo. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes at the end. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

No 6. CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Allegro vivace.

mf

f

CHORUS.

1. Round the ring we're gai-ly go-ing, Step by step, Step by step,
 2. Round and round we go to-geth-er, Step by step, Step by step,
 3. Round a-gain we go with pleasure, Step by step, Step by step,

Hap - py smiles on each be - stow - ing, As we light - ly step;
 Lov - ing fond - ly one an - oth - er, As we light - ly step;
 Sing - ing still in hap - py meas - ure, As we light - ly step;

Through the ring we break our way, Two by two in merry play,

1st. & 2d.
While we sing our rounde - lay, — As we light-ly step.

1st. & 2d.

3d.
step.

con leggerezza. *mp* *sempre a tempo.*

(Fairies seat themselves in groups about the stage.)

f

(PORTER puts book and pen in his pocket as the chorus ends, and approaches STELLA.)

PORTER. — Dear Stella, 't is such lovely, lovely weather,
Shall we not take a little stroll together?

I 'm in a chatting mood. You are so charming —
STELLA. — Perhaps your flattery may prove alarming.

But if I go, oh, don't let Somnia know it.

PORTER. — She 's such a vixen. Don't her bright eyes show it?

STELLA. — Yes. (*Aside to FAIRIES*). Hand a wrap. Just see now how I 'll sell him;
Just listen to the fibs I 'm going to tell him.

(*They hand a shawl.*)

PORTER. — Please take my arm, — but, by the way, I wonder, —

(*Listens.*) I thought I heard a sound like distant thunder.

STELLA. — Some carriage passing by; oh, never mind.

(*Aside.*) 'T is Somnia coming back, as he will find.

(PORTER and STELLA walk up and down front of stage.)

PORTER. — I beg you will excuse my *neglige* ;
I left my best dress-suit at Hotel Fay.

Are there no tailors here for making clothes

In first-class style to suit the fairy beaux?

I 'd like, in proper dress, to join your band.

These clothes, you know, I 'd sell for second hand.

STELLA. — Oh, never mind; your clothes are well enough;

They look quite strong — or, rather, I mean tough.

PORTER. — I 'd like, some day, to call on your mamma.

STELLA. — My dear mamma? She lives in yonder star.

PORTER. — You puzzle me. But tell me more, I pray.

STELLA (*aside*). — I 'll spin a yarn; 't will help to pass the day.

He does not care a straw about my beauty,

And therefore I hate him from sense of duty.

(*To PORTER.*) Our race comes of a high and noble birth.

I 'll tell you how we chanced to come to earth.

(PORTER gets book, and writes.)

1. The

dog star Sirius was our na-tive town, But em-i-gration kept the vil-lage
hydrophobia's rais'd there by the acres; They harvest it and sell it to the

down. In Jan-u-a-ry we were thron'g'd with guests, Whose
Shakers. We girls were wild to move and get a-way, But

snobbish airs just made them social pests. But when July and August came a-
mama wouldn't come till First of May, "Because," she said, "would be unpre-ce-

round, A Summer boarder was not to be found. The
denied That fai-ry mansions could on earth be rented?" I

blue blood famil-ies declared it awful, Be - rating the ple-bei-ans by the
did not say a word to my dear people, But looking down one day I spied a

jaw-full; Besides, each Sir-ian dog must have his day, And
steeples. We girls clapped on our wings and said fare - well, Flew

that de-cid-ed us to run a - - way, 2. For
down and by pre-emp-tion took this dell; 3. We

tel-ephoned our mamas not to worry, We sha'n't go back to Sir-ius in a

PORTER. (aside writing.)

hurry. They tel-e-phoned their mamas not to worry, They

PORTER & STELLA.

won't go back to Sir-ius in a hurry, We tel-ephoned our mamas not to
They tel-ephoned their mamas not to

Queen, Fairies, Stella & Porter.

worry; We sha'n't go back to Sir-ius in a hurry. We
worry; They won't go back to Sir-ius in a hurry. They

ff *lento*. Porter writes. Fairies laugh aside, in time with music.

sha'n't go back to Sirius in a hur - - ry. Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
won't go back to Sirius in a hur - - ry. 8. discord.

ff *lento*. *colla voce.* *a tempo.*

STELLA (*aside, laughing*). — He 's written that verbatim for the paper.

He needs his brain illumined with a taper.
His gullibility is beyond measure;
That item I gave him will prove a treasure.

PORTER (*aside*). — Oh, what a stroke! I 've got the family history;
There is no longer any doubt or mystery.

(*To STELLA.*) Dear Stella, you 're so very entertaining. (*They walk.*)

Your eyes my heart by subtle power enchaining,
You so reminded me of dear Zenobia,
When you were telling me of hydrophobia.

STELLA. — And who is she? I am distressed — I can't —

PORTER. — Oh, she 's my best beloved maiden aunt.

STELLA. — Oh, yes, I see; but I am curious, too.
Do mortals ever mortal maidens woo?

PORTER. — Oh, yes; I 've seen some pretty girls at home.

STELLA (*poetically*). — Pray tell me, do they ever dare to roam

By babbling brooks, where shady trees and flowers
Sing softly to the heart through summer hours,
When skies are blue, and shimmering leaves above
Speak gently to the ear some word of love?

(*PORTER claps handkerchief to nose, and walks away.*)

STELLA. — Oh, what 's the matter, sir? Say, are you ill?

PORTER. — My nose is bleeding; please, oh please, keep still.

'T will soon be well, — I often have it so.

(*Aside.*) It helped me out most wonderfully, you know;

A minute more and I 'd have been engaged.

(*Aloud, looking off R.*) Who 's that? — I mean that lady so enraged.

STELLA. — 'T is Somnia. (*Enter SOMNIA R.*)

PORTER. — Bless me! Does n't she look sour?

STELLA. — She 's been observing us for half an hour.

PORTER (*aside*). — Oh, what a snarl I 'm in! It won't unravel.

(*Aloud.*) I guess it 's getting time for me to travel.
(*Puts up note-book and buttons up coat.*)

Good-day, Miss Stella; I must now be leaving.

SOMNIA (*coming forward*). — Not yet; you 're held indicted for deceiving.

You know the penalty; we need no court.
You can have no defense.

PORTER. — 'T was only sport.

QUEEN (*rousing*). — What is the matter now?

PORTER (*kneeling*). — I beg your pardon;
I pray you spare me now. My case 's a *hard un*.

SOMNIA. — Produce your note-book; show the Queen your writing.

PORTER. — There is no earthly use to think of fighting.

(*Gives book to QUEEN.*) There, there it is; now read it at your leisure.

Please read aloud — 't would give me so much pleasure.

QUEEN. — I see no writing, only marks and dots, —

Whole pages of them; nothing more than blots.

(*Hands book to SOMNIA, who is equally puzzled.*)

SOMNIA (*aside*). — This does beat all. I thought I had him certain.

A curious way to spend one's time while flirting.
(*Aloud.*) There 's something in this note-book, after all;

But still I find I 'm driven to the wall.

PORTER (*aside, jubilantly*). — Phonography has saved me; I am free.

QUEEN. — I want a *souvenir*; (*takes book.*) give this to me.

PORTER (*beseeking*). — Oh, I 'm undone! I can't give up my pages!

If I lose them, I can't collect my wages.

SOMNIA. — You have confessed enough. I see it well.

STELLA. — He wrote in short-hand all about the dell, —

The papers will be full of this tomorrow.

SOMNIA (*to PORTER*). — You well deserve to sup this night on sorrow.

I 'll lock your eyes; I told you I would do it.

I warned you, if you wrote us up, you 'd rue it.

Down, faithless villain, on your bended knee!

Take your last look; you 've seen all you shall see.

NO. 8. SOLOS AND CHORUS.

SOMNIA, QUEEN, AND FAIRIES.

(*Use music of No. 6, with first ending, for both verses.*)

SOMNIA. — You are under condemnation;
FAIRIES (*pointing*). —

You 're a spy, you 're a spy.

SOMNIA. — You have too much information.

FAIRIES. — You 're a spy, you 're a spy.

SOMNIA. — By your new "short-hand" device

You 've obtained some items nice;

You 'll be blinded in a trice.

FAIRIES. — You 're a spy, a spy.

QUEEN. — You shall find the fairies mighty;

FAIRIES. — You 're a spy, you 're a spy.

QUEEN. — Though you thought them somewhat flighty.

FAIRIES. — You 're a spy, a spy.

QUEEN. — As throughout the world you roam,

Blindly seeking for home,

You shall wish you had not come.

FAIRIES. — You 're a spy, a spy.

(*Attacca Finale.*)

No 9. FINALE.

Andante affettuoso.

(Porter is dejected, and kneels before Queen.)

p

p

1. Ah, spare, fair Queen, a sorrowing wight, Of sin repent-ant

mf *mp*

made, — And save for him his pre-cious sight, His on - - ly stock in

mf *mp*

mf *f con disperazione.* (hides face in hands)

trade, His on - ly stock in trade. Ah, spare me, ah, spare me!

mf

(Queen deliberates, and consults with attendants and fairies.)

Tempo di Valse.

cres-cen-do - e - accelerando f

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a waltz-like melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Valse' and the dynamics include 'cres-cen-do - e - accelerando' and 'f'.

QUEEN.

I yield; — thou shalt
way - - ing this

The first vocal line of the Queen is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are 'I yield; — thou shalt way - - ing this'.

keep thy sight; I here - - by do re - store it. But still —
mag - ic wand, I now make decla - ra - - tion That all

The second vocal line of the Queen is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are 'keep thy sight; I here - - by do re - store it. But still — mag - ic wand, I now make decla - ra - - tion That all'.

— thou must feel my night, These fai - ries all im - plore it.
— written by thy hand Re - ceives dis - ap - pro - ba - - tion.

The third vocal line of the Queen is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are '— thou must feel my night, These fai - ries all im - plore it. — written by thy hand Re - ceives dis - ap - pro - ba - - tion.'

f

What thou didst write — shall by thee — be for - got. —
 What in your book — has been writ — by your pen —

f *basso marcato.*

Though much you wish — you'll re - mem - - ber it
 Shall be to you — as though't nev - - - er had

not. — 2. By
 been. — 3. Now go, — leave to us our dell, Nor dare

cres -

cres -

— - - cen - - - do... *ff* *mf*

thou to re - turn here. Re - joice — that you've fared so well, Be as -

— - - cen - - - do... *ff* *mf*

sured that you noth-ing can learn here. *Allegro vivace.*

finally picks up his camp-stool, umbrella, etc., and turns to go L.U.E.

Attaccacho's of N° 6.

To music of N° 6, all Fairies sing:

Fairies. By our Queen's kind condescension,
 You are free, you are free,
 Thus your sight receives extension.
 You are free, you're free.
 Now be faithful to our Queen,
 Who so kind to you has been,
 And forget what you have seen,
 Go; you're free, you're free.

TABLEAU.

Porter, L.C. about to exit by *L.U.E.* but still looking back; *Queen, L.* standing on footstool, with attendants about her, holding up wand; *Somnia, R.* holding key; *Fairies* all looking toward *Porter* pointing fingers which they raised at word "Go" of chorus.

CURTAIN.

ACT 2.

Scene.— Editorial Room of "Daily Inspector." Table, C, with chairs about it, in which are seated *Bluff, Goodwin, Gatlin* and *Sharp*, writing. *Skip, L*, on a stool, cutting up paper as if for labels. Door, *L*, with sign, "Private Office."

NO. 1. QUARTETTE, *BLUFF, SHARP, GOODWIN, GATLIN.*

Allegretto con mistero.

Bluff and Sharp. (sleepily.)

1. Oh, what a bore it is to write. (yawn.) Hum! ha!
 2. We nev-er feel ex-act-ly. bright. Hum! ha!

(Goodwin and Gatlin. (sleepily.)

3. We're doz-ing off in spite of fate. (yawn and nod.) Hum! ha!

ho! To sit and write till broad day - - light. Hum! ha!
 ho! Because we write the live - - long night. Hum! ha!

ho! We're in an ap - a - thet - ic state. (yawn and nod.) Hum! ha!

ho! We're sent off like greyhounds in search of our game; If news ran on four legs we'd
 ho! How visions of couches, soft pil-lows, and beds Keep haunting un-bidden our
 ho! (rouse) We sway-ing and dozing and float-ing a-way, In som-no-lent senseless in-

catch it the same. Then we write, write, write, all the long
 dull, drowsy heads! As we write, write, write, all the long
 ac-tiv-i-tav: Nor can write, write, write, (very sleepily.) all the long

ad lib.

night. Hum! ha! ho!
 night. Hum! ha! ho!

night. (nod.) (p) Hum! (pp) ha! (ppp) ho! (all drop heads outable and snore.) **Andante**
 (snore.) (breathe.) (sn.) (br.)

(sq.) (br.) (sn.) (br.) (sn.) (br.) (sn.) (br.) (sn.) (br.) (snort and L.H. stop snoring.)
 f dim.

5152 -

The pianist must accommodate himself to the action of singers in third verse. At the end, Ped. *
 all reporters snort, "break from snoring, roll over upon other arm, and sleep quietly.

MADAM BLUE (*outside*). — Yes, tomorrow at 8.30. Here 's your fare.

(*Enter MADAM BLUE, C.*)

MADAM BLUE (*seeing reporters asleep*). — Indeed! indeed! This is how I find my editorial and reportorial staff!—asleep, every man of them! Oh, the weaklings! The *sterner* sex; the brain and muscle of the Republic! They the oak — we the ivy! What delight for women, weak and dependent, to twine about such oaks as these! The *twine* I would select for them would be made of hemp, well twisted, applied with a noose, *a la* Guiteau. They deserye it, every man of them. (*Raises arm.*) Look at my arm; is it weak?

SKIP (*aside*). — No, ma'am. Skip 'll swar to dat. He, he!

MADAM BLUE. — Look at my eye; is it dim?

SKIP (*aside*). — No, ma'am. Allus sees eberyting. — Skip does. He, he!

MADAM BLUE. — Look at my hand. Does it ever falter in its work?

SKIP (*aside*). — No, ma'am. 'Specially when it 's layin' it on to poor Skip.

MADAM BLUE. — Look at my head, containing second-class brains, — those yorder being first-class. Does it fail in an hour of great responsibility?

SKIP (*aside*). — Don't know nuffin' 'bout 'spon — 'spon — 'spon — (*makes several attempts to say the word, but finally blows it off through his lips*), but I sees you cotch a nap now and den, when dar 's no one but Skip 'round (*Shakes his hands beside his face in the "Solomon Isaac" fashion, and is observed by MADAM BLUE, who has been removing her wraps.*)

MADAM BLUE (*sternly*). — Skip! (*Pause.* SKIP *cutting labels very fast.*) Well, well, Skip. I 'm glad there is somebody alive.

SKIP. — Golly, yes, ma'am; I 'se alive.

MADAM BLUE. — But where 's Porter?

SKIP. — Dunno nuffin' 'bout him. Went off early yes'day mornin' huntin' up dat murder down to Long Bay, and ha'n't seen nuffin' ob him sence. S'pose he 's dead or murdered or suffin' awful. Such a drefful pourin' night, not a star nor a blink nowhar. (*Groans.*) Oh, p'raps he 's clean gone up; an' he 's de bestest ob de whole drefful lot ob 'em. Pockets allus full for poor

Skip. Oh! oh! I shall die. (*Slips down on floor, and cries and rocks and groans.*)

MADAM BLUE. — Oh, nonsense, Skip! behave yourself. There 's nothing the matter with Porter, only a lark or some other foolishness.

SKIP (*whimpering*). — O missy, don't say nuffin', please, 'gainst Massa Porter, he 's been so awful good to poor Skip. When Skip was sick week arter week wid de drefful ager, dat good, bressed, 'mense Massa Porter jes' tended an' nussed poor Skip all his off hours, an' sent de good doctor an' de nasty, nasty medicine. Oh, I shall die. (*Rocks and groans.*)

MADAM BLUE. — Well, he may be good enough; but it seems very ungrateful on his part 'o let anything dreadful happen to himself just now, when I 'm in such pressing need of his work. I hope he is not dead. There 's no call for corpses in my office at present, while I have four dead men on my hands. But I must wake these men or where will be the *Daily Inspector* tomorrow? I 'll try a little vocalization. Hollo! (*No effect.*) Hollo! (*No effect.*) HOLLO!! (*No effect.*) HOLLO!! (*No effect.*) If I had Gabriel's trump, I 'd try that.

SKIP (*who has been sitting on floor, turns a back summersault, and comes up on his feet*). — I 's a trump, everybody says; lemme. (*Screams, but makes words plain.*) Fire — fire — fire — 'mense — conflagration — fifteen — hundred — lives — lost — loss of — property — fifty — dollars — fully — insured — in — Atlantico-Pacifico — Sub-marine — Epileptic — bang! (*Jumps upon table on which reporters are leaning. Reporters start up, rubbing their eyes, MADAM BLUE glaring at them. SKIP on table, shaking hands in "Solomon Isaac" fashion. Reporters recover, begin talking with one another in dumb show. SKIP jumps down, returns to his cutting labels. Reporters write.*)

MADAM BLUE (*aside*). — What can I do? What shall I say? Their offence merits the gibbet. I must not keep silent, for they might drop off again. I have it! I 'll sing; I 'll rehearse a little fable for the benefit of these milk-and-water brethren. I 'll tell them of the fate of poor Phœbe.

(*As MADAM BLUE sings, reporters stop writing and listen.*)

NO. 2. SONG, WITH CHORUS. MADAM BLUE & REPORTERS.

Allegro cantabile.

1. A milkmaid sat milk-ing a fine Jer - sey
 dainti - - ly lift - ed her hat from her
 weather was ar - dent, much more so than
 las for poor Phæbe! Her eye - lids like

red; Her Gainsbor - ough jaunti - - ly sat on her head. Her
 head, And placed the full milk pail up - on it in - stead; Then
 he Whom she, the fair milkmaid, was wait-ing to see, So
 lead Just captured her bright eyes, and down went her head. The

pail was soon filled with the lacte - - al treasure, Suf - ficient to
 gai-ly she tripped down the cool sha - dy by - way, By which Mis - ter
 down Phæ - be sat just to rest in the gloaming, The pail on her
 pail poured its del - uge of whiteness on Phæbe, And Dennis passed

rall. *allegro vivace. f*

fill up the twenty quart measure.
Dennis would pass to the highway.
head with its contents all foaming.
by won - der - ing who could she be.

This was a very long, This was a very long,

8.....

colla voce.

allegro vivace. f

this was a ve-ry long time a - go.
Bluff & Sharp.

This was a very long, this was a very long,

Goodwin & Gatlin.

8.....

This was a very long, this was a very long,

this was a very long time a - go.

this was a very long time a - go.

L.H.

1st. 2d. & 3d.

mf cres. . . . ff

This was a very long time a-go.

2. She
3. The
4. A -

mf

This was a very longtime a - go.

1st. 2d. & 3d.

8.

mf

tempo come primo.

4th.

(Exit Madam Blue into office, *L.*)

time a - go.

time a - go.

4th.

8.

tempo come primo.

mf

BLUFF. — The moral to that is plain.

GOODWIN. — The point turns in our direction.

GATLIN. — Oh, she 's a regular *Æsop*. Phœbe lost her Dennis because she went to sleep, and we 'll lose our positions if we go to sleep. There 's nothing like fables for teaching the common herd.

GOODWIN. — Say, Sharp, you 're musical critic; how did you like her song?

SHARP (*with strong French accent*). — Oh, delightful! so pastoral! so poetique! She very musicale.

BLUFF. — Now, Sharp, you just give her a good send-off in the musical column, and she 'll never mind our little nap.

GATLIN. — Capital idea!

SHARP. — Oh, impossible!

GOODWIN. — Why impossible?

SHARP. — It would not be art.

GATLIN. — You said you were delighted with her song, and why can't you praise it in the paper?

SHARP. — Because, don't you see, I must be very *criticale*, very *criticale*, — zat is, very *find fault*; just leetle praise, wiz much *find fault*, makes un grand impression of ability — on my

part. I must keep up ze *tone* of ze "Inspector" and ze *notes* of my salary.

BLUFF. — Oh!

GOODWIN. — M-m!

GATLIN. — Yes.

BLUFF. — Well, Sharp is no flat.

GATLIN. — But can't he be A sharp and still B flat?

BLUFF. — That 's too much of a conundrum for me. But, by the way, where under the sun can Porter be?

GOODWIN (*goes to window and looks out*). — Not much chance of his being under the sun, moon, or stars such a night as this. Is n't it a pour?

GATLIN. — Yes, but no *Por-ter*.

BLUFF. — That 's a very *pour* joke; I 'll *re-pour* you. But something must have happened to Porter.

GATLIN. — If we don't get in his account of that murder case before we go to press, we 'll have to fill up with a column of last years "patent insides."

SKIP. — Say, gemlem, I thought I heard de ole lady stirrin' jes now. (*Reporters turn to their work, and write very fast.*)

No. 3. QUARTETTE. BLUFF, SHARP, GOODWIN, AND GATLIN.

1. We

mf

Allegro con spirito.

f

mf

have so lit - tle lei - sure, There is so lit - tle joy, — And

what a life we fol - low, As day and night we write; — Our

cres. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

there's so lit - tle pleas - ure For the poor of - fice boy. 1st. For

meals we grab and swal - low, And scarcely got a bite. 1st. We

cres.

cres.

work is al - ways hur - ry - ing; And we are al - ways
 2d.Tenor For work is al - ways hur - ry - ing; And we are al - ways
 & Basses.

write with great ra - pid - i - ty, We're tor - tured with ti -
 2d.Tenor We write with great ra - pid - i - ty, We're tortured with ti -
 & Basses.

wor - ry - ing, For fear the pa - per will be late, For fear the pa - per
 wor - ry - ing, *mp* *mf* *cres.*

mid - i - ty, Be - cause the pa - per may be late, Be - cause the pa - per
 mid - i - ty,

mp *mf* *cres.*

will be late, It will be late. 2d.Bass. It will be

may be late, It may be late. 2d.Bass. It may be

mf

Tenors & 1st B. So we're writing, writing, writing all the time; We're late so we are writing, etc. (as below.)

Tenors & 1st B. So we're writing, writing, etc. (as above.) late so we are writing, writing all the time; We're

mf

writing, writing, writing all the time; We are writing, writing, writing all the wri - ting; wri - ting all the time; We're wri - ting, wri - ting

cres. *f* *dim.* 1st T. We are time, yes all the time, Wri-ting all the time; yes, we are writing, *cres.* *f* *dim.* all the time, We are writing; all the time; yes, we are writing,

cres. *f* *dim.*

48 writing etc.

wri-ting all the time. 2. Oh, 3. We need some bones of i - - ron, Some

wri-ting all the time. 2. Oh dear me, 3. We surely need some bones of i - - ron, Some

cres. *f*

cres. *dim.*

flesh of steel or lead; The brain power of a By - - ron, Set

cres. *dim.*

flesh of steel or lead; The brain power of a By - - ron, Set

cres. *dim.*

cres. *p*

1st. T. Our news must be ex - clu - sive, too, Our
in a wooden head. Our news must be ex - clu - sive, too,

cres.

in a wooden head. Our news must be ex - clu - sive, too,

cres. *f* *p*

ar - gu - ments con - clu - sive, too, And yet our pa - per can't be late, And
 Our ar - gu - ments con - clu - sive, too, And yet etc.

Our ar - gu - ments con - clu - sive, too, And yet our pa - per can't be late, And

yet our paper can't be late, it can't be late.

yet our paper can't be late, it can't be late.

2d.B. it can't be late, it can't be late, it can't, it can't be late.

Madam B. (appearing at office door.) Porter come yet?

All. No ma'am.

Madam B. Oh, what a man. That murder is the only juicy thing we've got for to-mor-row's paper. (Exit into office slamming door.)

Enter *Typesetters, R.*

(They enter, during the introduction, with a hitching step, putting forward left foot on first and third beats of the measure, and bringing the right foot to the rear of the left on the second and fourth beats; at the same time, they keep up the motion of setting type with right hand, putting it forward with left foot, bringing it back with the right. They halt at end of introduction. They keep up the same motion with their hands until they exeunt, when they use the same hitching step.)

No. 4. CHORUS OF TYPESETTERS.

Allegretto maestoso.

p *cres* - - - L.H. *cen* - - - *do molto sfz*

Ped. *

mf

1. Double-u - e, We come Direct to the Sanctum; G-i-v-e,

mf

2. Double-u - e have come Direct to the Sanctum; Yes, and now we

mf *sfz* *mf* *mf* *mf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Give quick, Us some copy To stick, We must be at Our work;

Have got Of our copy A lot. This we're going To set,
Typesetters turn and exeunt.

5152 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

For if we that Should shirk, Madam B. would Be crossed, And then we should,
 Ful-ly knowing We'll get Some more la-ter, When sure, They the da-ta

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Fine. (Mme. B. enters) Mme. B. The co - py is not all in yet, Not all
 (from office with copy.)
 Be lost. Lady Compositors Now g,click, i, click, v,click, e, click,
Fine. as if setting type.
 Secure. Men Compositors Now g,click, i, click, v,click, e, click,
 as if setting type.

Ped. * Ped. *

yet, Not all yet, But here's enough for you to set, — That the
 space,click,u,click, s,click,space,click, s,click, o,click, m,click,e,click,
 space,click,u,click, s,click,space,click, s,click, o,click, m,click,e,click,

paper may be out in time.

TUTTI. Edith and Ladies.

space,click, e,click, o,click, p,click, y. The co - py is not all in
Reporters and gentlemen.

space,click, e,click, o,click, p,click, y. We're very sorry that the co - py is not all in

8.

ff

1st Tenor with Alto.

yet, Not all yet, Not all yet, Here's e - nough for

yet, Not all yet, Not all yet, Here's e - nough for

Exit Madam Blue into office.

(you to set, The pa - per will be out in time. D.S.al FINE.

(you to set. The paper will be out in time. D.S.al FINE.

8.

GATLIN. — Yes, I suppose the paper will be out in time, but it will be a very dull paper, unless — Hollo! here he comes now.

(Enter PORTER, C., with dripping umbrella. All spring up and shake hands with him.)

BLUFF. — Well, Porter, you 're here at last. But where have you been? Give an account of yourself.

GOODWIN. — I suppose you 've been working up something that 'll "make Rome howl."

(PORTER seems embarrassed.)

SHARP. — Why, Meestair Portaire, you have not been and committed a murdaire to get somesing blood and thondair for ze papaire, have you?

(PORTER hangs head.)

SKIP (aside). — Lordy massy, how him do act! Bet yer life he 's done sumfin awful. I allus acts jes' so when I 's ben doin' sumfin awful wicked.

BLUFF. — Say, old fellow, are you (very close to PORTER'S ear) deaf? (PORTER starts.)

SKIP (aside). — Not in dat ear, I guess.

GATLIN. — Dumb. (PORTER shakes his head.)

BLUFF. — Now, Porter, since you are neither deaf nor dumb, and we are all your old and tried friends, if you have been and got mixed up in any scrape, just own up; we 'll stand by you.

(Wrings PORTER'S right hand.)

GOODWIN. — Bless you, Porter, I 'll stand by you through thick and thin.

(Seizes PORTER'S left hand.)

GATLIN. — Yes, old boy, you can depend upon me every time.

(Lays hand on PORTER'S shoulder.)

SHARP. — Vrai, vrai! Believe in ze sincerity of your confreres. I embrace you. (Embraces him.)

SKIP. — Massa Porter, I 'll nebber leab yea.

(Embraces PORTER'S knees.)

PORTER. — Oh, do leave me. So much devotion weighs me down. (They leave him. A

pause.) Boys (solemnly), I 'm in an awful fix!

GATLIN. — Have n't you got the murder al written up?

PORTER. — Unfortunately no murder.

GATLIN. — Phew! Won't Madam Blue rave!

PORTER. — Boys, I was on my way to write up that murder business, and sat down in the woods to cool off. I fell asleep, and — and — and —

ALL. — And what?

PORTER. — And — and — and —

ALL (loudly). — And what?

PORTER. — Oh, I 've had the strangest experience that mortal ever had. When I woke up I found myself talking poetry.

ALL. — Talking what!

PORTER. — Poetry.

GOODWIN. — Well, what does that signify?

PORTER. — That I fell into the hands of fairies.

ALL. — Into what?

PORTER. — Into the hands of fairies.

ALL. — Fairies?

GATLIN. — Well, you 're all right, then; you can give us a column on that. That 'll be better than the murder.

PORTER. — But — but — but —

ALL. — But what!

PORTER. — All that I wrote I 've lost.

SHARP. — Yes, but you can write it again.

PORTER. — No, I can't; I 've forgotten it.

BLUFF. — Forgotten it? How could you forget it?

PORTER. — I had written down all the most important points, and was just about to start for home, when the Fairy Queen took my book and condemned me to forget everything I 'd written. But I 'll tell you how it all happened.

(They gather around him as he sings. MADAM BLUE enters from office, unperceived.)

NO 5. FINALE.

Allegro grazioso.

1. My sto - - ry I'll tell, — for I
 2. The first — fai-ry maid - - en that

know — it full well. — The scene — is a wood - - land; the
 sought — af-ter me — Just locked — up my eyes — with a

plot is a dell — Full of beau - - ti-ful girls, Bright with
 mag - - ic-al key; — But she — was so kind — I did

ring - - lets and pearls — How rap - - turous-ly beau-ti - ful
 not — at all mind — Since she gave back my sight most a-

cres. - - - *ff* *mf*

no one can tell, How rap-turously beau-ti-ful
dor-a-ble she! She gave back my sight most a-

cres. - - - *ff* *mf*

Madam B. (unperceived.)

no one can tell. Oh, what a pleasant sto-ry!
dor-a-ble she! -- Oh, what a pleasant etc.

1st.T.
2d.T. & 1st.B.
2d.B.

D.C. After 2d. verse.

tell us oh tell the rest.

D.C. 3 Then

D.C. After 2d. verse. Allegro vivace.

cres. - - -

twenty fair maidens came out on the green; 'T' fair-est of all was the
saw and could hear I wrote down in short hand, But they captured my book; and the

sweet Fai-ry Queen, And they ev-ery one danc'd, And they eve-ry one pranced, All
Queen of the Band Con-demned me to leave. And I've reason to grieve, She

spark-ling and glit-tring in soft silv'-ry sheen. I tried to ar-range a state
captured my mem'-ry by wav-ing her wand. As I left the fair dell, as I've

call at the dell, Left my vis-it-ing card in a style ver-y swell; But the
previously said, The sweet Fai-ry Queen wav'd her wand o'er my head. Not a

maidens refused And I feel so abused, That this part of my sto-ry is
word can I tell Of the fays or the dell, What I wrote is for-got-ten my

All. (to each other.)

dreadful to tell; ^{(His} My sto-ry is dreadful to tell. ^{(His}
mem²ry is dead. ^{(A - - las now my mem-ry² is dead.} ^{(A -}
^(He says that his) ^{(He}

sto-ry is dread-ful to tell. 5. What I
las now my mem²ry is dead.
says that his)

1st Porter. 2d

Tempo come primo. 7. So here — I come back — without

Porter

mf

cop - - y or scrip, — Or ev - - en the aid — of a

stiff — upper lip. — I give — up the ghost, — And re-

sign — now my post — And I'll start for Bom - bay by the

cres. - - - - *ff* *mf*

ver - - y next ship; — I'll start — for Bom bay — by the

cres. - - - - *ff* *mf*

(starts to exit.) *Madam B. f*

ver - - y next ship. Stay, nor think of thither steer - ing, Your

f

(to Skip.)

words I have been ov - er - hear - ing. Summon the typesetters here at once.

Exit Skip R.

Enter Typesetters, R. as before.

p cres - - L.H. - *cen* - - do - *molto sf*

mf

Double - u - e, We come, Direct to the Sanctum.

sfz f *sfz f*

What you want, ma'am We would know, For we can't, ma'am Be slow.

Ped. * Ped. 8 Ped. 3 Ped. *

We must be at Our work; For if we that Should shirk,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

(*bowing*) Madam B. would Be crossed And then we should Be lost.

5152 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mp *f*

8.....

Detailed description: This block contains the piano introduction for the song. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music starts with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and becomes forte (*f*) after a double bar line. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace'. A rehearsal mark '8.....' is placed above the first measure of the second system.

Madam B. (to Typesetters.)

8.....

1. I've summoned you here That I might make it clear What a
all the young men There is not one in ten That has

Detailed description: This block shows the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rehearsal mark '8.....'. The lyrics are: '1. I've summoned you here That I might make it clear What a all the young men There is not one in ten That has'.

fool Por-ter's act-ions have shown him. I will not dispute That I
such a good rec-ord as Porter. Hes cuming and wise With his

Detailed description: This block shows the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'fool Por-ter's act-ions have shown him. I will not dispute That I such a good rec-ord as Porter. Hes cuming and wise With his'.

thought he was cute, And have thought so as long as I've known him. He
ears and his eyes, And of news he's a first rate ex - - torter; He

Detailed description: This block shows the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'thought he was cute, And have thought so as long as I've known him. He ears and his eyes, And of news he's a first rate ex - - torter; He'.

says he 'has seen A real Fai-ry Queen Whose looks up-ón him made im-
nev-er was known In a case of his own To let up'till he'd pried to the

pression, And a Dream Fai-ry, too, With oth-er ones who Of
bottom, Nor to trust to his head "For facts,"tis well said, "Are no

fair-ies made up a pro-cession. But when he'd seen this All the
good till on pa-per you've got 'em?' Tho' this er-ror's his first, It is

rest he did miss, And let them all go with-out try-ing To
sure-ly the worst That's been made since I've been on this journal; And if

find whertheywent Or from whertheydbeen sent Which showsthat he's no good at
I had my say He would soon find his way Straight off in to regions ex-

ALL TENORS: *ff* ALL BASSES: *ff*

prying. Which showsthat he's no good at pry - ing Which showsthat he's no goodat
ternal. Straght off in- to regions ex - ter - - nal Straight off in- to regions ex-

Madam B: *f*

pry - - ing.
ter - - nal

Of
He's been

proved good for naught, to be thrashed now he ought and to thrash him would give me en-

joyment. And I'm anxious to say, In an em-phat-ic way That he'll

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A and B, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

find him-self out of em - ployment, Un - less he goes back And writes

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern, with notes G, A, B, and C. The piano accompaniment maintains the same eighth-note bass line and chordal structure.

up what we lack, That news which so new and so rare is — A

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line includes a quarter rest before the final note 'A'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

col-umn or more And per-haps three or four, On the "Manners and Customs of

The fourth system is the final one on this page. The vocal line continues with notes G, A, B, and C. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a quarter rest in the left hand.

Fairies." If he fails in this task No more help need he ask, I will

Basso marcato.

brand him a fraud, Both at home and a-broad; All the world soon shall know He's not

ALL TENORS *ff*

ev - en so - so, A thing which to make peo-ple stare is. A

ff

ALL BASSES *ff*

thing which to make people stare is. A thing which to make people stare is.

(Porter deliberates, and finally becomes

mp mf ff dim mp

resolved.)

PORTER. mf

I will go on this
MADAM B.

He will go

CHORUS. (1st. Tenor with alto

He will go

R.H.

jour - - ney to lose or to win; In a - fraid you dont

on this jour - - ney to lose or to win; He's afraid

Typesetters.)

on this jour - - ney to lose or to win; He's afraid

know — what a pick - - le I'm in. — But "to do — or to

We don't know what a pick - - le he's in. — But "to do

We don't know what a pick - - - le he's in. But "to do

die" — shall hence forth — be my cry. — *Bon jour, au re-*
f dim.

or to die" shall henceforth be his cry. *Oh, bon jour, au re-*
f dim.

or to die" shall henceforth be his cry. *Oh, bon jour, au re-*
f dim.

jour au revoir, 'till I see you again, again.
jour au revoir, 'till we see you again, again.

(Porter at door, C. Tableau.)

mp

ACT III.

SCENE. A forest at entrance of the Fairy Dell. At back of stage is a dark curtain concealing the entrance to the Dell. Gnomes crouched about the stage, kneeling on one knee, with heads in folded arms on the other knee.

№ 1. INTRODUCTION.

Allegro moderato.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth notes and a half note. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed below the first measure of this section. The music then transitions to a crescendo (*cres.*) section with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature, starting with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking and playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. It features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section with a half note and a quarter note, followed by a crescendo (*cres.*) section. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system shows the upper staff starting with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. It includes a forte (*f*) section with a half note and a quarter note, followed by a crescendo (*cres.*) section. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system features the upper staff starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. It includes a mezzo-piano (*mp*) section with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

The fifth system features the upper staff starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. It includes a marcato section with a half note and a quarter note, followed by a crescendo (*cres.*) section leading to a fortissimo (*ff*) section. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

(Enter PORTER, L., in his extravagant costume.)

PORTER (not seeing gnomes). — Again I come; I will not be defeated;

From sight of Fairy Land I 'll not be cheated.

(Looks at his costume.) My costumer has made a grand success;

Such clothes as these will make them stare, I guess.

I 'm not bad looking; on the other hand,

If I 'm a judge, most any fairy band

Would snap me up for ornamental use.

Fine-looking men like me have some excuse

If all the girls adore them. I 've no doubt

'T was jealousy among them drove me out

Of Fairy Land before. Poor things, I weep

For them. (Wildly.) Why was I born to bring such deep

And bitter grief to maidens' hearts? Were I

Less beautiful — 't will spoil my looks to cry;

I must dry up my tears. One never knows

How much a gush of grief will red one's nose.

(Takes out pocket looking-glass, and views himself.)

I 'll hurry on; it 's getting dark — what 's this?

(Up rises a gnome, mysteriously gesticulating.)

A specimen I 'm glad I did not miss. (Note-book.)

(To Gnome.) What are you, say, a dog, a cat, a monkey,

A kangaroo, a "rang-a-tang," or donkey?

GNOME. — G-no-o-o-m-m-e.

(Resumes his position.)

PORTER. — "No, sir," 's the proper thing to say to me, sir;

I am no woman, nor would wish to be, sir.

I 'll go along (Sees another gnome.) — hullo! another imp

More hideous than the first. (Gnome gesticulates.)

He seems to limp

With all his joints. What is the matter, creature?

What are you, thing, an ourang-outang preacher?

GNOME. — G-no-o-o-m-m-e.

PORTER. — "No, sir," you 'd better say. I know what 's done it;

He thinks this hat I wear must be a bonnet.

(Seeing another gnome.) Did you come up this minute from the cellar?

Are you the same, or still another feller?

GNOME. — G-no-o-o-m-m-e.

PORTER. — There 't is again; this thing cannot be human.

Or else I look exactly like a woman.

(Sees another gnome.) I 'll settle this, by Jove, this very minute;

There 's something very strange and curious in it!

(Nudges Brun, and he rises, gesticulating.)

Now tell me, creature, if you really can,

You recognize in me a gentleman.

BRUN (emphatically). — Gno-o-o-m-m-me.

PORTER. — Oh, what a grind! that I should be mistaken,

And for a woman. (Aside, falsetto.) How my nerves are shaken!

(Whips out book and pen, stands with pen ready, and speaks in a loud voice, and very rapidly.)

PORTER. — I 'm taking notes on primogeniture; My occupation is an interviewer.

What is your tribe, your pedigree, your nation,

Your latitude and longitude and station?

And do you walk, or crawl, or fly, or wallow?

And can you wink, and sneeze, and chew and swallow?

ALL (shouting). — Gno-o-o-m-m-me.

(PORTER jumps.)

PORTER (angrily). — I give it up; you won't be interviewed.

If you are nothing else I 'll call you dude?

ALL (jumping up, and stamping their right feet toward PORTER). — Sst — sst!

PORTER retreats.

Music now begins the "Chorus of Gnomes." While the GNOMES sing they stand still in whatever places they happen to be, but in the interludes they stalk about stage, keeping step with the music, shaking hands with one another, and cutting up all sorts of grotesque capers. When BRUN begins his song they all kneel in same positions as they had at the beginning of the act. As the air of his song is played between each verse, they all rise and dance (simply jumping up and down, and throwing up arms, with fore-fingers pointing upward), in time with music. All drop upon knee at moment that the last note of interlude is played. PORTER, during the chorus and its interludes, seats himself in camp-chair, and writes; in BRUN'S song he "gets the hang" of the dancing after a while, and tries it himself.)

Nº 2. CHORUS of GNOMES and SONG of BRUN.

Allegro moderato.

Gnomes, gnomes,
Gnomes, gnomes,
Gnomes, gnomes,

we are the gnomes. Guess what we are; Guess who we are; Gnomes, we are the gnomes.
we are the gnomes. Guess where we live; Guess how we live; Gnomes, we are the gnomes.
we are the gnomes. That is our song, All the day long; Gnomes, we are the gnomes.

(After 1st and 2^d verses.)

f con spirito

(D.S. for 2^d. and 3^d. verses)

(After 3^d. verse.)

f con spirito.

BRUN.

All Gnomes kneel, except Brun. We're
Allegretto scherzando.

mf

f

gnomes, we are gnomes, And we all have our homes; We've never a care We're as free as the air; We
 garments are made Of a brown holland shade; We break fast at noon On the horn of the moon; We
 couches we sit That the mosses have knit; We sleep on the down That the thistles have blown; No

ad lib.

live in the shade, Where the darkness is made, Where caverns are deep and the glencliffs are steep;
 supper at night, By the soft northern light; We light our cigars by the blink of the stars.
 dark dreams infest Our soft, quiet nest; We wake at the call Of the deep waterfall.

(All up and dance.)

con 8va ad lib.

vivace.

1st 2^d & 3^d Tempo 10 4th

2. Our
3. On

1st 2^d & 3^d Tempo 10 4th

*all kneel
except Bum.*

4

We clamber and creep
Where the wild eaglets sleep;
We fear not the crash
Of the lightning's swift flash;
Our work is the care
Of this grotto so fair;
We're guards of this dell,
And we do our work well.

At the conclusion of the last measure, Gnomes resume their kneeling positions close to the curtain in front of Dell. Porter looks about, does not see them, and sits down upon his camp stool. He writes vigorously.

Enter PUCK, R.

PUCK. Good day! (**PORTER** keeps on writing.) (*Louder*) Good day!

(**PORTER** notices him) What brings you here, I say?

I am afraid you must have lost your way.

PORTER. (*starts up*) Indeed, I half believe that you are right.

Of Fairy Land I'm bound to get a sight.

You'll help me find the way, I'm very sure,

When I confess that I'm an interviewer.

PUCK. What is an interviewer? If you'll show,

Why! then I'll quickly answer "yes" or "no."

(**PORTER** seats himself and takes **PUCK** on his knee.)

Allegro non troppo.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked *f*. The music features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

PORTER.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics. The piano part is marked *f* and *mf*.

1. If you have any matters you would like your friends to know, But are
 2. If you are quite ambitious, say, a Gov- enor to be, Or
 3. Believe me now, I'm honest and my pur- poses are right; Of
 4. An In-ter- viewer is the man who eve- ry thing should know, Be -

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics. The piano part is marked *mf* and *ff*.

ret-icent and modest or would like to be thought so, Just buttonhole an interviewer and
 e-ven Presi-den-tial head of this our great coun-tree, Con-fide your plans and purposes un-
 Fairy Land I'm dying just to get a good square sight. I'm handsome and engaging and I'm
 cause the papers rule the world and rule it wisely too; So what you know of Fairy Land you'd

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third system of lyrics. The piano part is marked *ff* and *mf*. The vocal line includes a spoken section.

1st 2^d & 3^d 4th
 (Spoken.)
 tell your story strong A world wide reputation comes from singing your own song. Don't you see
 to an interviewer, And in the very quickest way you'll find your election sure.
 quite a proper man, Say "yes," and I will gladly help you any way I can.
 better now disclose, And then go home my little man and get some warmer clothes.

(PUCK *shakes his head, and starts to leave stage.*)

PORTER. — Come back, my little man; I want to say

A little more to you about the way

We manage matters. This is what I meant —

You know, of course, when *you* are President, —
(*Sings to music of No. 3.*)

And when you get to Washington, and live in the White House,

You 'll send for me, and I 'll go there as quiet as a mouse.

You 'll make me some great officer under the government,

And then the next election day, — why, I 'll be President.

(*Spoken.*) Don't you see?

PUCK. — Do Presidents get lots and lots of money?

Do they have bread and butter spread with honey?

Could I have lots of fairies there to stay with, And wooden men and painted dogs to play with?

PORTER. — Oh, certainly; you 'd find them there before you,

All smirks and smiles, and ready to adore you, —

The dogs tied up with *red tape* on their backs;

The men all *wired* to pull like jumping-jacks.

PUCK. — Oh, *how* delightful! When can I go there?

I always like to sit in a *high chair*.

PORTER. — When you have taken me to Fairy Land,

And introduced me to your fairy band,

Then I will tell you all about my plan.

Come, let us hurry on, my little man.

PUCK. — Oh, you can't go inside our fairy dell —

You would n't ask it if you knew us well.

Besides, you write up stories for the papers,

And that the fairies think the worst of capers.

PORTER (*aside*). — My presidential scheme 's not worth a whistle, —

About as weighty as a dried-up thistle.

What next? Shall I go mad or turn æsthetic;

Mount a high moral horse or grow pathetic?

(*Regarding PUCK, who has been sitting on PORTER'S camp stool, swinging his legs.*)

He looks quite mercenary; I 'll try money —

'T will buy him buttered bread spread thick with honey.

(*To PUCK.*) I offer you (*showing purse*), this heavy purse of gold,

That I your Fairy Land may now behold.

(*Chorus, behind the scenes, to music of refrain of No. 2, Act I.*)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, etc.

PUCK. — I cannot take your purse, though it is pretty,

You must have brought it with you from the city.

Perhaps you learn there how to tempt a lad;

But fairies think such conduct very bad.

PORTER. — Forgive me, little man; my plea must be

That I so anxious am your dell to see.

(*Kneels.*) On bended knee I do indeed implore,

That I the fairies yet may see once more.

Whatever pledge you ask, I will agree,

If I but once, *just once*, the dell can see.

PUCK (*raising right hand*). — You now agree to give up pen and paper,

And promise truly by this lighted taper,

Whate'er you see of Fairy Land tonight,

The story to the papers you 'll not write.

What you have written place now in my hand,

Or else I cannot show you Fairy Land.

That you are honest I must be quite certain,

Or I cannot consent to lift that curtain.

(*PORTER has been getting out a number of notebooks which he now gives to PUCK.*)

PORTER (*earnestly*). — I promise all; your noble truth has won.

I 'll keep my faith with you, my little son.

As interviewer I 'm a broken stick;

As interviewed you 're just a little brick.

(*PUCK blows whistle, and curtain rises, showing Fairy Grotto. The QUEEN and ATTENDANTS and FAIRIES are grouped as though on a mossy bank. A description of the grotto may be found on page 3 (preface.)*)

Much taste may be displayed in the arrangement of this tableau, and magnesium lights should here be used, to light brilliantly the grotto during singing of song of "Silver Bells."

Allegro grazioso.

f

(Queen & Attendants) 1. We sing you our song of the sil - ver bells; Their
 " " " 2. Our grot - to is gleam - ing with sil - ver and gold, With
 (Queen, solo, holding cup) 3. I give you the cup fill'd with dew - drops bright, This

soft, mer - ry chiming our sto - ry tells. Now mer - ri - ly, cheeri - ly,
 pen - dants and jewels of val - ue un - told. The bright - est and sweetest of
 chal - ice re - flects here the rain - bows light. With dia - monds and rubies and

joy - ful - ly ring, And join in our chorus as gai - ly we sing.
 all fai - ry dells Is cheer'd by the tinkle of sweet sil - ver bells.
 em' - ralds tis set; Who - ev - er re - ceives it will sor - row for - get.

(All Fairies)

mf

Tin - kle, tin - kle, sil - ver bells,

mf

** Play this passage on a Metallaphone and the air with Piano through the rest of the piece.*

Tin - kle, tin - kle, sil - ver bells,

mf

Tin - kle, tin - kle, sil - ver bells, As joy - ful - ly we sing, As

f

f

joy - ful - ly we sing, As jo - ful - ly we sing.

ff

ff

** If one cannot be had, let Piano play pp, while a tinkling bell is struck. (W. S. & CO. 5152 +)*

(PORTER starts toward QUEEN. GNOMES rise in front of dell, stamping with feet, and pointing fore-finger at PORTER.)

GNOMES. — Sst! sst! (PORTER recoils.)

PORTER. — O Fairy Queen, with joy I thee behold!

Have I, indeed, been rude? Am I too bold?

QUEEN. — Indeed thou art; for only fairies dwell Within the sacred precincts of our dell;

No mortal footfall ever echoes here;

No mortal presence ever ventures near.

What thou canst see, behold, and be content,

And of thy prying habits quick repent.

Adieu; return where other mortals dwell,

Nor hope again to see our Fairy Dell.

PORTER. — I plead for mercy, Fairy Queen.

Oh, see!

(Kneels.) How humbly I beseech on bended knee.

(FAIRIES all turn their faces away.)

PORTER. — One kindly look, one loving smile I crave!

Ah, drive me not to an untimely grave.

(Buries face in hands; then starts up.)

Oh, happy thought! My pen, my useless pen!

(Takes out stylographic pen.) I'll stab myself with this, and then — and then

(Music begins No. 4, pp.)

My poor, worn spirit will be safe at rest;

I'll fold my hands across my buckram vest.

Was ever mortal man in such a plight?

How could I meet the editress tonight?

To die were easier far, I'm very sure.

Who cares a straw when dies an interviewer!

(Seats himself in his chair. Gradually raises his hand to strike.)

№ 5. CHORUS OF FAIRIES & GNOMES & AIR, PORTER.

FAIRIES & GNOMES.

1. Please, oh, please don't think of dy - ing; 'Twould be ve-ry, ve-ry
 2. For a - las you were too pry - ing; And your conduct caused us

Andante non troppo.
 (Play through to repeat for Introduction, *pp*, afterwards *mf*)

try - ing; We should proba- bly be cry - ing, Just
 sigh - ing; Please, oh, please don't keep us cry - ing, Just

so, just so.
 so, just so.

p cres. *f*

Porter.

I'll not think a-gain of dy - ing, I'll give up the trade of

spy - ing, Now I'll send my pen a fly - ing, Just so, just

so.

sempre *ff*

[N.B. If the operetta be played in two acts, the last part of the Finale, beginning "We'll go to our homes," will be sung here, forming a conclusion to the abridged version.]

(MADAM BLUE has entered just in time to perceive PORTER as he throws pen. She is unnoticed until the end of the song. Then PORTER turns and sees her. Tableau. PORTER cowers.)

PUCK (running to PORTER, and grasping his hand). — Is she your mother-in-law? Oh, poor, poor man!

(STELLA (comes from dell, and fans PORTER.) — I never dreamed of this. Here, take my fan.

SOMNIA (coming from dell). — Forgive the past; you are a man of grief.

The fairies deem a mother-in-law the chief Misfortune man can ever meet in life.

(Aside.) I understood he did n't have a wife.

QUEEN. — You are forgiven all, good sir, believe us.

No doubt your mother-in-law bid you deceive us.

PORTER. — Your sympathy is sweet, I must avow;

I never caught a glimpse of heaven till now.

(Brokenly.) She 's not my mother-in-law, but Madam B.,

My editress-in-chief; she employs me.

MADAM BLUE. — Yes, I 'm the chief; he works for me; I chose

This man for writing every sort of news.

I sent him here to work up Fairy Land.

I pay him well, and cannot understand

Why I should find him playing fool or coward.

He does not think of me or care how hard

I work.

PORTER. — My glimpse of heaven was very brief.

Tears by the bucket-full would be relief.

PUCK (going across to MADAM BLUE, and taking her by the hand). — He tried to get into the dell, but we

Just plainly told him it could never be.

MADAM BLUE (bristling). — Indeed! why not?

I don't see why he should n't.

I 'd like to see the chap who 'd say I could n't.

(Starts toward grotto.)

GNOMES (springing up as before). — Sst! st!

(MADAM BLUE falls back into PORTER's arms. He revives her.)

82a
No. 6. DUET. MADAM BLUE & PORTER.
 (Soprano and Tenor.)

Allegro Mod.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows two empty vocal staves (Soprano and Tenor) and a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

Madam BLUE.

mf We've mis-un-der - stood each oth-er, It has caused a deal of both - er;
PORTER.

mf We've mis-un-der - stood each oth-er, It has caused a deal of both - er;

The first system of the vocal duet features two vocal staves and a grand staff. Madam Blue's line is on the top vocal staff, and Porter's line is on the bottom vocal staff. The piano accompaniment is on the grand staff. The lyrics are: "We've mis-un-der - stood each oth-er, It has caused a deal of both - er;".

f An - ger has been hard to smother, But 'tis all, 'tis all, 'tis all explained.

An - ger has been hard to smother, But 'tis all, 'tis all, 'tis all explained.

The second system of the vocal duet continues with two vocal staves and a grand staff. Madam Blue's line is on the top vocal staff, and Porter's line is on the bottom vocal staff. The piano accompaniment is on the grand staff. The lyrics are: "An - ger has been hard to smother, But 'tis all, 'tis all, 'tis all explained.".

Now we'll work in peace to-gether, Friends thro' eve - ry sort of weather

Friends thro' eve - ry sort of weather.

'Till our sure, our sure success is gain'd, our sure suc-

cess is gained.

hearts as light as a - ny feather. 'Till our sure, our sure success is gain'd, our sure suc-

cess is gained.

cess is gained.

dim

Allegretto.

Sop. and Bass.

mf

MADAM B.

We've mis-un - der - stood each oth - er; It has caused a deal of both - er;

PORTER.

We've mis-un - der - stood each oth - er; It has caused a deal of both - er;

cres.

dim.

An - ger has been hard to smother, But 'tis all, 'tis all explained

cres.

dim.

An - ger has been hard to smother, But 'tis all, 'tis all explained

mf

Now we'll work in peace to - geth - er, Friends through every sort of weath - er,

mf

Now we'll work in peace to - geth - er, Friends through every sort of weath - er,

p dolce *cres.*

'Hearts as light as an - y feath - er, 'Till our sure suc - cess is gained

p dolce *cres.*

Hearts as light as an - y feath - er, 'Till our sure suc - cess is gaind

f *ff* *rall. ad lib.*

'Till our sure suc - cess is gained.

ff *rall.*

'Till our sure suc - cess is gained.

colla voce. *Tempo come primo* *p*

Enter REPORTERS, TYPESETTERS & SKIP, R.

SKIP. O, Lord-a-massy, Porter's here with Madame;
In such a rig I dunno him from Adam.

BLIFE Well, Porter, since you've found the fairy dell,
Of course you've got the facts all written well.

MADAM B. Oh, no, indeed. I blamed him without knowing,
Oh, come, please come, 'tis time that we were going.

QUEEN. Excuse our lack of hospitality.

Our lives are not like yours as you must see.

Our world must be our own; so, when you go

Where other mortals dwell, it will not do

For you to carry hence one thought of us.

I therefore wave my wand above you thus. (*waves wand*)

Your memory now of us will not remain.

What is your loss will be our greatest gain.

Now let us all, good mortals, fairies, gnomes,

Join in a song before we seek our homes.

FAIRIES leave Grotto and come to front of stage. **REPORTERS & TYPESETTERS**
before the Grotto the entrance to which the **GNOMES** guard.

NO 7. FINALE.

Allegretto maestoso.
ff

TUTTI. ff

All is now se - rene; The clouded sky is clear;

mf *marcato.* *marcato.*

All that dark has been Gives place to brightness here,

marcato *mar - ca - to*

Now we all u - nite Our ju - bi - lee to sing, So

with a glad de - light Let all our voic-es ring.

FAIRIES & GNOME.

MADAM B., REPORTERS & TYPESETTERS.

You'll for-get what you have seen. We'll for-get what we have seen,

All is now se - rene ; The clouded sky is clear ;

All that dark has been Gives place to brightness here, So

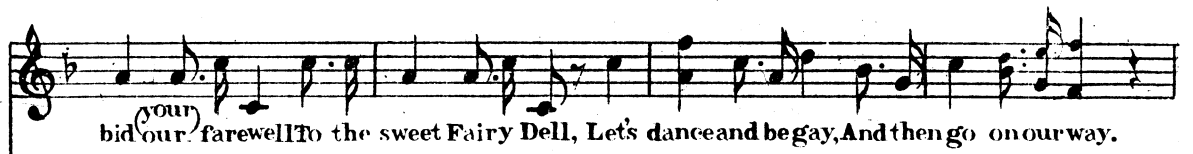
with a glad de - light Let all our voi -

rfz *sempre* *ff*

Red. *

- ces ring ring We'll

Red. * Red. * Red. *

scherzando*(All dance gnome fashion.)**8^{va} ad libitum.*

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