

**AN**

# **ADAMLESS EEDEN**

**Comic Opera di Camera.**

THE WORDS BY

**H. SAVILE CLARKE.**

THE MUSIC BY

**WALTER A. SLAUGHTER.**

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Price Half-a-Crown.

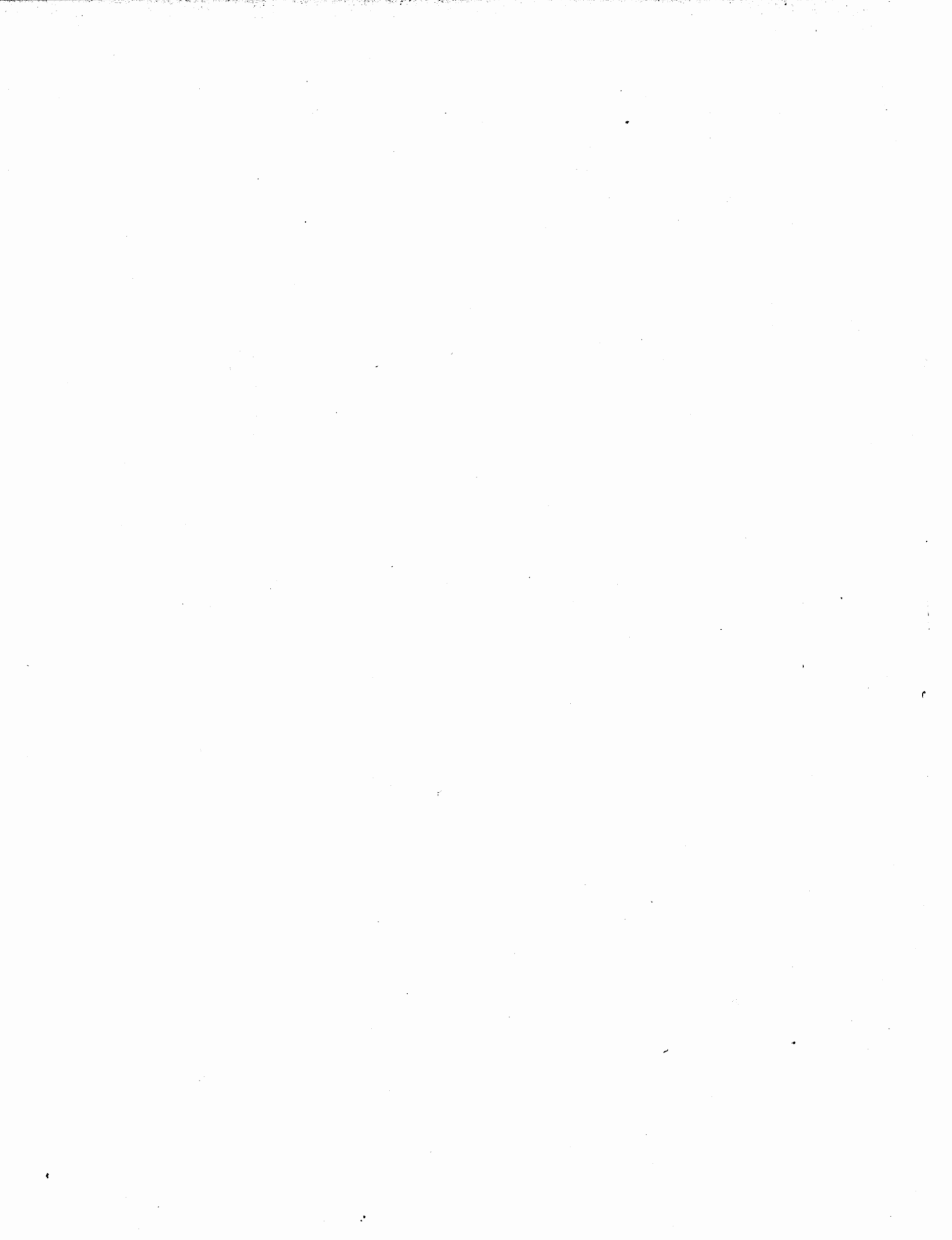
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LONDON:

**BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET, W.**

**NEW YORK: WILLIAM A. POND & CO.**



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Performed by Miss LILA CLAY'S Lady Minstrels.

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



THE DUCHESS OF BREEKS .. .. .	Viceroy of the Island of Eden.
LADY MANTRAP .. .. .	The Chief Secretary.
LADY DOROTHY DEMURRER .. .. .	Attorney-General.
MRS. SOPHIE SYNTAX .. .. .	Chairwoman of the School Board.
SIR RUBY WALLOP .. .. .	Commander-in-Chief.
SARAH STAMPS .. .. .	Postmistress-General.
LADY COCKLE CURLEW .. .. .	Physician in Ordinary.
SKIMMERY HALL, M.A., .. .. .	School Board Tutor.
PERJURY JONES .. .. .	Superintendent of Police.
PETER BLOBS, Esq., .. .. .	A "Masher" and a Pilgrim.
ALGY } .. .. .	Pilgrims.
REGGIE }	
FRED BLAZER .. .. .	Special Correspondent.
LADY MINEVER } .. .. .	Ladies-in-waiting.
LADY ERMINE }	
LADY SABLE }	
LADY GULES }	

Inhabitants of the Island.

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# AN ADAMLESS EDEN.



No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

PIANO-FORTE.

8va.....

8va.....

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

*Andante.*

*Vivace.*

*f*

1st time. 2nd time.

SCENE, Eden. Time—anytime.

No. 2.

OPENING CHORUS.

*Moderato.*

PIANO-FORTE.

The first system of the piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics range from *ff* to *mf*.

The second system continues the piano introduction with similar melodic and rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include *ff* and *mf*.

(Curtain.)

The third system of the piano introduction is marked with a bracket and the word "(Curtain.)". It features a more complex harmonic texture with chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include *mf*.

1ST SOP. *Moderato.*

Now end-ed in a pa - nic the

2ND SOP.

Now end-ed in a pa - nic the

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment shows the vocal lines for the 1st and 2nd Sopranos and the piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *ff* and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *ff* and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*.

## AN ADAMLESS EEN.

girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We live hence-forth in clo - ver from

girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We live hence-forth in clo - ver from

this e - vent - ful day. our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We

this e - vent - ful day, Each girl may be a ro - ver, We

*mf*

live in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day! Each girl may be a ro - ver, our

live in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day! Each girl may be a ro - ver, our

sla - ve - ry is o - ver. Now en - ded in a pan - ic the reign of man ty - ran - nic, With

sla - ve - ry is o - ver. Now en - ded in a pan - ic the reign of man ty - ran - nic, With

*f*



ar - dour that's vol - ca - nic, we re - as - sert our sway; Each girl may be a ro - ver, our  
 ar - dour that's vol - ca - nic, we re - as - sert our sway; Each girl may be a ro - ver, our

sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We live hence - forth in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day. For  
 sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We live hence - forth in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day.

years we've work'd but the worm turns at last,  
 The male sex is scat - ter'd like

We've ban - ish'd the men to a far - dis - tant shore, Our  
 leaves on the blast, Our

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

is - land of E - den shall know them no more, For years we've work'd but the  
 is - land of E - den shall know them no more, For years . . . we work'd but the

worm turns at last, Ah! . . . . . We've  
 worm turns at last, The male sex is scat-ter'd like leaves on the blast,

ban - ish'd the men to a far - dis - tant shore, Our is - land of E - den shall  
 Ah! . . . . . Our is - land of E - den shall

know them no more. Each girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We'll  
 know them no more. Each girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We'll

*mf*

live hence-forth in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day. Now end - ed in a pan - ic the

live hence-forth in clo - ver from this e - vent - ful day Now end - ed in a pan - ic the

reign of man ty - ran - nic, with ar - dour that's vol - ca - nic, We re - as - sert our sway; Each

reign of man ty - ran - nic, with ar - dour that's vol - ca - nic, We re - as - sert our sway; Each

girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We'll live hence-forth in clo - ver, from

girl may be a ro - ver, our sla - ve - ry is o - ver, We'll live hence-forth in clo - ver, from

*rall.* >

this e - vent - ful day. We've ban - ish'd the men to a far - dis - tant shore, Our

this e - vent - ful day. We've ban - ish'd the men to a far - dis - tant shore. Our

*rall.* >

*a tempo.*

is - land of E - den shall know them no more, no more.

is - land of E - den shall know them no more, no more.

*a tempo.*

*Enter DUCHESS.* *tr* *tr* *tr* *rall.* >

*Moderato*

*Enter Duchess, Secretary, Attorney-General, Physician, Tutor, and Ladies-in-Waiting from house R 2 R.*

DUCH. Well, ladies, how do you feel after the Great Rebellion? For years we have been trodden under foot by the male sex, and have been able to retaliate only with the dual garment in the Divorce Court. But now at last the worm has turned. It has overflowed its banks, it has reared its eagle head—(to SEC.) Eh! What! (SEC. *whispers something to her*). Oh! worms haven't banks and eagle heads. I can't help it—so much the worse for the worms—(Continues speech) has reared its eagle head, and gathering itself for one fatal spring has launched the thunderbolt of revenge from the high Emporium!

SEC. Your Excellency means Empyrean.

DUCH. No I don't. Where should you get thunderbolts from, except from an Emporium:—or perhaps a co-operative store, which is generally managed by *un-civil* servants. (Ladies smile feebly). But come, ladies, you don't look as happy as I expected. What are you doing?

1ST LADY. Nothing, your Excellency. It's no use dressing without the men to see us.

2ND LADY. And there's no fun in shopping when you have to be extravagant with your own money.

3RD LADY. And dancing with each other is as insipid as cold veal.

SEC. The fact is, your Excellency, they have not yet got used to the absence of the male sex. In a little time they will no doubt cheer lustily, will make the welkin ring.

DUCH. I am glad to hear it. I never rang the welkin myself, but so long as it has a cheerless sound let them ring it by all means. And now let us proceed to affairs of State. What reports have you?

SEC. There has been a rising in the west, your Excellency—the female population there said they could *not* exist without something to run after—but we soon put it down.

ATTOR. Yes, your Excellency. We played upon the mob with "Eau de Cologne," and then distributed new bonnets.

DUCH. Ah! Mr. Attorney: And how do gentlemen of your profession get on?

ATTOR. My place is a sinecure, your Excellency. In a population of ladies there are no criminals.

DUCH. And you, doctor, can you say that you have no patients?

PHY. I can, but for another reason! I got on very well with male patients, but my own sex won't have me at any price. They say their pulses will only beat for men.

DUCH. Dear me, this must be looked into, or we shall never keep down the surplus population. What else is there to inquire into? Where is the Chairwoman of our School Board.

1ST LADY. Here is Mrs. Syntax, and the school with her.

*Enter Chairwoman of School Board, with a small girl in charge of Policeman, R 1 E.*

DUCH. Ha! This energy speaks well for the cause of education. Now, Mrs. Syntax, how goes it with the School Board?

CHAIR. We wrangle a good deal, your Excellency, but we flourish. We have spent upwards of fifty thousand pounds on new schools, as the old ones lacked architectural beauty.

DUCH. Magnificent! Are our people grateful?

CHAIR. I can't say that they are, your Excellency; the ratepayers grumble a good deal.

DUCH. The ratepayer is never happy unless he is grumbling. It is very kind, therefore, of a beneficent Government to give him something to grumble at.

CHAIR. The only people who seem pleased are the solicitor and the architect.

DUCH. Ah! the educated classes—good. And why are *they* pleased?

CHAIR. Because they pocket handsome commissions.

OMN. Oh! Oh! (And laughter).

SEC. You have plenty of scholars' of course, Mrs. Syntax.

CHAIR. Well, I can hardly say so. *That* at present is our only pupil. (Pointing to small girl, who tries to bolt, and is immediately collared by Policeman).

POLICE. No yer don't.

CHAIR. And she represents a rate of sixpence in the pound.

ATTOR. Ha! ha! She is hardly visible to the naked eye; hadn't you better put her under a microscope?

SEC. Yes, Mrs. Syntax, you know children have a passion for slides.

DUCH. Lady Mantrap, I am astonished at you. A person who can sneer at elementary education deserves to be torn in pieces by Civil Service Examiners. Although you can see her with half an eye, let us be thankful she's a whole pupil. (Aside.) If it comes to bandying japes, I think I have them there!

2ND LADY. Ah! ah! very good, Duchess. (Duchess bows with satisfaction.)

CHAIR. It is all very well to laugh, but I rescued that child from a terrible fate.

2ND LADY. From the Cannibals?

3RD LADY. From the Land League?

SEC. Good gracious, Mrs. Syntax, tell us where *did* you get her?

CHAIR. From an industrial school.

POLICE. (Child tries to run.) Ah! would yer? The young varmint always tries to bolt, mum, when an industrial school's mentioned. (Sensation.)

CHAIR. And though we cannot boast of a quantity of pupils, we go in for quality. We have engaged a tutor for her.

DUCH. And what do you teach her?

TUTOR. English, French, mathematics, and political economy, dynamics, hydrostatics, singing, dancing, and painting on china.

DUCH. Ha! this is elementary education indeed, and shows the Board schools are within the reach of all.

CHAIR. Yes, we intend to run her for the Telegraphs, the Post Office Savings Bank, the middle class examinations, and Girton College; and then I think the ratepayers will have something for their money.

[On hearing this the child howls and runs off R, 1 E., followed by the Policeman.]

DUCH. Ha! the child does not seem absolutely to thirst for the Pierian Spring. But now we must be off.

SEC. Yes, your Excellency. The Committee on the Adulteration of Pearl Powder will be waiting for you.

DUCH. Ah, yes! uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SEC. Yes, your Excellency. (Aside.) She does tell stories sometimes.

*Repeat of Chorus.*

[Exit Duchess, Secretary and Ladies.]

ATTOR. Well, Sophy, what do you think of the new régime?

CHAIR. What do I think of it? I think it's hateful, unnatural.

ATTOR. I expected it would come to this; you want the men back?

CHAIR. Of course I do. Life without man is illusory, unsubstantial. It is like frills without frocks, tomato sauce without chops, like red currant jelly without roast mutton, like soup—

ATTOR. Without spoons, my dear. That's what you're driving at. But after all, what is love?

CHAIR. Oh, bother your riddles, I was never good at conundrums. All I know is that love is—Peter.

ATTOR. And who in the name of the Lord Chancellor is Peter?

CHAIR. A man.

ATTOR. So I supposed, dear; I didn't think he was a monkey, though in these days of monkey-men you never can be certain.

CHAIR. Peter's my "mash;" he gives me flowers, and buys me bracelets, and stalls at the theatre, and little suppers at the Roman's, and he's going to marry me when the old man dies and his unnatural mother lets him break his engagement with his nasty cousin.

ATTOR. What a beautiful life! what an idyllic existence! How could you turn from poetry and Peter to the School Board?

CHAIR. My dear, I must have excitement. But bark!

[A whistle heard.]

ATTOR. What's that?

CHAIR. That's Peter. As Wagner would say, that's the *Blobbs-motive*.

ATTOR. Rash girl! You have not dared to bring him here? You know the penalty is death.

CHAIR. Pooch! There's not a woman on the island who would have the heart to slay Peter, and we've not got a man on the premises to do it.

ATTOR. This is a pretty business!

CHAIR. I can't help it, Dorothy; I can't live without Peter. Surely you are not going to betray me? Mum's the word!

ATTOR. Extra dry.

## No. 3. THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

(SONG.)

*Vivace.* PETER.

1. Pe - ter Blobbs is my name, And I'm  
2. I can drive four-in-hand With the

PIANO-FORTE.

well known to fame, At New-mar-ket, Ep - som, and Lin - coln; I'm a - ware I'm a mash, And I cut quite a dash, You best in the land, At pi-geons I'm reck-on'd a "nail - er," In Pa - ris I'm gay At the Ca - fé An-glais, At

read of me oft in the *Pink 'Un*. With the chap-pies I walk Full of slang is my talk, I'm al - ways ar - ray - ed as Cowes I'm a re - gu - lar sail - or. I'm well known in the ring, Where I've oft had my fling; I'm fly to all "stiff uns" and

CHORUS.

dan - dy; I can smoke ci - gar-ettes, Lounge at bars and make bets, I dote up - on so - da and bran - dy, He swin - dles, With a "snap - py" bru-nette I go beat - ing, you bet, And spoon in the sum-mer at Skin - dle's, He

He

dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy, He can smoke ci-garettes Lounge at bars and make bets, And dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy.

dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy, He can smoke ci-garettes Lounge at bars and make bets, And dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy.

*Vivace.*

3. I'm the pet of Pall Mall, And each  
4. I'm not nuts up - on balls; But in

*f*

Bur - ling-ton bello Has smiles for the mon-arch of mash - ers, And how - e'er I be-have I can man-age to save My  
Gai - e - ty stalls I o - gle the Ag-gies and Con - nies; Mighty bou-quets I throw At the girls that I know, With

ba - con, I should say my rash - ers. At both bil-liards and pool Cor-lett says I'm no fool, Each doughty an-tag-on-ist  
o - ther im-ma - cu-late John - nies. I would risk ev - ry rap That I'm good for at "Nap" My debts are ex-ceed-ed by

## AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

CHORUS.

scorn - ing; Ev-'y night I en - joy Might-y drains of "the boy" With ne - ver a head in the morn - ing. } He  
no man's; I am game for a row, That's the way we live now At Al - dershot, Long's or the Ro - man's. }

He

dotes up-on so - da and bran - dy, He can smoke ci-garettes Lounge at bars and make bets, And dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy.

dotes up-on so - da and bran - dy, He can smoke ci-garettes Lounge at bars and make bets, And dotes up-on so-da and bran - dy.

*Chairwoman and Attorney join in last lines of each verse, with short dance.*

ATTOR. Oh, how delightfully wicked.

CHAIR. If Peter describes his simple pleasures in such glowing language it will be too much for Lady Dorothy's susceptible heart.

*[Peter embraces Chairwoman.]*

ATTOR. Oh, this is too much. I will go and hide my blushes.

*[Exit, L 1. 2.]*

PET. Well, Sophy, and how are you? You do look "snappy" You see, dearest, I have come, disguised, as you suggested, as a Pilgrim.

CHAIR. Yes, dear; and you look charming. If the Pilgrim Fathers looked like that how delighted the Pilgrim Mothers must have been.

PET. Little flatterer! But how do the chappies, I mean the girls, get on by themselves—don't they miss us? *(conceitedly.)*

CHAIR. Terribly. The Duchess and the Chief Secretary got on very well, because nobody ever ran after them, but the rest of us are very sick of Eden without Adam. Oh, Peter, it was good of you to come. How did you manage it?



No. 4. LOVE BE SURE FINDS OUT THE WAY.

(DUET.)

PETER AND CHAIRWOMAN.

*Andante.*  
PETER.

PIANO-  
FORTE.

Ne-ver mind what fate be -

- fall, How-e'ez rough the path-way be, Not a dan - ger can ap - pal, So it brings me near to

thee, So it brings me near to thee. Dear, thine eyes have all the light He-rald - ing love's dawning

CHAIRWOMAN.

*pp*

*rall.*

*pp*

day: Be it noon or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it noon or be it

Be it noon, or be it

night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it noon or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the  
 night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it noon or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the

way. Wot ye well my  
 way.

heart was sore, Think-ing on what might be - tide; Had I seen thee ne-ver - more, Sweetheart! I had sure-ly

died. Sad in-deed my fate had been, Yet can love such woes re - pay, Though the o - cean

rolls between, Love, I know, finds out the way, Though the o - cean rolls be - tween, Love, I know, finds out the

CHAIRWOMAN. *ppp*

way, Be it noon, or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it

PETER. *ppp*

Be it noon or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it

*mf*

*rall.*

noon, or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it noon, or be it

*rall.*

noon, or be it night, Love, be sure, finds out the way, Be it noon, or be it

night, Love, be sure, finds out the way.

night, Love, be sure, finds out the way. *tr.....*

PET. It strikes me that, as they say in melodrama, we are observed. I will dissemble.

*Muffles himself in cloak as Duchess and suite come on, R 2 E.*

DUCH. A stranger here! Who is this?

CHAIR. (*nervously*) A new pupil, your Excellency.

DUCH. Say rather a recruit to the great cause. [*Aside to the CHIEF SECRETARY.*] A shapely maiden too, we will take her under our own wing.

PET. Yes, your Excellency, I was a bit off my feed, so I said to the gummies—

CHAIR. (*stopping him.*) Hush!

SEC. I shall be happy to do all I can for the new comer, Duchess, (*aside.*) A most interesting stranger.

*The others, notably the four Ladies-in-waiting, draw round Peter and welcome him most affectionately, while Chairwoman looks on angrily, and Attorney-General suspiciously.*

DUCH. You are welcome to our island, but why did you come in this attire?

PET. I assumed it in crossing the island of the men, your Excellency. It's rather a Guy Fawkes sort of a get up, but the fact is—

CHAIR. Hush! pray be careful.

PET. (*Aside.*) All right; only don't pull me.

DUCH. Ha! (*Turning to the others.*) Ladies! we would confer with this stranger alone. Chief Secretary, you can remain.

[*Others go off R 2 & 3 E.*

CHAIR. If it was anyone else but those two old cats I would not trust Peter with them. [*Exit L 2 E.*

PET. (*bowing.*) I am very much at your Excellency's service.

DUCH. We are always glad to have recruits in the great insurrection against man; but they must take care to be what they seem.

SEC. Disguises are dangerous.

PET. So they are; I knew a gommy once who got himself up as a pumpkin at a fancy dress ball—

DUCH. Young—person, do not be flippant.

PET. (*aside.*) Oh! oh! There is danger here. I must try a little canoodling. (*Aloud.*) Listen to me, and I can explain everything.

DUCH. We are all attention.

*Duchess and Secretary fold their arms, and turn half away from him. He then begins the trio by kissing each of them. They start.*

No. 5.

HE'S KISS'D ME.

(KISS TRIO.)

PETER, DUCHESS AND SECRETARY.

PETER. *ad lib.*

*Moderato.* *mf* Ne - ver was there dame or

PIANO-FORTE.

miss Who could e'er..... re - sist a kiss; I have kiss'd a ma - ny score, Now what

*ad lib.*

mat - ter these two more, Ne - ver was there dame or miss Who could e'er..... re - sist a

kiss; I have kiss'd a ma - ny score, Now what mat - ter these two more? *(kiss.)*

DUCHESS. CHIEF SEC. PETER. DUCHESS.

He kiss'd me! He kiss'd me! I've kiss'd the two! Oh!

don't you think it for - ward? He kiss'd me! He

CHIEF SEC. I ra - ther think I do. He kiss'd me, He

PETER. I have

kiss'd me too, Oh don't you think it for - ward, I ra - ther think I do.

kiss'd me too, Oh don't you think it for - ward, I ra - ther think I do.

kiss'd the two, Oh don't you think it for - ward, I ra - ther think I do.

## AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

PETER. *ad lib.*

I have kiss'd girls frank and free, Young-er than these seem to

*rall.*

be, But a pil-grim, le-gends say, Must kiss what comes in his way. I have kiss'd girls frank and

*rall.*

free, Younger than these seem to be, But a pil-grim, le-gends say, must kiss what comes in his way.

*rall.*

DUCHESS.

He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me too,.. Don't you think it for-ward, I real-ly think I

*p* *SEC.*

He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me too,.. Don't you think it for-ward, I real-ly think I

*p*

kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, That's what I do,.. Don't you think it for-ward, I real-ly think I

*p a tempo.*

do.... He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me too, Oh don't you think you like it? I

do.... He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me, He kiss'd me too, Oh don't you think you like it? I

do. Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, That's what I do, Oh don't I think they like it? I

*a tempo.*

ra - ther think I do. He kiss'd me! Oh

ra - ther think I do. He kiss'd me!

ra - ther think I do. I've kiss'd the two!

don't you think it for - ward? He kiss'd me!

I ra - ther think I do. He kiss'd

He kiss'd me too! Oh don't you think it for - ward? I  
me, He kiss'd me too! Oh don't you think it for - ward? I  
I have kiss'd the two! Oh don't you think it for - ward? I

ra - ther think I do.  
ra - ther think they do.  
ra - ther think they do.

DUCH. That is a perfectly satisfactory explanation! Your hand, Pilgrim. (*They shake hands.*) But you must be very careful not to offer the same kind of explanation to anyone else—mustn't he, Chief Secretary.

SEC. Certainly, your Excellency. It might be misunderstood.

DUCH. You are aware of the peril you are in,—and you must keep up your disguise. I will not betray you on one condition.

PET. And what is that? Out with it, and I'll weigh in directly.

DUCH. Where you come from there may be—observe I put it hypothetically and say there may be—other Pilgrims; now if you could bring another along with you—

SEC. And one for me, too, please.

DUCH. Look here, Chief Secretary, we can't have Pilgrims running all over the place.

SEC. Very well, your Excellency; then *I* may have something to say.

PET. Give your orders, ladies.

DUCH. Well, well, then let us have two more Pilgrims, please, and mind they are young ones. Ta-ta!

*Duchess and Secretary Dance off singing refrain of trio, R 2 E.*

PET. Ta-ta! (*comes down.*) Ha, ha! Mind they are young ones as if she were ordering chickens. I think I've got out of that scrape pretty well.

*Exit after them singing. Enter Chairwoman L 2 E.*

CHAIR. What have they done with Peter. The Duchess is quite capable of secreting him somewhere.



No. 6. PLANTATION SONG AND DANCE.

*Moderato.* CHAIRWOMAN.

1. Sam  
2. Sam  
3. At

PIANO-FORTE. *f*

said I had the love - li - est of no - ses, He much ad - mir'd my hoop - de - doo - dem -  
said if I would kiss him for his un - cle, We'd track o - pos - sums up the trees of  
last there came a Mor - mon to the Bay State, Who want - ed an as - sort - ment of new

- do; He pes - ter'd me with pum - kins and with po - - - sies, And  
gum; His nose was as red as a car - bun - - - cle, With  
wives, I went with him, but sim - ply as I may state, In

view'd with ex - e - cra - tions he'd be true. He hung a - round the pes - ky old plan -  
blush - es so he said, I call'd it rum. He ask'd me would I live up - on the  
view of sav - ing both their pre - cious lives. But Sam re - mark'd that game would ne - ver

- ta - tion, He met me where the bold ban - an - as blow,..... But when  
 prai - rie, 'Mid mus - tangs and bound - ing buf - fa - lo..... I  
 suit a Bold boy with a re - vol - ver, - gol - ly! no;..... He

I pro - pos'd he said "Oh, bo - ther - a - - tion!" And danc'd—  
 said that would be ve - ry much too ai - - ry, And danc'd—  
 let the day - light through the man from U - - tah, Who danc'd—

just so. He look'd so shy, But  
 just so. I gave a glance, And  
 just so. "Thank you," he said, "I

tried to fly, He look'd so shy, I said oh  
 then I'd dance, I gave a glance, And said oh  
 find I'm dead," "Thank you," he said, "I find I'm

no. }  
no. }  
dead. }

Sam said I had the love - li - est of no - - ses, He

much ad - mir'd my hoop - de - doo - dem - do; He pes - ter'd me with pum - kins and with

po - - sies, And vow'd with ex - e - cra - tions he'd be true.

*Dance after last verse.*

8va.....

8va..... loco.

*Enter Peter and Attorney R I E.*

ATTOR. Then a masher is allowed to pay attention to more than one girl at a time?

PET. To dozens! Variety is charming—like you!

ATTOR. Nonsense! No doubt you said the same thing to Sophie Syntax.

PET. Of course I did! I keep a commonplace book full of compliments, and fork them out like pickled walnuts.

ATTOR. And which am I to have?

PET. The biggest walnut.

ATTOR. And Sophie?

PET. At present it seems to me Sophie is getting the peppercorns.

CHAIR. (*aside.*) Oh! the monster! I'll peppercorn him!

PET. The fact is, Sophie's devotion begins to pall.

ATTOR. Oh! then that's not the way to treat a man!

PET. No! Don't let him know whether you care for him or not, and you have him at your feet. Worship him, and he immediately runs away and worships somebody else. *Tries to put his arm round her.*

ATTOR. (*repulsing him.*) No, no, Sir! I'll take a lesson out of your book.

PET. Pray don't; that's only theory. There's no occasion to put it into practice. *Embraces her.*

*Chairwoman comes forward distracted, and flings herself at his feet.*

CHAIR. Peter! Peter! I couldn't have believed it of you.

PET. The deuce!

ATTOR. (*coolly.*) No, Sophie; suffering from the peppercorns.

CHAIR. Peter! You have broken my heart. Strike once more!

PET. No, Sophie, you ask too much. A man is unworthy of the name that lifts his hand against a woman save to despatch her at a blow, and I always had a rooted antipathy to inquests. You will come to your senses, and as I hate interfering in domestic quarrels, I will leave you together.

*Exit Peter R 2 E. Chairwoman jumps up.*

CHAIR. Oh, you viper! But no matter! Peter and I have had tiffs before and made it up; and I'll win him yet.

ATTOR. Will you! Wait till I go and expose the whole business to the Duchess.

## No. 7.

## DUET OF DEFIANCE.

CHAIRWOMAN AND ATTORNEY.

*Vivace.* CHAIRWOMAN.

1. I hurl you de - fi - ance; re -  
2. You wretch I will meet you and

PIANO-FORTE. *f*

li - ance On you I could place, oh! for shame, To say that you'll chat - ter, no mat - ter, You  
beat you, Some day when there's no - bo - dy near, How mean ev - 'ry act is, the fact is You've

ATTORNEY.

shan't show up my lit - tle game. Ah well, you de - fy me but try me, You'll see I'll do all that I  
not got a Pil - grim, my dear. Don't boast of your bad - ness, this mad - ness I'll show to the light of the

*rall.*

can,..... Your Pil - grim so staid, I no la - dy Pro - claim, for she's sim - ply a man..... Now  
sun;..... I mayn't have a Pil - grim, but will grim Re - venge show be - fore I have done..... Now

*tr*

CHAIRWOMAN.

lis - ten to me,..... Now lis - ten to me:..... You long for war, I'm rea - dy to fight, I'm

ATTORNEY.

lis - ten to me,..... Now lis - ten to me:..... You long for war, I'm rea - dy to fight, I'm

*f*

At end of duet they rush off in opposite directions. Enter Ladies-in-Waiting, R 2 E.

1ST LADY. Heigho! I wish I was on the School Board.

TUTOR. Do you? You very soon *would* be bored, I can tell you.

PHY. What an extraordinary idea, Lady Minever.

1ST LADY. Not at all. I've spent all my own money, and now I should like to lavish somebody else's.

TUTOR. But why the School Board? Why not the Board of Works.

1ST LADY. No, no; the Board of Shirks I call that. Pops down small-pox hospitals where they're not wanted, and can't keep the high tides out of poor people's houses.

PHY. My dear, you're evidently bilious; try a little of my Patent Vegetable Regenerator. The Vicar of St. Splodger's, Kensington, declares it does him more good than a sensation drama, and Captain Burnaby has promised to try it on an Arab Sheikh next time he goes abroad.

1ST LADY. I think I know why Lady Minever is so enthusiastic all at once for the cause of education. She has seen the new pupil.

PHY. Ah! Yes! that explains it! Mrs. Syntax is a fortunate woman. I wish the new pupil would have some slight ailment, and then I should have a chance.

3RD LADY. Lady Minever evidently wants such a pupil herself.

1ST LADY. Well, and why not? Don't we all want pupils—or rather, I should say, Pilgrims?

OMN. We do! we do!

Enter Duchess, Chief Secretary, Attorney-General, ould Chairwoman, R 2 E—the former furious.

DUCH. (*reading paper.*) Ha! This is nice news. His Majesty does not approve of the turn affairs have taken, and orders us to restore the men to their old positions among us.

*Sensation and murmurs of satisfaction from the onlookers.*

SEC. His Majesty holds peculiar views. He hates women—and apples; and though he can sometimes bring himself to pardon Eve, he never can forgive the apple.

DUCH. That may be; but we will not yield. We will never say die.

SEC. Certainly not, your Excellency. I always thought our own hair was much more becoming.

DUCH. Peace, scoffer! Lady Demurrer, supposing his Majesty proceeds against us, what would you advise?

ATTOR. I should consult a respectable solicitor.

DUCH. Bah! Mrs. Syntax—what have you to say? Are we to admit

the men once more, that these hapless girls may be deluded into matrimony? You have often declared that a married woman was fettered.

CHAIR. Yes, Duchess. But there was some consolation in hugging one's chains.

DUCH. You are incorrigible. Why do you want to run after the men?

ATTOR. Because at present they don't seem inclined to run after us.

DUCH. Very likely. Adam existed without Eve.

CHAIR. But Eve never tried the experiment without Adam.

DUCH. I can't make out what you see in the men.

SEC. Nothing just now, your Excellency; we can't see them near enough.

DUCH. Man is a devouring monster!

ATTOR. And a good many young women are willing to be eaten.

SEC. Yes. Woman, like a partridge, never looks better than when dressed—for dinner.

DUCH. In *my* day men were not in such a hurry to get married; and, when they were married, I'm sure they didn't seem as if they liked it. I know the Duke didn't.

ATTOR. Possibly not, your Excellency. His Grace, I believe, once remarked that existence in a china shop, accompanied by a herd of bulls, and a dozen barrel organs was peace itself compared with married life.

DUCH. (*grimly*) Did he? I've no doubt, my dear, that the Duke was a good judge. But, to return to the subject, I don't believe all the men want to come back.

SEC. (*meaningly*) Some of them, my dear Duchess, may wish to take a pilgrimage to this island.

DUCH. (*signing to her to be quiet*) Yes, yes. That is just possible. But as to our being once more overwhelmed by our tyrants, we will not stand it. I shall call Parliament together and appeal to the nation.

SEC. And what will Parliament do?

DUCH. Assemble—and talk.

SEC. And then?

DUCH. Dissolve and talk again! The rubbish that isn't shot in St. Stephen's the papers call extra-Parliamentary utterances!

ATTOR. And what good will you get by that?

DUCH. My dear, its Constitutional: that's everything nowadays. Put the screw in as much as you like, socially and financially; but label it Constitutional, and it goes down like patent medicine. (*Turns and calls off.*) What ho! Hurry up the faithful Commons.

All come on R 2 & 3 E and seat themselves around the Duchess, who assumes the position of Speaker.

No. 8. POLITICAL CHORUS:

(DUCHESS, SECRETARY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL, CHAIRWOMAN AND CHORUS.)

*Vivace.*

PIANO-FORTE.

DUCHESS. ATTOR. SEC.

I've a mo-tion! What a no-tion! How you

CHAIR. DUCHESS. SEC.

chat-ter! What's the mat-ter? CHORUS. Are you ris-ing? How sur-

Is the busi-ness ev-er go-ing to be-gin?

Is the busi-ness ev-er go-ing to be-gin?

ATTOR. CHAIR.

- pris-ing! Yes, I'm shak-ing and you're quak-ing,

All this cac-kle and ob-struc-tion is a sin.

All this cac-kle and ob-struc-tion is a sin.

CHAIR.  
 You are blush-ing, yes, I'm flush - ing,  
 ATTOR. & SEC.  
 You are blush-ing, yes, I'm flush - ing,  
 DUCHESS.  
 You are blush-ing, yes, I'm flush - ing,  
 They are spout - ing, we are shout - ing,  
 They are spout - ing, we are shout - ing,

We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing,  
 We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing,  
 We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing,  
 'tis as - tound - ing, yes, con - found - ing,  
 'tis as - tound - ing, yes, con - found - ing,

*ff*

How we're all of us ad - vanc - ing, all ad - vanc - ing the great cause;

How we're all of us ad - vanc - ing, all ad - vanc - ing the great cause;

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

In this way we wo - men make, we wo - men make our coun - try's laws.

In this way we wo - men make, we wo - men make our coun - try's laws.

you are blush - ing, yes, I'm flush - ing!

you are blush - ing, yes, I'm flush - ing!

you are blush - ing, yes, I'm flush - ing!

*ff*

They are spout - ing, we are shout - ing,

*ff*

They are spout - ing, we are shout - ing,



We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing!

We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing!

We're de - light - ing in this fight - ing!

'tis as - tound - ing! yes, con - found - ing!

'tis as - tound - ing! yes, con - found - ing!

Is the bus'-ness ev - er go - ing to com-mence? Is the bus'-ness ev - er go - ing to com -

Is the bus'-ness ev - er go - ing to com-mence? Is the bus'-ness ev - er go - ing to com -

DUCHESS. ATTOR. SEC. CHAIR.

I've a mo-tion! What a no-tion! How you chat-ter! What's the mat-ter?

- mence? Is the bus'-ness ev - er

- mence? Is the bus'-ness ev - er

DUCHESS. SEC. ATTOR. CHAIR.

Are you ris-ing? How sur-pris-ing! Yes, I'm si-k-ing! And I'm quak-ing!

go-ing to be-gin? Is the

go-ing to be-gin? Is the

*rall.*

cac-kle and ob-struc-tion is a sin. Is the bus-ness ev-er go-ing to be-gin?

*rall.*

cac-kle and ob-struc-tion is a sin. Is the bus-ness ev-er go-ing to be-gin?

*rall.*

All this cac-kle is a sin.

*rall.*

All this cac-kle is a sin.

DUCH. I beg to move that "whereas the banishment of man has been in every way beneficial to this Island of Eden, we shall not admit him again on any terms." Now, madam, with regard to that motion, there are three courses open to us. We can either have Eden without Man, that is, Eden minus Adam, ("No, no," and groans), Eden with Adam ("Hear, hear," and cheers), or Adam without Eden, when we can catch him. (Cheers.) For myself, I have kept my mind quite open on the subject, for it is not within my knowledge that the consideration of this question has entered definitely into the concerns of the present. ["Yes, yes," and murmurs. Duchess sits down.]

SEC. Madam! I think we should see how long we can get on without Adam. Let us be doctors, for surely women ought to study affections of the heart. Let us be lawyers, for legal knowledge will come in handy for actions of breach of promise of marriage. Let us be politicians, for woman ought to endeavour to obtain Home Rule. (Cheers.) Let us do all these things, let us struggle on if only as a warning to future generations of women—(Pause)—not to do them again. (Cheers.)

DUCH. The evident sense of the House—  
OMN. Sing, Duchess, sing!

No. 9.

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

(SONG.)

*Moderato.*

VOICE. 

PIANO. *Vivace.* 

1. E - den mi - nus  
 2. E - den mi - nus  
 3. E - den mi - nus

A - - dam, What could bet - ter be?..... Hard as is mac -  
 A - - dam, We can earn the pelf,..... To a fool - ish -  
 A - - dam, Write this on your shield,..... "Man has gone, how



- a - - dam, Men dis - co - ver me..... Man we know has  
 lad am I to yield my - self?..... Know the truth e -  
 bad am I if I should yield."..... Blow the joy - ful



rul'd us, In all days and climes,..... Far too long has  
 - ter - - nal, To all a - ges tell,..... Wo - man is the  
 trum - - pets, Since the world has said,..... Girls are cakes and

*rall.*  *a tempo.*

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

CHORUS. § *Vivace.*

fool'd us, Whack'd us, too, at times.....  
 ker - nel, Man is on - ly shell.....  
 crum - pets, Man is moul - dy bread.....

Time was when we waltz'd on the

u - su - around. And thought a man's voice was an ex - quis - ite sound, We fol - lowed where of - fi - cers were to be found, At

Woolwich, or Windsor, or Weed - on; But now the new reign of our sex has be - gun, We've banished all mas - cu - line

firt - ing and fun, And lo! a strange thing in the sight of the sun, We've star - ted an A - dam - less E - den.

*1st & 2nd times.*

star - ted an A - dam - less E - den.

*3rd time.*

*raff.* *a tempo.* *ff*

After this the House breaks up singing chorus. All go off R 2 & 3 E but Duchess and Chief Secretary.

DUCH. Well, that's all right. And now my dear Chief Secretary, having settled the affairs of State, we can give our attention to affairs of the heart.

SEC. Oh, fie! Duchess, and you were so hard upon us when we discussed the men.

DUCH. My dear, I wanted to set a good example to those giddy girls. They have no right to be aware even of the existence of men—that knowledge should be reserved for—mature Sirens.

SEC. Then you are recanting. You give up woman's rights.

DUCH. Not at all! I am not going to give up the best of woman's rights—the right to catch a good husband.

SEC. But you have had one. How many more do you want? Look here, Duchess, if you are going to wallow in husbands and leave me out in the cold I shall resign.

DUCH. My dear, the Duke doesn't count—he was a cypher; of no value, unless tacked on to another figure.

SEC. But he was tacked on to you.

DUCH. And he *knew* it, my dear. But he was a mean wretch.

SEC. Yes, I always heard that the Duke was so economical that when he went on his honeymoon—he left his wife at home.

DUCH. A calumny! But no matter—I mean to have another husband.

SEC. Then why not have all the men back?

DUCH. Oh, you simpleton! If they all came back I shouldn't have a chance among these girls; whereas if we admit one or two on the sly—I can only say that the man I choose had better give in at once or tremble for the consequences.

SEC. I can quite believe that, Duchess.

DUCH. As poor dear Breeks used to say, and he had reason, "You might as well try to fight a mad dog with a Finnan haddie, as cross the Duchess in one of her tantrums." Ah! (*Enter PETER, she smiles gracefully*). My dear Mr.—Pilgrim, I don't think we heard your name before.

PET. Blobbs, your grace. Peter Blobbs.

DUCH. Thanks, Mr. Blobbs, and where do you live?

PET. You must pardon me, your Grace, for keeping that dark.

DUCH. And why?

PET. Because a good deal of my correspondence begins with "Victoria, by the Grace of God."

SEC. (*Aside*). What a grand young man he must be for a Queen to write to him!

DUCH. Well, my dear Mr. Blobbs, and have you executed my little commission?

PET. As my tradesmen—unpaid—say, with punctuality and despatch. I have brought a Johnny for each of you: so that you can run in double harness if they don't turn restive. Here they are.

SEC. Rapture.

[*Enter other Two Pilgrims, L 3 E.*]

No. 10. QUINTETT—LOVE HAS WON.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

PILGRIM.

Love has won!..... fun like this .....

The Pilgrim's first vocal line is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are "Love has won!..... fun like this .....". The melody is simple and features a long note on "won!". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic pattern.

Scarce I can re - mem - - ber, Scarce I can re - mem - - ber,

The Pilgrim's second vocal line is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are "Scarce I can re - mem - - ber, Scarce I can re - mem - - ber,". The melody is similar to the first line, with a dotted rhythm. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

I shall join..... in wed - - - ded bliss.....

May - time and De - cem - - ber, De - cem - - - - ber.

DUCHESS & 1ST PILGRIM.

*f* For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*f* 2ND PILGRIM & CHIEF SEC.  
For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*f* PETER.  
For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*mf*  
door; . . . . O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - ver -  
*mf* PILGRIM (alone).

*mf*  
door; . . . . O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - ver -

*mf*  
door; . . . . O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - ver -

*f*

- more. For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*f*

- more. For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*f*

- more. For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - - though ye bar the

*mf*

door;..... O'er cot and hall what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us

*mf*

door;..... O'er cot and hall what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us

*mf*

door;..... O'er cot and hall what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us

e - ver - more.....

e - ver - more.....

e - ver - more.....

DUCHESS.

Love would win..... well we knew, No - thing could be neat - - er—

I've a Pil - grim, so have you, So - phie keeps her Pe - - ter.

Love would win..... well we know, No - thing could be neat - - er—

I've a Pil - grim, so have you, So - phie keeps her Pe - - ter.

DUCHESS & 1ST PILGRIM.

*f* For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - -

*f* 2ND PILGRIM & CHIEF SEC.

*f* PETER.

For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - -



- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall,  
*mf* PILGRIM (alone).

- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall,

- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be - fall,

Love rules us e - ver - more. *f* For wot ye well that love steps in, *>* Al - -

Love rules us e - ver - more. *f* For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - -

Love rules us e - ver - more. *f* For wot ye well that love steps in, Al - -

- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be -

- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be -

- - though ye bar the door; ..... *mf* O'er cot and hall what-e'er be -

*ff accel.*  
- fall, Love rules us e - ver - more. O'er cot, o'er hall  
*ff accel.*  
- fall, Love rules us e - ver - more. O'er cot, o'er hall  
*ff accel.*  
- fall, Love rules us e - ver - more. O'er cot, o'er hall  
*accel.*  
*ff*

what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - - -  
what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - - -  
what - e'er be - fall, Love rules us e - - -  
*ff*

- ver - more.  
- ver - more.  
- ver - more.  
*a tempo.*  
*fff*

**DUCH.** After that, I think a chaste embrace would be appropriate.

**PET.** Certainly; but I have nothing to embrace.

*Duchess and Chief Secretary embrace the Two Pilgrims, who do not look positively enchanted. Then the Duchess turns to Peter.*

**DUCH.** If Sophie will not be jealous, perhaps you will take me as a substitute.

**PET.** I shall be delighted (*embraces her*).

**DUCH.** Now listen to me. You three must keep on your disguises as Pilgrims, except when what I may call the Happy Family is assembled.

**PET.** Just so. The "Chappie" family—(*indicating Pilgrims and self*)—must dissemble.

**DUCH.** Exactly; for the present you gentlemen must keep dark.

**PET.** Dark as Egypt, as the sportsman said who got up in the middle of the night to look at the weather, and put his head into the cupboard.

**SEC.** And they must introduce no more Pilgrims, must they, Duchess? Enough is as good as a feast.

[*Makes up to her Pilgrim, who doesn't seem to like it.*

**SEC.** There's somebody coming. Disguise yourselves.

*Peter catches up his cloak and hat. The other Two Pilgrims, after making ineffectual efforts to fly, conceal themselves by hiding behind Duchess and Secretary. Enter Chairwoman of School Board hurriedly, followed by Attorney-General, R 2 E.*

**CHAIR.** Duchess, hear me! [*Goes to Peter.*

**ATTOR.** (*tragically*). Your Excellency! Friends! As Brutus says, lend me your ears.

**PET.** (*aside*) Egad! Some people would find that a large order.

**DUCH.** Well, what is it? (*standing in front of her Pilgrim*). (*Aside*) I wish I could lend somebody my Pilgrim for five minutes.

**ATTOR.** Your Excellency, I have a revelation to make that will thrill you through and through!

**SEC.** (*aside*) She may go through the Duchess, but I hope she can't see through me. [*Dodging in front of her Pilgrim.*

**ATTOR.** Your Excellency! The Island of Eden has been polluted by the presence of a man, and he is even now raging in our midst.

**PET.** Oh, come draw it mild! I object to be spoken of as if I were an epidemic.

**ATTOR.** And that man has been passed off upon us by the Chairwoman of the School Board.

**CHAIR.** (*aside*) She's talking now as if Peter was a bad half-crown.

**DUCH.** Well, well, my dear, don't be excited.

**ATTOR.** Excited; it's enough to excite a mummy! That man has come in the guise of a Pilgrim.

**DUCH.** They do, my dear! (*To her Pilgrim*) Do be quiet!

**SEC.** Yes! *That's* quite customary. (*To her Pilgrim*) Keep behind me.

**CHAIR.** (*aside*) What are they driving at?

**PET.** Domestic broils, like the family chops, are best left to the ladies. I think, with your permission, Duchess, I'll go out and see a man.

**ATTOR.** Stop! you shall not go! Your Excellency—that Pilgrim is not a woman—but of the male sex!

**DUCH.** Of course we're shocked. I mean we're not—we are—

*During this speech the Duchess and her Pilgrim are dancing about more furiously than ever; and Attorney and her Pilgrim also.*

**ATTOR.** Well, Duchess, what have you to say to my revelation? (*Seeing her moving nervously*). Good gracious! What's the matter with you? Shall I send for the doctor?

**DUCH.** No, it's nothing; nothing, I assure you. It's the shock! I always dance about like this when I'm agitated.

**SEC.** (*dancing in front of her Pilgrim also*). Yes! It's a way we have in the island; don't mind us.

**ATTOR.** There is some mystery here! Some people would say you were trying to conceal something—but the practice of the law has led to a profound belief in my fellow-creatures. Ha! (*In moving the two Pilgrims half fall and are disclosed*) What do I see?

**PET.** My dear Lady Dorothy! You see two more Pilgrims; and all I can say is, that if things go on like this the supply of gummies will not be equal to the demand.

**SEC.** You'd better order one, dear.

**CHAIR.** Pilgrims supplied on the shortest notice!

**ATTOR.** I will not fight against fate. Bring me a Pilgrim!

**DUCH.** Then that's settled! One more Pilgrim will be provided for the Attorney-General, and then nothing shall induce me to admit another. [*Exeunt all but Secretary.*

**SEC.** News from the men! Where is the Duchess?

## No. 11. BALLET OF POSTWOMEN.

*Presto.*

PIANO. *f*

*Moderato. ff* *mf*

*tr* *tr* *f*

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

First system of piano accompaniment. The right hand features a complex, rhythmic melody with many sixteenth notes and trills. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Trills are marked with 'tr' and accents with 'v'.

Second system of piano accompaniment. Continues the complex texture from the first system. The right hand has more trills and rapid passages. The left hand maintains the accompaniment pattern. Trills are marked with 'tr' and accents with 'v'.

Third system of piano accompaniment. The right hand continues with intricate patterns. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the latter half. A rhythmic pattern 'rat tat!' is indicated below the bass line.

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). Trills are marked with 'tr' and accents with 'v'.

Fifth system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The texture remains dense with many sixteenth notes and trills.

CHORUS. 1st SOFS.

2ND SOFS.

*mf*

Just so.

Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly

Let - ters, o - ho! Just so. Let - ters are here. Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly

*mf*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the chorus. The top two staves are for the vocalists (1st and 2nd Sopranos). The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The lyrics are: 'Just so. Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly Let - ters, o - ho! Just so. Let - ters are here. Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly'.

spelt, I guess! What joy! Here is a kiss. What's this? They're coming, so they say, Com-ing to - day.

spelt, I guess! News from my boy. What joy! Here is a kiss. What's this? They're coming, so they say, Com-ing to - day.

*ff* Read - ing, read - ing All their plead - ing! Mer - ri - ly we're read - ing all the news they write;

*ff* Read - ing, read - ing All their plead - ing! Mer - ri - ly we're read - ing all the news they write;

Watch - ing sure - ly Most de - mure - ly, Gai - ly wait we the mar - riage rite!

Watch - ing sure - ly Most de - mure - ly, Gai - ly wait we the mar - riage rite!

Just so. Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly spelt, I guess!

*mf* Let - ters, o - ho! Just so. Let - ters are here. Yes, dear. They're bad - ly spelt, I guess! They're bad - ly spelt, I guess!

What joy! Here is a kiss. What's this? They're com-ing, so they say, Com-ing to-day.  
News from my boy. What joy! Here is a kiss. What's this? They're com-ing, so they say, Com-ing to-day.

The first system features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in a single melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and moving lines.

*ff* *mf* *tr*  
rat tat!

The second system is a piano accompaniment. It begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a 'rat tat!' sound effect. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section and a trill (*tr*) at the end.

*tr* *f*

The third system continues the piano accompaniment. It includes a trill (*tr*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The texture is dense with many notes.

*f*

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It features a complex texture of many notes, primarily in the right hand.

*Sua.*

The fifth system continues the piano accompaniment. It starts with a 'Sua.' marking and features a complex texture of many notes, primarily in the right hand.

SOLO. POST-MISTRESS GENERAL.  
*Moderato.* *p*

The sixth system is a solo piano piece for the Post-Mistress General. It is marked 'Moderato' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is in a minor key and features a complex, flowing melody in the treble with many slurs and a steady accompaniment in the bass.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a wavy line indicating an octave shift, labeled "8va.". The dynamic marking "mf" (mezzo-forte) is placed above the bass staff. The melody continues with intricate phrasing.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a repeat sign with two endings. The first ending is labeled "1st time." and the second is labeled "2nd time.". The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the complex melodic lines in the treble staff and the accompaniment in the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, showing further development of the musical themes in both staves.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes trills, indicated by "tr" above several notes, and an "8va." marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with accents (>) over certain notes.

ff mf

tr p

p

8va

Entrance of soldiers.  
Presto.

2/4

Moderato.

mf



DUCH. (*reading the paper in agitation*) It's quite true—they're coming. But we will resist, we will gather our forces to receive them. (*Noise of music without*). Ladies! to arms! to arms! (*Rushing about.*) Hang out our banners on the outward walls! Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham!

PET. Hold hard, Duchess, hold hard, or you'll have nothing left for the finish.

Girls gather on one side, as the men come on and range upon the other—the former body armed—an occasional gun, chiefly parasols, lawn tennis rackets, &c.

GEN. (*To girls*) Halt! Attention!

SPECIAL. (*To men*) Halt! Attention!

DUCH. And who, may I ask, are you, sir?

SPECIAL. Certainly. I'm the special correspondent of the *Daily Scorch*, and as the General saw from my letters that I knew much more about military matters than he did, he appointed me Commander-in-Chief! Now, my dear lady, will you be good enough to begin the battle?

[*Duchess goes to girls.*]

*The two armies drawn up opposite each other.*

DUCH. There will be no battle! Ladies, let us yield gracefully, and let Adam once more be Lord of Eden!

*More music. The men open their arms, and the women rush into them.*

No. 12.

FINALE.—(TUTTI.)

Now we've done, man has won, with whom we contend, We began

mi-nus man, but with man have end-ed! This cru-sade, we're a-fraid, on-ly proves you need en-

- deavour ne'er to pre-pare with-out A-dam—E-den! This cru-sade, we're a-fraid,

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

on - ly proves you need en - - dea - vour ne'er to pre - pare with - out



(Curtain.)  
A - dam - E - den!

*ff*



*Sva.*

