

Lacy's Acting Edition.

ANNE BOLEYN.

(BURLESQUE.)

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ANNE BOLEYN.

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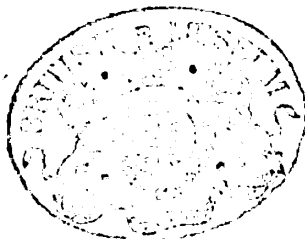
An Original Historical Burlesque Extravaganza.

BY

CONWAY EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF

*Don Carlos, or the Infante in Arms; Linda di Chamouni, or the
Blighted Flower; Board and Residence; The Rows of Castille;
Love Birds; &c., &c.; and part Author of
Dreadfully Alarming.*



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*First performed at the New Royalty Theatre (under the management of Mr. W. H. Swanborough) on
Saturday, September 7th, 1872.*

ANNE BOLEYN.

Written by CONWAY EDWARDES, Author of *Don Carlos*, &c.

The Overture Composed, and the Incidental Music arranged by Mr. THOMAS CONNELLY. The new Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM F. ROBSON and Assistants. The Magnificent Costumes by Mrs. VOKES and Assistants. The Wigs by Mr. CLARKSON. Gas Arrangements by Mr. J. HINKLEY. Machinery by Mr. MATHER. The piece produced under the personal superintendence of the Author, and Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH.

Characters.

KING HENRY VIII. (<i>the most celebrated "lady-killer" of his day—a Monarch whose appearance and conduct are alike gross</i>)	Mr. J. B. DALE.
THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK (<i>Master of the Court Ceremonies, Henry's particular friend, and a very nice young man</i>)	MISS BELLA MOORE.
EARL PERCY (<i>a peer who will appear a-peerless character, at all events from a dramatic point of view, a young spark, who, on his return from exile, finds his old flame married, nevertheless his passion burns fiercely, notwithstanding the amount of cold water thrown upon it by his friends, at whose interference he flares up, that is to say, is put out</i>)	MISS EMMA CHAMBERS.
THE EARL OF SURREY (<i>a bright young nobleman, who has just returned from a foreign tour, so polished, that he takes the shine out of everyone</i>)	MISS ELIZA NEWTON.
THE EARL OF WILTSHIRE (<i>Anne Boleyn's father—raised to the peerage by the King, but much cast down in consequence of the Queen's misconduct—an elderly gentleman of medium stature, with a tall and lovely daughter, who may be described as "above pa"</i>)	Mr. J. FRANCIS.

LORD ROCHFORD	...	(his son—brother to the Queen)	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
THE EARL OF ESSEX	{	(important characters in history, but unimportant ones in this story)	Miss ROSE OSMAN.
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK			Miss MARIÉ ST. GEORGE.
LORD CLIFFORD			Miss AMY CHARTERIS.
THE DUKE OF PADDINGTON	{	(Yeoman of the Guards)	Miss NELLY CAREW.
THE DUKE OF SHOREDITCH			Miss LAURA SIDNEY.
THE DUKE OF WHITECHAPEL			Miss FANNY PALMER.
WILL SOMERS (Clown to the Court Circle—a jester, whose jokes, as they cannot well be swallowed, may be considered indigestible)	Miss MILLIE DE VERE.
ANNE BOLEYN (Mrs. Henry Tudor Number Two—this lovely young thing, had, it is reported, “a temper of her own,” but it is improbable that she would own it, though holding the King in sovereign contempt she loses no opportunity of rating him highly)					Mr. E. DANVERS.
JANE SEYMOUR (Maid of Honour to the Queen—a young single lady of singular beauty of whom the audience will hear more and see more presently)			Miss HARRIETT COVENY.
THE FAIR GERALDINE (in attendance upon Anne—deeply attached to the Earl of Surrey, and ardently beloved by him, “But the course of true love, &c.”)	Miss CLARA BATEMAN.

Ladies of Honour, Halberdiers, Pages, the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in General.

Synopsis of Scenery, Incidents, &c.

SCENE 1.—WINDSOR CASTLE AND GARDENS OF THE ROYAL PARK.

An indignation meeting—the Court Jester caught jesting—arrival of the Earl of Surrey—return of Lord Percy to his native land—a crushing blow for Percy, whose conduct *per se* is, under the circumstances, reasonable enough, but when, after going on, he determines to go off in search of his faithless love, his friends deem it right to interfere; he is therefore *stayed*, and requested to be more *staid*.

GRAND ENTREE OF THE KING, QUEEN AND COURT.

4
How Henry carries on, which is more than Anne is able to bear—inopportune appearance of Percy, who throws his eye at Anne, which she immediately catches—Percy drops his voice, and the King lifts his—Sad termination to the scene, though it is hoped the Audience will approve the Merry Finale.

SCENE 2.—ARRAS CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE.

The King makes up his mind to give his better half no quarter—domestic differences occur in the best *regal*-ated families—departure of the Nobility to the refreshment rooms—Jane Seymour receives a *billet doux*, and an unexpected interruption—The Miniature! The Rivals! Awful Agony of Anne!—Percy refers to the *past* and Anne to the present—at the approach of the King, they retire behind the *arras* and are a good deal *arrased* by what they overhear—a flirtation—Anne steps out and puts her foot into it—an awkward discovery.

BAGG! REVENGE! AND ROYAL ROWS!

SCENE 3.—The Revels at Windsor—Quadrangle of the Castle.

The Jousts!—Wrestling!—Climbing the greasy pole!—the Quintain!—the Tilting!—the Prize and the Surprize, which puts a *full stop* to the festivities, proving the truth of the adage there is a *period* for everything. WOE!

SCENE 4.—APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

Touching interview between the Monarch and his neglected spouse—Percy puts in an appearance and a plea for stay of execution—King Henry charges the Queen with being a “faithless creature”—Anne, considering her aptitude for repartee might retort, and with justice, “You’re another,” but she fails to seize the opportunity and is seized herself.

SCENE 5.—THE THAMES. OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It is respectfully intimated that the incidents of this remarkable Scene are so absolutely

THRILLING! SENSATIONAL!! and unprecedentedly IDIOTIC!!!

that words would fail to describe them; therefore it is merely stated that, after considerable disturbance, the Play ends in Peace, and the Piece ends in HARMONY.

[This Extravaganza can only be played by permission of the Author.]

ANNE BOLEYN.

SCENE FIRST.—*Windsor Castle; Terrace overlooking the Home Park, &c.*

At the rising of the Curtain the DUKES OF PADDINGTON, SHOREDITCH and WHITECHAPEL discovered—tremendous drumming kept up until the entrance of the EARL OF WILTSHIRE.

Opening Song and Chorus.—"L'Œil Crevé"—(No. 19.)

WILTSHIRE.

B-r-r-r.

The father of your queen behold!
At my approach drums are rolled,
And the guards present their arms—like this—
Pretty girls salute me with a kiss.

B-r-r-r.

Oh, now let us march to the music
Of trum-trum-pet and big drum—
Ornamental yeomen,
Never face the foeman;
Hark to the drum's rum tam!

Rataplan!

By the right, quick march!
Riprappapa!

B-r-r-r.

Chorus.

Oh, now let us march, &c.

WILT. What, burly beefeaters, are you about?

Hoop! Har! (*guards take no notice*) I thought I'd only
got to shout,

And they would understand. (*aloud*) Fine troops you are,
Not to present arms to your Queen's papa.

(PADDINGTON and SHOREDITCH advance to shake hands
with him)

This insult you with ignominy brands!
'Stead of presenting arms, presenting hands.
Attention! Hup!

PADDINGTON. Excuse our mode of greeting—
We have just held an indignation meeting.
'Twas to protest against Australian meat,
Which we beefeaters are now forced to eat.

SHOREDITCH. We'll not submit to it!

WHITECHAPEL. To that I tumble!

PAD. An Englishman's proud privilege 'tis to grumble.
Eat tin-canned mutton!

WILT. It's not bad, you'll find.

PAD. It's well to tell us that we *mutton* mind.
Meat in a tin!

SHORE. We'll not submit!

PAD. My friends,
Does not a *meat-tin* like this make amends?
If we can't feed upon whate'er we like,
We'll try a dodge that's all the go—we'll strike!

SHORE. "Britons, strike home."

WILT. Keep silence, silly fool!
Maintain strict discipline; that is the rule.
Act up to orders.

Enter SUFFOLK, from Castle.

SUFFOLK. (*overhearing*) What's that? Nay, it's clear
We have no wish to *act to orders* here.

WILT. What's going on?

SUFFOLK. The King and Queen.

WILT. How now?

SUFFOLK. They're always going on!

WILT. Another row?

SUFFOLK. 'Twas only yesterday the King came to her,
And bluffly taxed your child with an amour.

WILT. With whom?

SUFFOLK. Sir Henry Norris.

WILT. Anne Hal wrongs.

SUFFOLK. Yes; and she gave it him *amour* and tongs!
Says she, "I'm true;" says he, "There ma'am, you're
beaten—"

How about Norris, Brereton, Weston, Smeaton?
You're *smitten* with them; (don't avert your gaze!)
And Wyatt."

PAD. *Why att-end to what he says?*

WILT. (*to SUFFOLK*) Be silent! Recollect I'm the Queen's
father!

Anne Boleyn's pa must be respected—rather!

SUFFOLK. Hold! Not Anne Boleyn now—Ann Tudor.

WILT. *Oui;*

But, pray, young man, don't teach *an' tutor* me.

Keep watch upon your tongue, for it's a bold 'un.

I am——

SUFFOLK (*impatiently*) All right, I know!

Music.—WILL SOMERS, *the jester, enters at back, and comes down behind the* EARL OF WILTSHIRE.

SOMERS. (R.) How are you, old 'un?

(*trips him up, à la clown, and picks him up in pantomimic fashion*)

Pardon, your grace. (*bowing*)

WILT. (*enraged*) Pardon? I never will! (*takes stage, R.*)

SOMERS. (*crossing, L.*) How strong old habits are within me still!

In youth I was a clown at the theatre;

Now, I can ne'er see a perambulator

Containing twins, but I must sit upon it;

And every bobby that I meet, I bonnet! (*crosses, R.*)

SUFFOLK. Why did you leave the boards?

SOMERS. Why leave? Becoz

The comic business ain't now what it was.

Performing dogs from Scotland, or the Hebrides,

Bicyclists, siffleurs, music hall *celebrides*,

Have banished red-hot pokers from the stage.

Oh, this indeed is a degenerate age! (*crosses, L.*)

Well, when I doffed the motley, cut each caper,

I rashly edited a comic paper!

But soon I left it.

WILT. Did you write it?

SOMERS. No.

I had to read each contribution though.

Who—who could wonder, if a fate so sad

Had driven me quite melancholy mad?

The journal failed—it tottered—drew no pelf,

And so I left the thing to *right itself*!

Then I came here as leader of the Mummers,

And that's the history of yours,—Will Somers.

(*bows and goes up*)

SUFFOLK. (*looking off, R.*) Soft! Who comes here? I know those flowing lockses.

Music.—Enter the EARL OF SURREY, R., followed by a small PAGE of the period, carrying a travelling bag and hat box, with which WILL SOMERS, during the following, does the pantomime business.

SURREY. I say! be careful, varlet, with those boxes.

(*comes down, C.*)

WILT. The Earl of Surrey!

SURREY. (*bowing*) Ha! my lords, *bon jour*!

SUFFOLK. Surrey returned?

SURREY. Yes, from my foreign tour.
 Been round the world with Cook's excursion ticket.
 But, after all, home's home, and naught can lick it.
 There's nothing, sir, in travelling, I swear;
 For everybody, now, goes everywhere—
 Cads swarmed by thousands in imperial Rome,
 And e'en in Palestine were quite at home.
 The British snob was at his usual game,
 Scrawling on works of art his wretched name;
 Poking at pictures stick, or *parapluie*,
 Defacing monuments—in fact, sir, he
 Behaved so scand'lously on every hand
 That I blushed crimson for my native land.

SUFFOLK. You needn't go abroad to look for snobs,
 You'll find them, sir, at home amongst the nobs
 Who met at Brighton, where they treated Stanley,
 In style, at once discourteous and unmanly.
 But though some jeered and laughed, he's plainly shown,
 That still a *living brick* is *Living-stone*.

WILT. (*to SURREY*) So you returned?

SURREY. Just so. In those far climes,
 I couldn't regularly get my "*Times*,"
 And found there was (fun being seldom rife),
 Without one's "*Sporting News*," no *supporting life*.

WILT. (*to SURREY*) Pardon the question—since you've been
 away,

Have you fair Geraldine forgotten?

SURREY. Nay!
 She wished to wed me, but Hal wouldn't let her.
 Why, I am in a *fog*, I can't *fog-et* her,
 Although I've tried my utmost. Is she here?

SOMERS. She is, and (*looking off*) here she comes.

SURREY. (*rapturously*) My love! My dear!

SUFFOLK. She sees you, Surrey.

SURREY. (*looking off*) Oh, as now I view her,
 Fierce burns my love!

SOMERS. Surrey, let's 'urry to her.

(SURREY going L., meets GERALDINE, who rushes to his
 arms—*Music*)

GERALDINE. My duck!

SURREY. My chuck! (*raising her*) Look up, and
 say you love me.

GERALD. I must look up, to one so much above me.

SURREY. (*with arm round her, advancing*) Darling, I kept my
 word; throughout my journey
 Your beauty I proclaimed at tilt and tourney.

Folks chaffed me much—a Saracen once said,
“ Young man, you praise this European maid
In such high terms, she must indeed be pooty,
For *you’re a pean* singing to her beauty
From morning until night.” Quoth I, “ My lord,
Do me the faviour to draw your sword.”
He brought a sketching book—I saw him do it
And with a pen and ink he coolly *drew it*.
I thrust at him till he threw up the sponge,
For I’d not dined, so made a hearty *lunge*;
When he gave in I knocked him down a flop,
And at *the Saracen’s head I took a chop*.

GERALD. And you’re my own for ever?

SURREY. Sweet, I are.

You’re true to me?

GERALD. True as the Polar star!

SURREY. Oh, gracious, Geraldine! I quite forgot
One who came with me from abroad!

GERALD. (*suspiciously*) Eh, what?

I hope no female, Surrey?

SURREY. Vice versa.

He was to wait for me. (*calling off, R.*) What, ho there!

Music—Enter EARL PERCY, R., and down.

ALL but SURREY. Percy!

(SOMERS *does a double shuffle at back, indicative of surprise*)

GERALD. Thought you were exiled?

PERCY. (C.) So I was, my dear.

King Henry, who, for reasons not quite clear,
Thought fit to *wreak all* his dire hate on me,
Has now *recalled* me home again.

GERALD. I see.

PERCY. Is my Anne Boleyn still at Court?

GERALD. (*starting*) Anne Boleyn!

PERCY. Don’t in that silly way your eyes keep rollin’.

You know we are betrothed.

SOMERS. (*down, R. C.*) What! don’t you know

That she is married to King Henry?

PERCY. (*staggering*) Oh!

Married! Ha, ha! my Annie Boleyn married!

SOMERS. I thought ill news was very quickly carried,
And that you would have heard of it.

PERCY. Not I!

Oh, let me to the faithless creature fly!

False! yes, she’s false!—false as the hair she wears;

False as the tooth she once dropp’d on the stairs!

Let me but see her——

SURREY. (R. C., *staying him*) Hold!

PERCY. (*angrily*) Hands off—d'ye hear?

SURREY. (*remonstrating*) Percy!

PERCY. (*struggling*) I'll floor you, if you *Percy-veré*.

SURREY. Insult her, and you lose your head.

SOMERS. Here, steady!

(*aside*) I rather think he's lost his head already.

SURREY. *Article Eight* says death—that p'raps you've heard?

PERCY. Oh, I can scarce *articul-ate* a word! (*crosses, R.*)

WILT. (*seizing him by the arm*) You would not seek her life?

Swear on your honour

That you'd not stop the Queen, and, like O'Connor,

Present a pistol at her head to fright her!

PERCY. Away!

WILT. Unless you swear it, I'll hold tighter.

You would be caught, young man!

PERCY. Do leave off nipping.

SOMERS. And get twelve months in quod, likewise a whipping.

SUFFOLK. Yes, they'd let out the cat.

PERCY. When not abused

I think it's right that the "cat" should be used;

On such as use false weights, dog-stealers, plotters,

From spouters of sedition to garotters.

Concerted Piece—Air, "Good-bye, Charlie."

WILT. What, would you use the cat upon

A patriot (?), you snob,

When now-a-days a wife can be

Half killed for forty bob!

SOMERS. But if you picked up chips of wood

On the way side, you'd find

You'd get six months—hard labour too,

For Justice, sir, is blind.

SURREY. Good-bye, Percy—come, my friends, away.

PERCY. Right, you had better go.

SUFFOLK. Yes, we had better go.

GERAL. Good-bye, Percy—come, good friends, away.

PERCY. I can't forget—I can't forget my Annie Boleyn!

Chorus repeated, all but PERCY dance off, R. and L.

PERCY. (*coming forward, C.*) Anne has o'erwhelmed me in a sea of trouble.

If wedded, we'd have made a happy *cubble*.

Why did she wed this King? Because he's bigger-O;

And, like a witty journal, a *smart figure-O*?

'Cos he's well dressed? (*girls tastes are oft erratic,*

And Harry's togs are most *Harrys-tog-cratie*.)

When I've once seen her I will fly—but where?
 Hah! to the peaceful "shades" of Leicester Square!
 There, in some garret I will be a hider
 And gaze on the lead horse without a rider!
 I'll seek that spot, to London a disgrace
 (For scenes of desolation suit my case).
This exile though with woman ne'er will mate,
 No! from this day *the sex* I'll strive to hate!

Song—Air, "Where shall I take my Bride." (Hervé.)

Ere I can quite decide
 Why she to Harry was tied,
 I know—I know what I'd better do.
 I must seek, in the first place,
 Seek the false one face to face—
 Just so, just so, and right quickly too.
 Methinks I hear a distant sound,
 The Court is coming, I'll be bound,
 The music's going twiddle twiddle twee,
 And the trumpet blowing, rootle tootle tee,
 And the drums are beating rataplataplatan.
 And the bugle's braying lar, tar, tar, tar!
 Lar, tar, tar, tar!
 And the little fifes squeak, and the big cymbals
 clang.
 And there's a great crash,
 So I think, for the present, I'll hide.

Exit, R.

Music.—Enter, L. U. E., a MILITARY BAND (comic), which marches round and takes up a position R., then GUARDS, PAGES, &c., followed by the DUKES of SUFFOLK and NORFOLK, the EARL of WILTSHIRE, and his son, LORD ROCHFORD, EARL of ESSEX, MARQUIS of DORSET, LORD CLIFFORD, EARL of SURREY, and the FAIR GERALDINE, LADIES of HONOUR, SOMERS, and the BEEFEATERS, PADDINGTON, SHOREDITCH, and WHITECHAPEL. Then enter KING HENRY, ANNE BOLEYN, and JANE SEYMOUR.

Chorus (original).

Our gracious sovereign loudly let us welcome,
 Greet him with three times three!
 To pay their devoirs to him has each swell come,
 Likewise to Queen Annie. (*repeat*)

HENRY. (C.) Bid music cease! These cheers too, pray be ending.

A choral concert we've just been attending,

At Kensington; which did the Court enthrall,
It pleased us much—not only *Hal*, but *all*!
Your singing, friends, is hardly so melodious;
It is, in somewhat plainer language, odious.

ANNE. (R. C.) That's rude.

JANE. (L. C.) The Albert Hall? It seems to me, m'm,
That building should be called the *Cole-osseum*.

(*goes up with the KING, flirting, all but ANNE at back*)

ANNE. (*aside*) Again he slights me! Bubbling heart, be still!

Keep Henry from that girl I must, and will!

She hinted I—in language far from vague—

Like *Xantippe*, was *sent to be* a plague;

Openly told that corpulent barbarian—

I'm his "grey mare," and also no *grey-mare-ian*;

Said I'm a vixen, and, in manner rude,

Told him he wasn't *wise* to be so *shrew'd*.

My happiness she's marred, my heart she's wrung

With *hideous hints* from her (*h*) *insidious* tongue,

She would ke-rush me!—ha! But soft—no riot!

Now, bubbling heart, oblige me and lie quiet.

(*goes up, L. C.*)

HENRY. (*coming down, C., with JANE, and chucking her chin*) By
cock and pye, fair Mistress Jane, I vow
You're looking scrumptious.

ANNE. (*down, R. C.*) Henry!

HENRY. (*pushing her aside*) Hold your row!

ANNE. Flirting before the court, with the whole place full.

Your conduct with Jane Seymour is disgraceful.

HENRY. Gadzooks! I'fackins! This I will not stand,

You're carrying matters with two high a hand.

ANNE. You chucked her chin.

HENRY. (*amused*) Come, I like that.

ANNE. I don't.

HENRY. (*shrugs his shoulders and turns to JANE*)

ANNE. Henry, will you stay by my side?

WILT. (*to her*) He won't.

If you go on like this.

ANNE. It's well to scoff!

Go on, indeed! (*shrieks*) Oh! oh! I'm going off!

I swoon—I faint! (*trying to clutch HENRY*)

HENRY. (*evading her grasp*) It is a *feint*, I see.

ANNE. (R.) My smelling salts—wherever can they be?

JANE. (*crossing, R. C.*) Here, please your majesty.

(HENRY *leers at JANE*)

ROCH. (*aside to WILTSHIRE*) Hal at her winks.

JANE. Your smelling salts.

ANNE. Miss Seymour, you're a minx.

(*smelling bottle, and sneezing violently*) Oh! oh! I'm killed—I'm killed! (*hops about*)

GERALD. (*to SURREY*) My! what a stepper!

HENRY. (*advancing*) Killed? How? Which? When?

JANE. (*picking up bottle*) Gracious! I've given her *pepper*!

ANNE. (*rushing at JANE*) I'll give you "pepper."

JANE. (*L. C., loftily*) You forget your station.

ANNE. Leave my sight, hussy, without *hussy-tation*.

HENRY. (*roaring*) Now, by the merry maskins, this shan't be!

Fair Mistress Seymour, you stick close to me.

(*they go up—ANNE down, R.*)

Enter PERCY, R. U. E.

ANNE. (*sneezing*) Atishoo!

PERCY. (*starting*) Ah, 'tis she!—my Anne! Alack-a!

I'd speak, but there are such a lot *to back her*,

Should she *pipe up*. With hope my fond heart burns—

Hearing my *bird sigh*, all my love returns.

I'll risk it. (*coming down, R. C.—the COURT up stage*)

Anne!

ANNE. (*starting*) Percy! (*loudly*)

PERCY. (*seizing her hand and kissing it*) Oh, joy! Oh, bliss!

HENRY. (*coming down, enraged*) By pilniewinks and thumbkins, what's this?

ANNE. (*confused*) Sire?

SURREY. (*L. C., readily*) 'Tis Earl Percy, whom you have recalled

From exile.

HENRY. Ha! (*suspiciously*) But why was't, Anne, you bawled?

SOMERS. (*R., aside to the QUEEN*) Say something, coz he's fiery as Vesuvius.

ANNE. (*R. C., flurried*) Percy's appearance made me slightly *noovius*.

I—I should say, nervous.

HENRY. (*dissatisfied*) Humph!

ANNE. Why "humph," do you cry?

JANE. (*aside, watching PERCY and ANNE*) Methinks there's more in this than meets the eye.

(*goes up, followed by HENRY*)

PERCY. (*hurriedly to ANNE*) Grant me an interview—you promise?

ANNE. Nay!

What *hint* have you seen in my conduct, pray,
That leads you to suppose I will?

SURREY. (*dragging PERCY away, and pointing to the KING, who is watching*) Stand back! See!

SOMERS. (*aside to ANNE*) Take care, the King is looking—

ANNE. (*haughtily*) How, knave?

SOMERS. Waxy.

HENRY. (*coming down, c.*) Anne, we will now retire. (*to JANE, sweetly*) Shall we, *ma chère*?

ANNE. (*snappishly*) Oh, I'm agreeable!

HENRY. I wish you were.

Concerted Music.—Air, "Billy Johnson's Ball."*

PERCY. (*to ANNE*) Silly you were to get married;
Hal loves you not, it's plain.

JANE. See, with rage away Anne's carried.

HENRY. (*aside*) Hope she won't come back again.

WILT. (*to ANNE*) The way you go on flirting' child,
Is really very sad.

ANNE. Pray don't talk to me papa, now, for
I feel I'm going mad.

(*idiotically*) Lar dar de dar, and foodle loodle liddle,
This wretched indiwide,
Has notions *sui-ciddle*.

SURREY. It's plain the gal's enraged with Hal, whose love has
turned to gall.

SOMERS. Her exhibitions, though, of spite are silly nonsense all.

Ensemble. Lar dar de dar, and foodle loodle liddle,

This } Wretched indiwide has notions *sui-ciddle*.
That }

This Royal gal's enraged with Hal, whose love has turned
to gall.

My } Exhibitions, though, of spite are silly nonsense all.
Her }

JANE. Come along, my liege, let's hurry,
We need no more delay.

ANNE. I feel my hair with worry
Turning prematurely grey.

HENRY. My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Why do you look so shy?
When the moon is on the waters,
And the bloom is on the rye

* ROCH. SOM. WILT. ANNE. KING. JANE. PERCY. SURREY.
SUFFOLK. GERALD.

NORFOLK.

ESSEX.

R.

L.

We'll lar dar de dar, and doodle doodle diddle,
 Yes, and up and down the middle,
 We'll dance unto the fiddle,
 For we to-night hold, with delight, a *fête* which masked
 we call.
 I think, my sweet, that it will beat e'en Billy Johnson's ball!
Chorus—Lar, dar de dar, &c.
 (break down and close in)

SCENE SECOND.—*Apartment in Windsor Castle. An opening
 in the arras, c.*

Enter KING HENRY, L. 1 E.

HENRY. Marry, come up! Gadzooks! Oddsbobs! Ha, ha!
 By cock and pye, the varlets go too far!
 'Cos I have with Jane Seymour mildly larked
 Folks say that my attentions are too marked.
 What if they are? The girl's, I own, a screamer.
 I'll not dissemble, friends, (*to audience*) I love Miss
 Seymour.

Anne is a noosance, and I wish, I do,
 That I could ship her off to Timbuctoo
 From some sea-port—my hate for her grows stronger,
 I can't *sea-port* her temper any longer!
 I fain would throw her from some rock or other,
 In fact, I'd *throw her over* for another.
 Shall I divorce her? Well, I have before
 Divorced one wife—why not divorce one more?
 Katherine of Arragon's fate let her bear,
Katherine of arrogance had her full share;
 But even *she* did not come up to Anne!
 Oh, Harry Tudor, talk thus, how you can!
 You're p'raps as sad a dog as e'er was whelped,
 But like pork underdone, *it can't be helped*.

*Song (original).**

When I courted Anne Boleyn, with love I was drunk,
 Oh, I cannot remember the thoughts that I—*thunk*,
 I know I winked at her, and she at me—*wunk*,
 With my *itheremyky*, *kitheremyky*
Katheremyku-etty cum, *fol de rol liddle de ray*.
 I said, "Let me kneel at your feet," and I—*knole*,
 And I asked her upon me to smile and she—*smole*,
 Then I said, "I feel happier than ever I—*fole*,"
 With my, &c.

* Music composed by Mr. THOMAS CONNELLY.

She murmured, "My waist do not squeeze," but I—*squone*,
 And remained at her feet till she told me to—*rose*,
 For she wanted to sneeze, and softly she—*snoze*,
 With my, &c.

For a time I continued to woo, yes I—*wode*,
 Then I asked her to go to the church, and we—*gode*,
 Having made up our minds to be tied, we were—*tode*,
 With my, &c.

Time winged his swift course, yes, his swift course Time—
wung,
 And this was the thing he was bringing, and—*brung*:
 Dislike for Anne Boleyn, I wish she was hung!
 With my, &c. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

Enter WILTSHIRE, ROCHFORD, ESSEX, and NORFOLK.

WILT. Soh! how d'you like the ball?

ROCH. (*languidly*) Well, don't you know?
 I find these sort of capers awful slow—
 My dancing days are over.

WILT. (*amused*) Poor young man!

ROCH. So I've come out to liquor—much best plan.
 The dancing I prefer's upon the lawn,
 At Rosherville, North Woolwich, or Cremorne.
 Then I like *Anerley*—although it's plain,
 To-night I cannot take an *early* train,
 Else I would go there.

ESSEX. Shut up, that's enough!
 I don't care for an *effete*, *blasé* muff,
 Who spends his mornings 'fore a looking glassh,
 Parting his hair, and twiddling his moustache.

ROCH. That can't apply to me—my fate's a hard 'un,
 I've *no* moustache.

ESSEX. (*bowing*) True; I *moustache* your pardon.

NORFOLK. Why not try Rowland's famed Macassar?

ROCH. No.

NORFOLK. Well, "Fox's Noted Formula."

ROCH. (*shaking his head*) No go!

ESSEX. Buy him a razor. (*ALL laugh—ROCHFORD annoyed*)

NORFOLK. (*to ROCHFORD*) Do not mind his chaff—
 He only said that just to *raise a laugh*.

Enter SURREY, R., with GERALDINE.

GERALD. (*to WILTSHIRE*) Where is the Queen?

WILT. Gone off into a swoon.

SURREY. She's rather young to have "gone off" so soon.

ROCH. It's the King's fault!

WILT. It is my son, I know it.
ROCH. And sister Anne's a temper, and will show it.
SURREY. Her temper once was mild.
GERALD. (*aside*) Jane will supplant her.
WILT. But times are changed—hem! *temper-a-mutantur*.
Everything now *has* changed——

SURREY. Oh, worthy sage!

WILT. From British pastimes, to the British stage.

Mine were the “palmy days” when, I declare,
A little table and two chairs, sir, were
Thought furniture sufficient for a scene;
When a baize drugget—generally green—
Covered the stage where'er the place was laid,
Serving alike for palace, cot or glade;
When, in the drawing room, a servant maid
Would sing a duet with the comic man;
When dramas only for a few nights ran;
When a rhymed tag to every piece was tacked;
When most plays had a dozen scenes an act;
When bucket boots and ringlet wigs were worn.
“Acting's a lost art,” sir, since *you* were born;
Those were the days which I look back upon,
Of broadsword combats, with, “Ha, ha! Come on!”

(*crosses, R.*)

When I was young, too, boys were boys.

SURREY. What then?

WILT. Why, now-a-days, at fifteen they're *young men*.

Sport, sir, was sport.

SURREY. Your fingers—leave off twirling 'em—

WILT. (*contemptuously*) Now you go pigeon-shooting down at
Hurlingham!

ROCH. (*looking off*) Here comes that cat, Jane Seymour! Let's
away!

GERALD. The supper rooms are open!

ALL. (*excitedly*) Hip, hurray!

ALL *rush off, C.*

Enter JANE SEYMOUR, R., with a letter.

JANE. (*reading*) “Herewith I send a miniature, my sweet,
“For which I paid ten bob in Regent Street.
“We'll meet, dear, at the ball, and gaily prance—
“I'll spin you round so in the mazy dance,
“When people see you, they, I bet a guinea,
“Will take you for a sort of *Spinning Jenny*!
“I'm going to dress; don't let this short note vex.
“No more at present, chuck, from—Henry Rex.”

(triumphantly) He loves me! Ah! I shall be England's queen!

Harry's the nicest looking man I've seen!
 Though once I fancied (there's the fact no blinking),
 He was a *fat king*—that's what I was *thin-king*.
 But then I never dreamt of Anne supplanting,
 And didn't know Hal had gone in for Banting.

*Song—Air, "Dolly Varden."**

JANE. When I am once crowned England's queen,
 There'll not, I ween, such a girl be seen;
 I shall e'en preserve a regal mien,
 When royal robes discardin'.
 The King will settle every bill—
 No doubt he will feel somewhat ill,
 When I draw upon the royal till,
 To pay for my Dolly Varden!
 Dressed in a Dolly Varden—
 Dressed in a Dolly Varden,
 I'll outshine, it's very clear, each stuck-up beauty here.
 Down, down, bow they will to Janie Seymour. (*dances*)

Enter ANNE BOLEYN, L., and sees her.

ANNE. Extremely nice! You tremble, artful jade!

JANE. And well enough *dis maid* may look *dismayed*,
 When you pop in like that.

ANNE. (*pointing to miniature*) What have you there?

JANE. If you mi know, a portrait of *mon père*.

ANNE. Now, that's a cracker.

JANE. (*impudently*) Oh!

ANNE. You need'nt scoff,
 Though you're a cracker, I won't let you off.
 (*snatching miniature*)

Who gave you this?

JANE. (*boldly*) The King.

ANNE. Indeed!

JANE. Just so.

ANNE. (*rushing, and towering over her*) So you're the minx he
 slights me for—Ho! ho!

You cat—you horrid cat!

JANE. (*crouching, R.*) How her eye fires!

ANNE. So you're the sort of creature he admires!
 A pale-faced doll—Ha, ha! (*laughing wildly*)

JANE. Please do not startle,
 Shut up, don't go on, ma'am, like Rosa Dartle.

* By kind permission of Messrs. G. W. MOORE and F. BURGESS.

ANNE. (*crossing L., grasping her brow*) I feel a Norma's wrongs, likewise a Leah's.

JANE. (*aside*) A Norma's wrongs? I feel enormous fears!
(*curtseying*) Good day, I hope your temper will improve.

Exit, R.

ANNE. (*looking round, dazed*) Alone? (*advancing, à la Constance*)

"I am not mad—this hair I tear's my own,"

Because I bought it—Agony! Despair!

I am supplanted just as, I declare,

My charms supplanted Katherine's; cruel fate!

With grief I choke; like you I suffer, Kate.

Song—Air, "It makes me so awfully wild."

I can scarcely contain myself, I vow,

For I feel so awfully riled;

To think my false husband should slight me now,

My beauty's a little bit *spiled*.

"She's heavily damaged," rude folks say of me—

But not so much damaged as Jenny will be,

When I've scratched the eyes out of that awful *she*;

Oh, I'll have my nails sharpened and filed.

I really feel awfully wild, ye know,

'Cos my beauty's a little bit *spiled*, ye know,

Hal turns up his nose, and laughs at my woes;

It's enough to make a wife riled, ye know.

I could "cuss," as Miss Bateman used in Leah,

Though I'm gen'rally gentle and mild

Medea in Corinth n'er felt so queer

As this most disconsolate child!

In my every glance injured innocence shows,

And actually blushes extend to my nose,

From the sole of my head to the crown of my toes;

Oh, I do feel so awfully wild!

I *reelly* feel dreadfully riled, ye know,

Though my beauty's a little bit *spiled*, ye know,

Yet it cannot be right a young wife to slight;

It's enough to make a gal riled, ye know.

Dances off wildly, L. 1 E.

Enter PERCY, C.

PERCY. Will she be angry at my thus intruding?

I could not longer stay o'er past wrongs brooding,

So thought I'd come, and brave her ire, her smacks

(For *taper* fingers sometimes let fall *whacks*).

Re-enter ANNE, L.

ANNE. (*starting*) Percy! Begone!

PERCY. Against me you've no animus?

ANNE. (*distractedly*) Go!

PERCY. I'm no coward—*Percy's not Percy-l*lanimous.

I've left the ball to seek you.

ANNE. (*motioning him off*) Hence! Away with you!

PERCY. Never! I'm here, and here I mean to stay with you.

(*seizing her hand*)

Why did you wed this King? Would you had tarried!

ANNE. Some lady of the Court said you were married

Unto another; so, half out of *pique*,

And half, p'raps from ambition, I was weak

And spliced him.

PERCY. I'm not married—

ANNE. Then, my lord,

Why did you send no letters from abroad?

PERCY. (*intensely*) Anne, your spouse loves Jane Seymour!

ANNE. Which he *do*.

PERCY. If you stay here, your rashness you will rue.

He'll stick at nothing, but to her be wedded,

And you'll be very probably beheaded!

ANNE. I feel that that remark's prophetic—

PERCY. *Oui*;

So let us fly!

ANNE. Where to?

PERCY. South Afrikee.

Go to the diggings—yes, and I'll take *you* there.

ANNE. Indeed! And what *the diggings* should we do there?

PERCY. Do? When we've braved the perils of the ocean,

Why seek for *diamonds*.

ANNE. A *brilliant* notion!

PERCY. There we'll set up our tent and drink—

ANNE. Oh, lor!

PERCY. *Black coffee* 'mongst the *Caffres*—*Caffre noir*.

ANNE. Go; tempt me not!

PERCY. (*looking off, R.*) The King!

ANNE. (*agitated*) Begone!

PERCY. (*going sadly*) So be it—

(*returns, struck by a happy thought*)

Let's die together?

ANNE. Somehow don't seem to see it.

PERCY. Your rival's with him.

ANNE. Ah!

PERCY. We'll overhear them.

Let's step behind the arras, and be near them.

(*they go up, C., but recollecting that they have omitted to sing, turn and advance to the front*)

*Duet—Air, "Her Heart was true to Me." **

PERCY. I went, you know, some years ago,
An exile sad to Timbuctoo—
Where, as I'm told, a mission'ry bold,
Was gobbled up by Cannibals, and his hymn-
book too!

I left my dearest Anne, behind,
And crossed the stormy sea;
For she said wherever I might go,
She would be true to me.

She would be true to me.

ANNE. My heart was true to thee!
My heart was true to thee!
Though cruelly we parted were,
I'd take my "davy," I declare,
My heart was true to thee!
My heart was true to thee!
Though we were torn apart,
I vow, dear, that my heart—
My heart was true to thee!

BOTH. (repeat) My } heart was true to { thee } &c.
Her } me }

They retire up c., and hide behind the arras, R. C. and L. C.

Enter KING HENRY and JANE SEYMOUR, R. 1 E.

HENRY. If, chuck, the scurril knaves dare jibe at you,
I'll crack them o'er the costard.

JANE. Ducky, do;
But don't be so irate.

HENRY. I rate you highly,
So won't have you insulted.

ANNE. (peeping out, L. C.) Talking slily.

HENRY. Folks, as we trod a measure, looked askance;
Guessed there'd be soon a case for Lord Penzance.

JANE. Yes; "Rex versus Regina and Another."

HENRY. Who is "Another?"

JANE. (maliciously) Percy!

HENRY. Ha!

ANNE. (aside—collapsing) I smother!

JANE. (R. C.) Will you divorce her?

HENRY. (reflecting) No; to that I ub-ject.

We've divorce opinions upon that subject;

Anne's too much for me!

JANE. Send her to——

* Sung by Mr. FRED COYNE.—Published by HOPWOOD and CREW.

- HENRY. Ha! where?
- JANE. America!
- HENRY. True; they like "big things" there.
- JANE. Put her on board a ship—a Gov'ment one—
And send it out—say, round the world to run;
Most probably 'twould sink.
- ANNE. (*aside*) That girl, I fear her!
- HENRY. D'you mean it?
- JANE. Yes; don't think that *I'm a jeerer!*
- HENRY. No; I've a shorter way her games to stop;
She played for high *stakes*, she shall have a *chop*.
(*indicates beheading*)
- ANNE. (*rushing forward furiously, c.*) Shall she, indeed?
Your plans I've overheard.
- JANE. (*running, R., frightened*) Ah! (*screams*) Let me fly!
- ANNE. Fly? Yes, fly "like a bird."
- HENRY. (*authoritatively*) Do nothing of the sort! (*aside to JANE*) When Anne is gone,
Miss Seymour, I'll see more of you anon. (*a noise heard behind arras*)
What sound was that?
- ANNE. (L. C.) Percy's discovered! Oh!
- HENRY. (R. C., *drawing sword and rushing to the arras*) "A rat, a rat; Dead for a ducat!"
- PERCY. (*stepping out, c.*) No! (*chord*)
- HENRY. (*calling off*) What ho, there!
- Enter SUFFOLK and GUARDS, L. 1 E.; they cross to seize PERCY, who draws.*
- HENRY. Stop! I off his head will strike it!
Stand on your guard.
- PERCY. Don't think my guard would like it.
- ANNE. (*crossing, R. C.*) Have mercy!
- HENRY. (*sternly*) No.
- ANNE. Although his conduct's shady,
Let him off this time—do, "t'blige a lady."
(*gets back to place, L. C.*)
- HENRY. Well, I'll forgive the malapert.
- JANE. (*aside to him*) You will?
- HENRY. Because I have a purpose to fulfil.
(*aloud*) To-morrow, I may state, we hold high wassail,
Revels and jousts, *et cetera*, at the castle.
- ANNE. How nice!
- HENRY. (*aside*) She falls into the trap, poor goose.
If she but flirts in public, an excuse

'Twill be for me to cut her head off.

ANNE. Pray,
Who will adjudge the prizes? (*crosses, R. C.*)

HENRY. You will.
ANNE. Eh?

HENRY. Queen of the Jousts I make you.

ANNE. 'Tis your duty. (*maliciously*)

But why not make Jane Seymour Queen of Beauty?

HENRY. I've my own reasons why she——

ANNE. (*sharply*) No evasion!

HENRY. (*significantly*) Should not appear as Queen on *this* occasion.

Conceted Piece—Air, "Mother says I mustn't."

JANE. Anne fell in love with this youthful earl,
Sire, many years ago.

PERCY. Before you sought her as your wife.

HENRY. Odsboddikins, was't so?

PERCY. Ah, she was gentle as a dove;

So bashful, too, was she,

That when I asked her for a kiss,

Her answer used to be—

Percy dear, I mustn't!

Percy dear, I mustn't!

ANNE. No, dear—please, dear,

Do not plague me so!

PERCY. Percy dear, I mustn't!

Percy dear, I mustn't!

No, dear—please, dear,

Let me go!

(*repeat Chorus*)

ANNE. I used to be attractive at
The time Hal pressed his suit;
I played upon the harpsichord,
And likewise on the lute.
Could cut out my own dresses too—
This fact I note with pain,
That howe'er sumptuously I robe,
I'm now "cut out" by Jane.

HENRY. Come, linger here we mustn't.

JANE. Linger here we mustn't,

For, dear, we, dear,

To the ball should go.

PERCY. Linger here we mustn't.

ANNE. Linger here we *dussen't*!

HENRY. Now, dear, we, dear,

Off will go!

(*repeat Chorus ensemble—dance and exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Quadrangle of Windsor Castle. The Revels. The lists prepared ; a raised gallery and throne outside the Royal lodgings ; pennons waving from the battlements ; a Quintain, R.*

Enter SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, ROCHFORD, SURREY, ESSEX, and WILTSHIRE, R.

SURREY. Is everything prepared ?

SUFFOLK. Yes, best of cronies—

I am the Master of the Ceremonies.

Here's sports for every one ; for game we're rife

For every sportsman we have *Sporting Life*,

The Marionettes, and booths to try your *fistes*,

Upon the *Moor(e)*, the *Burgesses*, are Christys.

The shilling drama, and the grand theatre,

A tanner to Vesuvius and the Crater.

Three shies a penny, roundabouts, and swings,

Gingerbread nuts, and all nutritious things ;—

I have to answer for all things being right.

WILT. (*rubbing his hands*) I rather fancy this *will* be a sight !

NORFOLK. The King will take part in the sports !

ESSEX. (L.) Just so !

Bright eyes will gaze upon him.

NORFOLK. Yes, I know.

You mean Queen Annie's, eh ?

SUFFOLK. Not quite ! I mean,

The brilliant eyes of her who *may* be queen ;

If I am not mistaken, these will be

Decidely the last jousts Anne will see.

ROCH. Kill her ! Oh, should he *dare* to he will rue it !

ESSEX. You'll see p'raps in a *day or two* if he'll do it.

Enter SOMERS, R., with a back-scraper which he uses upon the EARL OF WILTSHIRE, who is indignant.

SOMERS. Now then, prepare to laugh. When is——

ALL. Ha ! ha !

SOMERS. " When's a door not a door ? " (*all shake their heads*)

" When it's a jar." (*roars of laughter*)

WILT. (*half drawing sword*) Peace ! or your head I'll split with one smart stroke.

SOMERS. What ! split a head because I cracked a joke ?

WILT. Yes, fool, I'll keep my word, your head I'll break it.

SOMERS. You're forced to *keep* your word—*no one will take it.*

(WILTSHIRE furious)

SUFFOLK. (*tries to pacify him*) Don't heed him, pray! He's in his nut a cleft.

WILT. (*angrily*) Where is my seat? (*shewing card*)

SUFFOLK. (*courteously*) Blue ticket—to the left.

(WILTSHIRE *crosses to L.*)

Flourish—Enter, R., KING HENRY, ANNE BOLEYN, JANE SEYMOUR, GERALDINE, and LADIES OF HONOUR, LORD CLIFFORD, PADDINGTON, SHOREDITCH, WHITECHAPEL, GUARDS and PERCY—shouts.

HENRY. Thanks, friends, for thus your loyalty expressing,
We trust you will accept——

ALL. (*holding out their hands*) We will!

HENRY. Our blessing!

Now for the sports! (*great cheering*)

ESSEX. (*to NORFOLK*) Their cheering's far from feeble.

I ne'er saw such enthusiastic *peeble*.

At luncheon, when with appetite inspired,
Hal swallowed *food*, a *food de joie* was fired.

And ladies, when his seat he did vacate,
Fought for the cherry-stones left on the plate!

ANNE. (*to HENRY, turning from WILTSHIRE and ROCHFORD, with whom she has been conversing*) Come!

HENRY. (*handing JANE to the gallery, and squeezing her hand—bluffly*) I'm engaged.

ANNE. (*spitefully*) You're by that squeeze confessing
That the engagement is extremely *pressing*.

PERCY. (*coming forward, C., and bowing*) Let me escort
you!

ANNE. (*taking his arm*) Oh!

HENRY. (*watching them*) Ha!

WILT. (*aside, looking at PERCY*) Stupid owl!

HENRY. (*to PERCY*) Such conduct is not *meet*.

WILT. (L.) No, sire, it's *fowl*.

He's not an officer in waiting——

PERCY. (*impatiently*) Pooh!

I am a novice, sir, in waiting. (*trying to pass*)

HENRY. (*sternly*) True.

So Suffolk will conduct the Queen.

SURREY. (*to PERCY*) Rash elf!

ANNE. (*coldly*) Thank you, I know how to conduct myself.

WILT. (*angrily*) I only wish you *did*.

SUFFOLK. (*going up*) Stand back, your grace.

Exit WILTSHIRE, L., and HENRY, R.—ANNE goes up to her seat, which she finds occupied by JANE.

ANNE. That nasty forward thing's got in my place!

(*turns JANE out*) You're not the Queen of Beauty, artful minx!

JANE. (*curtseying*) Beauty's according to what people thinks.

(SOMERS *bangs gong*)

SUFFOLK. Now for a wrestling bout.

SURREY. That's *bout* the thing.

SUFFOLK. The Earl of Wiltshire's challenged by the King!

SOMERS. (*beating gong*) Hi, hi, hi, hi!

ANNE. (*ringing hand bell*) I'll for refreshments tinkle.

(GERALDINE *hands basket to the QUEEN*)

What have we in this basket? (*opens it*) Ha! a winkle!

(*produces a large one with delight, and proceeds to devour it, using a hair pin—she also partakes of gingerbread*)

JANE. Your majesty, that's *fishy*.

ANNE. (*enjoying herself*) Pooh!

PERCY. (*gazing at ANNE, and sighing*) Ah, me!

Were I that hair-pin, hair-pin-ess 'twould be!

Flourish.—*Re-enter HENRY from R., and WILTSHIRE from L.; they wrestle.*

GERALD. (*leaning over the balcony, to SURREY*) Why those contortions?

SURREY. (*explaining*) 'Tis to get the "grip."

ALL. (*as WILTSHIRE is thrown*) Hooray!

GERALD. The King has got him on the hip.

ANNE. Papa is floored.

JANE. (*aside*) Of that I very glad am.

ANNE. (*excitedly*) They wrestle still!

JANE. Don't be so *wrestle-less*, madam.

(HENRY *is victorious—he bows to the throne, especially to JANE SEYMOUR, who rises to acknowledge the salute, and is pushed down by ANNE*)

SUFFOLK. (*announcing*) Climbing the greasy pole!

ANNE. (*springing up*) I'll have a go!

JANE. (*restraining her*) Think of your sex, your majesty.

GERALD. Just so.

(*a pole is placed in C. of stage, upon the top of which is hung a joint of meat*)

PERCY. (*looking up*) What's that upon the top that I descry?

SURREY. (*with eye-glass*) A haunch of venison.

PERCY. It seems very *high*.

(*Music—attempts are made to reach the summit—HENRY eventually accomplishes the feat, and brings down the prize—great applause*)

HENRY. (*handing it to SOMERS*) This I'll present to you—so
take it; here—

ANNE. (*annoyed*) Gives good *high venison*!

SOMERS. 'Taint a bad *high deer*.

(*does pantomime business—licking it, &c.*)

HENRY. Now for the Quintain.

(*Music—SURREY, PERCY, WILTSHIRE and HENRY come forward with lances, and tilt at the Quintain*)

ALL. The King's knocked down!

PERCY. This fact, excuse my hintin,'
He could not hit the *quintain*, 'cos he's *squintin*.'

HENRY. (*enraged*) Malapert knave! *Exit, L. U. E.*

ANNE. (*sweetly to PERCY*) You were not struck, and so
The prize, my lord, belongs to you.

ALL. Bravo!

ANNE. (*handing a large glove to PERCY*) My glove.

PERCY. (*kneeling*) I thank you on my bended knee.

(*aside, kissing it*) Rapture! Her glove! *Retires, R.*

WILT. Her size is twenty-three.

GERALD. (*to ANNE*) Don't go on, ma'am, like this—the King
you'll rile.

ANNE. Well, I can't help it, "I'm so volatile."

This is exciting! (*feeling in her pocket*) Gracious! may
I ask,

Has anybody seen my brandy flask?

(*GERALDINE hands it—she drinks*)

This *eau de vie* is very tidy tippie.

SURREY (*looking off, L.*) Here comes King Henry, limping like
a cripple.

PERCY. (*down, R.*) I claim the victor's prize—

ANNE. (*crossing, R. C.*) Kneel then, *mon cher*;

And in your coat I'll place this *bouquetière*.

(*flower in his button-hole, he passionately kisses her hand—
the KING appears L., and is transfixed with rage*)

HENRY. (*roaring*) This to my face!

WILT. (*aside*) He's in a towering rage.

SUFFOLK. (*with programme*) Earl Surrey and Lord Rochford
next engage.

HENRY. No! Stop the sports!

ANNE. Good gracious, what a din!

HENRY. You'll, like a *kettle*, ma'am, be best *blocked (t)in*;
I'll send you to the Tower.

ANNE. (*agonisedly*) Oh grief and woe!

HENRY. Seize Percy! Stop the jousts!

SUFFOLK. Stop them!

HENRY. Joust so!

Concerted Piece—Air, "Finale to the First Act of 'Généviève de Brabant.'" (Offenbach.)

CHORUS. What an ending, fearful,
 To revels cheerful,
 With grief *we're* full—
 Ev'ry eye tearful!
 Henry, with beer full
 Must be, we should think.
 Now *we'll be off*, the parcel,
 To the castle, with each vassal
 And retainers at our backs:
 Yes, we'll as Yankees say, "Make tracks."

PERCY. Each gentleman who of the upper crust is,
 Lend your ears to what I'm going to say:
 I know that, one and all, you'll do me justice;
 Believe me innocent 'till I'm proved guilty, pray.
 (repeat ensemble—dance, and close in upon tableaux)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Apartment in Windsor Castle.*

Enter SUFFOLK, R.

SUFFOLK. Well, this emphatic'lly's an "awful go!"
 What will become of Anne, I hardly know:
 Hal has imprisoned her—which is a *blunder*,
 Why did H. *Two-door*, do it, I *one-door* (wonder.)

*Song—Air, "I mustn't tell." **

Jane is dearer to him than Anne Boleyn,
 (Though she's cost him a good deal, I can aver)
 Why don't he advertise in all the papers
 That he won't pay the debts she may incur?
 When away from Jane he is so lonely,
 And knows not what to do.
 Though a married man, he's fond of flirting—
 I've seen him bill and coo.
 Oh when he kissed Jane, I saw her pretty blushes.
 She turned her face away each blush to hide;
 Her cheeks were the colour of the roses,
 As she murmured, "Harry, shall I be your bride?"
 That is something that I mustn't tell,
 For if Anne knew, 'twould be a sell;
 In rage she resembles a chameleon—
 She turns red and white, and green with jealous-ee;
 And, like Tarragon vinegar, her temper's
 Remarkable for great acidi-tee.

Dance and exit, L. 1 E.

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Enter KING HENRY, R. 1 E.

HENRY. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hoo! hoo! Within an hour
My spouse will be a pris'ner in the Tower.
There wait her trial, which will not, I trust,
Last like the Tichborne trial, or I shall bust.
I've long enough for sweet Jane Seymour tarried,
And I shall *parch* and *burn* until I'm *arid*.

(*crash heard off, L., and voices*)

What uproar's this? I hear a laugh of mockery.

(SURREY runs on, L.)

SURREY. My liege, the Queen has smashed the royal crockery.
A. Boleyn has behaved——

HENRY. (R.) I wish you'd stop!

SURREY. Just like a *bull* in——

HENRY. What?

SURREY. A china shop.

She vows that she her conduct can explain,
Declares that she will see you once again.

HENRY. (*fiercely*) I will not see her.

SURREY. Do?

HENRY. She'll go on viciously.

(*softening*) Well, bring her, *Surrey*, up, *surrey-up-titiously*.
SURREY bows and exits, L.

Now, by my halidame, I vow that I
Will not be moved by tears—the Queen shall die.
No, I'll not *swerve*. She dies—that's settled quite,
And people's verdict will be "*swerve* her right."

Enter SURREY, L., followed by ANNE—SURREY crosses at back,
to R., bows and withdraws.

ANNE. (*tearfully*) Oh, Henry!

HENRY. Peace! I want no explanations,
And I will heed no tears or lamentations.

ANNE. (*clasping her hands*) You loved me once—I'm sure—I
know you did,

You said for me of Katherine you got rid;
When I came back from France, and was French polished,
You vow'd that I each rival's charms demolished.
Didn't I sing to you?

HENRY. Shut up, you bore, you!

ANNE. Didn't I even dance the can-can for you?

Capered like Mam'selle Sara.

HENRY. Peace! you are a

Confounded plague. (*decisively*) You die.

ANNE. (*resignedly*) "*Che sara, sara.*"

HENRY. Be off! get out, or else you shall be carried.

Harry'd much rather not be further *harried*.

I'm sick and weary of your importunities;
You start, ma'am, in an hour.

ANNE. Oh dear, how soon it is!

Forgive me?

HENRY. No.

ANNE. You shabby thing!

HENRY. Don't pout,

Think, if I'm *shabby*, how you've *worn me out*.

PERCY. (*without*) Surrey, stand back! Go in I must, and shall!

PERCY runs in, R., followed by SURREY.

HENRY. I thought you were in custody?

PERCY. (*kneeling, R.C.*) Great Hal,
I've come to plead—though I've not much ability—
For Anne; I here declare she is not *guilty*.
Spare her!

HENRY. Oh, I can spare her! In an hour
I shall consign you both into the Tower,
The warrant I have signed for your committal.

ANNE. (*aside*) Vain 'twere to cherish hopes of an acquittal.

HENRY. What ho, there!

Enter SUFFOLK, L., with BEEFEATERS, SOMERS and ESSEX follow.

HENRY. In a dungeon this youth cram.

SUFFOLK. (*crossing to PERCY, and arresting him*) Sir, you're attached.

PERCY. (*gazing fondly at ANNE*) Suffolk, you're right, I am.

SOMERS. (*to HENRY*) Can nothing your wrath turn? Don't let them die.

Be lenient, sire.

HENRY. (*fiercely*) Avaunt, thou speckled pye!

Concerted Piece—Air, "Take it, Bob."

PERCY. (*aside*) Though my foe is so clever, a plan I will shape,
To frustrate his scheme, and on board ship escape.

Fly abroad—and an exile once more I'll become,

But about my intentions I'd better keep dumb.

SOMERS. To the deepest of dungeons consigned they will be.

ANNE. I'd a cheerful bolt do, or a lively flee,
But lawks, and alas, I my doom must await!

It's perfectly useless to strive against fate.

HENRY. Take 'em up, take 'em up, take 'em up, take 'em up,
Crammed in the dungeons at once let them be.

SUFFOLK. Take 'em up, take 'em up, take 'em up!

Take 'em up, take 'em up, take them!

ANNE. Oh, grief! agony! (*Chorus repeated*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Thames. Old London Bridge.*

Stage full of PEOPLE; PADDINGTON, SHOREDITCH, and WHITE-CHAPEL discovered.

PAD. (*comes forward with newspaper, c.*) Ahem! Now give your kind attention, please.

"The Evening Standard"—you can *stand at ease*.

"Special Edition." Ha!—what's this I see?

"The Queen left Windsor at fifteen past three."

WHITE. (R. Poor Anne! I'm sorry for her!

SHORE. (L.)

So am I.

WHITE. It seems a awful pity she must die.

PAD. (C.) So young! So beauteous too! (*wipes his eyes*).

WHITE: But why d'you sigh so?

Your eyes are moistened—come, you *moistened* cry so.

Pray recollect Jane's star's in the ascendant,

And we on *her*, when Queen, shall be attendant.

So, brave companions, you I would advise

To mind your P.'s and Q.'s, and mind your eyes;

If we show 'gainst the favourite animosity,

When *Jenny's* Queen, she'll not show *Jenny-rosity*.

(*they go up and keep the crowd in order*)

Enter, L., LORD ROCHFORD, and the EARL OF WILTSHIRE disguised as street acrobats—the EARL wears an old top coat and a dilapidated hat, and carries a drum and pandean pipes.

WILT. (*banging drum*) A-going to commence. Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!

ROCH. They won't attend—they've other fish to fry.

WILT. Speaking "sourkastic," it is very pleasant

To find this jovial assemblage present,

Waiting to view Anne going to be killed!

It's also pleasant to see oneself "billed"

In this way 'bout the town! (*produces a large poster, with*

"£100 Reward, Absconded," &c., *printed thereon,*

in large letters) The fact is, we——

My son, and (pray excuse the grammar) *me*—

Hearing Hal meant our several geese to cook,

Made up our minds to do a gentle hook.

We have tried tumbling;

ROCH. But can't do it, pa.

WILT. Very good tumblers, in *one* sense, we are.

Yes, I've tried tumbling—tumbling has tried *me*;

I haven't tumbled to it, as you see.

ROCH. Come, gov'nor, read the bill, and leave off chattering.

WILT. I can't say the description of *me's* flattering. (*reads*)

"Has a bull neck, hoarse laugh, and on his nose

"A wart, three pimples, and turns in his toes;

"Has likewise cocoa-coloured eyes, and"—hark ye,
 "A powerful squint, bow legs," hem! (*folding it up*)
 Signed, "Pollaky."

(*retires up and sits down on his drum*)

*Enter SURREY and GERALDINE, L., the former has field glasses ;
 the latter a small parasol.*

SURREY. (R. C.) Well, here we are! (*looking off*) Crowds
 stretch from east to west!

Why, Geraldine, you're decked out in your best.

GERALD. (L. C.) Of course I am; for people, I declare,
 Don't think of what you *are*, but what you *wear*.
 Hal's not arrived?

SURREY. No he'd, I heard them say,
 Come by the Metropolitan Rail-way;
 So, as that line's the slowest and the worst,
 I thought we'd better *walk*, and get here *first*.
 (*they go up and join the throng, looking up river—SURREY
 using field-glasses*)

Enter PERCY, R.

PERCY. (*down front*) I have escaped! I thought for fear of
 failure,

'Twould be advisable to bribe my jail-i-or
 To let me out—he did: *I* let him *in*,
 Because I found I hadn't got the tin.
 But he, I'm glad to say, did not prove merciless,
 But trusted me. Poor *Percy* now is *Percy-less* (purse-less).
 Without a *mattrass hard* whereon to rest,
 It a *hard matter* is to make the best
 Of such a melancholy lot as mine!
 But I will flee abroad, and not repine.

HENRY. (*heard calling*) What ho!

PERCY. The King! I'm lost! I know that voice of his!
 I'll go, or he will recognize my phiz! (*KING calls*)
 His lungs are those of *Stentor*—I'll away—
It stentor one I'm caught, if here I stay.

(*goes up and off, R.*)

*Enter KING HENRY, L. 2 E., attended by SUFFOLK, ESSEX,
 NORFOLK, and CLIFFORD.*

HENRY. I went to Hampton Court, but thought that I
 Would come and see my once loved Anne pass by.

SUFFOLK. Hampden, who said the world was flat?

HENRY. Ha, ha!
 If the world's *not*, half the folks in it *are*.

SUFFOLK. (*alluding to the crowd*) They're *dense* enough here.

HENRY. True; so hire a boat.

We'll see the sight much better when afloat.

Exit SUFFOLK, L. 1 E.

(*sings*) A boat, a boat, hail from the ferry,
A barge, a skiff, a punt, or wherry;
We'll laugh, and quaff brown ale, or perry.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

Well, speak, my faithful Suffolk, have you got one?

SUFFOLK. My liege, I grieve to say that there is not one,—
Only a washing tub.

HENRY. A good suggestion!

Tub be, or not *tub* be, that is the question.

Exit HENRY, L. 2 E.

Enter JANE SEYMOUR, R. 1 E.

JANE. (*to* SUFFOLK) Where is the King? Tell him, your
grace, Jane Seymour

Has just arrived.

CROWD. (*excitedly*) The steamer!

SURREY. (*to* GERALD) Here's the steamer?

GERALD. (*looking off, L.*) And here's his Majesty!

JANE. Oh, what a sight!

Without an *oar*! his is an *oar-ful* plight.

WILT. They come!

ALL. Hats off!

Music—HENRY appears in a washing tub, with umbrella, from
L. 3 E.—*business*—as the tub moves towards R., a modern river
steamer (painted "*Citizen—1d.*") with ANNE BOLEYN standing
at the bow, rushes through arch of bridge, R. U. E., and knocks
over the KING and his tub—*intense excitement*.

ANNE. (*with speaking trumpet*) Hi! Ease her! Back her!
Stop her!

WILT. (*through music*) He's drowned! (*joyfully*)

JANE. Oh, agony! (*faints on the drum*)

SURREY. My! What a cropper!

PERCY, (*appearing on bridge, R.*) Ha! someone's tumbled in
the water, plump!

To save him, I'll go in for "Johnson's jump."

(*leaps into the river—cheers, and more excitement*)

ANNE. He swims so well, that p'raps this little man'll

Like Johnson, try to swim across the Channel.

And if he won the bet, the youthful rover

Might say, "Come, don't be *callous*, hand it (*D*) over."

Music—WILL SOMERS, *rushes in, R., with a huge fishing rod and line, and succeeds in hooking the KING and PERCY*—WILTSHIRE *catches hold of SOMERS round the waist*—SURREY *holds WILTSHIRE*—SUFFOLK, SURREY, *and so on*—ALL *pull*—SOMERS *lets go of the KING, and ALL fall back—at last, PERCY and the KING are landed—cheers—stop Music*)

CROWD. Hooray !

SURREY. Hot work !

HENRY. (*exhausted*) Some beer ! I am so *thusty*.

SOMERS. Hulloa ! They don't seem wet.

HENRY. No, but we're dusty.

Who's my preserver ? (*PERCY is led forward*) Percy, can it be !

PERCY. (*recognizing the King*) I've been and gone and saved my enemie.

GERALD. Noble revenge !

HENRY. Off with his head ! (*murmurs*)

ANNE. (*springing ashore from the steamer by aid of a pole, and rushing forward to the King*) No, No !

You cannot, will not, shall not treat him so.

SURREY. Pardon him, sire ?

HENRY. Well, well, I'll him forgive.

WILT. (*advancing*) You sought my life.

HENRY. Don't want it ; you may live,

But as for Anne——

PERCY. It doesn't rest with *you*

Whether or not Anne Boleyn lives.

HENRY. (*reflecting*) That's true.

SOMERS. If she's beheaded—you'll confess I'm right—

How 'bout the piece, you know, to-morrow night ?

HENRY. That's true again ! I'll moderate my fury !

ANNE. I'm on my trial, *now* (*pointing to audience*) *they're* "On the Jury,"

Say that our nonsense you will not interdict,

I'm—like the picture—"Waiting for the Verdict."

HENRY. (*to audience*) If, with Jane Seymour, I've played fast and loose,

At all events I've had a *fair* excuse.

SURREY. 'Tis true with history we've played strange pranks,

But if you'll pardon, we will give "much thanks."

PERCY. From some though, we, perhaps, may get it hotly,

But hist'ry's not far wrong when told by *Motley*.

At any rate we trust you'll not refuse

To cheer our earnest efforts to amuse.

SOMERS. Rally round us each night, and show your loyalty,

HENRY. Support the King!

ANNE. The Queen!

JANE. And the *New Royalty*!*

Finale—Air, "Won't you tell me, Mollie?"

PERCY. If you kindly cheer Anne Boleyn,
Then right happy we shall be.

JANE. Tell your friends you like Anne Boleyn,
Send them to the Royalty.

SUFFOLK. Oh; deal not harshly with our nonsense,
All our many faults forgive;
Stamp our piece with your approval,
Say that you will let us live.

Chorus (harmonized) Public—ever kindest, fairest,
All our many faults forgive;
Stamp our piece with your approval,
Say that you will let us live.

Air changes to "Mother says I mustn't."

PERCY. We've finished our wild perversion of
Anne Boleyn's historee.

ANNE. If we have made you merry, friends,
Right happy we shall be.

JANE. Drop in again another night
When sober work is done.

SURREY. You will find a relaxation in
An hour of harmless fun!

HARRY. Send your friends by dozens,
Bring your aunts and cousins;

SOMERS. Do now—please now—
Kindly give a hand—

GERALD. Set the ball a rollin'.

SUFFOLK. Kindly cheer Anne Boleyn.

PERCY. Do now—please now,
Give a hand.

(repeat Chorus ensemble—dance by all the CHARACTERS)

Curtain.

* SURREY. PERCY. JANE. KING. ANNE. SOMERS.

GERALD.

ESSEX.

SUFFOLK.

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LIST OF THE MOST SUITABLE DRAMAS, WITH THE NUMBER OF MALE
AND FEMALE CHARACTERS IN EACH.

A CATALOGUE OF ALL THE MODERN PLAYS.

THE LAW FOR AMATEURS.

THE NAMES OF PIECES ACTABLE WITHOUT CHARGE.

PRACTICAL ADVICE AS TO DEPORTMENT, SPEAKING, AND EFFECTIVE
ACTING; WITH A VARIETY OF INTERESTING DETAILS, NEVER
BEFORE COLLECTED OR PRINTED.

A LIST OF THEATRICAL TRADESMEN, AND THEIR ADDRESSES.

Edited by T. H. LACY.

Ninth Edition, corrected to February, 1872.

THE AMATEUR'S GUIDE TO HOME OR DRAWING ROOM THEATRICALS.

From "Saunders' News Letter," May 23rd, 1866.

THIS is a most useful little work, which supplies most effectually a want long felt by those desirous of cultivating theatrical amusements and tastes, and of indulging in the harmless and not unimproving recreation caused by amateur theatricals. The book consists of three parts, by three different authors—all amateur actors, who give the benefit of their experience and advice in a rather lively style. The first is by Mr. J. W. SORRELL, and treats of the duties of the manager and company, and the cheapest and easiest mode of bringing out a piece successfully either in a drawing-room or private theatre. The author shews how matters which are most mysterious to the general public, and interpose almost insurmountable difficulties to their production by the uninitiated or private companies, may be overcome. Their nature is explained, and a plan—cheap, easy, and effective—is shown by which the most and the least pretentious amateur company may get up a creditable theatre and performance. Chapters are given on scenery and scene painting, stage illusions and effects, thunder and lightning, pieces suitable for private representation, advice on acting, dresses and properties, the duties of a prompter, and rehearsals, in all of which there is excellent advice and valuable information. "How to get up Theatricals in a Country House," by a gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Captain SOOK BURN, is the second part, and will be found an excellent appendix to the preceding part. It contains, besides, a long list of plays, with descriptions and directions, that will be found of great use to country amateurs. A supplement by the editor, THOMAS H. LACY, is the last part, and in it the deficiencies of the two preceding are supplied. The rules and laws for regulating amateur companies are here laid down, and further lists of plays are given. The book will be found of the greatest possible use to the amateur, supplying a want long felt, and rendering the production of a play upon an amateur stage a matter of ease, even to parties whose opportunities of witnessing theatrical performances have been few.

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