

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A GRAND COMIC, ROMANTIC,

OPERATIC, MELO-DRAMATIC, FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

*Fortunio—Blue Beard—Sleeping Beauty—Bee and the Orange Tree—Birds of Aristophanes—Drama at Home—Love and Fortune—Golden Fleece—Graciosa and Percinet—White Cat—Island of Jewels—King Charming—Theseus and Ariadne—Golden Branch—Invisible Prince—Fair One with the Golden Locks—Good Woman in the Wood—Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus—Buckstone's Voyage Round the Globe—Camp at the Olympic—Once upon a Time there were Two Kings—Yellow Dwarf—Cymon and Iphigenia—Prince of Happy Land—Queen of the Frogs—Seven Champions—Haymarket Spring Meeting—Discreet Princess—*

AND JOINTLY OF

*The Deep, Deep Sea—Olympic Revels—Olympic Devils—Paphian Bower—Telemachus—Riquet with the Tuft—High Low Jack and the Game—Puss in Boots—Blue Beard, &c. &c. &c.*

---

LONDON.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

709553

*First Performed at the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN, on Monday, April 12, 1841,*  
 An entirely New and Original Grand COMIC, ROMANTIC, OPERATIC, MELO-DRAMATIC FAIRY EXTRA VAGANZA  
 in Two Acts, founded on the Nursery Tale, and entitled

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

The Scenery by Mr. GRIEVE, and Mr. W. GRIEVE. The Decorations and Appointments by Mr. W. BRADWELL. The Dresses by Mesdames GLOVER and RAYNER. The Machinery by Mr. H. SLOMAN.

*The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr J. H. TULLY. The Action and Dances by Mr. OSCAR BYRNE.*

BEAUTY

THE BEAST, *alias* PRINCE AZOR

SIR ALDGATE PUMP, (*Knight, Alderman, and Merchant Adventurer, in Difficulties—Beauty's Father*) Mr. J. BLAND.

JOHN QUILL, (*his Ex-Clerk and present humble Servant, a livery-man out of livery*) Mr. HARLEY.

DRESSALINDA,

MARRYGOLDA,

QUEEN OF THE ROSES

Madame VESTRIS.

Mr. W. HARRISON.

Mr. J. BLAND.

Mr. HARLEY.

Miss RAINFORTH.

Miss GRANT.

Miss LEE.

MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES—Mesdames CROSS, JACKSON, A. JACKSON, LANE, COLLETT, GOWARD,  
 GARRICK, KERRIDGE, CHARLTON.

ZEPHYRS, (*in Waiting*)—Mesdames PAYNE, RYALS, MILLER, KENDALL, A. KENDALL, TAYLOR, FITZJAMES,  
 GARDINER, PLATT, HATTON, TRAVERS, L. PAYNE.

DRIVER OF FAIRY OMNIBUS—Miss KENDALL. Cad—Master MARSHALL.

NOBLES AND LADIES OF THE COURT OF PRINCE AZOR—Messrs COLLETT, GREEN, S. SMITH, GLEDHILL, BUTLER,  
 KERRIDGE, CONNELL, DAVIS, HEALEY, HODGES.

Mesdames RUSHTON, EDGAR, SCOTT, MARSANO, BISHOP, GRANBY, FRANKLIN, OSBORNE.

**PERIOD OF THE ACTION**—"Whichever you please, my pretty little dears."

**THE COSTUMES, FROM NO AUTHORITY WHATSOEVER.**

**THE SCENERY, PAINTED ON THE SPOT** as follows :

# THE HOUSE OF ROSES!

Opened by the Queen in Person.

P A R L O U R I N "P U M P ' S F O L L Y," B R I X T O N.

A FOREST. (Snow Scene.)

ENCHANTED GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF THE BEAST.

"PUMP'S FOLLY." (AS BEFORE.)

SALOON IN THE BEAST'S PALACE.

*BEAUTY'S DREAM.*

Zephyrs, Mr. GILBERT and Master MARSHALL.

Esprits de Rose, Misses BALLIN, MARSHALL, and FAIRBROTHER.

ACT SECOND.

BEAUTY'S BOUDOIR, IN THE PALACE OF THE BEAST.  
“*Veluti in Speculum.*”

“PUMP’S FOLLY.” (as before.)

WITH BEAUTY’S SECOND DREAM.

---

GROTTO IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE.

THRONE ROOM

IN THE PALACE OF PRINCE AZOR.

---

THE LAST

G A T H E R I N G O F T H E R O S E S.  
THE QUEEN’S STATE CARRIAGE,

From the Repository of Mr. W. BRADWELL.

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



## ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Bower of Roses, not by Bendemeer's stream.*

*ZEPHYRS discovered sleeping.*

*Enter a troop of ZEPHYRS to the "Gavotte de Vestris."*

ZEPHYR. How's this? what still asleep, my rosy posies?  
Come ope your eyes and blow your little noses.  
Not a leaf stirring yet—why gracious powers,  
Are you aware the time of day, my flowers?  
Have you forgotten that your queen proposes  
This day to ope the parliament of roses!

CHORUS.—“Der Freischutz.”—CHORUS OF BRIDES-  
MAIDS.

Sweet Zephyr, don't make such a breeze,  
We're rather late this morning,  
But don't be angry, if you please,  
We shan't be long adorning;  
Sleep, you know, will sometimes thus enthrall us,  
You should earlier call us.

*Music.—The QUEEN OF THE ROSES appears.*

ZEPHYR. Behold your sovereign! Silence, all and each,  
To hear her majesty's most flow'ry speech.

QUEEN. My buds and blossoms, I rejoice to say,  
That I continue to receive each day

Assurances from all the foreign flowers  
 Of their good will towards these happy bowers—  
 I have concluded, on the best foundations,  
 A treaty with the King of the Carnations,  
 And trust ere long to lay the leaves before you—  
 I'm sorry now to be obliged to bore you  
 On an old subject, but, for your digestion  
 At Easter, we must have an Easter question—  
 And on my faithful Roses I depend  
 To bring the matter to a happy end.  
 The facts are these—a youth of royal race,  
 Of noble mind and matchless shape and face,  
 Has been transformed by a malicious fairy  
 Into an ugly monster, huge and hairy!  
 And must remain a downright beast outside,  
 'Till some fair maid consents to be his bride.  
 My Buds and Blossoms, you will take that measure,  
 Of course, which best may work your sovereign's  
     pleasure—  
 Which is, that through a Rose's mediation  
 The prince may be restored to form and station.  
 Ere nightfall, I expect you'll break the spell,  
 And so, my Buds and Blossoms, fare ye well.

CHORUS.—“Coal Black Rose.”

Queen of Roses, we'll take care  
 To lay before this honourable house the affair;  
 If we can get two acts pass'd, without its being nettled,  
 The Beast will be *re-formed*, and the Easter question  
     settled!

No rose, here that blows,  
 Will vote against a measure, ma'am, that you propose.  
     (*Tableau and the scene closes.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of “Pump's Folly.”*

*Enter MARRYGOLDA and DRESSALINDA, R.*

MARRY. Oh, sister! sister! times have altered sadly,

To think we should live poorly—

DRESS.

And dress badly!

MARRY. We who have banquetted in fair Guildhall,

DRESS. We who have opened Easter Monday's ball—

MARRY. The daughters of Sir Aldgate Pump, Lord Mayor  
Of London once—

DRESS. And now, though past the chair,

A knight and alderman, who might again  
Wear o'er the velvet gown the golden chain,  
Had not malicious Fortune, at one blow,  
Ruined the famous firm of Pump and Co.

MARRY. Out on the jade! could she none else have fix'd on  
To banish from Threadneedle-street to Brixton—  
Sad change from merriment to melancholy,  
From lordly Mansion House, to poor "Pump's Folly."

DRESS. It makes me mad to hear our sister Beauty  
Say we should be content, and prate of duty  
And resignation, and that sort of stuff—  
She thinks a grogram gown is fine enough.

MARRY. And so it is for her—to scrub the floor in,  
To cook the dinner, or to ope the door in.  
That's all she's fit for—with her wax doll's face,  
What matters what she thinks in any case!  
We are her elders, and her betters too,  
And need more ornament—than she can do.

DRESS. Here comes papa—and in a mighty hurry!

*Enter SIR ALDGATE PUMP hastily, L., in great agitation,  
with an open letter in his hand.*

SIR ALD. Oh, Gog and Magog!

MARRY. Bless me, what a flurry  
You seem in, sir—is anything amiss?  
Or have you heard good news?

SIR ALD. Girls, come and kiss  
Your happy father. Pumps are up! Behold  
This precious letter! List, whilst I unfold  
The glorious tidings—Fortune, in her sport,  
Has brought the good ship "Polly" into port.

DRESS. The bark you thought was lost on some vile rock—

SIR ALD. Is safe in Plymouth Sound.

MARRY. You're sure, sir,

SIR ALD. Cock!

DRESS. Why she was thought the richest of your fleet.

SIR ALD. Her cargo's worth would buy all Lombard street.

MARRY. Then we again in gilded coach shall ride.

DRESS. And wear the richest clothes in all Cheapside.

SIR ALD. Again, a roaring trade on 'Change' I'll drive!

But I must hence with speed, so look alive—

Where is my youngest hope, my Beauty fair?

MARRY. I am sure, pa, I don't know.

DRESS. And I don't care!

BEAUTY. (*sings without, R.*) "Gondolier, row, row."

SIR ALD. Hark! that's her voice? as any bell 'tis clear.

MARRY. I'm sick of that eternal "Gondolier."

*Enter BEAUTY singing, R.*

AIR.—BEAUTY—"Gondolier Row."

Gondolier, row, row,

Gondolier, row, row;

'Tis a pretty air,

I do declare,

But it haunts a body so,

Gondolier, row, row,

Gondolier, row, row;

At work or play,

By night or day,

I sing it where'er I go.

BEAUTY. Good morning, sir.

SIR ALD. Rejoice, my child, for know,  
The "Polly's" safe in port.

BEAUTY. You don't say so?

SIR ALD. Read!—you can read?

BEAUTY. Both print and written hand.

SIR ALD. Accomplished creature!—and, can understand  
What you do read?

BEAUTY. Affirm that quite I wouldn't—

Because, at times, e'en those who write it couldn't.

SIR ALD. Where's my ex-clerk and faithful drudge, John  
Quill?

*Enter JOHN QUILL, L.*

JOHN. Here, master. I am your remainder still.



SIR ALD. Run to the "Goat in Boots."

JOHN. Yes, master—Dot  
And carry one— *Going, L.*

SIR ALD. Stop! you've not heard for what.  
Order a chaise and four—and mind, John, you  
Must travel with me—

JOHN. Dot and carry two.

SIR ALD. Rot your arithmetic, and stir your stumps—  
This is a glorious day, girl, for the Pumps!

BEAUTY. Where go you, father?

SIR ALD. To the ship, my dear.  
To land her cargo, and the Customs clear.

DRESS. You'll bring some present home, I hope, for me.

SIR ALD. With all my heart, my love—what?

DRESS. Oh, any trifle that falls in your way—  
A hundred guinea shawl suppose we say.

SIR ALD. A hundred—humph—but then your sisters too.

MARRY. Oh, sir, I wouldn't think of asking you  
To buy a shawl for me—that were too rash—  
I'll take a hundred guineas, sir, in cash.

SIR ALD. Considerate child! But first, love, I must net 'em  
In the meanwhile, I'll wish that you may get 'em.  
But what says Beauty? is my pet so happy  
That she's no boon to ask of her own Pappy?  
You've heard the choice of your two sisters here,  
One's for mere cash, the other for Cashmere.  
What says my duck?

BEAUTY. (*aside*) If nothing, I suppose  
They'll call me proud. (*aloud*) Well, bring me, sir,  
a rose.

SIR ALD. A rose!

BEAUTY. Yes—in our little garden here,  
There is not one at this time of the year.  
And I'm so fond of roses.

DRESS. }  
MARRY. } Well, if ever!

SIR ALD. Only a flower! Nonsense child—endeavour  
To think of something else.

BEAUTY. No, sir, 'twill be  
Enough to prove that you have thought of me

When far away.

DRESS. }  
MARRY. } Sweet sentimental soul !

SIR. ALD. I'll bring one though I search from pole to pole  
to find it.

*Re-enter JOHN QUILL, L.*

JOHN. Sir, they've brought over the shay.

SIR ALD. Brought over ! brought it to the door you'd say.

JOHN. Yes, sir.

SIR ALD. Are all my things well packed behind ?

JOHN. I've added up, sir, all that I can find,

And here is the grand total. (*showing a small parcel*)

SIR ALD, A small stock, it

Won't take much room up—put it in your pocket,

And now, farewell, my darlings ! Behave pretty,

I'll come back and astonish all the city !

QUINTETTE,—“ *The Fox jumped over.*”

JOHN. I've just look'd over the garden gate,

And sorry am to observe it snows !

SIR ALD. O ho ! does it so, John ? I'll wrap up my pate ;

(One last embrace and away we goes.

BEAUTY. Wrap, father, wrap this round your chest,

The day's caught cold I do protest

For, ah ! you hear, it blows, it snows.

SIR ALD. One last embrace and away we goes.

DRESS. Beaux will swarm—

JOHN. Multiplication—

MARRY. Cash be plenty—

JOHN. Sweet addition—

SIR ALD. Now without more conversation,

Here at once we part —

JOHN. Division.

*Exeunt SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL, L., DRESSA-  
LINDA, and MARRYGOLDA, R.*

BEAUTY. More snow ! He'll have sharp weather, there's  
no doubt ;

But pa was always fond of “ cold without.”

SONG.—AIR.—“Susannah don’t you cry.”

I had a dream the other night,  
 When everything was still,  
 I dream’t I saw my father,  
 Half seas over with John Quill.  
 The cold within was nearly out,  
 A drop was in his eye;  
 He says to bolt I am about,  
 So Beauty don’t you cry.  
 Oh, my Beauty, don’t you cry for me,  
 I’m going to California to dig gold upon my knee.  
 And when I to the diggings get,  
 I’ll dig up all the ground,  
 Until I find a lump of gold,  
 That weighs ten thousand pound.  
 Then in the good ship Polly home  
 I’ll bring it presently,  
 Then we’ll all again be jolly,  
 So Beauty don’t you cry.  
 Oh, my Beauty, &c. *Exit BEAUTY, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A Forest—Snow Storm.*

(*Crash without.*)

SIR ALD. (*without*) Holloa! confusion! help! holloa!  
 John Quill!

JOHN QUILL *enters with* SIR ALDGATE, L.

JOHN. Here, master!

Mercy on us what a spill!

SIR ALD. The leaders shied at that confounded drover.

JOHN. Fours in a ditch, go once, sir, and two over.

SIR ALD. “Go once” indeed—a very pretty go—

And fancy too, a heavy fall in snow!

As the Scotch gentleman says in the play,

“What wood is this before us?”

JOHN.

I can’t say.

SIR ALD. It isn’t Birnam—that’s as clear as light.

JOHN. Why, no, it’s more like Freez’em to my sight.

SIR ALD. John, we are in a pretty situation !

JOHN. I'm out completely in my calculation.

SIR ALD. Fate seems determined, John, to use me queerly,  
The chaise is broken all to shivers nearly.

JOHN. I shouldn't mind the shivering of the shay,  
If we could keep from shivering here all day.

SIR ALD. Is there no friendly power to shield or spare  
A Knight and Alderman who's been Lord Mayor.  
Protecting Genius to my rescue fly.

JOHN. Law ! you've no more a genius, sir, than I.

SIR ALD. The deuce I haven't ! See, my prayer is heard  
By some kind spirit—never mind the word.

SCENE *gradually changes, the snow melting from the trees,  
and the forest opening and showing a beautiful garden  
with a magnificent castle in the back ground.*

The sky is clearing, it has left off snowing—  
The wood is "all a growing, all a blowing ;"  
And yonder I behold a castle fair,  
Such as I've built too often in the air.

JOHN. Oh, Bonnycastle ! Sir, I ask your pardon,  
Your genius has cast up a lovely garden,  
With beds of roses, and with bowers of myrtle,  
Where the fond turtle—

SIR ALD. Oh, don't mention turtle !  
I'm famished, and would give I know not what,  
For a good quart from Birch's, smoking hot.  
*(a table rises, with a basin of soup on it*  
Amazement ! at my wish, a basin see !

JOHN. Oh, master, wish again ! a pint for me !  
*(a smaller basin appears on the table.*

SIR ALD. 'Tis there !

JOHN. Now was't because I wished, or you ?  
Perhaps I've got a little genius, too ;  
I'll try—a nice French roll, sir, if you please ;  
*(a basket with bread rises.*

Now that I call getting one's bread with ease,  
And that's what geniuses don't often do.

SIR ALD. This is the *best bred* one I ever knew.  
Delicious soup !

JOHN. I say good master mine,  
Suppose we both wish for a little wine.

SIR ALD. With all my heart.

JOHN. What shall it be, champagne?

SIR ALD. Stop! punch with turtle—punch *a la Romaine*.  
(*the punch rises, they drink.*)

Perfect!

JOHN. I should say quite. Some more to eat?

SIR ALD. A slice of venison now, would be a treat.  
(*the soup is replaced by a silver dish, with a lamp under it, and filled with hashed venison.*)

A better hash ne'er smoked upon a table,

JOHN. If this were told they'd count it a mere fable.

SIR ALD. Now, if you'd fancy some superior sherry?

JOHN. Bless you, I do.

(*a decanter replaces the punch, SIR ALD GATE drinks.*)

*Is it superior?*

SIR ALD. (*setting down his glass*) Very! (*rises*)

John, I feel all the better for my lunch.

JOHN. My head is none the better for that punch.

SIR ALD. Come, let us try if we can find our way.

JOHN. Dy'e think, sir, there is anything to pay?

SIR ALD. I don't know, but I won't wish for the bill.

JOHN. No, don't; the gentleman might take it ill.

Which is the way out? I can't tell, can you?

My eyes are multiplying all by two.

SIR ALD. I say, John, Beauty asked me for a rose;

I'll take her one of these.

JOHN. Yes, do.

SIR ALD. Here goes.

DUET.—“I know à bank.”

I see a bank, whereon a fine one blows,  
It can't be wrong to pluck it, I suppose,  
When 'tis by Beauty seen, if we get home to-night,  
So fond of flowers, she'll dance, sir, with delight.

(SIR ALD GATE gathers a rose—thunder, lightning, &c)

*Enter the BEAST, R., with an enormous club.*

AIR AND CHORUS.—“Garde à vous.”

BEAST. Tremble you, tremble you,  
Who dare to pluck my roses,  
I'll tear ye limb from limb, and with your bones the church-  
yard strew.  
Tremble you! tremble you!

On turtle soup and punch, rogues,  
You've made a hearty lunch, rogues,  
Now I will lunch on you, lunch on you, lunch on you.

CHORUS. (*behind the scenes*) On turtle soup, &c.

BEAST. Is this your gratitude for lunching gratis?

Trespass on my preserves! Ohe jam satis!

But I will have your bones ground into dust,

And make a pie of you with your own crust

SIR ALD. Mercy, great king of clubs! one moment pause.

BEAST. Well, take a rule, then, rascals, to show cause,

Why I should not beat with this oaken plant,

The brains of both out—

JOHN.

Brains from one you can't.

SIR ALD. Pity the sorrows of a poor old Pump,

Whose trembling knees against each other thump,

And listen, with a kind attentive ear,

Whilst he explains what now seems rather queer.

AIR.—SIR ALDGATE—"Under the rose."

Great sir, don't fly out, for a trifle like this,

What harm have I done, sir? one rose you can't miss,

Don't make, if you please, sir, so fierce a grimace,

You'd have done the same thing, had you been in my place.

I'm a family man, sir, fair daughters I've three,

There's one they call Beauty, because she's like me;

Her pleading resistless, what heart could oppose,

"Papa," said the pretty girl, "bring me a rose."

BEAST. I don't believe a word of this affair.

SIR ALD. As I'm an Alderman, and have been Mayor,

You may depend on the account I give.

JOHN. As I'm a liveryman, who hopes to live,

If you examine his account you'll find it

Correct.

BEAST. Your promise then, and oath to bind it,

That you will bring that daughter here to die

Instead of you—

SIR ALD.

To die! Oh, my!

JOHN.

Oh, cry!

BEAST. Come make your mind up quickly, you or she?

Decide! It's immaterial quite to me.

SIR ALD. My lord!

BEAST.

I'm not a lord, sir, I'm a beast.

SIR ALD. You would'nt have us call you one, at least?

BEAST. I would—I like the truth—I'm a plain creature.

JOHN. The plainest that I ever saw, in feature.

BEAST. Is it a bargain? Speak, I wait to strike it.

SIR ALD. I'll go and ask my daughter if she'd like it.

BEAST. Of course, man, that's exactly what I meant;

I wouldn't eat her without her consent.

SIR ALD. If I object, then, sir, you won't eat me?

BEAST. Oh! that's another matter quite, you see!

Come, swear you will return in either case.

SIR ALD. I do!

BEAST. By what?

SIR ALD. The city sword and mace!

BEAST. 'Tis well, away! I shall expect you back

In half-an-hour—

SIR ALD. In half-an-hour! Good luck!

How far are we from home

BEAST. Four leagues and more,

But here's an omnibus goes past your door,

And only stops to take up and set down.

(*a car, on which is written "Time Flies. No stoppages," with a ZEPHYR for a driver, and another for a CAD, appears at the back of the stage from R.*)

CAD. Now, sir, bank? city! bank! going up to town?

SIR ALD. (*getting in, followed by JOHN*) Pump's Folly, Brixton.

BEAST. With the speed of light! (*to CAD*)

In half-an-hour? (*to PUMP*)

SIR ALD. Certainly!

CAD. All right!

*They fly off, L.—Exit BEAST, R.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Cottage—(as before)*

*Enter DRESSALINDA, MARRYGOLDA and BEAUTY, R.*

AIR.—MARRYGOLDA—" 'Tis really very strange."

'Tis really very strange,  
But people say, on 'Change,  
That some ill-natured folks  
Have dared papa to hoax,  
And that in Plymouth sound  
No Polly's to be found.

'Tis really very strange  
 But that's the news on 'Change,  
 They also say, on 'Change,  
 What's even still more strange,  
 That Beauty's above par;  
 And we at discount are!  
 Now if should be true,  
 Oh, dear, what shall we do?  
 'Tis really very strange,  
 But that's the news on 'Change.

DRESS. Hark! there's the gate bell! why, who can it be?

MARRY. Beauty! how now? why don't you run and see?

BEAUTY. I'm going, sister. *Exit L.*

DRESS. Going!—stir, then, stir!

She really wants a maid to wait on her.

MARRY. What has she done to-day?

DRESS. Her work—no more.

MARRY. The lazy hussey!

*Re-enter BEAUTY, L.*

DRESS. Well, who's at the door?

BEAUTY. My father!—in his habit as he started.

MARRY. Can it be possible?

DRESS. The dear departed!

*Enter SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL, L.*

MARRY. Returned so soon!

JOHN. Returned, like a bad penny.

DRESS. You've got my shawl?

SIR ALD. No, for I've not seen any.

MARRY. The money, sir, for me, at least, you brought.

SIR ALD. I've seen no money—

JOHN. Dot and carry nought.

DRESS. No shawl!

MARRY. No money! what a horrid bore.

SIR ALD. I've brought a rose for Beauty— nothing more.

BEAUTY. Oh, thanks! I hope it has not cost you dear?

SIR ALD. Only my life, my love.

BEAUTY. What's this I hear?

SIR ALD. "Forlorn, deserted, melancholy, slow,"

(For we'd been overturned, love, in the snow)



We wandered, like two large babes in the wood,  
Except that no cock robins brought us food,  
When, lo, a splendid mansion rose to sight,  
Which, talk of Robins, George alone could write  
A true description of—Meand'ring streams,  
Perennial bowers that mocked the poets' dreams;  
Surpassing all that e'er that great magician  
Submitted yet to public competition!  
Nor was the eye alone allowed to feed,  
Turtle and punch were furnished us with speed.  
Nothing to pay—Turtle without a bill,  
And Punch that made a Judy of John Quill.  
John, tell the rest, for out I cannot bring it.

JOHN. I haven't heart to say it, sir.

BEAUTY. Then sing it.

JOHN. I'll try—perhaps the air may do you good.

BEAUTY. I shouldn't wonder really if it would.

AIR —JOHN QUILL.—“I have plucked the fairest flower.”

He thought of Beauty's flower,  
And he popp'd into a bower.  
And he pluck'd the fairest rose  
That he found beneath his nose;  
But scarce had he done so  
When a monster, black as crow,  
Like an arrow from a bow,  
Flew out and cried, “Holloa!  
Here's a very pretty go, a very pretty go,  
You rascals, Oh!  
You have spoiled my flower-show,  
And to pot you both shall go  
In a squab-pie, oh!”

Then we fell upon our knees,  
And we said, “Sir, if you please,  
We did *not* mean to offend,  
'Twas to please a lady friend;”  
On which he answered “Oh!  
If indeed the truth be so,  
You'll be good enough to go,  
And just let that lady know  
She must pay for Pump and Co.,  
Pay for Pump and Co.”

'Twas a horrid blow,  
And it made us very low,  
And we've come to let you know,  
With a sad heigho!

BEAUTY. The horrid brute!

MARRY. How could you be so silly?

DRESS. What was he like?

JOHN. The Brown Bear, Piccadilly.

SIR ALD. (to BEAUTY) To cut my story short—or you,  
or I—

Must for the brute be made into squab pie.

BEAUTY. Oh horror! make a squab pie of my father!

I'd rather—oh, I don't know what I'd rather.

MARRY. I hope. Miss Beauty, you are satisfied.

DRESS. Your rose has proved a nice thorn in your side.

MARRY. Our father's death will lie, miss, at your door.

BEAUTY. Never! I'll die a hundred deaths before.

SIR ALD. My noble child!

JOHN. The very Queen of 'Trumps!

SIR ALD. Oh fate! come to the succour of the Pumps!

Let not the flower of our ancient race

Be made into a pie before my face.

JOHN. "Time flies!"—you told the omnibus to call  
As it went back.

DRESS. This time do get my shawl.

MARRY. And if you can but bring me fifty pounds,  
Or only five-and-twenty, sir—

SIR ALD. Odd zounds!

Is this a time about such trash to tease,

When your poor sister—

*Enter CAD, L.*

CAD. Now, sir, if you please.

BEAUTY. Farewell, dear sisters, I forgive you both.  
Go, father.

SIR ALD. And fare worse—oh, cruel oath.

JOHN. Don't cast up hope, dear master, fate may save her  
And strike a balance yet, sir, in our favour.

QUINTETTE.—"Mild as the Moonbeams."

To death, per omnibus, poor Beauty goes,  
And all because her pa just plucked a rose,

Mild as the moon, when a cream-cheese she resembles,  
And sweet as sugar-plums, Birch's best.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Saloon in the Palace of the Beast.*

*Enter BEAST, R.*

BEAST. Gallop apace ye fiery footed steeds,  
Oh, if this little scheme of mine succeeds,  
The smile of Beauty will the spell destroy,  
And I shall jump out of my skin with joy!

AIR.—“ My love is like a red, red rose.”

I sent my love a red, red rose,  
And hoped she would come soon.  
She can't be long now, I suppose,  
For, by my watch, 'tis noon.  
Oh, haste and try, my bonny lass,  
In love with me to fall,  
And you may find 'twill come to pass,  
I'm not a beast at all. My dear, &c.

I know I look a fright, my dear,  
But yet my hopes are high;  
There's many a girl has loved, my dear,  
A greater brute than I.  
Say but you'll wed me, sweet Miss Pump,  
And to my own fair isle,  
Out of my skin, for joy I'll jump,  
At least ten thousand mile. My dear, &c.

She comes! be still, my heart—yes, she is there  
And something like a Beauty, I declare.  
Let me retire, nor shock, at first, her sight;  
But minister, unseen, to her delight. (*retires, R.*)

*Enter SIR ALD GATE, BEAUTY and JOHN QUILL, L.*

SIR ALD. Well, here we are.

BEAUTY. It is a lovely place  
To live in.

JOHN. Yes, but that's another case—  
You've come to die.

BEAUTY. That makes it rather duller,

SIR ALD. A horse, my dear, of quite another colour.

JOHN. There's dinner ready, take a mouthful, will you?

SIR ALD. They'd fatten you, it seems, before they kill you.

BEAUTY. The thought quite takes my appetite away.

JOHN. Master, you'll pick a morsel? do, sir, pray.

SIR ALD. I couldn't touch a bit, 'twould make me ill:

There isn't any turtle, is there, Quill?

JOHN. Plenty, both calipash and calipee.

SIR ALD. Indeed! Well, if I must, I must.

BEAUTY.

Ah, me!

I'm getting nervous. (*noise within*) Ugh, what's that?

JOHN.

The Beast—

The—the—that is—the founder of the feast.

*Enter BEAST, R.*

BEAST. Madam, you're welcome; won't you take a seat?

BEAUTY. I come, sir, to be eaten, not to eat.

BEAST. And come you, madam, of your own accord?

Answer me truly.

BEAUTY.

Yes, indeed, my lord.

BEAST. Don't call me lord, I beg, I told your father

My title is "The Beast."

BEAUTY.

Well, if you'd rather—

BEAST. But now to business—I'm o'erjoyed to know

You came here willingly. Pump, you may go!

CONCERTED PIECE.—"Begone, dull Care.

BEAST.

Begone, old Pump,

I prithee begone from me;

Begone, old Pump,

Thy face let me no more see;

Thy daughter who is tarrying here,

Instead of thee I'll kill;

So begone, old Pump,

And take with thee young John Quill,

SIR ALD.

When Lord Mayor,

Had anyone dared to say

Half that, there

Would have been the deuce to pay;

But, alas, they snap their fingers now  
At Sir Aldgate Pump and say,

Ex-Lord Mayor,

Like a dog, you have had your day.

*Exeunt* SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL, L.

BEAST. Now, madam, we're alone, dismiss your fear,

I trust to make you very happy here;

Although I feel that I could eat you up,

I'd rather *with* you breakfast, dine and sup,

If you'll permit me, but I won't intrude;

You'll find, I hope, my outside only rude;

I beg you'll make yourself at home completely—

BEAUTY. I never thought a beast could speak so sweetly!

BEAST. You find me very hideous, I'm afraid.

BEAUTY. Why, I—

BEAST. Oh, speak out, call a spade a spade!

I like to hear the truth, whate'er it be.

BEAUTY. Indeed! Oh, there, then, we shall both agree!

BEAST. Did you e'er see aught like me?

BEAUTY. Yes, the What-d'ye-call

They once had at the Surrey Zoological.

BEAST. The What-d'ye-call! and *was* that like me?

BEAUTY. Very.

A great baboon—they called him "Happy Jerry!"

BEAST. Were I *your* "Jerry," I *should* "happy" be.

Oh! could I fancy you could fancy me.

BEAUTY. *My* Jerry! nay, in that light, truth to speak,

There's more of "Bruin" in your looks than "Sneak."

BEAST. This candour's quite enchanting! Matchless fair,

"Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue's sweet  
air,

More tuncable than lark to shepherd's ear;"

Allow me to take wine with you—

BEAUTY. Oh dear!

AIR.—BEAST.—"Drink to me only."

Drink to me only with your eyes,

If you object to wine;

But if you'll taste this claret cup,

I think you'll own 'tis fine.

But drink to me only with your eyes,

If you object to wine.

BEAST. 'Tis late, and you need rest—I will retire ;

Pray call for anything you may desire !

Behold your room,

(*over the door of a room appear, in letters of gold, the words, "Beauty's Apartment."*)

You'll find a wardrobe there,

With every sort of dress you'd like to wear.

Costumes from every land, North, South, West, East.

BEAUTY, Delightful !

BEAST.

Good night, Beauty !

BEAUTY.

Good night, Beast !

*Exit BEAST, R.*

Well, I declare ! a very civil brute !

If manners make the man, beyond dispute

He must be one ; though he don't look the part,

He seems a perfect gentleman at heart,

And one that, cruelly, no girl would e'er cut,

If he'd just shave his beard, and have his hair cut ;

Come, downy sleep, a balm from thee I'll borrow,

And look at all these fine affairs to-morrow.

BEAUTY *flings herself on the couch and falls asleep ; the Hall is immediately filled with SPIRITS OF THE ROSE and ZEPHYRS, the QUEEN OF THE ROSES in the midst.*

QUEEN. Beauty, you've been a good girl, and I'll see

That you're rewarded as you ought to be ;

Dance round her couch, ye flowers and spirits bright,

And give her pleasant dreams and slumbers light.

(*Dance.—Tableau.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

---

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*Beauty's Boudoir in the Palace of the Beast.*

*Enter BEAUTY, richly attired, c.*

AIR.—BEAUTY—"Jim along Josey."

Oh, Rose, as in yon garden you happened to grow,  
P'rhaps, my pretty Rosy, its master you know ?

He looks like a brute, but he acts like a king,  
And—bless me, I scarcely know what 'tis I sing.

Oh, get along, get along, Rosey,

Oh, get along, get along, do.

Poor old papa he kindly let go,  
And he hasn't eat me—as far as I know ;  
And if he should really offer, instead,  
To marry me—pshaw, what put that in my head ?

Go, get along, get along Rosey,

Go, get along, get along, do.

*Enter BEAST, R.*

AST. Good morning, fairest Beauty, how d'ye do ?

AUTY. I'm pretty well, I thank you, how are you ?

AST. Dying for love—I couldn't sleep all night  
For thinking of you.

AUTY. Oh ! you're too polite.

I've had a nice nap, and such pleasant dreams ;

I've got a fairy friend at court, it seems ;

With loves and graces, all in flowers and wings,

She came last night, and said such pretty things.

AST. You feel quite happy, then ?

AUTY. Oh, no, not quite !

AST. Say, what can make you so ?

AUTY. Dear Beast, a sight

Of my poor father ; I'm afraid he's ill.

Will you oblige me ?

AST. Certainly I will ;

Look in that glass, my charming fair—"Veluti

In Speculum !"—Behold him there, my Beauty.

(*Music.—The glass expands, L.C. and shows the inside of  
the cottage, with SIR ALDGATE PUMP, JOHN QUILL,*

*DRESSALINDA, and MARRYGOLDA, in a tableau vivant.*

AUTY. Oh, dear ! he's looking very sad and poorly ;

Could you just let me hear his voice, sir ?

AST. Surely. (*Music.—waves his hand.*

SIR ALDGATE PUMP *sings without.*

Oh ! where, and oh ! where, is my darling Beauty gone ?  
He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon his  
throne !

And it's oh ! in my heart, I wish she was safe at home,

(*Tableau closes.*

BEAUTY. His mind seems wand'ring!

BEAST. What he calls his mind.

BEAUTY. Well, if not very wise, he's very kind,  
And loves me dearly; let me go I pray,  
And comfort him—

BEAST. How?

BEAUTY. Just to spend the day;  
I will return ere Sol sinks in the deep.

BEAST. I dare say—catch a weasel fast asleep.

BEAUTY. You doubt my word! I thought you more gallant.

BEAST. Ask for ought else—but that I cannot grant?

BEAUTY. Then you don't love me as you say you do.

BEAST. Not love you? Oh, my wig and whiskers, who  
Ere loved so well as I—

BEAUTY. There's no believing  
You brutes of men—you're always so deceiving.

BEAST. (*aside*) I *am* a beast indeed, to make her cry;  
Who pipes so sweet, should never pipe her eye.

BEAUTY. My pa will die, and you will be the cause,  
My fate is in your hands.

BEAST. Ah! (*he looks at her and remains silent*).

BEAUTY. (*looking at his hands*) Awful pause!

BEAST. You won't come back again—I know you won't.

BEAUTY. I wish I may be shot, then, if I don't.

BEAST. You'll be the death of me, mind, if you stay  
One moment after sunset—

BEAUTY. Trust me, pray!

BEAST. Upon your mercy, then, myself I fling,  
And so—to prove my love—behold this ring!  
Don't start—it's not a wedding one—

BEAUTY. I vow  
You made me feel—I—really—don't know how.

BEAST. The moment that this ring your finger's fixed on,  
Hey, presto, pass, you'll find yourself at Brixton!  
And *vice versa*—pull it off—you'll be  
As quick as thought—at home, love, to a tea.

BEAUTY. O give it me—I long its power to try.

BEAST. One chaste embrace before you say good bye!

DUET,—“Tancredi.”

BEAUTY. Embrace you? oh, dear no!

BEAST. Ah, say aren't you content to pare, here, my  
heart, to the core?



Remember, I do this to please you, all else is naught to me now.

BEAUTY. Well, to appease you, though 'tis strange, I'll not say no. *(he embraces her.)*

BEAST. Oh! say you'll marry me, I  
Can't bear it any more;  
Say "yes," and all men shall see I  
Can, for you, the world throw o'er.

BEAUTY. I'll tell you some other day,  
When I come back, not before;  
Don't press me now, dear sir, I pray,  
I tremble, oh! dear me, all o'er.  
No, no, not now, I tremble, oh dear me, all o'er,  
Let me go now, sir—to Brixton, to Brixton.

BEAST. To Brixton, to Brixton.

BOTH. The ring but once { You find yourself there.  
fixed on { I find myself there.

BEAST. Go, then, away, now, to see thy father.

BOTH. Spite o' the distance { you'll } soon trip it o'er;  
I'll }  
The ring will { lead her } to Brixton { speed her  
{ lead me } { speed me  
And in a jiffy { she'll } be at the door.  
I'll }

*Exit BEAST, R.—(sudden change to*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Cottage. (as before).*

BEAUTY. This beats the railroad out and out, I vow,  
This is a way to ring the changes now,  
Here comes my sisters—how surprised they'll be.

*Enter DRESSALINDA, MARRYGOLDA, and JOHN QUILL, R.*

ALL. *(scream)* Oh!

DRESS. Mercy on us!

MARRY. What is this we see?

BEAUTY. Dear sisters—don't you know me?

ALL. Oh! a ghost!

BEAUTY. No, no! no spirit from the Stygian coast—  
I am your real flesh and blood relation—  
So pray subdue this needless consternation!

DRESS. } Beauty alive!  
 MARRY. }

JOHN. Fate up again has cast her,  
 And made all right. Here, master! master! master

*Runs out, &c.*

MARRY. I'm all amazement! how did this befall!

Hasn't the Beast, then, eat you after all?

DRESS. Has he consented back his prey to render?

Were you too tough? or has he been too tender?

BEAUTY. Where is my father? let me calm his fears,

And then I'll tell you all about it, dears.

MARRY. He was half crazy—now he'll be quite wild,

*Enter SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL, R.*

SIR ALD. Where is my poppet—where's my precious child

JOHN. There she is, "all alive, oh!" like the eels!

SIR ALD. Oh, who can tell what a fond father feels,

When—

DRESS. La, papa, pray don't be so pathetic,  
 To me such stuff is worse than an emetic.

SIR ALD. Well, anything, child, for a quiet life—

MARRY. Come, tell us all—are you the monster's wife?

Or is he dead, and left you sole heiress?

DRESS. You're drest as fine as any Lady Mayoress!

BEAUTY. I am not married—and he isn't dead.

SIR ALD. But from the monster have you nought to  
 dread?

BEAUTY. If he kills me, 'twill be with kindness merely—

He's all attentiu—vows he loves me dearly—

Would marry me to-morrow, if I chose—

And gives me everything you can suppose—

MARRY. He's rich?

BEAUTY. As Cræsus.

SIR ALD. Cræsus? Oh! I know,

He was Lord Mayor of Greece, some time ago.

DRESS. And wears fine robes?

BEAUTY. A bear skin—

DRESS. }

How improper!

MARRY. }

JOHN. A B, E, A, R—Bear-skin—a rough wrapper—

A sort of pilot-coat.

BEAUTY. Just so—but here

I've brought you what you wished for, sisters dear ;  
There is your shawl, and there your hundred guineas.

BOTH. Oh, thank you!

DRESS. (*aside*) Sister, we've been two great ninnies!

If you or I had volunteered to go,  
We should have had all this good luck, you know.

MARRY. (*aside*) To mar her triumph, let us yet endeavour,  
I hate the odious creature worse than ever.

SIR ALD. The fellow lives in fine style, I must say—

Turtle for dinner, no doubt, every day.

Gad, if I thought he'd hold his horrid jaw,

I shouldn't mind being papa-in-law—

That's if you'd have him child—not else I vow.

BEAUTY. But as your ship's come home, you're wealthy  
now.

SIR ALD. Oh, no—'twas all a hoax about the Polly—

No matter, you're alive, so let's be jolly!

You are *my* treasure, as my Lady Crackeye

Said once—

BEAUTY. You mean the mother of the Gracchi.

SIR ALD. Crackeye or Crackeye, it's all one. Let's see

What *we've* for dinner—

BEAUTY. I go back to tea,

Remember that!

SIR ALD. Go back?

JOHN. Not come to stay?

BEAUTY. Oh, no, I only came to spend the day,

I must return ere sunset, or the Beast

Will ne'er forgive me.

DRESS. (*aside to MARRY*) There's one chance at least.

We'll try and make her overstay the hour,

And then the Beast will surely her devour!

SIR ALD. Come all, then, let's be merry while we can.

JOHN. If you're for fun, you know, sir, I'm your man.

GLEE.—“Come stain your cheeks.”

Come o'er a glass of good brown sherry,

Let's while we can, be very merry.

LADIES. Pray don't get tipsy.

SIR ALD. }

JOHN. }

Only merry.

*Exit* SIR ALDGATE, JOHN QUILL, and BEAUTY, R.

DRESS. Press her to take some negus—then you brew it,  
And pop a little poppy juice into it.

MARRY. I take your hint—I'll dose her, never doubt it.

*Exit* MARRYGOLDA, R.

DRESS. What fun! She'll make a precious fuss about it.

AIR.—“On the Banks of Allan Water.”

By a glass of wine and water,  
Made quite soporifical,  
Soon our father's fine pet daughter,  
Fast asleep shall fall;  
And the Beast, who had besought her,  
To return in time for tea,  
When re-appearing, thus has caught her,  
Breakfast will on she.

*Re-enter* MARRYGOLDA, R.

MARRY. I've done the deed, and hither comes the gipsy.

DRESS. Where's father?

MARRY. He and John have got quite tipsy.

DRESS. The sun is setting now—as red brick.

MARRY. Don't let her see it! Draw the curtains quick!

*Re-enter* BEAUTY, R.

BEAUTY. Sister, I feel so sleepy, you can't think.

MARRY. (*aside*) It works—it works! *Exit* MARRYGOLDA, R.

DRESS. (*aside*) “The drink, Hamlet, the drink!”

BEAUTY. How goes the time?

DRESS. Oh, it's quite early yet,

We'll tell you when the sun's about to set,

So if you'd like to take a nap—

BEAUTY. Methinks

I'd give the world for only forty winks.

DRESS. Then why not take them in that easy chair?

BEAUTY. If I was sure you'd wake me—

DRESS. We'll take care.

BEAUTY. No, no, I'll drive this drowsiness away—

DRESS. At any rate, sit down, dear, while you stay—

BEAUTY. I'm sure 'tis time—I must be going—going—

(*falls asleep*.)

DRESS. You're gone my dear, and see the west is glowing

With the last rays of sunset—sleep, sleep sound  
I d not disturb you for a hundred pound!

*Exit* DRESSALINDA, R.

*The scene opens at the back, and the BEAST appears.*

AIR.—BEAST—"All is lost now."

All is lost now—Oh, for me, the sun is set for ever—  
This poor heart in future never  
One hope of bliss can see.

Go, ungrateful.

Counted on your word I had, miss,

Your behaviour's very bad, miss,

It has made me nearly mad, miss,

Quite unhappy, as you may see.

With all confidence appealing,

To any man of feeling,

I'd ask, is this fair dealing?

No! you've used me, madam, really very ill.

Though my looks might fail to charm you,

Though they rather might alarm you,

Yet I promis'd not to harm you;

Yes, false one, yes, and I'll keep my promise still,

*(the scene closes.—BEAUTY seems exceedingly disturbed  
in her sleep—Enter JOHN and SIR ALDGATE, both  
tipsy, R. JOHN carrying a candle.*

SIR ALD. John, take care how you go, you'll drop that  
candle.

JOHN. Never you mind, old Pump—here, where's your  
handle?

SIR ALD. John, is this language, to a late Lord Mayor?

Where is my Beauty?

JOHN. *(holds the candle to him)* You may well ask "where,"

Not in your face—it's ugly as a nigger's—

Nor in your form, if I'm a judge of figures!

SIR ALD, John! I discharge you.

JOHN. What! substract your brains?

Take me from you, and prithee what remains?

A dry old pump!

SIR ALD. Well, well, you'll change this tone!

JOHN. "Well," Pump be quiet, and let well alone,

If you don't know when you've got a good man,  
I know when I've got a good master!

(*Music, con sordini.*—BEAUTY rises in her sleep, and stands up in the chair)

SIR ALD. (*starting*) Can—

I trust my sight—back, John, at distance keep,  
Here's Beauty, bolt upright, and in her sleep!

JOHN. Perhaps she's dead, and that's her ghost's that's walking!

SIR ALD. Horrible thought! No! hush! I hear her talking!

BEAUTY descends from the chair in imitation of Amina, in the *Somnambula*—the TWO SISTERS enter, R., and are stopped by a sign from SIR ALDGATE.

#### CONCERTED PIECE.—*Somnambula.*

ALL. Bless us, and save us, where is she going now?

(BEAUTY steps from the chair upon the table.

Over the table. (*she kicks a book off*) Oh, crikey!

She'll tumble by jingo!

(BEAUTY steps off to another chair, and then to a stool, and then to the ground)

No, no, she's all right.

(BEAUTY approaches the front of the stage.

BEAUTY. Don't cry, Beast, I'll come back,

SIR ALD. D'ye hear that, John?

BEAUTY. 'Tis tea time, Molly. put the kettle on.

ALL. Hear her, how she's dreaming, speaking of tea.

BEAUTY. Yes, I have lost him, and yet I am not guilty,

ALL. Oh, listen.

BEAUTY. The ring he gave me, alas! he'll now take from me,

He'll never let me come out to tea more.

ALL. She wakes!

BEAUTY. Where am I? arn't it very late?

I've overslept myself, as sure as fate.

It's dark as pitch! Oh, dear, what's to be done,

There's nothing left me, but to cut and run.

SIR ALD. Dear daughter—

BEAUTY. Don't detain me, sir, good bye  
 To all! off goes my ring, and off go I!  
*(she pulls her ring from her finger—SIR ALDGATE, JOHN, DRESSALINDA, and MARRYGOLDA, sink through the stage, and leave BEAUTY in the centre of—*

SCENE THIRD.—*A Grotto in the Gardens of the Beast's Palace—Moonlight.*

BEAUTY. Bless me, I don't know where on earth I've got to  
 Oh, yonder is the palace, this the grotto.  
 But where's it's master, good as he is grim?  
 Oh, I've forgotten to remember him,  
 Where are you Beast, come out to play,  
 The moon is shining here as bright as day;  
 Come with a hoop, if you won't with a call!  
*(the LEADER plays a note or two on his violin.*  
 "That strain again, it had a dying fall,"  
 And mocked his voice, sweet as a special pleader's  
*(LEADER taps on his desk.*  
 Was that his tap? No, it was but the Leader's;  
 Oh, Mr. Hughes! can you my doubts dispel,  
 And tell me he is safe—and that all's well.

DUET—BEAUTY and the LEADER.—"All's Well."

Deserted by h's Beauty bright,  
 Who promised to be back by night,  
 The Beast who saw his hope a wreck,  
 Has broke his heart, or else his neck.  
 And though a voice salutes { her } ear  
 'Tis not the one { she } use (*Hughes' d*) to hear.  
 I

BEAUTY. Where is he? Leader, quickly tell;  
 Above—

LEADER. Below—

BEAUTY. All right?—

BOTH. All's well.

BEAUTY. It's very kind of you, my heart to cheer,  
 But till I find him, all's not well I fear!  
*(sees the BEAST lying motionless on a grotto.)*  
 O Gemini! what's here! Who's this I see,  
 Stretched in a state of funeral bier! 'Tis he!

Alas! though I broke mine, he's kept his word,  
*His* must have been the dying fall I heard!  
 He gave me up—perhaps drank poisoned tea!  
 And perished—all along of love for me!  
 Oh, now, indeed, I feel, as 'tis my duty,  
 That I have been the Beast, and he the Beauty!  
 Oh, were he but alive again—to pop  
 The question—I would have him in a—

*The QUEEN OF THE ROSES appears, R.*

QUEEN.

Stop!

Is it a bargain? Would you really wed  
 The Beast, if I could prove he wasn't dead?

BEAUTY. The lady that I saw once in my sleep?

QUEEN. Precisely—Beauty, will you this time keep  
 Your word, and wed the poor Beast that lies by me,  
 If I revive him?

BEAUTY. Will I? just you try me.

QUEEN. Enough! Behold him in his native land,  
 A prince—and yet your servant to command!

*The BEAST disappears as the scene changes, and discovers PRINCE AZOR upon his Throne, surrounded by a brilliant Court, Guards, Banners, &c.*

*The PRINCE descends, and kneels to BEAUTY.*

BEAUTY. What! can this be the Beast?

QUEEN. |Why this surprise?

'Tis love hath so improved him in your eyes!  
 Where the mind's noble, and the heart sincere,  
 Defects of person quickly disappear;  
 While vice, to those who have been taught to hate  
 her,  
 Would make, as soon, Hyperion seem a Satyr.

FINALE.—CHORUS—CINDERELLA.

In light tripping measure,  
 Surrounded by pleasure,  
 We now to our own rosy bowers will fly,  
 Which care and sorrow dare not come nigh.

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.