

# SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

An Original, Grand Comic, Romantic, Operatic,  
Melo-Dramatic, Fairy Extrabaganza,

IN THREE PARTS.

(Founded on the Popular Nursery Tale of the same name.)

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Blue Beard, Puss in Boots, Bee and the Orange Tree, Invisible Prince, Birds of  
Aristophanes, Drama at Home, Fair One with Golden Locks, Golden Fleece,  
Graciosa and Percinet, White Cat, Island of Jewels, King Charming,  
Theseus and Ariadne, Golden Branch, King of the Peacocks, Beauty  
and the Beast, Good Woman in the Wood, Buckstone's Ascent  
of Mount Olympus, Buckstone's Voyage Round the World,  
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,  
Blacret Princess, and jointly of The Deep  
Deep Sea, Olympic Revels, Olympic  
Devils, Paphian Bower, Riquet  
with the Tuft, Telemachus,  
High Low, Jack and the  
Game, &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, under the management of Madame Vestris, on  
Easter Monday, April 20th, 1840.

# SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

The new Scenery by Mr. GRIEVE, and Mr. W. GRIEVE. The Decorations and Appointments by Mr. W. BRADWELL. The Dresses by Mr. HEAD and Mrs. SROUD. The Machinery by Mr. H. SLOMAN. The Music arranged and composed by Mr. J. H. TULLY. The Action and Dances by Mr. OSCAR BYRNE.

N.B.—In strict adherence to the modern School of Melo-Dramatic Composition, *Eighteen Years* are to be supposed to have elapsed between the First and Second Parts. *One Hundred Years* between the Second and Third Parts; and *One Hundred and Thirty-nine Years* after the Piece is over.

## PART FIRST—Period, 1583.

BOUDOIR OF THE FAIRY BANEFUL,  
NINE THOUSAND MILES NORTH OF THE KINGDOM OF NOLAND.

THE FAIRY BANEFUL ..... MRS. TAYLEURE.  
NEWSPAPER IMP ..... (not "Printer's Devil") ..... MASTER FLIGHT.  
*Fairy Lady's Maid, Elfin Pages, &c.*

BANQUET HALL IN THE CASTLE OF THE KING OF NOLAND.

THOMAS SURNAMED "NODDY" ..... MR. J. BLAND.  
QUEEN SERENA ..... MRS. MACNAMARA.  
THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE ..... (his Consort) ..... BY a YOUNG LADY.  
..... (in Long Clothes) ..... (Being her First Appearance upon any Stage.)

NURSE ..... MRS. FMDEN.  
GENTLEMAN USHER ..... MR. RIDGWAY.  
BARON FACTOTUM ..... (Great Grand-Lord-High-Everything) ..... MR. HARLEY.

✓ 6387299

**FAIRIES INVITED TO THE BANQUET:—**

THE FAIRY ANTIDOTA .....	MISS LEE.	THE FAIRY ELEGANTIA .....	MISS E. PHILLIPS.
THE FAIRY DEWDROP .....	MISS BAKER	THE FAIRY ROSEBUD .....	MISS FITZJAMES.
THE FAIRY GOSSAMER .....	MISS CHARLTON.	THE FAIRY PHILOMEL .....	MISS LANE.
THE FAIRY CHOREMUSICA .....	MISS JACKSON.		

**LORDS, LADIES, PAGES, GUARDS, SERVANTS, &c.**

Messrs. Gardner, Morelli, Hughes, Keridge, Horton, Hodges, Collett, S. Smith, Benedict, Connel, Healy, Brace, Charles, Chant, T. Ireland, Santry, Davis, Butler, Roberts, Andrews, Russel, &c.

Mesdames Hatton, Chester, Fenton, Platt, Schmidt, Bailey, Beresford, A. Jackson, Wood, Maynard, Davis, Gardner, Goward, Cummins, Collett, Butler, &c.

**PART SECOND—Period, 1801.****VESTIBULE IN THE ROYAL CASTLE.**

THE LADY AURORA ABIGAIL .....

(First Lady of the Bed Chamber)

MISS RAINFORTH.

*Apartment of the Princess in the Octagon Tower.*

THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE .....

(aged 18, all but an hour or so)

MADAME VESTRIS.

Mademoiselle MARIA LUGIA BETTONI & Monsieur SAXONI will dance a new PAS DE DEUX,  
(Bringing their Second Appearance at this Theatre.)

**LOBBY AND LUMBER ROOM AT THE VERY TOP OF THE CASTLE.**

OLD WOMAN .....

(still a Spinster)

MADAME SIMON.

**STATE BED CHAMBER.**

SYLPHIDES .....

MISS FAIRBROTHER, MRS. GIBSON. MISS RYALS, and MISS KENDALL.

PART THIRD—Period, 1701.

**MAGIC FOREST.**LARY O'LOG  
COLLIN CLUMP} *Wood Cutters* {

PRINCE PERFECT

MR. J. VINING.

MR. BROUGHAM.  
MR. KERRIDGE.**CASTLE GATES.****MOAT AND DRAWBRIDGE.****OLD PALACE YARD.**

And Re-view of a Company of the "Old Guards."

Quick-set Hedge, and a merry Green Wood in the Spring-time of the Year.  
 THE STATE BED CHAMBER (EXACTLY AS BEFORE).

Person-ages "in Statu Quo"—though a Century older.

EX-KING OF NOLAND	.....	MR. J. BLAND.
EX-QUEEN OF DITTO	.....	MRS. MACNAMARA.
LORD FACTOTUM	.....	MR. HARLEY.
LADY AURORA ABIGAIL	.....	MISS RAINFORTH.
THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE ( <i>still</i> )	.....	MADAME VESTRIS.

*Huntsmen and Suite of Prince Perfect.*

**ILLUMINATED PALACE AND GARDENS**  
 OF THE FAIRY ANTIDOTA.
**FETE AL-FRESKO.**

"LA CACHOUCHA," by Mademoiselle MARIA LUGIA BETTONI.

**DEPARTURE OF THE SEVEN FAIRIES****IN A PATENT SAFETY "FLY,"**

Constructed by Mr. W. BRADWELL,

**"Time out of Mind the Fairies' Coach Maker."**

# SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.



## PART I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Abode of the Fairy Baneful.*

*The FAIRY BANEFUL discovered seated at her toilet table,  
R.; several ELVES in attendance.*

*Air, FAIRY BANEFUL—"The Old Maid."*

When I was a fairy, just turned of fifteen,  
As fair as a fairy could be,  
I whisk'd through the key-holes and danced on the green,  
But now that won't do for me—for me, &c.

I then was invited to every fine feast,  
Each wedding and christening to see;  
But now I am old, no one cares in the least,  
Nor e'en asks what's become of me—of me, &c.

But I'm living yet, and though centuries old,  
Still as potent as fairy can be;  
And the next time I'm treated with scorn, I'll make bold  
To shew them what 'tis to slight me—slight me, &c.

I'm far from well—I've got the spleen—the vapours.  
What makes 'em so late with the morning papers?  
Neglected here, e'en by my sister sprites,  
Scandal and tea are now my sole delights.

*(horn without)*

Ah! there's the newsboy's horn.

*(an IMP flies across L. to R., with a horn in one  
hand and a bundle of papers under his arm—he  
drops two which are caught and handed to FAIRY  
BANEFUL by an ELF)*

*(putting on her spectacles)* What have we here?  
"The Flying Post" and "Fairy Gazetteer."

"Second edition." Quick! let me peruse——

"We stop the press to say we've no more news."

Pshaw! (*throws down the paper and takes up the other*)

"Overland dispatch." What's this I pray?

"At noon precisely, on the first of May,  
Her majesty the Queen of Noland, brought her  
Most loving lord and king, a little daughter,  
To the great joy of all the court and nation,  
After ten years of anxious expectation."

There—there a month ago, and none before  
Could tell me of this news—but stay, here's more.

"We understand the christening's fixed for—" Eh!

"The 30th instant." Why—yes—that's to-day!

"And that the fairies have all been invited  
To dinner." All but me—again I'm slighted.

'Tis well! the time is come on which I reckon'd.

My Dragon to the door in half a second!

My crown, my mantle, and my crutched stick!

(*ELVES bring them and assist her to dress*)

Oh! I will have such vengeance!

A FIERY DRAGON appears at window L. C., which is thrown open—ELVES exeunt R. and L.

Now then! (*seating herself*) Quick!

To Noland. Prove, my fiery friend, thy power,

'Tis but nine thousand miles, and we've an hour.

*Exit on DRAGON.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Hall of the King's Palace.* ROYAL  
SERVANTS discovered setting out a grand banquet table.

*Music—Enter LORD FACTOTUM, R.*

LORD F. Come bustle, bustle, furnish forth the board!

Where are the seven gold covers?

SERVANT. Here, my lord.

LORD F. Place them before these seven chairs—and where

The seven golden forks and spoons?

SERVANT. Your lordship, there.

LORD F. Quick, quick, or we shall have them here by  
heavens!

And find us all at sixes and at sevens.

*Enter GENTLEMAN USHER, R.*

USHER. My Lord Factotum, is all ready, pray?

LORD F. Don't speak to me! I've ne'er had such a day  
Since I have been in office. Goodness gracious,  
I've galloped up and down this palace spacious  
Since sunrise, till I'm really quite worn out.  
(to a SERVANT) Is that the way to pinch a napkin,  
lout?

I shall go crazy. Ye who sigh for place,  
Behold and profit by my piteous case.  
As Lord High Chamberlain, I slumber never,  
As Lord High Steward, in a stew I'm ever,  
As Lord High Constable, I watch all day,  
As Lord High Treasurer, I've the deuce to pay,  
As Great Grand Cup Bearer, I'm handled queerly,  
As Great Grand Carver, I'm cut up severely.  
In other states the honors are divided,  
But here, they're one and all to me confided;  
They've buckled fortune on my back until  
I really feel particularly ill!  
Young man, avoid the cares from state that spring,  
And don't you be a great grand anything.

*Song—LORD FACTOTUM—Air, "Where the Bee Sucks."*

Who would be Great Grand Lord High,  
All the blame on him must lie;  
Everywhere for him they cry;  
Up and down stairs he must fly—  
After all folks, verily!  
Verily! verily! few could live now,  
Under the honors beneath which I bow!

*(guns, trumpets, shouts, &c.)*

Hark, to those guns, that flourish, and that shout!  
The royal baby's christened, there's no doubt;  
King, Queen, and Court are coming, I've a notion,  
Away! for sharp's the word and quick's the motion.

*Air and Chorus, "Beggar's Opera."*

They are on their road—  
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,  
The royal cortège approaches.

To your places, both young and old—  
 See the wand I hold.  
 Don't stand like stupid asses,  
 But, as the procession passes,  
 Mind and shout as you've all been told.

*Grand March—Enter KING, QUEEN, and COURT, a NURSE  
 bearing the BABY, R.*

KING. So that job's jobbed—our daughter has a name,  
 Which shall, with ours, be handed down to fame.  
 My Lord Factotum!

LORD F. Sire!

KING. You'll please to see  
 That it is handed down as we decree.

LORD F. Sire, while I live at least I'll see——

KING. How—what?  
 See it, my Lord, whether you live or not.

We're very hungry—are not you, sweet wife?

QUEEN. I'm anything you please, my dearest life!

KING. Then we'll to dinner!

QUEEN. But 'tis not yet noon,

KING. Not—then it shall be so—and very soon.

My Lord Factotum!

LORD F. My most gracious master!

KING. Why don't you make those cursed clocks go faster?  
 Let 'em strike twelve directly.

*(all the clocks strike twelve)*

LORD F. Sire, 'tis done.

KING. Confound that racket!—make 'em all strike one,  
 And stop until we bid them strike again!

*(they strike one)*

Now then to dinner.

QUEEN. If my Liege would deign,  
 To listen to his loving Queen.

KING. We do.

Say on—we always listen, love, to you.

QUEEN. Would not the Fairies then, whom we've invited,  
 Feel—if we dined without them—rather slighted?

KING. Eh!—how—my Lord Factotum!

LORD F. Here, Great King!

KING. Great me no Greats—my Lord High Everything!



You are responsible for such vagaries.

How comes it that we had forgot the Fairies?

LORD F. My Liege, I had not——

KING. You—who spoke of you?

I say that "*we* had"—answer, Is it true?

LORD F. All that your Majesty says must be true.

KING. Then kneel and ask our pardon.

LORD F. Sire, I do.

KING. We grant it: but remember—if you'd live,

The next time we forget, we shan't forgive.

That's rather antithetical—and droll.

LORD F. (*to COURT*) Laugh!—the King laughs!

KING. Not bad upon the whole.

Silence! What keeps these Fairies? Lord Factotum,

The cards of invitation—sure you wrote 'em?

LORD F. I did, my liege.

KING. And sent them?

LORD F. Sent them all.

KING. Have you the list?

LORD F. 'Tis here——

KING. Be pleased to call

Their names in order over—Come, begin.

LORD F. (*reading*) "The Fairy Dewdrop,"

KING. Why don't she drop in,

She's over due?—Ha, ha!—Upon my word

We're getting quite jocose—Proceed, my Lord!

LORD F. "The Fairy Rosebud."

KING. It may be a doubt

Whether a bud will come to a blow-out.

LORD F. "The Fairy Elegantia."

KING. Without Grace

It wouldn't do to dine in any case.

LORD F. "The Fairy Gossamer."

KING. She lives on air;

It's quite a joke to ask her, I declare.

LORD F. "The Fairy Philomel."

KING. We've known her long——

She likes a jug, and sings a tidy song.

LORD F. "The Fairy Chore——" (*hesitating*)

KING. "Musica,"—you dunce——

She plays on twenty instruments at once——

Rattles them altogether in a case,  
From the Jew's harp down to the double bass.

LORD F. "The Fairy Antidota."

QUEEN. What a name!

KING. I know the lady, but by common fame—  
She rules, I'm told, the Island of Contraries.

*Enter PAGE, L.*

PAGE. (*announcing*) My Liegè! Their Highnesses, the  
Seven Fairies!

KING. Throw the doors open, rascals—and stand back,  
Or they'll be through the keyholes in a crack!

(*Music—The SEVEN FAIRIES appear in their chairs, L.*)

KING. I told you so—why how the fellow stares!  
Don't Ladies often come to Court in chairs?

*Exit PAGE, L.*

Welcome, fair Fairies, to our Court—our Queen,  
Our child—the finest baby ever seen.

ALL THE FAIRIES. The very image of its father.

KING. Oh!

You flatter me.

FAIRIES. Upon our honours, no.

FAIRY ANT. We've each brought her a fairing.

QUEEN. You're too kind—

We'll have her down, Nurse, after dinner, mind.

*Exit NURSE with BABY, R.*

LORD F. (*announcing*) Their Majesties are served.

KING. The Banquet, see.

*Enter PAGE, L. announcing.*

PAGE. "The Fairy Baneful."

KING. Who the devil's she?

QUEEN. The Fairy Baneful—can I trust my ears?

Why she's been dead and gone these fifty years.

KING. She's never been to Court since I've been King—

Tell her she's dead, my Lord High Everything.

FAIRY ANT. Beware how you affront her—she's most  
spiteful,

And may take vengeance on your daughter.

QUEEN. Frightful!

LORD F. Distracting thought! I feel quite cold and flabby,

At thought of mischief to that darling babby!

KING. We own we never were in such a twitter,  
My Lord Factotum, why don't you admit her?

*Enter FAIRY BANEFUL, L.*

FAIRY B. My service to you all, I'm rather late,  
I trust, however, I've not made you wait;  
I've stood upon no ceremony since  
You stood on none with me.

KING. 'Twas to evince  
Our great affection——

FAIRY B. That you did not send  
An invitation to so old a friend.  
No matter. Pray don't say a word about it,  
I'm come, and trust I'm welcome.

KING AND QUEEN. Can you doubt it?

KING. A cover for the Fairy Baneful, quick.

FAIRY ANT. (*aside*) She'll play their Majesties some  
scurvy trick;

I see it in her eye—but I'll be wary,  
And if I do not match her, I'm no Fairy. (*they sit*)

FAIRY B. How's this, a plate without a spoon or fork?

KING. (*aside*) Confusion! here's a pretty piece of work!  
(*aloud*) A fork and spoon for Fairy Baneful, boobies!

FAIRY B. And gold ones, set with diamonds and with  
Like those my young friends have. [*rubies,*

KING. (*aside*) The truth she'll guess.  
My Lord Factotum!

LORD F. Sire.

KING. We're in a mess.

Quick! get us out of it.

LORD F. Most potent Fay,

I trust you'll pardon what I'm going to say;  
But, by some very singular mistake,  
Rundell and Bridge had no more of this make.

FAIRY B. Better and better—say no more about it,  
I'm the last comer, and must go without it;  
For an old woman anything's as good:  
Bring me a spoon of pewter or of wood.

FAIRY ANT. (*aside*) There's mischief brewing—she will work some ill.

KING. Ladies, Champagne—my Lord Factotum—fill  
Bumpers all round—No daylights, I beseech—  
I'm going to give a toast and make a speech.  
Most noble Fairies, and most loving Wife,  
This is the proudest moment of my life;  
I feel that I want words—I am not able—  
Too happy to behold around my table—  
Quite overpowered—Forgive me phrases seeking,  
Accustomed as I am to public speaking—  
On this occasion I shall only say,  
My daughter's health! with three times three!

ALL. Hurrah!

QUEEN. Ladies, with gratitude, believe, I burn,  
And beg to drink all your healths in return.

ALL. Bravo! bravo!

FAIRY B. But am I not to see  
This wondrous child—this tiny prodigy?

KING. Of course. Dessert, ye knaves, as quick as may be,  
And, Lord Factotum—

LORD F. Sire.

KING. Ring twice for baby.

(LORD F. *pulls a rope and a large bell rings twice  
very loudly*)

FAIRY ANT. (*aside*) Now is my time; behind this screen  
I'll hide,

And have the last word—every woman's pride!

(*hides behind arras*)

*Re-enter NURSE with baby, R.*

QUEEN. See where she comes—fresh from her morning  
airing.

FAIRY DEW. I first shall give the little dear my fairing.  
Receive with this small drop of mountain dew,  
The purest mind that ever mortal knew.

FAIRY ROSE. This rose-leaf on her pretty cheek I lay,  
She shall be lovely as the dawning day.

FAIRY ELEG. By this enchanting touch and mystic bow,  
With graceful action I the maid endow.

FAIRY GOSS. Light as a fairy shall her step entrance  
All who behold her in the mazy dance.

FAIRY PHIL. Sweet as the nightingale's her song shall be.

FAIRY CHOR. To which I add all powers of minstrelsy.

KING. Oh, all ye gods and little fishes! never  
Will there have been a girl so fair and clever!  
Excuse a father's feelings—words are weak—  
These tears of joy——

FAIRY B. Stop, I have yet to speak.  
I owe you some return for your attention,  
And fain would pay——

KING. I beg you wouldn't mention——

FAIRY B. Nay, hear me out—And fain would pay in kind  
My obligations; but 'tis hard to find  
(So bountiful have been my good friends here)  
A present worthy of the little dear.  
Yet something pleasant to foretell I'll try.  
Thy daughter, ere she comes of age, shall Die!

ALL. Die!

FAIRY B. Yes, a spindle shall her hand run through.

QUEEN. Catch me, I faint!

KING. I can't, I'm fainting too!  
My Lord Factotum, catch us both!

LORD F. Oh, ne'er  
Had mortal such a weight of woe to bear.

FAIRY B. Ha, ha! next time you'll send *me* an invite!  
And so, I wish your Majesties good night.

FAIRY ANT. (*coming forward*) Stay, and hear me, for  
I've not spoken yet,

Cheer up, fond pair, your hearts at ease I'll set.  
As she's my elder in the magic art,  
Her stern decree must be fulfilled in part;  
A spindle *must* your daughter's hand run through,  
But death shall not upon that wound ensue.  
The maiden, undisturbed by pains or fears,  
Shall slumber sweetly for a hundred years.

KING. A hundred years!—My gracious! what a nap!

QUEEN. And wake a poor old woman!—Sad mishap!

FAIRY ANT. No, young and lovely still—a Prince shall  
wake her,  
And of his heart and hand a present make her.

KING. How very kind—for ever we're your debtor?

How fares our queen?

QUEEN. I feel a little better.

FAIRY ANT. Come sisters—it is time “Good night” to say—

LORD F. The Fairy Baneful's Dragon stops the way!

KING. She's coming down.

FAIRY B. Don't triumph, monarch, yet.

Depend upon't I won't die in your debt.

*Exit FAIRY BANEFUL, L.*

QUEEN. The spiteful creature—

KING. We will foil her rage.

First, 'till our darling daughter comes of age,

'Neath lock and key she shall be kept secure.

Next—we, to make assurance doubly sure,

Will make a law, that none henceforth shall spin

With spindles—or keep spindles houses in,

On pain of death. My Lord Factotum, see

The law is made—and kept too—or we'll be

The death of you.

LORD F. “Dulce et decorum est,

Pro patria mori—”

KING. Peace—we know the rest.

Ladies, since you seem bent your flight to wing,

We are your most obedient lord the King.

*Finale to First Act of “Guillaume Tell.”*

After next morning,

Should any, scorning

This legal warning,

A spindle dare ply;

Their thread is spun, sir,

They'll find it no fun, sir,

Sure as a gun, sir,

The traitor shall die!

*Tableau and*

## PART II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Vestibule in the Royal Castle.**Enter* LADY ABIGAIL, *followed by* LORD FACTOTUM, *l.*DUET,—“*Fair Aurora*”—*Artaxerxes.*

LORD F. Fair Aurora, prithee stay,  
O regard what I've to say;  
Hear what anguish rends my breast,  
Too distressing—I protest.  
Why, fair idol of my heart  
Thus at my approach depart?

LADY A. Fond adorer! cease, I pray,  
Can't you call another day;  
For the anguish of your breast,  
I've no dressing—I protest;  
So 'tis idle—Cupid's dart  
Never shall approach my heart.

LORD F. Yet, fatal beauty, but one moment stay,

LADY A. Be quick, and say then what you've got to say.

LORD F. “Full eighteen times hath Phœbus' cart gone  
round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground,”  
That is to say—full eighteen years have past  
Since the princess was christened.

LADY A. Well, and fast  
The time has flown—at least, it has with me,  
It scarcely seems as many hours to be;  
Only since then, I have a woman grown.

LORD F. Alack, to me the last five years alone  
Have seemed an age—look on these grizzling hairs,  
'Turned by your cruel usage.

LADY A. Well, who cares?

LORD F. Not you, I know—therefore, I'm daily sinking,  
And soon shall go to my long home, I'm thinking.

LADY A. I hope you've made your will?

LORD F. Ay, you may laugh,  
But I've done more, I've made my epitaph!

LADY A. Oh, let me hear it.

LORD F. 'Twas for that I came ;  
If it's too touching, I am not to blame.  
To a wild plaintive air I'll strive to sing it,  
And if your heart's a good one I shall wring it.

*Air*—LORD FACTOTUM, "*All around the May Pole*"—*Midas*.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A lord to fortune and to fame well known ;  
But fair Aurora couldn't see his worth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

LADY A. Well, I confess, I cannot bear that strain  
Unmoved, so I move off.

LORD F. Oh, yet remain—

LADY F. Then change at any rate the conversation ;  
Of dolefuls I've the greatest detestation.

LORD F. Well, well,—I will—I'll struggle to be gay.  
You know the Princess is of age to-day,  
And will come regularly out to-night,  
At the State Ball—'twill be a glorious sight.

LADY A. 'Twill make a great sensation, I've a notion,  
Her dancing is the poetry of motion ;  
And then her singing, did you ever hear  
A girl with such a voice, and such an ear ?  
And plays on anything, and any tune,  
I've heard her practising on the bassoon.

LORD F. Bassoon ! I'd bet the heaviest of wagers  
She'd make her *dumb* bells ring triple-bob-majors.

LADY A. Where is she now ?

LORD F. Still locked up in her tower,  
Until the clock has struck the fated hour.

LADY A. The fated fiddlestick ! Don't talk such folly,  
I wonder *she's* not marked by melancholy.  
Mewed up, because of that absurd prediction  
About the spindle ! I've a firm conviction  
The thing's impossible. From out the nation  
Spindles are banished by a proclamation ;  
Now, if there are none left within the land,  
Pray how can she run one into her hand ?

LORD F. Unanswerable question ! You're quite right,  
I vow it never struck me in that light.



LADY A. Well then, what say you to a bit of fun?  
Suppose we let her out to have a run  
Just up and down the Palace.

LORD F. Heaven and earth!  
It's more than every place I hold is worth.

LADY A. Well—If your places you prefer to me——

LORD F. Eh—how—what's that?

LADY A. Dear Chamberlain, the key.

LORD F. Don't tempt me—don't—for if you do I'm dish'd.

LADY A. How oft you've sworn to do whate'er I wished;  
And when I condescend a wish to name,  
You hesitate. Oh, fie, my lord, for shame!

*Air*—LADY ABIGAIL—"Artaxerxes."

Monster, away,  
How dare you say,  
You a button care for me!  
Hope no more,  
That love the door  
Of this heart shall ope for thee.  
No, since thus  
You make a fuss,  
All about a paltry key.  
'Gainst your art, sir,  
My true heart, sir,  
Double locked shall ever be.

LORD F. Stay, stay, I yield! I'm vanquished! here's  
the key,

But grant one boon, love, in return to me.

LADY A. Name it.

LORD F. I will—while joy my soul entrances—  
Your hand!

LADY A. 'Tis yours.

LORD F. Ah! ,

LADY A. For the first two dances.

*Exit* LADY ABIGAIL, R.

LORD FACTOTUM *stands as if paralyzed for a moment, and then rushes out overwhelmed by his feelings, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Princess's Apartment. It is richly furnished and adorned with vases full of beautiful flowers, cages of rare birds, musical instruments of every description, globes, maps, books, &c.*

*The PRINCESS is discovered playing with her parrot.*

Air, PRINCESS—"Nix my Dolly."

It is eighteen years since I was born,  
And here from my cradle I've lived forlorn,  
Well-a-day!

My royal father, as I've heard say,  
With joy cut many a caper gay,  
With my dolly when I could play.

When I was christened, full many a Fay  
Was asked to dine and to spend the day,

As they say;

Each gave me some fairing fine—Oh, why  
Didn't one of 'em give me wings to fly?

Wouldn't we, Polly, have flown away!

But I'm of age this morn of May,  
And every day will be holiday,

As they say;

And I shall then be merry and free,  
As lively a girl as you'd wish to see.

What tricks my Polly and I will play!

PRINCESS. Yes, I'm of age, and shall to day be free  
And introduced at Court! Good gracious me!

Shut up for eighteen seasons, who can doubt,  
No girl was e'er so anxious to "come out!"  
It's true I've had all sorts of pretty playthings,  
Birds, music, flowers, books, jewels, rare and gay  
things!

Save in the wish beyond these walls to stray,  
I've been indulged in every sort of way:  
Denied no kind of harmless recreation,  
Or learning fitted to my birth and station;  
The lock upon the door at the first landing,  
The only Lock upon my Understanding.  
Hark! as I live! a key turns it in now,  
Who's coming? Lady Abigail, I vow.

Can she be come to fetch me? 'Tis too soon,  
I'm not to be at liberty till noon.

*Enter* LADY ABIGAIL, L.

LADY A. Your Royal Highness, I am come to pay  
My duty to you on this happy day;  
And as a proof of my extreme devotion,  
To hint, that if your Highness has a notion  
Of taking a small peep beyond the bar,  
It won't appear in the Court Circular.

PRINCESS. What riddle's this?

LADY B. "Riddle my riddle my re,"  
If 'tis a riddle, madam, here's the key;  
Suppose, by accident now, I should drop it,  
And you should pick it up, and slyly pop it  
Into the door, when nobody is by?

PRINCESS. Oh dear, I couldn't think of it, not I.

LADY A. But you might do it, Madam, without thinking.

PRINCESS (*aside*) I feel my heart within my bosom sinking.  
Deceive my pa and ma! oh no, "I never!"  
I'd rather be "in statu quo" for ever.  
(*aloud*) I thank you for this dutiful address,  
But dare not profit by it, I confess.

LADY A. Permit me just to ask you, where's the harm?

PRINCESS. 'Twould give my parents just cause for alarm.

LADY A. They're gone out hunting and will never know!  
Besides you won't beyond the Palace go—  
Just see the preparations for the Ball,  
The Presence Chamber and the Banquet Hall;  
And, as by that time 'twill be twelve o'clock,  
You may hang up the key and shoot the lock.

PRINCESS. No, no, my pa' I've promised o'er and o'er,  
I'd never try to pass that chamber door.

LADY A. Not pass that door?—but there's a time you know,  
When a door's not a door,

PRINCESS. Go, tempter, go.

*Duet*—PRINCESS and LADY ABIGAIL.—"Gazza Ladra."

LADY A. Nay, then, I'll press you no more, Ma'am,  
Since you prefer to stay so,  
But change your mind you may, so

I'll leave, a-jar, the door.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) Yon door a-jar too—I *must* take  
One peep—Oh, yes,—what fear I?  
Come what—come may—I'm weary  
Of this dull second floor.

BOTH. Your Pa } won't know { you've }  
My Pa } I've } been astray  
Until the frolic's o'er;  
And when it is "*a-jar*" they say,  
"A door is *not* a door."  
Lose not an instant,  
Of pleasure haste in quest, O!  
Time, by the forelock,  
Catch him, and hold him presto.

LADY A. Pray do not dally,  
Or stand shilly-shally;

PRINCESS. Why do I dally,  
And stand shilly-shally.

LADY A. Why don't you say addio,  
To this dull second floor?

PRINCESS. Yes, yes, I'll say addio  
To this dull second floor.

*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Lobby and Lumber Room at the very top  
of the castle—a small door in flat.*

*The FAIRY BANEFUL enters, c.*

FAIRY B. 'Tis done! so far I triumph. She shall know  
What dire effects from disobedience flow;  
In yonder nook, hath dwelt an ancient crone  
For twenty years, as deaf as any stone,  
Who therefore never heard the proclamation  
For putting spindles down throughout the nation,  
And sits offending every hour, in fact,  
Against the "mustn't spin with spindles" act.  
Come, my fair Princess, turn thy steps this way,  
And for thy first false step the forfeit pay.

FAIRY BANEFUL *waves her wand, and retires, door  
in flat.*

*Enter* PRINCESS, R.

PRINCESS. Bless me! I've surely come up the wrong staircase;

Well, I suppose at court that's not a rare case.  
 There are so many turnings round about,  
 It must take half 'one's life to find 'em out.  
 I've mounted to the very top, I vow,  
 There can but be the roof above me now;  
 So, here I am alone in all my glory,  
 Just in the middle of a fine old story—  
 So old indeed, that like the learned sages,  
 I'm poring here over the dust of ages.  
 Dear me, it's very gloomy and romantic,  
 A place to drive some sort of writers frantic;  
 For fashion now, on jail allowance feeding,  
 Proclaims the darkest crimes the lightest reading.  
 Well, "*chacun a son gout*," let who will grovel  
 In blood, give me a sentimental novel.

*Song.*—PRINCESS.—*Air, American Melody, "Long Ago,"*  
*introducing the Sweep's Cry.*

Newgate records and slang ditties  
 Seem all the go;  
 'Tis, I think, a thousand pities  
 It should be so.  
 Let who will "on horrors" daily  
 "Sup full"—I know  
 I preferred *Haynes* to *Old-Bailey*  
 'Long time ago.  
 Tyburn's not the place from whence, sirs,  
 My song should flow;  
 Hanging's not the "the sweet suspense," sirs,  
 I wish to know.  
 Rather to a Yankee ditty,  
 I'd jump Jim Crow,  
 Or be a sweep in New York City,  
 And cry just so.  
 "Heigho" &c.

Well, I must down again without delay;  
 Perhaps there is a nearer cut this way.

*(throws open door, and discovers a small Gothic Chamber, in which an OLD WOMAN is seated, spinning with a spindle)*

A room! and some one in it, I declare!

A poor old woman—what's she doing there?

She doesn't see me—what can she be at?

I'll ask her—sure there is no harm in that.

Good day, good mother.

*(the OLD WOMAN rises and advances)*

Nay, don't rise, I pray.

OLD W. I beg your pardon, miss, what do you say?

PRINCESS. I say don't stir. Sit down again, I beg.

OLD W. "My leg;" no, child, there's nothing ails my leg!

I'm rather hard of hearing.

PRINCESS.

So 'twould seem.

OLD W. "Scream!" No, young lady, no—you needn't  
scream;

I'm not so deaf as that.

PRINCESS.

Then tell me——

OLD W.

Eh?

A little louder.

PRINCESS.

Please to tell me——

OLD W.

Stay!

Come on this side—I hear best with this ear.

PRINCESS. What's this you hold?

OLD W.

Yes, very old, my dear;

Come Michaelmas I shall be ninety-four.

PRINCESS. Oh, I shall play at bawl with her no more;

I'll see if pantomime she'll understand.

*(makes signs)*

OLD W. Oh! you would know what this is in my hand?

Why, it's a spindle.

*(Music—the PRINCESS expresses by action, her ignorance of its use)*

OLD W.

Lauk! Excuse my grinning—

Have you lived all these years, and not seen spinning?

PRINCESS. How very odd!—They ransacked every college

To make me perfect—fill my brain with knowledge—

Yet ne'er till now, of spindles have I heard!

I'm quite provoked, it must seem so absurd.

OLD W. Why it's a mortal shame child, and a sin,  
 That at your age you don't know how to spin.  
*(Music—PRINCESS expresses a wish to learn.)*  
 Teach you?—with all my heart! But dear, I wonder  
 Where thou hast been brought up. Here, take this.  
*(gives PRINCESS the spindle—thunder.)*

PRINCESS *(alarmed)* Thunder!

I'm a sad coward in a storm.

OLD W. Not so—

That's not the way to hold a spindle.

PRINCESS *(in turning it wounds her hand)* Oh!  
*(louder thunder.)*

I've hurt my hand.

OLD W. Why, what's the matter, eh?

PRINCESS. I'm hurt. Quick, call for help.

OLD W. What's that you say.

*(turns from her, and enters room.)*

PRINCESS. Alas, what shall I do? my senses fail—

Help! Lord Factotum! Lady Abigail!

QUEEN. *(without)* My daughter's voice!—without a doubt!

KING. Speak, rascals! speak, who let her out?

PRINCESS. My Pa! come back—Alas!—where shall I fly?

I have no power to—Ah!—I faint—I die!

*(enters room)*

*Concerted Piece, "Such a getting up Stairs."*

*Chorus, KING, QUEEN, LORD F., LADY A., entering.*

Such a getting up stairs, and a playing Old Harry,

Such a getting up stairs, I never did see.

KING. I'm out of breath,

LORD F. And so am I;

QUEEN. I ne'er before was up so high.

LADY A. Look up that chimney,

LORD F. Scour the leads,

KING. If she's not found,

You lose your heads!

*Chorus.* Such a getting up stairs, and a playing Old  
 Harry, &c.

QUEEN. What place is this?

*(opening door and discovering OLD WOMAN.)*

LORD F. The Lumber Room.

KING. Who's there?

One of the Troop!

LORD F. She's armed, I do declare.

QUEEN. And with a spindle!

KING. Taken in the fact.

My Lord Factotum, say, how runs the act?

LORD F. Hanged, drawn and quartered, is the mildest sentence;

Without a moment left her for repentance.

QUEEN. Our daughter here and wounded!

(*helping PRINCESS forward.*)

KING. For a guinea!

This is your work, you vile old spinning jenny.

PRINCESS. (*faintly*) Be merciful, dear sir, she's deaf, and ne'er

Could hear the law you name.

KING. That's her affair.

OLD W. What's that you say, sir?

LORD F. Seize her!

*Enter FAIRY BANEFUL—Exit OLD WOMAN.*

FAIRY B. Not so fast.

KING. That hag again!

FAIRY B. What, stand you all aghast!

Don't you remember—eighteen years ago,

I told your Majesties it should be so;

And though in some degree foiled by a juggle,

You still are in my net—and can but struggle;

Slumber is on your daughter stealing fast,

And the same spell upon you all I cast.

KING. My Lord Factotum, is it so-o-o! (*yawning.*)

LORD F. My gracious liege, indeed, I don't know-ow.

QUEEN. We're all a little sleepy—don't you think so?

PRINCESS. I shouldn't mind it if I didn't wink so.

LADY A. I was up early.

PAGE. I to bed went late.

KING. I couldn't slumber for the calls of state.

FAIRY B. Well, you'll have time enough now all to doze—  
Nor shall you wake till a Prince pulls your nose.

(*to KING*)



*Music.—Scene sinks and discovers*

SCENE FOURTH.—*State Bed Chamber.*

FAIRY ANTIDOTA and ATTENDANT SPRITES.

FAIRY B. The Fairy Antidota—you're too late  
This time—the spell's complete.

FAIRY A. I bow to Fate,  
Not you. (*to her SPRITES*) Haste Elfin Sprites, fulfil  
your duty!

A pathless wood shall guard the Sleeping beauty.  
(*SYLPHS bear the PRINCESS to her couch—KING,  
QUEEN, LORD FACTOTUM, LADY ABIGAIL, &c.  
fall asleep in various attitudes—Curtain descends  
to the Air "We're all Nodding."*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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## PART III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Forest.*

COLIN CLUMP, LARRY O'LOG, and other WOODCUTTERS, at  
work.

*Round—"When the Wind Blows."*

Spite of our blows,  
There the wood grows,  
And makes of our labours merry;  
Vain are our chops,  
Not a tree drops,  
It's very hard work, boys—very—yes, very.

LARRY. Well, it ain't aisy then, and that's the truth,  
I've worked in this same Wood, man, boy and youth,  
For twenty years, and my ould dad before  
He worked in it as bad as fifty more,  
And divil a tree has fallen by axe or weather,  
I think these oaks are all a hoax together.  
But come, it's supper time, and so who cares,  
Let's cut our own sticks, as we can't cut theirs.

CLUMP. Aye, come, for my poor wife will be on thorns  
Until she sees me by her side with——

*Hunting music in the distance.*

LARRY.

Horns!

CLUMP. Aye—some chaps have been hunting all the day.

*Exeunt CLUMP and WOODCUTTERS, R.*

LARRY. And here comes one, as if he'd lost his way.

*Enter PRINCE PERFECT, L.*

PRINCE. Pray can you tell me where I am, my lad?

LARRY. Yes, sir—You're there.

PRINCE. Well—come, that's not so bad.

Are you a woodcutter, my friend, or what?

LARRY. I am, sir, a woodcutter, and I'm not.

PRINCE. How very mystical—Expound—Explain.

LARRY. Why, sir, you see, I hack these trees in vain—  
Not one will fall.

PRINCE. Ah!—Then if truth you utter,

You are but a *wood*-if you-could-be cutter.

LARRY. Faith, sir, you've hit it.

PRINCE. You must fare but badly,

Or, I'm afraid you fling the hatchet sadly.

LARRY. 'Deed, no sir.

PRINCE. What's the cause? for still I doubt it.

LARRY. You're not the first, sir, that has axed about it—

Folks say the wood's enchanted—O'er the trees

There are some turrets, as your honour sees,

Wherein some say Old Nick himself's a lodger;

Others, that there's a horrible old codger,

They call an Ogre—who has got a habit,

Of catching a fat baby like a rabbit,

And smothering it with onions—

PRINCE.

Nasty Dog?

And eats it?

LARRY. As a Frenchman would a frog!

PRINCE. The filthy fellow—'Sdeath, you make me sick,

I'd have him hanged for such a dirty trick.

LARRY. But you must catch him first—and who's to do it?

PRINCE. I'd storm his castle—

LARRY.

But you can't get to it;

The trees will only let *him* pass between.

PRINCE. I'd burn 'em down!

LARRY. They won't burn—they're too green.

PRINCE. *I* should be much too green, did I believe you.

LARRY. Upon my soul, sir, then I don't deceive you;

The wood's as stiff to hunters as to hacks.

PRINCE. You'll swear it?

LARRY. Yes, sir—By St. Mary Axe!

But my ould dad was wont to say he'd heard

A story in his youth, still more absurd.

How that a beautiful young Princess lay

There fast asleep—and for an age must stay;

And that no mortal soul away could carry her

Until a King's son came to wake and marry her!

PRINCE. A King's son said'st thou?

LARRY. Aye, sir—a King's son.

PRINCE. Hark! in thine ear—a secret—*I* am one.

LARRY. Who flings the hatchet now?

PRINCE. Nay, you may smile,

But I'm Prince Perfect of the Emerald Isle.

LARRY. Och, murder!—Of the Emerald Isle too!—what

“My countryman—and yet I knew him not,”

I can't believe it.

PRINCE. Don't—I'm not offended;

But *I* believe that I am the intended

Of this young sleeping fair one in the wood—

If she is young and fair, be't understood—

Because if not, I am not of the number

Who would for worlds, disturb the lady's slumber.

LARRY. I tell the story as 'twas told to me,

And if you are a Prince——

PRINCE. You soon will see.

Here's half-a-crown until I get a whole one.

(*advancing a step*) Behold!

(*the Wood changes to a deep blue*)

The first step proves that I am right,

The conscious trees change colour at my sight.

LARRY. Well, sure enough, they're looking mighty blue,

All of a sudden——

PRINCE. (*advancing*) Now for passage through:

Most venerable branches, by your leaves.

(*the Forest opens gradually*)

LARRY. As I'm a living sowl—the forest cleaves!  
 The brushwood brushes off—the thickets thin;  
 And the trees bow him most politely in!  
 Faith, he's the Prince of Woodcutters!

PRINCE. Behold!

The castle gates, the moat, the drawbridge old,  
 The ancient guards too, all as fast as churches!

LARRY. Like the ould Charlies, roosting on their perches.

PRINCE. I will make bold to enter without rapping,  
 And catch the young and lovely owner napping.

(*Exit PRINCE into Castle.*)

LARRY. And if it warn't for this half-crown—mayhap  
 I could go in myself, without a rap.

Why not, at all events—Perhaps there'll be  
 A sleeping beauty of a maid for me!

If she's as dead as ever sleep can make her,  
 Arn't I an Irishman! and won't I wake her?  
 I'd be a made man then!—here goes!

(*as he advances briars and thorns rise in his path*)

I say!

That's mighty ungenteeled now, any way!

Come out of that, you devils—Are you crazy?

Is that the way you poke your fun?—Be aizey?

(*the trees close upon him, and beat him with their branches*)

Thunder and turf!—Be quiet wid your tricks,

How dare you hit a man such murdering licks?

With nothing in his hand but his own fist?

Wait till I get my axe.

(*the axe, as he strives to take hold of it, is whirled  
 away, and in letters of fire upon the trees, appear  
 the words, "Rash fool, desist!"*)

(*reading*) "Rash Fool, desist!"

"Rash Fool!—Well, by the Lakes of sweet Killarney,  
 One can't mistake you for the Groves of Blarney!

Oh, murder! Fancy now if after all,

His Royal Highness in a trap should fall!

And 'stead of a young Beauty, sweet and civil,

Find a big yellow Ogre sort of devil,

That can't be called a beauty any how,

And eats the heir apparent!—There's a row!

I'll run and tell his men what a disaster

Is likely to befall their noble master!

If I can save him from that nasty beast.  
I shall be made a Barrow Knight at least. *Exit, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Anti-Chamber in Palace. Curtains closed.*

*Enter PRINCE, L.*

PRINCE. The potent spell throughout the Palace reigns,  
A magic slumber all the Court enchains.  
The Porter in his arm-chair dozing sits,  
The Cooks are nodding o'er their loaded spits ;  
Yeomen in ranks in the Guard Chamber snore,  
The Pages snooze upon the matted floor.  
Ladies and Lords in waiting, Footmen, Grooms,  
Lie strewed like rushes all about the rooms.  
The Dogs are curled up underneath the tables,  
The Horses are all fast within the stables.  
Their Lady's lot the very fruit trees share,  
I gathered as I passed a *sleepy* pear !  
But where can this Enchanted Beauty be,  
Who has laid in state a century for me ?

*(the Curtains fly back, and discover the PRINCESS,  
KING, QUEEN, LORD FACTOTUM, LADY ABIGAIL,  
&c. fast asleep as at the end of Act 2)*

By Morpheus ! there she is ! and what a creature !  
Divine, I vow, in form as well as feature !  
Like my Great-Grandmother she's dress'd 'tis true,  
My *Storrs* and *Mortimers* ! what jewels too ;  
But nought her beauty can outshine or hide,  
Worthy she is to be an Emperor's bride !  
And who are these that wait in sleep upon her ?  
Some sort of Chamberlains and Maids of Honor ;  
Nay, now I look again, this queer old fellow,  
Who looks a sort of regal Punchinello,  
May be my future pa-in-law—and t'other  
Old fashioned piece of goods, my lady mother ?  
But truce to all conjectures—let me break  
The spell, and bid this sleeping Venus wake !  
But how ?—By Cupid and all other loves,  
I'll try a kiss, and win a pair of gloves.  
*(kisses her—she wakes)*

PRINCESS. Ah!—was that you, my Prince, my lips who prest!

PRINCE. She wakes, she speaks, and we shall still be blest!  
You're not offended?

PRINCESS. Oh dear, not at all,  
Arn't you the gentleman who was to call?

PRINCE. I feel I am, and hope my bosom cheers.

How have you slept, my love, these hundred years?

PRINCESS. Charmingly, thank you, for I dreamed of you.

PRINCE. And do I realize your dream?

PRINCESS. You do!

PRINCE. Sweet, candid, barley-sugar answer!—Oh,  
How frankly maidens spoke an age ago.

Say then you'll wed me—set my heart at ease.

PRINCESS. Oh, you must ask my father, if you please.

PRINCE. Where is he?

PRINCESS. There—an attitude he stands in :

You'd better wake them all, sir, now your hand's in.

PRINCE. With all my heart—but they so soundly doze.

PRINCESS. Just wring him, very gently, by the nose.

PRINCE. With your permission—else I would not take  
So great a liberty for worlds—Pray wake.

*(Pulls King's nose—they all sneeze loudly.)*

QUEEN. Bless me!—was that an earthquake!

LADY A. What a shock!

KING. My Lord Factotum!

LORD F. Sire!

KING. What's o'clock.

LORD F. My Liege! I cannot tell, but as I guess,

By certain feelings, which I can't express,

It should be breakfast time, or there about,

KING. We've overslept ourself!

LORD F. Beyond a doubt.

KING. Then see, my Lord, it don't occur again,

Or you shall cease to be our Chamberlain.

LADY A. I feel I've slept too long—and yet but sadly.

LORD F. I know I've had the night-mare very badly.

KING. Heyday!—A stranger!—In my daughter's room!

Worse!—in her company!—Death be his doom!

My Lord Factotum!

LORD F.

Sire!

KING

Call out the Guard!

LORD F. They're fast asleep, sir, in the Castle Yard!

KING. Then draw and run him through the body.

PRINCESS.

Stay!

Papa!—you wouldn't sure my husband slay!

KING, QUEEN, LADY A., LORD F. Her husband!

KING. Zounds!

PRINCESS.

O smooth your angry brows—

This is my dear and long predestined spouse!

The heir apparent to a mighty King,

Who wants your license but to buy the ring?

KING. My Lord Factotum!

LORD F.

Sire!

KING.

Pray is this true.

LORD F. My Liege! I'm quite as ignorant as you.

QUEEN. Then you know nothing?

LORD F.

Nothing, Ma'am, at all.

KING. Go, wake the Guard, and bid 'em load with ball,

*Exit, LORD F., c.*

I'll have the fellow shot.

PRINCE.

Nay, sir—hear reason.

KING. I won't; it's but another name for treason!

An Heir Apparent! Pshaw!—You mean to say

An Heir Presumptive.

PRINCESS.

Father!

KING.

Hence, away!

*Air—KING—“Tol de rol loi.”*

Thy Father! away! I renounce the fond name!

Thou blot to my honour, thou blast to my fame;

Let Justice the traitor to punishment bring!

If further I'm cross'd, you shall all of you swing!

*Tol de rol, de rol lol, &c.*

That's not the tune, nor quite the words!—no matter,

You understand me, and so no more clatter

Insulted Majesty can't stop for trifles!

My Lord Factotum!—Forward with the rifles!

*Re-enter LORD FACTOTUM, c.*

LORD F. My Liege, they do refuse to come.

KING.

Refuse!

LORD F. That is, they're all in the profoundest snooze.

I beat one fellow very near to powder,

But all in vain, he only snored the louder!

KING. You should have beat the general!—deuce take 'em,

PRINCE. It wouldn't do, sir, only *I* could wake 'em.*Enter LARRY O'LOG and HUNTSMEN, L.*

LORD F. Help, murder, treason!

LARRY. Hold your gab, you rogue, or—

Oh, murder!—Here's the ould thief of an ogre!

Down with him, boys! we'll teach him to eat babies

Smothered with onions!

PRINCE. Hold! you stupid gabies!

LARRY. And is it there you are, sir! safe and sound?

Then that's the Sleeping Beauty, I'll be bound,

That's wide awake beside you—Only think!

Ma'am! if I'd eyes like yours I'd never wink!

KING. Why this is rank rebellion!—Traitors! Slaves!

LARRY. Manners, ye devil, don't call names!

KING. He braves

My wrath!

LARRY. I do!—If me you try to eat,

You'll find me mighty tough to masticate!

PRINCE. Be quiet, friend. This person, you must know,

Was a great King, a hundred years ago.

KING. A hundred years ago!

PRINCESS.

Yes, Father dear;

This is what I was wishing you to hear:

But you would put yourself in such a rage.

Don't you remember, you have slept an age,

And might have still been wrapped in deep repose,

If the Prince hadn't kindly pulled your nose!

KING. Now by our crown!—a pretty explanation,

Permit us to return the obligation!

PRINCESS. Nay, pardon him; for 'twas at my suggestion,

And for your good. He fairly put the question,

And the nose had it.

KING.

Do we dream—or dote?

LORD F. Upon my honor, sire,—I didn't vote,



I paired off long before with Lady A.

KING. (*to PRINCESS*) And we have slept a hundred years,  
you say?

PRINCESS. You—I—My Royal Mother—All the Court,

KING. We do begin to credit this report.

*Concerted Piece—Air, “I Remember.”*

PRINCESS. You remember, you remember, how my childhood  
fleeted by,

How one hour, from my tower, I ventured on the sly.

How you came and found me out, sir, and gave  
yourself high airs,

And made a precious rout, sir, up twenty pair of stairs.

KING. We remember, we remember, now you tell us it  
was so;

But 'tis hard, love, to remember things so very long  
ago.

PRINCESS. You remember, you remember, now I tell you, &c.

LORD F. } We remember, we remember, &c.  
LADY A. }

KING. One agonizing question—only one!

Say! what have my afflicted people done

These hundred years?

PRINCE. They've done, my liege, without you.

KING. Impossible! Again you make me doubt you.

PRINCE. Think you, because courts sleep, that nations do?

Your country's had a dozen kings since you.

KING. A dozen! Who reigns now then, quickly tell?

PRINCE. Your cousin, nineteen times removed——

KING. 'Tis well!

We will remove him once again. (*aside*) Prince, take

Our daughter's hand; we now are wide-awake.

My Lord Factotum—hasten and prepare

The nuptial feast——

FAIRY ANTIDOTA *appearing.*

FAIRY A. Hold! That is my affair!

All is accomplished, by your free consent,

And I, to celebrate this glad event,

Have ordered supper for the party. Nay.

I'll hear of no excuses, sir, to-day;

I've asked your friends and mine, the six kind  
 Fairies,  
 They'll meet us in my Island of Contraries.  
 To which I move this Court do now adjourn!

*(Scene changes to the Illuminated Gardens of the FAIRY  
 ANTIDOTA'S Palace.)*

*The SIX FAIRIES appearing.*

*Procession of LORDS, LADIES, GUARDS, SYLPHS, &c., pre-  
 ceding the SIX FAIRIES.*

*Ballet—Finale.*

*Air, "Cruiskeen Lawn."*

PRINCESS. Our Easter dues to pay,  
 We have done our best to-day;  
 Then stand our friends, as ye've so often stood,  
 And let your hands unite  
 To chase away our *fright*,  
 And cheer our "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood,  
 Wood! Wood!"  
 And cheer our "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

CHORUS.

Let your hands unite, &c.

SEVEN FAIRIES ascend the *Pyramidical Throne*, ANTIDOTA  
*in the centre, surrounded by SYLPHS and FAIRIES,*  
*bearing torches of various coloured fires, &c.—Tableau.*

**Curtain.**