

**PRICE, 15 CENTS.**

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# THE PATAPSCO.

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

LOUISE MALLOY..

COMPOSED BY

ELLIOTT WOODS.

PRODUCED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

The Baltimore American's Doll and Toy Show

FORD'S OPERA HOUSE,

NOVEMBER, 1894.

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THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN JOB PRINTING OFFICE,  
229 East Baltimore Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE HOLLOWAY CORPORATION  
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

# The Patapsco.

## CAST.

HELEL GILMOR (*An American Girl*)....MISS NELLIE ROBINSON.  
MAUD ALLEN (*Her Friend*).....MISS ELISE KIRK.  
FATIMA (*The Pride of the Harem*)...MISS FLORENCE RANSTEAD.  
HARRY LAMAR (*Lieutenant on U. S. Cruiser Patapsco*) } MR. GEORGE HARDING.  
THOMAS ROGERS (*Lieut. on U. S. Cruiser*).MR. OSBORN CLEMSON.  
YACOUB PASHA (*An Egyptian of Rank*) } ..MR. H. CLINTON MERRYMAN.  
LORD PEDIGREE (*A Noble Heiress Hunter*) } MR. ROBERT MCKEAN BARRY.  
PROFESSOR HOFFMAN (*On a Hunt for Antiques*) } ...MR. JAMES WILKINSON.  
SAM (*A Man-of-War's Man*).....MR. JOSEPH F. BRYAN.

## CHORUS.

Gay Girls, Gallant Sailors, Arabs, Ladies of the Harem,  
Dancing Girls, Pasha's Guards.

ACT. I.—Deck of Cruiser Patapsco.

ACT. II.—Harem of Yacoub Pasha, in Alexandria.

PLACE.—Harbor and City of Alexandria, Egypt.

TIME.—July, 1882.

# THE PATAPSCO.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Deck of U. S. Cruiser "Patapsco."* View of Alexandria  
*in distance. Sailors discovered as Curtain rises.*

### OPENING CHORUS.

We're jolly Yankee tars, are we,  
We're jolly Yankee tars !  
We're here to show our country's might,  
To show, at need, how brave men fight  
Beneath the Stripes and Stars.  
Proudly our flag unfurls to the breeze,  
For it waves in the eagle's grip,  
And under that flag we will fight, we will die,  
But we'll never give up the ship !  
Oh, no !

We'll never give up the ship !  
Then give a cheer for the jolly tars,  
The jolly Yankee tars,  
And three times three, with a loud hurrah,  
For the glorious Stripes and Stars !  
(Hurrah, with tiger.)

[Enter SAM.]

SAM (*recit.*) Ay, boys, go on,—that's jest the sort of talkin'  
Fer all them furriners around us to be hearin',  
Let Uncle Sam's cocks crow—they jest kin do it.

### CHORUS.

Ay, ay, we'll crow, and in both rhyme and reason.  
SAM. There's nothin' like it, and I know what I'm a sayin',  
I've knocked about the world a bit myself, boys,  
And seen some things them Britishers and Frenchies—

## CHORUS.

Yes, yes, we know you travelled,  
Many puzzling things unravelled,  
Come, Sam, spin us a good yarn.  
For there never was a man, sir,  
In emergencies could answer,  
Or could do one-half you can, sir,  
So, Sam, spin us a good yarn.  
While the deck we're idly lining,  
For amusement we are pining,  
Come, Sam, spin us a good yarn.

SAM. All right, boys, then listen; it's the truth I'll be a tellin'.

## SONG.

Of all the jolly dogs that ever sailed the sea,  
CHORUS—Sailed the sea.

There is none of 'em can spin a yarn as good as me,  
CHORUS—Good as you.

Blow me! I will tell you things that happened right along,  
Tell ye how they happened, and I'll tell you in the song,  
So I'll clear away my anchors, so I won't go wrong.

Heave—o—ho!

CHORUS—Heave—o—ho! [Hornpipe.  
Would you believe I've driven whales along in pairs,  
CHORUS—What! in pairs?

Yes, in pairs.  
Even learnt the baby whales to climb upstairs.

CHORUS—Climb upstairs?

Yes, upstairs.

I've took little porpusses as what I ketched at sea, [me,  
Taught'em how to read and write, and say their prayers to  
And I sot 'em up as preachers way down in the sea.

Heave—o—ho!

CHORUS—Heave—o—ho! [Hornpipe.  
I've been in forty shipwrecks, and onct I lost my life,  
CHORUS—Lost your life?

Yes, my life.  
I've been married twenty times, but lost each wife.  
CHORUS—Lost each wife?

Lost each wife.

Captured twice by pirates, and twice dumped in the sea,  
Twice I got away from 'em by climbin' of a tree,  
And twice I captured all of 'em, and sot 'em free.

Heave—o—ho!

CHORUS—Heave—o—ho! [Hornpipe.  
I've fished in Mount Vesuvius, and there I caught a shark.

CHORUS—Caught a shark!

Caught a shark.

I've gone gunnin' in the sea, and shot a lark,

CHORUS—Shot a lark!

Yes, a lark.

I've rid in an air-ship, and I've sailed up to the moon,  
Skated clar around the sun, cut ten-foot ice in June,  
And I've swept the cobwebs off the sky without a broom.

Heave—o—ho!

CHORUS—Heave—o—ho! [Hornpipe.

ALL. Bravo!

SAM. But harky, boys, I bring ye news.

ALL. Let's have it, Sam.

SAM. We'll have to take on more visitors. Admiral Seymour has giv notice that in twenty-four hours he'll bombard Alexandria.

ALL (eagerly.) Ha!

SAM. And all the furriners in the city is runnin' off like so many sheep to the ships.

A SAILOR (slyly.) Then we'll get some women-folks abroad, and that'll please *you*, Sam. (All laugh.)

SAM (with dignity.) I've only got these remarks to make on this yere subjec'. Fust, taint none o' my business, as I aint runnin' the English government at present. Second, I think any fools what holds half a dozen wives aint too much for one man to manage, ought ter be bombarded the wust way. And third, if the blowin' ups they give in their scarums don't hurt 'em, they must be too tough for gunpowder. Them, my friends, is my sentiments.

ALL. Hurrah for Sam!

SAM. Thanky, boys, thanky. It's a fine thing, a noble thing, mates, to know somebody 'preciates yer sentiments—(As he begins to speak, they quietly exeunt) Hello stay yere till I finish! Go along, then! I aint a goin' to be dependent on no sich set as you fer to express my sentiments. (Looking off, and changing tone.) Yere comes Loot'nent Lamar—he thinks he's cock o' the

walk, he do. My! but aint he happy! and as proud as a tarrier with his fust rat!—and fer why? Cause he's in love! In love! Think of a fine young feller like him as I've devoted my life to, ever sense we wos boys together, goin' and makin' sich a fool of hisself! But I spose taint none o' my business.

*Enter HARRY, humming.*

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June."

SAM (*sotto voice.*) And he's as green as the green, green grass, and he's gettin' off the tune.

HARRY. Eh? Is that you, Sam?

SAM (*saluting.*) Yes, it's me, Loot'nent.

HARRY. Come here, Sam. (*Sam advances and salutes.*) I want somebody to talk to, Sam.

SAM (*saluting.*) All right, sir. Go ahead, Mr. Phonograph.

HARRY. Sam, I am awfully, terribly, delightfully happy. I'm in love. Have you ever been in love, Sam?

SAM. I aint no fool, Loot'nent.

HARRY. Sam, if I were not so recklessly happy, I'd have you shot for insulting your superior officer.

SAM. Thanky, sir. (*Anxiously.*) But you aint really in love, air you, Master Harry?

HARRY. I really am, Sam, and I'm too far gone to be saved. Did you ever try to stem love's current?

SAM (*quietly.*) No, sir, but I've often damned it.

HARRY. I'm shocked, Sam, shocked. You are neither useful nor ornamental. So leave—leave at once—at once—do you hear?

SAM. Yer gettin' daft, Loot'nent. Fust, you calls your love a red rose; well, I aint no objection to that. But then yer wants me to stem a current, and leave at once. I aint no Virginia creeper.

HARRY. Sam, your society is demoralizing. If you can't leave at once, get out instantly.

SAM (*saluting.*) All right, sir.

(*Exit SAM, humming:* "My love is a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in bloom."

HARRY (*rapturously.*) O, Love, I am thy captive! But would I be free? Never! Every glance from her bright eyes; every touch of her soft hand, makes heavier my chains; but how gladly

I wear them, and how sweet is life, when the heart awakes, and we first learn to tell the old, old story!

#### BALLAD.

In all this ever-changing world,  
One thing is changing never,  
Told long ago, when life was young,  
Yet fresh and fair forever.  
The fame we prayed, bright honors fade,  
We tire of even glory;  
But hearts will swell, while lips shall tell  
The old, old story.

That sweet old tale that never grows  
Too old for human hearing,  
That to each heart is ever new,  
Fresh hoping, and fresh fearing,  
Though art may fail, and science pale,  
And time dim even glory,  
Till life's last hope hold shall still be told  
The old, old story.

(*Starts to go. Recitative.*)

But who are these? They're refugees most likely,  
And on my word, all young and pretty maidens!  
We are in luck by this most kind bombardment.

*Enter GIRLS, escorted by Crew.*

#### CHORUS.

GIRLS. We're in a dreadful fight!

MEN. Oh, you're all right.

GIRLS. Tell us, will there be a fight?

MEN. Oh, that's all right,

GIRLS. For you, perhaps, but we—ah, we  
Are only timid girls, you see.

MEN. You're rather pretty girls, we see,  
So here in safety you will be.

GIRLS. But won't there be an awful fight?

HARRY (*coming forward.*) Fear not, ladies, our care  
As brave men is to shield the fair.

You know we never, never brag,  
But you are safe beneath yon flag.

GIRLS (*anxiously.*) Then we are safe?

MEN.

HARRY (*bowing.*) Indeed you are,  
On the word of yours truly, H. Lamar.

GIRLS.

GIRLS. But will there be an awful fight?  
It is, no doubt, a dreadful sight—  
But still—we never saw a fight.

MEN.

HARRY. 'Tis true the city will be soon bombarded,  
Which makes the fighting possibly one-sided,  
But you are safe, and 'tis of slight importance  
Who else is lost, since somebody must perish.

(*Exeunt.*

(Goes up.)

### CHORUS.

GIRLS. Oh, sirs, we thank this noble act.

PROF

MEN. Don't mention it—don't mention it!

progres

GIRLS. The President shall know this fact.

HARI

MEN (*anxiously.*) And pension it?—and pension it?

without

GIRLS (*enthusiastically.*) Ah, no! not thus such deeds are paid,  
But in the memory of each maid  
Shall rise a halo round your name,  
And crown you with a deathless fame.  
To save poor women from war's lash,  
Is not a deed to pay with cash.

PROF

MEN. Of course, you're right—we know you're right;  
Fame amply will our pains requite,  
In saving woman from war's lash;  
Yet we would much prefer the cash.

shroude

GIRLS (*fiercely.*) Are not our grateful tears a prize?

retina,

MEN (*bowing.*) Oh, certainly! Oh, certainly!

forget

GIRLS. Are bright coins better than bright eyes?

which

MEN. Sometimes they be—sometimes they be.

to the

GIRLS (*Shaking heads at each word*)

HAR

O, sneering, sordid, selfish man!  
The same e'er since the world began,  
Who finds his dearest, best delights  
In trampling on poor woman's rights!  
What dreadful wretches they must be,  
Who'll only ship us C. O. D.!

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- MEN. Dear ladies, you are wronging us,  
 To take a little chaffing thus.  
 Don't rush into reproaches rash,  
 Your sex don't much object to cash.
- GIRLS. C. O. D. C. O. D.  
 They' only want us C. O. D.!
- MEN. C. O. D. D. L. E—  
 That is what you want, we see.

(*Exeunt Girls, Men following and coaxing them.*)

HARRY. Ha! ha! so wags the world, and lovely woman's tongue. But now for a few precious words with my Helen.

(Enter Professor HOFMANN.)

PROF. I beg your pardon, sir, but may I arrest your onward progress for a fleeting moment.

HARRY. That, sir, is a feat you have already accomplished without my permission.

PROF. I beg your pardon again, sir, but the vast interests still shrouded in the future are so vividly impressed on my mental retina, that I project myself so out of the present as sometimes to forget I am in it. After all, it is things in posse, not in esse, which are real to thinking minds. Bye the way, am I speaking to the captain.

HARRY. Judging, as you say, by things in posse, you *are* speaking to the captian—for all I know, to an admiral—possibly to the President of the United States. But judging strictly by the present, I am only Lieutenant Lamar, at your service.

PROF. I am happy to meet you, Lieut. Lamar.

HARRY. Thanks. May I ask whom *I* have the honor of addressing?

PROF. (*proudly.*) My card, sir.

HARRY (*reading.*) "Professor Augustus Hofmann, A. M., LL. D., Ph. D., F. E. S., etc., etc., etc." Oh, I see, sir. You are evidently a man of letters.

PROF. (*aside.*) Bright young man, this. Sees my standing at a glance. (*Aloud.*) Yes, sir, I am President of the Blank University, and author of the celebrated essay on "Innate Ideas and Modern Processes of Thought." Doubtless, you have read it, sir. I presume you read all the standard works?

HARRY. Read it! I know every page of that celebrated essay by heart. (*Aside.*) That one would stagger Ananias!

PROF. (*Aside*) Very superior young man, this! (*Aloud.*) And what do think of my argument exhaustively and conclusively proving that thought is not a secretion of the brain, but really the product of—

HARRY (*hastily.*) That argument, sir, has all the convincing force of a Gatling gun. But to waive this delightful scientific discussion in which my—ha—duty, will not permit me at present to continue, I believe you wished to ask me something.

PROF. Ah, so I did. Pardon my professional enthusiasm, sir. If thought is a secretion of the brain, it is so wonderful in what quantities the average young man's brain secretes it—from the most diligent investigation—that the lucidity of your intellect naturally struck me. But I wander again. Pray, can you inform me if Miss Helen Gilmor is on board with her parents?

HARRY (*aside.*) Helen Gilmor! What can this old fossil want with my Nell?

PROF. Pardon me, sir, if I interrupt your meditations—I know how disagreeable that is myself—but I asked you a question.

HARRY. Miss Gilmor is aboard, sir, but her parents have not yet left the city. May I ask if you are acquainted with Miss Gilmor?

PROF. Oh, yes; she is the lady I have selected for my future wife.

HARRY. Well, here's cool impudence! Don't project yourself too hastily in *that* future, Professor, or you may possibly collide with one little fact.

PROF. Which is.

HARRY. You are not the gentleman *she* has selected for her future husband.

PROF. How do you know that?

HARRY. Because I happen to be her selection myself?

PROF. Dear me, this is very unfortunate! Sorry to interfere with your hopes, my dear young friend, but scientific investigations cannot be carried on without cash, of which Miss Gilmor has a superfluous share.

HARRY. (*Aside.*) What an old donkey to think Nell would look at him! (*Aloud.*) Well, Professor, you are a formidable rival, I admit. Did you come to Egypt after her?

PROF. Well—no. You see, last year Professor Maspero discovered Pharoah's mummy, and I resolved to astonish the scientific world by discovering another mummy that would throw Pharoah into the shade; so I came to Egypt to discover it

HARRY. Whose mummy are you after.

PROF. (*mysteriously.*) Listen, and I will tell you.

#### SONG.

'Twixt you and me, sir, and the post,  
I'll tell you in con-fidence,  
There is a precious deal of high  
Humbuggery in science.  
You needn't go back hundred years  
To find a lot of dummies,  
And Egypt's not the only land  
To hunt for antique mummies.

But science must investigate,  
To men new wonders giving,  
And I with science must incline,  
For thus I make my living.  
So when old Pharoah grim was found,  
I vowed to make my salaam,  
To paralyze the sceintists,  
And find — *the ass of Balaam!*

A noble ambition, sir, and one to which I have devoted my life. When through my humble exertions, the anatomy of that remarkable animal adorns the Smithsonian Institution, that day will I die happy!

HARRY. You have my best wishes for an early meeting with your friend of Balaam. (*Exit PROFESSOR and HARRY.*)

(Enter HELEN, opposite, *hastily.*)  
HELEN. Not here! and I am sure I heard his voice! But never mind; he'll come again, I know.

#### BALLAD.

Maiden, have thy laughing eyes  
Lured a lover true?  
If thou wouldst secure thy prize,  
Make it hard to woo.

With his ardor lightly play,  
 Jest at all his pain,  
 Laugh when rage drives love away,  
 He will come again,  
 Sweetheart,  
 Love will come again.  
  
 Maiden, let the victor's part  
 But by thee be done;  
 Teach him that a woman's heart  
 Is not lightly won.  
 If he leave thee, gayly sing,  
 Tears and sighs are vain,  
 Do not heed if Love take wing,—  
 He will come again,  
 Sweetheart,  
 Love will come again.

HARRY. Helen! (*Re-enter Harry.*)

HELEN (*pretending not to notice him.*) "I knew he'd come again, sweetheart, I knew he'd come again."

(HARRY comes up to her and seizes her hand.)  
 HARRY. You little witch, do you know I've stolen three minutes of my valuable time from the United States Government, just to come and tell you that I love you?

HELEN. And do you know that I have no desire to steal your attention from the United States Government, just to hear the repetition of a fact I knew long before you ever told me at all?

HARRY. Ah, but the repetition is so sweet! Do you remember when I first dared to tell you so? Ah, those were happy days, Helen; I wonder if we will ever be happier!

#### SONG.

Can you forget when first we loved,  
 And life was one glad song  
 Of hope and joy and trust and right,—  
 There was no woe or wrong.  
 Such perfect bliss as ours then  
 The world had never seen,  
 For I was only twenty, Nell,  
 And you were seventeen.

Such sweet content wrapped round our lives,  
 It sure was born above,  
 And darkest days grew fair beneath  
 The sunshine of our love.  
 So time passed on, each fleeting hour  
 Touched with that glowing sheen,  
 As with my warmth of twenty years  
 I wooed your seventeen.

We'll have our share of joy, sweetheart,  
 We'll have our share of pain,  
 Some day we'll mourn the good old times  
 That never come again:  
 But there's one thing time shall not change,—  
 The love we'll e'er keep green  
 We pledged when I was twenty, Nell,  
 And you were seventeen.

(Exit HARRY, laughing.)

HARRY. HELEN. Dear old Harry! I wonder if he dreams how much I love him! I wouldn't tell him so, for the world, but he certainly is the best and handsomest man in it.

(Enter MAUD.)

MAUD. Helen!

HELEN. Maud!

MAUD. (*advancing*) Oh, Helen, isn't this just too lovely for anything!

HELEN. I don't think it is. Do you know, Maud, the English are going to bombard Alexandria?

MAUD. Oh, how sweet!

HELEN. Very! I hope the bomb-shells will strike them that way!

MAUD. Oh, I mean it is all so delightfully romantic.

HELEN. I hope that horrid old Yacoub Pasha will be well bombarded. Maud, the old infidel made love to me.

MAUD. And to me, too.

HELEN. He has sixteen wives already!

MAUD. And wants us to marry him!

BOTH. The old Bluebeard!

HELEN. And, Maud, that detestable Lord Pedigree has been hanging around me all this morning.

MAUD. You Poor thing!

HELEN. What is he doing here, anyhow? This is an American vessel. Why don't he go on his own ships?

MAUD. He's perfectly horrid!

HELEN (*softly*) Maud.

MAUD. Well, dear?

HELEN. I—I have something to tell you.

MAUD (*eagerly*) Yes, darling?—

HELEN. I'm—I'm engaged.

MAUD. Oh, how awfully nice! To whom?

HELEN. To Lieutenant Lamar.

MAUD. Oh!

HELEN. Well, what do you mean by that?

MAUD. I have something to tell you!

HELEN. Why, are you engaged, too?

MAUD. Not yet, but I'm going to be.

HELEN. To whom?

MAUD. I don't know yet. But that needn't worry a girl if she's really in earnest.

#### SONG.

For a man is a prey  
In the easiest way

If only you don't let him know it!

And a girl, if she please,  
Can land him with ease,

If only she don't let him know it.

If you throw out your line with the bait of sweet smiles,

All coyness and flutter and innocent wiles,

You'll find you can draw him with very few trials,

If you only don't let him know it.

You can twist him just so,  
Round your finger, you know,

If only you don't let him know it.

You can get your own way,  
Spite of all he can say,

If only you don't let him know it.

Just make him believe himself master, and then,  
Your chances of ruling are nine out of ten,

I tell you 'tis easy to manage the men,

If only you don't let them know it!

I had such a perfectly splendid moonlight walk last night with Lieutenant—(HELEN starts) Rogers, and oh, Helen, he's just too sweet for anything!

HELEN. Maud, you're a nice girl, but sometimes you're dreadfully soft.

MAUD (*angrily*) Helen Gilmor, it's not so!

(Enter HARRY and ROGERS. *Changing tone.*)

Helen, darling, don't the water look lovely?

(OFFICERS approach and bow, GIRLS start as if surprised.  
OFFICERS are embarrassed. HARRY tries to get ROGERS to take MAUD off to see view. *Exeunt Maud and Rogers.*)

HARRY. At last I have a chance for a few precious words with my Helen.

HELEN. I am not your Helen yet, sir, and there may be two opinions about your words being precious.

HARRY. Ah, Helen, do not snub me so unmercifully. Come, confess that you love me almost as much as I do you.

HELEN. Confess? Never!

#### DUET—HELEN & HARRY.

HARRY. I love a maiden fair,  
Dainty and sweet,  
In her do charms most rare  
Joyously meet.  
Lightly she laughs at care,  
She is a prize to wear,  
She is beyond compare,  
I'm at her feet.

She is a bonny, bonny lass to see,  
Say, can you tell me who this maid might be?

HELEN (*demurely*). I wouldn't be surprised to hear  
That it was me.

(*Gives a sudden scream.*) Oh, my! (Harry starts.)  
I mean I wouldn't be surprised  
If it were I!

## TOGETHER.

HARRY.

Yes, oh, yes, I'm her lover true,  
And who would not adore this maid,  
If she were you?

HELEN.

No, oh, no, there is no one by,  
And you might whisper to this maid,  
If she were I.

I love a sailor lad,  
Handsome and gay;  
Never gloomy, never sad,  
Merry all the day.  
And never did I see  
One bright and brave as he,  
One half so dear to me,  
I'm his for aye!  
He can all my true love claim—  
Say, can you guess my brave sailor's name?

HARRY I can try—is it Harry Lamar?

HELEN (*demurely.*) Now you think you've guessed it,  
Don't you?

HARRY.

Right you are.

## TOGETHER.

HARRY.

Yes, oh, yes, I'm your lover true,  
I'll never love another maid  
As I love you.

HELEN.

No, oh no, believe it true,  
I could love no other man  
As I love you.

HELEN. Do you know, Harry, I believe I was born to be a  
warrior's bride. Even as a child I loved the sound of military  
music and the flash of steel.

HARRY. Let us see if military instinct is strong in you. Do  
you feel an irresistible impulse always to obey orders?

HELEN. When they agree with my inclinations, I do.

HARRY. Good—I'll try you. Now remember, you're the regiment, and I'm your colonel. (*Authoritatively.*) Right about face. (*She confronts him.*) Shoulder arms! (*She puts arms about his neck.*) Right shoulder, shift arms! (*Clasps arms on his right shoulder.*) Left shoulder, shift arms! (*Ditto left.*) Recover arms! (*Puts arms behind her.*) Present arms! (*Holds out hands which he clasps.*) Aim! (*Holds up face to his.*) Fire! (*They kiss.*)

(See MAUD and ROGERS coming and hide.)

*Re-enter MAUD AND ROGERS.*

MAUD. Why, bless me, what was that peculiar noise?  
ROGERS (*innocently.*) Oh! nothing, only an escape of steam.

MAUD (*advancing—very innocently.*) I thought there was something familiar about it. I'm so much obliged to Lieutenant Lamar; that view was just gorgeous.

HARRY (*snappishly—at back*) I wish you had kept on enjoying it.

MAUD. I would just love to see it by moonlight.

(HARRY and HELEN come up.)

There is something so romantic, so exquisitely soulful in the moonlight.

## QUARTETTE.

The moonlight—the beautiful moonlight!

The moonlight is sacred to love.

'Tis not the harsh glare of the sunlight

That will his sweet ecstasy move.

But 'tis when soft night winds are sighing,

The moon through the starry dusk flying,

The hours deliciously dying,—

The moonlight, the moonlight for me!

The moonlight—the beautiful moonlight!

It rests on the heart like a spell,

It follows the strife of the daylight,

With tales for a lover to tell.

It spreads its calm beauty before us,

From passion's wild war to implore us,

Our hearts join its sweet, pure chorus,—

The moonlight, the moonlight for me!

(*Exeunt R. & L. in pairs. Enter GIRLS and CREW dancing to a lively air.*)

## CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Gayly we trip about,  
 Seeing the sights :  
 No more we fret and pout,  
 Moaning our rights.  
 Joyous with song and dance,  
 Pass we the time.  
 Till the bomb's flashing glance  
 Crosses our rhyme.

## CHORUS OF MEN.

Bravely we're guarding you  
 Here 'gainst all harm,  
 From danger warding you,  
 Heed no alarm.  
 We will our valor prove,  
 For you will dare  
 Duty all brave men love,  
 Guarding the fair.

## ALL.

Let's be merry. Let's be merry.  
 Life is full of pain and care ;  
 Trouble soon is sure to find us,  
 Now we fling the thought behind us,  
 Cast it to the empty air.  
 Ha ! ha ! let us dance and sing—  
 Let us have a little fling.  
 Round us from our guns, death-laden,  
 This is novel for a tar.  
 Laughing with a merry maiden,  
 Dancing on a man-of-war !

*Re-enter HARRY & ROGERS.*

## RECITATIVE.

HARRY. That's right, boys, make it pleasant for the ladies.  
 But see (*pointing to SAM*) we have a traitor here among us.

CHORUS. What! a traitor!

What, Sam ! you an ungallant traitor !

SAM. No, no, Loot'nent, I aint no traitor,  
 But I am what you calls a woman-hater.

HARRY. That's sweeping, Sam; you must except our company.  
 SAM. Women is all alike—I don't see no difference. Show 'em a big heart and a big purse, and which'll they take ? The big purse every time. Show 'em a man what'll die for 'em, and a man what'll lick 'em, and which'll they stick to ? The man what'll lick 'em every time. Show 'em a man as *is* a man (*thumping his breast*) and a lubber with nothin' to show for himself but a pretty figger-head, and which'll they take ? The pretty figger-head every time.

HARRY. Ha ! ha ! you'll never tempt them into such a piece of folly, my Adonis.

SAM. You're right, sir ; I steers clar of 'em. I'll tackle any man what ever walked a deck, but I don't understand a gal's tictacs, nohow. Women don't fight on the square ; they hauls down their flag, and jest as you're a-thinkin' you got 'em, here comes a shot across your bows. Steer clar o' gals, *I say !*

HARRY. I see what's wrong with you, Sam. She didn't reciprocate, and you're taking it out on the whole sex. Don't waste your powder, but strike your colors, and take it like a man.

SAM. You're on the wrong tack, this time, Loot'nent. I'm one o' them ere wise men what takes stock in other men's exper'ence, and so saves my own. I had a friend once—Diogenes Dobbs—as fine a lad as you'll find in the hull navy, but he fell in love, and that ere fact cost the United States one of its best sailors, sir.

ALL. How so ?

SAM. I'll tell yer his tale, and let yer own sense pint its moral.

## SONG—SAM.

Diogenes Dobbs knew a pretty gal,  
 Diogenes loved the same ;  
 She had what poets call sunset hair,—  
 Jemima was her name.  
 There was no thought of tender love,  
 But Diogenes would think it ;  
 Nobody said "Jemima's health,"  
 But Diogenes would drink it.

(Dancing)

O Jemima !

Sweet Jemima !

Lovely Jemima !

Jemima was her name.

CHORUS (*dancing.*) Oh, Jemima, etc.

Diogenes Dobbs were no millyunaire,  
 He had but a sailor's pay,  
 But he didn't keer, fer the lass said yes,  
 Afore he sailed away.  
 He turned handsprings to work off jye,  
 He likewise turned a rhymers,  
 He spent his time, likewise his cash,  
 In honor of Jemimer.

(Dancing)                    Oh Jemima, etc.

His thoughts were true to she.

CHORUS (dancing) Oh Jemima, etc.

Diogenes went on a long, long cruise,  
 Away to the African shore;  
 But when he come back, Jemima Jones  
 Were—Jemima Jones no more!  
 He raved—he swore—his hair he tore,  
 His heart with grief were laden,  
 When he found his foe were a millyunaire,  
 Ana her, a merc'enary maiden.

(Dancing)                    Oh, Jemima, etc.

She'd caught a millyunaire!

CHORUS (dancing) Oh, Jemima, etc.

"Ye've driv me to me death," says he,  
 "So take a suicide's cuss—  
 "I'll hant ye til yer life doth end,  
 And then I'll do much wuss!"  
 He stood right up afore her face,  
 A knife in his heart he stuck it,  
 Jemima screeched "Diogenes, don't!"  
 But Diogenes kicked the bucket!

(Dancing)                    Oh, Jemima, etc.

Steer clar o' gals, I say!

CHORUS (dancing) Oh, Jemima, etc.

(Re-enter HELEN and MAUD, laughing.)

HELEN. Come, Mr. Smith, coundn't you be persuaded to think better of us?

SAM (awkwardly) I beg parding, miss, but I never takes nothink back. I nails my colors to the mast, and when they goes down I goes with them.

HELEN. Fellow-women, if I may be allowed the expression, the ship upon whose deck such treason to our sex is uttered, is open to invasion. Let us show these men-of-war's men that we, too, know something of discipline and military science. Come, form line of battle for charge. (*Girls form line and draw large hairpins.*)

#### RECITATIVE.

(To HARRY) You are our prisoners. Your sword, sir.

HARRY (presenting it.) With all humility I do surrender, Submitting to arrest on this condition, That in your custody, I am a captive.

ROGERS. (To MAUD) Arrest me, too, if you're to be my keeper.

MEN. Arrest us all, and be our gentle jailors.

HELEN. (raising sword) Silence! Give all attention! Salute the Admiral of the squadron!

(All Salute.)

I have always loved the sea: queen of the waters, I'm standing now, my foot upon my throne.

#### SONG—HELEN.

When but a little tot so high,  
 My papa told me of the deep;  
 So frightened grew I that I'd cry,  
 Till I was lulled away to sleep.  
 But when to sweeter girlhood grown,  
 I loved to watch the angry foam,  
 And sail away, on breezes blown,  
 To Fancy's tender home.

CHORUS.

Then cheerily over the sea,  
 Kissing the billow's white foam,  
 Speeding along, every heart sings a song,  
 To the memory of those at home.

ALL.

Hark, lads, the call of the winds,  
 Set every sail, then away!  
 Cherrily hail! Love's on a sail!  
 Greet then the joys of the day.

## GAVOTTE—GIRLS.

In mazy dance, each maid's fond glance,  
 Doth make each sailor's heart grow fonder  
 In graceful pose each maid but shows  
 The sweeter love within her soul.  
 By graceful step in minuet,  
 She makes the sailor's watchful eye but see the stronger.  
 Poetic as the motion of the billows,  
 That over ocean's bosom roll.

(*Repetition of gavotte—girls in Delsarte poses.*)

HELEN. Lieutenant Lamar!

HARRY. Yes, my—

(*Business. Advancing with affection to Helen.*)

HELEN (*sternly*) A— up! When addressed by your superior officer, young man; no familiarity. Answer according to the official forms of sea etiquette—"Ay, ay, sir," and salute. Lieutenant Lamar!

HARRY (*saluting*) Ay, ay, sir!

HELEN. Lieutenant Rogers!

ROGERS. Ay, ay, sir!

HELEN. Fall in, and let me see if you remember what you were taught at Annapolis. Attention!

(*Comic drill of Sailors and Marines by Girls.*)

## RECITATIVE—ROGERS.

In grateful recognition of our freedom, which we don't want but you persist in giving, I'll offer you a brand new sensation!

ALL. Oh, joy he promises us a brand new sensation!

ROGERS. Listen, but take it easy;—a real, live lord is here—on board.

ALL. A real live lord—no sham?

ROGERS. No more than I am.

ALL. What does he look like? Is he tall and stately?

ROGERS. Well, I've seen men who were much better looking.

But judge him for yourselves—the noble youth approaches.

(Enter Lord Pedigree—he is very haughty.)

LORD P. I'm a peer of most distinguished familie.

ALL (mocking him) He appears of most distinguished familie.

LORD P. As all who look upon me will agree.

ALL. As all who look upon him will agree.

LORD P. I'm a born aristocrat, that you can see.

ALL. He's a born aristocrat, that we can see.

LORD P. 'Tis wonderful how few men are like me.

ALL (laughing) 'Tis wonderful what fools some men can be!

LORD P. I've honored you by coming here on board,

For I'm that rara avis—a live lord.

ALL. We're very glad we chanced to be on board,

We've seen that rara avis—a live lord.

(*They dance around him, making eye-glasses of fingers.*)

LORD P. Go vulgar herd, nor dare to sneer at me,  
 Do you not know I am Lord Pedigree?

ALL. We are not vulgar, and do you know, we  
 Don't care a copper (*snapping fingers*) for Lord  
 Pedigree?

(He looks supercilious—they laugh. *Exeunt GIRLS and SAM. Men remain about the deck.*)

LORD P. (to Helen) Miss Gilmore, may I—ah—escort you to the cabin?

HELEN (*coldly*) I prefer to remain here, thank you.

LORD P. But—ah—I wish to speak to you, you know.

HELEN. You can do so here. Besides, if it is the old question, you may save yourself the trouble of speaking at all.

LORD P. You cannot—ah—seriously mean that you refuse the chance—ah—of becoming Lady Pedigree, you know?

HELEN. I seriously mean that I have not the slightest intention of becoming Lady Pedigree.

LORD P. What! Refuse to become a lady!

HELEN (*with spirit*) Pardon me, Lord Pedigree, I am a lady! A titled alliance is not necessary to make an American girl a lady!

LORD P. Very strange girl, this! But—ah—my dear Miss Gilmore—

(Enter PROFESSOR HOFFMAN, quietly reading. HELEN trying to avoid PEDIGREE, runs into PROFESSOR.)

HELEN (*fiercely*) Professor Hoffman, do you want to marry me?

PROF. (*quietly*) I have hoped—  
HELEN (*decidedly*) In vain. I will not be tormented so, because

a cruel fate gave me a rich father. First, Yacoub Pasha; next, Lord Pedigree; and now, you. Please listen to me—I will not marry either one of you, and I refer you to Lieutenant Lamar for an explanation. Come, Maud.

(*Exeunt HELEN and MAUD.*)

PROF. (*mildly*.) Dear me, this is very remarkable! Lieutenant Lamar, we are referred to you for an explanation why Miss Gilmor cannot marry us. Will you please explain?

HARRY (*politely*.) Certainly. Because she is engaged to me.

PROF. (*relieved*.) Is that all?

HARRY. (*quietly*.) You will find it enough.

PROF. (*in a rage*.) She is not gaged to you—she is engaged to your uniform. (*With great contempt*) I cannot understand this female partiality for buttons!

#### SONG—HARRY.

You may frown as you please, sir, and swear at your ease, sir,  
We're light as the foam of the sea :  
And pray Uncle Sam, sir, to build up a dam, sir,  
As check to our frivolitee.  
We'll stand, sir, your jeerings, your sour-grape sneerings,  
Your scorn for mustaches and curls,  
You may call our gay chatter quite guiltless of matter,  
For all that, it pleases the girls.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, yes, sir, it pleases the girls,  
We're really attractive to girls,  
'Tis hard to express it, but we must confess it,  
For this (*pointing to uniform*) can't help pleasing the girls.  
  
You are quite exact, sir, it is a hard fact, sir,  
And on it is reason a waste,  
That nature is human, and that lovely woman  
For "buttons" has quite a bad taste.  
"Brass buttons" to science bid scornful defiance,  
Outshine all your intellect's pearls,  
A uniform trig, sir, will beat a smart prig, sir,  
You see, sir, it pleases the girls.

#### CHORUS.

A uniform pleases the girls,  
They think its "just lovely" the girls,  
No doubt it is trying, there's no use denying  
A uniform pleases the girls.

(*Exeunt MEN.*)

LORD P. (*to Harry*) So you—ah—are engaged to Miss Gilmor?

HARRY (*losing his temper*.) I am engaged to Miss Gilmor, and I would like—very much like—to see any man who disputes my right to her. Is that sufficiently explicit?

LORD P. You must—ah—break this engagement.

HARRY (*savagely*) I'll break something presently, but it won't be my engagement.

LORD P. Don't—ah—spoil her prospects, my good fellow. An English peer—ah—is worth a dozen upstart Yankees, you know. (*Proudly*) My family—ah—is an extremely ancient one, you know.

ROGERS. Then your family tree must be a chestnut.

LORD P. Sir, this—ah—is a subject on which I permit—ah—no airy persiflage, you know. I can boast—ah—of more ancestors than any other peer in the British Empire, you know. But—ah—I forgot that in your—ah—mushroom country, you don't have ancestors, you know.

HARRY. No, we haven't ancestors, but we have plenty of men in your line of business.

LORD P. (*shocked*.) My line of business !

HARRY (*imitating him*.) Yes—ah—dealers in—ah—old bones, you know. Come Tom.

(*Exit.*)

ROGERS. Ta ta, my lord, try another market. America is stocked with curiosities.

PROF. (*suddenly*.) Let us swear revenge!

(*Seizes PEDIGREE and rushes him front.*)

LORD P. We will, you know.

PROF. Yacoub Pasha promised me a mummy if I got him those girls for his harem.

LORD P. Oh, shocking, you know.

PROF. I will carry them off by means of a decoy letter from Mr. Gilmor, who is still in Alexandria. Once there, the Pasha shall get them, and I'll get my mummy and my revenge. If you wish, my lord, to feel that you have a part in this revenge by contributing to the expenses of the abduction, I am willing to give you that satisfaction.

LORD P. Sir, I cannot—ah—soil the ermine of a—ah—hereditary legislator of Great Britain—ah—by consenting to such a bargain, you know.

PROF. Very well, but remember that you cannot conscientiously or logically gloat on the misfortunes of these saucy girls and the agonies of their brass-buttoned lovers, unless you are willing to do your part towards producing the same.

LORD P. (aside) I'll go to my own vessel—ah—and rescue Miss Gilmor by purely British means, you know. Then she'll have to accept me—ah—out of gratitude, and I'll get her money, you know.

PROF. Come, my Lord—sh—the hour is at hand.

(Hurries off.)

(ARABS appear cautiously over the side of the vessel, and come forward stealthily.)

#### CHORUS OF ARABS.

Softly, comrades, softly creep,  
Sh! Sh! Sh!  
Like the panthers ere they leap,  
Sh! Sh! Sh!  
We must first secure our prey,  
We must catch these maidens gay,  
Then, as doth their poet say,  
We will silent steal away,  
Sh! Sh! Sh!  
We must please the Pasha bold,  
His, the women, ours, the gold,  
Sh! Sh! Sh!

(Retire up.)

(Enter HELEN and MAUD reading letter. Both puzzled. PROF. stealing behind, makes signs to ARABS)

HELEN. Maud, I have a letter here,  
See!

Our parents for our safety fear,  
This my father writes to me,  
If in safety here we be,  
I must tell him presently—  
This is sure some mystery,  
See!

(Put heads together over letter. ARABS seize them and carry them off. PROFESSOR follows chuckling. HARRY rushes in, followed by SAM.)

HARRY. A woman's scream—can Helen be in danger!

SAM. See Loot'nen, a boat. The ship's side it is leaving!

HARRY. (snatching up glass.) By heaven, Helen is in it—and it is filled with Arabs. There's treachery! Come, Sam, w'll to the rescue!

(Leaps over side with SAM. Splash. Loud report, then bomb is seen bursting over the city. GIRLS rush in screaming, followed by CREW.)

GIRLS. O tell us will there be a fight?

MEN. Well, not much fighting here.

GIRLS. Oh, dear, we're nearly dead with fright!

MEN. We'll shield you, never fear.

(More bombs.)

#### CHORUS.

See how the bombs crash through the air,  
Dealing destruction everywhere,  
Deaf to the shrieks of wild despair,  
Deaf to the pleadings of pity!  
How like a pall the black smoke hangs,  
How fear lends its keenest pangs!  
Now in the clutch of their fiery fangs  
See how they rend the doomed city!

(All rush to the side of vessel. Grand view of bombardment.)

#### CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Harem of YACOUB PASHA in Alexandria. Divans about on which recline inmates, FATIMA in centre. Guards in background.*

## CHORUS.

Life is all flowers,  
Happy is ours.  
Ease is existence, and duty is play.  
Live we for pleasure,  
Drink its full measure,  
Lightly we dance the gay hours away.

(They rise except FATIMA, and dance.)

Bright eyes are glancing,  
Light feet are dancing,  
All care and trouble to us are but dreams.  
Moods rule capricious,  
Wild—now delicious—  
Like flowers we float on the tide of life's streams.

A DANCER (to FATIMA.) Why does not the Pride of the Harem join her sisters in their song and dance? She is sad,—and wherefore?

FATIMA (tragically.) Giddy, flippant things as ye are, sing your songs and dance your dances, but ask not me to join ye! Hug your chains—they be of roses—and rejoice that ye are shut from the world—in a gilded cage. This heart wildly pants for freedom! I dance! Ay,—on my grave! I sing! Alas! what could Fatima sing, save a tale of blighted love? For look you, woman's life is woe, and man's life a sham

## ROMANCE.

Fair Fatima hung on the arm of her lover,  
The tears fast down falling her cheek's rosy bloom;  
Soft odors breathed round her, the stars smiled above her,  
But her bosom held only a desolate gloom.  
"O Ali!" she cried, "fortune calls thee to leave me!  
My heart will go with thee on land and on sea;  
Oh, do not forget me!—ah, never deceive me!  
Where'er thou dost wander, be faithful to me!"

Young Ali laughed low, as he fondly caressed her,  
His bright, dark eye sparkling with love's merry scorn.  
And said, as again to his bosom he pressed her,  
"Canst think I would leave thee, my flower, to mourn?  
Can Fatima think that the lover who kissed her,  
Could e'er find another one, sweeter than she?  
A Peri might woo me, but I would resist her;  
I swear by thy love to be faithful to thee."

The war blast has sounded, the lovers are parted,  
And Ali to battle and danger is gone;  
While Fatima sits in her bower, broken-hearted,  
To weep through the sad days, and hours forlorn.  
Ah, rouse thee, fond dreamer, for false is thy lover,  
And love is in man like the waves of the sea—  
Now coming—now going—too soon thou'l discover  
The worth of his vow to be faithful to thee!"

(Enter YACOUB PASHA.)

FATIMA. My lord.

YACOUB (musing.) How will my wives receive these girls I must give them a hint.

FATIMA (approaching.) My lord, why do you refuse to turn the light of your eyes on Fatima? In what have I offended, that my lord no more delights to behold me?

YACOUB. Fatima, your doleful questions are exceedingly annoying. Will you oblige me by subsiding for a few moments?

FATIMA (wildly.) Alas! the fatal hour has struck!—he loves me no longer! speak to me, lord of my heart! tell your Fatima that her fond fear deceives her—that she is still the first in your heart, as you are first in hers!

YACOUB. Please don't be so affectionate. I—I—to tell the truth, I don't like it.

FATIMA (*recoiling*) Don't like my affection! O wretch that I am! deceived—deserted! O beauty! O man's love! together ye fade and perish! O misery! O fate! O horror!

YACOUB (*impatiently*) O bosh!

FATIMA. I loved this man—Ye prophet! how I loved him! I left my home—my parents—my all—for him—and this is my reward!

(*Throws herself down a la tragedienne, in tears.*)

YACOUB (*to another*) How long does she generally have them?

OTHER (*carelessly*) Oh, sometimes for hours at a time.

YACOUB. Holy Prophet! my new brides will be frightened to death! (*Bending over FATIMA, and coaxing her.*) Come my dear, don't agitate yourself so. 'Tis the best way, after all, to yield to facts, and the uglier they are, the better it is for us to look them in the face at once. Must I believe that the Pride of my Harem is too weak for this?

FATIMA. (*springs up suddenly and startles him.*) No! Can I look an uglier fact in the face than I am doing now?

YACOUB (*with dignity*) Fatima, personal remarks are always in bad taste. But listen, all of you. I am about to introduce two new brides in my harem—

FATIMA (*wildly*) Two! O wretched—

YACOUB. Another wail, and I'll have you bow-strung on the spot.

FATIMA. Oh!

YACOUB. These two ladies are Americans, and not used to our customs. Enlighten them, but do it gently and with great respect, as they are to be supreme in the harem. See that you obey me in this.

#### SONG.

I am not a man to oppose,  
My nature is plain in my face,  
My voice is way down in my toes,  
In fact, I am thoroughly base.  
On the sorrows and ills of mankind,  
I do most tyrannically gloat,

And I've yearnings no other can blind,  
To swell on a very low note.

At times despair almost gains way,  
For time it is going quite fast,

And many bars are in my way,  
But I'll get to that low note at last.

For everything round me is low,  
My tastes and my range and my kin,

My hits are all base hits, you know,  
And I play on the bass violin.

My footsteps lead on to low strife,  
Wherever I go, there's a wail.

For my music, as well as my life,  
Is very far down in the scale.

(Enter ATTENDANT.)

ATTENDANT. Two ladies delivered to my lord's address, C.  
O.D., by Professor Hofmann. (Exit.)

YACOUB. My lovely brides!

(Enter HELEN and MAUD, conducted by ATTENDANTS)

HELEN. You shall pay dearly for this outrage! (Starts violently when she sees YACOUB) Ha!

MAUD (*screams*) Oh, Helen, it's that horrid old Yacoub Pasha!

FATIMA. And I thought him an Adonis. Are these your brides?

YACOUB. Lovely charmers—

HELEN. We are not your brides. Your prisoners we may be but beware how you trifle with our liberty. Courage, Maud.

MAUD. Oh, Helen, I'm just scared to death! I—I—wouldn't dare to talk so to him. Oh, what shall we do!

YACOUB. Peerless paragons, be calm, be comforted. I have loved you long and faithfully and now you are mine. Fear nothing; in this harem you are the queens, and woe to those who disobey you. My riches are at your disposal, and I at your feet,—your slave. (He kneels.)

FATIMA. O traitor! He knows it all by heart!

HELEN. We must be bold, Maud. Infidel! we will not be shut up like ignorant heathens. Release us instantly. You are risking your life by detaining us.

YACOUB. Nay, fair maidens—  
 HELEN (*stampings*) Release us instantly!  
 MAUD (*with feeble stamp*) Ye—es—release us—instantly!  
*(Clings to HELEN with a scream as YACOUB jumps up.)*  
 YACOUB. Rash woman, you defy me? See you not my  
 devoted slaves around you?

THREATENING CHORUS—ATTENDANTS.  
 Take care! take care! Take care! take care!  
 Within our power, maids, you be;  
 Take care! take care! Take care! take care!  
 Or else more sorrow you may see.  
 If he—our lord—but speak the word,  
 Then ye—rash maids—may feel the sword.  
 Dare not, women, to defy us,  
 Dearly will we make you pay;  
 Vainly would you seek to fly us—  
 Here we will compel you stay.  
 Take care! take care! Take care! take care!  
 Or ye—rash maids—may feel the sword;  
 Take care! take care!—and do not dare  
 To brave our lord!

YACOUB. You know not our customs, so I forbear. I will leave you now, but when I return I hope to find you more disposed to listen to me. But by the Prophet! to-morrow I wed ye.

HELEN. You do well to swear by a false prophet.

YACOUB. Dare to oppose me, weak women as ye are, and you shall feel my wrath. As for you (*advancing at every threat on FATIMA, who retreats in terror before him*) if you rebel, your fate shall be terrible. The bow-string!—the poison cup!—the sack!—the river!—writhing agonies!—useless struggles!—gurgling in pittiless waves!—strangling!—dull, sickning thud!—all these horrors shall be yours! Obey—or perish! (*To GIRLS*) When I return let me find you docile.

(*Exeunt YACOUB and ATTENDANTS.*)

MAUD. Oh, Helen, what shall we do!  
 HELEN. Why circumvent that old infidel. Maud, do you think Harry—

MAUD (*sot ing.*) And T—T—Tom—  
 HELEN. And Tom, are going to leave us in his clutches —  
 Don't be frightened,  
 FATIMA. Ye western maidens, hark!

HELEN. We do.  
 FATIMA. You do see in me a wretched, deceived, deserted, despairing damsel. I was the Pride of the Harem—and he has paid my love by casting me off. But I am no dog that Yacoub Pasha may set his foot upon! I am a desperate woman, and I will match him yet. Ha! Revenge! Revenge!

HELEN. Don't do that.  
 FATIMA. Scorned, sneered at and jeered! O Prophet! why do I live? (*Throus herself down in tears.*)

HELEN. What an extraordinary woman! She's worse than Yacoub Pasha!  
 MAUD. Helen, I'm awfully afraid of her.  
 HELEN. Bad policy, Maud. (*Advancing.*) Madam,—ah—ahem!  
 Lady Macbeth!

FATIMA (*springing up*) Speak ye to me?  
 MAUD. Yes! you—see—we—he, he—  
 FATIMA. Hark, you are my rivals—  
 HELEN. No, no; we hate Yacoub Pasha—we wish only to leave here. Help us to escape, and you will find us not rivals, but f i e n d s.

FATIMA. Ye say well. I will do it!  
 GIRLS. O bless you!

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

FATIMA. An Eastern maid of high degree,  
 And jealous rage am I.

HELEN AND MAUD. Two frightened Western maids are we,  
 Who only want to fly.

FATIMA. In Yacoub's heart I'll have no peer.

HELEN AND MAUD. And we have lovers true and dear.

MAUD. I only wish that they were here.

THREE. Of fright we'll surely die,  
 By art ensnared, for gold betrayed,  
 Why does not love fly to our aid?

Why is not rescue nigh?

## CHORUS.

We will aid these strangers,  
Sad, unhappy rangers,  
Dreading unknown dangers—

We will aid their flight.  
For they will bring disaster  
To our lord and master;  
They'll dim fast and faster.

All our harem's light,  
For they're prettier far than we,

You know,  
These maidens from over the sea,

Just so.  
'Tis evident all agree

They go,  
The sooner the better 'twill be.

HELEN AND MAUD. We thank you, ladies, for your kind attention.

ALL. We beg you not that little fact to mention,  
Oh, woman's art and woman's heart,  
Can press man's power hard,  
Diplomacy, as well know we,  
Oft plays the winning card

FATIMA. Zara, conduct the strangers into yonder apartment, and offer them refreshments, while we here will plot for their escape.

(*Exeunt HELEN, MAUD and ZARA.*)

And now to a plan of rescue.

(*Bomb explodes outside—all jump and scream. Enter HARRY—all scream again.*)

ALL (horrified.) A Man!

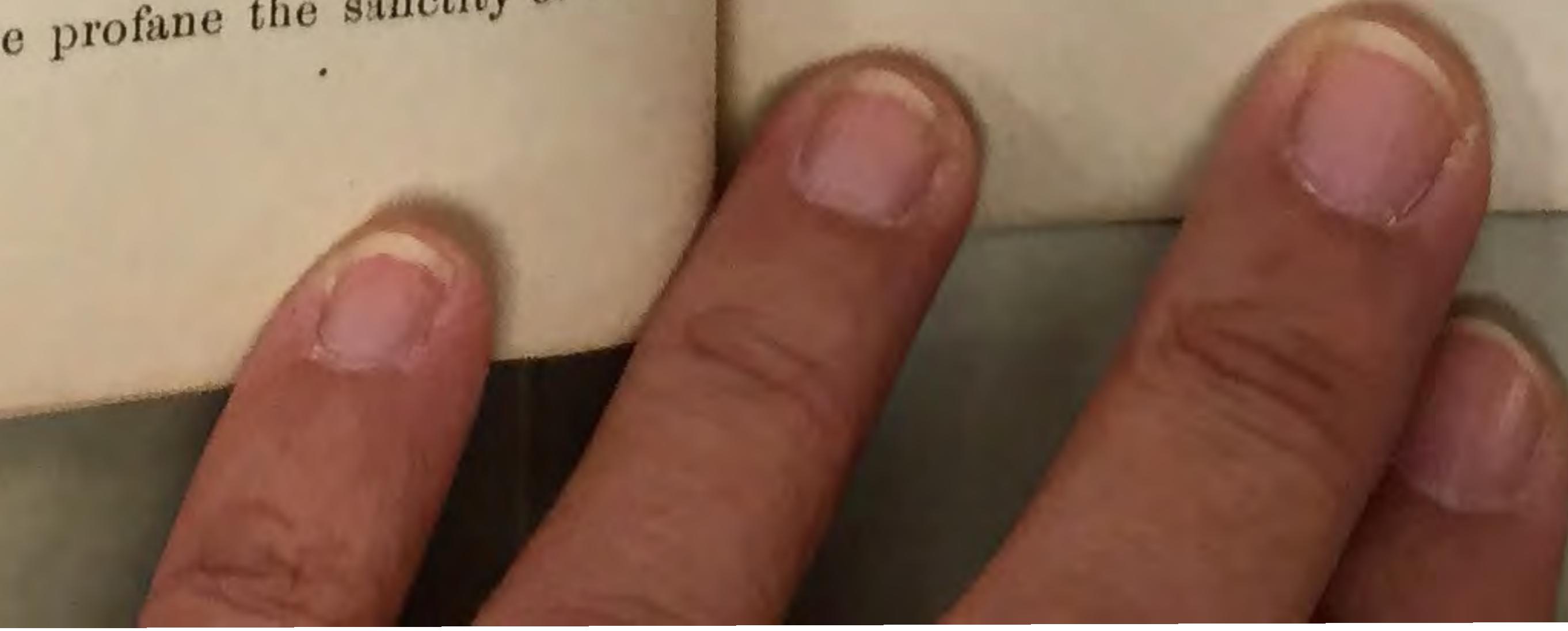
HARRY (advancing) Ladies—

(Enter SAM.)

ALL (screaming again.) Another man!

(SAM tries to go back but HARRY holds him.)

FATIMA. Who are ye, that dare profane the sanctity of our harem?



HARRY. I beg pardon ladies, but we are not in any sense profane. I am an officer of the United States Navy, and you know we Americans don't follow your customs. Do not be alarmed—according to *our* customs, it is no want of respect to enter the presence of even strange women. (*Aside.*) Sam, follow my lead.

SAM (*looking round.*) If these yere is fair samples of the 'Gyp-shun matrimonial market, they must give a chromo to every cust'mer.

FATIMA. But according to *our* customs, you have desecrated these precincts, and if you do not instantly leave, I will raise an alarm.

HARRY. Lovely houri, such angelic beauty as yours cannot hide so hard a heart. At least, tell us if two American girls are here?

FATIMA. They are. Yacoub Pasha is going to marry them to-morrow, and we are going to help them to escape to-day.

HARRY. Fairest of women, let me see them.

FATIMA. I dare not!

HARRY. Tell me where they are, and I'll do the daring.

FATIMA. Stranger, you are bold.

HARRY. And you are kind. I swear it by this kiss! (Kisses her.)

FATIMA. Insolent Christian dog!

HARRY. O don't mind a little thing like that. It is only another of our customs.

FATIMA. (amazed.) A custom, say you? A general custom?

HARRY. Certainly. Americans always kiss pretty women.

It is our national way of saluting them with respect.

FATIMA. (musing) A strange custom, methinks!

HARRY. Not at all when you are used to it. (Kisses her again.) Oh, beg pardon—the force of habit, you see. I will try to remember that I am in Egypt.

FATIMA (hastily.) Nay if it is your custom, it is merely a ceremony and means nothing.

HARRY (kissing her again.) Oh, nothing at all.

FATIMA (suspiciously) But behold your countryman! He seems strangely indifferent, methinks, to the customs of your nation.

HARRY. Sam, you rascal, what do you mean by giving me the lie in this style? These women must be gained over. Do as do, I tell you.

SAM (*despairingly*) Loot'nen, must I kiss 'em?

HARRY. Yes, and be quick about it.

SAM. O Sam, hev you come to this? But orders is orders, so here goes. (*Kisses one very reluctantly*.) Ditto.

HARRY (*sternly*.) Sam!

SAM. Yes, sir—all right sir. (HARRY turns to FATIMA, SAM throws a kiss to CHORUS.) There, my beauties, share it betwixt ye, and make the most on it.

#### TRIO—FATIMA, HARRY, SAM.

HARRY. There's sweet persuasions in a kiss,  
Oh, this is bliss!—Oh, this is bliss!  
I've never had such fun as this,

Since I've been in the navy.  
Though I've seen many foreign lands,  
Pressed many lovely lassies' hands;  
I've found the value of s'int bands

Since I've been in t' e navy.

(*Dance*.)

FATIMA. I like this custom of a kiss,  
Oh, this is bliss—Oh, this is bliss!  
I've heard of none so nice as this,

Since I've been in the harem.  
Nor seen a man of such rare grace,  
Such martial form, and handsome face;  
I fear that Yacoub's lost his place,

Since he's been in the harem!

(*Dance*.)

SAM. A woman I am forced to kiss!  
Oh, this is bliss—Oh, this is bliss!  
I've never struck a thing like this,

Since I've been in the navy.  
If I, whose heart no gal kin move,  
Am forced ter kiss by powers above,  
And ordered inter makin' love,

I won't stay in the navy! (Dance.)

CHORUS.

There's sweet persuasion in a kiss!  
Oh, this is bliss!—Oh, this is bliss!  
If they have customs such as this,  
We'll join these happy maidens.  
That there are maids who freely go  
Where'er they please, we didn't know;  
We're tried of being caged up so  
We'll fly with these free maidens.

(*Dance and exeunt Chorus*.)

FATIMA. Tell me mcre about your customs. Methinks, I would like your country. Don't you shut your women up?

HARRY. Well, sometimes a rash, reckless man attempts it, but as a rule, *they* shut us up.

FATIMA. And may a man of your country woo and win a maiden's heart with fond protestations, and then cruelly desert her for another!

HARRY. Oh, yes, if he's willing to pay a few thousand for the privilege of breaking her heart.

FATIMA. Pay a few thousands?

HARRY. If the maiden is very pretty, and the letters very affectionate, and the jury very susceptible, it comes even higher.

FATIMA. Your customs are very strange.

HARRY. You soon get used to them. For example, *this* (*kissing her*) doesn't seem so strange now, does it?

(Enter HELEN unperceived; *she looks on in angry amazement*.)

FATIMA. No, it seems quite natural. It is always pleasant to be saluted with respect.

HARRY. And to salute with respect.

(Kisses her again. HELEN comes forward—he starts.) Helen!

HELEN. Don't let me interrupt you, sir, I beg.

HARRY. Helen, darling, listen to me—

HELEN. Finish your flirtation first, Lieutenant Lamar. I am glad to find that my abduction has been worrying you so little.

HARRY. It was for your own sake—

HELEN (*energetical'y*.) Sorry I cannot appreciate such self-sacrifice in my behalf—

AND ERIC  
TM  
66  
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FATIMA (*surprised.*) The maiden is angry. Why are you angry? Don't you know it is merely the custom for men of your country to kiss women, as a mark of respect?

HELEN. No, I did not know it, but then I am very ignorant of the customs of the men of my country—especially when they are in Egypt.

FATIMA (*to Sam.*) Come here little man, and respect me.  
(SAM runs off, followed by FATIMA.)

HARRY. Helen, hear me—I love you, and you alone. Will you visit a silly jest so severely? (*Appealingly.*) Helen. (*Tries to take her hand, which she refuses.*)

HELEN. Lieutenant Lamar—

HARRY. Helen, shall a few moments of idle talk efface all our happy days together,—these dear old times when we two lived in Paradise, nor dreamed of coldness and distrust? Let those sweet recollections plead for me now. I leave my cause to the memory of the days gone by.

#### DUET—HARRY AND HELEN.

HARRY. There once was a time, my darling,  
When we loved with perfect trust;  
And our thoughts were too happy and tender  
To part by anger's thrust.  
In the name of our love's bright spring-time,  
When no cloud was in our sky,  
Ere you speak the words that part us,  
Think of the days gone by.

HELEN. Those happy days!—how happy  
Mere words can never say!

HARRY. Ah, list to their tender pleading,  
Ere you cast my love away.

#### TOGETHER.

In an idle moment's trifling,  
Shall those sweet memories die?  
I love but you, forgive me  
For the sake of the days gone by.

HELEN. Ah, no, in jealous anger,  
Those memories shall not die,  
Yes, I will forget and forgive you,  
For the sake of the days gone by.

(They embrace as SAM and FATIMA enter.)

SAM. Oh, the women! they forgive too easy for their own good. Master Harry was a fool not to see his chance, but I spose taint none o' my business.

FATIMA (*to Harry.*) You have deceived me. See, your companion—he is averse to following your customs—if such they be—nay, he looks on us with contempt.

HARRY. You mistake him greatly; he adores the fair sex, but he is too shy to say so. Encourage him a little, and you'll soon fire his ardor.

(Goes up with HELEN.)

FATIMA (*to Sam.*) Sir, why do you not salute me?

SAM (*saluting.*) All right, ma'am.

FATIMA (*surprised*) What means this?

SAM. That's a salute. Didn't ye ask me to salute ye?

FATIMA. Nay, salute me as your companion did, according to your national custom. I like it.

SAM. Hevings! the young woman wants me to kiss her!

FATIMA (*fiercely.*) Ha! you hesitate?

SAM. Oh, no, ma'am, but you see, ma'am, he's an officer, and I'm only a common sailor. It would be liberty fer me, ye see.

FATIMA. What is rank to a heart that pines only for love? You are not handsome, (*SAM looks offended*), but you have a gallant bearing, and I doubt not, but a tender heart. You would cherish me, as I would be cherished—you would give me no rival in your affections; what may be your station I care not. Help me to escape from this gilded prison, and then take me—rejoice—I am yours.

SAM. Rejoice! O the devil!

FATIMA. Why should I cling to the tyrant who deserts me? No, I will leave this land—I will be yours—I will be your bride.

SAM. Will ye, though! I'll see you—

HARRY. Sam!

SAM. Loot'nent, this yere heathen female is a-makin' love ter me, and I aint a-goin' ter stand it! Orders is orders, but I'll be hanged if I obey sich orders as these yere.

FATIMA. Ha, you too, reject me! Man, dare not my passion or your life may pay the forfeit. Beware! nor rouse the sleeping lioness in this bosom!

SAM. Sleepin' lioness! Great Scott!

FATIMA. With one clap of my hands I can give you over to instant destruction; and I will do it. I will no more be scorned, I will rise supreme in my wrath, and I will laugh, ha! ha! as you writhe in horrible tortures. I will gloat on your agonies!

SAM. Oh, lor! Oh, lor! Oh, lor!

FATIMA (*with stamp.*) Decide! Give me your hand or Yacoub has your head.

SAM. I'm afeard you've got ahead o' me as it is, let alone Yacoub.

FATIMA. Decide!

SAM. But, harky, ma'am, Yacoub, ye say, deceived ye—so might I. Bless yer sweet face (*aside with groan, "ugh!"*) Love's only a snare arter all—

HARRY. So it is, Sam. Eh, Helen?

FATIMA. Who knows better than I that love is a snare! Too true, it is, alas!

QUARTETTE—HELEN, FATIMA, HARRY AND SAM.

Love is a snare,  
Trust not to love!  
Lighter than air,  
Its promises prove.  
It offers its treasures  
Regardless of measures,  
And sweet are its pleasures—  
Ah, tempting is love!

Love is a star  
Brilliantly bright—  
Shedding afar  
Its glorious light;  
But its gay gleaming  
Is only a seeming,  
No promise redeeming,  
Ah, trust not to love!

SAM. Ye see ma'am, love's an orful thing—

FATIMA. I will give you five minutes to decide. Till then, farewell!—woe to you if it is farewell forever. (*Exit.*)

SAM. Master Harry, I got you out o' many a scrape when we was boys together. Get me away from this yere sleepin' lioness, and I calls it square.

HARRY. Pooh, Sam, you needn't be frightened. She doesn't mean anything by it—that is only her funny way.

SAM. Loot'nent, I aint no Solerman, but I aint no fool neither, and the more I sees of people with funny ways, the less I likes 'em. I aint got no use for funny ways, nohow.

(Enter FATIMA, *hastily.*)

FATIMA. O horror! Yacoub Pasha is coming!

SAM. (*rolling up his sleeves.*) Well, let him come.

HELEN. Oh, Harry, what will become of you, if he sees you here?

HARRY (*half-drawing sword*) What will become of him, you mean!

FATIMA. Nay, brave stranger, Yacoub here is lord, and his servants are many.

HARRY. True, and assistance from the Patapsco has not yet reached us. We must conceal ourselves—

FATIMA. Vain hope, for if he but suspects your presence, he will search the harem.

HELEN. Oh, save him! save him!

SAM. And what about me?

FATIMA. There is only one way of escape. You must disguise yourselves as inmates of the harem—

SAM. Dress up in a woman's clothes to get away from a black heathen! Well, I guess not!

HARRY. Sam!

SAM. Orders is orders, Loot'nent, but a man's only flesh and blood after all—

HARRY. Sam, listen to reason. The relief party has not yet arrived from the Patapsco, and we must stay here and protect the ladies till they do. For their sakes, we must be careful, and submit to this disguise.

SAM. Oh, Loot'nent, don't make me—

HARRY. It's no disgrace, Sam; the great Achilles did it before us, and we are not even heroes.

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FATIMA. Come, quickly.  
 SAM. O Master Harry—  
 HARRY. March, sir. (*Exeunt FATIMA, HARRY and SAM.*)  
 HELEN. What a terrible position! Suppose that wretch  
 Yacoub discovers Harry! O horror!

(Enter MAUD.)

MAUD. Oh, Helen, this is too awfully dreadful for anything!  
 HELEN. Hush! Did you see him?  
 MAUD. See whom?  
 HELEN. Harry.  
 MAUD. Why, no!  
 HELEN. He is here with Sam Smith. Yacoub Pasha is coming—think of it, Maud!—and that crazy woman has taken Harry and Sam off to disguise them.

MAUD. Where's T—T—Tom?

MAUD. I don't know.

MAUD. How did Har—Har—Harry get here?

HELEN. A bombshell blew up the wall, and he came in through the hole.

MAUD. Couldn't we go out through the hole?

HELEN. And be caught as soon as we showed ourselves? No; Harry says a party from the Patapsco will be sent after us, and in the meanwhile we must be patient.

#### DUET—HELEN AND MAUD.

When danger's hanging o'er us, and captivity before us.  
 To talk of patience seems to idly prate.  
 When pangs of peril tear us, and all things conspire to scare us.  
 'Tis the hardest work of all to sit and wait.  
 Man can dare,  
 But woman must wait.  
 He's his own care.  
 She's the victim of fate!  
 O cruel, tyrannical fate!  
 To do and to dare,  
 To fight woe and care.  
 Is easier far than to wait.

MAUD. Alas for our weakness,—it brings coward meekness,  
 While man can give fate blow for blow.  
 HELEN. And woman with railing, or weeping and wailing,  
 Confronts and submits to the foe.  
 MAUD. Man can fight,  
 And woman but prate.  
 HELEN. He conquers might.  
 Both. She crouches to fate.  
 Have we no weapons then 'gainst fate?  
 To do and to dare,  
 Defy woe and care,  
 Is easier far than to wait.

(Enter ATTENDANT. Both girls start, and MAUD screams; he bows and hands a slip of paper to HELEN who takes it distrustfully. Exit ATTENDANT.)

HELEN. What is this. (Opening it.) Ha! listen! (Reading.) "Adorable girl, I know your perilous position, and I fly on the wings of love to your rescue. The bearer of this, whom I have bribed, will conduct me to you, and I will save you, or perish in the attempt. Yours in life and death, Algernon, Augustus Frederick Albert Percy Mortimer Montmorency De Vere, Marquis of Pedigree, Earl of Bareacres," and titles infinitum. Ha! Ha! Cheer up, Maud; Lord Pedigree is going to rescue us.

MAUD. Lord Pedigree! Oh, no! You may do as you please, but I prefer to be rescued by something that will pass for a man.

HELEN. Yes, I'm afraid we'd find ourselves in a pretty pickle if Lord Pedigree tried to preserve us. I'll tell Harry of this kind offer. (Exit HELEN.)

MAUD. If this isn't just too aggravating for anything! She can run off to Harry, and I—if Harry Lamar would come after Helen, why couldn't Tom Rogers come after me? I'll ask him when I see him! (Exit MAUD.)

(Enter LORD PEDIGREE with attendant.)

LORD P. That's all right, you know. Here, (giving purse,) ah—vanish, my sable Mercury—ah—if you please. (Exit ATTENDANT.) This—ah—is a master stroke of diplomacy. My love—ah—is mine at last, you know.

## SONG—LORD PEDIGREE.

Some men are caught by beauty's snare,  
And some by dainty wit;  
But I, a peer of high descent,  
Will make a marriage fit.  
'Tis not gold hairs, but golden shares,  
That I prefer to see;  
And she who's only wise and fair,  
Is not the girl for me.

The girl I love may have two eyes,  
Or, she may have but one,  
She may be as a lily fair,  
Or browner than a bun.  
She may lack breeding, birth and style,  
Or be a proud grandee,  
But so she owns a golden pile,  
Then she's the girl for me.

(Enter HARRY in female Egyptian costume, with yashmak over his face.)

HARRY (falsetto.) Lord Pedigree!

LORD P. 'Tis she, my charmer! (Aside.) How tall she looks in that dress, and how queer her voice sounds!

HARRY. Oh, Lord Pedigree, save me!

LORD P. Save you! Did I not—ah—fly to your rescue on—ah—the wings of love, as—ah—per note, you know? Do I not deserve a reward—ah—for the dangers I have braved—ah—the risks I have run—ah—the—ah—trials—ah—the—ah—ah—the dangers, no—I said dangers—the—ah—the—ah—trials—said trials—oh—the—ah—ah—you know—the—(Aside.) the deuce.

(HARRY acts coquettishly)

Will that fair hand be my reward? Ah, fairest Helen,—ah—fairer than the—ah—storied she of Grece—ah—(Attempt to take his haad; HARRY draws it away.) Give me—ah—but a hint of hope—draw down the envious covering—ah—of your beauty—ah—and give me one sweet kiss, you know. One taste of those ruby—ah—lips, and we will fly.

(HARRY pretends to resist. Playful struggle, then LORD PEDIGREE draws down yashmak, and in the act of kissing, discovers HARRY.)

LORD P. (starting.) Oh, the devil!

HARRY. Not exactly, Lord Pedigree, only Lieutenant Lamar, U. S. N., who declines with thanks your kind offer to rescue his promised wife. Exceedingly obliged for your invaluable assistance, but she is under my protection at present.

LORD P. (recovering.) And you, it would seem—ah—are under the protection of a woman's clothes. Is that—ah—the usual uniform of a United States officer when—ah—he's in danger, you know?

HARRY (calmly.) No; on the contrary, it is very unusual, you know. (Suddenly) Ha! here comes the master of the harem.

LORD P. Where? where? O hide me! save me! He'll kill me if he finds me! Save me! save me!

HARRY. High-born Pedigree, calm yourself. Yacoub isn't coming.

LORD P. (in a rage.) Then why did you tell me he was?

HARRY. To compare notes, Pedigree. My dress is the only thing womanish about me. I wanted to see if your dress was the only manly thing about you. That's all.

LORD P. Insolent Yankee—

HARRY. Brave Englishman?

(LORD PEDIGREE starts. A faint sound is heard like a drum.)

HARRY (eagerly.) Ha! at last!

(Rushes out.)

(LORD PEDIGREE, very nervous. Enter ATTENDANT.)

ATTENDANT. Quick this way! My lord is coming!

LORD P. Save me! save me!

(Runs out with attendant as enter PROF. HOFFMAN, opposite.)

PROF. I am certainly the luckiest of mortals. I have my mummy safely packed, a snug little pile besides from Yacoub Pasha; he has been seized and held by his own servants at my instigation, and I am here in the very heart of his harem, where no other man would dare enter. Now to get a dancing girl for that museum. Dear me! how many commissions a man gets when he is going to Egypt. A lucky trip for me, though. With my mummy for the Smithsonian Institute, and my dancing girl for the museum, my fortune will be made, to say nothing of the rescue of the two ladies. And what has worked all these miracles? Why the only true magician—hard cash.

(Enter SAM in female attire.)

As I live, a woman—and alone! I will secure her. Don't be frightened, my good girl. I won't hurt you.

SAM (*aside.*) It's that ere professor what stole the ladies.  
 PROF. Don't be frightened, my dear.  
 SAM. Who's frightened?  
 PROF. How rough? (*Sweetly.*) Can you dance.  
 SAM. Can I dance? Spose I kin, got anythink agin it.  
 PROF. Would you mind dancing a little for me?  
 SAM. I'll be—(*Aside.*) How he's starin'! Oh, them orders!  
 PROF. Come, my dear, dance a little.  
 SAM. He's stark crazy, but orders is orders, so here goes.

(*Dances a hornpipe—PROFESSOR looks on in amazement.*)

PROF. Why, what's this? Where did you learn such a dance?  
 SAM. None o' yer business. I know it,—that enough.  
 PROF. Will you kindly dance another?

SAM. Damn it! No, I won't!

PROF. (*Shocked.*) What a depraved female! Walks like a man, swears like a trooper, and dances hornpipes! (*Suddenly.*) A perfect treasure for my lectures on "The Women of the East" You must come with me, my dear, and I will make your fortune for you.

SAM. Thanky, sir, but I'm under orders, and I don't budge a step till I sees my officer.

PROF. Your officer! Good heavens! are you a man in disguise?

SAM. (*In a rage*) Am I a man? Do you take me for a woman, you old fool? (*Striking him.*) Am I a man? I'll show you what I am!

PROF. Help! Help!

(Enter, pursued by SAM as enter HELEN, MAUD and CHORUS.)

CHORUS.

What's the matter? What's the matter?  
 With wild cries the echoes ring!  
 What's the matter, (To each other angrily.)  
 Stop your chatter!  
 Who can hear a single thing!  
 Awful day of fear and wonder!  
 Round us crashes warlike thunder!  
 Dangers, shrieks and men appall us!  
 Must we—can we—flee away?  
 What's the matter? What's the matter?  
 What's the matter? Tell us pray!

(Enter YACOUB PASHA, enraged.)

YACOUB. There's a man in my harem, and I will have his blood  
 ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

YACOUB (*to HELEN and MAUD.*) Ha, so you have planned a rescue with your lovers?

And do you think so easily to escape me?  
 O silly girls you're in the lion's clutches,  
 And ye shall shrink and cringe to me in terror!

(To FATIMA and CHORUS!)

Go, leave them here alone with me a vengeange.

ALL. (*striking attitudes.*) Leave you? Never!

YACOUB (*astounded*) What means this, slaves of women?

ALL. That we renounce you, tyrant, we hate and we defy you, and dare you do your worst!

YACOUB. Rebellion—flat rebellion!

This must be sternly dealt with. What ho, there! (*Goes toward back, and opens curtains—discovers HARRY in full uniform, drawn sword in one hand, and pistol in the other.*)

HARRY. Another step! You take it at your peril!

ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

HARRY. In the name of my government, Yacoub Pasha. I demand of you immediate surrender into my hand these women of my nation, whom you have dared to seize and keep as captives. I hold your house! My men are in possession!

YACOUB. Ha! Have I been betrayed? I have!

(Enter SAM with PROFESSOR as prisoner.)

SAM. I've got him, sir! I've got him, sir,  
 The man what stole the ladies, O!  
 What made me dance, and made me prance,  
 As tho' I was a monkey, O!  
 He put a pretty slight on me,  
 He tuk me fer a woman, see?  
 But now I've got the drop on he,  
 His larnin' it won't help him, O!

RECITATIVE—FATIMA AND SAM.

FATIMA. We're free! We're free! gone is our tyrant's power.  
 We'll seek a home across the western waters,  
 And deck the firesides that will give us freedom.  
 I'll choose the bravest and the best among them.  
 I am your loving bride, O gallant sailor.  
 She's goin' it again! No, ma'am, I couldn't do it.  
 There is a muss wherever there's a woman.  
 And them ere togs has settled me forever.

(to SAM.)  
 SAM.

FATIMA. Then go, ye heartless one; I'll find another.  
 SAM. Am glad to hear it. Sorry for the tother.

(Enter LORD PEDIGREE—looks around with supercilious surprise at those present. Curtains are thrown wide, and enter SAILORS headed by LIEUT. ROGERS. The wall of harem is discovered in ruins.

## FINALE.

ROGERS. Our flag waves to rescue our girls,  
 For we'll bring in defence of our girls  
 Our navy guns' thunder, and so 'tis no wonder  
 A uniform pleases the girls.

MAUD. For a man's hard to beat  
 In a uniform neat,  
 And, oh, my ! girls ! don't they just know it !  
 So handsome to view,  
 And so nice to woo !  
 How can we help letting them know it ?  
 For girls just adore an Annapolis man,  
 They love his brass buttons and gold lace to scan,  
 And for his attentions will eagerly plan  
 And, oh, don't they just let him know it !

## •HELEN AND

HARRY. We'll have our share of joy, sweetheart,  
 We'll have our share of pain,  
 Some day we'll weep the dear old times  
 That never come again.  
 But there's one thing Time shall not change ;  
 The love we'll e'er keep green  
 We pledged when you were twenty, Hal,  
 And I was seventeen.

## CHORUS.

We're jolly Yankee tars are we,  
 We're jolly Yankee tars !  
 We're here to show our country's might,  
 To show, at need, how brave men fight,  
 Beneath the Stripes and Stars.  
 Proudly our flag unfolds to the breeze,  
 For it waves in the eagle's grip,  
 And under that flag we will fight, we will die,  
 But we'll never give up the ship !  
 Then give three cheers for the jolly tars,  
 The jolly Yankee tars,  
 And three times, with a loud hurrah !  
 For the glorious Stripes and Stars !

## CURTAIN.