

THE
WHITE CAT!

OR,

PRINCE LARDI-DARDI & THE RADIANT ROSETTA.

A Fairy Burlesque Extravaganza.

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society*),

AUTHOR OF

Patient Penelope, or The Return of Ulysses; Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel; Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fair Imogene; Villikins and his Dinah; Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell; Romance under Difficulties; In for a Holiday; Dido; King of the Merrows; Deerfoot; Fair Rosamond; Robin Hood, or The Foresters' Fete; Acis and Galathea; The Deal Boatman; Madame Berliot's Ball, or the Chalet in the Valley; Rumplestiltskin, or The Woman at the Wheel; Snowdrop, or the Seven Mannikins and the Magic Mirror; Cupid and Psyche, or as Beautiful as a Butterfly; Ulysses, or the Iron-Clad Warrior and the Little Tug of War; Pirithous, the Son of Ixion; Windsor Castle; Dido (second edition); Paris, or Vive Lemprière; L'Africaine (*opera-bouffe*); L'Africaine (*burlesque*, Liverpool); Boabdil el Chico, or the Moor the Merrier; Sappho, or Look before you Leap; Our Yachting Cruise (G. Reed's); Der Freischutz, or a good Cast for a Piece; Antony and Cleopatra, or His-story and Her-story in Modern Nilo-metre; Olympic Games, or the Major, the Miner, and the Cock-a-doodle-doo; The Latest Edition of Black-eyed Susan, or the Little Bill that was Taken up; Guy Fawkes, or the Ugly Mug and the Couple of Spoons; Helen, or Taken from the Greek; Mary Turner, or the Wicious Willin and Wictorious Wirtue; The Contrabandista; or, Law of the Ladrones; Humbug; Hit and Miss, or All my Eye and Betty Martin; Inquire Within (G. Reed's); Liverpool Edition of White Fawn; Julius Cæsar; Sir George and a Dragon; Elizabeth, or the Don, the Duck, and the Drake; The Interpolated Libretto of Cox and Box; Beggar My Neighbour (G. Reed's); The Turn of the Tide; Morden Grange; Very Little Faust; The Military Billy Taylor; Richard the Third, or a New Front to an Old Dicky; Claude Duval; Beauty and the Beast, &c., &c.

AND PART AUTHOR OF

B. B.; Volunteer Ball; Turkish Bath; Carte de Visite; The Isle of St. Tropez; Easy Shaving; &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,
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First produced at the Globe Theatre (under the management of Miss Alleyne), on Monday,
December 26th, 1870.

A Grand New Fairy Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled THE



OR,

PRINCE LARDI-DARDI AND THE RADIANT ROSETTA.

Written by F. C. BURNAND, Author of "Ixion," "Paris," "Helen," "L'Africaine," "Billy Taylor,"
"Black-eyed Susan, &c., &c.

The New and Magnificent Scenery by MR. FREDERICK FESTON, Mr. J. JOHNSON, and Assistants. The Music
by MR. VAN HAMME. The Properties by MR. CHILD. The Gorgeous Costumes by MR. S. MAY and MRS. COOMBES.

Characters.

Fairy People.

THE FAIRY DRAGONETTA	(very bad Person)	Miss EMILY BURNS.
GRUMPI	(worse)
HUMPI-DUMPI	(the Black Dwarf, who subsequently turns out not nearly so black as he has been painted)	Mr. VALENTINE.
THE QUEEN OF DREAMY DELL	(very wide awake)	Mr. W. L. BRANScombe.
						Miss ISABELLE ARMOUR.

ORDINARY MORTALS.

KING DAWDLE THE DODDLER	(King of the Handy-Dandies)	Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE.
QUEEN SEVERA	... (his Third Venture)	Miss CLARA WESTON.
PRINCE LARDI-DARDI	(Rightful Heir to the Crown of the Handy-Dandies, sent asleep by the Fairy Dragontta for One Hundred Years; he awakes in his Centenary fresher than ever, and not a day older)	Miss EMILY FOWLER.

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THE WHITE CAT.

PRINCE DAPPER (King Dapple's Stepson, Son of Queen Severa) Miss NELLY NISBET.
 PRINCE SPRIGHTLY (King Dapple's first Son, Severa's Stepson) Miss ROSE ROBERTS.
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN (without any Office) Mr. H. RIGNOLD.
 BOBBINI (Chief of the Royal Police) Mr. FOURNESS ROLFE.

EXTRAORDINARY MORTALS.

PRINCESS ROSETTA (who is changed by the Fairy Dragonetta into THE WHITE CAT,
because she refuses Dragonetta's Nephew, Humpi-Dumpi) Miss MABEL MONTGOMERY.
 PRINCESS PAPILLONETTA } (her Friends, both turned into Cats on that account)
 PRINCESS PIROUETTA }
 SIX OTHER PRINCESSES (Names not mentioned here, for Family reasons, but all changed
into Cats)

MISS TABBY	(Governess to the Princesses)	Mr. E. DANVERS.
EIGHT PRINCES (Friends of Prince Lardi-Dardi's, in love with the Princesses, including <i>Papillonetta and Pirotta above mentioned, and sharing their fate</i>)	
POLLY	(a Parrot)	Mr. H. LUMSDEN.
NOODLE	(a Poodle)	Mr. BARKER.
FIVE DWARFS (in attendance on Humpi-Dumpi—two pairs and a half of Small)	
MISS MCTABBY (an old Cat, placed by Dragonetta, to guard Princess Rosetta, as House- <i>keeper at Katz Kastle</i>)	Mr. E. DANVERS.
		Grooms, Dogs, Cats, Fairies, &c., &c.		

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

PROLOGUE.

DRAGONFLY GARDENS.

The Princesses—The Princes—An Escapade—Return of the Bad Fairy—Arrival of the Dwarf—Rescue by Lardi-Dardi
 —Tremendous Combat!—Virtue Unrewarded!—Vice Triumphant!—First Appearance of the Good
 Fairy—The Sentence mitigated—Prince Lardi-Dardi sent to sleep for 100 Years—Princes and Princesses changed into
 Cats—Not to resume their forms until the White Cat (Rosetta's) Head and Tail have been cut off by Prince Lardi-Dardi.

* * * *TEMPOUS FUGIT* TO THE EXTENT OF 100 YEARS BETWEEN THE PROLOGUE AND

SCENE I.—THE PALACE OF KING DAWDLE.

Despondency—His two Sons claim the Crown—Centenary of Prince Lardi-Dardi—Re-appearance of that Young Gentleman—Enthusiasm of Populace—The King consents to give up his Crown on one condition—"A Little Wee Dog small enough to go inside a nut"—Departure of Princes.

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Katz Kradle Kastle.*

The Cats out Hunting—A Man—The White Cat receives Prince Lardi-Dardi—Miss Mc Tabby welcomes him—Cat Quartette—Invoking the Mews—Bobbini descends—Proposal for Dances and Songs to enliven the Visit—Suggestion carried *mem. con.*—Joviality and Sociability—Cat and the Fiddle.

GRAND BALLET OF CATS, by Madame COLONNA and Troupe,

Assisted by an augmented Corps de Ballet.

SCENE III.—KING DAWDLES PALACE AGAIN.

Return of Princes with Little Wee Dog—Failure—Success of Prince Lardi-Dardi—New conditions made—Sudden Appearance of the Black Dwarf as a friend—Departure of Princes in search of the loveliest Princess ever seen.

SCENE IV.—BALL ROOM IN KATZ KRADLE KASTLE.

Festivities in Honour of Princes—Thousand additional Lamps.

MASQUERADE OF CATS (New Characteristic French Dance), by Madame COLONNA & Troupe.

Miss Mc Tabby attaches herself to Bobbini—The White Cat suggests cutting herself short, which brings us to the conclusion and to the arrival of the Good Fairy, who, on the restoration of the Princes and Princesses, join all their hands in her own domain of

THE HAPPY LAND OF WAKING DREAMS.

THE WHITE CAT.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Gardens of the Palace belonging to the Fairy Snap Dragonetta.*

The PRINCESS ROSETTA discovered, r. on a bank of flowers, and kneeling to her is the PRINCE LARDI-DARDI ; grouped about are the BUTTERFLY MAIDENS in waiting on the Princess. Music,—“The Butterfly” from “Chilperic”—The Princess’s PARROT is perched, l. on a stand ; the Princess’s DOG, a pet poodle, is lying down at the foot of the stand.

ROSETTA. (r. c.) Oh, my dear prince, 'tis strange, but since you came

You've never mentioned to me what's your name.
So quickly have the happy hours past,
I am afraid we're going it too fast.

What is your name ?

LARDI. (l. c.) My name is Lardi-Dardi.

I'm young, adventurous, perhaps fool-hardy ;
I'm prince of all the noble Handy Dandies,
Whose kingdom is some way beyond the Andes,
Where you shall go if you will fly with me,
Dearest Rosetta.

ROSET. That can never be.

LARDI. You love another ?

ROSET. No, that is—I mean

You are the only man I've ever seen.

If other men resemble you—

LARDI. Rosetta !

(Music—piano)

ROSET. I'd still love you till I liked some one better ;
But that will never be.

PAP. (R.) Ah! what are these?
 Some sort of men, I think—among the trees.
 LARDI. (*crosses, R.*) They're my retainers, dear, all counts
 and barons,
 And other people paid to run on *arrans*.
 PIROU. (L.) I vote that we who seldom get excitement,
 Admit—
 ROSET. Who?
 PIROU. Every count in that indictment!
 ROSET. For two hours more we're free; mind my in-
 structions.
 So enter, and—

Eight PRINCES enter, R. U. E.—the PRINCE's NICE YOUNG MEN run in, and each one takes a partner—Music—chord.

Don't stop for introductions;
 This is a pretty sort of morning call.
 I like you best though, Lardi, after all.
 LARDI. Say before all! But tell me, sweet princess—
 For I'm immensely puzzled, I confess—
 Why can't you come with me and leave this place?
 Why, until now have I but seen your face
 Up at some window in a lofty turret,
 So far removed, I thought you were a *spurret*;
 And though for months to meet you have I panted,
 And now am so delighted—

ROSET. We're enchanted.
 That is, we're charmed, as every legend tells,
 By the bad Fairy Dragonetta's spells,
 Which she compounds of very horrid mixtures.
 We're fixed here.

LARDI. Happy tenant with such fixtures.
 ROSET. This day she spends beneath the Gnome King's
 dome—
 Who's not a man, although he is, *un homme. (a gnome)*
 And all the dwarfs next week will come in carriages,
 To perpetrate a series of marriages.

(*exclamation of horror from ALL*)
 LARDI. (*groans for pity*) A dwarf wed you! I cannot
 bear the thought of it.

ROSET. Well, now I've told you all the long and short
 of it;

For a few hours we are free to-day,

While, as I've said, the fairy is away.

PIROU. And our old governess, Miss Tabby, whom

We hate, is indisposed, in her own room;

She's got a toothache—from restraint we're free'd.

ROSET. (to PRINCESSES) Don't you all hate old Tabby?

OMNES. Yes.

Enter MISS TABBY, L. U. E.—crosses down, L. C.—she carries a large birch rod.

MISS T. Indeed!

LARDI. Talk of the—

MISS T. Thankee, sir. I'm not *a-weer*

I spoke to you, young man; you don't lodge here.

Be off! or with my birch I'll make each youth ache.

I'll show you what it is to have the toothache.

LARDI. We don't intend to move.

MISS T. Then I shall speak

To Dragonetta—and at once!

OMNES. Yah, sneak!

MISS M. Sneak! have I lived for that? I may be crabby!

But not a sneak, no; you don't know Miss Tabby!

My young affections long ago were blighted,

My aspirations crushed—my love was slighted;

But when I look around, I feel my heart

Is still susceptible to Cupid's dart.

Therefore, young people, dance, make love and play,

Gather your little rosebuds while you may;

Don't say I told you, and I'll see you through it,

If you (to LARDI) can take us all away from here,
then do it.

LARDI. I have a fairy godmother.

ROSET. That's jolly!

LARDI. But how to send a note there?

PARROT. (L.) Pretty Polly!

LARDI. (crossing to L. C.—ROSETTA to MISS TABBY, R.)

Polly, who used to bring your little billets,

More faithful than the trustiest of gillies;

You'll take this post-card, say—

PARROT. With pleasure, yes.

LARDI. How gracious! quite the height of *poli-tesse*;

And as you talk by nature's kindly laws,
Go sweetest of macaws and plead *ma cause*.

(gives PARROT *the post-card*—PARROT goes up, L.)

ROSET. And now, until she comes to help us through it,
What's to be done?

LARDI. (L. C.) Oh, nothing!

MISS T. (R.) Well, let's do it.

Verses and Chorus—“Moonlight Walk.”

ROSET. (c.) At four o'clock we'll take a drop,
Of fashionable tea;
If Dragonetta will but stop
Away—how glad we'll be.

MISS T. We dine at eight, 'tis nice and late,
We lunch 'twixt one and three,
And we all flock at four o'clock, (*dances*)
To our chat and cup of tea.

ROSET. Oh!

There's nothing half so pleasant
As a cup of tea;
A cup of tea, a cup of tea,
It is the present fashion
In societee,
And just suits me—that's me.

CHORUS. Oh! there's nothing half so, &c.

LARDI. I dearly like a cup of tea.
And all my friends do too;
Champagne or Hock, whate'er it be,
So that it be with you.
And then we'll talk,
And take a walk,
When I am sure you'll let,
My friends and me,
When we've some tea,
Enjoy a cigarette.
Oh!

There's nothing half so jolly
As a cigarette,

A cigarette, a cigarette.
 You want a fellow who,
 Can make a cigarette,
 While making love—that's me.

(*Chorus repeated—the PRINCE and his retinue with cigarettes—Exeunt R., all the principal PRINCES and PRINCESSES in couples, R. and L.—PARROT and DOG off, R. 2 E.—stepping to tune*)

Music—Enter, L. 2 E., the FAIRY DRAGONETTA attended by GRUMPI and DRAGON IMPS, L.

DRAGONETTA. For twenty minutes at the front doorrинг,
 And small stones up at the front windows flinging,
 Until remembering that I am a fairy,
 I took a flight of steps down to the airey ;
 And being up to the whole bag of tricks,
 Passed through the wall which gave to me like bricks ;
 And here I am two hours early—I'm
 A fay much in advance of her own time.

(*previous chorus repeated outside*)

But what is this! (*singing*) I hear the sound of revelry ;
 Harmonious demonstrations ! tuneful devilry ;
 Fee, fi, fo, fum ! I think I get a whiff,
 A sort of scent—fee, fi, fo, fum—a sniff
 Of something I have fi'd, fo'd, fum'd and fee'd ;
 And in my garden I detect a weed.
 Who's smoking ? Some one wanting in urbanity,
 To whom the strong *Havannah* is a vanity.

It is Prince Lardi Dardi. (*music diabolique as before*)
 Go, good Grumpi.

Summon at once, the Gnome King Humpi Dumpi ;
 Here is a dragon ready saddled—quick !

(*DRAGON rises, R. C.—GRUMPI mounts—the DRAGON is restive*)

GRUMPI. He kicks !

DRAGONET. Pooh, pooh, he's too well reared to kick.
 Sharp as electric shock fly through the air.

GRUMPI. I'm off !

DRAGONET. You will be if you don't take care.
 (*business with restive DRAGON, he is at last started and flies off, R. to L.—GRUMPI holding on*)

Oh ! here she comes ! O'er Lardi Dardi, I
Have not full power yet, but by-and-bye,
Unguarded by the fay of Dreamy Dell,
I'll catch him on the hop.

Re-enter, r., PRINCESS ROSETTA, GIRLS and MISS TABBY.

I hope you're well ?

ROSET. I didn't think you would return so soon.

We've just been taking tea—

DRAGONET. Yes, with a spoon !

And in the absence of your fairy guardy,

You've not had buttery bread, I think—but *lardy*.

ROSET. Oh, no, *miladi*.

MISS T. Well, (*crossing to c.*) Miss Rosetta, but—

DRAGONET. Get out, you're old enough to know much
better. (*MISS TABBY to L., DRAGONETTA to c.*)

ROSET. We've only had some tea.

DRAGONET. Princess, you see.

Though tea is green, there is no green in D,

And D means Dragonetta.

ROSET. If it do,
D must be dreadful, when it *de means* you.

DRAGONET. If you've had tea, I think you've had some
cup with it.

JONQ. Saucer-er ! (*DRAGONETTA, c.*)

DRAGON. You pert minx, I'll not *pert up* with it.
(*tremendous rapping—thunder—music*)

Re-enter GRUMPI.

GRUMPI. (*L.*) The Gnome King waits !

DRAGONET. (*up c.*) Well, he can come in, can't he ?
He's welcome, for he is my *nephew*, *ar'nt he* ?

ROSET. He comes. Whate'er may happen, we'll be true !
If you can help us, Lardi Dardi, do.

Music.—Enter DWARFS dancing, then HUMPI DUMPI, who gets c., and sings.

Song.—“ Grand Duchesse.”

Little men coming,
Little band drumming,
Little truce humming.

Little dwarf Humpi,

T'other name Dumpi,

Not a bit grumpy,

Little bit stumpy.

How de do do doo ?

Coming to woo you,

When I first knew you,

I'd have said to you,

Pretty Rosetta,

Very much better

Take Cupid's fetter,

Wedding ring—bang ! (clash with cymbals)

HUMPI. (c.) Come with a call we have and with a hoop.

I'm Humpi Dumpi—and Performing Troupe.

Such an amount of talent is quite rare,

We are all here, and I may add—all there,

Seldom will you such handsome fellows meet.

ROSE. You're short and nasty?

HUMPI. (c.) No, I'm short and *suite*—

(pointing to his ATTENDANTS)

Come to my little palace in Short's Gardens ;

You shall have heaps of money—all in fardens.

For though I'm short, yet I'm a millionaire ;

You'll have a *plum*—we'll make a pretty pair.

(goes to L.)

DRAGONET. (c.) Accept my nephew's hand.

HUMPI. (l.) You'll come to Court with me ?

ROSE. (r.) He's not sweet tempered, and he will be short with me.

HUMPI. (savagely) I will, if you don't all say yes.

ALL. No, no.

HUMPI. Then seize 'em, little 'uns, and off we go.

(general dance, DWARFS rushing to seize PRINCESSES—
Air—Duett in Act 2, "Chilperic.")

Enter LARDI DARDI and FOLLOWERS from R. U. E., dancing, and kicks HUMPI down, tableau.

LARDI. Low ruffian !

HUMPI. Low ! all right ! just mind your heye !

DRAGONET. Hold ! you forget your aunt, the fairy's, by.

Ain't you astonished, sir, to see a fairy?

LARDI. No, not at all—my rule's *nil admirari*.

HUMPI. I don't want any magic spells to smash him;
Come out, my little battle-axe, and thrash him.

ROSET. Were it a tournament on horses' backs—

HUMPI. Horses! right through his scull we'll drive our
'acks (*axe*).

(LARDI DARDI, R. C., *plays a defiance on a trumpet*)

HUMPI. Let me attack that sort of opera duffer;

Lay on Mc Duff! (*tauntingly*) They won't lay on
Mc Duffer.

(*Music—combat between battle-axe and rapier—the DOG and PARROT join in fight—the PRINCE is beaten down on one knee and loses his sword—ROSETTA faints*)

DRAGONET. Now crack his crown and bear away the belle.

VOICE. (*without*) Hold!

DRAGONET. Who is that?

VOICE. (*without, c.*) The Queen of Dreamy Dell.

(HUMPI's *axe suddenly breaks in two—he falls, L.—the QUEEN OF DREAMY DELL, with her FAIRIES appear*)

QUEEN OF D. D. Prince Lardi, for your amorous temerity,
You'd have been punished by my foe's severity;
To save you from her power—for a number
Of years—we send you off into a slumber;
For just one century—not one day more.

LARDI. One last—(*about to embrace ROSETTA, falls asleep*)

ROSET. One fond—oh! he's began to snore.

DRAGONET. You've hurt my nevy, my revenge for that's
To change you ladies into—

ALL. What, ma'am?

DRAGONET. Cats.

(*scream from ALL*)

Till some one cuts your heads and tails off, then—

QUEEN OF D. D. (*quickly, gets c.*) Then you'll resume
your forms.

DRAGONET. (*crossing, L.*) Ah! sold agen!

And in that time be happy girls in knowing
 You'll find your tails, your claws and whiskers
 growing. (*they scream*) *Exit DRAGONETTA, L.*

Air, "Doctor's Boy."

ROSET. (l. c.) We've all to be cats, what a horrible fate!
 A century thus, we must all of us wait;
 And Prince Lardi Dardi, who helped us before,
 Is now fast asleep and beginning to snore.

MISS T. (r.) I feel I'm becoming a regular cat,
 With whiskers, claws, paws, and a nose for a rat.
 I'm getting so hungry that all around the house,
 Oh, I must go in search of a lit-tle mouse.

LARDI. (r. c.) Oh, I'm not awake—but I manage to keep
 My eyes a bit open—I'm falling asleep.
 If rousing myself I have got a last chance,
 I'll try if I cannot wake up with a dance.

(*Trio*)

Oh! { he's } not awake, but { he'll } manage, &c.
 { I'm } { I'll }—
(Irish jig by DWARFS, PRINCES, and PRINCESSES—
 PRINCE LARDI DARDI, &c., &c., as Scene closes)

A Hundred Years have elapsed since the Prologue.

SCENE SECOND.—Apartment in the Castle of King Doldrum the Dawdler, in the Country of the Handy Dandies.

Enter KING DAWDLE, l., in dressing gown and untidy, attended by his CHAMBERLAIN.

KING. “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

CHAMBERLAIN. Well, if you have a crown on, don't lie down.

There's nothing easier than that, I'm sure!

KING. Yet, in a night cap, I can't sleep secure.
 To day—

Enter QUEEN SEVERA, L.

QUEEN. What, Dawdle! not yet finished dressing?
Not shaved! I cannot kiss you.

KING. How distressing!

QUEEN. Your head's wool gathering.

KING. I wish it were,

For then it wouldn't be so very bare.

QUEEN. All night you've nothing done but fuss and fume,
Start up, lie down! then walk about the room!

Then paced, and raced, and paced!

KING. (*in L. c.*) My queenly chuck,
With such a lot of paste I should have stuck,
But for the motive power—like machinery—
Which cries out “Sleep no more!” (*bringing the CHAMBERLAIN and QUEEN forward*) It's his centenary!”

QUEEN. (*L.*) His? Who's?

CHAMB. (*R.*) Who's his?

KING. Eh, do not ask me whose,
He will wake up and step into these shoes.
Prince Lardi Dardi, who for generations,
Has been a constant care to his relations—
Who sleeps, and 'tis predicted, in my reign,
To-day, at one o'clock, wakes up again. (*gets L.*)

Enter PRINCE DAPPER, R.—CHAMBERLAIN to R.

DAPPER. Well, let him wake, and precious wide awake
He'll be, the crown, from Dapper, me to take.

KING. I tell you what it is, my forward Dapper,
The crown is on the head of your old *pappa*!
And he does not intend to give it you.

He'll see himself—(*catches SEVERA's eye*)—much further if he do.

DAPPER. (*R. c.*) You are too old for anything but caudle,
With Cromwell, I'll observe, “Remove that Dawdle.”

QUEEN. Don't mind him, he's a trifle spoiled.

CHAMB. I've learned,
That trifles spoiled, have generally turned.

QUEEN. He does talk sense, you're getting old and *passé*,
In business a mere donkey. (*crosses, L.*)

KING. *Assez! Assez!* (*crosses back to c.*)

DAPPER. (r. c.) I don't say donkey, but I do say goose!

CHAMB. Your breaking fast. (c.)

KING. Stop, for I'm breaking loose. (*crosses, L.*)

I will not stand it, I'm resolved, I am—

It is enough to make a saint say—(*stops himself, drum in orchestra*) Ma'am.

Remember, he's my stepson—I've another,

By your late predecessor, ma'am—his mother.

He is my son, I flatter myself—

CHAMB. (*aside*) That's true!

QUEEN. Who loves his father?

Enter PRINCE SPRIGHTLY, R., DAPPER crosses to L. C., to QUEEN.

SPRIGHT. (r.) Which of course, he do.

KING. Oh, come to the king's arms! (*crosses to c.*)

SPRIGHT. King's arms; my pappy
Has had his tea too soon; what's on the tappy?

KING. They would deprive me of my crown.

SPRIGHT. I see;

Be bold, and say you give it up to me.

QUEEN. I'll be Queen Regent.

CHAMB. I'll be Lord Protector.

DAPPER. I, Chairman!

SPRIGHT. I'll be Managing Director.

(*they follow the KING about—he is going wild*)

KING. I feel I'm going mad. (c.)

QUEEN. I do not doubt it. (c.)

SPRIGHT. Well, if you are going, don't be long about it;
Then make me king before you lose your wits.

KING. My brain is cracking into little bits.

Was ever royal dad so stricken down,

Hearing his children cry, "I'll have your crown?"

*Verses and Chorus—“I'd rather be an Alligator.”**

SPRIGHTLY. Indeed, papa, you ought to know,
You're getting very old.

KING. Of course, just so, I ought to know.
I've been so often told.

* SPRIGHTLY. DAPPER. KING. QUEEN. CHAMBERLAIN.
R. L.

DAPPER. Instead of you I will be king,
And on the throne I'll reign.

QUEEN. } CHAMB. } No, we propose another thing. (*all forward*)

KING. Oh ! here we are again—
I'd rather be an alligator ;
Or a curly crocodile, crocodile-dile, dile,
Than a pitiful, unhappy pater,
A melancholy, miserable pa ! pa ! pa !

CHORUS. { He'd } { I'd } rather be an alligator, &c.

SPRIGHT. You'd better settle it to-day,
Or else there'll be a row.

DAPPER. Don't dawdle, sir, and don't delay,
There is no time like now.

CHAMB. For Lardi Dardi soon they'll shout ;
He'll on the sceptre seize.

QUEEN. So settle it at once.

KING. Get out !
I'll just do what I please.

Oh, I'd rather be a periwinkle,
To be pick'd from the shell out with a pin,
pin, pin,

Or a little star to shine and twinkle,
Than a miserable, melancholy, pa, pa, pa !

CHORUS. Oh, { I'd } { he'd } rather be a periwinkle, &c.

(*trumpet call—shouting and noise*)

*Enter BOBBINI, his policeman's helmet smashed, his staff
in his hand.*

BOBBINI. (l.) My liege, my liege, I can't keep out the
mob,

They've broke my helmet and they've cracked my nob,
With my own knob, the knob that shows that Bob

Is a policeman mounted on a cob ;
Excuse the manly tear—it makes me sob ;
Everything in the palace they will break,
Because Prince Lardi Dardi is awake. (crash)

There goes the crockery ! Smash go the chairs !
And here's the crowd a coming up the stairs.

Cheers, flourish—Enter PRINCE LARDI DARDI, splendidly dressed.

LARDI. Thanks, thanks, my friends!

KING. Whence came you sir—the moon?

LARDI. No, from the land of dreams, in a balloon.

The hundred years have passed—how time does fly!

And as the time is up, why, so am I.

I am your ancestor. (*they laugh*) That joke you tickles—

I have been very well preserved.

BOBBI. Oh, pickles!

(*to CHAMBERLAIN*) Now then, be quiet there.

LARDI. Your throne is mine.

QUEEN. Sir, your assertions are all very fine.

CHAMB. But they want *verifyin'*—some mistake,

You've lain asleep so long—you're lying awake.

SPRIGHT. You can't enforce your claims, so don't attempt it.

DAPPER. You've been asleep a hundred years, and dreamt it.

LARDI. My sword shall prove.

KING. Stop! I have an idea!

BOBBI. The king has an idea--hear, hear!

Be quiet. (*to CHAMBERLAIN*).

KING. Two months hence, I'm reckoning up, is Our Royal Dog Show—you'll be there? (*aside*) The puppies!

We'll yield the throne to which of you shall bring The smallest dog; who does, shall be the king.

Do you agree? there's but two months to wait.

PRINCES. Agreed!

KING. Just so! (*aside*) They're off at any rate.

(*aloud*) The tiniest toy terrier will suit us; but

So small that it can go inside a nut.

And I'll explain, so that you may not chouse,
That by *a nut*, I do not mean *an' ouse*.

Now, then, set off at once, and don't stop larking.

(*crosses, L.*)

QUEEN. (*to DAPPER*) Where will you go? (*crosses, R.*)

DAPPER. For my dog—I'll try Barking.

KING. (*to SPRIGHTLY*) And you?

SPRIGHT. (R.) To Houndsditch.

BOBPI. (*to LARDI*) I know a *cur* called *Nell*, ears and tail both cut,

And that will be the *ker-nel* for the nut.

LARDI. Come with me now, in my balloon through fogs,
I go to *Skye*—the only Isle of Dogs.

Chorus.—Air, “Little Wee Dog.”

Oh, where and, oh, where is this little wee dog,

Oh, where, oh, where is he !

He must be small, and he must be short,

Oh, where, oh, where can he be ?

Concerted Piece.—Air, “The Rivulet.”

KING. Off, off, the three are going,

None perchance the right road knowing ;

Though rain and tempest blowing,

Now depart the three.

ALL. (*in harmony*) Off, off, &c.

Air.—“The Monument.”

PRINCE. Up in a big balloon, together we'll fly.

Up in a big balloon, ever so high.

Up in a big balloon, made just to carry two,

They'll say good-bye to all their friends—adoo,
adoo !

(*dance to end of scene, and exeunt, L.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Forest of Katz Kastle.*

Music.—“*Der Freischutz Hunting Chorus*”—Enter CATS,
as hunters, bringing in birds and mice.

CHIEF HUNTSMAN. Listen—pause, cats ! there's some one
on our grounds encroaching ;

Be ready to seize anybody poaching.

If it's a mouse we will just gently pat him—

No, hush ! (*all in mouse-catching attitude*)

It is a man ! Up, cats, and at him !

Music.—They charge off, and bring in PRINCE LARDI
LARDI, R.

LARDI. Hi! stop, you cats—cats German, English, Manx!

Music.—CATS make a tremendous noise, and are about to
tear him, when enter WHITE CAT, attended, L. U. E.

W. CAT. (c.) Hold! (chord) Let him go!

LARDI. For this relief, much thanks.

You are the Queen of all assembled here?

W. CAT. We are, mounseer—in cat talk, oui, mouse-seer,
(all CATS laugh)

You do look so astonished!

LARDI. Well, ma'am, *that* laugh
 Is cruel.

W. CAT. You're enough to make a *cat* laugh.

But do not be afraid, illustrious stranger;

Believe me, there is not the slightest danger.

You are our guest, we'll give you in a trice,

Your supper.

(pointing to the things carried by the CATS)

LARDI. *(eyeing the mice, &c.)* Dear, how mice! I mean
 how nice.

W. CAT. Our cats shall tend you. *(they bow)* Now, see
 how they're bending,

And purring, do not fear; they're not *purr*-tending.

LARDI. Their manners are *purr*-suasive—what queer togs!

Cat are so treacherous, they're such sly dogs.

W. CAT. You're wondering at their clothes and their
purr-suits.

Our tiger is your valet.

LARDI. Puss in boots!

W. CAT. Here is our housekeeper.

(ancient and stately CAT walks forward down, L. C.)

LARDI. Who's she?

MISS M. That's me!

Sir, if you want to know who I may be,

Be more polite, don't ask—who's she.

W. CAT. Oh, bother!

MISS M. *(annoyed, crosses to r. c., and WHITE CAT to l. c.)*

His nurse would tell him, "she" is the cat's mother;

A lesson learnt by every little baby.

But if you'd know my name, I'm Miss Mc Tabby.

LARDI. I beg your pardon.

MISS M. So you ought to, sir.

Just stroke me the right way and I shall purr;

Stroke me the wrong way, and ere you can snatch
Your hands away, you'll find I'll play old scratch.

LARDI. (*aside*) Old cat! (*aloud, to WHITE CAT, crossing, c.*)

What is your story? Why are you so pale?

W. CAT. (L. C.) I'm not a Manx cat, sir, without a tale.

LARDI. (R. C.) And might I hear it?

W. CAT. Do not ask me "might you."

You shall; the cat *in white* does now *in-wite* you

To our hunt dinner, and that is the reason,

Of this (*alluding to all the CAT HUNTSMEN*) 'tis the
first cat's meet of the season.

(*the PURR-VEYOR arrives with a barrow, ALL follow
him out, except WHITE CAT, MISS MC TABBY,
PRINCE LARDI DARDI and CHIEF HUNTSMAN*)

Air—Duett from Otello, "Cats' Quartette."

My pretty little pussy,

I love you then as now.

Miaou! miaou! miaou!

Pussy cat, pussy cat,

How do you?

It is a treat to hear you,

Miaow! miaou! miaou!

It is the sound of "milk below."

C. HUNTSMAN. Princess, we do another stranger see.

(PRINCE LARDI goes up to R. C., WHITE CAT, to L. C.)
Perched up aloft!

LARDI. Bobbini, up a tree!

(*Music—they bring him forward, R.C., in a very dilapi-
dated condition—CHIEF HUNTSMAN, R., of him,
and MISS MC TABBY, L. of him*)

BOBBI. Don't hurt me, spare a poor unhappy pup,

Or I'll be catawampusly chawed up;

I've always hated nasty mice and rats,

And been *purr*ticularly fond of cats.

Upon my knees—I hope to find—I do,
The milk of human kindness among you.

(sees LARDI) My master! friends with all the cats
with fine tails.

(MISS MC TABBY goes up to L. C., with WHITE CAT)
LARDI. Take care, or you will meet the cat o'-nine-tails.

BOBBI. To see these cats in hats excites my smiles,

Tiles upon cats and not cats upon tiles.

W. CAT. (c.) Welcome! (BOBBINI bows extravagantly—
PRINCE LARDI DARDI, l.) We'll celebrate the
lucky chance

That brings you here; before we dine, we'll dance,
BOBBI. A dance, then!

(about to offer his hand to WHITE CAT, is pushed
aside by LARDI DARDI, who takes it)

LARDI. Get along! (goes up with WHITE CAT, l. c.)

BOBBI. Well, that is shabby!

Who'll be my partner?

MISS M. I will. (gives him card)

BOBBI. (looking at card and making a face) Miss McTabby!
Then, may I be allowed to take—(aside) Oh, law!
(aloud) Your—not exactly—hand?

MISS M. You ask my paw!
Tis here, I'm ready, sir, to give it you,
For any dance—that is, a *paw-de-two*.

(coquettishly) We'll whisk about like any pair of
friskers.

BOBBI. We will. (aside, after eyeing her askance) We
ought to, what a pair of whiskers!

MISS M. They always say of me in various places,
That I can dance like one of the three Graces.

BOBBI. Do they, your grace—a simile to choose—
I'd say less like a grace than like a *mews*.

MISS M. I'll teach you how to dance.

BOBBI. Oh, will you now.
Will you, my little *pussy*, teach me 'ow.

(they go up, R.)

W. CAT. And so, young men, you want a little dog—
We've got the thing, sir, in our *cat-alogue*
Of *curiosities* so very small,
'Twill go inside a nut, head, tail and all,

And when you quit this home of feline furs
 We'll give you money from our privy *purrs*.
 That being settled,—stay upon our shores,
 And be our Grand Monarque, Louis *Cat-orze*.

(*they all bow and mew*)

LARDI. With pleasure, ma'am.

W. CAT. Good, then now to lunch.
 Hand round the creamy goblets of milk punch,
 And to be merry—let us have a song.

Ere the first lunch bell sounds, 'twill not be long.

MISS M. (*looking off*) They're going to strike it,
 (*clinging to BOBBINI*) going! going! (*gong sounds*)

BOBBI. Gong!

(MISS MC TABBY *faints in his arms and recovers*)

Song—“Clochette.”

CHORUS. Miaou ! Miaou !
 'Tis a cat's chorus, miaou ! miaou !
 Miaou ! mia-ow !
 Is a cat's chorus, Mia-ow !

“Comme il faut.”

W. CAT. Prince Lardi Dardi, do,
 Stay with us awhile ;
 And we will treat you two,
 In hospitable style.

LARDI. You know my name, I see,
 I thought I was incog ;
 Most thankful I shall be
 To get this little dog.

(*sung with emphasis on the first note*)
 Oh, never shall I find,
 Where'er I may be at,
 One who's so very kind,
 As is my pussy cat.

ALL. (*with action*) Oh, never will { I } he } find, &c.

BOBBI. (*aside*) From this old cat I dare
 Not now attempt to fly ;
 I fear she'd spit and swear,
 And scratch me in the eye.

MISS M. I'm very fond of you,
As you may, sir, surmise ;
But if you are not true,
I'll scratch out both your eyes.

(imitating CAT *in a rage*)

Pst! won't his eye go out?

Pst! won't he get a pat?

Pst! won't he run about,
Away from pussy cat?

CHORUS. Pst! won't his eye go out, &c.

(with characteristic movement—characteristic dance
by WHITE CAT, PRINCE LARDI DARDI and MISS
MC TABBY—exeunt—dance of HUNTING CATS,
grotesque—tableau—ballet—scene closed in)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Chamber in the Palace of King Dawdle.*

Enter QUEEN SEVERA, l., and LORD CHAMBERLAIN, r.,
meeting.

QUEEN. Prince Dapper not arrived?

CHAMB. Not yet!

QUEEN. I dreamed—

CHAMB. What, was it, ma'am?

QUEEN. A dream! to me, it seemed
That my own son, Prince Dapper, so esteemed
By all who know him, on me gently beamed,
Saying by everybody it was deemed,
That he'd be King; and then the lightning gleamed,
And then came thunder, then the whole place
steamed.

And then I struggled, ricked, awoke and screamed,
Does this mean, he'll be king?

CHAMB. Well, I should say,
That it means something quite the other way.

QUEEN. Where is the king?

CHAMB. His Majesty is here!

Exit CHAMBERLAIN, r.

Enter KING DAWDLE, l., to c.

KING. I have been putting off my robes, my dear;

From which I think I've caught a cold and cough.
QUEEN. (r.) King Dawdle, you are always putting off!

You quite forget the proverb so sublime,
Procrastination is the thief of time.

Air, "Lucretia Borgia."

QUEEN. I see what you sir, want to do,
Although 'tis true, 'tis nothing new.
You wish to be from promise free;
And then your word you can't pooh! pooh!
The princes three you soon will see,
And then your word you can't pooh! pooh! pooh!

KING. I'm all agog to see the dog,
Which each will bring here, but, but, but!
The smallest kind that they can find,
Will go inside a nut, nut.

BOTH. We'll see that soon,
We'll see that soon!

(air changes to "Ratcatcher's Daughter," running straight on)

CHAMB. This is the tune
Of the Pretty Little Ratcatcher's Daughter.

KING. (returning to commencement of his "Lucretia Borgia") We're all agog.

CHAMB. (running into the "King of the Cannibal Islands") To see the dog,

So small as to live on a penn'orth of prog,
Just half the size of a common frog,
To be brought from the Isle of Skye lands.

ALL THREE (dancing to chorus) We're all agog, &c.

KING. They've not returned, the dogs they haven't found,
And after all I shall not be uncrowned.

(QUEEN crosses, r.)

Enter PRINCE DAPPER, r., with GROOM, leading a POODLE and a SHEEP DOG.

QUEEN. (crosses, r., CHAMBERLAIN, l., and KING, c.) My son, my noble lion-hearted boy;

Once more to see you here, oh, rapture! joy!

DAPPER. Get out, mamma, and do not be a noodle.
What do you say to this—my precious poodle?

He's a performing dog—he'll jump and beg,
Or do the double-shuffle on one leg;
He will do tricks with cards, and point out whom
He thinks the ugliest person in the room.

Point him out, Pincher! (Dog goes to KING)

QUEEN. There now, did you ever!

KING. Well, I don't think the dog so very clever.

Prince Dapper, they are very pretty, *but*
Neither of them will go inside a nut.

DAPPER. Both of my dogs inside a nut I'll stuff,
If you can find a nut that's large enough.

CHAMB. (L. c.) That isn't in the bond.

DAPPER. I claim the crown!

Enter, PRINCE SPRIGHTLY, L., with GROOM, leading a HARRIER, a TERRIER, a shaggy DEER HOUND, a STAG HOUND, and a SPOTTED DOG.

SPRIGHT. (L. c.) Not yet! Just see the dogs that I've brought down.

This is a clever dog, bought from a cadger;
He is the one for drawing any badger.

CHAMB. Which, when he sees, he barks in accents stormy.
"Is this a badger that I see before me?"

(DOG flies at CHAMBERLAIN)

SPRIGHT. It's all his play.

CHAMB. His play is what in my sense,
I, as Lord Chamberlain, would never license.

SPRIGHT. The spotted dog who thirsty with his tongue out,
At any little ale-house lately hung out.

KING. Good; but—as I already have said—but
None of these dogs will go into a nut.

SPRIGHT. Pardon! the Spot's the funniest of all funny 'uns.

He will eat anything, plums, apples, onions;
He'll walk into an orange, so, I'll back it
That he will go into a nut, and crack it.

KING. Your dogs are very wonderful, no doubt,
But, from my royal shoes I don't come out.
You thought you'd made a hit, but hit a miss is.
It is'nt what I meant at all.

Enter PRINCE LARDI DARDI, L. to C.

LARDI. But this is!

Song.—Air, "Lardi Dardi Do."

LARDI. Ah! my friends how d'ye do? hope I see you all well,
You did not expect me here again;
Oh! my wonderful adventures, I do not mean to tell,
But the simple result I'll explain.

KING. For many a day you have been far away,
And have travelled about incog,
And great sums of money you have had to pay;
Have you brought back a little wee dog?

LARDI. Here is your Lardi Dardi.

ALL. *Doo!*

LARDI. And he don't mind telling.

ALL. Who

LARDI. That he comes to bring,
The very thing,
Does your Lardi Dardi.

ALL. Pooh! (*chorus altogether*)

Enter BOBBINI, L. to L. C., with a cocoa-nut.

BOBBI. I've arrived on the spot with a little cocoanut,
And the secret to you I will confide,
That the little, little dog, in this is carefully shut—
There's room for a little one inside.

DAPPER. A little toy dog which bark and bites
As it delights a little dog to do.

'Tis a sort of thing that's made (*he makes it squeal*)

In the Lowther Arcade!

Oh, this is a Lardi Dardi Doo!

LARDI. 'Tis a Lardi Dardi Doo;

But I don't mind telling you

That if I don't be

The King, you'll see

What'll Lardi Dardi do!

CHORUS. It's Lardi Dardi Doo, &c. (*dance*)

LARDI. I got him, King, with such a deal of trouble.

KING. His name?

LARDI. Because he squeaks, we call him "Bubble." A cocoanut for him is not too wide,
And that accounts, hem! for the hair outside.
Heir to the crown, that's me, I've no ambition,
But still I have fulfilled your own condition.
Go, abdicate! be off?

KING. I do not know to,

Where you may be expecting me to go to.

LARDI. Go to that house, which is for kings the best,
Madame Tussaud's, in Baker Street—and rest.

BOBBI. There, like an Act of one administration,
You will command a general *waxy nation*.

QUEEN. (R. C.) I, and my boy, we cannot, and we won't,
Remain to kiss young Lardi's feet!

BOBBL. (L. C.) Then don't!
Move on! (QUEEN: *threatens him and he retires*)

SPRIGHT. And I all ties between us sever.
I be your subject!—never, never, never!

KING. I'll speak!

CHAMB. Hear, hear! (*silenced by BOBBINI*)

KING. Yes, one shall be the king!

QUEEN. We'll say, whichever of you back shall bring
The loveliest Princess.

KING. Yes, that is *my* will.

LARDI. And who's to be the judge of beauty?

KING. I will!

LARDI. Where is the fairest?

Enter, L., HUMPI DUMPI—chord.

HUMPI. (C.) Where! with me, be off!

LARDI. You are—

HUMPI. I'm Humpi Dumpi, the Black Dwarf,
I was your foe a hundred years ago;
But now I am your friend as I shall show,
Come back to the White Cat.

KING. With him!

LARDI. But where?

HUMPI. To cat-land—Catalonia—I'm all there.

"The Tramway."*

KING. To find the greatest beauty,
Away will go all three;
That's your divided duty,
Then back again to me.

BOBBI. Our Bradshaw we will con,
Au fait at that I am,
On the rail and road, and on
The tram, tram, tram.

LARDI. So all along the tramway
You and I will go.
All upon the tramway,
Now the road we know.
We go to find a beauty—
A judge of that I am;
And her we're safe to find,
On the tram, tram, tram.

CHORUS. So all along, &c.

Dance off, L. and R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Ball Room in Katz Castle.*

Music.—*The Scene opens and discovers the CATS in wild revelry—dance—after which, enter, L. U. E., and down c., BOBBINI and MISS Mc TABBY.*

BOBBI. (*aside*) She claws me, sticks to me, she is so grabby,
There is no getting rid of Miss Mc Tabby.

(*aloud*) Tired of dancing—yes!

(about to go—she claws his arm)

MISS M. Oh, no! (*dances*) you see. (*leers at him*)

BOBBI. Charming! (*aside*) Her cat's eyes make sheep's eyes at me.

MISS M. I'll never claw you; see, with fur they're tipped.

BOBBI. I think that I'd prefer them slightly clipped.

MISS M. And when that operation is performed,
I'll be quite powerless—quite claw-reformed.

* BOBBI. QUEEN. DAPPER. LARDI. SPRIGHT. KING. CHAMB.

Bobbini-Bini ! wherefore art thou, that—
 Why has not Nature fashioned you a cat ?
 Why not ? and then you'd ne'er be taken from me.
 Why is your name Bobbini and not Tommy ?

BOBBI. If I had been a Tom as some is.

MISS M. Is 'em ?

BOBBI. I'd have been told it in my *cat-echism*.

MISS M. Then, Tom, we'd have been married.

BOBBI. Oh ! (*aside*) To her !

MISS M. How we would sit upon the hearth and purr.

And you should read some works, say Bulwer
 Lytton's,

To all the pretty little playful, playful kittens.

Delicious thought, to see them play around one.

BOBBI. (*aside*) How angry she would be though, when I
 drown'd one.

MISS M. I'd catch the flashing gold fish with my paw, sir,
 We'd take our milk together from one saucer.

And if we ever quarrelled, ah, then, how

We'd make it up after a slight *mol row*.

Delightful picture.

BOBBI. Yes ; but then, you see
 That what's impossible can never be.

Duet—"Something New."

BOBBI. My dearest Miss Mc Tabby.

MISS M. I don't know what to say.

BOBBI. We'll be married in an abbey.

MISS M. Then you'd better name the day.

I have got money in the funds.

BOBBI. Oh, what is that to me ?

I sneer at sixty thousand pounds.

MISS M. 'Tis twopence half-pennie.

CHORUS. See my beauty, and upon it,

You can write a little sonnet,

And you'll dedicate it to this lovely creature—Miss
 Mc Tabby.

With scrapers and capers, and tapers, in the papers,
 Will your wedding, in the alley, with Miss Mc Tabby
 sure to be. (*they go up and off*)

Enter LARDI DARDI and WHITE CAT, R.

LARDI. So a princess in better days you've been?

W. CAT. They said I was the loveliest ever seen,
And I was called Rosetta.

LARDI. Rosetta! Lor!

Think, like Smith, I've heard the name before.

W. CAT. And shall again, if you have got the nerve
The orders I shall give you to observe.

To take your sword and draw it—I shall stoop,
And kneel as at a block—you with one swoop
Will let it fall upon me—don't turn pale—

And cut off at two blows, my head and tail.

LARDI. I care for you too much—I can't do that.

W. CAT. You care for me! that's good, "care killed a
cat."

Here will I lie. (*goes to sofa*)

LARDI. To kill you and to live myself;
Were I to hurt you, I could not forgive myself.

*Music—the FAIRY of the Dreamy Dell suddenly
appears, l. c.*

I shrink from this the cruellest of tasks.

FAIRY. Prince, if you love her, do just what she asks.

LARDI. You are—

FAIRY. The Fairy of the Dreamy Dell.

LARDI. Dell-ightful—'tis my godmother! quite well?

FAIRY. Off with her head, so much for your Rosetta.

LARDI. I've often taken heads from off a letter—

Asked to collect a lot of stamps for charity;

But twixt her head and those, there's some disparity,
And then her tail, that tail that curves and bends well.

FAIRY. Think of the proverb, Prince—"All's well that
ends well."

She sleeps, she will not feel the slightest pain,

You've only got to cut—she'll come again.

LARDI. Well, you know all about it I suppose,

I poise my sword—you give the sign—here goes.

(*Music—the PRINCE gives two blows—stage dark
—the PRINCESS and couch disappear—cries of
cats—thunder*)

FAIRY. Hark, to the cat-calls!

LARDI. (*in despair*) 'Tis my love who screams.

FAIRY. You'll meet her in the land of Waking Dreams.

(*Music—the scene gradually changes and discovers the land of Waking Dreams—FAIRIES grouped about—the QUEEN FAIRY raised above—the CATS appear restored to their original forms as the PRINCESSES of Scene I.—the PRINCESS ROSETTA stands in r. c., and kneeling at her feet is PRINCE LARDI DARDI*)

LARDI. Ah, I remember now, Princess Rosetta—

Alive and well!

ROSET. I feel a little better.

FAIRY. By the two Princes, King and Queen escorted,
Arrive here, by my fairy train transported.

*Enter, r. and l., KING DAWDLE very much astonished,
QUEEN SEVERA, PRINCES DAPPER and SPRIGHTLY, MISS
MC TABBY, BOBBINI, &c.*

KING. (l. c.) I'm only just awake—where have I been?
(sees ROSETTA)

The loveliest creature that I've ever seen!

LARDI. 'Tis my Princess.

DAPPER. (r. c.) We yield the palm to you.

SPRIGHT. (r.) to PIROUETTA and PAPILLONETTA) And will
you give your palms to us?

PAPIL. & PIROU. We do!

CHAMB. Why, then, off comes your crown. (*to the KING*)

KING. Yes, we'll retire.

LARDI. (r. c.) Retain it by "particular desire,"

Until I want it, and it may be soon.

ROSET. (l. c.) Don't think of it until the honeymoon

Has past—and when the moon is on the wane,

Weather may change, and we might wish for reign.

*Enter MISS MC TABBY, R. U. E., and down, r. c., with
BOBBINI.*

MISS M. It is Bobbini's honeymoon.

BOBIN. That's me.

Talking of honeymoon, here's Mrs. B.

MISS M. I am his young and blushing bride, they tell us
We're so well matched, I'm not the least, sir, jealous.

(*to him, catching him winking at the PRINCESS, R.*)

I saw you wink, you smole a smile, and hid it—

Don't say you didn't, 'cos I saw you did it!

KING. (*to ROSETTA*) Going to be married! oh, you little
puss!

Changed from a cat, of him you've made a goose.

(*to LARDI*) But if you only knew what married life is,
You would be—

QUEEN. (*sternly*) Very happy where your wife is.

LARDI. And, so at last we break the spell, and that

Brings to an end the tale of the White Cat.

Smile—

ROSET. And on the Prince who set her free,
And is Lardi Dardi.

LARDI. And Rosetta.

Finale—Air, "Lardi Dardi Do."

ROSET. 'Tis a very old story in a rather new dress,
And we hope it is none the worse for that,

KING. Of the loves of a prince and a pretty princess,
Who became a little White Cat.

(*DAPPER and SPRIGHTLY to one another*)

And little wee dogs we went to find,
We travelled, so did I, so did you,

BOBBI. And the beautifullest creature we did manage to
find—

MISS T. Oh, dont! for you make me blush, you do.

LARDI. I'm Prince Lardi Dardi—

ALL. You?

LARDI. And I'm sure that's nothing—

ALL. New.

LARDI. And Rosetta she
Will married be,
To her Lardi Dardi

ALL. Do!

CHORUS. { I'm } the Lardi Dardi who
 He's } To his plighted word is true.
 ALL. with Roset. { So, Rosetta, oh,
 Your hand bestow,
 On Prince Lardi Dardi Do,
 And I now bestow,
 My hand 'tis, oh,
 To Prince Lardi Dardi due. (*general jig of joy*)

FAIRIES.

FAIRY.

FAIRIES,

PRINCES & PRINCESSES.

GRUMPI. DWARFS.

PRINCES & PRINCESSES.

BOBBI.

ROSETTA.

LARDI.

TABBY.

QUEEN.

KING.

DAPPER.

CHAMB,
DWARF.

JOK,

L.

PIQU.

R.

Curtain.