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LUCREZIA BORGIA!

AT HOME, AND ALL ABROAD.

A New and Original Burlesque,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF

The Burlesques of "Virginius," "Belphegor," "Harlequin Novelty," "William Tell," &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,) 18

LONDON.

First Performed at the Royal St. James's Theatre, on Easter Monday, April 9th, 1860.

LUCREZIA BORGIA!

AT HOME, AND ALL ABROAD.

The Vocal Music arranged by Mr. FREDERICK KINGSBURG. The Instrumental Music by Mr. GEORGE HAYWARD. The Scenery by Mr. FESOULIER and Assistant's. The Machinery by Mr. CASSIDY and Assistants. The Costumes by MR. MAY and MRS. RANOE. Properties by MR. TURTLE and Assistants. Perrquier, Mr. CLARKSON. The whole under the direction of MR. WILLIAMS.

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LUCREZIA BORGIA.

LUCREZIA BORGIA (*a strong-minded woman of the ancient school, very closely resembling the modern, but devoid of those highly acceptable modifications which are due to the combined influence of the Old Bailey and the New Police—a true picture of a historical personage, according to the drama of Victor Hugo, on which we may remark—Hugo—not*) MR. CHARLES YOUNG.
JOHNNY RAW (known as Gennaro, through the defective pronunciation of his Italian friends—a British shopkeeper, who has left for awhile the counter-tenor of his way, and is travelling on the Continent for his pleasure, but so far as we can perceive, does not find it—a decided victim, but one whom the author would not sacrifice on any account) Miss WYNNDHAM.
ORSINI (bosom friend of the last named, whose representative on this occasion is clearly not all-bony—a young gentleman whose connection with the plot is not clear[†]; but who, in consideration of his long and faithful services ('in the Opera) will always be retained on the establishment) ... Miss EMILY SCOTT.

ALFONSO (Duke of Ferrara, and spouse of Lucrezia, the dignity of one position scarcely compensating for the discomfort of the other—continually playing double, since in his domestic relations he is both second fiddle and base—in fact, at last off-his-gidis) Miss CECILIA RANOE.

GAZELLA } (*Youths of small parts but wonderful abilities, bankrupt in purse according to their own account, but, as is frequently the case, apparently all the better for it,* { Miss ALICE EVANS.
LIVERO ITTO } *and introduced into the piece for the benefit of the Act*) Miss NELLY MOORE.
PETRUCCI } Miss JULIA ASHTON,
VITELLOZZO } Miss MILLER.

GUBETTA (General Commission Agent, specially retained by Lucrezia. Fraud, manslaughter, and other fancy works, executed with secrecy and despatch. N.B.—Ring the top bell, and the proprietor's neck afterwards—he deserves it) Mr. COCKRILL.

RUSTIGHELI (Alfonso's right-hand man—apparently Prime Minister, and certainly first Robber, probably combining the two functions, an achievement not without a parallel in History) Mr. JAMES FRANCIS.

PIETRO ASTOLFO { (Italian Braves who long for an English cheer) { Mr. LEVER.
 LUIGI CORNARO } { Mr. FORREST.
 USHER Mr. CRAXFORD.
 CUPBEARER Mr. TOMLINS.
 Mr. KEELEY.
 Mr. SMITH.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE FIRST.—**TERRACE OF THE PALAZZO GRIMANI, VENICE.**

Novel Scenic Illusion—That which appears to be a moist ocean, is in reality Adriatic.

C R A N D C A R N I V A L F E T E,

BY MISS CLARA MORGAN, (*From the Royal English Opera,*)

MISS MASKELL, MISS CAROLINE MACREADY, AND THE CORPS DE BALLET.

A tourist's reflections slightly tinged with British prejudice—The mysterious stranger—Remarkable instance of love at first sight, without the slightest excuse for it—An unpleasant interruption, leading to astounding revelations—New version of the favourite Comedy of "Masks and Faces."

SCENE SECOND.—**CORRIDOR IN THE DUCAL PALACE, FERRARA.**

Touching example of conjugal dissatisfaction—A terrible warning to "Persons about to Marry," though of course they will not profit by it.

SCENE THIRD.—**PUBLIC PLACE IN FERRARA.**

The English tourist follows the universal example of his Countrymen when Abroad, and defaces a Public monument.

SCENE FOURTH.—**A STREET IN FERRARA.**

Birds of prey in perplexing collision—An ancient Italian difficulty solved by the same means as the modern one—Annexation of the stranger, without the consent of the Five Great Powers, or his own.

TERRIFIC BROAD-SWORD COMBAT!

SCENE FIFTH.

CERAMBIER IN THE DUCAL PARADE.

The excited heroine comes here a-whining—The trap is baited, but the wrong bird is caught—Touching interview, touching the prisoner—Stirrup cup, which produces a greater Stir-up than was anticipated.

SCENE SIXTH.—**A STREET IN FERRARA.**

The Duchess in a melan-cholic state, which being the result of her conduct's natural fruit, evidently springs from her getting her dessert—Somewhat relieved, she unburdens her heart in an **ORIGINAL COMIC SONG**, composed by M.R. F. KINGSBURY.

SCENE SEVENTH.—**SALOON IN THE HALLS OF NEWGROVE.**

BACHANALIAN REWEL, by MISS CLARA MORGAN,

MISS MASKELL, MISS CAROLINE MACREADY, AND THE CORPS DE BALLET.

The end of the feast proves the beginning of the fray—Series of startling incidents terminating in a climax, which must be seen to be appreciated, which it is hoped it will be.

LUCREZIA BORGIA TRAVESTIE.

SCENE FIRST.—*Terrace of the Palazzo Grimani, on the Canal of the Giudecca, Venice—moonlight. A stone bench, L. MASQUERADERS discovered passing to and fro.*

Grand Carnival Fete,

By Miss Clara Morgan, Miss Caroline Macready, Miss Maskell, and the Corps de Ballet.

Enter ORSINI, GUBETTA, GAZELLA, VITELLOZZO, PETRUCCI, and LIVEROTTO, afterwards JOHNNY RAW.

ORSINI. Beautiful Venice!

JOHNNY. Pshaw!—Fiddlededee!

Venice, forsooth!—London's the place for me.

ORSINI. London! You've nothing there but fogs and vapours.

JOHNNY. We have.

ORSINI. What?

JOHNNY. Income tax and penny papers.

ORSINI. The sun ne'er shines.

JOHNNY. How very green you are.

We want no sun; our gaslight's brighter far.

ORSINI. No Carnival.

JOHNNY. Absurd! You ought to know,

No Carnival can match our Lord Mayor's Show.

ORSINI. Your wine's so dear.

JOHNNY. It's cheap now as your own,

For which all merry bricks thank one Glad-stone.

ORSINI. Then look at our police.

JOHNNY. Aye, there's the bore,

Each step you can't help looking at a score;

While some hide with a prudence so bewitchin',

You catch no glimpse of them, save in the kitchen.

ORSINI. You're prejudiced; but still, if not pragmatic,
You'll own you've nothing like the Adriatic.

JOHNNY. Such silly boasting common sense condemns.

The Adriatic! Pooh! we've got the Thames.

For navigation, perhaps, your stream may do,

But our's finds us in perfumery too.

GAZEL. I'm sorry for you.

JOHNNY. Why?

GAZEL. Because you'll find
Ferrara still less suited to your mind.

ORSINI. He'll get the blues ere he's been there a day,
And sigh for Venice ven-he's far away.

GUBET. Oh no; while there Alfonso great shall reign,
You'll find all fun so great you can't complain;
Lucretia Borgia too—

GAZEL. Hush!

PETRUC. Hush!

VITEL. Hush!

LIVER. Hush!

QRSINI. Don't mention her, I pray—you make me blush.

GUBET. Why so?

ORSINI. A swindling vagabond!

GUBET. For shame!

That's not a happy title for a dame.

ORSINI. My reason, perhaps, your appetite 'll crave.

JOHNNY. Your prosy narratives I wish you'd waive.

GAZEL. Be quiet, do; we want to hear the fun.

JOHNNY. I'll take a nap; just wake me when you've done.

(lies on bench, l. and composes himself to sleep, the rest gather round ORSINI)

Song.—ORSINI. Air, "Billy Taylor."

Once, on a morning most unlucky,

Lucrezia Borgia came to me,

Bade me invest, if I was plucky,

In her joint-stock company.

Chorus, dubious.

But at last the company I'd trusted

Two pence in the pound did pay;

So, I've cause to be disgusted

With the false Lucretia.

Chorus, lachrymose.

GAZEL. Cheer up!—a dance will raise your spirits soon.

(dance music without, "La Danza Invitaci")

ORSINI. That tune sounds like a hop—how hop-portune.

(MASQUERADE enter from all sides, they surround
ORSINI and the rest and lead them off, leaving JOHNNY
RAW asleep on bench—GUBETTA is going, but stops
when he sees LUCREZIA and remains at back)

Music.—Enter LUCREZIA from gondola, she comes down and looks at JOHNNY.

LUCRE. Oh, bliss supreme!—oh, unexpected joy!—

Oh, rapture!—happiness without alloy!—

Oh, extasy!—oh, everything that's nice!

I wouldn't sell my luck at any price.

Seraphic youth! at length my eyes I feast

On thy sweet visage. (*sees GUBETTA*) Who's that ugly beast?

GUBET. (R.) What, don't you know me?

LUCRE. (R. C.) Yes, of course I do;

The phrase I used showed that I knew 'twas you.

GUBET. Is't thus you greet your friend—your trusty spy?

Won't you say how d'ye do, then?

LUCRE. Faith, not I.

No need with compliments my speech to fetter;

I left you well, and now I find Gubetta.

What brings you here?

GUBET. Business.

LUCRE. That's not explicit.

Come, quick! explain the motive of this visit.

GUBET. Another of your companies smashed last night.

LUCRE. Which?

GUBET. The Electro Bath for washing niggers white.

LUCRE. What are the assets?

GUBET. Nothing.

LUCRE. That's a pity.

GUBET. They whisper queer things of you in the City.

Shareholders talk about indictments.

LUCRE. Pshaw!

How can beggars afford to go to law?

Besides, they couldn't touch me. Legislation
Defines my case—"Unlucky Speculation."

GUBET. In other quarters things are looking queer,

Our Loan Company's insolvent, and I fear

Your foes have burked, by raising a vile schism,

Your scheme for milking cows by magnetism.

LUCRE. No matter; here's the man will set all right.

GUBET. Who may he be?

LUCRE. That question's impolite.

A friend of mine.

GUBET. A lover?

LUCRE. Oh, dear no!

GUBET. Indeed! you followed him to Venice, though;

The duke suspects—

LUCRE. I know; his indignation

Found vent this morning in a fierce oration;

No end of eloquence, and lots of bile,
John Bright, with a strong sprinkling of Carlyle.

GUBET. It's evident his highness smells a rat.

LUCRE. Of course.

GUBET. Have you no fear, then?

LUCRE. Fear! What's that?

Cease talk and stick to business, you'd better;
No gambler has such luck as a Jew better.

Exit GUBETTA, R.
(advances and gazes on JOHNNY RAW) The moon upon his
brow her pale beam pours:

He sleeps—in fact, I may observe, he snores.
Oh! what a blissful destiny 'twould be
To be transformed into a lively flea!
To hop and skip upon his downy cheek,
And in the blue veins plunge my little beak,
Or, something more ethereal than that,
To take the semblance of a sportive gnat,
And hum around his nose. No; that can't be,
All the world knows that there's no hum in me.

(takes off mask, and fans herself)

Song.—LUCREZIA.—Air, "Com' e bello."

Com' e bello, charming fellow,
Than Italians much less yellow;
Idol of my heart's own choosing,
Graceful even when he's snoozing,
In my swift gondola cruising.
What a lucky chance that I

Air, "Come where my love lies dreaming."

Came where my love lies dreaming,
Wrapt in his mantle's ample fold;
Though I'm afraid, that he's extremely
Likely to catch a shocking cold.

LUCRE. What passion is't that makes me feel so funny?

Is't love? Yes—but I fear it's love of money!
Of this young man I've heard, a score of times,
That he's "Own Correspondent" to the *Times*.
A line from him to puff my various schemes
Would make me rich beyond my wildest dreams.
To fill my purse I'll simulate a flame:
I'm not the first who's tried that little game!
If I could wake him, now—

(puts on mask and kisses Johnny's hand—chord—he starts up and kneels to her)

JOHNNY. (L. C.) Enchanting maid !

LUCRE. (R. C.) Don't, sir—you really make me quite afraid.

JOHNNY. All things in you the high-born dame bespeak ;

Your voice, your form, and your extensive cheek.

At the first glimpse of those resistless charms,

With rapture I'd have wrapt yer in my arms.

LUCRE. Be quiet, do.

JOHNNY. My passion, pray, requite ;

Perfection's pink, smile on this hapless wight.

I love you !

LUCRE. Do you mean it ?

JOHNNY. Honour bright !

LUCRE. Better than all the world besides ?

JOHNNY. Not quite.

LUCRE. I see it all—my rage I cannot smother

For love—ha, ha !

JOHNNY. I don't—I love my mother.

LUCRE. Your mother !—who was she ?

JOHNNY. I'm not quite sure ;

My pedigree is painfully obscure.

My mother's missing, and I'm doubtful, rather,

Whether I really ever had a father.

Song—JOHNNY.—Air, "Di Pescatore Ignoble."

Kicking and squealing on the ground.

Not far from Jack Straw's Castle,

T'was p'etty child a party found,

Packed in a paper parcel.

Quickly the bundle the man untied,

And my cries never heeding,

Instantly set about reading

A paper he found inside.

It was a notice in black and white,

Spelt quite as ill as may be,

That any body was welcome quite

To find and keep the baby :

And as of names it must take one,

It was quite welcome to do so ;

Smith, Brown, or Jones, or Robinson,

Or even Robinson Crusoe.

LUCRE. (*aside*) That hint perhaps some day I may make use of.

JOHNNY. I fear I must myself have made a goose of.

I knew a sympathising heart was there,

From the kind simper thy sweet lips did wear ;

And all my dreary isolation fled

Before the tears thy eyes so late have shed.

LUCRE. Dear youth—

JOHNNY. Stop—answer me, without a flam,
Are you a householder?

LUCRE. Of course I am.
I've got a chateau—quite a paradise,
With garden, too, and summer house.

Enter ORSINI, PETRUCCI, GAZELLA, VITELLOZZO, LIVERETTO, and MASQUERADERS, from different sides.

JOHNNY. How nice!
To rail at such bliss would be unbecoming.

Gladly—

LUCRE. I must be gone—somebody's coming.

JOHNNY. One word before we part. Give me your card.

LUCRE. Can't.

JOHNNY. Do.

LUCRE. Shan't.

JOHNNY. Pray.

LUCRE. Won't.

JOHNNY. Come, that's rather hard.

Tell me your name.

LUCRE. On that I must be dumb.

ORSINI. Must you? Well then, I'll do it for you, mum.
I know you well, fair lady.

LUCRE. (aside) Goodness gracious!

(aloud) Don't listen to his calumnies mendacious.

I think I'd better go. (going, L.)

ORSINI. (dragging her back) Oh, no you don't.

LUCRE. Protect me, love—they'll kill me.

JOHNNY. (crosses, L. C.) No, they won't.

Dastardly ribalds! villains! nothing less,

The man who harms a woman in distress,

Deserves—

ORSINI. I think I've heard that said before.

We want to introduce ourselves—no more.

I was rich once, ma'am; now my fortune wrecked is,
By the lies of your British Bank prospectus.

VITEL. I, too, was wealthy; empty now my purse is,
Through buying shares in your Grand Balloon Busses.

LIVER. I lost all in the company formed by you,
For putting comets out with mountain dew.

PETRUC. I was completely ruined by your scheme
To warm the hearts of Poor Law Boards by steam.

GAZEL. My patrimonial fortune swallowed up is,
By your plan to make pork pies without puppies.

JOHNNY. Gracious! what do I hear?

LUCRE. (*aside*) I'd better faint.

JOHNNY. Who can she be?

ORSINI. (R. C.) Her name is—

LUCRE. No, it ain't.

(*asideto ORSINI*) Don't blab—I'll give you anything you will,
Debentures?—preference shares?—accept a bill?

Only reflect!—I ne'er showed malice towards you.

ORSINI. It's no use, ma'am. (*tearing off LUCREZIA's mask*) Behold Lucretia Borgia!

Concerted Piece.—Air, from "Martha."

GAZEL. Fie, ma'am! most audacious you must be to show
your face.

Fly, ma'am! or, believe me, yours will be an awkward case.

ORSINI. Try, ma'am, for the stranger all your artful snares to
spread.

I, ma'am, give you notice if you do I'll punch your head.

LUCRE. Rude young person, if you dare to show your saucy
airs to me,

From my friend you'll get a thrashing as you'll very quickly see.

JOHNNY. If you ask me whether I mean for you to strike a blow,
I shall be obliged to say emphatically, no.

GAZEL. } Oh, fie! most audacious you must be to show }
your face.

ORSINI. } Quick—fly! or believe me yours will be an awk- }
ward case.

JOHNNY. }

LUCRE. If I don't upon the matter put a brazen face.

Oh, my! I perceive that mine will be an awkward case.

(*Tableau—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Corridor in the Ducal Palace, Ferrara.* Bell
ringing loudly without. COURTIERS running about in great
agitation.

Enter ALFONSO, R., COURTIERS run out, L.

ALFON. Upon my word, this life is unendurable;

Lucretia's idleness seems quite incurable,

Shirts buttonless, no strings to collars, hose,

Through which one gets perspective views of toes;

Dinner an hour late the table put on,

And when it does come, nothing but cold mutton;

The steps not hearthstoned, and no grates black-leaded,

In short, no compensation for being wedded.

Enter LUCREZIA, L., with a newspaper, which she is reading intently.

LUCRE. (R.) The market's tight. Hum ! that makes funds unsteady ;

Bills flush, but a great scarcity of ready.

Japanese Three per Cents. not to be got

In sale for Spanish Bonds. I should think not !

Atlantic Telegraphs are looking queer.

ALFON. (L.) Will you oblige me, ma'am, by looking here ?

LUCRE. Oh, you're here, are you ? What's the matter now ?

ALFON. I've not the slightest wish to make a row—

LUCRE. Indeed ! Then why the devil do you do it ?

ALFON. Unless you change your conduct soon you'll rue it.

From morn till night you ought to hem and stitch,

If you're a wife you should behave as such.

Sew buttons on my shirt.

LUCRE. Alas ! I know so.

ALFON. My collars hem.

LUCRE. The prospect's very sew-sew.

ALFON. Mend my old clothes, then they're as good as new.

And darn my hose.

LUCRE. No, darn me if I do.

ALFON. Besides, to more than this your fault amounts.

You ought to cook.

LUCRE. Well, don't I cook accounts ?

But I'm a faithful spouse.

ALFON. You needn't brag.

A spouse ! You know you're nothing but a stag.

LUCRE. This change of phraseology is queer.

A stag ! You used to say I was a dear ;

In our young days you were not such a swaggerer.

A stag ! Oh my ! that epithet's a staggerer !

Enter RUSTIGELLO at the beginning of the last speech, he makes signs to ALFONSO, who does not see him at first, at last he perceives him, and goes to him.

Well, that's polite ! It's cruelly you use me.

ALFON. Important business, love—you must excuse me ;

Go, dear—I'm sure the cook and housemaid crave you.

LUCRE. I never saw such scandalous behaviour ;

I've half a mind to hit you.

ALFON. Stay—beware ;

Of course you know that's a police affair.

LUCRE. Fudge ! by such nonsense I'm not to be caught.

ALFON. The law protects me.

LUCRE. Nothing of the sort.

Wife beaters get six months by the new Act ;
But the law don't say husbands mayn't be whacked.

Song—LUCREZIA.—Air, “Limerick Races.”

At a simple country lass
You might dare to poke your fun, sir ;
But of wives resigned and meek,
You'll find that I'm not one, sir.
Oh ! if with saucy airs
You put me in a passion,
You will find I'll serve you out
In a pugilistic fashion,
With a whack upon your nose,
Teach you, sir, your duty, oh !
With a whack upon your nose,
Damage, sir, your beauty, oh !

Exit LUCREZIA, R.

ALFON. I love her as some rulers in existence
Love freedom—best when at the greatest distance.
Well, Rustighello, what's the news ?

RUSTIG. Not good :
The Englishman's arrived.

ALFON. I thought he would.
Where does he lodge ?

RUSTIG. Next door. Confound his cheek.

RUSTIG. If you'd be fort'nate, now, don't be too weak.

ALFON. Entice him here adroitly—don't alarm him ;
When once I've caught the vagabond, I'll warm him.

RUSTIG. To see him trounced I own I shouldn't grieve :
I'll press him ; but suppose he takes French leave !—
It's like enough—these English are queer chaps.

ALFON. Then force him.

RUSTIG. Hum !—he may resist, perhaps.

ALFON. Provide yourself with cords, and—pshaw ! how green !
The phrase you used suggests the thing I mean ;
To find the word my memory seems to lag.
French leave—press—French press—ha ! I mean a gag !

Exeunt ALFONSO, R., RUSTIGHELLO, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*Public Place in Ferrara; flight of steps, L., leading to Palace, on door of which is inscribed “Borgia;” house, R.*

Enter from house, R., JOHNNY RAW, ORSINI, GAZELLA PETRUCCI, VITELLOZZO, and LIVERETTO; GUBETTA enters L., and remains at back.

JOHNNY. Nonsense, man, don't go yet.

ORSINI. We must, old fellow;
It looks like rain, and we've got no umbrella.

JOHNNY. Well, then, good bye, friends all—heigho!

ORSINI. Come, come,
Cheer up, lad—what's the use of looking glum?
What cause has made you the reverse of merry?
Is it remorse?

JOHNNY. Oh no! it's too much sherry.

ORSINI. To-night you know the fair Princess Negroni
Invites us all to eat our macaroni;
If any one's left out by oversight,
Just let him tell me, and I'll make it right.

PETRUC. I've got my card.

VITEL. And I.

GAZEL. And I.

GUBET. (*advancing, L.*) I too.

GAZEL. Bless me, you're quite a stranger!—how d'ye do?

(*all crowd round GUBETTA, except JOHNNY and ORSINI*)
JOHNNY. (R. C., aside to ORSINI) Dy'e see that man?—I fancy
he's a spy.

ORSINI. (R.) Absurd!—he's a gay spark, like you and I.

JOHNNY. I've my doubts: mark his manner supercilious.

ORSINI. Fiddlesticks! I see how it is;—you're bilious.

Song—JOHNNY.—Air, “ Whar do you come from ? ”

He may be a gallant knight,
But I own I'm in a fright,
Though to think that he's a rogue seems extremely impolite;
I suspect his little game,
For he's full of mystery;
And I couldn't find his name
In the Court Directory.

I ask him where he comes from?
Who does he belong to?
Wonder where he's going to!
Fad del um te day.

Oh, Mr. G.! I plainly see
That you're contemplating something disagreeable to me.

(*the rest come down*)

LIVER. Still moping? One would fancy, honour bright,
You'd sat up reading Bradshaw's Guide all night.

GAZEL. I suspect he's in love—perhaps with the Borgia.

JOHNNY. Not to name her I have frequently implored you.
I hate her!

GUBET. Why?

JOHNNY. No more can I smile gaily ;
A dreadful premonition haunts me daily.
Some day she'll get me into such a pickle as
No man was ever in.

GUBET. Don't be ridiculous ;
You shouldn't give way to forebodings gloomy.

JOHNNY. A mortal injury I know she'll do me ;
So that I hate her easily you'll guess,
As despots hate the freedom of the press—
Thieves hate the driver of the prison van—
And old cab horses hate the cat's-meat man.

ORSINI. Hush ! that's her house—on the door see her name !

JOHNNY. Is it ?—then her true nature I'll proclaim.

(goes up steps to door of palace, and with his dagger removes R and A from "BORGIA;" RUSTIGELLO enters, R., and watches him, and then exit)

ORSINI. What are you doing ?

JOHNNY. Read !

ORSINI. The cunning rogue, he
Proclaims that mansion the abode of Bogie.

Concerted Piece.—"Air, "Guerra, guerra!" (Norma)

JOHNNY. Guerra, guerra !
That's, as you're aware, a

Phrase that in plain English means there'll be a jolly row.

ORSINI. There are, there are reasons, if you care a
Dump for freedom, why you ought to cut your lucky now.

JOHNNY. Dare her, scare her !

GAZEL. Nothing could be fairer,
But if you're a prudent man these angry threats you'll cease.

JOHNNY. Scare her ! Tear her !

ORSINI. We must now prepare a
Plan to make our bumptious friend escape from the police.

(Tableau—closed in)

SCENE FOURTH.—A Street.

Enter RUSTIGELLO and four BRAVOES, L.

RUSTIG. Insult the duchess, and her surname lop, too !
It's time this young man's pranks were put a stop to !
Post yourselves here ; when he comes, at him fly,
With one accord cord him accordingly.
Save row by pitch plaster on his mouth sticking,
And in a gondola pop that gone chicken.
Ha ! some one's coming.

Enter GUBETTA, L., he and RUSTIGELLO walk up and down, eyeing each other suspiciously.

What's your business, pray ?

GUBET. (L.) I'm going to stop here till you go away.

RUSTIG. (R.) You won't find that so easy, I should judge,
For till you're gone I don't intend to budge.

GUBET. Who do you seek ?

RUSTIG. The English stranger.

GUBET. Hum !

It's for that individual I've come.

Where would you lead him ?

RUSTIG. To the duke.

GUBET. And I

To take him to the duchess mean to try,

To lunch with her.

RUSTIG. My offer's less inviting ;
The duke will give him, if my guess I'm right in,
A chop, when on the block his head he lays,
Or a nice stake, with faggots in a blaze.

GUBET. We can't both have him.

RUSTIG. True.

GUBET. I shan't back out.

RUSTIG. Nor I.

GUBET. Then the dilemma's, without doubt,
A Gordian knot.

RUSTIG. Your logic you've forgot.

How can it be at once gaudy an' not ?

One trifling fact you've overlooked, it's true ;

There's five of us, and only one of you.

GUBET. You'll not use violence ?

RUSTIG. Oh, dear me, no ;—

I'll knock you down if you resist me, though ;

And, much as I respect you as a pal,

Pitch your old carcase into the canal.

GUBET. I'm brave ; but though of danger I'm a scorner,
On second thoughts, I'll just step round the corner.
It's not your menaces I care for, mind you,
But I don't like the men as is behind you.

Exit GUBETTA, L.

(*Music.—RUSTIGELLO posts BRAVOES in entrances, R. L., and R. 2 E.—JOHNNY enters, L. 2 E, another BRAVO goes, L. 2 E.—JOHNNY meets RUSTIGELLO and tries to escape, but is met at each entrance by a BRAVO—broad sword combat between JOHNNY and RUSTIGELLO—JOHNNY is dragged off, L.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Chamber in the Ducal Palace. Table with two arm chairs, R.; large door, C.; secret door, R. U. E.; door, L.*

Enter ALFONSO, R. and RUSTIGELLO, L.

ALFON. Is the bird caught?

RUSTIG. We've got him safe outside.

ALFON. 'Tis well. By my directions now abide:

In my wine cellar you'll find sherry, port,
And also stuff of quite another sort.

To taste that don't be tempted ; if you do,
My worthy friend, it's all U P with you.

When the bell rings, two flagons hither fetch—
Sherry for me, poison for that young wretch.

To fill my flagon mind which flask you take.

RUSTIG. Is't the Red Vial?

ALFON. No, for mercy's sake.

Enter USHER, L. U. E.

USHER. The Duchess.

ALFON. Quick ! to do do my bidding, fly !

And, an' you love me, friend, just mind your eye.

Exit RUSTIGELLO, C.

Enter LUCREZIA, L. U. E., she walks about in great agitation.

Exit USHER, L. U. E.

Good gracious, love, you're troubled ! What's the matter ?
Is't wine or wrath ?

LUCRE. (R.) Decidedly the latter.

Come hither, hubby. Hubby, there's a man
Who to insult your spouse has laid a plan.

I know him not, but he's to me a viper ;
Lead him a dance, love, and I'll pay the piper.

Garotte him !

ALFON. (C.) Eh ?

LUCRE. Poison him !

ALFON. Count it done. (*rings bell on table*)

Enter RUSTIGELLO and GUARDS with JOHNNY, C.

LUCRE. You duck ! Now I feel ripe for any fun.

ALFON. Safe in my custody the saucy cone is.

The prisoner !

LUCRE. (*turns and sees JOHNNY—aside, R.*) Ye gods and young anchovies !

ALFON. (*at table*) You don't seem comfortable, dear. I think
That at the prisoner I saw you wink.

LUCRE. I didn't.

ALFON. (*sits L. of table*) What, deny it? Fie, for shame!

LUCRE. (*sits R of table*) I don't know him. Now, Mr. What's-his-name,
What's your offence?

RUSTIG. (L. C.) The charge-sheet I produce
Accuses him of treason, ma'am.

LUCRE. The deuce!
The overt act—say, what the devil is it?
When? Where? How? Why? What? Come, man, be explicit;
If you know—which I don't believe you do—
Go on.

RUSTIG. An hour ago—

LUCRE. It isn't true!

RUSTIG. This man—

LUCRE. That's false!

RUSTIG. Maliciously—

LUCRE. Speak out!
That you're quite sober, seriously I doubt.

RUSTIG. Defaced—

LUCRE. Absurd!

RUSTIG. The name—

LUCRE. You hesitate!

RUSTIG. Upon—

LUCRE. Well, what?

RUSTIG. Your highness's door-plate;
I saw him do it, sixty minutes since.

LUCRE. The man prevaricates, most gracious prince;
Just now he said an hour.

ALFON. Pray, sweet, keep cool.

LUCRE. He's innocent!

JOHNNY. (L.) I'm not.

LUCRE. (*aside*) The little fool!
(aloud) Remove him!—with the duke I must confer.

ALFON. (*aside*) Now for a pleasant tête-à-tête with her.

Trio—LUCREZIA, ALFONSO, and JOHNNY.

Air, "Deh con te."

LUCRE. I perceive I'm in an awkward scrape,
So my husband I mean to gammon nicely.

ALFON. From my angry spouse 'ere I escape;
I'm lucky if she doesn't tear my eyes out.

JOHNNY. I shall make but a single observation,
Which expresses my sentiments precisely.

Air, "Skid-a-ma-link."

Skid-a-ma-link, ri tooral lay,
 Skid-a-ma-link, tol li do ;
 Skid-a-ma-link, ri tooral lay,
 Skid-a-ma-link, tol li do. (*repeat ensemble*)

Exeunt RUSTIGHELLO, L. U. E. ; GUARDS and JOHNNY, C.

ALFON. (L. C.) Well, love, what is it ?

LUCRE. One small boon I crave ;—
 That young man's life !

ALFON. Can't—he's booked for a grave.

LUCRE. Pray !

ALFON. His death didn't you yourself implore ?

LUCRE. Did I ?

ALFON. Of course.

LUCRE. A mere whim—nothing more.

ALFON. I've sworn. To break an oath is not the thing.

LUCRE. An oath ! pshaw !—you forget that you're a king.

At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs, they say ;

Some kings I know must make him laugh all day.

You'll pardon him ?

ALFON. No, hang me if I do.

LUCRE. What makes you so inveterate ?

ALFON. What ?—why you.

The cause of your deep interest I discover ;

That vile young reprobate, ma'am, is your lover.

LUCRE. With maiden modesty, I say—'taint true.

(aside) My stars and garters ! what am I to do ?

If he should die, to airy nothing turn all

My hopes of figuring in the leading journal.

Visions of wealth are made dissolving views,

And hopes of puffs puffed away in two twos.

(aloud, kneeling) To melt your heart of steel, see me a
 kneeling.

ALFON. Vain thought ! steel is made harder by annealing.

LUCRE. Then you won't pardon him ?

ALFON. Not if I know it.

LUCRE. Since that's the case, my friend, I mean to go it.

Aye, turn your nose up, do. No words can speak
 The sanguinary vengeance I shall wreak.

A cat's a gentle creature—so am I ;

That is, if we're both treated properly ;

But puss when vexed is dang'rous—you know why ;

She's claws can scratch and tear—and so have I.

Tremble ! for if you make me shew my talons,

You'll see the blood that I shall shed by gallons.

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine"—

ALFON. That's Shakspere's. (*crosses, R.*)

LUCRE. Well, I didn't say 'twas mine.

What, you defy me? Poor deluded man!

I'll make your life a torment, if I can;

Turn the house topsy-turvy, till you'll say,

It seems like one perpetual washing day.

No mutton, beef, or any sort of meat;

But Thorley's food for cattle you shall eat.

Stale bread—sour milk—no sugar in your tea—

For butter, dripping—coffee, chicory.

I'll poison you, at least I mean to try it,

By feeding you on an unwholesome diet.

Song—LUCREZIA. Air, "Topsy's Song."

Another girl I'd like to see

Who's half as great a Turk as me,

But I believe there's no such she.

Ching a-ring a-ring a-rinkin.

My husband's threats I laugh to scorn,

Until at last the wretch forlorn

Will curse the stars he e'er was born.

Oh, golly! ain't I wicked!

So, hubby dear, your manners mend;

To have your own way don't pretend,

Or, take my word, that in the end—

Ching a-ring a smash you'll break down.

LUCRE. (R.) Well, by this time I guess you've changed your mind.

ALFON. (R. C.) Excuse me, I've done nothing of the kind.

I'll have you locked up, madam, if you bluster.

LUCRE. My pocket handkerchief!

(ALFONSO gives her a cloth from table)

No; that's a duster.

ALFON. He dies, and by your hand.

LUCRE. Oh, fatal noose!

ALFON. You needn't hang him, love, unless you choose.

I think just now you mentioned the garotte;

Will you try that?

LUCRE. I'd really rather not.

ALFON. 'Tis needless; Rustighello's gone in quest

Of a fit draught for this obnoxious guest—

The Borgia poison.

LUCRE. Gracious me! which sort?

ALFON. The deadliest of all—publican's port.

LUCREZIA sinks in chair, R. of table—ALFONSO goes to door,

GUARDS enter with JOHNNY.

Young man, your conduct hasn't been correct;
 Hanging's the least you've a right to expect—
 But since our spouse deigns to be your protector,
 You're free.

LUCRE. (*aside*) He lies like any bank director.

JOHNNY. (L.) Such tidings I did not think you'd announce.

(*aside*) I'll try and do a little bit of bounce.

(*aloud*) But gratitude, at least, your wrath should fetter.

ALFON. How so?

JOHNNY. Because it happens you're my debtor.

I've risked some cash, 'mongst other foolish ventures,
 In Lombardo-Venetian debentures.

ALFON. No; have you though?

LUCRE. (*aside to ALFONSO*) You hear; think of that loan

He lent. Relent, and pray leave him alone.

Forgive him, dearest, pray, you'll not repent it.

ALFON. (*aside to LUCREZIA*) Forgive him!—don't I look as if
 I meant it?

(*aloud*) Wilt drink?

JOHNNY. With pleasure.

ALFON. (*aside*) Now he's in my clutches!

(*rings—then aloud to LUCREZIA*)

You'll be our Hebe, my most charming duchess.

JOHNNY. (*aside*) Hum! that seems odd, unless false all I see be?

She's feminine—how can she be a he-be?

*Enter RUSTIGELLO, l. u. e., with a salver, on which are a gold
 and a silver flag n, and goblets.*

ALFON. (*aside to LUCREZIA*) Mind, the gold vase the poison
 holds. Beware!

LUCRE. (*aside*) If I could poison him I shouldn't care.

ALFON. Wilt please you fill for me, sweet love?

(*LUCREZIA is about to fill his goblet from the gold vase, he
 turns and sees her*)

(*aside to LUCREZIA*) Ah! would you?

LUCRE. (*aside to ALFONSO*) Excuse me, dear, I quite mis-
 understood you.

(*fills goblet from silver vase, and hands it to ALFONSO*)

ALFON. Now for our guest.

LUCRE. (*aside*) Alas! if he should see

I've pisoned him, he'll be despisin' me.

*Trio.—LUCREZIA, ALFONSO, and JOHNNY.—Air, “Take this
 cup of sparkling wine.”*

ALFON. Take that saucy spark the wine,
 Cheap it is, and far from nice,
 In the doctored mess combine,
 Sloes and logwood, drugs and spice.

LUCRE. Pangs the coldest heart would move,
Pierce my bosom like a pin,
But I must pretend to grin.

Quaffing that unpleasant drink,
Soon his spasms will reveal
Something very like, I think,
The joy my spirits feel.

JOHNNY. Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon is shining bright as day ;
Well, this tune was known to me
In my early infancy.

Though I've heard it in a bran new opera.

(repeat ensemble)

(fills goblet from gold vase, and gives it to JOHNNY)

ALFON. Here's your good health, friend. (drinks)

JOHNNY. (drinks) Sre, you do me proud

LUCRE. (aside) I'm sorry sticking husbands ain't allowed.

ALFON. (aside) He's dished ! (aloud) I leave you—business
you know ;

Have a chat with the duchess 'ere you go.

Exeunt ALFONSO and RUSTIGHELLO, L. U. E.

LUCRE. (l. c.) A ray of hope shoots through my fevered brain.

JOHNNY. (r. c.) Oh ! In my side I feel a sudden pain.

LUCRE. You're poisoned, wretched youth !

JOHNNY. Is this a joke ?

LUCRE. Alas ! for you 'twill prove more like a choke,
And I, unhappy creature that I am,

Without a scruple gave the fatal dram.

But take this antidote.

JOHNNY. Your game I see ;
With aunty-dotes don't try to cozen me.

LUCRE. It's nothing but a lozenge, hapless lad,—
A "cough no more."

JOHNNY. Oh, dear ! I'm very bad.

LUCRE. Swallow it quick !

JOHNNY. Perhaps 'twill make me worse.
Oh, you vile woman !

LUCRE. I deserve your curse.
Make haste—your pallid look my feelings shocks ;
Take one, if you like you may keep the box.
Think of the duke, 'ere half a minute's past he
May perhaps return.

LUCRE. Saved, saved !

JOHNNY. (takes lozenge) Oh, ain't it precious nasty !

JOHNNY. Not quite so fast. The duke—

LUCRE.

Bless me !

That's true, he may return immediately,
So, as you'd be in peril in that 'ere case,
Just make your exit by the private staircase.

(*Music—pushes out JOHNNY by door, R. U. E.*)

Enter ALFONSO and RUSTIGELLO, L. U. E.

ALFON. Not here ? Where have you put the body, ducky ?

LUCRE. Villain ! Ha, ha ! Your victim's cut his lucky !

(*RUSTIGELLO rushes out*)

Duet.—LUCREZIA and ALFONSO.—Air from Fra Diavolo.

ALFON. Perfidious wretch, this instant say
Which way you let the victim out,
Or else on you my rage I'll vent,
And vainly for mercy you will sigh.

LUCRE. I knew there'd be the deuce to pay,
That I don't care a pin about ;
But since you ask which way he went,
I've no objection to reply.

Air, " Diddle cum do."

Diddle cum do, diddle cum do,
Diddle cum, diddle cum, diddle cum do,
Diddle cum do, diddle cum do,
Diddle cum, diddle cum do.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE SIXTH.—A Street.

Enter RUSTIGELLO, GUBETTA, and BRAVOES, L.

RUSTIG. We're on his track. Let's to the duke make known he
Will sup to-night with the Princess Negroni.

He'll give us the reward ; and I must say,
I think we've very fairly earned our pay.

I hear a step ! Let's watch and see who this is.

GUBET. We'd best evaporate, lads—it's the missis.

RUSTIG. She's in a rage !—observe her fiendish grin !

GUBET. Yes ; she's put out, because she's been let in.
She's cashed a bill for a deceitful man ;

And, when it had done running, he began.

RUSTIG. Come, from the spot let's quick as lightning pelt.

Exeunt, R.

Enter LUCREZIA, L.

LUCRE. Oh ! that dishonoured notes of hand would melt,

Thaw, and dissolve themselves when overdue,
 And never leave the holder time to sue ;
 Or, that in pickle no such sharp rod lay
 As the unpleasant writ called a ca sa.
 How weary, flat, unprofitable, stale,
 To kick one's heels inside a debtor's gaol !
 Fie on't ! 'Tis an unweeded garden clearly ;
 Blackguards and seedy swells possess it merely.
 That it should come to this ! At two months' date !—
 No, not two months ; six weeks is less than eight.
 So excellent a bill ! The blow will floor me !
 Is this a bailiff that I see before me,
 A capias in his hand ? Come, let me dodge thee ;
 Or, in a sponging house I know thou'l lodge me.
 I've turned my back, and yet I see thee still !
 Can'st thou then be two gentlemen at will ?
 Or art thou but a grim dissolving view—
 A phantom officer—in short, a do ?
 I see thee yet—so palpable in form,
 My prospects seem uncomfortably warm.
 Thou marshall'st me to Whitecross Street, I see,
 Clutching protested bills endorsed by me ;
 Indictments, too, for fraud and false pretences !
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else I'm tight ! I see thee still, my man ;
 And by thy side appears the prison van,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing !
 Tune up ! I'll sing a song an emperor sings.

Song—LUCREZIA. Original Air, F. Kingsbury.

With no cash in our exchequer
 We may still keep up our pecker ;
 For some folks oppress our sympathy proclaim,
 • And with their rulers have a bout of it.
 Our intention's to conceal a bit,
 To their patriotism appeal a bit,
 Brave Italian hearts provoke
 To spurn a foreign yoke,
 And then of their dominions steal a bit.
 Though some people impolitely,
 May declare it knavish slightly,
 When a monarch goes to war for an idea,
 He means to make a trifle out of it.

Getting fame on false pretences,
 Some may rank with grave offences ;
 And to gag the press may inconsistent seem,

While of our love of freedom blustering,
 Till the fighting's done we'll wait a bit,
 Then of nature's frontier prate a bit,
 Help our friends to break their chains,
 And of their fair domains,
 Immediately appropriate a bit.
 There's a place in the Old Bailey
 Where they try pickpockets daily ;
 But there's no policeman dares to cry stop thief,
 When emperors go filibustering.

Encore Verse.

There's an island in the ocean
 Which to pounce on we've a notion ;
 On it's white chalk cliffs we'd make a bold descent,
 And all its wealthy cities sack a bit,
 Of our friendly feeling brag a bit,
 Then about some trifles nag a bit,
 Till our army and our fleet
 Were thoroughly complete,
 And then of its possessions bag a bit.
 Though we never stick at trifles,
 There's a thought our purpose stifles,
 'Tis its gallant corps of rifle volunteers—
 Our army they would quickly whack a bit.

Exit.

SCENE SEVENTH.—*A Saloon, lighted and set out for a banquet; couch, L.; terrace, R. and L.*

ORSINI, VITELLOZZO, LIVEROTTO, PETRUCCI, GAZELLA, and
 LADIES seated at table, R.; JOHNNY RAW at the head of the
 table; GUBETTA seated at table, L.

Bacchanalian Revel,

*By Miss Clara Morgan, Miss Caroline Macready, Miss Maskell,
 and the Corps de Ballet.*

Song—JOHNNY RAW.—Air, "Beviamo."

Gaily, new joys creating,
 Sparkles the wine elating ;
 Sometimes inebriating,
 Makes mortals feel unwell.
 While the ruby tide is flowing,
 No physician need repine ;
 How they'd live there is no knowing,
 If we drank no rosy wine.

Fill up, fill up,
Send round the cup.

CHORUS. Gaily, new joys creating,
Sparkles the wine elating.
Fill up, fill up,
Send round the cup.

ORSINI. (R.) A toast, friends—one we all shall drink with zest ;
Here's to the Englishman—our noble guest !

(all drink and applaud)

JOHNNY. (C.) I might say, unaccustomed as I am
To public speaking—but 'twould be a flam,
Really—that is—must say—can't find the word—
Flattered—most charming speech I ever heard—
Grateful—but powers of eloquence not rife—
Proud—honour—happiest moment of my life.

ALL. Bravo !

GUBET. (aside) They're off their guard—so I've a notion
That now's the time to serve the fatal potion.
To save the ladies I'll contrive, somehow,
To drive them out by getting up a row.

GAZEL. (R.) I say—I vote we make Orsini sing.

ALL. A song ! a song !

JOHNNY. (L. C.) Bravo ! the very thing.
Than his sweet poems nothing could be finer.

GUBET. (L.) He write a poem ! pshaw !—a penny-a-liner !

JOHNNY. (L. C.) He's published books.

GUBET. Yes—but could never sell any !
His style's beneath a halfpenny Miscellany.

ORSINI. (crosses, L. C.) Just keep a civil tongue, my friend.

GUBET. Oh, bother !

Come on ! (takes fighting attitude)

ORSINI. Don't hit me, or I'll tell my mother.

LADIES scream and run out, L. from C.

JOHNNY. For shame ! such brawling's vulgar. Folks polite,
Only with small swords or with pistols fight.

A duel's the right thing—though I must own
You'd do well to let that du-el alone.

Bludgeon, and also fist, I call base weapons.

GUBET. Your reasoning's all sophistical, it happens.

CUPBEARER in black enters, C., with tray, on which are a decanter
and small glasses.

Come, let's shake hands. A bumper and the song !

(aside, shaking hands with ORSINI) Killing him's labour
lost—he won't live long.

(aloud) Try this choice cordial—prime, I'm sure, you'll think it.

JOHNNY. It's white!

GUBET. Well, I invited you to drink it.

JOHNNY. Here's your good health, old boy!

GUBET. (aside) Aye, gulp it, do;
That white'll soon be mortal, friends, to you.

(all drink, except GUBETTA, who continually eludes the CUPBEARER, and at last returns up L.)

JOHNNY. (R., aside to ORSINI) Ha! did you mark that?

ORSINI. What?

JOHNNY. I smell a rat.

Gubetta didn't drink.

ORSINI. Well, what of that?

Look at him, man. Why he can scarce stand steady.
He drink! I should think not! He's drunk already.

Song—ORSINI—Air, “The Glorious Vintage of Champagne.”

When income tax we're forced to pay,
Of tenpence in the pound,
And for the hope 'twill end some day
There's not the slightest ground,
One compensation doth remain—
'Tis all you'll get, I fear—
The glorious vintage of champagne
As cheap as ginger beer.

CHORUS. Then let our song have for refrain,
The glorious vintage of champagne.

(chorus without sings “Doodle dum” of “Ratcatcher’s Daughter”)

JOHNNY. What dismal sound comes through the open door?

Surely this ear has heard that air before.

(goes to door and looks out) Unforeseen omen! That was sung, it's clear,

By spirits, for see no men there appear.

ORSINI. It's a lark.

JOHNNY. What?

ORSINI. Not the sweet birds of air,
A deep plot laid is by those ladies fair,
Their project to our merriment adverse is.

JOHNNY. I'll foil their plans.

ORSINI. How?

JOHNNY. To your song add verses.

Song.—JOHNNY.—Air, “The Glorious Vintage of Champagne.”

As one by one fade all the dreams,
On which in youth we dwell ;
Extremely probable it seems
Cheap wine will prove a sell.
For many folks I've heard complain,
And much I fear 'tis true,
That low-priced vintage of champagne
Is cheap and nasty, too.

CHORUS. Then let us carefully refrain
From that cheap vintage of champagne.

(*chorus as before—noise of locking doors—lights gradually go out*)

JOHNNY. Good gracious ! Treachery I scent a mass of ;
Some individual's been and cut the gas off.

ORSINI. I'm frightened ; let's begone.

JOHNNY. Alas ! no way ;
The lights go out, but we're obliged to stay :
No bolt for us save the bolt on the door ;
No beam of hope, but stout beams in the floor.
We're in a trap, and yet no trap I see,
Through which we might regain our liberty ;
To seal our doom no steps to reach the ceiling.

ORSINI. I fear there's been some horrid double-dealing.
Why bring us here ?

Enter LUCREZIA, c., with armed MEN, with torches.

LUCRE. (L. C.) With poisons drink to gorge you.
Ha, ha ! You know me. I'm Lucretia Borgia !
A sorry fete you gave me once, it's true,
But now a sorrier fate's in store for you.
In piteous supplications seek no shelter ;
You pelted me, now I'll go in a pelter.
My vengeance at no vulgar scruples sticks.
Five graves are ready.

JOHNNY. (*advancing, r. c.*) Can't you make it six ?

LUCRE. You here ! No ; it must be some phantom like ye ;
Speak ! is't yourself ?

JOHNNY. I fancy so.

LUCRE. Oh, crikey !
Confusion ! rage ! all manner of emotions !
I've dosed my dearest friend with deadly potions ;
The fatal cup made him drain to the dregs,
And killed the goose that lays the golden eggs.
Quick, slaves ! with those five individuals cut on ;
In half an hour they'll be as dead as mutton.

Tread soft—speak low—raise no alarm—be cautious—
And see them all locked up.

GUBET. Where?
LUCRE. In the wash'us.

Bar up the doors—put bells on all the shutters!
He dies, a word above his breath who mutters.

Away with them! (*exeunt all but LUCREZIA and JOHNNY,*
r. from c.) Oh! best beloved friend!

JOHNNY. (*r. c.*) To guess what all this means I can't pretend.
Rude the suspicion; but I can't help thinking,
. A glass too many you must have been drinking.

LUCRE. (*l. c.*) You're poisoned!

JOHNNY. Eh?
LUCRE. Dead as a door nail!
JOHNNY. Poz?

You must be joking.

LUCRE. Don't I wish I was!
Accursed draught! I meant not to give him any.
That cordial—

JOHNNY. Well?
LUCRE. 'Twas London milk.
JOHNNY. Oh! gemini!
Milk! oh, my! what's occurred is not the cheese;
But I've some lozenges.

LUCRE. Swallow one, please.
Quick, or 'twill be too late!

JOHNNY. (*looking in box*) There's only one.

LUCRE. Take it—the potion has its work begun;
Your veins distend—you're seized with mortal shivering;
Beneath the lash I see your pupils quivering.
Of a volcano you sit on the crater;
Your eyes dilate, and you'll yourself die later.
Quick! every moment sees you grow more haggard.

JOHNNY. And my friends?

LUCRE. Let them die!
JOHNNY. You horrid blackguard!
With them I'll share the antidote.

LUCRE. You can't.
You'll die, then, all alone?

JOHNNY. Oh, no! I shan't.
Unpleasant person! murd'ress of twice three males!
Prepare to die, most merciless of females!
For with this dagger—a type of vengeful fate—

LUCRE. Stop! dagger-o'-types are now quite out of date.
Besides, remorse—

JOHNNY. That feeling I don't know.
I'm just about to stick you.

LUCRE. (*aside*) Here's a go!

(aloud) Don't ! for abstaining you've an urgent reason,
Which I'll explain at some more fitting season.

(aside) I've no lie ready made that seems quite strong enough.
JOHNNY. Your nonsense I think I've endured quite long enough.
Prepare to die !

LUCRE. What ! murder a relation ?

JOHNNY. What do you mean, ma'am, by that observation ?
LUCRE. Think of your mother.

JOHNNY. Ah !

LUCRE. Don't crush the feeling
I see is still so gently o'er you stealing.
Your mother was a female ?

JOHNNY. So I guess.

LUCRE. Then pity this poor female in distress.

JOHNNY. That's not enough.

LUCRE. Hold ! you too are a Borgia.

JOHNNY. What ?

LUCRE. Ah ! I see that information's floored you.
The antidote ! down your throat quickly chuck it !

JOHNNY. My friends —

LUCRE. Ere this, perhaps, they've kicked the bucket.
Think of your mother—take the dose you've got.

JOHNNY. My mother ! she's unknown.

LUCRE. Oh ! no, she's not.

(aside) That lie will do as well as any other.

(aloud) Beloved John, embrace your long-lost mother !

JOHNNY. My ma !

LUCRE. My child !

JOHNNY. Embrace me !

LUCRE. In a trice. (they embrace)

(aside) I found that filial hug extremely nice.

(aloud) Try it again—once more embrace me, please.

JOHNNY. I can't ; you spoke too late—I faint—I freeze !

Song—JOHNNY. Air, "Madre se ognor."

Female, I can't help protesting,

For a mother your conduct is shabby,

Kindly excuse my suggesting,

It was cruel to poison your babby.

Support me, there's a dear,

I feel so very queer.

Oh, dear !

(falls on couch, l.)

LUCRE. He dies ! and all my hopes of leading articles
Are shivered into several tiny particles.

What's this ? I think I'm getting idiotic !

My brain whirls—my ideas become chaotic !

I see strange things—ho, ho ! I'm in Cheapside !

There's a saloon bus—hoi ! It's full inside !

What's that? a mob? "Police!" cried some one in it.
 I must be mad! they've found one in a minute.
 Where am I now? I see—in Fleet Street. Ha!
 There's an obstruction—cabs—no Temple Bar.
 I'm in the Strand—what makes my senses quiver?
 It's the foul smell that's wafted from the river.
 Ha! Charing Cross!—what hideous sight is here?
 Ye gods!—the fountains in Trafalgar Square!

(falls senseless on couch, L. of table R.)

Enter ALFONSO, RUSTIGELLO, and GUARDS.

ALFON. Bless me, all's dark! and what seems much more queer,
 I can't perceive the guests I guessed were here.

RUSTIG. Traces of a deep plot my mind diskivers;
 The lights are gone, and so are all the livers.

ALFON. I fear there's been some foul play.

RUSTIG. So 'twould seem.
 Observe that milk, sire.

ALFON. Ha!

ORSINI. (without) Oh!

RUSTIG. Mark this scream.

ALFON. (R.) My spouse upon a bench!

RUSTIG. Your servant ventures
 To hint that she was partial to debentures.

ALFON. (L.) The Englishman, whose pranks so long I've stood,
 Upon a sofa stretched!

RUSTIG. So far, so good.

ORSINI. (without, knocking at door) Holloa, within! won't some
 one let us out?

ALFON. Just go and see what all that row's about.

(RUSTIGELLO opens door)

ORSINI, GUBETTA, GAZELLA, PETRUCCI, VITELLOZZO, and
 LIVEROTTO enter, c. from R.; LADIES, c. from L.

ORSINI. Where's the wretch?

ALFON. What! you're all alive, then?

ORSINI. Surely.

LUCRE. (rises) Since that's the case, I don't feel quite so poorly.
 I meant to die—the thought proved evanescent.

JOHNNY. (rises) For my part, I'm completely convalescent.

LUCRE. What drink of London milk, and live!

JOHNNY. Mayhap
 The man who sold that milk was a kind chap!
 He guessed your scheme, and, as a means of baulking it,
 Adulterated it.

LUCRE. How?

JOHNNY. Put no chalk in it.

But for my luck, I owe small thanks to you.

LUCRE. You're vexed; but grant me one small favour, do.
 The temple of my fortune's shattered greatly;

I've had some damaging exposures lately;
 Even the portico totters ;—betimes
 Prop it with a few columns of the "Times."
 JOHNNY. I can't do that.

LUCRE. What ! you're not——(whispers)
 JOHNNY. Don't be silly !

I keep a grocer's shop in Piccadilly.

LUCRE. Foiled on all sides ! whatever shall I do ?

(to AUDIENCE) I think my best plan's to appeal to you.

Be my judge—bind me over, if you will,

To keep the piece for three months—in the bill ;

And when you speak of poor Lueretia Borgia,

Pray don't complain that the low creature bored you.

(LUCREZIA is going up—JOHNNY pulls her back)

Finale.—Air, " Medley from Lucrezia Borgia."

JOHNNY. Stop, ma'am, you've got a finale to sing ;
 That in burlesque is the regular thing.

Pray go a-head,

Do as I've said.

If you don't sing it the curtain won't fall,
 Which we should not find convenient at all.

Bowing all night,

Might be polite.

But we prefer going to bed.

CHORUS. Pray, dear Lucretia, do wind up the play,
 For here all night we don't want to stay ;
 You are welcome to stop if you choose,
 But we prefer our supper, and a little quiet snooze.

LUCRE. I think it's a shame
 To force a poor dame
 Who has just come to life to sing;
 He surely forgets,
 In songs and duets
 Already I've had my fling.
 But still on my mind
 I've something I find
 Which I should like to say to you:
 Kind friends, one and all,
 Just give us a call
 Some other evening, do.

CHORUS. Toils requiting, smile on us, pray ;
 Hearts delighting, drive care away.
 If a merry laugh you seek, pray don't forget to
 Come and visit us some other day.

Curtain.