

I V A N H O E

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

An Extravaganza,

BY

H E N R Y J. B Y R O N,

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

A U T H O R O F

The Old Story, Cinderella; or the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper,
Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid
and the Magpie or the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of
Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the
Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love,
The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Scamp,
Esmeralda or, the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good,
Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othellos, Whittington and his
Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Ill-treated Trovatore,
Ali Baba, or the Thirty-nine Thieves, George de
Barnwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, Mother-in-
Law, My Wife and I, The Sensation Fork,
The Motto: "I am all there," Miss
Eily O'Connor, &c., &c.

P A R T A U T H O R O F

The Miller and his Men, Valentine and Orson, and Forty Thieves (Savage Club).

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

93835

First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, under the management of Mr. Swannborough, Sen., on the 26th December, 1862, and at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, under the management of Mr. A. Henderson, on the same evening.

IVANHOE!

The new Scenery by Mr. ALBERT CALICOFF and Assistants. The Overture composed, and the Incidental Music selected and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The new and elegant Dresses by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. Perrequier, Mr. CLARKSON. Machinery by Mr. G. DYBALL and Assistants. Properties by Mr. H. BROGDEN and Assistants. Produced under the direction of Mr. PARSELLE.

CHARACTERS.

CEDRIC THE SAXON ("It appeared, however, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank but hasty and choleric temper.") Master of Rotherwood, but not of himself) ... Mr. H. J. TURNER.
THE PALMER, otherwise SIR WILFRED OF IVANHOE (the only son of Cedric, banished from his father's house in consequence of Miss Rowena and misconduct) ... Mr. T. P. GRAINGER,
SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT (a Knight Templar. "His expression was calculated to express a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers") ... Mr. CHARLES RICE,
ISAAC OF YORK ("a tall thin old man, who, however, had lost, by the habit of stooping, much of his actual height.") Outfitter, Army Clothier, and General Dealer. The best price given for ladies and gentlemen's cast-off garments) ... Mr. A. NELSON,
PRINCE JOHN (a bad relation, who seizes the Crown and Sceptre in England, while his eldest brother, Richard Cœur de Lion, is attacking the Saracen's head in Palestine) ... Mr. J. CLARKE.
THE BLACK KNIGHT (a dark Knight, finishing with a prolonged reign. A mysterious volume in black letter, illustrated on steel, and most successful with the public, in consequence of a good education) ... By the AUTHOR. By the AUTHOR.

✓ 16360432

Miss F. JOSEPHS.
Miss E. MILLER.
Miss ELEANOR BUXTON.
Mr. F. DEWAR.

WAMBA ("A fool by right of descent, the son of Willess, who was the son of Weatherbrain, Miss POLLY MARSHALL,
who was the son of an Alderman," Clown to the circle of Cedric's acquaintance) { Miss MARIE SIDNEY,
DE BRACY (Toady in ordinary to Prince John) } Miss FANNY HUGHES,
OSWALD (Cedric's Major Domo) } Miss ADA COATES.

THE LADY ROWENA ("Her complexion was exquisitely fair; her profuse hair, of a colour between brown and golden, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner, in numerous ringlets, to form which, Art had probably aided Nature." A distant relative of Cedric's, and the betrothed of the absent Ivanhoe) REBECCA ("The figure of Rebecka might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England") ... Knights, Peasants, Courtiers, and Attendants.

SCENE FIRST.—DINING ROOM AT ROTHERWOOD.

Paterfamilias of the period—how a wet Templar drops in, and how Wamba gets more dry than ever—how Rowena illustrates the truth of the saying that “absence makes the heart grow fonder,” and how Cedric’s countenance, like the sky, becomes gloomy at the absence of the son—how the lady of the house has cried aloud at the absence of her lover, and how the head’s bawled at the loss of his heir—how Isaac walks in his sleep and catches cold, because he doesn’t know which room-it-isz—the Palmer foils the Templar.

MUTUAL HATRED FROM THAT MOMENT!

ROAD TO ASHBURY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

How John’s jokes are taken up much sooner than Bills—how he takes a-front at allusion to Dickey—how Isaac makes a dreadful discovery, and Rebecca makes light of the Palmer scandal.

THE LISTERS AT ASHBY.

How the Royal Circus is patronized by the quality, and how Rowena appears, very properly, as the Queen of Beauty—
the Queen’s Jester, Waller, or rather, Wamba—how that high-actioned filly, Rebecca, and that splendid “old loss,” Isaac, being of a different race, are not even placed.

TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SIR BRIAN AND SIR HUGO HOOPDEOODENDOO.

How a nameless knight appears and defies the victor, being anxious to be combatter and become batter—his armour, being borrowed, gives—how his helmet gives, after a series of axe-y dents—failure of the knight's mail and absurd delay of a rival—the Black Knight's bravery interrupts Sir Brian's kill—how the conquered knight turns out to be the Saxon's sack'd son—how Rowena and Cedric are at first carried away by joy, and finally by Sir Brian.

TEMPORARY TRIUMPH OF ATROCITY.

S X E R W O O D F O R E S T , S U N S E T .

How the Black Knight nearly lets out who he is, but not quite, and how Sir Brian makes up his mind in a small *pas seul*.

A P A R T M E N T A T I S A A C' S.

How that young dog, Ivanhoe, has been borne away in a litter—how Rebecca means her attention to be tender, but Ivanhoe thinks it's stuff—how Ivanhoe takes off the sleeping draught, and the Templar takes off Rebecca—how Isaac discovers his child to be an off'un.

TURRET CHAMBER AT TORQUILSTONE.

How Wamba appears as a kind of Friar's Balsam to the wounded spirit of Rowena—the new edition of Hood goes off rapidly—how the Templar tries persuasion, then poison—how one fatal drop is counteracted by another, and how Isaac illustrates the adage, “going farther and faring worse,” and how, at the very nick of time,

S O M E T H I N G H A P P E N S .

Which something it would be unfair to anticipate by describing, but which undoubtedly results in the

UNALLOYED HAPPINESS OF EVERYBODY.

SCENE LAST.—ENGGLE AND'D'S GLORY!

I V A N H O E.

SCENE FIRST.—*Banqueting Chamber in Cedric's Mansion*—a large oaken table laid for supper—SERVANTS laying supper, others bring on dishes from L.—OSWALD, the Major-Domo, directing them—“The Roast Beef of Old England” played as curtain rises.

OSWALD. Well, now I think, considering that we
Are only in the eleventh century,
And neither have the orn'ment or use,
Discovered yet of dining *a la Russe* ;
That really looks a most inviting spread.

(takes up large pie)

That's something like a pie-paste, firm as lead ;
Domestic manufacture, staunch and true,
No French confectioner concocted you ;
Good honest pie, with top like clay or loam, oh,
Sure as I'm major domo, they made *yer at 'ome* oh.
Cedric hates Norman pastry—thinks too light it ;
This'll require a *gnaw man* though to bite it.
He comes, as usual, in a state of fidgets,
In which condition all must dread his digits.

Enter CEDRIC, R. from L.

CEDRIC. (L.) Now then, now then, where is my daughter ?
where ?

OSWALD. (R.) She's in her room, sir, doing of her hair.

CEDRIC. I hate such Norman nonsense, airs, and graces,
Bowings, and scrapings, shruggings, and grimaces.
What time is 't?

OSWALD. But an hour back, I should say,
“The curfew toll'd the knell of parting day.”

CEDRIC. Tyrannous practice ! name it not, you muff, you ;
If you speak of the curfew I shall *cuff you*.

(crosses R.)

Go, usher in thy mistress—quickly *bow* in her,
Or else Rowena will find me a *rowin' her*.

Exit OSWALD, L. 2 E.

Old Cedric's temper's sweet, when he is placid ;
When not, they'd best beware the *Cedric acid*.

I hate these Normans who lay weights our backs on,
Lay thwacks and whacks on the poor flaxen Saxon.

Music.—Enter ROWENA, L. 2 E., ushered in by OSWALD.

ROWENA. (l.) Another time when dressing, please don't
hurry me,
Sending me savage messages which flurry me ;
I was—when you sent up that message wrong,
Putting my kirtle on.

CEDRIC. (r.) Oh, *kirtle ong !*

ROWENA. I was a dressing.

CEDRIC. More polite, pray be,
Remember that you're now *addressing me*.

ROWENA. You were not so ill-tempered ere the day,
The luckless day, when Wilfred went away.

CEDRIC. Girl! name him not, that most unduteous son,
Who like a currish coward cut and run ;
Who left his home—

ROWENA. He left his home no doubt,
But principally 'cause you turned him out.

CEDRIC. He stayed out late at night where—ne'er let *me*
know

'Twas at that Norman horror—the Casino.
At last, you scarcely will believe it, he
Requested I should give him a latch-key.
“Wilfred of Ivanhoe,” I said, “retire,
And come back when you're sober to your sire.”

ROWENA. How cruel!

CEDRIC. I intended it as rude.

ROWENA. He who was never e'en remotely screwed.
He who however late he was at night,
Would always put his boots outside all right ;
He who ne'er shunned his morning cup of tea.
For soda water, dashed with *Eau de Vie*!

CEDRIC. He smoked!

ROWENA. A mild *cheeroot*. What is it, *what?*

CEDRIC. I ask, now, is *she rude*, or is she not?

He disobeyed me, I cut off my heir,

And he cut off himself, as you're aware.

ROWENA. Where is he now? Ah! would that he were here!

Where is my Ivanhoe?

CEDRIC. I've (*a*) no idea.

Duett—“The Postman's Knock”

CEDRIC. Come, speak of him no further, you're pleading in vain,

For against him I'm firm as a rock!

(*two loud knocks without*)

ROWENA. Oh, dear sir, there is somebody out in the rain!

CEDRIC. Yes, I fancy I *did* hear a knock.

(*knocks repeated*)

ROWENA. 'Tis some poor travel-stain'd wayfarer, pray let him in

Whoever, poor wretch, he may be.

CEDRIC. Yes, I will, if it's only to finish his din,

And show my hospit-alitee.

Enter OSWALD, c. from L.

OSWALD. Here's a gent who's wet through to the sock!

CEDRIC. Instantly, stupid, the postern unlock!

(*three repeat—“Here's a gent,” etc.*)

Exit OSWALD, c. to L.

ROWENA. Oh, should he but from Palestine have come
With some intelligence.

CEDRIC. Miss! miss!

ROWENA. Sir!

CEDRIC. Mum!

(*Music—SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT with a thin umbrella and a small carpet bag is shown in by OSWALD, c.l.*)

SIR B. Thank goodness! then at last I find some shelter,
It's positively coming down a pelter;
I look and feel a most tremendous pickle in,
And down my neck the rain is slowly trickling;

Everything's damp and slushy that I see ;
 P'rhaps you'll relieve me of my parapluie.
 Even when under cover here I get,
 The first thing meets my eye is a *bank-wet!*

(pointing to supper)

CEDRIC. Welcome, your name ?

SIR B. Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert ;
 Whose fame most strict investigation *will* bear.
 You've heard of me, no doubt, I'm rather well known,
 Throughout the land, sir, is this Norman swell known,
 There's not a *tournament*, sir, great or small,
 (And I have had a *turn among them all*),
 At which, I haven't thrashed my every foe,
 For fighting *I've an eye.*

ROWENA. (aside, r.) Oh, *I've an hoe !*

SIR B. A lady !—introduce me, don't decline,

CEDRIC. (surlily) Rowena, distant relative of mine.

(crosses to her)

(ROWENA curtseys distantly—SIR BRIAN bows extravagantly, and on seeing her features starts violently)

SIR B. Were you a relative of mine, my fair,
 You shouldn't be a *distant* one, I swear !

ROWENA. I fancy that I've heard that speech before, man.

SIR B. I ne'er saw girl *nor-woman*—

ROWENA. Silence, *Nor-man* !

SIR B. I have a mission from Prince John, fair beauty.

He sends his princely compliments and duty ;
 Also this card, an order 'tis for two,
 To-morrow's splendid tournament to view.

CEDRIC. Certainly not !

ROWENA. Don't be so cross and glum :

Pray, tell his highness, we intend to come.

(romantically) I love to see that grandest of all sights,
 Where in the lists, ride round the gallant knights,
 With lance in rest, a caracolling steed,
 A nodding plume, and—

SIR B. Very nice indeed !

Your description is so very good,
 It carries me away.

CEDRIC. (aside) I wish it would.

Air, "Galloping Dreary Dun."

SIR B. (R.) Of all the grand spectacles under the sun,
Nothing that's ever done

Can attempt to compare with the danger and fun
Of a tournament—certainly none!

When each knight his best armour and bravery dons,
And they all gallop out of their pavili-ons,
With their rowly, powly,
Car-a-coley!
Thrusting and busting,
Their lance sending just in
The chest of some son of a gun!

ROWENA. (C.) And then when the hero proclaimed is aloud,
By herald with clari-un,
And heated and flushed, he comes up the crowd
Envied by every one!
They all let the chap pass, his reward then to get,
And from Beauty's fair hand, he receives the chap-let,
With a rowly, powly,
He so slowly
Bends and receives it,
And firmly believes it
Has been very cheaply won!

CEDRIC. (L.) Pooh! the fellow that does it's no less than a fool!
A most idiotic one!
Come, for I'm getting hot, and the grub's getting cool,
I really do hope you've done.
My supper, Rowena, I'm most anxious for;
My nature a vacuum here doth abhor!
This rowly, powly,
Jolly old soul, he
Feels very empty, and
Supper smells tempty, and
Time 'tis that we begun!

(*a short quaint dance to symphony—they sit at table—a loud knocking*)

CEDRIC. This is too bad—confound this constant din,
Tell them not to let anybody in.

Oswald. Please, sir, it's Wamba.

BIRMINGHAM
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ROWENA. Don't be cross with him, papa.

Music—Exit OSWALD, L. C.

Enter WAMBA, c. from L.

WAMBA. As future fools will have it, "Here we are!"
At supper, eh! A Saxon and a Norman,
Each of them what a fool might call a *gormandizer*—'tis plain in cramming each delights,
Unhappy waistcoats—they've such *happy-tights*.

SIR B. (*lifting glass*) Lady, I pledge thee in a cup of mead.
Your health, Rowena.

WAMBA. (*taking it and drinking it off*) Very good indeed!
SIR B. (*drawing*) Varlet! I'll kill you if you me deride!

WAMBA. What, kill a *fool*? that would be *suicide*!

CEDRIC. Forgive him—rough pranks he will always drag in
When his wit's flagging. Here's another flaggin'!

Rowena. Oh, pray forgive him.

SIR B. Then I must the snob let
Off—he's forgiven. Ho! another goblet!

III. — S. bows his head. (dips his head into mug)

WAMBA. See how he dives his nose into the *leaker*,
It's plain he takes that goblet for a *beaker*!
(SIR BRIAN hands it round—WAMBA takes it and
holds it upside down.)

Ha! not a drop—it really is a pity.

Ha! not a drop—it really is a pity
He isn't on the *Main drainage Committee!*

I say Sir Brian—try to guess this, do—

It's a conundrum—Why am I like you?

**It's a conundrum—Why am I like you?
(He's got it—no, he hasn't.)**

VENA He gives it up—see W.

WAMBA. Because I've got a *great big empty mug*.

(CEDRIC and ROWENA laugh—SIR BRIAN m

SIR B. If I'm to be insulted by a *tella*—

SIR B. If I'm to be insulted by a *jean*—
(all rise)

It's bumberella!

WAMBA. Sif Bfian de Bots Gullbert's *umberella*!
(OSWALD bringe)

(OSWALD brings it him)

ROWENA. Oh pray, sir, stay—reflect, he's but a zany,
Besides the roads are wet, the night is rainy.
You mustn't think of going!

CEDRIC. No, Sir Knight,
Forgive us if we don't seem quite polite.
Sit down once more, contented, Templar, be;
And you, Rowena, take his parapliue.

SIR B. (*softening*) I can't resist with two such interceders.

ROWENA. Your parapliue. (*takes umbrella*)

SIR B. You're such a *pair o' pleaders.*
(*return to seats*)

WAMBA. Oh! by-the-way, I really quite forgot him,
Isaac of York's outside.

SIR B. Ha! ha! I wot him.

WAMBA. He's on his way to Ashby-de-la-Zouch,
And from the rain's receiving quite a douche.

CEDRIC. Tell him to go to Bath.

SIR B. Pray let him in,
(*aside*) Especially as I'm hard up for tin.

(*aloud*) Lady Rowena, let the fellow, please, in.

WAMBA. He's catching such a cold. (*loud sneeze heard, L.*)
That's him sneezing.

ROWENA. (*aside*) He'll have the jew'ly of the latest
fashion.

(*aloud*) He's getting soaked, and really, sir, com-
passion,

(Remembering how damp his wares will get)

Quite rends my soul! Oh! for that poor Jew-wet.

(*Music—CEDRIC signs to them to let him in*)

Enter ISAAC, L. C., followed by ATTENDANT, who takes
his coat and umbrella, and exits, L. C.

ISAAC. (L.) Val, val, val—an unexpected treat.

WAMBA. (L. C.) I say, my friend, you haven't wiped your
feet.

ISAAC. My sweet young sir, pray don't give way to wrath,
I didn't see no wiper in my path.

(*aside*) An insult, even as I show my face.

Oh! how I hate, despise, the stuck-up race!

No matter—p'raps a day may come—till then
Poor Isaac must be all things to all men;

Bare his bent back to let the oppressor strike it,
 Smile when his head's punched, and appear to like it,
 Grin when he's kicked, and when he's scoffed at—
 mum;

But, as I said before—a day will come
 For vengeance on each spurner and abuser!

How I hate Saxon—Norman— (*blandly bowing to CEDRIC, r. of him*) How de do, sir?

I hope I see your lordship pretty well,
 Also the lady and the gallant swell?
 Permit old Isaac to expose his wares.

CEDRIC. Here! give the Jew his supper on the stairs.

SIR B. Get out!

ISAAC. Good gracious! is that the bold Sir Brian?
 Is that the gentleman I has my eye on?

(*in an under tone*)

Can you take up that bill—I can't renew?

SIR B. Pooh! Jew, give over.

ISAAC. But it's *over jew*.
 I'm ready for the ready, if you please;
 I've got no end of your acceptances.

SIR B. Bother a gentleman when he's at supper,
 Such conduct I consider most *imprupper*!

ISAAC. I vant my money, and I'll have it—*there*.

SIR B. Remember *where you be*, and just *beware*,
 Or I shall kill you, dealer in old clothes.

ISAAC. Strike me! before your friends, you I'll expose.

(*hissing in his ear*)

I'll tell them you're a bankrupt and a thief!

SIR B. (*rising and half drawing*) I say, my friend,
 you're coming fast to grief.

ISAAC. I see you drawing; I despise your steel,
 Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, how d'ye feel?
 Because you have run through your property,
 There's no occasion you should *run through me*.
 As for your drawing on me, 'tis no go,
 I'm used to be *drawn upon*, you know.
 (*loudly*) My money! (*seizes him*)

SIR B. (*seizing him by the throat*) Lay a finger on my coat,
 I'll shake your teeth down your insulting throat!

ISAAC. My teeth are mostly false, I beg to state,
In mercy let me take out the gold plate :
It was expensive.

SIR B. (*flinging him on the ground*) Dog!

ISAAC. Have pity, pray !
(SIR BRIAN about to rush on him)

ROWENA. Mercy ! Police ! Police !

CEDRIC. Sir Brian !

(Music—SIR BRIAN about to strike ISAAC—the
PALMER (IVANHOE) enters, L. C., suddenly, and
stops the blow—picture)

IVAN. Stay !

Attempt no violence, my friend in armour,
Unless you'd feel the palm o' this young Palmer.

SIR B. Defeated by a pilgrim, beaten hollow !

IVAN. Precisely, by a pil-grim you can't swallow.

ROWENA. His face he hides—he's youthful, I'll engage.
And pray, sir, what might be your pilgrim-age ?
(crossing to IVANHOE)

IVAN. I'm young, and see by sandall'd shoon you can
On life's stage I'm a walking gentleman,
What the French term *jeune premier*.

WAMBA. (aside) Walker !

SIR B. (aside) Bosh !

CEDRIC. (aside) I don't think he's a Palmer.

ISAAC. (aside) It won't wash.

WAMBA. (c.) *Jeune premier*, eh ? his voice to me is known,
Premier—I'm sure I know that *Palmer's tone*,

CEDRIC. And now to bed. WAMBA goes off, R.

ROWENA. Pa' !

CEDRIC. You heard what I said.

Come, take your candles, quick, to bed, to bed !

(WAMBA brings candles, R.)

WAMBA. (to CEDRIC) For you there's a long four.

CEDRIC. That's, I suppose,
Because—

WAMBA. Because you long for your repose.

(to ROWENA) For you, dear, there's a taper— you're
encased

Too lightly here—now don't your taper waste.

In case you should feel nervous in the night,
 Sir Brian, Knight, here is a *Child's-knight* light.
 (to ISAAC) For you, by no means cleanly-looking snip,
 Why, you'll be all the better for a *dip*.
 (to IVANHOE) And you, Sir Pilgrim, lay hold of the
 handle;
 As you're a palmer, here's your *Palmer's candle*.

Concerted Piece—Air, "Behold how brightly."

WAMBA. (L.) Be off, for soon will break, the morning.
 It's time to go
 To bed you know.

ROWENA. (L. C.) We're every one amongst us yawning!
 Our rest we need.

ISAAC. (R. C.) We do indeed!

WAMBA. Take off ourselves at once we must.

SIR B. (L. C.) We'd better go.

CEDRIC. (R.) As we our supper have discussed!

WAMBA. Precisely so!

ROWENA. To our separate rooms we'll toddle
 At once—at once!

ALL. To our separate rooms, &c., &c.

ALL *exeunt R. and L. as the music sinks, except IVANHOE.*

IVAN. (alone) Unknown, I'm here once more I do declare;
 Beneath the roof of which I am the heir.
 In memory, every rafter here I treasure,
 Each stone's a joy, and every tile's a pleasure.
 There is the table I was wont to sit at,
 While last week's stony crust in vain I bit at;
 There is the room where father used to drub me,
 And there's a chamber where they used to tub me.
 There's nothing changed, save p'raps Rowena—she—
 But no! I'll not believe she false could be;
 No one could turn her thoughts to lovers meaner;
 No—none I'm sure could from her hero wean her.

Enter ROWENA, L. 2 E.

ROWENA. (L.) Hist, Palmer, hist!

IVAN. (aside, R.) 'Tis she! (aloud) Your wishes, madam,

ROWENA. To see one come from Palestine I glad am,

When you were there—say, did you come across
Sir Ivanhoe?

IVAN. He rode a piebald hoss.

A fine young man who'd been turned out of doors.

ROWENA. Say, was he in the wars?

IVAN. Yes, miss, he *wars*.

ROWENA. He's not been wounded—say, he's not been shot?

IVAN. (*aside*) Gunpowder's not invented. (*aloud*) No,
he's not.

But though no arrows did his *body* find,
He's been a good deal '*arrowed* in his *mind*.

ROWENA. Alas! alas!—

IVAN. It *was* a lass, they say,

Whose cruel conduct banished him away.

ROWENA. Nay, 'twas his father's mandate—cruel—dire!

IVAN. Does the young lady live, might I enquire?

ROWENA. Lives but for him, the sweetest of young men.

IVAN. I think he's married to a Sara-cen.

ROWENA. A *Sara who*? I'll tear her eyes out, tell her?

IVAN. I recollect now, that's another fella.

ROWENA. Why tamper with my hope—you jest.

IVAN. I do.

He urged me, should I chance to meet with you,
To bear to you a loving tender kiss.

ROWENA. Upon my word!

IVAN. Those were his orders, miss. (*pause*)

ROWENA. Well, sir, I'm waiting: pray your speech
resume.

IVAN. Oh! as it seems the waiter's in the room,

These are my *orders*.

(*kisses her, ISAAC enters abruptly with a candle and
his nightcap on, c. L.*)

ROWENA. Oh!

ISAAC. I didn't see.

Go on, I'm nobody; so don't mind *me*.

IVAN. Sirrah, why don't you to your chamber keep?

ISAAC. The fact is, I've been walking in my sleep,

And waking in the midst of this deep gloom,

It seems that I have come to the wrong room.

In fact, this victim to somnambulism,

His proper chamber has contrived to miss 'm.

ROWENA. Hush! (*seizing ISAAC's arm*)

ISAAC. What's the matter?

ROWENA. Hark! (*seizing IVANHOE's*)

IVAN. At what?

ROWENA. See! see!

The Templar.

IVAN. What, Sir Brian?

ISAAC. Oh, dear me!

(*Music—SIR BRIAN, r. in dressing-gown and slippers and with his sword drawn, comes on stealthily with candle*)

SIR B. I think this is the way—it is, I'm sure.

(*drops light*)

Oh dear! I've knocked my nose against a door.

Isaac has got the bill concealed about him;

He says he'll sell me up, and I don't doubt him.

There's but one way to silence him. 'Tis thus!

ISAAC. Oh! (*shrinks*)

SIR B. Should he attempt to make the slightest fuss.

That corridor doth to his chamber lead.

I'll get that bill, or—

IVAN. (*aside*) Will you, though, indeed.

Now then to foil the Templar—this way here.

Exit, l. c., before SIR BRIAN who follows.

ROWENA. The Palmer will be slain I sadly fear.

ISAAC. How lucky that I lost my way, my tear.

ROWENA. Would he could slay that Norman, vile, besotted.

Hark!

SIR B. (*within*) Oh rage! despair! Oh! oh!

ISAAC. Some one's got it.

(*hurried Music—IVANHOE rushes in dragging SIR BRIAN by the throat, and flourishing his sword above him, l. c.)*

SIR B. Help! Thieves! Help! help!

Enter WAMBA, l. c. CEDRIC, c. from r. in his nightcap.

(*ISAAC takes the sword, and examines it critically*)

CEDRIC. What is the cause of this unseemly riot?

SIR B. Cedric, my friend, just tell him to be quiet.

(*spitefully*) You shall repent the blow that me you've
just hit.

IVAN. "Put up your bright sword, or the jew will rust it."

(hands SIR BRIAN his sword, he rises)

ROWENA. Papa, he sought to slay our humble guest;

He guessed his motives, and at my request,

Felled him, and did frustrate his wicked plan.

WAMBA. (to IVAN) You seem a first rate *feller*, my good man.

SIR B. You did request him to attempt my life,
You whom I wished to make my wedded wife!
Hatred! despair! revenge! and as for you,
We meet again—ha! ha!

IVAN. Ha! ha! we do.

Concerted Piece. Air.—“Break-down dance.”

SIR B. (L. c.) Rash boy, I'll dust your jacket;
Your youthful head, I'll crack it,
For losing me this lovely maid, you'll find I do not brag;

IVAN. (C.) Pooh! don't you make a racket,
Your courage, you could pack it

With perfect ease, within the very smallest carpet bag!

WAMBA. (L.) This is, to use a mildish term, a very pretty go.

CEDRIC. (R. c.) No matter, for the tournament will settle it, you know.

Into a pretty state, a quiet family they throw!

ISAAC. (R.) I fancied once I shouldn't live again to utter
“Clo’!”

Row. Would Ivanhoe were here, false caitiff!

But he was forced to roam—

For with his parent he had a tiff—

Far from his old folks at home.

ISAAC. I am by no means plucky,
And it was very lucky

That Palmer should appear just at the moment of my fate.

WAMBA. If you take my advice, now,

You'll hook it in a trice now,

And make yourself extremely scarce, in fact, absquatulate.

IVAN. We meet again, be sure of that, when our account
we'll square.

SIR B. I'm ready, snob, to meet you any time and anywhere!

CEDRIC. It's very nearly time for getting up, I do declare.
Row. Sir Brian looks as fierce as any tiger in his lair!

Chorus—I am by no means plucky, &c.

Scene closes on picture.

SCENE SECOND.—*Road to Ashby de la Zouch.*

Lively music—PEASANTS cross from L. to R.—then PRINCE JOHN, leaning languidly on the arm of DE BRACY, enters, L.

PRINCE. (L.) Well, everything considered, friend of mine,
I fancy that it's going to be fine;

That's if the sun keeps out, and it don't rain.

DE BRACY. (R.) Permit me to observe, sire—good again!

PRINCE. De Bracy, you are most appreciative,
Anyone could tell you weren't a native.

DE BRACY. Your highness' wit quite sparkles—each remark,
Permit me to observe's a *Regent's Park*.

PRINCE. Ha, ha! but not so green.

DE BRACY. (*in ecstasy*) Ha! ha! how good.
Well, now I never—

PRINCE. No, you never could.

DE BRACY. Each observation, sire, outvies the other.
So different from that stupid chap, your brother.

PRINCE. Don't name him, sir—I begged you never would.
Richard has left his kingdom—gone for good.

DE BRACY. I hope it is for good and not for bad.

PRINCE. (*severely*) Don't you attempt to make those jokes,
my lad;

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Your Prince may pun, but never your courtier.

Austria's arch-duke has his legal body
In most particular safe custody.

He'll never let him out till something handsome
Is sent across the sea by way of ransom;
And so whilst absent is bold Cœur de Lion,
The throne of England people behold me on.

DE BRACY. Should he return.
 PRINCE. Cease, stupidest of men!
 (aside) Richard come back—'twould be all *dicky* then.

*Enter WAMBA, with sandwich advertising board—
 "Tournament" &c. with large letters on it—he has
 hand bills, l. 1 e.*

WAMBA. A pretty exhibition I affords,
 "A shilling's worth of nonsense" bound in boards.
 PRINCE. Cedric the Saxon's jester!—what's the matter?
 You look uncommon well, you flat.

WAMBA. You flatter. (*reads from bill*)
 "This present afternoon, at half-past two,
 Under distinguished patronage," that's you—
 "A Tournament of gallant knights in mail
 The old affair arranged upon a scale,
 Of splendour unattempted here before;
 The combatants—

PRINCE. Don't give us any more.

WAMBA. No infants are admitted under three;
 Clown to the circle—Wamba—Hem! that's me.

PRINCE. What, don't you fight?

WAMBA. I don't know how, and I
 Somehow, am much too great a fool to try;
 They'll cut each other with death-dealing strokes,
 I shan't cut anything, except it's jokes;
 Although, it's not improbable I may,
 Go in for cutting something.

PRINCE. What?

WAMBA. Away.
 Somehow, these bills of mine appear to me,
 Not to be taken up as they should be;
 Only a penny!

PRINCE. Pooh! (*crosses to, r.*)
 WAMBA. Oh, don't say pooh!
 I haven't taken half-a-crown like you.
 (*aside*) I had him there!

PRINCE. You *sorry cur!* (*returning to c.*)
 WAMBA. No larks!
 You mustn't mind my *cur-sorry* remarks;

My small wit's harmless, I'm supposed to be,
A sort of licensed wit-ler, don't you see?

PRINCE: Ah! you may grow too witty. Mind your peas,
Also your cues, my fine friend, if you please;
Or on your ears—for all they're decked so prettily,
You'll get a singer if you go *too wittily*.

Concerted Piece.—Air, "Peter Gray."

WAMBA. King Richard was a noble king, as all his
subjects say.

DE BRACY. One fatal morn he started off, the Saracens to
slay.

WAMBA. Somehow it didn't pay.

DE BRACY. He home did wend his way.

And he was caught and quodded by—

WAMBA. The Duke of Austria!

CHORUS. Come back, Richard, all your people pray,
Three cheers—brayvo! we'll give also, a national hooray!

Dance off, R. 1 E.

*Slow music.—Enter REBECCA, with her eyes cast down
mournfully—she sighs deeply.*

REBEC. There, that deep sigh's relief—might I enquire,
Talking of deep sighs—where's my deep old sire?
To leave me stopping here is most improper,
This *smoking* hot day, I'm a *Rebecca stopper*.
I wonder that he likes to trust me out
Where ther're so many young chaps about.
I care not, I'm a most strong-minded woman,
And wouldn't be a slave—no, not to no man.
To have to smile when he may choose to check her;
Be at some fellow's beck—no, no, Rebecca;
Look pleasant when a telegram he sends home;
Or when on washing day he brings two friends home.

Song.—Air, "Flip up in skidder me."

Made love to by no end I've been

But freedom I prefer;

T'wards matrimony stir a pin

Will never this *spin stir*.

When suitors to my heart allude,
 And humbly hinge the knee,
 They never do their cause no good,
 But only hinge-a-ree.

"Be mine," always are the ninnies saying.
 Then, with maidenly reserve, I simper and reply—
 Flip up in de skid a majink, jube up in de jube ben jube!

As yet I've only seen one man
 That's suited to my taste,
 And marry him I never can,
 And so I'm doom'd to waste
 My sweetness on the desert air;
 Compared I oft have been
 With that same flower which we're aware
 Was born to blush unseen.

Chorus repeated of 1st verse.

Oh, here comes pa at last.

Enter ISAAC, l. 1 E., crosses to R.

ISAAC. Child, how de do?
 You little know what your old pa's gone through.
 REBEC. Why, don't you leave off dealing in old clothes?
 ISAAC. Vy, how am I to live, do you suppose?
 REBEC. I hate the shop—I hate myself and you—
 And all our money-grubbing, cheating crew.
 I was'nt born to stand at a shop door,
 Saying, "That bonnet, miss, is five-and-four;
 It's this year's fashion," when I know it's not,
 I tell you that I'm sick of such a lot;
 My spirit pants for something nobler far,
 It pants for glory, and I'll have it, par.

(*walking up and down*)

You charge most shameful interest.

ISAAC. Quite true,
 But usurers, dear, *usurally* do.
 If you e'er love von of the race—vy, vot?
 You colour?

REBEC. (*wincing*) No, pa, it's rather hot;
 I'm weary with my walk, (*aside*) my brain is throbbing,
 And up and down my bursting heart is bobbing;

The place swims round—oh, catch me, do, papa,
I faint ! I die ! he, he ! ho, ho ! ha, ha ! (*faints, c.*)

ISAAC. Poor thing, ah, vould like that she'd ever keep,
She always looks so lovely in her sleep.

Vake up ! if fainting right I understand, (*kneels*)

The proper ting to do's, to slap her hand
(*attempts to slap her hand—discovers a picture in it*)

Vat's this—a photograph ? Poor gal deluded,
Von of them took at fourpence, frame included ;
Vot's this I see—the imitation Palmer,
The von who saved my life—that I've lent armour
To fight de Guilbert with ?—Rebecca !

REBEC. (*reviving*) How—

How—how did I come here ? I'm better now.

ISAAC. Get up and speak the truth, all things defying,
Stand up—I can't believe you when you're *lying*.

REBEC. (*gets up on one knee*) Where—where's the picture ?
where—oh, where's my locket ?

ISAAC. Picture, the fact is, dear, I *picked your pocket* !
That photo—

REBEC. 'Twas a painting, pa, on ivory.

ISAAC. My child, I've made a horrible discivery.

REBEC. That never was a portrait taken truer.

ISAAC. Admire that miniature, you don't *mean it sure*—
Admire that countenance, it's deep and sly, very,
I say it's low, very.

REBEC. (*rises*) And I say it's *high very*.

ISAAC. Well, keep your eye upon it—hold it hard,
That ivory guard, for him, dear, *I've a regard*.

REBEC. (*aside*) And I—I love him dearer than my life.
I, poor Rebecca, who can't be his wife,
But like one at the flower shows, sad lot,
Must—agony !—"admire but touch not."
Why to our humble dwelling did he come ?
What made him seek our cheap empori-um ?
'Twas cruel fate that urged his footsteps then.

(crosses to R.)

ISAAC. No, 'twas our cheap mail suits at three pun ten,
All in the latest Norman fashion made,
Cheaper than any house vot's in the trade.

If you e'er wed a Saxon or a Norman,
You'll get—vell, vell, vell, vell—you'll get a warmin'.

Duett—“Polly Bluck.”

ISAAC. Mark my words, now if you don't obey me, gal,
And some day, my gal,
You cut away, my gal,
And go and betray, my gal, your parient so grey, my gal,
Never speak again to me!
Oh! sad would sound the merry bells,
If you ved von of them there swells,
My poor old bones shake just like Pell's
At such a catastrophe!
I quake and shake as if I'd got
Theaguey, or I don't know what,
I feel a poor old idiot;
As any one may see.

REBEC. Why do we fall in love with fellows as fickle as
Fate—it's too ridiculous!
Why should they tickle us?
It's a design of the venerable Nicholas,
As anybody might see!
Oh! why did he come to our shop,
His palmer's worn-out cloak to pop?
With him in love did I fall—flop,
Like a spider in one's tea!
Although the sex I hold in scorn,
I feel uncommonly forlorn,
And wish I never had been born
Whenever I think on he! *Dance and exeunt, r. 1 e.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Lists enclosed after the manner of a Circus Pavilion, r. and l.—Enter Two GROOMS, who rake the ring.—Music.—Enter PRINCE JOHN, leading LADY ROWENA l. 1 e.—He seats her under the canopy of the Queen of Beauty.—DE BRACY follows.—LADIES and KNIGHTS enter r. and l. of Pavilion.—CEDRIC, r.*

ALL. Hurray!

PRINCE. My worthy subjects, here upon my right,
Behold the arbitress of this day's fight.

Come forward, dear de Bracy, you alone is
Fit to be master of the ceremonies.

Music—DE BRACY goes into the ring, and takes a long whip after the manner of the ring-master at Astley's.—Enter ISAAC with an overcoat and big umbrella, and REBECCA on his arm in a large bonnet, and carrying a basket, R. 2 E.

ISAAC. Now, then, I've got a ticket, where's our seats?

REBEC. Beg pardon, we've a ticket, we repeats.

DE BRACY. Now clear the ring, we're going to begin.

Halloo! why who on earth has let *you* in?

REBEC. Who let us in? we have been let in.

ISAAC. Hah!

REBEC. By him who sold us them two tickets, pa.

DE BRACY. Well, all the seats are filled, so get away.

ISAAC. Would you allow me, my good sir, to say—

(*A GROOM pushes ISAAC aside*)

REBEC. You lay a finger on my pa, just do,

I shall forget my sex and wallop you.

We won't be done. Your Highness! Hi! Prince John, you!

I'm swindled, and I throw myself upon you.

PRINCE. Oh dear, I hope you won't.

REBEC. They've took our places,
Although we'd booked them.

ROWENA. Oh, if that the case is,
Sweet maiden—

REBEC. Hem! (*looks round conceitedly*)

ROWENA. Here, by my side, pray sit.

ISAAC. (*aside*) Gracious! our seats was only for the pit.

ROWENA. Beautiful damsel, come, and nothing fear.

De Bracy, show the foreign lady here.

DE BRACY. (*aside*) I've one remark, which—maid with raven locks—is

Bonnets are not allowed in the dress boxes.

(*REBECCA removes her bonnet and smoothes her hair—DE BRACY gives bonnet to a GROOM, who handles it roughly*)

ISAAC. (*hits him with umbrella*) Vot are you doing? don't you know its vally?

It cost eleven bob in Cranbourn Alley.

(DE BRACY *hands up* REBECCA—*she sits by* ROWENA)
REBEC. Before the bell to start the sport they ring,
A little mild refreshment is the thing.

(*opens her basket and produces a bottle*)
Prince John, I looks towards you—Queen of Beauty I does the same. Gentlemen all, my dooty.

(*drinks, and hands it to* ROWENA, *who declines it, then to the PRINCE, who shudders in horror*)

Now this is really pleasant.

DE BRACY. Clear the ring.

(*pushes out ISAAC with the crowd*)

Enter WAMBA *in the manner of circus clown*, l. 2 E.

WAMBA. Anything I can go for to fetch, for to carry, for to bring.

DE BRACY. Now, Mr. Merryman.

WAMBA. Now sir, the first performance is to be a fight
Between Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, knight,
And a swell warrior both staunch and true,
'Yclept Sir Hugo Hoopdedoodendoo.

(*Music, circus time—SIR BRIAN rides out of his pavilion, r. 2 E., followed by SQUIRE, and rides round the lists slowly—1ST KNIGHT rides out of his pavilion, l. 2 E. caracolling and prancing—they pause opposite ROWENA*)

ROWENA. Sir Knights—for neither do I care one pin—
Proceed to battle—may the best man win.

(ISAAC *leans over the side and pats one of the horses*)

ISAAC. A pretty creetur.

(*the horse kicks up and upsets ISAAC—he is picked up and is taken out*)

SIR B. Ne'er have I been beaten
Since when a boy, and thrashed the cads at Eton.

REBEC. Talking of Eton, I hope I shan't find

I've been and left them sandwiches behind.

(*opens basket and takes out sandwiches—music—the KNIGHTS retire to their pavilions*)

PRINCE. When I say three, let go.

ROWENA. Good gracious me !

This is exciting.

REBEC. Yes'm.

PRINCE. One, two, three !

(*the two Knights rush out—the first Knight is overthrown, L.*)

WAMBA. The horse is down—now he obeys the rein ;

(*the Knight rises with his horse then falls, L.*)

And now that thorough-bred is down again.

SIR B. Well, are you satisfied with what you've got ?

Say ! will you fight again ?

WAMBA. He'd rather not.

The conquered Knight is led out, L. 1 E.

ROWENA. Sir Brian, skill and bravery you show.

REBEC. Yes, the two queens of beauty say *bray-vo* !

WAMBA. The other knights, Sir B., are so much struck
That all of them are down upon their luck,

They'd rather not, say one and all, compete
With such a foe.

SIR B. My victory's complete !

ROWENA. I really don't know what to do at all,

The list of combatants has been so small.

SIR B. (*loudly*) I claim the victor's wreath !

PRINCE. You needn't shout.

ROWENA. What shall I do ? I really feel in doubt.

SIR B. No one to meet my lance is such a pump.

(*a trumpet heard in the distance—all are excited*)

WAMBA. "When you're in doubt," as Hoyle says, "play
a trump."

SIR B. Another idiot would tempt his fate.

Go tell the combatant that he's too late !

WAMBA. You must accept the challenge—*nolens volens*, sir,
Like those they've printed on bank paper stolen, sir,
For which you cannot obtain current brass,
That is a note, Sir Brian, you can't pass.

PRINCE. The jester's right. Ho ! gentlemen, admit him.

SIR B. And see me treat him as a lark and spit him.

Music—Enter IVANHOE, L. 2 E., followed by SQUIRE.

IVAN. Fair Queen of Beauty.

(REBECCA rises and curtseys and is pushed down by ROWENA)

A poor errant knight

Would seek the victor's wreath in this day's fight.

ROWEN. Young man, be not so rash—tempt not your fate,

Sir Brian's new plate armour contemplate;

His breast-plate none can pierce—as for his helmet

It several heavy blows has well met,

His charger flies when he applies the rowels,

In fact, all who dispute his arm he towels.

SIR B. Yes, sir—I've towelled 'em all, sir, every one.

IVAN. Sir Brian, since you've towelled us all you've done,

With your permission—yours likewise, Prince John,
Allow me to remark—

SIR B. Which is—

IVAN. Come on!

CEDRIC. Might I suggest that they should fight with swords?

With Saxon notions swords much more accords.

SIR B. Against swords I have nothing to advance, sir.

The lance or sword—*n'importe*—perhaps you'll answer?

IVAN. I've been where nought but cymetars you see,

And so it's immaterial to me.

(Music—Fight—WAMBA strikes SIR BRIAN with his fool's weapon at the end of every phrase. On SIR BRIAN turning round, WAMBA whistles unconcernedly)

SIR B. (*in a pause of the fight*) I tell you what it is—you'd best give in.

IVAN. Pooh! why not you?

SIR B. You scoundrel! don't you grin.

(IVANHOE makes an under cut, which SIR BRIAN misses, and receives it on his shin)

SIR B. You dog! you've grazed my shin. I hate such larking.

IVAN. If I'm a dog, don't blow me up for barking.

SIR B. Here goes my famous blow.

(IVANHOE staggers under it)

ALL.

Ah!

SIR B. My noted lunge. (*runs IVANHOE through*)

ALL. Oh!

IVAN. I'm done for, somebody throw up the sponge.
My armour's useless; dog! you've won the day. (*falls*)
(aside) I knew these togs of Isaac's would give way.

WAMBA. Oh, well, then there's a finish to the mill.

SIR B. Pardon, my foe in this case I shall kill.

ROWENA. Sir Brian! never!

REBEC. Kill him! Hi! police!

CEDRIC. Impossible! It shan't be!

PRINCE. Cedric, cease;

Sir Brian has a perfect right—proceed! (*consternation*)

SIR B. (*taking the stage*) Of course I have; out he shall go.

(as he is about to strike at IVANHOE, the BLACK KNIGHT enters abruptly L. 2 E., and wards off the blow with his mace)

B. KNIGHT. Indeed! (*picture—pause*)

PRINCE. Who are you?

B. KNIGHT. Never mind.

ROWENA. Your name?

B. KNIGHT. Ain't got one. (*strikes SIR BRIAN, who falls at the blow on one knee*)

CEDRIC. A blow!

REBEC. That's cool.

B. KNIGHT. It is; here comes a hot one.

(*strikes down SIR BRIAN flat*)

Now, having done my work, I must away.

You'd better see to that good knight. Good day.

*Stalks off; L. 1 E.**

PRINCE. Well now, I never.

ROWENA. (to REBECCA) Did you ever?

REBEC. No.

WAMBA. (to SIR BRIAN) How do you feel by this time?

SIR B. Oh! oh! oh!

I never met so terrible a lot,

He's fractured something, but I can't say what;

* From the entrance of the Black Knight to his exit all on the stage must be perfectly still or the effect will be spoiled.

I'm victim to some treachery most deep—

Mind you, I'll be revenged upon the heap! *Exit, R. 1 E.*

ROWENA. Let's see to this poor knight.

(goes to IVANHOE—all rise)

IVAN. (reviving for a moment) Most gone of coons. (faints)

ROWENA. Oh, pray look to his wounds!

REBEC. Oh, dear, he swoons!

CEDRIC. Here, let me lift him—why, what do I see?

'Tis he!

ROWENA. 'Tis he!

WAMBA. 'Tis he!

REBEC. Ha! ha! 'tis he!

CEDRIC. My son!

ROWENA. My love!

WAMBA. My master!

REBEC. My young palmer!

ROWENA. Your palmer!

REBEC. Yes, mine, hussey!

CEDRIC. Pray be calmer!

ROWENA. (shaking IVANHOE) Say whose you are—whose
are you! Speak—don't faint!

REBEC. Say you're not this young person's—say you ain't.

IVAN. (to ROWENA) I'm yours of course. How can you
ask the question?

REBEC. Oh! is this blighted hopes, or indigestion!

(falls into WAMBA's arms)

WAMBA. (struggling) Well from the weight to bear on
me which brought is,

I fancy ma'am, your, grief the heaviest sort is,

It's overwhelming, perhaps you'll take her—there.

(hands REBECCA to CEDRIC)

CEDRIC. No, she's the kind of person I can't bear,

I'll hand her over to your princely care.

(hands her over to PRINCE—PRINCE hands her
over to DE BRACY—DE BRACY places REBECCA
on the side of the circus)

IVAN. (revives) Rowena, sweet it is to meet again,

I came down handsome on the battle-plain.

(rising) But, mark me, I am not defeated, mind,

And Brian de Bois Guilbert yet shall find,

There's strength within this arm to thrash the lot !

ROWENA. Papa, he raves !

IVAN. (*fiercely*) Release me—hold me not !

I feel the tortures of a thousand furies,

The rage of fifty locked-up special juries—

The agony of hate, revenge, despair !

Where is the coward Templar, tell me where ?

Ho, ho ! and so, usurper, *you* are there !

Beware, Prince John, I tell you to beware !

The lion's loose !—your brother's broke his cell !

He's out again, and looking very well !

Ha, ha ! you shake and give way at the knee :

"Richard's himself again," as you shall see !

PRINCE. (*leaning on DE BRACY—trying to pluck up a spirit*)

Richard returned ?—pooh ! that's but empty chaff,

"Old birds," etcetera—Why don't you laugh ?

DE BRACY. Well, since I've heard this news, your jokes to me

Don't seem so funny as they used to be.

PRINCE. Bah ! as for *you*, (to IVANHOE) your insolence, Sir Knight,

Shall meet its just reward.

(*draws extravagantly, hitting REBECCA with back of sword, and breaking bottle which she holds before her*)

REBEC. (*reviving*) Another fight !

IVAN. (*drawing*) Come on !

SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, with a large piece of black plaister down the side of his face, and his arm in a sling, and limping, enters abruptly with several FOLLOWERS, R. 2 E.

SIR B. Draw on your sovereign, it's treason !

Here, the entire Saxon party seize on !

Off to my Castle bear them.

IVAN. Dog !

SIR B. Just so.

ROWENA. Oh, agony !

REBEC. Police !

ROWENA. Oh, grief !

CEDRIC. Oh, woe !

IVAN. Vile Templar! shameful odds, sixteen to four is.

SIR B. The times are changed.

REBEC. *Oh, Tempelar! Oh, mores!*

Concerted Piece—“Skedaddle Polka.”

PRINCE. I'll back you up, Sir Guilbert; they're cads, the parcel!

SIR B. Skedaddle will we to Torquilstone!

IVAN. We'll see then if it will bear a siege, your castle.

ALL. Skedaddle!

IVAN. Bear up—bear up—my own!

ROWENA. Vile knight, on mischief bent,
This conduct you'll repent,

Your castle shall be rent, and all in ruin blent!

REBEC. You call yourself a gent,
When pa's you money lent,
At sixty-five per cent.
My anger must have vent!

(seizes GUARD and shakes him through the music)

WAMBA. Words cannot express my sentiment, Sir B.

ALL. Skedaddle! Oh, rage and agonee! (closed in)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Half dark—roadside, near Ashby de la Zouch—marked music.*

Enter the BLACK KNIGHT, R. 1 E., thoughtfully.

B. KNIGHT. My foot's upon my native heath, and I'm—

No, I can't tell you till the proper time;
My name and station I must not reveal,
But with my mace and sword of Spanish steel,
Seek for oppression in high places—smash it,
Hunt wrong, and with this able critic slash it;
Look for deep cells where maidens fair are shut up,
Find out their wicked authors and them cut up;
Round wandering damsels my protection fling,
Succour the weak, and all that sort of thing:
Until, but that don't matter, then, shall I—
But never mind: once more—however that don't
signify—

Resume a rank—but that's not your affair,—

Which is as high—that's neither here nor there.

Suffice it that I am—that is I'm *not*,
 But *am* to be, or was, no matter what ;
 Besure of this, I'm brother to my brother,
 I'm somebody, that is, if I'm not another,

Enter WAMBA, L. I E.

WAMBA. I beg your pardon, sir, but I confess,
 I'd like to know your name and your address ;
 Although the curfew made us put out lights
 At eight o'clock, we've seldom such *dark nights*.

B. KNIGHT. They call me the Black Knight.

WAMBA. But that's no name.

B. KNIGHT. Then, you may call me Knox, it's all the same.

WAMBA. Sir Something Knox ?

B. KNIGHT. Sir *a tra nox*, will do.
 That's Latin.

WAMBA. My eye !

B. KNIGHT. Your I ? No, *my hue* !
 Everything dark and black, sir, I delight in,
 I always give my foes black eyes in fighting ;
 I dine upon black pudding, then I smoke
 Negro head, reading Blackstone, or perhaps Coke ;
 I never gamble, though a black leg see,
 My favorite drink is black jack, or black tea ;
 At times, Coal Black Rose, I essay to squall,
 But only after dinner at Blackwall ;
 Though not so good at figures as assaults,
 For dancing, I prefer the darkest *vaults* ;
 I only take black draughts when ill, be sure,
 And when I love, it is a black *a-mour*.

Duett—“Zerlina Polka.”

B. KNIGHT. I'm dark as any nigger,
 As you of course can twig-a,
 From top to toe, I'm black as sloe,
 My helmet, gauntlets, boots also,
 But who I am don't matter ;
 I cannot tell you that-a—

Suffice it that I'm some one, and
 No doubt you'll know e're long.

WAMBA. He is a perfect fizzer,
I wonder who he is-a—
His armour's black as our black jack,
I'm quite surprised it doesn't crack;
He don't appear to me-a—
A foreigner—to be-a—

A stranger to our English brew,
Though he is hale and strong.

Dance and exeunt, L. 1 E.

SCENE FIFTH.—*An antique Chamber. Fire-place—fire burning—physic bottles and cup on mantel-piece—saucepans on fire—IVANHOE discovered on a couch, c., REBECCA watching over him.*

REBEC. He's slept two minutes and a half precisely,
I hope, at last, poor dear, he's doing nicely;
Oh, how I love that man! with ardour keener
Than ever woman loved.

IVAN. (*waking*) Oh, sweet Rowena!

REBEC. (*aside*) Bother Rowena! Ivy, how d'ye do?

IVAN. Better, Rowena. Oh, it's only you!

Where, where is she?

REBEC. I'm here!

IVAN. You're there, of course;
Rowena—slave—give me another horse!

REBEC. He takes me for a horse! dear, I'm a gal,
I'm not a horse!—this is your horse pital.

Till you're a perfect cure, you'll tending need,

IVAN. Pooh! I don't want a *cure*, I want a *steed*!

REBEC. I wish you'd fancy something,—gruel, jelly,

Beef tea, with just a little vermicelli;

I'd make you some nice posset if you would;

Because I'm positive 'twould do you good.

Now perhaps a little arrow root or sago—

IVAN. Oh, go along; don't bother me, away go.

Why am I here?

REBEC. By me you here were brought, knight.

The fact is you've been *too weak* since you *fought, knight*.

I've watched you night and day, and would for years;

It's rather hard—and please excuse these tears.

(gives an unearthly howl)

IVAN. She weeps. I've been too harsh, forgive me, pray,
I'm not accountable for all I say;
Give me your hand. I'd walk.

REBEC. There! (*gives him her hand*) Are you ready?
(*IVANHOE staggers*)

You're like the rest of the young men, unsteady!

(*IVANHOE sinks back on couch*)

You'll take your sleeping draught, dear, I suppose?
One dose is warranted to make *one dose*.

(*fetches it from mantelpiece*)
IVAN. I've had one sedative, and two's too bad.

REBEC. No, I'd have really *said it if you had*;
Come, there's a dear.

IVAN. I've taken them in heaps!

Well, if I must, I must. Here goes. (*sleeps*)

REBEC. He sleeps!

(*sings*) "Oh slumber, my darling!
Thy sire is all right."

(SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, who has sneaked
in R. 1 E., puts his hand on her shoulder, and
concludes the song)

SIR B. (*sotto voce*) You'll please stop this squarling,
It's horrible quite.

REBEC. (*in low tremulous tones*) Templar, how dare you
pass our threshold, eh?

SIR B. (*also in a whisper*) Maiden, I've come to carry
you away.

Come on.

REBEC. What do you mean?

SIR B. I love you.

REBEC. You!

SIR B. It seems extraordinary, but I do.

I am a man of few words.

(*seizing her wrist—dragging her to the door*)
REBEC. (*loudly*) Ivanhoe!

SIR B. My hated rival! Come, Rebecca.

REBEC. Oh!

He's fast asleep. Oh, Ivanhoe, awake! (*IVANHOE snores*)
Why did I that strong potion let him take?

Police! Oh, Ivanhoe! (SIR BRIAN is dragging her
along the floor)

SIR B. (*takes her up on his shoulder*) Pray cease that din ;
She's mine !

REBEC. Police !

SIR B. Away ! away !

Music.—Runs out with REBECCA, R. 1 E.

IVAN. (*waking*)

Come in !

I thought I heard a noise. I've had a snooze,
And feel that I once more my limbs can use.
I'm strong and feel as I no longer totter,
I shouldn't care a groat for any g'rotter.
Those knaves who snuffling sorrow for their crime,
Are let loose long before their proper time.
To hear they'd run one through I shouldn't grieve,
Presenting him thus, with his *stick it* of leave.

Song—IVANHOE.

Composed by Mr. MUSGRAVE. (Published.)

Now I feel more than ready for
Any garotting thief,
Who, hiding up some deep side door,
Passengers bring to grief.
I feel my muscles trim,
I'm sound in wind and limb,
And lively as that famous Crow, whose christian name
was Jim.

Yes, I feel, &c.

Brian de Gilbert soon shall find
I'm on my legs once more,
His ugly eye he'd better mind.
I'll stretch him on the floor.
Before the day is done,
I'll give that Templar one ;
Sir Ivanhoe, shall let him know, his real opini-un !

Dance and exit, L.

ISAAC. (*heard singing*) " She wore a wreath of roses."

Enter ISAAC slightly intoxicated, R. 1 E.

She wore a wreath of roses, hi-all right,
She wore a wreath o'—hem !—I'm reather tight.

Whilst all that horsemanship was doing, I
 Thought as I'd do some business on the sly ;
 And so, says I, " my sporting gents, you see,
 There is three thimbles and von little pea :
 Now, then, I'll lay a crown, sir, to a tizzy,
 You don't say vich one he's under—that von, *is he?*"
 Vell, business was a thriving when them blues
 Come up and said, " just mind your p's and q's."
 Back to the fighting I was going to get,
 Ven my old friend, Ike Abrahams, I met.
 " Vat Isaacs ! " " Vat, Ike Abrahams, ma tear,
 I think ve'll do a little drop of beer ! "
 Vell, so ve did, and then another drop ;
 At beer, unluckily, ve didn't stop.
 First we'd a drop of gin to warm the beer,
 And then another, as we both felt queer ;
 Then ve'd a little rum by way of change,
 And then some brandy, as it tasted strange.
 Lastly, some visky, 'cos of the cold air,
 And then some peppermint to keep things square.
 I cannot tell what makes my head so bad,
 I'm sure it can't be anything I've had.
 Rebecca ! how I love the ground she walks on,
 The things she puts on, and the friends she talks on ;
 The darling would do anything for *my* sake,
 The very thought on't makes ould Isaac's *eyes ache*.

Enter WAMBA, R. 1 E.

WAMBA. Oh, here's a pretty state of things—oh, lawks !
 ISAAC. Vot have you got—some silver spoons and forks ?
 The best price given for old rags and bones ;
 Now then, I never splits, so stop them groans.
 Don't go on blubbering in that there vay ;
 Well, you're a pretty fool that I must say.

WAMBA. A fool can't keep his feelings under hatches,
 Although I'm but a thing of shreds and patches,
 A mirth-provoking dog—Wamba the witless—
 When sorrow comes, d'ye think I care for *it* less
 Than folks with sense—when there's misfortune by
 I'll own I'm ass enough to like a cry.

A fool will drench with tears his handkerchief
While clever people bottle up their grief.

ISAAC. It really seems to me this zany can
Talk quite as well as *zany* other man.

WAMBA. Master's in quod.

ISAAC. (grins) Ha, ha !
WAMBA. A smile plays o'er your visage.

He's quodded, and think *what it is* at his age.
Lady Rowena, too's, in Guilbert's clutch
Till she gets ransomed.

ISAAC. Val, she ain't worth much.

WAMBA. She's stuck up in a tower— expire I shall.

ISAAC. She always was a stuck up sort o' gal.

Serve 'em all right. Tell me more news, sweet
youth,
You're not the fool you look, and that's the truth.
Who else has come to grief? Keep up your
pecker.

WAMBA. Sir Brian's run away with your Rebecca.

ISAAC. Vot—vot d'ye mean—you lie—that is to say,
Wamba, you're only saying it in play.

WAMBA. I say, Sir Brian's carried her away,
I met him riding like the wind—a *villian*,
Rebecca, fainting, flung across his pillion.

ISAAC. I won't believe it, boy—I can't—I shan't!
She's gone to see her uncle.

WAMBA. No, she *arn't*.

ISAAC. My child—my girl, as I brought up so well,
Run right away with by that heartless swell;
My gal, Rebecca, gone, for ever cust is!
But, mark me—as I live, boy, I'll have justice!
I'll buy up all his bills, a pretty parcel—
The law shall drag him from his frowning castle;
He shall rot, piecemeal—mark, I say, he shall,
In foulest dungeon—Oh! my gal—my gal! (cross, r.)
Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses,
And don't the law allow us our expenses?
Say, if you prick us, do we, do we not bleed?
If tickled—laugh? I think we do indeed.
Say, if you poison us, do we—do we not die?
Give us a dose of arsenic, boy, and try.

Of course we do, and if all this be true,
When wronged shan't we go in for vengeance too?
(crosses to L.)

Duett—WAMBA and ISAAC—Air, "Railway Car."

WAMBA. Oh! Isaac, dry
Your piping eye,
She's not so very far;
We'll see if we
Can't let out she,
Come, laugh, old boy, ha! ha!
My word, upon,
We'll thrash Prince John,
And also the Temp-lar!
Our vengeance shall be
As speedy as if we
Were riding in a railroad car!

ISAAC. I can't look up,
My bitter cup
Is filled, and brims o-var!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
How could she go,
And leave her old papa?
To go away,
And never say
So much as "Pa', tar-tar!"
I'm the wretchedest of men,
I shall never see again
My beautiful—my Rebec-car!

Exeunt after a wild pas.

SCENE SIXTH.—*Chamber in a Tower of Sir Brian's Castle—a low window leading to the ramparts, c.—spade at back, L.—Music.*

CEDRIC lying on a stone bench, R. C., with ROWENA watching over him, her hair down, and the pair grouped so as to be suggestive of "Lear and Cordelia"—REBECCA sitting on stool, L., a blanket round her.

ROWENA. Oh, dear papa, our case is very sad;
Sir Brian's conduct really is too bad.

Living on water gruel are we three,
Oh what a cruel fellow he must be.

CEDRIC. Here is my breast, vile Norman, pr'ythee strike it.
Kill me—I'm used to it, and rather like it.

ROWENA. Was this a head, a rough blow to let fly at?
Was this a form to feed on prison diet?
Was this an eye to bring misfortune's tear in?
And oh, was this an ear to be barr'd here in?
Was this—

REBEC. Now, that the seventeenth I'm poz is.

I wish you'd put a finish to them was's.
I was brought up so well—oh, dear—oh, dear!
I never thought I should be brought up here.
I've got a cold, for months it won't away go;
Likewise I'm laying in a nice lumbago.
Than father even I shall be rheumaticker.

ROWENA. Pooh! what have you to sigh at?

REBEC. The sci-at-ica.

ROWENA. Now, were you in my place you might com-
plain.

I ne'er may see my Ivanhoe again.
Oh, Ivanhoe! in vain on him I call;
He has forgotten me—

WAMBA. (who has entered in a friar's gown and hood, L. 2 E.)
No, not at all;

He loves you still, this hand (seizing it) shall yet be
his'n.

He means to slit Sir Brian's trait'rous wizen.

CEDRIC. These words, for hooded friar, are somewhat bowld.

ROWENA. (releasing her hand) You're rather warm for
one who should be cowld.

WAMBA. Behold, I only wear a friar's dress.

ROWENA. No wonder that he's warm—it's Warmba.

WAMBA. Yes.

Concerted Piece—Air, "So early in the Morning."

WAMBA. Sweet maid, I've sneaked the portal through,
To bring to you this *billet doux*,
Of course it is to let you know
The safety of Sir Ivanhoe.

Doesn't she seem to like it ?

Oh ! doesn't she seem to like it ?

I should rather think she did !

ROWENA. (*reads*) Rowena, love, the bearer's hood

Assume, and ride off to Sherwood,

They'll take you for a friar, so

You soon can join your Ivanhoe !

CEDRIC. Doesn't she seem delighted ?

(*dance*)

Doesn't she seem delighted ?

I should rather think she did !

ROWENA. They will discover you.

WAMBA. Discover, pooh !

Never mind that, but let *dis-cover* you.

(*placing the hood on Rowena's shoulders*)

ROWENA. This is a stretch I didn't mean to go to.

WAMBA. You silly little goose, you go your beau to ;
In that disguise you will escape no doubt.

ROWENA. But you'll get punished when they find you out,
Or rather find me out, and find you here,
My generous Wamba—

WAMBA. Why, you see, my dear,
To me you've always been so kind and good,
That I delight to shew some gratitude ;
It's different from the ordinary rule,
But then you'll recollect I'm such a fool.

CEDRIC. Farewell, my child.

ROWENA. Oh, not farewell, papa,
I shall come back—farewell—no, au revoir. (*cross, L.*)

REBEC. Good bye, though we are rivals as you know,
And you must soon be Mrs. Ivanhoe.

I feel (for Cupid's such a wayward archer),
Though you're a *rival*, grief at your *departure*.

WAMBA. Somebody's coming—cease this fiddle faddle,
In Yankee phraseology, skedaddle !

(*Exit ROWENA, L. 1 E.—all listen in bending attitudes*)
She's flying down the stairs—what is she at ?

REBEC. She's only tumbled over on the mat.

CEDRIC. She's up and off again—another flight
She's cleared.

WAMBA. She's reached the outer door all right.

REBEC. She caught her toe against the scraper.

WAMBA. No!

A false alarm—she's safe.

REBEC. Hooray!

Enter SIR BRIAN, r., with bottle and goblet, r. 1 e.

SIR B. Halloo!

Cedric, old boy, De Bracy doth insist
That you should go and take a hand at whist.

(*Exit WAMBA, and CEDRIC, r.—SIR BRIAN looks affectionately at REBECCA, who looks uncomfortable*)

SIR B. Rebecca, I'm not given much to flattery,
But you're as handsome as a piece of statuary;
Your dressmaker is clever, you'll confess,
You really look entrancing in that dress;
Venus de Medici.

REBEC. Medici! Venus!

SIR B. I say, whoever made it she's a genius;
Rebecca, I'm a Templar.

REBEC. Oh, no doubt; (*aside*)

He'll get a Templer if he don't look out.

SIR B. I'm forty-two as near as I remember.

REBEC. And I shall be nineteen, sir, next November.

SIR B. Suppose we make a match.

REBEC. With you, a match—oh law!

SIR B. Why not? I am a Templar and batch-o'law;
You will perceive, Rebecca, to propose,
I've figged myself out in my finest clothes.

REBEC. I see you've figged yourself; though you look bigger,
I can't say that I think much of the figger.

SIR B. I said in my best togs I'm sure to charm her,
Whereas, in my mail armour, I may alarm her.

(*kneels*) I have a castle—you shall be its missus.

REBEC. This is too much for mortal patience—this is;
Take that! (*flings stool at him*)

SIR B. Beware! My rage, when roused immense is,
And I can't answer for the consequences; (*rising*)
Decide upon the spot—say yes or no.

REBEC. Oh, Wilfred, Wilfred! Oh, my Ivanhoe!

SIR B. Halloo! my foe, Sir Ivanhoe—ho—ho!
You love him?

REBEC. Rather! SIR B. (aside) Hate! revenge! despair!

But hush! I must dissemble, and speak fair;
(jovially) A gallant knight—I love him like a brother;
Though in the lists we pitched into each other,
After the fighting, all ill-feeling ends;
Although we then were pitchers, now we're friends:
Suppose we drink his health—what says *ma belle*?
Have I my poison here? I have—'tis well;
See, I've brought up a flagon of prime Rhenish,
Which, when we've finished, we can soon replenish.

REBEC. Those sour wines with me never do agree,
For I'm a martyr to acidity;
I prefer cordials: Curacao you've got?
No—Maraschino? Noyeau? No, you've not?

SIR B. This is the liquor. (*pours out some into goblets*)

She's not looking—so:
(*pours contents of a paper into Rebecca's goblet*)
That potion ends the hopes of Ivanhoe.

(rises, and hands it politely to REBECCA)

REBEC. "May the present moment be the worst of our
lives."

"Our noble selves"—"The ladies, sweethearts and
wives"—

"Gentlemen all"—and, although last not least,
"Our absent friend," the founder of the feast;

(commences singing)

We'll drown it in the bo-o-owl.

SIR B. (aside) A moment more—she drinks! Insulting cat!
One draught, and its all over.

(*a portion of the roof falls, and dashes the cup out
of her hand*) Ha!—what's that?

REBEC. You've got a tile off.

SIR B. Bah!—that happened vilely
For my deep plan, which is upset en-tiley;

But though the poison's lost—— (draws his sword)

REBEC. The poison! (rushes on to platform, c.) murder!
Over I go, if you come one step furder;

You're at a decent distance now—just keep at it,
Or I'll precipitate.

SIR B. Don't be precipitate.

REBEC. Oh dear! In scenes sensational like these,
Always oblige us with the lime light, please,
(the lime light is thrown upon REBECCA)

Thank you.

SIR B. Your pate will dizzy grow—to fall you're fated,
Oh, this is not what I *an dizzy pated*;
You'll lose your head. Oh, dear! this is a purty go,
You'll have the vertigo—suppose you *vere to go!*
Come back, and I'll not harm you on my honour.

*(REBECCA comes from the opening down stage—
SIR BRIAN rushes up and stands with his back to
it threateningly)*

Now, then, my Kathleen Kavanagh, Eily O'Connor,
Whiche'er you like, victim of artful gullins,
Behold in me a Danny Man, Black Mullins,
Or both combined. Ha! ha!

REBEC. Oh, mercy—mercy!

SIR B. Pooh! nothing of the kind, ma'am, wice wersey!

REBEC. Is there no rescue? Is nobody near?

Where is my father? Where's my father?

*(ISAAC suddenly appearing pulling aside the stones
in the roof of the turret, L.)*

ISAAC. Here!

REBEC. Ha, ha! my father's voice—vile monster, fear it!

As Jessie Brown observes—"dinna ye hear it?"

ISAAC. There, vile you keeps the vagabonds at bay,
I'll take a lesson from the Peep o' Day.

*(ISAAC descends by a wooden beam in the wall,
which bends in the manner of the hero of Peep
o' Day, and knocks down SIR B.)*

I think he'll suffer from that brace of cracks,
I have preserved your peace, sir, in two whacks;
I'll finish him—oh, misery and horror!
Two bills of his are coming due to-morrow;
I say, Sir Brian, filled 's my bitter cup,
Here, don't you die until you've took 'em up!

REBEC. Oh! but he moves—I hear a noise—don't you?
Somebody is coming—and he's coming too!
Let's go!

ISAAC. Vid all my heart. (*goes towards door*)

(*Enter PRINCE JOHN, r. 1 e.*)

Oh law, Prince John!

PRINCE. I say, de Guilbert, my old buck, come on,
I've quite cleared out de Bracy.

(*ISAAC and REBECCA are going towards door stealthily*)

SIR B. (*rising partially*) Sire, I'm done for.

PRINCE. It seems as if his nob he had got one for.

What's disagreed with you, the cold milk punch?
Or the plum that you pitched into at lunch?

That too much paste or fruit is bad, most true is.

SIR B. Twasn't the paste or fruit, it was the ju-ice!
Or rather Isaac.

PRINCE. (*drawing, and crossing to him*) Dog!

REBEC. (*rushing between them*) Your highness, spare him,
It was'nt he that did it.

SIR B. Yes, it were him.

REBEC. It was to save his child—the act forgive.

SIR B. He holds too many bills of mine to live.

REBEC. (*goes to SIR BRIAN, and takes his sword*)

ISAAC. What'll become of my poor shop? pray stop,
And all the clothes—they'll have to close the shop;

Sweet Prince, have pity on my old grey hairs.

REBEC. Take this, papa, and stick him unawares.

(*Music.—ISAAC and PRINCE JOHN fight—REBECCA goes to ramparts, and waves her pocket hand-kerchief*)

REBEC. (*excitedly*) Go on, papa—some help arrives—
hooray!

A crowd of Knights are coming up this way.

(*battering noise heard*) They've placed the ladders 'gainst the wall—be

quick!

The Black Knight leads them, he's a perfect brick.

(*alarm bell—SIR BRIAN has risen and drawn his dagger*)

BLACK KNIGHT, IVANHOE, ROWENA *rush in through open wall*—CEDRIC and WAMBA *enter from wing*, L. 1 E.—BALLET R. and L.—the BLACK KNIGHT *confronts PRINCE JOHN*.

SIR B. This is my castle I beg leave to state.
And who are you?

PRINCE. Precisely—who are you?

BLACK KNIGHT. You wish to know?

PRINCE. We do.

B. KNIGHT. You really do?

He—hem! Now, all of you, prepare to start.
I am King Richard of the Lion Heart!

(PRINCE JOHN falls into WAMBA's arms)

ALL. The King!

SIR B. Returned like a bad bob—mean trick.

WAMBA. No—not like a *bad Bob*—like a *good Dick*.

PRINCE. Come back, his wretched countrymen to sponge on.
Thought you were in a dungeon.

B. KNIGHT. Have you done, John?

ISAAC. (aside) The king's hard up, his purse ain't nothing
in it.

He'll want to borrow something in a minute.

Here, come along, my tear, we'll go home.

SIR B. Stay!

As I've been foiled in everything to-day

Here goes. (about to stab himself)

B. KNIGHT. Hold! we insist upon your living.
And upon all your shameful acts forgiving,
And yours, (to ISAAC) and yours, (to PRINCE JOHN)
We pardon you.

CEDRIC. (aside to ROWENA) You see

He hates the Saxon, he's not mentioned me.

ROWENA. Against us is your noble nature hardened,
What has my pa' done that he isn't *pardon'd*?

B. KNIGHT. Bless you, my children, we forgive you all.
IVAN. But for forgiveness here we now must call,

Our piece of nonsense ended, you alone

Can say our efforts strenuous atone

For sad short-comings; at our failings laugh,
 And like the winnow in our load of chaff,
 (Though p'raps the labour may be most immense)
 Try to find just some grains of common sense;
 And should you fail to do so, on our rhyme
 Don't be too hard this merry Christmas time,
 But generous plaudits bounteously bestow—
 We ask a show of hands for Ivanhoe.

Finale—Air, "Railroad Car."

- ROWENA. Our task is o'er,
 We've reached the shore,
 And only want a hand,
 SIR B. The hand that you
 Can offer—do,
 To land us on the Strand.
 WAMBA. Whilst we've beguiled,
 An hour you've smiled,
 So often laughed, ha! ha!
 IVAN. So, with what oft we've done,
 In parody and pun,
 Place Ivanhoe upon a par!
 ISAAC. Deriding thoughts se-ve-ar!
 REBEC. Without a sneer or frown,
 Pray bring our curtain down
 With a regular Christmas chee-ar!
- Chorus—Our task is o'er, &c.*

SIR B. WAM. CED. ROW. IVAN. B. KNIGHT. PRINCE. REB. ISAAC.

Curtain.