

FRA DIAVOLO

OR

THE BEAUTY AND THE BRIGANDS.

A Burlesque Burletta

BY

HENRY J. BYRON, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*The Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons—Babes in the Wood—
Bride of Abydos—The Maid and the Magpie—
Nymph of the Lurleyburg—Pilgrim of Love
—Jack the Giant Killer, &c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his men—&c.,

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First performed at the Strand Theatre,
On Monday, the 5th of April, 1858,
And revived on Monday, the 10th of September, 1860.

The Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON and Assistants; Machinist, Mr. SQUIRES; the Scenery, by Messrs. ALBERT CALLCOTT and W. BROADFOOT; the Properties, by Mr. BROGDEN and Assistants; Perruquier, Mr. CLARKSON; Musical Director, Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE.

The Burlesque produced under the Direction of Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH and Mr. C. MELVILLE.

Characters

LORD ALLCASH (*an English Nobleman, making the Grand Tour and himself as agreeable as possible—the invariable custom of travelling Britons*)

Mr. H. J TURNER.

FRA DIAVOLO alias the MARQUIS DI CRANBOURNEALLI (*an amiable and captivating creature, with a weakness for Jewellery and Flirtation—although a large price set upon him, decidedly unlikely to be sold*)

MISS MARIA SIMPSON.

MATTEO (*Landlord of the "Jolly Brigands," who refuses to allow his child to marry a man of no small means—the monster*)

Mr. POYNTER.

LORENZO (*an Officer of Police, who haunts the Tavern containing his Sweetheart—in fact, an Inn-Spectre—a youth whose figure will prevent his attaining any height in his profession*)

Mr. JAMES ROGERS.

BEPRO (*a particularly heavy Ruffian, not troubled with the faintest outline of a conscience, or, indeed, with anything but the conventional hoarseness peculiar to Melo-Dramatic Brigands*)

Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH.

GIACOMO (*a promising young Bandit*)

Mr. E. DANVERS.

FRANCESCO (*an extensive young Farmer*)

Mr. H. CHATER.

ANTONIO (1860 Z)

Mr. EDGE.

ZERLINA (*the beauty of the village, and Barmaid of "The Jolly Brigands*)

MISS EMMA NEVILLE.

LADY ALLCASH (*a Lady making her first Tour, and, through F—a D—o's wiles, very nearly her first trip*)

Miss LAVINE.

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Synopsis of Scenery.

SCENE I.

EXTERIOR OF THE "JOLLY BRIGANDS."

The stern Parient—a Carbinier's Carol—Fashionable Arrivals—Nerves and their consequences—"3,000 Francs Reward for the Capture of Fra Diavolo"—Arrival of Heavy Swell of the period—Matteo has a Full House, but plenty of Orders—Sudden Appearance of unprepossessing Strangers.

**Extraordinary instance of Brute-taming, by Fra Diavolo,
NOT Mr. RAREY'S PLAN.**

Jealousy, Jewellery, and Joy—Restitution, Revenge, and Rage.

SCENE II.

A N O T H E R.

Evil consequences of a Strike—Beppo possessed of an Iron Will, and Giacomo proves the Legacy—Operatic Selections.

SCENE III.

ZERELINA'S CHAMBER.

An expensive Bus and a Shilling Fair—Case of Cupboard Admiration—Zerlina indulges in a Soliloquy, a Song, and a *Pas Seul*—the Sword which hangs above her prevented from falling by a single 'Air—Disgraceful Appearance of the Bridegroom—Sudden Vision of a Nobleman in Trepidation and a Nightcap.

SCENE IV.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PREMISES.

This Scene is introduced entirely for the Domestic Felicity of Lord and Lady Allicash, who become reconciled to their own, and (it is hoped) to the Public's satisfaction.

SCENE V.

TEA GARDENS at the "JOLLY BRIGANDS."**BALET OF BRIGANDS.**

Who have certainly no right to be there, but being a very pretty Troupe, and having exceedingly nice Dresses, must appear at some time—Diavolo himself again—Rejected Addresses—Beppo recognizes an old Acquaintance—**Grand Pas de Recollection**, by Beppo and Giacomo—Uncomfortable Position of the Brigands—the Billet turns out a *do*—Diavolo's Descent upon the Tin foiled—Lorenzo throws himself on Diavolo, who throws himself on the Tender Mercies of an enlightened British Public—

UNALLOYED HAPPINESS OF EVERYBODY!

FRA DIAVOLO;

OR, THE BEAUTY AND THE BRIGANDS.



SCENE I.—*The Entrance Porch of an Italian Inn.* A romantic landscape at back—table, R. C., at which several CARBINIERS dressed half as Soldiers half as modern Policemen, are seated drinking. LORENZO, with his back to the Audience; MATTEO serving.

Chorus,—“Libiamo, Libiamo”—(“Traviata.”)

Let's drink, boys ! let's drink, boys !

And send the cup around,

Let us send the cup round and get jolly ;

The captain is rapt in a study profound,

But that don't to us signify—

We'll drink, don't think of cares, boys,

Or of the world's affairs, boys,

Of bother we've our shares, boys,

But let 'em go by.

Let us drink, boys, &c.

1ST CARBINIER. Landlord, a stirrup cup and then away.

MATT. For the last order, you forgot to pay.

1ST CARBINIER. Get out !

MATT. You'll pay for what you had before, sir ?

1ST CARBINIER. Be quick, another cup.

MATT. Come, come, no sauce, sir.

(aside) These young recruits recruit continually,
As for the wetter-uns they're always dry.

(aloud) I wish to hint, now pray don't be offended,
The free list is “entirely suspended.”

CARBINIERS. (groaning) Oh, shabby ! shabby !

1ST CARBINIER. But, comrades, what's the matter with the captain ?

A regular brown study he seems wrapt in.

(hits LORENZO on the back—LORENZO chokes in his cup)

LOREN. (turning) Rapt in a study p'raps I am, that's true,
I don't want to be rap'd in that way too.

MATT. Cheer up !

LOREN.

I can't !

MATT.

A carbinier in love ;

Such woman's nonsense I would be above.

LOREN. But I adore Zerlina !

MATT.

Cut it short,

On your small pay to wed, you didn't ought.

A carbinier support a wife and brats,

You never can be joined, you pair of flats.

(retires up—LORENZO comes down)

LOREN. This wretched wisen I had best been twisting,

Ere I had thought of going and enlisting,

For years I had one ceaseless round of drill,

And broke no law, yet kept a private still ;

Like Macbeth's witches rising hopes I felt, did

Vanish in air, " and what seem corporal melted ; "

All views of being ensign I gave o'er.

(points to sign) That was the only Inn-sign that I saw,

As now at last I've some promotion got ;

They're doing all they can to get me shot ;

They've sent me now to capture—for they know

I'm nervous—mighty Fra Diavolo !

(hurried music—all crowd round LORENZO)

Song.—“ Cork Leg.”

LOREN. There's monster, who lives somewhere up in the hills,

A fellow, who never discharges his bills,

Who pops a knife into a traveller's gills,

Before he has time to articulate—pills.

Ri-tooral ooral ooral, &c.

In milling his foes he's the neatest of knacks,

He'd finish Tom Sayers in a couple of cracks.

Invariably seals all his quarrels with whacks ;

And turns up his nose at the property tax.

Ri-tooral ooral ooral, &c.

He's dreadfully handsome the ladies all say,

And goes to balls, parties, to op'ra and play ;

Makes conquests by dozen and dozens each day,

For you see he has got such a wheedling way.

Ri-tooral ooral ooral, &c.

And this is the fellow we're ordered to go

And seize, which is pleasant—exceedingly so,

For somehow my comrades immediately grow

Afraid at the name of Fra Diavolo.

Ri-tooral ooral ooral, &c.

Enter ZERLINA from the House, R.

ZERLINA. (*going to LORENZO*) What! Fra Diavolo?

LOREN. (*nervously*) Now do be still.

ZERLINA. Oh, poor Lorenzo, you he's sure to kill;
Should you but meet, he's so extremely cruel.

You're safe to get your military gruel.

LOREN. Oh, lor! oh, gracious! Oh! I feel so queer.

ZERLINA. (*to MATTEO*) You see he *grew ill* at the bare idea.

MATT. Then as a shot they say he's so expert.

LOREN. (*aside*) As soon as dinner's over I'll *desert*.

MATT. Now, worthy folks, you'd better go away,
To-morrow is my daughter's wedding day,
And I'll invite you all—

LOREN. You're very kind,
But if I come, I'm—

MATT. Well, sir?

LOREN. Never mind.

(*Music.—MATTEO goes to back shaking hands with them.*

VILLAGERS go off, R. U. E. LORENZO and ZERLINA down the stage, C.)

ZERLINA. My future husband can afford a carriage,
Now ours would be a much too frugal marriage.

LOREN. I'll try from out my heart thy form to rub;
Take to cards, rum and water, and my club.

(shakes his constable's staff)

ZERLINA. Your wealthy rival will—

MATT. (*at back*) Come, do not linger!

ZERLINA. Wring my poor heart, as well as ring my finger.

LOREN. Would I could wring his neck! but that's all hectoring.

ZERLINA. You'd find I wouldn't *peach*, were you his *neck to wring*.

MATT. (*writhing*) Ugh! get into the house; how could you do so?

Come, be off, and prepare your wedding trousseau.

ZERLINA. My trousseau's ready been a week, papa.

MATT. True, so it has, then go and mind the bar.

(*Music.—ZERLINA goes to embrace LORENZO. MATTEO throws her round*)

Concerted Piece.—The laughing trio from "The Rose of Castile."

I won't, unkind papa,
Stand there behind the bar;
But never mind. Ha! ha!

ALL but LORENZO.

Ha, ha! ha, ha!

MATT. Your impudence doth grieve me;
Immediately leave me.

ZERLINA repeats verse, and exit into house, R.

(fearful crash heard. All the CARBINIERS huddle together in extreme fright—particularly LORENZO. A female's scream heard.

MATT. Holloa! Some lady got into a mess:

(seeing LORENZO much alarmed)

What! not assist a female in distress?

Come, captain, now the time to show your valor:

You and your pall are seized with sudden pallor;

You surely cannot find your courage fail?

LOREN. (trembling) It's only the effects of the pale ale.

Music.—Enter LADY ALLCASH, in a towering passion, R. U. E., and after her LORD ALLCASH, a pottering childish old man.

LADY A. (c.) You brute! You unkind wretch, to bring me here.

LORD A. (r.) You wished to come yourself, you know, my dear,

You praised a foreign tour all things above.

LADY A. That's right, reproach me, do—it's kind, my love.

LORD A. My pet!

LADY A. I'm in a pet!

LORD A. My precious poppet!

LADY A. Leave off this idiotic nonsense, drop it!

Our travelling carriage which was nearly new,
Smashed into smithereens!

LORD A. That's very true;

The axletree gave way upon the hill,
As we could not alight we got a spill.

LADY A. Attack'd by robbers in the open day!

LORD A. I quite concur in every thing you say.

LADY A. My jewels, dresses gone, the ruffian crew,
Have taken from me every thing—but you.

LORD A. T' have taken me dear would have been too bad,

LADY L. My dear! (aside) oh! how I only wish they had.

LORD A. I'm sick of Italy—this pretty call!

It isn't half so pretty as Blackwall.

LADY A. (aside) Oh! what an idiot I must have been,

To run away with that, to Gretna Green,

Though then I fondly thought I'd got a catch,

I soon began regret'n a green match.

LORD A. Landlord, I wish to offer a reward,

LADY A. Do, and a good one, you can well afford.

LORD A. (*becoming irritated*) I can, my dear—
We'll say three thousand francs.

LADY A. You'd better say a shilling and your thanks.
But that would be a deal to much I fear,
Offer your blessing and—a pint of beer.

LORD A. (*extremely angry*) I'll soon get a divorce, if thus you
keep
Insulting me.

LADY A. Oh do—they're very cheap.

LORD A. You make me look a perfect fool, ma'am.

LADY A. Steady!
I cannot do what nature's done already.

LORD A. (*in a rage*) Now if I lose my temper, you'll regret it,

LADY A. Well, if you do I hope that I shan't get it.
For its a precious bad one—oh! you wretch,
I'm very ill—my smelling bottle fetch.

(*screams and falls in LORD A.'s arms*)

LORD A. Oh dear, oh dear, this very right me serves,
Two years ago she'd no such things as nerves.
But now if e'er one harsh word I speak,
She goes into hysterics for a week.

My life! my love!—ha, ha, she breathes a few,

LADY A. (*sighs*) One sigh's a coming—now she's coming too.
(LADY A. *sighs extravagantly*) Ah! that's relieved,
hasn't it—my eyes!

MATT. (*aside*) She is a woman of enormous size.

LORD A. A glass of nice cold water.

MATT. In a minute.

LADY A. (*faintly*) And put a leetle drop of something in it.
Exit MATTEO into house, R.

Duet.—Air.—“Polly, won't you try me?”

LORD A. My duck, such conduct is not right,
It's wrong.

LADY A. Golly, don't you try me, oh!

LORD A. My pet.

LADY A. Don't pet me, oh, you fright!

LORD A. This is jolly, you defy me, oh!

LADY A. No, I don't.

LORD A. You do, you do!

Away!

LADY A. Not stay, another moment here.

LORD A. { It's disgraceful

and And the place full.

LADY A. { You do it on purpose to annoy me, oh!

At the finish of the Duet, MATTEO comes out with a placard on which is written—“3,000 francs reward!”

Fra Diavolo," &c., whick he posts at back, ZERLINA comes on with glass, R., LORD A. takes glass and offers it to LADY A., who indignantly refuses it, crossing to R.; LORD A. drinks and chuck's ZERLINA under the chin—LADY A. sees him, turns ZERLINA round, takes LORD A. by the ear, and exit, R.

MATT. (to LOREN.) Look there, my boy, observe the large reward
That's offered by the wealty English lord;
More than enough your empty purse to fill.

(aside) Won't I oblige his lordship with a bill. *Exit, R.*

ZERLINA. (R.) Three thousand frances!

LOREN. (L.) A nice agreeable lot that;

Why gracious me—my rival hasn't got that.

If Fra Diavolo we catch—you're mine.

(to men) Now, then, you awkward squadron, fall in line!

Eyes right! (CARBINIERS all stand different ways)

Are you of common sense bereft?

One would imagine that you'd no eyes left.

ZERLINA. Don't blow 'em up, or else there'll be a row.

LOREN. Quick, march, you boobies; get off any how!

Music.—CARBINIERS exeunt, L. U. E.

LOREN. Farewell Zerlina, should Lorenzo fall,
Riddled by baggynet or pierced by ball,
And you should wed another, recollect,
This poor inspector's spectre pray expect;
But if this spec-ulation should turn out
Respec-table, your pa will, I've no doubt,
With spec-tacles, respec-tful view me, lass;
That is he'll see me with a friendly glass.

Farewell!

ZERLINA. You are so young!

LOREN. Oh, cease alarms,

My soul's grown up, although it is in arms,
And eager for the fray—hope emulates me;

Farewell, sweet g'yurl—I go where glory waits me!

Rushes off.

Song, ZERLINA.—“Cheer up Sam.”

I'm in a dreadful state of mind,

I don't know what to do;

For if Lorenzo shouldn't find

This robber and his crew,

To-morrow I must married be,

Unto a man I hate;

Another name for misery's:

The matrimonial state.

For it's—

DIAVOLO. (heard without) Cheer up, ma'am, and don't let your
spirits go down.

ZERLINA. Who that is I can't tell

(*looking off R. U. E.*) Oh, dear me, such a swell
As we've not seen some time in this town.

DIAVOLO. (*without*) What ho! within there! landlord!

ZERLINA. Goodness gracious;

Here comes some nobleman dressed out splendidacious;
He's so good looking—instantly I'll clap on
My apron new, and put my Sunday cap on. *Exit R.*

Enter FRA DIAVOLO dressed magnificently, with a small riding whip.

DIAV. Well, here I am, and now that I am here,
What I'm to do is not exactly clear;
But I'm so volatile and such a rum body,
I must do something instantly—or somebody;
I'll introduce myself unto you though,—
Me, public—public—Fra Diavolo.
Prince of Italian prigs, the king of cribbers,
The most insinuating too of fibbers,
Lord of light fingered gentlemen, a nob
Among the swelliest of our swell-mob;
In fact a greater scoundrel I'm inclined
To think in Italy you couldn't find,
If you from North to South with besom swept it,—
The king of Naples is, of course, excepted.
I am, in short, with safety I may say,
The sort of brigand *not* seen *every* day.

Song.—“The Muleteer.”—(“Rose of Castile.”)

I am a simple mountaineer,
Not too particular to rules;
I rob mankind, both far and near,
And roughly treat the foreign fools.
With proud contempt I spurn the laws;
The ladies fear me, too, because
I whip away a female heart—
Click, clack, all right, my dear—
So jauntily he plays his part,
This simple mountaineer.

And when I find the business queer,
Abroad throughout the world I roam;
I leave in the bad time of year
My brigands bold to starve at home,
Whilst I to opera and play,
To routs and parties go each day,
They little think that one so smart—
Click, clack, all right, my dear—
Can prig a purse, as well as heart;
Click, clack, they only fear
The dashing cavalier,

Enter ZERLINA from house, with another cap on.

ZERLINA. (R., aside) Oh, what a handsome gallant cavalier!

DIAV. (L.) A petticoat, by jove! come here, my dear,
And what's your name?

ZERLINA. My name, sir, is Zerlina;
I'm barmaid here.

DIAV. I fancied you had been a
Lady at least.

ZERLINA. Ah, there I fear you flatter me.

DIAV. (with his arm round her waist) No, no, 'pon honour!
Pr'ythee don't think that o' me;
You're deucedly good looking.

ZERLINA. Am I though?

DIAV. Tell me, Zerlina, have you got a beau?

ZERLINA. Ah, that's the worst of it, for I have two,
Between the pair I don't know what to do;
The one—the one this evening has to go
To catch this monster, Fra Diavolo.

(DIAVOLO coughs) ZERLINA. He's certain to be killed, the head-
strong gaby.

Isn't he, sir?

DIAV. Most probably he may be.
But who is this Diavolo, my dear,
That all of you seem to hate and fear?
Why do you so abuse misfortunes minion:
And of Diavolo, d'ye have a low opinion?

Duet.—“On Yonder Rock.”

ZERLINA. On yonder rock reclining,
A dark and dirty form behold:
Wrapped in a Witney blanket old,
Although it isn't cold.

Whilst on a ridge adjining
His carbine rests—it's primed you know,
Ready the traveller's brains to blow
Out, as they trudge below.

Tremble! e'en while the storm is beating;
I shouldn't like to be meeting
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo?

DIAV. Whilst thus the man abusing,
Let justice too at least be shown;
All the things he's said to bone
Mayn't be for him alone.

It's really most amusing
Your running down Diavolo,

While nought you can against him know :
Little girls shouldn't do so.

(with energy) Tremble : e'en whilst the storm is beating ;
Shouldn't you like to be meeting—
Don't be my words repeating !
Diavolo ! Diavolo ! Diavolo ?

Enter MATTEO from House, R.

DIAV. Now run into the house, my darling, trot,
And order me a—anything you've got.

Exit ZERLINA, R.

MATT. (R.) What wine would you prefer, my lord ?

DIAV. (L.) Wine ? well—a—
What liquor, fellas', have you in your cellar ?

MATT. Some prime Sauterne, my lord.

DIAV. Oh dear, oh dear !
I hate Sauterne, it does *so turn* me queer.

MATT. Some prime Hockeimer—

DIAV. That's the stuff for me,
For of your prime *Hock I'm a* devotee.

MATT. Your lordship's most—

DIAV. And while you're at the bar,
I don't mind havin' a Havanna cigar,
Mild flava !

MATT. Oh, your lordship's very kind. (going)

DIAV. None of your ten-a-shilling Cuba's, mind.

ZERLINA enters with tray and refreshment, R.; MATTEO places them on table—DIAVOLO seated.

DIAV. That's capital ! (places chair) Now, come along, my dear ! (MATTEO seats himself, R.)

Not you—get out ! Zerlina, love, come here.

(GIACOMO peeps in, R. U. E.—ZERLINA sees him, and screams)

DIAV. Why, what's the matter with the little rogue, eh ?

ZERLINA. Oh dear ! look there !—I'm certain it's old bogey !

Runs off into house, R.—“Sam Hall” played in a very marked manner.

Enter GIACOMO, and then BEPPO; the latter made up as a Transpontine Brigand, with every article of dress extravagantly large. DIAVOLO takes no notice of them but continues eating and drinking.

MATT. There's lots of work for fellows young and strong.

GIAC. Povero 'Taliano !

MATT. Go along !

Duet.—It's hard to give the hand."

- BEPPO. *My* inside has suffered long,
I've been fasting for a week.
GIAC. Though he says it in a song,
It's all truth that he doth speak.
BEPPO. (*looking longingly at DIAVOLO's food*)
Oh, that tart it makes my mouth
For to water dreadfully.
GIAC. In my throat I've got a drouht,
Gentlefolks, we're precious dry.
BEPPO. That plum tart's so plummy and
Twould with me so well agree.
Oh ! it's 'ard to put the 'and.
(with appropriate action)
Oh ! it's 'ard to put the 'and.
Oh ! it's 'ard to put the 'and.
Where that tart can never be.

- MATT. Go and enlist, you'll have extensive pay.
BEPPO. And get boiled beef for dinner every day
Drop off the hooks in very little while,
From a too great preponderance of *bile*.
(aside) That's why they always speak of—I'll be bound;
The soldiers life as one continual "round."
MATT. The Carabiniers will take you two poltroons up.
(aside) I think I'd better go and lock the spoons up.

Exit into house, R.

- GIAC. (R., *falling on his knees to DIAVOLO*) Most, noble captain.
BEPPO. (*putting GIACOMO aside*) That our captain—bother !
I could whack him as easy as my mother ;
Why, where's his leggings, dirk, and scowling mien ?
And what's the most absurd—that fellow's clean.
To call that gen-teel-looking cove a bandit,
At the Victoria they wouldn't stand it.
(goes to table and pours out a glass of wine)
I'm a familiar sort, though this chap lords *you*.
So here's luck, governor, I looks towards you.

- DIAV. (*leaning back and staring at BEPPO*) Wherever did
you pick up this wild boar ?
I never saw so great a brute before ;
Has he escaped from any caravan ?
BEPPO. (*insolently*) I say, young feller !
DIAV. (*suddenly rising and assuming a tone of command*) And
I say, young man :

Consider in whose présence, sir, you are ;
Remember I'm your master—chapeau bas !

(knocks off his hat, BEPPO amazed)

Immediately stoop down, pick up that hat.

(BEPPO laughs, but catching DIAVOLO's eye seems
spell-bound, and mechanically obeys him)

Be civil for the future and take that.

(strikes BEPPO smartly across the back with his riding
whip, BEPPO with a howl of rage seizes the bottle,
about to strike DIAVOLO, but seeing the raised whip,
cowers and bursts into a childish fit of blubbering)

DIAV. Rebel against Diavolo ! How dare he ?
But see, I've tamed the beast like Mr. Rarey.

BEPPO. An 'it ! a knock ! a nobbler ! a b-l-l-l-o-w !

(aside) Why, doesn't he set up a *Raree show* ?

GIAC. (aside to BEPPO, R.) Submit, you fool.

BEPPO. (R. C.) I'm harmless as a kitten,
But he'll think me a muff if I'm submitt'n.

(going to DIAVOLO) I ax your pardon.

DIAV. Good, in future try
To mind your most unprepossessing eye.

LADY ALLCASH appears.

Away, go hide yourselves as is your wont,
Or I shall have to hide you if you don't.

Melodramatic music.—*Exeunt GIACOMO and BEPPO,*
L. U. E.; BEPPO pocketing the food, &c.

Enter LADY ALLCASH from house, R.

LADY A. (R) Good gracious, marquis, do I meet you here ?

DIAV. (L.) I am ubiquitous, you'll think, my dear ;
At me aroused—I fear your husband's choler was—

LADY A. Why, yes, you see he doesn't allow followers.

DIAV. So, mistresses, observe, but then their cooks
Plead hard for cousin Jones or brother Snooks.
(putting his arm round her) Then let your tender heart
plead hard for me !

A very close relation let me be.

LADY A. Oh, go along.

DIAV. I must have some slight thing :
A miniature, a bracelet, glove, or ring ;
A something—that medallion, what is in it ?
(takes it) Thy face ! forgive me dallying a minute.
"Tis mine ! 'tis mine ! (kissing it rapturously)

LADY A. (*striving to recover it*) Oh, gracious ! did you ever !
Give it me back again.

DIAV. Return it ! never !
(*extravagantly*) For ever on this face my eyes I'll feast !
(*aside*) They'll lend me thirty bob on it at least.

LADY A. Give it me back at once, you silly flat, you.

Enter LORD ALLCASH suddenly from house, R.

LORD A. Holloa ! my lady, I'm a looking at you.

DIAV. (*pocketing the medallion*) Hah ! how de do ? We've
met again, you see.

LORD A. (*aside*) This jack-a-napes 'll be the death of me !
He's always following my wife about.

(*a loud shout of " Hurrah" heard, R. U. E.*)

DIAV. It strikes me forcibly I hear a shout.

(*LORD and LADY A. in L. corner—BEPPA and GIACOMO run on to DIAVOLO, who is in R. corner*)

GIAC. Here comes the peelers ! what are we to do ?

BEPPA. (*to GIACOMO*) Now here's a precious mess you've
brought us to ;

They're safe to hang us, every mother's son.

(*Music—enter CARBINIERS, R. U. E.—LORENZO struggling, with a big box—MATTEO and ZERLINA from Inn ; DIAVOLO, BEPPA, and GIACOMO, retire back*)

LOREN. All right, my lord, we have regained your box,
The rascals bolted ere they'd broke the locks,
Save one, whose goose I could *not* keep from cooking,
(*aside*) I stuck him in the back when he warn't looking.

LORD A. I'm overjoyed, and there is the reward. (*gives purse*)
ZERLINA. So to be married, you can now afford.

MATT. Of course as now you're rich, I'm nothing loth ;
You've my permission—take her—bless you both.

GIAC. (*to DIAVOLO*) A comrade killed !

BEPPA. The swag returned !

LOREN. (*embracing ZERLINA*) Oh bliss !

BEPPA. Confound it governor ! you won't stand this ?

DIAV. There'll come an hour of vengeance, silence keep ;
This very night we'll spiflicate the heap.

Concerted Piece.—" Do not Mingle."

ZERLINA. Farewell, single life, I'm feeling
A state of rapture, there's no concealing.

LORD A. (*to ZERLINA*) With you for wine, dear, count on ~~on~~
dealing.

LADY A. (*pulling him away*) With my permission, remember,
~~love~~—

LOREN. Ah ! embrace me !

Ah ! yet another !

Ah ! yet another !

MATT. Come, that's enough.

ZERLINA. For selling, pet, now a license get, now ;

Beer, wine, and spirits, tobacco, snuff.

(as this is being sung, the ROBBERS sing at back)

Ven—geance—is nigh !

Yes—bye—and—bye !

(LORENZO embraces ZERLINA, and BEPPO throws his arms round LORD ALLCASH)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—Garden of the Inn.

Music.—Air,—“ Rob a poor man of his beer.”

Enter GIACOMO, R.—BEPPO following sulkily.

GIAC. (l.) Don't scowl so, Beppo, look a little pleasant ;
Remember, you're supposed to be a peasant.

BEPPO. (r.) He struck me, at my ocular let fly,
Gave me a fearful one-er in the eye.

GIAC. And then, as you disturbed him at his luncheon,
Gave your hogshead a regular good *punchin'*.

BEPPO. I'll be revenged ! I've in my head a cleft !

GIAC. He served you right.

BEPPO. He served me right and left.

(with emotion) Beppo, was born beneath a luckless star,
But sweet revenge will come—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
Mo man had ever yet the hardihood
To strike me twice—(aside) I slop'd before he could.

GIAC. Don't let him hear you.

BEPPO. (seizing GIACOMO) Oh, my pal, Giacomo !

Oh, my dear eyes ! To think that he should black 'em
—oh !

Torture ! My friend, let's all arise and crush
This miserable snob.

GIAC. Be quiet—hush !

BEPPO. Shan't hush !

GIAC. Your shouting will arouse some crusher.

BEPPO. I'm not at school although you are a husher.

I'm rather radical and will talk big,

I've always *bawld* and always were a whig.

Let's smash this chap that calls himself our master,
And give him pepper—see, he's broke my *castor*.

Down! down! with despotism, that's the thing,

Let's all be equal—and I'll be your king—

Upset the captain, follow me! don't stare about it.

GIAC. Some how I don't exactly seem to care about it.

I don't see any reason for a smash:

Just now, a slight irruption would be rash.

BEPPO. And I was nearly felled by such a feller!

It turns me white with rage! (*loudly*)

GIAC. Well don't turn yeller!

You're hot-headed as one of Emerald's isle.

BEPPO. (*clasping his head*) Ah, yes—I burn here—(*Hibernia*).

GIAC. Ha! ha! ha!

BEPPO. Don't smile,

But imitate your betters—which I am,

The hero of transpontine melodrama.

A downright model ruffian, good am I

For any quantity of burglary.

But you're a h'amateur—while I'm perfection.

GIAC. If that's the case, I am at your direction.

(*slight melodramatic music through the following—this is given with great melodramatic energy*)

BEPPO. That's well. Don't be clean: don't comb your 'air

Let it grow thick and matted—like that ere.

When speaking of an infant, call it "brat;"

When you're astonished, say "Ha! ha!"—like that.

When you are told your comrade's grabbed a prize,

Snatch forth your dagger—thus, and shout "He dies!"

When ordered off to prison, smile like this.

In fearful combats, mind you never miss.

Something like this:—

(*Music.—goes through a melodramatic combat, finishing by falling into GIACOMO's arms*)

My last advice is this—mind how you fall:

Trust in the gods, red fire, and great Fitzball.

GIAC. What else?

BEPPO. You're thin and pale—I'm stout and tawney:

No pads—all real, and not at all mock brawney.

I can lift twenty stone: don't make a pun

About a stunner: no, the thing I've done.

'Pon you of lies I wouldn't be a foister,

But every muscle that I have's a hoister;

Look at that leg!

GIAC. (*aside*) Of modesty he's no bit

'Tis a false leg I see, I'm sure! (*pulls a long pin out of his clothes*) I'll probe it!

(sticks pin in BEPPO's calf—BEPPO howls.)

"Tis real ! (*a whistle heard*) The captain 's whistling,
come along.

BEPPO. (*stopping him*) What, would you go without a—
GIAC. What ?

BEPPO. *A song.*

Song.—"Ah chè la mortè," Trovatore.

GIAC. A brigand's life we lead :

Oh yes, we do indeed ;

Caring for no one.

'Tis not a slow one,

Perhaps too fast ;

Much too beautiful to last.

"Pop goes the Weasel"—no symphony.

BEPPO. A heavy ruffian sure am I,

A dab at the stiletto ;

I lead the travellers all away,

They don't know where they get to.

If any one disputes my law,

Or says as I aint pleasin',

Or thinks captivity a baw.

Pop goes his weasen !

Short characteristic dance, and exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Bed chamber—doors R. and L., practicable closet, L. 1 E., bed R., cheval glass, R., small table, C., two chairs, window in L. F.*

Music.—Enter ZERLINA, L. D., with a bed candlestick.

ZERLINA. Thank goodness ! this I trust is the last day

I shall be treated in this shameful way ;

Scolding the waiter, bullying the boots ;

Serving young gentlemen with very mild cheroots.

To do a deal too much, I'm by papa made ;

I've been a most ill-treated little bar-maid.

To-morrow, though all thoughts of sadness leave me,

I hope and trust Lorenzo won't deceive me ;

In my mind's eye distinctly can I see

Lorenzo nightly coming home to tea.

Coming off duty very wet and weary,

And never—never, e'en remotely beery ;

What joy to warm the slippers for his feet,

That Peeler's set my heart upon the beat.

Enter LORD ALLCASH, L. D., with candle.

LORD A. I'm off to bed—it's getting very late,
And I'm downright knocked up, I beg to state.
Excuse me—(yawns) but I really can't help yawning;
Now, mind and call me early in the morning.
(aside) Now, would she scream if one small kiss I gave
her?

(aloud) My shaving water, mind.

ZERLINA. All right, old shaver!

LORD A. He, he! you're very pretty; come—come, miss,
I must and will just have one little kiss.

ZERLINA. 'Twill be a shilling.

LORD A. (fumbling in his pocket) For the coin I'll hunt;
I see you're sharp.

ZERLINA. (putting her hand out) But I don't see *your* blunt.

LORD A. (gives her coin) There!

ZERLINA. (allowing him to kiss her) There! I charge according
unto rank. (puts coin in her pocket)
You see, my busses all go to the bank.

LORD A. My dear, of kisses I must have my fill,
Tell your papa to put them in the bill.

(runs after ZERLINA who avoids him)

ZERLINA. (aside) You're getting rather fast, and I must curb you.
(LORD A. follows her round stage to L., when DIAVOLO
enters, L. D., she passes in front of LORD A. and
exit, R. D.)

DAV. (L.) Oh! pray go on, sir, don't let me disturb you

LORD A. (blushing) Do you think I was going to kiss that child?
For if you did—

DAV. (poking him in the ribs) Come, old 'un, draw it mild!

LORD A. Well—well, sir, p'rhaps the situation might
Have seemed—that is—

DAV. Exactly so.

LORD A. Good night.

Exit, R. D., quickly.

DAV. All's well, so far—a closet. (peeps in, L. D.)
Empty too,

The very thing—'twill capitally do;
And now to call in my two pretty boys.

(calling out of window)

Beppo! Giacomo! quick! make no noise.

Music, melodramatic.—Enter BEPPO and GIACOMO through
window.

DAV. (R., to GIACOMO, L.) You will be faithful in this business,
swear!

GIAC. 'Pon honour as a gentleman, sir, there.

BEPRO. (c.) That's not the way to swear, I thought you knew it.
Now, look at me, I'll show you how to do it!

(*Music.*—**BEPRO** takes the conventional melodramatic oath)

You can't do better much than follow me.

(*to DIAVOLO*) I learnt the broad sword combat, sir, at three,
And by relations I've been often told,
I babbled "Brayvo Icks" at two hours old.

DIAV. My lord and lady, in that chamber sleep.

BEPRO. It is their last!

DIAV. Be quiet, silence keep ;
Zerlin*a* sleeps in here.

BEPRO. Ha, ha !

GIAC. (*imitating him*) Ha, ha !

DIAV. Don't stir !

(whispers) We'll finish them.

BEPRO. (*in a loud whisper*) And then we'll settle her.

ZERLINA. (R., without) Good night, good night !

DIAV. She's coming hither, hush

Quick, get in there !

GIACOMO enters closet, L., then **BEPRO**, they bow to each other before entering, then go in together, **BEPRO** squeezing **GIACOMO**.

BEPRO. Jackeymo, don't crush.

Enter ZERLINA, DIAVOLO looks at her admiringly, then goes into closet.

ZERLINA. And now to bed, though sleep I shan't I fear.

(catches a sight of her figure in the glass, R.)

Zerlina, you're a pretty little dear ;

You've such an air, so impudent and pert.

Ha, ha ! my dear, you've been a shocking flirt.

Your figure is so nice, extremely neat ;

I think I never saw such pretty feet.

To-morrow, I shall break a few score hearts ;

I hope the baker won't forget the tarts.

Song.—“ Gentle Zitella.”

(as she sings the song and dances in front of glass, they look from closet—she takes off her apron, shoes, and upper dress)

Pretty Zerlina, never I ween,

Could there be cleaner ankles e'er seen.

Stay, leave off dancing, the candle put out,

Night is advancing—the brigand's about ;

Silly Zerlina, compliments stop,
You precious green are—into bed pop !

(*puts candle out—lights down*)

ALL THE BRIGANDS. Ha, ha, ha !

ZERLINA. (*starting*) Oh dear ! oh my ! oh gracious, what was
that ?

'Twas like a laugh—it must have been the cat.

(*song resumed*)

Foolish Zerlina, keep up your pluck, (*gets into bed*)
Out of bed lean—ah ! in yourself tuck ;
Soon will the morning be coming which is
The last I shall pass on papa's premises.

Foolish Zerlina— (*drops off to sleep*)

(*the introduction to "Hoop de dooden doo" played—the
ROBBERS come from the closet—melo-dramatic busi-
ness—BEPPO goes to the head of the bed clutching his
dagger*)

Concerted Piece.—"Hoop de dooden doo."

BEPPO. This business suits me to a T,
'Twill over in an instant be,
Her doom is fixed—so (*raising dagger*) one,
two, three ! (*going to stab her*)

ZERLINA. Hoop de dooden doo !

(*the BRIGANDS alarmed run into the corner*)

DAV. Of Christy's Minstrels, tunes 'tis one.

BEPPO. It's Christy-lized my blood—I'm done.

DAV. (*snatching dagger*) I'll do it, since the task you shun.

Hook it, noodle, do !

(*DIAVOLO goes towards bed*)

ZERLINA. (*in her sleep*) To-morrow I shall wedded be,
Then farewell celibacy.
Loronzo, dear !

LOREN. (*without, in a tipsy tone*) Variety !

BEPPO. }
DAV. } (*in a rage at the interruption*) Hoop de dooden doo !
GIAC. }

(*a loud knocking, L.—the BRIGANDS rush into closet—
ZERLINA rises*)

ZERLINA. Oh, murder ! Thieves ! Police ! Oh dear, oh lor !
Now who can that be knocking at the door ?

LORENZO and CARBINIERS singing without, L.

" We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear !"

LOREN. (*rather tipsy*) Here, Matteo, I've come to take your daughter!

ZERLINA. Lorenzo in a state of gin and water.

LOREN. Here, let me in, the morning's breaking.

(*lights gradually up*)

ZERLINA.

Is it?

A pretty time to pay a morning visit.

Wait till I'm dressed, Lorenzo dear.

LOREN. All right !

ZERLINA. It seems to me the middle of the night.

There that'll do, come in.

LOREN. I say, no gammon.

ZERLINA opens the door, L., and LORENZO falls in.

Don't say I'm drunk, Zerlina, blame the salmon.

ZERLINA. How could you in this sad condition come.

LOREN. Why, we've been seeing one another home.

Enter LORD ALLCASH, R. D., with bed candle, night cap, and in a state of demi-toilet.

LORD A. Good gracious ! what is the meaning of this clatter ?
My wife is anxious to know what's the matter.

LOREN. All right, my lord, we'll have him in a trice.

(to ZERLINA) I'm hungry.

ZERLINA. Then I'll get you something nice.

(aside to him) You're tipsy; you've been dining I suppose
With that vile club—the Friendly Buffaloes ?

I know how all next day your noddle suffers,
Those buffa-loes are low and buffy buffers. *Exit, L. D.*

LORD A. To whom do you allude as him ?

LOREN. He's here,

Diavolo—just bye—all right. (a sneeze in closet)

(LORD A. and LORENZO fall back to back, frightened)

BOTH. Oh dear !

LOREN. Why, you're afraid.

LORD A. (blustering) Pooh ! pooh ! sir, don't be silly ;
(aside) Oh, that I were at home in Piccadilly !

No, no, leave fear to women—we are men !

DIAV. (in closet) Ha ! ha ! (business repeated by LORD A. and LORENZO)

LOREN. Oh, good gracious !

LORD A. There it is again.

LOREN. Well, that's the second time we've heard that din there,

Let's peep and see if anybody's in there.

Is anybody in there? if there isn't,
Say so at once!

DIAV. (in closet) Ha, ha!

LOREN. Oh, dear, that's pleasant!

(*comic business—each trying to make the other go first—LORENZO kneels, looks through keyhole—the door suddenly opens, when DIAVOLO appears, upsetting LORENZO—DIAVOLO stands before door*)

DIAV. Gentlemen, are you going to show fight?

For if you are, come on. (*squaring*)

LOREN. (to LORD A.) Here, hold me tight,

For so brimful of jealousy's cup,

You knock him down, and then, I'll take him up.

LORD A. (to DIAVOLO, R.) What were you doing there, sir—

LOREN. In that place?

DIAV. Hush!

LOREN. } and We won't hush!

LORD A. }

DIAV. A lady's in the case. (*crossing to C.*)

(LORD A. *rushes frantically, R., seizing DIAVOLO; LORENZO ditto, L., and bringing him down, C.*)

LOREN. You d—d—don't mean my Zerlina?

DIAV. P'raps I may.

LORD A. C—c—confess at once—it wasn't Lady A?

LOREN. Swear that it wasn't either.

LORD A. Take your oath!

DIAV. I would, but then unluckily—'twas both!

(LORENZO and LORD A. are transfixed with horror—

• DIAVOLO dangles photograph before LORD A.'s eyes)

DIAV. (kissing the picture) Portrait charmant!

LORD A. Portrait! I do feel a

Most wretched dog, as I view that pore Tray.

LORD A. The photograph, I'd taken one fine day,

In Regent Street; three guineas I'd to pay

To Mayer Brothers—thinking well to treat her,

Oh, when they hear it, may her brothers beat her.

LOREN. (sobered) Am I awake or dreaming? quick or dead?

(to DIAVOLO) Would you allow me, sir, to punch your head?

DIAV. I couldn't think of it, but take you can

The satisfaction of a gentleman. (*takes chair and sits, C.*)

LOREN. Quick, let us call every one—leave this tirade,

And show what fearful fools we've both been made.

Music—LORENZO springs rattle—"Oh, what a row!" played as ZERLINA rushes in with tray, pipes, screws, cigars, candle, L., and LADY ALLCASH in night dress and immense cap, R.)

LADY A. (R.) Good gracious! what's the row, may I enquire,
Is there an earthquake or the house on fire?

(*seeing LORD A., pale*) Ah! you're not well, some brandy quick I'll get.

LORD A. You should be brand(i)ed as a vile coquette!

ZERLINA. (*to LORENZO*) Your breakfast's ready;—here's a pipe for you;

Though slightly screwed, you'll not refuse a screw.

LOREN. (*crying*) I pipe for you, Zerlina!

ZERLINA. Dear, are you ill?

LOREN. To offer me a screw—get out, it's cruel!

Here, take your bird's-eye; were I it to smoke—ah!

I feel that it would be a bird's-eye choker.

LADY A. Is everybody drunk? Explain it, see!—

It's cold, and I am in my *robe de nuit*.

LORD A. If your vile conduct you're not soon confessing,
You'll not be cold—I'll give you such a dressing!

ZERLINA. Say you're in fun.

LOREN. (*laughing bitterly*) Ha, ha!

ZERLINA. Why, now you're laughing!

LADY A. Look amiable;—allow that you've been chaffing.

LORD A. Chaffing, indeed!—he, he!—upon my word,
Such chaff don't catch this venerable bird.

Confess you love—

LADY A. Of course, my husband.

LORD A. Pooh!

Don't quibble—this young marquis.

LOREN. (*to ZERLINA*) So do you.

(*the LADIES scream and fall into the MEN'S arms—*

LADY A. into LORD A.'s; ZERLINA into LORENZO'S,
leaving the stage open, shewing DIAVOLO quietly seated)

LOREN. (*struggling under ZERLINA's weight*) I'd thrash you now
at once—you understand?—

But for this little thing I have on hand.

(*wildly beating his breast*) Idiot! to think of making her your wife:
Mad carbineer! Oh, where's the carbin' knife?

The pangs of jealous rage, ah, now I knows 'em.

(*to DIAVOLO*) You've plunged a dagger in this manly bo-som!

DIAV. (*eyeing his chest smilingly*) Manly! it's padded!

LOREN. (*enraged*) Padded!

DIAV. (*with his eyeglass*) I see through it!

LOREN. (*tearfully*) Well, it's the government that makes us do it.

We're all swells, and ne'er worsted in a bout,

We can't give in, when all of us stick out!

For these insulting words it is alone

Your very heart's be-lud that can atone.

At seven! the black rocks! Come if you dare!

Pistols! revolvers! Colts!

I shall be there!

DIAF. LOREN. (*to ZERLINA*) I shall be wounded—killed—you'll think
To see Lorenzo scarr'd!—Lorenzo's card! [it hard
(thrusting a large card upon DIAVOLO.)

Concerted Piece.—“Nelly Bly.”

LORD A.

Madam, fie !

LADY A.

What have I

Done ?

LOREN. (*to ZERLINA*) Oh, go along !

Get away now.

LADY A.

Tell us, pray now,

ZERLINA.

What we've done that's wrong ?

LORD A.

Don't come near me.

LADY A.

Do you fear me ?

LOREN.

Hussey, quit my sight !

ZERLINA.

If you don't

Relent —

LOREN.

I won't.

ZERLINA.

I'll faint at once outright !

LADY A.

Pray tell me !

ZERLINA.

Oh, tell me !

DIAV. (*at back*) What a thing to be

So extremely,

Most unseemly,

Prone to jealousy !

*Confusion—they all go up stage ; BEPO hangs out of closet, playing accompaniment on bones as Scene closes.***SCENE IV.—Front Chamber.—“Poor Mary Anne” played dolefully.***Enter LADY ALLCASH, R.—Song.*

My marriage morn, ma’ said most kindly,

Dear Mary Anne !

In marrying you’ve acted blindly,

Poor Mary Anne !

You’ll often find your husband scoff, dear,

He’ll soon his fond attentions doff, dear,

And his buttons always coming off, dear,

Poor Mary Anne !

I’ve married thrice, and know the fellows,

Dear Mary Anne !

Without a cause they’re always jealous,

Dear Mary Anne !

As husbands get outrageous bores, dear,

For comfort’s this—the best of laws, dear,

If he’s jealous—git a him cause, dear ;

Poor Mary Anne !

Oh ! how true have been her words now,

Poor Mary Anne !

All my love’s turned into curds now,

Poor Mary Anne !

I've seen in *my* time, fools a many,
 Rich fools—fools without a penny,
 But, my old fool's the worst of any ;
 Poor Mary Anne !

It's monstrous ! it's disgraceful, that it is ;
 When I return how all my friends will quiz,
 They'll say, we couldn't go our wedding tour
 Without a quarrel—that they will—I'm sure.
 They'll say I scratched him, p'raps, invent some tale,
 And swear our tour turned out a *tour de nesle*. (*nail*)
 But the unkindest part of it I call,
 Is that—I rather like him after all. (*retires up*)

Enter LORD ALLCASH, crying, L.

LORD A. (L.) I know, she loved me once—she said, that my
 Remarkably fine figure, “caught her eye,”
 And if I caught her eyes—all love apart,
 Why should she go and cauterize my heart. (*turns*)
 Good gracious ! How my heart beats at the sight of her.
 But then to jilt me—no, it wasn't right of her.

LADY A. (R.) Forgive him—no ! I feel I never can. (*turns*)

LORD A. My lady !

LADY A. Oh ! Good gracious ! My old man !

LORD A. (aside) Now, for a thoroughly heart-rending speech :
 (*aloud*) Explain the reason of this cruel breach !
 And also, why that photographic.

LADY A. How, sir !

A pair of breaches that would be, I *trow, sir*.

LORD A. That picture which from out a score I picked you—

LADY A! My dear, don't think that ever I have tricked you ;
 That Marquis snatched it from me.

LORD A. Marquis ! pooh !

Why he's ne more a marquis, dear, than you.

LADY A. Well, really, when from Rome we came away,
 At the hotel you had the bill to pay,
 His luck at cards too was extremely strange ;
 He was so constant that he ne'er had change.

LORD A. My dear, such noblemen I've often seen
 Dressed rather shabbily, and not quite clean ;
 With scowling looks and shaggy heads of hair,
 About the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.
 Whenever one of these young chaps I twig,
 I know he's either patriot, prince, or prig.

LADY A. This fellow is a mixture of all three.

LORD A. (aside) A mixture, too, that don't agree with **me**.

LADY A. I see it all ;—forgive me, dearest.

LORD A.

Never

Mention it more—I love you more than ever.

LADY A. Let us then start for dear old England's shore,
And never, never leave it any more.*Duet.—“Since you mean to hire for Service.”—Midas.*

LADY A.

Let us quickly leave Italy,—

We can see, depend upon't,

At the op'ra, in the ballet,

At the op'ra, in the ballet,

All of Italy we want.

LORD A.

Fol de riddle—ol.

BOTH.

Fol de riddle—ol.

Ri fol de rol, &c.

LORD A.

I'm longing for good English fare, dear;

Flimsy food I'm fed upon;

I shall enjoy, I do declare, dear,

I shall enjoy, I do declare, dear,

Some British in-di-ges-ti-on.

Chorus, and dance off, L. 1 E.

SCENE V.—An extensive and romantic Landscape.—On R., an Arbour with seats—refreshments laid out.—On L., an outer Door appertaining to the Inn. Towards the horizon a Mountain, with several paths leading to the summit, on which is a small Hermitage, with bell—practicable, L. U. E.; a broken stump of tree, L. 1 E.

BRIGANDS discovered singing and dancing.*Chorus.—“The Gipsy's Tent.”*

Nought like the brigand's life;

Freely we roam

With no domestic strife.

When we're at home,

Discipline lax is;

We're careless of ills,

Dreading no taxes

And paying no bills.

Whatever's said of us,

Little care we,

Diavolo's head of us,

Fiddle-de-dee.

Nought like the brigand's life, &c.

*Dance of BRIGANDS and PEASANTS.**Exeunt BRIGANDS, R.*

DIAVOLO, in his brigand's dress, appears on the summit of the rock, which he descends, singing the following

Song.—“When the fair Land of Poland.”

When this tight little brigand
Has made up his mind
To show any symptoms of fight,
Full quickly, you'll twig—and immediately find,
That it's useless resisting his might;
For I laugh at steel shutters and strong iron bolts,—
Of policemen am never afraid;
For my pluck is astounding—my pistols are Colt's,
And my sword's like myself—a true blade.
No more a noble—a brigand, I;
My motto is, never say die.
No more a noble—a brigand, I;
My motto is, never say die.

DIAV. Though partial to fine togs, I must confess
I feel more easy in my brigand's dress:
I always fear some sharp detective chap en-
Trapping me, when in my gorgeous trapping;
For when I ape the swell, I nervous do get;
When I assume a new gait, think of Newgate.
(looking round) “Ye crags and peaks,” a brigand never
brags,
But yet he piques himself upon his crags.
“Ye crags and peaks, I'm with ye once again!”
Oh, I forgot—I'm not at Drury Lane;
But stop—I mustn't chatter, for I'm burning
To sack the house before the folk's returning.
But first, perhaps, I'd better drop a line
To those two charming officers of mine.

(writes in pocket book, tears out the leaf and places it in
the hollow of the tree, L.—music)

Here come the merry-makers to their revels,
Happy, apparently—ha! ha! poor devils!
I can't make out, in such low circles, why men
Should be so anxious for the bonds of *Hy-men*.

Exit, R. U. E.

Enter MATTEO and FRANCESCO, R., ZERLINA and VILLAGERS,
L. MATTEO and ZERLINA embrace—FRANCESCO attempts to
embrace ZERLINA, she pushes him aside.

MATTEO. You see, my dear, it's very well to scoff,—
Francesco says the marriage isn't off;

And as he has your written promise got,
Insists on matrimony on the spot.

ZERLINA. Pickles !

MATTEO. Preserve us !

FRAN. (*a loutish peasant*) Don't turn up your nose,
I've bought the ring, likewise a suit of clothes.
Behold 'em, dear, (*turns round*) They were dear, too.

ZERLINA. You brute,
I'll never marry you, and hate your suit.

FRAN. 'Tis the best suit that Hyam's advertised.

ZERLINA. (*turning him round*) These clothes from Hyam's !—
well, *I am surprised* !—

They don't suit me.

FRAN. Immediately I'll go
Commence a breach-of-promise action.

MATTEO. (*aside to him*) No—
I'll manage it—don't *you* be put about ;
She's got the tooth ache—

FRAN. Then, let's have it out !

MATTEO. My house is yonder—friends, we'll step inside.
(to FRANCESCO) Go to her. Come, friends, let us drink
the bride.

VILLAGERS shout—"The bride ! the bride !"—

MATTEO and VILLAGERS exit, L. FRANCESCO offers
his arm to ZERLINA, who slaps his face and exits, L.

FRAN. That's such a striking proof of her affection,
That I shall take the opposite direction.

(he runs to R., where he is suddenly met by BEPPO)

BEPPO. Good-day.

FRAN. (*trembling*) You'll find the party on the green, there,
I've seen you somewhere ?

BEPPO. Yes ; I've often been there.
Good gracious !

FRAN. (*starting back*) What !

BEPPO. (*following him*) My eyes !

FRAN. (*moving back*) Oh dear !

BEPPO. Oh law !
(collars him) I think I've seen that hankercher before ;
The rogue has prig'd what clearly isn't his'n,
So come along, you vagabond, to prison.

FRAN. Oh, please don't gag me—(*aside*) here's a precious mess.

BEPPO. No ; over here we only gag the press.

FRAN. Kind, sir, if you would only let me go ;
I'll give it up—it's some mistake, sir.

BEPPO. (*relaxing his hold*) Oh !

Ah ! you're a gentleman I plainly see ;
 (whips FRANCESCO's handkerchief off) I've made the
 same mistake, sir, frequently.

(holds it up, it is full of holes) Why what a rag, it isn't
 worth the pawning.

FRAN. (edging towards the side, R.) I hope it will wear well—
 he ! he ! good morning !

(is rushing off, R., when GIACOMO meets and bonnets
 him off, R.; GIACOMO crosses to tree, L., and brings
 out paper)

GIAC. Here's our instructions—see what they're about.

BEPPO. D'ye think I ever learn't to read ?—get out !
 I ain't a schollard.

GIAC. (reads) "When the wedding party
 Have started, agitate the bell, my hearty,
 And you shall see what you shall see ; the lover
 Stick ; do not touch the girl, she's my—turn over."

BEPPO. (draws his dagger with a grin)
 He laughs at us.

GIAC. No, no—the other side.

" My share of the proceedings."

BEPPO. What ! the bride ?

Never, Giacomo ! she must be mine.
 Let's see—I'll put some poison in his wine :
 Or change it for that crusted Port they sell
 At twenty-four a doz.—that does as well.
 That don't no insight to his plans afford us,
 His head marauders should have had more orders ;
 I hate such petty wishy-washy drivelling :
 Here comes the Peeler—bless us, how he's snivelling !

(BEPPO and GIACOMO retire into Arbour, R., where they
 help themselves to wine—BEPPO becoming gradually
 obstreperous.)

Enter LORENZO, L., wiping his eyes.

Song—LORENZO—"Nelly Gray, or the Old Kentucky Shore."

There's a low-bred fellow who my own kind ducky saw,
 And he smiled in his affab-ul-est way ;
 He's utterly derisive of the terrors of the law ;
 He's purloined my pretty Zer-li-na :

Oh, my poor Zer-li-na,
 He has stole your heart away !—

I'm as wretched as the London boys who roar

(in the shrill tones of a street boy)

"I'm sitting by the river and thinking of the day,
 Farewell to the Old Kentucky Shore."

When they started cheap excursions, as the proper things
 to do,

Out I'd take expensive Zer-li-na ;
 As we'd float down the river I'd stand pears and apples, too,
 And not even blench at curds and whey .

Our last tea and shrimps you may
 Recollect them, for they came to two and four,
I'm sitting by the river, &c.

Enter MATTEO, ZERLINA, VILLAGERS, and CARBINIERS, L.

ZERLINA. (*rushing to LORENZO*) Lorenzo, tell me, what is it that makes you

So distant—tell me. (*LORENZO shakes violently*) What is it, that shakes you?

LOREN. Last night! the lover! hiding in your closet—if

You can explain that—no you can't—I'm positive.

BEPPO. (*observing ZERLINA*) Why, that's the girl we laughed at so, last night.

Don't—hic!—you remember?

GIAC. (*alarmed*) Silence fool!

BEPPO. All right!

GIAC. You'll get us into trouble.

BEPPO. You're an ass!

Don't you remember her before the glass?

(*staggers forward with the tray on which is painted a dog*)

There, hold it up. (*places GIACOMO in R. corner—staggers*) Stand steady, that's it, stay

That must be the traditional *Old Dog Tray*.

This was the slight performance she went through,

Though I'm (*hiccup*) the elegantest of the two.

Song.—“Gentle Zitella.”

(BEPPO sings and dances the following in a burlesque mimicking manner, in imitation of ZERLINA)

Gentle Zerlina, never I ween,

Could there be cleaner ankles e'er seen;

Stay, leave off dancing, the candle put out,

Night is advancing—the brigand's about:

Silly Zerlina, compliments stop,

You precious green are, into bed pop.

(*pas de deux by GIACOMO and BEPPO*)

ZERLINA. (*pulling LORENZO nearly off his legs*) Lorenzo!

(*pulls MATTEO ditto*) Father, father! Lorenzo—oh!

What do I hear! Oh dear—I'm going to go!

I see it all. Lorenzo, (*pulls him*) seize that man.

LOREN. (*to CARBINIERS*) Lay hold of those two fellows!

BEPPO. If you can!

(GIACOMO is seized quietly by ANTONIO, L.)

(BEPPO struggles melodramatically; “Gentle Zitella” played piano through the following)

ZERLINA. You heard those words that fellow spoke just now

You heard him sing?

LOREN. I heard him make a row. (BEPPO tries to get at him)

ZERLINA. Those were the words I sang last night, I swear.

MATT. (*snatches papers from GIACOMO's belt*) Holloa, I say, you—what have you got there?

(*movement of BEPPO's repeated—GIACOMO imitates him*)

(*reads*) "When the wedding party
Have started, agitate the bell, my hearty,"
Ha! Hum! I see—a very pretty plot—
From Fra Diavolo, of course.

GIRLS scream and exeunt.

(*all shudder*)

Why, what

D'ye fear?

ZERLINA. (*joyfully*) An end to all my miseries!

BEPPO. (*to LORENZO*) If I had *you* without your janizaries.

LORENZO. Let us conceal ourselves;—Antonio, take
This individual up there, and make
Him ring the bell.

(ANTONIO takes GIACOMO to hermitage, L.)

And as for you, come here. (*leads BEPPO by the nose, to C.*)
If you but stir one step, sir—

BEPPO. Never fear!
(*crying*) Don't hang me, sir—I'm sure you never can,
For I already feel a h' altered man.

(*Music—all the CARBINIERS hide themselves behind wings, bits of rocks, &c.—LORENZO backs into arbour, R., with his carbine levelled at BEPPO.—Bell*)

LORENZO. (*to BEPPO*) Now mind, I say, what I say you're
to say.

BEPPO. (*alarmed at the gun*) Here, turn the muzzle of the gun
away.

LORENZA. Come, hold your tongue! (*GIACOMO rings bell*)

BEPPO. To speak, I should be puzzled.

How can I speak, you stoopid, when I'm muzzled.

(*GIACOMO rings bell again.—Light melodramatic music*)

DAV. (*without, R.*) Beppo!

BEPPO. (*in extreme fear*) Ha—he's calling.

LORENZO. Don't attempt to go.

DAV. (*appearing, R.*) Is any one about?

LORENZO. Say no.

BEPPO. (*attempting to assume an easy tone*) Oh, no.

DAV. Is every thing serene?

BEPPO. N—not quite.

LORENZO. (*levelling*)

Holloa!

DAV. What do you say?

BEPPO. Of course, precisely so.

(*DAIVOLO comes down and leans familiarly on BEPPO's right shoulder, BEPPO painfully uncomfortable*)

BEPPO. (*aside*) I wish from this position I was free ;
If they miss him, they're certain to hit me.

DIAV. All's mine, my boy—pearls, diamonds, and laces,
Crinolines, cameos, and jewel cases.

BEPPO. You don't mean that you've really gone and been
A cribbing of a lady's crinoline !

DIAV. They do the same, the saucy little elves ;
You, know now steel their petticoats themselves.
Come, don't you envy me ?

BEPPO. (*aside*) Can't say I do.

DIAV. What's that ?

BEPPO. I said I quite agreed with you.

DIAV. Now as to chapel all the folks have gone,
Let's quickly crack the crib !

(LORENZO appears with his staff, BEPPO falls upon the ground ; the CARBINIERS rise simultaneously)

LOREN. Now then, move on

Enter MATTEO, ZERLINA, and VILLAGERS.

DIAV. (*coolly with his glass in his eye*)
Well, landlord, may I beg an explanation
Of this great rising of the population ?

LADY ALLCASH rushes on R., followed by LORD ALLCASH.

LADY A. Oh, let me scratch his eyes out !

DIAV. (*aside*) Fortune failed me !
'Twere bootless, madam, they've already nailed me,
The game's up, and I see I've lost the trick ;
Hang me, at least I'm game to the last kick.

(kicks BEPPO who is rising, BEPPO kicks CARBINIER,
who passes it on)

ZERLINA. Why, he's a common swindler.

DIAV. Am I worse,
Because I bid you stand and take your purse,
Than those who don black coats and daily mount a
White choker, and rob folks behind a counter ?
Or those provision-dealers who delude
By mixing poison in the poor man's food
When life assurance officers the folly see
Of making honesty their safest policy.
When men start Bank Directors for a time,
Then start themselves for some more healthy clime.
When monarchs sit on elevated thrones
Too high to hear their panting people's groans,

Too high to hear their clanking prison chains,
 Too high to see the deep red dungeon stains :
 But not too high—no, no—nor yet too grand
 To 'scape the Liberator's strong right hand !
 In these days, Fra Diavolo you'll call,
 Not such a *dreadful* rascal, after all.

Finale.—“Rob Roy Mac Gregor O’!”

Ere the curtain falls to-night
On Fra Diavolo;
 Oh, Public, make the future bright
 Of poor Fra Diavolo ;
 All his many faults forgive,
 And by proof most positive; (*indicating applause*)
 Show us that you'll let him live,
 Poor Fra Diavolo.

ALL.

All his many faults forgive, &c.

Curtain.