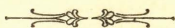


# The Malta A.D.C.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of  
His Excellency General Sir Leslie Rundle,  
G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.  
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.



## Manoel Theatre

Valletta, Malta.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

### Captain Reece of the "Mantelpiece"

A Nautical Extravaganza  
in Three Acts

by

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Todd, A.P.D.

Founded on W.S. Gilbert's ballads of 'Captain Reece'  
and 'The Martinet' in 'Bab Ballads',

First produced at Halifax, Nova Scotia

13th Oct. 1903 for a run of 8 performances.

Re-produced at Halifax N.S., 22 Sept., 04, for 6 „

Toured to St. Johns, New Brunswick, 18 Oct., 04, for 4 „

Re-produced at Halifax N.S., 5 Oct., 85, for 4 „

Localized and Reproduced at Malta, 3 Jan. 10, for 9 „

Translated into Maltese by A. Bartolo Esq., LL.D.,

and performed by The Maltese Amateur Dramatic Society "L'Indipendenza" 2 Apr. 10 for 5 „

And again 5 Nov. 10 for 4 „

And now Written up-to-date and

Re-produced at Malta, 26th Feb, 1914.

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Book of Words.

Price Six Pence.

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1926 - M.A.L.T.A

1929 L'Indipendenza

1935 Dominick

Produced under the Stage Management of the Author

Assisted by

Captain S. C. Wace, R.M.A. ... .. *Scenery and Lighting*

Captain L. C. Lampen, R.M.L.I. ... }  
Mr. G. Smith Wright, ..... } ..... *General*

Capt. W. E. Tolfrey Christie, A.S.C. ... *Property Master*

Miss Yabsley ..... *Dancing*

Mrs. R. S. De Winton ..... *Prompter*

*Hon. Musical Director* Chev. C. de Lancellotti.

Entirely new scenery specially painted for this production, from designs by Lieut. G. C. Dickens, R.N., carried out by Mr. Joseph Frendo.

*Business Director*, Mr. A. E. Haine, R.N.

## ACT I.

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### *The Deck of H.M.S. "Mantelpiece" in Grand Harbour, Valletta.*

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*Crew Discovered.*

#### OPENING CHORUS.

---

Oh! we are the crew of the "Mantelpiece,"  
And a right good crew are we,  
We are only sailors upon the stage,  
So we're never sick at sea.  
For the winds may blow and the tempests roar,  
With the thunders loud report.  
We don't know the poop from the quarter-deck,  
And we've got no helm to port,  
But we "shiver out timbers," whatever that means  
And we shout "avast," "belay";  
We reef no sails, for we've none to reef,  
And we never draw no pay.  
But we shout "ahoy," with voices strong,  
And we're never known to fear,  
Though we never pull on a rope or an oar,  
We can pull at a cask of beer.  
Oh! we are the crew of the "Mantelpiece,"  
And a right good crew are we,  
We are all sea-dogs when we're on the stage,  
But land-lubbers on the sea.

*Slack.* Three cheers for the Captain.

*Crew.* Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah.

*(Enter Sir Percy).*

*Sir P.* Here, cease this row at once and get to work.  
The cursed lot of you your duties shirk.  
The way this ship is run is dam'd absurd.

*(The crew look sullenly at Sir P. and move off pretending to be doing something).*

*(Enter Miss Reece)*

*Miss R.* How can you, Sir, use such a naughty word.  
If father heard you, he'd be very vexed.

*Sir P. (Aside)* A woman runs the ship, good Lord, what next?

*Miss R.* Papa has sent me here, to you, to say,  
He wants the men to have a holiday.

*Sir P.* Really Miss Reece.

*Miss R.* (*haughtily*), Will you inform the crew.

*Sir P.* (*angrily*) Am I commander here, pray, or are you?

*Miss R.* Sir Percy, I'll tell father if you're rude.  
You're unkind to the crew—he's always good.  
If a poor sailor who has freely dined  
Reels when on watch—he's instantly confined,  
The look-out men you double in a fog.  
And if a man gets drunk you stop his grog.  
You make them to the cold wind bare their necks,  
And let them get their feet wet swabbing decks.  
Of all your cruelty to them I shall tell  
You try to make their lives a living

*Sir P.* (*half aside*) H—1.

*Miss R.* Sir, that was not at all the word I meant,  
Such insolence to me you shall repent.  
I'll go and tell papa. (*exit, with head in air*).

*Sir P.* Well, that is done,  
And now to try and get some work begun,  
Now men to work.

*Crew.* (*surlily*) Aye, Aye, Sir.

*Sir P.* Hurry then !  
Slack, you go forr'ad with a dozen men.  
"Clean wood and bright work" for this dirt's no joke.

*Slack.* (*touching his cap*) Please, Sir, the men ain't finished  
of their smoke.

*Sir P.* (*angrily*) Don't answer me !

(*Enter signalman hurriedly*).

*Signalman.* The Captain's 'longside, Sir,

*Sir P.* Why to the blank, blank can't you blank, well stir  
Your shanks a bit and let me know in time  
You've got no blank, blank reason or no rhyme  
The Guard Call drummer—we've no time to bide  
And Bo'sun's mate, stand by to "pipe the side".  
Stop smoking men: each man his pipe put out.

(*Enter Captain Reece up the gangway—he shakes hands  
with S'lack and bows to the rest of the crew*).

*Capt. R.* "Good morning men!" (*to Sir P.*) What's all this  
row about?

*Slack.* Please, Sir, he will not let us smoke at ease.

*Capt. R.* The men will do exactly as they please  
On board the ship—my orders please obey.  
The men are granted one week's holiday.

(*exit Sir P.*)

Now men you're happy—so I undersand,  
I like all to be so in my command  
That one thing you should lack I sorely vex.  
Some social gatherings with the gentler sex.  
Such comradeship would make your lives more gay  
And help to pass in happiness each day.

(*Crew show signs of satisfaction*).

I fear it's very dull on foreign stations,  
So I've invited out all my relations.  
Of female gender, I have several dozens,  
One aunt, some nieces and a score of cousins  
How many actually it's hard to say,  
They're coming by the mail boat due to-day.

*Slack.* Married or single, Sir ?

*Capt. R.* Oh, single all,

Some dark, some fair, some short and others tall  
And single bliss, so called, is a dull life,  
So may be some of you will find a wife  
Among the lot.

*Slack.* That, Sir, is what we'll do  
If any are but half as kind as you.

(*Enter Miss Reece hurriedly*).

*Miss R.* The mail's in sight! (*Bosun's-mate pipes "clear decks"*).

That whistle makes me nervous,

*Capt. R.* (*looking through telescope*).

The first boat of the longed-for daily service—  
Of latest build and quite a decent size,  
Have we at last discovered enterprize ?  
To give us in the future without fail  
That which we needs must have—a Daily Mail ?  
Malta providing capital and crew—  
Is it a dream or has our wish come true ?

(*Enter Quartermaster*).

*Qr. Mr.* (*to captain*). Some ladies'd like to see you if they may.

*Capt. R.* Why certainly, delighted.

(*Enter Mrs. G. and Daughters dancing. Capt. R. gets infected with this movement and also dances.*

*Enter Sir P. Capt. R. bumps into him and then comes down stage*).

Ah! Good day. (*bows*).

*Mrs. G.* How do—Ah! Mrs Gossip is my name,  
We're a large family, not unknown to fame,  
When you're out here, some you are sure to meet  
My relatives you'll find in every street;  
These are my daughters, rather some—I've ten,  
They're all devoted to you naval men. (*Captain looks pleased*).

(*playfully*) I fear you're all great flirts and fond of sport.

(*simply*) But have you all a girl in every port ?

*Capt. R.* What makes you think so ? you are too severe.

*Mrs. G.* You sailors seem to do quite well out here,  
I sometimes ask a few, you know, to dine  
To meet my girls, of course without design,  
They come—they're charming, fascinate the girls,

Hint subtly of their families' priceless pearls,  
Ask Nan or Olga round the grounds to roam—  
Next day I find they've got a wife at home :  
It's pretty sickening after one expands  
To try and get one's daughters off one's hands

(Enter Miss R.)

Capt. R. Mrs. Gossip, this is my daughter May. (both bow).

Miss R. We're soon going in to luncheon, won't you stay ?

Mrs. G. Thanks, I'll be charmed, it's very good of you.

Capt. R. Oh, not at all, your daughters will come too ?

(Exit Miss Reece).

Mrs. G. Girls have you heard the latest ?

Girls. No. What is it ?

Mrs. G. It's so exciting that you musn't miss it.

(Girls gather round Mrs. G. who tells a story in a low voice. Capt. R. tries to hear and then exits laughing).

Now girls, quite long enough I think you've tarried  
It's really time that some of you got married  
And if a husband each of you would get  
You must'nt waste your chances or coquette.

Song :—Mrs. Gossip and daughters.

(At end of song, exeunt. Enter Lee).

Lee.

(coming forward).

I am the Captain's coxwain, William Lee  
A kindly, genial man as you may see,  
Just such another as good Captain Reece  
But as we have no villian in the piece  
I'll take the part and henceforth will become  
A naughty wicked man with visage glum,  
I'll do—upon my own—of crime—a lot  
And add perhaps a murder to the plot,  
Of scoundrels such as I you'll find no other  
(strikes dramatic attitude) I am the villian and ...

(Enter Mrs. Lee.—She carries two large baskets and a small bundle which she places on the stage).

I am his mother.

Lee. I'm quite aware of that—

Mrs. L. You're much too smart :  
Dont interrupt, I've also got a part—  
I am his mother.

Lee. And I am her son.

Mrs. L. Go on : I shall continue when you've done.

Lee. I've nothing more to say—

Mrs. L. I'm glad to hear it,  
This is my part—why do you try to queer it ?  
I am his mother.

Leo. (motioning to audience). Well they wont forget it—

Mrs. L. I am his mother and I much regret it.

Lee. Might I suggest that we should stop this bosh ?

(Lee comes down stage).

Have you brought back the Captain's last week's wash?

Mrs. L. Yes, yes, my child, I have.

(Opens the bundle and produces a dickey and a pair of cuffs).

Lee. (pointing to largs basket). What's in that bundle?

Mrs. Lee (drawing herself proudly up with an air of satisfaction,—arms crossed)

That. . . . That is the washing of . . . .

(turns basket round displaying a large label).

Lee. I dont believe it's true.

Mrs. L. I beg your pardon.

A'so—(turning other basket round and displaying label).

Lee. (extracting child's garment from basket).

This surely's not the garment of a man ?

Mrs. L. That is the pinafore of .....

Lee. My—but you are a swell

Mrs. L. Of course and look :  
What he has written in my washing book.

W. Lee. (reading "This is to certify that Mrs. Lee  
"In Malta did my washing and—did me"  
You're getting on so well that don't you think  
It's time to stand your only son a drink.

Mrs. L. If I keep you in drink how can I save  
Although they say a Briton's ne'er a slave,  
There's many a seamstress in a garret lone  
Who works her weary fingers to the bone,  
Yet striving day and night can scarce contrive  
With her poor pay to keep herself alive.  
Why even here no washerwoman paid is  
She can't compete with local washing ladies.  
You must admit it's not a paying job  
To wash twelve pieces for a measly bob.  
There's many a wife will toil the livelong day  
To get her children bread—her hard-earned pay,  
Will only go to buy her husband drink  
The law forbids a slave (appealing to the gallery).

But don't you think'

These British slaves get little help—alack  
Because their skins are white instead of black ?

(Dramatic exit. Lee is much overcome at his mother's words and follows her out dejectedly),

(Enter Lieut. Bellaye. He looks through his telescope and then comes down stage)

Lt. B. I am the officer on watch to-day,  
I'll introduce myself—my name's Bellaye,  
"Juvenile lead" is what I'm meant to be  
I'm a stage sailor who's not been to sea.  
Because I sing I'm chosen for the part  
And I of course have got a fair sweetheart,  
With love songs sweet my audiences I soothe  
The course of true love never did run smooth.  
Upon the stage—altho' I love Miss Reece  
I cannot marry now and spoil the piece.  
Her father must object—goodness knows why  
The author of the plot says so, not I.  
In manner stereotyped I must begin!  
So with your leave a love song I shall sing.

Song. Lieut. Bellaye.

(Enter Miss Reece. She goes up and puts her arms around Bellaye's neck).

Miss R. And is it to himself my Dicky sings?

Lt. B. No dear there's half a hundred in the wings,  
And also some in front as you may see.

Miss R. (pouting) I though we were alone.

Lt. B. Pretend to be  
It's all the same, lets think we're in some nook  
I'll ask them not to gaze (to audience) Please do not  
look.

Miss R. Papa'd be very angry if he knew  
You know he doesn't quite approve of you.

Lt. B. Never mind that, what's not right's always best,  
And stolen kisses have a greater zest  
Darling!

Miss R. Dear Dickie!

Lt. B. Angel!

Miss R. Sweetheart!

Lt. B. Pet!

Miss R. I am so happy.

Lt. B. Let's sing our duet!

Miss R. No dear, not now, you've only sung your song.

Lt. B. I'd like to sing again.

Miss R. No, come along  
Let's go to some quiet spot.

Lt. B. Ah! no my beauty,  
Even for you I cannot shirk my duty,  
I am on watch and so must stop up here,  
Sir Percy any moment might appear.

(Enter Lee).

Lee. Cutter coming alongside Sir, full of ladies,  
Looks like the *lopera* company.



Miss R. Papa's relations.

It. B. Tell the Captain, Lee.

Lee. Aye, Aye, Sir.

Miss R. Lend me your telescope, I want to see,

(Enter Captain R.)

Capt R. Here pa are all your women folk at last  
How their sweet faces do recall the past,  
Bellaye, muster the crew, they're very near,  
We must receive them with a welcome cheer.

(Enter crew, officers, and daughters).

Chorus of welcome.

(Miss Amelia advances, her arms full of parcels and a large umbrella in her hand).

Miss A Well, John, is this your ship—and how's the gout,  
And have you always all these men about?  
Men are so bad I look on them with loathing,  
I've brought you out some nice thick underclothing.  
If you would have of health the very best  
You always should wear flannel next your chest.

Capt. R. So I have heard.

Miss A. My good advice please try.  
And this (*handing umbrella*) when on the bridge will  
keep you dry.

(Crew chuckle).

Capt. R. You're very kind, the presents are delightful,  
I fear my crew with envy may be spiteful.

Miss A. I've not forgotten them—when in a storm  
There's nought that's half so good as keeping warm.  
The rules of health I've studied much, and so  
I've got what I thought best; a women does'nt know  
What men would like, you cannot quite expect her,  
But I have brought for each a chest protector (*bus.*  
*crew*).

And John, I hope that you will always try  
To get the men to keep their feet quite dry.

Lee. That is *quite* easily done at sea—you bet,  
Still we'd prefer to keep our insides wet;  
So if you'd only try to get the Captain—mum  
To serve each man an extra tot of rum,  
We'd feel so much obliged.

Miss A. Strong drink my man  
Is what I always put down when I can.

Lee. Them's too my sentiments (*bus. winks at crew*).

Crew. We also votes  
With you to put all strong drink down (*sotto voce*)  
our throats.

*Miss A.* Oh, John, what good true men you do command,  
I won't require to save them, as I'd planned.  
I did not think all sailors hated drink.

*Capt. R.* They're all teetotallers!

*Lee.* (*aside to crew*). This is where we wink.

(*Crew give hitch to their breeches in true stage sailor style and close one eye*)

She's a rum craft.

*Slack.* But, seems a trifle coy.

*Miss A.* (*looking round the crew*) Gee! But I wish, I wish  
I had a Boy!

*Song—Miss A. and Chorus.*

*Capt. R. to daughter*) Is luncheon ready dear?  
*Miss R.* Cook only waits  
Until Eunice D. Cute from the States  
Arrives— (*to gir's*) She's got such lovely pearls.

*Capt. R.* (*digging Miss Amelia in ribs*).  
A little different from you English girls,  
Good company, fond of both fun and jokes,  
Dances the tango well and also smokes,  
Can take a glass of wine, is full of go.

*Miss A.* (*horrified*) Fast?

*Capt. R.* Fast? not a bit of it, just right, not slow.

*Miss R.* Ah! here she comes.

(*Enter Miss D. Cute*).

*Miss Cute.* (*coming down stage*) Why Captain, How d'ye do,  
Say will you introduce me to your crew.  
On sailor men you know I simply dote.  
They are so cute (*fingering his jacket*) My! what a  
pretty coat.

Give me a button—I collect—oh do  
And in exchange I'll sing a song for you.

*Capt. R.* Please do,

*Miss C.* What would you like?

*Capt. R.* O something pretty,

*Lee.* For heaven's sake dont sing a rag-time ditty.

*Miss C.* I'll not do that—Suppose I let you know  
About Virginia—where the fire-flies glow.

*Capt. R.* The fire-flies glow? Oh! yes that sounds all right

*Lee.* But not of Sliema, where the sand flies bite.

*Song :—Miss Cute and Chorus.*

*Miss R.* Luncheon is ready.

*Capt. R.* Then I hope I may  
Expect the starboard watch to lunch to-day

*Lee.* Aye, Aye, Sir, that we will,

*Capt. R.* Thank you.  
*Lee.* That means  
Champagne and terrapin, not pork and beans.  
*Crew.* Aye, Aye, we'll come.  
*Capt. R.* Well, let us go,  
Each take a lady please and come below.

*(General scrimmage; all try to avoid Miss A., who in the end falls to Lee. The Captain is left without a lady).*

*Capt. R.* Why we're a lady short, we want another.  
*(Enter Mrs. Lee).*

*Lee.* Oh, Captain Reece pray let me introduce my mother  
She does your washing.  
*(Captain bows distantly, looking annoyed. Mrs. Lee shakes hands heartily).*

*Mrs. L.* Why Sir, how d'ye do  
I'll be most pleased to come to lunch with you;  
*Capt. R.* *(annoyed)* Let's go to lunch.

*(Chorus, Exeunt).*

*(Enter Lord C. de B. Jones).*

*de B. J.* I am an Englishman—I tell you so,  
Because the author makes me—don't you know,  
I personally think it's awful rot.  
Do I look like a baly Hottentot?  
And though I have these silly lines to say  
Thank goodness anyway, it's not *my* play.  
In all burlesques, you know, it is the rule  
To put upon the stage some silly fool  
Why to choose me they took such awful pains  
I cannot say, for I've no end of brains.

*(Enter Natalie).*

*(raising his hat).*  
How do you do.

*Nat.* I'm very well, and you?

*de B. J.* I'm very well to-day, but don't you know  
When I am well—I only feel "so, so."  
Because I know that I'll feel worse, somehow.  
Before I feel as well as I do now.

*Nat.* *(pointing to his sleeve)* Excuse me, you've a hair  
upon your coat.

*de B. J.* *(removing it and looking at it).*  
How awfully nasty—from a horrid goat  
Who'd the impertinence to rub my sleeve,  
And never introduced—would you believe . . .  
They're so unpleasant and intensely silly  
Thank goodness, we've no goats in Piccadilly.

- Nat.* I've always heard that quite a lot walked there.  
*de R. J.* (*striving to say something clever*)  
You cannot say of them—like here—"there's hair"  
*Nat.* What does that mean?  
*de B. J.* I dont know,  
*Nat.* That's a pity,  
*de B. J.* But all the Nuts consider it quite witty.  
And if a thing's not funny, barring chaff,  
We think it jolly rotten form to laugh.  
I've just arrived. Have you been here some time  
It's awfully silly saying things in rhyme  
My memory is not good—it's such a strain  
Talking in verse—upon a fellow's brain.  
*Nat.* So I should think. Why did you come out here?  
*de B. J.* If you don't follow fashion, you're thought queer  
I must admit that travelling makes me weary.  
But now that chaps like Shackleton, and Peary,  
Have shown the way—a fellow cannot falter.  
And so you see, I have discovered Malta.  
*Nat.* How clever of you.  
*de B. J.* Yes, but 'pon my soul  
I wish they'd never found the bally Pole.

(*Exunt.*)

(*Enter Captain and Lee.*)

- Lee.* (*to Captain*) Good, Captain, I have just thought out  
a plan  
To benefit your crew.  
*Capt. R.* Then I'm your man.  
*Lee.* We all admire the ladies you have brought;  
We'd like to wed them.  
*Capt. R.* Certainly, why not?  
*Lee.* Well then, you know, our plan is simply this,  
To change our single lot for wedded bliss.  
To find a wife, both high and low I've sought her.  
At last I've found my fate.  
*Capt. R.* Who?  
*Lee.* Why, your daughter.  
*Capt. R.* You ask too much—too much—my only child;  
I cannot live without her.  
*Lee.* Draw it mild;  
If you are lonely you can find another.  
*Capt. R.* Daughter?  
*Lee.* No, wife.  
*Capt. R.* Who can I wed?  
*Lee.* My mother.  
*Capt. R.* But does she love me?

*Lee.* On that score have not fears ;  
She's done your washing now for sixteen years ;  
With loving hands each garment she would scrub  
And fondly place them in the washing tub.  
The tears in her blue eyes which dimmed her sight  
She used instead of blue to make them white,  
Then would she gently hang them out to dry  
And gaze upon them with a loving eye.  
While other washing ladies used to wrangle  
She would be putting your wash through the mangle ;  
With trembling fingers trimmed each worn-out cuff.

*Capt. R.* (*much overcome*).  
Ah, stop ; so much devotion—'tis enough.

*Lee.* To show the love that burned for you so deep  
Each week a keepsake she would always keep ;  
A handkerchief, perhaps, to trim a hat.

*Capt. R.* Most washerwomen show their love like that.

*Lee.* She'd darn your socks—sew buttons on your shirts.  
Does she not love you ?—speak

*Capt. R.* Ah ! no, it hurts.  
I see it all ; blind fool that I have been,  
For sixteen years she's kept her love unseen.  
Where is the lady ?

*Lee.* She's somewhere round, no doubt.  
Shall I go fetch her ?

*Capt. R.* Why, yes, trot her out.

(*Enter Mrs Lee*).

*Lee,* Captain, your love is here.

*Mrs. Lee.* (*aside to Lee*). Is this a fraud ?

*Capt. R.* My ownest own ! Come to the garden, Maud,  
I'd speak with you alone.

(*Enter Crew*).

*Mrs. L.* (*aside*). Alone, no fears,  
For trees and little birds have got no ears,  
Some witnesses I'd like for I'm no novice,  
They're always handy in a breach of promise.  
And sailors, I am told, have got the knack  
Of never making love in white and black ;  
(*aloud*). Speak loved one.

*Capt. R.* Well, will you be my wife ?

*Mrs. Lee.* What ho ! you bet..

*Lee.* To seal the bargain let us have a wet.

*Mrs. l.* But dear you're far above me.

*Capt. R.* What of that.

Love levels all.

*Mrs. Lee.* You think so ? (*Taking her bonnet off hurriedly and handing it to Lee*).

Hold my hat.

*Duet—Capt. and Mrs. Lee.*

*Mrs. L.* Such sudden love makes my heart feel peculiar,

*Capt. R.* What is your name Dear One ?

*Mrs. L.* Oh ! call me Julia.

*Lee.* Let's drink success to Captain and to ma ;  
Our skipper will be henceforth my papa.

*Mrs. Lee.* (*kissing Lee*). And you will always be our little Willie

*Lee.* This isn't "East Lynne," mother—don't be silly.

*Concerted Number—Crew.*

*Capt.* I am, my crew, a man of great resource,  
At musketry we do our annual course,  
And go to-morrow out to—'s camp  
So not for long your ardour I shall damp.  
If you'll but carry out my good suggestion  
You'll *pop your guns* and also *pop the question*,  
And having one week at Ricasoli tarried  
We'll get the padre there and all get married.  
With such an *aim* in view why should we not  
Find every man aboard a first-class shot,

*Hal Yard.* Aye ! aye ! we'll be indeed upon my Davy  
The finest shooting ship in all the navy,  
And musketry we'll vote a perfect boon,  
As it will be a long, sweet honeymoon ;  
For what could give our work a greater zest  
Than being with the girl we love the best.

(*Enter Ladies*).

*Final Chorus.*

[ CURTAIN. ]

(*A week is supposed to clapse between Act I and Act II*).

## ACT II.

*A beautiful sandy bay, surrounded by trees at  
Ricasoli, (not yet discovered).  
(Where we would like to do our musketry),  
H. M. S. 'Mantelpiece' seen at anchor, in the bay*

*Song Scena : Miss Amelia and Ladies'*

*Chorus—entrance of crew and exeunt of ladies.*

*(Enter Capt. Reece).*

*Capt. R.* Good day, my crew.

*Crew.* Good day to you, kind sir.

*Capt. R.* Do all to our proposals quite concur ?

*Lee.* We do.

*Crew.* Aye, aye, we do.

*Capt. R.* So far so good.

This day we all shall wed.

*(Enter Bellaye and Miss R)*

*Lee.* That's understood.

And I your daughter's hand do claim as mine.

*Bellaye.* Your plan no doubt my man is very fine.

But I, Miss Reece must wed.

*Lee.* And wherefore pray !

*Bellaye.* The lady in the matter has a say

I should suppose.

*Lee.* No. 'Tis not always so,  
For loving parents often, don't you know,  
Will force a girl to marry 'gainst her will,  
Much in the way they'd give a bitter pill ;  
They talk of freedom, yet they're not above  
Making poor slaves of those they say they love,  
With the old platitude, 'We know what's best,'  
They find the man and she must do the rest.  
Has he position, wealth, and stately hall,  
Manners or morals matter not at all.

*Bellaye.* All that you say is true.

*Lee.* It is.

*Bellaye.* And still

You'd wed Miss Reece to-day against her will,  
You'd act against the promptings of your heart.

*Lee* I am the villain—so must play the part,  
(*with emphasis*). To-day Miss Reece must marry  
William Lee.

*Bellaye.* Do not forget you first must deal with me

*Lee.* Would you then cross my path—you'd best beware  
There's nought the villain of the piece won't dare,  
If to the worst it comes I'll say the line  
"Once on the lugger why the girl is mine," Ha! Ha.

*Bellaye.* I do not fear your threats.

*Lee.*

Then hear my curse,  
Delivered now in pantomimic verse :

(*Stage goes dark for no earthly reason whatever*).

If it SHOULD happen that a wife you get,  
May you find that she is—a suffragette  
So when you have no button on your coat,  
There's none to sew it on—she's gone to vote.  
And when at night the darling baby screeches,  
You'll have to nurse it—while she writes her speeches  
When morning breaks, and worn out you have risen,  
May you find out that she has gone to prison.  
These things, and others, you will have to lump  
While she is nourished through the stomach pump  
Or sits and starves within her prison cell  
Because she loves, not you—but Christabel.  
Thus may you ever be, a wretched *man curst*  
Your wife a follower of Mrs. Pankhurst.

*Bellaye.*

Not that: not that.

*Lee.*

Now, dare you marry,—willing tho' the maid is?  
NO—still your life will be—A perfect Hades  
"Paint ship": your best enamel you apply  
Sirocco winds refuse to let it dry  
When the Promotion list comes out in June  
You'll whistle then a very different tune,  
Lieut. X,—a man you'd like to throttle.  
Who, when you joined, was busy with his bottle,  
Is there,—Although, for years, you've taken pains  
To let "the Powers that be" know you have brains.

*Bellaye.*

Enough.

*Lee.*

When ordered home, with joyous heart you go  
To spend the winter—up at Scarpa Flow,  
Cold though it be, one thing will keep you hot  
The letter from the best girl that you've got  
Harping on jolly times you never get  
And all about the *charming man* she's met.

*Bellaye.*

Ah, Anything but that.

*Lee.*

When in the Channel, and you are on watch  
May the fog be as thick as . (*pause*). Scotch Hotel  
Potch.

(*aside*) That simile is not perhaps sublime  
But "Pea-soup" is a rotten word for rhyme.  
When "Coal Ship" is the signal, may you be  
The very last the coal ship's holds to see  
What use to curse, or utter muttered grievings  
You'll have to "sweep the collier" for the leavings.  
When, after working hours, all fit to bust  
Only to get your bunkers full of dust  
The Flag's sarcastic signal makes you swear.  
"Will you be finished coaling by next year".



*Bellaye*, I do not fear your curse.

*Lee*. What of my men?

*Bellaye*. The hero always comes to life again ;  
The villain's always foiled—in the last act,  
Kill if you like, you know it is a fact.

*Lee*. Too true, too true, yet must I scheme and plot,

*Bellaye*. Why don't you kill the author of this rot ?

*Lee*. An inspiration ! there a genius speaks,  
He's kept us all rehearsing seven weeks,  
I'll have his blood (*to men*) Come on my merry crew  
A little murder on our own we'll do.

(*Exeunt Bellaye, Lee and Crew*)

(*Enter Capt. R and Miss R.*)

*Miss R.* Father don't make me do it.

*Capt R.* What, my child ?

*Miss R.* Why marry Lee, for it will drive me wild,

*Capt. R.* My promise I have giv'n, it must be so,  
A sailor never breaks his word you know,  
And truth to tell you might do worse by far  
Then wed an upright honest British tar.

(*Exeunt*)

(*Enter de B. J.*)

*B. J.* I must admit that I'm a bit surprised,  
I fancied Malta quite uncivilized,  
But really—What ? I like the place quite well,  
If only they had got a good hotel—  
No decent dinner's apt to give one fits,  
I always have my fodder at the Ritz :  
And d'you know when the bally place was made  
They quite forgot a Burlington Arcade :  
Demd silly of 'em—sort of gives one shocks  
To find no place to buy one's ties and socks—  
The evenings too are really awful rot  
Without the Empire Promenade, eh-what ?  
Still it might be much worse—I'm sometimes bright,  
The girls at any rate are quite all right,  
I trust you wont repeat what I now say—  
I fondly love—a different one each day.

(*Song and Dance—De B. J. and ladies.*)

(*Enter Sir Percy carrying cushions and a rug which  
he spreads on this ground.*)

*Sir P.* Thanks goodness I've at last escaped the crowd,  
Women, in camp should never be allowed  
With *misses* in the camp and *at* the butts.  
It makes one's life as hard to crack as nuts.  
I'll have a "seven-beller" d—the fuss  
By Jove ! here comes another one, oh—cuss.

(Enter Miss Cute).

- Miss C.* Oh, dear Sir Percy, what a sweet surprise,  
It's great to meet you far from prying eyes,  
We'll have a real long chat—won't that be nice,  
I want to ask you for your good advice.
- Sir P.* Madam, speak on, I have not long to wait.
- Miss C.* I'm but a girl.
- Sir P.* (*aside*). Well! young at any rate
- Miss C.* Only a shy and timid little maid,
- Sir P.* Good Lord what next?
- Miss C.* And very much afraid  
Of men especially they're so very free,  
Lord Clarence wants, I think, to marry me.  
Another partner for myself I'd plann'd,  
Oh, dear Sir Percy, don't you understand?
- Sir P.* But does the other love you?
- Miss C.* Whisper low,  
You are the only one to tell me—don't you know?
- Sir P.* I am Miss Cute—your words convey no sense,
- Miss C.* Oh! dear Sir Percy, why so very dense,  
'Tis you I've loved, but only from afar,
- Sir P.* Oh Lord! this is so sudden, ask mama!

(Hurried exit).

- Miss C.* What shall I do, I must remain discreet,  
Lord Clarence I can summon to my feet  
At any moment—but it is my plan  
To capture for myself a sailor man.  
They are so cute as everybody knows  
And then they always wear such pretty clothes,  
O'er all the wide world they often roam,  
A great advantage—they're not much at home.  
A husband all day long is very slow,  
To dine with one man always, bores one so.  
(*exit*)

(Enter Mc Clan).

- Mc Clan.* I'm feelin just a wee bit on, I'm thinking,  
I dont know why—I'm sure I've not been drinking,  
Maybe a few wee half yins—merely trifles,  
For I've been lurching with the Scottish Rifles:  
Their whisky's rale guid stuff and ain would lack  
sense  
Nae takin drinks that dinna cost a saxpence  
Each of their fellows is a decent cronie,  
I'm what they ca' a "dramatis personæ"  
(*looking at programme*)  
That is nae Latin phrase but o'Scotch version.  
Which when translated means—a dram each person.

(Enter De B. J.)

De B. J. Ah, how d'ye do.

Mc Clan. (aside). My, what an apparition.  
I'm brawly thanks. (aside) Whatever is his nation.

De B. J. Good gracious me—one of those vulgar Scots.  
They think it necessary to put in plots.  
I'd best be civil—Are you very well?

Mc C. I'm brawly, thanks, I tell ye. How's yersel?

De B. J. I'm very well to-day. But don't you know.  
When I am well—I only feel—"so-so."  
Because I know that I'll feel worse, somehow  
Before I feel as well as—I do now. Ha, Ha.

Mc C. (aside). The fellow's daft (aloud). Where are ye  
frae I'd speer?

De B. J. I am an Englishman

Mc C. That's very queer.  
I've never seen an Englishman like you,  
In the old country.

De B. J. O surely, but  
You must have met the species known as "Nut" ?  
To know why we're called so my brain I've wracked—

Mc C. I'm thinking it will be because ye're cracked :

De B. J. Do you live here ?

Mc C. No, I'm frae Aberdeen  
This is the queerest place I ve ever seen,  
I just came oot tae hae a wee bit peep  
Because I heard the whuskey here was cheap.

De B. J. And is it ?

Mc C. I dinna ken, but it's no dear, I think :  
I have'na had to stand masel'a drink  
I've never even been inside a pub !  
They're social bodies at yon Union Club.  
I've got some guid stuff here—I maun confess  
They filled ma wee flask at the Rifles Mess  
(drinks) Here's tae ye. (Not offering it)  
Ye'll nae he hae'n a dram yersel'  
It ne'er agrees wi'Sassenach bodies well.

(Exeunt :—De B. J. looking disgusted).

(Enter Mrs. Gossip and Ladies).

Olga It seems as if the men had disappeared,  
And just as though our presence here they feared.

Mrs. G. You must be careful what you say, my dear,  
For some one may be round about and hear  
All that you say. I never miss a chance  
To hear all—or to catch a glimpse—a glance.

Song—Mrs. G. and Ladies.

(Exeunt).

(Enter Miss Cute— she strolls down stage and takes a seat. Lord C. De B. J. enters and looks at her vacantly.

De B. J. (aside) Ah! there she is; she's real'y not half bad  
And if I caught her it would please my dad.  
The only way to save our ancient name  
And property, is just to play the game;  
So many of we titled people have  
Married for money—what's the use of love?  
I wish her father hadn't dealt in pork  
Still for the dollar's sake, I must to work.

(Goes over to Miss C. takes out his handkerchief which he spreads on the ground and then kneels on it).

Eunice.

Miss C. Sir!

De B. J. Ah, hear me on my knees.  
Tell of an ardent love, excuse the—(sneezes).

Miss C. sneeze,  
For your brains are dusty, and say—Why  
I ain't just quit the chicken coop, I'm fly

De B. J. Eunice.

Miss C. My name is Cute—D Cute I am, you bet,  
So switch right on to that, and don't forget.

De B. J. Well then, Miss Cute, dear, Wont you call me Clarry  
It's my pet name? I really want to marry.

Miss C. Really?

De B. J. Yes.

Miss C. What have you got to offer?

De B. J. My heart, and hand, and name, to you I proffer,

Miss C. I'm no cheap cat kind of a girl in teens.  
What I don't know ain't worth a pile of beans.  
What's in a name? a heart and hand I fear  
Without a head at any price is dear.

De B. J. I say, you're awfully rough upon we chaps  
I'll be an Earl some day.

Miss C. Ah! yes perhaps.  
But early birds don't always get the worm  
For goodness sake get off your knees—don't squirm.

De B. J. But don't you love me?

Miss C. No.

De B. J. Oh, but look here  
When my papa dies I shall be a peer  
And in the House of Lords you'll see me then  
Making laws for my bally countrymen  
(puts his hand on her shoulder).

Miss C. Don't dare to put your hands upon my back  
You'd better keep them on the Union Jack  
And leave the Stars and Stripes to others care.

*De B. J.* But don't you think they'd make a pretty pair?  
One hand on my flag, one on yours I'd place—  
A union of the Anglo-Saxon race:  
I'd gladly take a *stripe* and not repine  
If you will let me add a *star* to mine  
Eunice dear.

*Miss C.* You're really not half bad  
I'll have to think of it.

*De B. J.* Ah make me glad.  
Give me some hope, when may I say to you  
'Darling 'oos ickle 'oosily is 'oo'  
When may it be?

*Miss C.* I'll think of it.

*De B. J.* You dear.

*Miss C.* I'll give my answer to you.

*De B. J.* When?

*Miss C.* Next year.

(*exit Miss C*)

*De B. J.* I really think I did that very well,  
The last speech that I made quite seemed to tell.  
The sentiment expressed was really fine  
I overheard it in a flat near mine.

(*Enter Capt. Reece and Lee*).

*Trio* :—*Capt. R. Lee and De B. J.*

(*Entrance of a Dancer, followed by Mc Clan*).

*Dance Scene (exeunt)*

(*Enter Miss Reece and Bellaye*).

*Miss R.* Oh Dicky! think—I'll never more be free;  
In one short hour I'll have to marry Lee.

*Bellaye.* We'll manage to get out of it.

*Miss R.* But how?

*Bellaye.* We'll tack, and leave them on the starboard bow.  
A boat is here—the skipper to me's partial.

*Miss R.* But is you run they'll try you by court martial.

*Bellaye.* 'Tis worth all that to gain you as my wife.  
Without your love, why what's the use of life?

(*Enter Mc Clan*).

*Mc Clan.* (*coming forward*).  
I ken yer trouble and I've got a plan;  
Pray let me introduce masel—my name's McClan.  
Your father says to-day that you must wed;  
The parson won't be here—but I instead.  
The marriage will perform by Scottish rite;  
I'm Harry Lauder's cousin, it's all right,

Few ken that there it's different—for the bride  
Stands always at her husband's right hand side.  
I shall arrange that Lee is on your right—  
You understand.

*Miss R.* Oh yes, I see a light.  
Dick will be on my left, and when we're wed  
He'll be my husband—Lee will find, instead  
Himself a bachelor.

*Mc Clan.* Oh no, not so—  
I'll wed him to another, don't you know,  
Then should he ever try your hand to force  
The other girl will sue him for divorce,

*Bellaye.* Well spoken, friend—your hand—your plain is good

*Mc Clan.* Ah, here they come—don't speak.

*Bellaye.* That's understood.

(*Enter Captain Reece and all others.*)

*Chorus.*

*Song—Mrs. Lee and Chorus:*

*Capt. R.* The parson isn't here.

*Lee.* That's very rum.

*Mc Clan.* He's very sorry, but he could'nt come,  
He asked me if I would inform you.

*Capt. R.* The wedding can't take place—what shall we do?

*Mc Clan.* I'll take his place.

*Capt. R.* You?

*Mc Clan.* Yes, why not?

*Capt. R.* Are you a parson?

*Mc Clan.* No, but I'm a Scot,  
And being such, you'll find there is no flaw,  
You all may married be by Scottish Law.

*Capt. R.* Such action—with the law might lead to friction,  
For Scottish Courts have here no jurisdiction  
To take so grave a risk I mell may falter.

*Mc Clan.* 'Tis doubly law—A Scot discovered Malta.

*Lee.* Yes, yes, let's married be at once.

*Crew.* Aye, Aye.

*Capt. R.* If it's not legal you're to blame not I.

*Crew.* Aye, Aye, so be it.

*Capt. R.* Sir, will you proceed.

*Mc Clan.* Pray then arrange yourselves - I'll do the deed.

(*They arrange themselves. Lee, right, then Miss Reece,  
then Bellaye, etc., etc., Capt. R. and Mrs. L. on left,  
Miss Amelia is standing on Lee's right, De B. J. on  
Mrs. Lee's left.*)

*Mc Clan.* All pray, join hands. Dear friends for life,  
By Scottish law you're henceforth man and wife.

- Lee.* (to *Miss R.*) At last you are my own.
- Mc Clan.* (pointing to *Miss Amelia*). Not so I fear.  
This is the lady that you've married here.
- Lee.* Ah! anything but that.
- Miss A.* I am a wife. •  
This is the 'happiest moment of my life.  
Ah! William, William sweet one do not frown,  
A good wife to a man is worth a crown.
- Lee.* A "Crown" you call her,  
I'll gladly part with you for half a dollar,
- De B. J.* This is my wife—Oh, what will mother say.
- Mrs. L.* (pointing to *De B. J.*)  
I've married this? Oh, what a rotten play.
- Capt. R.* I've never played before in such a piece.  
Blessed if I am not married to my niece'
- Mc. Clan.* Too late to alter now but not to soon  
To start right out upon your honeymoon,
- Lee.* Where can we go?
- Capt. R.* I really don't know.
- Miss C.* Say!  
Come to New York with me and see Broadway.

*Song with chorus—Miss Cute.*

[CURTAIN]

## ACT III.

Deck of *H. M. S. "Mantelpiece"* the same evening.

Song—*Betsy*.

(*Enter crew*).

*Bob. Stay. (Recit).*

Oh gallant tars, who brave the ocean's foam  
How pleasant is the very welcome duty  
Of decking out the ship for youth and beauty.  
Yet visions of the fairer sex  
A sailor's thoughts should never vex,  
His heart should soar such sentiment above,  
The ocean in his first and only love.

(*Enter Commander*).

*Sir P.* Come, hustle, men, and get the ship put straight  
The flags and bunting too,

*Slack.* It's always decorate  
In every port around to which we roams  
I'm getting fed up with their blank "At homes".

*Sir P.* You're cackling there just like a blooming fowl.

*Slack.* It's every sailor's privilege to growl.

(*Enter Miss Cute*).

*Miss C.* Why, dear, Sir Percy, I call this just great  
I really felt right sure that I'd be late.

*Sir P.* (*sarcastically*) You're not, nor would be, if an hour  
later.

*Miss C.* I got Real mad because the elevator  
Got stuck half way before we reached the quay  
(*sighs*) Sir Percy, dear, have you no word for me?  
I fear you'll have a very lonely life  
Now you're the only one without a wife  
As a good sailor, too, I can't be beat.

*Sir P.* Well then, you'd better join—the "Fishing Fleet"

*Miss C.* What fleet is that?

*Sir P.* The strongest one, to sail.  
The only fleet to make a sailor quail.  
Three strong divisions—with no vacant berth,  
Manoeuvring like nothing else on earth,  
Firstly, the "Venerables" to lay a trap creep  
They're older ships and ready for the scrap heap.  
"Inflexibles" now steam from out the van,  
And steal what heart is left in every man,



So when the "Indefatigables" arrive,  
But very few of us at all survive,  
Any who do are sure to find their fate  
If they should chance to meet a "Desperate"  
While saucy "Ardents" cruise around to save  
And drag poor half-drowned creatures from the wave.

*Miss C.* My—but that would be nice. Where do they cruise?

*Sir P.* Where there is ought to gain, and nought to lose,  
They shape their course before they even start.  
To anchor drop in some poor devil's heart  
But please excuse me for I've much to do.

*Miss C.* What dear Sir Percy?

*Sir P.* Oh well—Curse the crew.  
And other things—but "Splice the main brace" first.

*Miss C.* Guess I'll come too, I've also got a thirst. (*Exeunt*).

*Slack.* Work's a bit thick—I'm daily getting leaner,

*Stay.* Here comes Miss May Reece with her concertina.  
Give us a tune lass while we rest a bit.

*Peg.* Of course.

*Slack.* Suppose we slack off work, and sit

(*Concertina Solo—Miss Reece*).

*Slack.* Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

(*Lee and Miss Amelia enter—received by Captain and Miss Reece. Miss Amelia speaks aside to Miss Reece. Lee goes up to the crew.*)

*Slack.* (*to Lee*) Jerusalem! the girl you've married's funny,

*Lee.* (*aside*) Well, anyway I find she's plenty money.  
I'm quite content to quietly settle down,  
She's got a lovely house in Portsmouth town.  
I'll have the swag to gently go the pace  
A fond heart beats beneath that homely face.

*Miss A.* (*to Miss Reece*)

I can't believe I'm really Mrs. Lee;  
My husband will retire from life at sea;  
Men can't be trusted when too far they roam.  
And so I think I'll keep my Will at home.  
Isn't he handsome?

(*To Lee*) William, my dear,  
You mustn't run away like that—come here.  
(*Crew laugh*).

(*Lee very sheepishly comes over and is embraced by Miss Amelia.*)

*Slack.* Mrs. Gossip and the Misses Gossip.

(*Enter Mrs. G. and daughters.*)

*Capt. R.* How do you do.

*Mrs. G.* Ah, Captain Reece, I fear  
We're rather late but anyway we're here.

(to daughters)

Well girls I hope you'll have a pleasant dance,  
Remember make the most of every chance.  
Your opportunities you must not miss  
But do take care none snatch a stolen kiss.  
A ship's so dangerous—and sailors are not slow,  
Be careful of them if you go below.  
Should they ask you by chance to have a look  
Inside their cabin, just to see a book  
Of photographs—well—open your eyes wide,  
And say you'd rather see the book—outside.

*Capt. R.* Oh! Mrs. Gossip won't you sing song.

*Mrs. G.* What shall I sing?

*Lee.* You cannot go far wrong  
If you will sing for us—that is the crew,  
"What's it matter if her eyes are black and blue."

*Song—Mrs. Gossip.*

*Slack.* Lord and Lady de Brown Jones,

(*Enter de B. J. and Mrs. Lee.*)

*Mrs. L.* (*with affected manner.*)

Ah! How do Captain, awful jolly night  
How do you like my hair, I've dyed it light.  
These are the family diamonds, some, I've more  
For jewellery I simply do adore.  
This is the biggest one on earth, they say;  
This one is bigger: been so rushed to-day  
Buying my trousseau, and a whole lot more  
And getting married—it's an awful bore,  
But Clarry would insist, he would'nt wait  
The dear boy's been so much in love of late  
And by the way, I'm quite ashamed to speak  
I've not had time to do your wash this week.

*Capt. R.* I hear you've sold the business.

*Mrs. L.* Yes, that's true  
It's very hard to know what one should do  
I wouldn't, but a good price has been paid  
Lots of the upper ten are now in trade;  
It's awfully nice to move in such high life  
(*aside*) But John, I'd almost rather be your wife.  
You musn't—

*Capt. R.* (*not doing anything*) What?

*Mrs. Lee.* Why clasp me round the waist

*Capt. R.* I wasn't going to

*Mrs. L.* Oh but do—make haste.

At flirting Clarence is an awful mug  
I'm simply dying for a real good hug  
And sailors seem to make it feel much more

*Capt. R.* Ah well you see we often hug the shore.

(*puts his arms round her, Mrs. L's head drops on his shoulder.*)

*Mrs. L.* (*Nestling into his arms.*)

Ah! dearest if I only were your bride

(with complete change of voice and pulling his hand more around her waist).

Can't you get further round on the "Lee" side ?

Miss C. (to Capt.) Say, Cap. a sailor jig, would be real fun

Capt. R. We'll show you how a hornpipe should be done

*Sailor's Hornpipe—Peggy.*

Miss A. (to Mrs. Lee . The Captain's not invited me to dance ;  
I'll drop my fan, then watch how he'll advance  
And pick it up (drops fan—Captain signals to Mid-  
shipman to pick it up).

Midshipman. I think this is your fan.

Miss A. (annoyed). No doubt you think yourself a smart  
young man.

Mrs. L. (to audience). Just watch and see him make a rush  
for mine

*Drops it. Lee picks it up).*

Lee. Mother, is this your fan ?

Mrs. L. You silly co co.  
I feel inclined to dot you on the boko.

Miss A. (to Mrs. L.) Oh, what a fright that girl in green and  
blue.

Mrs. L. Yes, and the one in lilac buckram too.

Miss A. And did you see Miss X's green brocade ;  
It shows so *plainly* that it is home made.

Mrs. L. And do you know that girl in yellow tulle ?  
She must have thought I was an awful fool.  
She asked me if I thought the shade too pale ;  
It only had arrived by the last mail.  
As if I didn't know—oh, such a joke.  
It was her old one—with a different yoke

Miss A. Yes, and the hanging of the skirt is faulty ;

Mrs. L. Besides I think—it's much, too much, decollete.

Miss C. Say Captain this is just a ripping dance—

Capt. R. Glad you're enjoying it,

Miss C. If I'd the chance  
To be alone with all these dandy men  
I guess I'd make thinks hum a bit—

Capt. R. Well then,  
As I've a lot of other things to do,  
Would you be hurt if I should leave my crew  
To entertain you ?

Miss C. Captain I guess not.  
I'm quite prepared to entertain the lot

(Song—Miss C. and crew). (Exeunt).

(Enter Capt. R.)

Capt. R. What's to be done, how ever can we fix up  
This mess, for everything is in a mix up.

Why did McClan my crew and I inveigle.  
I've just found out the ceremony's illegal,  
No marriage has occurred the lawyers say,  
It's fortunate I found it out to-day.

(Enter Miss Reece.).

Miss R. What's wrong, papa ?

Capt. R.

I've something hard to say  
My child, you are not really married to Bellaye.  
I find the wedding's not a lawful one,  
I hope the end won't be an awful one.  
I fear that Lee may claim you when he hears  
And Aunt Amelia will dissolve in tears.  
I cannot bear to see a woman weep,

Miss R. Your information to your own self keep,  
Then no one will be wiser ; as for me  
I'll marry Dick to-morrow—don't you see.

Capt. R.

My child such things as that I cannot do,  
I must be honest to my faithful crew.

(exit).

(Enter Bellaye).

Miss R. Oh Dick I'm so unhappy

Bellaye

What's wrong dear ?  
And on your wedding day

Miss R.

Because I hear  
We were'nt really married by McClan  
I think he is a horrid wicked man

Bellaye

You're mine at anyrate so do not fret  
We're now alone so—let's sing our duet.

Duet—Miss R. and Bellaye—with chorus..

Capt. R. My crew—I have indeed sad news for you.  
What we were told to-day I find's not true,  
The marriage was no marriage--don't you see,  
So all of you are once again quite free.

Lee. I claim your daughter's hand.

Miss A.

(entreating). Oh, Willie dear.  
Be mine.

Capt. R.

I cannot grant your wish I fear.  
I am no longer Captain of the ship ; to-day  
The Admiralty has placed me on half-pay.  
Sir Percy—now commands the "Mantelpiece."

Bellays.

(to Sir Percy) Then Sir I ask you, may I wed Miss  
Reece ?

Sir P.

Under the circumstances—Yes you may.  
There is no other way to end the play,  
But as I am a rigid martinet,  
No other member of the crew I'll let  
Marry just now. And as I am no fool,  
You'll know I'm kind hereafter and not cruel ;  
If you'll but take my motto for your lives  
"Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to have wives"  
A British sailor ne'er a slave will be  
And his one love shall be the rolling sea.

- Crew.* Aye, Aye.
- Capt. R.* No child to comfort me—no ship—no crew,  
Alone in all the world what shall I do?
- Mrs. G.* Don't say alone.
- Capt. R.* May I a home find then?  
With you dear madam and your daughters ten.
- Mrs. G.* You may indeed.
- Mrs. Lee.* For me the outlook's blue.
- Mrs. G.* The family washing you will always do.
- Mrs. Lee.* More's happened to-day than ever in my life,  
I've been a Captain's sweetheart—a Lord's wife  
And now I've wakened up only to see,  
I'm still what I was once, plain Mrs. Lee.
- De B. J.* And mighty plain at that.
- Lee.* (to *Miss A.*) Amelia Ann.  
If it will please you I shall be your man.
- Miss A.* William, my little heart—beats fast with joy  
Gee! only to think at last I have a boy  
So handsome too.
- Miss C.* (to *De B. J.*) I'll be your wife.
- De B. J.* This is the happiest moment of my life,  
"Two heads without a single thought, two hearts that  
beat the band."

*Final Ensemble and Chorus.*

[CURTAIN.]

