

THE QUEEN OF ARCADEE.

PASTORAL OPERETTA.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters :

PHYLLIS - - - A Schoolmistress.
LUBIN - - - A Shepherd.
DAME DORA - - - An Old Woman.

Properties :

A Book for Phyllis. A Shepherd's Pipe for Lubin. A Bunch of Herbs. A Wicker Basket, containing Crown, Necklace, Robe of State, and Sceptre.

Introduction :

Play the accompaniment of the Finale for the Introduction.

Scene : A Pastoral Landscape. PHYLLIS discovered. She has a book.

PHYLLIS. Saturday afternoon! Saturday afternoon! And a half-holiday. What a relief! Not only to me, but also to my little pupils. Teaching, teaching, teaching; learning, learning, learning! I don't know who's to be more pitied—teachers or pupils. Hark! I hear their merry voices. How they're enjoying themselves with their companions! And how I shall enjoy myself with my companions—my two companions. Here's one (*showing book*), Shakespeare! And the other one will be here directly. The other one is Lubin—dear Lubin. Lubin's employment is not intellectual, but it's healthy. Lubin's the best shepherd in Arcadee, and the dearest, dearest in this dear, happy world.

No. 1. TWO LITTLE BIRDS.
Song (PHYLLIS).

S. Allegro.
f

1. The world is all so bright and fair, A -
2. I knew that I had guessed a - right, An -

-bove there's not a cloud to see; The lit - tle bird that's
o - ther lit - tle bird I see, And hi - ther fast he

sit - ting there, Is sing - ing, O, so mer - ri - lee; Is
wends his flight, And now he's sit - ting on the tree; And

sing - ing, O, so mer - ri - lee! Dear lit - tle bird,
now he's sit - ting on the tree. Two lit - tle birds,

Sweet lit - tle bird, You're hap - py as hap - py can be;..... I
Fond lit - tle birds, You're hap - py as hap - py can be;..... And

know ve - ry well, By your song I can tell, That you're waiting for
af - ter my song, It won't be so long Ere some-one comes

some-one—like me;..... I know ve - ry well, By your
fly - ing to me;..... And af - ter my song, It

song I can tell, That you're wait - ing for some-one—like me....
won't be so long Ere some-one comes fly - ing to me....

rall. *D.C.*
rall. *D.C.*

PHYLLIS. Why, Shakespeare, you *are* in a bad temper! You're upside down. I suppose I upset you. Now you're right. (Reading.)

Enter DAME DORA (R.H.). Music.

No. 1a. Entrance and Exit Music for DAME DORA.

Moderato.

No. 2. TIME WAS.
Duet (DAME DORA AND PHYLLIS).

S. Moderato.
mf

DAME.

1. Time was when I was a pret-ty lass like you, dear;
2. Time was when I was a clev-er lass like you, dear;

PHYLLIS.

Gold were the curls that were thick on my head; Bright were my eyes, and they Things of the hard-est I learnt with no pains; Now I be-gin to for-

PHYLLIS.

look'd you thro' and thro', dear; Now they are fad-ed, their lus-tre has fled. - get whate'er I knew, dear; Things of the sim-plest now tax my poor brains.

PHYLLIS. DAME.

I am so ug-ly! You are so pret-ty! Ve-ry, ve-ry ug-ly!
I am so stu-pid! You are so clev-er! Ve-ry, ve-ry stu-pid!

PHYLLIS. { PHYLLIS. }
{ DAME. }

Ve-ry, ve-ry pret-ty! Ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry { pret-ty! }
ug-ly! { ug-ly! }
Ve-ry, ve-ry clev-er! Ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry { clev-er! }
{ stu-pid! }

rall. D.C.

DAME. Busy as usual, Phyllis!

PHYLLIS (*rising*). Good-morrow, dear Dame Dora.

DAME. You should give yourself rest, my little schoolmistress.

PHYLLIS. I am giving myself rest; and could I have a more agreeable companion to share it with than Shakespeare?

DAME (*slyly*). Yes, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS. Who?

DAME. Lubin, of course. Where's Lubin?

PHYLLIS. How can I tell, Dame Dora?

DAME. I shouldn't think he's far off.

PHYLLIS. I should be very cross if I thought he were.

DAME (*laughing*). You cross! Phyllis cross! That couldn't be. I shan't be in your way if I stay a few minutes, shall I? But my poor old limbs get so weary, and I have still further to go.

PHYLLIS. In my way, dear Dame? Of course not.

DAME (*slyly*). Besides, I can go as soon as Lubin comes, can't I?

PHYLLIS. Of course you can—no, I didn't mean that.

DAME. Yes, you did, and you're right, Phyllis dear. (*They sit down on a bank.*) And now tell me all about yourself. How is the school getting on?

PHYLLIS. Capitably. Three more pupils this week. I shall make my fortune in time.

DAME. Your fortune *is* made, dear. With Lubin's loving heart to cherish you, with the affection of all who are around you, and with the treasure of your own kind, sweet nature, you are richer than the richest queen. When first I entered this village, unknown and friendless, it was you, dear Phyllis, who came to me with your tender smile, and brought sunshine into my little dark cottage. When that great illness fell upon me, it was you who sat by my bedside, and nursed me through all those long, weary weeks, until the danger was past. What can I do? What can I say?

PHYLLIS. You think too much of my poor help. And besides, it was my duty; anybody would have done it.

DAME. "Anybody," Phyllis! Nobody but you. There are other lassies in the village. *Who* comes near me but you? *Who* is kind to me but you? There are other lads in the village. *Who* comes near me but Lubin? *Who* is kind to me but Lubin? Because I am unknown and friendless, save for you both, dear—and your friendship is all the world to me—and because I am old and poor and ugly, they shun me, and treat me badly, and call me a witch.

PHYLLIS. Never mind what they say, Dame Dora. Lubin and I will always love and protect you, and when we are married we shall build a tremendous big cottage, and, whether you like it or not, you shall come and live with us. We've settled that long ago.

DAME (*kissing her*). My sweet Phyllis!

DAME (*rising*). And now I must be off.
 PHYLLIS (*rising*). Let me come with you. You look so tired. Are you going far?
 DAME. Down to the farm yonder, to fetch a basket that the carrier has left for me at the cross-roads.
 PHYLLIS. But you can't carry it, Dame Dora.
 DAME. I must manage it somehow, dearie.
 PHYLLIS. I'll come with you, and bring it back for you.
 DAME. That *would* be kind. But what about Lubin?
 PHYLLIS. Lubin must wait. (*To book.*) Good-bye, Shakespeare, and take care of Lubin, won't you?

No. 2a. TIME WAS—*continued.*

Moderato.

DAME. Time was when I was a stur-dy lass like you, dear. Not ve-ry far is the way to the farm. With no one to help me, I'd scarce know what to do, dear. We'll get on much fas-ter, If you'll take my arm. Thank you, so kind-ly!

PHYLLIS. We'll get on so nice-ly. Thank you, ve-ry kind-ly! We'll get on so nice-ly.

{ PHYLLIS. }
{ DAME. } (*Exeunt, L.H.*)

We'll get on so ve-ry, ve-ry nice-ly.
 Thank you, ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry kind-ly!

rall.

Enter LUBIN (R.H.). He has a shepherd's pipe.

LUBIN. Why, where's Phyllis, when her Lubin is here? (*Seeing look.*) There's her book, so she must be close by. (*Looking into book.*) I've often heard her say that she gets quite wrapped up in them sometimes! No, she isn't there. (*Looking off, L.H.*) Ah! there she goes down the hill, with old Dame Dora leaning on her arm. Kind Phyllis, sweet Phyllis! How good she is! Much too good for me! And that's a great admission for any man to make. (*Looking off, L.H.*) See, they're taking the turning to the farm. Of course, it all breaks in upon me. They've gone to fetch the mysterious basket that has arrived for Dame Dora. The carrier wouldn't take it to her cottage, as he said he didn't want to have to do with a witch; so he left it at the cross-roads for her to bring away. The whole village is talking about it, for the carrier told them he thought he heard a *mew* come from the basket, and when he peeped through the side he saw a great, big, black thing with glaring, green eyes as big as saucers, and he saw besides, snakes, bats, and toads, and all sorts of other things. They're furious against her, and say that she's sent for these charms to bewitch them. I don't believe anything of the sort, and as long as there's an atom of strength in me, nobody shall hurt Dame Dora! Poor old lady! What a shame it is to treat her so badly! How fond she is of Phyllis! But I'm not surprised at that.

No. 3. THE HAPPIEST SHEPHERD.
 Song (LUBIN).

f Brightly (*playing pipe*).

Ped. * *Segue.*

1. Phyl-lis is fair-er than flow-ers in May;
 2. Phyl-lis is pret-ty and Phyl-lis is neat;

mf

Phyl-lis is bright as a
 Phyl-lis is charm-ing, and

(*Pipe.*)

mid-sum-mer day! } I love
 good as she's sweet! } (*Pipe.*)

her,.... she loves

(*Pipe.*)

me, ... she loves me! ... Tra la la la la la!

Tra la la la! I'm the hap-pi-est shep-herd in Ar-ca-dee!

the hap-pi-est shep-herd in Ar-ca-dee!

(Pipe.)

the hap-pi-est shep-herd in Ar-ca-dee!

(Pipe.)

Enter DAME and PHYLLIS (L.H.). PHYLLIS carries a basket, which she puts down. Music.

DAME. A thousand thanks, Phyllis! Ah, Lubin!

LUBIN (*kissing her hand*). Good-morrow, dear Dame!

DAME (*pointing to Phyllis*). Don't mind me!

LUBIN. Good-morrow, Phyllis! (*He bows.*)

PHYLLIS. Good-morrow, Lubin! (*She curtsseys.*)

DAME (*laughing*). Don't mind me!

LUBIN. My sweet Phyllis!

PHYLLIS. My sweetest Lubin! (*They embrace.*)

DAME. And now I must just go into yonder dell to gather a few herbs, and I will leave my basket in your charge a little while, if you are not frightened of it.

LUBIN. Frightened of it?

PHYLLIS. Yes, Lubin, down at the farm they were so unkind and said—but I don't like to tell you.

DAME. They said, "Away, old witch, with your baggage, and we hope the black cat in it will tear out your wicked old heart!"

PHYLLIS } Shame on them!
LUBIN. }

DAME. Yes! Shame on them!

[Exit, R.H. Music.]

LUBIN. And now we're alone, I *must* kiss you again

PHYLLIS. *Must* you, Lubin?

LUBIN. Yes, for it is my duty.

PHYLLIS. Then do your duty like a man!

LUBIN. There! (*Kissing her.*)

PHYLLIS. Ah, duty is very sweet sometimes. (*They sit.*) And how are the sheep?

LUBIN. As quiet and amiable as possible, for I told them I was coming to see you, dearest. And I put them all in such good tempers, for I gave them all new blue satin bows for their necks. After that I played to them on my new pipe, and the lambs couldn't help frisking about. It was such fun! They looked so absurd; they might have been human beings. One of the sheep, Mrs. Methuselah, that very old lady with the squint in her eye, was quite shocked at their behaviour, and said reprovingly, "Baa-baa!" but the lambs, I am sorry to say, went on frisking all the same, and only answered, "Bah-bah!" which was rather rude of them, wasn't it?

PHYLLIS (*laughing*). Very rude. You silly Lubin! (*They rise.*)

LUBIN. Yes, Phyllis darling, I *am* silly, very silly. I'm just like my sheep, for I've hardly any brains. But what does that matter, as you have more than enough for both of us?

No. 4. WHEN WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Duet (PHYLLIS & LUBIN).

Quickly.

LUBIN. PHYLLIS.

1. When will you mar-ry me, Phyl-lis, dear? My dress shall be rich, but
2. Oh, what a joy that day will bring! Oh, what a turn-out we'll

LUBIN. PHYLLIS.

plain..... Oh, that the wed-ding-day were here! With
make!..... Soon I must go and buy the ring. From

LUBIN.

ev-er so long a train..... On Mon-day, Tues-day,
Bus-zard's we'll get the cake..... For Mon-day, Tues-day,

PHYLLIS.

Wednes-day, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day? Con-
Wednes-day, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day? Con-

- tent - ed be! For cer - tain - ly I'll mar - ry you, sweetheart, one day!
- tent - ed be! For cer - tain - ly I'll mar - ry you, sweetheart, one day!

{ PHYLLIS. }
{ LUBIN. }

Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednes - day, Thurs - day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day,
Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednes - day, Thurs - day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day,

Sun - day? Con - tent - ed be! For cer - tain - ly I'll
Sun - day? Con - tent I'll be! For cer - tain - ly She'll

1st time. 2nd time. D.C.

mar - ry you, sweetheart, one day! mar - ry you, sweetheart, one day!
mar - ry her sweetheart, one day! mar - ry her sweetheart, one day!

D.C.

After second verse.

f

Enter DAME, with a bunch of herbs (R.H.). Music.

- DAME. Well, dearies! Has the black cat been mewiang?
BOTH (laughing). No.
DAME. I must rest again before I trudge back with my basket.
LUBIN. Dear Dame, do not take the basket back, for I fear something will happen. Already the villagers are in an uproar, for the carrier has spread all sorts of reports about it, and you must not venture amongst them. Trust the basket to me, and I will take charge of it.
PHYLLIS. And, dear Dame Dora, come and stay with me in my cottage; they aren't harm you there.
DAME. Kind, loving hearts! Yes, Lubin, you shall take charge of my basket, and, Phyllis, I will stay with you in your cottage, for if my life is in danger, as you seem to think it is, you must shield it from harm, for it is very precious to me now. Listen, and I will tell you a story. (They all sit.) There was once a queen who ruled over this land of Arcadee. The King died, and they had no children. By

the laws of Arcadee she herself had to appoint her successors. From the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the laws bade her make her choice. She was surrounded by fawners and flatterers, by those who had smiles on their lips and falsehoods in their hearts, and she found none worthy. One day she left her palace, and, disguised as a peasant, took up her abode in a village, hoping to find some true and worthy hearts there. Because she was old and ugly, and seemed poor, they drove her away. For a long time she wandered from village to village, always mocked at, always jeered at, always driven away with sticks and stones. At last she came to a village not far from here, dearies; and again, all were unkind to her; all, except two—one was a little schoolmistress, the other was a shepherd. And the search of the Queen of Arcadee was over.

PHYLLIS. Poor Queen! Then she was happy at last?

DAME. Very, very happy.

LUBIN (looking R.H.). Look, Phyllis! (they all rise); something has happened in the village! What can it be? They are all rushing towards Dame Dora's cottage. Ah! they are not going to burn it, as they have so often threatened to do. They are not going to burn it! I must try to prevent this cruel deed.

[Exit, R.H.]

PHYLLIS. Dear Dame, poor Dame! What can I do? Oh, what can I do? Let us fly away together to a place where you can find safety! Don't be frightened! don't be frightened! We shall never leave you. Lubin and I will always love and protect you.

DAME. Dearie, I am not frightened. See, I am not trembling, like you. I will stay here.

PHYLLIS. Come away, do! do come away! See, Lubin returns to warn you.

Enter LUBIN (R.H.).

LUBIN. Oh, Phyllis! Oh, Dame Dora! Such a wonderful thing! A splendid gold coach, drawn by eight white horses, has just driven through the village, and has stopped at your cottage, Dame Dora. I asked one of the footmen whose it was, and he told me that the carriage had come to fetch her Majesty the Queen.

PHYLLIS. What does it all mean?

DAME. It means this, dearies, that the basket must now be opened to give the poor black cat a little air. Open it, Lubin.

LUBIN (opening the basket. He takes out a crown.) A crown.

DAME (putting it on.) For my head.

LUBIN (taking it out.) A string of precious stones.

DAME (putting it on.) For my neck.

LUBIN (taking out a robe.) How beautiful!

DAME (putting it on.) My robe of state.

LUBIN (taking it out.) A golden stick.

DAME (taking it.) My sceptre.

PHYLLIS. I see it all. Lubin, Lubin, it isn't Dame Dora, it is the Queen herself.

PHYLLIS and LUBIN (falling on their knees.) Please don't chop off our heads!

DAME. Dearies, I am Queen Lovegood, not Queen Elizabeth. Rise, sweet ones. (They rise.) As you have made me happy, it is my duty to try and make you happy. In you both I find those who are worthy to rule over Arcadee, and on your wedding day I give up the throne to King Lubin and Queen Phyllis. I shall still hold you to your promise of love and protection, and I know that you'll find a little corner in your big palace for Dame Dora.

No. 5.

FINALE.

DAME DORA, PHYLLIS, AND LUBIN.

Brightly.

f

Ped. * Segue.

mf

DAME. LUBIN.
Soon will the wed-ding bells mer - ri - ly ring, Ding - a-dong-ding!

PHYLLIS. DAME.
Ding - a-dong-ding! For Phyl - lis the Queen and for Lu - bin the King.

{ PHYLLIS. }
{ LUBIN. }
rall. *a tempo.*
Ding - a-dong-ding - a - dong-ding - a-dong-ding! What can we

say or do? Your kind-ness to us you nev - er will rue.

DAME. *rall.*
Dear - ies, I know that you to me will be lov - ing and

LUBIN. DAME. PHYLLIS. { PHYLLIS. }
true. Ding - a-dong, Ding - a-dong, Ding - a-dong-ding! How
{ LUBIN. }
{ DAME. }
a tempo.

LUBIN. PHYLLIS. DAME.
hap - py we three to - geth - er will be! The King, And the Queen, And the

{ PHYLLIS. }
{ LUBIN. }
{ DAME. }
Dow - a - ger-Queen, of Ar - ca - - - dee!

f *p*

f *cres.* *ff*

fff Curtain.

