

THE PEDLAR.

A PASTORAL.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters:

DOLLY } - - - Village Lassies.
 CHERRY }
 PETER } - - - Village Lads.
 REUBEN }
 THE PEDLAR - - - A Fairy.

Introduction:

Play the accompaniment of No. 1 for the Introduction.

Scene: A Landscape. DOLLY and CHERRY discovered.

DOLLY. You know, Cherry, it's all very well in its way, but this can't continue.
 CHERRY. No, Dolly, it can't.
 DOLLY. I'm sure, if I had been Peter, and Peter had been me, it would have been settled long ago—ever so long ago.
 CHERRY. And it's just the same in my case. If I had been Reuben, and Reuben had been me, the matter would have been amicably arranged in the dim, dim past.
 DOLLY. But here we go on, day after day, day after day, waiting, waiting, waiting.
 CHERRY. Well; what's to be done?
 DOLLY. Something might be done, Cherry, if it were Leap-Year.
 CHERRY. I've thought of that; but it's three years ahead, and it is such a tremendous time.
 DOLLY. Here come Peter and Reuben.
 CHERRY. And they are both dressed in their Sunday suits.
 DOLLY. Cherry, something assures me that we sha'n't have to wait for Leap-Year.
 CHERRY. And I have the same conviction, Dolly.

DOLLY. Dear Peter!
 CHERRY. Dear Reuben!
 DOLLY. But I sha'n't accept him at once.
 CHERRY. Nor shall I.
 DOLLY. Peter shall suffer.
 CHERRY. So shall Reuben.
 DOLLY. They shall go on, day after day, day after day, waiting, waiting, waiting.
 CHERRY. And then we'll say "Yes."

Enter PETER and REUBEN.

PETER. Good morrow, Dolly!
 DOLLY. The same to you, Peter.
 REUBEN. Good morrow, Cherry!
 CHERRY. The same to you, Reuben.
 PETER. And to you, Cherry.
 CHERRY. Thanks!
 REUBEN. And to you, Dolly.
 DOLLY. Thanks! (To Peter.) How smart you are!
 PETER (mysteriously). Yes!
 CHERRY (to Reuben). And you, too.
 REUBEN (mysteriously). Yes!
 DOLLY (aside to Cherry). I know I'm right.
 CHERRY (aside to Dolly). Of course you are.
 DOLLY (aside to Cherry). But you won't give in, will you?
 CHERRY (aside to Dolly). Certainly not.
 PETER (sighing). Ah!
 DOLLY. Aren't you well, Peter?
 PETER. Quite well, thank you!
 REUBEN (sighing). Ah!
 CHERRY. Are you unhappy, Reuben?
 REUBEN. Unhappy, Cherry! No, I'm as happy as can be.

No. 1.

AS HAPPY AS CAN BE.

QUARTETTE.—(DOLLY, CHERRY, REUBEN, PETER.)

Allegro moderato.

mf DOLLY. PETER.
 Our days are full of plea - sure, We're

CHERRY. REUBEN. DOLLY. PETER. CHERRY.
 mer - ry past all measure, The sun is bright, our hearts are light, And not a cloud we see . . . Our path is one of ro - ses, Where not a thorn op - po - ses, With

REUBEN. (DOLLY.) (PETER.)
 mirth and song we glide a-long, As hap-py as can be. . . The sun is bright, our hearts are light, And

(CHERRY.) (REUBEN.) 1st. (DOLLY.) (REUBEN.)
 not a cloud we see. . . With mirth and song we glide a-long, As hap-py as can be. . . Our 2nd. (PETER.) (CHERRY.)

days are full of plea-sure, We're merry past all mea-sure, The sun is bright, our hearts are light, And not a cloud we see. . . Our path is one of ro-ses, Where

not a thorn op-po-ses, With mirth and song we glide a-long, As hap-py as can be. . . 8va..... loco. FINE.

PETER. Ah, Dolly; but I could be much happier!

DOLLY. Could you? I couldn't.

REUBEN. I could.

CHERRY. What a strange thing!

REUBEN (*aside to Peter*). Now Peter, you *are* a coward!
 Why don't you set the example?

PETER (*tenderly*). Dolly!

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). Be firm!

PETER. Dolly!

DOLLY. That's twice you've said "Dolly."

PETER. Dolly!

DOLLY. That's three times. I shall get to know my own name soon.

REUBEN (*tenderly*). Cherry!

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). Remember!

REUBEN (*tenderly*). Cherry!

CHERRY. Twice!

REUBEN. Cherry!

CHERRY. That's three times. I wish you'd call me something else for a change.

REUBEN. My betrothed!

CHERRY. Upon my word, Master Reuben, I am your nothing of the sort!

PETER (*aside to Reuben*). We don't seem to be getting on very well, do we?

REUBEN. We don't.

DOLLY. Look, look! Here comes a pedlar. I am so glad, for there are ever so many things I want to buy.

To the Symphony of No. 2 THE PEDLAR enters. She carries a tray full of odds and ends, and during the song she exhibits her wares.

No. 2.

THE PEDLAR'S SONG.

SOLO.

♩: *Allegro to con grazia.*

mf

1. I come from yon-der bu - sy town, A good-ly store have I; . . . I've rib-bons red and blue and brown, Come, buy, I pri-thee, buy! . . . I've
2. I'll take your fan - cy now, you'll see, I've *some-thing* in my store; . . . To - day a - lone I have sold three, I know I'll sell *two* more. . . . Yes,

ritard.

sa - tins, silks of ma - ny shades, And dain - ty caps I sell; . . . Ah! buy some for these pret - ty maids, You'll see they suit them well. . . }
here they are, so new and bright, Most tru - ly tempt-ing things; . . . Good sirs, you can't re - sist the sight, Come, buy these wed-ding rings. . . }

ritard.

a tempo.

Come, buy, come, buy! Just buy! I pri-thee, buy, do buy! Come, buy, come, buy, . . . do buy, I pri-thee, buy! . . .

a tempo.

D.S.

FINE.

PETER and REUBEN *hesitate to buy the rings.*

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). I have lost all patience with Peter.

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). And it's more than complimentary to Reuben when I call him a noodle.

PETER (*timidly*). Dolly, can I buy a ring?

DOLLY. Of course you can, if you have the necessary funds.

REUBEN (*timidly*). Cherry, may I buy a ring?

CHERRY. I don't see why you want my permission.

REUBEN. Because, if I bought the ring, I should ask you to wear it—for me. Would you?

CHERRY. Certainly not!

PETER. Dolly, let me buy this ring for you? You don't know how I should like to see you wear it!

DOLLY. Well, I can't see how I am to blame in the matter. You've never mentioned it to me before.

PETER. Will you marry me, Dolly, darling?

DOLLY. Certainly not!

PETER. Your cruel words have wrecked my life.

REUBEN. Cherry, my heart is broken. Come, Peter!

[*Exeunt* PETER and REUBEN.]

DOLLY. I think we've gone a little too far, Cherry.

CHERRY. I'm afraid we have

DOLLY. And it's all your doing.

CHERRY. My doing, Dolly. How dare you say such a thing!

PEDLAR. Pretty maidens! Why have you treated the poor lads so harshly?

DOLLY. What business is that of yours?

CHERRY. Be off with your trumpery rubbish, or it will be the worse for you!

DOLLY. Yes, be off at once, or you will regret it!

PEDLAR. Foolish ones! *You threaten me! You dare to threaten me!* I am no pedlar! I am a fairy!

CHERRY (*sneeringly*). Very like a fairy!

DOLLY. A fairy, indeed!

CHERRY. If you *are* a fairy, prove it!

PEDLAR. I will. I knew that you both loved those poor lads, and I knew that they both loved you. I came here with these rings hoping to cement your happiness. You have insulted me, threatened

me, and doubted me. The punishment that I shall inflict upon you will prove that I *am* a fairy. Peter had no thoughts but for you, Dolly; and Reuben's thoughts, Cherry, were of you alone. That is all changed. They have forgotten you both completely. Judge for yourselves!

[Exit PEDLAR.]

Enter PETER and REUBEN. *They entirely disregard DOLLY and CHERRY throughout the song.*

No. 3.

MARCH AWAY!

QUARTETTE—(PETER, REUBEN, DOLLY, & CHERRY.)

Moderato con spirito.

1. REUBEN.
2. CHERRY.

PETER.

1. There's no de-light like the bliss of the bat-tle; High beats the pulse when the call comes to fight! What sweeter sound than the roar and the rat-tle, With
2. Ah! when a mai-den is fear-ing and sigh-ing, Soft words at part-ing will so-lace her fears. No! with the hand on their cou-rage re-ly-ing,

1. REUBEN.
2. DOLLY.

dar-ger to left and with dan-ger to right? How great the joy when the foes part a-sun-der, Cry-ing for mer-cy as meek-ly they yield,
So-dies are heed-less of ter-ror and tears. Ah! when a mai-den is sore-ly re-pent-ing, Kind words at part-ing will bright-en her life!

1. PETER.
2. REUBEN.

{ PETER.
{ REUBEN. }

No fair-er wealth than the rich-es of plun-der, No bet-ter death than the death on the field!
Sol-diers, true sol-diers, are ne-ver re-lent-ing, Their words and their thoughts are a-lone of the strife! } No more de-lay! Up and a-way!

{ DOLLY.
{ CHERRY. }

{ PETER.
{ REUBEN. }

REUBEN. PETER. REUBEN. PETER.

March, march, march, march, march to the front of the fray! O, stay! No more de-lay! Up and a-way! March, march, march, march,

PETER. REUBEN. } 1ST.
DOLLY. CHERRY. } 2ND.

1st verse. D.C. 2nd verse.

march to the front of the fray. march to the front of the fray. A-way to the front of the fray, to the front of the fray! March march, march, march, march, march, march, O stay at the back of the fray, at the back of the fray! Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay, stay, stay,

march to the front of the fray!
stay at the back of the fray!

(exit PETER and REUBEN.) FINE.

DOLLY. Here's a pretty piece of business!

CHERRY. A pretty piece of business? I call it a very ugly piece of business—a hideous piece of business.

DOLLY. I wish I had been kind!

CHERRY. Ah! life isn't worth living *now*.

DOLLY. Poor, poor Peter! Good-bye for ever!

CHERRY. Yes, he's sure to get killed.

DOLLY. And so is Reuben, so *that's* a satisfaction.

CHERRY. This punishment is terrible! But it is not enough. I shall allow myself to be tortured to death.

DOLLY. Tortured to death! How will you manage that?

CHERRY. I shall give violin lessons to picked unpromising pupils.

DOLLY. Poor Cherry, your end is not far distant! And I shall follow your brave example. I shall let myself be buried alive.

CHERRY. How will you manage that?

DOLLY. I shall accept the post of head mistress of a high school in some remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow British possession.

CHERRY. Poor Dolly! You will not linger long! (*They both sit down.*)

No. 4.

ALAS, ALACK-A-DAY!

DUET—(DOLLY & CHERRY).

Andante Moderato.

p DOLLY

1. A - las, a-lack - a - day! Now Pe - ter is a - way, No
2. He'd sit by me for hours, And weave me wreaths of flow'rs, With

CHERRY.

blue is in the sky. . . . A kind - er lad than he, Could ne - ver, ne - ver be, . . . And
craft and cun - ning rare. . . . So nim - ble were his feet, His mer - ri - ment so sweet, We

Reu-ben's gone to die. . . made a win-some pair . . .

Re-grets are all in vain. . . He'll ne'er re-turn a-gain. . . And He'd sing the sweet-est song. . . He'd charm me all day long. . . Now

I shall e-ver sigh, And I shall e-ver sigh. . . life is full of care, Now life is full of care. . . } O, I am so lone-ly now { Pe-ter's Reu-ben's } gone a-way. . .

O, so ter-ri-bly lone-ly, A-las, a-lack-a-day. . . Oh! Oh Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm so aw-ful-ly

lone-ly, A-las, a-lack-a-day. . . A-las, a-lack-a-day! . . .

D.C. After second verse.

FINE.

THE PEDLAR *has entered towards the end of the duet, and stands behind DOLLY and CHERRY.*

PEDLAR. You don't seem very cheerful. *(They both rise.)*
 DOLLY. It is the fairy!
 CHERRY. Dear, kind fairy!

PEDLAR. Kind fairy! Then your punishment pleases you?
 DOLLY. It is more than we can bear.
 CHERRY. *Do* forgive us!
 DOLLY. Oh, *do*!
 PEDLAR. I'll think about it.

No. 5.

CROCODILE'S TEARS.

TRIO—(DOLLY, CHERRY, THE PEDLAR).

Allegro moderato. *mf* DOLLY. CHERRY.

We quite de-serve this weight of woe For be-ing so con-tra-ry, And

(both kneeling.) DOLLY. CHERRY.

down up-on ours knees we go To ask your pardon, Fai-ry. O more than much to blame are we For this our sad po-si-tion. Our flow-ing tears you

THE PEDLAR.

can - not see And doubt our deep con - tri - tion. But are those tears your ve - ry, ve - ry own, Or are they from the banks of the Nile? I

DOLLY. CHERRY.

may be wrong, but p'r'apsthey belong To the eyes of the cro - co - dile. These tears are all our very, very own, They're not from the banks of the Nile. You

THE PED. DOLLY. CHERRY.

THE PEDLAR.

are quite wrong, For they don't belong To the eyes of the cro - co - dile. I am } quite wrong, For they don't belong to the eyes of the cro - co - dile, To the }
You are }

DOLLY. CHERRY. THE PED. DOLLY. CHERRY.

eyes of the gen - tle, peace - ful, lov - ing, ten - der - heart - ed cro - co - dile.

ritard. ff f a tempo. FINE.

PEDLAR. There! Rise! I forgive you!

CHERRY and DOLLY (*rising*). You are too generous, and we don't deserve it.

PEDLAR. No, I don't think you do—(*going*). I wish you good-day!

DOLLY. But, fairy!

CHERRY. Oh, fairy!

PEDLAR. Yes!

DOLLY. You have forgiven us?

PEDLAR. Yes!

CHERRY. You have forgiven us; but don't you recollect?

PEDLAR. Yes, for insulting me, for threatening me, and for doubting me—I wish you good-day!

DOLLY. But can't you give us each a token of your forgiveness?

CHERRY. A substantial token!

PEDLAR. A substantial token?

DOLLY. Peter!

CHERRY. Reuben!

PEDLAR (*laughing*). Very well, I will. I revoke the charm.

Music—The Symphony of "March Away." Enter PETER and REUBEN, in marching order.

PEDLAR. Halt!

PETER and REUBEN "*halt.*"

PEDLAR. Stand at ease! As you were!

Music—The Symphony of "The Pedlar's Song." THE PEDLAR offers the rings to PETER and REUBEN, who take them.

PETER. My own Dolly! Will you wear this ring for me?

DOLLY. Of course I will, Peter.

REUBEN. My sweet Cherry! Will you wear this ring for me?

CHERRY. Most gladly, Reuben.

PETER and REUBEN. How much, pedlar?

DOLLY. Hush! she's not a pedlar!

CHERRY. She's a fairy!

PEDLAR. Keep the rings! My payment for them will be your happiness.

PETER. Ah! There never was such a Dolly!

DOLLY. Nor such a Peter!

REUBEN. Nor such a Cherry!

CHERRY. Nor such a Reuben!

PETER, DOLLY, REUBEN and CHERRY. Nor such a pedlar!

No. 6.

FINALE.

(THE PEDLAR, DOLLY, CHERRY, REUBEN, PETER.)

{ PEDLAR. }
{ DOLLY. } 1ST.
{ REUBEN. }
{ CHERRY. }
{ PETER. } 2ND.

Allegro moderato.

{ Their } days are full of plea-sure, { They're } mer-ry past all mea - sure, The sun is bright, { Their }
 { Our } { We're } { Our }

Sua. loco.

f

hearts are light, And not a cloud { they } see, . . . { Their } path is one of ro - ses, Where not a thorn op - pos - es, With mirth and song { they }
 { Our } { we } { we }

glide a - long, As hap - py as can be. . . .

Sua. loco.

f

Sua. loco.

The end

