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Duffy -  
Barrett -  
Dent -  
Wesley -  
Stuart-Johnson.

(3)

# BLUE BEARD

AN EXTRAVAGANZA

BY

J. R. PLANCHE, Esq.

AND

CHARLES DANCE, Esq.

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.



## BLUE BEARD.

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,  
January 2nd, 1839.*

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THE Melo-Dramatists of the past century converted BLUE BEARD into an Eastern story, but every child knows that the old nursery tale, by MONS. CHARLES PERRAULT, is nothing of the sort. At Nantes, in Brittany, is preserved, amongst the records of the duchy, the entire process of a nobleman (the original of the portrait of Blue Beard), who was tried and executed in that city, for the murder of several wives, A.D. 1440. In accordance, therefore, with the laudable spirit of critical enquiry and antiquarian research which distinguishes the present era, the scene of the drama has been restored to Brittany, and the costumes selected from authorities of the period above mentioned. But, at the same time, in order not to wound the feelings of a noble family, the last of whom has been dead scarcely three hundred years, the real name of the criminal has been carefully suppressed, and that under which he first obtained dramatic notoriety substituted.

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### CHARACTERS.

Dame Perroquet, <i>a Widow Lady of a certain age, with an uncertain income, two unmarried daughters, and two sons in the army</i>	Mrs. MACNAMARA.
Fleurette, <i>one of her Daughters</i>	Madame VESTRIS.
Anne, <i>the other</i>	Mrs. FRANKS.
Joli Cœur, <i>"a worthy and noble-minded young man," in love with Fleurette</i>	Mr. T. GREEN.
Baron Abomelique, <i>surnamed Blue Beard, a celebrated Lady-Killer, who has obligingly undertaken, on this particular occasion, to sing his own March</i>	Mr. J. BLAND.
Page, <i>with invitation to the Ball à la Gustave</i>	Miss LANE.
Margot, <i>a Waiting Maid</i>	Miss AGNES TAYLOR.
O'Shack O'Back, <i>Groom of the Blue Chamber, and Head Valet to the Baron</i>	Mr. BROUGHAM.
Bras de Fer } <i>Fleurette's two Brothers,</i>	{ Mr. HUGHES.
Longue Epee } <i>very sharp blades.</i>	{ Mr. PRICE.

Officers and Gentlemen of Blue Beard's Household, &c.

Ladies invited to see Blue Beard re-wived.

# B L U E B E A R D.

## LANDSCAPE AND EXTERIOR OF DAM PERROQUET'S HOUSE.

[JOLI CŒUR enters under the window of the house with  
bugle horn, upon which he plays Symphony to

DUO—"Twilight glimmers."

- Joli.* Love wont let me go to sleep,  
Fat I'm a losing fast I fear!  
Sweetest, from your window peep  
That I may—that I may see my dear.  
'Tis your true love—cold he's catching  
'Neath your window—list, oh, list!
- Fleu.* [*appears at window*] Don't be foolish—mo-  
ther's watching,  
I shall catch it, if I'm missed.
- Joli.* Why not give mamma the slip?  
Pit-a-pat—pit-a-pat—step down stairs!
- Fleu.* What, to Gretna take a trip?
- Joli.* While you may.
- Fleu.* But they'd say—
- Joli.* Well; who cares?  
Pit-a-pat, &c.
- Fleu.* Little boy blue, be quiet with your horn!  
We shall be caught as sure as you are born  
I start at every breath.
- Joli.* That is a false start.  
Let Hymen ring the bell, and, once for all, start

*Enter DAME PERROQUET and ANNE from house.*

- Dame.* How now, sir, what is all this noise about?
- Fleu.* My mother's voice! I knew she'd find us out!
- Dame.* What may your business with my daughter be!
- Joli.* Dame Perroquet, can you ask that of me?  
Didn't you give me leave yourself to woo her,  
I've come this morn to pop the question to her.
- Dame.* Then to your question, sir, take my reply,  
I've got a better offer in my eye.
- Fleu.* [*entering*] You've something in your eye no doubt,  
for blindness  
Can be your sole excuse for such unkindness
- Joli.* This change is sudden as a clap of thunder!
- Fleu.* Ma, would you tear two faithful hearts asunder!

- Who upon earth is this, Dick, Tom, or Harry?  
 Whom you are pleased to say that I shall marry.
- Dame.* Baron Abomelique, surnamed *Blue Beard*.
- Fleu.* The nasty wretch! he'd better get a *new* beard.
- Dame.* With love for you, his noble heart is seared;  
 For you he dies.
- Fleu.* Then let him die —— his beard!
- Joli.* You're a nice mother, ma'am, I must confess,  
 To lead your daughter into such a mess.  
 There are reports of certain wives and crimes.
- Fleu.* Has he been married?
- Joli.* Only nineteen times!
- Fleu.* Why goodness gracious! gracious goodness me!
- Dame.* Don't believe him, it's all fiddlededee.
- Anne.* How strange that he should marry nineteen wives!
- Fleu.* How passing strange, too, that he still survives!
- Dame.* Hark! hark! I hear his trumpet and his drum  
 Come, you be going, for he's going to come.
- Joli.* Not I, I'll stay, and with these rumours tax him,  
 After his nineteen wives, by Jove, I'll ax him.  
 Since he has dared to cross our love so true,  
 I'll beard him to his face till all is blue.

[*Grand March.*

*Enter ABOMELIQUE attended.*

AIR—ABOMELIQUE. (*His own march.*)

I'm a baron bold, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, fol de rol, fol de rol;  
 And my tale's soon told, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 From my castle gate, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 I have marched in state, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 How to choose a wife, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 It's true, upon my life, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 So without more rout, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 Trot your daughter out, ma'am,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 If she suit my fancy,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
 And no fault I can see,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

She shall be, this day, ma'am,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
The twentieth Mrs. A., ma'am.  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

*Dame.* Great sir, behold her!

*Abo.* Humph! I think she'll do.

*Fleur.* [*Aside, R.*] I will not wed a man whose beard is blue.

*Abo.* (c.) What's that she says!

*Dame.* Nothing, my lord, at all.

She's charm'd that such a lot to her should fall.

[*Aside.*] What signifies his beard you little flat,  
His money's the right colour, think of that.

*Fleur.* I don't want money, and I hate blue hair.

*Abo.* What said she then?

*Dame.* Nothing, my lord, [*aside to FLEUR*] Beware!

*Abo.* Nothing again! a jewel of a wife!

A woman who says nothing all her life.

Were she an Ethiop that would me decide,  
Madam, I ask your daughter for my bride.

*Joli.* And I forbid the banns!

*Abo.* The deuce you do!

If I may make so bold, pray who are you.

*Joli.* One who if thwarted in his fondest views,  
Will take and shake you in your lordly shoes.

*Abo.* Audacious bumpkin! Has the slave no fears!  
If not for his vile head, at least his ears.

*Joli.* I'll punch your head, as though it were a pumpkin,  
Thick as it is—alone I'll do it, "bumpkin!"

*Dame.* If you'll stand that, sir, you'll stand anything.

*Abo.* I don't intend it ma'am—seize—bind and fling  
The wretch into a dungeon, deep and dreary.

[*Seize JOLI CÆUR.*]

*Joli.* I'll not be diddled thus out of my deary.

Hav'nt you married nineteen wives before, sir,

*Abo.* Nineteen exactly—for they are *no more*, sir.

*Joli.* No more, indeed! How came they so? explain.]

*Abo.* Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein!

*Joli.* Did'nt you make away with them you brute.

*Abo.* Away with him, and cut short this dispute.

Ma'mselle [*to FLEUR*] I own your beauty is tran-  
scendant:

I am a widower, and independant.

You are quite free to answer, yea or nay,

But I shall marry you, what e'er you say.

*Fleu.* Take me against my will, [*aside*] I'll never yield.

*Abo.* I'll take the favorite against the field.

*Dame.* [*aside to FLEUR.*] Consent at once, or else you'll get the worst.

*Fleu.* I'll see him—everything whatever first.

*Abo.* Quick, to my castle I invite you all;  
I mean to give a breakfast and a ball.  
A "dejeuné, dansant." It quite the rage is  
At the west end. What, ho! you rascal pages,  
Send out my cards, and bid my cooks prepare,  
To out Gunter, Gunter! He of Berkley Square.

[*ABO. takes FLEUR. by the hand.*]

### CONCERTED PIECE—GUSTAVE.

[*PAGE advancing with the cards.*]

Fair dames, for one and all  
I've cards of invitation  
For a ball.

A breakfast will precede—a brilliant dejeuné,—  
A very handsome "feed," or "spread," as we say;  
And Strauss, Musard, and Colinet,  
Whom of course you know by reputation,  
Are engaged expressly there to play.  
A gay affair it sure will be.  
A gay affair 'twill be.

Oh happy day,  
A dejeuné!

Methinks I see the glorious sight.

Pheasant pies  
Tempting rise,  
Champagne flies about so bright,  
While Strauss' band  
Play waltzes, and  
Divine Musard's  
Gay gallopades,  
And Colinet's  
(Surpassing praise)  
By turns quadrille and polanaise.

*Joli.* Aye, dance away,  
My page so gay,  
Your master shall the piper pay.

*Cha.* We'll dance away,  
The merry day,  
No matter who the piper pay.

*Abo.* Take him away,  
The poppinjay,  
Most surely shall the piper pay.

*Stan. B.*  
*2 Gds.*  
*B. B.*  
*P. & F.*  
*Anna*  
*Joli Lou str.*  
*O Shae O'Kae*  
*Stan.*

She seems a young pickle,  
 But woman is fickle,  
 Her vanity tickle,  
 The course is soon cleared.  
 None else shall she marry,  
 I swear by Old Harry,  
 The day I will carry,  
 Or cut my Blue Beard!

*Fleur.*

I'm in a sad pickle,  
 My tears vainly trickle;  
 O think me not fickle,  
 My heart may be seared.  
 But ne'er will I marry,  
 A sort of Old Harry,  
 Who thinks fit to carry,  
 An ugly Blue Beard.

*Joli.*

She's in a sad pickle,  
 Her tears vainly trickle,  
 If she should be fickle,  
 My heart will be seared.  
 O ne'er must she marry,  
 A sort of Old Harry,  
 Who thinks fit to carry,  
 An ugly Blue Beard!

[*Officers drag back JOLI; ABOM. seizes FLEUR, Tableau—scene closes.*]

## SCENE II.—IN ABOMELIQUE'S CASTLE.

*Enter MARGOT, R. H., with a guitar.*

*Mar.* Dear me, where can O'Shac O'Bac be gone?  
 It's very lonesome to be all alone  
 In a lone house, with no one else besides;  
 That's why our lord brings home so many brides.  
 I've carried this about so long and far—  
 I've left off, thinking it a light guitar!  
 And am in such a humour I could strike it,  
 And sing a favourite song, or something like it.

SONG—MARGOT. (“*A lowly Youth.*”)

A lowly youth, of “mountain dew,”  
 Beneath his coat a flask concealed—  
 His secret, as the cork he drew,  
 To echo only he revealed.  
 “Oh, if you could,” he cried, “be taught,  
 How good it is, how sweet, how strong!”  
 And Echo lick'd her lips and thought  
 To take a drop would not be wrong!



The drop she took, though only one,  
 So potent proved—that youth unknown,  
 Found Echo's tongue began to run,  
 In praise of whiskey, like his own!  
 And from that day, a private still,  
 The Nymph, set up, the hills among—  
 And if you say, "How strong!" she will  
 In whispers soft, repeat "How strong!"

[O. SHA. *blows his nose, without, L. H*

Cheer up, fond heart, what rapt'rous sounds are those  
 It is my love who blows his precious nose!  
 He comes! He heard me about whiskey talking;  
 And to this spot, the Irish dear is stalking!

*Enter O'SHAC O'BAC, L. H., pausing at wing.*

O Sha. One female with a head at last! huzza!  
 Sweetest of women, is it there ye are?

Mar. In pensive mood—

O. Sha. Don't talk of moods or tenses,  
 I have been frightened out of my seven senses!  
 And I'm so glad to see you, you can't think!  
 Hav'n't you got a little drop o' drink?

Mar. I rather fancy I *can* find you some—  
 I've got a bottle of my lord's old rum!

[*Fetches it, F. E., R.*

O Sha. I'm low, so anything to make me frisky;  
 [*Takes it*] But rum is not to be compared to whiskey!

Mar. You see, for comfort, love, you needn't far go—

O Sha. I've looked for you through all the chateau, Margot!

Mar. But what has frightened you?

O Sha. Why what I've seen  
 In the Blue Chamber—

Mar. [*eagerly*] Is it *there* you've been?

O Sha. Oh, yes, I have—I mean—Oh, no, I've not—  
 (*aside*) I was to lie, that's true, I quite forgot—

Mar. You're as confused as ever you can be;  
 There is some secret—tell it, love, to me!

O Sha. I'm not confused, although I own I show it;  
 But if I tell the secret, then you'll know it!

Mar. That's what I want, so tell me!

O Sha. [*aside*] I must blink—

The question [*aloud*] give me t'other sup o' drink!

Mar. What keeps he in that chamber on the shelf?  
 Tell me, or else I'll drink it all myself!

*O'Sha.* [*in a hollow tone*] Spirits!

*Mar.* [*frightened*] Spirits? what spirits? Answer, dearest, come—

*O'Sha.* [*aside*] I'll give her an evasive answer.  
[*aloud*] Rum

*Mar.* No shuffling now, but tell the secret pat.

*O'Sha.* There is a secret—there—I tell you that;  
But if I tell you more I lose my head,  
And then I'd be almost as good as dead.

*Mar.* I want no ghost to tell me that.

*O'Sha.* Oh, fie!

Don't talk so—you don't want ghosts less than I.

*Mar.* Tell me, what's in that chamber?

*O'Sha.* Botheration!

I wish to fate you'd change the conversation!

*Mar.* Tell me if there are people in it?

*O'Sha.* Plenty!

*Mar.* What do you mean by that?

*O'Sha.* Why nearly twenty!

*Mar.* Answer me one more question, and I'm dumb—  
What sort of looking people are they?

*O'Sha.* [*holding out his glass*] Rum!

*Mar.* Then I must ask—

*O'Sha.* [*takes bottle.*] Don't ask another thing.

You're dumb, you know, so hold your tongue and sing.

DUET—*O'SHA.* and *MAR.* (“*Tink-a-tink*”)

*O'Sha.* Yes, Margot—This, Margot, when I fain would jolly grow!

Dram drinking, heart sinking, soon can drive away!

*Mar.* Bad hearing, I'm fearing, on you will this folly grow!

Now mind, what to you, O'Shac O'Back, I say.

I think, I think, I think, the light guitar would cheer you!

I think, I think, I think, I think that drinking is a sin!

*O'Sha.* Drink! drink! oh, drink! oh, drink! I really cannot hear you!

'Till, 'till for me you pour me whiskey, rum or gin.

*Both.* Think! think I! &c.

Drink! drink I! &c.

*O'Sha.* Once sighing—sick dying—something had come over me!

Quite queerly—drunk nearly—on the ground I lay;  
There moaning—deep groaning—Margot did discover me!

*Mar.* Strains soothing, hair smoothing, I began to say,

I think, think, I think, I think the sweet guitar  
would cheer you!

*O'Sha.* Drink! drink! oh, drink! oh, drink! I thought a  
better thing!

Drink! drink! oh, drink! 'tis pleasure to be near you;  
For, darling, you give me spirits while you sing!

[*Horn sounds at Castle Gate.*

*Mar.* Hark, there's the horn, some one on Blue Beard  
calls.

*O'Sha.* 'Tis he himself, so just look out for squalls.

*Mar.* He's brought another wife home, I declare;  
You may say what you like, but it's not fair

*O'Sha.* What? [*Gives her bottle and glass.*

*Mar.* Why, that he should have so many wives,  
And worry them, poor things, out of their lives.

*O'Sha.* Mind what you're saying, bridle up that tongue.

*Mar.* Why, warn't they all of them cut off quite young.

*O'Sha.* Be aisy, darling, don't that way be going it,  
You're letting out the secret without knowing it.

*Mar.* I don't care what you say, my mind I'll speak.

*O'Sha.* Begone, you devil! Here's Abomelique.

[*Exit MARGOT, R.*

*Enter ABOMELIQUE, L.*

*Abo.* So slave—you're here?

*O'Sha.* I'm not quite sure of that.

[*Aside.*] When I see him my head feels like a hat,  
That may be whipp'd off at a moment's warning,  
Before a gentleman can say good morning.

*Abo.* Are you alive man? Heard you what I said?

*O'Sha.* Just as you please, sir, I'm alive or dead.

*Abo.* Then be alive, and quickly villain say,  
What has been stirring since I've been away.  
You know what I committed to your care?

*O'Sha.* What, the Blue Chamber---there's nothing stirring  
there.

*Abo.* For my new bride have you therein made room?

*O'Sha.* Yes, sir, [*Aside.*] I wish it was for the bridegroom.  
[*aloud*] And dusted all the heads, and every body.

*Abo.* And kept the secret?

*O'Sha.* Yes, sir, like Tom Noddy?

*Abo.* 'Tis well—[*takes keys from o. s.*] This victim will  
complete the score,  
And then your service I shall need no more.

*O'Sha.* [*Aside.*] Faites and you shouldn't have it now,  
my honey,

If 'twas'nt for the secret service money. [*Exit, R.*

*Abo.* Successful, surely, I this time shall be,  
Or I know nothing of phrenology.  
She has, if rightly I her cranium read,  
Inquisitiveness very large indeed.  
Her head completes the tale, and then I may,  
Perhaps, know something of a quiet day.

SONG.—(*“The Admiral.”*)

Though gallantly, tho' merrily, my days appear to fly,  
The notion is all moonshine, I might say, all my eye;  
I've made an ugly bargain, with a still more ugly sprite,  
A creature who for payment, bothers morning, noon, and  
night.

Blue devils haunt me all the day, and when I go to sleep,  
Strange things come up to frighten me, and thro' my  
curtains peep

Wide awake I feel more bilious, at being in the dark,  
Than any Yellow Admiral, at Cheltenham you may mark.

I hear a horrid whisper, that tells me fail I may,  
In making up the twenty crowns that I am bound to pay.  
And I've taken to strong waters, what they will do to see,  
But my whistle while I wet, I feel I whistle may for glee.  
A lecture upon needs, my guilty conscience reads me still,  
Each night is but one long black draught, each day a large  
blue pill.

And I never have a moment wherein I do not see,  
The tail of the black gentleman who waits below for me!

SCENE III. —THE STATE APARTMENTS.

BLUE BEARD, FLEURETTE, ANNE, and GUESTS discovered,  
*feasting and dancing.*

x GRAND CHORUS.—(*Guillaume Tell.*)

Everything fine surrounding,  
Everything nice abounding!  
Everything sweetly sounding!  
What can we wish for more?  
Savoury dishes steaming,  
Champagne like a river streaming!  
Music that sets one screaming!  
Encore! encore! encore!

[BLUE BEARD *leads forward* FLEURETTE.

*Abo.* How do you like my castle, madam, say?  
Is't furnished to your taste? be candid, pray!

*Fleur.* I find your castle, sir, the truth to tell,  
Superb, enchanting, matchless, pretty well!

- [*aside*] I'm dazzled quite with all I round me view,  
I wish his beard was not so very blue!
- Abo.* Madam, you flatter me by your approval,  
I trust you'll think no longer of removal!  
But make yourself at home—my house, my ground s  
My servants, coaches, horses, hawks, and hounds,  
Are yours, if you will have their master too;
- Fleu.* [*aside*] I really think his beard is not so blue!
- Abo.* My wealth's enormous—I've a rent roll clear  
Of forty millions—I'm a potent peer!  
Likely to die before you, a great point sure—  
A youthful peeress, with a thumping jointure!  
The king himself might at your feet then fall—
- Fleu.* [*aside*] I'm quite convinced his beard's not blue at all.  
Besides, if he's so very much my slave,  
He'd be polite enough perhaps to shave.  
A peeress, 'twould be cheap at any cost!
- Abo.* [*aside*] The wench who hesitates, they say, is lost!  
Does silence speak consent? Say, are you mine?  
The contract's ready—
- Fleu.* So am I to sign?

*Enter O'SHAC., L.*

- O'Sha.* And, please your honour, here's a billy doux.
- Abo.* For me!
- O'Sha.* Oh no, sir; not for me—for you.
- Abo.* Fool, give it me. [*reads.*] Odds bobbs! But here's  
a screw loose, [*Exit O'SHAC., L.*]
- The king has heard my life's a little too loose,  
And I am cited to appear and answer  
The charge of being a great necromancer.  
I must to some one learned in the law,  
In these proceedings we must find some flaw,  
And prove to those who prate of my intents,  
That *they're* no conjurors, at all events.
- Anne.* You seem disturbed?
- Fleu.* What ails my lord and master?
- Anne.* I trust that note announces no disaster!
- Abo.* Charming Fleurette, I'm called in haste away,  
But don't let that break up the party, pray.  
I sha'n't be long—and in my absence you  
Can with your friends range all the castle through!  
Here are the keys of every room within it.
- Fleu.* What a nice job, I quite long to begin it.
- Abo.* This of my treasury you'll find the key;  
These ope' the iron chests you'll in it see.

And this the wine cellar, and this the store room;  
 But this, *mind*, is the key of the ground floor room.  
 The small apartment at the gallery's end,  
 Called the Blue Chamber! now mark, I depend  
 On your discretion! Enter all but that—  
 Therein peep at your peril! *verbum sat*!

*Fleu.* You need not threaten, you've but to speak your  
 wishes—  
 They're my commands!

*Anne.* [*aside to her.*] Ye gods and little fishes!  
 You've quite forgotten Joli Cœur, I see—

*Fleu.* Forgotten Joli Cœur! Pray who is he?  
 Oh, ha, I recollect, a little man  
 Who used to play the horn! Pray, sister Anne,  
 Don't mention him again—we must forget  
 We ever knew such persons—

*Anne.* Oh, Fleurette!  
 For shame! when in a dungeon pines the lad,  
 On your account, it really is too bad!

*Fleu.* On my account! Law, you don't say so, bless me;  
 I'm very sorry, dear, you quite distress me!  
 I hope and trust he'll soon get out again;  
 Come, ladies, won't you take some more champagne?

*Anne.* Sister, beware, your pride may have a tumble;

*Abo.* Ladies, I am your most obedient humble!

[*Exit ABOB C.*

*Fleu.* He's gone, now then we will have such a gambol,  
 Through all the castle I propose to ramble!  
 The cellar plunge in, to the garret clamber,  
 Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber!

DUET—FLEU. and ANNE—then CHORUS.

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
 Come, let us, wander?  
 Up stairs, down stairs,  
 And in my lady's chamber!  
 He'll be a bold man  
 Who to stop us dares!  
 We'll take him by the right leg,  
 Take him by the left leg,  
 Take him by both legs, and fling him down stairs!  
 Gooséy, goosey, gander, come let us, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

V EIV.—GALLERY ON THE “GROUND FLOOR,” WITH FOLDING DOORS, LEADING TO THE BLUE CHAMBER.

*Enter FLEURETTE.*

*Fleu.* Well, I think now I've been in ev'ry corner,  
And eat as much minc'd pie as young Jack Horner!  
I'm dressed as fine as any princess, too,  
And hav'n't got a single thing to do;  
Yet I'm not happy—no, 'mid all these revels;  
I'm troubled by a touch of the blue devils!

SONG.—“*Son vergin vezzosa.*”

FLEURETTE.

I've used my ten-toes so  
They need some repose, so  
I'll seek in a doze—O  
My senses to sleep.  
My Blue-bearded Sposo  
Objects to “peep-bo.” so  
I'll go to “bo-peep.”

Yes, I'll to bed, for I feel very weary;  
What place is this? it looks uncommon dreary  
After the other rooms—a door all blue!  
This must be that which I must not go thro'!  
And wherefore not, I should just like to know?  
If I'm to be the dame of this chateau.  
Old Blue Wig's not at home, nobody's nigh,  
I'll through the key-hole have at least a spy!  
It's dark as pitch—why should I waste my time?  
I've got the key, there can be no great crime!  
There's something curious in this room, no doubt of it,  
And I'll be sworn there's something curious out of it,  
And so here goes!

[*Puts key in door—it opens with a crash, and discovers Interior of the BLUE CHAMBER, and nineteen women in white, with' their heads under their arms.*

What sight my soul alarms?  
A regiment of heads, all under arms!  
Who are you, ladies? if you can, pray speak!  
[*All the heads together.*] The nineteen wives of base  
bonnelique!

CHORUS OF HEADS.—“*Nid, nid, no<sup>o</sup>dding.*”

Each with her noddle,  
 Nid, nid noddle,  
 Each with her noddle  
 Underneath her arm  
 And its how d'ye do, madam,  
 And when did you arrive?  
 You'll come and join our party  
 As sure as you're alive,  
 With your own noddle,  
 Nid, nid noddle,  
 With your own noddle,  
 Underneath your arm.

*Flex.* [*in great alarm*].

Oh, you're all models,  
 Mod, mod, models  
 Oh you're all models  
 Of politeness I protest,  
 But I couldn't think your graces  
 To trouble any more,  
 So permit me in your faces  
 Just to slam the parlor door.

[*Shuts and locks the door hastily.*]

And I'll off toddle,  
 Tod, tod, toddle,  
 With my own noddle  
 Where I like it best.

[*Exit FLEU.*]

## Scene V.—CORRIDOR IN CASTLE.

*Enter ANNE.*

*Anne.* Where can Fleurette have got to? Mother's gone  
 And all the company—I'm quite alone  
 And feel so mopish—ah, she's here at last.

*Enter FLEURETTE.*

Why sister you are looking quite aghast.

*Fleu.* And well indeed I may, for I have seen—

*Anne.* A ghost?

*Fleu.* A ghost, my love—I've seen nineteen!

*Anne.* Nineteen at once! permit me, dear, to doubt it.

*Fleu.* Be quiet, and I'll tell you all about it.



AIR—FLEURETTA.—“*As pensive I thought.*”

As pensive the blue chamber near,  
I looked on this key shining bright,  
I felt rather curious, my dear,  
And fancied all wasn't quite right.  
Oh I wished that the truth I could know,  
For I felt not a wink should I sleep,  
And I couldn't help stooping, just so,  
In hopes through the key-hole to peep!

I thought the old fright was away,  
And might be for hours or more,  
And ere you could Jack Robinson say,  
I had popped the key into the door!  
Oh lud! you must guess my alarm,  
A row of good women to view,  
Who, with each her head under her arm,  
Cried, “Ma'am we're all waiting for you.”

*Anne.* I never heard of anything so shocking.

*Fleu.* I wasn't long again the portal locking  
You may be sure; but when I turned the key  
Behold the key turned blue!

*Anne.* As blue can be!

*Fleu.* Blue as its horrid, Master's room or beard,  
And nought can take the stains out, I'm *afear*

*Anne.* With sand and brick-dust let us try a scrub,

*Fleu.* I've tried, and to no purpose—there's the rub

*Anne.* What, in the name of fortune, can we do?

*Fleu.* Why that's exactly what I am asking you.

*Anne.* Here comes O'Back; let's ask him.

*Fleu.* He'll betray us,  
And then Abomelique alive will flay us.

*Anne.* We can't be much worse off.

*Fleu.* I don't know that;  
I tremble so I don't know what I'm at.

*Enter O'SHAC O'BACK.*

Como hither to me, Mister What's-your-name?

*O'Sha.* O'Shac O'Back.

*Fleu.* Well, well; it's all the same.  
Would you be kind enough to fetch me straight  
The powder that you use to clean the plate.

*O'Sha.* What do you want it for?

*Anne.* Dear goodness me,  
If you must know, she wants to clean a ey  
: *aa.* A key!

- Fleu.* Why, yes, a key; what makes you stare?  
*O'Sha.* Oh, murder! sure you never have been *there*!  
*Fleu.* Dou't frighten me—the key has changed its hue,  
*O'Sha.* Nothing will clean that key but powder blue.  
*Fleu.* But powder blue!—then tell me where they sell it?  
*O'Sha.* No where on earth—just take the pains to smell it.  
*Anne.* 'Tis but to tease you that he talks this stuff  
*Fleu.* It has a dreadful flavor sure enough!  
*O'Sha.* Anywhere else, I wouldn't care a button,  
 But you've been *there*, and you're a poor lost mutton.  
*Anne.* Devise some plan, and don't say things to grieve us,  
*O'Sha.* We can do nothing to make him believe us.  
 Once in that chamber having shown your face,  
 You'll find he's booked you for an inside place.  
*Fleu.* But I've no money.  
*O'Sha.* He don't want your pelf;  
 He drives 'em there—and pays the fare himself.  
*Anne.* Do think of something—we'll make you amends—  
*O'Sha.* I've got it, ma'am—have you got any friends?  
*Anne.* She cannot answer—see with fear she swoons!  
*Fleu.* I've got two brothers in the Light Dragoons!  
*O'Sha.* Send to their quarters, let them come and storm  
 The Baron's castle in full uniform!  
*Fleu.* Alas! whom can I send? Poor Joli Cœur!  
 Where art thou now?  
*O'Sha.* Why just behind that door.  
*Fleu.* No, you don't say so! then, beyond a doubt,  
 I've got the keys, and you can let him out.

[*O'SHA.* opens secret door in panel, L. H. and *JOLI CŒUR* appears.]

- Joli.* Within this solitary cell confined,  
 For forty years poor Joli Cœur has pined.  
*Fleu.* Why, my good friend, you don't know what you say,  
 The Baron only lock'd you up to-day.  
*Joli.* Was it to-day? mark the effects of sorrow!  
 I actually thought it was to-morrow!

*JOLI sings.*

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,  
 And sure as you are born,  
 I'll beneath your window play  
 A solo on the horn!

- Fleu.* His poor brain wanders.  
*O'Sha.* He's horn mad, I vow;  
*Joli.* I feel a little better, thank you, now!

And want my supper ; for, as I'm a sinner,  
I've only had a black French roll for dinner,  
And half a pint of dirty edams ale,  
I who was always used to " Bass's pale !"

*Fleu.* Were you a lover true, you wouldn't think  
Of two such vulgar things as meat and drink ;  
My head's at stake. Fly ! jump into the mail,  
And to my brothers bear my piteous tale !  
If you have luck you'll catch the evening train,  
And ere you're there you may be back again.

*Joli.* I fly to aid a female in distress !

*Fleu.* I wish you every possible success—

*O'Sha.* Young man ! I beg to say four legs is best,  
Call at the stable, and—you know the rest !

AIR.—JOLI CŒUR.—" *Guillaume Tell.*"

Fast to the office let me ride,  
If I can find but a place outside ;  
Little I care for rain or hail,  
Once on the top of the Royal Mail,  
Blue Beard shall feel our vengeance lawful  
Widow'd shall be his twentieth wife ;  
Oh, that to make his fate more awful,  
We could restore the rest to life !  
Fast to the office, &c.

[*All exeunt, JOLI, L., the others, R.*]

## SCENE VI.—THE CASTLE COURT YARD.

*Enter ANNE, followed by FLEU. and O'SHACK.*

*Anne.* If our brave brothers are but to be found,  
All may go well yet. [Horn.]

*Fleu.* Hark ! what means that sound ?

*O'Sha.* It means Blue Beard's come back again.

*Fleu.* So soon !

*O'Sha.* We're like to have a pleasant afternoon.

*Fleu.* What can have brought him home so quick, I  
wonder !

*O'Sha.* A coach and four.

*Anne.* He looks as black as thunder.

*O'Sha.* And hark ! he's going to say something surly.

*Abo. (without)* Hang Joli Cœur to-morrow morning early.

*Fleu.* Hang Joli Cœur !

*O'Sha.* Faith he'll be bothered there,

As Mrs. Glass remarks, " first catch your hare."

*Anne.* I trust in time he'll reach our brothers' quarters,

*O'Sha.* If not, I wouldn't be your mother's daughters.

*Flen.* The monster comes!

*O'Sha.* I wish you, ma'am well through it—  
I'll make my bow while I've a head to do it.

[*Exit O'SHA.*]

*Fleu.* Run up into the attic, sister Anne,  
And hollow out as loudly as you can  
If you see anybody coming—fly!  
The only game to play is "*high spy eyes!*"

*Enter ABO., U. E. L.*

*Fleu.* Well, my good lord! (*aside*) O, hardness to dis-  
semble.

*Abo.* Well, my good lady!

*Fleu.* (*aside*) Mercy! how I tremble.

(*aloud*) My lord, I heard you give a shocking order  
About poor Joli Cœur.

*Abo.* I told the warder

To have him hanged at sunrise, nothing further.

*Fleu.* D'ye call that nothing, sir—I call it murder.

*Abo.* Pray call it anything, my dear, you please,  
But in the first place, hand me back my keys.

*Fleu.* Your keys! Oh, yes, sir—there they are, sir—all;  
[*aside*] I feel so faint, I do think I shall fall!

Why hang that youth?

*Abo.* He vowed my head to punch—

Ha! where's the key that was upon this bunch?

*Fleu.* Which key?

*Abo.* The chamber on the ground floor, where  
The key that opens that?

*Fleu.* Why isn't it there?

*Abo.* No.

*Fleu.* Lack-a-daisy! then where can it be?

*Abo.* No lack-a-daisys, ma'am, I lack a key!

*Fleu.* I have it not about me.

*Abo.* That's a fault;

*Fleu.* [*aside*] He'll eat me up with half a grain of salt!

*Abo.* That key—

*Fleu.* [*aside*] I feel I've not an hour to live!

*Abo.* Did an Egyptian to my mother give.  
She was a fairy.

*Fleu.* La, sir, you don't mean it?

Then would to goodness I had never seen it!

*Abo.* Wherefore?

*Fleu.* He's like the black man in the play.

*Abo.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak! Is't out o'the way?

*Fleu.* It is not lost; but what an' if it were?

*Abo.* Ha! fetch it! Let me see it. If you dare!

*Fleu.* Of course I dare, sir; but I won't before  
You promise me to spare poor Joli Cœur.

*Abo.* Fetch me that key, I say—my mind misgives.

*Fleu.* There's not a better natured fellow lives—

*Abo.* The key!

*Fleu.* Or on the horn can better play!

[ANNE appears at the top of house in c.]

*Abo.* The key!

*Fleu.* In sooth you are to blame.

*Abo.* Away!

SONG—ABOM. (*The Sea! the Sea!*)

The key, the key, the fairy key,  
The blue room door that opens free!  
Without a mark, without a stain,  
Go find it and bring it back again!  
To play with edge tools is held unwise,  
The proverb, ma'am, you'll find applies!  
Go fetch the key! go fetch the key!  
I swear by all that blue can be,  
By my beard above and my room below,  
Your head shall off your shoulders go,  
If you've dared but thro' the key-hole to peep,  
Your noddle, your noddle, off my sword shall sweep

*Fleu.* He sounds that key note so, 'twould be in vain

[*aside*] Higher to go, I must come down again!

Forth it must come, whatever may befall;

[*aloud*] Why bless me, here it is, sir, after all. [*Produces it.*]

*Abo.* Aha! Indeed, ma'am; is it so? Hollo!

How came it of this color?

*Fleu.* I don't know.

*Abo.* Well, then, I do—you've ope'd the room below

And put your foot in it—I told you so.

Prepare to die!

*Fleu.* To die, so young and hearty;

*Abo.* You must go in again and join the party!

*Fleu.* Oh, say not so—you can't so cruel be;

Your room is worse, sir, than your company!

Mercy!

*Abo.* It's no use, ma'am, to whoop and hollow,

They have all gone a-head, and yours must follow

*Fleu.* Though you're no duke, I ask your grace, oh let it

Be granted.

*Abo.* Don't you wish you may get it.

## AIR—FLEU.

“*How can you smile at my despair?*”  
 How can you think my head I'll spare?  
 As if I'd others by the score;  
 'Stead of my head, cut off my hair,  
 And I will trouble you no more.  
 Pray be so kind to grant my prayer  
 Hair grows again just as before;  
 But my poor head, unlike my hair,  
 If once cut off, will grow no more!

*Abo.* If you have but one head to wear.  
 You should have thought of that before.  
 Five minutes take, ma'am, to prepare,  
 And prythee trouble me no more

[*FLEU. ascends Tower.*]

*Abo.* [*calling after her*] Five minutes; mind you, not  
 another second—

*Fleu.* [*at window of Tower*] Have I in vain upon my  
 rescue reckon'd?

Dear sister Anne, say, is there any hope?

*Anne.* I can see nothing.

*Fleu.* Take this telescope. [*Hands one up to her*]

*Anne.* My hand shakes so. I ne'er shall hold it steady.

*Abo.* Make haste, there are two minutes gone already.

*Fleu.* I'm making haste!

*Abo.* Two minutes and a quarter.

*Fleu.* I sha'nt be long.

*Abo.* At least you'll soon be shorter—  
 Two and a half!

*Fleu.* Pray don't make such a pother!

*Abo.* What are you doing?

*Fleu.* Writing to my mother—

Shall I say aught from you? [*aside*] for time I

*Abo.* Yes; you may ask her if she's sold her mangle.

*Fleu.* Don't talk of mangling, you unfeeling man,

*Abo.* Four minutes!

*Fleu.* Are they coming, sister Anne?

*Anne.* There's something kicking up a dust!

*Abo.* What, ho!

*Fleu.* He's kicking up a dreadful dust below!

*Abo.* Five minutes, ladies.

*Fleu.* Take another peep!

*Anne.* Alas, 'tis nothing but a flock of sheep;

*Fleu.* Only a flock of sheep! my hopes, you fool,  
 All that great cry about a little wool;  
 Fortune upon me seems resolved to frown,  
 My time is up, and so I must go down.

- Abo.* I'm getting out of patience, Mrs. A.  
Pray do you mean to keep me here all day?
- Fleu.* I'm coming.
- Abo.* Coming! So is Christmas! Wretch!  
Come down directly, or I'll be your *fetch*!
- Fleu.* Look out again, dear sister Anne, you must  
See something now, I'm sure—
- Anne.* Another dust!
- Abo.* Prepare!
- Fleu.* It's very easy, sir, to say—  
"Prepare!" How would you like it?
- Abo.* Mrs. A!
- Fleu.* Good sister Anne, what see you coming now?
- Anne.* Three gentlemen on horseback, too, I vow,  
But, dear me, slowly as if each a snail rode.
- Fleu.* Inhuman! why not travel by the rail-road.

TRIO—(*I see them galloping.*)

- Fleu.* Quick, wave your handkerchief, my sister, dear?
- Anne.* Pray, sirs, be kind enough to make haste here.
- Fleu.* Bid them be kind enough to make haste here.
- Abo.* Prepare!
- Fleu.* I see them a galloping, they come along like fun;  
Now faster galloping, like thorough-breds they run
- Abo.* Prepare!

[*Brings down FLEU.*]

AIR—FLEURETTE—"Robert, toi que j'aime."

Forbear!—Forbear!—Fie, for shame, sir!—  
The key was blue before.  
I'm in such a fright!—I'm in such a fright!—  
Ah, sir!—Ah, sir!—I was not to blame, sir!  
O don't, sir!—I wont, sir!—do so any more.

[*Loud knocking at the door, R.H.*]

*Abo.* How now! who's knocking at the gate that way?

*Enter O'SHACK.*

- O'Sha.* Lieutenants Bras-de-fer and Longue-épée.
- Abo.* Tell 'em I'm not at home.
- O'Sha.* They've found you out.
- Abo.* Say I'm at dinner, then, you stupid lout!
- O'Sha.* I told 'em you were waiting for your chop;  
And so they said they'd in upon you drop,  
And take pot luck!

*Abo.* [*seizing FLEU.*] My vengeance lose I won't,  
So thus I score up twenty!

[*As he is about to strike, JOLI CŒUR, BRAS-DE-FER'*  
*and LONGUE-EPEE rush in.*

*Joli.* No you don't! [*Seizes his arm.*  
Heads up, Fleurette.

*Both Brothers.* Take that, you old wizard!

[*Passing their swords through ABOMELIQUE, who falls.*

*O'Sha.* Thunder and turf, they've run him through the  
gizzard!

*Joli.* Dost pity him?

*O'Sha.* Who I, sir? No, sir, never;  
But there's a quarter's wages gone for ever!

*Abo.* [*sitting up*] Kind-hearted soul, your shaken nerves  
compose—

They have but run me through my wedding clothes!

*Fleu.* Perhaps it's better so, and for this reason,  
We humbly hope to run you through the season;  
But you [*to JOLI CŒUR.*] were rather late.

*Joli.* No fault of mine;  
The locomotive, love, got off the line!  
And we were forced to post it as we might,  
But here we are, you're safe, and all is right.

*O'Sha.* I wish it may be so; but there are those  
Before our eyes, that may put in their noes,  
And vote that we have, all 'gainst common sense,  
To-night committed a most grave offence!

*Abo.* If 'tis a *grave* one, then we must submit—  
But if we've once to laughter moved the pit!  
We plead that here uncommon nonsense revels,  
And strives to kill with laughter all blue devils!

*Joli.* But there's another charge that may be made  
By those who have not well the matter weighed;  
They'll say this can't be Blue Beard; ask us where  
Horses, elephants, and dromedaries, [his  
Real or stuff'd?

*Fleu.* To that the answer plain  
Is—"Sir, the beasts belong'd to Drury Lane—  
And were but lent to Blue Beard, when—sad work—  
They made him fly his country, and turn Turk"—  
Our Blue Beard's not a great Bashaw of three tails,  
But a French gentleman of one—The details  
Dish'd up, a *l'Olympique*, by the same cooks  
Who for so long have been in your good books.  
Smile on them still, nor let their Blue Beard be  
A "Fatal Curiosity" to me.



**FINALE—FLEURETTE and CHORUS—“*Non piu mesta.*”****FLEURETTE.**

Spirits light'ning by our gambols gay,  
We'll, each night, dull care anew beard ;  
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If to “female curiosity,”  
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**THE END.**

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