

MAD. GIG. (*Aside.*)

It's very clear the girl cannot
Too quickly married be,
If I'm to be the lady of
The Lord of Chateaugris.

I hope he wont relent,
Because she's young.
Her life need not be spent
In discontent:
If she is young.

ESCAR. 'Tis very clear there's trouble here:
A row there'll be, I know,
Between the miss and her papa
About the rich old bean.

I hope he will relent,
She is so young.
Her life should not be spent
In discontent:
She is so young.

CHORUS. Why he's old, etc.

(CHORUS. *Go off* R. U. E. CHATEAUGRIS *and* MADAM GIGOT *into the*
house. CHATEAUGRIS *in a passion.* HELENE *up stage, crying.*
Stage slightly darker. *Sunset effect.* ESCARGOT, PIPANDOR *and*
BABETTE, c.)

ESCAR. The old gentleman seems to have a temper.

BAB. Oh, he has.

PIP. Got it from his ancestors. Cross old dog!

ESCAR. Oh, I see, *distemper.* I say, do you know what I would do
if I were you?

PIP. What would you do?

ESCAR. I should tell her young man.

[*Goes off* R. *taking box with him.* HELENE *comes down.*

PIPANDOR. Perhaps, mam'selle (*slyly*), if that young gentleman who
sent you the bouquet knew—

HELENE. Yes, yes, Pip, find him directly. Tell him to do some-
thing; anything. Tell him I'll—I'll run away, first.

PIP. I know. I'll find him (*importantly*.) There'll be an elope-
ment. What fun!

[*Goes off running* R. U. E.

HELENE. Now Babette, quick, into the house and help me to get
ready.

BABETTE. But perhaps the gentleman wont.

HELENE. (*Scornfully.*) Perhaps the gentleman will. Why he used
to get over the garden wall every night when I was at school.

[*They go into house* L.—*the Bo'sun, GIGOT, enters* R.