



# La Terre Bonne

— OR —

**The Land of the Maple Leaf.**

An entirely New and Original Canadian  
Opera in Four Acts.

Written by

**A. KLUGH.**

Music by

**MRS. GARDINER HARVEY, Mus. Bach.**

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## Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLEY	- - - - -	A Canadian Farmer's son.
TEDDY	- - - - -	His head hired man.
ANDRE	- A French Canadian hired man, in love with Rosie.	
POTOCKI	- - - - -	A Polish refugee and money lender.
JANUS	- - - - -	His son
MAGISTRATE	- - - - -	A wise and merciful one.
SERGEANT	- - - - -	A cultivating and drilling machine.
TOMMY ATKINS	- - - - -	The proverbial English soldier.
JIM	- - - - -	An Australian volunteer.
BILL	- - - - -	A Canadian volunteer.
GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL	- - - - -	Highly respected by every one.
LILLY	- - - - -	Engaged to Charley.
ROSIE	- - - - -	Her great friend.
JOSEPHINE	- - - - -	A Lady War Correspondent.

Chorus of Hired Men, "Best Girls" and Soldiers.

ACT I.—A Canadian Farm in Summer.

ACT II.—The same, on that exception in Canada—a dull day.

ACT III.—Quebec Heights.

ACT IV.—A Canadian Farm in Winter.

# ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Farm house on left with roses and creepers in abundance growing on its walls and varandah — flowers in the garden — orchard with apples and peaches — corn field partly cut — brilliant blue sky, and effect of dazzling sun.*

*Enter chorus of men and girls dancing, with sickles :*

Trip it merrily round we go  
In this land of ice and snow !  
Where the brightest sun does glow,  
Where the brilliant flowers blow,  
Where the sweetest corn we grow,  
Where the greatest rivers flow,  
Where the roses do entwine,  
Where you see the grapes' green vine  
Where the peach and apple bloom,  
Where the sun forbids all gloom,  
Where all good gifts nature throws  
On Our Lady of the Snows.

*Enter Teddy*—Ah ! I thought I'd catch you shirking !  
I thought you'd not be working !  
There's all that corn in rows  
Grown

*Chorus*— by Our Lady of the Snows.

*Teddy*—Ah ! I've heard that name before, I've heard people by  
the score  
Call Canada by that false name, now here it is once more,  
But has any one e'er told you of how the story goes,  
About the man who called her first Our Lady of the Snows !

*Chorus*—No, No ! Please tell us ! Please tell us !

*Teddy*—Of course I first must tell you that the tale may not be true  
And right up to the present it has been known by very few—  
Well ! a man came out from England, across the stormy  
main,  
For there he found he had too much of fog and damp and  
rain,  
He bought a big revolver, a rifle and a knife,  
For he'd heard the wicked Indians might try to take his life.

*Chorus*—He'd heard ... ..

He landed in November when the chilly north winds blow,  
And bro't instead of fog and rain the lovely glistening snow,  
He couldn't understand it when the cruel north wind froze  
His unprotected ear tips, his fingers and his toes.  
He cried aloud in agony at he rubbed his frozen nose,  
Have pity! O, have pity! Our Lady of the Snows.

*Chorus*—Have pity, ... ..

He waited till December, and then when quite thawed out,  
He was snowed on by the beautiful whene'er he went about,  
So he sold his warlike weapons, made up his mind to go  
And get away quite swiftly from this land of ice and snow.  
And now he tells in England, as one who really knows,  
That the truest name for Canada is Our Lady of the Snows!

*Chorus*—That truest ... ..

*Teddy*— Now there's all that corn in rows,  
Kept clean by all your hoes,  
But now's the time to cut it  
To cut and get it in;  
So off about your work!  
Your labor do not shirk,  
But cut it! cut it! cut it  
With your sickles keen and thin.

*Chorus*—going off—

So we'll get about our work  
Our labor we won't shirk  
But cut it! cut it! cut it  
With our sickles keen and thin!

Enter Andre carrying a scythe.

*Teddy*—Hello, Andy! and what do you want?

*Andre*—Vill you me say, Monsieur Teddy, if it is permitted to  
me for tuzs dis to couper, to cut me corns with?

*Teddy*—Cut your corns?

*Andre*—Non! Non! To cut zee corns with, zat corns zare!

*Teddy*—You'd find a sickle better.

*Andre*—Non, non! Pardon! I hates zee sickle! I bend zo and  
zo and zo, and mine back I break nearly! It me hurts! I  
zometimes bend and bend, and zen I zink I get straight  
nevaire no more.

*Teddy*—Well! You can try it: but is it sharp?

*Andre* (feeling it)—Non! not ver sharp.

*Teddy*—Have you a whetstone?

*Andre*—Non ! I could find none not nowhere.

*Teddy*—I'll call Rosie. She generally knows where things are,  
and you can ask her for one. Rosie ! Rosie !

*Rosie* (from inside house)—Hello !

*Teddy*—Andre wants you.

*Rosie*—Let him want.

*Andre* (aside)—Yees ! Yees ! I do want zee adorable Rosie !

*Teddy*—He won't keep you a minute

*Rosie* (coming out drying a sauce pan)—Well what do you want ?

*Andre*—Ah ! M'selle Rosie ! Zee belle Rosie ! Zee adorable  
Rosie ! Permettez me to demand if you have zee damp rock ?

*Rosie* (rushing at him with sauce pan, while Andre runs away  
dropping scythe in corner)—I'll teach you to come wasting  
my time !

*Teddy* (laughing)—He means have you seen an extra whetstone  
anywhere about. We have a lot in the field, but I dare say  
you can find one in the woodshed for him ? (Rosie goes to  
see.) Now you wait here, Andre, I must go. (Exit Teddy)

*Enter Rosie with whetstone*—Here you are.

*Andre* (taking it)—Millions of tanks to you. But ; but zee  
hard cold stone. It is like to your cold, cold hard heart.

*Rosie* (courtseying)—Thank you.

*Andre*—I speaks my words of luf, I speaks, I zays I luf you,  
but you scorn me. I even zings :

I luf my Rosie. I luf her zo,  
But she turns up zee nose, and answers No.  
When I says, be mine,  
Dear luf divine,  
She points to zee door and zays, Andy—Go.

*Duet*— When I zays, be mine. Dear luf divine.

*Rosie*— When he, etc.

*Rosie*— I love him not ; he gets in my way,  
Hanging around the live long day ;  
And I answer, No ;  
So now, Andy, Go ;  
How much longer are you going to stay ?

*Duet as last.*

*Enter Charley at back, Andre and Rosie rush off on seeing him.*

*Charley*— I hear a love song ringing,  
Alas, alack a day ;

While my own heart is singing  
A mournful roundelay.  
Alas ! for sweet loves trouble ;  
Alas ! for sweet love's pain ;  
When two hearts beat together,  
Yet asunder must remain.

With love my heart is breaking,  
Alas, alack a day ;  
Deep sorrow seeks me waking,  
Grief steals my rest away ;  
Alas ! that love the conqueror,  
Whose rule all hearts obey,  
Thus cruelly rounds his subjects.  
Alas, alack a day.

Lilly joins in two last lines from back and then enter singing :

What is the song you so sadly are singing,  
Complaining that love dark sorrow is bringing ?  
Love should be gay ! Love should be gay !  
Love should drive dark dismal sorrow away.

Love is the light that enlightens the haart,  
Sorrow and love should be far apart ;  
Love should be gay ! Love should be gay !  
Love should drive dark dismal sorrow away.

*Charley*—You are as welcome, Lilly, as your namesake in spring,  
that lovely Canadian lily, which gladdens our eyes and our  
hearts after the long winter, and tells us that the spring has  
come.

*Lilly*—What are you so sad about ?

*Charley*—I was thinking that the chances of our every getting  
married were about as slim as ever, and I was feeling very  
miserable.

*Lilly*—Has anything else turned up to worry you ?

*Charley* (sighing and nodding his head)—Um !

*Lilly*—Then come and tell me all about it. (They sit down.)

*Charley*—Well, you know old Potocki has a mortgage on the  
farm, and he has just told the dear old dad that he intends  
to foreclose and turn us out.

*Lilly*—That's too bad ; but is the mortgage all right ?

*Charley*—I guess so : that son of his, that Janus, is a lawyer,  
and he drew the deed. And old Potocki told the dad some-  
thing else, too.

*Lilly*—Oh ! What was it ?

*Charley*—He said that Janus was in love with you and—

*Lilly*—That's no news.

*Charley*—And that if you married him he intended giving Janus the farm as a wedding present.

*Lilly*—The horrid old thing. (Janus enters and hides so as to listen.) I would not have Janus for all the farms in Canada. Fancy, the idea of it. Ugh! I'd like to shake old Potocki for even thinking of such a thing. And as to Janus, why, I wouldn't touch him with a fish pole forty miles long.

(Janus, from behind, shakes his fist at them, and makes a slight noise in moving.)

*Lilly*—What was that?

*Charley*—A mink, I guess.

*Lilly*—Shoot it.

*Charley*—All right, I'll try. (Fetches gun from house. Lilly pretends to be frightened—business—they search about—Charley fires.) Missed it by an inch. There it goes.

*Lilly*—Oh, dear!—but who is that coming? Why, it is old Potocki.

Another shot shot rings out and Potocki falls crying :

“ I'm shot.”

Janus runs out and finds him dead.

Chorus runs in in confusion and sing—

Why this shooting? Why this shooting?

*Janus*—He is dead! He is dead!

*Chorus*—Why this shooting? Why this shooting?

*Janus*—Alas! his life has fled.

*Chorus*—Alas, his life has fled.

Alas, alas, he's dead.

(Pause.)

*Chorus*— And whose hand fired the fatal shot?

Whose hand? Whose hand?

*Janus*—(rushing forward and pointing to Charley)

'Twas he, I saw him aim with fell intent ;  
For my father's heart that shot was meant.

'Twas he! See the weapon in his hands,  
Seize him! Seize him! Obey my just commands.

*Charley*— You lie! I killed him not!  
I fired not the fatal shot.

*Lilly*—to *Janus*—You lie ! Two shots rang out into the air,  
The second was the one that laid your father there.

*Quartette and Chorus*, *Charley* *Teddy*, *Lilly* and *Rosie*.

*Charley*— I swear by all that is both good and true,  
That this foul deed my hand did never do,  
No murderer am I.

*Janus*—'Twas he ! 'Twas he !

*Chorus*— No, no ! No, no !

*Lilly* (pointing to *Janus*)—  
Oh, listen to me all of you I pray,  
Though he says 'twas *Charley*, now I say,  
That is a lie.

*Janus*—'Twas he ! 'Twas he !

*Quartette*—Foul deeds are done by men of coward heart,

*Janus*—'Twas he ! 'Twas he !

By men from whom all noble thought depart ;

*Janus*—'Twas he !

Whose souls bereft of heaven's sweetest light,

*Janus*—'Twas he !

Become the home of deadly, darkest night.

*Janus*—'Twas he !

*Chorus*— No, no !

Enter *Magistrate* and *Guard*.

*Magistrate*—I hear a man has been most foully slain.

*Janus* (pointing to *Charley*)

'Twas he ! 'Twas he ! He yet still holds the gun.

'Twas he ! I saw him, I, the dead man's son.

*Chorus*—No, no ! No, no !

*Magistrate*—Silence ! Silence !

(To *Charley*)—You hear this man : he says 'twas you  
Who did this thing. Can that be true ?

*Charley*— I swear by all that is both good and true  
That this foul deed my hand did never do,  
No murderer am I.

*Magistrate*— But still the gun I see ;  
And so it seem to me  
That man may speak the truth.  
Remove him guards !  
And to-morrow at this time

We'll investigate this crime,  
So all be here.

Exeunt all : Charley singing—I swear by all, etc.

*Chorus*—He swears by all, etc.

No murderer is he. No murderer is he.

Entre *Andre*—Zee miserable Janus ! I hates it ; I would like to kick it on zee nose. He zay Monsieur Charley kill his fazer. Bah ! Mine Monsieur Charley do that ? Non, non ! I zee a man just joomp up in the bush wiz a gun and me zee old Potocki, and zee man he zakes his fists at him zo, zo ! and zen he points wiz hiz gun, and I tumble flats on mine faze on ze ground, that I too be not shotted at, and zen I hears zee shot, and I lifts up mine head, and zere is old Potocki dead, and zee man running likes zee mad away, away. Zen I lie still and feels mineself all over and finds I am not dead too, and zens I gets up and goes after him, but he runs zo fast that I nevaire catch him, but joost zen zee hiz faze az he joomps into hiz rig and drives off queek ! queek !

Enter Rosie crying.

*Andre* (aside)—Ah ! mine adorable, zee belle Rosie.

(Then out loud)—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

*Rosie*—What are you making that horrid noise for ? What are you shouting about ?

*Andre*—Joost to cheer you oop. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah, oop Rosie.

*Rosie*—Get along, and don't make such a noise ; just when Charley has been charged with murder, too.

*Andre*—But Monsieur Charles he not kill zee old man.

*Rosie*—Who did then ? Was it you ?

*Andre*—Me ! Moi ! Non, non ! I touch a gun nevaire, nevaire. But I zaved the man shooting. Ze man who shootd the shot.

*Rosie*—Who was it ? Where is he ? Why did you not catch him ?

*Andre*—I did runs after him with all my legs, but he runs too and joomps outo a bug—onto a buggy—and drives away like zee mads ; but I zees hiz faze and I shall know zee ugly visage when I meets him once again more.

*Rosie*—Well ; you had better go and try to trace him. Be off ! Quick !

*Andre*—Vill you gif me one leetle kizz before I goes ?

*Rosie*—No, get out ! Go and find find and then perhaps—  
perhaps—

*Andre*—Ah, mine adorable ! I vill finds him for that kizz.

[Exit Andre.]

Enter Lilly sadly : Rosie rushes to her :

Do't look so sad. Andre saw the man who fired that shot,  
and he has just gone to see if he can find any traces of  
where he has gone.

*Lilly*—Oh, what good news ! I hope he will find him. How  
shall we let Charley know this ? Let us put our heads to-  
gether : two heads are better than one.

DUET—*Lilly and Rosie* :

One little head all by itself  
Finds its thinking dreary ;  
One little head all by itself  
Thinks until its weary.  
But two little heads together put  
Are better than one, really,  
Two little heads together put  
Think out a matter clearly.

One little head cannot do much,  
It aches from too much thinking ;  
One little head cannot do much  
When hearts with grief are sinking.  
But two little heads together put,  
Bound by love's sweet tether,  
Find out the way to troubles end,  
So we'll put ours together.

*Rosie*—O, I know. You write a little note to Charley, and I will  
try to get it in to him ; one of his guards is a great friend of  
mine. Here's a pencil and a bit of paper. You write. I'll  
fetch an envelope.

Lilly writes : Rosie coming out shortly :

Don't forget the kisses. You make them with a dot, and  
put a ring round and then kiss the dot.

*Lilly*—O, I know. [Kisses the paper over and over again, and  
puts it in the envelope.] There, Rosie. If you can only  
get that to Charley I shall be so glad, and so grateful to you.

*Rosie*—Keep a brave heart ; I'll try. [Exit

*Lilly*—A brave heart. Mine is all too sad. So sad ! Poor  
Charley ! and all in this beautiful autumn, too, when things  
look so lovely ;—but after all Queen Autumn is sad too :

QUEEN AUTUMN.

I heard a whisper in the woods,  
It came from far away ;  
It trembled up among the leaves,  
Borne on a sunbeam's ray,  
And as it passed from tree to tree,  
It's sound grew sweet and clear,  
And from the countless leaves this song  
Was echoed far and near :

Queen Autumn has come ere we die, ere we die,  
And say to each other, Goodbye ! oh, Goodbye !  
Queen Autumn has come with the tints from the sky  
To clothe us all in ere we die, ere we die.

I heard a whiper in the woods,  
It passed me like a sigh ;  
I looked upon the leaves and knew  
Queen Autumn had gone by,  
Their glistening dress of summer green  
Had turned to red and gold,  
And in their glorious robes of death  
They sang this song oft told :

Queen Autumn has gone with a sigh, with a sigh,  
And now all our glory must wither and die ;  
Queen Autumn has gone with a sigh, with a sigh,  
Queen Autumn has gone, Goodbye, Goodbye !

*Janus* (entering at end of song)—Now I have you ! You are in my power. Don't you think that you had better give up that precious lover of yours, that man who is practically a beggar and who is charged with murder, and accept me in his place ? I love you ! I always have loved you, and I can give you everything you want. See this ring ? How it sparkles ! I have bought it for you, and I will give you diamonds to—

*Lilly*—How dare you ? You know Charley did not kill your father, and he will be proved innocent of the crime you charged him with ; and even if he is almost a beggar, as you say, he is still an honest man and he can work. I would sonner have an honest poor man as my lover, with only his hands and his brave heart as the jewels he offers me, than such a crafty rogue as you with all the diamonds the world contains.

*Janus*—That sounds very pretty ; but that precious lover of yours—that man who has always sneered, and jeered at me, whom I hate, and who I hope to see receive a murderer's punishment—is lost to you now and—

*Lilly*—No, no!

*Janus*—He is! So take this ring.

*Lilly*—No, no!

*Janus*—I will put it on your finger.

*Lilly*—You shall not!

*Janus*—I will! [He runs after and seizes her by the arm.]

*Lilly calls*—Help! Help!

[Teddy and Chorus run in: Teddy and others catch Janus and bring him to the front.]

*Chorus and Teddy*—Just in time: we've caught him now  
Frightening a lady;  
What a villain he must be  
To do a trick so shady.

*Lilly*—He was saying that my lover was lost to me forever.  
And sought by offering himself our love links to sever.

*Chorus*— What a villain he must be  
To do a trick so shady.

*Janus*—A lover! he, a murderer! Ah! he'll die, he knows it:  
A beggar, too; this mortgage here, to-day I will  
foreclose it.

*Chorus*— What a villain he must be  
To do a trick so shady.

[Rosie enters and whispers and nods to Lilly.]

*Janus*—Oh! I will win.

*Lilly*—No! you'll not ever. (Oh, we shall see.)

*Janus*—Oh! I will win.

*Chorus*— Oh, we shall see.  
What a villain he must be,  
To do a trick so shady.

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The same farm house, but a different view of it, and the effect of sunlight gone — Dark clouds in sky.*

*Chorus enters slowly :*

Gray and dark the day came in,  
Changed our joyful singing,  
In our hearts sad mournful notes,  
Like tolling bells are ringing.  
O sad this day for lovers true,  
Hear our sad notes timeing,  
Our hearts and notes together ring  
In saddest cadence chiming,—  
Weep ! Weep ! Weep ! Weep !

Sad this mournful day began,  
The sun e'en hid its glory  
As if it could not shine upon  
So pitiful a story.

*Chorus—* Sad this day, etc., etc.

*Enter Janus—*I am glad to see you all so sorrowful. To-day is my day of revenge—the day of revenge of the man you call such a bold bad man. But, don't you think that I don't know what you call me ; but it pays to be bold and bad :

Look around you ! look around you ! and then a moment stop  
To see who is the lucky man, who always comes on top.

Watch the bold bad man,  
See how easily he can  
Form a great big trust,  
So that all the people must  
Pay double for their meat,  
And everything to eat.

Watch the boldness and the badness of the artifice and plan,  
Which go to make the millions of the bold bad man.

Look around you ! See the politician bad and bold,  
Who could not pay his taxes once, but now has lots of gold.

See how the usefull rake  
Is utilized to take  
The plunder and the bills,  
Which go to fill his tills,  
And how the stolen vote  
Is burnt and used to float

The party back to power, where they may plot and plan,  
To bolster up each other, and the bold bad man.

Look around you ! look around you ! see how you can get  
the stuff,

If you will only dare to be both bold and bad enough.

See the farmer water milk,

See cotton sold for silk,

Paper used for leather,

Shoes just glued together.

O, the boldness and the badness

Will bring the man the gladness

Of being rich beyond compare, who scorns no shady plan,  
And rejoices in the title of "The Bold Bad Man."

*Enter Magistrate*—(Chorus bow.)

Sadly I greet you. Sadly I meet you

*Chorus*—Sadly we greet you on this mournful day.

*Magistrate*—Sad is my task, your aid I ask,

In searching out this dreadful crime.

(Pause.)

Hark ! I hear the guard's footsteps

Brought to us here by the echoing air,

Come to the house there I will judge,

Follow me ! Follow me !

Follow me there.

Sadly I greet you. Sadly I meet you.

*Chorus*—Sadly we greet you on this mournful day.

(*Exeunt Magistrate, Janus and Chorus.*)

Enter two Guards with Charley ; Lilly rushes in from opposite  
side to speak to him, but Guards step in front of him.

*Lilly*— One little word I pray,  
Allow me to speak.

*Guards*— Not one. Not one.

*Lilly kneeling*—Can you refuse me now,  
So humble and so meek ?

*Guards*— Not one. Not one.

Enter Rosie with a bottle and three glasses on tray ; sings

All right, Lilly dear,

Don't shed a single tear,

That's not the way ;

Here, you two, your glasses take,

Now such pretty bows you'll make,

Drink my health to-day.

(They drink while Lilly and Charley talk.)

*Rosie*— Now another just for luck ;  
It's like water to a duck,  
Whiskey to a man.  
Charley, too, must have a drop.

(Charley drinks.)

There, no longer you must stop,  
Else some trouble up will pop,  
And stop that, no one can.

*Lilly* (as Charley is led into house)—Cheer up, Charlie ; it will  
all come right. That Janus can't hurt you. I saw it all,  
and remember Andre. Cheer up !

(Exeunt Charley and Guards.)

*Rosie*—Now, I guess you had better go in, too ; I will wait here  
for Andre. Come along, dear.

(Leads Lilly into the house.)

*Rosie*—I wonder what has become of that Andre ? He knows  
that he ought to be here ; but men are so slow : sings—

Why are men so very slow ?  
Oh, so slow ! Oh, so slow !  
This is the way that they will go,  
Oh, so slow ! Oh, so slow !  
When they are ordered to be quick,  
Oh, their heads they are so thick,  
I'd like to hit them with a brick,  
Then they'd not be slow.

This is the way that men will look,  
Oh, so slow ! Oh, so slow !  
When they're caught on Cupid's hook,  
Oh, so slow ! Oh, so slow !  
They walk so slow, they look so glum,  
They talk an awful lot of flum,  
Their thick heads I'd like to drum,  
Then they'd not be slow.

*Rosie*—Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! I wish Andre would come. That  
Janus will tell any lie to hurt poor Charley. Oh, they're  
coming out.

Chorus come out slowly.

*Rosie*—Why out so soon ? It cannot be that in so short a time  
The Magistrate can Charley's fate decide.  
Oh, tell me ! Tell me ! What is Charley's fate ?

*Chorus*—The evidence looks black and Charley must be tried.

*Rosie*—The evidence, etc., etc.

Enter Magistrate, Charley, Guards and Lilly.

*Magistrate*—Remove him, Guards, For trial he must be sent,  
Although with sorrow all our hearts are rent.

*Janus*—I will win! I will win!

Andre walks in slowly as if nothing was important:

Do not hurree up! Do not gets zee move on you. Takes  
all your time. Charley did not shooted the shot that killed  
zes poor old man Potocki. Non, I zaw zee man which did.

*Chorus* and all—Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Andre*—Oh, yes. Zure thing. I zaw him, but I zo caught him.

*Chorus*, disappointedly—Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Andre*—But I did dish—dish—vat you say—dish cover zis on  
zee grounds where zee man shooted zee shot. Look! Re-  
gard this leetle morsel of paper, Monsieur le Magistrate and  
reads it out alouds.

(Hands Magistrate slip of paper.)

*Magistrate* reads—“He will be going to-morrow to foreclose  
the mortgage, and will be sure to go close by the bush.  
That’s your opportunity.” No name or date. Who wrote  
that? Did you Charley?

*Charley*—No, Sir.

*Magistrate*—Has anyone a specimen of Charley’s writing?

*Lilly*—Yes, I have. Here— (hands him letter)

*Magistrate*—Thank you! (Reads) My darling Lilly: I  
cannot tell you how I love you. You are my Queen and  
your loving kisses are—

*Lilly* (interrupting)—Need you read it all out loud, Sir?

*Magistrate*—No, perhaps not. (Reads to himself and com-  
pares the handwritings.) I here pronounce that Charley  
could not have written this and—

*Chorus*—Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Magistrate*—And Andre says he saw the man who did this  
foul deed.

*Chorus*—Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Magistrate*—Silence! So seeing all this I will give Charley the  
benefit of the doubt and let him go free. Release him,  
Guards.

*Chorus*—Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Jan*

*Ch*

*Ma*

*Ch*

*Jan*

*Ch*

*Ch*

*Ch*

*Te*

*An*

*Lill*

Lilly and Charley meet.

*Janus*—'Twas he! 'Twas he!

*Chorus*—No, no!

*Magistrate* to *Janus*—And you can take your case to other authorities if you want to.

*Charley*, to *Lilly*—Released! but still the doubt remains,  
I cannot bear it;  
I cannot ask you, dear, a doubtful name,  
E're now to share it.

*Janus*— A doubtful name! A murderer's shame;  
A beggar, too! He knows it;  
The mortgage here, now it is mine,  
Now I do foreclose it.

(Hands *Charley* a note.)

*Chorus*— Oh, shame! Oh, shame!  
Forbear, O wicked man,  
For shame! For Shame!

*Charley*— Nay! let him take it, 'tis his own,  
And let him do his worst,  
Illgotten gains, Illgotten wealth  
By God and man are cursed.

(Pause.)

But listen, friends, have you not heard,  
The whole Dominion rings  
About the war, about the foes  
That fight against our King,  
My name is underneath a doubt,  
I now scarce own a thing,  
So I'll go off to Africa  
To fight for our good King.

*Chorus* make signs of astonishment.

*Charley*—Who will come with me?

*Teddy*—I will.

Men in *Chorus* one after the other—"I will."

*Andre*—Me comes wiz you, too, mine *Charlee*. Zee Boers are zee Dutch. I ates some Dutch cheese once on zee time, and it hurted me most bad joost here. Now I vill go and try hurt zee Dutch here, too.

*Lilly*— Though sad at heart we will not say  
Oh, Brothers do not go!  
Our Motherland is fighting for  
Her life against the foe.

Her sons have gone from every land,  
Her daughters watch and pray,  
And love the men that fight for her—  
We will not bid you stay.

RE

*Men*—Her sons, etc.

*Girls*—Her daughters, etc.

*Chorus* (March)—Come! see us march together  
Before our loved ones go;  
See sister join with brother  
Against our country's foe.  
The Empire's sons and daughters  
Of every race and land  
Stand shoulder up to shoulder,  
And every hand to hand.

RE

Come! see us march together;  
Come! hear our warlike song,  
When the Empire's all united  
To fight and right the wrong.  
The maidens cheer their sweethearts,  
Their brothers, friends and all  
Who go to fight for freedom,  
At the Empire's bugle call.

[Exeunt, all marching.]

---

SCENE II.

Am

*Representing a view on the St. Lawrence, with farms, etc. — Steamer flying Union Jack.*

*Enter Janus*—He thinks he will escape me. He little knows what thoughts, what schemes, will enter a man's mind who hates with all his heart, and seeks revenge; nor does he imagine what deeds such a man will do. Going to fight for the Empire. Why should he fight for the Empire? I hate it and the man who is going to fight for it. Why should not Canada be for the Canadians; Ireland for the Irish; Africa for the Africanders, just as England for the English?

Am

Just think of the rubbish that people talk!

Just look at history's story!

Just think of the men now dead and gone

Who shine in a Patriot's glory.

These men rebelled, they fought, they won,

Patriots now men call them;

If but they had lost, a traitor's death

Was the least that could befall them.

Tee

Am

REFRAIN :—Then Ho ! for the Patriot traitor's life ;  
Then Ho ! for liberty ;  
Then Ho ! for the plotting, the planning and the  
strife,  
And sweet revenge for me.  
Just think of the Irish over the sea !  
Just think of the Boers so plucky !  
Just think of Canadians waiting here,  
Just for a traitor—lucky !  
That man may come in the course of time ;  
That man may p'haps be me ;  
And I may go down in history's fame  
As a patriot bold and free.

REFRAIN :—Then Ho ! for the Patriot traitor's life ;  
Then Ho ! for liberty ;  
Then Ho ! for the plotting, the planning and the  
strife,  
And sweet revenge for me.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

*A view of Quebec Heights.*

Andre enters dressed in khaki, with large hat on with big feather in, and carrying a small French flag.

*Andre*—Ah, now, regard me. Look at myself in the khaki. Did I not look fine ! magnifique ! But zee only zing up against it is, that zee people long way off cannots zee me and admires me. Poor zings, they looze great deals. Mine adorable Rose, she laughs when she zees me in khaki, and she zays to me she zays, "Ah, you Andre, I suppose you tink that you take the cakey now." Ah, zee adorable Rosie ; how I lufs zee.

Enter Teddy, also in khaki, carrying a small flag of Canada.  
Hello, Andy ! What are you doing here ?

*Andre*—Joost admiring myself. Am I not grand, fine, magnifique. Regard me when I looks fierce like this. Will not zee Boers be frightened and runs away when I regard them like zat ?

*Teddy*—I am not sure. The Boers are not crows. You can't scare them like that. But say, Andy, are you not just a little bit frightened to go to the war ?

*Andre*—Sar ! Did I hear you quite rights ? Get frightened ! Me, with zee blood of zee brave man from La Belle France

in mine skin and in mine bones. How can you zay that ?  
and here, too, in zight of the place vere zee brave Montcalm  
and zee brave Wolfe, with their men, laid down their lives  
for their countries.

DUET

*Andre* (softly)—Listen ! Do you hear zem ; zee cries of Vive la  
France !

As Montcalm bravely calls upon hiz soldiers to  
advance !

*Duet* ( Hear zee battles din and roar,  
Az it echoes o'er zee shore.

Defeated, hear Montcalm saying, obeying death's stern call,  
'Tis better zo, my comrades, I shall not see the City fall.

*Teddy*—Listen ! Do you hear them ! for England and St. George  
When our plucky soldiers have climbed that rocky gorge !

Duet as above.

Victorious ! Hear Wolf saying, as his dying head is raised,  
I die happy, comrades, O, our Great God be praised.

Duet as above.

Those days are past and over, and peace is o'er this land,  
Now the French and English go together hand in hand.

Duet as above.

But the flag which they are fighting for, standing back to  
back,

Is the flag of their great Empire, the glorious Union Jack.

(Union Jack to be let down in front.)

Enter Chorus, men dressed in khaki ; they saunter about :  
then enter Charley and Sergeant.

*Sergeant*—Now, boys, I'm your Sergeant, and I've come to  
drill you. Stand in line. Now, then, " Number."

*Chorus*—Beg pardon !

*Andre*—Vat you say ?

*Sergeant*—No talking—" Squad."

(Andre sits down quickly.)

*Sergeant*—What are you sitting down for ?

*Andre*—You said squat, and I squatted.

*Sergeant*—Get up. I said " Squad." That is what you are  
called as a body.

*Andre*—I likes not zee name. It zounds like squat, and it zounds  
like squab and it—

*Sergeant*—Silence in the ranks.

*Andre*—Walks round as if looking for something and asks "vare are zee ranks?"

*Sergeant*—Get back in your place. Now you are in the ranks.

*Andre*—I zee. Allow me to offer you my tanks. I nevaire—

*Sergeant*—Now number. (They do so.)

*Sergeant*—Now, the first thing which you have to learn is the position of attention. Shoulders square, arms hanging easily, elbows to the rear, fingers together slightly bent, tips touching the seam of trousers, chest advanced, heels in line and closed, toes turned out at angle of 45 degrees, head erect, eyes looking straight to the front. That's easy to remember.

*Andre*—It iz like zee vat zey learn about zee points of a horse.

*Sergeant*—Silence! will you. Now, at the word of command, Squad, attention, assume the position I do. "Squad, Shun."

*Andre* runs round and hides behind Charley.

*Sergeant*—Come out of that. What did you go there for?

*Andre*—You said shun, so I runs to shun the bullets, behind Monsieur Charley.

*Sergeant*—Get back! Now, Squad, try again. "Squad, Shun!" That's all right. Now the next thing is to "Stand at ease." Keep both legs straight; carry left foot about ten inches to the left, raise both hands behind back, and grasp right hand with left—like this. Now, "Stand at ease!"

*Andre* cries out and runs forward. "That man kicked me on my best bunion."

*Sergeant*—Get back with you. I shall have to place you under arrest.

*Andre*—I should like to go to a place and rest. Zank you! I wills go at once. (Begins to walk off.)

*Sergeant*—Get back! (*Andre* limps back.) Now, try again. "Squad, stand at ease!" That will do. Now, I will teach you the Salute. At the word one, bring right hand smartly with circular motion to the head, palm to the front, fingers extended, point of the forefinger one inch above the right eye, thumb close to forefinger, elbow in line and nearly square with the shoulder. At the word two, cut away the arm smartly to the side.

*Andre*—Beg pardon, Sir! but how much of zee arm do we cut

away, and vat do we do wiz zee arms ven zay are cutedt away, and vat do vee cut zee arms wiz, and vat iz zee good of a soldier wiz only one arm to—

Chorus of men break ranks as Chorus of girls, with Lilly and Rosie, enter at their head, carrying little satchels with pins, needles, thread, etc., in. They march in and salute.

*Chorus—Girls—*Here we come to see you off,  
To say goodbye, and kiss you,  
To say how lonely we shall be,  
To how we all shall miss you.  
But here we've brought you needles, thread,  
To mend your clothes most neatly,  
So when you sew your patches on,  
You'll think about us sweetly.

(They each hand a man a satchel, which they show to audience.)

*Chorus—Men—*We are very glad to see you here,  
To say goodbye, and kiss you,  
And say how lonely we shall be,  
And how we all shall miss you.  
And as we sit and mend our socks,  
And sew on patches neatly,  
Our thoughts to you will always flow  
Most tenderly and sweetly.

Enter Government Official.

*Sergeant—*Squad, Shun!

*Gov. Official—*There was some hesitation shown at first by the Government as to whether they should send troops from the Dominion to fight in South Africa. They did not know whether it would be Parliamentary to do so; but the voice of the country made itself heard so unmistakably, and said so plainly that the country did not care two straws if it was parliamentary or not, but that they meant that our men should go, that the Government, to save themselves, obeyed the mandate of the people and *allowed* you and the others to go, though the British Government will pay all expenses after you and the others leave Canada. So, however, as not to appear too mean your Government has managed to get you each a policy of insurance at a low rate, here they are, but the premiums will be deducted from your pay. Good-bye. [Exit.]

Enter *Magistrate—*

I've come to say goodbye, my boys,  
E're o'er the seas you roam;  
I bring kind wishes to you all

From every one at home :  
For all the folks down there chipped in,  
A big subscription grew,  
And here's a gift from your good friends  
For all and each of you.

(Hands each a purse.)

*Chorus—Men—*These presents from our girls and you,  
Our grateful hearts they touch ;  
And here we say to them and you  
Oh, thank you very much !  
When on the sea, when o'er the veldt,  
Our wandering footsteps roam,  
These gifts will give us happy thoughts,  
Of our loved ones at home.

*Lilly to Charley—*

Now, my dearest, Oh, so sadly I must say Goodbye,  
Oh ! how fast the last few moments left us fly,  
Goodbye ! Goodbye !

*Charley—*Goodbye, dearest ! Goodbye sweetest ! do not sob  
and cry,

Let me see you brave and bonnie while these mo-  
ments fly  
Goodbye ! Goodbye !

*Lilly—*Away, these tears ! Away this sadness ! You shall see  
me gay,

Keep me in your heart, my dearest, while you are away.  
Goodbye ! Goodbye !

A bugle sounds. The soldiers form line and all march  
off to the tune of

*THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.*

*CURTAIN.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*A scene on the Veldt — Evening — A small camp of Canadian Scouts  
— Dinner is cooking.*

Enter Lady War Correspondent. Men gather round.

Here I am all spic and span,  
In sending news I really can  
Do better work than any man  
As special correspondent,  
Popping here and popping there  
Writing news from everywhere ;  
For the censors I don't care,  
They all get despondent,  
When they see my news appear  
As special correspondent.

A secret code I always use,  
One the censors can't refuse ;  
Oh, it is the finest ruse  
For the special correspondent,  
" Baby's cut her two front teeth,"  
Sharpest words are underneath,  
Like the sword beneath the sheath.

When withdrawn they read like this :  
" Bobs himself went to the front,  
There Canadians bore the brunt,  
The Boers are now out of the hunt,  
All their plans have gone amiss."

Popping here and popping there,  
Writing news from everywhere,  
Any danger I will dare  
At the seat of war.  
Generals I praise or blame,  
Mention heroes by their name,  
Hand them down to endless fame,  
As no woman's done before.

The men all whisper, and push Andre forward.

*Andre*—Madame ! Zee boys have told me to velcome you. Zhay zay, tell her to come right in. Zay tells me to make ze speech because for I am ze most important man here. I am zee cook. Lord Woolsey zay zee army marches on hiz

stomach—not on zee stomach of zee Lord Woolsey, you understand—but on zee food made nice by zee cook. I am zee cook and I makes zee boys march. Have you had your deenir ?

*Lady War Cor.*—No, and I am as hungry as a leopard.

*Andre*—Ah, zo ! If you are vare hungry zen I will gif you at once some of zee Emergency Rations vich our Goferment send us. (Fetches tin ; boys all look on grinning.) Zere, try that.

*Lady War Cor.*—Thank you. (Tries it.) Oh, how horrid ! I can't eat it. It's worse than dog biscuit (boys laugh) and it smells awful.

*Andre*—But you zay you are az hungered as zee leopard, and zee leopard vill eat a dog ven he iz real hungry, and zee dog buiscuit, too.

*Lady War Cor.*—Ugh ! I will write an article on this Emergency Ration. Some more rakes off by the Government, I suppose. I guess then there will be a Royal Commission to enquire into it, and a report will be issued, saying that the stuff was all right, and that the whole Cabinet lived on it for a week and grew fat on it.

*Andre*—Nevaire mind. We have some hard biscuits and zome bully beef, and zome zoup, an goot zoup, too. You shall haf zome. Vare goot. Right. (Fetches some. While lady war correspondent is eating, Charley enters.)

*Charley*—A lady ! Please introduce me.

*Andre*—Allow me, Madame, to introduce Monsieur Charles. Madame is the special correspondent of the—— Vat papier did you say !

*Lady War Cor.*—The Guelph Herald.

*Charley*—Glad to meet you, Mam.

*Lady War Cor.*—I am delighted to see you. And what is the latest news ?

*Charley*—Oh, I have had quite a time. Two Boers ambushed me and, wounding my horse, captured me. They took me to their Commandant, and I was to be shot as a spy, if I would not tell them all that I knew. Of course I refused. So they tied me up, but not quite fast enough ; then they sat round talking of their plans. I heard them all. In the night the fool sentry went away to get some of his everlasting coffee. I slipped my rope, left my hat and coat arranged as if I were still lying there on the ground, and managed, after a good deal of crawling and hiding, to reach headquarters. Off

went a troop, and knowing the Boers' plans, they surprised and captured the lot.

*Andre*—Bravo! Charley.

*Lady War Cor.*—A perfect hero. I will write this up.

*Charley*—Oh, that's all right; but I'm awful hungry. Give me something to eat. (Soup is fetched.) But look at this, boys. (Takes nugget from pocket.) I think it is gold. I found it while hiding behind some rocks.

*Lady War Cor.*—Let me look. Yes, that's gold. I saw some exactly like that at Johannesburg, and I guess your fortune is made, if you can get in your claim, and there is lots more like it.

*Charley*—I will try, anyhow, later on, as I want the fortune badly enough. But have the Boers been bothering you much?

*Teddy*—Only just that special lot who always seems after us, somehow.

*Charley*—Um! I can't make out why they so persistently follow us. Hello! but here come some more visitors.

Enter Tommy Atkins, Australian, New Zealander, etc.

*Tommy*—How are you, Colonials? How are you getting on?

*Andre*—Fine! Glad to see you all. But zalute ze lady. She is zee special correspondent of ze Guelph Herald.

*Andre*—Had your deenir?

*Tommy*—Yes, thanks, ate it as we came along. We are just on our way back from carrying some despatches, heard you were somewhere about and thought we would call in.

*Charley*—Very glad to see you.

*Lady War Cor.*—Anything fresh to report. (Gets notebook out.)

*Tommy*—Yes, Mam. The latest song the men are singing is about Society and the Army.

*All*—Sing it! Sing it!

*Lady War Cor.*—Yes, please do. I will take it down.

*Tommy sings*—I state with strict propriety,  
Great ladies in society,  
Of famous notoriety  
Pull strings,  
Get their puppets into motion,  
Get their favored ones promotion,

And without the least commotion  
Run things,  
Though its extremely censorious,  
With commissions extremely glorious,  
These ladies fill victorious  
Their nets ;  
And men who win these fair one's smiles,  
Commands and medals get in piles,  
Won by these ladies artful smiles  
For Pets.  
By society's aid discreet  
The army's at the ladies' feet,  
The man is who their favors meet  
In luck ;  
But mayn't the ladies still be right,  
They know a real man's worth at sight,  
And haven't these men won many a fight,  
By pluck.

*All*—Bravo ! Bravo !

*Jim*—We've got a song in Australia something like that, only it's  
about the fools in the army they talk about who like sport.

*All*—Sing it.

*Jim*—All right I'll try.

Rat-a-tat, tat, with fife and drum,  
Down the streets the fools they come.  
Rat-a-tat, tat ; rat-a-tat, tat,  
Did you ever hear such a noise as that,  
In this regiment are the fools  
Who did no good at all at schools,  
Who played the truant and broke the rules,  
But came out top at all sports—the fools ;  
Rat-a-tat, tat ; rat-a-tat, tat,  
Did you ever hear such a noise as that.

Rat-a-tat, tat ; with fife and drum  
Helter skelter the fools they come.  
Rat-a-tat, tat ; rat-a-tat, tat ;  
Did you ever hear such a noise as that,  
But where the battle is stiff and stern,  
There these fools, who would not learn,  
Know how to use their fighting tools,  
And come out top again—the fools ;  
Rat-a-tat, tat ; rat-a-tat, tat,  
Did you ever hear such a noise as that.

*Charley*—Good ! But let us see if we can't sing a song together.  
I'll begin :

That little island far away across the dark blue sea,  
That island home of Freedom, of Imperial Liberty ;

How the Germans hate it ;  
How the Frenchmen bate it ;  
How the Russian rate it ;  
How the Dutchmen slate it ;

Oh, how they'd like to conquer it, their greedy hands to fill,  
By dividing up the Empire, and the money in its till.

Oh, how they sneer, and how they jeer, and say we cannot fight !

That we're struggling here for land and gold, not freedom  
and the right ;

The Germans poke their fun,  
The Frenchmen say we're done,  
The Russians swear we run,  
The Dutchmen Britons shun,

All hoping that old England is tottering to her fall,  
And that her great possessions will be shared amongst  
them all,

But England, boys, is not done yet, her sons defy the  
world !

Against her every enemy, an Empire will be hurled :

Englishmen have made her,  
Canadians will aid her,  
Don't forget Australia,  
Her colonies won't fail her :

United here we fight for her, united we will stand,  
Forever for our Empire, for our dear old Motherland.

*Bill*—How the people at home would like to hear us sing that,  
but I guess we have the best of it over here. They can  
only watch and wait over there. Listen :

All around the bright camp fires,  
Underneath the starlit dome,  
We are sitting talking gently  
Of the dear old folks at home.

*Chorus*—Though we conquered in the battle ;  
Though we won the hard fought fight ;  
Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking  
Far away at home to-night.

Now, boys, join in the Chorus :—Though we conquered, etc.

Far away at home they're listening  
To the fatal columns read ;  
Many there are crushed and broken,  
Mourning, weeping for their dead.

Death or glory is the story  
As the gallant soldiers roam ;  
Fear and sorrow, pain and anguish  
Is the share of those at home.

*Tommy*—But, I say, you Canadians, don't you miss your native dress out here ?

*Charley*—What do you mean ?

*Tommy*—Why, I thought you always wore furs and skins ?

*Teddy*—Oh, yes ; so we do. And when we plough up the ice fields we don't use horses but polar bears.

*Charley*—And it is very awkward when the supply of whales and walrus runs short ; the price of blubber goes up and we nearly starve.

*Andre*—And ven a man he dies we joost drop him in a snow drift, and put an iceberg on top of him as a monument.

*Soldier*—And the boys collect the mourners' tears, as they freeze into balls, and play marbles with them.

*Soldier*—And when we milk our cows, they don't give us milk, but ice cream.

*Soldier*—And we never get fruit or vegetables in Canada ; we eat snowballs.

*Soldier*—And we never see the sun ; it's always behind the North pole, and we only see its reflection in the ice.

*Soldier*—It never rains in Canada, but always snows, so we wear snowshoes all the time.

*Soldier*—And the stars somotimes fall frozen out of the sky.

*Tommy*—What an awful country !

*Charley*—Oh, well, these are only a few of the ideas which you English people have of Canada. You don't know anything about the country, most of you, more's the pity, as it should be the granary of the British Empire, and will be yet. We have a sun that beats yours, a sky as beautiful as that of Italy, a climate as fine as any in the world, and a soil that will produce anything. Look at our cattle, look at our horses, look at our wheat fields, and look at the fruit and vegetables we can grow.

*Tommy*—Well, when the war is over I may come along and see you, and if I like the country may settle there.

*Charley*—We shall be glad to see you, and there is plenty of room for thousands more beside, and like you.

*Tommy*—Thanks! Well, we must be going. Come on boys.  
Good night all! [Exit.]

*Charley* to *Lady War Cor.*—If you will come with me I will show you where you can sleep, as we shall have to turn in for the night.

*Charley*, coming back—*Andre*, you're sentry. Keep a sharp look out. (Men arrange themselves for night, stage is gradually darkened and the Southern Cross made to appear in the sky.)

*Andre*—I nevaire likes being zee sentry at night times. Zee zings look zo different. I zees a rock and zoon it looks like zee head of a Boer, and zen joost as I go to shoot at it ze moon comes from ze back of ze cloud and shows me only ze rock. Zen ze fence posts begin to joomp about in zee shadows. Zen zee shrubs move and look like more Boers. Mon Dieu! It makes me creep; I hates it. I nevaire likes zee zentry go.

All alone on sentry go!  
Up and down and to and fro;  
I crane my neck, now high, now low,

Doing sentry go.  
Then I have to lie quite flat,  
And to take such great care that  
I don't get shot just like a rat  
By the crafty foe.

Peeping, creeping, crawling round,  
All about our camping ground,  
Listening hard for any sound  
Of the stealthy foe:  
How I wish the Boers had fled,  
So that I might be instead  
Of watching here, snug in bed,  
Not doing sentry go!

Ha! Vat iz that? Surely! Yees, I zee them. There!  
(Shoots and runs in; men jump up and seize their guns.)  
Zee Boers are coming, boys!

*Charley*—Lie low, boys, and fire straight: I will give you the word. Fire! (They fire.) We've scared them. There are only a few. They're running. Pick them off. (They fire again.)

*Andre* runs out.

*Charley*—Come back!

*Andre*—No! I go catch one; he's fallen. He's joost close here.

*Cha*  
*Lad*  
*Cha*  
*And*  
*And*  
*Cha*

*Charley*—We will cover you.

*Lady War Cor.*—I guess I can make some copy out of this.

*Charley*—Andre's got him!

*Andre*, shouts—Come on, boys! Give us a hand. (Two jump out and they bring a man in; he tries to escape, but Andre springs on him and knocks his big hat off while doing so.)

*Andre*—Zee, boys, Zee! It's Janus!

*Charley*—Ah! So it is! The villain! Let's search him. (Takes papers from him.) Listen! Janus Potocki, born in Poland, but a naturalized British subject, late of Canada, is hereby appointed Colonel of the Boer Auxiliary Co. No. 18. You traitor!

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

*Farm house in Canada as before, but different view, showing a Winter Scene.*

Enter Chorus of Girls dancing :

The boys are coming home to-day,  
Home to-day ! Home to-day !  
The boys who have been far away,  
Far away ! Far away !  
Scouting, marching, fighting, conquering,  
They've been heroes in the fray,  
Here we are to meet and greet them,  
The boys who have been far away.

The boys are coming home to-day,  
Home to-day ! Home to-day !  
The boys who have been far away,  
Far away ! Far away !  
Dance and sing, for home returning  
Heroes come this joyous day ;  
Our hearts with love for them are burning,  
The boys who have been far away.

(Enter Rosie.)

Won't the boys be glad to see us ;  
Shan't we be glad to see the boys ;  
After partings come the meetings,  
After sorrows follow joys.

Listen ! Girls, before they come,  
With sound of fife and kettle drum,  
I'll show you how our boys learnt some  
Of the arts of drilling.

*Chorus—* " Shun ! " the Sergeant cried out loud,  
How they laughed, the wicked crowd,  
Nudged each other and allowed  
That the fun was killing.

When " Shun " they did without a smile,  
That wily Sergeant, full of guile,  
Taught them after a long while  
To " Salute " so neatly :

"Then "Right Face," "Left Face," "Right About"  
"March! one, two," "one, two," he would shout  
When they got mixed in stepping out,  
Oh! he swore so sweetly.

Our bonnie brave Canadian boys  
Are not made like wooden toys,  
That move like puppets, children's toys,  
That guidance always need:  
And though they're not such swells at drill,  
The whole world does acknowledge still  
That by their pluck, their dash, their skill,  
They're soldiers brave, indeed.

Men behind scene marching and singing and gradually  
getting nearer.

Home! Home! Home again at last,  
All our dangers now are past;  
Home! Home! Home again at last:  
Hark! how they cheer  
As we come near,  
March! Let us march fast.

(March on stage.)

*Chorus, Girls*—Welcome back! Welcome back!  
Oh, we're so glad to see you,  
Now the awful war is o'er,  
And peace has come to free you.

*Charley*— But where is she! Oh, where is she,  
She whom my soul loves best.

(Sleigh bells heard.)

*Rosie*— Oh! here she comes! Oh, here she is,  
So do not be distressed.

Enter Lilly. Charlie rushes to meet her at back of stage  
and brings her forward, singing:

Oh! so sweet is my lady fair!  
Tender and lovely and true is she,  
The love light shines in her radiant eyes  
As the subbeams gleam on the summer sea.  
Oh, my love! My love!  
My heart is all thine own,  
My life is thine own subject realm  
And thou art on its throne.

Oh, so sweet is my lady fair,  
The one sweetheart in the world for me;  
There is no flower so rich and rare  
In the garland of love like thee.

Oh, my love! My love!  
The loveliest flower ere seen  
Must bow before you as I do,  
And say, My Queen! My Queen!

DUET AND CHORUS.

- Charley*— Dearest, fondest, truest sweetheart!  
Oh, what joy to see again  
Your dear eyes and feel your hand clasp,  
After all this time of pain.
- Lilly*— Days of sorrow, days of anguish,  
Nights of fear and nights of pain,  
Fade away and are forgotten  
When true lovers meet again.
- Chorus*— Loving hearts by absence tested,  
Make the love links stronger yet,  
Absence makes true hearts the fonder,  
True hearts never do forget.
- Lilly (Solo)*— My voice is still; I could not sing,  
When thou wert far away;  
But now thou'rt here, my voice will ring  
Like song birds do in May.  
My love is here! My love is here!  
All now is gay and bright,  
And trilling gaily in my joy,  
I sing in pure delight.
- The sweet birds singing in the spring,  
The sunshine's glistening ray,  
Cannot e'er the brightness bring,  
My love brings me to-day.  
My love is here! My love is here!  
All now is gay and bright,  
And trilling gaily in my joy,  
I sing in pure delight.

*Enter Magistrate*—

I'm glad to see you back, my boys,  
And glad that I can say  
The country's proud of all the boys,  
The boys it sent away.  
They've shown that as the Lion's sons  
They share the Lion's might,  
And when the Lion is attacked  
The Lion's cub can fight.

But listen while I tell you a tale of the war. Sings "The Canadian Scout."

Alone, All alone ! Far, far away,  
The scout on his duty has gone ;  
And yet not alone—in his heart  
Is the sweetest memory borne—  
" Goodbye ! My Love," she had said " Goodbye,"  
In a voice all sobbing with grief :  
" Remember your sweetheart's watching here  
In the land of the Maple Leaf."

Ah ! What is that ? An ambush ? He's caught  
By two of his country's foes :  
" We'll spare his life," the commandant says,  
" If he tells us all that he knows."  
But proudly he faces them all and says,  
As they stand on the barren reef :  
" We're taught to be true, not traitors, Sir,  
In the land of the Maple Leaf."

He's taken away, he hears them talk  
Of their plans in the evening light ;  
But his craft in the bush has taught him  
How to escape them all at night.  
He reaches the camp, he tells his tale,  
The surprise and the fight are brief,  
And a hero's returned to his sweetheart true  
In the land of the Maple Leaf.

But harken, Boys and Maidens, whilst I do declare,  
That the hero of this story is Charley standing there.

*Chorus*—Men—

But listen, Boys and Maidens, whilst we do declare  
That the hero of this story is Charley standing there.  
(Charley salutes.)

*Andre*, to Rosie—

Ah, now, adorable Rosie, I come to claim your kiss,  
For I stand before you so that I can say this :  
On Charley's name  
There is no stain,  
No murderer is he.

*Chorus*—No murderer is he.

*Andre*—On the day that wicked Janus was as a traitor shot  
He told us that his father was in a Polish plot ;  
But false was he,  
And a decree  
Was passed that he should die.

*Chorus*—Was passed that he should die.

*Andre*—And the shot that killed his father in fierce revenge was sent  
And killed a man who broke his oaths, a false man's punishment.

*To Rosie*— So no longer tease,  
But now, if you please,  
Give me a kiss  
For telling you this.

*Chorus*— Yes, give him a kiss  
For telling us this.

*Messenger*, to *Charley*—A cable, Sir! A cable, Sir,  
A cable, Sir, for you.

*Charley*, opening—The mine is yours, its very rich,  
Far richer than you knew.

*Charley*—Then here's a happy end to all, our troubles now are ended.

*Lilly*—Love and joy this happy day together now are blended.

*Andre*—Joyfully we'll pass this day, our glad voices singing,

*Rosie*—While our hearts with joy and love this happy day are ringing.

*Chorus*—

Merrily, merrily, a song we will sing,  
Gaily we'll sing it, a story it tells ;  
Sweethearts are united and soon there will ring,  
Echoing gaily the sweet wedding bells.  
Friends have come back, heroes are here,  
Bravely they fought, one and all,  
They went from La Terre Bonne, with never a fear,  
At the bugle's call.  
Merrily, merrily, a song we will sing,  
Joys are enduring, and sorrows are brief  
In that good land, to which we all cling,  
The land of the Maple, our dear Maple Leaf.

FINIS — CURTAIN.