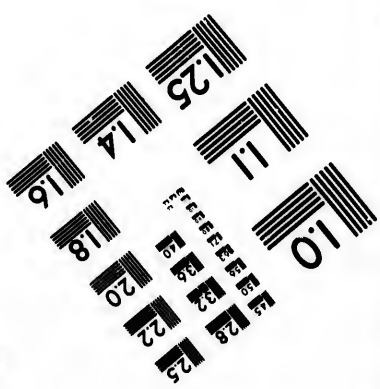
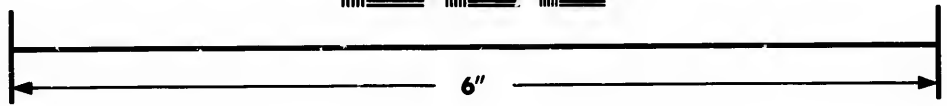
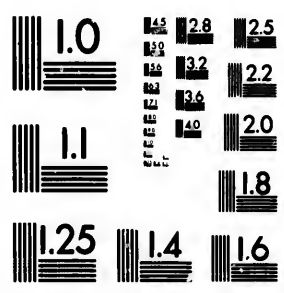


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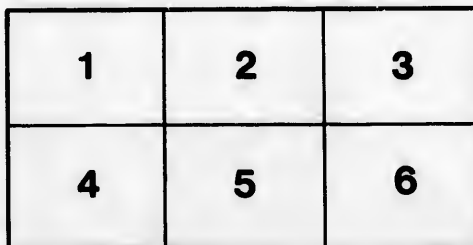
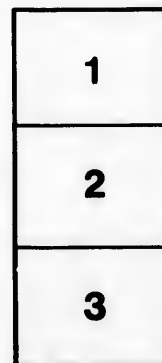
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AN OPERATIC ROMANCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

WILLIAM McDONNELL.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

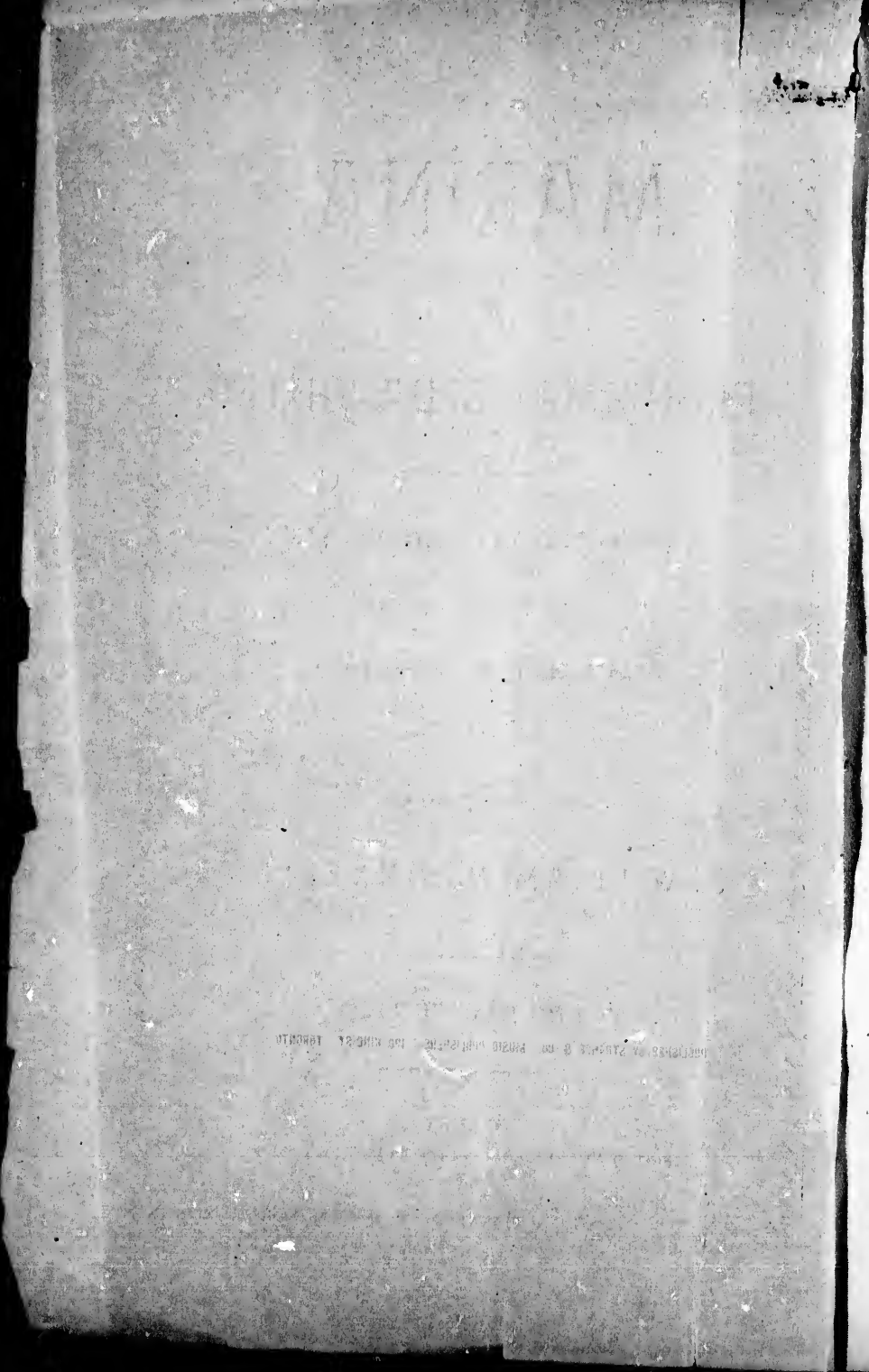
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OPERATIC ROMANCE

OF

MARINA,

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STEPHEN,	- - -	A Young Fisherman.
BARTON,	- - -	An Old Fisherman, Father of Marina.
HARRY,	- - -	A Fisherman.
SIR RICHARD FORD,	- - -	Father of Captain Ford.
CAPTAIN FORD,	- - -	Officer in the Army.
SERGEANT OF THE GRENADIERS.		
QUEEN'S MESSENGER.		
MARINA,	- - -	The Fisherman's Daughter.
ANNA,	- - -	Her Friend.
LADY FORD,	- - -	Mother of Captain Ford.

FISHERMEN, SOLDIERS, MAIDENS, ETC., ETC.

ARGUMENT.

Stephen, a young fisherman, is in love with Marina, the fisherman's daughter, who does not return his affection. Anna, her friend, loves Stephen, but he can give her no encouragement. When Stephen becomes fully satisfied that Marina can be nothing more than his friend, he abandons the occupation of a fisherman, enlists, and is sent to India. After this Marina leaves home and becomes lady's maid to Lady Ford, in Sir Richard Ford's house. Their only son, Captain Ford, is an officer in the Army, on foreign service. He gets leave of absence and returns, bringing Stephen, a soldier of his own regimental company, with him. Captain Ford meets Marina in his father's house and falls in love with her. Stephen, jealous of their intimacy, and believing that Captain Ford has dishonorable intentions toward her, fires at him, but gives him only a slight wound. Stephen then attempts suicide, but is prevented from its commission by Marina. He is subsequently arrested, tried by a court-martial and condemned to be shot. Great influence is brought in his favor by Sir Richard Ford, Captain Ford and others, and a pardon is received just as he is being led off for execution. Anna's faithfulness and constancy have at last won his affections, and Captain Ford obtains the hand of Marina, the fisherman's daughter.

SCENE

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MARINA,

THE

FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—*A sea view, fishermen's boats, nets, etc. Harry and fishermen wearing sou'-westers, blue jackets, jerseys, long fishermen's boots, etc. Some mending nets, etc., etc.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Now dawns the day, we must away,
To reach our ground out in the bay, out in the bay,
The wind is fair, we'll hoist each sail,
And scud before the fav'ring gale;
And when far out our lines we'll throw,
And let our trusty anchors go,
Or spread our nets in one wide sweep,
To catch the fishes of the deep.

SOLO. But should the wind or sky or sea,
For our industry adverse be, all adverse be,
We'll by our cheerful firesides stay,
Till wind or storm shall pass away, shall pass away ;

DUETT. Or, while we mend each net or sail,
We'll listen to the rushing gale,
And patient wait till each stout boat,
Is once more on the waves afloat.

ALL. Then let us go, the sky is clear,
We'll catch the breeze and outward steer, and outward steer,
We'll hoist each sail, each line we'll cast,
And spread our nets while day shall last, while day shall last;
And homeward then we'll turn once more,
To greet our waiting friends ashore.
Then hoist each sail, yo ho, yo ho,
Haul in the well filled nets, yo ho,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho, we go.

(They motion as if pulling a rope.)

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Enter BARTON.

BARTON. That's the way, my good lads, that's the way. When a sailor or fisherman sings "yo ho," it is a kind of evidence that he's willing to start off, and I see all here are ready.

HARRY. We are all ready.

ENSEMBLE.

Yes, we're ready, calm and steady,
Yes, we're ready, one and all;
Yes, we're ready, calm and steady,
Yes, we're ready, ready all.

HARRY. Yes, we're ready; but where is Stephen? He has not been here for more than a week. What's come of him?

BARTON. Well, he is not of a mind to come with us to-day—but 'tis so now every day. Something's amiss with the lad. His mother, poor body, is fretting on his account. She says he cares no more for boats or sails or nets, that she's afeard, from what he says, that he wants to travel to foreign parts.

ALL. (*Surprised.*) To foreign parts!

ALL.

To foreign parts the lad will go.

Heigh ho, heigh ho.

To foreign parts the lad will go.

Heigh ho, heigh.

To foreign parts the lad will go,

HARRY. Twenty broken hearts or so,

ALL. The sad result we all shall know.

Heigh ho, heigh ho.

To foreign parts the lad will go.

Heigh ho, heigh ho.

To foreign parts the lad will go.

Heigh ho, heigh.

To foreign parts the lad will go,

HARRY. Twenty girls will feel such woe,

ALL. They'll all become old maids, we know.

Heigh ho, Stephen.

HARRY. What has come over him, friend Barton?

BARTON. I cannot tell. His mother thinks that his mind is somewhat astray.

HARRY. 'Tis rather his heart. That has been astray for some time. His mind is wandering and he likely wants to follow it.

BARTON. His mother thinks he has taken a dislike to the sea,

and that if he cannot get off any other way he'll go and enlist—he may have done so already.

ALL. (*Surprised*). 'List, and become a soldier!

HARRY. What! a soldier with a red coat?

Sings. A red red coat this lad will wear,
His bear skin cap will make one stare,
He'll stand erect with shoulders square,
You'll scarcely see his close cropped hair,

ALL. His martial look will almost scare.
A gun and bayonet he will bear,
The nation's foes he then will dare,
Besides, good lord, how he will swear.
He'll soon strut round without much care,
A soldier will have time to spare.

BARTON. Yes, a red coat soldier, but if he gets to be one—and their enemies know that they fight like furies—don't reproach him, for he might turn and snap worse than a shark.

HARRY. Well, if he would rather wear a red coat than a blue jacket, what can we think? But mates, (*turning to his comrades*) I know there's something wrong, and 'tis this—If one I know only says the right word he will never leave this work.

ALL. What one?

HARRY. Why, we all know.

ALL. Not all of us.

ONE. I don't know, tell me.

ANOTHER. Tell me.

ANOTHER. Tell me.

ONE AFTER THE OTHER. (*They Sing.*)

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me.

HARRY.

I cannot tell.

THE OTHERS (*as before*).

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me.

HARRY.

I must not tell.

THE OTHERS.

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me.

HARRY.

I should not tell.

THE OTHERS.

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me.

HARRY.

Perhaps I'll tell.

(*They all crowd near Harry.*)

HARRY. Well, this I can tell. He is head over heels in love with Marina, still to no purpose. But there is Anna love sick for him (why is she not so for me?) yet Stephen only throws a wet blanket over her flame. Poor girl!

ONE. Try one of them yourself, Harry.

HARRY. One? Faith I'd try them both, but it's no use, they don't care for me.

ONE. Do not despair, Harry.

HARRY. No, I won't despair; neither will I break my heart over it. My appetite shall not suffer for that. But poor Stephen is in a bad way—sick all over.

HARRY *sings*.

If one I know would just but say,
"Stay, Stephen, do not go away,"
He'd never go, full well I know—

CHORUS.

He'd never, never, never go.

HARRY.

If one I know would just come here,
And say to Stephen, "have no fear."

ALL.

If she'd come here, if she'd come here,
And say to Stephen, "have no fear,"
His doubts would fly and then we know
He'd never, never go.

BARTON.

He might not go, he will not stay,
For that one word she'll never say.

CHORUS.

For that one word she'll never say.

HARRY.

I know the one you mean ; she is your daughter.
Can you not entreat the pretty maiden
Stephen's wish to meet.

ALL (*except Barton.*)

His daughter, yes, 'tis so.
Cannot friend Barton say,
"My child, speak fair ; my child, speak fair,
He must not go away."

The maiden will submit,
If he but says to-day,
"My child, take care ; my child, be fair,
Keep Stephen at the Bay ;
Keep Stephen at the Bay.

BARTON. No, I shall never dictate to her in matters of the heart. If she cannot say to me, "Father, I like Stephen as well as he likes me," I will not press her to do so.

ALL. Nobly spoken.

CHORUS (*except Barton.*)

Nobly said, he leaves her free to choose,
Nor have her neck in an unhappy noose.

HARRY. If he can't get your daughter, then let him take the other one. That's what I should do.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

BARTON. I wish he would consent to make Anna happy. I fear it would be useless to hint anything to him about her as he loves another. Yet he holds her in high esteem.

HARRY (*confidentially to Barton*). Speak to her about me. I don't mean your daughter—but just as you like. I'd make one or the other over so happy.

BARTON. I believe in a free choice. I shall not say a word.

HARRY. Not a word.

ALL SING (*except BARTON*).

Not a word will he say,
Not a word will he write.
Let her choose whom she may,
Whether black, brown or white.

SONG.—BARTON.

I'll never tell the lips to speak,
Words which the heart can never frame,
Nor would I like a tyrant seek,
To force on love another name,
Whene'er the heart cannot be free,
Its faith will prove a mockery,
Its faith will prove a mockery.

What sorrow comes in after years,
To those who vows will falsely make,
Each hollow promise brings but tears,
When souls from sordid slumber wake.
Love cannot live without being free,
Its strength lies in its purity.
Its strength lies in its purity.

ALL SING (*except BARTON*).

Those honest words are spoken well,
Love only can in pure hearts dwell,
If e'er 'twas bought, 'twas but in name,
Its passing shadow only came.

HARRY *sings*.

What can we do, what can we do,
To keep a man so tried and true.

heart
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BARTON. If he can get one as good as Anna, even without a shilling, he might be better off.

ALL SING.

Without a shilling, yes he's willing,
Yes he's willing any day,
Without a shilling, he is willing
To take her off on any day.

HARRY. Well, get her for me, and if you press me very hard I may take her without a shilling.

ALL SING.

Press him hard and he'll be willing,
He'll be willing any day,
To take a wife without a shilling,
Without a shilling any day.

BARTON. See, here she comes. She looks very thoughtful.
Let us stand aside until she passes. *(They retire.)*

(Enter ANNA, walking slowly and thoughtfully toward C.)

ANNA. Is Stephen going to leave us? What hopes I built on him. *(Sighs.)* He knows not my real feelings. Perhaps he cares not. They tell me his heart is fixed on another who cares not for him. How painful is this to me. I wish I knew how to win him, but a maiden must not plead. I must in secret bear this pain. *(Places her hand over her heart.)*

SONG—ANNA.

How sad, how sad, that he must go away,
How dark will seem the noon-day;
No hope, no joy, but care and pain,
Till he returns again.

My throbbing heart is filled with fear,
My eyes grow dim with many a tear,
And gloomy is my way,
Till he returns again.

Ah, must a maid her love for ever hide,
From him who is her heart's pride;
She must not speak, she cannot tell,
But keeps her secret well.

My throbbing heart is filled with fear,
My eyes grow dim with many a tear,
And gloomy is my way,
Till he returns again.

Ah, soon he'll leave, perhaps will ne'er come back,
 O'er wild waves will be his track.
 And when afar he will not see
 How lonely I shall be.

My throbbing heart is filled with fear,
 My eyes grow dim with many a tear,
 And gloomy is my way,
 Till he returns again.

(A slight noise is heard, and she is startled.)

ANNA. Somebody must be near by. I hope no one has heard
 me. I must leave this. I shall go and see him again.

(She retires.)

(Enter BARTON, HARRY AND OTHERS.)

BARTON. Lads, we have overheard her story. Name it not to
 any one. It is too sacred for retail, she is to be pitied.

ALL. Yes, she is to be pitied.

BARTON *Sings.*

Pity the suffering maid,
 Who cannot tell her love,
 Whose heart is sore afraid,
 Like some poor stricken dove,
 Who sighs alone by night and day,
 And hides her grief from all away.

CHORUS.

Who sighs alone by night and day,
 And hides her grief from all away.

No man with honest heart,
 Should lightly speak her name,
 Or blame her for a part
 Which brings no blush of shame.
 She who can love so strong and true,
 Must win respect from me and you.

CHORUS.

She who can love so strong and true,
 Must win respect from me and you.

HARRY. I think there is something in this love business I
 don't quite understand.

ONE. I don't think you do, Harry.

HARRY. Why should she think more of Stephen than of any other handsome young fellow—than of me, for instance?

ALL. Than of you! ha, ha, ha, ha.

BARTON. Keep clear of trouble, Harry. It would be well for Stephen if love was as great a mystery to him as it seems to be to you—but here he comes himself.

(Enter STEPHEN, dressed as a fisherman; he bows to BARTON and to the others.)

STEPHEN. I suppose you are waiting for me.

HARRY. We are.

STEPHEN. I come to say that you must not delay on my account, for I must go off in another direction to-day. I must indeed.

HARRY. And leave your old friends?

ONE. And me?

ANOTHER. And me?

ANOTHER. And me?

STEPHEN. Yes, lads, I must leave you all. I need not explain at present, but leave I must; fate has it so.

BARTON. We are sorry to hear this, Stephen. You have been almost a stranger of late. You were generally ready to start with the first boat.

ENSEMBLE.

He was ready to start in the very first boat,
He would shove out from shore and be quickly afloat,
Then up went the sail, though the wind should be high,
And the craft o'er the waves like a sea-bird would fly.

When the morning light spread o'er the waters so clear,
He oft took to the helm and far outward would steer,
Or he bent to an oar with a pull stout and strong,
And all kept time together while he sung a song.

STEPHEN.

But now I leave both sail and oar,
And landsman-like will stay ashore,
Though I may still hear wild winds roar,
A fisherman I'll ne'er be more.
No never, never, never more.

ALL. What do you mean?

STEPHEN *(Taking BARTON's hand, sings.)*

My kind old friend, my trusty men,
I come to tell you we must part,

I cannot say we'll meet again,
 To leave you pains me to the heart,
 For I may go to distant lands,
 When orders come I must obey.
 Should these to-morrow reach my hands,
 I cannot wait another day.

Ah, how I still would linger here,
 Where happy thoughtless days I spent;
 I know no grief, I had no fear,
 But days of brightness came and went.
 At last dark clouds around were spread,
 And future gloom seemed in the air,
 My hopes, my fondest hopes, were dead,
 I felt the pangs of deep despair,
 So now I cannot, will not stay,
 I'm ordered off and must obey.

And if again, in distant years,
 I should return to this dear shore,
 I might but realize my fears,
 To find that I could see no more
 Those trusty friends, so kind to me,
 To find that they were dead or gone.
 How lonely then my heart would be,
 To know that I was here alone.
 Yet now I cannot, will not stay,
 I'm ordered off and must obey.

ALL.

What! ordered off and must obey,
 And must obey, and must obey!

STEPHEN. Yes, ordered off and must obey.

BARTON.

Strange words are these, can it be true
 What we have heard concerning you?

ALL SING (*except* STEPHEN).

Say is it true, and to this has it come,
 That soldier you will be and march on merrily,
 And bound at the sound of the trumpet and the drum.

HARRY (*recit.*)

Please tell us now, great, noble, valiant sir,
 Before you leave us or from here you stir,
 Are you to be a *trumpeter* or *drum-beater*?

STEPHEN.

Yes, I must march and that report is true,
 For I'm now here to bid you all adieu,
 And when far off I never shall forget,
 The boat and sail, and line and spreading net.

ALL.

Come, stay with us, keep on that honest dress,
 Nor change for soldier's coat, canteen or mess.

STEPHEN.

I cannot stay, but I will change it here,
 And in my own true colors now appear,
 Here I at last must leave this kind disguise,
 And stand a soldier just before your eyes.

(He flings off coat, cap, etc., and is seen in the uniform of a British Grenadier.)

(ANNA hurriedly enters followed by a number of village maids. They evince great surprise at seeing STEPHEN in soldier's uniform.)

ANNA (*excitedly*). Oh, God, what has he done.

MAIDENS. 'Tis true, what will Marina say?

ANNA. Yes, what will she say when she knows this. She will blame herself forever. But here she comes.

(Enters MARINA, she looks at STEPHEN astonished, and runs to ANNA, taking her hand.)

MARINA (*to ANNA*). Am I to blame for this? I now see what he has done. How unfortunate!

ANNA. Oh, Marina, it is true, alas, too true!

DUETT—MARINA AND ANNA.

Oh, God, what has he done?

Alas, 'tis true, too true,

Now home and friends he'll shun,

And me and you.

And he may roam where dangers round are spread,
 In foreign lands an exile he may tread,
 He may pass years far from his native shore,
 He soon must leave, we ne'er may see him more.

Oh, God, what has he done?

Alas, 'tis true, too true,

Now home and friends he'll shun,

And me and you.

He is no longer free,
 Alas, 'tis true, too true,
 He leaves both you and me,
 And all he knew.

O'er oceans wide he'll soon be borne away,
 We'll scarcely know another happy day,
 In some far land 'mid scenes of blood and strife,
 Struck down by foes, he may yield up his life.

He is no longer free,
 Alas 'tis true, too true,
 He leaves both you and me,
 And all he know.

HARRY. See, Stephen, what you have done. I could not get up half such a ferment. Here they are running after you by the dozen. If I were about to start for Gibraltar to-morrow not one of them (*pointing to the Maidens*) would say "dear Harry, stay." Not one of them.

STEPHEN. How this distresses me, but it cannot now be helped.

Sings. It cannot now be changed, I must away,
 Away from friends that I have held so dear,
 Here with you now I can no longer stay,
 But still for me you need not have a fear.

HARRY (*aside.*) I'm madly jealous. I almost wish I was a soldier. (*To his comrades.*) Here, lads, we must give up our fishing for to-day. Let us go and haul up the boats. (*To Stephen.*) We shall meet you at the barracks and see you off.

ENSEMBLE.

We shall not go out to-day
 And the fishes in the bay,
 May all dart around and play,
 While we go see you away,
 For we are rather shaken
 By the strange step you have taken.

HARRY. Rather a quick step, isn't it? Lads, let us step toc; we will go and haul up the boats. (*Harry and his comrades exeunt.*)

(STEPHEN, MARINA, ANNA and BARTON advance to C. The Maidens cluster behind, conversing and looking at Stephen.)

STEPHEN. This is, I suppose, quite unexpected.

ALL (*except Maidens*). It is indeed.

MARINA. To me it is. I am sorry you cannot remain.

ANNA. And so am I, and so are we all. (*Aside.*) Alas, poor Stephen! (*Sighs.*)

STEPHEN.

How sad this parting is to me,
Oh, none can tell; oh, none can tell,
For now I am no longer free,
I know it well, I know it well.

ANNA (*aside*) sings.

No longer free, how sad to me.

MARINA.

Painful to me that he's not free.

BARTON.

Ah, how distressing this to see.

DUETT—MARINA AND ANNA.

We all agree 'tis sad to part,
And sunder ties which bind the heart,
No matter where the wand'rer goes,
Through pleasant vales or mountain snows.

QUARTETTE—MARINA, ANNA, STEPHEN AND BARTON.

Or o'er the wild waves or placid lake,
His mem'ry never can forsake,
Each early scene and early friend,
These linger on till life shall end.

STEPHEN.

Tis sad to part, perhaps no more
To see again your native shore,
Or on return, when years have fled,
To find your faithful friends all dead.

QUARTETTE.

And sadder still to part with one
Who oft will sigh when you are gone,
Nor court another's flatt'ring smile,
When you are distant many a mile.

ALL.

We all agree 'tis sad to part,
And sunder ties which bind the heart,
Each early scene and early friend,
In mem'ry lingers to the end.

Alas, poor

ANNA (to BARTON *aside*.) Cannot we get him free. If I had money he should soon be at liberty.

MARINA (to BARTON *aside*.) I have just overheard Anna. We have money enough saved. We can pay for his discharge.

BARTON (to MARINA.) He would never accept that.

BARTON (to MARINA.)

You know, my child, the reason why
That Stephen will depart,
But come what will, I'll never try
To force him on your heart.

SONG (STEPHEN to MARINA.)

Dear maid, I think of happy days,
Which near to thee were spent,
And of the bright and cheerful rays
Thy presence ever lent.
To think of thee was bliss indeed,
While hope I could descry,
But this has passed away with speed—
You know the reason why.

MARINA. What, I? What, I?

STEPHEN. Oh yes, you know the reason why.

STEPHEN.

I must not love, oh, could I quell
The flame within my breast,
Or break the strange and cruel spell
That robs my soul of rest,
I could away with peaceful mind,
But now, alas, I sigh,
To leave my heart and hope behind—
You know the reason why.

MARINA. What, I? What, I?

STEPHEN. Oh yes, you know the reason why.

MARINA.

Ah me, ah me, that I should know
What causes thee such heavy woe,
And bids thee future hope forego,
And bids thee future hope forego,
But soon I shall depart and leave all here,
My youthful home and every object dear.

ALL (to STEPHEN.)

Oh, would that you could stay, and here remain,
 Nor wander from us to some distant shore,
 Nor give your true and tried friends anxious pain,
 To think that they may never see you more.
 Oh, would that you could stay, but if it be
 That you must go, we shall remember thee,
 If you must go, we shall remember thee,

BARTON. Hark! (*all listen. The sound of small drums heard in the distance.*)

(*The sound of a fife and drum playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the tramp of approaching men are heard in the distance.*)

STEPHEN (*aloud.*) This must be the squad coming for me.

(*All listen again. A number of grenadiers and maidens with flags, etc., headed by a fife and drum, enter. As they get on the stage the orchestra play the "British Grenadiers." The men march around the stage till the tune is ended. Stephen salutes them. They then form a line and keep step, advancing and receding while singing.*)

We are the British Grenadiers,
 A jovial set who have no fears,
 We are the British Grenadiers,
 March on, march on, away.
 Though we can charge, and fire, and fight,
 We'd rather dance and sing all night,
 Than wound or kill a foe through spite,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

CHORUS. We are the British Grenadiers,
 A jovial set who have no fears,
 We are the British Grenadiers,
 March on, march on, away.

We are the British Grenadiers,
 Received by girls and all with cheers,
 We are the British Grenadiers,
 March on, march on, away.
 And if to battle we must go,
 We'll never crush a fallen foe,
 But lift him up and let him go,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

CHORUS.

We are the British Grenadiers,
A jovial set who have no fears,
We are the British Grenadiers,
March on, march on, away.

SERGEANT (to STEPHEN.)

Well, my brave lad, here we are now for you,
I'm glad to see that you are ready, too.
A prize to you in battle-field may fall—
A silver medal or a leaden ball.

STEPHEN (to the SERGEANT).

Indeed, kind sergeant, I do not care which,
Perhaps the latter will make me most rich.

(To ANNA, taking her hand.)

Dear friend, my mother I shall leave to you,
Like me, she knows your heart is good and true.

ANNA (to STEPHEN.)

Till you come back, near her I here shall stay.

STEPHEN (to ANNA.)

Alas, when shall that be, when, who can say?

ANNA (to STEPHEN.)

Not long, I hope; you'll let us from you hear.

STEPHEN (to ANNA.)

Yes, my good girl, of that you need not fear.

SONG—STEPHEN.

(While singing he makes corresponding drill movements.)

I'm enlisted in the British ranks,
And, in my drill, must go through curious pranks;
Must keep "eyes right," and then stand quite erect,
Wheel to the right, in orders so direct,
Or if "left wheel," must face the other way,
Not long in one position can you stay.
A new recruit they always like to tease—
'Tis now "attention," now 'tis "stand at ease."
"Forward" is heard, and forward you must go,
Or if "Retire," you must not be too slow,
"Prepare to charge," and down your bayonets fall,
"Make ready, fire," and off you send the ball.
A soldier's life attractive is to some,
Who like to hear the trumpet and the drum.
If I now fail, it shall not be my fault,
I'll do my duty till death bids me halt.

STEPHEN (to SERGEANT.) I'm ready, sergeant; let us no longer stay.

SERGEANT. All right, my man. (To the men.) Left wheel!
Quick march, away.

(They march twice around the stage, the maidens waving time with their flags, and singing)

These are the British Grenadiers,
 With bear-skin caps, and guns and spears,
 These are the British Grenadiers,
 Don't they look proud and gay ?
 And when to dinner they all go
 Roast beef will meet a mortal foe,
 No mercy then they ever show,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

(Eccunt all while singing the first verse of the song. STEPHEN marches in the rear between MARINA and ANNA, followed by maidens waving their flags. Curtain.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1ST — *A parlour or drawing room.*

(LADY FORD seated at a table. MARINA sewing near by. Enter SIR RICHARD FORD, in lively mood, holding out a letter. LADY FORD and MARINA rise. He sings :

Here is good news, a letter just to hand.
 He has arrived in his own native land.
 Our son is on his way and he will soon be here,
 We may cheer up, we may cheer up,
 And now no longer fear.

BOTH (*in lively mood*).

We may cheer up, may cheer up,
 And now no longer fear.

SIR RICH'D. A day or less may bring him home once more,
 Among his friends on his own native shore,
 A few hours now at most perhaps 'twill only be,
 When our brave lad, when our brave lad,
 We here again shall see.

BOTH. Our soldier lad, our soldier lad,
 We here again shall see.

LADY FORD. What delightful news. My dear son to be with us so soon.

SIR RICH'D. Yes, Dick is coming back all safe and sound, not a head, or a leg, or an arm missing.

LADY FORD (*to MARINA*). Back after about four long years, Marina.

MARINA. A long time, indeed. It must be delightful intelligence for your ladyship.

SIR RICH'D. Pleasant, delightful, glorious; of course it is. I feel joyfully excited. (*Evinces delight.*)

LADY FORD. He may be here now at any moment.

SIR RICH'D. At any moment. I can scarcely restrain myself. In fact we should do nothing but sing or dance till he comes back. (*He skips about.*)

LADY FORD. Well, thank goodness, the war is over.

SIR RICH'D. Yes, over for a while. But you know there must be soldiers and periodical wars or else the human race would—

would—that is to say, there would be too many of us if we were all let die a natural death.

LADY FORD. Shocking! Dreadful to think of. But the war is over at last.

SIR RICH'D. Over for the present. Anyway as Dick has his head on his shoulders, I hope he will have no more to do with bayonets, or bullets, or bombshells.

LADY FORD. Shocking! Not if I can help it.

DUETT—SIR RICH'D AND LADY FORD

The war is over and peace proclaimed,
Some have won honors, some are unaimed
And many have fired their last shot,
How soon their names will be forgot,

TRIO (*with MARINA*).

But one comes free from wounds or pain.
He will be welcome home again,
But one comes free from wounds or pain,
He will be welcome home again.

DUETT. What anxious hours by night and day,
We've spent since he has been away,
What painful rumours oft were spread,
That he was found among the dead.

TRIO. But back he comes across the main,
He will be welcome home again.
But back he comes across the main,
He will be welcome home again.

SIR RICHARD. Well, Dick knows what a welcome we shall give him. After all his wandering he will find no place like his early home. It was here where he was born.

LADY FORD. Yes, here, and now after his long travels, he is about to return to his birth-place.

SIR RICH'D. Why, it seems to me but yesterday since he was racing around here as a boy, trundling his hoop, and like other chaps of his age, quite mischievous at times.

LADY FORD. Oh, never very mischievous.—But, Marina, what a lonely time we have had since he has been away.

MARINA. No doubt, your ladyship.

LADY FORD (*to MARINA*). You, of course, like others, have formed an attachment for the home of your youth. That is mostly associated in the mind with the fairest pictures of the memory.

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MARINA. Yes, my lady, the cottage in which I was born was shaded by an old oak tree, under which I used to sit at evening looking out at the sea. I still think it is the most beautiful place on earth.

SONG—MARINA.

Sweet home of youth, sweet humble cot,
 Beneath the spreading tree,
 The great old oak where birds awoke,
 To sing their songs to me,
 The lark on high, in the blue sky,
 Seemed like a singing star.
 The thrush's note around did float,
 To hail Aurora's car.

CHORUS. Sweet home of youth, sweet humble cot,
 Beneath the spreading tree,
 The great old oak, where birds awoke
 To sing their songs for me.

Those beautiful dawns and pleasant days
 Are now for ever past.
 The pictures bright that met my sight,
 Could not for ever last.
 Friends, one by one, went off alone,
 Bliss once they brought to me;
 Still they are near, for ever dear,
 In my fond memory.

CHORUS. Sweet home of youth, etc., etc.
 How oft in dreams those scenes survive,
 Which gave a charm to life;
 The sunny hours and shaded bowers,
 So far from care and strife,
 Such scenes will come in sleep to some,
 Such visions cheer my way.
 They disappear yet still bring near
 Hope for another day.

CHORUS. Sweet home of youth, etc., etc.

SIR RICH'D (*to MARINA.*) Capital! Lady Fay's daughter could not sing half so well, though her aristocratic voice was trained by skilled professors.

LADY FORD (*irritated, to SIR RICH'D.*) Shocking! One in your position should not speak in that way. We should be proud of our aristocracy.

SIR RICH'D. Aristocracy! Fudge. (*Laughs.*) Oh, of course, one in my position should be cautious. (*Struts consequentially.*)

It will not do to make the lower orders too familiar with aristocratic defects. Ha, ha!

LADY FORD. Shocking! Certainly not. A line should be drawn somewhere.

SIR RICH'D. Well, draw on that line and we shall drag to the surface some of our not very remote ancestors. My grandfather was but a lamplighter—yours you know was a—a—a butcher.

(LADY FORD starts, puts her fingers to her ears, and cries, *Oh, Shocking!*)

SONG.

SIR RICH'D. My father was in humble sphere,

LADY FORD. Your brain I'm sure is rocking,

SIR RICH'D. And yours a butcher was, my dear,

LADY FORD (*putting her fingers to her ears.*)

Oh, shocking, shocking, shocking!

BOTH (*putting their fingers to their ears.*)

Oh, shocking, shocking, shocking!

SIR RICH'D. My mother often earned her bread.

LADY FORD. I fear the truth your mocking

SIR RICH'D. She worked with yarn both grey and red.

LADY FORD. Don't say she knit a stocking.

BOTH. Oh, would that not be shocking,
Oh, shocking, shocking, shocking.

LADY FORD. How dreadful! There is no use talking to you to be cautious of what you say, you are so selfish and willful.

SONG—SIR RICHARD.

I am a selfish, willful man,
I seize the largest part I can,
Of every pleasure in this life
And share it with my loving wife.
Yet still through all this mortal span,
She will say I'm a selfish man.

LADY FORD. A selfish man, a wilful man.

MARINA. He's not a selfish, wilful man.

BOTH. But after all, say what you can,
What man is not a selfish man?
But, after all, say what you can,
What man is not a selfish man.

SIR RICH'D. A fisherman's a *selfish* man.

SIR RICHARD.

The miser hides his bags of gold,
Nor opens them though he grows old,
What wealth I have I mostly spend,
To cheer my wife or help my friend;
Yet still through all this mortal span,
She will say I'm a selfish man.

LADY FORD. Sometimes a selfish, wilful man.

MARINA. He's not a selfish, wilful man.

BOTH. But after all, say what we can,
What man is not a selfish man?
But, after all, say what we can,
What man is not a selfish man.

SIR RICH'D. A fisherman's a *self*-fish man.

SIR RICH'D. Dear wife, let us not talk of selfishness. I prefer to sing now, even were it but to join in a simple chorus.

CHORUS.

A sweet little chorus,
Without notes before us,
May just get our voices in tune,
We will then sing together,
Of daisies or heather,
Or of the bright beams of the moon.

(While singing CAPT. FORD enters unperceived, and steps on tip-toe behind them, joining in singing the last three lines and repeating alone the last line. Hearing another voice they turn around in surprise and discover the captain. MARINA is astonished.)

LADY FORD. My dear son! My dear Richard! Is it possible? (They embrace.) How glad I am to see you after your long absence. (LADY FORD leans on his arm.)

SIR RICH'D (seizing his hand). 'Pon my soul we are, Dick, very glad to see you, very glad. I knew you would be here soon.

CAPT. FORD. Not so soon as I wished. I often longed to be back again.

LADY FORD. I am sure of that, dear Richard. How I have wished and prayed for your return.

CAPT. FORD. No place like home and old England after all.

LADY FORD. What a delightful surprise. But we expected you. Your letter has only just been received.

CAPT. FORD. Indeed. Then I might have brought it myself,

SIR RICH'D. Faith you might. Well, here you are, Dick—but
(to LADY FORD) look at him. Dark as a Hindoo or Hottentot.
We will keep you anyway until you get your natural color again.

LADY FORD. Yes, for a long time. How glad to meet.

ENSEMBLE.

How glad to meet once more again,
What joy to see returning friends,
Whose absence ever brings the pain,
Which only in their presence ends.
Oh, it is sweet those friends to greet,
And know they come back to remain.

How glad to meet once more again,
What joy to see returning friends,
Whose absence ever brings the pain,
Which only in their presence ends.

CAPT. FORD. This getting back is indeed very pleasant, but
(aside to SIR RICH'D) who is our young friend?

SIR RICH'D. Oh, yes. This little excitement has made me forgetful. Dick, this is Marina, or rather Miss Barton. Miss Barton, this is my son, the wanderer just returned. Marina is your mother's special favorite.

CAPT. FORD (*bowing to MARINA*). And a very sweet singer as I have just heard. (*To LADY FORD*.) I must compliment you on your choice, mother.

LADY FORD (*displeased draws the CAPTAIN away. Aside*). Shocking! Oh, what nonsense. She is only my maid—only a fisherman's daughter.

CAPT. FORD (*rapturously gazing at MARINA*). His pet dolphin, I imagine. Beautiful, isn't she.

LADY FORD (*aside and displeased*). Oh, folly, folly, Richard, to speak that way. Shocking! She is scarcely more than a domestic.

CAPT. FORD (*to his mother*.) Well, if I am a judge, she was born for something higher than that.

LADY FORD (*aside to CAPTAIN FORD*). Hist! She will overhear what you say. You will turn her head.

CAPT. FORD (*to his mother*.) Or rather, from my present feeling, she will likely turn my heart.

LADY FORD (*hastily*). Tut, tut! Ridiculous! Shocking!

SIR RICH'D. Well, Dick, now that you are back, how long do you intend to stay?

CAPT. FORD. How long? Oh, a few months or so. I have brought one of our chaps with me, named Stephen. He was once

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(MARINA)

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a fisherman, and he left me at London to go down to Dover Bay to see some of his old friends.

(MARINA hearing this is greatly surprised. She steals off the stage.)

LADY FORD Yes, I have heard Marina speak of him.

CAPT. FORD (*aside, after having looked around for MARINA*). I see she is gone. (*Aloud*). Then she may like to see him again; he will soon return. He is a brave fellow; he saved our Colonel's life at Cawnpore.

SIR RICH'D. Then, of course, he is a favorite in the regiment.

CAPT. FORD. Yes; he has been promoted a sergeant.

SIR RICH'D. Good. But what a folly it is that such men are kept from the occupation of civilized life to follow soldiering.

LADY FORD. Perfect folly. War is degrading. Shocking!

CAPT. FORD. Not very civilized I admit. Differences among nations should be left to arbitration, not to war.

SONG—CAPT. FORD.

Martial music's loudest swell,
Glancing swords their meaning tell,
Thundering guns and shot and shell,
Trembling earth, so like a hell.

CHORUS. These to glorious war belong,
Says each patriotic song.

Flags, and drums, and guns, and spears,
Horse and foot and bombardiers;
Bayonet charge, and groans, and cheers,
Dying men and widows' tears.

CHORUS. These to glorious war belong,
Says each patriotic song.

Yet shall come the happy day,
Nation shall to nation say:
Let us fling the sword away,
And at war no longer play.

CHORUS. Then each patriotic song,
Shall no further strife prolong.

SIR RICH'D. These are strange sentiments for a soldier. Egad, the world moves, and soldiers, like others are getting rid of their old notions.

Sings.

The soldier and the sailor,
Philosopher and tailor,

The patriotic teacher,
 And evangelic preacher,
 Have lately wiser grown.
 They're not so opinionated,
 So dogmatic or inflated,
 It has been plainly shewn,
 Since science brought some facts to view,
 How very little they all knew,
 How very little they all knew.

(*Humorously*).

Now common sense and reason,
 So dreaded once as treason,
 By self-sufficient mopers,
 And superstitious gropers,
 Have made a wondrous change,
 Thought now with boldness takes its flight,
 And daily brings fresh truths to light,
 All startling new and strange;
 And men begin to feel and see,
 That mind is only great when free.

That is my opinion. Neither men nor mice are great until they are free. Ha, ha. A soldier is hardly a free man.

CAPT. FORD. No; he must be a mere military machine.

SIR RICH'D. But, Dick, you were always fond of playing the soldier. You were, I might say, born one. Why, you remember when you were only a little fellow that high (*holds out his hand*), you used to drill us here every day.

CAPT. FORD. Ha, ha. Yes, I remember.

LADY FORD. Why, it seems but yesterday. Your father and I had to stand in the ranks and march with the rest about the room after you.

SIR RICH'D. And then we had to call in Tom the butler, and Ned the gardener, and Nora the nurse, and men and maids, to form your regiment. (*Looks toward the door*). By, the bye, see, most of them are just here, one would think they came to attend drill again. (*A number of servants are seen at the door*.)

LADY FORD (*to* CAPT. FORD). They have just heard of your return and wish to welcome you.

CAPT. FORD. Well, I am very glad to see them again. (*He goes among them shaking hands*.)

SIR RICHARD (*to the servants*). We were just speaking about the times long ago, when we all had to please our noble captain by letting him drill and march us about in this very room.

SERVANT. Yes, Sir Richard, we remember.

SIR RICH'D. And now, just to humor my whim, let us have another such drill. We have now a real Captain to lead us. Let us try.

CAPT. FORD. You wish to make me a boy again. Well, I am willing.

SERVANT. So are we all, sir.

SIR RICH'D *(to the butler.)* Tom, go into my study and you will find his boy's sword and his drum—I have kept them ever since—and then we shall have a grand review on this auspicious occasion.

(Tom, the butler, retires and brings the articles mentioned. They form a line, CAPT. FORD, with the drum, in front. Brooms and sticks are used for arms. They step to the front, CAPT. FORD beating the drum while the orchestra play. They form twos and sing while marching around the stage. LADY FORD is seated; laughs and enjoys the scene.)

SONG.

CAPT. FORD. A soldier's life is the life for me,
All marching along so merrily,
While roving around from day to day,
The drums will beat and the band will play.

ALL. Each man is true and is free from care,
And makes himself happy everywhere.

CHORUS. A soldier's life is the life for me,
All marching along so merrily,

SIR RICH'D. He is a noble fellow all will say,
And ready for duty every day,
He hears the sound of the trumpet's call,
Nor fears a shell or a cannon ball.

ALL. He'll laugh or fight, or he'll dance or sing,
And feels as contented as any king.

CHORUS. A soldier's life is the life for me,
All marching along so merrily.

(They form a line, advance, keep step and salute, while the orchestra repeats the last part of the air.)

SIR RICH'D. Well, I think we have done pretty well though we have been so long out of practise. Now, Tom, *(to the butler)* go and draw some of your best ale and drink the Captain's health.

SERVANT. Thank you, sir. *(They retire. Enter MARINA.)*

SIR RICH'D *(to MARINA.)* Ah, you missed our grand review—
—one of our old time military displays. But consider yourself enlisted for the next occasion.

MARINA. For the peace army I hope, Sir Richard.

LADY FORD. Yes, we shall all join that.

CAPT. FORD. After my experience of actual war I would be disposed to join also.

SIR RICH'D. A peace army? Egad, there may be something in that—the advance guard of the new ideas. Firing loaves of bread at hungry soldiers might do more to subdue them than sending the usual missiles. A good idea. Hope to see it tried some day.

LADY FORD. I hope it may. It will be the dawn of a bright day for the world.

SIR RICH'D. A fine bright day, such as we now have.

DUETT—SIR RICHARD AND LADY FORD

See the dawn of the fair bright morning,
 Now lingering on the mountains high,
 A thousand mellow notes give warning,
 To tell the glorious sun is nigh.
 Calmly the beauteous rose lies sleeping,
 Still freighted with its load of dew,
 While all the other flowers seem keeping,
 The day's first roseate steps in view.

The early lark on high is singing,
 The sunbeams burst on every side,
 Delighted birds their way are winging,
 O'er verdant fields and meadows wide.
 See sparkling streams from rocks are gushing.
 How fragrant is the morning air,
 The ocean's waves seem gaily rushing,
 Proud of the shining foam they bear.

And when at night the moon is beaming
 On silent vales and vacant bow'rs,
 When light from distant stars is streaming,
 As if to cheer the lonely hours,
 How sweet to hear the soft wind sighing—
 The perfumed breath of summer night—
 And hear the nightingale replying,
 Waiting for dawn with pure delight.

(While the duett is being sung CAPT. FORD converses with MARINA, paying her great attention. STEPHEN, who has returned, is seen watching them from behind the door of the apartment.)

CAPT. FORD (to LADY FORD). Your young friend tells me that she dislikes city life and would prefer to live here in the country.

LADY FORD (*aside to CAPT. FORD*). The most sensible place for such persons.

SIR RICH'D. She shows her good sense by keeping clear of artificial friendship and polished inanities.

SONG—MARINA.

How happy is the village maid,
 Away from gilded fashion's maze,
 In which her bloom too soon might fade,
 While lost in pleasure's giddy ways;
 But here she can see hills of green,
 And verdant slopes that greet the eye,
 Each hour to her will be serene,
 As peaceful hours and days go by.

How happy is the village maid,
 With simple pleasures quite content.
 She will prefer the rural shade
 To life in brilliant city spent.
 I fain would live near fields and trees,
 And see each day the blushing flow'rs,
 And scent their fragrance on the breeze,
 There would I spend my leisure hours.

SIR RICH'D. Indeed, from what I have seen of the world a rural life is the happiest.

CAPT. FORD. I am inclined to think so, too, particularly as such blushing flowers can be found nowhere else. (*Bowing to MARINA*.)

LADY FORD (*to CAPT. FORD*). Well, then, stay. You have wandered far enough.

CAPT. FORD. Yes, we shall all stay.

DUETT.—CAPT. FORD AND MARINA.

CAPT. FORD. Stay, ever stay,

BOTH. I will not live in a city,

CAPT. FORD. Go not away,

Now to leave would be a pity,

BOTH.

Oh, no, I will stay, I'll remain,

Here peace I shall not seek in vain,

This my home, this my home shall be,

With the friends that are still true to me.

This my home, this my home shall be,

With the friends that are still true to me.

CAPT. FORD. Day after day,
 BOTH. Shall bring us hours of pure pleasure,
 CAPT. FORD. And on life's way
 Hope still will be our dearest treasure,
 BOTH. Still here, quite content and resigned,
 No care shall ever cloud the mind,
 This my home, this my home shall be,
 With the friends that are still true to me.
 This my home, this my home shall be,
 With the friends that are still true to me.

SIR RICH'D. Well, this re-union makes this one of the happiest days of my life—indeed, perhaps the happiest, my marriage day, of course, always excepted.

LADY FORD. Shocking! What a story! Ha, ha! I think you scarcely except that.

SIR RICH'D. Oh, yes, I do. This is summer time, the sky is blue and the sun shines just as brightly as it did on that happy day, long ago.

QUARTETTE—SIR RICHARD, LADY FORD, CAPT. FORD AND MARINA.

Soft the fragrant winds are blowing,
 Roses blush on every side,
 Flow'rs around are gaily showing
 Summer in its early pride,
 Modest lillies near each bower,
 Seem to shun noon's fervid glare,
 Waiting till some genial shower,
 Flings them pearly drops to wear.

Beauteous summer weather,
 Daisies gather,
 Beauteous summer weather,
 Moss and heather,
 Beauteous summer weather,
 Flow'rs together,
 'Tis the charming summer time.

When night comes the moon's soft beams
 Around are spread, around are spread,
 And the countless stars on high,
 Their radiance shed, their radiance shed;
 Then the nightingale with mellow song,
 Sings its lullaby the whole night long.

Beauteous summer weather,
 Daisies gather,

Beauteous summer weather,
Moss and heather,
Beauteous summer weather,
Flow'rs together,
'Tis the beauteous summer time.

(While they are singing STEPHEN is seen outside again, stealthily watching CAPT. FORD and MARINA. A servant approaches and he retires. Enter a servant who whispers to SIR RICHARD.)

SIR RICH'D. Here, Dick. A number of our people are waiting to give you a welcome. *(To the villagers.)* Come in, Come in.

(A number of villagers in holiday dress enter. CAPT. FORD goes among them, and after salutations they sing.)

The war is o'er and peace proclaimed,
He has come back with honors gained ;
What anxious hours by night and day,
We've spent since he has been away.
But back he came across the main,
He now is welcome home again,
But back he came across the main,
He now is welcome home again.

CAPT. FORD. Indeed, my friends, I am glad to see you all once more. I know you welcome me home again and I feel rejoiced on this occasion.

SIR RICH'D. Now let us to the grove, 'tis a beautiful day. We shall celebrate this event outside with a dance.

VILLAGER. Yes, Sir Richard, that's it, a dance.

All sing.

Beauteous summer weather,
Daisies gather,
Beauteous summer weather,
Moss and heather,
Beauteous summer weather,
Flow'rs together,
'Tis the charming summer time.

(Exeunt all.)

SCENE II.—*A park or forest.*

(Enter STEPHEN *hastily in an excited condition. He looks around as if dreading pursuit.*)

STEPHEN.

I must flee, I must flee,
 I have taken the life
 Of him who deceived one
 Who might have been my wife.
 I must flee, I must flee,
 For my crime is found out,
 And now, like Cain of old,
 I must wander about.

(MARINA *rushes in greatly agitated. She addresses STEPHEN.*)

MARINA.

Oh, madman, curse the day
 You came to seek me here;
 You tried to take away
 A life to all so dear.
 You know not his kind heart,
 No wrong he could commit;
 To me no treach'rous part
 His honor would permit.

STEPHEN.

I took his life, for day by day
 I saw you here together.
 I often watched you both here stray,
 Though foul or fair the weather.
 His life I took, 'twas for your sake—
 I felt that you he had betrayed;
 But I shall make amends, and take
 My worthless life—farewell, dear maid.

(*He pulls out a pistol intending to shoot himself.*)

MARINA.

Stay, stay your hand, unhappy man;
 (She seizes his arm.)
 One crime's enough, go while you can;
 He lives—you must from here take flight.
 The wound you gave was only slight.

Away, escape, he will forgive
Your horrid act, and let you live.

Enter a corporal and three privates. They seize him by the arms.)

CORPORAL—RECIT.

Halt! stand! we seize you for a great offence,
You have to answer and to make defence,
Although to you we all have been quite partial,
We now must take you to a high court martial.

(Enter SIR RICHARD, LADY FORD, AND CAPT. FORD.)

RECIT.—SIR RICHARD *(to the guard.)*

Let him escape, we can forgive the deed,
For his full pardon we shall intercede.

RECIT.—LADY FORD.

Yes, let him go, we understand it all,
His jealous feeling sped the erring ball.

RECIT.—CAPT. FORD *(to STEPHEN.)*

Though nearly fatal as your act has been,
If brought to court, that act I'll try to screen;
You've wronged me and your folly may bring woe,
But no resentment to you I shall show.

RECIT.—MARINA *(to the guard.)*

His generous captain as you see,
Is willing that he should be free;
Oh, gallant men, pray let him go,
And thus a soldier's kindness show.

RECIT.—CORPORAL.

We dare not, for we orders must obey,
And off to prison lead him quick away.

(Exeunt guard with STEPHEN.)

MARINA.—Sings.

Oh, God, that this should ever be,
My heart is full of misery;
He loves me, yet, alas, in vain,
No love can I return again.
And oh, how sad may be the fate,
That soon, too soon may him await,
Oh, what I'd give his life to save,
And keep him from an early grave.

CAPT. FORD.

By laws of war it is decreed,
That who his captain's life would take,
Is guilty of a treach'rous deed,
Thus strictest martial laws to break;
A drum-head court, which pities not,
Says such offender must be shot—

(*Looks.*) But who is it that comes this way,
Let us hear what she has to say.

(*Enter ANNA. She runs to MARINA. They embrace.*)

ANNA.

Marina, I have travelled here,
I heard the dreadful news;
My mind unhappy is with fear,
No moment must we loose.
I hoped to meet him, but the law,
At once his flight, perhaps forswaw,
And Stephen, now in prison bound,
Must lie upon the cold, damp ground.

SIR RICH'D. Cheer up, we'll plead his cause and get him free.

MARINA (*recit.*)

Let us go, Anna, to his cell.
And there this cheering promise tell.

(*Exeunt ANNA and MARINA.*)

SIR RICH'D. Here, let us away, too. We shall see to this, and
do all that is possible to save him,

(*Exeunt SIR RICHARD, LADY FORD, AND CAPT. FORD.*)

SCENE III.

A prison cell in gloom. STEPHEN manacled, is seen in C, sitting at a rough table, upon which his arms are stretched out and his head resting on them.

Enter BARTON and HARRY, in mournful attitude. Prison officials stand by. MARINA and ANNA enter soon after and step slowly toward STEPHEN. They kneel on either side of him.

BARTON *sings.*

We come to take a last adieu,
We clung to hope in vain;

No more can we do now for you,
Ah! how this thought gives pain.

(STEPHEN *stands up, also* MARINA *and* ANNA.)

STEPHEN *sings.*

My trial's o'er, condemned am I,
Sealed is my fate.
Before another hour I die;
How sad my state.
My dream of life will soon be past,
This very day will be my last.

Soon shall the deep-toned funeral bell,
Toll, toll for me,
Soon shall I have to bid farewell,
To all I see;
Soon shall my throbbing heart be still;
This living form be dead and chill.

ALL.

Alas, the day he left the bay,
He would not stay, he went away,
No more we pray, we only say,
Alas, alas the day.

BARTON *sings.*

I watched him in his childhood days,
And boyhood's happy time,
I saw his kind and pleasant ways,
Until his manhood's prime.
To live an honest life he strove,
But sorrow came with his first love.

Ah, what a sight to see him here,
In fetters and in chains;
How sad to know his doom so near,
The doom which ends all pains.
How sad to know that this dear friend,
Must meet an ignominious end.

HARRY (*to* STEPHEN) *sings.*

Oh, comrade ever true,
We found in you
A strong and trusty friend,
Ready to lend,
All times a helping hand;
On sea or land.

How freely we could give,
 To have you live,
 The boats and nets we own,
 A crown or throne,
 To save you from disgrace,
 I'd take your place.

MARINA *sings.*

What heart more sad than mine;
 I am the cause of all;
 Away my life shall pine,
 I wish death's early call.
 To me all will be gloom,
 I've sent him to the tomb.

My soul will feel no peace;
 This sorrow I have brought;
 I ne'er shall find release
 From the desponding thought;
 Each hour will have its sigh,
 As days and years pass by.

ANNA *sings.*

Why have I lived to see
 This dark and doleful day?
 What's life to me?
 'Twill ever be, 'twill ever be,
 But sorrow, but sorrow, but sorrow.

Day after day my prayer
 Shall be for death's release;
 His woe I'd share,
 Or all would bear, or all would bear,
 To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow.

(*She looks at STEPIEN, raising her arms in anguish.*)

My heart will break, my heart will break,
 I'll only speak, I'll only speak,
 Of sorrow, of sorrow, of sorrow.

ALL.

Alas, the day he left the bay,
 He would not stay, he went away;
 No more we pray, we only say,
 Alas, alas, the day.

Now we part for ever,
 Death will quickly sever,
 Ties and feelings,
 Sweet revealings,
 Hearts divided,
 Fate decided,
 Each fond token
 Must be broken,
 All is over now.

(The tolling of a bell is heard outside.)

RECIT.—BARTON,

Hark, 'tis the doleful bell,
 We know its meaning well;
 It bids us take farewell.

(A number of soldiers and prison officials enter. BARTON, MARINA and HARRY take STEPHEN by the hand and take farewell. ANNA sinks in a swoon at his feet. The sound of trumpets is heard outside. CAPT. FORD rushes in and cries, "A reprieve!" He is followed by SIR RICHARD, LADY FORD and others, who also cry "A Reprieve!" They raise Anna.)

(Enter the Queen's Messenger, accompanied by soldiers and others.)

QUEEN'S MESSENGER *(to the Sheriff.)* This pardon, from Her Majesty the Queen, I have been commissioned to deliver to you. *(He holds out a document and hands the paper to the Sheriff, who looks over it and while so doing says):*

This is from the Queen and is directed to the governor of this prison and to the Sheriff and all others concerned. Her Majesty says that taking into her royal consideration the favorable representation of her trusty and beloved cousin, Sir Richard Ford, and others, made on behalf of the said Stephen, and being in this case, for sundry good and sufficient reasons, inclined to mercy, hereby and by these presents grants a full pardon to him, the said Stephen, restoring him to his former rank and position in our service, of which all our liege subjects are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

ANNA. Thank heaven, you are saved, you are free.

BARTON. An act of mercy in the nick of time; not a moment to soon.

MARINA. Oh, what a blessed relief to me! Let us give thanks and sing aloud in praise of mercy.

LADY FORD. Yes, let every voice be raised in thanksgiving. He is saved, he is free.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A sea view as in ACT I.*

A number of maidens, fishermen and soldiers are seen around in groups conversing. On a rustic bench, at one side, LADY FORD is seated between MARINA and ANNA. Near the centre SIR RICHARD, STEPHEN and CAPT. FORD. Enter BARTON followed by HARRY.

BARTON. Happy day, happy day, welcome all to the bay, old friends and new friends together.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
Welcome all here to the bay;
Welcome friends both old and new,
We are happy this to do,
Happy day, happy day,
Welcome all here to the bay,
Welcome all here to the bay.

BARTON (*taking STEPHEN by the hand and leading him to ANNA.*)
What a true, fond, and noble advocate, you have found in this brave girl.

STEPHEN (*taking ANNA's hand.*) I know it, I know her value now; her full value.

SIR RICH'D (*to BARTON.*) And what a friend we have found in your daughter.

LADY FORD. An excellent creature.

CAPT. FORD (*aside.*) I am glad you have discovered it.

LADY FORD. She is incomparable.

CAPT. FORD. We must keep her then. (*He leads MARINA to C. STEPHEN also leads ANNA to C.*)

HARRY (*aside.*) This looks like mating. Stephen is satisfied at last. (*Looks around.*) I wonder if I can find an excellent incomparable creature. Its hard if I can't find one among these. (*He goes among the maidens.*)

STEPHEN (*to ANNA, taking her hand*) sings.

Oh, loving heart and true,
I knew not you;

'Twas in my darkest hour,
I felt your power.
My heart is now your throne,
Reign there alone.

ANNA.

How sweet those words to hear,
To me how dear;
How truly I can say,
My fears have passed away.
This is to me a happy day.

BETH.

Blest be this happy day,
We fondly pray;
And may our future be,
All harmony.
We now have but one heart,
No more we part.

CAPT. FORD (to MARINA, takes her hand) sings.

Thou hast my heart, I ask thine hand,
Here before all, this vow I make :
No titled honor, great or grand,
Shall ever tempt me to forsake
Thine own dear self, if thou wilt be
A true and loving wife to me.

MARINA sings.

I only am an humble maid;
No dowry can I ever claim,
No deed of mine has cast a shade,
Or brought to me one blush of shame.
If knowing this, thou me wilt chose,
Thine offer I cannot refuse.

DUETT.—CAPT. FORD AND MARINA.

Now doubt and fear have passed away, have passed away,
Our life shall be like some calm day,
And though at times clouds may outspread, clouds may outspread,
We'll still hope on, and feel no dread.

While we still hope, our lives shall be,
All harmony, all harmony.

Oh, blissful hour, when gentle love, when gentle love,
Like some pure spirit from above,

Flings o'er each soul that holy spell, that holy spell,
Which only true love knows so well.
(Coda.) Oh, blissful hour, our lives shall be,
All harmony, all harmony.

When time has fled with months and years, months and years,
And when our life's decline appears,
We'll calmly watch the setting sun, the setting sun,
Nor grieve to think our race near run,
The future still to us will be,
All harmony, all harmony.

ALL.

Sweet harmony, sweet harmony,
How blest together all shall be,
When purest love our hearts unite,
And cheering hope looks fair and bright.
Hail to this hour, for now we see,
Each union blest with harmony.
With harmony, sweet harmony.

HARRY. Well, well, here is Stephen back again to the bay.
He is at his old trade once more, and if my eyes do not deceive
me, he has been already fishing to some purpose; even the gallant
Captain has evidently secured a mermaid. What shall I be able
to haul in? It is, however, plain enough, that one way or
another, we all go a-fishing. Some fish in muddy water and
lose their hooks; some pull up only weeds; some get only shell-
fish; some catch cat-fish or dog-fish; some come across sharks,
while others bring to the surface a golden dolphin. In fishing, as
in everything else, there is often the strangest kind of luck.

SONG—HARRY.

"Spreading the Net."

The fisherman's art is one very well known,
And ancient as any that ancient have grown,
In times far remote, as all scholars have read,
Some followed this calling to make out their bread.
We also are told by an authorized pen,
That while some caught fish, there were fishers of men,
And still their successors are anxious—you bet,
To catch human gudgeons, by spreading a net.

All classes, it seems, are on fishing intent;
With silver and gilt hooks, what hours have been spent,
With all kinds of lines, and with curious bait,
Poor fishes are lured, till they lie on the plate.

But catching them thus, is for many too slow,
To get them by hundreds they hurry to go;
A pull in by wholesale is simple—you bet,
If one is but skilful in spreading a net.

Our statesmen, and lawyers, and doctors and all,
Are knowingly watching to make a big haul,
With fish in the sea, we have odd fish ashore,
And land sharks who gobble them up by the score.
We have smooth, pious people, whose meshes scarce fail,
To tangle big flounders by head or by tail.
We have reverend men, quite meek looking—you bet
Who all live like Trojans, while spreading a net.

But most artful of all, are mermaids so fair,
Who sing by the sea-side, while combing their hair;
They sit in the rushes until some queer fish,
Is hooked in the gills and flung into a dish.
What hundreds and thousands have met such a fate,
And still thousands more will go snatch at the bait;
For trapping, or fishing, or snaring—you bet,
None equal the ladies in spreading a net.

The net dance follows. SIR RICHARD, LADY FORD and BARTON are seated on one side. CAPT. FORD leads out MARINA, STEPHEN leads out ANNA. HARRY and the others choose partners. Each female dancer has a small hand net, which is used with graceful motion at intervals in the dance. At the conclusion the female dancers form a line in front, MARINA and ANNA, CAPT. FORD and STEPHEN in the centre the fishermen in the next line behind, and the grenadiers in the line, behind these. The female dancers wave their nets and salute the audience. After this, all sing the last verse of the song "Spreading the Net," and salute as before.

ALL.

But most artful of all, are mermaids so fair,
Who sing by the sea-side, while combing their hair,
They sit in the rushes until some queer fish,
Is hooked in the gills and flung into a dish.
What hundreds and thousands have met such a fate,
And still thousands more will go snatch at the bait,
For trapping, or fishing, or snaring—you bet,
None equal the ladies in spreading a net.

FINALE.

(Curtain.)

