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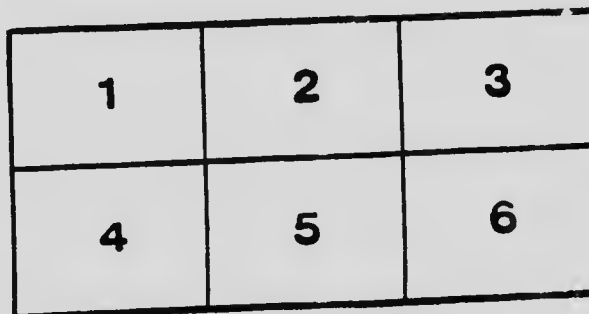
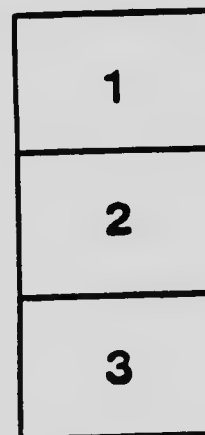
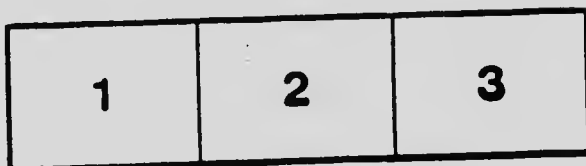
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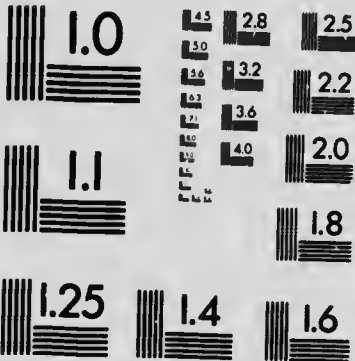
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“SARI”

Operetta in Two Acts

Adapted by

C. C. S. CUSHING and E. P. HEATH

From the German

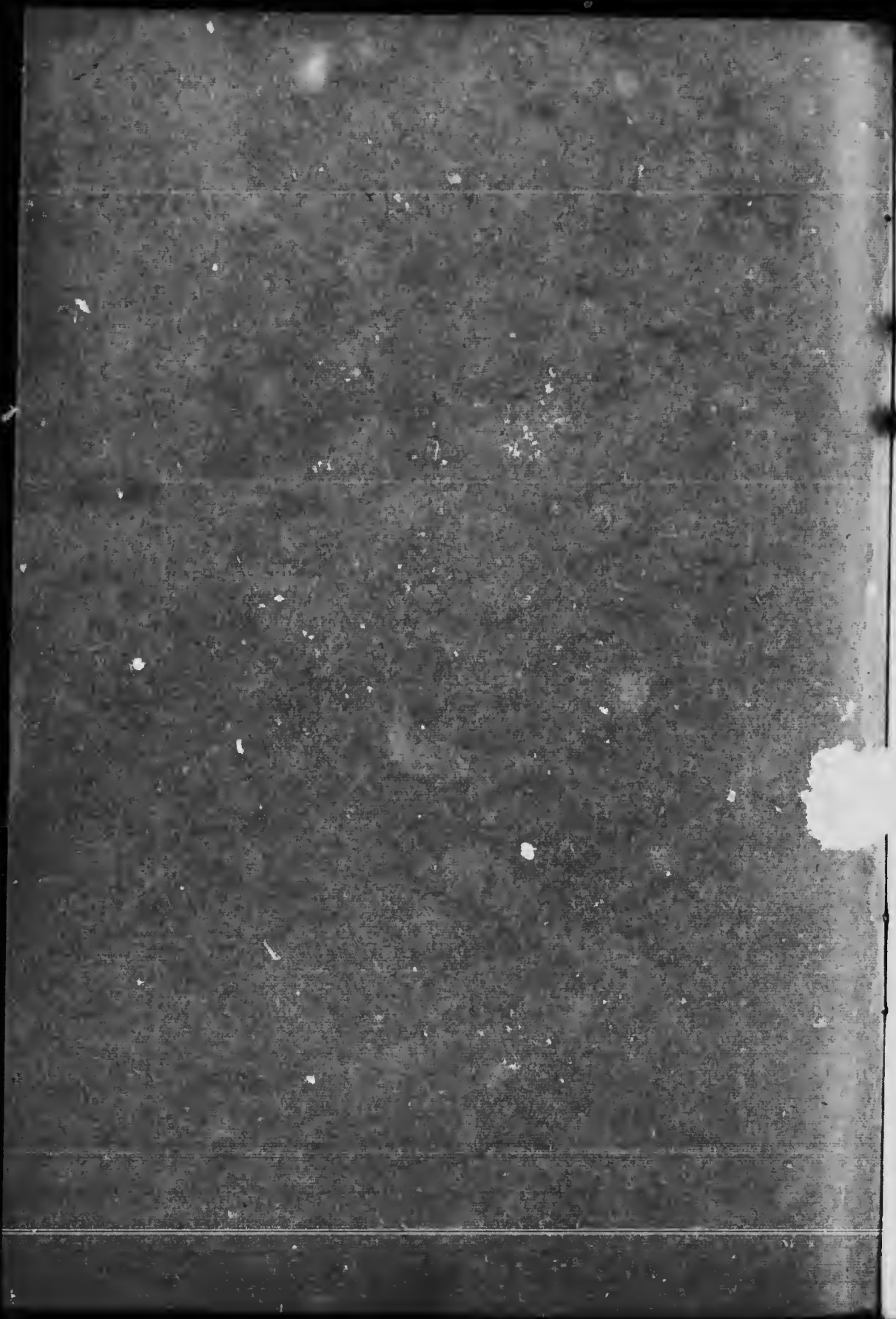
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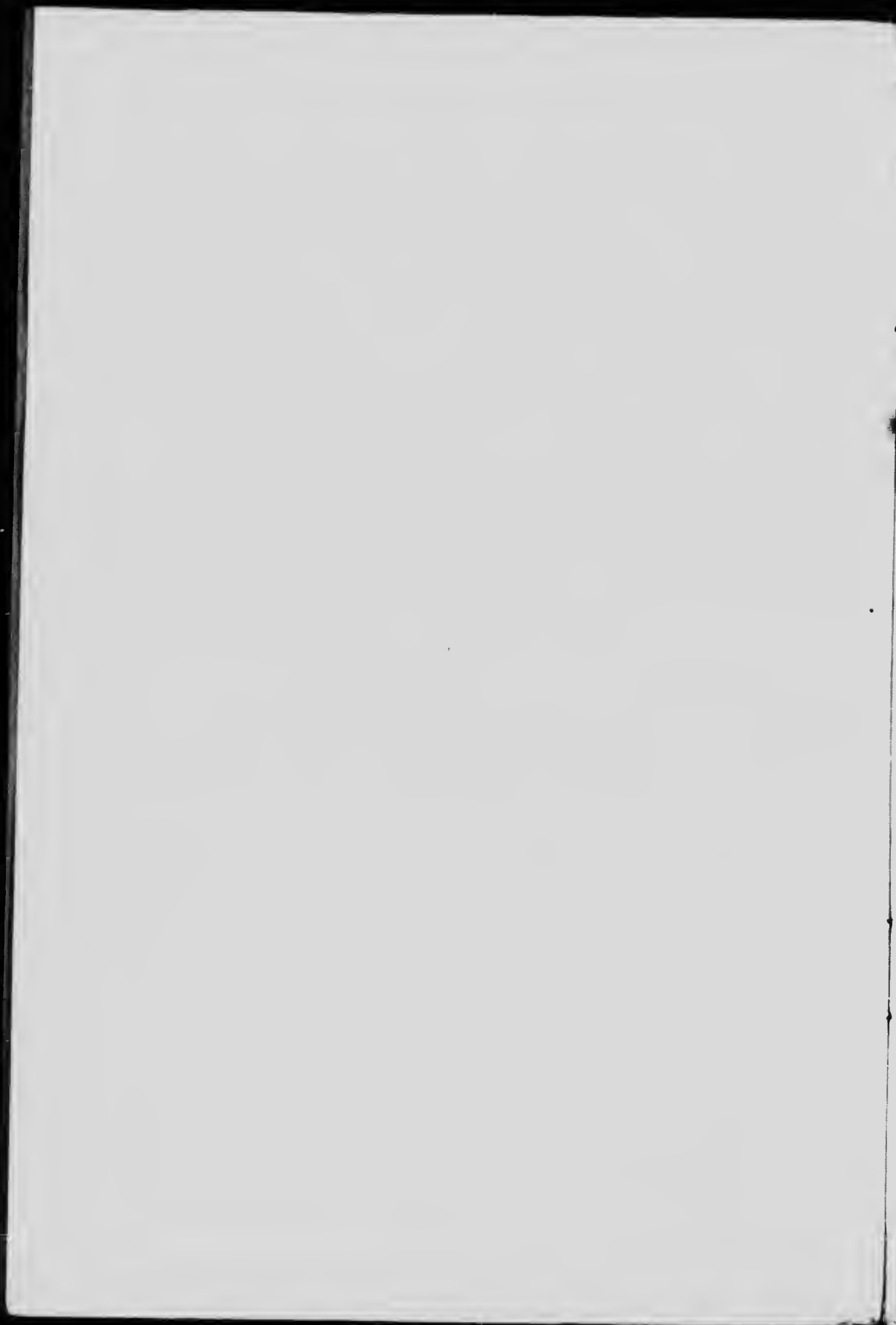
JULIUS WILHELM and FRITZ GRUNBAUM.



Music by EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.







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ACT I.

The court-yard of Pali Racz' house in Lorenzfalva, Hungary.

(As curtain rises Pali Racz reclines on a bench listening to an orchestra of boys who are stupidly but conscientiously trying to read their notes.)

Bowl and the spoon ready for Sari.

SONG NO. 1.

Racz. Stop it, stop it, all this Bedlam,
Do you wish to deafen me?

Boy. We are playing just what's written
One—two—, one—two—one—two—three;
That's how we were taught to do it,
Read your notes was Laczi's rule.

Racz. Laczi! What knows he of music?
Laczi is a simple fool.
The truest art has no connection
With notes and scribbling.
If music you desire to learn
Then in your soul pray look
And sing out what you feel and yearn,
And close your music book.
What matters how the notes are planned.
Who cares for keys or bars?
'Tis minor things that you demand
The earth beneath the stars.

(Repeat the last two lines)

(Taking the violin from one of the boys.)

Give me the fiddle—listen to me,
And I will show you what it should be.

Attention pay. Now I will play.

(Attempts to play, but on account of his gout he makes a mess of it. Finally)—

'Tis not to be,
My art is slave—
Confound the gout
My ligh* is out.
Play, and the devil take you—I'm done.

(They play once more.)

Racz. Out into the garden, all of you. Let Laczi teach you. The gout is painful enough, without having to listen to your scratching. *(The children jubilantly scramble away.)*
(Sari emerges from the house carrying a tray on which there is a bowl of steaming soup. She is almost carried off her feet by several of the children. Protectingly, she raises the tray and scolds.)

Sari. Children, children, be careful. You'll make me spill it. *(She crosses to the table and sets the tray there, then she moves the table near the bench upon which Racz reclines. Racz follows her movements with a peevish air.)*

Racz. Ugh! Barley gruel. Fine food for a grown man; and that face of yours—likely to make one cheerful, isn't it?

Sari. Blame your gout, not me!

Racz. You don't appreciate me. Many a girl would be proud to be my daughter.

Sari. Many a girl doesn't know what it is to have a genius for a father.

Racz. Sari, you have no feeling, no poetry. Tell me—when you look at those mountains with the flush of evening upon them, what do you think?

Sari. That it's time to shut the windows.

Racz. No use, no use. Where's Juliska?

Sari. *(Curtly.)* Never mind about Juliska. The doctor ordered gruel for you—*no* Juliska.

Racz. Not Juliska, eh? What do you mean by that?

Sari. A man with the gout must be quiet. Juliska excites you. The minute you see her, *be-r-r-r-p*, up goes your temperature.

Racz. What rot! It's when Juliska's not around that I get excited. When she is near me—ah, then I feel well again. Then I *am* young.

Sari. Why should you want to be young? You expect to marry Juliska, eh? And she's not old enough to be your grand-daughter.

Racz. *(Importantly.)* Remember this, an artist is as young as

the first ray of dawn, and never older.

Sari. (*Sneering.*) Always a baby.

Racz. (*Rising.*) Sari, you will end by making me angry. I won't listen to you. (*He rises as if to go. At a twinge from his gouty foot Damn!!! (Gives gruel bowl to Sari.)*)

Sari. (*Grins.*) You'd better, if you expect to get well. (*Exit.*)

Racz. (*Gazes after her with a lugubrious expression of despair—*)
What have I come to? Barley gruel! Ordered about by my children! And to think that a few years ago I was Racz, Pali Racz, *The Gypsy Leader*. Applause, decorations and women—ah women! Young ones, old ones, pretty ones, homely ones, all willing to quarrel for a smile from me. And now—ugh—Racz, old man, I am sorry for you.

SOLO No. 2.

Racz. I was Racz, the Gypsy player,
And my fame went far abroad,
None was braver; none was gayer
Than young Racz, the *Gypsy Lord*.
Strong my limbs, my laugh how merry
White my teeth and bright mine eye,
Those were days, Oh, happy very,
Those good days have now gone by,
Those old days have all gone by.

2nd Verse

Oh, the wreaths that once were showered,
Wild applause like fiery wine;
Moonlight nights that overpowered,
Whispered vows of love divine.
Break-neck rides down mountains lonely,
Holding tight, yet careless reins;
Breathing, thinking, heeding only
Youth's hot blood within my viens,
Youth's hot blood within my veins.

Chorus

Time alas, that Tyrant King,
Stern old age, it soon will bring,
Robbing me of everything.
Poor old Racz.
My swan song—my farewell!
I soon must sing.

(At the conclusion of the song Racz hobbles out) (Exit into house.)

(Juliska and Fekette enter—Juliska carries a package of mail.)

Juliska. Why, Pali Racz is not here.

Fekette. Juliska, remember—if Racz asks you to marry him.

Juliska. Yes, father?

Fekette. For my sake say "yes". He is rich, Juliska, and I—

Juliska. You want a famous son-in-law! I will do it, father—since you are so anxious.

Fekette. (Relieved.) I am glad—but you don't seem to be, child.

Juliska. Oh, well, I dreamed of something so different. I am young and—(She breaks away from her mood.) But you need not worry, you can depend on me.

Fekette. He has been my only friend.

Juliska. I know. I love him too.

Fekette. (He catches sight of Racz approaching.) Here he comes now! I'll leave you.

Racz. (Enters.) Ah, little sweetheart, it's good to see you. You're looking just as lovely as usual.

Juliska. I'm glad to see that your foot is better.

Racz. Thank you my girl. Is that the mail?

Juliska. Yes. There is a letter from London, another from Florence, New York, Odessa, Paris, Berlin. Just think of you're getting letters from so many places?

Racz. (Simply.) Why shouldn't I? I am famous. The Racz Hungarian Gypsy Factory is an establishment known all over the world. Our town, Lorinzfalva, now has an industry all its own. When one wants cannons he may go to Krupp, but when he requires gypsies he comes to Racz.

Juliska. And is business good?

Racz. Rushing. The demand exceeds the supply. Now read the mail to me. (They seat themselves at the table. Juliska takes notes during the following dialogue.)

Juliska. Here is a funny one from Linden Casino in Berlin: (Reads) "What do you mean by sending us a cross-eyed leader? Last night, for the second time, two ladies in the audience nearly came to blows because each one thought he was looking at her."

Racz. We must have neglected to enclose instructions. That's Istvans' specialty. He looks cross-eyed intentionally so the women will start an argument. Every row means a

half column in the newspapers. Those idiots haven't sense enough to take advantage of it. Just drop them a line of explanation.

Juliska. Here is one marked "Personal." (*Hands him the letter.*)

Racz. If that had been Sari she would have fairly ripped the envelope off. (*Looking at letter.*) It's from a man. No, not from a man—from a Count. Look—a coat of arms—and I am so shabbily dressed.

Juliska. But he can't see you.

Racz. To the artist it is the idea that matters. Here, read it to me—I haven't my glasses. (*Sits.*)

Juliska. It is from a Count Irini. Do you know him?

Racz. (*Enthusiastically*) Do I know him? Of course, I do. He is the Frenchman who was Count Rokoczy's guest in Budapest while I played at the National Casino. *Do I know him?* Many is the time I have taken him home, or had him take me home,—it's all the same. *Do I know him?* What does he say?

Juliska. He's coming here to see you.

Racz. He's coming here? Now what do you think of that? A French Nobleman coming to visit me. That *is* something to be proud of. And what a charming fellow. Oh, you'll like him—everybody does. But listen to me! Don't lose your heart to him. He's dangerous.

Juliska. (*Rises.*) Small chance I'd get.

Racz. Most women do.

Juliska. Well, I shan't.

Racz. (*Suddenly.*) *Juliska*, will you marry me?

Juliska. (*Laughing nervously.*) Oh, Pali *Racz*—you surprise me, I—

Racz. It *was* sudden, wasn't it? But *he* is coming and I shall feel safer with your promise.

Juliska. (*Fencing for time.*) Is he really irresistible?

Racz. Never mind about him. Will you marry me?

Juliska. (*After a slight pause.*) Yes—if you really—wish it.

Racz. You don't seem very enthusiastic.

Juliska. (*Uneasily.*) You've taken my breath away. (*Racz grasps her by the hand and attempts to draw her to him. Juliska holds back.*)

Racz. You must not be overcome by the honor. Pali *Racz* will be very, very proud of you.

SONG NO. 3. ACT 1. (*Business with chair.*)

"MARRY ME"

Racz and Juliska

1st Verse.

Racz: Marry me, dear, you'll have nothing to fear
Any faults I'll of course overlook.
Juliska: When the meat's burned or the coffee is cold
You must be sure not to scold.
Racz: Now that you mention it, dear, I remember your
Father said you couldn't cook
So for a month or so we'll be discreet
Small difficulties like that we shall meet
By visiting neighbors when it's time to eat.

2nd Verse.

Racz: When we are married, I'll ask you to promise me that
You will no longer flirt
You must not have young men coming to call
I should not like that at all.
Juliska: I cannot see that the visits of your friends or mine
Will do you any hurt
But then, of course, your least wishes, I'll heed.
Racz: Do so, my dear, and from care I'll be freed
I don't buy books for my young friends to read.
Racz: Say that you'll
Marry me.
Kind and true
I shall be.
You can't tell
What you miss
'Til you've known
A husband's kiss.

Juliska: Kind and true
He will be.
I can't tell
What I miss
'Til I've known
A husband's kiss.

(He embraces and kisses her. As he does so Laczi enters. He starts as he witnesses the embrace and continues on down stage. As he passes the pair, Juliska throws out an arm toward him in almost involuntary appeal, then she leaves Racz' embrace and exits quickly into the house. Racz and Laczi confront each other.) (With irritation.)

- Racz.* What do you mean by sneaking in like that and standing there with your jaw dropped?
- Laczi.* (*Stiffly.*) I was not aware that my jaw was dropped. If it was I don't think it strange—under the circumstances.
- Racz.* (*Holly.*) What circumstances?
- Laczi.* You are getting to old, father, for this sort of thing.
- Racz.* Too old, am I? Too old! Now you listen to me. I am old enough to have had more than I want of that sort of talk from you. You and Sari are both trying to put me on the shelf, but I won't be put. A pair of smart children you are—you especially. You even think I am of no use as a musician. You, with your chatter about clefs and orchestra scores. Umph Pah! Umph Pah! (*Imitates trombones.*)
- Laczi.* Father, please don't talk that way. You've taught me much, and I appreciate it.
- Racz.* (*Mimicking.*) You *appreciate* it. That *is* good of you. One would think I had given you a gum drop the way you appreciate it.
- Laczi.* But I do. You taught me to play from the heart and that is *fine*—even though it is *not* art.
- Racz.* Not art? Very good, very good indeed. You say that to me! To me, who has been decorated by sovereigns; an artist to whom a ruling queen has presented the gloves from her arms as she said "Maestro, no one can play like you."
- Laczi.* You are unjust. All I say is that after studying in Budapest, I've learned that there is a nobler music than our old gypsy airs. When you think of men like Wagner, Bach, Handel—
- Racz.* (*Interrupting.*) Bach—Bach—Handel—means fried chicken in Munich and not so much in music. (*Enter Sari.*)
- Laczi.* (*Irritated.*) Father, you are impossible—
- Racz.* (*Challenging him.*) Well, go on. (*Sari enters and notes the two glaring at each other.*)
- Sari.* What on earth is the matter now? What will I catch these women—they're like a couple of roosters. If I turn my back for a minute you two are wrangling. (*She confronts Racz.*) What is it about this time? Tell me, quick! Who started it?
- Racz.* (*Pointing to Laczi.*) He started it.
- Sari.* Which who?
- Laczi.* Upon my word, Sari, that's not true.

Sari. (To *Laczi*.) Oh, isn't it? Well, that makes no difference. You should both be ashamed of yourselves—quarrelling like two school children.

Racz. That's not the way to speak to your father. One would think you were forty-five and *I* eighteen.

Sari. Is that so? You can boss other men but don't you try it on me. I thought you liked to consider yourself young? (*Laczi starts away. Sari turns on him.*) Where are you going?

Laczi. To take a walk.

Sari. Be sure you are back in time for supper, or I'll turn your plate upside down. (*Get children ready.*)

Laczi. Oh, I'll be on time. Whether I succeed or not in my art, it's all one if I get back in time for supper. (*Exit.*)

Sari. (*Calls after him.*) Don't get peevish, pet. (*Wearily.*) More genius. And you now, don't sit there pouting. You had better get that shabby old coat off. (*To Racz.*) Company is coming.

Racz. What company?

Sari. The innkeeper sent word that two gentlemen are on their way here. They arrive at almost any minute now.

Racz. (*Joyfully.*) Two gentlemen? That must be Count Irini.

Sari. Does it take two to make one Count?

Racz. Yes; he probably has his guardian with him. Now I'm going to the cellar for a bottle of Tokay. Irini will like it after his walk. Get a big loaf of bread and a knife. (*As she stands at the table, children's voices off stage call "Sari, Sari!" Sari shakes her head.*)

Sari. With Juliska and Laczi, and Father and Juliska (*noise children off stage*), and a bro d of hungry children, I've certainly got my mitts full. There now! Come in. (*After cut of 7th slice, noise off stage.*) (*The children, led by Klari, run in. They crowd about Sari, shouting "Sari, we're hungry." "Give us something to eat," etc.*) Stop your noise now or none of you will get anything. Klari, you're the smallest, but the loudest.

Klari. And the hungriest. (*Sari cuts bread into slices and distributes them to the children, saying:*)

Sari. This for you! That for you! Don't crowd! Here is a piece for you! Now, don't eat too fast!

Klari. Sing us a song, Sari! Take me in your lap, Sari!
Children. A song, Sari, a song. Sing to us. (*Sari shakes her head as if in resignation, then sits in centre of the stage. Children group themselves around her, in semi-circle. Klari is at her knee. During the song Klari falls asleep with her head on Sari's lap.*)

SONG FOR SARI AND CHILDREN.

Sari and Children.

King both wise and mighty
Had a daughter flighty,
Who tho' she was in her twenties, still refused to wed.
Many suitors sought her,
But this wilful daughter
Sent her lovers packing with a shaking of her head.
At last her father, patience gone, declared in solemn
voice,
A hundred lovers storm the door. 'Tis time you made
a choice.

So the princess sent her
Maid to bid them enter.
In they rushed, each hoping he could win her for his
own.
When she told them frankly,
While they looked on blankly,
He to whom I give my hand must first renounce my
throne.
The disappointed suitors lost all eagerness right then,
And stopping not to say good-bye, they all dashed out
again.

Chorus

1st Child. Sailor one, tailor one,
2nd Child. And of nobles not a few.
3rd Child. Drummer one, plumber one,
4th Child. And of princes there are two.
5th Child. Some are lean, some are mean,
6th Child. Some are handsome, some are not.
7th Child. Time you waste, please make haste,
8th Child. Pick a husband from the lot.

Sari and Children. Choose one quick and let them go. (At conclusion of song, *Sari picks Klari up and lays her on the bench. With the last chorus she marches off with the children but immediately returns and bends over Klari to see if the child is still asleep.*)

Sari. That's right, sweetheart, sleep. (*Gaston and Cadeau enter. Gaston sees Sari and tiptoes toward her. He bends over to kiss her on the cheek.*)

Cadeau. (Suddenly.) Look out, I beg. (*Gaston kisses Sari.*)

Sari. Ouch! (*She turns as he kisses her, swinging her hand, which slaps Gaston on the cheek.*)

Gaston. Ouch! (*He falls back a step and stands smilingly regarding her and rubbing his cheek with a pron*)

Sari. What does that mean?

Gaston. Mine was the more polite greeting.

Sari. (Furious.) Why, you—

Cadeau. I warned you.

Gaston. You were too late.

Cadeau. (To *Sari*.) Don't take it to heart.

Sari. (Laughing contemptuously.) To heart! Why should I?

Cadeau. He didn't mean anything by it, I assure you.

Sari. (To *Gaston*.) What have you to say?

Cadeau. I'm so sorry.

Sari. (To *Cadeau*.) Why should you be sorry? You had nothing to do with it. Or did you put him up to it?

Cadeau. (Aghast.) I put him up to it? Heaven forbid!

Sari. It's a pretty note when a girl isn't safe in her own backyard.

Cadeau. (To himself.) If this is not 15 minutes from trouble I shall be glad.

Sari. (To *Gaston*.) Well, can't you speak?

Gaston. Why—er—or—that was a kiss.

Sari. Go on.

Gaston. Fresh from Paris.

Sari. (Furiously.) Fresh all right. I'm waiting.

Gaston. You want another?

Sari. (She dashes at *Gaston*, who retreats behind *Cadeau*, using him for protection.) I want no explanation.

Cadeau. My dear, I want you to realize that I am on your side.

Sari. And you keep over on your side. I am not your dear.

Gaston. (Laughing.) Don't be afraid, *Cadeau*; I am with you.

Cadeau. (*Hastily.*) I only said my dear, my dear,—there, I said it again—but you must pardon me because I am old and fatherly. At all events I don't blame you for being excited. I should have been angry myself (*to Gaston.*)

Gaston. (*To Cadeau.*) Don't worry, I don't intend to kiss you. (*Introducing.*) This is M'sieu Cadeau—Mlle. Wet Hen. He has the misfortune to look after my fortune.

Sari. The keeper!! Then you are Count Irini!

Gaston. Ah! You've heard of me!

Sari. Yes.

Gaston. What?

Sari. I have too much self respect to repeat. I shall tell my father directly. (*She leads Klari towards the house. Turns at the door.*)

Gaston. Of the kiss?

Cadeau. Upon my soul it was all so unnecessary.

Sari. (*With icy dignity.*) I shall tell my father that he is honored by your arrival.

Gaston. So Racz is your father. I never knew he had such a charming daughter.

Cadeau. The daughter of a gypsy. Now we are in for it. I would as soon think of parting a wasp. My dear Count, prithee, let us retrace our steps.

Sari. Don't be frightened. In Lorenzfalva we do not tell our fathers when French insects buzz around; we swat them with a dish rag.

Gaston. (*Calling after her.*) I'm crushed. (*Laughter.*)

Klari. I can't sleep.

Sari. No wonder—come dear. (*Sari picks up baby.*)

Gaston. (*To Cad.*) Why that frown?

Cadeau. You may laugh at me all you wish, but I think it is ridiculous, really I do. The absurd risks you take. I must insist so long as the courts have made me responsible for your expenditures until you are married that you act more like a human being and less like a woodpecker. I say this respectfully—but I do say it.

Gaston. You forget that my actions are my own.

Cadeau. If you would only keep them separate from your expenses I wouldn't mind. Now this Gypsy girl could make it very disagreeable for us—Oh! very. To begin with, one never knows the cost of things in foreign places, and again,

why rush headlong into danger? You did not even see her face. She might have had a squint, a double chin or a husband.

Gaston. But she had none of them.

Cadeau. But she had a father who is a Gypsy—a terrible unsafe combination. (*He has walked down stage and has his back to the house. Gaston looks in the doorway.*)

Gaston. Look out! Here he comes.

Cadeau. (*After a pause.*) Oh, the suspense of it. I can face any danger, but I hate waiting for it. (*Pause.*) Oh, why doesn't he come?

Gaston. He has stopped in the passage way. He is dusting himself off.

Cadeau. Dusting himself? Is that encouraging? Five thousand francs last week to that Russian for making love to his wife; it's breaking us—we can't stand it much longer. Is he still dusting himself.

Gaston. Now he is dusting a bottle. That Russian business was ridiculous. How was I to know she was married?

Cadeau. It's your manner, your unfortunate manner. Just the way you say "Good-bye" is enough to make a concrete foundation for a breach of promise suit.

Gaston. (*Flippantly.*) I am cursed indeed. (*Racz enters. He has a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other.*)

Racz. Count Irini! My friend. Welcome! (*He embraces Irini enthusiastically, throwing his arms around him wildly, waving the bottle and glass around his back.*)

Gaston. Racz, you old vagabond, how are you?

Racz. Never better. Your friend—?

Gaston. He is not my friend. (*Introduces.*) 'sieu Cadeau, my shadow. Cadeau—this is my old friend, the celebrated Pali Racz, Knight of a dozen orders and chief fiddler to His Imperial Majesty.

Cadeau. I am delighted to meet you, Professor. How did you leave all the little emperors? (*Racz offers his hand, Cadeau hesitates.*)

Racz. You may shake it without hesitation. There is no charge. Are you a detective?

Cadeau. (*With dignity.*) I am the representative of the Court of Guardianship.

Gaston. His duty is to keep me from falling in love with the wrong person, since if I form a mesalliance I forfeit my entire property. Being a contrary devil, you can imagine what a temptation it is to do the impolite thing and marry the first barmaid I see.

Cadeau. Only too true, too true. *(The three have seated themselves at the table. Racz pours wine for Irini and himself.) (They sip, 1—2—3, put glasses down. Cadeau's cane big.)*

Racz. Your health, Count. *(Racz fills Cadeau's glass, which Gaston quietly appropriates and drinks.)*

Gaston. Excellent Tokay, Racz. *(Bus. at table ad lib.)*

Racz. Oh, Irini, it is a pleasure to sit at table with you again. It reminds me of the old times—those days and nights at Budapest, especially the nights. Will you have a glass of Tokay Monsieur? *(Racz fills Irini's glass and his own. They drink.)*

Gaston. Racz, be discreet. Cadeau's. Remember, he is a tutelary. *(Bus. of glasses.)*

Racz. *(Rises.)* Why, here is Sari! Count Irini, this is my oldest daughter.

Gaston. *(To Sari.)* I'm charmed, I assure you.

Racz. M'sieu Tutelary, allow me to present you to my daughter.

Cadeau. *(Very much flustered.)* I am pleased to meet you, my child. I don't mean *my* child—I mean *your* child, of course. I'm glad to meet you again—I mean *now*. *(Bus. with bottle.)*

Gaston. Poor Cadeau is overwhelmed in the presence of beauty.

Cadeau. Ah, precisely.

Racz. Well, Sari, speak up. It's your turn. *(To Irini.)* She is shy, you see.

Sari. Shy? Why should I be shy?

Racz. She has the loveliest disposition. It's such a pity that she is doomed to be an old maid.

Gaston. Impossible, with such cheeks and such eyes and such teeth. She wouldn't be allowed to be an old maid even if she wished.

Sari. I haven't seen the man yet who could stop me.

Racz. You are not very pleasant with these gentlemen.

Sari. I know it.

Racz. Irini you must use her; she is all bark. If she would

- walk in some day and say: "Father, a young man has just kissed me," I should fall over backward with joy.
- Gaston.* It's rather selfish of you not to give your father a chance to fall over backward with joy.
- Cadeau.* (*Advances to butt in, Gaston catches him about the neck and runs him out of the way.*) (*Hastily.*) You have very pretty wild flowers.
- Sari.* Father, a young man *has* just kissed me.
- Racz.* (*Angrily.*) What talk is this before these gentlemen? What will they think?
- Sari.* It was the Count here.
- Gaston.* She looked so charming I couldn't resist.
- Sari.* That's a good one. I had my back to him.
- Racz.* Can this be possible, Irini?
- Cadeau.* (*Excited.*) Don't get excited sir, it was nothing much.
- Sari.* Nothing much?
- Racz.* Irini, you are a brave man. (*He shakes Gaston's hand.*) (*Sari looks from her father to Irini and back again, then stamps her foot.*)
- Sari.* You two make a fine pair. (*She exits furiously into house.*)
- Cadeau.* Another storm blown over. I can conscientiously say that I shall not miss that young person much.
- Racz.* My dear Count, I must apologize for Sari—so like her dear mother, my first—no temperament. The nights of my big concerts she would stay home and make gulash.
- Cadeau.* (*Sadly.*) My grandfather used to say—(*Cad. goes up during scene and works around to R.*)
- Gaston.* Try to be a little more up to date. Racz, you never told me you had such a charming daughter—she's a beauty.
- Racz.* She takes after me—on the outside. But why are you here?
- Gaston.* Do you know the King of Massilia?
- Racz.* Do I know him? I was decorated by him.
- Gaston.* During his visit to Paris I want you to play for him at a concert I am going to give.
- Racz.* (*Impetuously.*) You want me to go to Paris? (*Pause.*) No, no. It is out o' the question. I'm surprised and honored by your appreciation and taste—but Paris, no, not publicly again.
- Cadeau.* You are very wise. It is a terrible journey. Those sleeping cars jounce one so.

- Gaston.* It isn't the sleeping cars—it's the expense that jounces you. (*To Racz.*) I want something unusual, something artistic. The journey, as you know, is nothing.
- Racz.* I am not afraid of the journey, there is another reason (*Music.*) I've not been there for years. It is there my youth lives.
- Gaston.* All the more reason for joining it.
- Racz.* It is impossible. Though I am still young, the girls of my youth are grandmothers. It would hurt.
- Gaston.* Come to Paris and meet their granddaughters.
- Racz.* The granddaughters! I will, I will. No, I won't either. There are other reasons—the gout and Sari.
- Gaston.* So that's it. If you will take care of the gout, I will try to manage Sari.
- Racz.* You've got the harder job. (*Music heard off stage.*)
- Cadeau.* And the more expensive.
- Gaston.* Who is that playing? He's an artist!
- Racz.* You flatter him. It is only my son, Laczi. He tries hard, but it is not in him.
- Gaston.* I think he plays delightfully.
- Cadeau.* (*To Racz.*) You have a son?
- Racz.* Dozens of them.
- Cadeau.* Dozens? How can you afford it?
- Racz.* They're cheap. My first wife presented me this one.
- Gaston.* If you have any more like him you should be proud.
- Racz.* Oh, I am proud—dear fellow—(*Crosses the stage.*) Stop that noise! You will annoy the company. (*Music abruptly stops.*) (*Juliska enters.*) Count, this is my—well, this is Juliska. (*Count crosses to her.*)
- Gaston.* I'm delighted to meet you.
- Racz.* This gentleman, my dear, is M'sieu Cadeau—he is a tutelary—think of that!
- Juliska.* (*Much depressed.*) Oh!
- Racz.* The first you ever met. We don't have any here.
- Gaston.* Do you know what a tutelary is?
- Juliska.* No; what instrument does he play?
- Gaston.* Second fiddle and nothing but dirges, but don't mind him. Really he is not a musician. He's my official nurse. He guards my pocketbook and protects me from designing females.

Cadeau. Young woman, I am an appointee of the Court of Guardianship, I do not toot.

Juliska. I've heard how irresistible you are.

Gaston. Is that so? How do *you* feel now?

Juliska. I feel—er—er—hungry. That is why I am going to set the table. (*Goes to table.*)

Racz. Set it for six. We eat out here while the weather is warm. While *Juliska* and *Sari* are setting the table let me show you my pigs.

Gaston. I should be charmed.

Juliska. (*Exit.*)

Racz. Come this way. What do you think of her?

Gaston. I think she is lovely.

Racz. She is to be my fourth.

Cadeau. Most extraordinary—four times. (*Goes towards bottle.*) on table.) (*Exeunt.*) (*Juliska* returns and busies herself at the table as *Laczi* enters. As he does, she looks up with pleased anticipation. *Laczi* crosses to the door of the house. As he is about to enter, as though about to explain, exclaims:—)

CADEAU'S SONG

Paris, dear, is a delusion and a snare—

Girls. Is that so?

Little girls like you should stay away from there.

Girls. Is that so?

And as Paris does, so do its people do.

Girls. Is that so?

When the town is lighted up the people all get lit up too.

Paris, dear, is a delusion and a snare—

Girls. Is that so?

Little girls like you should stay away from there.

Girls. Is that so?

Once an awful puzzle women were to me.

Girls. Is that so?

Now through any of them without an effort I can see.

Paris, dear, is a delusion and a snare—

Girls. Is that so?

Little girls like you should stay away from there.

Girls. Is that so?

When some vicious taxi strikes you from behind

Girls. Is that so?
You've been caught obstructing traffic—
You are then locked up and fined.

ACT 1—SONG 6.

1ST GIRL

Girls. Oh, M'sieu Cadeau,—you are from Paris, aren't you?
Cadeau. Yes, my dears, unfortunately, I'm very far from Paris.

1ST GIRL

Oh, Paris is a wonderful place, isn't it? Here it is bed-time when the sun goes down. I've heard that in Paris the streets, illuminations make the night like day. Is that so, M'sieu Cadeau? Aren't the Paris streets beautifully lighted?

Cadeau. M-m-m-m-m- (*sings*)
Paris lighted? Oh, my eyes, dear,
You can read outdoors at night;
But at that I must confess, dear,
Paris could use still more light.
There is one secluded by-way,
Without light enough by half,
Few folks ever find that highway—

Girls. Highway?

Cadeau. Dryway?
Called the straight and narrow path
Paris lighted? Yes, you bet and I should say,

Girls. He should say.

Cadeau. Paris streets at midnight are as bright as day.

Girls. Bright as day.

Cadeau. And as Paris does, so do its people do.

Girls. People do?

Cadeau. When the town is lighted up the people all get lit up too.

2ND GIRL

Paris is where the fashions come from. It is the dream of every girl to go there. What are the Paris ladies wearing now, M'sieu Cadeau?

Cadeau. Paris fashion? Oh, it's awful!
Decent men it really shocks.
It should be declared unlawful—

It's a perfect paradox.
Paradox is what I say, dear,
 Of this fashion so unchaste,
 For the tight skirt does display dear—

Girls. What, pray?
Cadeau. Display—Such *good* form and such *bad* taste. It is
 hard with the new fashions to decide.

Girls. To decide?
Cadeau. What the Paris ladies have still left to hide.
Girls. Left to hide?
Cadeau. Once an awful puzzle women were to me.
Girls. They should be.
Cadeau. Now through any of them without an effort I can see.

3RD GIRL

With it's busy streets, it's automobiles, it's aeroplanes, Paris
 must be a delightful place to live in. Life there is very exciting,
 isn't it, M'sieu Cadeau?

Cadeau. Yes my dear it is exciting,
 You would find it too much so,
 Aeroplanes above you kiting,
 Autos chasing you below.
 You are never free from danger
 If from crowds you hold aloof,
 Then some misdirected stranger—

Girls. Stranger?
Cadeau. Idiot—
 May come tumbling through your roof.
 When some taxi bumps you in a tender spot.

Girls. Tender spot?
Cadeau. Do they reprimand the driver—they do not,
Girls. They do not.
Cadeau. You have no more rights than any yellow pup.
Girls. Yellow pup?
Cadeau. They say you obstructed traffic and they calmly
 lock you up.

(Enter *Laczi L. of C.* (Enter *Juliska* from house.)

Laczi. Well, why don't you say something?
Juliska. I didn't see you.
Laczi. How can you say that? You were looking right at me.
Juliska. Nevertheless I couldn't see you. I can't see young

gentlemen who come in without saying good evening.

Laczi. I never say good evening to young persons who kiss *old* gentlemen.

Juliska. He's jealous. He's jealous. (*She pretends to be busy at the table. Laczi spreads manuscript on table and begins to write.*)

Laczi. To show you I'm not angry I kiss your hand.

Juliska. Let me alone—don't you see I'm setting the table?
(*In exasperation Juliska exclaims*) Cant' you doy our scribbling somewhere else?

Laczi. Scribbling?

Juliska. You're in the way.

Laczi. You mean that supper is more important than my music?

Juliska. There is a reason for supper.

Laczi. (*Rises and crosses to bench.*) I suppose there is. And there is also a reason for a young girl's letting an old man kiss her.

Juliska. (*Hurt*) Laczi, you don't understand.

Laczi. I understand enough. Now, please, please let me finish this melody.

Juliska. Oh, very well.

(*Dramatic Music*)

DUET NO. 5. LACZI AND JULISKA

Laczi. The hills were dark and dead,
And the winds moaned overhead.
Hate and black despair
Filled the empty air.
Nothing else was there
Nothing sweet or fair,
Then like the dawn came love
The golden sun above—

Juliska. (*Interrupting.*)
Now what good is all this writing?

Laczi. The sullen hills surrounding,

Juliska. I might be a rocking chair

Laczi. With leaps my heart is bounding.

Juliska. Far as having Laczi care.

Laczi. The world is bright with laughter

Juliska. La, La, La, La, La, La, La.

Laczi. And gone are gloom and tears.

Juliska. La, La, La, La, La, La, La.
Laczi. For shadows all must vanish
Juliska. La, La, La, La, La, La, La.
Laczi. When once true love appears—
Like the dawn
O'er the hills—
Whose glow illuminates the heart
While shadows all depart—all depart.
Juliska. This love of which you're writing
Is not a love that's real
For man can never write the truth
Of what he does not feel.

Chorus

Juliska. Love has wings,
Which it gaily flings
Towards the distant sky, far above the world of
sadness—
Love's a bird,
Not a written word
From a lover's breast
Without pause or rest,
Flying straight and true
To its waiting nest.

Laczi. I know too,
Even more than you
All that love should mean, with its wistful moon-
light music.
Love's sweet call
Must be heard by all,
Who have gypsy blood,
'Neath the open skies
Where the camp fires burn,
When the daylight dies.

Together. Love has wings,
Which it gaily flings
Towards the distant sky—far above the world of
sadness—
Love's a bird,
Not a written word

From a lover's breast,
Without pause or rest,
Flying straight and true
To its waiting nest.

(*After song, exeunt. Enter Gaston as Sari emerges from the house.*) (*Sari goes to fixing table.*)

Gaston. I want some ink. Where do you keep the ink?

Sari. In the inkwell, of course. Shall I run and get it for your Lordship?

Gaston. No, come think of it. I would rather have you here than the ink.

Sari. You flatter me.

Gaston. I want to draw a contract for Racz to sign.

Sari. Why should he sign contracts?

Gaston. I'm going to take him to Paris.

Sari. What for?

Gaston. Two thousand francs; I want him for my entertainment.

Sari. To amuse you?

Gaston. Not me—I am giving a concert for the King of A

Sari. Well, I don't want him to go. It's the silliest thing I've ever heard of. He's too old. You shouldn't be putting such ideas in his head. He hasn't played in public for nine years. It would break his heart if anything went wrong.

Gaston. Oh, Oh! So you have feelings after all?

Sari. Just like any other human being, toothache, and all the rest.

Gaston. (*Insinuatingly.*) Do you still hate me? (*Sari goes around table and gets to bench. Gaston following.*)

Sari. I don't know you well enough to hate you.

Gaston. Do you only hate your friends?

Sari. I don't hate people who mean nothing to me. Get out of my way, please. If you want that ink you will find it inside on the table.

Gaston. What a sharp tongue you have. I'm afraid you *will* be an old maid after all.

Sari. Worry about yourself—not me.

Gaston. Oh, I don't have to worry. My future is fixed.

Sari. The victim is chosen?

Gaston. Not yet; she's one of a possible eight.

Sari. Oh, the lucky seven; but the poor thing.

Gaston. Oh, don't pity me. All the Irinis have the same career; Military School, St. Cyr, legal guardianship, and then—the grand passion—

Sari. Will you hand me that fork?

Gaston. Oh, damn the fork!

Sari. What's the matter? Did it stick you?

Gaston. It interrupted me.

Sari. What a rude fork. Go on talking about yourself if you want.

Gaston. I was going to say that after we find our grand passion, we marry.

Sari. And live unhappily ever afterward.

Gaston. Of course; because we never marry our grand passion. She's always beneath us, unfortunately, and we have to marry a title to keep our property.

Sari. You look like that sort of a man.

Gaston. How cruel. As a matter of fact, I'm not. When I meet *my* grand passion, I shall feel inclined to break the family tradition and marry her, whoever she is.

Sari. Well, whoever she is, I shan't envy her.

Verse 1

Sari. If with me you'd make a hit
You'll have to shake your feet a bit,
I'll give you a chance;
Let me see you dance.

Gaston. Which one, please? I know a lot;
The tango, one-step, turkey-trot—
All the latest whirls
That'll please the girls.

Sari. No, no, no,—They will not do,
They are all too tame.
My own dance I'll teach to you,
Hazazaa is it's name.

Verse 2

Gaston. (*Laughing at her characteristic dancing.*)
I'm afraid, though I'd like to,
The Hazazaa I'll never do.
I can plainly see
It's too much for me.

Sari. If you will forget the rules
They taught you in the dancing schools,
And just watch *me*, now
You will soon know how.

Gaston. If the Hazazaa I learn,
Will you love me then?

Sari. (*Spoken*). Maybe!

Gaston. I'll soon know each hop and turn—
Please do it again.

Refrain

(*Sari sings 1st and 2nd. 3rd sung together.*)

Hazazaa! You start and away you go—Tra la la.
If it should make you dizzy,
Never mind that; keep busy.
Hazazaa! You kick your feet just so—Tra la la.
Jumping—Bumping—Heels a-thumping,
That's' it Hazazaa.

(*Exeunt.*) (*Racz and Cadeau enters.*)

Racz. Home again. What do you think of the property,
M'sieu Tutelary.

Cadeau. Charming place. Did you say there were six acres?

Racz. There were—until you walked off with so much of it.

Cadeau. I walked off with it? Why, my dear sir, I wouldn't—

Racz. Look at your boots.

Cadeau. Oh, I see—you were joking! (*Gaston enters. Sari follows immediately*)

Racz. (*To Gaston.*) Why did you run away, Irini?

Gaston. To get some ink.

Racz. Ah, that contract? No, no—Paris is not for me.

Sari. Thank the Lord.

Gaston. This is along way to come for nothing.

Cadeau. Nothing? Seven hundred and sixty-six francs and
five centimes travelling expenses, and he calls it nothing.
(*Juliska and Laczi enter.*)

Gaston. (*To Juliska.*) Won't you help me persuade Racz to
go to Paris?

Juliska. Certainly. I think it is a good idea.

Sari. (*Sotto voice to Juliska.*) Of course; so long as Laczi stays
behind.

Racz. Here is my son. (*To Laczi.*) You shall help me decide. This is my friend, the Count Irini, and this is his shadow, M'sieu Cadeau. This, gentlemen, is my son, Laczi. (*Patting Laczi's cheek.*) My favorite son. So born, like his father; a good fellow, like his father; a musician, but *not* like his father.

Laczi. My world is a sealed book to you. You do not understand my art.

Racz. Of course, I don't. The good Lord, who makes the little birds sing understands nothing about music either. But, then, you are such a clever fellow. Suppose you prove it by giving me some good advice? Irini here wants me to play in Paris, but I don't want to go there. Yet M'sieu Cadeau has spent seven hundred and sixty-six francs and five centimes for travelling expenses and if Irini goes back alone he will feel that that much has been lost. What's to be done?

Laczi. That is easy; since you want to remain at home, let someone else go with Irini.

Racz. (*Dumfounded.*) What?

Laczi. Let some one take your place.

Racz. Ah, my clever son Laczi—he says such bright things. Let someone take my place, eh? Well, how, speak up; where is the man who can take the place of Pali Racz?

Laczi. I can.

Racz. You?

Laczi. Yes, father, I.

Sari. That's a fine idea. Since old Racz can't go, give young Racz a chance.

Racz. Can't go? Can't go? Why can't I go? Has the old fire gone out?

Laczi. But father, we didn't mean that. It was because you said that you did not want to go that I offered—

Juliska. (*Interrupting.*) Remember, Laczi, your father is an artist.

Laczi. (*To Juliska.*) And I? (*Juliska shrugs her shoulders and turns away from him.*)

Gaston. I believe I know how to get him: his gypsies will do it. (*Rushes out dragging Cadeau with him.*)

Racz. Laczi, my boy, I love you. You are a dear good fellow, but a leader you are not. Can you listen to the night wind and then play a symphony of life? Are you a King and a vagabond, in one—breaker of hearts, and awakener of souls? Can you laugh, weep, live, love, and die all in an octave? A Gypsy leader must do all this and, Laczi, it is beyond you.

Sari. Hey, geniuses, here's your song.

Finale

Laczi: Father, you are most unjust,
For I'm not the fool you say.
I shall leave here since I must,
While I try to win my way.

Racz: As a son I love you dearly—
As an artist—not at all.
Great big youth—artist very small.

Laczi: I know there burns in me your fire divine—
Your reputation some day shall be mine—

Racz: (Ironicaly) You silly boy,
You should be back at school;
Each word you say makes you greater fool.

Laczi: (Rises) Father, one word more and I shall go—
Another word and I shall go.

Racz: (Crying out) Do you threaten? Go then.

Laczi: (Furiously) Good-bye!

Juliska: Laczi, stay.
It will grieve him
If you leave him
In this way.

Laczi: No—I must go—
No longer here can I be free.
Farewell to you.
I'll prove that I'm as good as he.
Forth shall I go—
Into the fray,
And by my efforts I shall gain
The prize I desire;
Fame be 'ons me.

Juliska: Fame beckons him.

Laczi: Like morning sun above the hills so dim.

Juliska: Like morning sun above the hills so dim.

Laczi: Like Knight of old I sally forth—the prize to win.
Juliska: Like olden Knight he sallies forth the prize to win.
Laczi: Fighting my way—
Juliska: Fighting his way.
Laczi: Armed with the strength of youth
 I shall attack without dismay the hostile force.
Juliska: Armed with the strength of youth
 He will attack without dismay the hostile force.
Laczi: Triumphant youth
 Will hold triumphant course. (*Rushes off*)
Juliska: Laczi—has gone—
Racz: (Spoken) He really has—
Sari and Juliska: God protect him.
Racz (Tearfully) Laczi, my son, my boy, take care,
 When your poor wings are all burned,
 Home you will come with your lesson learned.

(*Enter Gaston, Fekette, Gypsies and Others.*)

Gaston: (Spoken) Well, Pali Racz, what have you decided?

(*To the Gypsies*) There he is—do what you can.

Juliska, Gaston and Chorus:

Come now Pali, do be cheerful,
 Do not look so glum and tearful;
 When a man is great he never should be sad.

Fekette: Dear old Pali—such a man as you are—

Juliska, Gaston and Chorus:

Never should be sad.
 Age can never dull your spirit,
 There's no reason you should fear it.
 Your great art should always keep you young
 and glad.

Fekette: Your true art should always keep you young
 —old Pali.

All: With your fiddle at your shoulder,
 Prove that you're not growing older.
 Play to us that we may hear your tone once
 more.

Let us hear that touch so golden,
Touch that time can never olden;
We would hear again the music we adore.
Vibrant with the arts that's in you
Thrilling us in ev'ry sinew,
We implore you free your soul
And let it soar.

Fekete:

Pali, dear old master, lead us—
As you always did till now.
We are bunglers in disorder,
Without you to show us how.
Come throw off your deep depression,
You are young, like a boy.
Be yourself and be our leader,
Life is meant to give you joy.

Juliska, Gaston, Fekete and Chorus:

Come, throw off your deep depression,
You are young, just a boy;
Be yourself and be our leader,
Life is meant to give you joy.

(Racz deeply moved)

Fekete:

(Playing to Racz)

Play to us,
Don't say no,
As of old.

Wield your bow.

Racz:

The old—old song—my gypsy song.

(Commanding)

Once again!

(Fekete plays on)

I cry encore

Just once more.

(Fekete continues playing)

Sari: (Embracing Racz imploringly)

Father, I beg you don't go to Paris—

It's a crazy idea—

You have been ill and the journey is long—

Much harm it might do you, I fear.

Little Klari:

Father dear,

Please stay here.

Do not go—

We want you near.

Racz: Shall I stay or shall I go?
(*Spoken*) To stay—or go.

Fekette: Stay—if you believe you're old—
And no longer can direct us,
Then we'll choose your son instead;
He shall straightway be our head.

Juliska, Gaston, Fekette Chorus:

Come Racz—oh, do say yes.
You'll go, Racz. You'll not refuse us.

Racz: Your faith in me is most affecting—
At last my fickle mind is set.
This is the end of my objecting—
With youth's impatience now I fret.
My violin—

All: His violin.

Racz: Now quickly get

All: Now quickly get.

Racz: So my children, I shall lead you
As I always have till now.
You are bunglers—great big babies,
Without me to show you how.

Chorus: He's thrown off his deep depression,
Young again, like a boy;
He's himself and he's our leader
Life is meant to give us joy.

Racz: Now then—

All: (Spoken) La—la—la—
Now he plays his Stradivari—
Racz is young in spite of Sari,
Age can never with its silver make him old.
Youth he'll ever hold.
Young again and bold.
Hey—hey—hey,
Man should always this remember.
Love and life are ever young.

Stradivari Chorus:

I play my Stradivari,
And trouble fades away;
My youth I feel returning
And strength and laughter gay.
The chains of age are now slipping
Once more I am joyful and free;
The cup of life I'm sipping,
Its taste is sweet to me.

(Applause and la—la—la—la—ing)

C U R T A I N

ACT II.

Ballroom of the Irini's house in Paris.

When curtain rises the Guests of Count Irini are dancing. The stage is crowded with moving couples.

Opening Chorus:

With lowered head
And bended knee,
We wait to greet
His Majesty.
A welcome warm
And loyalty
In proper form
We give to royalty.

Estragon:

(Introduction)

(Enters)

My dear friends, I thank you for your greeting me tonight.
Being here in Paris is a pleasure and delight.
Now indeed I'd like to stay
On a longer holiday,
But from court I cannot long remain away.
While I may I shall forget my sceptre and my crown,
And like man of flesh and blood go wand'ring round the town.
How I long for laughter sweet,
In cafes I wish to eat,
Then to dance to music played out in the street.
Never coming home till dawn with weary feet.

With lowered head
And bended knee,
You recognized
My Majesty.
But for to-night
Let me forget
My royalty,
My kingly dignity.

(Solo) "FOLLOW ME"

When the cares of State my mind oppress
I pack a bag, and then I catch the night express.
A kingly job is too confining,
I am always pining
For excuse to be footloose,
Where the lights are shining.

When I'm home there is no fun for me;
A monarch's life demands too much of dignity.
To court and crown I am not mated,
Form I've always hated.
That is why when I can fly
From it I am elated.

Here I can enjoy the novelty
Of acting with frivolity.
There's none to say
To me "Nay, nay"
Or "Careful be"
Bubbling laughter mixed with bubbling wine,
A thousand pretty girls to dine.
Amusing sights
And twinkling lights,
All shall be mine.

(Refrain)

Follow me—
I will lead the way.
I guarantee
You'll be led astray.
Drink, dance, flirt,
Follow every rustling skirt.
Live, love, laugh and play, *play, play.*

(II.)

Paris—queen of all that's gay and free
Now offers tempting and amusing gifts to me.
Enjoying ev'ry moment fleeting,
Hardly ever sleeping
Dancing, drinking, laughing, eating,
Pleasure ever reaping.

Cabarets, L'abbayes, Rat Morts, Maxims,
Montmartre, the Quats Arts Ball invade my reckless dreams,
Where absinthe makes the light heart wander,
And one's coin to squander,
Never chance to hesitate,
And never time to ponder.
Quaint cafes with iron tables,
Women flashing by in sables,
Like bright fairies
Out of fables.
All appeal to me.
Dining in the Latin Quarter,
Drinking wine—forswearing water;
Never worried, never hurried,
Filled with *joie de vie*.

(Refrain repeat)

Estragon. Now, my dear Gaston, what is the menu you have prepared for me tonight?

Gaston. My *piece de resistance* is Pali Racz.

Estragon. Is it a goulash?

Gaston. No—he is a gypsy primas from the wilds of Hungary.
Then I have *salade cocotte*—with a little French dressing—
very little dressing.

Estragon. You whet my appetite! But remember, Gaston, I am here as Count Estragon and not as His Majesty of Massilia. Tell me of your affairs. The last time I saw you, you were in charge of a tutelary—a very portly man.

Gaston. He's thin now, with gray hair.

Estragon. I am not surprised. I suppose your heart is as weak as ever?

Gaston. She is a Hungarian village beauty this time.

Estragon. Why seek trouble so far? Doesn't Paris offer you enough?

Gaston. I know Paris by heart. I like variety.

Mustari. The idea, the idea!

Estragon. (To *Mustari*.) Fermez la Bouche!

Gaston. Shall we go into the conservatory, where Paris in her best frock is waiting to meet you?

Estragon. I am at your service. (*Exeunt L.U.E.*) (*Throng of men enter*).

1st Man. Look at what's here! Circus!

3rd Man. What is it?

Sari. (*Who has entered.*) Stop—your staring—

1st Man. It's a merry-go-round.

Sari. My name's not Mary and I certainly wouldn't go round with you.

2nd Man. May I ask who you are?

Sari. Certainly. That's not saying you'll get an answer.

1st Man. May I ask—*what* you are?

Sari. Sick of you—and *not* lovesick, either.

2nd Man. I know—that's a parachute she's wearing.

Sari. It ain't a Paris suit. It's Hungarian, ninny!

2nd Man. Won't you take off your mask?

Sari. Mask? Ha!

1st Man. Yes, mask.

Sari. Ha! *Mask*—oh, if you don't run along there'll—get out!
(*Drives them out.*) (*Men withdraw, laughing.*) French poodles!

Cadeau. (*Rushing in.*) Oh, there you are. I *was* afraid you'd get in among the guests. Do you know there's a dance going on?

Sari. We do.

Cadeau. Have you an invitation?

Sari. No, we haven't. We only reached Paris tonight—changed our clothes at the station hotel, and here we are.

Cadeau. But why here since you have no invitation?

Sari. Count Irini wrote we'd find my father and Laczi here. Don't you remember us?

Juliska. Have you forgotten Lorenzfalva?

Sari. Don't you remember the mud, and when you went out to visit the pigs?

Cadeau. Mud—visiting the pigs—Lorenzfalva—Pali Racz—766 francs—Oh, yes, I remember now.

Sari. Well, please go and tell my father or Laczi we are here, and you might mention the fact to Count Irini, also.

Juliska. What—you asking to see a man?

Sari. Certainly. As long as we are in his house, it's only polite to speak to him.

Cadeau. Quite right. But this is not a fancy dress party to-night.

Sari. Who said it was?

Cadeau. I was only suggesting that the lampshade you are wearing—

Sari. (*Crossing back to C., indignantly.*) Lampshade! It's my best dress—it's Hungarian and the latest thing.

Juliska. It is a little loud, dear.

Sari. Will you listen to mother talk? You can tell Pali Racz that Juliska and I are here, but say nothing to the Count.

(*Recrosses to R.*)

Cadeau. Very well. I'll soon be back. (*Exits.*)

Sari. (*Whirls about.*) What's wrong with this dress? Kicks up finely when I whirl about, doesn't it?

Juliska. (*Suddenly.*) I wonder where Laczi is? (*Pause.*) Here comes someone. It's Count Irini! (*Uneasily.*) I'm not nervous a bit. He's only a man. (*Draws a deep breath. Gaston has entered from R.U. 2 while they talk. Shows surprise at their presence.*)

Gaston. I'm charmed to see you. (*Sari turns towards him. He starts towards her with hands outstretched. Stops suddenly and turns directly away from her to greet Juliska.*)

What a delightful surprise. I'm glad you came.

Sari. (*Crosses and taps Gaston on shoulder.*) I'm here, too, you know.

Gaston. (*Over his shoulder.*) Yes, I saw you. How d'y'do?

Sari. You don't wish to even shake hands with me?

Gaston. In Lorenzfalva you strictly forbade me any familiarity. (*Sari goes up stage swinging skirt: finally flops into chair up stage.*) (*To Juliska.*)

Have you seen Laczi?

Juliska. Not yet.

Gaston. Try the music-room. I'll join you in a moment.—And now, you—(*To Sari.*) How did you ever get by the customs? What can I do with you? I certainly can't introduce you to my guests in this masquerade.

Sari. Masquerade? This is my best Sunday dress.

(*Rises and comes forward.*)

Gaston. Quite *a la mode* in Lorenzfalva, but this, you see, is Paris, and your national costume will amuse the people who are here to-night, since Paris fashions are all the poor things have to go by. I have it! I'll tell Cadeau to get you something more suitable to wear.

Sari. (Stiffly.) This suits me. Thanks.

Gaston. (Smiles and calls.) Cadeau! Oh, Cadeau!

Cadeau. (Entering.) Now, oddly enough, I happened to be coming.

Gaston. Will you get this—young person—a dress?

Cadeau. A dress? I haven't any.

Gaston. Isn't there some friend you can ask? Someone who'd lend you a dress?

Cadeau. What would the poor thing do in the meantime?

Gaston. I don't suggest your undressing a guest. Haven't you an idea?

Cadeau. But she'll need more than that!

Gaston. How about your niece, who lives in the next block?

Cadeau. She moved. But what kind of a dress would this young person like?

Sari. Something with a little color.

Cadeau. My niece does not possess the Aurora Borealis.

Gaston. (To *Sari*.) Hasn't Mlle. Juliska got a dress she could lend you?

Sari. She's got on the only Frenchy thing she owns. Her father bought it for her—at an auction.

Gaston. You see, Cadeau. The poor child must have something else to wear and it rests with you. (To *Sari*.) I must leave you now. I'm scrry.

Sari. You needn't be. I didn't come to see you. (*Gaston exits at rear. He turns and kisses his hand. At sound Sari turns quickly.*) Did you say something?

Gaston. Nothing. (*Exits R.U.E.*)

Sari. Do you think your niece would lend me some old thing that's very beautiful?

Cadeau. It's not practical. (*Sari crestfallen.*) She's just your size, too. (*Sari hopeful.*) But she's got influenza. (*Sari crestfallen.*) She's gone into black and is giving away her party clothes. (*Sari hopeful.*) But I dare not risk it.

Sari. Oh, why not?

Cadeau. You might catch it, and if you did I should always blame myself.

Sari. Catch what?

Cadeau. The influenza.

Sari. I'll take my chances. Why, if your niece had scarlet

fever, diphtheria, pneumonia and cholera, I wouldn't mind a bit.

Cadeau. I think that is a very brutal remark. I don't feel like helping you after that—I'll be damned if I do. Pardon the profanity. I only use it on rare occasions, but this is one of them.

Sari. I only meant I didn't care how awful the diseases were—I'd still be willing to wear that dress. I hope you niece soon will be better.

Cadeau. I thank you, my dear, she expects to be up to-morrow, and I shouldn't have sworn.

Sari. When will you get the dress?

Cadeau. I must reconnoitre first. You sit down here, and if it's all right I'll come back and stand in that doorway and crook my finger like this. (*Bus.*) That will be the sign. (*Exit.*) (*Enter six girls.*)

Sari. I try everything once.

1st Girl. Oh, here she is.

Sari. Who are you?

1st Girl. Count Irini told us there was a little country girl here who was lonesome. He asked us to look after you. I said we would.

Sari. That's very kind, I'm sure. I shan't trouble you long.

1st Girl. Are you going away? You'll love Paris when you've seen more of it.

Sari. Oh, no, I won't. I've already seen enough. Paris is no place for a girl from the country.

NO. 2. "THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME FOR YOU"

(*Sari and Dancing Girls*)

Sari. When I left home to come to Paris, oh how carefully I dressed.

I put on my Sunday best,

Party shoes and all the rest.

And I was sure that I would turn the head of every man
I met,

Many compliments I'd get,

In a flutter, hearts I'd set.

But the people here do not appear to know much of the
style,

What at home my friends would all admire just makes
these ladies smile.
The men are worse, they are so rude, they look at me and
then they grin.
I overheard one of them say, "Why, how on earth did
she get in?"

II.

Whenever I go for a promenade along our village street,
All the men I chance to meet,
They consider it a treat
To be allowed to stop just long enough to pass the time
of day.
Each one tries to make me stay
Or to walk with him away.
But the city men are not the same, they do not care to
talk,
And I haven't been invited yet with one of them to walk.
It makes me feel so strange the way these people stare
me up and down,
Just as at home the children do when'er a circus comes
to town.

(Chorus)

Simple little village girl you'd best beware,
Things are not the same here as they were back there.
In your country home the men may call you "queen."
Here they only notice you because you're green.
People laugh at everything you say or do,
You'll be sorry that you came before you're through.
If good sense you would be showing
To the village you'd be going,
There's no place like home, for you.

(Girls exit with refrain. Sari dances off.) (During Sari's dance, Cadeau enters, crooks finger and she follows him, dancing off.) (Enter Mustari, strolling slowly in, with difficulty suppressing a yawn. Clapping is heard outside and cries of "Bravo, Pali Racz" and "Vive, Pali Racz"). (Enter Racz, with violin, most carefully dressed and showing none of the gypsy carelessness of the previous act. He carries his violin.)

Racz. I have arrived. (*A little louder.*) Excuse me, I said I had arrived.

Mustari. (*Importantly.*) I beg your pardon.

Racz. I forgive you. Tell your master I have come.

Mustari. (*With a yawn.*) And what, may I ask, are you?

Racz. Pali Racz.

Mustari. Excuse me.

Racz. Pali Racz, Pali Racz, Pali Racz!

Mustari. I heard a noise.

Racz. Don't you know why they were cheering?

Mustari. No, and I don't believe they did.

Racz. I should not think Count Irini would keep you.

Mustari. I beg your pardon.

Racz. Are you not the butler?

Mustari. (*Aroused from his lethargy, indignantly.*) The Butler! No. (*Sinking back into his lethargy.*) Er—er—of course, I'm not the butler.

Racz. You don't seem quite sure of it. Oh, you are the foot-man?

Mustari. I am Count Mustari, Master of Ceremonies to the King of Massilia.

Racz. Oh yes, I see; you are the King's Cadeau. You should be flattered because I thought you were the butler. I don't see how you do it, not being in the profession.

Mustari. (*Dryly.*) If you were not a nobody I should call you out for that remark.

Racz. Well, well, I wouldn't go out if you did. The night air is very bad, and I have to be careful of my gout. But I am not nobody. I am Pali Racz, The Gypsy Primas, let me tell you that, old Mustard-seed. I must not quarrel, for the mood is too important to the artist. (*Enter Gaston and Estragon R.U.*)

Gaston Oh, here you are, Pali Racz. Your Excellency, allow me to present my chief attraction, the celebrated Gypsy leader.

Estragon. I am looking forward to hearing you to-night.

Racz. You will be more pleased yet when I am through, for my playing never disappoints. I remember you very well.

Mustari. (*Plucking him by the sleeve.*) Sir, I beg you—

Racz. What are you plucking my sleeve for? Is there a thread?

Mustari. (*With irritation goes up and around to L.*)

Racz. Your majesty remembers me, of course—(*To the King.*)

I have a letter from you at home, all about your pleasure in decorating me. Do you remember it?

Estragon. I am afraid I do not; Count Mustari writes my letters.

Racz. Well, who would have thought it possible. It was such a nice letter. Would you mind telling me while we are on the subject, why in the name of common sense you sent a medal to that fellow, Ferenz Polgar at the same time? He wrote an opera, yes, but really a fountain pen, a diary or a cravat would have been enough.

Gaston. Why don't you take off your coat? (*Calling Pierre.*)
M'sieu's coat.

Racz. Take good care of it. I should not like to lose it.

Gaston. In my house you may be sure that it will be perfectly safe.

Racz. Not at all. In the best cafes such things have been heard of. (*To get the use of his right hand puts hat on his head, and, assisted by Pierre, pulls out his right arm, then takes off his hat and stands there, his left hand still in his sleeve.*)

Estragon. (*Blowing a kiss in the air.*) (*Pierre reaches for the violin case. Racz draws back.*) (*Pierre tries to get off right sleeve.*) (*Racz finally puts on hat and makes it possible to get off right sleeve.*)

Racz. No, not the case; only the overcoat.

(*Music ready*)

Racz. (*To Estragon and Gaston.*) It's a bit difficult, but I shall manage. (*Manages to get out of the overcoat. Puts on hat and takes violin in right hand.*) (*Pierre exits with overcoat and hat.*) And there we are. A little complicated, but absolutely safe.

Estragon. One would think that box contained a king's ransom, and there's nothing in it but a violin.

Racz. Nothing but a violin! (*Shakes finger at Estragon.*) Your Majesty must understand. If you choose to go abroad without your sceptre, that is entirely your own affair, but I am a gypsy, and I do not let my Stradivaria out of my hands. (*Sounds of music from other room.*) Ah! House orchestra? (*Gaston nods.*) (*With contempt.*) I thought so. (*Shudders.*) Ugh! (*To Estragon.*) You hear that? That's how people play who let others handle their fiddles. To them a violin is simply something of wood and string. But to me it is the boat I take to get away from the world of fact and

nonsense to the land of glamour and romance. (*Places violin-case on chair R. and takes violin out*).

NO. 3. "MY FAITHFUL STRADIVARI"

Racz. This to you may seem to be
Varnish, wood and glueing;
Fairy skiff it is to me,
Magic ever doing.
Women, laughter, wine and songs,
Do not last forever;
When a joy like this belongs.
It will leave one never.
If e'er I wish without delay
To leave all care and sadness;
I hoist my sail and steal away
Upon this boat of gladness.

Gaston }
Estragon. } Your old fiddle seemed a riddle.
Mustari. }

Racz. It is just a boat for sailing.

Gaston. }
Estragon. } Greater riddle is your fiddle.
Mustari. }

Racz. Straight to dreamland.

Gaston. }
Estragon. } If it's also boat for sailing.
Mustari. }

Racz. Never failing.

(*Chorus*)

Racz. My faithful Stradivari,
On which I sail the streams
of love-impassioned music
Up to the isle of dreams.
Along through silvery moonlight,
Past stars all glowing and bright,
I float above the forest,
Across the sea of night.

Gaston. }
Estragon. } Along the silvery moonlight
Mustari. } Past star and comet so bright
He floats above the forest
Across the sea of night.

(*Racz sings the last two lines with them.*)

II.

Racz. What care I if storms do rage,
Winds may blow and shatter;
What care I for dull old age,
Little does it matter.
While I still can use my oar,
Free I am as ever;
Sailing to that happy shore,
Age o'ertakes me never.
Above all gloom and sullen care,
Upon the clouds I'm drifting;
I steer my course through star-lit air,
My craft, my soul uplifting.

(At conclusion of song.)

Estragon. I don't wonder, if your violin means all that to you that you treasure it. But you can safely entrust it to my equerry. *(Racz hesitates.)* I place my Master of Ceremonies at the disposal of your violin.

Mustari. *(Fetches case. Racz puts fiddle in)* I shall consider it an honor—

Gaston. You can surely trust me with it, *Racz.*

Racz. *(Puts violin-case in Gaston's hand.)* Guard it as you would guard your sweetheart. A bodyguard for my violin. And a king watching over my fiddle.

(Estragon remains at foot of stairs R.U.)

(Gaston and Mustari bear the case off, each holding an end.)

(Sari and Juliska enter from opposite sides. Sari is dressed in modern fashionable gown.)

Sari. Father!

Racz. Daughter!

Juliska. Pali *Racz!*

Racz. *Juliska!* *(Girls rush to him and embrace him.)* Well, well, this is a surprise.

Juliska. How young you've grown!

Sari. Look at his new hair!

Racz. It isn't new hair. It's my old hair done over.

Sari. *(Has walked round Racz, inspecting him carefully.)*
Father, you are beautiful, yes, beautiful.

Racz. You must blame it on the tailor and the barber. But where did you get that outfit?

(Estragon calls attention to himself by a cough.)

Sari. Oh father, who is that nice young man?

Racz. Sari, be careful. That is not a *nice* young man. It is—
(*Introducing*) His Majesty—*alias* Count Estragon. My daughter Sari; my fiancée (*To Girls.*) He's a king, sure enough, only he's not in his uniform.

Estragon. Oh, never mind. Here only *art* is king. (*Racz bows.*)
And beauty queen. The rest of us, merely, counts.

Sari. Oh, my. It's a bit warm, isn't it?

Estragon. Is this your first trip to Paris?

Juliska. Yes, your Majesty.

Estragon. How long have you been here?

Sari. An hour, forty minutes.

Estragon. What do you think of Paris?

Sari. I've only seen it at night.

Estragon. That's the best time to see Paris. I should like very much the pleasure of dancing with you.

Sari. That's awfully nice of you. I didn't know kings were like you. Come along, King. Bye-bye, papa. Don't let them muss your hair. (*Exeunt R.U.*)

Racz. That's the most amiable potentate that ever swung a sceptre. We will follow them.

Juliska. You go ahead. I'll be there directly. (*Racz exits R.U. Juliska sits. Laczi enters and throws his arms around her.*) *Laczi!*

Laczi. Only Laczi—is that the way to greet me—after two months?

Juliska. Oh, is it as long as that?

Laczi. Longer—to me—(*Looking at her devouringly.*) Since I left home, my inspiration has been dead. Now, I know the cause.

Juliska. You were homesick?

Laczi. It was you who danced through every page of music that I have ever written, and it is only *now* that I have discovered—

Juliska. You can't mean it. You ran away from me and never wrote.

Laczi. I was angry because you taunted me about my music. I am glad now that I left home and came to Paris, for it has taught me, Juliska, how much I need you. (*Seizes her impetuously.*)

Juliska. (*Drawing back.*) You are too late. (*Crosses to R., getting out of his arms.*) I am engaged to someone else.

Laczi. Engaged? (*Hesitates.*)

Laczi. To whom?

Juliska. Pali Racz. (*She sits in chair, her back to Laczi, who at beginning of duet comes down and kneels with leg on chair.*)

Laczi. (*Pause.*) My father! But—if you and I love, we have no right to sacrifice it. It is the call of youth. (*Juliska tries to laugh.*)

DUET NO. 4. JULISKA AND LACZI

Laczi. A promise lightly spoken,

Juliska. A promise must remain,
My word shall not be broken.

Laczi. Such action is insane!

Juliska. Too long you have been dreaming.

Laczi. But now I'm wide awake.
I understand your scheming.

Juliska. You make a great mistake.

Laczi. Such promises should not be made.
For us it means a foolish sacrifice,
A game like that should not be played.
Too bitter and too heavy is the price.

Juliska. You should have talked like that before.
But always have you been too late.

Laczi. If you were promised to a score
You still should be my mate.

(*Chorus*)

Laczi. Softly through the summer night,
Love to its mate is now calling.
Youth comes, trembling with delight,
Soon autumn leaves will be falling.
Time flies, hold it while you can,
Age comes soon to every man;
Hearts sigh on the summer wind
As their love takes flight.

Juliska. I wish I could believe you.

Laczi. You shall, dear heart, you must.

Juliska. To love me would not grieve you.

Laczi. Have you so little trust?

- Juliska.* You never wrote a letter
To tell me how you were,
Deep silence seemed much better.
- Laczi.* The thought did not occur.
- Juliska.* (Laughingly.)
And so I stayed at home and pined,
Because I felt that you were gone for life;
But now you love me much I find,
And rather want me to become your wife.
- Laczi.* I want you more than I can tell.
- Juliska.* Yet I must marry Racz, I fear.
- Laczi.* Your love, dear heart, you should never sell;
All joy in life would disappear.
- Juliska.* Oh, Laczi, how was I to know?
- Laczi.* Forgive me, dear, I love you so. (Chorus as before.
When they exit they run off R.1.E. Juliska, L.1.E. Laczi.)
(Enter Sari and Estragon.)
- Estragon.* You're enchanting. Beside you, these dull Parisians
are like painted roses.
- Sari.* Quit your joking.
- Estragon.* May I lose my throne if I'm not telling the truth.
You're so fresh—so charming.
- Sari.* Now stop it. (Digs him in the ribs.)
- Estragon.* And so strong. What does that mean? (Amused.)
- Sari.* That the King has ribs, same as any man.
- Estragon.* What did you expect?
- Sari.* I never knew what kings were made of. (Pause.) I am
not afraid of you a bit.
- Estragon.* We shall have such fun together.
- Sari.* Just like the young folks at a country fair. (Shouts.)
(Enters Racz and Juliska.)
- Racz.* Ah, ha! See there! All day I've had a feeling that
something big is about to happen in my life. Wouldn't
those yokels at home look pop-eyed if they could see us
now? (Laughs.)

NO. 5. QUARTETTE

- Estragon.* Maiden bright, for to-night
Let me be your cavalier.
- Juliska.* How polite—charming quite—
As a king he's a perfect dear.

Racz. Surely he knows how to win a woman's heart,
 For of every King's education it's a part.
 Just like me—to a tee—
 As when young I used to be.

Sari. What a chance—what a chance—
 For a girl from a country town
 With a King she shall dance
 And make all the ladies frown.

Estragon. You will please look on me as one of you;
 I shall do to-night just as I want to do.

Racz. Just like me—to a tee—
 That's the way I used to be.
 See with what grace a King can bend,
 Soon I shall be his bosom friend.

Sari and Juliska. { We thank you for this honor great,
 Your kindness we appreciate.

Estragon. I never felt so gay before.

Racz. Of kings like this we should have more.

Racz, Juliska, and Sari. { Who ever thought that we should be
 Received like this by royalty.

Racz. As a rule, Kings are cool,
 Stiff and rather grim,
 Do them good if others would,
 Lessons take from him.
 Ho! ho! ho!

Chorus

Long live the King!
 Long live the King!
 Monarch so democratic
 Rules with a smile,
 Cares not for style,
 Though of high state emblematic,
 Easy and free,
 Roy'l dignity,
 He for his court reserves it.

Racz. { Long live the King!
Juliska, { Long live the King!
and Sari. { Here is one King who deserves it.
Estragon. I am glad, very glad,
 To have met such a girl as you.

Juliska. Not so bad, not so bad,
Better far than most men could do.

Racz. You can tell at once by looking at his eye.
As ladies' man he is very, very fly;
Just like me—to a tee—
As when young I used to be.

Sari. There must be some mistake, things cannot be just
as they seem:
Very soon I shall wake and find this was a pleasant
dream.

Estragon. If it is a dream, I'm sure I'm satisfied;
Happiness you miss when your eyes are open wide.

Racz. Just like me—to a tee—
That's the way I used to be.

Estragon. Here with you I intend to stay.

Racz. We must not let him go away.
Think what an honor it would be
To have him in the family.

Estragon. I can't resist a pretty face.

Racz. This is for you the proper place.

Racz,
Juliska,
Sari. } Think what an honor it would be
 } To have him in the family.

Racz. I protest, he's the best
King I ever saw;
He's the fellow I should pick
For a son-in-law.
Ho! ho! ho!

(*Chorus and exeunt.*) (*Laczi and Pierre enter from opposite
sides of stage.*)

Laczi. Ho, Pierre! Will you look in the drawing room for
M. Racz and tell him a gentleman from his home town
wishes to see him? (*Pierre bows and retires.*) (*Tenderly.*)
Dear old father. Always my rival. In art and—in love.

Racz. (*Off stage.*) A gentleman from Lorenzfalva. I wonder
who it can be. (*As he enters, Laczi has his back turned.*)
(*Racz approaches him with welcoming smile and gesture.*)
Ah, old friend!

Laczi. (*Turning with outstretched hand.*) Father!

Racz. (*Surprised to silence, stands so for a moment; turns
away, ignoring him; then turns back.*) Oh, you wicked boy!

(*Opens his arms.*) Laczi, my son, my dear boy. (*They embrace. Racz holds Laczi by the shoulder and gazes into his eyes. Then looks him over from head to foot.*) You look fine—like a man who's doing well!

Laczi. It might be worse, father.

Racz. I should think it might. When you are a guest in this house, among these people. Wasn't it I who first told you to hang your fiddle on a nail and then you would be somebody?

Laczi. Father, you are mistaken. I did not give up my music, nor am I friend of these aristocrats.

Racz. But you are visiting here?

Laczi. Visiting! No, father. I am only the conductor of the orchestra.

Racz. (*Soberly.*) Oh, I see. Your playing is a side dish. Your fiddling and the salad are served together.

Laczi. I do not play. You very thoroughly spoiled that ambition of mine. I have not touched a violin since I left home. But in order to make a living I organized this orchestra which I conduct myself.

Racz. Well, that's the better way. If you did play nobody would listen. What a pity you could not have come to my way of thinking before leaving the old place. It was not necessary for you to put your hat on your ear, wave your hand and say: "So long, papa, I'm through with you." You might have spared me that. But, it's all right, Laczi boy, I love you just as much as ever. You are still my son if you are not an artist. (*As he is about to exit, servant enters.*)

Servant. I beg your pardon. Is M. Racz here?

Racz. In two editions. Do you wish an old copy or a more recent one?

Servant. The conductor of the orchestra is wanted. The ladies wish to dance.

Racz. (*To his son.*) Laczi!

Laczi. I'll go with you. (*Exit with Servant.*)

Racz. (*Follows him with pitying look.*) A fine situation for an artist. To shake a little stick so the turkeys may trot.

(*Exit L.U.*) (*Enter Sari and Cadeau. Sari is the least little bit tipsy from champagne. She laughs rather foolishly and holds tightly to Cadeau as though fearful of*

slipping down. Cadeau, who wears an old-fashioned evening coat, is disgusted and patiently anxious to escape her. During this scene with Cadeau, Sari is never serious. She deliberately torments him.)

Cadeau. Oh, dear! What am I to do?

Sari. *(Pulls him into a chair beside her.)* Caddy dear! *(Laughing.)* That bubbling soda water has made me giddy.

Cadeau. Soda water! Champagne—20 francs a bottle! Now you stay here like a good girl and I'll go and get you a cab.

Sari. Yes! And we'll go off together into the night.

Cadeau. Heavens, no! It would cost too much—and besides, I hate travelling.

Sari. Caddy, have you ever been in love?

Cadeau. You are getting personal and I have given you no cause for such a liberty.

Sari. Oh, nobody loves me!

Cadeau. *(Cheerfully.)* There, there—somebody does!

Sari. You, Caddy.

Cadeau. I meant that there must be someone somewhere who likes you. There always is.

Sari. You're a dear, Caddy. *(Strokes his chin.)*

Cadeau. Stop it! Stop it, I say! You're acting like Anthony and Cleopatra and it embarrasses me. Lean the other way—there's a dear.

Sari. It's more comfortable this way. I'm sleepy!

Cadeau. Good heavens! Young woman, be careful. Wake up! Wake up!

Sari. *(As Cadeau tries to leave.)* If you leave me, I'll scream and scream.

Cadeau. Oh dear, what am I to do? *(Suddenly, in a loud voice.)* You don't really want me to stay! This is Cadeau—plain Cadeau, the shadow. It's the champagne. Now go home.

Sari. I have no home!

Cadeau. Tut! I've seen it.

Sari. *(Pretending.)* Cadeau! You're cruel! *(She sinks into a chair and turns away.)*

Cadeau. You don't really love me. How embarrassing! *(Gaston enters from back.)*

Sari. *(Laughing.)* Love you? Of course not. The only man I could care for is Count Irini. Oh, you can laugh.

Cadeau. No I can't—I'm terrified.

Sari. I thought he would be glad to see me, but he wasn't.
(*Gaston drag Cadeau away and takes his place beside Sari. Cadeau, nervous and at his wits' end, watches them.*)
All the way up on the train, the clicks of the wheels seemed to say, "He loves me!—he loves me!—he loves me!—"
(*Gaston takes her hand gently.*)

Gaston. (*Mimicking Cadeau.*) How distressing.

Sari. Cadeau, I am so unhappy. I thought it would be so different—and now—this.

Gaston. Now this—(*As he says it, he throws his arm around her and kisses her. Sari started, then returns the embrace.*)

Sari. (*Rising.*) Powers above, what have we done now?

Gaston. Oh terrible! I kissed you!

Sari. That's nothing, but I kissed you.

Gaston. Well, what of it—if you love me and I love you! Now I don't care if mother does disinherit me—I won't leave you—I'd go after you on my bare feet.

Sari. And I'd follow you on my bare feet.

Cadeau. (*Tapping Gaston's shoulder.*) Oh sir, can I interrupt you a moment?

Gaston. Don't worry, Cadeau. She didn't mind it a bit this time.

Cadeau. I entreat you—remember the motto I gave you: Keep your shoes on—I mean, keep your eyes open.

Gaston. Oh, go to the devil!

Cadeau. (*Sadly.*) Very well, sir. (*Exit.*)

NO. 6. DUET—*Sari and Gaston*

Sari. Now at last you've noticed me,
How I feared 'twould never be.
Do not let me go,
Always hold me so;
You're the only man I ever wished to know.

Gaston. Dear one, I feel just the same,
Without you my life is tame.
All I want is you;
No one else will do.

Sari. Love and love alone is all to blame.

Chorus. Oh let us come and dance with joy
Since love and life are ours,

For youth is strong and blood grows warm
Beneath the scent of flowers.
Music light and laughter bright shall carry us along,
Singing with our hearts on fire love's own sweet song.

II.

Gaston. Love to us has lent his wings,
To the waltz what joy he brings.

Sari. Here and there we go,
Gliding to and fro,
Like a bit of thistle-down when breezes blow.

Gaston. Always shall we dance like this,
Always shall we know such bliss.

Sari. Down through life I'll glide,
Ever at your side.

Gaston. You shall be my bride.

Sari. What ere betide.

(Chorus as before.)

(Enter Juliska and Laczi—both in splendid spirits.)

Juliska. That's the way a man should act. If you only had
been like that a few months ago, there wouldn't be this
trouble now.

Laczi. Trouble to-night—with our clouds all vanished!

Juliska. There's your father—remember. I cannot bear to
hurt him.

Laczi. I know, poor father, but since we love, there is no other
way. He'll understand. *(Juliska and Laczi embrace and
dance. Sari and Irini return to dancing. The girls embrace
—the men shake hands. Resume dancing. Company stroll
on. King enters a moment later. Sari breaks away, runs
to Laczi and Juliska, showing Juliska Gaston; runs, grabs
her hand; she grabs Laczi, who grabs Juliska, forming a
circle.)*

Girls. But, your Majesty, when are we going to hear Pali
Racz?

Estragon. That's what I am wondering. Gaston said it was to
be the event of the evening. Gaston! Gaston!

Gaston. Ah, your Majesty!

King. *(Dialogue.) (Laughing.)* Did you forget, my dear
Gaston, that you are still my host? We wait your King of
the violin—your Pali Racz.

Mustari. Pali Racz. He has broken his fiddle string!
Pierre. Your Lordship!
Gaston. What is it?
Pierre. M'sieu Racz is nowhere to be found.
Gaston. Cannot be found! (*Suddenly, as though with inspiration, to Laczi.*) Suppose you take his place?
Laczi. I? Oh no! I—I can't.
Gaston. This is your chance—
Laczi. Oh no! I could not think of it.

SONG

All. Now don't say no—
We wait to hear you;
Go wield your bow—
Thus your *art* to show—
We wait to hear you,
That all may know.

Laczi. What can I do, but decline,
An artist's ambition— is no longer mine.
I'll get my father— he must be near;
If you'll have patience— he soon will be here.

Juliska. Don't make them coax you—
Now is your chance— don't throw it away.
(*Everyone begins to applaud.*)

All. Bravo—bravo! Show us your art—
Naught's accomplished with a faint heart—
You are an artist—so play the part.

Laczi. Like pris'ner am I
Who's broken the grating—

Juliska. Oh, Laczi, do play,
His Majesty's waiting.

(*The company have their chairs to place, with back to audience.*)

Laczi. (*As though not believing.*)
You think that I can—
Is it true what I hear?
Your faith now makes all doubts disappear.
(*Gets his violin from the back. To the company*)
Since you command me—
I'll endeavor—
(*Salutes King with violin bow.*)

Juliska. (During solo.)

Chance comes—

Chance that is so rare—

(Racz enters.)

Will o'the wisp that is so fleeting.

Racz. (Spoken.) Juliska!

King. Sh! Be quiet. (Racz, reproved, looks helplessly at

Juliska, who shrugs her shoulders. Estragon steps up to

Laczi. He comes down and shakes both hands.)

All. Seize it! Hold it! While you may!

Good luck often slips away.

Juliska. Love, tho', still can find the way

To make fortune stay.

Chorus. Bravo—Laczi—bravo for you!

Bravo—bravo—praise that is due!

You are an artist—with art that is true.

(Racz and Laczi embrace.)

Gaston. (Spoken) Well. We thought you were lost. Come

show them what you can do—the old school against the
new.

Racz. (Spoken) I thank you very much, but I cannot—

Gaston. Why not?

Racz. I thank you just the same—but—no—

(Sings to Gaston.)

You think perhaps—'tis just vagary,

And I but listen to my mood—

I would not act—oh, so contrary—

I would not be so very rude!

Alas! I feel all is not right,

For storm clouds fill the sky to-night.

The atmosphere might then—so affect

My boat, the Stradivari—that it could be wrecked.

(Half humorous, yet sad.)

I heed my Stradivari—

That seems to me to say—

Old Pali Racz takes warning—

To-night you must now play.

'Tis never safe for sailing

When ships have open seams—

For mariners with bailing

Ne'er reached the Isle of Dreams.

Mustari. (*Spoken.*) He won't play. The idea! He's jealous!

Racz. (*In sudden rage*) What's that? You think I am afraid?

That is too much—'tis time I played.
Altho' my violin has warned me,
I yet know how to lift my bow.
To those of you—who would have scorned me—
True gypsy art I now will show.

Chorus Bravo—Pali—you who are great—
Most expectant—We all await—(*Racz plays.*)

Gaston. (*To Estragon*) How do you like him?

Estragon. Don't like him at all. An old-fashioned gypsy fiddler. Why, the man plays out of tune!

Mustari. Can't be compared to the boy. (*In pantomime the members of the company invite each other to other rooms to play cards, etc. They leave. Racz has been playing furiously with his back turned to his audience. As he finishes, he whirls about.*)

Racz. All over! (*Gaston, Sari, Jusiska and Laczi are the only persons in the room. They look at each other with embarrassment, then concentrate their gaze on the old man. Racz's jubilant expression, with which he had been playing, changes as he realizes his failure. His age seems to overtake him. He becomes old and worn. With bowed shoulders he descends the staircase, and falls, utterly beaten, into a chair.*)

Laczi. Poor father. (*Fekette approaches him. Sari approaches him. They attempt to console him. For a moment Racz accepts their sympathy, then arising, he turns his eyes to his fiddle. He clasps it in his arms and sings.*)

Racz. That was the end. It is all over now—(*Looks at the violin.*) Pali, if you only now had listened to this faithful friend.

My poor old Stradivari—
Alas! your work is done—
No one shall e'er profane you—
Not even my dear son.

All. Dear Racz, don't lose your courage
Your heart is still quite young.

Racz. (*Not heeding.*) My poor old Stradivari, your Swan Song now—is sung. (*He starts off. As he does, his eyes encounter the fireplace. He stops, embraces the fiddle, kisses it and then throws it into the fire. There is an involuntary movement on the part of the others to rescue it, but Racz senses it and without turning his head, raises his arms to protest. They stop.*) (*With arms extended he bids a mute good-bye to the instrument and then slowly turns to the group. As he sees Juliska in Laczi's arms, he starts and realizes that she, too, is gone. By his gestures he indicates the fiddle as one defeat, the girl as the other. Then as if determined to make the best of it, he crosses the stage and clasping Juliska's hand, he puts it in Laczi's.*)

Racz. (*To Sari.*) Well, Sari, are you ready to go home?

Gaston. No, she's going to give you a long holiday, for Sari and I are to be married.

Racz. So! Good for my young old maid! (*Crosses and clasps hands of Sari and Gaston.*) (*In the meantime, the company, headed by the King, has strolled back.*)

Sari. I got him, father!

Cadeau. (*Rushes in excitedly.*) I protest, I protest. Remember, you lose your property if you marry one without a title. Charming girl, of course, but—

Gaston. Damn my property!

Cadeau. How very embarrassing!

Estragon. (*Coming forward.*) If a title is all that stands in the way, let me remove the obstacle. By the sovereign power invested in me as the hereditary King of Massilia, I create you Countess of—Stradivari. (*All cheer and congratulate Sari and Gaston.*)

Sari. Oh, that is nice of you.

Gaston. I thank your Majesty from my heart. Well, Cadeau?

Cadeau. A little irregular, but perfectly all right.

Sari. What about father?

Racz. Tut! With fifteen children at home there is enough youth for me still in Lorenzfalva. (*General dancing begins, which Goston and Sari lead off.*)

All. Oh! let us come and dance with joy,
Since love and life are ours;
For youth is strong, and blood grows warm
Beneath the scent of flowers.
Music light and laughter bright shall carry us along.
Singing with our hearts on fire,
Love's sweet song.

(2nd Curtain)

"Hazaza"

CURTAIN

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