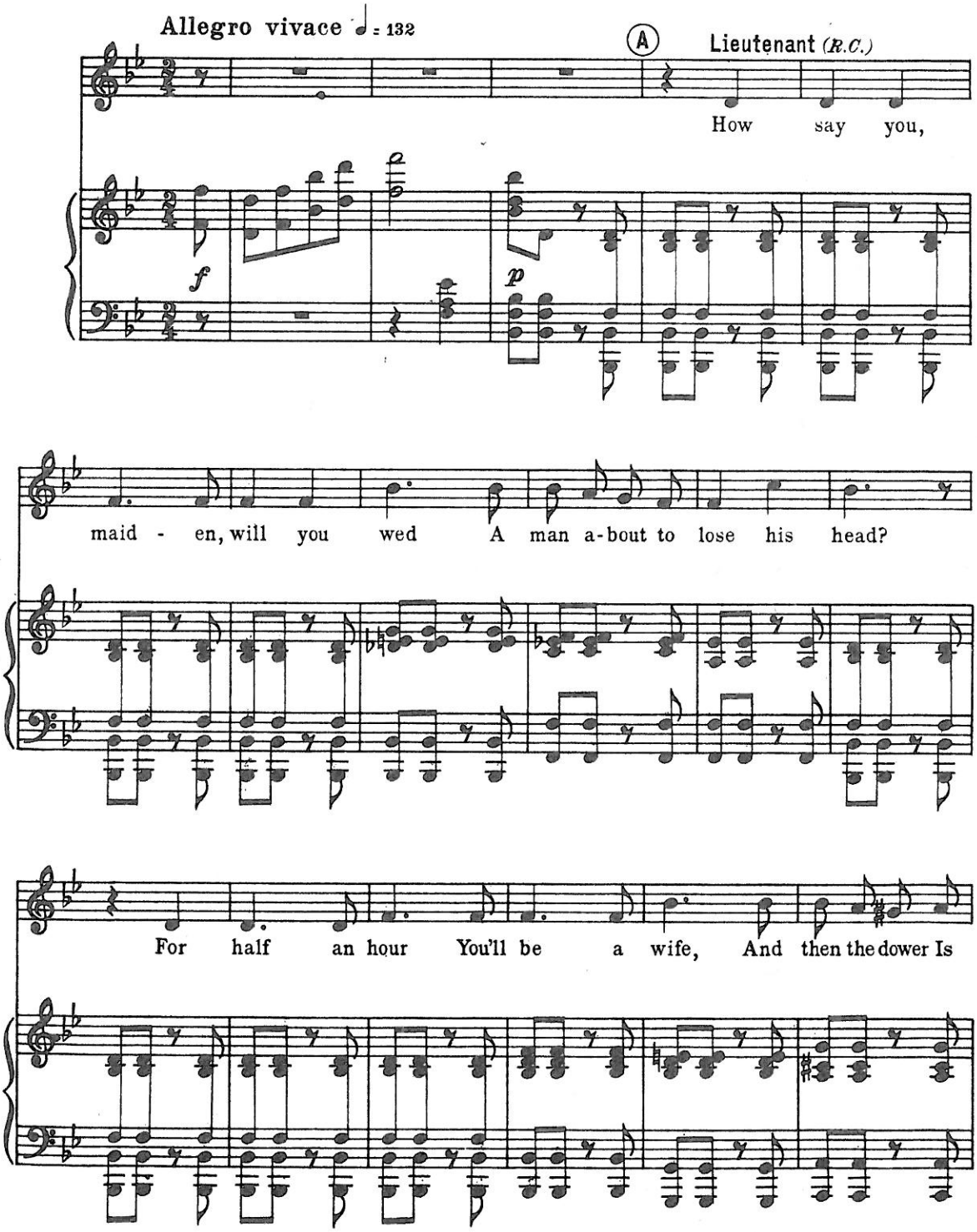
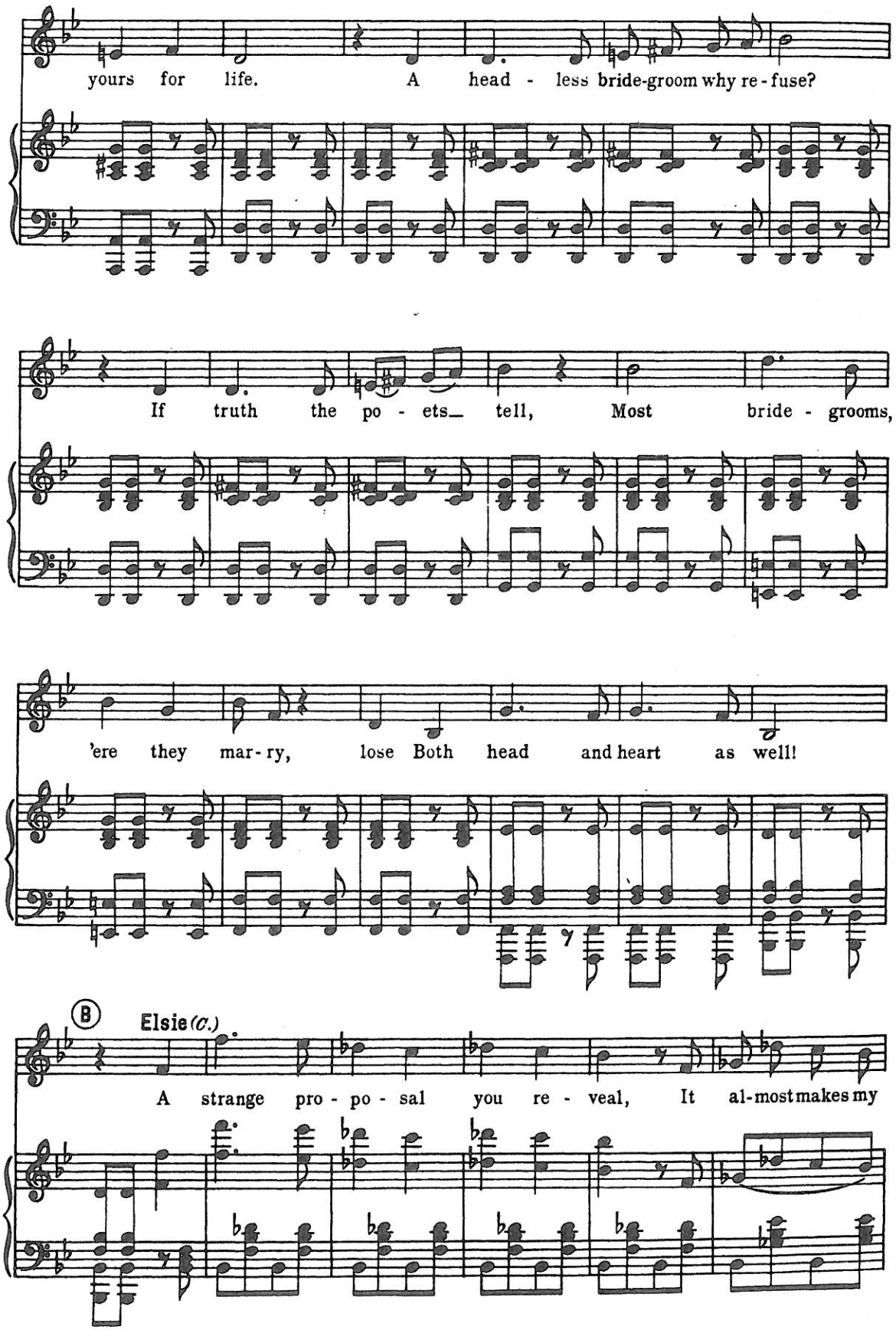
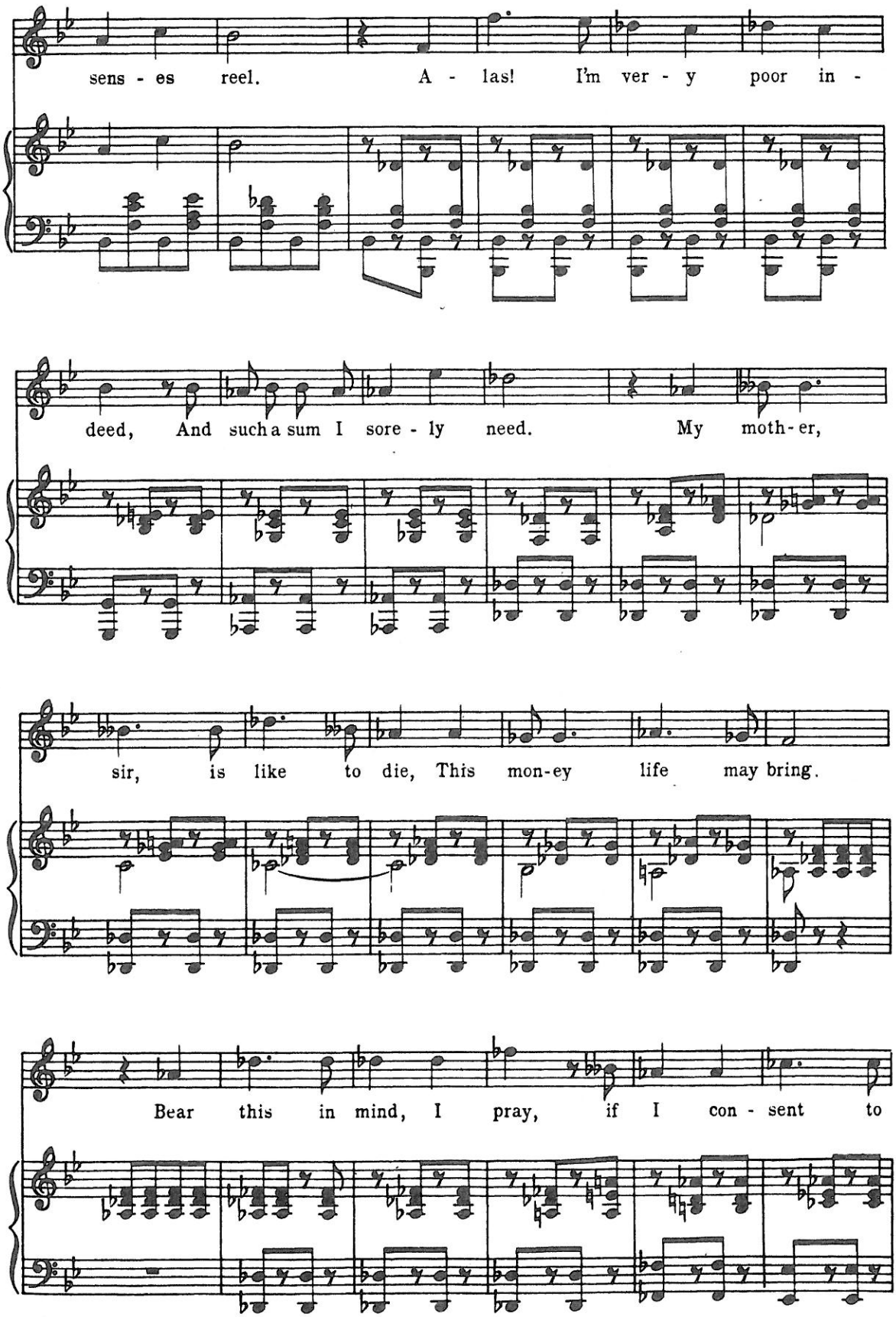
No. 8. How say you, maiden, will you wed

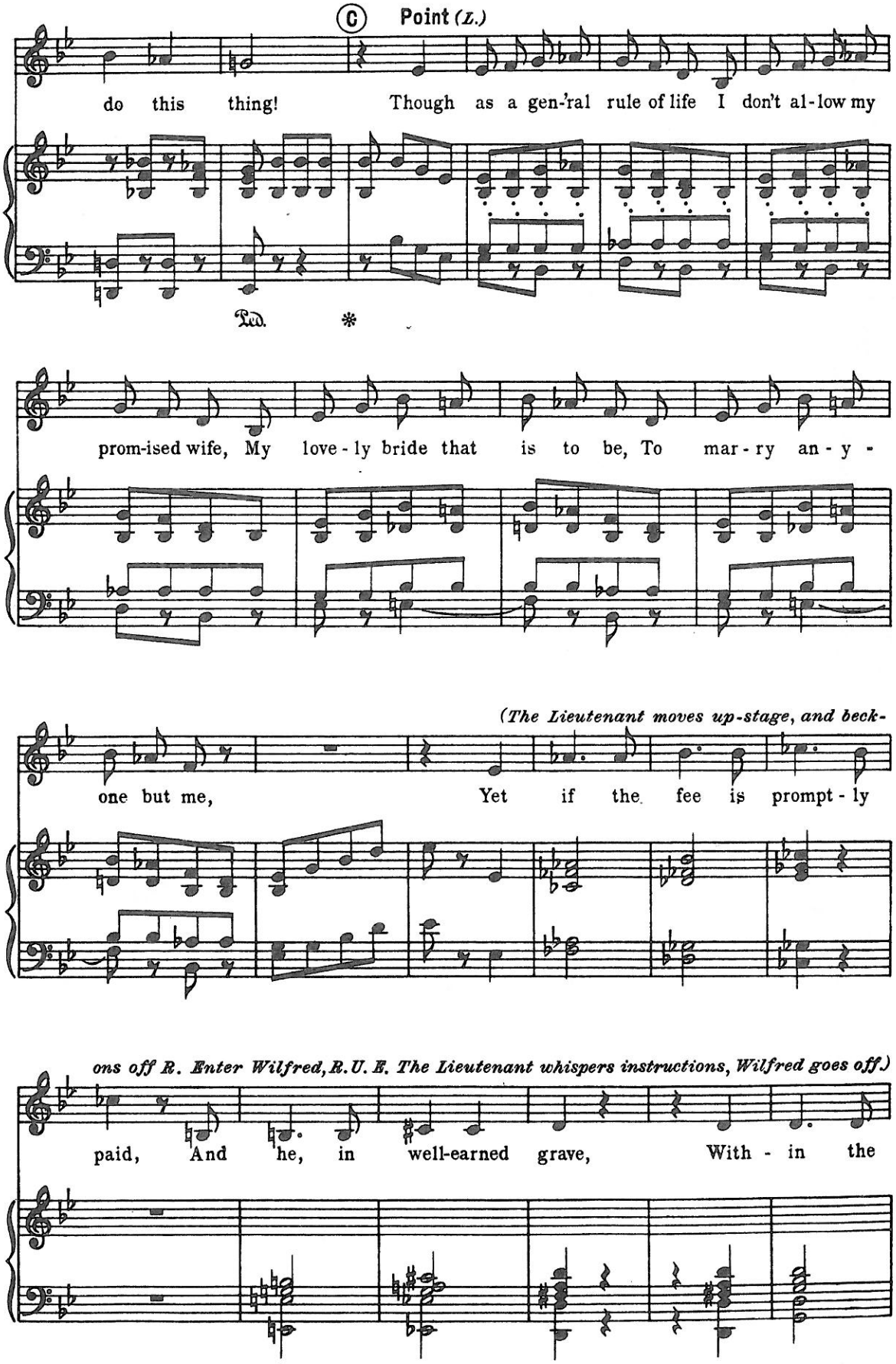
Trio

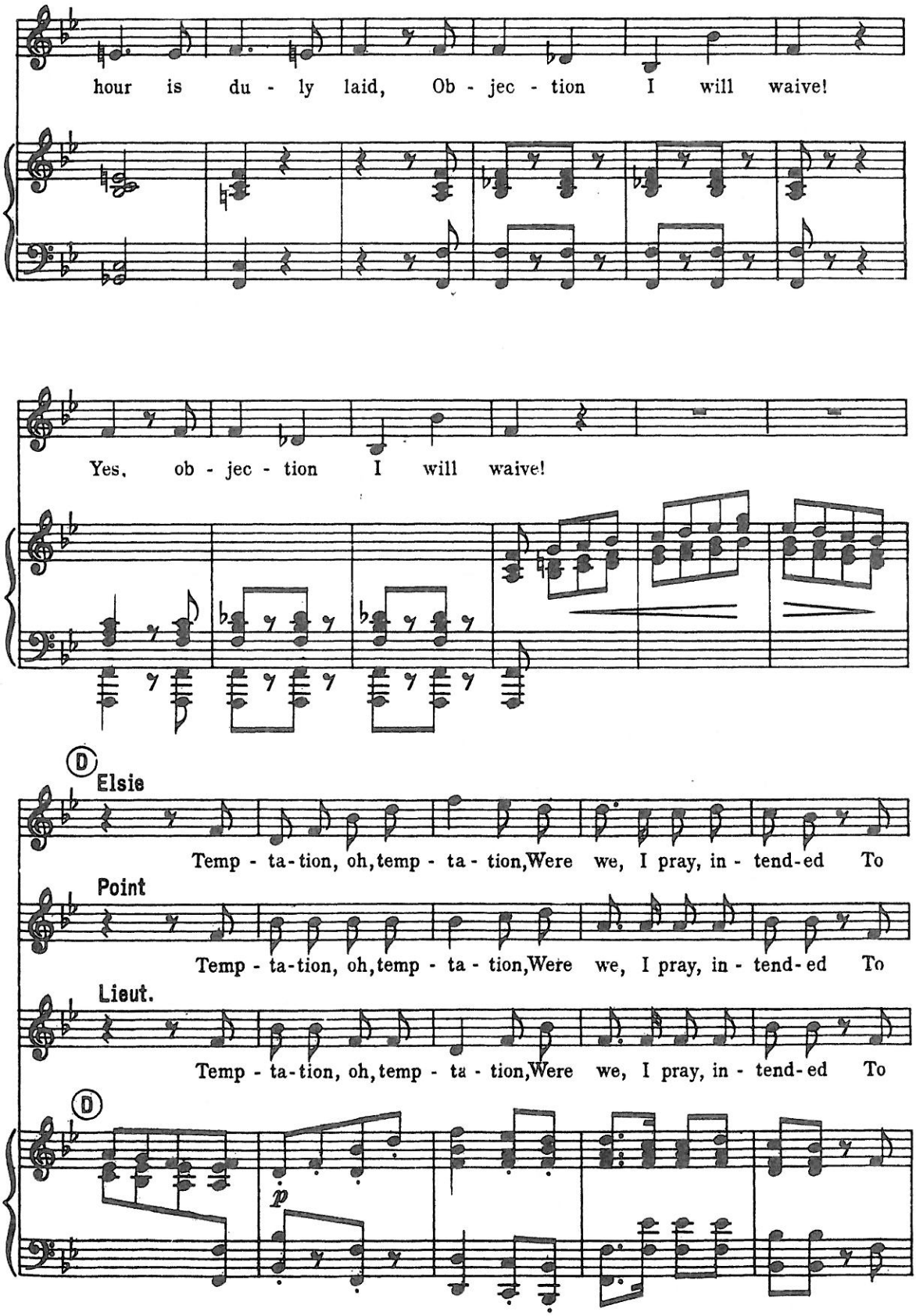
Elsie, Point, and Lieutenant

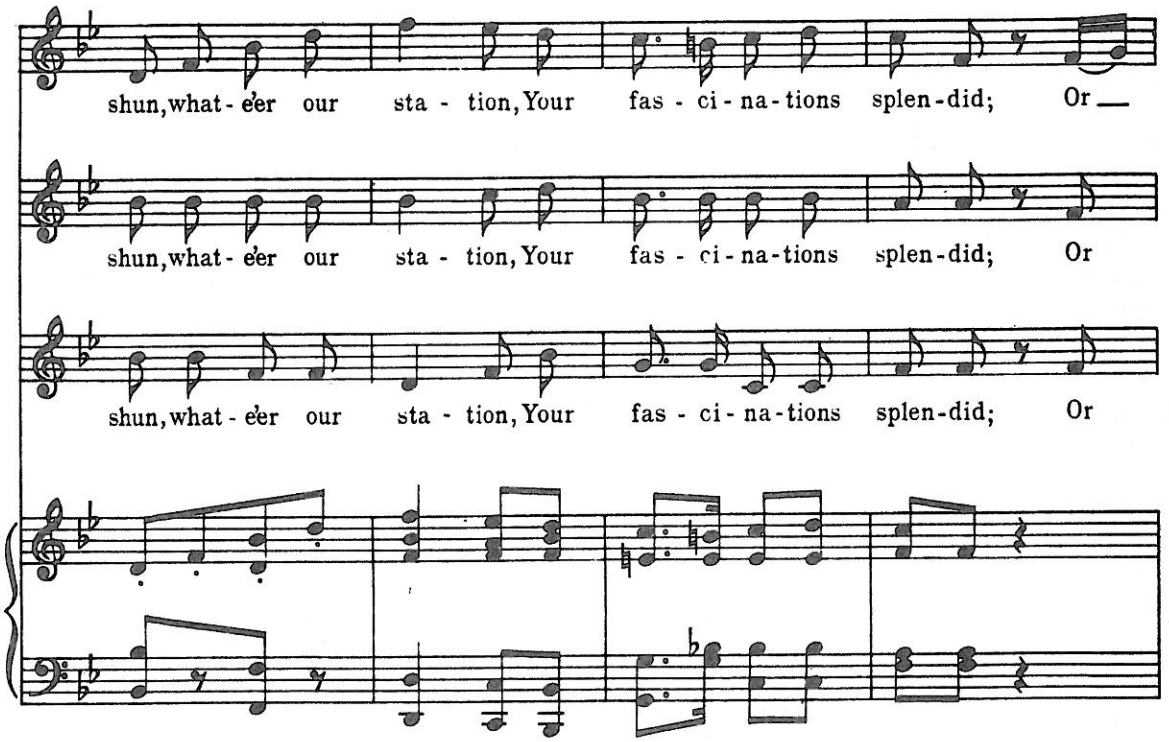


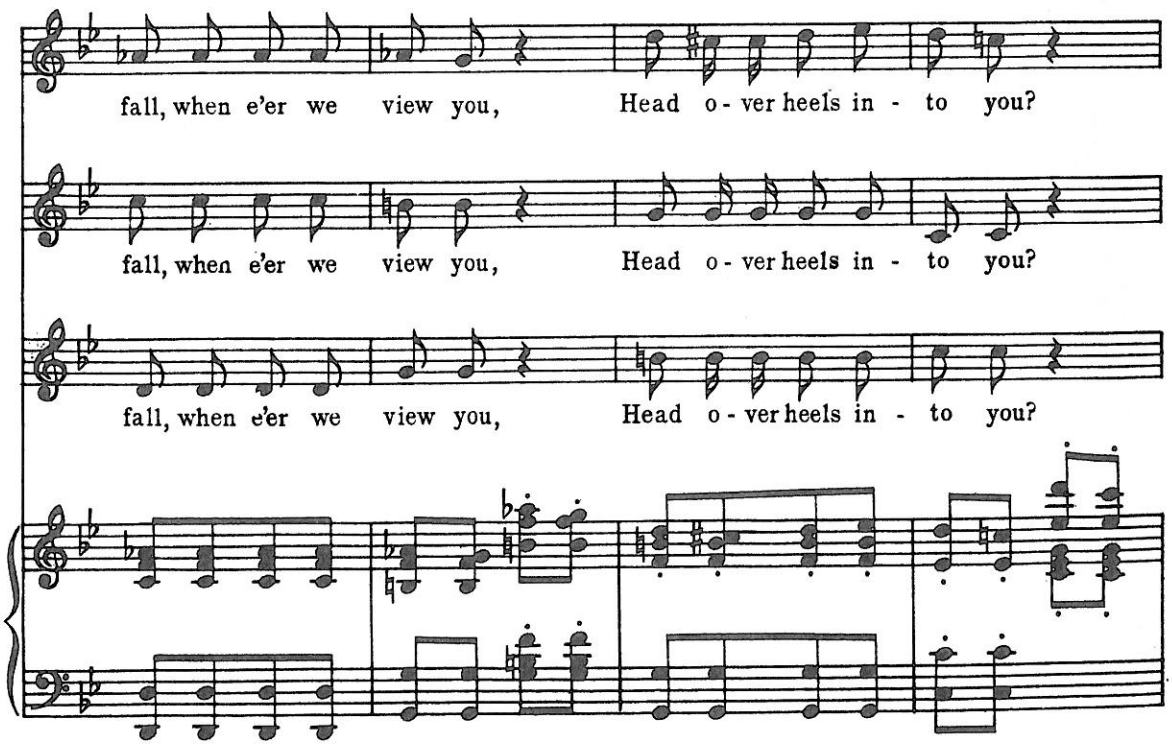

yours for life. A head - less bride-groom why re - fuse?
If truth the po - ets_ tell, Most bride - grooms,
'ere they mar - ry, lose Both head and heart as well!
B
Elsie (C.)
A strange pro - po - sal you re - veal, It al-most makes my

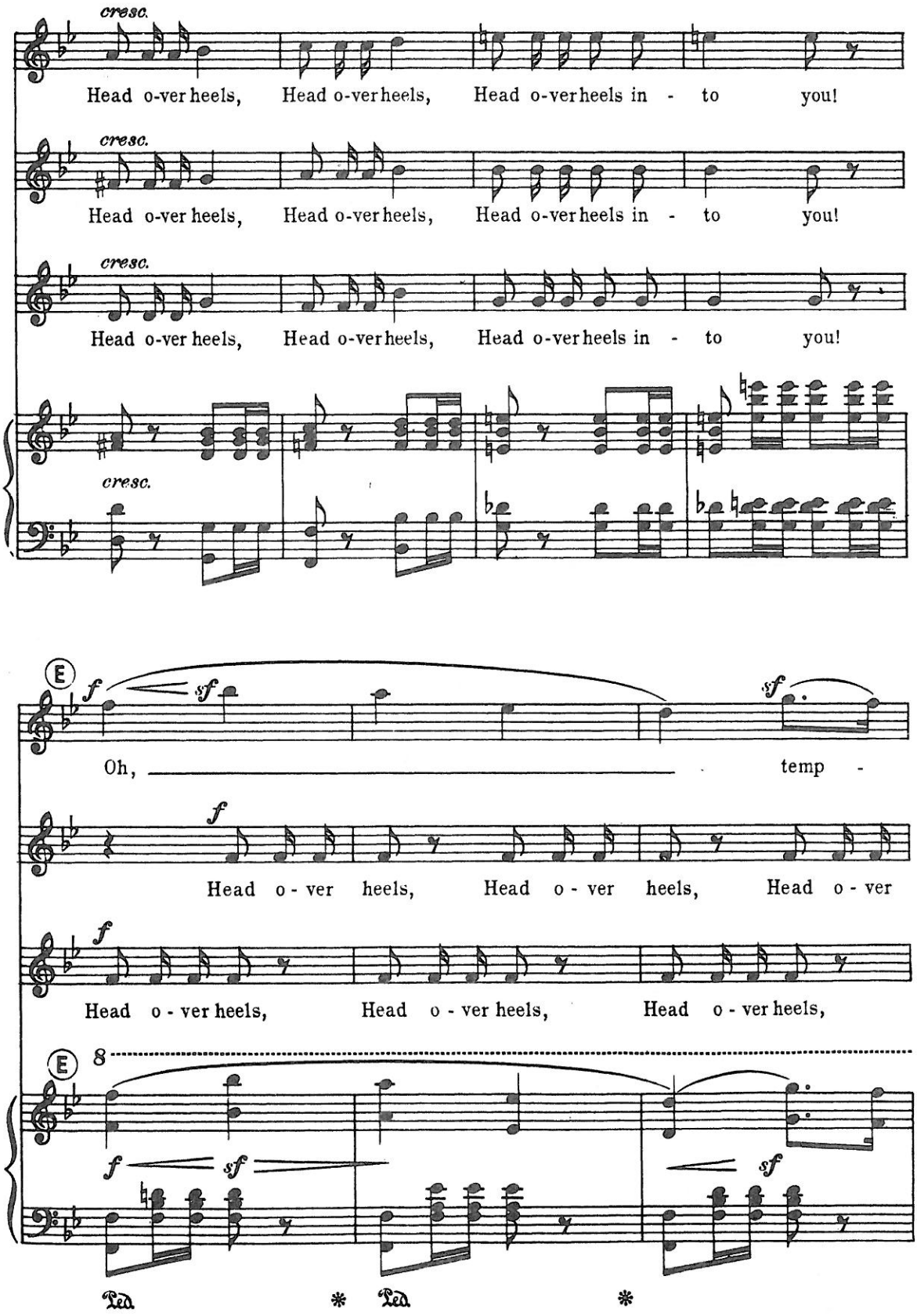

sens - es reel. A - las! I'm ver - y poor in -
deed, And such a sum I sore - ly need. My moth - er,
sir, is like to die, This mon - ey life may bring.
Bear this in mind, I pray, if I con - sent to


C
Point (L.)
do this thing! Though as a gen-'ral rule of life I don't al-low my
Ped. *
prom-ised wife, My love-ly bride that is to be, To mar-ry an-y-
(The Lieutenant moves up-stage, and beck-
one but me, Yet if the fee is prompt-ly
ons off R. Enter Wilfred, R.U.E. The Lieutenant whispers instructions, Wilfred goes off.)
paid, And he, in well-earned grave, With-in the

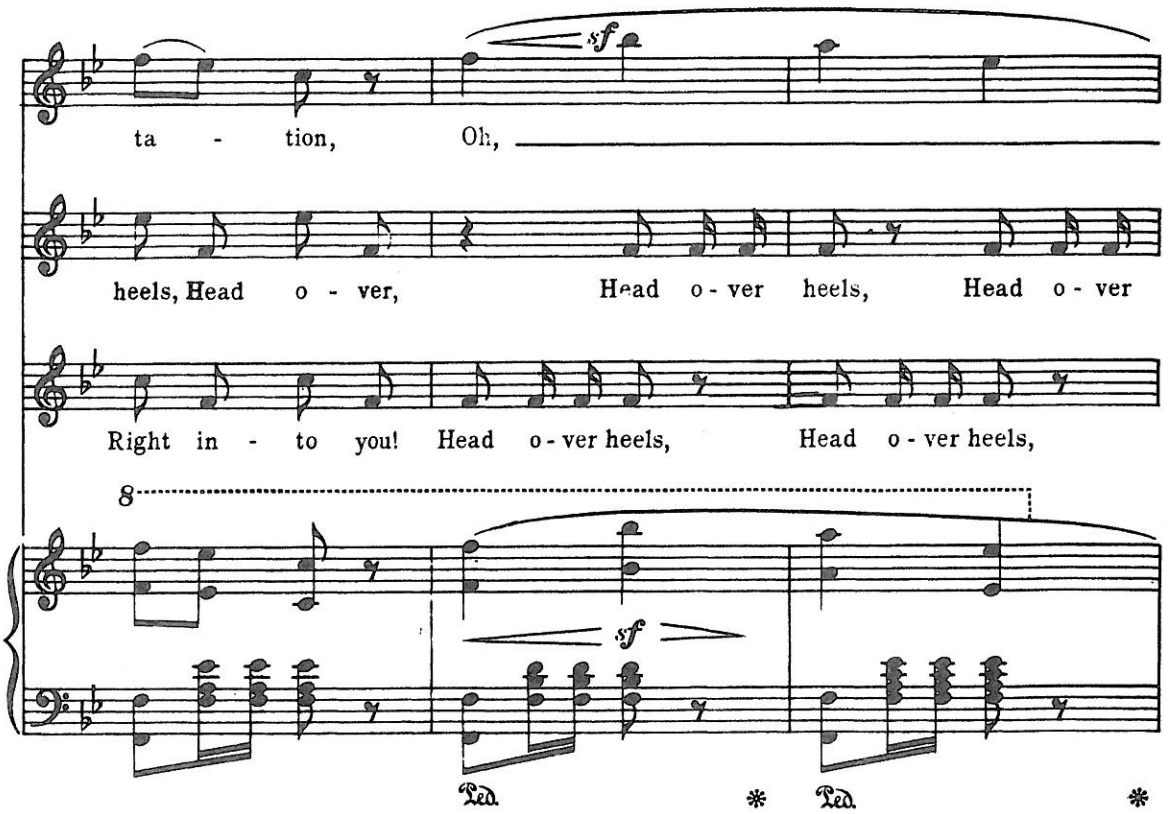

hour is du - ly laid, Ob - jec - tion I will waive!
Yes, ob - jec - tion I will waive!
D
Elsie
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
Point
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
Lieut.
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
D
p


shun, what - e'er our sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tions splen - did; Or
shun, what - e'er our sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tions splen - did; Or
shun, what - e'er our sta - tion, Your fas - ci - na - tions splen - did; Or

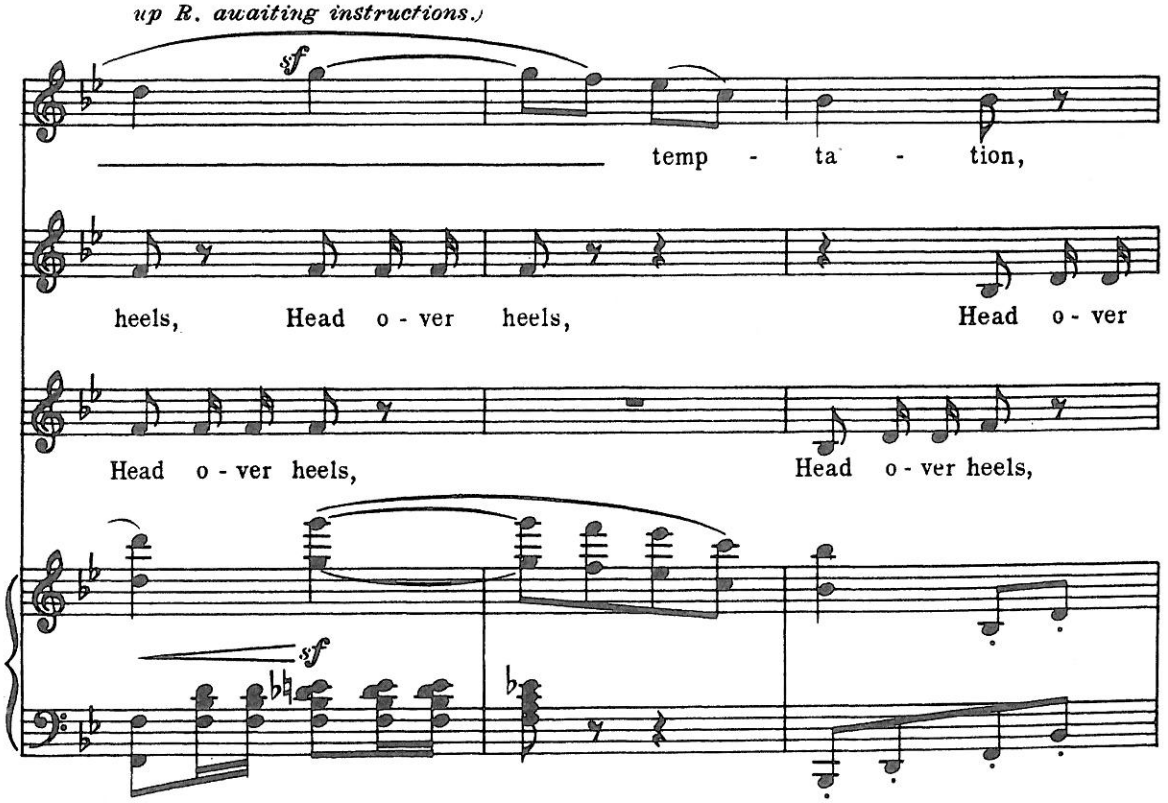

fall, when e'er we view you, Head o - ver heels in - to you?
fall, when e'er we view you, Head o - ver heels in - to you?
fall, when e'er we view you, Head o - ver heels in - to you?

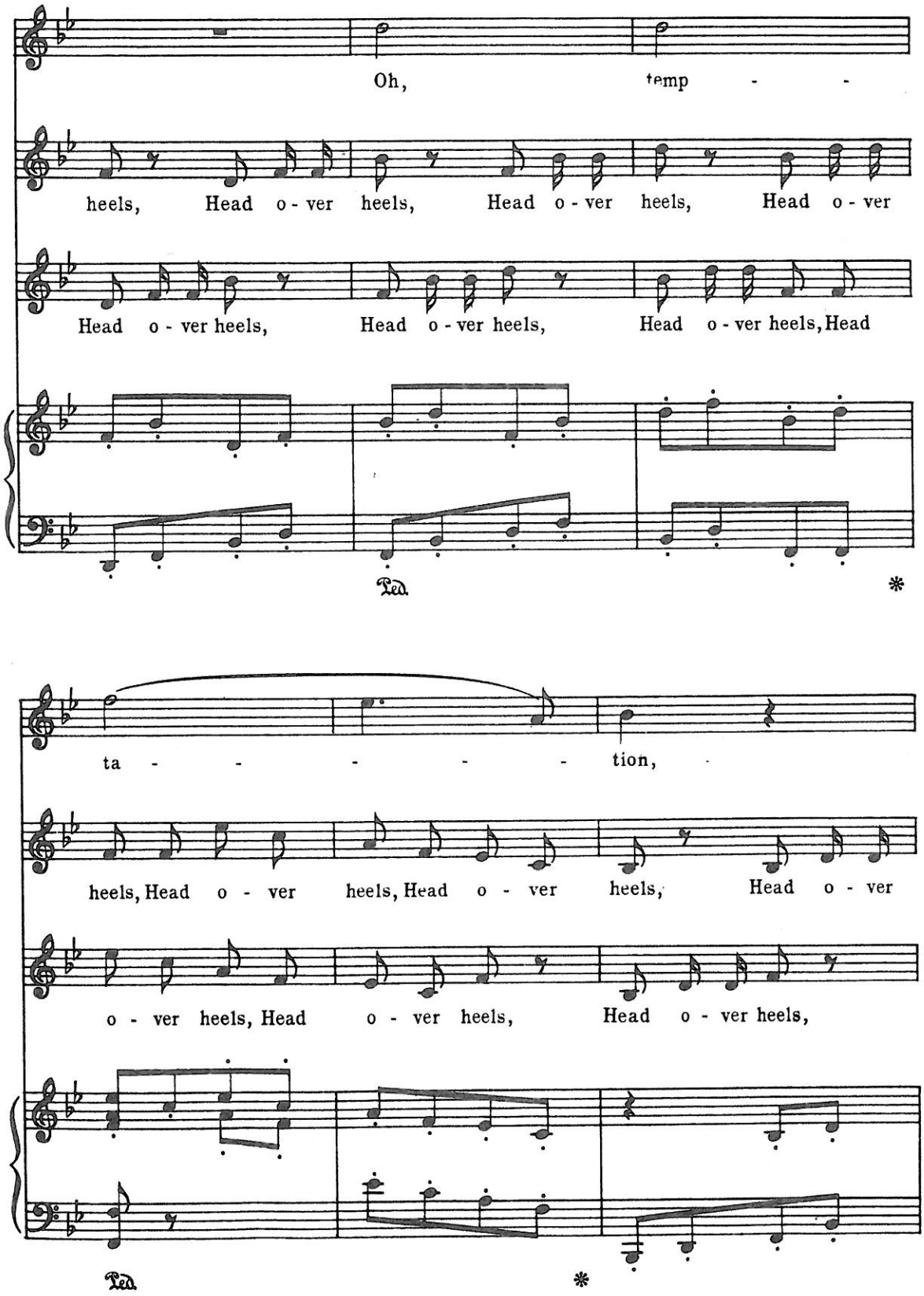

cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
E
f sf sf
Oh, temp -
f
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
f
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
E
8
f sf sf
Ped * Ped *

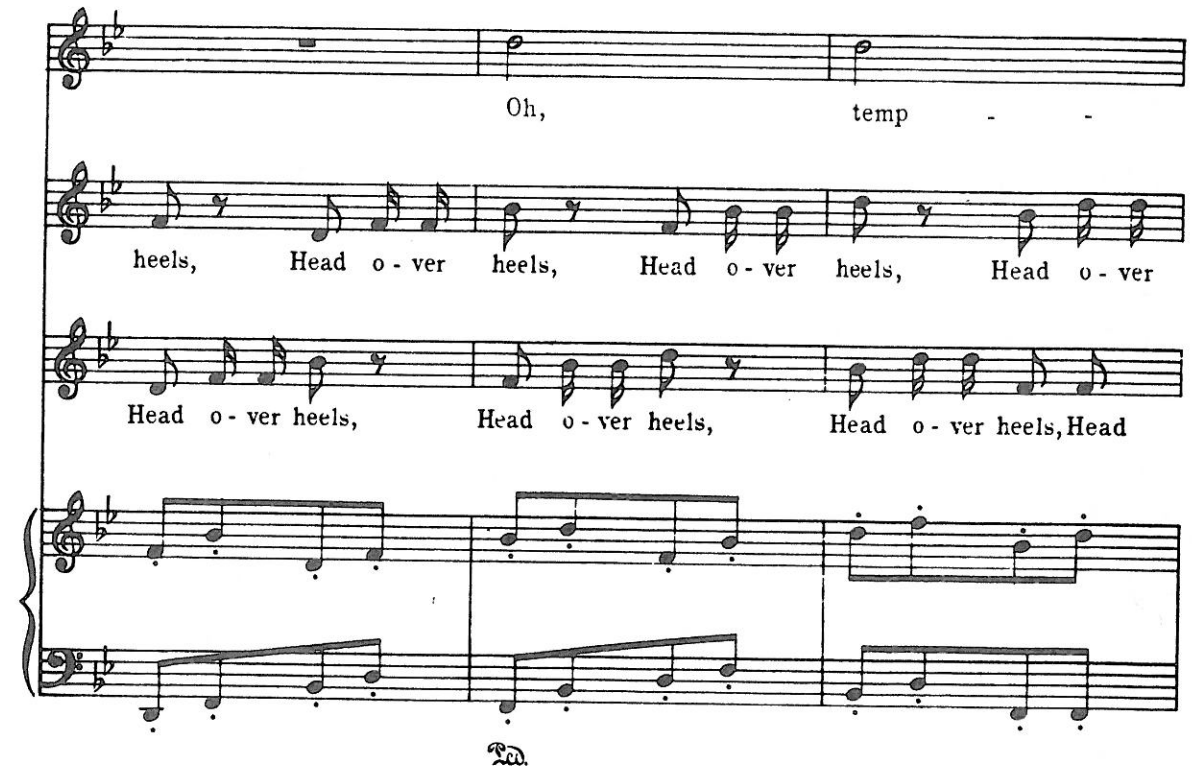
(Wilfred returns with a white handkerchief, and remains

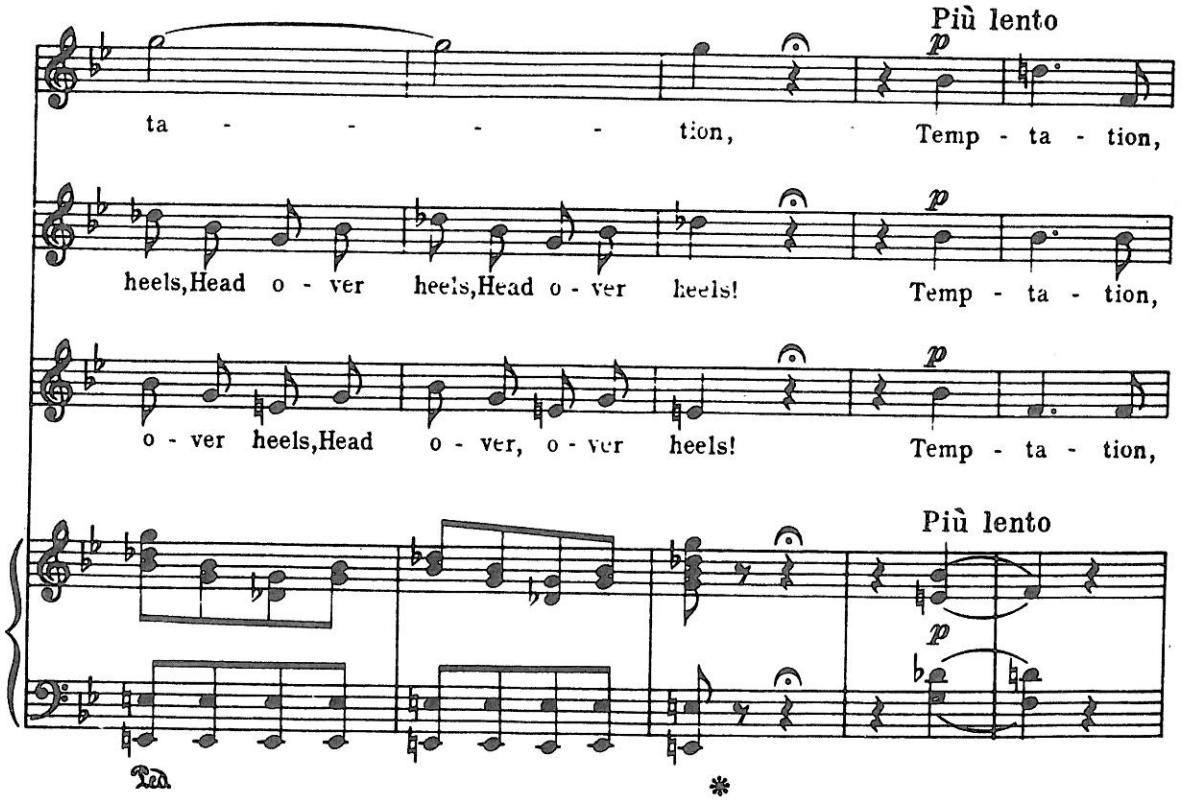


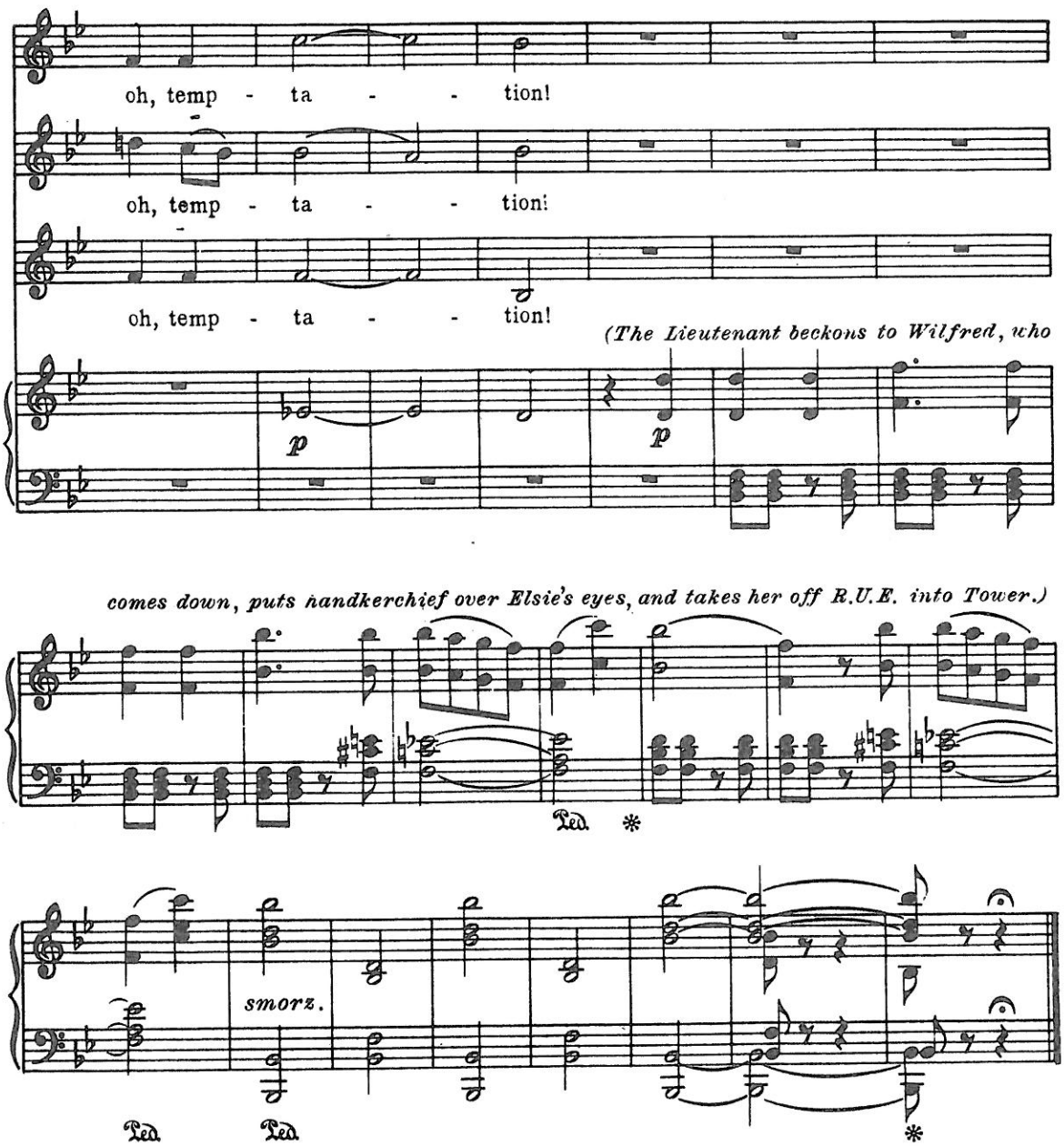
up R. awaiting instructions.)




Oh, temp - -
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head
Ped.
*
ta - - - - - tion,
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
Ped.
*


Oh, temp - -
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head
Ped.


Più lento
p
ta - - - - - tion, Temp - ta - tion,
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels! Temp - ta - tion,
o - ver heels, Head o - ver, o - ver heels! Temp - ta - tion,
Più lento
p
Ped.
*



Lieutenant: And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

Point: Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.

Lieutenant: I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post? *(He sits on bench, R.)*

Point: Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once. I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests—ancient and modern—past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you—a pretty, pretty wit!

1st Citizen: Well sung and well danced!

2nd Citizen: A kiss for that, pretty maid!

All: Aye, a kiss all 'round. *(They gather around her.)*

Elsie: *(drawing dagger)* Best beware! I am armed!

Point: Back, sirs, back! This is going too far.

2nd Citizen: Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all things—even in this. *(trying to kiss her)*

Elsie: Help! Help!

(Enter Lieutenant with Guard, R. Crowd falls back.)

Lieutenant: What is this pother?

Elsie: *(C.)* Sir, we sang to these folk, and they would have repaid us with gross courtesy, but for your honour's coming.

Lieutenant: *(to mob)* Away with ye! *(to Guard)* Clear the rabble. *(Guards push crowd off, and go off with them L.U.E.)* Now, my girl, who are you, and what do you here?

Elsie: May it please you, sir, we are two strolling players, Jack Point and I, Elsie Maynard, at your worship's service. We go from fair to fair, singing, and dancing, and playing brief interludes; and so we make a poor living.

Lieutenant: You two, eh? Are ye man and wife?

Point: *(L.C.)* No, sir; for though I am a fool, there is a limit to my folly. Her mother, old Bridget Maynard, travels with us (for Elsie is a good girl), but the old woman is a-bed with fever, and we have come here to pick up some silver to buy an electuary for her.

Lieutenant: Hark ye, girl! Your mother is ill?

Elsie: Sorely ill, sir.

Lieutenant: And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

Elsie: Alas! sir, it is too true.

Lieutenant: Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?

Elsie: An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

Lieutenant: Then listen! A worthy but unhappy gentleman is to be beheaded in an hour on this very spot. For sufficient reasons, he desires to marry before he dies, and he hath asked me to find him a wife. Wilt thou be that wife?

Elsie: The wife of a man I have never seen?

Point: Why, sir, look you, I am concerned in this; for though I am not yet wedded to Elsie Maynard, time works wonders, and there's no knowing what may be in store for us. Have we your worship's word for it that this gentleman will die today?

Lieutenant: Nothing is more certain, I grieve to say.

Point: And that the maiden will be allowed to depart the very instant the ceremony is at an end?

Lieutenant: The very instant. I pledge my honour that it shall be so.

Point: An hundred crowns?

Lieutenant: An hundred crowns!

Point: For my part, I consent. It is for Elsie to speak.