

NEW EDITION.

A

DRESS REHEARSAL

Musical Sketch.

WORDS BY

G. R. SIMS.

MUSIC BY

LOUIS DIEHL.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence.

BOOSEY & CO.,
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.;
and 9, EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK.

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Performed by Miss LILA CLAY'S Lady Minstrels.

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C

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS JONES	Principal of Grove House Academy
MADEMOISELLE EPINARD	French Governess.
AMY FIBBS	Afterwards Cinderella.
CLARA WILKINS	Afterwards the Prince.
SARAH ANN	The greedy girl.
SOPHONISBA SPIVINS	The romantic girl.
MARTHA HIGGINS }	Afterwards Spiteful Sisters.
CARRY JACKSON }	
MRS. JARVEY	Elocution Mistress.
MISS PRUDENCE PINCHBECK	A Visitor.
ROSA JENNINGS	Afterwards Fairy Godmother.
SERVANT	

SCENE.—Grove House Academy.

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A DRESS REHEARSAL.

No. 1.

OVERTURE.

Molto allegro.

PIANO
FORTE.

ff

f

Ped.

** Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

*Ped. * Ped. **

ff

Allegretto.

p

Ped.

p

poco rall.

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of textures and dynamics. It begins with a 'Molto allegro' tempo and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system shows a powerful opening with fortissimo (ff) dynamics. The second and third systems continue with rapid chordal patterns, marked with 'Ped.' (pedal) and asterisks. The fourth system introduces a change in tempo to 'Allegretto' and a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#), with dynamics ranging from piano (p) to fortissimo (ff). The final system concludes with a 'poco rall.' (slowing down) instruction. The notation includes numerous chords, some with slurs, and a consistent use of the sustain pedal throughout.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

Tempo di Valse.

p

Moderato. pesante.

f

p

cresc.

Allegro agitato.

poco rall.

p

cresc.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of staves. The first system is in 3/4 time, marked 'Tempo di Valse', and begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system is in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato. pesante.', and begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The third system is in 2/4 time, marked 'p'. The fourth system is in 2/4 time, marked 'cresc.'. The fifth system is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro agitato.', and begins with a piano (p) dynamic and 'poco rall.'. The sixth system is in 2/4 time, marked 'p' and 'cresc.'. The score features various musical notations including treble and bass clefs, key signatures of one flat (B-flat), and dynamic markings such as piano (p), forte (f), and crescendo (cresc.).

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

3

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of staves. The piano part is in the left hand, and the vocal part is in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, chords, and dynamics. The first system includes a *cresc.* marking. The second system includes a *lo tempo.* marking. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

First system: Piano part features a series of chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line with some grace notes. Dynamics include *cresc.*

Second system: Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line. Dynamics include *lo tempo.*

Third system: Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line.

Fourth system: Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line.

Fifth system: Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line.

Sixth system: Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal part has a melodic line.

A DRESS REHEARSAL

This musical score is for a piece titled "A Dress Rehearsal", marked with the number 4. It is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system features a melody in the right hand with eighth-note patterns and chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues this pattern with some melodic variation in the right hand. The third system introduces a more complex right-hand melody with sixteenth-note runs. The fourth system features a dynamic shift to *ff* (fortissimo) and includes a double bar line, indicating a section change. The fifth system continues with a strong, rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish in the right hand and a sustained accompaniment in the left, marked with a final *f* (forte) dynamic.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

b



SCENE.—Schoolroom of Grove House Academy. School-girls discovered seated in groups, knitting, crocheting, and doing fancy-work. MDLLE. EPINARD seated R., reading a French novel. Work table and seat for MISS JONES L.

NO. 2. WE'RE SITTING AND KNITTING.

(CHORUS AND SOLO.)

PIANO-
FORT

The piano introduction is in 3/8 time, key of D major. It begins with a forte (ff) dynamic. The right hand features a melody with grace notes and a 'bis.' repeat. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a 'bis.' repeat and a final chord.

The piano accompaniment continues with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand, including a 'bis.' repeat.

(Curtain.)

1st Soprano.
We're

2nd Soprano.
We're

This section shows the vocal entries for the 1st and 2nd Sopranos. The piano accompaniment continues with a 'bis.' repeat and a 'p' (piano) marking. The vocal lines are simple, with the lyrics 'We're' appearing at the end of each line.

sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're

sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're

The chorus consists of two vocal lines with the lyrics: 'sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're
work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're

sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're
sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're

work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're
work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're

pp *cresc.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *bis.*

sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may. We're
sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may. We're

A DRESS REHEARSAL

work-ing, not shirk-ing But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der - - - ful play.....

work-ing, not shirk-ing But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der - - - ful play.....

Meno mosso.

AMY. *Meno mosso.*

Ply - ing nee - dle and thread,..... Still there runs in my head..... The thread of the sto - ry, it's

writ - ten in verse,.... Which to - day, if we're good,..... And be - have as we should,.... Miss

ALL. *1o Tempo.*
(delighted.)

CHORUS.

Jones has con - sen - ted that we should re - hearse. Miss Jones has con - sen - ted that we should re - hearse. We're

Miss Jones has con - sen - ted that we should re - hearse. We're

1o Tempo.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful play. We're".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're sit-ting and knit-ting, And tat-ting and chat-ting, And let-ting our tongues go as fast as they may; We're".

Fourth system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful work-ing, not shirk-ing, But think-ing like wink-ing, And talk-ing of nought but this won-der-ful". The piano part includes dynamic markings: *pp*, *cresc.*, and *rit.*.

bis. a tempo.

play. We're sit - ting and knit - ting, And tat - ting and chat - ting, And let - ting our tongues go as fast as they may. We're work - ing, not shirk - ing, But think - ing like wink - ing, And talk - ing of fast as they may. We're work - ing, not shirk - ing, But think - ing like wink - ing. And talk - ing of

a tempo.

bis.

nought but this won - der - ful play.....

nought but this won - der - ful play.....

EPINARD (*looking off R.*) Hush—hush—young ladies. Here comes Miss Schones!
(*Girls jump up and push their chairs back to the wall—sitting in a double row.*)

Enter MISS JONES, R. *She walks solemnly to her seat, L.*

JONES. Ahem! Young ladies, you are aware, I believe, that, yielding to a general request, I have consented to allow on the occasion of your approaching dissolution—

ALL (*astonished*). Our approaching dissolution!

JONES. Or as 'tis vulgarly termed—breaking up. It is the same thing.

FIBBS. See Die!

JONES. I don't know who Dick is, Miss Fibbs, but while you are here I should prefer him called Richard.

FIBBS. Dic— Walker!!

JONES. What has Richard Walker to do with the question, Miss Fibbs?

FIBBS. Dic—short for dictionary—Walker's dictionary. That's what I meant, Miss Jones. Dissolution—breaking up,—see dictionary.

JONES. Oh! exactly: see dictionary. I have consented on the occasion of your dissolution to allow you to perform a charade.

ALL (*rising together*). Yes, Miss Jones.

JONES. I am assured that a charade is a perfectly innocent form of amusement.

ALL (*rising together*). Yes, Miss Jones.

JONES. And in order that nothing shall be wanted for the occasion—when your dear parents will be invited to be present—I have made very great preparations. Would you like to hear what preparations I have made?

ALL (*jumping up together*). Oh, yes!! Miss Jones. (*MISS JONES rises and stands C.*)

No. 3.

YOUR PARENTS ARE INVITED.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Allegretto. Miss JONES

PIANO-FORTE. *mf*

Your

pa - rents are in - vi - ted to our brea - king up, They will come at se - ven

thir - ty, and they'll stay to sup. Be - fore this cel - e - bra - tion all the

past will pale; For I'm mak - ing pre - par - a - tions on a splen - did scale.....



A DRESS REHEARSAL.

CHORUS.

poco rit. *a tempo.*

..... For she's ma - king pre - par - a - tions on a splen - did scale.

For she's ma - king pre - par - a - tions on a splen - did scale.

For she's ma - king pre - par - a - tions on a splen - did.... scale.

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

MISS JONES.

(This bar repeated ad lib. for business.)

There'll be ev - er - greens and i - vy, in the en - trance Hall; There'll be

p

"wel - come" in big let - ters, on the school - room wall, There'll be but - ter'd toast and crum - pets for the

ear - ly ones, And tea and bread and but - ter, and some nice Bath buns..... ..

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

13

CHORUS. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

..... And tea and bread and but - ter, and some nice..... Bath buns.

And tea and bread and but - ter, and some nice..... Bath buns.

And tea and bread and but - ter, and some nice Bath... buns.

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

MISS JONES.

(This bar repeated ad lib. for business.) There'll be le - mon - ade and cla - ret for your dear Ma - mas, And

p

port and sher - ry wine for your dear Pa - pas, And in case you should be thirst - y, I shall

f have for you Some goose - ber - ry and rai - sin, and some gin - ger, too.....

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

CHORUS.

poco rit. *a tempo.*

..... Some goose - ber - ry and rai - sin, and some gin - ger, too

Some goose - ber - ry and rai - sin, and some gin - ger, too.

Some goose - ber - ry and rai - sin, and some gin - ger, too.

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

MISS JONES.

(This bar repeated ad lib. for business.)

There'll be sand - wich - es for sup - per, and a cold veal pie, And some

p

jel - ly out of bot - tles, which I mean to try; And a tri - fle in the cen - tre, and a

f

tip - sy cake; So you see what pre - par - a - tions I in - tend to make.....

CHORUS. *poco rit.* (All sit down.)

.... O we see what pre - par - a - tions she in - tends..... to make.

O we see what pre - par - a - tions she in - tends..... to make.

O we see what pre - par - a - tions she in - tends to..... make.

p *poco rit.* *ff*

(At conclusion of song girls express great delight, especially SARAH ANN, who is munching an apple.)

JONES (sitting L.). So, you see, I shall leave nothing undone.

FIBBS (rising C.). Yes, Miss Jones. But what about the charade. You said we should begin rehearsing to-day.

JONES. I did; and as it has been represented to me that you would require the assistance of a practical person, I have engaged the services of a most talented lady, who is, I understand, a distant connection of the Shakespeare family. Mrs. Jarvey, the teacher of elocution, will superintend the rehearsals.

ALL. Oh, thank you, Miss Jones!

JONES. I have consented to this performance on the distinct understanding that the charade shall be one of Shakespeare's. What is the title?

WILKINS (rising R.). Cinderella.

JONES. Cinderella! I do not remember such a charade among his works. I have a shilling edition upstairs; I must refer to it.

WILKINS. Oh, Cinderella is not in any edition under eighteenpence. [Sits.]

JONES. I always thought Cinderella was a fairy tale.

HIGGINS (rising L.). Yes; founded on Shakespeare's charades.

JONES. What are you making those frightful faces for, Martha Higgins? [Makes a face at the girl next her.]

HIGGINS. Nothing, Miss Jones. I was practising my part.

JONES. I hope there is nothing so vulgar as that in this charade? I cannot tolerate a low expression, facial or otherwise.

HIGGINS. In the spiteful sister she does like that at Cinderella. [Sits.]

JONES. Then the spiteful sister must be cut out!

FIBBS. The spiteful sister is cut out (aside) by Cinderella.

JONES. Well, I shall see as the charade progresses. Clara Wilkins, kindly ask Jarvey to step this way; she is in the ante-room. (Exit CLARA WILKINS R.). Sarah Ann, that's the fourth apple I've seen you eat since dinner. Put it away directly.

[Goes to snatch apple from SARAH ANN.

SARAH ANN (R. aside). I am putting it away as fast as I can.

SPIVINS (R, who, reading a periodical, gives a sudden shriek). Oh! [All start up.]

JONES. Sophonisba Spivins, what is the matter?

SPIVINS. Oh, he's gone and done it!

ALL. Who's gone and done it?

SPIVINS (speaking very quickly). Why, the Duke! The Duchess has put the skeleton of her second husband in the larder, and the Duke's come in and poisoned himself; and the Duchess is setting fire to the nursery, and the infant heir's in bed, and he'll be burnt alive unless Sir Marmaduke gets up the waterspout in time to save him!

JONES. She's mad! Where is all this going on?

SPIVINS. In the 22nd chapter: and I've got to wait till next week for the finish!

ALL. Oh!

JONES (angrily). I've told you if I found you with those journals I'd— [Takes it away.]

Enter MRS. JARVEY R, preceded by CLARA WILKINS.

WILKINS (touching MISS JONES). Mrs. Jarvey, please, Miss Jones. (MRS. JARVEY has a tragedy walk. She salutes the company in mock heroic style.)

JARVEY. Good morning, gentle ladies!

I give you cordial greeting.

JONES. These are your pupils, Mrs. Jarvey. You may wish to say a few words to them. I have some orders to give downstairs. In the meantime you will report any inattention on the part of your pupils to me at once.

JARVEY (C.). 'Tis well, Madam.

JONES. I shall return by the time you are ready, and will witness the rehearsal. [Exit R.]

(General confusion. Girls rush and surround MRS. JARVEY. SPIVINS and SARAH ANN remain seated.)

FIBBS. I say, Mrs. Jarvey, don't you listen to her. We want it to be a real play, you know. We're going to do a burlesque.

JARVEY. I was given to understand it was one of Shakespeare's plays I was to superintend.

FIBBS. No; we've puffed old Jones that it is. She thinks it's one of Shakespeare's charades. Ha! ha! It's a burlesque written by my brother; and we've all learned our parts.

ALL (capering about). Yes, we all know our parts, and we want to begin.

JARVEY. Burlesque is not in my line. I am only at home in the legitimate.

WILKINS (R.). But we don't want you to be at home; we want you to be here. You will help us—won't you?

JARVEY. Well, well, (aside) it's money. My poverty and not my will consents. (Alm.) Shakespeare.

HIGGINS (coming down C.). I say, Mrs. Jarvey, we've got to do a breakdown. Are there any breakdowns in Shakespeare's play?

JARVEY. Yes, a good many. The first time I played Juliet—

SPIVINS (coming down R.). Oh, Juliet! Have you played Juliet? Romeo got over the garden wall—I know; and there's a lovely scene at the end—bodies all over the floor. Oh, how romantic. I should like to be Juliet.

FIBBS. I say; I feel nervous about my part. Do you feel nervous on the stage?

JARVEY. No. The first time I played Juliet I almost swook (ie) the balcony down; and the last time I played it—

ALL. Yes!

JARVEY. I brought the house down.

ALL. Oh, dear!!

FIBBS. How did you get to be a great actress, Mrs. Jarvey?

JARVEY. How did I get to be a great actress? Sit down and I'll tell you. [Girls take their seats again.]

No. 4 'TIS JUST NOW FORTY YEARS.

(SONG.)

Allegretto.

PIANO-FORTE.

stacc.

poco rall.

JARVY.

'Tis just now for - ty years gone bye, Since first I trod the stage;..... When

colla voce.

I was just a - bout so high, I play'd the youth - ful page..... All I had to say Was, my

p

cresc. poco accel.

lord, good - day, But I trem-bled like an as - pen - leaf,..... When I tried those words to speak, O, my

cresc.

CHORUS, *cresc.*

knees they felt so weak, That I ve - ry near - ly came to grief..... When those words she tried to speak, O, her

When those words she tried to speak, O, her

colla voce.

JARVEY

knees they felt so weak, That she ver - y near - ly came to grief..... So

knees they felt so weak, That she ver - y near - ly came to grief.....

rall.

well at last that page I play'd, So well those words I spoke,..... They let me be a

colla voce.

cham - ber - maid, And have a lit - tle joke..... Now my joke so hit Box - es, stalls, and pit, And my

p

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

cresc. poco accel.

sau - ci - ness so pleas'd the men,..... In the pa - pers I had pars, And my name a - mong the stars; Doubled

cresc. *colla voce.*

CHORUS. *cresc.*

was my sal' - ry there and then..... In the pa - pers she had pars, And her

In the pa - pers she had pars. And her

JARVY.

name a - mong the stars, Dou - bled was her sal' - ry there and then..... When

name a - mong the stars, Dou - bled was her sal' - ry there and then.....

rall.

as a star I took my place, I play'd no mi - nor rôle,..... I held that jokes did

colla voce.

but dis-grace, An act-ress with a soul;..... I was bent, you see, On high trag-ee-dee, And all

fun-ny parts I felt were low,..... So I man-aged soon to get To ap-pear as Ju-li-et, And the

cresc. poco accel.

cresc. *colla voce.*

CHORUS. *cresc.*

man-a-ger was Ro-me-o..... So she man-aged soon to get To ap-

So she man-aged soon to get To ap-

JARVIS.

-pear as Ju-li-et, And the man-a-ger was Ro-me-o..... So

-pear as Ju-li-et, And the man-a-ger was Ro-me-o.....

rall.

(All the girls rise and surround her, showing great interest.)

well I play'd, he lost his heart, And fell in love with me;..... He of-fer'd me a

colla voce.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

bet-ter part, His wed-ded wife to be..... O, that's years a-go, And now, you know, Ju- liet

is a part I could not play,..... I've a daugh-ter, tho', who will, When as nurse I fig-ure still, And have

CHORUS. *cresc.*

all those fun-ny things to say..... She's a daugh-ter, though, who will, When as

She's a daugh-ter, though, who will, When as

nurse she fi-gures still, And has all those fun-ny things to say.....

nurse she fi-gures still, And has all those fun-ny things to say.....

As the chorus ceases MISS JONES enters hurriedly R.

JONES. What is the meaning of all this?

JARVEY. Oh, it's part of the burles— (*girls wink volently*) charade.

JONES (*suspiciously*). This is one of Shakespeare's charades, I understand.

FIBBS (*handing the M.S. to Mrs. JARVEY, and nudging her*). Yes, Miss Jones.

JONES. I hope there is no coarse language. You will see to that?

JARVEY (*looking over M.S.*). Oh, of course! I've glanced at the text—it's laughable rather.

JONES (*demurely*). I'm glad it begins with a text—but I trust you find nothing laughable in it.

JARVEY (*touches her head—aside*). She's a little queer, I fancy; I must humour her. (*To girls*). Now, young ladies, shall we cast the parts?

FIBBS. Oh, we've arranged all that. Come on, girls; we'll go and tog. and begin! Come and help us, Mrs. Jarvey!

(*All jump up and begin dancing about.*)

No. 5.

O, HOW JOLLY.

(CHORUS AND RECITATIVE.)

Allegro.

1ST. SOPRANO. *f* O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,

2ND. SOPRANO. *f* O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,

3RD. SOPRANO. *f* O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,

PIANO-FORTE. *ff*

Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de

Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de

Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de

rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?

rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?

rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rol de rid-dle ree.....

Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rol de rid-dle ree.....

Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rol de rid-dle ree.....

f

RECIT.

Young la - dies, si - lence, pray, I beg— Miss Fibbs, you're standing on one leg— This fol de rol I

f

(The girls drop into their seats on the first of this bar.)

can't per - mit, I beg that down you all will sit. No

f

Moderato.

AMY.

fol de rol shall e'er dis-grace this pure and much - re - spect - ed place. Miss Jones, the words are in the

colla voce.

(*sils.*) ALL. (*rising mezza voce.*) AMY. *rall.*

play. Cha - rade, cha-rade you meant to say. Cha - rade, cha - rade I meant to

calla voce.

JONES.

say. In this cha - rade, which

Allegretto.

mf

JARVEY.

Shake - speare wrote— In this cha - rade, which Shakes - peare wrote— That sto - ry is stick - ing in my

JONES. *cresc.*

throat. What Shakes - peare wrote can - not be wrong, Young la - dies, you may sing your

cresc.

CHORUS.

song. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,
 O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,
 O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly,

ff

Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de
 Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de
 Is - n't this a glo - rious spree? Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rid - dle, Fol de rol de

rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?
 rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?
 rid - dle ree. O, how jol - ly, Fun and fol - ly, Is - n't this a glo - rious spree?

(Girls dance off: MRS. JARVEY and French Governess remain and dance.
 Servant appears with dustpan and broom, and joins dance at back.)

Three vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts sing the lyrics: "Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rid-dle, Fol de rol de rid-dle ree.....". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

Piano accompaniment for the second system, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

Piano accompaniment for the third system, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure. The text "1st or 2nd time." is written above the staff, and "Repeat ad lib." is written below the staff.

Piano accompaniment for the fourth system, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure. The text "last time." is written above the staff.

JENNINGS (*calling from wing*). Mamselle! mamselle!
EPINARD (*who has taken novel from her pocket*). Vat is it, Miss Fibbs?

FIBBS. Clear the chairs out of the way.

EPINARD. Parlez français, mademoiselle!

FIBBS. Oh, bother! *Mettay lay shayes ay lay showses ah cotay.*

EPINARD (*indignantly*). So I am to be your housemaid! Non—non; I'm not a servant here, mees: I'm the governess!

FIBBS. It's all right; it's your part in the charade, you know.

EPINARD. Oh, eef it is my part in ze scharade, vary good. Alle right, mees; that is what you call another pair of shoeses.

[*Arranges chairs. L.*]

JENNINGS. Put the chairs up in the corner for Miss Jones and the audience.

EPINARD. Put Miss Schones in ze cornare—alle right.

Enter Mrs. Jarvey, waving her umbrella.

JARVEY. Now, young ladies who are not playing, come and take your seats, please.

Enter SOPHONISBA SPIVINS L. reading, and SARAH ANN eating. They sit down, HUMPIE following.

JARVEY (*to EPINARD*). Now you sit down, Mademoiselle.

EPINARD. Aller right. So long as it is my part to sit down I don't mind at all. [*Sits.*]

SARAH ANN (*offering apple*). Have a pomme, Mamselle?

EPINARD. Toute suite—toute suite.

SARAH ANN (*aside*). No, it is toute sour, or I should have eaten it myself.

[*SOPHONISBA SPIVINS, writhing on chair and giving spasmodic jerks, falls against SARAH ANN.*]

SARAH ANN. I say, get up; you made me swallow the core.

SPIVINS. Oh, how awful! The Countess is committing suicide by sticking needles into her nose! The Earl who has been buried alive in the family vault is powerless to save her hand, and the ghost of her ancestors is waiting in the back garden till the clock strikes twelve; that's just where it leaves off. I must go upstairs and get the next number.

SARAH ANN (*feeling in her pockets*). I haven't got another apple. I must go upstairs and get some jumbles.

HUMPIE. If you do I'll tell Miss Jones. [*Exit SARAH ANN L.*]

SPIVINS (*rising*). And I must go upstairs and get another number.

HUMPIE (*following*). I'll tell Miss Jones she's gone to get another number.

SPIVINS. Ugh—you little sneak!

EPINARD. Vat for you girls quarrel so? I report you to Miss Schones.

HUMPIE. You do—and I'll just tell Miss Jones you're always reading French novels.

[*Exit SOPHONISBA SPIVINS, followed by HUMPIE.*]

FIBBS (*off*). Mademoiselle, come and help us with these dresses.

EPINARD (*flouncing*). Now I'm ladies' maid. No!

FIBBS. But it's in your part, you know!

EPINARD. Oh, if it's in my part!

JARVEY (*off*). Now then, Cinderella, go on and get to your place. You mustn't begin till Miss Jones comes.

Enter CINDERELLA L. She is in rags, and her face is smudged with black. She meets MADEMOISELLE EPINARD half way.

EPINARD (*horrified—hold up her hands*). Oh, you horried schild, Miss Fibbs! I report you to Miss Schones! Go vash your face!

CINDERELLA (*imitating a low child*). Garn—it's in the play. I'm Cindrellra.

EPINARD. Oh, ze play it Cendrillon?

CINDERELLA. We—Congdreeong! I say, get off the stage; you're interrupting the performance!

EPINARD. If you spik me so rude I give you von black mark!

CINDERELLA (*pointing to her face*). I've got a black mark here all red-dy.

JARVEY (*calling off L.*). Mamselle, would you come here a minute, please!

EPINARD. Mademoiselle ici, mademoiselle là. It's like de barber in de opera. [*Flounces off L.*]

CINDERELLA (*sits in corner R.*). I'm ready first. I suppose this is the fireplace where I have to sit? [*Hangs up a placard. "This is a grate."*] This is the grate secret of the play. I'll run over my part while they are getting ready. But perhaps I'd better try my song first. [*Comes forward.*]

NO. 6.

OFT IN DREAMLAND.

(SONG.)

WILFRID MILLS.

LOUIS DIEHL.

Allegretto.

Oft in dream-land when I'm roam-ing

Thro' scenes of beau-ty and de-light,..... I fond-ly view him t'wards me com-ing, My

PIANO-FORTE.

heart's loved prince and peer - less Knight. Hark, he tells the old sweet sto - ry,

poco rall. *a tempo.*

Ten - der - ly sighs it o'er and o'er,..... and all my life is lit by glo - ry, He

rall. *Tempo di Valse.*

loves, loves me ev - - er - more..... Mu - sic sweet,

colla voce. *colla voce.*

trip - ping feet, joy - ful mo - ments fleet - - ing, Crowned with flow'rs

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

pass the hours, Two hearts as one are beat - ing. On we go,

to and fro, Thro' the ma - zy mea - sure, Ah! what bliss!

nev - er till this Have I known life's full plea - sure.

colla voce. *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Sweet-heart, this mem - 'ry will haunt me ev - er; Would we still might on - ward glide;

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Why must the chill dawn so cold - ly sev - er you, dear, from my side?.....

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

Yet tho' from you a - while I'm part - ed, Sure - ly we soon shall meet a - gain;

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

You're true - heart - ed, can I doubt it? Con - stant you ev - er will re - main.....

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

..... Mu - sic sweet, trip - ping feet, Joy - ful mo - ments

poco rit. a tempo.

fleet - ing, Crown'd with flow'rs pass the hours, Two hearts as one are

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

beat - ing. On we go, to and fro, Thro' the ma - gy nea -

- sure. Ah! what bliss! nev - er till this Have I known life's full plea - sure.

colla voce.

Tempo 1mo.

Ah! yes, dear heart,.....

mf colla voce.

Ne'er shall we part.....

f

Tell me o'er and o'er You will love me ev - er - more,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part has two staves. The first staff is for the first time, starting with the lyrics 'Tell me fond - ly o'er and o'er You will love me ev - er - more.' The second staff is for the second time, starting with 'love..... me ev - er - more.....'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first staff has a 'poco rall.' marking. The second staff has 'f allargando.' and 'a tempo.' markings. There are pedal markings 'Ped.' and asterisks '*' at the bottom of the piano staves.

(After song goes back to grate. Does pantomime business with imaginary ashes and fireirons; her face turned from door R.)

Enter SERVANT R. showing in Miss PRUDENCE PINCHBECK.

SERVANT. Missus won't be long, ma'am; I'll tell her you are here. (Places chair L. for Miss PINCHBECK, who sits down without seeing CINDERELLA.)

PINCHBECK. Say Miss Prudence Pinchbeck.

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am. [Exit R.]

PINCHBECK. This is just the sort of school I want for my niece. I hear the highest accounts of Miss Jones—so kind to the girls, they tell me—quite a mother.

CINDERELLA (reading her part).

Oh, woe is me—and woe's my weary lot,
Again to day in trouble I have got.

PINCHBECK (horried, looks round). What a horrid child! Can she be one of the pupils?

CINDERELLA. While they at parties dance and flirt,
They starve me, beat me, treat me worse than dirt.

PINCHBECK. Starve her! beat her! poor little thing!

CINDERELLA. I ache with blows—pain racks my weary brow!

Oh, if my godmother could see me now!

PINCHBECK. Her godmother! (goes to CINDERELLA). Little girl, what is your name?

CINDERELLA. I beg your pardon, I didn't know anyone was here!

PINCHBECK. I know your face. Aren't you Miss Fibbs?

CINDERELLA. Yes.

PINCHBECK. Isn't Miss Winkle your godmother?

CINDERELLA. Oh, yes.

PINCHBECK. I thought so. I have met you at her house. Are you appy at this school?

CINDERELLA. Oh, yes!

PINCHBECK. And are they kind to you?

CINDERELLA. Oh, yes!

PINCHBECK (aside). Poor little thing—she dare not tell the truth for fear of being punished. This is certainly a terrible case of illtreatment. I'll let her godmother know at once, and she shall be fetched away. This infamous place shall be exposed. (To CINDERELLA.) Here, my child, is something to eat (takes bun from her reticule) that I chanced to have with me. (Gives bun.) You will see me again shortly. Cheer up! cheer up!

[Exit hurriedly R.]

CINDERELLA (c., with bun in her hand). I don't recollect this in the play. (Turns over the pages.) There's nothing about a lady and a bun. She gave it me just as if I were a bear in the Zoological Gardens. (Puts bun on chair, L.) I wonder what she meant!

[Goes back to fireplace.]

Enter SOPHONISBA SPIVINS with a fresh supply of penny numbers, reading.

SPIVINS. I do hope it ends in this number.

[Sits L.]

Enter SARAH ANN R. eating.

SARAH ANN. I've got some jumbles, and an orange, and some almond rock! (Sees bun.) Ha! look! a bun!

[Begins to eat ravenously; sits L.]

HUMPIE (coming on). I'll tell Miss Jones she's taken a bun. [Sits L.]

Enter MRS. JARVEY.

JARVEY. Now, young ladies, we are all ready. Keep your books and mind your cues.

Enter MADEMOISELLE EPIARD L

EPIARD. Yes, mind your P's and Q's.

[Sits L.]

Enter MISS JONES L.

JONES. Now, Mrs. Jarvey, if you're quite ready. By-the-bye, Jane told me there was a lady here. I don't see one. (Looks MRS. JARVEY up and down.) Ah, she must have meant you, of course. We're quite ready, Mrs. Jarvey. (To SARAH ANN.) Sarah Ann, how dare you! (Knocks an apple out of her hand; it rolls down.) Leave it there, miss!

JARVEY. Now, Cinderella, please.

JONES (starting). Good gracious, Miss Fibbs, is that you? I hope you're not going to look like that at the dissolution!

CINDERELLA. It's in the bur—charade, Miss Jones.

JONES. Well, we heard that the women in Shakespeare's plays had to be played by men at first; and if he made them look like that I don't wonder at it.

JARVEY (banging her umbrella). Silence in the pit! (Reading from book.) Cinderella sits by hearth; she looks miserable. (CINDERELLA grins.) Don't grin, Miss Fibbs, please, look miserable: so this is misery! (Business.) That's capital!

CINDERELLA (*at grate*)—

Ah! woe is me—a weary lot is mine—
The Fates against me surely must combine.
My days are spent in rags amongst the cinders;
I scrub the floors, and also clean the winders.

JONES. Windows, my dear.

JARVEY. No! winders, mum—to rhyme with cinders. That's allowed in—a charade.

JONES. Poetic license, I suppose? Proceed!

CINDERELLA.—

These cinders 'tis is (*c*)inderling me now;
If I don't tidy up there'll be a row.
My sisters ere they start the kitchen visit—
And *kitchin* it from ain't pleasant—is it?

JONES (*horrified*). Kitchin it! You mean catching it, I suppose? which also is very vulgar.

CINDERELLA. It's kitchin in the play.

JONES. Well, if it's in the charade— Dear me, I had no idea Shakespeare was so low!

CINDERELLA.—

They're dressing now, and *certain* sure I be,
A dressing I shall get, that's *hurlin* me. [*Coming down R.*
Pa's time at home, thank goodness, grows much shorter;
Pa's time at home's no *pastime* to his dorter.
He travels in *black lead*, my pa does he,
And never any *black lead* life like me.
These are his samples that I black the grate with,
And makes myself in such a *arful* state with.

JARVEY (*reads*). Enter the sisters putting finishing touches to their costumes.

Enter the SISTERS R. in ball costume, giggling and simpering—a powder-puff in one hand and glass in the other.

1ST SISTER.—

A touch will finish us—a touch in this direction—
This *puff* performs its duties to *puffection*.

[CINDERELLA comes to admire.

2ND SISTER. Cinderella, go and fetch a four-wheeler.

1ST SISTER. No; a hansom.

2ND SISTER. I shan't go in a hansom—it's so fast!

1ST SISTER. My dear, I object to a four-wheeler because it's so slow!

CINDERELLA (*between the two*). Which is it to be, sisters, a four-wheeler or a hansom?

1ST SISTER. You aggravating little thing, have done! Away you go at once and fetch us one. [*Hits her.*

CINDERELLA. Well, I didn't ask you to fetch me one like that. Am I to bring both?

2ND SISTER (*loudly*). Go and do as you are bid! [*Pushes her.*

CINDERELLA.—

Do as I'm bid! all right—but pray consider
I'm not a lot to knock down to the highest bidder.
Tho' I a *knock shun* since me you assail,
You needn't *storm* to bid me cabmen *hail*.
Hansom or growler—if you'll only say—
Your will is law, and I at once obey.

1ST SISTER (*stamping her foot*). Hansom!

2ND SISTER (*shaking her fist*). Four-wheeler!

[*They go up quarrelling.*

1ST SISTER. Oh, you nasty disagreeable thing; you make me cry. and I shan't be fit to be seen!

2ND SISTER. If I get excited I shall get so red and look such a fright!

[*They begin to shake each other.*

CINDERELLA (*runs between them*).—

Oh, please don't quarrel! Why these unseemly cabers?

* Here any local topical allusion may be introduced.

You're not editors of influential papers!
Shake hands, I beg, instead of shaking shoulders.

1ST SISTER.—

You cheeky minx! how dare you teach your elders?

[*They both turn on CINDERELLA and slap her*

2ND SISTER. It's all your fault, you nasty little thing!

[*CINDERELLA dodges them and runs off L.*

JONES (*coming down c.*) Martha Higging and Clara Jackson, you conduct's shameful! I can't allow such an exhibition of bad feeling! Don't hit Miss Fibbs!

1ST SISTER. But the hit's in the play!

JARVEY. There are several hits in the play. When Shakespeare makes a hit it's reckoned a sign of good taste.

[*MISS JONES resumes her seat.*

SARAH ANN. Well, Cinderella certainly gets a good taste of the hit. There's an awfully good taste to these jumbles.

JONES. Sarah Ann—again! [*Knocks it out of her hand.*

1ST SISTER (*strutting across stage*). I feel I shall make a conquest to-night. The Prince is to be at the Hall. He will fall in love with me, and I shall be a princess.

2ND SISTER (*imitating her*). Perhaps he'll fall in love with me, and I shall be a princess!

JARVEY (*reading from M.S.*) Cinderella returns. Make haste with that cab, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA (*off*). I can't go like this; I haven't washed my face yet JARVEY. You must put in some gag to fill up now; it's always done on the stage.

1ST SISTER. What shall I say?

JARVEY. Anything—make a joke, topical.*

1ST SISTER (*takes 2ND SISTER's arm, and brings her to front R.*) All right. I say, if we become princesses what shall we do with papa? We must appoint him resident to some place where the savages are sure to eat him up.

2ND SISTER. We can't be *board* with him, so make him a *residen*.—*board* and *residents* agree. We wouldn't have him at Court—he's so vulgar—eats knives with his peas, and drinks too much.

1ST SISTER. It's true he does: he'll grow an awful toper, with (*hesitates for simile*) nose as large and red as Ally Sloper.

2ND SISTER. I think that I can check him—

1ST SISTER. You'd not dare—

2ND SISTER. I would in French, my dear, (*dropping curtsey to her sister*). "Alley, slow père."

JARVEY (*to audience*). That's gag!

Enter CINDERELLA L.

CINDERELLA.—

I've brought a cab to suit your rank and station,

I named the Palace as your destination.

I say, at first when I told him that you were two ladies he said he would not take you because it's under a mile, and ladies will never give him more than the fare; but I made him come.

1ST SISTER. Because he stood upon his dignity.

CINDERELLA. No; because he stood upon his rank.

1ST SISTER. A cab! ah me! if times were not so bad

A private carriage, dear, she should have had.

2ND SISTER. The age we live in—

CINDERELLA. Is a cab-age,

1ST SISTER (*shocked*). Sinner!

SARAH ANN (*aside*). Ain't cabbage nice with hot boiled ham for dinner?

1ST SISTER. Mind that the water's hot, and keep the fire alight!

2ND SISTER. Don't keep us waiting when we knock. Good-night!

1ST SISTER. I shall have the front seat.

2ND SISTER. I shan't ride with my back to the horse!

1ST SISTER. Well, I'm sure I shan't!

[*They quarrel, and return quarrelling to C*

No. 7.

O, YOU CRUEL GIRL!

(TRIO.)

Molto allegro. 1ST SISTER. *>*

O, you cruel girl, I will shake you, Have the back seat I will

PIANO-FORTE. *f* *poco a poco cresc.*

2ND SISTER. *>*

make you; O, you cruel girl, I will shake you, O, you ag-gra-va-ting thing. You will make me! well, I'm

f colla voce.

poco rall. *ff*

sure, miss, Do you think this I'll en-dure, miss? You will make me! well, I'm sure, miss, O, you ag-gra-va-ting

colla voce.

CINDERELLA. *Meno mosso. dolce. cresc.*

thing! O pray you, do not quar-rel, It is shock-ing and im

mf

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

1st SISTER.
- mor - ai, O, I pray you, do not quar - rel, O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

2ND SISTER.
O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

CINDERELLA.
thing! Fin - ger - marks up - on your shoul - ders You'll be - tray to all be -
thing!

mf

f 1st SISTER.
- hold - ers, Fin - ger - marks up - on your shoul - ders. O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

f 2ND SISTER.
O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

1st SISTER.
Primo tempo.
thing! It was you be - gan it first, miss, O, feel that I shall burst, miss! It was
thing!

poco a poco cresc.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

2ND SISTER.

you be - gan it first, miss, O, you ag - gra - va - ting thing! I could bang you black and blue, miss, I could

f colla voce. *poco a poco cresc.*

poco rall. *ff*

beat and scratch you, too, miss, I could bang you black and blue, miss, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

colla voce.

Meno mosso. CINDERELLA.

O, I pray you, do not quar - rel, It is shock - ing and im -

1ST SISTER.

O, you cruel girl, I will shake you, Have the back seat I will make you,

2ND SISTER.

thing!

You will make me! well, I'm sure, miss,

mf

- mor - al, O, I pray you, do not quar - rel,

O, you cruel girl, I will shake you, I will shake you, O, you ag-gra - va-ting, O, you ag-gra-va-ting

Do you think this I'll endure, miss? You will make me, well; I'm sure, miss, well, I'm sure, miss, O, you ag-gra - va-ting, O, you ag-gra-va-ting

Fin - ger marks up - on your shoul - ders, You'll be - tray to all be -

thing! It was you be-gan it first, miss; O, I feel that I shall burst, miss;

thing! I could bang you black and blue, m

- hold - ers Fin - ger - marks up - on your shoul - ders. That's the

It was you be - gan it first, miss, It was you be - gan it first, miss,

I could beat and scratch you too, miss; I could bang you black and blue, miss, I could bang you black and blue, miss,

ag - gra - va - ting thing, That's the ag - gra - va - ting,
It was you be - gan it first, miss, first, miss, O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting
I could bang you black and blue, miss, blue, miss, O, you ag - gra - va - ting, O, you ag - gra - va - ting

ag - gra - va - ting thing!.....
thing, you ag - gra - va - ting thing!.....
thing, you ag - gra - va - ting thing!.....

(At conclusion of Trio spiteful SISTERS run off L. CINDERELLA watches them from the door.)

CINDERELLA (alone)—

Heigh ho! They're gone, and I'm alone despised,
A lone without security as advertised.
This ball to-night I'd give the world to go to;
But such a thing these wretched clothes say no to.
I see the scene! I see the joyous band!
Just for one dance His Highness claims my hand.
Alas, no one dance lets me shake my fetters—
I only dance a-ten-dance on my betters.
A fancy ball's the only ball for me;
My supper, too, must supersititious be.

[CINDERELLA brings chaw R. C. and sits.

On tarts and jellies will my sisters sup,
And I on bread, though I want keeping up—
So said the doctors—and they, pitying me,
Will, like good sisters, keep me up—till three.

SARAH ANN. I say, Miss Jones, will they be all real things that she eats on the night?

JONES. Be quiet; this charade is deeply interesting. I guess the first syllable is Cetewayo.

SARAH ANN. I guess it's E. A. T.

EPINARD. But Cetewayo is not one syllable, madame!

JONES. Oh, my dear, those Zulus are quite capable of such a thing.

JARVEY. The next scene is a zuluogical one—the animals come in. Now, Fairy Godmother!

JONES (half rising, and taking her arm.) [Goes L. to call off] A fairy godmother is not an animal, is she?

JARVEY. No—nor a bird, though they flew. Come along, Fairy Godmother!

JENNINGS (off L.). Am I to come down the *fue* did you say?

JONES (horrified). Rose Jennings, if you do, I'll expel you!

JARVEY. No! enter to slow and mysterious music. (To pianist.) Slow and mysterious music, if you please.

FAIRY G. Well, do I ride in on a broomstick?

JONES. Rose Jennings, if you come in on a broomstick I shall faint!

No. 8.

MELOS.

Moderato. Tremo. (Enter FAIRY G. She advances tragically to C.)

PIANO-FORTE.

FAIRY G. Ha! ha! I am the Fairy Godmother! Ha! ha!
 JARVEY. O, Fairy godmother, this isn't the Victoria Theatre, or
 the murder of the roadside inn. You want a light comedy touch.

FAIRY G. (*doing a double shuffle*). What so?

JARVEY. Here! I'll show you how a fairy godmother should come
 on!

(*Business—She goes off and skips on waving her umbrella as a wand*)

VALSE.

PIANO-FORTE.

dolce.

[*Goes to CINDERELLA, R.C.*]

Sweet Cinderella! wake, my child, awake!
 On you compassion do the fairies take.
 Your godmother has heard your wish exprest,
 And hastens here to do her level best.

SARAH ANN. I say, is Cinderella's godmother an American.

JONES. Sarah Ann, if you keep interrupting you shall go to your
 room till tea time!

SARAH ANN. Tea time; don't talk about it.

JARVEY. Cinderella—awake!

CINDERELLA. 'Taint five yet—is it?

JARVEY. 'Tis your fairy godfather—godmother, I mean.

CINDERELLA. Ah, how do?

JARVEY (*imitating a tomboy, and capering*). Tol lol! how's yourself?

SARAH ANN. I say, fairies don't talk like that in stories I've read!

JARVEY (*solemnly, L.*). Young lady, you are speaking to one who
 has played Juliet. Art is always natural. I am showing you how
 fairy godmothers act in real life.

JONES. Sarah Ann, if you interrupt again you shall have your tea
 and go to bed!

SARAH ANN. Give us the tea then.

[*Yawns.*]

JARVEY (*coming to L. of CINDERELLA*). Cinderella, I believe thou
 wouldst go to the grand ball?

CINDERELLA. I wouldst.

JARVEY. Thou shaltst.

CINDERELLA. I can't in these clothes though. I say, look at my boots!

JARVEY. My dear, you shall be the reigning booty. You shall
 have a pair of glass slippers.

CINDERELLA. Ah, that's quite another pair of shoes. But what
 about my clothes? I say, haven't you missed a line?

JARVEY (*referring to M.S.*). No; I can't see a clothes-line any-
 where; but we shall want some props.

JONES. Clothes-props? There are some in the garden.

JARVEY. No, *properties!!!* We want a pumpkin.

SARAH ANN. To eat?

JARVEY. No; to change into a carriage.

JONES. I don't think we've a pumpkin.

JARVEY. Cinderella, go and fetch me a pumpkin.

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

CINDERELLA (*calls off L.*). Is there a pumpkin in the kitchen?
 Yes. Give it me. Thank you. (*Re-enter CINDERELLA with large
 pumpkin. She puts it down.*) Here's the pumpkin!

JARVEY. Put it down outside. (*CINDERELLA puts it off L.*) I'm
 going to change it into a carriage for you, and you don't have a carriage
 in the sitting-room.

JONES. I beg your pardon, a young lady's carriage in the drawing-
 room is most important.

JARVEY. There, Fairy Godmother, that is light comedy! (*FAIRY
 G. comes down to CINDERELLA. CINDERELLA and FAIRY G. c.*)

One! two!! and three!!! Behold, your pumpkin vanish,

And at your door a carriage spick and spanish!

Now for a coachman; what will do for that?

CINDERELLA. Why, you're a jarvey!

FAIRY G. Ha! ha! I see a rat!

(*JONES and girls jump up on the chairs and shriek. All look nervously
 about for the rat.*)

FAIRY G. Don't be so stupid—the rats in the play.
 JONES (*sitting down cautiously—girls following her example.*) We don't like rats in play.
 SARAH ANN. Is it true that Chinese eat rats?
 CINDERELLA—

A splendid coach; but what about my dress?
 These rags would make the seats in such a mess.

FAIRY G. In such plight, of course, you cannot go;
 I'll rig you out afresh from top to toe.
 A tired maid you sat before the fire,
 Now, presto! don your ready-made attire.
 (*CINDERELLA flings off wrapper, and her dress changes to full bed costume.*)



(FAIRY G. hands her glass slippers. She goes up R. to put them on.)
 SARAH ANN. Oh, what a wonderful change!
 SPIVINS (*reading*). It's nothing to the wonderful things in this story.

JONES. The inventions nowadays are really wonderful.
 FAIRY G. (c). But what will our grandchildren see?

NO. 9. AS TIME ROLLS ALONG.

(SONG.)

Allegretto. FAIRY G.

As time rolls a-long ma-ny chan-ges it brings, In

mf *poco rit.* *colla voce.*

fash-ions and fan-cies in men and in things, Now steam has grown stale e - le - tri - ci - ty slow, And the

long - er we live, O, the fast - er we go, We have te - le - phones, mi - cro - phones, pho - no - graphs, too! Each

PIANO-FORTE.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

cresc. e poco accel.

day 'neath the sun there is now some-thing new, If so fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? If so

p cresc e poco accel.

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! If so

a tempo.

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! If so

8va..... loco.

CHORUS

CHORUS

8va.....

f

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see!

8va..... loco.

f

Trains in time may like bus-ses run well with-out rails, While Ba-

poco rit. *colla voce.*

- loons go ex-press as the Li-mi-ted mails, Not to Mar-gate, or Rams-gate, then trips will be run, But an

eight day re-turn will be cheap to the sun; Then folks will not walk, but with wings they will fly, And Po-

cresc. e poco accell.

- lice-men will chase naugh-ty boys in the sky! If so fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? If so

p cresc e poco accell.

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! If so

a tempo.

8va.....

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! If so

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

If so

8va..... loco.

f

8va.....

ff

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see!

fast we in-vent where in time shall we be? Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see!

8va..... loco

f

In those won-der-ful days ed-u-ca-tion will spread, And

poco rit.

colla voce.

John Stu-art Mill will by ba-bies be read; Then Ger-man and French all the cab-men will speak, And the

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "John Stu-art Mill will by ba-bies be read; Then Ger-man and French all the cab-men will speak, And the".

street-boys will quar-rel in Lat-in and Greek; Then no ser-vants we'll need—they'll in-vent a ma-chine To

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "street-boys will quar-rel in Lat-in and Greek; Then no ser-vants we'll need—they'll in-vent a ma-chine To".

cresc. e poco accel.

cook, wait at ta-ble, and to keep the house clean; It will go like a clock that you wind with a key, It will

p cresc. e poco accel.

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "cook, wait at ta-ble, and to keep the house clean; It will go like a clock that you wind with a key, It will". The piano part has a dynamic marking of *p cresc. e poco accel.* and a *cresc. e poco accel.* marking above the vocal line.

go like a clock that you wind with a key! Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! It will

a tempo.

8va.

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "go like a clock that you wind with a key! Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! It will". The piano part has a dynamic marking of *a tempo.* and an *8va.* marking above the vocal line.

go like a clock that you wind with a key! Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grand-chil-dren see! It will

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

It will

Sva..... loco.

f

ff

go like a clock that you wind with a key! Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grandchildren see!.....

go like a clock that you wind with a key! Oh! what won-der-ful things will our grandchildren see!.....

Sva..... loco.

f

ff

(CINDERELLA, assisted by MRS. JARVEY, arranges her dress at back of stage during song. At conclusion she comes down R. C. to FAIRY G.)

CINDERELLA—

The latest style—the robe is quite the mode, too.

FAIRY G.—

Mode, and no penny for them *owed*, too.

For this *no modiste* sends her *modiste* bill in;

No cheque for this a father has to fill in.

They're yours for nothing—made by fairy touch—

Your *costume*, daughter, doesn't *cost you much*.

CINDERELLA—

Oh, scrumptious, aren't they? won't I cut a shine?

There'll be no dresses at the ball like mine.

FAIRY G. Come, kiss your rober.

CINDERELLA (*embracing her*). *Ah, Rober toi que j'aime.*

FAIRY G.—

Now to the ball, and mind your little game.

Behave discreetly as becomes your state;

You'll mix to-night, dear, with the polished great.

CINDERELLA. The polished grate; that's rather in my line.

FAIRY G.—

Now to the ball! one word, though, ere you flit,

At twelve precisely you the palace quit;

At that weird hour my magic spell must cease,

You'll be in rags, and turned out by the p'lice.

SARAH ANN. I say, will she be in time for supper?

FAIRY G.—

Now off you go—your carriage waits outside—

Be *Belle* to-night, whom Prince may *ring* as bride

Who knows but p'aps—

JONES. Per-haps!

JARVEY. It's p'raps to make the metre, Miss Jones.

JONES. Oh, if he won't meet her without the p'raps it's all right

No. 10. O, YOU SHALL BE BELLE OF THE BALL.

(DUET.)

FAIRY G.

1ST. VERSE. O, you shall be the CINDERELLA.

2ND VERSE. O, I'm to be the

Allegretto.
mf

PIANO-FORTE.

belle of the ball, And suit-ors will crowd for your hand; The dow-dies will sit by the wall, And with
belle of the ball, And all eyes will be fixed on my face; The gal-lants will come at my call, And my
an-ger will fa-cies be fann'd. The la-dies will sim-per and sneer, And hint that the men have no
sis-ters will sit in dis-grace. I shall shine like a star in the sky, While my ri-vals are rea-dy to

rall.
a tempo.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

rall.

taste; They will cry What a nose! what an ear! And did you ev' er see.... such a
faint: They will hint That I'm old, and I dye, and I know... they will say.... that I

colla voce.

Tempo di Valse. CINDERELLA.

waist?.... FAIRY G. FOR.... I shall be belle of the ball I know, I know,
paint..... For.... you shall be belle of the ball, The belle, The

I know, For I shall be belle of the ball I know, For I shall be belle of the ball..... For
belle, For you shall be belle of the ball I know, For you shall be belle of the ball..... For

I shall be belle of the ball I know, I know, I know, For I shall be belle of the
you shall be belle of the ball, the belle, the belle; For you shall be belle of the

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The first vocal staff has lyrics: "ball I know, For I shall be belle of the ball..... ball....." with "1st time." and "2nd time." markings above. The second vocal staff has lyrics: "ball I know, For you shall be belle of the ball..... ball..... (they dance off.)". The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

JARVEY. Now then, I'll be chorus, because we can't change the scene.

JONES. How can one be chorus?

JARVEY. One's always a chorus on the stage.

SARAH ANN. Oh, of chorus, if you say so!

JARVEY (*tragically coming down to the front and speaking to audience.*)

Imagine, if you please, a ball-room scene;

It isn't *seen*—but still, no matter—

Fair Cinderella shines o'er all the queen,

And curious are the ladies' glances at her.

Now supper's spread—

SARAH ANN (*jumping up and pushing her away.*)

Oh, yes, I know—

I see the jellies in a quivering row;

The sandwiches piled high, the lovely creams,

And tarts of beauty hover round my dreams.

[*Mrs. Jarvey pushes her back into her seat.*]

JONES. Sit down! Though you place the scene before us,
You really must not interrupt the chorus.

JARVEY (*continuing to audience.*)

The prince at dinner by our heroine sits,

Her side he never for a moment quits;

He has no eyes for anyone but her—

The clock strikes twelve—and lo, a sudden stir.

The charmer's fled, and no one saw her go,

They search in vain, and seek her high and low;

Slipped out she has, in such a fearful hurry,

The slipper slips—her slipper's in the scurry.

Next day her sisters, talk about the ball,
But stay a moment—you shall see it all.

[*Going to wing, L.*]

Now then, second scene. Come along, ladies!

SARAH ANN. I say, at the theatres they hand round ices between the acts; are there any ices in this piece?

[*Spivins crying.*]

JONES. What's the matter with Sophonisba Spivins?

SPIVINS. Oh, Lady Letitia has been captured by the brigands on Hampstead Heath, and her lover has been carried to Jack Straw's Castle, and recognizes the landlord as his long-lost father, who went to sea ten years ago; and the villain's just going to poison a tomato and grill it for him, to prevent him coming into his estate; and I have not got the next number.

JONES. Oh, bother your next number!

JARVEY. Now then—second act, please! (*Reads.*) Enter Cinderella in old wrapper; the spiteful Sisters in morning dress.

Enter CINDERELLA and SPITEFUL SISTERS L.

1ST SISTER (*with Daily Telegraph*).

Here's fun—here in this morning's news—

A royal edict on a pair of shoes—

Or on one shoe, to speak correctly.

[*CINDERELLA looks over*]

Be quiet, do—I'll show it you directly.

2ND SISTER (*snatching paper and reading*).

Whereas last night the Prince a slipper found—

A small glass slipper lying on the ground—

Know, all young women, by these presents,

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

CINDERELLA (*looking about*)—

Presents—where?

1ST SISTER.—

These presents are but relics of the past, *ma chère*.
The presents that they make in legal diction,
Are really one and all—

SPIVINS (*reading*).—

Pure fiction.

PRINCE (*outside L.*).—

I say!

SISTERS.—

The Prince's voice!

JARVEY (*looking at M.S.*). This isn't in the play.

PRINCE (*outside*). I say, Mrs. Jarvey, I want you a minute.

JARVEY. All right. My dears, go on.

[*Goes off.*]

1ST SISTER (*R. C.*)—

The Prince will wed the owner of that shoe;
In search of her he rides the city through.

CINDERELLA (*L. C.*)—

The owner of that shoe! Oh, should it be
This slipper is the slipper dropped by me.
The Prince will wed—oh, is it true or chaff?

1ST SISTER.—

It must be true—it's in the *Telegraph*—
The Prince will wed that lady true the news is—

2ND SISTER.—

I s'pose a Prince can wed whoe'er he shoeses.

JARVEY (*returning, crosses to R.*). That's all right. Now then, the Prince knocks at the door.

[*A knock heard.*]

1ST SISTER.—

A knock! Oh, what an awkward thing!
It's not the butcher—he comes with a ring.

2ND SISTER.—

The rates, perhaps—the gas, or poor, or water!
Pa doesn't keep his rates paid as he oughter.

CINDERELLA (*looking out L.*)—

Oh, *water poor gas* you've made—'taint rates or taxes,
But a swell stranger who admission axes.

1ST SISTER.—

A swell! 'twould be as well to stop his din—
To ope the door and let the dinner in;
'Tis not a tradesman come that rat a-tat way.

CINDERELLA.—

We don't let tradesmen in—*ahem!*—in that way.

[*She goes off L.*]

1ST SISTER (*R.*). Is my complexion all right? [*Arranges her toilet.*]

2ND SISTER (*C.*). Is my back hair fast? [*Same business.*]

1ST SISTER. Are both my eyebrows blacked level?

2ND SISTER. Yes, dear; but you've rather more dimple one side than the other.

1ST SISTER. Hush! here they come!

Enter CINDERELLA curtseying low and walking backwards.

This way, sir, please; my pa is out, I fear,
But both my sisters, if you please, are here.

PRINCE (*outside L.*). I don't like to come in.

JARVEY (*R. C.*). That's not in the book.

PRINCE (*outside*). No, but it's true.

[*JARVEY crosses to L. and drags the PRINCE on.*]

JARVEY. Come along, do!

[*PRINCE looks bashful; his finger to his lip.*]

JONES (*starts up horrified*). Clara Wilkins, how dare you? Oh, shocking! go away!

EPINARD (*same business*). Oh, shocking, Mees Veelkeens! I nevere!

PRINCE (*C. to EPINARD*). If you go on like that I shall turn it up.

JONES. Turn it up! Is that how a young lady speaks?

PRINCE. I'm a young gentleman now, and that's how young gentlemen speak!

JARVEY (*R. C.*). You really must not interrupt like this!

JONES (*holding up her hands*). Well, I'm sure something dreadful will come of these improprieties!

JARVEY. Now, Prince—business, please.

PRINCE (*crosses R. to SISTERS*).—

Young ladies, pardon my intrusion, pray,
But business 'tis that brings me here to-day.
My card will tell you who is now your visitor—

[*CINDERELLA takes card.*]

Ahem! she's pretty now—I wonder is it her?

CINDERELLA. The Prince.

SISTERS.—

The Prince!

[*Bows awkwardly.*]

JARVEY. That's not the way to receive a Prince—you ought to know that.

SARAH ANN. You ought to ask him if he'll have a glass of sherry and a biscuit.

JARVEY (*aside*). They might ask me if I would have one—but not the Prince. Go on.

PRINCE (*producing a glass slipper*).—

I will explain my business in a minit:
I have a shoe that lacks a small foot in it—
Whoe'er their tootsey in this shoe can place,
As my princess I shortly will embrace.

1ST SISTER (*seizing shoe and crossing to chair L. C. with it*).—

'Tis mine—my slipper, and it fits me to a T.

PRINCE (*aside*).—

D. T. I fancy; for a tight fit 'tis I see.

2ND SISTER (*running and snatching it, and trying it on*). 1ST SISTER has given up chair, and looks on eagerly.—

Oh, how I tremble! 'tis about my size!

PRINCE (*aside*).—

Her sighs proclaim she cannot win the prize.

[*Takes slipper and gives it to CINDERELLA.*]

Now, lady, 'tis your turn.

CINDERELLA (*sitting on chair R. C.*)—

I must dissemble—

I know I'm blushing—and I feel I tremble.

It won't fit me. (*Gets it on.*) Ah, yes—it does—behold!

[*Takes one from pocket.*]

Ah—here's the fellow to it!

SISTERS (*crossing to R.*).—

Sold!

CINDERELLA (*R. C.*)—

Yes; soled and heeled—I at the party miss'd it—

PRINCE (*R. C.*)—

And I'm the party picked it up and kissed it;
That fellow shoe, so tiny, small, and neat,
Is not the only fellow at your feet.

They're soled and heeled alike—a pair revealing—
Behold me there, you pretty soul a-kneeling.

[*Kneels*]

CINDERELLA. Sweet Prince, arise.

PRINCE. Her eyes are blue I ween.

Blue as the ocean.

1ST SISTER (*L. aside*).—

Where you see no green.

CINDERELLA.—

Oh, what a notion waive metaphor, I pray;

Remember, Prince, we've metaphor to-day. [*PRINCE rises*]

2ND SISTER (*running to CINDERELLA*).—

As a princess to love her 'tis our duty.

1ST SISTER (*same business*).—

She's got the shoe, and carries off the booty.

[*Kisses CINDERELLA.*]

PRINCE (*speaking in sing-song*).—

Now, as my bride I claim you, gentle maiden,
My heart with love for you is over-laden.

JARVEY (*R.*). Don't say it like that: make love to her.

PRINCE. I don't know how to make love.

SPIVINS (*coming down L.*) Oh, I do. You press her to your breaking heart—and you're always unhappy till nearly the last number—and then it comes all right.

[*Goes up and sits again.*]

PRINCE. That's love in penny numbers. What is true love; do you know, Miss Jones?

JONES. Bless the child—no.

EPINARD (*jumping up*). I know.

ALL. Ah! mamselle knows!

JONES. Mamselle—how dare you?

CINDERELLA. Oh! do tell us, mamselle!

PRINCE (*crossing R. to EPINARD*). Oh! do tell us, mad champagne

EPINARD. What you call me mad champagne for, you Mees Veelkeens?

PRINCE. It's the charade getting into my head. Mad champagne—mad mosele—it's all the same. Yah! yah!

[*Strikes attitude.*]

SPIVINS. That's how the niggers do at Ramsgate.

SARAH ANN. Don't talk about Ramsgate: it makes one want shrimps.

ALL (*like Christy Minstrels*). Yah! yah! yah!

No. 11.

RECIT. CINDERELLA.

VOICE. But O, mam-selle, you have not told us what is love.
colla voce.

PIANO-FORTE.

EPINARD. Love! I will tell you vat is love. Leesten! (*Comes down c.*)

AH! VAT IS LOVE?

(SONG.)

Allegretto.

VOICE. *Qu'est ce que c'est ça, Ah! vat is love? How*

PIANO-FORTE. *all.*

sall I tell you dat? Ze la - dy love nice fit - ting glove, Ze gent nice shin - ing hat, Ze

(*Points at SARAH ANN.*)

dog he love a nice big bone, Ze cat she love ze mice, And lit - tle la - dies I have known, Who

* At the pauses they all show great interest and then disappointment.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

love the lem - on ice, And lit - tle la - dies I have known Who love the lem - on

Spoken.—ALL. (But love, true love,
what's that?)

Spoken.—ALL. (Yes.)
Tempo di Valse.

Spoken.—(Yes.)

ice..... Ah, love— true love! Ah, love— true

ALL. (Yes.)
cresc.

> ALL. (Yes.)

ALL. (Oh!)

love! Ah, qu'est - ce que c'est ça— love! love, it is love, Voi - là!

Qu'est ce que c'est ça, Ah! vat is love? De

Spoken.—ALL. (Oh!)

mud - der love her son; Ze maid - en love her tur - tle dove, Ze bear he love a bun, Ze

pret-ty girl she love a ball, Ze mi-ser he love pelf, But oh, ze tru-est love of all, Is

ALL. (Oh!)

how ve love our-self, But oh, the tru-est.. love of all, Is how ve love our-

Spoken.—ALL. (But love, true love, what's that?) Spoken.—ALL. (Yes.) *Tempo di Valse.* Spoken.—(Yes.)

- self..... Ah, love— true love! Ah, love— true

Tempo di Valse.

ALL. (Yes.) *cresc.* > ALL. (Yes.) ALL. (Oh!)

love! Ah, qu'est-ce que c'est ça— love! love, it is love, Voi-là.

cresc. *ff*

As the song finishes a noise is heard without, R: all start up.)

No. 12.

(Played during noise outside.)
Allegro agitato.

PIANO-FORTE.

JONES. Good gracious—what was that?

SERVANT (outside, R.) You can't go in, ma'am; mistress is engaged.

PINCHEBECK (outside, R.) I will go in! Stand back!

[PINCHEBECK rushes in.

JONES (L.) Oh, dear—what is the matter?

PINCHEBECK (C.) Resistance is useless; I have a policeman at the door. Hand me that unhappy child! (Shows telegram.) I have her godmother's authority to remove her at once.

JONES. Oh, I see—it's in the charade—her fairy godmother. How you frightened me.

PINCHEBECK. Fairy Godmother. No; dissimulation will not aid you, madam. A warrant for your apprehension will be prepared unless you instantly give up Miss Fibbs.

[Girls all astonished. Business.

JONES. Eh! I don't understand.

PINCHEBECK (seizing her; pointing off R.) Look! There is a policeman outside; shall I call him in?

JONES (looking, shrieks and falls on her knees). Oh, no! spare us! Oh! I see it all. We've been doing something wrong in playing Shakespeare's charade, (JONES rises, Girls all express terror and astonishment. Business.)

PINCHEBECK. Spare you! No—your disgraceful conduct shall be in all the papers.

PRINCE (L. trying to hide behind CINDERELLA). Oh, I don't want to be in all the papers like this. What would pa say?

PINCHEBECK (seizing CINDERELLA). Come with me, Miss Fibbs, to the police station. [Drags her across to R.

CINDERELLA. I cannot go through the streets like this.

JARVEY (coming through R.C.) What's the meaning of all this, mum?

PINCHEBECK. Woman, who are you?

JARVEY. I'm the mother of six—and I'm not a woman. I'm the best Lady Macbeth in existence.

PINCHEBECK. You a lady of title—nonsense. Come—I demand this child! (Seizes CINDERELLA again. All the girls drop on their knees.)

ALL. Oh, spare her! Spare her!

JARVEY. Making so bold—what's the charge against Miss Jones?

PINCHEBECK. Cruelly starving and beating this poor child. Look at her condition!

CINDERELLA (R.) Starve me! Beat me!

JONES (L.) Starve her!

SARAH ANN (R. C., with her mouth full). Oh, I'm sure we're not starved!

SPIVINS (C.) Oh!

[All turn to her.

PINCHEBECK. Another victim!

SPIVINS. Don't you see—she's mistaken the pay for real!

ALL. Ah!!!!

PINCHEBECK. Play! You don't call this play? (Points to CINDERELLA.) Come along, Miss Fibbs.

(Stage struggle. PINCHEBECK drags CINDERELLA from side to side, girls crowding round to prevent her being taken away. After the third cross all fall on their knees. PINCHEBECK and CINDERELLA C. standing; girls kneeling R., JONES and EPINARD kneeling L.)

O, WE KNOW IT'S VERY WICKED.

(SOLI AND CHORUS.)

(Played during struggle.)

PIANO-FORTE.

ALL. (Kneeling.)

Oh! we

Oh! we

*rall.**cresc.**ff*

know it's ver - y wick - ed, and we ought to go to gaol; Oh! just

know it's ver - y wick - ed, and we ought to go to gaol; Oh! just

fan - cy if they would not let us out up - on our bail. O, we're

fan - cy if they would not let us our up - on our bail. O, we're

ve - ry, ve - ry, sor - ry, and, oh, please for - give us, do; We were

ve - ry, ve - ry, sor - ry, and, oh, please for - give us, do; We were

JONES

play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe. O, I'm

play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line for Jones, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe. O, I'm' on the first line and 'play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe.' on the second line.

ver - y, ver - y sor - ry, take my mo - ney or my life, But with -

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'ver - y, ver - y sor - ry, take my mo - ney or my life, But with -'.

- draw those eyes of an - ger, for they cut me like a knife; What they

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The lyrics are: '- draw those eyes of an - ger, for they cut me like a knife; What they'.

tell you, dear - est ma - dam, I as - sure you it is true; They were

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'tell you, dear - est ma - dam, I as - sure you it is true; They were'.

EPINARD
(gets up.)

act - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe. Zat is

(MISS JONES takes out handkerchief and weeps hysterically.)

vat zey all ver do - ing, so I gif you now my vord, Vy, you

fright - en so poor ma - dam, look, she trem - ble like a bird; You have

made Miss Schones much fright - en - you have cut her heart in two; And its

CINDERELLA
(gets up).

all through Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe. I am

not at all ill - treat - ed, and my bones they do not ache, For Miss

(Embraces Miss Jones, who weeps.)

Jones is quite a mo - ther, and you've made a big mis - take; When I

said that I was starv - ing, and was beat - en black and blue; I was

play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe. She was

She was

play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe.....

play - ing Cin - de - rel - la, and her small glass shoe.....

Tremo. *f* *8va.*

PINCHBECK (C). Do you mean to say, then, that you were playing when I came and saw you this morning, and heard you say you were starved?

CINDERELLA. Yes. I was rehearsing. (*Throws off wrapper and shows ball costume.*)

PINCHBECK. Oh, you were rehearsing. Then I've made a mistake, evidently.

JARVEY (*coming down R. C.*) You have.

CINDERELLA. Then I needn't go to the police station.

PRINCE (*L. to CINDERELLA*). And I shan't be in the papers like this.

SISTERS (R.) And we shan't be charged with assaulting Amy. JONES (*to PINCHBECK*). And you won't think any the worse of my school?

PINCHBECK. No; and as I see it all now, I will bring my little niece, and her silver spoons and forks, and six towels, and a quarter in advance.

JONES. You will! Then pray accept an invitation to the dissolution, to witness Shakespeare's charade of Cinderella, of which you have just interrupted

JARVEY (R. C.) A Dress Rehearsal.

No. 13.

FINALE.

Tempo di Galop.

PIANO-FORTE.

ALL.

Now a - gain we all are jol - ly, Just a bit of harm - less fol - ly;

Now a - gain we all are jol - ly, Just a bit of harm - less fol - ly;

Come and see us, lords and la - dies, Ev' - ry night our sto - ry play'd is. Come, you mas - ters, come, you mis - ters.

Come and see us, lords and la - dies, Ev' - ry night our sto - ry play'd is. Come, you mas - ters, come, you mis - ters,

Come and see our spite - ful sis - ters; Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of

Come and see our spite - ful sis - ters; Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Cin - de - rel - las, Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of Cin - de - rel - las!

Cin - de - rel - las, Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of Cin - de - rel - las!

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hi - ther, one and all, be trip - pers, See her in those small glass slip - pers;

Hi - ther, one and all, be trip - pers, See her in those small glass slip - pers;

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of Cin - de - rel - las!

Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of Cin - de - rel - las!

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Hi - ther, one and all, be trip-pers, See her in those small glass slip-pers; Come, you
 Hi - ther, one and all, be trip-pers, See her in those small glass slip-pers; Come, you

las - ses, come, you fel-lahs, We've the best of Cin-de - rel - las! Now a-gain we all are jol-ly,
 las - ses, come, you fel-lahs, We've the best of Cin-de - rel - las! Now a-gain we all are jol-ly,

Now a - gain we all are jol - ly, Just a bit of harm - less fol - ly; Come and see us,
 Now a - gain we all are jol - ly, Just a bit of harm - less fol - ly; Come and see us,

lords and la - dies, Eve - ry night our sto - ry play'd is; Come, you mas - ters, come, you mis - ters,
 lords and la - dies, Eve - ry night our sto - ry play'd is; Come, you mas - ters, come, you mis - ters,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo and style are indicated by the title 'A Dress Rehearsal'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more complex, rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

Come and see our spite-ful sis-ters; Come, you las-ses, come, you fel-lahs, We've the best of

f

Cin-de-rel-las; Come, you las-ses, come, you fel-lahs, We've the best of Cin-de-rel-las!

f

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Now a-gain we all are jol-ly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a-gain we all are jol-ly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha! Just a bit of harm - less fol - ly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Now a -

- gain we all are jol - ly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Just a bit of harm - less

fol - ly, Come, you las - ses, come, you fel - lahs, We've the best of Cin - de - rel - las, Cin - de - rel - las, Cin - de -

(Curtain.)

rel las.

rel las.

Sva.

8va.