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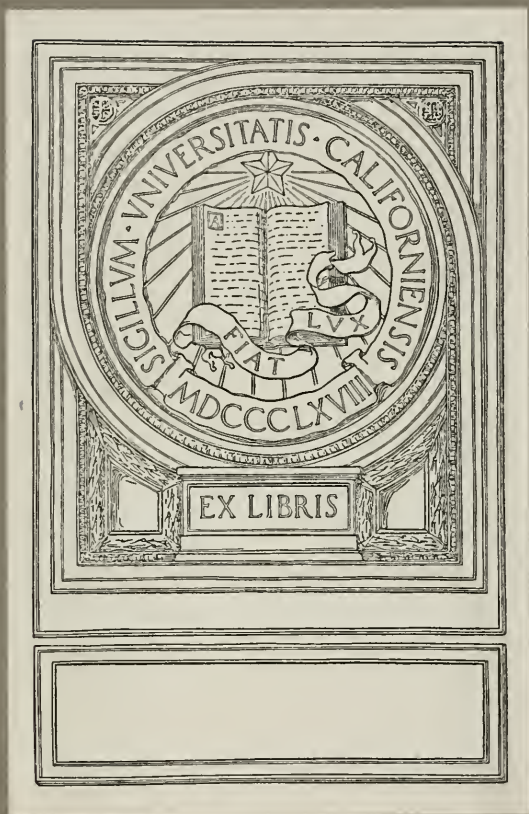
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A TRAVESTY WITHOUT A PUN
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A TRAVESTY WITHOUT A PUN!

H A M L E T R E V A M P E D,

MODERNIZED,

AND SET TO MUSIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ST. LOUIS:
G. I. JONES AND COMPANY.

1880.

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TO MRU
ALPHON LIAO

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CHARACTERS.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET, KING OF DENMARK.
THE GHOST'S VOICE.
HAMLET, the Ghost's son, a student.
HORATIO, a student, Hamlet's chum.
POLONIUS, a Professor in Wittenburgh University.
CLAUDIUS, brother to the Ghost.
GERTRUDE, QUEEN OF DENMARK.
OPHELIA, daughter of Prof. Polonius.
STUDENTS OF WITTENBURGH UNIVERSITY, AS CHORUS.
SEVEN OLD LADIES OF THE COURT.

COSTUMES.

THE GHOST, all white;—white beaver hat, white dress-suit; white gloves, socks, and shoes; white umbrella; whitened face.
THE VOICE,—an exact counterpart of the Ghost,—all in black.
THE OTHERS, as in the original play, without extravagance or burlesque, except perhaps in the parts of the QUEEN, POLONIUS, and the SEVEN OLD LADIES.
THE STUDENTS wear costumes of courtiers in the original play, with modern standing-collars, brilliant neckties, and eye-glasses.

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“HAMLET.”

ACT I.

[Room of HAMLET and HORATIO at Wittenburgh University. Walls adorned with pictures, oars, foils, and boxing-gloves. Table, centre; books and large dictionaries on other tables and shelves. HAMLET, HORATIO, and Students.]

Air — “SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.”

Chorus —
Happy and free should a student be,
With all his life before him;
With friends to share each joy and care,
And the college roof-tree o'er him,
Then laugh along with jest and song,
Old Care may catch us later;
In chorus gay our tribute pay
To dear old Alma Mater.

All pastimes light our hearts delight, —
We shun their dark excesses;
He knows the best of manhood's zest
Whom temperate pleasure blesses.
Then laugh along with jest and song,
Old Care may catch us later;
In chorus gay our tribute pay
To dear old Alma Mater.

Horatio — Well, boys, what next? The gloves once more?
What sprightly boxer wants the floor?
Or what lithe fencer's temper boils
Again to try the bending foils?
What say you, Hamlet? Pray devise
Some new phase for our revelries.
You must not idly stand aside!
How can the hours of eventide
Be made more merrily to glide?

Come, now! suggest a recreation
 Novel and nice, — some new sensation!
 Something to make these "sad hearts" light,
 These "pale, wan faces" bright and ruddy.

Hamlet — Well, if you force me to decide,
 There's one thing you have rarely tried,
 Which could not be considered trite.

Horatio — What can it be?

Hamlet — A little study!

Horatio — Ha, ha! well said! But, Hamlet, why,
 Joking aside, your cold and shy
 Estrangement from your class and friends?
 What care oppresses or impends?

Air — "ONE FISH-BALL."

Hamlet — You know how late my father died, —
 Domestic broils and suicide?

Chorus — We know how late your father died, —
 Domestic broils and suicide.

Hamlet — And ere my mother's tears are dried,
 She wants again to be a bride.

Chorus — And ere your mother's tears are dried,
 She wants again to be a bride.

Hamlet — I can't decide what I should do;
 Especially how I am to—

Chorus — You can't decide what you should do;
 Especially how you are to—

Hamlet — Dress for the part I play, in sooth, —
 Like Fechter or like Edwin Booth!

Chorus — Dress for the part you play, in sooth, —
 Like Fechter or like Edwin Booth!

Horatio — You've dressed it right. If that is all,
 You may as well discard your pail.

Hamlet — Not so!

Horatio — What, still disconsolate?
 Your heart must bear some fearful weight
 What is there, man, to make you blue?
 You're on the Nine, you're in the Crew,
 You've pulled examinations through.
 What more could any man desire?
 But stay! There's *one* consuming fire!

Air — "NELLY WAS A LADY."

Horatio — Why were we all so blind and stupid?
 His is the universal smart, —
 One more envenomed shaft from Cupid
 Burns in our brother Hamlet's heart.

Chorus — The worst kind of worry
 This earth above,
 Is, to be consumedly
 And hopelessly in love!

[Repeat.]

Horatio — Ah well! deride him who shall dare to?
 That is the student's tender place.
 Each one of us may soon be there, too,
 Smashed on some sweet seductive face.

Chorus — The worst kind of worry
 This earth above,
 Is, to be consumedly
 And hopelessly in love.

[Repeat.]

Horatio — Cheer up, good friend! Through all mishaps,
 Count on us sympathetic chaps.
 Whatever you attempt to do
 We will join in, and put you through:
 Help you in love, help you in hate,
 Be fortune smiling or untoward,
 Through favoring or through adverse fate.
 Our solemn vow we thus record.

Air — "MIHI EST PROPOSITUM."

Chorus — [in unison]
 If you ever need our aid,
 We will surely lend it.
 Meet the trouble undismayed, —
 With our help you'll end it.
 Face your cares with manly cheer,
 For, whate'er betide you,
 On the instant, never fear,
 We'll be there beside you.

Hamlet — I'm poor in all but thanks; in these
 I richly meet your sympathies.
 When dangers fall or sorrows rise,
 Your aid I shall expect, and prize.

Horatio — Meanwhile, forget your dismal rôle,
 And drown your sorrows in the bowl.
 Bring forth the punch! [A punch-bowl is set on table, centre.]

We'll drink a toast:—

To Hamlet, — classmate, friend, and host!
 That awful knock! the faculty!
 Conceal these signs of revelry,
 Throw gloves and foils behind the chairs;
 The glasses hide beneath the table!
 The pipes, tobacco— No, who cares?
 Don't make a noise so much like Babel!
 Pile lexicons, in careless bunch,
 Above, round, the bowl of punch!
 Each take a book, and when they speak,
 Appear absorbed in learning Greek!

[Knocks.]

Air — MARCH FROM NORMA.

Chorus — Oh alpha beta gamma delta,
 With an epsilon zeta eta theta,
 Eta theta — eta theta.
 Iota kappa lambda mu nu omikron
 With pi rho sigma tau upsilon,
 With pi rho sigma tau upsilon
 With pi rho sigma tau upsilon
 With phi chi psi and o-meg-a!

[During this verse, enter QUEEN, OPHELIA, CLAUDIUS, and POLONIUS, who march around the room in silent surprise. Chorus repeated softly, and meantime the following dialogue occurs.]

Polonius — Young gentlemen, behold the queen!

Claudius — Why don't they speak? What can they mean?

Polonius — Dear lads! they *are* industrious!

Excuse, my liege illustrious—

Queen — We won't! How dare they thus try us?

We'll rouse them! Shoo! Aha, aha!!

[Pokes with her parasol. The last "aha" is timed with the end of the chorus. Students start, and all kneel.]

Horatio — Your majesty, we kneel before you!

Queen — Has consciousness at length come o'er you?

Prefer that Greek to us? Aha!

We'll teach you, youngsters, who we are.

Professor P., expel them all!

Polonius — Perpend—

Queen — Expel them!

Horatio — I will call

Your son to testify that we—

Queen — Expel! Expel!

Polonius — Most reverently

I crave your majesty to cool

Your ire—

Queen — Expel yourself, you fool!

Ophelia — [*aside to QUEEN*]

Such rage, dear madam, spoils your beauty.

Polonius — [*aside to QUEEN*]

We need the lads for household duty.

Queen — Ahem! we change our royal mind:

We will forgive. But recollect,

We generally should be inclined

With death to punish disrespect!

Air — “KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.”

Queen — In me you see a sovereignty
Of most unusual potency,
About as pure as pure can be:
I am absolute queen of Denmark!

Chorus — In her you see a sovereignty
Of most unusual potency,
About as pure as pure can be:
She is absolute queen of Denmark!

Queen — If you should hear my whisper mere,
And fail to heed, obey, and revere,
You'd better prepare your shroud and bier,
For I'm absolute queen of Denmark!

Chorus — If we should hear her whisper mere,
And fail to heed, obey, and revere,
We'd better prepare our shroud and bier,
For she's absolute queen of Denmark!

Queen — Whenever I come, stand right up plumb,
And keep your learned lingo mum,
Or I'll have you wolloped until you're numb;
I am absolute queen of Denmark!

Chorus — Whenever she comes, stand right up plumb,
And keep our learned lingo mum,
Or she'll have us wolloped until we're numb;
She is absolute queen of Denmark!

Queen — So this is Hamlet's college den; —
I've never seen the place before.

Hamlet, Horatio, gentlemen,
With your permission, I'll explore.

Claudius, your arm; Polonius,
Come on, and point things out for us.

[QUEEN, CLAUDIUS, and POLONIUS retire.]

Air — "GUM-TREE CANOE."

Hamlet — Oh, beautiful maiden, give ear to the prayers
Of one who would utter far more than he dares;
The accents of prudence seem feeble and tame,
When the brain is all fire and the heart all aflame.

Chorus — For language is lame, and prudence seems tame,
When the brain is all fire and the heart all aflame.

Ophelia — I would list if I dared, but a guard must I keep
O'er the depths of the heart where an answer may sleep;
For the lips of a maid must be certain and slow,
Lest they burden her life with regret and with woe.

Chorus — Her "yes" or her "no" must be certain and slow,
Lest they burden her life with regret and with woe.

[QUEEN, CLAUDIUS, and HAMLET come forward.]

Queen — Hamlet, the pictures on your wall,
Sense, taste, propriety appall;
The atmosphere is dense with smoke —
I must depart before I choke.
Claudius, announce our wishes! Hold!
This audience should first be told
We have appointed, through our reign,
Polonius royal chamberlain;
But since on idioey he borders,
And we require, in governing,
A man to execute our orders,
Claudius will serve as brevet king.

Hamlet — [*aside*]
Shade of my father!

Queen — Claudius, tell
These boys, who study Greek so closely,
What purposes this call impel.
Don't string the tale out too verbosely.

Air — “RORY O’MOORE.”

- Claudius* — Our ancient, inveterate foe, Fortinbas,
Has a fiery young son, who’s an obstinate ass.
He has sharked up a crew on the Norwegian shore, —
A crew of wild rogues, — to attack us once more. .
To conquer this foe, ere he start on his way,
We have sent our battalions all off to the fray;
We’ve mustered our servants, we’ve armed e’en the band,
And there isn’t a grown-up man left in the land.
- Chorus* — To conquer this foe, ere he start on his way,
They’ve sent their battalions all off to the fray;
They’ve mustered their servants, they’ve armed e’en the band,
And there isn’t a grown-up man left in the land.
- Claudius* — The danger so deadly and imminent seemed,
That we thought, till the land should be surely redeemed,
The guards of our household, our bravest and best,
Must go to the army along with the rest.
And so, as the palace is wholly unmanned,
Your time and your service we’ve come to demand.
We summon all Wittenburgh boys as cadets;
You must up and away, for we take no regrets!
- Chorus* — And so, as the palace is wholly unmanned,
Our time and our service they’ve come to demand.
They summon all Wittenburgh boys as cadets;
We must up and away, for they take no regrets!
- Horatio* — I’m not quite sure we understand.
You want us to defend the land?
- Claudius* — Substantially; that is, I mean,
To guard the palace and protect the queen.
- Horatio* — As household guards?
- Claudius* — You have it pat!
- Horatio* — We’d like more warlike work than that.
- Queen* — For shame! To students, that is glory!
“Decorum,” pro regina, “mori!”
Translate, Polonius!
- Polonius* — Yes: decorum,
A neuter adjective; stands for— hum!
- Queen* — Well, well! for what?
- Polonius* — Its meanings vary;
Let me consult a dictionary.
Here’s one at hand. [*Raises book, and discloses punch.*]
Perpend! what’s this?
. A punch! What roystering deviltries
Are here afloat! Your majesty,
Such youthful sin is sad to see.

When we approached, they hid their rum
And feigned Greek alphabets to hum!

Expel them now! I drop a tear—

Queen — Drop it! and bring a glassful here!

Polonius — Of punch? 'Tis poison!

Queen — Take a glass

Yourself, and one to Claudius pass.

We'll try your liquid Greek, my lads.—

It's very nice; indeed it glads

Our heart with such a generous fire

We will abate our former ire.

Ere we take leave, let some one raise

A song in this decoction's praise.

Air — "L' AMOUR, L' AMOUR."

Horatio — Bring good old eau de vie
And mix a temperate toddy,
Bring pipes and Latakia
For every merry body;

Chorus — For pipes and punch are capital company.
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
Are capital company.

Horatio — So let the jorum pass,
And let the smoke-wreaths hover!
We drink to wife or lass
The pledge of tender lover;

Chorus — For pipes and punch are capital company.
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
Are capital company.

Horatio — While pipes and punch shall last,
Be free with song and laughter;
Reck not of what is past,
Nor what may hap hereafter;

Chorus — For pipes and punch are capital company.
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
For pipes and punch, tra la la la la,
Are capital company.

Polonius — May 't please your majesty, I erred.

My judgment was absurdly weak.

I see I ought to have preferred

"Tra," pipes and punch, "la la," to Greek.

But let me venture to suggest,—
 Despite the charms of Bacchic song,—
 For time we're just a trifle pressed.
 Hadn't we better try to long?

Queen — What is the next up-train?

Polonius — Nine twenty;

'Tis now eight fifty-seven.

Queen — Plenty

Of time, but none to spare. We'll go!

Polonius — Fall in!

Hamlet — And forward to the foe!

Air — “SUONI LA TROMBA.”

Hamlet — On to the wars, O brothers bold,
 Hark to the battle-cry resounding!
 Cast in the old heroic mould;
 Our hearts with courage bounding.

[*softly*] While we are gone, we all shall be
 Lecture and recitation-free.

[*with spirit*] On to the wars! our battle-cry,
 Denmark and victory!

Chorus — While we are gone, we all shall be
 Lecture and recitation-free.
 On to the wars! our battle-cry
 Denmark and victory!

CURTAIN.

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ACT II.

[Platform of the castle at Elsinore. Night. Students on guard, with weapons.]

Air — "ON YE GALLANT COMPANY."

Quartette — What a gallant guard are we
 To sleeping Elsinore!
 Come, ye lurking enemy,
 And welter in your gore!

Chorus — Tramp, tramp; watch with care.
 Hark! Halt! Who goes there?
 Countersign at once declare,
 Or no step further dare!
 We may write our names in glory,
 Hand them down in Danish story.
 Who would not a soldier be, soldier be, soldier be, —
 Who would not a soldier be in Elsinore?

Quartette — Pace along the castle wall,
 And watch the palace gate;
 Nought our courage can appall,
 Our fortitude abate.

Chorus — Tramp, tramp; watch with care.
 Hark! Halt! Who goes there?
 Countersign at once declare,
 Or no step further dare!
 We may write our names in glory,
 Hand them down in Danish story.
 Who would not a soldier be, soldier be, soldier be, —
 Who would not a soldier be in Elsinore?

Hamlet — Attention, guard! Break ranks, and rest!

This duty puts us to the test.
'Tis fun to go through dress-parade,
And drill or guard may do by daylight;
But midnight watch, I am afraid,
Cannot be viewed in any gay light.

Horatio, shall you stay with us?

Horatio — I'll wait awhile: my tour is ended,
But I am very curious
To see again the thing we men did
Who watched last eve.

Hamlet — What, northern light?

Horatio — A much more supernatural sight
We saw, while standing at our post.

Hamlet — What was it?

Horatio — 'Twas a ghost!

Hamlet — A ghost?

Air — “MISTLETOE BOUGH.”

Horatio — As I paced to and fro, in the depth of the night,
A spectre approached me, apparelled in white;
It looked like a corpse, and it smelt like a cellar,
And it pointed at me with a ghostly umbrella!

Chorus — *Tenors* — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Basses — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Horatio — Although I was certainly not quite undaunted,
I mustered up courage to ask what it wanted.
Without any answer, the taciturn feller
Fled, brandishing wildly his ghostly umbrella.

Chorus — *Tenors* — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Basses — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Horatio — I started to follow, but stopped in my traces,
Repelled by the spectre's outrageous grimaces;
And warned by a much more convincing repeller
In the shape of its ghostly uplifted umbrella.

Chorus — *Tenors* — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Basses — Oh, what a singular ghost!

Hamlet — What time was this?

Horatio — Just after taps.

Hamlet — What looked it like?

Horatio — Like all such chaps.

Hamlet — No trifling! Whom did it resemble?

Horatio — Well, if I must, its toot ensemble
(Excuse my French) suggested rather
The likeness — of your noble father!

Hamlet — 'Twas he, — the author of my being!

What great events this chance may hinge on!

Yet if 'twere but a trick of seeing?

Is't really true?

Horatio — Yes, honest Indian!

Hamlet — When did you see this apparition?

Horatio — At taps, I said.

Hamlet — What time is't now?

Horatio — It verges on the hour, I trow. —
Hark to our vespertine musician!

[*Infantry taps, according to "Hardee's Tactics,"*
heard faintly in distance.

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Air — "INFANTRY TAPS."

Chorus — Hear the clear and mellow vesper bugle!
Day, with all its cares, is o'er.
All the weary world is wrapped in slumber; —
Silence reigns in Elsinore! [Repeat softly.]

Hamlet — What noise is that?

Horatio — A creaking vane.

Hamlet — Listen!

Horatio — 'Tis but the frog's refrain.

Hamlet — What breath comes wild and chill and harsh?

Horatio — Only a vapor from the marsh.

Air — "COME, COME, COME." (*Tyrolese Evening Hymn.*)

Chorus — List, list, list!
The sky hangs dense and black:
The storm-cloud's fearful wrack
Trails down in ghostly mist,
Like a lifeless soul come back.
As the night grows dank and drear,
The trembling breeze is still:
There is doubt and dread and fear
In its more than mortal chill.

Hark, hark, hark!
What sounds from yawning tombs
Come creeping through the dark!
The midnight ghoul exhumes
His crew of corpses stark.
Their phantom arms shall wave,
Their ghastly eyes shall glare;
While the odors of the grave
Weigh down the shuddering air!

Hamlet — A horrid fear my heart benumbs!

Horatio, look! It comes — it comes!

[*Enter GHOST, waving umbrella.*]

Air — "BONNY DUNDEE."

Horatio — Yes, that is the ghost I encountered last night,
With dress-coat and beaver and parasol white.
His pallid appearance deprives us of breath.
My teeth are a-chatter, — I'm frightened to death!

Chorus — Yes, that is the ghost he encountered last night,
 With dress-coat and beaver and parasol white.
 His pallid appearance deprives me of breath.
 Our teeth are a-chatter, — we’re frightened to death!

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Horatio — Speak to it, Hamlet!

Hamlet — I implore,
 Whether thou art in mischief shammed,
 A spirit of health, or goblin damned,
 Speak, questionable shape!

Ghost — You swore
 At your poor old dead father, son!

Hamlet — What shall we do? what have we done?

[*GHOST steps forward, clears his throat, but retires
 and beckons. VOICE enters, waving umbrella.*]

Air — “*BONNY DUNDEE.*”

Horatio — Look yonder! another, the twin of the first,
 But clad all in black, like a spirit accursed.
 I’m scared at these spectres of soot and of snow:
 Good-bye for the present, — I’m going to go!

Chorus — Look yonder! another, the twin of the first,
 But clad all in black like a spirit accursed;
 We’re scared at these spectres of soot and of snow:
 Good-bye for the present, — we’re going to go!

Hamlet — Remain, my friends; but yesterday
 You vowed to help me in my need,
 And now you leave me?

Horatio — No indeed!
 We’re badly frightened, but we’ll stay.

Hamlet — His beaver slowly back he tips;
 To speak he opes those awful lips!

Air — “*CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY.*”

[*VOICE sings. GHOST gestures.*]

Ghost and Voice — I am a ghost, but still not proud;
 I’m affably inclined.
 Although I might distrust this crowd,
 I’ll not, but “go it blind.”
 And first, you ought to understand
 I’m not unknown to fame;
 I used to lord it in this land, —
 Hamlet Senior is my name!

Chorus — Hamlet Senior is his name!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!

And first, we ought to understand,
 He used to lord it in this land, —
 Hamlet Senior is his name!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!
 He used to lord it in this land, —
 Hamlet Senior is his name!

Ghost and Voice — Last New Year's Eve, a friend and I
 Went out to take a stroll;
 A charming man, I don't deny,
 A nobly loyal soul:
 But still, he pushed me in the river
 To help his little game;
 The recollection makes me shiver!
 Hamlet Senior is my name!

Chorus — Hamlet Senior is his name!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!
 But still he pushed him in the river;
 The recollection makes us shiver!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!
 The recollection makes us shiver!
 Hamlet Senior is his name!

Hamlet — A shocking tale, — it makes me pale;
 To speak my feelings words all fail,
 But look! see how he waves his hand!
 What now? what is thy dread command?
 How on the eye the motions linger
 Of that inimitable finger!
 How preternaturally astute
 The language of that parachute!
 And still, I do not catch your drift;
 I know my intellect's not swift:
 Do you desire my friends to go?

Horatio — Come, boys, we seem to be *de trop*.
 Please cut it short, respected spectre!
 The wind outside's a keen dissecter.

[*Exeunt HORATIO and Students.*]

Ghost — I am thy father's spirit!

Hamlet — You o'ercome
 My heart with fear!

Ghost — And yet, a "hum!"

Hamlet — What say?

Ghost — Do you think my rendition
 Successful, of an apparition?

Hamlet — Yes, you're a genuine ghost!

- Ghost* — I'm set up
By praise of such a simple get-up.
- Hamlet* — Get-up? What mean you?
- Ghost* — Why, to cite
D. Webster, I am not dead — quite!
- Hamlet* — Not dead, and not my parent?
- Ghost* — Yes,
I am your father, but not dead!
This little riddle, can you guess?
- Hamlet* — Explain! I must have lost my head!
- Ghost* — Why, when I tumbled in the river,
I floundered down the whirling tide,
And boatmen, hooking to my side,
My dripping body did deliver.
- Hamlet* — Alive?
- Ghost* — Yes, fished me up all right.
- Hamlet* — Your nose is pale, — your hair is white; —
They turned at once, of course, from fright?
- Ghost* — Oh, no! — my nose is red as ever;
My hair, an auburn, silvered; — clever
Disguise, ain't it? In savage humor,
I hied, all wet, to a costumer;
Practised two months a ghostly stalk;
And now, got up with duck and chalk,
I have returned, revenge to win
Upon the friend who pushed me in.
- Hamlet* — Who pushed you in?
- Ghost* — Your uncle Claud!
- Hamlet* — O my prophetic soul! that fraud? —
But who's this friend?
- Ghost* — The chap in black?
You know I never had the knack
Of time or tune; — I cannot sing;
And deeming melody a thing
A thoughtful ghost might aptly bring
To lend revenge a deeper sting,
I hired, attired, and brought along
This gifted Celtic son of song.

The contrast mark: his presence sooty
 Serves to enhance my pure blonde beauty!
 Patrick, when I this signal make,
 Toot up! ~~like at other times,~~ keep still.
 I will the conversation take;
 You stick to song!

Voice — Bedad, I will.

Ghost — And now, my son, although yet living,
 I have no notion of forgiving.
 I seek r-r-revenge!

Hamlet — Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost — You'll help me make the rascal roast?

Air — "FATHER, DEAR FATHER."

Hamlet — Father, dear father, just give me the word;
 My uncle I'll thoroughly thrash!
 He's older and bigger, but when I am stirred
 I can whip him, I fancy, to dash!

Ghost and Voice —
 Hear the brave voice of my child,
 Which the night-winds repeat as they roam!
 But simulate calmness, — be silent and mild, —
 Till I'm ready; then, Hamlet, strike home!

Duet — Strike home! strike home! strike home!
 Then, Hamlet, — then, Hamlet, strike home! [Repeat.]

[Enter Students, cautiously.]

Horatio — Ahem!

Ghost — Ahem yourself!

Horatio — Ahem!!

Our coming back pray don't condemn.
 We wouldn't for the world intrude,
 But Boreas, outside, is rude;
 An eager and a nipping air
 Bites through our Knickerbockers spare;
 We're catching cold; it's my belief
 We ought to start the third relief;
 We've ventured back; and now, in brief,
 Isn't it time the sulphurous flame
 To torment should your ghostship claim?

Hamlet — What?

Ghost — How?

Horatio — Hadn't you better go?

Ghost — Not till the matutinal crow.

Air — “GO 'WAY, OLD MAN”

Horatio — We've left you a long time alone with your son;
Our patient politeness you've greatly outrun.

Chorus — Go 'way, old ghost,
Return to your post
In the place where hobgoblins eternally toast! [Repeat.

Horatio — You've frightened poor Hamlet nearly out of his senses,
And the cold we have suffered, while waiting, intense is.

Chorus — Go 'way, old ghost
Return to your post
In the place where hobgoblins eternally toast! [Repeat.

Hamlet — Stop! words irreverent should not fall
On ears so supernatural.

Horatio — Yes, but with all our best endeavor,
We cannot wait for him forever.
If you want farther conversation
We'll stay right here, but stop our ears.
Eavesdropping we could in that way shun.

Hamlet — Hark how the ghost his palate clears!

Air — “MY MARY ANN.”

Ghost and Voice —
I think I know when a ghost should go;
Polite I'd like to be;
But it isn't the regular thing, you see,
To start away till the cock shall crow —
To start away till the cock shall crow.

[They go around, repeating the last line to each one
of the Chorus, until interrupted.

Horatio — Stop, ghost in white, if you are able,
Your iterating friend in sable.
He gravely errs if he supposes
All mortals are as meek as Moses.

Ghost — Well, I repeat, I'm not a-going
Until the cock begins his crowing, —
Sure pop!

Horatio — But none will crow.

- Ghost* — The dickens!
- Horatio* — All — when the army here were quartered —
The cocks, the hens, the tender chickens,
Were by the commissary slaughtered!
- Ghost* — Don't care a whit! No orthodox spectre,
Of which I am the recollecter,
Could ever vanish *a la mode*
Till glow-worm paled and rooster crowed.
- Horatio* — What can we do his stay to dock?
'Tis hardly yet eleven o'clock.
To entertain a ghost all night
Would leave us all but dead with fright,
Good friends, can none of you suggest
Some plan to speed our parting guest?
I have it! Our own trusty throats
Can counterfeit a cockerel's notes!

Air — "BAPTIST, BAPTIST I WAS BORN."

- Horatio* — Suppose the morn, in russet clad,
Were walking o'er the dew;
Suppose a cock some farmer had
Who spied the morn, and crew.
— Start it gently.
- Chorus* — [*softly*] Cock-a-doodle!
- Horatio* — That's the ticket!
- Chorus* — Cock-a-doodle-doo!
- Horatio* — Suppose he woke a thousand more
Within a thousand coops,
Who joined — an inharmonious corps —
In emulative whoops.
— A little louder.
- Chorus* — Cock-a-doodle!
- Horatio* — All together!
- Chorus* — Cock-a-doodle-doo!
- Horatio* — A truly conscientious ghost
Would feel ashamed to stay;
Before the crows of such a host
He'd vanish right away!
— Now rouse it.
- Chorus* — Cock-a-doodle!
- Horatio* — Raise a ripper!
- Chorus* — Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Ghost — Stop! I'll give in if you'll abate your
Crows, more intolerable than nature.

Scholars and gentlemen, adieu!

Hamlet Adieu, adieu!

Horatio — The same to you.

Ghost — But ere I cease to be your guest
Grant me, I pray, one last request. —

Reveal my apparition ne'er!

Hamlet — We won't.

Ghost — I think you'd better swear. [*Opens his umbrella.*]

All hands grab hold of this umbrel,

And swear you'll never, never tell!

[*All touch the umbrella with hands or weapons.*]

Air — "JUANITA."

Hamlet — Spectre suspicious,
Vanish hence to upper air!

All that you wish us,

We will do.

Ghost and Voice — Swear! — Swear!

Hamlet — Not by word or gesture,
Wink or whisper, will we dare
To a soul suggest your
Visit here.

Ghost and Voice — Swear! — Swear!

Air changed to "OUT O' DE WILDERNESS."

Chorus — If you'll depart, we'll swear to any thing,
Swear to any thing, swear to any thing;
If you'll depart, we'll swear to any thing, —
Go, and don't come back!
We swear, we swear, we swear, we swear,
We swear, we swear, we swear, we swear.
If you'll depart, we'll swear to any thing,
Swear to any thing, swear to any thing;
If you'll depart, we'll swear to any thing, —
Go, and don't come back!

CURTAIN.

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ACT III.

[*Banquet-hall of the castle. Three square tables against the walls. Students, with white aprons and napkins, as waiters.*]

Air — From "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

Chorus — We all profess our loyalty,
And highly patriotic subjects claim to be;
So, when the queen enlisted us,
We took up arms without a particle of fuss.
But now that she, such men as we —
The flower of Wittenborough University —
Expects to wait upon her table,
In place of second girls, it's too abominable!

A soldier's tasks will we perform,
And stand a patient guard in darkness or in storm;
We'll gladly eat a soldier's grub;
Accountments and guns we'll diligently scrub:
But if they think that Denmark's pink
Will stand behind their chairs, and hand them meat and drink,
They little know with whom they deal!
We'll all be hanged before we serve a single meal!

[*Enter POLONIUS.*]

Polonius — Now, lads, the tables spread!

Horatio — Guess not!

We do not like the service.

Polonius — What!

Refuse to do the queen's behests?

What will become of all her guests?

Horatio — Where are her lackeys?

Polonius — Soldiers daring.

Horatio — The housemaids?

Polonius — All vivandiering.

I tell you, every man and woman

Is at the wars. What can we do, man?

The supper-table must be set.

Whom can we turn to, sirs, but you?

The queen will not your zeal forget.

To self, to country, oh be true!

Perpend!

Horatio — Enough of your perpending!
We'll help you, though it be heartrending.

Polonius — Thanks, gentlemen! what gems of price
Can compensate your sacrifice!

Air — “MENAGERIE.”

Polonius — Now hasten with great celerity
The tables forth to fetch,
And seek in the chest where the linens be,
Three table-cloths to stretch.
Then out of the china-closet bring,
For our festivity,
The latest and best and correctest thing
In the way of crockery.

Chorus — We'll bring the newest styles
Of ugly color and glaze,
The cups and jugs and plates and tiles
Of the truest ceramic craze.

[Repeat.]

Polonius — The skill you exhibit in getting tea
(I hazard the observation)
Just shows the catholicity
Of liberal education.
But don't you forget, my lads, to bring
For our festivity,
The latest and best and correctest thing
In the way of crockery.

Chorus — We'll bring the newest styles
Of ugly color and glaze,
The cups and jugs and plates and tiles
Of the truest ceramic craze.

[The three tables are brought out, and covered with
cloths, hanging down to the floor.]

Polonius — Now I shall leave you: state affairs
Demand, unhappily, my cares.
You to the kitchen may repair,
The viands hitherward to bear.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Enter GHOST and VOICE.]

Ghost — All gone? All gone! my sometime queen
To tea has bid her gossips dear.
Now, how can I contrive, unseen,
Their tattling table-talk to hear?

Aha! this table! I'll bestow

My ghostly members here below. [Hides under centre table.]

Pat, share with me this humble cot!

Crawl in, without a word, and squat.

[VOICE follows.]

[*Re-enter Students, with dishes.*]

Air — "LONG TIME AGO."
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Horatio — Here is the royal teapot,
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Put it where the tea will keep hot.
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — On this side the coffee-kettle;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Gently, so the grounds can settle.
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Hot milk in this little pitcher;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Cream, — it couldn't be much richer.
Chorus — An't this nice?

[*The Students go out.*]

[*Enter CLAUDIUS.*]

Claudius — There's no one here. So far, so good.
 I much suspect this female brood.
 The queen to-night firmly declines
 The company of masculines;
 But I am anxious to discover
 Which way her likings really hover,
 And whether I am dupe or lover.
 If I could listen to their chatter
 At tea, I might decide the matter.
 Their bashfulness not to embarrass,
 Suppose I hide behind an arras?
 Or, stay, I think I might be able
 To coil my legs beneath the table.

[*Hides under table.* R.]

[*Re-enter Students.*]

Air — "LONG TIME AGO."

Horatio — Pears and apricots and quinces,
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Scalloped oysters, fit for princes;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Quail on toast, and rolls and biscuit;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Salad, if they dare to risk it;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Fruit-cake, full of dainty spices;
Chorus — An't this nice?
Horatio — Charlotte-russe and water-ices.
Chorus — An't this nice?

[*The Students go out.*]

[Enter POLONIUS.]

Polonius — I've given my boys the slip; — and now
 To find a proper hiding place.
 The queen, when asked, would not allow
 My presence at her tea. In face
 Of such refusal, I have quietly come
 To hide and hear, — not deaf, but dumb.
 Perpend! where can a guest unbidden
 Be hid? The table? I am hidden. [Hides under table. L.]

Air — “MAHOGANY TREE.”

Claudius — [looking out]
 Thoroughly hid, gossips amid,
 I can o'erhear all that's forbid.
 Polonius — [looking out]
 Here I repose, under the rose,
 Snug as a bug, and there's nobody knows.
 Ghost and Voice — [looking out]
 While they're at tea, here shall I be;
 Little they'll think of the ghost at their knee.
 Trio —
 So I'll abide, hidden inside,
 Mouth shut up close, but my ears open wide.
 Claudius — But while they eat, what if their feet
 Happen my legs or my body to meet?
 Polonius — Something may drop on to me — pop!
 Causing me pain, and making me hop.
 Ghost and Voice —
 Two of us here find it to be a
 Rather too small and contracted a sphere.
 Trio —
 Still I'll abide, hidden inside,
 Mouth shut up close, but my ears open wide.

[Enter Students from one side, QUEEN and OPHELIA from the other, with seven Old Ladies. They march solemnly around.]

Queen — Aha! What does this signify?
 Horatio — This what, most gentle majesty?
 Queen — This lack of music. Where's the band?
 Where is Polonius? Such a grand
 Tea-fight as this ought to be opened
 With music. He shall feel the rope-end!
 Horatio — Please, ma'am, the band are in your camps.
 Queen — Then play yourselves, you idle scamps!
 Horatio — Where shall we get the instruments?
 Queen — Buy them.

Horatio — But, madam—
Queen — But me no buts!

~~I'll chastise your impertinence,~~
Your student airs and college struts!
As for to-night, a march you'll sing!

Horatio — What march?

Queen — I don't care, — any thing!

Pardon, my friends, this interlude;
And pardon, too, the music rude.
Strike up a march to rhythmic beats;
Approach, and find your several seats. *March resumed.*

Air — "ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL."

Hamlet — What the gracious queen of Denmark wants
Her subjects have to do.

Chorus — So sing, brothers; sing, brothers; sing, brothers; sing!

Hamlet — Her look the boldest rebel daunts,
And the wildest student, too.

Chorus — So sing, brothers; sing, brothers; sing, brothers; sing!

We'll howl a martial march,
We'll raise a royal shout,
We'll make a noise, though our throats may parch,
And our breath may peter out.

[Repeat from "We'll howl." QUEEN, OPHELIA,
and Old Ladies sit down. QUEEN at centre
table; OPHELIA, right; the side of tables to-
ward audience is unoccupied.

Queen — Boys, help these noble dames to sup!
Miss O. Polonius, [to OPHELIA] lively up,
And entertain our guests!

1 O. L. — Nice tea!

2 O. L. — Splendid oysters!

3 O. L. — Your majesty

Must miss your husband so at supper;
But now he sups in regions upper, — [By-play by the GHOST.
That blessed man! there's no such left.

Queen — At times I *do* feel quite bereft,
Yet it is nice to be a widder.
To tell the truth, I don't consider
My husband was a perfect man.
Hyperion's curls, — but then he ran
Too much to billiards and cigars.

1 O. L. — You know he had an eye like Mars.

Queen — Yes, yes; — His nose was somewhat snub;

He went too often to the club
And came home late at night, hilarious.

His faults were manifold and various, —

Yet still, I liked him: shall I rob

This meal of pleasure if I sob?

[All sob.

1 O. L. — There's several elegant noblemen

Would like to see you marry again.

Duke Claudius, your brother-in-law, [By-play by CLAUDIUS.

He's dead in love; I never saw

A man more "sot" your hand to own.

Queen — My hand? more like he wants my throne!

The odious, hump-backed, cross-eyed wretch!

I'd like his ugly neck to stretch.

I've made him brevet king, — no nearer

Shall he become to me, nor dearer.

But this is solemn conversation

To accompany our evening ration.

Ophelia, sing us something gay!

Ophelia — Here's an appropriate roundelay.

Air — "CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY."

Ophelia —

We may gather at tea

In gossippy glee,

On the board may be blossom and wreath;

But we never can know,

'Mid splendor and show,

What danger is lurking beneath.

Chorus —

We may gather at tea

In gossippy glee,

On the board may be blossom and wreath;

But we never can know,

'Mid splendor and show,

What danger is lurking beneath.

Ophelia —

The louder we laugh,

The deeper we quaff,

The danger is ever increased:

That close by our side,

Our mirth to deride,

A skeleton lurks at the feast.

Chorus —

The louder we laugh,

The deeper we quaff,

The danger is ever increased;

That close by our side,

Our mirth to deride,

A skeleton lurks at the feast.

Queen — Thanks, miss: your voice is harsh and hoarse;
You do the best you can, of course.

1 O. L. — They say mother noble lord
His queen too plainly has adored.

Queen — Who's that? and still another beau nigh us?

1 O. L. — That "unseen good old man" Polonius.

Queen — What! that old fool?

Ophelia — Hush! he's my pa.

Queen — How like your father, dear, you are! —

He's old and gouty, gray and bent; [By-play by POLONIUS.

Deaf, blind, half-witted, scant of breath, —

And then, he isn't worth a cent:

I couldn't even chance his death.

[POLONIUS moves incautiously. Old Ladies start,
scream, and stand up on their chairs.

Air — "WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE."

Chorus — Something is under the table-cloth,
Something is under the table-cloth,
Something is under the table-cloth, —
Don't you suppose it is rats?
I tell you I felt it a-moving and moving,
I tell you I felt it a-moving and moving,
I tell you I felt it a-moving and moving, —
I'm sure it is nothing but rats!

Go, get a dog and a rat-catcher!

Go, get a dog and a rat-catcher!

Go, get a dog and a rat-catcher!

Hunt out the horrible rats!

Poke 'em and punch 'em, and pound 'em and hammer 'em,

Poke 'em and punch 'em, and pound 'em and hammer 'em,

Poke 'em and punch 'em, and pound 'em and hammer 'em, —

Hammer the horrible rats!

Queen — Aha! who dares to show dismay?

Young men, the rash intruders face!

Hamlet, the rats invite a fray:

Draw, and exterminate the race!

[Students poke feebly at tables.

Hamlet — How now — a rat? Think'st thou I dread

A rat? Dead, — for a ducat, dead!

[Thrusts. POLONIUS crawls out, rubbing his shoulder.

Polonius — Thanks to his generous wealth of padding,

My tailor's saved my soul from gadding;

For if the sword had entered lower,

I now should tread the shining shore.

Air — “TRACADILLO.”

Queen — So, you are the vermin,
Who all of us scared so?
You have furnished your crumens —
Chorus — I am sorry you are spared so.
Polonius, Polonius,
Such conduct felonious,
Is unprecedented and unceremonious! [*Repeat.*]

Queen — Explain why you did thus
Before all these ladies!
The reason you hid thus,
Disgraceful, I'm afraid, is.
Chorus — Polonius, Polonius
Such conduct felonious,
Is unprecedented and unceremonious!

Queen — Polonius! —

Polonius — Perpend!

Ophelia — Oh, oh!

There's something underneath my toe!

Hamlet — Rats there? More blood upon my head;

Dead, — for another duet, dead! [*Thrusts.*]

Claudius — [*escaping from under table*]

Hold up, hold up! In my hide no dent

Do I desire. I'm not a rodent.

Queen — Claudius, you rascal! You abuse me

Thus ambushing. Come here!

Claudius — Excuse me!

[*Exit.*]

Air — “WOMAN IS CHANGEABLE.” (*Rigoletto.*)

Chorus — As if before a cat
There goes a coward rat, —
Rat of a sorry breed, —
Worse than a rat, indeed;
Falsely and meanly sly,
On us to play the spy,
He has deserved, like a real rat, to die.
Claudius, Claudius, vilest of men,
Claudius, Claudius, away to your den!

Ghost — [*looks out*]

Before they prod for me, I'll rise,

And give them a unique surprise.

[*GHOST and VOICE rise with table on their back.*

*The QUEEN, being behind, cannot see them
through the rest of the scene.*

O. L. — Oh, catch me! I'm going to faint.

[*OPHELIA and Old Ladies faint in Students' arms.*]

- Hamlet* — The ghost again, by all that's quaint!
Do you return your son to chide?
How pale he glowers!
- Queen* — Are you beside
Yourself, as usual? What do you see?
- Hamlet* — My father's ghost!
- Queen* — You can't ghost me!
- Hamlet* — These friends around us can discern all:
Say, is it not the shade paternal?

Air — "RIG-A-JIG-JIG."

- Hamlet* — I ask you all what sight you see?
Chorus — It is a ghost! it is a ghost!
Hamlet — O skeptical queen, they all agree.
Chorus — A ghost, a ghost, a ghost!
He asks us all what sight we see,
It is a ghost! it is a ghost!
O skeptical queen, we all agree.
A ghost, a ghost, a ghost!
- Hamlet* — What more do you discover there?
Chorus — A sable ghost! A sable ghost!
Hamlet — O skeptical queen, they're a ghostly pair.
Chorus — A ghost, a ghost, a ghost!
What more do we discover there?
A sable ghost! A sable ghost!
O skeptical queen, they're a ghostly pair.
A ghost, a ghost, a ghost!
- Queen* — Let me get at them! I'll make them sick!
Chorus — Beware, O ghost! beware, O ghost!
Ghost and Voice —
No, you don't, madam; we move too quick!
Chorus — O ghost, O ghost, O ghost!
Let you get at them! you'll make them sick!
Beware, O ghost! beware, O ghost!
No, you don't, madam; they move too quick!
O ghost, O ghost, O ghost!

[During the last verse, the GHOST and VOICE gradually press back the QUEEN, who is trying to get round the table which they still carry on their back, until, with the last line, they push the table over on to her, against the wall, and, leaving her there, go one to each wing. *Tableau.*

CURTAIN.

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ACT IV.

[*Hall, as before. POLONIUS, and Students with brooms.*]

Air — “THE MOUNTAINS.” (*Chorus only.*)

Chorus — Confound it, confound it, to make a student dust!
We shudder, we shudder with passionate disgust.
And hang it, and hang it, to be obliged to sweep!
For words our rage is much too strong and deep!

We shouldn't, we shouldn't a brush or broom propel;
We ought to, we ought to intrepidly rebel!
But twofold, but twofold obstructions intervene, —
The faculty, and oh, an angry queen!

Polonius — But now, perpend!

Horatio — We'll raise a riot!

Polonius — Don't be obstreperous, — keep quiet!
You wouldn't have the palace halls
Untidy, would you? Duty calls
Most loudly to the educated classes:
What duty, gentlemen, surpasses
Keeping things wholesome for the queen?
The men who generally clean
This suite of rooms are at the front,
Bearing the battle's bloody brunt, —
(’Tis but a foolish fancy, still, my own!)
Denmark expects each sophomore
To do his duty — and sweep the floor!

Horatio — Denmark expects too much. No more

[*Enter OPHELIA.*]

Will we do menial service here!
The queen we honor and revere,
But *hanged* if we will sweep her floor!

Polonius — Ophelia, assist me! These young chap^s
Refuse to sweep; what can I do?
They will not budge for me. Perhaps
If you ask, they will sweep for you.

Air — "PRIMA DONNA WALTZ" — Julien.

Ophelia — Oh, please do sweep!
Chorus — Don't ask!
Ophelia — Oh, please do sweep!
Chorus — Don't ask!
Ophelia — Unless you sweep, I'll have to weep.
Chorus — 'Tis far too mean a task!
Ophelia — But I implore!
Chorus — We might!
Ophelia — Oh, I implore!
Chorus — We might!
Ophelia — Yes, I implore once more, once more!
Chorus — We'll do it with delight. [*They sweep and sing.*]

We can't resist her beauty's bloom;
 It dissipates our grumbling gloom. [*boys!*]
 So ply the gallant broom, boys; the broom, boys; the broom,
 The unscholastic task assume;
 For sweet Ophelia sweep the room,
 And ply the gallant broom, boys; the broom, boys; the broom!

Ophelia — Oh, thanks! a thousand fervent thanks!
 My grateful tears o'erflow their tanks.
 How can I make due recompense?

Hamlet — Grant all your general thanks to me!
 You long have known my love intense;
 Now answer to my passionate plea.

Ophelia — I can't. My pa and friends assert
 You're nothing but a masculine flirt. [*Going.*]

Hamlet — But stay and hear me plead my suit!

Horatio — Go on and speak, we'll not be mute.

Air — "KINLOCKH."

Hamlet — I love thee, my darling, my darling, my darling;
 I love thee, my darling, wilt thou be mine?

Ophelia — I cannot, dear Hamlet, dear Hamlet, dear Hamlet;
 I cannot, dear Hamlet, be thine, be thine!

Duet — Alas! how sad, how wofully sad,
 To see an honest, affectionate lad
 In love with a lass who must send him away,
 And answer her lover a sorrowful nay.

[HAMLET retires.]

Horatio — Ophelia, all of Hamlet's friends
 Admire you full as much as he.
 With his warm love our homage blends;
 We urge his suit in sympathy.
 Boys, let us plead his cause in chorus!
 We ought to carry all before us.

Air — "PRETTY JEMIMA."

Horatio — Gentle Ophelia, don't say no,
 Do not say no, to Hamlet's suit!
 Pity his love, and behold his woe,
 So eloquently mute!
 We ask upon our bended knees;
 We lift our imploring eyes;
 Our copious tears remark, if you please,
 And hark to our frightful sighs! — [*Kneeling.*

Chorus — Oh-h-h! [*Rise and dance.*
 Gentle Ophelia, don't say no,
 Do not say no, to Hamlet's suit!
 Pity his love, and behold his woe,
 So eloquently mute! [*Repeat four lines.*

Ophelia — I love him, gentle sirs. Alas!
 My heart is sore with hidden pain.

Horatio — Then why refuse?

Polonius — He is an ass!
 Pert, shallow, idle, spendthrift, vain!
 She shall not marry!

Ophelia — This sharp ache!
 My overburdened brain will break!

Polonius — Come! We have here too long delayed!

Ophelia — Farewell! [*They go.* R.

Hamlet — Farewell, obdurate maid! [*Goes.* L.

Horatio — Well, Hamlet can't find fault with us:
 Our aid has been most generous.
 She's set, — her father's even setter;
 And on the whole, perhaps 'tis better.
 If she said yes, — she'd undergo
 The tortures of the lost.

1 *Stu.* — Why so?

Air — "IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES."

Horatio — If she should marry him,
 Just think of the trouble and jaw;
 The rancorous strife of her married life,
 With such a mother-in-law!

Chorus — With such a mother-in-law, with such a mother-in-law!
 The rancorous strife of her married life,
 With such a mother-in-law!

Horatio — They would have to live with her, —
 Be always under her claw;
 They'd better be dead, than live thus wed
 To a savage old mother-in-law!

Chorus — To a savage old mother-in-law! — to a savage old mother-in-law!
They'd better be dead, than live thus wed [law! —
To a savage old mother-in-law!

Horatio — Her every look and word,
Like a serpent's tooth would gnaw;
She would rage and scold till she killed them cold, —
A savage old mother-in-law!

Chorus — A savage old mother-in-law! — a savage old mother-in-law! —
She would rage and scold till she killed them cold, —
A savage old mother-in-law!

Horatio — By Jove! here she comes now.

[Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.]

Queen — Aha!
What's that about a mother-in-law?
Who? How? What do you mean by singing?
Sweep, or I'll set your ears a-ringing! [They sweep.

Polonius — [aside]
Now is my chance; faint heart ne'er won
A queen of Denmark. I'll approach her.
Of courting this shall be my broacher.
A man like me why should she shun?
Sweet Gertrude!

Queen — Did you speak to me?

Polonius — I kneel. [Kneels.

Queen — Get up, you old rheumatic!

Polonius — I love you!

Queen — Sir, in terms emphatic
I tell you, get up instantly.

Polonius — Hear!

Queen — I am getting autocratic.

Horatio — [to Students]
I suppose a proper *esprit de corps*
Requires us to assist a prof.,
Even if he is a blamed old bore.
Let's give his suit a good send-off.

Air — "DING, DONG, SKIP IT ALONG."

Horatio — Hold on, radiant queen!
Give the old fellow a show.
Don't be abrupt, or treat him with spleen,
Even in answering no.

Chorus — [Repeat the verse.]

Horatio — Think how beauty and grace
 Carry us fellows away;
 If he's in love with your beautiful face,
 Do let the man have his say!

Chorus — [*Repeat the verse.*]

Queen — I won't! You go ahead and sweep!
 Now you, sir, — *crawl!* I mean it, — *creep!*
 A man who kneels when he should stand,
 Must walk, perforce, with knee and hand.

[*POLONIUS, who has not risen from his knees, is compelled to crawl out before the QUEEN, who follows him.*]

Horatio — The old vixen! Hallo! who's here?
 Hamlet, but very wild and queer.

[*Enter HAMLET, dishedelled.*]

Old chap, what's up?

Hamlet — Nothing.

Horatio — But why
 This pallid face, this wandering eye,
 This strange expression? Tell me, does
 An illness trouble you?

Hamlet — Buzz—buzz!

Horatio — Mad as a March hare! See him stare
 At something yonder in the air!
 How to himself he strangely mutters!
 We'll humor him in all he utters.

Air — “POP GOES THE WEASEL.”

Hamlet — Is that a singular chandelier,
 Or is it my vagary?
 Doesn't it like a camel appear?

Chorus — Quite a dromedary!
 All the points we clearly track;
 Indeed, it's even hairy;
 And see, two humps upon its back, —
 Quite a dromedary!

Hamlet — Oh, no! you're wrong; 'tis plain as a pike;
 No man alive can me sell:
 A weasel it is far more like.

Chorus — Just like a weasel!
 As sure as if we saw it alive
 Or painted on an easel,
 To catch a mouse behold it strive
 Just like a weasel!

Hamlet — A pack of fools you all must be;
Your senses sadly fail;
'Tis nothing at all but a whale at sea!

Chorus — Very like a whale!
Why yes, we plainly make him out!
How he waggles his tail!
Jupiter! what a magnificent spout!
Very like a whale!

Hamlet — Afraid of me, that's evident!
They fool me to the top of my bent.

[Retires.]

Horatio — See yonder, how Ophelia stalks!
Her hair, dishevelled, full of flowers.
Uncanny gibberish she talks,
And straight before her wildly glowers.

[Enter OPHELIA.]

Air — "HEY DOWN DERRY,"

Ophelia — A sprig of foolish sage,
A buttercup of rue;
The pansy's pain assuage
With fennel's heavenly hue:
The pansy's pain assuage
With fennel's heavenly hue.

Chorus — Her words erratic are enigmatic,
We look for a meaning in vain;
A sort of panic of terms botanic, —
She must be a trifle insane.
That's it! that is the matter!
She's mad, she's mad as a hatter!
That's it! that is the matter!
She's mad, she's mad as a hatter!
She's mad, she's mad as a hatter!
She's mad, she's mad as a hatter!

Ophelia — A lily-blue rose for him,
A violet green for me;
Dim daisies darkly swim
In dandelion tea:
Dim daisies darkly swim
In dandelion tea!

Chorus — [As before.]

[HAMLET and OPHELIA meet. He takes her hand and goes through dumb show, as in Act II., Scene 1, original play.]

Horatio — Well, this is slightly singular,
But friendship cannot go too far;
And if our friends are both insane,
Our duty is extremely plain;

Nay, more, 'tis pressing and despotie:
 We, too, must go stark idiotic!
 Assume your individual crazes,
 Abandon sense and act like blazes.

[*Mad scene.*]

Air — "BLACK BRIGADE."

Horatio — Insanity is catching, —
Chorus — We're all a-going crazy!
Horatio — Insanity is catching —
Chorus — We're mad, we're mad!
Horatio — Insanity is catching, — we're all a-going crazy.
Chorus — We're mad, we're mad, we're violently mad!
 A wild and reckless crew,
 Our steps are growing mazy;
 We're mad, we're mad!
 All sorts of wild hallucinations whirling through and through
 Our brains, already dazy:
 We're mad, we're mad, we're violently mad!

[*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*]

Queen — Aha! What's this?
Hamlet — I'm mad!
Ophelia — I'm mad!
Horatio — We're all mad!
Queen — Hey, you are? That's bad.
 But I know something worse — for you!
 You want to know just what I mean?
 I'll tell you: *I am mad.* You bet it
 Is not quite safe to rile a queen.
 I'm mad, aha! don't you forget it! —
 I'm mad all through and through and through.
 Hamlet, come here. Do you confess
 You're sane as I am?
Hamlet — You? Oh, yes!
Queen — Ophelia, bustle up your hair! —
 You think you're mad?
Ophelia — Well, no! not now.
Queen — That's nice. Horatio, when and where
 Did all you scampish students dare
 Go mad?
Horatio — Don't ask me. I am sure
 We're not mad now.

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ACT V.

[*Same hall. Wardrobe at rear. POLONIUS and Students. Students play “The Campbells are Coming” on combs, POLONIUS beating time.*]

Polonius — Good, good! that’s musical and mellow.

Suppose we try “St. Patrick’s Day.”

More vigor, you young men who play
The French comb, and the combicello.

[*They play “St. Patrick’s Day.”*]

Polonius — The whole effect is quite melodious,
And ought our gracious Queen to please.

Duty like this is not so odious
As cleaning floors or tending teas.

Horatio — Well, no! we’re not unduly grand;
We don’t object to playing band.

Polonius — Wait here to greet the royal party
With welcome musically hearty.

[*Enter HAMLET.*]

Hamlet — [*comes slowly forward*] To be, or not to be—

Horatio — [*comes forward*] Still dejected?

Hamlet — Yes.

Horatio — Well, it’s not at all surprising
The ghost your mood has so affected.
What now, lad?

Hamlet — I’m soliloquizing.

Horatio — You are indeed! — Shall it be said
Your friends, in time of need, have flown?
Forbid it, friendship’s mighty dead!
You shan’t soliloquize alone! —
Boys, let your cheerful voices rise;
We’ll help him to soliloquize!

Queen — That's right, you're usually too slow;
I'm glad to see some kind of go.
Or, let me make my praises properer,
And put them into regular opera.

Air — “GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.”

[Sings] I hear thy novel plan with joy.
Good boy, Hamlet, good boy!

[Speaks] Claudius, sit down! Hamlet, unfold
The kind of show you mean to hold.

Horatio — Go on, Hamlet; don't be afraid.
We'll help you if you get dismayed.

Air — “KILLARNEY.”

Hamlet — I, my friends, have—
Chorus — Come, come, come,
Hamlet — To make you all less—
Chorus — Glum, glum, glum;
Hamlet — And if you'll just sit—
Chorus — Mum, mum, mum,
Hamlet — I may relieve your tedium.
Now, if observant eyes you set
On yonder simple cabinet,
See—
Chorus — See,
Hamlet — See,
Chorus — See,
Hamlet — See,
Chorus — See,
Hamlet — See,
See

What behind the door may be.

Hamlet — Perhaps a bell may—
Chorus — Ring, ring, ring;
Hamlet — Or a voice may—
Chorus — Sing, sing, sing;
Hamlet — Mystic hands may—
Chorus — Fling, fling, fling
Hamlet — Through the air some startling thing.
If a spectral light appear,
Dear departed friends are near.
Lo! —

Chorus — Lo!
Hamlet — Lo!
Chorus — Lo!
Hamlet — Lo!
Chorus — Lo!
Hamlet — Lo!
Lo!
Ghostly forms the light may show.

Hamlet — Turn down the light!

Ophelia — Oh, don't! I'm frightened.

Queen — I don't know how such nonsense might end.

Claudius — I feel as if upon a rack.

Polonius — Cold shivers creep all down my back.

Hamlet — Turn down the lights; join hands; no word,
No cough, no whisper must be heard. [Noises in cabinet.]

Air — CONSPIRATORS' CHORUS. (*Madame Angot.*)

Chorus — Just remark how that cabinet is creaking at the cracks,
And how its interior reverberates with whacks:
There is some sort of body in its narrow cell immersed,
And if he isn't let out, it will burst.

Ghost and Voice — [*within*] Ha!

Chorus — Listen!

Ghost and Voice — Ho!

Chorus — Listen!

Ghost and Voice —
Let me out of here!

I—

Chorus — Hear it!

Ghost and Voice — Say!

Chorus — Hear it!

Ghost and Voice —
I feel very queer;
And my arms and legs so ache
That I'm bound to make a break;
And I warn you chaps outside, the coast to clear.

Chorus — And his arms and legs so ache
That he's bound to make a break;
And he warns us chaps outside, the coast to clear;
Warns us chaps outside, the coast to clear,
Warns us chaps outside, the coast to clear.

[Cracks heard in the cabinet.]

Hamlet — Hark!

Claudius — Stop it!

Ophelia — Oh!

Polonius — Ah!

Queen — Go ahead!

Hamlet — Hark to a message from the dead!

[Noise in wardrobe grows more violent; the door is burst open; with a sudden glare of light, the GHOST and VOICE appear.]

Air — "THE MOCKING-BIRD."

Ghost and Voice —
Behold the Ghost of Hamlet!

Chorus — Of Hamlet, of Hamlet!

Ghost and Voice —
Behold the Ghost of Hamlet!
Come back on earth his vengeance dire to deal!

Chorus — Whistle up courage, boys!
 [with whistling] Whistle up courage, boys!
 Before our lips with terror shall congeal!
 Whistle up courage, boys!
 Whistle up courage, boys!
 To hide the consternation that we feel!

Ghost and Voice —

Where is King Hamlet's murderer?

Chorus — His murderer! his murderer!

Ghost and Voice —

Where is King Hamlet's murderer?
 Those trembling knees his guiltiness reveal!

Chorus —

Whistle up courage, boys!
 Whistle up courage, boys!
 Before our lips with terror shall congeal!
 Whistle up courage, boys!
 Whistle up courage, boys!
 To hide the consternation that we feel!

Claudius — Mercy!

Ghost — Confess your fratricide!
 You drowned me in the whirling tide!

Claudius — I did! I did!

Ghost — [advancing] Then meet your fate!
 Down, down to H—alifax!

Queen — Just wait!

[to GHOST] Hamlet!

Ghost — Hey?

Queen — Are you dead?

Ghost — I am!

Queen — You ain't! You always were a sham!
 It's just like you to have a chance
 Of quietly, permanently dying, —
 And then refuse what fortune grants,
 And back to us and life come flying!
 This, then, explains the masquerade
 Our friends at supper so dismayed.

Horatio — Then you are not a ghost, I take it?

Ghost — She says not.

Horatio — Good for you! — There, shake it! [Shakes hands.

Queen — Well, you've come back, — so, for the rest of it,
 All we can do is make the best of it.

Ghost — As warm a welcome as I looked for! —
 I knew full well what I was booked for.

But you, my son, you will agree to
Welcome your pa?

Hamlet —

I will.

Horatio —

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And we too.

Air — "PULL FOR THE SHORE."

Chorus —

Hail to the owner of Denmark's throne, —
Come, in a summer suit, to claim his own.
If he be still a ghost, or his true self of yore,
Give our king three hearty cheers, and one cheer more!

[Repeat the chorus, and then three hearty cheers.]

Ghost —

Well, darling, what are we to do
With brother Claudius?

Horatio —

Put him through!

Queen —

The villain! — We cannot too far go:
We banish Claudius to Chicago!

Claudius —

O gracious sovereign, I implore! —

All other punishments I dare:

The thumb-screw's pain, — the axe's gore—

Don't send me there! — not there! — not there!

Ghost —

That punishment's too awfully awful!

Queen —

Vengeance must have its mighty maw full!

But, no, — I have it! I presume,

As you [*to GHOST*] have come so near your doom,
I'll have to treat you somewhat better.

My temper I don't wish to fetter; —

So, sir, [*to CLAUDIUS*] I'll keep you here to scold at!

Claudius —

A fate I shudder and grow cold at. —

Better Chicago!

Polonius —

May it please

Your most imperial majesties,

Shall I remain your chamberlain,

Or go to Wittenburgh again?

Queen —

Stay here, — we want a royal bore!

Hamlet, Ophelia, — take the floor!

You're formally engaged. Let kisses

Express how great your mutual bliss is!

Air — "KINLOCH."

Hamlet —

I love thee, my darling! my darling! my darling!
I love thee, my darling! wilt thou be mine?

Ophelia — I yield to thee, Hamlet, — dear Hamlet! dear Hamlet!
I yield to thee, Hamlet, and will be thine.

Duet — And oh! how glad! how joyfully glad!
To see an honest, affectionate lad,
In love with a lass who the lover can repay,
And answer her lover a faltering yea!

Queen — Well, lads, you've served your queen so nicely,
That, when our gallant troops come back,
We'll graduate you, — all in a pack, —
A. B., A. M., D. D., —

Ghost — Precisely.
Whatever life you may essay, —
Whatever your desires or wishes, —
Denmark will ne'er forget the day
You swept her floor and washed her dishes!

Queen — And now, we'll—

Voice — Hould! Don't go too free! —
What do ye intind to do for me?

Ghost — For you? Why, pay you your per diem. [Gives money.

Voice — That's not the kind of hair-pin I am!

Air — "YEAR OF JUBILO."

Voice — I've a soul above my avocation,
I scorn my meagre pay;
The which, observe, in corroboration,
I thus fling far away.
Pray do not deem me avaricious,
Or meet me with rebuke;
I frankly avow myself ambitious, —
I want to be a duke!

Chorus — We will not think it strange,
Or meet him with rebuke;
He frankly avows himself ambitious,
And wants to be a duke!

[Repeat.

Voice — I've served my king *in extremo mortis*,
And sung him back to life;
You must all concede that my epiglottis
Restored him to his wife.
Then do not deem me avaricious,
Or meet me with rebuke;
I frankly avow myself ambitious, —
I want to be a duke!

Chorus — We will not think it strange,
Or meet him with rebuke;
He frankly avows himself ambitious,
And wants to be a duke!

[Repeat.

Hamlet — This seems a laudable ambition.

Ghost — Haven't we some custom-house position?

Queen — We have degraded Claudius;
His salary, in future, draw!

Hamlet, your sword! Kneel, sir: [*to VOICE*] We thus
Create you royal brother-in-law!

And now, my faithful students, roar us

A cheerful culminating chorus!

Air — "IL BACIO."

Chorus — The queen gets her king back
From the ghostly, mysterious shades of the dead;
While Hamlet and Ophelia
Won't die, but will happily wed;
For we jolly students so helped them along,
With counsel and song, they couldn't go wrong; and
We've turned the whole play
From a tragic affray to a comedy gay.—a comedy gay;
And the queen gets her king back
From the ghostly, mysterious shades of the dead;
While Hamlet and Ophelia
Won't die, but will happily wed.
For we jolly students so helped them along, [*With dance.*]
With counsel and song, they couldn't go wrong; and
We've turned the whole play
From a tragic affray to a comedy gay.—a comedy gay;
And the queen gets her king back
From the ghostly, mysterious shades of the dead;
While Hamlet and Ophelia
Won't die, but will happily wed.

CURTAIN.

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