

John N. McCallum.

"COURTIERS" BURLESQUE DRAMA

The Property of  
JOHN N. McCALLUM.

Principal: With your kind attention we will play a drama  
We'll finish off our show by playing you a drama

Hero Let me play the hero  
Heroine I the heroine will be  
Villain I will be the villain and will do the dirty work, you see.  
Sailor And I would like to be the comic sailor of the play  
Chorus And we are all the villagers who shout "Hip-hip-hurray"  
Principal So let the play begin  
I will surprise you  
I'll mesmerise you  
So that you all your parts can play  
Let the drama start, I say.

Chorus We are the villagers blythe and gay  
We drink our beer and shout "hurray"  
A bob a day is all our pay  
And this is what we have to say  
"God bless the Squire, Hurray! Hurray!  
His son is coming home today  
Young Harry, who's so blythe and gay  
And so we've got a holiday"

Old man I've lived in this village for fifty years  
And Kitty's my daughter's name  
We hav'nt a cent and we owe the rent  
And I'm very near blind and lame  
I'm told today that unless I pay  
My rent that's in arrears  
I've got to clear from the cottage here  
And after fifty years! After fifty years!

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EXIT

Villain I am the villain of the play  
I mean to wed the girl today  
If she refuses me, of course,  
I'll see what I can do by force.  
Heroine I am the heroine dont you see  
Villain The Squire's son is in love with me  
And I'm in love with you as well  
So let the Squire's son go to --  
Now will you marry me?

Heroine No, not I  
Villain You wretched brute, I'd rather die  
Well, I'm your landlord, Kitty, so  
Tomorrow morning, out you go!

Exit

Sailor

I am the comic sailorman  
To help the hero is my plan  
Fancy Kitty talking there  
To that old villain, I declare!  
There seems some dirty work about  
So-help-me-bob, I'll find it out  
In case there's anything to see  
I'll hide behind that blooming tree

Hero

I am the hero, and wherere I wander  
In foreign countries wheresoere I roam  
My sweetest thoughts are those that ever ponder  
*on one sweet for that I love*  
And tend'rest memories of my home.

Heroine

Oh, Harry, dear, at last you have returned, love.  
My heart is beating to see you once more

Both

Oh, let us walk together by the gate, love  
Whispering ~~sweet~~ words of love just as we used to do. *you*

Villain

I suppose you're ready to do  
Just whatever I tell you to?

Ruffian

I'd murder my mother for half a crown  
But I want to see the money down.

Villain

Well, you see that couple standing over there behind you  
Take this purse, and carefully, when no one's looking, mind you  
Slip it in his pocket - do you understand me, Jarry?

Ruffian

No, I'll see you hanged first, for I've known young Master Harry  
Ever since he was so high,

Villain

Look here you fool, you may remember  
A murder at the Grange that was committed last November  
The man escaped, but I was there and saw him use the razor  
Ruffian Keep it dark for God's sake, Guv'nor. Dont give me away, Sir,  
And I'll do the job.

Villain

In half an hour I'll meet you at the station  
With fifty quid, and if you fail the police get information  
About that little murder at the Grange, and so you know now.  
Here's the purse, and, curse you, do it quietly. Off you go now

Sailor

Oh, where are the villagers blythe and gay?  
They ought to all come on and say  
"A robbery took place away  
At Castle Priory yesterday.  
The thief at present can't be found  
He's sloped with fifty thousand pound  
Twas lying in a pocket book  
And with the lot he's slung his hook.

