The Red Mill
Music by Victor Herbert
Book and Lyrics by Henry Blossom

Performing version edited by James Cooper
Cast of characters

“Con” Kidder
“Kid” Conner

Two Americans “doing” Europe

Burgomaster

Burgomaster of Katwyk-aan-Zee

Franz

 Sheriff of Katwyk-aan-Zee

Willem

Keeper of The Red Mill Inn

Capt Davis Van Damm

In love with Gretchen

Governor of Zealand

Engaged to Gretchen

Gretchen

The Burgomaster’s daughter

Bertha

The Burgomaster’s sister

Tina

Barmaid at The Red Mill Inn, Willem’s daughter

Hon. Dudley (pronounced “Fanshaw”) Solicitor from London touring Holland by car with his daughters

Countess de la Pere

Touring Holland by car with her sons

Giselle and Brigitte

Dudley’s daughters

Hans and Peter

Countess’s sons or villagers

Rose and Daisy

Flower Girls

Gaston

Burgomaster’s servant

Chorus of peasants, artists, burghers and other townspeople

Time: 1906

Place: Katwyk-aan-Zee

Act I: At the sign of The Red Mill

Act II: The Burgomaster’s Mansion
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Notes on the Performing Edition

*The Red Mill* was written to feature the comedy team of Montgomery and Stone, very popular comics of the 1900s. Librettist Henry Blossom assumed they would improvise around the material he wrote, although we have no record of what they actually did. However, the song “Good-a-Bye John” was probably part of their vaudeville act, as it is the one song in the show not written by Blossom and Herbert.

The only surviving script is a copy of the Prompt Book from when the show first went into rehearsal. At that time, not all of the songs had yet been written and the prompt book refers to several that never were written.

In addition, the libretto Blossom wrote is exceedingly long: more than enough material for two shows, and we assumed that cuts were made as the show developed during rehearsal, and some of the material was replaced by the comics’ own improvisations.

So in order to prepare a performing script, it was necessary to trim quite a few lines, while trying to preserve all of Herbert’s glorious music. In the process, we consolidated some characters, simplified some of the dialog and updated some old slang and jokes. We also changed the focus a bit from the two comedians to Tina and Gretchen. Nonetheless, this script represents Herbert’s and Blossom’s work in a way that is as close as possible what we think they intended.

It’s been really fun to dig into this lovely work and try to organize it for performance. You gain new respect for Herbert’s abilities when you see what lovely melodies he can make out of simple material, and the facility that he can also use to send up Verdi in the Accident number.

The full score and orchestra parts based on Victor Herbert’s original orchestrations are available from Troupers Light Opera.

Enjoy *The Red Mill* as much as I always have!

James Cooper
Wilton, CT, 2012

Performance rights

The music of Blossom and Herbert is in the public domain and may be performed without royalties. You are hereby granted unlimited rights to perform this work using this revised and edited libretto. A program credit is all that we request.

This score is Version 0.97 beta.

Please send notes on errors you discover to jim@labsoftware.com.
Overture

Victor Herbert
Overture
1. By the Side of the Mill

Henry Blossom

(At rise of curtain, flower girls in peasant costume are grouped about the mill and entrance to bridge, posing for artists, who sit at easels, painting or sketching them. Behind them is the Old Mill Inn and the old windmill, The Red Mill. Both must have doors and second story windows.)

Allegretto grazioso

Girls

By the side of the mill with its sails hanging still and the bridge so
Girls

We've been posing for hours with our baskets of flow'rs as they paint, paint, paint! For they like us to pose in our poor peasant clothes with our wooden sabots and our

queer colored hose, but we really suppose that not one of them knows that we do so because we

1. By the side of the Mill
Girls
love them.

Boys

Girls, as you know we are wed alone to art and it

Boys

breaks our heart but we have to devote all we own to art.
Boys

43

So like the best of good friends we have to part. But to ease the smart let us

43

try to forget that we have to.

Girls

By the side of the mill with its sails hanging still and the bridge so quaint, We've been

Boys

51

51
Girls

posing for hours with our baskets of flow'rs as they paint, paint, paint! But from

Boys

Girls

art let us part, but from art let us part, let us part, but from art let us

Allegro marcato

part,

poco pesante
Girls

E-nough of work let is have a lit-tle plea-sure now, for it will soon be noon.

Girls

and we're real-ly ver-y hun-gry, and thir-sty. If you don't

Girls

know what to or-der we will show you how, cold meat and beer right here,
Shall we go and have it now?

But we are broke, and

lunch- eens are ex- pen- sive!

It would be nice if
1. By the side of the Mill

But they will trust you if you'll just ex-
we but had the price.

plain there.

If they would trust us, you might drink cham-pagne there.
1. By the side of the Mill

Girls

We know we might, ______ We're thirsty now, ______

Boys

You shall tonight! ______ Don't make a ______

Girls

We're thirsty now, we're thirsty, thirsty thirsty. Enough of work let us have a little ______

Boys

It would be ______

Girls

pleasure now, _____ for it will soon be noon. _____ And we're really very ______

Boys

nice if we only had the price ______ enough of work ______
1. By the side of the Mill

Girls

noon! Let us have a little fun,

Boys

noon! Let us have a little fun,

Girls

come, enough of work

Boys

come let us have a little fun,
1. By the side of the Mill

Girls

work, come let us have a little fun! Oh! come.

Boys

work, come let us have a little fun! Oh! come!

Girls

Presto

Oh! come.

Boys

Oh! come.
(Enter WILLEM over bridge. He has a market basket on either arm)

WILLEM: Here, there! Vot is dat goes on here?

HANS: Nothing as yet, my dear Willem—my two friends here were trying to decide what to treat these ladies to. (Pointing to Second Man) Now he says wine! (pointing) and he says schnapps!

WILLEM: And I say nothing! Clear out! Dis is no playground, und you haf in those chairs no business.

PETER: Neither have you! There hasn’t been a tourist here in a week!

WILLEM: Dat’s right, but there’ll be plenty arriving today and tomorrow, so you can sell your nosegays and maybe fool them into buying those smears of yours. Now hurry along or Franz shall put you already in jail.

(Exit men. Enter Franz, the Sheriff. Girls circle him laughing. One sticks a rose in his beard and they all run off.)

WILLEM: My help all left me today without a moment’s notice and me expecting a house full of guests for the wedding of the Burgomaster’s daughter Gretchen tomorrow.

FRANZ: Too bad.

WILLEM: I have word that the groom—the Governor of Zealand stops with me when he comes.

FRANZ: Indeed?

(TINA enters from the Inn, slowly, reading a book.)

WILLEM: And I can’t get Tina to do no work.

TINA: Oh father, I wanted to tell you…

FRANZ: Good morning, Tina.

TINA: Good morning. The two Americans…

FRANZ: Is that all you have to say to me, Tina? “Good morning”? 

TINA: No. I’ll say “Good-bye.”

WILLEM: Tina, show more respect to Mynheer Franz! He is the Sheriff of the town.

TINA: He can’t arrest me.

FRANZ: Can’t I? Someday I’ll make you prisoner for life!

TINA: Not while I’ve got my health and strength! (Runs her hands through his beard).

ZZZ. Are we serving shredded wheat now?

(Franz exits angrily.)

WILLEM: Tina, why is it you make me of you ashamed? You have come to an age when you should think seriously of marriage.

TINA: I have thought seriously about it. That’s why I’m going to stay single.
WILLEM: Then how will you live when I’m dead already?

TINA: All fixed. I’m going to be an actress. (Holds up her book) “A Course in Dramatic Art, complete in twenty lessons.”

WILLEM: Dis is yet de final blow! So dat’s how you’ve been wasting the time you should haf put in the kitchen! Gif me dat book!

*(makes a grab for the book. Tina dodges)*

Hey stop your nonsense and tell me – what about dose two Americans? Have made already another demand for their bill?

TINA: Yes, they gave it to me?

WILLEM: Ah, de money?

TINA: No, the bill. Here it is.

WILLEM: Dat’s not what I want. On the fat of the land have dey lived for a week, and not von cent have they paid. But everything charged to the room!

TINA: I know, but they are American gentlemen of leisure. Over there, nobody works. Nobody!

WILLEM: You mean everybody works – everybody. Vot is it the big one wanted, you were talking to him yesterday.

TINA: Mr. Kidder? He’s going to be my manager.

WILLEM: Manager? So he’s giving you these expensive ideas. Vell, I ain’t goin’ to haf it. Vot little I leaf you, you vill haf to make last.

TINA: I will, if you make it first!

*(Willem throws up his hands and starts off.)*

WILLEM: Dot child is impossible. And to think dat I raised me a daughter – who wishes openly to go on the stage. *(exits)*

TINA: *(rehearsing lines)* “Thou fanciest these rude walls – these rustic gossips——“ *(Enter flower girls, in time to hear Willem and then Tina.)*

ROSE: Hello, Tina. What ails the old man?

TINA: Oh nothing, except he wants me to be a cook instead of an actress.

GIRLS: Actress?

TINA: Yes, I’m going on the stage. I saw an ad in the paper: “How to be an Actress” in twenty lessons and so I subscribed. I was nearly discouraged when Mr. Kidder – that nice American—overheard me rehearsing one day and told me I’d make a hit in New York. He said I had the Cherry Sisters beat a block — whoever they are!

DAISY: But what would you play?

TINA: Oh, something in my native dress. He’s got an idea for a sketch he calls “A Holland Cheese.” It’s a very strong piece. He says if I was Gouda nuf here I’d be the Feta New York.

ROSE: But suppose people don’t like it.
TINA: Then I’ll give imitations of Mignonette! Over there, Mr Kidder says everyone does imitations when they can’t make good themselves.

GIRLS: But who is Mignonette?

TINA: Girls, such ignorance. Don’t you read the papers?
2. Mignonette

Henry Blossom

Tina and Girls

Victor Herbert

Tempo di marcia

I'll tell you all her
to man-a gers she'll

his-to-ry, There is-n't any mys-te-ry re-gard-ing Mignon-ette,
on-ly say, There's nothing do-ing, on your way. This haugh-ty Mignon-ette,

She's now up on the
stage, And she's at present all the rage, And she's a
report-ers crowd 'round her
door! She sees them all and sends for more. For
Tina

blonde, a bleached brunette. They're her one best bet!

She's pretty, she's petite, With dainty

Modistes are very glad to furnish

head and tiny feet, She has a figure that would make a saint for-

dressers for the ad, And they have named for her the latest cigar-

get. She wears the latest clothes And ev'rywhere she

The agents send her wines in hopes that when she

goes, You'll hear them whisper, that is Mignonette. For Mignon-
dines, Their brand may be the choice of Mignonette.
Tina Girls

Mignonette

Mignonette is a sou-brette, And in the pa-pers she is called "The Peo-ple's pet!"

But she is pet-ted too in pri-vate And she hopes to soon ar-rive at A po-si-tion in a most ex-clu-sive set. For she has My word!

And in the peo-ple, for Mignonette is a sou-brette, is a sou-brette, is a sou-brette, is a sou-brette,
For she has met a baronet

Who just for love of her has run him self in debt.

She has a fine tiara-ra-ra-ra And an in debt you bet.

au-to touring car, A ver-y thrifty girl is Mignonette

For she has
Mignonette

Tina

For she has met a baronet

Girls

met a baronet Who just for love of her has
debt.

She has a fine tiara-ra-ra And an autotouring car, A very thrifty girl is Mignonette!
TINA: Well, I must go in and square myself with father. Today is payday and I haven’t got mine yet.

GIRLS: Goodbye. See you later. Bye. (Together)

(Enter the Burgomaster over the bridge. He is a big man with a very long bushy beard and a large, long coat. The girls surround him and he throws an arm around as many as possible.)

BURGOMASTER: Ah, my children. (He tries to kiss each of them, but fails.) Just fatherly, I assure you.

GIRLS: That’s the kind that makes the most trouble.

(Enter WILLEM dressed for the street)

BURGOMASTER: Ah, how goes the world with you, Willem?

WILLEM: Rotten, your honor. All my help have left me.

BURGOMASTER: What? I thought you were devoted to them.

WILLEM: I was, but they wasn’t devoted to me. Dis morning, when I paid their wages, I told them I couldn’t get along widout dem and dey said “Well, if dat’s so, ve vant yet more money” and struck:

BURGOMASTER: Then you must replace them at once.

WILLEM: Dat ain’t so easily done. I need an interpreter.

BURGOMASTER: An interpreter?

WILLEM: Yes, to tell the tale of the haunted mill to der foreign automobilists. It makes for me so much money! But to find a good linguist is hard.

BURGOMASTER: No doubt, but it’s harder to find a cook.

WILLEM: That’s right! And those two Americans! How they kick!

BURGOMASTER: Americans?

WILLEM: Yes, two guests have been over a week and they haven’t paid me nothing.

BURGOMASTER: Well, I can see to this matter for you.

WILLEM: Thanks, but I wouldn’t vish to be rash. These Yankees are odd, but they’re most of them easy.

(Enter Tina, still carrying book.)

TINA: They’re up. I just heard one of them say he felt as though he had swallowed a bath towel.

WILLEM: Bath towel?

TINA: Yes, and the other one said, “yes, that’s that cooking whiskey of Willem’s.”

WILLEM: Cooking whiskey? Two quarts of my best. And charged to the room!

(Bell rings)

TINA: That’s their bell. (Exits)

WILLEM: (Calling after her) Den answer it not! (disgusted) Cookin’ whiskey!
BURGOMASTER: You see, they pay up today, or Franz will run them off to jail on order from me!

WILLEM: Thank you, your honor. And I appreciate your attention when your daughter, the Fraulein Gretchen is to be married tomorrow.

BURGOMASTER: She’s as obstinate and self-willed a minx as ever a father was cursed with! She swears even yet that she’ll never marry the Governor – and the wedding set for tomorrow!

WILLEM: Ah, but what will she do?

BURGOMASTER: She pretends to be in love with that graceless sailor, Captain Davis van Damm. And my sister Bertha sides with her!

WILLEM: And what can you do?

BURGOMASTER: I don’t know! One would scarcely think that a man who can rule a city can be set to naught by his own household!

WILLEM: It’s always that way! Dere’s Tina – she cares as much for what I say as does de vindt dat stirs dose sails! (points to windmill) Children haf less respect for dere elders as vonce dey had.

BURGOMASTER: They are either less respectful or more discerning, but I’ll not be defied by a couple of petticoats!

WILLEM: It’s lucky that Captain Davis is now at sea,

BURGOMASTER: Yes, she shall be safely married before he returns…

WILLEM: She’ll mind, once she’s got a husband.

BURGOMASTER: I hope so, but you can never tell about a woman.
3. You Never Can Tell About a Woman

Henry Blossom

Burgomaster and Willem

Victor Herbert

Grazioso

Burgo.

You can tell about the weather, if it's
remembrance on our honeymoon my

going to rain or shine! You can figure on the market and you're

girl little wife, said "dearest, if I died would you stay

apt to get a line? You may handle horses and per-

sin gle all your life?" And when I answered "No, I think that
haps you'll "dope 'em out." But to figure on a woman is to

al-ways be in doubt! The trou-ble is you can't tell what they want from what they say, And

til her nose was red! I had the same ex-per-i-ence, but just the oth-er way, My

what they want to-mor-row isn't what they want to-day. If

wife and I had had an aw-ful fuss that ve-ry day. She

you do what they tell you, why you on-ly make them mad, And

"If I should die would you sel ect an-oth-er bride?" And
You Never Can Tell About a Woman

You're never certain that they love you,

You're never very certain that they love you,

Never find two alike any one time and you never find one alike

Never find two alike any one time and you never find one alike

You're never very certain that they love you,

You're never very certain that they love you,

Twice. You're never very certain that they love you,

Twice. You're never very certain that they love you,
often very certain that they don't. The men may fancy still, that they have the strongest will, But the women have the strongest won't!
(exit WILLEM and BURGOMASTER)

(Enter Bertha and Gretchen)

BERTHA: Come on, Gretchen dear! Don’t be afraid. When Davis lands today, he’ll meet you here at the Old Mill!

GRETCHEN: Oh, thank you, Auntie. You’re so good to take my part against my father!

BERTHA: Not at all. We women have some rights we should stick up for, and one of them is—to marry the man we want, and not have to marry the one we don’t want.

GRETCHEN: And I don’t want to marry the Governor of Zealand.

BERTHA: No more does he want you! He wants the money your father has promised him as a marriage settlement. Your father is buying a son-in-law!

GRETCHEN: Well, I can get him one for nothing!

BERTHA: Good. Now come and stay snug in the Mill until Davis lands. I’ll hurry down to see if his ship is in. (Opens the Mill door)

GRETCHEN: But Auntie, I’m afraid to go into the Mill—it’s haunted.

BERTHA: Not in the daytime, silly. Hurry now. Be brave! I shan’t be but a minute.

GRETCHEN: (Hesitantly) Well.. goodbye, then. Hurry back.

(Bertha closes the Mill door and exits over bridge. CON and KID appear simultaneously at upper windows of the Inn. They disappear and pop up again switching windows. Con lets down a blanket rope and Kid slides down it. Con throw out the suitcases one at a time to Kid. Con lets himself partway down and then hangs there.)

KID: Come on! Drop!

CON: Not on your life! It’s too far.

KID: Ssshhh. Keep quiet or we’ll get pinched! Come on, I tell you. Drop!

CON: I can’t. I have a bad ankle.

KID: I forgot that! Can’t you climb back in?

CON: No (scared). Hunt up a ladder somewhere.

KID: All right! Are you sure we packed everything?

CON: Yes, get a move. I can’t hang around here all day! Get a ladder!

KID: Sure. I’ll call the fire department.

(KID starts to leave, and then moves the suitcases closer to the Inn, and then exits.

BURGOMASTER enters, takes in the situation and then quietly picks up the suitcases and carries them unseen into the Inn. KID returns with an old ladder.)

KID: There, climb down.

CON: (Climbs down.) Adventures in a foreign climb! Take a hold.

(They exit with the ladder.)
(Enter the BURGOMASTER followed by TINA)

BURGOMASTER: It’s just as I told your father. They’re a couple of rascals. I’ll go for Franz and have him arrest them. You hunt up Willem at once, will you not?

TINA: Yes, I will (Burgomaster exits) not! Father was right. They couldn’t pay their bills after all, poor fellows. But I didn’t think he’d go away like this. Without a parting word!

(TINA Exits into Inn, crying. CON and KID enter, looking around for their bags.)

CON: What’s this? We’ve been pinched!

KID: An honest man can’t even sneak out of an Inn without being robbed!

CON: Maybe it’s a joke. Let’s snoop around a bit. (Walks toward Mill.) What’s in here?

(Opens Mill door. GRETCHEN alarmed, runs out. TINA enters from Inn)

KID: No bags, but what baggage!

TINA: Gretchen!

GRETCHEN: Tina, please don’t let them betray me!

CON: We betray thee, my dear? Certainly not! But what is thy secret?

GRETCHEN: Tomorrow, my father, the Burgomaster, would force me to marry a man I hate, while the one I love…

CON: Is far away. ‘Tis ever thus…

GRETCHEN: Ah yes, but he returns today and will marry me and escape with me in his ship tonight.

KID: Escape?

CON: We fear we too must depart. It isn’t good here for our health.

GRETCHEN: Has Europe done you any good?

KID: Done us good? It’s done us to a finish!

CON: Yes, we always heard that Europe was in decline, but now it’s our funds that are in decline…

TINA: Well, you can always get more from your stockbrokers in America.

CON: Yes, if we could get to our stocks we’d be fine, but here we’re just getting broker! Why we can’t even pay your board bill!

TINA: Oh, you know I’d trust you with anything – at any time.

CON: You would? Then, if we arrange to leave with Gretchen and her sailor boy tonight, you wouldn’t tip off your father?

TINA: No, why should I?

KID: He may need the money.

TINA: Him? He’s got the first cent he ever earned. But can’t I go too?

GRETCHEN: Oh Tina, will you? As my companion?
TINA: Yes.

KID: But isn’t this buttin’ in on their honeymoon?

GRETCHEN: Oh no, Davis won’t mind. It’s a big ship! But where can he be? I’m tired of that Mill and I’m going to meet him.

CON: So we’re off tonight?

TINA: Yes.

KID: What will your old man say? Will he be angry?

TINA: He can say what he likes, and I’d say something back if I weren’t a lady!

CON: Just whistle it!
4. Whistle It
Tina, Kid and Con

Henry Blossom

Victor Herbert

Allegro poco moderato

TINA: There
KID: There's
CON: Oh!

Whistle: 1st v Kid and Con
2nd v Tina and Con
3rd v Kid and Tina

A man may say most any thing; it
The things you'd like to call him wouldn't
Says he "I'll bore some holes in this and
4. Whistle It

Whistle: 1st v Kid and Con
2nd v Tina and Con
3rd v All whistle "playing flute"

Doesn't sound so bad.____
A
Listen well at all.____
You
Make a flute and play."____
He

Woman may be angry but by custom she is bound, To
Buy a bunch of stocks because you think that they are low, You
Started on his boring with a piece of red hot wire, Of

Be a perfect lady and she mustn't make a sound. But
Find you never knew how very low a stock could go, Next
course it was an awful chance but Willie took a "flier." Now

rit.

rit.
4. Whistle It

just let something happen when there's nobody around:

this is the selection that was rendered by the choir:

Whistle together

Dance

Dance

Whistle together

Dance

pp

34. Whistle It
4. Whistle It
TINA: Yes, that’s what I’ll do! But you’d better go at once and join us tonight.

CON: Why?

TINA: Because the Burgomaster has gone to get the Sheriff to arrest you.

CON & KID: What? Arrest us?

TINA: Yes, and here they come now. (Gretchen slips inside Mill.)

KID: Our bags, we’ve got to have them.

CON: But Tina says he’s going to arrest us.

KID: What for? He’s got nothing on us. Stall him off with one of your swell lines of talk.

(Con and Kid walk over to the Inn and sit down at an outside table. Tina goes inside the Inn)

(Enter Burgomaster and Willem)

CON: Be seated gentlemen. (All sit at long table, Burgomaster clearly uncomfortable) May I ask your honor why you don’t like Americans?

(Gretchen slips out of the Mill and tiptoes away.)

(TINA returns with a large tray of drinks):

BURGOMASTER: America is a most unpleasant place. You’ll find confidence men and French-leave takers there.

CON: Doubtless. Are there any such men about?

BURGOMASTER: There are two not very far from me here that cannot meet their creditors.

KID: Maybe they don’t want to meet them. Ah! Here’s the wet! Let me give you a hand.

(KID busies himself serving drinks.)

BURGOMASTER: (To Willem) Doesn’t he serve drinks deftly?

WILLEM: Yes, I was noticing.

CON: Well, a votre santé, messieurs. [To your health]

BURGOMASTER: Is that the French?

CON: Yes, don’t you speak it?

BURGOMASTER: No, not at all. But you do?

CON: Oh yes, I speak seven languages fluently.

(CON and KID exchange fake gibberish comments)

BURGOMASTER: I have a brilliant idea.

(Willem nods agreement.)

BURGOMASTER: Now tell me gentlemen, what is the nature of your business here?

CON: Well, we have invented a process for the extraction… (to KID) You tell him.

KID: Sure, I’ll tell him. For the extraction … (looks to Con for help)… of gold.

WILLEM: Gold! From what?

BURGOMASTER: I’ll tell you from what. From bricks. Gold bricks!

(Franz enters with deputies)
BURGOMASTER: You two have been living here on the fat of the land, and you haven’t a cent to your names. This morning you tried to escape from the window, but I detected you. Now you either go to jail or work out the bill until Willem is paid.

KID: Say, you’ve got a crust! Do you know who we are?

BURGOMASTER: I think I do – and I’m going to tell the Sheriff. (To Franz) These are two Yankee confidence men. If either tries to leave town without permission, arrest them or shoot them.

FRANZ: With pleasure, your honor.

CON: The United States will act in this matter. Let me warn you…

BURGOMASTER: Enough! Willem, show them their duties.

(Con and Kid exit into the Inn, followed by Willem)

BURGOMASTER: That’s all Franz. But drop by now and then and keep them properly frightened.

FRANZ: Yes, your honor. (Exits)

BURGOMASTER: And now, for my obstinate daughter and sister. I’ll show them! (Enter BERTHA over bridge) The devil, Bertha! But where is Gretchen?

BERTHA: Then you haven’t seen her?

BURGOMASTER: No, she’s at home where she should be, isn’t she?

BERTHA: I suppose so. But you said you were going to give her a piece of your mind today and I wondered if you had any left!

BURGOMASTER: Now see here, Bertha, you’re an experienced widow, and should be a little bit practical.

BERTHA: I am, but Gretchen is in love with Davis van Damm, and I won’t have her disappointed.

BURGOMASTER: Ridiculous! Were you never disappointed before you were married?

BERTHA: No, not till afterward.

BURGOMASTER: Well, I’ll admit your husband wasn’t a saint, but he left you a million guilders.

BERTHA: Yes, his means justified his end, but this old Governor hasn’t even money to recommend him.

BURGOMASTER: No, but he has a proud position and as husband of my daughter, he will bring us all into prominence socially. As for you – as soon as Gretchen is married, I hope you find someone yourself.

BERTHA: The girl that would marry a second husband, doesn’t deserve to lose the first.

BURGOMASTER: Humph! (Exits)

BERTHA: Not for me. The only happy women in the world are widows!
5. A Widow Has Ways

Herbert Blossom

Bertha

Victor Herbert

Tempo di Valse

Since Adam first made Mother Eve take the blame
Young girls must be watched by some old chap-er-one,

lit-tle af-fair in the gar-den,
ug-ly and cross as they make them,

found it the same,
And their mis-sion in life is a hard 'un!

go out a- lone,
And their stu-pid old hus-bands won't take them.

The poor mar-ried wom-en have
The poor mar-ried wom-en can't

But
A
hard as it is, I am greatly afraid it's hard to
widow is different! There's none to say "nay"! The men all a-
be a neglected old maid, There's no other state I would
dore her and give her her way, It's this man tomorrow and
willingly trade, For that of a wealthy young widow. For a
that man today, And each one believes he's the real one!
poorly makes no difference, don't you see! Her ex-
erience pays, don't you see!
She knows better now than to marry again, She knows better how to inveigle the men. But the girls can't account for the craze. And they wonder what system she plays; It would simply be vain to attempt to explain; But a widow has ways.
BERTHA: Well, I don’t see where Davis can be.

(Starts toward Mill to open door. Davis enters over bridge.)

Davis! You’re just the man I was looking for. Sshh. She’s in here! Hurry and surprise her.

(Davis opens door)

DAVIS: I don’t see her.

BERTHA: What?

DAVIS: She’s not here!

BERTHA: Not there?

DAVIS: No!

BERTHA: Oh, the haunted mill! It’s all my fault. I told her there’s no danger in the daytime, and now she has disappeared like the princess of old. We’ll never see her again!

DAVIS: I don’t believe that foolish old story.

BERTHA: It’s true. It happened hundreds of years ago. A princess disappeared overnight without a trace.

DAVIS: Well, I’ll find a trace of Gretchen. You go home and see if she isn’t there.

BERTHA: But she couldn’t be. She had no chance to get out! I told her to stay hidden!

DAVIS: (Entering the Mill) Well as she isn’t here, she must have gotten out. Hurry along.

BERTHA: (Upset) All right. But I know we’ll never see her again. Oh dear, oh dear!

(BERTHA exits. GRETCHEN sneaks out behind Davis and laughingly closes the Mill door. In a moment, Davis is heard pounding on the door. Gretchen opens the door and hides behind it. As DAVIS comes out, she puts her hands over his eyes.)

GRETCHEN: Guess who!

DAVIS: Gretchen!

GRETCHEN: Sh! Sh! We must be careful. When did you come?

DAVIS: Just now. I’ve been looking for you,

GRETCHEN: And when do we sail?

DAVIS: Not until tonight, when the tide is high.

GRETCHEN: Good, I’ll be ready.

DAVIS: And have you missed me?

GRETCHEN: Missed you. Davis, it seemed as though this day would never come. And I’ve been so unhappy.

DAVIS: And I, too, sweetheart. I’ve thought of nothing but you and longed for the hour when we might sail away together.

GRETCHEN: Whither, dear?

DAVIS: To the Isle of our Dreams.
When my heart grows faint and weary, when the world goes sadly ill, it is sweet to hear you sweet to talk with you, dear, of the

It is sweet to hear you, dear, of the dearie whisper that you love me still.
6. The Isle of our Dreams

Gret

woods and crystal streams, and the

Gret

roses wet with dew, dear, in the island of our

dreams. In the beautiful isle of our dreams, dear, there is never a sorrow or
6. The Isle of our Dreams

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav

Gret

Dav
just you and me, there's a home in the isle of our dreams.
GRETCHEN: But, Davis, don’t you think we might go to a more practical place?

DAVIS: Yes, dear, but I’d rather stay here, when all is said and done.

GRETCHEN: Oh, so would I. But, that reminds me, there are two strangers here, two Americans.

DAVIS: You don’t say?

GRETCHEN: Yes, and they want to escape with us.

DAVIS: Escape? But where are they?

GRETCHEN: Inside. They’ve lost all their money and may have to go to jail.

DAVIS: Well, well. Maybe we can help them.

(Enter WILLEM who spies on the two)

Meanwhile, you run home and tell your aunt that the goblins didn’t get you, and be here at the Mill at six tonight.

GRETCHEN: Inside the Mill at six.

DAVIS: That’s right. And then it’s safe aboard the schooner and under way as soon as the moon is up. Goodbye!

GRETCHEN: Goodbye Davis, dear.

(They embrace and GRETCHEN exits. WILLEM ducks away. DAVIS seats himself and raps on the table for service. Willem re-enters.)

DAVIS: Ah, Willem.

WILLEM: Mynheer Davis. I am surprised to see you. When did you come?

DAVIS: This morning.

WILLEM: And how long do you stay?

DAVIS: A couple of weeks. Until I can load another cargo.

WILLEM: Then you will be at Fraulein Gretchen’s wedding tomorrow?

DAVIS: You can bet I’ll be there.

WILLEM: Good

DAVIS: But let’s have a drink. Tina!

WILLEM: Tina’s cookin’.

DAVIS: Cooking?

WILLEM: Well, she’s trying to. My help all left me this morning and I have to make out as best I could for tonight. Here (to KID, off) come take the order.

(KID enters with comedy waiter’s makeup)

KID: What’ll it be, gents? How’s the makeup?

WILLEM: Here! Vat kind of vay is that for a waiter to wait?
KID: Hey, I’ve had more waiters wait on me than you ever saw?

WILLEM: For vot did dey vait? Der money? Ha ha! Get inside and bring the best in de house for Mynheer Davis.

KID: Davis? Are you the sailor man? Shake!

WILLEM: Here, vot you do? You forget yourself? Go bring the whiskey at once. You know the kind.

KID: I know, that cooking whiskey.

WILLEM: Such a fellow. He is worser as nobody.

DAVIS: Who is he?

WILLEM: He’s an American working out what he owes as a waiter.

(CON enters wearing an interpreter’s blue suit and an ill-fitting cap with a metal plate that says “Interpreter” on it.)

WILLEM: And here’s de odder – my interpreter – speaks seven languages equally well, he says.

CON: Yes, equally well, but I can’t say “no” in one of them. How do you do? I’m glad to know you!

(Tries to sit down, but Willem pushes him away.)

WILLEM: Here, here. Remember your place, and listen while I tell you your duties. You see dis old Mill? It’s historic. Tourists in automobiles stop by to hear its mysterious story and see mit deir own eyes de horrible tings that occurred.

CON: What things?

WILLEM: Why, the marvelous disappearance of the celebrated beauty, Princess Wilhelmina. I gif you a book dat tells all about it.

CON: But where did she disappear to?

WILLEM: Nobody knows, and they say ever since that the mill is haunted. Here is the story, complete in seven languages (Gives him book.) Learn them all and be ready for business. Walks towards mill. Who has left dis door unlocked?

(Locks door and takes out huge key.)

Anything you can think up dat makes de story vorse, all right. Dere’s some spots painted on the floor you can show as bloodstains. The charge is a gulden apiece for French or Germans, five for English and ten for Americans. Here’s the key and mind you don’t hold out something. (Give CON the key.)

CON: I will. I mean I won’t. (Looks through book.) But say, there ain’t any English in here.

WILLEM: You chust have to translate it from one of the others. Good day, Mynheer Davis.

(aside) And now to tell the Burgomaster that Davis is planning to run away with his daughter tonight! (Exits)

DAVIS: How much do I owe you?
KID: How much have you got?

DAVIS: You’re certainly learning the business!

KID: Well, we’ll call it on the house this time.

DAVIS: Much obliged. I understand you want to escape?

KID: That’s right. Are you the Captain of the ship?

DAVIS: I am.

KID: And sailing tonight?

DAVIS: You can come along on one condition.

KID: What’s that?

DAVIS: You have the key to the mill and must let Gretchen in and out. Under the cover of darkness we can slip down to the quay where the boat awaits us – and the trick is done.

KID: Righty-ho!

DAVIS: And I’ll land you in New Amsterdam.

CON: Say, can’t you make it New York? If you ever catch us outside New York again, you can lock us up.

KID: Yes, we got what was coming for ever leaving there.

CON: Think of the races every day.

KID: And Coney Island every night.

CON: And watermelons cooled in ice.

KID: And green corn just a-getting good!

DAVIS: Well, that sounds great, but what about the girls over there?

KID: The girls? How about the girls?

CON: They’re trotting up and down on every street from Harlem to the Battery. And they’re all of them peaches!

DAVIS: I can just picture it.
7. The Streets of New York

Henry Blossom

Con, Kid and Chorus

Victor Herbert

Tempo di Valse

In dear old New York it's remarkable very! The name on the lamp-post is unnecessary! You merely have to see the girls to know what street you're on!__Fifth Avenue
7. The Streets of New York

KID

beauties and dear old Broadway girls! The tailor-made shop-pers the Avenue

"A" girls, They're strict-ly all right but they're different quite, In the different parts of

The peach crop's always fine! They're sweet and fair and on the square! The
7. The Streets of New York

CON

maids of Manhattan for mine! You cannot see in gay Paris.

CON & KID

ee, in London or in Cork! The dreams you meet on

C/K

any street in old New York! Dance
7. The Streets of New York

C/K

Whatever the weather is shining or shower-y, That doesn't cut any ice on the Bowery

C/K

Every night till broad daylight, they dance and sing and
7. The Streets of New York

C/K

CON

KID

talk! The girls are all game and they're jolly good fellows, They're not very swell but they're none of them jealous, They go it alone in a style of their own on the Bowery in New York! In old New York! In old New York! The peach crop's always fine! They're sweet and
7. The Streets of New York

C/K

fair and on the square! The maids of Manhattan for mine!

C/K

CON

You cannot see in gay Par - ee, in Lon - don or in

C/K

CON & KID

Cork! The dreams you meet on any street in old

(Chorus)

New York! In old New York! The peach crop's
al-ways fine! They're sweet and fair and on the square! The maids of Man-hat-tan for mine! You can-not see in gay Par-
e, in Lon-don or in Cork! The dreams you meet on any_
street in old New York.
7. The Streets of New York

New York!
DAVIS: I can picture it now…I’d go with you if I weren’t engaged.

(Enter FRANZ over bridge)

FRANZ: What’s this about a plan to escape?

DAVIS: Escape? Not at all. These Americans are friends of mine. We were just remembering different places we’ve been.

FRANZ: Well, you’ll meet them right here for some time to come.

CON: (Aside) Singularly coarse, this person.

FRANZ: You! Go and tell Tina I’d like to see her just for a moment.

CON: If what?

FRANZ: If you don’t, I’ll… (threatening him)

CON: (Exiting) Singularly coarse!

DAVIS: Well, I must hurry along. I shall be here a couple of weeks. See you again!

FRANZ: (to KID) Well, how do you like your job.

KID: No good, I ain’t laid up a cent.

FRANZ: Well, there’ll be plenty doin’ tomorrow.

KID: Oh, for the wedding?

FRANZ: And he’ll be showing the mill to lots of foreign visitors!

KID: Any French people?

FRANZ: Yes

KID: They can’t speak English?

FRANZ: Right you are. What of it? (Enter CON) Where is she? What did she say?

CON: She said…well, promise you won’t be angry?

FRANZ: No!

CON: Because it wasn’t any message to send to a gentleman.

FRANZ: What did she say?

CON: Well she said, “Tell that big stuffed sausage casing “

FRANZ: Sausage casing?

CON: Yes, wasn’t that the wurst? “Tell that big stuffed sausage casing…”

FRANZ: You already said that.

CON: Yes, she said it twice. “Tell that big stuffed sausage (FRANZ stops him) Tell him he’s burned his fuse with me. I won’t come a step.”

FRANZ: We’ll see about that! She’ll step out with me when I’m the next Burgomaster.! (Exits in an eight-cylinder huff)
(TINA enters cautiously)

TINA: Is he gone?

CON: Yes, but tell us, fair one, how fareth dinner?

TINA: Pretty fair. There’s plenty of soup, and the steak is cooked.

CON: Cooked?

TINA: Yes, or at least it ought to be. I fried it for over an hour.

CON: You fried it?

(Honking of two auto horns.)

TINA: Ah, tourists at last.

(Sudden louder honking. Screams and explosion. Chorus comes running on, wildly questioning each other.)

KID: What the deuce has happened?

(More screams and loud voices. TINA and KID rush off over bridge. CON looks from top of Mill.)
8. An accident

Henry Blossom

Allegro molto

Victor Herbert

S
A
T
B

An accident!
An Accident

What happened, what happened who knows? A terrible crash, a smash and a crash. A terrible, terrible crash!

Who knows? A terrible crash, a terrible, terrible crash! An accident!

smash and a crash. A terrible, terrible crash! An accident!

8. An Accident

An accident! What happened, what happened who knows?

Who knows? We know!

What happened, what happened who knows? We know!

With terrible dread we are filled!

Two stop with indecision and with dread we are filled!
8. An Accident

It may be that some-one is killed.

auto-tos in collision and may-be some-one's killed.

accident! A crash a smash a terrible crash. An accident, an

accident! A crash a smash a terrible crash. An accident, an

accident! A crash a smash a terrible crash. An accident, an

accident! A crash a smash a terrible crash. An accident, an

accident! A crash a smash a terrible crash. An accident, an
8. An Accident

ac-ci-dent. A crash a smash A ter-ri-ble crash. Ah! se, they now ap-
pear! 'Twill ver-y soon be clear! The now ap-pear 'twill
soon be clear. They’re here!
8. An Accident

Countess

pas!  je rage  a c'est af - freux!  O

Fea

ciel!  O ciel!  O ciel!

Je

Madame!  I pray!  Mad-am!

Countess

Rage  Ma-lig-ne béte.

Dgtrs

Oh fa - ther dear! Don't get in such a
8. An Accident

Lots of trouble seems a-brewing

O cher Maman! ne perdez pas la tête.

And there'll soon be something doing.
8. An Accident

Countess

Tina

Fea

Dgtrs

Sons

Lots of trouble brewing here.

Madame pardon me I pray.

Pray don't get in such a state.

One perdes pas la tête.

Show her.

Show her.

Show her.

Show her.

Sons

For the damage wasn't great

Mon-sieur n'est pas tel-lement bête

But I had the right of way.

O ne per-des pas la tête.

Mon-sieur n'est pas tel-lement bête

Soon be something doing here.

Je vous ab-

Rage! Malig-ne bête.

For the damage was n't great

Mon-sieur n'est pas tel-lement bête

But I had the right of way.
8. An Accident

Countess
t

Tina

Fea

Dgtrs

Sons

S

A

T

B


My word There's lots of trouble brewing

Pa pa oh dear pa pa dear Oh pa

Ma man O cher Ma man O cher Ma

Don't say a word don't say a

Don't say a word don't say a

Don't say a word don't say a

Don't say a word don't say a
8. An Accident

Countess

Tina

Fea

Dgtrs

Sons

"Je rage a c'est a-freux." here. There's something doing here. There's here. There's something doing here. pa don't get in such a state. The man! ne perdez pas la tête. ne word I rage at such a front. Oh word I rage at such a front. Oh word I rage at such a front. Oh word I rage at such a front. Oh
8. An Accident

Countess

Tina

lots of trouble brewing here and soon there will be

Fea

Madam! Madam! Madam!

Dgtrs

damage wasn't great, the damage wasn't great the

Sons

per des pas la tête. ne per des pas la tête ne

S

heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh

A

heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh

T

heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh

B

heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh heav'n! Oh
8. An Accident

Countess

Tina

Fea

Dgtrs

Sons

S

A

T

B

Tina

gest you take a well deserv ed
8b. When You're Pretty and the World is Fair

Henry Blossom

**Andantino grazioso**

Tina

When you're pretty and the world is fair

**Daughters**

Why be bothered by a

**Sons**

ou! ou!

Andantino grazioso

Dgtrs

thought or care. For to worry is to double trouble there'll be enough of that here

Si! si!

elles sont charmantes

Sons
8b. When you're pretty and the world is fair

...after! Merry youth is like the month of May! And old age is like December grey...
play and be happy while we may. Life was made for love and

et très pa -

laugh - ter!

quantes, oui! oui!

When you're pretty and the
When you're pretty and the world is fair

There'll be enough of that here.

Double trouble. There'll be enough of that here.

Why bother or care?
There will be enough of that here after.

---

When you're pretty and the world is fair
When you're pretty and the world is fair

So gray, so gray,

Is like December gray.

Play while we may.

Char - man tes pi - quantes.

We'll dance and sing and play be hap - py while we may.
8b. When you're pretty and the world is fair
FEATHERST.: *(Sitting down exhaustedly)* Brandy, my good man, brandy! I shall catch my death, I know.

WILLEM: What is the matter?

TINA: Automobile collision. French and English.

WILLEM: A collision?

FEATHERST.: Yes, I was driving my car myself. My chauffeur was arrested two towns back. Meeting another car, I naturally turned to the left. The woman turned to the right, and there you are!

WILLEM: But you should have turned to the right, also!

FEATHERST.: Not at all. It’s never done in London. Now, may I have that brandy while I’m still young?

*(KID enters and serves brandy.)*

COUNTESS: *Etes vous le propriétaire de l’hôtel, monsieur? Si oui, faites venir un sergent de ville pour arreter cet imbécile d’Anglais.* [Are you the owner of the hotel, sir? If so, send for a policeman to put this fool of an Englishman under arrest.]

WILLEM: Vait! Vait. Vere is my interpreter. *(Sees Con in Mill)* Ah, dere he is. Vat are you doing dere?

CON: I’m thinking up that story.

WILLEM: Come at once, there’s verk for you.

COUNTESS: *Monsieur. Je suis la Comtesse de la Fere. J’attends qu’on m’écoute et obéisse sur - le - champ /le coup.? Oui.* [Sir. I'm the Countess de la Fere. I expect from you that you listen to my orders and obey me immediately]

WILLEM: What did she say?

CON: She thinks you’re very handsome.

COUNTESS: *Ou est le propriétaire de l’hôtel?*

CON: *(to Countess) [garbled French]*

COUNTESS: *Vous etre idiote!* [You’re an idiot]

CON: *(Like Pepe le Pew) Savoir faire everywhere!*

WILLEM: Well?

CON: She’s hoping you’ll take her in your big manly arms and…

*(Enter FRANZ)*

FRANZ: Just a minute.

CON: She thinks you’re very handsome!

FRANZ: I have warrants signed by the Burgomaster, for the arrest of these parties for exceeding the speed limit, and claims against them for killing a calf, two dogs, six chickens and a goat.
FEATHERST.: My word, this is the third time today. I wish I had never come to this beastly country.

FRANZ: Mynheer. You’re under arrest.


FRANZ: Just a minute, You’ll get yours.


FRANZ: (To Countess) You come with me. (To FEATHERST., looking at card) The Honorable Dudley Featherst…

FEATHERST.: It’s Fanshaw…

FRANZ: A lawyer. I’ll be back for you shortly. It’s taking a chance but as long as your machine is smashed, I’ll risk it. (Exits with Countess)

CON: I guess I’m a bad little linguist, hey?

FEATHERST.: I say, waiter, what town is this?

KID: Katwyk –aan Zee

FEATHERST.: Katwyk. Then I am here. I thought it was two arrests farther on.

KID: Yes, we’ve both the same hard luck. You don’t mean to say you came on purpose?

FEATHERST.: Yes, on some legal business. Where does the Burgomaster live?

KID: In the big house on the corner. But he won’t talk any business now.

FEATHERST.: Oh. Why not?

KID: Not until after the wedding. His daughter is going to marry the Governor of Zealand tomorrow.

FEATHERST.: Really. What a strange coincidence. I know him very well. When I was in London…

KID: Then you’re in on the wedding?

FEATHERST.: Yes. But where is the wine list.

KID: Here.

FEATHERST.: Thanks.

(Exits into Inn. FEATHERST. is absorbed in wine list. Gretchen and Bertha enter and cautiously tiptoe to entrance of Mill.)

BERTHA: Well, goodbye, Gretchen, dear. It’s getting late.

GRETCHEN: Oh, auntie. Come inside with me for a while. I’m so afraid.

BERTHA: There’s nothing to fear. (Gretchen hesitates) Well… for a moment.
(The enter the mill, leaving the door partially ajar. KID enters, bringing soup to FEATHERST.. He has his thumb in it.)

FEATHERST.: What kind of soup is this?

KID: Mock chicken, I think.

FEATHERST.: (Peering into bowl) And what’s this? My word, It’s a needle!

KID: Typographical error. It should be a noodle. (Aside) Tina’s been dropping stitches.

FEATHERST.: Take it away and fetch the steak. And see that it’s rare.

KID: Rare? It’s the only one of its kind. (Aside) Wait’ll he gets a peek at it. (Exits)

(Bertha and Gretchen appear in Mill)

BERTHA: Good-bye dearest.

GRETCHEN: Good-bye, auntie.

BERTHA: Davis will be here any minute now. Good-bye. (She closes the door and crosses to the Inn.)

(Enter Burgomaster. Enter Franz):

FRANZ: Your honor, I can do nothing with that woman, She won’t pay her fine. She won’t go to jail! She tore up the warrant you signed, besides which she tore-- (rubs beard painfully)

BURGOMASTER: Bertha, you studied French, Go to her in there and find out what she wants.

BERTHA: Very well. (Exits)

FEATHERST.: Beg pardon, are you the mayor of this town?

BURGOMASTER: I am the Burgomaster!

FEATHERST.: Well I am Dudley Featherstonhaugh, solicitor. I come on a matter of most importance. I am striving to trace the whereabouts of a certain young man whose name...

BURGOMASTER: (Looks at his card) The Honorable Dudley Featherst..

FEATHERST.: It’s Fanshaw...

BURGOMASTER: (continuing) …solicitor, 14 The Blatherings, London WC1.

FEATHERST.: As I was about to say, your honor, I come on a matter of most important business...

BURGOMASTER: Yes, but if you’ll pardon me for a moment. Willem! (Enter Willem) Take Mr Featherstonhaugh within and show him every attention.

WILLEM: Yes, your honor. Right dis way.

FEATHERST.: But I haven’t finished my...

WILLEM: Right this way.

(Exit Willem and FEATHERST. into Inn)

BURGOMASTER: (To Franz) Now, go and bring Davis van Damm here at once.
FRANZ: Arrest him?

BURGOMASTER: If necessary! Willem overheard him and Gretchen planning to elope tonight. He won’t be far away.

FRANZ: Very well, your honor. *(Exits over bridge)*

*(Lights begin to dim as evening falls)*

*(KID enters with small burned steak on large platter. He is surprised that FEATHERST. is gone.)*

BURGOMASTER: What’s that? A steak?

KID: No, I’m afraid it’s a mistake!

BURGOMASTER: Take it back, it’s only fit for a dog.

KID: Are you dining here tonight? I’ll save it for you!

*(Burgomaster rises in anger. KID exits quickly. Enter CON with tourists)*

CON: This brings us now, ladies and gentlemen, to the Old Red Mill – famous throughout the length and breadth of Holland …

*(Opens the Mill door as if to go on with his story. Gretchen is sitting inside the door and screams in surprise. Tourists scream in surprise and run into Inn.)*

BURGOMASTER: Ha! So you’re here already. *(Enter FRANZ with DAVIS)* Well, well. This is better than I expected.

DAVIS: Gretchen!

GRETCHEN: Davis!

BURGOMASTER: No you don’t. Your elopement is over! Since you seem to like this Mill, you shall stay right here – locked in until the Governor comes, when he shall marry you at once. But until then you’ll be watched every minute!

GRETCHEN: Father, please!

BURGOMASTER: Your penitence comes too late.

GRETCHEN: But, I’m afraid!

BURGOMASTER: In with you! *(Pushes her into the Mill and locks the door.)* There!

DAVIS: *(Held by Franz)* You cowardly brute! Let me at him!

BURGOMASTER: No mock heroics. Just let him spend the night in the tower just across the bridge. You can look through your prison bars and reflect that your sweetheart is not far away.

*(Davis exits with Franz.)*

TINA: And poor Gretchen. It breaks my heart. You’re Americans. Why don’t you do something?

KID: Do something?

TINA: Yes!
CON: Don’t worry! We’ll Mill around until we come up with something.

(Con, Kid and Tina quickly exit into Inn as Burgomaster returns.)

BURGOMASTER: (To Franz) You know what I want, them? Here’s the key, and never leave the door!

FRANZ: Until you say so, anyone goes in or comes out over my dead body!

BURGOMASTER: Right!

(Burgomaster exits. Franz sits down in front of Mill, slowly fills his pipe as soothing music begins. Lights lower with rising moonlight effect.

FRANZ: A pleasant life I lead. No sleep for 48 hours and none in sight, Well, all things come to him who waits – if he waits on himself. Burgomaster Franz, and Tina his wife! It sounds good, very good.

(He slowly falls asleep)
Andante

FRANZ: A pleasant life I lead, no sleep for 48 hours and none in sight. (yawns)
The day is gone and the night comes on, And the birds have sought their nest. The shadows fall in a dark'ning pall And the weary world's at rest. The stars are a wakening one by one
9. Moonbeams - Act I Finale

whispering breezes are still. The moon shining bright with a

radiant light, Is silvering valley and hill.

Moonbeams shining soft above Let me beg of you! Find the one I

dolcissimo

dearly love! Tell him I'll e'er be true. Fate may part us,
years may pass! Future all unknown! Still my love shall ever prove
faithful to him alone. Oh! wandering wind won't you quickly find my

dear one wheresoever he may be? And bring me the message he
fain would send, I know he is dreaming of me!
9. Moonbeams - Act I Finale

Moonbeams shining soft above
Let me beg of you!
Find the one I dearly love!

Tell him I'll e'er be true.
Fate may part us, years may pass!

Future all unknown!

9. Moonbeams - Act I Finale

Still my love shall ever prove Faithful to him alone.

moltomisterioso

ppp marc.
He will shoot beware!

Let him if he dare!

Stand aside!

Thus defied!
We may do harm to you

Hur-ry up! hur-ry up! hur-ry up! Hur-ry up!

Sempre cresc ed accel

(Burgo: What do ye here? Depart at once!)
BURGO: (aside) A pretty scandal this!
Back to your homes!

Bie!

BURGO: You defy your Burgomaster?

BURGO: Begone or ye shall all be sent to jail!

Allegro feroce
9. Moonbeams - Act I Finale

(Con and Kid get ladder and help Gretchen escape through 2nd story window at side of windmill.)
(Burgomaster hesitates)

layed.

layed.

Re-lease her, re-lease her your

Re-lease her, the girl your

cru-el-ty will sure-ly be re-paid

cru-el-ty will sure-ly be re-paid

cru-el-ty will sure-ly be re-paid

Re-lease her, re-lease her Your

Re-lease her, the girl your

Re-lease the girl
9. Moonbeams - Act I Finale

S

T

B

128

S

T

B

132

S

T

B

accel.

That
(Burgomaster starts for Mill door.)

Moderato

mill you know Sir it is haunt-ed! Release the girl for Gretchen must be free!

mill you know Sir it is haunt-ed! Release the girl for Gretchen must be free!

molto accel.
(He opens the door and exclaims "Gone")

Allegro brillante
10. Gossip Chorus
Opening to Act II - Chorus and Bertha

(At rise --a group of servants, discussing in quick tempo the disappearance of their young mistress.)
10. Gossip Chorus

Jung-frau Gretchen simply up and run away? If not really very

No! no!

clearly They should stop this silly gossiping without delay! But to

That's so!
Handle such a scandal. Puts the Burgomaster in a very...

Sor-ry plight! You'll discover she'd a lover. And she

Of course!

Secretly eloped with him last night. (astonished)

We'll discover she'd a...
lover and she secretly eloped with him last night.

Why this silence? Was there violence? Or did

Jungfrau Gretchen simply up and run away? If not really very

No! no!
clearly They should stop this silly gossiping without delay! But to handle such a

That's so!

scandal Puts the Burgomaster in a very sorry plight! You'll dis-

Of course!

cover she'd a lover And she secretly eloped with him last
night.

Yes, we do, it is

You don't know that it's so, Better go a little slow.

true just as ev'ry body knew! You'll discover she'd a lover and she secretly e-

No she never has a lover and she couldn't have e-

cresc
10. Gossip Chorus

Allegro

lopéd! With her lover she loped.

lopéd! No, she couldn’t have loped.

Bertha Recit

What’s this, idle gossip! You should rather be afraid!

Your mistress you may never see a-
Have you not heard the legend of the mill?
11. The Legend of the Mill

Bertha and Chorus

Moderato e molto misterioso

Bertha

Old King Johann in days that are gone
Was ruler of land and
He Wilhelm a sought for his queen,
A princess so young and
The night was still but ghost-like, the mill
Kept waving its spectral

sea,

A bach’lor proud he talked like a crowd
And

slim!

But she loved true a sail or she knew,
And

arms,

And those a-round heard mystical sounds,
Which

And
11. The Legend of the Mill

spoke of him-self as "We," His sub-jects quaked with
planned to e-lope with him. She ran a-way to
thrilled them with vague a-larms. At break of dawn the

fear when he spake And trem-bled to see his
Kat-wyk aan Zee But all of her plans went ill. But a
prin-cess had gone But how is a myst'-ry

weak-ness he had And it put him to the bad, He loved the
Jo-hann that night over-took her in her flight, And locked her
twelve ev'-ry night there's a fig-ure all in white, That haunts the
11. The Legend of the Mill

swish of a silk-en gown. Of a silk-en gown, of a silk-en
tow'r of the old Red Mill. of the old Red Mill.

pp He loved the swish pp the swish

Jo hann was a roy-al sort of

don juan, and his rep-u-ta-tion fright-en
d the lad-ies and the
pretty ones re-paid his tender glances with scorn.

Full loud

on his kingly honor he vowed

With a frightful oath that

by his conscience laden he would wed the fairest maiden that had ever been born.
11. The Legend of the Mill

Chorus

Jo hann was a roy al sort of Don Juan,

Tenors

Jo hann was a roy al sort of Don Juan,

Basses

And he vowed an oath that by his con science la den He would

And he vowed an oath that by his con science la den He would
wed the fairest maiden that had ever been born.

DS al Fine
(Exit chorus.)

BERTHA: Ha, Ha! They're gone! Well, things are in a pretty state, to be sure! A wedding without a bride, and the whole town agog with gossip! If my brother isn't satisfied now with his work

(Enter Burgomaster who seems to be all in.)

BURGOMASTER: Is that you, Bertha? (sinks into chair.)

BERTHA: Yes, what's the news?

BURGOMASTER: No news! I have done all that mortal man can!

BERTHA: Yes - when it's too late. I warned you in the first place! And now your daughter has disappeared and there's nothing to do but announce that the wedding's postponed.

BURGOMASTER: Never! The Governor has my promise, and I have never broken my word!

BERTHA: Well, it looks like you're going to strain it this time!

BURGOMASTER: We shall see! I'm expecting Franz and Willem any minute - they've been searching all night and must have found her!

BERTHA: But if they haven't?

BURGOMASTER: Then so much the worse for them! This tale of the haunted mill may do to scare children with, but you know and I know it isn't possible.

BERTHA: Well?

BURGOMASTER: Well, there's been some sort of trickery somewhere. But the girl isn't far away. I still have Davis van Damm in jail and she wouldn't run off without him.

BERTHA: I can't understand you! Davis van Damm is a manly young fellow. Upright and honest and …

BURGOMASTER: Yes, but he hasn't a cent!

BERTHA: No more than the Governor!

BURGOMASTER: No, but he has birth and position, and great political influence…

BERTHA: Which you are going to buy, to gratify a petty vanity! A quarter of what you are willing to settle on him would make your daughter and Davis happy for life!

BURGOMASTER: Indeed! Well, I made my money myself, and Davis van Damm can do the same!

BERTHA: You men, you men.

BURGOMASTER: We men would be all right if you women would do as you're told, and leave off meddling.

BERTHA: Oh! (starts off)

BURGOMASTER: One moment! The Governor's just arrived! He's at the Inn and will doubtless call here shortly to pay his respects.

BERTHA: Dear, dear. Has he heard about this latest surprise?
BURGOMASTER: I hope not! You receive him and make some excuses for Gretchen, will you? I'd rather wait until she is found.

BERTHA: I'd rather wait until you found your senses!

(Exit Bertha. Enter Franz and Willem, tired and dejected. Franz's whiskers are now a pair of long side-burns.)

WILLEM: Your honor!

BURGOMASTER: Ah! Well, out with it. Where's the girl? Have you found her? (They shake their heads.) What? No news?

WILLEM: Except dat de Yankees are also gone and wid 'em, de money dey owed me! Tina's to blame for it all!

BURGOMASTER: The Yankees! Could they have taken her?

FRANZ: Not with me there!

BURGOMASTER: Well, I'm glad they're out of the way. But what have you done?

FRANZ: I've ransacked the town; searched Davis' ship; dragged the canal, and

BURGOMASTER: And trimmed your whiskers!

FRANZ: Yea -that fiend of a French woman --If I had only known what was going to happen --

(Burgomaster, Franz and Willem all sit down.)

WILLEM: Well to me it is von t'ing plain --the mill is haunted after all! I neffer believed it before.

BURGOMASTER: And I don't believe it now.

FRANZ: Then where is the girl?

BURGOMASTER: I don't know; but she shall be found if it costs me my fortune. I'm going to offer a large reward at once! I hereby offer fifty thousand guilder reward for the return of my daughter, Gretchen, alive, before six o'clock tonight. Signed, Jan van Berkum, Burgomaster -- there! (Gives paper to Willem) Nail that up in a prominent place.

WILLEM: Your honor!

BURGOMASTER: And meanwhile I shall put this case in the hands of some detective who thinks more about his business than his beard. Who is the best one known?

FRANZ: Sherlock Holmes! I read a story yesterday of his having been called to The Hague with his friend Doctor Watson to work on a jewel robbery.

BURGOMASTER: Good! I'll wire him! He can be here in less than an hour if he starts at once.

(Writes telegram)

FRANZ: (Aside to WILLEM) There isn't any Sherlock Holmes! He's only a man in a story book! What do you say that we find the girl and split fifty between us?

WILLEM: Fine! (They shake hands. Enter Bertha.)

BERTHA: Any news?
BURGOMASTER : No. Listen! "Sherlock Holmes, The Hague – We need you and your friend Dr. Watson here about a most mysterious disappearance. Money no object. Answer."

FRANZ : That ought to get him.

WILLEM : “Money no object” ought to get any one.

FRANZ : (Aside to Willem) It gets us.

WILLEM : No, we get de money. (They start slowly upstage.)

BURGOMASTER : I shall leave no stone unturned! The Governor has my promise.

(Exit Franz, Willem and Burgomaster. Bertha crosses to ring bell, as her hand is nearly upon it, enter Tina.)

TINA : Hist! I have Gretchen.

BERTHA : Oh, you're a dear. Where have you been hiding her?

TINA : The two Americans rescued her from the side of the windmill, but with Davis in jail she couldn't elope and so she stayed all night with me at the Inn.

(TINA opens door and beckons. Gretchen enters and runs to Bertha. they meet center and embrace. Bertha drops telegram on floor.)

GRECHEN: Auntie!

BERTHA : Gretchen, what a turn you've given us, child.

GRECHEN : I'm sorry - is father worried?

BERTHA : He's beside himself!

TINA : Maybe he should sit down next to himself and tell himself how foolish he is being.

GRECHEN : Will he still insist on the marriage?

BERTHA : I fear so. He never changes his mind, and the Governor has his promise.

GRECHEN : Then he mustn't know that I've been found.

BERTHA : But Gretchen, all the preparations are made. The guests are invited. The Governor here; the supper and everything is ready.

TINA : Except the bride.

GRECHEN : Oh, Auntie, I can't. You know how much I love Davis.

BERTHA : Of course you do! Don't worry now, I'm sure it will come out all right, somehow.

(Exit Bertha. Gretchen slowly exits. Tina exits for a moment and quickly reenters)

TINA : They're coming! (rehearsing) “Thou fanciest these rude walls – these rustic gossips.” (Enter Con and Kid, made up as Italian street musicians.)

Oh, Mr. Kidder, I'm still not very good at this. I'll never be a performer!

CON: Don’t-a you-a worry! We show-a you chust how to do a performance.
12. Good-a-bye John

Harry Williams
Egbert von Alstyne

Moderato

Con

Look-a here now, John, I got-a 'ough of you You been a bad-a bad-a boy all-a

week. What you do-a last night-a vit dat six-ty cents A what's de mat' why you no

C/K

Victor Herbert (arr)
12. Good-a-bye John

Kid

speak? You smash-a de chair, you pull-a de hair, you soak-a me vit a stool. You

tink-a for a min-ute dot a stand-a for dot? You tink-a I'm-a such a big fool? Good-a-

bye, John, you a-going a-way, You got-a bad dis-pos-ish. Good-

bye, John, jes-a yes-a-terday you smash-a me vit a dish, You come in de home ven
12. Good-a-bye John

you vas-a drunk, you cut-a desring me lose-a demonk, Good-a-bye, John, Get

rough vit me and I make-a for you much troubl!

Dance

Moderato
12. Good-a-bye John

TINA: Oh, that was wonderful! I could never do anything like that.
CON: Sure you can, little one. (Gives her a mustache.) You just have to get into the rhythm
and take a couple of steps like this. (shows a little dance step)

Good-a-bye, John, you going away, You got a bad disposition.

ish. Good-a-bye, John, jest a yes-a-ter-day you smash-a me vit a
12. Good-a-bye John

C/K

All 3

dish, You come in de home ven you vas-a drunk, you cut-a destring me

Tina

All 3

lose-a de monk, Good-a-bye, John, Get rough vit me and I

make-a for you much troubl!
(Tina hugs Con. Enter Bertha.)

BERTHA: I don't know how to thank you gentlemen for what you did for my niece.

CON: Well, here's the girl you want to thank! She accused us of being Americans, and we had to prove it.

BERTHA: Yes, indeed. You're nicely revenged on my brother.

KID: Now we have to help Davis out of jail, and get square with The Evil Duo.

CON: Especially Franz.

TINA: (Finds the Burgomaster's telegram on the floor.) What's this?

BERTHA: Oh, that's my brother's telegram to Sherlock Holmes.

KID: Who?

BERTHA: Sherlock Holmes. To come and look for Gretchen. I shan't send it now, he might really find her! (She starts to tear up the telegram when Con interrupts her.)

CON: Just a minute, please! (Takes telegram and reads.) "Sherlock Holmes, The Hague- We need you and your friend, Dr. Watson, (mumbles rest). Money no object. Answer." (To Kid) Can we come?

BERTHA: I don't understand.

CON: Allow me to introduce Mr. Sherlock Holmes!

KID: And his friend, Dr. Watson!

TINA: Splendid! They'll dress up and fool the Burgomaster.

KID: Money no object. Answer.

BERTHA: Yes - but you're not going to find her?

CON: No - we'll be regular detectives, we won't find anything.

KID: Except that "Money, no object."

BERTHA: Oh!

CON: Don't you see. We'll do what we want and charge him for doing it.

TINA: But you'll have to have a change of clothes.

CON: Yes.

BERTHA: Well? If you'll come with me, I'll send for whatever you want.

KID: Thanks, you're all right. (Exit Bertha) "Money, no object" (He does a little jig and exits following Bertha.)

CON: Good-bye, little one!

TINA: Good-bye.

CON: Remember, you're in on the gate receipts on his Whiskers' money!

TINA: I don't want any money.
CON: You don't? What do you want?
TINA: I...

KID: *(Sticking his head thru' the door.)* Nix -cut out the love scene, come on.
CON: I'm coming! Good-bye!
TINA: Good-bye! *(Con exits)* I wonder if it really was a love scene?
13. If You Love But Me

Henry Blossom

Grazioso

Tina

Al-tho' I'm but a girl of sev-en-

Tina

teen, I would so like to be some-one's af-fin-i-ty, I'd

Tina

like to have him woo me for his queen, Oh Heav'n a-bove! How could I
If he would take me in his arms and call me all his own, Imag-
What a paradise life would be! Life would be!

When he asked me to name the day name the day!

I would say right away don't delay.

If you love but me.
If you'd say that you love but me! loved but me! only me! What a
par-a-dise life would be! life would be!
When you asked me to name the day name the day!
I would say right away, don't delay if you love but me.
(Enter Franz)

FRANZ: Ah, Tina, how have you been?

TINA: Pretty good. What happened to the beard? Looks like it’s curtains for you! Been to the race? "They’re off in a bunch!" (Rubs her chin)

FRANZ: I don’t understand!

TINA: That change in your makeup!

FRANZ: Oh -my beard. I had an accident.

TINA: Why don’t you use a safety razor? Aren’t you sharp enough?

FRANZ: Tina, won’t you be serious, dear? You know that I love you. I’d marry you tomorrow if you would.

TINA: I wouldn’t.

FRANZ: I’m a good match, Tina! I’ve got money.

TINA: How did you make it? Saving on shaves?

FRANZ: I shan’t rest contented being Sheriff. I am ambitious! I …

TINA: That’s good. Maybe someday you’ll own your own jail!

FRANZ: All right. You may laugh at my love, but you’ll be sorry. You’ll pay for it. (Franz starts off)

TINA: I won’t even pay you a visit!

FRANZ: I know all about you! You’re in love with that rascally Yankee! (Tina laughs) You are! And he’ll go to jail when I catch him!

TINA: When? You can’t even catch a barber!

(Enter Brigitte and Giselle, arm in arm with Hans and Peter)

BRIGITTE: Oooh, thank you for walking with us! The view of the ocean from that hill is just lovely!

GISELLE: And you can see the town and the Old Mill and everything!

HANS: Well, we always like a walk after lunch. It was nice you could come.

BRIGITTE: Can you come with us some more? Maybe we could dance at the wedding?

PETER: We’re awfully thirsty. I think we need to see if they have any beer to drink.

HANS: Right. Let’s go see what they’re serving! (The boys leave the girls standing there)

GISELLE: We’ll never get them interested! They only notice us if we’re in their way!

BRIGITTE: Then we have to find a way for their way to be our way! Let’s ask their mother!

GISELLE: But she’s in jail!

BRIGITTE: And the jail is right over here.

(They walk over to the freestanding jail cell. The Countess appears behind it.)
GISELLE: Excuse us Countess, we need your help. Your boys are just hopeless! We can’t get them interested at all!

COUNTESS: Girls, you must do what your mothers told you! You have to teach them what to say!

(As song begins, the girls open the cell so she can come downstage to sing. While she is singing the boys re-enter with their drinks to sing the last chords.)
14. I Want You to Marry Me

Henry Blossom

Countess, Brigitte, Giselle, Hans and Peter

Victor Herbert

Tempo di Valse $\downarrow = 120$

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When a quiet young man on the
A girl has to learn many

rit. dim

Countess

bach-elor plans in turn And some are sad I fear
For many may

And quite by the

way he discovers some day, Jeune fille whose looks he likes, He'll

say that they love her each day, With scarcely one sincere,

He'll
Countess call there and fore I think that her answer should be "We're told to believe only poco meno rubato"
one I love is you." There's lots of things he ought to

know But don't forget to see That he correctly

learns to say, "I

want you to marry me!"

Countess
Countess
Countess
Countess
We'll tell you all the magic of those little words "we two."

We'll teach you how to say "My dear! The one I love is you."

There's lots of things you ought to know But don't forget to see si c'est vous!
Girls

Boys

That you correctly learn to say, "I want you to marry me!"

Girls

Boys

14. I Want You to Marry Me
(As the song ends, Franz enters and gently escorts her back to her cell. He has obviously been listening. Exit Girls.)

(Tina enters to help at the wedding. Enter Franz)

**FRANZ**: Well, here comes his Excellency at last.

**TINA**: And no bride. This is a pretty mess.

(The four servants line up, two on a side. Enter the aides de camps, followed by the Governor.)
15. Every Day is Ladies Day With Me

Henry Blossom

Governor

Victor Herbert

Tempo di marca
15. Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

L’istesso tempo

I should
It’s a

like, without undue repetition of the ego, To ex-

plain, how very hard I find it is to make my pay go round a-

plain, how very hard I find it is to make my pay go 'round a-

plain, how very hard I find it is to make my pay go 'round a-

145
Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

37

Gov

mong my vul-gar cred-i-tors! I'm fear-ful-ly in debt. For I
fa-tal gift of beau-ty had in-flamed her lit-tle heart, But I

39

Gov

al-ways have af-ford-ed an-y thing that I could get! But I
found that some small fav-or al-ways seemed to ease the smart. A po-

41

Gov

must say I've en-joyed the best of what there is in life; I've been
si-tion for a cou-sin or a loan to dear pa-pa, Just a
15. Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

luck - y in my love af - fairs, I've nev - er had a wife! I can
dain - ty dia - mond neck - lace or a pret - ty mot - or car. But I

sum - mon lit - tle in - ter - est in the dry af - fairs of state, And the
don't be - grudge the col - lar - ets and neck - lac - es of pearls; All the

bus' - ness - men who call on me are cold - ly left to wait! For mon - ey that I ev - er saved is what I've spent on girls!
Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

while And my pleasure it is double if they come to me in trouble For I
He is at their disposal all the while!
al-ways find a way to make them smile, the lit-tle dar-lings! I've no
doubt I should have mar-ried long a-go!
15. Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

pro-p-er thing to do you'll all a-gree! But I

go.

It is the pro-per thing you'll all a-

nev-er could find an-y fun in wast-ing all my time on one! So ev'-ry day is la-dies day with

gree!
15. Every Day is Ladies Day with Me

For ev-er-y day is la-dy's day with him. He's quite at their dis-po-sal all the time!

But I nev-er could find an-y fun in
wasting all my time on one! So ev'ry day is ladies day with me!

One! So ev'ry day is ladies day with him!
(Chorus exits)

BERTHA: Your excellency, I am charmed to see you again.

GOVERNOR: Delighted, I am sure.

BERTHA: You will pardon my brother's absence for the moment?

GOVERNOR: Gladly, inasmuch as he's sent so delicious a substitute! Come! Let me find you a chair and I will impart to you a secret.

BERTHA: A secret? Oh, I love them! (She sits) Thanks.

GOVERNOR: Did you know, beauteous one, that 'twas your hand I first asked your brother for?

BERTHA: My hand?

GOVERNOR: Yes. He, however, refused.

BERTHA: I can't believe it. He'd be glad to be rid of me.

GOVERNOR: Ah, but not upon the terms at which he offered me his daughter.

BERTHA: As to that, tho', I don't need my brother's money! I have enough of my own.

GOVERNOR: I beg your pardon.

BERTHA: I say I have money of my own! My husband left me a million gulden.

GOVERNOR: What? A million gulden? You? A beautiful creature, fitted by Nature to grace my house; preside at my table, and welcome my friends? You a widow, with no illusions, no ideals to shatter, and a million? Oh, that traitorous Burgomaster! Double-dyed, deceitful rogue! Why didn't he tell me?

BERTHA: He had set his heart upon you for his son-in-law.

GOVERNOR: Why not his brother-in-law? For you I could have loved. Oh, passionately!

BERTHA: Well, calm yourself! For I must tell you a secret.

GOVERNOR: A secret?

BERTHA: Yes, Gretchen has disappeared. She ran away last night.

GOVERNOR: My fiance? Ran away on the eve of our wedding? With whom? For what?

BERTHA: She's in love with another.

GOVERNOR: But why have I not been informed?

BERTHA: My brother has sent for detectives to find her.

GOVERNOR: And does he suppose that I would wed a girl against her will?

BERTHA: He thought you wouldn't know.

GOVERNOR: The fool. She may not love me, but she must respect and like me.

BERTHA: Ah, then, if he finds her?
GOVERNOR: I shall give her up, altho' the loss will come most hard at just this time. But why bemoan spilt milk.

BERTHA: Your Excellency, I …

GOVERNOR: Well?

BERTHA: Shake! *(They shake hands.)* I was going to say that if I hadn't promised to remain a widow.

GOVERNOR: Promised whom?

BERTHA: Myself.
16. Because you're you

Henry Blossom

Victor Herbert

Molto moderato

Bertha

Love is a queer little elfin sprite

Gov

Blest with the deadliest aim!

Bertha

Shoot-ing his ar-rows to left and right,

Gov

Bag-ging the rar-est game.
Fil-ling our hearts with a glad sur-prise,

And

Al-most too good to be true!

still can you tell me why do you love me?

On-ly be-cause you are you, dear!

Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true,
Not my gold-en

Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true.
hair, dear, Not my eyes of blue, When we ask the reason, Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, Because you're you.

Not your golden hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue, When we ask the reason, Words are all too few! I love you dear, Because you're you.
GOVERNOR: Promised yourself? Ah, then you may have solved your promise?
BERTHA: Yes, I may.
GOVERNOR: But will you?
BERTHA: Yes, upon one condition.
GOVERNOR: What is that?
BERTHA: That you will promise not to tell my brother until I say you may.
GOVERNOR: I'll promise, precious one. *(Burgomaster's voice is heard off stage.)*
BERTHA: Sh! Here he comes. *(starts off)*
GOVERNOR: Hasten back, beloved! "Love reckons hours for minutes; years for days; and every little absence as an age!"
*(Kisses her hand and bows her out. Enter Burgomaster.*

BURGOMASTER: Your excellency, a thousand pardons! Has no one received you?
GOVERNOR: Yes, oh yes! I have been most charmingly entertained.
BURGOMASTER: My daughter has been here?
GOVERNOR: No, your sister.
BURGOMASTER: Oh, let's change our clothes for the wedding.
*(Governor exits with his aides)*

GASTON: Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson!
*(Enter Con and Kid made up as Holmes and Watson.)*
CON: His Honor the Burgomaster?
BURGOMASTER: Yes!
CON: I am Sherlock Holmes. Shake hands with my friend Dr. Watson. *(Burgomaster and Kid shake hands.)* At a single glance, I can deduce that you ate onions for dinner last night --you ask how I know?
BURGOMASTER: You may save your excess brains. I have a problem for you. To be brief, my daughter has disappeared and I want you to find her at once!
CON: Your daughter? H'mmm.
BURGOMASTER: Yes. My daughter was to have married his Excellency tonight!
KID: What --that old fluff?
CON: One moment! Was this engagement by her consent?
BURGOMASTER: No, it was by my command.
CON: H'mmm. Who's the other man? The one she's in love with.
BURGOMASTER: You're pretty smart! Captain Davis van Damm, a sailor, but he's in jail.
CON: Since when?
BURGOMASTER: Last night. He planned to elope with my daughter and I arrested him.
CON: Ah, but regarding the girl.
BURGOMASTER: She had planned to meet him at six at the Old Red Mill.
KID: The Haunted Mill?
BURGOMASTER: I surprised them and locked her in the Mill for safe keeping.
CON: I see....
BURGOMASTER: And when within less than an hour I opened the door again she had disappeared.
CON: Most interesting, Watson! Really bizarre. Was the Mill well guarded?
BURGOMASTER: Franz, the Sheriff never left the door.
CON: Has he a theory?
BURGOMASTER: None, except that the Mill is haunted.
KID: Franz! His windmill is short a couple of sails!
CON: There have been no other strangers here?
BURGOMASTER: No--none except a couple of Yankees, and they're a couple of dunderheads.
CON: Do you think that this Franz secretly longs to become the next Burgomaster?
BURGOMASTER: It is no secret. He is as ambitious as a ferret in a chicken coop.
CON: Indeed. If this wedding falls though and your daughter's not found, it will hurt your prestige with the town's people, won't it?
BURGOMASTER: Greatly!
CON: And this Countess doesn't like you either?
BURGOMASTER: That's it! They're in cahoots!
KID: You sent for us not a minute too soon.
CON: If you release this Davis, he will no doubt lead us to Gretchen. And this Franz must be arrested.
BURGOMASTER: He can't arrest himself. And no one else would dare.
(Enter Franz and Willem.)
FRANZ: Who are you, and what are you doing here?
KID: Elementary, my dear Sheriff.
FRANZ: You don't need to tell me--you're imposters. (Draws pistol and covers them) Put up your hands. (Con raises his hands, Franz draws a pair of handcuffs from side pocket.) Here, Willem, place these around his wrists!
(Kid edges to the other side of Franz and as Willem is about to take the handcuffs, Con gives a sudden shout of alarm.)
CON: Look out! (Franz involuntarily turns, Con grabs the pistol and Kid the handcuffs. Con points the pistol at Franz.) Now it's the other way around. Sit down on that chair. (Franz sits down) Put your arms through the back! (Franz does) That's right! Now clap the darbies on him, Watson.

BURGOMASTER: Where's my daughter? Answer me! Your perfidy is exposed.

FRANZ: Your Honor, I --

BURGOMASTER: I shall know how to deal with you. Here are those orders! This man must go to jail until he and that Countess agree to confess!

FRANZ: Jail? Go to jail? With her? Have you seen her? She’s something appalling!

BURGOMASTER: But, you must find my daughter! I have offered fifty thousand gulden for her return.

CON: I promise you that the wedding shall come off without a hitch!

BURGOMASTER: Oh -thank you! Now, come along. A good strong cell in jail for you and your confederate!

FRANZ: I tell you, your Honor

WILLEM: Silence!

(Burgomaster starts upstage, followed by Con and Kid with Franz between them. Willem brings up the rear with pistol pointed at Franz's back. Exit all.)

(Enter Gretchen.)

GRETCHEN: No one here? Good. I'm tired of being a prisoner. Poor dear Davis!

(Davis enters from bridge.)

GRETCHEN: Davis! You’ve escaped!

DAVIS: No, they let me out. But I think someone is following me.

TINA: (Entering) Ha, ha! What do you think? Think, the Americans have fooled the Burgomaster. They've arrested Franz and have just set Davis free! (Seeing Davis.) Oh! And here you are!

BERTHA: (Entering) Gretchen, why aren’t you hiding? And Davis! You’re free!

TINA: Yes, he is! And the Americans did it!

GRETCHEN: Oh, goodie, goodie! Aren't they the dearest fellows?

TINA: Yes --now we can all run away tonight.

BERTHA: You may not have to --

GRETCHEN: What?

BERTHA: I think I've a better scheme. (Voices are heard off stage.)

TINA: Sh! Someone's coming! Hurry! It's the Americans now!

(Enter Con and Kid.)
BERTHA : I want to congratulate you!

CON : Thanks! It's worked pretty well so far, eh? Davis out! Franz is in!

BERTHA : Yes!

KID : Now, we want to get to that "money no object." And then, as they say "It's Go While the Goin Is Good."
17. Go While the Goin' is Good

Henry Blossom

Moderato

CON: Big Jim was a
KID: Big Jim he

sport-in' individual, a regular gamblin' man!
And if you
cherished a conviction, He could beat the market too!
right here he

played with him, he did you all as only a gambler can.
Cuz Jim he
found it was a fiction And his system would hardly do.
He won at
always got the money on a system that he played.
first, but when at last he got to gamblin' mighty bold,

His explanation may be funny, but I'll tell you what he
They took it off of him so fast he could feel himself catching

Gretchen, Tina
Bertha

said. You'll always have the price if you take this advice!
cold...

Con, Kid
Davis

poco a poco a tempo
Always go while the goin’ is good, don’t wait to even say a-doo! for

if you stay there it’s only one way, they’re bound to put a crimp in you. That a
gambin’ gent has a large per-cent is a fact that is understood! So cash right in just the

minute you win and go while the goin’ is good!
BERTHA: You won’t have to go anywhere if my plan works. Gretchen, Davis, come with me! And you two keep pretending to be detectives just a few more minutes! (Exit Bertha, Gretchen and Davis.)

CON: Pretending! I like that!

KID: And after all the wool we put on to pull over their eyes! (Exit Con, Kid and Tina)

(Enter Burgomaster and FEATHERST. both dressed for wedding)

FEATHERST.: Yes, but I say Your Honor. Couldn’t you spare me a moment?

BURGOMASTER: I can spare you for good.

FEATHERST.: You misapprehend me. I come on behalf of my noble client, the late Lord Brooke, who left...

BURGOMASTER: Now where is Bertha?

(Rings bell)

FEATHERST.: (Chasing Burgomaster) The late Lord Brook left a bequest to a certain young man whom I have traced to this part of the world.

(First servant enters.)

FIRST SERVANT: I think, your Honor, she’s dressing.

BURGOMASTER: Of course, what else does a woman do?

FIRST SERVANT: I wouldn’t know, I’m not a married man!

BURGOMASTER: What’s that? Inform her that she must hurry down and receive the guests in the drawing room until my daughter arrives.

FIRST SERVANT: Yes, your Honor! The Notary is here!

BURGOMASTER: Very well.

(Waves him away and walks excitedly back and forth. Exit servant. Featherstonhaugh keeps pace with the Burgomaster and begins story once more.)

FEATHERST.: I say, this lucky young man was fortunate enough to rescue my noble client a few weeks before his death, from a totally disabled yacht. In recognition of which Lord Brooke has left him the princely legacy of fifty thousand pounds.

BURGOMASTER: Well, what's all this to me?

FEATHERST.: But, my dear sir, I would like I would like your assistance in finding him, as I only have his name and …

BURGOMASTER: A quarter to six! There's not much time.

FEATHERST.: Quite right! There really isn't. I would like to return to London tomorrow, so if you could locate the missing party.

BURGOMASTER: What's that?

FEATHERST.: If you could find this young person

BURGOMASTER: Find her? She’s found!
FEATHERST. : She? My dear sir, it's a he! And his name is --

His name is (adjusts spectacles and looks at papers as wedding music begins.)

(Enter Notary who goes to table. The wedding guests -burghers, aide de camps, servants, etc. enter followed by the Governor.)
18. Wedding Chorus

Henry Blossom

Chorus and Governor

Victor Herbert

Tempo di marcia Moderato

\( \text{Tempo di marcia Moderato} \)
We come ev-ery guest in his best! Fit-ly dressed for the nup-tial mer-ry
mak-ing, and we wait with pride to greet the beau-ti-ful bride Whom to-
day so no-ble a con-sort is tak-ing. So sing joy-ous and loud and be
proud not a cloud mars the bliss of the betrothal! May no
sorrow or strife by any chance enter their life! the governor and his__
My friends! I thank you for this first selection! Now as a favor, would you kindly sing the other usual in this connection about the
"wed-ding bells that glad-ly ring."

The wed-ding bells ring out! Glad

Wel-come this day of glad-ness!

Tempo di marcia

un poco animato

poco rit
banish all thought of sorrow and sadness! Let ev'ry heart be singing!

Glad wedding bells be ringing out their joy! Ding Dong
18. Wedding Chorus

Ding Dong. Send-ing their sil-ver voiced mes-sage far and wide.

Dong Dong Ding Dong long life at-tend our
18. Wedding Chorus

ding bells

S+A

T+B

ding dong bells.

ding dong wedding bells

ding dong wed-ding bells

ding dong bells!
(At finish of wedding chorus all stand expectantly awaiting the bride. Enter Bertha gowned as a bride with thin veil over face. The Burgomaster steps quickly up and offers her his arm and takes her to table where the Governor and Notary are standing.)

BURGOMASTER: Your Excellency, my daughter!

GOVERNOR: (kissing Bertha’s hand and bowing low.) Your humble and devoted slave!

BURGOMASTER: Shall we now proceed to sign the marriage contract?

GOVERNOR: If it be your daughter's pleasure!

(Enter first servant)

GASTON: Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

BURGOMASTER: Pardon me?

(Enter Con and Kid in immaculate evening dress with Davis and Gretchen between them handcuffed together. Gretchen's veil is down.)

CON: Your Honor we have brought you two more prisoners.

BURGOMASTER: You have brought me my daughter and that is enough. (Hands Kid an envelope.) The reward! I'm a man of my word! (Bertha has raised her veil) Bertha? What is all this? (Bertha shrinks to the Governor who puts his arm protectively around her.) My daughter! Where is my ... (Gretchen raises her veil.) Ah! You are here!

GRETCHEN: Yes father!

BURGOMASTER: Come.

GRETCHEN: I can't.

BURGOMASTER: Release her at once.

CON: Too bad, but I've lost the key.

GOVERNOR: In that case, your Honor, I think you had better marry her to Davis van Damm.

FEATHERST.: Who? Davis? The missing heir to the legacy? Young man, there are fifty thousand pounds awaiting you in England!

DAVIS: Me? (Takes papers.) The Honorable Dudley Feather...

( Gretchen throws herself into his arms. )

GRETCHEN: That’s Fanshaw!

BERTHA: Ah, then brother, you can’t any longer object to him on the grounds of his poverty.

CHORUS: Hooray!

DAVIS: I thank you, my friends.

BURGOMASTER: You're the cause of all this! Where have you been and who let you out of the Mill? Franz?

GRETCHEN: No, the Americans!

BURGOMASTER: Who? I'll never believe it.
KID: No, they couldn't fool you!
CON: They're a couple of dunderheads.

(enter Franz and the Countess, arm-in-arm.)

BURGOMASTER: Franz! What are you two doing here?

FRANZ: Just as the Countess was about to bail me out of the jail, we heard that Gretchen had been found, and we were released!

BURGOMASTER: Bail you out? Why should she do that?

FRANZ: After Bertha got us talking, we found we had a lot in common. If I’m to be the next Burgomaster, I think it would be best for me to have a Countess for a wife! And then I will no longer be a poor man!

COUNTESS: Oh, mon amour. Nous faisons une si belle musique ensemble! [Oh my love, we will make such beautiful music together.]

BURGOMASTER: The Yankees, and now the Countess! By all that's --

GOVERNOR: Better give in, your Honor!

BURGOMASTER: This is too much! To be fooled like this. (To Con) Anything more you'd like?

CON: (Taking Tina's arm) Can someone lend us another pair of handcuffs?
19. Finale - The Streets of New York

Con, Kid, Countess, Franz and Chorus

Henry Blossom

Victor Herbert

Con

In old New York! In old New York! The peachcrop's always fine!

Kid

They're sweet and fair and on the square! The maid of Manhattan for mine!

Countess

You cannot see in gay Paris, in London or in Cork!

Franz

The dreams you meet on any street in old New York!
In old New York! In old New York! The peach crop's always fine!

They're sweet and fair and on the square! The maids of Manhattan for mine!

You cannot see in gay Par-ee, in Lon-don or in Cork! The
dreams you meet on any street in old New York!