Reclaiming the Musical Burlesque: A Reconstruction of the 1855 Musical Score to John Brougham’s Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: Or, The Gentle Savage

Christopher Drobny
The Graduate Center, City University of New York

How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!
Follow this and additional works at: https://academicworks.cuny.edu/gc_etds

Part of the American Popular Culture Commons, Music Commons, and the Theatre History Commons

Recommended Citation
https://academicworks.cuny.edu/gc_etds/3192

This Capstone Project is brought to you by CUNY Academic Works. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Dissertations, Theses, and Capstone Projects by an authorized administrator of CUNY Academic Works. For more information, please contact deposit@gc.cuny.edu.
RECLAIMING THE MUSICAL BURLESQUE: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE 1855 MUSICAL SCORE TO JOHN BROUGHAM’S *PO-CA-HON-TAS: OR, THE GENTLE SAVAGE*

by

CHRISTOPHER DROBNY

A master’s thesis submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Liberal Studies in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, The City University of New York

2019
Reclaiming the Musical Burlesque: A Reconstruction of the 1855 Musical Score to John Brougham’s Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: Or, The Gentle Savage

by

Christopher Drobny

This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Liberal Studies in satisfaction of the thesis requirement for the degree of Master of Arts.

________________________________________
Date

Jeffrey Taylor
Thesis Advisor

________________________________________
Date

Elizabeth Macaulay-Lewis
Executive Officer

THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK
ABSTRACT

Reclaiming the Musical Burlesque: A Reconstruction of the 1855 Musical Score to John Brougham’s Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: Or, The Gentle Savage

by

Christopher Drobny

Advisor: Jeffrey Taylor, Ph.D.

Most historians begin their musical theatre chronologies with the 1866 premiere of The Black Crook. However, a few respected scholars cite Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage, John Brougham’s 1855 musical burlesque, as an important development in the art form’s earlier evolution. The neglect of Brougham’s work is often justified for two reasons. First, his practice of creating lyrics to pre-existing melodies reduces his work to second-tier status. Second, because none of Brougham’s musical scores are extant, it is impossible to recreate a performance of his work and access its qualities. I offer two responses. First, as our contemporary musical theatre has grown so dependent upon reuse of existing musical material, is it not time to rethink our prejudices towards Brougham’s methods? Might we even regard him as a creative artist 150 years ahead of his time? Second, by building upon information Brougham offers in the published libretto and research presented by musicologist William Brooks in a 1984 American Music article, it is indeed possible to reconstruct a reasonable facsimile of the original score to Po-Ca-Hon-Tas. The purpose of this capstone project is to create a piano-vocal score featuring musical settings of all forty sung texts notated in Brougham’s script. Used in conjunction with the published libretto, this score will allow any modern musical theatre historian, student or aficionado to mount a performance or concert presentation of the work, hopefully engendering more meaningful discussion as to the importance of mid-nineteenth century musical theatre genres.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My thanks to Marvin Carlson who introduced me to Brougham in his “New York Theatre Before 1900” seminar and generously spent many hours with me discussing nineteenth-century musical theatre genres; William Brooks, who graciously and enthusiastically encouraged me to build upon the work in his 1984 *American Music* article; Jeffrey Taylor, my thesis advisor, who tirelessly examined many drafts of the piano-vocal score, always offering support and a keen critical eye; and Douglas Grabowski, my husband, who patiently nodded and smiled through many a dinner conversation as I excitedly shared the details of my day’s research on Brougham.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. Introduction........................................................................................................................................1

II. Brougham and the Musical Burlesque..............................................................................................3

III. Musical Methodology.....................................................................................................................10

IV. Transcription Challenges...............................................................................................................13

V. Presentation to a Contemporary Audience......................................................................................22

Table of Songs and Sources...............................................................................................................25

Bibliography.........................................................................................................................................26

*Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage – Piano/Vocal Score (2019)*...............................................31

Appendix: *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage – Libretto (1855)*.............................................105
I. Introduction

Most musical theatre historians begin their chronology of the art form with the premiere of *The Black Crook* in 1866, using the year after the conclusion of the Civil War as a convenient starting point. Although a few respected scholars, notably Gerald Bordman, cite *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage*, John Brougham’s 1855 musical burlesque, as an important development in the early evolution of the American musical theatre, historians frequently offer two reasons for excluding Brougham’s work from their surveys.

First, because the musical burlesque followed the tradition of the ballad opera in which a librettist created new lyrics to existing musical material, Brougham’s abjuring any active collaboration with a composer denigrates him to second tier status. Second, because the new songs Brougham created from pre-existing material were never published, nor the scores assembled by his musical arrangers ever preserved for future generations, it has been impossible for contemporary scholars to recreate a performance of a Brougham musical burlesque, depriving historians the opportunity to more fully appreciate his methodology and accomplishments.

Regarding the first argument, I contend that we have arrived at a point of evolution in our modern musical theatre which forces us to reconsider both our conventional notions regarding the hierarchy of components within a collaborative work and our prejudices against Brougham’s practice of reuse. The traditional form of the book musical, an organic integration of original music, lyrics and libretto, which began in the early twentieth century at Jerome Kern’s Princess Theatre and reached maturity in the
mid-century works of Rodgers and Hammerstein, is no longer the dominant or exclusive model for musical theatre in our new millennium.

Since the phenomenal success of *Mamma Mia!*, beginning its fourteen-year Broadway run in 2001, original music has become a particularly dispensable commodity in the age of the jukebox musical. The idea of an organic musical sensibility providing unity to the larger piece is totally discarded in the upcoming *Moulin Rouge*, which features a score of chart-toppers drawn from the last fifty years of popular music, each musical selection written by a different songwriting team. This elasticity of musical source material reached its most original permutation in last season’s *Clueless*, in which pop-rock classics from the soundtrack of the 1995 non-musical film were refitted with new lyrics to serve as character-driven songs within the libretto.

Addressing the second point, this thesis attempts to remedy the lack of materials available with which to appreciate Brougham’s work in the musical burlesque genre. Building upon the research presented in “Pocahontas: Her Life and Times,” a 1984 article in which musicologist William Brooks identifies a partial list of source material to the forty musical selections comprising the score of *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas*, I have selected a group of additional songs from the mid-nineteenth century to serve as musical templates for the remaining texts. Working from archival copies of the original sheet music, I have created a piano-vocal score featuring all forty songs which, used in conjunction with Brougham’s published script (included in Appendix A), will allow any modern musical theatre historian, student or aficionado to mount a performance or concert presentation of Brougham’s 1855 work.
II. Brougham and the Musical Burlesque

John Brougham was born in Dublin on May 9, 1810 to a family of considerable wealth. Enrolled at Trinity College to study medicine, he spent most of his college years attending the theatre and participating in amateur theatricals. Upon graduating Trinity, Brougham spent several months in a pre-intern position at the Peter Street Hospital until a financial mishap robbed his family of most of its assets. Suddenly forced to support himself, Brougham moved to London where a prominent uncle had arranged a clerkship in the Treasury. Upon his arrival in the summer of 1830, Brougham discovered the position was no longer available. A few days later a chance encounter with a previous acquaintance led him to a position at the Tottenham Street Theatre where he played several small parts in Moncrieff’s *Tom and Jerry; or Life in London.*

In late autumn the theatre contracted Madame Lucia Elizabeth Vestris (1797–1856), the celebrated London-born singer and actress, to perform in three pieces from her repertory with its resident company. Announcing at the conclusion of her engagement she would assume management of the Olympic Theatre in the new year, she invited Brougham to join her acting company. During his eleven seasons with Vestris, eight at the Olympic and three at Covent Garden, Brougham appeared in several pieces by Vestris’ favored contemporary playwright and close artistic advisor, James Robinson Planché (1796–1880) beginning with his *Olympic Revels* in 1831. Performing works in which Planché developed and perfected the musical extravaganza form, Brougham learned the requisite tools of the genre: dialogue in rhymed couplets, an abundance of puns and comic anachronisms, and scenes punctuated by good-humored travesties of
popular songs or operatic melodies.\(^1\) While on summer hiatus from the Vestris company, Brougham collaborated with J. H. Tully, Planché’s longtime musical associate, to create *Life in the Clouds; or, Olympus in an Uproar*, a musical burlesque of the mythical tale of Ixion, premiering 23 July 1840 at the London Lyceum. The musical score consisted of seventeen selections, sources ranging from *William Tell* and *Il barbiere di Siviglia* to Scottish songs, Irish airs and “Home, Sweet Home,” the popular ballad and sheet music sensation of 1823.

Brougham arrived in New York on 28 September 1842 amidst what Laurence Hutton terms the Palmy Days of burlesque.\(^2\) The movement had begun three years earlier when English-born actor-manager William Mitchell (1798-1856), regarded as the first of the three greats of American burlesque, assumed management of the Olympic Theatre.\(^3\) Satirizing the high arts of opera and dance, the popular hits of Mitchell’s first season included *The Roof Scrambler*, a parody of Bellini’s *La Sonnambula*, and *The Musquitoe*, featuring a cross-dressed Mitchell recreating Fanny Elssler’s performance as *The Tarantula*.\(^4\)

---

\(^1\) Most Victorians used the terms “extravaganza” and “burlesque” interchangeably. Richards notes that Planché once defined the former as “the whimsical treatment of a poetic subject” and the latter as “a broad caricature of tragedy or serious opera.” As *Olympic Revels* deals satirically with a mythological subject, it is most often regarded as a “classical burlesque.”

\(^2\) Brougham enjoyed a theatrical career lasting fifty years. During his years in London as a member of Vestris’ company, he concentrated primarily on acting work. Upon his arrival to the U.S. and for the next thirty-eight years, he divided his energies between acting, playwriting and theatre management. This brief chapter focuses on the creation of his five musical burlesques: *Life in the Clouds*, *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas*, *Columbus el Filibustero!!, Neptune’s Defeat*, and *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice*. I recommend the reader interested in a comprehensive analysis of Brougham’s full career to David Hawes’ dissertation.

\(^3\) The theatre was built in 1832 in conscious imitation of Vestris’ London Olympic.

\(^4\) Interestingly, Mitchell produced *Life in the Clouds*, retitled as *Jupiter Jealous*, in October 1842, shortly after Brougham’s arrival in the U.S., but the author appears to have had no association with the production. Brougham, engaged during most of that month playing in Bernard’s *His Last Legs* at the Park Theatre,
Spending the next six years as a journeyman actor, Brougham performed 148 different plays in over twenty-six theatres in at least eight states, settling briefly in Boston in April 1847 where he co-managed the Adelphi Theatre, a house specializing in burlesques of Shakespeare and opera. The highlight of the Adelphi’s inaugural season occurred 29 November 1847 with Brougham’s appearance in the title role of *Met-a-mora; or, The Last of the Pollywogs*, his satire of Edwin Forrest’s performance as the doomed Noble Savage in *Metamora; or, The Last of the Wampanoags*, John Augustus Stone’s 1829 tragedy.⁵

Brougham spent the first half of 1848 touring *Met-a-mora* to cities along the Eastern seaboard. Performing in Philadelphia in early June, Brougham attracted the notice of William Burton (1804-1860), an English-born actor-manager. Preparing to open a new theatre in New York the following month, Burton hired Brougham to fill several positions including actor, stage manager and chief writer. With the opening of Burton’s Chambers Street Theatre on 10 July 1848, Burton was soon regarded as the second of the three greats of American burlesque. His successful programming formula consisted of interspersing songs and dances with three or four comic pieces a night.⁶ Burlesques parodying popular operas such as W. K. Northall’s *Lucy Did Sham Amour*, makes no reference in any of his autobiographical writings to Mitchell or the New York production of *Jupiter*.

---

⁵ Brougham’s *Met-a-mora* featured five brief musical selections, none exceeding two stanzas, situating the piece not as a musical burlesque, but as a burlesque with incidental songs. Brougham’s interest in America’s peculiar mythologizing of the Native American would reach its more mature expression with *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas*, featuring a quartet of leading characters, a ridiculous but nevertheless cogent narrative, and a fully integrated musical score.

⁶ Brougham contributed *Monto Christy*, a literary parody of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. 
a satire of Donizetti’s *Lucia de Lammermoor*, and Jonas B. Phillips’ *Herr Nanny*, a burlesque of Verdi’s *Ernani*, were especially successful.\(^7\)

Leaving Burton’s after two seasons, Brougham opened his own Lyceum Theatre on 23 Dec 1850. His management lasted only fifteen months, but with the assistance of George Loder, Burton’s former musical director, Brougham produced a lengthy and eclectic list of musical theatre productions including *Esmeralda*, Albert Smith’s two-act musical burlesque imported from London’s Royal Adelphi Theatre; *The Ambassadress*, Brougham and Loder’s English adaptation of Auber and Scribe’s 1836 comic opera; *The Spirit of the Air*, an adaptation of Coyne and Pilati’s *All For Love*, originally seen at London’s Adelphi Theatre; and *The Queen of the Frogs*, Planché’s “new imported Geological, Quizzical and Hopperatical Extravaganza,” seen two months earlier at London’s Lyceum. If Brougham’s hectic schedule as manager and actor did not allow him the time to create any new musical burlesques with Loder, one senses his desire to expand his musical theatre taste in importing these European works.\(^8\)

When falling box office receipts forced Brougham to close his Lyceum in March 1852, British actor and manager James W. Wallack reopened it in September as Wallack’s Lyceum, hiring Brougham for the next four seasons as a leading comedian in his permanent stock company. During this time, Brougham’s creative output consisted almost entirely of writing comedies and farces expressly for Wallack. The one musical piece he produced during his residency, written over a period of several weeks in the

---

7 Phillips (1805–1869), a largely forgotten author, poet, and playwright was one of the first Jews to enjoy literary success in early 19th-century America.

8 Brougham and Loder created *What Shall We Do for Something New?* for the opening of the Lyceum’s second season. There is no extant script, but descriptions indicate it was a burlesque sketch incorporating elements of meta-theatre centering upon a group of singers rehearsing a production of *La Sonnambula*. 
middle of his fourth season while bed-ridden and recovering from back pain, emerged as his most popular work.

Having plundered Greek myth in *Life in the Clouds*, Brougham shifted his focus to an American myth, the romanticizing of Pocahontas’ encounter with her English colonizers, as dramatized by an earlier generation of American playwrights untethered by historical fact. In contrast to the handful of tunes featured in *Met-a-mora*, the musical score to *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas*, arranged by James G. Maeder, comprised more than a third of the piece, including melodies from grand opera, sentimental ballads, minstrelsy and folk songs. From 1856 until 1884 *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas* remained the most produced burlesque afterpiece in New York and theatres throughout the country. Brougham reprised the role of Powhatan, father of the title character, throughout his career, most notably during his 1856 management of the Bowery, as part of his July 1860 American farewell engagement at Wallack’s, and during his brief time as producer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1869, placing him in the pantheon of Mitchell and Burton as the third and last of the great burlesque artists of the era.

Rejoining the acting company at Burton’s New Theatre in late 1857, Brougham performed the title role in his “new and audaciously original historico-plagiaristic, antenational, pre-patriotic, and omni-local confusion of circumstances, running through two acts and four centuries” entitled *Columbus el Filibustero!!* In his third best-known work after *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas* and *Met-a-mora*, Brougham continued to employ many devices from his mythological extravaganzas: anachronisms in speech and action, historical incongruities, and satirical jabs at contemporary issues.
But Brougham’s choice of title, equating Columbus’ fifteenth-century expedition with the nineteenth-century “freebooters” fomenting insurrections in Latin America, indicates somberness beneath the antic humor. Laurence Hutton writes, “While Po-Ca-Hon-Tas inspires nothing but laughter, Columbus excites sympathy, and oftentimes has moved his audiences to the verge of tears…” (Hutton, “Curiosities” 170) Pat M. Ryan notes the text “comprises psychobarometers of the comedian’s own moods – alternately detached, perplexed and anguished – as the democratic ideal disintegrated into bloody sectional conflict and endured a tormented aftermath.” (Ryan, “Mirror” 150) These unsettling shifts are mirrored in the musical score, early scenes deploying operatic parodies to ridicule the greed of the Spanish court, while the final tableau climaxes with an unadulterated rendition of “Hail Columbia,” the curtain descending upon the ensemble singing: “United be/From sea to sea/The home of Peace and Liberty!”

Brougham returned to Wallack’s for two seasons beginning October 1858, appearing in the title role of Neptune's Defeat; or, The Seizure of the Seas, his mythological extravaganza written to capitalize on the public fascination with the recent laying of the Atlantic cable. The plot concerns the distress of Neptune, an Ancient Fogie, as he contemplates the plan of Electros, a Modern Innovator, to unite in marriage Columbia and St. George, the symbolic representatives of America and England. The action is divided into two acts and seven scenes, its musical score containing eleven selections utilizing sources as varied as an English air by Charles Didbin, a Scottish folk song, and melodies from Bellini’s Norma and Auber’s Masaniello.

Residing in England during the Civil War, Brougham returned to New York in October 1865 to discover an altered theatrical landscape. Spurning American
audiences’ infatuation with the ballet spectacle of *The Black Crook* and Lydia Thompson’s feminization of burlesque, Brougham invented and imported new theatrical forms including *Little Nell and the Marchioness* (1867), considered by many modern critics as the first book musical, and *The Dramatic Review of 1868*, a series of sketches and songs satirizing the previous theatrical season, often cited as the earliest revue staged in the United States.

Brougham revisited the musical burlesque once more with *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice*, premiering 8 March 1869 at his Fifth Avenue Theatre. Transposing the plot of *Merchant* to contemporary Wall Street, the author inserted numerous satirical references to graft, financial speculation, and political chicanery. The score includes eleven songs, featuring musical sources as varied as Donizetti’s *L’elisir d’amore* and Auber’s *Gustavas the Third* to popular tunes of the day including Charles Glover’s “Jeanette and Jeannot.” The most unusual pairing of text and musical source occurs in the second scene as Shylock, played by Brougham, laments the disappearance of Jessica in a “Cantata Disconsolata,” singing “Oh! Tubal dear, did you not hear/The news that’s going around” to the traditional Irish melody of “The Wearing of the Green.” Structuring his narrative in four scenes, Brougham places all musical numbers in the first two, slowly leaching music and merriment from the text until the final scene in which Portia, the sole non-singing character of the ensemble, delivers her “quality of mercy” oration as a spoken aria, refashioned by Brougham as a stinging indictment of the Gilded Age.
III. Musical Methodology

The published text of *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas* identifies the musical sources for six songs; in his article Brooks cites nineteen additional titles; in my preliminary research I discovered one. To find appropriate musical settings for the fourteen remaining texts, I engaged in an extended search through the sheet music collections of the Library of Congress and several other institutions, perusing vocal material from the twenty years preceding the 1855 premiere of *Po-Ca-Hon-Tas*. My search criteria involved two requirements: songs needed to have originally featured lyrics that strongly resembled the structure and scansion of Brougham’s texts, as well as melodic and harmonic elements mirroring the tone of the dramatic moment (romantic, heroic, tragic or mirthful) in which the song occurs. In many instances I was able to select a group of songs that so nearly resembled the rhythms and personality of Brougham’s texts, they fulfilled the lyricist’s intentions with only slight alterations in the melodic line, consisting usually of a few repeated notes or additional passing tones. In other instances I utilized what I refer to as “imperfect” sources, usually songs with melodic cells corresponding to key phrases in Brougham’s parody texts that could be freely adapted and expanded into sixteen or thirty-two measure song structures.

The vocal lines and piano score were directly transcribed from the published music sheets, as were phrasing, articulation and tempo markings. Where appropriate to Brougham’s dramatic employment of the song material, I also preserved dynamic markings. In extended pieces where the humor is derived from a character abruptly changing moods with the beginning of each new song (e.g. Pocahontas’ “International Scena”), I provided the shortest possible transition to accomplish any required shift of...
key. In extended pieces for a number of soloists (e.g. the “Grand Scena Perturbato”), I provided slightly longer transitions between songs to allow for a shifting of the stage tableau. I maintained wherever possible the period tradition of appending a four-measure instrumental coda to the end of a musical piece. This, combined with the instrumental introduction, provides a frame to the musical selection, heightening its artificial intrusion into the dramatic scene and contributing to the presentational nature of the larger piece.

Finally, I transposed the entire score to reflect the voice ranges of the original performers in the 1855 premiere. Georgina Hodson, who created the title role, began her career as an actress, dancer and singer. Characterized alternately as a mezzo and contralto, she focused her later career on operatic work, celebrated for her portrayals of Cherubino in Mozart’s *Le nozze di Figaro* and Pieroto in Donizetti’s *Linda di Chamounix*. Although Charles M. Walcot, who originated the role of John Smith at the age of forty, had gravitated to largely non-singing roles by 1855, he was acclaimed early in his career for performing the baritone roles of Lord Allcash in Auber’s *Fra Diavolo* and Dandini in Rossini’s *La Cenerentola*.

Brougham, who played the role of Powhatan, is reputed to have had a pleasant baritone voice, compensating for any lack of technique with his charming and gregarious stage manner. During the autumn of 1848, during his first season as an actor at Burton’s Chambers Street Theatre, he sang the role of Count Almaviva in four performances of *Le nozze di Figaro*. To differentiate between the two baritones, I have scored Smith, the romantic lead, as a high lyric baritone; and Powhatan, who is assigned several patter songs, as a baritone in the middle to lower range.

---

Note that Pocahontas confirms “I’m not a soprano” in the second stanza of “My Love is Like a Raging Hot Volcano,” her love duet with John Smith.
There is no biographical information available to indicate if Charles Peters, the actor who originated the role of Rolff, had previous experience in the musical theatre or what his voice type may have been. I have chosen to score his role as a comic tenor to both underline his character of the buffoonish suitor and to provide a contrast to the baritone voices of the two male leads. There is some textual evidence in Act II, Scene I to support this choice as Pocahontas, trying to resist Rolff’s advances, reprimands the members of the pit orchestra for failing to protect her: “I cannot call you men, or/You’d out-shout the treble baseness of his tenor!” (Brougham, Po-Ca-Hon-Tas 24)10

---

10 Unless otherwise noted, all quotations from the text of Po-Ca-Hon-Tas, utilize the original punctuation and typography from the 1855 published script. Especially important is the use of italics with which Brougham indicated his puns.
IV. Transcription Challenges

A thorough documentation of my process, the identifying, transcribing and arranging of forty wildly diverse pieces into a cohesive and coherent piano-vocal score, would require an article many times the recommended length of this white paper. Each of the forty songs comprising the score are worthy of several paragraphs, in how they reveal the variety and richness of American musical and theatrical culture in the mid-nineteenth century, and how they were refashioned and repurposed by Brougham’s brilliant and subversive wit. In choosing to focus this central section of the paper on describing six of the transcription issues that proved to be most unusual or perplexing, I hope this information will inspire and aid any future scholars wishing to unlock the musical mysteries of other burlesques.

A. In five of the six instances where Brougham identified his musical sources, the task of transcription presented few challenges. The three songs that constitute the opening selections of the score, all assigned to King Powhatan, feature simple melodies and mildly clever wordplay, allowing Brougham the performer to establish a tone of lightness and charm for the entertainment to follow. “As we’re going on a train” (15), a sixteen-measure parody of the simplistic “Pop Goes the Weazle,” is most likely included at the end of the penultimate scene not to provide textual or musical interest but to cover a set change.11 In “Although a bird am I” (17), a parody text for vocal trio set to Louis-Antoine Jullien’s melodically and harmonically sophisticated “Prima Donna Waltz,” Brougham eschews complexity by separating the three voices, assigning each to distinct verses. It is only “Hark ‘tis the ingine bell” (16a), a contrapuntal choral piece,

11 Numbers in parentheses following song titles refer to the ordering system Brooks employs in his article and which I have retained in my Table of Songs and Sources.
that poses a challenge to the transcriber as its visual arrangement in the published script offers little clue as to Brougham’s intention of word-setting.

“Hark” opens the final scene in which the chorus, assembled in the town square to await the appearance of Powhatan and Smith, hear the signal of an arriving train. The music is borrowed from English composer Henry Bishop’s “Hark! tis the Indian Drum,” his 1845 setting of a four-line text by I. R. Planche:

Hark, ‘tis the Indian drum
The woods and rocks around
Echo the warlike sound
(They come, they come, they come)

Bishop’s setting is a round for three voices consisting of a twelve-measure verse containing five musical phrases. The round is sung five times, its contrapuntal structure growing increasingly complex with each repetition of verse and addition of voice. Brougham may have viewed this accruing of melodic material as an opportunity to provide additional text as his eight-line stanza reads:

Hark, ‘tis the ingine bell,
Look out for the locomotive
We off the track must go.
Though
His majesty is rather slow.
He must be how come you so,
With Smith’s New England rum:
The rum, the rum, &c., &c.,

As the published script fails to indicate how to place these eight lines over the five musical phrases of each verse, I was forced to exercise artistic license. In selecting which lines should fill the opening verse, I ruled out two problematic lines: “Look out for the locomotive” as its feminine cadence fit none of Bishop’s musical phrases; and “He must be how come you so” as its confusing meaning seemed better placed in the cacophony of a later verse. Thus I was left with a first verse:
Hark 'tis the ingine bell
We off the track must go
Though his majesty is rather slow
With Smith’s New England rum
The rum, the rum, the rum, etc.

With the entrance of another voice in the second verse, I introduced the remaining lines into that stanza, sequencing them in relation to the repeated first stanza to suggest if not quite a linear conversation, at least a playful repartee of internal rhyme (indicated by syllables in bold font):

Voice 1:
Hark ‘tis the ingine bell
We off the track must **go**
**Though** his majesty is rather **slow**
With Smith’s New England rum
The rum, etc.

Voice 2:
Hark ‘tis the ingine bell
Look out for the **locomotive**
He must be how come you **so**,
With Smith’s New England rum
The rum, etc.

It is my hope that this arrangement of text in the first two verses allows the lyric to be understood by the first-time listener and assists in clarifying the opening action of the scene.12

B. In matching Brougham’s texts to the nineteen pieces of source material identified by Brooks, the most unusual challenge occurred in responding to one of the playwright’s stage directions. In the first scene of the second act, Rolff, Pocahontas’ bumbling Dutch suitor, attempts to woo the Indian princess by warbling “Like the Tyrolean singers, so gallant and gay” (13). The song consists of three stanzas set to “Tyroler sing lustig,” a popular song by Austrian composer Jakob Haibl (1762-1826). Brougham indicates that each verse is followed by “an exhibition of tracheotomous gymnastics, which must be heard to be properly appreciated.” (Brougham, Po-Ca-

---

12 A similar challenge is posed by the textual layout of “Quartette” (14a-c), a medley of three short texts in which the lyrics of the second and third are separated into distinct lines and alternated with one another.
Hon-Tas 23) For these three interludes I borrowed notated examples of Swiss and Tyrolean yodeling from Ignaz Moscheles’ *The Tyrolean Melodies*, an 1827 anthology of songs performed by the celebrated Rainer family.

C. To the list of twenty-five musical sources identified by Brougham and Brooks, I was able to provide one additional title. My method of musicological sleuthing in this instance consisted of familiarizing myself with Brougham’s technique of replacing a few letters within a poetic line to create a new phrase, as he demonstrated in transforming “Tis the last rose of summer” into “Tis a hard blow to suffer.” After considerable toying with countless permutations of its first line, I discovered that “Oh, some are right,” the aria sung by Pocahontas in the final scene, was a parody of “Oh, summer night,” the title of the English adaptation of “Com’è gentil la note,” Ernesto’s aria from *Don Pasquale*, published in 1846, three years after the premiere of Donizetti’s opera.

D. “Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn” (12a), Pocahontas’ aria from Act II, Scene I, is the one instance where my research led me to utilize a musical source different from the one identified by Brooks. As illustrated in the example below (in which I indicate the stressed beats of the first stanza in bold font), the text is constructed in a triplet rhythm:

```
Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,
No more hear the soul-stirring cry of “hot corn,”
I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,
“Crushed out” as I am by my Pa’s cruelty.
```

Focusing on the reference to “hot corn” in the second line, Brooks identifies the source material as “Little Katy, or Hot Corn,” an 1853 song by lyricist James Simmonds
and composer A. Sedgwick which is composed in 4/4 meter. Acknowledging the incompatibility of the triplet rhythm of the “Aurora” text with the duple meter of Sedgwick’s music, Brooks suggests Brougham’s verses “point up how vapid the tune is and how unimportant is its relationship to the text.” (Brooks 36) Providing a musical transcription of the two settings, Brooks illustrates how Sedgwick’s melody places stresses on many non-operative words:

Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,  
No more hear the soul-stirring cry of “hot corn,”  
I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,  
“Crushed out” as I am by my Pa’s cruelty.

I argue that Brooks, in his focusing exclusively on the “hot corn” reference, overlooks several crucial clues in the third and final stanza:

And oh! if I’m forced like poor DINAH, to die  
By going, and taking a cup of cold pyzon, no VILLIKINS will I leave her to deplore,  
That this child should behold bright Aurora no more.14

Brougham refers here to “Villikins and his Dinah,” a British ballad popularized in 1853 by English comedian Frederick Robson, which tells the story of Villikins, a wealthy merchant, who attempts to force his daughter Dinah into an unwanted marriage, an obvious parallel to Powhatan’s insistence Pocahontas wed Rolff.15 Dinah’s story ends tragically as Villikins discovers the body of the daughter who has poisoned herself:

As Villikins was walking the garden around,  
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground;

---

13 Solon Robinson’s *Hot Corn: Life Scenes in New York Illustrated*, an 1854 short story collection chronicling the interconnected lives of the poor and downtrodden in the Five Points slum, inspired many plays and songs during its brief frenzy of popularity.  
14 Capitalization and italics are copied directly from Brougham’s manuscript.  
15 In some published editions the father’s name is spelled as “Vilikiins.” American audiences know the song’s melody as “Sweet Betsy from Pike” in which the lyric dramatizes the plight of a pioneer couple.
And a cup of cold pizen it lay by her side,  
With a billet-doux stating ‘twas by pizen she died.

Though he has slightly altered the spelling, one notes Brougham’s quotation of “a cup of cold pizen,” further establishing a link between the two texts. Most important, the music to “Villikins” is composed in 3/4 meter, accommodating perfectly the structure and scansion of the “Aurora” text.

This felicitous wedding of meter, music and subject matter proves problematic as Brooks identifies (correctly, I believe) “Villikins” as the source material for “It is of a French actress I’m going to tell,” (6) placed earlier in the piece. One questions Brougham’s twice employing a piece of musical material in the same burlesque. Noting that John Smith sings seven verses of “It is of a French actress…” in the first scene leads one to doubt Brougham forcing his audience to endure another three verses of the same melody two scenes later.

Determined to find an appropriate musical setting for the “Aurora” text, I was reminded of Brougham’s fondness for embellishing certain song titles with whimsical descriptions that spoofed the Italian markings found in opera scores, such as his designating the first act finale “Affettuoso.– Furioso.-e Conglomeroso.” Returning to the published text of Pocahontas’ “Aurora” aria, I noticed its “Hibernoso affettuosamente” subtitle, “Hibernoso” a parody of “Hibernian,” meaning anything relating to, or characteristic of Ireland or the Irish.

Inspired to research Irish melodies of the early and mid-nineteenth century, I discovered a wealth of songs employing the same stanza length, rhyme scheme and scansion of “Aurora.” Particularly effective in capturing its elegiac tone was “The Green Bushes,” first published in 1827 as “The False Lover.” The song gained enormous
popularity and a new title in 1845 when British actor Fanny Fitzwilliam performed it in William Buckstone’s *The Green Bushes, or, A Hundred Years Ago* at London’s Adelphi Theatre.

E. Searching for compatible musical sources to pair with the remaining unidentified texts, I was able in two cases to discover period songs requiring only minor alterations to accommodate Brougham’s parody lyrics. Upon realizing that “Grab away, while you may” (6), in which Smith and his soldiers justify their plan to exploit the spoils of the New World, was actually a hymn to political corruption, I began to research religious music of the period, discovering a hymn entitled “Speed Away!” which shared the structure of Brougham’s parody text:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grab away</th>
<th>Speed away!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>While you may</td>
<td>Speed away,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In this game, luck is all,</td>
<td>Over mountain and sea,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And the prize</td>
<td>To the hearts,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempting lies</td>
<td>That are waiting,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the rich City Hall.</td>
<td>And welcome for thee;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Composed in ABC form, I.F Woodbury’s setting of “Speed Away!” required only a slight expansion to ABAC form to comfortably accommodate Brougham’s text. As part of my research on the religious music of Brougham’s period, I was fortunate to discover a four-part male choir (TTBB) arrangement of “Speed Away!” which I have drawn upon extensively in my transcription of “Grab away.”

As Rolff’s paean to Pocahontas, “Oh peutivool girl” (12b), consists of four stanzas, each containing four lines of equal length, its traditional poetic structure was adaptable to a considerable number of musical settings. Among this group, I was especially interested in “There’s a Sigh in the Heart,” an 1853 song featuring text and

---

16 “Peutivool” is Rolff’s Dutch mispronunciation of “beautiful.”
music by Anne Fricker, a rare example from this period of a published female composer. A comparison of the opening stanzas of the Brougham and Fricker texts immediately indicated their common meter:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brougham</th>
<th>Fricker</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oh peutivool girl, Mein prave Indian bearl, Love runs like a squirrel Meine heart up and down.</td>
<td>There’s a sigh in the heart, Tho’ the lip may be gay, When we think of the land, The land far away</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Examining the structures of Brougham’s lyric and Fricker’s music revealed the possibility of a deeper symbiosis. Brougham constructs “Oh peutivool girl” in ABAB form: the A stanzas steeped in amorous sentiment, the B stanzas slightly petulant. Fricker constructs her musical setting in ABACA form: the A sections in E-flat major, the B section in B-flat major, the C section in C minor. Setting Rolff’s assertive second B stanza (“But you mustn’t be freezy”) to Fricker’s C section with its severe shift to the relative minor underscores Rolff’s mercurial and dictatorial nature. Also, in choosing to maintain Fricker’s five-part structure and require Rolff to conclude the song with a repetition of his first A stanza, this comic character is allowed to indulge in a da capo verse, ornamenting such ridiculous lines as “Love runs like a squirrel” with the requisite bel canto embellishments.

F. Setting “The Characteristic Concerted Piece” (18a-e), the penultimate musical selection of the score, posed several challenges. Unlike multi-section pieces occurring earlier in the work which focus on conflicting emotions within one character (Pocahontas’ “International Scena”) or between characters (the “Grand Scena

---

17 Little biographical information is available on Fricker, also known by her married name, Anne Mogford. An English poetess and composer born in 1820, she published forty songs during her career. There is no record as to the year of her death.
Peturbato”), a good deal of dramatic action occurs in the five short texts which constitute the piece: Powhatan and Smith engage in a game of cards, the winner to decide if Smith is allowed to marry Pocahontas; Pocahontas and Chorus pray to Edmond Hoyle for divine intervention; Smith wins the game and proposes to Pocahontas; Powhatan admits defeat as the Chorus cheers.

As Brooks had identified only one of the five musical sources (the stanza in which Smith proposes), it was my task to provide settings for the remaining four texts. The opening moments of the two men sparring over the card table in a rollicking triple rhythm (“Now for a jolly encounter”) set comfortably on a 6/8 dance by Meyerbeer. My research next introduced me to Karl Meister, the pseudonym of Charles Godfrey Leland (1824 –1903), American humorist, writer, and folklorist, whose mid-century patter songs anticipate the work of Gilbert and Sullivan. The simple repeated-note melodies of Meister’s “The Rhinoceros” offered a flexibility accommodating all three of the remaining texts. I believe this sharing of musical material lends a structural unity to the larger medley, bringing an ordered sense of closure to the resolution of Brougham’s narrative.
V. Presentation to a Contemporary Audience

The revival of a work more than 150 years old is bound to contain dated and objectionable elements. Four of the forty songs in the score contain lyrics and ideas inappropriate for modern viewers: two borrowing source material from minstrelsy retain racially offensive language, two engage period stereotypes of the Native American. Where possible I offer alternative lyrics or deletions of phrases or verses to remove the objectionable material without sacrificing cohesion of the narrative or musical fabric.

A. “Tis a hard blow to suffer” (12c) includes a reference to “firewater,” part of the vocabulary associated with the myth of pervasive Native American drunkenness and its implication of the inferiority of that race. One might consider removing the image of liquor from the line with a phrase like “no glass of water nigh.”

B. Because “In our cane breaks of an afternoon” (12d) features repeated use of “coon,” one could easily delete this short song and conclude the medley with the Powhatan’s “Tis a hard blow to suffer.” But as the subject matter of the problematic song bears no connection to the medley or the larger plot, one might consider replacing it with any spirited minstrel song devoid of offensive language. This would serve Brougham’s intention of the fourth and final song of the medley functioning as a comic non-sequitur in which the three principals break from the melancholy of their respective arias and engage in a presentational moment of light-hearted entertainment.

C. In the first line of the previously discussed “Hark ‘tis the ingine bell” (16a), Brougham employs the archaic “ingine” instead of the more contemporary “engine” to create a pun on “injun,” the derogatory term for Native American. Depending upon one’s interpretation of the unusual accretion of words in the second half of Brougham’s stanza,
one might believe Powhatan’s delay is due to consumption of rum, echoing the earlier problematic reference to “firewater.”

It would be unfortunate to delete this musical selection from the score as it serves three valuable purposes: it imbues the beginning of the final scene with an exciting martial rhythm; it offers the chorus, largely relegated to unison singing in most of the score, its sole opportunity to harmonize in contrapuntal textures; it establishes a striking contrast to the introspective quality of “Oh, some are right,” Pocahontas’ aria which immediately follows. My hope is that a stage director or conductor leading a presentation of Po-Ca-Hon-Tas might discover a way to modify some of the objectionable language in this particular musical selection to allow it to remain in the score.

D. “Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge” (18e) is the last example of sung text containing objectionable language, in this case a reference to “coon” in the first of its four lines. This is coupled with a lesser problem of comprehensibility in the fourth line with the reference to “say Jack Robinson,” an obscure phrase meaning “to cry uncle.”

Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge, I’m a sure gone coon,
I’m dished, and feel exactly like a used-up spoon:
Though I thought the game to play to another sort of tune,
And beat you too, before you’d say Jack Robinson.

Here I would welcome a modern poet of Brougham’s dexterity and wit to create a new stanza, replacing the insensitive and archaic language while retaining the virtuosic quadruple rhyme. This would allow Powhatan to sing the final complete stanza of the medley, maintaining his presence in the dramatic resolution.

Conversely, if an acceptable alternative is not available and the stanza removed, no irreparable harm is inflicted upon the continuity of the narrative or score. Smith’s
words of betrothal to Pocahontas (“Forever if thy hand’s my pay”) at the conclusion of “I’m bound to play all night” (18c) are immediately followed by the ensemble’s celebratory “He’s won the game.” Powhatan’s displacement proves only temporary as moments later he initiates the verse of the final musical selection (“And now we’ve done our duty here”).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brooks #</th>
<th>Script p.</th>
<th>Song title</th>
<th>Character assignment</th>
<th>Source material</th>
<th>Source composer</th>
<th>Trans./Adap.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Act I, Scene I</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Oh! How absurd of people to prate</td>
<td>King, Male Chorus</td>
<td>King of the Cannibal Islands*</td>
<td>British ballad</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Oh, wid a dhudileen I can blow away...</td>
<td>King</td>
<td>Widow Machtree*</td>
<td>Samuel Lover (1843)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Come forward here every rapscallion</td>
<td>King, Male Chorus</td>
<td>Rosin the Bow*</td>
<td>Wm. C. Peters (1850)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4a-b</td>
<td></td>
<td>Grand Scena Complicato</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4a</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>As you are, o</td>
<td>Smith, Male Chorus</td>
<td>Ah! non giunge**</td>
<td>Bellini: La Sonnambula (1831)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4b</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>You’re off the track, and you’d better...</td>
<td>Smith, Female Chorus</td>
<td>Carry Me Back to Old Virginny**</td>
<td>E.P. Christy (arr. 1847)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Grab away, while you may</td>
<td>Smith, Male Chorus</td>
<td>Speed Away!</td>
<td>F.J. Woodbury</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>It is of a French actress I’m going to tell</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Villkirs and His Dinah**</td>
<td>British ballad</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act I, Scene II</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>sing-sing away!</td>
<td>Female Chorus</td>
<td>Softly, Lightly, Sweetly Sing</td>
<td>J.P. Webster (1853)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8a-f</td>
<td></td>
<td>International Scena</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8a</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Sport am I of fortune</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Sorta la notte**</td>
<td>Verdi: Ernani (1844)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8b</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Where the idlers now are shopping</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Massa’s in de Cold Ground**</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1852)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8c</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>All the world seems bright and cheer*</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Old Folks at Home**</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1851)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8d</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Scenes that are brightest</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Scenes that are brightest**</td>
<td>Wm. Vincent Wallace (1845)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8e</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Hope buoys, and carries us on</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Oh! Boys, Carry Me ‘Long**</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1851)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8f</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Oh! Heigh! ho!</td>
<td>Pocahontas, Female Chorus</td>
<td>De Boatman Dance**</td>
<td>Dan Emmett (1843)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>My love is like a raging hot volcano</td>
<td>Smith, Pocahontas</td>
<td>Bell Brandon</td>
<td>Francis Woolcott (1854)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10a-e</td>
<td></td>
<td>Act I Grand Finale</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10a</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>Oh Kiss But Never Tell</td>
<td>Frederick Buckley (1857)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10b</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>I am plucked from fairy bowers</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Descend to Me My Dearest</td>
<td>James G. Maeder (1853)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10c</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Oh! a little outsider too</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>A Little More Cider**</td>
<td>Austin Hart (circa 1852)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10d</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Mr. Smith, you’re in a fix</td>
<td>King</td>
<td>Billy Grimes the Drower</td>
<td>N. C. Morse (1852)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10e</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>It’s all bash and braggin</td>
<td>Smith, Pocahontas, King, Chorus</td>
<td>Wait for the Wagon**</td>
<td>George P. Knauff (1851)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act II, Scene I</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11a-b</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dunto Impetusoso</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11a</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Now Ma’am I have a notion</td>
<td>King, Pocahontas</td>
<td>A Life on the Ocean Wave**</td>
<td>Henry Russell (1838)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11b</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>The prospect is inviting</td>
<td>King, Pocahontas</td>
<td>la ci darem la mano**</td>
<td>Mozart: Don Giovanni (1787)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12a-d</td>
<td></td>
<td>Grand Scena Perturbato</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12a</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>The Green Bushes</td>
<td>Irish melody (1827)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12b</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Oh peutivool girl</td>
<td>Rolff</td>
<td>There’s a Sigh in the Heart</td>
<td>Anne Fricker (1853)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12c</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Tis a hard blow to suffer</td>
<td>King</td>
<td>Fis the Last Rose of Summer**</td>
<td>John Stevenson (arr. 1813)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12d</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>In our came brakes of an afternoon</td>
<td>Rolff, King</td>
<td>Clare de Kitchen**</td>
<td>Minstrel tune (1832)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12e</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant</td>
<td>Rolff</td>
<td>Tyroler sind lustig**</td>
<td>German folk song</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14a-c</td>
<td></td>
<td>Quartette</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14a</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Fill now a flowing glass</td>
<td>King, Smith, Rolff, Pocahontas</td>
<td>Brindisi (Drinking Song)</td>
<td>Verdi: Macbeth (1847)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14b</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>We’ll live, never fear</td>
<td>King, Smith, Rolff, Pocahontas</td>
<td>Old Dog Tray</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1853)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14c</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Poor John Smith is very grateful</td>
<td>King</td>
<td>Old Dog Tray**</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1853)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act II, Scene III</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>As we’re going on a train</td>
<td>Female Chorus</td>
<td>Pop Goes the Weazle*</td>
<td>Anonymous (1852)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16a</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Mark’tis the ingin Bell</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>Mark t’s the Indian drum*</td>
<td>Henry R. Bishop (1845)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16b</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Oh, some are right</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>Oh, summer night***</td>
<td>Donizetti: Don Pasquale (1843)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Although a bird am I</td>
<td>Smith, Pocahontas, King</td>
<td>Prima Donna Waltz*</td>
<td>Louis-Antoine Jullien (1853)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18a-e</td>
<td></td>
<td>Characteristic Concerted Piece</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18a</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Now for a jolly encounter</td>
<td>Chorus, King, Smith</td>
<td>Pantalon (arr. J. Strauss)</td>
<td>Meyerbeer: Dinorah (1859)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18b</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Oh! Mr. Hoyle, all his toil, prithee spoil</td>
<td>Pocahontas</td>
<td>The Rhinoceros</td>
<td>Karl Meister (1855)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18c</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>I’ve won the game</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>The Rhinoceros</td>
<td>Karl Meister (1855)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18d</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>I’m bound to play all night</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Wine to Run All Night**</td>
<td>Stephen Foster (1850)</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18e</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge</td>
<td>King, Smith, Pocahontas, Chorus</td>
<td>The Rhinoceros</td>
<td>Karl Meister (1855)</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>And now we’ve done our duty here (Verse)</td>
<td>King, Smith</td>
<td>King of the Cannibal Islands</td>
<td>British ballad</td>
<td>Transcription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>And now we’ve done our duty here (Refrain)</td>
<td>King, Smith, Chorus</td>
<td>King of the Cannibal Islands</td>
<td>British ballad</td>
<td>Adaptation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Identified by Brougham
**Identified by Brooks
***Identified by Drobny

Italics: Suggested by Drobny
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Dithmar, Edward A. *Memories of Daly's Theatres: With Passing Recollection of Others Including a Record of Plays and Actors at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and Daly's Theatre, 1869–95*. New York, 1897.


Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage
(An Original Aboriginal Erratic Operatic Semi-civilized and Demi-savage Extravaganza)

Libretto: John Brougham
Musical Arranger: James G. Maeder

First performance: 24 December 1855
Wallack’s Lyceum Theatre, New York

Piano-Vocal Score transcribed and adapted by
Christopher Drobny (2019)
1. Oh! How absurd of people to prate

Rollicking moderato

King, Chorus:

Oh!

how ab-surd of peo-ple to prate, A-bout their might-y Kings so great, They'd o-pen their eyes to see the state of the

King of the Tusca-ro-ra's.  As hap-py is he as King can be, For

from his Pal-ace he can see, The whole of his sub-jects mer-ry and free, So he takes his pipe con-tent-ed-ly,
Sing - ing, Smo - king, jok - ing Pow - ha - tan, To - bac - co it is _ the so - lace of man, So let us puff as long as we can, The King of the Tus-ca - ro - ra's.
2. Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care

Sportively, but not too fast

Oh, hone, wid a dhudieen! Black thoughts and blue dev-ils all melt in-to air, Oh, hone!

wid a dhudieen! If you're short an- y day, Or a note have to pay, And you don't know the way, To come
out of it clean, From your head and your heart You can make it de-part, Oh, hone! wid a dhu-dieen.

cline at your ease, Oh, hone! wid a dhu dieen! Shut your eyes and i mag-ine what plea-sures you please,

dreams with out sleep, All your sen-ses to steep, While you're play-ing bo-peep Through each
2. Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care

fair - y - like scene, Un - dis - turbed, I de - clare, By a sing - le night - mare, Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

truly con - tent, Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen! What the rest of the world does I don't care a cent,

Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen! Let some folks de - sire, To set riv - ers on fire, While some oth - ers ad - mire, To run
"wid de ma-chine," I've am-bi- tion e-nough, Just to sit here and puff, Oh, hone! wid a dhu-dieen!

- - -- -
3. Come forward here every rapscallion

Allegretto

Verse #1: Come forward here every rapscallion, And spread your-selves out in a row, While I ask that harmonious Italian La Man-na to ro-sin his

Verse #2: Wake up, Mister Trombone and Trumpet, And give us a jolly good blow, Like steam-engines out you must pump it, La Man-na will ro-sin his
3. Come forward here every rapscallion.

Chorus:

La Man-n-a, come ro-sin your bow, oh, La Man-n-a, pray ro-sin your bow,

We bow.

La Man-n-a, come ro-sin your bow, oh, La Man-n-a, pray ro-sin your bow,

We bow.

Man na, come ro sin your bow, oh, La Man na, pray ro sin your bow,

We bow, oh, La Man na, come ro sin your bow,

Fid dle, And

M y

F r iend of the side drum and

K ett le, Be

Chap with the blaz ing big f id dle, And

Verse #3: You

Verse #4: My friend of the side drum and ket tle, Be
you with the small one also, keep your eye on the man in the middle, La Man-na will ro-sin his sure, and don't spare your elbow, But give us a thun-der-ing rattle, La Man-na will ro-sin his

Chorus:

Bow, oh, La Man-na, come ro-sin your bow, oh, La Man-na, pray ro-sin your bow, We

Bow, oh, La Man-na, come ro-sin your bow, oh, La Man-na, pray ro-sin your bow, We

Ain't got no forte piano, Old bees-wax, come ro-sin your bow.

Ain't got no forte piano, Old bees-wax, come ro-sin your bow.
3. Come forward here every rapscallion
4. Grand Scena Complicato

4a. As you are, o

4b. You're off the track, and you'd better go back

Allegro moderato

Smith:

As you are, o
The great cigar, o
And high top loco,
Among these folk o
It is but fair, o
I should declare, o
What brought me here o
'Tis easy told. You know my
4. Grand Scena Complicato

Chorus:

name o. Came o, impelled by fame o. Or all the same o, The subtle flame o. The brilliant game, o, Man's only aim, o, To hunt up gold.

Go it, Smith.

Allegro moderato

You're off the track, and you'd better go back, The
gold-en dream is o'er; So or-der your hack and car-ry your pack From old Vir-gin-ny's shore. Oh...
5. Grab away, while you may

Liltlingly religioso

Smith, Chorus:

Tenor

Lead

Bari

Bass

Grab a-way While you may In this game, luck is all, And the prize Tempt-ing lies In the rich City Hall. Grab a-way While you may; For they say under Sam Holds the "puss" And the "cuss" Is as mild as a lamb. Grab a-way While you may Ev’ry day there’s a "job" It’s a fact By con-tract All in-tact you may rob. Grab a-way While you may; For the pay nev-er fear. Just-ice winks Aye, and blinks From the dust I scat-tered here. (Grab a-way, grab a-way.)
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell

Verse #1 It is of a French actress I'm going to tell, As came to America and her name it was Rachel, To play in deep tragedies, both new ones and old, All for to make a fortune in silver and gold. Singing self "I am just the right fellow to manage these Yankees uncommonly well." Singing

Smith:

Verse #2 Now she had a handsome brother, and his name it was Felix, Who thought he was posted in playhouse politics, For said he to himself...
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell

Verse #3 "Oh," says he, "in the news-pa-pers I'll come it strong, All a-bout the fine corps as I'm

Verse #4 "When the pub-lic I've told the tre-men-dous ex-pense, They'll think that the pri-ces are a-

Chorus: Sing-ing to la lol lar ol lal to ral lal lal.
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell

fotch-in' a long. They'll cost me some five-thousand dollars a night, And to see so much

gain to be immense, Twenty-five dollars a ticket at least they must be. They'll jump out of their

skins when they find they're only Three! Singing to la lol la rol lal to ral lal la.

Chorus:

Sing-ing
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell

Smith:

Verse #5 Well, the doors they were o-pened, and the folks they walked
to la lol lar ol lal to ral lal la.

Verse #6 As the news-pers told him, the peo-ple flocked in, Think of Fel-ix's feel-inks, the do-mus was thin, And it must be con-fessed that he
more, And ev'-ry one bought a French play-book at the door, With their eyes on their books and their
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell

looked rather blue, When instead of Three dollars he had to take Two. Singing to la lol

ears on the stage, They thought they were seeing Rachel I'll engage. Singing to la lol

la lol la lol la.

la lol la lol la.

Chorus: Singing to la lol lar ol lar to ral la.

Verse #7 Now

Smith:
all you nice folks as are fond of a play, And like to be amused in a sensible way, Don't you be deluded by fashion's sheep bell, But come here where our language you understand well. Singing to la lol la rol lal to ral lal la.

Sing-ing to la lol
6. It is of a French actress I'm going to tell
7. Sing-sing away!

Moderato con spirito

Female Chorus:

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Schools, but prisons are they say,

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

We'll have a singing holiday.

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!

Sing-sing away!  Sing-sing away!
We'll have a sing-sing holiday.

7. Sing-sing away!
8. International Scena

8a. Sport am I of fortune
8b. Where the idlers now are shopping
8c. All the world seems bright and cheery
8d: Scenes that are brightest
8e: Hope buoys, and carries us on
8f: Oh! Heigh! ho!

Andante sostenuto

Sport am I of Fortune, no kind soul near to cheer me
I'm on the verge of despair; Where can I turn me for
comfort! Whence seek for sigh sympa-thetic? Ah! me un-hap-py!

Most un-
hap-py! But my heart it will re-lieve,

O, To sing from Her-

na-ni This re-cita-ti-vo!

morendo

Poco lento

8. International Scena
Where the idlers now are shopping
In gay Fashion's round
And at Banks, that are not stopping,
You can hear the cold gold sound.
All the world seems bright and cheery.

But sometimes 'tis mock,
Oh! dark his lot who deals with Erie,

For it's a fluctuating stock.

stop ping, You can hear the cold gold sound. All the world seems bright and cheery
Scenes that are brightest

No one can trust

When money's tightest

Look to your dust.

Moderato

Hope buoys, and carries us on

Carries us on through our days,

Carries us on like the pepper upon

"Massachusetts Bays,"

a tempo
Heigh! ho! Where is that beau, Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago.

Oh! what a beau, What? a beau? Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.

Heigh! ho! Where is that beau, Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago.

Oh! what a beau, What? a beau? Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.
9. My love is like a raging hot volcano

My love is like a raging hot volcano,
Ve- su-vius in a fit of indi-ges-tion,
And if you are so cruel as to say "no,"
Insane, oh! I should be without a ques-tion.

Such vol-
canic af-fec-tion 'were just as well
You'd keep, a lit-tle pian-o,
That too
burning a-mount would a Cinder-el-la make me, and I'm not a sop-ra-no. No, I'm not a sop-ra-no.

But where's the use of jest-ing Or pro-test-ing? With

Smith:

you this u-nion nev-er can take place. 'Tis vain my claim ar-rest-ing Or con-test-ing, To
9. My love is like a raging hot volcano

Both:

gain you, ev'ry record I'll efface.

Such an event must amusing be,

We have no fear in asserting.

For changing the current of his story

Would certainly be diverting.

Certainly be diverting!
10. Act I Grand Finale

10a. Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark

10b. I am plucked from fairy bowers

10c. Oh! A little outsider too

10d. Mr. Smith, you're in a fix

10e. It's all bosh and braggin

Come, let us now put out this spark,
Come, let us raise a jolly row,
And like the dogs of war, bow, wow.
Moderato con passione

I am

plucked from fairy bowers, I am in misfortune's showers. Quite enough to wet a fellow through, Without an umbrella too. Oh! I love this old man's daughter,

Though in-scrutable I've thought her, As the song of Hiawatha, Writ by Longfellow

Smith:
Act I - Grand Finale

32 low.

32 a tempo

37 Andante Grazioso

37 little outsider too, little outsider view, little outsider,

42 Alla marcia

42 your own child Appeals dear dad, to you.

47 King:

47 Mister Smith, you're in a fix With your Don Giovanni tricks. But
though you think yourself so much the dandy, I will bet you two to one.

You're almost as good as gone, For I'll use you up just like a stick of candy, O.

Chorus:

It's all bosh and braggin'
All bosh and
Act I - Grand Finale

brag-gin
All bosh and brag-gin That you'll find, old "hoss."
Wait for the waggon,

Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, and you'll soon catch "goss."

---

67
11. Duetto Impetuoso
11a. Now Ma'am I have a notion
11b. The prospect is inviting

Vivace $\frac{8}{4}$

Ma'am I have a notion, You can no longer rave, This son of the ocean, oh shun, A

home on the salt sea, waive. Your child, you thus may seize sir, But sure as the seas are
blue, I shall soon be rescued, sir, From you and your cruel crew.

The prospect is inviting, Thus all my love requiring, Of

temper, you will find I have a share. Since you're bent on

fighting, Thus all my prospects blighting, I won't give in an atom,
41  I declare,

41  I declare.
12. Grand Scena Perturbato
12a. Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn
12b. Oh peutivoool girl
12c. 'Tis a hard blow to suffer
12d. In our cane breaks of an afternoon

Slowly

Pocahontas:

Au - ro - ra, no more will I hail thy first dawn, No

more hear the soul-stirring cry of "hot corn," I have nothing to do now, but languish and die, "Crushed

out" as I am by my Pa's cruelty.

But I'm
not so domestic a thing, on my life As ever to be yon brown Hollander's wife. No,

rather than that, a deep hole I would bore In my heart, and behold bright Aurora no more.

And oh! if I'm forced like poor Dinah, to die By

going, and taking a cup of cold pynzon, No Vilkins will I leave here to deplore, That this
child should behold bright Aurora no more.

Allegretto

Oh, - peu - ti vool girl, Mein - prave In - di - an

bearl, Love - runs like a squirrel Meine heart up and down.

oh_ don't_ look so freez - y_ Un eez y_ and breez - y_ Meine
vrow you must be see In spite of your vrown. Oh,

peu ti vool cree ter, I'd fling at your feet your. Audacious be -

seech - er, Now bob - bin bob-bin a - round. But you must n't be

freez - y, Un - eas y or - breez - y, Meine vrow you must be see in
spite of your frown. Oh, peu - ti vool girl, Mein -

prave In di an hearl. Love - runs like a squirrel Meine heart up and

down, up and down, up and down.

'Tis a hard blow to suffer When sad and all a-
lone, Some poor aged buffer sits by his hearthstone. No

flour in his kitchen, No firewater nigh, His com-

plexion to nourish By a drop in his eye

plexion to nourish By a drop in his eye

In our cane breaks of an afternoon, We
sometimes go for to hunt the coon, And from experience I declare He ain't an easy bird to snare. Oh! Clar's his action, Old coon, sly coon, Clar's his action, Old coon, sly coon, Old Virginia never tire.
13. Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant and gay

Like the Tyrolean singers, so

Gal-lant and gay, I'll sing you a song in the Tyrolean way, Fol de dol, de dol

Lay it's a very fine day, It doesn't much matter you know what I say.

Dia doi doi, dia doi doi, dia doi doi, dia doi doi
13. Like the Tyrolean singers

... Like the Tyrolean singers...
And then for mein pipe I'd Vesuvius fill full Of kanaster and

through a pine tree take a pull And after that, perhaps, for fear of mishaps, I'd

toss down Niagara Falls for mein schnapps. Dia doi doi dia doi doi
Like the Tyrolese singers
14. Quartette
14a. Fill now a flowing glass
14b. We'll live, never fear
14c. Poor John Smith is very grateful

Andante, con Espressione

Fill now a flowing glass
We would, without doubt, sir.
But as we've...
none, a-las! We must do without, sir. We'll live, never fear, In harmony here, As lazy as monks in a cloister. Both

soft shells and hard We here disregard, So we get our fair share of the oyster.
Poor John Smith is very grateful. Grief he's not now troubled with. He's gentle and resigned, And- - - - -
solved to go it blind. Oh, what a fool is poor John Smith! What a fool is poor John Smith!
15. As we're going on a train

Female Chorus:

As we're going on a train

We must see and load a Ham-per with the drink of Maine. Pop goes the so-da.

Ham-pered thus, no In-di-an corn Can we now fore-bode, a

Bum-per fill then (in a horn), Pop goes the so-da.
16a. Hark 'tis the ingine bell
(Sung by Full Chorus, divided into three sections)

Voice 1:

Hark 'tis the ingine bell, We off the track must go, Though His

ma-jes-ty is ra-ther slow, With Smith's New Eng-land rum: The

rum, the rum, the rum, the rum.
16a. Hark 'tis the engine bell

Voice 1:

Hark 'tis the engine bell,
Look out for the locomotive!

Voice 2:

Hark 'tis the engine bell,
We off the track must go,
Though His majesty is rather slow,
With Smith's New England rum:
The rum, the rum, the rum, the rum.
Hark! Hark! Hark 'tis the ingine bell,

Hark 'tis the ingine bell, Look out for the loco-mo-

Hark 'tis the ingine bell,______ We off the track must go______ Though His

His ma-jes-ty is ra-ther slow, With Smith's New Eng-land

tive! He must be, how come you so? With Smith's New Eng-land

ma-jes-ty is ra-ther slow, With Smith's New Eng-land rum: The
16a. Hark 'tis the ingine bell

rum: The rum, the rum, the rum, the rum, the rum, the rum, the rum.
16b. Oh, some are right

Pocahontas:

Oh, some are right Who don't invite With-in their

vest So dan-ger-ous a guest, As love that

hies To this abode. And hea- vy lies
16b. Oh, some are right

- Dys-peptic load.  It sets one frying

- sighing.  You can't lodge here, no way,

- 'Twill never pay To let you

- stay.  So love good day, good day, good day, I'm
better off without thee

Verily

And do not care a

Oh, some are right

No, not I.
17. Although a bird am I

Con molto Sentimento

Smith:

Al-though a bird am I,

Although a bird am I

And some-times do get high
A pair of wings are essential things Be-

Oh! dear-est, die I must,
My
17. Although a bird am I

heart, just like pie crust
Is breaking in pieces, only to see How

fowlly my bird is trussed
Smith:

A verse to add, I'm not adverse to,

Though adversity's a curse, so Come what may, fate can't do worse,

(Father!)
17. Although a bird am I

Loose him and let him be my spouse!

Oh, fare well. King:

Not I, such an alliance would be all a lie! On

no account can I run counter to Virginia records which relate to you. I'm very

sor- ry, Smith, but you must die!
18. Characteristic Concerted Piece

18a. Now for a jolly encounter
18b. Oh! Mr. Hoyle
18c. I've won the game
18d. I'm bound to play all night
18e. Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge

Jauntily

Now for a jolly encounter at High, Low, Counterc.

The Queen! A trump! A better! The ten! That's good for my Jack!

Jack, and the Game.
Chorus:
Oh, what a jolly encounter at High, Low,

King, Smith:
A trump! Another! That's low! That's so. And that's the best card in the pack!

Jack, and the Game.
Slowly, Hushed

Pocahontas:

Oh! Mister Hoyle, All his toil Pri-thee spoil.

Chorus:

Master, pray Mind the way - That you play Give him fits.

Exuberantly

Smith: I've
won the game, Up-on my life; And bet-ter still, I've won a wife! At High, Low, Jack, You can-not shine, So take the pack, The maid is mine.

Slightly slower

I'm bound to play all night, I'm bound to play all day; I'll bet my mon-ey on the High, Low, Jack, For-ev-er, if thy hand's my pay.

Freely

bet my mon-ey on the High, Low, Jack, For-ev-er, if thy hand's my pay.

rit.

Slow, poco a poco accel.

Mis-ter Smith, I must ac-know-ledge, I'm a sure gone coon, I'm dished, and feel ex-act-ly like a used up spoon.
Though I thought the game to play to another sort of tune, And beat you too, before you'd say "Jack Robinson."

Chorus:

He

Exuberantly

Pocahontas:

Ah!

won the game, Up-on his life; And better still, he won a wife! At High, Low, Jack, You can-not shine, So

won the game, Up-on his life; And better still, he won a wife! At High, Low, Jack, You can-not shine, So
The maid is Smith:
take the pack, He
won the game, Up on his life; And
better still he won a wife!
take the pack, won the game, Up on his life; And better still he won a wife!
- -
19. And now we've done our duty here

Boisterous Moderato

King:

And now we've done our duty here, We

hope and trust that you'll not fume, or Fail to give a part-ing cheer, But take our bad jokes in good hu-mor.

Tow row row, People will you now,

Take our bad jokes in good hu-mor, Now, now, now.

Good
19. And now we've done our duty here

people all, both great and small, Now, you and your kind friends we want, as Often as you please to call On

Captain Smith and Pocahontas. Tow row row, Leniency allow.

Chorus:

Captain Smith and Pocahontas Now, now, now. Tow row row,

People will you now, Take our bad jokes in good humor, Now, Now,
19. And now we've done our duty here
Appendix:

Po-Ca-Hon-Tas: or, The Gentle Savage
(An Original Aboriginal Erratic Operatic Semi-civilized and Demi-savage Extravaganza)

Libretto: John Brougham
1855 text published by Samuel French

Note: Musical selections are numbered to correspond to the Table of Songs and Sources included in William Brooks’ “Pocahontas: Her Life and Times” published in American Music, vol. 2, no. 4, 1984.
FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
No. XXVIII.

An Original
Aboriginal Erratic Operatic Semi-Civilized and
Demi-Savage Extravaganza, being a Per-Version of Ye Trewe
and Wonderrefulle Hystorie of Ye Renowned
Princesse,

PO-CA-HON-TAS:
or,
THE GENTLE SAVAGE.
in two acts.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

The MUSIC Dislocated and Re-set, by James G. Maeder, M. D.;
and presented to Public Notice through the INSTRUMENTALITY of
Signor La Manna. The SCENERY painted from daguerreotypes
and other authentic documents, by Mr. H. Isherwood, greatly assisted
by his own vivid imagination and Mr. Wallace. The COSTUMES
cut from the original plates, and thoroughly digested, by Mr. T. Flan-
nery, and several auxiliary thimble-riggers. The MACHINERY,
Wings, Flies, and other Entomologia, by Mr. Demilt, and various
other philosophers. The CONSIDERABLE PROPERTIES, crowns,
sceptres, war-clubs, Indian pipes, and other regalia, by Mr. Timmany,
and his aids.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF YE ENGLISHE.

Captain John Smith—The undoubted Original, vocal and instrumental, in the settlement of Virginia, in love with Pocahontas, according to this story, though somewhat at variance with his story, Mr. Wallis.

Lieut. Thomas Brown—Second in Command, a hitherto neglected Genius, whose claims on posterity are now for the first time acknowledged, as is but right .... Mr. Barry.

William Jones—Sometimes called Bill, another of the same sort left.

Mr. Simpson.

Mynheer Rolff—The real Husband of Pocahontas, but dramatically divorced contrary to all law and fact .... Mr. Peters.

Benjamin Brace, Splicers of main braces, shiverers of timbers,

John Junk, anathematizers of eyes and limbs, promiscuously

Henry Halyard, general dealers in single combats and double horns-

William Buntline, pipes, and altogether, amazingly nautical people.

Barnabas Binnale, Messrs. Hare, Thompson, Johns, Reddy, James.

OF YE SALVAGES.

H. J. Pow-Ha-Tan I.—King of the Tuscaroras—a crotchety Monarch, in fact, a Semi-Brave ..... Mr. Brougham.


O-po-il-doc—One of the Aboriginal F. F. V's, an indignant dignitary.

Mr. Levere.

Col-o-gog—Another warm-hearted and headed Son of Old Virginia the untiring ..... Mr. Stoddart.

Jin-go—Sergeant at Arms—A Friend to swear by. ..... Mr. Jeffries.

Kreem-Fay-Stloon—Bearer of Dispatches, and news carrier in ordinary. ..... Mr. Harrison.

Ip-pah-kak,

Sas-sy-Preil,

Kod-liv-Royl,

Kal-o-mel,

Medicine Men, of the Saultz and Senna-ca Tribe.

Mr. Oliver.

Samuels.

Reynolds.

Carver.

H. R. H. Princess Po-Ka-Hon-Tas—The Beautiful, and very properly undutiful daughter of King Pow-Ha-Tan, married, according to the ridiculous dictum of actual circumstance, to Master Rolff, but the author flatters himself much more advantageously disposed of in the Acting edition.

Miss Hudson.

Poo-tec-pet, Interesting offshoots from aristocratic stock; (Mrs. Stephens Di-mun-di, anterior to the First Families in Virginia (Mrs. Converse.

Wee-cha-van-da, Embodying the rigid principles of the Mrs. Sylvester.

Kros-as-kan-bee, Tuscarora Fashionable Finishing School, Mrs. Thompson.

Dah-Lin-Duk,

O-yon-Jeevet,

Luv-lee-Kreta,

Oso-char-ning,

Lum-Pa-Shuga,

Their “dear charges,” for whom they don’t forget to charge dear enough for in the Quarterly Bills.

Miss Melville.

Miss Thompson.

Miss Pine.

Miss Carman.

Mrs. Stewart.

Dro-may-jah, a high official ..... Mrs. Norton.

Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Members of the Tuscarora Light Guard, &c.
PROLEGOMENA.

The deeply interesting incident upon which this Drama is founded, occurred in Virginia, on Wednesday, Oct. 12, A.D. 1607, at twenty-six minutes past 4 in the afternoon, according to the somewhat highly colored and boastful narration of Capt. John Smith, the famous adventurer, backed by the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous history; but subsequent research has proved that either he was mistaken, or that circumstance had unwarrantably plagiarized an affair which transpired at a much earlier date; for, upon examining the contents of a wallet found in the vest pocket of the man in armor, dug up near Cape Cod, an entire epic poem was discovered upon the very same subject, which was written by a Danish Poet, the Chevalier Viking, Long Fellow of the Norwegian Academy of Music, who flourished Anno Gothani, 235.

The poem contains several square yards of verse, a fragment of which is subjoined to show its peculiar Finnish.

THE SONG OF POCAHONTAS.

Ask you—How about these verses?
Whence this song of Pocahontas,
With its flavor of Tobacco,
And the Sinewood—the Mundungus,
With its pipe of Old Virginia,
With the echo of the Breakdown,
With its smack of Bourbonwhiskey,
With the twang of the Banjo;
Of the Banjo—the Goatskinnet,
And the Fiddle—the Catgutto,
With the noisy Marrowbone,
By one Jonsmith it was written,
Jonsmith, the valiant soldier,
Sailor, Buccaneer, Explorer,
Hero, Trader, Colonizer,
Gent, Adventurer, Commander,
Lawyer, Orator, and Author,
Statesman, Pioneer, and Bagman.
Years he fought against the Moslem,
Years he wore the captive's fetters,
Until, from a fond sultana
He received a Habess Corpus.

Then, by way of relaxation,
He took passage on a steamer,
With a crew of Pillbusters,

Each with matchlocks and revolvers,
To take peaceable possession
Of some transcendental region,
Sailed they on, they knew not whither,
Until, one October morning,
They incontinently blundered
On the shores of Tuscarora,
Near to Werowance, the palace
Of King Powhatan, who flourished
In that section of the country,
Whereunto they were invited
By this hospitable monarch,
And remarkably well treated;
Until, fat with rice and pumpkins,
Buckwheatcake and sweetpotatoes,
Squashes, Hominy and Doughnuts,
They began to wax indolent,
And put on such airs and graces,
They were perfectly disgusting.

Now, the natives knowing nothing
Of the benefits intended
By this foreign congregation,
Who had come so far to show them
All how much they'd been mistaken;
In what darkness they were dwelling,
And how much obliged they were to
These disinterested people,
Who had journeyed to enlighten
Their unfortunate condition.
Through these potent triumvirs
Anglo-Saxon civiliizers,
Rum, Gunpowder, and Religion.
Now, the natives, as I mentioned,
Didn’t see the joke precisely
In the way it was expected,
They believing, simple creatures,
They could manage their own matters
Without any interference—
Thought the shortest way to settle
Those gratuitous advisers,
Would be quietly to knock them
On the head, like Balls of Bashan.

It was then JoneSmith was taken
To be treated in such fashion,
Lying in a pleasant posture
On the ground, his head supported
By a chunk of Russ’s pavement.
He looked round him with emotion.
King Powhatan stood beside him,
With his battle-club tremendous,
Which around his head he flourished
To accelerate its motion,
So that when it swiftly descended
Upon JoneSmith’s pericranium,
Then he wouldn’t know what hurt him.
Thrice the fatal club was brandished,
And Jon. thought upon his mother,
Thought upon the prayer she taught him
When he first, a tiny urchin,
Bent his knee in simple wonder.
In that moment, all his childhood
Stood before him like a vision,
And he thought he was a “goner,”
When the King’s remorseless purpose
Was immediately arrested
By a scream from Pocahontas.
Pocahontas, his own daughter—
She, the dove of Worecomoco,
The pride of Tuscarora,
Quickly laid her lovely tresses
On the pale cheek of the victim.
This mute eloquence of nature
To the heart of JoneSmith whispered,
You have yet a squeak, old fellow
Now, &c. &c.
POCAHONTAS,

or

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Palace of Weramaconoco. Grand march of the Tuscarora Court. King enters with a great flourish.

1. OPENING CHORUS.

AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

KING AND CHORUS.

Oh! how absurd of people to prate,
About their mighty Kings so great,
They'd open their eyes to see the state
Of the King of the Tuscarora's.
As happy is he as King can be,
For from his Palace he can see,
The whole of his subjects merry and free,
So he takes his pipe contentedly,
Singing,
Smoking, joking Powhatan,
Tobacco it is the solace of man,
So let { subjects } puff as long as { you } can,
The King of the Tuscarora's.

King. Well roared indeed, my jolly Tuscaroras.
Most loyal Corps, your King encore the Chorus.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Bravo! We would with Shakspere say, "that Strain again,"
But it might strain your lungs, so we refrain.
It soothes my ear, like niggers from the South,
Stealing and giving odor; they sometimes do both,
Or like a pipe of the Nicotian leaf,
The true Nepenthe balm for every grief,
While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstatic pleasure.
You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl,
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew,
Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.
I like a dhudieen myself.
Col-o-gog. I do not doubt it.
King. I'll volunteer and sing a song about it.
To me 'twas by a wily Paddy whack sent,
Who had an axe to grind, hence the broad accent.

2. SONG—KING.
AIR—"Widow Machree."

Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care,
Oh hone, wid a dhudieen!
Black thoughts and blue devils all melt into air,
Oh hone! wid a dhudieen!
If you're short any day,
Or a note have to pay,
And you don't know the way,
To come out of it clean,
From your head and your heart
You can make it depart,
Oh hone! wid a dhudieen.

Oh, wid a dhudieen you recline at your ease,
Oh hone! wid a dhudieen!
Shut your eyes and imagine what pleasures you please,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
In dreams without sleep,
All your senses to sleep,
While you're playing bo-peep
Through each fairy-like scene,
Undisturbed, I declare,
By a single nightmare,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Oh, wid a dhudieen I'm as truly content,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
What the rest of the world does I don't care a cent,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
Let some folks desire,
To set rivers on fire,
While some others admire,
To run "wid de machine,"
I've ambition enough,
THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

Just to sit here and puff,
Oh, hone! wid a dhideen!

Now that we have smoked ourself to proper dizziness,
Let us proceed at once to public business.
We must advance, though in the usual way,
Therefore, all laws that we made yesterday
We now repeal. We take the tax off Soap.
  Opo. Soft Soap, so please your majesty, I hope?
  King. No, no, that saponaceous article escapes,
We've analyzed it with Professor Mapes,
And he told us, in terms quite scientific,
Soft Soap's considered a soft soporific.
  Oph. Sire, it's a lie!
  All. Order! order!
  King. Can we believe our eyes?
We mean our ears.
  Opo. Are not soaps made from lyes?
  King. Oh! ah!
  Col. May it please your majesty, I rise
To a question of privilege. My honorable friend,
Being a hard himself, does not intend
An insult. May I ask in the word lie,
What vowel do you use sir, i or y?
  Opo. Y sir, or i sir, search the vowels through,
And find the one most consonant to you.
  All. Order! Order!
  Col. To keep within the limits of debate.
Who stole the funeral cloth and coffin plate?
  Opo. Shut up, switch off, dry up, or go to bed!
  Col. I'll fling an inkstand at your honorable head!
If you had your desert you'd dine in prison?
  Opo. And you'd have an asphyxiated weazen!
  King. Hello! no more of this! at once have done!
Confound you, do you think that you're at Washington?
  Opo. My liege, in some authority I've read,
That it's within the rules to punch his head!
  King. How is it Mr. Speaker, were in doubt?
  Speaker. Grotius, cap 5, sec. 3, says, fight it out.

Business, they prepare to fight.

Out, out of this, some spot that none can trace,
Or see a clew to the secluded place.
  Col. Conclude it done! the deadliest weapon I can find,
I'll name!
  Opo. Nuff said, old top, I'll go it blind!
  Col. Blind you've been all your life, and deaf and dumb!
  Opo. Dum vivimus vivamus, what's your weapon?
  Col. Rum!  [A row outside.—Enter sergeant at-arms.
  King. Sergeant at arms, say, what alarms the crowd?
  Loud noise annoys us, why is it allowed?
Ser. My liege, there is a band—
King. [Starting up.] Of Minstrels?
Ser. No!
Of foreigners, just cast on Castle Garden.
King. Oh!
For this relief, much thanks, it wouldn't pay.
That endless barcarole of poor Dog Tray!
Who are those folk come here, without permission.
Something a kin to Kinney's expedition!
This ranche they'd better vanoise mighty slick,
Old Nick's their destination, or new Nic,
Arauga, here they must not bore us,
As at Sonora with their bash Sonorous,
Conquering lands without a single resident,
Such a Republic's clearly without precedent!
Ser. Their leader is at hand, sire, at his back,
Four Knaves at least!
King. They're found in every pack.
King. Produce this bold adventurer, whose advent here,
With our self-interest must interfere.
Meanwhile, we'll dip in Hoyle, and when you're back,
Know how to deal with such a dirty pack.

Exit Sergeant.

Speaker. How shall we receive them?
King. As at the Opera House,
With a Chorus: there cannot be so proper a house
To set the fashion.

3. SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR—“Rosin the Bow.”

King.

Come forward here every rascallion,
And spread yourselves out in a row,
While I ask that harmonious Italian
La Manna to rosin his bow.

Chorus.

La Manna, come rosin your bow, oh, oh,
La Manna, pray rosin your bow,
We ain't got no forte-piano,
Old beeswax, come rosin your bow.

King.

Wake up, Mr. Trombone and Trumpet,
And give us a jolly good blow,
Like steam-engines out you must pump it,
La Manna will rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.
King.
You chap with the blazing big fiddle,
And you with the small one also,
Keep your eye on the man in the middle,
La Manna can rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.

King.
My friend of the side-drum and kettle,
Be sure, and don't spare your elbow,
But give us a thundering rattle,
La Manna will rosin his bow.

(Enter Captain John Smith and Retinue.)

King. What manner of man are you? A fiesta more!
Your name and aim, what brought you there, my hero?
Smith. Erratic King, I might say operative,
And, as I see, as mellow as dramatic,
My name is——
King. Norval!
Smith. No, Sir! Smith—John Smith!
King. Of Arkansaw!
Smith. No, Sire, that John's a myth.
King. What iron fortune led you to our shores?
Smith. Ironic Monarch, 'twas a pair of oars.
Between ourselves, though, if the truth be told,
Our goal we'll reach when we have reached your gold.
But, stop! and I'll enlighten your community,
I see (music in orchestra) and hear a famous opera-lunacy.

GRAND SCENA COMPLICATO.

In the Anglo-Italiano Style.

Smith.

4A. As you are o,
The great cigar, o
And high top loco.
Among these folk, o
It is but fair, o
I should declare, o
What brought me here o.
'Tis easy told.
You know my name o.

Chorus.

Smith!
I hither came o.
Impelled by fame o.
Chorus.
Bravo! Smith!

Or all the same o,
The subtle flame, o

Chorus.
Go it, Smith.

The brilliant game o,
Man’s only aim o.
To hunt up gold.

Chorus.

(Abjure the Italian, and give themselves Ethiopian airs.)

You’re off the track, and you’d better go back,
The golden dream is o’er;
So order your hack and carry your pack
From old Virginny’s shore.

Smith.
Oh, nar’ry a toe, will this child go,
But open a grocery store,
And I’ll never go back, ‘till I’ve filled my sack
On old Virginny’s shore.

King. And what the deuce induced this scheme Utopian?
Proceed, we’ll give you rope enough, European!
Though we don’t relish being quite so near
As this, my buck, to such a Buccaneer!

Smith. Most potent, grave, and reverent old fellow,-
To use the words of that black wight Othello,
My very noble and approved good savage,
That we are come out here your lands to ravage,
It is most true: for this you see us banded.

(Indians rush at him - the King restrains them.)

King. I must confess, sweet sir, that you are candid
You’ll probably excuse us if we doubt it.
Pray how, sir, do you mean to set about it?

Smith. Easy enough: we have full powers to treat.

King. If that’s the case, we’ll take some whiskey neat.
You cannot dash our spirits, we are proof
Against such weakness!

Smith. Well, that’s clear enough!

Majestic Savage, I was but in jest
Just now, you’ll find, I guess, that I’m a guest
It would be quite as well to welcome over.
The seas we clove in hopes to live in clover.
Befriend us, and we’ll try and be of use,
Even to cooking of your royal goose!
King. Don’t put yourself into a stew, my friend
My Kitchen Cabinet to that attend.
They know my constitution just like lawyers.
Smith. Soyer himself must yield to such top-sawyer’s!
But say, Great Sachem, don’t refuse this fusion;
To now ill-use us would be base illusion!
Puissant potentate, abridge our sighs,
We call on you to let us colonize.
If this, most verdant Monarch, you will do,
A course of Sprouts we mean to put you through!
King. Sprout me no sprouts, irreverent Suckers all!
You can’t lodge here, my friend, in Short, at all!
I can no reason in such treason see!
What! share my realm with you, mon cher ami!
Smith. Why not? We have the brads to buy your land,
Nails are a legal tender, they’re on hand,
With beads and bracelets you shall all be crammed.
King. If I sell lands for brads, may I be d----shed!
Smith. In friendship with you we should like to tarry.
In proof of which I’m ready now to marry
Any red queen that in my way should fall,
I would accept her Sceptre, Crown, and all.
My hand is hers!
King. Your hand? You’d better pause!
I’m on our Indian maids look out for Squaws!
If any jokers dare to run their rigs
Near our wigwams, we’re sure to warm their wigs!
What shall we do with them, the sons of topers?
Speaker. Hang on the outer wall, the interlopers!
All. Hang them! Hang them!
Smith. What fault have I committed? Halt!
King. Ha! Do you falter?
Smith. I fain would halt before I reach the halter.
That cord is not my line in any sense,
I’d rather not be kept in such suspense!
King. You shan’t be long! prepare yourself! But stay!
You’d rather not be hanged, I think you say?
Smith. I’m really fearful it would be a drop
Too much for me!
King. Perhaps you’d like a chop- (with axe.)
Smith. Ill-mannered butcher, you may bet your Crown
I’ll fix your flint for you!
King. You simmer down!
Smith you must die, as well as all audacious
Birds of passage that may migrate here!
Smith. My gracious!
Alas! then, did our Nests at home content us,
We would not now have been Non est inventus!
Mercy!
All. No mercy!
King. Not by any means! My wrath they can't appease, so give them beans! [Indians rush at Smith.

Smith. Stay! Soft! Hold hard! One moment, if you please,
Until his Majesty a secret sees!

King. A secret! What is it?
Smith. Behold!

King. (Taking it.) We do! What's this?

Smith. (Taking it back.) A pistol, sire, I hope it will suit you

Should I present it?

King. Ha! I see your aim!

By this you'd buy our silence, eh?

Smith. The same!

King. It's curious! What does it contain?

Smith. Some potent pills,
And warranted to cure all mortal ills!
With a few doses we'll be undertakers
To rid you soon of all your pains and acres!

King. I'd grieve with favors to be overloaded,
But with us kings such canons are exploded,
And so will take your physic.

Jarsey lightning!!

[King fires pistol, drops it alarmed.

Smith. Hurrah! 'Tis clear, my friends, our skies are bright'ning!

Brown. Let us be off——

Smith. Be off! Recall that whine,
Or never more be officer of mine!
To leave our work half-done would be a pity,
And so we take possession of the city;
And as is usual in all such cases,
We'll nominate ourselves to all the places!
For Governor, John Smith!

Brown. I second that!

It's carried; so be seated!

Smith. (Sitting) Verbum sat!
I'd make a speech to you, but that's not needed,
For in to-morrow's Herald you can read it.
Be sure I'll make the best of this bad story,
To gild our guilt we've but to call it glory.
Success crowns every crime whoever bleeds,
Defics reproach and sanctifies misdeeds;
But pray excuse this personal reflection.
Unsuited to a primary election,
Propose your candidates.

Brown. Might I suggest,
A plan I've hit on that will be the best
To suit the present crisis. In this hat,
I've written all the names of all the fat
And juicy offices,—let each advancee,
And in the grab game take an equal chance.

*All.* Agreed! agreed!

### 5. CONCERTED PIECE.

Grab away
While you may
In this game, luck is all,
And the prize
Tempting lies
In the rich City Hall.

Grab away
While you may;
For they say under Sam
Holds the "puzz"
And the "cuss"
Is as mild as a lamb.

Grab away
While you may;
Every day there's a "job"
It's a fact
By contract
All intact you may rob.

Grab away
While you may;
For the pay never fear.
Justice winks
Aye, and blinks,
From the dust I scattered here.

*(Confusion at the Poll.)* Brown, *(To Jones.)* What are you, Treasurer?

*Jones.* No, vicey varcy.

*I'm Secretary of State!*

*Smith.* I cry you Marcy!

*And you? (To Junk.)*

*Junk.* An Alderman!

*But line. And so am I!*

*Another. And I!*

*Smith. (To brace.)* And what are you, old horse?

*Brace.* I'm Mayor!

*Smith.* No bed of roses is the Civic Chain!

See that your city fathers work their best,
When they're fatigued, why, let them have arrest.

Are you all satisfied?

*Brown.* Um!—pretty well!

*Smith.* Then let us try the tea—room for a spell—

Is there nothing we can do,

Meantime I'll chant the Marsellaise a la Rachel,

We heard the Yankees this time, pretty dears,

They'll have to wait a couple of hundred years.
It is of a French actress I'm going to tell,
As came to America and her name it was Rachel,
To play in deep Tragedies, both new ones and old
All for to make a fortune in silver and gold.

(Chorus.

(Anticipative of the way in which she intended to shovel in the specie.)

Tol de dol, &c.

Now she had a handsome Brother, and his name it was Felix,
Who thought he was posted in play-house politics,
For said he to himself—"I am just the right fellow,
to manage these Yankees uncommonly well.

(Chorus.—(Indicative of the proposed Modus Operandi.) Tol, de dol, &c.

"Oh," says he, "in the newspapers I'll come it strong,
All about the fine corps as I'm a fetchin' along,
They'll cost me some 5000 dollars a night,
And to see so much go, will be a dolorous sight."

(Chorus.—Illustrative of the way he disbursed that large amount to the talented company. "Tol, de dol, &c."

"When the public I've told the tremendous expense,
They'll think that the prices are again to be immense,
Twenty-five dollars a ticket at least they must be,
They'll jump out of their skins when they find they're—
only Three!"

(Chorus.—Delineative of the mad intoxication of the delighted populace. Tol, de dol, &c.

Well, the doors they were opened, and the folks they walked in,
Think of Felix's feelinks, the domus was thin,
And it must be confessed that he looked rather blue,
When instead of Three dollars he had to take Two.

(Chorus.—Exemplifications of Felix's countenance as he reluctantly yielded to the pressure of the press. "Tol, de dol, &c.

As the newspapers told him, the people flocked more,
And every one bought a French play-book at the door,
With their eyes on their books and their ears on the stage,
They thought they were seeing Rachel I'll engage.

(Chorus.—Descriptive of the studious way the general public avoided seeing the great actress. Tol, de dol, &c.

Now all you nice folks as are fond of a play,
And like to be amused in a sensible way,
Don't you be deluded by fashion's sheep-bell,
But come here where our language you understand well.

(Chorus.—Suggestive of the grateful return made by the audience for this disinterested advice. "Tol de dol, &c.

Smith is borne off in triumph. W.
SCENE. II.


7. Chorus of Emancipated Maidens.

Sing-sing away!
Sing-sing away!
Schools, but prisons are they say,
Sing-sing away!
Sing-sing away
We'll have a sing-sing holiday. &c.

Poo-Tee-Pet.

I wish my Pa would send for me! Oh, dear!
I'm tired of living so retired here,
And I've had school enough, I know that well,
To set up any fashionable belle!
Heigho! How can one stay here with content,
The present time no pastime can present!
No one to talk to of the Upper Ten,
If it were even one of Brown's young men
Just to begin with, for indeed the fact is
I don't know how to flirt for want of practice.

Di-mon-di.

Is't that dreadful, dear, I'm just the same,
And for my part I think it's a great shame
That we've no more young master's to impart
The rudest rudiments of that fine art!
Now, what's the use of drawing!

Poo-tee-Pet.

I suppose
That we may have some skill in drawing beaux,
Let other people love to draw their spouses.
That's horses' work—I'd rather much draw houses,
Here comes Miss Pocahontas, haughty thing!
Tossing her crown because her Pa's a King!
Hum!—I know something!

Di-mon-di.

What?
Poo-tee pet.

He must be short, or
He'd have paid up, my dear, for her last quarter

Music. Enter Po-ca-hontas, with Book.
INTERNATIONAL SCENA.—POCAHONTAS.

Recitativo—Italiani doloroso.

8A. Sport am I of Fortune, no kind soul near to cheer me,
    I'm on the verge of despair;
    Where can I turn me for comfort!
    Whence seek for sigh sympathetic!
    Ah! me unhappy!
    Most unhappy!
    But my heart it will relieve, O,
    To sing from Hernani
    This recitativo!

INTER-ARIA NIGROQUÆ.

8B. Where the idlers now are shopping
    In gay Fashion's round,
    And at Banks, that are not stopping,
    You can hear the cold gold sound.

8C. All the world seems bright and cheery,
    But sometimes 'tis mock,
    Oh! dark his lot who deals with Erie,
    For it's a fluctuating stock.

CANTATA VARIOSO.

8D. Scenes that are brightest
    No one can trust,
    When money's tightest
    Look to your dust.

8E. Hope buoys, and carries us on
    Carries us on through our days,
    Carries us on like the pepper upon
    "Massachusetts Bays,"

8F. Oh! Heigh! ho!
    Where is that beau
    Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago,

INTRUSIVE CHORUS.

Oh! what a beau,
What? a beau?

Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.

Pocahontas. Heigho! This heathed term will shortly cease,
And these school-days to warmer ones give place!
I know not why it is, but since I've seen
Napoleon's life in Harper's magazine,
My soul enthusiastic, yearns to paint
The blissful deeds of some such warlike saint!
Since these heroic pages I've perused,
The stories that my childhood have amused
Are varnished with the fashions of last week;—
Never again with rapture shall I speak
Of dear Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella,
THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

Or valiant little Jack the Giant feller,
Robinson Crusoe, or great Thumb the Small,—
This is the greatest story of them all!—
Oh! that it were my future fate to do
Some deed of desperation nice and new,
Something would startle all the world with fright,
That is, provided it left me all right!

Poo-Tee-Pet. Girls, here come the teachers, hide your books,
Banish your smiles and put on your school looks!
Pocahontas. I hate that School-Ma'am, she does look so sly.
She always has a pupil in her eye!

[Enter Wee-chah-ven-dah and Kroas-kan-ber, Professors of haughty-culture, and trainers of the flowers of fashion.]
Wecch. Heads up, backs straight, chests out and shoulders square!
Kros. Miss Pocahontas, just look at your hair,
I never saw it in so vile a state!
Poca. It curles so much that I can't keep it straight.
Wecch. Now, ladies, if you please, you'll get your bows.
Poca. I wish I had one!
Kros. Do turn out your toes!
You walk just like a duck, my dear, that's flat!
Poca. Being a duck, you know, I can't help that!
Kros. Come, ladies, please to recollect time flies!
Poca. Fly time's too warm, I think, for exercise!

[They try a Dance, and execute it with bows and arrows. Noise of pursuit without: Smith appears behind fence. Indian Girls cry, "A man!" and run off screaming, all but Pocahontas.]
Smith. Believe me, there's no necessity at all,
Delicious Schrecchers, for this sudden Squall!
Ah! Aid me, Maiden, pray!
Poca. Who are you?
Are you a fugitive come here to seek
A railway, underground?
Smith. Not by a sight!
Alas! I'm only an unhappy wight,
Without a shade of color to excuse
Canadian Agents here to chalk my shoes,
Therefore my passage-money won't be figured,
For on that head Philanthropy is niggard!
Poca. Who is it this untimely visit pays,
Breaking our school up before holidays?
Smith. I'll tell you, thou unsaifrest of the fair
American Institution,—take a chair,
While my o'erloaded bosom I unfreight,
And all my early history relate!

[Gets chairs from entrance.
Most comfortable chattels these to chat in,
Such chairs I ne'er thought to sit in here,—they're satin!
'Tis now some twenty years——]
Poca. I'll hear no more!
Smith. You've cut my tale off!
Poca. Long ones are a bore!
Brief it must be, however you bewail it!
Smith. I shall be curt, uncourteous beauty, and curtail it;
Beginning with the end I had in view,
Which, upon my soul was solely to see you,—
When from the verge of your Virginny fence
I saw and heard a sordid herd advance!
From the spot I would have turned to flee,
But one of the Chief’s shadows spotted me,
And at his back the savage, at whose beck
They have a knack of tightening one's neck!
  Poca. Can you tell who he was?
  Smith. The Chief? I can.
  Poca. A King?
  Smith. The same.
  Poca. His name?
  Smith. Is Powhatan!

Some near relation of yours, maybe?
  Poca. Rather!
Nearer he can’t be much, for he's my Father!
  Smith. The deuce!
  Poca. Have you been introduced!
  Smith. Why,—No!
Not formally, but I have seen him though!
I visited his majesty’s abode,
A portly savage, plump, and pigeon-toed,
Like Metamora both in feet and feature,
I never met-a-more-a-musing creature!
Now without fear my love I can avow it,
And pop the question boldly?
  Poca. My pop won't allow it,
I'll bet my life!
  Smith. My chance that betters still,
For being the contrary sex, you will!
In fact, rare princess, there’s such rarefaction
Within my heart, such "passional attraction,"
That we must both together spite of fate,
For all impossibilities that congregate
Around us, my free love despises!
  Poca. Stop! One doubt within my heart arises!
A great historian before us stands,
Bancroft himself, you know, forbids the banns!
  Smith. Bancroft be banished from your memory’s shelf,
For spite of fact I’ll marry you myself.
And happiness you’ll have a better show for
With me, than should you wed that low-bred loafer!
9. DUET.—SMITH and POCA-HON-TAS.

Smith. My love is like a raging hot volcano,
Vesuvius in a fit of indigestion,
And if you are so cruel as to say no
Insane, oh! I shall be without a question.

Pocahontas. Such volcanic affection 'twere just as well
You'd keep, a little piano,
That too burning a mount would a Cinderella
make me and I'm not a soprano.
But where's the use of jesting
Or protesting,
With you this union never can take place.

Smith. 'Tis vain my claim arresting
Or contesting
To gain you every record I'll efface.

Both. Such an event must amusing be
We have no fear in asserting
For changing the current of History
Would certainly be diverting.

(Noise of women without.)

Poca. How from those prying eyes can I disguise you,
My father's prize you'll be should he surmise you!

(He puts on shawl and hat, and pretends to read. Enter all the school.
He mixes with them, they proceed towards gate as for a walk, in couples.
Enter Poochalan and suite, Savagely. The girls are thrown into confusion.)

Weeck. What is the meaning of this rude intruding?
King. Rude! By the road it means there's mischief brooding!

We seek a sucker who's secreted here!
Produce him or induce him to appear,
Or by the towel, silver fork and spoon
You forced from me, I'll settle with you soon!

Poca (To girls) Save him!
Girls. We will! (They surround Smith.)
King. You daughter come with me!
I'll settle you too!

Poca. How, Pa!
King. You shall see:
I've found a husband you must wed to night!
Poca. Oh! my prophetic soul, Bancroft was right!

Smith. (appearing) What's that?
King. Ha! we have you now, I guess!
Poka. Despair! Distraction!

Smith. Here's a precious mess!
Poka. Where is my Smith, my love, my only one?

Smith. My Pocahontas ain't you poking fun?
King. Here, dogs, we're in a snarl, so watch o'er us,
This blackguard guard and aid us in the chorus.
GRAND FINALE.—AFFETTUOSO.—FURIOSO.—E. CONGLOMEROSO.

Chorus.

10A. Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark,
Come, let us now put out this spark,
Come, let us raise a jolly row,
And like the dogs of war, bow, wow.

10B. Smith. I am plucked from fairy bowers,
I am in misfortune’s showers,
Quite enough to wet a fellow through,
Without an umbrella too.
Oh! I love this old man’s daughter,
Though inscrutable I’ve thought her,
As the song of Hiawatha,
Writ by Long-fellow.

10C. Pocahontas. Oh! a little outsider too,
A little outsider view,
A little outsider, your own child
Appeals dear dad, to you.

10D. King. Mr. Smith, you’re in a fix
With your Don Giovanni tricks.
But though you think yourself so much the dandy O,
I’ll bet you two to one
You’re almost as good as gone,
For I’ll use you up just like a stick of candy, O,

10E. Omnes. Its all bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
That you’ll find, old “hoss.”

Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
And you’ll soon catch “goss.”

END OF ACT ONE.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Isherwood’s View of the Interior of a Wigwam. Powhatan pushes on Pocahontas with the parentally tyrannc air peculiar to trite potentates.

Duetto.—Impetuoso.

King.

11A. Now Ma’am I have a notion,
You can no longer rave,
This son of the ocean oh shun,
A home on the salt sea, waive.

Pocahontas.

Your child, you thus may seize sir,
But sure as the seas are blue
I shall soon rescued be, sir,
From you, and your cruel crew.

Both.

11B. The prospect is inviting,
Thus all my love requiting,
Of temper, you will find I have a share;
Since you’re bent on fighting,
Thus all my prospects blighting,
I won’t give in an atom, I declare.

Powhatan. How sharper than a serpent’s tooth, if one could find
Such things in serpents’ heads, is an ungrateful child!
But here you shall remain till you’re resigned
To settle down as I’ve made up my mind?
You’ll make me furious if you yet refuse,
Or venture to eschew the man I choose!

Poca. The king who would enslave his daughter so,
Deserves a hint from Mrs. Beecher Stowe!
Who is the man, sir, I demand to know?

King. Hey! day! Are we commanded by our daughter!
I taught your teachers to keep you much tauter
In hand! If thus the rein you mean to shy,
A sky-reign will be mine, methinks, bye-and-bye!
You must be curbed a bit, your doom’s a prison,
If you don’t quickly hasten to be his’n!

Poca. If thus you wrong my Woman’s Rights, and mock
My griefs, your offspring will spring off the dock!
And mix my ardent spirits with cold water!

[Going.

King. Hold!
I did but jest, my belle, you shall be told!
The man’s a Dutchman, deep as he can be,
In fact, as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.
A first-class venture, cautious and acute,
A widower, and good shoemaker to boot!
12B. Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,
No more hear the soul-stirring cry of "hot corn,"
I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,
"Crushed out" as I am by my Pa's cruelty.
But I'm not so domestic a thing, on my life
As ever to be yon brown Hollander's wife.
No, rather than that, a deep hole I would bore
In my heart, and behold bright Aurora no more.
And oh! if I'm forced like poor Dinah, to die
By going, and taking a cup of cold py—
—zon, no Villikins will I leave here to deplore,
That this child should behold bright Aurora no more.

Cantata "Gioioso et amoroso."

Rolff.

12B. Oh peautivool girl,
Mein brave Indian bearl,
Love runs like a squirrel
Meine heart up and down.
Oh don't look so freezy,
Uneezy and breezy,
Meine vrow you must be see
In spite of your vrown.

Oh peautivool creeter,
I'd fling at your feet your
Audacious beseecher,
Now bobbin around.
THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

But you mustn't be freezy,
Uneasy or breezy,
Meine vrow you must be see
In spite of your frown.

**SONG—"doloroso et petulento."**

**King.**

12C. 'Tis a hard blow to suffer
When sad and alone,
Some poor aged buffer
Sits by his hearthstone,
No flour in his kitchen,
No fire-water nigh,
His complexion to nourish
By a drop in his eye.

**Together.**

12D. In our cane brakes of an afternoon,
We sometimes go for to hunt the coon,
And from experience I declare
He ain't an easy bird to snare.
Clar's his action,
Old coon, sly coon,
Old Virginia never tire.

**Poca.** Appeal is useless! what words could I utter,
To mollify this firkin of Dutch butter!
Oh! tell me, was that sentence that my pa
Made use of, true, that I'm to wed you?

**Rolf.** Yah!

**Poca.** But if I say I love another?

**Rolf.** Psha!

**Poca.** You wouldn't force me to espouse you?

**Rolf.** Yah!

**Poca.** Was ever maiden's love so sublimated!

**Single, ere this, and now thus doubly-mated!**

But, once for all, sir, know I'm not inclined
To wed a beau with such a narrow mind!
Dutchman depart! the honor I resign,
Leave me, or else, believe me, you shall rue it!

**Rolf.** Nein!

13. **SONG—ROLFF.**

**WITH TYROLEAN FIXINS.**

Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant and gay,
I'll sing you a song in the Tyrolese way,
Fol de dol, de dol lay—it's a very fine day,
It doesn't much matter—you know what I say.

[Here follows an exhibition of tracheotomous gymnastics, which must be heard to be properly appreciated.]
I wish from mein soul all de rocks round about
Would to sausages turn, and the trees to sourcrount.
The ocean's vast bowl into lager bier roll
And I was an earthquake to swallow the whole.

[More vocal gymnastics.]
And then for mein pipe I'd Vesuvius fill full
Of kanaster and through a pine tree take a pull
And after that, p'rops, for fear of mishaps,
I'd toss down Niagra Falls for mein schnapps.

[Gymnastics again.]
Rolf. It ain't no use to crumble, zo you zee
Mein beauty, you must gone along mit me!

[She struggles wildly with the destroyer of her peace, to corresponding
Music, marked, and melo-dramatic.]
Poca. Unhand me, thou unhandsome caitiff!
Rolf. Nein!
It's no good kicking now, you must be mine!
Poca. Where shall I turn?

[Breaks from him distractedly—suddenly beholds the members of the
Orchestra and appeals to them.]
Can you look calmly on
And see this shameful Overture begun,
Yet take no part! I cannot call you men, or
You'd out-shout the treble baseness of his tenor!
Thou rude assailer, must I storm without avail?

Avast! not when a sailor's within hail!

Tableau of triumphant innocence, and disconcerted Dutch villany.
Smith continues ora-tar-ically.
Sheer off at once, you ugly-looking craft,
Or, damme! if I don't rake you fore and aft!
Perhaps I'd better kill him, love!—Here, stay!
What do you think?
Poca. It might be the best way.
Smith. Of course it will be. So, audacious rival,
Prepare, at once, to die!
Rolf. To die! der Diebol!
Help, murder! help!

[Smith proceeding to annihilate him, is intercepted by Powhatan.
King. Hollo! what's the row?
Rolf. Dat dere tam Smit has dook away mein vrow!
And vos vant do gill me do pezite!
King. Dear me, is that all? I'll soon set it right.
Children, come here, I've changed my mind.

[Shaking hands with Smith.]
Rolf.
You shakes him by de hand?

What's dat?

[King winks at Rolf.

Oho! I smells a rat. [Aside.]

King. I'll fix him. [Aside.] Smith, we to our daughter's choice

Lend the loud sanction of our Royal voice.

Smith. Your voice allowed, but has your heart relented?

King. If in our simple tent you'll live contented.

Smith. To an extent intense. King, you're a brick!

Rolf. Mein vrow! mein Got! dis is a purdy drick.

King. Demmy John, cork up! Now, daughter dear, prepare,

With orange wreaths array your raven hair;
To prove I love you, Smith, before you wed,
We'll take a proof impression of your head,
In our approved new lithographic style.

Smith. With all my heart; but if you harbor guile,

My tars will make a target of your head.

King. Upon the honor of a king!

Smith. 'Nuff said.

QUARTETTE.

KING, SMITH, ROLFF, AND POCAHONTAS.

14A. Fill now a flowing glass
We would, without doubt, sir,
But as we've none, alas!
We must do without, sir.

14B. We'll live, never fear,
In harmony here.

King. 14C. (Poor John Smith is very grateful.)

Chorus.

As lazy as monks in a cloister.

King. (Grief he's not now troubled with.)

Chorus.

Both soft shells and hard
We here disregard.

King. (He's gentle and resigned,
And resolved to go it blind.)

Chorus.

So we get our fair share of the oyster.

King. Oh, what a fool is poor John Smith!

(Poco a Poco Discretion.)

SCENE II.—School Ground as before. Poo-tee-pet looking cautiously.

Poo-tee-pet. Come, girls, we'll have our little confab here,
No prying principals can interfere.
I've dreadful news for you!
Di-dum-di. You don't say so!
What is it, dear, I'll die if I don't know.
Girls. And so will I. And I.
Di-dum-di. For my part, I can't guess
What it can be that gives you such distress.
Do let us know at once.
All. Do—do!
Poo-tee-pet. I will.
Imagine the extreme of human ill.
Lump-a-shuga. Are the new bonnets worn on the head?
Di-mon-di. There's been a fight, and all the men are dead.
Poo-tee-pet. Not quite so bad as either, but behold!
A tale of horror in this note is told!
Di-mon-di. Do tell!
Lump-a-Shuga. I want to know!
Di-mon-di. What can it be?
Poo-tee-pet. Miss Pocahontas tells me here, that she is going to marry.
Di-mon-di. What a heavy blow!
Poo-tee-pet. But not the man she's in love with!
[All laugh.
All. Oh!
Poo-tee-pet. At Union Square, this afternoon, 'tis fated,
The wrongful rites are to be consummated!
The awful moment is almost at hand,
But as this scandalous affair I've scanned,
If you'll but second me in what I say,
Our hands will show them what's the time o' day!
You can wind up this business as you like,
If at the proper instant you but strike!
Strike! like the steel of Halleck's brave Bozzaris,
Strike! as the newest fashions do in Paris,
Strike! for your rights, your homes, and kitchen fires;
Strike! like a crowd of feminine Tom Hyer's.
All. We will! Hurrah! Down with mankind in general!
Di-mon-di. A very striking denouement, indeed,
If we could only see how to proceed.
Poo-tee-pet. I have got leave, to-day, for our diversion,
To go on a toxopholite excursion.
A female target party—'twill be fine
Before they can suspect our deep design,
By stratagem to get them to desist, or
Else, by force of arms assist our sister.
The plan is dangerous, and now you know it,
Are you all game to see it through?
All. We'll go it!
Poo-tee-pet. Now, let's be off, as we've no time to lose.
Di-mon-di. Those gentlemen can keep time, I suppose. [To Orchestra.
Poo-tee-pet. Then, if you please, as we've good time before us,
We'll just take time enough to sing a chorus. [Addressing Leader.
CHORUS.

15. AIR.—"Pop goes the Weazle."
As we're going on a train
We must see and load a
Hamper with the drink of Maine.
Pop goes the soda.

Hampered thus, no Indian corn
Can we now forebode a
Bumper fill then, (in a horn),
Pop goes the soda.  [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE LAST.—Union Square in the City of Wcrowocomoco. The assembled Upper Tendom of Tuscorora, discovered.

CHORUS.

16A. AIR.—"Hark 'tis the Indian drum."
Hark 'tis the ingine bell,
Look out for the locomotive
We off the track must go.
Though
His majesty is rather slow.
He must he how come you so,
With Smith's New England rum:
The rum, the rum, &c., &c.

Enter Pocahontas, evidently in very indifferent spirits; her overburthened soul bursts forth in melody.

16B. AIR.—Nocturne, Grazioso vel Filosofoso.
Oh, some are right
Who don't invite
Within their vest
So dangerous a guest,
As love that hies
To this abode,
And heavy lies—
Dyspeptic load.
It sets one frying
And sadly sighing,
You can't lodge here, no way,
So love good day,
'Twill never pay
To let you stay,
So love good day, good day, good day,
I'm better off without thee
Verily.
And do not care about thee,
No, not I.  [She goes off sadly.
Enter Powhatan and Smith. Rolfe creeping cautiously after.

King. Here's where my artists dwell, a race gregarious,
Cheering their up hill life with mirth hilarious.
Smith. Where are all your sailors? Safe, I trust!
King. Yes! Safe, by this time, to be on a bust!
Smith. Do none of your brave hands about here linger?
King. I need no hands while I those arms can finger.

Rolfe, who has stolen behind Smith, suddenly snatches his pistols, one of
which he hands to Powhatan, producing a perilous and plagiurious
situation, A la Rob Roy—Smith served with a "ne exeat" at every
opening, by the servitors of the King, and finally bound over to a strong
chord in the Orchestra.

Rolfe. Friend Smith, you're double-sold! You lose your wife!
King. Likewise, to a dead certainty, your life!
Smith. Such hospitality was ne'er surpassed.
Invited to a feast and thus made fast!
But, as to you, base cobbler, soon to pay
For what's occurred, I'll find a ready way!
There's not a red marauder in the land
But henceforth seeks your hide to have it tanned!
Think on't, and tremble to your marrow's pith!
Judas! you haven't yet subdued John Smith!!
King. Don't make a Judy of yourself!
Rolfe. Meine friend!
Your thread of life is waxing to an end!

A Scotch Indian march, with variations and situations, singularly similar
to those which have occurred in similar situations.

King. Now, that our finishing touches may be shown,
Bring forth our finest lithographic stone!

He is obeyed with servile alacrity.—Flourishes a huge club.

I said I'd take your head off!
Smith. But I swear,
You didn't hint about that sketch club there!
King. Disappointed in the likeness you can't be!
Smith. 'Twould be more striking if my hands were free!
But as I'm bound to let you have your way,
A few last words, I trust, you'll let me say?
King. We're tied to time, and time and tide won't wait,
You must die early so you can't dilate!
Our Indian laws are some, there's no receding!
Smith. Why what an Indian summary proceeding!
King. A sentence, come, prepare!
Smith. Hold on a spell
Fell tyrant!
King. Ha! What's that!
Smith. I mean old "sit!"
THE GENTLE SAVAGE. 29

You wouldn't cut a fellow's thread?

King. That's so!

I do assure you, you shan't feel the blow!
Old Tar, to-night in Tartarus you'll sup!

Smith. Life's a conundrum!

King. Then lie down, and give it up!

Smith. It's a hard pill—but a much harder pillow! [Reclining.

Pocahontas rushing in heroically distressed and dishevelled, followed by sailors.

Poca. Husband! for thee I scream!

Smith. Lemon or Vanilla?

Poca. Oh! Fly with me, and quit those vile dominions!

Smith. How can I fly, beloved, with these pinions?

17. DUET.—SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

Prima Donna Waltz."

Smith.

Although a bird am I,
And sometimes do get high—
A pair of wings
Are essential things
Before a bird can fly.

Pote.

Oh! dearest, die I must,
My heart, just like pie crust
Is breaking in pie—
Ces, only to see
How foully my bird is trussed.

Smith.

A verse to add, I'm not adverse to
Though adversity's a curse—so
Come what may—fate can't do worse, oh

Farewell.

Poca.

Loose him, and let him be my spouse!

King.

Not I,

Such an alliance would be all lie!
On no account, can I run counter to
Virginia records which relate to you.
I'm very sorry, Smith, but you must die!

(Music.)

Smith.

Wait 'till the Target Party passes by!

Enter Poo-tee-pet, and all the Indian women—they execute sundry manœuvres, and finally form a hollow square around Smith, very pointedly pointing their arrows at the King and company.
King.

Hallo! Stop that!—my goodness!—I do declare!
Those arrows make me quiver!—as you were!
What are you, that thus outrage all propriety?

Poo-tee-pet.

The Anti-marry-folks-against-their-will Society!

King.

Why come you here?—as sorrowful spectators?

Poo-tee-pet.

No! on the contrary, we're very gladiators!
For Freedom every heart with ardor glows,
On Woman's Rights we're bent, and bent our bows!
Your daughter dear, must marry whom she may,
Daughters you know, should always have their way!

King. What's to be done? I'm puzzled in good sooth,
I love my daughter, but can't warp the truth!

Smith. You've ample means, examples you don't lack,
Didn't Shakspeare give King Richard a crook back,
For fear bold Queen Elizabeth would frown.
Whose grandpapa had cracked his Royal crown!
In our day, isn't every corner rife
With Hot Corn heroines, ne'er seen in life?
Don't Mr. Abbott make that bloody Tartar,
Napoleon Buonaparte, a Christian martyr?
If these don't satisfy you?

King. No, they don't!

Smith. I'll fight him for the maiden!

Rolfi. No, you won't!

Smith. Draw lots, shake props, shoot pistols, or petards,
Or stake her hand upon a hand of cards!

King. Ha! ha! there's sense in that; you're on a track
That suits us to a T. Who's got a pack?

Stay! here's a table—sit upon the edge.

He's done! (Aside.) What shall the game be, Smith?

Smith. Old Sledge!

[They all produce the documents.]

[They sit upon a stone.]

CHARACTERISTIC CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus.

Now for a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

The Queen!

A trump!

A better!

The Ten!

That's good for my Jack!
Chorus.

Oh! what a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

A trump!

Another!

That's low!

That's so.

And that's the best card in the pack!

Pocahontas.

18B. Oh! Mr. Hoyle,

All his toil,

Prithee spoil.

Chorus: Give him fits.

Oh! Master, pray

Mind the way

That you play.

Chorus: Give him fits.

Smith.

18C. I've won the game,

Upon my life;

And better still,

I've won a wife!

At High, Low, Jack,

You cannot shine—

So take the pack,

The maid is mine.

18D. I'm bound to play all night,

I'm bound to play all day;

I'll bet my money on the High, Low, Jack,

For ever, if thy hand's my pay.

King.

18E. Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge, I'm a sure gone coon,

I'm dished, and feel exactly like a used-up spoon:

Though I thought the game to play to another sort of tune,

And beat you too, before you'd say Jack Robinson.

Omnes Coda.

He's won the game, &c.

Smith. Hurra! I've won the game!

King. Well, that's a fact!

Rolf. Der's sheating round dis board! de gards was backed!

Boo hoo! I'm zwindled! [Cries.

King. Just you stop that blubber,

Bub, or cut in for an Indian rubber! [Flourishing club

Smith. I have won fairly, I appeal to you. (To King.)

And fair one, I have fairly won you, too,

So let us two make one.
Poca. Papa, you've heard?
King. It likes me not, but I must keep my word;
There, take her!—that, I think's the usual thing—
[Joining their hands patriarchally.

Now, let your voices round the circle ring,
Our son-in-law, three cheers, and make them tell!
Hip hip, hurrah! (They shout.) Tiger! (They roar.)
Indian yell! (They scream.)

Smith. Old King of Clubs, you are a jolly trump!
And don't you be so downcast, you Dutch pump;
All future history will see you righted.
With her, in name alone, I'll be united.

Poca. How long the union may exist, depends
On the impartial verdict of our friends.

King. Give your consent, and all dispute will cease,
A citizen's first duty is, to keep the peace.

Smith. So, pray keep this one, not in bonds too tight,
But suffer it to run through many a night.

19. GRAND FINALE.—A la Grec.

King.

And now we've done our duty here,
We hope and trust that you'll not fume, or
Fail to give a parting cheer;
But take our bad jokes in good humor—

Tow row row,
People will you now,
Take our bad jokes in good humor,
Now, now, now.

De Capo Chorus.

Smith.

Good people all, both great and small,
Now, you and your kind friends we want, as
Often as you please to call
On Captain Smith and Pocahontas.

Tow row row,
Lenity allow.
Captain Smith and Pocahontas,
Now, now, now.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.