

UC-NRLF

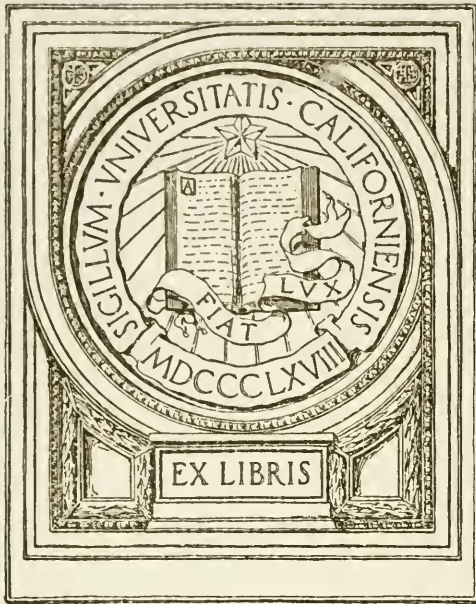


B 4 098 987

STICKERTY·NICK AND·THE·GIANT



BY·JULIA·ELLSWORTH·FORD·
RHYMES·BY·WITTER·BYWVER·
WITH·ILLUSTRATIONS·BY·ARTHUR·RACKHAM



EDUC
LIBRAR





SNICKERTY NICK



DANCE OF SPRING

SNICKERTY NICK

BY

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

||

*Rhymes by
Witter Bynner*

*Illustrations by
Arthur Rackham*



New York

MOFFAT, YARD & CO.

1919

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1919,
BY
MOFFAT, YARD & CO.

MOFFAT, YARD & CO.

The acting rights are reserved by the author.

962
F677
EDUC.
LIBRARY

FOR THE DELIGHTFUL CHILD SPIRIT
OF THE RHYMES OF
W I T T E R B Y N N E R
I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL
AND THAT PART OF THE PLAY WHICH IS MINE
I DEDICATE TO HIM
WITH SINCERE APPRECIATION

715827

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PICTURES by GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS. 23 illustrations. Introduction by Author and THOMAS W. LAMONT. 4to, \$3.50.

KING SOLOMON AND THE FAIR SHULAMITE with 7 photogravure illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

"A. E." A NOTE OF APPRECIATION, with portrait and facsimile. 12mo, \$1.00.

SIMEON SOLOMON. AN APPRECIATION, with 22 illustrations. 4to, \$1.50.

THE MIST. A PLAY IN ONE ACT. Produced in London at The Little Theatre November, 1913.

IMAGINA. A FANCIFUL TALE FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS. With colored illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM and drawings by LAUREN FORD. \$2.00

MOFFAT, YARD & CO.

FOREWORD

The idea of the Selfish Giant in this play has been taken from the story of Oscar Wilde's *Selfish Giant*. Spring would not come to his garden because he would not let the children play in it. It was always winter there.

One morning he woke up hearing the music of a linnet singing in his garden. He jumped out of bed and saw a most wonderful sight, "flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing," and in every tree was a little child; but one little boy was too tiny to climb the tree and the Giant's heart melted and he helped the little child into the tree. The little child kissed him and forever after the children played in the Giant's garden, because his heart had softened through love of the little child.

The children never saw the child again. But one day he came to the Giant, who saw on the palms of the child's hands "the prints of two nails and the prints of two nails were on the little feet."

FOREWORD

The little child had come to take the Giant to play in his garden, "which is Paradise."

My indebtedness to this story is the character of the Selfish Giant. The little play of *Snickerty Nick* is not a dramatization of *The Selfish Giant*. The character of Snickerty Nick is an original character and the play centers around him. The little boy is only a loving and beloved child, and Spring and Winter are personified by faeries and gnomes.

To Arthur Rackham I tender my most sincere thanks whose magic touch, as in *Peter Pan*, *Grimm's Faery Tales* and *Undine*, making real all faeries and gnomes, endears all child life to grown-ups as well as to children.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

CHARACTERS

THE GIANT..... BARON BILL-ARRON
BOMBERRUM

THE DWARF.....SNICKERTY NICK

THE LITTLE BOY

THE CHILDREN

WINTER

SPRING

WINTER'S GNOMES—SNOW

HAIL

FROST

NORTHWIND

CHILBLAINS

SPRING'S FAERIES—COWSLIP

BUTTERCUP

SWEET WILLIAM

DANDELION

BLUE BELL

BUMBLE BEE

RAGGED SAILOR

*The children may choose their names from
Mother Goose or any they may fancy.*

*A little boy came laughing and turned icicles
into flowers and won a kingdom with love.*

SCENE I.

SNICKERTY NICK

SCENE I.—*A flower garden covered with frost and snow. Here and there bushes covered with snow—large enough to hide children. On the right a tower with window and door. In the middle back a wall with a barred gate, through which flowers are seen blooming outside. On the step of the tower is seen the Dwarf. He has a kind quaint face. He is painting an enormous sign.*

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
ET

DWARF

A Giant owns this garden
Where the children want to play,

SNICKERTY NICK

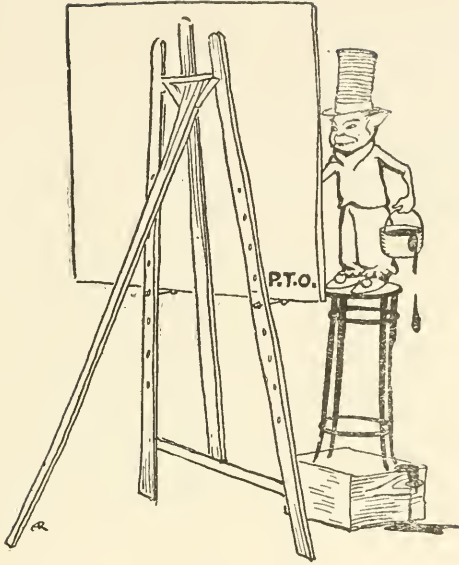
But the Giant hates the children
And chases them away;
And there can't be any summer here,
The sun will never stay,
For where no children ever come,
It's winter every day.

Now I'm the Giant's servant
And I never have my way:
For I have to tell the children
That they mustn't come and play.
For I wouldn't want them eaten up
And so I have to say,
It's not my grass, you can't come in,
You've got to go away.

[Placing the paint brush in the paint can]

Pretty good work, Nicky. One more touch
and it will be finished.

*[While Snickerty Nick is eyeing his work, a
small boy creeps through the hedge, tip-*



He has a quaint kind face

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

Kick it quick!

[To the audience, behind his hand]

There's a brick in it!

[The Giant starts to kick the Dwarf again.]

DWARF

[Standing still]

Go on, kick me—999—

[The Giant stops his foot in time, shakes his stick at him.]

GIANT

Not this time!

DWARF

Nick of time, for all time belongs to Snickerty Nick. No time like the present.

[Takes off his hat and bows, then runs swiftly around in a circle.]

SNICKERTY NICK

GIANT

What are you doing?

DWARF

Killing time. I learned to do that when I was the amanuensis of the Marquise of Magog.

GIANT

Hang up the sign and lock the gate. Don't let anyone in. Don't let the children play in my garden. My own garden is my own garden and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself. Do you hear?

DWARF

Yes, your Stoutness, I hear. Hearing may be better than seeing—sometimes—it depends on what you look at. Personally I prefer seeing, even when——

SNICKERTY NICK

GIANT

Here, Snickerty Nick, pull off my boots. I am going to bed.

[Dwarf pulls off one boot.]

DWARF

[Looking at it quizzically]

It has always been a puzzle to me, how that old woman lived in the shoe with so many children. Very insanitary.

[As he pulls off the other boot, the Giant kicks him. He rolls over, then gets up and makes the entry in his score book.]

9,999! One more kick and the kingdom's mine. Hurrah!

GIANT

I am going to bed now. See that there is no noise around here.

[Giant puts on his night-cap and goes in.]

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

My brain may be little,
My brain may be thick,
But why should people
With kingdoms—kick?

My brain may be mighty,
My brain may be deep,
But dreams are a kingdom—
I'm going to sleep.

[He curls up on the steps and goes to sleep. The stage darkens. It is night.]

[Winter, wrapped in silver, steals in through the gate, treads softly around the flower beds, in and out among the bushes and stands in the middle.]

WINTER

[Calling softly]

Northwind! Northwind!



DANCE OF WINTER AND GNOMES



SNICKERTY NICK

[*Northwind dashes in clothed in purple, purple wings floating behind her.*]

WINTER

Blow your horn! Call our friends! This is a delightful spot. We must invite Snow, Hail, Frost, and Chilblains and live here all the year round.

NORTHWIND

Oo-oo-OO-oo!

[*Snow enters all in white carrying a basket filled with snowballs, and with snow to sprinkle on the bushes. Hail, in grey, hops over one of the bushes and as he does so hailstones are heard. Frost, in silver, waves a silver scarf over the flowers. Chilblains, in blue, comically carries an enormous bottle of camphor.*]

WINTER

Let's dance.

SNICKERTY NICK

Fill it up with sand, man!
Listen; listen—hear it slide,
Hear it bumping down inside,
Thank you, Mr. Sandman.

[*The Sandman watches smiling while the Gnomes have a revel of mirth over the Dwarf's snoring. They conclude with a Snore Dance, circling hand in hand around the Dwarf and at regular intervals squatting as they snore with the beat of the music. Presently they run behind the trees. The snores die away with the snore music. The stage darkens.*]

SCENE II



SCENE II.—*Nearly seven years have passed. Spring has taken possession of the garden and flowers are blooming everywhere. Spring, dressed in yellow, appears suddenly out of the bush; then several little figures dressed in yellow—or other colours—appear. They dance in front of the flower beds and scatter flowers.*

SPRING

[*Dances and sings*]

I am little mischief Spring
Getting into everything!
Toorily, oorily, oo.
And when I lift my finger ring
Made of drops of dew,
All the little robins sing,
And the babies go, Goo, Goo.

SNICKERTY NICK

Cowslip, wake the Dwarf. He has slept nearly seven years.

[Cowslip runs to wake the Dwarf, slips and falls.]

SPRING

Sweet William, pick her up. She is always slipping! Always slipping!

[Cowslip slips and falls many times. Sweet William always picks her up.]

SPRING

Buttercup, see if you can wake the Dwarf.

BUTTERCUP

[Picking a buttercup from her dress, tickles the Dwarf's nose. The Dwarf makes faces. Buttercup holds the buttercup under the Dwarf's chin.]

Do you like butter-butter-butter?

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

[*In a sleepy voice*]

Butter? Butter is no good without bread.

[*He opens his eyes for a moment, then shuts them again.*]

BUTTERCUP

[*Shaking him*]

He doesn't like butter! I can't wake him.

SPRING

Ragged Sailor, try what you can do.

[*Ragged Sailor with his shirt sticking out tugs at the Dwarf.*]

RAGGED SAILOR

Ahoy, Nicky! Time you pulled up anchor.
Here, shift to Port.

[*Rolling him over on his side.*]

DWARF

[*Sitting up*]

SNICKERTY NICK

Hello, Dicky Dicky Doubt, with your shirt-tail out!

[They all laugh.]

[Nicky rubs his eyes and falls asleep again.]

RAGGED SAILOR

There's no moving him. He's aground, he is.
[Sailor fashion he dances a few steps.]

SPRING

Sweet William, you try.

[Sweet William takes the paints that the Dwarf has used for the sign and paints a dot of red on his forehead, his cheeks and then the end of his nose until he is a droll sight.]

SWEET WILLIAM

See what a funny face he has. He won't know himself when he wakes up.

[Shaking him]

Wake up! Wake up! I can't wake him.

SNICKERTY NICK

BLUE BELL

Let me try. I will tickle him.

Tickely, tickely, on the knee,

If you laugh, you don't love me.

[She tickles him on the nose and on the knee. He sits up suddenly for a moment, rubs his nose and makes funny faces. Finally he falls back asleep.]

It's no use, he doesn't love me and he won't wake up.

[The Dwarf snickers in his sleep.]

BUMBLE BEE

[In a low buzzing voice.]

I can wake him. I'll stick my itchy needle in, in, in.

[The Dwarf scratches first in one place, then in another, gives a kick and curls up asleep again.]

SNICKERTY NICK

DANDELION

I'll play a trick on him, I'll put his hair in curl papers.

[*To the audience*]

Do you like curly hair, boys?

[*Putting his front locks in curl papers*]

Look at Sleeping Beauty.

SPRING

I can wake him. If he has slept seven years he must be hungry. Nicky, Nicky, here's an apple. Take a bite.

[*A sweet smile hovers over the face of the Dwarf. He reaches out his hand in his sleep.*]

DWARF

Did anyone say apples? Apples? One a penny, two a penny, hot—no—[*hesitates*]. Personally I prefer them cold. Apples!

[*Falls asleep again.*]

SNICKERTY NICK

SPRING

I have an idea.

Trundle him in the wheelbarrow
And dump him on the ground
The way you dumped old Winter
When you didn't want him round.

CHORUS

Trundle him in the wheelbarrow
And dump him in the brook!
We dumped a fat man in last week—
Mercy, how he shook!
His face was like a cranky stove
When the fire all goes out,
And you ought to see the fat man now,
He isn't half so stout.
For we dumped him in the water
And he rolled and rolled and rolled,
He was harder than a snowball,
He was frozen icy cold;

SNICKERTY NICK

His double stomach broke off first
And then his double chin—
If the Dwarf can find them floating away,
Perhaps he'll bring them in,
Or else he'll hang them on himself
And not be half so thin!

SPRING

[*With a dandelion in her mouth*]

Trundle him in the wheelbarrow
And dump him on the ground,
The way you dumped me yesterday—
And see what I found,
A little picture of the sun
With sunbeams all around.

I'll stick it in his buttonhole!

[*She puts the dandelion in his buttonhole.*]

Now you are a little dandy dude.

CHORUS

And we'll dump him on the ground!

SNICKERTY NICK

ALL

[*Rushing forward*]

Let me do it.

[*They wheel him round. The wheelbarrow upsets and the Dwarf rolls out, jumps up and rubs his eyes. Spring and the faeries disappear.*]

DWARF

Is it time to get up? I think I must have had a nap. I had a dream just now. What was it? Have I slept seven years?

[*Proudly*]

I must see if I am still as beautiful as I was. The Marquise of Magog loved me for my strange beauty. Beauty is a joy forever.

[*He takes a mirror from his coat and looks at himself. Glances over his shoulder to see if anyone could be looking into the mirror.*]

Extraordinary! This must be some mistake. Is this a face? Well, well, well! Personally I

SNICKERTY NICK

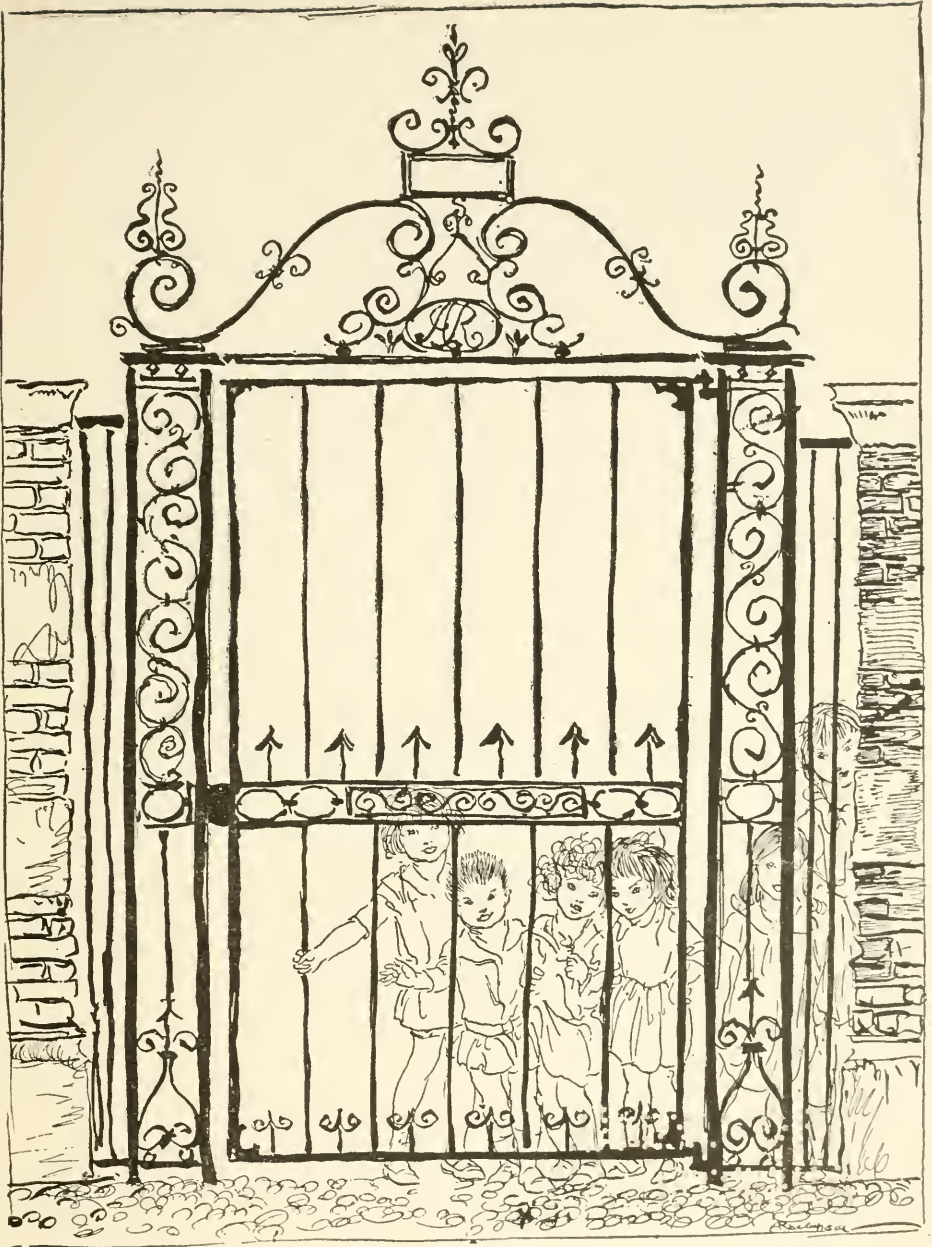
think beauty is only skin deep, fit for women
and peacocks. But what is this? A dandelion?
I must have been picking flowers in my sleep.

I love to sleep-walk in a dell,
To gather flowers and whistle—
But O, I woke up with a yell
The night I picked a thistle.

I dreamed I kissed a little girl
As pretty as my sister—
But O, she had long finger-nails
And scratched me when I kissed her.

Some people are like thistle-tops;
They beckon and divert you,
And look at you with friendly looks
And smile at you—and hurt you.

[*The garden being now full of flowers, little
children peep through the gate and call,
pelting the Dwarf with blossoms.*



Little children peep through the gate

SNICKERTY NICK

[*The Little Boy runs in laughing. The children gather around him and draw him into the center.*]

LITTLE BOY

Isn't the Giant's garden a lovely garden to play in?

FIRST CHILD

Will you be puss?

LITTLE BOY

Yes, I'll be puss.

[*The giant is heard in the distance.*]

CHILDREN

The Giant! The Giant! The Giant is coming; he'll gobble us up.

GIANT

Who is in my garden? My own garden is my own garden. I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.

SNICKERTY NICK

CHILDREN

Nicky, Nicky, where shall we hide? If the Giant comes in the front gate he'll catch us.

DWARF

The Giant always comes in the back gate.
Run, run.

[The children run toward the big front gate but they cannot open it.]

CHILDREN

The gate won't open, Nicky. He'll catch us, he'll catch us.

GIANT

[Heard coming nearer and nearer.]

Who is in my garden? I am the Baron Bill-Arron Bomberrum. My own garden is my own garden, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.

SNICKERTY NICK

[The children tug frantically at the gate but they cannot open it. They hide behind the bushes. The Giant appears with a huge stick. The Dwarf steals quickly toward the gate and opens it. The children finding the gate open rush toward it. The Giant chases them with his stick. The little boy is left, whom the Giant does not see.]

GIANT

[Looking around astonished]

What has happened. Flowers in my garden? The Cornish Ogre said the flowers never bloomed in his garden and they never would in mine.

[Discovers the little boy lying under the trees, where he has been knocked down by the children in their flight.]

LITTLE BOY

[Holding up his hands]

SNICKERTY NICK

O, Mr. Giant, help me up. I have hurt myself.

[The Giant looks at the child and puts the stick down, then lifts him up; and the little boy throws his arms around the Giant's neck and kisses him.]

LITTLE BOY

Thank you, Mr. Giant.

GIANT

[Reflectively]

No one ever kissed me before. It feels queer.
[Giant puts him down.]

LITTLE BOY

I'm all right now.

[Takes the Giant's hand and looks up into his face.]

I think I will run and play with the children now. Good-bye, Mr. Giant.

SNICKERTY NICK

GIANT

Don't you want a flower? You may have one.
I'll pick one for you. Here it is.

LITTLE BOY

Thank you, good Mr. Giant.

GIANT

[*Gradually relenting*]

Here is another, you may have this. [*Aside*]
No one ever called me "Good Mr. Giant" before.
[*Looks at the little boy with a smile.*]

LITTLE BOY

Lean down and I will put one in your button-
hole and one in mine.

GIANT

Aren't you a little chap?

LITTLE BOY

Aren't you a big chap? Little chaps like me
like big chaps like you.

SNICKERTY NICK

GIANT

How would you like to have me give you all my flowers?

LITTLE BOY

O, I don't want all your flowers. Just some of them.

GIANT

How would you like to have me give you my kingdom and come and live here?

DWARF

[Who has been watching closely]

Now see here, Baron Bill-Arron Bomberrum, throwing bouquets is all very well—but kingdoms——

LITTLE BOY

I couldn't stay here without the other children.

GIANT

No, I don't want the other children. But I

SNICKERTY NICK

will let you come here and play in my garden
whenever you want to. You can always come.

LITTLE BOY

No, I couldn't do that. I must go now and
play with them. Thank you for the flowers.
[*Kisses the Giant.*]

GIANT

No one ever kissed me before, little chap.

DWARF

Aren't you going to kiss Nicky, too?
[*Little Boy kisses Dwarf.*]

LITTLE BOY

Good-bye, Nicky. Good-bye, Giant.
[*The little boy runs out of the gate waving his
hand to the Giant.*]

DWARF

A boy named Jack, so I've heard tell,
Killed a giant dead.

SNICKERTY NICK

Mightn't he have done as well
By loving him instead?

Now here's a boy who saves the day,
With swords?—no, no, with kisses.
And really there's no other way
One half so good as this is.

For killing merely makes you blue
And very cross and snappy,
While loving makes not only you
But everybody happy.

And kissing giants is such fun,
They think you're going to bite,
But as soon as you give 'em another one,
Everything's all right.

GIANT

Snickerty Nick, how did the children come
here? Did you take down the sign?

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

Yes, I had to. You see the flowers didn't like the notice. The only people who liked it were Winter and his Gnomes. They thought I was asleep, but I heard Winter tell Northwind why Spring had forgotten this garden.

GIANT

[*Stands thinking.*]

Nicky, go and tell that little boy if he will come back I will give him my kingdom.

DWARF

What part do I get after all those kicks? Well, well, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Personally I enjoy the simple life, like the colored man. Don't you know his song?

GIANT

No, I haven't heard it.

DWARF

I'm a-buildin' my house
On a mountain so high,

SNICKERTY NICK

A good place to wait
For my love to come by.

Go 'way now, all of you,
Leave me alone
On the peacefulest mountain-top
Ever was known.

Go on a-scrimmagin'
All over town
For a stove-pipe hat
And a purple silk gown.

But leave me my cabin
High up as the moon,
Here where my true love
Will come to me soon.

GIANT

Stop your noise, Nicky. Go and find the little
boy and bring him back to me.



“What part do I get after all those kicks?”

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

Can't be done.

GIANT

Not if I give him all my kingdom?

DWARF

No, he doesn't want your kingdom.

GIANT

What makes you think that?

DWARF

I don't think, I just know some things like women. Besides, you heard what he said. He wouldn't come without the other children.

GIANT

Is that why Spring wouldn't come here, I wonder?

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

It's awfully funny and yet it's true
When the children came the flowers came too.

GIANT

Go and find him and tell him all the children
can come back and play with him.

DWARF

With me, too. Don't forget, Nicky.

GIANT

[Taking up the sign.]

Nicky, I'm going to burn this sign up.

DWARF

[Pulling it away from Giant.]

No, no. Give it to me. I can fix it so that
when they see it, they'll come back.

*[Dwarf takes the brush and paints letters around
the ETT on the sign making it read PETTED.]*

SNICKERTY NICK

How do you like that? “Trespassers will be petted.”

[Views his work with his head first on one side and then on the other.]

GIANT

Here, take these keys of my kingdom and unlock every gate—so that we can all have the kingdom. But first go and find the little boy.

DWARF

Hurrah!

Children, come back and be petted
And bring all the others,
Your sisters and brothers,
No trespassers now will be etted.

[Exit Dwarf by the gate.]

[The Little Boy appears, climbing over the wall.]

SNICKERTY NICK

LITTLE BOY

Oh, I am glad you have changed that old sign.

GIANT

[Lifting the Little Boy into the garden.]

And I'm glad you have come back, little chap.

[Little children are seen peeping through the gate.]

LITTLE BOY

Show 'em the new sign. Show 'em the new sign, good Mr. Giant.

[The Giant holds the new sign up.]

LITTLE BOY

Come in! Come in! He says you may.

CHILDREN

Hurray! Hurray!

Come in and play,

For the Giant is back and he says you may!



“Dipsey, ipsey, tiddley ipsey”

SNICKERTY NICK

[*They join hands and dance round the Giant.*]

Dipsey-wipsey,
Tiddledy ipsey,
Snickerty says we may!

DWARF

[*Running in with the jingling keys and skipping round the outside of the circle and joining in the chorus which they repeat.*]

Hurray! Hurray!
Hurray! Hurray!
Dipsey-wipsey,
Tiddledy ipsey,
Snickerty says we may.

CURTAIN

[*The Dwarf puts his head out between the curtains and smiles. Then he comes through and holds up a bunch of golden keys.*]

SNICKERTY NICK

DWARF

Now ladies and gentlemen, here are the keys,
I beg you to do me this courtesy, please:—
Unlock every door, every gate with these keys,
Every gate, every door in the kingdom!
And then I shall ask one more favour of you!
Please hand the keys on just as soon as you're
through
To whoever you see in a kingdom!
To unlock every garden and make them all free
One garden for children and giants—and me—
Oh, open your hearts, make them ample and
free—
For that is the key to the kingdom!

[The Dwarf throws the golden keys to the children in the audience.]

THE END



ONE MONTH USE

PLEASE RETURN TO DESK
FROM WHICH BORROWED

RETU

This b

**EDUCATION-PSYCHOLOGY
LIBRARY**

R This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-4209
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior
to due date.

ALL BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO RECALL 7 DAYS
AFTER DATE CHECKED OUT.

OCT 2

MAY 15 1975

MAY 13 REC'D - 10 AM

AUG

21-100m-1,

LD 21A-10m-3,75
(S4836L)

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

C030609084

215827

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

