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# THE MAGIC FIDDLE

A Musical Fairy Drama

In Five Acts

BY THOMAS J. LIVINGSTONE, S. J.



LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS

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CHICAGO



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## PREFACE

The "Magic Fiddle" was first produced by the Eighth Grade pupils of St. John's School, Omaha, Neb. Meeting with more than ordinary success, it was repeated by request before the Sisters attending the Summer Course in the Creighton University. Since then many applications have been made for copies of the Play, but until the present time the Author has not found leisure to prepare it for the Press.

It is now printed to meet this demand and to supply a new Play for Eighth Grade pupils, one which they can produce with success and which will give all of them, both boys and girls, a chance to appear.

The following directions will greatly aid in making the Play a success:

### THE MAGIC FIDDLE

The boy who takes the part of Kaspar is not supposed to play the violin—he only pretends to do so, going through the motions of playing. The real playing is to be done by a skilful player who stands in the wings near Kaspar.

### THE COW

Only the Head, front legs and fore part of the body of the cow are necessary. These may be painted on paper which is afterwards pasted on card board, trimmed to the proper shape and reinforced by pieces of wood, so that the cow will stand upright, when leaned against the wings, with the head projecting. Have a rope around its neck with which to tie it to the tree painted on the wings. The cow may be called the heroine of the Play and is indispensable. As soon as the cow appears the audience will be put into good humor.

## THE COSTUMES

The Fairies wear the conventional costume. The Queen, in the first act, has a cloak over her costume.

The Duke and his party wear Court dresses.

Kaspar at first wears the Tyrolese costume; later, he is dressed in a handsome Page's costume.

The Robbers, Roberto, the Farmer, the Butcher and the Jailor wear the Tyrolese costume.

Tyrolese costume: Short trousers reaching about two inches above the knees. Woolen stockings rolled back to about two inches below the knees, thus leaving them bare. Low shoes. A colored shirt over which is worn a pair of suspenders made of cloth about an inch wide, forming an H before and on the back. A green conical hat with a feather.

Gypsy: Black slouch hat, dark coat, vest and knee pants, white stockings over which two different-colored strips of cloth are wound spirally in opposite directions, forming X's.

## THE SCENERY

a) The most important scene is the Fairy Grotto. This should be novel and attractive. In lieu of a painted scene, various colored muslins with wreaths and streamers could be used to make a pretty scene. The throne should be placed diagonally across one of the back corners of the scene, leaving the stage free for the evolutions of the Fairies. This scene should be set before the performance begins, so that the transformation from the first scene, which should be in front of it, can be made as quickly as possible. In the original performance, the change was made by turning out all the electric lights for a few seconds, during which the front scene was raised; then turning them on again. The effect was very striking.

b) The Play calls for eight scenes, but as few Halls have such a number of scenes, some ingenuity will be required to supply the deficiency. Three scenes are

absolutely necessary: the Fairy Grotto, a Wood scene and an Interior.

The Wood scene will do for the opening scene; and, by adding some flower vases and shrubs it will serve as a garden and park scene.

The Interior, with pictures on the wall, will serve as a Room in the Palace; with maps on the wall, as the Justice's office; with the pictures and a couch, it will serve as a Bedroom in the Palace. A prison scene can easily be made by painting, in black on a white back-ground, the outlines of the stones in the wall.

### THE SONGS

Any suitable songs may be used in place of the ones indicated. To save the expense of music engraving, only the words of the songs are given; but reference is made to the page in "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs" where the corresponding melody (rarely the words) may be found. This Collection, published by Hall and McCreary, 430 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., price, 15 cents, may be had at the office of the Publishers of this Play.

### THE FAIRY SONGS AND REVELS

The Fairy who announces the songs, stands alongside the throne.

Each soloist *runs* in from the side opposite to the throne, curtsies to the Queen, then runs forward and curtsies to the audience while the Introduction to the song is being played. After the song she curtsies to the audience, then to the Queen, then runs off. The Fairies who form the chorus should enter in time for the chorus and leave the stage with the soloist.

The Fairy of Spring, etc., should be dressed in accordance with the character she represents. The Chorus should have flowers with the Fairy of the flowers, pennants with the Fairy of the sea, and Chinese lanterns with the Fairy of sleep.



The songs should be sung with gestures; in the chorus, the others make the same gestures as the soloist. Put plenty of life and motion into the songs.

At the close of the last song, the fairies lie down to sleep, the lights are lowered and the curtain slowly descends.

## PROPERTIES

Put some one in charge of the properties, so that each article may be at hand when needed.

### ACT I

Scene 1.—Flask, locket, cloak, whistle.

Scene 2.—Fiddle, bell, flowers, pennants, lanterns.

### ACT II

Scene 1.—Cow and rope, pocket-book, two onions.

Scene 2.—Letter.

Scene 3.—Two desks, paper, pens and ink, feather duster. Two notes.

### ACT III

Scene 1.—Bell, gold chain.

Scene 2.—Revolver, pocket-book, two flasks.

Scene 3.—Sacks, darklantern, masks, dagger, two swords, couch.

### ACT IV

Scene 1.— \* \* \* \*

Scene 2.—Glass of water, couch, three stools.

### ACT V

Scene 1.— \* \* \* \*

Scene 2.—Photograph, locket, fiddle.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

KASPAR, *a Shepherd Boy.*  
THE DUKE OF WILTEN.  
COUNT SAXON.  
VISCOUNT AMRASS.  
HERR GAMOOT, *a Musician.*  
VALET TO THE DUKE.  
FANG, *a Magistrate.*  
SNAPPER, *his Clerk.*  
ROBERTO, *an Outlaw.*  
ROMANY RYE, *a Gypsy.*  
HERR GOODHOUSE, *a Farmer.*  
HERR SCHMIDT, *a Butcher.*  
JACK, *a Robber.*  
BILL, *a Robber.*  
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.  
COWSLIP.  
MARIGOLD.  
MIGNONETTE.  
HAREBELL.  
HAWTHORNE, *a Messenger.*  
PRIMROSE, *a Messenger.*  
ASPHODEL, *a Messenger.*  
VERNA, *Fairy of Spring.*  
FLORA, *Fairy of the Flowers.*  
MARINA, *Fairy of the Sea.*  
DORMITA, *Fairy of Sleep.*  
A Jailer.  
Attendant Fairies.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

Act I Scene 1—The Alps.  
Scene 2—Fairyland.

Act II Scene 1—The Alps.  
Scene 2—Palace Garden.  
Scene 3—Court Room.

Act III Scene 1—Room in the Palace.  
Scene 2—Woods.  
Scene 3—Room in the Palace.

Act IV Scene 1—Palace Garden.  
Scene 2—Prison.

Act V Scene 1—Court Room.  
Scene 2—Ducal Park.

## ACT I.

### SCENE 1. ROAD IN THE ALPS—MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND

*(Enter two Robbers, L.)*

JACK: I tell you, Bill, these are mighty hard times.

BILL: You're right, Jack; we honest folk have no chance at all. A man can't even earn his salt, these days.

JACK: His salt! What the dickens do we care for salt. Some Jersey Lightning, Holland Gin or Tangle-foot is what we're after.

BILL: Say, Bill, it just makes my mouth water to hear you talk of Holland Gin. Just look at this empty flask and see this tightened belt, if you want to know what I've undergone. For three days, now, I haven't had a drop of liquor.

JACK: My husky voice and paling nose tell the same tale. But say, suppose you let us have a song, just to cheer us up a bit.

BILL: All right, old Pal; here goes: *(Any rollicking song, e. g., "The Bull Dog," page 78.)*

JACK: Bravo! bravo! that did me good.

BILL: Well, let's be off and look for work. If we can only find some well-filled crib to crack, we'll have all the drink we want. Come on. *(Exeunt.)*

KASPAR *(enters)*:

Oh, what a peaceful, joyous life is mine!  
My daily task to tend the grazing flock  
Of snow-white sheep that nip the tender grass  
From mountain side or fertile upland slope  
And quench their thirst in crystal rills that flow  
With pleasing murmur down their pebbly course.  
Above me tower in silent majesty  
The snow-crowned Alps, peak on peak sublime.

Below, I see the busy haunts of men  
Whose mingled murmurs, wafted by the breeze,  
Oft reach me here. My simple songs I sing,  
By nature taught, to cheer the passing hour.  
And yet, at times, a saddened feeling comes  
And throws its gloomy shadow o'er my heart.  
I long for things unknown, for brighter scenes,  
More full of life, more like the fairy haunts  
I visit in my dreams. Can there be such?  
Do fairies visit still these earthly vales  
And dance their midnight rounds beneath the  
moon?

And weave their mystic spells? Ah! would  
'twere so.

*(Enter Fairy Queen, disguised as a beggar.)*

FAIRY QUEEN: Good little boy, please help a poor  
old woman.

KASPAR: What can I do for you?

FAIRY QUEEN: Some money to buy bread.

KASPAR: Alas! I have none to give; I am but a poor  
shepherd boy.

FAIRY QUEEN: What is that you have hanging from  
your neck?

KASPAR: That is an old locket my poor old nurse  
gave me for good luck and told me never to part with.

FAIRY QUEEN: Give me that.

KASPAR: It is a keepsake, and besides it is very old  
and not worth anything.

FAIRY QUEEN: Will you let a poor old woman  
starve?

KASPAR: Oh, no; not for the world! Here, take it  
and welcome; and may it bring you enough to buy some-  
thing to eat. I wish I had more to give you.

FAIRY QUEEN: Thank you! thank you! You are a  
good boy. Give me your hand. *(Blows a whistle.)*  
*(Rumbling noise is heard and stage is darkened as trans-  
formation of scene takes place.)*

SCENE 2. A BEAUTIFUL CAVE OR GROTTA.

FAIRIES (*enter dacing; they form a group around Queen and Kaspar*).

KASPAR: What place is this wherein I stand?

QUEEN: These are the realms of Fairy-Land.

KASPAR: And who are you in garb so mean?

QUEEN: Behold! I am the Fairy Queen! (*Throws off cloak.*)

KASPAR (*kneels on one knee before her*): All hail!  
O Fairy Queen!

FAIRIES (*sing*): *Melody, "Stars and Stripes,"*  
*page 21.*)

"All hail to our Queen! may she rule o'er us long,  
Her grace and her beauty we celebrate in song;  
Around her we gather to prove our love and zeal,  
While lips wreathed in smiles show the joy we all feel."

QUEEN:

Primrose, who doth the modes inspire,  
Deck out this lad in meet attire.

PRIMROSE (*retires with Kaspar*).

QUEEN:

Cowslip, who rightest mortal wrongs,  
Find out to whom this face belongs.

(*Gives locket; exit Cowslip.*)

Good subjects all, my fairies dear,  
This shepherd lad I've brought you here.  
Is one that loves our race full well  
And wished to know where we did dwell.  
To see if he would worthy prove  
This boon to gain and share our love,  
Disguised in rags, as beggar old,  
A painful tale of want I told,  
And begged an alms to buy me bread.  
No wealth had he, but gave instead,  
With cheering words of priceless worth,  
Yon locket, all he had on earth.  
What think you, then,—was it not meet  
That he should see our fair retreat,

And hear the song and view the dance  
That mortal senses must entrance?

FAIRIES:

Indeed, indeed it was most meet  
That he should see our fair retreat.

QUEEN:

Your kind approval, fairies dear,  
Is sweetest music to my ear.  
But now 'tis time to hold our court  
And hear our messenger report.

*(Enter Marigold and soloists.)*

MARIGOLD:

Our pleasant task it was today,  
To watch the children at their play,  
And ward off any cause of fear,  
Should harm or danger hover near.  
They sang some songs in pleasing verse,  
Which now our fairies will rehearse.  
A lullaby, the first shall be,  
To soothe a babe on mother's knee.

HAWTHORNE *(sings, "Lullaby," by Brahms, words and music, page 69.)*

MARIGOLD:

Of Santa Claus we next shall sing,  
And of the gifts he loves to bring.

PRIMROSE *(sings, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," words and music, page 4.)*

MARIGOLD:

The Fairy now who comes in view,  
Will sing about the Little Boy Blue.

ASPHODEL: *(sings, "Little Boy Blue," words and music, page 30.)*

HAWTHORNE:

Behold, where swiftly hither flies  
Our Cowslip fair, in glad surprise.

COWSLIP *(enters):* Hail, O Queen and sisters fair!

FAIRIES: All hail!



COWSLIP :

O Queen, to do your sweet behest,  
I traveled far both east and west ;  
Yet nowhere found a living face  
In which these features I could trace.  
But in a mansion, rich and fair,  
I found a picture painted there,  
The very image of the face  
Which this small locket doth incase.  
I could not learn the lady's name,  
For, as into the house I came,  
I found them running here and there,  
Preparing for a concert rare.

QUEEN :

Well has your toilsome task been done ;  
Our gracious thanks you've nobly won.  
But who is he who owns this place  
Where you did find the pictured face ?

COWSLIP :

The Duke of Wilten is his name ;  
I think, O Queen, you've heard the same.

QUEEN :

I know him well, but let that rest ;  
For see ! here comes our youthful guest.

PRIMROSE (*enters with Kaspar*) :

Behold the suit prepared in haste !  
What thinks your Highness of my taste ?

QUEEN :

Your taste beyond all doubt is fine,  
You'd think him sprung of princely line.  
My pretty boy, pray hither come,  
Receive my thanks for what you've done.  
The poor old beggar now doth bless  
The hand that helped her in distress.

KASPAR :

Your gracious Majesty, I little thought  
When giving you that locket, poor but prized,  
That I was speaking to the Fairy Queen.  
Or that so great a favor should be mine



As to behold the bright and charming realms  
Of Fairyland, the theme of all my dreams.

QUEEN :

If you had known all that you say,  
Small thanks, indeed, had been your pay.  
But since to me, though all unknown,  
Such kindness you have freely shown,  
Come, tell me for what boon you yearn,  
That I may give it you in turn.  
By this bright crown, the pledge of power,  
I'll grant the gift within the hour.

PRIMROSE :

Be not afraid, fair youth, to ask ;  
To give will be a pleasing task.

KASPAR :

Your Majesty, the only boom I crave,  
Is leave to see your fairy revels gay  
And mystic spells. For this full oft I've  
yearned,  
When lonesome on the mountain side I've stood  
And watched the setting sun, with rays of fire,  
Light up each Alpine peak with ruddy glow.  
For this, in dreams I've sighed, and waking,  
wished  
To dream again, to see if dreams would take  
me there.

QUEEN :

Your modest wish I grant with joy ;  
But let me add, my pretty boy,  
That none our revels gay may see,  
Or share our guarded mystery,  
But he must carry hence some sign,  
Some token of our love benign.  
Full oft I've heard, yon rocks among,  
The pleasing echoes of your song.  
The fittest gift, I think, would be,  
As comrade to your harmony,  
A magic fiddle. Harebell, dear,  
Go, bring the magic fiddle here.

HAREBELL (*exit*).

KASPAR :

Alas, your Majesty, though gratitude  
Quite fills my heart for your kind gift,  
I much do fear that lack of needful skill  
Will render all in vain your kind intent.

QUEEN :

You little know the greater worth  
Of fairy gifts to those of earth,  
Else had you not, my little man,  
Made such objection to my plan.  
Know, then, that when the faries give  
A gift to those on earth that live,  
They also give the needful skill  
To make the gift its purpose fill.  
You've but to draw the magic bow  
Across the strings, and thence will flow  
Such tones of wondrous melody,  
Such strains of dulcet harmony,  
That all who hear amazed will stand,  
And praise the cunning of your hand.

HAREBELL (*enters with fiddle which she gives to Queen*).

QUEEN :

Behold, here is your precious dower!  
Make trial of its magic power. (*Presents fiddle.*)

KASPAR (*plays fiddle*):

O rapturous music! how the hills and vales  
Will love to echo your delightful tones!  
No more shall grief or sorrow o'er my brow  
Their gloomy shadows trail. My very sheep  
Will cease their grazing, all intent to hear  
Th' entrancing strains that fill the wondering  
air.

QUEEN :

No longer shall you spend your days  
'Mid rural scenes and rustic ways.  
In lofty halls of nobles proud  
Must your sweet tones sound clear and loud;

And you yourself, the favored guest,  
 Shall be both welcomed and caressed.  
 The Duke of Wilten, you must know,  
 Prepares a concert; thither go,  
 A sample of your skill to show.  
 One feature of this instrument,  
 If e'er on frolic you are bent,  
 I now must not forget to say:  
 When'er upon its strings you play,  
 You can, at will, make all who chance  
 To hear its tones, unceasing dance.  
 And last, if ever you should need  
 My help or presence with all speed,  
 In case of danger, hurt or harm,  
 You've but to use this magic charm:  
     "Sunbeams dancing o'er the sea,  
     Moonbeams glancing o'er the lea,  
     Starbeams twinkling merrily,—  
     Call the Fairy Queen to me."

FAIRIES (*in the wings sing the charm. Melody, page 115, top of page.*)

KASPAR: How beautiful! Hark! (*Clock strikes twelve.*)

QUEEN:

'Tis midnight: call the fairies in;  
 'Tis time our revels to begin.  
 Come, sit upon this throne with me,  
 The guest of our gay company.  
 Your presence will our joy enhance,  
 While our liege subjects lead the dance.  
     Dance of the fairies.

FAIRIES (*enter and dance, then exeunt.*)

MARIGOLD:

Our hearts a hearty welcome sing  
 To greet the "Fairy Of the Spring."

VERA (*runs in, curtsies to Queen, then to Audience.*) (*Song: Melody, "Come With Thy Lute," page 36.*)

“I am the Spring’s chosen Fairy,  
Gay as a lark and as merry,  
Filling all hearts with delight.  
After dark winter is over,  
I bring the grass and the clover,  
Making the fields green and bright.  
Then send the rain in refreshing showers,  
And deck the land with blooming flowers.”

FAIRIES (*enter and repeat the song with soloists, then exeunt*).

MARIGOLD:

Next comes our Mignonette to tell.  
Where we gay fairies love to dwell.

MIGNONETTE (*song: Melody, “Last Night,” etc., page 22*).

“Oh, wouldst thou know where the fairies,  
The dainty fairies dwell,  
And learn, too, the spot where they gather  
To work each mystic spell?  
Far, far from the gaze of all mortals,  
From every prying eye;  
Yet still the place where they love best to  
dwell  
May be met with beneath the broad sky.”

FAIRIES:

“Within the depths of the greenwood,  
Within the shady dell,  
Where flowers spring up in rare beauty,  
The joyous fairies dwell.  
There sing they, in echoing chorus,  
Their varied and pleasing song;  
There dance they, in frolicsome measure,  
Their dances, rejoicing the whole night long.”  
*(Exeunt.)*

MARIGOLD:

From verdant meads and woodland bowers,  
Here comes “The Fairy of the Flowers.”

FLORA (*song: Melody, “Loch Lomond,” page 35*).

1. "Oh, I am the fairy who tends on the flowers,  
And who guards them as some precious treasure,  
From the first dawn of spring to the autumn's last  
decline,  
They're my fondest, fondest source of sweet  
pleasure.

FAIRIES :

Chorus—

- "What joy fills my heart, when I gaze on the  
flowers,  
As they bloom in their fragrance and beauty;  
While to deck them in colors both various and  
bright,  
Is my sweetest, sweetest task and my duty.
2. "When the warm zephyrs blow and the soft showers  
fall,  
'Tis the sign that the winter is over;  
Then at once from their sleep I awaken the  
flowers,  
And I bid them raise their heads 'mid the clover."

FAIRIES (*sing chorus and exeunt*).

MARIGOLD :

From ocean wide where winds blow free,  
Next comes "The Fairy of the Sea."

MARINA (*song: Melody, "Robin Redbreast," page  
98*).

"I'm the Fairy of the Ocean,  
With its waves so wild and free,  
With its waves so wild and free;  
And I love the gallant sailors  
Who brave the stormy sea.  
When the Storm King comes in fury,  
And billows rage and foam,  
I guard the tossing vessel,  
And I guide it safely home."

FAIRIES :

Chorus—(*Begin with third line of music.*)

"I'm the Fairy of the Sea, on a ship I love to be,  
With the sailors bold and free.

As they gaily dance and sing.  
Though the stormy winds may blow  
And the ship toss high and low,  
No signs of fear they show,  
But to hope they stoutly cling." (*Exeunt.*)

MARIGOLD:

And last, while stars their vigils keep,  
Appears "The Fairy of Sweet Sleep."

DORMITA (*song: Melody and words, "Sweet and Low," page 58*).

FAIRIES (*sing second verse then all lie down, the lights are lowered and the curtain slowly descends*).



## ACT II.

### SCENE 1. MOUNTAIN ROAD AS IN ACT 1, SCENE 1.

KASPAR (*discovered asleep. Wakes up and looks around*):

I did but dream. O let me dream again!  
For ne'er such heavenly joy I've felt before.  
Methought I stood in fairyland, and saw  
Such sights as mortal eye ne'er gazed upon,  
While strains entrancing filled my wondering  
ear. (*Looks at clothes.*)

But what is this? Do I still sleep and dream?  
(*Sees fiddle which he picks up.*)

'Twas then no dream. This fiddle and this  
dress

Proclaim that what I saw was real,  
And not the figment of fantastic sleep.  
Let me but try if still the magic power  
Lives in these strings. But soft! some one  
draws near. (*Retires to back of stage.*)

ROMANY (*enters leading a cow, which he ties to a stump*): Well, Romany, it's a wise son that can teach his own grandfather. See that cow? Ha; ha! That cow's mine. Yes, she's mine twice over. She's mine because I owned her, and she's two times mine, because I sold her and have her still. Ha, ha, ha! It takes a Gypsy to make a bargain. (*Takes out onion and begins to eat it.*) Won't Farmer Goodhouse open his eyes when he goes to milk his cow in the morning? Well, I rather guess so. Let me see if I've got the money all safe. (*Takes out pocketbook and counts money.*) Yes, all right, thirty dollars. I sold him the cow for thirty dollars, and then, last night, I took her out of the stable, and now I'm going to sell her to the butcher of the next village, and I'll get twenty or thirty dollars more for her, and tomorrow she'll be sausage meat. O, Land of Egypt! ain't I smart! I feel so good, I could almost



dance. Let's see if I can make up a song about that cow. (*Sings: Melody, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," page 20.*)

"A farmer bought a little cow, little cow, little cow,  
A farmer bought a little cow, a milch cow I'll be  
bound.

But when he went to milk the cow, milk the cow, milk  
the cow,

But when he went to milk the cow, the cow could not  
found.

Mooing of the cow, moo-oo-oo-oo, moo-oo-oo-oo,

Mooing of the cow, moo-oo-oo-oo, moo-oo-oo-oo.

O ain't I glad I'm not that farmer man,  
Not that farmer man, that mad farmer man,  
Ain't I glad I'm not that farmer man,  
Mourning for his cow."

Well, I must be going.

KASPAR (*comes forward*): Hello, Romany!

ROMANYS Hello! What will you take for the fiddle?

KASPAR: It's not for sale, Romany.

ROMANY: Do you play on that instrument?

KASPAR: Yes; are you fond of music?

ROMANY: Oh, yes; I used to play myself, when I  
was young.

KASPAR: What instrument did you play; the fiddle?

ROMANY: No; the instrument that King David used  
to play.

KASPAR: Oh, you mean the harp.

ROMANY: Yes, the *Jew's* harp. But come, play me  
something.

KASPAR: What kind of music shall I play?

ROMANY: Oh, play something lively—a Hungarian  
dance, if you can.

KASPAR: All right. (*Plays slowly at first; then, by  
degrees, faster.*)

ROMANY (*begins to smile*): Oh, that's fine. Keep  
on! (*Begins to beat time, then to move from one foot  
to another.*) My gracious, but that's music. If I wasn't  
so old and stiff, I think I could dance to that. Egypt!

I can't keep still. I have to go it. (*Begins to dance slowly, then faster and faster.*) Hoop-la! Romany, you're getting young again (*dances with all his might*). I'm getting played out. There! there! that'll do. Stop! stop! (*Falls down in a faint.*)

KASPAR: Ha, ha, wasn't that funny? Didn't I make the old fellow dance? O Fairy King, I thank you! There's magic in this fiddle and it will be my own fault if I don't make my fortune with it. Now, for the Duke of Wilten's palace. Oh, Fairy King, once more I thank you! (*Exit*)

JACK AND BILL (*enter in a tragic way, look carefully around to see if anyone is near, and so on*).

JACK: I say, Bill, look at old Egypt here. Is he dead, do you think?

BILL (*comes up*): Yes, I guess so—dead drunk. Let's see what he's got in his pockets. (*They search him.*)

JACK (*finds a couple of onions—business*).

BILL (*finds pocketbook—opens it*): Hey! Jack, look at this. We've struck it rich.

JACK: Halves! Honor among thieves, you know. Here! (*gives him an onion*).

BILL (*throws onion away*): All right. Don't talk so loud. We'll divvy up after awhile. Cut that rope and lead off the cow and we'll sell it to the butcher.

JACK (*cuts rope and leads off cow. Bill follows*).

ROMANY (*awakes*): What's the matter? Where am I? Why did I go to sleep here? O yes, that music! I never heard such music in all my life. I must have danced myself dizzy. What a fool I was. Romany, you're getting childish in your old age. I hope I don't catch cold. (*Feels for handkerchief, and finds pocketbook gone—business of searching pockets, etc.*) My pocketbook's gone. Where is that fiddler? Shades of Egypt! I'm robbed! I'm robbed! Where is he? (*Looks around—notices cow gone.*) Oh, my cow! My money and my cow! My cow and my money! O if I only had that young scamp here, I'd choke him. My cow! I'd strangle him. My money! I'll have the law

on him. Justice, justice! My money and my cow!  
Justice. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 2.

(*Enter Duke, Count and Viscount.*)

DUKE: Welcome, friends, to Wilten's halls, and may your stay be long and pleasant.

COUNT: Thanks, most noble Duke; your kind reception makes us feel quite at home.

VISCOUNT: It does, indeed; and I am extremely glad to see you in such health and spirits. The last time we met, you were still oppressed with grief, mourning the loss of your saintly wife.

COUNT: I was traveling abroad when that sad event occurred; but I knew the good Duchess, and saintly is the right word to describe her. The thought that she is now in the enjoyment of the reward her good works merited should serve to console you for her loss.

DUKE: What you say is true. But mine was no common loss: to be deprived of wife and child, both at the same time and in such a tragic way, was enough to drive a man distracted with grief.

VISCOUNT: I heard some vague rumors of that dread event but nothing clearly. If you can bear to relate the circumstances of her death without, at the same time, renewing your own grief, I should like very much to hear them.

COUNT: I too would like to hear the details of that sad event, provided it does not entail too great a strain on your feelings.

DUKE: Dear friends, I thank you sincerely for your interest and sympathy. It is now some twelve years since the painful event you refer to occurred. I had been married, then, about three years and had a charming little boy, a little over a year old. I was spending the night at a neighboring castle when, happening to look out of the window, I saw a blaze in the direction of this castle and in a moment I heard the alarm-bell ringing. I lost no time in mounting my horse and riding

like mad homeward. Soon the castle came in view, all wrapped in flames and smoke. When I reached it, they told me my wife was within the castle, searching for her child. I was about to enter the house, but the servants held me back; and the next moment, the roof caved in and the tottering walls fell, burying both wife and child in their ruins. The shock was too much for me and I fainted away.

COUNT: That was indeed a terrible disaster; no wonder your grief lasted so long. But have you no idea how the fire originated?

DUKE: That is the worst part of it. I strongly suspect that a former steward, whom I had discharged for knavery, set fire to the castle out of revenge. Some one told me he had seen the man, Roberto was his name, coming out of the building while the fire was going on, carrying a bundle under his arm; no doubt a store of valuables which he had stolen.

COUNT: What became of him?

DUKE: I caused a strict search to be made for him, but without result; no trace of him could be found. Probably he went abroad with his stolen plunder. I hope I may never cast eyes on him again, for the very sight of him would fill me again with thoughts of vengeance. Pardon me, my friends, for dwelling so long on my private griefs and making such a demand on your patience.

VISCOUNT: Not at all; your account was intensely interesting, and we feel highly honored at this mark of your confidence: we take it as a sign that you regard us as real friends.

DUKE: I most certainly do. But see! here comes my friend and former music-master, Herr Gamoot. Now we shall hear of nothing but music and her sister song. How now, my dear Gamoot? Have you today's concert arranged?

HERR G.: Yes, yes; everything is ready and I promise you that you will hear some music worth listening to. I hope your friends are musical?

DUKE: I think they are. Allow me to introduce them. Count Saxon and Viscount Amrass,—Herr Gamoot.

HERR G.: Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, and thrice happy to hear that you are musical.

“Ah! music, heavenly music,

What would earth without you be?

A barren waste chaotic,

A storm-tossed gloomy sea.”

COUNT: Ha, ha! Herr Gamoot, I see that you are a poet as well as a musician.

HERR G.: Only a trifle, only a trifle. Though let me tell you, music and poetry are much more nearly related than many people have any idea of,—they are twin sisters, in fact. But about this concert, have you seen the program yet?

VISCOUNT: No; we only arrived about an hour ago. I hope you have provided a variety for different tastes, Herr Gamoot?

HERR G.: That is the very beauty of it,—a great variety, a great variety I assure you. For instance, the first piece is an overture of my own composition, a trifle, indeed, but still something new. In fact you'll find nothing like it, in either Mozart or Beethoven. Of course they are good enough in their way,—a little old fashioned, perhaps, but good, yes, very good. I will give you some idea of my overture. (*As he describes the various parts, he should imitate the different instruments and voices, a few bars of each.*) First comes an andante movement for the bass fiddle—then an allegro scherzando for the violin—then the violoncello plays a tender prelude—now the soprano sings—and the tenor answers—here the father basely interrupts the scene—the cornet expresses its surprise at the interruption,—the contralto mother inquires the cause of the trouble,—then——

DUKE: Hold on, hold on, Professor, if you rehearse the whole overture, you will rob us of the pleasure of novelty, when we hear it this afternoon.



HERR G.: True, true; I forgot. When I begin to speak of music, I forget all else.

SERVANT (*enters and gives note to Duke*).

DUKE: Here is bad news for you, Professor; Signor Riotti sends word that he cannot come for the concert today; he is sick in bed.

HERR G.: What! what! my solo violinist? Impossible! What is the matter with him?

DUKE: He says he is crippled with an attack of rheumatism, and the doctor forbids him to leave his bed for a week.

HERR G.: Rheumatism—in bed for a week—distraction! (*Walks up and down, runs his fingers through his hair, etc.*) Donner und Blitzen! What shall I do? What shall I do?

DUKE (*to servant*): There is no answer.

SERVANT: Please, your Highness, there is a boy at the door who asks to see you.

DUKE: A boy to see me? What sort of boy is it?

SERVANT: Oh, quite a nice-looking boy,—he is very elegantly dressed and carries a fiddle. He says he wishes to play at your concert.

DUKE: Strange, who can he be? Did you hear that, Professor? There's a boy wants to play the fiddle at your concert.

HERR G.: A boy,—a boy,—what do I want with a boy? I want Signor Riotti; not a boy. Some wandering Savoyard, who scrapes a few tunes on a cracked fiddle. Don't talk to me of a boy. (*Walking up and down as before.*)

SERVANT: This boy is no Savoyard. He merely wishes to give you a specimen of his ability and says that if you are not satisfied, he will at once take his leave.

DUKE: He seems very confident for a boy. Shall we give him a trial?

COUNT: My curiosity is aroused. By all means let us hear him play. I'll give a crown just to see him.

VISCOUNT: And so will I.

DUKE: What do you say, Professor, for you will have to be the judge; shall I have him come in?

HERR G.: Oh, if the gentlemen are so anxious to see a boy serape on a wretched fiddle, I have no objection; by all means let him come in. I know how it will be, though; his seraping will set my teeth on edge. But no matter for that, I have two hands to cover my ears, and if that don't keep out the sound, why I can run into the house.

DUKE: Bring him in.

SERVANT (*exit*).

DUKE: That's one of the disadvantages of being a musician,—a person becomes a mere bundle of nerves.

COUNT: Well, if the boy don't afford us some amusement, the Professor will; so in any case, we shall get our money's worth. See, here he comes.

KASPAR (*enters and walks up to Duke and bows*): God save Your Highness!—(*bows to others*) and you, Gentlemen.

COUNT (*aside to Viscount*): A most polite little fellow.

DUKE: Well, my little man, what is it you wish?

KASPAR:

Your Highness, 'tis the fate of those who fill  
A lofty station in the world, to have  
Their every doing talked of far and near.  
Dame Rumor takes delight, with wagging  
tongue,  
To noise abroad whatever them concerns.  
'Twas thus I heard that, in your halls today,  
A concert of rare music was prepared;  
And thinking that if I could manifest  
Some art in playing on the violin,  
I might employment find and recompense,  
I came prepared to have you judge my skill

DUKE: If you can play but half as skillfully as you can muster words of compliment, my lad, your wish will be fulfilled.



KASPAR: Permit me, then, to make the trial. Listen!  
(Plays.)

HERR G. (*Has his hands ready to clap on his ears,— as Kaspar plays, he must show by his expression and gestures the effect supposed to be produced by the magic music, until at the end, when the others applaud, he rushes forward and embraces Kaspar*): Come to my arms, you soul of Music, you child of Apollo and Clio. You second Paganini. Now, for the first time in my life have I heard music. (*During the rest of the scene, he hardly takes his eyes off Kaspar.*)

DUKE: Well, Professor, you seem to have changed your mind about scraping on a fiddle.

COUNT: Yes, he seems to like having his teeth set on edge.

VISCOUNT: Moreover he has grown valiant, and rushed to arms instead of running away.

HERR G.: Jest on, Gentlemen, jest on; I deserve it.

KASPAR:

Your kind approval of my humble skill,  
Fills me with hope that you will grant my  
suit,  
And in your concert let me have a part.

DUKE: That is for the Professor to decide. Come, what you say, Herr Gamoot, shall we have him for the concert?

HERR G.: Shall we have him? How can you ask? He is a whole concert in himself. I'd rather lose all the rest than let him go now.

DUKE:

My boy, though you are quite unknown to me  
And I perhaps should first inquire of birth  
And parentage before I own to you  
How much you please me, yet your honest face  
And talents rare give me assurance that  
My trust is not misplaced. This house of mine  
You must consider as your present home,  
And I shall be your patron and your friend.

KASPAR:

Words fail me to express my grateful thanks.  
I only hope that I shall ever prove,  
By word and deed, how much I prize your love.

DUKE:

I have no doubt you will. But come, let's in;  
'Tis time for us to dine. (*Exunt.*)

SCENE 3. HALL OF JUSTICE.

FANG AND SNAPPER (*discovered, each at desk*).

FANG: Snapper!

SNAPPER: Yes. (*Drawls it out: e-yes—,*)

FANG: Did you copy out those briefs yet?

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: And write out the testimony of Squill vs.  
(versus) Pill?

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: And make out the bills for the month?

SNAPPER: No, I'm working on them now.

FANGS What, you lazy fellow, not done with them  
yet?

SNAPPER: Lazy! I'd like to see a man be lazy  
under you. You'd make a rare slave-driver, you would.

FANG: Yes, lazy. I suppose you haven't made out  
the monthly balance-sheet yet, either?

SNAPPER: Yes I have.

FANGS Bring it here, let me see it.

SNAPPER: Here you are.

FANG (*reads half-aloud*): Rent of office—all right  
—water bill—yes—stamps—hm—salary of Snapper \$25.  
(*aloud*). You don't deserve half that much; gas bill,  
O. K.—feather duster, 50c (*aloud*). Feather duster,  
feather duster; (*shouts*) Snapper!

SNAPPER: Yes, I hear you.

FANG: What does this mean, feather duster, 50c?

SNAPPER (*showing duster*): This! I bought it to  
dust the furniture with.

FANG: You did, eh? Now who authorized you to  
buy that feather duster?

SNAPPER: You were complaining about everything being dusty and so—

FANG: Yes, but who authorized you, etc.

SNAPPER: Did you expect me to go around and blow the dust off with my breath?

FANG: Never mind *what* I expected you to do. What I want to know is—who, etc.

SNAPPER: My good gracious I can't dust the furniture with nothing, can I?

FANG: That's got nothing to do with the question; Who, etc.

SNAPPER: Did you want me to wipe the dust off with my fingers or use my pocket-handkerchief?

FANG: Snapper, talk sense or I'll discharge you, Who, etc. .

SNAPPER: Well, if it wasn't you, it must have been old Nick; there!

ROMANY (*enters crying out*): Justice! justice! Mr. Judge, justice!

FANG: Hello! what's the matter with you?

ROMANY: Oh Judge! I've been robbed. Justice! justice!

FANG: Leave off that howling and talk sense. Snapper!

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: Take down this man's testimony.

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: What's your name?

ROMANY: Romany Rye—I'm a poor but honest Gipsy, your honor, and I ask for justice.

FANG: Now, who robbed you? speak out and tell the truth, but not as you are an honest Gipsy.

ROMANY: It was this way. I sold a cow to farmer Goodhouse yesterday for \$30, and this morning, when I was going home with the money, I met a boy with a fiddle—

FANG: Nonsense! what's that got to do with the case? Don't be wasting time; come to the point at once.

ROMANY: Your Honor, that fiddler-boy robbed me. O my money!

FANG: Well you are a big fool to let a boy rob you; how did he do it?

ROMANY: He played the fiddle and I began to dance—

SNAPPER: Show the court how you did it, else I can't write it down.

FANG: Silence, Snapper!

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: Go on Romany.

ROMANY: I think I was bewitched; I kept on dancing till I got dizzy, and fell down. When I came to my senses, I found all my money gone; that young rascal robbed me and ran away. But I'll have justice.

FANG: Romany, I think you've been drinking.

FARMER G. (*enters*): There he is, there's the thief. Where's my cow, you villain?

FANG: Gently, gently, Farmer; what's the trouble?

FARMER G.: The Gypsy, here, sold me a cow yesterday evening, and this morning she's gone,—stolen out of my barn, and I believe he stole it.

ROMANY: As I'm an honest Gypsy I never stole your cow. Let me see; yes that's a fact—that same fiddler-boy who robbed me had a cow with him. I thought it looked very much like the cow I sold you, and now I'm sure it must have been the same,—he stole it.

FANG: Well, we must try to find that fiddler-boy. What was he like? Who's this?

DUKE'S SERVANT (*enters and gives two notes to Fang*): From my master, the Duke.

FANG (*gives one note to Snapper, opens his own and reads*): An invitation to the Duke's concert this afternoon. Tell your noble master I'll be there. You'll come too, eh, Snapper?

SNAPPER: Yes.

ROMANY: But what about the Fiddler-boy?

SERVANT: That reminds me; there's a boy to play

the fiddle at the concert this afternoon. The Duke, the Music-master and all the others are wild about him. He plays like an angel.

ROMANY: Is he about so high and dressed in (*describe dress.*)

SERVANT: Yes, do you know him?

ROMANY: Judge, that's the boy,—that's the one who stole the money and the cow; arrest him.

SERVANT: You're dreaming, Egypt! What, that boy steal? I'd just as soon think of stealing myself—put that idea out of your head. I must be going. I'll tell the Duke you're coming. (*Exit.*)

ROMANY: Judge, I *swear* that *must* be the boy who robbed me. I'll see the Duke and have justice.

FANG: Well, go ahead. If you can identify him, we'll have him arrested. Some, Snapper, we must get ready for the concert. The court is adjourned.

SNAPPER: Yes, the court is adjourned.

ROMANY: I'll have justice if the boy were the Duke's own son. My money! my money. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Curtain*)

## ACT III

### SCENE 1 — ROOM IN DUKE'S HOUSE

KASPAR: . (*Solus.*)

The Fairy King has kept his promised word;  
The Duke and all his noble company  
Treat me like honored guest, and never tire  
Of praising my great skill; while Herr Gamoot  
Regards me with such care, that one  
Would think I was his son. If all goes well  
Today, this concert will my fortune make.  
O Fairy King, withdraw not then the power  
That you have given to this violin,  
And e'er with grateful heart, I'll sing your  
praise.

HERR GAMOOT (*Enters.*)

Ah! there you are, my little Orpheus!  
I'm glad to find you in this room alone.  
Tell me, who was your master in this art?  
Who taught your hand to draw such harmony  
From out those strings?

KASPAR:

No earthly master had I in this art,  
But, in a waking dream, a spirit came  
And dowered me with mystic skill and power.  
No doubt you've heard that fairies sometimes  
grant  
To mortals at their birth, some special sign  
And token of their love. Well, though but late  
I've felt the presence of this welcome gift,  
I think, nay firm believe, such lot was mine.

HERR G.:

No doubt, no doubt. But tell me, for I fain  
Would learn of you, whence come the wondrous  
strains

Which you command to ebb and flow at will?

KASPAR:



My childhood days I've passed 'mid Alpine  
peaks  
Where mountain torrents, cradled in their  
snows,  
Roll down with boisterous song and laughter  
wild,  
To join some placid stream, that pleasant flows  
Through fertile meads, all gemmed with  
starlike flowers.  
Amid the murmuring pines, I've heard the  
wind  
Now whisper accents sweet, like tones of love,  
Now boisterous roar and fill the grove with fear.  
In Spring, the merry minstrel birds,  
Would sing their carols to the rising morn,  
And, floating in the pure, sweet mountain  
breeze,  
Pour floods of song into the vale below.  
These were my teachers in sweet harmony,  
And from the store of recollected lays,  
Which these have sung me, o'er and o'er again,  
I've but to choose what vagrant fancy will,  
And pour them over these reverberant strings,  
And straight they render, with translated  
sound,

The melodies of torrent, grove and bird.

HERR G.: Wonderful, wonderful!

*(Enter Duke, Count and Viscount.)*

DUKE:

Ha! Professor, tête-a-tête, I see  
With my young protégè. I'll warrant; now,  
Our learned friend's been trying to find out  
The secret of such new and wondrous skill.

HERR G.:

My noble master, you have guessed aright.  
For never having heard such music sweet  
From mortal hand before,—

DUKE:

From mortal hand! Suspect you then, old friend,





On earth to men of good and upright will.''  
Oh, never since the world began its course  
Amid the glittering orbs of heaven's court,  
And hearkened to the music of the spheres,  
Did listening earth drink in such dulcet strains,  
As filled the throbbing air that Christmas morn,  
And floated o'er the slumbering Bethlehem.  
This afternoon, My Lords, I shall attempt  
To give some faint idea of that scene  
Upon my violin and let you judge  
How far mere earthly music can express  
The matchless strains of heavenly melody.

HERR G. :

If anyone can hope to compass that,  
I think with all my heart it will be you.

SERVANT (*announces*): Messrs. Fang and Snapper.

DUKE: Welcome, friends.

HERR G. AND KASPAR (*speak apart*).

COUNT AND VISCOUNT (*speak apart*).

FANG: Your Highness, it was very kind of you to invite us to your concert.

DUKE: Not at all; and yet it will be much better than I had imagined. I have secured the services of a youthful prodigy—a real genius, I assure you.

FANG: Is that the boy?

DUKE: Yes, that is he.

FANG: A handsome little fellow. Your servant mentioned him, when he brought the invitation, and spoke so highly in his praise, that I was very curious to see him. Just at the time, I had a very strange case; you remember, Snapper?

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: A certain gypsy was telling how he had been robbed by—(*bell rings*).

SERVANT (*enters*): All is ready for the concert.

DUKE: Excuse me, Fang, I will hear your story after the concert.

SERVANT: There is an old gypsy below who insists

on seeing Your Highness. He says he has most important business.

DUKE: Tell him he'll have to wait until after the concert. (*Exit servant.*) Now, gentlemen, let us repair to the concert-hall. (*Kaspar and Herr G. go first. All bow—then Duke and the rest.*)

SCENE 2 — WOODS

ROBERTO (*Solus*):

'Tis twelve long years since last I walked this  
grove!

Then was I servant to this haughty Duke,  
Who on some charge of misdemeanor slight,  
Sent me from his employ to beg or starve.  
That was an evil day for both of us—  
E'en now I still can see that castle proud  
Enwrapped in sheets of all-devouring flame.  
I heard, and much it grieved me then to hear,  
That his good wife, who e'er was kind to me,  
Remained behind in search of her young child,  
Whom I, in dire revenge had stolen away,  
Until the falling roof made it her grave.  
Oft have I dreamt of that most tragic death,  
And waked at midnight filled with haunting fear  
Of ghosts and dreadful visions of despair.  
But that is passed and I have callous grown.  
Twelve years of life amid Australian wilds,  
Consumed with hunger, parched with burning  
thirst,

And facing danger from both beast and man,  
Have clipped imagination's flighty wings.  
So here am I returned to try once more  
If I can not complete the work begun,  
And make this tyrant Duke once more to feel  
The heavy hand of cunning-wrought revenge.  
He once asserted that I stole his gold,  
And soon he shall have reasons to accuse,  
For he must now the needful means supply

For life and sweet enjoyment of the same.  
I have a plan to rob his house tonight,  
But need a pair of helpmates for the work,  
And see! as if the devil knew my wish,  
He sends the needful ones to help me on.

*(Hides.)*

*(Enter Jack and Bill—look around, etc.)*

JACK: Is the coast clear, pard?

BILL: Yes, there's no one in sight.

JACK: Well, let's divvy up our spoil. How much did you get for that cow?

BILL: The butcher would only give \$20. How much was in the gypsy's pocketbook?

JACK: Just \$30,—that makes fifty—25 apiece. Well, that will last us a couple of weeks. Here, take this fiver; that makes us square. We'll have to lie low for a while, till this affair blows over.

BILL: Yes. The old gypsy will move heaven and earth to find out the one who stole his pocketbook. *(Takes out bottle.)* Here's success to the profession! *(drinks).*

JACK *(takes out flask)*: Here's to the same *(drinks).*

ROBERTO *(comes forward)*: Good day, Gentlemen!

JACK AND BILL *(stagger back in surprise, then feel for weapons).*

ROBERTO *(showing pistol carelessly)*: I'm happy to meet two gentlemen of your profession.

JACK: Of our profession! What do you mean?

ROBERTO: Just what I said. Only I'm sorry to see you run the risk of a halter for such trifling amounts. You ought to look after bigger game. *(Jack and Bill look at each other and shrug shoulders.)*

BILL *(aside to Jack)*: It's no use putting on here, I guess. He must have overheard us.

JACK: Yes, I guess he did. Put a bold face on the matter.

BILL: It's all very well to talk of bigger game, but where are we to find it?

JACK: Yes, tell us that.

ROBERTO: Before I tell you that, answer me this:—are you two game to crack a crib with me?

BILL: Yes, if it's worth the risk.

JACK: So say I. If there's money in it, you can count on me.

ROBERTO: As to risk, there's hardly any at all. And as for money, if we succeed, as there's no doubt we will, you will get more than you ever saw in your life before.

JACK: Let's hear your plan. You seem a plucky chap.

ROBERTO: Do you know the Duke of Wilten's palace?

JACK: Of course. But you don't mean that, do you?

ROBERTO: I mean that and no other. Where else would we get so much money?

JACK (*whistles in sign of surprise*).

BILL: Duke or no Duke, I'm with you—go ahead with your scheme.

ROBERTO: This afternoon there's some sort of a concert to be given there; after which, no doubt, they'll have a grand supper with lots of wine and so on. Now, after all this excitement, they'll be tired out, and when once they get to sleep, there'll be no waking them. Do you see?

JACK: Yes; and then?

ROBERTO: Then we'll come on the scene with a couple of sacks to carry off the plate which will be merely put aside in cupboards, and not locked up as usual. While you two attend to that matter, I will look after what money the Duke may have in his room. Now, you have my plan; what say you?

JACK: I'm agreeable.

BILL: So'm I. When and where shall we meet you?

ROBERTO: Oh, just come along with me and I'll show you where I've got everything we need prepared: sacks, lantern, masks, and so on.

JACK: All right; come along, Bill. (*Exeunt.*)



SCENE 3 — SAME AS IN SCENE 1

(After the concert. Duke and guests enter—all talking—lastly Kaspar; all applaud and bow.)

DUKE: Your playing was simply superb. Here take this gold chain as a token of my appreciation.

HERR GAMOOT: Orpheus come to life again!

COUNT: The greatest musical genius of the age.

VISCOUNT: I seemed to hear the music of the spheres.

FANG: I thought I was in heaven.

SNAPPER (*aside*): That's about as near heaven as you'll ever get.

KASPAR:

Oh, My Lord, and Noble Sirs,  
You overwhelm me with your flood of praise.  
I can not think that I deserve e'en half  
The praise you lavish on me. Yet I'm glad  
That 'tis within my power, by my poor play,  
To give you pleasure. Thank you o'er and o'er.

DUKE:

This modesty becomes you better far  
Than e'en your wondrous skill. Amid th'  
    applause  
That henceforth will be sure to fill your life,  
Forget not that you owe whate'er you have  
To One above. Lose not the winsome grace  
Of modesty, the brightest ornament  
Of life's sweet spring-tide. Like the fragrant  
    breath  
Of blushing rose, it gives an added charm  
To what before was fair.

ROMANY (*within*): Justice! justice!

DUKE: Who is that?

ROMANY (*enters*): Where is the Duke? Justice!  
most noble Duke, justice!

DUKE: Come, sirrah, cease that howling. Why break you in upon us here? Where are the servants?

ROMANY: Pardon, Your Highness; I've been robbed



most shamefully; and see! there stands the thief!  
(*Pointing to Kaspar.*)

ALL: What!

ROMANY: Yes, that boy robbed me of all my money.

DUKE: What! my young protegè a thief!—my musical prodigy a robber! Impossible! You've lost your senses.

COUNT: The man is crazy!—turn him out!

FANG: This is the man I was on the point of telling Your Highness about, before the concert. He's either drunk or stark mad. Shall I have him taken in charge?

DUKE: Do so; this is no place for such as he.

KASPAR:

Ah, no! Your Highness; please let him remain.

For since his accusation points to me,

If you should have him forcibly removed,

Suspicion might arise and rest on me.

Hear what he has to say about the case,

And I will answer him as best I can.

DUKE: Well, for your sake, I will hear him. Speak!

ROMANY: I accuse this boy of bewitching me with his fiddle, making me dance until I fell senseless, and then robbing me of all my money.

FANG: His tale is strange; yet, what we ourselves have witnessed of his skill, gives it some color of probability.

DUKE: Kaspar, you have heard the gypsy's accusation: what say you? Is there any truth in what he says?

KASPAR:

There is, My Lord, some grain of truth in what

He says, but more of falsehood. On my way

To your palace this morning, as it chanced,

I met this gypsy and I heard him tell

How he had sold a cow to some poor man,

And that same night had stolen her again.

ROMANY: 'Tis false! He himself had the cow when I met him.

KASPAR:

You wicked man! How dare you tell so false  
A tale. My Lord, I spoke to him and he,  
In turn, requested me to play for him.  
I played a lively tune which made him dance,  
And he made such a comic sight that I  
Played longer than I thought to do, until  
I saw him fall, o'ercome, as I supposed,  
By dizziness or sheer fatigue, whereat  
I left him and came here.

ROMANY: He acknowledges, he acknowledges! Justice, Noble Duke!

DUKE: Silence! Why did you not tell me of this, my lad?

KASPAR: The concert so engrossed me that it quite escaped my mind.

ROMANY: But you won't escape the law!

DUKE: This must be looked into. I'm very sorry that this has occurred, and especially at a time when I would have all things pleasant. (*To Romany*): You shall have all justice. I will be answerable for this boy's appearance when the matter comes up for trial. (*To Fang*): Look, you attend to the particulars. (*To Romany*): Now go!

ROMANY: I thank Your Highness. (*Shakes his fist at Kaspar, and exit.*)

DUKE: Think not, my dear young friend, that I have any doubts of you; but till the matter has been sifted, and the real culprits found, you will please remain in this compartment. All care will be taken of you. And now, good night! Come, gentlemen.

(*Exeunt all but Kaspar.*)

KASPAR: This happy day was all too bright to end  
Without a threatening shadow. Here am I  
An honorable prisoner confined.  
The Duke, 'tis true, does not as yet suspect  
That I am guilty of this charge. But when  
Investigation shall be made of me,  
And it is found that I have thus far been

An humble shepherd lad, what will he think?  
And how shall I account for these fine clothes  
And this most precious magic violin,  
Which, Herr Gamoot assures me, is a true  
And perfect Steiner, many thousands worth?  
And then, if those who really robbed the gypsy  
Cannot be found, how will it fare with me?  
I see my high career is very apt  
To bring great dangers in its brilliant wake.  
Far better, doubtless, had it been for me  
To have remained in humble life and state.  
What moved me wantonly to use the power  
I'd just received, in making this gypsy dance?  
Most likely 'twill a costly frolic prove.  
One last resource, 'tis true, remains to me,—  
To call upon the Fairy Queen for aid;  
But this I'm loath to use, until the worst  
Comes to the worst. I know not why, but feel  
A gloomy dread come stealing o'er my heart.  
I'll say my evening prayer, and then to sleep.

*(Prays; then lies down on sofa and falls asleep;  
lights lowered.)*

*(Enter Jack, Bill and Roberto—business.)*

ROBERTO: So far, all is well. This is the ante-room to the Duke's apartments. In there (*points*) is kept the plate. Go in and fill your sacks. I will look after the Duke's money. Have you everything ready? Unmask your lantern and let's see.

JACK (*unmasks lantern so that light falls on Kaspar*): Hello (*starts back*.)

KASPAR (*wakes up, sees the robbers,—seizes fiddle and plays. They begin to dance—all come rushing in—lights up.*)

DUKE: What means this?

KASPAR (*stops playing*): Burglars! seize them! (*The robbers are captured.*)

ROBERTO (*draws dagger, breaks away from captors and rushes at Duke*).

COUNT (*stabs him with sword*). (*Tableau—Curtain.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1 — GARDEN OF DUKE'S PALACE.

*(Count and Viscount discovered.)*

COUNT: We have had quite an exciting experience since our coming here. The concert, with the little musical genius, then the gypsy's accusation, and finally, the robbery. By the way, when does the trial come off?

VISCOUNT: When? why it took place this morning. Didn't you hear of it?

COUNT: No; I have just arrived from Vienna, where I have been the last three days on business. Tell me about it: where is our little friend Kaspar? I haven't seen him yet.

VISCOUNT: He is in prison.

COUNT: In prison? Is it possible! On what charge?

VISCOUNT: For stealing the farmer's cow. The gypsy and the two robbers testified against him. You see, the case of the robbers came up first; they were both found guilty and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. The Duke's former servant, Roberto, was sentenced for life for planning the burglary and attempting the life of the Duke; but that thrust you gave him with your sword will make his term a very short one, for he can not live more than a day or so.

COUNT: Serves him right, though I had no intention of wounding him so severely. But what of Kaspar?

VISCOUNT: Well, after those three scoundrels had been disposed of, the gypsy testified that Kaspar had a cow with him at the time of their meeting, and swore it was the same one which had been sold to the farmer. Then the two robbers swore that they had also seen Kaspar with the cow and described it so well that the farmer and the gypsy both recognized it as the one in question.

COUNT: And what did the boy say?

VISCOUNT: He merely repeated what he had said the day of the concert,—that the gypsy had sold the cow and then had stolen it again; but as there were three witnesses against him, his mere word did not suffice against their testimony, and so he was sent to prison.

COUNT: But what does the Duke think about the matter?

VISCOUNT: The Duke, of course, believes that Kaspar is innocent, but he was afraid to set him free, until more evidence could be procured in his favor. He is very much grieved at the turn affairs have taken because he had conceived a very great liking for the boy.

COUNT: For my part, I believe the boy is as innocent of the theft as I am. Those two robbers, doubtless, testified against him out of revenge for being the cause of their capture.

VISCOUNT: So Herr Gamoot thinks. He takes the affair as much to heart as if Kaspar were his own son. It was one of the most affecting things I ever witnessed to see him part from the boy when he was sent to prison. As a special favor, Kaspar begged him to keep his fiddle for him, which, of course, Herr Gamoot promised. The Professor is determined to show that Kaspar is innocent, he says, even if he has to spend his whole life at it. Look! there he comes. See how downcast he is.

HERR GAMOOT (*enters*).

COUNT: My dear Sir, this is very bad news I hear of your young friend, Kaspar.

HERR G.: Bad news! it is simply infamous. The idea of that young lamb being sent to prison on the testimony of those two villainous robbers. I can't bear to think of it. It's heart-rending.

COUNT: Cheer up, Herr Gamoot; we'll prove him innocent yet. By the way,—a thought strikes me: what became of the cow?

VISCOUNT: That's a fact. Perhaps if we could find that cow we might discover the real thief.

HERR G.: O Count, I thank you for that suggestion.



Yes, we must find the cow; but where shall we look for it?

COUNT: It seems to me that the most likely thing for the thief to do, would be to sell it to some butcher. Now, you have heard the description of the cow during the trial, and all you've got to do is to find out if any butcher bought such a cow about the time of the theft. If so, he will know the person who sold him the cow, you will find that person and then——

HERR G.: And then I will find the thief. Your plan is excellent. I'll set about the search at once, and I'll find out who the thief is if I have to visit every butcher in Tyrol. I wish you good-day, gentlemen. (*Exit.*)

VISCOUNT: Count, you've got the makings of a detective in you.

COUNT: We'll wait to see how the affair turns out before we decide that matter. But come, let us see the Duke and tell him of our plan. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE 2 — A PRISON.

(*Kaspar—Two Robbers—Roberto on couch.*)

JACK: Well, Bill, we've had hard luck.

BILL: Yes, thanks to that young imp and his fiddle.

JACK: Confound him! But we've paid him back in his own coin. Do you know, I can't tell how it was, but just as soon as I heard the first sound of that fiddle, I couldn't, for the life of me, help dancing.

BILL: Well, that was my case too, exactly. In fact, I wanted to run away, but couldn't.

JACK: Now, how do you account for that?

BILL: I don't know, unless the boy's a kind of witch.

JACK: He don't look it. You'd think sugar wouldn't melt in his mouth, he looks so innocent.

BILL: So he does. Let's see if we can get anything about the matter out of him.

JACK: That's not a bad idea. (*To Kaspar*): Come here; boy, I want to ask you a question. What! you



young imp of Satan! come here, I say, or it'll be the worse for you.

KASPAR (*comes*): What do you want? Please let me alone.

JACK: Let you alone! ' Yes, you young seamp, I'll let you alone if you don't mind and come when you're called. Now answer my questions, and mind you tell the truth.

KASPAR: I always tell the truth.

JACK: Especially when there's question of stealing a cow, eh, Bill? (*Winks at Bill.*)

BILL: Yes, he's altogether too good for ordinary people, so they put him in here just to keep him from spoiling. Where's your fiddle, boy, I'd like to see it?

KASPAR: I gave it to Herr Gamoot to keep for me.

JACK: Well, now, tell me this: how do you make people dance with that fiddle?

KASPAR: Why, by playing dance music on it, of course.

JACK: Nonsense; anybody who can scrape a fiddle can do that. What I want to know is,—how do you make people dance whether they want to or not?

KASPAR: Didn't you really want to dance that night?

BILL (*laughing*): He got the best of you that time; try again.

JACK: Look here, youngster, I'm a dangerous man to fool with, I give you warning. Now, answer my question.

KASPAR: Well, then, the fiddle is a magic fiddle; that's the reason.

BILL: A magic fiddle! Where did you get it?

KASPAR: It was given me by the Queen of the Fairies.

JACK: The Queen of the Fairies! Ha, ha! That's one on you, Bill.

BILL: You young liar, you! Jack, I think the youngster's making game of us.

JACK: I'll make game of him, if he's not careful.

See here, what did you mean by rousing up the house with your confounded fiddle when you saw us?

KASPAR: To keep you from robbing the Duke.

JACK: What business was that of yours? What's the Duke to you? He doesn't give a snap of his finger for you or he wouldn't let you be sent to prison.

KASPAR: Whether he cares for me or not makes no difference. You had no business trying to rob him.

JACK: How do you know we were going to rob him?

KASPAR: What other business could you have, coming into his house at that time of night?

JACK: Plenty of other business. What business did you have there? I tell you what, Bill, I think this young cattle thief got into the Duke's house to rob him, himself, and he's mad because we wouldn't let him.

BILL: That's about the size of it. I'll write to the Duke and let him know all about it.

JACK: Of course you will. So, you young schemer, you want to know what business we had in the Duke's house that night, do you? Well, I'll tell you: we went there to watch you. The old gypsy told us he believed you were going to rob the Duke's house, and we went there just to keep you from doing it. As soon as the Duke knows of this, of course, he'll set us free and you'll get six months in jail, at least.

KASPAR: Is that the best story you can make up?

JACK: What! I'm a liar, am I? (*raises hand to strike; Bill stops him*).

BILL: Hold on, Jack, what's the good of hitting him. Let's make him entertain us. Can you sing?

KASPAR: Yes, I can sing.

BILL: Very well; then sing something for us.

KASPAR: I don't feel like singing.

BILL: I don't care whether you feel like it or not; I tell you to sing.

KASPAR: I will not sing.

BILL: What! You won't sing, won't you?

KASPAR: No, I will not.

BILL: Then, take that! (*Slaps him.*)

JACK: You're too rough, Bill; he'll tell his ma!

KASPAR: You cowardly ruffian, to strike a defenseless boy! You think because you see me dressed so fine, that I am some mother's petted darling. If so, you mistake me entirely. Till a few days ago, I was a poor shepherd boy, inured to hardship and danger. Would that I had my good shepherd's knife with me now, and men as you are, you would think twice before daring to touch me again.

JAILER (*enters*): What is all this fuss about in here?

KASPAR: That ruffian (*pointing to Bill*) struck me in the face, because I refused to sing for him.

JAILER: You cowardly brute! if you touch this boy again, I'll give you a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails. I'm sorry for this, my poor boy; but never mind, these two will be removed to the penitentiary tomorrow and then you'll have peace. (*Exit.*)

(*Robbers retire to corner and lie down to sleep.*)

KASPAR: Oh! what have I done to have to put up with such treatment? (*Covers face with hands.*)

ROBERTO (*groans and moves restlessly*).

KASPAR (*goes to him,—arranges things*): Can I do anything for you?

ROBERTO: A glass of water, please. I'm parched with fever.

KASPAR (*fetches drink*): How are you now?

ROBERTO: A little better; but my time has come; I can't last much longer. Don't mind what those men said about telling the Duke. If I live until tomorrow, I'll have you set free. Sit down by me here awhile. Do you know who I am?

KASPAR: Yes, sir. Herr Gamoot told me about you the day after the—I mean, the day after you were wounded.

ROBERTO: And yet, after hearing my story, you still are so kind to me?

KASPAR: What you have done is over and past, and I think you are now sorry for what you did.

ROBERTO: I am indeed; you have softened my hard heart. Listen! I want you to tell the Duke something from me. You heard him say, perhaps, that his child was burned to death at the time of the fire?

KASPAR: Yes, I heard that; is it not true?

ROBERTO: No; what you heard was false: I stole the boy that night.

KASPAR: You did? And does he still live? Oh, this will be joyful news for the Duke!

ROBERTO: Wait! I stole the boy to have revenge on the Duke. And when I had to fly the country, I left him with a poor shepherd, telling him that the child was an orphan and that I would soon come for him again. Since that time, I have heard nothing of the child; so I do not know if he is still alive; but if he is, he must be about your age.

KASPAR: Poor child, I pity him! for I know how he must have felt. I lost both my parents in infancy, and I too was taken care of by a shepherd.

ROBERTO: Strange! What is your name?

KASPAR: Kaspar.

ROBERTO: That I know. I mean your family name: the name of your parents?

KASPAR: That I do not know. As I told you, my parents died when I was very young and I never thought of asking their name.

ROBERTO: Well, then, what was the name of the shepherd who took care of you?

KASPAR: His name is Schaeffer, but everybody calls him Seppi.

ROBERTO (*raising himself on the couch*): What name did you say?

KASPAR: Schaeffer,—Seppi Schaeffer. Why do you ask? Do you know him?

ROBERTO: Wait, wait! I'll tell you presently. Have you nothing that belonged to your parents,—no keepsake?

KASPAR: No; unless a locket which the shepherd's wife gave me, belonged to them.

ROBERTO: Have you it with you? Quick! let me see it,—I'm growing weak.

KASPAR: I had it until a week ago, when I gave it to a poor old woman who——

ROBERTO: Do you know what was in the locket?

KASPAR: For a long time I did not know that there was anything in it. But one day I happened to press it in some peculiar way, and then it opened and I saw the picture of a beautiful lady. Under this were the initials H. R.

ROBERTO (*gasping*): That — lady — was — your — mother. Give—locket—to—Duke—I'm—dying. Pray—

KASPAR (*Begins the Our Father—aloud*).

ROBERTO: Forgive-us-our-tres-pass-es. (*dies*).

KASPAR: He is dead! Oh, what shall I do? I must get that locket with my mother's picture. O my mother! If I had only known that that was your picture, I would never have parted with it. No, not even to the Fairy Queen. I must call her and ask her to give it back to me again. Let me see—what is the charm? Oh, how does it begin? I can't remember it. Oh, Father in heaven, I've forgotten the charm. My mother! Oh, my mother! (*Falls on knees and covers face.*)

(*Curtain.*)



ACT V.

SCENE 1 — JUSTICE'S OFFICE.

SNAPPER: Well, these are busy times for me. Yes, I'm almost worked to death. Speaking of death, reminds me that one of our prisoners is dead. The jailer told me that Roberto died last night. He said, too, that the boy Kaspar was disconsolate about some charm he had forgotten. Now, if there is such a thing as a boy witch, I believe he's one. He bewitched the gypsy, the Duke and the robbers with his music, and I felt a sort of a kind of a bewitched myself. For hang me, I can't help liking the boy, in spite of myself; and keep hoping that something will turn up to set things to rights again.

FANG (*enters*): Is that the way you attend to your work, you lazy fellow. One would think you had nothing in the world to do, and here I have just got word from Herr Gamoot that he has found out something of great importance in connection with that boy Kaspar.

SNAPPER: Do you know that Roberto is dead?

FANG: No, when did he die?

SNAPPER: Last night.

FANG: So; that's a good riddance. But hurry up and get things in order. Herr Gamoot may be here at any moment.

FANG (*Soliloquizes*): I wonder what Herr Gamoot has discovered? I hope he has found evidence to acquit that little boy; for it goes against my conscience to keep him in prison; and the Duke, I know, would give almost anything to have him found innocent.

HERR GAMOOT (*Enters with butcher and farmer*): Good day, Mr. Fang!

FANG: Your humble servant, Herr Gamoot. Good day, farmer, who is this man with you?

FARMER: This is the butcher who bought my stolen cow.



FANG: Ha! excellent; excellent! Some of your work, Herr Gamoot?

HERR G: Yes, I found the man.

FANG: I thought as much. Snapper!

SNAPPER: Yes.

FANG: Take down this man's testimony.

SNAPPER: I'm ready; why don't you begin?

FANG: Who sold you that cow, butcher?

BUTCHER: You see, Mr. Judge, I was standing in my shop, about a week ago, when two men came along with a cow; and one of them asked me if I wouldn't buy her. Now, I needed some beef just then, and so I said,—yes; and bought the cow for \$20; but after the men were gone, I grew suspicious and thought I'd better keep the cow awhile to see if everything was all right.

FANG: You grew suspicious, did you? Now, what was it that made you suspect the man?

BUTCHER: Why, a little thing in itself. You see the man who sold me the cow, had a nose as red as a poker.

FANG: Well, what of that?

BUTCHER: Well, I began to think that a poor man like him couldn't have honestly come by such a nose and that made me suspicious.

FANG: Snapper! have you got that written down?

SNAPPER: Yes; why?

FANG: Let it be a warning to you.

SNAPPER: What! what! I don't understand.

FANG: The next time you look in the glass you will. Go on, my friend.

BUTCHER: There's very little more to be said. Only that yesterday, this gentleman (*Herr G.*) came to my shop and asked me if I had bought a cow lately and I told him yes, and showed him the cow. He said he would bring another man to look at her; and sure enough, he came a short time afterwards with this man here (*farmer*) and he said the cow was his. That's all I

know about it. I'd like to know, though, how I'm to get my \$20 again, for I gave this man back his cow.

HERR G.: Don't worry about that; the Duke will see that you are paid. Tell me, would you know these two men again, if you saw them?

BUTCHER: Of course I would; especially the one with the red nose. I don't believe there's another nose like it in the country.

SNAPPER: Mr. Fang!

FANG: Well?

SNAPPER: Please make a note of that.

HERR G.: Mr. Fang, will you please have those two robbers brought here.

FANG: Certainly. Snapper, tell the jailor to bring the two prisoners into court.

SNAPPER: All right. (*Exit.*)

FANG (*to farmer*): Are you sure the cow was yours?

FARMER: Certain. She was branded with the letter H. If the Gypsy were here, who sold her to me, he could tell her too. (*Enter Snapper, jailor and robbers.*)

FANG: Now, Snapper, go and bring the Gypsy here. Quick! (*Exit Snapper.*)

BUTCHER: There's the two who sold me the cow! You rascals! What did you mean by selling me a stolen cow?

JACK: Don't get excited, pard; it was all the way of business.

FARMER: So, you acknowledge you stole the cow from me, do you?

JACK: Who, I? No, I never stole no cow from you, did I Bill?

BILL: No, sir; never seen the man before, honor bright.

FANG: Where did you get the cow, then?

JACK: Took her away from that little fiddler chap.

BILL: Hold on, pard; I guess that little chap has suffered about enough. There's no use lying about the matter any longer. Judge, we took the cow from that greasy old Gypsy. What that little lad said was the

truth. We found the Gypsy lying on the ground and took the liberty of easing him of his valuables, for fear they might be stolen.

HERR G.: Then Kaspar is innocent. Thank God! Judge, send for him at once; let me embrace him.

FANG (*gives sign to the jailer who goes out.*) (*Enter Romany and Snapper.*)

ROMANY: Well, judge, here I am. What do you want with me?

FANG: We have found the men who robbed you; here they are. (*Points to Bill and Jack*):

ROMANY: Oh, you villains! give me back my money.

FANG: You'll have time enough to ask them for your money, for you'll keep them company for six months.

ROMANY: What does your honor mean?

FANG: I mean we have found the man who stole the cow from this farmer.

ROMANY: And who is he, your Honor? I hope you don't suspect—

FANG: No, I don't suspect,—I *know* that you are the thief. These two admit they stole the cow from you.

ROMANY: I hope you don't believe the word of two robbers again the word of an honest Gypsy?

FANG: No, we don't. But here comes one whose word we now do believe. (*Kaspar enters — Herr G. rushes forward and embraces him.*)

HERR G.: My little Orpheus! All is right again. You have been proven innocent.

KASPAR: O thank God and blessings on you, Herr Gamoot!

FANG: Shake hands, boy; allow me to congratulate you. These two men confess that they stole the cow from the Gypsy; so you are free. Herr Gamoot, you may now take this boy with you to the Duke, who, I am sure, will be delighted to see him. (*To Romany.*) As for you I sentence you to six months on the rock-pile. Jailer, take him and the other two back to prison.

BILL: Hold on one minute, judge; look here, little boy! I'm mighty sorry for the rough way I treated you in prison last night; when you fired up and made that speech at us, I felt so consarned mean I could have crept into a hole and pulled the hole in after me. Then, I saw the way you treated that villain Roberto, although I pretended to be asleep; and I made up my mind to tell the truth about you, no matter what might happen, and I did it. I hope you don't think hard of me, now.

KASPAR: No; I forgive you with all my heart.

BILL: Then, put it there! (*Shakes hands with Kaspar.*) Now, I feel better. Come on, Jack. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 2 — ROOM IN THE DUKE'S PALACE. PICTURE OF  
A LADY ON WALL, OR PHOTOGRAPH ON TABLE

COUNT: Everything has turned out just as we hoped for; and our young friend, Kaspar, has been declared innocent.

VISCOUNT: Yes, all's well that ends well. And now, perhaps, you will accept my congratulations on your detective abilities.

COUNT: Not just yet, Viscount; my plot is only half-worked out as yet.

VISCOUNT: Indeed! Then what, pray, may be the problem that still remains to be solved?

COUNT: The boy's identity. Who is Kaspar?

VISCOUNT: Why, I can tell you that. While you and Herr Gamoot were solving the problem of — who stole the cow? — I made a quiet investigation into Kaspar's antecedents and found that, up to the time he came here, he was a shepherd boy. Why do you ask?

COUNT: I can't believe it. Where did he get that graceful bearing? — that elegance of speech and those refined features?

VISCOUNT: Ah! Count, I'm afraid your imagination is running way with your judgment, this time. You would like to throw a halo of romance around our

little friend. But the truth is he is an humble shepherd lad.

COUNT: You would be perfectly justified in what you say, if I had no other foundation for my theory than the boy's prettiness. But I have, although it is almost too vague as yet to mention it. By the way, do you remember when the Duke told us about the fire, he mentioned that Roberto was seen to leave the house with something wrapped up in a bundle.

VISCOUNT: Yes., a bundle of plate and valuables, if I recollect right. What of it?

COUNT: I think that bundle contained the Duke's son.

VISCOUNT: You amaze me! and yet it is possible! Oh, if you had only thought of this sooner, we might have got that villain Roberto to confess. Now, it is too late; he is dead and his secret dies with him.

COUNT: What! is Roberto dead? I intended to see him today.

VISCOUNT: Yes, he died last night in prison.

COUNT: Too bad, too bad! but we'll have to work out the problem without him, though now it will be a hundred times more difficult, if not impossible. By the way, Viscount, what do you think of this picture of the Duke's wife?

VISCOUNT (*looking at it*): It is very well done—but bless me! I think—no, it can't be—and yet it is so, too. (*Approaches the picture.*)

COUNT: Why, Viscount, what is the matter? Have you noticed anything particular in the picture that you talk so rhapsodically? (*Disconnectedly?*)

VISCOUNT: Yes, Count, I saw something very particular in it.

COUNT: You interest me. Pray, what was it?

VISCOUNT: Only the vague foundation you spoke about. The likeness is remarkable, isn't it?

COUNT: Most remarkable! But hush! here come the Duke and Kaspar. (*Converses aside with Viscount.*)  
(*Duke and Kaspar enter.*)



DUKE: Cheer up, my little man, all your troubles are now over. You must not be thinking so much of that gloomy prison.

KASPAR:

'Tis not the thought of prison makes me sad,  
But of the things I learned while staying there.  
Yet have I also joyful news to tell,  
And it concerns you near.

DUKE: Joyful news for me? Well, let me hear it, though it is joy enough for me to see you declared innocent.

KASPAR:

Your enemy, Roberto, talked with me  
Before he died. Sincere repentance touched  
His soul and moved him to repair, as far  
As in him lay, the evil he had done.

DUKE: That he died penitent I am glad to hear, for penitence can wash the guilty soul. This it can do; but it cannot reverse the fatal consequence of sinful acts: it cannot bring the dead to life nor give me back my wife and child.

KASPAR:

'Tis true, it cannot bring the dead to life,  
But can restore the living to your arms.

DUKE: What mean you?

KASPAR:

I mean that your lost child was not within  
The burning building when the roof caved in.  
Roberto found the child some time before,  
And carried him in safety from the place.

DUKE: O God! can this be true? Tell me, what became of the boy,—is he still alive?

KASPAR:

Roberto did not know; when forced to flee,  
He gave him to a shepherd who agreed  
To keep the boy for hire till his return.  
He had not seen the shepherd since that day.

DUKE: Where is that shepherd,—did he not tell you his name?



KASPAR :

I grieve to say he died before his lips  
Could finish his account.

DUKE: Then probably my child is either dead or never to be found; nay, even if I should recover him, will he not be some low and boorish peasant lad, ignorant and incapable of being weaned from his loutish ways? O Roberto! your very effort to undo your wrong has been a new revenge!

VISCOUNT (*aside to Count*): Your chain of evidence is now complete; had you not better speak?

COUNT (*aside*): Wait; let us hear what the boy has to say.

KASPAR :

Most noble Duke, it grieves me much to see  
You take so sad a view of your lost son.  
No doubt he lives, and if he does, I feel  
Convinced he'll prove a son quite worthy of  
Your high regard. Trust one who speaks of  
What he knows: a shepherd's life does not  
Degrade the one who leads it. No, he lives  
In close commune with Nature who delights,  
Good mother as she is, to teach her child  
To be both pure and true. She fills his mind  
With lofty thoughts and aspirations high;  
And from the contemplation of herself.  
She leads to thoughts of heaven and things  
divine,  
And these refine his mind and purify  
His heart.

DUKE: May God bless you for your cheering words, and may he grant that I shall find my son such a one as you describe and as you yourself are. I must at once set about searching for my poor, long-lost boy.

COUNT: Most noble Duke, if my surmises prove correct, your search will not be long. If you will look at this picture and then compare—

KASPAR (*looks at picture*):

O heavens, my mother! O my mother! Count,

Pray tell me who this lady is and where  
She dwells that I may go to her at once.  
Roberto said she was my mother.

DUKE: Your mother, boy! Did Roberto say that  
this was the picture of your mother?

KASPAR:

Not this precisely, but the one I had  
Within a locket, just the same as this.

But tell me where she is, my mother dear!

DUKE: Have you the locket? Let me see it, quick!  
Oh, if this be only true.

HERR GAMOOT (*enters—Count whispers to him.*)

KASPAR:

Alas! I have it not: the day before  
I came to you, I gave it as an alms  
Unto the Fairy Queen who gave in turn  
The magic fiddle. Oh, if I but had  
It back again, I never more would part  
With it. But woe is me! The fairy charm  
She bade me speak, if I should wish to have  
Her come to me, I cannot call to mind,  
And so I'll never see my locket more.

(*All look amazed and incredulous.*)

HERR G.: My dear boy, as yet I have never doubted  
your word and will not now, however strange your tale  
may sound. We must try to get that locket again, for  
more depends on it than you have any idea of. Was  
there no circumstance connected with the words the  
Fairy Queen spoke which may help to recall them to  
mind?

KASPAR:

Let me reflect. Oh, yes; she first pronounced  
The words which then the other fairies sang.

HERR G.: Wait,—I have an idea. (*Gets the magic  
fiddle.*) Here, try to play that air on this magic fiddle  
and then, perhaps the words will occur to your mind.

KASPAR:

I'll try at once. O magic fiddle, play,  
Oh, play the fairy charm for me! (*Plays*)

Oh, now the words come plainly to my mind,  
Oh, Joy! I now can speak the mystic charm.

“Sunbeams dancing o’er the sea,  
Moonbeams glancing o’er the lea,  
Starbeams twinkling merrily,  
Call the Fairy Queen to me.”

*(Stage darkened—noise—Fairies without begin to sing words—enter Queen and Fairies singing.)*

QUEEN:

Bright sunbeams dancing o’er the sea  
Have swift conveyed your call to me.  
What danger, need or threatened harm  
Has made you use the magic charm?

KASPAR:

O gracious Queen! when, moved by your request,  
I gave my locket, little did I dream  
That it contained my mother’s portrait. Take  
Again this magic fiddle but restore  
To me, I beg, my own dear locket.

QUEEN:

With willing hand I now return  
This borrowed pledge for which you yearn.

*(Gives locket.)*

DUKE: Oh, let me see it. ’Tis the very same. O  
Fairy Queen, I beseech you, tell me: is not this boy my  
long-lost son?

QUEEN:

He is indeed your long-lost boy,  
Sent here to fill your heart with joy.

DUKE: Oh, thanks, a thousand thanks, for your  
goodness! *(Embraces Kaspar.)* Oh, my son, my dear  
son!

KASPAR:

My father dear! Thank God for finding you,  
Though I must still lament a mother’s loss.

QUEEN :

My magic gift I now reclaim,  
Since you no longer need the same.

KASPAR (*gives fiddle.*)

QUEEN :

Come, fairies, let us sing a lay  
In honor of this happy day,  
When son and father long apart,  
Now meet once more with joyful heart.

FAIRIES: (*Sing—Melody and words p. 88.*) (*Sub-  
stitute the word—fairies—for children.*)









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