

TIQ

SETTLED AT LAST.

A Melodramatic Musical Satire,
IN TWO ACTS

WRITTEN BY
WILL F. SAGE

POEMS BY
PHILLIPS HAWLEY

MUSIC BY
CALIXA LAVALLÉE

BOSTON: RUSSELL BROTHERS
1883

ARGUMENT.

Sitting Bull has long witnessed with much sorrow of soul the persistent efforts of the U. S. government to make his tribe members of its corrupt — as he regards it — body politic, against which he has pacifically but firmly raised the barriers of Peace, Charity and Love. The U. S. government, on the other hand, tired of witnessing the enervating idleness of their soldiers at the military outpost of the Sioux reservation, and exasperated at the peaceful quietude prevailing among the noble red men, orders Colonel Carter and his regiment to visit Sitting Bull with a supply of warlike implements as gifts, and to offer the Indians a choice of occasional chivalric contests, or of being again “moved on” toward the Pacific Ocean. Sitting Bull mildly but firmly refusing the military offerings, the persuasive influence of the white man's “fire water” is presented by a special committee of War Commissioners from Washington, headed by Simeon Simon.

A bevy of cultured maidens, led by Miss Theodosia Clementina Fitzsimmons, from amongst the overcrowded femininity of the metropolis of Massachusetts, have worked their way across the continent and strive to introduce the leaven of the tract and liver pad among the benighted heathen — as they regard them — of the plains; their main object is, however, to throw off the odium of single blessedness by becoming the blissful bride of most any “horrid man.”

Miss Prudence Peace, having visited the tribe some time before for the purpose of teaching the young Indian idea how to shoot, has become converted to their peaceful belief and taken up her residence with them as the friend and companion of Tenino, daughter of Sitting Bull, who is a perfect modern Pocahontas, the personification of girlish guilelessness. Tenino is striving to convert Walter Wingate, a private of Colonel Carter's regiment, to the Christian — as she believes — faith of her tribe. Wingate has accidentally become a prisoner in their midst, and although orthodox, is somewhat smitten with the charms of Tenino.

Buffalo Jack, one of those noble specimens of the scouts of our plains, is striving to play mutual friend to Sitting Bull and Colonel Carter. Sitting Bull finally allows his tribe to yield to the seductive influence of gin and rum, and at the close of the first act the chivalric cavalry-men scent the coming fray and hear the battle-cry of “Pillage, Rapine, War,” while the noble red man is trailing the glories of his eagle feathers in the mire of intoxication.

The second act shows the U. S. soldiers snugly ensconced within their fort. Colonel Carter, having been educated at West Point, believes in acting on the defensive. Besides, he has boldly abducted Prudence Peace as he and his troops stole away in the night, during the drunken slumbers of the braves. The War Commissioners and matrimonial missionaries have followed with them, as like all law-abiding citizens they rather dote on the military. Walter Wingate, imagining that he rejoices in his regained freedom of military duty and discipline, is on guard without the stockade. To him approaches Tenino, craftily sent as an envoy by her father. Under her guileless blandishments his sense of duty is put to sleep and suspicion lulled, thus enabling the Indian warriors, with that purely cursed craftiness for which the noble red man is so justly celebrated, to surround the fort and take the whites prisoners, without as much loss of life and limb as usually occurs in an Eastern railway accident. After subjecting them to the latest and most approved form of torture, Sitting Bull offers the soldiers the choice of becoming members of his tribe or being driven out of his domain, as he is determined to be bulldozed no longer. After a short conference, Colonel Carter and most of his regiment consent to join the braves. The balance of his troop, with Simeon Simon and his warlike coadjutors, pair off with Miss Theodosia Clementina Fitzsimmons and her sisters, and prepare to leave such a disgustingly peaceful spot. Tenino, meanwhile, has won Walter to her way of thinking, and Jack and Prudence have contracted for a matrimonial partnership, and the noble old monarch, Sitting Bull, blesses the happy couples while he rejoices that **THE INDIAN QUESTION IS SETTLED AT LAST.**

TIQ: Settled at Last

Libretto by Will F. Sage

Music by Calixa Lavallée

OVERTURE

ACT I. CHORUS

No. 1 Maidens and Braves

He is the kind, brave Sitting Bull
He is the mild, brave Sitting Bull
The child-like, gentle Sitting Bull
And Chief of us tender braves.
We dance (*Dances.*)

We shout, But we never make a rout
Oh! No, we're just as quiet as the grave.

He is the kind, brave Sitting Bull
He is the mild, brave Sitting Bull
The child-like, gentle Sitting Bull
And Chief of us tender braves.

AH! MY LOVED BRAVES.

No. 2 Sitting Bull, Braves and Maidens

Sitting Bull:

Ah, my beloved braves and maidens,
A murmur I heard in the air,
Like a low merry note of the Songbird
Throbbing its devoiance of care.

How the Great Spirit overwatches,
How all our fires burn bright,
Auspicious the day for devotion,
To convert the poor misguided white

Oh, braves, I am your chieftain,
And they love all my peaceful ways;
For love must command a sweet pleasure,
And live with them all their days.

Now my beloved braves and maidens,
Let each of his labor repair;
Rememb'ring that who feeds the ravens
Will cuddle you up in his care.

You to the fields and meadows,
You to the orchard fair,
You to the wigwams follow,
Where the warm wigs will furnish your hair

Oh, braves, I am your chieftain,
And they love all my peaceful ways;
For love must command a sweet pleasure,
And live with them all their days.

Chorus (Soprano and alto):

Oh King, thou art our chieftain,
And we love all thy peaceful ways,
For love does command a sweet pleasure,
And lives with us, with us, All our days.

THREE JEWELS I HAVE

No. 3 Tenino and Maidens

Tenino:

Three Jewels I have in this beautiful land,
Three jewels, while others claim none.
A Coronet, Solitaire, A shimmering band,
The moon and the stars and the sun.

Three pleasures have I in this beautiful land.
If only about me I look.
The pleasures of Paradise, close at my hand,
The flower, the bird and the brook. Ah.

And beautiful Peace like the silence of night,
Then Charity blessed from above.
And borne on the breath of the flowerets bright,
Is whispered the idyl of Love,
Is whispered the idyl of Love.

Maidens:

And beautiful Peace like the silence of night,
Then Charity blessed from above.
And borne on the breath of the flowerets bright,

Is whispered the idyl of Love,
Is whispered the idyl of Love.

Tenino:

Three duties I have in this beautiful land,
Three duties that keep the heart ward,
And the Great Spirit's wisdom is shown in the hand,
That gives me the pow'r to perform.

And beautiful Peace like the silence of night,
Then Charity blessed from above...
And borne on the breath of the flowerets bright,
Is whispered the idyl of Love,
Is whispered the idyl of Love.

Maidens:

And beautiful Peace like the silence of night,
Then Charity blessed from above.
And borne on the breath of the flowerets bright,
Is whispered the idyl of Love,
Is whispered the idyl of Love.

(Tenino and Maidens dance of singing).

Tenino and Maidens:

And beautiful Peace like the silence of night,
Then Charity blessed from above...
And borne on the breath of the flowerets bright,
Is whispered the idyl of Love,
Is whispered the idyl of Love.

Exit of the Braves

(Tenors and Basses):

Oh King, thou art our chieftain,
And we love all thy peaceful ways,
For love does command a sweet pleasure,
And lives with us, with us, All our days.

PEACE, CHARITY AND LOVE.

No. 4 Duet. Tenino & Walter

Tenino:

The voices of the woodland,
Are tender, low and sweet,
The songsters of the morning,
Rise up, her smile to greet.

The rose-hued sky of Heaven,
In beauty bends above.
While thro' the air is ringing
Peace, Charity and love.

Walter:

How tame the quiet woodland,
Where tread our listless feet.
I long to hear the battle shout,
Where white and red man meet.

The crimson of our banner,
And white and blue shall draw
A deeper, darker, redder hue,
From pillage, rapine, war

Tenino:

But in the voice of woodland

Walter:

Or in the battle's din,

Tenino:

But in the voice of woodland

Walter:

Or in the battle's din.

Tenino & Walter:

Ah!

We have a joyous pleasure,
Each other's heart to win,
Forgetting all that's sorrow,
Forgetting all that's pain,
Rememb'ring tomorrow
May bring us joy again,
Rememb'ring tomorrow
May bring us joy again,

May bring us joy again,
May bring us joy again

KATY-DID

No. 5 Duet: Prudence and Jack.

Jack:

I wonder if she ever dreams of me
Within the quiet evening hour
When silv'ry notes of birds have ceas'd to be
And softly clos'd the petals of the flow'r
My heart says no, then answers yes,
Disputing with its fate,
'Tis like the silly Katy-did
Disputing with, disputing with its mate
Katy-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Jack:

Katy-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Jack:

Friend of mine, whose lot below
Is where the shadows come and go;
Friend of mine, whose lot below
Is where the shadows come and go.

Prudence:

I wonder if he ever speaks of me,
Some strange wise way,
As those who tell of love;

I wonder if the rocks and leafy tree
O'er-echo voices from the sky above,

My heart says no, then answers yes,
Disputing with its fate,
'Tis like the silly Katy-did
Disputing with, disputing with its mate

Jack:

Katy-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Jack:

Katy-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Friend of mine, where dost thou dwell

That never cause of trouble tell

Friend of mine, where dost thou dwell

That never cause of trouble tell

Prudence and Jack:

Oh, yes, I often dream of thee,

Thy face shall be my star;

Within the quiet of the wood,

Or the wand'ring in the land in near and far,

My heart is no longer doubting beats,

Disputing with its mate,

No longer like the Kay-did

Disputing with, disputing with its mate,

Jack:

Kay-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Jack:

Katy-did

Prudence:

Katy-didn't

Prudence and Jack:

Friend of mine, I hear thy voice,

Cease thy quarrel, and rejoice;

Friend of mine, I hear thy voice,

Cease thy quarrel, and rejoice.

(Entrance of Sitting Bull, Braves, etc., etc.)

MILITARY MARCH

No. 6 Enter Col. Carter and Soldiers

(Soldiers entrance)

(N.B. Military. In large theatres the Band commences here)

(At end of movement: Repeat from where Military band starts, if it is not long enough for the Military Drill).

“UNCLE SAM IS VERY MUCH DISSATISFIED”

No. 7 Col. Carter and Chorus

Col. Carter:

Uncle Sam is very much dissatisfied,
He says that ev'ry wish of yours is gratified,

He gives you guns,
You will not fight,
He gives you rum,
You won't get tight.

He says tranquility will not be tolerated,
That something to incite you must be circulated,
That if you will not war he will surely go to law,
And the whiskey ring as jury mediated,

Now do try, lay down and die,
You wouldn't mind trying a little hand at dying,
Now do try, lay down and die,
You wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Chorus:

Indians:

Hear their cry, lay down and die
We wouldn't mind a little hand at dying.
Hear their cry, lay down and die
Sure we wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Soldiers:

Now do try, lay down and die
You wouldn't mind a little hand at dying
Now do try, lay down and die
Sure you wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Col.:

Don't think my pleasant ways an indicator
That I came here at all as a mediator;
You cannot check the torrents pour,
I'm only here to have your gore.

He says that I must pounce on you unsuspected,
That ev'ry mother's son of you's is elected
To fill a hero's grave,
Where monuments shall wave,
And flowers bloom and nothing left neglected.

Now do try, lay down and die,
You wouldn't mind trying a little hand at dying,
Now do try, lay down and die,
You wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Chorus:

Indians:

Hear their cry, lay down and die.
We wouldn't mind a little hand at dying.
Hear their cry, lay down and die.
Sure we wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Soldiers:

Now do try, lay down and die.
You wouldn't mind a little hand at dying.
Now do try, lay down and die.
Sure you wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

CONCERTED.

No. 8. Tenino, Prudence, Sitting Bull, Walter, Col. Carter & Buffalo Jack.

Col. Carter:

Swords and guns and flaunting banners,

Sitting Bull:

Eagles, plumes and peaceful manners.

Walter:

Pillage, Rapine, War.

Tenino, Prudence, Buffalo Jack, Sitting Bull:

Peace, Charity and Love.

Col.:

Powder, shot and shrieking shell,

Walter:

Mingling with the red man's yell;
Pillage, rapine, war, Pillage, rapine, war.

Tenino, Prudence, Buffalo Jack, Sitting Bull:
Peace, Charity and Love. Peace, Charity and Love.

Tenino:
Forbear, forbear, I pray, Let love prevail,
Drench not in blood this peaceful vail
Forbear, forbear, I pray, Let love prevail,
Drench not in blood, Let love prevail,
Drench not in blood, drench not in blood, Let love prevail

Walter:
Forbear, oh do not say!
When fate assail, Talk not, talk not of love,
'Tis war I hail!
Peace hath no charms, And charity no Law,
What is more grand, Than Pillages of War.

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Buffalo Jack, Sitting Bull:
Love, love is a charming school
Peace, peace is a golden rule,
Shallow minded be the man
Who will break a golden ban,

Love, love is a charming school
Peace, peace is a golden rule,
Shallow minded be the man
Who will break a golden ban,

But our duties, too, are plain,
And our argument is vain,
Some must work while others play,
To our duties then away,

But our duties, too, are plain,
And our argument is vain,
Some must work while others play,
To our duties then away, away, away.

“THE TRACT AND LIVER-PAD”
No. 9. Theodosia & Missionaries

Clementia and chorus:
From Boston's cultured city,
Where Athens proudly site,
The pet of lads,

With the liver pads,
Descendants of the Fitz.

Missionaries:

Fitzgiggle, Fitznoodle, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon,
Fitzpatrick, Fitzmeyer, Fitzer, Fitz.

Clementia:

From Boston's cultured city,
The home of muse and arts,
I bring my missionaries,
All young and pure at heart;
The plans of conversion
Are these important rules,
Plain, simple and discerning,
And taught in all our schools.

A liver pad
Will make you glad,
You'll ne'er be sad
With a liver pad;
With tracts to read,
You must succeed,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart.
A tract and a liver-pad.

Chorus:

A liver pad
Will make you glad,
You'll ne'er be sad
With a liver pad;
With tracts to read,
You must succeed,

They change the heart,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.

A tract and a liver-pad.
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.

Clementia:

The gilded dome of Athens
Shines far out to the sea,
Is reflected in the heavens,
Is shining now for thee;

Theology and freedom,
Go marching through the land
Like matrimonial sisters,
And marching hand in hand.

A liver pad
Will make you glad,
You'll ne'er be sad
With a liver pad;
With tracts to read,
You must succeed,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.
A tract and a liver-pad,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.

Chorus:

A liver pad
Will make you glad,
You'll ne'er be sad
With a liver pad;
With tracts to read,
You must succeed,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.
A tract and a liver-pad,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.

Theodosia:

Oh, blueland of the Union,
Oh, redland of the field,
Lay down your sword and ploughshare,
And to our pleadings yield,
If tracts have no persuasion,

And liver-pads no charms,
Oh, take us gentle maidens with your loving heart.

A liver pad
Will make you glad,
You'll ne'er be sad
With a liver pad;
With tracts to read,
You must succeed,
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.
A tract and a liver-pad.
They change the heart,
Like Cupid's dart,
A tract and a liver-pad.

Chorus and Theodosia:
From Boston's cultured city,
Where Athens proudly site,
The pet of lads,
With the liver pads,
Descendants of the Fitz.

Missionaries:

Fitzgiggle, Fitznoodle, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon,
Fitzpatrick, Fitzmeyer, Fitzer, Fitz.....Fitz (*All sneezing*).

“RISE, HEATHENS, RISE.”

No. 10. Chant by Theo. And Missionaries

Chorus:

Rise, heathen, rise
From out thy sinful ways;
Though these plains be thy heritage,
Few are thy days.

You want the whole earth,
But that is for all;
Rise, heathen, rise;
At the Great Spirit's call;

Rise, heathen, rise,
Rise, heathen, rise.

“OUR NOBLE WAR COMMISSIONERS.”
No. 11. TRIO. Colonel, Jack & Sitting Bull.

Colonel:

I want to tell you of a man,
He's not unknown to you,
And of the men, who're honor'd most,
He's numbered with the few;

Jack:

He's lib'ral to a fault,
And in a deed of charity
He's never known to halt.

Col., Jack, Sitting Bull:

He's a big gun from Washington,
Our noble war commissioner;
Belov'd his name, 'tis known to fame.

Our noble war commissioner;
He's a big gun from Washington,
Our noble war commissioner;
Belov'd his name, 'tis known to fame.
Our noble war commissioner.

Sitting Bull:

Oh! Yes, I've often heard of him,
His friendship never mars,
He drinks Apollinar, is straight and smokes the best cigars.
He's written me a billet doux,
To come and have some fun
With him and all his subalterns at good old Washington.

Col., Jack, Sitting Bull:

He's a big gun from Washington,
Our noble war commissioner;
Belov'd his name, 'tis known to fame.

Our noble war commissioner;
He's a big gun from Washington,
Our noble war commissioner;
Belov'd his name, 'tis known to fame.
Our noble war commissioner.

“IN LOVE’S FAIRY LAND.”

No. 12, QUARTETT. Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack

Tenino:

What is love?

A little sunbeam, bright’ning ev’ry hour.

Prudence:

Love is like perfumed breath,

Exhaling like a flow’r;

Jack:

What is love?

A midnight star, a bird upon a wing:

Walter:

The honey bee, that robs the rose,

Yet not without its sting.

Tenino, Walter:

Love is for thee,

Prudence, Jack:

Love is for thee,

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack:

Love is for thee.

Gliding through the leafy wood,

Little sunbeams fall,

Whisp’ring to the mossy rose,

Love is for us all;

Wakes the heart to music tender,

From celestial band,

Stars are lit in brightest slender,

In love’s fairy land,

Stars are lit in brightest slender,

In love’s fairy land.

Tenino:

What is love?

‘Tis fairy music, tender, low and sweet.

Prudence:

Love is like the dew from heaven,

Falling at thy feet;

Jack:

What is love? A priceless boon,
That only faith can win;

Walter:

The peaceful hush, that in the eve,
Succeeds the battle's din.

Tenino, Walter:

Love is for thee,

Prudence, Jack:

Love is for thee,

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack:

Love is for thee.
Faintly though the notes may be,
In love's early dawn,
Whisp'ring to the dew-bent tree
In the gilded morn;

Louder, stronger, swell the notes,
From this unseen band,
'Till it fills the soul and senses,
In love's fairy land,
'Till it fills the soul and senses,
In love's fairy land.

"KEEP IT MUM."

No. 13. Concerted. Simeon, Soldiers and Commissioners.

Captain and Soldiers. (Chorus).

They've come, they've come
They've come from Washington,
Our noble war commissioners
Have come from Washington.

They've come, they've come
They've come from Washington,
Our noble war commissioners
Have come from Washington.

They look, they leer,
They have no fear,
Our noble war commissioners.

They look, they leer,
They have no fear,
Our noble war commissioners

They've come, they've come
They've come from Washington,
Our noble war commissioners
Have come from Washington.

They've come, they've come
They've come from Washington,
Our noble war commissioners
Have come from Washington.

(Exit soldiers)

(Entrance of the war commissioners)

Simeon Simon:

Piper Heidsick, Pomery Sec,
Champagne cider and gin sling.
Hub punch,
Free lunch,
These are the offerings that we bring,
Absynthe cocktail,
Brandy punch,
Cheese and crackers,
Chaw and munch.
Sour mash, Free hash,
These are the off'rings that we bunch.

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
These are the weapons that we use.

Chorus:

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum,
Wine and whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum,
These are the weapons that we use.

Simeon:

Schooner of a lager very sly.
A nice milk punch,
Rock and rye,
Gin sour, every hour
These are the weapons that we try,

Gin and bitters,
Apple Jack, make my lips go smack, smack, smack,
Milk punch, more lunch,
These are the off' rings at our back.

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
These are the weapons that we use.

Chorus:

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
These are the weapons that we use.

FINALE CONCERTED

No. 14 Tenino, Prudence, Theodosia, Sitting Bull, Buffalo Jack, Walter, Colonel, Simeon Simon, Soldiers, Braves, Squaws, Missionaries, etc.

Simeon Simon:

Fill up your cup to the brim.

Commissioners and Indians:

To the brim.

Simeon Simon:

Fill up your cup to the brim.

Commissioners and Indians:

To the brim.

Simeon Simon:

Laugh and be ever so jolly,
No matter if some call it folly,

Commissioners and Indians:

Fill up, fill up, fill up, fill up,
fill up, fill up to the brim,

Simeon Simon, Commissioners and Indians:

No matter, No matter if some call it folly.

Sitting Bull:

Fill up your cups if you will,

Indian maidens, missionaries, soldiers:

If you will,

Sitting Bull:

Fill up your cups if you will,

Indian maidens, missionaries, soldiers:

If you will,

Sitting Bull:

I don't feel right acquiescing,
The end is only progressing

Indian maidens, missionaries, soldiers:

Fill up, fill up, fill up, fill up,
fill up your cups if you will.

Tenino:

Stop in your cups if you can,

Prudence, Jack, Indian maids:

If you can,

Tenino:

Stop in your cups if you can,

Prudence, Jack, Indian maids:

If you can,

Tenino:

At first it may seem very jolly,
The end will be ruin and folly,
The end will be ruin and folly.

**Tenino, Prudence, Jack, maidens, missionaries,
Theodosia:**

Stop in your cups if you can,
If you can,
Stop in your cups if you can,
If you can,

It may seem very jolly,
It may seem very jolly,
The end will be ruin and folly,
and folly

Stop in your cups if you can,
If you can,
Stop in your cups if you can,
If you can,

It may seem very jolly,
It may seem very jolly,
The end will be ruin and folly,
and folly

Simeon and Commissioners:

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
These are the weapons that we use.

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
These are the weapons that we use.

**Tenino, Prudence, Jack, Sitting
Bull, Maidens:**

Oh, liquor inspiring,
They ne'er will be tiring,
A pleasure imperfect,
A sin unrestrained,

Peace now is mazy,
Drink makes them crazy,

**Walter, Colonel, Theodosia,
Missionaries, Braves, Soldiers:**

Oh, how inspiring,
We n'er will be tiring,
Of please so perfect,
Of joy unrestrained.

Oh! Peace is a daisy,
Love makes us crazy,

**Simeon, Walter, Colonel, Sitting Bull, Braves,
Commissioners, Soldiers:**

Fill up your cups to the brim,
To the brim,
Fill up your cups to the brim,
To the brim,

Laugh and be ever so jolly,
Laugh and be ever so jolly,
No matter if some call it folly,
Call it folly,

Fill up your cups to the brim,
To the brim,
Fill up your cups to the brim,
To the brim,

Laugh and be ever so jolly,
Laugh and be ever so jolly,
No matter if some call it folly,
Call it folly.

Simeon, Commissioners:

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,
Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.

And love and sweet charity,
With sorrow maim'd.

And charity's chalice
Is already drained.

These are the weapons that we
use.

Sitting Bull:

And now, let decency prevail.
E'en in your cups be gentle,
Let not the world know of the tale
Of your degenerate mental weakness.

Remember the precepts
That I so long have taught you
Try recall who, and what you are,
See where liquor has brought you.

Tenino:

Ah, remember teachings true,
Remember, braves,
Ere too late to rue.

**Tenino, Prudence, Jack Sitting
Bull, Maidens:**

Oh, liquor inspiring,
They ne'er will be tiring,
A pleasure imperfect,
A sin unrestrained,

Peace now is mazy,
Drink makes them crazy,
And love and sweet charity,
With sorrow maim'd.

**Walter, Colonel, Theodosia,
Missionaries, Braves, Soldiers:**

Oh, how inspiring,
We n'er will be tiring,
Of please so perfect,
Of joy unrestrained.

Oh! Peace is a daisy,
Love makes us crazy,
And charity's chalice
Is already drain'd.

Simeon, Commissioners:

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
Wine whiskey,
Gin and rum,

Keep it mum,
Gin and rum.
These are the weapons that we
use.

END OF ACT 1ST

ACT II.

I'M ON GUARD

No. 15 Walter

I'm on guard, I'm on guard,
'Tis a soldier's duty,
To hear, command, and to obey;

Four hours off, Four hours off,
And two on duty,
Till up appears the light of day,
I'm on guard, I'm on guard.

Though maidens fair may come a wooing,
With whisper'd words of peace and love,
This my answer to their wooing,
Though she may be as mild as a dove,
I'm on guard, I'm on guard.
I'm on guard, I'm on guard,
'Tis a soldier's duty,
To hear, command, and to obey;

Four hours off, Four hours off,
And two on duty,
Till up appears the light of day,
I'm on guard, I'm on guard.
Listen, soldier,
In the forest,
A cry is heard, a cry is heard,
A cry of death,

Hasten, soldier, to the forest!
Hasten, while there is yet time!
I'm on guard, I'm on guard,
Hardest hearted man of duty,
In the river sinks a maid,
Hasten soldier, do your duty!
Lend this helpless girl your aid,

I'm on guard, I'm on guard,
'Tis a soldier's duty,
To hear, command, and to obey;

Four hours off, Four hours off,
And two on duty,

Till up appears the light of day,
I'm on guard, I'm on guard.

“LOVE’S POST-OFFICE.”

No. 16. Prudence.

I stood beside a hollow oak,
And plac'd a letter in:
And to the oak I softly spoke,
I place my heart therein;
Oh friend, be watchful of my care,
If the lover pass this way:
I'll tell him that I keep your heart,
I heard the old oak say.

And then the oak with stately mien
Its boughs tossed in the air,
No foe shall steal thy love from me,
I'll guard thy heart with care.

And then the languid lover came,
With thoughtful eyes and brow;
And stopp'd beside the hollow oak,
And breath'd the hollow oak,
And breath'd the lover's vow;
With eager hand he took the note

And as he turned away,
You had a maiden's heart therein,
I heard the old oak say.

And then the oak with stately mien
Its boughs tossed in the air,
No foe shall steal thy love from me,
I'll guard thy heart with care.

“OH, SCRAWNY MAID.”

No. 17. DUET. Simeon Simons and Theodosia.

Simeon:

Oh, scawny maid, oh maid of sighs,
With azurite hair, and raven eyes,
Within the woods I cannot stroll,
I'd rather go take a bowl;

Your ruby teeth may speak caress,
Your pearly lips I cannot press.

Theodosia:

Ain't you a trifle mixed, Simmy?

Simeon:

(Spoken: Well, maybe I am.)

But it's fright, it's fear,
I feel very queer,
My feet feel like moving,
While my head bids me stay,
I'm light, I'm light,
I'm light with my fright,
I would like a bird take wings and fly away.

Theodosia:

Oh, callous man,
Oh, man of will,
With all thy faults,
I love thee still,
If to the grove
You will not go;
Oh let me rest my head but so,
Upon thy manly heaving breast,
And feel the heav'nly holy rest.

Simeon:

Miss Fitzsimmons ain't you getting ometic.

Theodosia:

(Spoken: Sympathetic you mean.)

But it's love, it's love,
Distilled from above,
It keeps my heart throbbing,
And my senses aflame,

It's love, it's love, it's love, sweetest love,
I would that thy heart were feeling the same;

Theodosia:

It's love, it's love,
Distilled from above,
It keeps my heart throbbing,
And my senses aflame,

Simeon:

It's fright, it's fear,
I feel very queer,
My feet feel like moving,
While my head bids me stay,

It's love, it's love,
it's love, sweetest love,
I would that thy heart were feeling the same;

I'm light, I'm light,
I'm light with my fright,
I would like a bird take wings and fly away.

THIS IS WHAT I HEARD THEM SAY.

No. 18. Simeon and Commissioners.

This is what I heard them say,
Though 'twas not a roundelay,
He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day;
But he who never fights at all,
Never stops a cannon ball,
He has chances ten to one:
So I think I'll cut and run;
He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S CHORUS.

No. 19. Afterwards Tenino.

Maidens:

Queen Tenino, fairest maiden,
Hushed the quiet of the morn,
Lo! The air perfume laden,
In the rosy early dawn,
Breathe a prayer that peace may conquer,
Breathe a hymn in love's sweet name,
Charity our golden motto,
May it reap its richest fame,
(*With closed mouths*) Ah!

MY FATHER'S KISS

(Poem by PHILIPS HAWLEY, Music by CALIXA LAVALLÉE)

Tenino:

Though love has bless'd me with her smile,
My life and endless bliss,
The sweetest, tend'rest joy the while,
Is my dear father's kiss.

Another gentle, angel face,
Dwelt with the stars above,

But mother, sister, brother, all
Were in my father's love.

He smiled though tears bedim'ed his eyes,
He blessed me only this,
And bending down he gave to me,
My heritage, my heritage, a kiss.

Ah, never time can be so long,
To dim a scene like this,
'Tis worthy of an angel's song,
The mem'ry of that kiss.

Another heart would share my love,
Another claim my hand,
But two loves nestle in my heart,
Bound with a golden band.

No brighter ray in heav'n above,
No fonder joy than this,
As bending down he gave to me,
My heritage, my heritage, a kiss.

He pluck'd the white rose from its stem,
That grew outside our door,
And twined it in my raven hair,
As lover might before.

He smiled, though tears bedimmed his eyes,
He bless'd me only this,
And as the twilight clos'd
He sealed it with a kiss.

Oh! Blessed eve, so long ago,
Fresh in its purer bliss
When Father's love was fully told,
In that one kiss, in that one sacred kiss.

THE MAN WHO ON A WOMAN LAYS HIS HAND
No. 20. Jack.

The man who on a woman lays his hand,
Save with a touch of kindness or of love,
He but assumes the shape, nor bears the name,

In all the courts below or that above.

Tho' she be poor, degraded, e'en abased,
Give honor unto her who gave us life,
Honor because she bears the blessed name
Of mother, daughter, sister or wife;
Honor because she bears the blessed name
Of mother, daughter, sister or wife.

She is the weaker vessel of the two,
Her sorrows many, and her burden great,
Her joys are tender, tho' they may be few,
And charity a word oft coming late.

Tho' she be poor, degraded, e'en abased,
Give honor unto her who gave us life,
Honor because she bears the blessed name
Of mother, daughter, sister or wife;
Honor because she bears the blessed name
Of mother, daughter, sister or wife.

“THE KISS.”

No. 21. DUET. Jack and Prudence.

Jack:

What thrill of joy is this that awakes me,
As in my arms I hold her so dear.
Joy seems to reign, Care now forsakes me,
Passion so holy, heart have no fear.

Prudence:

Oh! 'tis the kiss, my senses are failing,
Hold my, my Jack, ere I faint in my bliss,
I'll be thy deer, though art my paleing,
Feed me, oh, feed me with love's tender kiss.
Oh, melting, soul,

Jack:

Oh, melting, soul,

Prudence:

Oh, melting, soul,

Jack:

Oh, melting, soul,

Prudence and Jack:

I feel new bliss
In love's sweet kiss,
Oh, melting, soul,
I feel new bliss
In love's, in love's sweet kiss,
Yes, 'tis the kiss,
Ah, yes, 'tis the kiss.

Jack:

Oh, dearest, one, thine arm's sweet moulded,
To clasp 'round my neck in embrace.
As to my heart
I have thee enfolded,
I read the old story in eyes and in face,

Prudence:

I see within those eyes love's fire burning,
I feel this eager beating of thy heart,
And when and where my thoughts are turning,
Thou art the greater and the lesser part.
Oh, melting, soul,

Jack:

Oh, melting, soul,

Prudence:

Oh, melting, soul,

Jack:

Oh, melting, soul,

Prudence and Jack:

I feel new bliss
In love's sweet kiss,
Oh, melting, soul,
I feel new bliss
In love's, in love's sweet kiss,
Yes, 'tis the kiss,
Ah, yes, 'tis the kiss.

**INDIAN CHORUS. "WE NEVER TELL A LIE."
No. 22. RECIT. Colonel Carter and Simeon.**

Braves:

Oh no, we never tell a lie,
For if we did, 'twould make us cry.

Maidens:

Ah!

Braves:

We always keep our hatchet high,
For that is what we swear by.

Maidens:

Ah!

Braves and Maidens:

Ah!

(Dance around captives and blow on fish Horns.)

Simeon:

Colonel,

Colonel:

Eh!

Simeon:

I'm sick,

Colonel:

And so am I,

Simeon:

Do you think he'll weaken?

Colonel:

No,

Simeon:

Oh, my, oh, my,
My teeth are on edge,

Colonel:

My blood is chill'd

Simeon:

The marrow of my bones with fear is fill'd.
I'm tied here like a beefsteak fit to broil.

Colonel:

This is a mistake, that I'd like to foil,

Simeon:

What stake?

Colonel:

This stake, oh for a knife,
This stake is a mistake,
I'll stake my life.

Commissioners and Soldiers:

But let us free,
And we will be,
Most peaceful in the nation,
And congress too,
Shall put it through,
A grand appropriation,
A grand appropriation,
A grand appropriation.
'Tis told of Washington of old,
At least the story is told.

Maidens: Ah!

Commissioners and Soldiers:

That he is brave, and good, and bold,
Could never, never tell a lie.

Maidens, Commissioners and Soldiers: Ah!

(Dance around captives and blow on fish Horns.)

Colonel: Simon,

Simeon: Eh!

Colonel: I think

Simeon:

Of course you do,

Colonel:

I hardly know,
Which way to turn,

Simeon: Me too,

Colonel:

I thought to count their slain by hundreds, sure.

Simeon:

And there's not a single Indian fewer,

Colonel:

They do not care for guns,
Let's offer money.

Simeon:

And feed the tribe upon brown bread and honey.

Colonel:

But is not brown bread made from Indian corn?

Simeon:

I do not care to tread
On Indian corn.

Commissioners and Soldiers:

But let us free,
And we will be,
Most peaceful in the nation,
And congress too,
Shall put it through,
A grand appropriation,
A grand appropriation,
A grand appropriation.

(Indians dancing and blowing Horns until the end.)

THE FLOWER SONG.

No. 23. DUET. Tenino and Walter.

Tenino and Walter:

Daisies bloom in woodlawn today,
And bluebells down by the stream,
Buttercups thick in the meadows lay,

Like joy of the summer's dream.

And then I pluck so purely white,
Its petals whisp'ring fate,
With hopes its leaves may tell aright,
Indifference, love, or hate.

Tenino:

Friendship and love,
It passeth there,
Friendship and love,
It passeth there,

Indiff'rence, love, or hate.
No, blest the flower, love if you please,
The daisy tells my fate,
The daisy tells my fate.

Walter:

Oh, silly child, hast faith in life,
That fades in breath of night?
The daisy cannot tell the strife,
The heart alone is right.

Within my arms for love prevails,
So tender, earnest, true,
And peace like sunshine, ever hails,
The heart that beats for thee,
The heart, the heart that beats for thee.

Tenino and Walter:

Ah!
Daisies bloom in the woodlawn today,
And bluebells down by the stream,
Buttercups thick in the meadows lay,
Like joy of a summer's dream.
Summer's dream, summer's dream.

THE MERRY MARRIAGE BELLS SHALL RING.

No. 24. Quintette, Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack & Sitting Bull.

Tenino:

The merry marriage bells shall ring,
Ring through leafy wood and plain,
With tinkling measure keeping time,
And with love's enchanting strain,

I feel love's passion burning bright,
And may its fire never cool,
Thou art my star, my guiding light,
And my heart with love is full.

Prudence, Walter, Jack, Sitting Bull:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...

Tenino: The merry marriage bells,

Walter: The merry marriage bells,

Tenino: Their melody foretells,

Walter: Their melody foretells,

Tenino: Chiming in the air,

Walter: Chiming in the air,

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack & Sitting Bull:

Ringin' everywhere.

Prudence:

The songbird too, will sweetly sing,
And flowers bright, and wild,
Flowers bright and fair,
Their sweetest blossoms, too, shall bring, shall bring,
To grace a day, to grace a day, a day so rare.

Tenino and Prudence:

The merry marriage bells shall ring,
Ring through leafy wood and plain,
With tinkling measure keeping time,
And with love's enchanting strain,

I feel love's passion burning bright,
And may its fire never cool,
Thou art my star, my guiding light,
And my heart with love is full.

Walter, Jack, Sitting Bull: Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...

Tenino: The merry marriage bells,

Prudence: The merry marriage bells,
Tenino: Their melody foretells,

Prudence: Their melody foretells,

Tenino: Chiming in the air,

Prudence: Chiming in the air,

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack & Sitting Bull:
Ringing everywhere.

Sitting Bull:

And now a father's blessing take,
For you my children here,
Peace, charity and love shall make
Affection's altar dear

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack & Sitting Bull:

The merry marriage bells shall ring,
Ring through leafy wood and plain,
With tinkling measure keeping time,
And with love's enchanting strain,

I feel love's passion burning bright,
And may its fire never cool,
Thou art my star, my guiding light,
And my heart with love is full.

Walter, Jack, Sitting Bull:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...

Tenino: The merry marriage bells,

Prudence: The merry marriage bells,

Tenino: Their melody foretells,

Prudence: Their melody foretells,

Tenino: Chiming in the air,

Prudence: Chiming in the air,

Tenino, Prudence, Walter, Jack & Sitting Bull:
Ringing everywhere.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...
Ringing everywhere.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...
Ringing everywhere.

No. 25. Enter. Col. And soldiers surrounded by guard of Indians. Next, Simeon Simon and War Commissioners arm in arm with Theo., and four of the Missionaries, four of the soldiers have taken the others, etc.

Simeon:

The marriage bells may ring,
This is, this is a scaly trick.
And all this talk of marriage,
Why it makes me very sick.

And if I take the daisy here,
And she my hair, my hair should pull,
One consolation I shall have,
I'll keep my old keg full.

Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle,
Any liquor that will fill,
Whiskey, gin or brancy punch,
A barrel, a quart, or a gill.

Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle,
I know I have made a bull.
But then she has a dandy,
Who'll keep his old keg full.

FINALE.

No. 26. CHORUS. Joyful, joyful.

Tenino, Walter, Sitting Bull, Chorus—Prudence, Theo. Simeon, Col. & Jack, with all others:

Joyful, joyful, let our voices blend
With the echos from the wood;
Pillage, war, it hath an end.
Who will say it is not good.

Lo, the sky is lit with sunshine
And the world looks on amaze.
With our shouts and Allelujah!
And our might song of praise,
And our might song of praise,

Tenino, Walter:
Our song of praise.

Chorus:
And all the world looks on amaze

Tenino, Walter:
Our song of praise.

Tenino, Walter, Sitting Bull, Chorus:
With our shouts of Allelujah
And our might song of praise.

Chorus:
And with a mighty song of praise

Tenino, Walter:
Our song of praise.

Chorus:
And all the world looks on amaze.

Tenino, Walter:
Our song of praise.

Tenino, Walter, Sitting Bull, Chorus:
With our shouts of Allelujah
And our might song of praise,
our song of praise.

Sitting Bull:
So my beloved braves and maidens,
And you who have come to our arms,
Peace sits at last on our banners,
And hushed are the sounds of alarm;

The Blueman so bold and brave
Is filled with love and awe,
No more we hear the battle shout,
No more the cry of war.

Theodosia and Missionaries:
No liver pad
To make you glad,
Without a liver pad
You may be glad,

Sitting Bull:
Our mighty song, our song of praise.

Sitting Bull:
And all the world looks on amaze

Sitting Bull:
Our mighty song, our song of praise.

Sitting Bull:
And all the world looks on amaze

For cupid's darts
have struck their hearts,
Without a tract or liver pad.

No tract or liver pad,
No tract or liver pad,
For cupid's darts
have struck their hearts,
Without a tract or liver pad.

Chorus:

No liver pad
To make you glad,
Without a liver pad
You may be glad,
For cupid's darts
have struck their hearts,
Without a tract or liver pad.

No tract or liver pad,
No tract or liver pad,
For cupid's darts
have struck their hearts,
Without a tract or liver pad.

Tenino:

Oh! Father, bless me with a smile,
'Twill fill me with new bliss.
And for my wedding gift, oh,
Give Your child a loving kiss.

Walter:

And if in years to come
our love should prove as pure as now,
Her father's kiss I cherish
With my faithful marriage vow.

Tenino:

The merry marriage bells shall ring,
Ring through leafy wood and plain,
With tinkling measure keeping time,
And with love's enchanting strain,
I feel love's passion burning bright,
And may its fire never cool,
Thou art my star, my guiding light,
And my heart with love is full.

Sitting Bull, Theo. & Missionaries, Simeon, Col., Chorus:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...

Walter:

The marriage bells
shall ring

Tenino:

The merry marriage
bells

Prudence:

The merry marriage
bells

Jack:

The merry marriage
bells

Their melody foretells

Their melody foretells

Their melody foretells

Their melody foretells

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Their melody foretells

Chorus:

Ringing ev'rywhere.

Prudence:

The songbird too, will sweetly sing,
And flowers bright, and wild,
Flowers bright and fair,
Their sweetest blossoms, too, shall bring, shall bring,
To grace a day, to grace a day, a day so rare.

Tenino, Walter, Sitting Bull, Chorus—Prudence, Theo. Simeon, Col. & Jack, with all others:

The merry marriage bells shall ring,
Ring through leafy wood and plain,
With tinkling measure keeping time,
And with love's enchanting strain,

I feel love's passion burning bright,
And may its fire never cool,
Thou art my star, my guiding light,
And my heart with love is full.

Sitting Bull, Theo. & Missionaries, Simeon, Col., Chorus:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle...

Walter:

The marriage bells
shall ring
Their melody foretells

Tenino:

The merry marriage
bells
Their melody foretells

Prudence:

The merry marriage
bells
Their melody foretells

Jack:

The merry marriage
bells
Their melody foretells

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Ringing ev'rywhere.

Chiming in the air
Their melody foretells

Tenino, Walter, Sitting Bull, Chorus—Prudence, Theo. Simeon, Col. & Jack, with all others:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

Ringin' everywhere.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

Ringin' everywhere.

END.