

The Rescue of the Princess Winsome eBook

The Rescue of the Princess Winsome

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Page 1

Title: The Rescue of the Princess Winsome A Fairy Play for Old and Young

Author: Annie Fellows-Johnston and Albion Fellows Bacon

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*** Start of this project gutenber EBOOK the rescue of the princess winsome ***

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[Transcriber's Note: The songs in this book were set with the lyrics interlinear with the sheet music. These have been put into lyric form in the text for legibility.]

The RESCUE

of the

PRINCESS WINSOME

[Illustration]

The RESCUE

of the

PRINCESS WINSOME

A FAIRY PLAY FOR OLD AND YOUNG

By

Annie Fellows Johnston

Author of "The Little Colonel Series," "Big Brother," "Joel: A Boy of Galilee," "In the Desert of Waiting," etc.

Music by



Albion Fellows Bacon

Boston

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

1908

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* * * * *

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The Princess Winsome, the part taken by the "Little Colonel" in the play called "The Rescue of Princess Winsome" in "The Little Colonel's Hero," has shared the popularity of the creator of the role.

Appealing to children because of its association with their favorite heroine, and to their parents because of its high moral tone and the beauty of its lines, the play has found great favor among children's clubs for their private theatricals, in many cases rivalling the success of the "Little Colonel" and her friends in obtaining funds for charitable purposes.

In response to repeated requests, the publishers are glad to present the play in separate form, making it more easily accessible to young amateur actors and actresses.

"THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS WINSOME"

CHARACTERS ORIGINAL CAST



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King Rob Moore.

Queen Allison Walton.

Prince Hero Keith MacIntyre.

PRINCESS WINSOME Lloyd Sherman.

Knight Malcolm MacIntyre.

Ogre Joe Clark.

Witch Kitty Walton.

Godmother Elizabeth Loyd Lewis.

Frog-eye Fearsome Ranald Walton.

Titania Elise Walton.

Bewitched Prince. HERO, the RED CROSS DOG

Chorus of Fairies.

{ Morning-glory.

{ Pansy.

{ Rose.

Flower Messengers { Forget-me-not.

{ Poppy.

{ Daisy.

“THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS WINSOME”

ACT I.

SCENE I. In the Witch’s Orchard. Frog-eye Fearsome drags the captive Prince and Princess to the Ogre’s tower. At Ogre’s command Witch brews spell to change Prince Hero into a dog.

SCENE II. In front of Witch’s Orchard. King and Queen bewail their loss. The Godmother of Princess promises aid. The Knight starts in quest of the South Wind’s silver flute with which to summon the Fairies to his help.



ACT II.

SCENE I. In the Tower Room. PRINCESS WINSOME and HERO. Godmother brings spinning-wheel on which Princess is to spin Love's golden thread that shall rescue her brother. Dove comes with letter from Knight. Flower messengers in turn report his progress. Counting the Daisy's petals the Princess learns that her true Knight has found the flute.

ACT III.

SCENE I. In Witch's Orchard. Knight returns from quest. Blows the flute and summons Titania and her train. They bind the Ogre and Witch in the golden thread the Princess spun. Knight demands the spell that binds the Prince and plucks the seven golden plums from the silver apple-tree. Prince becomes a prince again, and King gives the Knight the hand of the Princess and half of his Kingdom. Chorus of Fairies.

"THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS WINSOME"

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Witch bends over fire in middle of orchard, brewing a charm in her caldron. Ogre stalks in, grinning frightfully, swinging his bludgeon in triumph.*

Ogre

Ha, old witch, it is done at last!
I have broken the King's stronghold!
I have stolen away his children twain
From the clutch of their guardsmen bold.
I have dragged them here to my castle tower.
Prince Hero is strong and fair.
But he and his sister shall rue my power,
When once up yon winding stair.



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Witch

Now why didst thou plot such a wicked thing?
The children no harm have done.

Ogre

But I have a grudge 'gainst their father, the King,
A grudge that is old as the sun.
And hark ye, old hag, I must have thy aid
Before the new moon be risen.
Now brew me a charm in thy caldron black,
That shall keep them fast in their prison!

Witch

I'll brew thee no charm, thou Ogre dread!
Knowest thou not full well
The Princess thou hast stolen away
Is guarded by Fairy spell?
Her godmother over her cradle bent.
"O Princess Winsome," she said,
"I give thee this gift: thou shalt deftly spin,
As thou wishest, Love's golden thread."
So I dare not brew thee a spell 'gainst her.
My caldron would grow acold
And never again would bubble up,
If touched by her thread of gold.

Ogre

Then give me a charm to bind the prince.
Thou canst do that much at least.
I'll give thee more gold than hands can hold,
If thou'lt change him into some beast.

Witch

I have need of gold—so on the fire
I'll pile my fagots higher and higher,
And in the bubbling water stir
This hank of hair, this patch of fur
This feather and this flapping fin,
This claw, this bone, this dried snake skin!



Bubble and boil
And snake skin coil,
This charm shall all plans
But the Ogre's foil.

[As Witch stirs and sings, the Ogre, stalking to the side, calls.]

Ogre

Ho, Frog-eye Fearsome, let the sport begin!
Hence to the tower! Drag the captives in!

[Frog-eye Fearsome drags Prince Hero and Princess Winsome across the stage, and into the door leading up the tower stair. They are bound by ropes. Prince tries to reach his sword. Princess shrieks.]

Princess

Oh, save us, good, wise witch,
In pity, save us, pray.
The King, our royal father,
Thy goodness will repay.

[Pulls back, wringing hand.]

Oh, I cannot, *cannot* mount the tower!
Oh, save us from the bloody Ogre's power!

[They are dragged into the tower, door bangs and Ogre locks it with key a yard long. Goes back to Witch, who hands him vial filled from caldron with black mixture.]

Witch

Pour drop by drop upon Prince Hero's tongue.
First he will bark. His hands and feet
Will turn to paws, and he will seem a dog.
Seven drops will make the change complete.
The poison has no antidote save one,
And he a prince again can never be,
Unless seven silver plums he eats,
Plucked from my golden apple-tree.

Ogre

Revenge is sweet,
And soon 'twill be complete!
Then to my den I'll haste for gold to delve.
I'll bring it at the black, bleak hour of twelve!



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Witch

And I upon my broomstick now must fly
To woodland tryst. Come, Horned Owl
And Venomed Toad! Now play the spy!
Let no one through my orchard prowl.

[Exit Witch and Ogre to dirge music.]

SCENE II. *Enter King and Queen weeping. They pace up and down, wringing hands, and showing great signs of grief. Godmother enters from opposite side. King speaks.*

King

Good dame, Godmother of our daughter dear,
Perhaps thou'st heard our tale of woe.
Our children twain are stolen away
By Ogre Grim, mine ancient foe.

All up and down the land we've sought
For help to break into his tower.
And now, our searching all for nought,
We've come to beg the Witch's power.

[Godmother springs forward, finger to lip, and anxiously waves them away from orchard.]

Godmother

Nay! Nay! Your Majesty, go not
Within that orchard, now I pray!
The Witch and Ogre are in league.
They've wrought you fearful harm this day.
She brewed a draught to change the prince
Into a dog! Oh, woe is me!
I passed the tower and heard him bark:
Alack! That I must tell it thee!

[Queen shrieks and falls back in the King's arms, then recovering falls to wailing.]

Queen

My noble son a *dog*? A *beast*?
It cannot, must not, *shall* not be!



I'll brave the Ogre in his den,
And plead upon my bended knee!

Godmother

Thou couldst not touch his heart of stone.
He'd keep *thee* captive in his lair.
The Princess Winsome can alone
Remove the cause of thy despair.
And I unto the tower will climb,
And ere is gone the sunset's red,
Shall bid her spin a counter charm—
A skein of Love's own Golden Thread.
Take heart, O mother Queen! Be brave!
Take heart, O gracious King, I pray!
Well can she spin Love's Golden Thread,
And Love can *always* find a way!

[Exit Godmother.]

Queen

She's gone, good dame. But what if she
Has made mistake, and thread of gold
Is not enough to draw our son
From out the Ogre's cruel hold?
Canst think of nought, your Majesty?
Of nothing else? Must we stand here
And powerless lift no hand to speed
The rescue of our children dear?

[King clasps hand to his head in thought, then starts forward.]

King

I have it now! This hour I'll send
Swift heralds through my wide domains,
To say the knight who rescues them
Shall wed the Princess for his pains.

Queen

Quick! Let us fly! I hear the sound of feet,
As if some horseman were approaching nigher.
'Twould not be seemly should he meet
Our royal selves so near the Witch's fire.



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[They start to run, but are met by Knight on horseback in centre of stage. He dismounts and drops to one knee.]

King

Tis Feal the Faithful! Rise, Sir Knight,
And tell us what thou doest here!

Knight

O Sire, I know your children's plight.
I go to ease your royal fear.

Queen

Now if thou bringst them back to us,
A thousand blessings on thy head.

King

Ay, half my kingdom shall be thine.
The Princess Winsome thou shalt wed.

Queen

But tell us, how dost thou think to cope
With the Ogre so dread and grim?
What is the charm that bids thee hope
Thou canst rout and vanquish him?

Knight

My faithful heart is my only charm,
But my good broadsword is keen,
And love for the princess nerves my arm
With the strength of ten, I ween.
Come weal, come woe, no knight can fail
Who goes at Love's behest.
Long ere one moon shall wax and wane,
I shall be back from my quest.
I have only to find the South Wind's flute.
In the Land of Summer it lies.
It can awaken the echoes mute,
With answering replies.
And it can summon the fairy folk



Who never have said me nay.
They'll come to my aid at the flute's clear call.
Love *always* can find a way.

King

Go, Feal the Faithful. It is well!
Successful mayst thou be,
And all the way that thou dost ride,
Our blessings follow thee.

[*Curtain.*

ACT II.

SCENE. *Room in Ogre's tower. Princess Winsome kneeling with arm around Dog's neck.*

Princess

Art thou my brother? Can it be That thou hast taken such shape? Oh turn those sad eyes not on me! There *must* be some escape. And yet our parents think us dead. No doubt they weep this very hour, For no one ever has escaped, Ere this, the Ogre's power. Oh cruel fate! We can but die! Each moment seems a week. *Is* there no hope? Oh, Hero dear, If thou couldst only speak! But no! Within this tower room We're captive, and despair Must settle on us. 'Tis the doom Of all dragged up yon winding stair.

[*Drops her head and weeps. Enter Godmother, who waves wand and throwing back curtain, displays a spinning-wheel.*

Godmother

Rise, Princess Winsome,
Dry your weeping eyes.
The way of escape
Within your own hand lies.

Waste no time in sorrow,
Spin and sing instead.
Spin for thy brother's sake,
A skein of golden thread.

Question not the future,
Mourn not the past,
But keep thy wheel a-turning,
Spinning well and fast.



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All the world helps gladly
Those who help themselves,
And the thread thou spinnest,
Shall be woven by elves.

All good things shall speed thee!
Thy knight, the Faithful Feal,
Is to thy rescue riding.
Up! To thy spinning-wheel!

[Disappears behind curtain.]

Princess

All good things shall speed me?
Sir Knight, the Faithful Feal,
Is to my rescue riding?

[In joyful surprise.]

Turn, turn, my spinning-wheel!

(She sings.)

Spinning Wheel Song

[Illustration: Spinning Wheel Song]

1. My godmother bids me spin,
that my heart may not be sad.
Spin and sing for my brother's sake,
and the spinning makes me glad.
2. Spin, sing with humming whir,
the wheel goes round and round.
For my brother's sake, the charm I'll break,
Prince Hero shall be found.

Spin, sing, the golden thread,
Gleams in the sun's bright ray,
The humming wheel my grief can heal,
For love will find a way.

[Pauses with uplifted hand.]



What's that at my casement tapping?
Some messenger, maybe.
Pause, good wheel, in thy turning,
While I look out and see.

[Opens casement and leans out, as if welcoming a carrier dove, which may be concealed in basket outside window.]

Little white dove, from my faithful knight,
Dost thou bring a message to me?
Little white dove with the white, white breast,
What may that message be?

[Finds note, tied to wing.]

Here is his letter. Ah, well-a-day! I'll open it now, and read. Little carrier dove, with fluttering heart, I'm a happy maiden, indeed. *(She reads.)* "O Princess fair, in the Ogre's tower, In the far-off Summer-land I seek the South Wind's silver flute, To summon a fairy band. Now send me a token by the dove That thou hast read my note. Send me the little heart of gold From the chain about thy throat. And I shall bind it upon my shield, My talisman there to stay. And then all foes to me must yield, For Love will find the way.

Here is set the hand and seal
Of thy own true knight, the faithful—Feal."

[Princess takes locket from throat and winds chain around dove's neck.]

Princess sings

The Dove Song

[Illustration: The Dove Song]

Now, flutter and fly, flutter and fly,
Bear him my heart of gold,
Bid him be brave little carrier dove!
Bid him be brave and bold!

Tell him that I at my spinning wheel,
Will sing while it turns and hums,
And think all day of his love so leal,
Until with the flute he comes.

Now fly, flutter and fly,
Now flutter and fly away, away.



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[Sets dove at liberty. Turning to wheel again, repeats song.]

Princess repeats

My Godmother bids me spin,
That my heart may not be sad;
Spin and sing for my brother's sake,
And the spinning makes me glad.

Sing! Spin! With hum and whir
The wheel goes round and round.
For my brother's sake the charm I'll break!
Prince Hero shall be found.

Spin! Sing! The golden thread
Gleams in the sunlight's ray!
The humming wheel my grief can heal,
For Love will find a way.

[First messenger appears at window, dressed as a Morning-glory.]

Morning-glory

Fair Princess,
This morning, when the early dawn
Was flushing all the sky,
Beside the trellis where I bloomed,
A knight rode slowly by.

He stopped and plucked me from my stem,
And said, "Sweet Morning-glory,
Be thou my messenger to-day,
And carry back my story.

"Go bid the Princess in the tower
Forget all thought of sorrow.
Her true knight will return to her
With joy, on some glad morrow."

[Disappears.]

Princess sings

Spin! spin! The golden thread
Holds no thought of sorrow.



My true knight he shall come to me
With joy on some glad morrow.

[Second flower messenger, dressed as Pansy, appears at window.]

Pansy

Gracious Princess,
I come from Feal the Faithful.
He plucked me from my bower,
And said, speed to the Princess
And say, "Like this sweet flower
The thoughts within my bosom
Bloom ever, love, of thee.
Oh, read the pansy's message,
And give a thought to me."

[Pansy disappears.]

Princess sings

Spin, spin, O golden thread!
And turn, O humming wheel.
This pansy is his thought of me,
My true knight, brave and leal.

[Third flower messenger, a pink Rose.]

Rose

Thy true knight battled for thee to-day,
On a fierce and bloody field,
But he won at last in the hot affray,
By the heart of gold on his shield.

He saw me blushing beside a wall,
My petals pink in the sun
With pleasure, because such a valiant knight
The hard-fought battle had won.

And he kissed me once on my soft pink cheek,
And once in my heart of gold,
And bade me hasten to thee and speak.
Pray take the message I hold.

[Princess goes to the window, takes a pink rose from the messenger. As she walks back, kisses it and fastens it on her dress. Then turns to wheel again.]



Princess sings

Spin, spin, O golden thread,
And turn, O happy wheel.
The pink rose brought in its heart of gold
A kiss, his love to seal.



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[Fourth messenger, a Forget-me-not.

Forget-me-not

Fair Princess,
Down by the brook, when the sun was low,
A brave knight paused to slake
His thirst in the water's silver flow,
As he journeyed far for thy sake.

He saw me bending above the stream,
And he said, "Oh, happy spot!
Ye show me the Princess Winsome's eyes
In each blue forget-me-not."
He bade me bring you my name to hide
In your heart of hearts for ever,
And say as long as its blooms are blue,
No power true hearts can sever.

Princess sings

Spin, spin, O golden thread.
O wheel, my happy lot
It is to hide within my heart
That name, forget-me-not.

[Fifth messenger, a Poppy.

Poppy

Dear Princess Winsome,
Within the shade of a forest glade
He laid him down to sleep,
And I, the Poppy, kept faithful guard
That it might be sweet and deep.
But oft in his dreams he stirred and spoke,
And thy name was on his tongue,
And I learned his secret ere he woke,
When the fair new day was young.
And this is what he, whispering, said,
As he journeyed on in his way:
"Bear her my dreams in your chalice red,
For I dream of her night and day."



Princess sings

Spin, spin, O golden thread.
He dreams of me night and day!
The poppy's chalice is sweet and red.
Oh, Love will find a way!

[*Sixth messenger, a Daisy.*

Daisy

O Princess fair,
Far on the edge of the Summer-land
I stood with my face to the sun,
And the brave knight counted with strong hand
My petals, one by one.

And he said, "O Daisy, white and gold,
The princess must count them too.
By thy petals shall she be told
If my long, far quest is through.

"Whether or not her knight has found
The South Wind's flute that he sought."
So over the hills from the Summer-land,
Your true knight's token I've brought.

[*Gives Princess a large artificial daisy. She counts petals, slowly dropping them one by one.*

Princess

Far on the edge of the Summer-land,
O Daisy, white and gold,
My true love held you in his hand.
What was the word he told?

He's found it. Found it not.
Found it. Found it not.

That magic flute of the South Wind, sweet,
Will he blow it, over the lea?
Will the fairy folk its call repeat,
And hasten to rescue me?

He's found it, found it not.
Found it, found it not.



Found it, found it not.
He's *found* it!

[*Turning to the dog.*

Come, Hero! Hear me, brother mine;
Thy gladness must indeed be mute,
But oh, the joy! We're saved! We're saved!
My knight has found the silver flute!



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(Sings.)

“Spin, Wheel, Reel Out Thy Golden Thread”

[Illustration: Spin, Wheel, Reel Out Thy Golden Thread]

Spin, wheel, reel out thy golden thread,
My happy heart sings glad and gay,...
Hero shall 'scape the Ogre dread,
And I my own true love shall wed,
For love has found a way,
For love has found a way.

[Curtain.]

ACT III.

SCENE. *In front of Witch's Orchard. Knight comes riding by, blows flute softly under the tower window. Princess leans out and waves her hand. Knight dismounts, and little page takes horse, leading it off stage.*

Knight

Lean out of thy window, O Princess fair,
Rescuers now are at hand.
Thou shalt be led down the winding stair
By the Queen of the Fairy band.

Listen, as low on the South Wind's flute
I call the elves to our tryst.
Down rainbow bubbles they softly float,
Light-winged as stars in a mist.

[He blows a flute, and from every direction the Fairies come floating in, their gauzy wings spangled, and each one carrying a toy balloon, attached to a string. They trip back and forth, their balloons bobbing up and down like rainbow bubbles, singing.]

Fairy Chorus

[Illustration: Fairy Chorus]

We come, we come at thy call,
On rainbow bubbles we float.



We fairies, one and all,
Have answer'd the wind flute's note.

1. The south wind's silver flute,
From the far-off summer land,
It bade us hasten here,
To lend a helping hand.
It bade us hasten, hasten here,
To lend a helping hand.
2. To the aid of the gallant knight,
To the help of the princess fair,
To the rescue of the prince,
We come to the Ogre's lair.
To the rescue of the prince,
We come to the Ogre's lair.
3. And now, at thy behest,
We pause in our bright array,
To end thy weary quest,
For love has found a way,
To end thy weary, weary quest,
For love has found a way.

[Queen Titania coming forward, waves her star-tipped-wand, and looks up toward Princess at the window.]

Titania

Princess Winsome,
When thy good Godmother
Bade thee spin Love's thread,
It was with this promise,
These the words she said:

All the world helps gladly
Those who help themselves.
The thread thou spinnest bravely,
Shall be woven by elves.

And now, O Princess Winsome,
How much hast thou spun,
As thy wheel, a-whirling,
Turned from sun to sun?

Princess

This, O Queen Titania.



[Holding up mammoth ball.]

To the humming wheel's refrain,
I sang, and spun the measure
Of one great golden skein.



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And winding, winding, winding,
At last I wound it all,
Until the thread all golden
Made a mammoth wonder-ball.

Titania

Here below thy casement
Thy true knight waiting stands.
Drop the ball thou holdest
Into his faithful hands.

[Princess drops the ball, Knight catches it, and as Titania waves her wand, he starts along the line of Fairies. They each take hold as the Witch and Ogre come darting in, she brandishing her broomstick, he his bludgeon. They come through gate of the Orchard in the background. As the ball unwinds, the Fairies march around them, tangling them in the yards and yards of narrow yellow ribbon, singing as they go.]

Fairy Chorus

We come, we come at thy call,
On rainbow bubbles we float.
We fairies, one and all,
Have answered the Wind-flute's note.
To the aid of the gallant Knight,
To the help of the Princess fair,
To the rescue of the Prince,
We come to the Ogre's lair.

We come, we come at thy call,
The Witch and Ogre to quell,
And now they both must bow
To the might of the fairies' spell.
Love's Golden Thread can bind
The strongest Ogre's arm,
And the spell of the blackest Witch
Must yield to its mighty charm.

[Ogre and Witch stand bound and helpless, tangled in golden cord. They glower around with frightful grimaces. King and Queen enter unnoticed from side. Knight draws his sword, and brandishing it before Ogre, cries out fiercely.]

Knight



The Key! The key that opens yonder tower!
Now give it me, or by my troth
Your head shall from your shoulders fly!
To stab you through I'm nothing loath!

[Ogre gives Knight the key. He rushes to the door, unlocks it, and Princess and dog burst out. Queen rushes forward and embraces her, then the King, and Knight kneels and kisses her hand. Princess turns to Titania.]

Princess

Oh, happy day that sets me free
From yon dread Ogre's prison!
Oh, happy world, since 'tis for me
Such rescuers have 'risen.
But see, your Majesty! the plight
Of Hero—he the Prince, my brother!
Wilt thou *his* wrong not set aright?
Another favour grant! One other!

[Titania waves wand toward Knight who springs at Witch with drawn sword.]

Knight

The spell! The spell that breaks the power
That holds Prince Hero in its thrall!
Now give it me, or in this hour
Thy head shall from its shoulders fall!

Witch

Pluck with your thumbs
Seven silver plums

[Speaking in high, cracked voice.]

From my golden apple-tree!
These the dog must eat.
The change will be complete,
And a prince once more the dog will be!



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[Princess darts back into orchard, followed by dog, who crouches behind hedge, and is seen no more. She picks plums, and, stooping, gives them to him, under cover of the hedge. The real Prince Hero leaps up from the place where he has been lying, waiting, and hand in hand they run back to the centre of the stage, where the Prince receives the embraces of King and Queen. Prince then turns to Knight.]

Prince Hero

Hail, Feal the Faithful!
My gratitude I cannot tell,
That thou at last hast freed me
From the Witch's fearful spell.
But wheresoe'er thou goest,
Thou faithful knight and true,
The favours of my kingdom
Shall all be showered on you.

[Turns to Titania.]

Hail, starry-winged Titania!
And ye fairies, rainbow-hued!
I have not words sufficient
To tell my gratitude,
But if the loyal service
Of a mortal ye should need,
Prince Hero lives to serve you,
No matter what the deed!

[Characters now group themselves in tableau. Queen and Prince on one side. Godmother and Titania on the other. King in centre, with Princess on one hand, Knight on other. He places her hand in the Knight's, who kneels to receive it. Ogre and Witch, still making horrible faces, are slightly in background, bound. Fairies form an outer semi-circle.]

King

And now, brave Knight, requited stand!
Here is the Princess Winsome's hand.
To-morrow thou shalt wedded be,
And half my kingdom is for thee!

Fairy Chorus



Love's golden cord has bound
The strongest Ogre's arm,
And the spell of the blackest Witch
Has yielded to its charm.
The Princess Winsome plights
Her troth to the Knight to-day,
So fairies, one and all,
We need no longer stay.

The golden thread is spun, The Knight has won his bride, And now our task is done, We may no longer bide. On rainbow bubbles bright, We fairies float away. *The wrong is now set right And Love has found the way!*

Curtain.