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# Cox AND BOX

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OR  
THE LONG-LOST  
BROTHERS  
by  
F. C. Burnand  
and  
Arthur Sullivan  
(original 1866 version)

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in association with  
THE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN SOCIETY

Leon Berger  

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Ian Kennedy  

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Donald Francke  

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Kenneth Barclay  
(piano)



# COX AND BOX

OR, THE LONG-LOST BROTHERS

Triumviretta in one act

In the original full-length version of 1866

Adapted to the lyric stage from J. Maddison Morton's  
farce of **BOX AND COX** by

F. C. BURNAND

The music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

\* \* \*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

James John Cox - a journeyman hatter - **Leon Berger**

John James Box - a journeyman printer - **Ian Kennedy**

Serjeant Bouncer - a lodging house keeper  
(late of the Dampshire Yeomanry)  
with military reminiscences - **Donald Francke**

At the pianoforte - **Kenneth Barclay**

Musical Adviser - **David Mackie**

## SYNOPSIS

Scene: A room in Bouncer's lodging house.

[1] It is 8.00 a.m. and Cox, an apprentice hatter, prepares to depart for work. A chance remark to Bouncer prompts one of the landlord's interminable military anecdotes (*Rataplán*) [2]. Cox accuses Bouncer [3] of stealing his provisions and demands an explanation (*Stay, Bouncer, Stay!*) [4]. Bouncer distracts

him by lapsing into *Rataplán*. Cox leaves in disgust - just in time for Bouncer to rearrange the room for his other tenant, Box.

Box returns from his nightshift at the newspaper offices, [5], dismisses Bouncer, and falls asleep singing a lullaby to his sizzling breakfast (*Hush'd is the Bacon*) [6]. While Box is napping, Cox returns, extolling the virtues of his boss who has given him a day off. (*My Master is Punctual*) [7]. The lodgers [8] meet (*Who are You, Sir?*) [9] and call for Bouncer who once again tries to defuse the situation with his *Ratapláns*. He convinces them [10] that their dual tenancy is a temporary arrangement and goes to prepare another room, leaving Cox and Box to pass the time together (*The Buttercup*) [11]. They discover remarkable similarities in their love-lives [12]. Box explains how he faked a suicide note in order to wriggle out of an unhappy engagement and the threat of a breach of promise lawsuit (*Not Long Ago*)\*. [13]

It transpires [14] that their fiancées were one and the same, a certain Penelope Ann. Since neither wishes to marry the hapless lady, they decide to gamble for their freedom. As both intend to cheat, they willingly participate in dice and coin-tossing (*The Gambling Duet - Sixes*) [15]. The quarrel builds [16], and the two men order Bouncer to produce duelling pistols. Instead he leaves them with a letter from Penelope Ann's solicitor informing them of her sudden demise; the prospect of an inheritance changes their attitudes. However a second letter reverses their fortunes and resurrects the lady, who arrives in person to deliver a third note informing them of her intended betrothal to a Mr. Knox! Thus left off the hook the pair are reconciled and the prophecy of the alternative title of the play is borne out. The three sing a paean of praise to Knox (*My Hand Upon It*) [17].

\*Note - the vocal score titles *Not Long Ago* as *Three Years Ago* - presumably uncorrected from an earlier draft.

## COX AND BOX: The 1866 Edition

This recording was made in a Victorian drawing-room with the performers using real doors, windows, curtains and all the appropriate domestic props - much as it would have been first given at the informal presentation at Burnand's house in 1866.

The well-known version of *Cox and Box*, used for many years as a curtain-raiser for the shorter G&S operas, actually dates from 1921. Harry Norris and J. M. Gordon (then, respectively, Musical Director and Stage Director of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company) produced a 25-minute abbreviation - subsequently published as "The Savoy Edition" - which remained in repertoire until the late 1970s. The original 1866 version, over an hour long, and recorded here in full for the first time, owes its genesis to a rather curious gathering of compeers.

*The Moray Minstrels*, a group of society luminaries of royalty, literature and music, met regularly for convivial evenings of songs, music "and afterwards a light supper of oysters and refreshing drinks." They took their name from Moray Lodge, the house of their host, Arthur J. Lewis, in Kensington. When a companion piece was required for Offenbach's *Les Deux Aveugles*, who better suited to the task than the rising 24 year old composer Arthur Sullivan, and the humourist F. C. Burnand? Burnand adapted a popular farce of 1847, Maddison Morton's *Box and Cox*, to an all-male cast, reworked the dialogue (whilst retaining much of the original), inserted lyrics for Sullivan to set, and inverted the title.

*Cox and Box* was first performed before a private gathering at Burnand's house on 23 May 1866, before being unleashed on the Moray Lodge audience three days later. In the cast was the author George du Maurier (as Cox), and Sullivan himself improvised an accompaniment at the piano. The first public performance took place nearly a year later at the Adelphi Theatre on 11 May 1867 at a charity benefit for which Sullivan added orchestration. Further charity performances occurred at the Royal Gallery of

Illustration (18 May 1867) and at the Theatre Royal, Manchester (29 June 1867) during which time the duet *Stay, Bouncer, Stay!* and the Overture were added. In due course, The Royal Gallery of Illustration was to house a successful run of the piece, opening on 29 March 1869 and continuing for nearly 290 performances.

In 1894, Sullivan authorised his own shortened version of *Cox and Box* to act as a curtain-raiser to his opera *The Chieftan* (also with Burnand) at the Savoy. It is this edition which formed the basis for the further truncation by Norris and Gordon 27 years later.

In the present recording, to achieve as musically complete a version as possible, we have taken the liberty of including both the original compound-time version of the *Bacon Lullaby* (its first ever commercial recording) and *Stay, Bouncer, Stay!*, although the former was almost certainly rewritten before the latter was composed. Since the hours of 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock are both crucial plot devices, we placed an unscripted 9 o'clock between Box falling asleep and Cox's return from work, for dramatic continuity.

This recording was made in 1984 when all the participants were touring in Joseph Horowitz' adaptation of *Cox and Box* for London Chamber Opera (formerly Intimate Opera). Horowitz' edition restored a little of the cut music and dialogue, reinstated *Mrs. Bouncer*, but retained the Savoy Edition key signatures. Our enthusiasm to perform a more authentic version coincided with that of various members of the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society, especially Selwyn Tillet, its Chairman, who made it possible. Original plans for a commercial release fell through until a limited cassette edition was made available to Society members a few years ago. This, in turn, led to requests for a wider release on CD format - hence the copy you hold in your hand.

I am indebted to the researches of Dr. David Russell Hulme for information contained in these notes.

*Notes and Synopsis* © Leon Berger 1998



## THE COMPANY

**KENNETH BARCLAY (Pianoforte)** was born in Edinburgh and studied at St. Andrews University, Pembroke College, Oxford, the University of Aarhus, Denmark, and the Guildhall School of Music, London. His musical career began as pianist to Opera for All, followed by Scottish Theatre Ballet. He has appeared as accompanist and Musical Director to London Chamber Opera, the Parlour Quartet (with whom he has made two records) and New Sadler's Wells Opera, to name but a few. He has also translated four books from the Danish and provided an English version of Halévy's *La Juive*. He is founder of Victorian Archive Concerts which has promoted works by Sydney Smith, Wilhelm Ganz, Tosti, Frederic Clay and, of course, Sullivan. On this recording he plays a piano which was manufactured a century before his birth.

**LEON BERGER (Cox)** studied English and Drama at London University. He has appeared as a guest principal with the Royal Opera House, Scottish Opera and Welsh National Opera (notably in Janacek and Wagner), performed and recorded Kromow in *The Merry Widow* for New Sadler's Wells Opera and many parts in Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures* for English National Opera. He has appeared in over 100 roles in opera and musicals both in the UK and abroad. Leon is well-known in G&S circles, having performed most of the lyric and patter roles in all 13 performable operas for many companies including G&S for All, New Savoyards of London, Gawsworth Summer Opera, The Magic of D'Oyly Carte/G&S and at Gilbert's home Grim's Dyke. He has also performed Judge and Dick Deadeye under Carl Davis and the Liverpool Philharmonic. For the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society he sang Ludwig in the 1996 Centenary Concert of *The Grand Duke* and has recorded, with accompanist Selwyn Tillett, two solo albums: *Mr George Grossmith's Musical & Humorous Recital* and *The Grossmith Family Album*. Leon was, for several years, a collaborator with the late Donald Swann, and is now a performer, editor and archivist of his music.

**IAN KENNEDY (Box)** studied at Guildhall School of Music winning many prizes, including the coveted Gold Medal for singers. He combines membership of the BBC Singers with a busy solo career in opera, oratorio and concert which has taken him throughout the UK, Europe and the Americas - and on cruise liners! Ian broadcasts regularly and was a soloist in the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary Promenade Concert performance of Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music*. He has sung most of the Sullivan tenor roles and has appeared regularly in concert with G&S Unlimited and on stage as Box for Opera Players and London Chamber Opera. A highly versatile musician, Ian was for several years Musical Director of G&S For All. As conductor he appeared with the Houston Symphony and Los Angeles Philharmonic - in the Hollywood Bowl, with an audience of over 10,000; he has recorded as accompanist for Pearl Records (*Thomas Round Sings Songs You Love*) whilst other discography includes Ian as tenor soloist in Boulez' recording of Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*. Currently he is Professor of Singing and Course Tutor at Guildhall School of Music, musical director of East Surrey Choral Society and a busy festival adjudicator.

**DONALD FRANCKE (Bouncer)** studied at Cambridge University and at the Royal College of Music, London. He has performed as a principal with many opera companies, notably the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden), Opera North, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, New Opera, Chelsea Opera, Phoenix Opera, Opera Players, Intimate Opera and London Chamber Opera. During the Shakespeare celebration year of 1964 he toured with the Lincoln Theatre Royal Company as guest singer and actor. Oratorio and recitals are also part of Donald's field, notably an appearance with Gerald Moore just prior to the pianist's retirement. TV and radio broadcasts have been made in Europe, the Far East and the UK, including a complete set of the Savoy Operas, both in studio and Promenade Concerts. Donald chalked up nearly 9 years appearing as Old Deuteronomy in *Cats* at the New London Theatre in the West End. More recent appearances have

included Victorian pantomime at the Players Theatre and good national press reviews of performances at the Greenwich Studio Theatre.

**DAVID MACKIE (Adviser)** was educated at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and the Universities of Glasgow and Birmingham. He was Chorus Master and Associate Conductor of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company from 1976 to 1982, and has toured Britain, North America, the Antipodes and parts of Europe. As a freelance, he has worked for New Sadler's Wells Opera, G&S For All, The Magic of D'Oyly Carte/G&S and London Airs. In 1989 he wrote and presented 14 interval talks for BBC Radio 2's complete G&S cycle. In collaboration with Sir Charles Mackerras he reconstructed Sullivan's *Cello Concerto in D* which has since been published and commercially recorded. In 1994, David completed an arrangement of *The Pirates of Penzance* for the Canadian Children's Opera and is currently working with baritone Ralph Meanley on a series of concerts and recordings of songs based on the repertoire of Peter Dawson.

**THANKS TO:** Selwyn Tillett, at whose suggestion this recording was first made; the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society, who supplied vocal scores; Stephen Turnbull, for help and encouragement; David Lisle, recording engineer; and the Trustees of the Colt Clavier Collection, Bethersden, for the loan of their 1840 Schmidt piano.

This production is dedicated to the memory of Professor Arthur Jacobs (1922-1996), biographer of Sullivan, at whose suggestion this CD has been issued.

## LIBRETTO

(Most stage directions have been omitted for purposes of brevity, and spoken dialogue is given in *italics*)

[SCENE: A room in Bouncer's lodging house]

[1]

*COX: I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hairdresser only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind, I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o' clock, I declare I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. [Knock at door] Open locks, whoever knocks!*

*BOUN: Good morning, Colonel Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Colonel.*

*COX: I can't say I did, B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.*

*BOUN: Anything to accommodate you, Captain Cox.*

*COX: Thank you. Then perhaps you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.*

*BOUN: Certainly. Why, I do declare you've had your hair cut!*

*COX: Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. I look as if I'd been cropped for the Militia -*

*BOUN: The Militia! - I recollect when I was in the Militia.*

*COX: Ah! Now he's off on his hobby.*

*BOUN: Yes, we were mounted on chargers. I recollect upon one occasion, being seated firmly in my saddle for eight hours, and I don't recollect being able to sit down again firmly for a considerable period afterwards.*

[2]

*BOUN: Yes, yes, in those merry days  
Yes, yes, in those brilliant days,  
We gather'd our laurels and rode on our bays,  
We gather'd our laurels and rode on our bays,  
I mounted a horse in her Majesty's force,  
As one of the yeomen who'd meet with the foemen,  
For then an invasion threaten'd the nation  
And ev'ry man in the rear or the van  
Found an occasion to sing Rataplan!  
Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan! etc.*

*We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,  
Somehow the enemy, somehow the enemy,  
somehow the enemy didn't come  
So I gave up my horse, in her Majesty's force,  
As there wasn't a foeman to meet with the yeoman  
And so no invasion threaten'd the nation,  
There wasn't a man in the rear or the van  
Who found an occasion to sing Rataplan!  
Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan! etc.*

[3]

*COX: Well, this is pleasant. This comes of having one's hair cut. None of my hats will fit me. Never mind, this one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others and now I'm off! By the by, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?*

*BOUN: Why - I suppose the chimney -*

*COX: The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, how is that?*

*BOUN: Why - I suppose - yes - that must be it -*

*COX: At present, I am entirely of your opinion - because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.*

*BOUN: Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth - and there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.*

*COX: Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going up the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction.*

*BOUN: Why—*

*COX: Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming upstairs when I'm going down, and going down when I'm coming up?*

*BOUN: Why - yes - I—*

*COX: From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.*

*BOUN: Yes, sir, and a very respectable young gentleman he is. Good morning, Colonel.*

[4]

COX: Stay, Bouncer, Stay! To me it has occur'd That now's the time with you to have a word.

BOUN: What can he mean? I tremble, ah, I tremble!

COX: Listen!

BOUN: With pleasure.

(aside) Yes, I must dissemble.

COX: That two are two, arithmetic explains;  
Take one from two, and only one remains;  
Take one from one, and as we have been taught  
Remainder-none, that is remainder-nought.  
Take one from two, take one from one,  
Take one from one and as we have been taught  
Remainder-none, remainder-none, that is remainder-nought.

You follow me? I think you can.

BOUN: I do. Rataplan! etc.

COX: -plan!

Now, coals is coals, as sure as eggs is eggs;  
Coals haven't souls, no more than they have legs;  
But as you will admit, the case is so,  
Legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go,  
Contrive to go! Contrive to go!  
But as you will admit, the case is so,  
That legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go,  
Contrive to go!

BOUN: Well, I should say - or as it seems to me -

COX: Exactly.

BOUN: Quite so.

COX: Then we both agree.

BOUN: As we agree, good day.

COX: I've something more to say.

'Tis not my coals alone

BOUN: (Ah! Why this cruel tone?)

COX: But other things as dear as they to me  
Which in that little closet I carefully deposit,  
In them a sure and gradual loss I see,  
Until their case the poet's words express:  
"Small by degrees and beautifully less"

BOTH: Ah yes!/ Until their case the poet's words express;

"Small by degrees and beautifully less,

COX: Small by degrees and beautifully less,

BOUN: Ah! Beautifully, beautifully,

BOTH: ... beautifully less."

COX: And now, Sergeant Bouncer, I beg to announce, sir,  
For ne'er was occasion as this half as good,  
Whate'er may my coals ail, these things go by wholesale,  
My lucifers, candles! tea!! sugar!!! and wood!!!!

BOUN: Mister Cox, Mister Cox,  
My feelings over power me.  
That his lodger, his friendly lodger  
Should once suspect, that Bouncer is

COX: A dodger!

BOUN: As to who takes your coals, wood and all that  
It must have been -

COX: No! no! 'Twas not the cat!

BOUN: Rataplan, Rataplan, I'm a military man,  
Rough, honest, I hope though unpolish'd,

And I'll bet you a hat that as to the cat,  
The cat in the army's abolish'd.

COX: Rataplan, Rataplan, You're a military man,  
Honest I hope, tho' it doesn't appear,  
And as to the cat, the treacherous cat,  
If it isn't in the army, don't have it here.

BOTH: Rataplan! etc.

And as to the cat, the treacherous cat,  
If it isn't in the army, we won't have it here.  
Rataplan! etc

[5]

BOUN: *He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet - and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a happy thought of mine - that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. Now then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. Now then, to make the bed - and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Colonel Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Private Box - people's tastes do differ so. The idea of Colonel Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this!*

BOX: [without] Pooh! Pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir?

COX: [without] I was on my own side of the staircase, sir. It was as much your fault as mine, sir.

BOX: It was as much your fault as mine, sir? I say, sir - it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

BOUN: Lor, Mr. Box! What is the matter?

BOX: Mind your own business, Bouncer!

BOUN: Dear, dear, Mr. Box. What a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you are quite **pale** in the face.

BOX: *What colour would you have a man to be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?*

BOUN: But then, you've all day to yourself.

BOX: *So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed.*

BOUN: Oh, certainly, Mr. Box!

BOX: *Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?*

BOUN: Oh - yes - the gentleman in the attic, sir.

BOX: *Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats - white hats and black hats - hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims, hats with naps, and hats without naps - in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.*

BOUN: Yes, sir. And they tell me that's why he took the **hatters!** And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favour, that you would not smoke quite so much.

BOX: Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

BOUN: You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

BOX: It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning - that I shall give you warning at once.

BOUN: Well, Mr. Box - do you want anything more of me?

BOX: On the contrary - I've had quite enough of you!

BOUN: Well, if ever!

*BOX: But there's one evolution I should much like to see you perform.*

*BOUN: What's that?*

*BOX: Right about face, quick march. [Exit Bouncer] It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable warrior. He knows I'm up all night, and yet he seems to set his face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see - shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap - I mean shall I swallow my nap before - no - never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere — I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon - Oh, here it is - and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? Now 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer- this is by several degrees too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that he purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar - but I did think - Oh, yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! How sleepy I am to be sure. I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anyone here to superintend the turning of my bacon. Perhaps it will turn itself.*

[6]

*BOX: Hush'd is the bacon on the grid, I'll take a nap and close my eye, Soon shall I be nodding, nodding nid, Nodding, nodding, nodding, Singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby. Hush-a-bye, bacon on the coal top, Till I awaken, there you must stop, Lullaby, lulla, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, Sleep, gentle bacon, smoke amid, Which, circling up, smiles on the fry, While I am nodding, nodding nid, Nodding, nodding, nodding,*

*Singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.*

*Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the coal top,  
Till I awaken there you must stop,  
Lullaby, lulla, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.*

[7]

*[Enter COX]*

*COX: My master is punctual always in business, Unpunctuality even slight, is in his Eyes such a crime that on showing my pluz in his Shop, I thought there'd be the devil to pay, Shop, I thought there'd be the devil to pay.*

*My aged employer, with his physiognomy Shining from soap like a star in astronomy, Said "Mister Cox, you'll oblige me and honour me, If you will take this as your holiday, If you will take this as your holiday."*

*Visions of Brighton and back, and of Rosherville Cheap fare excursions already the squash I feel, Fearing the rain, put on my Mackintosh I vill, Now for my breakfast, my light dejeunay, Now for my breakfast, my light dejeunay.*

[8]

*COX: I bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Hallo! What's this? A roll, I declare. Come, that's lucky! Now then to light the fire. Hulloa - who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it - I'll take my oath I did. Heyday! Why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare. And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer - my coals - and my gridiron, to cook his breakfast by! No, no - I can't stand this! Come out of that! Now then, for my breakfast things. [Exits]*

*BOX: Come in! If it's you, Bouncer - you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep. Goodness gracious! - my bacon! Halloa, what's this? A chop? Whose chop?*

*Bouncer's, I'll be bound. He thought to cook his breakfast while I was asleep - with my coals too - and my gridiron. Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? Here it is! Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! [he throws chop out of the window] So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own. I may as well lay my breakfast things. [Exits; Cox enters]*

*COX: Come in - come in. Oh! Goodness! My chop! Holloa - what's this! The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds - confound it - dash it - damn it - I can't stand this! [Flings bacon out of the window. Box enters]*

[9]

COX: Who are you, sir? Tell me who?

BOX: If it comes to that, sir, who are you?

COX: Who are you, sir?

BOX: What's that to you, sir?

COX: What's that to who, sir?

BOX: Who, sir? You, sir?

COX: Who are you, sir?

BOX: Who are you, sir?

COX: Tell me who, sir?

BOX: Tell me who, sir?

COX: Who are you, sir?

BOTH: Who are you, sir? Tell me who, sir? Who are you, sir? Tell me who, sir? Who are you, sir?

COX: Yes, 'tis the printer!

BOX: Yes, 'tis the hatter!

BOTH: Yes, 'tis the hatter/printer!

COX: Printer, printer, take a hint-er,  
Leave the room or else shall I,  
Vainly struggle with the fire,

With the raging fierce desire,  
To do you an injury, an injury!

BOX: Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter,  
Leave the room or else shall I,  
Vainly struggle with the fire,  
With the raging fierce desire,  
To do you an injury, an injury!

(together):

COX: Printer, printer, etc....take a hint-er, go!

BOX: Hatter, hatter, etc.... cease your clatter, go!

*BOX: Kindly leave my room, sir!*

COX: Your room! If on that you're bent,  
Here is my receipt for rent.

BOX: Your receipt is very fine.  
If you come to that, sir,  
If you come to that, sir -  
Here is mine.

COX: Thieves!

BOX: Murder!

COX: Bouncer!

BOTH: He can settle the printer/hatter,  
Turn out the man!  
Bouncer! Bouncer!  
Bouncer! Bouncer!

BOUN: Rataplan!, Rataplan! etc

ALL: Rataplan, Rataplan, etc

*BOX: What do you mean by singing Rataplan, sir?*

*COX: What do you mean by singing Rataplan, sir?*

*BOX: I mean nothing, sir*

*COX: So do I, sir.*

*BOTH: Very well, sir.*

ALL: Rataplan, Rataplan, etc

[10]

BOX: *Instantly remove that hatter!*

COX: *Immediately turn out that printer!*

BOUN: *Well - but, gentlemen -*

COX: *Explain!*

BOX: *Explain! Whose room is this?*

COX: *Yes - whose room is this?*

BOX: *Doesn't it belong to me?*

BOUN: *No!*

COX: *There! You hear, sir. It belongs to me!*

BOUN: *No - it belongs to both of you!*

COX/BOX: *Both of us!*

BOUN: *Oh, yes! Gents, don't be angry - but you see, this gentleman [points to Box] only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman [points to Cox] at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready -*

COX/BOX: *When will your little back second floor room be ready?*

BOUN: *Why, tomorrow -*

COX: *I'll take it!*

BOX: *So will I!*

BOUN: *Excuse me - but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.*

BOTH: *True.*

COX: *I spoke first, sir -*

BOX: *With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir - now go -*

COX: *Go? Pooh, pooh -*

BOUN: *Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here -*

BOTH: *Then put it up!*

BOUN: *Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now, gents and officers, don't fight, but keep your tempers [Bouncer exits].*

COX: *What a disgusting position!*

BOX: *Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise today, you'd better go out and take it?*

COX: *I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.*

BOX: *Very well, sir.*

COX: *Very well, sir? However, don't let me prevent you from going out. [Reaches for roll]*

BOX: *Don't flatter yourself, sir. Halloa, that's my roll, sir. [Picks up his pipe]*

COX: *Halloa? What are you about, sir?*

BOX: *What am I about? I'm about to smoke.*

COX: *Wheugh! [Flings window open]*

BOX: *Halloa! Put down that window, sir!*

COX: *Then put your pipe out, sir.*

BOX: *There!*

COX: *There!*

BOX: *I shall retire to my pillow.*

COX: *I beg your pardon, sir - I cannot allow anyone to rumple my bed.*

BOX: *Your bed? Hark ye, sir, can you fight?*

COX: *No, sir.*

BOX: *No? Then come on -*

COX: *Sit down, sir - or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"*

BOX: *I say, sir -*

COX: *Well, sir?*

BOX: *Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throat, sir.*

COX: *Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.*



*BOX: And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, sir.*

*COX: Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.*

*BOX: Besides, it was all Bouncer's fault, sir.*

*COX: Entirely, sir.*

*BOX: Very well, sir.*

*COX: Very well, sir!*

*BOX: Take a bit of roll, sir?*

*COX: Thank ye, sir.*

*BOX: Do you sing, sir?*

*COX: I sometimes dabble in a serenade.*

*BOX: Then dabble away.*

[11]

*COX: The buttercup dwells on the lowly mead,  
The daisy is bright to see;  
But brighter far are the eyes that read  
The thoughts in the heart of me.  
I come by night, I come by day,  
I come in the morn to sing my lay;  
I know my notes, I count each bar,  
And I've learnt a tune on the gay guitar.*

*BOX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*BOX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-dum*

*(together):*

*BOX: I come by night, etc*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle, etc... la, la, la, etc*

*BOX: The floweret shines on the minaret fair,  
The dahlia waves in the breeze,  
The cockchafer sighs in the midnight air,  
The dicky-bird sings in the trees.*

*I come by night, I come by day,  
I never, ah never can stay away;  
If you the guitar can sweetly do,  
I play on the concertina, the concertina too.*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*BOX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle-dum*

*BOX: Fiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-dum*

*(together):*

*COX: Fiddle-iddle-dum, Fiddle-iddle-dum, etc... la,  
la, la, etc*

*BOX: I come by night, etc*

[12]

*BOX: Have you read this month's Bradshaw, sir?*

*COX: No, sir - my wife wouldn't let me.*

*BOX: Your **wife**?*

*COX: That is - my **intended** wife*

*BOX: Well, that's the same thing! I congratulate you.*

*COX: [with a deep sigh] Thank ye. You needn't disturb yourself, sir, she won't come here.*

*BOX: Oh! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own here - on the sly - cunning dog.*

*COX: No such thing, sir - I repeat sir, no such thing, sir; but my wife - I mean, my **intended** wife happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines*

*BOX: Ha! Where?*

*COX: At a favourite watering place. How curious you are!*

*BOX: Not at all! Well?*

*COX: Consequently, in the bathing season - which luckily is rather a long one - we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of **my** beloved. Are you married?*

BOX: Me? Why - not exactly.

COX: Ah, a happy bachelor!

BOX: Why - not precisely.

COX: Oh! A widower?

BOX: No - not absolutely!

COX: You'll excuse me, sir - but at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

BOX: Not help it?

COX: No, sir - not you, nor any other man alive!

BOX: Ah, that may be - but I'm not alive!

COX: You'll excuse me, sir - but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

BOX: But I am perfectly serious, sir, I've been defunct for the last three years.

COX: Will you be quiet, sir!

BOX: If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

COX: My very dear sir - my **very** dear sir - if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

BOX: Oh! Then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended.

COX: Why not exactly; and yet, at present, I'm only aware of one obstacle to my doting upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her.

BOX: Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

COX: I will ! What is it?

BOX: Drown yourself.

COX: Will you be quiet, sir!

BOX: Listen -

[13]

BOX: Not long ago it was my fate to captivate a widow, At Ramsgate;

COX: I, 'tis odd to state, the same at Margate did, oh!

BOX: By her not liking to be kiss'd I thought I'd better try to In the Life Guards or Blues enlist;

COX: How odd! And so did I too!

BOX: I was not tall enough, they said;

COX: Too short, they said, of me;

BOX: The infantry I entered,

COX: And I the infan-tree

BOX: My widow offer'd to purchase my discharge From the marching line, oh!

COX: That's odd, coincidentally, the very same did mine, oh!

BOX: I hesitated to consent, for my consent she waited.

I gave it

COX: Ah! With mine I went, and never hesitated.

BOX: The happy day came near at length, we hop'd it would be sunny;

I found I needed all my strength to face the ceremony.

I suddenly found out I was unworthy to possess her, I told her so at once because I fear'd it might distress her.

Before the words were out of my mouth, there came from the North and flew to the South

A something that came unpleasantly near,  
Clattering, spattering, battering, shattering,  
Dashing, clashing, smashing, flashing, slashing,  
Crashing, missing, but whizzing right past my ear.  
It shatter'd itself on the mantelpiece - whop!

COX: What was it?

BOX: Ah! tremble, the basin call'd Slop.

It fell at my feet, it would have put the  
Back of a man who was ever so meek up,  
So being thus baited, I retaliated,  
And hurl'd at my widow a crockery teacup.

COX: Between you, then, there was a fraction

BOX: And I was threaten'd with an action.

COX: O ciel! Proceed.

BOX: One morn when I had finish'd my ablution,  
I took -

COX: A walk?

BOX: No, sir, a resolution.  
Friends or foes, none suppose,  
Nobody knows what I does,  
I tie up my clothes, my shirt and my hose,  
My socks for my toes, my linen for nose,  
I think of my woes, and under the rose,  
I pack up my bundle and off I goes.

COX: Ha! I see, you left in a tiff!

BOX: Listen:  
I solemnly walk'd to the cliff  
And, singing a sort of a dulcet dirge,  
Put down my bundle upon the verge,  
Heard the wild seagull's mournful cry,  
Look'd all around there was nobody nigh,  
None but I on the cliff so high,  
And all save the sea was bare and dry,  
And I took one look on the wave below,  
And I rais'd my hands in an agony throe,  
And stood on the edge of the rock so steep,  
And I gaz'd like a maniac on the deep.  
I cried: "Farewell, farewell to earth,  
Farewell, farewell to the land of my birth,  
Farewell, farewell to my only love,  
To the sea below, and the sky above!"  
With a glance at the sea of wild despair,  
I cried "I come!"; my bundle lay there,  
At the edge, where the coastguard's way was chalk'd,  
Then away - in the opposite way I walk'd.

COX: What a clever man, what a capital plan  
I've listened with attention,  
I think that I should like to try  
Your wonderful invention.

BOTH: What a clever man, what a capital plan,  
I've/you've listened with attention,

(together)

COX: I think that I should like to try your wonderful  
invention.

BOX: If you like it why should you not try my  
wonderful invention.

#### [14]

*COX: Dear me! I think I begin to have some slight  
perception of your meaning. Ingenious creature! You  
disappeared - the suit of clothes was found -*

*BOX: Exactly - and in one of the pockets of the coat, or  
the waistcoat, or the pantaloons - I forget which - there  
was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting  
farewell words: "This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann!  
Penelope Ann!!"*

COX: Penelope Ann?

BOX: Penelope Ann.

COX: Originally widow of William Wiggins?

BOX: Widow of William Wiggins!

COX: Proprietor of bathing machines?

BOX: Proprietor of bathing machines!

COX: At Margate?

BOX: And Ramsgate.

*COX: It must be she! And you, sir - you are Box - the  
lamented, long lost Box!*

BOX: I am!

*COX: And I was about to marry the interesting creature  
you so cruelly deceived.*

BOX: Ah! Then you are Cox!

COX: I am!

BOX: I heard of it. I congratulate you - I give you joy! And now, I think I'll go and take a stroll.

COX: No you don't. I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended.

BOX: My intended? You mean **your** intended.

COX: No, sir - yours.

BOX: How can she be **my** intended, now that I am drowned?

COX: You're no such thing, sir. And I prefer presenting you to Penelope Ann. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature - I give her up to you.

BOX: Benevolent being! I wouldn't rob you for the world. Good morning, sir!

COX: Stop!

BOX: Unhand me, hatter! Or I shall cast off the lamb and assume the lion!

COX: Pooh!

BOX: An insult! To my very face - under my very nose! You know the consequences, sir - instant satisfaction, sir!

COX: With all my heart, sir!

BOTH: Bouncer! Bouncer!  
[Bouncer enters]

BOUN: What is it, gentlemen?

BOX: Pistols for two.

BOUN: Yes, sir.

BOX: Stop! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and misguided militiaman, that you keep loaded firearms in the house.

BOUN: Oh, no - they're not loaded.

BOX: Then produce the murderous weapons instantly.  
[Bouncer exits]

BOX: I say, sir!

COX: Well, sir.

BOX: What's your opinion of duelling, sir?

COX: I think it's a barbarous practice, sir.

BOX: So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

COX: No; I daresay that **does** make some difference.

BOX: And yet, sir - on the other hand - doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at one another with nothing in 'em.

COX: No, sir - no more than any other harmless recreation.

BOX: Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

COX: Because, as I've already observed, I can't abide her. You'll be happy with her.

BOX: Happy? Me? With the consciousness that I have deprived **you** of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!

COX: Don't think of me, Box - I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

BOX: Don't be absurd, sir.

COX: Then don't you be ridiculous, sir.

BOX: I won't have her!

COX: No more will I!

BOX: I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady - eh, Mr. Cox?

COX: That's fair enough, Mr. Box.

BOX: Or what say you to dice?

COX: With all my heart! Dice by all means.

BOX [aside]: That's lucky! Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones.

*COX [aside]: I've no objection at all to dice. I lost one pound seventeen and sixpence, at last Barnet Races, to a very gentlemanly-looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes - I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown and he gave me the dice.*

*BOX: Now then, sir!*

*COX: I'm ready, sir. Will you lead off, sir?*

*BOX: As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins Penelope Ann?*

*COX: Of course, sir!*

*BOX: Very well, sir!*

*COX: Very well, sir!*

[15]

*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: That's a good throw for you.... sixes.*

*BOX: That's not a bad one too....sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOX: Very good dice. Yours, sir, are nice, Suppose we arrange (if it suits you) to change?*

*COX: Oh, very well, that I will do, To please a gentleman such as you.*

*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOTH: Oh! This is absurd, I never have heard Of such wonderful throws as I've seen with those Oh! This is absurd, I never have heard Of such wonderful throws as I've seen with those.*  
*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOTH: Looks like tricksies.*

*BOX: Sixes.*

*COX: Sixes.*

*BOTH: Looks like tricksies; with such a throw there's nobody can Ever settle the case of Penelope Ann. With such a throw there's nobody can Ever settle the case of Penelope Ann. Of Penelope, elope, nelope, elope Ann.*

*BOX: It's perfectly absurd you going on throwing sixes in this sort of way.*

*COX: I shall go on till my luck changes.*

*BOX: I have it - suppose we toss for the lady.*

*COX: With all my heart.*

*COX [aside]: Where's my tossing sixpence?*

*BOX [aside]: Where's my lucky shilling?*

*BOTH: Where's my lucky shilling/tossing sixpence?*

*BOX: Now then, sir - heads win?*

*COX: Or tails lose - whichever you prefer.*

*BOX: It's the same to me, sir.*

*COX: Very well, sir. Heads I win - tails you lose.*

*BOX: Yes - no! Heads win, sir.*

*COX: Very well - go on.*

*BOX: Very well, sir.*

*BOX: Head.*

*COX: Head.*

*BOX: Head*

*COX: Couldn't you say something else instead?*

*BOX: Head.*

*COX: Head.*

*BOX: I wish an occasional tail you'd try.*

*COX: Head.*

BOX: Head.

COX: Head.

BOX: I nail your sixpence; hallo! It's got no tail!  
I've a mind to pitch you out on the leads.

COX: Your shilling I find, has got two heads!

BOTH: You swindler, you cheat, take care of my feet,  
Out of my room, sir, and into the street.  
Turn me out, try it, that is if you can,  
Swindler, cheat, vagabond, swindler, cheat.

BOX: You swindler!

COX: Cheat!

BOX: Vagabond!

COX: Thief!

BOX: Swindler!

COX: Cheat!

BOX: Vagabond!

COX: Thief!

BOTH: Bouncer! [Bouncer enters]

BOUN: Rataplan! etc.

ALL: Rataplan, etc.

## [16]

BOX/COX: Is the little back second floor room ready?

BOUN: Not quite, gentlemen. I can't find the pistols, but  
I have brought you a letter - it came by the general post  
yesterday. I am sure I don't know how I came to forget it,  
for I put it carefully in my pocket.

COX: And you've kept it carefully in your pocket ever since?

BOUN: Yes, sir. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. By-the-bye,  
I paid twopence for it

COX: Did you? Then I do forgive you. [Bouncer exits]  
"Margate". The postmark decidedly says "Margate".

BOX: Oh, doubtless a tender epistle from Penelope Ann.

COX: Then read it, sir.

BOX: Me, sir?

COX: Of course. You don't suppose I'm going to read a  
letter from your intended.

BOX: **My** intended? Pooh! It's addressed to you - C O X.

COX: Do you think that's a C? it looks to me like a B.

BOX: Nonsense! Fracture the seal.

COX: Goodness gracious!

BOX: Gracious goodness!

COX: "Margate - May the 4th. Sir, I hasten to convey  
to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, which  
has bereft you of your intended wife." He means **your**  
intended.

BOX: No, **yours!** However, it's perfectly immaterial.  
Go on.

COX: "Poor Mrs Wiggins went out for a short excursion  
in a sailing boat - a sudden and violent squall soon after  
took place, which, it is supposed, upset her, as she was  
found, two days afterwards, keel upwards."

BOX: Poor woman!

COX: The boat, sir!... "As her man of business, I  
immediately proceeded to examine her papers, amongst  
which I soon discovered her will; the following extract  
from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you.  
'I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended  
husband'" Excellent, but unhappy creature.

BOX: Generous, ill-fated being.

COX: And to think that I tossed up for such a woman.

BOX: When I remember that I staked such a treasure on  
the hazard of a die.

COX: I'm sure, Mr. Box, I can't sufficiently thank you  
for your sympathy.

BOX: And I'm sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn't feel more, if she had been your own intended.

COX: If she'd been my own intended! She **was** my own intended.

BOX: **Your** intended? Come, I like that! Didn't you very properly observe just now, sir, that I proposed to her first?

COX: To which you very sensibly replied that you'd come to an untimely end.

BOX: I deny it.

COX: I say you have!

BOX: The fortune's mine!

COX: Mine!

BOX: I'll have it!

COX: So will I

BOX: I'll go to law!

COX: So will I!

BOX: Stop - a thought strikes me. Instead of going to law, about the property, suppose we divide it.

COX: Equally.

BOX: Equally, I'll take two thirds.

COX: That's fair enough - and I'll take three fourths.

BOX: That won't do. Half and half.

COX: Agreed! There's my hand upon it.

BOX: And mine.

COX: Holloa! Postman again!

BOX: Postman yesterday - postman today - [Bouncer enters]

BOUN: Another letter, Colonel Cox - twopence more!

COX: I forgive you again! Another trifle from Margate. Goodness gracious!

BOX: Gracious goodness!

COX: "Happy to inform you, false alarm..."

BOX: "Sudden squall - boat upset - Mrs. Wiggins your intended..."

COX: "Picked up by steamboat..."

BOX: "Carried into Boulogne..."

COX: "Returned here this morning..."

BOX: "Will start by early train tomorrow..."

COX: "And be with you at ten o' clock exact."

BOX: Cox, I congratulate you!

COX: Box, I give you joy!

BOX: I'm sorry that most important business at the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning!

COX: It's obviously for me to retire. Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning!

BOX: You'll excuse me, sir - but our last arrangement was that she was **your** intended.

COX: No, yours!

BOX: Yours!

BOTH: Yours!

BOX: Ha! What's that? A cab's drawn up at the door. No - it's a twopenny omnibus!

COX: A lady's got out -

BOX: There's no mistaking that majestic person - it's Penelope Ann!

COX: Your intended!

BOX: Yours!

COX: Yours!

BOX: Hark - she's coming upstairs!

COX: Shut the door!

BOUN: [from without]: Colonel!

COX: *I've just stepped out.*

BOX: *So have I!*

BOUN: *Mr. Cox! Open the door! It's only me - Sergeant Bouncer.*

COX: *Only you? Then where's the lady?*

BOUN: *Gone!*

COX: *Upon your honour?*

BOX: *As a Militiaman?*

BOUN: *Yes, and she's left a note for Brigadier Cox.*

COX: *Give it to me.*

BOUN: *Then open the door!*

COX: *Put it under! Goodness gracious!*

BOX: *Gracious goodness!*

COX: *"Dear Mr. Cox, Pardon my candour..."*

BOX: *"But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate..."*

COX: *"I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union..."*

BOX: *"With Mr. Knox."*

COX: *Huzza!*

BOX: *Three cheers for Knox. Ha, ha, ha!*

BOUN: *The little second floor back room is quite ready.*

COX: *I don't want it.*

BOX: *No more do I.*

COX: *What shall part us?*

BOX: *What shall tear us asunder?*

COX: *Box.*

BOX: *Cox. You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.*

COX: *The very observation I was going to make to you!*

BOX: *Ah - tell me - in mercy tell me - have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?*

COX: *No.*

BOX: *Then it is he!*

COX: *Of course we stop where we are?*

BOX: *Of course.*

COX: *For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.*

BOX: *So am I - I begin to feel quite at home in it.*

COX: *Everything so clean and comfortable.*

BOX: *And I'm sure the master of it, from what I have seen of him, is very anxious to please.*

COX: *So he is - and I vote, Box, that we stick by him!*

BOX: *Agreed!*

[17]

BOX: *My hand upon it, join but yours; agree the house will hold us.*

COX: *And two good lodgers Bouncer gets, he'll in his arms enfold us.*

BOUN: *Oh yes! Yes! To arms and war's alarms You remember of course, you remember of course; When I mounted a horse in her Majesty's force, As one of the yeomen who'd cope with the foemen For then an invasion threatened the nation,*

BOX: *And there's no occasion to sing:*

ALL: *Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, For Rataplan, Penelope Ann has married another respectable man, Three cheers for Knox, who lives at the docks, And may he live happily if he can. Rataplan, etc For Rataplan, Penelope Ann has married another respectable man, Three cheers for Knox, who lives at the docks, And may he live happily if he can. Rataplan, etc.*

END





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# COX AND BOX

OR THE LONG-LOST BROTHERS BY F. C. BURNAND AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1	Dialogue - Cox and Bouncer	[1.43]
2	Rataplan (Bouncer's Song) - Bouncer	[2.56]
3	Dialogue - Cox and Bouncer	[1.33]
4	Stay, Bouncer, Stay! (Duet) - Cox and Bouncer	[7.04]
5	Dialogue - Box and Bouncer	[5.43]
6	A Lullaby - (Box's Song) - Box	[3.25]
7	My Master is Punctual (Song and Dance) - Cox	[1.15]
8	Dialogue - Cox and Box	[3.01]
9	Who are You, Sir? (Trio) - Cox, Box, Bouncer	[4.49]
10	Dialogue - Box, Cox, Bouncer	[3.01]
11	The Buttercup, (Duet Serenade) Cox and Box	[3.46]
12	Dialogue - Box and Cox	[2.19]
13	Not Long Ago (Romance) Box and Cox	[5.20]
14	Dialogue - Cox, Box, Bouncer	[4.11]
15	Sixes (The Gambling Duet) Box and Cox	[4.20]
16	Dialogue - Box, Cox, Bouncer	[6.26]
17	My Hand Upon It (Finale) Box, Cox, Bouncer	[1.50]
	<b>TOTAL PLAYING TIME</b>	<b>[62.42]</b>

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