

**THE ADMIRABLE  
MIRANDA: WRITTEN  
FOR THE HOPEFULLY  
WELL AFFECTED CLUB**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649262106

The Admirable Miranda: Written for the Hopefully Well Affected Club by Patty Lee Clark

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**PATTY LEE CLARK**

**THE ADMIRABLE  
MIRANDA: WRITTEN  
FOR THE HOPEFULLY  
WELL AFFECTED CLUB**



THE  
ADMIRABLE MIRANDA

WRITTEN FOR  
THE HOPEFULLY WELL AFFECTED CLUB

BY  
PATTY LEE CLARK

---

WESTFIELD, MASS.

MAY, 1905

13486.126.03

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
GEORGE RICHARD BLINN  
SEP 10 1926

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FERDINAND, *Prince of Naples.*  
ORLANDO, *from the Wood of Arden.*  
ARIEL, *Prospero's sprite.*  
MOON-MAN, *a skipper from the green-cheese moon.*  
MIRANDA, *a child of nature.*  
ROSALIND, *alias Hamlet (in doublet and hose).*  
SIRIUS, *the Dog-star.*

---

Presented by the Hopefully Well Affected Club, Westfield, Mass.,  
May 9, 1906.

---

### ORIGINAL CAST.

FERDINAND,	Miss Bush.
ORLANDO,	Miss Hooker.
ARIEL,	Miss Lyman.
MOON-MAN,	Miss Winchester.
MIRANDA,	Mrs. Clark.
ROSALIND,	Miss Gillett.
SIRIUS,	'Hector' Clark.

### **TIME.**

Night following "The Tempest."

---

### **PLACE.**

Before the Cell of Prospero.

---

### **STAGE SETTINGS.**

The play was written to be given as in the time of Shakespeare. No curtain is required nor other stage properties than two practical trees, B and L, toward rear of stage, and three exits, L, R and C. C being labelled "Ye entrance to ye Cell of Prospero." Also a mossy bank slightly left of center of stage.

---

### **COSTUMES.**

**FERDINAND.** Handsome court suit and sword.

**ORLANDO.** Hunting suit and sword.

**ARIEL.** White draperies and wand.

**ROSALIND.** Handsome hunting suit, similar to Orlando's, but without sword.

**MIRANDA.** Grecian draperies of white. Hair flowing, confined by wreath of flowers. Magic mantle of dark cloth.

**MOON-MAN.** Black smock, black shoes and stockings, and black gloves. With head made of paste-board, covered with yellow cheese-cloth, on the front of which a charcoal face, like the man-in-the-moon, is sketched.

**SIRIUS.** Is not a necessary character, but if included the dog should have a star on his collar.

---

### **TIME OF PRESENTATION.**

One hour and a half.



# The Admirable Miranda.

## ACT I.

SCENE—*Moonlight in front of Prospero's Cell. Mantle lying on ground, R.*

MIRANDA (*enters, L.; sits upon mossy bank*).

Here will I sit me down and let  
The wanton breezes cool my intellectual brow;  
Whilst sweet, sweet, thoughts of Ferdinand  
Do trickle through my well-trained brain  
Like treacle from an unstaunched bung.  
How soft the moonlight falls upon this bank:  
O! that the man within her would fall, too!  
Perchance, since wilful wench will have her way,  
By wishing hardly I may make this youth obey.

Moonlight, moon bright,  
Grant the wish I wish tonight!  
Have pity on my sorry plight  
And of your man give me a sight.

(*After a pause.*)

Ah! woe is me! He'll show not e'en his head.  
I'm weary, weary, weary! And I vow I'll seek my bed.

(*Walks along gazing at moon.*)

Would that my father's mantle fell on me!  
Then, naughty Man-i'-the-moon, I'd punish thee.

(*Stumbles and falls on knees.*)

O heavens! I fear I've skinned my knee!  
And smirched my only party frock.  
Beshrew me! But I'll feint a swoond!  
That'll fleetly bring the men around.  
First, seek I some soft spot of ground  
To fall upon;  
Aneut, with piteous cries I'll wound  
Night's stillness.

(*In walking about she comes upon mantle.*)

But hst! What's this?  
O bliss! Oh bliss!  
It is, it is  
My father's magic mantle!  
His tempest-brewing cloak.  
O! 'tis a monstrous joke:—  
The mantle did not fall on me,  
But I did fall on it, you see.  
O! End-beshaping Destiny!  
I'll don it! Straightway then, I'll be  
A chip from off the paternal tree.

(Wraps herself in mantle assuming great dignity of pose and diction.)

I will encase me, and myself present  
 As I was sometime Milan.  
 Now, truly, am I Prosper's daughter!  
 I'll raise a rumpus on the water;  
 Do other things I hadn't oughter.  
 Yet precious Art I will not waste.  
 From pockets, hats, and eggs draw forth  
 No silly rabbits, birds, or kittens:  
 But every hat shall crown—a man!  
 Each pocket hold that precious jewel;  
 While eggs, as full o' men as meat,  
 Shall vomit forth their burden at my feet.  
 But list! Methinks the virus hath begun to work.

ARIEL (in distance sings:—)

Where the bee drinks there drink I;  
 On a bat I nightly hie!  
 Merrily! Merrily!

MIRANDA. Ye gods and little fishes! It is a man!

(ARIEL enters, l.)

Welcome, thrice welcome! thou beauteous man.

ARIEL. Beauteous I may be,  
 But a man I'm not.

Why think'st thou that I am?

MIRANDA. Deny it not. For with these mine ears,  
 Did I sure hear thy manly boast of naughtiness  
 That on a nightly bat thou go'st.

ARIEL. Fair maid, 'tis true;  
 But thou this matter dost reverse,  
 For, though on nightly bats I hie,  
 The spirit—not the man—am I.  
 A spirit—sprite—or what you will—  
 I ride the wind; am seldom still:  
 And 'Ariel' is my name.  
 Thy father's Ganymede,—  
 On his behests I speed.

MIRANDA. Sweet spirit, prithee tell me  
 Wherein his magic lies.

ARIEL. Who wears this cloak (indicates mantle.)

Upon his back  
 Can charms invoke;  
 No wish will lack  
 Be 't thought or spoke.  
 The cloak laid slack  
 The spell is broke,  
 And I, slack!  
 Do bear the yoke,  
 For I'm its slave!  
 Thro' me it weaves its magic spells.

From out my cradling cowslip bells,  
 Deep-growing where some spring up-wells,  
 I'm dragged to do whate'er it tells.  
 It drives me forth o'er hills and dells;  
 To hidden caves 'neath Neptune's swells:  
 Up to the moon, where Dian dwells.  
 From highest heavens to deepest hells  
 I'm shrewdly drave.

MIRANDA. Prithee, could I then not do,  
 Without thine aid, a stunt or two?

ARIEL. What would'st thou?

MIRANDA. Men!

(ARIEL glances toward Cell.)

More men!

And yet again more men!

ARIEL. O maiden fair! What mischief art thou brewing!  
 With all these men, what would'st thou then be doing?

MIRANDA. O foolish sprite! I would be ever wooing,  
 And keep sweet Ferdinand astewing.

ARIEL. O silly Miranda!  
 Thou'rt a feminine gander.  
 What booketh thy books  
 If they teach not love's crooks?  
 To make Ferdinand stew  
 You don't need a whole crew;  
 Why, one man will do,—  
 Or at the most, two.

MIRANDA. The strangeness of your story puts  
 Heaviness in me. In lieu  
 Of men in flocks, must I have only two?  
 Nay! I'll not brook it. I will play the Jew.

(She imitates Shylock.)

Give me, my flock of men!

No? Then, at least, good Ariel, bring three.

(ARIEL points to the mantle which has fallen from MIRANDA'S shoulders. She puts it on, again assuming dignity of pose and diction.)

E'er Phœbus mounts the eastern sky  
 To break the lance of night,  
 And warn my father of the loss  
 Of this, his mantle bright,  
 Three goodly youths thou here  
 Must bring. So haste, my sprite!

ARIEL. My palfrey, the wind  
 Shall bear me to Ind;  
 From thence to the farthermost shore.  
 From lands that are hot,  
 To those that are not,  
 The earth I will fleetly search o'er.  
 On wind-wings I'll fly