PRUNELLA; OR, LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN

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Prunella; Or, Love in a Dutch Garden by Laurence Housman & H. Granville Barker

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LAURENCE HOUSMAN & H. GRANVILLE BARKER

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OR LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN AND H. GRANVILLE BARKER



LONDON: A. H. BULLEN 47 GREAT RUSSELL STREET 1906

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PIERBOT.	
SCARAMEL	, his Servant.
HAWK,	-
KENNEL,	
CALLOW,	
Могтн,	
Dom.	Mummers.
Romp,	
TAWDRY,	1
Coquette,	J
TENOB, G	, hired Singer,

a an a 12

PRUNELLA.

PRIM, PRUDE, PRIVACY, QUREB, QUAINT, lst, 2ND, AND 3RD GARDENER. BOY. LOVE, a Statue.

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OR

LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN

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ACT I

- SCENE.—A garden enclosed by high hedges cut square. To the right a statue of LOVE, with viol and bow, stands over a fountain. To the left is a house with prim windows, the centre one projecting over a porch in which hangs a caged canary. The three gardeners are discovered at work, trimming the hedges and nailing up creepers. Behind the further hedge the Boy's voice is heard.
- Boy. O you naughty, naughty birds, now will you

Come into my garden, and I'll kill you !

1st GAR. Well, what d'you say the weather's going to be?

2nd GAR. Weather ain't up to much, it seems to me. 3rd GAR. It's up to mischief, though :

Making things grow

A deal too fast.

These hedges—since we cut 'em last—

Don't seem

As if they know'd as a straight line could mean Anything! No; they 're all elbows and knees, Perking 'emselves about just as they please! Oneasy things be trees!

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ACT I BOY. O you naughty little pests, now fly, please ! Don't come making nests in my trees! 1st GAR. Well, what 's to be done now ? 2nd GAR. I thought as how----While we are on it, gettin' things to shape-'T might be a good plan just to give a scrape To this old fountain. 8rd GAR. Ah 1 you thought that ? Well, Then don't you do it ! 2nd GAR. Oh! why not? Brd GAR. I tell You-don't you do it ! 't's not to be touched, so there! 2nd GAR. Well, it can rot then ! 8rd GAR. You haven't been here Long as I have! if you had you'd know. 2nd GAR. Oh, indeed, oh ? Boy throws cap. Now then ! now then ! Please, Mister Gardener, I Boy. Was only throwing it at a butterfly! 8rd GAR. Then just you leave the butterflies alone : They mind their business-and you mind your own! It's scaring birds is what you've got to do. Boy. They's scared enough now, mister;-they seed you Come into the garden.

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