

**AN EXTRAVAGANZA ON THE
ANCIENT BALLAD OF LORD
BATEMAN, PREPARED FOR THE
QUINSIGAMOND BOAT CLUB**

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An Extravaganza on the Ancient Ballad of Lord Bateman, prepared for the Quinsigamond Boat Club by William W. Chamberlin

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WILLIAM W. CHAMBERLIN

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Q. B. C.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA ON THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

LORD BATEMAN,

PREPARED FOR THE

QUINSIGAMOND BOAT CLUB.

*By William W. Chamberlin
of Worcester*

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QUINSIGAMOND BOAT CLUB.

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1878.

~~1877/1878~~

Miss 32.5 878. Mar. 28,

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copy of

St. Anne's Exhibition,
of Worcester,
CHARACTERS:

- LORD BATEMAN,
- THE PROUD YOUNG PORTER,
- THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP,
- THE PIRATE CHIEF,
- THE AUCTIONEER,
- MOSES,
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,
- ALI BABA,
- SOPHIA.
- LADY ELEANOR,
- " MAUD (her daughter),
- " MABEL,
- " EDITH,
- " ETHEL.

Citizens, Pirates, Sailors, Turks, Wedding Guests.

John William Wigglesworth

LORD BATEMAN.

ACT I.

Scene, the sea-shore.—Steamer at wharf, back.—At back R., a run.—Seats front R. and L. as the curtain rises.—LADIES MABEL, EDITH and ETHEL seated R. front.—Sailors and citizens advance front, and open with

OPENING CHORUS.

Hail to the poet who ground out the ballad
Of the gallant Lord Bateman, who sailed the seas o'er
In search of adventure, as man seeks a salad,
To sharpen up his appetite for more.
Although his going was quite unexpected,
This Lord Bateman was not a president
Of a bank in Chicago; but, cool and collected,
He packed his kit and went.
He packed his kit—packed his kit and went;
He packed his kit—his kit and went.
Then hail to the poet who ground out the ballad
Of the gallant Lord Bateman, who sailed the seas o'er
In search of adventure, as man seeks a salad,
To sharpen up his appetite for more.
And tho' his going was quite unexpected,
This Lord Bateman was not a president
Of a bank in Chicago; but, cool and collected,
He packed his kit and went.
He packed his kit and went—and went.
Packed He his kit, and went, and went, and went!
And went ! and went !! and went !!! He went!!!!

PORTER. [*R. front.*]—
I am Lord Bateman's porter. He and me
Set out, to-day, strange countries for to see.
Our native land has got so precious slow,
We want a change, and then, besides, you know,

Me and my lord are two such charming boys,
The girls pursue us so, it quite annoys
Us both. You'll see a most distressing flutter
When this appalling news to them I utter.

[To Ladies R.]

My ladies, calm yourselves, you really ought ter,
I've got some frightful news.

LADY MABEL.—

Speak!

LADY ETHEL.—

Go it, Porter!

PORTER.—I scarcely know the best way to begin it.

LA. MA.—Oh, warble it.

LADY EDITH.—

Be quick.

LA. ET.—

Tune up and sing it.

PORTER'S SONG AND CHORUS.

Far, far away, milord doth stray;
His ship's engaged; he sails to-day.
We go, we go, milord and me,
Afar across the unknown sea,
We go "strange countries for to see,"—
That's why we go so sud-den-lee.
If we should wait a year or so
We might not find them there, you know.

CHO.—

Across the sea Lord Bateman goes,
And where he'll stop nobody knows,
Across the sea Lord Bateman goes,
And where he'll stop nobody knows,
And where he'll stop nobody knows.

And so we're off, my ladies, fair;
If you have tears to shed, prepare—
Prepare to shed them here and now!
The wind is fair—sou'east by sou'.
When out upon the unknown deep
Milord and me our vigils keep,
We'll think of you and drop a tear—
And drown our misery in beer.

CHO.—

Across the sea Lord Bateman goes,
And where he'll stop nobody knows,
Across the sea Lord Bateman goes,
And where he'll stop nobody knows,
And where he'll stop nobody knows.

[SAILORS and CITIZENS retire back.—Business on and around steamer.—PORTER and three LADIES down front.]

LA. MA.—Proud Porter, why does Bateman thus depart
Across the sea, no colder than his heart,
So many tender ties to tear asunder?
Perhaps he wants to tear 'em.

PORTER.— Shouldn't wonder.

LA. ED.—His soaring mind, his philosophic thought
Yearns towards the infinite, the great unsought.
His noble soul, above the common lot,
Seeks o'er the main for abstract truth.

PORTER.— Guess not.

LA. ET.—Perhaps he's short of tin, and got to fly.
He's quite too awfully nice, but horrid sly.
He's lost a pile on railroad stock, you bet.

PORTER.—Beg parding, railroads ain't invented yet.
We're going off for no particular reason,
Across and *on the seas* for quite a *season*.
We want to, so we do—that's cause enough.
We sail towards yonder *offing*, to get *off*.
We're quite determined, both, so please don't
bother.

Hush! here comes Maud, and that old cat, her
mother.

[Enter LADY MAUD and LADY ELEANOR down run.]

LADY ELEANOR. [To Lady Maud.]—

There are those horrid girls. The way they
rush

After my dear Lord Bateman, makes me blush;
For Mabel is so languishing and sappy
The very sight of her makes him unhappy;
And Edith's Greek and logic are all lost on
My lord, they smell so painfully of Boston;
And Ethel tries the slangy line, and strikes it;
I grieve to say Lord Bateman rather likes it.
I loathe them all, flirt, fast girl and blue
stocking—

Why Maud—

LA. M'D.—Blue *what*, mamma, you're really shocking!

LA. EL.—My own sweet, simple darling! [To ladies,
sweetly.] Ladies, dear,

Have you, perchance, seen loitering round here
A person known as Bateman, called my lord?
I've sought him all the morning; so has Maud.

LA. MA.—'Twould soothe my heart and give me also joy to
Be well informed of where he now doth loiter.

LA. ED.—If I am I, you're you; if not we aren't.
Lord Bateman isn't either,—so says Kant.

LA. ET.—He's quite too far too awfully nice and sweet.
The downy cove is coming down the street.

[Enter LORD BATEMAN.]

LORD B.—This delicate attention makes me proud.
I really didn't think so large a crowd
Would come to see me take my leave, and so
I think I'll sing a song before I go.

LORD BATEMAN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

LORD B.—Farewell, my dear ones, one fond farewell;
How much it pains me my words cannot tell;
To-day I must leave you the ocean to try;
Sometime we'll meet in the sweet bye-and-bye.
See where my good ship, impatient to go,
Is courting the breezes that favoring blow;
I stand as the moment draws near to depart,
Smiles on my face, tears in my heart.

CHORUS.—Far, far away, across the raging main;
When he gets ready he'll come again.
Far, far away, across the raging main;
When he gets ready he'll come again.

LORD B.—You shall forever to me be fair,
Where'er I go your remembrance is there;
Although o'er the sea far away I am flown,
Still I shall feel that you are all my own.
Where fairer scenes may entice to forget
I'll always remember the first time we met;
I'll never forget, though my fond heart may burst,
You and you only I loved the first.

CHORUS.—Far, far away, across the raging main;
When he gets ready he'll come again.
Far, far away, across the raging main;
When he gets ready he'll come again.

[LADY MAUD *flirts with* PORTER.]

LA. EL.—I'm much indebted for your song, my lord—
I do admire a male voice; so does Maud.
You'll dine with us to-day! 'Twould be by far
Too pleasant,—wouldn't it, Maud?

LA. M'D.— Oh, yes, mamma.

- LORD B.—I thank you, ladies, for your courtesy,
 But I must make this call my P. P. C.
 Abroad, to-day, by yonder ship I go;
 I'll call again in some three years or so.
- LA. EL.—You're going abroad? where—when—how long
 —what for?
 The most remarkably queerest go I ever saw
 I don't see; why explain what means my lord—
 Why didn't I know before?—oh, chin him—
 Maud.
- [Retires up in fainting condition.]
- LADY MAUD. [*Front with LORD B.*]—
 My lord, I trust, when you are far from here,
 You'll not forget me, will you? Promise, dear.
- LORD B.—My own, my chosen one, the words I'd say,
 Best find expression in this little lay:

SOLO.—LORD BATEMAN.

Keep this jewel; let it be
Souvenir of constancy.
 Should I slumber 'neath the wave,
 Think of me,—'tis all I crave.

- LA. M'D.—Your touching words fill up my heart with wild
 And pure delight. [*Crosses to LADY EL.*] He's
 mine, mamma.

LA. EL.— My chee-ild!

- LADY MABEL. [*Front with LORD B.*]—
 My own dear Bateman, ere for years we part,
 Speak one kind word to this poor fluttering
 heart.

- LORD B.—Light of my soul! my heart's own best
 bonanza!
 I'll plight my faith to you in one short stanza:

SOLO.—*Lord B.*

Keep this jewel; let it be
Souvenir of constancy.
 Should I slumber 'neath the wave,
 Think of me,—'tis all I crave.

- LA. MA.—Such love as this will make amends for all.
 When you return be sure you come and call.
 [*Retires R.*]