

THE

CANARY

The Canary

SCENE ONE: Parlor of the Princess Eldina; she is strolling across the floor singing the following song:

Song #1 In life's strange history,
I find a mystery,
Something I can't understand,
can't understand;
It seems an enigma,
That I have this stigma,
The fact that no one loves me,
no one loves me.

• It seems so pathetic,
That I, so strategic,
Am in this society
this society;
I'm pining for a man,
I'll get one if I can;
And find that someone lo
- some one loves me.

Chorus. No one loves me, O dear,
To be an old maid I fear,
For love I am sighing,
For love I am pining,
I won't give up,
I won't give up,
Before I've found someone to love!

.....

Members of the male chorus appear at the window and door of the Princess' parlor and take up the strains of her song:

→ In life's strange history,
We find a mystery,
Something we can't understand,
Can't understand;
It seems so romantic
Although not politic
That we all have lovers,
Have lovers all.

Chorus. We find some joy in life,
We all have found a wife,
Some say it will be strife,
But joy will be so rife;
Is it a crime, is it a crime,
A crime to be falling in love.

.....

Song #2 As through this world we roam,
All of us do bemoan, ~~•~~
The singularity of masculinity, (2)
As through this world we roam,
All of us do bemoan:

#3 To love is a pleasure, joy a
Ye-es ho ho, he-es ho ho.
ya ya ya ya ya ya ya

~~All the rascality of singularity, (2)~~

~~And the mentality of femininity, (2)~~ Repeat
{ ~~and the rascality of singularity~~
When there is none to love!

Coda

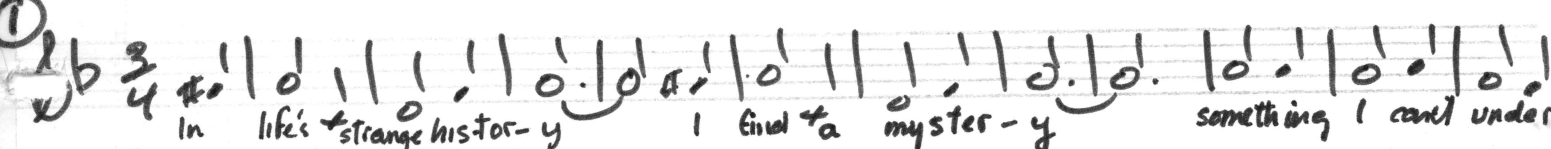
And masculine rascality,
And feminine mentality,
When there is none to love!

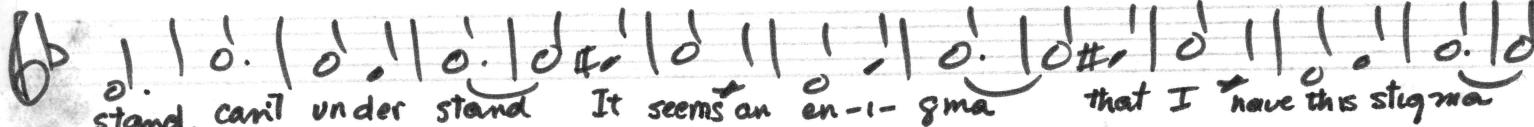
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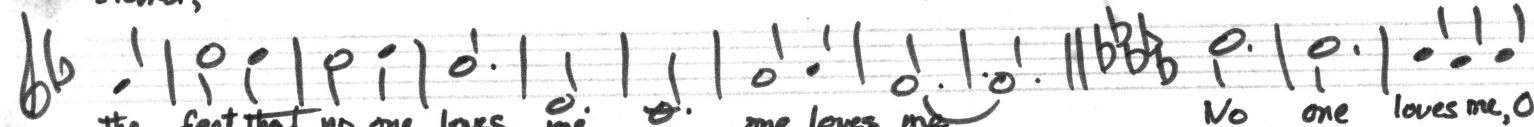
THE CANARY Tune sheet

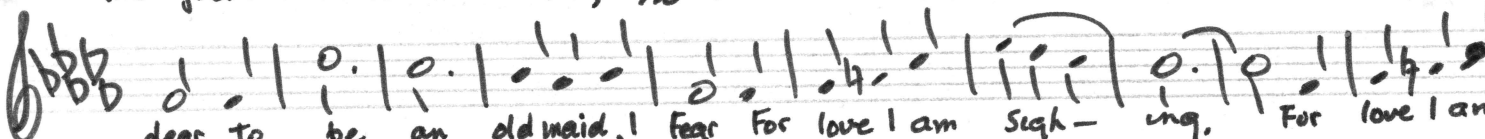
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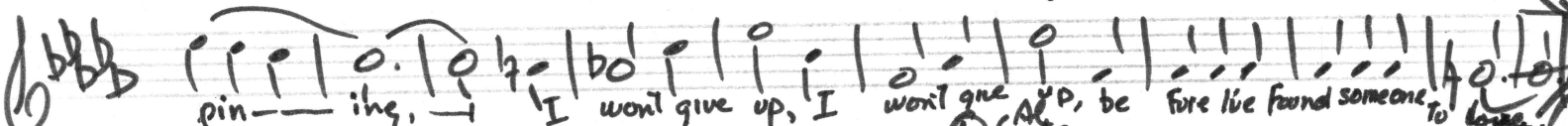
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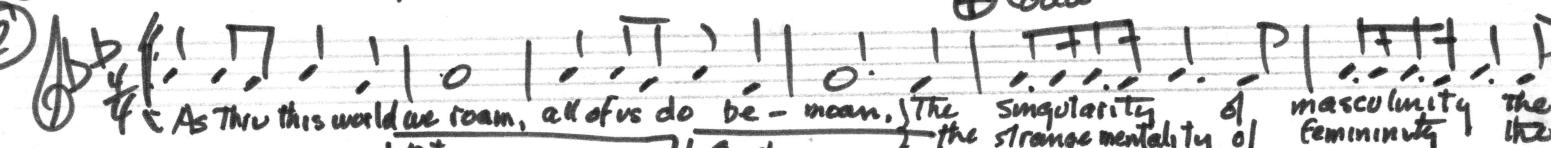
①  In life's strange his-tor-y I find a myster-y something I can't under-

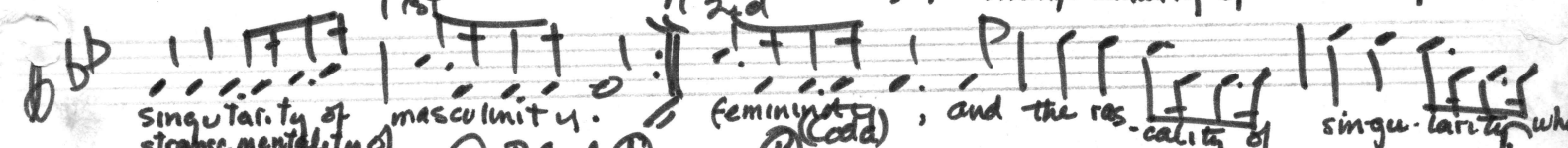
 stand, can't under stand It seems an en-i-gma that I have this stigma

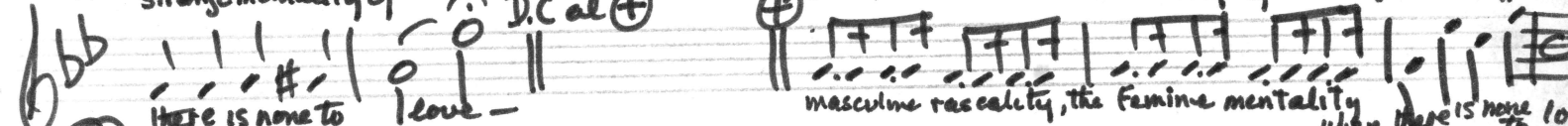
 the fact that no one loves me, no-one loves me. No one loves me, O

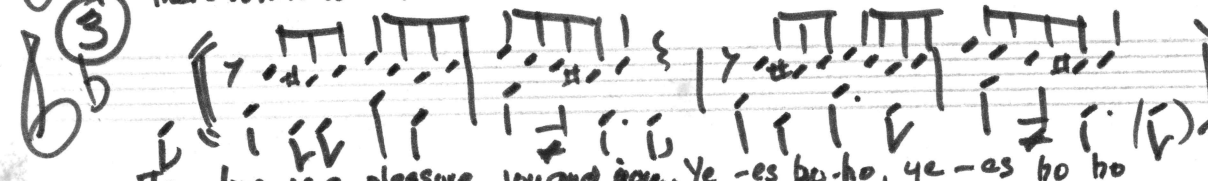
 dear to be an old maid, I fear, For love I am sigh-ing. For love I am

 pin-ing, I won't give up, I won't give up, be fore I've found someone to love. D.C.

②  As thru this world we roam, all of us do be-mean, the singularity of masculinity the femininity the

 singu-lar-ity of strange mental-ity of masculin-ity. feminin-ity; and the res-cal-ity of singu-lar-ity when

 there is none to love - masculine rascal-ity, the femine mental-ity when there is none to love

③  To love is a pleasure joy and joy, Ye-es ho-ho, ye-as ho ho

All leave except the Princess. Enter Sir Badalot quietly:

Sir B. Hisst, Princess.

Princess: Sir Badalot! What art thou doing here?

Sir B. My fair princess, I was passing by outside your window, and overheard your song. At last I know: thou dost seek a man! Thou art not vowed to eternal singularity!

Princess: (weeping) Thou art a vile dastard, Sir Badalot, to listen in on a maiden's private thoughts. (Angrily)- Well what of it, surely it is no crime for a princess to wish for a prince!

Sir B. Well then, have you not chosen him yet? Surely none of the courtiers would fail to fall in love with you if you gave him any encouragement; besides, he wouldn't dare refuse you, for your father the king would have him executed at once!

Princess: Fie on you for your impertinence! Thou knowest that is no man here who meets the high standards necessary to win my hand. It is not that I am proud, you understand, but one of my beauty, intelligence, and modesty must have a man of surpassing beauty, bravery, personality and wealth! And ever since Sir Gallavant disappeared. . . .

Sir B. Sir Gallavant! Ah, Princess if you but knew

Princess: Peace! Take not the name of Sir Gallavant upon thy slobbering lips. He is gone, and there is none like him left on this kingdom to love me.

Sir B. But, ah, Princess, there is. . there is. .

Princess: And who, pray, would dare to take the place of Sir Gallavant in my heart? Who could match his peerless face, his noble heart, his fat bank account?

Sir B. I, O fair Princess Eldina, I would.

Princess: Thou! Never! (seizing a mirror and putting it before him) Here! Gaze thou upon this, and know why I could never marry thee, not even if Thou hadst a million golden crowns to give!

Sir Badalot: But what if I had two million golden crowns to give?

Princess: (getting interested) That extra million would certainly improve thine appearance somewhat! Dost thou really have two million golden crowns? Ever since the Canary ~~has~~ stopped singing my father the king has cut down on my allowance; just last week I had to wear the same dress to two meals in a row.

Sir B. Alas, Princess, I am rich only in love. . . .

Sir B. (Aside) ~~Curses, curses, foiled again!~~ Alas, it is the enchantment I am doomed to suffer for ever. . . to be an hypocrite in reverse; while ordinary hypocrites conceal their faults and pretend to virtues. . . I alas am doomed to display every fault I possess and conceal my virtues! It is my fate to be a sheep in wolf's clothing: Only if I can win the love of the princess can the spell be broken!

Song #4A
Princess: I take second place . . . #4B If you weren't a princess
Begone with thee, Sir Badalot! Press thy suit no further. (leaves)

Sir B. Press my suit, indeed! Does she think I am a Dry Cleaning Establishment? Ah, my Princess, if I could but tell thee. . .

End of Scene One.

4a. I take second place to no one in my love of all that's true
I despise prevarication --if a simple fib will do
But if I'm asked to comment on the whiteness of a tooth
I find it inconvenient if I have to tell the truth.

It makes the task of wooing a more complicated job
If you have to stick to facts when you compliment a slob;
She sings a song --"Like it?" she says --I'm really stuck, forsooth,
I find it inconvenient if I have to tell the truth.

I'm doomed to be a bachelore from now until I die
I'll never win a maiden's hand -- I cannot tell a lie;
So goodbye Mary, Jane or Sue, and farewell Sall or Ruth-
I'll never win your hand in love-- I have to tell the truth.

#4b If you weren't a princess, and loaded with gold,
I wouldn't be anxious, your eyes to behold,
But now you are rich -- or so I've been told--
Whoo ooo We'd make a wonderful pair.

I'd make quite a teacher -- and you have the class--
You're a bit frumpy -- and I'm a bit crass;
Youve got the gold -- and I've got the brass--
Whoo ooo We'd make a wonderful pair.

Your figure is dumpy, your hair is a fright,
Your teeth are like stars--they come out at night;
But I'm notprize either, so it works out all right;
Whoo ooo We'd make a wonderful pair.

Whoo ooo -- let's make music together
I'll toot my own horn and you can fiddle around
Whoo ooo ---let's go into baking --
You make the bread and I'll need the dough.

Whoo ooo We'd make a wonderful pair.

4A

I take second place to no one in my love of all that's true

I despise prevarication - if a simple fib will do -

But if I'm asked to comment on the whiteness of a tooth

It's dashed inconvenient if I have to tell the truth.

11

4b

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Cm 3, Cm Bb, Fm 3, Ab7, G5+, Cm 3, Cm Bb. The lyrics are: "If you weren't a princess + loaded with gold, I ~~don't~~ wouldn't be anxious your

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Fm 3, Ab7, G5+, Cm 3, Cm Bb, Fm 3, Ab7. The lyrics are: "eyes to be-held But now you are rich, - or so I've been told

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Ab7, G5+, Cm. The lyrics are: "Who-o-o We'd make a wonderful pair!

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Ab7, G5+, Cm. The lyrics are: "Who-o-o We'd make a wonderful pair!

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Ab7, G5+, Cm. The lyrics are: "Who-o-o Let's make music to gether I'll too my own here you can

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Ab7, G5+, Cm. The lyrics are: "fiddle around Who-o-o Let's set up a bakery, So you make the bread and

Handwritten musical notation in 4/4 time, key of Bb. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: Ab7, G5+, Cm. The lyrics are: "I'll knead the dough!

SCENE TWO:

Court

The King is on his throne; A gay atmosphere pervades the scene.

Fanfare:

Song: #5

Today we all sing,
To our sovereign king:
A mighty fine king is he, is he,
A mighty fine king is he.

With temper tempestual, glory majestic^p,
Wife all hysterical, so ~~temperamental~~, **magisterial**
The courtiers so simple and ladies so gentle,
Rule so tyrannical backed up with capital.

Methods methodical, feelings so stoical,
Moods so ironical, meteorological,
Appearance so mystical, power all magical,
Rule so tyrannical, backed up with capital.

We all sing this song,
To this merry throng;
A mighty fine throng are we, are we,
A mighty fine throng are we.

With laces and gaiety, not for the laity,
Buttons and pretty bows fit for society,
Courtiers so simple and ladies so gentle,
Of daring audacity quite a capacity.

For authenticity in their simplicity,
Never a mystery or a monstrosity
Loving intensively, Brim full of density,
(Of) daring audacity, quite a capacity.

Over King's Song.

⑤ To day we all sing to our soverign king a mighty fine king is he is he, a
mighty fine king is he With Temper tempestual glory majestic Wife all hysterical so magisterial
courtiers so simple and ladies so gentle Rule so tyrannical backed up with capital

4a

King: Very well, very well, very well.....
I wonder where our new Prime Minister --
has gone? Drat that woman anyway. The biggest mistake I
ever made was when I appointed her Assistant Action Officer.
No sooner is that she points out that the office of Prime
Minister has always been held by a man. So I had to kick out
old Sir Anthony Stumblebum, and install her instead. Now I
think she has her eyes on the throne itself..... She's welcome
to it. These days, what with FTC, ERC, HWC, and Women's Lib,
it isn't any fun to be a king these days...

#5a
It isn't any fun to be a king these days,
To wear a crown is just a bore;
The art of ruling's reached a tedious phase,
The kicks in kinging are no more.

Cho: A king, a king, who wants to be a king?
When things go wrong he gets the blame;
A crown a crown, the thing just weighs you down,
The pay is nothing like they claim.

It isn't any fun to be a king just now,
A robe is scarcely worth the fuss,
A royal coach seems very grand to ride, I trow,
I'd really rather ride the bus.

A king has really very little power these days,
When some nonsense simply has to stop.
"Off with their heads" he naively says,
It's his head likely get's the chop.

Lady Gullible : Kingie old dear. I've just been checking things
out. There's only one office left that hasn't done its
bit for women's Lib.....

King: I don't want to hear a out itFlip, quick, a song.

(X)

~ 4a

I wonder where the Prime Minister, ...er, the Prime Ministrix, has gone.
Drat tha woman anyway. The biggest mistake I ever made was when I appointed
her Affirmstive Action Officer. No sooner installed when she pointed out that
the office of Prime minister had always been held by a man. So I had to kick out
o old Sir Anthony Stuimblebum, and install her instead.

Now I think she has her eyes on the throne itself. She's welcome to it. It
These days, what with FTC, ERC, HUM and Women's Lib, It isn't any fun to
be a king any more.

#5a

*It isn' t any fun to be a king these days,
To wear a crown is just a bore;
The art of ruling's reached a rather tedious phase,
The kicks in kinging are no more.*

*A king, a king, who wants to be king?
When things go wrong he gets the blame;
A crown, a crown, the thing just weighs you down.
The pay is nothing like they say.*

claim

*It isn't any fun to be a king just now,
A robe is scarcely worth the fuss,
A royal coach is very grand to ride, I trow,
I'd really rather ride the bus. CHO.*

*A king has really very little power these days
When nonsense simply has to stop,
"Off with their heads" he naively says,
Its his head likely gets the chop. CHO.*

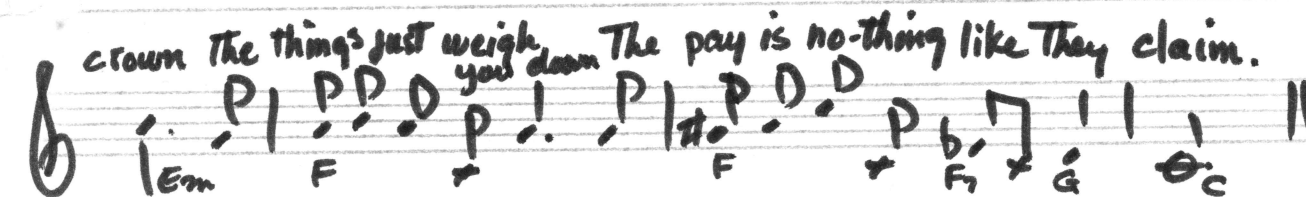
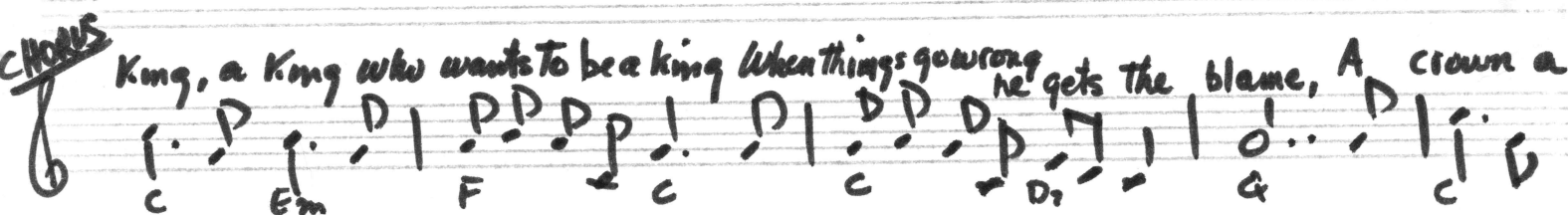
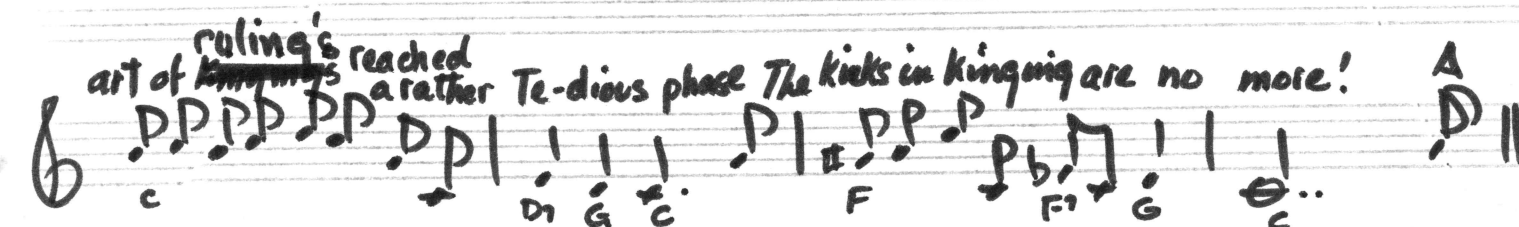
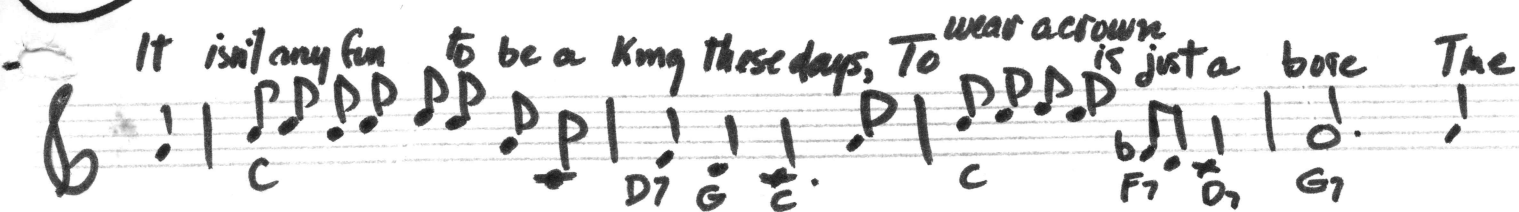
Lasy Gullible Kingie old dear, I've just been checking things out.
There's just one office that has not done its bit for Women's Lib.....

K, I don't want to hear about it!
Flip, quick! a song....

Flip *It was a bright September morn
" One October in July
The moon lay thick upon the ground
The snow shone brightly in the sky.*

*'The flowers were singing sweetly
The birds were full of bloom
I went down to the cellar*

5a THE KING'S SONG.



Flip: (song and dance by jester)
Flip - quick, a song

Song: #6

It was a bright September morn,
One October in July,
The moon lay thick upon the ground,
The snow shone brightly in the sky.

The flowers were singing sweetly,
The birds were full of bloom;
I went down to the cellar,
To clean the upstairs room.

I looked ten thousand miles away
To a house just out of sight;
Alone it stood between two more,
And it was black-washed white.

To p. 5 →

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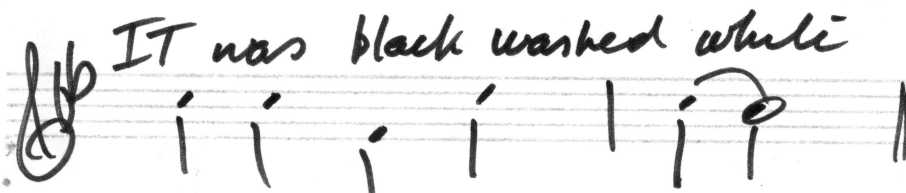
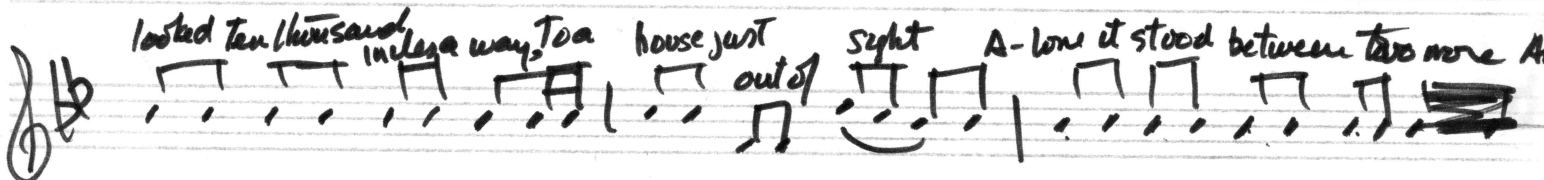
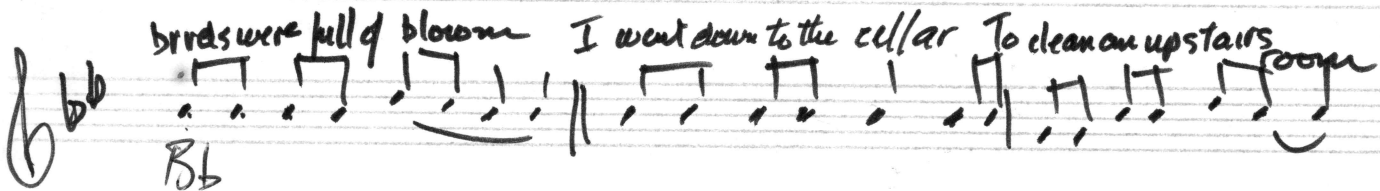
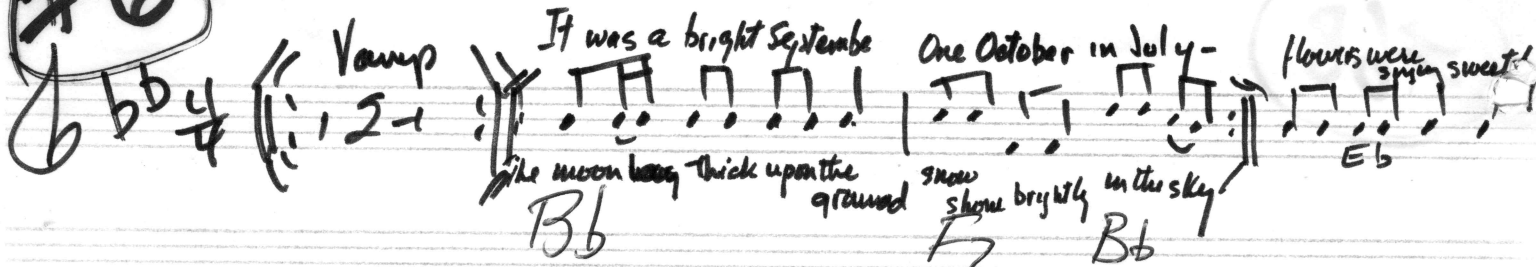
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#6



King: --- Silence!

Courtiers: (One after the other) Silence, Silence, SILENCE, Silence. . . .

King: (When silence finally comes) Why is everyone so quiet? The quiet is getting on my nerves. NOISE

Courtiers: Noise, Noise, NOISE, etc. (Pandemonium)

King: (Exasperated again) Silence. (After a sudden silence) Now where was I? ~~Sir~~ ^{Lady} Gullible, where was I?

~~Sir~~-Gullible: Why, er, Your Majesty, right here.

King: Of course, of course, Right Here. Very brilliant! Sir Gullible, if thou hadst twice the brains thou now hast, thou woulds't still have only half the brains of my poor little Canary here. . .

All: (Canary Song):

Canaries are yellow, their tone is so mellow
When fed on crisp lettuce and thistle
Their color does glitter as they do their twitter
When fed on crisp lettuce and thistle.

Tweet twitter Tweet twitter, Tweet Tweet (2)
My beautiful friend on the wing. (repeat)

Canary Song (cont'd)

His little voice panting, with music enchanting
When fed. . .

With figure enhancing, from perch to perch prancing
When fed. . .

His tail gently wagging, his beak never sagging
When fed. . .

His feathers are gold, what a sight to behold
When fed. . .

6b) CANARIES

Ca - naries are yellow, their tone is so mellow when fed on crisp lettuce and this fine feed on crisp lettuce

this - le Tweet Twitter Tweet Twitter Tweet (tweet tweet) Tweet Twitter Tweet Twitter Tweet my

beautiful friend on the wing beautiful friend on the wing

Chambersburg, Pa. 1/20/21

King: Speaking of the Canary, ^{Lady}~~Sir~~ Gullible, Custodian in Chief of the Royal Canary, hast thou found out why the Canary will not sing any more?

Sir Gullible: Why, er, no, your Majesty. We have consulted the wisest doctors in the kingdom, and none can tell us why the Canary refuses to sing. It must be under a spell.

King: Spell, my royal big toe! Spell he says! What dost thou know of spells.

Sir Gullible: I can spell: though sometimes I am not sure if cat is spelt with a c or a k.

King: FOOL. . Dost thou not know, that for every day the Canary does not sing our royal treasury is getting lower and lower. Or hast thou forgotten that every golden note the Canary sings is melted down into golden crowns and provides our little kingdom with its entire revenue. Go! Find out a cure for our canary, or I'll... I'll cut off your allowance of bubblegum. (exit, ~~Sir~~ G.) Enough of this; let us have royal entertainment: Bring on the dancers.

Dancers Song:
#7 Some think it right to sing and dance for joy,
Pleasure ringing, (2)
We come tonight to entertain you all,
With our high flinging, (2)
The night is small and young, it scarcely has begun.

So we all think that we should be (2)
Ro-man-tic tic tic tic tic tic
tic tic tic tic ro-man-tic.

Princess E. Romantic....! Boo hoo boo hoo (continues to sob as singers continue)

Song #8
Tuxie
So join with us now ^{as we} ~~and~~ kick up a row,
And As we all bow you say to us how,
But we never know in the Opera Co.
With fingers and toes just how anything goes.

King: (noticing Eldina crying) My dear Princess Eldina. Why dost thou cry? Art thou sorry for thy poor father who will soon be so poor that he will have to earn his own living like an honest man? Cheer up, soon the canary will sing again and the golden notes will again pour into the treasury.

Princess: Nay, father, it is not the canary I weep for. But please, O father, do not ask me. . it is a secret known to none but myself.

Flip (the jester) I know her secret. . . .

Song #9

I never did care, My secrets to share, But right over there, A princess so fair, Seems burdened with care (2) Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha Seems burdened with care.	2. The court I won't scare, But I almost dare, To risk "savoir faire", And her heart to tear, And reveal her care; For a lover not there: Ha ha etc.
--	--

⑦ *7* *1st* *2nd*
 some think it right to sing + dance for joy, with pleasure ringin', with pleasure ringin', we come to - flingin',
 night to enter Tain' for all, without high flingin', without high flingin',
 night is small and young it scarcely has begun so we all think that we should be, so
 we all think that we should be, so we all think that we should be, ro-man He, tie, tie, tie, tie, tie, tie,
 Tie, tie, ro-man-tic. so join with us now as we kick up a row
 and as we all bow you say to us how -- Fing-ers and Toes just how
 an-y-thing goes !

#9 I never did care, my secret to share but right over there, a princess so
 Am

face seems burdened with care, seems burdened with care

Everyone: (singsong) We know her secret; we know her secret. . . .

King: Stop this utter nonsense at once. I'll have you know that this court is of high standing (trips over Flip and sits down) Harrumph! Princess Eldina, I command thee to cease this infernal sniveling. (Turns to Canary)

Flip: (quietly going over to Eldina) I beg thy forgiveness, my princess, I did not mean to hurt thy feelings.

Princess: It doesn't matter, any more: no one loves me. . . .

Song: #1 "No One Loves Me"

Flip: *chorus* I, too, O princess, am suffering the pangs of unrequited love. Listen. . .

Princess: O come now, Flip, can a fool be in love?

Flip: Only fools fall in love!

Song: #1 *verse* I know a fool I am
And yet I am a man
Who has feelings of romance
love, and romance.
This is my heart's desire
A fair hand I require
In fact I truly love her,
truly love her.

#1 *chorus* 2. I'm but a Jester I know
Feeling lonely and so
With eyes all adoring
And heart all imploring
A hand I claim
A heart my aim
Thus I kneel seeking to love.

Princess: Ah, Flip, Thou and I are all alone; each cherishing a futile hope for a love that is far away.

Song: #10

I see the roses growing I see their blossoms red I see their beauty glowing Yet I am all alone I see the trees so slender By silver fountains fed In their majestic splendour And yet I am alone.	2. I see tossed seas around me I see the ocean wide, Ten thousand storms confound me And swell from tide to tide; I see the stars above me, As bright as e'er have shone Yet there is none to love me And I am all alone.
--	--

lights

curtain

- End of Scene Two -

SCENE THREE.

#10

I see the roses growing, I see their blossoms red; I glowing, Yet
I see their beauty.

see tossed seas a- bout me, I see the ocean wide Ten
thousand storms con- found me, and

I am all a- lone I see the Trees so slender, by sil very fountains

swell from tide to tide, I see the stars a- boue me, As bright as cer have

fed in their majestic splendor, And yet I am a- lone!

shone Yet there is none to love me and I am all a- lone!

(King and court in session; no one is talking; all glumly look at the still silent canary)

(Sir Gullible, blows one last bubble of gum; sighs, looks at his watch, then speaks;)

Sir Gullible: Alas, alas! The last golden crown has been spent! What's to become of us? No more food; no more apparel; no more bubble gum! There's just one hope left. Perhaps the great professor Doctor Augustus Q. Moron, Ph.B, CIT, RS will have the answer. But where is he? He said he would be here long ago. . . Ah! there he is. Good morning Professor.

Enter Prof:

Prof. M.: (pompously) Greetings, Salutations, felicitations and expostulations, Sir Gullible. After my lecture on Celestial Navigation this morning, I got lost on my way over here.

Sir Gullible: Navigation! But we don't need a professor of Navigation! We need someone to tell us how to get our royal canary to sing again.

Professor M.: No need to look any farther. I'm equally well disqualified to talk on any subject. . . you name it: I teach it.

Sir Gullible: But where did you learn all this? Whom did you study with?

Professor: Naturally with the greatest expert of them all... myself! I am both my most distinguished teacher and my most illustrious student.

Song #17: I'm doctor Augustus Q. Moron,
Ph.D, S.O.B., C.I.T.
An expert in quotes from the Koran,
Or the life and the loves of a bee.

There's never a subject curricular
On which I won't venture to speak:
On Sanscrit; or railways funicular,
Or marketing substandard teak.

Mathematics, strata geologic,
Or Shakespeare, or Criminal Law
Statistics, patristics, or logic
And Russian or tonic sol fa.

But I have to confess
I only profess:
In fact I know nothing at all!!
My grasp of the facts
I'm afraid's rather lax
But I compensate glibly with gall!

Cho: Augustus Q Moron, Professor!
You name it: I teach it with glee;
An expert on Egbert the Lesser
And the Minor Complaints of a flea!

I'm doctor Au-quetos Q. Moron

Ph.D F.O.B. D. D. T. Lives & the loves of

bee Au gustus Q Moron Pro fessor You name it, d

Teach it with glee! An expert on Egbert the Lesser and the

minor complaints of a flea!

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Teach it with glee! An expert on Egbert the Lesser and the

minor complaints of a flea!

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King: This is all very well; but what about the canary?

Prof: Canary? Yes, yes. Let me look it up in my book here? Let me see now; how do you spell canary -- with a c or a k. Ah yes, here it is:
CANARY : Small yellow bird of the finch family commonly kept as a pet because of its beautiful song. There! Anything else you want to know?

King: Fool! That's no help. The canary doesn't sing.

Prof: Then it isn't a canary. The book says canaries sing; your bird doesn't sing; ergo, therefore, QED, as a consequence your bird isn't a canary. The logic is inescapable.

King: Phooey on your logic! Tell me how to get the bird to sing again. (Grabbing the book) Here let me read it. Aha! Here it is; sometimes canaries refuse to sing when under a spell. . .

Sir G.: I told you so. .

King: Silence! now let me read. . .Hmm. . . Canaries, Spells, the Breaking of. . . Aha! Here it is; the spell can be broken!

Everyone: Hurray!

King: But only at a sacrifice.

Everyone: ~~Hurray!~~ Boo

King: ~~But none will!~~

Everyone: ~~Boo.~~

King: "First find a true lover"

Everyone: Hurray

King: "And he must renounce his true love"

Everyone: Boo

Sir Gullible: But sir who is there who would renounce his true love?

King: I cannot: my true love is my canary here, I cannot renounce her love. Are there any volunteers? Sir Gullible? Sir Badalot?

Sir Bad: Nay sire, I cannot renounce my love for the fair Eldina.

Princess: Worse luck!

King: Professor?

Prof. I? Ah yes, a very good question. Ah but first I must establish who is my love; whom do I love most in all the world?

Everyone: You You you etc.

Prof: Ah, true true. That love affair between me and myself is such a mighty monument of eternal devotion that it would be quite impossible to renounce it.

Flip: (after a long period of silence) I shall! I shall renounce my true love, the princess Eldina!

Sir Gullible: Look at the canary; it's trying to sing! (all crowd around. The CANARY SONG is sung. In the chorus there is a pause, the canary tweets, CHEERS, Etc)

King: Canary Song Flip, Jester, we all owe a debt of gratitude to you for your sacrifice, though between you and me, I think you're better off without the princess. . . she has halitosis.

Sir G: Look at Sir Badalot! . . . no it isn't sir Badalot at all, it's really the lost Sir Gallavant.

Sir Gallavant: Yes, at last I am free from the cursed spell of the sorcerer, that fake professor, over there, Prof. Moron! (Grab him before he escapes) Now at last I am free to be a normal hypocrite again and conceal all my faults as I woo the fair Princess. (Princess swoons in his arms)

Reprise on the songs:

- In life's strange history
- Some think it right
- ~~The Canary~~
- So join with us now.

- END -

- Canary song,