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THE CANARY

[The Private Room of the Princess Eldina. She is seen pacing back and forth, then breaks into song:]

Eldina

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.
No one loves me, Oh 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
Until I find someone to love.

Chorus of Courtiers

2. 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.

We've found such joy in life, We all have found a wife
Some say there may be strife, but joy will be so rife.
Is it a crime, is it a crime a crime to be falling in love.
[chorus]

Eldina: Faithful, loving courtiers all. Is there no one among you who can bring himself to pay court to me, Princess Eldina, and rescue me from the masculine rascality that has left me in feminine singularity? (All turn to their own loves)

Courtiers

3. As through this world we roam, all of us do bemoan
The singularity of masculinity (2x)
As through this world we roam, all of us do bemoan
The strange mentality of femininity. (2x)
And the anomaly of singularity, when there is none to love.

And masculine rascality, and feminine mentality,
When there is none to love!
4. To love is a pleasure, joy, ho ho
Yeh-yes ho ho, yeh yes ho ho (Repeat)

[Courtiers leave. Sir Badelot creeps in and speaks]

Badelot: Princess!

Princess: Sir Badelot! What art thou doing here?

Badelot: I was just passing by your window and I heard your

song. Now I know that you are not vowed to eternal singularity; you are seeking someone to love.

Princess: Thou art a vile dastard to listen in to a maiden's private thoughts.....Well what of it? Surely it is no crime for a princess to seek for a prince?

Badelot: Well then, Have you found one? Surely none of the courtiers would dare refuse the princess. Your father the king would have him executed at once, if he dared refuse.

Princess: Fie on you for your impertinence! YOU know, of course, that there is no man around here that meets the high standards necessary to win my hand. It is not that I am proud, you understand, but one of my surpassing beauty, intelligence and modesty, must find a man of peerless wisdom, a noble heart, and a fat bank account..... But ever since Sir Gallavant has disappeared...

Badelot: Sir Gallavant...! If only you knew...

Princess: Hush, take not the name of Sir Gallavant upon thy slobbering lips. He is gone, and there is none left like him in the kingdom to love me.

Badelot: But there is....there is.!

Princess: And who, pray, would dare take the place of Sir Gallavant in my heart? Who could match his personality, his bravery, his wealth?

Badelot: I, my fair princess, I could.

Princess; Thou! Never! Here gaze on this [with mirror] and see why I could never love thee---even if you had a million golden crowns to give!.

Badelot: But what if I had two million golden crowns?

Princess: The extra million would sure improve your appearance somewhat. Do you really have two million golden crowns? Ever since the canary has stopped singing, and its golden notes no longer can be melted down to golden crowns for the treasury, my father, the king, has had to cut down on my allowance. Only last week I had to wear the same dress to two meals in a row.

Badelot: Alas, princess, I am rich only in love.

Badelot [aside]: Alas! It is the enchantment I am doomed to suffer--to be a hypocrite in reverse! While normal hypocrites conceal their faults and display their virtues I am destined to display all my faults and concealing my virtues. I am fated to be a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Only if I could win the love of the fair princess could I break the spell. But, curses!, I can woo her only by telling her what I really think. I am doomed to telling the truth.

5. I take second place to noone in my love of all that's true;
I despise prevarication, when a simple fib will do,
But if I'm asked to comment on the whiteness of a tooth,
I find it inconvenient when 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 have to say,
forsooth,
"You'll never be a Bev'rly Sills"---I have to tell the truth.

I'm doomed to be a bachelor from now until I die,
I'll never win a hand in love: I cannot tell a lie.
So farewell Mary Jane and Sue, and goodbye Sal and Ruth,
I'll never win your hand in love--I have to tell the truth.

Well, I might as well try once again to see if maybe this time I can impress the fair princess by telling her what I really think.

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.
Woooo 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,
You've got the gold-- and I've got the brass
Wooo-- 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 no prize either, so it comes out all right.
Wooo--we'd make a wonderful pair.

Wooo Let's make music together,
I'll toot my horn, and you can fiddle around--
Let' go into baking-- you make the bread
While I knead the dough!

Princess: Begone, Sir Badelot! Press thy suit no further.

Badelot: Press my suit indeed! What does she think I am---a drycleaning establishment? Ah princess, if you only knew.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II

[Scene: Courtroom, with king on the throne]

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

With....
Temper tempestual, glory majestical,
Wife all hysterical, so magisterial,
Courtiers so simple, and ladies so gentle,
Rule so tyrannical, backed up with capital.

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

We all sing this song, to our happy 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 nor a monstrosity,
.....density in their intensity
Of daring audacity, quite a capacity.

King: Very well! very well! very well!

I wonder where our new Prime Minister ---I mean Prime Ministra---is. Drat that woman anyway! The worst mistake I ever made was appointing her Affirmative Action Officer. No sooner was she installed than she began to look around and find an office that had never been held by a woman. Sure enough, the office of Prime Minister had always been held by a man so she forced me to get rid of our old Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Stumblebum, and put her in instead. Now I think she has her eyes on the throne itself.

Well, she can have it! What with FTC, CIT, OPEC and Women's Lib, it just isn't any fun to be a king these days.

It isn't any fun to be a king these days,
To wear a robe is just a bore,
The art of ruling's reached a rather 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,
The 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 nonsense simply has to stop,
"Off with their heads, and pronto!," he naively says--
Its his head likely gets the chop.

Prime Ministra: Kingie old dear, I've been checking things out,
and there is only one office left in the land that hasn't done
its bit for Women's Lib....

King: I don't want to hear about it.
Quick, Flip, a song!

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

Good cheer was spreading thickly,
The air was full of gloom,
I went down to the cellar,
To fix 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.

King: Quiet!

(Everyone is silent)

King: The quiet is getting on my nerves. Why is everyone so
blasted silent? Noise!

(Pandemonium)

King: Quiet!

(Quiet again)

King: There! Now where was I? Lady Gullible, where was I?

Lady Gullible: Er...why...right here, your majesty.

King: Humph! Of course, of course! Right here indeed!. Very
brilliant! Lady gullible, if you had twice the brains you now
have, you would still only have half the brains of our poor

(C)

little canary here.

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

Tweet twitter, tweet, twitter, tweet tweet (2x).
My beautiful friend on the wing. (Repeat).

His little breath panting, with music enchanting,
When fed on crisp lettuce and thistle,
His figure enhancing, from perch to perch prancing,
When fed etc.

His tail always wagging, his beak never sagging,
When fed...etc.
His feathers are gold, what a sight to behold!
When fed...etc.

King: Speaking of the canary; Lady Gullible, Custodian in
Chief of the Royal Canary, hast thou found out why the canary
doesn't sing any more?

Lady Gullible: Why, er, no. We've consulted the wisest experts
in the land and none can tell us why the canary doesn't sing. It
must be under a spell.

King: Spell, she says. Spell my royal big toe. What does thou
know of spells?

Lady Gullible: I can spell---though sometimes I can't remember
whether cat is spelled with a c or a k.

King; Fool, dost thou not know that every note this canary
sings is so golden, that it is melted down and turned into golden
crowns to fill the royal treasury and provides our kingdom with
all its revenue? If she won't sing any more, we will soon be
bankrupt. Go, go, find a cure to get that bird to sing again,
or I'll cut off your allowance of bubble gum...

Lady Gullible: No, not that....[Exit]

King: Enough of this. Let's have some entertainment. Bring on
the dancers!

We come tonight to entertain you all
With our high flinging (2x)
We come tonight to entertain you all
With our fine singing. (2x)

The night is short and young
It scarcely has begun,

So we all think that we should be (3X)
Romantic tic tic tic etc.
Romantic.

So join with us now, as we kick up a row,
As we all bow, just say to us how,
For we never know, in our Opera Co.
With our fingers and toes, just how anything goes.

King: My dear princess Eldina, why art thou so sorrowful. Art thou sorry for the canary and thy dear 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 once again flow into the treasury.

Princess: Nay sire, it is not for the canary that I weep. But do not ask. It is a secret known to none but myself.

Flip: I know her secret.

I never would care
Her secret to share
But right over there
A princess so fair,
Seems burdened with care (2x).
Aha ha ha ha ha ha ha, seems burdened with care.

The court I won't scare,
But I almost dare
To risk savoir faire
And her heart to tear
And re-veal her care
For a lover not there.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha , for a lover not there.

Flip and others: We know her secret, we know her secret.

King: Quiet. At once. I'll have you know that this is a court of high standing. Princess Eldina, I command thee at once to cease this infernal sniveling.[Exit. Eldina and Flip to one side]

Flip: I'm sorry, I beg thy forgiveness, Princess Eldina. I did not mean to hurt thy feelings.

Princess: That's all right, Flip. It doesn't matter any more. No one loves me any more;

NO one loves me, O dear
To be an old maid I fear,
For love I am pining,
For love I am dying;
I won't give up, I won't give up
Until I've found someone to love.

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Flip: I too, O princess, Know the pangs of unrequited love.

Princess: Come now, Flip, can fools fall in love?

Flip: Only fools fall in love.

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,
Her fair hand I require,
In fact, I truly love her,
Truly love her.

I'm but a jester , I know,
Feeling lonely and so
With eyes all adoring
And voice all imploring,
A hand I claim
Her heart my aim,
Thus I kneel seeking to love.

Princess:

Ah, Flip, thou and I art all alone, each cherishing a
futile hope for a love that is far away.

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 splendor; and I am all alone.

I see tossed seas round 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.
But there is none to love me, and I am all alone.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

Lady Gullible:

Alas, Alack! What's to become of us? The last golden crown
in the treasury has been spent. No more food, not more apparel,
no more bubble-gum. One hope remains...perhaps the famous
professor Dr. Augustus Q. Moron knows the answer. But he is late
as usual... Ah, there he is. Goodmorning Professor!

Professor: Greetings, salutations, felicitations and

expostulations. I am sorry to be late, but after I left home to answer the royal summons, I had to give a lecture on celestial navigation. Then I got lost coming over here.

Lady G. Well, we don't need a lecture on celestial navigation. What we need is to find out what is the matter with the royal canary. We have to find out how to make it sing again.

Professor: No need to look any further. I am equally well disqualified to speak on any subject. You name it; I teach it.

Lady G. Amazing, where did you learn all this? With whom did you study?

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

I'm Doctor Augustus Q. Moron,
Ph.D. F.O.B.. D.D.T.
An expert on quotes from the Koran,
And the life and the loves of a bee.

There is never a subject curricular,
On which I won't venture to speak,
On Sanskrit or railways funicular,
Or marketing sub-standard teak.

Mathematics, strata geologic.
Or Shakespeare or criminal law;
Logistics, patristics or logic,
Or Phonics, or tonic sol-fah.

(But I must 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.

Chorus: Augustus Q. Moron Professor,
You name it; he'll teach it with glee
An expert on Egbert the Lesser,
And the minor complaints of the flea.

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

Professor: Ah! the canary. Let me see what my note book says. How do you spell canary--with a k or a c?... Oh K, I mean OK.
CANARY -a canary: a small yellow bird of the finch family, commonly kept as a pet because of its beautiful song. There! Anything else you wish to know?

King: Fool! the canary doesn't sing; we want to know how to get it to sing again.

Professor: All canaries sing
This bird does not sing;
Therefore, ergo, q.e.d. as a consequence that is
not a canary. The logic is inescapable.

King: Phooey on your logic. Get that bird to sing again.
Here, let me see that book. Ah, here it is; "Sometimes canaries
fail to sing when under a spell"

Lady G. I told you so!

King: Quiet. Let me read! Canaries, Spells, the Breaking
of.. Aha! the spell can be broken...

All: Hurrah

King: But only at a sacrifice..

All: Boo

King: First, find a true lover...

All: Hurrah

King: And he must renounce his true love.

All: Boo.

Lady G. But Kingie, who is there who would renounce his true
love?

King: Any volunteers?

Sir Badelot?

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

Princess : Worse luck!

King:
Princess?

Princess: My heart is given forever to the lost Sir Gallavant,
whereever he may be.

King: Professor?

Professor: Ah, yes! But first it must be established who it
is that I love . Whom do I love most in all the world?

All: Yourself.

Professor: True, true. That love affair between me and myself



is such a tremendous monument to eternal devotion that I could never renounce it.

Flip: I shall! I shall renounce my true love...my love for the fair princess Eldina.

Lady G. Look! the canary..its starting to sing again.

All: (The Canary song)

Canary: Tweet tweet!

King: Flip, court Jester, we all owe a great debt to you for your great sacrifice. But between you and me, you are better off without her. She has halitosis!

Land G. Look at Sir Badelot. Its not Sir Badelot at all.. it is really the lost Sir Gallavant.

Sir G. Yes! I have been under the curse of that wicked sorcerer...the fake professor....grab him before he gets away. At last I am free to woo the fair princess Eldina, while I display my virtues and conceal my faults, like a normal hypocrite.

King. I want to know something, Lady Gullible. Do you really want to be king?

Lady Gullible: Kingie old dear,Let me tell you what I really want: I don't want to be King; I just want to be your Queen.

[Reprise of:

In Life's Strange History

It's time to come and dance and sing

So join with us now]