

OFFENBACH ROBINSON CRUSOE

*Opera
Rara*

in association with

PETER MOORES FOUNDATION

Box cover: Original poster for the 1867 Opéra-Comique production.

Booklet cover: Célestine Galli-Marié as Friday, *La Lune* magazine, Paris,
1 December 1867 (courtesy of Jack Rokahr).

Back cover (booklet): Cannibal costume design by Anthony Holland for the
Opera Rara production in 1973.

CD faces: CD1 Achille-Felix Montaubry as Robinson Crusoe,
CD2 Mlle Cico as Edwige, CD3 Célestine Galli-Marié as Friday

Opposite: Jacques Offenbach

JACQUES OFFENBACH
ROBINSON CRUSOE

Opéra-comique in three acts

Original libretto by Eugène Cormon and Hector Crémieux

English version by Don White

Robinson Crusoe.....	John Brecknock
Edwige, <i>his cousin</i>	Yvonne Kenny
Sir William Crusoe.....	Roderick Kennedy
Lady Deborah Crusoe.....	Enid Hartle
Suzanne, <i>their maid</i>	Marilyn Hill Smith
Toby.....	Alexander Oliver
Man Friday.....	Sandra Browne
Jim Cocks.....	Alan Opie
Will Atkins.....	Wyndham Parfitt

Sailors, cannibals, pirates
Geoffrey Mitchell Choir

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Alun Francis, conductor

Producer and Artistic Director: Patric Schmid

General Administrator: Don White

Music copyist: Robert Roberts

Assistant to the producer: Rosemary Barnes

Recording Engineer: Robert Auger

Recorded at Henry Wood Hall, London,

August 1980

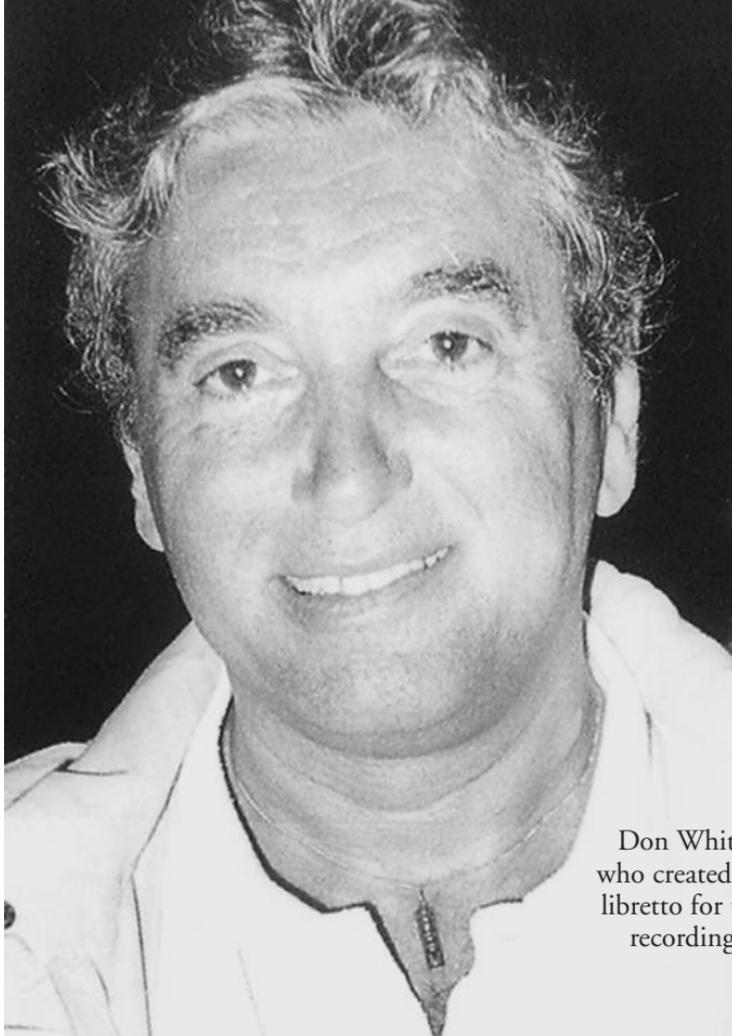
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Don White,
who created the
libretto for this
recording.

A HUNDRED YEARS WITHOUT OFFENBACH

OFFENBACH DIED in 1880, unaware that he had finally achieved his life's greatest ambition. When the curtain came down on the posthumous production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* he was at last taken seriously by the opera-goers of Paris.

Of course, he had only himself to blame. From the day he arrived in Paris from Cologne, at the age of 14, he had broken all the rules. His chutzpah had gotten him into the rigid Paris Conservatoire, where foreigners were frowned upon (even Liszt had been turned away). And after being accepted, he played truant constantly, preferring to freelance as a violinist in the theatre orchestras with which Paris abounded in those days. And such days!

These were the years of carnivals in the streets, balls where the crowds danced till six in the morning; the years when the depraved cancan became slightly more respectable; the days of the Café de Paris, the Jockey Club, the boulevards and the dandies. These were Offenbach's hand-to-mouth years, when he was composing a waltz for a salon here, a comic duet for a soirée there.

The age of operetta had not yet arrived. That came with Louis Napoleon and the coup d'état, Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* and the World Exhibition of 1855 – an age when society was less interested in politics than in the Empress

Eugénie's toilette. For five years Offenbach had been the chef d'orchestre of the Théâtre National. 'It was then,' he said in his autobiographical notes, 'that the idea came to me of starting my own musical theatre, because of the continued impossibility of getting my work produced by anyone else...gay, cheerful, witty music... music with life in it.'

The Exhibition opened on 15 May 1855. Offenbach's Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens opened on 5 July. The little theatre on the Champs-Élysées became the rage. Operettas parodying society and its sacred cows tumbled from Offenbach's pen – mostly inspired by the characters and scenes he had known from the Paris of his youth. The more he wrote, the more the public clamoured for. The Opéra and the Opéra-Comique had become establishments of ritual, and Offenbach delighted in exposing the shallowness of ritual. When Offenbach's characters poured poison into wine, it turned out to be a laxative; their scenes of pathos would be accompanied by the lilting strains of a bubbling waltz.

And then, in 1858, came *Orphée aux Enfers*. More than an operetta, it became the token of the Second Empire. All Paris sang it, danced it, marched to it. It might have run forever, but after 228 successive performances the players were so exhausted that it had to be taken off. Paris – and Europe – were at Offenbach's feet, and he kept them there with *Geneviève de Brabant*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Vie parisienne* and *La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein*.



Achille-Felix
Montaubry as
Robinson Crusoe,
Paris, 1867

But clowns must play Hamlet. Offenbach wanted to be taken as seriously as his victims. His first attempt, *Les Trois Baisers du Diable*, had been totally misunderstood by the public. Its Hoffmannesque qualities had been interpreted as misfiring satire, and it failed. Even the two-act ballet *Le Papillon*, which had finally allowed him to enter the sacred halls he yearned for, had been dismissed in favour of the work with which it shared the bill – *Tannhäuser!*

In 1867, following the tremendous success of *La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein*, Offenbach turned his hand to a genuine opéra-comique, *Robinson Crusoé*. Apart from the title, it owed little to Defoe, and far more to the English pantomime version of the work that had flourished since the early 19th century. In *Robinson Crusoé*, for the first time, the songs became arias. The (to foreign ears) endless spoken dialogue was replaced by accompanied recitative and short snatches of linking speech and melodramas. Instead of parodying the orchestral effects of Meyerbeer and Wagner, Offenbach imitated them with a style all his own (as in the splendid entr'acte to Act II). It was more operatic than anything he had achieved before, and to his delight it was favourably received.

After all, he had not completely ignored his public. A cancan was expected, and here it was, sung by Suzanne and Toby. A waltz song was *de rigueur*, and the one he gave Edwige at the end of the second act is, arguably, the best he wrote. An original touch: the role of Man Friday was written for a young mezzo-soprano named Célestine Galli-Marié. Eight years later she would become Bizet's first Carmen.

But the sun was setting on the Second Empire. Offenbach never recaptured his earlier success. Death cheated him from seeing *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* achieve the applause he had yearned for. That work and a handful of operettas, however, have kept his name alive for over a century.

Robinson Crusoe was one of the many works that disappeared from the stage after his death. Despite its delightful music, it suffered from one of Cormon and Crémieux's more turgid librettos.

It enjoyed a short revival in Germany in the 1930s, in a shortened pastiche version called *Robinsonade*, which also formed the basis of a BBC studio production in England just before the Second World War.

In 1973, Opera Rara presented the British stage premiere of the work at the Camden Festival, London. Don White's text was praised by *Opera* magazine as 'raising the standards of opera translation to new heights'. *Crusoe* triumphed, as did a young Trinidad-born mezzo-soprano making her London debut – Sandra Browne.

In Anthony Holland's enchanting and witty sets and costumes, and William Chappell's original production, *Robinson Crusoe* was given for two seasons at London's Sadler's Wells Theatre by the London Opera Centre, after which the opera was heard in Sydney, Australia, and throughout Texas. In 1980, the work was given a concert performance in Paris, with a French translation of Don White's text and on 16 August the same year made its debut at the Royal

Mlle Cico
as Edwige



Albert Hall, London, as the highlight of the 1980 Promenade Concerts, with the same cast, orchestra and conductor who had recorded it earlier that month for Opera Rara.

Robinson Crusoe was one of Offenbach's longer works. Even more so on this recording as much of the music is receiving its premiere performance. Offenbach himself had made drastic cuts before the Opéra-Comique premiere. Although this music appears in the published vocal score, the orchestral material was thought to be lost. Opera Rara are enormously grateful to the composer's great-grandson, James Buckley, for allowing them to make use of the autograph score of *Robinson Crusoe*, which contains all the missing music – and more.

This includes the 'With a kiss' quartet and the prayer in Act I, the complete 'Sea Symphony' entr'acte to Act II, and the additional arias for Man Friday and Edwige in the third act.

All cuts that have appeared in performances to date have also been opened, allowing us to hear, for the first time this century, the second verse of the 'Togetherness' song, the second section of the Man Friday-Robinson duet, the complete chorus of Cannibals in Act II and the Pirates' Drinking Chorus in Act III.

One piece of music that has not been recorded is a scene and duet for Robinson, Atkins, the pirates and a new character, Peters. This appears in the

Buckley autograph in the second act, but obviously did not finally fit the story. Offenbach has made a note to use it in the third act, but appears, finally, to have omitted it altogether. It turns up again as an appendix to the autograph – in German, presumably for the Darmstadt production Offenbach personally prepared.

1980, Offenbach's Centenary Year, and the year when this recording was made, saw the dusting off of many of his forgotten works. The public were surprised that each and every one of them contained music full of gaiety, cheerfulness, wit and life... in fact, all the things that Offenbach had promised back in 1855.

He would have enjoyed the joke that you have to be a hundred years dead to be brought back to life.



The Stewpot Song: Mlle Girard (Suzanne), M. Sainte-Foy (Jim Cocks),
M. Ponchard (Toby), Paris, 1867.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: THE DRESS REHEARSAL

This article, credited to 'B.L.', appeared in the journal La Vie Parisienne on 30 November 1867.

NOON. The little door on the right that the stage doorkeeper lives behind is opened for a number of privileged guests who disappear one by one, along those sombre, narrow corridors, those dark stairways, to the dusty wings. Past the scenery, still being dressed, past hammering carpenters, past wardrobe and a fluster of fantastic costumes, and at last into the theatre stalls they are more accustomed to. A theatre they know so well by night, now strangely transformed by day.

The footlights blaze, but the auditorium is in semi-darkness. The upholstered seats are covered by mysterious grey sheets. Only a few stalls stand free to receive this handful of spectators. Their faces and their personalities are disguised by the shadows.

The musicians are in their places. The conductor on his podium is armed with his majestic bow. But all are cloaked in darkness, recalling those midnight meetings that happen only, it seems, in German ballads.

On the right of the stage, in a deep armchair, one can make out a figure that could have stepped from the pages of a fantastic tale by Hoffmann. But this is not Councillor Krespel, it is the shade of Offenbach! It fusses, it fidgets, it

flusters, holding, like a sceptre, a cane that does battle with the changing lights. Now he disappears into the depths of his chair, into a world of lightness, darkness and fantasy. Plainly, we are in a dream.

At last, the conductor raises his bow. It is the overture. The last note still rings around the theatre as the applause begins, then fades into the farthest corners of the auditorium. The shade of Offenbach glows, his spectacles glinting in the half-light.

Is this all I have, he says? Ah, I am condemned to laughter, madness, eternal gaiety; here shepherds and shepherdesses, there love, prayers and tears.

A shaft of light catches one's eye from the balcony. It is the dazzling reflection of the half-moon glasses of the critic Azevedo who, to protect himself from the possibility of enjoying the spectacle, munches on Félicien David pastilles and Gioacchino Rossini chocolate creams.

At that moment a young blond god makes his way to the front of the stage, his aristocratic teeth preceding him. It is the ghost of Daniel Defoe in the form of Hector Crémieux. He takes up his position behind Offenbach's chair, a sign that all is ready.

From time to time the usher, a pale figure, dressed in black, only a silver watch chain bizarrely showing he is there, sidles up to the depths of the

armchair and whispers in the maestro's ear, presenting visiting cards which are invariably rejected.

Crosti, Mlle Girard, Mlle Cico and Mme Revilly take their places. Crosti is Robinson's father. One easily recognises this from his dignity and his *avoir-dupois*. A serious quartet begins immediately in which all four, to an appropriate tune, blame young Robinson for being late for tea. The prompter adds his voice to form an unplanned quintet.

The face of the young blond god registers disappointment. Taking a pinch of snuff, Hector Crémieux addresses the artists: 'Respect the text, I beg you.'

Robinson makes his entrance as a voice from the wings. At which moment, the pale, black-clad usher presents to the maestro the card of Agamemnon from *La Belle Hélène*, with a note saying that he is quite ready to make his entrance in case the public confuse Robinson's tune with his own. Agamemnon is despatched with haste.

Montaubry enters, dressed in white. A charming romance follows, then a quintet. By now, tea is ready to be served.

The pale usher with the silver chain presents a card from *Les Bavards*, who ask if they have been called for, having heard the notes of their chorus, 'Si Dieu nous défendait le boire, aurait-il faite le thé si doux?'

Their card is refused.

A rondo follows which excites the enthusiasm of all in the theatre, including the spectators. A true success.

Azevedo takes out his handkerchief and wipes his glasses: the blond god beats time and blows himself a kiss.

Ponchard enters in a blue riding coat and accompanies an air by Mlle Girard. There follows an ensemble, a quartet, a septet, a quintet and two romances. The first act is stuffed with airs.

Robinson is leaving. He isn't leaving. He is leaving. At which point M. Crosti asks Mlle Robinson if she loves Robinson.

The pale usher reappears. He carries to Offenbach the card of Fortunio, who demands to be allowed entrance to sing his Chanson. Thank you for the offer, Offenbach replies, but no thank you. Mlle Cico is all he requires at this moment.

I am in love. This, in effect, is the romance of Cico. Another success. There follow two duets, three ensembles, several trios, four prayers and the lovely final ensemble, during which a card is offered by the chorus, 'Parant pour la Crète'. But the proposal is energetically refused, despite the advice, albeit biased, of M. Cormon.

The first act seems destined for triumph. Offenbach leaves his armchair. Cormon and Crémieux shake his hand.

The only thing I would suggest, my dear friends, is to keep the texts short. During *Orphée* I suffered dearly.

Several cannibals and cannibalesses appear on the stage and are examined by the authors. ‘My dear Mocker,’ says the maestro, ‘stick to details.’ Upon which a yellow-clad leg appears. Mme Galli-Marié has arrived as Man Friday.

With such a companion Robinson seems to have little reason for complaining about his sojourn on the island.

‘Excuse me, Mme Marié, would you mind removing your lorgnette,’ an author requests timidly. ‘It seems to be slightly out of character.’

‘I will take it off, if you wish, but I am handicapped without it. I am unable to tell who is who – Crémieux or Cormon or Offenbach... or even Ambroise Thomas.’

M. Léonce demands to be allowed in to provide Montaubry/Robinson with a pastoral air: ‘Moi, je suis Arisée’, from *Orphée aux Enfers*. His offer is declined, the part is taken.

Montaubry in pearl grey pantaloons and white vest, armed with a classic

Crusoe umbrella and two pistols, sings his grand air. It is enthusiastically applauded by all, including Léonce, who has taken his place in the stalls.

I have no one to love, cries Robinson. The red and white parrot sitting on the branch above him, a parrot specially engaged from Marseilles for the production, says with a remarkable accent: 'As-tu dejeuné, Jacquot? Oui, oui, oui, et de quoi?'

Hysterical laughter in the auditorium.

'This parrot is a menace,' shouts Offenbach, leaping from his armchair.

'I like the parrot,' says Crémieux.

'With one reservation,' says Cormon. 'If he were to say "As-tu dejeuné, Coco?," perhaps that will be better?'

'Change one word of my text and I'm leaving,' says Crémieux.

The author's ruffled feathers are smoothed, and at last one arrives at the solution.

'Bonjour Robinson!' which the parrot finally says in a satisfactory manner under the direction of M. Palianti.

At which point, Mme Galli-Marié/Friday arrives out of a tree. A pretty romance, warm applause.

The pale dark figure hands M. Offenbach the card of Félicien David, represented by his second, M. Azevedo.

The scene changes. Rocks, cannibals – some of the chorus are in costume, others in tartans and street clothes. The maestro regards them sadly.

‘It doesn’t look quite right, it’s true,’ says the director, ‘but that’s one thing one is always sure of with the chorus. It would seem a pity to change it.’

Sainte-Foy enters in a magnificent cannibal costume.

‘May I have a word? This ring through my nose is troubling me enormously. I cannot go on.’

‘My friend, may I suggest that you look at the text and respect it – it is all there. You remove the ring at the moment of the stewpot song. But you have to put it on again afterwards.’

The good-natured Sainte-Foy resigns himself, and asks permission only to take off the ring in order to blow his nose. Permission is granted.

Mlle Girard and Ponchard have naturally found themselves on Robinson's island, where Mlle Cico is to be burned at the stake. Friday, who has fallen in love with her, fires a pistol, so frightening away all the cannibals. General deliverance. Curtain.

Two duets, four romances, five choruses, three or four prayers.
We return to Robinson's hut, where he recognises Mlle Cico.

Recognition, curtain. We are precipitated into the arms of the others: It's you! It's me! It's him! It's her! Only Friday is left discontented, but Mlle Girard sets him straight, and Mlle Girard certainly has enough talent and spirit to make the confused Friday comprehend.

At last the final scene: cannibals, pirates, choruses, a dozen romances, several prayers, more choruses, enough to make two or three operas and a good half-dozen operettas.

The pirates take Robinson's treasure. He recovers it. It's time to leave.

The usher appears at this moment with a card from Desiré, the papa Piter of *Orphée aux Enfers*: 'Allons, allons, partons' would make an excellent finale. The offer appears to be accepted. The chorus is sung with great enthusiasm.

More success! More enthusiasm! The shadow of M. Azevedo disappears in a haze of green Bengal tobacco. Daniel Defoe offers MM. Crémieux and Cormon his pouch of Spanish tobacco.

The usher brings Offenbach a letter on a silver salver. It is an apology from Emperor François II for not being able to appear at the dress rehearsal of *La Grande-Duchesse*.

THE STORY

ACT ONE

Inside the Crusoes' home, in Bristol

While Suzanne, the maid, Lady Crusoe and her niece Edwige prepare for Sunday tea, Sir William Crusoe pointedly reads the parable of the Prodigal Son. Robinson arrives, late as usual, but soon charms his way out of a scolding. Taking Toby, the Crusoes' factotum, aside, he explains that he has booked passages to South America for them both that very night. They are overheard by Suzanne, Toby's fiancée. Edwige, realising that she is in love with Robinson, begs him to stay, but to no avail. Even when Toby withdraws from the venture – at Suzanne's insistence – Robinson knows he has to go alone to seek his fortune.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

A desert island at the mouth of the Orinoco

Six years have passed. Robinson's ship has been captured by pirates and he has escaped with his life to this desert island. His only companion is Man Friday, rescued by Robinson as the poor native was about to be sacrificed to the god Saranha by the Tamayos, a cannibal tribe also resident on the island. Robinson yearns for Edwige and tries to explain to Friday that one day he too will fall in love – but the native doesn't understand.

SCENE II

Another part of the island

Tired of waiting for Robinson's return, Edwige has set out in search of him, taking with her Suzanne and Toby, now man and wife. Their ship, too, has been captured by pirates. Set adrift, they have arrived on Robinson's island. Suzanne and Toby are captured by cannibals and handed over to the cannibals' chef, none other than Jim Cocks, a neighbour from Bristol who had run away to sea ten years before and suffered a similar fate. Now, he informs them, they are about to be the ingredients of the cannibals' dinner that night. As the sun sets, Edwige is led in by the natives. Her blonde hair and fair complexion have led them to believe that she is the white goddess of their legends who will arrive from across the sea and who, when burned at the stake, will become the bride of Saranha. All this is observed by Friday, who has fallen instantly in love with Edwige. As the funeral pyre is about to be lit, he fires Robinson's pistol, and as the savages run off in fright, he rescues the three victims and Jim Cocks.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

Robinson's hut

Robinson, returning from a night of vigil, watching for a ship, is told by Friday not to wake the goddess. Edwige and Robinson are reunited. Suzanne, Toby and Jim Cocks are delighted to find that Friday's master is none other than their own Robinson. He tells them that the pirates have put ashore for supplies and this is their chance to take over the ship and return to England.

SCENE II

The lagoon

The carousing pirates make fun of Robinson, who pretends to be mad. He tells them a tale of buried treasure and they rush off into the jungle, where they are immediately set upon by the cannibals. With the pirates' muskets, Robinson now holds the upper hand. The pirates beg him to save them. Despite their wickedness, he agrees to do so if, as they sail for Bristol once again, Captain Atkins will marry Robinson and Edwige aboard the ship. And all – perhaps even the pirates – live happily ever after.

ARGUMENT

ACTE I

La résidence de la famille Crusoe à Bristol

Tandis que Suzanne, la servante, Lady Crusoe et sa nièce Edwige préparent le repas dominical, Sir William Crusoe lit, d'un ton plein de sous-entendus, la parabole du fils prodigue. Robinson arrive en retard, comme d'habitude, mais a tôt fait d'éviter les reproches en usant de son charme. Prenant à part Toby, l'homme à tout faire de la maison, Robinson lui annonce qu'ils embarqueront ensemble la nuit même sur un bateau à destination de l'Amérique. Suzanne, qui est fiancée à Toby surprend leur conversation. Edwige, comprenant qu'elle aime Robinson, le supplie, en vain, de rester. Lorsque Toby, à l'insistance de Suzanne, renonce à l'aventure Robinson sait qu'il doit partir seul.

ACTE II

SCÈNE 1

Une île déserte à l'embouchure de l'Orinoco

Voilà six ans déjà que le navire sur lequel a embarqué Robinson a été arraisonné par des pirates. Il leur a échappé, mais pour échouer sur cette île déserte. Il a désormais pour seul compagnon, Vendredi, indigène à qui il a sauvé la vie en le soustrayant au Tamayos, tribu cannibale installée sur l'île qui s'apprêtait à sacrifier le pauvre homme au dieu Saranha. Robinson languit

d'Edwige et essaie de faire comprendre à Vendredi que lui aussi connaîtra un jour l'amour – sans succès.

SCÈNE 2

Un autre coin de l'île

Lasse d'attendre le retour de Robinson, Edwige est partie à sa recherche en compagnie de Suzanne et Toby, maintenant mari et femme. Leur navire a été capturé à son tour par les pirates qui les ont abandonnés à la dérive. C'est ainsi qu'ils ont échoué sur l'île de Robinson. À leur arrivée, Suzanne et Toby tombent aux mains des cannibales, qui les livrent à leur chef. Le couple reconnaît en lui Jim Cocks, un ancien voisin qui a quitté Bristol dix ans plus tôt pour tenter sa chance sur les mers et s'est trouvé, comme eux, victime du sort. Il leur annonce qu'ils serviront de nourriture aux cannibales le soir même. À la tombée de la nuit, les indigènes amènent Edwige captive. À voir sa chevelure blonde et son teint clair, ils la prennent pour la déesse blanche qui, d'après leurs légendes, arrivera par la mer et, une fois brûlée vive, deviendra l'épouse de Saranha. Vendredi, qui épie la scène, s'éprend immédiatement d'Edwige. Au moment où l'on s'apprête à allumer le bûcher, Vendredi apparaît armé du pistolet de Robinson. Épouvantés par les coups de feu, les cannibales se dispersent et Vendredi s'enfuit avec les trois victimes et Jim Cocks.

ACTE III

SCÈNE 1

La cabane de Robinson

Robinson, qui guette chaque nuit les navires de passage, rentre de son tour de veille. Vendredi l'attend pour lui dire de ne pas réveiller la déesse. Edwige et Robinson se retrouvent. Suzanne, Toby et Jim Cocks sont enchantés de découvrir que le maître de Vendredi n'est nul autre que Robinson. Il leur apprend que les pirates ont accosté à l'île pour se ravitailler et que c'est leur chance de s'emparer du bateau et de rentrer en Angleterre.

SCÈNE 2

Le lagon

Les pirates en ripaille s'amuse aux dépens de Robinson qui fait le fou et leur raconte des histoires. Lorsqu'ils l'entendent parler d'un trésor enfoui, ils se précipitent dans la jungle où ils sont immédiatement attaqués par les cannibales. Grâce aux mousquets des pirates, Robinson est désormais maître de la situation. Les pirates le supplient de les sauver. Il accepte, mais à condition que leur capitaine, Atkins, célèbre son mariage avec Edwige à bord du bateau. Après quoi, ils vivent tous heureux – y compris peut-être même les pirates.

Traduction: Mireille Ribière

DIE HANDLUNG

1. AKT

Im Hause der Crusoes in Bristol

Während das Dienstmädchen Suzanne, Lady Crusoe und ihre Nichte Edwige den Sonntags-Tee zubereiten, liest Sir William Crusoe pointiert das Gleichnis vom Verlorenen Sohn vor. Robinson trifft ein, wie immer mit Verspätung, wehrt aber alle Vorwürfe sehr charmant ab. Dann nimmt er Toby, das Faktotum der Crusoes, beiseite und erzählt ihm, dass er für sie beide eine Überfahrt nach Südamerika gebucht hat, und zwar noch für denselben Abend. Suzanne, Tobys Verlobte, hört das Gespräch zufällig mit. Edwige erkennt, dass sie in Robinson verliebt ist, und fleht ihn an, in England zu bleiben, doch sie kann ihn nicht umstimmen. Als Toby Suzannes Drängen nachgibt und aus dem Abenteuer aussteigt, bricht Robinson allein auf, um sein Glück zu machen.

2. AKT

1. SZENE.

Eine einsame Insel in der Mündung des Orinoco

Sechs Jahre sind vergangen. Robinsons Schiff wurde von Piraten gekapert, er ist mit dem Leben davongekommen und hat sich auf eine einsame Insel gerettet. Sein einziger Begleiter ist Freitag, ein Wilder, den Robinson davor bewahrte, von den Tamayo, einem auf der Insel lebenden Kannibalenvolk,

dem Gott Saranha geopfert zu werden. Robinson sehnt sich nach Edwige und will Freitag erklären, dass auch er sich eines Tages verlieben wird, doch der Wilde versteht ihn nicht.

2. SZENE.

Ein anderer Teil der Insel

Edwige ist des Wartens auf Robinson überdrüssig geworden und hat sich mit Suzanne und Toby, die mittlerweile geheiratet haben, auf die Suche nach ihm gemacht. Auch ihr Schiff wurde von Piraten überfallen, sie wurden auf offener See ihrem Schicksal überlassen und sind auf Robinsons Insel gestrandet. Suzanne und Toby werden von Kannibalen gefangen genommen und deren Küchenchef überreicht, bei dem es sich um keinen anderen als Jim Cocks handelt, einen Nachbarn aus Bristol, der vor zehn Jahren ausriss, um Matrose zu werden, und ein ähnliches Schicksal erlitt. Jetzt, so teilt er ihnen mit, würden sie als Zutaten für das Abendessen der Kannibalen dienen. Bei Sonnenuntergang wird Edwige von den Kannibalen hereingeführt. Wegen ihres blonden Haars und ihrer blassen Haut halten sie sie für die weiße Göttin ihrer Legenden, die über die Meere zu ihnen kommen und, nachdem sie auf dem Scheiterhaufen verbrannt wurde, die Gemahlin Saranhas werden wird. Freitag hat heimlich alle Vorfälle beobachtet und sich auf die Stelle in Edwige verliebt. Als der Scheiterhaufen entzündet werden soll, feuert er einen Schuss aus Robinsons Pistole ab, woraufhin die Kannibalen in Angst und Schrecken davonlaufen und er die drei Opfer und Jim Cocks retten kann.

3. AKT

1. SZENE.

Robinsons Hütte

Robinson kehrt von einer Nachtwache zurück, in der er nach einem Schiff Ausschau hielt. Freitag ermahnt ihn, die Göttin nicht zu wecken. Edwige und Robinson sind glücklich wieder vereint, und Suzanne, Toby und Jim Cocks stellen entzückt fest, dass Freitags Herr kein anderer ist als ihr Robinson. Er erzählt ihnen, dass die Piraten an Land gekommen sind, um Vorräte zu fassen, und sie die Gelegenheit nutzen müssen, um das Schiff in ihre Gewalt zu bringen und nach England zurückzukehren.

2. SZENE.

Die Lagune

Die betrunkenen Piraten machen sich über Robinson lustig, der sich als Wahnsinniger aufführt. Er erzählt ihnen von einem Schatz, der hier im Dschungel vergraben sei, woraufhin sie davon stürzen, um ihn zu heben, und prompt von den Kannibalen überfallen werden. Da Robinson aber die Musketen der Piraten in seinem Besitz hat, hat nun er die Oberhand, und die Piraten flehen ihn an, sie zu retten. Ihrer Grausamkeit zum Trotz willigt er ein, unter der Bedingung, dass Kapitän Atkins ihn und Edwige auf der Überfahrt nach Bristol an Bord verehelicht. Und wenn sie nicht gestorben sind, dann leben sie – vielleicht sogar die Piraten – noch heute.

Übersetzt von Ursula Wulfekamp

LA TRAMA

ATTO PRIMO

La casa dei Crusoe a Bristol

Mentre Lady Crusoe e sua nipote Edwige preparano il tè della domenica, con l'aiuto della cameriera Suzanne, sir William Crusoe legge ostinatamente la parabola del figliuol prodigo. Arriva Robinson, in ritardo come sempre, ma con il suo fascino ben presto riesce a evitare i rimproveri. Chiama in disparte Toby, factotum dei Crusoe, e gli spiega di aver prenotato due posti in una nave che salperà quella stessa notte alla volta dell'America. Ma le loro parole vengono involontariamente ascoltate da Suzanne, fidanzata di Toby. Rendendosi conto di essersi innamorata di Robinson, Edwige lo supplica di rimanere, ma tutto è inutile. Quando Toby rinuncia all'impresa, su insistenza di Suzanne, Robinson sa che dovrà andare a cercar ventura da solo.

ATTO SECONDO

SCENA I

Un'isola deserta alla foce dell'Orinoco

Sono passati sei anni. La nave di Robinson è stata catturata dai pirati e il giovane è riuscito a salvarsi fuggendo su quest'isola deserta. Il suo unico compagno è Venerdì, un povero indigeno, che Robinson ha salvato nel momento in cui stava per essere immolato al dio Saranha dai Tamayo, una tribù di cannibali residente sull'isola. Robinson ha nostalgia di Edwige e cerca

di spiegare a Venerdì che un giorno anche lui si innamorerà – ma l'altro non capisce.

SCENA II

Un'altra parte dell'isola

Stanca di attendere il ritorno di Robinson, Edwige si è messa a cercarlo, accompagnata da Suzanne e Toby, ormai marito e moglie. Anche la loro nave è stata catturata dai pirati. Spinti alla deriva, i tre sono sbarcati sull'isola di Robinson. Suzanne e Toby vengono catturati dai cannibali e consegnati al loro capo; incredibilmente si tratta di un altro Inglese, Jim Cocks, un vicino di Bristol, fuggito per mare dieci anni prima e colpito da un simile destino. Adesso, comunica Jim, i due sono destinati ad arricchire il banchetto dei cannibali quella notte stessa. Al tramonto arriva Edwige, scortata dagli indigeni. I suoi capelli biondi e la carnagione chiara hanno convinto i cannibali che si tratti della dea bianca giunta dal mare che, secondo la leggenda, dopo essere stata messa al rogo, diverrà sposa di Saranha. Tutto questo viene osservato da Venerdì che si è subito innamorato di Edwige. Mentre viene accesa la pira funeraria, il giovane spara con la pistola di Robinson, mettendo in fuga i selvaggi, spaventati; poi conduce in salvo le tre vittime e Jim Cocks.

ATTO TERZO

SCENA I

La capanna di Robinson

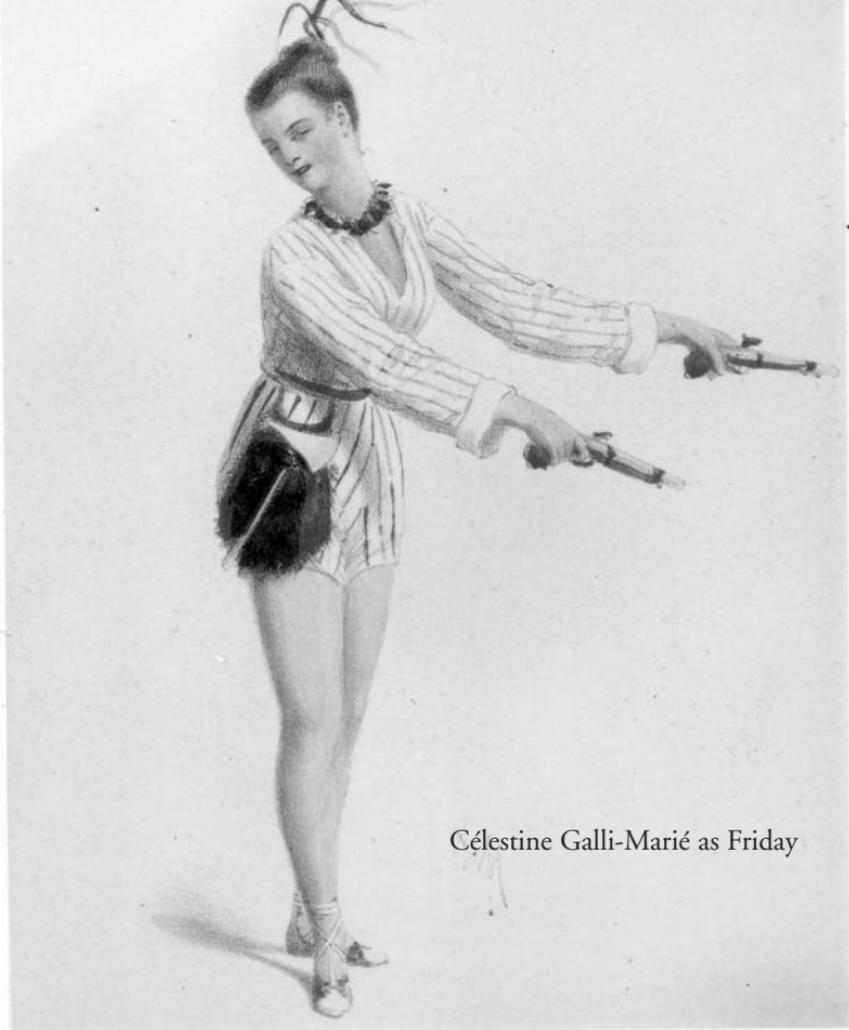
Robinson ritorna dopo una notte passata a vegliare, nell'attesa di una nave, e Venerdì gli chiede di non risvegliare la dea. Edwige e Robinson si ritrovano. Suzanne, Toby e Jim Cocks sono felici di scoprire che il padrone di Venerdì è il loro amico Robinson. L'uomo racconta che i pirati sono sbarcati in cerca di provviste e questa è la loro possibilità di impadronirsi della nave e ritornare in Inghilterra.

SCENA II

La laguna

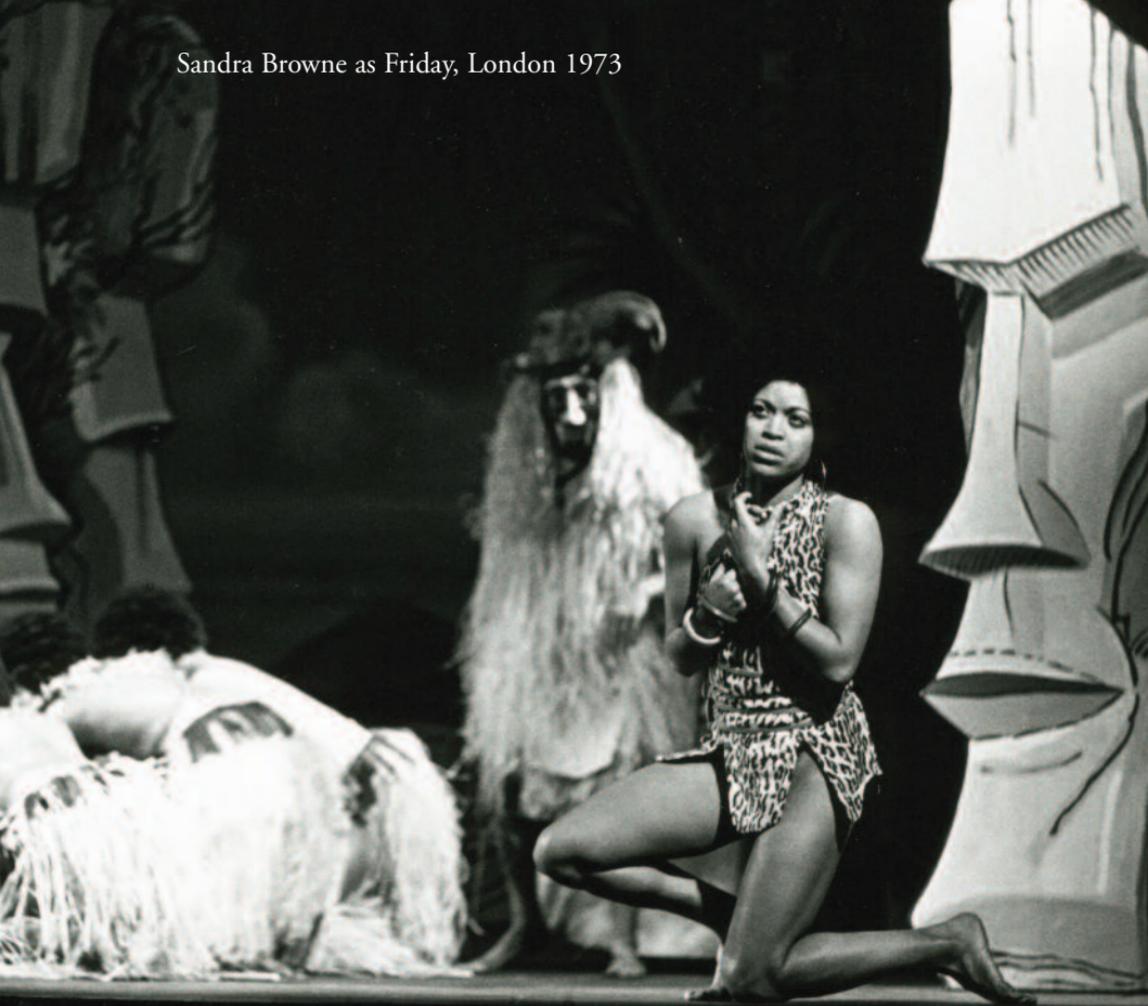
I pirati fanno baldoria e si prendono gioco di Robinson che finge di aver smarrito la ragione e racconta storie di tesori sepolti. Tutti si precipitano nella giungla, dove vengono immediatamente catturati dai cannibali, mentre Robinson si impadronisce dei loro fucili. I pirati lo supplicano di salvarli e lui accetta, a patto che, durante la traversata di ritorno a Bristol, il Capitano Atkins celebri le nozze tra lui ed Edwige. Così tutti – forse anche i pirati – vivranno felici e contenti.

Traduzione: Emanuela Guastella



Célestine Galli-Marié as Friday

Sandra Browne as Friday, London 1973



ACT ONE

[1] Overture

Sunday afternoon in the Bristol home of Sir William and Lady Deborah Crusoe. Sir William reads aloud from the Bible, ignored by Lady Deborah, who threads the spindle of her spinning wheel, and Edwige, their niece, who is reading a Paris magazine. Their maid, Suzanne, is setting the table for high tea.

[2]

Sir William

There is a story I'd like you to hear,
The parable told of the Prodigal Son;
One day he left all the friends he held dear
And went to a far-off land where he had none.

Lady Deborah

(commencing to spin) Now there you have a problem son,
Not a bit like Robinson –
An honest and goodhearted boy,
His mother's pride and joy.
It's easy to see he takes after me.

Edwige

It says here we'll soon be wearing
Gowns that show our ankles *(lifting up her skirt)* so!

Suzanne

(leaning over Edwige's shoulder to see the illustration in the magazine) Goodness me, it's rather daring!

Lady Deborah

The men would go quite mad, you know!
Round and round the spinning wheel flies,
Everything spins in front of my eyes,
Whirling round and round. Wheeling, reeling!

Edwige

Suzanne

Edwige/Suzanne

Sir William

Lady Deborah

Edwige

Lady Deborah

Suzanne

Edwige

Suzanne

Lady Deborah

I wonder if we'll ever see

Hemlines end above the knee?

In Rome the gowns they used to sell,

Showed your knees – and bust as well!

That's why the Roman Empire fell!

Soon all the Prodigal's fortune was spent.

None gave him comfort, no man gave him bread.

Back to the house of his father he went:

'Make me as one of thy servants,' he said.

Suzanne, go put the kettle on.

Suzanne, have you seen Robinson?

I'm dying for a cup of tea.

Where can that good-for-nothing be?

Perhaps as well a buttered scone.

I wonder where he could have gone...

Just one, I have to watch my weight!

It's not like him to be so late! What should I do?

Well... maybe two!

Where can he be? What's to be done? Well, Suzanne?

Or even three... no, only one! Well, Suzanne?

There's one thing no one understands

A maid has only got one pair of hands!

We'd better not have tea just yet,

If Robinson's not here his father gets so upset.

We don't want to get him upset!

Perhaps we won't have tea just yet...

We don't want Papa upset.

Sir William

A woman's tongue, I have heard it said,
Could wake the dead, could wake the dead!
Not one word have you heard! Not a word,
Not one word, no, not a word I've read.
Papa knows best. Best give your tongues a rest.
Now back to that story I'd like you to hear...

Edwige

Quiet now... He'll fall asleep again you'll see.

Suzanne

Quiet now... His reading does the same to me!

Lady Deborah

Quiet now...

Edwige

Quiet now... We'll wake him up in time for tea.

Sir William

The parable told of the Prodigal Son...

One day he left all the friends he held dear
And went to a far-off land where he had none.

Lady Deborah

He'll fall asleep again, you'll see. Quiet now!

Suzanne

His reading does the same to me. Quiet now!

Edwige

Quiet now!

Lady Deborah

Keep your voices very soft now.

Suzanne

Not a whisper, not a cough now!

Edwige

He's already dozing off now!

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

We'll let him sleep till tea. Quiet now!

Suzanne

Not a whisper, not a cough,

Keep your voices soft. Quiet now!

Sir William

Till we wake him up for tea, better let him be.

A faraway land where he'd none.

A faraway land... ah...

*(As he yawns and dozes off, the Bible slips from his lap
and wakes him up with a start.)*

Where is that rascal son of mine?

Suzanne
Sir William

He's late again, that's why we're waiting.
That boy can be so irritating!
(*to Lady Deborah*) And you're the one I blame!

Lady Deborah

My dear, can't you control your son?

Sir William

Excuse me, sir, he's your son too!

Lady Deborah

It's always so with only one.

Sir William

And that, my dear, is your fault too!

Lady Deborah

He never does a thing he's told.

Edwige

You're wrong, my dear, he's good as gold.

Suzanne

All boys his age do silly things.

Sir William

Well, just be glad he isn't twins!

When he comes through the door...

Wait till I see him! I'll give that boy what for!

He comes home late day after day.

No son of mine behaves that way!

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

This part we'll ignore, we've heard it all before.

Suzanne

We know exactly what he'll say:

'No son of mine behaves that way!'

Robinson

(*outside*) Tra la la la!

Lady Deborah

I hear him in the garden!

Sir William

It's no use begging pardon.

Suzanne

Of course he can't refuse him.

Sir William

I refuse to excuse him!

He comes home late day after day.

No son of mine behaves that way!

No son of mine can behave in that way!

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

We know exactly what he'll say,

Suzanne

We know he'll say 'No son of mine behaves that way!'

[3]

Robinson

We know he'll say what he says every day!
Robinson enters, rapt in thought.
Voice of the sea, calling to me,
I hear you whispering 'come away, away'
Over the sea, waiting for me,
Faraway lands of adventure I'll see.
Across the bay lies a three-masted schooner,
Her masts seem to reach to the sky.
She sails tonight, that three-masted schooner,
I know now when she goes, so must I! Ah!
Over the grey horizon where the trade winds blow,
Raging storms can't delay us, always onward we go!
We come at last to an uncharted island...
Shelter there by its clear crystal streams,
Although it has no name, I know it all the same...
This is my magic island that I visit each night
Secretly in my dreams.

**Sir William
Robinson**

There in the bay lies a three-masted schooner,
Her masts reach the sky! Her masts reach the sky!
You're very late! It's nearly eight!
And you were worried? I would have hurried.
I lost track of the hours...
*(Suzanne takes flowers from a vase and places them in
Robinson's hands behind his back. He produces them and
presents them to his mother.)* As I gathered these flowers
To give to you, Mama, so pardon me, Papa,
Papa won't you forgive your unworthy son?



Yvonne Kenny
(Edwige)

Sir William That's quite all right, no harm done.
Lady Deborah Once he's kissed you, he can twist you
 Round his little finger.
Robinson That's true. But what a teacher I had!
Lady Deborah I've seen you play the same disarming game on dad!
 It's different for a wife,
 That's part of married life!
Robinson You know I spoke in jest. Would I offend the best,
 The very best mother a son ever had?
Edwige What, not a word to spare for me?
Robinson Something more precious,
 Now tightly close your eyes.
(He takes a seashell from his pocket and holds it to Edwige's ear.)
 Can you hear it? Just listen!
Edwige The waves upon the shore of some far paradise.
 I hear the sea there, I feel I'd be there
 If I opened my eyes!
Suzanne Hear the sea after tea! You're both keeping us waiting!
Robinson All you think about is eating,
 Don't you ever have dreams?
 Dreams of gold, wealth untold,
 Dreams in which you are rich,
 Dreams of lands far away? What do you say?
 Tell me please.
Suzanne Please don't tease, please don't tease!
 What's the use of dreaming dreams when you
 Know they will never come true?

[4]

Sir William

All right! Sit down and take your places now.
Yes, I'll say grace now.

Lady Deborah

When the master starts a fight...

Suzanne

One that could last through the night...

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

Robinson can put it right.

Suzanne/Sir William

Ah, what a charming boy!

No one could ever doubt him.

He has an air about him.

What would we do without him?

A sweet disarming boy!

He conquers you completely

By simply smiling sweetly.

Ah, what a charming boy!

Robinson

Just one word is all it takes to calm him,

Just one smile is all it takes to charm him.

Since I discovered I had this facility,

I've used it to the best of my ability.

Lady Deborah

He never does a thing he's told,

Or so I've always found.

Suzanne

The moment you begin to scold

He somehow wins you round.

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

Whenever he does wrong, you can't stay angry long.

Suzanne/Sir William

Ah, it's true, no matter what you say

He always has his way.

Ah, it's true, so now you understand

We're putty in his hand.

Robinson

When I do wrong, they're not mad long.
Whatever they say I know they will give way.
Although they don't quite understand,
They're putty in my hand!

Sir William

Come on, Suzanne, come on,
It's getting very late. Is tea not ready yet?
How long now must we wait?

Suzanne

You can start when you like,
Sit down and go ahead,
But till Toby brings the ham
There's only buttered bread!

Lady Deborah

Perhaps he's lost his way.

Sir William

He'll lose his head one day.

Edwige

He isn't very clever at remembering,
He never gets things right.

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

He isn't very bright,

Suzanne/Sir William

Not slightly erudite!

He doesn't read or write,

A brainless neophyte!

Robinson

You should all be quite ashamed!

Every day it's the same.

You say Toby's to blame.

It really is a crying shame

The way poor Toby gets the blame!

Edwige/Lady Deborah/

Ah, what a charming boy!

Suzanne/Sir William

The perfect kind of friend, one

You know you can depend on,



Enid Hartle
(Lady Deborah
Crusoe)

Robinson

You need a hand, he'll lend one.
Ah, what a charming boy!
Just one smile is all it takes to charm them.
Their pride and joy, that's me!
Their pride and joy, their darling boy,
Ah, yes it's true.

**Edwige/Lady Deborah/
Suzanne/Sir William**

My mother's pride and joy, and father's too!
Whenever Robinson does wrong
You know you can't stay angry long. It's true!
No matter what you say. It's true!
He always has his way. It's true!

Robinson

So now you understand, we're putty in his hand!
I always get my way, it's easy to!
So now you understand, they're putty in my hand!

Toby enters carrying a package – the ham. Sir William studies his fob watch.

Sir William

At last, young Toby! You're one hour and twenty-three
and a half minutes late. Explain yourself.

Edwige

Oh, uncle, he's here now. Do let's sit down.

Suzanne

I'll take the ham!

Robinson

(to Toby, meaningfully) Did you see that splendid three-
masted schooner in the port?

Lady Deborah

(passing a decanter) Port? Here you are, dear.

Sir William

Why are you so interested in the sea?

Robinson

It's not the sea, father. It's what lies beyond it.

Lady Deborah

(picking up the decanter) Well, I think I'll have a little
glass.

Robinson (aside) Toby... It's all arranged...
Edwige Ah, I would love to travel.
Robinson Toby, I want to talk to you.
Toby Yes, master Robinson.
Sir William Travelling is much too easy these days. All these young fellows running away to sea.
Lady Deborah You're right, dear. Remember that boy Jim Box?
Sir William Cocks.
Lady Deborah Surely not!
Edwige What happened to him?
Lady Deborah Ah!
Edwige Well?
Robinson He disappeared.
Toby Oh dear! Not on a three-masted schooner?
Sir William Probably.
Toby Oh dear!
Edwige What's wrong with you, Toby?
Toby I don't want to go.
Suzanne (sharply) Go where?
Robinson Nowhere!
Sir William Young people refuse to accept their responsibilities. Running off to sea! A young man should marry, as I did, and raise a family, as I have... work hard every day, as I do. Is there no room for spiritual, for lasting values... (he holds up his Bible) for this book?
Robinson I give you my promise, father, if I ever go anywhere, I'll read the Bible every Sunday.

Lady Deborah
Sir William
Lady Deborah

[5]
All

I like Sunday, because we're all together. Togetherness!
There's no such word!
Then there ought to be! Togetherness! It's a beautiful
word!

The family that's always apart
Is the kind you'll find that hasn't a heart.
The family that's all in one place
Is the kind that has a smile on its face.
The one kind you'll find can be unkind,
The other kind's the kind that's best.
The kind that's combined is the fun kind,
The kind that's got togetherness.
One kind's unkind the other kind's best,
The kind that's got togetherness.
The house where silence dwells in each room
Houses hearts as cold as the tomb.
The house that's filled with laughter and noise
Is a home that shares your sorrows and joys.
The one kind you'll find can be unkind,
The other kind's the kind that's best.
The kind that's combined is the fun kind,
The kind that's got togetherness.
One kind's unkind the other kind's best,
The kind that's got togetherness.
Our family's the kind that's best,
The kind that's got togetherness.

The kind that's full of kindness
Because we've got togetherness!

All exit except Robinson, who also holds Toby back. As Robinson speaks, Suzanne creeps behind a screen to eavesdrop.

Robinson

I've spoken to the captain...we sail tonight!

Toby

We?

Robinson

You'll love it, Toby. Just think of it. South America!

Toby

South America!

Robinson

Can't you just see it? The tropics? The blazing sun
beating down.

Strange animals! Snakes!

Toby

Snakes!

Robinson

Crocodiles!

Toby

Crocodiles! A passage to South America must cost at
least fifteen Guineas.

Robinson

I've paid it!

Toby

How can I ever pay you back?

Robinson

Gold! The gold of Eldorado! Enough to make even
Suzanne happy.

Think of it!

Toby

I have. I'm not going!

Robinson

Why not?

Toby

Suzanne would never forgive me.

Robinson

She'll never forgive you if you don't go!

Toby

What'll I tell her?



John Brecknock
(Robinson Crusoe)



**Alexander
Oliver (Toby)**

Robinson

Nothing! I'll leave a note explaining everything. Go and get your things and meet me at the port at nine o'clock. And – try not to be late!

(He leaves. Suzanne creeps up behind Toby.)

Toby

Gold! Suzanne!

Suzanne

Oh no you don't! I heard everything. You're not going to South America. You're not going anywhere, and that's that!

Toby

But Suzanne.

Suzanne

You're not running away from me like all the others.

Toby

Others?

[6]

Suzanne

My friend Tom was a dancing master,
He said, 'Let's do the wedding two-step'.

Tom moved fast, but I moved faster

The day I caught him at a new step.

The grass next door, it's said, is always greener,

Next door lived a Russian ballerina,

So I did what a girl should do.

Now Tom's the same as her... a Sleeping Beauty too!

Toby

Poor Tom!

Suzanne

Poor Tom!

Toby

Poor Tom!

Suzanne

Take care! Let it be a lesson,

Faithless lovers, you've been warned.

Beware! Women can be hell

When they discover they've been scorned.

The men who cheat on their fiancées
Really do take awful chances!
Once you tell her you'll be true
She'll always keep her eye on you.
Next came Dick – very fond of hunting,
Hunting, Dick told me, was the one thing
For the man who's fond of sport.
But not the sort of sport I thought!
When Dick hunted deer, what did I find?
Dear Dick meant the two-legged kind!
So I thought I'd show him a thing or two.
I picked up his rifle. Aimed it at his breast.
Poor Dick expired... I never fired! A cardiac arrest!
Last of all was a man named Harry,
He told me frankly, 'I'm a miser'.
So when he said to me, 'Let's marry!'
He really should have acted wiser.
That same day he met a wealthy widow.
When they wed, do you know what I did? Oh!
It drove poor Harry raving mad
When I took him to court for all the cash he had!
When I took him to court for everything he had!
Take care! Let it be a lesson,
Faithless lovers, you've been warned.
Beware! Women can be hell
When they discover they've been scorned.
Never ask a girl to marry
If you're a Tom or Dick or Harry,

Once you tell her you'll be true
She'll always keep her eye on you!
It's so like a man to take what he can,
To steal a kiss and run away!
You give him your heart, then watch him depart.
I tell you, Toby, no Tom, Dick or Harry's
Going to marry me! Is going to marry me!

Toby runs out of the room as Suzanne bursts into tears. Edwige enters.

Edwige	What's the matter?
Suzanne	Robinson's going away... and he was going to take Toby with him!
Edwige	No!
Suzanne	Yes! Paid for his passage and everything!
Edwige	I don't believe it!
Suzanne	I heard it with my own ears!
Robinson	We must stop him! <i>(Lady Deborah and Sir William enter.)</i>
Lady Deborah	Stop who, dear? What's that Toby been up to now?
Edwige	Who's talking about Toby! It's Robinson. He's running away!
Suzanne	Yes! On that schooner – tonight!
Sir William	Never!
Lady Deborah	My little boy!
Edwige	We must stop him!

Sir William	When a Crusoe makes up his mind there's no stopping him. I knew this would happen sooner or later.
Lady Deborah	Oh, my little boy! Who'd be a mother!
[7]	
Edwige	There's got to be a way...
Suzanne	A way to make him stay...
Lady Deborah/Sir William	Alack, alas! Alas, alack!
Edwige	Alases and alacks...
Suzanne	Won't stop him in his tracks...
Lady Deborah/Sir William	Alas, alack! Alack, alas!
Suzanne	Even now while we chat His ship prepares to sail!
Lady Deborah	Ah, what did we do wrong? Papa, where did we fail?
Sir William	Do the swallows protest When their young leave the nest?
All	When their young leave the nest, You must untie your apron strings And let him fly and try his wings. And let him fly! And say goodbye!
Edwige/Lady Deborah/ Suzanne	
Sir William	Yes, let him try his wings.
Edwige/Lady Deborah/ Suzanne	Ah! fly away! Ah! unhappy day! He flies away, unhappy day, unhappy day!
Sir William	One day the young must fly away. Fatal day! His heart filled with dreams of the fortune he'll find.

**Edwige/Lady Deborah/
Suzanne
Sir William**

**Edwige
Lady Deborah
Suzanne
Lady Deborah
Edwige
Suzanne
Sir William**

**Edwige/Lady Deborah/
Suzanne
Sir William
Edwige/Lady Deborah/
Suzanne
Sir William
Edwige
Lady Deborah
Edwige/Lady Deborah/
Suzanne**

Forgotten the loved ones he is leaving behind.
For the first time you see how your fledgling has grown,
Your boy is a man now, with a life of his own.
Unhappy day!
There is no way to make him stay.
Ah! fly away! Unhappy day, unhappy day!
His heart filled with dreams of the fortune he'll find.
Forgotten the loved ones he is leaving behind.
Ah, unhappy day!
(Sir William bursts into laughter.)
What have I said?
I think he's lost his head!
It isn't any laughing matter!
How can you laugh?
What's there to laugh about? How can you laugh?
Oh, I think you'll find he's lost his mind.
I may be mad, but the idea I've had is this.
To stop him with a kiss.
To stop him with a kiss?

That's all it takes, just a kiss, nothing more.
Nothing more?

I'm quite sure.
What kind of kiss would keep him here?
None of this seems very clear!

You'd better tell us your idea.

Sir William

(*to Edwige, tenderly*) Sometimes the words your lips
refuse to say

Are words your heart repeats each day.

Robinson's the one you love.

Edwige

[8]

No, no, no! Do I love him? Do I love him?

I don't hear steeple bells,

I don't have fainting spells,

I'm not in love, no, no, not I.

Yet sometimes when we meet

And my heart skips a beat,

I often wonder why.

Could this be love? Could this be love?

If this is love, then I suppose I'm in love,

Yes, I'm in love. If this is love,

I must be in love!

Ah, now I understand

Why when I touch his hand

My pulse begins to quicken so.

How strange that you could see

All this, yet I should be

The last of all to know

I am in love, I am in love! I am in love

And never knew it was love. It's true, it's love!

I tried, but I can't hide that I'm in love.

I love him!

[9]

Sir William

Suzanne/Lady Deborah

It's up to you. Make him stay with a kiss.

Yes, with a kiss!

Sir William

You can stop him from leaving
With a love he can believe in.
Now it's all up to you.

Edwige

What must I do?

Lady Deborah

If you love him and he loves you
Your heart will tell you what to do.
It's up to you!

Suzanne

To make him stay!

Edwige

What must I do? What must I say?

Suzanne/Lady Deborah/

Your heart will teach you how to say

Sir William

The magic words to make him stay.

There is a way! To make him stay!

Edwige

Is there a way?

All

With a kiss, with a kiss!

Even Samson went weak at the knees for the bliss
Of a kiss!

Think how Romeo killed himself

Rather than miss,

Miss a kiss!

Lady Deborah/Sir

Scheherezade told tales! Salome dropped veils!

William/Edwige/

For a kiss!

Suzanne

Suzanne/Lady Deborah/

Think of all the trouble

Sir William

That the Trojans went to, launching their ships

When Paris went to pieces

When Fair Helen pursed her lips!

What a kiss!

Edwige	It's love that makes the world go round So poets in the past have always taught. But a kiss can bring it to a halt!
Suzanne/Lady Deborah	Love makes the world go round So the poets always taught. But a kiss can bring it to a halt!
Sir William	Love makes the world go round So the poets always taught. But a kiss can bring it blundering, wondering, thundering to a halt!
Lady Deborah	One kiss can make him stay.
Suzanne	And one kiss is so little to pay.
Lady Deborah	A man makes up his mind.
All	But a kiss will soon change it, you'll find! With a kiss, with a kiss! Look what happened when Chloe gave one to Daphnis! Yes, a kiss! Even kings have been shown off their thrones over this! For a kiss!
Lady Deborah/Sir William	Think of Oedipus Rex!
Edwige/Suzanne	Just a kiss!
Lady Deborah/Sir William	Made him so complex!
Suzanne/Lady Deborah/ Sir William	Cleopatra's kisses were so strong they went to Antony's head. So when he committed suicide...
All	She went inside and kissed a snake instead!
Sir William	For a kiss!

All Things can happen like this,
All because of a kiss!

Robinson (*outside*) Toby! Toby!
Sir William Come along, Deborah. I'm relying on you, Edwige.
Edwige I love him!
Sir William And you too, Suzanne!
Suzanne Oooh, isn't it exciting!
(*All exit except Edwige as Robinson enters.*)

Robinson I can't find Toby anywhere. What's the matter?

[10]

Edwige Please hear me...let me speak.
But how can I begin? I don't know how to tell you.
Go on... go on.

Robinson No words seem to mean what I'm trying to say.
Edwige To say... to say... I love you!
Robinson You love me! Ah, my dear
Those are the words I want to hear!
And yet... I always knew.
(*embarrassed*) You always knew?
How could you know?

Robinson Ah, yes, it's true, I always knew.
Edwige You knew? You knew!
I always thought that if I fell in love, I'd know.
Instead love took me by surprise.
Where did the telltale signs of love begin to show?
On my lips, or in my eyes?

Robinson

I saw it in your smile,
I knew it from your touch.
When you laughed, when you sighed,
When you whispered my name.
Ah, how many times I tried
To tell you I felt the same!
To take you in my arms this way,
Edwige, to kiss your lips and say,
I love you!

Edwige

Yes, I am dreaming. And I dream I hear you say
The words of love I always dream I'll hear you say.
You love me, too. As I love you!
This love will be eternally
On my lips, dear, and in my eyes.

Robinson

No, not a dream you're dreaming
Or am I only dreaming too?
Yes, a dream of paradise!
A land that's very near,
I know where it lies, Edwige, it's here,
I see it on your lips, dear, and in your eyes.
I do love you! I love you, I do.

Edwige

I love you too... I do. I love you, I do.
If you love me then say
That you won't go away.

Robinson

Ah, have faith in my love.
Believe in me, I beg you.
Though my heart tells me to stay,
In my head I hear voices

Finale of the 1973 Opera Rara production. Noel Drennan (Toby),
Sandra Dugdale (Suzanne), Janet Price (Edwige), Peter Lyon (Jim Cocks),
Ian Caley (Robinson Crusoe), Sandra Browne (Friday).



Edwige That say 'come away'
And I know I must obey.
You tell me that your love is true
And then the first thing you do
Is take my heart and break my heart,
Break my heart in two.

Robinson What can I say to explain this urge inside me?
What can I say to make you understand?

Edwige (Love, tell me there's a way to make him stay,
Love, tell me what to say to make him stay.)

Robinson No words you say can hold me,
My destiny has told me
When she calls I must go!

[11] Shining brightly up above me
A golden star I see,
The brightest star in heaven
My star of destiny.
And it tells me I must follow
Wherever it may guide.
It may lead me to glory,
Where adventure waits for me
Until the day it points the way
Home to your side.

Edwige The golden star that calls you
Deceives the one it calls to.
You hear it calling your name.
You think it offers glory.
It sets your heart aflame,

It tempts you like the moth
 Is tempted to the flame,
 Like the moth that must fly to the flame.
 Star of night up above me
 Please don't take him from me.
 Let him see I am his destiny.
 Although he hears you call, you know
 I can never let him go!
Robinson Shining brightly up above me
 A golden star I see,
 The brightest star in heaven
 My star of destiny.
 When you hear your name, you know
 It is calling, you must go!
Sailors (*in the distance*) Voice of the sea, calling to me,
 I hear you whispering 'come away'.
 Over the sea, waiting for me,
 Far away lands of adventure I'll see.
Robinson Do you hear? Siren song of the sea!
Edwige Ah, now I see... it is too late!
 Can no words and can no tears make you stay?
Robinson Shall I go? Shall I stay? Only you can decide
 If I follow my dreams or remain by your side.
 And I swear, Edwige, whatever you say, I'll obey.
Edwige I know that if you go I will lose you;
 Yet if you stay, I know I'd lose you too.
Robinson Our love would die, our love would die!
 Although I love you and want you so,

Hear my plea, set me free, let me go.
Only you can decide, shall I stay here at your side.
Or shall I go?
Edwige Go! And follow your star
For who knows where it may guide you.
Go! And wherever you are
You know I'll be there beside you.
Go! Journeys soon begun
All the sooner are done.
So say goodbye. You know that I
Will wait for you.
Though it should be eternity, I'll wait for you.
Edwige/Robinson Shining brightly up above you/me
A golden star I see,
The brightest star in heaven
Your/my star of destiny.
And it tells you/me
You/I must follow
Wherever it may guide.
Robinson It may lead me to glory,
Where adventure waits for me...
Edwige It may lead you to glory! I'll wait for you...
Edwige/Robinson Until the day it points the way
Home to my/your side.
Until that precious day,
That day you'll/I'll find your/my way,
And you/I come home.
Home to my/your side!

[12]

Robinson
Toby

(Edwige and Robinson embrace, then Edwige turns to the window, weeping. Toby enters – pushed forward by Suzanne.)

Well, Toby, shall we go? What's the matter?
On second thought, I'm not the sort
Who is cut out to roam, I'd rather stay at home!
I know the sea would be an error
Terra Firma's fine for me.
I wouldn't be good company,
I'd always be unwell, I'd be as sick as hell,
My tummy's got the rummy notion
Ocean motion's not for me.
I'm not the sort who gets pedantic.
It's just the thought of the Atlantic.
I'd always think the ship would sink.
The thought of Davy Jones's locker
Is enough to turn me grey.
I know that I'd go off my rocker
Long before we left the bay.
I'm far too frail to face a gale,
Or even hail, while under sail,
I'd more than ail, my heart would fail!
I'd go to jail before I sail!
That's what I'd do so please don't ask me to,
And although you may beg me till you're blue,
I couldn't if I wanted to,
I'm just a coward, through and through!

One other thing you ought to know,
You see, Suzanne won't let me go!

[13]

Robinson

Ah well, then on my own
Alone I'll seek my fortune.
Farewell to all the things I love.

Edwige

It's true you're really going,
This really is goodbye?
How long, my love, how long
Till we meet again?

Robinson

Suzanne

Goodbye!
How can you be so thoughtless,
Look at what you've done!
Stolen their dreams, broken their hearts!
You, their only son!

Robinson

Edwige

They will understand. Parents understand.
How can they understand?

[14]

Lady Deborah/Sir William

(in the next room) Our Father in heaven above
Take good care of the son we love.
Lord above, hear our prayer,
We place him in your care.

Robinson

Our father in heaven above,
Take care of the ones I love.
Lord above, hear my prayer,
I place them in your care.

Edwige/Suzanne/Toby

Our Father in heaven above
Take good care of the son they love.

Sailors

Lord above, hear our prayer,

We place him in your care.

(*in the distance*) Voice of the sea, calling to me,

I hear you whispering ‘come away, away!’

Robinson

Edwige, goodbye. Keep remembering I’ll

Come back to you, come back to you.

(Heart, take courage, you must not weaken now!)

Edwige, goodbye! Edwige, don’t cry! I will return!

Edwige/Suzanne/Toby/

Shining brightly up above you/me

Robinson

A golden star I see,

The brightest star in heaven

Your/my star of destiny.

And it tells you/me

You/I must follow

Wherever it may guide.

Until the day it points the way

The way home to my/your side.

Until that precious day,

That day you’ll/I’ll find your/my way,

And you/I come home to my/your side!

Suzanne consoles the heartbroken Edwige as Robinson leaves, watched enviously by Toby.

ACT TWO

[1] **Sea Symphony**

SCENE I

Part of an island in the mouth of the Orinoco River. Six years have passed.

[2]

Robinson

Six years and seven days,
Every day like a lifetime!
Uncrowned king of an island,
Its sovereign supreme.
As far as I can see, this land belongs to me,
My subjects only shadows
From half-remembered dreams.
An unseen company living in my memory.
I long for night time,
At night I spite time
Because at night I'm
Released from prison and set free,
Set free to take up the dreams I make up,
Until I wake and come back to reality.
Ah, how many times I've prayed
That night would never end;
Afraid my dreams might not come back again.
Afraid to close my eyes, afraid that I might see
No more dreams!

Ah, how empty life without a dream would be.
How empty life without a dream, ah!
My constant prayer is
The hope that there is
A ship, somewhere is
A ship that's on its way to me.
Ah, just a daydream, a hope-and-pray dream,
I know I'll stay here dreaming dreams of memory.
Other dreams, chill and haunting dreams
That make me wake with fright.
Dreams in which I live again
The horror of that night.
I see that raging storm again!
The winds of hell tear our sails.
All hope is gone, then I see
A ship with crimson sails!
Shouts of joy as it draws near –
Joy soon replaced by fear!
For the flag it flies signifies a buccaneer.
Alas, all hope is gone, forgotten the storm.
Murder gleams in their eyes
As aboard us they swarm.
Their captain gives the word:
No prisoner to survive!
Lightning turns the night to day,
Like a torch it lights my way.
It illuminates the sea,
I hear it call, 'come to me!'



Roderick
Kennedy
(Sir William
Crusoe)



Wyndham Parfitt
(Will Atkins)

And then I know no more,
When I awake I see
The sea has carried me
To this Godforsaken shore,
And here I'll be till eternity
Longing for night time.
At night I spite time
Because at night I'm
Released from prison and set free,
Set free to take up the dreams I make up,
Until I wake up, wake up and see reality.
How empty my waking world seems
Compared to the world of my dreams.
Ah, how empty, ah, how empty life would be
Without a dream.
How empty my waking world seems
Compared to the world of my dreams.
Ah, how empty life would be without a dream.
How endless, how friendless,
My life without a dream.

*Friday enters carrying a basket of fruit, which he sets down at Robinson's feet.
Robinson opens his father's Bible. Friday sits at his feet.*

[3]

Friday
Robinson

Friday

Read me a story, master!
My father would never believe it! Me reading the
Bible... and to a savage who's never heard of God!
God? I know God. Me and God very good friends.

Robinson

Friday

No, Friday, I don't mean a stone idol in the middle of the jungle. I mean the real God.

That's right, master, Saranha!

In the long ago, Friday speak to Saranha.

Naughty thing to do, Saranha taboo!

I say 'scuse me, God, tell me, Mister Saranha,

Tell me if you can, why did you make man?

And I wonder what will the idol's answer be.

Maybe God forgot – he not answer me.

Friday go away, and he think a day or two,

Friday look around, and the answer's found, see!

God's plan everywhere, in sea, on land, in air.

See the humming bird, like a tiny dart,

It's just a tiny part of God's creative art.

The sea a thousand colours in its shimmering lagoon;

Gold to match the sunlight, sometimes silver like the moon,

Or grey when God not feelin' good.

Everything sublime, very nice to see,

But a waste of time unless God make me!

Very soon I go, call again on Saranha,

And I think that he happy to see me.

We don't say a thing, I just sit with Saranha

'Cause he understand I know what he planned.

At the holy place, Friday stay for quite a while,

On the idol's face, Friday see a smile.

Then it's time to go. I say, 'Goodbye, Saranha!'

Robinson

Friday

[4]

Robinson

Friday

Robinson

One thing strike me odd, so I say to God,
'Ah, if you made all this – then who on earth made you?'
(Robinson closes his Bible and heaves a sigh.)

Oh Friday!

What's the matter, master... have you got a pain?

A pain that fills my heart when I remember Edwige.

Tell me the story of Edwige.

Of Edwige?

Tell me, master!

You wouldn't understand.

I'll try, I promise! Tell me!

Poets may try but their odes never start,

For words aren't enough to capture her.

Words aren't enough to capture her!

Artists may sigh, but they quickly lose heart,

For no colour is a match for her.

No colour is a match for her!

No artist could attempt to paint her picture,

Only nature's colours could depict her.

To match the cloudless azure of her eyes,

Just catch the blue of summer skies.

The blue of cloudless summer skies!

To match the colour of her eyes.

A shining golden ray of sun is not as fair.

No, is not as fair!

The brightest gold's the golden shimmer of her hair.

Friday
Robinson

Golden is her hair!
Ah, if you knew her, ah, if you saw her,
You'd adore her.

Friday
Robinson

Adore her! Yes, I'd adore her!
One day you'll see...

Friday
Robinson

One day I'll see.
Just how sweet love can be.

Friday
Robinson

Sweet love I'll see.
Sweet as the flowers in springtime.

Friday
Friday/Robinson

Sweet as the flowers in spring.
A love that's true is sweet, so
Don't let it go, never let it go.
Don't let it go, don't let it go,
No, don't let it go!

Robinson

Just speaking of the one you love
Can make your heart beat faster.
Say her name and your heart's aflame.

Friday
Robinson

Her name sets you aflame!
In dreams you believe she is near you.

Friday
Friday/Robinson

She is near you!
You'd say her name and she would hear you.

Robinson
Friday

You wake, but she's no longer there.
You'll find her, master, don't despair.

Robinson

I practise speeches every day,
The words I always meant to say.

Friday

I love her.
You love her. Ah, please go on!
Tell me the rest!

(Now comes the part I like the best!)
Go on! Tell me more!

[5]

Robinson

One day you'll fall in love,
You'll fall in love with someone.

Friday

I'll fall in love with someone.

Robinson

Don't think you'll never love,
One day along will come one.

Friday

Yes, one day I'll love someone.

Robinson

You'll see with different eyes.

Friday/Robinson

The world becomes a paradise.

Robinson

Once love has called your name...

Friday/Robinson

You will never be the same!

Robinson

You're twice the man you ever were
Because you fell in love with her.

Friday

Yes, twice the man you ever were
Because you fell in love with her!

Robinson

Yes, love can make a hero of a man, I say,
Love makes you feel that way.

Friday

Yes, you'll find out one day.

Robinson

Yes, love will make me feel that way one day.

One day, Friday, you'll know exactly what I mean,

Yes, one day love will find you,

Yes, one day I'll remind you

That when love has called your name

You'll never be the same.

Friday

Yes, love will come, someone will come,
I'll be in love!

Robinson

Friday

Robinson

Friday

Friday/Robinson

Friday

Friday/Robinson

Friday

Robinson

Friday

Robinson

Friday/Robinson

Robinson

Friday

Robinson

Friday

One day I'll fall in love,
I'll fall in love with someone.
You'll fall in love with someone.

I'll find someone to love,
One day along will come one.

Yes, one day you'll love someone.
I'll see with different eyes.

The world becomes a paradise.

Once love has called my name.

I/You will never be the same.

You're twice the man you ever were

Because you fell in love with her.

When love calls me.

Calls your name...

Life will never...

Be the same.

That happy day love calls your name.

On your way now, there's work to be done.

Go, search the ocean, keep watch for a sail.

Ah, one day it may come

And take my master away!

Ah, my friend – that longed-for day!

Poor Friday, left alone.

One day I'll see just how sweet love can be,

Sweet as the flowers in springtime,

Sweet as the flowers in spring.

Ah, love that's true is sweet as the flowers in spring.

(Friday watches Robinson till he is out of sight, then shakes his head.)

Flowers in spring? Love? Sometimes I don't understand him at all, at all, at all!

SCENE II

Another part of the island. A jungle clearing ringed with stone idols. In the centre, a huge steupot bubbles over a fire. Suzanne and Toby are led in by cannibals.

[6]

Entr'acte

Suzanne

Now look what you've got us into!

Toby

Well, it wasn't my idea to come and look for Robinson, and it wasn't my fault we were attacked by pirates, either.

Suzanne

Well, you could have done something.

Toby

I did, we got away from the pirates, didn't we?

Suzanne

And walked straight into these natives – and we've lost Miss Edwige. Oooh, I am hungry.

Toby

(looking into the steupot) Well, dinner's on!

Suzanne

(tasting the stew) Ugh! Needs more salt.

(On these words a witchdoctor leaps out from behind the stone statue, making Suzanne drop the spoon and hide behind Toby.)

Witchdoctor

It certainly doesn't. One grain more and it would be quite ruined.

Suzanne

(to Toby) He speaks English!

Witchdoctor

Of course I speak English. I went to school in Bristol.

Suzanne

Bristol! That's where we're from!

Witchdoctor You never are! I don't suppose you know Crockford Street?

Suzanne Know it? We live just round the corner... Edgware Gardens!

Witchdoctor Well, what a small world we live in. You must know the Crusoes.

Toby Know them... we work for them!

Suzanne You know, you don't look as though you come from Bristol.

Witchdoctor (*removing his mask*) Allow me to introduce myself. Jim Cocks, at your service.

Toby Jim Cocks! (*to Suzanne*) The one who disappeared. (*to Jim*) Oooh, your mother's so worried about you. How did you end up here?

Jim Ran away to sea – ten years it is now – got shipwrecked. I've been working here ever since.

Suzanne Working for who?

Jim The Tamayos... the local tribe. I'm their chef.

Toby Their chief?

Jim No, their chef. It was either a case of being their chef or their dinner.

Suzanne They're not cannibals!

Jim Whenever they get the chance they are! They were going to eat me! Well, I wasn't having that, so I said, 'look, eat me, and then what do you do? It's back to fruit and nuts, isn't it? But let me do the cooking and I guarantee you the finest cuisine you'll ever get your teeth into:

Yorkshire pudding, toad in the hole, shepherds pie –
with real shepherds! And there you are! I've never
looked back!

Toby What's on the menu tonight?
Jim Hotpot.
Suzanne (*looking into the pot*) It's not much of a hotpot... there's
no meat in it.

Jim Oh... that's added later.
Suzanne (*producing a notebook and pencil*) I'd love to have the
recipe!

[7]

Jim You take a gallon of water and an onion or two.
Suzanne/Toby You take a gallon of water and an onion or two.
Jim And though it's sad, I'm afraid I'll have to add both of
you.
Suzanne/Toby And though it's sad he's afraid he'll have to add – me
and you!

Jim You walked in like lambs to slaughter,
(*to Toby*) You're a silly nincompoop!
Suzanne You're a silly nincompoop!
Toby I'm a silly nincompoop!
Jim You're not the only one in hot water,
But you're also in the soup.
Suzanne/Toby Yes, we're really in the soup!
Jim Take an onion, gently fry it,
If you watch I'll show you how.
Were you ever on a diet?
You're on someone else's now!

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Suzanne

Jim

Toby

Suzanne/Toby

Jim

Can't our sins be overlooked?

I'm afraid your goose is cooked!

Can't you give us any tips?

It's too late, you've had your chips.

Ah! And as you stew,

Please remember that I do sympathise.

And as we stew,

We'll remember that you do sympathise.

It isn't only the onions bringing tears to my eyes.

It isn't only the onions bringing tears to his eyes.

Though it's not very nice I'm sure,

Ending up as plat du jour,

I give you my solemn promise

When I stew the two of you,

I swear I will make a

Really ravishing ragout of you.

If you want to get your own back

Let me make a small suggestion.

What's your suggestion?

Make sure that you give them indigestion!

Indigestion!

A suggestion!

Indigestion!

What a sauce!

They were all once vegetarian,

But a man can't live by bread,

Said a passing Presbyterian,

So they ate him instead!

Toby	Oh, what a horrid thing to do!
Suzanne	And to a missionary too!
Toby	To end up as a barbecue!
Suzanne	We're really in a pretty stew, true!
Toby	That's true!
Jim	That's true! Still!
	Though they devoured him
	That preacher left his mark on the place.
Suzanne/Toby	Though they devoured him
	That preacher left his mark on the place.
Jim	And now before they eat anyone
	They always say grace!
Suzanne/Toby	And now before they eat anyone
	They always say grace!
Jim	As you simmer, think of England.
	No, your life's not been a waste.
	Once again we'll show the Empire
	That the British have good taste!
Suzanne/Toby	As we simmer, think of England.
	No, our life's not been a waste.
	Once again we'll show the Empire
	That the British have good taste!
Suzanne	You're joking! You're not really going to stew us are you?
Toby	Are you?
Jim	I wish there was something I could do... but... I'll tell you what, though. I'll settle for one of you. They'll never know the difference.

You make up your mind which one it's going to be and let me know.

Now I can't say fairer than that, can I? (*He exits.*)

Suzanne

One of us!

[8]

Oh, hold me, Toby! Oh, Toby, hold me!

Toby

Ah, Suzanne, no need for fear. Suzanne!

Suzanne

Oh, Toby!

Toby

Your Toby's here, Suzanne!

Suzanne

Oh, Toby!

Toby

Suzanne!

Suzanne/Toby

As death approaches, we'll be brave,
Without reproaches face the grave,
The way the English should behave,
There's still a chance we could be saved!

Suzanne

We can be free if we can see

Toby

A way to agree a plan, we can!

Don't think of me but you go,

Do go while you can, Suzanne.

Suzanne

And leave you in the frying pan!

Toby

Suzanne!

Suzanne

Oh, Toby!

Suzanne/Toby

As death approaches, we'll be brave,
Without reproaches face the grave
As death approaches, we'll be brave,
Yes, we'll be very grave.
As death approaches!

Toby

I should have told you long before we married
I've been unlucky all my life.
Until the day you told me
That you'd agree to be my wife.

Suzanne

Ah, Toby dear, don't think I'm sorry that we met,
We've had such happy times, I've only one regret.
Ah, remember the dreams we dreamed,
The plans that we planned,
And all the schemes we schemed
As we dreamed, hand in hand?
The dreams we hoped would come true,
True for me, true for you.
Ah, now they've gone!
A little house beside the sea,
A little cottage of our own,
A little nest where we could be
So happy being all alone.
And in a while, a year or two,
We'd like a little company.
That's easy too, 'cause what we'd do
Is begin a little family.

Toby

Yes, a little family!
We'll start with a girl who'll look like you,
How very pretty she will be.
Let's hope that she doesn't look a bit like me!
Like you?

Suzanne

Toby

Like me!
Ah, and then we'll have a little boy.

Suzanne	I think we'll call him Toby too!
Toby	A life of bliss...
Suzanne	A life of joy...
Toby	Our life together, me and you.
Suzanne/Toby	Don't look in books or study themes The wise philosophers propound, It's lovers' hopes and lovers' dreams That make the world go round. The dreams we dreamed are over And I'm the one to blame.
Toby	If I could live life over I'd love you just the same.
Suzanne	This never would have happened If you hadn't married me!
Toby	If we'd never been married How unhappy I'd be – You mean so much to me. You're saying that to cheer me.
Suzanne	It's true, I love you dearly.
Toby	I've failed you and you hate me.
Suzanne	How could you underrate me?
Toby	I love you more than you love me. I've always known, it's plain to see. You dare say that to me! Ah, you've got a cheek, How dare you speak that way to me!
Suzanne	

[9]

Toby

Suzanne

Toby

Suzanne

Toby

Suzanne/Toby

Toby

Suzanne

I can't think why I married you!

You know I never wanted to!

I should have listened to Mama!

A mother's boy, that's what you are!

I wish I'd never married you,

I can't think why I wanted to.

You took the best years of my life,

You need a mother not a wife!

I wish I'd never married you,

The minute that you say 'I do'

The lovely creature that you've wed

Becomes a nagging shrew instead!

Ah, the day you say you'll honour

And you'll obey, it's too late, mate,

For you're a goner!

Ah, yes, you are done for, lover,

Too late to run for cover now!

She's feminine and kittenish

Until she's got the ring on

Then bosses you around, you wish

You'd never put the thing on!

You'd have more fun in prison,

All a man gets married for is

To find someone to listen

To his string of boring stories!

My eyes are open, now I see...

Suzanne/Toby

I wish I'd never married you,
I can't think how you got me to! Ah!

Suzanne

I wish I'd never married you,
Oh, what a crazy thing to do!
When poets say that love is blind
They mean that love's out of its mind!

Toby

I wish I'd never married you,
I never even asked you to!
A little kiss, a look so arch,
Then suddenly the Wedding March!

Suzanne/Toby

Ah! The poets can't have meant it,
Wherever love came from it wasn't heaven sent it!
I wish I'd never married you.
I won't forget all the things you said,
I wish I'd wed someone else instead.
I wish I was dead!

Jim

(*returning*) Well, have you made up your mind?

Suzanne

If you're going to stew us, get on with it... but I refuse
to be stewed in the same pot with him! (*She turns her
back on Toby.*)

*Edwige is led on by the cannibals, her hair decorated with tropical flowers.
Suzanne and Toby are pulled behind one of the idols by Jim. Man Friday,
unseen by the others, creeps on and hides behind one of the other idols.*

Suzanne

Oh, Toby! It's Miss Edwige! (*to Jim*) What are they
going to do with her?

Jim

Oh dear, she's a blonde!

Suzanne
Jim

Toby
Jim

Suzanne/Toby

[10]
Cannibals

What's that got to do with it?
There's a Tamayo legend that a white goddess will cross
the sea to become the bride of Saranha.
And is she going to be stewed, too?
No – worse. When the sun goes down, the bride of
Saranha will be burned at the stake...
Oh, no!

Prepare, prepare! Make the goddess ready,
Garland her with flowers,
Prepare the chosen bride of Saranha!
When darkness falls,
The light has turned to night,
Then Saranha will wed the bride
Who stands by his side.
Goddess from over the sea
Tonight you will be
The one the gods prophesied.
Yes, you'll be his bride!
The flames will light the sky
And in the flames you will die!
Build the branches high!
Flames will light the sky!
Prepare, prepare! Make the goddess ready,
Garland her with flowers,
Prepare the chosen bride of Saranha!
Prepare her for her wedding day!

Hurry, no more delay!
Her wedding day is today!
Saranha! God who sees all, Saranha!
He who sees! Saranha! God who knows all,
Saranha! He who knows!
Many moons ago was prophesied
How across the blue and endless sea
Comes a goddess who will be your bride,
Saranha, your bride to be!
White as moonlight, Saranha!
White as moon, white as dove wings, Saranha!
White as clouds in the sky.
Golden as sunlight is her hair,
Golden hair, skin so fair!
Saranha's bride is here, she is here!
The forest sing! The forest trying to say,
So happy for god on his wedding day.
See your bride, goddess you adore,
At your side for evermore!
A queen of love! A goddess of love!
Prepare, prepare! Make the goddess ready,
Garland her with flowers,
Prepare her for her wedding day!
Her wedding day!

[11]
Jim

(to Edwige, aside) Please don't make a fuss,
They think that you're a goddess.
Just play along, pretend that you are.

Friday

The whitest flower growing in the forest,
The whitest cloud above,
The whitest plumage of the whitest dove,
In shame would hide
So dark beside,
Beside the beauty of this goddess of love.
To love her from afar
Would be enough for me.

Jim/Cannibals

Edwige

No one ever saw such beauty before.
The flowers in my hair,
The smile on my face,
Will hide the despair hiding there, in my heart.
Not even to share
One final embrace,
I know he's somewhere and there is my heart.
Ah no, if I could only see my love once more.

Friday

I hear her speak and my heart ceases beating,
I know this is love!
My heart grows weak as my brain keeps repeating,
Ah, so this is love!
I hear her speak. So this is love.
Ah, what can I do? I can't let her die.
What can I do, what can I do?

Suzanne

The god Saranha is claiming his bride, alas, ah!
All hope is gone, no way out can I see!
My poor Edwige, all hope for us has flown.
Take heart, Edwige, you know you're not alone
My poor Edwige, my poor Edwige.

Edwige

All hope has flown! Take heart, Edwige!
Take heart, you're not alone.
The god Saranha is claiming his bride, alas, ah!
All hope is gone, no way out can I see.
Ah, where are you now? Near or far?
Where are you now? Are you near, are you far?
Somehow I know my love is near me, can hear me.
Ah, my love, where are you, ah!
Where is he, ah! When will I see him, ah!
Where can he be?

Toby/Jim

See already they prepare to light the funeral pyre!
I can't look, no I don't dare to, have they lit the fire?
Now they prepare the funeral pyre.
Yes, they'll start to light the fire!
There's nothing I can do!
Already they prepare to light the funeral pyre. Yes, the fire!
The god Saranha is claiming his bride. Alas, ah!
Now all hope is gone, no way out can I see.

Cannibals

Great god Saranha waits to claim you
As his loving bride, as his bride.
He claims you as his bride.
In the flames you will become his bride.
The god Saranha is claiming his bride.
His loving bride, his loving bride.
Now he is ready to claim his bride-to-be.
You are his bride-to-be!

Friday

Suzanne

No, nothing I can do.
No way out can I see.

[12]

Cannibals

Now darkness is falling,
For his bride Saranha is calling.
He calls, you must go!
Night falls! Go, no more delay!
He calls, you must go!
Go, no more delay!

Edwige

Take me away to the one I adore,
The one that my heart knows I've been waiting for.
Take me to where I can be evermore
With the one, the only one that I adore!
Diamonds! Diamonds and pearls in my hair.
Music! Music is ringing out
Filling the air with singing and bringing out
Twinkling stars who wish they were me!
Lovebirds join in the chorus of love.
Angels are happy for us in heaven above,
Because we're in love, and I feel so heavenly!
Take me away to the one I adore,
The one that my heart knows I've been waiting for.
Take me to where I can be evermore,
With the one, with the one I adore!
An orchestra is playing,
A thousand violins.
All the world is whirling and swaying
As a waltz beings.
Ten thousand dancers dancing,
Then one by one they're gone.



Marilyn Hill Smith
(Suzanne)



Alan Opie
(Jim Cocks)

Suzanne/Toby But the waltz is entrancing
So we dance on and on.
Take me away to the one I adore!
The one I adore!
Friday Merciful heaven, we beg and implore,
Send her the one she has been waiting for.
She alone is the one I adore.
Cannibals She is the one I have been waiting for.
Happy will Saranha be evermore,
She is the goddess he's been waiting for.
Suzanne/Toby/Jim/ The one she has been waiting for.
Friday
Cannibals Saranha claims his bride, claims his bride!
Friday What can I do? I only have a moment.
Is there a way I can rescue her?
What can I do? All alone, on my own!
It's too late! If I fail...
Then Friday will die too!

Friday runs off and returns with Robinson's pistol. He fires it into the air. The cannibals run off, screaming in terror. Friday leads Edwige away, followed by Suzanne, Toby and Jim.

ACT THREE

[1]

SCENE I

Robinson's cabin in a clearing beside the lagoon. As Edwige sleeps, Friday fans her with a palm leaf.

[2]

Friday

A perfume fills the air
Dawn is breaking, waking flowers
From evening slumber.
Songbirds everywhere,
Hush! Hush! My love is sleeping there.
The rest of my life I'd gladly forego
For just one tender glance.
The rest of my life I'll love her if only
She will give me the chance.
Now sunlight fills the room
Banishing the gloomy night
Of frightening shadows.
Songbirds everywhere,
Hush! Hush! My love is sleeping there.
The orchid that blooms only once then dies,
The whitest pearl beneath the bluest sea,
The colours of a bird of paradise,

All suddenly seem commonplace to me.
The rarest treasures hang their heads in shame
At the mention of her name, her name.
They envy her beauty.
Caressing breezes blow
To and fro to fill the room
With haunting perfume.
Songbirds everywhere,
Hush! Hush! My love is sleeping there.
Yes, I love her!

Robinson enters the hut, noisily throwing down his rifle. Friday signals him to be quiet.

Friday Shhh, master! The goddess is sleeping!
Robinson Goddess! What are you talking about, Friday?
Friday Friday very brave. Friday rescue white goddess from
Tamayos, just like master rescue me – with firestick!
*(He leads Robinson across to the bed and proudly discloses
Edwige.)* Look!

[3]

Robinson Ah, no! My eyes are playing tricks on me!
Friday Speak softly, master. Quietly!
Robinson Am I mad? Am I dreaming? Edwige, it's you!
Friday Edwige?
Robinson Edwige!
Friday The one you've told me of?
Robinson The only one I love, Edwige!
Friday Edwige!

Robinson
Friday
Robinson

Yes, my Edwige!
My master's beloved! Ah, no hope for me.
Edwige! This must be what bliss is,
To shower her with kisses,
To hold her in my arms once again.
Once more my arms around you,
My love, now that I've found you
I promise that I will,
That I, until I die, will
Love you forever, yes, and never let you go!

Friday
Robinson
Edwige

Look, master, she's waking.
This must be a dream!
(*waking*) In my dreams I dreamed I
Could hear his voice and it seemed I
Could reach out and touch him,
The sound of his voice was so near me.
Ah! Dreams are deceiving,
I wake up believing
I'll open my eyes and I'll find paradise.

Robinson
Edwige
Robinson
Edwige

Don't you know who I am?
Ah, no! Am I still dreaming?
Edwige!

Robinson
Edwige
Robinson

I hear your voice, I can't believe that it's true,
How can it be you? It's you, it's you!
It's me, really me, beside you here.
I'm afraid! Is it true? Can it be? Is it you?
Not a dream, really me that you see, your beloved!

Edwige
Robinson
Edwige

But tell me how you found me here.
No! First of all tell me you love me!
Now I know this is paradise!
Edwige!

Robinson! Yes, this is what bliss is,
Bliss is what this is.

You back in my arms once again.
With my arms around you,
Love, now that I've found you
I promise that I will,
That I, until I die, will

Love you forever and never let you go!

Robinson

Yes, this is what bliss is,
Yes, bliss to be holding you in my arms
Once again, once again.
I've found you, my love, I've found you.
You know, my darling, that I love you still,
And that I always will love you forever
And never let you go!

Friday

Yes, this is what bliss is.
Bliss is what this is.
Back in his arms once again.
By love reunited. My love unrequited.
I know that I will love her till I die.
Love her forever, but she will never know
I love her. Were she mine
I know that I would love her forever
And never let her go!

[4]

Robinson
Edwige

You came here on your own?
Oh, no! Suzanne and Toby
Have helped me look for you.

Friday

There, waiting in the garden,
Still shivering with fright.

Edwige
Robinson
Friday
Robinson

And Jim Cocks is here too! Jim Cocks!
Jim Cocks!
They're coming, master!
Now we'll give them a fright!

(*to Edwige*) Don't let them see you here!
(*Edwige hides behind a screen as Suzanne, Toby and Jim enter.*)

Suzanne/Toby/Jim
Suzanne
Toby/Jim

Ah, take pity on us! Ah be merciful, do!
If you knew all the frenzy and fuss we've been through,
Yes, the fright and the frenzy and fuss we've been
through,
So please have mercy on us, do!

Suzanne/Toby/Jim
Robinson

Please do!
The family that's always apart
Is the kind you'll find that hasn't a heart.
It seems to me, though maybe I'm wrong.
I know the voice that's singing that song.

Suzanne/Toby/Jim

Robinson

The family that stays in one place
Is the kind that has a smile on its face.

Suzanne/Toby/Jim
Robinson
Edwige/Friday

Ah, I know that song! Ah, it's Robinson!
It's me, it's Robinson!
Ah, it's Robinson!

All

One kind's unkind, the kind that's best's
The kind that's got togetherness.
Our family's the kind that's best,
The kind that's got togetherness.
Happy day, happy day!

Edwige/Suzanne/Friday

A filled-with-joy-and-laughter kind of day.
Happy day! A happy-ever-after kind of day.
Yes, filled with joy and laughter!
Yes, happy ever after!

Robinson/Toby/Jim

Happy day, happy night,
Happy ending in sight, happy day!
A filled-with-joy-and-laughter day,
Happy day, today, happy day!
A happy-ever-after day, happy day, today!
A joy-and-laughter, happy-ever-after,
Happy day, happy night, happy end in sight!
Happy day!

**Edwige
Robinson
[5]
Edwige**

I can't believe we're together again!
But how did you find me?

I had a dream, a dream of you,
And in my dream you called my name.
Was it a dream that you dreamed too?
And did I seem to do the same?
Two dreams that we shared
Although so far apart,
Dreams that we shared
Because we share one heart.

Ah! Tell me that you dreamed it too...
Now I know that dreams come true!
I had a dream, a dream so clear,
And in my dream I came to you.
It was that dream that brought me here,
My dream had told me what to do.
And now we're together,
Hand-in-hand at last,
No time for dreams,
The time for dreams is past.
I'm wide awake and holding you...
Now I know that dreams come true!

Robinson

Now you're here this hateful island is a paradise again.
Come, I'll show you your new kingdom.
(*to Friday*)

Suzanne

Toby

Friday

[6]

You look after our guests, Friday.
Friday? I've never heard a name like that before!
Maybe his mother was frightened by a calendar.
Not mother – master give me.
I break a Tamayo taboo!
I run away, but natives capture me!
All is lost, no way out I see!
Then the sound of firestick we hear!
Natives frightened, all disappear!
White man with knife come,
I think I'm dead
But white man cut my ropes instead.

'Don't be afraid, I am your friend.'
He say my troubles at an end.
He asks my name. No name I say.
So master give me one that day!
I have a name, I like my name,
Because my name is all my own
And no one has a name the same!
You know my name, it's famous name,
And it's my own! Yes, mine alone!
For master tell me that my name is quite unique.
A name that everyone can speak!
For people say it once a week!
But master make me very sad.
He give me name just temporarily
(It's not my proper name, you see!)
He'll take me to Reverend one day,
Dip my head in water, he say!
Then the name he give me is dead,
He'll give me Christian name instead!
This whole procedure very strange!
To be a Christian name must change?
Won't go to church! Don't want new name!
I want to keep my name the same!
I have a name, I like my name,
Because my name is all my own
And no one has a name the same!
You know my name, it's famous name,
And it's my own! Yes, mine alone!

Suzanne

For master tell me that my name is quite unique.

A name that everyone can speak!

For people say it once a week!

Well, I think it's a very nice name. And I think you're very nice, too.

Here we are all together again, and we owe it all to you, Friday. (*She kisses Friday on the cheek.*)

Toby

(*pulling Suzanne away*) Suzanne! Have you gone out of your mind! You kissed a... a... black man!

Suzanne

Yes, I did! And I'll do it again! (*She kisses Friday on the other cheek.*)

[7]

When I was small my mother always

Taught me wrong from right.

She used to say, 'there's no halfway,

There's only black and white.'

For black is wrong and white is right

I was always told,

But Friday here is my idea

Of black that's good as gold!

How could Friday be Good Friday,

Is it a black or white time?

Black as ink or white or pink,

You can tell in the light

But you can't when it's night,

No, we're all alike at night time.

Those who judge a book by its cover

Haven't got an ounce

Of insight, inside, they'll discover's
All that really counts.
Coloured skin's not a sin,
God made you, Friday too.
And in the end that's all that counts!

Jim Well, all we've got to do is find a way to get back to
England.

Friday (*throwing himself at Suzanne's feet*) Don't leave Friday
behind!

Suzanne Of course we won't leave you behind, you'll come with us.
Jim Yes, Friday, old chap, you'll love England. There's
nowhere like it on earth. It's got everything... cities,
glorious countryside, the theatre, Shakespeare, the
people... no troubles, no cares...
Suzanne How long have you been away?
Jim Ten years.
Toby It's changed a bit since then...
Jim (*to Friday*) Don't you listen to them, old son...
[8] There's no place like England
We're taught so in schools.
We once ruled the waves...
Suzanne Now we just waive the rules!
Jim We don't pay the dentist
Or doctor, you see...
Toby That's why they call England
The land of the free!
Jim No one has to work.

Friday No one has to work?
Jim Not a single soul.
Suzanne They pay you not to work.
Friday Pay me not to work?
Toby Living on the dole!
Jim Working can be fun.
Friday Working can be fun?
Jim Doing as you like.
Suzanne You join a union.
Friday Join a union?
Toby Then you go on strike!
Jim Then every five years
Put an X by a name...
Toby The name doesn't matter,
Each party's the same!
All There's no place like England
As you'll soon begin
To learn when you get there,
If they'll let you in!
Jim The British are friendly,
Reserved and sincere...
Suzanne If you're being murdered
They won't interfere!
Jim They're animal lovers;
A kitten, a pup,
Is lavished with love...
Toby It's their kids they beat up!

Jim The British are sportsmen,
 It's best in their view
 To be a good loser...
Suzanne So that's all they do!
Jim It's playing the game
 That's important we're taught...
Toby But cheating the taxman
 Is our national sport!
Jim At church every Sunday
 They sing hymns of praise...
Suzanne Then curse and blaspheme
 For the other six days!
Friday It's unique!
Suzanne It's England!
Jim Its mountains, its moors!
Friday It's unique!
Suzanne It's England!
Toby It's licensing laws!
Jim An English July...
Suzanne With snowdrifts this high!
Jim I'm so grateful Great Britain
 Is my habitat.
Suzanne It's England I swear by...
All And often swear at!
 There's no place like England,
 The land we love best,
 So why did we leave it?

Well, haven't you guessed?
Although we love England
The reason we roam;
We'd rather be homesick
Than sick of home!

(Robinson rushes in, followed by Edwige.)

Robinson

Quick! The pirates have come ashore for fresh water and supplies. This is our chance to get back to England. What! Six of us against a whole crew of cut-throats! We wouldn't stand a chance!

Jim

Toby

Robinson

And if they don't get us, the cannibals will!
That's a risk we'll have to take. This is what we'll do...
(They all gather round him.)

SCENE II

Beside the lagoon. The pirate ship is anchored in the bay; a longboat is drawn up on the beach. The pirates and their women are drinking and dancing. The pirates' muskets are stacked beside them.

[9]

Pirates

It's time to take a liquor break!
Six months at sea, no wonder we
Want beer or shandy, rum or brandy,
It's the same to me!
No time to lose, roll out the booze!
Desperate men never say 'when'!
I'd sell my soul to drink a whole
Barrel of ale!

We'll drink tonight until we're tight!
Yes, we'll keep drinking
Till we're stinking!
Drink until we cannot stand up!
Come on, my lads, drink up, my lads,
Drink up, drink up!
We'll drink until we're tight!
We're getting drunk tonight!
We'll keep drinking till we're stinking tonight!
A pirate's life is 'ard,
Condemned to roam the sea.
Shunned and despised by gentlefolk
And by society.
We're decent blokes at 'eart,
We're just mischievous elves.
Robin Hoods who just rob the rich,
Then keep the lot ourselves!
Crossbones flying above!
It's the life that we love!
Sailing into a scrape!
Ready to loot and rape!
It's time to take a liquor break!
Six months at sea, no wonder we
Want beer or shandy, rum or brandy,
We'll drink tonight until we're tight!
Desperate men never say 'when'!
Fill me up again, then
Sleep until we're sober

Then start all over again!
Then drink all night
Until we're tight all over again! Men!
We'll drink tonight until we're tight!
We'll keep drinking till we're stinking!
We'll drink tonight until we're tight,
Tonight, all night tonight!
We'll get drunk tonight!
We may stay tight
And never be sober again!
We'll drink tonight!

Robinson
Will Atkins
Robinson
Will Atkins
Robinson
Will Atkins
Robinson
Will Atkins
Robinson
Will Atkins

(Robinson enters, acting as if he were crazy.)

Don't take me away, don't take me away!

Don't take him away – that's a new one!

I'm not leaving my treasure!

Treasure, matey? What treasure's that, then?

Gold, diamonds, rubies...

There's nothing like that on this island.

Oh, yes there is! The treasure of Saranha!

That great statue in the jungle? Is that where it's buried?

Yes.

Well, there's a sure way to find out. *(to Robinson)* Now you wait here...

Ahaa!

(The pirates rush off, led by Will Atkins. Robinson signals to the others, who come out of hiding and collect the muskets.)

Robinson

Do you know who that was? Blackhearted Will Atkins.

Edwige

It's thanks to him I've been marooned here for six years.

Toby

And he's the one who captured the ship we were on.

Robinson

Is there really any treasure buried there?

Jim

Not any more!

Robinson

What do we do now, Captain Crusoe?

Now we... Listen!...

[10]

(in the distance) Tamayos are we, everybody knows

There is no escape from Tamayos.

There is no escape, everybody goes

In the cooking pot of the Tamayos!

Jim

That song! The Tamayos!

Pirates

(in the distance) That song! Close behind us!

The Tamayos!

(Will Atkins rushes in, terrified. He throws himself at Robinson's feet.)

Will Atkins

The cannibals! Can't you 'ear!

Don't let them get me! They're coming 'ere!

Please save me, I'm too young to die!

Pirates

(rushing in) Don't let us die!

Cannibals

Tamayos are we, Tamayos!

It's too late to flee

When you see Tamayos.

We are Tamayos, Tamayos!

Far too bellicose to oppose, Tamayos!

Robinson

(to Will Atkins) What, rescue you...

Robinson/Toby/Jim

Friday

Will Atkins/Pirates

Robinson

Friday

Robinson

Will Atkins

Pirates

Edwige/Robinson/

Suzanne/Toby

Will Atkins

Pirates

Friday

Suzanne

Toby

Suzanne

Toby

...and not your crew!

We're off! We're on our way! You can stay!

In the long ago, Friday speak to Saranha,

Very happy he, he like what you do.

You set me free, so now he rescue you!

There's no time to waste, let's make haste!

No time to waste, we've got a lot to do.

Friday go and bring the master's things,

The souvenirs of many years.

Your island left behind you,

You'll have them to remind you. (*exits*)

Come on, my friends, it's time we were leaving.

You can't leave us behind!

Have pity on us, do!

No, no, no, no, why should we pity you?

Have pity on me, do!

Have pity on us, do! Have mercy, do!

(*running in with Robinson's possessions*)

Here's the treasure that we found here.

Oh, let me see! Tiaras, lavalieres!

Much better than the usual kind of souvenirs!

Diamond solitaires, we'll be millionaires!

We'll lead a life of lavish luxury

With servants of our own!

The elite, we don't eat...

(*crooking his little finger*) Instead we sup!

Suzanne	People who never do The washing-up!
Edwige	Promise you'll be mine forever And tell me that you care.
Robinson	Every hour that we're together I'll love you more, I swear.
Friday	Come on, it's time that we were gone! No more delay, we should be on our way! The Tamayos will soon arrive, They like to eat at half past five!
Will Atkins/Pirates Robinson	Have mercy, do, take us with you! You left me here to die, You laughed and sailed away. I need your help, that's why I'm saving you today. (<i>to Will Atkins</i>) As captain of the ship That waits to carry us Away tonight, you have the right to marry us!
Edwige/Robinson	You have the right and so tonight You'll marry us!
Others	The wedding rites will be tonight, How glorious!
Edwige	Diamonds! Diamonds and pearls in my hair. Music! Music is ringing out, filling the air With singing and bringing out Twinkling stars who wish they were me!



Alun Francis

Others

Happy at last with the one I adore,
You are the one I have been waiting for,
Take me to where we can be evermore,
For evermore!

All

Happy at last with the one you adore,
He is the one you have been waiting for.
Yes, where you can be evermore!

Pirates

I hear the sea calling to me,
I hear it calling me, 'come away, away!'
Over the main, home once again,
Home again, never to roam again!
Calling, calling, away, away!
Sailing, sailing, home again,
Never to roam again!



Peter Moores