

PETER IBBETSON

Lyric Drama in Three Acts from the Novel by GEORGE DU MAURIER
 Libretto by CONSTANCE COLLIER AND DEEMS TAYLOR
 Music by DEEMS TAYLOR

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PETER IBBETSON...Tenor
 COLONEL IBBETSON, his uncle...Baritone
 MARY, DUCHESS of TOWERS...Soprano
 MRS. DEANE...Mezzo-Soprano
 MRS. GLYN, her mother...Contralto
 ACHILLE...Tenor
 MAJOR DUQUESNOIS...Bass
 THE PRISON CHAPLAIN...Bass
 CHARLIE PLUNKETT...Tenor
 GUY MAINWARING...Baritone
 A FOOTMAN...Tenor
 DIANA VIVASH...Soprano
 MADGE PLUNKETT...Mezzo-Soprano

ACT THREE

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VICTORINE...Soprano
 A SISTER OF CHARITY...Mezzo-Soprano
 MANSERVANT...Baritone
 THE PRISON GOVERNOR...Baritone
 A TURNKEY...Baritone

THE PEOPLE OF THE DREAM
 PASQUIER DE LA MARIÈRE, Peter's father...Baritone
 MARY PASQUIER, his mother...Soprano
 MME. SERASKIER...Soprano
 MIMSEY SERASKIER
 GOGO PASQUIER
 GUESTS, SERVANTS, THE WARDEN, THE PRISON DOCTOR, ETC.

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

MRS. DEANE, a wealthy young widow, is giving a ball at her country house. Conspicuous among the guests is COLONEL IBBETSON, elderly, arrogant, and conceited. Much against his hostess' will, he insists upon reciting a poem of his own before the assembled guests. His nephew and ward, PETER IBBETSON, arriving late, inadvertently reveals the fact that the supposedly original poem is a plagiarism. The COLONEL, furious, abuses and insults him; a violent quarrel between the two is averted only by MRS. DEANE'S intervention. To put PETER at his ease she engages him in conversation while the others dance. He tells her of his early life in Paris with his French father, PASQUIER DE LA MARIÈRE, and his English mother; of MIMSEY SERASKIER, his childhood playmate, whom he has always loved; and of the sudden death of his parents and his adoption by the COLONEL, his mother's cousin. He has not seen MIMSEY since he was a child, and believes her dead. The COLONEL interrupts, and PETER withdraws. Boasting of his conquests, the COLONEL hints to MRS. DEANE that he is PETER'S real father. The conversation is cut short by the arrival of some late guests, among them MRS. DEANE'S dearest friend, MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS. On her way to the dancing, MARY catches sight of PETER, and asks who he is. Hearing the name IBBETSON, she is disappointed; he reminded her, she says, of a little French boy, GOGO PASQUIER, whom she knew as a child. PETER watches her, spellbound, but is too shy to meet her. The guests all go into the ballroom, leaving PETER alone. He picks up the DUCHESS' discarded bouquet and softly presses it to his lips.

ACT TWO

Scene 1 PETER, on a visit to Paris, returns to the scenes of his childhood, but finds all the old landmarks obliterated. Stopping to rest at the inn of La Tête Noire, he meets there MAJOR DUQUESNOIS, a Napoleonic veteran who was one of the friends of his childhood. PETER greets him joyfully, but the MAJOR, his mind dimmed by the passing years, cannot recognise him. The old soldier departs, and PETER, tired and dispirited, prepares to rest. Glancing out of the window, he is startled to catch sight of the DUCHESS OF TOWERS passing in her Carriage. Still thinking of her; he falls asleep.

Scene 2 PETER, in a dream, returns to the garden of the villa at Passy where he spent his happy childhood. He sees his mother and father, the MAJOR, MADAME SERASKIER and her little daughter, his adored MIMSEY; and himself, the twelve-year-old GOGO PASQUIER. By his side stands the DUCHESS OF TOWERS, who warns him that he must neither touch nor speak to the dream people; if he does, the dream will fade. Neither he nor MARY can understand why the other is there. Waking, she leaves him, telling him he is welcome to return whenever he wishes. PETER is the unwilling witness of a scene between his mother and her cousin, CAPTAIN (COLONEL) IBBETSON, in which the CAPTAIN insults her and tries to embrace her. PETER, with a cry, rushes to defend her. The dream is instantly shattered.

Scene 3 PETER awakens at the inn just as the DUCHESS OF TOWERS enters, having taken refuge from a storm. She greets him kindly, and remembers having seen him at the ball, two years before. He reminded her, she tells him, of a little French boy whom she once knew. "I was a little French boy once," says PETER. "What was your name?" she asks, breathless. "GOGO PASQUIER." Suddenly he recognizes her as MIMSEY. Half laughing, half crying, they rush to each other. PETER tells her of his dream. Startled, she takes up the narrative and completes it. They realize that the meeting was a real one; that while their bodies lay asleep, miles apart, their spirits met and wandered together through their dream. With an effort she regains her self-possession. Never again must they see each other, she tells him. She will never forget him, but they must not meet, even in dreams. She is not free to come to him. She turns, and without a backward glance slowly leaves the room.

ACT THREE

Scene 1 MRS. DEANE and her mother have come to COLONEL IBBETSON'S rooms to try to regain some letters that the COLONEL holds. PETER arrives, from Paris, and greets them cordially. MRS. DEANE'S mother, after questioning him about his parents, shows him a letter from the COLONEL to her daughter. In it the COLONEL declares that PETER'S mother was his mistress, and that PETER is his natural son. The COLONEL enters, and the two ladies depart. PETER confronts him with the letter, which he first repudiates, then admits. In the course of a furious quarrel, PETER strikes the COLONEL with his cane and kills him.

Scene 2 PETER has spent his last night in the CHAPLAIN'S room at Newgate Prison, writing some farewell messages. At dawn he is to be hanged for the murder of his guardian. Despite the CHAPLAIN'S appeals, he steadfastly refuses to tell why he killed the COLONEL. As day breaks, and he is being led to execution, MRS. DEANE rushes in with the news that his sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment. PETER hysterically begs to be killed rather than endure a lifetime of living death. MRS. DEANE reassures him. She has brought him a message from MARY. Let him sleep, and "dream true." His life has just begun. PETER, exhausted, throws himself in the CHAPLAIN'S easy chair, and is soon asleep.

Scene 3 In his dream PETER goes back to the shores of the Mare d'Auteuil, the pond where he played as a youngster. His loved ones are all there, but they neither see nor hear him. He is in despair, when suddenly he catches sight of MARY, who hurries to him. She soothes him tenderly. He need not fear; she will never leave him. Every night, as long as they both live, she will come to him in their dream. They will roam the world together. Everything that she has ever seen or heard shall be his, too, to see and hear. Prison walls mean nothing; his real life has just begun.

Scene 4 It is thirty years later; PETER lies dying in his cell in Newgate Prison. MRS. DEANE, now an elderly, grey-haired woman, comes to him with a message: MARY'S last words to him. But PETER already knows what news she brings. MARY is dead. The night before, in the dream, she was not there—the first time in all his years in Prison. Suddenly the dying man sees MARY'S face hovering above him. She has come back from death to comfort him and to take him with her. PETER falls back on his cot, motionless. MRS. DEANE hurries in with the doctor; but it is too late. Now the back wall of the cell vanishes, and in its place is the Mare d'Auteuil. MARY appears, smiling and reaching out her arms; and out of the dead body on the cot rises PETER IBBETSON, young PETER, as we first saw him. He goes slowly to MARY, and they stand enfolded in each other's arms.

LIBRETTO

(NOTE: English translations of French sung texts are for the reader's convenience only, and are not adapted for singing.)

ACT ONE

CD 1 – TRACK 1

THE DRAWING-ROOM OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE YEAR 1855. A large, square room, elegantly furnished in the prevailing mode of the period. A BALL is in progress, and the room is crowded, some of the guests waltzing in and out of the room through two large doorways at right and left, toward the back; others are seated, conversing. Near the front, at the spectator's right, is a table holding a punch-bowl and glasses. Around this is a group including MADGE PLUNKETT, GUY MAINWARING, CHARLIE PLUNKETT, and DIANA VIVASH. On the opposite side of the room is a settee, on which are seated MRS. DEANE, the hostess, and COLONEL IBBETSON.

COLONEL IBBETSON

Dear lady, shall we dance?

MRS. DEANE

Thank you. I'd rather rest a while.

COLONEL

But I implore you...I insist!

MRS. DEANE

No. Truly.
There are others yet to come.
I must be here to greet them.

COLONEL

Grant me but a moment, then...alone;
That I may tell you, *ma bien-aimée*,
[my beloved]
What you already know!
(He seizes her hand and kisses it.)

MRS. DEANE (Angry)

Colonel Ibbetson! I beg of you!
(She snatches her hand away.)
You forget yourself!
(She rises, and goes toward the punch table.)

COLONEL (Following her)

Forgive me...
(MRS. GLYN, the hostess's mother, has entered, and seeing the COLONEL, rushes up to him effusively.)

MRS. GLYN

Ah, dear Colonel Ibbetson, how are you?

COLONEL

Well, Madame, *je vous remercie*.
[Thank you]

(MRS. DEANE has joined the group at the punch table. The COLONEL looks after her.)

MRS. GLYN

And your nephew . . . where is he?

COLONEL (After a moment)

Oh . . . your pardon?

MRS. GLYN

Your nephew, Peter Ibbetson.
Is he not here?

COLONEL

Here? . . . Somewhere,
Hiding in a corner.

MRS. GLYN

Not like you, dear Colonel!
(She taps him with her fan. Both laugh. They sit, and continue to converse. The group at the punch table become audible.)

MADGE (To MRS. DEANE)

What a lovely ball!

MRS. DEANE

You think so? Thank you.

CHARLIE

Simply perfect.

GUY

A great success.

DIANA

And all such charming people.

MADGE

All, that is, excepting . . .

MRS. DEANE

Colonel Ibbetson?

MADGE

Yes. He is odious!

DIANA

Simply hateful,

GUY

Why do you have him here?

MRS. DEANE

My mother . . . likes him.

GUY

His ways are so affected.

DIANA

Always quoting bits and scraps of French.

CHARLIE

And his own bad poetry.

MRS. DEANE

He spoke of reading some tonight.

CHARLIE

Oh, spare us!

GUY

Not in French!

DIANA

Anything but that!

MADGE

Have mercy!

MRS. DEANE (*Laughing*)

Stop! You ask too much!

(*The waltz ends. The dancers promenade.*)

MRS. GLYN

(*On the settee, to the COLONEL*)

Indeed, my daughter loves to hear you.

She truly does!

COLONEL

Vraiment? [Really?] I can scarce believe it.

Let me ask her?

(*To MRS. DEANE*)

Dear lady, your mother tells me

You are about to ask me to recite.

Can this be so?

MRS. DEANE (*Dismayed*)

Oh, no, Colonel! I would not trouble you.

COLONEL (*Rising*)

No trouble at all, dear lady.

MRS. GLYN

Oh, thank you, Colonel!

COLONEL

Alors, [Well, then] what shall it be?

MRS. DEANE

Oh, really . . . you are much too kind! . . .

Another time . . . perhaps . . .

COLONEL

Another time?

MRS. GLYN

My dear!

MRS. DEANE (*Resigned*)

Very well, Mama . . . Thank you, Colonel.

MRS. GLYN (*To the other guests*)

My friends! Quiet, please, everyone!

Dear Colonel Ibbetson has graciously consented

To read us a poem...something new!

(*There is a polite murmur.*)

It is called

CD 1 – TRACK 2

(*To the COLONEL*)

Dear friend, what is the poem called?

COLONEL

(*With a meaning glance at MRS. DEANE*)

I call it: *La Bien-Aimée*.

[*The Beloved*]

CHARLIE (*Sotto voce*)

I knew it!

GUY (*Same*)

It would be French, of course!

MRS. GLYN (*Glaring*)

Sh!

(*The guests are silent. COLONEL IBBETSON, drawing a paper from his pocket, takes the centre of the room.*)

COLONEL

Si vous croyez que je vais dire

Qui j'ose aimer,

Je ne saurais, pour un empire,

Vous la nommer.

Je fais ce que sa fantaisie

Veut m'ordonner,

Et je puis, s'il lui faut ma vie,

La lui donner.

Du mal qu'une amour ignorée

Nous fait souffrir

J'en porte l'âme déchirée

Jusqu'à mourir.

Mais j'aime trop pour que je die

Qui j'ose aimer,

Et je veux mourir pour ma mie,

Sans la nommer.

[*If you think that I'll reveal*

The one I dare to love,

I could not, for an empire,

Tell you her name.

I do whatever her whim

Would have me do,

and would give my life to her

If she would take it.

I carry until death

The pain that unrequited love

Inflicts in my broken heart.

But I love too much to say

Whom I dare to love

And I would die for my beloved

Without naming her.]

(*The guests applaud. The COLONEL bows.*)

CD 1 – TRACK 3**| THE LADIES**

| How lovely!

| It was simply beautiful, Colonel!

| Simply divine!

| We thank you!

| Such a lovely sentiment!

| Bravo! Bravo!

| THE GENTLEMEN

| Bravo, Colonel! Bravo!

| Well done, sir!

| Very fine!

| What a feeling for style!
| Fine indeed, sir.
| Bravo! Bravo!

DIANA

Really, the Colonel is improving!
He surprised me, I confess.

CHARLIE

Truly, it wasn't bad, you know!
Not bad at all.

MADGE

We judged him too severely.
He is far more gifted than we thought.

GUY

I swear, the Colonel is a poet!
Who would have thought so?
That is the true *esprit français!*

MRS. GLYN

Oh, lovely! Simply divine!

COLONEL

Oh, Madame! It is nothing.

MRS. GLYN

But the author? Surely some famous poet? . . .
André Chenier, Molière, or Béranger?

COLONEL

No. Merely a trifle of my own.
(*A footman appears in the doorway.*)

FOOTMAN

Mr. Peter Ibbetson.
(*PETER IBBETSON enters, comes down hurriedly, bows to MRS. GLYN, and goes to MRS. DEANE. He is carrying a rolled manuscript.*)

PETER (*Bowing to MRS. DEANE*)

Your pardon, Mrs. Deane! Forgive my lateness.
My uncle said you wished him to recite this evening;
And thinking that you might not have a copy,
He sent me back to fetch this poem
By Alfred de Musset.
But as I heard him reading it when I entered the house . . .
(*The GUESTS burst into loud laughter. PETER looks bewildered.*)

SOME GUESTS

| Did you hear him? His own, indeed!
| How did he think he could fool us all?
| No wonder we all liked it!

OTHERS

| A trifle of his own!
| Pretending he was a poet!
| What an old fool he is, to be sure!

STILL OTHERS

| Alfred de Musset!
| We might have known it!
| He certainly took us in!
| A little thing of the Colonel's
| By Alfred de Musset!
| How can he ever again look any of us
| in the face!

STILL OTHERS

| What a joke on the Colonel!
| What an old imposter!
| Ho, ho! What a sell!
| What a joke on us all!

(*Still laughing and talking, the GUESTS begin to move off.*)

PETER

Uncle, what have I said?
I'm sorry if . . .

COLONEL

Mes compliments! Truly, you have surpassed yourself!

PETER

I hope, sir, you will forgive me . . .

COLONEL

'Twere best for you, sir, to be gone! . . .
The clumsiest clown that ever disgraced a ball-room,
Or ate a guardian out of house and home!

PETER

Why, uncle, I only . . .

COLONEL

Don't "uncle" me, sir! I'm sick of you.
You've no more grace or breeding than your father . . .
That lazy scoundrel of a mincing Frenchman!

PETER (*Stepping up to him, hotly*)

Hold your tongue!
I'll not have my father's memory insulted
By you, or anyone!

COLONEL (*Raising his arm*)

You threaten me?

MRS. DEANE

Gentlemen! Please!
(*PETER stands rigid. The COLONEL'S arm drops.*)
(*The orchestra within strikes up a polonaise.*)

MRS. GLYN

Dear Colonel, will you take me in to see the dancing?
(*The COLONEL, regaining his self-command, bows, and offers her his arm.*)

COLONEL

With all possible pleasure, Madame.
(*They go out together. What few couples are left in the drawing-room begin to drift away, finally leaving the room empty, save for PETER and MRS. DEANE. She goes over to the settee, and sits, PETER standing before her.*)

MRS. DEANE

Poor Colonel!
He pretended that the poem was his own!

PETER

No wonder he was angry.
And are you angry, Mrs. Deane?

MRS. DEANE

My dear boy, I detest your uncle!
(*With sudden resolution*)
Peter Ibbetson, could you not persuade him
To leave me in peace?
Sometimes his way of speaking
Fills me . . . with shame.

PETER

If only I could!
But with me, he is always
As you saw him tonight . . .
Often I wonder why he took me, as a child,
Away from my beloved Paris.

MRS. DEANE

You lived in Paris?

PETER

Yes.

MRS. DEANE

Tell me . . .

(*She motions him to a seat beside her.*)

Your parents...were they English?

PETER

Only my mother. My father was French.

His name was Pasquier de la Marière.

He was a singer. And we lived in Paris.

CD 1 – TRACK 4

I can see again the old garden at Passy,
And my mother, knitting under the apple-tree.
Sitting beside her is a beloved friend,
Madame Seraskier.

And there am I, at the garden table,
Over my books.

And looking over my shoulder is Mimsey,
Mimsey Seraskier,
Dear little Mimsey, with her pale, small face
And close-cropt hair.

Poor little Mimsey, *toujours mal à la tête*

[*always with a headache*]

PETER

The only thing that cured her poor little head
Was her mother's voice, singing to her...

THE VOICE OF MME. SERASKIER (Off)

Dors, mignonne,

[*Sleep, darling*]

PETER

The loveliest voice I ever knew.

THE VOICE OF MME. SERASKIER (Off)

C'est l'heur' qui sonne;

[*It's the hour that is chiming*]

PETER

Sometimes I would hear the two,
Wandering in the garden,
Until Mimsey would fall into a deep sleep.

THE VOICE OF MME. SERASKIER (Off)

Tout sommeille,

[*Everything is asleep*]

PETER

And waking, be well again.

THE VOICE OF MME. SERASKIER (Off)

Dieu te veille,

[*God watches over you*]

PETER

I can hear her now, that lovely lady,
Singing, singing in the twilight

THE VOICE OF MME. SERASKIER (Off)

Do, do, mon enfant, do.

[*Sleep, sleep, my child, sleep*]

PETER

Then there was the old Major
A vieille moustache of Napoleon's Old Guard.

[*ie. an old-fashioned fellow*]

Dear Major Duquenois! Straight as a ramrod,
And as fierce to behold as he was gentle.

He would take us walking,

Telling us wonderful stories by the way.

And when he thought we had heard enough . . .

"Cric!" he would say, quite suddenly.

And we must answer "Crac!"

Else he would not go on.

MRS. DEANE

And on these famous walks, where did he take you?

PETER

To the pond, mostly...to the Mare d'Auteuil.

PETER

Sometimes my father joined us;
and when he did,
He would sing us the old songs of France.
And when the hour grew late
| and the sun went down,

| Then...home again, Mimsey and I,
| Through the sweet Paris twilight,
| The glow-worms shining through the grass,

| And the frogs, croaking, far away,
| In the Mare d'Auteuil.

THE VOICE OF PASQUIER DE LA MARIÈRE (Off)

Ma fille, veux-tu un bouquet?

Du marjolaine ou de muguet?

Non, non, non ma mère, non!

Ce n'est pas là ma maladie.

Gai, gai, quelle mère j'ai,

Qui n'entend pas la bonheur de sa fille!

Gai, gai, quelle mère j'ai,

Qui n'entend pas le mal que j'ai!

[*Daughter, would you like a bouquet?*

Of marjoram or lily of the valley?

No, no, no, mother, no!

My sorrow isn't there

Oh joy, joy, what a mother I have

Who hears not her daughter's happiness!

Oh joy, joy, what a mother I have

Who hears not what sorrow I have!

PETER

Always Mimsey believed in dreams.
She would try to teach me "dreaming true."

MRS. DEANE

Dreaming true? What did she mean?

PETER

You lie on your back with your feet crossed,
And your arms above your head . . .
One, perhaps . . . I never could remember.
But when it is rightly done,
Your dream will take you anywhere you please . . .
So Mimsey said.

MRS. DEANE

What a strange child . . . If that were true!
I shall try.

PETER

No use, I fear.
How often have I tried to regain the Paris of my childhood . . .
Always in vain.

MRS. DEANE

And your uncle . . . what of him?

PETER

My father and my mother died . . . quite suddenly.
And one day he came;
And took me away forever.
A strange man.
I did not understand him then;
I do not, now.
I think that he hates me,
And that I hate him.

MRS. DEANE

Oh, no!

PETER

It is true.
Sometimes he fills me with such bitterness,
I fear to trust myself alone with him.

MRS. DEANE *(After a pause)*

And what became of Mimsey?

PETER

Gone. Lost. Like all the rest.
She, too, I think, is dead.
(The orchestra in the other room becomes audible, finishing the polonaise. MRS. DEANE leans forward impulsively, and offers him her hand.)

MRS. DEANE

Peter Ibbetson, will you have me for a friend?
And will you be my friend? Always?

PETER *(Smiling, as he takes her hand)*

Always.
(He rises.)
(The polonaise ends with a flourish. Applause and laughter are heard from the other room, and the guests begin to drift back into the drawing-room. COLONEL IBBETSON appears in the doorway, sees PETER and MRS. DEANE, and starts toward them. MRS. DEANE takes both of PETER'S hands as he stands before her.)

CD 1 – TRACK 5**MRS. DEANE**

And now, do as I tell you!
Put aside your grief; forget your loneliness.
Learn to laugh! Be happy.

PETER

Thank you. I will try.
(COLONEL IBBETSON joins them.)

COLONEL

Ah, here is our *vert gallant* [*'gallant greenhorn'*]. . . talking, as usual!
I hope sir, you have tried to make amends
For all your rudeness to your charming hostess.
(PETER looks at him without speaking, bows to MRS. DEANE, turns, and goes up to mingle with the other guests.)

MRS. DEANE

Not at all, Colonel. It was I made the amends,
Bidding him conquer shyness, and have his youth.

COLONEL

Ah, *c'est pas la peine, je crois.*
[ah, it's no trouble, I believe]
Alas he is no heritor of his father's prowess
As Don Giovanni.

MRS. DEANE

Don Giovanni? But his father . . .
Was he not a devoted husband?

COLONEL

Ah, yes, of course.
You speak of Pasquier de la Marière . . . poor lad!
I meant . . . but I am indiscreet.
I fear you have guessed that it was I that . . .

MRS. DEANE

You!

COLONEL

Hush! Not a word! He must never know.
But you . . . surely you have seen the likeness?

MRS. DEANE

It is not true!

COLONEL

How good you are!
Ah, well; we both were young,
His mother and I,
And scarcely thought of sin until we . . .

MRS. DEANE

I cannot, I will not believe you!

COLONEL

How like you!
Your thoughts are innocent . . . *tant pis pour moi!*
[too bad for me!]
Tomorrow I shall write you, explaining all.
Peter himself shall bring the letter,
Let me find him.
(He hurries away. MRS. DEANE starts up as if to follow, but is stopped by the appearance of a FOOTMAN in the doorway.)

SERVANT

Mr. Ralph Merridew.
(MRS. DEANE goes up and greets him.)
Sir Reginald Garnett; Lady Garnett.
(She turns from MERRIDEW and greets them. All three start to come down.)
Her Grace, the Duchess of Towers.
(MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS, enters.)

MRS. DEANE *(Going up to her.)*

Mary, my dear!
I'm so happy to see you!

MARY

And I, to be here!

MRS. GLYN

Oh, Your Grace, good evening!

MARY

Good evening, Mrs. Glyn.
(The GUESTS crowd up to greet her.)

| DIANA

| Such a long time away!
| Where do you hide yourself?
|

CHARLIE

So glad to see you!
We had quite given you up.

MADGE

Good evening, Duchess!
It is so good to see you again.

GUY

This is indeed a pleasant surprise, your Grace!
We thought you had deserted us.

OTHERS

Ah, the Duchess of Towers!
Who is that? How lovely she is.
It is the Duchess,
Here at last.

MARY

Dear friends, good evening, all of you!

MRS. DEANE

You were good to come.

MARY

I wanted to see you.

MRS. DEANE

Will you stay the night?

MARY

I cannot.
Early tomorrow I must be in London.

GUY

Another meeting?

MARY

Yes.

CHARLIE

Always at work!

MARY

Oh, no. Sometimes I play.

MADGE

But not with us!

DIANA

We never see you!

GUY

They say that the poor adore you . . .

CHARLIE

But so do we all!
And are we not as deserving as they?

MARY *(Laughing)*

No. Quite worthless!

CHARLIE

Such flattery!
(He bows.)

MARY

And much too serious.

GUY

We, serious?

MARY

Indeed, yes.

CD 1 – TRACK 6

I could never dedicate my days,
My precious days,
To your solemn ritual of fashion,
Your litany of trifles
That pass the time.
Time passes all too swiftly.
The hours take wings,
The day slips through my fingers.
Time passes, and with it, the world and its wonder;
The world of the heart and mind and soul,
Boundless, mystic, unexplored.
(PETER enters, sees MARY, and stands spellbound.)
I must hurry. The hour is late:
So much to learn,
So much to do and be . . .
Life, beckoning, calling,
And only one lifetime for the answer.
No. I love you all,
But it is not for me, this world of yours.
I am too frivolous!
(The others laughingly protest.)
(The orchestra in the other room begins a waltz.)

CD 1 – TRACK 7**DIANA**

What a sad fate is ours!

MADGE

Alas! You shame us all.

CHARLIE

Treason! Treason!

GUY

At least be kind, and share my sorry lot!
Dear Duchess, will you come with me
To tread a stately measure?

MARY

With pleasure!
(She takes his arm. CHARLIE invites DIANA to dance, and they leave together. Another young man takes MADGE away. As MARY is about to go out with Guy she suddenly stops, having caught sight of PETER, who is across the room, talking to RALPH MERRIDEW and LADY GARNETT.)
Who is that?
(She indicates PETER.)

GUY

A young architect. A fine lad.
His name is Peter Ibbetson.

MARY

Ibbetson?

GUY

Yes. The Colonel is his uncle.

MARY

Ibbetson . . . Peter Ibbetson

GUY

Do you know the name?

MARY

No. But he reminded me
Of someone I used to know

As a child . . . in Paris.
We called him Gogo; Gogo Pasquier.

GUY
Gogo? What a queer name.
I prefer Peter.

MARY
Do you? I don't.
"Gogo" is the sweetest word I know.
(She and Guy start off, but are stopped by SIR REGINALD GARNETT,
who comes up to greet her. She stands chatting with the two men.
PETER stops MRS. DEANE as she passes.)

PETER
Mrs. Deane.

MRS. DEANE
Yes?

PETER
That lady, yonder.
What is her name?

MRS. DEANE (Smiling)
You, too, Peter?
That is my dear Mary,
The Duchess of Towers
So good, so generous,
And her life so sad.

PETER
She has lost someone? Her husband?

MRS. DEANE
No. We never speak of him.

PETER
Yet she looks happy.

MRS. DEANE
Ah, that is my Mary!
(Starts to lead him across.)
Come, you must know her.

PETER (His hand on her arm)
No . . . not tonight!
I could not speak to her tonight!

MRS. DEANE
Ah, Peter,
You should not be so timid.
(MARY, nodding to SIR REGINALD, turns, tosses her bouquet on the
settee, and goes out with GUY.)

(COLONEL IBBETSON has entered, evidently searching for PETER.
He sees him, and starts down.)

PETER
That is not the reason.
It is because she . . .

COLONEL (Coming up. To PETER)
Ah, here you are, at last!
Remind me, tomorrow,
To give you a letter for Mrs. Deane.
(With a glance at her)
A very private letter.
Do you understand?

PETER
I do, sir. I shall remind you.

COLONEL (To MRS. DEANE)
And now, dear lady,
May I have the honor of this dance?
(MRS. DEANE assents, and takes his arm. They start toward the
ballroom. Near the door the COLONEL pauses, beating time to the
music.)

Ah, music . . . youth . . . and love!
L'amour! Si doux, si bon, si ravissant!
[Love! So soft, so good, so delightful!]
(They go out.)

(By this time all the others have gone into the ballroom. PETER
stands, alone, looking toward the door from which comes the music of
the dance orchestra. Then he looks across to MARY'S bouquet, lying
upon the settee where she had tossed it. He goes slowly over and
picks up the bouquet.)

PETER
L'amour!
(He softly touches the bouquet with his lips.)
(The Curtain Slowly Falls)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CD 1 – TRACK 8

Scene 1

THE SALON OF THE INN, "LA TÊTE NOIRE," PARIS-PASSY, 1857.
An old-fashioned inn parlour, plainly and sparsely furnished. The
principal objects are a fireplace on one side, with a chaise longue
before it; a table; and two chairs. As the curtain rises, ACHILLE
GREGOUX, the proprietor, enters, ushering in PETER IBBETSON,
who carries hat, stick, and overcoat.

ACHILLE
Par ici, monsieur.
Ici monsieur sera bien à son aise.
[This way, sir.
Here you will be quite comfortable.]

PETER (Looking about the room)
Merci bien. Je suis très fatigué.
[Thank you. I am very tired.]

ACHILLE (Pointing to the chaise longue)
Mais, si monsieur le désire,
Il y a même de quoi se coucher.
[Why, if monsieur wishes,
There is even a place to sleep.]

PETER
Bien.
[Good.]

(He throws his hat, stick, and overcoat on the table.)

ACHILLE
Monsieur déjeune, n'est ce pas?
Voyons:
[Monsieur is lunching, of course?
Let's see:]
(Rubbing his hands in great enjoyment)
Pour commencer, une petite potage;
ensuite une truite saumonée avec
une tout petite sauce verte; et pis alors
un poulet en casserôle avec une salade de
laitue à la sauce bien reléevée selon le goût
anglais; et après, des fraises do bois avec
de la crème d'Isigny; et du bon Pont
l'Evêque, et des amandes, et du café.

Et comme boisson . . .

[To begin with, some nice soup; next, a salmon trout with a nice little green sauce; and then some chicken en casserole with lettuce salad, the dressing well seasoned as the English like it; and after, some wild strawberries with thick cream; and then some good cheese; and almonds, and coffee. And for a beverage . . .]

PETER (*Laughing*)

Assez! Assez!
Il fait trop chaud pour un repas.
Cherchez-moi seulement une bonne bouteille de vin,
Et, si vous me faites l'honneur,
Deux verres.
[Stop! Stop!
It's too hot for a meal
Just bring me a good bottle of wine,
And, if you will do me the honour,
Two glasses.]

ACHILLE

Merci bien. Monsieur est très aimable.
[Thank you. Monsieur is very kind.]
(*He goes to the door and calls.*)
Victorine!
Une Hermitage blanc, trente-quatre,
Et deux verres!
[Victorine!
A bottle of white Hermitage,
'Thirty-four; and two glasses!]

VICTORINE (*Off*)

Tout à l'heure.
[In a minute.]

ACHILLE (*Coming down*)

Monsieur reste longtemps à Paris?
[Monsieur is staying in Paris for a long time?]

PETER

Non. Pas pour longtemps.
Ah, comme Paris est changé!
[No. Not long.
Ah, how Paris has changed!]

ACHILLE

N'est ce pas, monsieur?
Paris est devenu plus grand,
Plus une métropole, plus beau.
[Hasn't it, sir?
Paris has become greater,
More of a metropolis, more beautiful.]
(*To VICTORINE, who enters with a tray holding a bottle and two glasses.*)
Sur la table là-bas.
[On the table over there.]
(*VICTORINE puts the tray on the table, takes up PETER's wraps and stick, and goes out.*)
He bien, oui!
[Oh, yes indeed!]
Monsieur doit être bien content de Paris
S'il ne l'a pas vu depuis longtemps.
[Monsieur must be well pleased with Paris
if he has not seen it in a long while.]

PETER

Content . . . content!
[Pleased . . . pleased!]
(*He goes to the window.*)

Lorsque j'étais enfant,
Ici-bas il y avait un beau jardin,
Avec des arbres, du gazon, et des fleurs.
Maintenant que voit-on?
Des boutiques.
Des petites propriétés faubouriennes.
[When I was a child,
Down here there was a lovely garden,
With trees, lawns, and flowers.
Now what do you see?

Shops,
Little suburban holdings.]
(*He gazes out. ACHILLE takes a corkscrew out of his pocket and picks up the wine bottle.*)
Combien de temps y a-t-il
Depuis qu'on a démoli les vieilles maisons
Dans in Rue de in Pompe?
[How long is it
Since they tore down the old houses
On the Rue de la Pompe?]

ACHILLE

Oh, fort longtemps, monsieur.
[Oh, a very long time, sir.]
(*He draws the cork; smells it.*)
Moi, je suis venu ici il y a trois ans;
Et déjà on avait balayé tout ça.
[Now, I came here three years ago,
And they had already swept up all that.]
(*He pours out the wine.*)

PETER (*To himself*)

Balayé . . . tout ça . . .
[Swept up . . . all that . . .]
The garden, the flowers, and the trees.
All gone.

ACHILLE (*Offering him the tray*)

Monsieur.
[Sir]

PETER (*Takes a glass of wine.*)

Merci.
[Thanks.]

ACHILLE (*Taking the other*)

A votre santé, monsieur.
[To your very good health, sir.]

PETER

A la vôtre, mon ami.
[To yours, my friend.]
(*They drink*)

VICTORINE (*Appearing in the doorway*)

Pss!

ACHILLE (*Turning*)

Qu'est ce qu'y a?
[What is it?]
(*She beckons. He puts down his glass and goes to her. They hold a whispered conversation.*)
Tiens. Je vats demander.
[Wait. I'll ask.]
(*He comes back to PETER.*)
Monsieur, je vous demande pardon . . .mais
li y a, en bas, un vieux client de la maison.
Il vient, tous les jours, pour l'apertif,
Qu'il prend, d'habitude, au salon . . . ici.
[Monsieur, I beg your pardon . . . but
Downstairs is one of our old customers.
He comes here every day for his appetizer,
Which he usually has in the parlour. . . here.]

(PETER makes a gesture of assent.)

Bien entendu, si ça va déranger monsieur,
On peut le mettre dans une autre pièce.

[Naturally, if that is going to put you out,
We can put him in another room.]

PETER

Mais non. Pas du tout.
Comment s'appelle-t-il?

[Why no. Not at all.
What is his name?]

ACHILLE

Il se nomme, le commandant Duquesnois.

[His name is Major Duquesnois.]

PETER

Duquesnois? Major Duquesnois!
Mais, bon Dieu,
C'est un de mes plus chers amis!
Un vieux copain!
Faites-le entrer! Vite! Vite!
Dépêchez-vous!

[Duquesnois? Major Duquesnois!
Good heavens, man,
He is one of my dearest friends!
An old comrade!
Bring him in! Quick! Quick!
Hurry up!]

ACHILLE

Oui! Ouh! Tout de suite!

[Yes, sir! Right away!]

(Rushes to the door)

Fais monter le commandant!

[Send the Major up!]

(He goes out)

(The door opens. MAJOR DUQUESNOIS appears, very bent and old,
leaning on the arm of a SOEUR DE CHARITÉ [NURSE]. Reaching the
table, he bows to PETER, raising his hat and replacing it. The NURSE
stands behind him.)

CD 1 – TRACK 9

MAJOR DUQUESNOIS

Monsieur m'excusera
si je garde mon chapeau.

Je suis un homme vieux, monsieur;

[Monsieur will pardon me
if I keep my hat on.

I am an old man, sir;]

(He sits.)

Très vieux;

Et je me méfie des courants d'air.

[Very old;

And I have to be careful of drafts.]

PETER

Mon commandant,

Est ce que vous ne me reconnaissez plus?

[Major,

Do you no longer recognize me]

MAJOR

Parfaitement. Parfaitement, monsieur.

[Perfectly. Perfectly, sir.]

PETER

Qui suis-je, alors?

[Who am I, then?]

(The MAJOR looks at PETER.)

MAJOR

Votre pardon, monsieur.

Je suis très vieux.

[You must forgive me.

I am very old.]

(VICTORINE enters with a tray holding a bottle and a liqueur-glass.
She serves the MAJOR, who smiles and pats her hand.)

PETER

C'est longtemps, ma soeur

Qu'il est comme ça?

[Sister,

Has he been long like this?]

(VICTORINE goes out.)

NURSE

Deux ans, monsieur.

[Two years, sir.]

PETER

Poor old friend

You were so gay, so happy!

(He kneels, and kisses the MAJOR'S hand.)

MAJOR (Rising hastily and removing his hat.)

Monsieur! Je vous en prie!

C'est trop d'honneur,

Sauf pour ceux de sang impérial!

(He draws himself up.)

Mais, moi-même,

J'ai servi mon empereur!

J'ai servi, . . . servi . . .

[Sir! Please!

This is too great an honour,

Save for those of royal blood!

Yet I . . .

I have served my emperor!

I have served . . . served . . .]

(He is seized with a sudden fit of coughing. PETER and the NURSE
help him back into his chair.)

PETER

Mon commandant,

Vous rappelez-vous pas votre ami Pasquier?

Pasquier de la Marière?

Et sa femme, mon commandant?

C'était ma mere.

Vous rappelez vous maintenant?

Je suis Gogo; Gogo Pasquier!

[Major,

Don't you remember your friend Pasquier

Pasquier de la Marière?

And his wife, Major?

She was my mother.

Do you recall me now?

I'm Gogo; Gogo Pasquier!]

MAJOR

Gogo? Ah, oui!

Certainement! Mon cher petit Gogo!

[Gogo? Ah, yes!

Surely! My dear little Gogo!]

(Goes through the motions of shouldering arms.)

Portrez... arm!

N'est ce pas? Ha, ha, ha!

(His face saddens. His animation dies out.)

Mais non. Gogo est mort.

Mort, comme tous les autres;

Mort, comme les Pasquier;

Mort, comme Madame Seraskier.

[Shoulder . . . Hmmp!

Remember? Ha, ha, ha!

But no. Gogo is dead.

Dead, like all the others;
 Dead, like the Pasquiers;
 Dead, like Madame Seraskier.]

PETER

Elle est morte aussi?
 Et Mimsey, mon commandant?
 Qu'est ce que vous savez de Mimsey?
 Dites-moi . . . dites!
 [She, too, is dead?
 And Mimsey, Major?
 What do you know of Mimsey?
 Tell me . . . tell me!]

MAJOR

Ah, la pauvre petite Mimsé
 Toujours mal à la tête.
 Elle ira loin, cette petite fille;
 Elle a toutes les bonnes qualités,
 Les bonnes qualités de la tête et du coeur.
 Un jour elle sera une grande dame,
 Bonne et bienfaisante,
 Notre petite Mimsé.
 Mais, die aussi, je crois,
 Est parmi les anges.
 [Ah, poor little Mimsey . . .
 Always suffering from headaches.
 She will go far, that child;
 She has all the good qualities.
 The virtues of the head and heart.
 Some day she will be a great lady,
 Good and benevolent,
 Our little Mimsey.
 But she, too, I think, is in heaven.]

NURSE

(To PETER)
 Je crains que ces souvenirs du passé
 Ne le fatiguent trop, monsieur.
 Je ferais mieux l'emmener chez lui.
 [I fear that these reminiscences
 Are tiring him out, sir.
 I had better take him home.]

PETER

C'est bien. Et merci
 De votre aimabilité, de tout coeur.
 [True, and thank you
 For your kindness and gentleness.]

MAJOR (Rising)

Allons, ma soeur, allons,
 Je veux vous raconter l'histoire de Gogo.
 [Come, Sister, come.
 I want to tell you the story of Gogo.]
 (To PETER)
 Ah, quel bon camarade,
 Que ce petit Gogo anglais!
 Et moi, qui n'avais jamais eu ni fils ni fille,

Pour lui j'étais grandpère.
 Maintenant, il serait peut-être grand et beau,

Comme vous, monsieur.
 Je l'aimais, ce petit Gogo; et lui,
 Il m'aimait a son tour.
 N'est ce pas?

[Ah, what a good comrade
 That little English Gogo was!
 And I, who never had a son
 or a daughter of my own,
 I was a grandfather to him.
 Now, perhaps, he would he tall and handsome,

Like you, sir.
 I loved that little Gogo;
 And he, too, loved me.
 Didn't he?]

PETER (Greatly moved)

Oui . . . en vérité. Il . . . vous aimait.
 [Yes . . . truly. He . . . loved you.]

MAJOR (Bowing formally to PETER)

Monsieur. A bientôt.
 [Sir. May we meet again.]
 (He goes out, leaning on the NURSE'S arm.)
 (At the door they pass VICTORINE, who comes down to the table.
 PETER goes to the window, VICTORINE clears the table, and starts
 for the door, tray in hand.)

CD 1 – TRACK 10**PETER (Excitedly looking out)**

Who is that lady yonder, in the carriage?

VICTORINE (Stopping)

Monsieur?

PETER

Qui est cette dame là-bas, dans la voiture?
 (VICTORINE goes to the window.)

VICTORINE

Ah! C'est la "milady" anglaise, monsieur.
 La grande duchesse anglaise.
 [Ah! That's the English "milady."
 The great English duchess.]

PETER

The Duchess of Towers!
 (VICTORINE nods.)

VICTORINE

Elle vient ici, parfois.
 Elle est si belle,
 Si bonne et bienfaisante.
 [She sometimes comes here.
 She is so lovely,
 So good and benevolent.]
 (She goes out. PETER, after a last look out of the window, turns
 away.)

PETER

The Duchess of Towers . . . in Paris . . .
 (He crosses the room and sits down upon the edge of the chaise
 longue.)
 (Very slowly the room darkens. PETER sits, absorbed in thought.
 Then, with a sigh, he rests his head wearily in his hands. After a
 moment thus, he turns, and lies back upon the chaise longue. As he
 lies, his feet are crossed, and both hands are clasped behind his
 head.)
 (Complete darkness.)

CHORUS (Behind the scenes)

Peter! Peter Ibbetson!
 Come, Peter.
 Come back, Peter, come back.
 Come away, Peter, come away.
 A far journey, Peter,
 A far journey.
 This is the way!

A SINGLE VOICE (MARY'S)

This is the way!
 (The lights come up, faintly at first, just enough to reveal a shadowy

outdoor scene, with dim figures moving, then strongly enough to permit the stage easily to be seen.)

CD 1 – TRACK 11

Scene 2

THE GARDEN OF "PARVA SED APTA," PASSY, 1840. *In the foreground, deeply shadowed, but visible, is the sleeping figure of PETER IBBETSON, still lying on the chaise longue. Beyond is the old garden of PETER'S childhood. On one side stands the apple-tree, with the rustic table and chairs under it. On the other side is seen part of the façade of the villa, with PARVA SED APTA in gold letters over the front door. Beyond is the iron garden fence, with a grilled gate. Beyond that, one looks over the roofs and tree-tops of Passy, straight up the Seine to the dome of Les Invalides and, faint in the distance, the towers of Notre Dame.*

(Seated at the garden table in the mysterious half-light is the twelve-year-old GOGO PASQUIER, writing, with an open book before him. Nearby sits his young mother, MARIE PASQUIER, busy with her embroidery. MAJOR DUQUESNOIS, the grey but sturdy veteran of seventeen years previous, strolls about the garden, finally taking a seat near MADAME PASQUIER.)

CHORUS (*Off. On the repetition of the lullaby, the VOICE OF MADAME SERASKIER is heard with the CHORUS.*)

*Don, mignonne,
C'est l'heur' qui sonne;
Tout sommeille,
Dieu te veille;
Do-do; mon enfant, do,
(MADAME SERASKIER enters, her arm about MIMSEY, who is about GOGO'S age. The mother stops, and tenderly puts her hand to MIMSEY'S forehead. The little girl looks up, smiles happily, then runs over to watch GOGO at work.)
(MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS, appears at the garden gate.)*

MARY (*Looking off*)

This is the way. Come with me.

PETER (*Invisible*)

I cannot.
I try, but I cannot.

MARY

Have no fear.
Give me your hand and come with me.
(PETER IBBETSON appears. MARY takes his hand, and together they open the gate and enter the garden. They stand just inside, PETER staring in bewilderment at the dream-figures.)
They cannot see or hear you.
All this is past and gone.
Only we two . . . you and I alone,
Are of the waking world.

PETER

Why am I here?

MARY

I do not know.
This is my dream; and never before
Has any living creature entered therein.
Why are you here?
I do not understand.

PETER

Am I awake, or do I dream?
It is so strange . . .
Now I remember! I am asleep
I know that I lie asleep
In the Auberge de la Tête Noire
Here, in Passy.

MARY (*Nodding*)

Asleep and dreaming . . .
But not of this.

PETER

So strange . . . so troubling . . .
(He comes down toward the group under the apple-tree. As he does so, the lights come up correspondingly.)
Here is the old garden . . .
Mother, the Major, and Madame Seraskier.
And there am I, at the garden table,
Over my books.
And looking over my shoulder is Mimsey,
Mimsey Seraskier . . .
(He looks at the book over GOGO'S shoulder.)
"And leaves the world to darkness, and to me."

MARY (*Who is still near the gate*)

What are you saying?

PETER

I was reading from the book.

MARY

Now you are dreaming true.

PETER (*With a start*)

Dreaming true!

MARY (*Coming down*)

Yes. It is not so hard.
My father taught me.
You think of the spot you wish to be,
Remembering rightly, lest the dream fail;
And you lie, thus remembering, until you sleep,
And the dream comes true.

CD 1 – TRACK 12

(They pause to watch the dream-people. MIMSEY, who has left GOGO, is sitting on the MAJOR'S knee while he talks to her. GOGO puts down his book, gets up from the table, and goes over to join them. The MAJOR tells them a story, and children listening with delight, the two mothers smilingly looking on. PASQUIER DE LA MARIÈRE opens the garden gate and comes gaily down the path, greeting them all. He kisses MADAME PASQUIER and stands beside her. The children run to him.)

Give me your hands.
(She holds out her hands, palm upwards. PETER rests his finger-tips upon them.)
All this do you see
Clearly and well?

PETER

Yes . . .
If only they would speak to me.

MARY

That will come when you have dreamed enough.
One thing remember:
You may see, and listen;
But you may never touch them, nor speak to them,
For they are dead and gone, and touch or speech
Will veil the dream, like breath upon a window-pane.
Do you understand?

PETER

I understand.
(Still holding her hands)
You are so kind . . .
How shall I thank you?

MARY

No need to thank me; you are welcome here,
Indeed, had I the will to bar your way,
I could not do so; for you, too . . .
You, too, must be a dream of mine.
(She releases her hands.)
Come as you wish, and as you can.
And now I must leave you.
(She turns away, and moves slowly toward the garden gate.)
For I am waking, and the dream fades.
Au revoir, Peter Ibbetson.
Au revoir . . . *[Goodbye, Peter Ibbetson, goodbye...]*
(She is gone. PETER gazes after her, then turns to look at the others.
The MAJOR has risen, and is saying "au revoir." MME. SERASKIER
indicates that she, too, must go. MIMSEY begs to stay longer, but is
coaxed away by the MAJOR. The three go out together, smiling and
waving. GOGO returns to his book. PASQUIER, who has been
standing with his arm around MME. PASQUIER, turns and goes into
the house, blowing her a kiss as he goes. She returns to her seat
under the tree and picks up her embroidery.)
(The voice of CAPTAIN IBBETSON, PETER'S uncle, is heard outside
the garden.)

CD 1 – TRACK 13**CAPTAIN IBBETSON** *(Off)*

Comme un chien dans un jeu de quille
On reçoit une pauvre fille
A l'instant qu'elle vient au jour.
[Like a dog in a bowling game
A poor girl gets a bad reception
The moment she comes into the world.]
(He enters by the garden gate and comes down the path; much
younger, of course, than the COLONEL IBBETSON of ACT I, very
dandified, insolent, and sure of himself. MME. PASQUIER views his
approach with obvious distress.)
A quinze ans, quand elle est gentille,
Elle nous reçoit à son tour,
Comme un chien dans un jeu de quille.
Good morning, cousine charmante,
Et toi, petit Gogo!
[At fifteen, when she is charming ,
She regards us in turn
Like a dog in a bowling game.
Good morning, my charming cousin.]

MME. PASQUIER

Good morning, Captain Ibbetson.
(GOGO looks up for a moment, and then, without speaking, resumes
his study.)
(At the sound of his mother's voice, PETER impulsively reaches out his
arms to her; then, recovering himself, listens with strained attention.)

CAPTAIN

And has the worthy Pasquier deserted us?
Does he not fear to leave us two alone?

MME. PASQUIER

Hush! Do not speak so.
(Indicating GOGO)
He will hear you.

CAPTAIN

The student yonder, too wrapt in thought
To spare a greeting for his uncle?
Ma foi [Indeed] not he!
Besides, *ma chérie*,
Why should he not hear?
Surely he knows that only by a whim of fate
Does he call me "uncle"
instead of "father."

MME. PASQUIER

Captain! If you please!

CAPTAIN

Why so fâchée, ma cousine?
[Why be so vexed, cousin?]
Have you not told him the sorrowful tale . . .
How I left you, my promised bride,
For a little time . . . only a little year,
And returned to find you
(With bitterness)
Madame Pasquier de la Marière,
La belle dame sans merci.
[The beautiful, pitiless lady— a reference to Keats' ballad]

MME. PASQUIER

Forgive me. I was too young to know.
Do not revenge yourself . . .

CAPTAIN *(Sneering)*

Revenge? That is a harsh word.
Do I not heap coals of fire upon your pretty head?
Do I not lend money to the noble Pasquier?
But we shall not tell him why,
Shall we, *ma bien-aimée*?
He does not know, as you know,
That I love you still.
Nor shall we tell him;
For he might . . . who knows . . . be jealous.

MME. PASQUIER *(Springing up)*

How dare you!
(The CAPTAIN laughs brutally)

CAPTAIN

The past! The past and the future
Give me the right, my darling.
You are mine, my little fluttering dove,
Mine! Mine!
(He springs at her and seizes her in his arms.)

MME. PASQUIER *(Struggling)*

Gogo! Gogo! Your father!

PETER IBBETSON

Mother! I'll defend you!

CD 1 – TRACK 14

(He rushes toward her. There is a crash of thunder, and the scene is
plunged in darkness.)

Scene 3

THE INN PARLOR. *When the lights come on again, they reveal*
PETER, on the chaise longue, stirring in his sleep. Outside, the sound
of rain, and an occasional rumble of thunder. During the course of the
scene the rain stops and the sun comes out.
(The door opens, and VICTORINE and ACHILLE appear, ushering in
the DUCHESS OF TOWERS.)

CD 1 – TRACK 15**ACHILLE**

Par ici, Madame la Duchesse.
L'orage passera bientôt; et cependant,
Madame peut attendre ici à son aise.
[Here, Your Grace,
The storm will soon pass; nonetheless,
Your Grace may wait here comfortably.]

MARY

Merci, Achille.
Et voulez vous bien faire soigner le cocher?
Je crains qu'il soit trempé.

[Thank you, Achille.
And would you please look after the coachman?
I fear that he is drenched.]

ACHILLE

Oui, madame.
Je vais le soigner moi-même,
[Yes, Your Grace,
I'll attend to it personally.]
(He goes out.)

MARY

(Giving VICTORINE the bouquet of wildflowers she is carrying.)
Voilà, Victorine.
Ces fleurs pour vous.
[There you are, Victorine,
These flowers are for you.]

VICTORINE (Curtseying)

Merci bien, Madame la Duchesse.
[Thank you very much, Your Grace.]
(Exit.)
(PETER awakes, and sits staring at MARY, unable to believe his eyes.
MARY takes off her coat, goes to the window, and looks out. She comes down to the table to lay down her coat, turns, and suddenly sees PETER.)

CD 2 – TRACK 1

MARY (Going to him, holding out her hand)
You are Peter Ibbetson.
I saw you.

PETER (Who has risen, taking her hand)
Two years ago.
How kind of you to remember.

MARY (Smiling)
I fear that I disturb your slumbers.

PETER (Confused)
Forgive me. I . . .

MARY (Laughing)
With all my heart! For I, too, am guilty.
Only a little while ago
I fell asleep in my own carriage,
Until the storm awakened me,
And I took refuge here.

PETER (His eyes never leaving her face)
Do you come often to Paris?

MARY
Peter Ibbetson, I will tell you a secret.
Sometimes when I can bear no longer
The grimy din and turmoil of London,
I steal away, and come, quite alone,
Here, to Passy.
I wander through the old gardens,
And dream under the trees;
And then go back, new-made,
Ready to meet life again.

PETER (Eagerly)
I, too!
I too came back here
To the Paris I once knew
How sweet to stand here, on the heights,
With Paris at my feet:
The roofs and domes and spires,
The river and the trees.
Dear Paris! Her music is in my heart.

MARY

Dear Paris!
How strange that we meet here.

PETER

And for me, . . . how wonderful.
That night I first saw you . . .
You must have seen how I stared at you.
I hope you have forgiven me.

MARY (Smiling)

I did not mind.
For you were so like someone I once knew;
A little French boy who was kind to me
When I was a little girl.

PETER

I was a little French boy once.
(She looks at him, startled.)
I had to change my name
When I went to live with my uncle
In England.

MARY (Breathlessly)

What was your name?

PETER

Pasquier. Gogo Pasquier.

MARY (Going to him)

Gogo . . .

CD 2 – TRACK 2

PETER (In a whisper, as he suddenly recognizes her)
My God . . . Mimsey! . . .
(She gives him both her hands. He takes them, then buries his head on her shoulder. MARY holds him to her, stroking his hair.)

MARY

Gogo! Gogo! You never came back.
I thought you were dead.

PETER (Raising his head to look at her)
Mimsey . . . Mimsey Seraskier.

MARY (Breaking down)

Don't . . . don't . . .
(She goes to the fireplace.)
(Recovering herself)
And you . . . in Paris.
(She sits on the chaise longue.)

PETER

Yes.
I came to see the old house; but it was gone.
Of all our childhood in Passy
There was nothing left.

MARY

Poor Gogo!
(Peter sits beside her.)

PETER

Just now I dreamed of you.

MARY

Dreamed . . . of me?

PETER

A strange dream.
I dreamed that I stood outside the old garden in Passy;
And I tried to enter,

But I could not find the gate.
And suddenly you were there;
And spoke to me, saying,
"This is the way,"
And took my hand, and led me in.

MARY
Gogo! What are you saying?

PETER
There was a sound of singing . . .
What it was, I cannot remember.

MARY
Was it this?
*Dors, mignonne,
C'est l'heure qwl sonne;
Tout sommeille,
Dieu te veille;
Do-do, mon enfant, do.*

PETER (*Startled*)
How did you know?

MARY
And there was my mother, and yours,
And the Major . . .

PETER
And we two children.

MARY
And you read from Gogo's book

PETER
"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

MARY
It was my dream, too, Gogo!
(*They look at each other, breathless and half terrified.*)

PETER
And when you told me I was dreaming true,
I could not understand.
For you were the Duchess of Towers.
Mimsey, Mimsey!
To think that I did not know you . . .
To think that I did not know your eyes again!
(*MARY tries to speak; her voice breaks.*)

MARY
Gogo . . .

PETER
And you bade me farewell, and went away;
And the light went out of my life.
(*Mary, greatly agitated, stands a moment, trying to collect her thoughts. Then she turns to PETER, speaking with great self-restraint.*)

MARY
Mr. Ibbetson . . .
To see you again, after all the years . . .
I cannot tell you what it means to me.
You will always be in my thoughts,
But never in my dreams . . .
Nor I in yours.
We shall never meet again.
(*PETER tries to speak.*)
We must not.
It is too late.
I am not free.

(*She pauses for self-command.*)
I shall think of you, always . . .
(*Almost sobbing*)
Dear Gogo, farewell . . .
(*She gives him her hands. He kneels and kisses them. She takes his head between her hands, and bending over him kisses his forehead. Then she goes quickly to the table, picks up her coat, and starts for the door.*)

PETER (*Standing by the chaise longue*)
Mimsey . . .
(*She stops short, her back to PETER, who is still kneeling, his arms outstretched. She sways, as if drawn backward by an invisible force. Then, gathering all her strength, she goes out, without looking around. PETER gazes after her. Then he drops his arms and bows his head.*)
(*The Curtain Falls*)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CD 2 – TRACK 3

Scene 1

COLONEL IBBETSON'S ROOMS IN LONDON, 1857. *The library, a rather pretentious room, evidently belonging to a man of means. There are two doors, one leading to the entry, the other to the drawing-room. In back, to the spectator's left, is a fire-place; beyond it, in the left wall, a window. In front, to the right, is a divan. Over the mantel is a trophy of Oriental weapons, including a Malay creese [A dagger or short sword commonly having a serpentine blade]. It is late afternoon, approaching dusk. MRS. DEANE and her mother, MRS. GLYN, are seated. They seem constrained and uneasy.*

MRS. GLYN
I wish he would come,
I do not like this house.

MRS. DEANE
He said that if I saw him once again
He would be content.
I hope so.

MRS. GLYN
He thinks you have broken his heart.

MRS. DEANE
His heart!
The Colonel has no heart to break.

MRS. GLYN
Did you bring the letter?

MRS. DEANE (*Showing it*)
I have it here.

MRS. GLYN
Give it to me, my dear.
(*She takes it.*)
This, I hope, will bring him to his senses.
What a villain,
To write so about his nephew!

MRS. DEANE
Poor Peter Ibbetson
I wish I had never seen the Colonel.

MANSERVANT (*Outside the entry door*)
No, not yet, sir.
There are two ladies here.

PETER (*Off*)

Do I know them?

MANSERVANT (*Off*)

Mrs. Glyn, sir; and Mrs. Deane.

*(PETER enters. He shakes hands with both ladies.)***PETER**

Mrs. Deane!

MRS. DEANE

Dear Peter Ibbetson,

I am happy to see you!

MRS. GLYN

Where have you been, this long time?

PETER

In Paris.

I returned only today.

Mrs. DEANE

How fortunate to see you.

We came here today,

Hoping to have back some letters that I wrote the Colonel...

Harmless letters enough, but foolish;

And he will not give them up.

You, perhaps, will help us . . .

*(MRS. GLYN is looking intently at PETER.)***PETER**

Gladly . . . if I can.

MRS. GLYN

Peter Ibbetson,

May I ask you . . . a strange question?

PETER (*Smiling*)

Yes, of course.

MRS. GLYN

Have you a likeness of your parents?

PETER (*Surprised*)

Why, yes; I carry one, always.

*(He draws from his pocket a double miniature.)***MRS. GLYN**

Will you show it me?

PETER

With pleasure.

(Giving it to her)

Have I never done so?

*(MRS. DEANE rises, and looks over her mother's shoulder.)***MRS. DEANE**

So that is your father.

What a noble face.

PETERThey called him *le beau Pasquier*.**[the handsome Pasquier]****MRS. GLYN**

You are much alike.

(To MRS. DEANE)

There can be no doubt.

PETER

What do you mean?

(Looks sharply at them.)

Why do you both look at me so strangely?

MRS. GLYN

Peter Ibbetson,

Your guardian has done you

A foul wrong.

MRS. DEANE

Mother! I forbid you to tell him!

It is cruel! It is wrong!

MRS. GLYN

He has the right to know.

(To PETER)

When Colonel Ibbetson was paying my daughter

His infamous addresses,

He told her that you are his son;

The natural son of himself and his cousin,

Madame Marie Pasquier de la Marière.

PETER

He lies! . . .

Forgive me. Surely you heard him wrong!

He knows that is not, could not be so.

He went away, to India,

A long time before I was born.

MRS. GLYN

Do you remember an evening, two years ago,

When you and he quarreled over a song?

PETER

Yes.

MRS. GLYN

And the next day you brought my daughter

A letter from the Colonel.

PETER

I remember.

MRS. GLYN

Here is that letter.

(She gives it to him.)

Read it.

You owe it to your mother's memory.

*(PETER reads the letter. He crushes it in his hand.)***PETER** (*Staring before him*)

"Both so young, and one so beautiful.

Both so..."

MRS. DEANE

Peter! Forgive us!

(To her mother)

You were wrong to do this!

PETER

Surely you did not believe that he . . .

MRS. DEANE

Never!

No one has ever seen that letter.

CD 2 – TRACK 4**PETER**

"Both so young, and one..."

(Rising, his hands clenched)

What shall I do?
Oh, God, what shall I do...
(A door slams outside.)

COLONEL IBEETSON (Off)
Comme un chien dans un jeu de quille
On recoit une pauvre fille
A l'instant qu'elle vient au jour.
[A poor girl is as welcome
As a dog at a game of bowls]

PETER (Indicating the drawing-room door)
Will you wait in there, please?
I must speak to him alone.

MRS. GLYN
Be careful! Do nothing rash,
For your mother's good name.

PETER
No . . . Quickly, please . . .

MRS. DEANE
Come with me, Mama.
(She draws her away, and they go out through the drawing-room door.
PETER closes the door and turns the key in the lock.)

COLONEL (Off)
A quinze ans, quand elle est gentile,
Elle nous recoit, a son tour,
Comme un chien, dans un jeu de quille,
Dans un jeu de quille!
[At fifteen, when she's nice,
She regards us in turn,
the same way,
as a dog at a game of bowls]
(The COLONEL enters through the other door)
Comme un chien, dans un jeu de quille,
De l'Anglais, la . . .
(Catching sight of PETER, he stops short.)
Well, my Apollo of the T-square,
Pourquoi cet honneur?
[To what do I owe the honour?]

PETER
I have come to talk with you.
(He crosses the room and locks the door through which the COLONEL
has just entered. The latter watches him, slightly amused, making no
effort to stop him.)
(At the door)
You told Mrs. Deane I was your son.

COLONEL
That is a lie. Who said so?

PETER
She did. This afternoon.

COLONEL
It's a lie!
A spiteful invention of a cast-off mistress.
(He turns toward the fireplace, rings the bell, and starts for the door.
PETER stands with his back to the door, barring the way.)
Leave the room, you poor fool,
Before I turn you out!

PETER (Thrusting the letter at him)
Do you know your own hand?
(The COLONEL takes it; looks at it. Standing behind the divan, he
tears it up.)

COLONEL
Forgery! A damnable forgery . . .

(PETER leaps half across the divan and seizes the COLONEL by the
throat.)

PETER
You cowardly cur! Tell the truth!
It's your only chance.
(The COLONEL throws him off, and runs over to the fireplace, PETER
following. The COLONEL snatches down the Malay creese, runs to the
window, and smashes a pane of glass, shouting.)

COLONEL
Help! Help! Murder!
(Turning on PETER, he forces him back across the room.)
Of course I wrote the letter!
How do I know whether you're my son or not!
(Excited voices are heard outside the drawing-room door.)
Break down the door!
Quick! Break down the door!
(He holds the creese low down, the point upward. His left arm is
thrown over his head as a guard.)

Come on, you coward!
You butcher!
You bastard!
(He slowly advances on PETER. Suddenly he makes a lunge,
stumbles, and catches PETER by the left arm. PETER grasps his stick,
which is on the divan, and brings it down on the COLONEL'S head.)
The COLONEL stands, swaying. He speaks, almost under his breath.)
Oh, my God . . . Oh, Christ . . .
(He falls, lifeless. PETER stands, stricken, staring at the cane, which
he still grasps. The voices outside grow louder. A voice cries, "Break it
down!" There is the sound of heavy blows upon the door. It is broken
down, and a number of people, MRS. DEANE and MRS. GLYN among
them, rush into the room, and stop short, horror-struck at what they
see.)

PETER (His eyes still on the cane)
It seemed . . . to crash right in.
(The Scene Is Instantly Darkened)

CD 2 – TRACK 5

Scene 2

THE CHAPLAIN'S ROOM IN NEWGATE PRISON, 1857. A large, bare
room, with dingy whitewashed walls. In the back, a heavy door. At the
left, a barred window. At right, a fireplace with a large armchair drawn
up before it. A table and chair are down front, at the left. It is just before
dawn.

(PETER is seated at the table, writing, by the light of a candle. There is
the sound of a key turning in a lock, and the door opens. The
CHAPLAIN enters, dressed in a black cassock. PETER, sealing the
letter, turns as he enters.)

PETER
Is it time?

CHAPLAIN
Not yet.
I had hopes that you would sleep.

PETER
I shall sleep soundly, soon enough.
I have been writing.
See. My candle is almost gone.

CHAPLAIN
Let me send for another.

PETER *(Rising)*

No need.
This will last out my time.

CHAPLAIN

You spoke of leaving a few small gifts
For your friends.
Shall I take them now?

PETER

Thank you. If you will.
(The CHAPLAIN sits at the table. PETER takes off his watch and fob.)
This, to Mrs. Deane.
(He gives it to the CHAPLAIN, who takes it and puts it on the table before him.)
Tell her . . .
To keep this in memory of one
That was proud to be her friend.
(The CHAPLAIN writes. He looks up.)

CHAPLAIN

Yes?
(PETER takes from his pocket the double miniature, and gives it to the CHAPLAIN, together with the letter he has just sealed.)
And what is that?

PETER

A picture of my father and my mother.
And a letter.
(The CHAPLAIN examines the miniature.)
Give these to the Duchess of Towers.

CHAPLAIN

(Putting the case and the letter with the watch)
No message?

PETER

Tell her they come from Gogo.
She will understand.
(The CHAPLAIN rises.)

CHAPLAIN

Peter Ibbetson,
These are your last moments.
Will you not break your long silence
And tell the truth? Tell . . .

PETER

Why I killed him?
No. I shall never tell.

CHAPLAIN

And so, even now,
You do not repent?

PETER

Repent? Of many things.
But of what has brought me here...
Never.

CHAPLAIN

It is nearly dawn.
And will you grant me one wish?
Will you kneel with me,
And pray?

PETER

Yes.
I will pray to what is in me
Of strength and courage;
Pray that it sustain me but a little longer;
Pray that I may not flinch upon the gallows.

CHAPLAIN

And I will pray, asking the dear God
To put a Light in the window,
And leave unlatched the door of Heaven
For a lost and weary child.
(He puts his hand on PETER'S shoulder. They kneel by the armchair. The dawn slowly breaks. A bell tolls six. The key turns in the lock, the door opens, and the WARDEN appears. The CHAPLAIN sees him, rises, and after a moment's hesitation, touches PETER on the shoulder. PETER looks up, and understanding, rises.)

PETER *(Offering his hand)*

For all your kindness . . . thank you.

CHAPLAIN *(Taking it, and putting his other hand on PETER'S shoulder)*

May God bless you.
And be merciful.

PETER

Thank you. Goodbye.
(To the WARDEN)
I am ready.
(The WARDEN silently indicates the door. They start. There is a loud knocking on the door.)

CD 2 – TRACK 6**MRS. DEANE** *(Outside)*

Is the Chaplain there?
Is Peter with him?
Are you sure?

PETER

Mrs. Deane!
Keep her away! She must not see me!
(Renewed knocking)

THE PRISON GOVERNOR *(Outside)*

Chaplain, are you here?
(PETER stands trembling and twisting his hands.)

CHAPLAIN

It is the prison governor!
(To the WARDEN)
Open the door!
(The WARDEN does so, and MRS. DEANE rushes in, followed by the PRISON GOVERNOR.)

MRS. DEANE

Where is he?
Peter! You have been reprieved!

PETER

What do you say!

MRS. DEANE *(To the GOVERNOR)*

Oh, tell him! Tell him!

GOVERNOR

The death sentence has been commuted.
Your sentence is . . .
Imprisonment for life.

CHAPLAIN

God is merciful.

PETER

No, no! Not that!

GOVERNOR

Peter Ibbetson . . .

PETER (*Fighting for self-control*)

Oh, I have tried to have courage
And the strength to die,
Thinking it would not be long
Until the end.
But now . . . here, here, for life!
I know you mean to be kind.
And just, and merciful.
Be merciful, then!
Spare me this torment!
Let me die!
(*Sobbing hysterically, he sinks down at the table, burying his face in his arms. MRS. DEANE bends over him.*)

MRS. DEANE (*To the GOVERNOR*)

If I could see him alone . . .
(*He nods assent.*)

GOVERNOR

We shall wait outside.
(*He motions to the WARDEN, who unlocks the door. The three go out.*)

MRS. DEANE (*Touching PETER on the shoulder*)

Peter . . .
Dear Peter, will you not still be brave?

PETER (*Raising his head*)

They should have let me die!

MRS. DEANE

I have a message for you.
(*He looks up.*)
Yes, from her.
It is she that gave you back your life.

PETER

Mary!

MRS. DEANE

Yes.
All night she pleaded,
Fighting as she never fought before;
And in the end, you see, she won.

PETER

And the message?

MRS. DEANE

"Tell him," she said . . .
"His life has just begun."
What answer shall I take to her?

PETER

Tell her . . . to think of me,
Not as I am now,
But as the little French boy that she knew
So long ago.

MRS. DEANE

I will tell her.
(*Looking at him with concern.*)
Peter! You are so weary.
You must sleep.

PETER (*With a shudder*)

I could not!

MRS. DEANE

It is her wish.
That was the end of the message:
"Tell him to sleep,
And to dream true."

PETER

To dream true! . . .
(*He looks at her, smiling faintly.*)
Thank you; I will try.
(*He rises, goes over, and sits in the armchair. MRS. DEANE brings a rug from the chair at the left, and puts it over his knees.*)

MRS. DEANE

Let me give you this.
You should not be cold.
(*PETER lies back in the chair, his arms behind his head. He crosses his feet under the rug. She lays her hand gently on his head.*)
Dear boy, God bless you.
Rest, and sleep.

PETER (*Drowsily*)

You have brought me . . . peace . . .
(*She goes softly to the door, and out.*)
(*The room slowly darkens.*)

CD 2 – TRACK 7

(*The Lights Come up Slowly.*)

CHORUS (*Behind the Scenes*)

*En revenant d'Auvergne,
En revenant d'Auvergne,
En revenant d'Auvergne,
Auvergne, mon pays.
Passant par la Limagne,
Passant par la Limagne,
Passant par la Limagne,
D'la Limagn' a Paris.*

[*Returning from the Auvergne,
Auvergne, my homeland,
Passing through Limagne,
From Limagne to Paris*]

Scene 3

THE MARE D'AUTEUIL, PARIS, 1840. *In the foreground is the figure of PETER, still asleep in the armchair. In back is a grassy, wooded space on the shore of a lovely lake. A cloth is spread under a tree, and around it are grouped PASQUIER DE LA MARIÈRE, MADAME PASQUIER, MADAME SERASKIER, MAJOR DUQUESNOIS, and MIMSEY and GOGO. The cloth is strewn with dishes, bottles, and flowers. The group are just finishing a picnic supper. It is early evening, and the scene is flooded with the golden afterglow that comes just before dusk.*

CHORUS (*Behind the Scenes*)

*Chantant la savoyarde,
Dansant la montagnarde,
[The Savoyard girl singing,
The mountain girl dancing]
Eh ! gai, Coco!
Eh ! gai, Coco!
Eh ! venez voir la danse
Du petit marmot;
Eh! venez voir la danse
Du petit marmot.*

[*Eh! Pretty, Coco!
Eh! Come and see
The little marmot dance!*
*Une vieille édentée,
Une vieille édentée,
Une vieille édentée
Me dit: Mon p'tit ami;
[A toothless old woman,
Said to me: my little friend:]
Fais-moi donc voir la danse,
Fais-moi donc voir la danse,
Fais-moi donc voir la danse,
La dans' de ton pays.*

[Let me see the dance,
The dance of your country.]
Chante la savoyarde,
Danse la montagnarde,
Eh! gai, Coco!
Eh! gai, Coco!
Non, tu n' verras pas la danse
Du petit marmot;
Non, tu n' verras pas la danse
Du petit marmot.

[You won't see
The little marmot's dance.]

Une jeune fillette,
Une jeune fillette,
Une jeune fillette
Me dit: Mon jeune ami;
Montre-moi donc la danse,
Montre-moi donc la danse,
Montre-moi donc la danse,
La dans' de ton pays.

[A little lass said to me:
My young friend,
Watch me dance
The dance of your country.]

Chante la savoyarde,
Danse la montagnarde,
Eh! gai Coco!
Eh! gai, Coco!
Et je lui montraï la danse
Du petit marmot.
Et je lui montraï la danse
Du petit marmot,
Du petit marmot.

[And I showed him how to dance
The little marmot's dance.]

(The MAJOR rises, makes MME. PASQUIER a low bow, and waves his napkin around his head. The children applaud. All laugh. The party breaks up. GOGO produces a fishing net and invites MIMSEY to join him at the water's edge. She shakes her head, and goes off with the MAJOR to pick flowers. GOGO goes down to the pond. MME. SERASKIER takes up the battledore and shuttlecock and calls PASQUIER. They invite MME. PASQUIER to join them, but she smilingly refuses, opening her sewing basket and putting her finger through the toe of a small stocking. MME. SERASKIER laughs, and the two go out, MME. PASQUIER settles herself comfortably under the trees with her darning.)

(PETER enters, greatly agitated.)

(GOGO comes running up to his mother to show her something he has caught in his net. She smiles, and sends him off to throw it back in the pond.)

(MIMSEY and the MAJOR return, bringing wildflowers, which they give to MME. PASQUIER. PASQUIER and MME. SERASKIER return.)

GOGO runs up to his mother, who smooths back his hair and kisses him.)

PETER

Mother . . . mother . . . I'm Gogo!
I am the child you loved.
I need you so!
That is not Gogo!
That is only a shadow and a memory . . .
Only a dream!
(He goes close to her trying to make her see him.)
Gogo is here, mother . . .
Lonely . . . despairing . . .
Longing for the sound of your voice,
The touch of your hands.
Come back, mother!
Come back across the years,

And take me in your arms . . .
And comfort me . . .
(She neither sees nor hears him. He turns away in despair.)

CD 2 – TRACK 8

She does not hear! She does not see me!
I am alone . . . alone . . .
And shall be, always . . . always . . .
(He gives a sudden start as he sees MARY, who is entering from the opposite side, her arms outstretched.)
Mimsey! Mimsey!
You came! You came to me!
(He rushes to her and drops to his knees, sobbing and clinging to her, burying his face in her dress, like a child. She bends over him tenderly, soothing him.)

MARY

Dearest . . . dearest . . .
I have sought you everywhere.
And waited here, night after night.
Why did you never come?

PETER

I could not.
I could not dream true.

MARY

If you had not come at last,
I should have come to you,
Waking, and before the world.

PETER

Mimsey, I swear . . .
Swear by all that is dear to me,
I did not mean to kill him.
(The afterglow begins to fade. MADAME SERASKIER indicates the gathering dusk. It is time to go. They start packing the picnic baskets.)

MARY

No need to tell me that.
(She raises him to his feet.)
Here, beloved, I hold your hands
And look into your heart.
Come. Here is peace.
(She leads him to a rustic bench at the left, where they sit. At the same time, MIMSEY and GOGO come down and sit across from MARY and PETER.)
All through the hours of the night,
When our bodies lie in the half-death
That men call sleep,
We shall be together, you and I,
Through the years to come.
We shall roam the world together!
Look Peter . . .
(She indicates the children, who are sitting, each with, an arm about the other, their small faces turned toward the rising moon.)
We two . . . so long ago.

PETER

What are they thinking?
What do they dream?

MARY

I know what Mimsey dreams.
She dreams of Gogo.
Look at her . . . so calm and still . . .
Yet her little heart is full,
Beating with such love for Gogo
That she cannot speak.
Look at him . . . how beautiful he is.
That was you, Peter.

PETER

And Gogo dreams of the world beyond,
The world that he must conquer.
He will fly, fast and far,
Up, up, to the very sun . . .
For Mimsey.
(He turns to her with a pitiful smile.)
I tried to fly, Mimsey,
But my wings are broken

MARY

My dear . . . my dear
(She puts her arms about him, drawing his head down upon her breast.) (The picnic party is ready to start for home. The MAJOR calls the two children. They all go out in the bright moonlight, laughing and chatting, the MAJOR and the children, hand in hand, being the last to go.)
(As they go, MARY and PETER rise, watching them until they disappear.) (During the ensuing scene the moonlight fades, and a thick mist gradually obscures the Mare d'Auteuil; and as the scene draws to a close MARY and PETER stand, their two figures illuminated against an otherwise complete darkness.)

CHORUS *(Behind the scenes)*

*Quand je vais au jardin,
Jardin d'amour,
La tourterelle gémit,
En son langage me dit:
Voici la fin du jour,
Et le loup vous guette,
Ma jeune fillette,
En ce séjour;
Quand je vais au jardin,
Jardin d'amour.*

*Quand je vais au jardin,
Jardin d'amour,
Les fleurs se penchent vers moi,
Me disent: N'ayez pas d'effroi;
Voici la fin du jour,
Et celui qu'on aime
Va venir de meme,
En ce séjour;
Quand je vais au jardin,
Jardin d'amour.*

[When I go to the garden,
The garden of love,
The dove coos
And says to me:
This is the day's end,
And the wolf is stalking you,
My little lass,
In this place;
When I go to the garden,
The garden of love.

When I go to the garden,
The garden of love,
The flowers look at me
And say: don't be afraid,
This is the day's end,
And the one you love
Will come as well
To this place;
When I go to the garden,
The garden of love.]

PETER

Mimsey then . . .
(Turning to her)
And now. It was always you.

All my life I have fed upon your memory,
Waiting for Mimsey to come back to me.

MARY *(Smiling tenderly)*

And when she came . . .

PETER

I was too blind to know her.
I only knew that across the dark sky of my life
There flashed a blazing meteor,
Blinding and beautiful,
Filling my heart with maddening love and pain.
I might have known you.
What other could it be?

MARY

I, too. I should have known.
For I have always loved you.
The dear comrade that I knew so long ago.

PETER

You have been my life.

MARY

And shall be, always,
So long as life shall last.

PETER

I know, now, that I have lived
But for this hour.
If I were free tomorrow,
I would not take life back
Without you.

MARY

You are mine, and I am yours . . .
Your tyrant and your slave . . .
Forever.

BOTH

My heart, my life!
My own beloved!
(He takes her in his arms and kisses her . . . a long kiss.)
(The scene darkens.)

CD 2 – TRACK 9**Scene 4**

EPILOGUE. A CELL IN NEWGATE PRISON, 1887. *It is night. The single small window of the cell is dark, but a feeble light comes in through the upper part of the grated door. The only article of furniture, besides a rough stool, is a cot, and upon this PETER IBBETSON lies. His hair and beard are white; he is in prison garb, and looks haggard and ill. He is awake, but seems to be in a stupor, and takes no notice of his surroundings.*

(The door is opened, and a TURNKEY enters, followed by MRS. DEANE. She is grey-haired and elderly. PETER does not look up at their entry.)

MRS. DEANE

How is he tonight?

TURNKEY *(Shaking his head)*

He talks strangely.
He speaks of someone he has lost;
And he grows weaker.
The doctor says he has not long to live.
(MRS. DEANE goes over and sits beside the cot. The TURNKEY remains by the door.)

MRS. DEANE

Peter . . .
Peter, do you not know me?

PETER (*Looks up, and after a moment, smiles.*)
Mrs. Deane . . . dear Mrs. Deane?

MRS. DEANE

Peter, give me your hand.
(*She takes it.*)
You must be brave, and try to bear . . .
What I have come to tell you.

PETER (*After a short pause, with quiet dignity*)
She is dead. Mary is dead.
Is this your message?
(*She looks at him, and slowly bows her head.*)
I knew . . . I knew.
Last night she did not come to me.
She did not come to meet me in our dream,
As we have met, night after night,
These many, many years.

MRS. DEANE (*Giving him a letter*)

She sent you . . . this.
(*PETER takes it.*)
She wrote it as she lay dying.
(*He opens the letter and reads it.*)

PETER

"*A bientôt . . . Mimsey.*"
A bientôt
(*He smiles.*)
That means . . . "soon."
My love, my love . . .
It shall be soon.
(*He has risen upon one elbow.*)
Oh, if I could see her once again . . .
(*He falls back. MRS. DEANE bends over him anxiously.*)

MRS. DEANE (*To the TURNKEY*)

He is very ill. We must find help . . . quickly.
(*She hurries to the door. They go out, the TURNKEY locking the door behind them.*)

CD 2 – TRACK 10

(*Very slowly the apparition of MARY becomes visible, hovering above the cot. Her head and shoulders alone are visible, gleaming against the darkness of the cell.*)

MARY

Beloved . . .

PETER (*Starting up*)

Mimsey! Mimsey!
You have come! You have come to me!

MARY (*Smiling upon him with ineffable love and tenderness*)

Lie still, beloved,
Lie still, and listen well;
For I have come a long, long way
To be here.

PETER

I was alone and lost without you!

MARY

No more alone, Gogo; for I bring you the word
To come with me.

PETER

I knew that you would come,
That you would come in death,
Even as you came, living,
In my dreams.

MARY

Dear heart, no more of dreams.
Life is a dream;
Death, the awakening . . .
Happy, happy death . . .
If you but knew.
For us there shall be no sorrow or parting
Ever again. We two are one,
And ever have been,
And ever shall be.
It is a far journey, Peter,
But not a lonely one;
For we shall go together,
Hand in hand.
And now awake, beloved;
Give me your hand, and come with me.
(*Her image fades.*)
Come away, Peter!
(*His arms outstretched, his upturned face radiant*)
Mimsey! Mimsey!
I come, beloved, I come!

CHORUS (*Behind the scenes*)

Awake, Peter! Come away!
(*He sinks slowly back and lies motionless, his body limp, one arm dangling over the edge of the cot.*)
(*The door is unlocked, and the TURNKEY holds it open for MRS. DEANE, who hurries in, followed by the PRISON DOCTOR.*)
Life goes forth,
And life returns . . .
A drop of water
Returning to the infinite sea.
(*She bends over the cot, calling, "Peter! Peter!" She turns in sudden terror to the two men. All three bend over PETER'S body.*)
(*The back wall of the cell slowly fades, and in its place appears the Mare d'Auteuil, as it was in Scene 2, except that the scene is bright with sunlight.*)
(*Behind the scenes*)
The wanderer sets forth,
Turning his eyes upon a far place;
And there, at nightfall,
Stays to rest and dream.
(*The DOCTOR gently closes PETER'S eyes. MRS. DEANE sinks to her knees*
by the body, weeping. The two men stand near, with bowed heads.)
And in the dawn, returning homeward,
He sets his feet upon the well-remembered road
By which he came.
(*At the back, MARY appears, smiling and reaching out her arms.*)
Awake, O wanderer! Arise!
The dream is ended.
Awake! Arise!
Arise, and greet the day!
(*Out of the dead body on the cot rises PETER IBBETSON, the young PETER*
of Act I. He goes slowly to MARY. They meet, and stand enfolded in each other's arms.)
(*The Curtain Falls Slowly.*)

THE END