

Appendix

Scene performed by Lady Emily above (see n.17)

Transcribed from Frances Maria Kelly *Dramatic Recollections* (1832/3)

British Library Manuscript ADD 42920c ff120-210, ff207&208.

Enter Mademoiselle Lebot - (Calling)

Miss – Miss Betsy – Miss – Rattle – Miss – Bless my soul – where you are? – You are like some sound which I can hear but almost never see – Hush – Hark! – Is that you? Who is that noise? No – It is not her – I declare she is the most troublesome Pupil that I ever have – I never see such a Children – I undertake to teach her every thing - I can teach her nothing – she turn every thing in the maison on the lop side of the turvy – and contradict all the persons who can speak – she is so rude as a bears - To day in the morning only her Grandmama telled her a Story and she told to her it was a fib – I reproach her with a bad manner – and say to her – “Mademoiselle – Miss – that is not the way – to speaks to your Grandmama – if she say something that disagree with you – you must say to her in a mild tone of a voice – Grandmama I beg your pardon but I believe that you labour under a lie” – but I begin to think I shall never teach her to comport herself like a Milady – She says she will run away and go upon a stage – If she do so what can become to me? I shall lose my situation and I must get upon some stage too – Well – why for not? I speak Anglish so well as – as – Bless my heart what is this they call an Oyster? Stop – I recollect myself of it – I know well at present – It is a Native – yes – I speak Anglish so well as a Native. If I do make some little stakes in the words it is no matter – because my accent is so good – Anglish Tragedy is very dull – I shall make it better – Shakespeare is a clever man – I wonder where the young Gentleman lives ! – but Shakespeare never hear a French Vaudeville – If he had he shall mix up some pretty airs to relieve the distress of his Magic Plays – I shall alter them all – Already I have begun with Mad-Bess - I shall act Lady Mad-Bess - Then I walk in her Slips – “To Bed – To Bed – there’s knocking at the Gate – Come – come – come – come – give me your hand – What’s done cannot be undone To bed – to bed – to bed” – No- No – it wants de – vivide it is too dull – too slippy – Here’s the smell of blood still – all the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand –

My Lord – My lord – pray come to bed now
My Lord – My Lord – it's very late
Don't be thinking about the dead now
When there's knocking at the Gate –
 { what is done cannot be undone
Bis¹ – { Be a Man – hold up your head
 { perhaps this knocking is from London
 { So “To Bed – to bed – to bed.” –

Gilli Bush-Bailey

RHUL Jan 08

¹ This indicates 'repeat'