

THE OLD SHOP WITH A BELL



A ONE ACT COMEDY WITH MUSIC
BASED ON THE POPULAR RADIO SERIES
BACK KITCHEN FRONT



THE PLAY BY ANDREW P. WILSON
THE MUSIC BY R. GORDON McCALLUM
PRICE — ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

THE OLD SHOP WITH A BELL

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THE PLAY BY
ANDREW P. WILSON

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R. GORDON McCALLUM

("Sandy and Andy" of "Scottish Half Hour")

JOHN McQUEEN & SON, LIMITED,
PUBLISHERS,
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PARTICULARS RE PRODUCTION.

All applications for a licence to perform this Play must be addressed to —

Messrs Samuel French, Ltd.,

26 Southampton Street,

Strand, London, W.C.2,

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The fee for each and every representation by amateurs is One Guinea, which is payable in advance. Upon payment of this fee a licence will be issued for the performance to take place, and no representations may be given unless a licence has been obtained.

The following particulars are needed for the issue of a licence:

Title of the Play (s).

Name of the town.

The name of the theatre or hall.

Date of the performance (s).

Name and address of applicant.

Name of Society.

Amount remitted.

Any costumes or wigs required in the performance of Plays contained in French's Acting Edition may be obtained from Messrs CHARLES H. FOX, LTD., 184 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

FOREWORD.

A One-Act Comedy with music has seldom been seen on the professional stage. There are several reasons for this; most of them commercial.

Through their broadcasting experience, however, the Author and Composer have had ample evidence that a Short Comedy with music is appreciated by a very wide section of the public.

In the belief that amateur actors will find the same welcome for this form of entertainment when produced as part of a programme, they introduce —

THE OLD SHOP WITH A BELL.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CHARACTERS.

MRS CLYDE is a cheery soul. Like most people who serve the public she has a philosophic outlook on life, and isn't easily ruffled.

SUSAN HOPE is a girl with a solemn aspect, for she never smiles. If she says anything to cause a laugh it is purely coincidental, for she has no sense of humour.

MRS JACKSON is well preserved; her age uncertain. Her continued effort to be genteel may have left her a little bit shrewish.

ALICE ALLISON is a pretty village girl. Believing, as she does, that love makes the world go round, she is a little bit dizzy.

PETER PRINGLE is a young man suffering from his first serious love affair. He, like Alice, is still spinning.

MINNIE SMITH and **WINNIE SMITH** are, of course, sisters. Both are of uncertain age and spinsterish. They dress very much alike; their fashions are their own.

JIMMIE JACKSON is a naturally cheerful individual, but his wife's efforts to build him into a gentleman have left him slightly bewildered.

THE OLD SHOP WITH A BELL

A ONE ACT COMEDY WITH MUSIC

The characters as they first enter:—

MRS CLYDE.

SUSAN HOPE.

MRS JACKSON.

ALICE ALLISON.

PETER PRINGLE.

WINNIE SMITH

MINNIE SMITH.

JIMMIE JACKSON.

Scene - That Old Shop around the corner.

Time - The day after tomorrow.

Songs- “The Old Shop with a Bell.”

“I Took My Bill to a Pic-nic.”

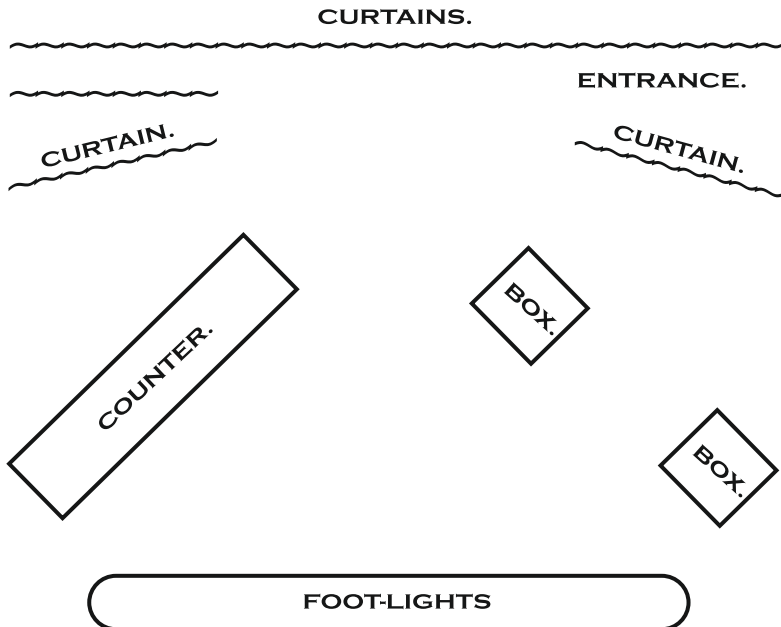
“Loch Lomond.”

“In the Dingle Dell.”

SUGGESTIONS RE STAGING.

The setting may be elaborate or simple. It may look like a real old shop with the entrance door and it's bell very much in evidence, or it may only suggest a shop with the bell ringing at an unseen entrance off-stage. The stage directions in the text have been written with this simple setting in mind.

All the essential properties are mentioned in the text. Others may be added to convey atmosphere, but the stage shouldn't be cluttered up with non-essentials. It will be a great help to grouping if the little counter which separates Mrs Clyde from her customers is placed at an angle. One or two upturned boxes in front of the counter can serve instead of chairs, and the layout should be like this:-



“THE OLD SHOP WITH A BELL.”

—●—

Before the curtain goes up the whole cast are heard singing the opening chorus behind the scenes —

OPENING CHORUS:

(Music on Page 25)

The old shop with a bell;
 The old shop with a bell;
 There's coffee, tea, and sugar,
 And there's other things to sell.
 There's cigarettes and ginger-bread;
 There's marmalade and prunes,
 And if it's not too busy
 You can also hear some tunes.
 The old shop with a bell
 Will do you very well;
 If you would buy
 Be sure to try
 The old shop with a bell.

The curtain opens as the unseen singers reach the second last line of the chorus, and Mrs Clyde is discovered behind her counter busily dusting its top. She continues doing this for a moment or two after the music stop to give the audience time to settle; then the shop bell rings, and Susan Hope comes on at left.

Susan	(as she comes in) Good Evening, Mrs Clyde!
Mrs Clyde	Oh, it's you Susan! I didn't know you were home.
Susan	I came back this afternoon.
Mrs Clyde	Did you have a nice holiday?
Susan	Not bad. I was just beginning to enjoy it when my mother wired me to come home.
Mrs Clyde	Anything wrong?
Susan	Not much, but my mother's so forgetful. My sister Bessie's getting married tomorrow.
Mrs Clyde	Bessie?
Susan	My oldest sister.
Mrs Clyde	Didn't you know she was getting married before you went away?
Susan	Mother's so forgetful - she never told me.
Mrs Clyde	I hope Bessie hasn't forgotten.

Susan Catch her forgetting! She's been too keen to nab a man.

Mrs Clyde Do I know him?

Susan How could you? I don't know him. Mother doesn't know him. She thinks Bessie told her all about him once, but she's so forgetful.

Mrs Clyde So it would seem. Is Bessie home yet?

Susan No, not till tomorrow. Can I have half-pound of tea, please?

Mrs Clyde Surely, Susan. (She gets the packet of tea from behind the counter, and Susan slips it into her basket.) I expect Bessie will be very much in love?

Susan I suppose so. She always was sloppy.

Mrs Clyde Love's a funny thing, Susan.

Susan So folks say, but it never makes me laugh.

Mrs Clyde Your turn will come. What about the money for the tea?

Susan Mother never said anything about that. You see -

Mrs Clyde (cutting in) Don't say it! I know. She's so forgetful. I'll mark it down.

Susan Could you oblige me with an empty box for firewood?

Mrs Clyde (pointedly) I sell firewood!

Susan That's different.

Mrs Clyde Quite so. Sorry I can't oblige!

Susan Don't apologise. I'll get one some other time.

Cheerio!

Mrs Clyde Cheerio!

Susan exits and the shop bell rings as she disappears, Mrs Clyde opens her ledger which is lying on the counter, and makes a note. As she is doing so the shop bell rings again, and Mrs Jackson comes in.

Mrs Jackson Good evening, Mrs Clyde.

Mrs Clyde Good evening, mam.

Mrs Jackson You don't know me?

Mrs Clyde Can't say I do.

Mrs Jackson My name's Mrs J. Robinson Jackson. You knew me well enough once.

Mrs Clyde Not under that double-barrelled name, I didn't.

- Mrs Jackson Perhaps not, but do you remember Helen Ingles?
- Mrs Clyde Helen Ingles? (A light dawning.) Not Nellie from Dingle Dell?
- Mrs Jackson The same.
- Mrs Clyde My, but you've grown thin.
- Mrs Jackson I always do my daily dozen.
- Mrs Clyde You look more like a baker's dozen. Where are you living now?
- Mrs Jackson Mount Royal. It's very select.
- Mrs Clyde So are my eggs, but sometimes there's a bad one amongst them. Mount Royal would be much too select for me.
- Mrs Jackson Some people never change, do they?
- Mrs Clyde That can't be said about you, Nellie. You weren't so posh when I knew you first.
- Mrs Jackson Well, of course, Robinson hadn't made his money then.
- Mrs Clyde Robinson? I thought you married old Jimmie Jackson?
- Mrs Jackson I did, but Robinson's his middle name.
- Mrs Clyde And old Jimmie's made money, has he?
- Mrs Jackson He's now the Chairman of Waste Metal Products.
- Mrs Clyde That's a step up from the scrap iron business.
- Mrs Jackson I'm afraid you don't understand.
- Mrs Clyde Don't you believe, Nellie, I understand fine, Jimmie used to push a wheel-barrow, and now you push Jimmie. I don't suppose you want to anything?
- Mrs Jackson I get all my provisions at the big stores.
- Mrs Clyde Quite so, Nellie, quite so, but not long ago you used to come in here looking for tick.
- Mrs Jackson Tick! What is tick?
- Mrs Clyde Tick's a little word with a big meaning, Nellie. It's helped many a poor soul to find a meal, and it's put up the shutters on many a little shop for helping them. Come to think of it, I've an account in my book here against you that's been nesting there a long time.
- Mrs Jackson Aren't you making a mistake?

- Mrs Clyde Not me. The scrap-iron business wasn't flourishing then. (Turning up page in the ledger.) Here's the amount - two pounds, six and tenpence.
- Mrs Jackson (glancing at book) I can't imagine how I forgot that.
- Mrs Clyde I can't imagine it either, Nellie. In fact I *don't* imagine it. It's here in black and white.
- Mrs Jackson I'll get my husband to send you a cheque.
- The shop bell rings, and Alice Allison enters.
- Alice How do, Mrs Clyde?
- Mrs Clyde With you in a moment Alice.
- Alice (remaining in background) That's all right.
- Mrs Jackson I won't detain you any longer, Mrs Clyde. Good evening!
- Mrs Clyde Good evening!
- Mrs Jackson sails out with great dignity, and the shop bell rings as she goes.
- Alice I didn't know you were chummy with the gentry.
- Mrs Clyde I didn't know myself until to-night. What can I do for you?
- Alice I didn't come in to buy anything.
- Mrs Clyde I must be holding an "At Home" and don't know it.
- Alice I just came in to show you something.
- Mrs Clyde Jewellery?
- Alice (excited) You're getting hot!
- Mrs Clyde It's a ring.
- Alice (delighted) That's right! An engagement ring! (holding out her hand) Look!
- Mrs Clyde It's nice. Rubies?
- Alice Peter couldn't run to diamonds.
- Mrs Clyde Peter?
- Alice Peter Pringle - that's the boy.
- Mrs Clyde Do I know him?
- Alice You've seen him often enough. He's just inside the door there. Will I bring him in?
- Mrs Clyde Why not? It'll always fill in the time till a real customer arrives.

Alice (turning towards the entrance and calling) Come on in, Peter!

Peter comes in slowly, looking sheepish and giggling nervously.

He's awful shy.

Mrs Clyde Marriage will soon cure that.

Alice Isn't he nice?

Peter (giggling) Ach, go on, Alice. You're pulling my leg.

Mrs Clyde So you're Peter Pringle?

Peter Yes, Mrs Clyde. I'm Peter. I used to come in here to buy cigarettes.

Mrs Clyde I still sell them.

Peter I don't want any just now.

Mrs Clyde Don't worry. I only keep this shop for a hobby. So you and Alice are getting married, eh?

Peter (giggling) Yes, Mrs Clyde, next week.

Mrs Clyde Are you nervous?

Peter Desperate.

Mrs Clyde It's quite a simple operation, really. Close your eyes and say "I do" at the right time. It's as easy as taking medicine, but the taste lasts longer.

Peter (giggling) I felt awful bashful buying the ring.

Mrs Clyde I'm sure you did. How you ever found the courage to propose beats me.

Alice I gave him a little assistance, Mrs Clyde.

Mrs Clyde Yes, I was beginning to think that, Alice. Most men are the same. They like to paddle on the edge of the matrimonial ocean, but it takes a strong push to put them in over the head. My Willie was like that.

Alice Your Willie, Mrs Clyde?

Mrs Clyde That was my husband's name.

Alice I'd like to hear about it. Wouldn't you, Peter? (giggling)

Peter I'm sure it must have been romantic.

Mrs Clyde Oh, yes, it was romantic all right. Sit down on the boxes there and I'll tell you all about it. (They sit down.) It was a lovely summer's day. The sun was shining - the sky was blue - so I took my Bill to a picnic. . . .

As Mrs Clyde is speaking the last words the introductory music comes quietly through, and as she finishes speaking she almost immediately begins singing the number—

I TOOK MY BILL TO A PIC-NIC.

(Music on Page 27)

Mrs Clyde

“Where there’s a Will there’s a way,” they say,
And I can prove that’s true;
But whether he was Will, a Willie, or a Bill,
There was just one thing to do.

CHORUS:

So—I took my Bill to a pic-nic;
To a pic-nic I took Bill.
We had a lot o’ fun at the pic-nic;
At the pic-nic by the mill.
We played on the green,
We danced and sang.
There was smoke in the tea,
And flies in the jam.
When I first kissed Bill
He frisked like a lamb
At the picnic down by the mill.

The chorus is repeated with Alice and Peter joining in.

SECOND VERSE.

Mrs Clyde

“Rolling stones gain no moss,” they say,
And that may prove quite true.
To stop his little roll, and land him in the goal,
There was just one thing to do.

CHORUS :

So—I took my Bill to a pic-nic;
To a pic-nic I took Bill.
We had a lot o’ fun at the pic-nic;
At the pic-nic by the mill.
We tripped and skipped
All through the day;
We frisked and frolicked
In the same old way.
Then Bill popped the question
And I said “O.K.!”
At the pic-nic, the jolly pic-nic,
At the pic-nic down by the mill.

The chorus is repeated as before with Alice and Peter again joining in.

Alice (as the applause is ending) That was nice.

Mrs Clyde Yes, it makes a cheery little song.

Peter (giggling) It was awful romantic.

Mrs Clyde Wasn't it?

Alice Just like Romeo and Juliet.

Mrs Clyde Almost the same, but there was no balcony.

Peter Balcony? I never knew Romeo proposed at the pictures!

Mrs Clyde (severely) Pictures! Do you think Romeo held Juliet's hand in the ninepennies?

The shop bell rings, and Susan Hope comes in again complete with basket.

Susan Back again, Mrs Clyde!

Mrs Clyde So I see, Susan. What's your mother forgotten to remember this time?

Susan She's just remembered that she's forgotten the guests.

Mrs Clyde The guests?

Susan She's asked about fifty relations to the wedding.

Mrs Clyde Only fifty?

Susan It might be sixty. Mother's so...

Mrs Clyde (cutting in) I know, I know! What's an odd ten at a wedding feast anyway? You'll be wanting something to feed them?

Susan That's what I'm here for. Two loaves, please.

Mrs Clyde Large ones?

Susan Small will do.

Mrs Clyde That'll be about half-a-slice each, I should think! (Getting them from behind counter.) Here's your loaves. Anything else?

Susan (putting loaves in her basket) Half-a-pound of marge.

Mrs Clyde Half-a-pound? Your mother's being generous with the marge, isn't she?

Susan That's what I thought. Make it a quarter.

Mrs Clyde (getting it) One quarter of marge forward.

Susan (slipping it into basket) Mark these down with the tea.

- Mrs Clyde Your mother's hospitality is overflowing into my ledger.
- Susan Into your what?
- Mrs Clyde Into my ledger!
- Susan I thought you said into your lodger. Cheerio!
- Mrs Clyde Cheerio!
- Susan goes out with her basket, and the shop bell rings. Mrs Clyde opens her ledger.
- Alice (rising and approaching counter) Who's getting married?
- Mrs Clyde (busy with ledger) Just a minute, Alice, till I write up my lodger—tuts, ledger. (Closing ledger.) What did you say, Alice?
- Alice Which of the Hopes is getting married?
- Mrs Clyde Susan's big sister, Bessie.
- Alice That should please her mother.
- Mrs Clyde She may remember to be pleased if she doesn't forget to be glad. When did you say you were getting married, Peter?
- Peter Next Tuesday, Mrs Clyde.
- Mrs Clyde Well, if you want me to do the catering, please remember that my terms after to-night are spot cash!
- The shop bell rings and Winnie and Minnie Smith come in. They smile gushingly. Alice draws away into background.
- Winnie Good evening, Mrs Clyde. You're still open?
- Mrs Clyde Yes, Winnie, still open. Here at the scales of justice, so to speak.
- Minnie Always ready to serve, Mrs Clyde?
- Mrs Clyde Always ready and willing to take an order, Minnie. What's yours?
- Minnie (brightly) Mine's a small port.
- Winnie (shocked) Minnie!
- Minnie Sorry. My mind must be straying.
- Mrs Clyde It's strayed into the wrong shop.
- Winnie We didn't come in to buy anything, Mrs Clyde.
- Minnie Just a friendly little visit.
- Mrs Clyde I'm glad it's friendly. I haven't got a gun.

- Winnie You're always so light-hearted, Mrs Clyde. You lead such a full life.
- Mrs Clyde That's what you think. My till has a different story.
- Alice They say money talks, Mrs Clyde.
- Mrs Clyde It may do, Alice, but it's pretty dumb to-night, (turning to Alice) You're here, Alice?
- Alice Yes, but I'm just leaving.
- Peter (rising from box) I'll be going too, Mrs Clyde.
- Mrs Clyde Right oh, Peter.
- Minnie And how are you, Mr Pringle?
- Peter (giggling) I'm fine, Miss Winnie.
- Winnie (severely) That's Miss *Minnie!* *I'm* Miss Winnie!
- Peter (flustered) Sorry, Miss Minnie—Winnie—Ninnie—Pinnie.
- Minnie We've just been calling on your mother, Peter. She's very perturbed about you getting married.
- Mrs Clyde Why should she be perturbed? Peter's old enough.
- Minnie It isn't a question of age, Mrs Clyde. It's the girl,
- Alice (sharply) What's the matter with the girl?
- Winnie Peter's mother thinks she's flighty.
- Alice (annoyed) Flighty! Me?
- Minnie (taken aback) Oh, you're the girl.
- Peter Yes, she's the girl, Miss Winnie—Minnie. My girl, but she's not flighty, not Alice.
- Alice Your mother evidently thinks I am!
- Winnie Perhaps we misunderstood her.
- Alice You might, but I don't. I knew she was running me down behind my back, but I didn't think she'd talk about me to two old gossips like you!
- Winnie }
Minnie } (together—shocked) Gossips!
- Alice Yes, the worst old gossips in the place. You just live on tittle-tattle!
- Mrs Clyde Oh, no, Alice, you're wrong there. Minnie and Winnie may tittle, but they never tattle.
- Alice Come on, Peter! We may as well settle this matter with your mother at once!

- Peter (perturbed) Must we?
- Alice Are you a man or a mouse?
- Peter I may look like a man, but I feel like a mouse.
- Mrs Clyde Would you like some cheese?
- Alice (peremptorily) COME ON!
- Peter (humbly) O.K., Alice.
- Alice seizes Peter by the arm and drags him off at entrance. The shop bell rings violently as they go.
- Mrs Clyde (laughing) Well, Alice may have her faults, but when it comes to grabbing a man there's nothing flighty about her.
- Winnie Dreadful girl! She got me quite faint.
- Minnie I'm upset too.
- Mrs Clyde Sit down and get your breath back.
- Winnie (sitting on box down stage) She called us gossips !
- Minnie (sitting on other box) A pair of tattle-tittlers!
- Mrs Clyde Oh, the girl was excited, don't mind that. Besides, what's life in a little place without a bit o' gossip. We'd all be covered with cob-webs without it. Feeling better?
- Winnie Yes, a little.
- Minnie You've no smelling salts, have you, Mrs Clyde?
- Mrs Clyde Nothing but Epsoms. What did you want to see me about?
- Winnie The Institution Social next month.
- Minnie We wondered if you would sing?
- Mrs Clyde Which night is it?
- Winnie Tuesday, the 18th.
- Minnie It begins at 7.30.
- Mrs Clyde I'll be glad to come along.
- Minnie Thank you.
- Mrs Clyde Have you all the programme settled?
- Winnie We only need one more item.
- Mrs Clyde Why don't you two weigh in with a duet?
- Winnie } (together—all girlish) Really, Mrs Clyde!
Minnie }

Mrs Clyde Why not? I've heard you both chirping in church. Very nice too.

Winnie We haven't sung in public for years.

Minnie Not since dear grandpapa's wedding.

Mrs Clyde Grandpapa's wedding!

Winnie His fourth wedding.

Minnie We were just little girls.

Winnie Our new grandmama cried.

Mrs Clyde And your old grandpapa?

Minnie He was past crying.

Mrs Clyde What did you sing?

Winnie A little Scots song.

Minnie "Loch Lomond."

Mrs Clyde I know it well. Nice. Why not sing it now?

The introductory music creeps in.

Winnie Here?

Minnie In the shop?

Mrs Clyde It'll be a nice little practice.

The music swells up and, without further preamble, Winnie and Minnie begin to sing it in harmony. They should not clown it in any way. The better it is sung the better will be the effect.

LOCH LOMOND.

(Music on Page 30)

Winnie } Minnie }	By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond, Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.
----------------------	--

O, ye'll tak' the high road
 And I'll tak' the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

O, ye'll tak' the high road
 And I'll tak' the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

If desired, Mrs Clyde can take up a repeat of the last chorus, and if the audience join in to make it a community effort so much the better.

Mrs Clyde (as the applause is ending) That was nice.
 Winnie A little sad, perhaps.
 Mrs Clyde It's none the worse for that.
 The shop bell rings and Susan Hope bustles in once more with her basket.
 Susan Here we are again, Mrs Clyde.
 Mrs Clyde Here we are again, Susan. I was getting quite lonely without you.
 Susan That mother of mine's awful.
 Mrs Clyde Don't tell me she's forgotten something else.
 Susan How did you guess?
 Mrs Clyde It's more an intuition than a guess, Susan.
 Susan An intuition! What's that?
 Mrs Clyde Well, as soon as you came in I seemed to smell forget-me-nots. (Opening ledger.) What have I to mark down this time?
 Susan Have you any bloater paste?
 Mrs Clyde No bloater paste, but I've some nice shoe polish.
 Susan You can't make sandwiches of shoe polish.
 Mrs Clyde Your mother could. (Getting it.) Here's some chicken, ham, and tongue paste.
 Susan That sounds classy.
 Mrs Clyde It's good, but the shoe polish would have more taste.
 Susan I'll have the chicken.
 Mrs Clyde (handing it over) Right oh! Have the guests arrived yet?
 Susan Not yet. They may have forgotten.
 Mrs Clyde If they're relatives of your mother it's more than likely.
 Susan You haven't an empty box yet?

Mrs Clyde Not yet.

Susan No harm in asking.

Mrs Clyde None in the world.

Susan Cheerio!

Mrs Clyde Cheerio!

Susan exits and the shop bell rings. Mrs Clyde makes her entry in the ledger. Winnie and Minnie, who have been sitting listening eagerly to the conversation now look at each other and nod knowingly.

Winnie Nice bright girl, Susan.

Mrs Clyde (closing ledger) Yes, Susan's no dummy.

Minnie She said something about guests?

Mrs Clyde Bessie's getting married.

Winnie } (together—rising eagerly) Who's the man?
Minnie }

Mrs Clyde Nobody knows.

Winnie We might walk up that way, Minnie.

Minnie Just what I was thinking, Winnie.

Mrs Clyde Give Susan's mother my love.

Winnie May we?

Mrs Clyde It'll give you an excuse for calling.

Winnie Yes, it will. Thank you.

Mrs Clyde Don't mention it.

Winnie } (together—hurriedly) Good-bye I
Minnie }

Mrs Clyde Good-bye ! Tally ho! Good hunting !

Winnie and Minnie go out on the run, and the shop bell rings violently.

Mrs Clyde The gossip-hounds!

The shop bell rings again, and Jimmie Jackson comes in.

Jimmie Good evening, Mrs Clyde.

Mrs Clyde (surprised and pleased) Bless my heart, it isn't?

Jimmie It is! Jimmie Jackson.

Mrs Clyde My, but it's a long time since I've seen you.

Jimmie (dolefully) Too long, Mrs Clyde.

- Mrs Clyde Are you as miserable as you look?
- Jimmie Worse. I'm a most unhappy man.
- Mrs Clyde And you getting on so well?
- Jimmie Who told you that?
- Mrs Clyde I had your wife in.
- Jimmie Looking for me?
- Mrs Clyde She never said.
- Jimmie She wouldn't. Nellie's fly. But she was looking for me just the same.
- Mrs Clyde Don't tell me you've run away from home.
- Jimmie That's about it, Mrs Clyde. I'm fed up.
- Mrs Clyde What about?
- Jimmie My wife was bent on making a gentleman of me, but I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks.
- Mrs Clyde Don't you like Mount Royal? Your wife says it's very select.
- Jimmie That's the trouble. It's too select for me. And I can't stand our new house. Crazy pavements outside, and crazy people inside. I want to come back here and live in the simple style I was always used to.
- Mrs Clyde I understand, Jimmie.
- The shop bell rings and Mrs Jackson comes in. On seeing Jimmie she stops and looks at him more in sorrow than in anger. He returns her gaze for a moment before speaking.
- Jimmie Well, Nellie?
- Mrs Jackson So you're here, Robinson?
- Jimmie I'm here.
- Mrs Clyde I told him you'd been in, Mrs Jackson.
- Mrs Jackson And what has he told you?
- Jimmie Everything. I've finished with Mount Royal.
- Mrs Jackson Why?
- Jimmie We needn't go into all that again. You know.
- Mrs Jackson (crossing slowly to box down stage) Yes, I know.
- Jimmie I've found a nice little cottage near here.
- Mrs Jackson And I'm to leave everything I've built up?

CHORUS:

Dingle Dell, Dingle Dell.
 That is where I first met Nell,
 Drawing water from the well
 In the Dingle Dell.
 Nellie's neat, sweet, and trim ;
 Not too forward, not too prim;
 Not too round, and not too slim ;
 Belle of Dingle Dell.
 I love Nellie dearly,
 Nell says she loves me,
 And she's vowed sincerely
 She will marry me.
 Wedding bells will gaily ring—
 Ring-a-ding-ding, ring-a-ding,
 On a day in early spring
 In the Dingle Dell.

SECOND VERSE.

Well I knew the words would thrill me
 When the parson asked me "Will ye
 Take this girl named Nell?"
 There could be no hesitating;
 'Twas the moment I'd been waiting
 In the Dingle Dell.

CHORUS :

Dingle Dell, Dingle Dell.
 That is where I first met Nell,
 Drawing water from the well In the Dingle Dell.
 Nellie's neat, sweet, and trim ;
 Not too forward, not too prim;
 Not too round, and not too slim;
 Belle of Dingle Dell.
 I love Nellie dearly,
 Nell says she loves me,
 And she's vowed sincerely
 She will marry me.
 Wedding bells will gaily ring—
 Ring-a-ding-ding, ring-a-ding,
 On a day in early spring
 In the Dingle Dell.
 In the Dingle Dell.

The chorus is repeated with Mrs Clyde and Nellie joining in.

- Mrs Clyde (as applause is ending) That's lovely.
- Mrs Jackson It brings back the past, Jimmie.
- Jimmie Yes, it makes me feel young again, Nellie.
- Mrs Clyde Love's young dream—second edition!
The shop bell rings, and Susan Hope bustles in again with her basket.
- Susan It's me again, Mrs Clyde.
- Mrs Clyde So I see, Susan.
- Susan Mother hasn't forgotten anything this time.
- Mrs Clyde You surprise me.
- Susan She's remembered something.
- Mrs Clyde The woman's a marvel.
- Susan The wedding's not to-morrow.
- Mrs Clyde It isn't?
- Susan No, it's next week.
- Mrs Clyde Imagine that!
- Susan Mother wrote the date down to remind her.
- Mrs Clyde But she forgot to look at it. Quite so. And the wedding feast's postponed?
- Susan That's right. So will you please take back one of the loaves and the bottled chicken?
- Mrs Clyde Anything to oblige.
- Susan (depositing them on counter) You'll remember to rub them out of your ledger?
- Mrs Clyde Of course I'll remember. I haven't been smitten with your mother's complaint, you know!
- Susan Have you an empty box yet?
- Mrs Clyde The only empty box in this shop, Susan, is the till, and I'm hoping I may need it some day.
- Mrs Jackson That reminds me, Mrs Clyde. I find I have enough money in my' bag to pay that account I owe you. (Handing money over.) Here it is.
- Mrs Clyde Thank you, Nellie. That's your last hope gone, Susan, no empty box now.
- Susan O.K., Cheerio!
- Mrs Clyde Cheerio!

Susan exits and the shop bell rings.

Mrs Clyde We must be going too, Jimmie.

Jimmie Yes, Nellie, we must.

Mrs Clyde What's your hurry? I'll be closing for the night in a moment. Away into the back shop and put the kettle on, Nellie. You go with her, Jimmie. We'll have a cup of tea to celebrate your second honeymoon.

Jimmie Right oh, Mrs Clyde. Come on, Nellie.

Jimmie and Nellie exit down stage at right below the counter. His arm is round her neck and he looks at her very lovingly.

Mrs Clyde (having watched them go) Of course, this isn't a shop any longer. It's just a nest for love-birds. Tweet! Tweet!

She opens her ledger, and draws her pen through two items. As she is doing so the cast off-stage begin to sing the Finale.

FINALE.

(Music on Page 25.)

The old shop with a bell
Will do you very well;
If you would buy
Be sure and try
The old shop with a bell.

At the second last line the curtain falls.

.....

It is the end of the play.

Opening Chorus (and Finale)

Words by
ANDREW P. WILSON

Music by
R. GORDON McCALLUM

Con spirito,

f

The old shop with a bell, — The old shop with a bell, — There's

mf

cof - fee tea and su - gar, and there's oth - er things to sell; — There's

cig - ar - ettes and gin - ger bread, There's marm - a - lade and prunes, — And

if it's not too bu - sy, You can al - so hear some tunes. — The

old shop with a bell — Will do you ve - ry well, — If

you would buy, Be sure and try The old shop with a bell — The

old shop with a bell! —

I took my Bill to a Picnic

Words by
ANDREW P. WILSON

Music by
R. GORDON McCALLUM

Allegro moderato

1. "Where there's a Will there's a way," they say, And I can prove that's
2. "Roll - ing stones gain no moss," they say, And that may prove quite

true. But wheth - er he was Will, a Will - ie or a Bill, There was
true. To stop his lit - tle roll, and land him in the goal, There was

CHORUS. 1st time *p* 2nd *f*

just one thing to do. So took my Bill to a
just one thing to do. So

rit. *llegiero*

-pic - nie; To a pic - nie I took Bill. We

had a lot o' fun at the pic - nie At the pic - nie, by the

mill. We played on the green, We danced and sang, There was
We tripped and we skipped, All thro' the day; We

più mosso

smoke in the tea, And flies in the jam, When I first kissed Bill, He
friked and we frolicked In the same old way, Then Bill popped the question, And

1.
friked like a lamb
I said "O. K!" At the pic - nic down by the mill. So

2. Last time only
pic - nic down by the mill. pic - nic, the jol - ly
sf *poco rit.*

pic - nic, At the pic - nic down by the mill.
a tempo *sf*

Duet - The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond

Words and Melody Traditional

Piano Arrangement
R. GORDON McCALLUM

Moderato

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by
2. 'Twas there that we pairt - ed, in

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by
2. 'Twas there that we pairt - ed, in

yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where

yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch
 pur - ple in hue the Hie lan' hills we view, And the moon comin' oot. in the

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch
 pur - ple in hue the Hie lan' hills we view, And the moon comin' oot. in the

mf

Più mosso

Lo - mond, gloam - in' } O, ye'll tak' the high road, An' I'll tak' the low road, An'

Lo - mond, gloam - in' } C, ye'll tak' the high road, An' I'll tak' the low road, An'

mf

app

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

app

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

app

rall.

nev - er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

rall.

nev - er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

rall.

Dingle Dell

Words by
ANDREW P. WILSON

Music by
R. GORDON McCALLUM

Allegretto grazioso



The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are:

1. Just a mile past La - sy Cor - ner, 'Way be - yond the wind-mill yon - der,

2. Well I knew the words would thrill me When the fair - yin asked me "Will ye

The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic line in the bass clef, with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Lies the Din gle Dell,

take this girl named Nell?"

The piano accompaniment continues with a simple harmonic line in the bass clef, with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

In that love-ly sit-u-a-tion Stands the hum-ble hab-it-a-tion
There could be no hes-it-a-ting 'Twas the mo-ment I'd been wait-ing

Of my sweet-heart Nell.
In the Din-gle Dell.

senza rit. *f*

CHORUS. 2nd time *f*
well marked

Din-gle Dell, Din-gle Dell, That is where I first met Nell,

Draw-ing wa - ter from the well In the Din-gle Dell.

Nell - ie's neat, sweet and trim; Not too fer-ward, not too prim,

Not too round not too slim, Belle of Din-gle Dell.

I love Nell - ie dear - ly, Nell says she loves me,

cantabile

And she's vowed sin - cere - ly She will mar - ry me.

Wed - ding bells will gai - ly ring, Ring - a - ding - ding,

cresc. poco a poco

Ring - a - ding, On a day in ear - ly Spring

1. In the Din - gle Dell. 2. Dell.

D. S.

