

GRUBB'S CORNER

OR

The Dutch on the Delaware

A Colonial Operetta

A. R. Saylor Printing Company



As Sung by

THE ARDEN CHORUS

6-1331

GRUBB'S CORNER
or
THE DUTCH ON THE DELAWARE

by
FRANK STEPHENS

Musical Arrangement by

ESTELLE HILLERSOHN

from

Operettas of Gilbert & Sullivan

Time: Early Seventeenth Century

Scene: Bank of Naaman's Creek

CHARACTERS

Captain David de Vries

Katrina Von Hoon

Lord Baltimore

Lady Mary Elizabeth

Lady Elizabeth Mary

Pirate Chief

William Penn

Dorothea Prim

Sachem Pokerface

Pocahontas

Chief Bigfoot

Peter Grubb

Dutch, Swedes, English, Pirates,
Quakers and Indians

PROLOGUE



The epoch-making work which we are about to present,—or perpetrate, as you may hereafter prefer,—is a historical opera having no foundation in history or fiction. It brings together historic personages who never met, in places where they never were, and at times when they were not alive. It includes in its one day's action events which befall nigh a century apart.

The plot opens with the coming of the Dutch under David de Vries to seize the land which is now Delaware under grant from the Lords States General of Holland. They are followed by English nobles and buccaneers led by Lord Baltimore to take the same land under grant from King Charles. On the heels of these come William Penn and his Quakers to take under grant from the Duke of York. Their bargainings with Sachem Pokerface in his attempt to sell the lands of his tribe for his own personal profit are interrupted by the appearance of the original squatter and final possessor Peter Grubb of Grubb's Corner.

For subject matter has been used, and abused, such information as was desired from Mr. Christopher Ward's brilliant epic of the founding of the state "The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware." The musical setting has been arranged with scholarly knowledge and skill by Estelle Hillersohn from unrelated melodies picked without regard to key or vocal compass from such of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas as have been given by the Arden Chorus under her leadership.

Of course we could have written the music as well as the words but like the rest of our fellowcountrymen we were in too much of a hurry to make anything fresh when we could pick it up already canned.

It may be objected by the hypercritically inclined that the work as a whole fails to attain the highest standard of artistic aestheticism in that its evident purpose and excuse, in so far as it has such, is not "Art for Art's sake" but to set forth peculiar opinions held by certain of the villagers of Arden touching the origin and validity of private titles to land in "our country 'tis of thee", but as we have been saying these same things up and down this state for forty years past without anyone paying any attention to them we may safely assume that they will hurt no one's feelings when thus musically sugar-coated. For our audience is not expected to accept our belief that bitter as the underlying pill may taste it is the only remedy by which our fast dying civilization can be brought back to normal life.

FRANK STEPHENS.

GRUBB'S CORNER

A Colonial Operetta

OVERTURE

(Trial by Jury)

DeVries Enters with Dutch and Swedish Colonists

Chorus

Air—"Hark the hour"—Trial by Jury

Here we are at last, thank gracious,
Far from kings and lords rapacious,
Seeking in these woodlands spacious,

Room to use our fists.

Fleeing from our former sedentary
Tary lives in far-off Sweden
Shout we through this forest Eden

We're the Colonists.

Solo—*DeVries*

Air—"I am the Monarch"—Pinafore

I am the captain David DeVries
I bring from Holland over the seas
The Lords States General's generous
grants.

Katrina and Chorus of Dutch

And we are his sisters and his cousins and
his aunts.

And we are his sisters and his cousins and
his aunts

And we come as colonists on a chance.

DeVries

I am authorized to scan
All the lands and seas I can
And to grab for the givers of the generous
grants.

Katrina and Chorus of Dutch
And so will his sisters and his cousins and
his aunts
Who come as colonisters on a chance.

DeVries

And as we fear the worst
We'll try to do our grabbing first
For there's lots more a-coming out of Eng-
land, Spain and France

Katrina

And they'll bring their sisters and their
cousins and their aunts

Chorus of Dutch

And they'll bring their sisters and their
cousins and their aunts
Their cousins, aunts and sisters who will
come as colonisters on a chance.

Exeunt all except Katrina and Children

Solo—Katrina

Air—"Sad is that"—*Patience*

Sad is that woman's lot whose weary heart
Grieves that her home and she are wide apart,
That in the untrod paths Fate bids her roam
She ne'er shall find nor wish to find a home,
Compelled to plod along in hopeless quest

With that dull homesick longing in her
breast,

Compelled to follow while she prays to turn
And seek the land for which her heartstrings
yearn.

Long ago, so long ago, where the Baltic
breezes blow

Sometime whispering, sometime wild, there
I played a happy child.

Where the gleaming tulips glow round the
red-roofed homes a-row,

Where the wooden shoes will patter, where
the whirling windmills clatter

O' how far away they seem, all my home-
land, all my dream.

Cottage on whose chimney forks nest the
solemn sentry storks,

Green-hung window, half-closed door, shin-
ing copper, sanded floor,

Tiny pebble path that leads where the waters
lap the reeds,

Baby's cradle, housewife's creel, and the
humming spinning wheel.

O' how far away they seem, all my home-
land, all my dream.

Exit Katrina, Enter the English

Chorus of women

Air—"Over the brigh"—*Pinafore*

Here from our English shore
Comes the world-renowned Lord Baltimore
"Whatever I can see

'That, that, says he belongs to me."
All things from shore to shore
Are for world-renowned Lord Baltimore,
Are for world-renowned Lord Baltimore.

Chorus of Seamen and Pirates

Air—"Sir Joseph's Barge"—Pinafore

From many a London slum
And from convict pen and prison
Each lusty knave is come
To loot what isn't his'n.
We seek, we seek what's to our mind
And that can be appropriated.
We're grabbing, grabbing all we find
As has been previously stated.
Grabbing, grabbing all we find.
We're sharp and shifty men as we remarked
before,
And even worse again
Than great Lord Baltimore.

Enter Lord Baltimore

Solo—Lord Baltimore

Air—"My gallant crew"—Pinafore

My pirate crew, how goes it?

Chorus

Sir, quite fairly.

Lord B—

And everybody knows it?

Chorus

We do, sir, rarely.

Lord B—

I hope you've had enough to eat
And that your conduct will disclose it.

Chorus

We have sir, barely.

Lord B—

I am the leader of this expedition—

Chorus

And we're yours for forage or fight.

Lord B—

And I hold the king's commission
And his most august permission
To seize everything in sight.

Chorus

He has the king's commission
And his most august permission
To seize everything in sight.

Lord B—

I'm a very lively peer,
Ever roving far and near
To help myself to all I can
Taking risks of loot or lickings,
Out for any little pickings,
And I never, never ducked or ran.

Chorus

Chorus

What, never?

What, never?

Lord B—

Lord B—

No, never.

Well, hardly ever.

Chorus

He hardly ever ducked or ran!
Then give three cheers and one more cheer
For this truly noble British Buccaneer.
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For our buccaneering Baltimore.

Lord B—

I do my best to satisfy my king.

Chorus

And with much ill-gotten pelf.

Lord B—

And I promptly send or bring
Any little trifling thing
That I can't annex myself.

Chorus

And he'll very promptly bring
To his majesty our king
What he can't annex himself.

Lord B—

So tho' far away from home
As a pirate bold I roam
Across the raging seas
I continue undismayed
My appropriating trade
And I never say "If you please".

Chorus

Lord B—

What, never?

No, never.

Chorus

Lord B—

What, never?

Well, hardly ever.

Chorus

Hardly ever says "If you please".
Then give three cheers and one more cheer
For our great Britain's Pirate Peer,
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For our buccaneering Baltimore.

Solo—Lady Mary Elizabeth

Air—"A many years ago"—*Pinafore*

A many years ago the Normans sailed for
Hastings

And gave the Saxon foe some quite con-
clusive bastings.

Chorus

Now this is most exciting, King William
started knighting
The folks who did his fighting, so many
years ago.

Lady M.

Then William's worthless scion ennobled
kin and cousin

And Richard Coeur de Lion made barons by
the dozen.

Chorus

Sir Hubert and Sir Percy swore fealty—
Gramercy
For better or for worse-y, so many years
ago.

Lady M.

And then for years and years fought York
and fought Lancaster

Each manufacturing peers at every new disaster.

Chorus

And so the war of roses, as everybody knows-es
Swapped baronies for blows-es—so many years ago.

Lady M.

Then all these knights and squires, as each could get his hands in
The Abbots and the priors, they fenced the common lands in.

Chorus

They built them robber castles, for warring and for wassails
And lived upon their vassals, so many years ago.

Lady M.

Then came our bluff King Hal, the Tudor and the Stuart,
Enriching Poll and Pal, as fast as they could do it.

Chorus

And by this back-stairs entry each lady friend or sentry
Became a landed gentry, a many years ago.

Lady M.

But now, O woe is me, the land's been all donated
And we nobilitie are thus expatriated.

Chorus

With grant from king or kaiser for land we seek and spy, sir,
They managed things much nicer, so many years ago.

Solo—Pirate Chief

Air—"I am a pirate king"—*Pirates of Pen.*

Oh, I'm a roving pirate bold
Of murder mysteries manifold,
Too awful far to ever be told
Lest the public's blood be frozen cold.
But soothing to conscience 'tis to be
With folk of respectability,
With lords and ladies of high degree
Who yearn to live the same as we.
Oh! We're pirates all the same
And it is, it is a glorious game
We're pirates all the same.
O! we're pirates all the same
And it is, it is a glorious game
We're pirates all the same.
For we're pirates all the same.

Chorus

Yes, something for nothing is all we claim

Pirate

And it is, it is a glorious game
We're pirates all the same.

Chorus

Something for nothing is all we claim

Pirate and Chorus

We're pirates all the same—

Pirate Chief

Maybe we can make a nation new
A hi-jacking, land speculation crew,
Who'll see their booms and inflation thro'
By some periodic starvation too.
We'll live without work by a scheme
immense
Of mortgage interest, bonds and rents
We'll take all each other's dollars and cents
And live at Government's expense.
O! we're pirates all the same
And it is, it is a glorious game
We're pirates all the same
For we're pirates all the same.

Chorus

Yes, something for nothing is all we claim

Pirate

And it is, it is a glorious game
We're pirates all the same.

Chorus

Something for nothing is all we claim

Pirate and Chorus

We're pirates all the same.

Exit English, the Pirates singing—

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum,

Drink and the devil had done for the rest
With a yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum.

Enter William Penn and Quakers

Chorus of Quaker girls

Air—"With heart and with"—*Sorcerer*

With matron and maid and as mild as a
rabbit

Comes our leader so staid in his shad-belly
habit,

Comes our dear William Penn, comes our
dear William Penn.

With his broad brimmed chapeau and his
white tie so comely,

With his shoes cut square-toe and his coun-
tenance homely,

Dear, dear William Penn.

With his shoes cut square-toe and his coun-
tenance homely,

Heaven bless William Penn.

Solo-William Penn

Air—"He is an *Englishman*"—*Pinafore*

Chorus

He is plain William Penn,

William Penn

I am plain William Penn,
For I myself have said it, and it's greatly
to my credit

That I am plain William Penn

Chorus
That he is plain William Penn

William Penn
For I might have been Sir William, Like my
father old Sir Billiam,
And so joined the Upper Ten.

Chorus
And so joined the Upper Ten.

William Penn
But I do not even aspire to be Mister or
Esquire,
I remain plain William Penn, I remain plain
William Penn.

Chorus
But he does not even aspire to be Mister or
Esquire,
He remains plain William Penn, he remains
plain William Penn.

Exit Quakers all but three maidens

Trio
Air—"Three little maids"—Mikado

Three little maids from Quaker town,
Snow white cap and drab gray gown,
Lips pursed up and eyes cast down,
Three little Quaker maids,
Chaperoned by dear William Penn,
He'll shoo away all the naughty men,

Bring us safe home to our ma's again,
Three little Quaker maids.

Three little maids with no romances,
We wouldn't flirt if we had chances,
Nor speak to anyone in pantses.

O! no! three little Quaker maids,
Three little Quaker maids.
One little maid sick as sick can be,
Of all this darned propriety
With we could have just one tiny spree
Three little Quaker maids.

If only once we could have our way,
Wouldn't we turn Billy Penn's hair gray,
Maybe we'll get our chance some day,

Three little Quaker maids.
Three little maids with no romances,
We wouldn't flirt if we had chances
Nor speak to anyone in pantses.
O! no! three little Quaker maids,
Three little Quaker maids.

Exit Quaker maids.

Enter Big Foot and Quakeress
Duet

Air—"Were you not"—Mikado

Big Foot
You're so unsophisticated,
Maidenly and so refined,
That I've rather hesitated
To suggest what I've in mind.
But our time grows short and shorter,

Ours must be such fleeting bliss,
Tho' I know you hadn't ought ter
Give me one small Quakeress
Big Foot and Quakeress
Just one wee Platonic kiss.

Quakeress
Tho' my kiss supply is ample
'Twould be such a bad example
Father Penn's toes thus to trample,
I can give you but a sample.

Big Foot and Quakeress
Sample, sample, sample, sample.

Big Foot
In this painful situation
Nought remains then but to part,
Yet as some small consolation
To my aching breaking heart
Don't consider this amiss,
Just one tear-bejeweled kiss,
Just one long last lingering kiss,
This and this, and this and this
Just one long last lingering, lingering kiss.

Big Foot and Quakeress
This and this and this and this—

Big Foot
Just one long last lingering kiss.

Quakeress Big Foot
Platonic kiss. One lingering kiss.

Quakeress Big Foot
Platonic kiss. One kiss.
Big Foot and Quakeress
Just one long last lingering, lingering kiss.

CURTAIN

ACT 2

(Tom-Toms off stage)
Enter Indians and Pocahontas
Air—"Carefully on tiptoe"—Pinafore
On our turned-in toes a sneaking, Peeking
carefully about—
Not a moccasin a-squeaking, let us see what
we'll find out.
(Distant chorus of Dutch and Swedes,
"Ach! mein liebe Augustine")

Chorus of Indians
Goodness me! What meaneth such?
Pokerface
Silent be—Why that's the Dutch.

Chorus
Yes, that's the Swedes and Dutch.
Pocahontas
They don't amount to much.

Chorus

We've the fullest understanding, Let them
tell us what they may
That these Hollanders are landing, All our
lands to steal away.

(Distant chorus of English—"Fifteen
men—")

Chorus of Indians

Goodness me, What means the roar?

Pokerface

Silent be, that's Baltimore.

Chorus

O! yes, that's Baltimore.

Pocahontas

They're right, the same old bore.

Chorus

We must act with all discretion, dealing with
this pirate troop
Or they'll gorge them to repletion, and
they'll leave us in the soup

(Distant "Amen" from Quakers)

Chorus

Goodness me, what's that again?

Pokerface

Silent be, that's Billy Penn.

Chorus

For sure—that's old Pop Penn.

Pocahontas

Don't say he's here again.

Enter Dutch, Swedes, Quakers and English

Chorus

Air—"All hail, Great Judge"—*Trial by Jury*
All hail great Sachem of the Pottowattomies
Our brains we rack 'em with desire to please.

Eyah' eyah' eyah' eyah' all hail.

May no papoose or pig-tailed squaw

Ere dare ignore your tribal law.

Eyah' eyah' eyah' eyah' all hail.

Pokerface

For these kind words good friends, I thank
you much

You boodling Britishers and double dealing
Dutch

But firstly ere you start your tales of grief
I'll tell you how I came to be a chief.

Chorus

He'll tell us how he came to be a chief.

Pokerface

I'll tell you how, I'll tell you how.

Chorus

He'll tell us how he came to be a chief.

Pokerface

Let me speak

Chorus

Let him shriek!

Pokerface

Let me talk!

Chorus
Or take a walk!

Pokerface
Let me speak!

Chorus
Yes, let him speak. Hush, Hush, he speaks.
He'll tell us how he came to be a chief.

Pokerface
When I, good friends, started out in life
I'd a squaw and twelve papooses.
And I strove with spear and hunting knife
To make good my excuses.
I'd a breech clout dyed of a blood-thirsty
red,
And a club if I had to steal one,
Some turkey feathers around my head
And a scalp that looked like a real one.

Chorus
He'd some turkey feathers around his head
And a scalp that looked like a real one.

Pokerface
Thro' forests so vast I hustled fast
In the search for a bear or a bison
But mighty few was the grub in view
Not a jack rabbit on the horizon
But I soon got sick of chasing so quick
And getting all out of breath, sir,
So I fixed up a plan to turn medicine man
And to scare them all to death, sir

Chorus
So he fixed up a plan to turn medicine man
And to scare us all to death, sir.

Pokerface
From an underground hole, with a totem
pole
And with phosphorus on my whisker,
I'd sneak out by night, that tribe to fright
And I sure was some ghostly frisker.
Till they all agreed they would fill my need
If I let up and gave them relief, sir.
So I promised them I would if they'd all be
good
And make me their permanent chief, sir.

Chorus
So he promised he would if we'd all be good
And make him the permanent chief, sir.

Pokerface
And now I'm a Sachem
Chorus
And a big one too

Pokerface
And I rent 'em and I rack 'em.

Chorus
Yes, for sure you do.

Pokerface
I adjust the laws abuses
And baptize your small papooses
And a chief does what he chooses.

Chorus
All the big chiefs do.

Solo—DeVries

Air—"Now gentlemen listen"—*Trial by Jury*

O Pokerface, Chief of the great
Pottowattomie tribers,
To tell the plain truth I should state
That we're just Dutch boodlers and bribers
And our mission is simple enough
To buy land with some trumpety trinket,
Some two-penny, half-penny stuff,
However dishonest we think it.
Ya! consider this offer I pray
Nor let it from out of your hand 'scape,
Some beads and a bottle we'll say
For a few thousand acres of landscape.

Chorus of Dutch Girls

Consider his offer we pray
Nor let it from out of your hand 'scape,
Some beads and a bottle we'll say
For a few thousand acres of landscape.

Solo—Lord Baltimore

You cannot eat acres of land
Nor deck yourself out in a county,
So you'd better at once understand
King James' majestic bounty
For he offers you just for plain dirt,
The kind a papoose makes mud pies of,
Two nails and a calico shirt
For a district an uncertain size of.
Ah! now don't pass this up I entreat
But hasten to close up the barter

An offer so large and complete
Made by a real knight of the Garter.

Chorus of English Ladies

Now don't pass this up we entreat
But hasten to close up the barter
An offer so large and complete
Made by a real knight of the Garter.

Solo—Penn

Now I prithee give ear to me, friend,
Pay no heed to their land grabbing mania
An offer to thee I extend
As to tribes in my own Pennsylvania—
For I met them with brotherly smiles
And kindly benevolent air, sir,
Bought from them a thousand square miles
And then took a thousand miles square,
sir.
Yes, the moral is one that beguiles,
An offer exceedingly fair, sir
I paid for a thousand square miles
And then took a thousand miles square,
sir.

Chorus of Quaker Maids

The moral is one that beguiles
An offer exceedingly fair, sir,
He'll swap for a thousand square miles
And then take a thousand miles square,
sir.

Duet—Pokerface and Pocahontas
Air—"Things are seldom"—*Pinafore*

Pokerface

You Dutch gentlemen the while
Purchased fair Manhattan Isle,
Red men are such boobs as scholars,
For some four and twenty dollars—

Pocahontas

Shades of Kidd. . . . So they did

Pokerface

And you lords, I understand
Did the like in Maryland,
Set to work to rob and ravage,
Thumbed your noses at the savage.

Pocahontas

Yes. . . . I guess. That's a mess—
As to brains, I know I lack 'em
But it's funny very funny,
If they're here for business, Sachem,
Where's their money, where's their
money?

Pokerface and Pocahontas

Strange suspicion o'er us stealing
That they're here for double dealing
Their duplicity concealing
Yes. . . . I guess. . . . they're a mess.

Pocahontas

Tho' I have no head for numbers,
And talk nonsense in my slumbers,

No deceit this fact obscures,
What you sell them isn't yours—

Pokerface

Yes! that's flat—I've thought of that.

Pocahontas

That for which you get the bribe,
Is the land of all the tribe.
If you sell it to these gents—
You can pocket all the pence—

Pokerface

Oh! I see! Let's agree—

Pocahontas

As to brains I know I lack 'em, etc.

Pokerface and Pocahontas
Strange suspicion o'er us stealing, etc.

Duet

Strange suspicion o'er us stealing,
That they're here for double dealing
Their duplicity concealing
Yes, I guess they're a mess.

Trio, Pokerface, Pocahontas and Penn

Air—"Never mind the—"—*Pinafore*

Pocahontas

Never mind the terms, forget it
It's a snap and you can bet it—
What you want to do is get it—
And as quickly as you can.
Tho' the tribe must lease or let it—

They'll be with you to a man—
Penn, Pokerface and Pocahontas
Strike the bargain with them, Sachem,
Bring along the shiny beads
Take the calicoes and pack 'em
For your Pocahontas' needs—

Pokerface
For some shiny knives and razors—
Pocahontas
For some red and white striped blazers.

Penn
For some nails and rusty hammers—
Pocahontas
And some calico pajamas—
Pocahontas, Pokerface and Penn
Sound the warwhoop, noble red men,
Dance your war dance, clap your hands,
As with glee your tribal head men
Barter off your tribal lands—

Pokerface
Never mind the terms, just blink 'em—
Gives you headaches when you think 'em.
Here's some bottles, come and drink 'em
To this thrifty enterprise—
Shut your eyes, or rather wink 'em.
What's the use of too much eyes?

Penn
Never mind the terms but close 'em

It's no good to closely nose 'em
Sure they're right if I propose them
Just as right as right can be
You can certainly repose 'em
On my stern integrity—etc.

Duet—DeVries and Katrina
Air—"Hark Hark, they assemble"—Sorcerer

DeVries
Sure, sure, it's a blunder. That's true as a
text.

Katrina
O! David, I wonder what's going to come
next.
Let us fly to our dear Dutch home
From Quakers and the likes
Where the spray of the North Sea foam
Breaks splashing over the dykes,
Where the frogs and storks abound
'Mid the tulips gorgeous hues,
Where the windmills clatter around,
And the clump of the wooden shoes—
Too late, too late, It may not be
That happy land is not for me.

Trio—Pirate Chief, Second Pirate and Lady
Elizabeth Mary

Air—"When I first put this uniform on"
—Patience

Pirate Chief
When we first put this little scheme thro'

We sure put it over them some,
 A wonderful dicker, good land for bad
 liquor,
 These heathen are certainly dumb.
 We'll beat both the Swedes and the Dutch,
 And the psalm-singing Quakers and such,
 At bluff and at barter our Knights of the
 Garter
 Don't have to be taught very much,
 A fact that we very well knew,
 When we first put this little scheme through.

Trio

By a very remarkable chance,
 As wonderful as it is true,
 We thought the same thing in advance,
 When we first put this little scheme thro'.

Pirate Chief

When we first put this little scheme through
 At the back of his Majesty's throne
 We thought when these red men were
 swindled and dead men
 We'd set up a court of our own.
 It's lovely to live at your ease
 With lackey's to do what you please,
 With peers and with pickings, and bribes
 and boot lickings,
 Just like dear King James's at home.
 A fact that we very well knew
 When we first put this little scheme through.

Trio

By a very remarkable chance,
 As wonderful as it is true,
 We thought the same thing in advance
 When we first put this little scheme through.

Duet—Lady Mary and Lord Baltimore
 Air—"O love, true love"—*Sorcerer*

O' luck, what luck, what a wonderful dicker,
 The red men are swindled beyond all our
 hopes.

O' luck what luck, their heads couldn't be
 thicker.

O' what a bargaining and pulling of
 ropes—

O' luck, what luck, reward of deserving,
 All things above board and nought to
 be hid,

Never from honor and honesty swerving,
 We did put one over, we certainly did.

Duet—Penn and Dorothea
 Air—"Kind Captain"—*Pinafore*

Dorothea

O' William, I've a sort of funny feeling,
 Sing hey! the crafty Quaker that you are,
 This business is uncommonly like stealing
 And your conscience quite a trifle under
 par,

Your conscience quite a trifle, your con-
 science quite a trifle,
 Your conscience quite a trifle under par.

Penn

'Thee's talking nonsense, sister Dorothea,
Sing hey! the pert young person that you
are,
To intimate my conscience is not cle-ar,
Or, as it were, a trifle under par,
Or, as it were, a trifle, Or as it were a
trifle,
Or as it were, a trifle under par.

Dorothea

O' Wiliam, I am still of that idea,
Sing hey, the thrifty trader that you are
Your conscience really is a little que-er
Or as I said, a trifle under par—
Or, as I said, a trifle, or as I said a trifle,
Or, as I said, a trifle under par.

Penn

My sister, will thee very kindly drop it,
Sing hey, the foolish flapper that you are.
It's too near done, my dear, for us to stop it
Tho' my conscience is a trifle under par.
Tho' my conscience is a trifle, my conscience
is a trifle,
Tho' my conscience is a trifle under par.

Enter Peter Grubb

Solo—Grubb

Air—"Forbear, nor carry out"—Pinafore
Forbear, nor carry out the grab you've
planned.

What are you doing swapping off my
land?

Take notice all, these fields you think you've
spotted
Are mine because I got here first and
squatted.

Air—"When I was a lad"—Pinafore

When first I came to the Delaware shore
It was some weeks ahead of Lord
Baltimore

And I floundered over moor and fen
Some days ahead of William Penn.

I cut my schedule down so fine
That I reached the banks of the Brandy-
wine

Some half an hour or so, I claim,
Before these folks from Holland came.
By dropping my kit and hustling quick
I was first to get to Naaman's Creek
And just ahead of Dutch and Quakers
Mandated some five thousand acres.
And here secure from War's alarms
I'll stake out hundred acre farms
I'll rent them fair as man to man
And farm the farmers as I can.
And then when Wilmington grows great
We'll have some booms in real estate,

And all by landlord's law will be
For me and my posterity.

(Hands card to Penn)

PETER GRUBB
REALTOR
Grubb's Corner

Duet—Penn and Peter Grubb

Air—"On a tree by a willow"—*Mikado*
Penn

The legend I read on your visiting card—
Is just this, "Peter Grubb of Grubb's
Corner".

But I can't understand, tho' I've tried long
and hard

How you're Peter Grubb of Grubb's
Corner.

Now would you be so good as to kindly
explain,

Since there is no Grubb's Road here nor
even Grubb's Lane,

How there can be a corner where no roads
obtain

To make you Peter Grubb of Grubb's
Corner—

Peter Grubb

I am only too glad, my good friends, to
explain

How I'm Peter Grubb of Grubb's Corner

So many long years ere there's any Grubb's
Lane

To cross over and make a Grubb's Corner.
You see just before you arrived at this spot
I cornered the land you each thought you
had got,

And that corner in land is the corner, I wot,
That makes me Peter Grubb of Grubb's
Corner.

Chorus—All but Grubb

Air—"With all respect"—*Trial by Jury*

With all respect we do object
We do object, we do object.

Peter Grubb

All the legal quibbles seize you—

No explaining seems to please you.

Chase yourselves, you'll have to scoot,

I have Indians to shoot.

Gentle Hollander and Sweder

Get you out of this—"auf wieder".

Boodling Britons, quibbling Quakers,

"Raus mit"—for land grabbing fakirs—

Throw your parchment screeds away

I have squatted here to stay.

Chorus

Oh!!!

Lady Mary Elizabeth

Oh, nerve unbounded—we're all astounded

Such claims unfounded should bluff us so

Lord Baltimore

It's truly dazing, and almost crazing,
It's most amazing, such nerve to show.

Dorothea

I wonder whether we'll ever tether
Our wits together to stand this blow.

Penn

It seems to me sir, all I can see, sir
For such as we sir, is off to go—

Chorus

Oh, nerve unbounded—we're all astounded
Such claims unfounded should bluff us so.
It seems to me sir, we must agree, sir,
What's left to we, sir, is off to go.

Grubb

For I grabbed it first

Chorus

And a good grab too.

Grubb

So you get the worst.

Chorus

Yes, we certainly do.

Grubb

Tho' you're mad enough to bust.
You'll obey the law I trust,
For the law is always just
And that's one on you.
This is landlord's law, you know.

Chorus

And it's strong law too—

Grubb

It's been so since long ago.

Chorus

Yes, it's long law too—

This is landlord's law we're told,
That who grabs it first shall hold
So the rest of us are sold,
And it's good law too.