

# **Queen Mab's Alarming Mandatory Bridal Shower**

## *Lyric Sheets*

I Shall Be Beautiful  
The Gift He Gave to Me  
If He Will Sit With Me

## 1. I Shall Be Beautiful

Queen Mab has ordered her Fairy Court to join her in a hastily-put-together Bridal Shower, to celebrate this morning's engagement to the Duke...her twenty-ninth fiance. She's determined the wedding will go through tonight, tonight! She's bubbling over with girlish excitement to show off her bridal gown...but first just a dab of makeup....

QUEEN MAB

PITY GIRLS WHO NEED COLOUR  
ON THEIR FACE --  
A DISGRACE!  
THEIR SKIN'S EVEN DULLER  
THAN THEIR LIVES,  
I PRESUME.  
BUT I'M PERFECT AS I AM, OR  
NOTHING ELSE EXPLAINS THIS GLAMOUR,  
STILL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT PLEASE A GROOM.

WHEN YOU START WITH PERFECTION  
SUCH AS MINE --  
HOW DIVINE! --  
JUST A TOUCH OF COMPLEXION  
FROM THIS POT  
(NOT A LOT)  
CAN WORK WONDERS WITH MY BEAUTY.  
AS A BRIDE IT IS MY DUTY  
NOW TO PAINT ON ANYTHING WHAT I'VE NOT GOT!

(SHE applies a touch of colour.)

MAYBE ROUGE.  
NOTHING HUGE --  
AND A GO WITH SCENTED SOAP.  
JUST A DAB  
FOR QUEEN MAB  
OF PERFUME.  
HOW 'BOUT POWDER?  
NOTHING LOUDER.  
I'VE USED JUST ENOUGH, I HOPE:  
BETTER MORE THAN LESS, I ALWAYS ASSUME.

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(SHE likes the effect of the makeup and applies a little more, then a little more, and is soon carried away, applying powder and paint willy-nilly.)

I SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL!  
HA HA HA HA HA!  
I SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL!  
FA LA LA LA LA!

FOR WHEN I'M DRESSED UP ALL BRIDE-Y  
EVEN NAKED APHRODITE  
WOULD BE OVERLOOKED WHEN I'M IN THE ROOM!

(SHE is suddenly out of control, flitting about with complete abandon, bashing powderpuffs together as though they were cymbals, and caking herself with outrageous amounts of paint.)

HA HA HA HA HA!  
HO HO HO HO HO!  
WO WO WO WO WA!  
HA HA HA HA HA! (&C)

And now -- for the modeling of the dress!

(QUEEN MAB slips behind the dressing screen, where SHE heaves and stuffs and yanks, all the while pretending there isn't a problem.)

WHAT AN EXQUISITE GIRLISH-Y FIGURE!  
WHY, A WASP HAS A WAIST WHAT IS BIGGER!  
(to herself)  
(I REFUSE A LARGER CORSET:  
IF I NEED TO, I CAN FORCE IT.  
I SHALL PULL AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME WITH MORE VIGOUR!)

JUST A TUG AND A PINCH AND A SQUEEZE.  
MY, THAT'S SNUG. THAT'S AN INCH? HOLD NOW, PLEASE!  
JUST THIS ONE LAST LITTLE HURDLE,  
NO ONE BESTS ME WITH A GIRDLE.

Let's just pray I never get the urge to sneeze.

(SHE emerges in the gown and revels.)

I SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL!  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
I SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL!  
I SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL! (&C)  
AND I SHALL -- BE BEAUTIFUL!

## 2. The Gift He Gave to Me

Not one of Queen Mab's previous fiances has actually made it to the altar, all twenty-eight of them, supposedly dying of natural causes "on the way over." Queen Mab begins to question precisely how dead they are, as they have each of them sent her presents to honor the day. The presents are rather undignified for a queen (a corn husk, a glob of uncooked dough, etc), but one of them, oh, one of them is from her current fiance, Number Twenty-Nine himself!

### QUEEN MAB

FROM ME OWN BETROTHED  
FROM THE BARON OF ME HEART,  
A PRESENT, BEARIN' ME A SIGN  
THAT LOVE IS BARREN NO MORE!  
LIFE CAN TURN UPON A PRESENT  
WHEN IT'S SOMETHING HALF AS PLEASANT.  
HALF AS PLEASANT?  
TWICE AS PLEASANT  
WHEN A GIFT IT SAYS ENTAIL  
THE MAN WOT I ADORE!

FROM HIM TO ME  
THIS GIFT IS GIVEN  
FROM THE HANDS OF HE  
WOT WILL BE MINE FROM HIM  
FROM HE TO SHE  
UNTO THE HEART OF SHE WOT WILL BE HAD BY HIM  
WHEN BY ME HE WILL BE HE WHO BY ME....

I'm a little lost here....

SEE WHAT LOVE WILL DO-HOO!  
WHEN IT'S FOUND BY YOU-HOO!  
TO WHIT TO WHOO-HOO!  
SEE WHAT LOVE WILL DO-HOO!  
HOO HOO HOO HOO!

AH! LOVE, IT TURNS US ALL TO IDJITS.  
MAYS WELL TAKE A LEAP FROM LONDON BRIDGE.  
IT'S...WELL, IT'S MAD!  
LOVE IS MAD AND WE ARE MAD  
WHEN MAD WITH LOVE WE MADLY LOVE OUR LOVE!

CLUTTER CLATTER WOT A MATTER  
WHEN A GULL AS GOTTEN AT A REELING FEELING.  
I'D ABIDE A NIGHT O' BRIDAL GLEE-HEE-HEE!  
SPLUTTERING AND MUTTERING  
AND STUTTERING AND UTTERING  
THE FLATTERING AND SCATTERING  
AND SHATTERING AND CLATTERING  
AND CHATTERING AND WALLOWING  
AND HOLLOWING AND SWALLOWING  
THAT'S FOLLOWING THE GIFT HE GAVE TO ME!

And now I'll open it. I'll...I'll...

(SHE sets the Baron's present on a pedestal.)

NAY.  
LIE THOU THERE.  
AND RUSH ME NOT THIS MOMENT.  
CHERISH ME THIS PRENUPTIAL BLISS.  
NEVER BEFORE HAS A FEELING FELT STRONGER.  
LET LOVE'S EXHILARATION  
LINGER LONGER.  
LET IT LINGER LONGER!  
AH! AH! LOVE IN THE AIR.  
AH! AH! FEELING SO RARE.  
SO LIE THOU THERE. AH!  
AND SO LIE THOU THERE!

I WISH FOR YOU, ALL ME DEARS,  
THE NOISES WOT IS IN ME EARS.

CLUTTER CLATTER WOT A MATTER  
WHEN A GULL AS GOTTEN AT A REELING FEELING.  
I'D ABIDE A NIGHT O' BRIDAL GLEE-HEE-HEE!  
SPLUTTERING AND MUTTERING  
AND STUTTERING AND UTTERING  
THE FLATTERING AND SCATTERING  
AND SHATTERING AND CLATTERING  
AND CHATTERING AND WALLOWING  
AND HOLLOWING AND SWALLOWING  
THAT'S FOLLOWING THE GIFT HE GAVE TO ME-HEE-HEE!  
TO ME! THE GIFT HE GAVE TO ME! TO ME!

### 3. If He Will Sit With Me

Queen Mab begins to question how happy she can be with the Duke, who's rather a deformed, disfigured, stupid thing. Still, in her words: "His heart is pure. His face is a mess, but his heart is pure. And really, haven't I enough beauty for the both of us? I don't really care. Not really." She contemplates life with such a husband.

#### QUEEN MAB

IF HE WILL SIT WITH ME  
WITHOUT I ASK HIM TO,  
IF HE WILL LIGHT A FIRE  
ON A COLD WINTER NIGHT,  
IF WHEN THE WINDS IS BLOW,  
IF WHEN THE MOON AIN'T RIGHT,  
OR EVEN LESS THAN THAT,  
IF EVEN ONCE A WHILE  
IF HE WILL SIT WITH ME  
WITHOUT I ASK HIM TO,  
IF HE'LL MIGHTN'T CRINKLE ME  
A FAINTEST SMILE....

BUT IF HIS SKIN IS POCKED  
OR IF HE'S ODOROUS  
OR IF HE'S MISSING TEETH  
OR HIS LISP IS SEVERE  
OR WHEN HE WHISPERS CLOSE  
HE RUNS THE RISK OF GETTING  
SOME OF HIS SALIVA IN HIS EAR,  
YES, IN HIS EAR,  
IF HE IS SO BEWROUGHT,  
WELL THEN, IT MATTERS NOT  
IF HE'S STUPID AS A MUSTARD POT.