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A Weekend At Hareford

Reference number PT0261

*LADY*

The season in London has started to bore,  
There's nothing to do there,  
you've not done before.

*MAN*

The people are tiresome.  
the parties, a chore,  
we just couldn't stay there for one minute more.  
The weekends in London have lost all their fun,  
now Wimlbedon's over,  
the Test Match is done.  
Now Henley has finished and Ascot has run,  
it's time for the country,  
it's time for the sun.

*COMPANY*

There isn't any doubt about the best place we know,  
it's Hareford Hall in Hampshire where the smart people go.  
If the Duchess does invite you, then you're top of the tree.  
Thanks goodness, thank goodness,  
she did write to me;

The atmosphere will lighten when we all take the air,  
and ev'rything will brighten when we find ourselves there.  
You'll find no one will force you to waken at dawn,  
there's breakfast in bed and there's lunch on the lawn;  
and if there inches you'd like to work off,

*DUET*

There's swimming, there's croquet,  
there's tennis, and golf.

*COMPANY*

Without equivocation we can all recommend,  
the noble institution of the Hareford weekend.  
It has its social equal no-where else in the land,  
there's no other home quite so stately and grand;  
so stately and grand.

The atmosphere has heightened now we're near Hareford Hall,  
the younger guests are frightened who've not been here at all.

But you're welcome so long as you keep to the rules,  
The Duchess has never been partial to fools.  
But really so long as you know what is done,  
You're happy enjoying your place in the sun.

For a weekend at Hareford is simply divine,  
the people, the parties, the food and the wine.  
There's leisure and pleasure for every one,  
you're happy enjoying your place in the sun.

*JACQUI*

It does seem such a pity that they can't find the heir,  
The family solicitor has looked ev'rywhere.

*MAN*

It's rumoured at the moment that he's tearing around,

*WOMEN ONLY*

the Duchess demands that the heir shall be found;

*(MEN JOIN IN)*

The heir shall be found.

*GERALD*

Listen ev'rybody for the news will soon be round,  
the family solicitor has run the heir to ground.  
There's not a doubt about it, there isn't any snag,  
he's dug him out of somewhere and he's got him in the bag.  
I've seen him, I've met him, he's here  
and almost any moment,  
almost any moment,  
any blessed moment he'll appear.

*JAQUI*

Is he dark?

*GIRL SOLO*

Is he fair?

*ALL MEN*

Do you think we shall care for the new Lord Hareford?

*GIRL SOLO*

Is he short?

*JAQUI*

Is he tall?

*THREE MAIDS*

Do you think we shall fall for the new Lord Hareford?

*MAN*

Won't you tell us if you can  
what you know about the man,

*THREE MAIDS*

is he what we all expect?

*LORD BATTERSBY*

Is he circumspect?

*SOLO GIRL*

Is he weak?

*JAQUI*

Is he strong?

*CHARLES*

Does he really belong?

*COMPANY*

Is he all he should be?

*GERALD*

Well, very soon you will see him.

*COMPANY*

very soon we shall see.