

Hostess's Aria from *Plump Jack*

Excerpted from Act II, Scene 12 ("Off to War")

Music and lyrics by Gordon Getty

Nay, sure he's not in hell, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever a man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, and it had been any Christom child. He parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and he babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John," quoth I. "What, man! Be of good cheer!" So he cried out, "God, God, God," three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So he bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.