As Originally Performed by the COMLEY-BARTON OPERA CO.

MANOLA

OR THE

DAY AND THE NIGHT.

By:

CHARLES LECOCQ.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

C. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK.

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

J. E. DITSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

151180

MANOLA

OR THE

DAY AND THE NIGHT.

(LE JOUR ET LA NUIT.)

MUSIC BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY

B. E. WOOLF.

BOSTON:

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Cast of Characters.

PRINCE PICRATES DE CALABAZAS.
DON BRASEIRO.
MIGUEL.
DON DEGOMES.
CRISTOVAL.
MANOLA.
BEATRIX.
SANCHETTE.
A SOLDIER.
GONZALEZ.
PEPITA.
CATANA.
ANITA.
INES.
PEDRO.
PABLO.
JUAN.
DOLORES.
MEDINA.
Servants of the Chateau, Ensigns, Students, Grisettes, etc.

ARGUMENT.

Don Braseiro, Governor of Elvas, has been married by proxy to *Beatrix*, whom he has never seen. While awaiting her arrival at his chateau, the news comes that the Spaniards have attacked the Portuguese outposts. *Don Braseiro* is obliged to go and head the Portuguese forces; but before his departure, he confides to his young steward, *Miguel*, the duty of receiving *Beatrix* with due honor. *Miguel* is in love with *Manola*, to whom the Portuguese Prime Minister, *Prince Calabazas*, an old *roué*, makes desperate love. She tries to avoid him, but he carries her off. She speedily escapes from him and flies to *Miguel*. She is pursued, however, and while her lover is waiting to receive the wife of his lord, *Calabazas* arrives in hot haste. Not knowing what to do, and *Beatrix* not having come *Manola* is presented as the newly-arrived Baroness. Unfortunately, *Don Braseiro* returns unexpectedly, and it is necessary to present *Manola* to him as his wife. Presently the real wife arrives. She is known to *Manola*, who throwing herself on her magnanimity and sympathy, entreats that she may be permitted to represent her until the morning, when her all-powerful pursuer will be gone *Beatrix* consents. From this arise many complications, which are finally settled by the discovery by *Braseiro* of his real wife, and the union of the lovers.

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J. FRANK GILES, Music Printer, Boston.

MANOLA.

OR THE DAY AND THE NIGHT.

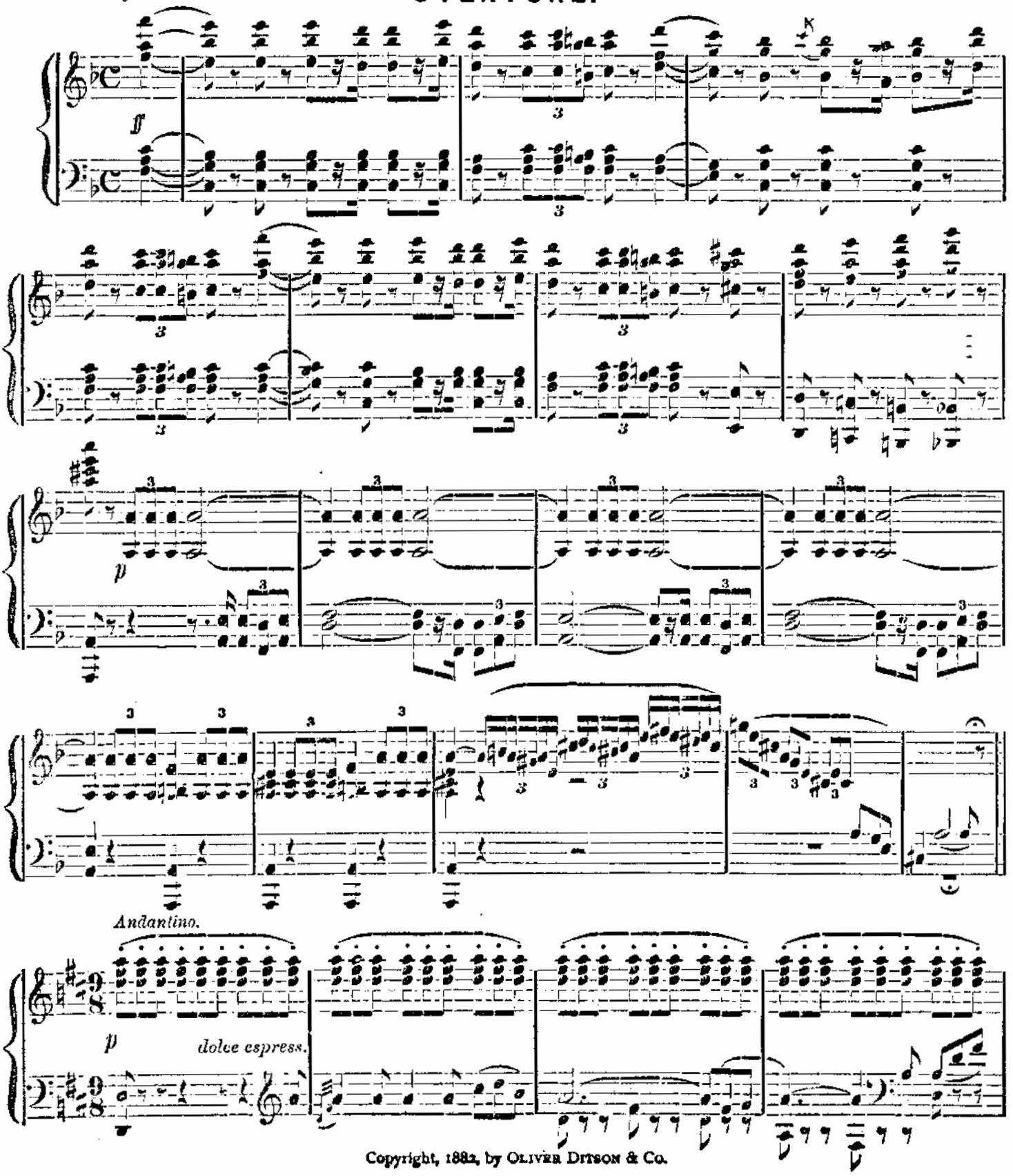
(LE JOUR ET LA NUIT.)

OPERA BOUFFE, IN III ACTS.

Music by CH. LECOCQ.

OVERTURE.

Allegro Moderato.



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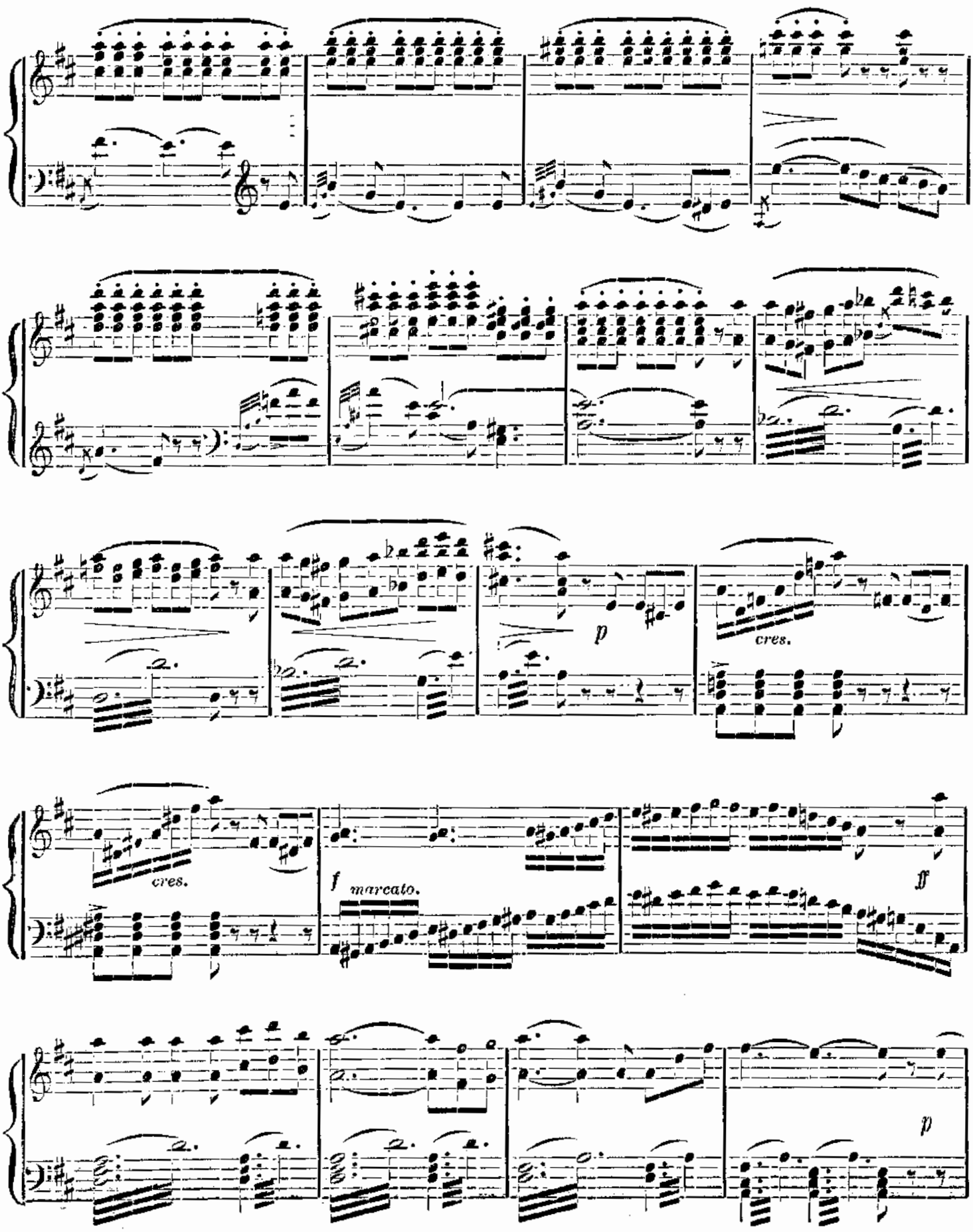
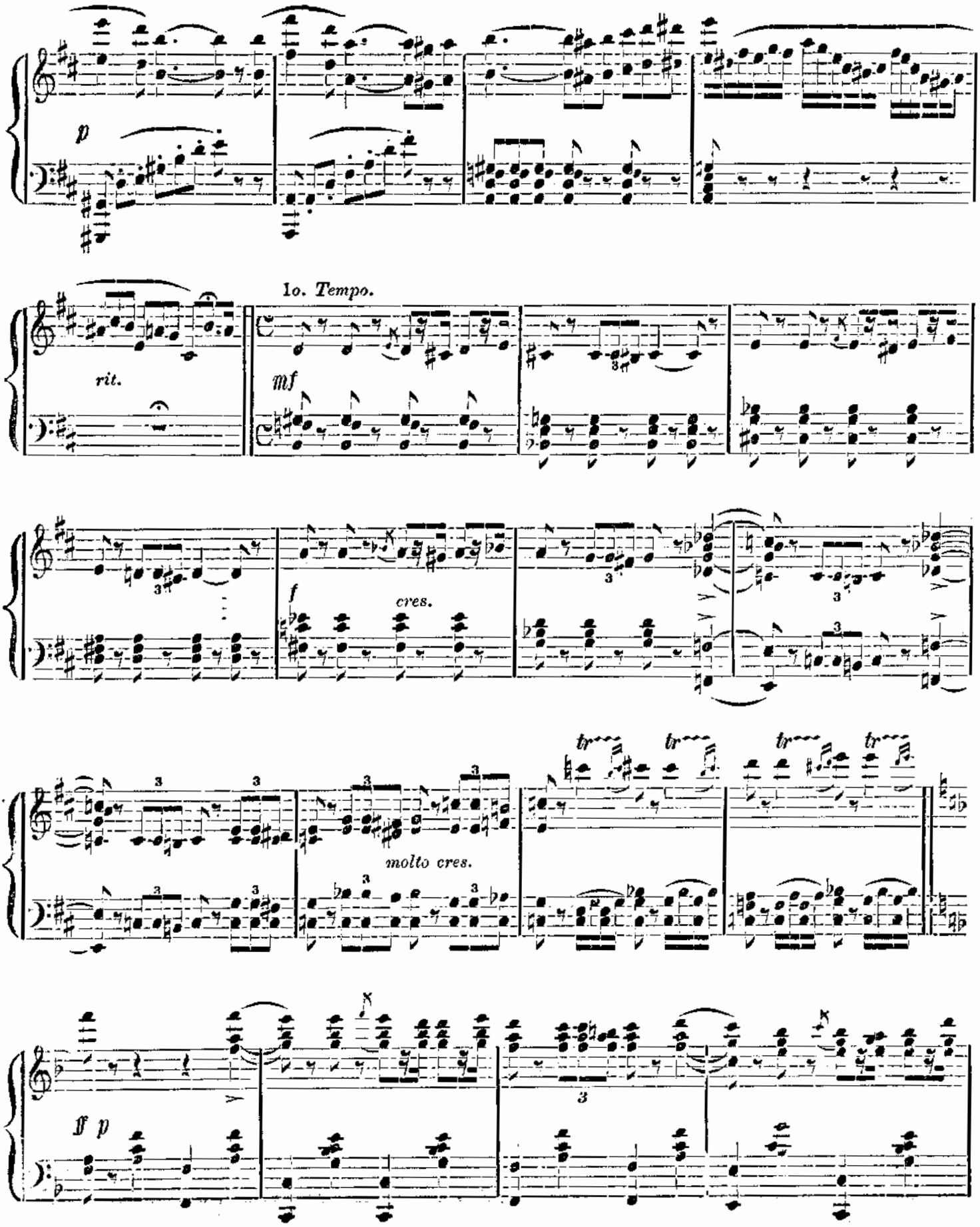
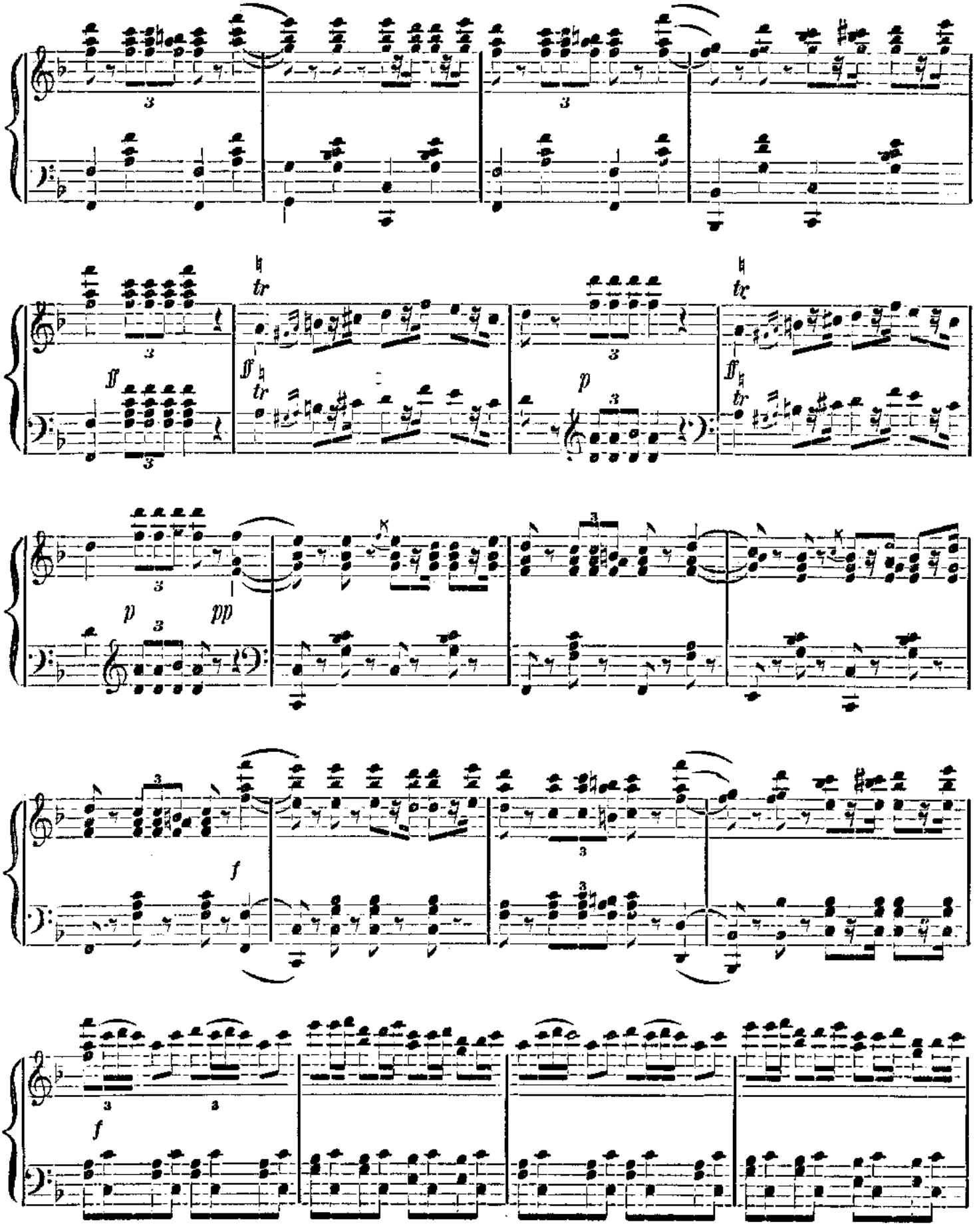
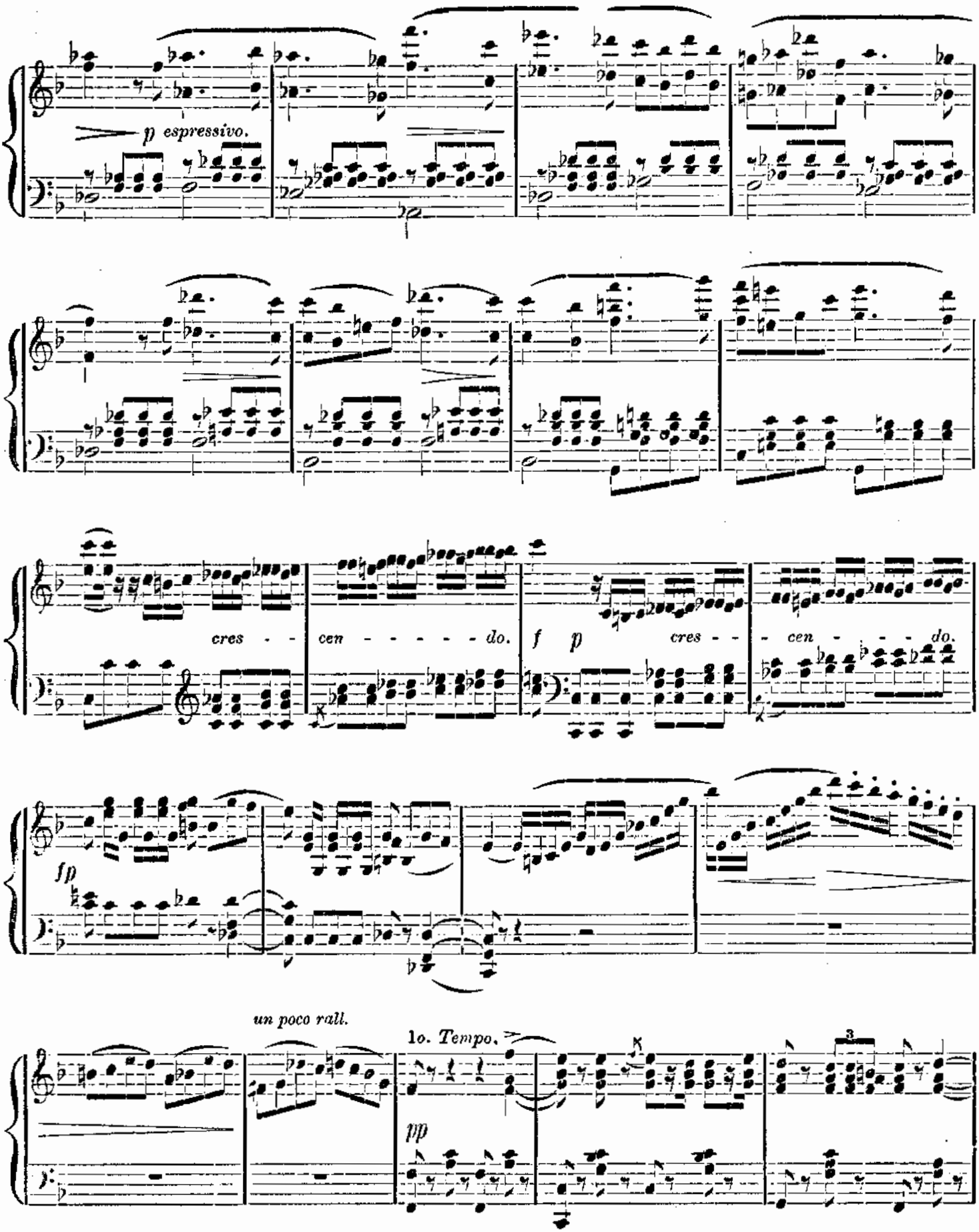
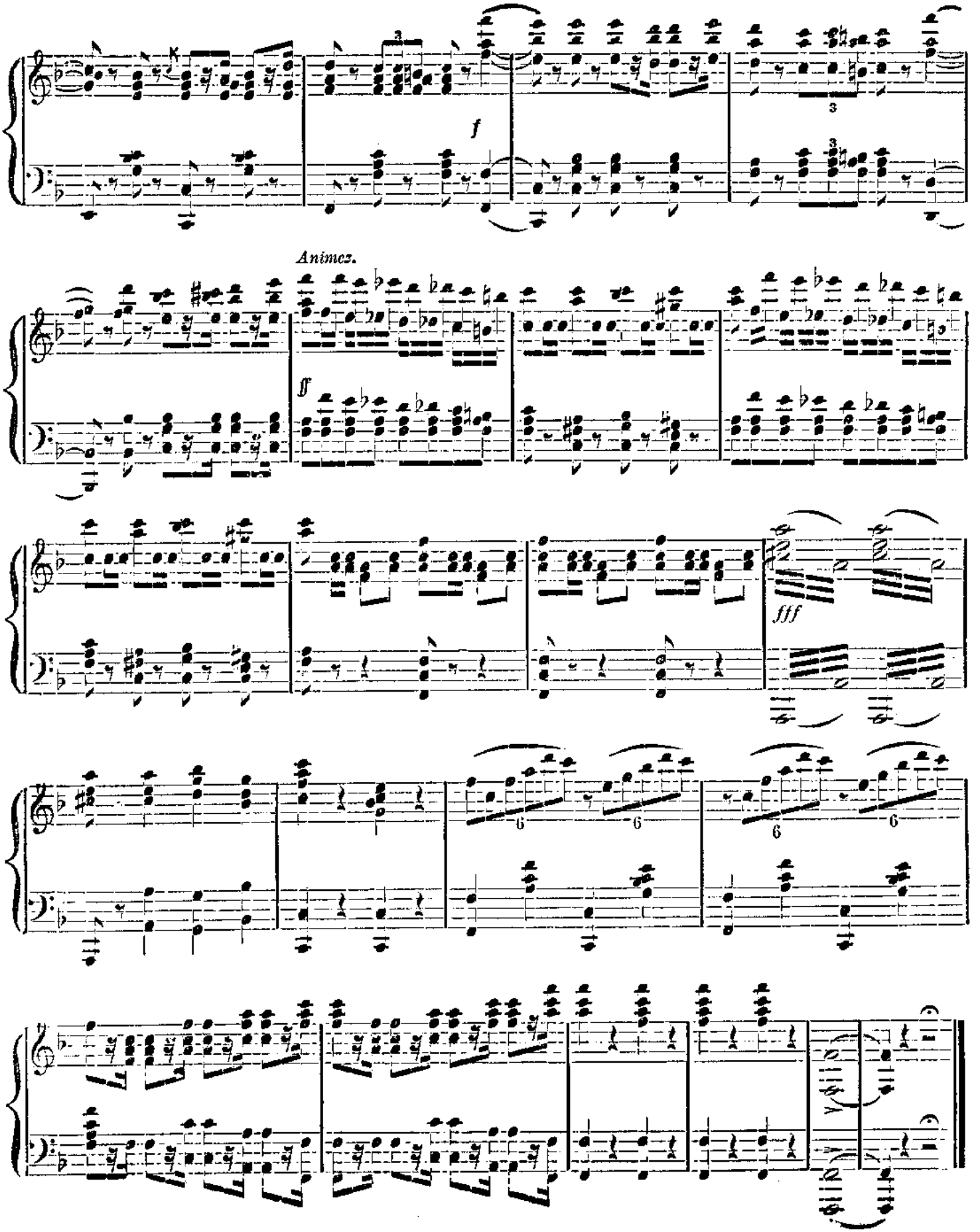

p
cres.
cres.
f
marcato.
ff
p


p
rit.
1o. Tempo.
mf
f
cres.
molto cres.
tr
tr
tr
tr
ff p


ff
tr
p
pp
f


p espressivo.
cres - - cen - - - - - do.
f p
cres - - cen - - - do.
fp
un poco rall.
1o. Tempo.
pp
3


f
Animez.
ff
fff

SCENE—*A large hall in the Chateau of* DON BRASEIRO. *At the back a gallery leading to the apartments, several doors. At R. 2. E. a window. A large picture representing Saint Michael. L. C.*
ANITA, CATANA, PEPITA, *and men and women discovered; they are looking off at back as though expecting some one.*

HERE WE AWAIT.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION.

Chorus, Scene and Couplets.

Moderato.

mf

cre - scen - - do.

f

SOP. *f*

Here we a - wait the high

TENOR. *f*

Here we a - wait the high

BASS. *f*

Here we a - wait the high

f

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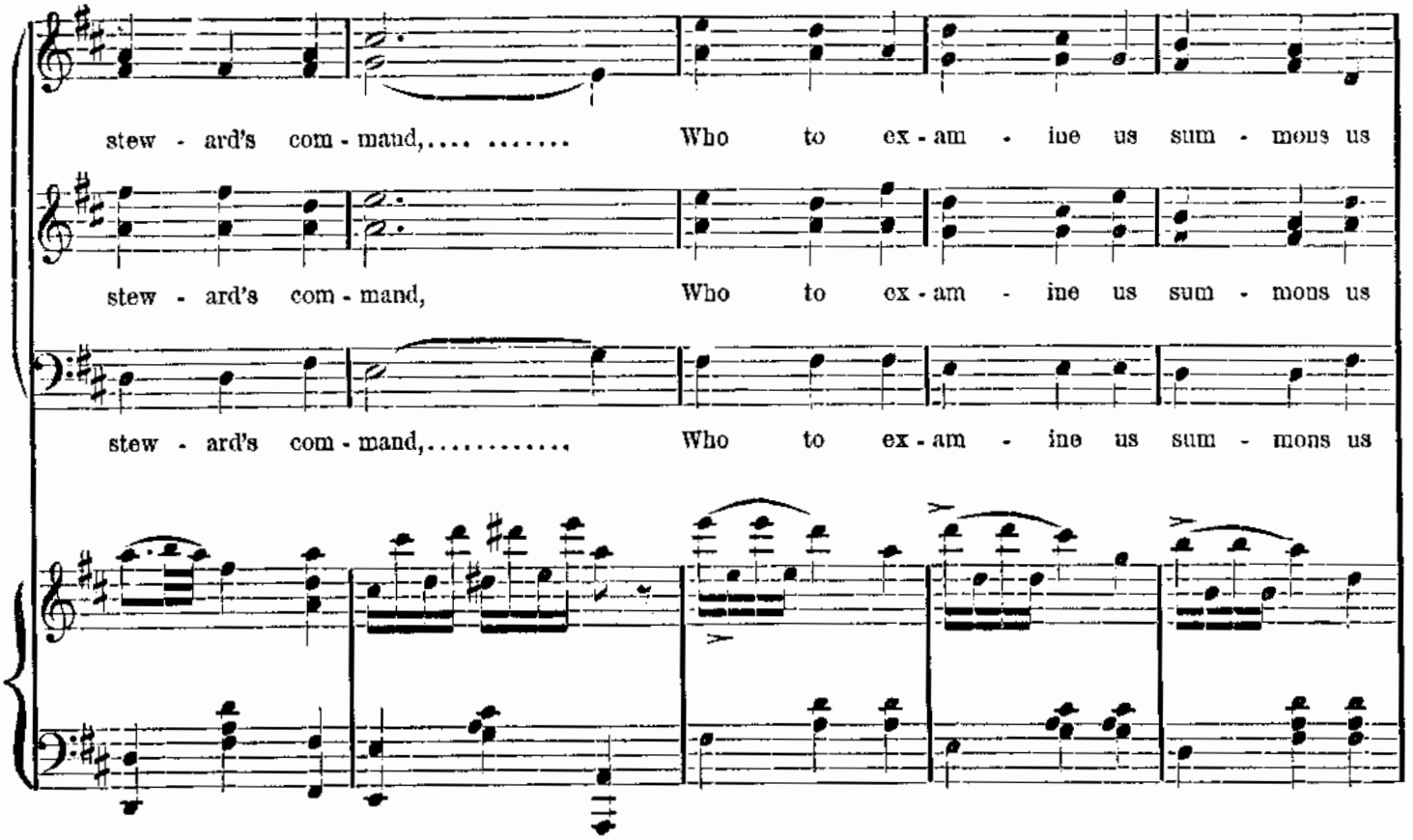
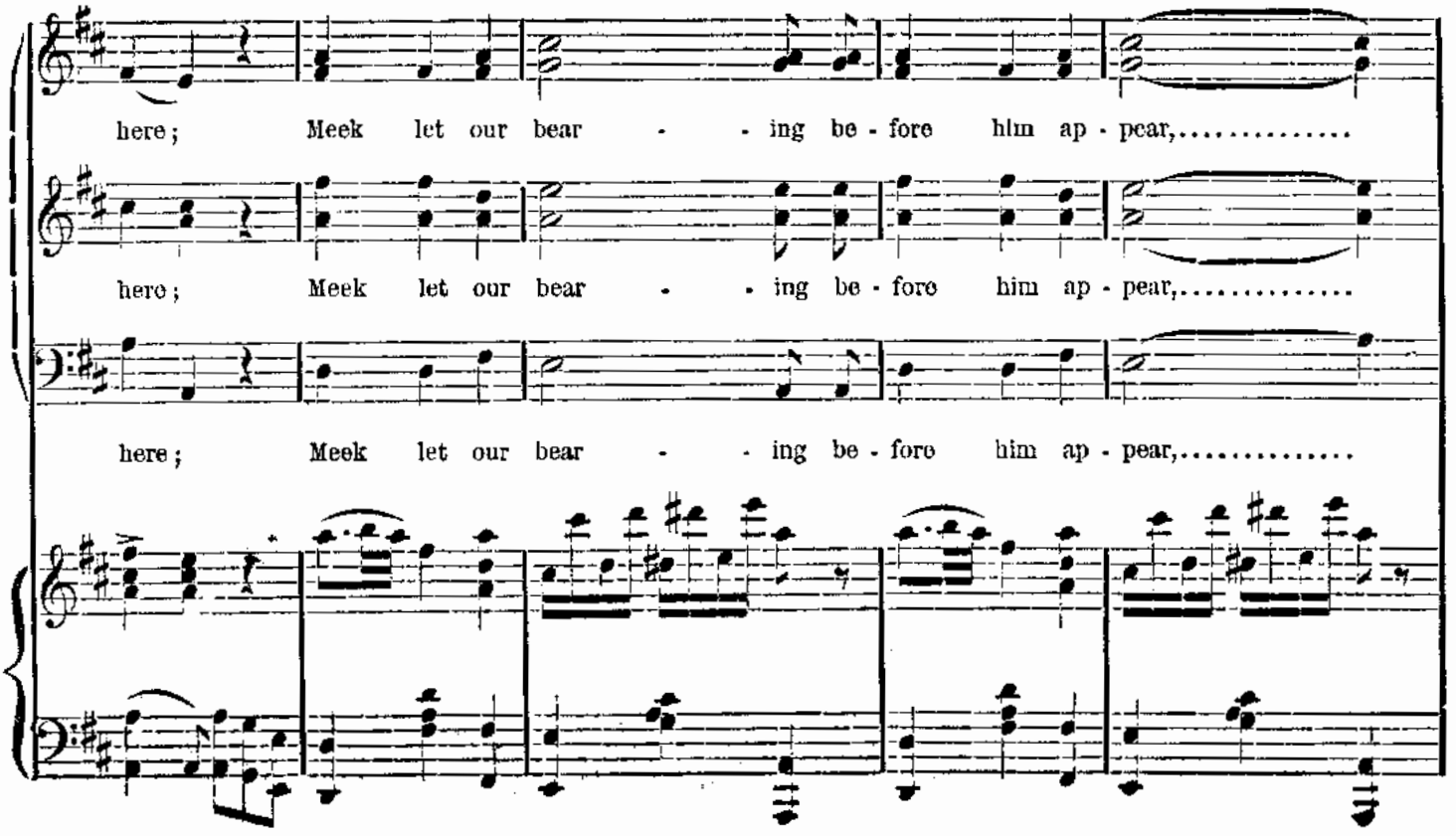
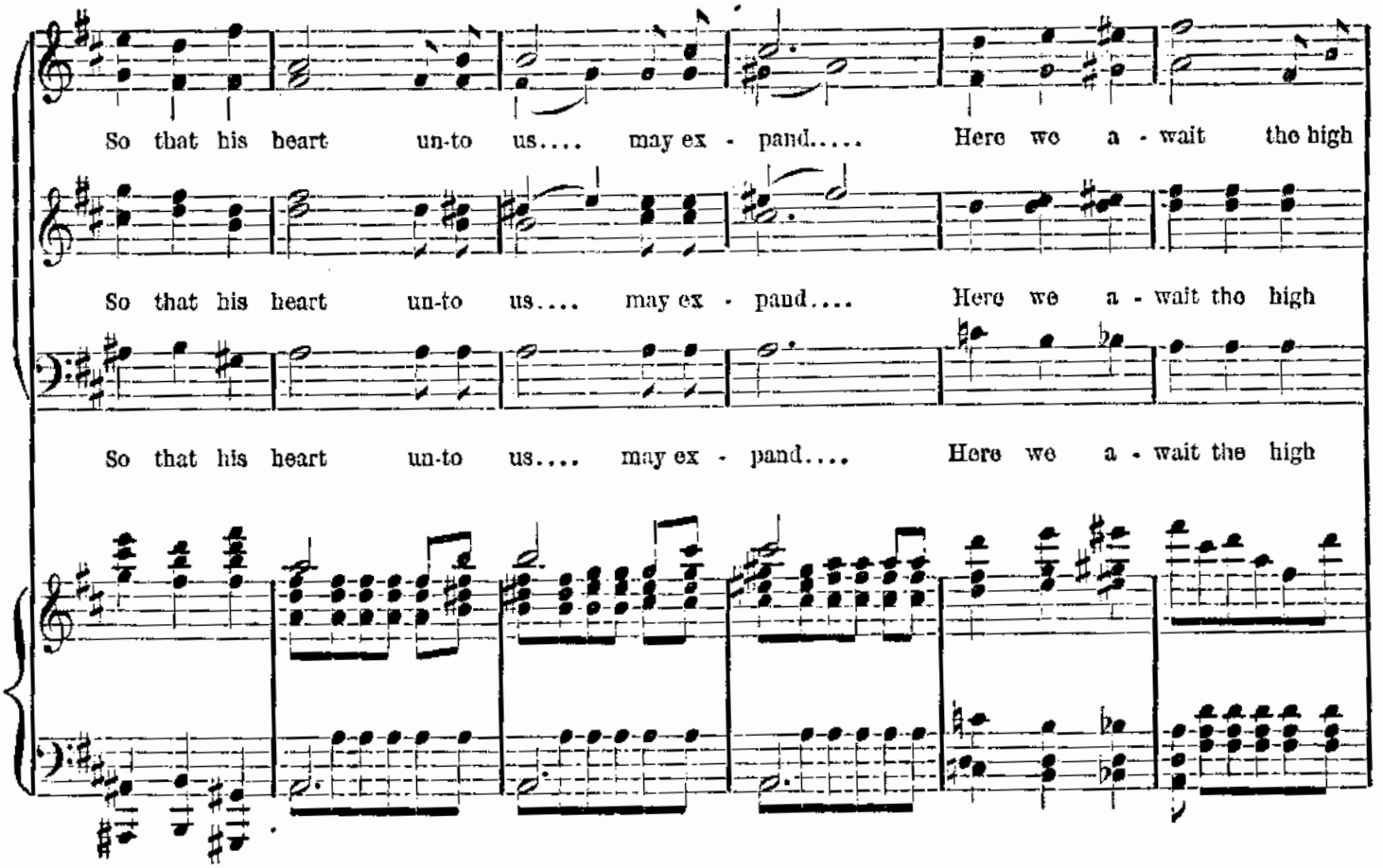
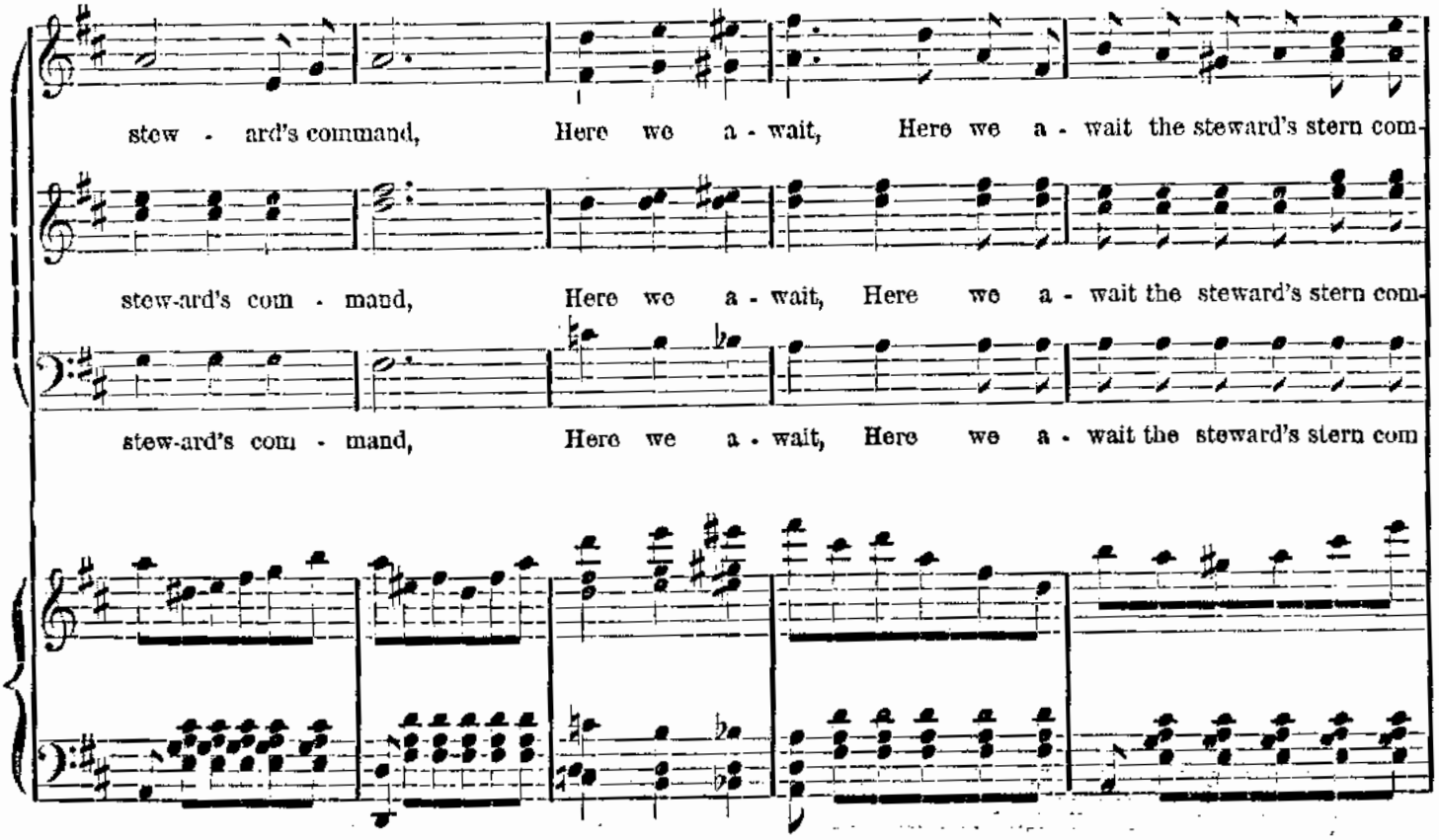
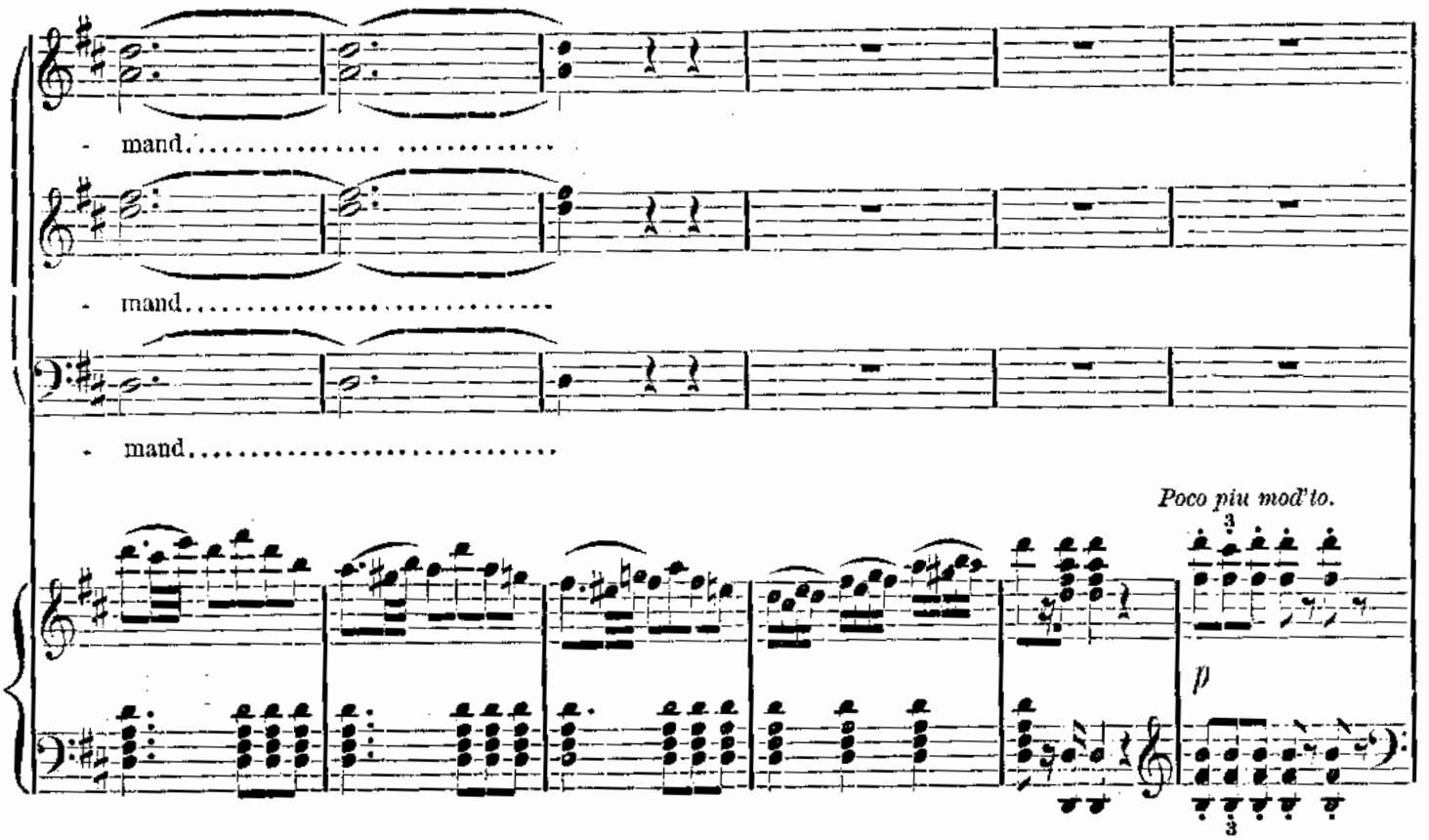

stew - ard's com - maud,.... ..... Who to ex - am - ine us sum - mons us
stew - ard's com - mand, Who to ex - am - ine us sum - mons us
stew - ard's com - mand,..... Who to ex - am - ine us sum - mons us


here; Meek let our bear - - ing be - fore him ap - pear,.....
here; Meek let our bear - - ing be - fore him ap - pear,.....
here; Meek let our bear - - ing be - fore him ap - pear,.....

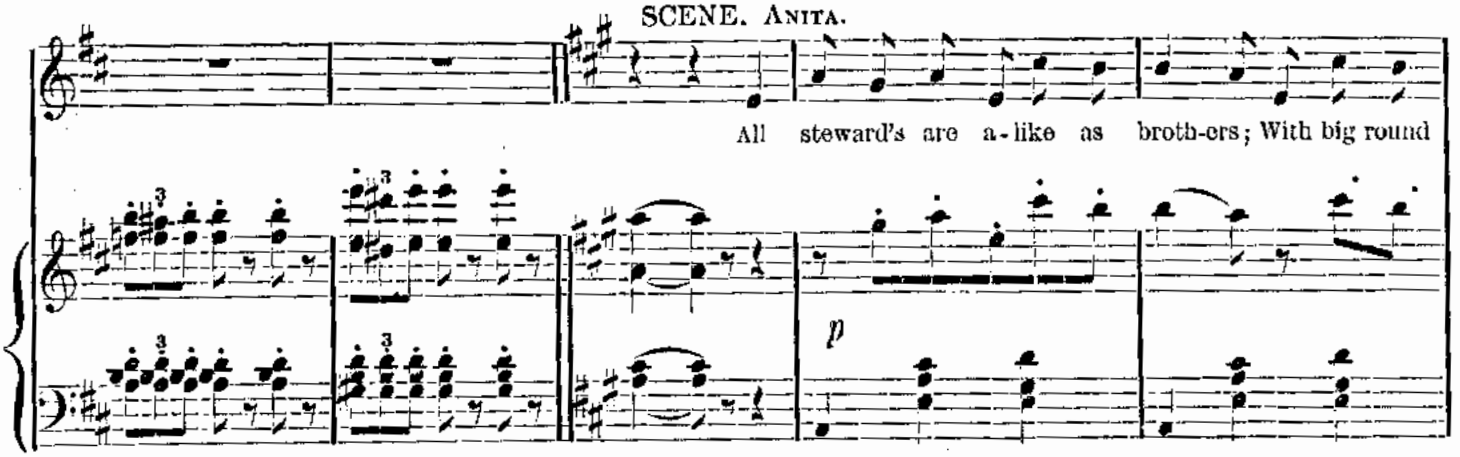

So that his heart un-to us.... may ex - pand..... Here we a - wait the high
So that his heart un-to us.... may ex - pand.... Here we a - wait the high
So that his heart un-to us.... may ex - pand.... Here we a - wait the high


stew - ard's command, Here we a - wait, Here we a - wait the steward's stern com-
stew-ard's com - mand, Here we a - wait, Here we a - wait the steward's stern com-
stew-ard's com - mand, Here we a - wait, Here we a - wait the steward's stern com

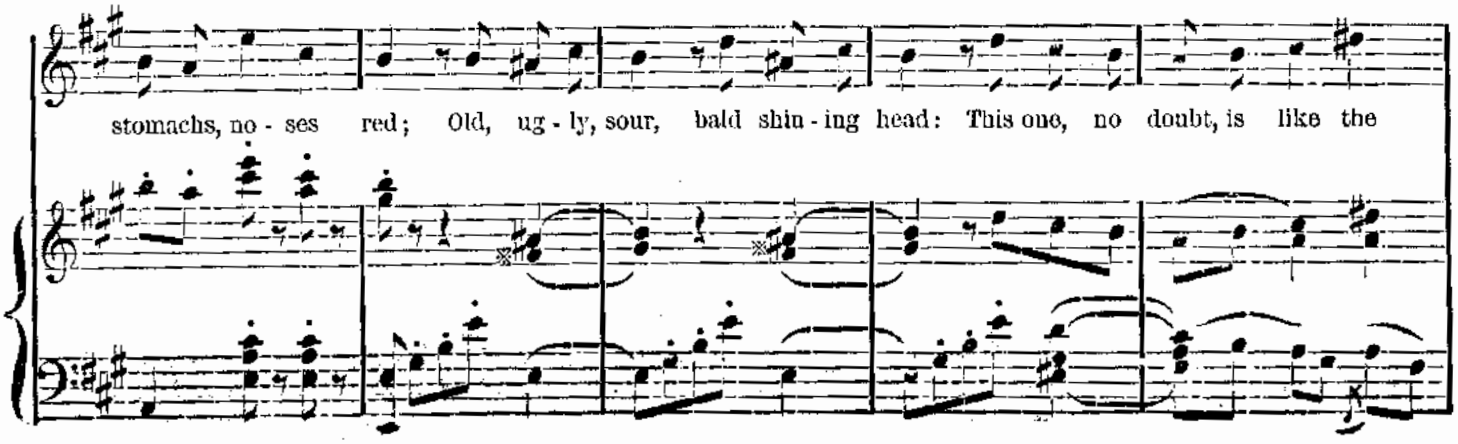


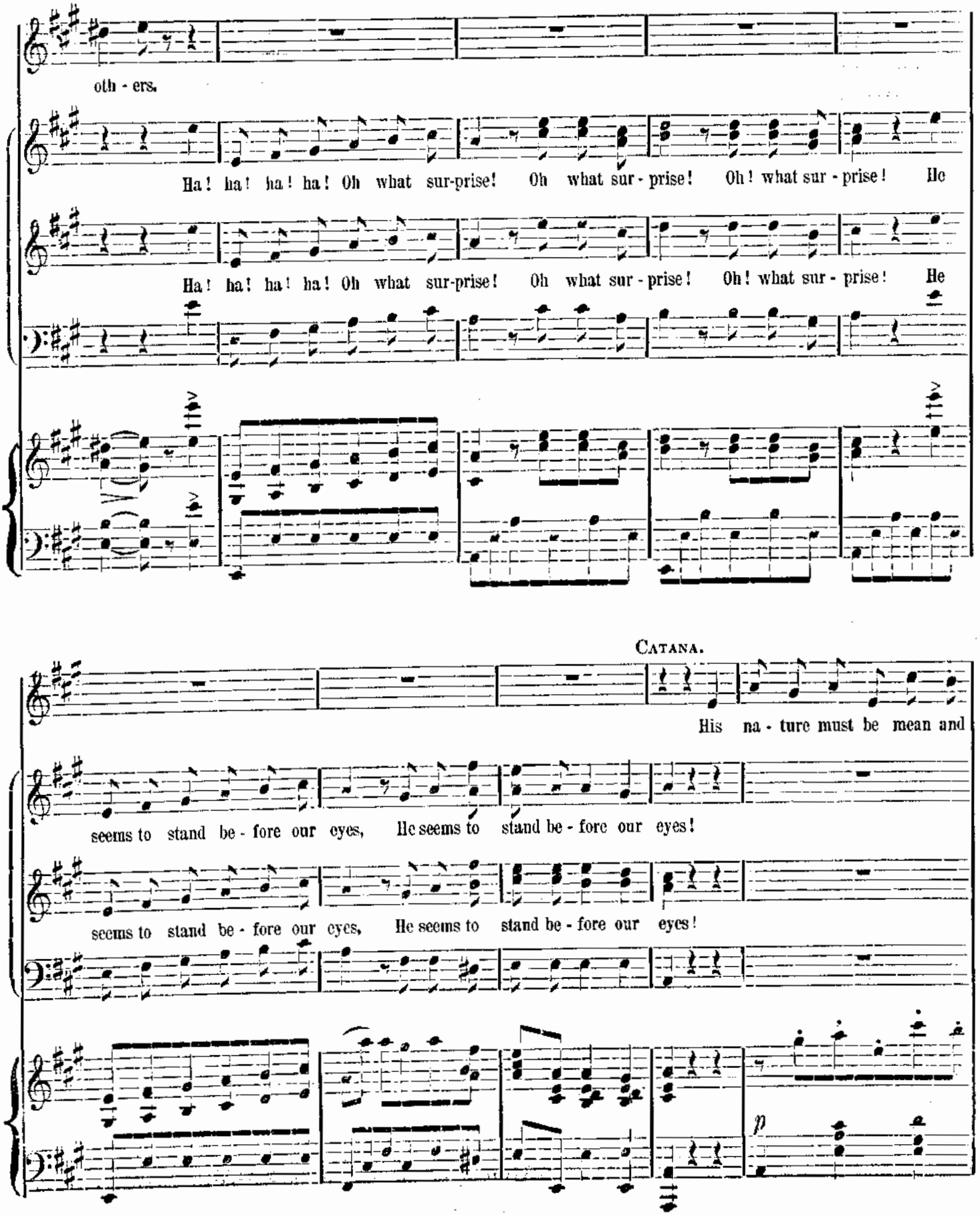
SCENE. ANITA.

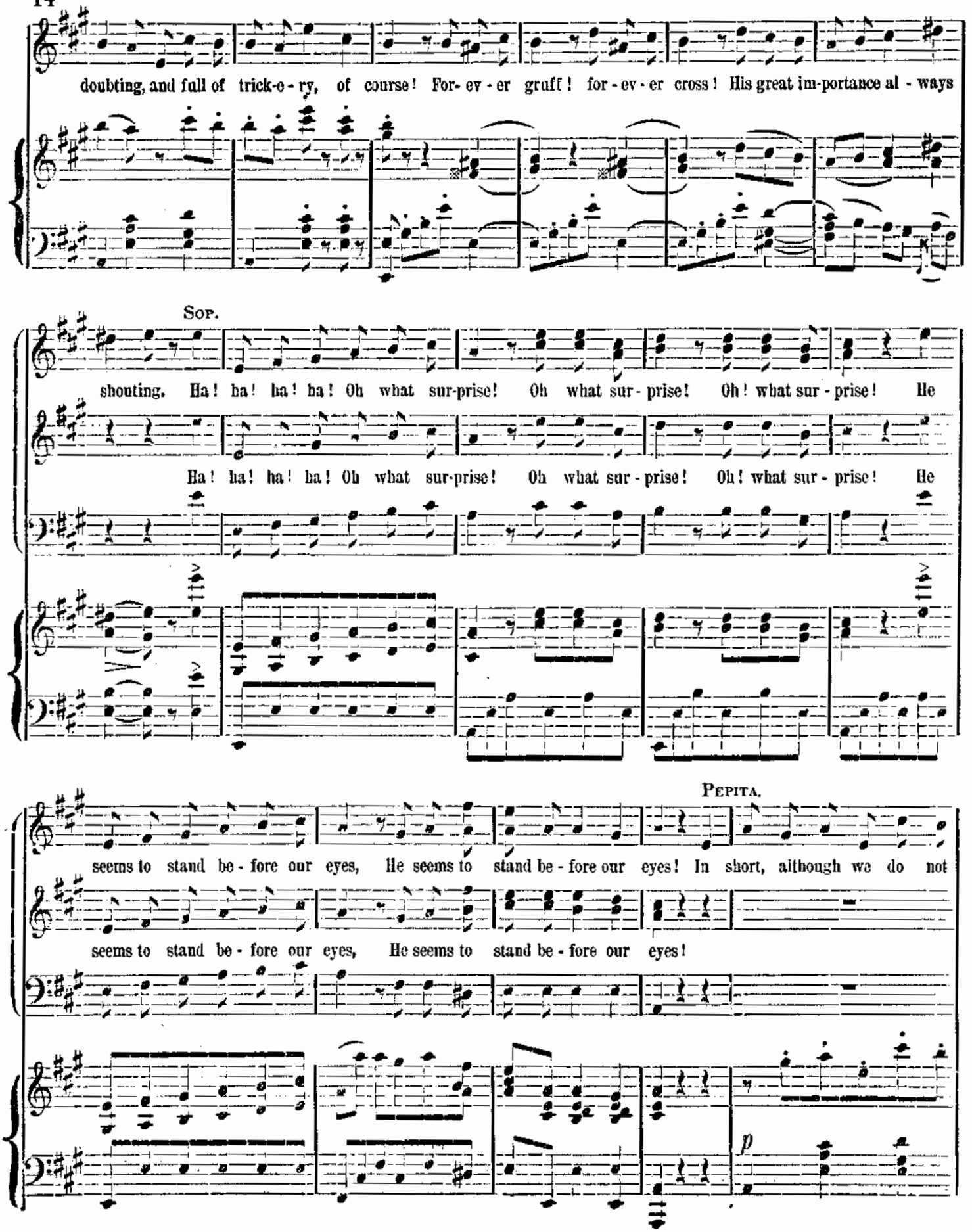
All steward's are a - like as broth-ers; With big round

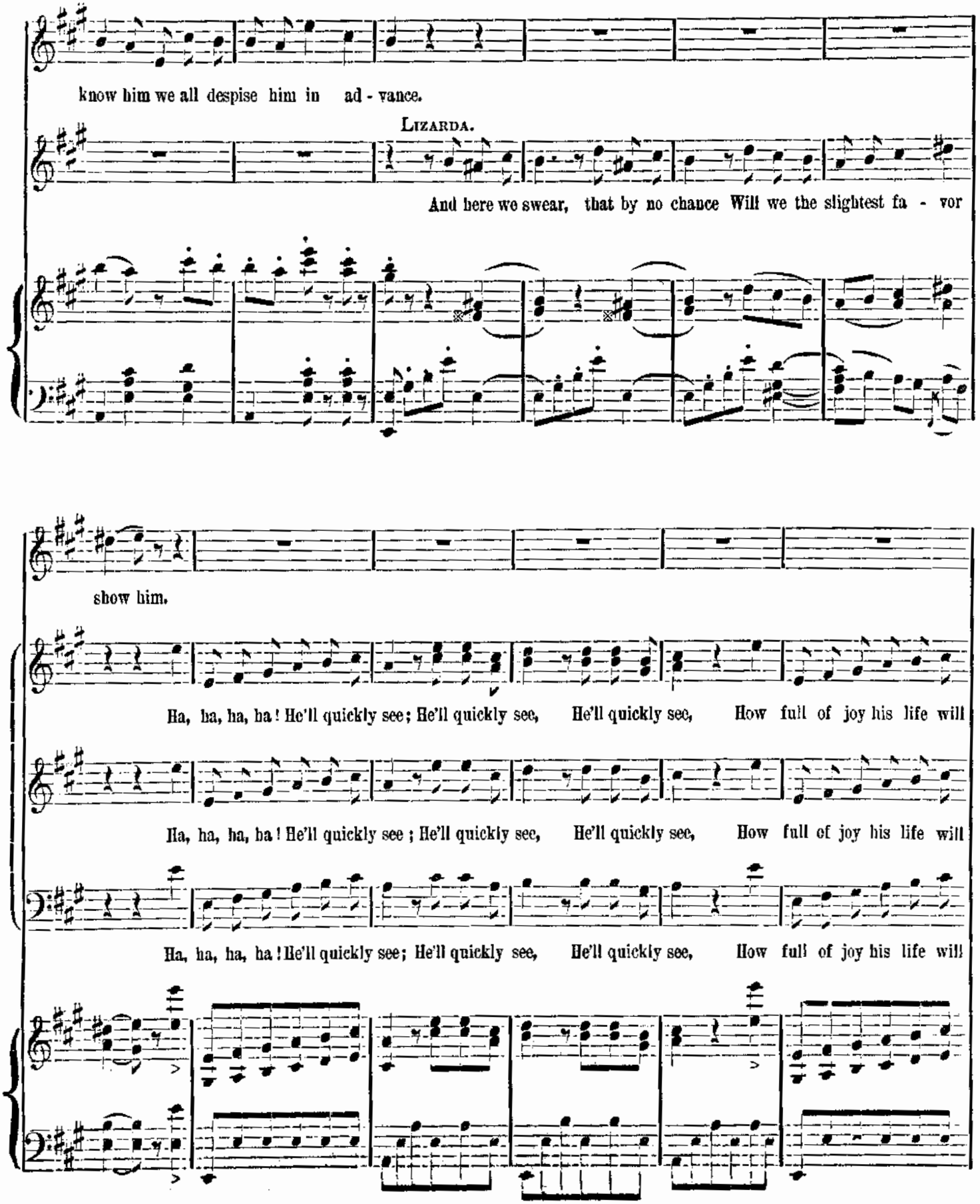


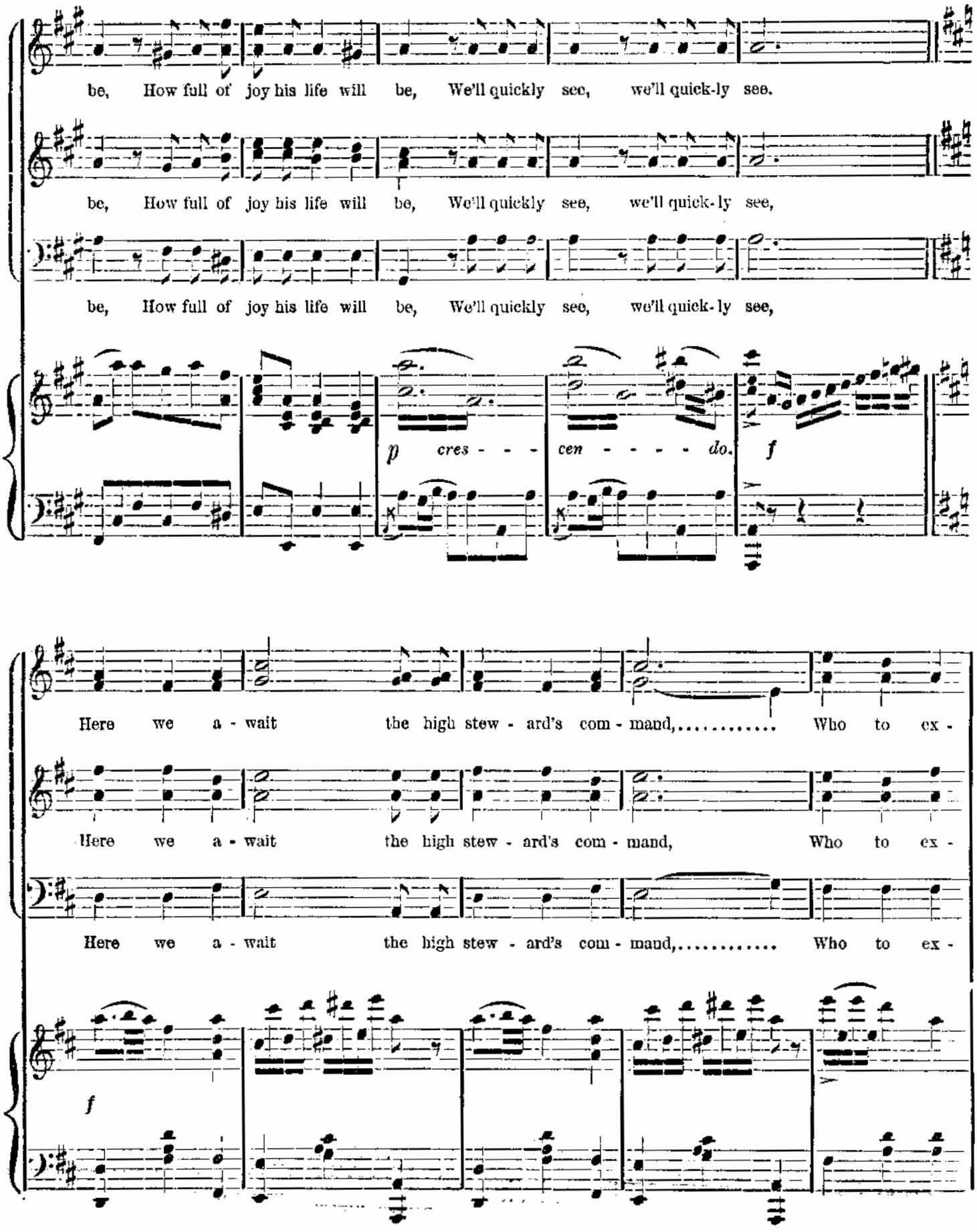
stomachs, no - ses red; Old, ug - ly, sour, bald shin - ing head: This one, no doubt, is like the

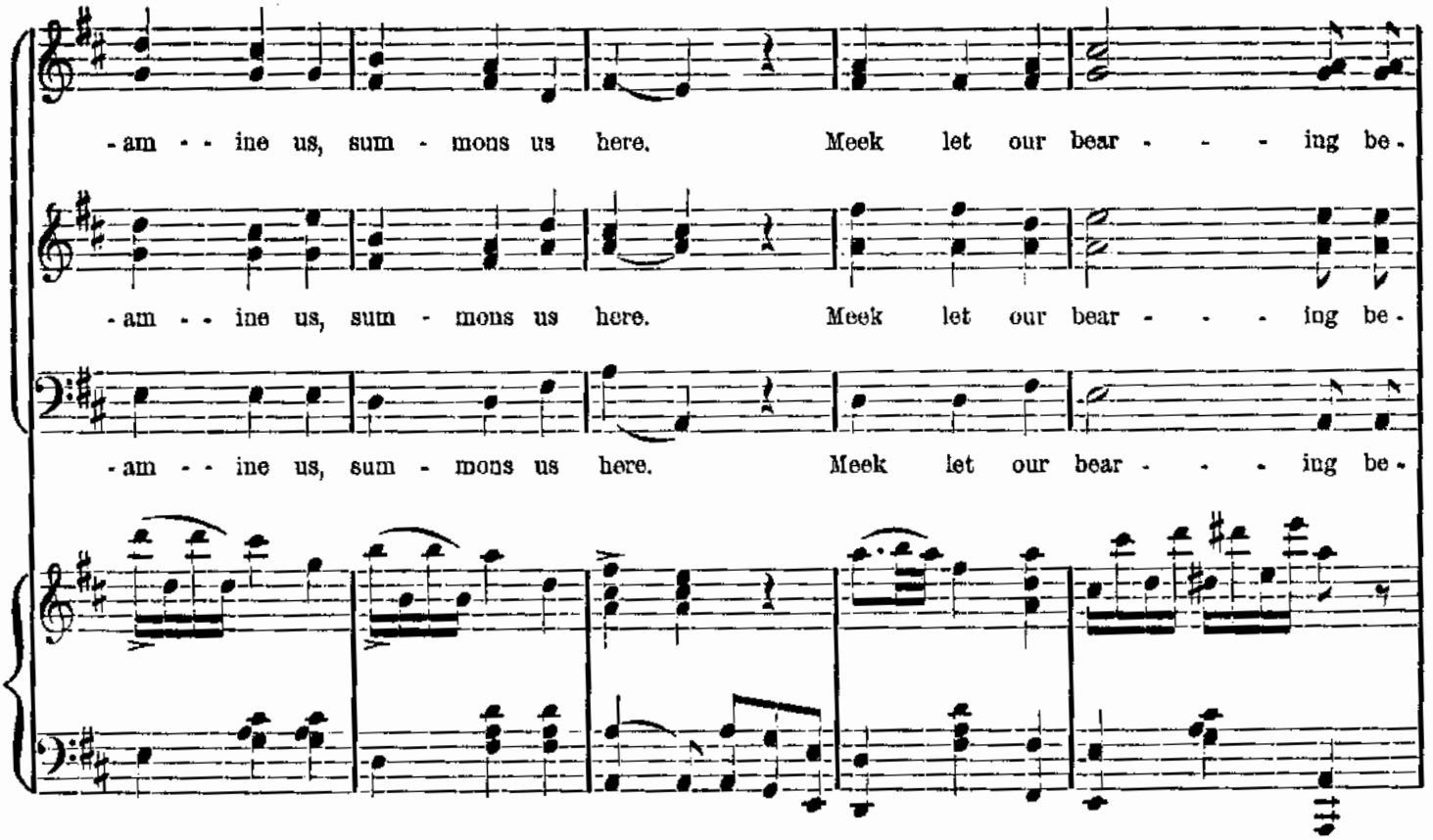


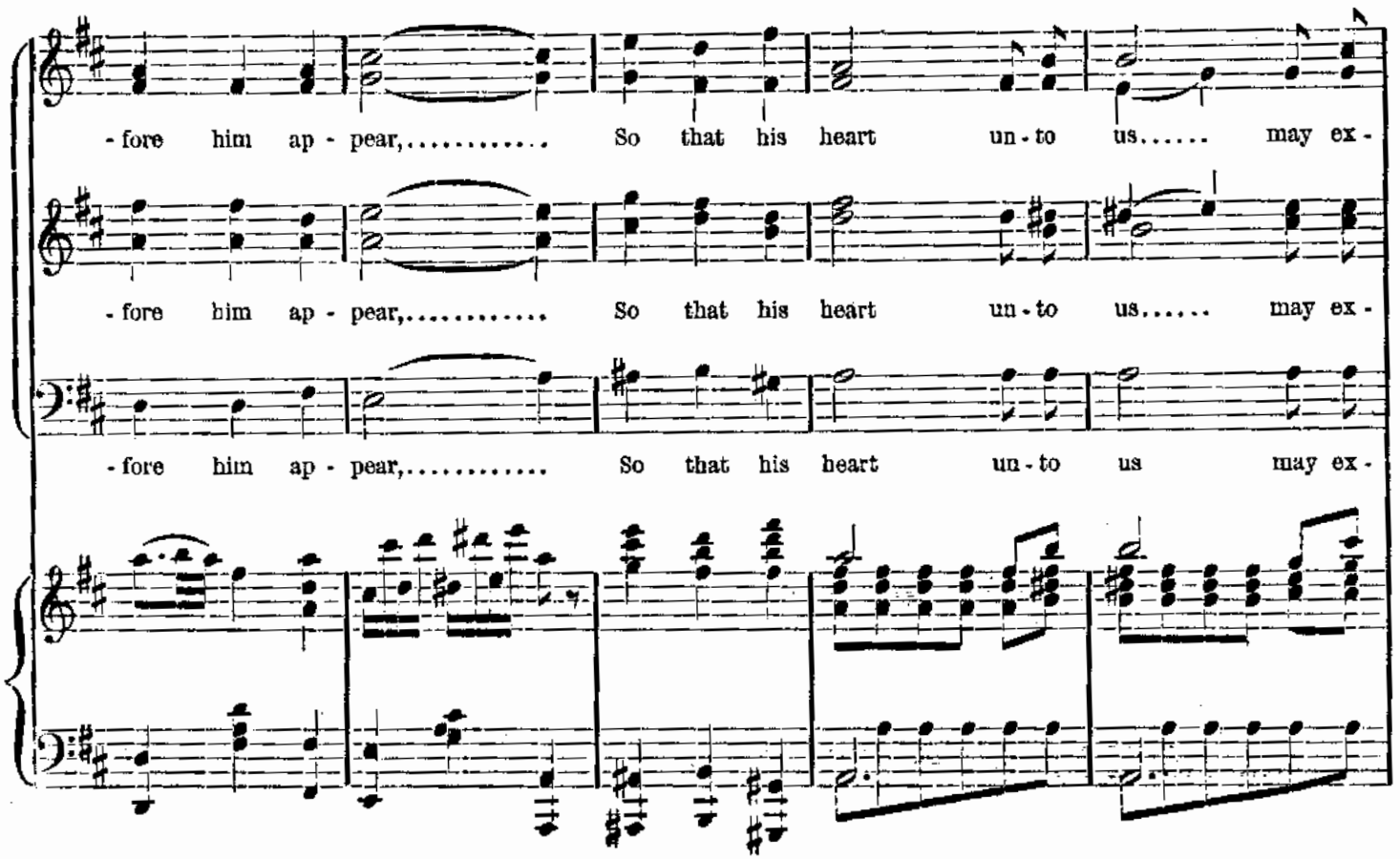

oth - ers.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh what sur-prise! Oh what sur - prise! Oh! what sur - prise! He
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh what sur-prise! Oh what sur - prise! Oh! what sur - prise! He
CATANA.
His na - ture must be mean and
seems to stand be - fore our eyes, He seems to stand be - fore our eyes!
seems to stand be - fore our eyes, He seems to stand be - fore our eyes!
p

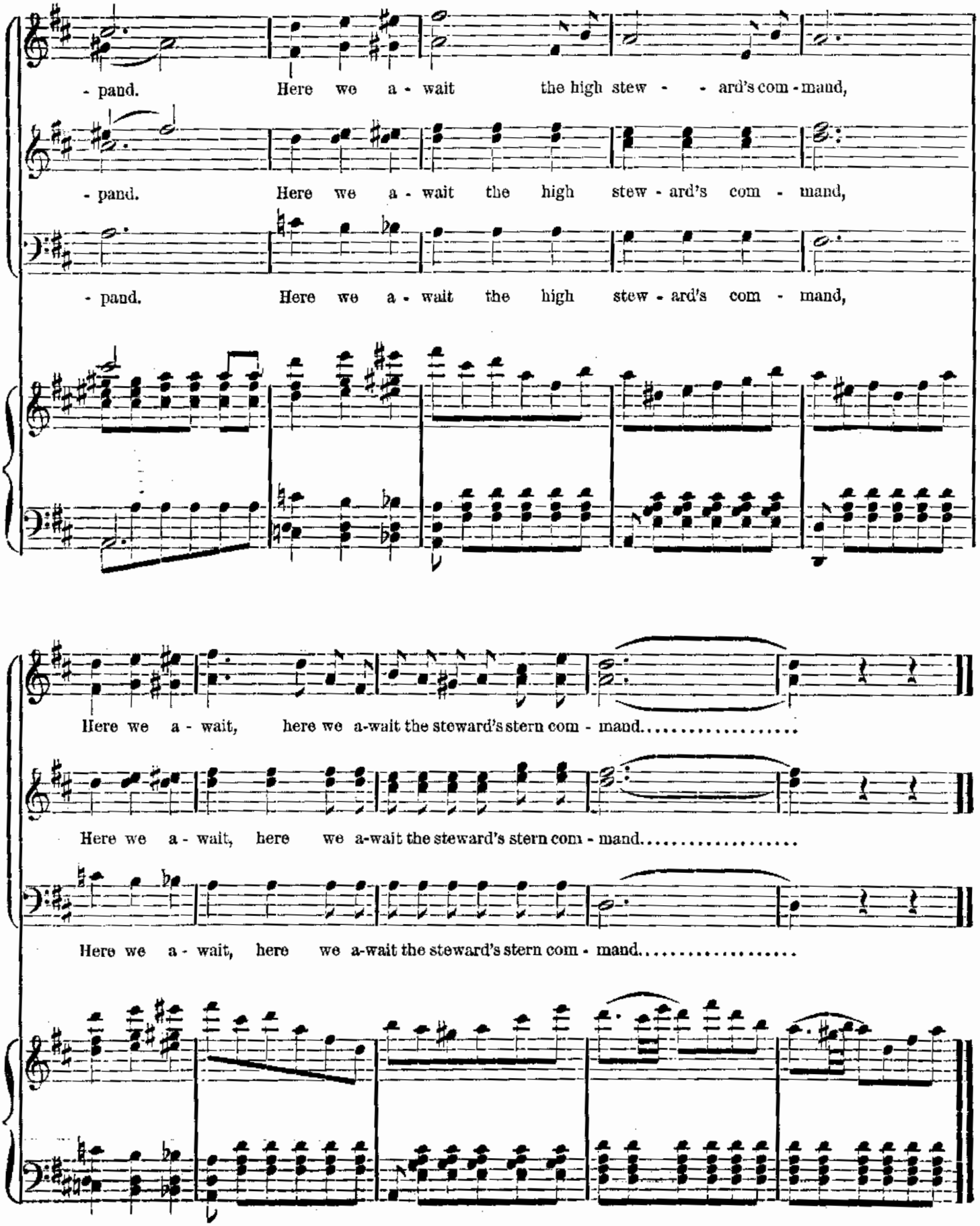

doubting, and full of trick-e-ry, of course! For-ev-er gruff! for-ev-er cross! His great im-portance al-ways
Sop.
shouting. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh what sur-prise! Oh what sur-prise! Oh! what sur-prise! He
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh what sur-prise! Oh what sur-prise! Oh! what sur-prise! He
Pepita.
seems to stand be-fore our eyes, He seems to stand be-fore our eyes! In short, although we do not
seems to stand be-fore our eyes, He seems to stand be-fore our eyes!
p

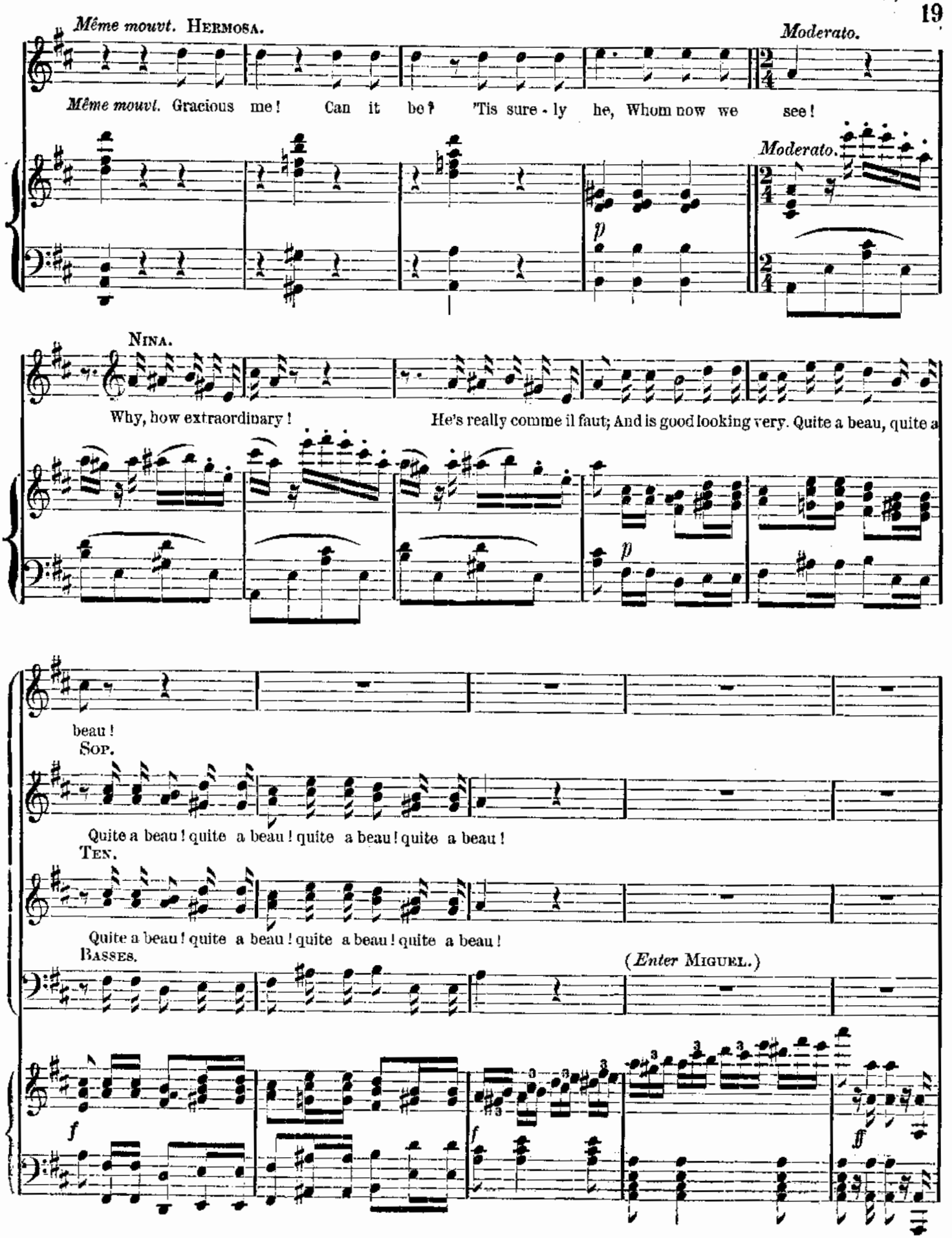

know him we all despise him in ad - vance.
LIZARDA.
And here we swear, that by no chance Will we the slightest fa - vor
show him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! He'll quickly see; He'll quickly see, He'll quickly see, How full of joy his life will
Ha, ha, ha, ha! He'll quickly see; He'll quickly see, He'll quickly see, How full of joy his life will
Ha, ha, ha, ha! He'll quickly see; He'll quickly see, He'll quickly see, How full of joy his life will

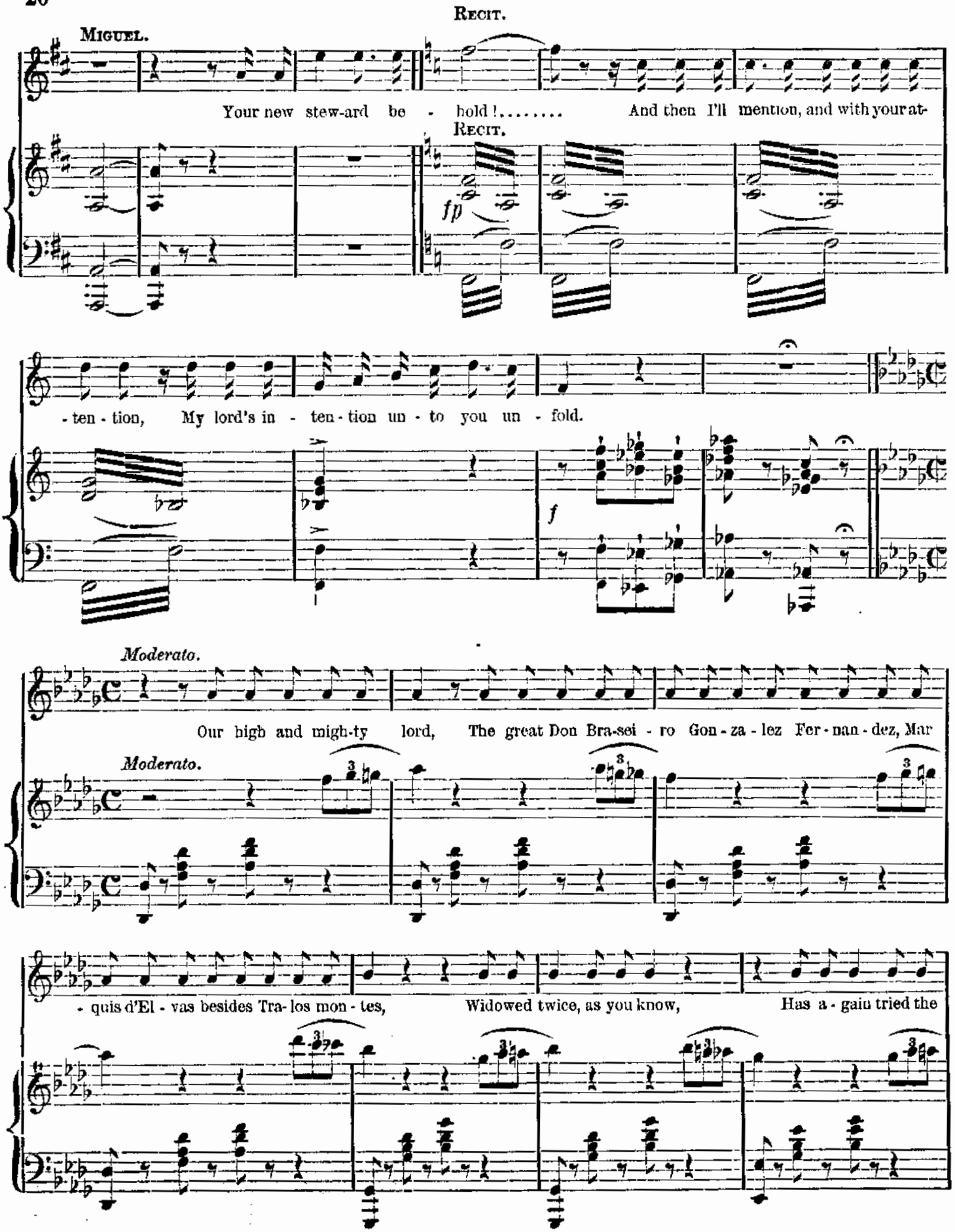

be, How full of joy his life will be, We'll quickly see, we'll quick-ly see.
be, How full of joy his life will be, We'll quickly see, we'll quick-ly see,
be, How full of joy his life will be, We'll quickly see, we'll quick-ly see,
p cres - - - cen - - - - do. f
Here we a - wait the high stew - ard's com - mand,..... Who to ex -
Here we a - wait the high stew - ard's com - mand, Who to ex -
Here we a - wait the high stew - ard's com - mand,..... Who to ex -
f

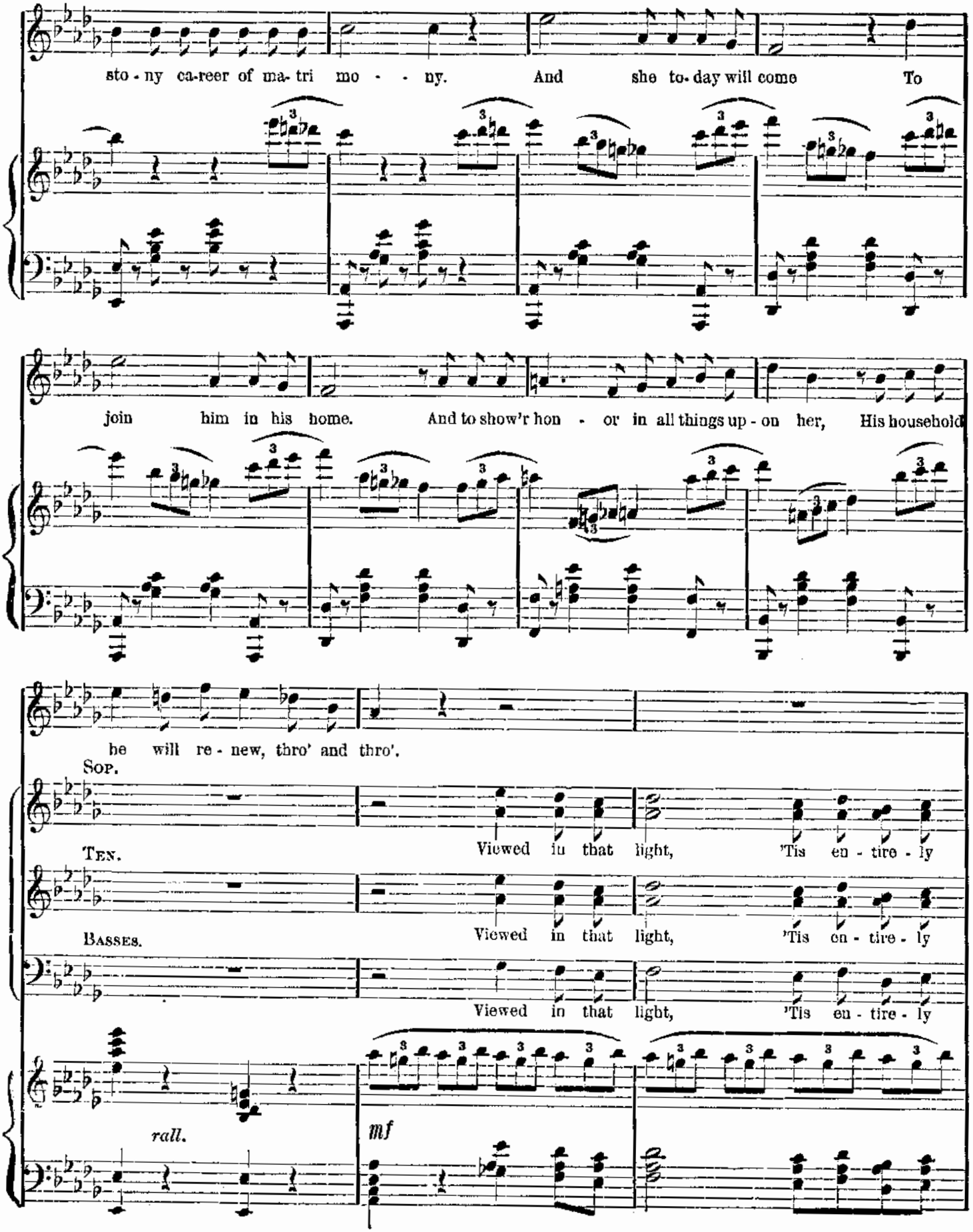

-am - - ine us, sum - mons us here. Meek let our bear - - - ing be-
-am - - ine us, sum - mons us here. Meek let our bear - - - ing be-
-am - - ine us, sum - mons us here. Meek let our bear - - - ing be-

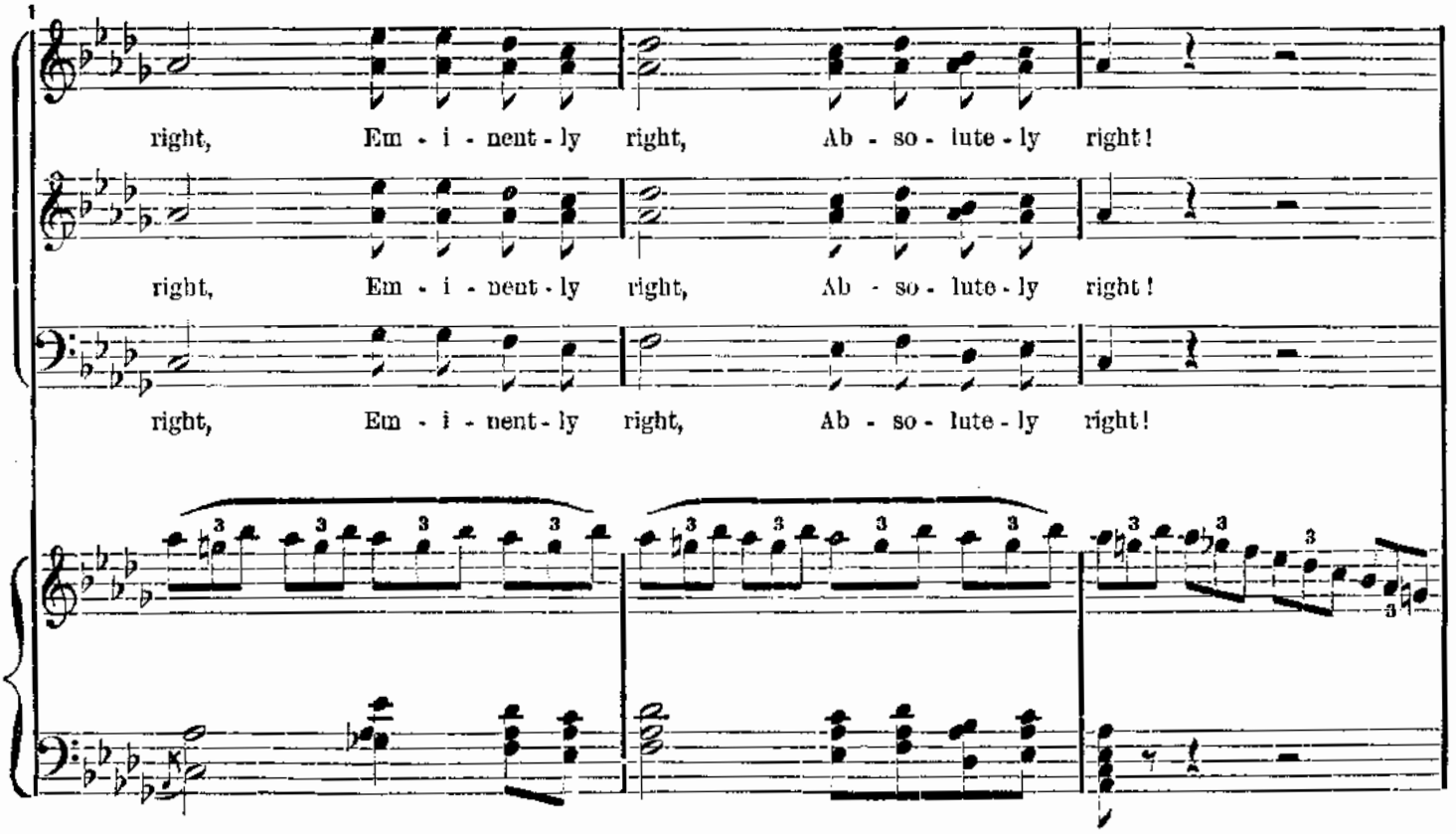

-fore him ap - pear,..... So that his heart un - to us..... may ex-
-fore him ap - pear,..... So that his heart un - to us..... may ex-
-fore him ap - pear,..... So that his heart un - to us may ex-

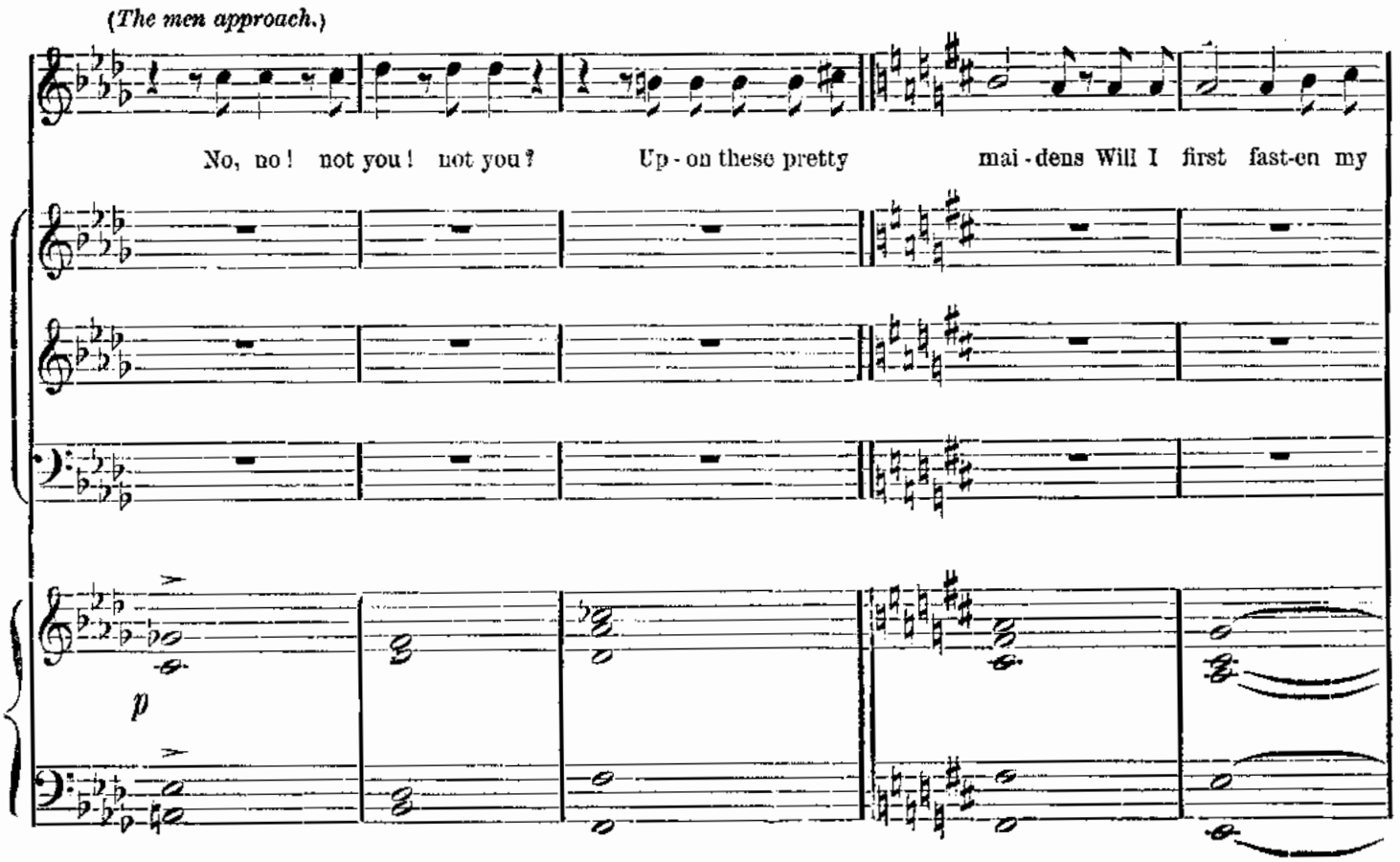

- pand. Here we a - wait the high stew - - ard's com - mand,
- pand. Here we a - wait the high stew - ard's com - mand,
- pand. Here we a - wait the high stew - ard's com - mand,
Here we a - wait, here we a-wait the steward's stern com - mand.....
Here we a - wait, here we a-wait the steward's stern com - mand.....
Here we a - wait, here we a-wait the steward's stern com - mand.....

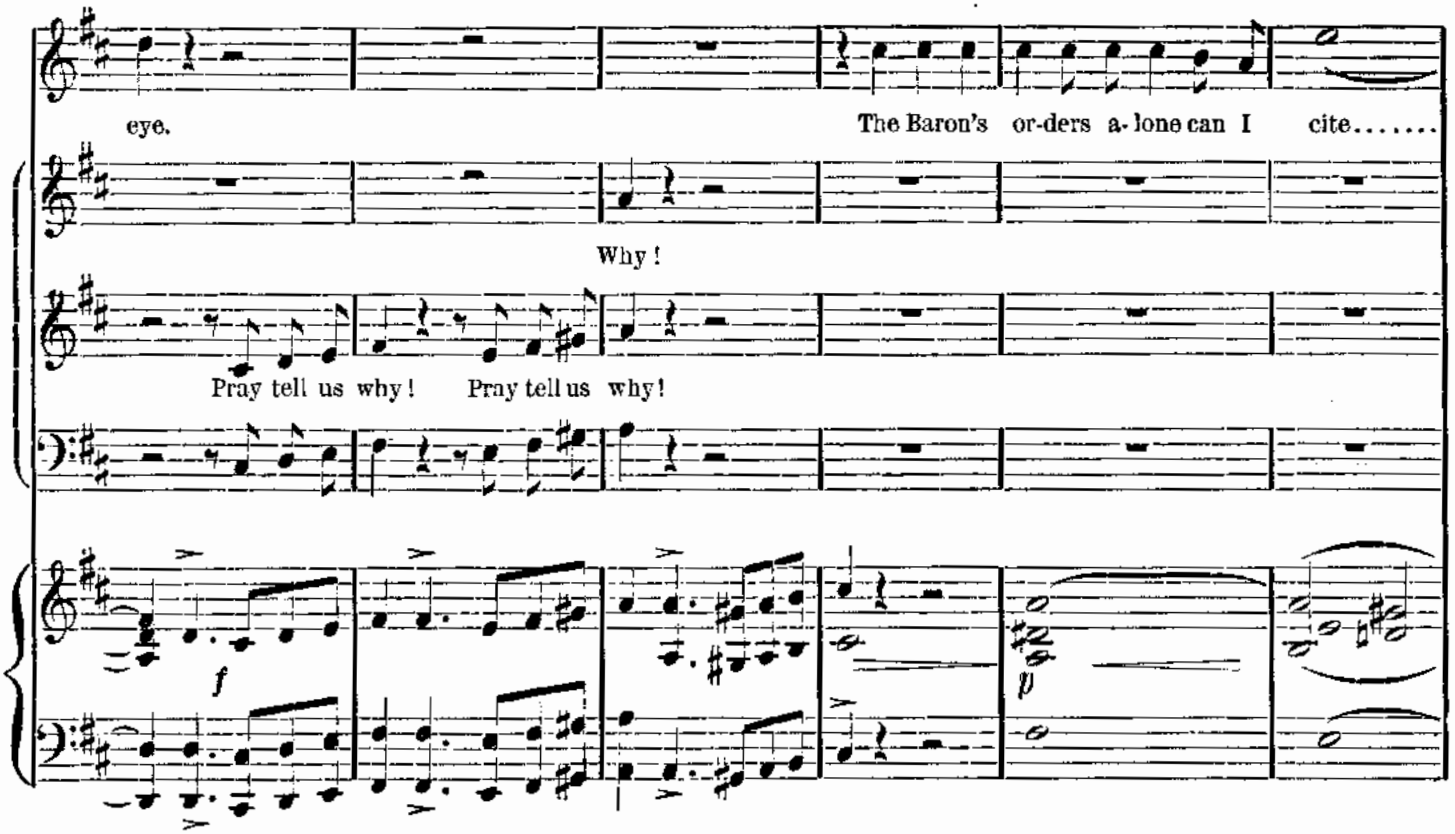

Même mouvt. HERMOSA.
Moderato.
Même mouvt. Gracious me! Can it be? 'Tis sure - ly he, Whom now we see!
Moderato.
p
NINA.
Why, how extraordinary! He's really comme il faut; And is good looking very. Quite a beau, quite a
p
beau!
SOP.
Quite a beau! quite a beau! quite a beau! quite a beau!
TEN.
Quite a beau! quite a beau! quite a beau! quite a beau!
BASSES.
(Enter MIGUEL.)
f
f
ff

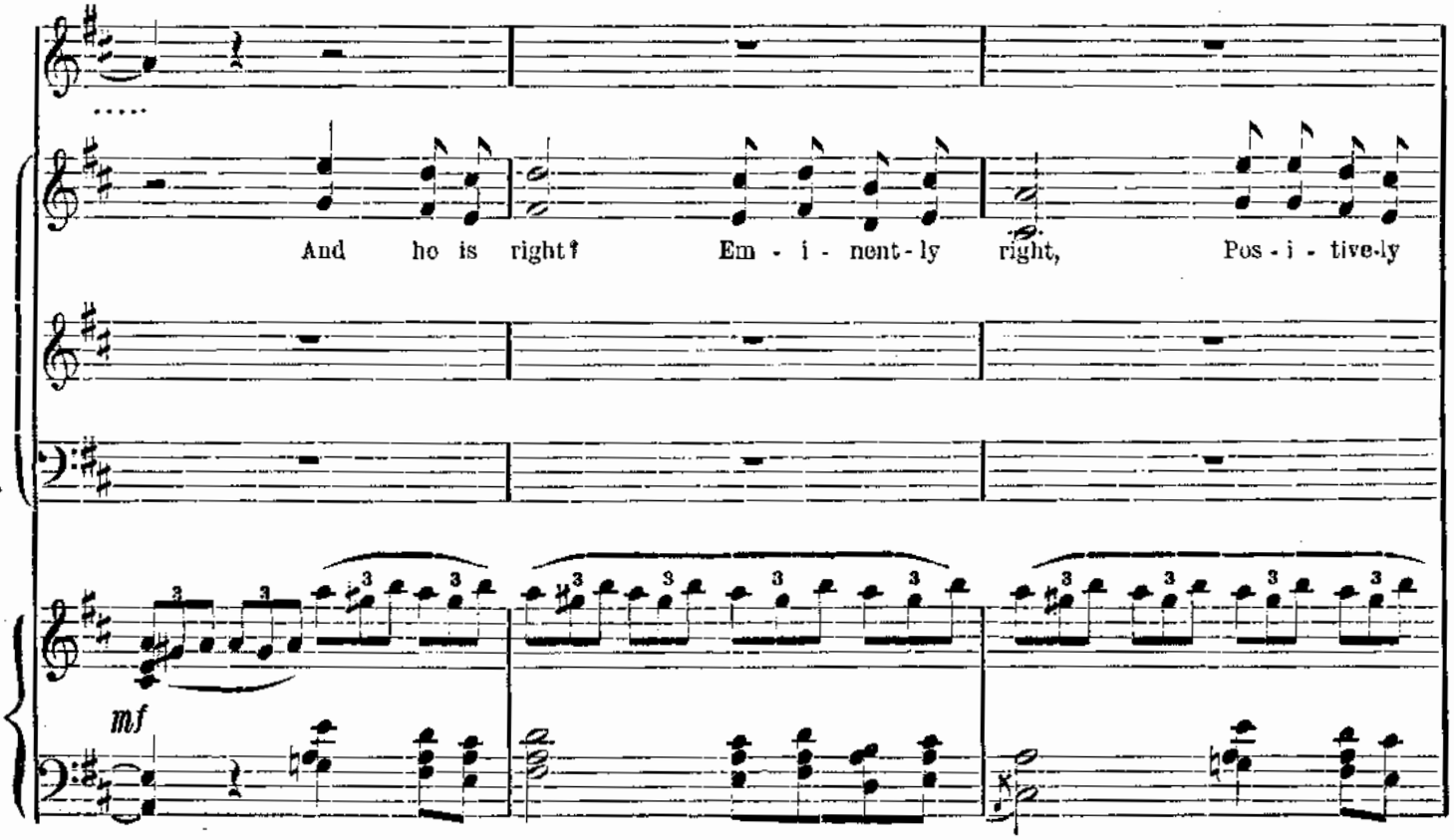

Recit.
Miguel.
Your new stew-ard be - hold!..... And then I'll mention, and with your at-
Recit.
fp
-ten-tion, My lord's in - ten-tion un - to you un - fold.
f
Moderato.
Our high and migh-ty lord, The great Don Bra-sei - ro Gon - za - lez Fer - nan - dez, Mar
Moderato.
- quis d'El - vas besides Tra- los mon - tes, Widowed twice, as you know, Has a - gain tried the

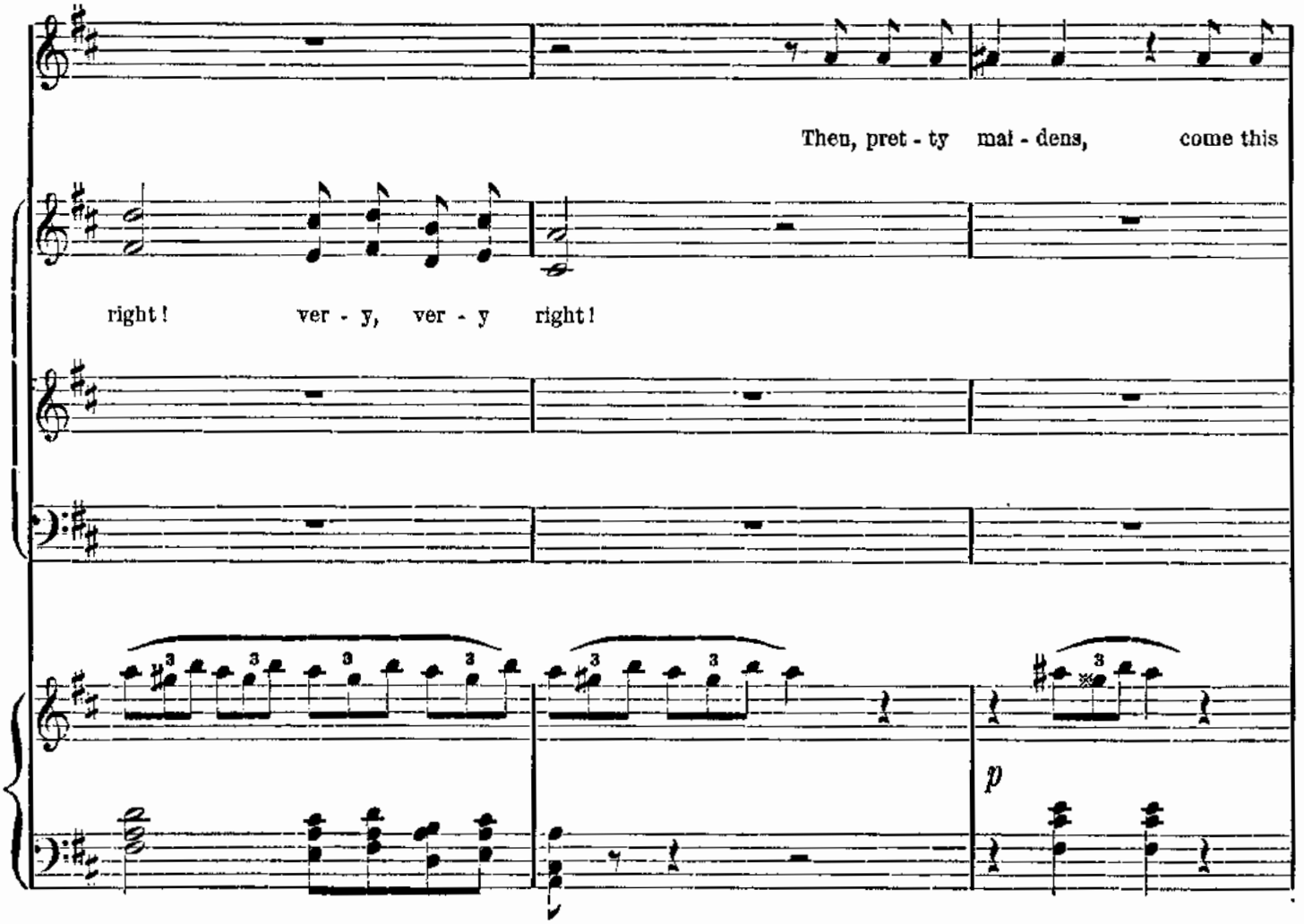

sto - ny ca-reer of ma- tri mo - - - ny. And she to- day will come To
join him in his home. And to show'r hon - or in all things up - on her, His household
be will re - new, thro' and thro'.
Sop.
Viewed in that light, 'Tis en - tire - ly
Ten.
Viewed in that light, 'Tis en - tire - ly
Basses.
Viewed in that light, 'Tis en - tire - ly
rall.
mf

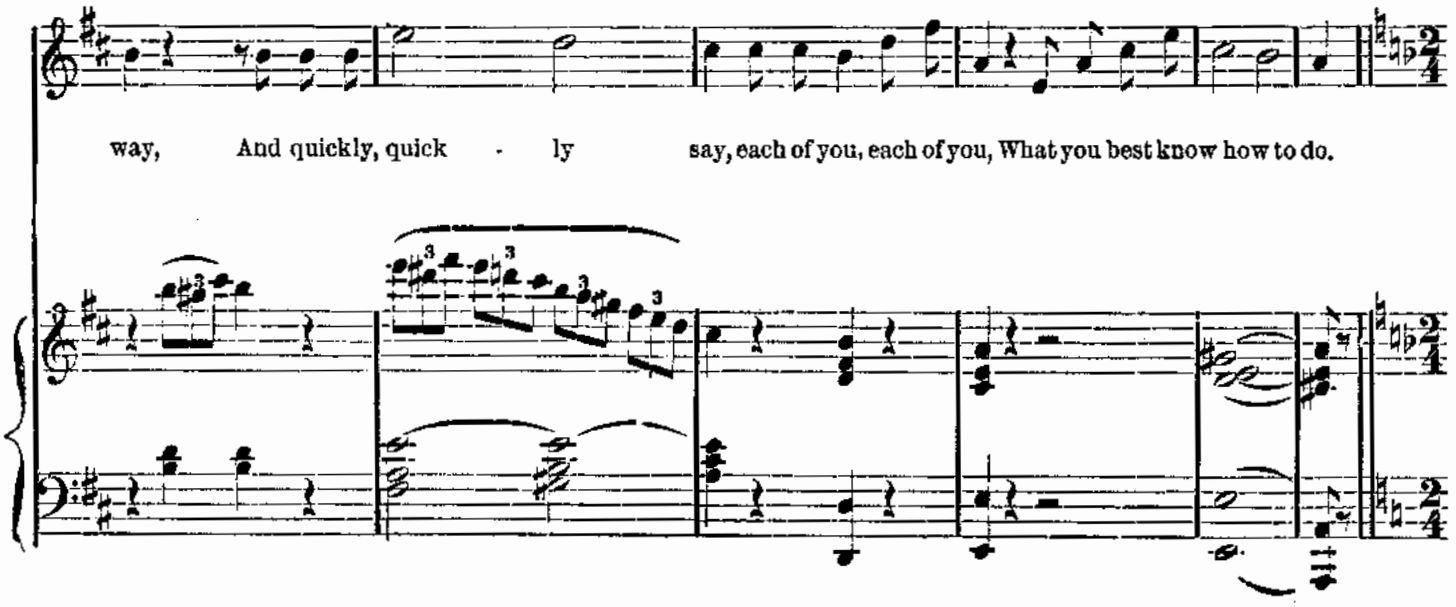

right, Em - i - nent - ly right, Ab - so - lute - ly right!
right, Em - i - nent - ly right, Ab - so - lute - ly right!
right, Em - i - nent - ly right, Ab - so - lute - ly right!


(The men approach.)
No, no! not you! not you? Up - on these pretty mai - dens Will I first fast-en my
p


eye.
The Baron's or-ders a-lone can I cite.....
Why!
Pray tell us why! Pray tell us why!
f
p

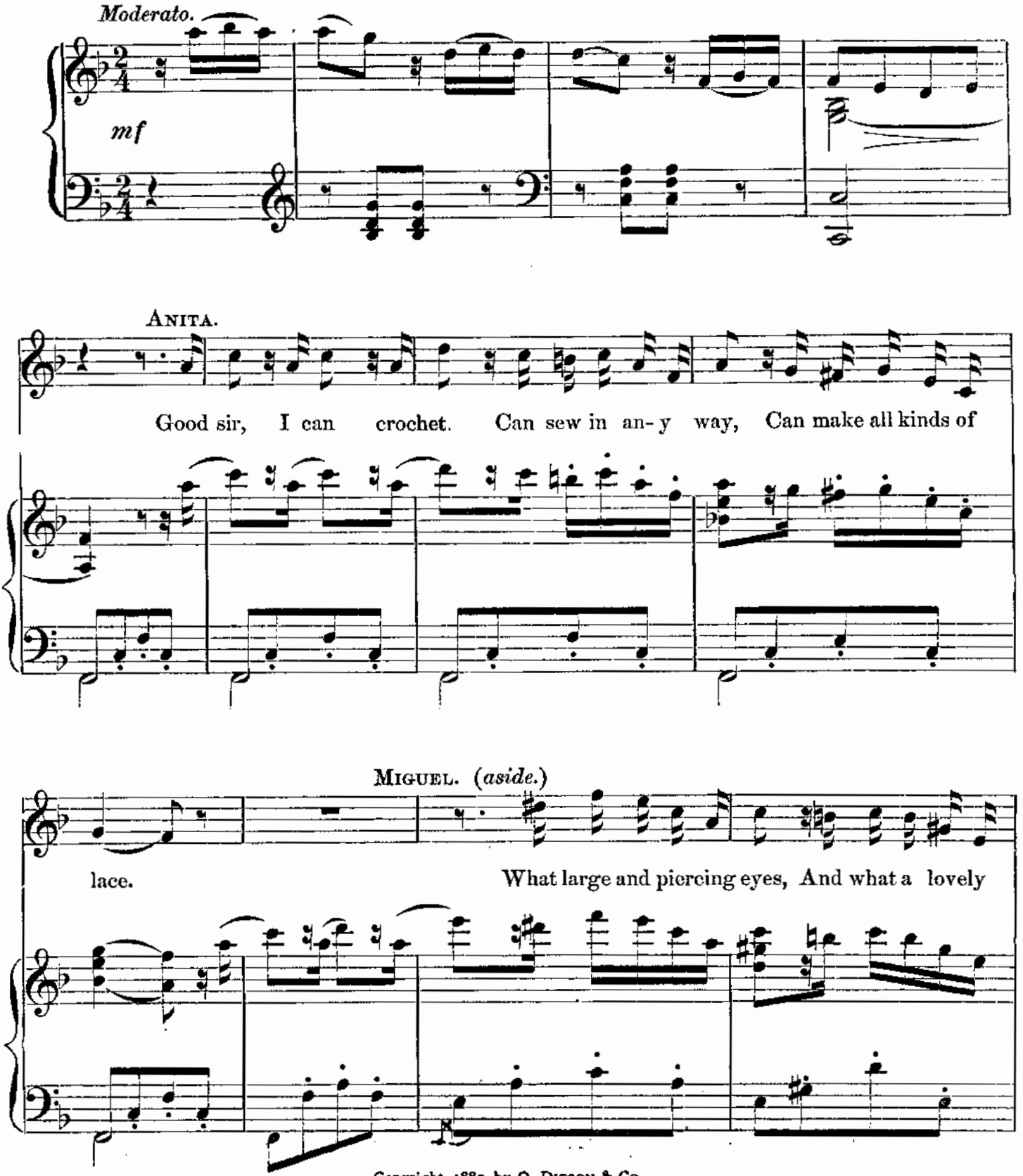

.....
And he is right? Em - i - nent - ly right, Pos - i - tive-ly
mf


Then, pret - ty mai - dens, come this
right! ver - y, ver - y right!
p


way, And quickly, quick - ly say, each of you, each of you, What you best know how to do.

"GOOD SIR I CAN CROCHET."

COUPLETS.



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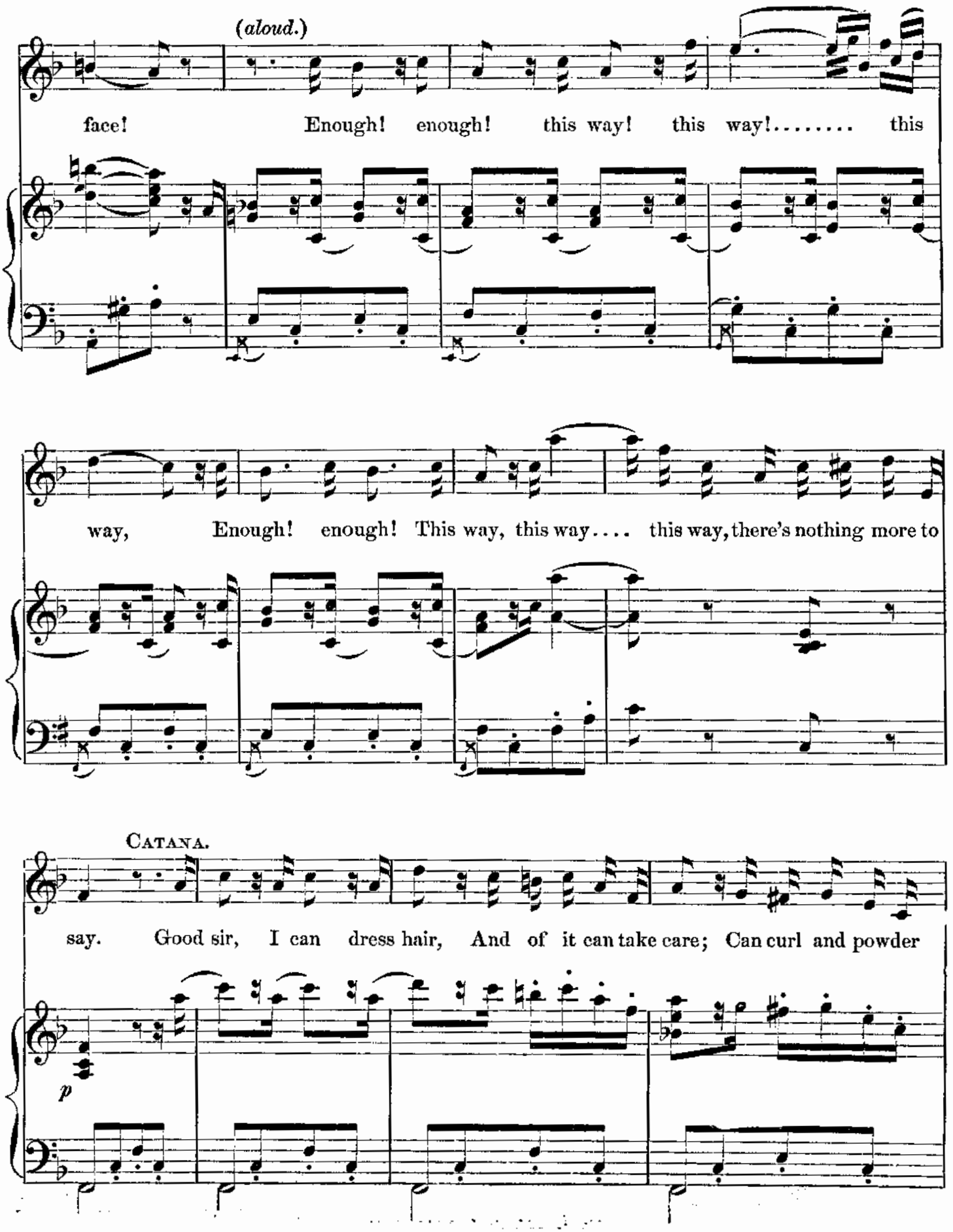
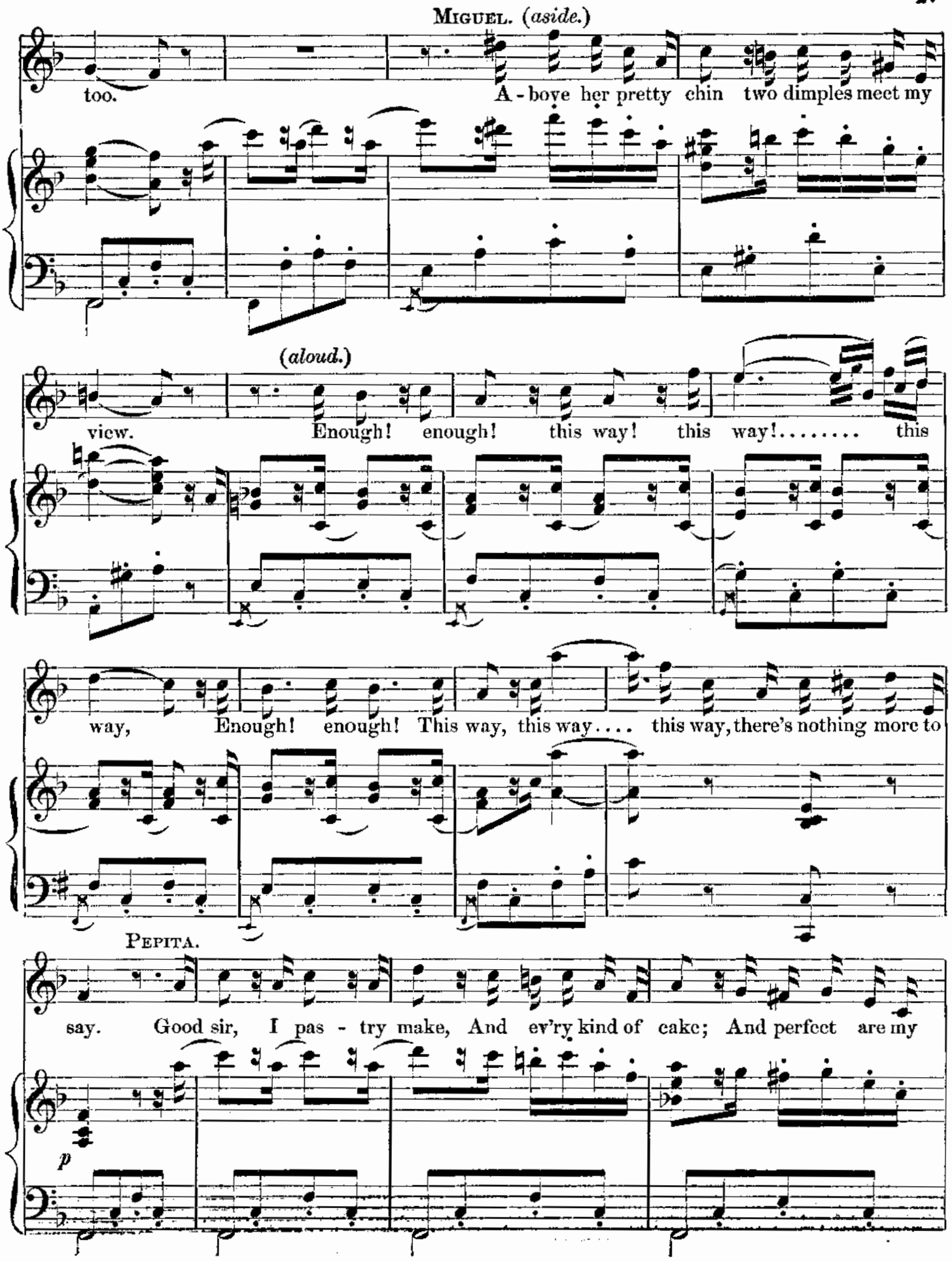
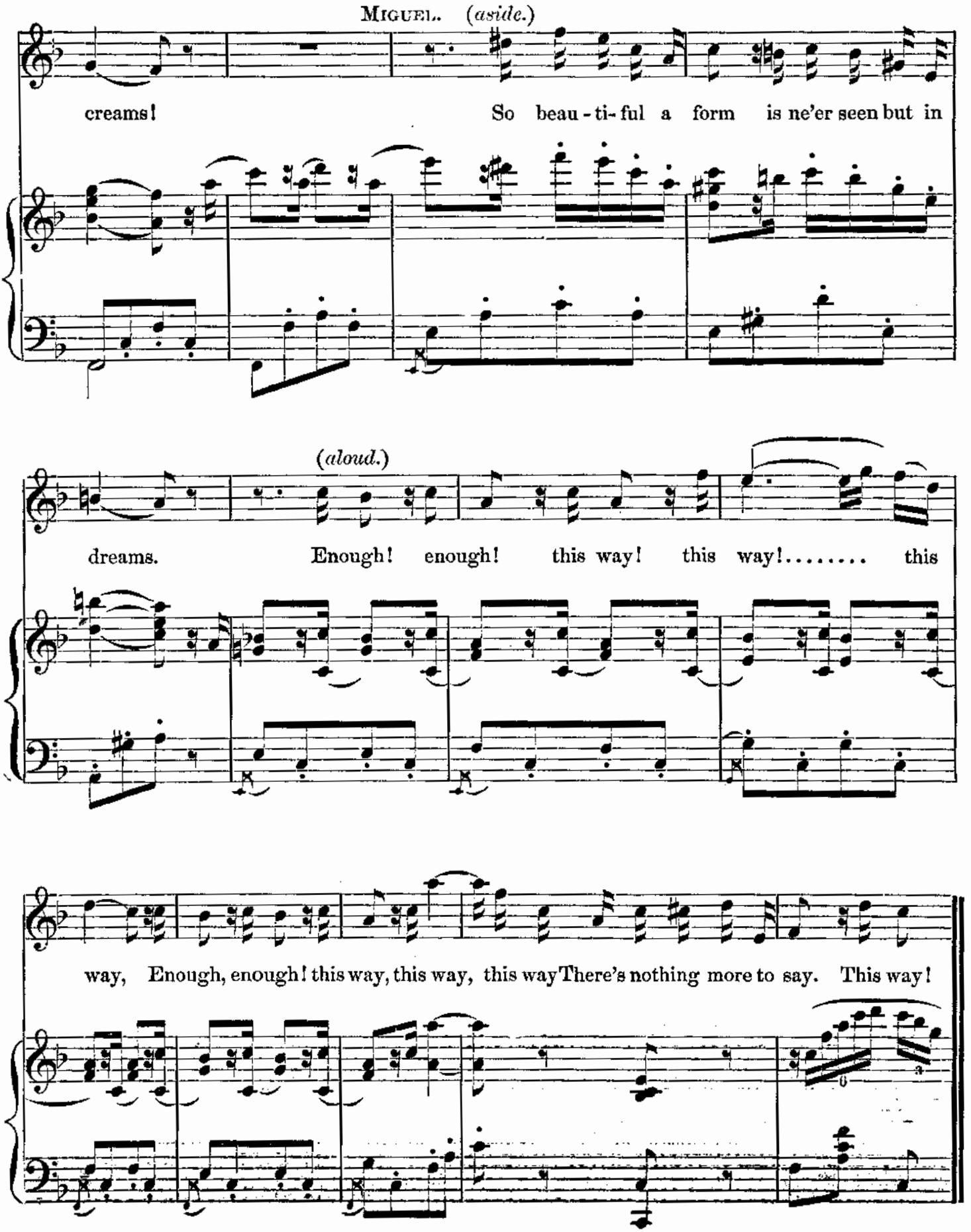
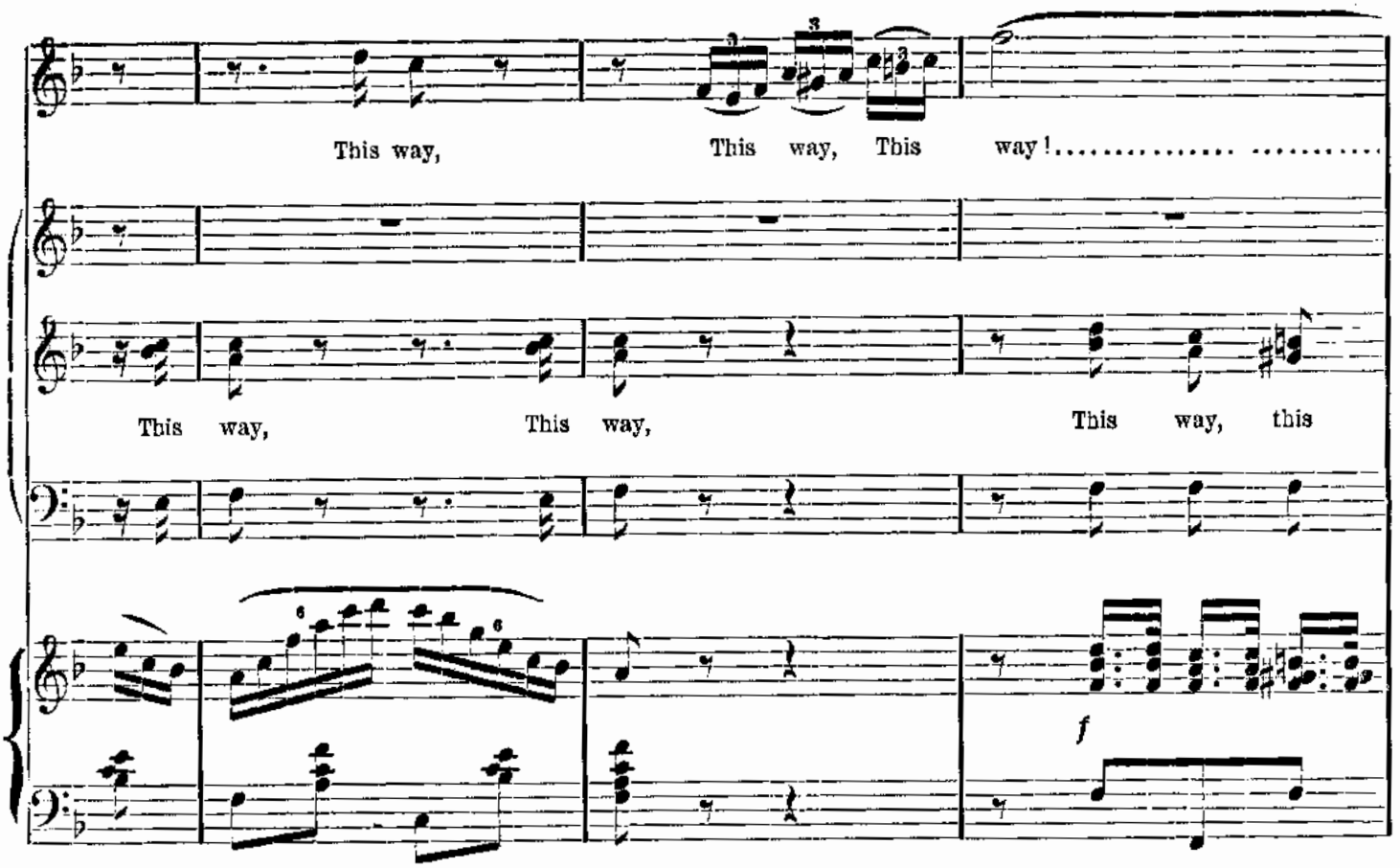
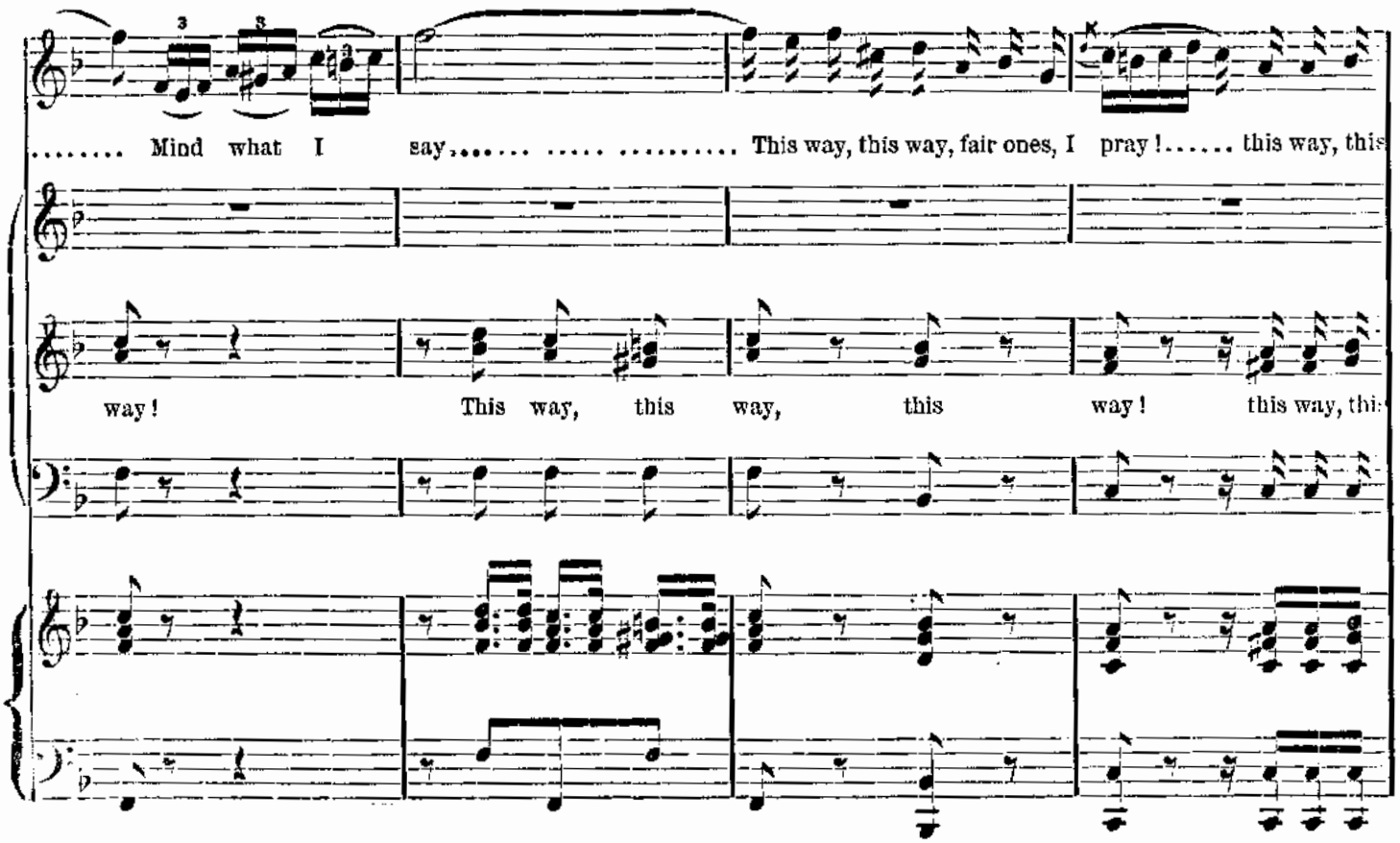
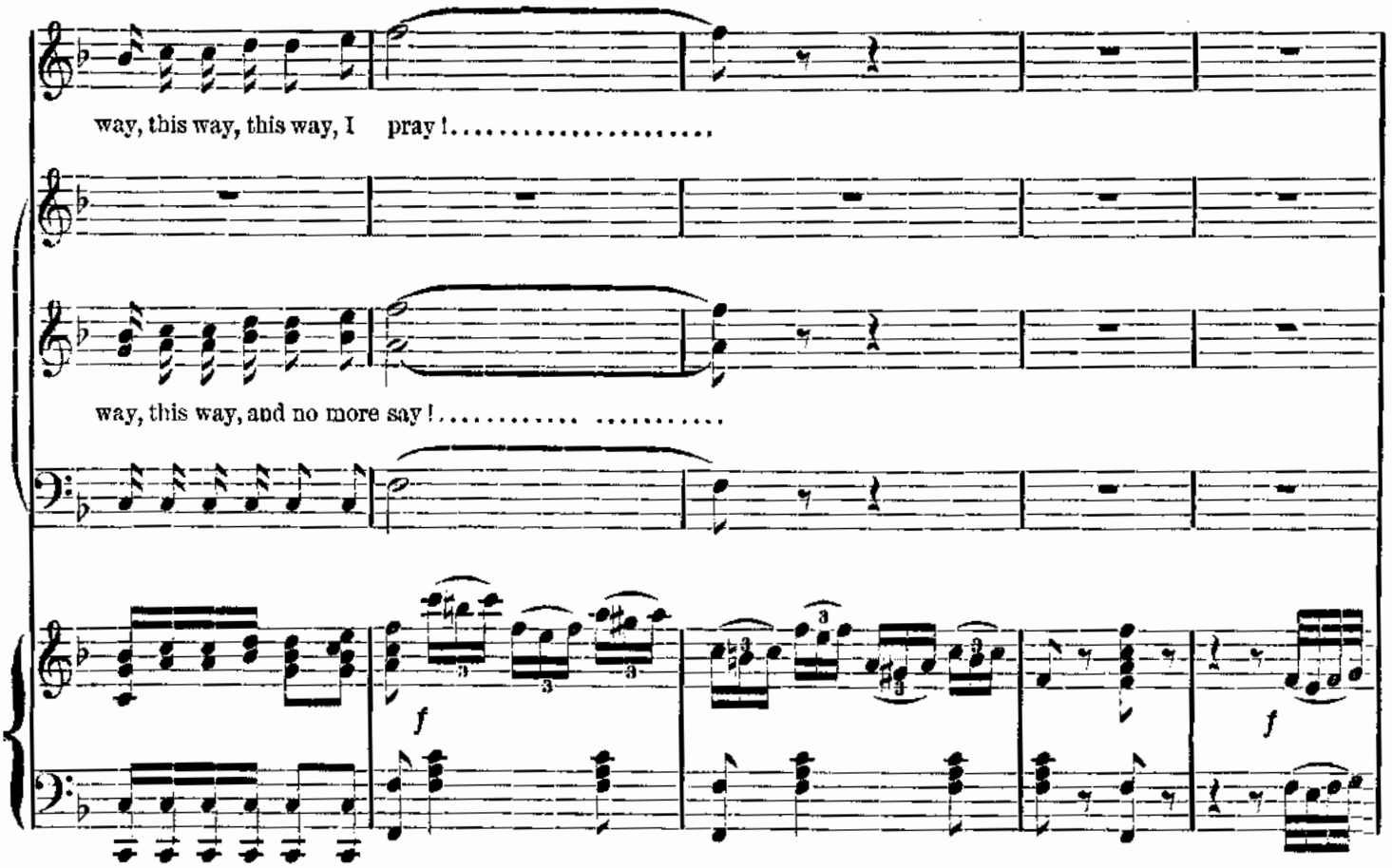

(aloud.)
face! Enough! enough! this way! this way!..... this
way, Enough! enough! This way, this way.... this way, there's nothing more to
CATANA.
say. Good sir, I can dress hair, And of it can take care; Can curl and powder
p

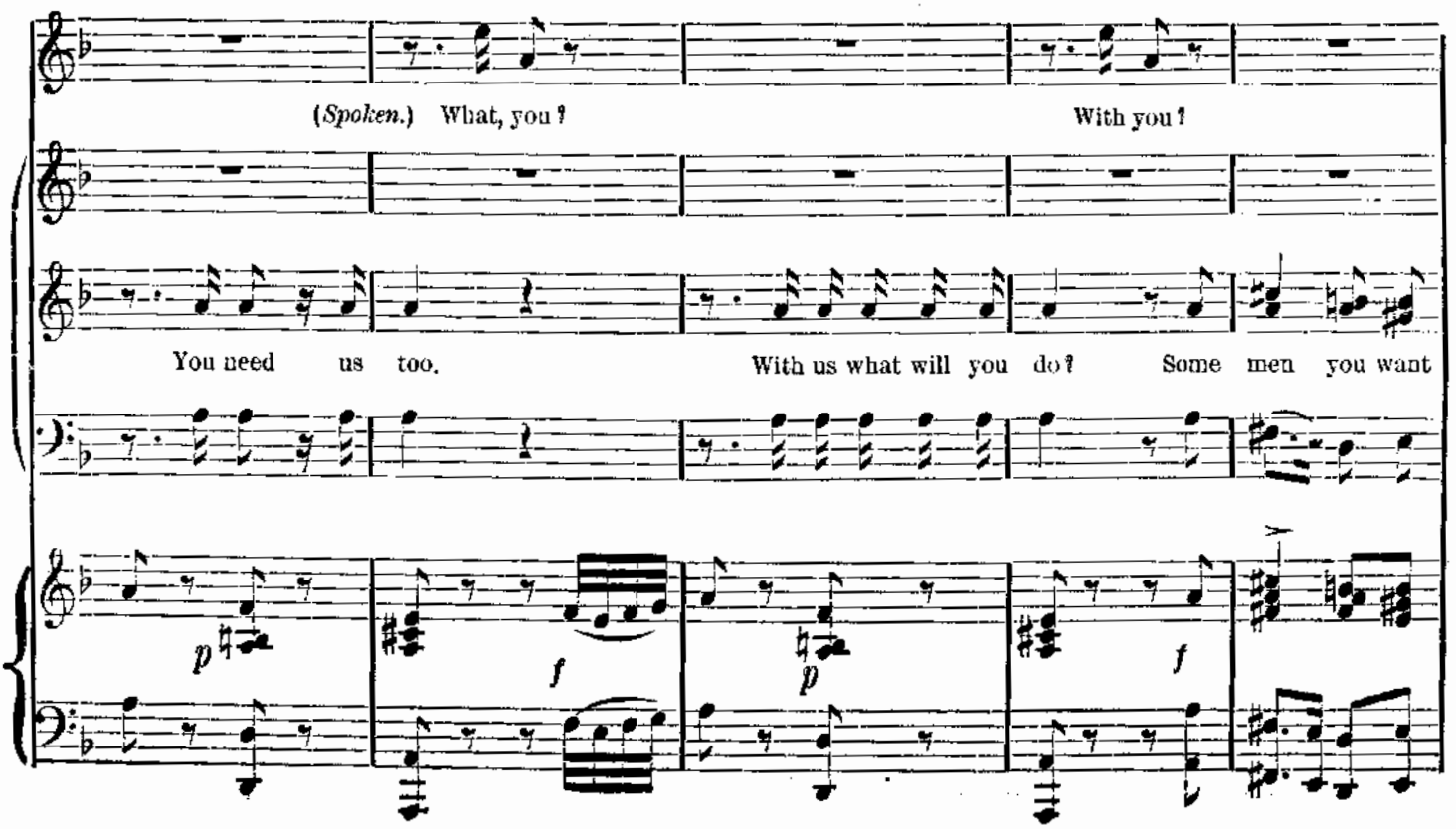

MIGUEL. (aside.)
too.
A - bove her pretty chin two dimples meet my
(aloud.)
view.
Enough! enough! this way! this way!..... this
way,
Enough! enough! This way, this way.... this way, there's nothing more to
PEPITA.
say.
Good sir, I pas - try make, And ev'ry kind of cake; And perfect are my
p

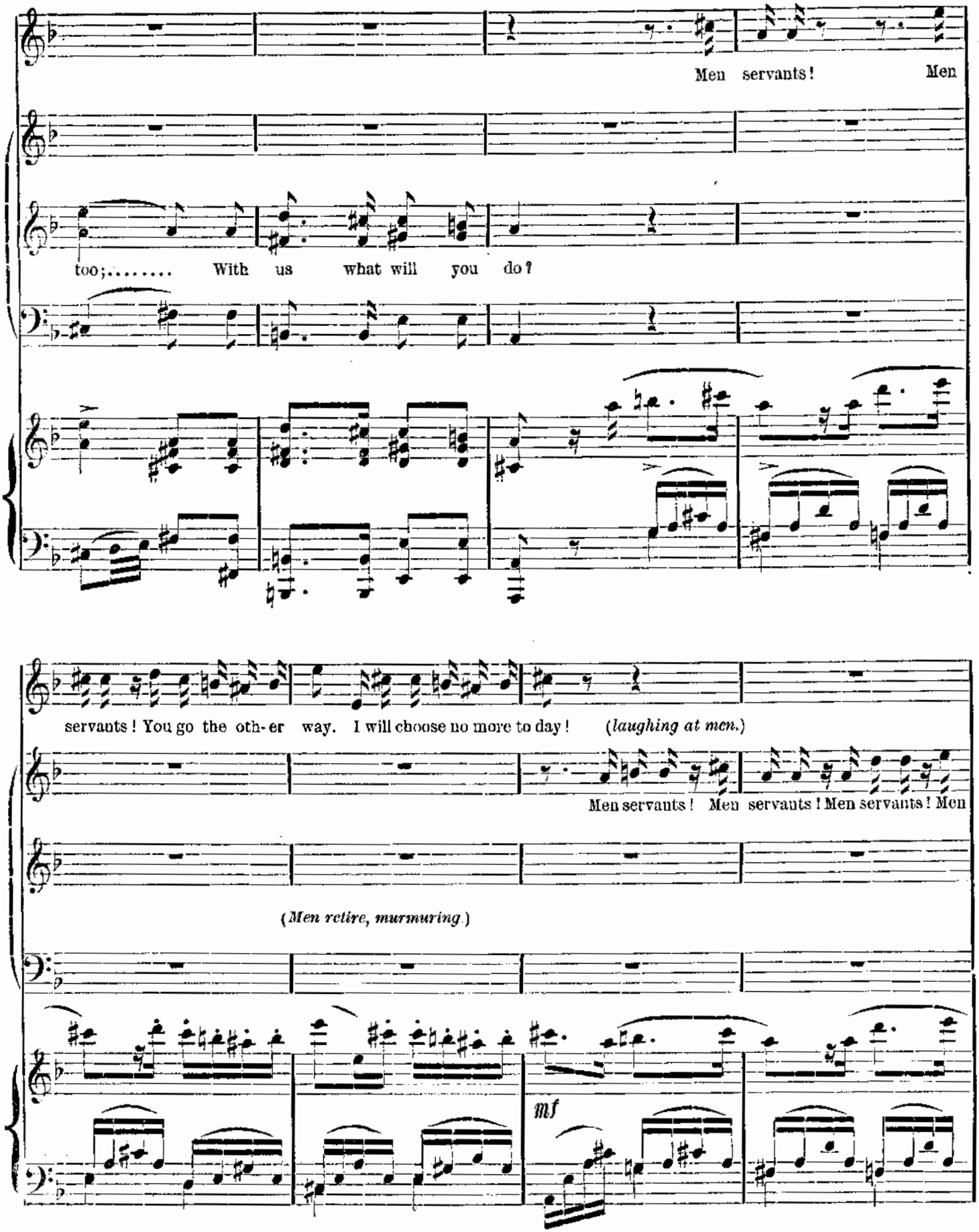

MIGUEL. (aside.)
creams! So beau - ti - ful a form is ne'er seen but in
(aloud.)
dreams. Enough! enough! this way! this way!..... this
way, Enough, enough! this way, this way, this wayThere's nothing more to say. This way!

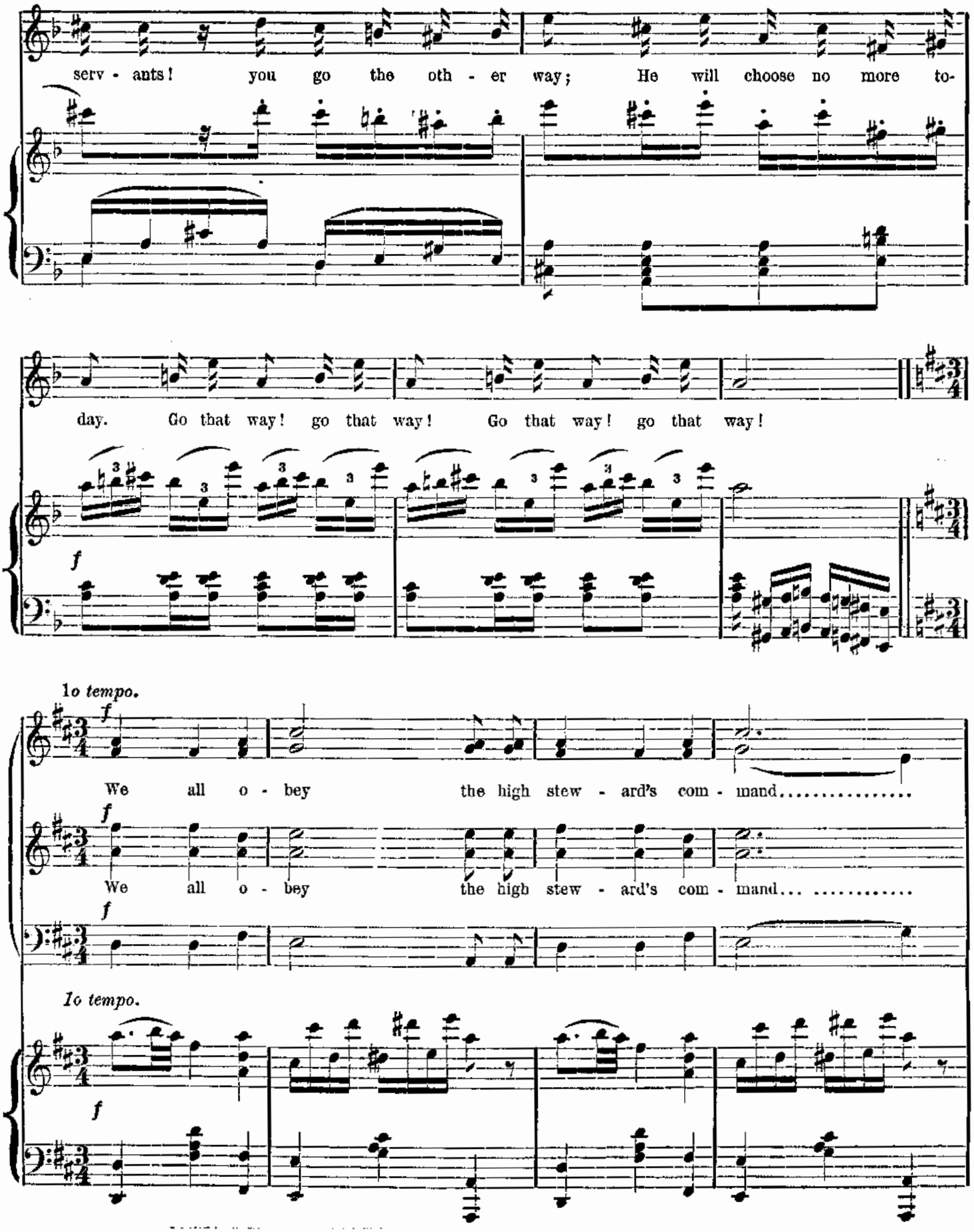

This way, This way, This way!
This way, This way, This way, this
f

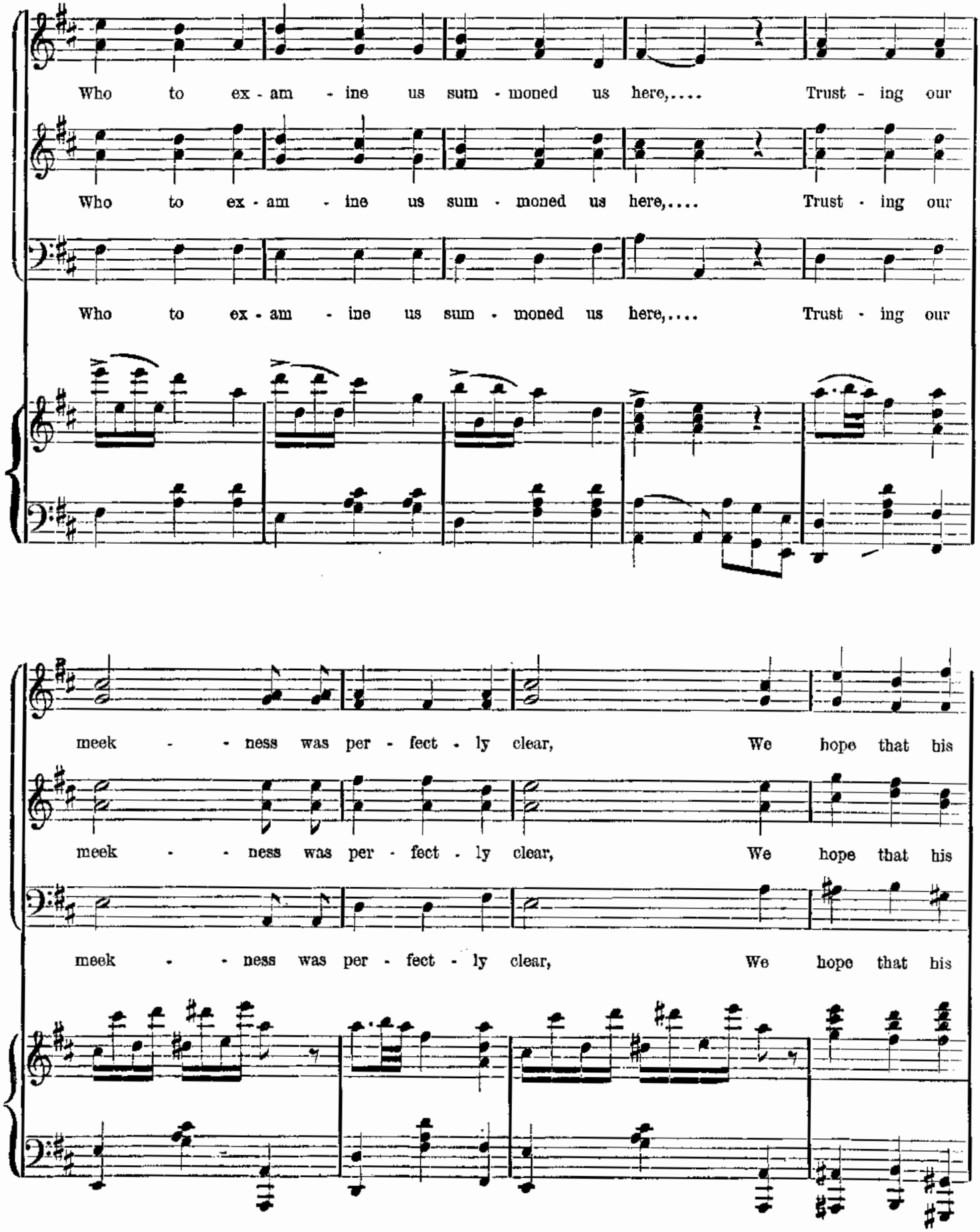

Mind what I say. This way, this way, fair ones, I pray! this way, this
way! This way, this way, this way! this way, this

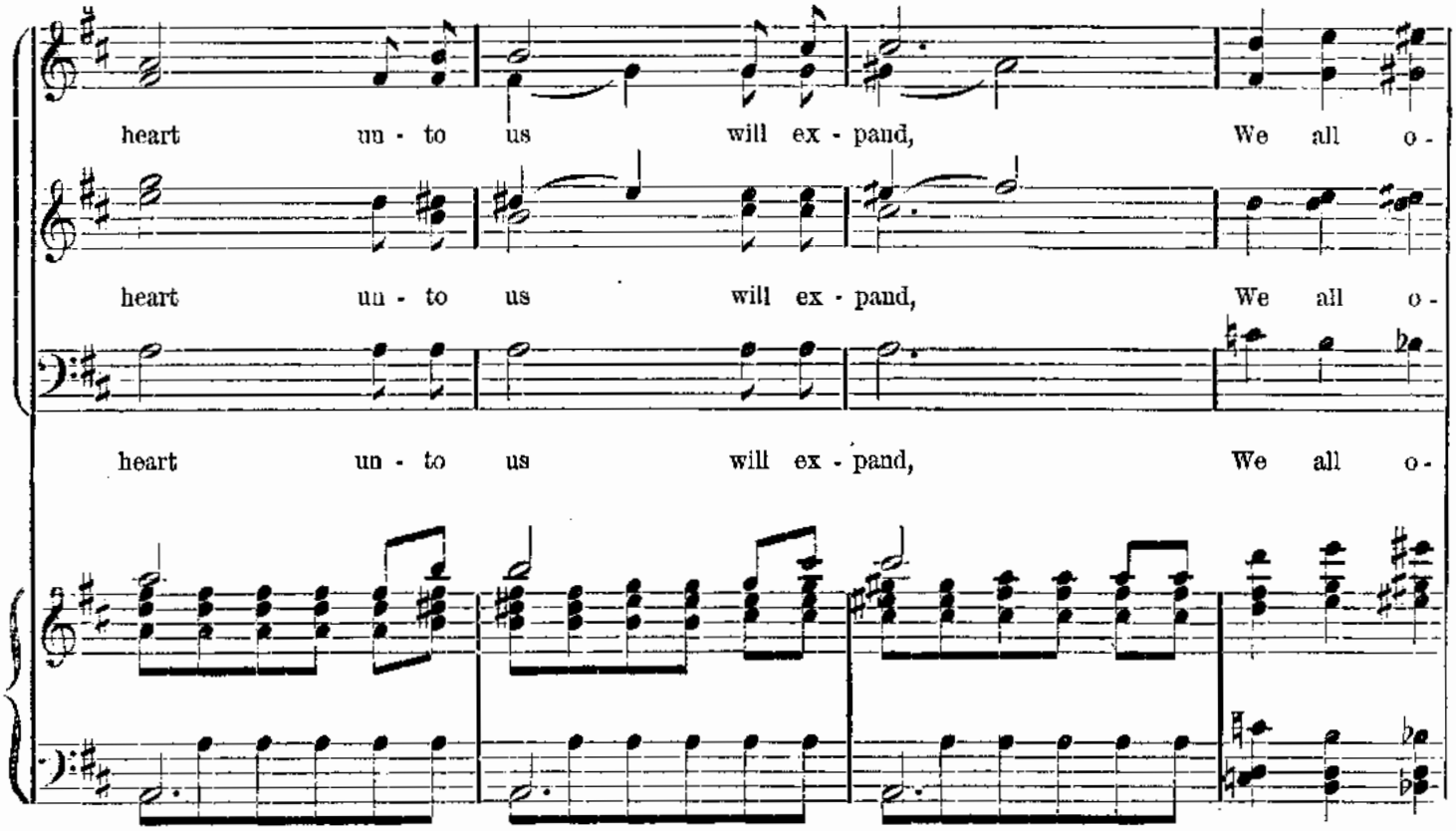

way, this way, this way, I pray!
way, this way, and no more say!
f
f

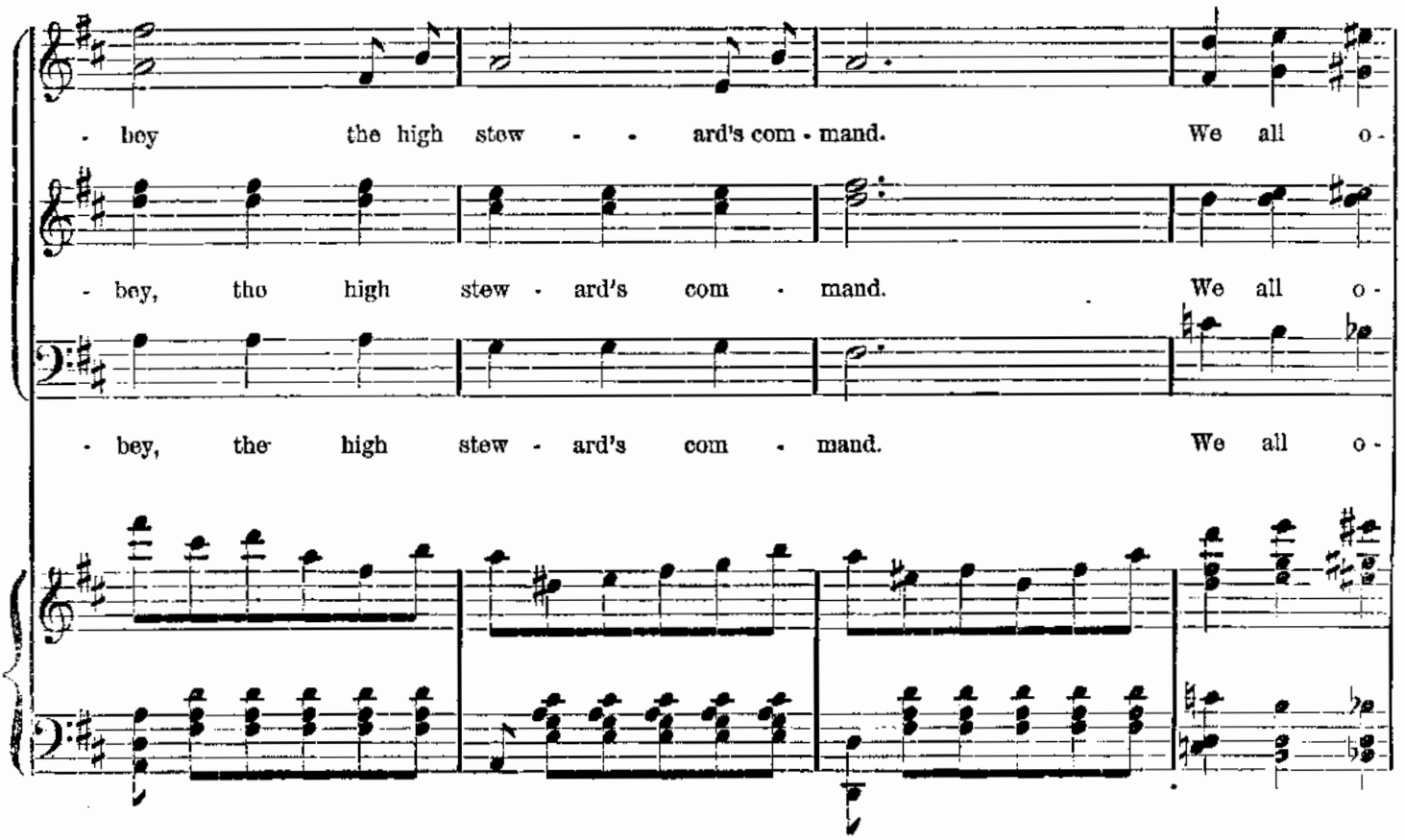

(Spoken.) What, you?
With you?
You need us too.
With us what will you do?
Some men you want
p
f
p
f

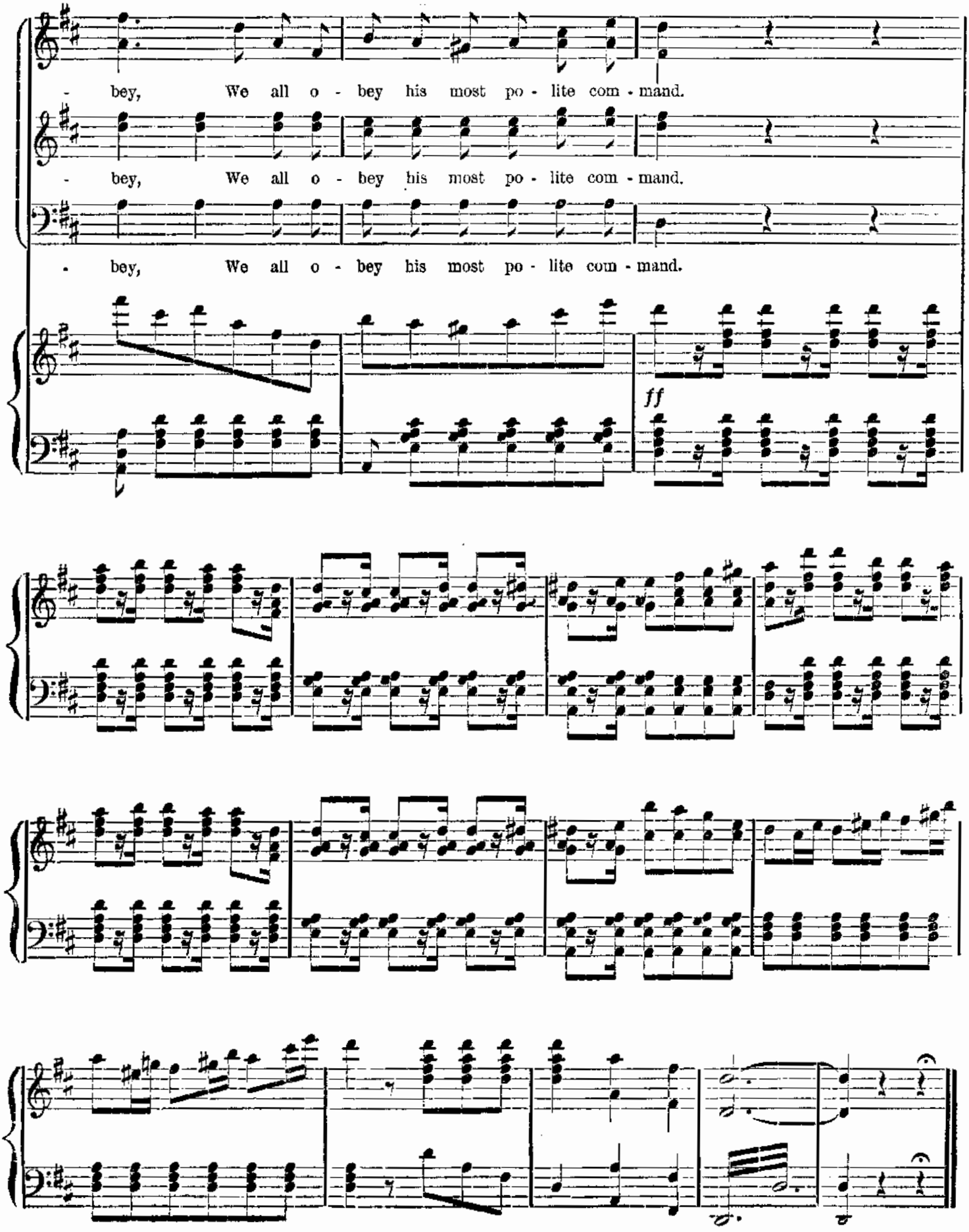

Men servants! Men
too;..... With us what will you do?
servants! You go the oth-er way. I will choose no more to day! (laughing at men.)
Men servants! Men servants! Men servants! Men
(Men retire, murmuring.)
mf


serv - ants! you go the oth - er way; He will choose no more to-
day. Go that way! go that way! Go that way! go that way!
f
1o tempo.
f
We all o - bey the high stew - ard's com - mand.....
f
We all o - bey the high stew - ard's com - mand... .....
f
Io tempo.
f


Who to ex - am - ine us sum - moned us here,.... Trust - ing our
Who to ex - am - ine us sum - moned us here,.... Trust - ing our
Who to ex - am - ine us sum - moned us here,.... Trust - ing our
meek - - ness was per - fect - ly clear, We hope that his
meek - - ness was per - fect - ly clear, We hope that his
meek - - ness was per - fect - ly clear, We hope that his


heart un - to us will ex - pand, We all o -
heart un - to us will ex - pand, We all o -
heart un - to us will ex - pand, We all o -


- bey the high stew - - ard's com - mand. We all o -
- bey, tho high stew - ard's com - mand. We all o -
- bey, the high stew - ard's com - mand. We all o -


- bey, We all o - bey his most po - lite com - mand.
- bey, We all o - bey his most po - lite com - mand.
- bey, We all o - bey his most po - lite com - mand.
ff

(*At end of chorus, all exeunt except* MIGUEL.)

MIGUEL. There; that task is over, and I hope the Baron will be satisfied. I wonder where he is! I'll wager he is still before his looking-glass. Well, on one's wedding day that is but natural.

(*Enter* BRASEIRO. *He is curled, dressed to excess, and looking as if he has just come out of a bandbox.*)

BRASEIRO. Ah, Miguel! Well, how do I look? Do you think I am presentable?

MIG. As dazzling as the sun!

BRAS. Ah! you are right. That is, I suppose so, for I do not know. I expect my wife to-day. She is charming, exquisite, divine!—that is, I suppose so, for I do not know.

MIG. What! Do not know the woman you have married?

BRAS. Not from Eve. You know I was married by proxy. Cousin Degomez represented me, as usual on these occasions.

MIG. (*Astonished.*) As usual? These occasions?

BRAS. Of course! You see, I have the misfortune to become a widower quite frequently. I don't know why, but so it is. Then every time I feel like taking a new wife, I send Cousin Degomez to pick one out for me. That is his specialty,—his only means of livelihood. He goes to Lisbon,—an excellent hunting-ground for wives,—he scrutinizes, observes, studies, reflects and decides. When he sees something that satisfies him, he says—"That pleases me, and it will, of course, please him." You see, we have the same tastes. He demands her hand; the contract is drawn up; he signs for me, and leads my enslaver to the altar. This saves me a world of trouble. I am told, that this time he has chosen a widow. It was very thoughtful of him. I never married a widow before. It will be a novelty. I am enraptured. That is, I suppose I am, for I do not know.

MIG. Since I find you in such pleasant humor to-day, I am emboldened to make a confession.

BRAS. A confession? What about?

MIG. A marriage, like your own.

BRAS. What! Are you in love?

MIG. In love? You shall judge.

No. 2. ROMANCE.

Miguel.

Moderato sans lenteur.

MIGUEL.

Beneath the glance of two bright eyes, To be moved to the ver - y soul..... To melt a - way in end - less sighs, And o'er your thoughs to lose con - trol..... To be un - to one wo - man drawn, To love but what her love has won; ..... To feel your heart clos'd night and

p *dolce.* *dolce.*

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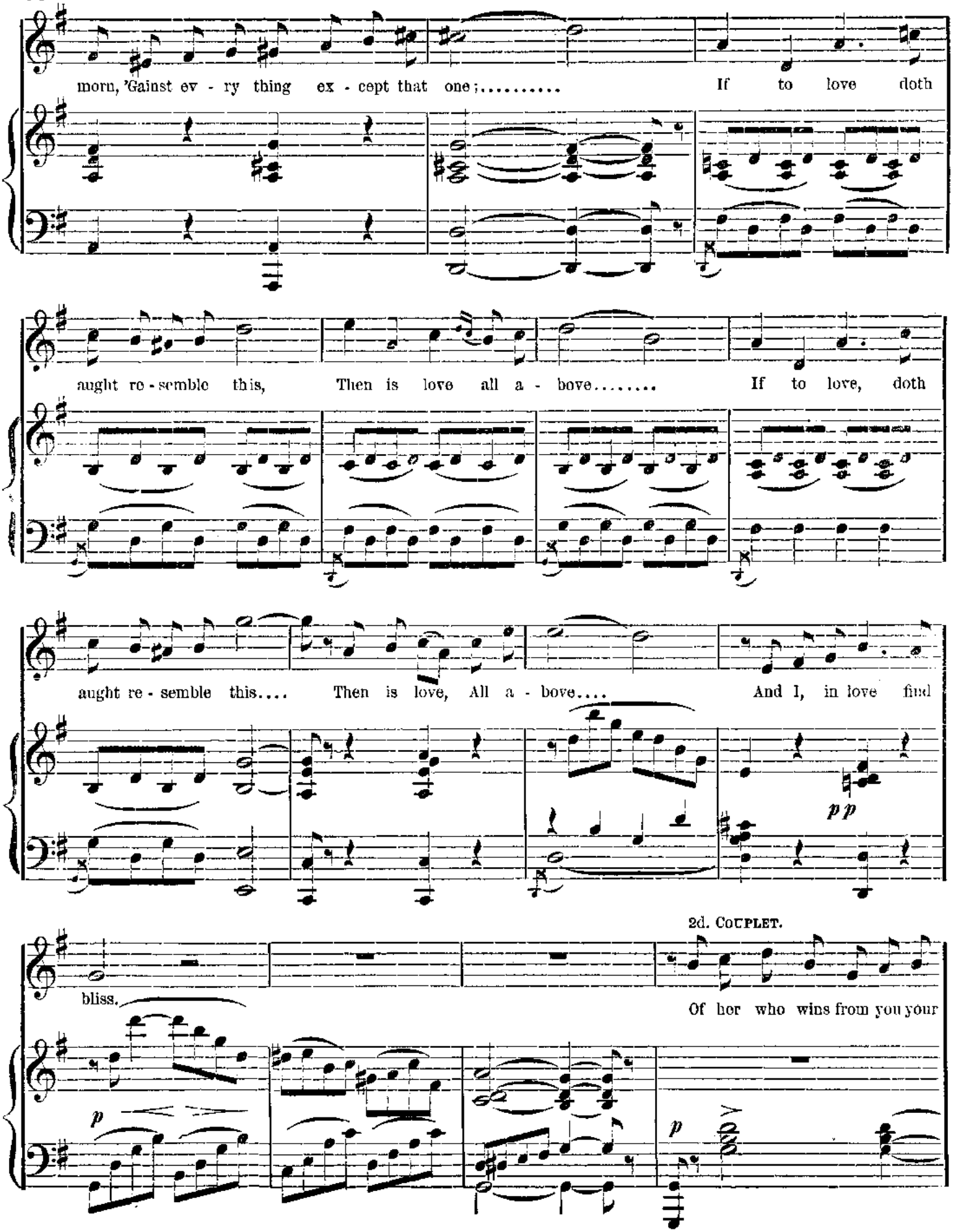
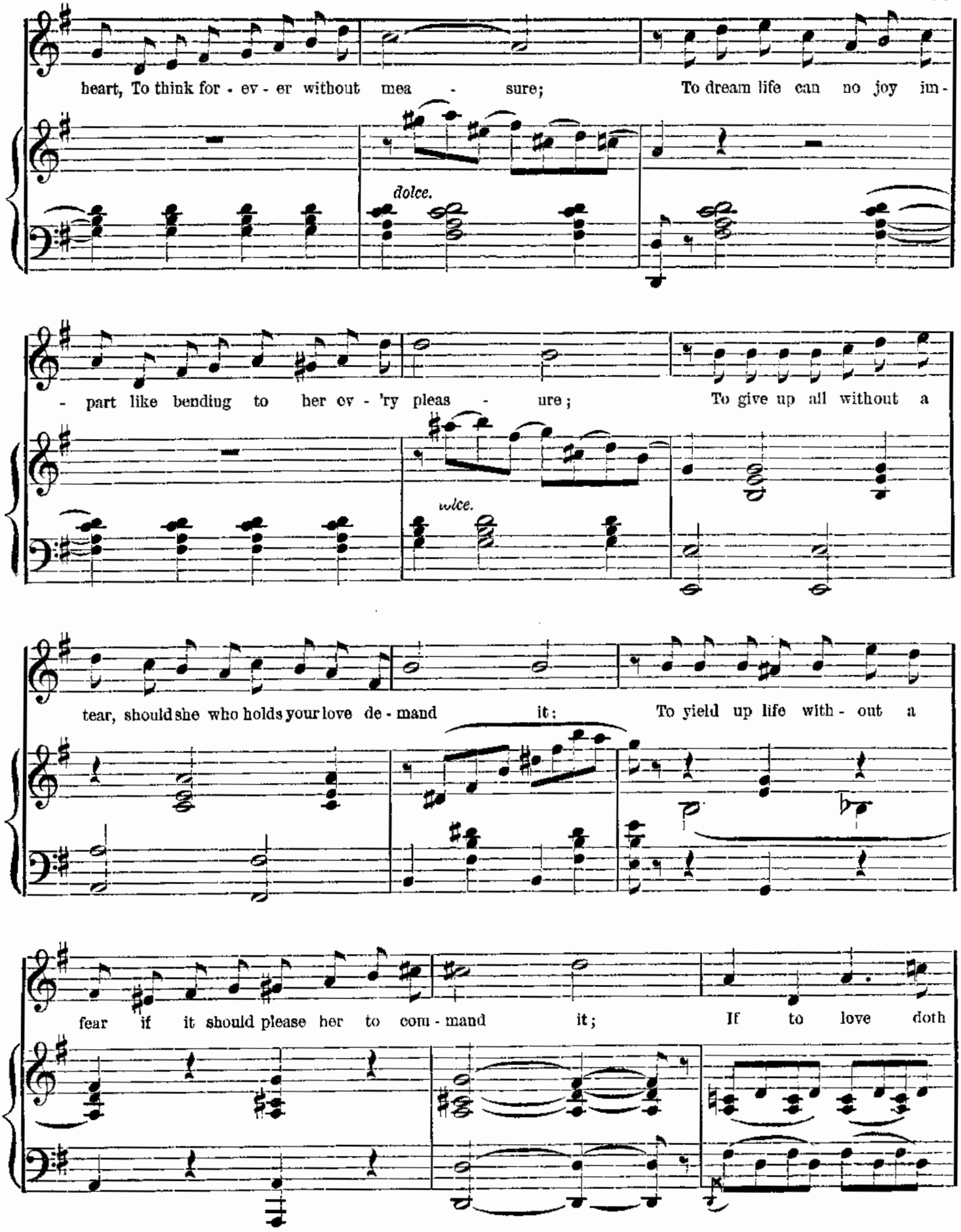
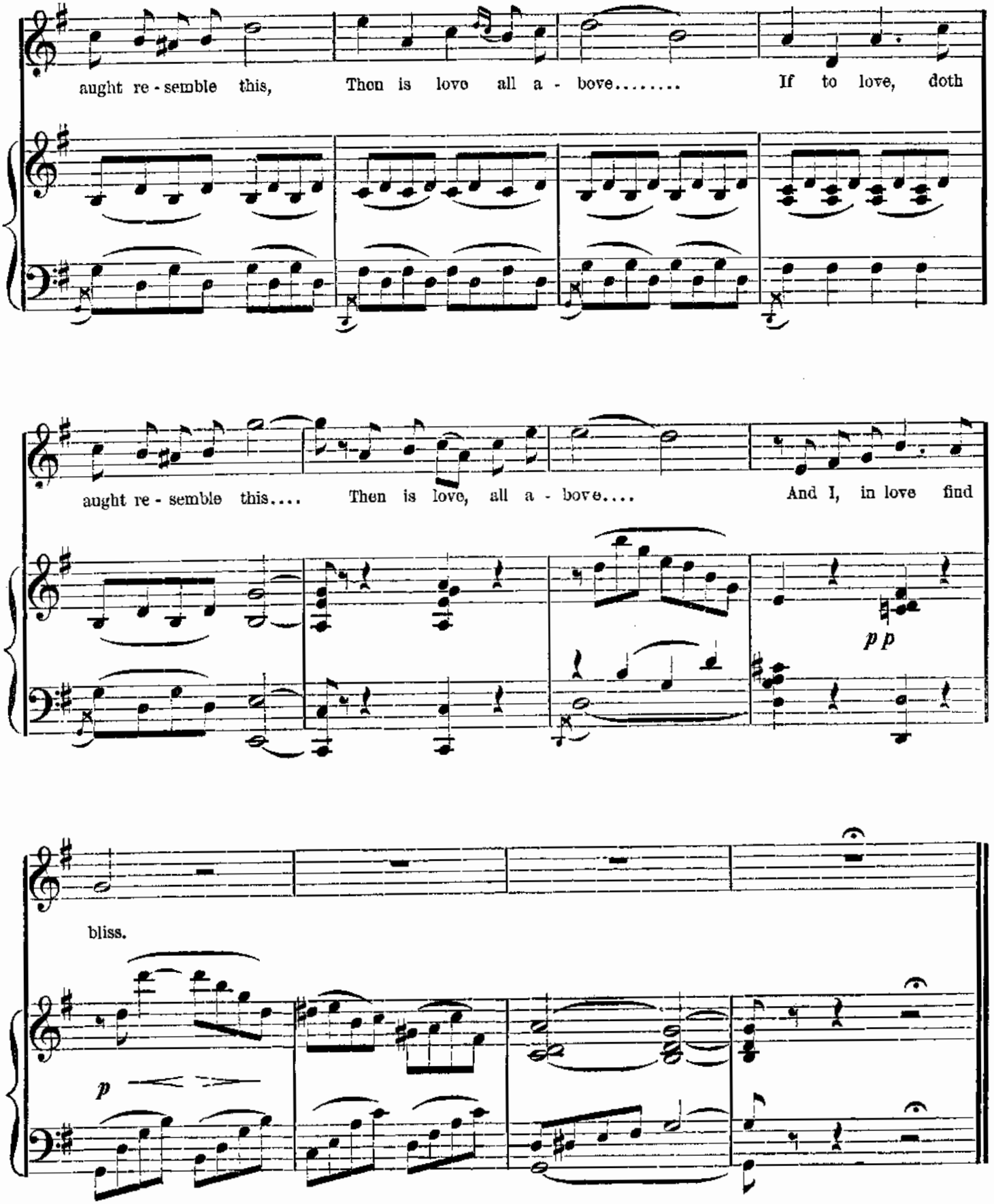

morn, 'Gainst ev - ry thing ex - cept that one;..... If to love doth
aught re - semble this, Then is love all a - bove..... If to love, doth
aught re - semble this.... Then is love, All a - bove.... And I, in love find
pp
2d. COUPLET.
bliss.
Of her who wins from you your
p
p


heart, To think for - ev - er without mea - sure; To dream life can no joy im -
dolce.
- part like bending to her ev - 'ry pleas - ure; To give up all without a
dolce.
tear, should she who holds your love de - mand it: To yield up life with - out a
fear if it should please her to com - mand it; If to love doth


aught re - semble this, Then is love all a - bove..... If to love, doth
aught re - semble this.... Then is love, all a - bove.... And I, in love find
pp
bliss.
p

BRAS. Oh, youth! youth! And is she pretty?

MIG. An adorable and ever-to-be-adored blonde.

BRAS. A blonde? I worship blondes!

MIG. She is a darling little creole who arrived from the colonies about four years ago; an orphan brought up by her aunt.

BRAS. If I have a weakness it is for blonde orphans brought up by their aunts. That is,—I suppose so—I don't know.

MIG. We love each other, and I ask for your permission to marry her

BRAS. I can't do less, since I have set so bad an example, than to let you follow it. But where is the Baroness? I am growing very nervous! Cousin Degomez is always very punctual. Why has he not brought her? I feel as if ants were creeping all over me. Of course, you will appreciate my emotions while awaiting the most charming, divine and exquisite creature in the world. That is,—I suppose so, for I do not know. (*Noise outside.*) Ah! That uproar! It is she! Run! Fly to receive her, for I am overpowered with emotion! (*Enter soldier hastily.* C.)

SOLDIER. (*Salutes.*) Monseigneur!

BRAS. A soldier! What does it mean

SOL. (*Holding out paper.*) A message.

BRAS. (*Takes paper.*) A message? (*Opens paper, reads it, and utters a cry.*) Ah! The Spaniards have made a fresh incursion and attacked the outposts.

SOL. (*Always impassive.*) Exact!

BRAS. And you have allowed yourself to be beaten?

SOL. Exact!

BRAS. Don't you know better than to be beaten on the day I expect my wife? You are an ass!

SOL. Exact!

BRAS. Go, coward!

SOL. Exact! (*Exit impassively.*)

BRAS. (*Excitedly.*) This is a pretty dilemma! I must go.

MIG. What! Go before seeing your wife?

BRAS. Am I not Governor of Elvas? The leader of its armies? Am I not a Portuguese? Have not the Spaniards attacked us? It would seem as if they had said in so many words: "Ah! You have been married, have you? Very well! Wait, and we'll give you a marriage reception!"

MIG. Do you think so?

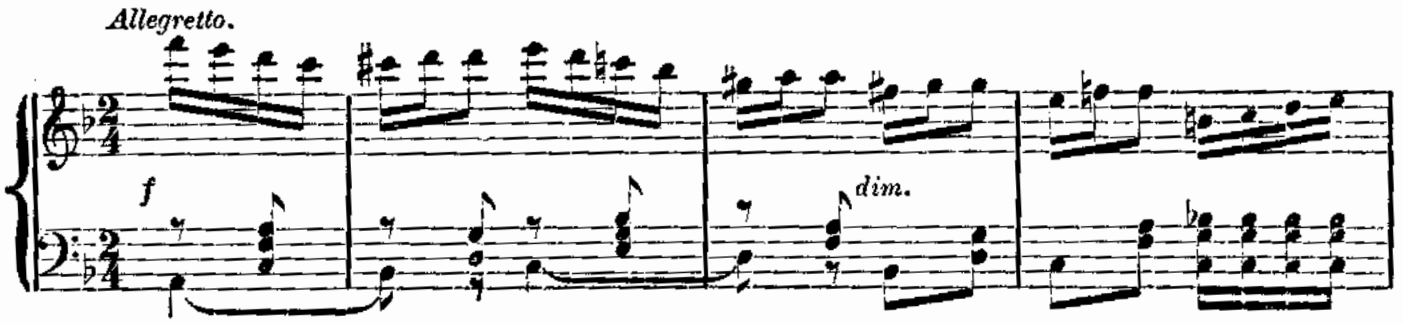
BRAS. I never think! And must I go to the battle-field! When a war once begins, there is no telling when it will end. I have read of a war that lasted a hundred years.

MIG. I sincerely hope this one will be shorter!

BRAS. What difference will that make, even if it lasts only a month? Can I tell in what condition I may return in a month? Perhaps legless—armless—lifeless?

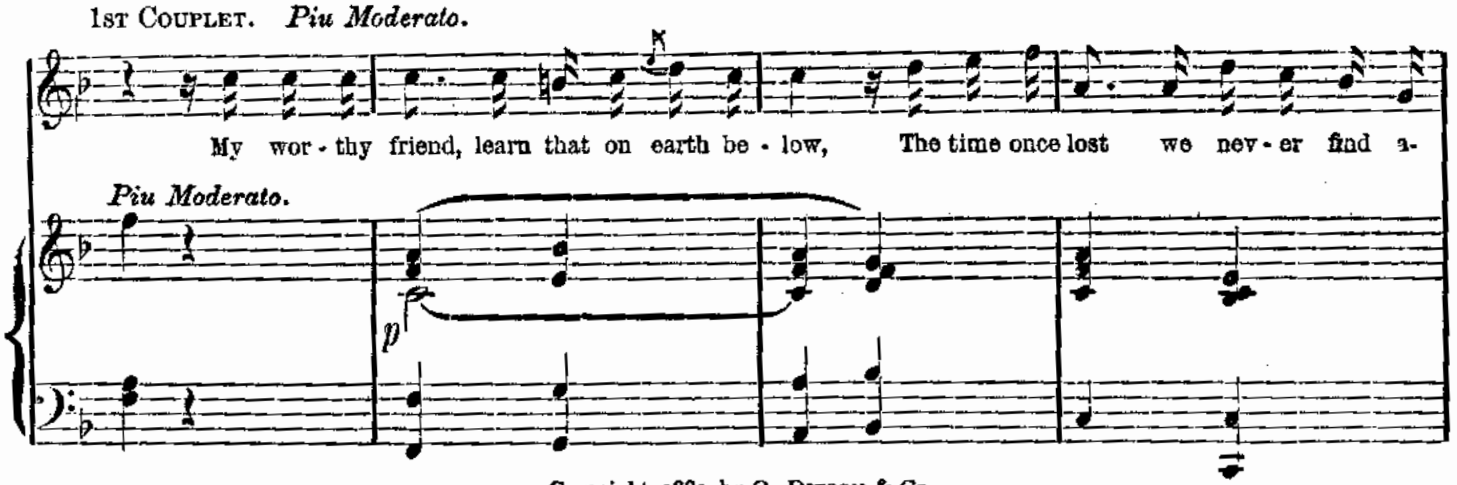
LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

No. 3. COUPLETS.



BRASEIRO.

1ST COUPLET. *Piu Moderato.*



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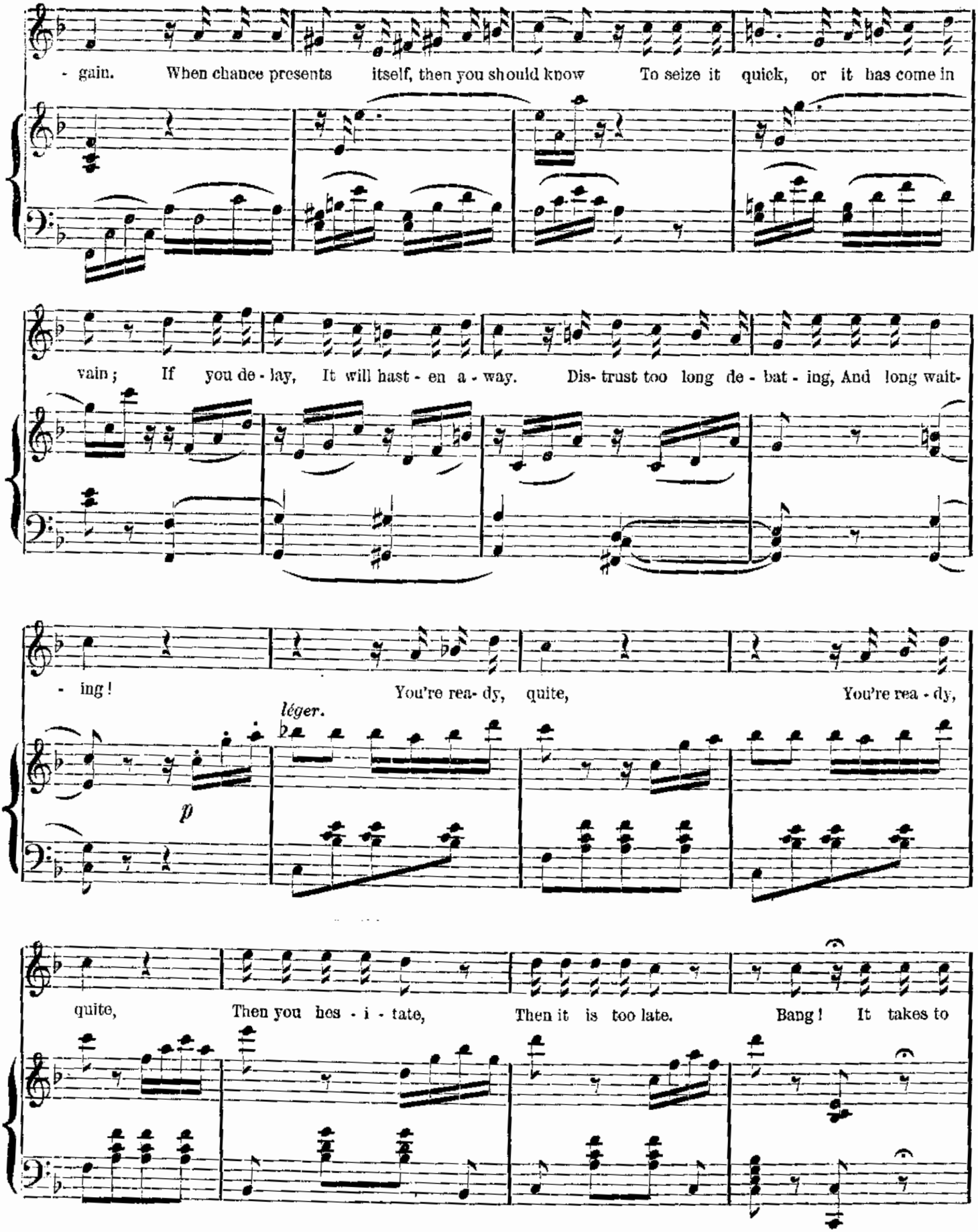

- gain. When chance presents itself, then you should know To seize it quick, or it has come in
vain; If you de - lay, It will hast - en a - way. Dis- trust too long de - bat - ing, And long wait-
- ing! You're rea- dy, quite, You're rea - dy,
léger.
p
quite, Then you hes - i - tate, Then it is too late. Bang! It takes to

Allegretto.

flight.

Allegretto.

f *dim.*

2D COUPLET. *Piu Moderato.*

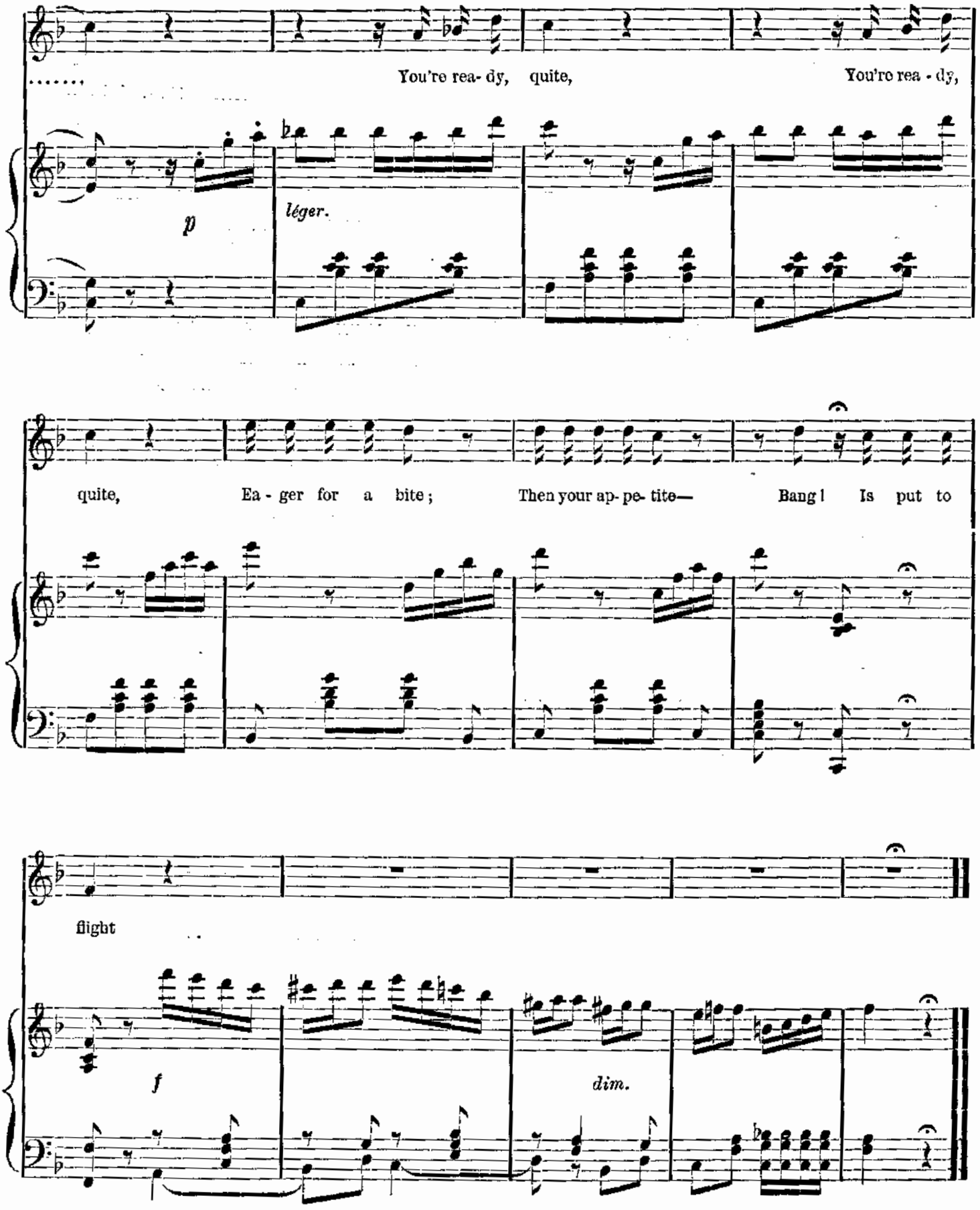
A good re - past they of - fer at your inn, Of dish - es fit for a - ny king to

Piu Moderato.

p

eat: You are half starved, and ea-ger to be - gin, And at the ta - ble quickly take a

seat; To your dismay, Comes the land-lord to say That ev - 'ry - thing is late, And you must wait..


You're rea- dy, quite,
You're rea - dy,
p
léger.
quite,
Ea - ger for a bite;
Then your ap- pe- tite—
Bang! Is put to
flight
f
dim.

BRASEIRO. (*After song.*) Well, there is no help for it. I must go. (*Sadly.*) Duty before everything. Miguel, You must remain here. You will receive the baroness. You will present her to my vassals. You will console her. You will replace me,—that is, in an official way. Adieu! (*Going.*)O!Misery, to be forced to leave so charming, so divine, so exquisite a creature. That is, I suppose so, for I don't know! But by the soul of the Cid, the Spaniard shall pay dearly for this joke! [*Exit.*]

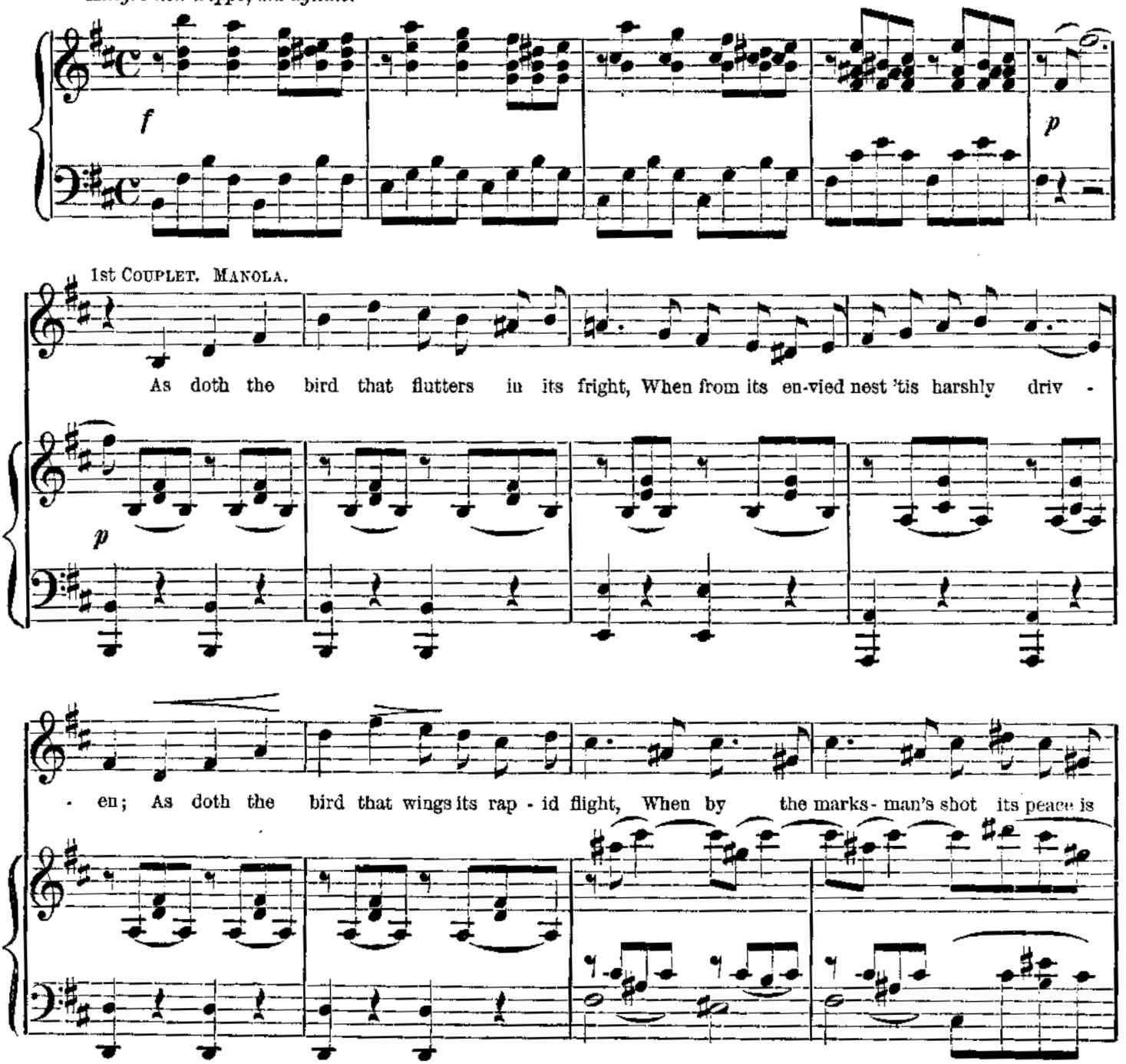
MIGUEL. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! Poor Baron. Let us hope his misery will not last long. When he returns, I will again speak to him about Manola. Dear Manola! I wonder if she is thinking of me at this moment. (*As he speaks he approaches window. It opens violently, and Manola appears, in great agitation.*) Oh! You here, Manola!

MANOLA. (*Rushing forward in great fear.*) Ah! dear Miguel, save me, save me!

"AS DOTH THE BIRD.

No. 4. COUPLETS.

Allegro non troppo, ma agitato.



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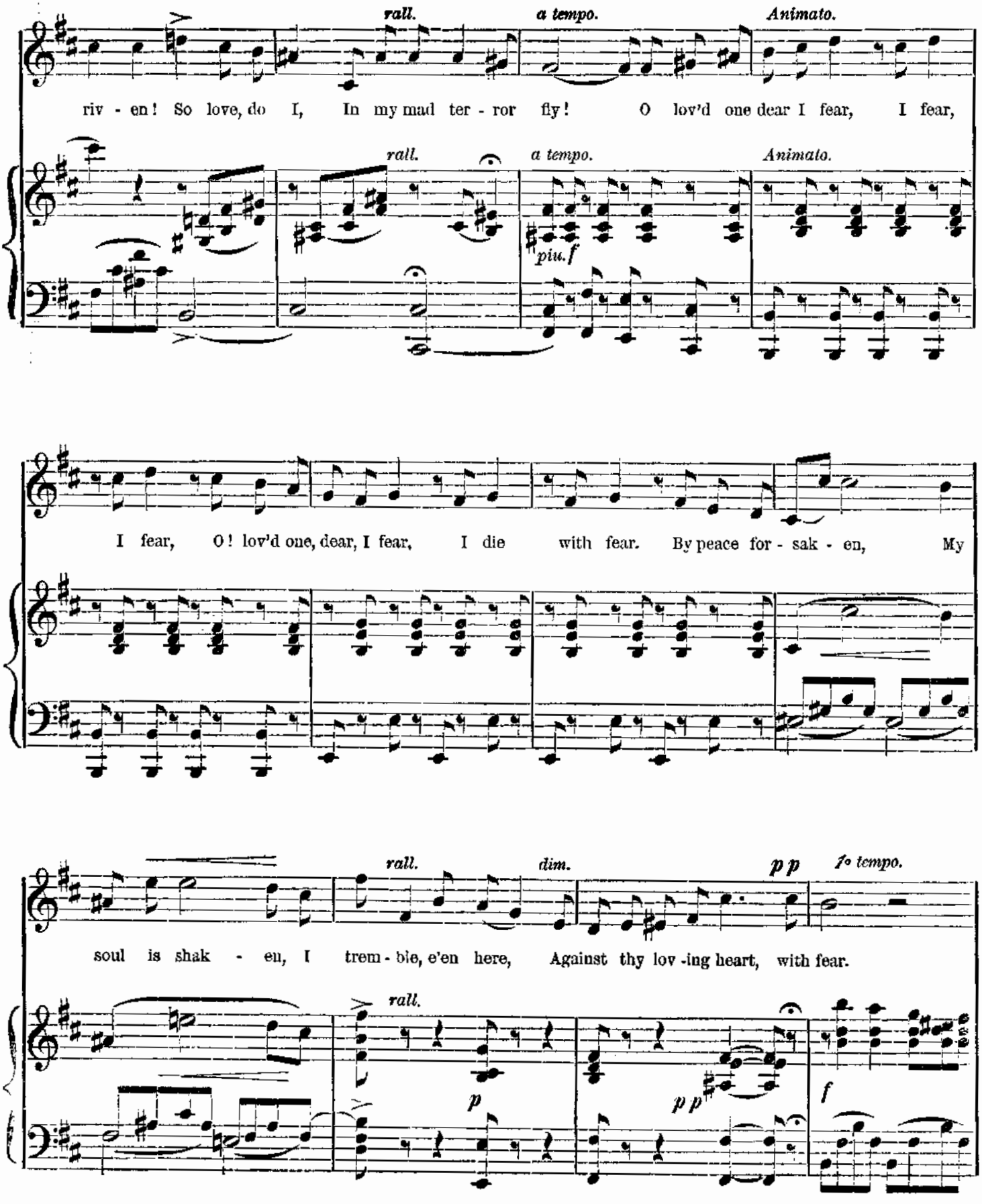
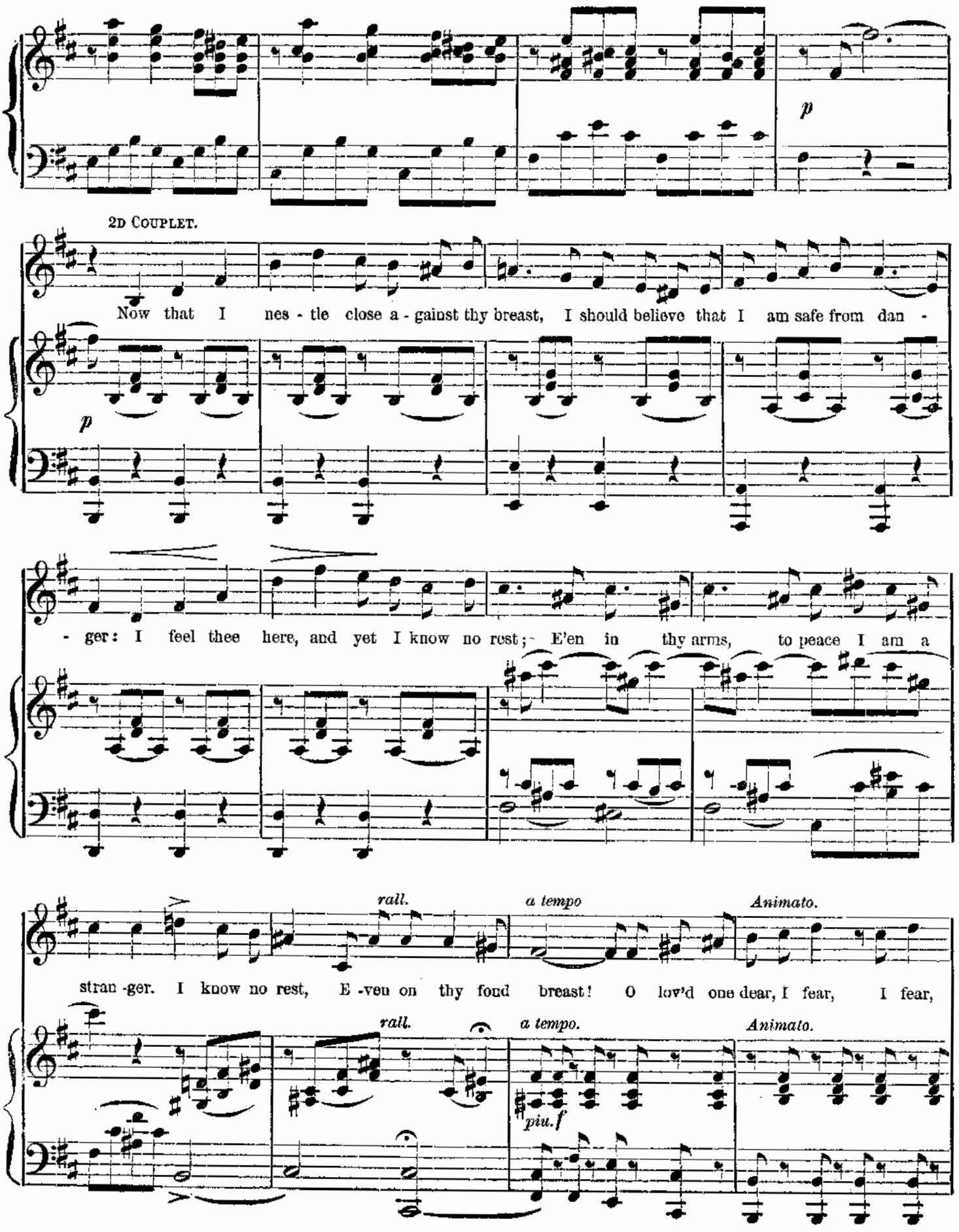
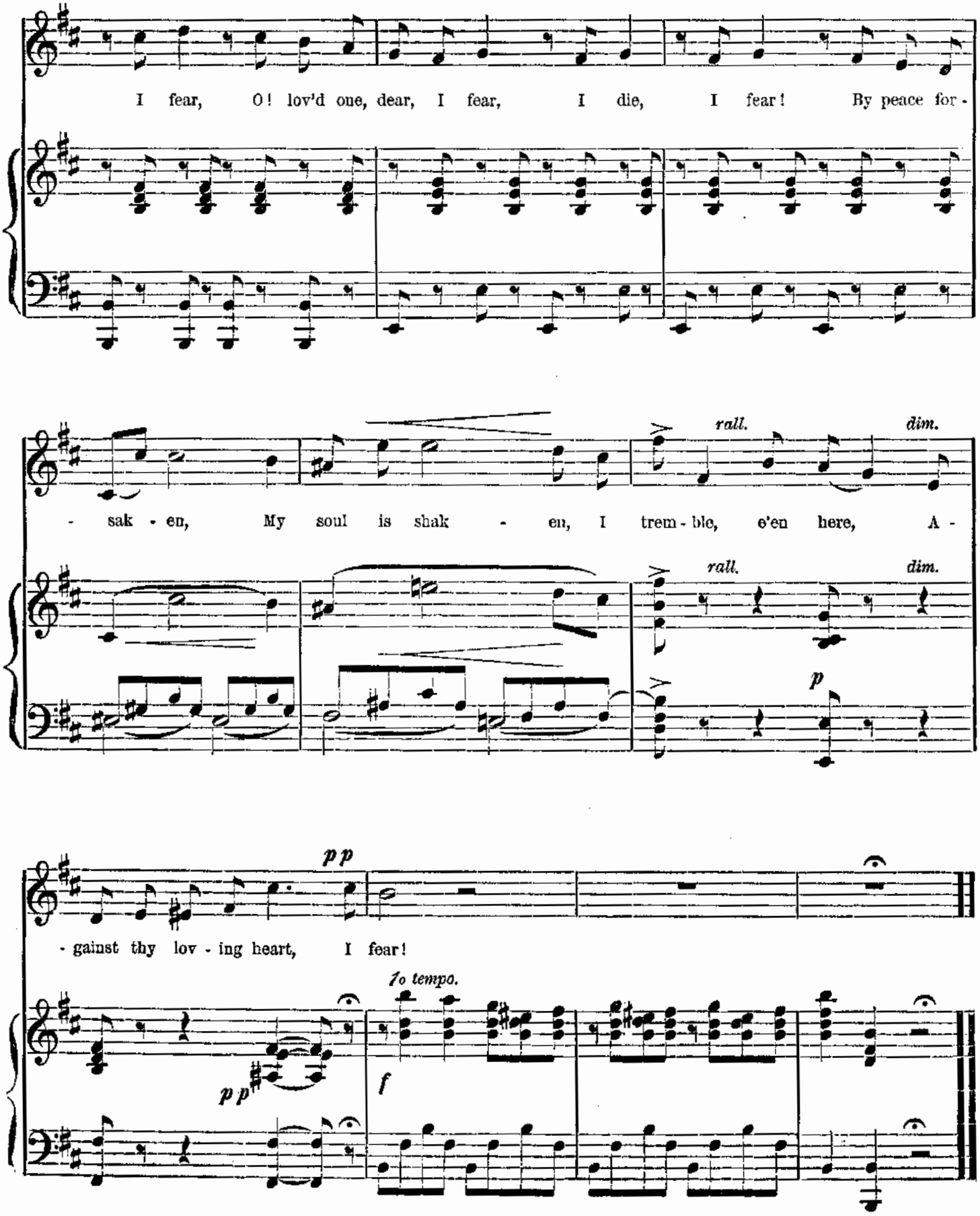

rall.
a tempo.
Animato.
riv - en! So love, do I, In my mad ter - ror fly! O lov'd one dear I fear, I fear,
rall.
a tempo.
Animato.
piu.f
I fear, O! lov'd one, dear, I fear, I die with fear. By peace for - sak - en, My
rall.
dim.
p p
f tempo.
soul is shak - en, I trem - ble, e'en here, Against thy lov - ing heart, with fear.
rall.
p
p p
f


p
2D COUPLET.
Now that I nes - tle close a - gainst thy breast, I should believe that I am safe from dan -
p
- ger: I feel thee here, and yet I know no rest; E'en in thy arms, to peace I am a
rall.
a tempo
Animato.
stran -ger. I know no rest, E -ven on thy fond breast! O lov'd one dear, I fear, I fear,
rall.
a tempo.
Animato.
piu.f


I fear, O! lov'd one, dear, I fear, I die, I fear! By peace for -
- sak - en, My soul is shak - en, I trem - ble, e'en here, A -
rall.
dim.
rall.
dim.
p
pp
- gainst thy lov - ing heart, I fear!
pp
1o tempo.
f

MIG. (*Reassuring her.*) There, there! Dear Manola, you are safe!

MAN. (*Smiling at him.*) My dear Miguel! How becoming your little moustache has grown!

MIG. What a child you are! A moment ago, you were frozen with fear; now you are laughing! (*Takes her hand.*) You are stronger now?

MAN. Yes; for you are near me!

MIG. But what has happened?

MAN. I have been carried off!

MIG. Carried off?

MAN. Yes. Threats, gags and a post-chaise. For some time past, I have been unable to take a step without being followed by an old fellow whose behavior was good enough, to be sure, but who was so fearfully ugly that I had no excuse even for flirting with him. He is the Prince de Calabazas, I have been told.

MIG. He? Gracious!

MAN. Do you know him?

MIG. I should think I did! He is prime-minister of Portugal, the most powerful man in the state, after the king, and even before him, for that matter.

MAN. What a minister! He is beautifully ugly for a minister. But to continue. I took care not to put my foot out of doors; but that did not avail; for one evening, as I was entering my room, I was seized, carried out and thrown into a chaise that began to gallop off at once. In the chaise was my old monster.

MIG. Horrible! But go on!

MAN. You probably think I was frightened? Not at all. I have creole blood in my veins. I drew my stiletto. (*Draws stiletto from her bosom.*) I always carry it. In a second I leaped from the carriage, but I was pursued. I contrived to elude my admirer then, but I found I could no longer stay at Lisbon. I quitted it. I was again pursued. I arrive here. I find you. I am safe!

MIG. Are you? If the Prince is still on your track, he will soon be here. He will take you again and will throw me into prison.

MAN. Into prison! Has a minister the right to do that?

MIG. No! But he will take the right.

MAN. Alas! we are lost.

MIG. (*Who has gone to window.*) Ah! See that cloud of dust! It is he; and the Baron is absent. How can I receive his wife in this state of mind?

MAN. His wife! What do you mean.

MIG. The baron has been married by proxy. He has never seen his wife, and, called away suddenly to the battle-field, he has appointed me to receive her, and to introduce her to his friends.

MAN. (*Suddenly.*) Ah! Introduce her, then. Summon everybody and inform them that the Baroness has arrived.

MIG. (*Perplexed.*) The Baroness arrived?

MAN. Yes. (*Posing.*) I am the Baroness!

MIG. But I do not dare——

MAN. Do you prefer that I should be carried off again?

MIG. By no means!

MAN. Come, then. (*Dragging him* L. 1. E.)

MIG. (*Points to* R. 1. E.) This is the way.

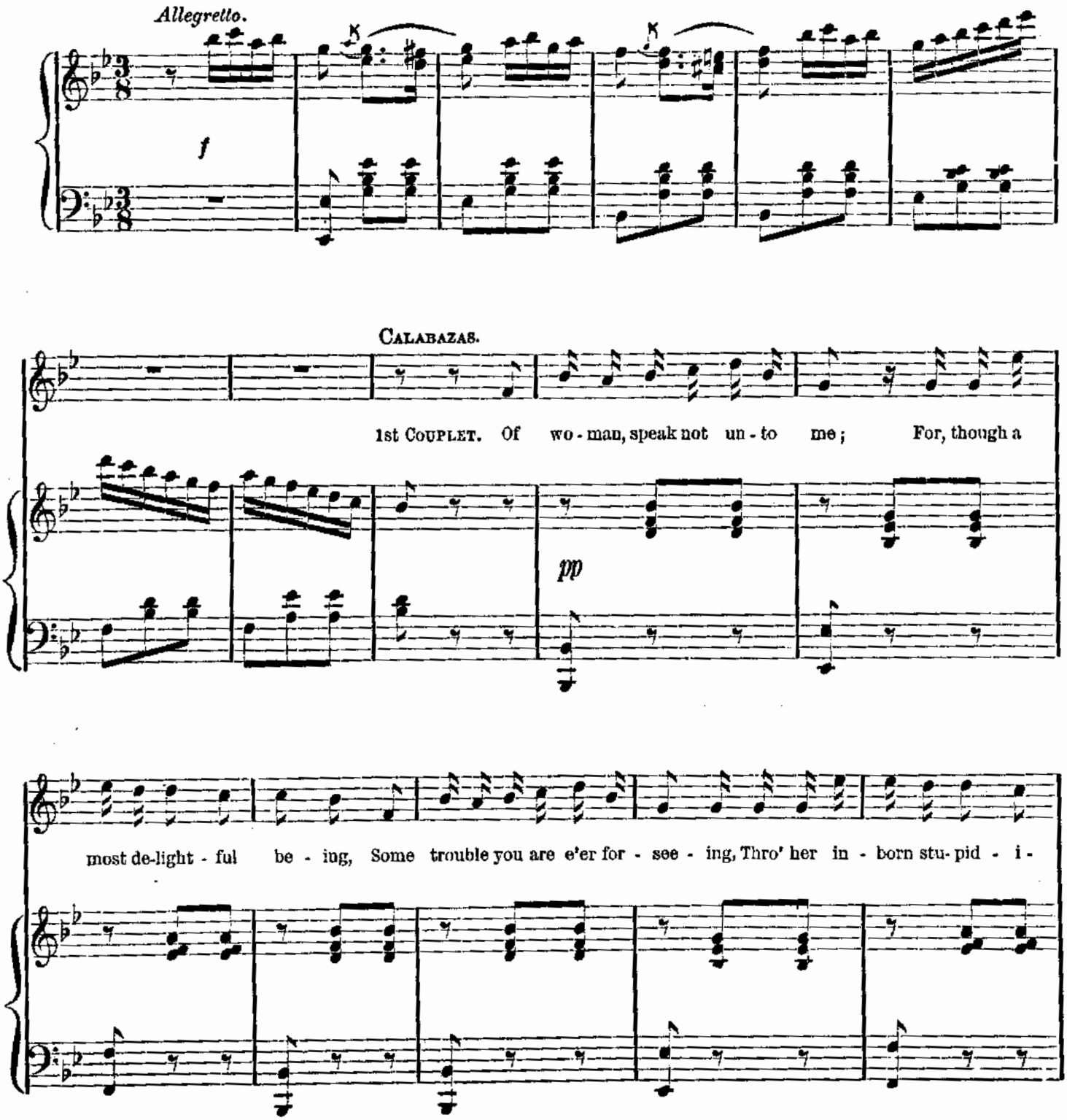
MAN. All ways are the same to me! Come!

(*Exit* MANOLA, *dragging* MIGUEL. *At same moment* CALABAZAS *enters* C., *followed by four Alguazils. He is out of breath. He rushes forward, signaling his men to stay at back.*)

CAL. Don't move! (*Goes to door,* L. 1. E., *and opens it.*) No one! Don't move! (*Goes to door,* L. 2. E., *opens it.*) No one! Don't move! (*Goes to door,* L. 3. E., *opens it.*) No one! Don't move! (*Goes to door,* R. 3. E.) Ah! Locked! (*To Alguazils.*) Don't move! No—go! No—stay! Make no noise! I have need of all my coolness. (*Mopping his forehead on handkerchief.*) What has happened to me is something unheard of in the annals of Portuguese history. There is no doubt that I am the greatest diplomatist, the greatest statesman of modern times! I govern Portugal, for the king—poor Ferdinand—is only a cipher. When I frown like this (*frowns*), every one trembles! When I say "Hem!"—like this—every one goes home and makes his will! I am perfection,—that is, I only have one failing—I adore the fair sex! I have only one misery—they do not adore me! My last attempt, for instance. (*To Alguazils.*) Go away! What are you idling there for? Get out! (*Exeunt Alguazils.*) There is no reason why I should lay my innermost thoughts bare before my hirelings. Let me collect my thoughts. I had assembled a congress of all the great powers at Lisbon. The map of Europe needed altering. It needs altering every ten years. As usual, I forced everybody to my way of thinking. Portugal was to control Europe. The document was drawn up, all were ready to sign, when I had to retire for a moment to get the great seal of state which was in another room. There I was dazzled—by what? A pretty little waiting woman of the queen—a jewel, a marvel—a delirium in black and yellow! I followed her for three days in vain. When I returned with the seal of state, the ambassadors had departed, and Portugal remains where it was. O woman! Woman!

"O, WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN."

No. 5. COUPLETS.



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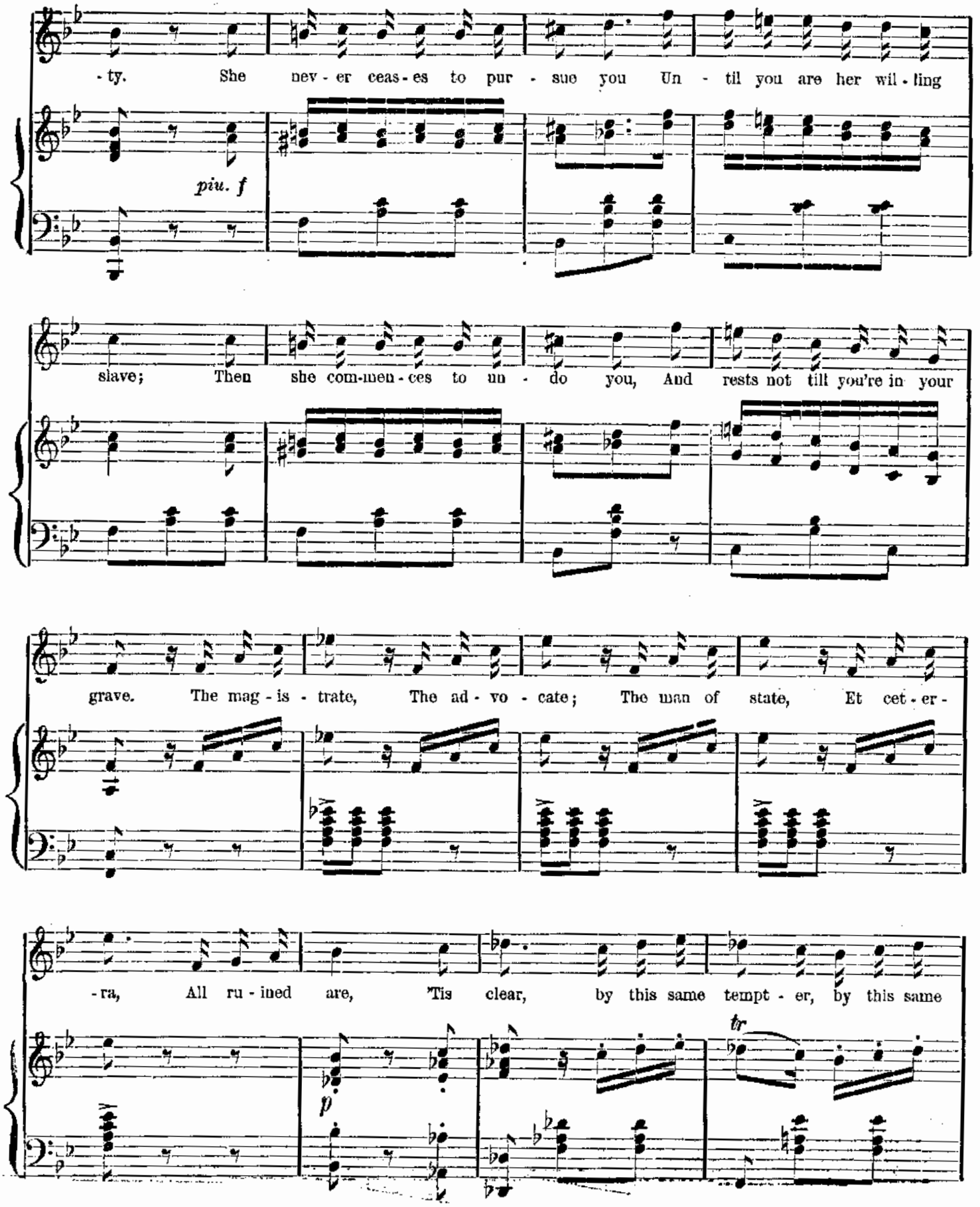
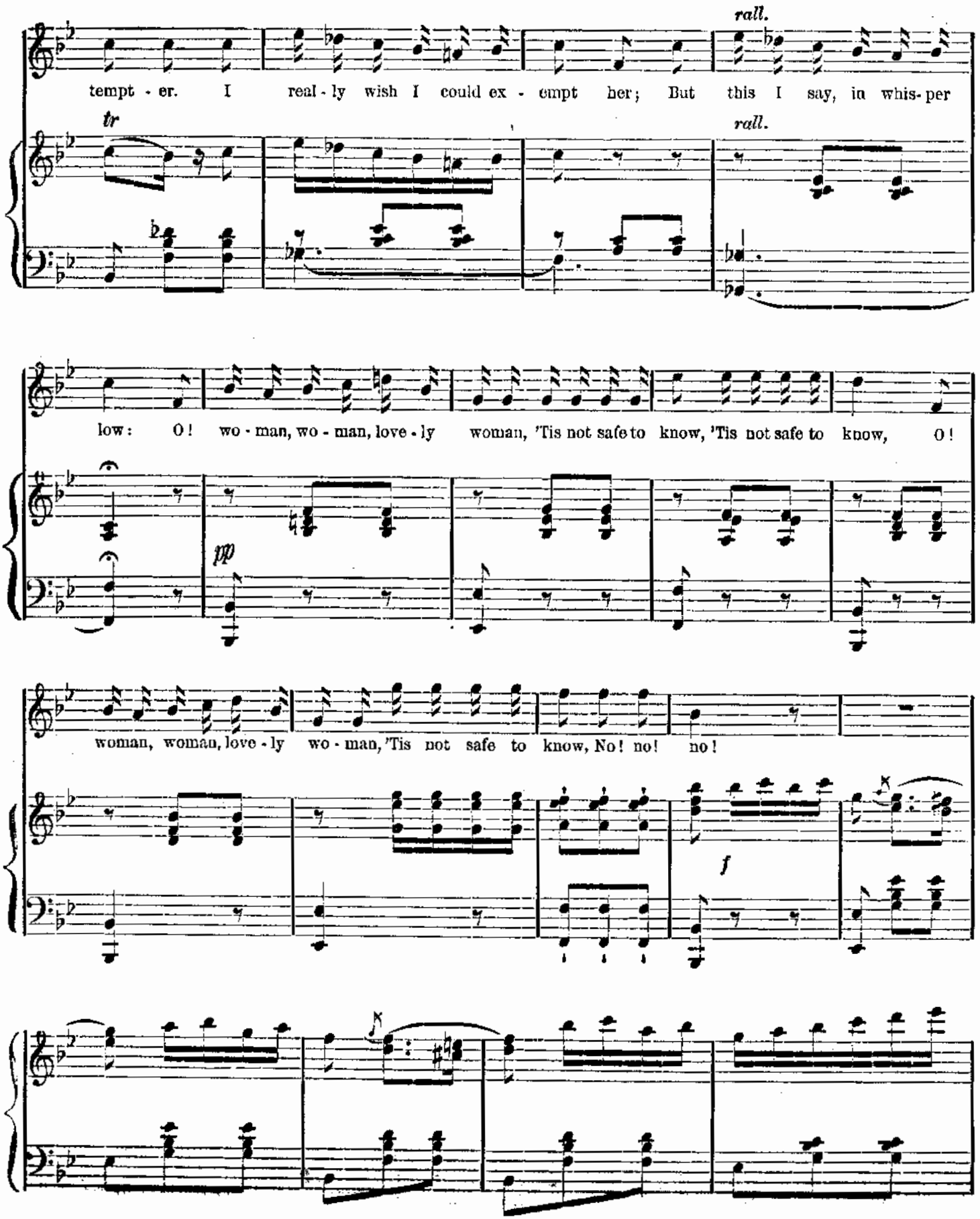
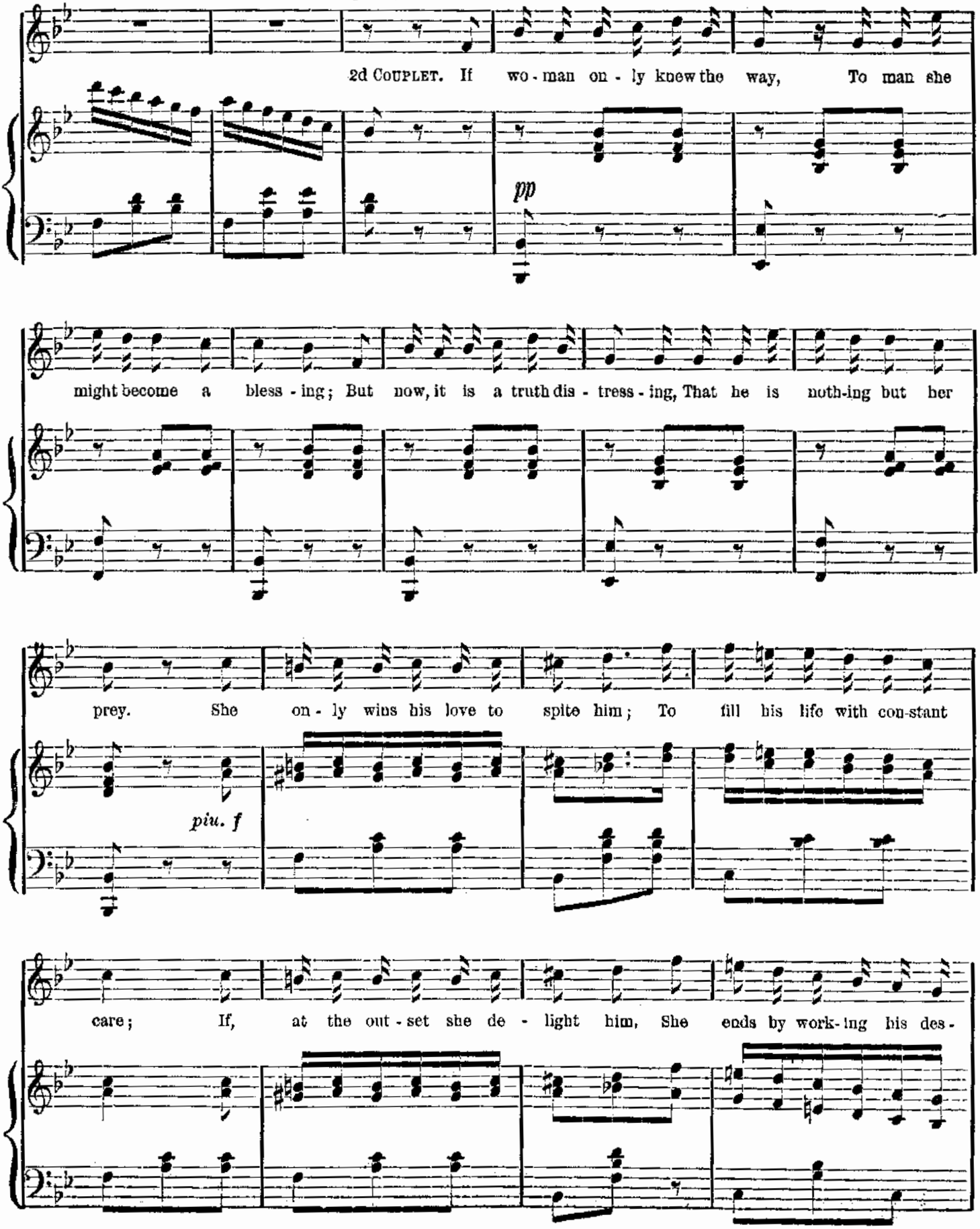
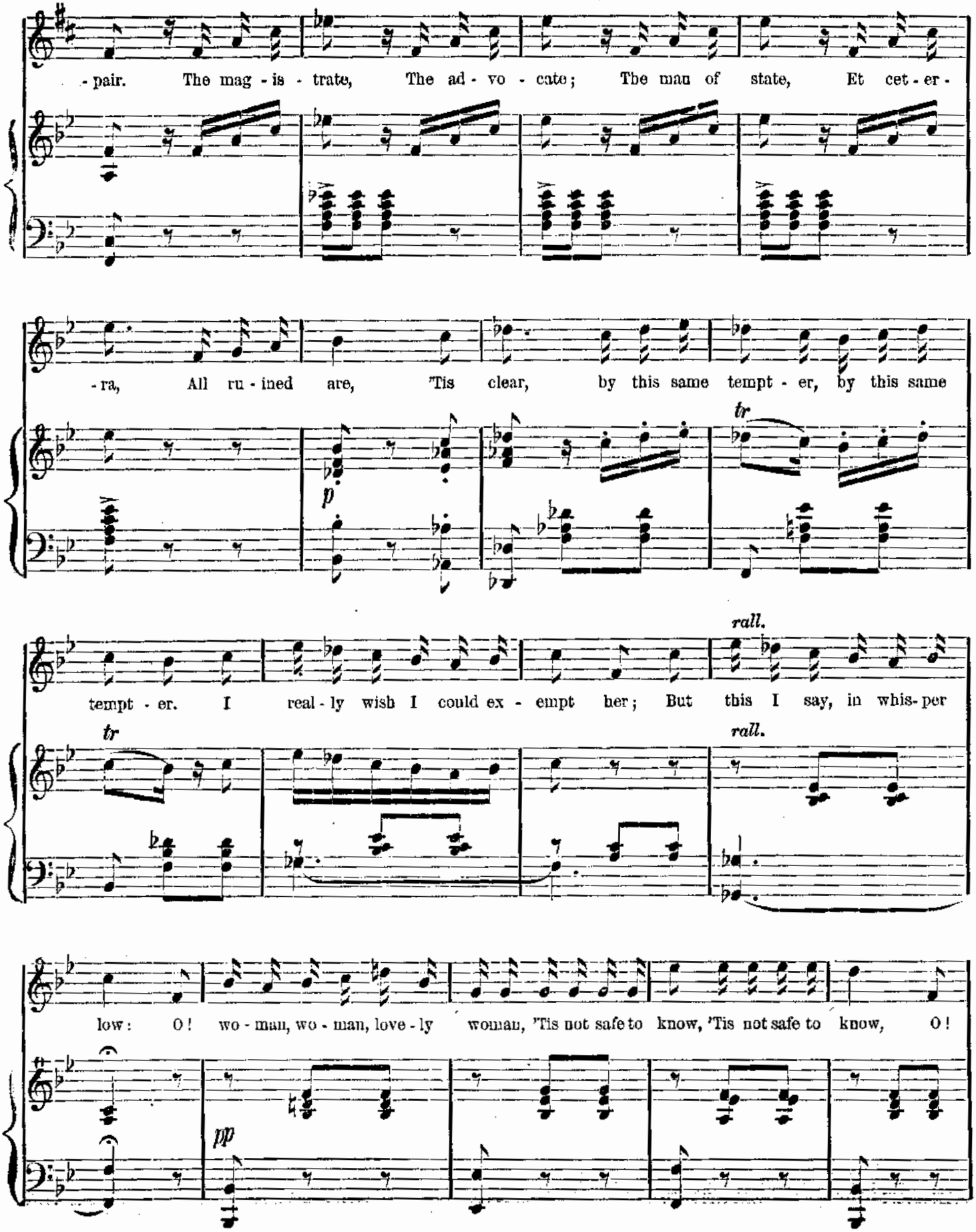
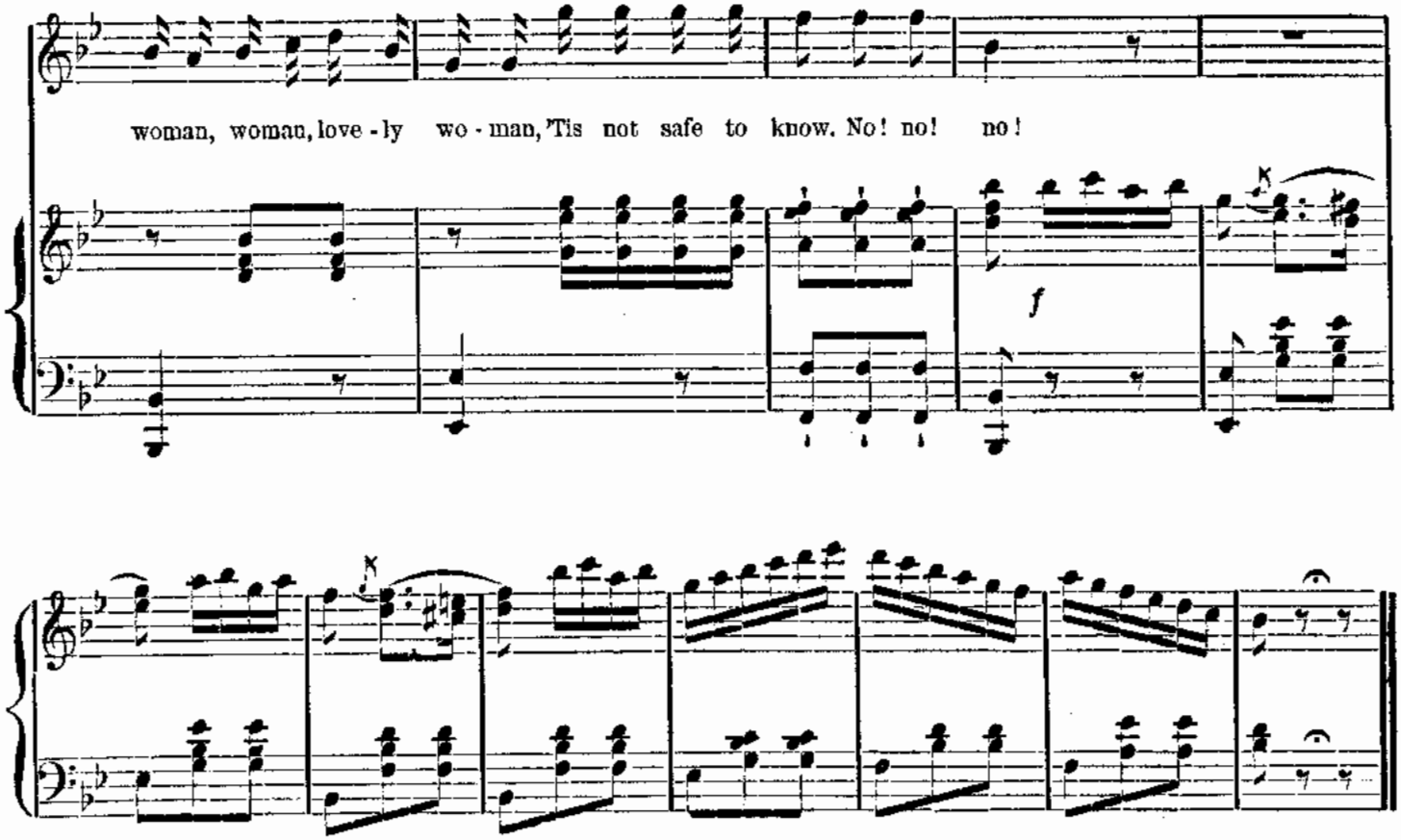

-ty. She nev - er ceas - es to pur - sue you Un - til you are her wil - ling
piu. f
slave; Then she com-men - ces to un - do you, And rests not till you're in your
grave. The mag - is - trate, The ad - vo - cate; The man of state, Et cet - er -
-ra, All ru - ined are, 'Tis clear, by this same tempt - er, by this same
p
tr


rall.
tempt - er. I real - ly wish I could ex - empt her; But this I say, in whis - per
tr
rall.
low: O! wo - man, wo - man, love - ly woman, 'Tis not safe to know, 'Tis not safe to know, O!
pp
woman, woman, love - ly wo - man, 'Tis not safe to know, No! no! no!
f


2d COUPLET. If wo - man on - ly knew the way, To man she
pp
might become a bless - ing; But now, it is a truth dis - tress - ing, That he is noth-ing but her
prey. She on - ly wins his love to spite him; To fill his life with con-stant
piu. f
care; If, at the out - set she de - light him, She ends by work-ing his des -


- pair. The mag - is - trate, The ad - vo - cate; The man of state, Et cet - er -
- ra, All ru - ined are, 'Tis clear, by this same tempt - er, by this same
p
tr
tempt - er. I real - ly wish I could ex - empt her; But this I say, in whis - per
rall.
tr
rall.
low: O! wo - man, wo - man, love - ly woman, 'Tis not safe to know, 'Tis not safe to know, O!
pp



CAL. But that was only one. At present, I am entirely in love with a strange young woman. She has slipped through my hands like an eel! It is for her that I have this time neglected state affairs for the past week. The king—poor Ferdinand!—must be sobbing bitterly for me! But that doesn't matter—he'll keep! She won't! This time, my indications are exact. She entered this chateau, and I must find her! (*Looking around.*) Still nobody? Where are the minions of this house? It seems to me, that I am kept waiting in the ante-room! What ho! Some one! anybody. (*Enter* MIGUEL.)

MIG. What does his excellency require?

CAL. (*Blustering.*) I desire to know—(*Aside.*) But no! I must not appear as if I were running after young women. (*Aloud.*) Approach, person! Are you aware to whom you have the honor of speaking? I am the prime-minister, Prince Picrates Hermoso Cristoval de Calabazas. The name may strike you as a trifle long, but I didn't choose it myself. (MIG. *bows.*) Listen! (*Aside.*) Now for my most diplomatic air of dissimulation. (*Aloud.*) Tell me, individual—are the people satisfied with the crops this year?

MIG. (*Astonished.*) The crops?

CAL. Are the grapes flourishing vigorously?

MIG. They are yielding very well, your excellency.

CAL. So much the better! And wheat?

MIG. Not strong! (*Aside.*) What the deuce is he driving at?

CAL. Not strong? I am sorry. And oranges?

MIG. Oranges are holding their own, your excellency.

CAL. Glorious! The orange trade gives much occupation to women and girls. (*Changing his tone.*) Speaking of girls, reminds me to ask you if a fascinating blonde did not arrive here to-day?

MIG. (*Aside.*) At last! (*Aloud.*) No, your excellency.

CAL. (*Aside.*) He knows nothing. (*Aloud.*) Where is your master?

MIG. Out!

CAL. Out? Who and what is he?

MIG. Baron Brasiero, and he is governor of the province.

CAL. What? Brasiero, my old friend? Send him to me!

MIG. I have already had the pleasure to tell you he is out.

CAL And does he dare absent himself when I, Picrates Hermoso Cristoval de Calabazas visit him? I beg of you, my good person, to explain the reason.

MIG. He departed for the battle-field this morning. The Spaniards have invaded us. It was very annoying to him, because he expected the Baroness to-day.

CAL. Ah—the Baroness! She will do. Let her appear before me!

MIG. But, your excellency, she but now arrived!

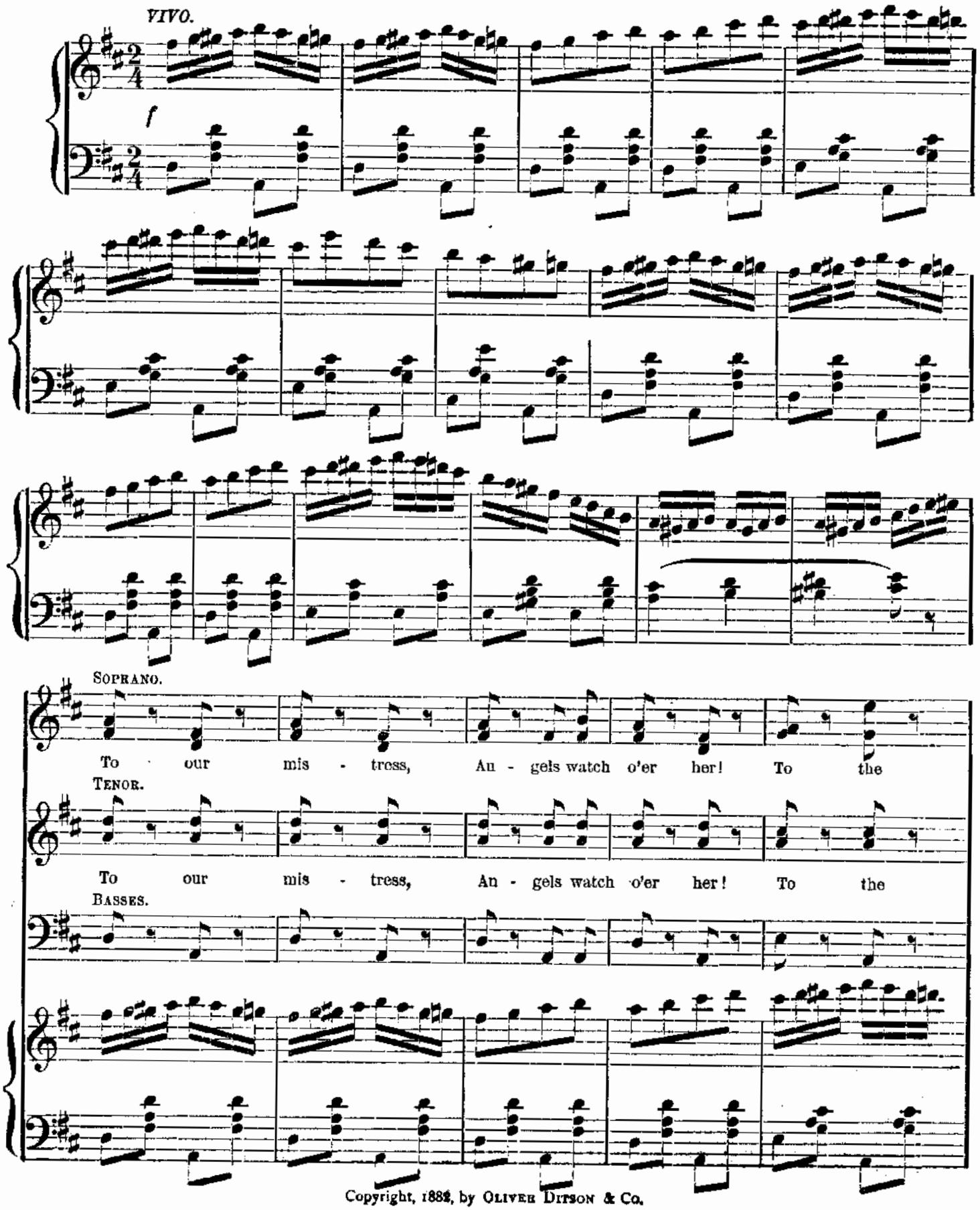
CAE. And I, the Prince Pic—never mind the name—tell you to bring her here. Produce her! (*Aside.*) She will tell me where the girl is hidden.

MIG. (*Looking off*) Ah! She is coming to receive the respects of her new vassals. (*Aside.*) If she is not found out beforehand.

Enter men, women, ANITA, CATANA, PEPITA *and then* MANOLA *attired as the Baroness.)*

TO OUR MISTRESS.

No. 6. ENSEMBLE. Scene and Air.



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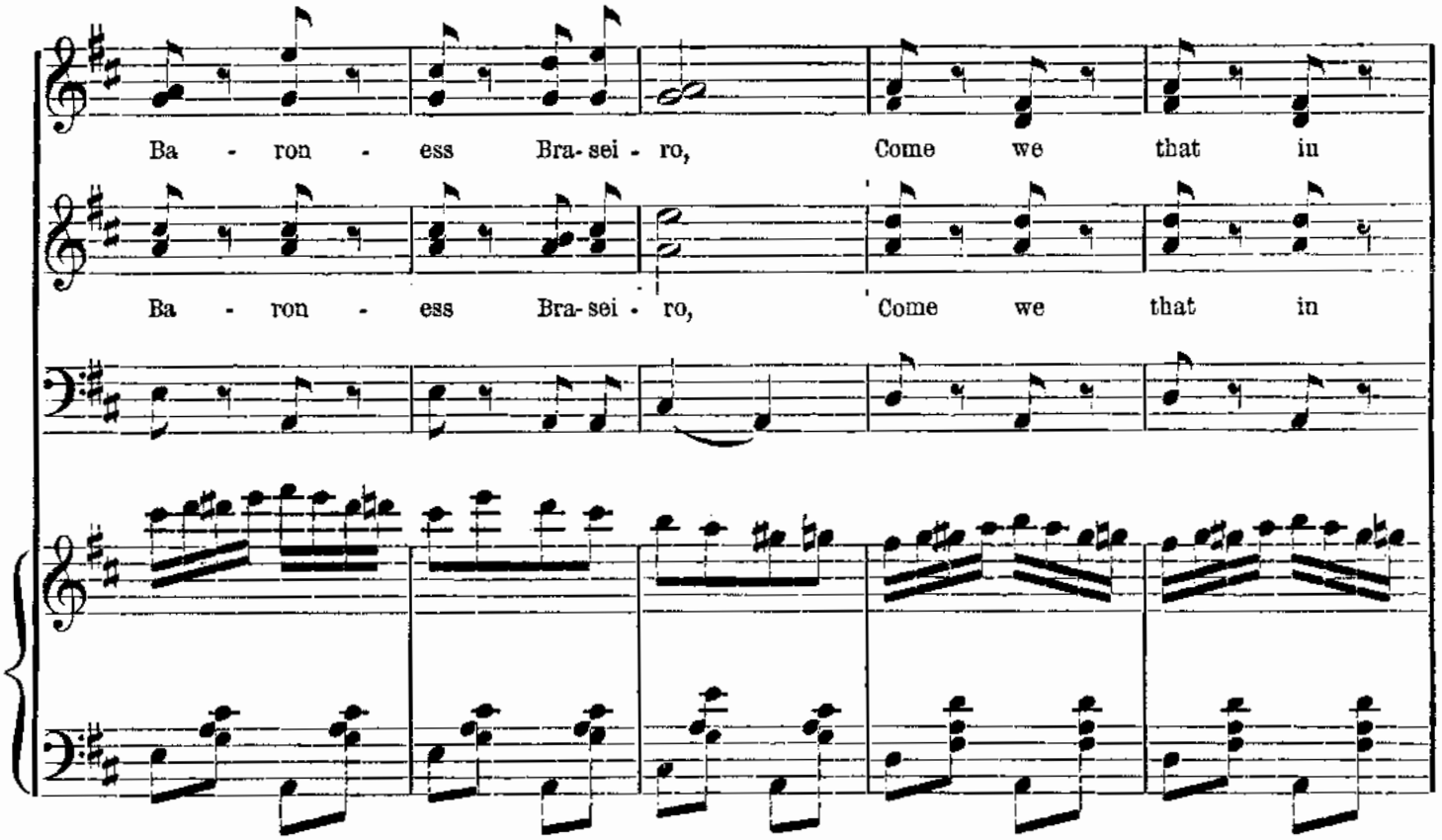
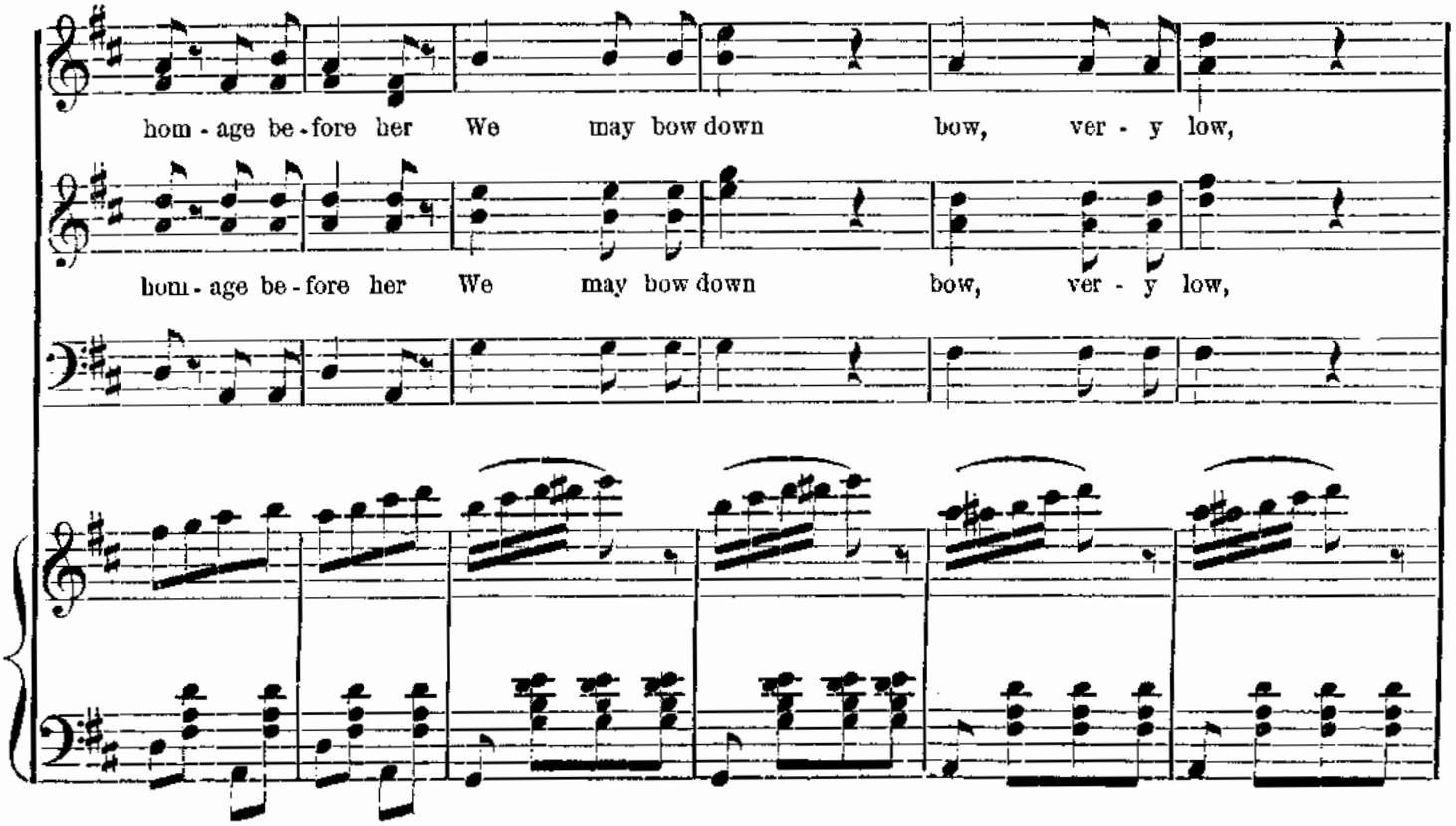
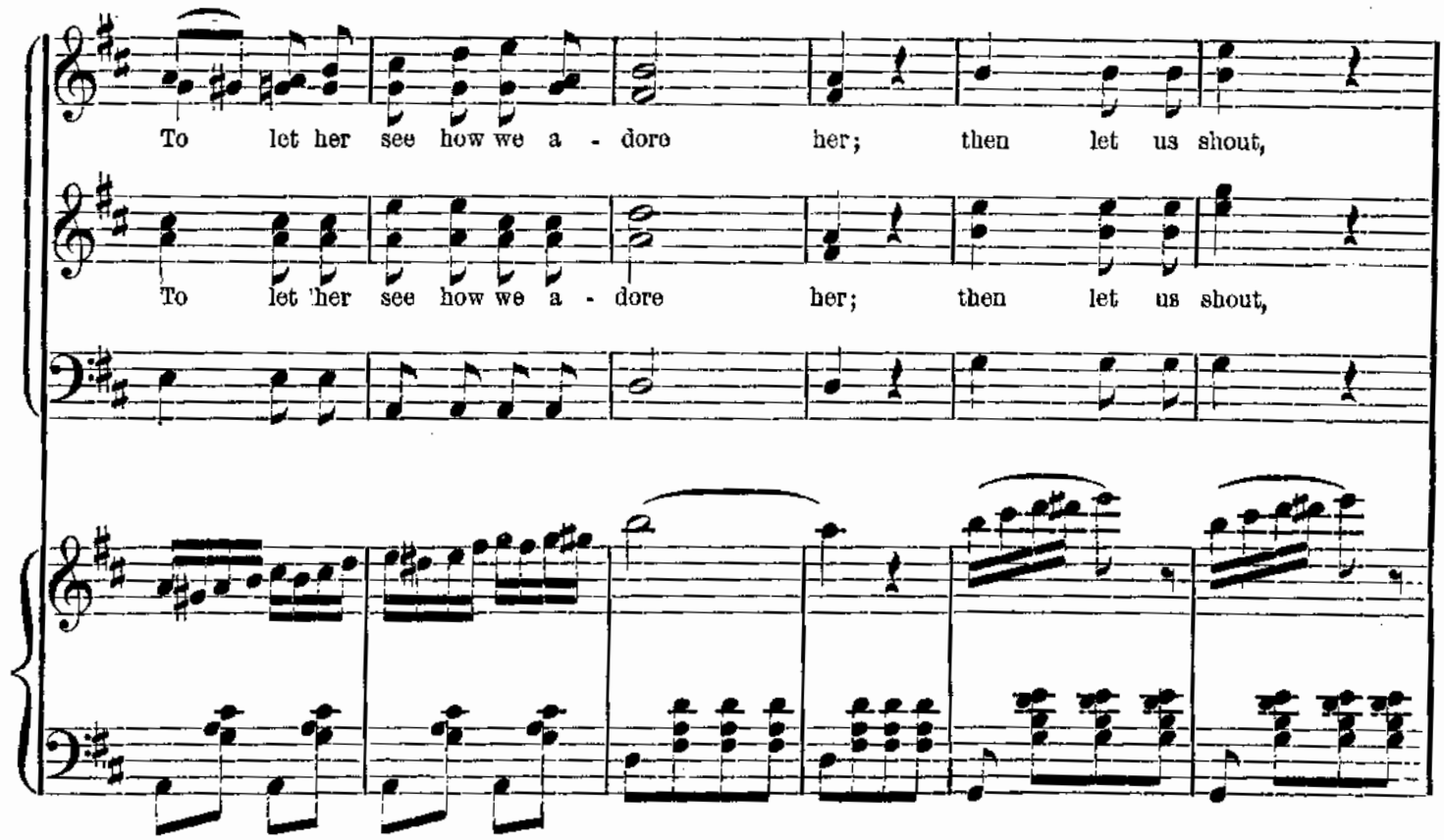
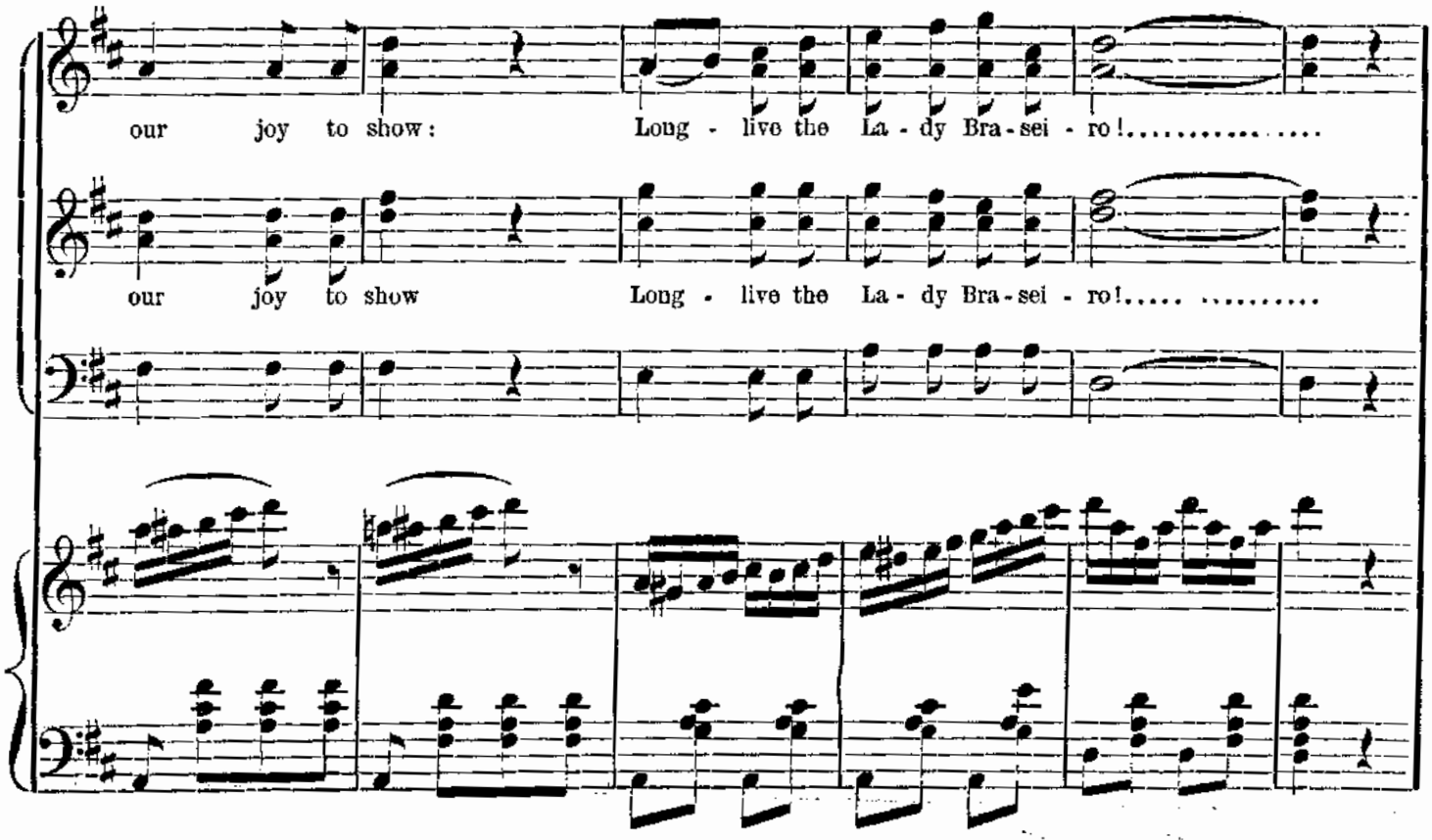
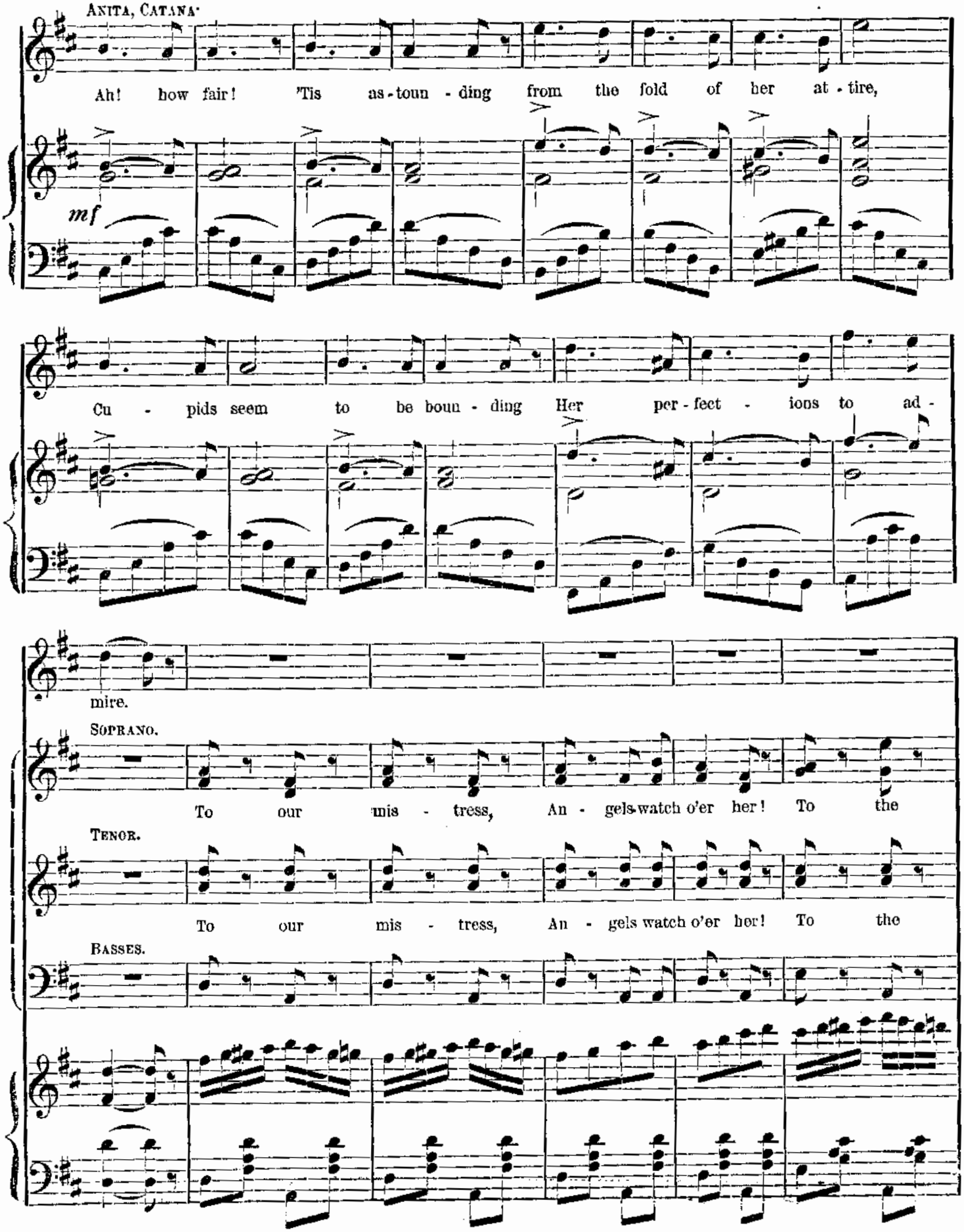
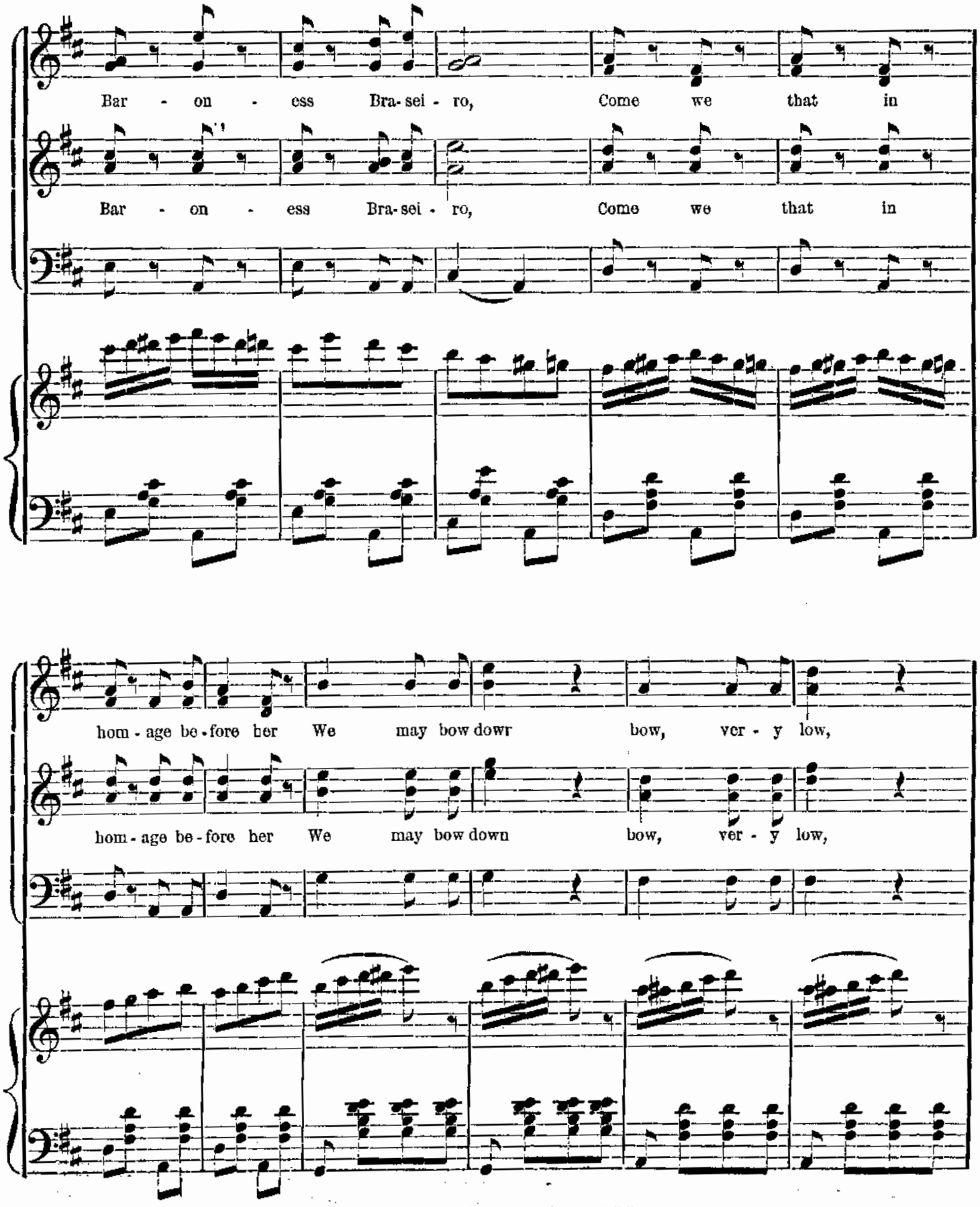

Ba - ron - ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in
Ba - ron - ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in

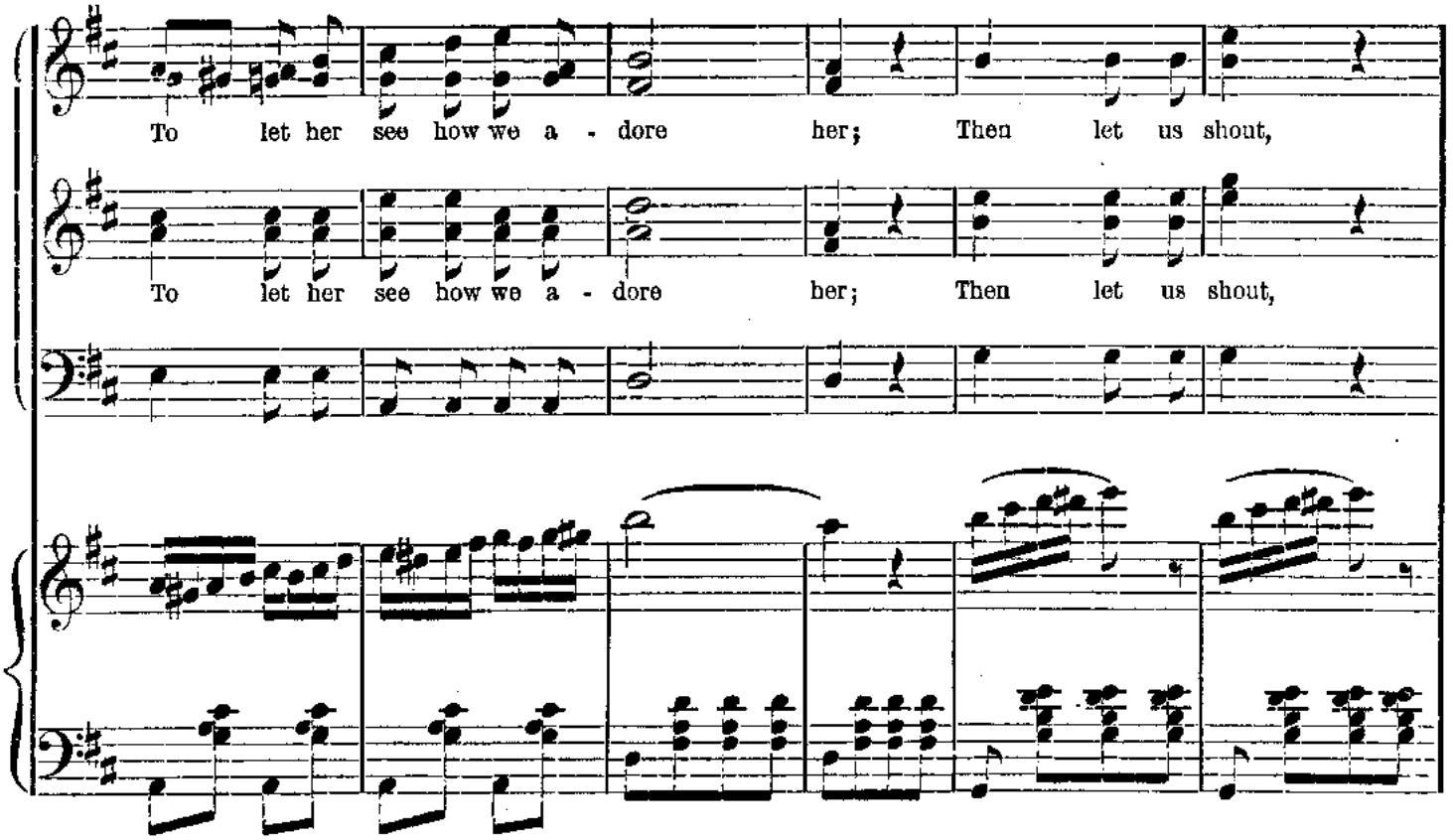

hom - age be - fore her We may bow down bow, ver - y low,
hom - age be - fore her We may bow down bow, ver - y low,

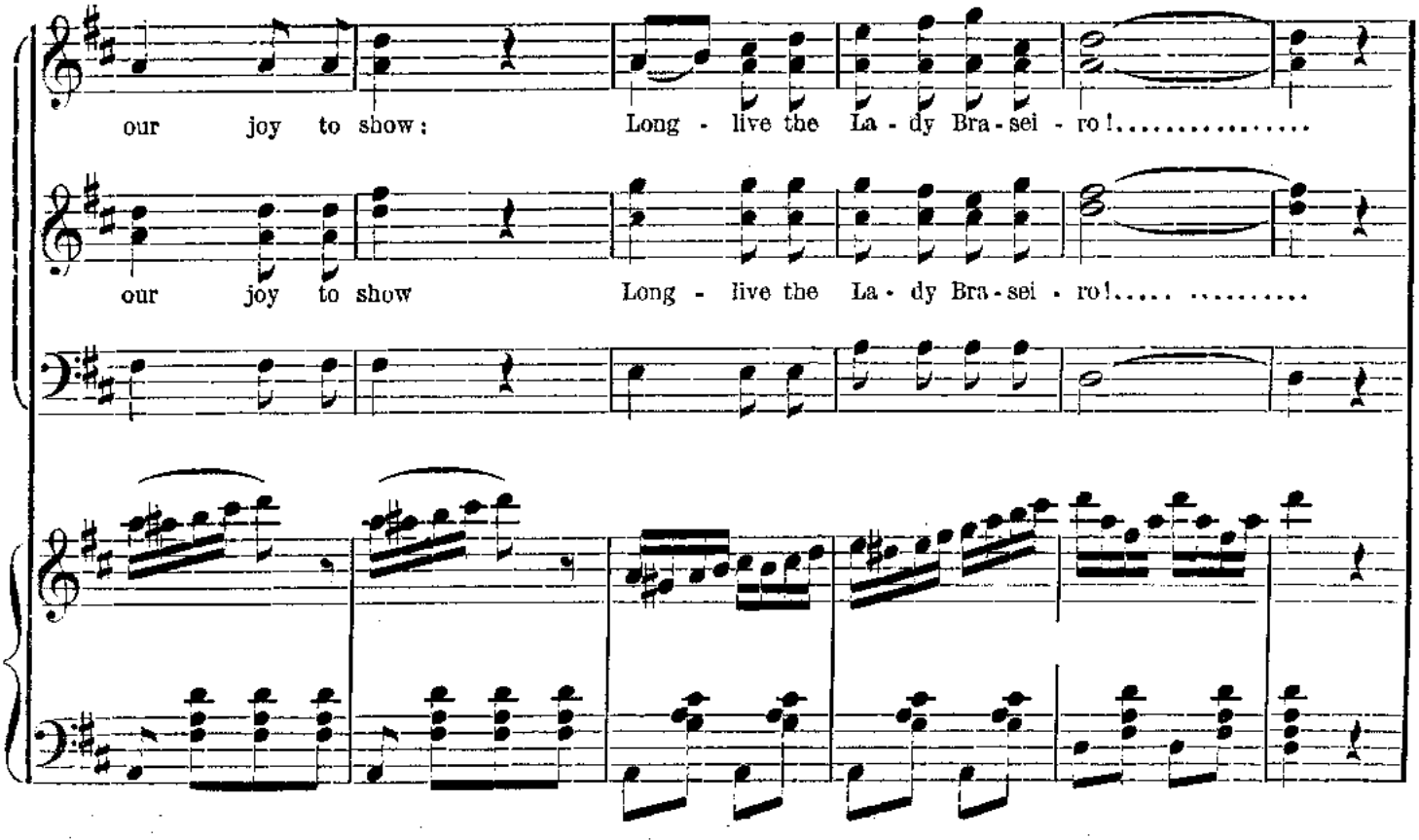

To let her see how we a - dore her; then let us shout,
To let her see how we a - dore her; then let us shout,


our joy to show: Long - live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....
our joy to show Long - live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....

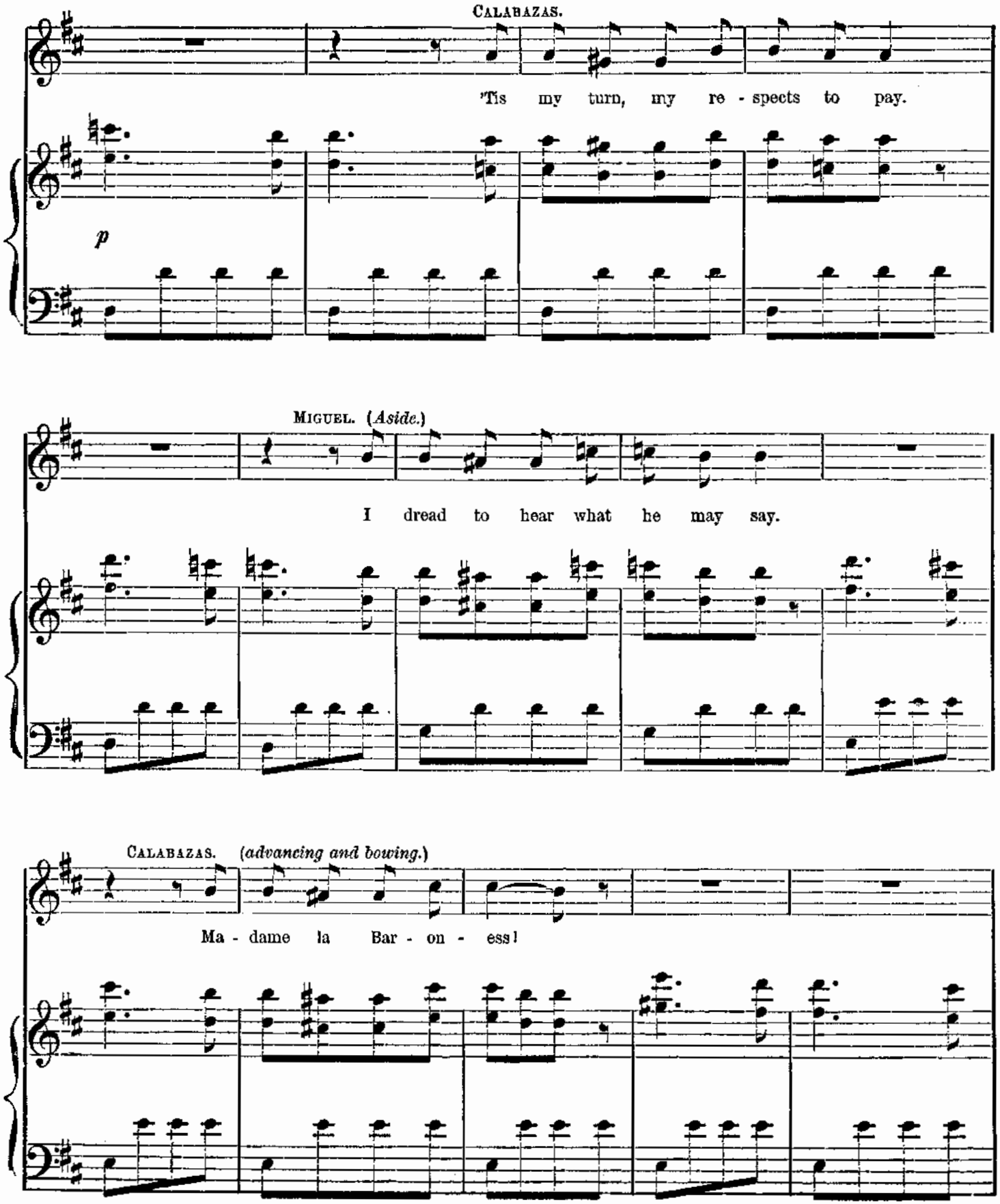

ANITA, CATANA.
Ah! how fair! 'Tis as-toun-ding from the fold of her at-tire,
mf
Cu-pids seem to be boun-ding Her per-fect-ions to ad-
mire.
SOPRANO.
To our mis-tress, An-gels watch o'er her! To the
TENOR.
To our mis-tress, An-gels watch o'er her! To the
BASSES.


Bar - on - ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in
Bar - on - ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in
hom - age be-fore her We may bow dowr bow, ver - y low,
hom - age be-fore her We may bow down bow, ver - y low,


To let her see how we a - dore her; Then let us shout,
To let her see how we a - dore her; Then let us shout,


our joy to show: Long - live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....
our joy to show Long - live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....

SCÈNE.


CALABAZAS.
'Tis my turn, my re - spects to pay.
p
MIGUEL. (Aside.)
I dread to hear what he may say.
CALABAZAS. (advancing and bowing.)
Ma - dame la Bar - on - ess!

MANOLA.

Ex -

(*Spoken.*)

(*Starting.*) Ah! Am I dream - ing?

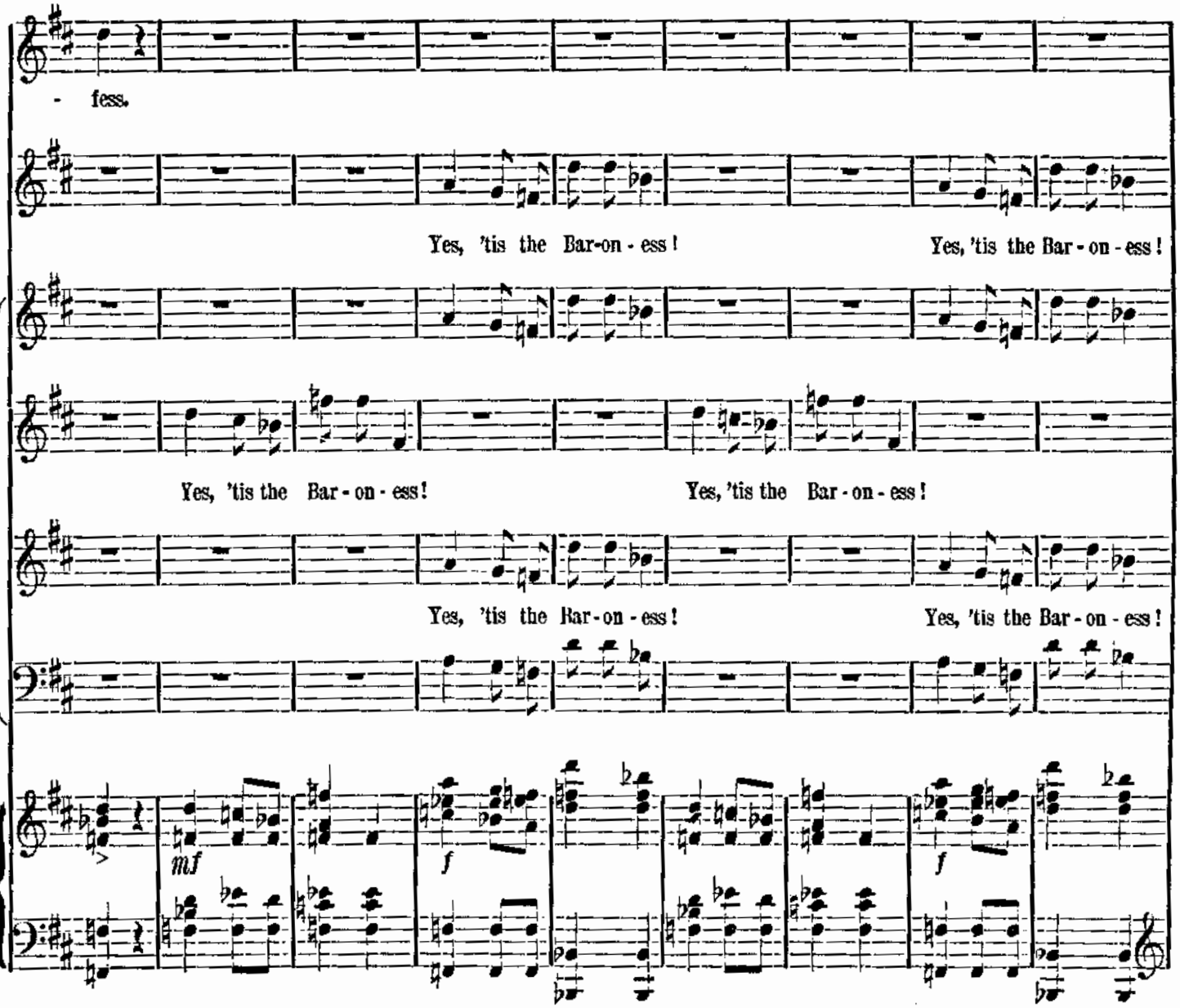
Why that cry?

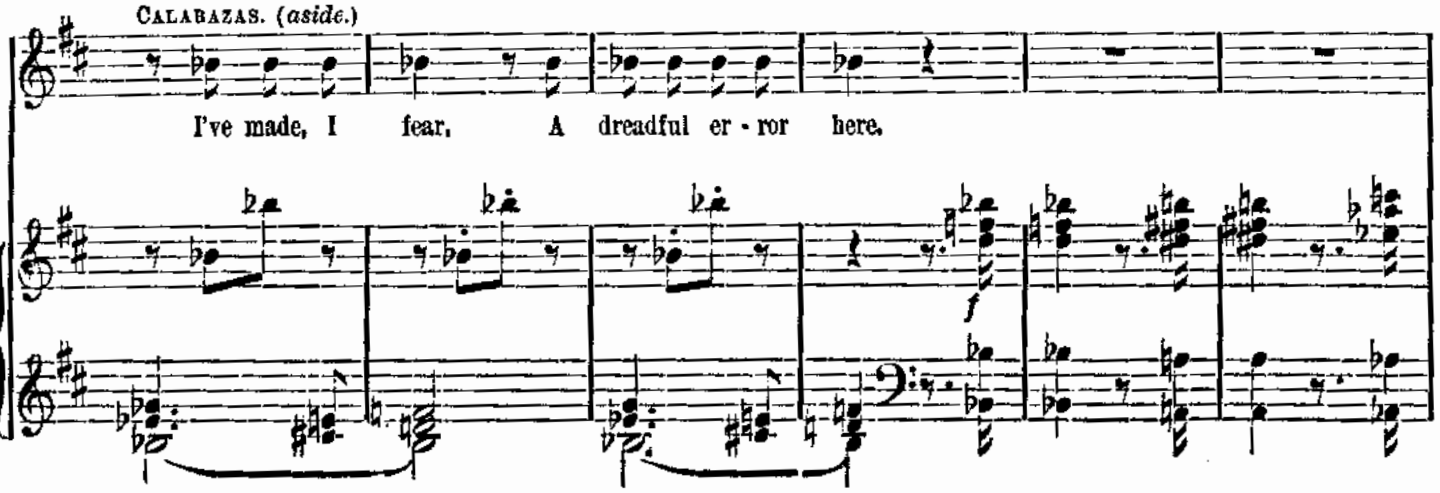
Why that cry?

sfz

- plain. That I con-

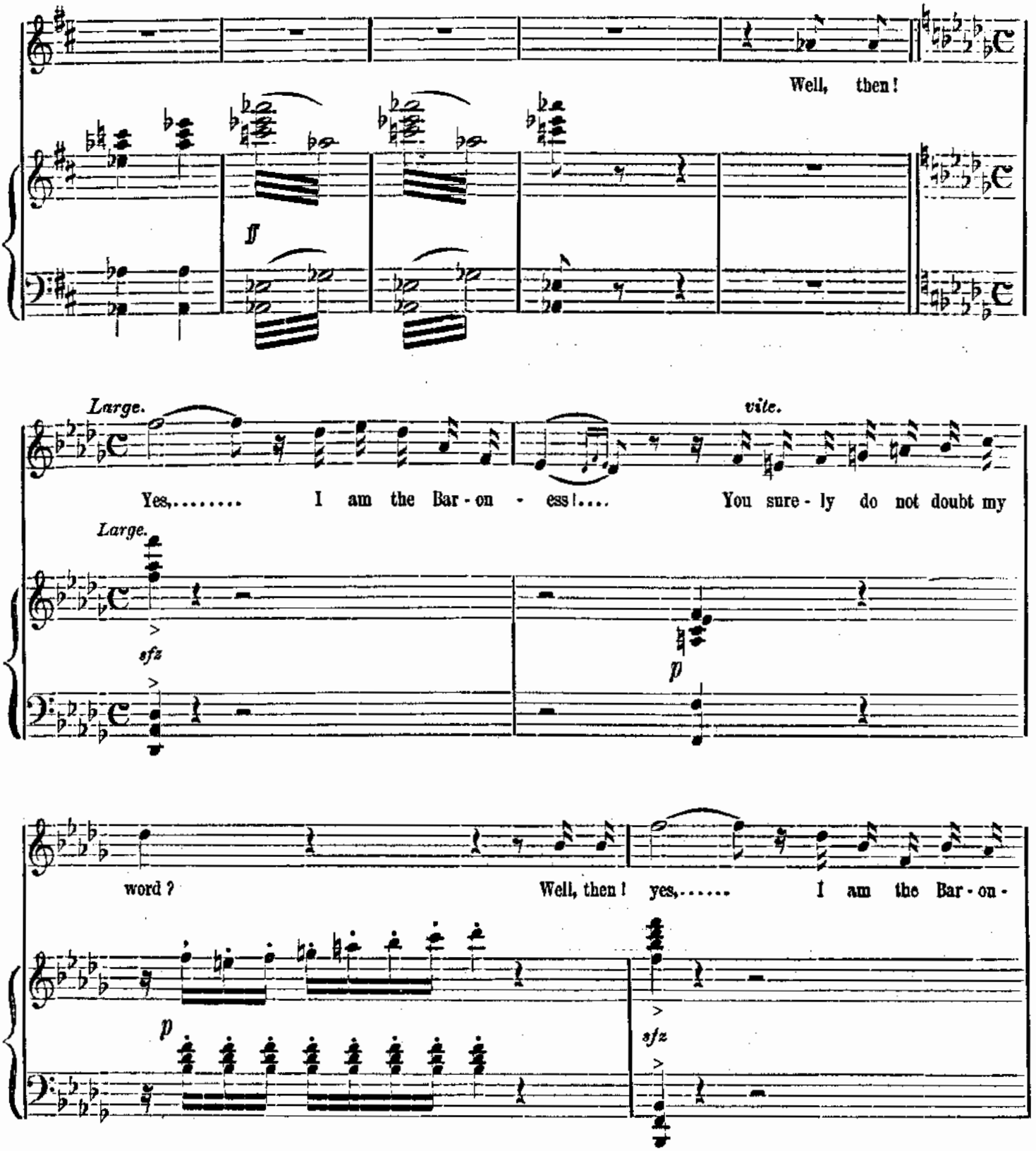
Are you, in - deed, the Bar - on - ness?


- fess.
Yes, 'tis the Bar-on - ess!
Yes, 'tis the Bar - on - ess!
Yes, 'tis the Bar - on - ess!
Yes, 'tis the Bar - on - ess!
Yes, 'tis the Bar - on - ess!
Yes, 'tis the Bar - on - ess!
mf
f
f


CALABAZAS. (aside.)
I've made, I fear, A dreadful er - ror here.
f

I AM THE BARONESS.

AIR. Manola.



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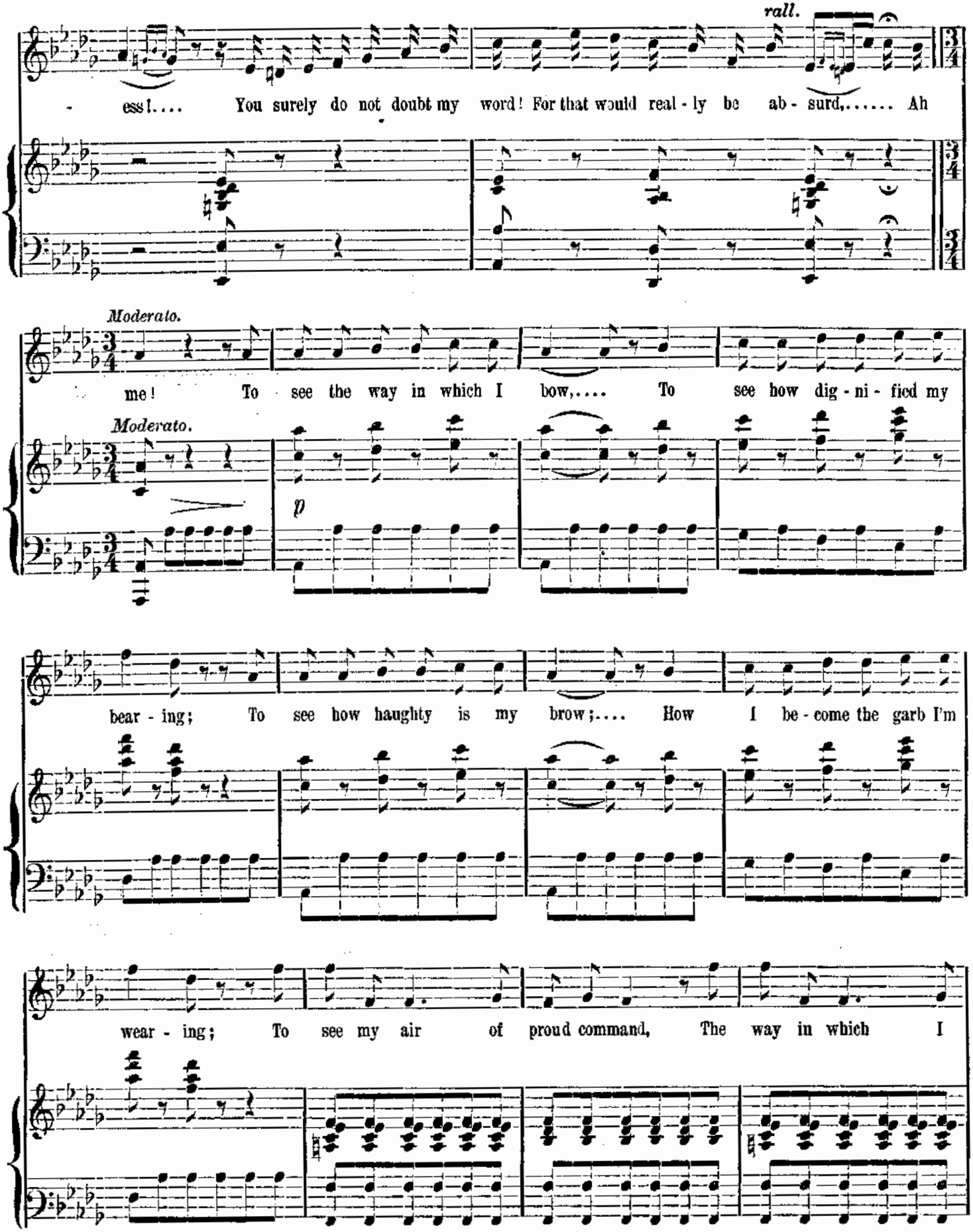
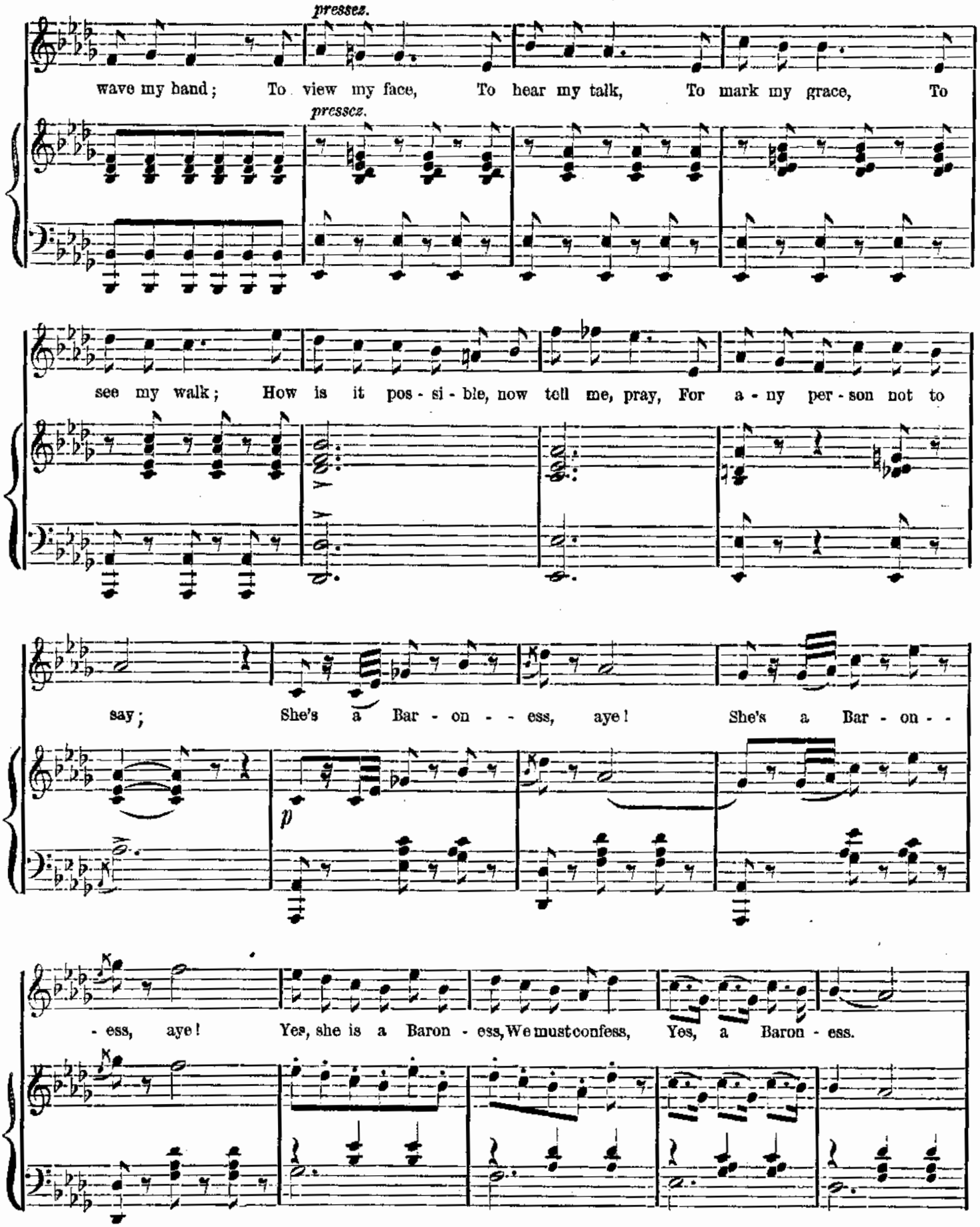
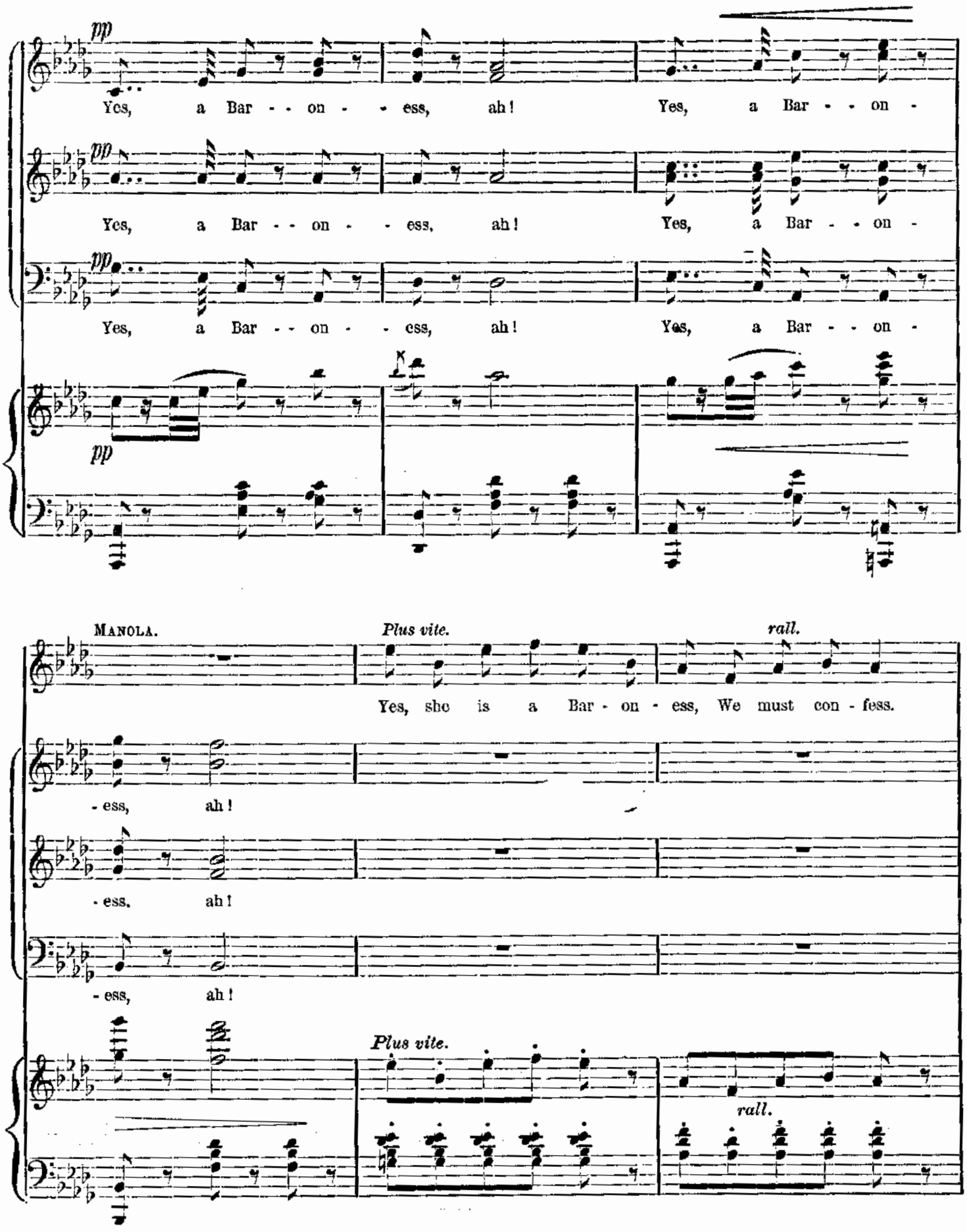
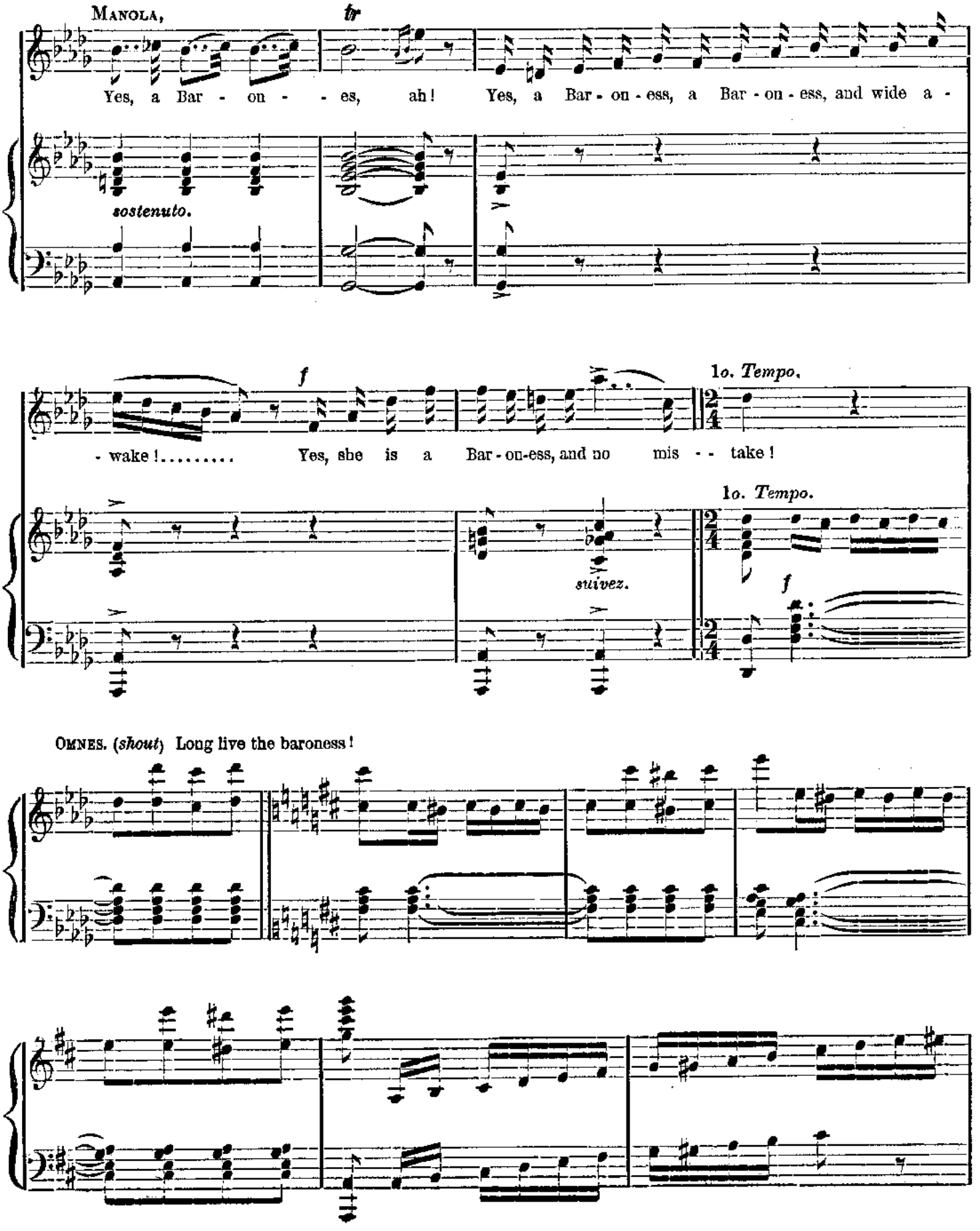
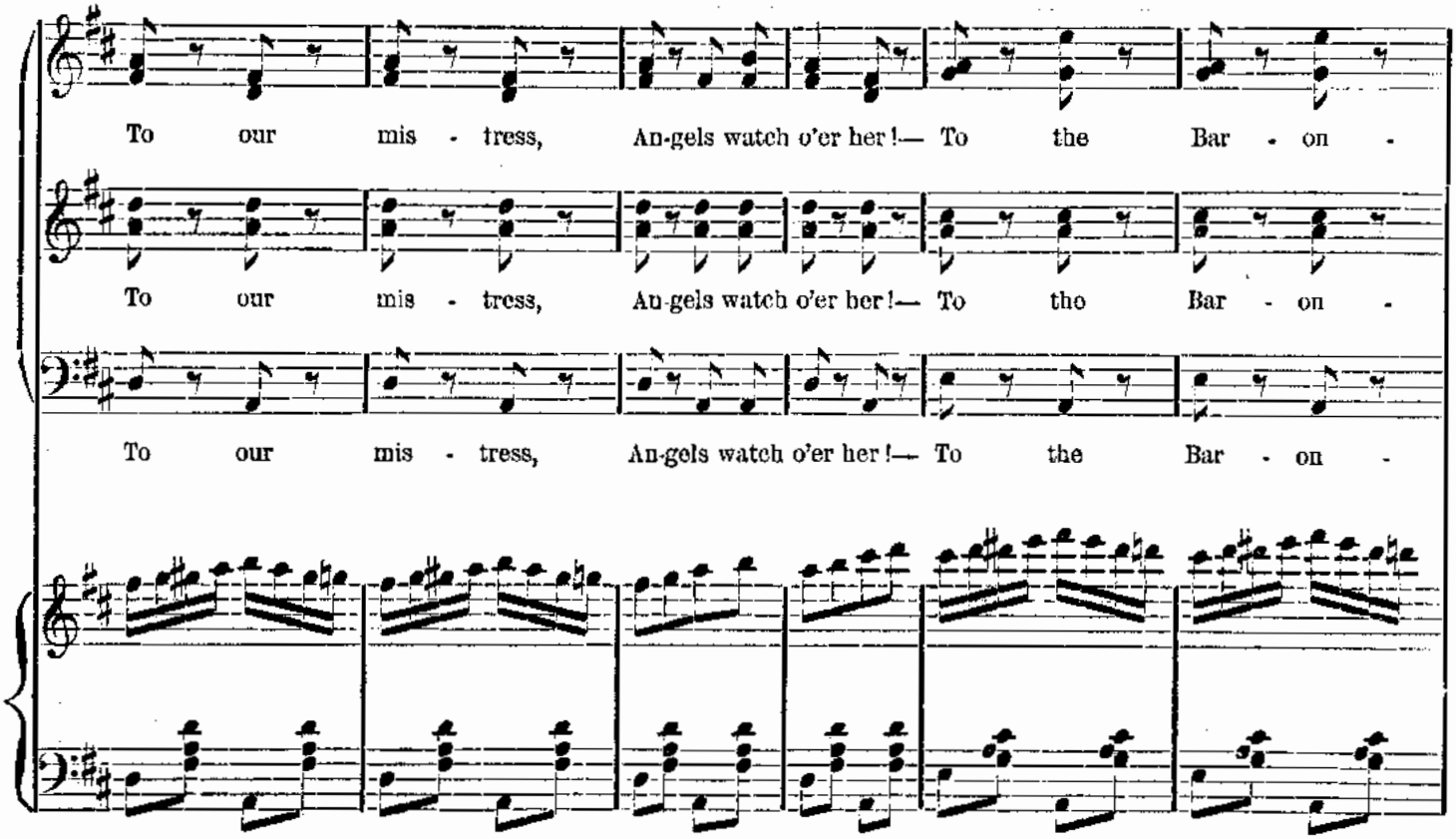
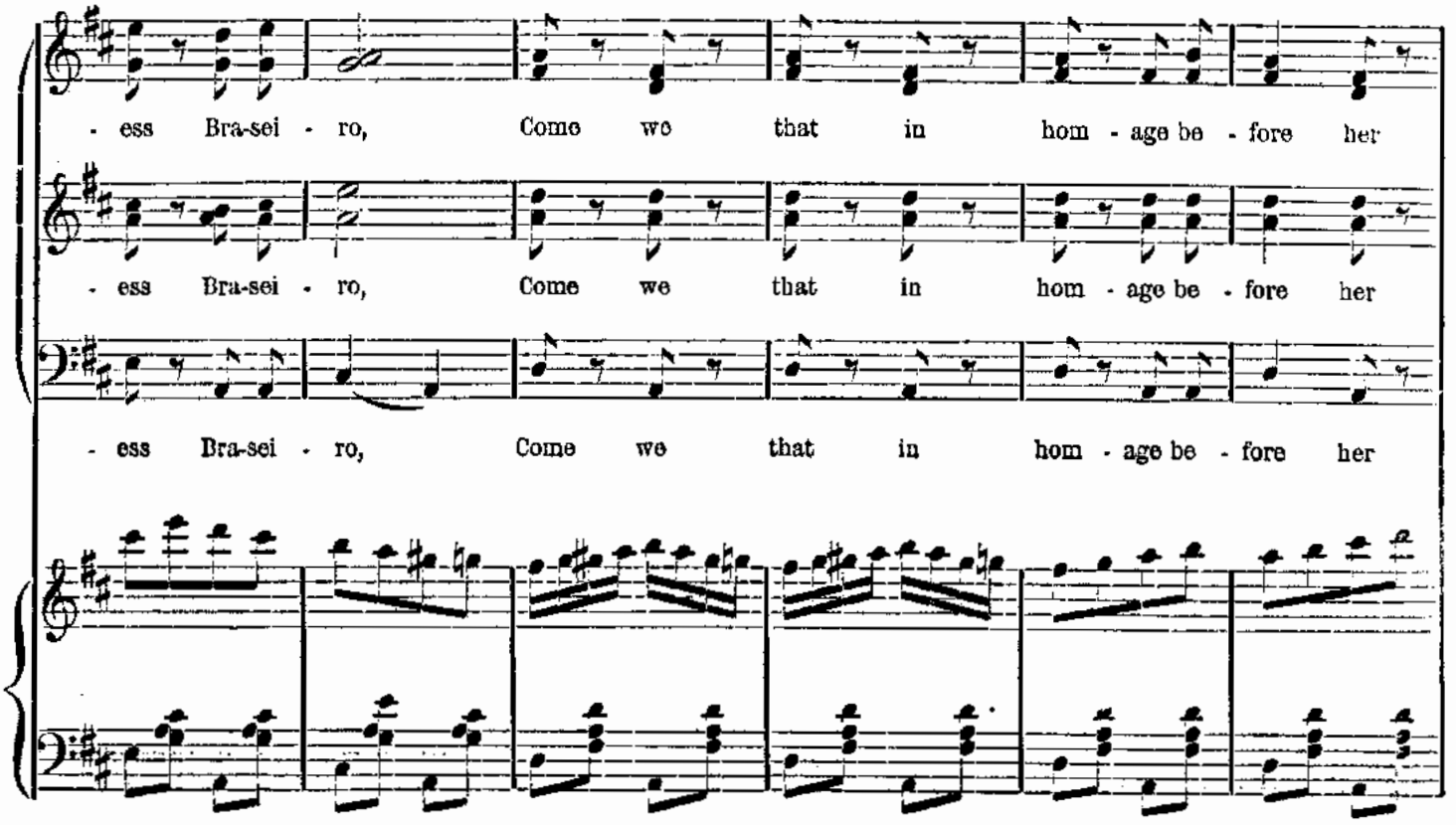

rall.
- ess!.... You surely do not doubt my word! For that would real - ly be ab - surd,..... Ah
Moderato.
me! To see the way in which I bow,.... To see how dig - ni - fied my
Moderato.
p
bear - ing; To see how haughty is my brow;.... How I be - come the garb I'm
wear - ing; To see my air of proud command, The way in which I

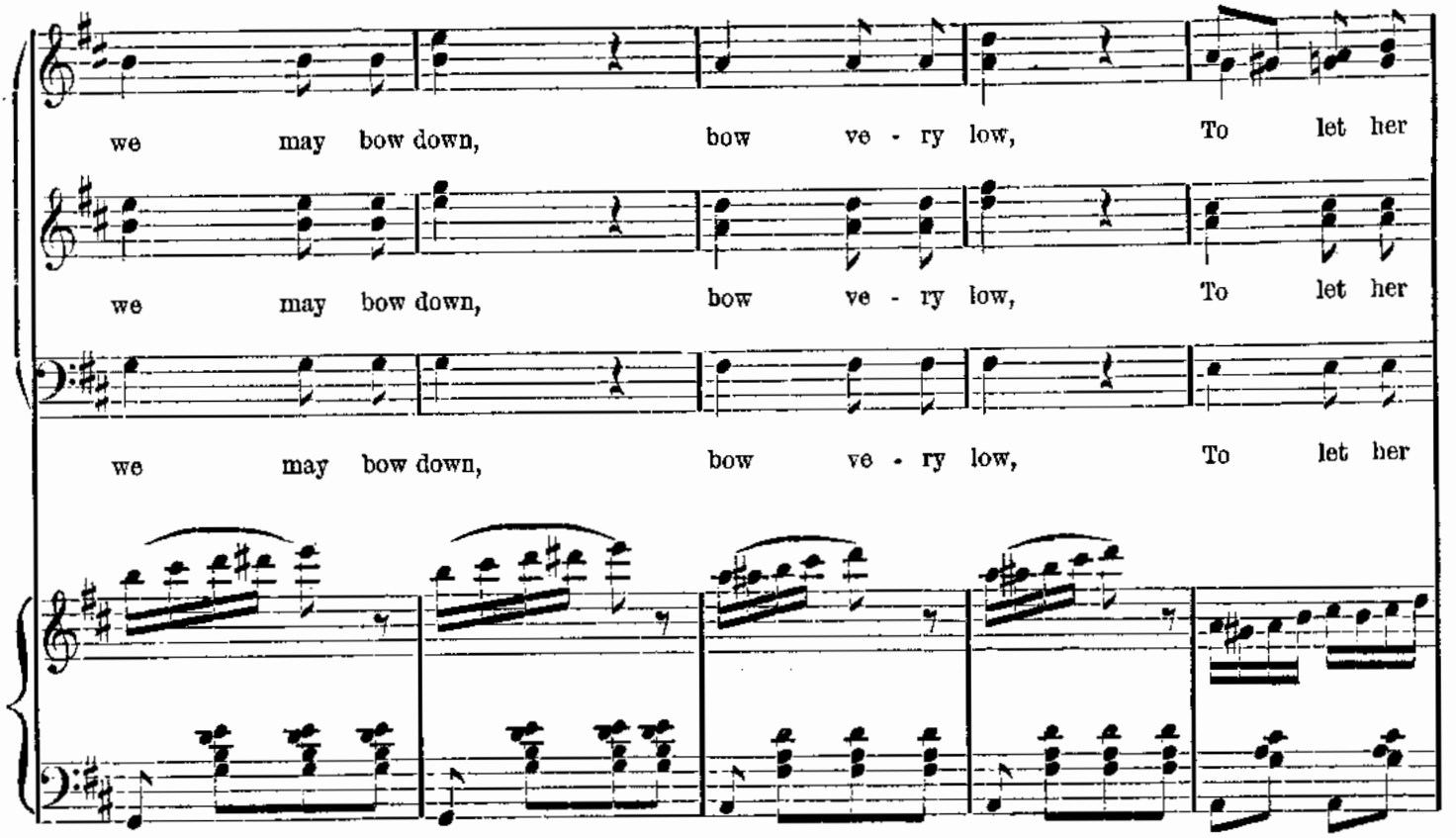

pressez.
wave my hand; To view my face, To hear my talk, To mark my grace, To
pressez.
see my walk; How is it pos - si - ble, now tell me, pray, For a - ny per - son not to
say; She's a Bar - on - - ess, aye! She's a Bar - on - -
p
- ess, aye! Yes, she is a Baron - ess, We must confess, Yes, a Baron - ess.

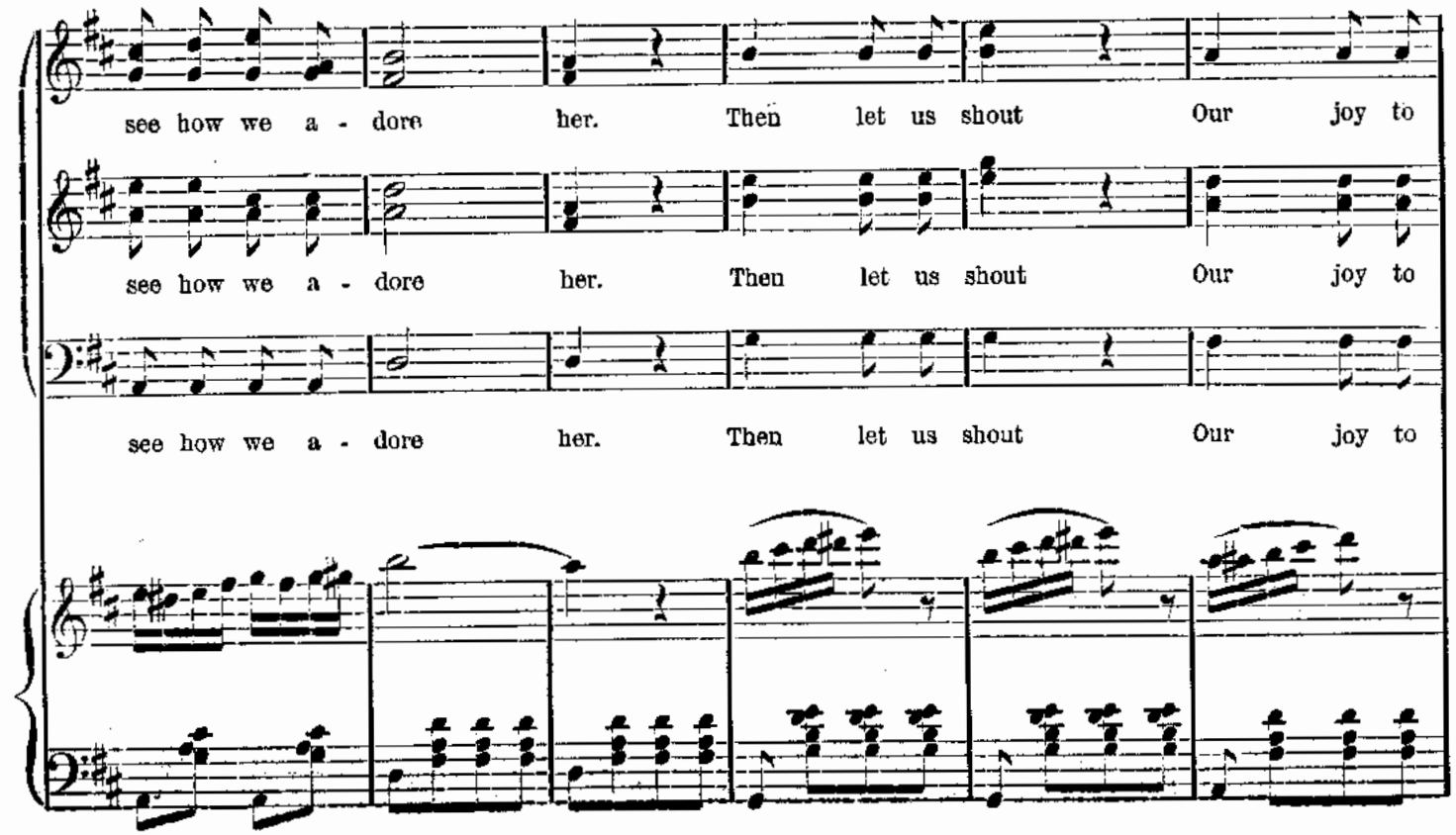

pp
Yes, a Bar - - on - - ess, ah!
Yes, a Bar - - on -
pp
Yes, a Bar - - on - - ess, ah!
Yes, a Bar - - on -
pp
Yes, a Bar - - on - - ess, ah!
Yes, a Bar - - on -
pp
MANOLA.
Plus vite.
rall.
Yes, she is a Bar - on - ess, We must con - fess.
- ess, ah!
- ess, ah!
- ess, ah!
Plus vite.
rall.

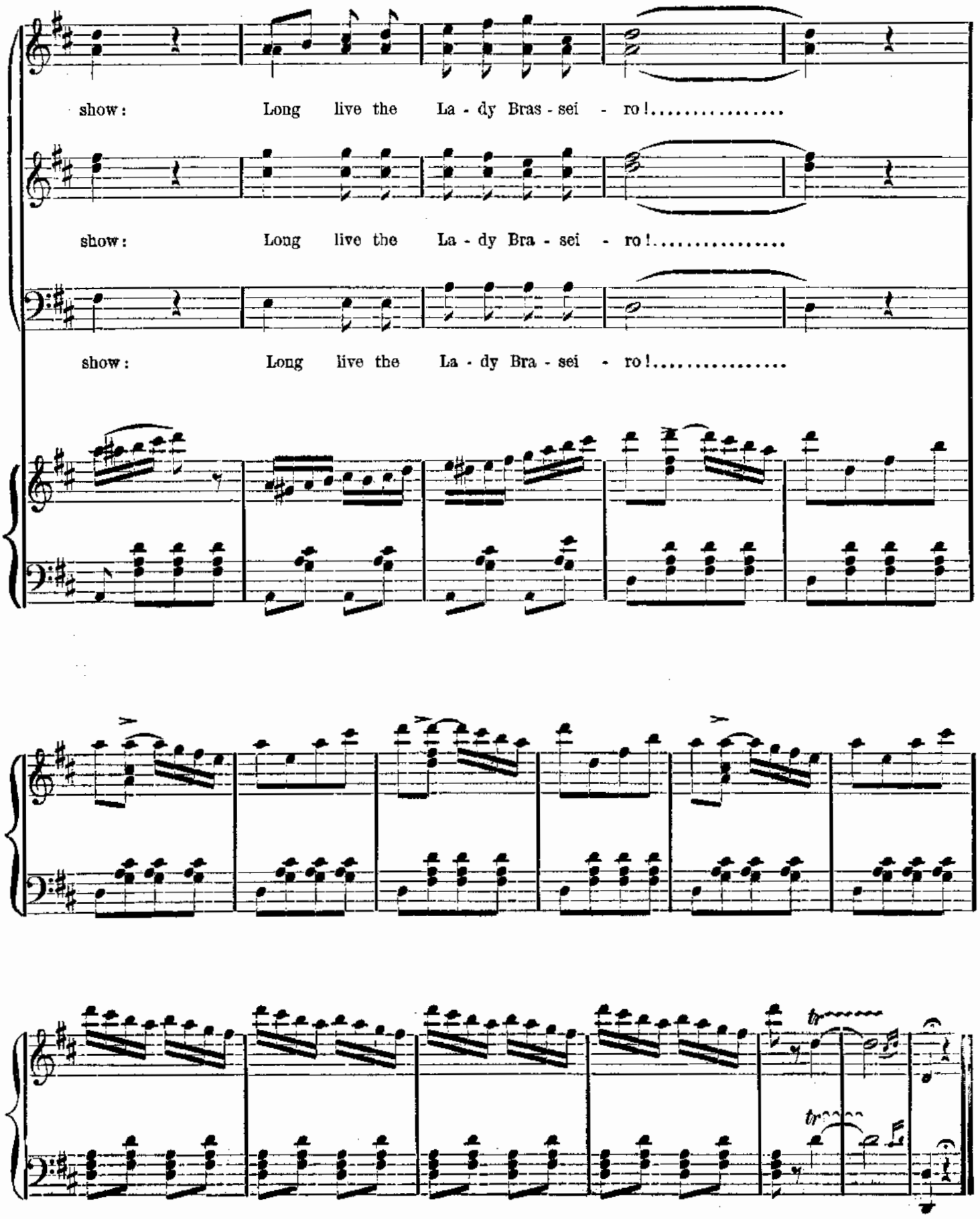

Manola,
tr
Yes, a Bar - on - - es, ah! Yes, a Bar - on - ess, a Bar - on - ess, and wide a -
sostenuto.
f
- wake !..... Yes, she is a Bar - on-ess, and no mis - - take !
1o. Tempo.
1o. Tempo.
suivez.
f
Omnes. (shout) Long live the baroness !


To our mis - tress, An-gels watch o'er her!— To the Bar - on -
To our mis - tress, An-gels watch o'er her!— To the Bar - on -
To our mis - tress, An-gels watch o'er her!— To the Bar - on -


- ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in hom - age be - fore her
- ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in hom - age be - fore her
- ess Bra-sei - ro, Come we that in hom - age be - fore her


we may bow down, bow ve - ry low, To let her
we may bow down, bow ve - ry low, To let her
we may bow down, bow ve - ry low, To let her


see how we a - dore her. Then let us shout Our joy to
see how we a - dore her. Then let us shout Our joy to
see how we a - dore her. Then let us shout Our joy to


show: Long live the La - dy Bras - sei - ro!.....
show: Long live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....
show: Long live the La - dy Bra - sei - ro!.....
tr
tr

(*At end of Chorus all exeunt except* MANOLA, MIGUEL *and* CALABAZAS.)

CAL. (*Aside.*) For a statesman, my position is somewhat humiliating!

MAN. Well, your excellency, have you nothing to say?

CAL. (*Confused.*) Yes—no—that is to say—sometimes!

MAN. Oh, I see! You are surprised to find an old acquaintance here!

CAL. (*Aside.*) She is roasting me!

MAN. (*With exaggerated condescension.*) But life is made up of chances. The Baron will be in despair when he finds you have gone without seeing him; for, of course, you only came to visit him.

CAL. (*Confused.*) Of course! (*Aside*) A quiet hint to get out.

MAN. (*With affected concern.*) I would ask you to remain, but I know how impatient you must be to go. Affairs of state are too important, I am aware, to be sacrificed to mere compliment. Since you must go, dear Prince, Adieu!

CAL. (*Aside.*) She actually turns me out of doors. (*Aloud and bowing.*) Madame, you must really pardon my abrupt departure. (*Aside, and going.*) It will be my turn to laugh by and by. (*As he is going, shouts heard outside.*)

BRAS. (*Outside.*) Where is she?

MIG. (*Overwhelmed.*) Mercy! The Baron!

CAL. (*Stopping.*) Ah! The Baron back again!

(BRASEIRO *enters precipitately.*)

BRAS. Yes, I! I am here! So is she—my wife! Where is she? Where? Ah! Let me behold her. (*Sees* MANOLA.) 'Tis she! A blonde! I worship blondes! How beautiful! Will you permit me? (*Kisses her.*)

CAL. MIG. & MAN. (*Aside.*) Oh! (*With anguish.*)

BRAS. Had you been a brunette, I should have accepted you all the same; but as I have already buried two of that type, you will appreciate my present delight!

CAL. But Braseiro, are you aware of my presence?

BRAS. The Prince in my house? What an honor! (*Kisses his hand.*) A Prince and a wife in one day! It is too much! That is, I suppose so—I don't know!

MIG. But your unexpected return——

BRAS. Ah! That was a stroke of genius! I did not want to leave behind me a wife I had never seen! I reflected. An inspiration permeated me all at once. I went to the commander-in-chief of our enemies; I said to him: "If you will be so accommodating as to postpone your attack for a fortnight, it will be five thousand piastres in your pocket. I am just married: at the end of that time, I *may* be delighted to court death!"

CAL. And he accepted?

BRA. With wild enthusiasm.

CAL. How good of him!

BRAS. No; he was a fool, or he would have asked double! But you, Prince, by what chance are you here?

CAL. (*Confused.*) Oh, I was passing, in a diplomatic way, when I thought I would drop in!

MAN. (*Quickly.*) But he is going away again, at once.

MIG. Yes; even quicker, if possible.

BRAS. Going away? Never! What, when I have a Calabazas——

CAL. Picrates Hermoso Cristoval de Calabazas,—the name is rather long——

BRAS. If it has a fault, it is that it is not long enough! Such a man, with such a name, must not be allowed to depart. You must remain, at least, until to-morrow.

MAN. (*Quickly.*) But the Prince wishes to be free.

CAL. (*Aside.*) It is now my turn! (*Aloud.*) Since the Baroness urges me so kindly, I will remain!

(MANOLA *and* MIGUEL *exchange glances of despair.*)

BRAS. That is settled to general satisfaction. At least, I suppose so—I don't know! But now, to think of ourselves. My dear (*to* MANOLA), I will go and see if our apartments are all in readiness!

MAN. (*Uneasily, aside.*) Oh dear! *Our* appartments!

BRAS. (*To* MAN.) You will pardon my absence for a moment. (*Kisses her.*)

CAL. (*Groaning, aside.*) I am gnawed with jealousy! (*Aloud.*) Baron, Show me to my room. (*Aside.*) Anything to get him away from her!

BRAS. Willingly, Prince! This way. (*Going.*)

CAL. (*Aside.*) His wife! Agony! (*Exit with* BRAS.)

MAN. (*After a pause.*) Miguel! You heard?

MIG. Manola! Yes. *Our* appartments!

MAN. We must tell him all!

MIG. Then the Prince will begin again. You know he does not go till to-morrow.

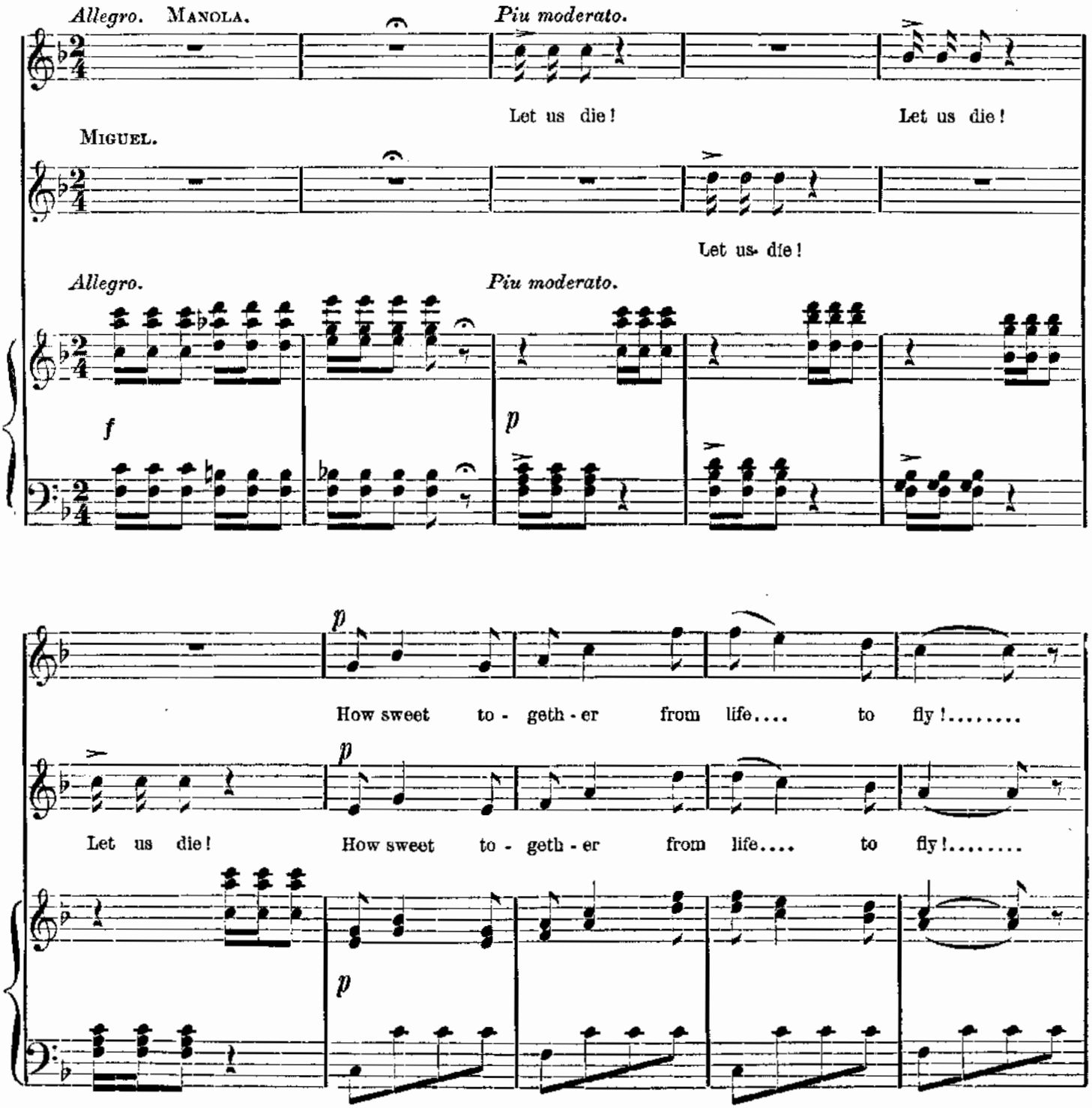
MAN. But to-morrow will be too late! (*Gloomily.*) Only one thing is left to us, Miguel! (*Draws stiletto.*) We must die! You must kill me first and I will then kill you!

MIG. Dear Manola!

MAN. Dear Miguel! [*They embrace.*]

LET US DIE, LET US DIE!

No. 7. DUETTO. Manola and Miguel.



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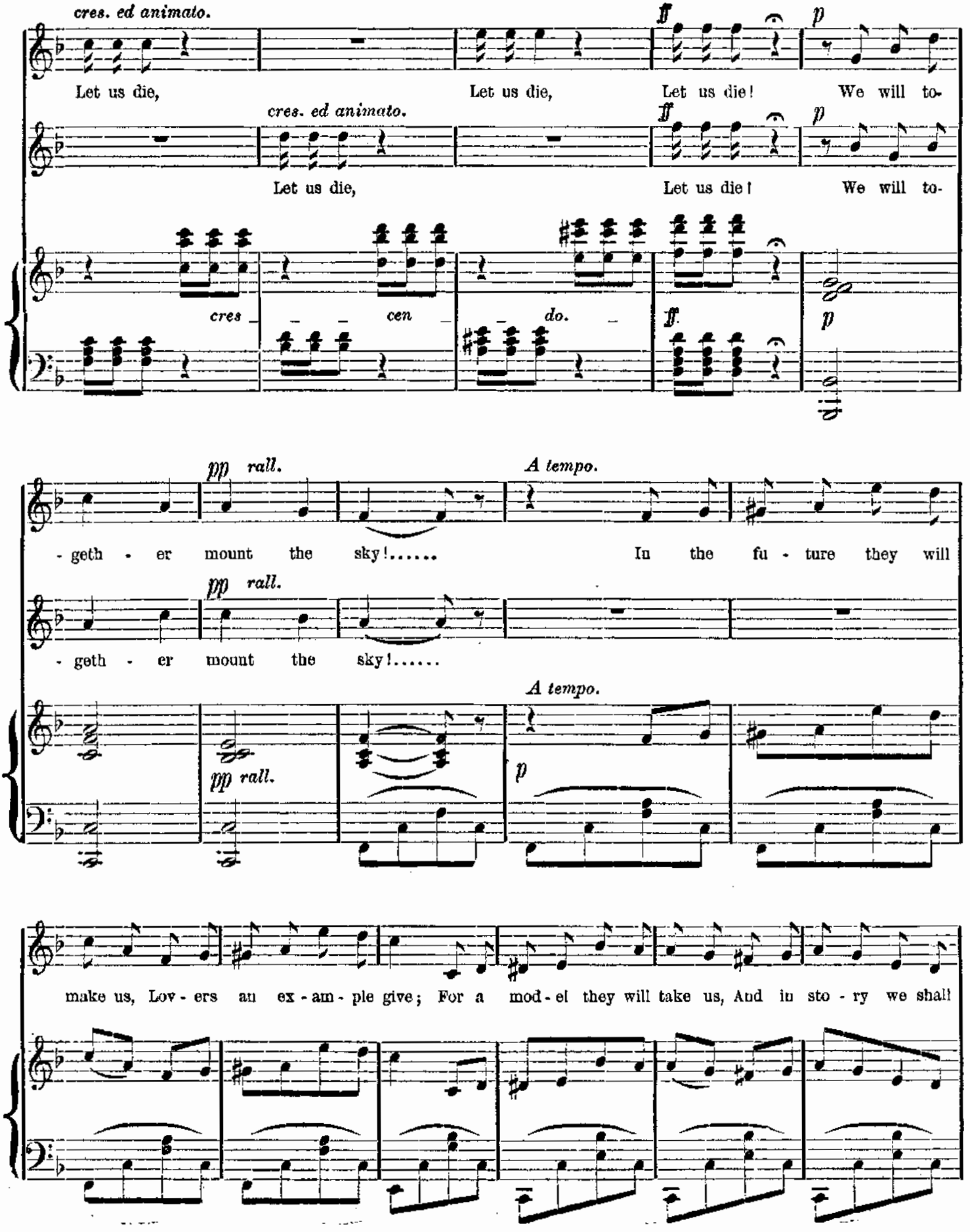
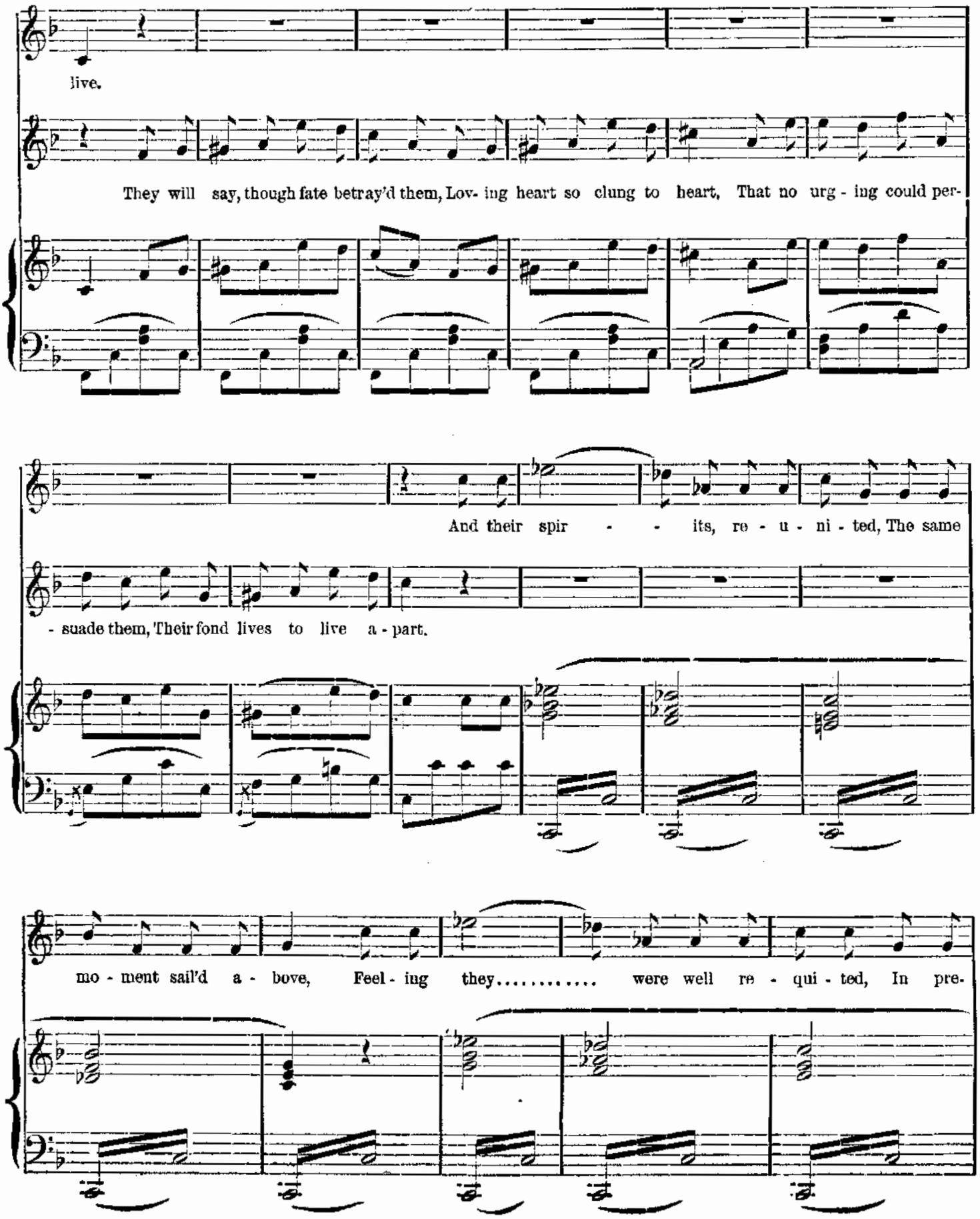
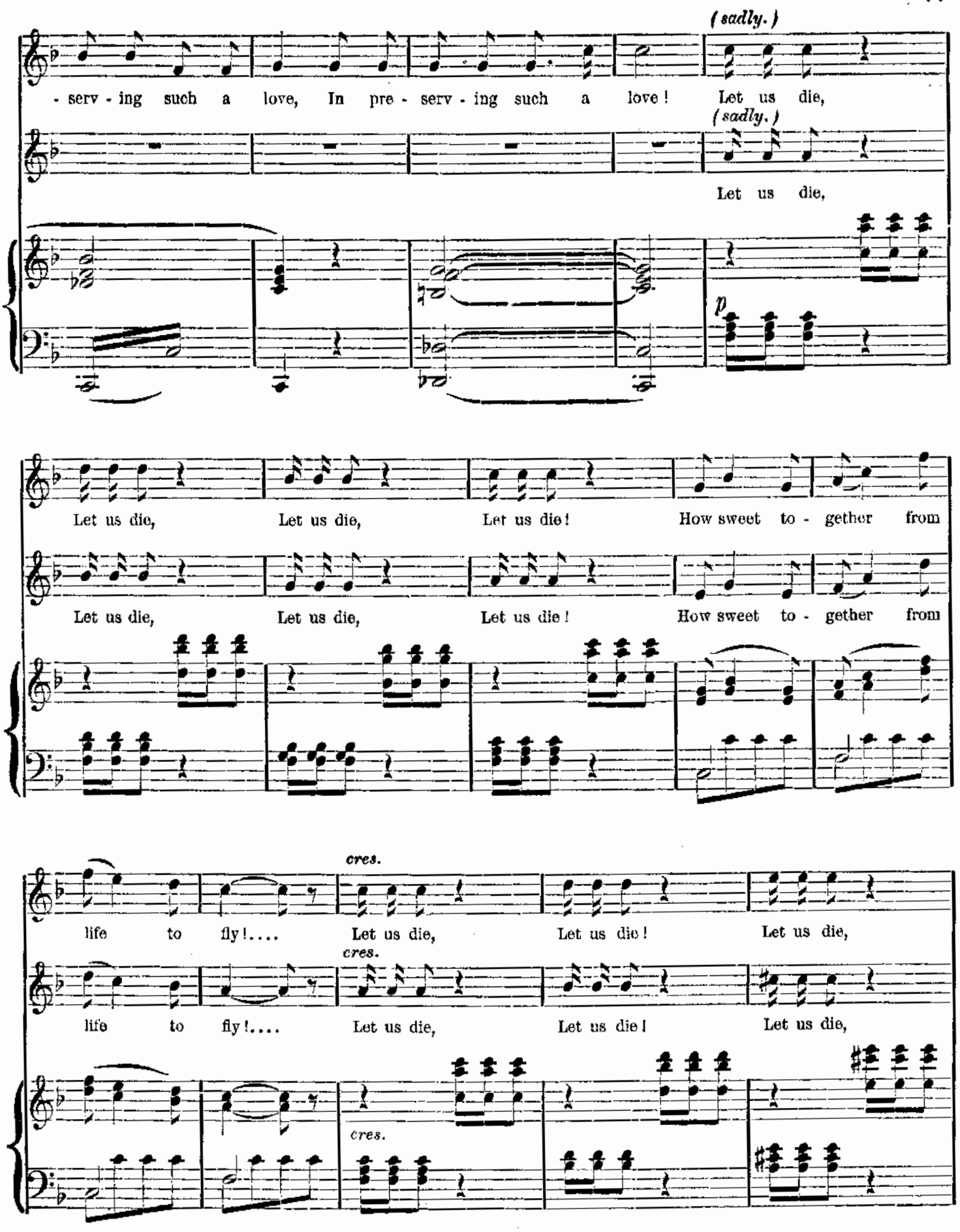
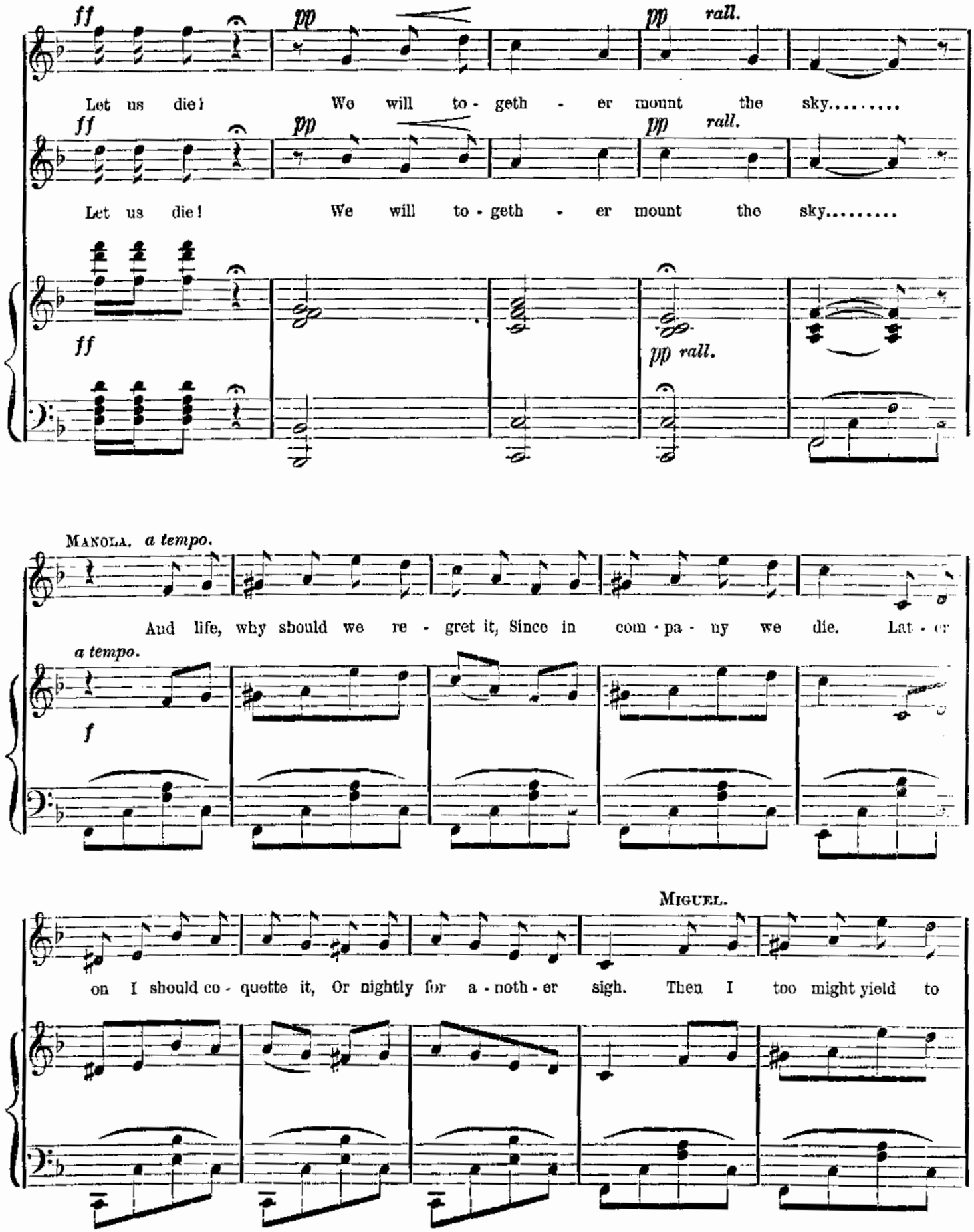
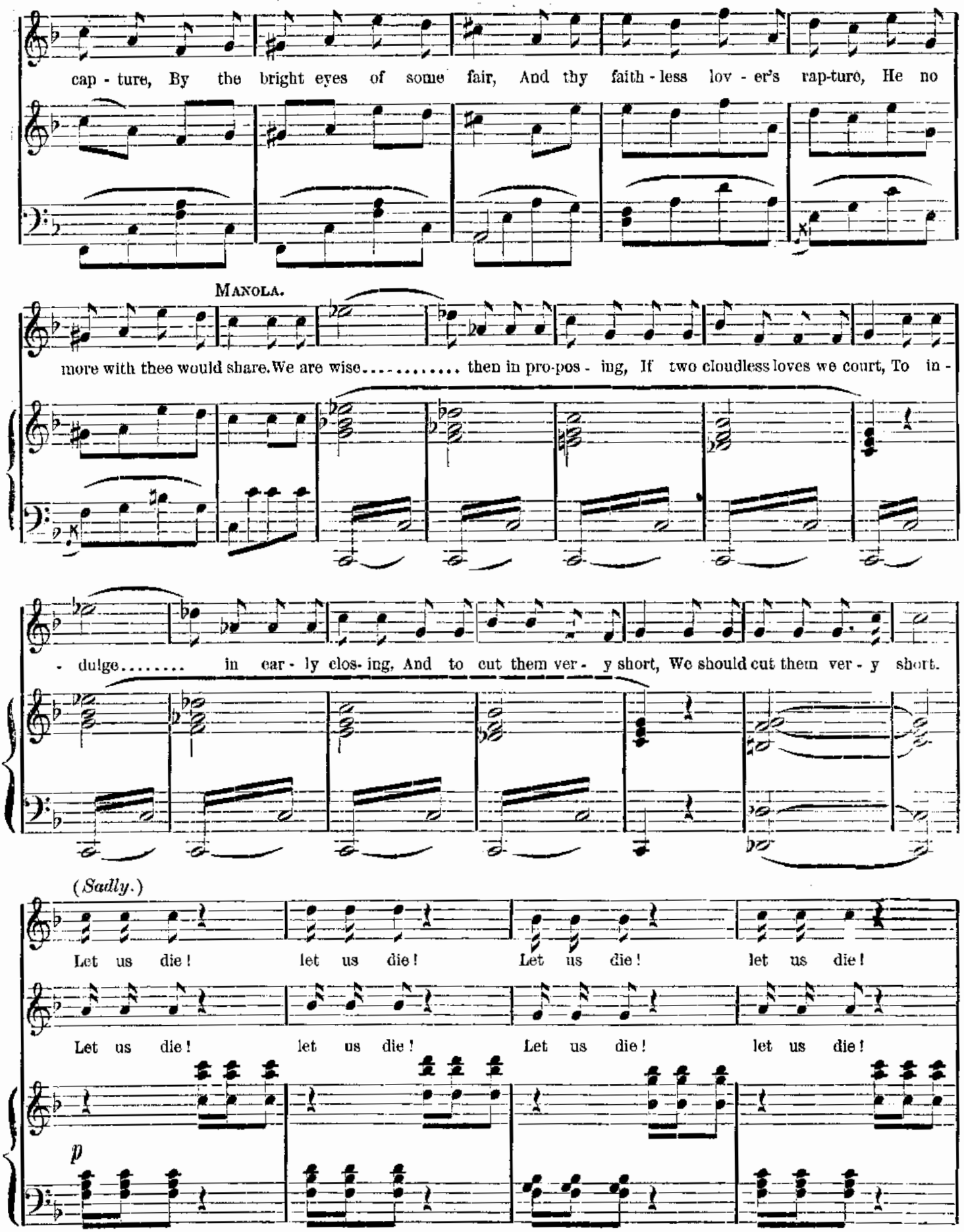
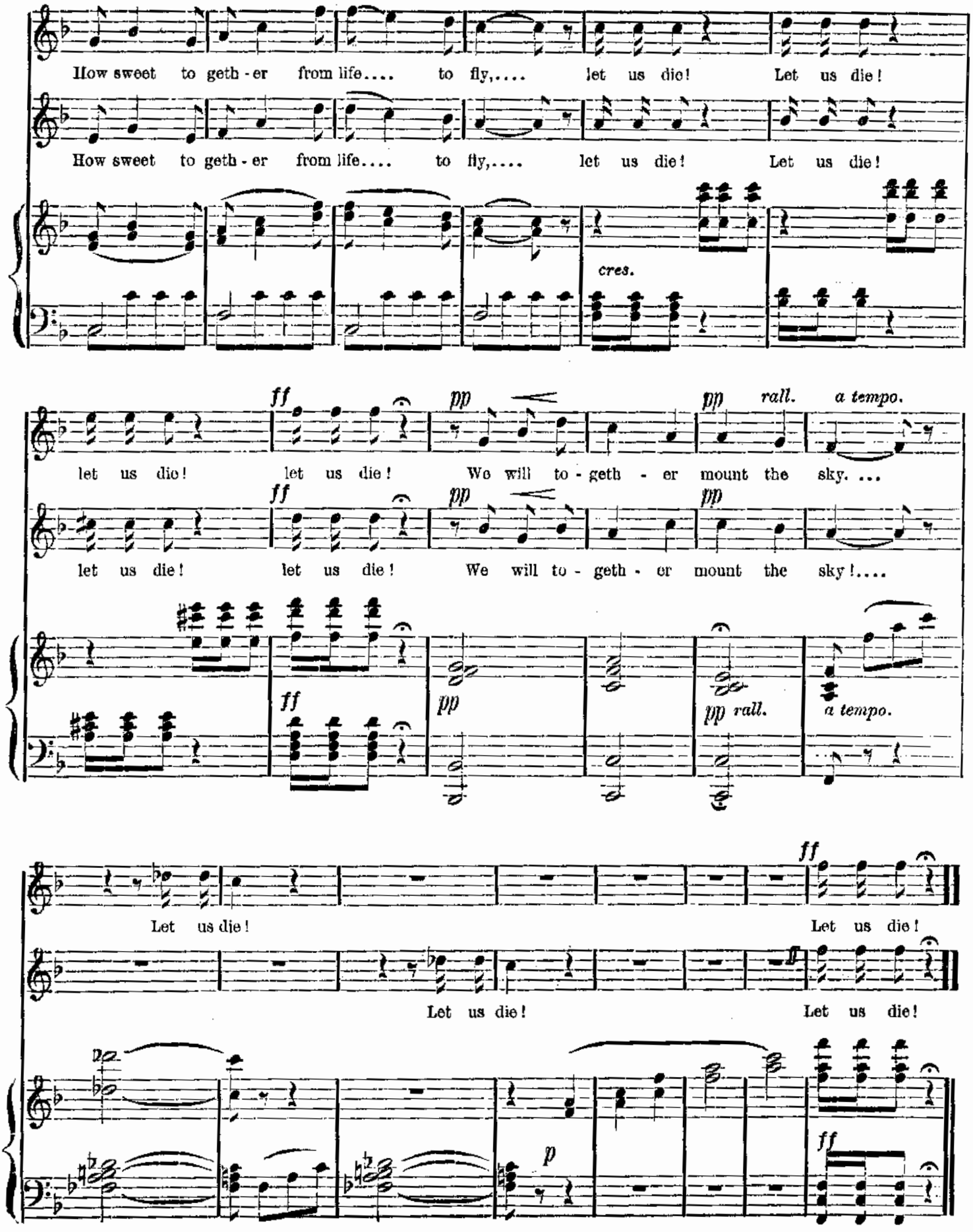

cres. ed animato.
Let us die, Let us die, Let us die! We will to-
cres. ed animato.
Let us die, Let us die! We will to-
cres cen do.
pp rall.
A tempo.
- geth - er mount the sky!..... In the fu - ture they will
pp rall.
- geth - er mount the sky!.....
A tempo.
pp rall.
make us, Lov - ers an ex - am - ple give; For a mod - el they will take us, And in sto - ry we shall


live.
They will say, though fate betray'd them, Lov- ing heart so clung to heart, That no urg - ing could per-
And their spir - - its, re - u - ni - ted, The same
- suade them, Their fond lives to live a - part.
mo - ment sail'd a - bove, Feel - ing they..... were well re - qui - ted, In pre-


(sadly.)
- serv - ing such a love, In pre - serv - ing such a love! Let us die,
(sadly.)
Let us die,
p
Let us die, Let us die, Let us die! How sweet to - gether from
Let us die, Let us die, Let us die! How sweet to - gether from
cres.
life to fly!.... Let us die, Let us die! Let us die,
cres.
life to fly!.... Let us die, Let us die! Let us die,
cres.


ff
pp
pp rall.
Let us die! We will to - geth - er mount the sky.....
ff
pp
pp rall.
Let us die! We will to - geth - er mount the sky.....
ff
pp rall.
MANOLA. a tempo.
And life, why should we re - gret it, Since in com - pa - ny we die. Lat - er
a tempo.
f
MIGUEL.
on I should co - quette it, Or nightly for a - noth - er sigh. Then I too might yield to


cap - ture, By the bright eyes of some fair, And thy faith - less lov - er's rap-ture, He no
MANOLA.
more with thee would share. We are wise..... then in pro-pos - ing, If two cloudless loves we court, To in -
- dulge..... in ear - ly clos- ing, And to cut them ver - y short, We should cut them ver - y short.
(Sadly.)
Let us die! let us die! Let us die! let us die!
Let us die! let us die! Let us die! let us die!
p


How sweet to geth - er from life.... to fly,.... let us die! Let us die!
How sweet to geth - er from life.... to fly,.... let us die! Let us die!
cres.
let us die! let us die! We will to - geth - er mount the sky. ...
let us die! let us die! We will to - geth - er mount the sky!....
ff
pp
pp rall.
a tempo.
Let us die! Let us die!
Let us die! Let us die!
p

(*At the end of the Duet, they hesitate a moment, and end by turning their backs to each other with fear. Night has gradually come on, and the stage is only lighted by the moon shining through the windows.*)

MAN. (*Feebly.*) Well—well—begin! (*Gives him dagger.*)

MIG. Yes; it must be so! (*Noise outside.*)

MAN. Some one is coming!

MIG. (*Breathes freely.*) I like that much better!

DEGOMEZ. (*Outside.*) What! No one to receive us? This way, Baroness!

MIG. (*Looking off.*) It is Cousin Degomez, with the real Baroness!

MAN. That settles it! It is useless to struggle longer!

(*Enter* DEGOMEZ, C.)

DEG. (*As he enters.*) This way, Madame. Oh, I am so tired! If that confounded post-chaise had condescended to break down nearer—but two leagues away! It was dreadful! This way!

(*Enter* BEATRIX, C.)

BEA. This is pleasant! Not a light—not a person to receive me!

MAN. (*Aside to* MIG.) I know that voice, surely!

BEA. What can it all mean? (DEG. *is standing fast asleep.*) Cousin Degomez! He does not answer. He is fast asleep! (*Shouts.*) Cousin!

DEG. (*Starts.*) Eh? What is it? I wasn't!

BEA. What does this all mean?

DEG. Perhaps they are all asleep.

BEA. Asleep! That would be the finishing touch! If my late husband had treated me so!——

MAN. (*Aside.*) Her late husband! [*Tries to see* BEATRIX'S *face.*

BEA. You told me that Don Braseiro was the most attentive of men. You have deceived me! (DEG. *asleep again.*) I say you have deceived me! (*Shouts.*) Cousin! Are you asleep too?

DEG. (*Waking with a start.*) I? Never! (*Falls in arm-chair.*) I can't sleep! (*Falls asleep.*)

BEA. (*Impatiently.*) This neglect is unpardonable!

MAN. (*Sees* BEATRIX'S *face in light.*) Ah! Beatrix!

BEA. (*Turns with surprise.*) Eh! Manola! You here!

MIG. You know each other?

BEA. Yes. Ever since her arrival in Lisbon. We were neighbors. Manola came to see me every day. She is my little protegée.

MIG. Then we are saved, if you will consent to aid us!

BEA. Aid you? What do you mean?

MIG. I will tell you. [DEG. *snores.*] But we will first dispense with your cousin. [*Shakes* DEG.] Degomez!

DEG. [*Waking with a start.*] I wasn't! Eh! Miguel. Is all right?

MIG. Yes. But retire; you will feel more at home in bed.

DEG. Well, I will not refuse. I haven't slept a wink for two nights [*Going.*] I leave the Baroness in your keeping. Agh! [*Yawns and exit.*]

MIG. (*Quickly.*) Now for the whole business in two words. You think you are the baroness? You are not.

BEA. (*Surprised.*) Not? (*Angrily.*) Explain yourself!

MAN. I am the baroness. That is, for the present. I am pursued by that horrid old Calabazas. He was about to carry me away. I was lost. Then as you had not arrived, it occurred to me take your place, in order to escape him. I did take your place. I am the baroness.

MIG. And to all the world but you, she must remain so until to-morrow morning.

BEA. And the Baron?

MIG. To the Baron, above all.

BEA. But, Manola—impossible!

MIG. Leave it to me. I have a plan!

BEA. Oh, indeed! And this plan?

MIG. You will go to him, but he will think it is Manola.

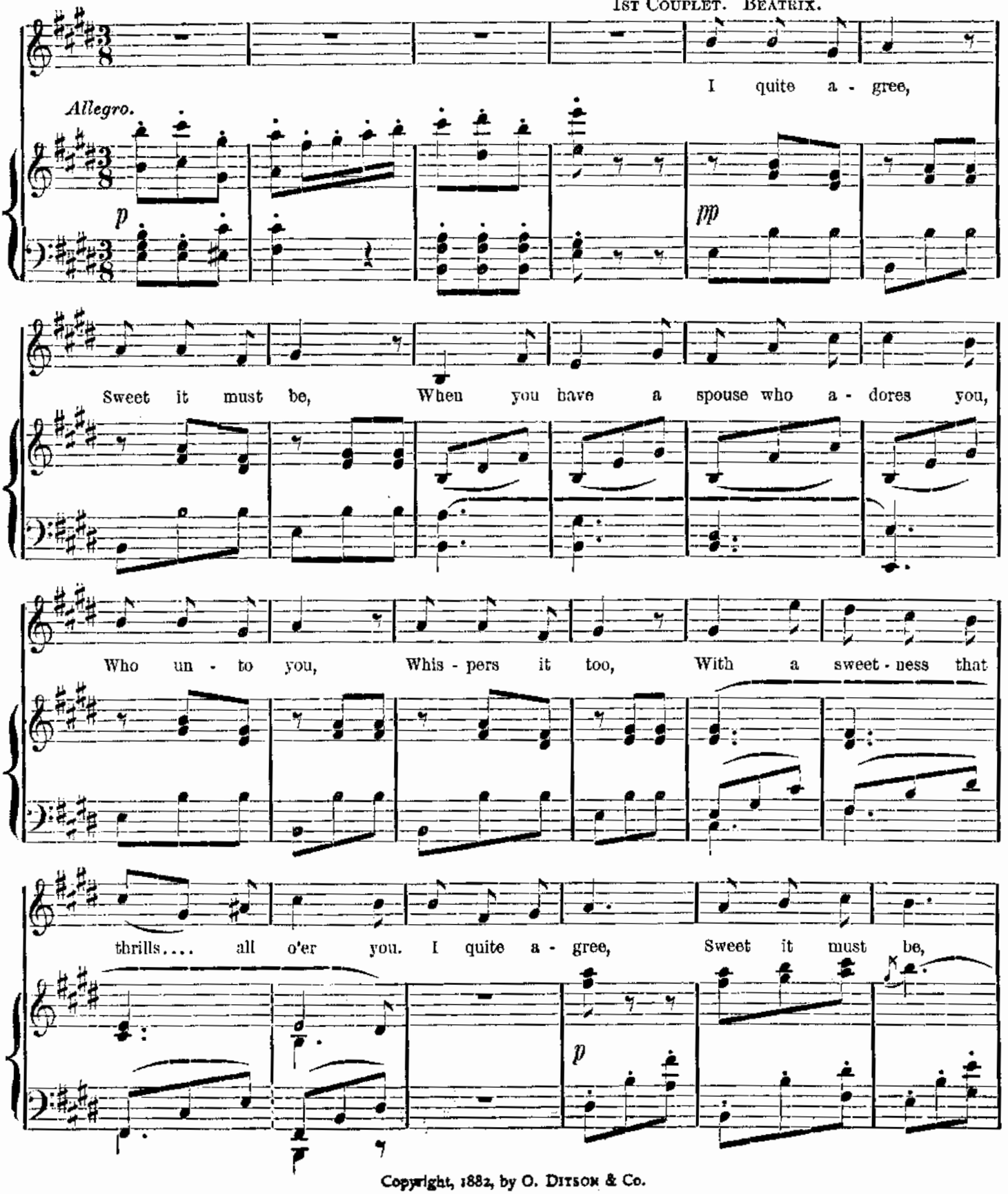
BEA. (*Sarcastically.*) Indeed! How very pleasant!

WHEN HE TAKES YOU FOR ANOTHER.

No. 8. COUPLETS.

Beatrix.

1st Couplet. Beatrix.



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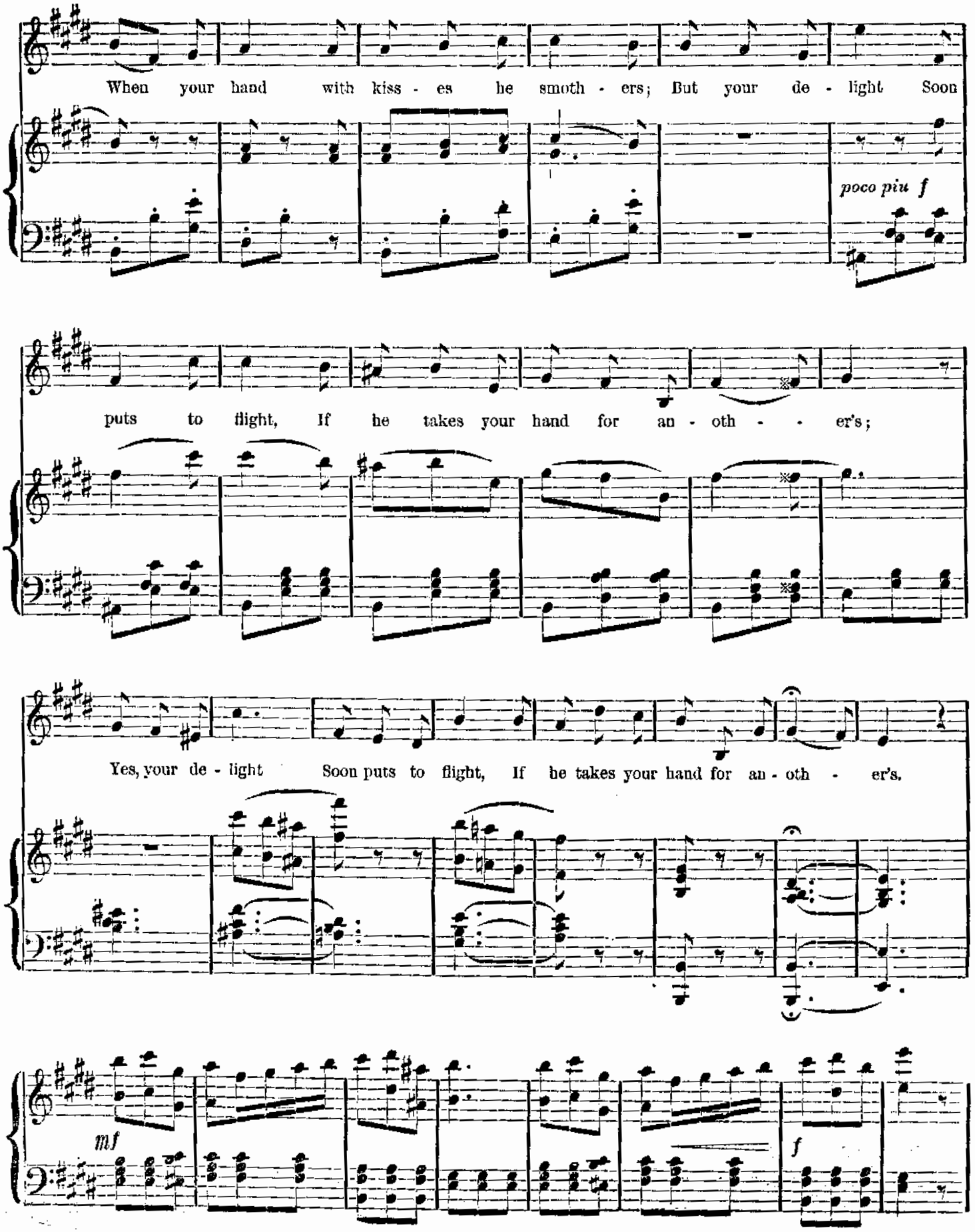
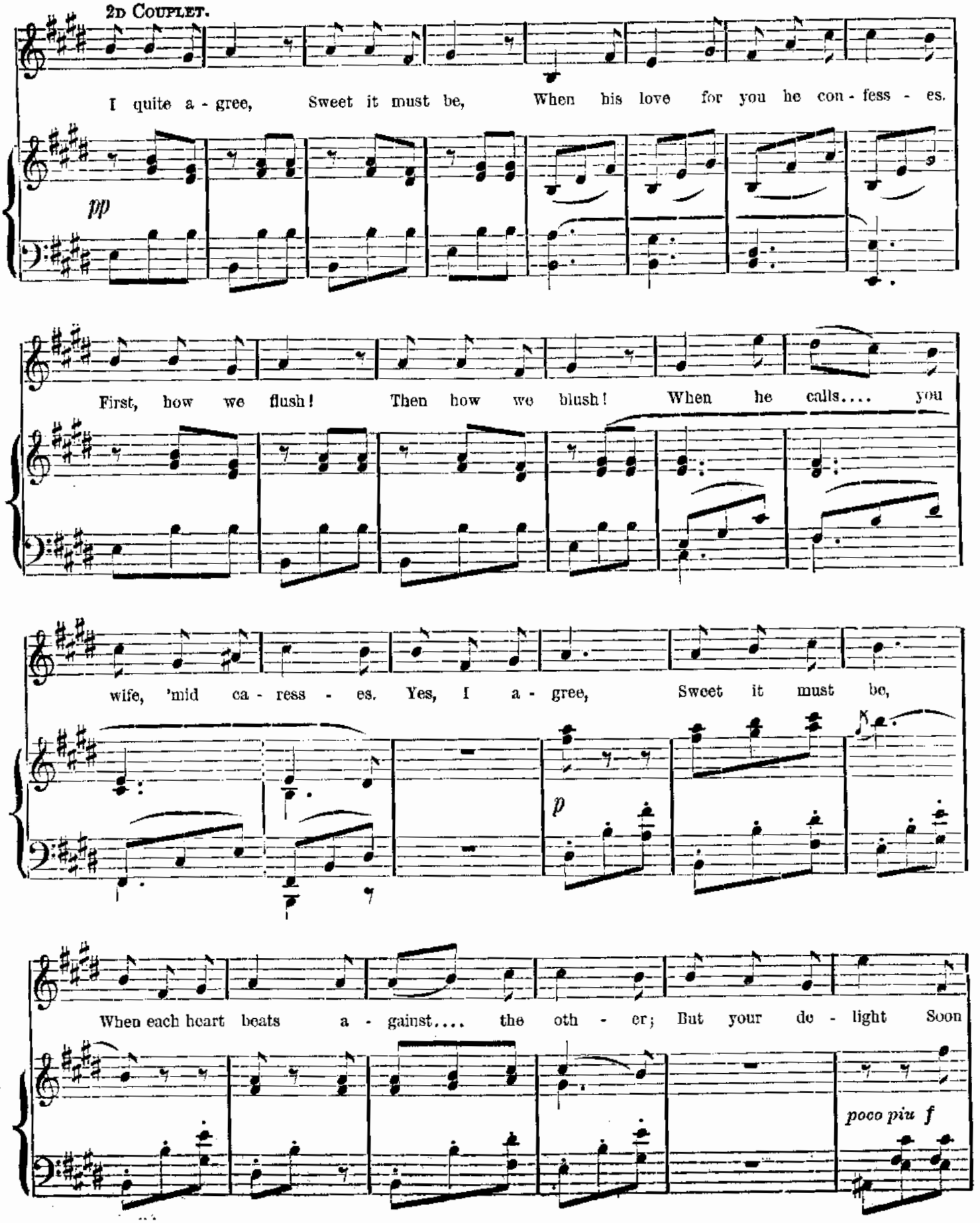
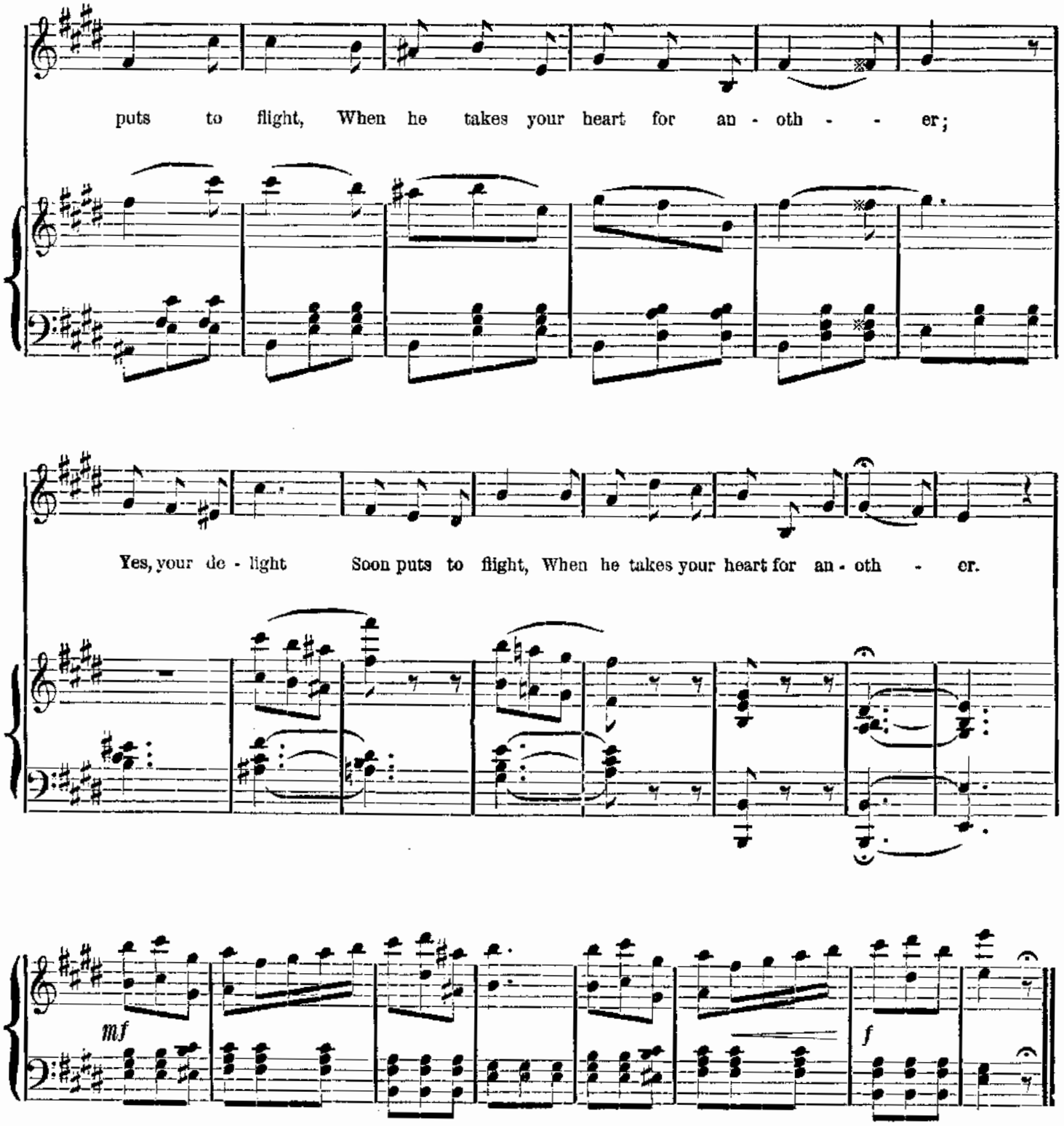

When your hand with kiss - es he smoth - ers; But your de - light Soon
poco piu f
puts to flight, If he takes your hand for an - oth - - er's;
Yes, your de - light Soon puts to flight, If he takes your hand for an - oth - er's.
mf
f

2D COUPLET.

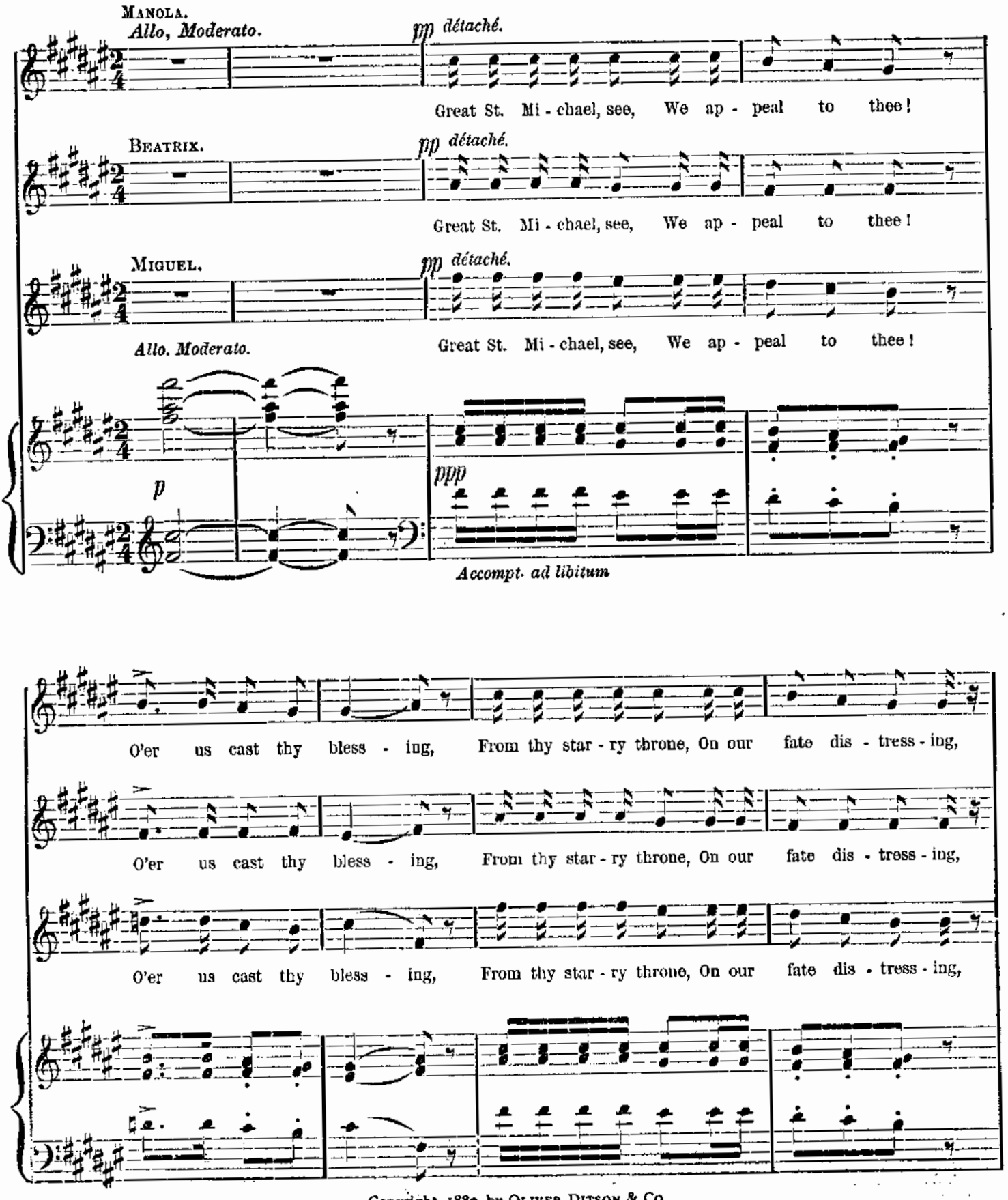

I quite a - gree, Sweet it must be, When his love for you he con - fess - es.
pp
First, how we flush! Then how we blush! When he calls.... you
wife, 'mid ca - ress - es. Yes, I a - gree, Sweet it must be,
p
When each heart beats a - gainst.... the oth - er; But your de - light Soon
poco piu f



MANOLA. (*disappointed.*) Then you refuse?
BEATRIX. I do not say that. Let me hear this plan first.
MIGUEL. You see that picture of St. Michael? Well, beneath it is a panel, opening into the apartments of the baron and yourself, the secret of which I alone possess. When the attendants come to seek the baroness, Manola will go with them.
MAN. (*offended,*) Indeed, I will not.
MIG. Once there, she will insist that the lights be extinguished.
MAN. & BEA. And then——
MIG. And then the panel will open noiselessly, the false baroness will leave the room, and the real one will enter it.
BEA. But if the baron should suspect the trick.
MIG. He will not; besides, we will trust to St. Michael to protect us.
MAN. If we ask him very politely, I don't see how he can refuse.

FINALE.

No. 9. FINALE AND BALLAD OF THE MOON.



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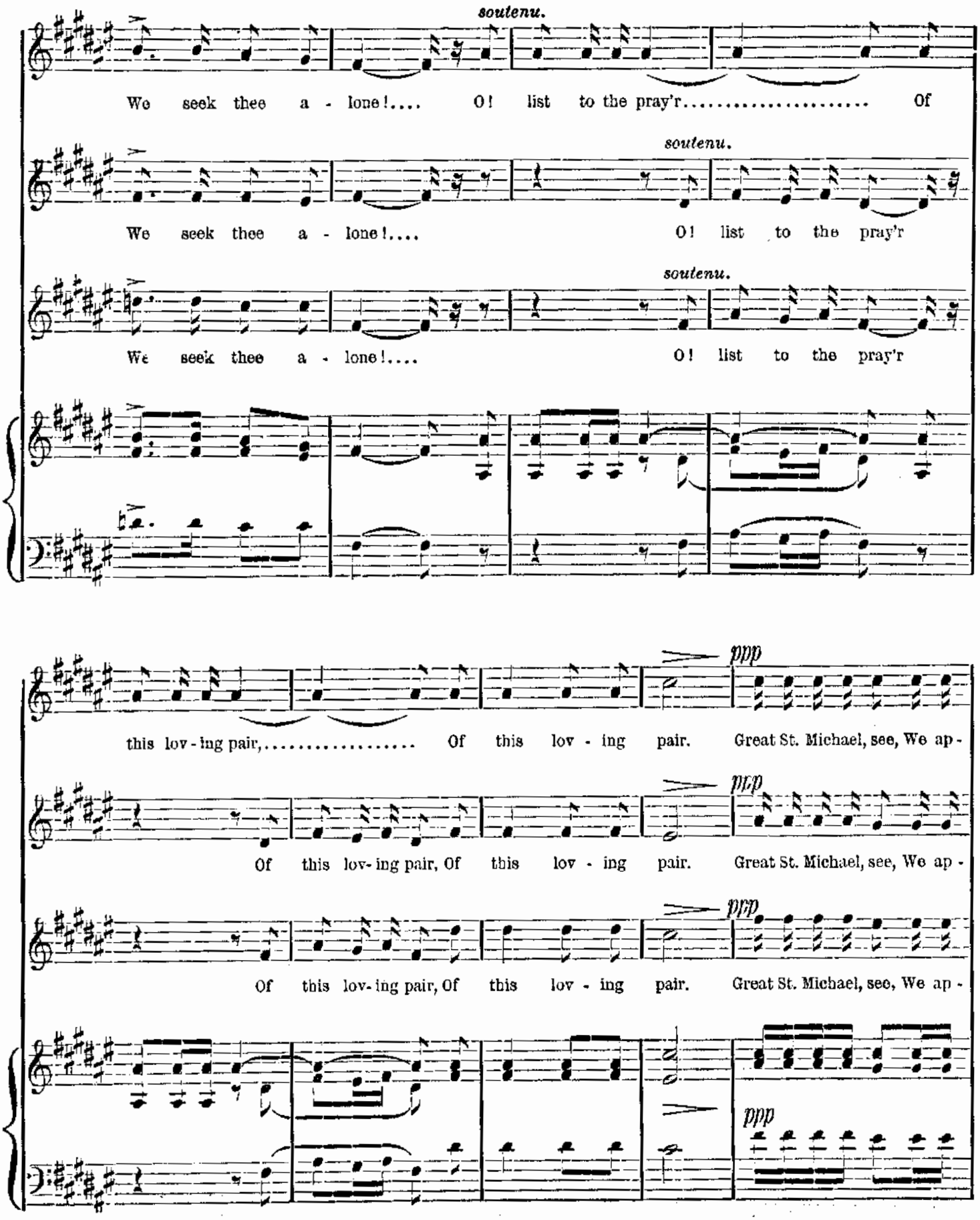
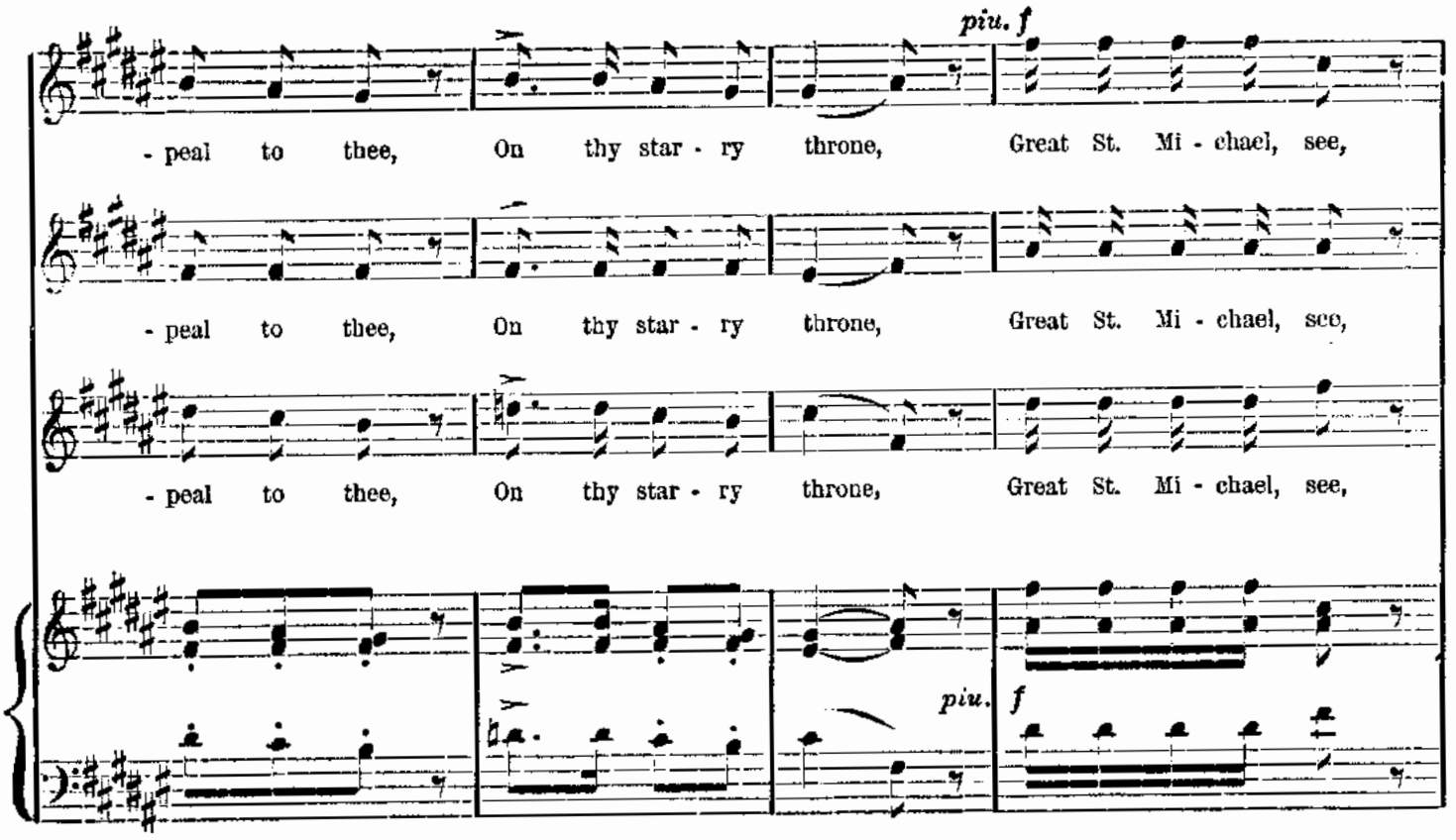
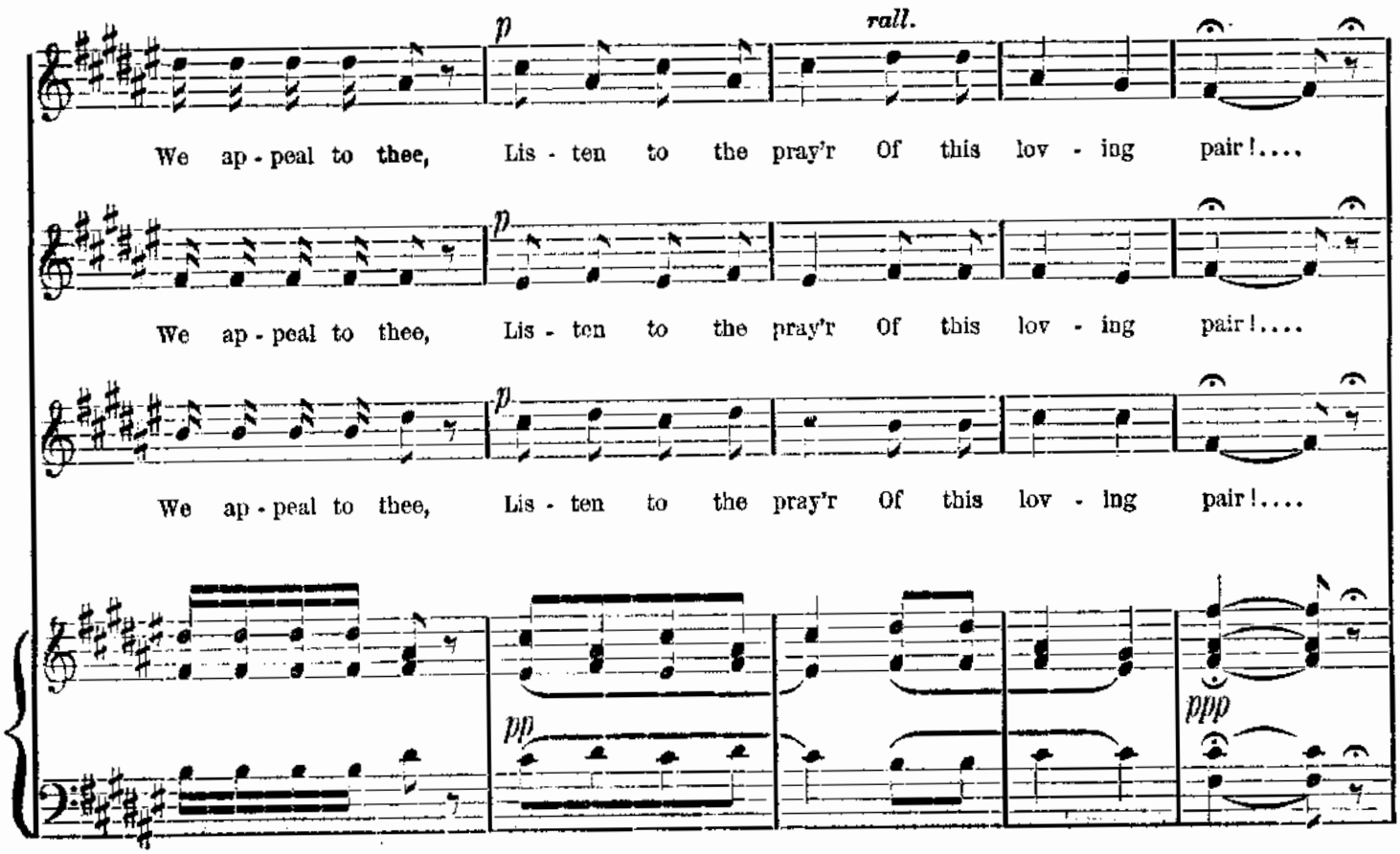
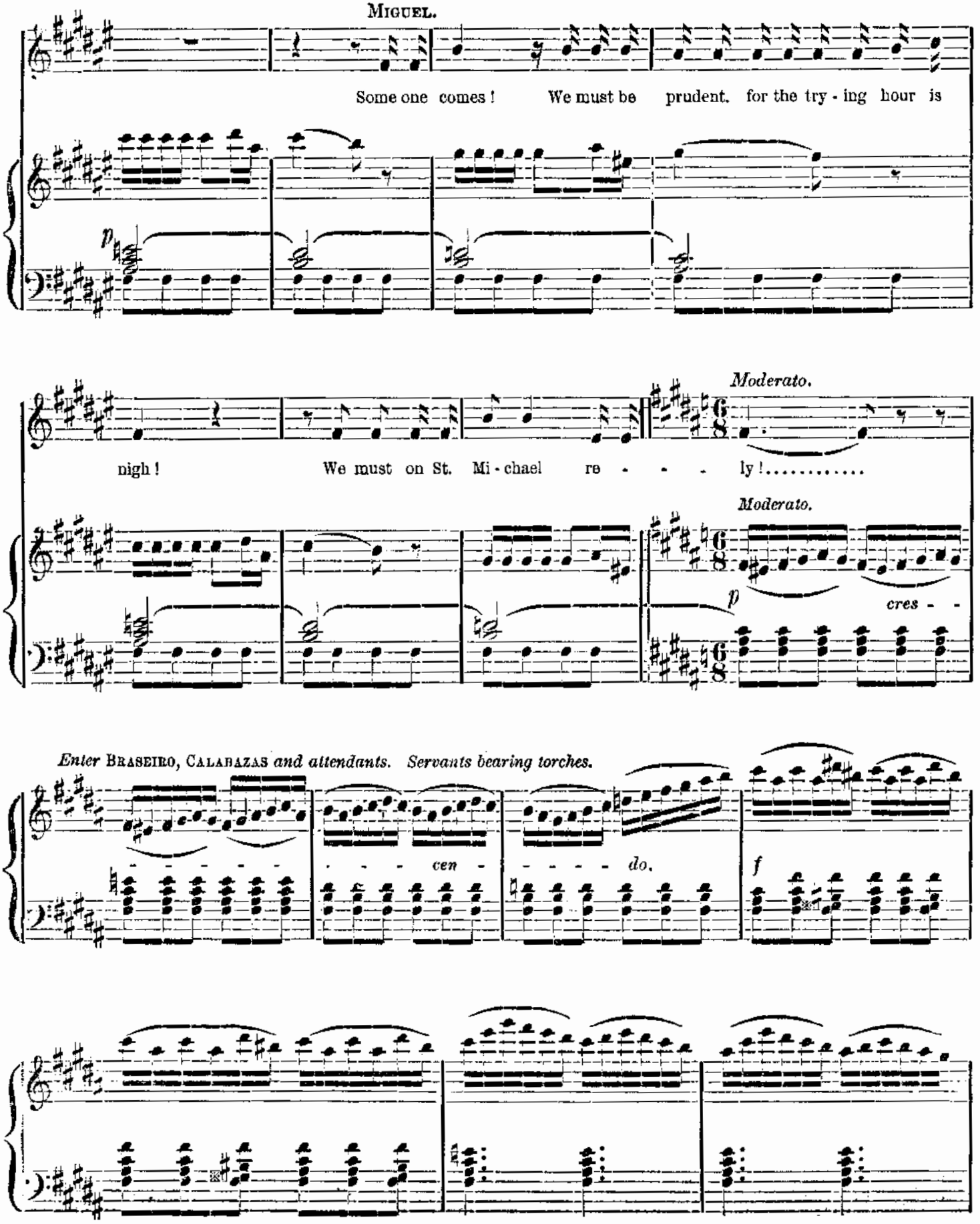
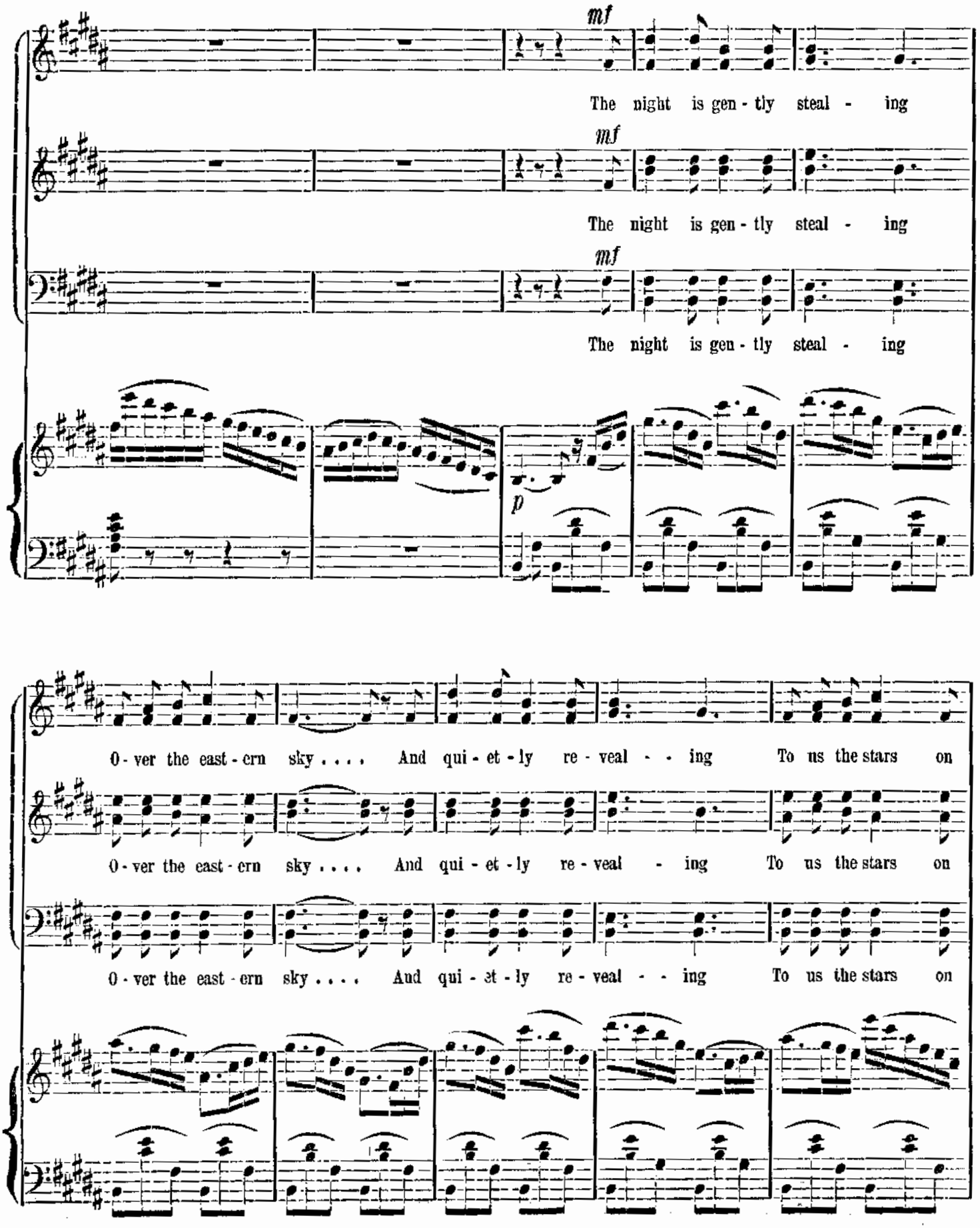
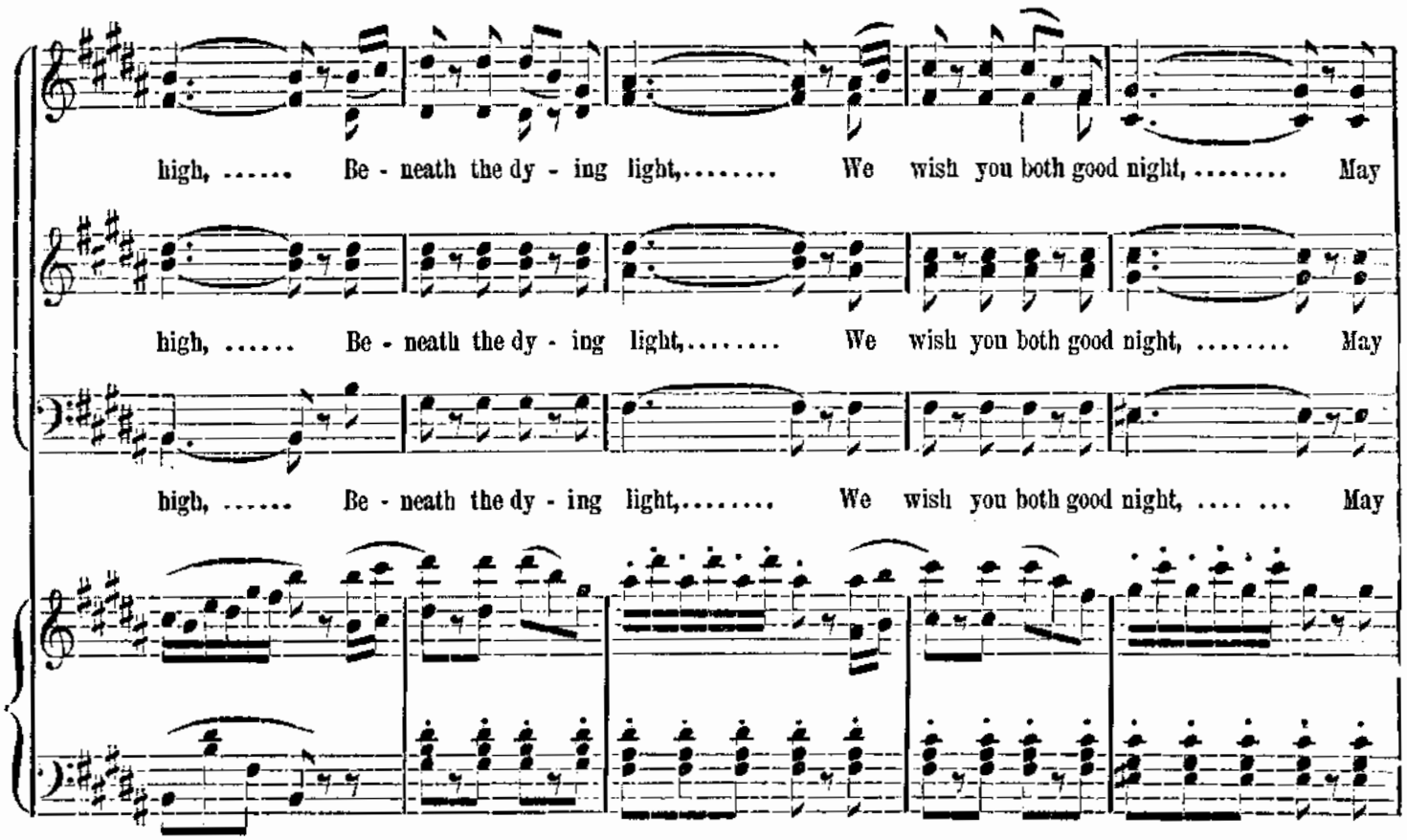

soutenu.
We seek thee a - lone!.... O! list to the pray'r..... Of
soutenu.
We seek thee a - lone!.... O! list to the pray'r
soutenu.
We seek thee a - lone!.... O! list to the pray'r
ppp
this lov - ing pair,..... Of this lov - ing pair. Great St. Michael, see, We ap -
pp
Of this lov - ing pair, Of this lov - ing pair. Great St. Michael, see, We ap -
pp
Of this lov - ing pair, Of this lov - ing pair. Great St. Michael, see, We ap -
ppp

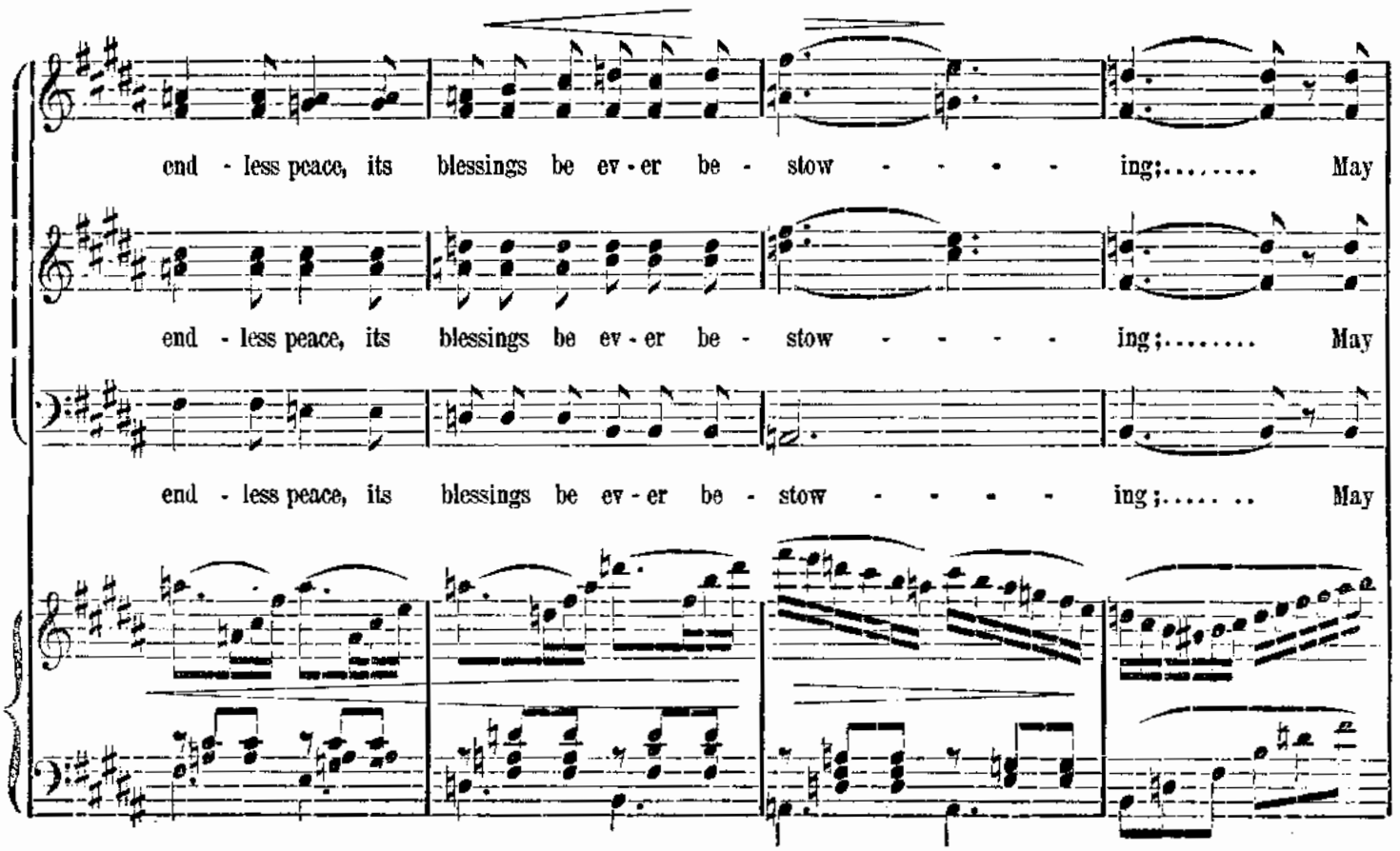

piu. f
- peal to thee, On thy star - ry throne, Great St. Mi - chael, see,
- peal to thee, On thy star - ry throne, Great St. Mi - chael, see,
- peal to thee, On thy star - ry throne, Great St. Mi - chael, see,
piu. f

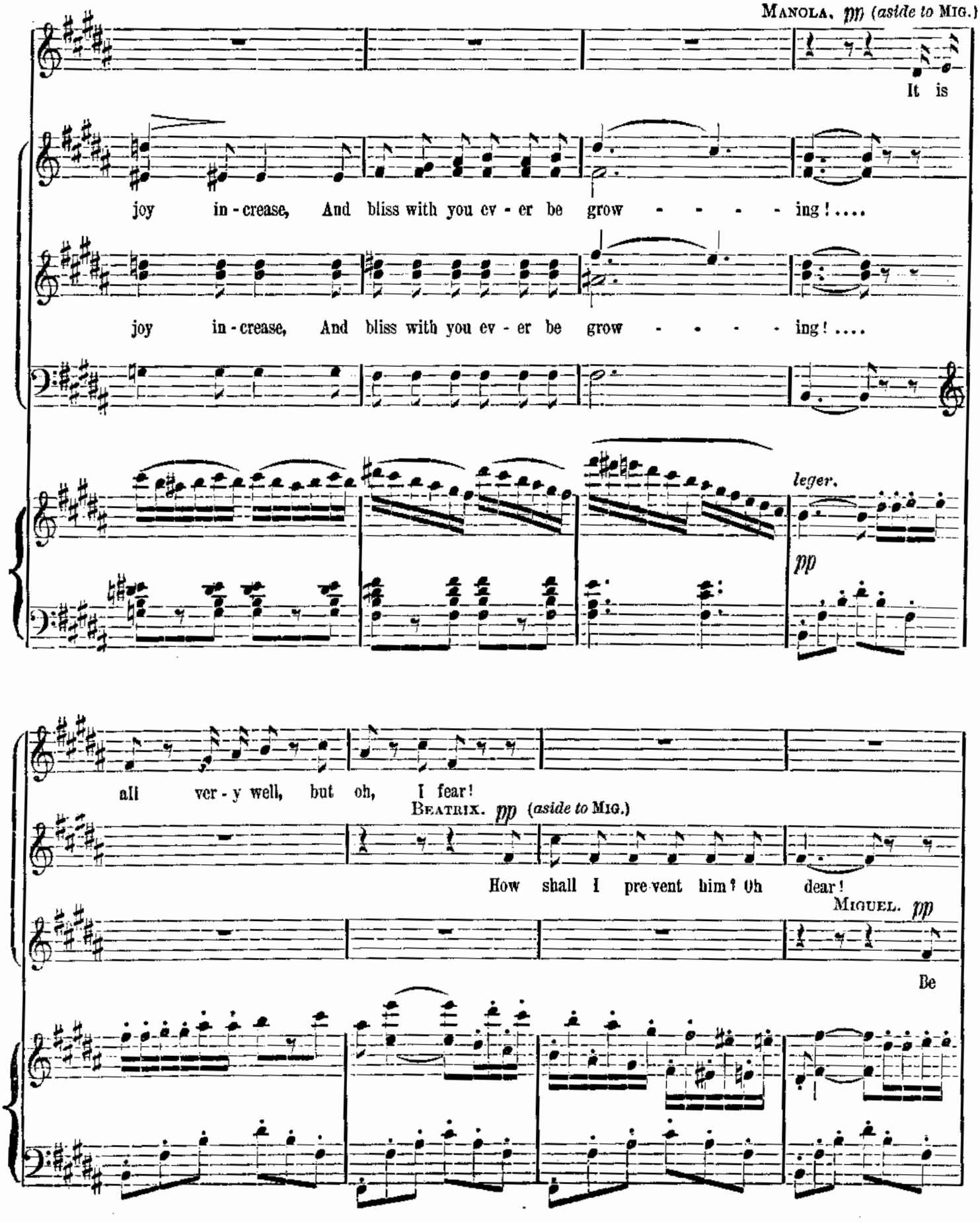

p
rall.
We ap - peal to thee, Lis - ten to the pray'r Of this lov - ing pair!....
We ap - peal to thee, Lis - ten to the pray'r Of this lov - ing pair!....
We ap - peal to thee, Lis - ten to the pray'r Of this lov - ing pair!....
pp
ppp


MIGUEL.
Some one comes ! We must be prudent. for the try - ing hour is
p
nigh ! We must on St. Mi - chael re - - - - ly !.....
Moderato.
Moderato.
p
cres - -
Enter BRASEIRO, CALABAZAS and attendants. Servants bearing torches.
- - - - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
f


mf
The night is gen - tly steal - ing
mf
The night is gen - tly steal - ing
mf
The night is gen - tly steal - ing
p
O - ver the east - ern sky . . . . And qui - et - ly re - veal - - ing To us the stars on
O - ver the east - ern sky . . . . And qui - et - ly re - veal - ing To us the stars on
O - ver the east - ern sky . . . . And qui - et - ly re - veal - - ing To us the stars on


high, ... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good night, ... May
high, ... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good night, ... May
high, ... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good night, ... May


end - less peace, its blessings be ev - er be - stow - - - - ing;..... May
end - less peace, its blessings be ev - er be - stow - - - - ing;..... May
end - less peace, its blessings be ev - er be - stow - - - - ing;..... .. May


MANOLA. pp (aside to MIG.)
It is
joy in - crease, And bliss with you ev - er be grow - - - - - ing! ....
joy in - crease, And bliss with you ev - er be grow - - - - - ing! ....
leger.
pp
all ver - y well, but oh, I fear!
BEATRIX. pp (aside to MIG.)
How shall I pre-vent him? Oh dear!
MIGUEL. pp
Be

BRASEIRO.

still; Place on me your re - li-ance; I have a plan that will bid him de - fiance. Tell me, prince, in a

CALABAZAS. BRASEIRO.

word, Do you not find her charming? I do. Be not absurd; Be not ab - surd. What a form! what a

CALABAZAS. (*aside.*) BRASEIRO.

face! Such a fool is a - larming! What an eye! what a grace!

f

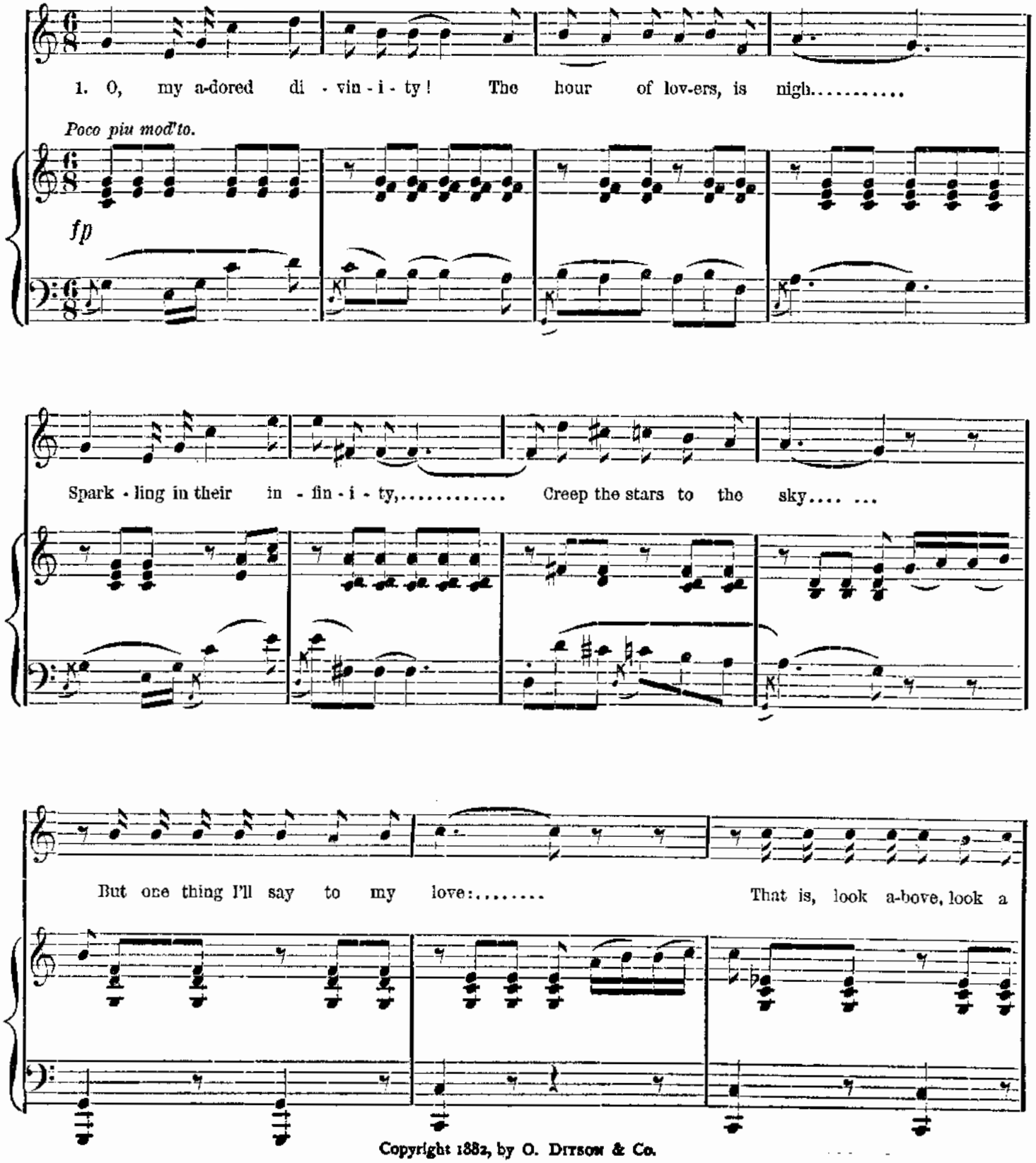
pressez.

f à volanté. *dim.*

BALLAD OF THE MOON.

Poco piu Mod'to

BRASEIRO.



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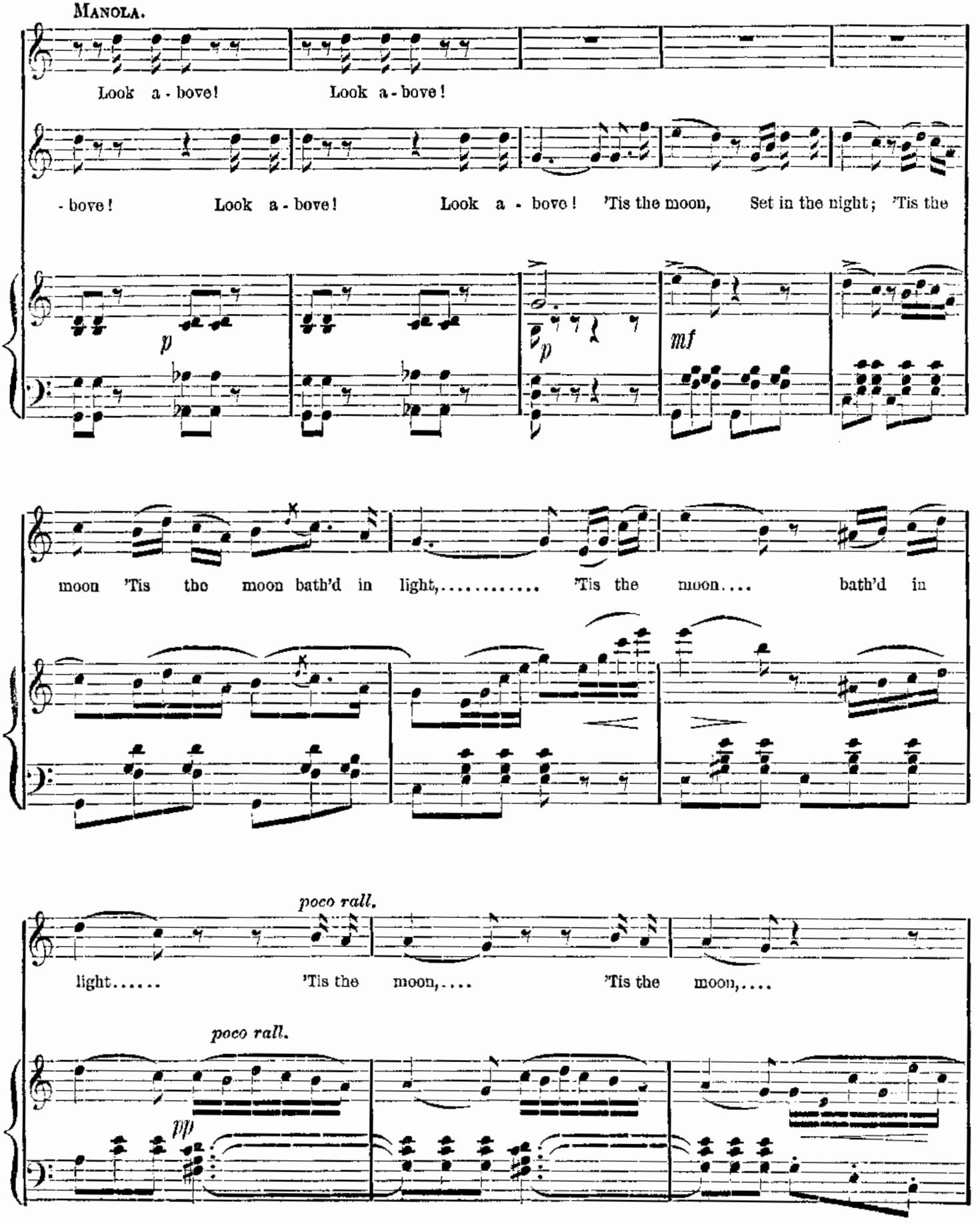

MANOLA.
Look a - bove! Look a - bove!
- bove! Look a - bove! Look a - bove! 'Tis the moon, Set in the night; 'Tis the
p
p
mf
moon 'Tis the moon bath'd in light,..... 'Tis the moon.... bath'd in
poco rall.
light..... 'Tis the moon,.... 'Tis the moon,....
poco rall.
pp

The Servants and Chorus.

'Tis..... the moon, the moon.....

'Tis..... the moon, the moon.....

'Tis the moon.....

ff

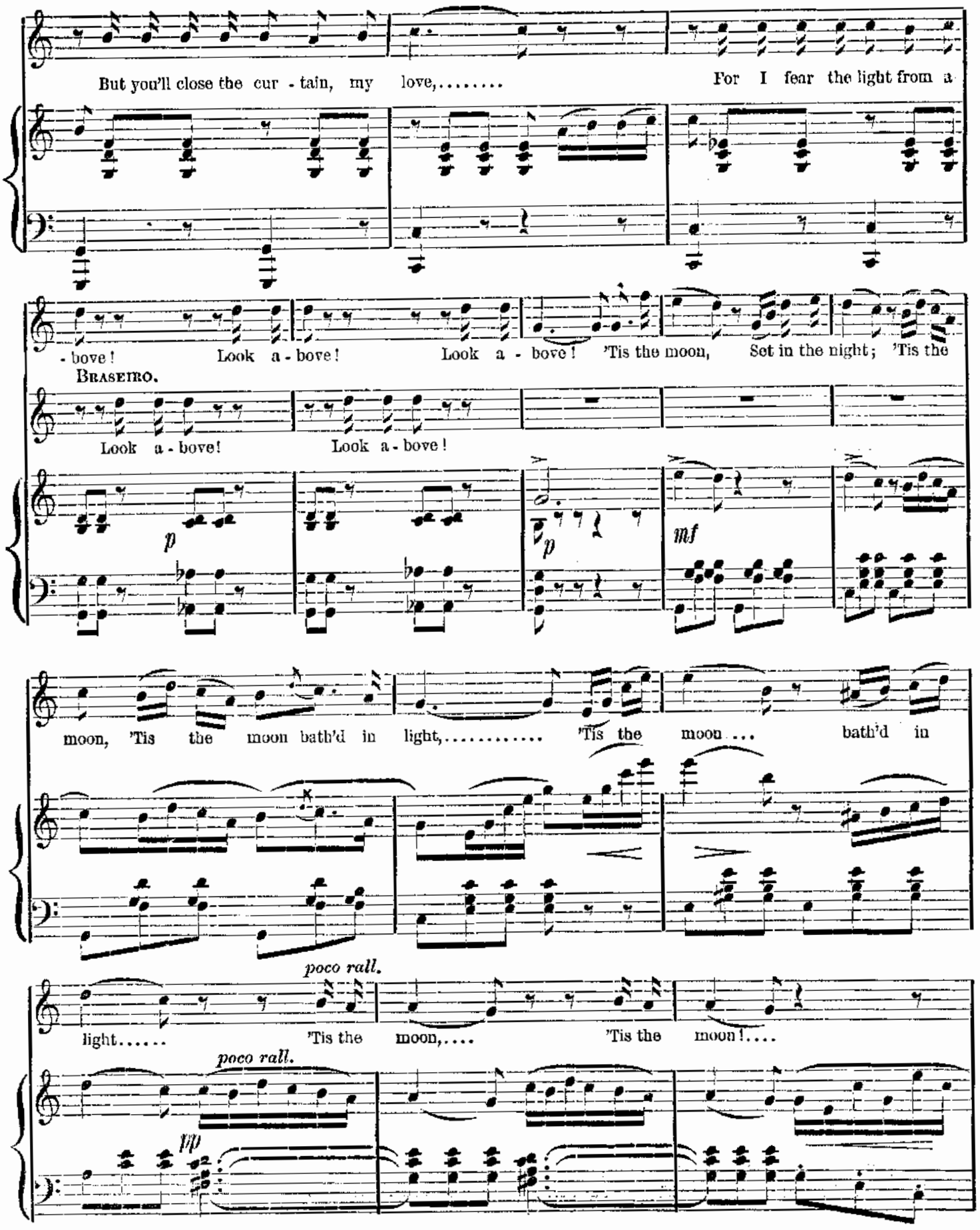
8

MANOLA.

2. Yes, her en-tire o - be - di - ence, The wife to her husband doth owe;.....

fp

There-fore, with all ex - pe - di - ence, With you do I will - ing - ly go.....


But you'll close the cur - tain, my love,.....
For I fear the light from a
- bove! Look a - bove! Look a - bove! 'Tis the moon, Set in the night; 'Tis the
BRASEIRO.
Look a - bove! Look a - bove!
p
p
mf
moon, 'Tis the moon bath'd in light,..... 'Tis the moon ... bath'd in
poco rall.
light..... 'Tis the moon,.... 'Tis the moon!....
poco rall.
pp

The Servants and Chorus.

f

'Tis..... the moon, the moon.... .....

f

'Tis..... the moon, the moon.....

f

'Tis the moon.....

ff

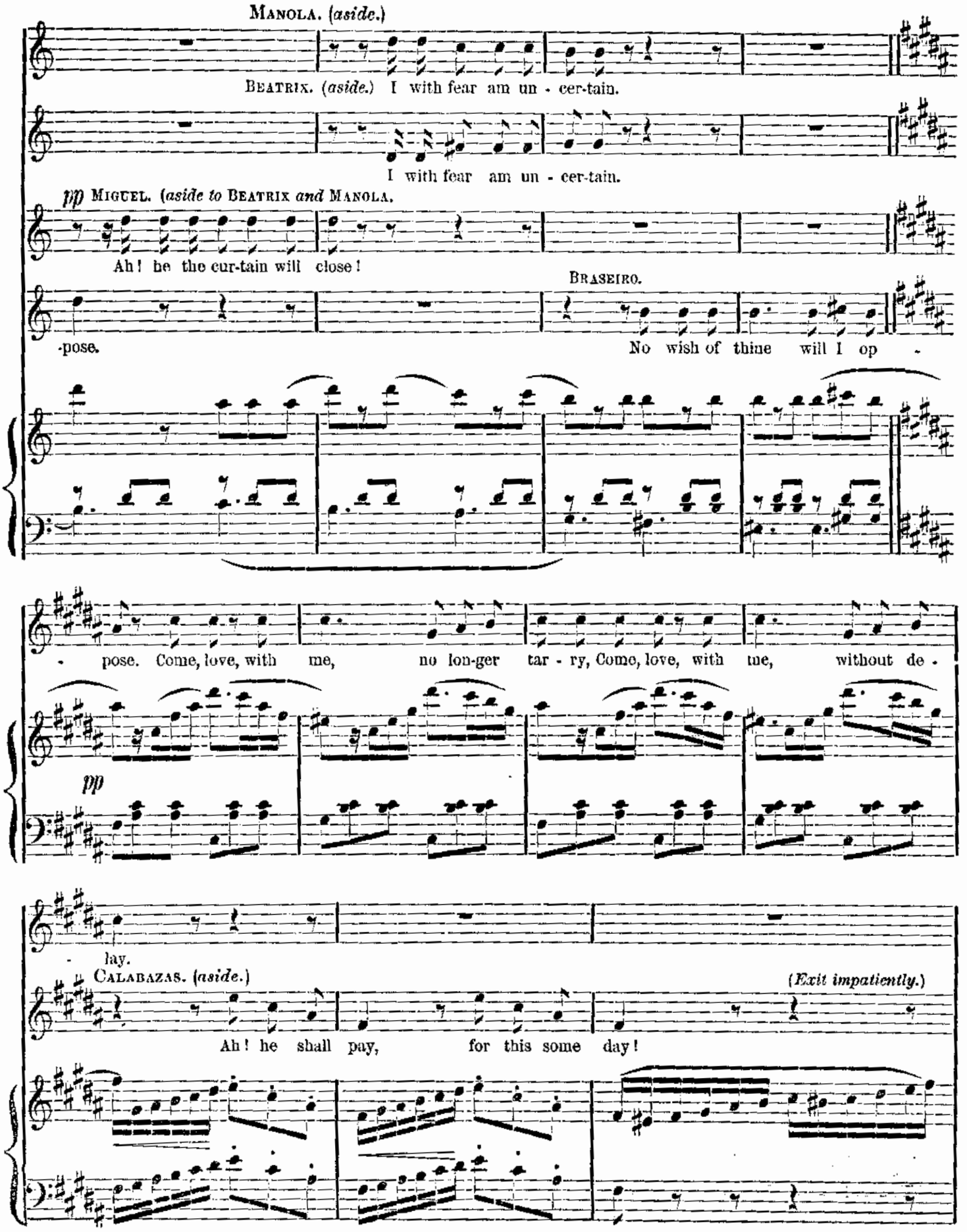
8

f

BRASEIRO (*to* MANOLA.)

Fear not my love, I'll close the cur - tain, Noth-ing shall mar thy sweet re-

p


MANOLA. (aside.)
BEATRIX. (aside.) I with fear am un - cer-tain.
I with fear am un - cer-tain.
pp MIGUEL. (aside to BEATRIX and MANOLA.
Ah! be the cur-tain will close!
-pose.
BRASEIRO.
No wish of thine will I op -
- pose. Come, love, with me, no lon-ger tar - ry, Come, love, with me, without de -
pp
- lay.
CALABAZAS. (aside.)
(Exit impatiently.)
Ah! he shall pay, for this some day!

(*Exeunt* MANOLA *and* BRASEIRO.)

1o. *tempo.* *mf*

The night is gent - ly steal - ing, O - ver the east - ern

mf

The night is gent - ly steal - ing, O - ver the east - ern

mf

The night is gent - ly steal - ing, O - ver the east - ern

1o. *Tempo.*

mf

sky..... And qui - et - ly re - veal - - ing, To us the stars on

sky..... And qui - et - ly re - veal - - ing, To us the stars on

sky..... And qui - et - ly re - veal - - ing, To us the stars on

Chorus begins to Exeunt gradually.

high,..... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good

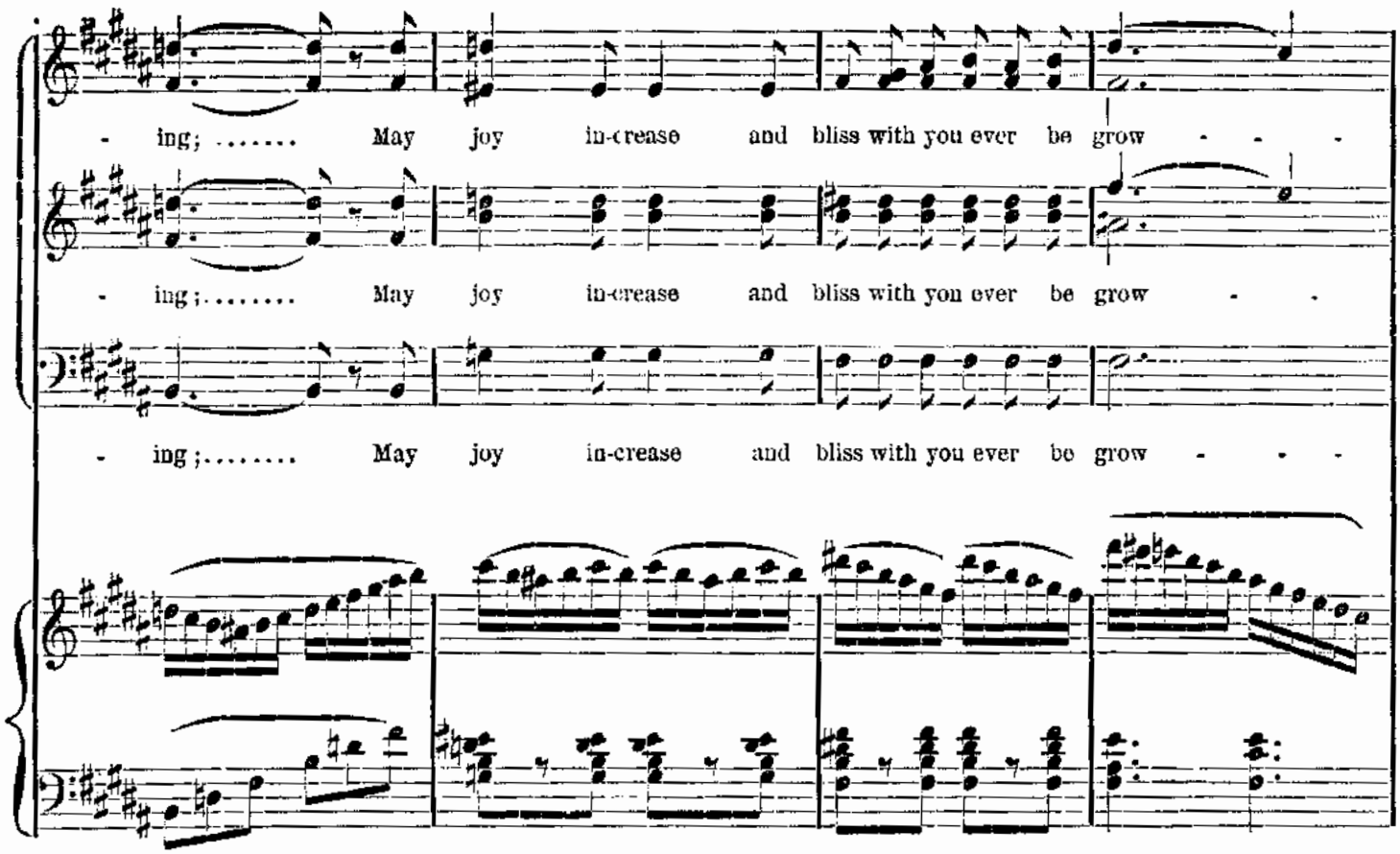
high,..... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good

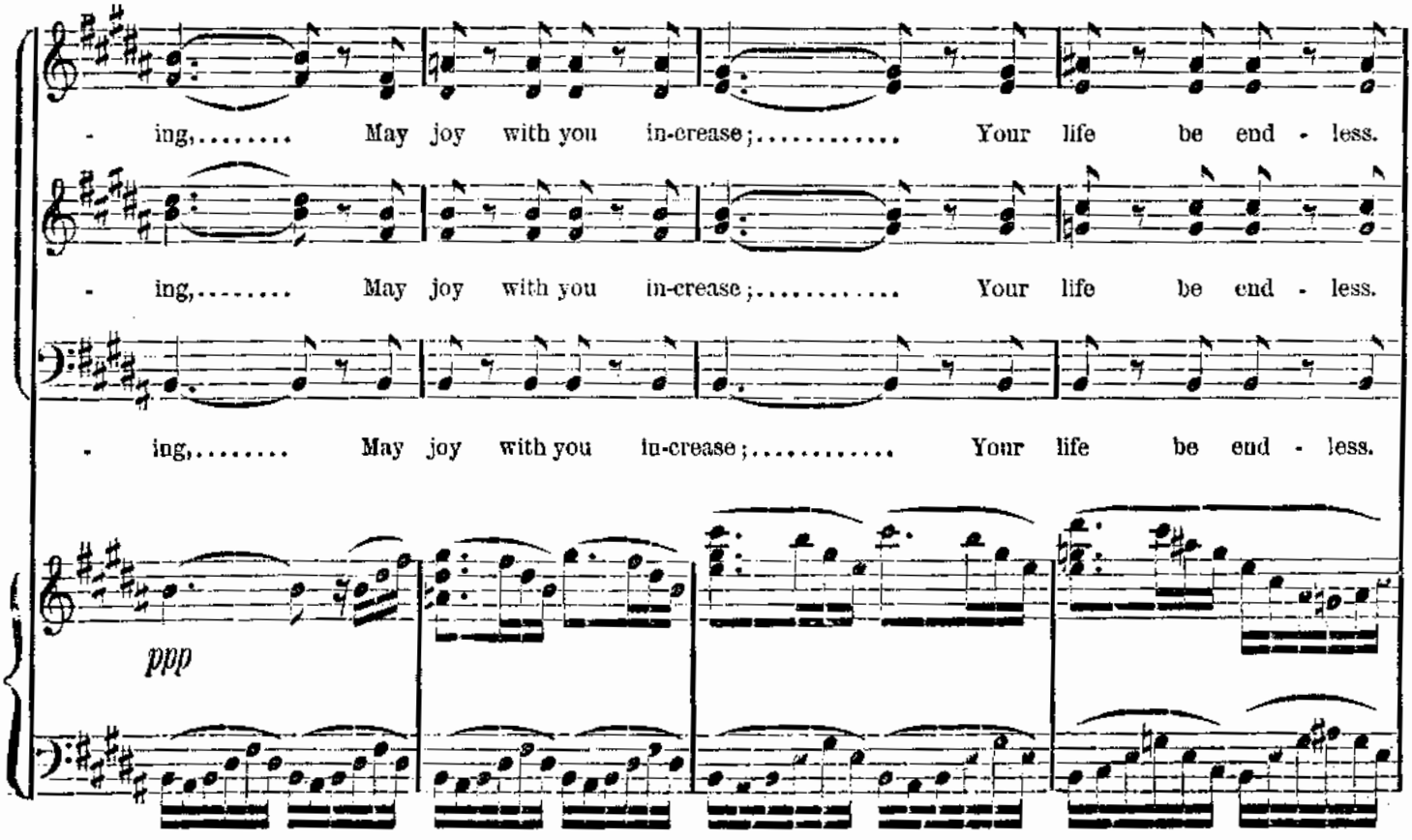
high,..... Be - neath the dy - ing light,..... We wish you both good

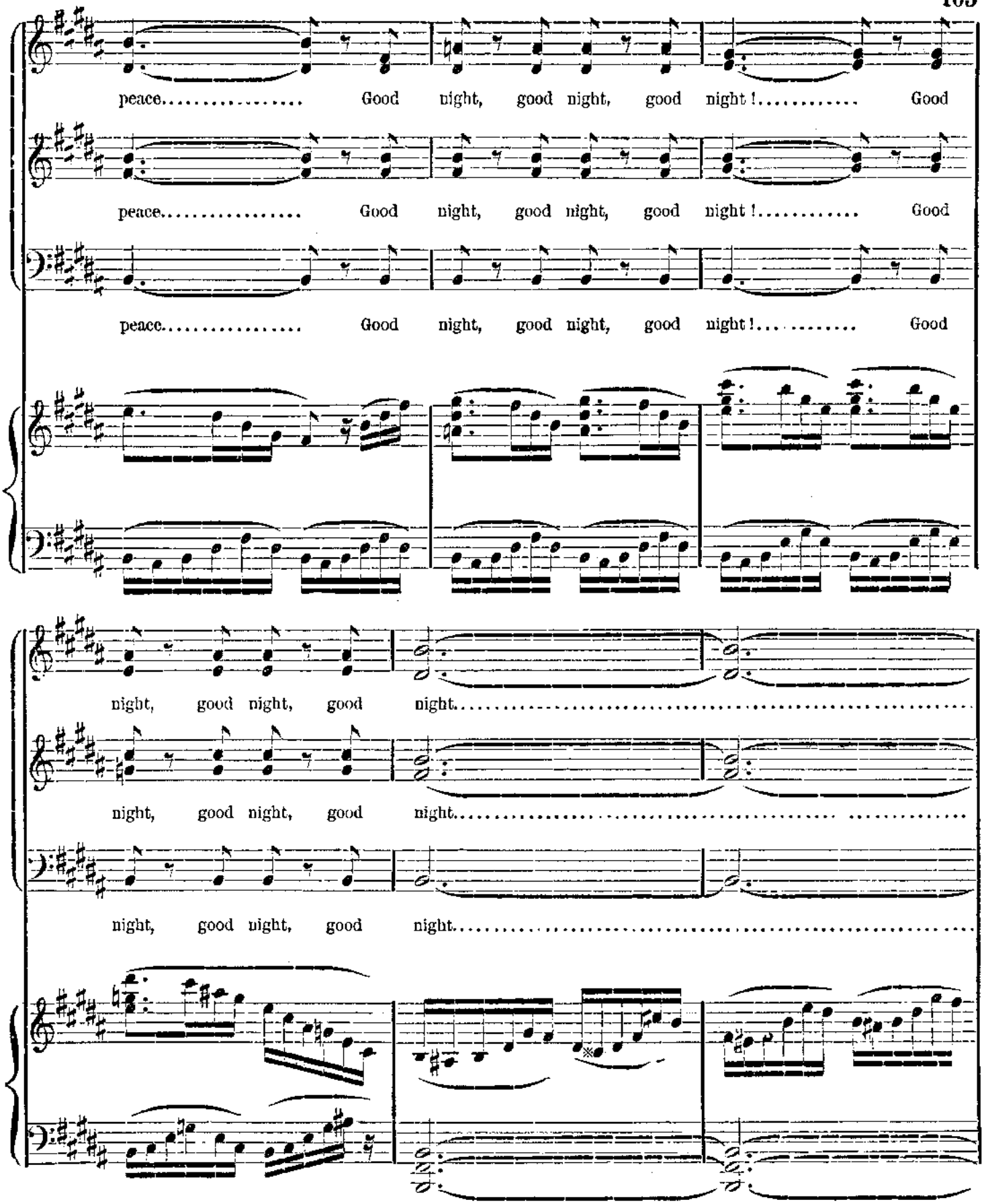
night..... May end - less peace its bless-ings be ev - er be - stow - - -

night.... .... May end - less peace its bless-ings be ev - er be - stow - - -

night..... May end - less peace its bless-ings be ev - er be - stow - - -


- ing; ..... May joy in-crease and bliss with you ever be grow - - -
- ing; ..... May joy in-crease and bliss with you ever be grow - -
- ing; ..... May joy in-crease and bliss with you ever be grow - - -


- ing, ... May joy with you in-crease; ..... Your life be end - less.
- ing, ... May joy with you in-crease; ..... Your life be end - less.
- ing, ... May joy with you in-crease; ..... Your life be end - less.
ppp



(*Exeunt everybody singing.* BRAS. *takes* MANOLA'S *hand, and goes off at back.* BEATRIX *and* MIGUEL *remain in the dark.*)

MIG. Silence! (*He approaches the picture, listens an instant, and touches a spring. The panel opens. Calls.*) Manola!

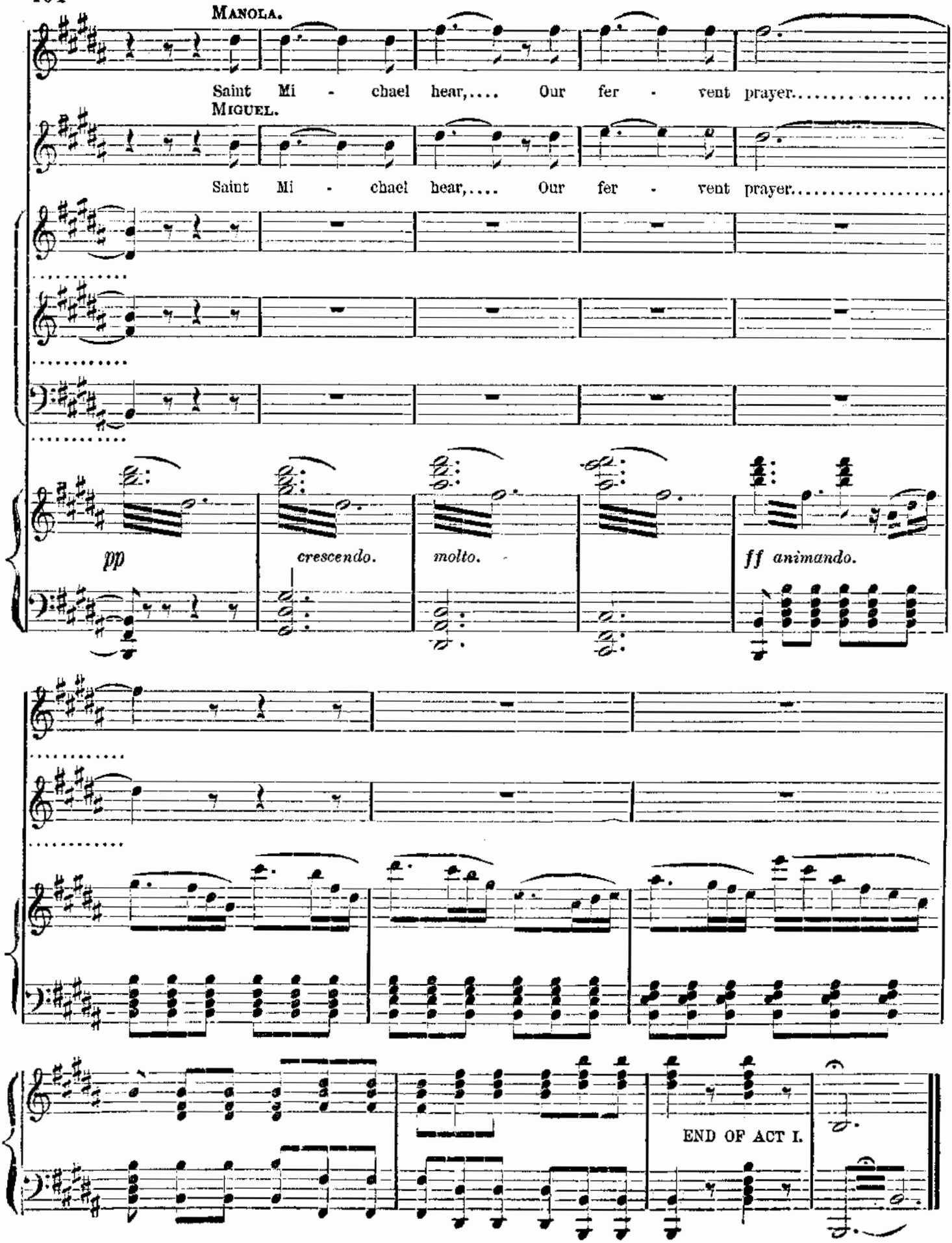
MAN. (*Entering.*) I am here!

MIG. (*To* BEA.) Go! (BEATRIX *exits by panel, which closes.*)

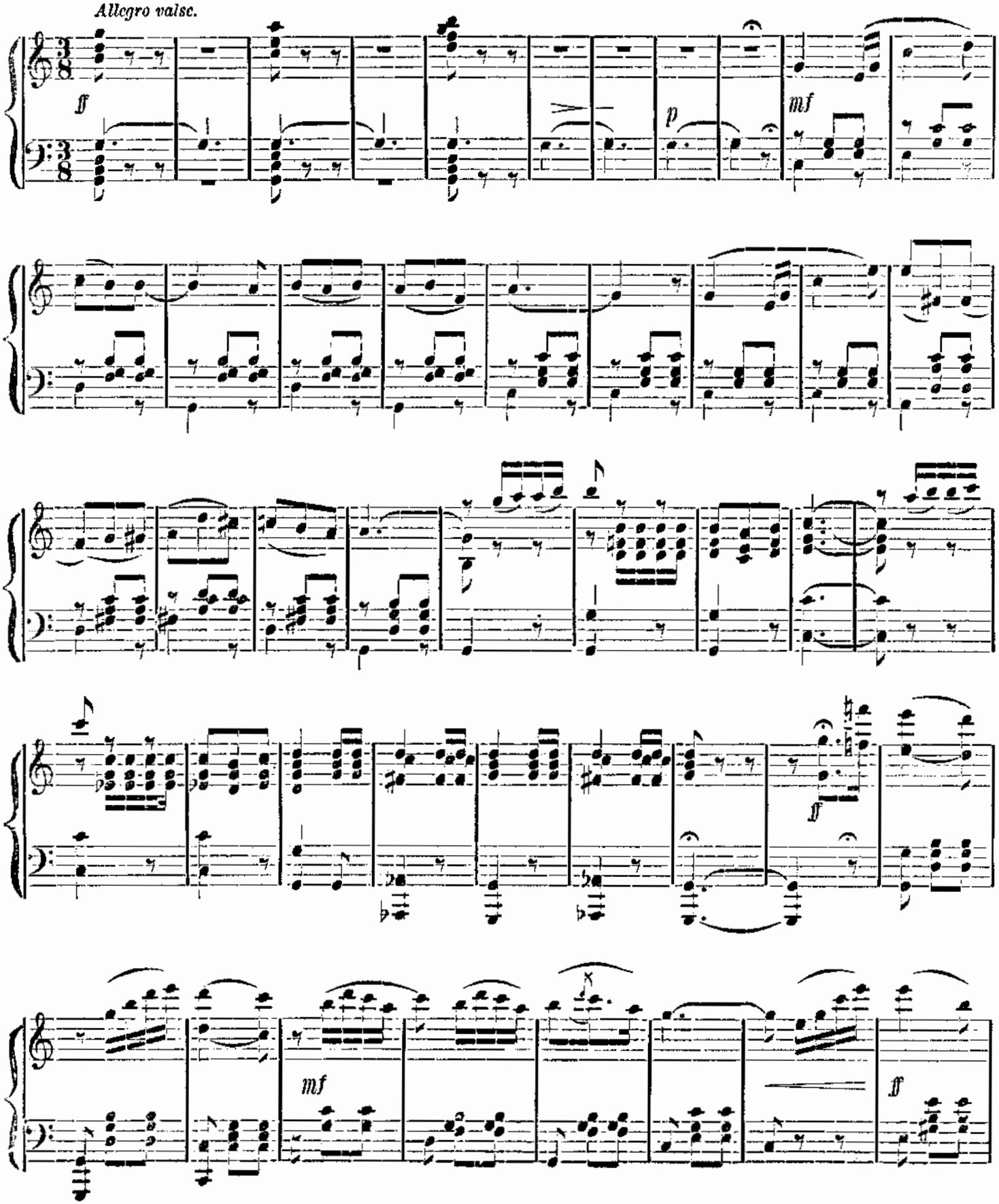
MAN. & MIG. Saint Michael, hear our fervent prayer!

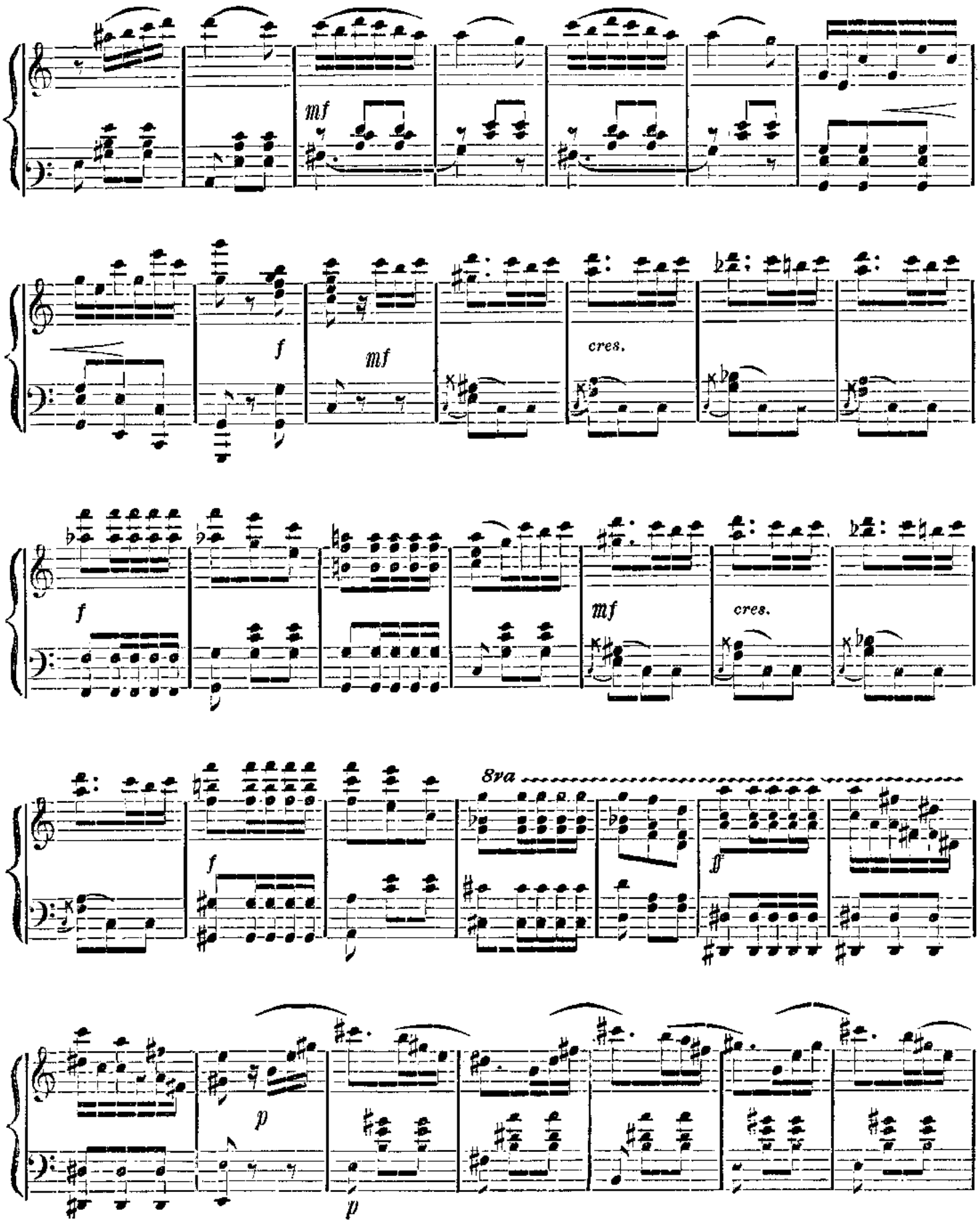
(*The curtain slowly falls, while Chorus is heard outside.*

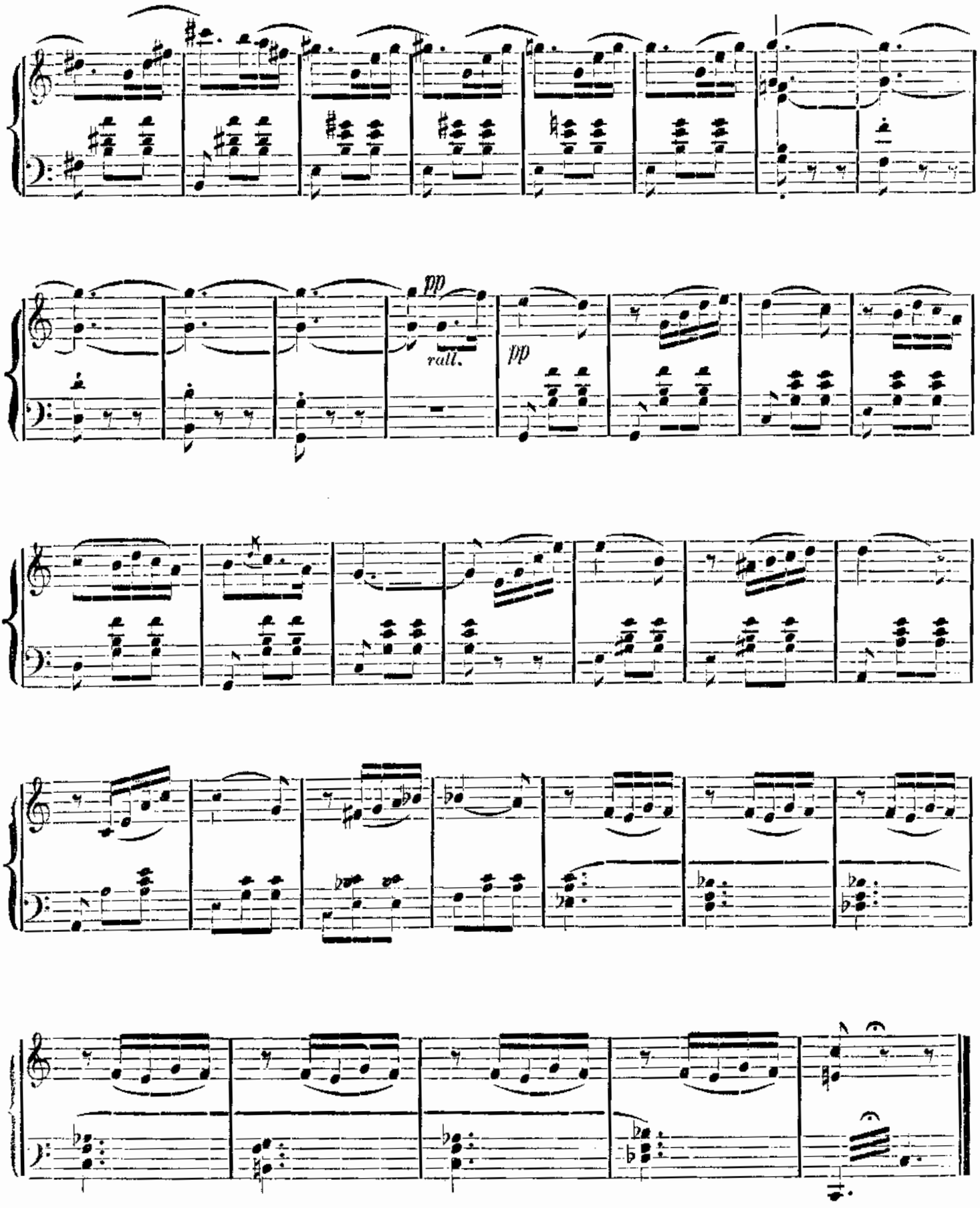
END OF FIRST ACT.


MANOLA.
Saint Mi - chael hear,.... Our fer - vent prayer.....
MIGUEL.
Saint Mi - chael hear,.... Our fer - vent prayer.....
pp
crescendo.
molto.
ff animando.
END OF ACT I.

ACT II.




mf
f
mf
cres.
f
mf
cres.
8va
f
ff
p
p


pp
rall.
pp

(*In* DON BRASEIRO'S *Park.* L. 2. E, *a wing of the chateau, with the window of the nuptial chamber closed by a blind.* L. 1. E., *the edge of a mass of shrubbery.* R. C., *a handsome pigeon cote with a window. It is reached by a ladder in sight of the audience. In front of the ladder, a rustic bench. At the back, an extensive terrace with steps—statues, fountains, etc., etc. Enter* MIGUEL *from back.*)

MIG. I am very uneasy! It is daybreak, and I have seen nobody yet. The Prince has delayed his departure for an hour, and as to the Baron and his young wife, their windows are still closed. This uncertainty makes me shudder! (*Noise outside.*) Ah! The young ensigns of the Baron's regiment, with Degomez. What do they want here?

(*Enter Ensigns, each carrying a frying-pan, a pair of sauce-pan lids, a gridiron, or some other equally kitchen implement for making a noise. They are dragging* DEGOMEZ, *half awake, and carrying an enormous gridiron decked with wedding favors.*)

1ST ENSIGN. Come along, Degomez!

DEG. I tell you, I will not follow you. You have no right to disturb my first sleep in this way!

2D ENSIGN. He calls this his first sleep!

ALL. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

3D ENSIGN. He's always asleep!

4TH ENSIGN. Or never awake. It's the same thing.

5TH ENSIGN. We are going to wake you, old boy! (*They pull him about, laughing loudly.*)

6TH ENSIGN. There—take this! (*Putting another gridiron in his hand.*)

1ST EN. And wait for the signal.

MIG. (*Coming forward.*) The signal! What are you doing here?

1ST EN. We are going to give the happy couple a serenade!

MIG. Nothing of the kind. I will not allow it! (*Aside.*) He will open the window and discover all!

2D EN. *You* will not allow it! You're crazy! Are you ignorant of the customs in our regiment?

1ST EN. When one of our generals marries, we delight him the next morning with a gentle serenade!

4TH EN. Accompanied by tongs.

5TH EN. Saucepan lids.

6TH EN. Frying pans.

7TH EN. And gridirons.

1ST EN. (*Giving* MIG. *a stew pan.*) Here! Take this guitar and join us.

ALL. Yes! Yes!

MIG. Never! Go to the devil!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! (*They form a line before the window.*)

2ST. EN. Attention! Are you ready?

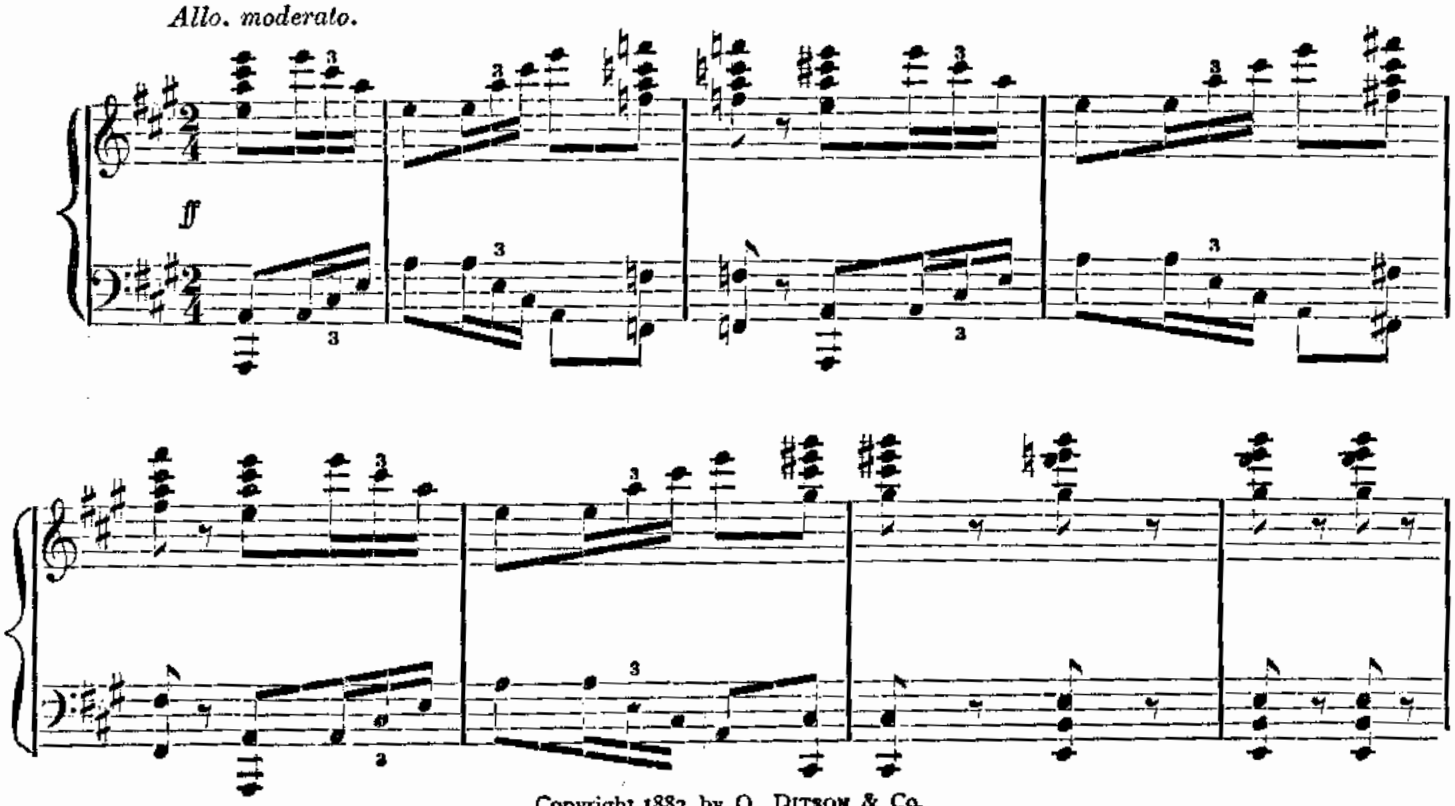
ALL. Yes! Yes!

1ST. EN. I will begin. (*Shouts during symphony.*) To the Baron and Baroness!

BUFFO SERENADE.

No. 10.

Allo. moderato.



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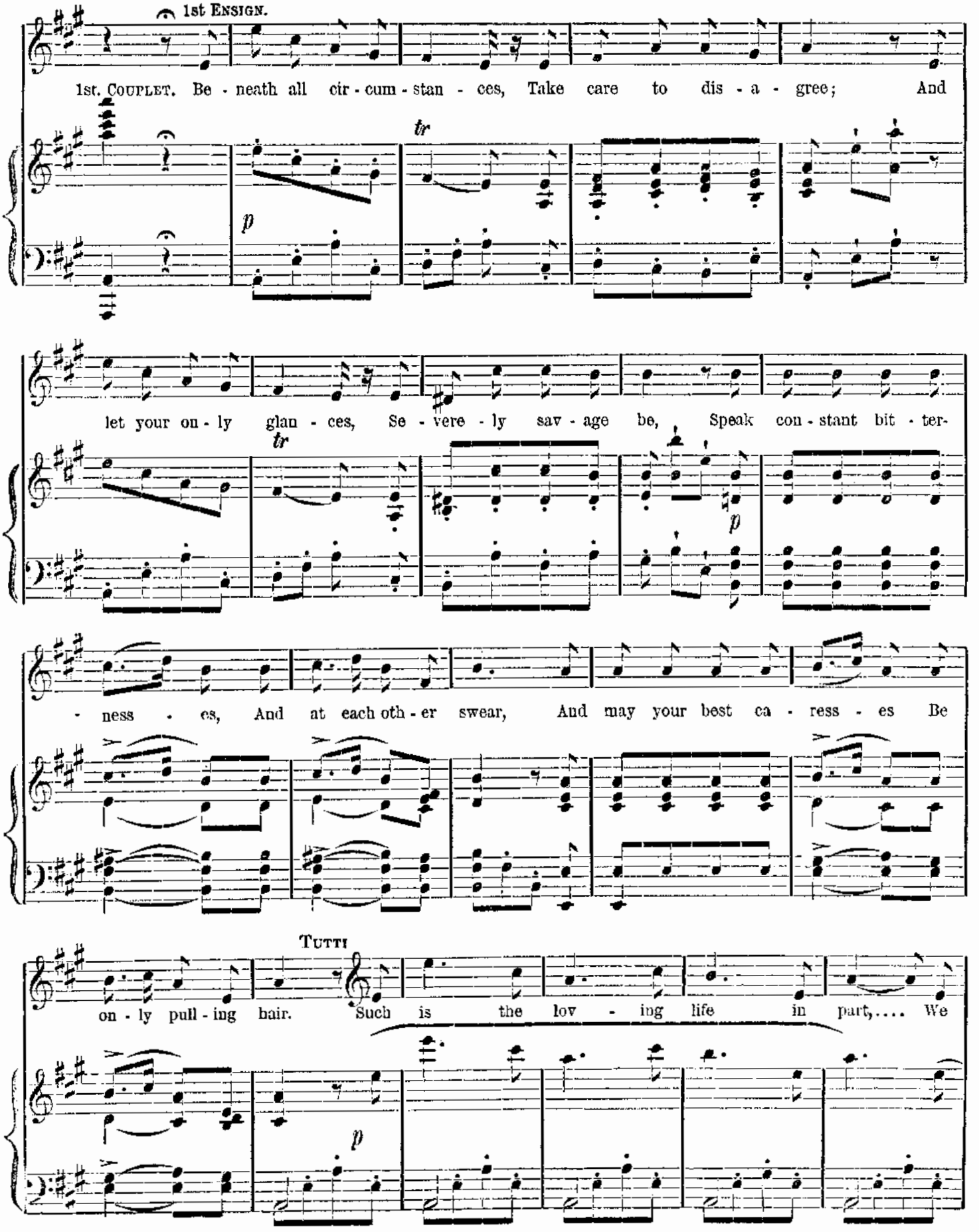
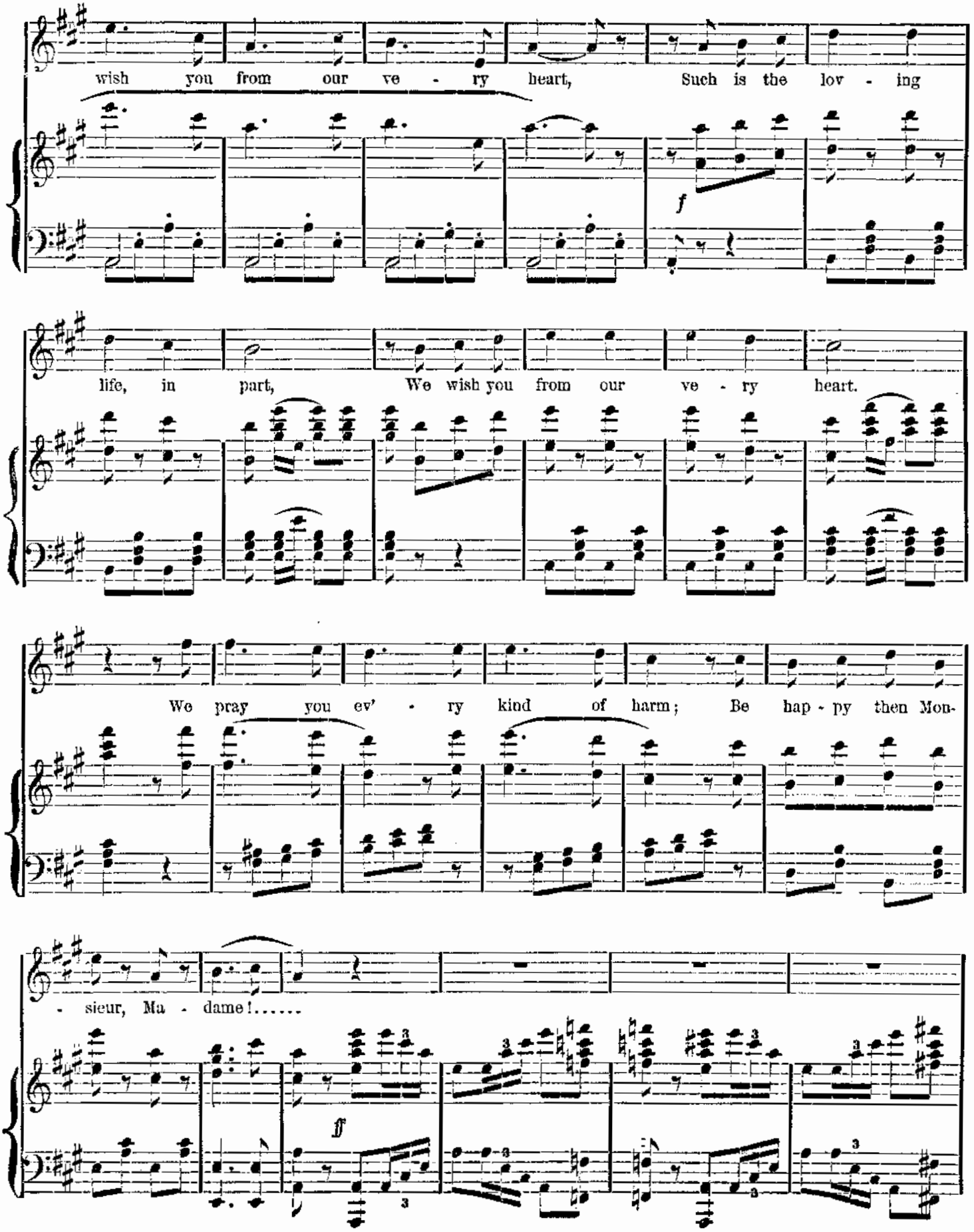
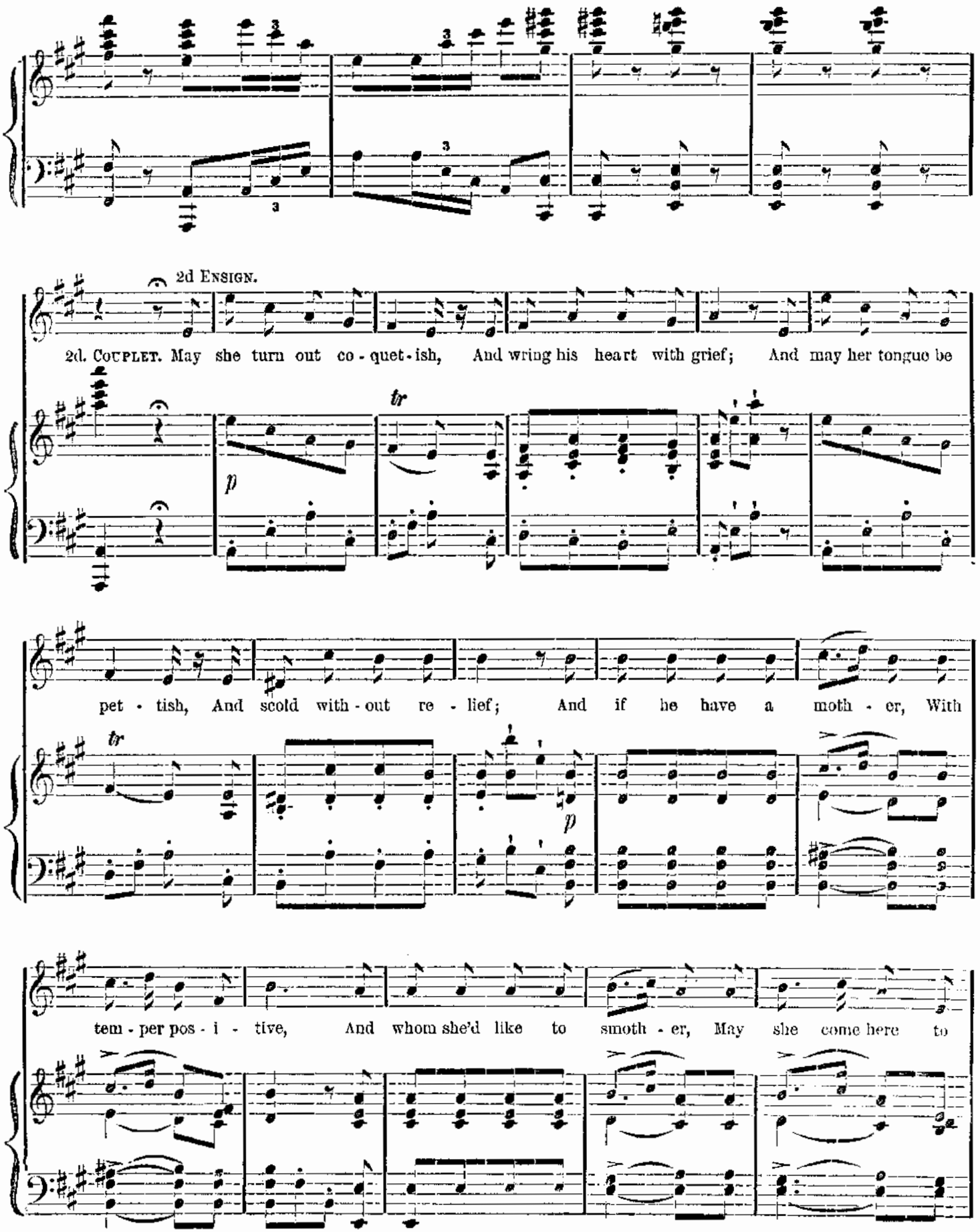
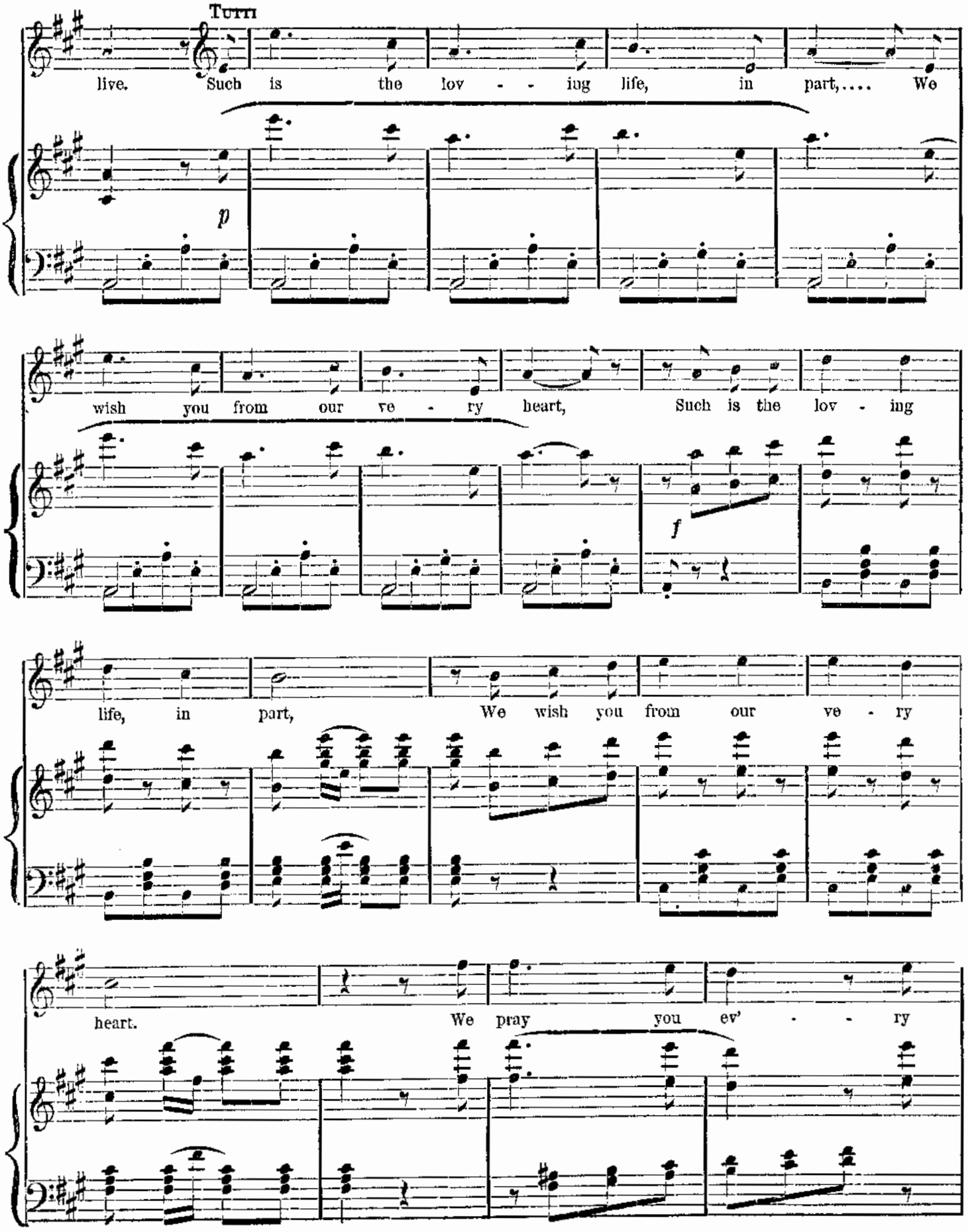
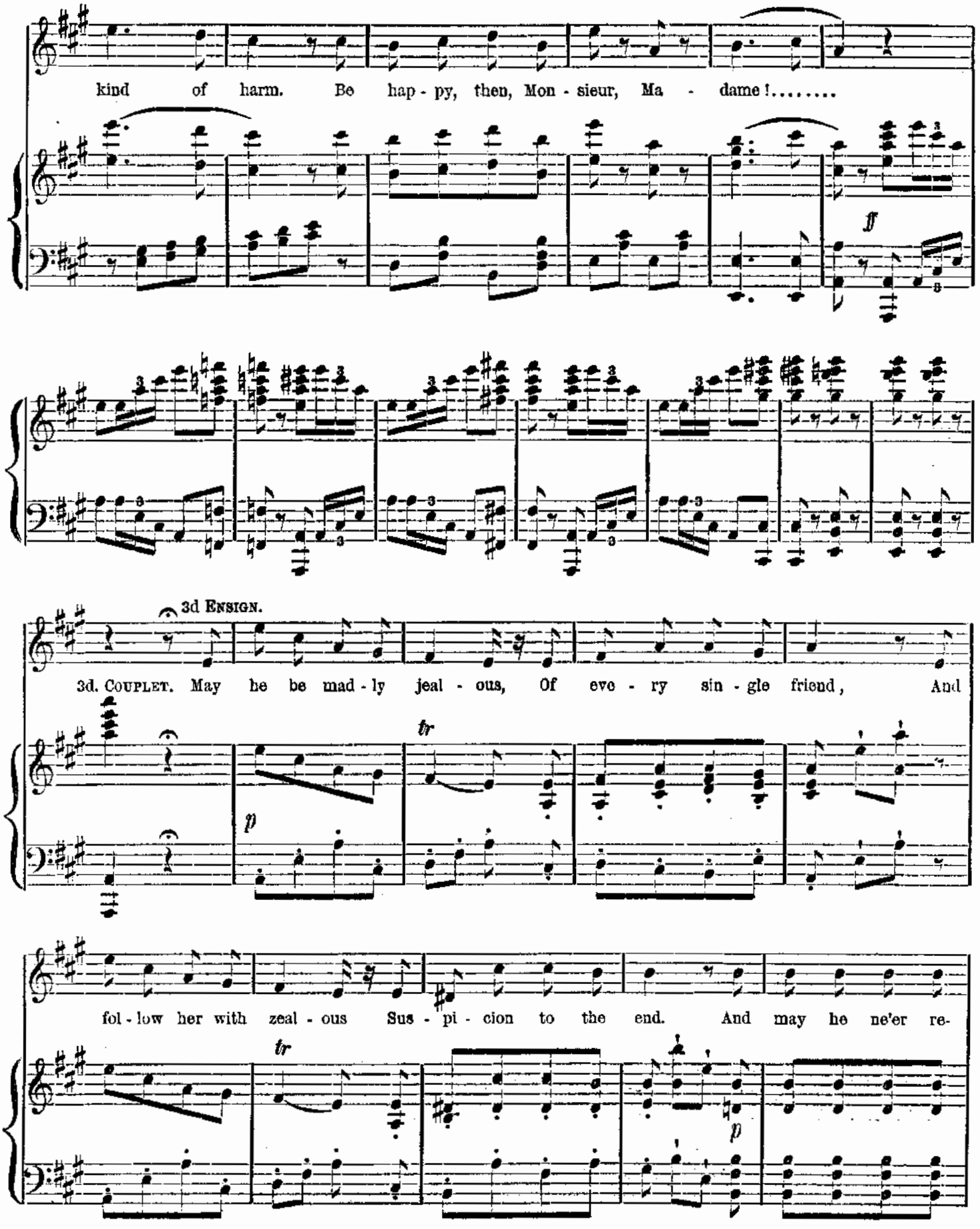
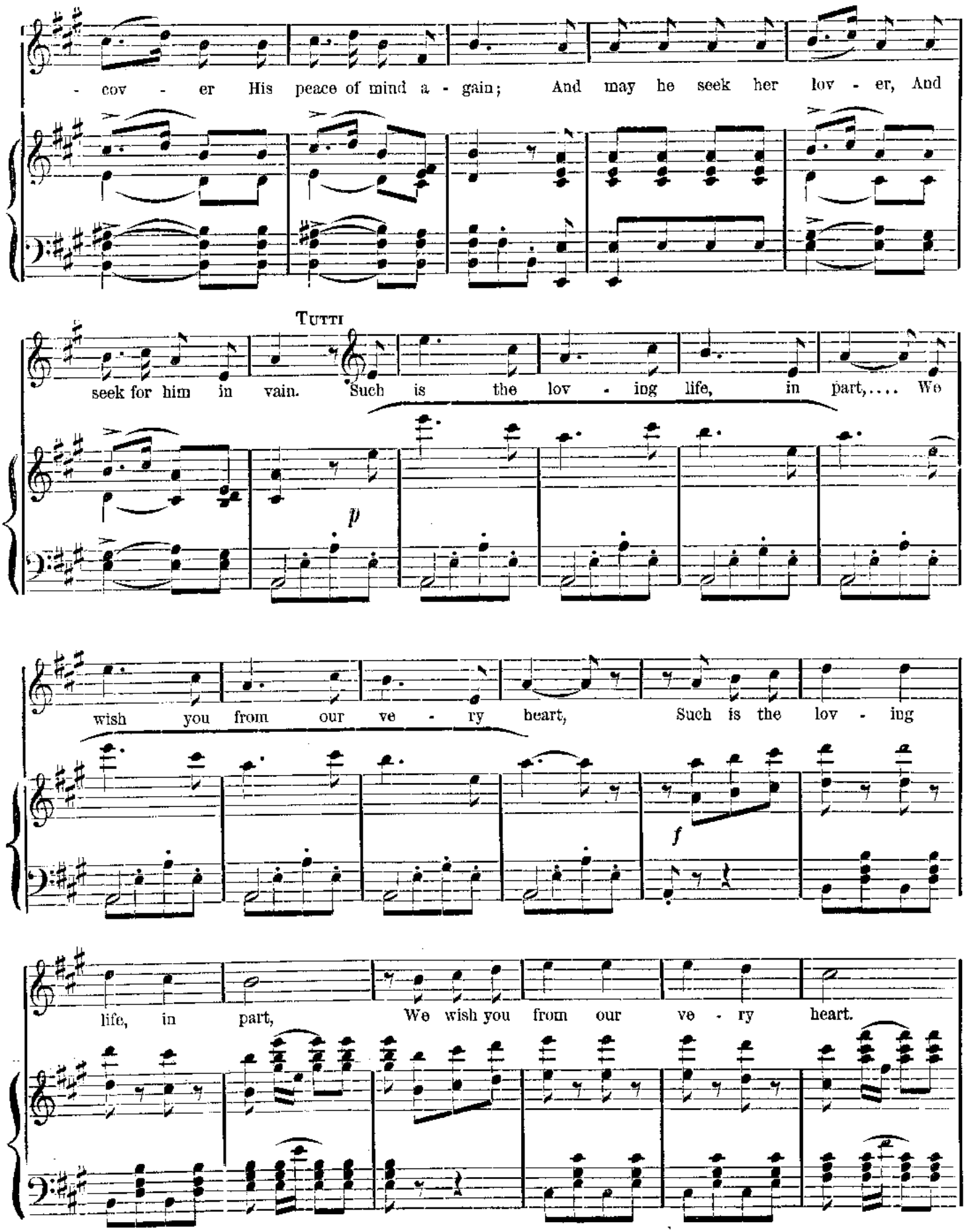

1st Ensign.
1st. Couplet. Be - neath all cir - cum - stan - ces, Take care to dis - a - gree; And
let your on - ly glan - ces, Se - vere - ly sav - age be, Speak con - stant bit - ter-
- ness - es, And at each oth - er swear, And may your best ca - ress - es Be
Tutti
on - ly pull - ing hair. Such is the lov - ing life in part,.... We

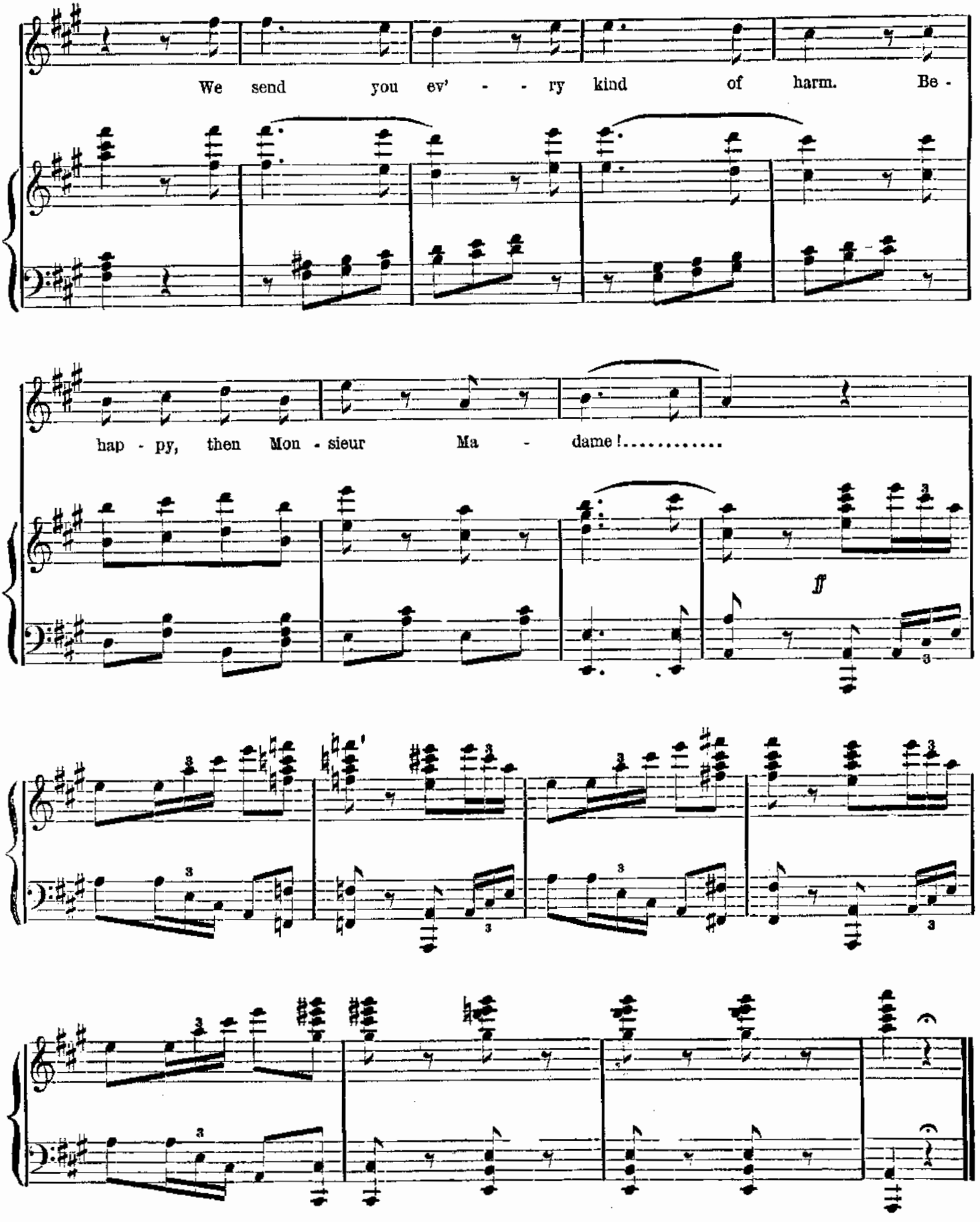

wish you from our ve - ry heart, Such is the lov - ing
f
life, in part, We wish you from our ve - ry heart.
We pray you ev' - ry kind of harm; Be hap - py then Mon-
- sieur, Ma - dame!.....
ff


2d Ensign.
2d. Couplet. May she turn out co - quet - ish, And wring his heart with grief; And may her tongue be
pet - tish, And scold with - out re - lief; And if he have a moth - er, With
tem - per pos - i - tive, And whom she'd like to smoth - er, May she come here to


Tutti
live. Such is the lov - - ing life, in part,.... We
p
wish you from our ve - ry heart, Such is the lov - ing
f
life, in part, We wish you from our ve - ry
heart. We pray you ev' - - ry


kind of harm. Be hap - py, then, Mon - sieur, Ma - dame!.....
ff
3d Ensign.
3d. Couplet. May he be mad - ly jeal - ous, Of eve - ry sin - gle friend, And
tr
p
fol - low her with zeal - ous Sus - pi - cion to the end. And may he ne'er re-
tr
p


- cov - er His peace of mind a - gain; And may he seek her lov - er, And
Tutti
seek for him in vain. Such is the lov - ing life, in part,.... We
p
wish you from our ve - ry heart, Such is the lov - ing
f
life, in part, We wish you from our ve - ry heart.


We send you ev' - - - ry kind of harm. Be -
hap - py, then Mon - sieur Ma - dame!.....
ff

At each recurrence of the Chorus, they clash their Instruments together boisterously. The window remains closed.

MIGUEL. They have heard nothing. I can't understand it.

Enter BRASEIRO *at the back.*

BRASEIRO. What is all this confounded noise about?

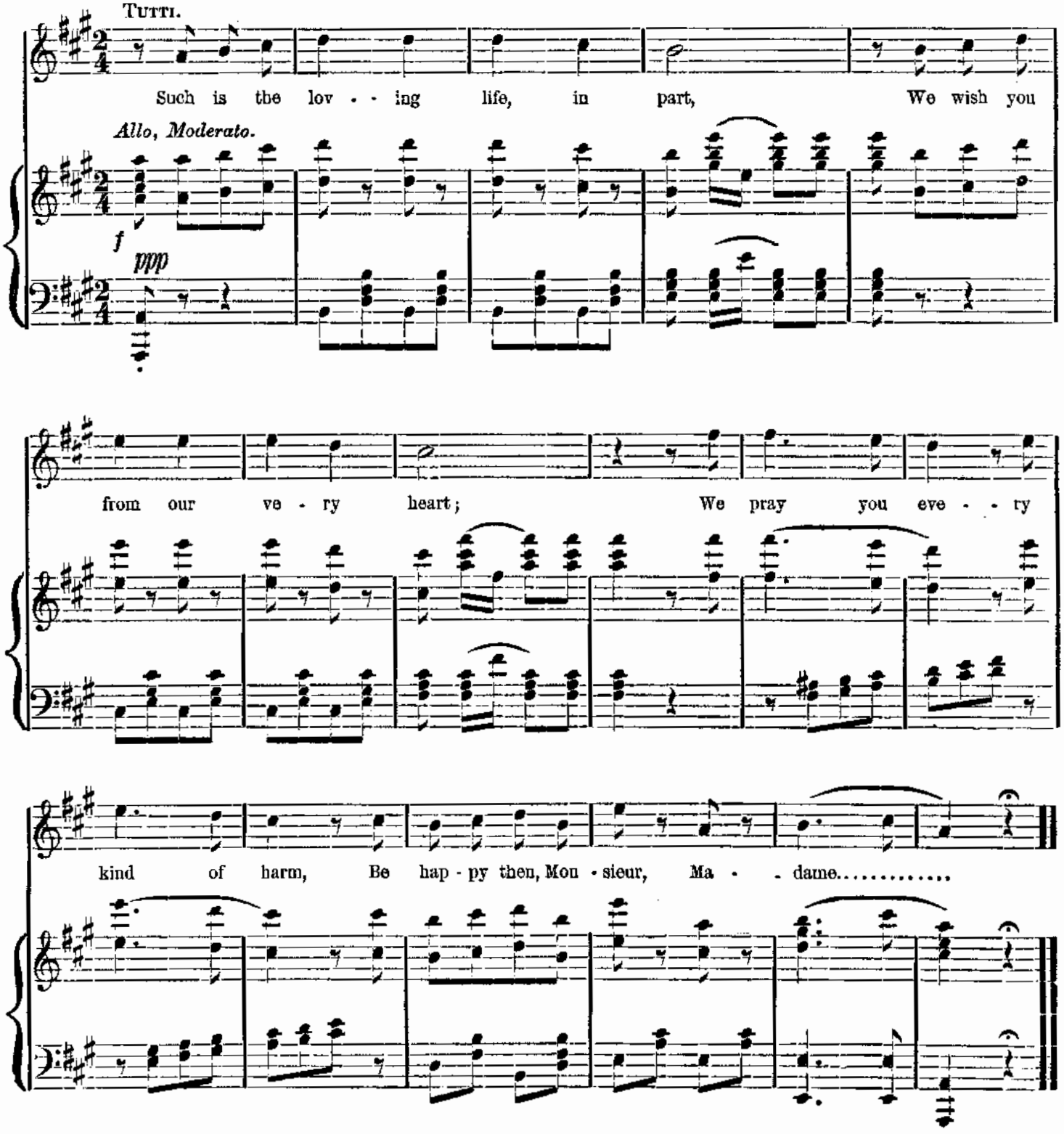
MIGUEL. The Baron! He is up then.

OMNES. The Baron? (*concealing their Instruments.*)

BRASEIRO. (*to Ensigns.*) What! you here, you young imps. What are you doing. Get out, quickly, too. (*Paces the stage excitedly, while the Ensigns Exeunt, singing softly the burden of the preceding song.*

SUCH IS THE LOVING LIFE.

No. 10a. Exit.



BRAS. Wheugh! I'm warm! I stifle! I am on fire!

MIG. (*Aside.*) He knows every thing.

BRAS. (*Going to* DEGOMEZ, *who is asleep.*) Cousin Degomez! Eh! Asleep! (*Shouts.*)

DEG. (*Waking suddenly and speaking with an air of great dignity.*) I? Asleep? Never!

BRAS. Look you! If I commission you to choose my fourth wife for me, I authorize you to tell me before witnesses that I am a confounded donkey!

DEG. What! Are you dissatisfied?

BRAS. I am! I do not understand my wife. She has two natures. She has a horror of candle-light, that I cannot explain. She is incomprehensible. Last evening, upon entering our apartments, she insisted I should extinguish the light.

DEG. She was sleepy.

BRAS. She was cold, distant, and scarcely civil in her speech. I put out the light to oblige her, and then ventured to ask her why she was so curt in her manner to me. She is silent. I repeat the question! Surprise! Astonishment! Wonder! She addresses me pleasantly. Her whole bearing changes—even her voice! She was charming! But it did not last! She bade me good night, wished me pleasant sleep, retired to her own room, and locked the door! This morning at daylight, she tapped at my door and showing the same terror that she had shown the night before at the lights, she insisted I should get up and take a walk. I want her to love me, and so I obeyed her. Think of it, I found myself tramping through the country an hour, at least, before the chickens were up!

MIG. (*Aside.*) He knows nothing!

DEG. It is very strange!

BRAS. If I commission you to choose a fourth wife for me, I'll know it! I said to myself,—"Perhaps a short walk in the damp grass will refresh my ideas. The pigeons, the turtle-doves, the roosters,—all animated nature, in fact,—then sing their songs of love. The roosters, particularly!" (*Crows.*) Instead of growing calmer, I grew more angry!

(DEGOMEZ *has sat upon the bench,* R., *and fallen fast asleep.*)

MIG. But be patient, I beg!

BRAS. Patient! No! I am going to my wife to ask her what she means by it! (*Going toward chateau.*)

MIG. (*Aside.*) That will never do! (*Trying to restrain him.*) Don't be hasty!

BRAS. Hands off! I am resolved!

(*Exit, followed by* MIG. *As he goes off, he imitates the crowing of a cock.*)

DEG. (*Waking suddenly,*) Eh! Day already! (*Looks about.*) Nobody here. I'll go to bed again! (*Falls asleep at once.*)

MIG. (*Reentering.*) I could not restrain him. He will see Beatrix, and the secret will be out!

(BEA. *and* MAN. *have entered at back, they approach* MIG. *softly.*)

MAN. (*Putting her hand on his shoulder.*) Good day!

MIG. (*Seeing them.*) Eh! You here? But he thinks you are still in your room. (*To* BEA.)

BEA. Oh, I quitted it long ago.

MIG. But he has gone there, determined to seek his wife, at all cost. And as the Prince is still here, Manola is still his wife.

BRAS. (*Reentering from chateau, shouting.*) Miguel! Miguel! She has gone! I have an invisible wife! (*Sees* MAN.) Ah! (*Flies toward her with delight.*) My wife! My charming wife! At last!

BEA. (*Disturbed.*) What! This before me?

MIG. (*Aside.*) Silence!

BRAS. Ah, blondes, blondes! They are the only real beauties!

BEA. (*Comes forward.*) I think there may be brunettes who are not positively hideous!

BRAS. (*Examining her.*) What is this?

MAN. (*Quickly.*) It is—my waiting-maid.

BRAS. Ah! She is of no consequence then. At least, I suppose so—I don't know!

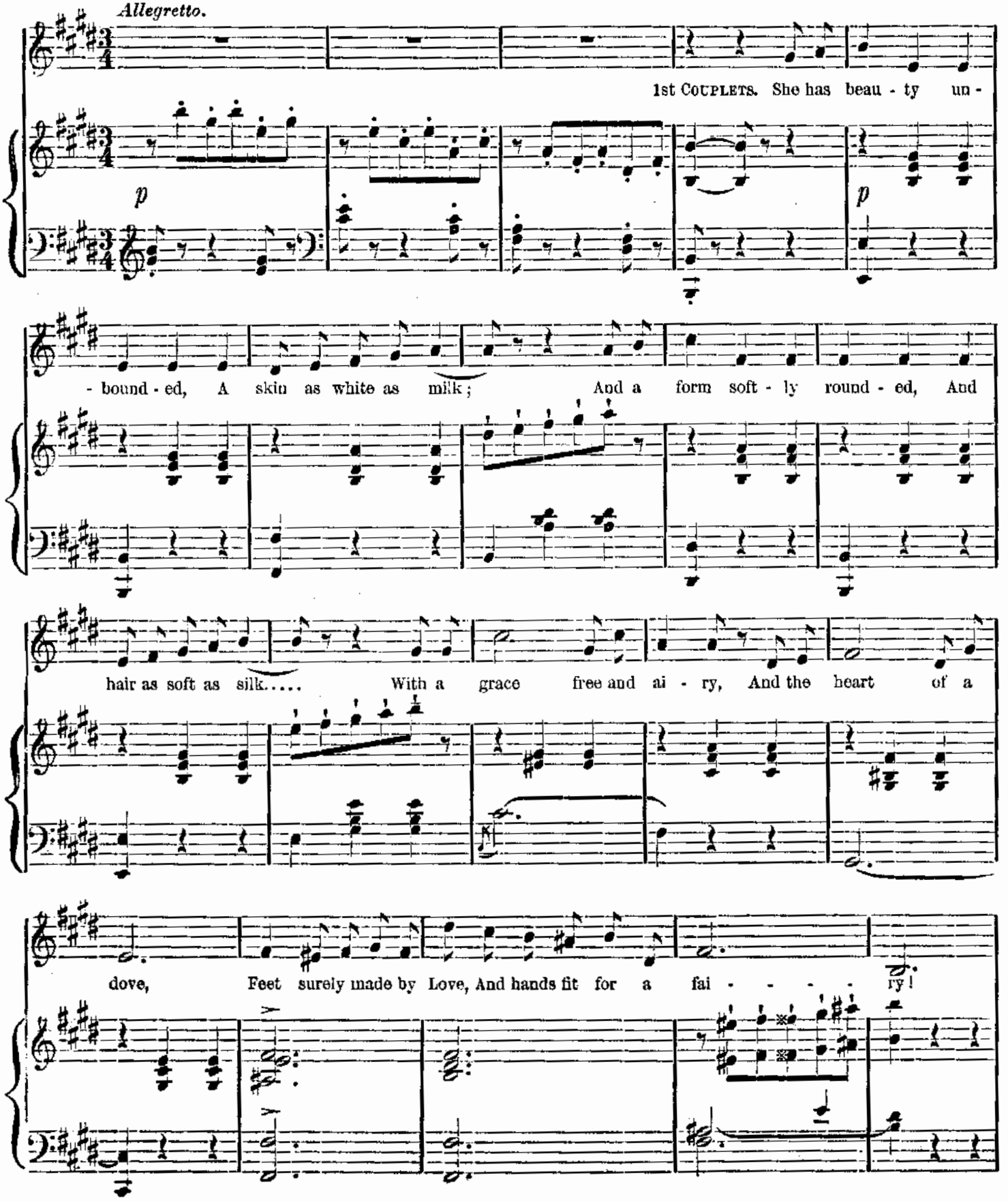
BEA. (*Excited. Aside to* MIG.) Oh, I will never submit to this! No consequence, indeed!

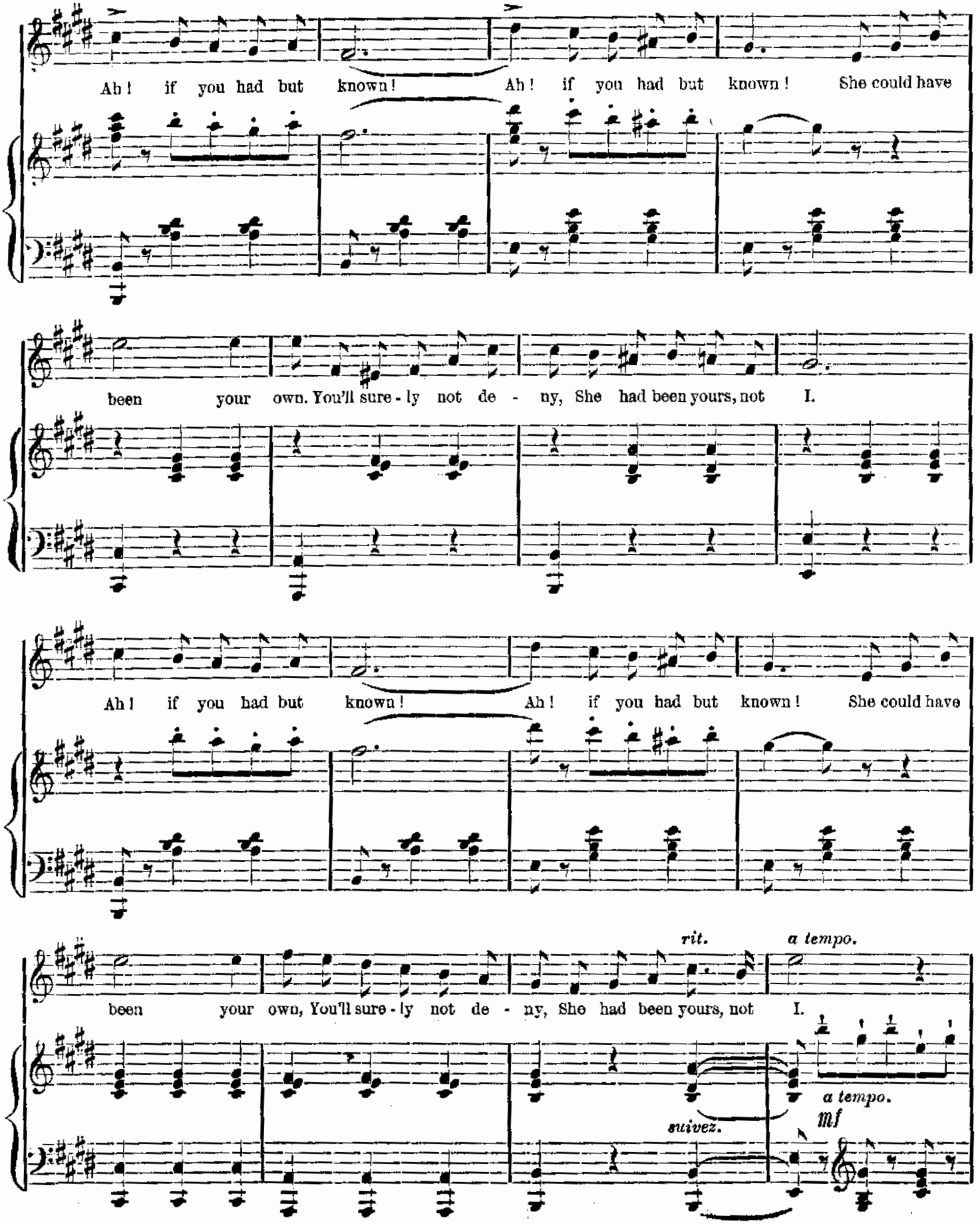
MAN. My dear Baron, she is my friend, and has been from childhood. Look at her, I beg of you!

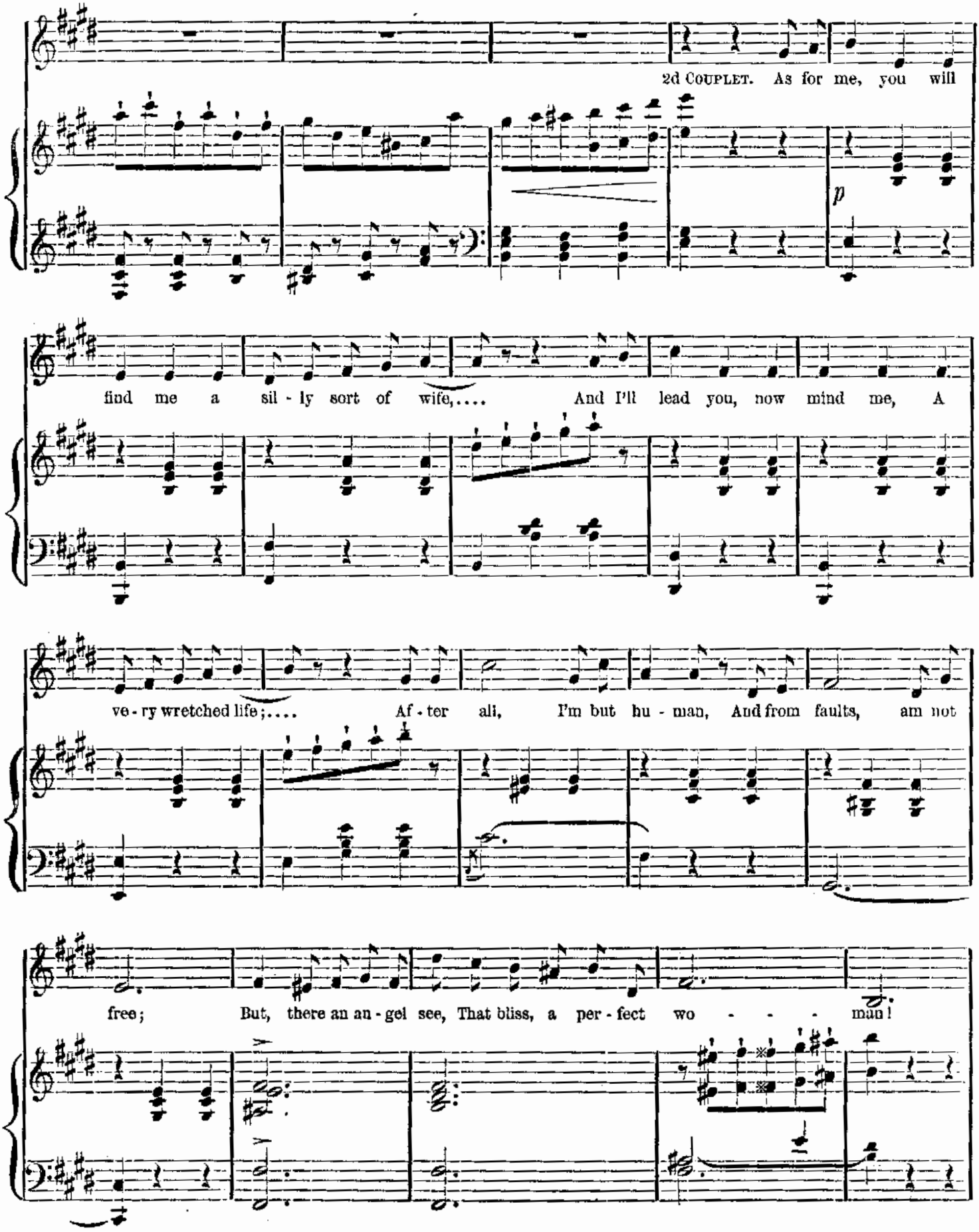
BEAUTY UNBOUNDED.

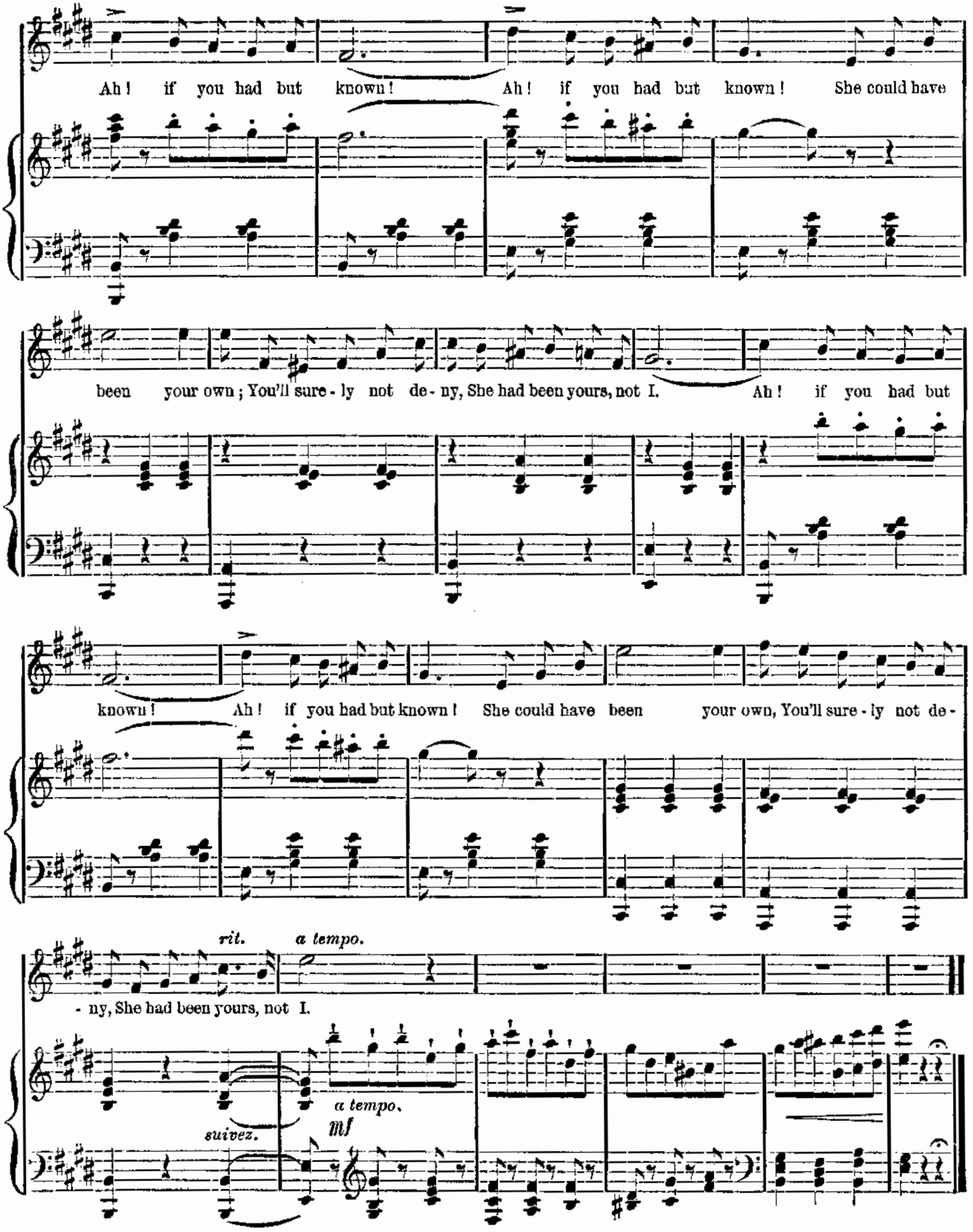
No. 11. COUPLETS. Manola.

Allegretto.




Ah! if you had but known! Ah! if you had but known! She could have
been your own. You'll sure - ly not de - ny, She had been yours, not I.
Ah! if you had but known! Ah! if you had but known! She could have
rit.
a tempo.
been your own, You'll sure - ly not de - ny, She had been yours, not I.
suivez.
a tempo.
mf


2d COUPLET. As for me, you will
p
find me a sil - ly sort of wife,.... And I'll lead you, now mind me, A
ve - ry wretched life;.... Af - ter all, I'm but hu - man, And from faults, am not
free; But, there an an - gel see, That bliss, a per - fect wo - - - - man!


Ah! if you had but known! Ah! if you had but known! She could have
been your own; You'll sure - ly not de - ny, She had been yours, not I. Ah! if you had but
known! Ah! if you had but known! She could have been your own, You'll sure - ly not de -
rit.
a tempo.
- ny, She had been yours, not I.
suivez.
a tempo.
mf

BRAS. Not at all—not at all! I am entirely satisfied with what I have. Besides, in my heart blondes reign supreme.

BEA. (*Aside to* MIG.) I will not listen to such insults!

BRAS. Leave us. We would be alone.

BEA. (*Impetuously.*) Never! Never! That would be too much!

BRAS. (*Surprised.*) This lady's maid is very troublesome. At least, I suppose so—I do not know.

BEA. (*To* MIG., *who is trying to calm her.*) No! I am going to explain all! (*Going to* BRAS.)

MIG. (*Interfering.*) She is going Baron; she is going!

MAN. (*Intercepting* BEA., *on the other side.*) Yes, she is going at once. (BRAS., *goes up stage, and paces angrily.*)

BEA. (*Aside to* MIG.) But to leave them alone together——

MIG. (*Aside to both.*) I'll run to the Prince's room, and break his windows. We need him here. That will bring him.

BRAS. (*Shouting.* Is she gone?

BEA. (*To* MAN.) If you have need of me, strike your hands against each other three times. I'll come!

BRAS. (*Shouting.*) Go!

BEA. I'm gone! (*Exit with* MIGUEL.)

BRAS. At last I can gaze on her without interruption. (*Looking at* MAN. *with sickly sentiment.*)

MAN. (*Aside.*) What eyes he is making at me. How funny! I vow he's squinting! But what shall I say to him? What does a wife say to her husband, generally?

BRAS. (*With passion.*) My wife!

MAN. (*Imitating him.*) My husband!

BRAS. (*With a leap of joy.*) Ah!

MAN. (*Imitating him.*) Ah! (*Aside.*) It seems stupid, but I suppose it's all right.

BRAS. Tell me frankly. Are you content to have me for your husband?

MAN. (*Forgetting herself.*) I don't know. (*Quickly recovering.* Delighted—enchanted! And you?

BRAS. (*Affectedly.*) I? Oh, unparalelled angel, can you ask? (*Approaches her.*)

MAN. (*Frightened and recoiling.*) Ah! Don't! Keep away!

BRAS. Why do you go so far off?

MAN. To have a respectable distance between us.

BRAS. Distance between husband and wife? Ah! (*With an outburst of passion.*) Beloved! (*Approaches her.*)

MAN. (*Receding.*) Keep away!

BRAS. (*Tenderly absurd.*) How strangely you act! Come! Let us speak sweetly to each other.

MAN. Oh, speak as much as you like. What shall we talk about? Literature, art, history, politics?

BRAS. No! Let us speak of your remarkable behavior last night.

MAN. Last night? (*Aside.*) But I don't know anything about my remarkable behavior last night. (*Aloud.*) Wouldn't you prefer something else?

BRAS. No! I insist upon it! Do you remember, when you had closed the door between us, what you said?

MAN. (*Confidently.*) Oh, yes; perfectly! (*Aside.*) What did I say, I wonder?

BRAS. Your remarks were not complimentary.

MAN. (*Confidently.*) I know it! (*Aside.*) I wonder if I called him names?

BRAS. Do you not regret it?

MAN. Of course! (*Aside.*) I wonder if that is right? Wheugh! It is growing warm! (*Aloud.*) Anything else?

BRAS. That song I heard you singing too. Do you remember that?

MAN. A song? (*Pretending to recall it.*) Ah, yes, yes! I remember.

BRAS. It was very pretty. Will you sing it for me again?

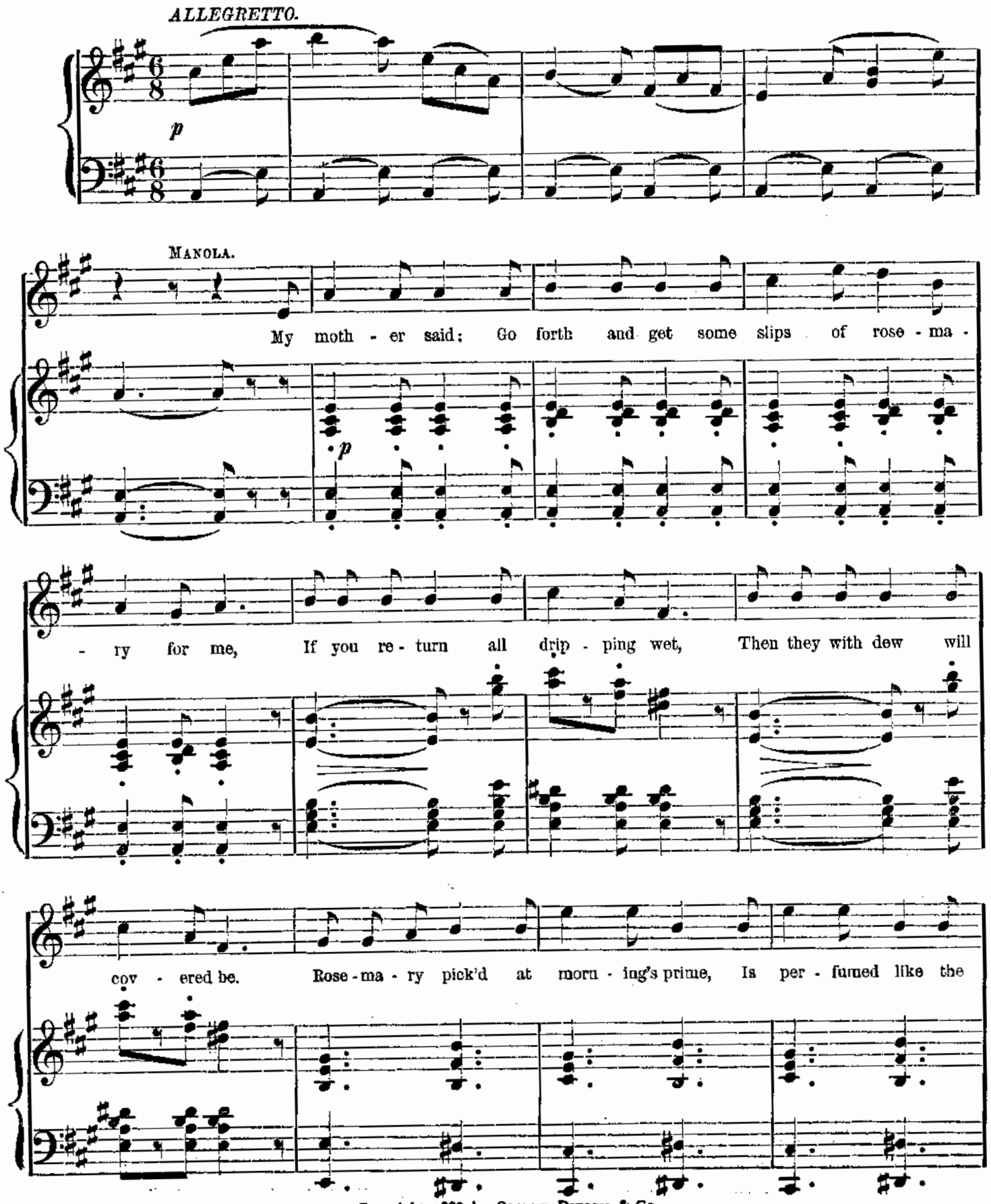
MAN. (*Confounded.*) Eh? Sing it again?

BRAS. I entreat you; do oblige me!

MAN. (*Aside.*) What song could she have sung? Oh, I wish I were well out of all this? (*Aloud.*) Ah, yes! I know. Was it not this?

THE ROSEMARY SONG.

No. 12.



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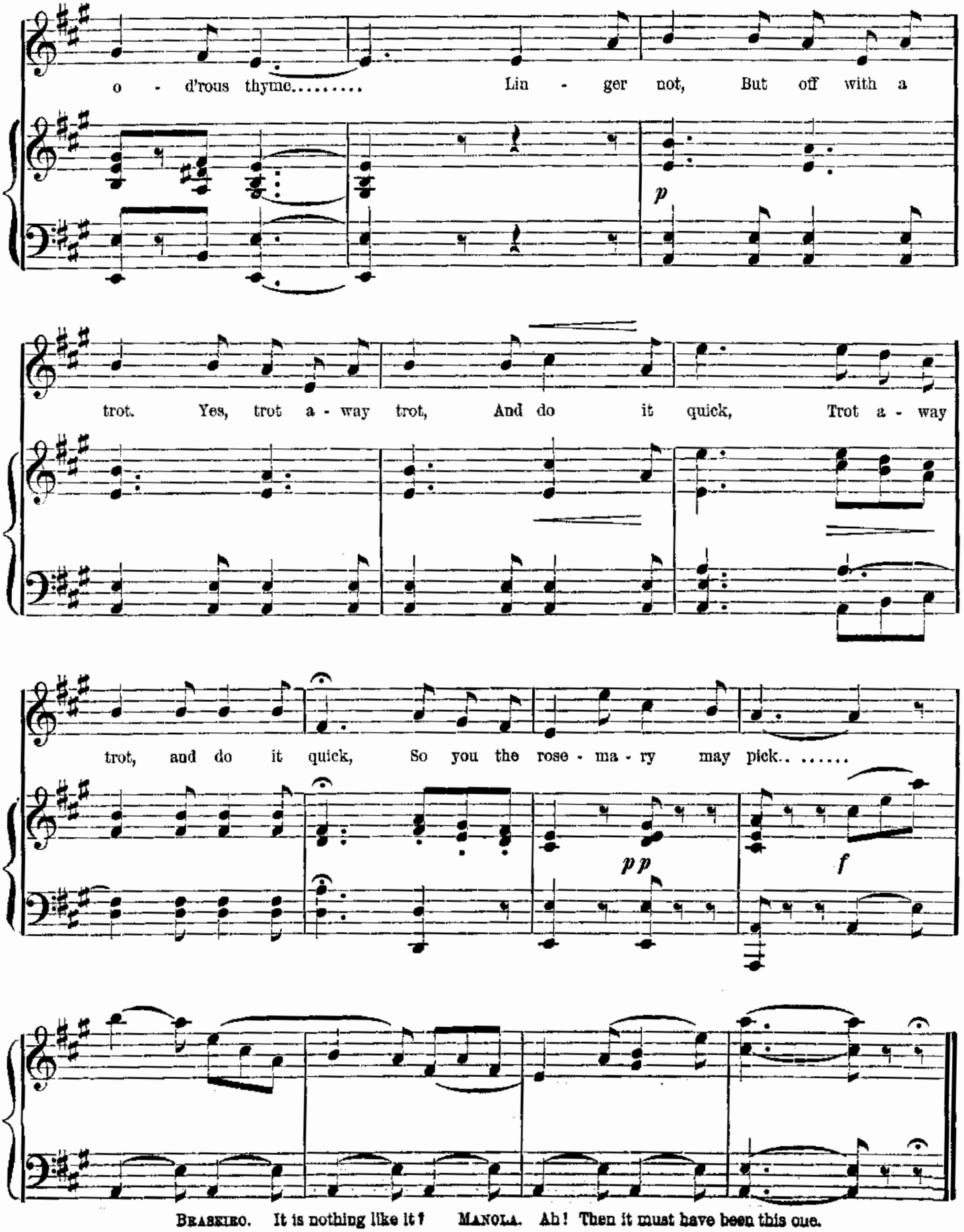
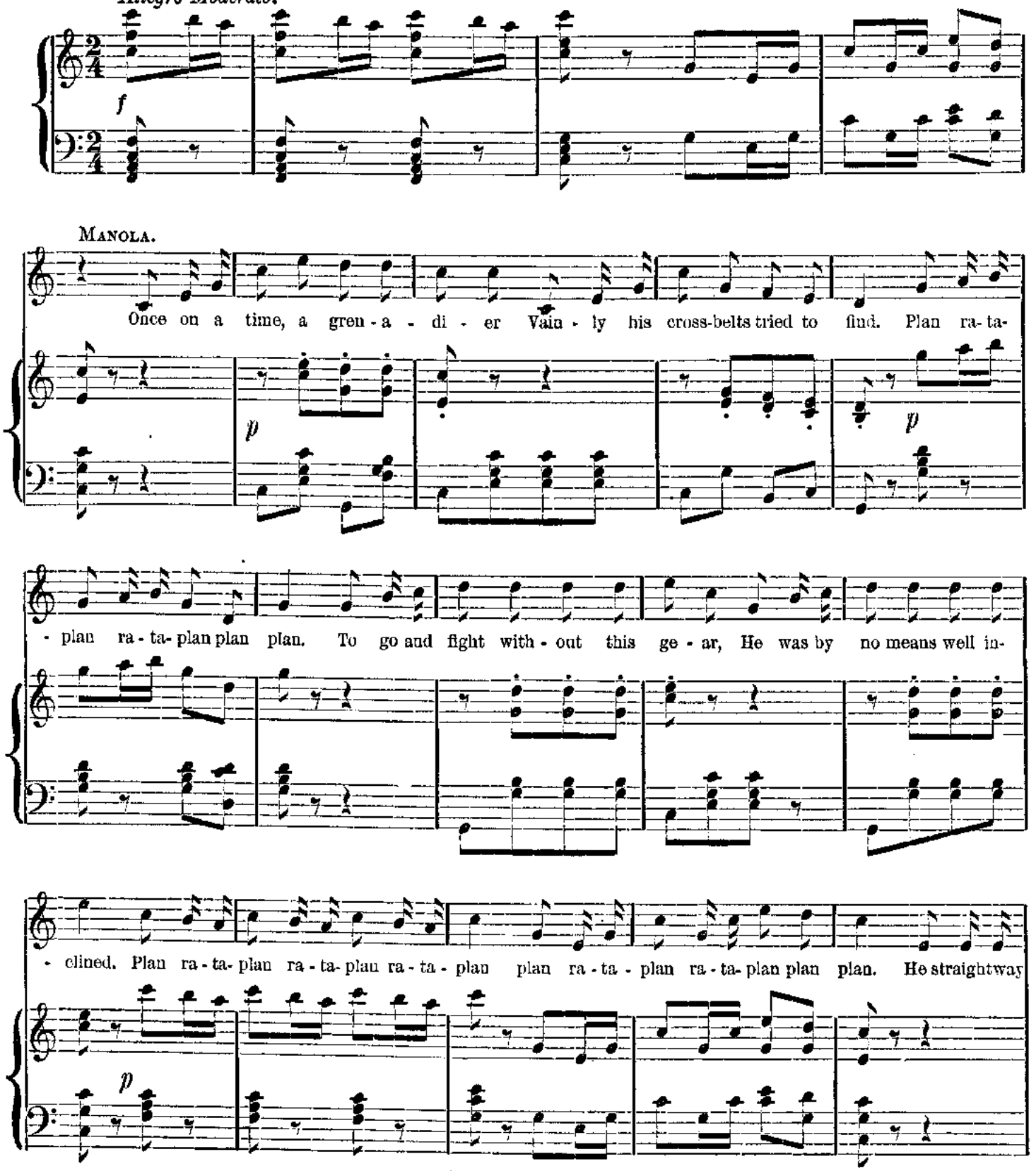


BRASKIRO. It is nothing like it! MANOLA. Ah! Then it must have been this one.

SONG OF THE CROSS-BELTS.

(b.)

Allegro Moderato.



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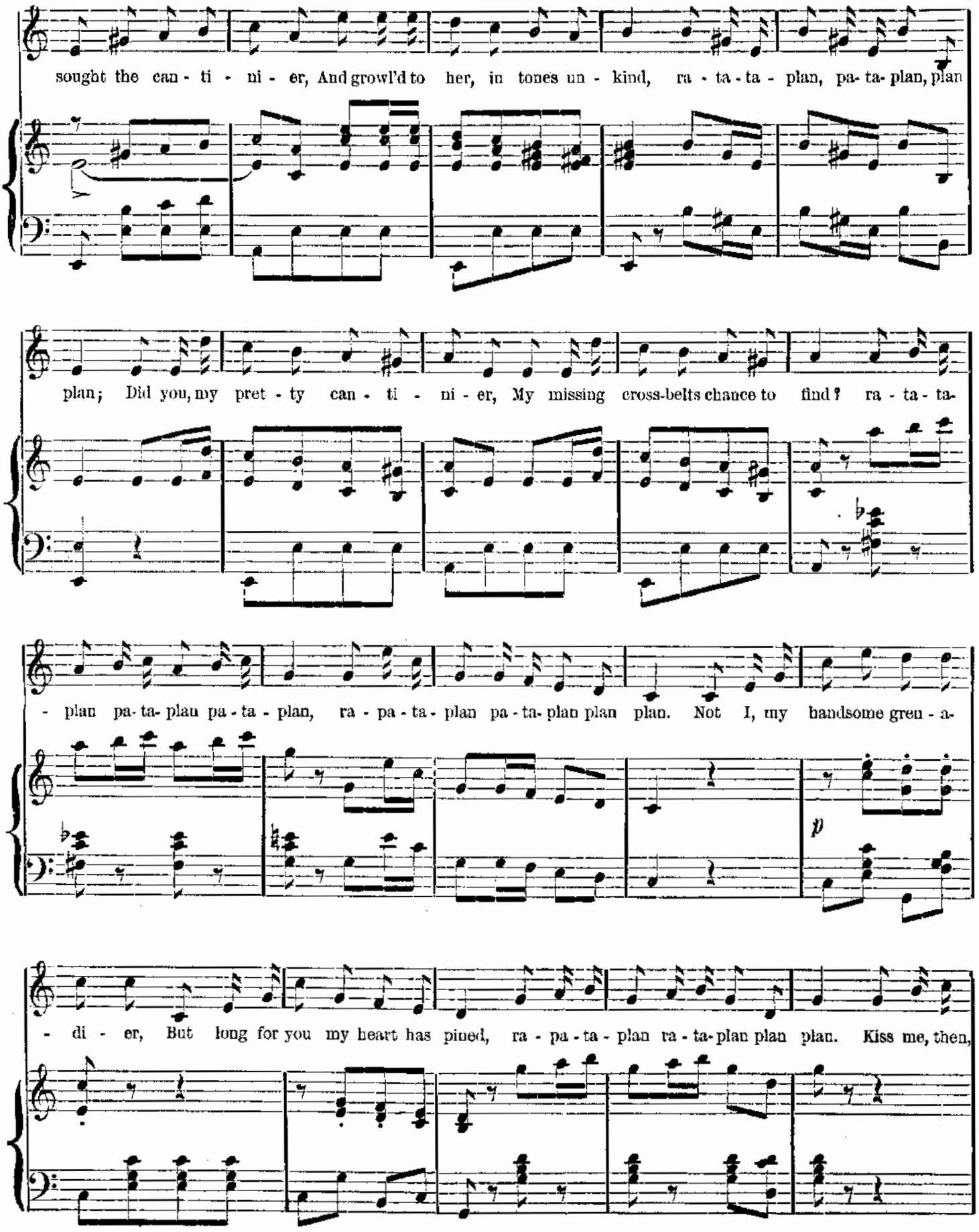
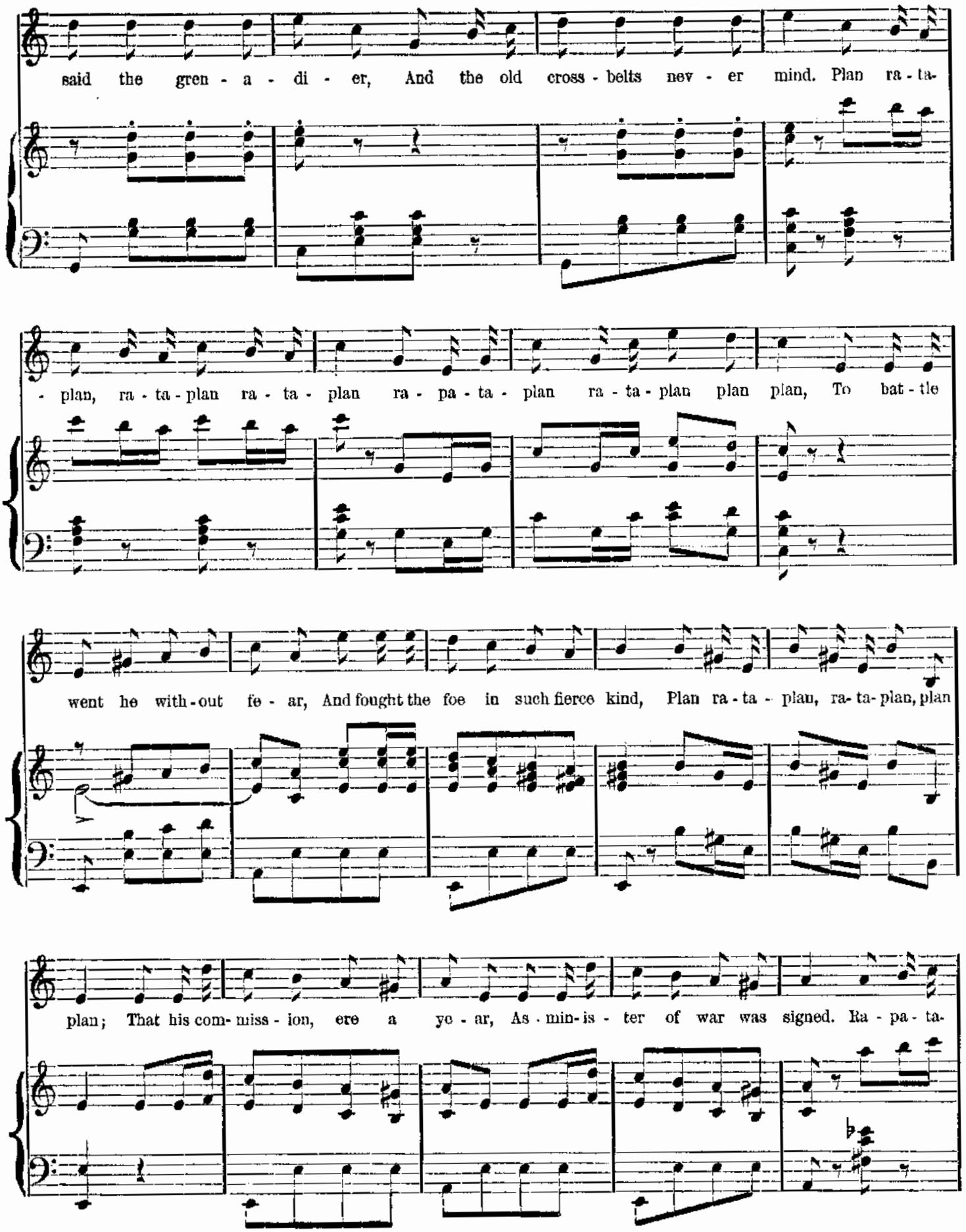
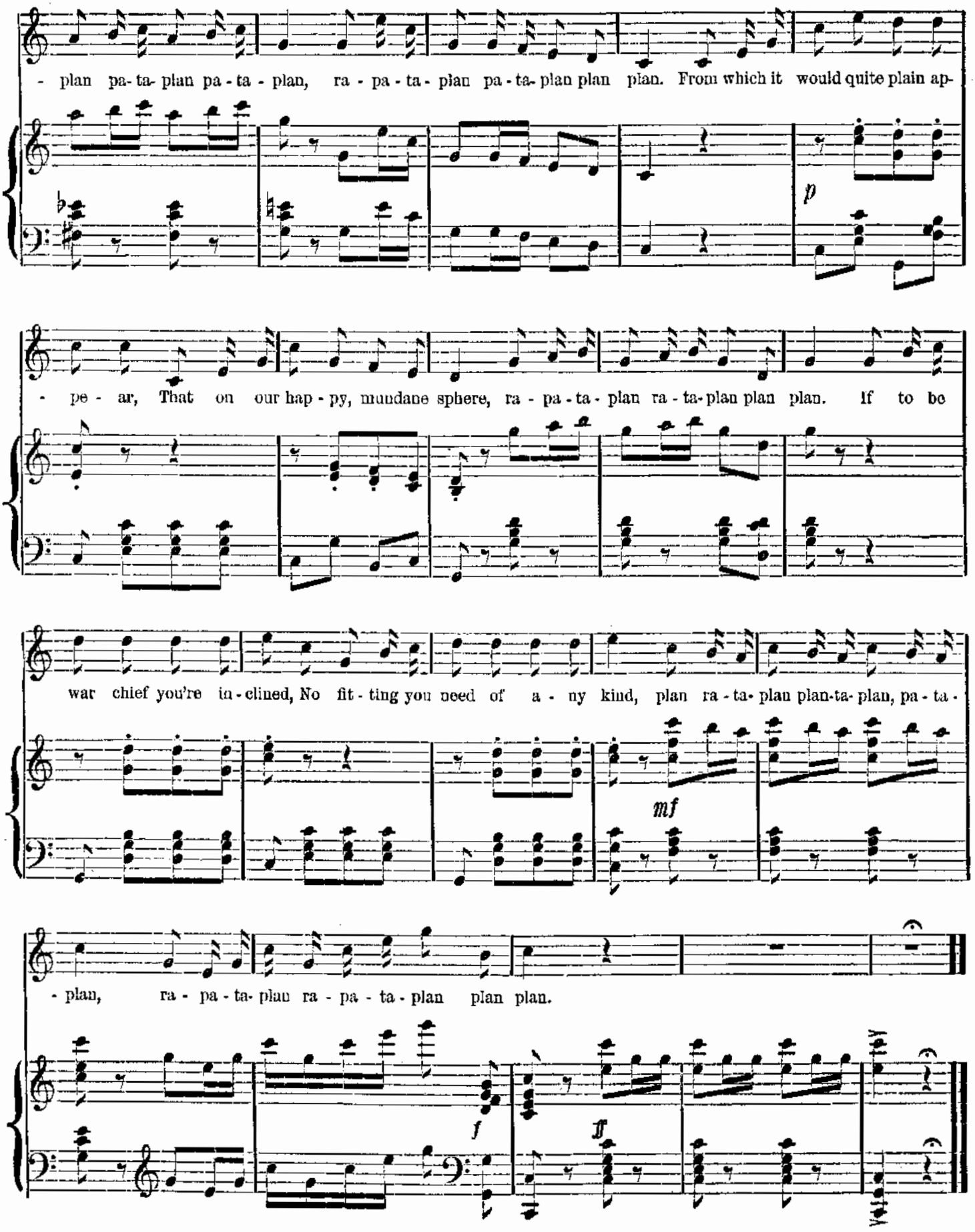

sought the can - ti - ni - er, And growl'd to her, in tones un - kind, ra - ta - ta - plan, pa- ta- plan, plan
plan; Did you, my pret - ty can - ti - ni - er, My missing cross-belts chance to find? ra - ta - ta-
- plan pa- ta- plan pa - ta - plan, ra - pa - ta - plan pa - ta- plan plan plan. Not I, my handsome gren - a-
p
- di - er, But long for you my heart has pined, ra - pa - ta - plan ra - ta- plan plan plan. Kiss me, then,


said the gren - a - di - er, And the old cross - belts nev - er mind. Plan ra - ta-
- plan, ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan ra - pa - ta - plan ra - ta - plan plan plan, To bat - tle
went he with - out fe - ar, And fought the foe in such fierce kind, Plan ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan
plan; That his com - miss - ion, ere a ye - ar, As - min - is - ter of war was signed. Ra - pa - ta-


- plan pa- ta- plan pa - ta - plan, ra - pa - ta - plan pa - ta- plan plan plan. From which it would quite plain ap-
p
- pe - ar, That on our hap - py, mundane sphere, ra - pa - ta - plan ra - ta- plan plan plan. If to be
war chief you're in - clined, No fit - ting you need of a - ny kind, plan ra - ta- plan plan-ta- plan, pa - ta -
mf
- plan, ra - pa - ta- plan ra - pa - ta - plan plan plan.
f
ff

BRAS. It is very amusing; but it is not the song.

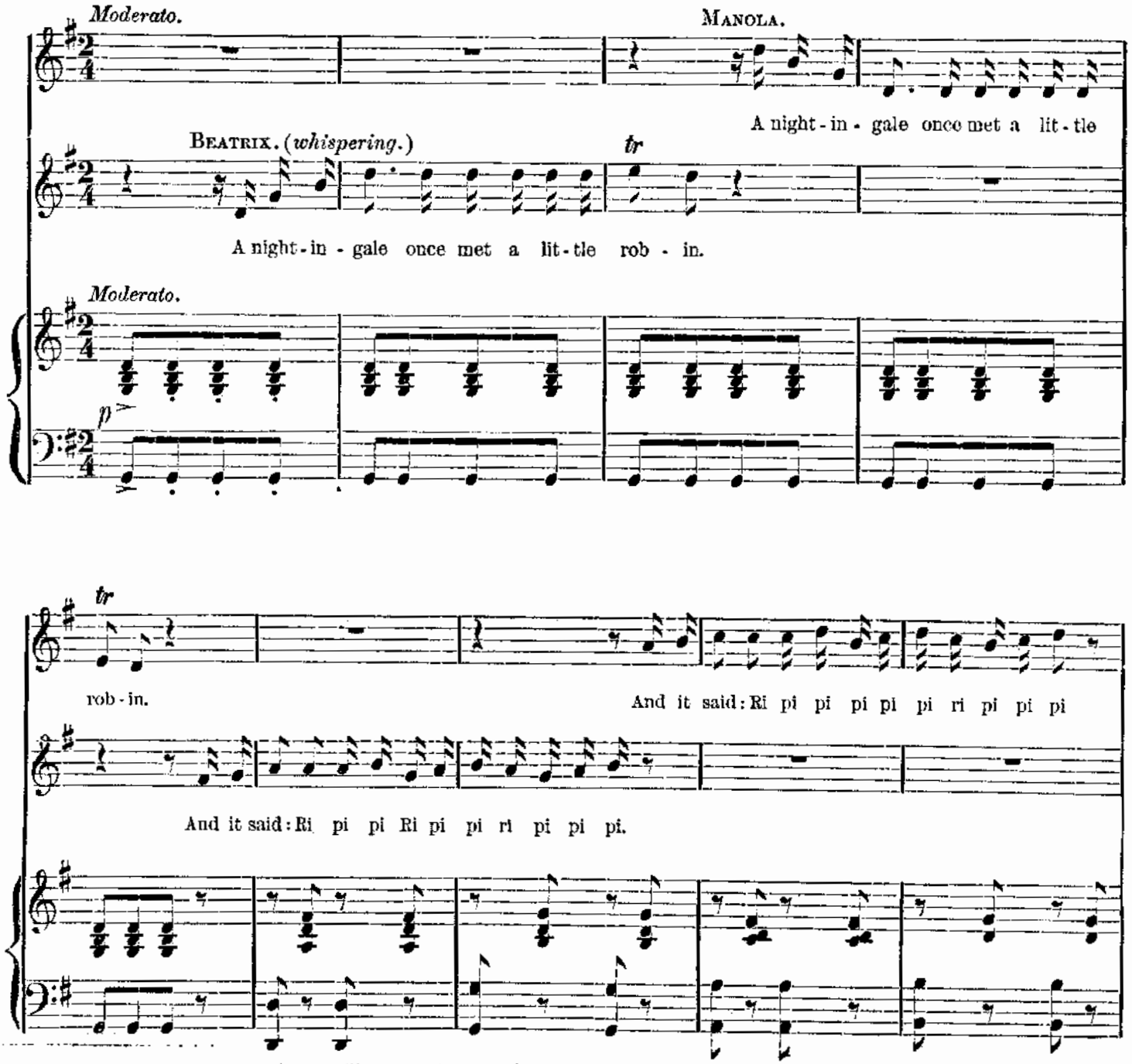
MAN. (*aside*) Oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do? He will begin to suspect all presently. Ah, yes— Beatrix! (*She goes to the back of the stage while pretending to reflect, and strikes her hands together three times; then walks about as though thinking. Aloud.*) A song! I sang a song, you say? (*aside, and looking* L. I. E.) Ah! there she is! (*aloud.*) What song can it be that I did sing.

BRAS. (*Suspiciously.*) Reflect! Take your time.

BEA. *appears behind the shrubbery.* L. I. E.)

DUET OF THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROBIN.

(c.)



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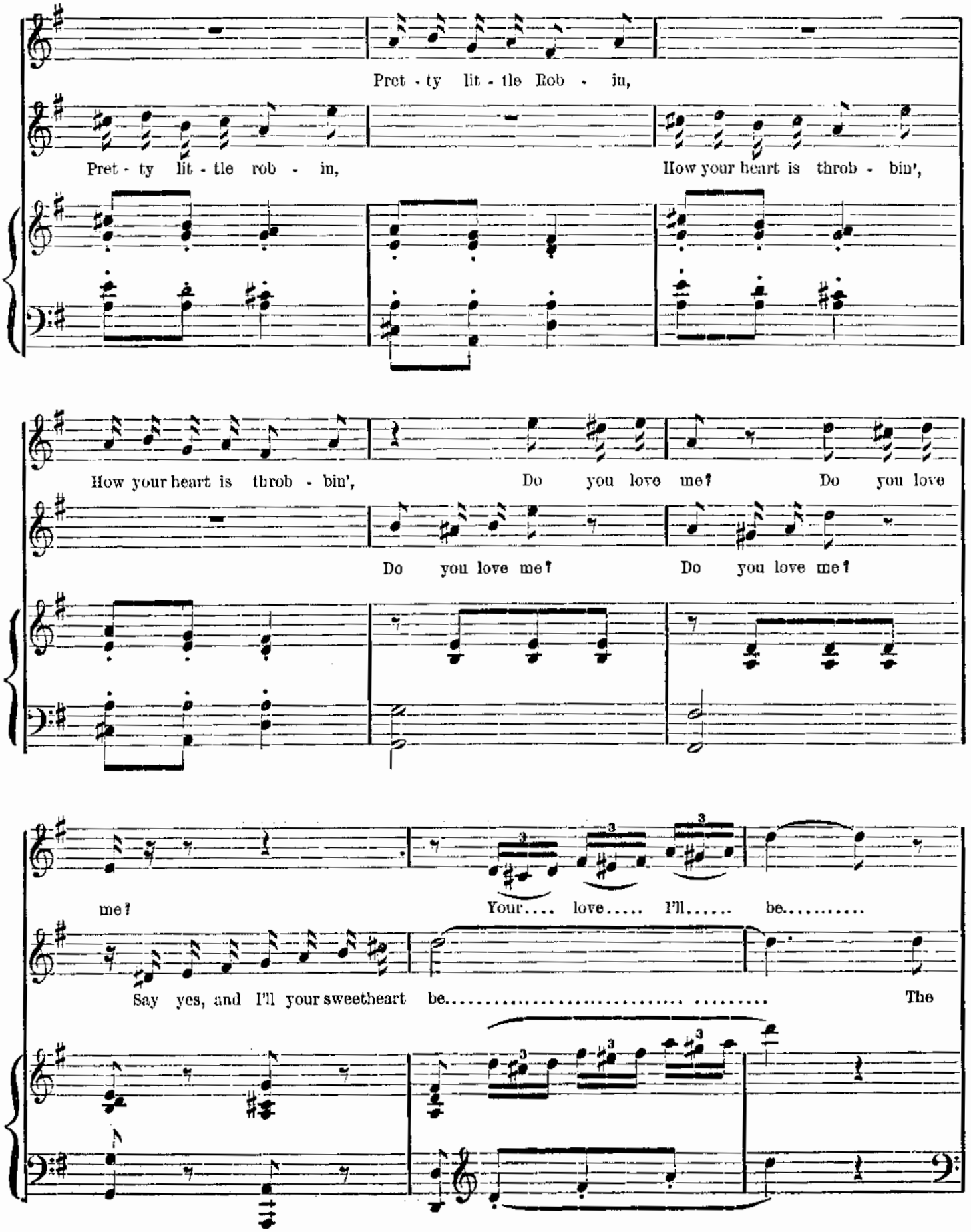
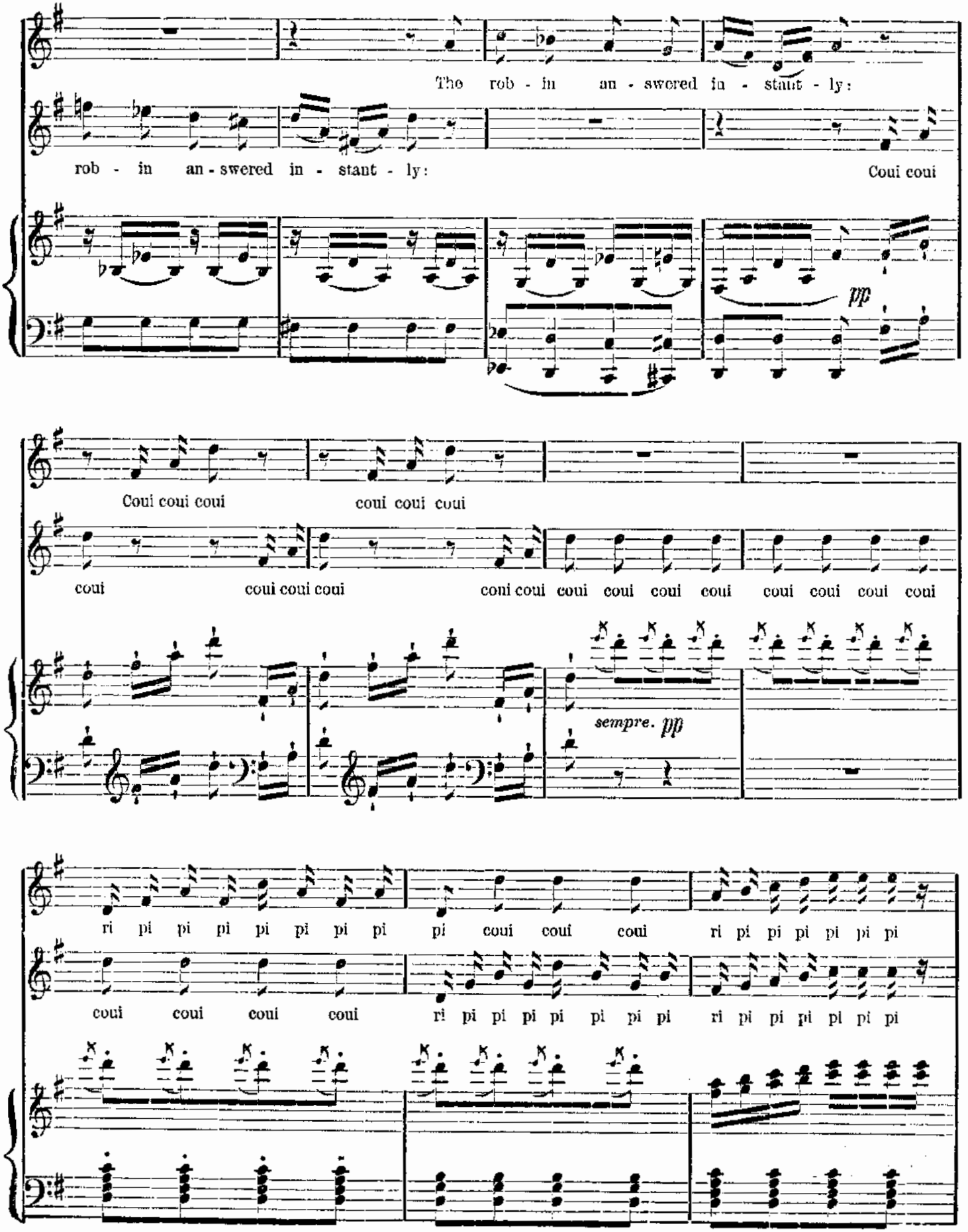
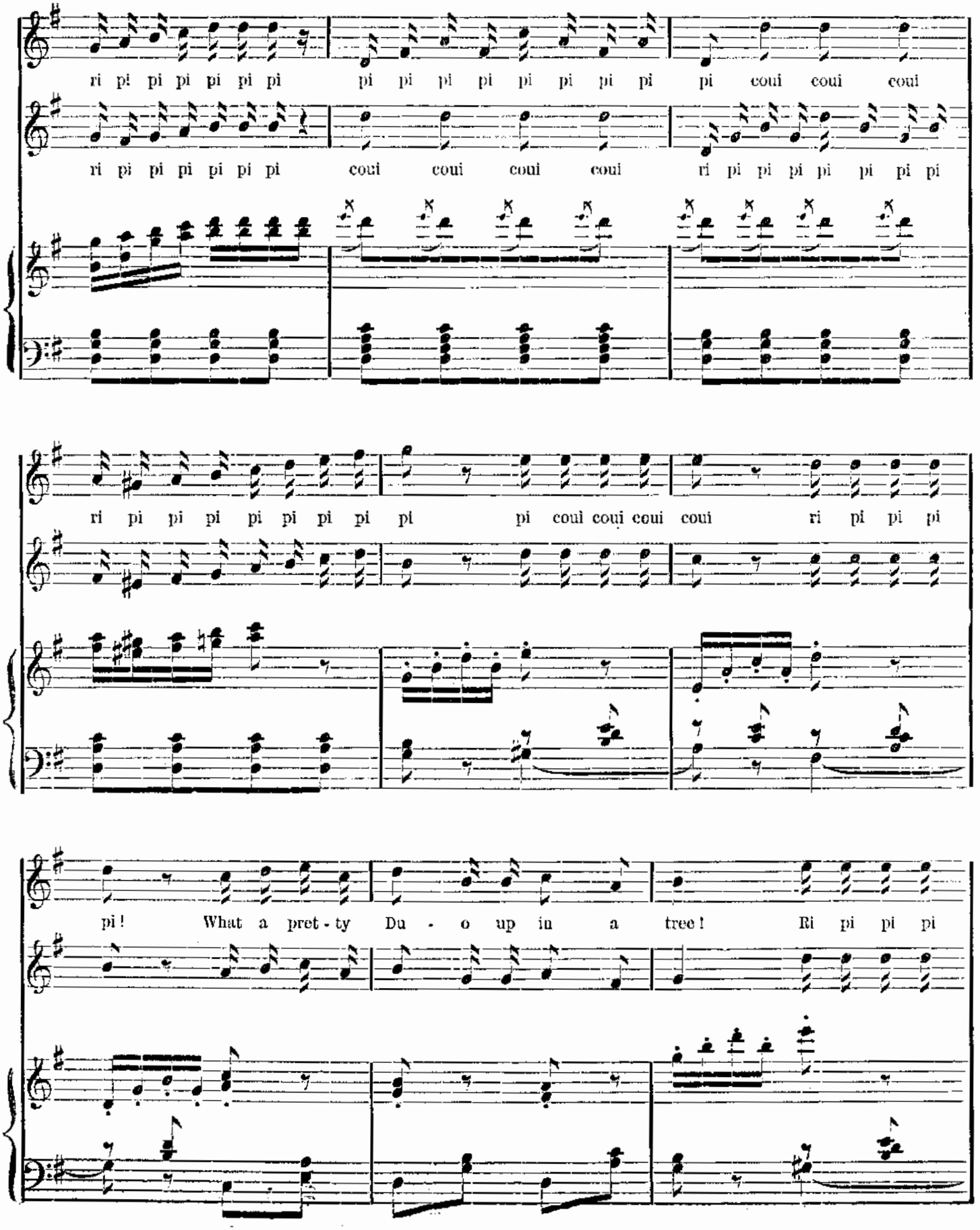
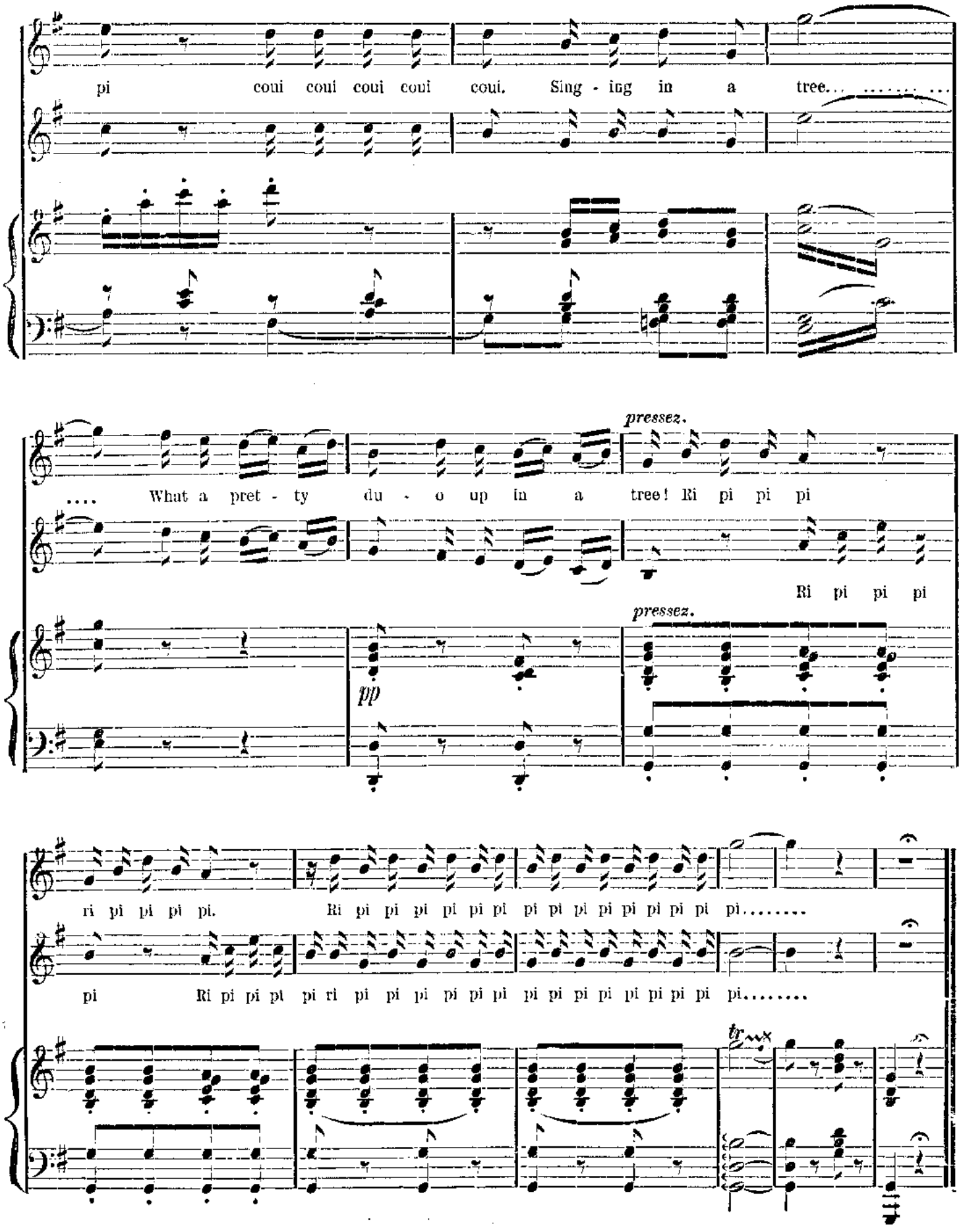

Pret - ty lit - tle Rob - in,
Pret - ty lit - tle rob - in,
How your heart is throb - bin',
How your heart is throb - bin',
Do you love me?
Do you love
Do you love me?
Do you love me?
me?
Your.... love..... I'll..... be.....
Say yes, and I'll your sweetheart be.....
The


The rob - in an - swered in - stant - ly:
rob - in an - swered in - stant - ly:
Coui coui
pp
Coui coui coui
coui coui coui
coui
coui coui coui
coni coui coui coui coui coui coui coui coui
sempre. pp
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi
pi coui coui coui
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi
coui coui coui coui
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi


ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi coui coui coui
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi coui coui coui coui ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi
ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi coui coui coui coui ri pi pi pi
pi! What a pret - ty Du - o up in a tree! Ri pi pi pi


pi coui coui coui coui coui. Sing - ing in a tree.
What a pret - ty du - o up in a tree! Ri pi pi pi
Ri pi pi pi
pressez.
pressez.
pp
ri pi pi pi pi. Ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi.....
pi Ri pi pi pi pi ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi.....
tr

BRAS. (*Who has listened with ecstacy.*) Ah! That is it! I must kiss you for having remembered it.

MAN. (*Retreating.*) Ah, no! Keep away, I say!

BRAS. Nonsense! You are my wife, and I shall exercise my rights. (*She runs. He pursues her.*)

MAN. Very well. Exercise them. (*Draws dagger.*)

BRAS. What! You'll stab me? We'll see. (*Goes to her.*)

MAN. (*Running away in fear.*) No, no! Quick, Beatrix, quick!

(BRAS. *pursues her. They approach* L., *when* MAN. *pushes* BEATRIX *into his arms and runs off.*)

BRAS. (*Seizing* BEA.) Ah! I have got you. (*Kisses her.*)

BEA. (*Sighing with pleasure.*) Ah!

BRAS. (*Perceiving his error.*) The deuce! Another! I am deceived!

BEA. (*In a faint voice.*) I don't mind it. (*Puts her head on his breast.*)

BRAS. You don't mind it? But I do!

BEA. (*Clinging to him.*) Don't say that! (*Lays her head on his breast again.*)

BRAS. What the devil ails you?

BEA. (*Gushingly.*) Nothing! It is emotion! It is joy!

BRAS. (*Trying to disembarrass himself of her.*) Joy? Look here! Go away! Restrain your joy? Don't give away to your emotion! Be a man!

BEA. (*Lovingly.*) Yes, yes! Only promise me—oh, swear to me—that you will moderate your affection for blondes.

BRAS. I'll swear anything. (*Trying to shake her off, but she still rests on his breast.*) Are you aware that you can't go on pillowing your head on my unsympathising bosom in this way forever? I want to rejoin my wife. I am resolved to kiss her!

BEA. No, no! I beg of you! (*Releasing him.*)

BRAS. (*Aside.*) She is jealous! She loves me! (*Aloud.*) Look you! I am a newly married man, and this conduct of yours, is, to say the least of it——

(*Enter* MIGUEL *running.*)

MIG. Ah! He is here at last!

BRAS. Who is here at last?

MIG. Old Calabazas.

BRAS. (*Indignantly.*) Old Calabazas!

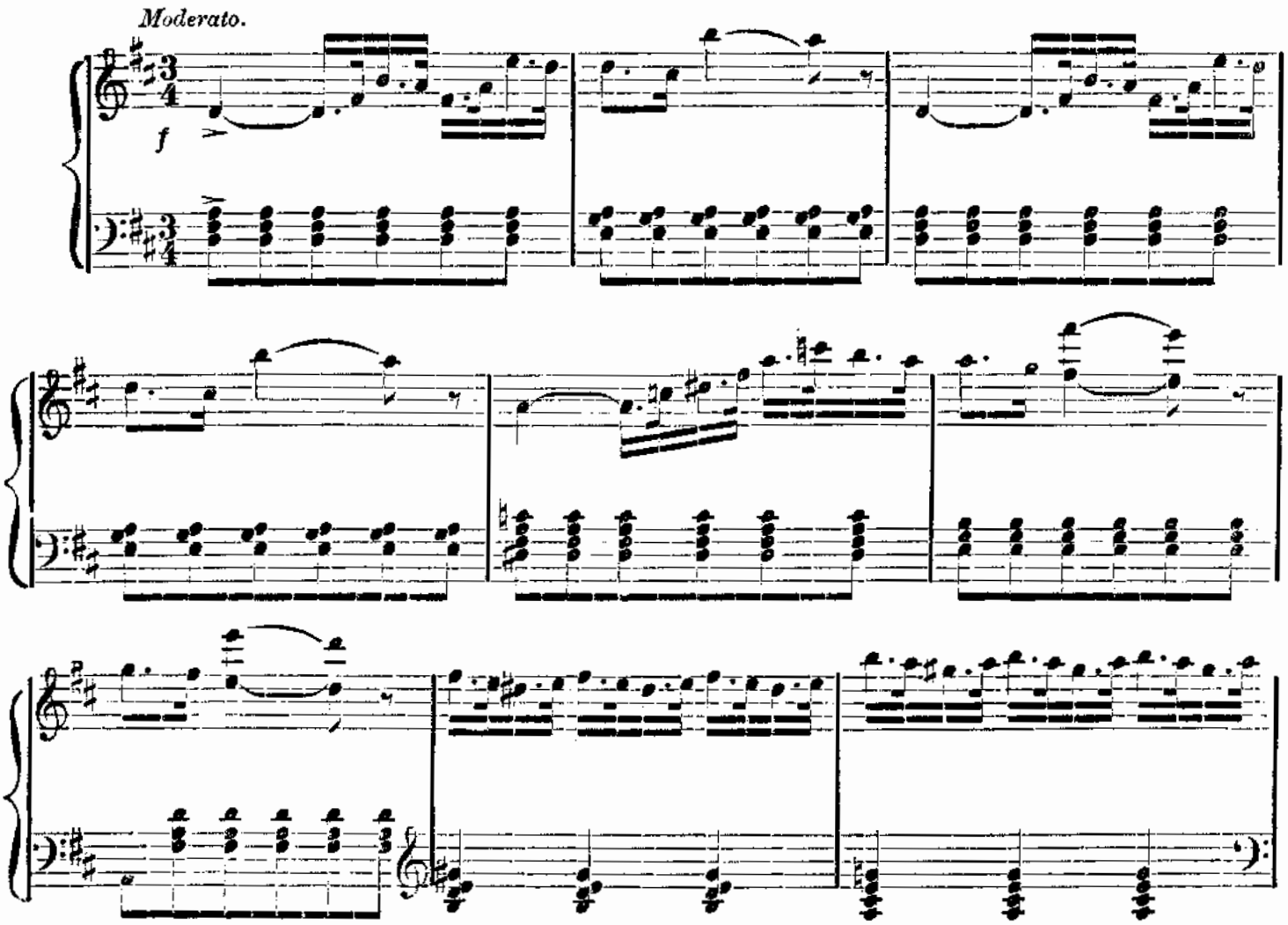
MIG. I mean the Prince. He is about to depart. *Exit* BRAS.)

BEA. Ah! What joy! (BRAS. *exits. As he does so,* MAN *reenters joyously and joins* MIG. *and* BEA. *Enter attendants, cuisiges and servants, and afterwards* CAL. *preceded by* BRAS., *bowing before him.*)

CHORUS AND "SONG OF THE PORTUGUESE."

No. 13.

Moderato.



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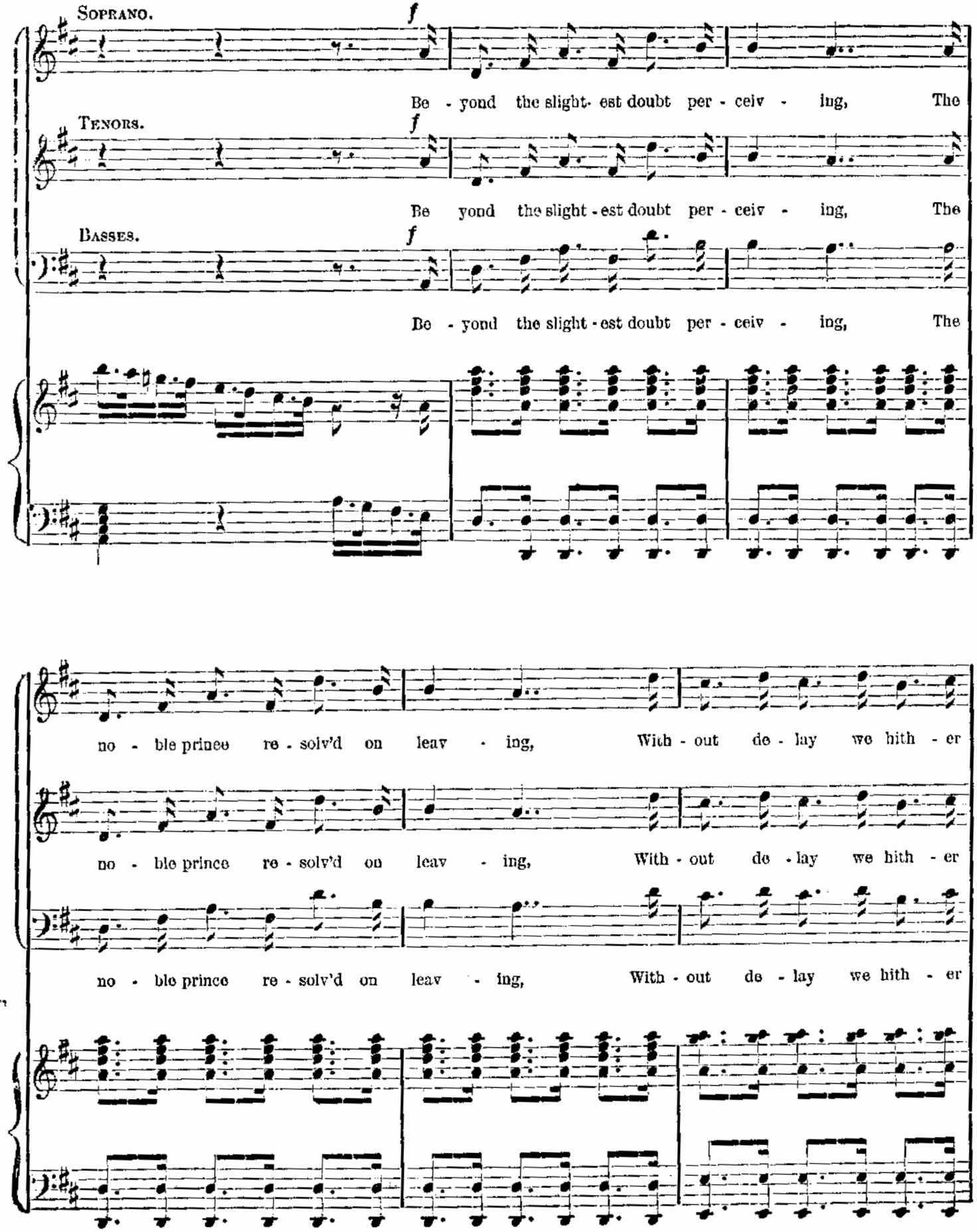
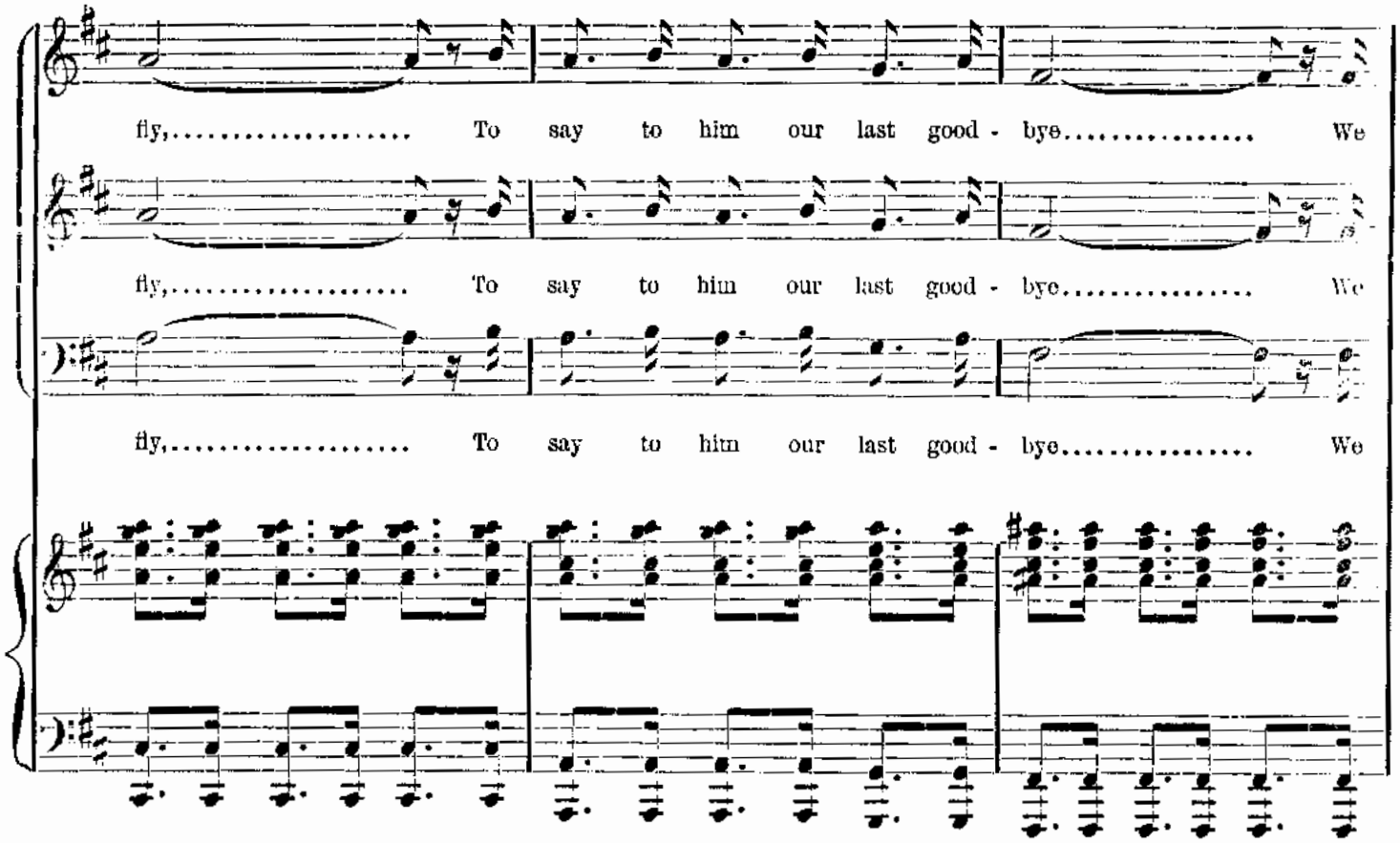
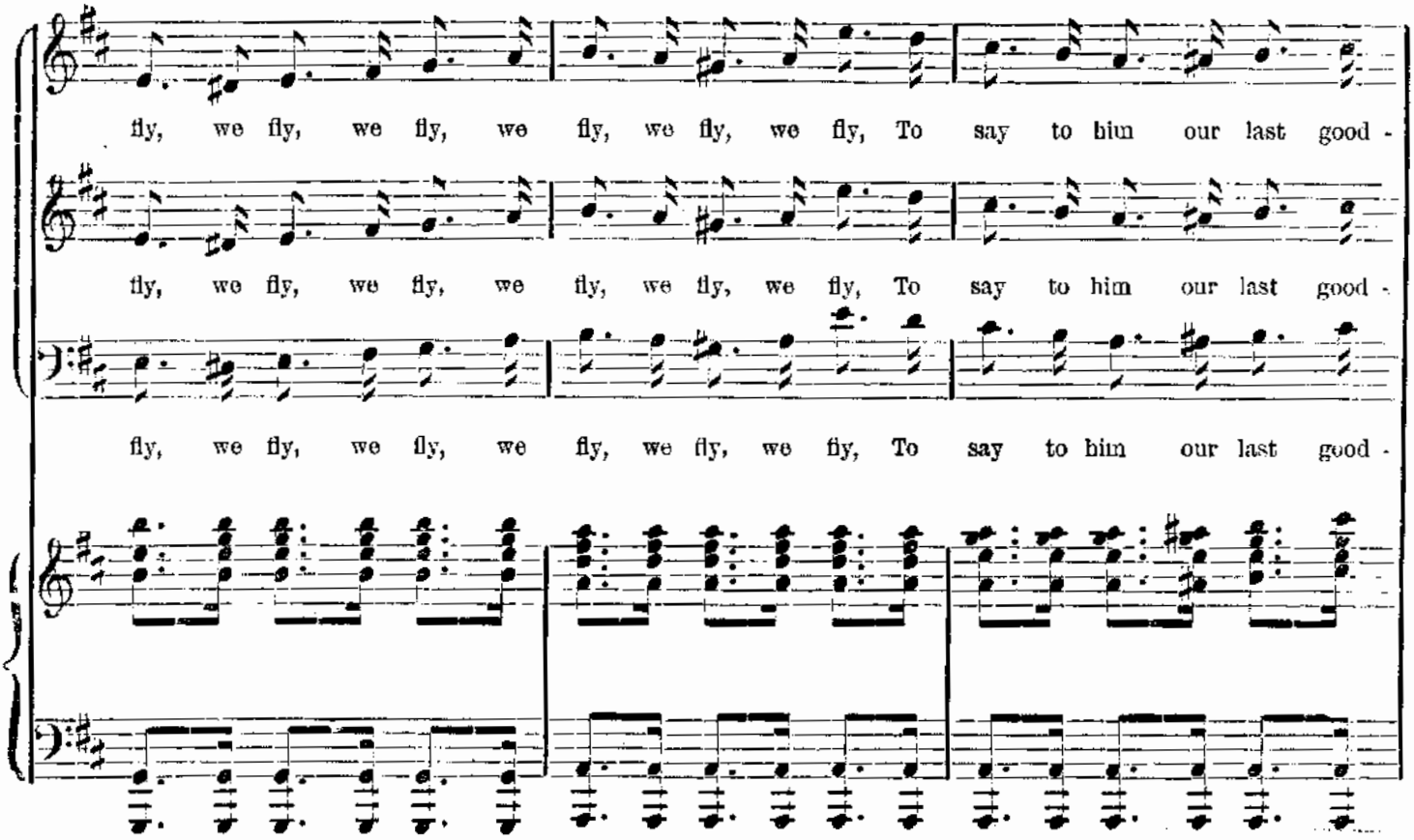
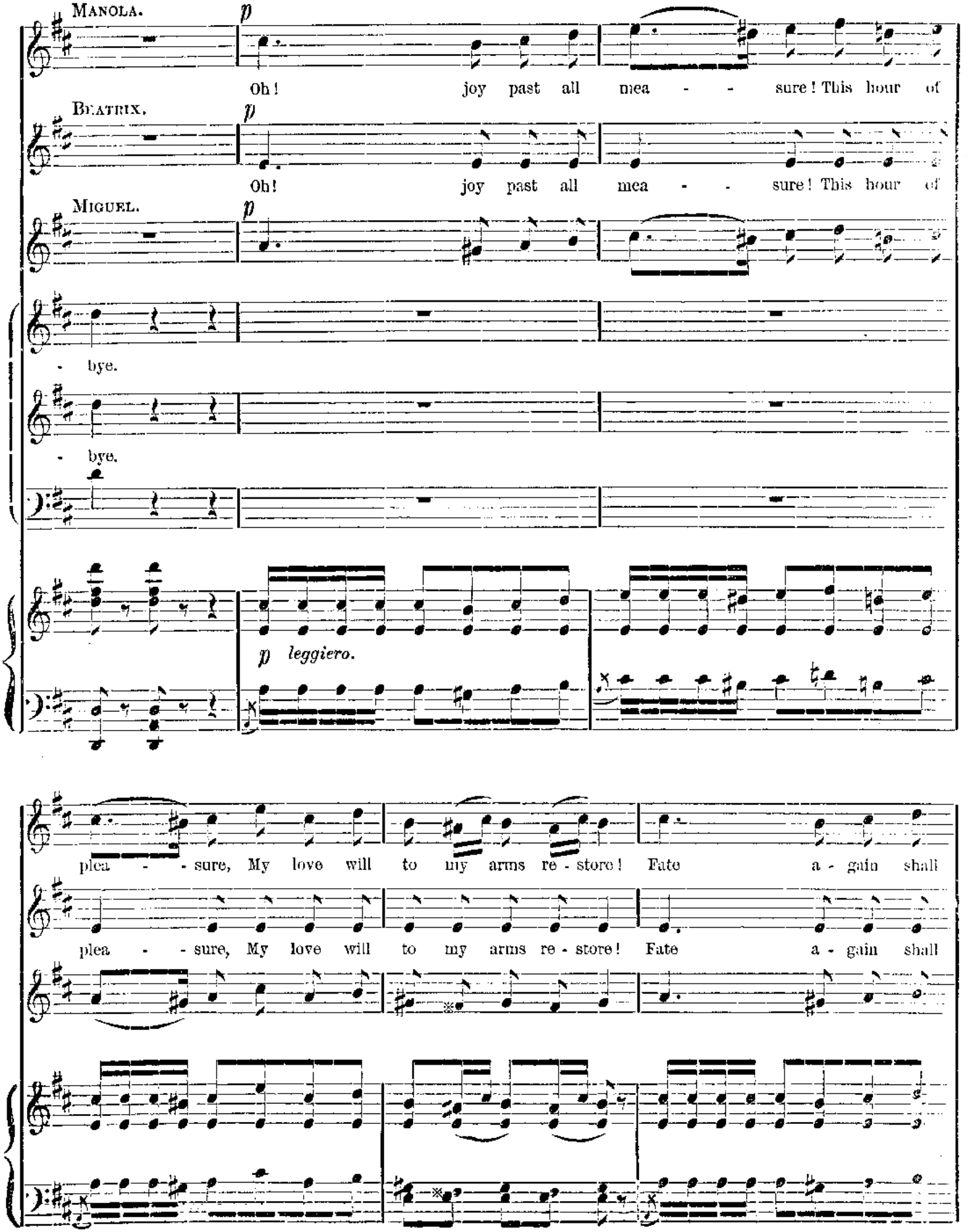
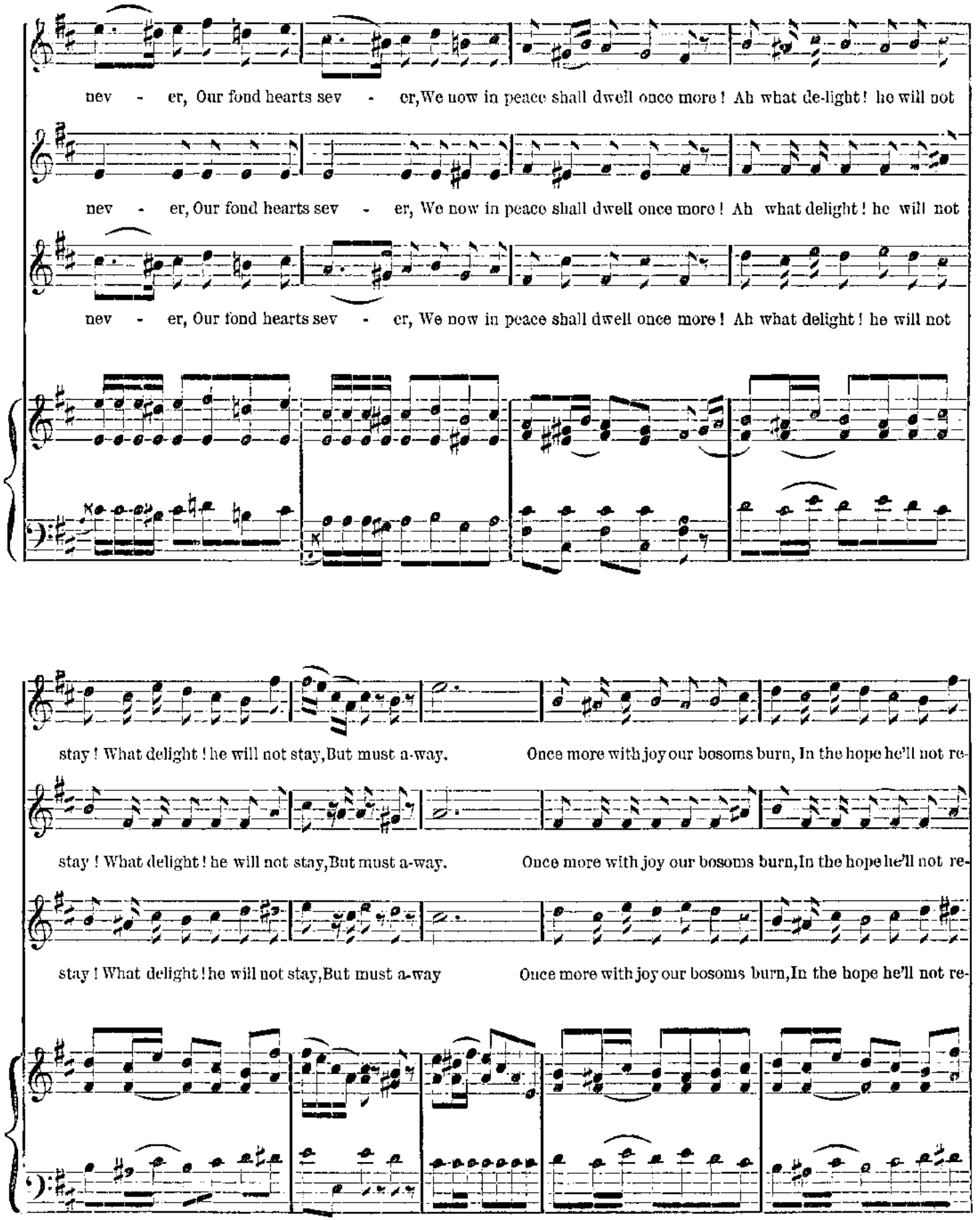

Soprano.
Be - yond the slight- est doubt per - ceiv - ing, The
Tenors.
Be yond the slight - est doubt per - ceiv - ing, The
Basses.
Be - yond the slight - est doubt per - ceiv - ing, The
no - ble prince re - solv'd on leav - ing, With - out de - lay we hith - er
no - ble prince re - solv'd on leav - ing, With - out de - lay we hith - er
no - ble prince re - solv'd on leav - ing, With - out de - lay we hith - er

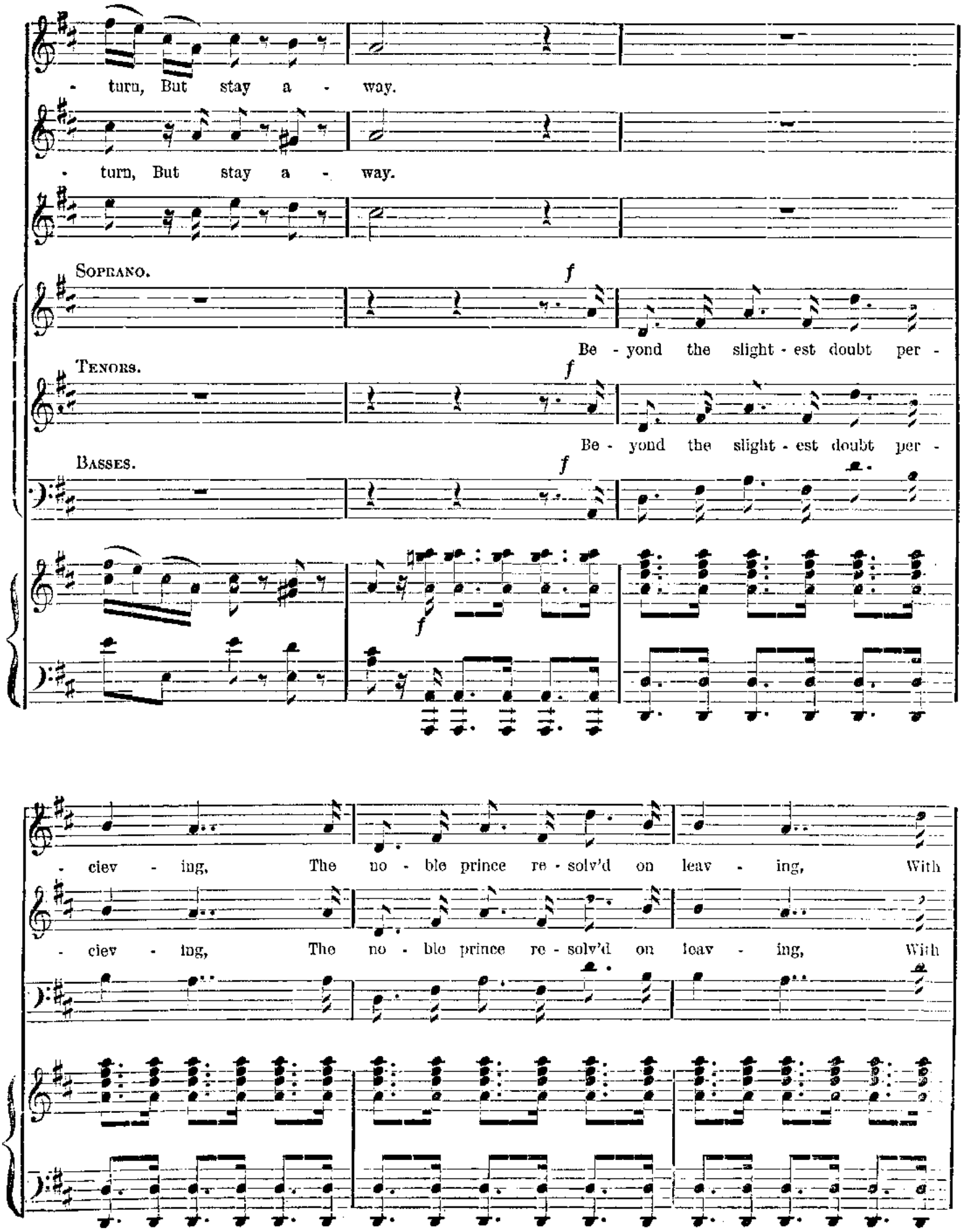

fly,..... To say to him our last good - bye..... We
fly,..... To say to him our last good - bye..... We
fly,..... To say to him our last good - bye..... We

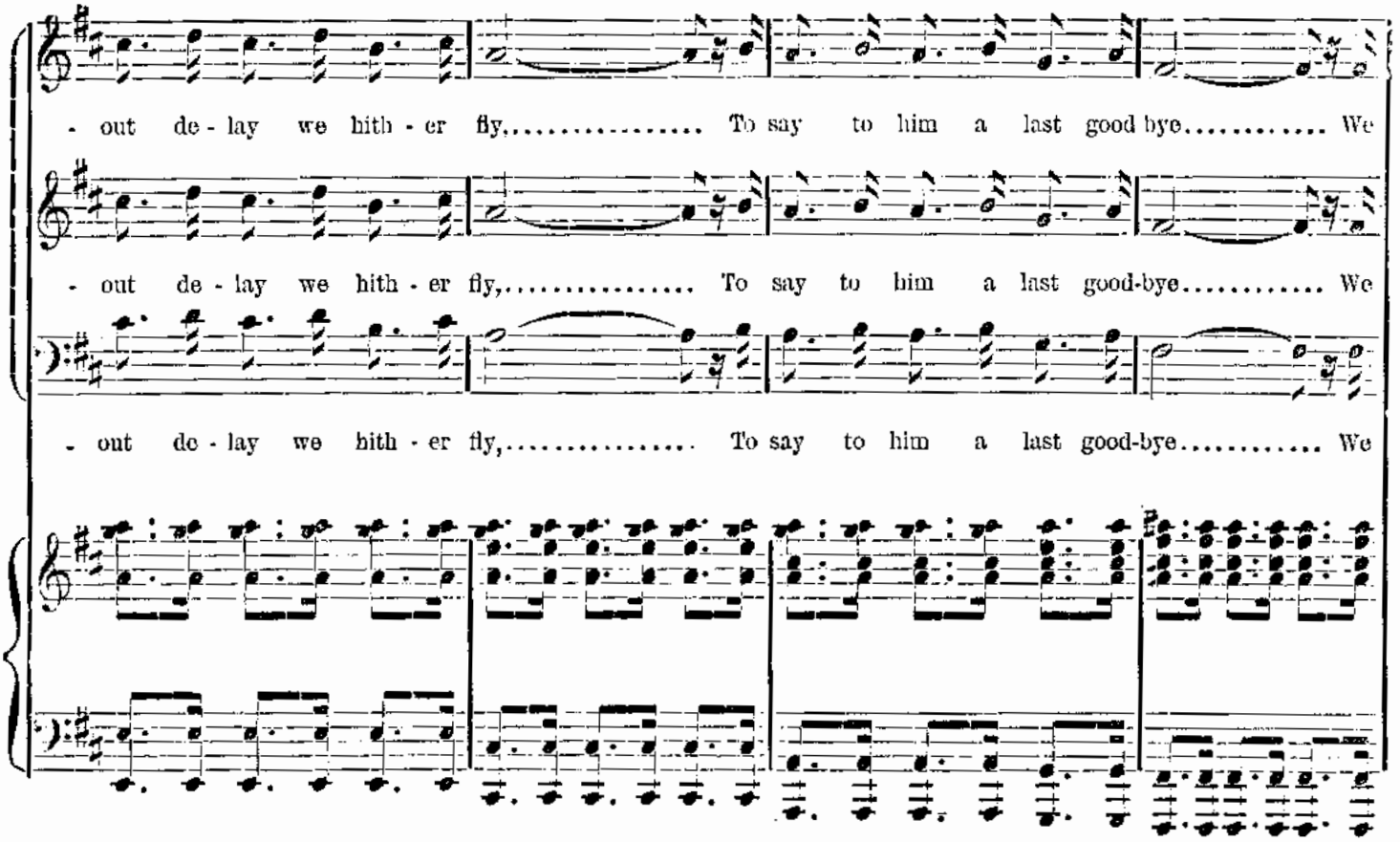

fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him our last good -
fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him our last good -
fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him our last good -

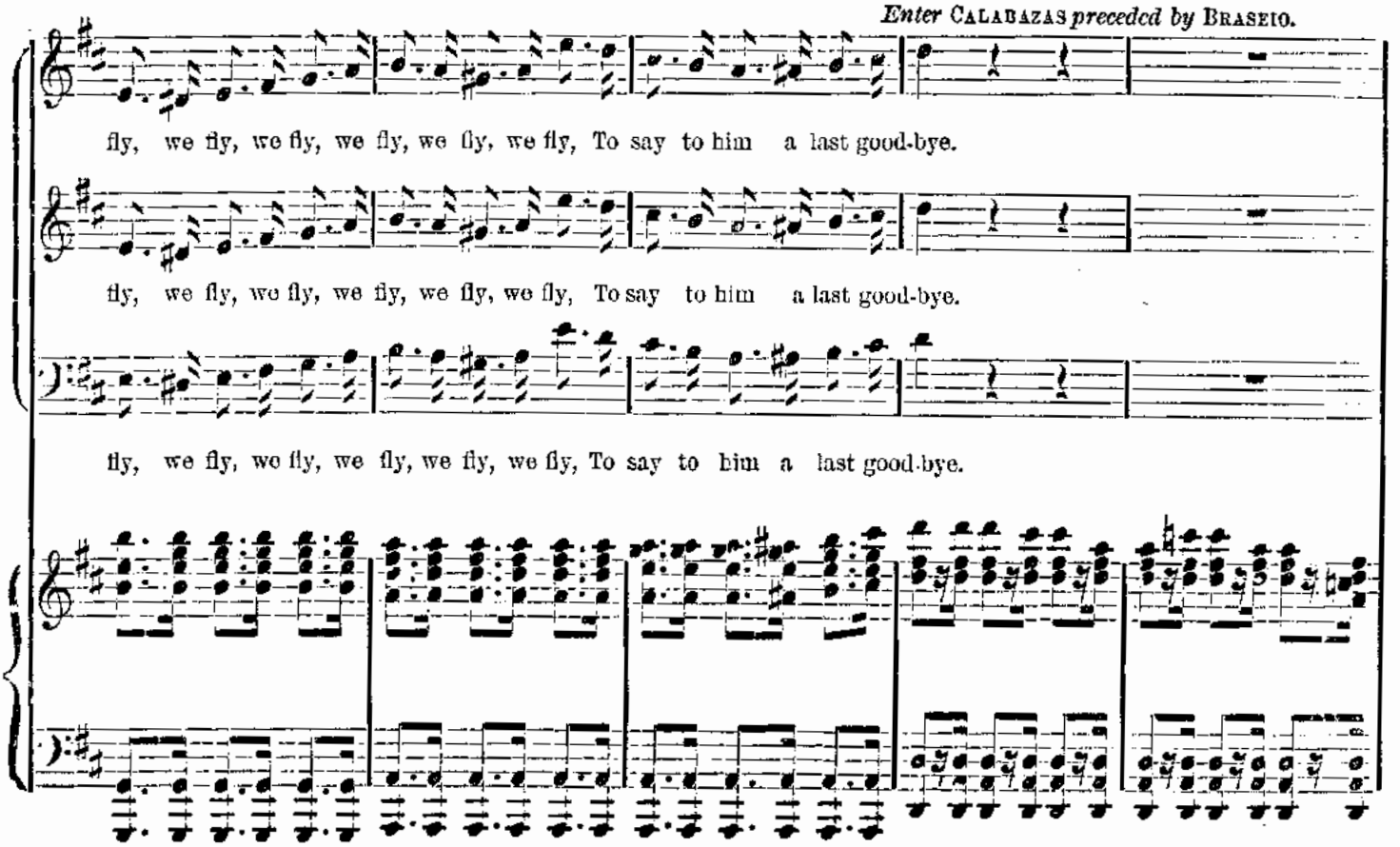
ENSEMBLE.


MANOLA.
p
Oh! joy past all mea - - sure! This hour of
BEATRIX.
p
Oh! joy past all mea - - sure! This hour of
MIGUEL.
p
- bye.
- bye.
p leggiero.
plea - - sure, My love will to my arms re - store! Fate a - gain shall
plea - - sure, My love will to my arms re - store! Fate a - gain shall

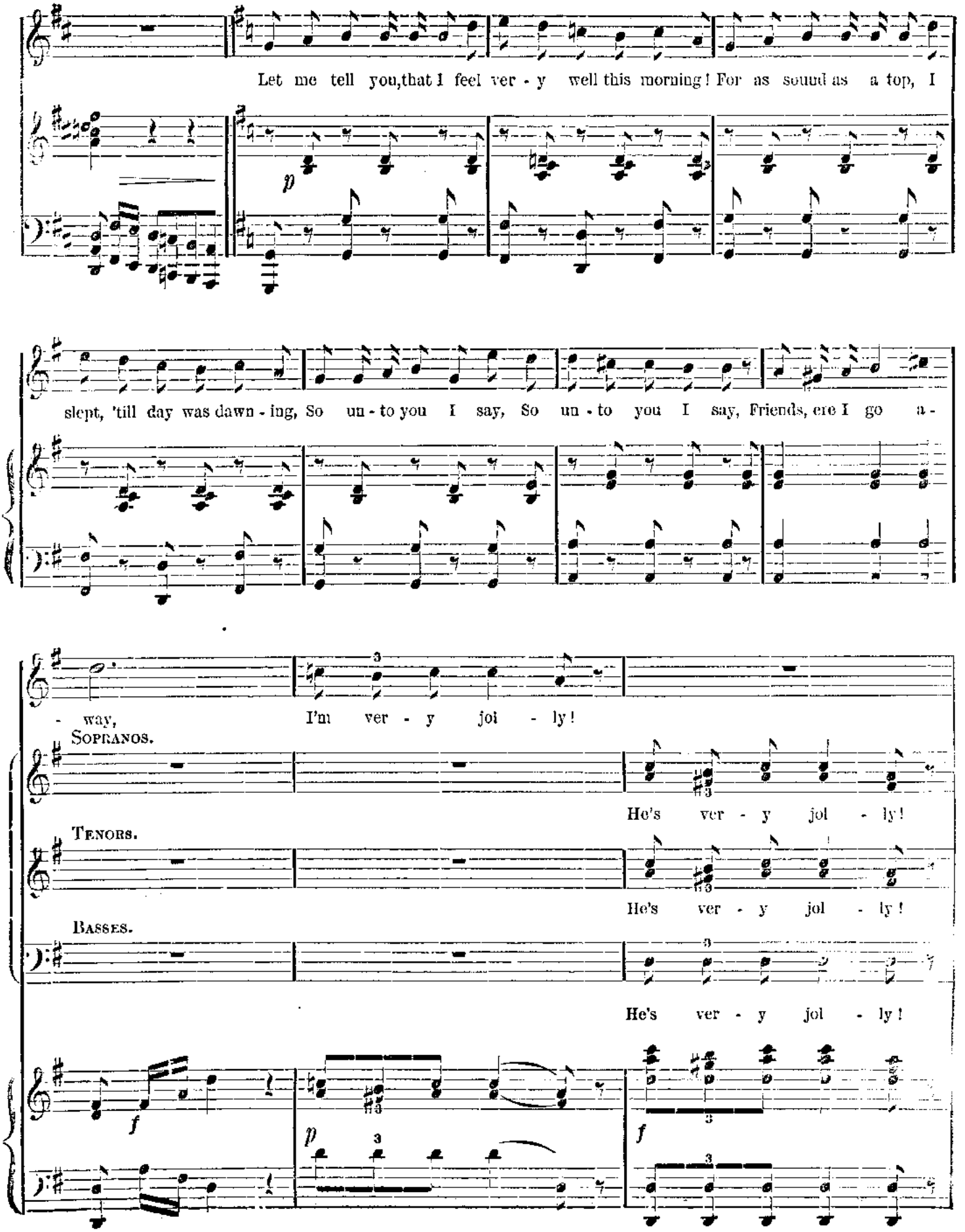

nev - er, Our fond hearts sev - er, We now in peace shall dwell once more! Ah what de-light! he will not
nev - er, Our fond hearts sev - er, We now in peace shall dwell once more! Ah what delight! he will not
nev - er, Our fond hearts sev - er, We now in peace shall dwell once more! Ah what delight! he will not
stay! What delight! he will not stay, But must a-way. Once more with joy our bosoms burn, In the hope he'll not re-
stay! What delight! he will not stay, But must a-way. Once more with joy our bosoms burn, In the hope he'll not re-
stay! What delight! he will not stay, But must a-way Once more with joy our bosoms burn, In the hope he'll not re-

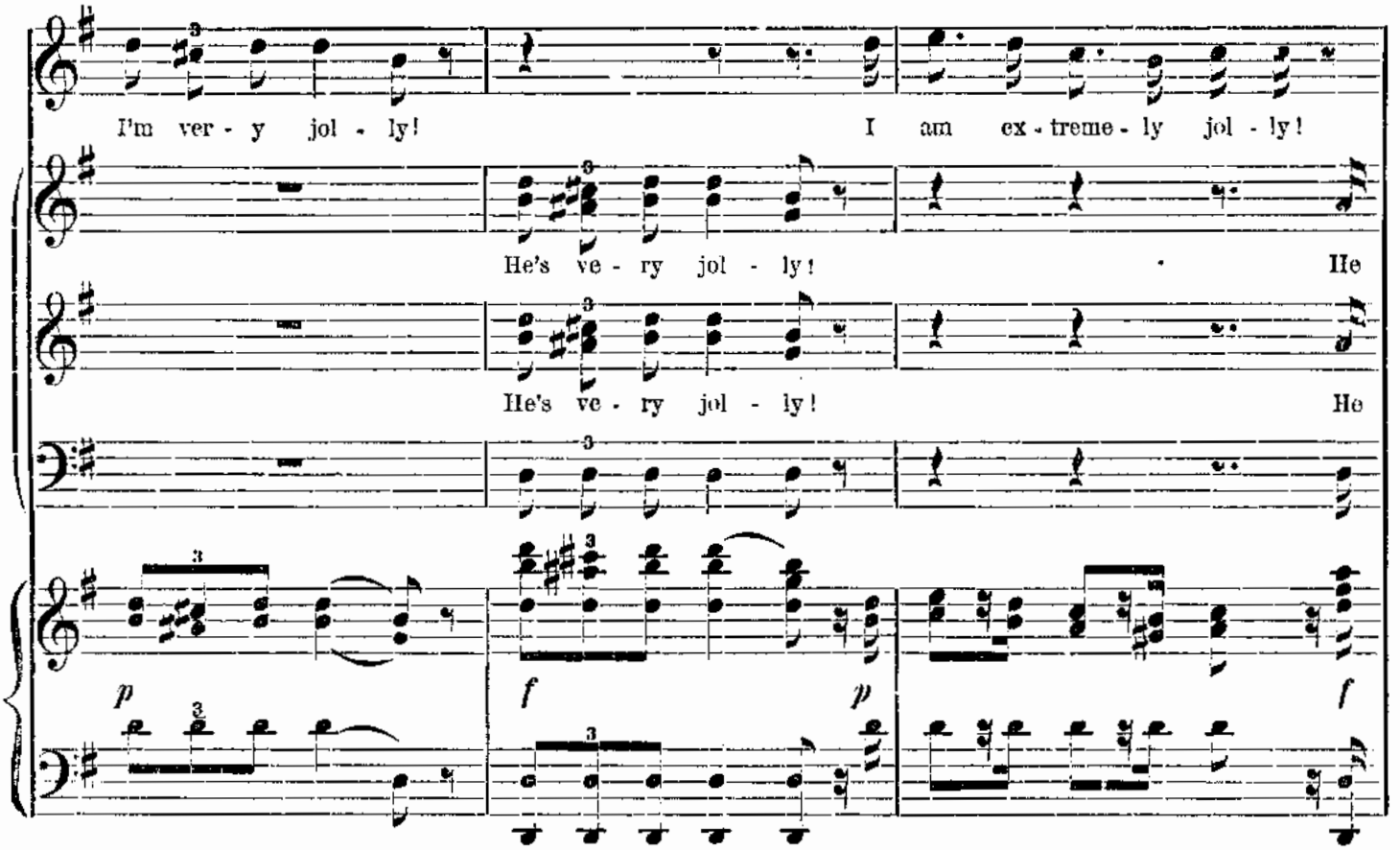

- turn, But stay a - way.
- turn, But stay a - way.
Soprano.
Be - yond the slight - est doubt per -
Tenors.
Be - yond the slight - est doubt per -
Basses.
- ciev - ing, The no - ble prince re - solv'd on leav - ing, With
- ciev - ing, The no - ble prince re - solv'd on leav - ing, With

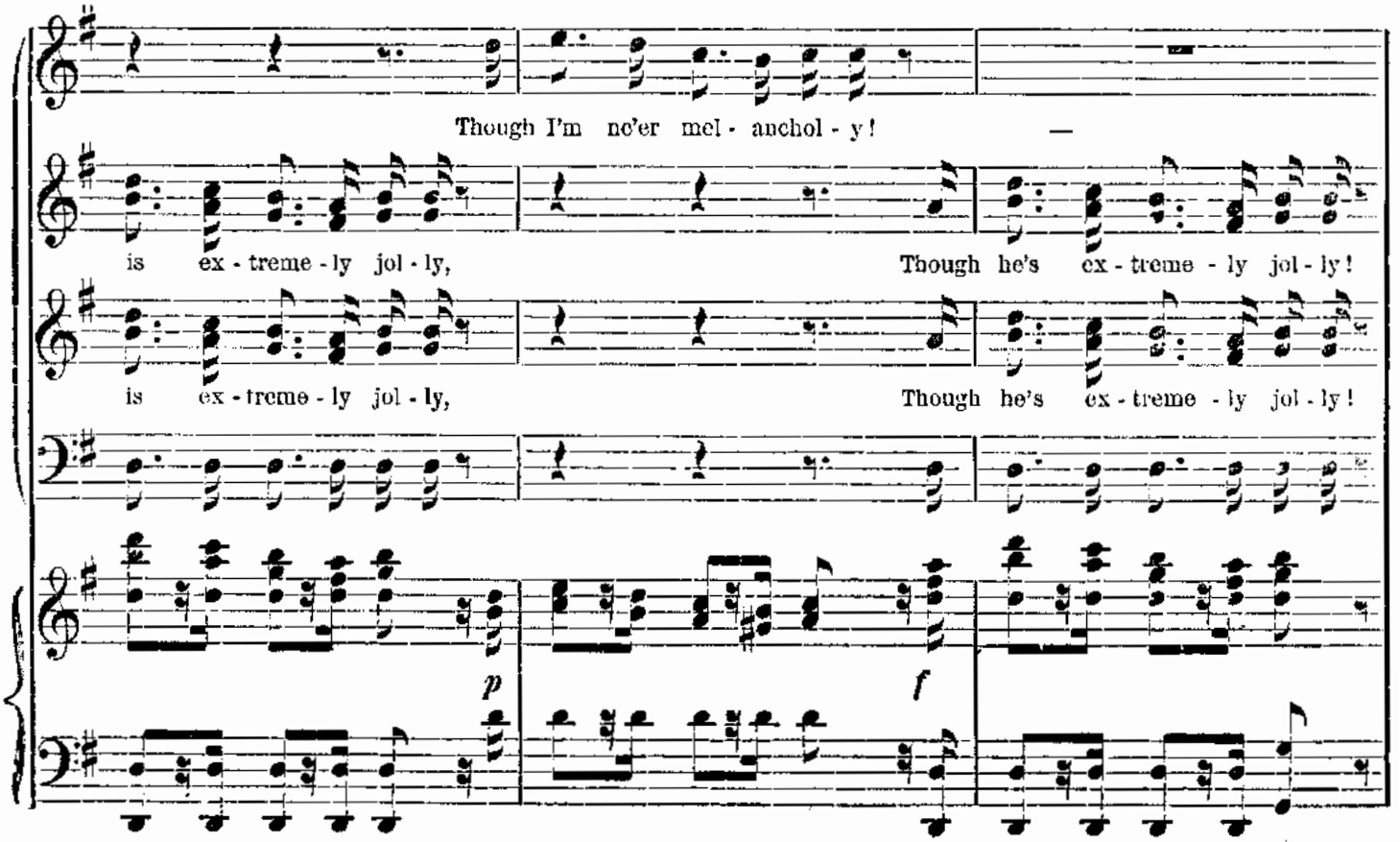

- out de - lay we hith - er fly,..... To say to him a last good bye..... We
- out de - lay we hith - er fly,..... To say to him a last good-bye..... We
- out de - lay we hith - er fly,..... To say to him a last good-bye..... We

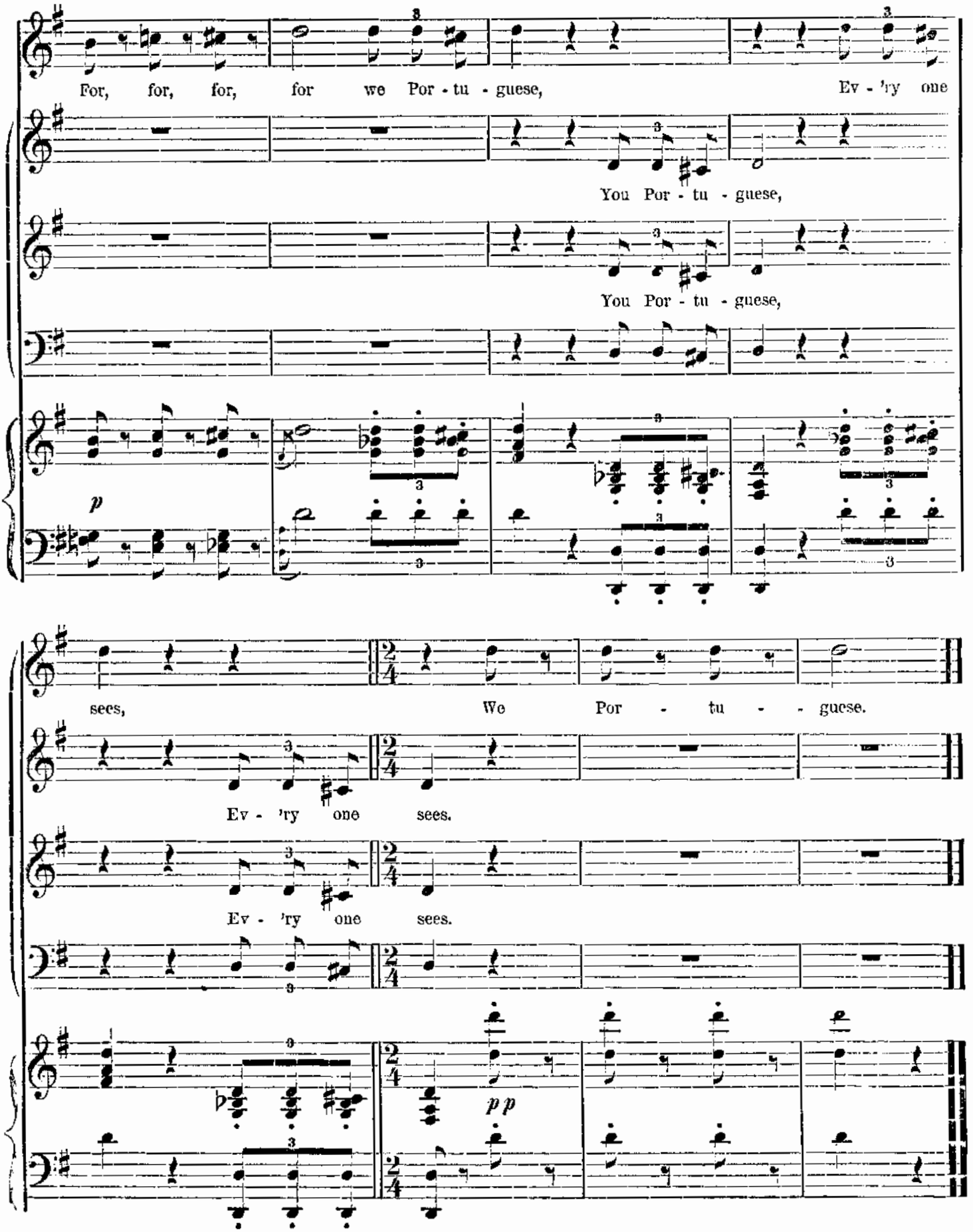

Enter CALABAZAS *preceded by* BRASEIO.
fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him a last good-bye.
fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him a last good-bye.
fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, we fly, To say to him a last good-bye.

CALABAZA


Let me tell you, that I feel ver - y well this morning! For as sound as a top, I
slept, 'till day was dawn - ing, So un - to you I say, So un - to you I say, Friends, ere I go a -
- way, I'm ver - y jol - ly!
SOPRANOS.
He's ver - y jol - ly!
TENORS.
He's ver - y jol - ly!
BASSES.
He's ver - y jol - ly!


I'm ver - y jol - ly!
I am ex - treme - ly jol - ly!
He's ve - ry jol - ly!
He
He's ve - ry jol - ly!
He
p
f
p
f

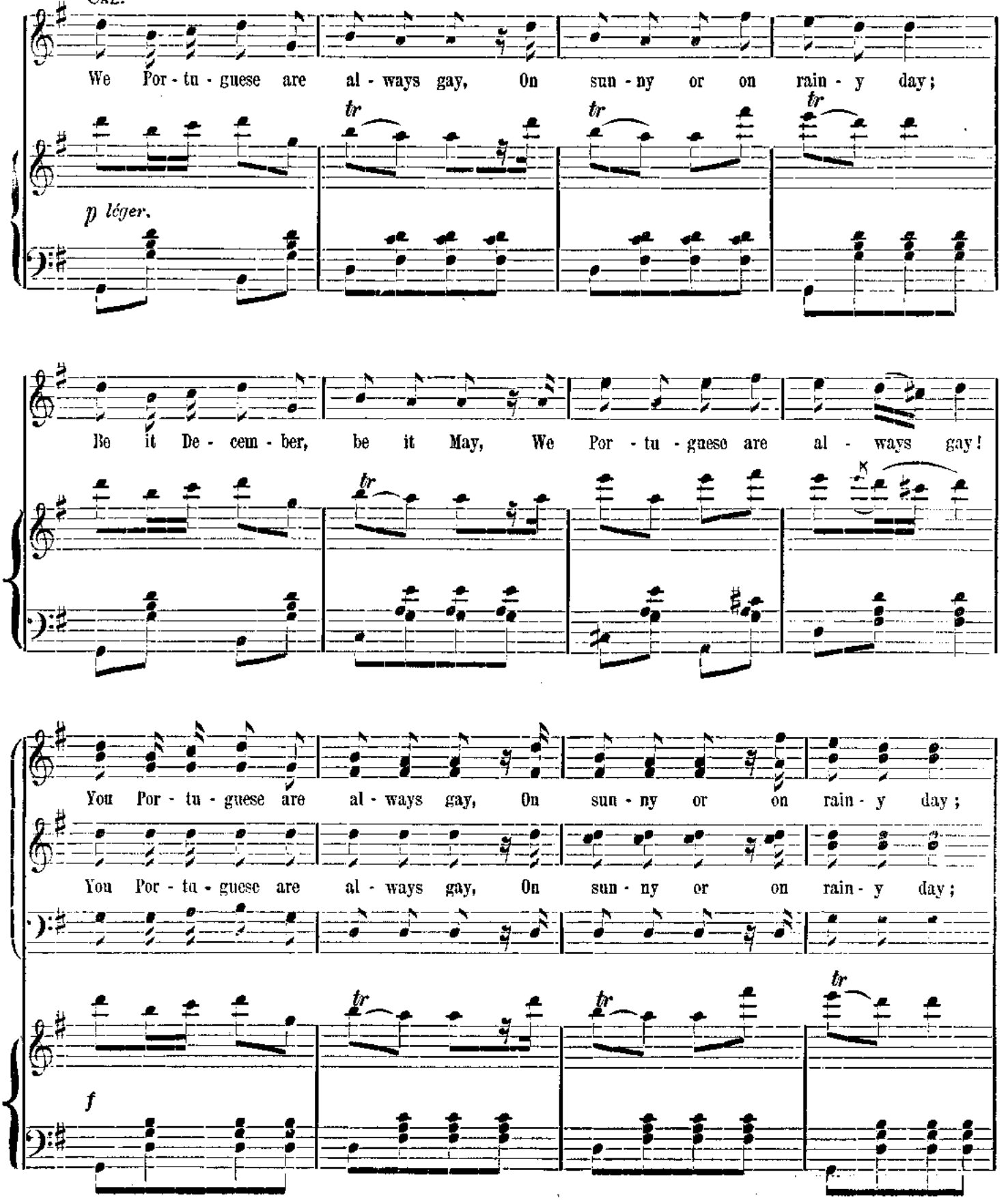

Though I'm ne'er mel - anchol - y!
—
is ex - treme - ly jol - ly,
Though he's ex - treme - ly jol - ly!
is ex - treme - ly jol - ly,
Though he's ex - treme - ly jol - ly!
p
f


For, for, for, for we Por - tu - guese,
Ev - 'ry one
You Por - tu - guese,
You Por - tu - guese,
p
sees,
We Por - tu - guese.
Ev - 'ry one sees.
Ev - 'ry one sees.
pp

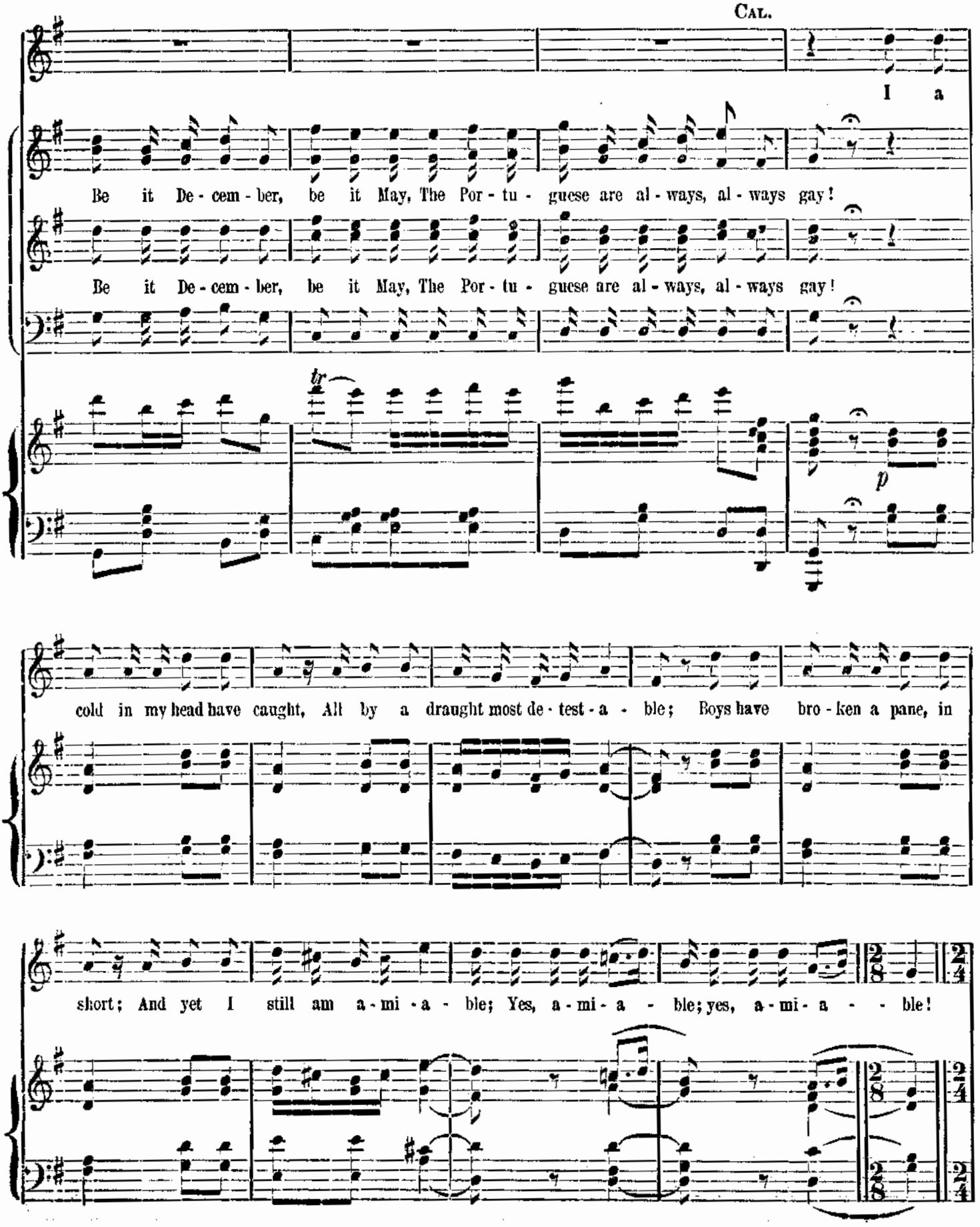
"SONG OF THE PORTUGUESE."

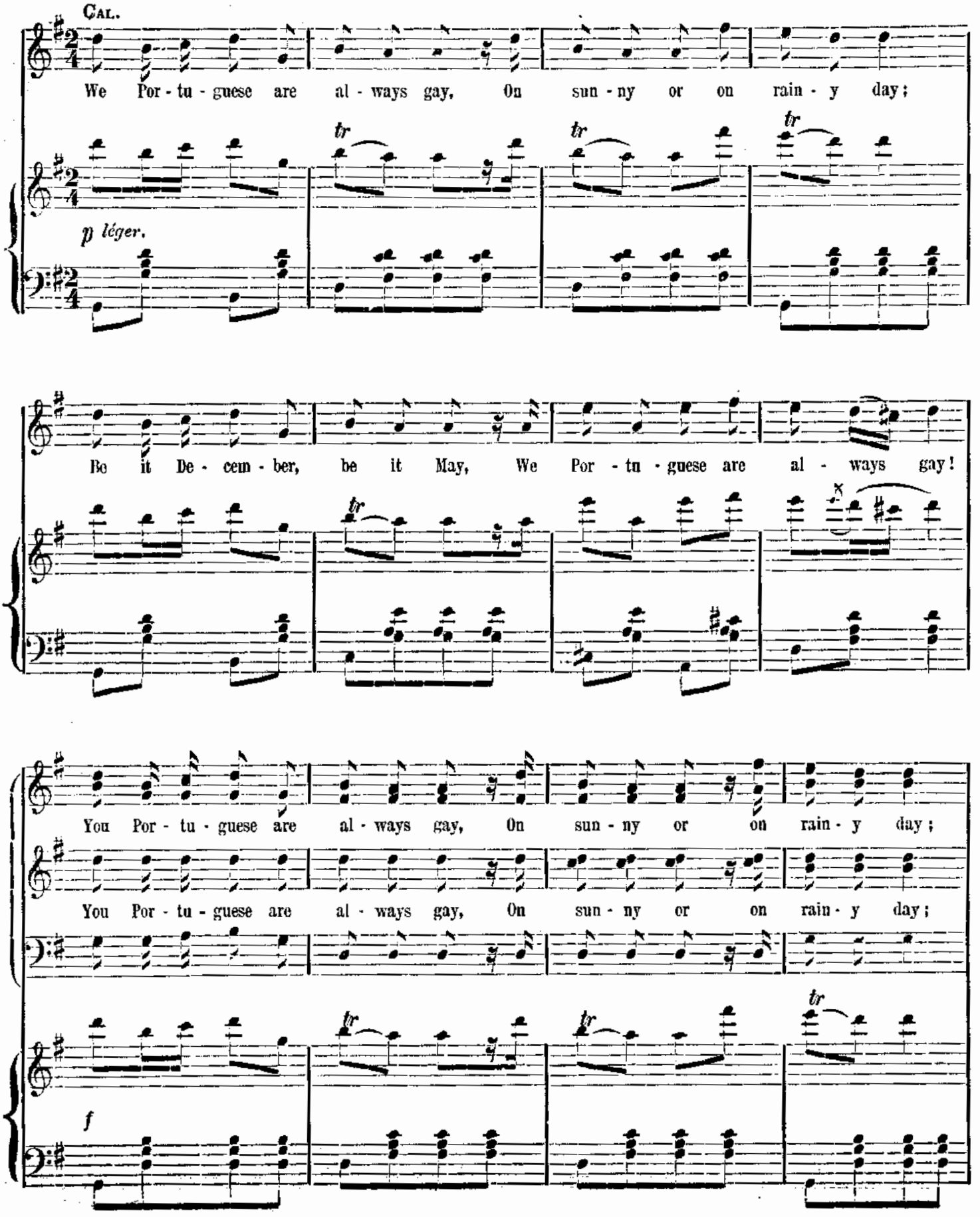
Allegretto.

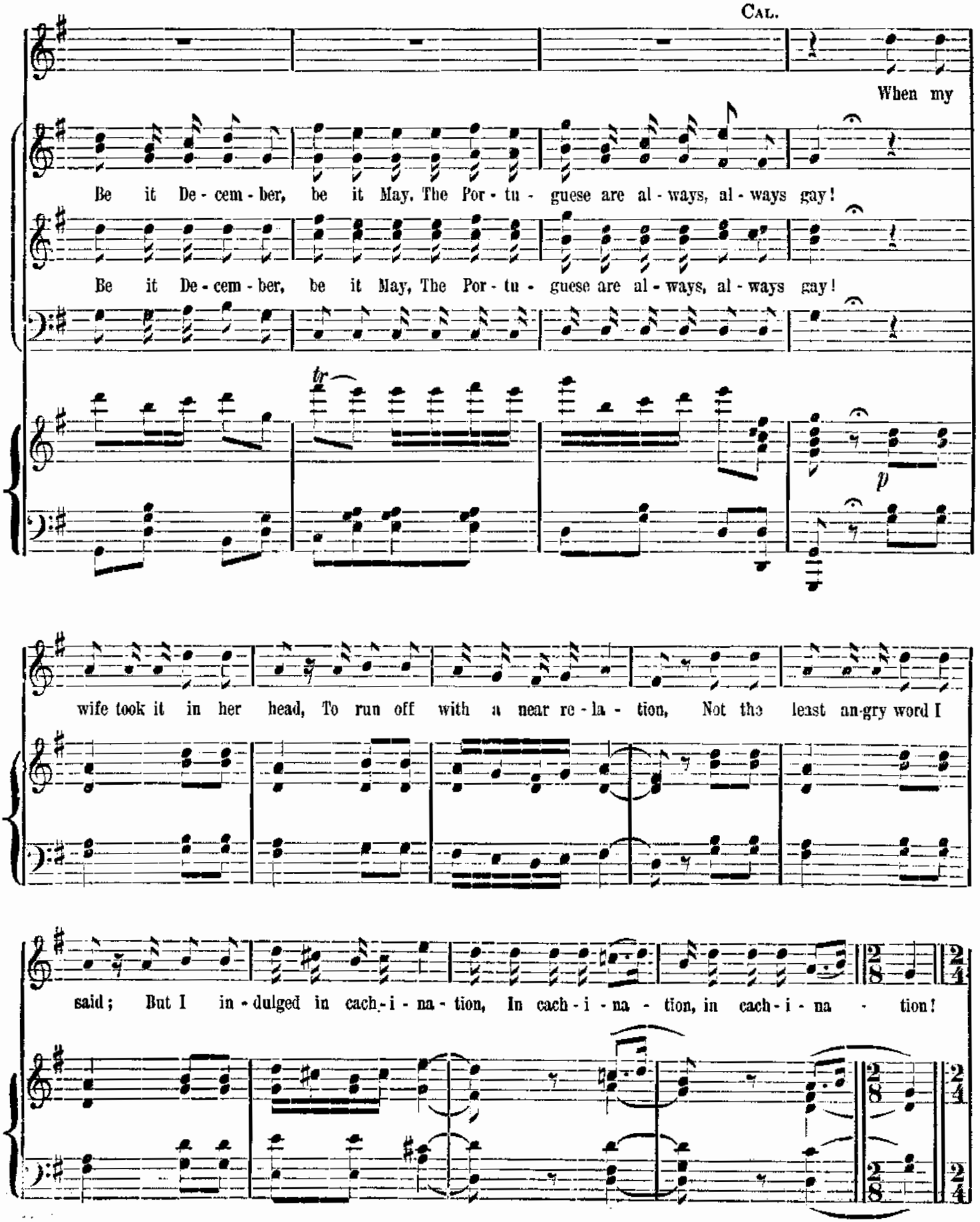
CAL.

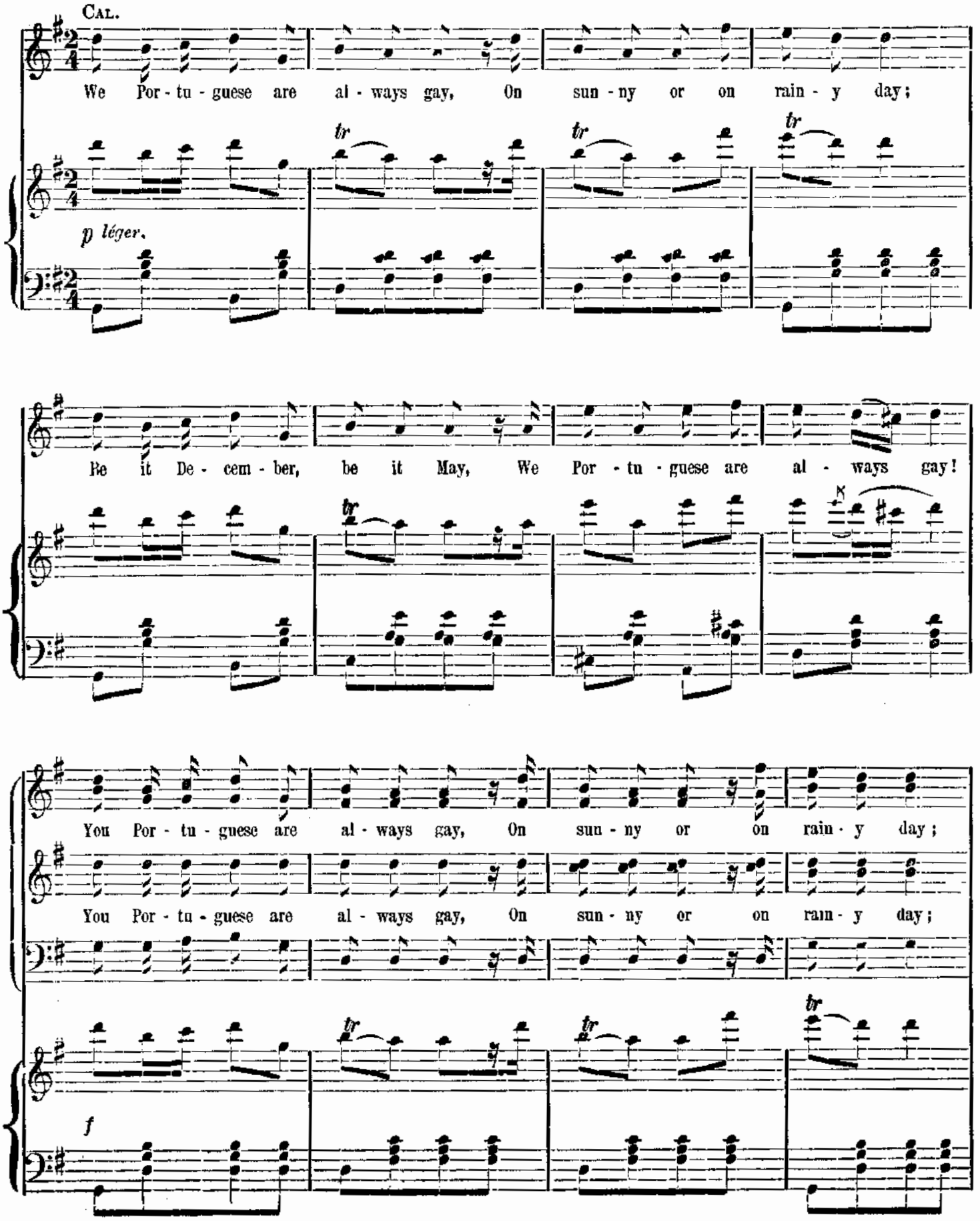


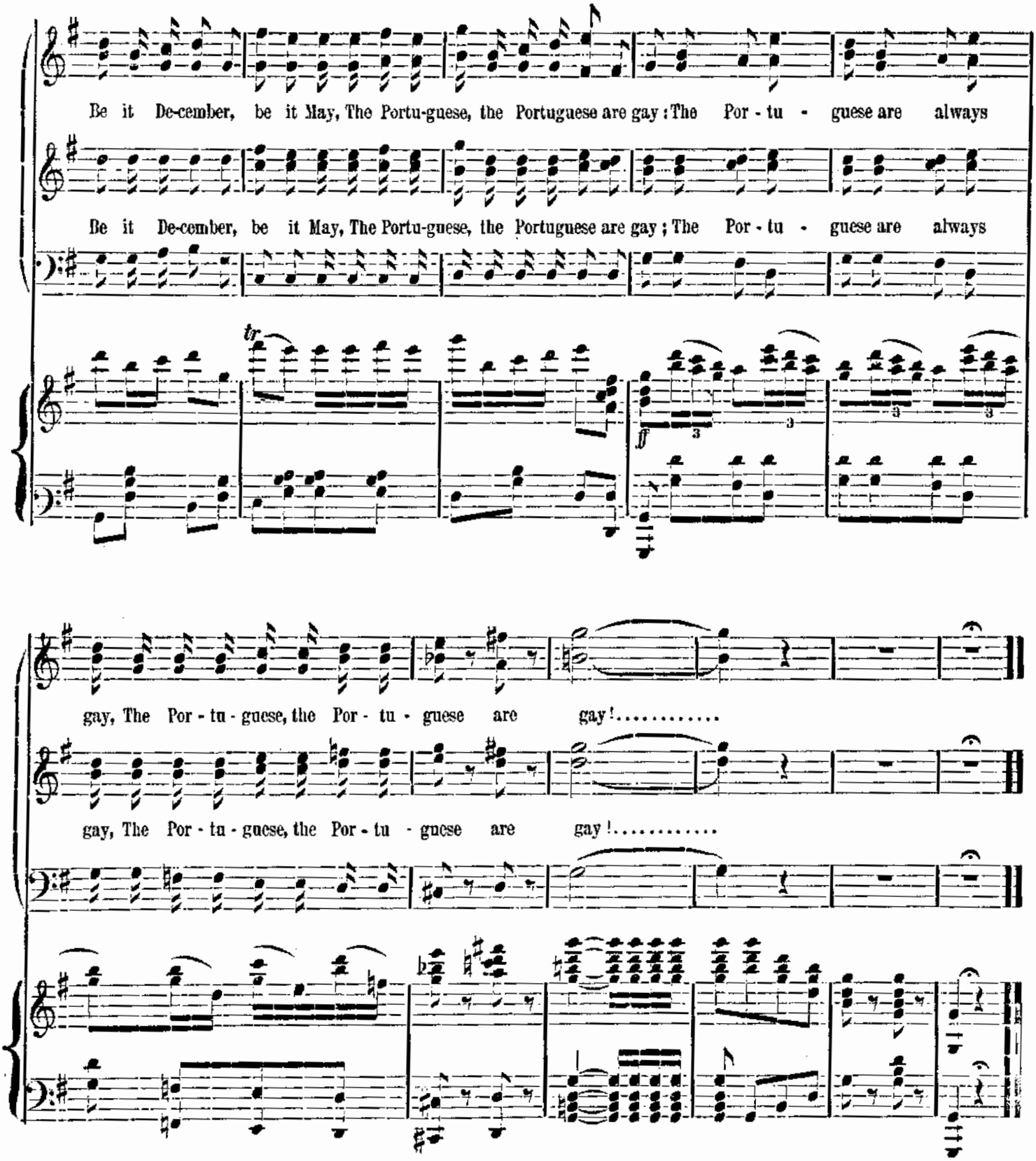
CAL.


I a
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are al - ways, al - ways gay!
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are al - ways, al - ways gay!
tr
p
cold in my head have caught, All by a draught most de - test - a - ble; Boys have bro - ken a pane, in
short; And yet I still am a - mi - a - ble; Yes, a - mi - a - ble; yes, a - mi - a - - ble!


Cal.
We Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
p léger.
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, We Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay!
You Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
You Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
f


Cal.
When my
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are al - ways, al - ways gay!
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are al - ways, al - ways gay!
tr
p
wife took it in her head, To run off with a near re - la - tion, Not the least an-gry word I
said; But I in - dulged in cach - i - na - tion, In cach - i - na - tion, in cach - i - na - tion!

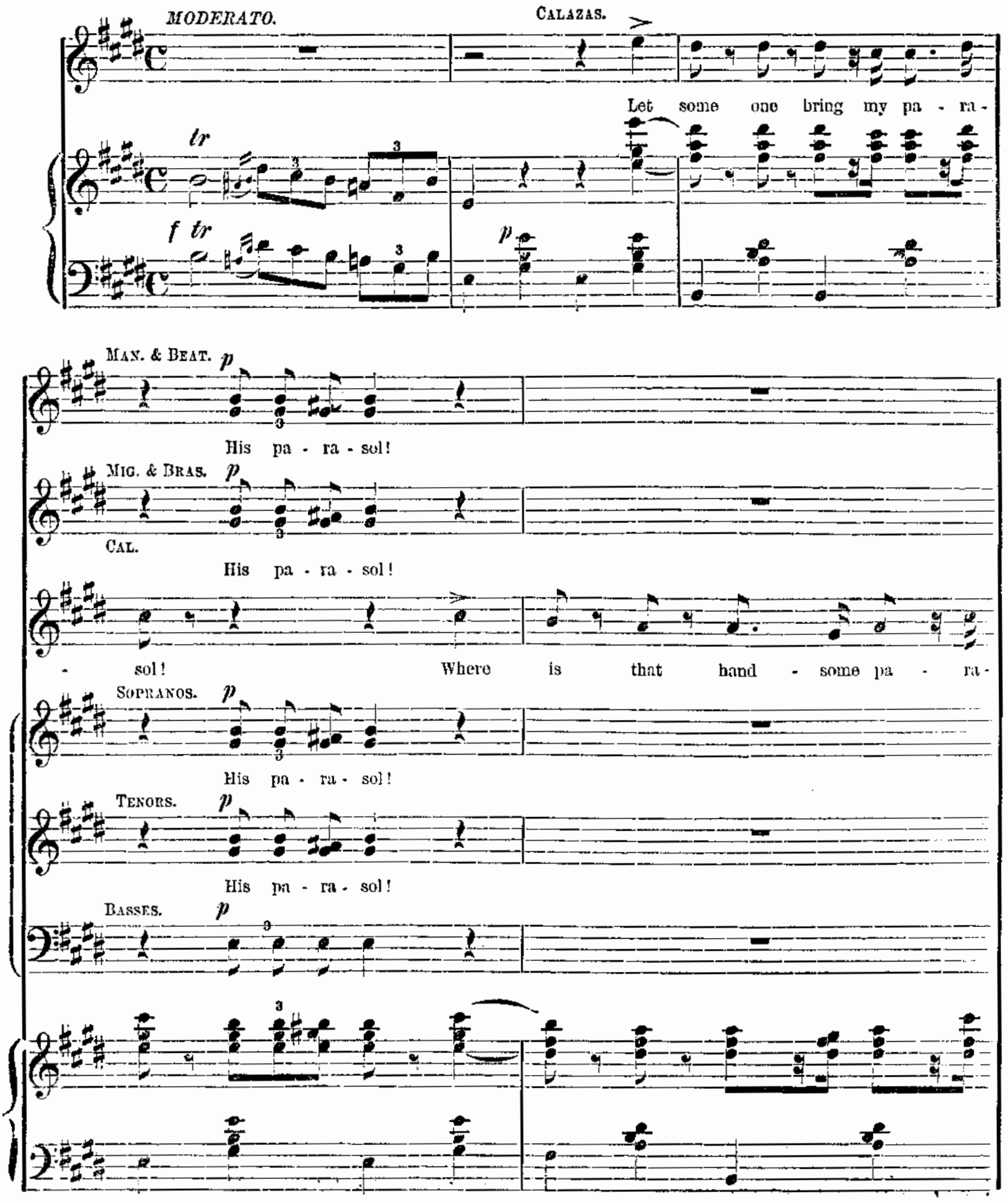

Cal.
We Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
p léger.
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, We Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay!
You Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
You Por - tu - guese are al - ways gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day;
f



BRAS. Then you have resolved to leave us, my dear Prince.
MIG. (*Aside to the two women.*) Is he going to persuade him to stay?
CAL. I must! I will be frank with you. I have fallen in love with your wife.
OMNES. (*Astonished.*) Ah!
CAL. But if you insist on my staying—

BRAS. I don't. (*Calling.*) His Excellency's luggage!
MAN., MIG. & BEAT. (*Calling*) His Excellency's luggage.
CAL. How kind! But that is not all.
OMNES. That not all?
CAL. Yes! Something I never travel without.
OMNES. (*In a single voice.*) What can it be?

No. 14. SONG AND CHORUS



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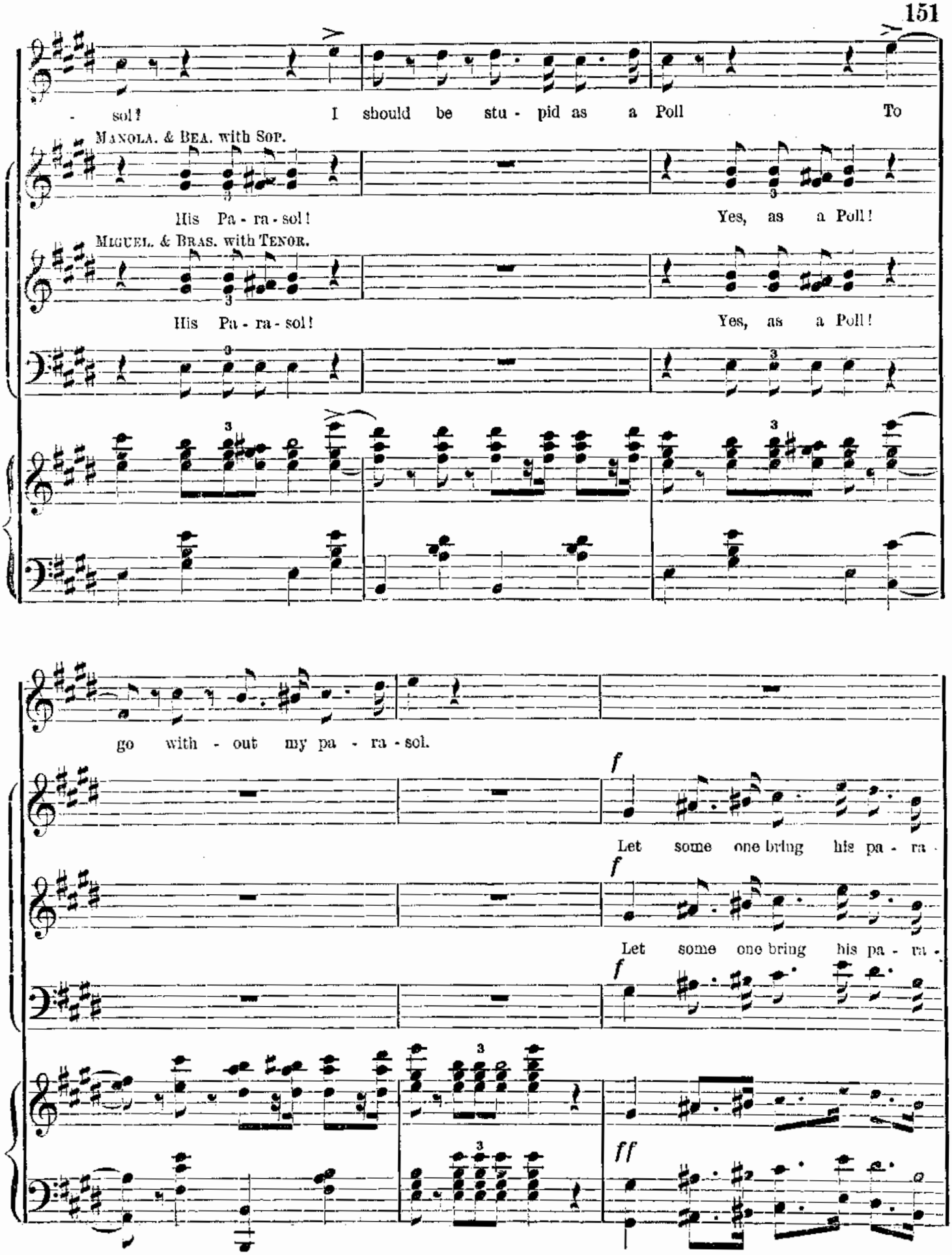
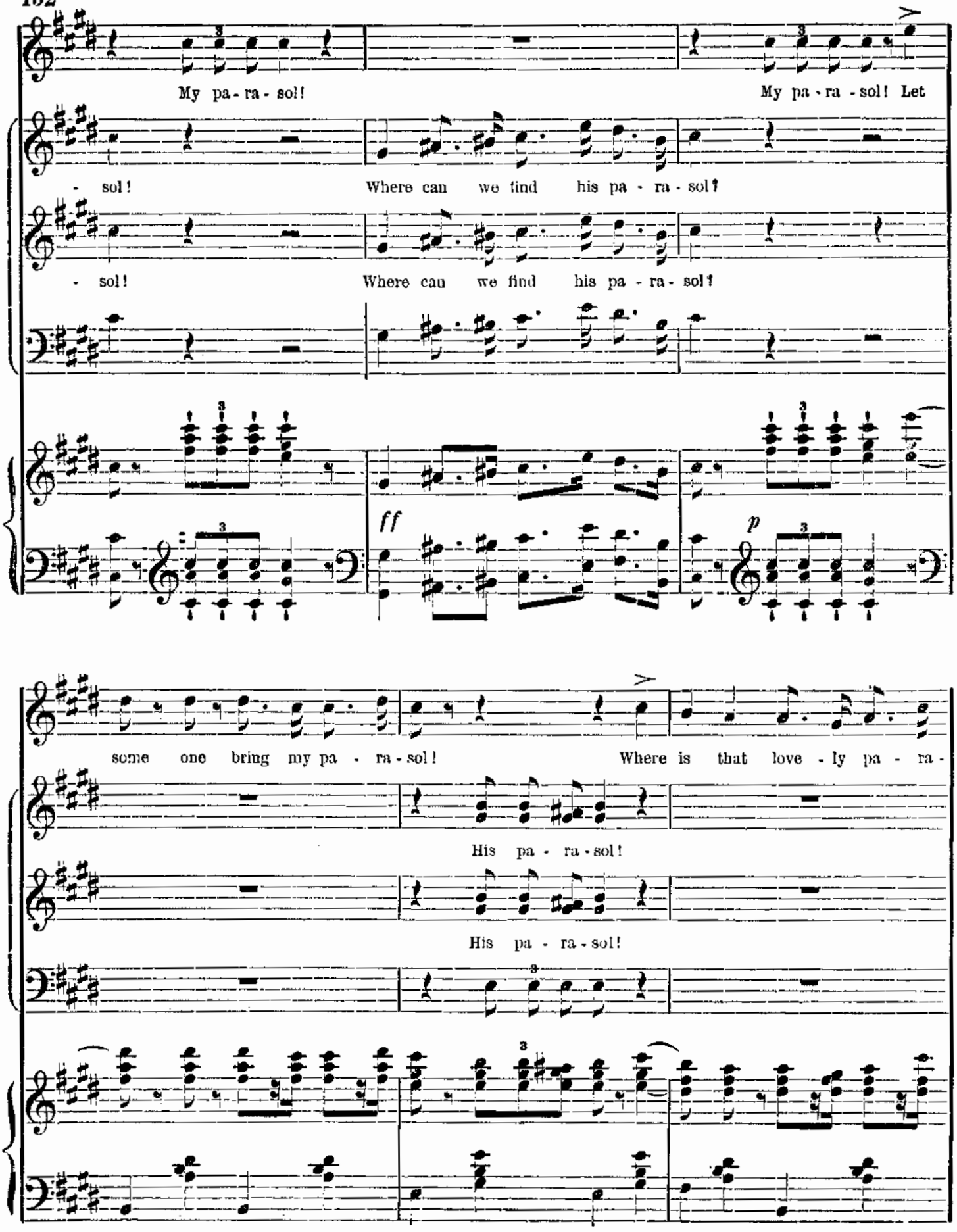
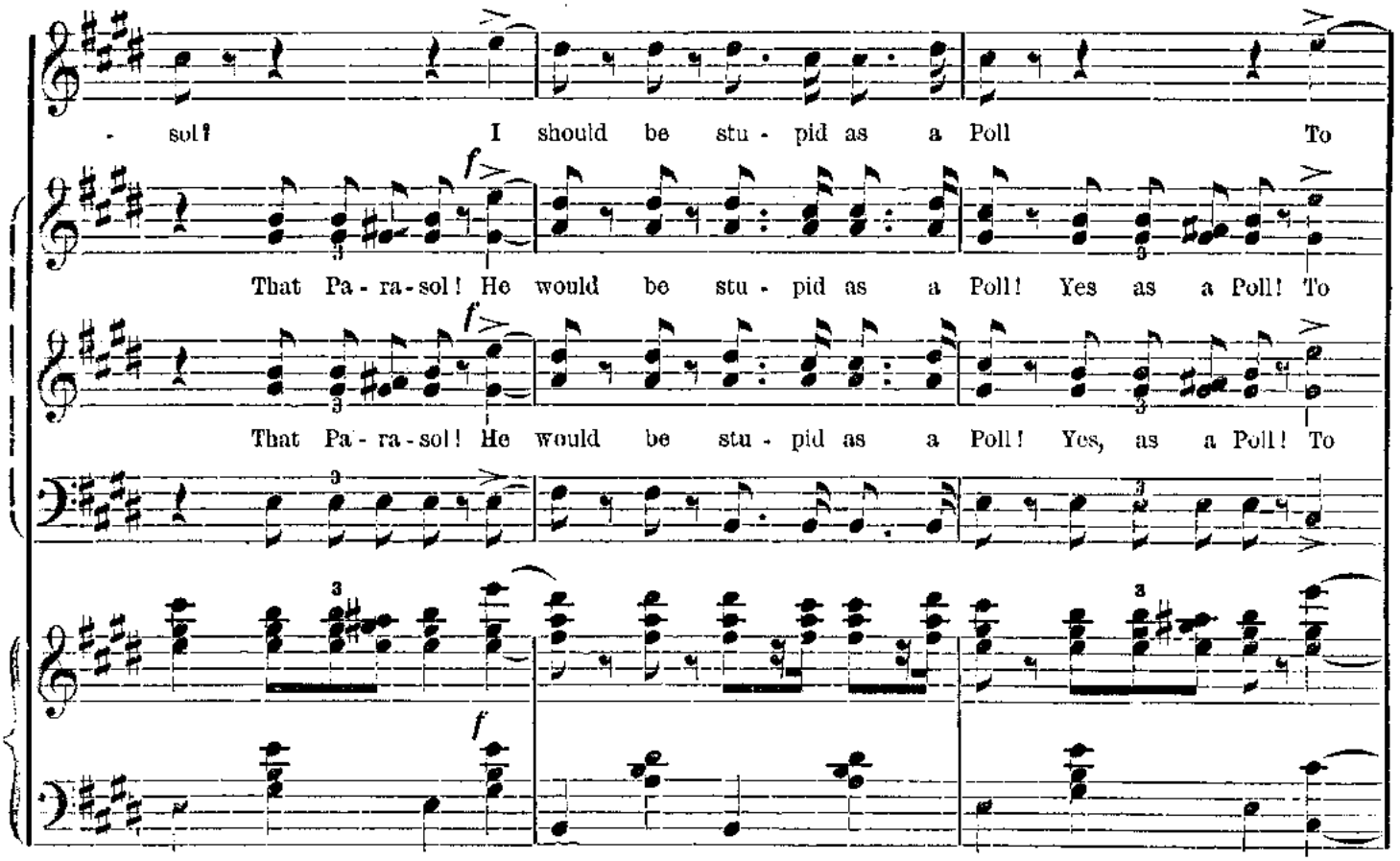
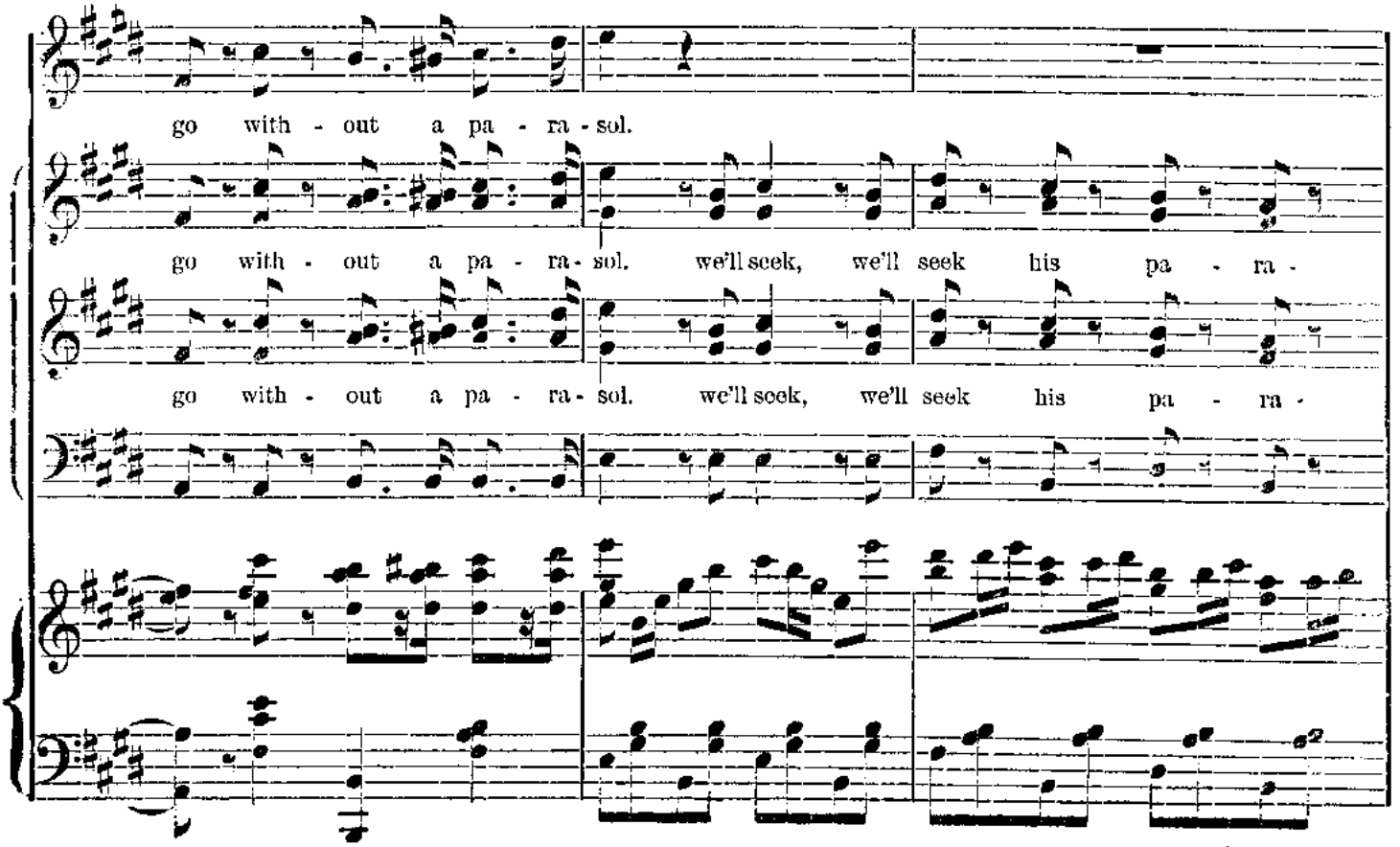
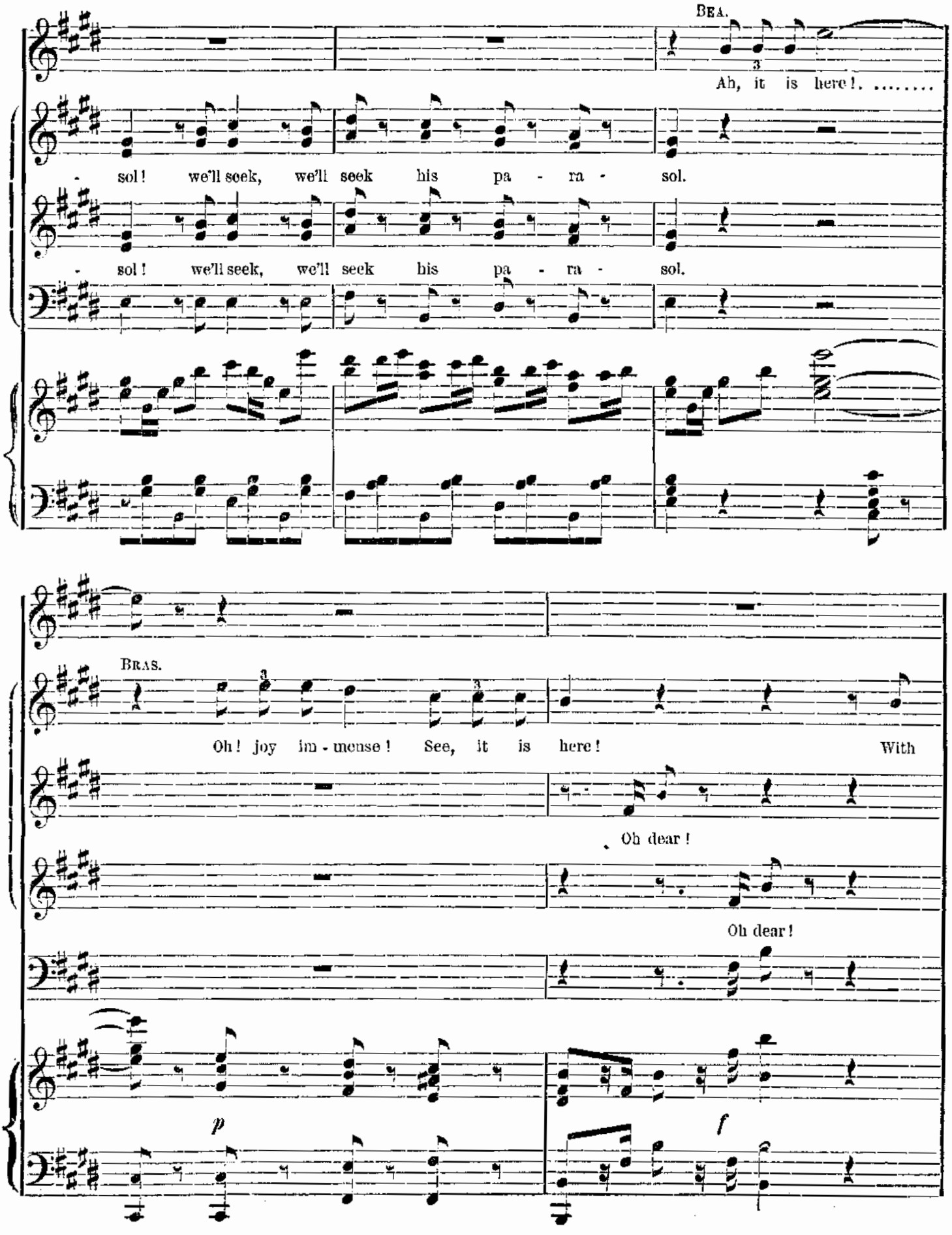

- sol! I should be stu - pid as a Poll To
MANOLA. & BEA. with SOP.
His Pa - ra - sol! Yes, as a Poll!
MIGUEL. & BRAS. with TENOR.
His Pa - ra - sol! Yes, as a Poll!
go with - out my pa - ra - sol.
f
Let some one bring his pa - ra -
f
Let some one bring his pa - ra -
f
ff


My pa - ra - sol!
My pa - ra - sol! Let
- sol!
Where can we find his pa - ra - sol?
- sol!
Where can we find his pa - ra - sol?
ff
p
some one bring my pa - ra - sol!
Where is that love - ly pa - ra -
His pa - ra - sol!
His pa - ra - sol!


- sol! I should be stu - pid as a Poll To
That Pa - ra - sol! He would be stu - pid as a Poll! Yes as a Poll! To
That Pa - ra - sol! He would be stu - pid as a Poll! Yes, as a Poll! To
f
f


go with - out a pa - ra - sol.
go with - out a pa - ra - sol. we'll seek, we'll seek his pa - ra -
go with - out a pa - ra - sol. we'll seek, we'll seek his pa - ra -


BEA.
Ah, it is here! .....
- sol! we'll seek, we'll seek his pa - ra - sol.
- sol! we'll seek, we'll seek his pa - ra - sol.
BRAS.
Oh! joy im - mense! See, it is here!
With
Oh dear!
Oh dear!
p
f

due re . gard and prop - er rev - er - ence, Re -

p

- turn it to his most res - pec - ted ex - cell - ence!

BEA.

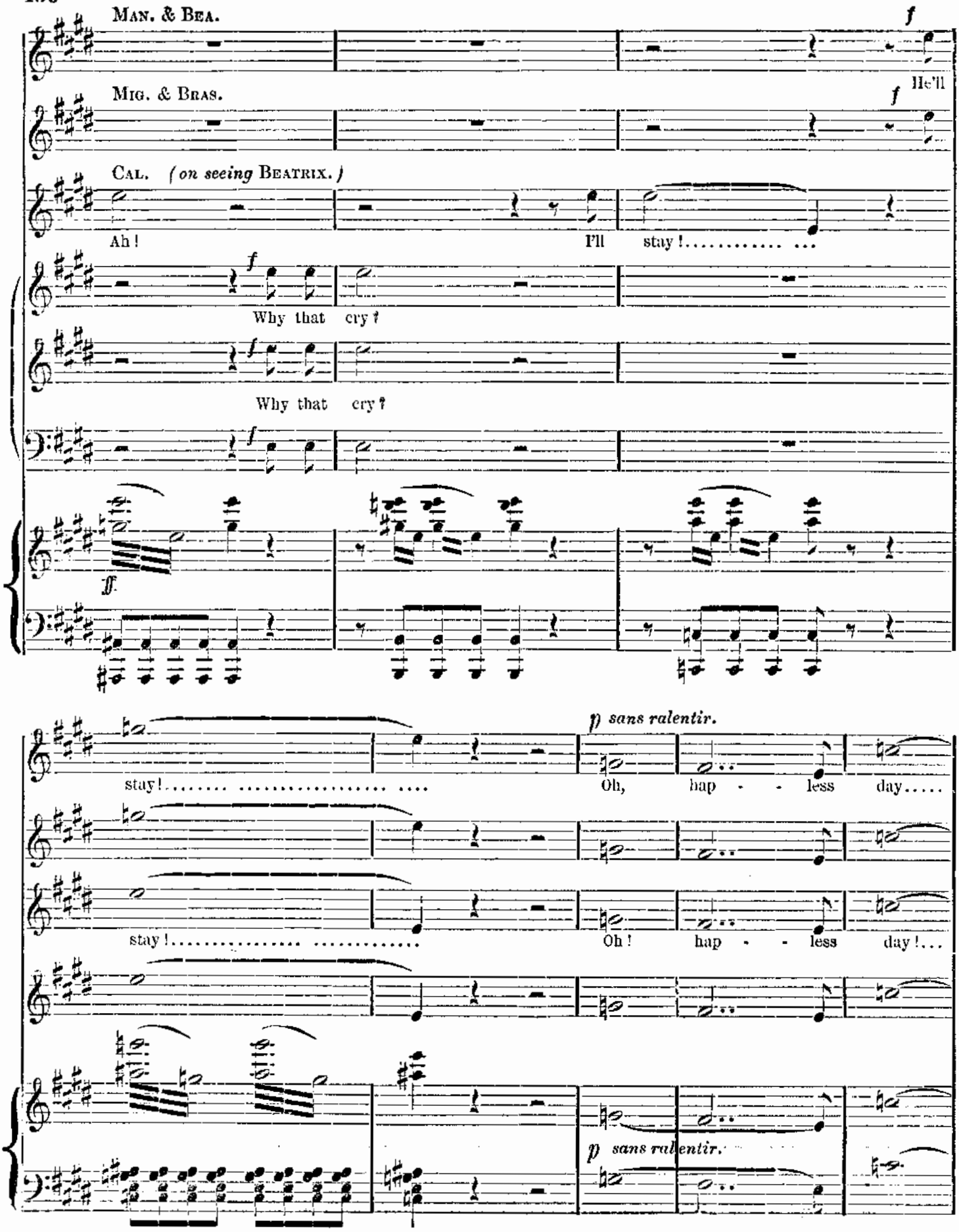
There, be - hold it; Re -

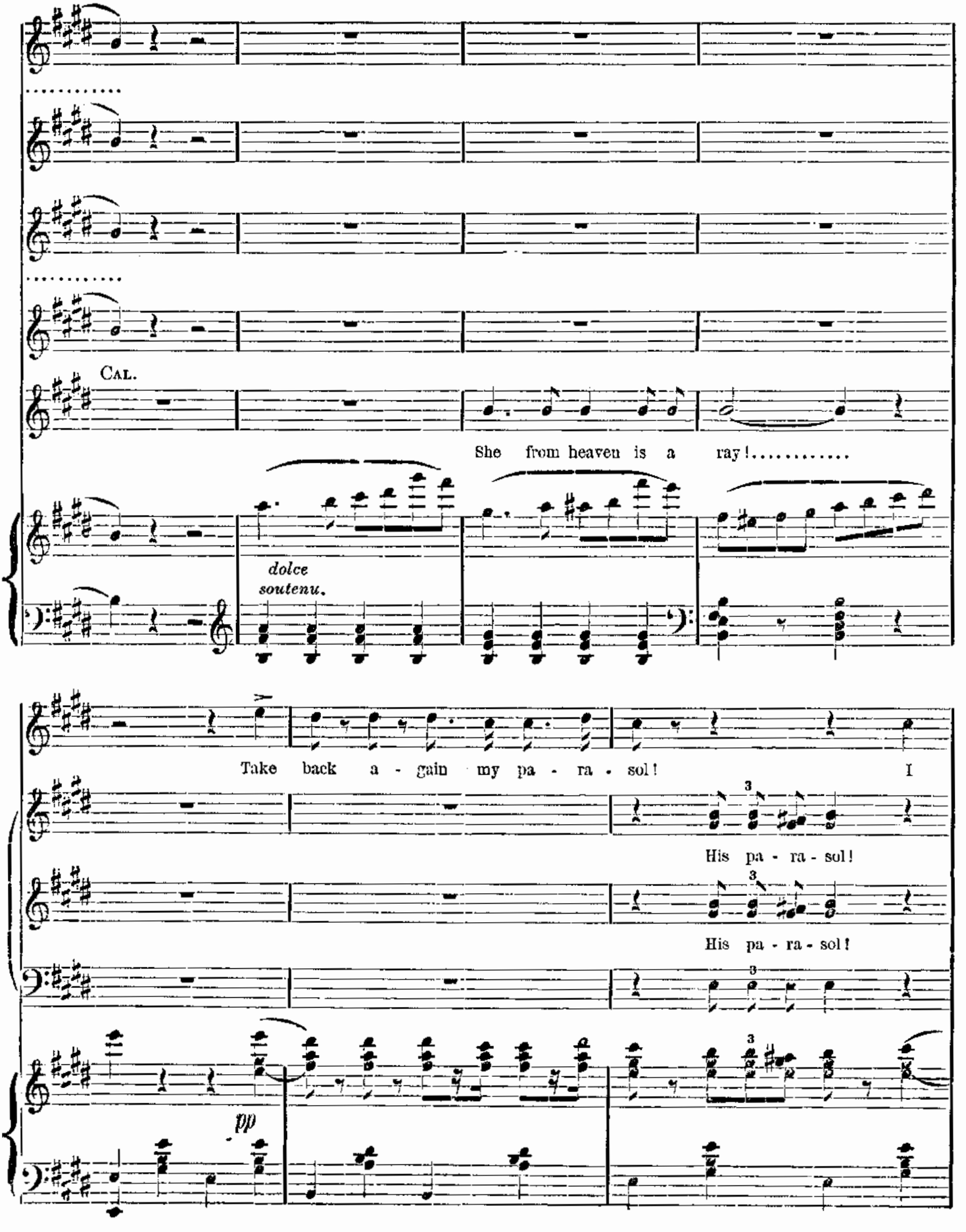
- ceive back your fine pa - ra - sol!

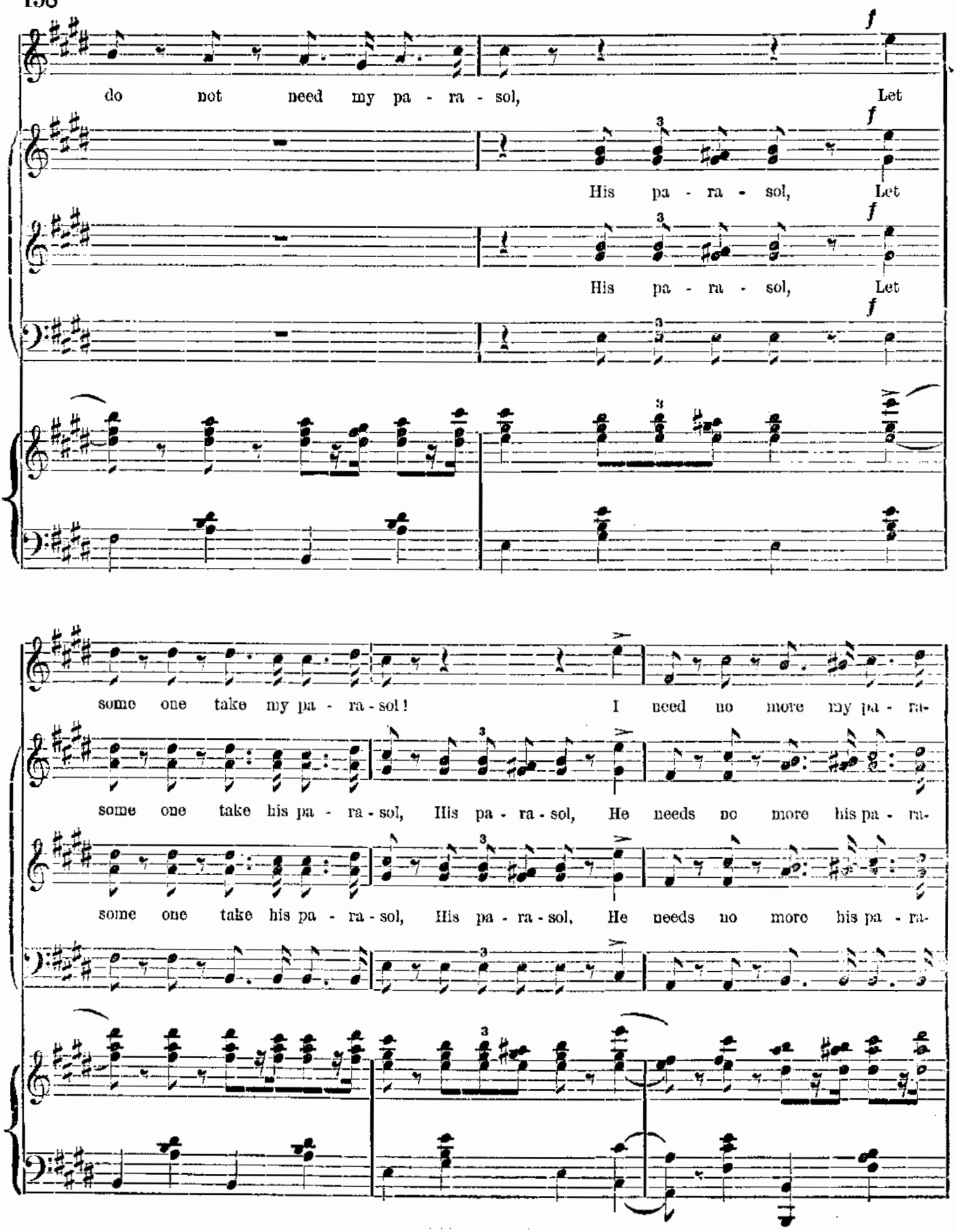
CAL.

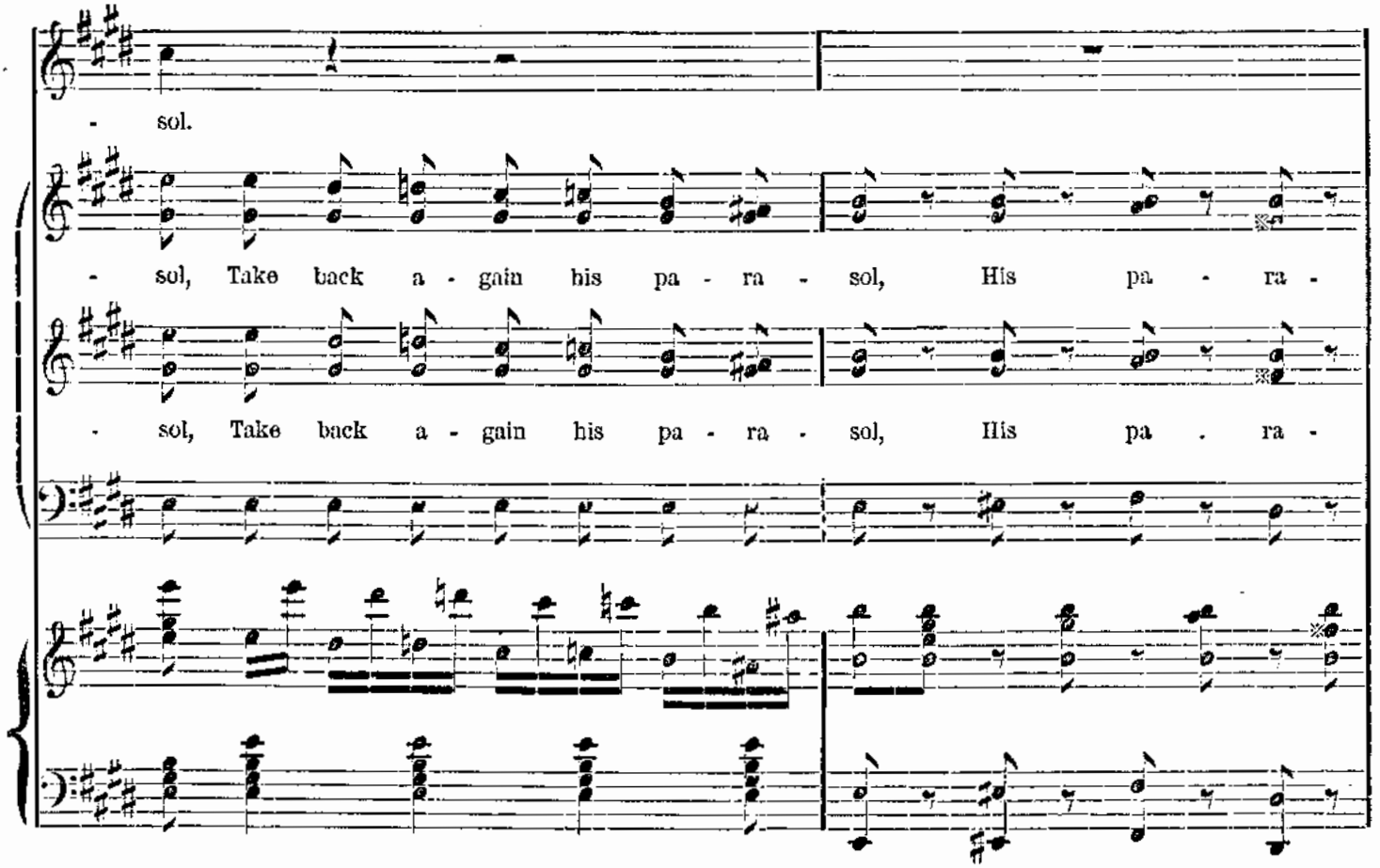
My pa - ra - sol!

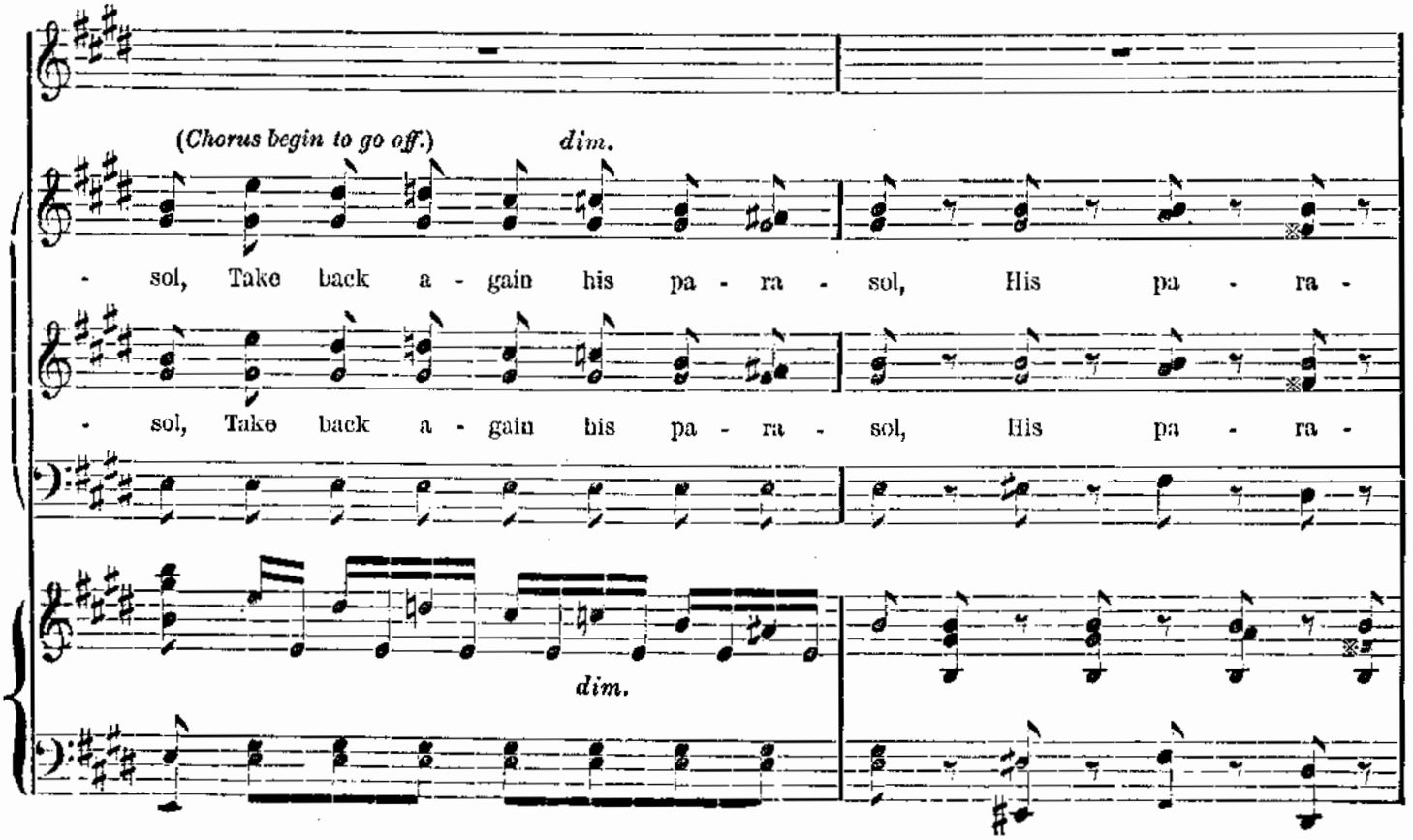
p

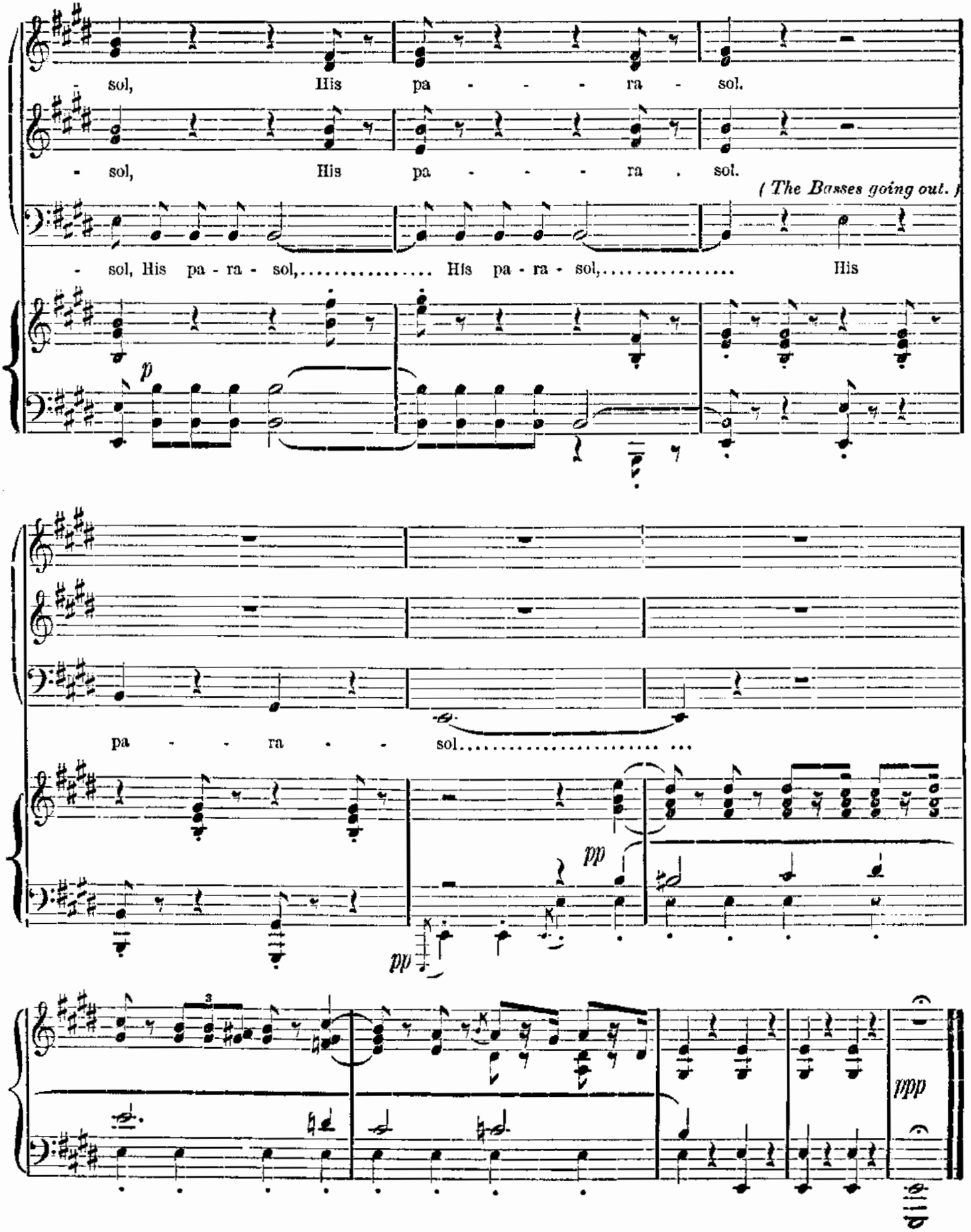

Man. & Bea.
f
He'll
Mig. & Bras.
f
Cal. (on seeing Beatrix.)
Ah!
I'll stay!.....
f
Why that cry?
Why that cry?
ff
stay!.....
p sans ralentir.
Oh, hap - - less day.....
stay!.....
Oh! hap - - less day!...
p sans ralentir.


CAL.
She from heaven is a ray!.....
dolce
soutenu.
Take back a - gain my pa - ra - sol! I
His pa - ra - sol!
His pa - ra - sol!
pp


do not need my pa - ra - sol, Let
His pa - ra - sol, Let
His pa - ra - sol, Let
some one take my pa - ra - sol! I need no more my pa - ra-
some one take his pa - ra - sol, His pa - ra - sol, He needs no more his pa - ra-
some one take his pa - ra - sol, His pa - ra - sol, He needs no more his pa - ra-


- sol.
- sol, Take back a - gain his pa - ra - sol, His pa - ra -
- sol, Take back a - gain his pa - ra - sol, His pa . ra -


(Chorus begin to go off.)
dim.
- sol, Take back a - gain his pa - ra - sol, His pa - ra -
- sol, Take back a - gain his pa - ra - sol, His pa - ra -
dim.


- sol, His pa - - - - ra - sol.
- sol, His pa - - - - ra . sol.
(The Basses going out.)
- sol, His pa - ra - sol, ... His pa - ra - sol, ... His
p
pa - - ra - - sol. ....
pp
pp
3
ppp

(*The parasol is passed from hand to hand, and all go off except* MAN. BEA., BRAS., CAL. *and* MIG.)

MAN. (*Aside to* MIG.) What new trial are we to undergo?

CAL. (*To* BRAS.) Who is this female?

BEA. (*Uneasily.*) I?

BRAS. Oh, she is nobody! The Baroness' waiting-maid!

CAL. Is she free?

BRAS. Free? I should say so! A little too free!

CAL. Good! I'll marry her!

ALL. Marry her?

CAL. And this very day! I always thought brunettes the most lovely of women.

BRAS. (*Aside.*) What a piece of luck! I shall now be rid of her and her unhallowed love for me. (*Aloud.*) I approve your taste and your choice. Take her!

MIG. (*Aside.*) He is giving away his own wife! (*Pulling* BRAS. *by the sleeve.*) Be quiet, do!

BRAS. (*Repulsing him.*) Don't bother me! I approve your choice, and I will be one of your witnesses at the wedding.

BEA. (*Aside.*) This is too much!

CAL. (*To* BEA.) Have you anything to say?

BEA. (*Confused.*) I—I—Believe me——

CAL. I see how it is. I have taken you too suddenly. Well, I'll give you five minutes to reflect. But, remember, you must not make up your mind to say "No" in that short time. (*To* BRAS.) Go and bring the notary.

BRAS. You may depend upon *me*. (*Aside.*) She is out of my path at last!

CAL. (*To* BEA.) Five minutes! You understand? I am enraptured!

BRAS. (*To* BEA.) He is enraptured! Your future is assured!

(*Exit with* CAL.)

MIG. Well! We are in a pretty pickle again!

BEA. It is all your fault!

MAN. How could we dream that affairs would take this awful turn? Who could have imagined that the Prince would fall in love with you?

MIG. And that your donkey of a husband would help him to you? What is to be done?

BEA. I see nothing but to explain everything.

MAN. Nor I? (*Struck with an idea.*) Ah, yes!

BEA. & MIG. What?

MAN. Listen. A quarter of an hour ago the Prince was in love with me. It would be an easy thing to regain all of my influence over him,—and then, I know what to do? Silence! He is here! Come; I will explain to you.

(*She goes up stage with them speaking, as* CAL. *enters without seeing them.*)

CAL. (*To himself.*) The five minutes are up. Really, this waiting-maid is a beauty—is adorable! We will be very happy together. And I worship brunettes!

MAN. (*Aside to* BEA. *and* MIG.) You understand. Go!

(*Exeunt* MIG. & BEA.)

CAL. (*Looking about.*) But where is she?

MAN. (*Comes forward with a bow.*) Prince!

CAL. The Baroness,—my ex-adored! (*Bowing and aloud*) Madame.

MAN. (*Pleasantly*) You are looking for my maid?

CAL. Your maid? Yes. She is charming! I have reconsidered my affection. My heart is packed full and the key turned in the lock. Ah, brunettes! They alone are worth loving!

MAN. (*Aside.*) For the moment. (*Aloud.*) Well, Prince, she has charged me to bring you her answer. She thinks it much more appropriate.

CAL. (*Aside.*) My ex-adored is also very pretty! (*Aloud.*) And her answer?

MAN. Can you ask it? What should her answer be, when so great a nobleman as you are tell her that you love her! (*Sighs.*) Ah! she is very fortunate!

CAL. (*Aside.*) She sighs! Ye gods, she sighs!

MAN. (*Sighing again.*) Yes, she is very fortunate!

CAL. (*Aside.*) She sighs again! Again, ye gods! She sighs again! (*Aloud.*) You sigh, Madame.

MAN. Do not notice it, I pray you! Do not take any advantage of my agitation!

CAL. You are agitated? (*Aside.*) And only one day married! (*With triumph.*) Ah, what a man I am! (*Aloud.*) You—you—(*Seeking to find words.*) Oh, tell me what you are; for language fails me!

MAN. (*Pretending to misunderstand.*) I? I am a creole!

CAL. A creole? True! I worship creoles! They are the only women worth loving!

INDIAN SONG.

No, 15, MELODIE, RECIT,

Andante. MANOLA.

The light of day I first be - held..... In a

Andante.

pp

dolce.

VARIATION.

land..... of won - der - ful flow - ers..... Where

land..... of won - der - ful flow - ers..... Where songs of birds..... have

ev - er swell'd.... From the midst..... of its per- fumed bow - ers. The land.... of

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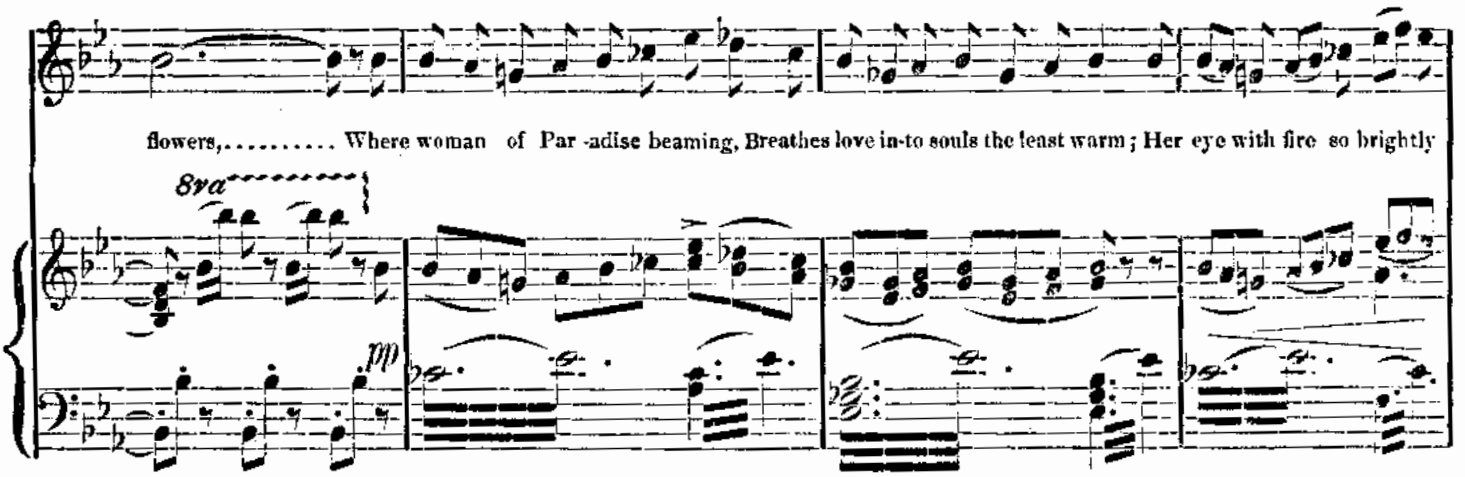
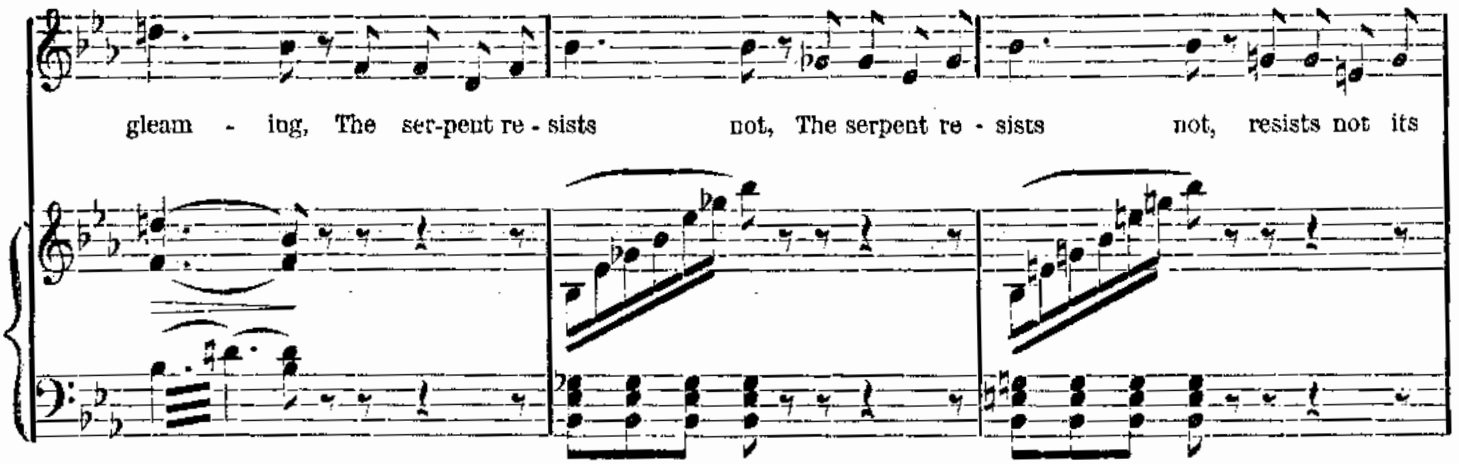
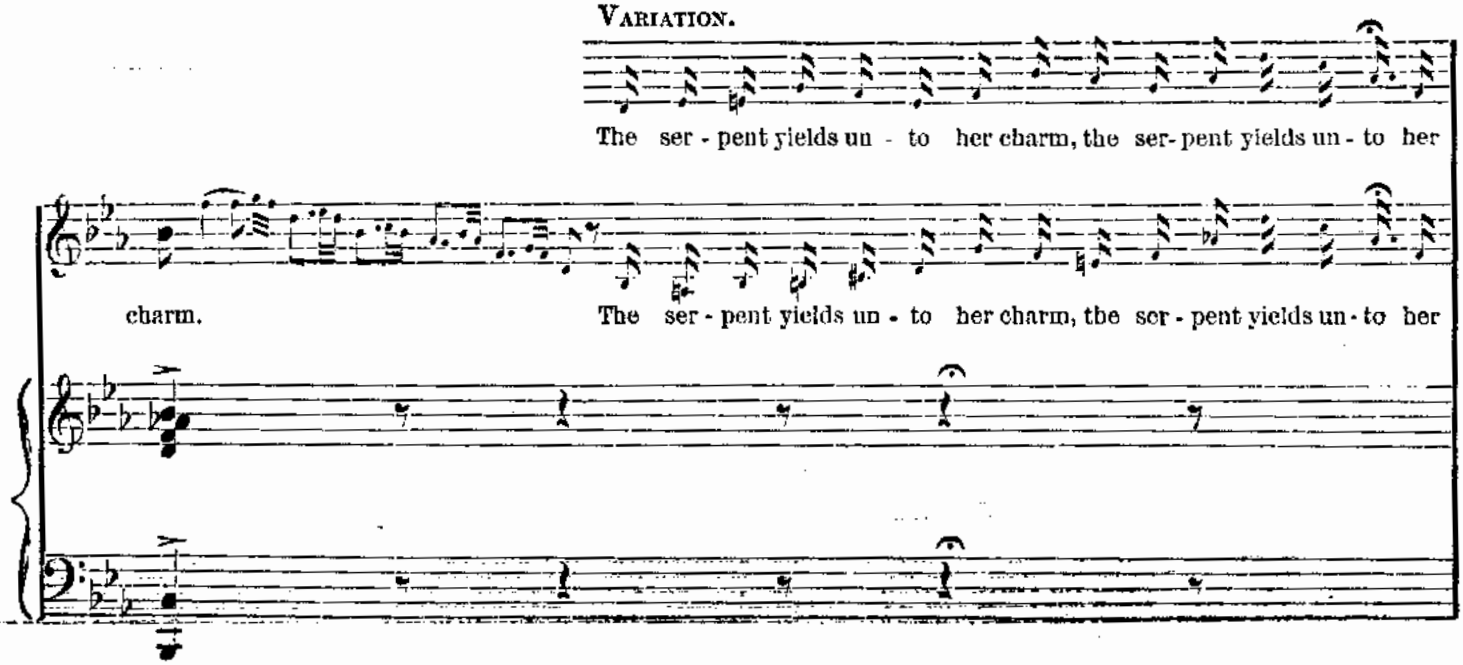
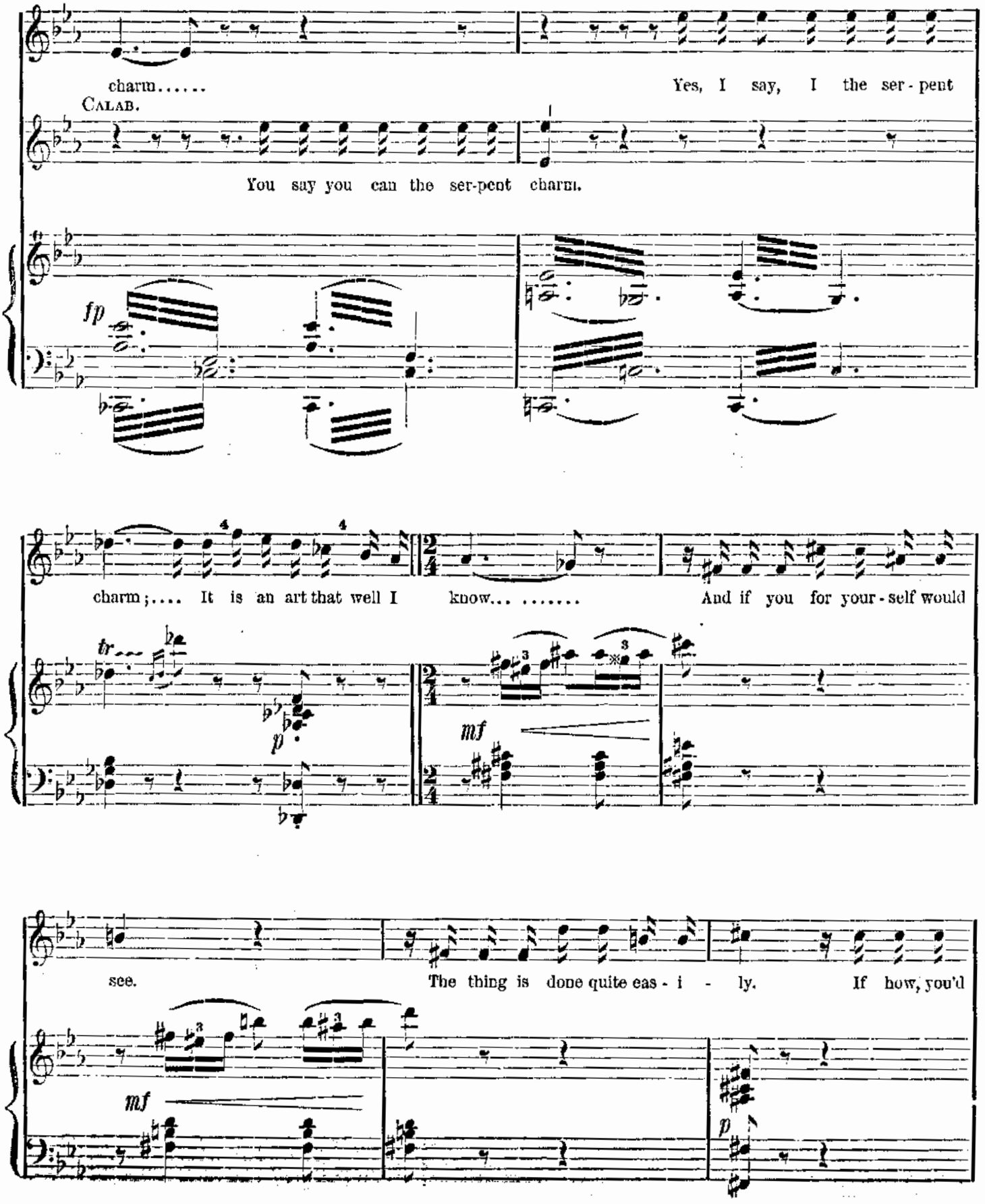

flowers,..... Where woman of Par -adise beaming, Breathes love in-to souls the least warm; Her eye with fire so brightly
8va
pp

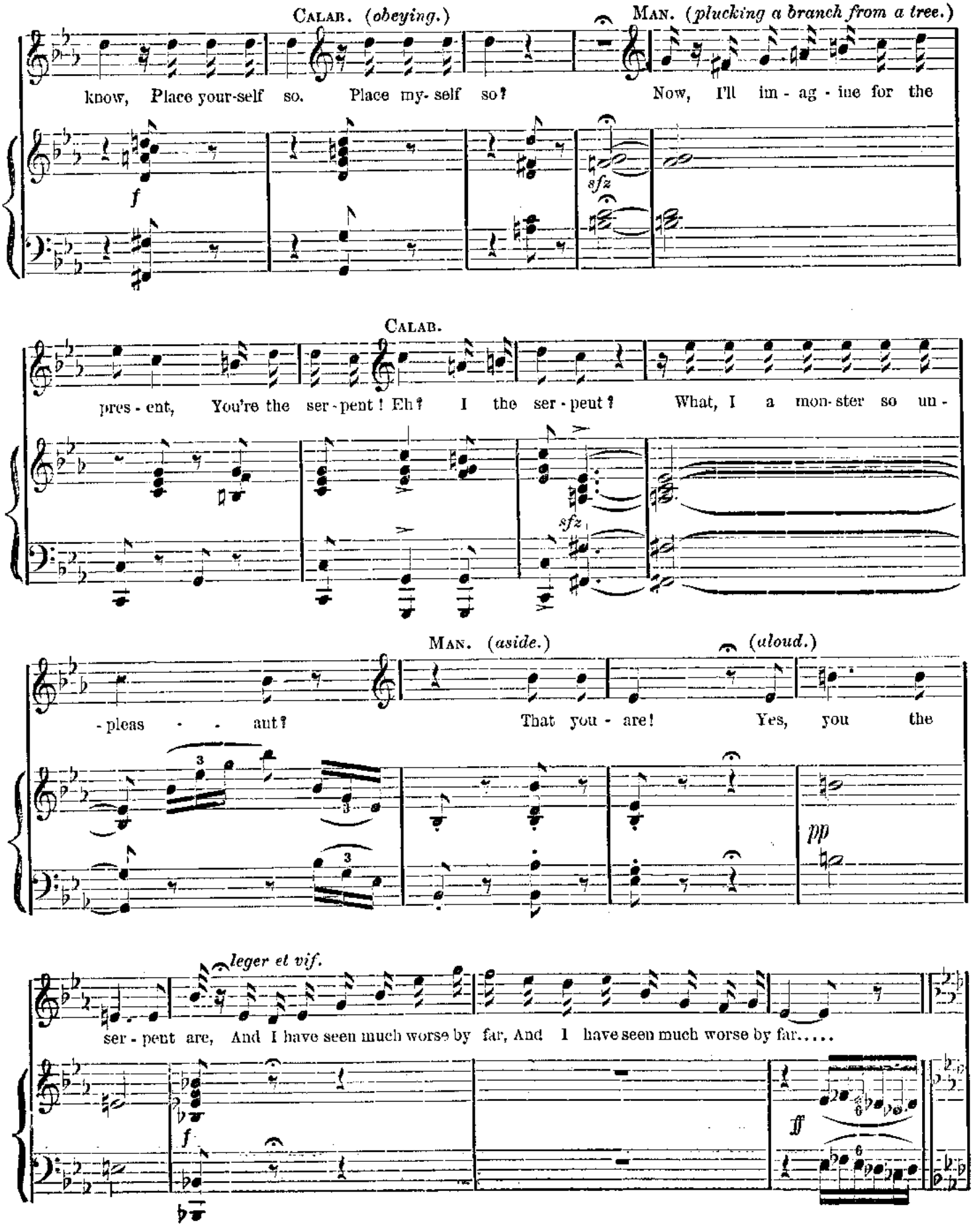

gleam - ing, The ser-pent re - sists not, The serpent re - sists not, resists not its

VARIATION.


The ser - pent yields un - to her charm, the ser-pent yields un - to her
charm. The ser - pent yields un - to her charm, the ser - pent yields un - to her

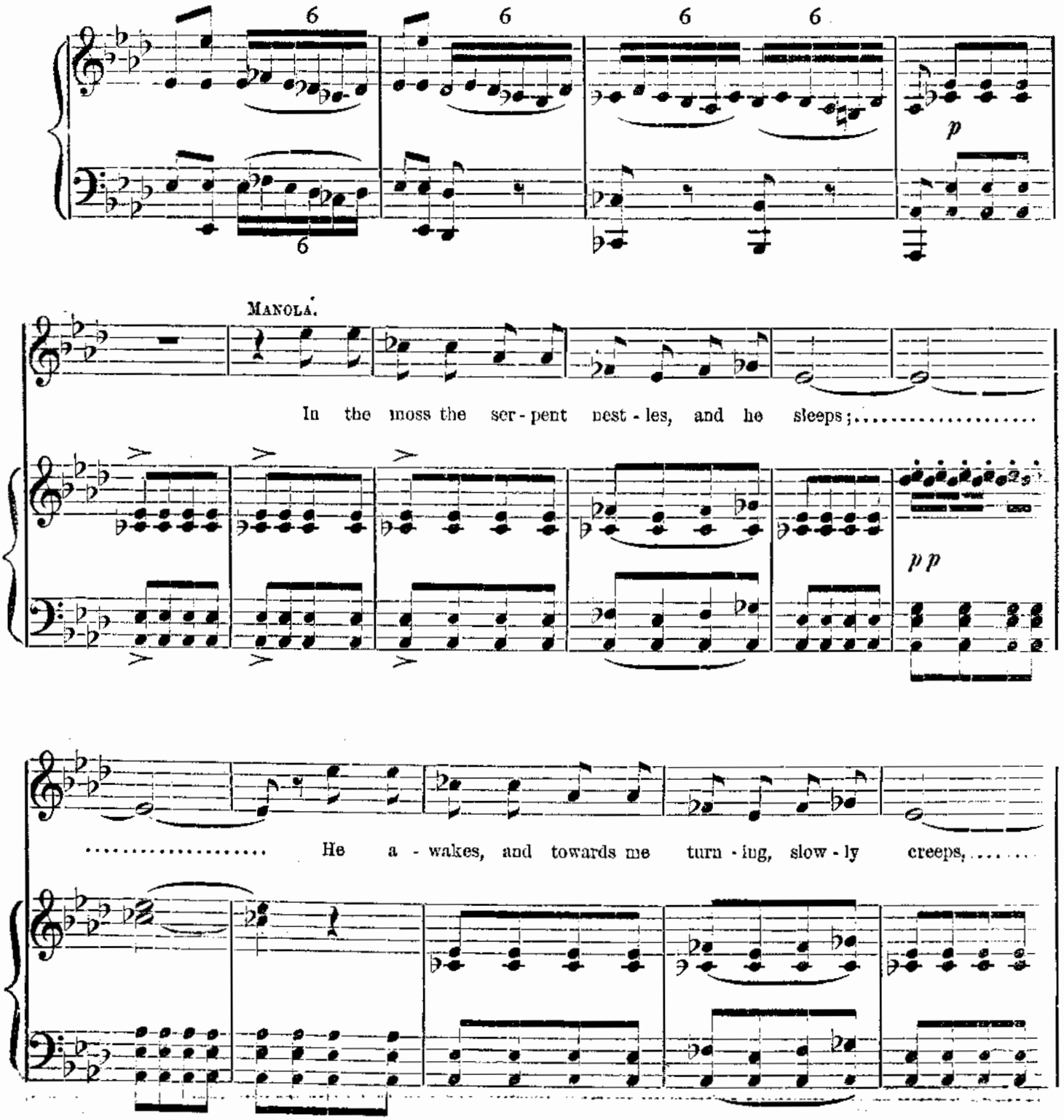
RECIT.


charm.....
Yes, I say, I the ser - pent
CALAB.
You say you can the ser-pent charm.
fp
charm;.... It is an art that well I know... ..... And if you for your - self would
tr
p
mf
see.
The thing is done quite eas - i - ly. If how, you'd
mf
p


CALAB. (obeying.)
MAN. (plucking a branch from a tree.)
know, Place your-self so. Place my- self so? Now, I'll im - ag - ine for the
f
sfz
CALAB.
pres - ent, You're the ser - pent! Eh? I the ser - pent? What, I a mon- ster so un -
sfz
MAN. (aside.)
(uloud.)
- pleas - - ant? That you - are! Yes, you the
3
3
3
pp
leger et vif.
ser - pent are, And I have seen much worse by far, And I have seen much worse by far.....
f
ff
6
6

INDIAN SONG.

Allegro non troppo.



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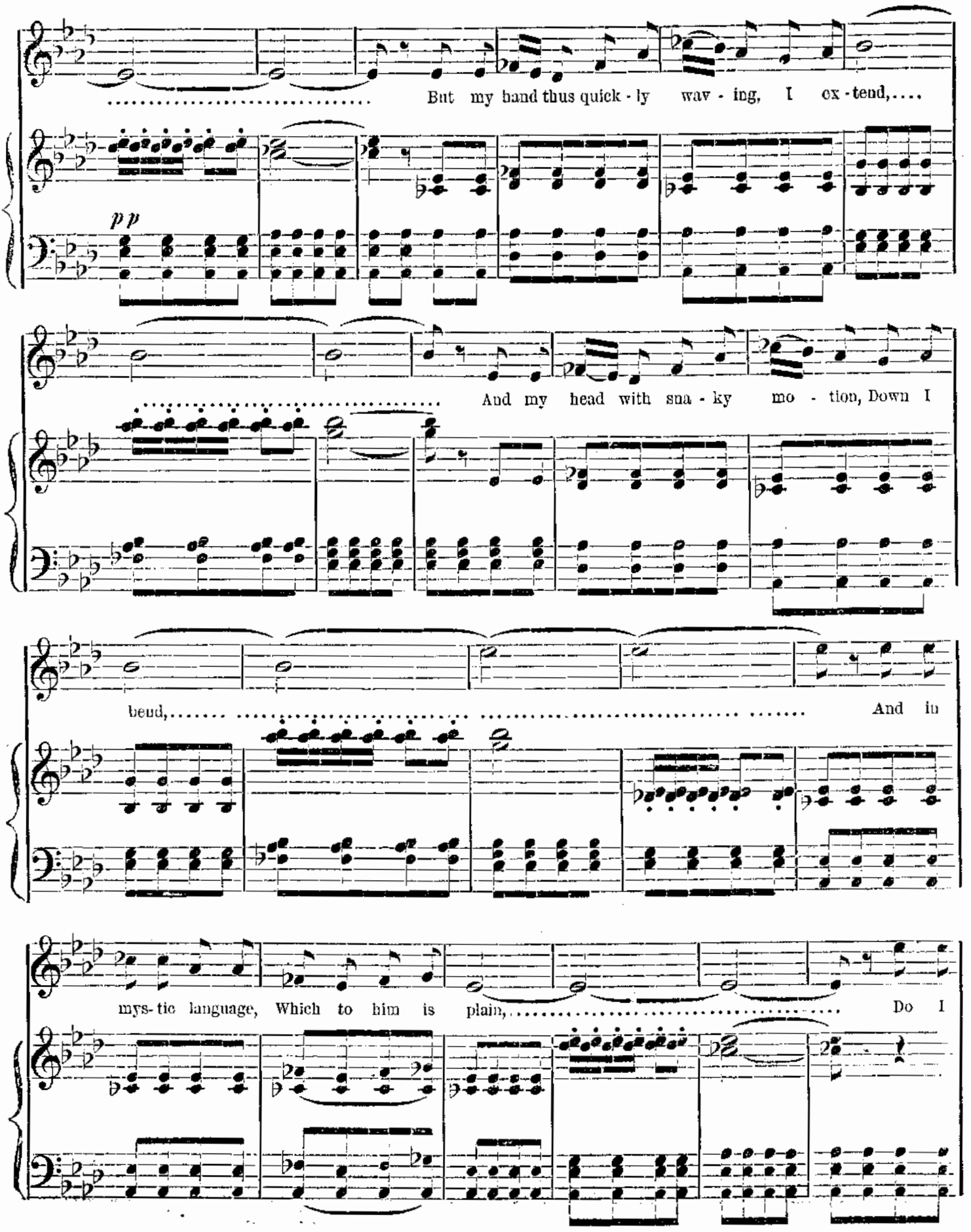
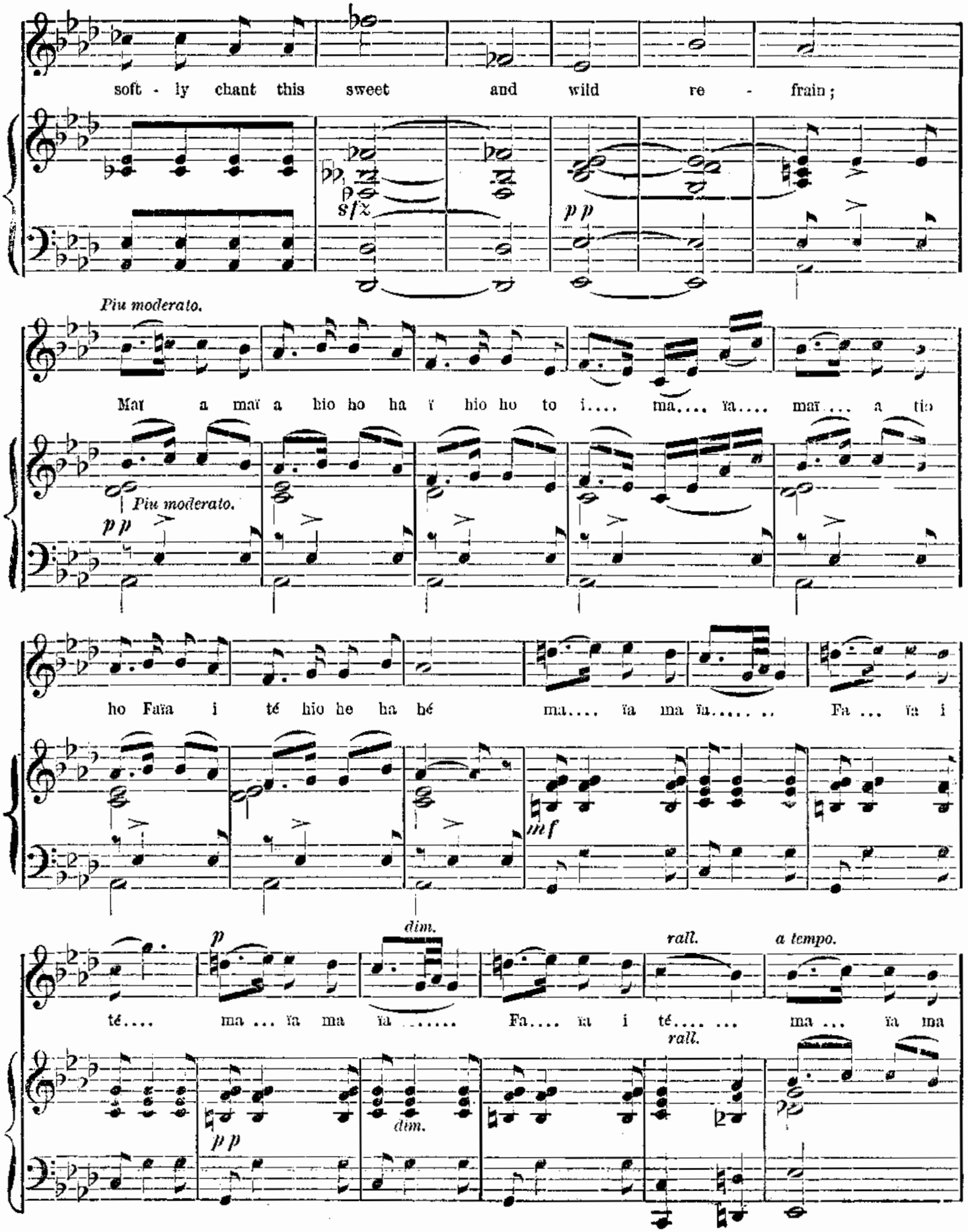
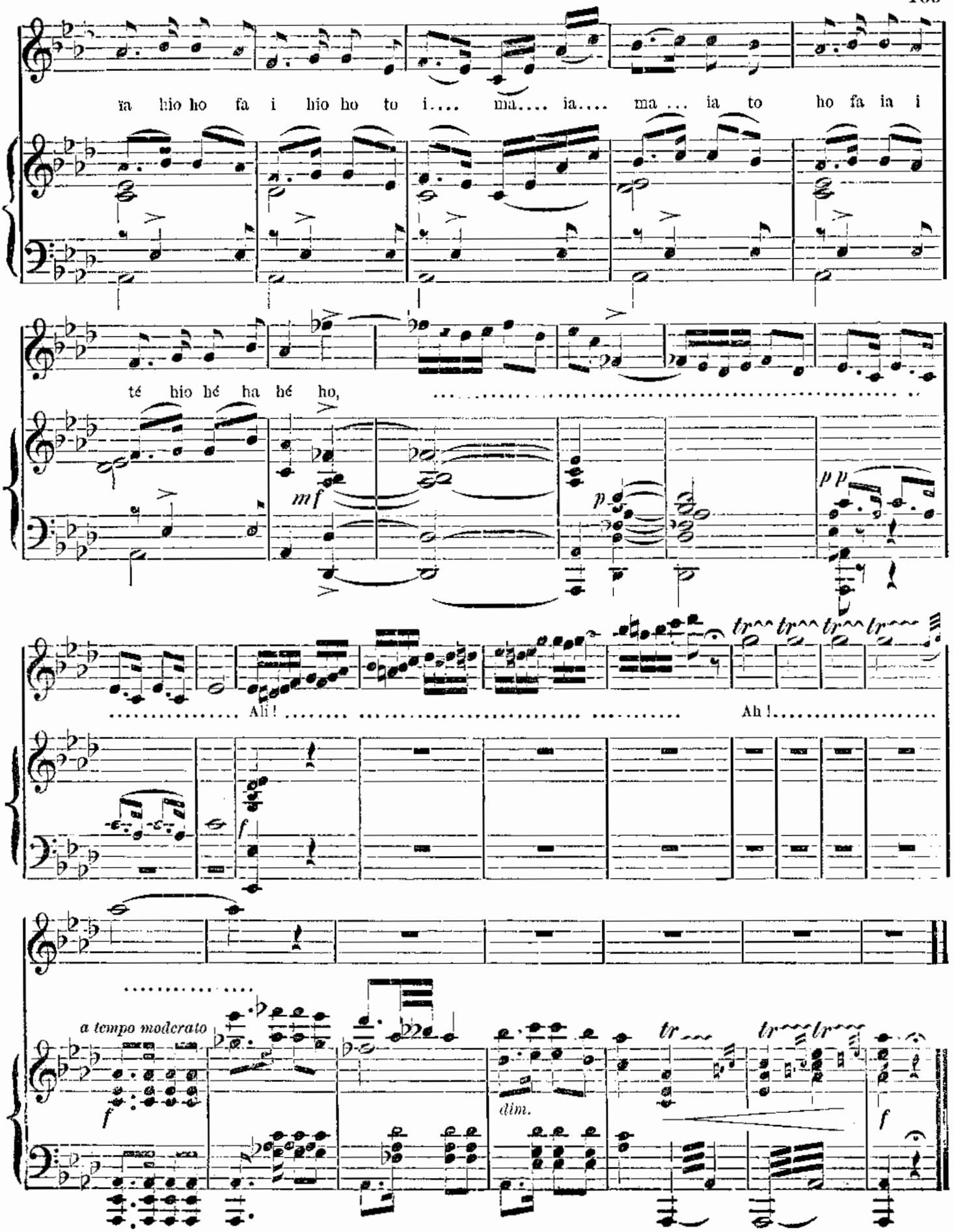

But my hand thus quick - ly wav - ing, I ex - tend,....
pp
And my head with sna - ky mo - tion, Down I
bend,.....
And in
mys- tic language, Which to him is plain,.....
Do I


soft - ly chant this sweet and wild re - frain;
sfz
pp
Piu moderato.
Mar a mar a hio ho ha ï hio ho to i.... ma.... ïa.... mar.... a tio
Piu moderato.
pp
ho Faïa i té hio he ha hé ma.... ïa ma ïa..... .. Fa ... ïa i
mf
dim.
rall.
a tempo.
p
té.... ma ... ïa ma ïa ..... Fa.... ïa i té.... ... ma ... ïa ma
rall.
pp
dim.


ia hio ho fa i hio ho to i.... ma.... ia.... ma ... ia to ho fa ia i
té hio hé ha hé ho,
mf
p
pp
Ah!
Ah!
f
a tempo moderato
f
dim.
tr
f

CAL. Oh, you divinity! You enslaver! You——[*Approaches her.*

MAN. (*Recoiling.*) One moment, Prince. You forget you are about to marry.

CAL. To marry? Never! I love you alone! I only think of seeing you again; but how?

MAN. There is a way.

CAL. Oh, tell me! Incomparable creole, tell me!

MAN. Make believe you are going. Conceal yourself here till dark. It will not be long. See, the sun is about to set; and this evening, when Don Braseiro is asleep, I can meet you at the end of the walk.

CAL. (*Transported.*) Yes, yes! But where can I hide?

MAN. Let me see. (*Pretending to reflect and looking about.*) Ah! There! (*Points to pigeon-house.*)

CAL. But it is a dove-cote!

MAN. Just the place for a lover! From there you can see my window yonder, and await my signal.

CAL. But a F[illegible]e in a pigeon-house!

MAN. Go, go! Quickly! (*She hums the refrain,* "Maia, Maia.")

CAL. Ah! You can make me do anything! (*He climbs up to the pigeon house.*)

MAN. Are you there?

CAL. Yes. It is very high!

MAN. Shut yourself in and wait.

CAL. Yes! yes!—angel—siren—creole! (*Enters pigeon-house and closes the door.*)

MAN. (*Joyously.*) He is safe! (*Calls in a whisper.*) Miguel! Miguel! (*Enter* MIGUEL.)

MIG. Beatrix consents to keep up the deception with her husband until to-morrow.

MAN. Good! And the Prince is safely housed for the night among the pigeons. (*Looks about.*) Nobody sees us—remove the ladder!

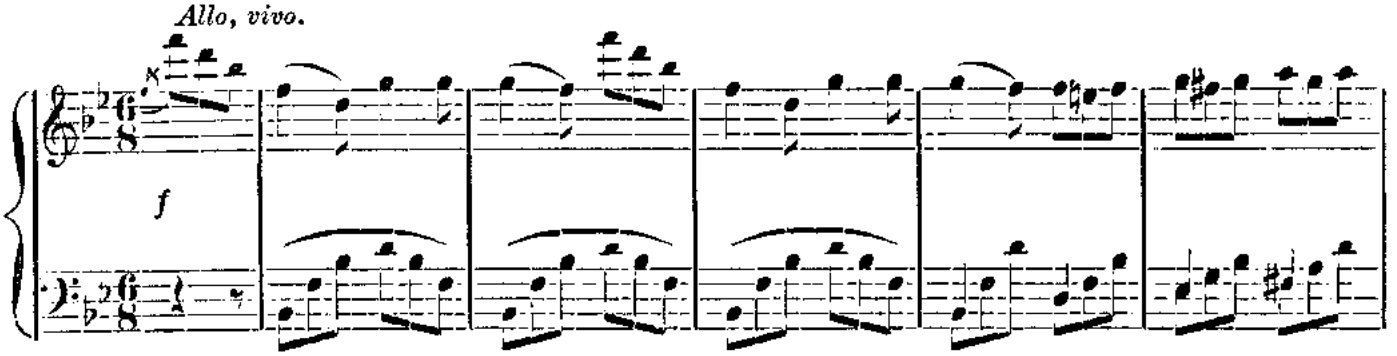
MIG. (*Takes away ladder.*) Poor Prince! It is done!

MAN. And we may rest in peace. Good bye, Prince!

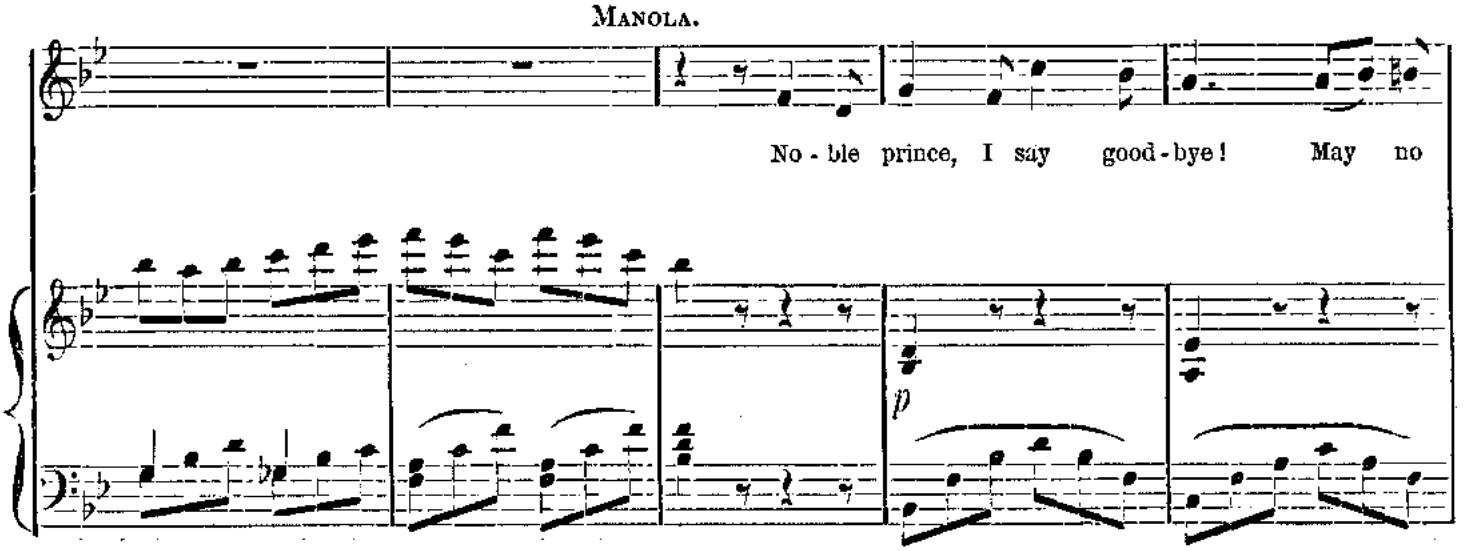
NOBLE PRINCE.

No. 16. DUETTO.

Allo, vivo.



MANOLA.



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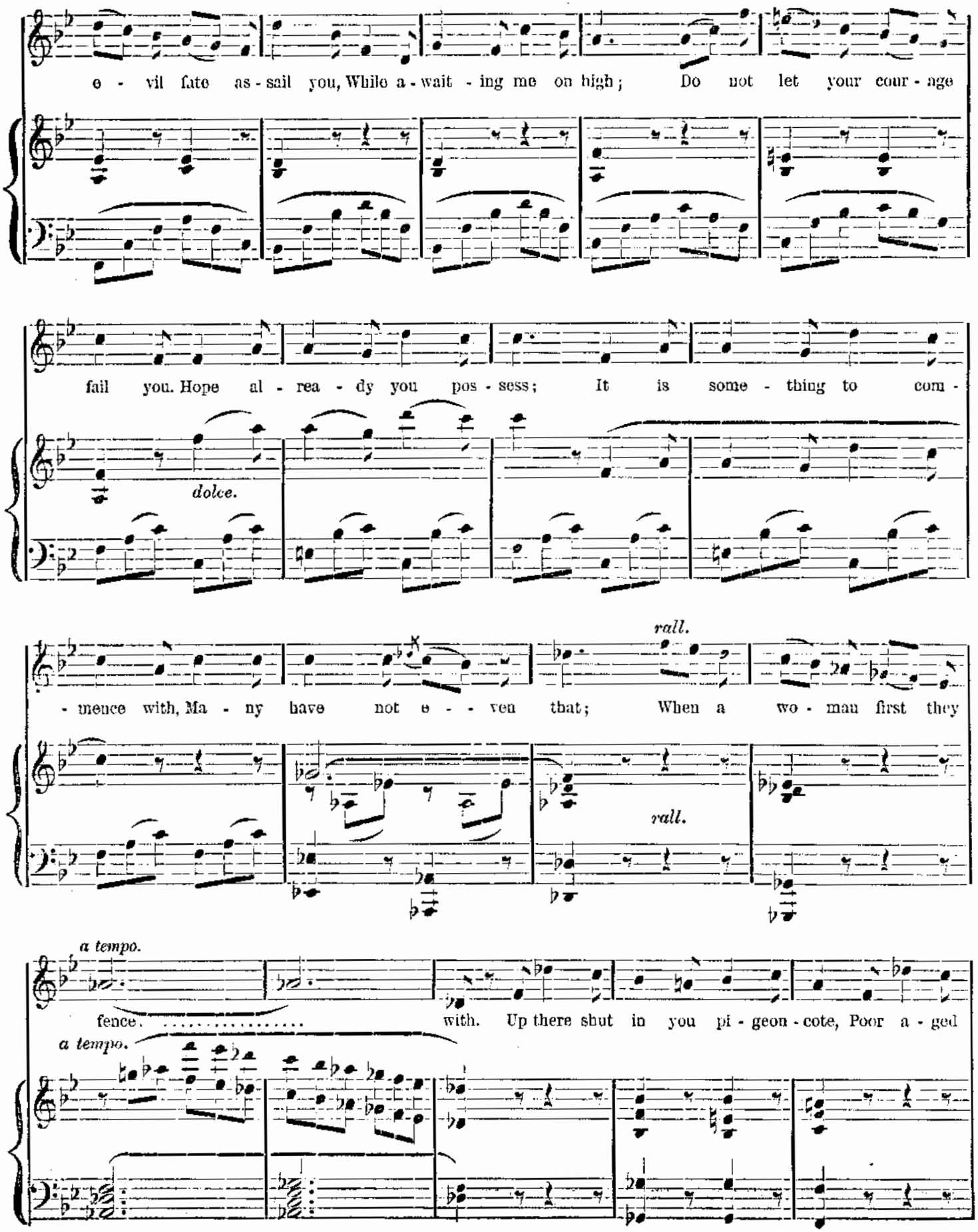
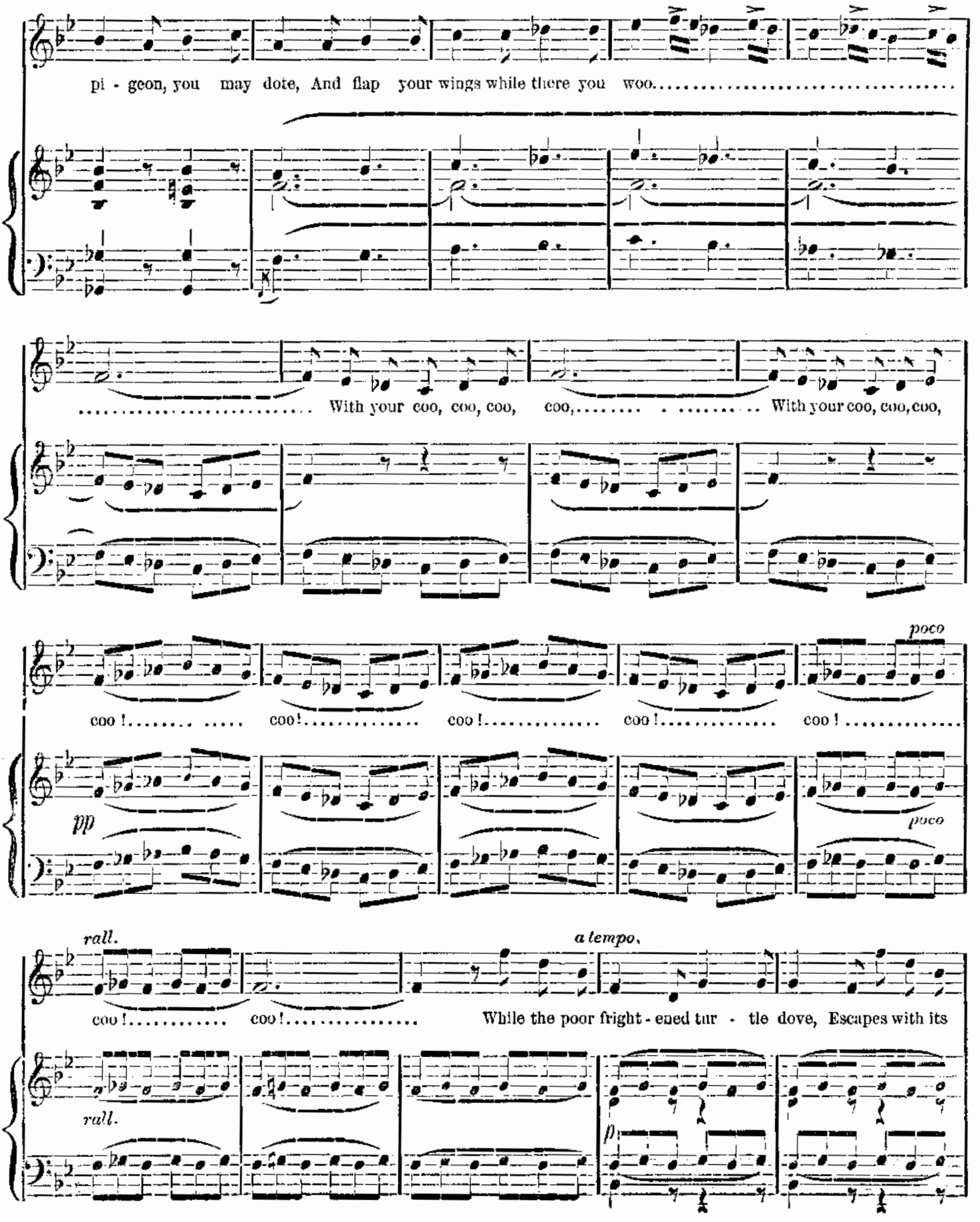
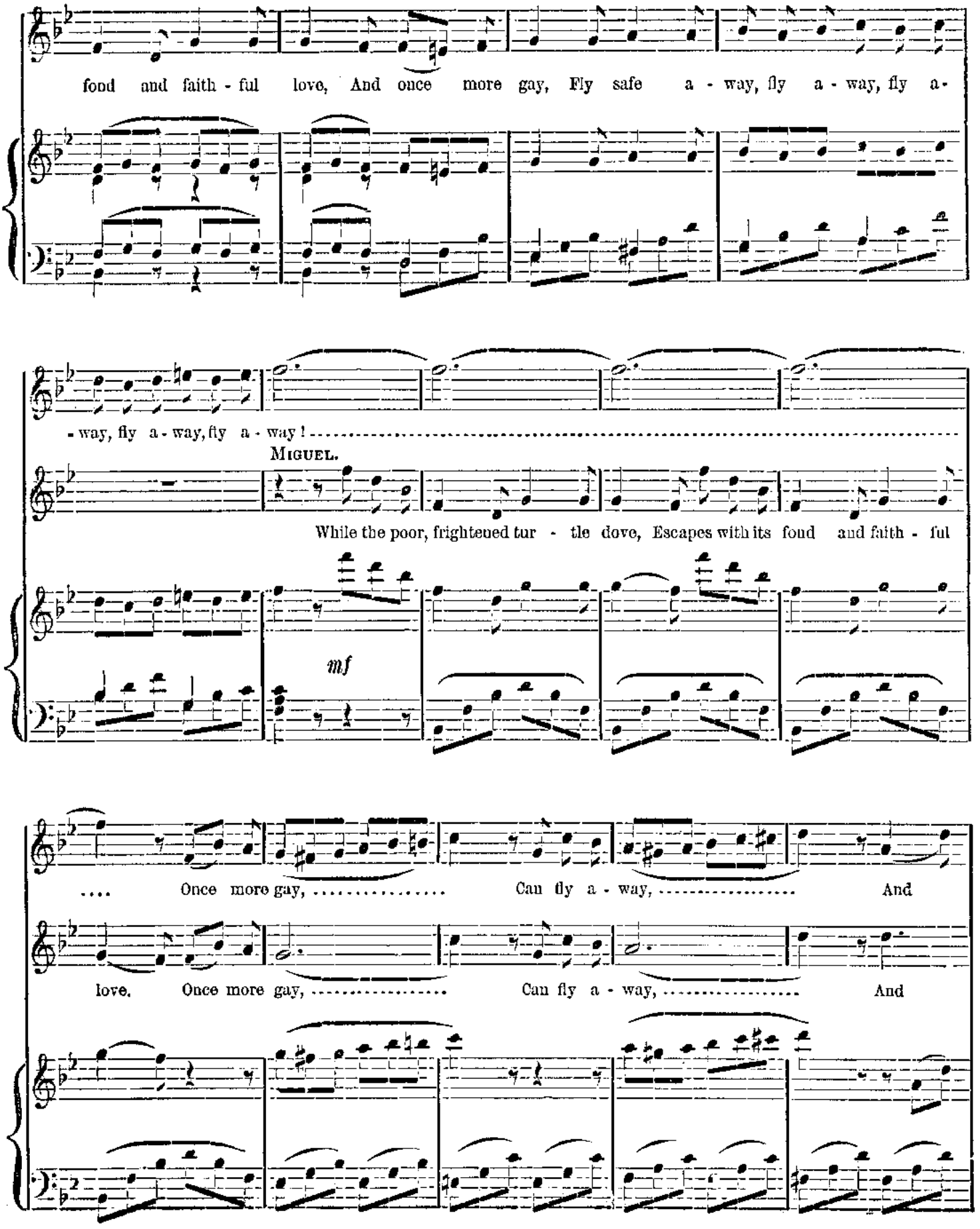
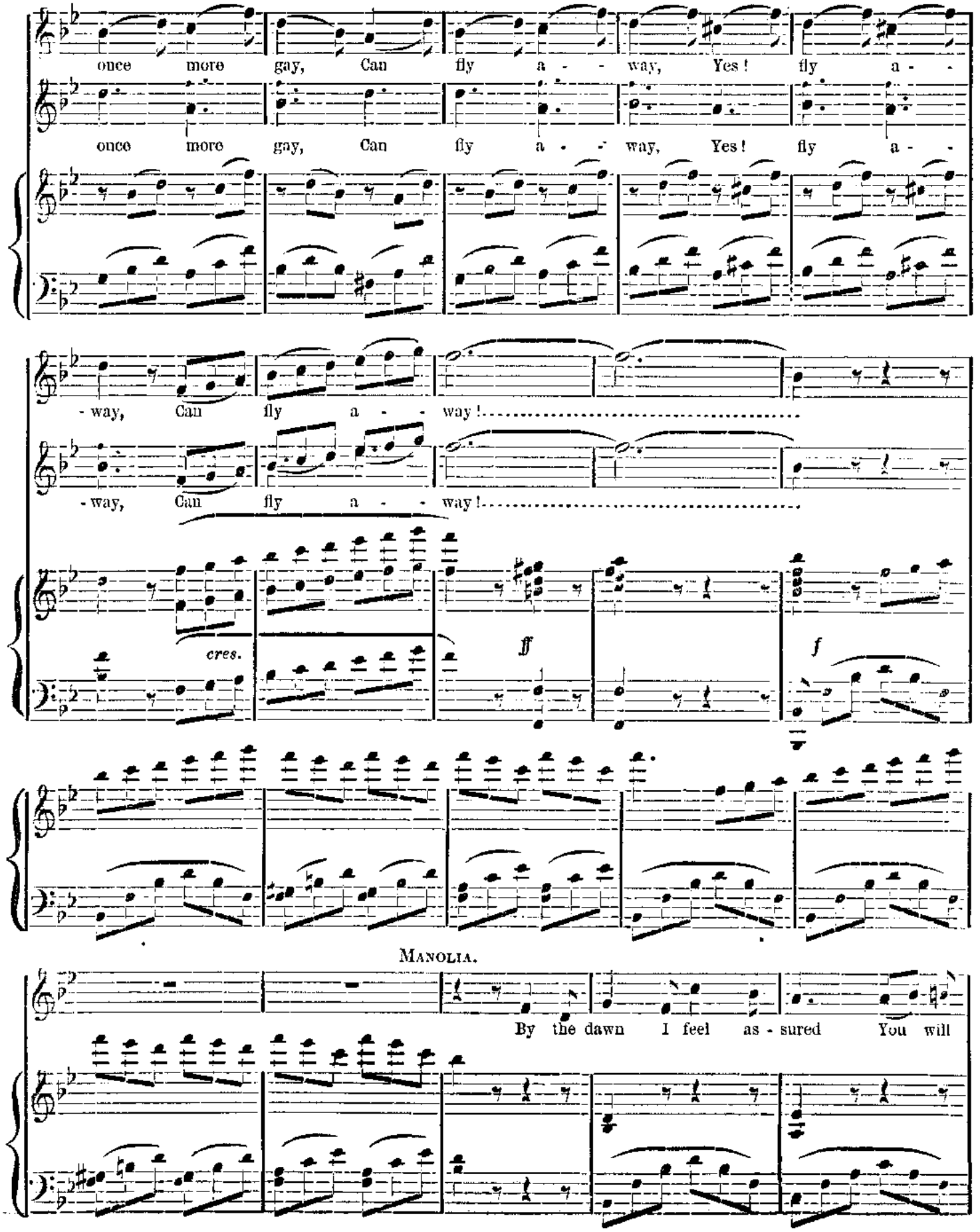
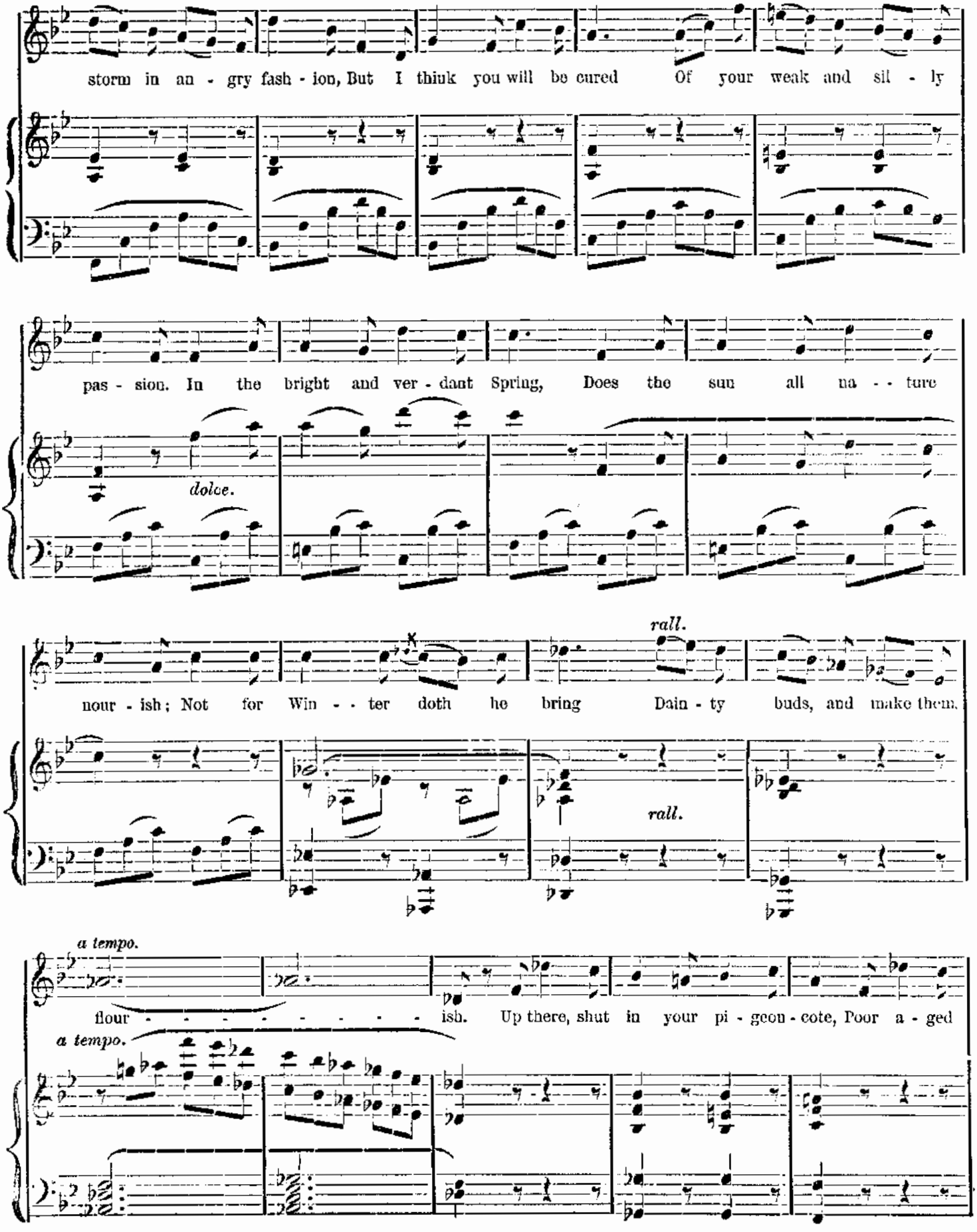
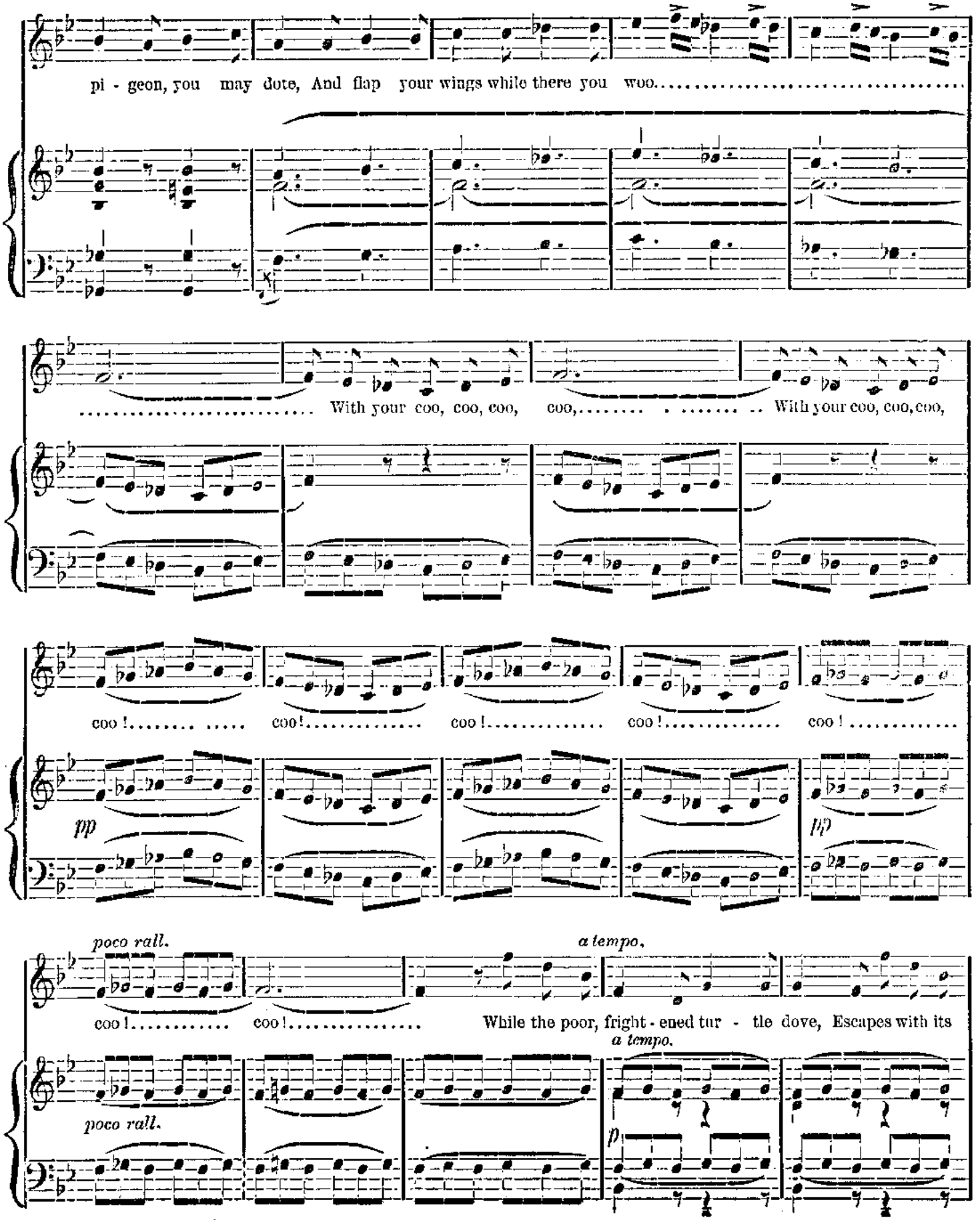

e - vil fate as - sail you, While a - wait - ing me on high; Do not let your cour - age
fail you. Hope al - rea - dy you pos - sess; It is some - thing to com -
dolce.
rall.
- mence with, Ma - ny have not e - - ven that; When a wo - man first they
rall.
a tempo.
fence. with. Up there shut in you pi - geon - cote, Poor a - ged
a tempo.

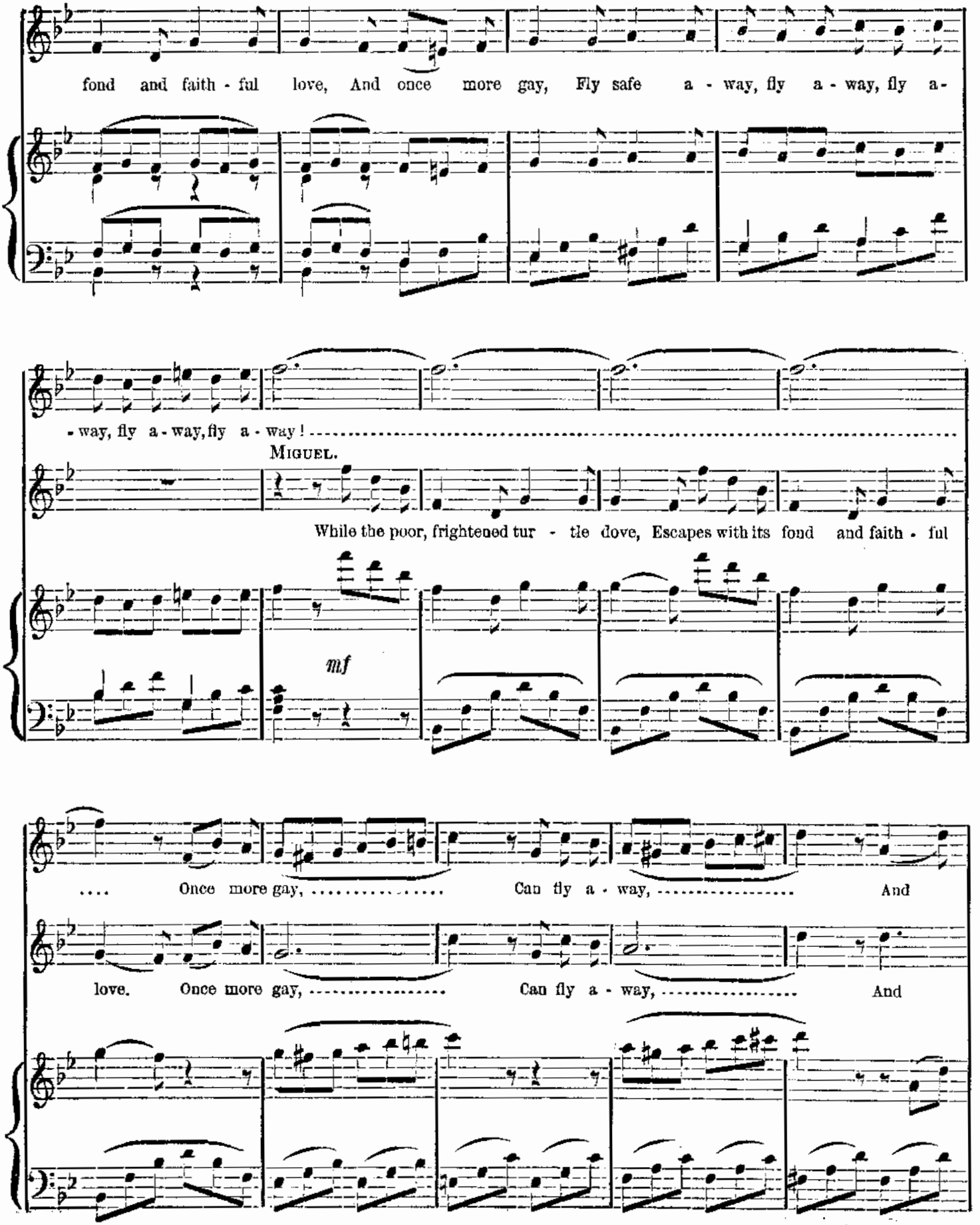

pi - geon, you may dote, And flap your wings while there you woo.....
With your coo, coo, coo, coo,..... With your coo, coo, coo,
poco
coo !..... coo! coo ! coo ! coo !
pp
poco
rall.
a tempo.
coo !..... coo ! While the poor fright - ened tur - tle dove, Escapes with its
rall.
p

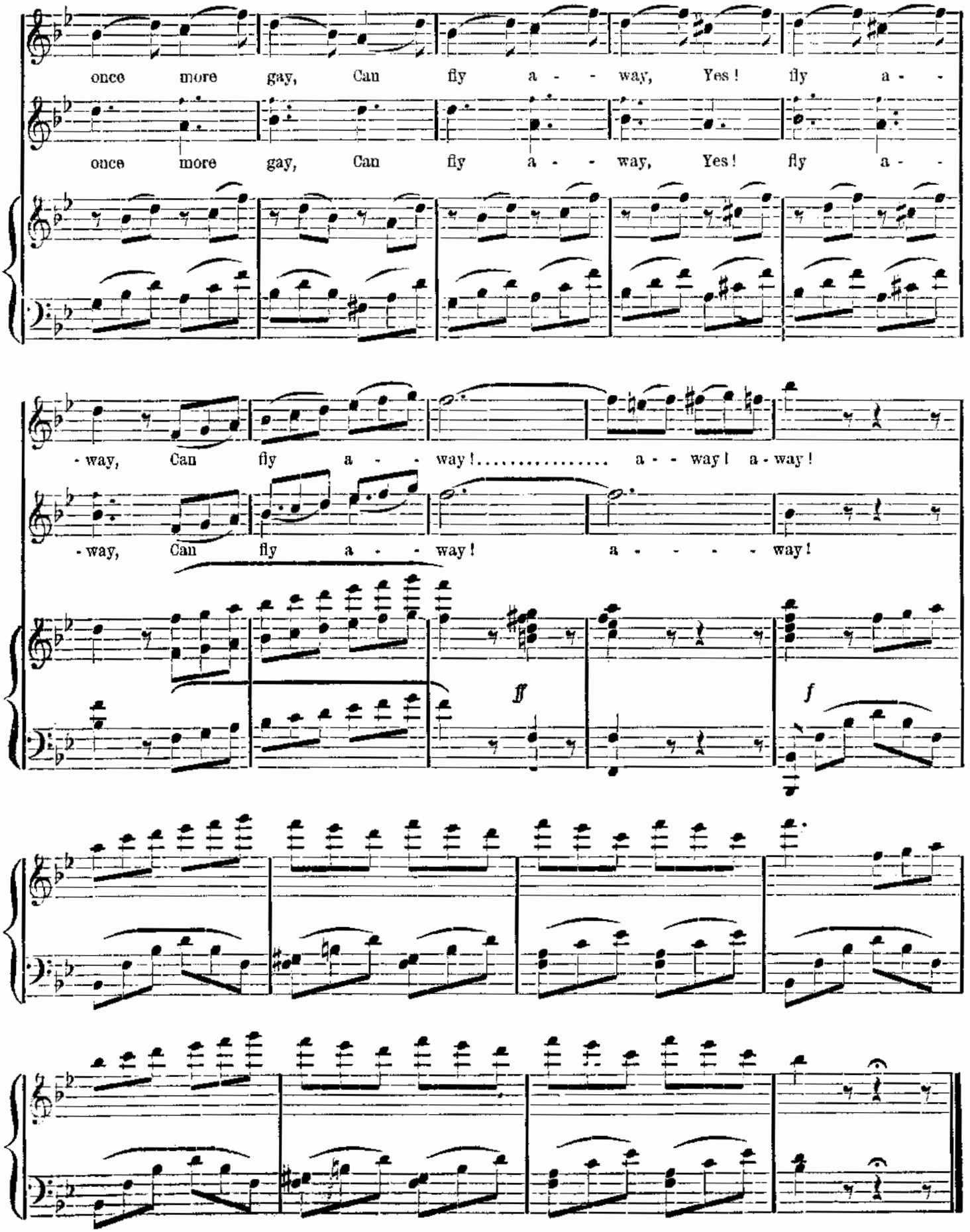

food and faith - ful love, And once more gay, Fly safe a - way, fly a - way, fly a-
- way, fly a - way, fly a - way!
MIGUEL.
While the poor, frightened tur - tle dove, Escapes with its foud and faith - ful
mf
.... Once more gay, ... Can fly a - way, ... And
love. Once more gay, ... Can fly a - way, ... And


once more gay, Can fly a - - way, Yes! fly a -
once more gay, Can fly a - - way, Yes! fly a -
- way, Can fly a - - way!
- way, Can fly a - - way!
cres.
ff
f
MANOLIA.
By the dawn I feel as - sured You will


storm in an - gry fash - ion, But I think you will be cured Of your weak and sil - ly
pas - sion. In the bright and ver - dant Spring, Does the sun all na - - ture
dolce.
nour - ish; Not for Win - - ter doth he bring Dain - ty buds, and make them
rall.
rall.
a tempo.
flour - - - - - - - - - ish. Up there, shut in your pi - geon - cote, Poor a - ged
a tempo.


pi - geon, you may dote, And flap your wings while there you woo.....
..... With your coo, coo, coo, coo,..... With your coo, coo, coo,
coo !..... coo ! coo ! coo ! coo !.....
pp
pp
poco rall.
a tempo.
coo !..... coo ! While the poor, fright - ened tur - tle dove, Escapes with its
poco rall.
a tempo.
p

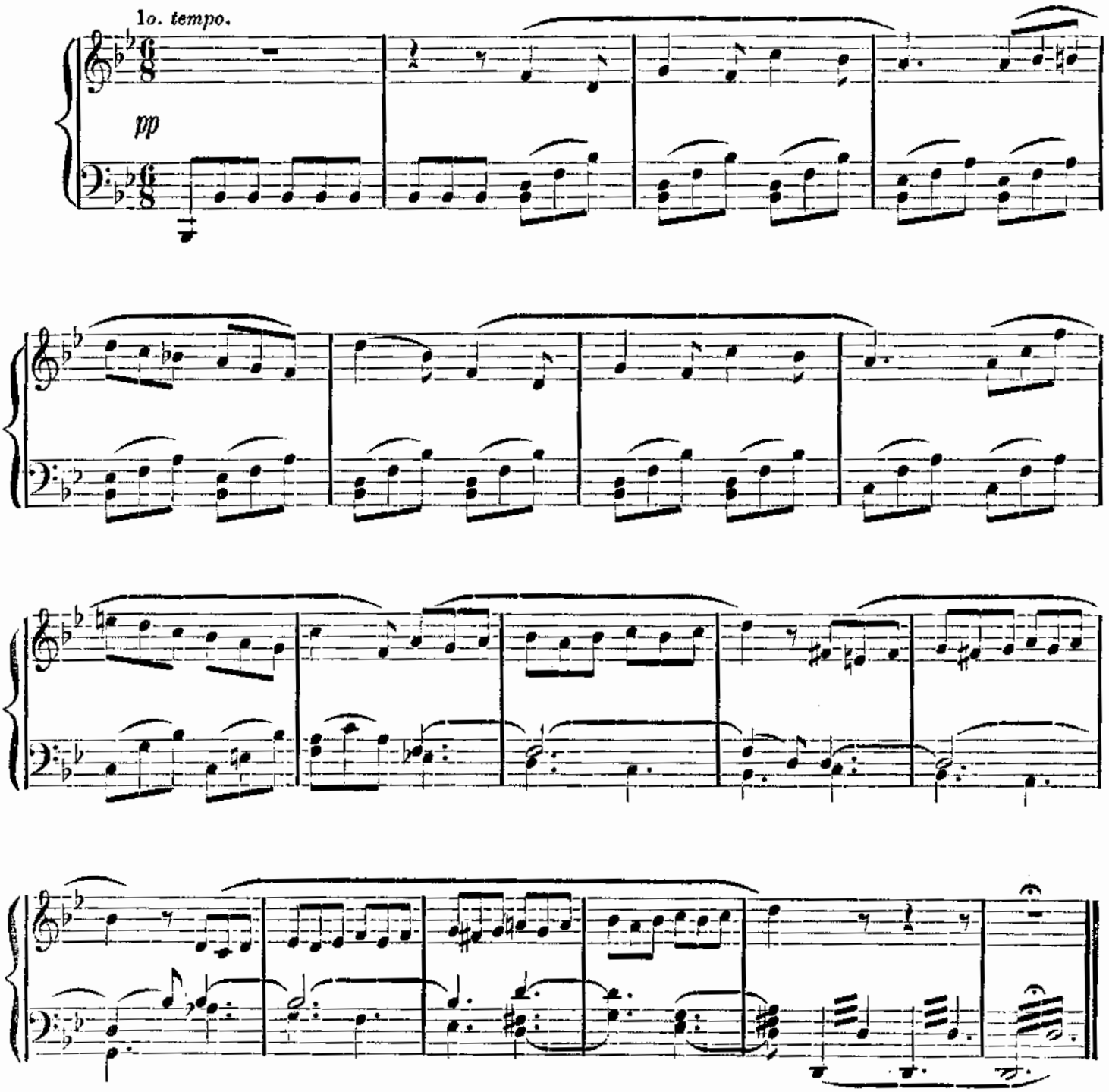

fond and faith - ful love, And once more gay, Fly safe a - way, fly a - way, fly a-
- way, fly a - way, fly a - way!
MIGUEL.
While the poor, frightened tur - tle dove, Escapes with its fond and faith - ful
mf
.... Once more gay, ... Can fly a - way, ... And
love. Once more gay, ... Can fly a - way, ... And


once more gay, Can fly a - - way, Yes! fly a - -
once more gay, Can fly a - - way, Yes! fly a - -
- way, Can fly a - - way! a - - way! a - way!
- way, Can fly a - - way! a - - - - way!
ff
f

MAN. Away, without another word, and may love protect us. | (*Exeunt* MANOLA & MIGUEL *running off at back. 3.*)

MELODRAMA.

No. 16a



At the same moment CALABAZAS *opens the window in the pigeon house and sees them.*

CAL. What do I see? Yes! it is! the Baroness running away with the steward. I'll after them at once. Hallo! where is the ladder? She has removed it. I see it all. I have been tricked! But I'll have my revenge. (*shouts*) Help, help! Murder! Fire! Thieves! Help.

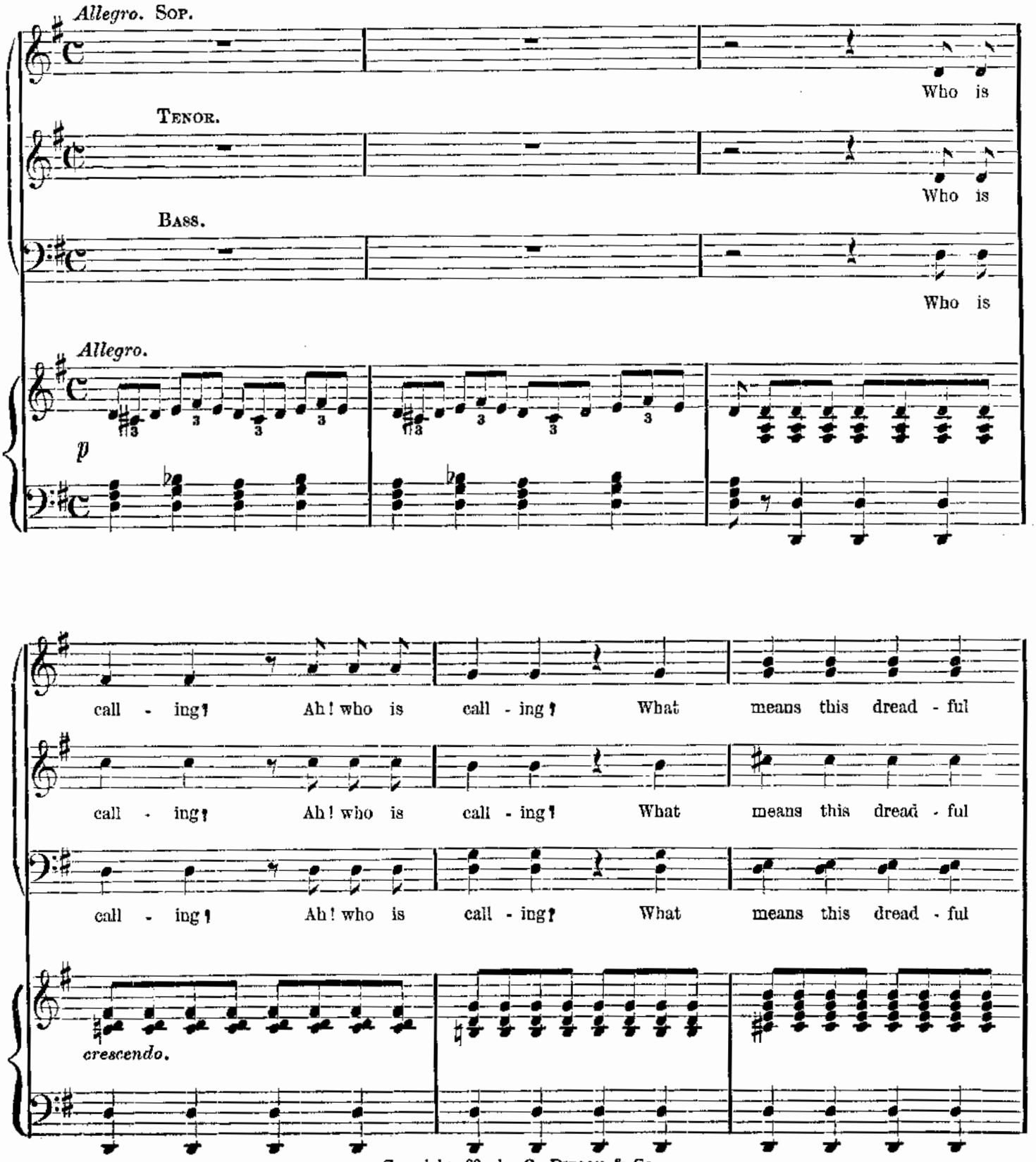
Enter BRASEIRO *running, followed by* DEGOMEZ *and attendants.*

FINALE.

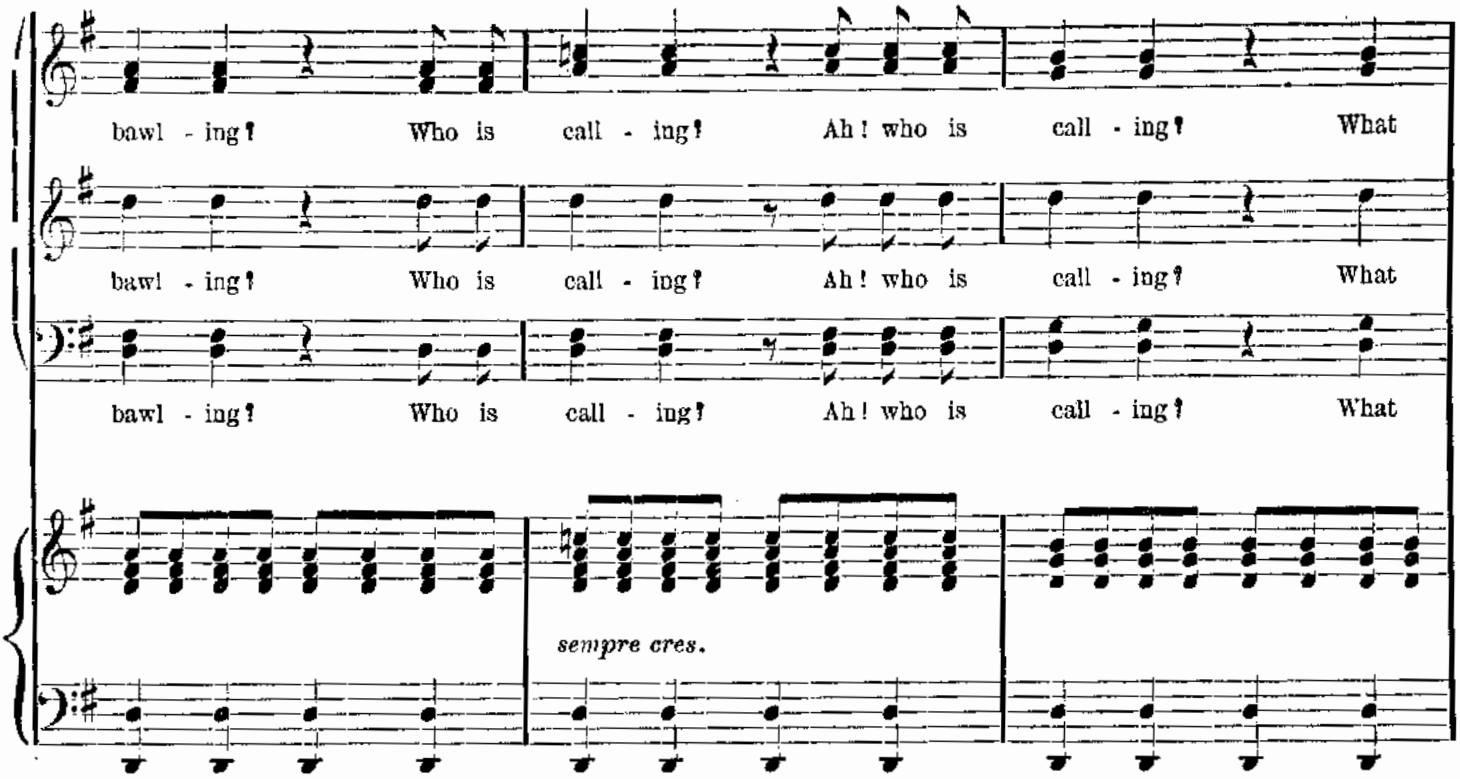
Copyright 1882, by O. DITSON & Co.

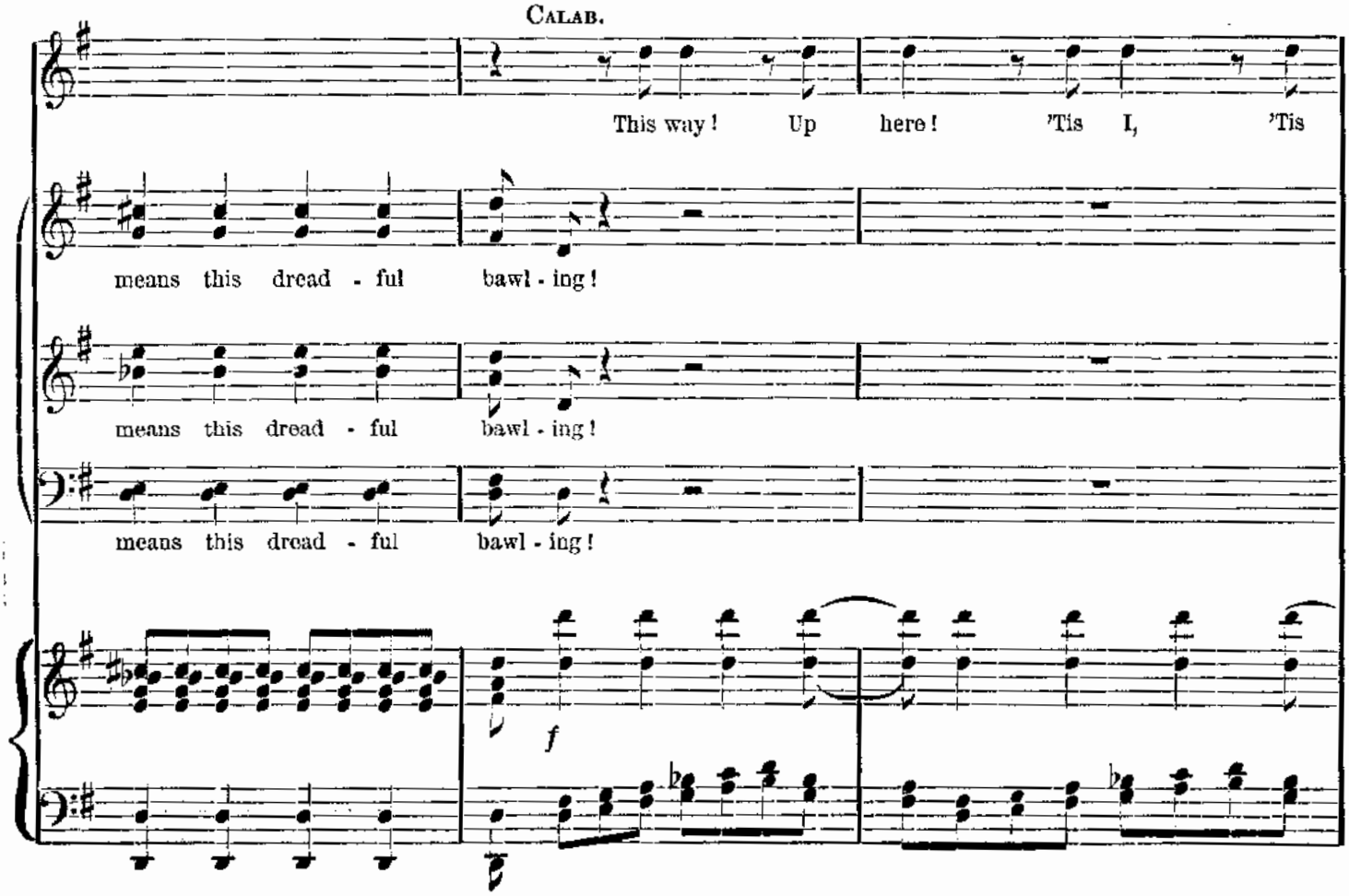
WHO IS CALLING?

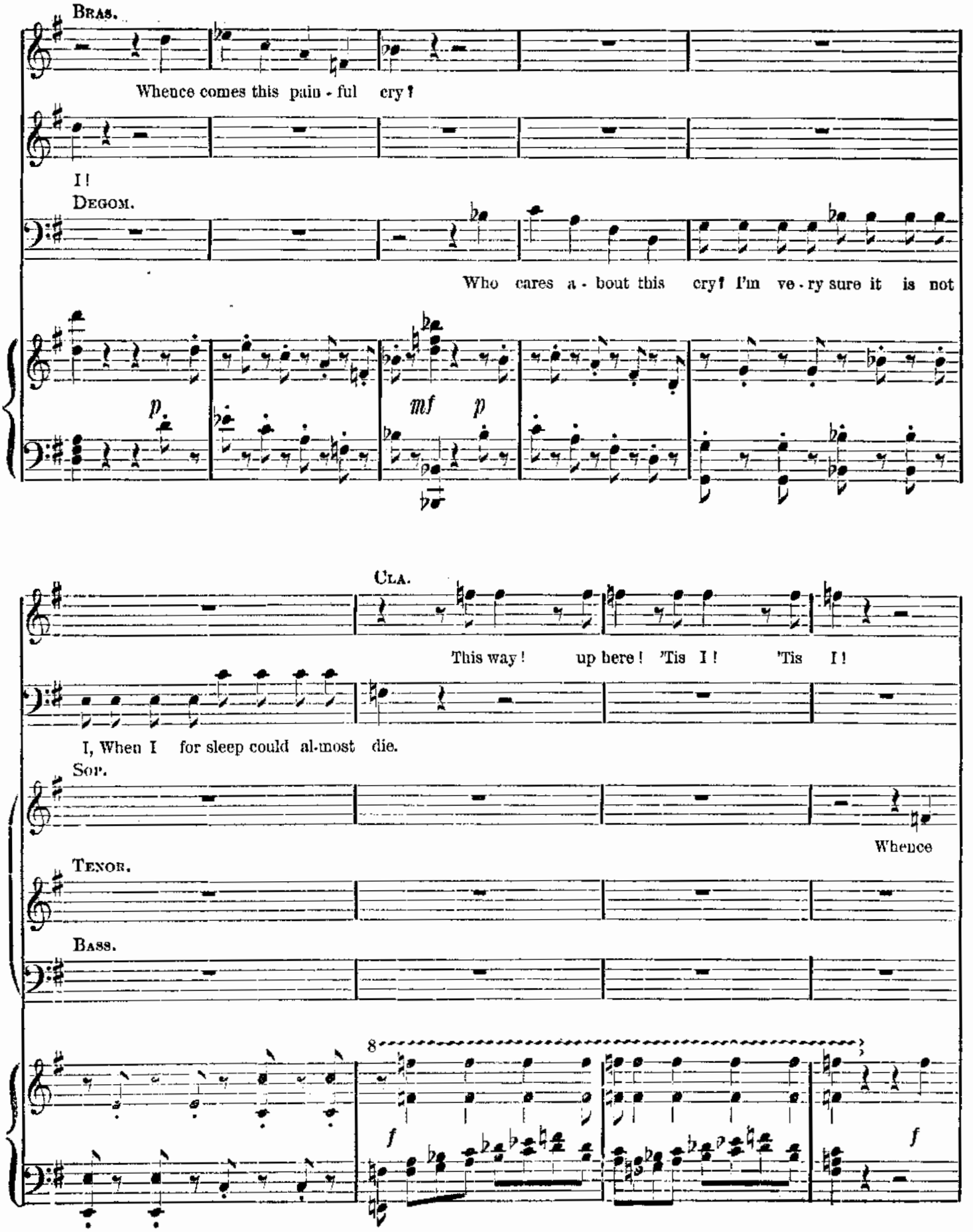
No. 17. FINALE.

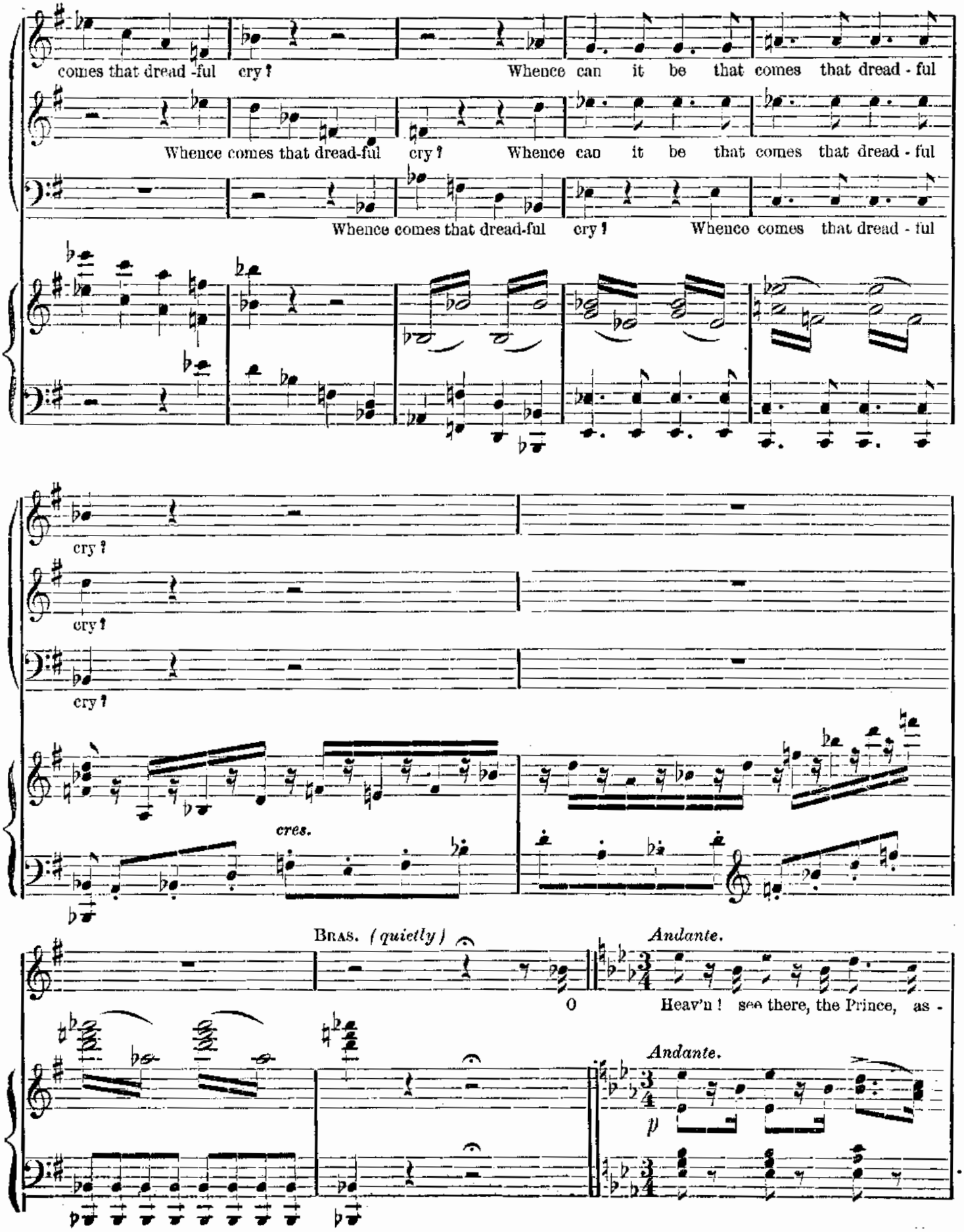


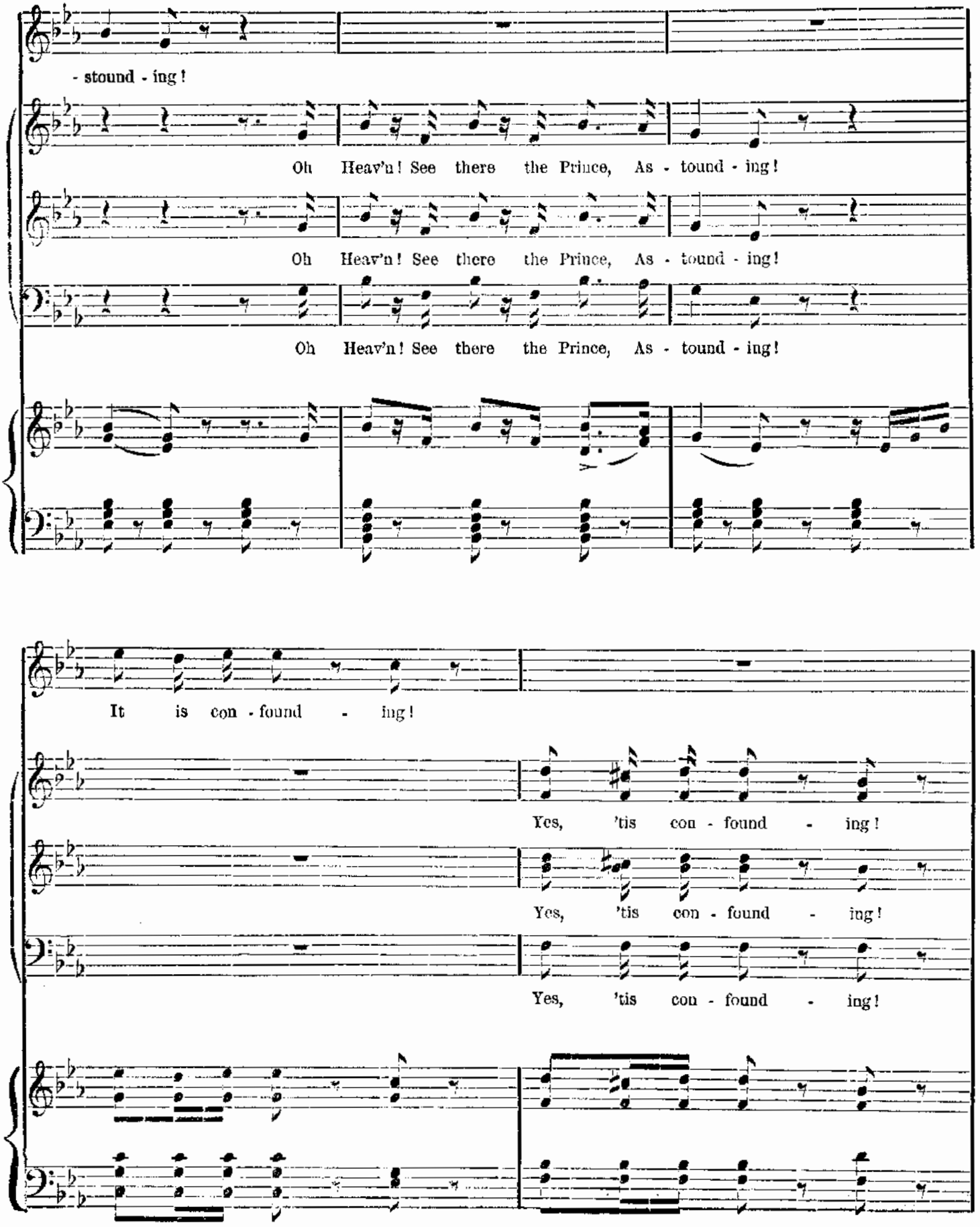
Copyright 1882, by O. Ditson & Co.

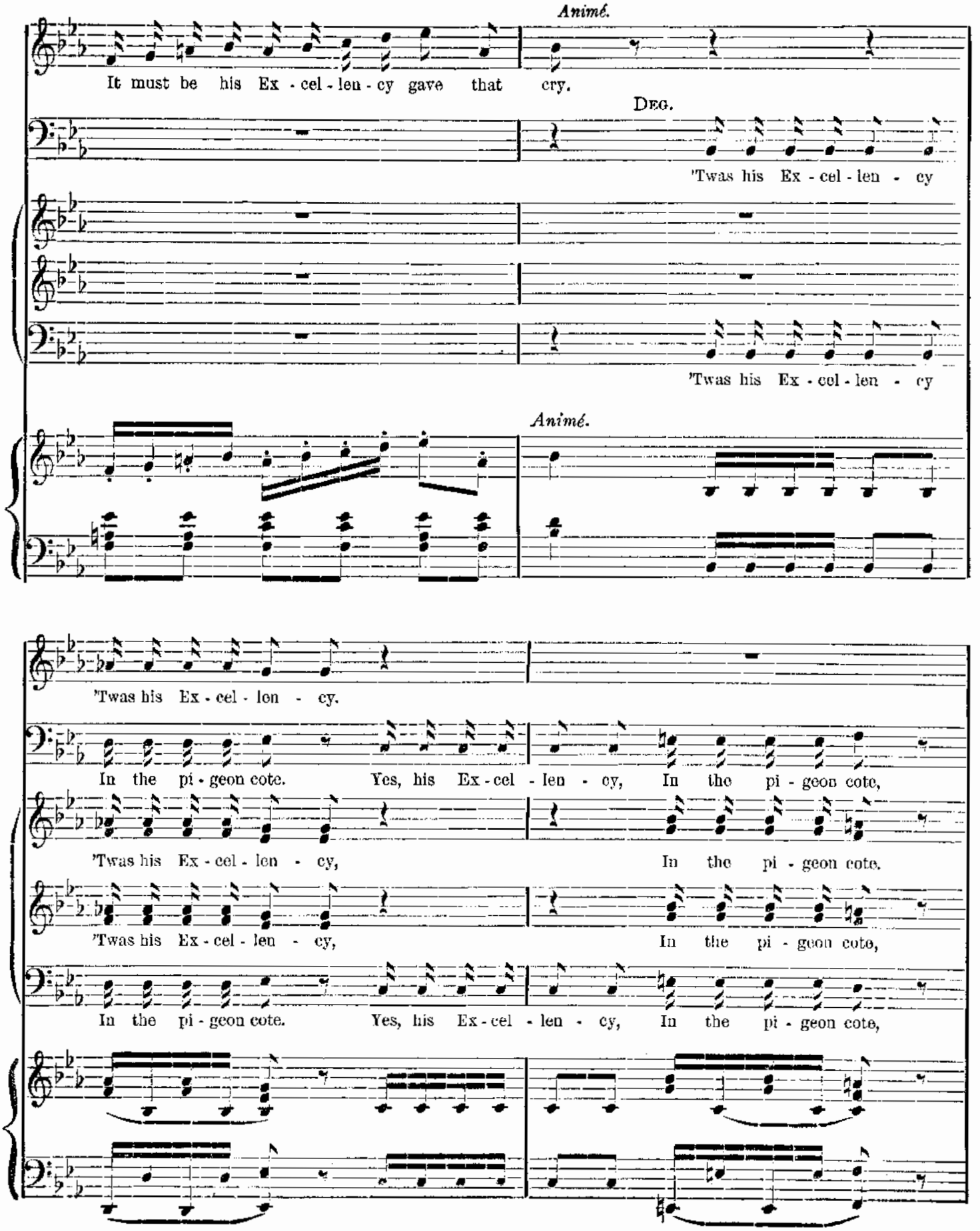

bawl - ing! Who is call - ing! Ah! who is call - ing! What
bawl - ing! Who is call - ing! Ah! who is call - ing! What
bawl - ing! Who is call - ing! Ah! who is call - ing! What
sempre cres.

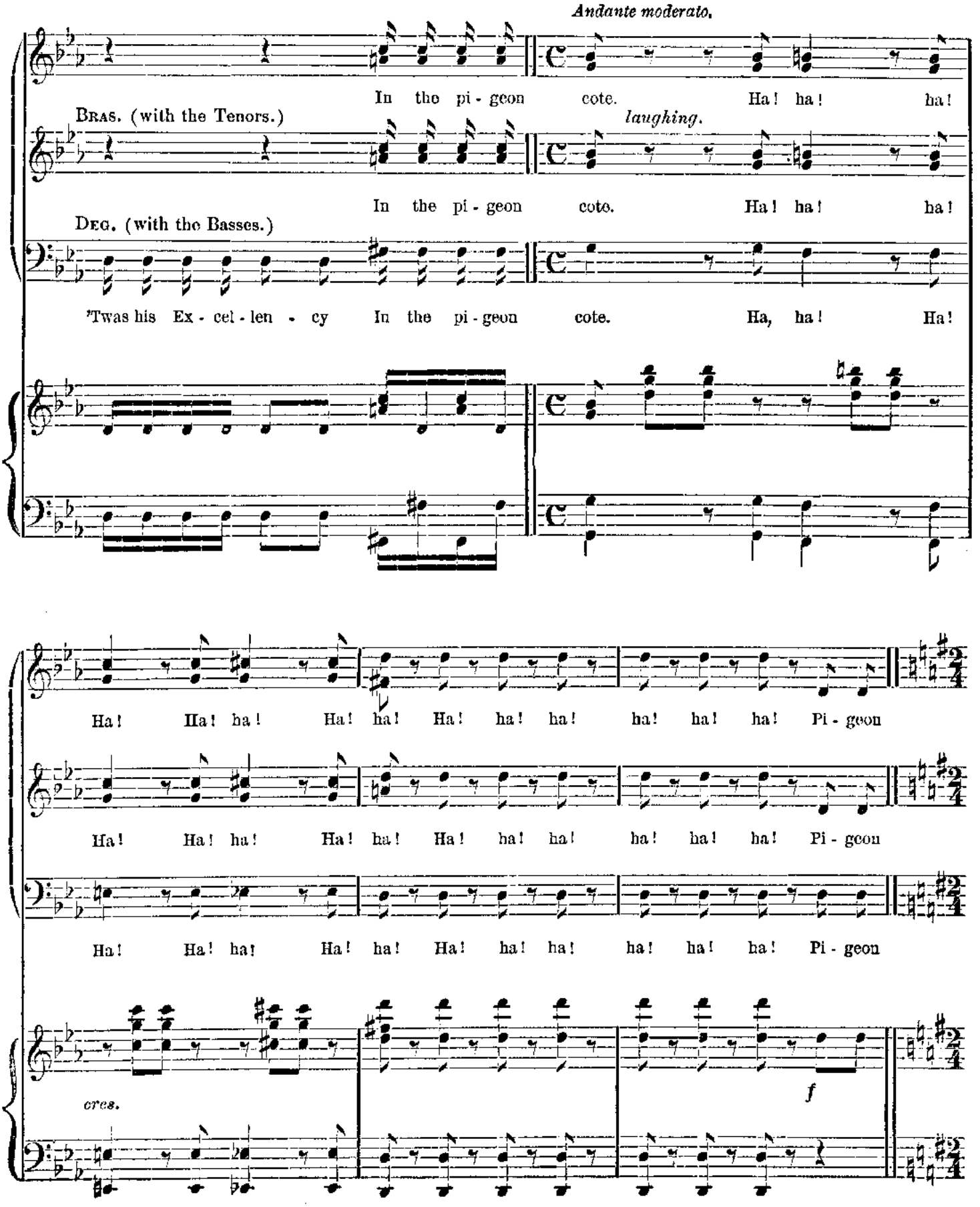

CALAB.
This way! Up here! 'Tis I, 'Tis
means this dread - ful bawl - ing!
means this dread - ful bawl - ing!
means this dread - ful bawl - ing!
f

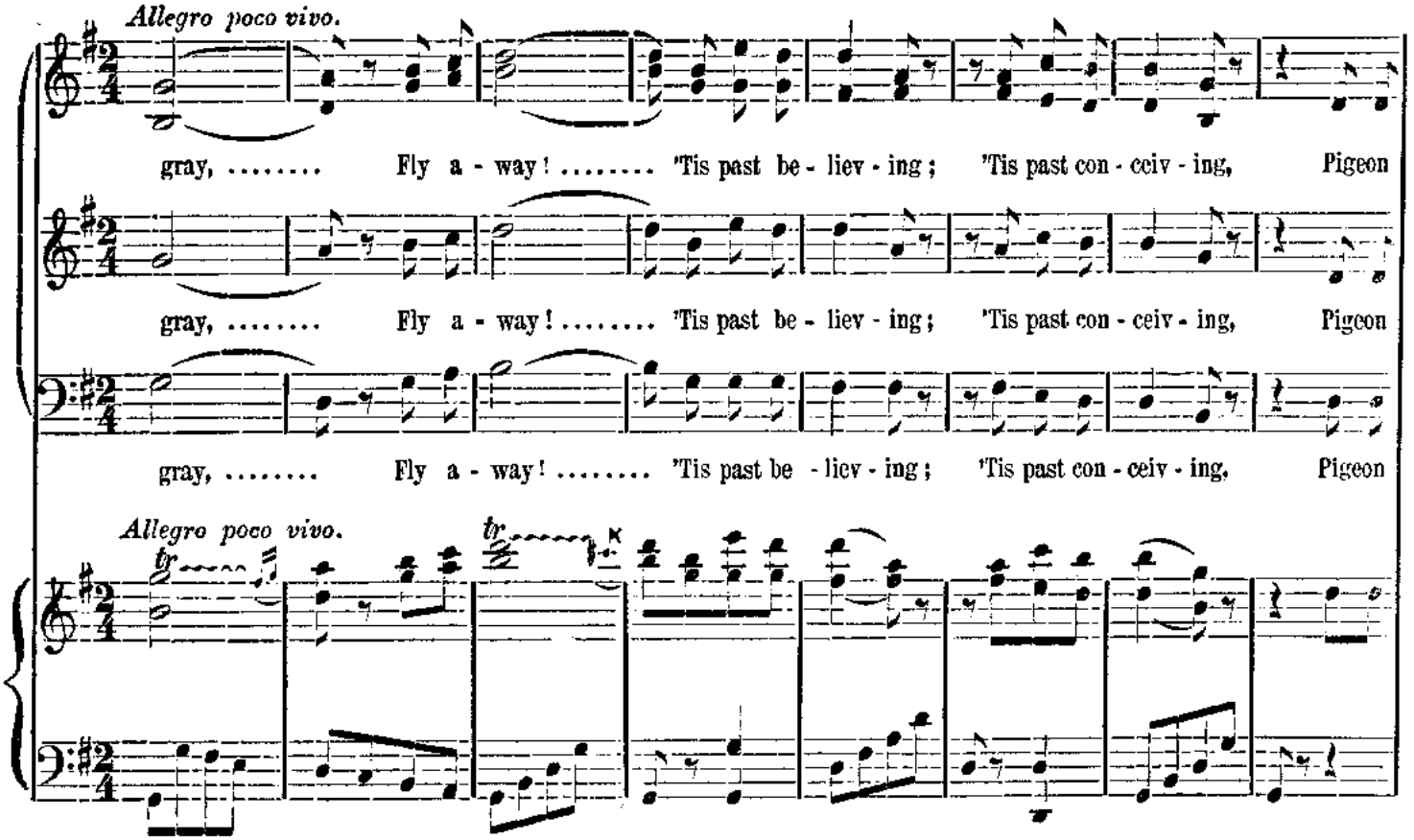

Bras.
Whence comes this pain - ful cry?
I!
Degom.
Who cares a - bout this cry? I'm ve - ry sure it is not
p
mf
p
Cla.
This way! up here! 'Tis I! 'Tis I!
I, When I for sleep could al-most die.
Sop.
Whence
Tenor.
Bass.
8
f
f

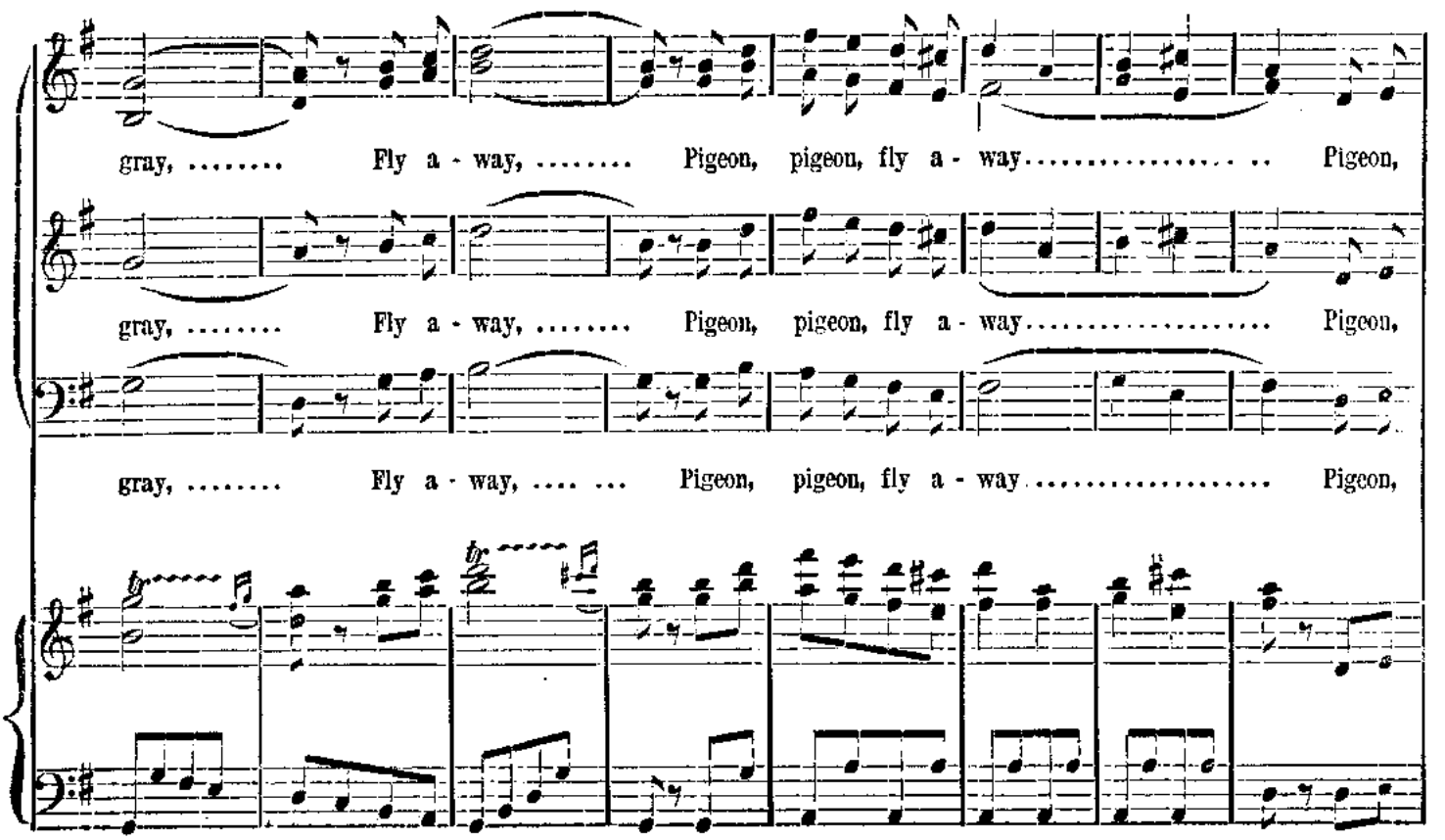

comes that dread -ful cry ? Whence can it be that comes that dread - ful
Whence comes that dread-ful cry ? Whence can it be that comes that dread - ful
Whence comes that dread-ful cry ? Whence comes that dread - ful
cry ?
cry ?
cry ?
cres.
Bras. (quietly)
Andante.
O Heav'n ! see there, the Prince, as -
Andante.
p

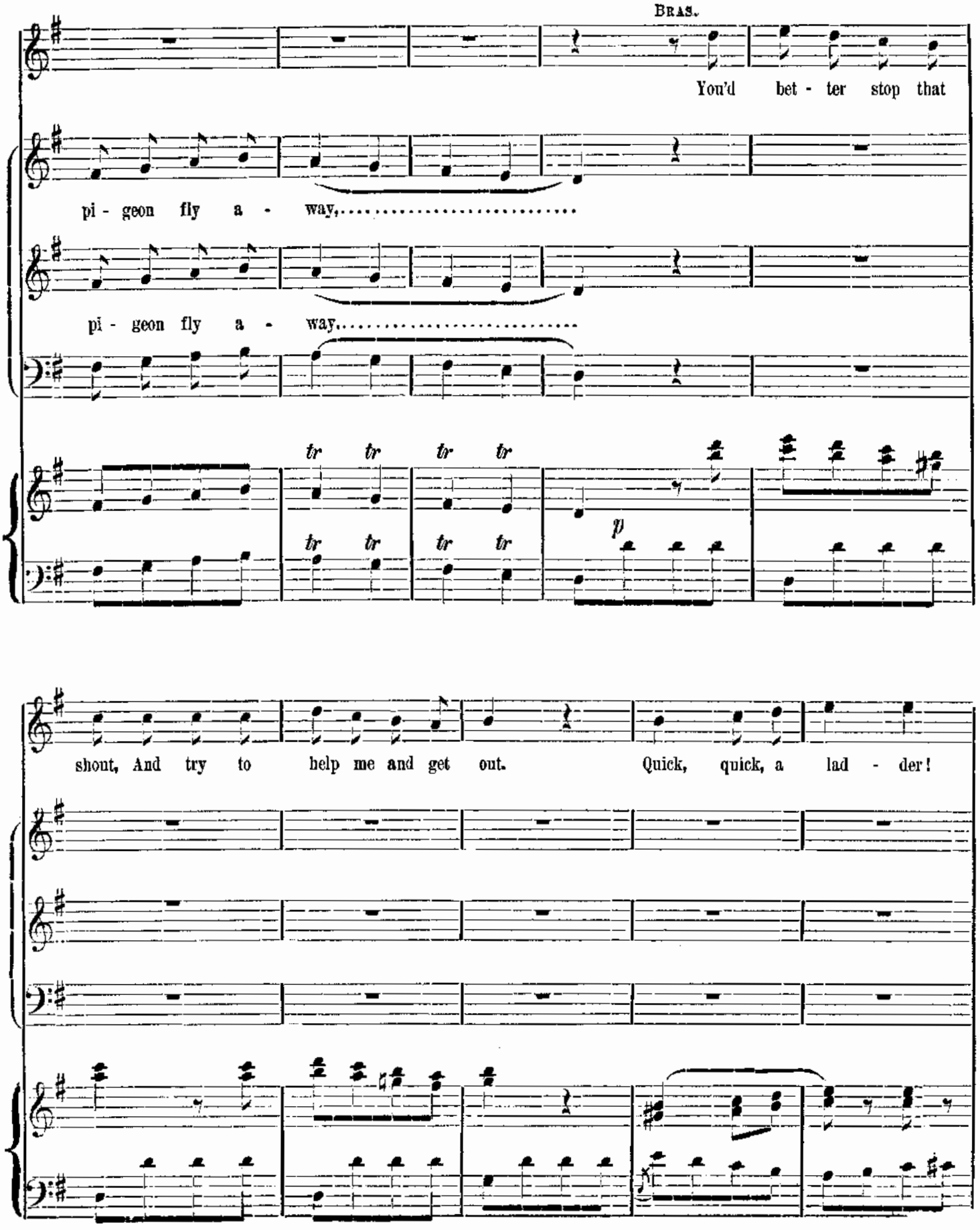

- stound - ing!
Oh Heav'n! See there the Prince, As - tound - ing!
Oh Heav'n! See there the Prince, As - tound - ing!
Oh Heav'n! See there the Prince, As - tound - ing!
It is con - found - ing!
Yes, 'tis con - found - ing!
Yes, 'tis con - found - ing!
Yes, 'tis con - found - ing!

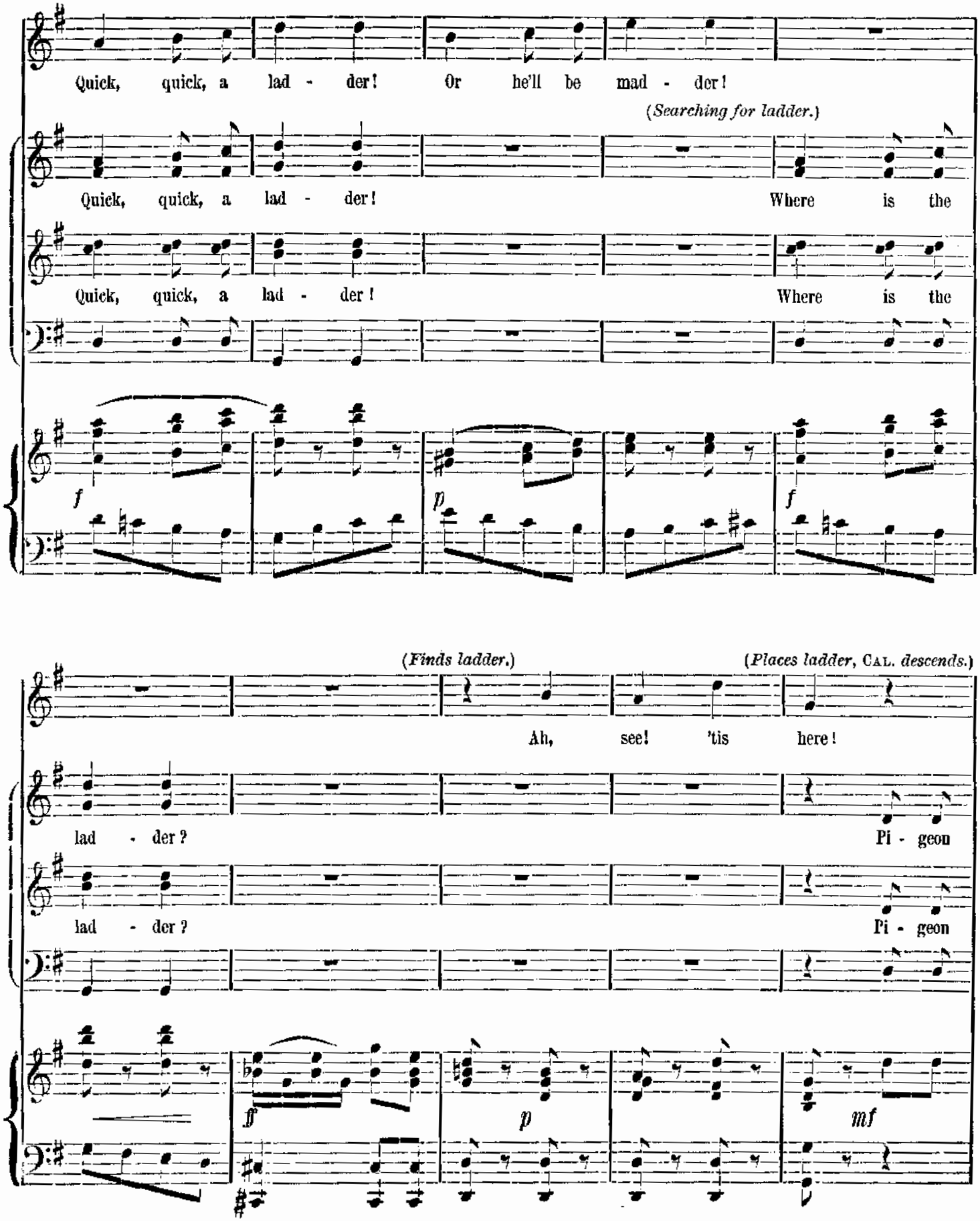

Animé.
It must be his Ex - cel - len - cy gave that cry.
Dec.
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy
Animé.
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy.
In the pi - geon cote. Yes, his Ex - cel - len - cy, In the pi - geon cote,
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy, In the pi - geon cote.
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy, In the pi - geon cote,
In the pi - geon cote. Yes, his Ex - cel - len - cy, In the pi - geon cote,

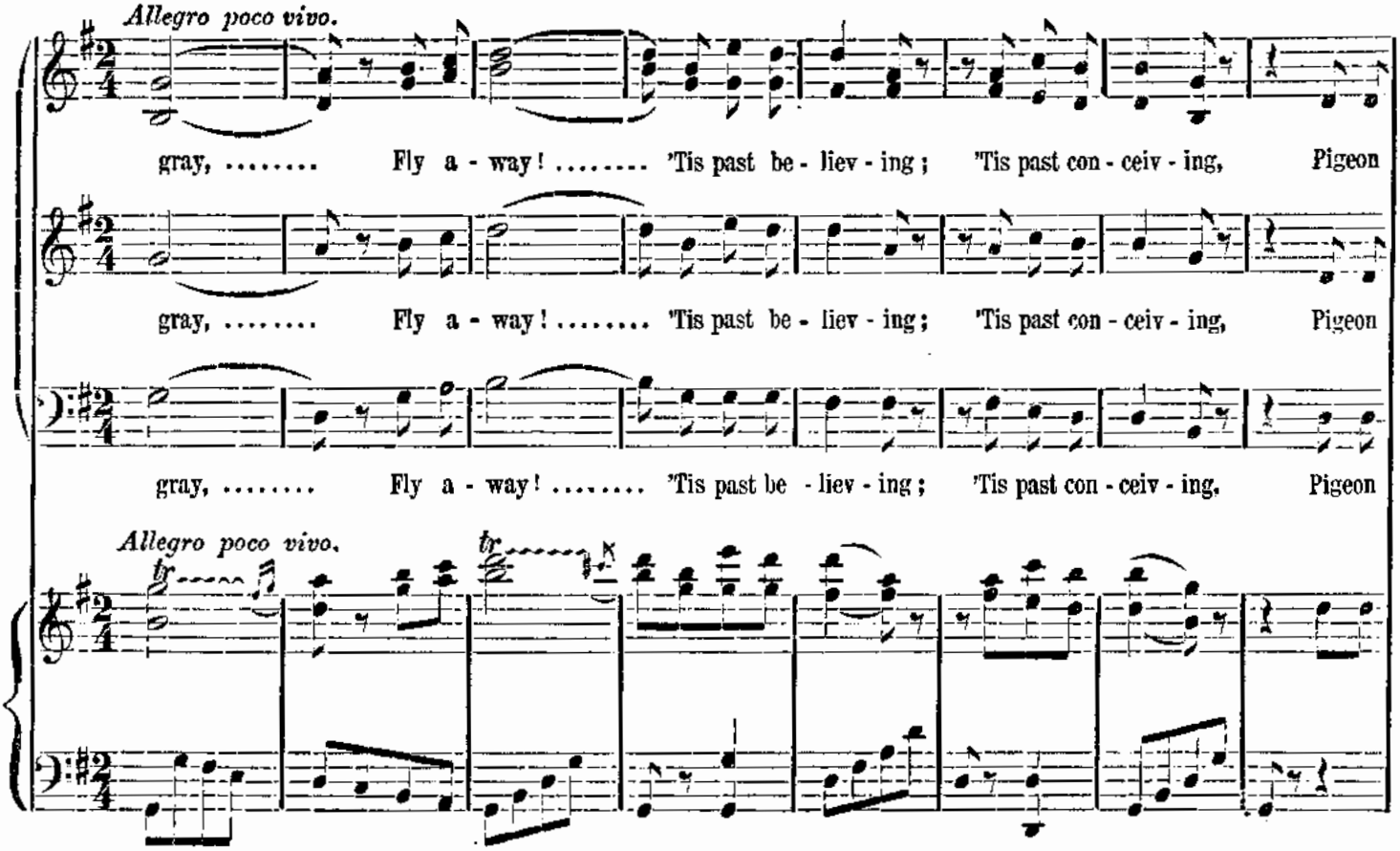

Andante moderato.
In the pi - geon cote. Ha! ha! ha!
Bras. (with the Tenors.)
laughing.
In the pi - geon cote. Ha! ha! ha!
Deg. (with the Basses.)
'Twas his Ex - cel - len - cy In the pi - geon cote. Ha, ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Pi - geon
Ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Pi - geon
Ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Pi - geon
cres.
f

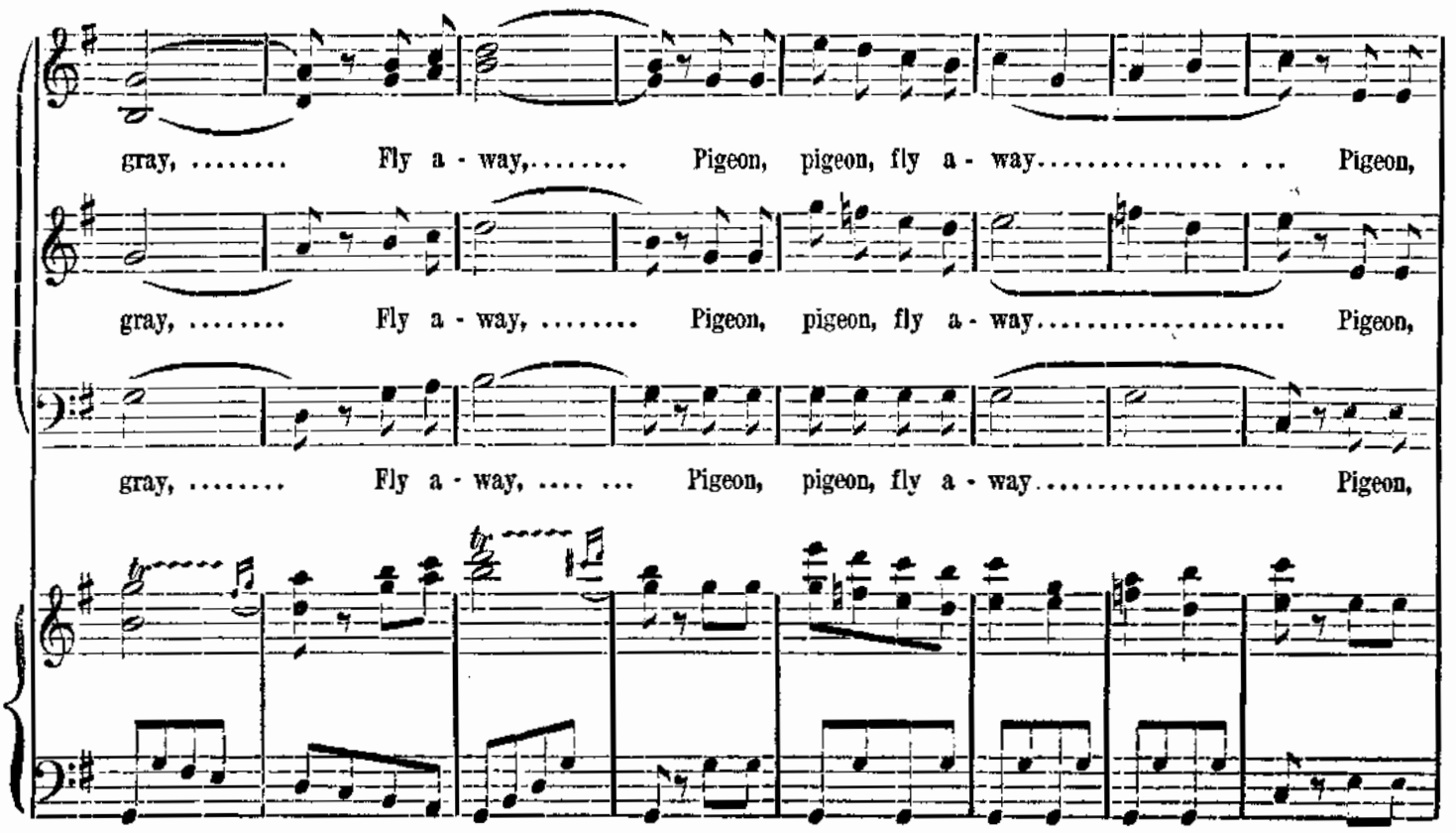

Allegro poco vivo.
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
Allegro poco vivo.

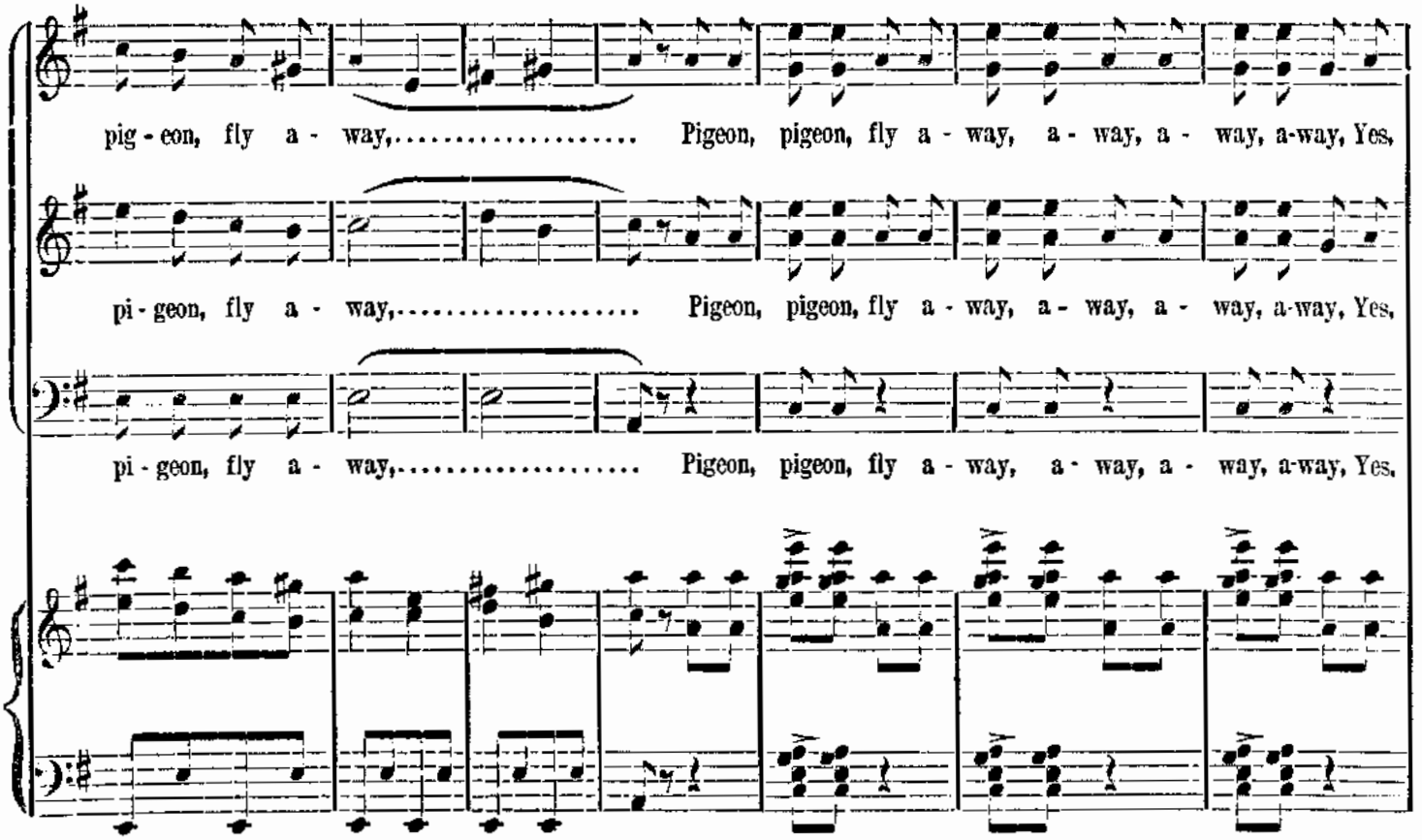

gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,
gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,
gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,

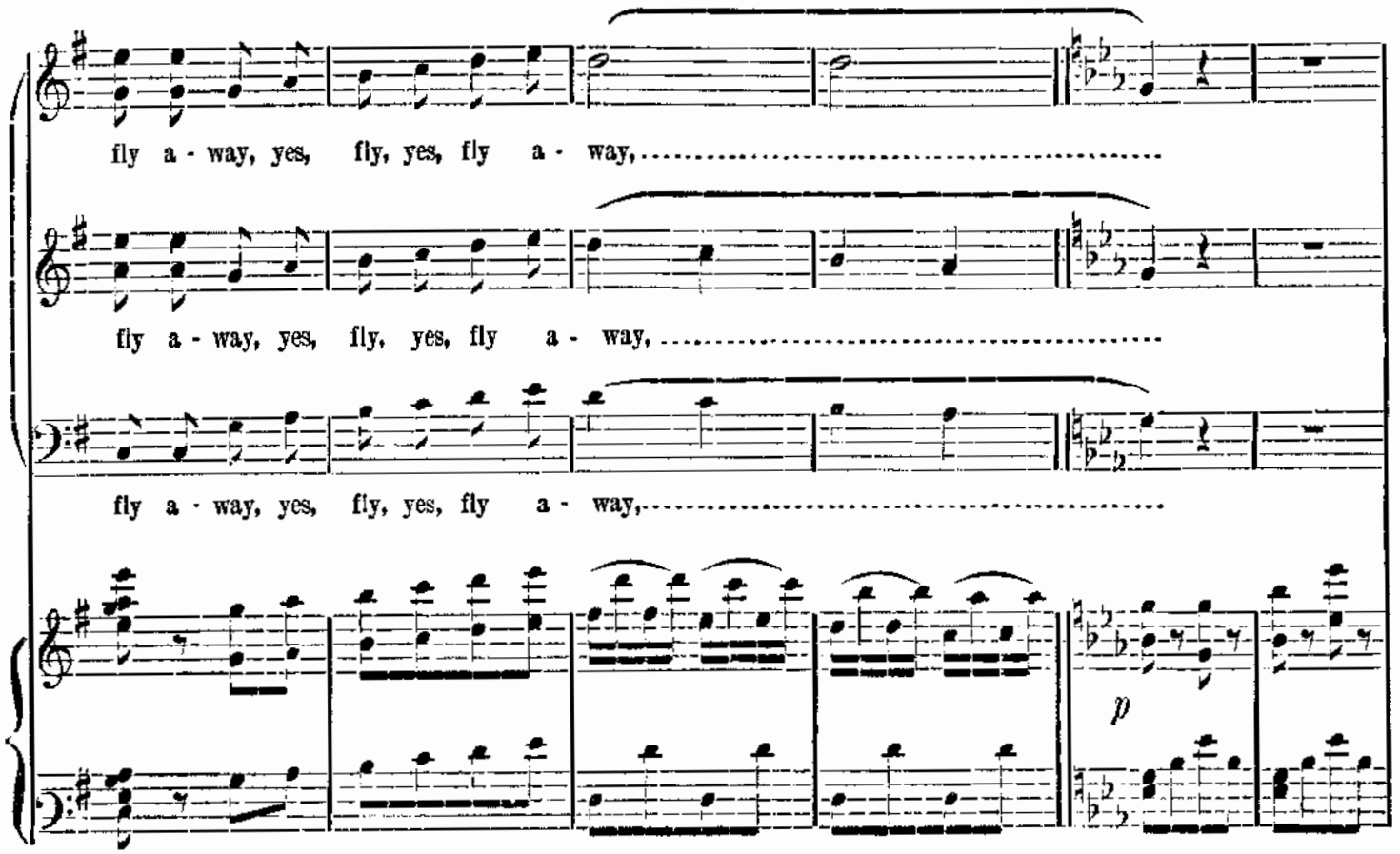

Bras.
You'd bet - ter stop that
pi - geon fly a - way,.....
pi - geon fly a - way.....
tr tr tr tr
tr tr tr tr
p
shout, And try to help me and get out. Quick, quick, a lad - der!

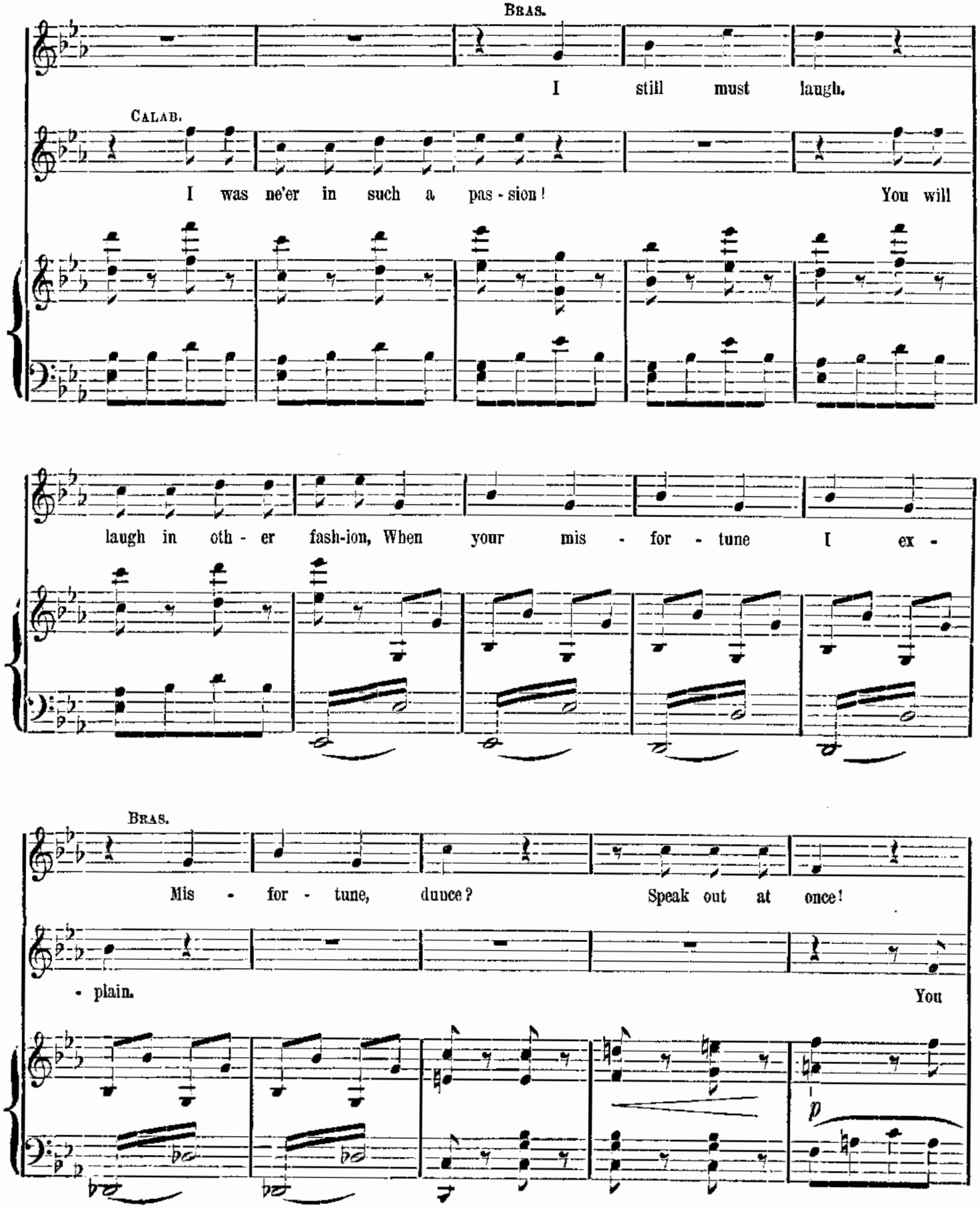

Quick, quick, a lad - der! Or he'll be mad - der!
(Searching for ladder.)
Quick, quick, a lad - der! Where is the
Quick, quick, a lad - der! Where is the
f
p
f
(Finds ladder.)
(Places ladder, CAL. descends.)
Ah, see! 'tis here!
lad - der?
Pi - geon
lad - der?
Pi - geon
ff
p
mf

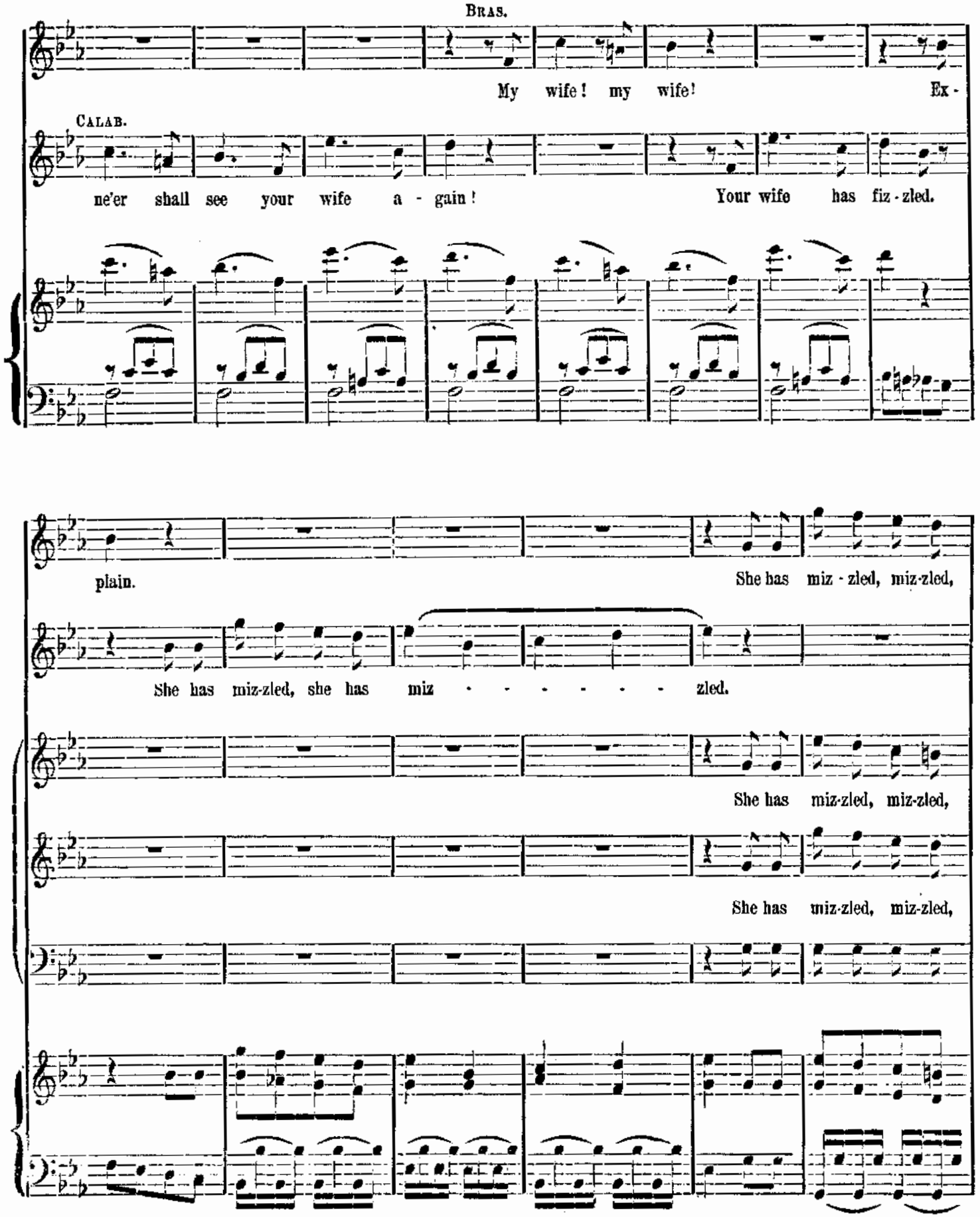

Allegro poco vivo.
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
gray, ... Fly a - way! ..... 'Tis past be - liev - ing; 'Tis past con - ceiv - ing, Pigeon
Allegro poco vivo.

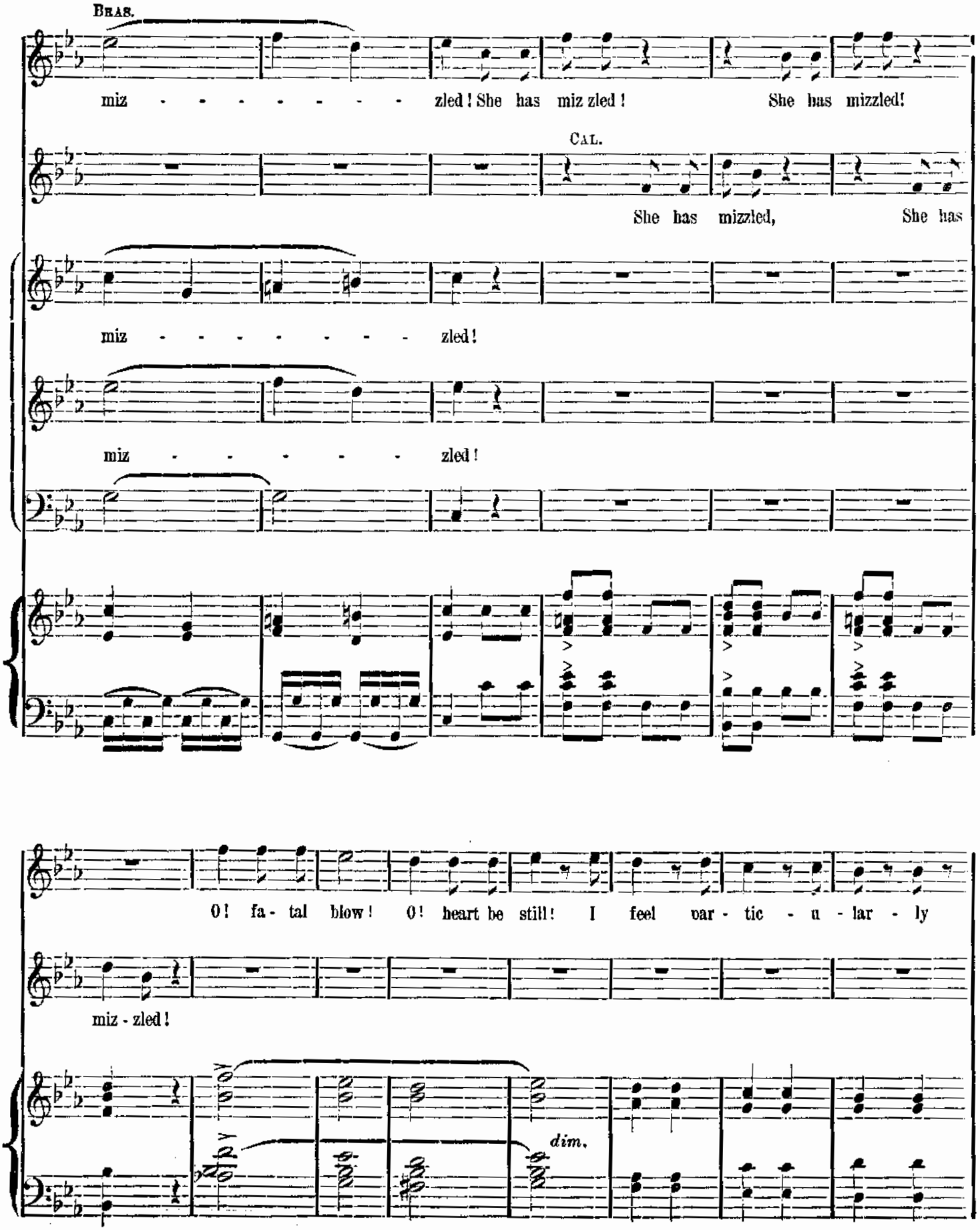

gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,
gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,
gray, ... Fly a - way, ... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way..... Pigeon,


pig - eon, fly a - way,..... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, Yes,
pi - geon, fly a - way,..... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, Yes,
pi - geon, fly a - way,..... Pigeon, pigeon, fly a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, Yes,


fly a - way, yes, fly, yes, fly a - way,.....
fly a - way, yes, fly, yes, fly a - way,.....
fly a - way, yes, fly, yes, fly a - way,.....
p


Bras.
I still must laugh.
Calab.
I was ne'er in such a pas - sion! You will
laugh in oth - er fash-ion, When your mis - for - tune I ex -
Bras.
Mis - for - tune, dunce? Speak out at once!
- plain. You
p


Bras.
My wife! my wife! Ex-
Calab.
ne'er shall see your wife a - gain! Your wife has fiz - zled.
plain.
She has miz - zled, miz-zled,
She has miz-zled, she has miz - - - - - - - zled.
She has miz-zled, miz-zled,
She has miz-zled, miz-zled,


Bras.
miz - - - - - - - - zled! She has miz zled! She has mizzled!
Cal.
She has mizzled, She has
miz - - - - - - - - zled!
miz - - - - - - zled!
O! fa - tal blow! O! heart be still! I feel var - tic - u - lar - ly
miz - zled!
dim.

(*falls in the arms of the ensigns.*)

ill. Ah! Ah!

BEATRIX. (*Opening window-blinds, unseen by all.*)

A night - in - gale once met a lit - tle rob - in, A night - in -

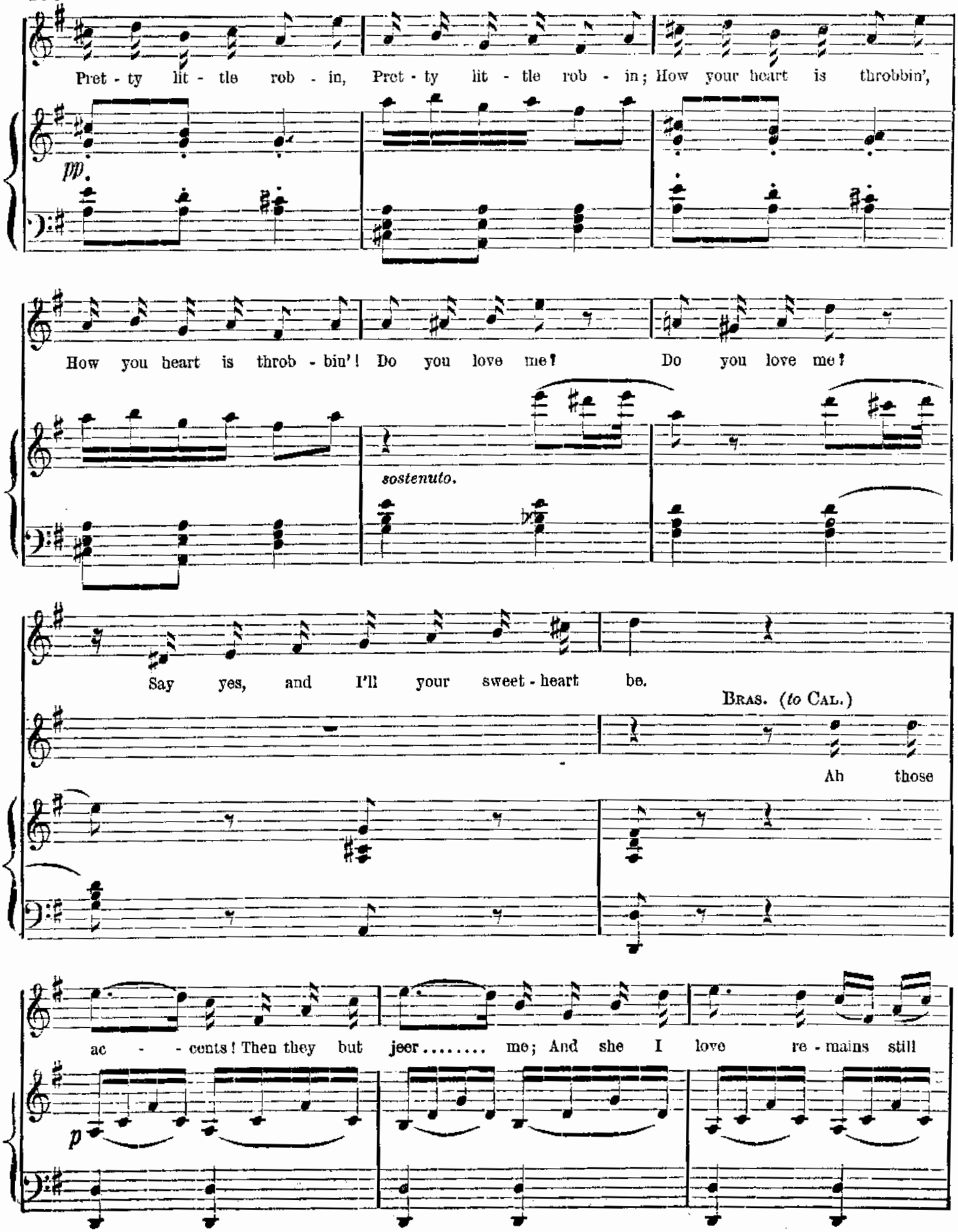
sostenuto.

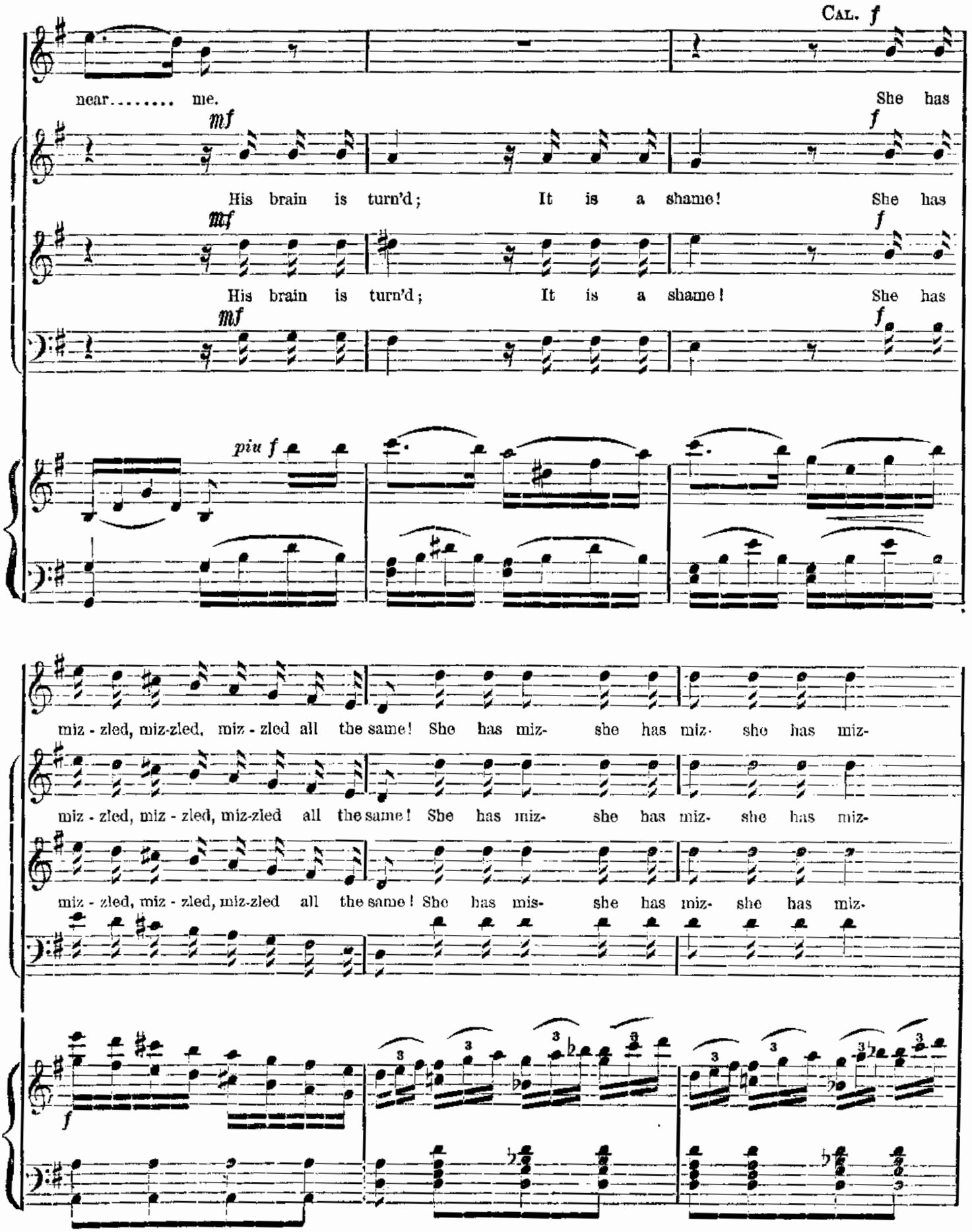
p

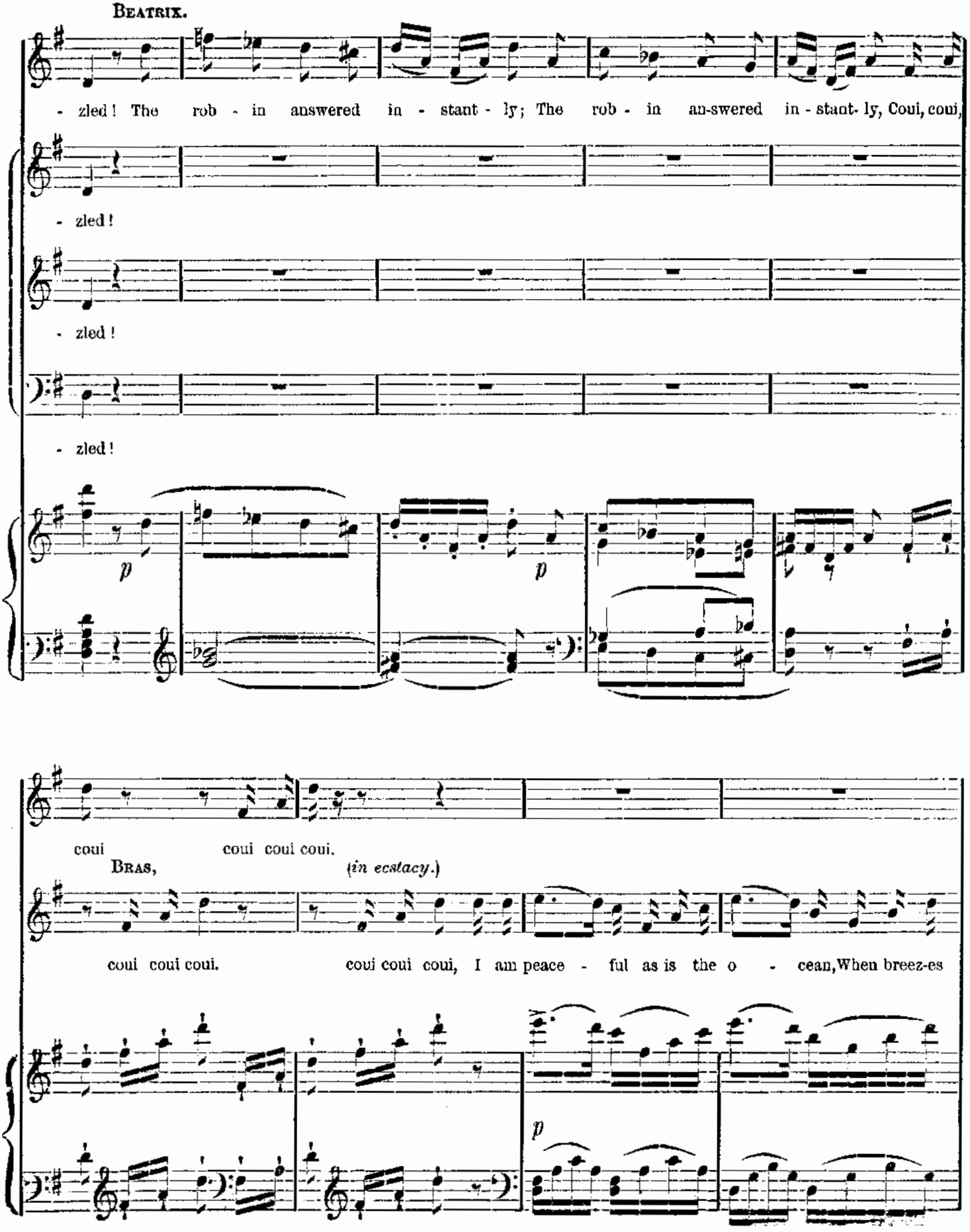
- gale, once met a lit - tle rob - in, And it said: Ri pi pi pi pi

tr

pi pi pi pi pi, And it said, Ri pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi


Pret - ty lit - tle rob - in, Pret - ty lit - tle rob - in; How your heart is throbbin',
pp.
How you heart is throb - bin'! Do you love me? Do you love me?
sostenuto.
Say yes, and I'll your sweet - heart be.
Bras. (to Cal.)
Ah those
ac - - cents! Then they but jeer..... me; And she I love re - mains still
p


Cal. f
near..... me.
She has
mf
His brain is turn'd; It is a shame! She has
f
mf
His brain is turn'd; It is a shame! She has
f
mf
piu f
miz - zled, miz-zled, miz - zled all the same! She has miz- she has miz- she has miz-
miz - zled, miz - zled, miz-zled all the same! She has miz- she has miz- she has miz-
miz - zled, miz - zled, miz-zled all the same! She has mis- she has miz- she has miz-
f


BEATRIX.
- zled! The rob - in answered in - stant - ly; The rob - in an-swered in - stant- ly, Coui, coui,
- zled!
- zled!
- zled!
p
p
coui coui coui coui.
BRAS, (in ecstacy.)
coui coui coui. coui coui coui, I am peace - ful as is the o - cean, When breez-es
p

(going to door.)

leave it with - out mo - - - tion! My a - dored! you call not in

(to the others.)

vain! To - mor - row, I'll see you a - gain! Au re - voir!

(bows and exits in chateau.)

Au re - voir!

CALAB. *f*

She has miz - zled, she has miz - - - -

f

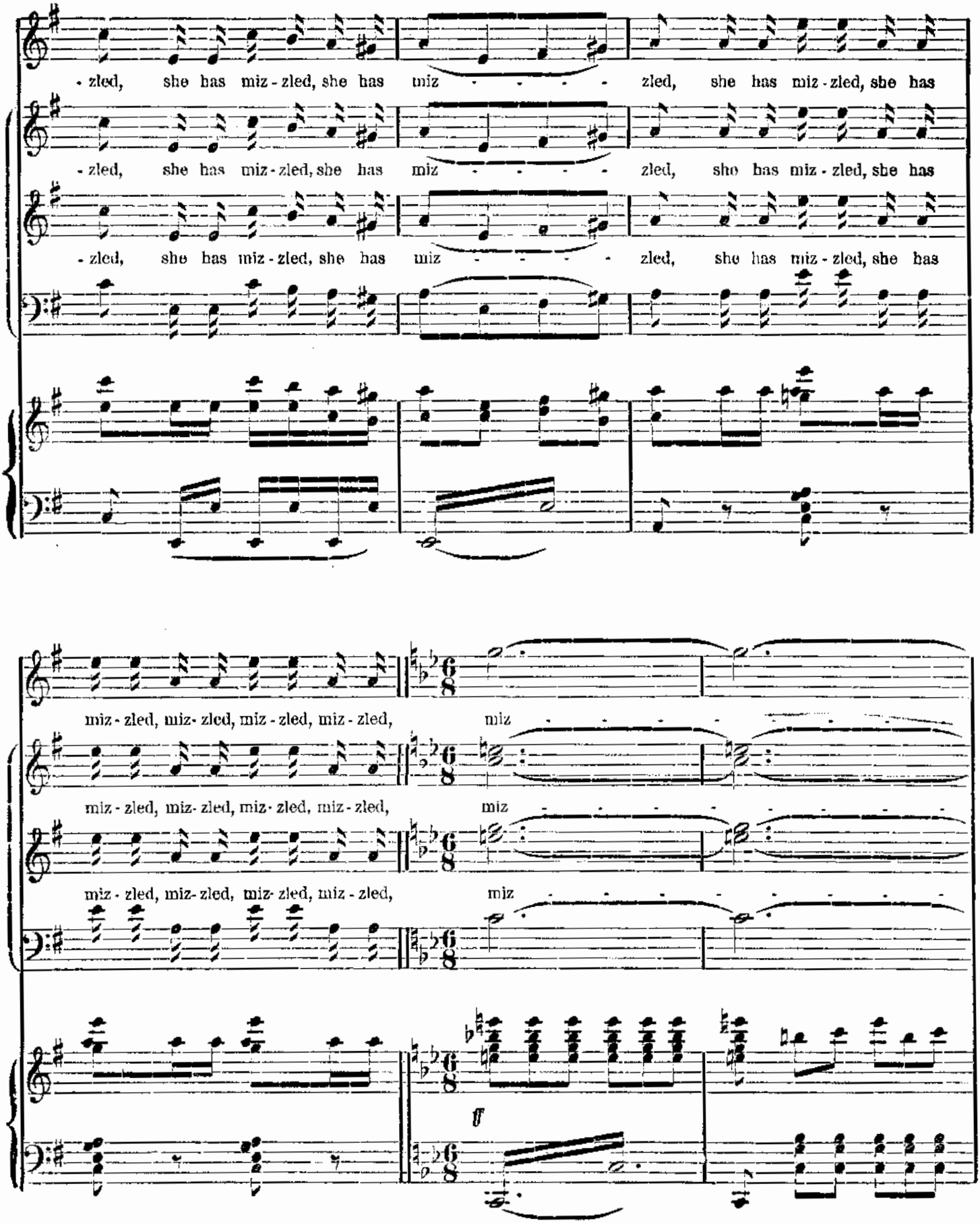
She has miz - zled, she has miz - - - -

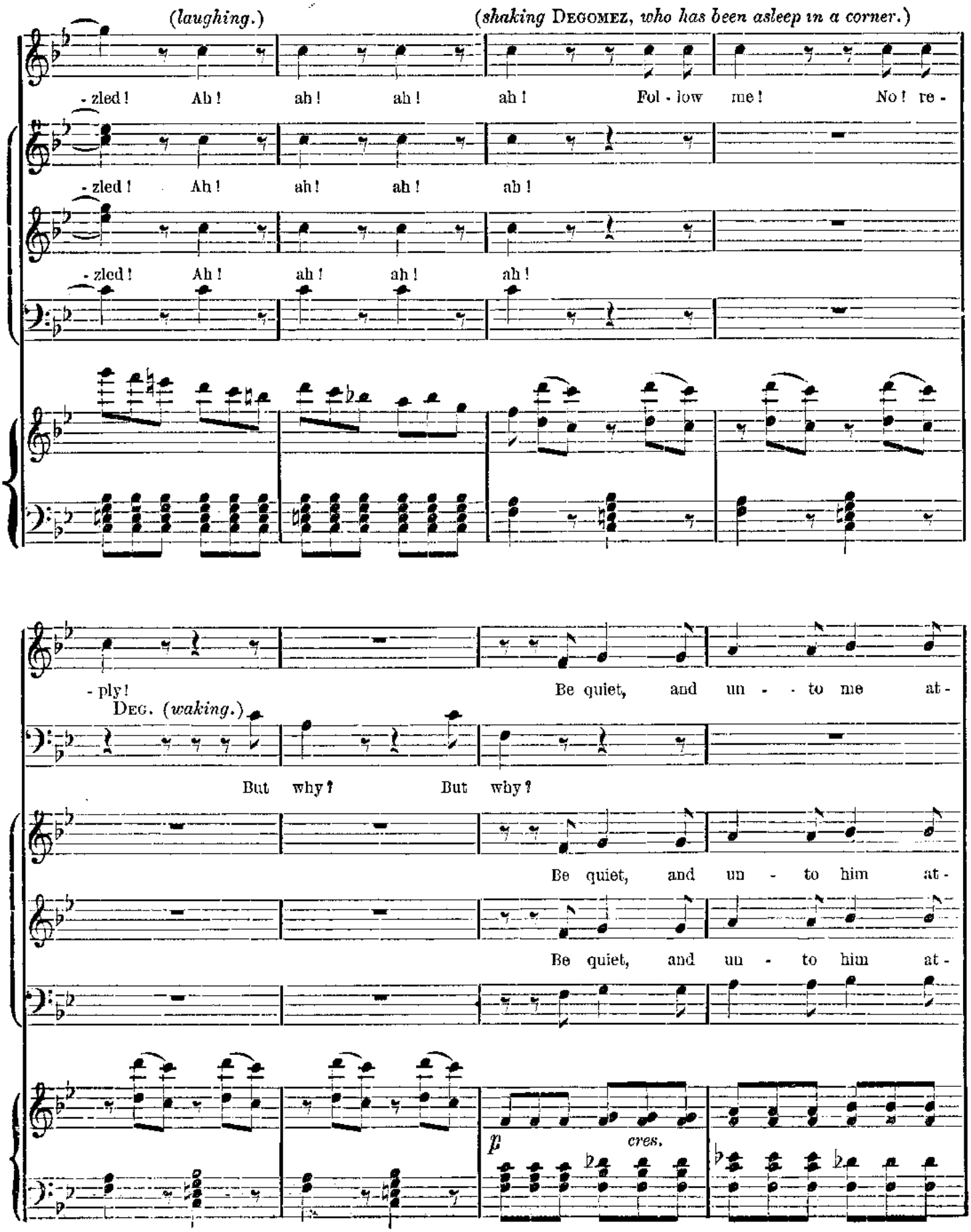
f

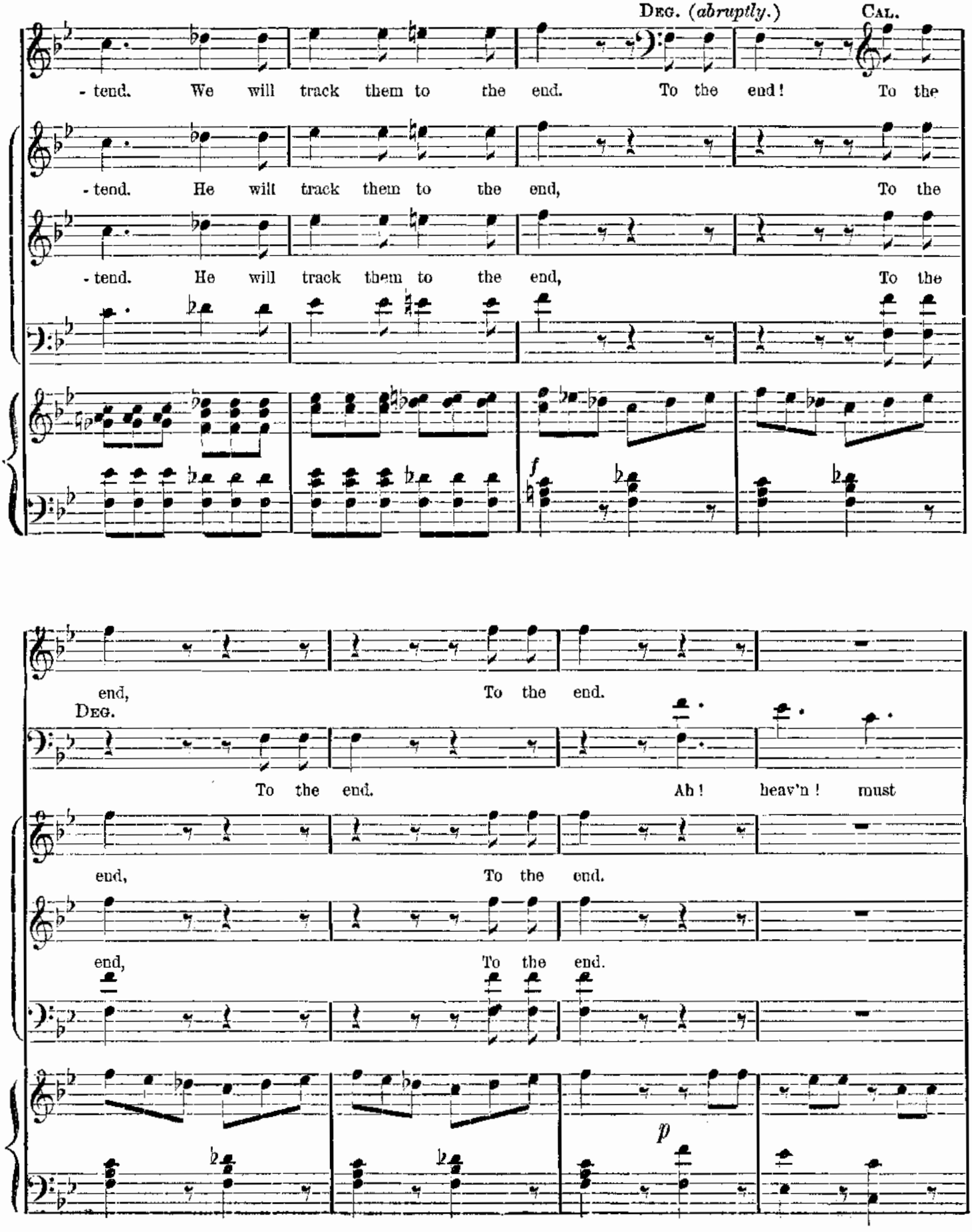
She has miz - zled, she has miz - - - -

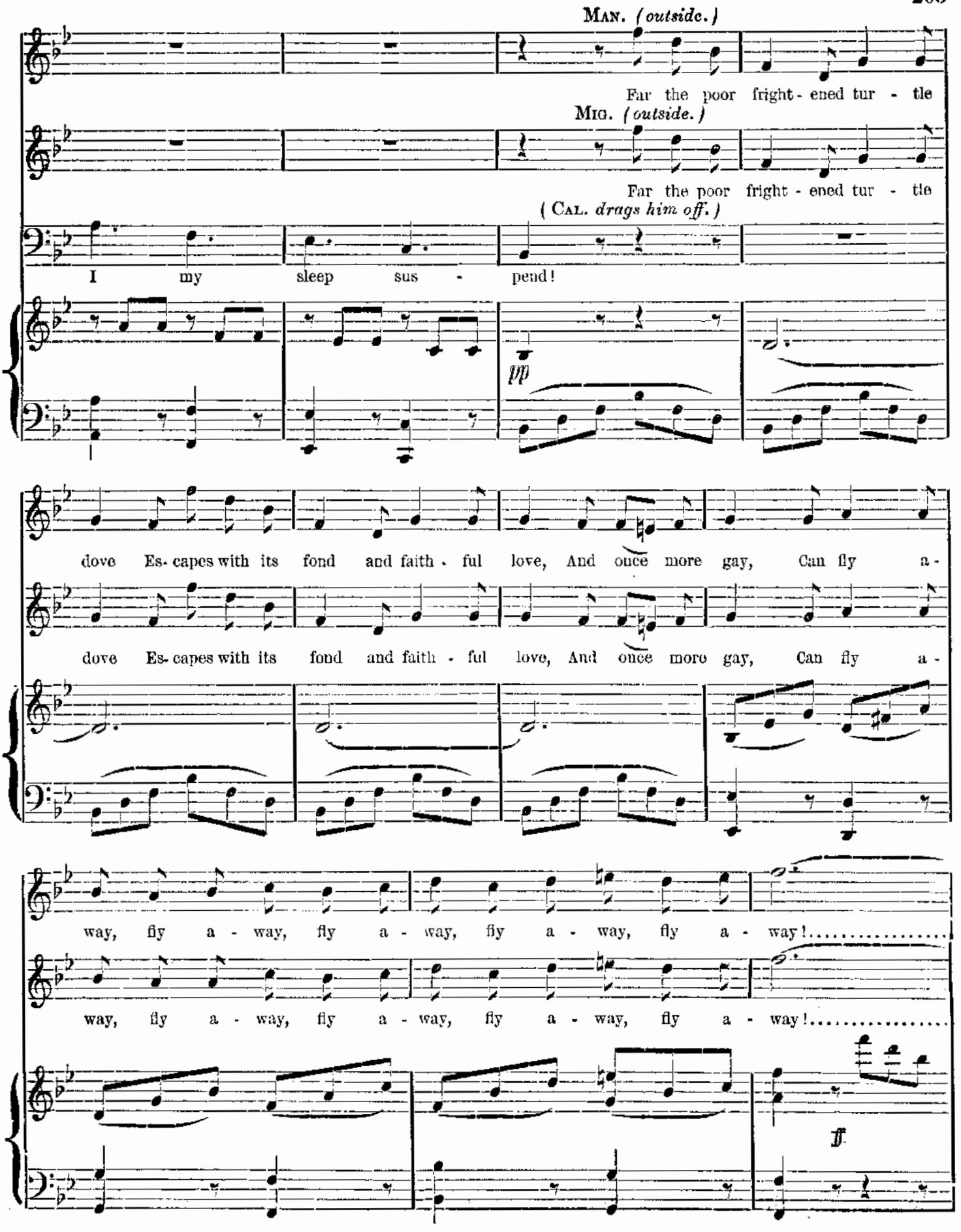
f

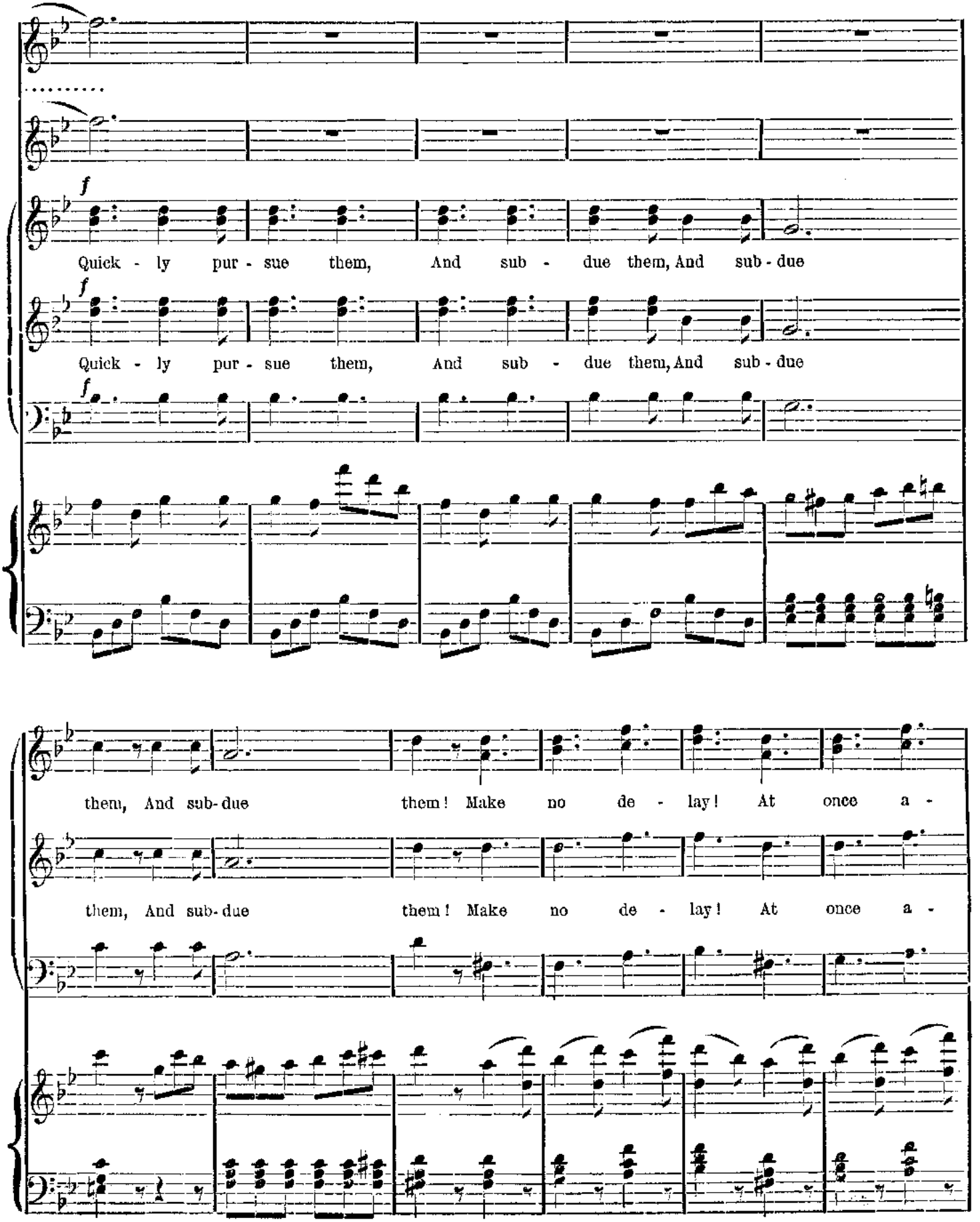
f

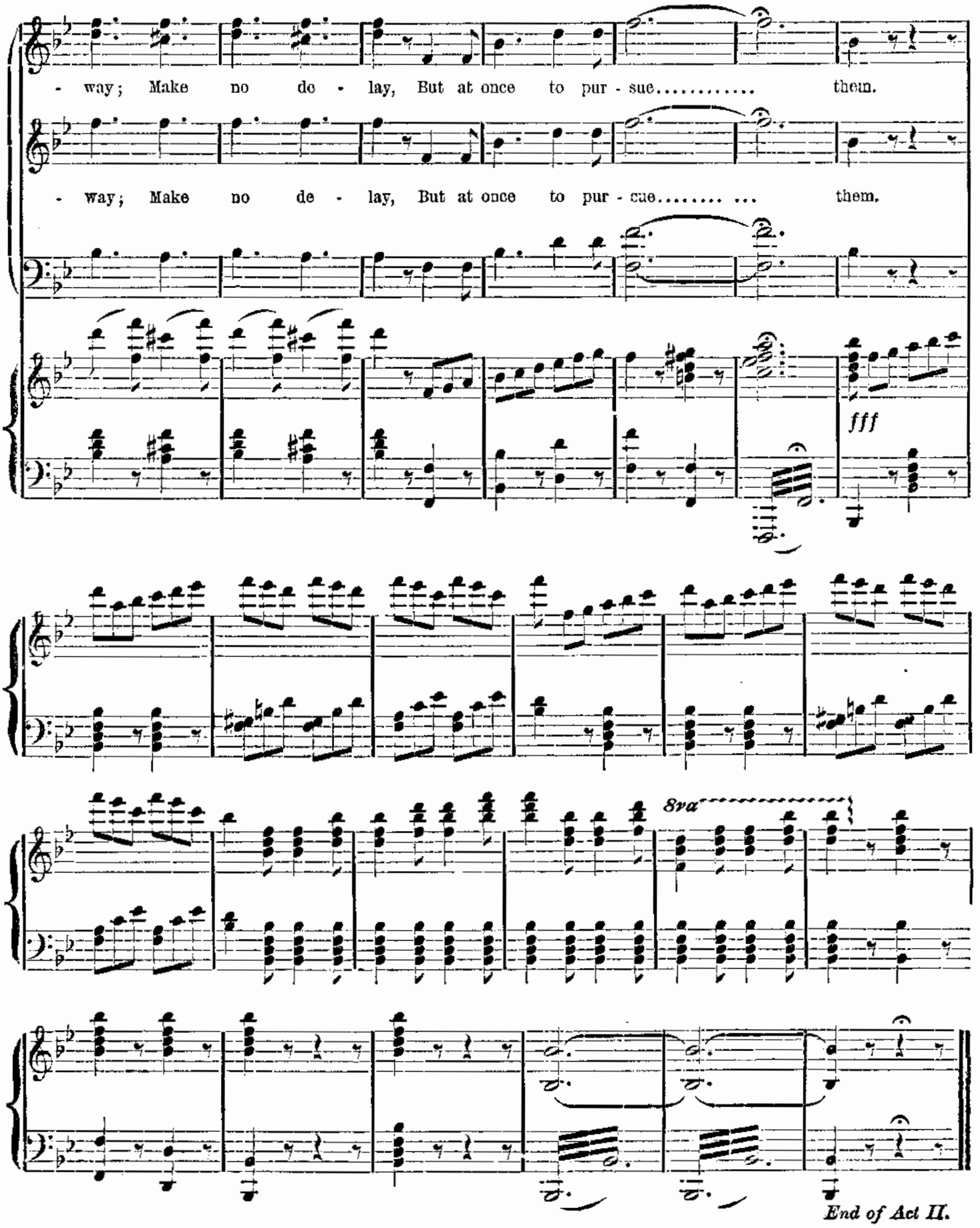

- zled, she has miz - zled, she has miz - - - - zled, she has miz - zled, she has
- zled, she has miz - zled, she has miz - - - - zled, she has miz - zled, she has
- zled, she has miz - zled, she has miz - - - - zled, she has miz - zled, she has
miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz
miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz
miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz - zled, miz
ff


(laughing.)
(shaking DEGOMEZ, who has been asleep in a corner.)
- zled! Ah! ah! ah! ah! Fol - low me! No! re -
- zled! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
- zled! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
- ply! Be quiet, and un - - to me at -
DEG. (waking.)
But why? But why?
Be quiet, and un - to him at -
Be quiet, and un - to him at -
p
cres.


DEG. (abruptly.)
CAL.
- tend. We will track them to the end. To the end! To the
- tend. He will track them to the end, To the
- tend. He will track them to the end, To the
f
end, To the end.
DEG.
To the end. Ah! heav'n! must
end, To the end.
end, To the end.
p


MAN. (outside.)
Far the poor fright - ened tur - tle
MIG. (outside.)
Far the poor fright - ened tur - tle
(CAL. drags him off.)
I my sleep sus - pend!
pp
dove Es- capes with its fond and faith - ful love, And once more gay, Can fly a -
dove Es- capes with its fond and faith - ful love, And once more gay, Can fly a -
way, fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way!.....
way, fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way!.....
ff

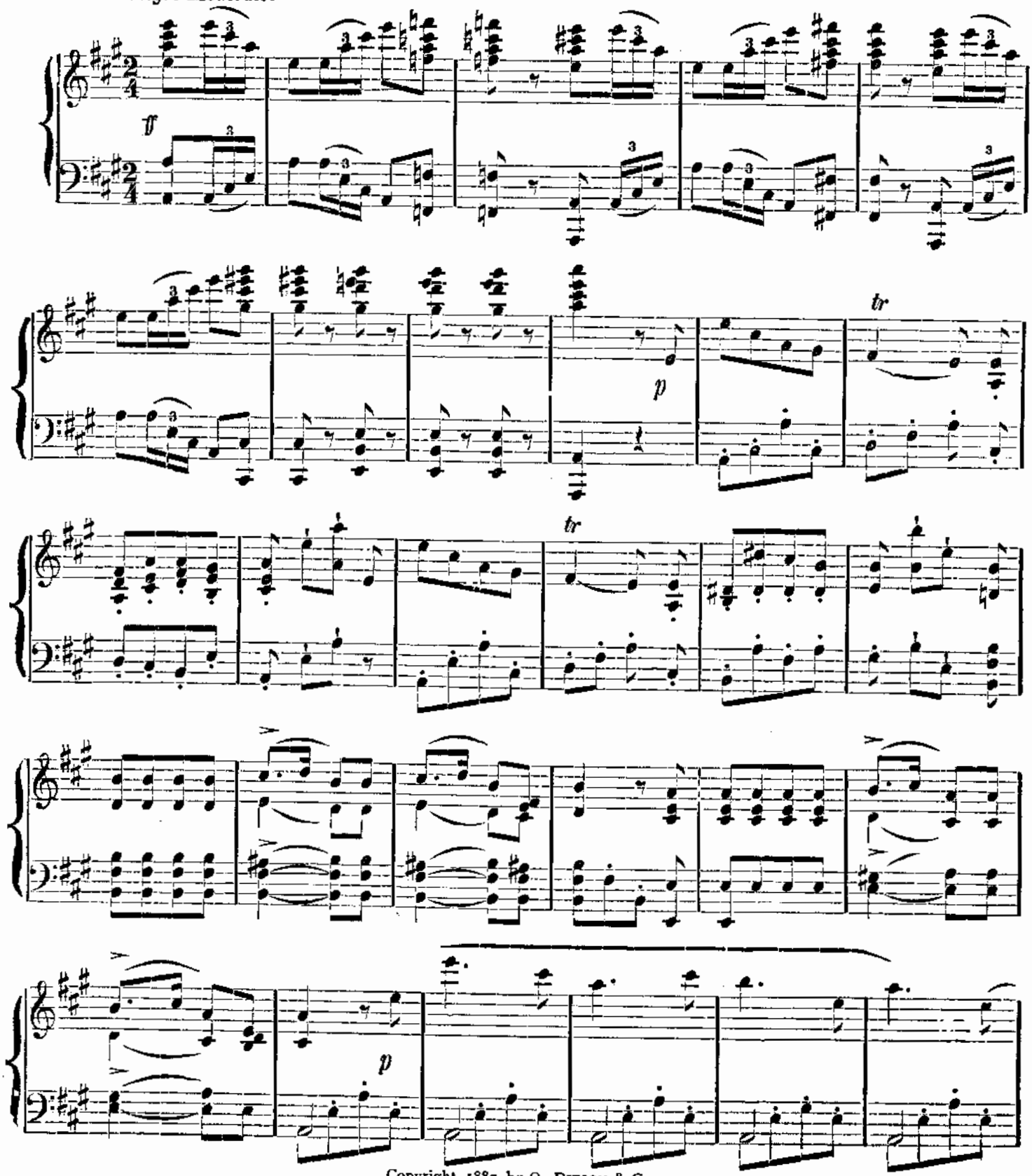

f
Quick - ly pur - sue them, And sub - due them, And sub - due
f
Quick - ly pur - sue them, And sub - due them, And sub - due
f
them, And sub - due them! Make no de - lay! At once a -
them, And sub - due them! Make no de - lay! At once a -


- way; Make no de - lay, But at once to pur - sue..... them.
- way; Make no de - lay, But at once to pur - sue..... ... them.
fff
8va
End of Act II.

ACT III.

ENTR' ACTE.

Allegro Moderato.



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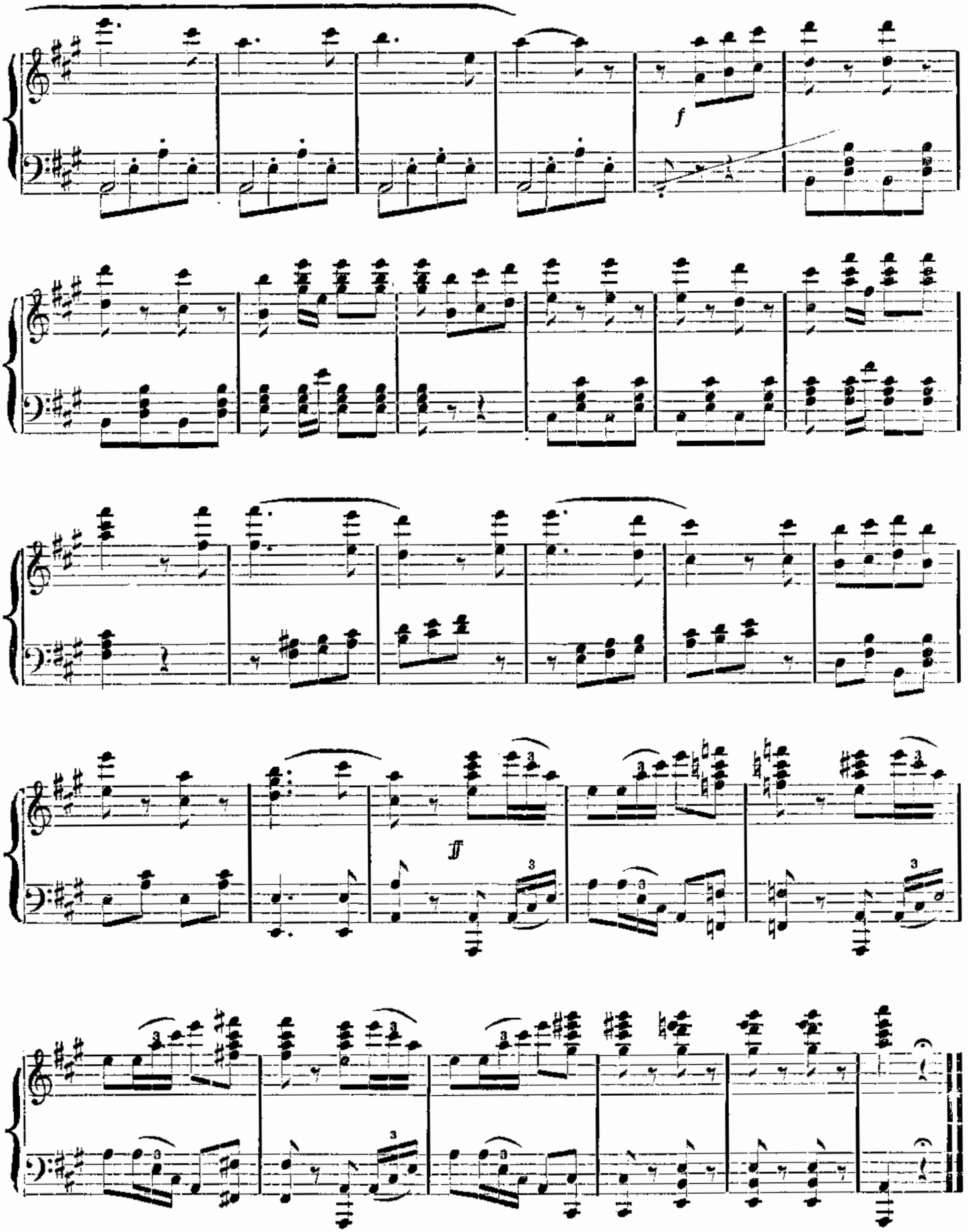
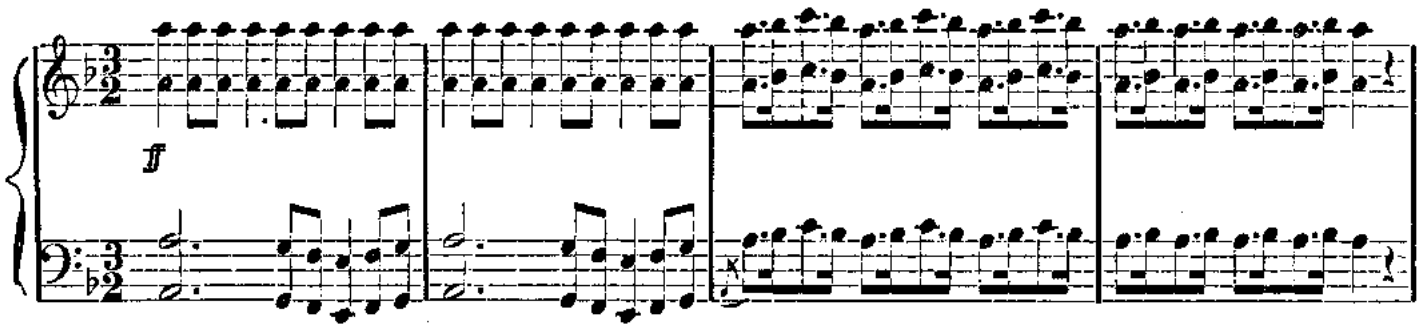

f
ff

ACT III. *The court of a hostelry. At the back, a large door, opening upon the road. On each side, a portion of the building, with doors opening into the apartments. On the wall,* L., *at the height of the first floor, part of a practicable gallery, which joins it to the rest of the hostelry. The upper entrances,* R. & L., *are open. The court is brilliant, lighted with colored lanterns. Cantineers and guests of all kinds. Afterwards,* PABLO, ANTONIO, PEDRO, JUAN, MEDINA, DOLORES, SPERANZA, INEZ, *students, grisettes,* SANCHETTE, *and* CRISTOVAL.

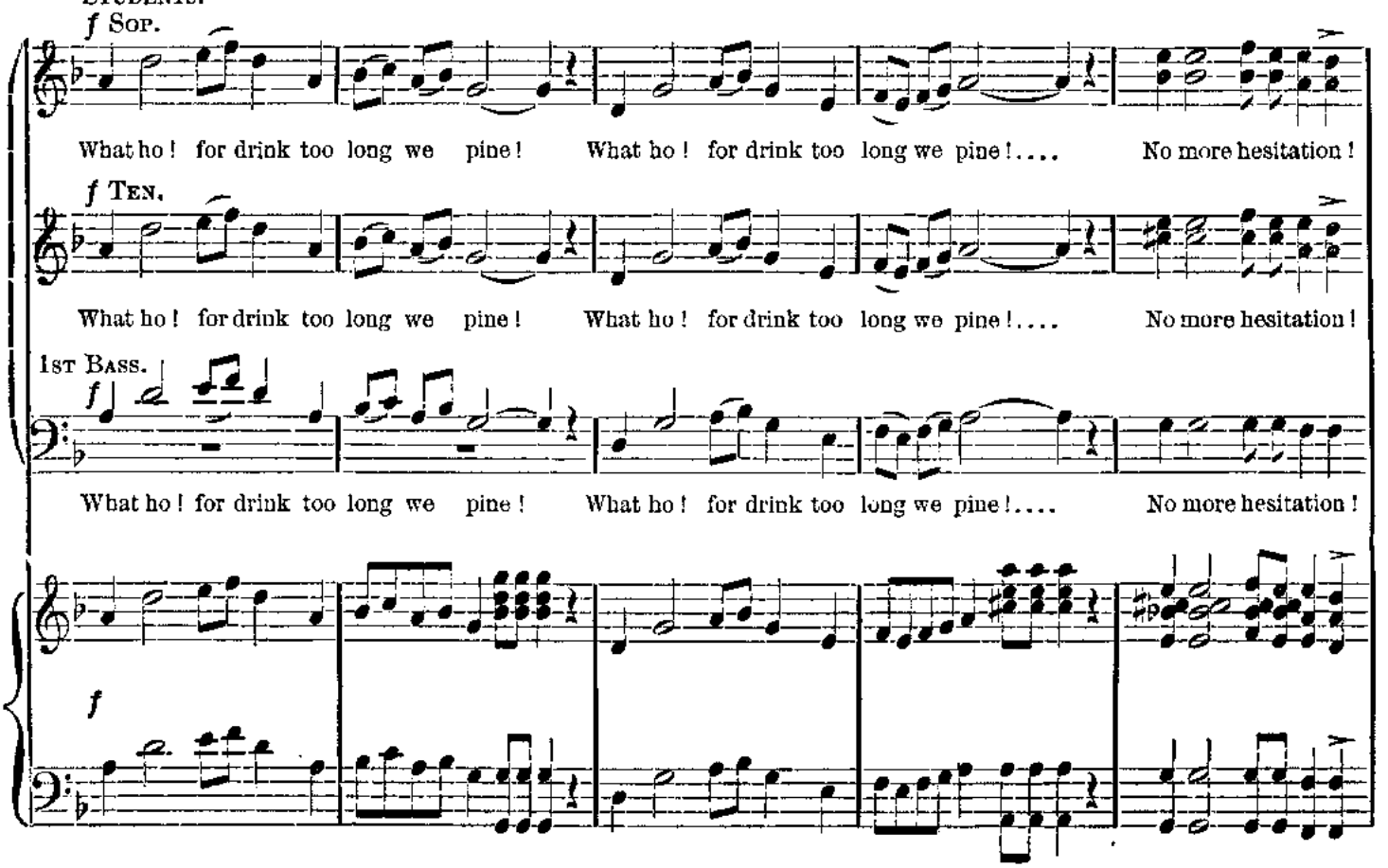
WHAT HO! FOR DRINK TOO LONG WE PINE!

No. 19. INTRODUCTION & BOLERO.

Ben moderato e marcato.



STUDENTS.



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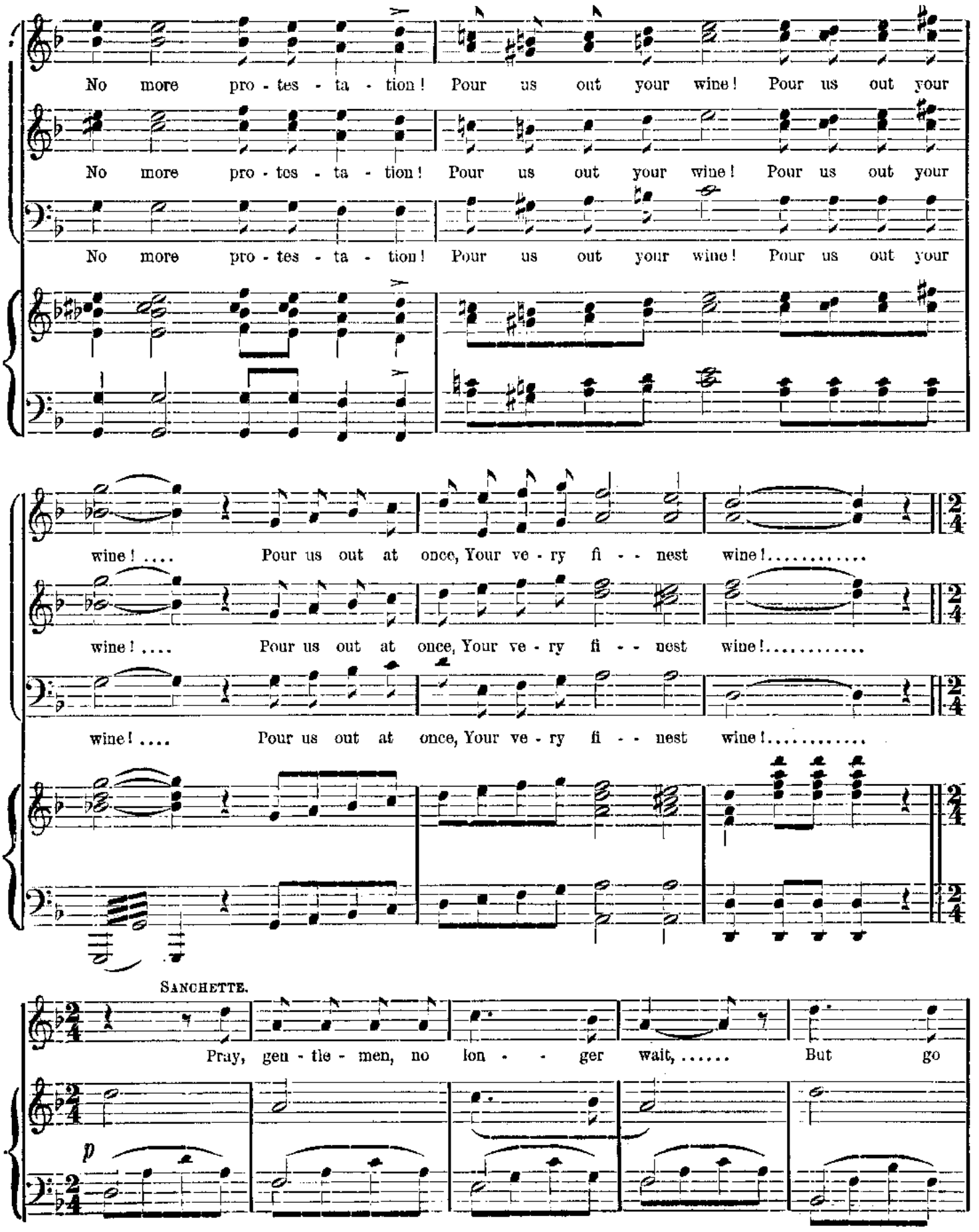
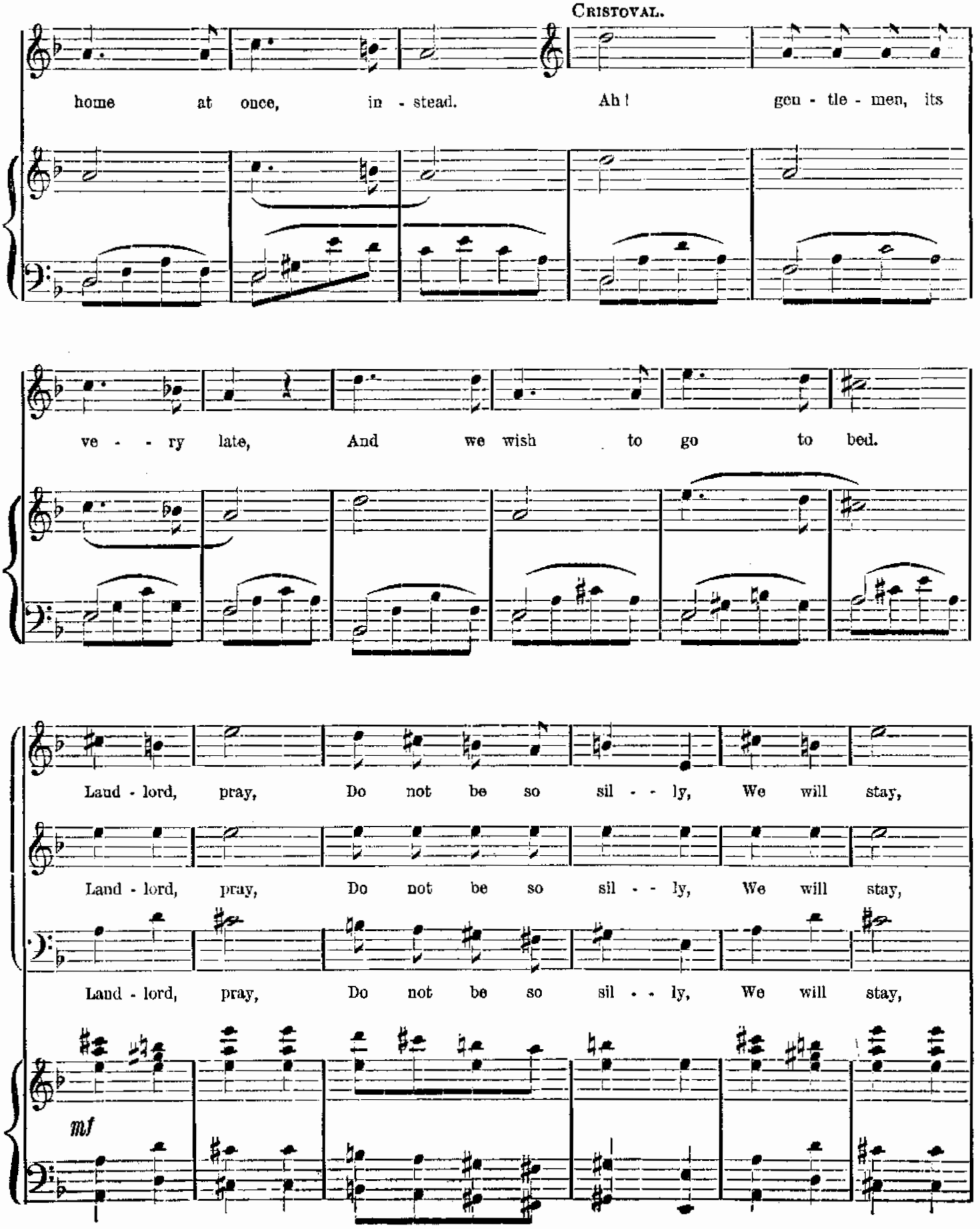
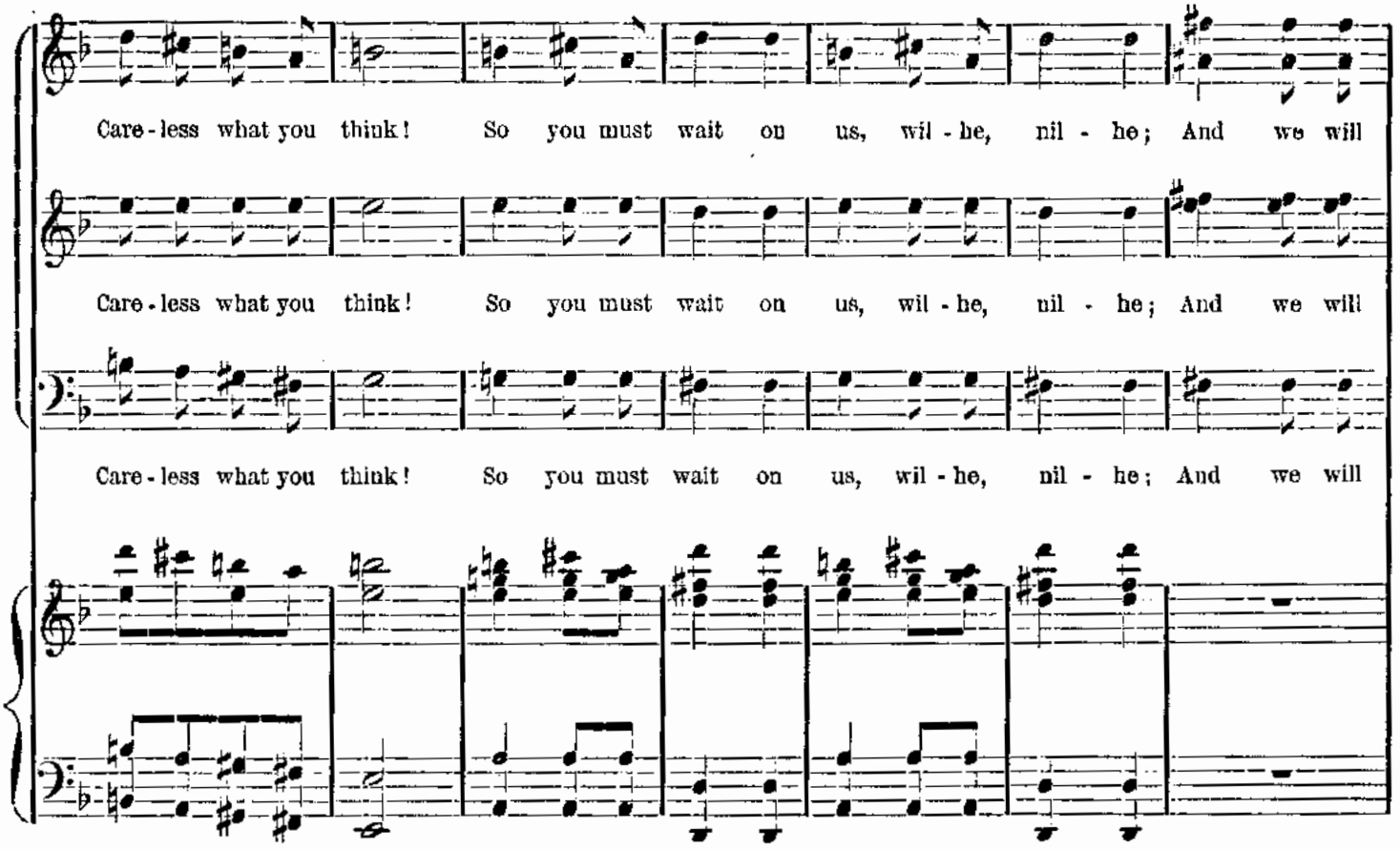
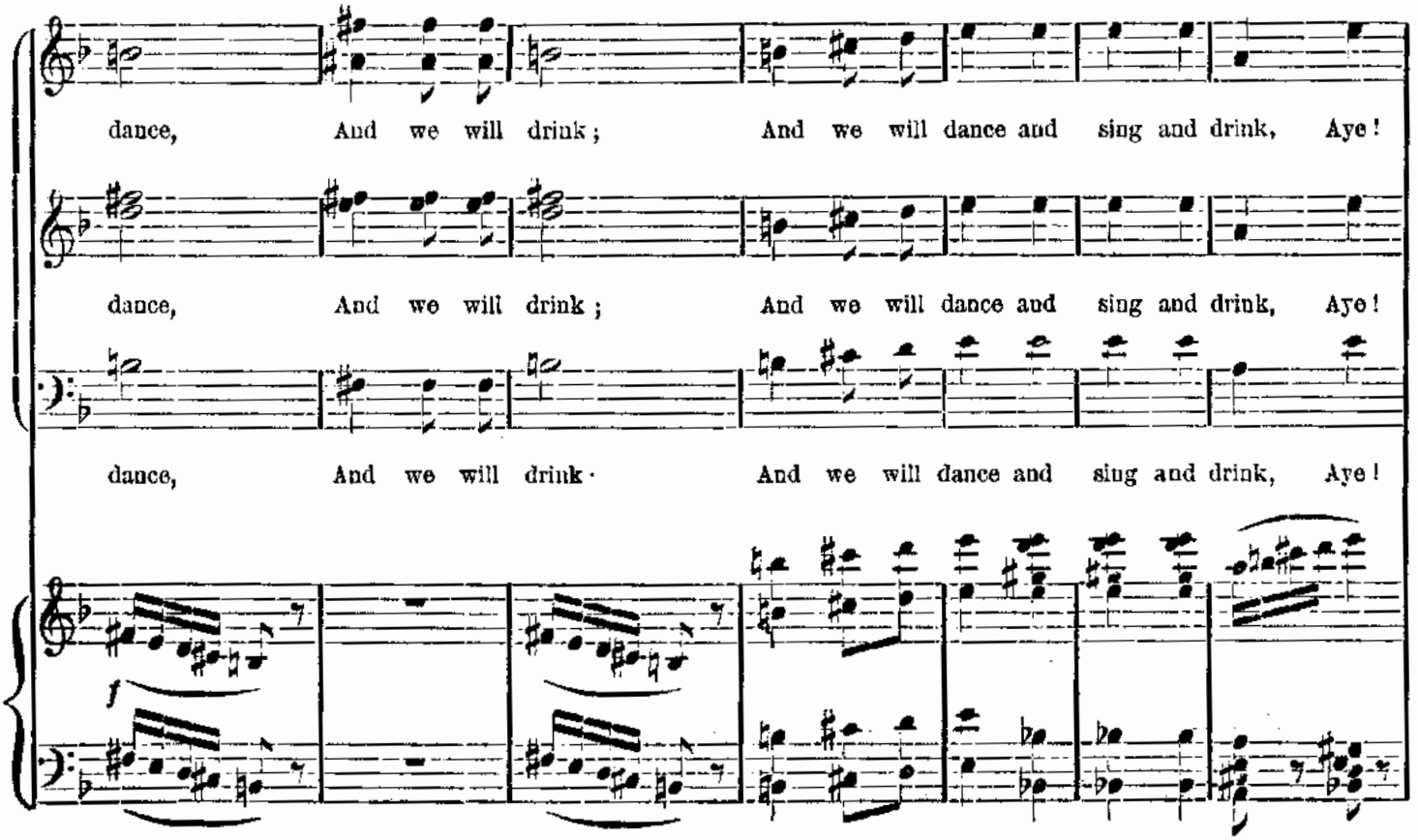

No more pro - tes - ta - tion! Pour us out your wine! Pour us out your
No more pro - tes - ta - tion! Pour us out your wine! Pour us out your
No more pro - tes - ta - tion! Pour us out your wine! Pour us out your
wine! .... Pour us out at once, Your ve - ry fi - - nest wine!.....
wine! .... Pour us out at once, Your ve - ry fi - - nest wine!.....
wine! .... Pour us out at once, Your ve - ry fi - - nest wine!.....
SANCHETTE.
Pray, gen - tle - men, no lon - - ger wait, ... But go
p


CRISTOVAL.
home at once, in - stead. Ah! gen - tle - men, its
ve - - ry late, And we wish to go to bed.
Laud - lord, pray, Do not be so sil - - ly, We will stay,
Laud - lord, pray, Do not be so sil - - ly, We will stay,
Laud - lord, pray, Do not be so sil - - ly, We will stay,
mf


Care - less what you think! So you must wait on us, wil - he, nil - he; And we will
Care - less what you think! So you must wait on us, wil - he, nil - he; And we will
Care - less what you think! So you must wait on us, wil - he, nil - he; And we will


dance, And we will drink; And we will dance and sing and drink, Aye!
dance, And we will drink; And we will dance and sing and drink, Aye!
dance, And we will drink· And we will dance and sing and drink, Aye!
f

We will dance and sing and drink!

We will dance and sing and drink!

We will dance and sing and drink!

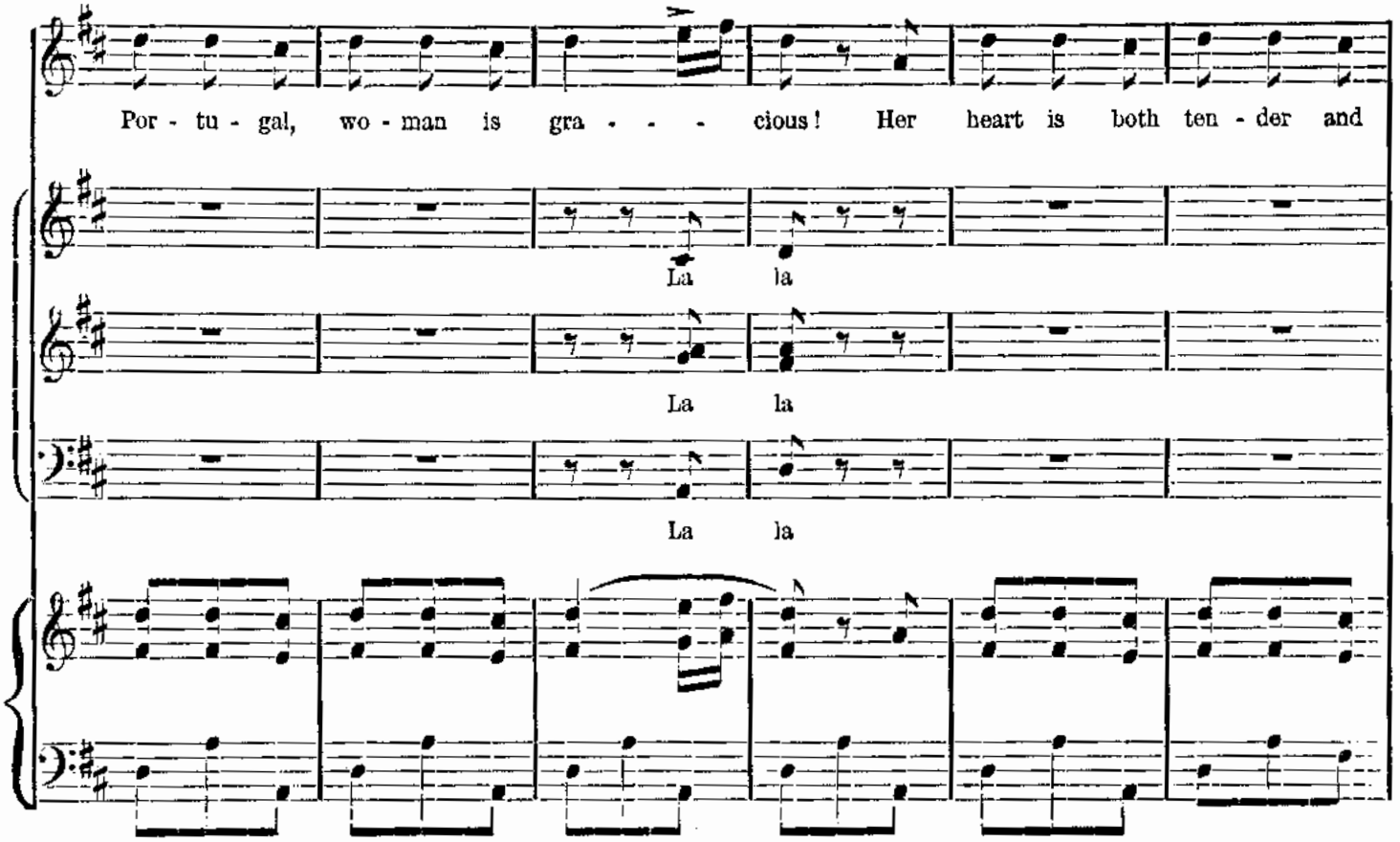
BOLERO

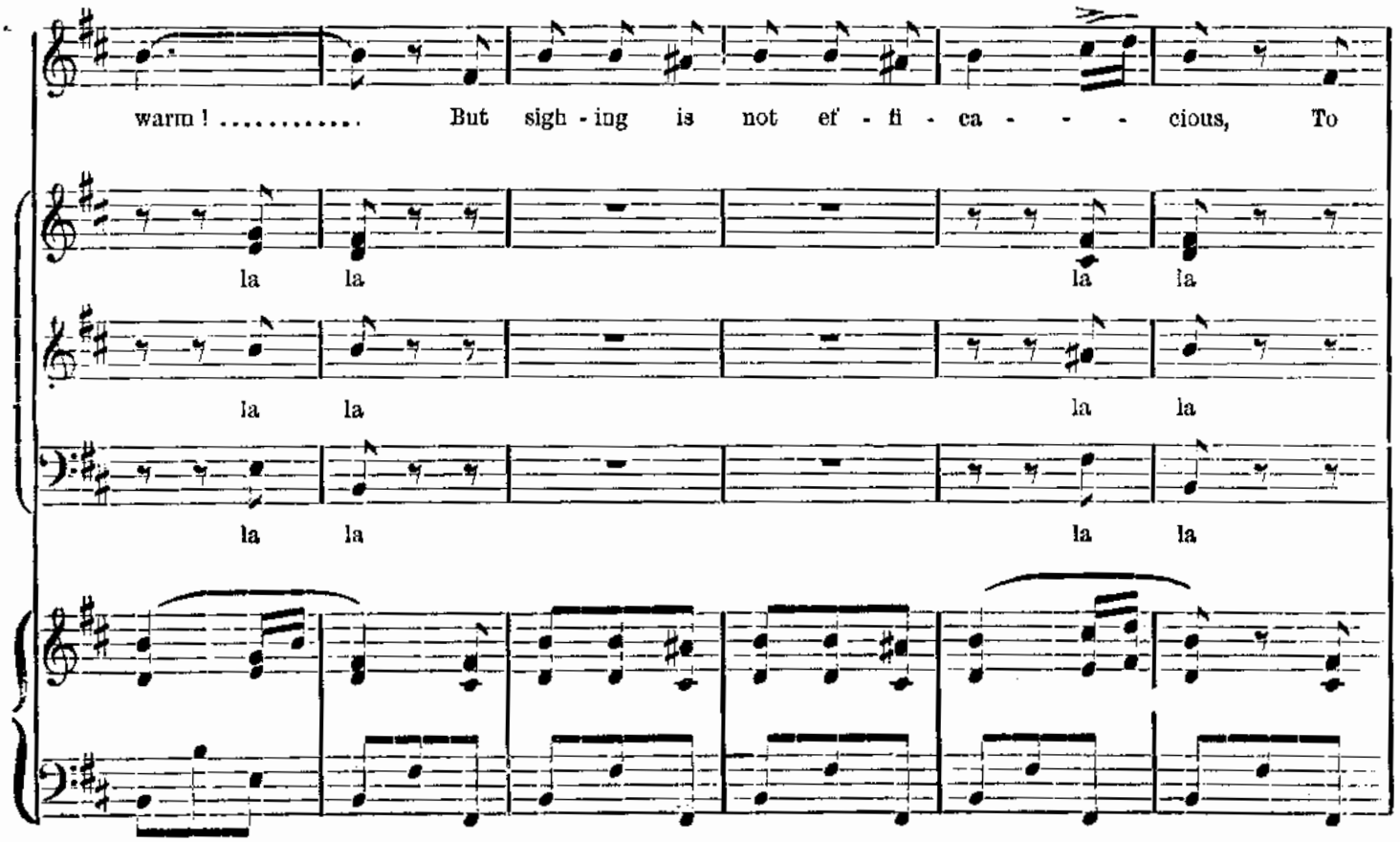
Tempo di Bolero.

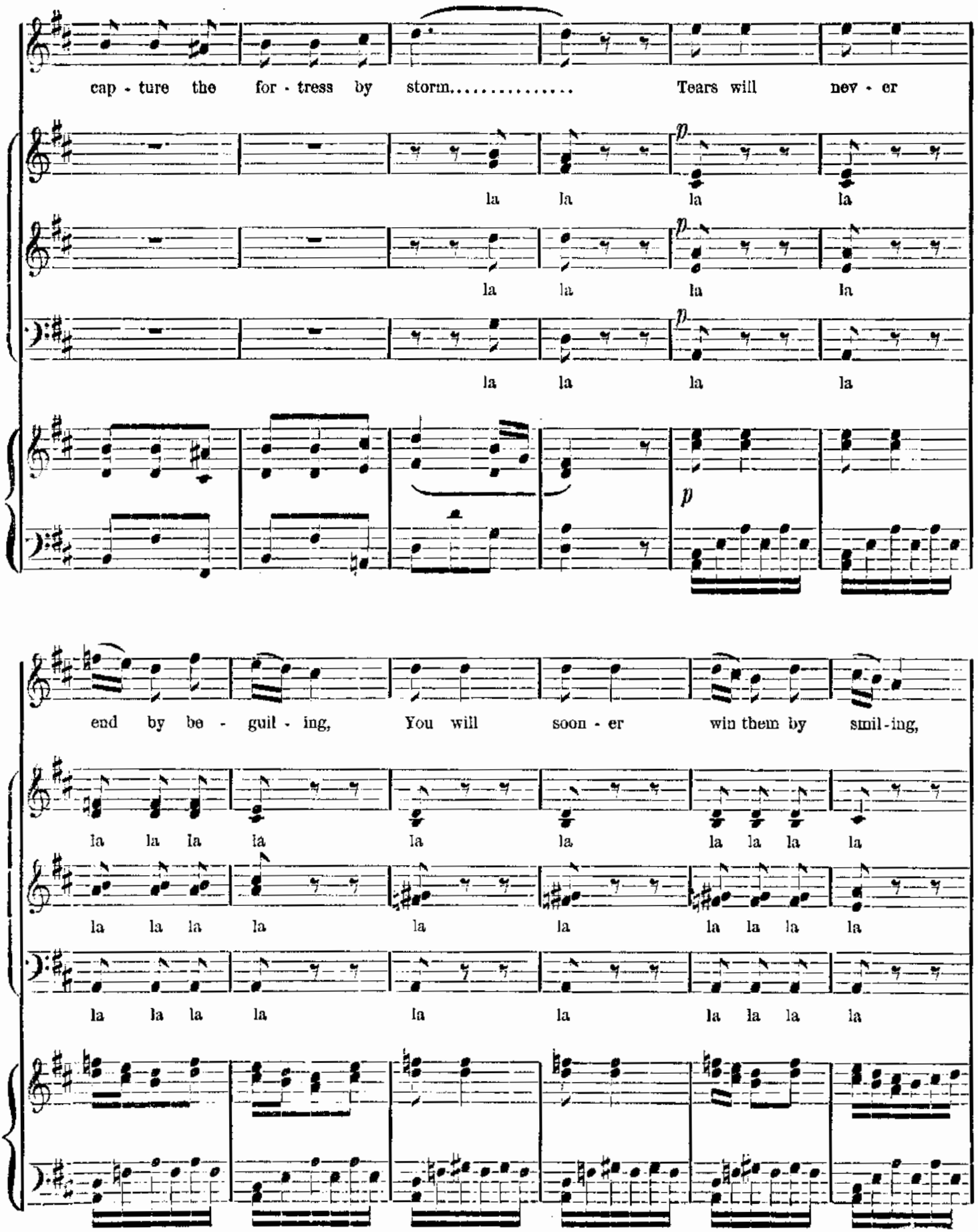
ff

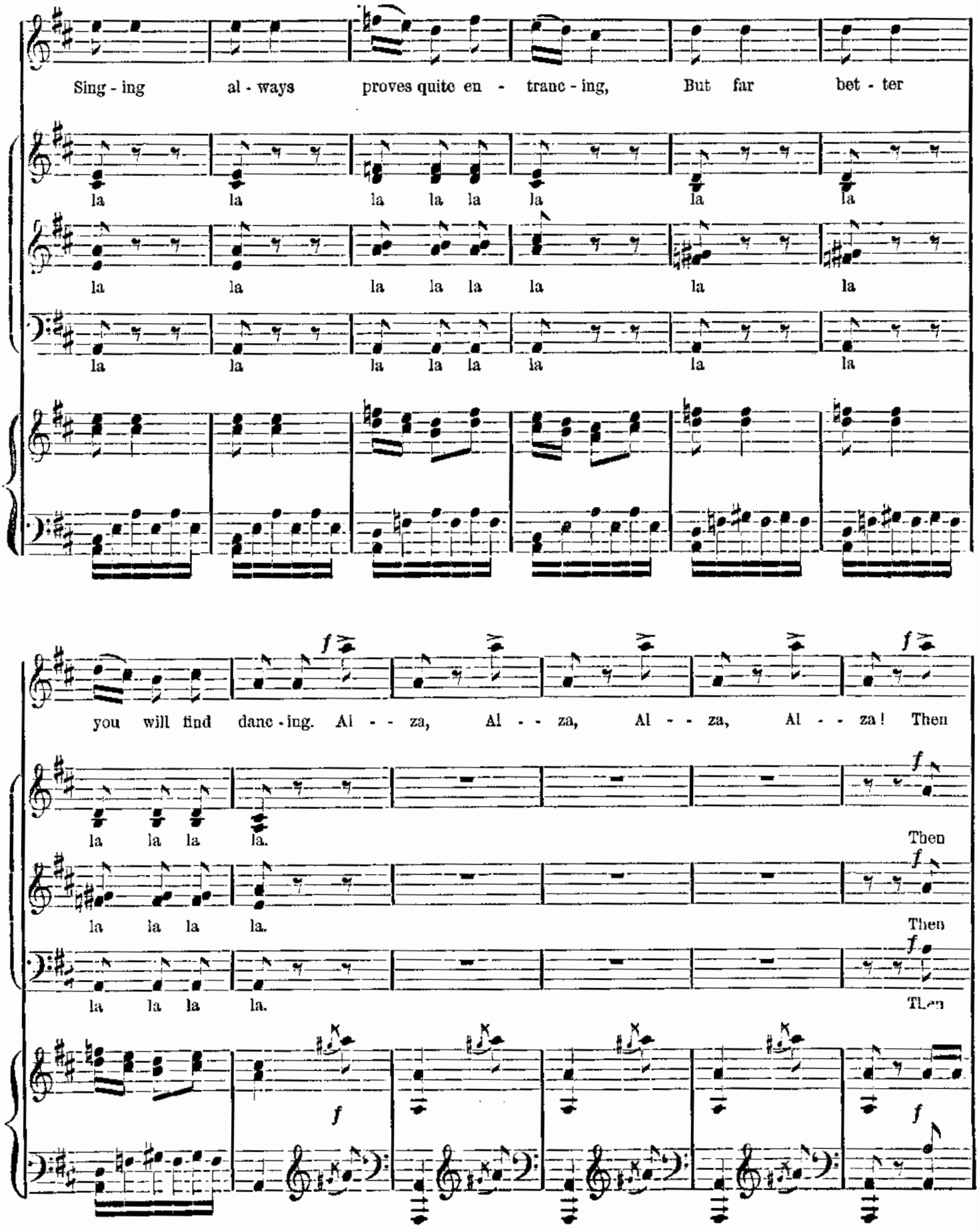
1st STUDENT.

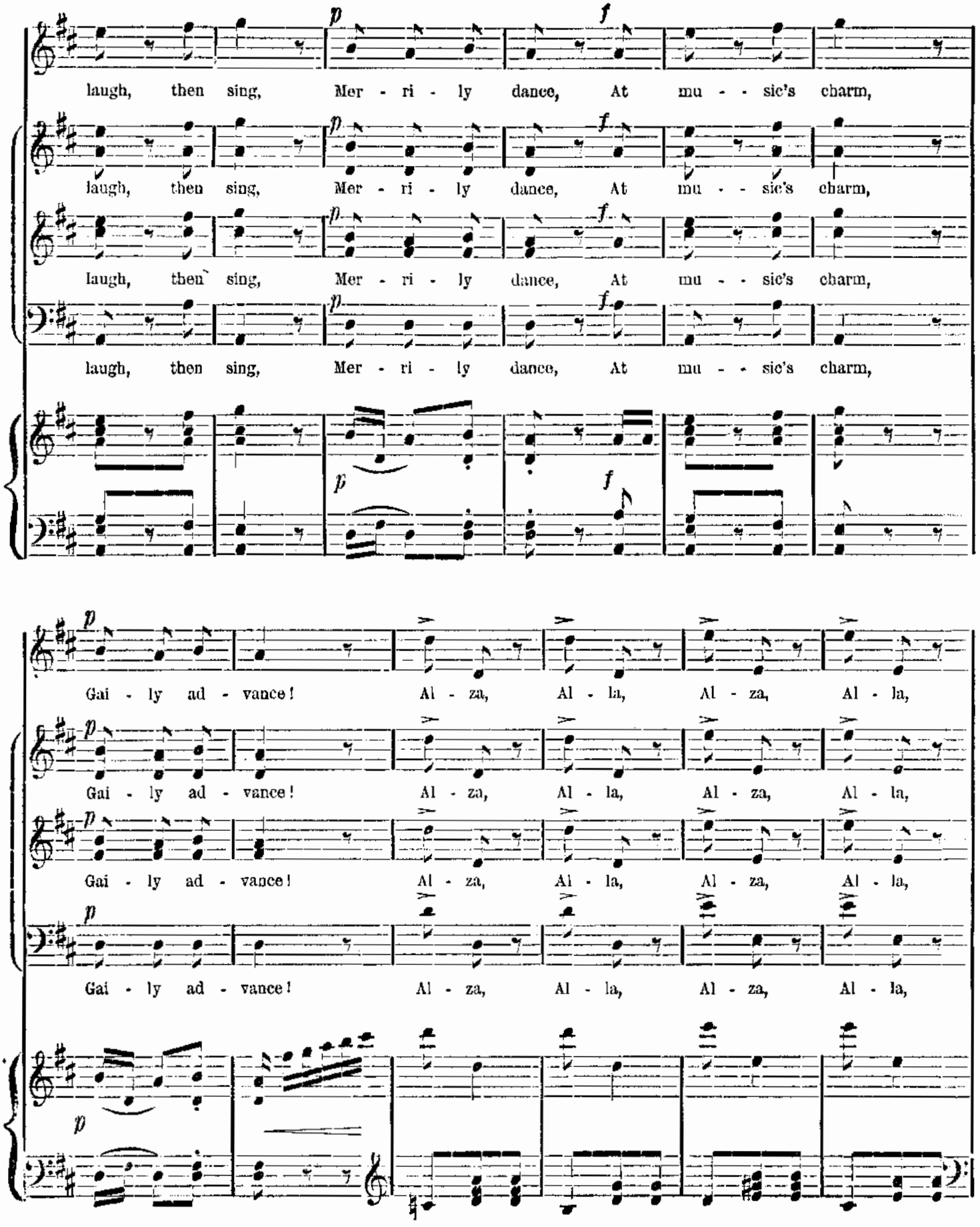
In

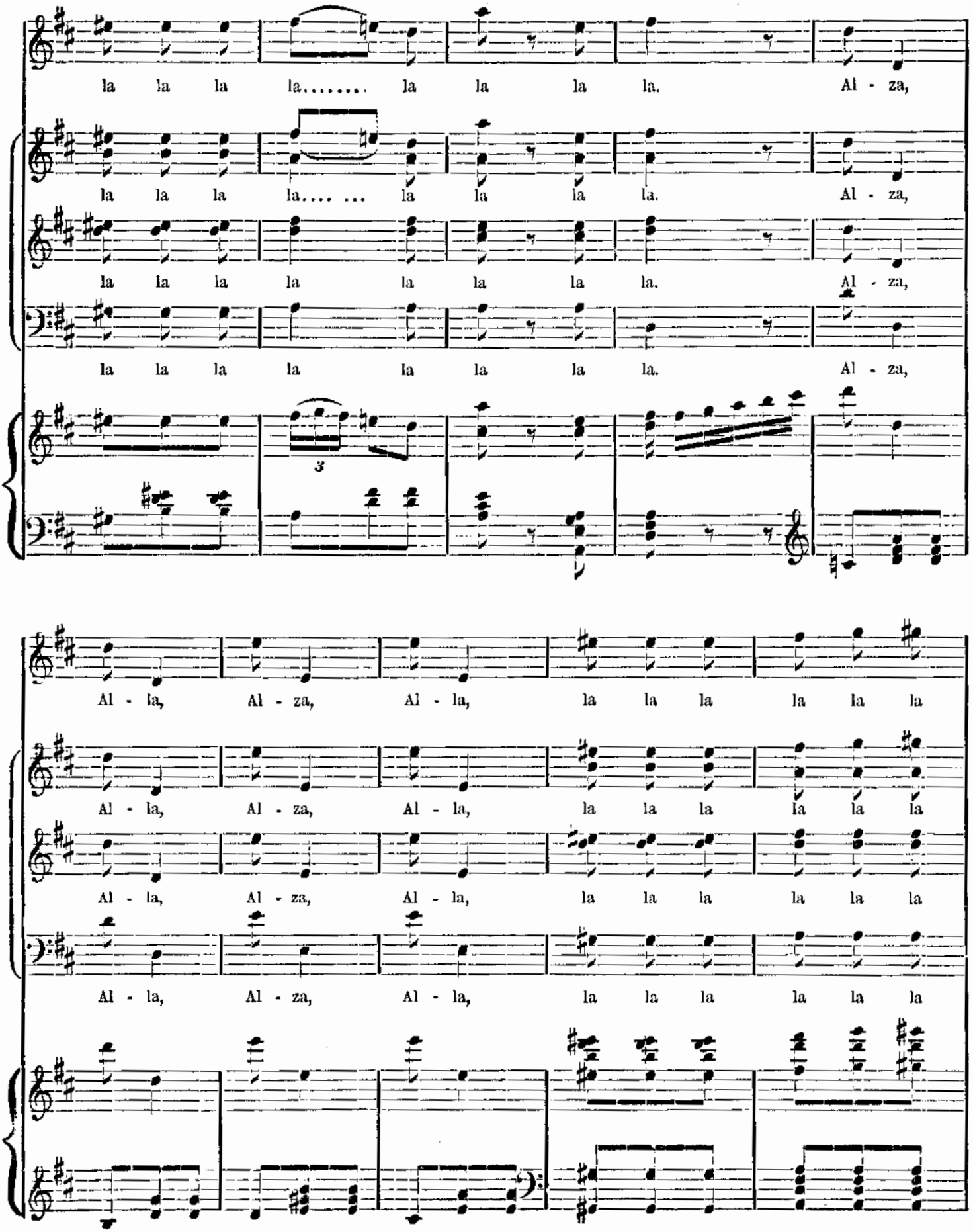

Por - tu - gal, wo - man is gra - - - cious! Her heart is both ten - der and
La la
La la
La la

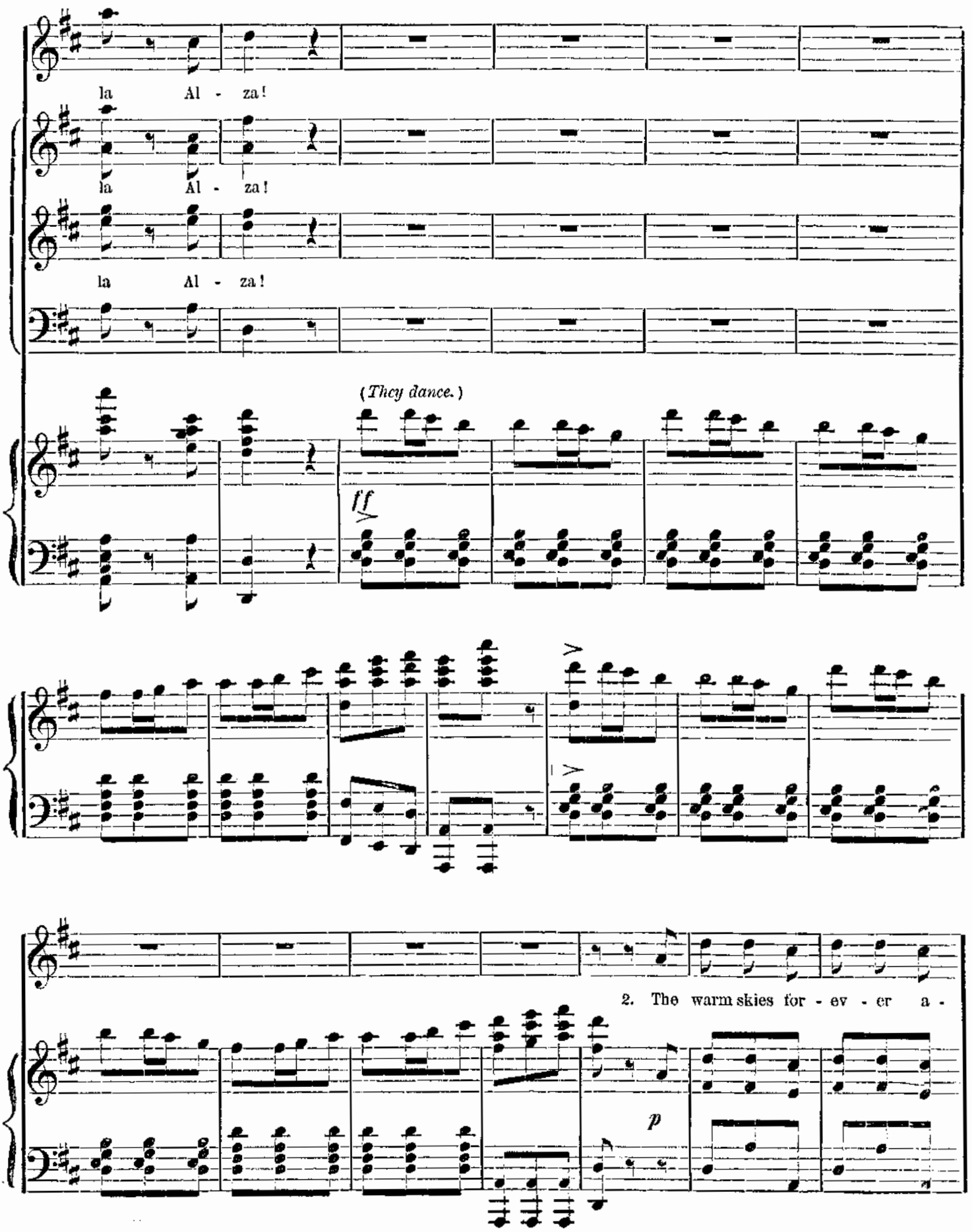

warm! ..... But sigh - ing is not ef - fi - ca - - - cious, To
la la la la
la la la la
la la la la

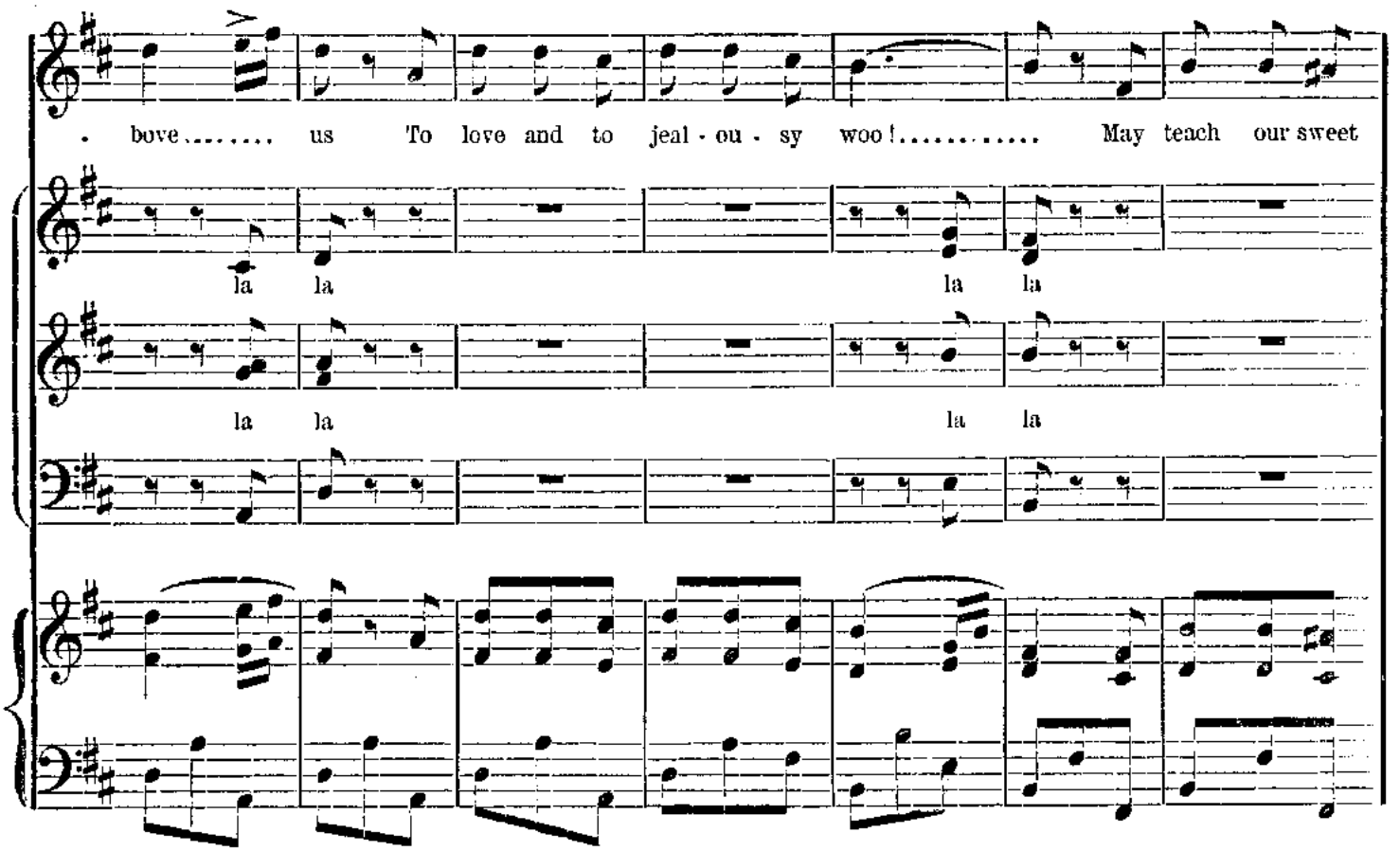

cap - ture the for - tress by storm..... Tears will nev - er
la la la la
la la la la
la la la la
p
end by be - guil - ing, You will soon - er win them by smil - ing,
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la

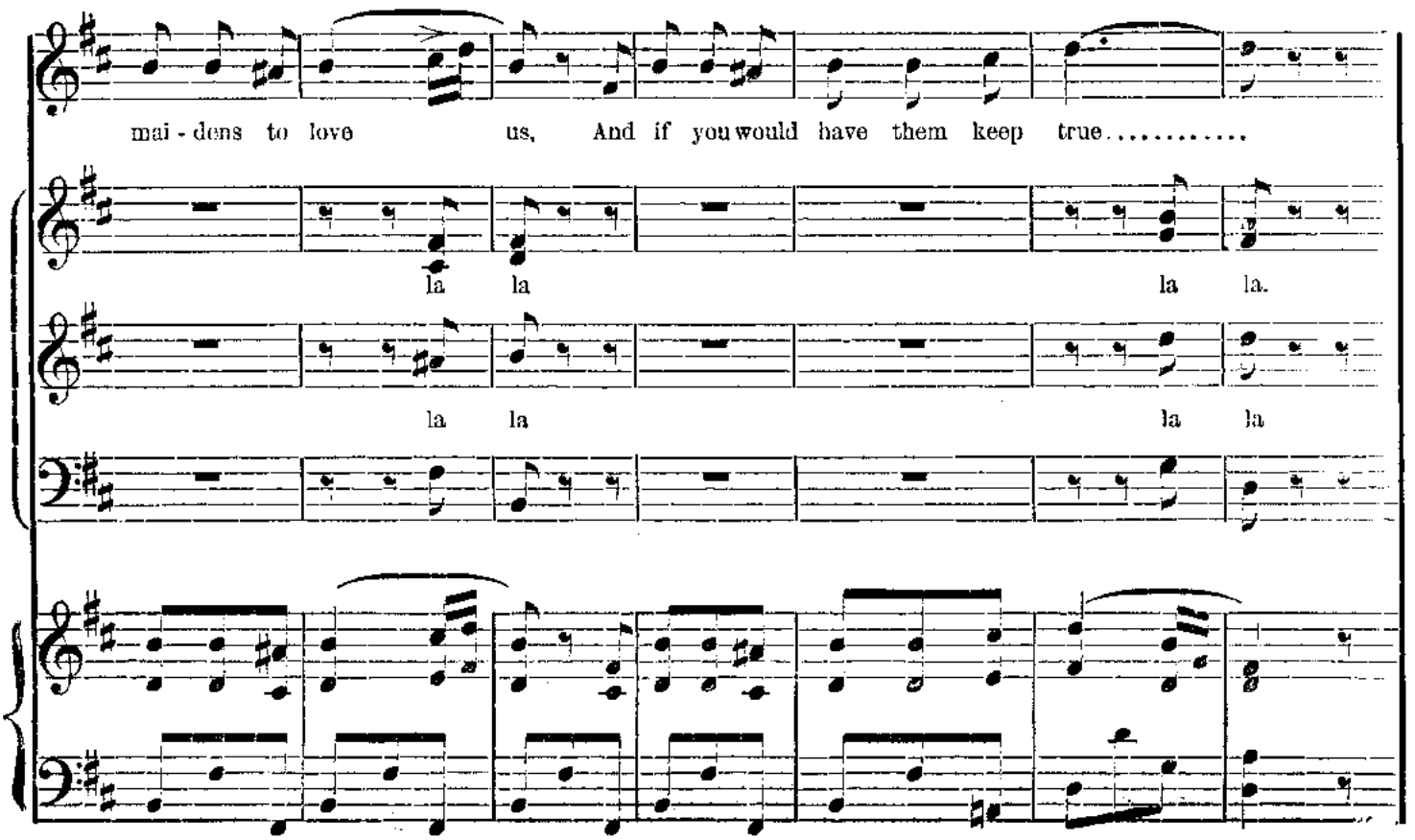

Sing - ing al - ways proves quite en - tranc - ing, But far bet - ter
la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
you will find danc - ing. Al - - za, Al - - za, Al - - za, Al - - za! Then
la la la la.
Then
la la la la.
Then
la la la la.
Then

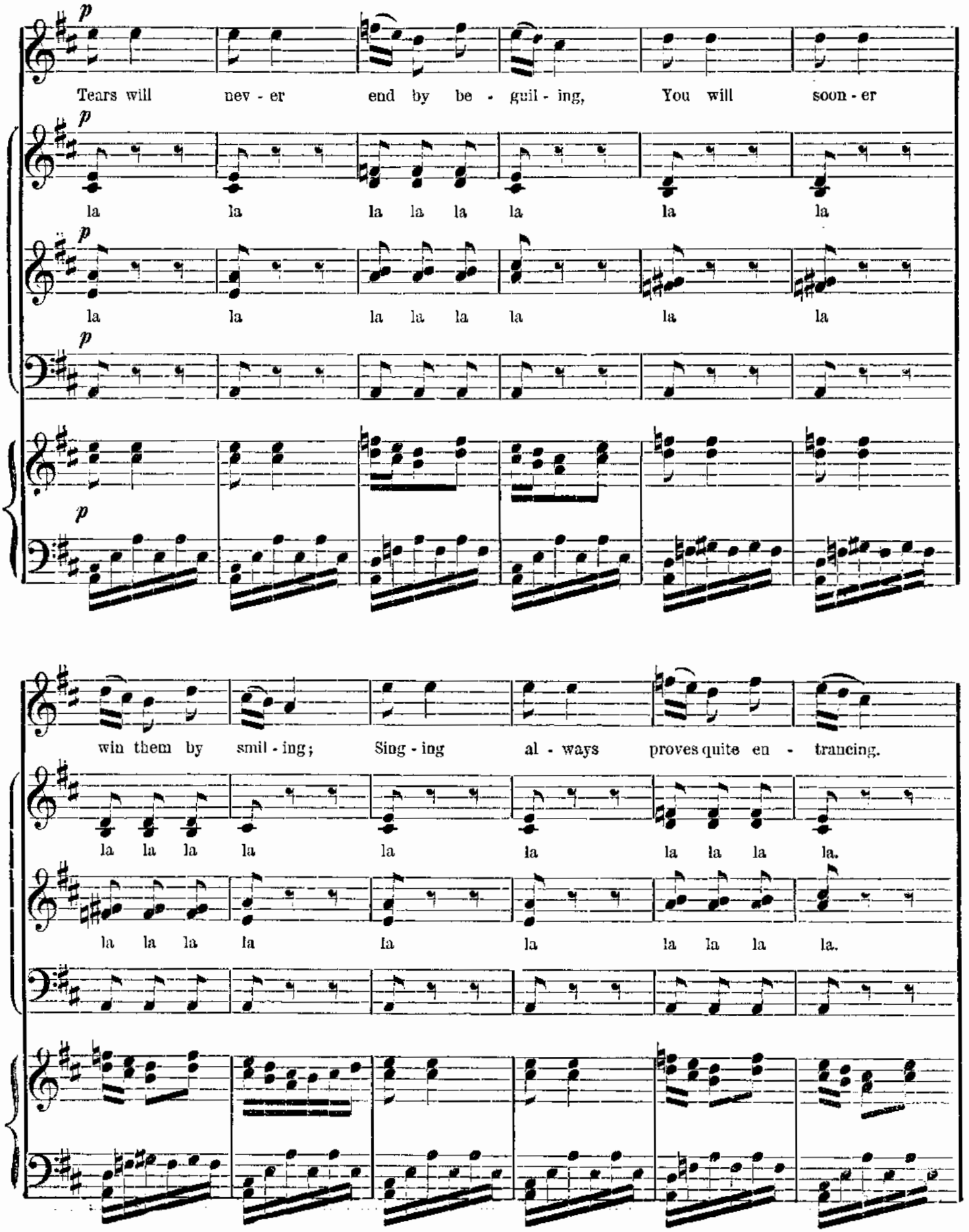

laugh, then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance, At mu - - sic's charm,
laugh, then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance, At mu - - sic's charm,
laugh, then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance, At mu - - sic's charm,
laugh, then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance, At mu - - sic's charm,
Gai - ly ad - vance! Al - za, Al - la, Al - za, Al - la,
Gai - ly ad - vance! Al - za, Al - la, Al - za, Al - la,
Gai - ly ad - vance! Al - za, Al - la, Al - za, Al - la,
Gai - ly ad - vance! Al - za, Al - la, Al - za, Al - la,

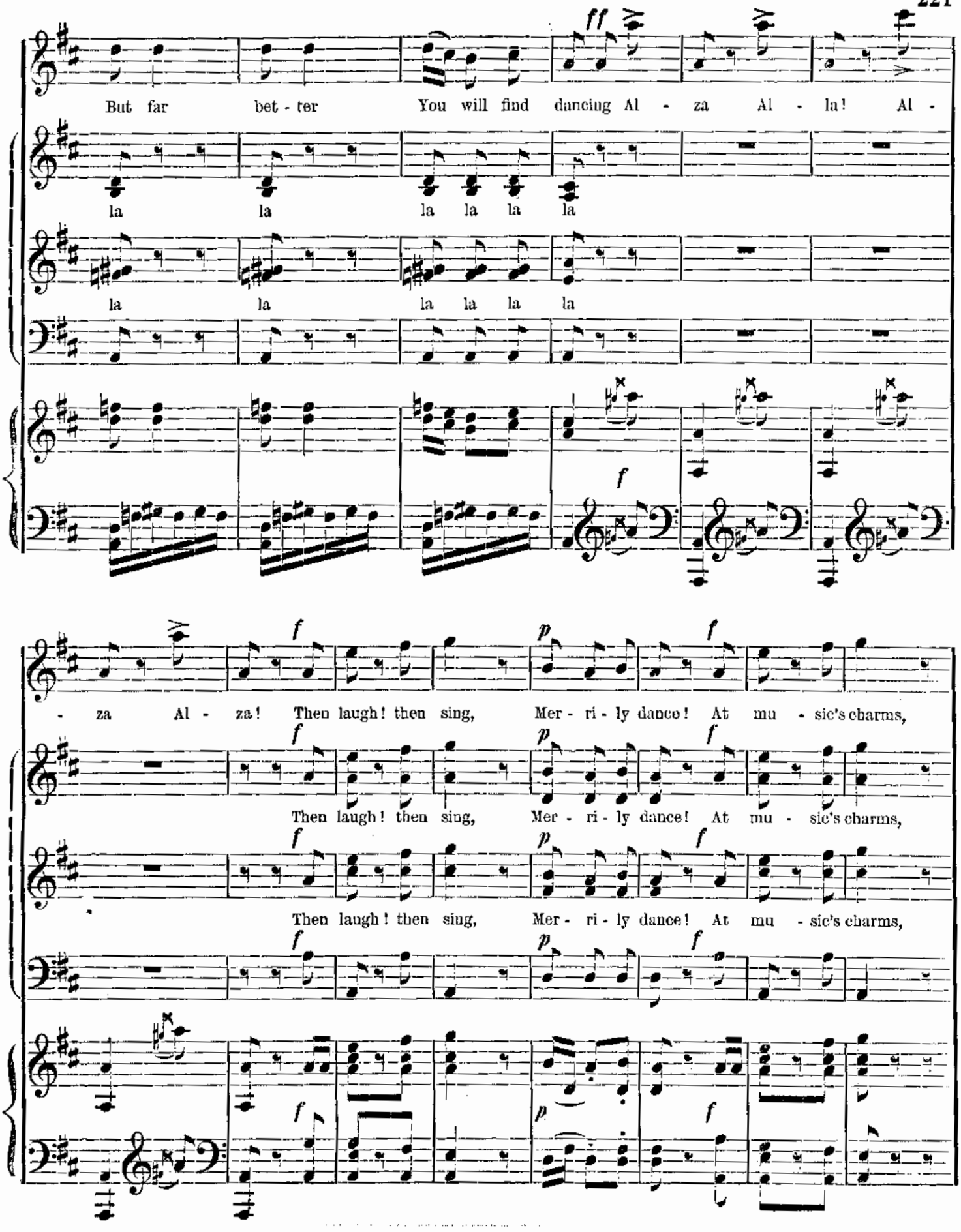

la la la la..... la la la la. Al - za,
la la la la.... ... la la la la. Al - za,
la la la la la la la la. Al - za,
la la la la la la la la. Al - za,
3
Al - la, Al - za, Al - la, la la la la la la
Al - la, Al - za, Al - la, la la la la la la
Al - la, Al - za, Al - la, la la la la la la

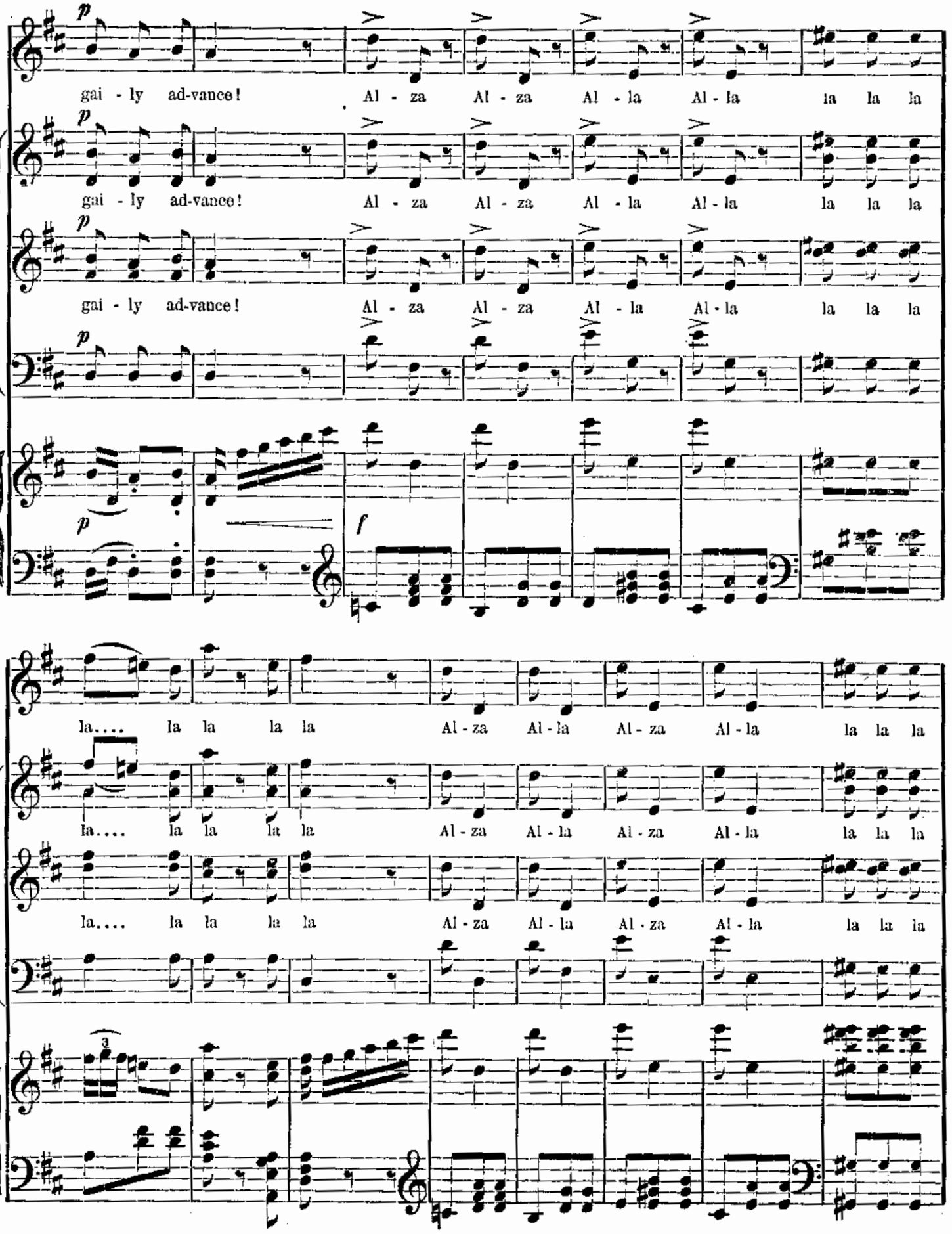

la Al - za!
la Al - za!
la Al - za!
(They dance.)
ff
2. The warm skies for - ev - er a -
p

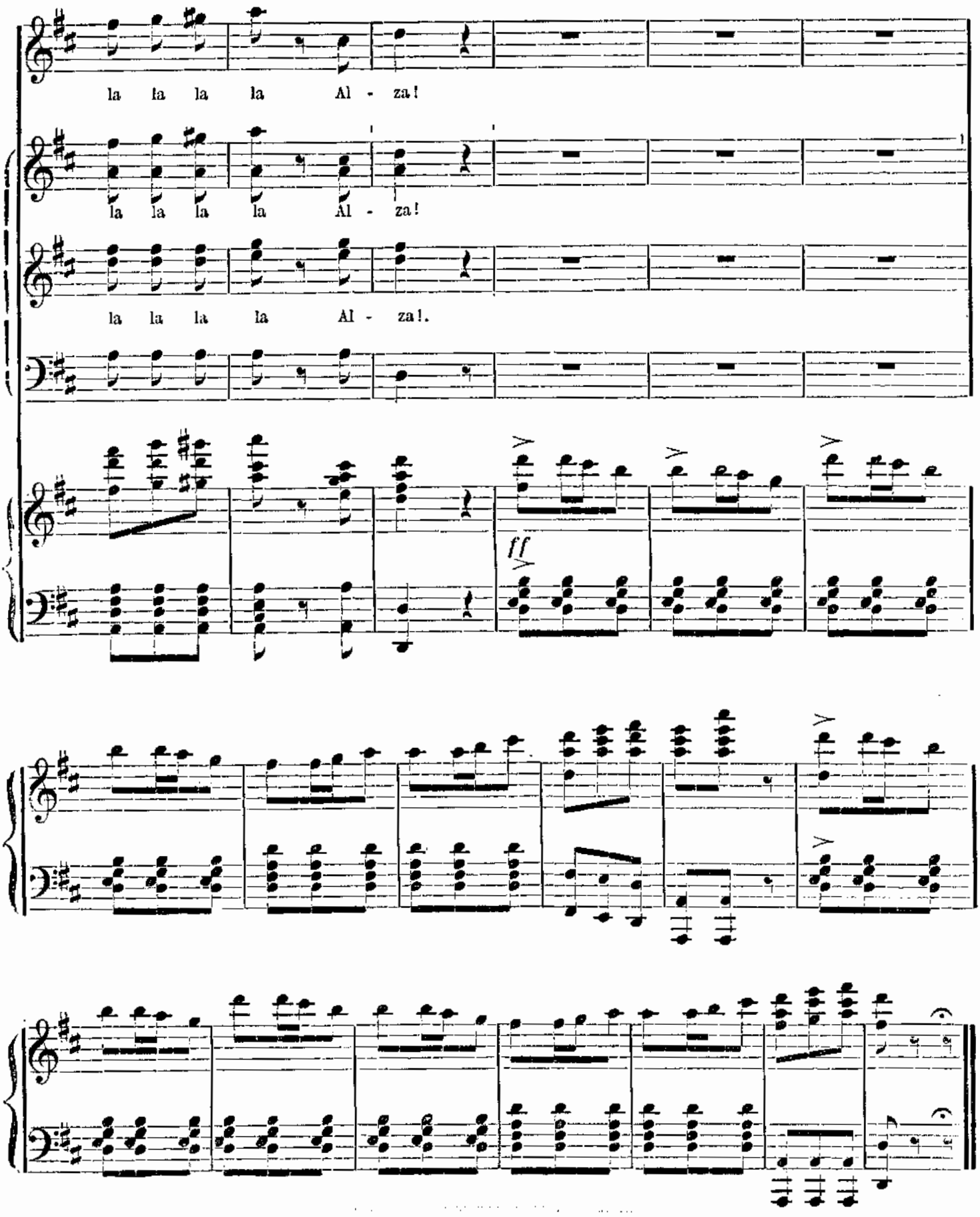

bove..... us To love and to jeal - ou - sy woo!..... May teach our sweet
la la la la
la la la la


mai - dens to love us, And if you would have them keep true.....
la la la la.
la la la la


p
Tears will nev - er end by be - guil - ing, You will soon - er
la la la la la la la la
win them by smil - ing; Sing - ing al - ways proves quite en - trancing.
la la la la la la la la la la.


But far bet - ter You will find dancing Al - za Al - la! Al -
la la la la la la
la la la la la la
- za Al - za! Then laugh! then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance! At mu - sic's charms,
Then laugh! then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance! At mu - sic's charms,
Then laugh! then sing, Mer - ri - ly dance! At mu - sic's charms,


p
gai - ly ad-vance! Al - za Al - za Al - la Al - la la la la
gai - ly ad-vance! Al - za Al - za Al - la Al - la la la la
gai - ly ad-vance! Al - za Al - za Al - la Al - la la la la
f
la.... la la la la Al - za Al - la Al - za Al - la la la la
la.... la la la la Al - za Al - la Al - za Al - la la la la
la.... la la la la Al - za Al - la Al - za Al - la la la la
3


la la la la Al - za!
la la la la Al - za!
la la la la Al - za!.
ff

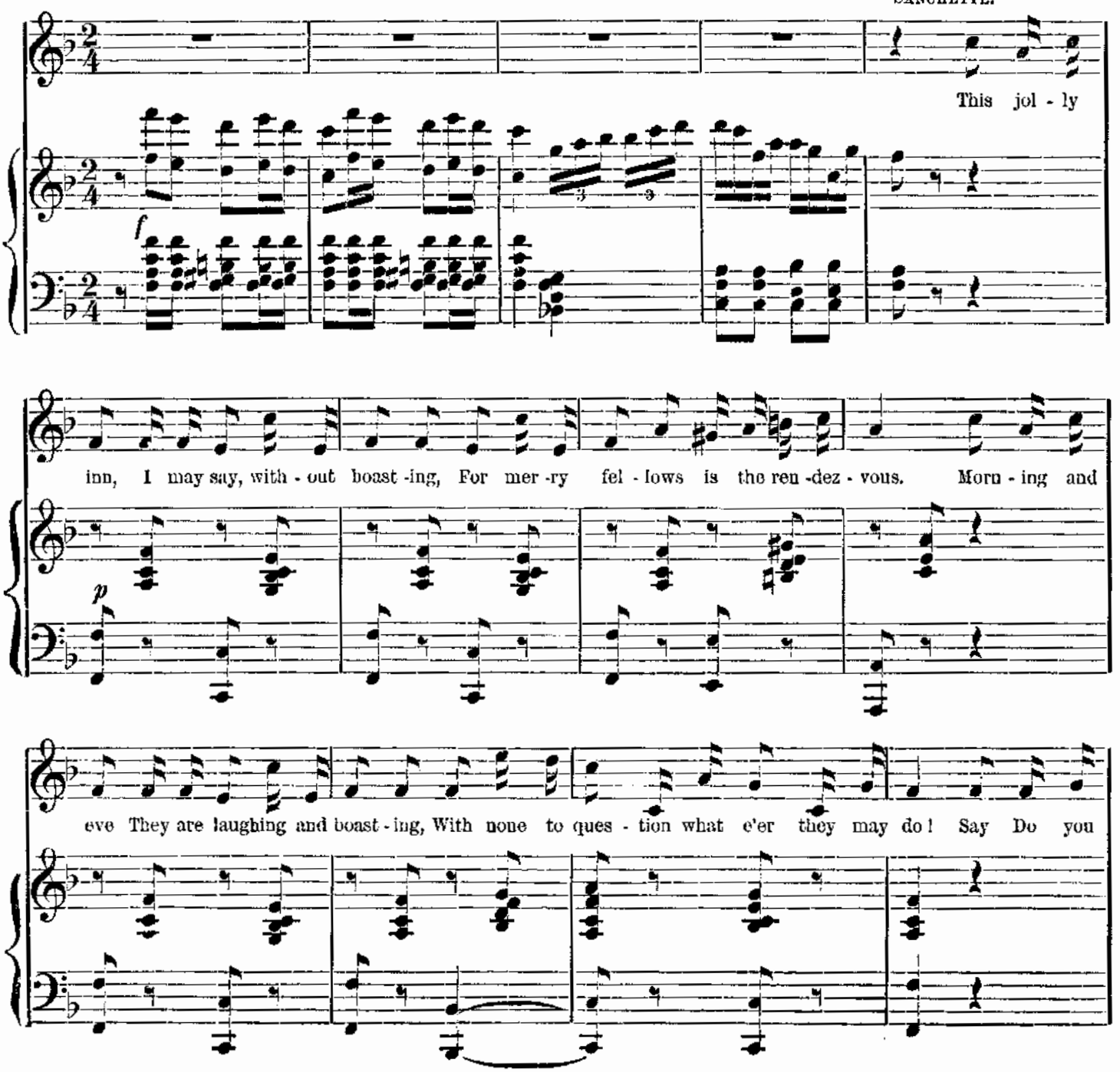
ALL. (*Shouting.*) Wine! Wine! More wine!
SAN. I beg pardon of you all, but I have already had the honor to inform you that we are about to close for the night.
ALL. To close!
CRIS. At this time of night, all honest Portuguese are in bed. Therefore —— (*Signs them to go.*)
PABLO. You're joking.
MEDINA. We came here to make a night of it.
ANTONIO And we are going to.
ALL. Yes, yes!
SAN. But it is very late. I do not want to spoil your enjoyment, but I do object to a visit from the police.

SONG OF THE HOSTESS.

No. 20.

Allegro moderato.

SANCHETTE.



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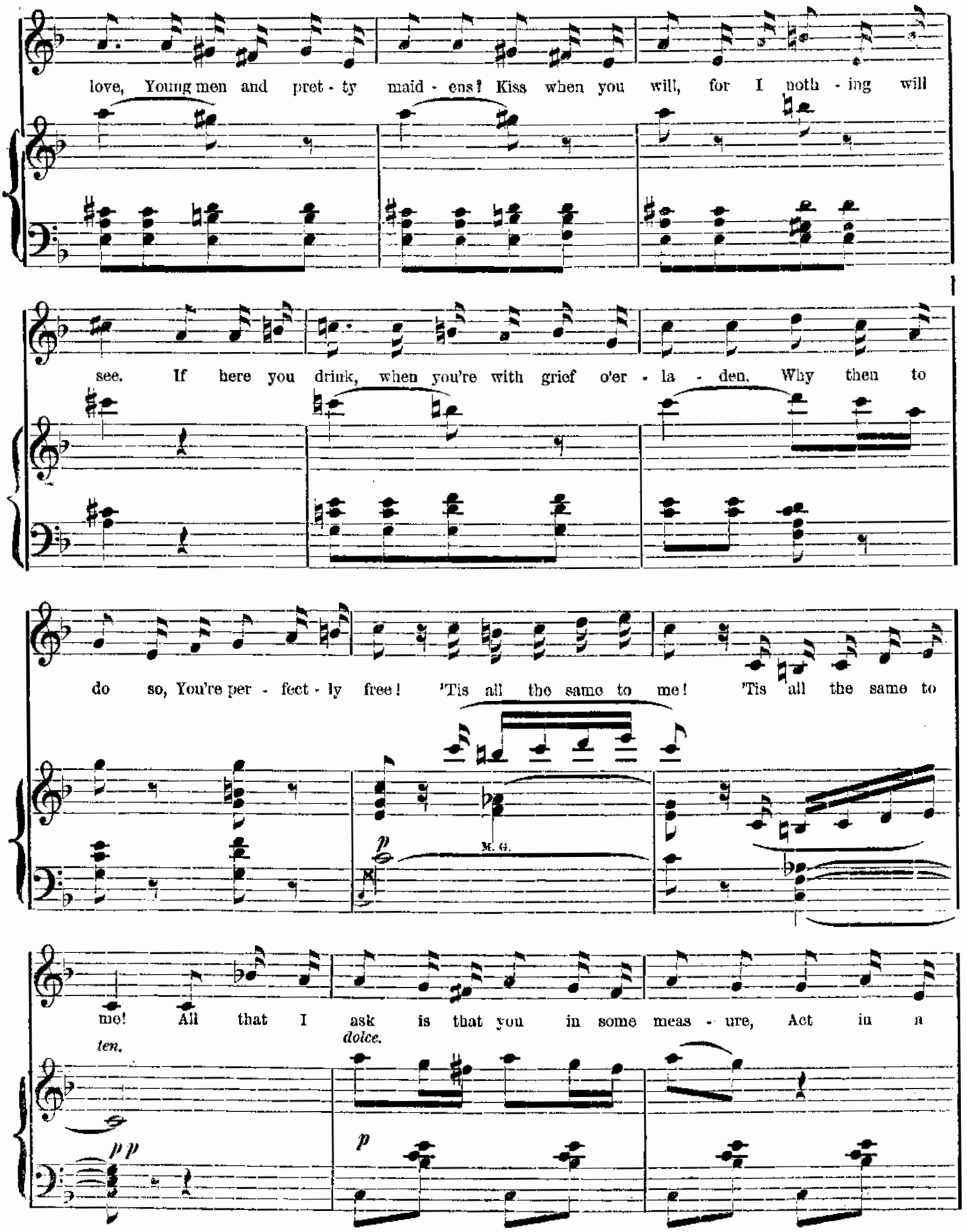
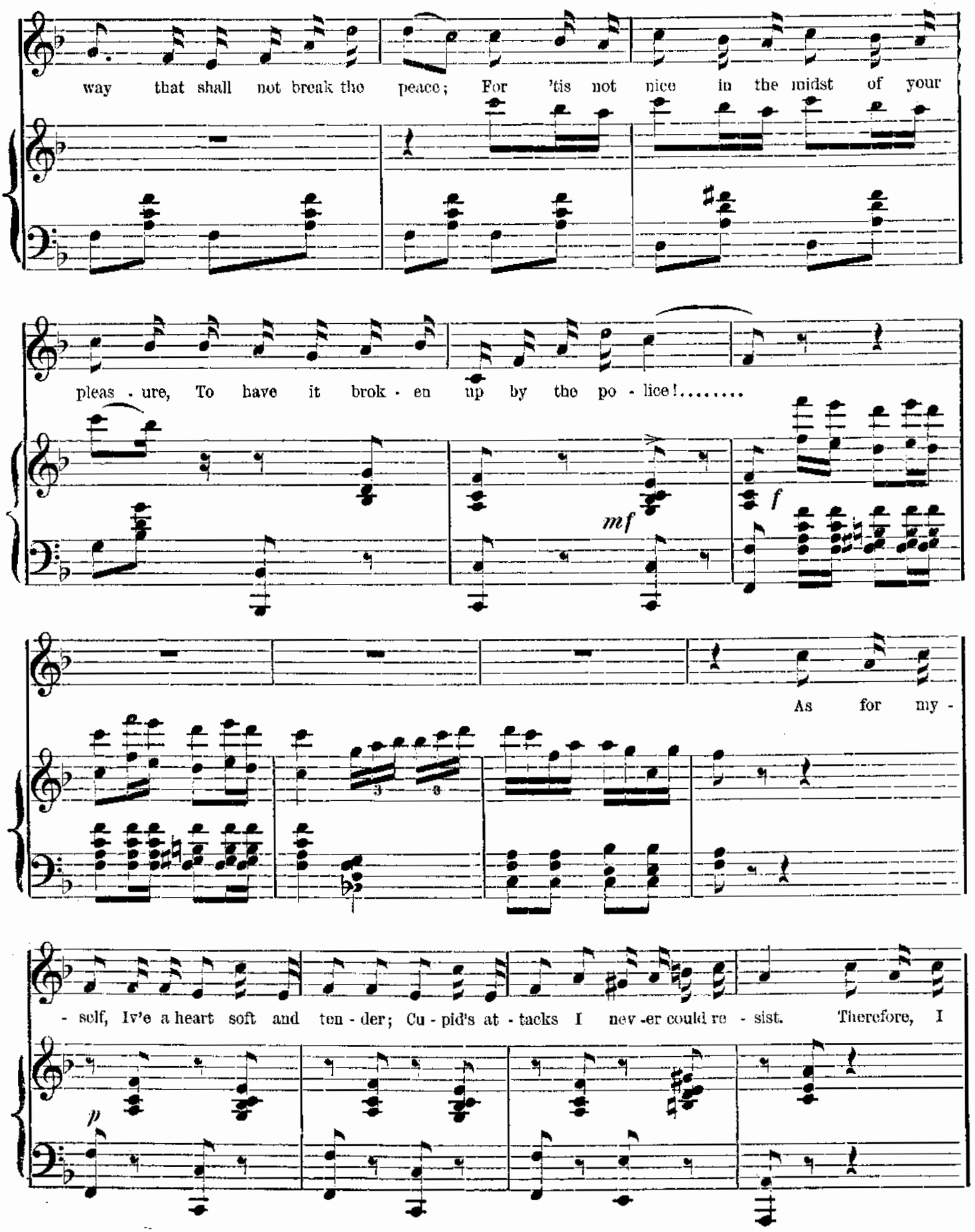
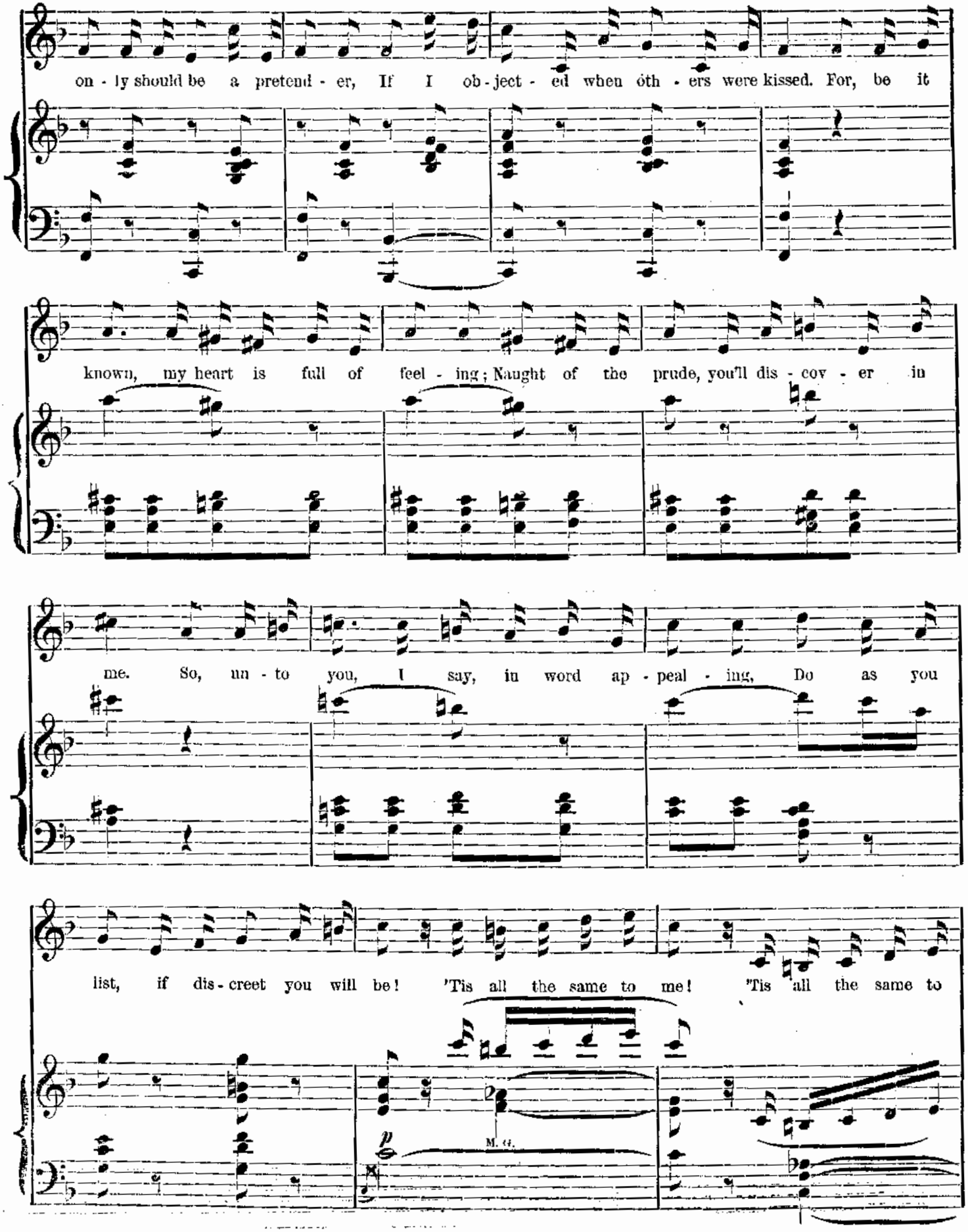
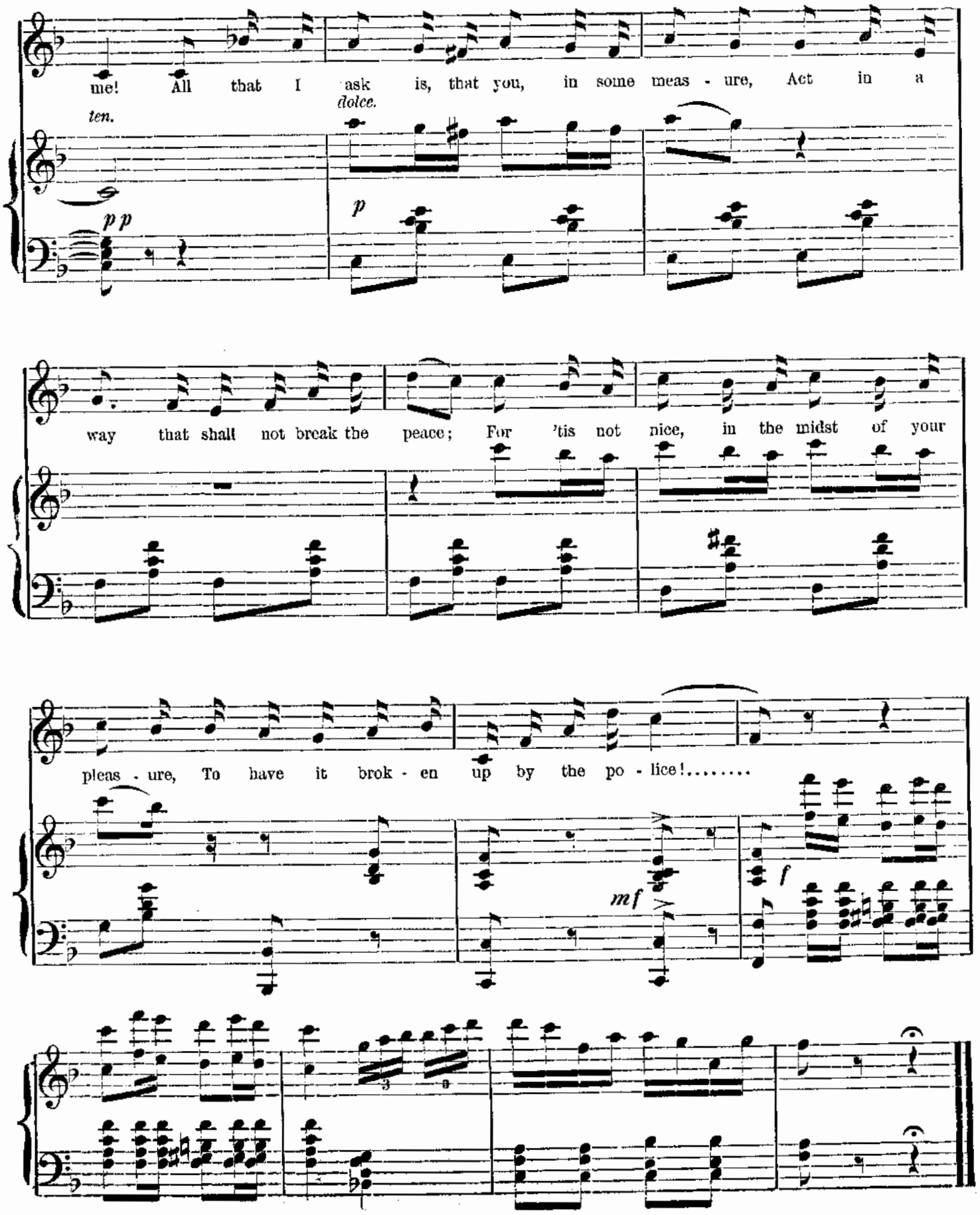

love, Young men and pret - ty maid - ens! Kiss when you will, for I noth - ing will
see. If here you drink, when you're with grief o'er - la - den, Why then to
do so, You're per - fect - ly free! 'Tis all the same to me! 'Tis all the same to
M. G.
me! All that I ask is that you in some meas - ure, Act in a
ten.
dolce.
p
p p
p


way that shall not break the peace; For 'tis not nice in the midst of your
pleas - ure, To have it brok - en up by the po - lice!.....
mf
f
As for my -
- self, Iv'e a heart soft and ten - der; Cu - pid's at - tacks I nev -er could re - sist. Therefore, I
p


on - ly should be a pretend - er, If I ob - ject - ed when oth - ers were kissed. For, be it
known, my heart is full of feel - ing; Naught of the prude, you'll dis - cov - er in
me. So, un - to you, I say, in word ap - peal - ing, Do as you
list, if dis - creet you will be! 'Tis all the same to me! 'Tis all the same to
M. G.


me! All that I ask is, that you, in some meas - ure, Act in a
ten.
dolce.
p p
p
way that shall not break the peace; For 'tis not nice, in the midst of your
pleas - ure, To have it brok - en up by the po - lice!.....
mf
f

SAN. If you prevent me from closing at the proper hour, you will get me into trouble.
PAB. That would be a pity. (*Takes her by the waist, and kisses her*)
ANT. (*Doing the same*) A great pity!
CRIS. (*Interposing.*) Hands off! No kissing.
SAN. What is the matter with you, Cristoval? I will not have you showing your jealously before everybody, (*looking at the students.*) They are very good looking. Well! I'll not send you away.
OMNES. Ah! good!
SAN. Only go into the room at the back of the house, so that I can at least, put out the lights, and lock up here.
OMNES. By all means!
SAN. Then follow me at once!

EXIT.

No. 21. Students and Chorus.

Io Tempo.

SOPS. Al - za Al - la Al - za Al - la

TENORS. Al - za Al - la Al - za Al - la

BASSES.

Io Tempo.

f

la la la la..... la la la la Al - za Al - la

la la la la la la la la Al - za Al - la

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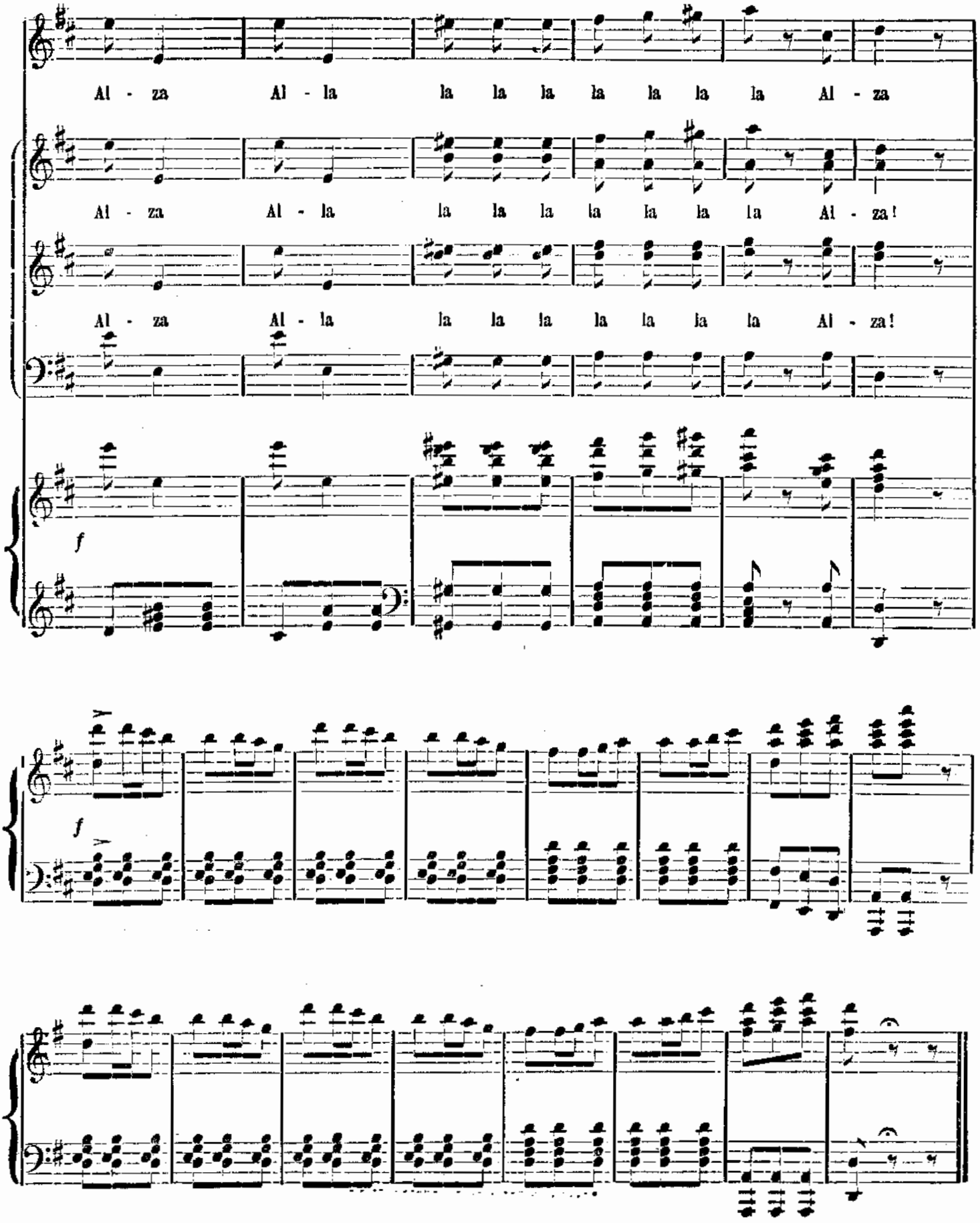

Al - za Al - la la la la la la la la Al - za
Al - za Al - la la la la la la la la Al - za!
Al - za Al - la la la la la la la la Al - za!
f
f

(All go off. Some remove the tables also. The stage remains empty.)

BRAS. (*Outside.*) Somebody look after our horses. We go again in an hour. (*He enters accompanied by Beatrix, carefully enveloped in a mantilla which conceals her face.*) Oh, these Spaniards! They will end by making one of me. I shall remember this marriage.

BEAT. What do you mean?

BRAS Oh, it is not your fault. I have nothing but praise for you. But the enemy's general promised not to attack us for some days, for a premium of 5000 piastres. I felt perfectly safe. I trusted him. He has not kept his word. He has broken the armistice. And for what? A mere trifle. I forgot to send him the money. He sent me this message. (*Reads.*) "Money not received. If you do not bring it yourself, I will attack you at daybreak."

BEAT. Oh! It cannot be.

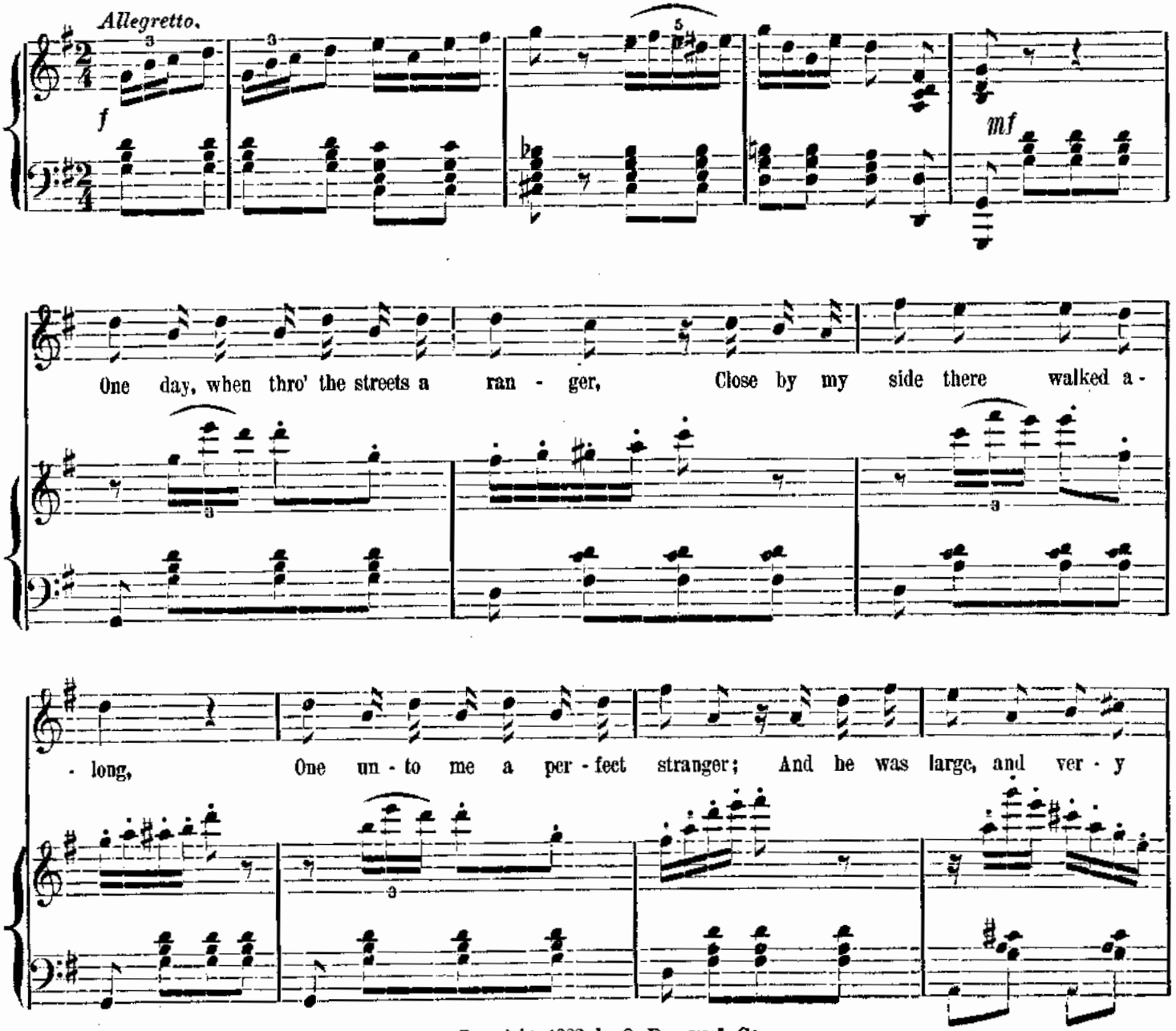
BRAS. He will attack me at daybreak; and when I am not there, too. I ask you if that is the way for one soldier to act towards another? There was no time for hesitation. I made all haste, took all of the money I could find, and as I had not the heart to tear myself from you, I begged you to accompany me. I'll give the Spanish general a piece of my mind when I pay him. (*paces to and fro, angrily.*)

BEAT. (*Aside.*) And I have promised Manola to divulge nothing before daybreak. It will be no easy thing to keep my word, if he sees my face!

BRAS. Yes! I'll tell him what I think of him. He takes me for an ass, does he? I'll show him he's another. It is not the first time I have taken down a bully.

"SAY IT AGAIN."

No. 22. Brasiero. COUPLETS.



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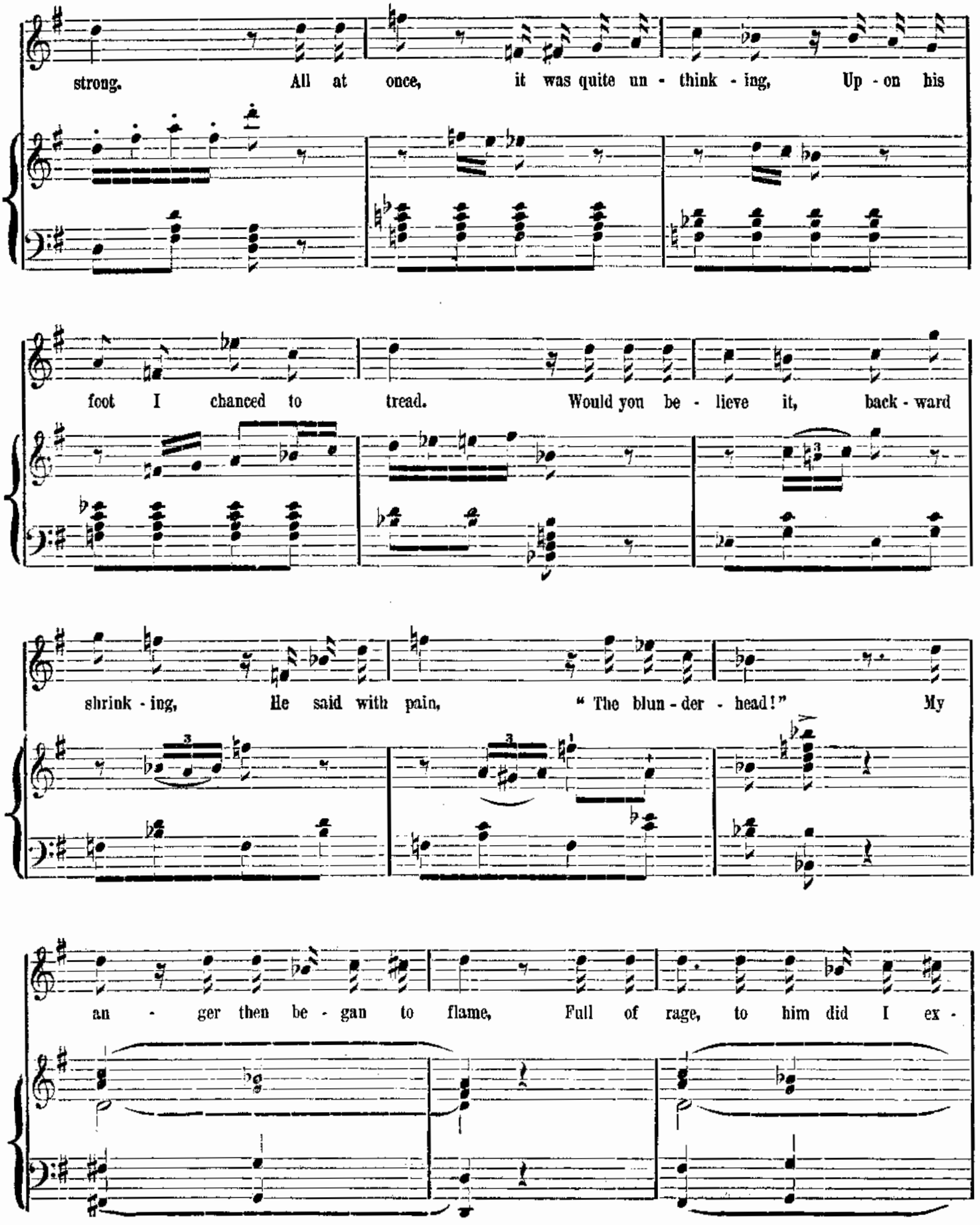
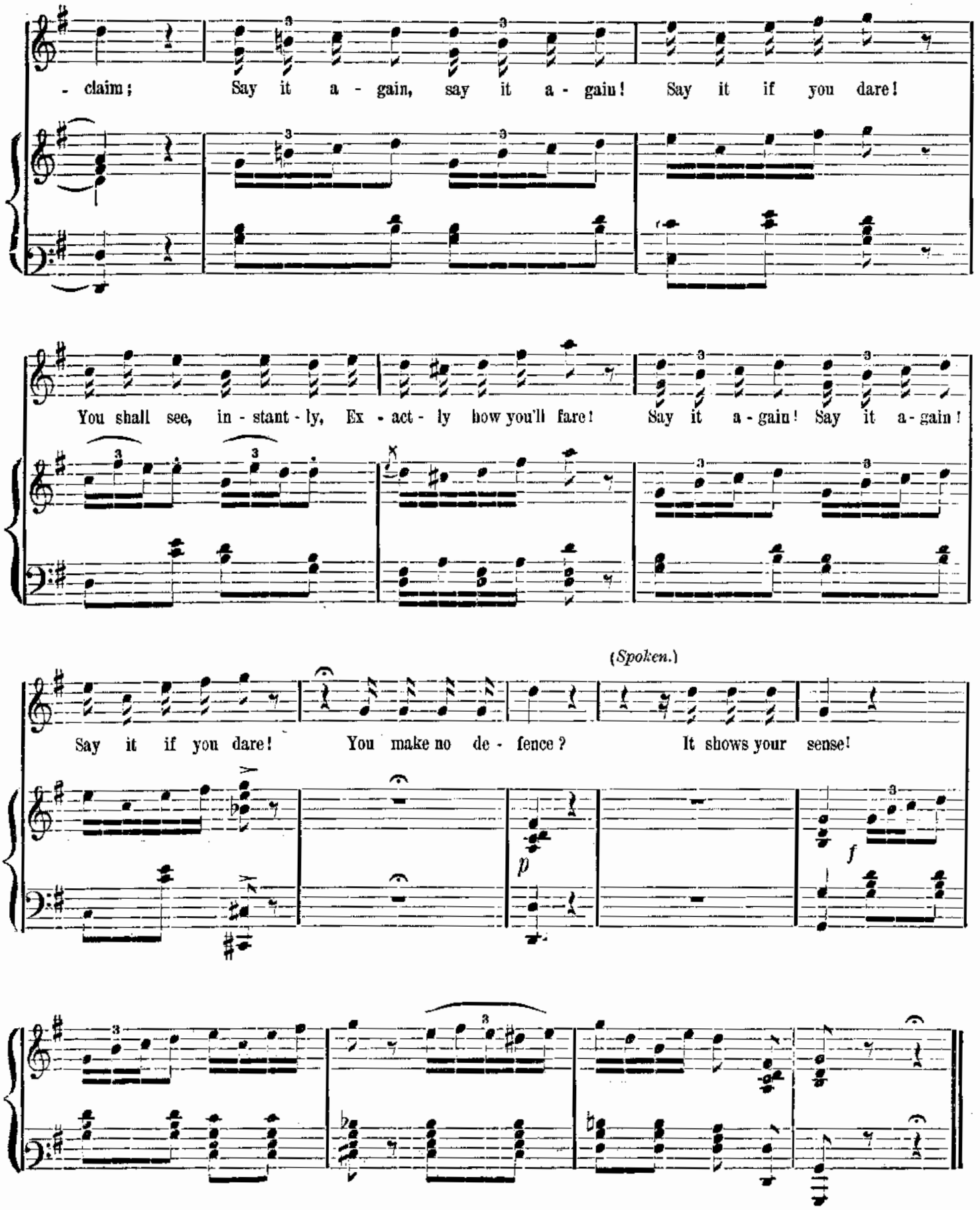

strong. All at once, it was quite un - think - ing, Up - on his
foot I chanced to tread. Would you be - lieve it, back - ward
shrink - ing, He said with pain, " The blun - der - head!" My
an - ger then be - gan to flame, Full of rage, to him did I ex -


- claim; Say it a - gain, say it a - gain! Say it if you dare!
You shall see, in - stant - ly, Ex - act - ly how you'll fare! Say it a - gain! Say it a - gain!
(Spoken.)
Say it if you dare! You make no de - fence? It shows your sense!
p
f

BRAS. We'll see! (*Turns to* BEA.) We must start as soon as our horses are refreshed. In the meanwhile, remove your mantilla. (*Attempts to remove it.*)

BEA (*Quickly.*) Oh, no, no!

BRAS. Not remove the veil which conceals your beloved image from my eyes! Why?

BEA. I am afraid of the cold air.

BRAS. But it is one of those nights of which our poets sing; a night which helps to ripen the oranges.

BEA. I know; but I am very sensitive to the night air.

Enter SANCHETTE *and* CRISTOVAL.

SAN. There! They are settled at last, and we are at peace.

CRIS. And we are alone. (*With impetuosity.*) O mistress, mistress! (*Throwing himself on his knees before her.*)

SAN. (*Seeing* BRAS.) Silence! We are not alone.

BRAS. Do not feel embarrassed, I pray. We are only here for a few moments. Show us to a room where we can rest, in the meantime.

SAN. (*Hesitating.*) I am not sure——

BRAS. Don't answer! I have money—plenty of it.

SAN. (*Changing her tone, and pointing* L.) This way, your Excellency.

BRAS. (*Offering his arm to* BEA.) Come, beloved! But, oh! these treacherous Spaniards! (*Exit with* BEA. L.)

CRIS. This time we are alone! (*Throws himself on his knees again.*) O mistress, mistress.

Enter MIG. *in peasant's costume, at back.*

SAN. (*Sees* MIG.) Silence! We are not alone.

MIG. (*At door.*) Do not let me embarrass you.

CRIS. (*Angrily.*) No luck! (*To* MIG., *roughly.*) What do you want?

MIG. (*Advancing.*) I want to say to you, that I am a farmer, who is on his way to sell his wares at the neighboring market, and that I want a room for myself and my mule driver.

CRIS. We haven't any room.

SAN. Unless you have money to pay for it.

MIG. (*Taking out purse.*) Look at that! I suppose I can now call my comrade. (*Calls at back.*) Hallo! Alonzo! Come in! Don't be afraid!

Enter MAN. *dressed as a Muleteer.*

MAN. Oh! I'm not afraid of anything.

SAN. Oh, what a handsome young fellow. (*Advances to* MAN.)

CRIS. (*Retaining her*) Mistress! (*Aside.*) You think too much of handsome young fellows.

SAN. True; I ought to think more of you. (*To* MIG.) We go to prepare your rooms. (*Looking at* MAN.) How handsome he is!

CRIS. But mistress!

SAN. Don't bother me! (*Exit* L. *followed by* CRIS.)

MAN. I feel safe, at last I was afraid the Prince would overtake us. It was lucky we stumbled upon the peasant who took us home, and loaned us these costumes.

MIG. The frontier is close at hand, and to-morrow we will have no more to fear.

MAN. I shall never cease to fear until we are married. You must go and find a notary, at once.

MIG. But where, at this hour of the night?

MAN. One hour is as good as another to him who is in earnest.

MIG. But——

MAN. I won't have any buts. A notary! I want a notary! (*Tenderly.*) A notary!

MIG. So be it. Here is the landlady. We will make inquiries of her.

Enter SAN. *and* CRIS.

SAN. Your rooms are ready.

CRIS. (*To* MIG.) The large one for you. The garret for the muleteer.

MAN. What do you mean?

MIG. Excuse me; the garret for me.

CRIS. (*Surprised.*) And the best room——

MIG. For the muleteer.

CRIS. (*Grinning.*) Ha! ha! He gives his mule driver the first floor. The world is turned upside down.

SAN. Silence! (*To* MIG.) Is there anything else you want?

MAN. Yes; we want one thing, very much.

SAN. Whatever you choose to order—meat, hot, cold, roasted boiled, ham, game,——

MAN. No, no! What we want is a notary.

SAN. We don't keep them on hand. What do you want a notary for?

MIG. Listen! You look like a kind, good-hearted woman, and we will confide in you. We want to get married.

CRIS. Ho! ho! He wants to marry his mule driver. He is an idiot, Ho! ho!

MAN. (*To* SAN.) Can't you guess? Do you not see that I am a woman?

SAN. A woman!

CRIS. (*Interested.*) A woman! (*Going towards her.*) We'll soon see that!

SAN. (*Swinging him around.*) Be civil, you fool! (*To* MAN.) I did not observe at first, but as I look——

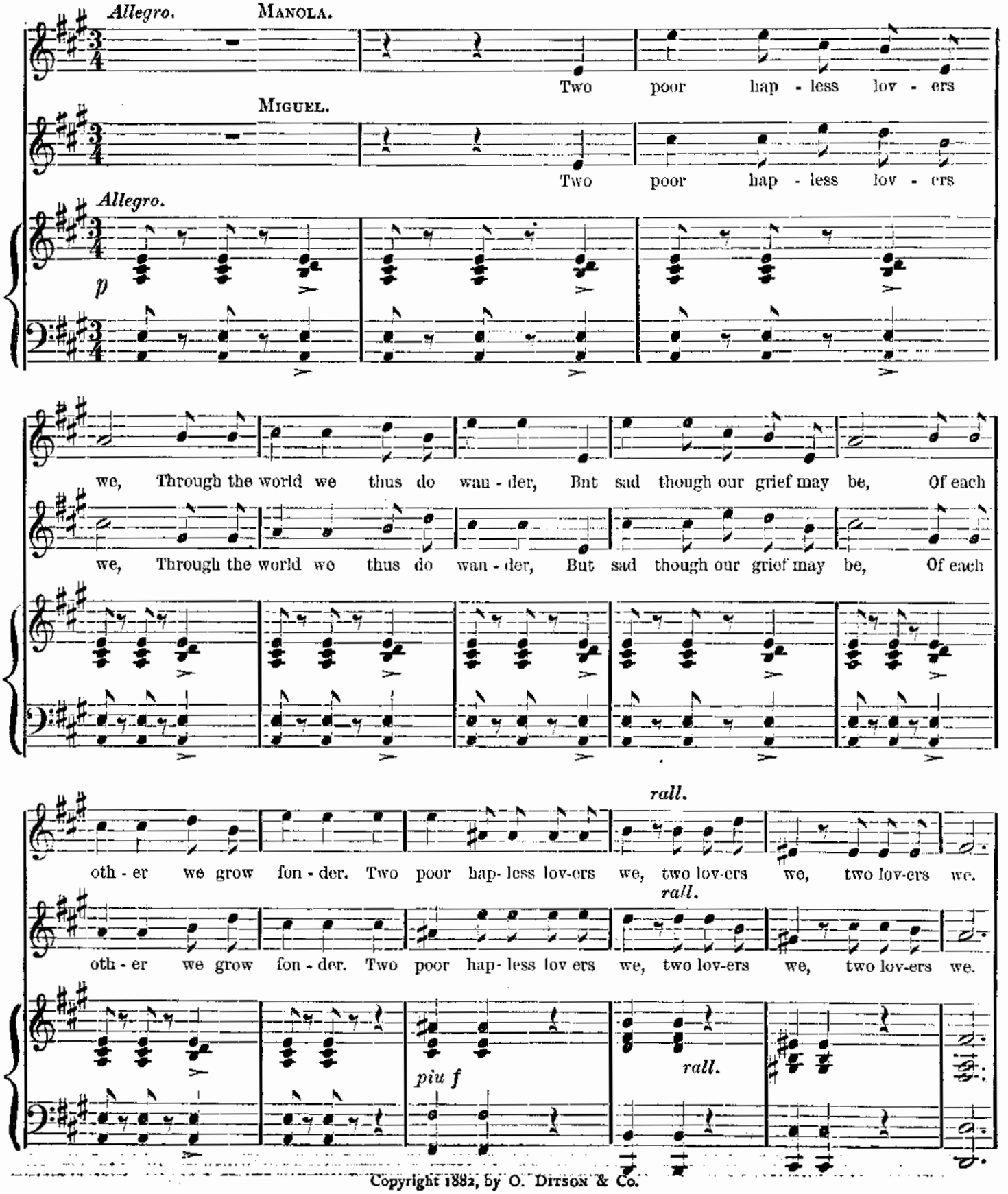
CRIS. (*Who has slipped around to* MANOLA'S *side.*) Yes! there is a certain——

SAN. Will you be quiet? (*Runs at him. He escapes.*) Tell me! (*To* MAN.) What does this all mean?

MAN. Oh! it is very easily explained.

"TWO POOR HAPLESS LOVERS."

No. 23. DUETTO.



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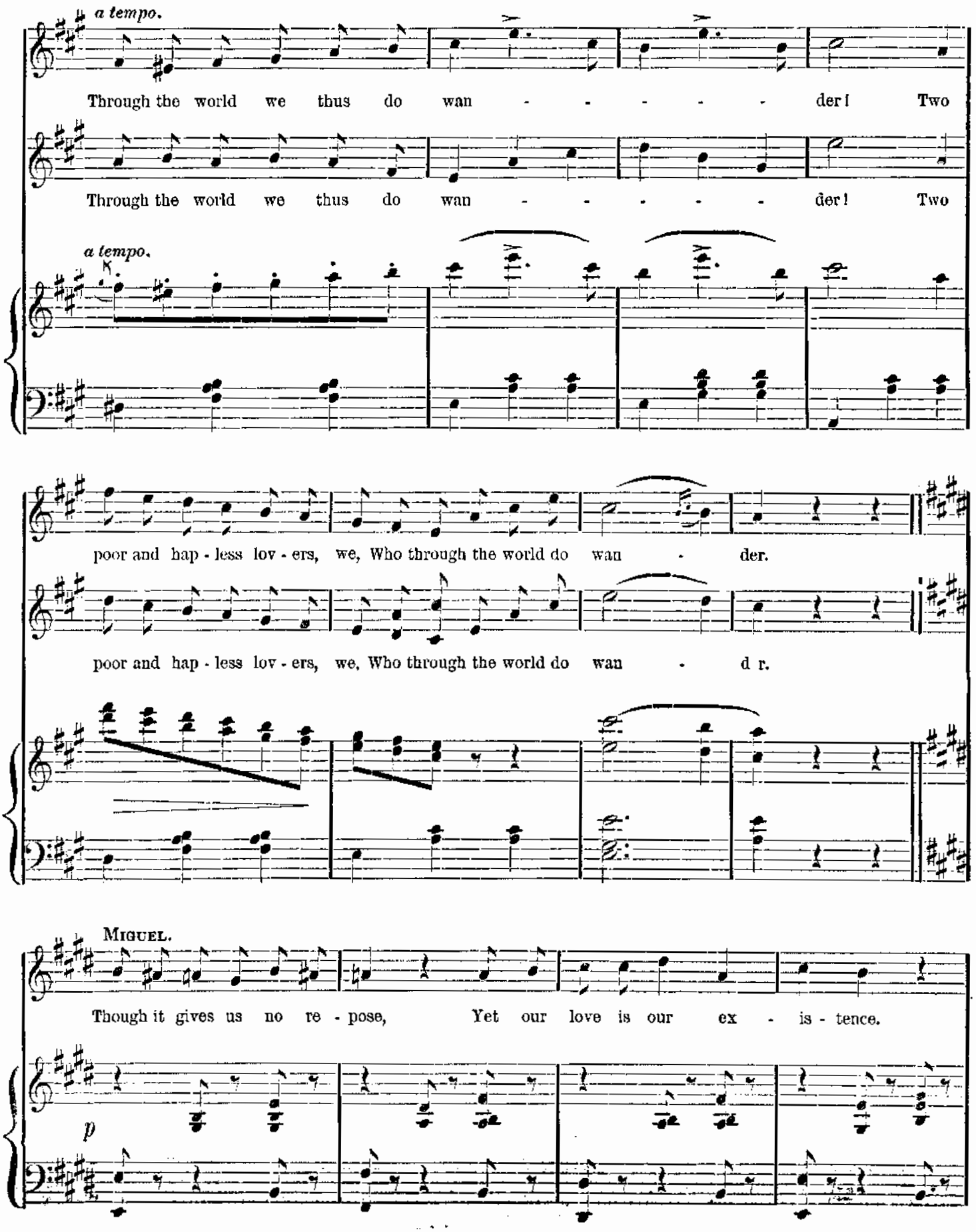
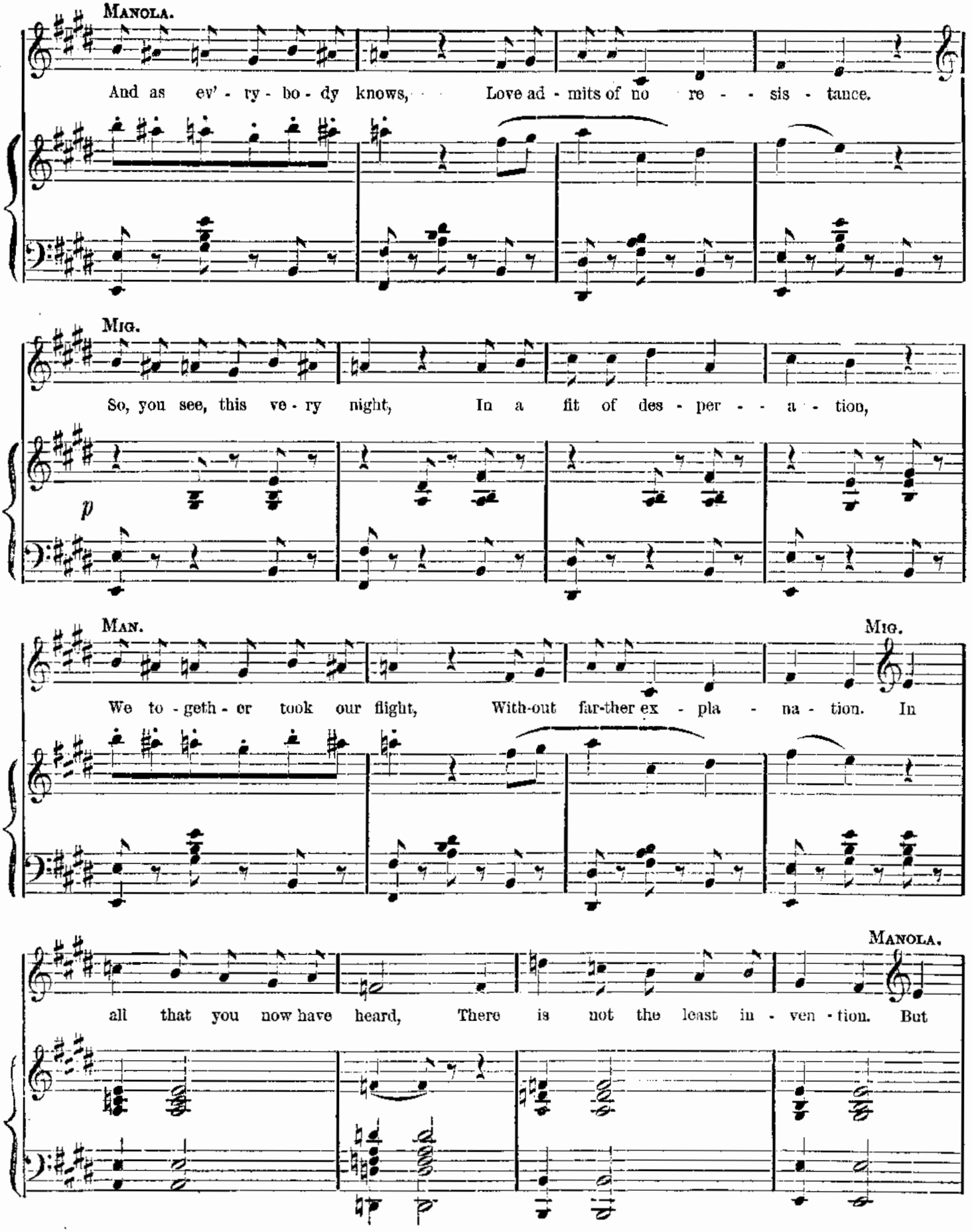
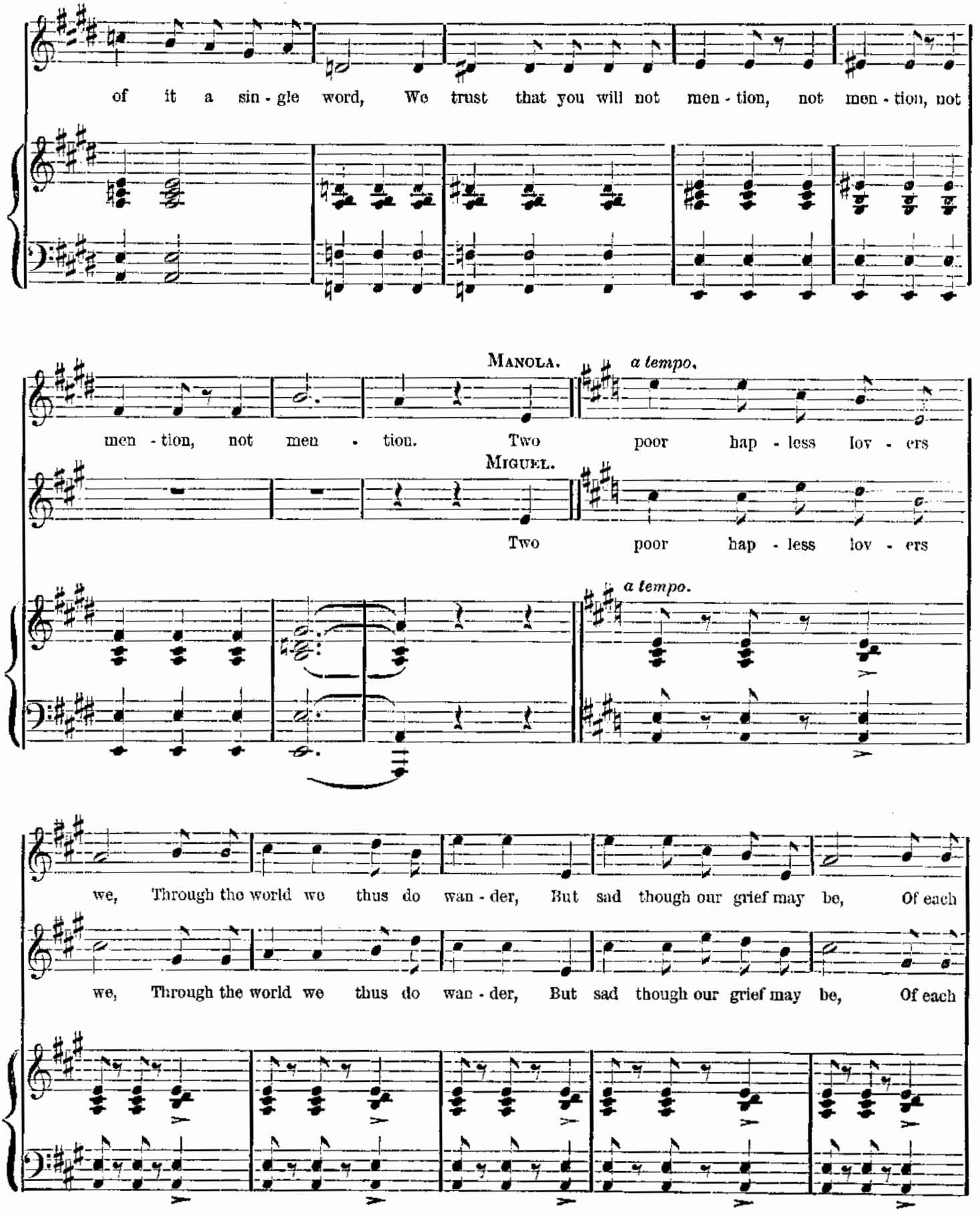
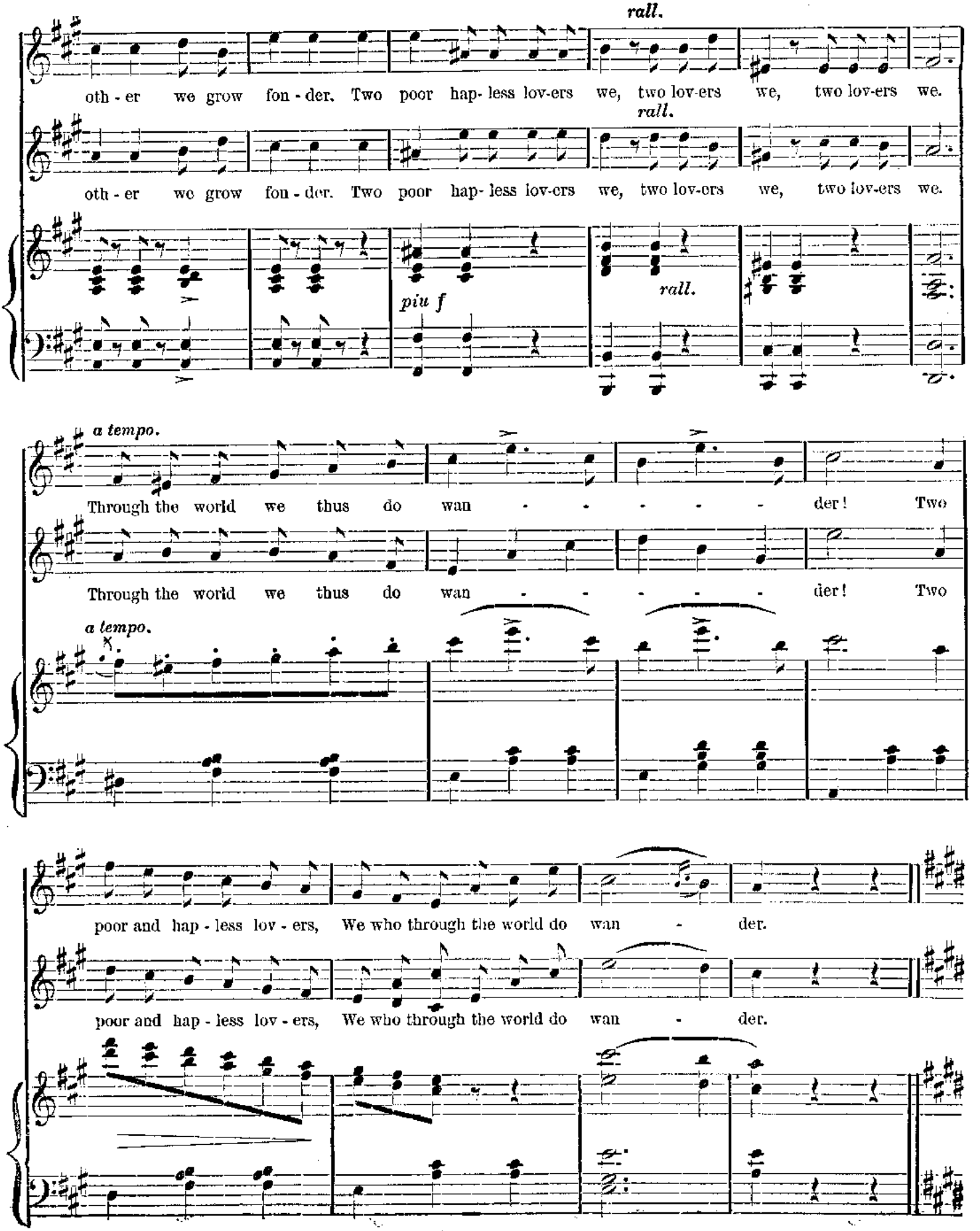
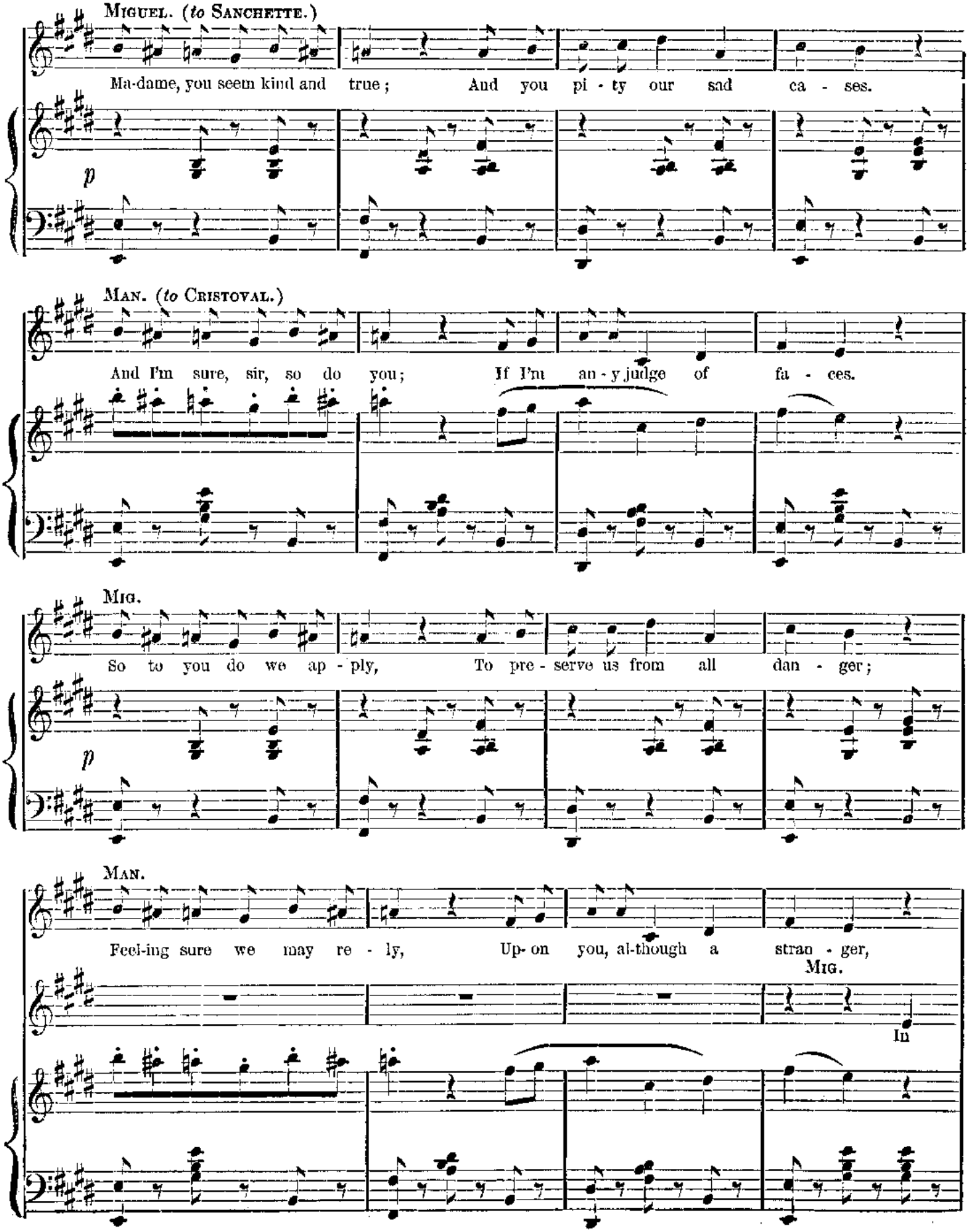
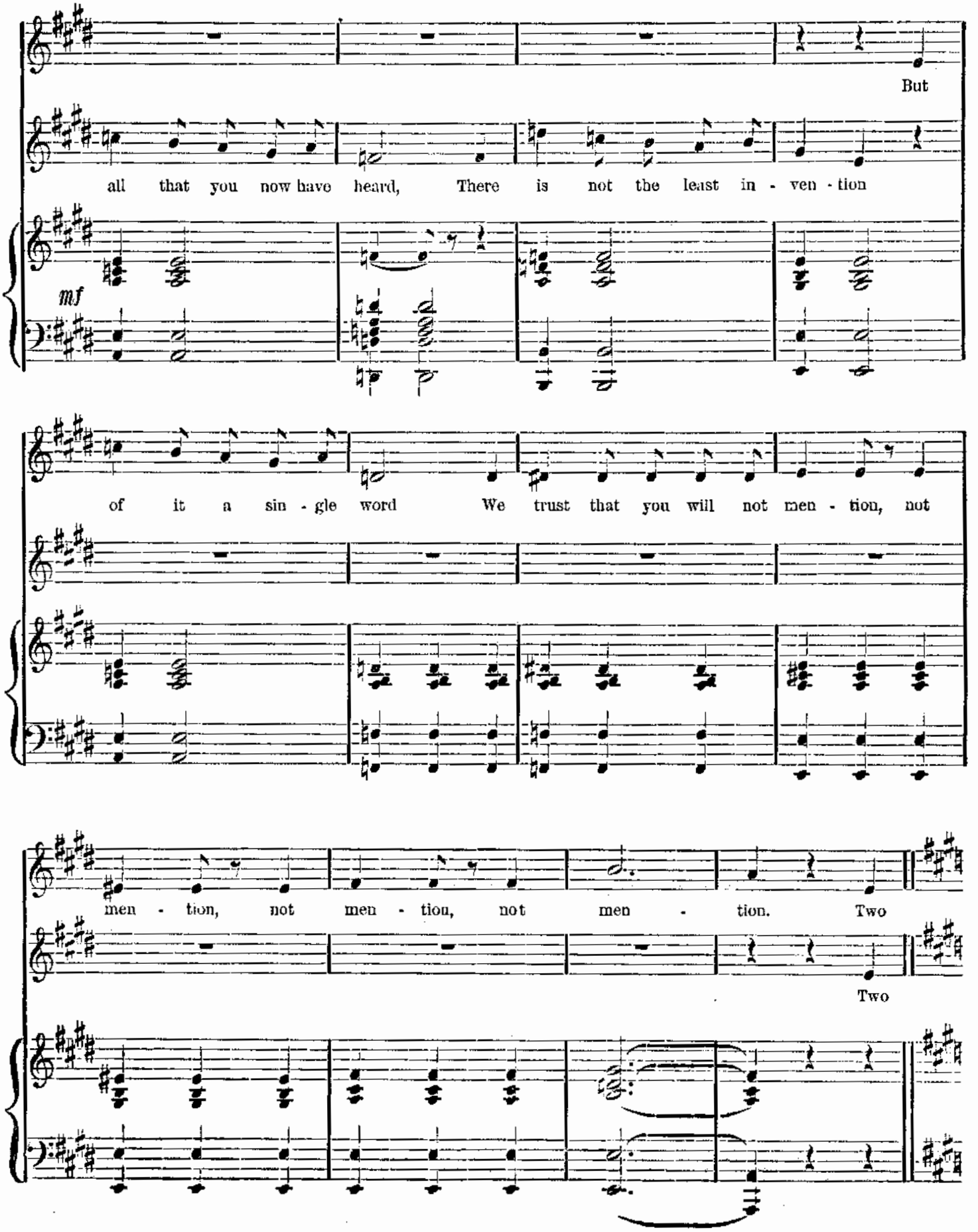

a tempo.
Through the world we thus do wan - - - - - der! Two
Through the world we thus do wan - - - - - der! Two
a tempo.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, we, Who through the world do wan - der.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, we, Who through the world do wan - d r.
MIGUEL.
Though it gives us no re - pose, Yet our love is our ex - is - tence.
p

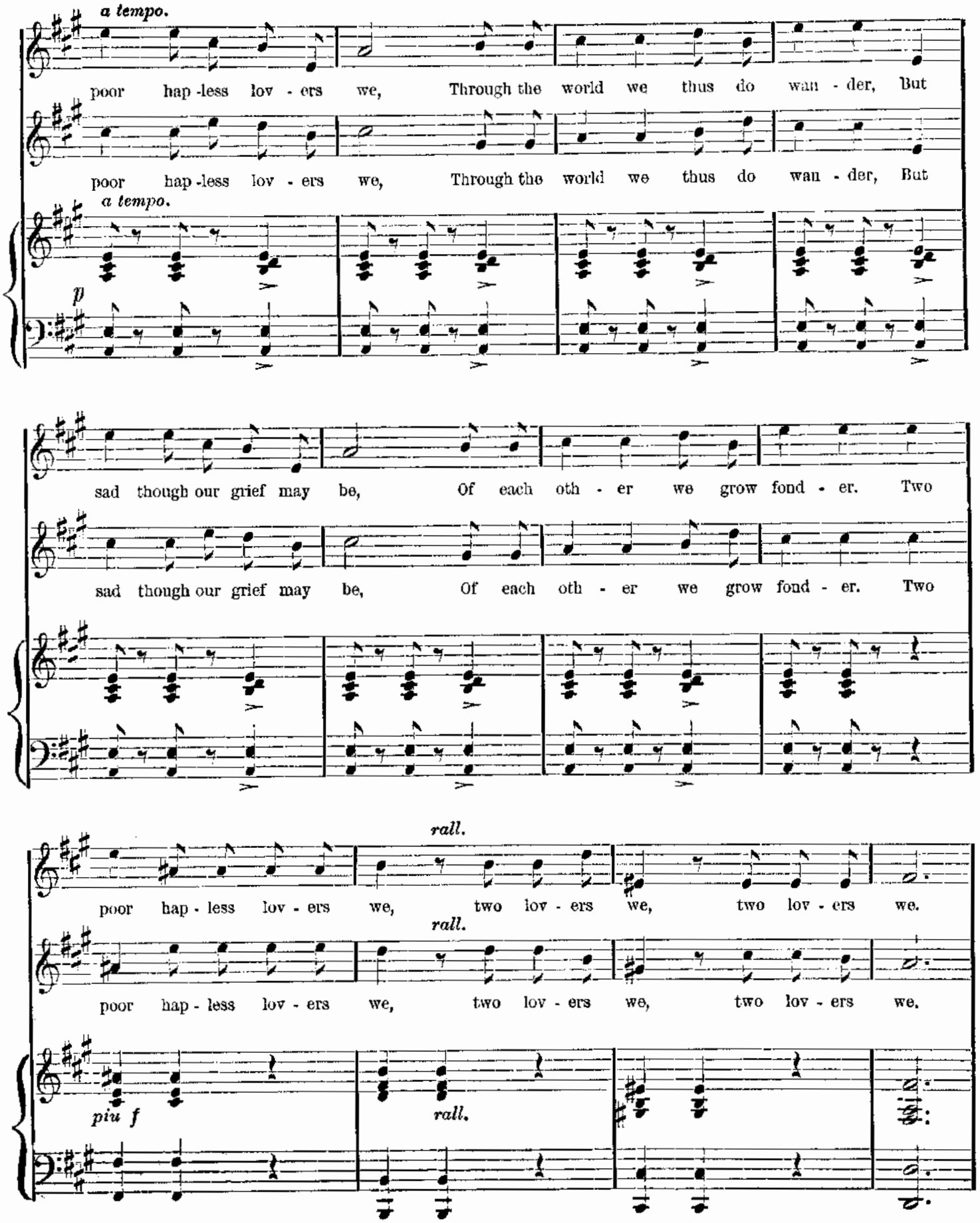

Manola.
And as ev' - ry - bo - dy knows, Love ad - mits of no re - - - sis - tance.
Mig.
So, you see, this ve - ry night, In a fit of des - per - - a - tion,
p
Man.
Mig.
We to - geth - er took our flight, With-out far-ther ex - pla - na - tion. In
Manola.
all that you now have heard, There is not the least in - ven - tion. But

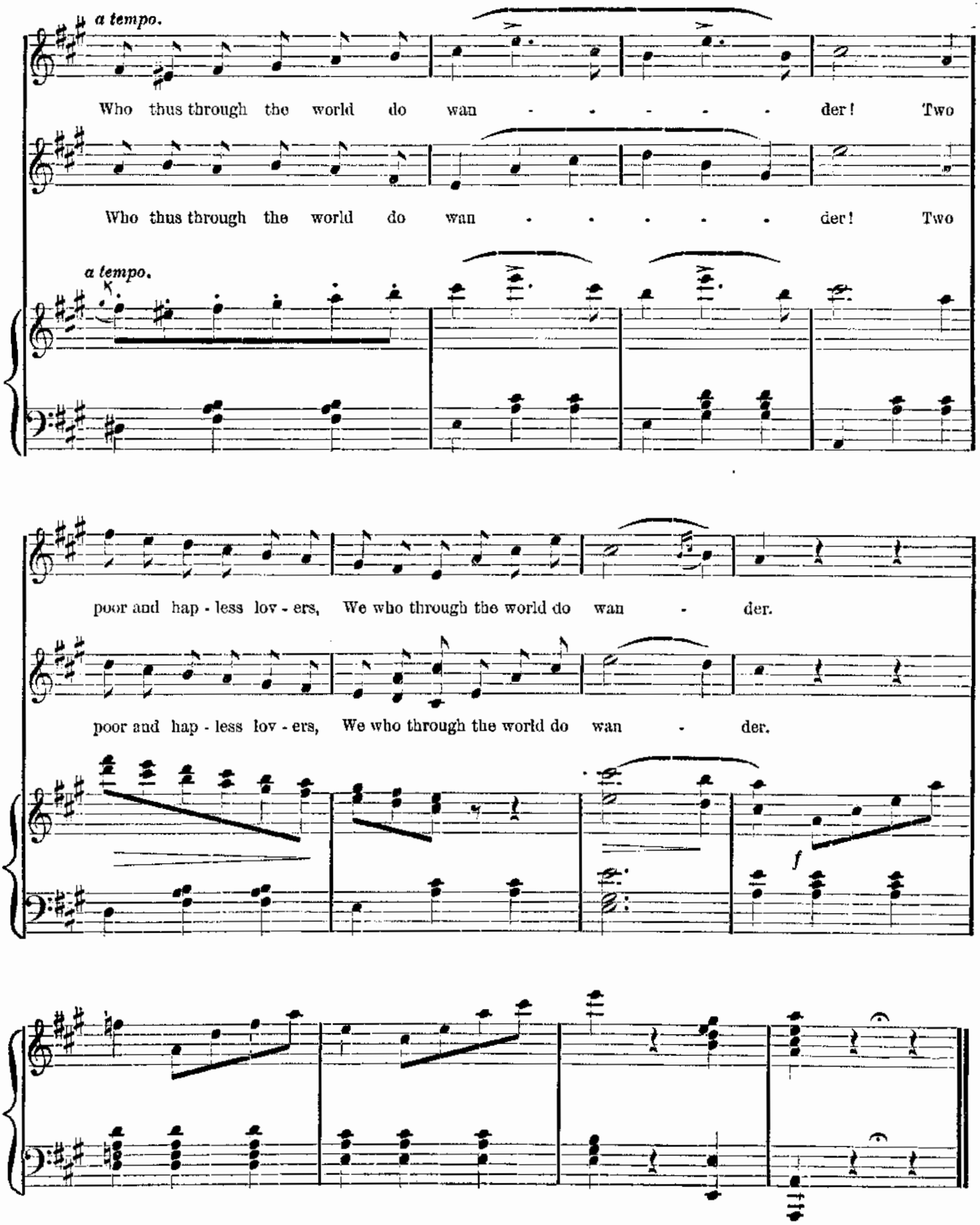

of it a sin - gle word, We trust that you will not men - tion, not men - tion, not
MANOLA.
a tempo.
men - tion, not men - tion. Two poor hap - less lov - ers
MIGUEL.
Two poor hap - less lov - ers
a tempo.
we, Through the world we thus do wan - der, But sad though our grief may be, Of each
we, Through the world we thus do wan - der, But sad though our grief may be, Of each


rall.
oth - er we grow fon - der. Two poor hap- less lov-ers we, two lov-ers we, two lov-ers we.
rall.
oth - er we grow fou - der. Two poor hap- less lov-ers we, two lov-ers we, two lov-ers we.
piu f
rall.
a tempo.
Through the world we thus do wan - - - - - der! Two
Through the world we thus do wan - - - - - der! Two
a tempo.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, We who through the world do wan - der.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, We who through the world do wan - der.


Miguel. (to Sanchette.)
Ma-dame, you seem kind and true; And you pi - ty our sad ca - ses.
p
Man. (to Cristoval.)
And I'm sure, sir, so do you; If I'm an - y judge of fa - ces.
Mig.
So to you do we ap - ply, To pre - serve us from all dan - ger;
p
Man.
Feel-ing sure we may re - ly, Up- on you, al-though a stran - ger,
Mig.
In


But
all that you now have heard, There is not the least in - ven - tion
mf
of it a sin - gle word We trust that you will not men - tion, not
men - tion, not men - tion, not men - tion. Two
Two


a tempo.
poor hap-less lov - ers we, Through the world we thus do wan - der, But
poor hap-less lov - ers we, Through the world we thus do wan - der, But
a tempo.
p
sad though our grief may be, Of each oth - er we grow fond - er. Two
sad though our grief may be, Of each oth - er we grow fond - er. Two
rall.
poor hap - less lov - ers we, two lov - ers we, two lov - ers we.
rall.
poor hap - less lov - ers we, two lov - ers we, two lov - ers we.
piu f
rall.


a tempo.
Who thus through the world do wan - - - - - der! Two
Who thus through the world do wan - - - - - der! Two
a tempo.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, We who through the world do wan - der.
poor and hap - less lov - ers, We who through the world do wan - der.
f

SAN. Two lovers in trouble! I'll protect them for the honor of the house! Cristoval, go for a notary.

CRIS. I fly! (*Going* C.) A woman muleteer! What strange things there are in nature!

SAN. (*Impatiently.*) Well, well, idler!

CRIS. I'm gone! (*Exit* C., *running.*)

SAN. (*Pointing* L.) In the meanwhile, you can rest yourselves.

MAN Thank you! Come, Miguel. (*Exit with* MIG.)

SAN. A marriage in my house! It will bring luck. (*Knock is heard at door* C.) Ah! More customers. It is too bad at this hour! (*Opens door.*)

(CAL. *enters, scarcely able to walk from fatigue. He is holding up* DEGOMEZ, *who is still more weary.*)

CAL. (*To* DEG.) Come, come! Use your feet! I can't carry you all the time!

DEG. I am used up!

CAL. Not more than I am; and yet I condescend to walk. You only delay me. Why did you follow me?

DEGOM. Because you pulled me along by main force. You had no right to drag me out of my first sleep!

CAL. I drag you? I needed some one; you were at hand; I took you to assist me, and you have been of as much service to me as a dyspepsia!

DEG. (*Seeing with delight a stool.*) Ah! A seat at last! (*About to sit.*)

CAL. What! Before me? (*Takes stool.* DEG. *falls to ground.*)

DEG. But I am tired!

CAL. (*Sitting.*) If you are tired, rest where you are.

DEG. (*Moaning.*) This is tyranny!

SAN. (*Aside.*) What a pair of fools! (*Aloud.*) What do you want, gentleman? Meats—cold, hot——

CAL. (*Without raising his head.*) Nothing! Get out! No, stay! (*Sees her.*) Eh! A woman? And a pretty one, too! (*Rises.*)

SAN. What will you have? (DEG. *takes the seat and falls asleep.*)

CAL. Nothing!

SAN. (*Saucily.*) Anything else?

CAL. What this tone to me—the prime-minister?

SAN. (*Almost fainting.*) The prime-minister? I am lost!

CAL. (*Gazing at her.*) No; you are not lost. You are found! (*Kisses her.*) You are not lost.

SAN. Anything else?

CAL. (*Changing his tone.*) No! That is all. Send everybody here who is in the house. I want to see them all. (*Shouting.*) *All*, you understand, or you *are* lost! (DEG. *awakes.*)

SAN. Yes, your Excellency. (*Going* L. 4. E.)

CAL. (*Aside.*) They are here, I'll wager!

DEG. (*Rising and aside.*) I see a barn yonder with straw and hay. That will suit me to a hair. (*Exit* R., *carrying the stool.*)

CAL. (*Aside.*) As for the rest, all the outlets to the place are guarded. They cannot escape me!

SAN. (*At* R. U. E. *and shouting, off.*) Here, everybody! This way! Quickly too! His Excellency is waiting.

(*Enter* STUDENTS, GRISETTES *and others.*)

ALL. (*Rushing on in disorder.*) His Excellency! Who cares? (*Seeing* CAL., *and in fear.*) Oh!

CAL. Are they all here?

SAN. Yes, your Excellency!

CAL. (*Examining them*) They are not among these.

Enter MAOLA, L. *with* MIGUEL.

MAN. The notary should be here. Come, Miguel! [*Sees* CAL.] Oh, murder! The Prince!

CAL. Eh! Who are these? Come here!

MIG. (*With a rustic air.*) Do you mean me?

MAN. (*With a rustic air.*) Do you mean me?

MIG. (*Pushing* MAN. *forward.*) No, 'tis you!

MAN. (*Same play.*) No, it's you!

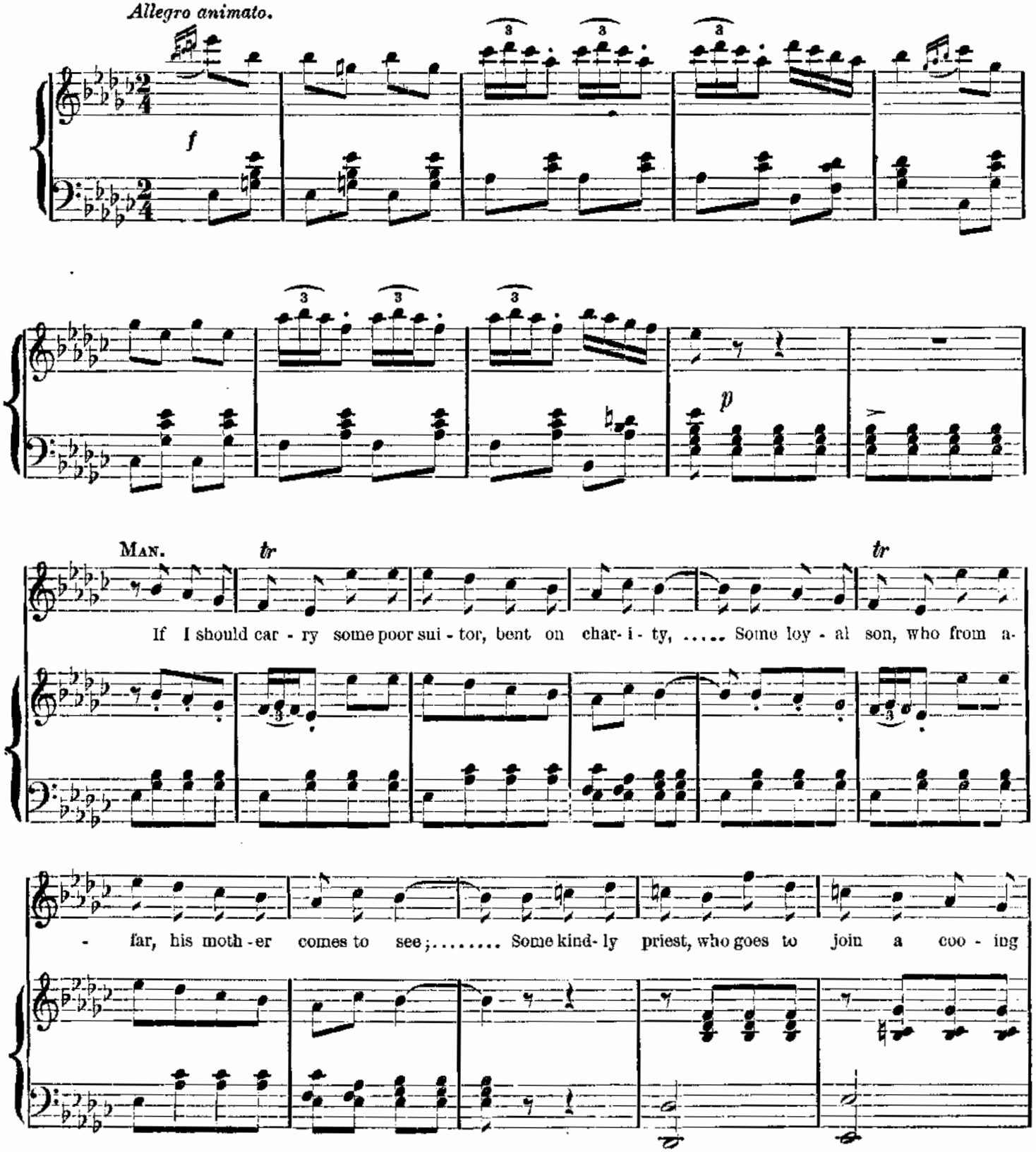
CAL. (*Impatiently.*) No; it's both of you! Who are you?

MIG. Oh, I? I am well known. I am Piquillo—Farmer Piquillo.

MAN. And I am Alonzo,—the little muleteer, Alonzo,—who knows his business thoroughly. Whoa! Get up! Go it! (*As though talking to mules.*)

MULETEER'S SONG.

No. 24.



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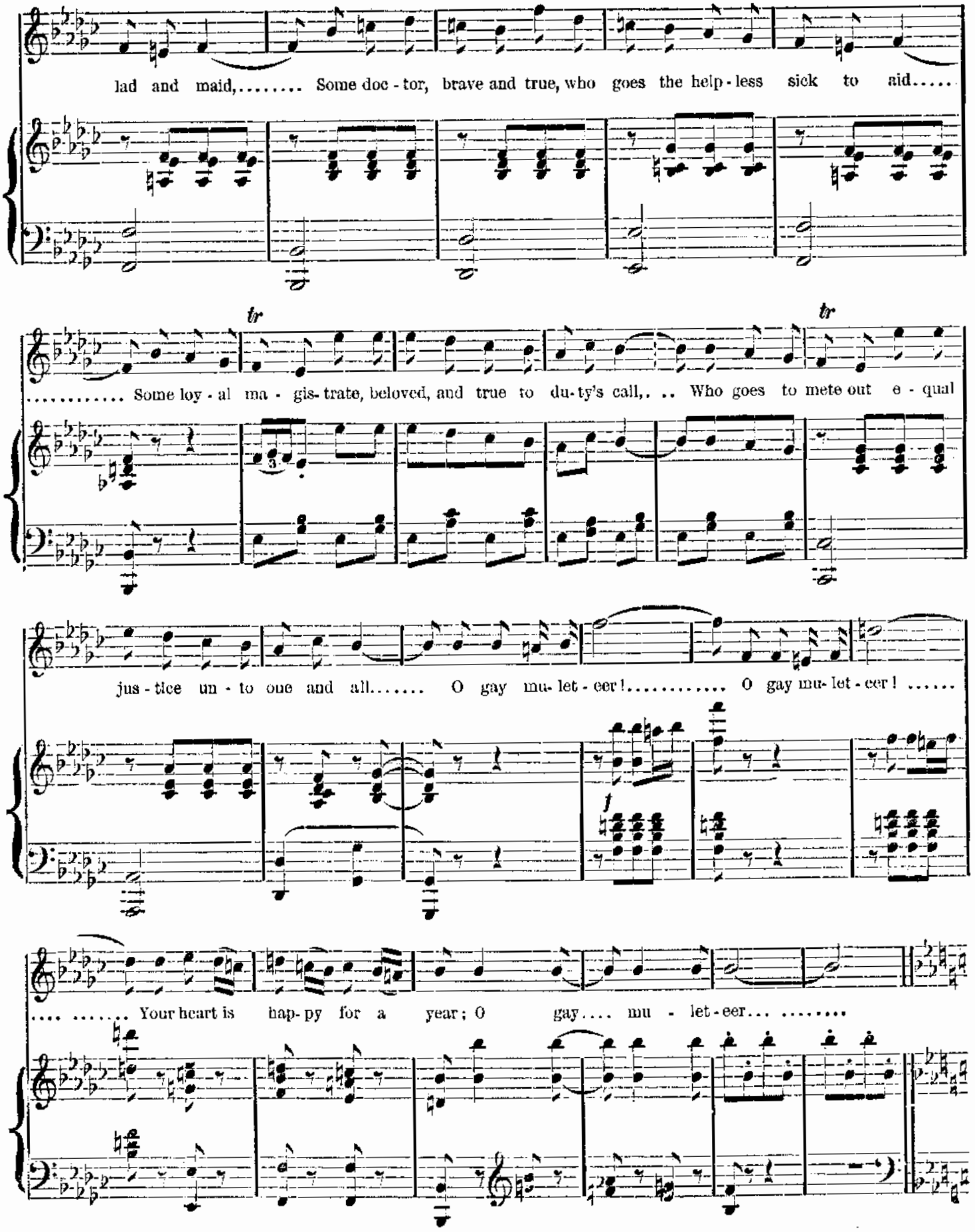
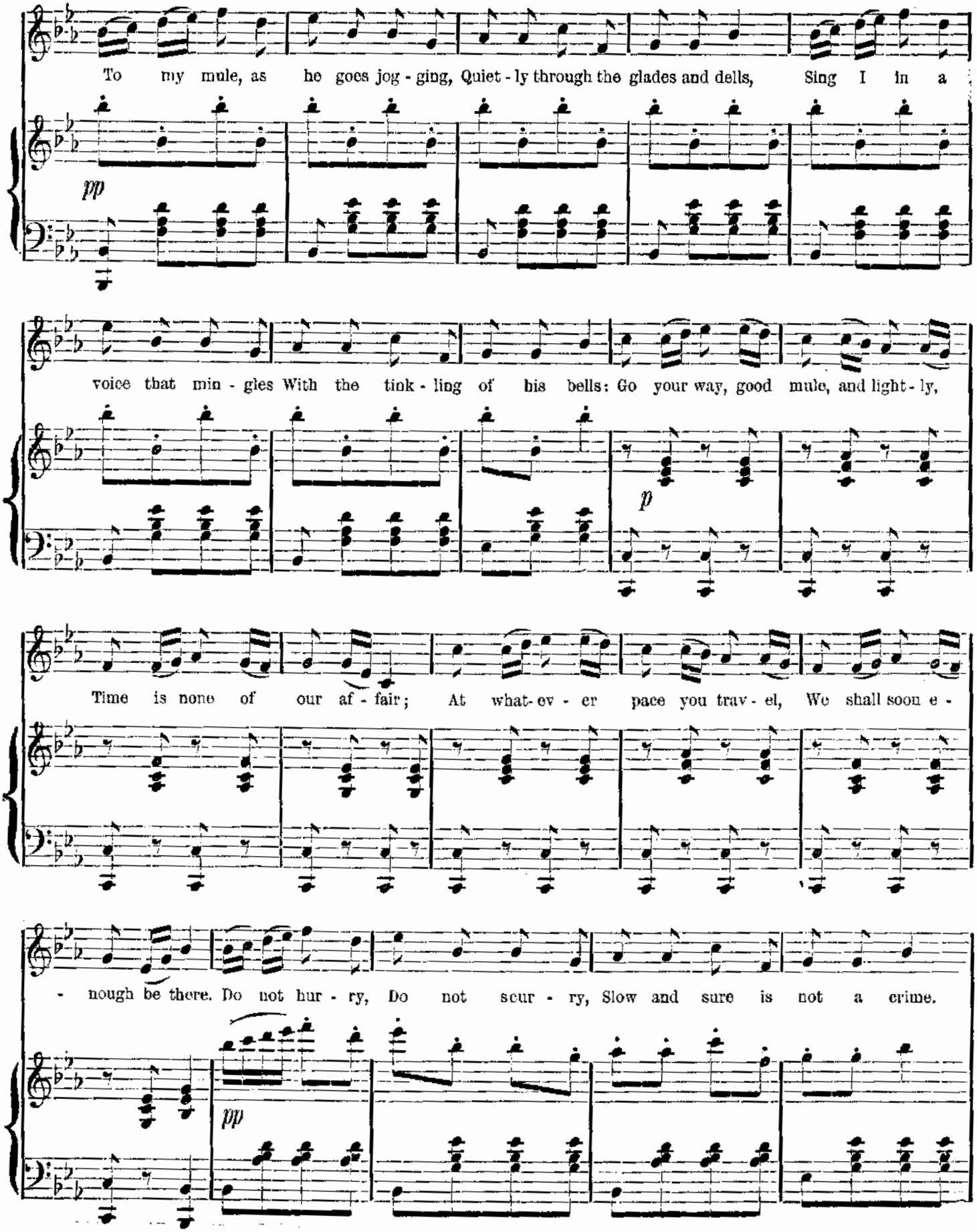
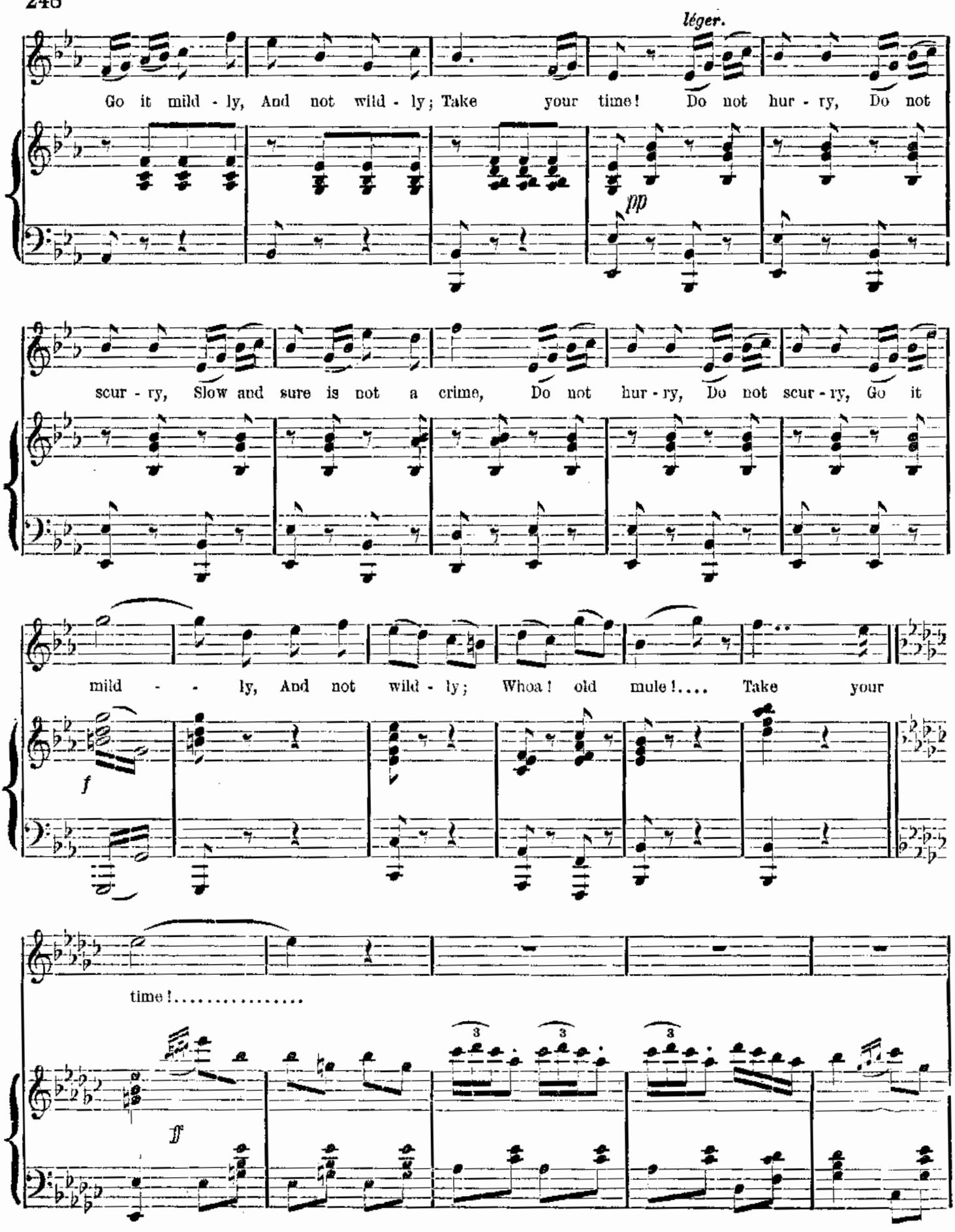
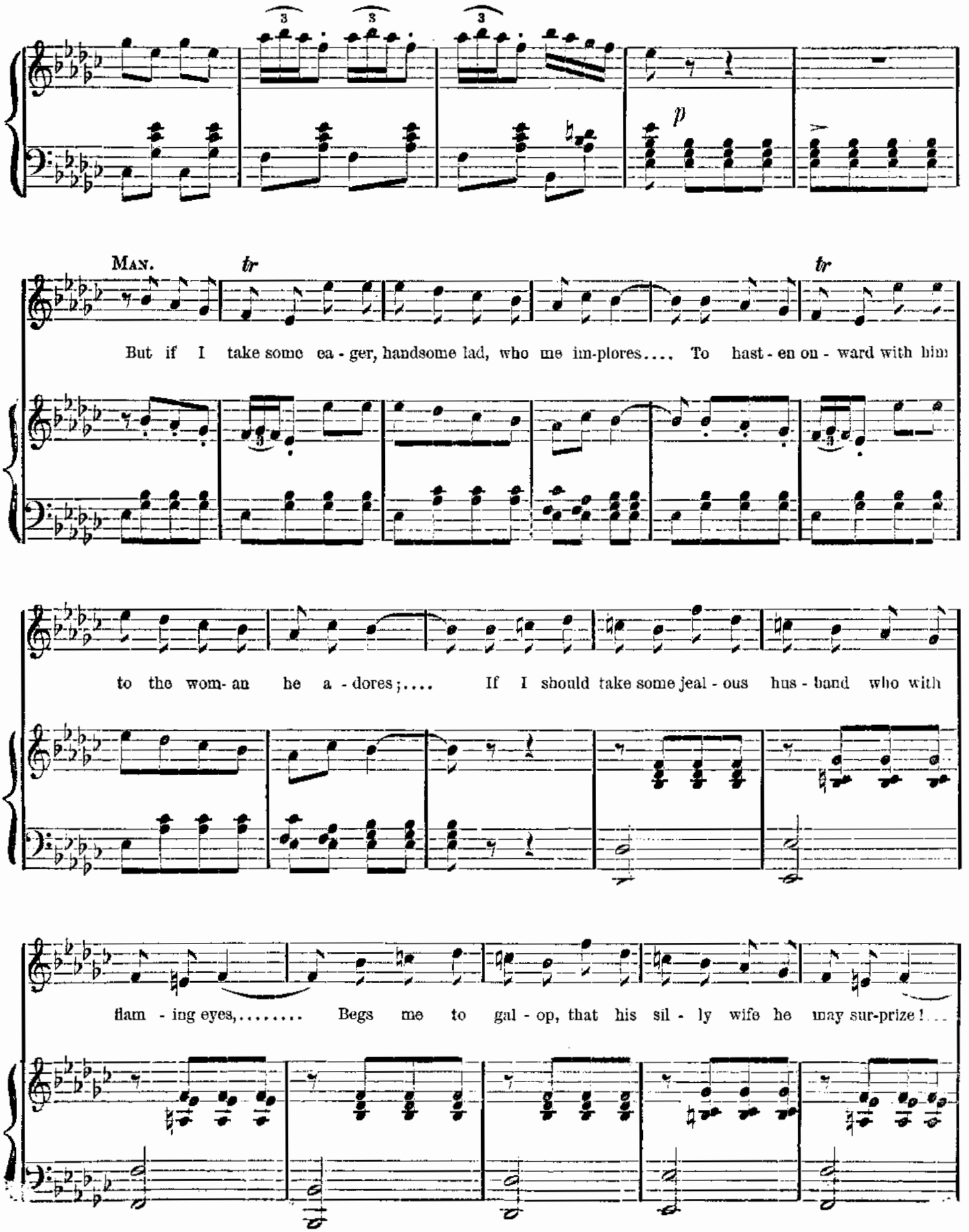
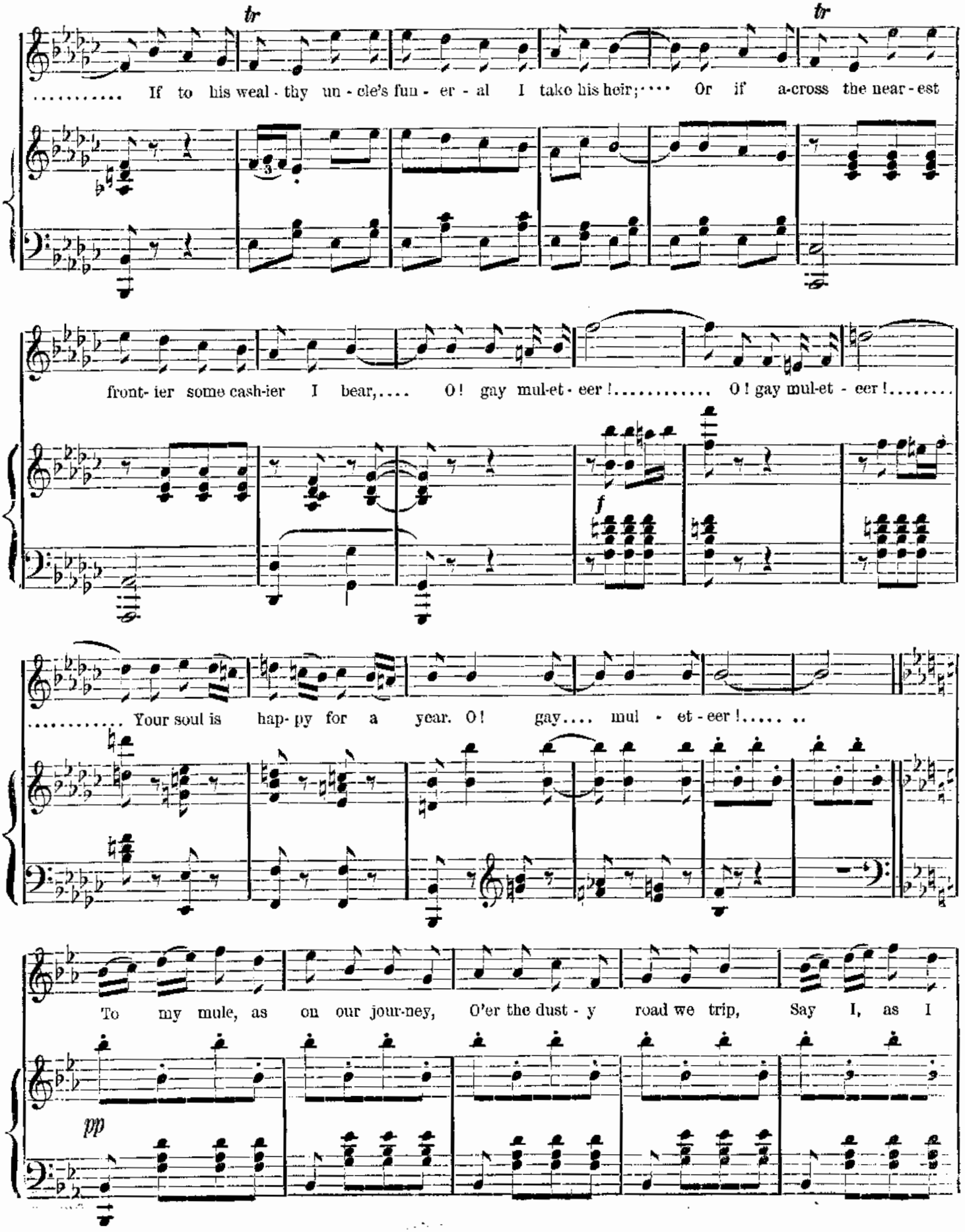
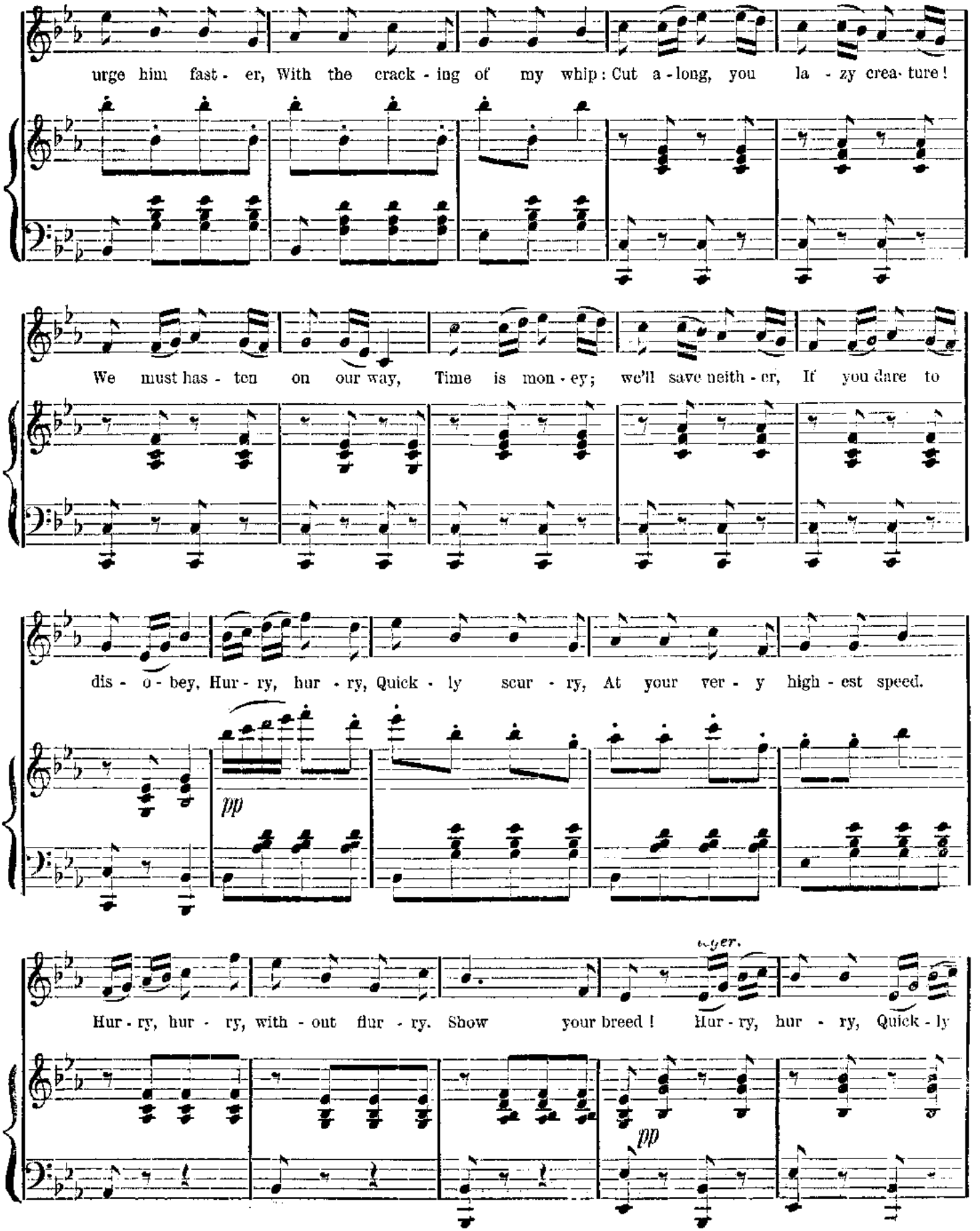

lad and maid,..... Some doc - tor, brave and true, who goes the help - less sick to aid.....
tr
tr
..... Some loy - al ma - gis- trate, beloved, and true to du- ty's call,.. .. Who goes to mete out e - qual
jus - tice un - to one and all..... O gay mu- let - eer!..... O gay mu- let - eer! .....
f
.... Your heart is hap- py for a year; O gay.... mu - let - eer... .....

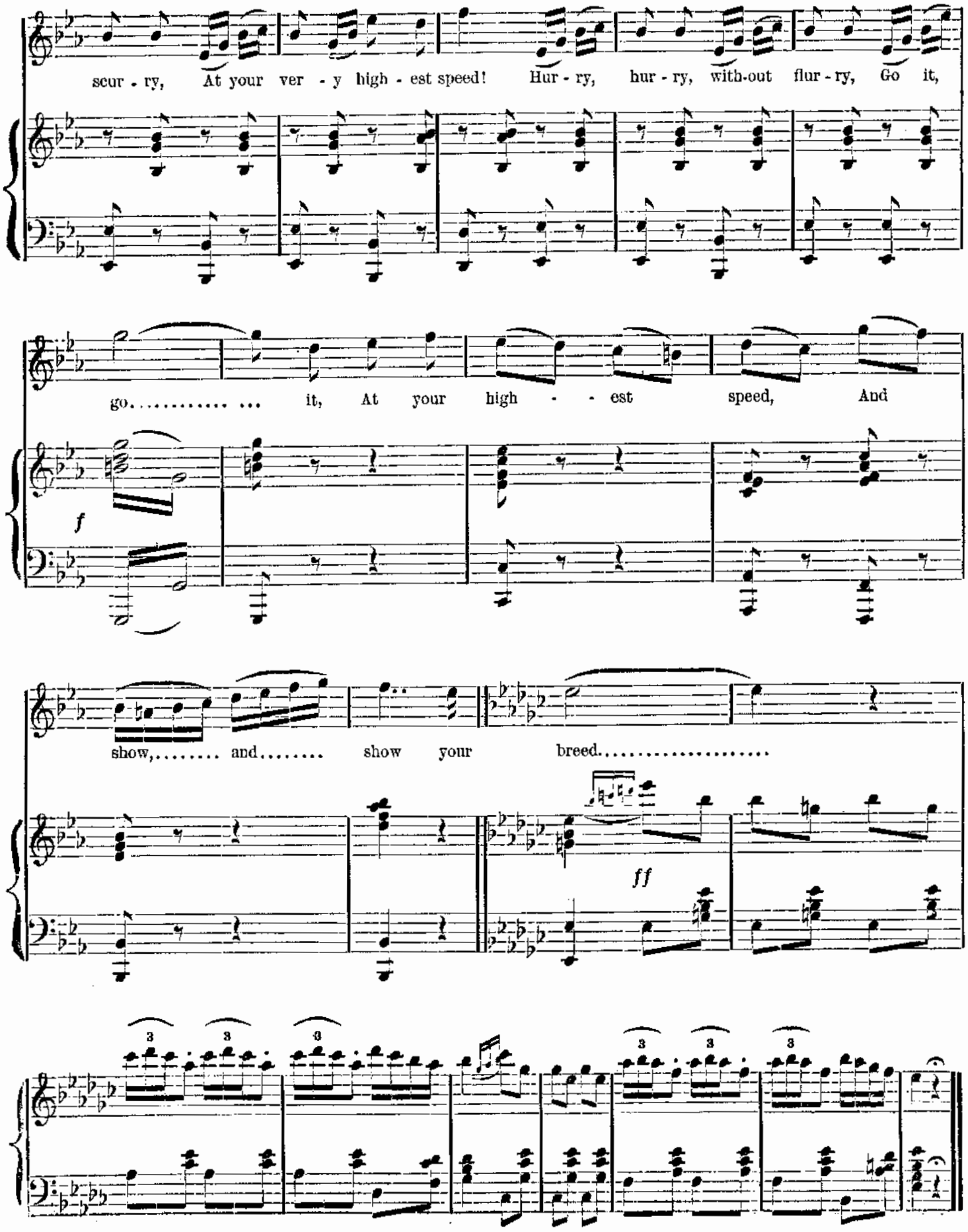

To my mule, as he goes jog - ging, Quiet - ly through the glades and dells, Sing I in a
pp
voice that min - gles With the tink - ling of his bells: Go your way, good mule, and light - ly,
p
Time is none of our af - fair; At what - ev - er pace you trav - el, We shall soon e -
- nough be there. Do not hur - ry, Do not scur - ry, Slow and sure is not a crime.
pp


léger.
Go it mild - ly, And not wild - ly; Take your time! Do not hur - ry, Do not
pp
scur - ry, Slow and sure is not a crime, Do not hur - ry, Do not scur - ry, Go it
mild - - ly, And not wild - ly; Whoa! old mule!.... Take your
f
time!.....
ff


MAN.
tr
tr
But if I take some ea - ger, handsome lad, who me im-plores.... To hast - en on - ward with him
to the wom- an he a - dores;.... If I should take some jeal - ous hus - band who with
flam - ing eyes,..... Begs me to gal - op, that his sil - ly wife he may sur-prize!...


tr
tr
..... If to his weal - thy un - cle's fun - er - al I take his heir;.... Or if a-cross the near - est
front- ier some cash-ier I bear,.... O! gay mul-et - eer!..... O! gay mul-et - eer!.....
f
..... Your soul is hap- py for a year. O! gay.... mul - et - eer!..... ..
To my mule, as on our jour-ney, O'er the dust - y road we trip, Say I, as I
pp


urge him fast - er, With the crack - ing of my whip: Cut a - long, you la - zy crea - ture!
We must has - ten on our way, Time is mon - ey; we'll save neith - er, If you dare to
dis - o - bey, Hur - ry, hur - ry, Quick - ly scur - ry, At your ver - y high - est speed.
pp
Hur - ry, hur - ry, with - out flur - ry. Show your breed! Hur - ry, hur - ry, Quick - ly
pp


scur - ry, At your ver - y high - est speed! Hur - ry, hur - ry, with-out flur - ry, Go it,
go..... ... it, At your high - - est speed, And
f
show,..... and..... show your breed.....
ff
3
3
3
3
3
3

CAL. (*Aside.*) They are not here. I am all abroad again. (*Aloud.*) Very well! Get out! That will do.

STU. & GRIS. (*With delight.*) Long live his Excellency! (*Exeunt* L.)

MAN. (*Aside to* MIG.) We are saved. Let us go at once. (*As they are going, enter* CRIS. C., *running.*)

CRIS. (*Going to* MIG. *and* MAN.) Senor and Senorita, the notary will be here in half an hour.

CAL. (*Starting.*) Eh! Senor and Senorita!

MAN. (*Aside.*) Oh! the fool!

CAL. (*To* MAN. & MIG.) One moment! Don't go! Stop, I say? (*To* CRIS.) And do you come this way! Why did you address this muleteer as Senorita.

CRIS. (*Not understanding the signs* SAN. *makes to him.*) A muleteer? Were you taken in, also? Ha, ha! You were as stupid as we were. Ho, ho!

CAL. (*Coldly.*) What does this mean?

CRIS. (*Laughing.*) Mean? Why your muleteer is a woman! Ha, ha!

MIG & MAN. Tra-la-la-la! It's all over.

CAL. A woman! So, so! Let us see. (*Goes to* MIG. *and* MAN., *and knocks off their hats and wigs.*) Ah! I have them both.

MAN. & MIG. (*Supplicating.*) Oh, your Excellency!

CAL. (*Sarcastically.*) The dear innocents. The loving pair who cooped me up in a pigeon house. I am very happy to meet you both again. (*Changing his tone.*) What ho! Alguazils! (*The alguazils appear at door,* C.) You will have the goodness to put these good people under lock and key. But not together. (*To* MAN, *pointing* R.) You, there! (*To* MIG., *pointing at back.*) You, in the cellar. So!

MIG & MAN. (*Remonstrating.*) No, no! Your Excellency! (*The alguazils push* MAN. *into room,* R., *and* MIG. *into room at back.*)

CAL. (*To alguazil, who gives him the key of the room in which* MAN. *is confined.*) This is not all. You will go at once to the chateau of Don Braseiro, and you will bring him here, dead or alive. Alive, if possible; dead, any way! Go! (*The alguazils bow, and exeunt* C.) Good! (*To* SAN. *and* CRIS.) As for you, tremble! Go! Good night! Get out! (SAN. & CRIS. *exeunt, terified.*)

CAL. What joy! I triumph at last. Poor Braseiro! I can hardly contain myself till he comes. That is the only blight on my happiness.

(*Enter* BRAS., L. I. E., *and* BEA.)

BRAS. Come, my darling, our horses should be ready.

CAL. (*Astounded.*) Eh! Braseiro!

BRAS. His Excellency.

BEA. (*Aside, with fear.*) The Prince! (*Exit,* L. I. E., *hastily.*)

CAL. You here? (*Aside.*) Running after his wife. (*Aloud.*) Oh, my poor friend! I am grieved to see you here.

BRAS. Ah, if you but knew what has happened to me.

CAL. I know it, I know it—poor devil!

BRAS. You know it? Alas! Is it not provoking?

CAL. I should say so. (*Aside.*) He calls it provoking! (*Aloud.*) Believe me, that I sympathize with you.

BRAS. If I only arrive in time, I shall be satisfied.

CAL. Nonsense! Since the evil is done——

BRAS. You think the evil is done? Do you believe it impossible to prevent the attack? The Spanish general agreed not to attack——

CAL. Donkey! Mule! I speak of your wife, who fled with her lover, last evening.

BRAS. (*Dumbfounded.*) Fled! My wife!

CAL. If it had not been for me, she would have escaped.

BRAS. Excuse me! You have just called me donkey, and mule. I cannot permit myself to return these wounding epithets to you; but will you authorize me to tell you, that you are in a condition of mental topsy-turviness, so to speak?

CAL. (*Wounded.*) What is this all about?

BRAS. My wife has not quitted me for a moment. She is with me here.

CAL. Really! (*Taking him by the shoulders.*) Will you permit me to show her and her lover to you?

BRAS. Of course, I'll permit you. (*Taking him by the shoulders.*) If you can do that, I'll proclaim you the conjurer of conjurers.

CAL. (*Same play.*) Very well, then; you shall proclaim me the conjurer of conjurers. Take this key. (*Points* R.) Open that door yourself.

BRAS. (*Hesitating.*) It is a farce. Admit it at once.

CAL. Open! (BRAS. *opens the door;* MAN. *enters.*)

BRAS. Eh! My wife in a muleteer's attire.

CAL. (*Bringing on* MIG *from back.*) And here is the other.

BRAS. Miguel!

MAN. & MIG. Pardon, pardon!

CAL. What have you to say now of mental topsy-turviness?

BRAS. But it is impossible, unless I have dreamed. We shall see. (*Runs* L., *opens door and brings in* BEA. *whose veil falls off.*) Ah! The lady's maid!

ALL. Oh!

CAL. Have they fooled you enough? Do you think this fellow should go to jail?

BRAS. (*Sadly.*) Yes!

CAL. And the women to a convent?

BRAS. Yes!

CAL. Of course, you do! I'll go and wake up that snoring old Degomez, who shall conduct them thither. Poor Braseiro! (*Going.*) What a comfort it is to serve a friend! (*Exit.*)

No. 25. QUARTETTE AND COUPLETS.

Moderato.

MANOLA. (*spoken,*)

Yes!

BEATRIX.

Yes!

MIGUEL.

Yes!

BRASEIRO.

It surely can-not be that 'twas on - ly she! Now, do not say to me, that 'twas on - ly

sfz *p*

Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

Yes! Yes, yes, yes! (*spoken.*)

she! Was it she, then, that kept me com - pa - ny? What!

f

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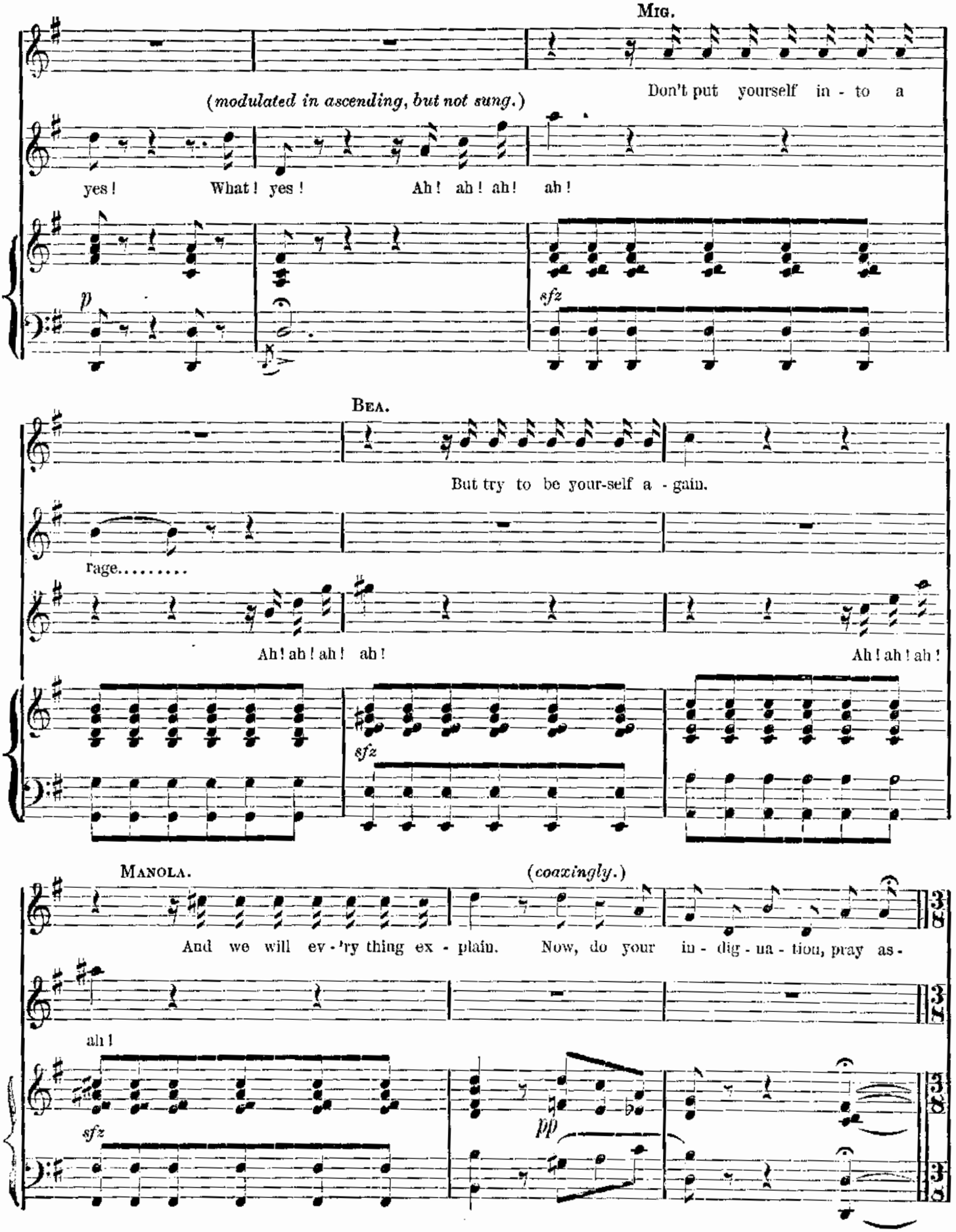
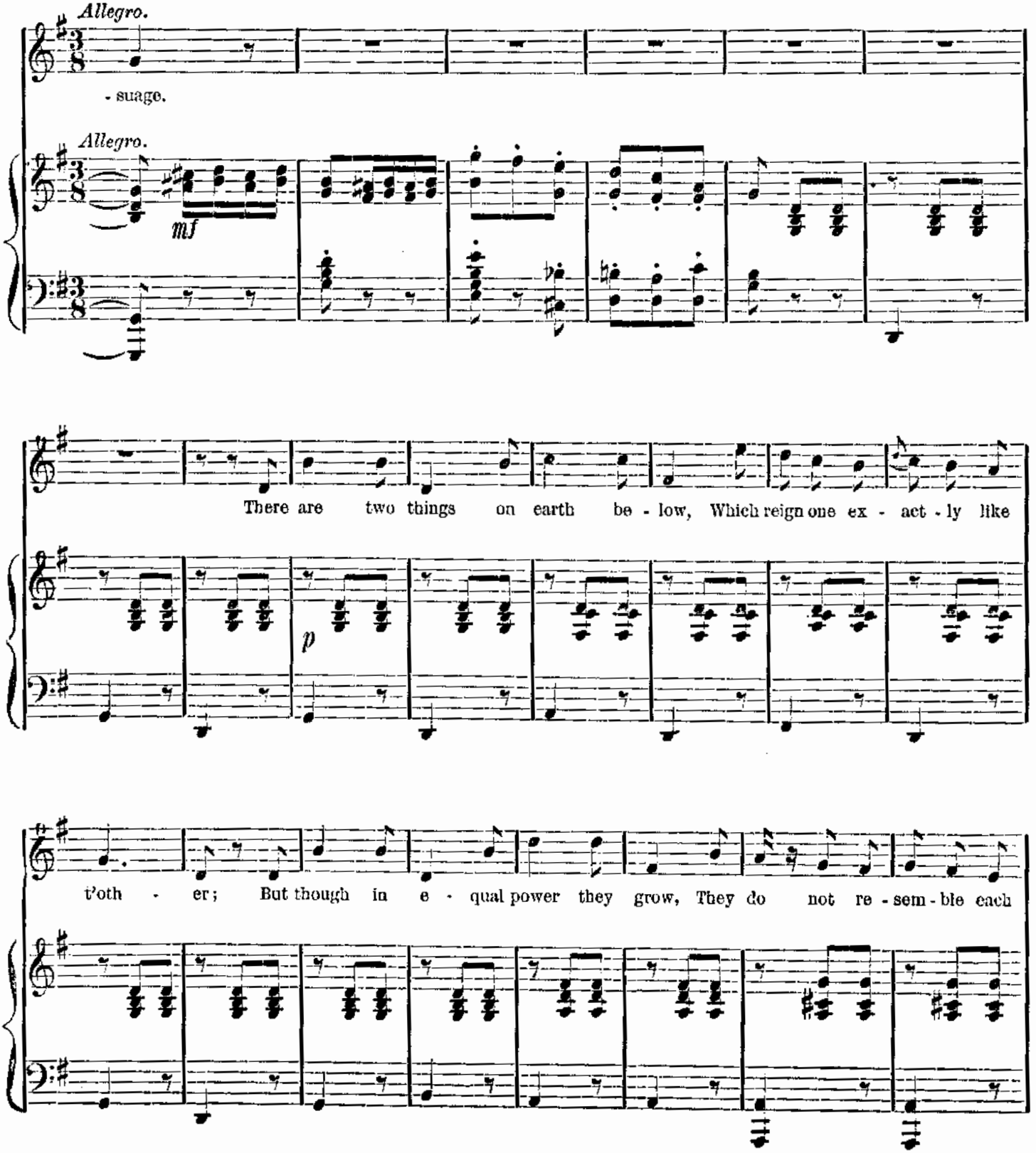

Mrs.
(modulated in ascending, but not sung.)
Don't put yourself in - to a
yes! What! yes! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
p
sfz
Bea.
But try to be your-self a - gain.
rage.....
Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah!
sfz
Manola.
(coaxingly.)
And we will ev - 'ry thing ex - plain. Now, do your in - dig - na - tion, pray as -
ah!
sfz
pp

THE DAY AND THE NIGHT.

COUPLETS.



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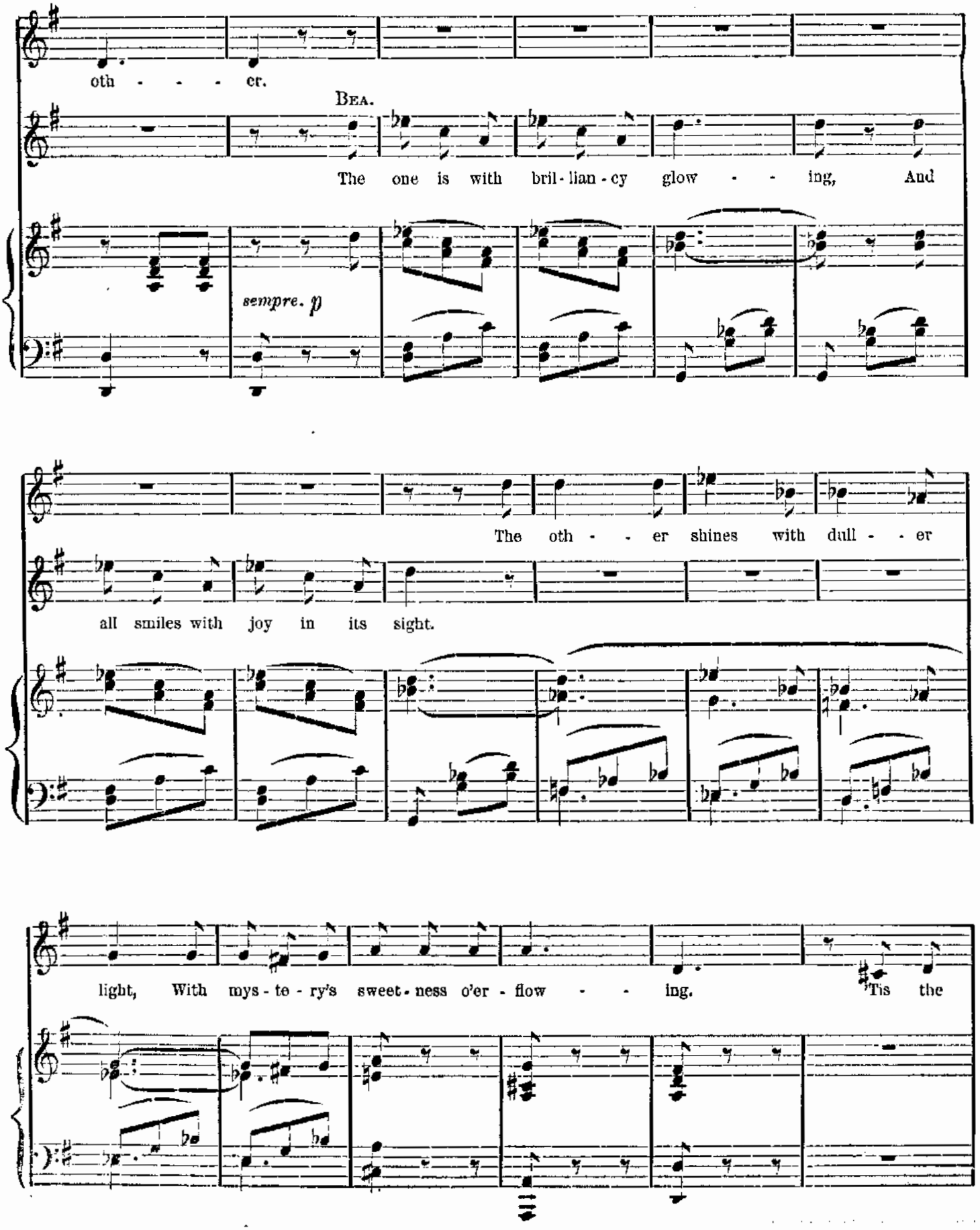
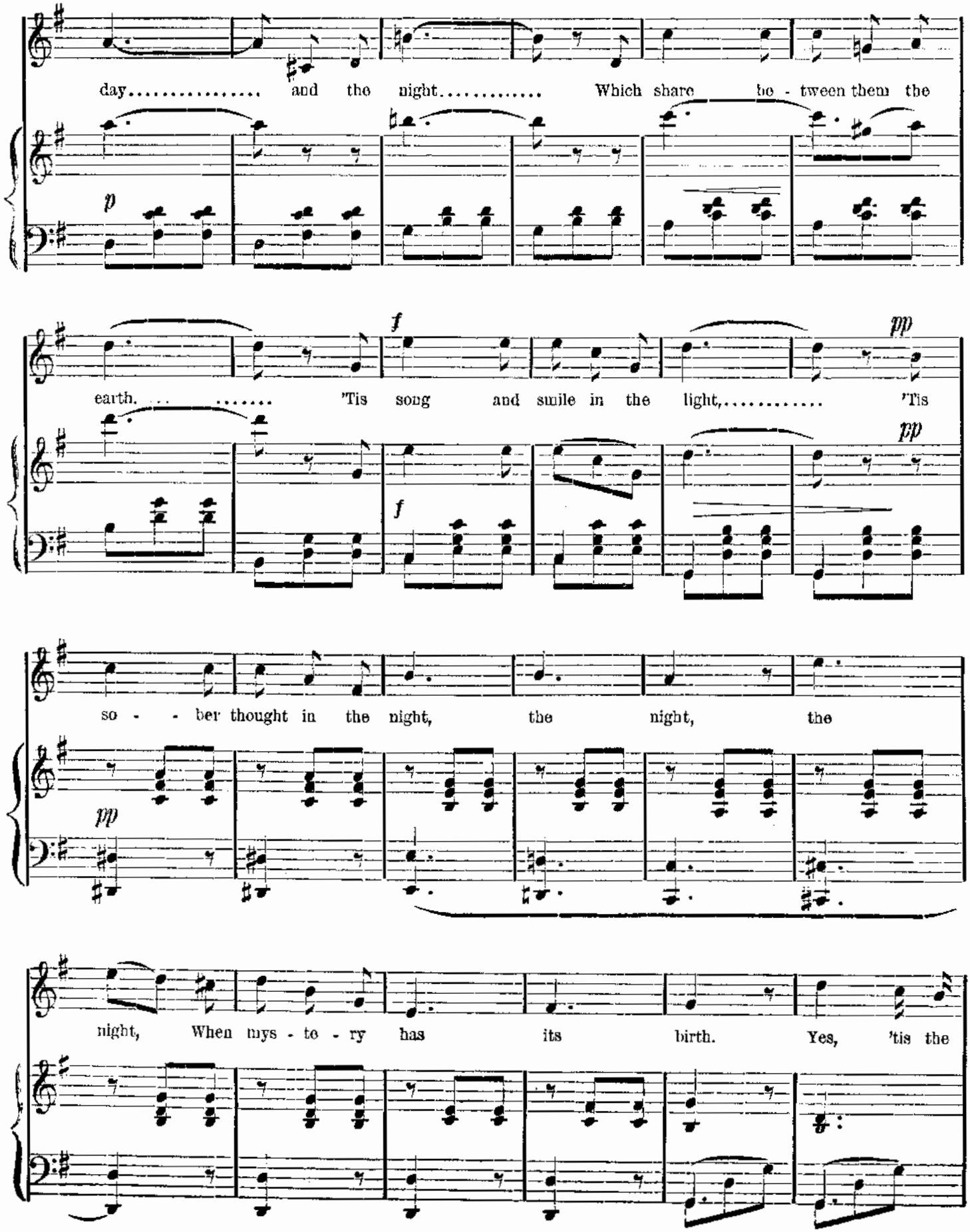
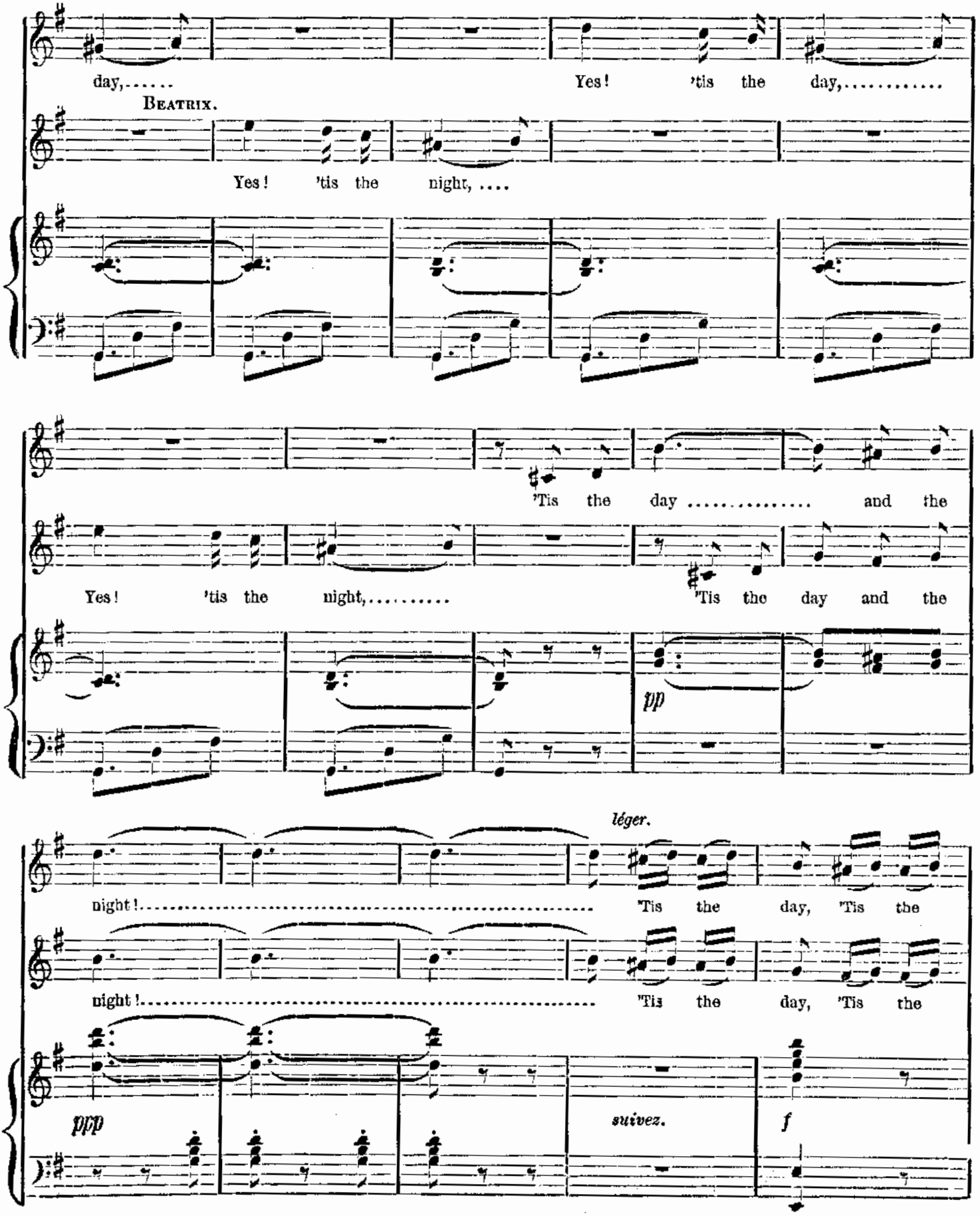
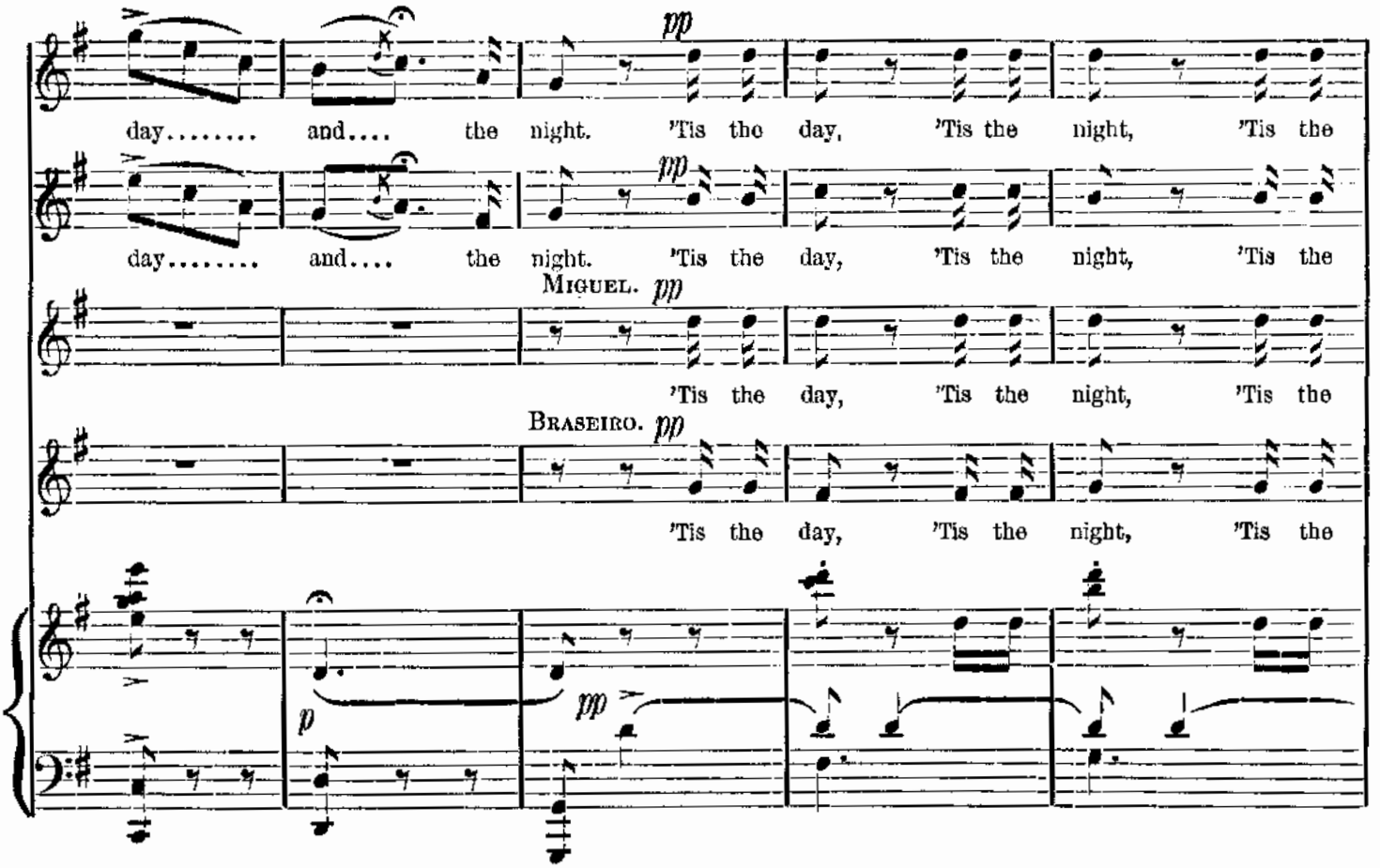
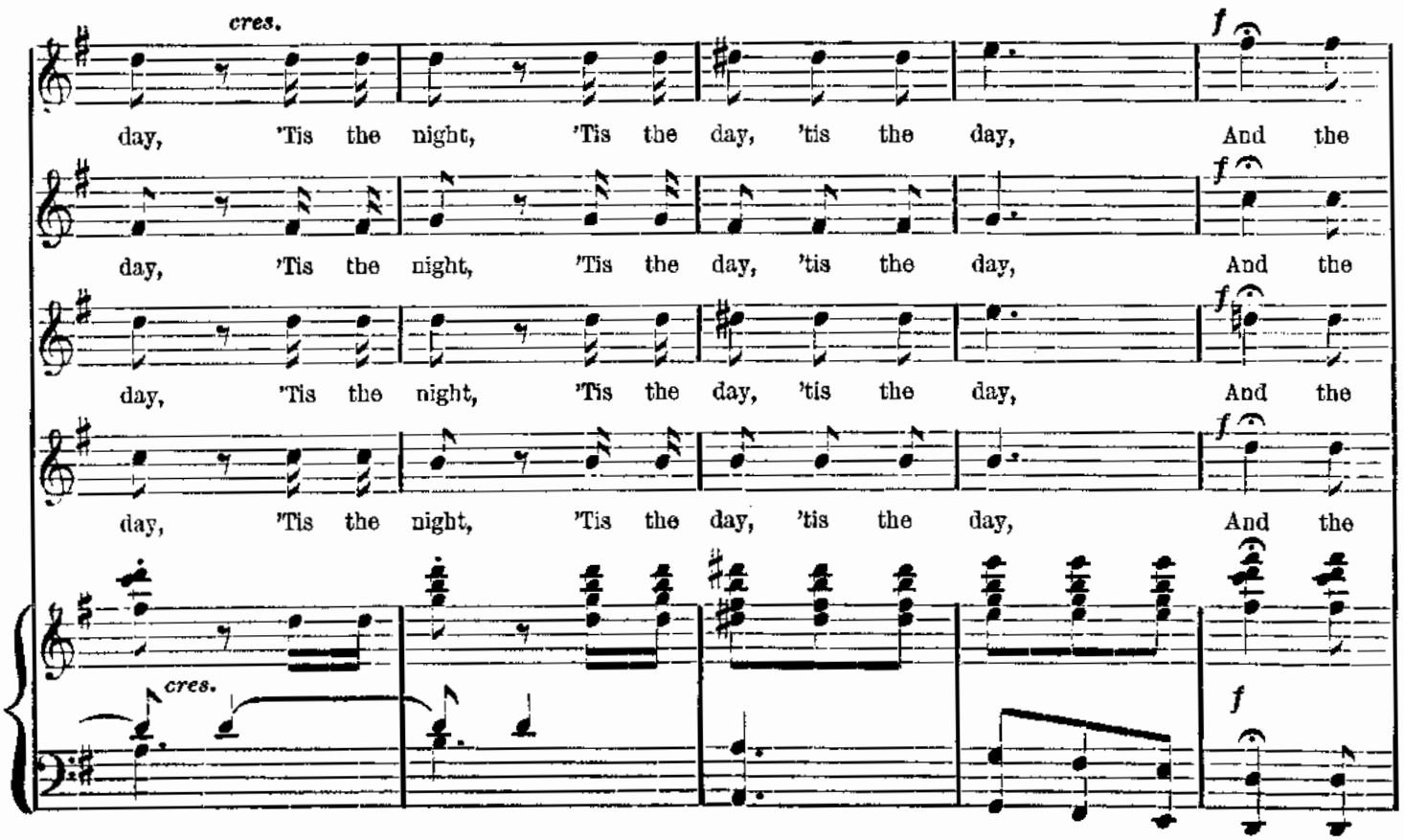
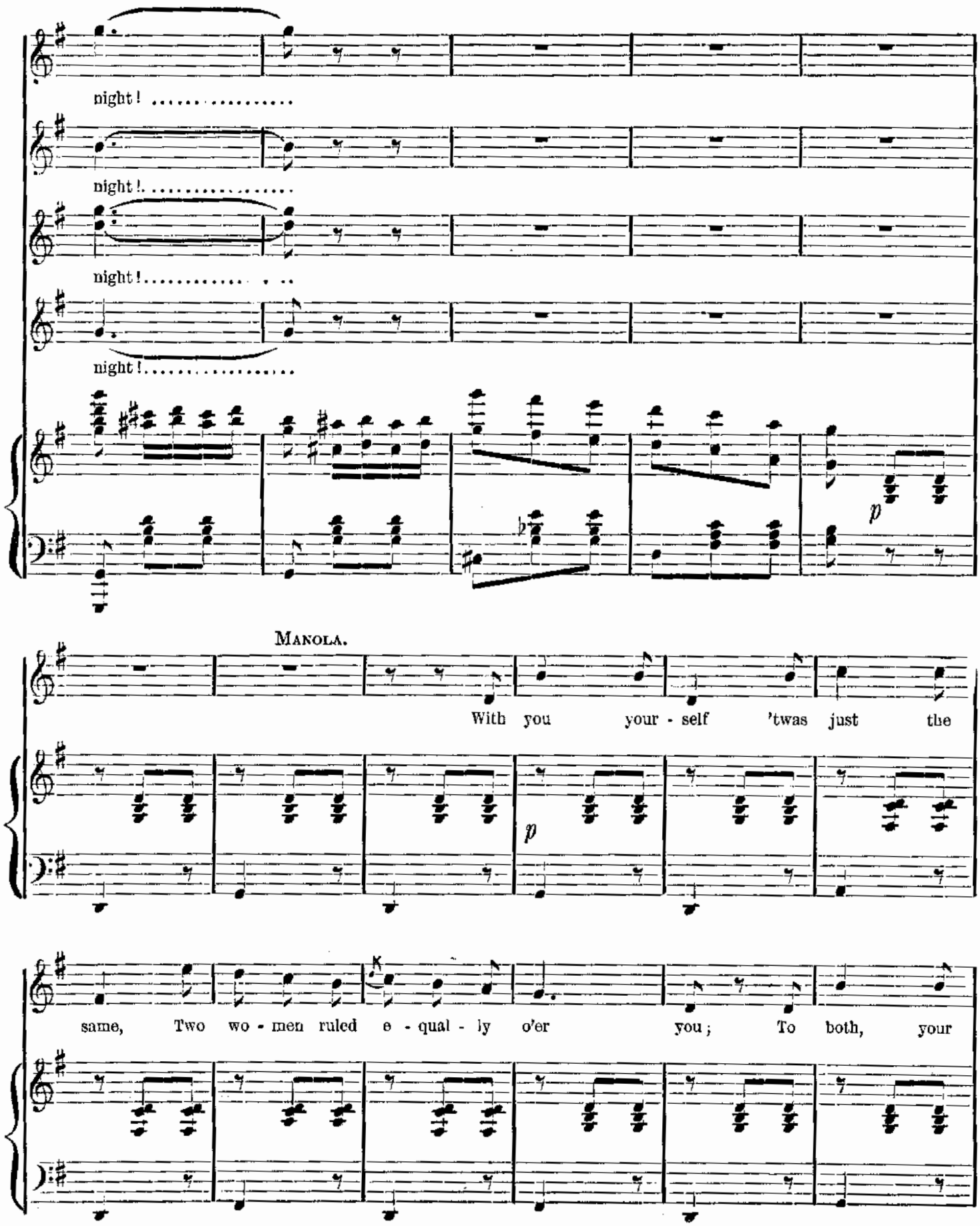

oth - - - er.
BEA.
The one is with bril - lian - cy glow - - ing, And
sempre. p
The oth - - er shines with dull - - er
all smiles with joy in its sight.
light, With mys - te - ry's sweet - ness o'er - flow - - ing. 'Tis the

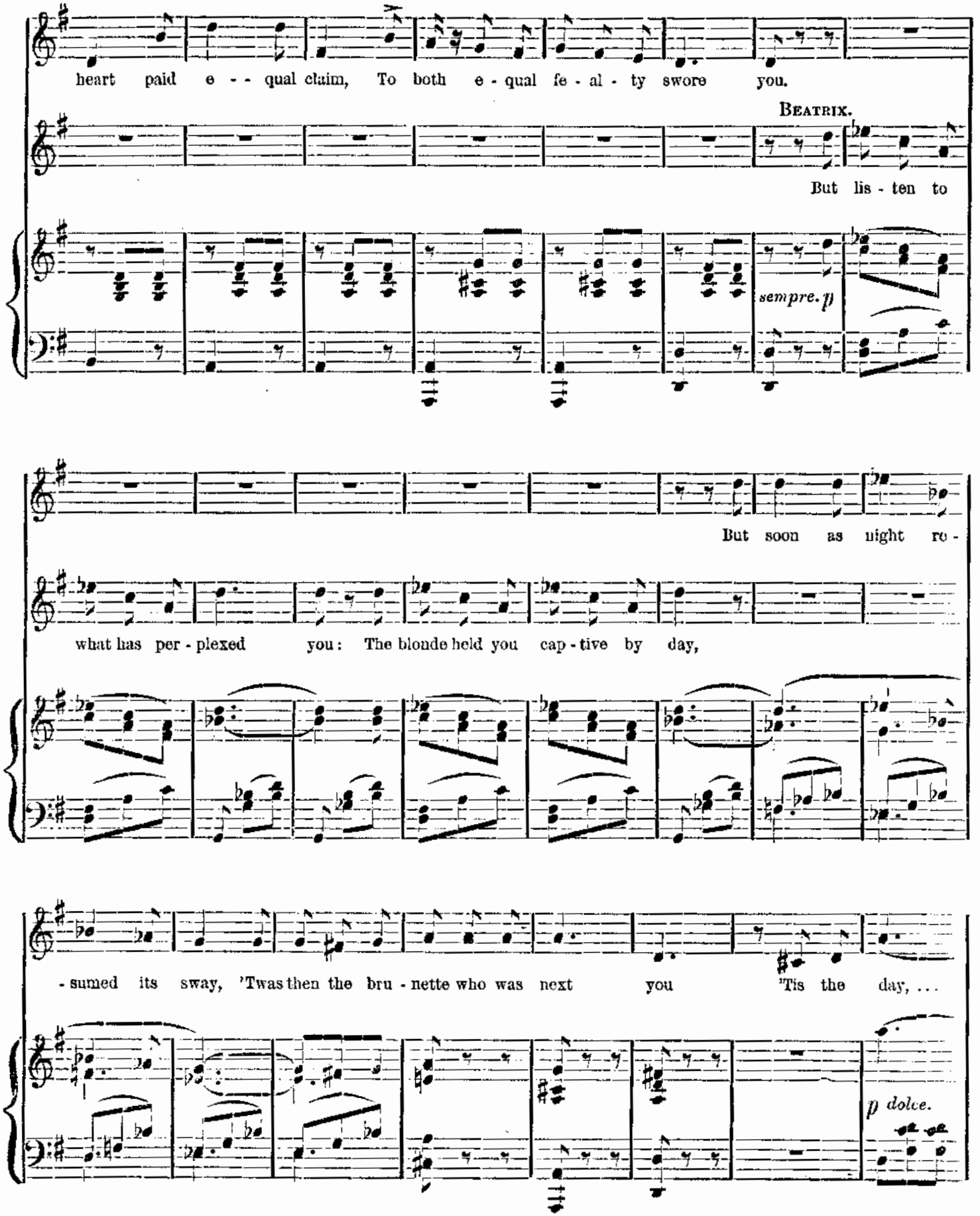

day..... and the night..... Which share be - tween them the
p
earth. ..... 'Tis song and smile in the light,..... 'Tis
f
pp
f
pp
so - - ber thought in the night, the night, the
pp
night, When mys - te - ry has its birth. Yes, 'tis the

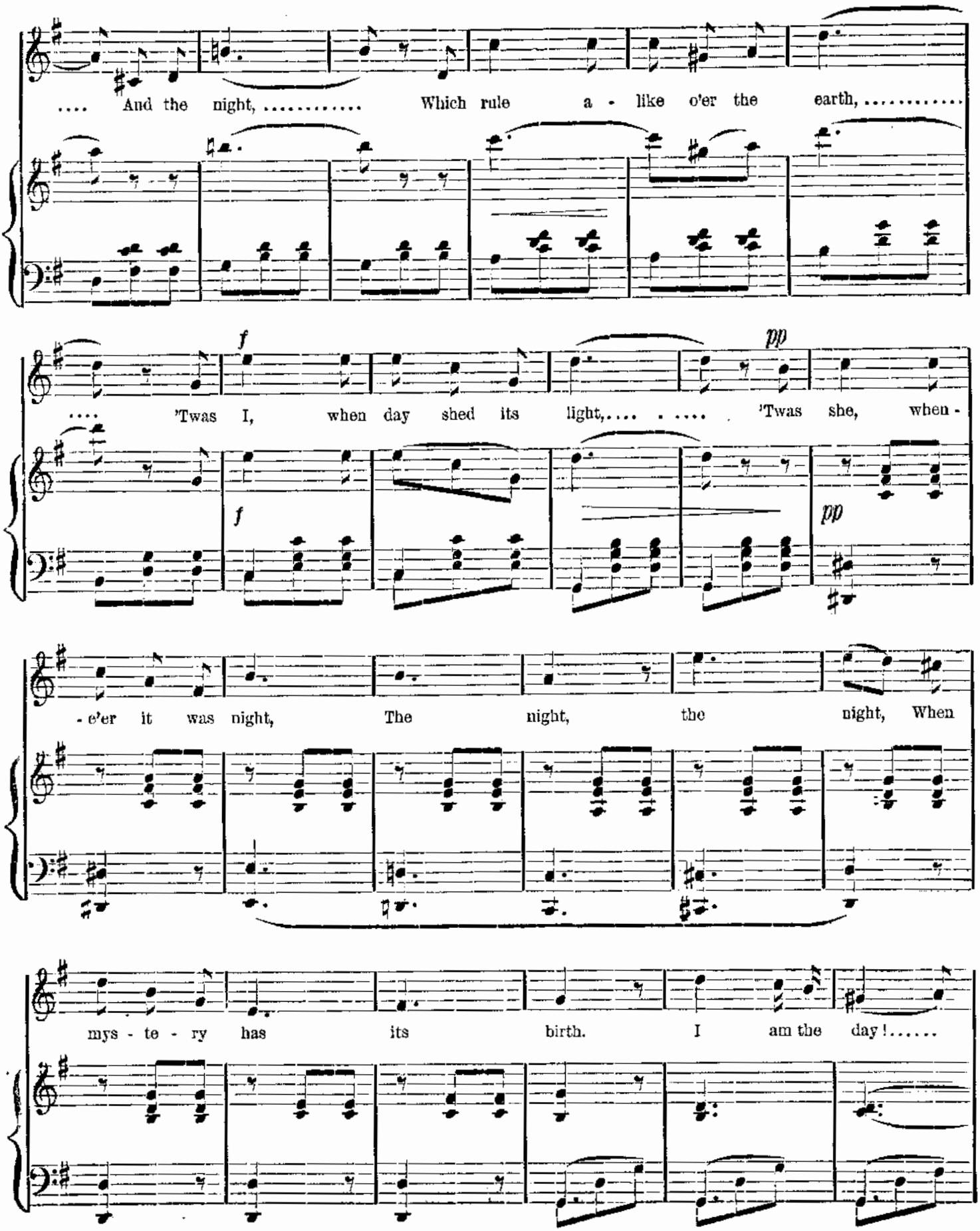

day,.....
Yes! 'tis the day,.....
BEATRIX.
Yes! 'tis the night, ...
'Tis the day ..... and the
Yes! 'tis the night,.....
'Tis the day and the
pp
léger.
night!..... 'Tis the day, 'Tis the
night!..... 'Tis the day, 'Tis the
ppp
suivez.
f

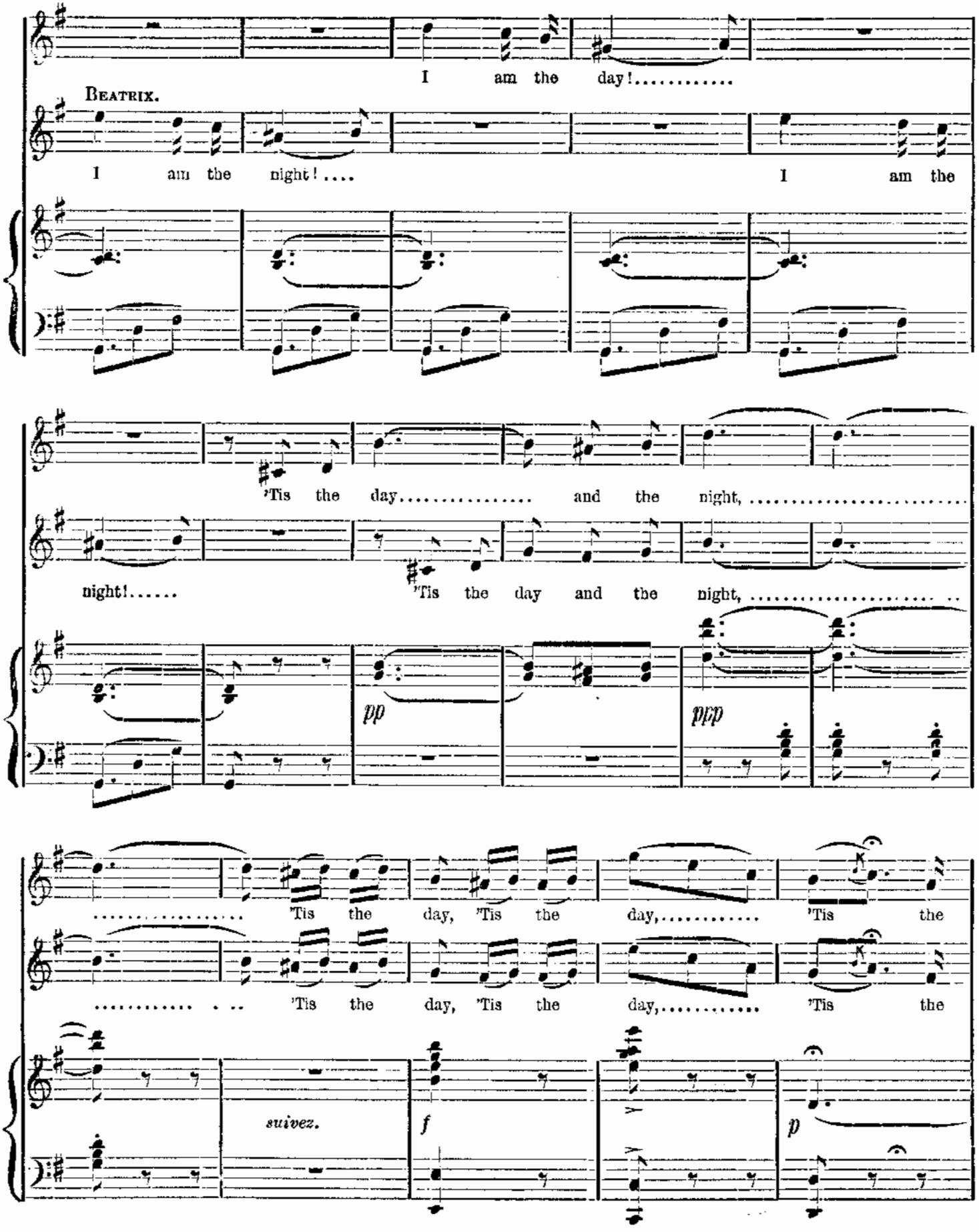

day..... and.... the night. 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the
day..... and.... the night. 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the
Miguel.
'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the
Braseiro.
'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the

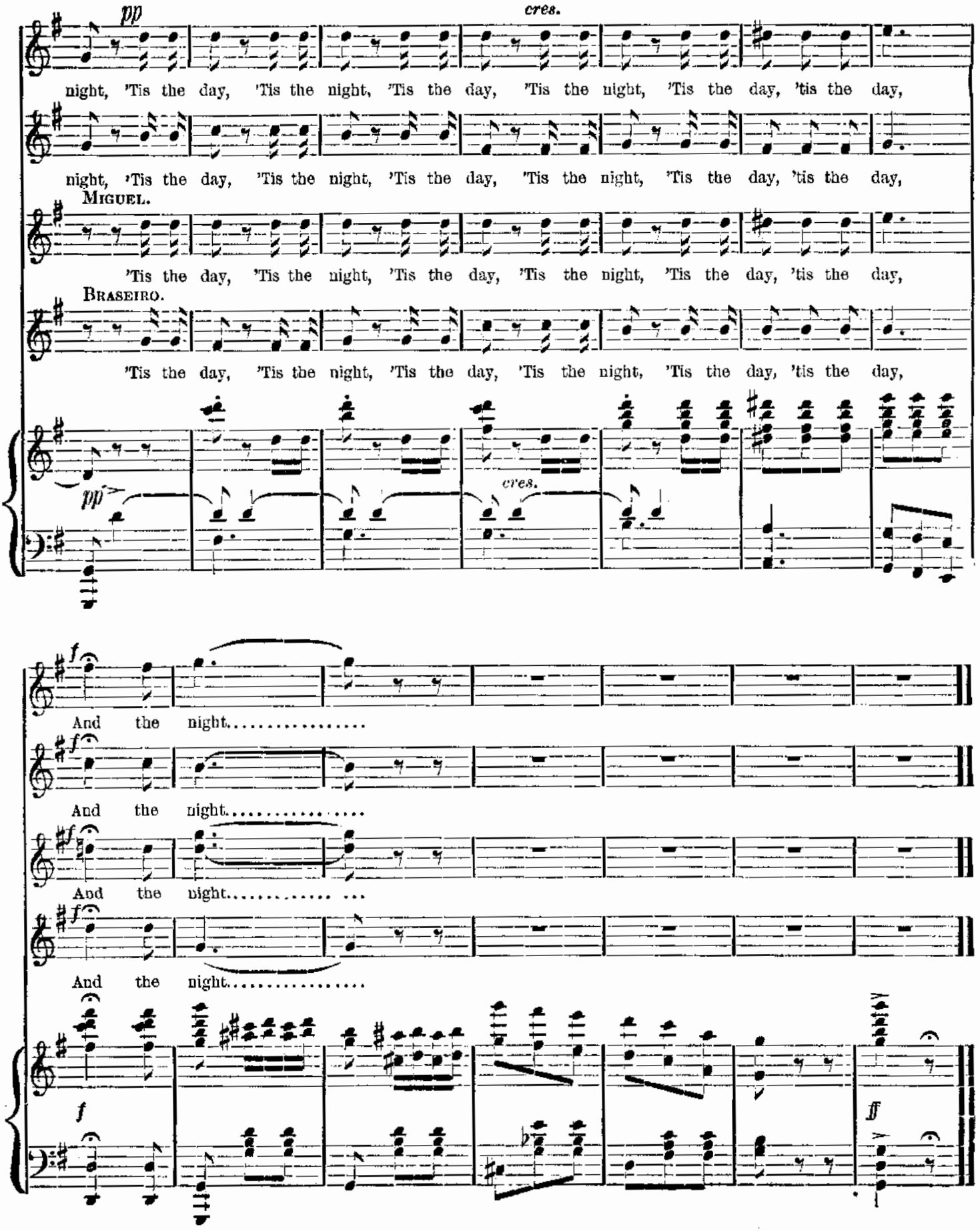

cres.
day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day, And the
day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day, And the
day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day, And the
day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day, And the
cres.


night!
night!
night!
night!
p
MANOLA.
With you your - self 'twas just the
p
same, Two wo - men ruled e - qual - ly o'er you; To both, your


heart paid e - - qual claim, To both e - qual fe - al - ty swore you.
BEATRIX.
But lis - ten to
sempre. p
But soon as night re -
what has per - plexed you: The blonde held you cap - tive by day,
- sumed its sway, 'Twas then the bru - nette who was next you 'Tis the day, . . .
p dolce.


.... And the night, ... Which rule a - like o'er the earth, ...
f
pp
.... 'Twas I, when day shed its light,.... ..... 'Twas she, when -
f
pp
- e'er it was night, The night, the night, When
mys - te - ry has its birth. I am the day!.....


I am the day!.....
BEATRIX.
I am the night!....
I am the
'Tis the day..... and the night, ...
night!.....
'Tis the day and the night, ...
pp
pcp
..... 'Tis the day, 'Tis the day,..... 'Tis the
.... 'Tis the day, 'Tis the day,..... 'Tis the
suivez.
f
p


pp
cres.
night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day,
night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day,
Miguel.
'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day,
Braseiro.
'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'Tis the night, 'Tis the day, 'tis the day,
pp
cres.
f
And the night.....
And the night.....
And the night.....
And the night.....
f
ff

BRAS. What does it all mean?

MAN. It means that you have only one real wife. She whom you do not see in the dark.

BEA. And here she is.

MAN. I am only a false baroness, who took her name and title to escape the Prince. I am the wife that you did see in the light—that is, no wife at all.

MIG. And my affianced bride, if you please.

BRA. I see it all now, and it was this blockhead, Calabazas, who has put us all to this wild goose-chase. (*to* BEATRIX.) But is there no mistake this time? Are you really my wife?

BEA. I am she! Do you regret it?

BRAS. No! no! You have reconciled me to brunettes. (*kneels at her feet and kisses her hand.*)

Enter CALABAZAS *and* DEGOMEZ.

CALA. (*dragging* DEGOMEZ, *whose hair and shoulders are covered with straw.*) Come, come, Degomez. (*sees* BRASEIRO.) What! At the feet of the lady's maid?

DEGO. The lady's maid! Why, that is his wife, selected by me! (*to* BEATRIX.) I hope you have slept well!

CALA. His wife! Then who is the other?

MAN. (*supplicating.*) Oh, sir, forgive us! But we love each other so much.

CALA. (*furious.*) Ah! Tricks! Vengeance! Blood! Revenge. I am Prime Minister, and — (*noise outside.*) What is that noise?

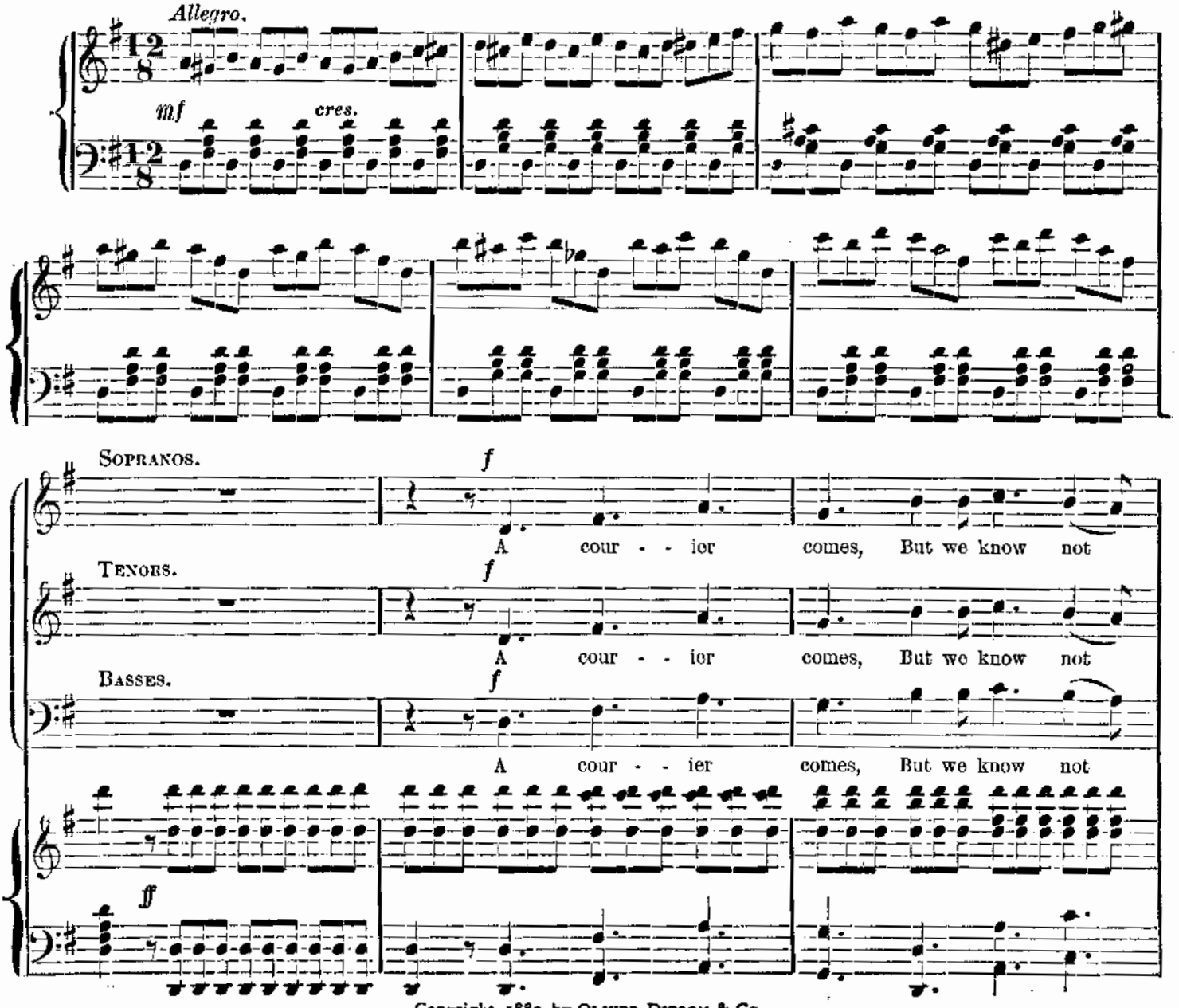
Enter SANCHETTE *runing.*

SANC. A courier for his Excellency!

Enter everybody, followed by a Courier, who gives a letter to CALABAZAS.

A COURIER COMES.

CHORUS AND FINALE.



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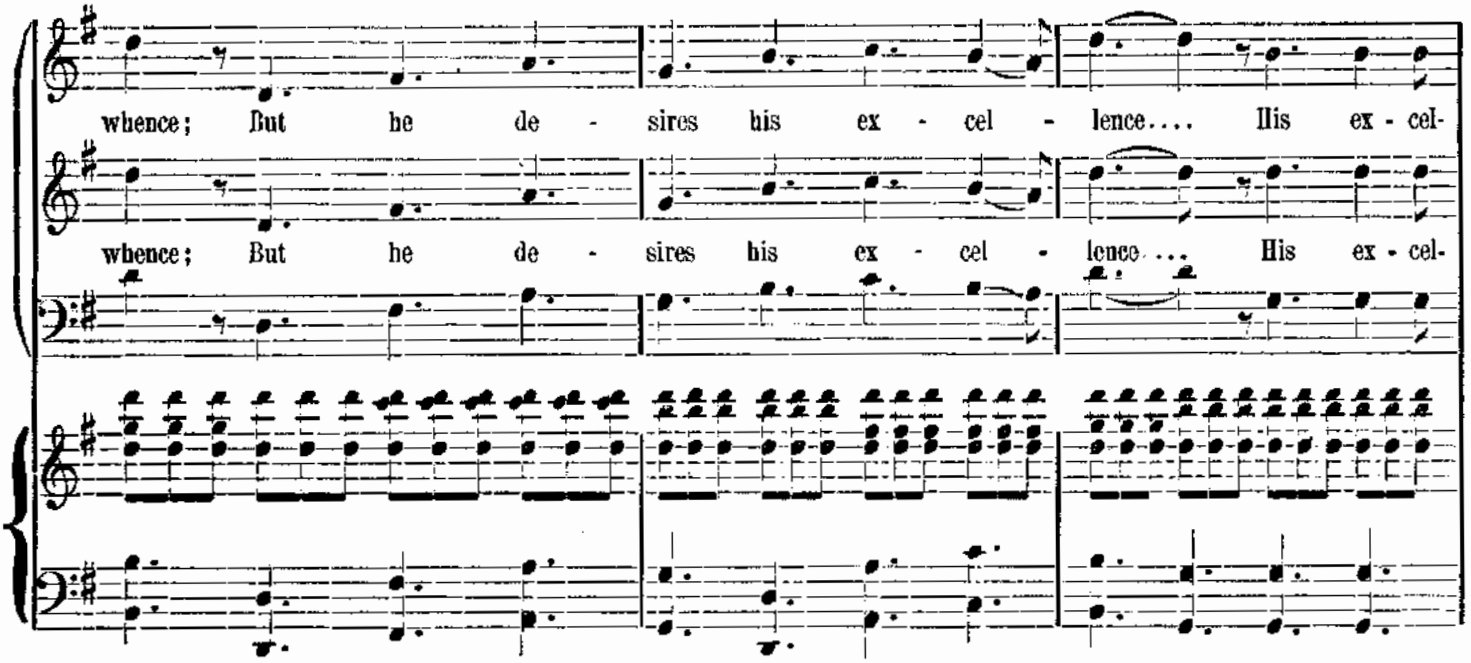
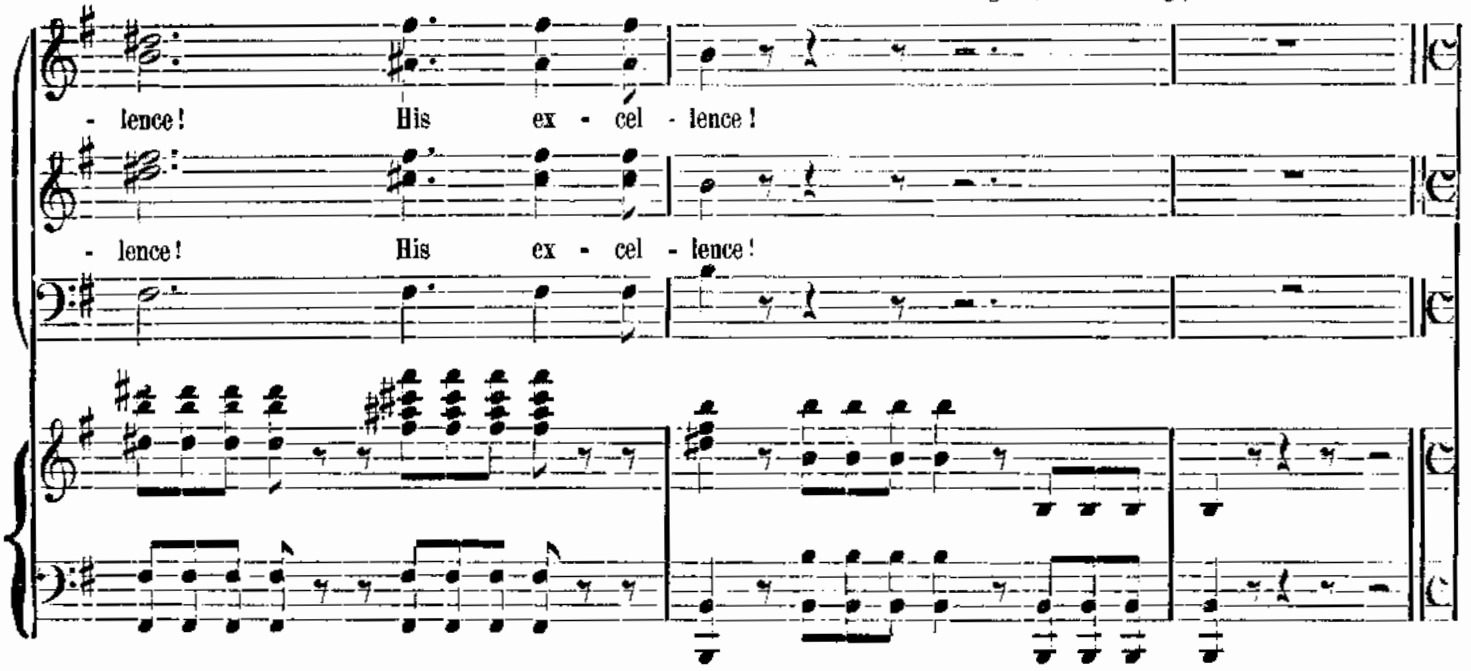
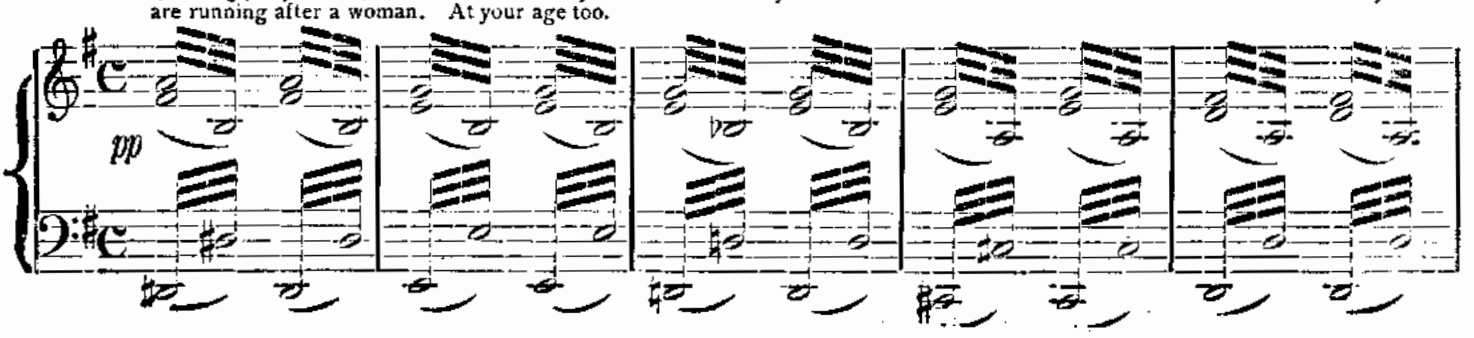


A courier enters, and gives a letter to Calabazas, who opens it.

CAL. (*Aside.*) A letter from the King! (*Aloud, and uncovering.*)
A letter from the King! (*All uncovering.*)



CAL. (*Reading.*) My friend, what has become of you? For a week you have not attended the council chamber. I understand you are running after a woman. At your age too.



You are discharged. I the King."

OMNES. Ah!

BRAS. (*With joy.*) Kicked out!

ppp

MAN. My dear Miguel!

MIG. My dear Manola! (*they embrace.*)

pp

BRAS. My wife.

BEAT. My husband! (*they embrace.*)

CAL. (*Embraces Sanchette.*) Bah, I'll console myself.

The Portuguese are always gay.

1o *Tempo.*

SOPS.

f

Yes, Por - tu - guese are

TENORS.

f

Yes, Por - tu - guese are

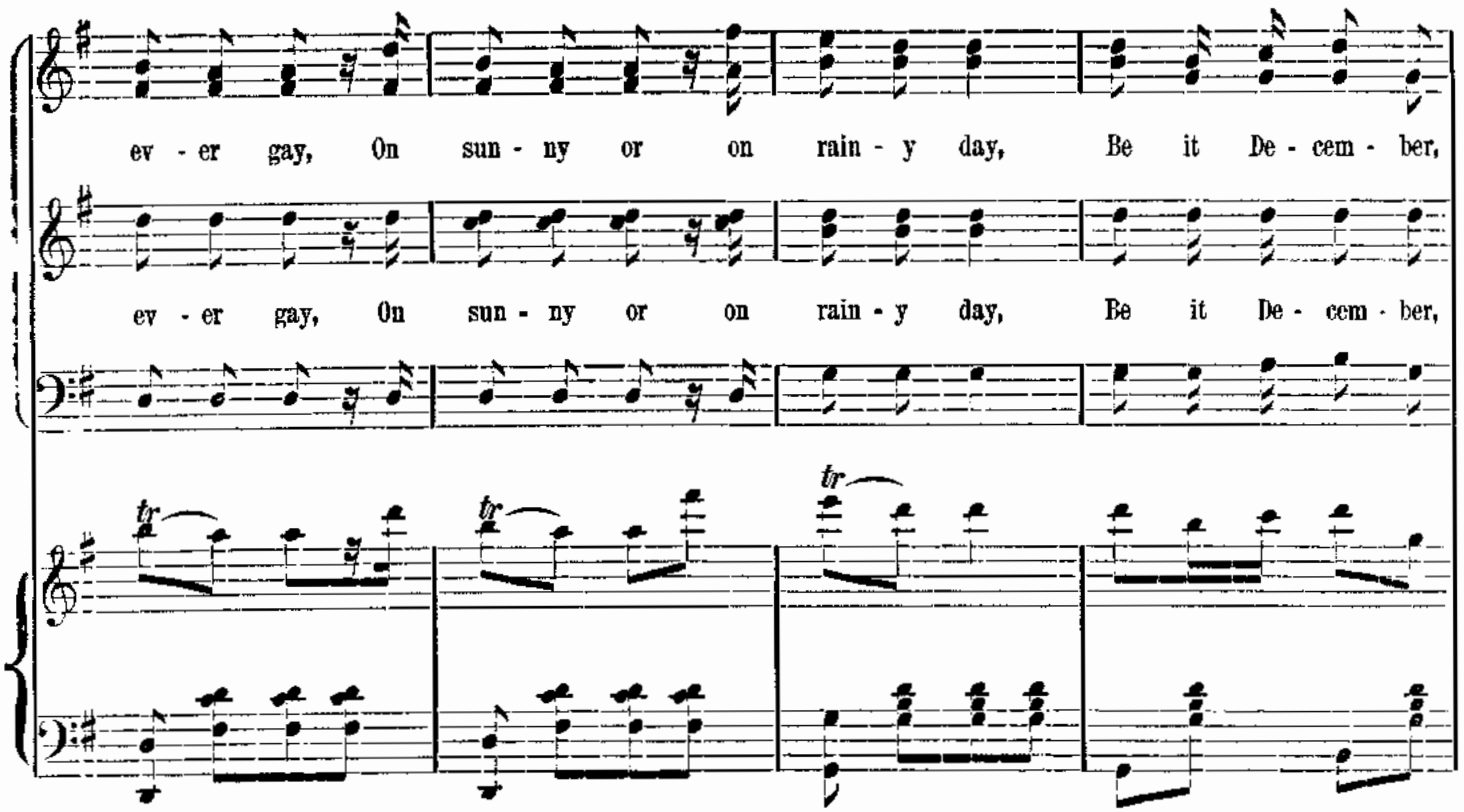
BASSES.

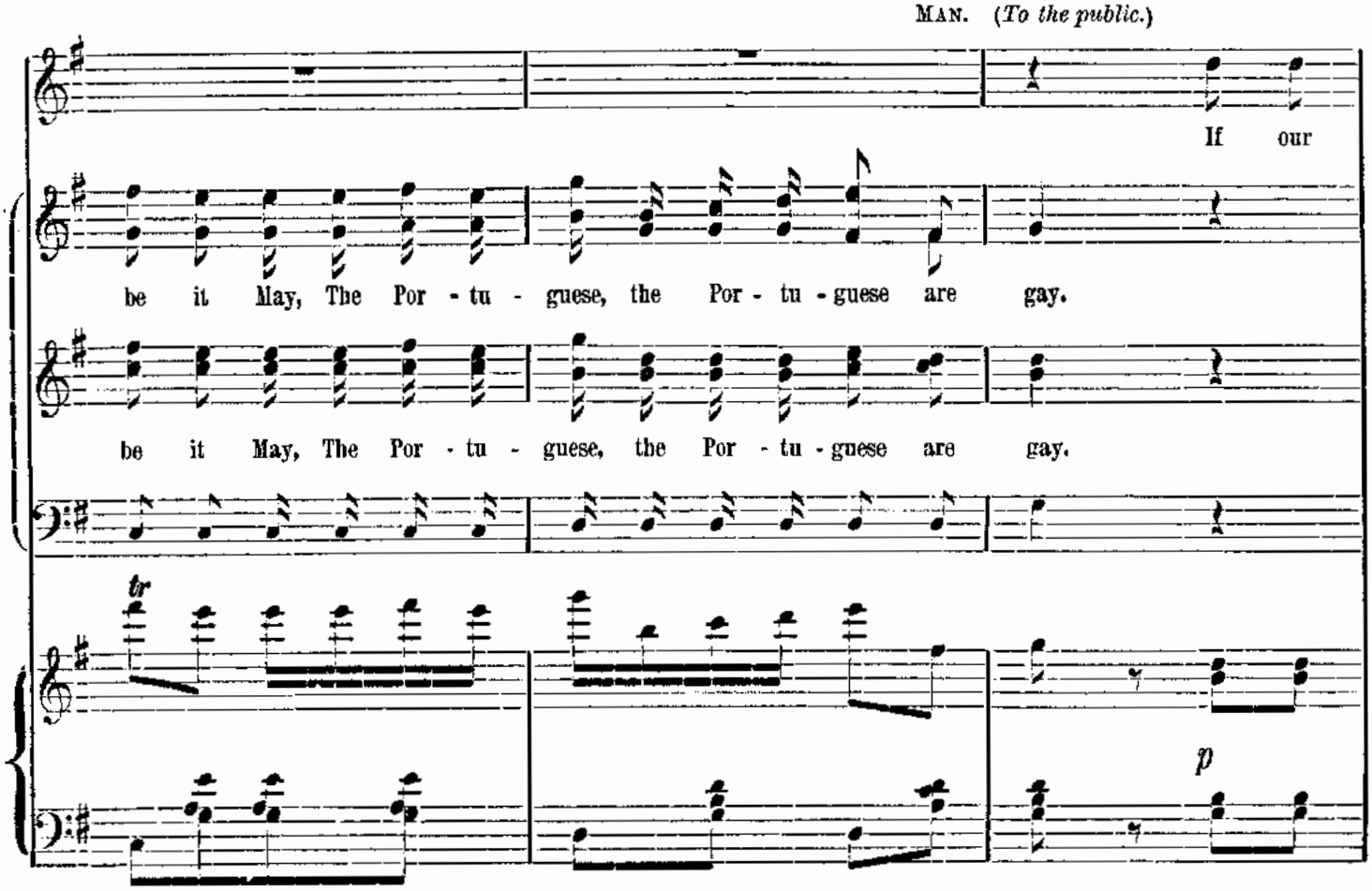
f

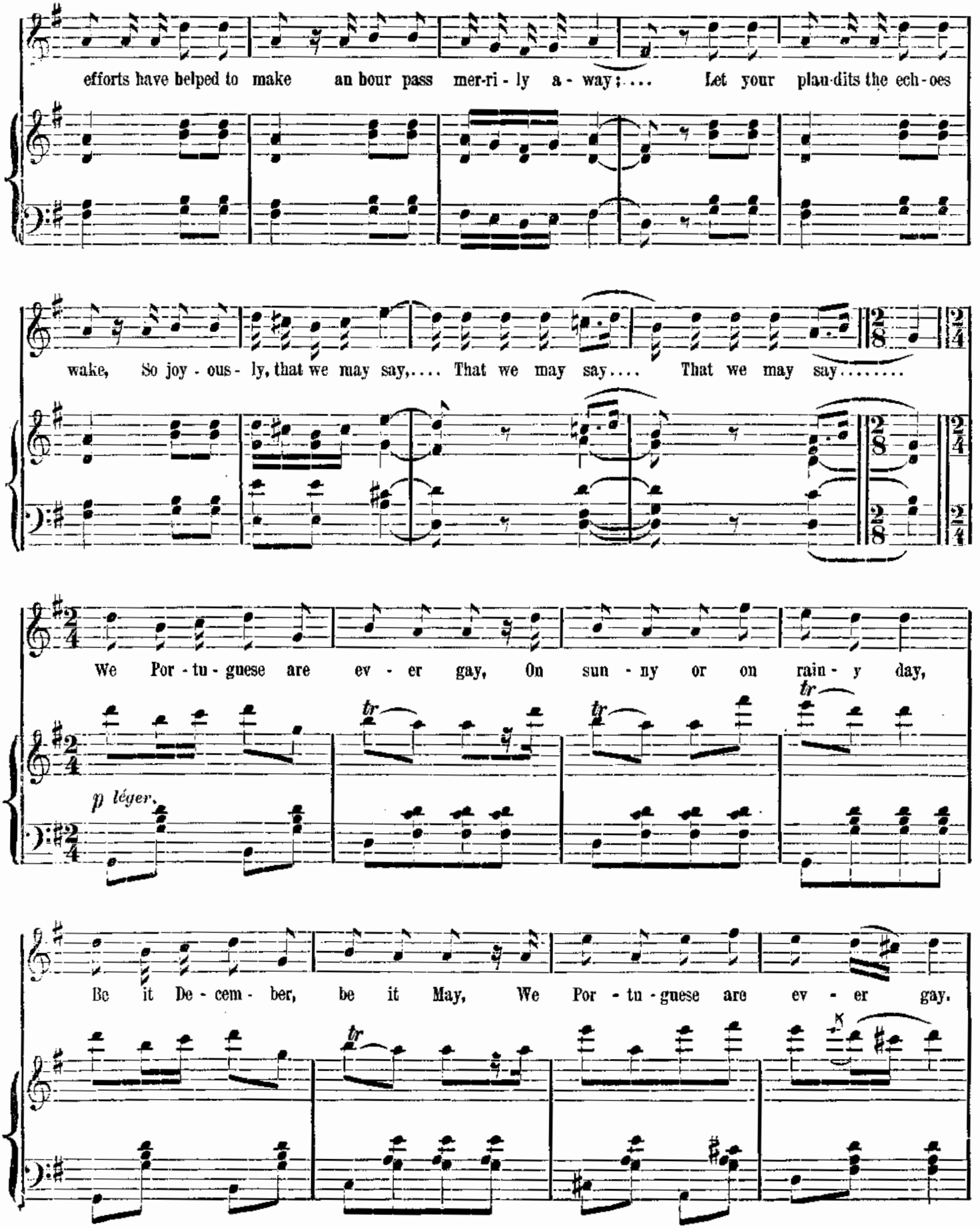
1o *Tempo.*

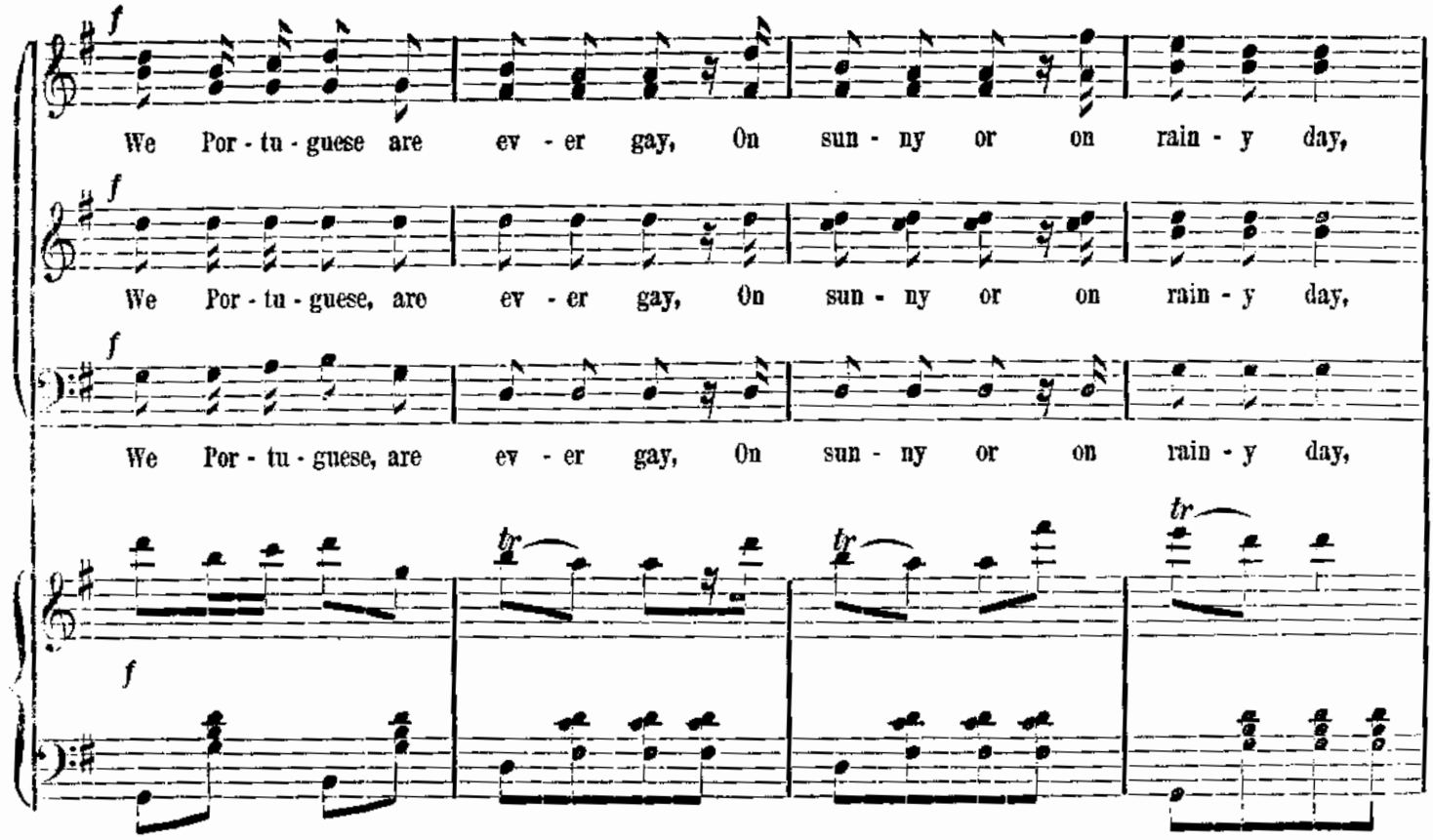
ff

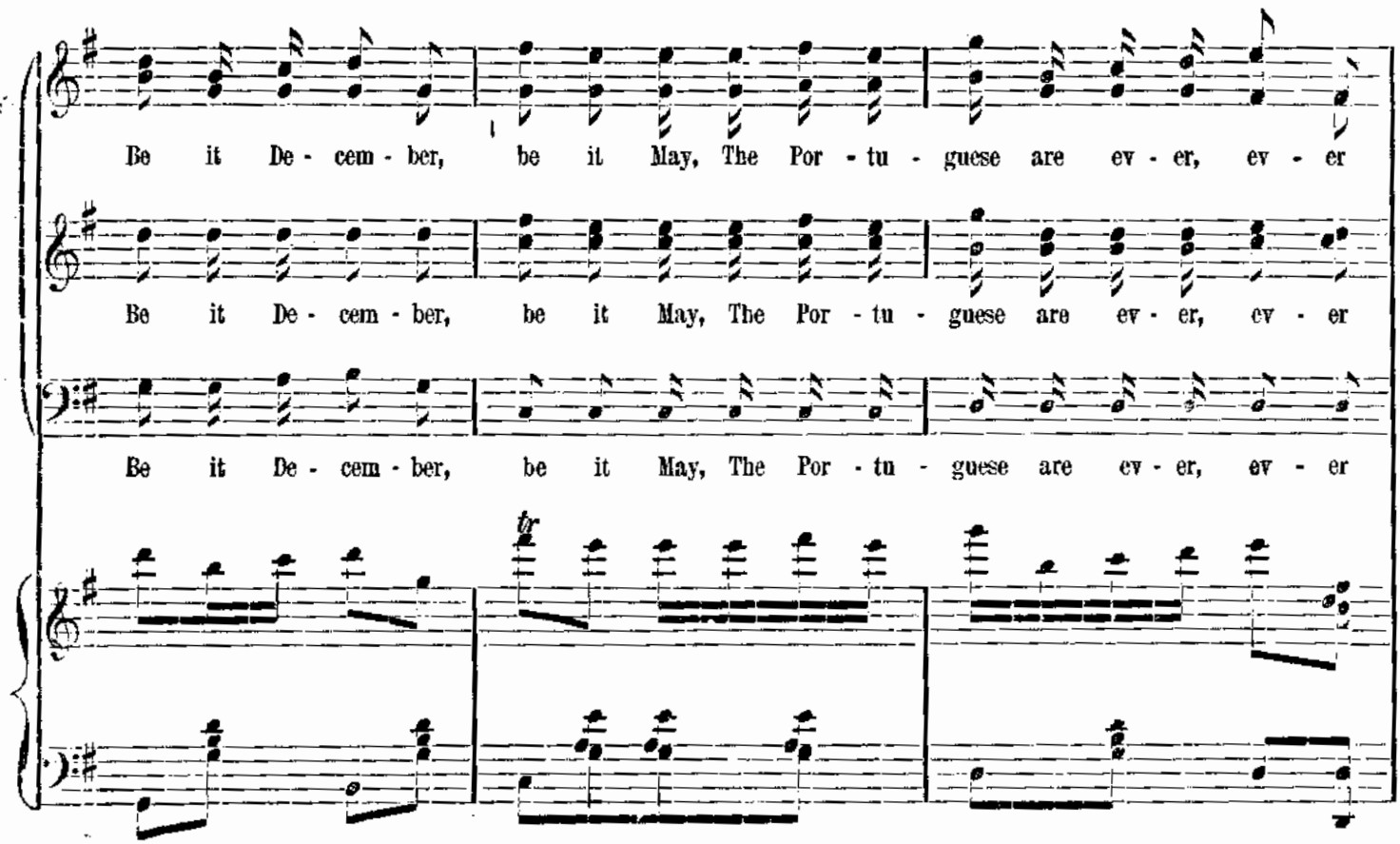
f

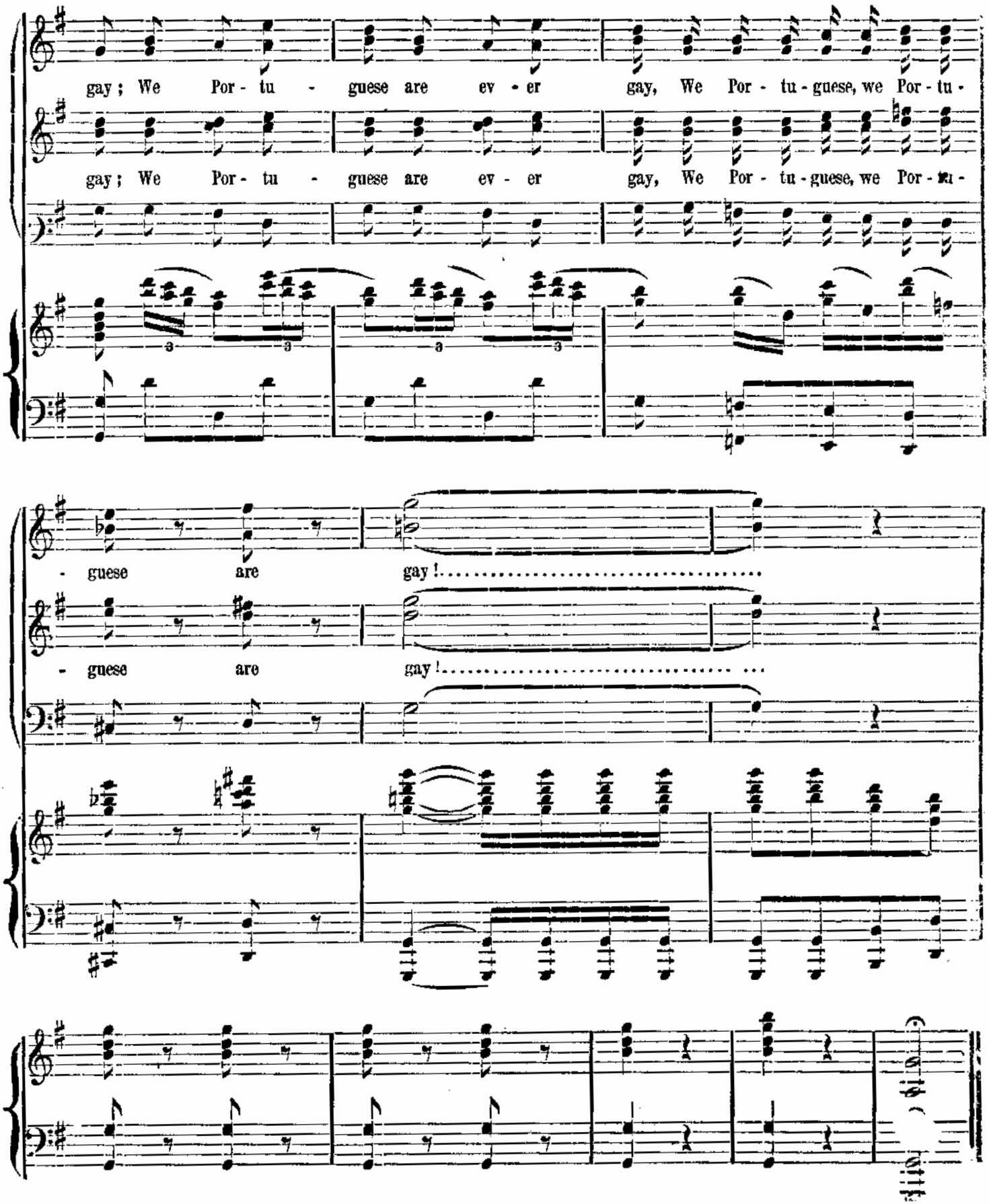

ev - er gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day, Be it De - cem - ber,
ev - er gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day, Be it De - cem - ber,
tr
tr
tr


MAN. (To the public.)
If our
be it May, The Por - tu - guese, the Por - tu - guese are gay.
be it May, The Por - tu - guese, the Por - tu - guese are gay.
tr
p


efforts have helped to make an hour pass mer-ri-ly a-way;.... Let your plau-dits the ech-oes
wake, So joy-ous-ly, that we may say,.... That we may say.... That we may say.....
We Por-tu-guese are ev-er gay, On sun-ny or on rain-y day,
p léger.
Be it De-cem-ber, be it May, We Por-tu-guese are ev-er gay.


We Por - tu - guese are ev - er gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day,
We Por - tu - guese, are ev - er gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day,
We Por - tu - guese, are ev - er gay, On sun - ny or on rain - y day,


Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are ev - er, ev - er
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are ev - er, ev - er
Be it De - cem - ber, be it May, The Por - tu - guese are ev - er, ev - er


gay ; We Por - tu - guese are ev - er gay, We Por - tu - guese, we Por - tu -
gay ; We Por - tu - guese are ev - er gay, We Por - tu - guese, we Por - tu -
- guese are gay !
- guese are gay !