FROM
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
EDISON LABORATORY
ORANGE, N. J.

OPERA

HEART AND HAND.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

BOSTON.

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HEART AND HAND.

OPERA COMIQUE IN THREE ACTS.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING
DON GAETAN
MORALES
DON MOSQUITOS, Colonel of Bombadiers
BRIGADIER BALDOMERO
CAPTAIN
A LIEUTENANT
MICAELA
JOSEFA
DONA SCOLASTICA
ALVAREZ, Garden Girl

Garden Girls: RAMOZ, ANITA, PEPA, DOLORES, INEZ, CARLOTA

Pages in the Palace: PABLO, PASCUAL, LAZARO, JOSE, ASCANIO

Guards, Bombadiers, Soldiers, etc.

ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens in an orange grove in the Roval Park, at Madrid. A party of young girls are busy gathering orange blossoms to make bouquets for the Princess MICAELA, who is to be married on the morrow.

JOSEFA appears among them, and tells of rules and legends connected with the gathering of these flowers for the weddings of Spanish princesses, of which one is, that they must be used only for this purpose, and be culled by girls who are pure in life and reputation, and who, intending to be married on the same day as the princess, will thenceforth have special privileges and protection from her hand.

The peasant girls rejoice at the prospect of being married on the same day as the Princess MICAELA, and resolve to make application for a dowry to be given them.

The princess is all curiosity to ascertain some particulars about her future husband, whom she has never seen, and in the disguise of a peasant girl, as pre-arranged between JOSEFA and herself, meets JOSEFA, and is delighted with her flattering description of DON GAETAN. The peasant girls enter, and despondently announce the failure of their attempt to obtain a dowry. MICAELA asks them to allow her to look at the paper they had sent to the princess, and while they are conversing with JOSEFA she signs the petition, adding the word "granted," which she declares to the girls they must have overlooked. The girls are thereby delighted.

Prince GAETAN here appears at the top of the garden wall, shouting "Bravo!" to the dancing peasant girls. They all scream and run off, leaving JOSEFA and MICAELA. The latter, on learning the identity of this young man, directs JOSEFA to leave them alone. She, pretending to accompany JOSEFA, manages to catch her dress on a branch; the prince hastens to her assistance, and is immediately attracted by her beauty. At once he confides his unhappy state in being compelled to marry against his will, and, at the same time, declares that he will never speak to or love the Princess MICAELA.

The prince makes protestations of love, and seeing a letter at her waist, takes it against her will, in order to ascertain whom it is he has been attracted by. The letter being addressed to JOSEFA, he naturally is led to believe the princess is that personage, and as MICAELA enjoys the novelty of the situation, she does not undeceive him.

In the Second Act we have the wedding party, and the prince and princess are shown to the two appartments set aside for their occupancy.

After every one has retired, the KING, who has been left alone with MOSQUITOS, communicates his great uneasiness of mind caused by the pranks of his son-in-law, and inquires as to his directions being carried out, to prevent the young prince from escaping. MOSQUITOS assures the KING that the sentinels are all present at their post, and that a brass band has been stationed below in the garden with instructions to strike up with the national air whenever they see a door or window opened. Hearing some one coming they retire, whereupon the Dona SCOLASTICA enters from the princess's apartments, and gives vent to her surprise caused by the coldness displayed by the prince toward the princess. The prince comes out of his apartment, and seeing the Dona Scolastica, he conceives the idea of raising a scandal by making love to her, and by that means alarm the house by her cries, and thereby encounter the wrath of the court, which would serve to break off the burdensome fetters of his recent marriage. The Dona, however, proving too susceptible to his advances, he is finally obliged to order her from the room in self-defence. After she goes off, he decides to attempt to escape, and goes to the opening at back for that purpose, when the band begins to play. He repeats the attempt at the window with the same result. Finally he tries a small door, and hearing no music, steps out of this one. The princess enters from her apartment, having watched the movements of the prince, and is met by JOSEFA, who declares it impossible for her to leave the palace. MICAELA persuades JOSEFA to remain there until she returns, and exeunts at back. JOSEFA left alone, hears the voice of a sentinel calling out, which she discovers is none other than MORALES.

MORALES is anxious to look in upon the nuptial chamber, and on pushing the door open a lantern is seen to appear at the back. Afraid of being found off duty, he pushes JOSEFA into the room, and follows her, closing the door. The prince enters from the small door. Having found it impossible to evade the watchful eye of the brass band, he gives up in despair the idea of escaping and is about to resign himself to his fate, when the princess enters, disguised as a peasant and carrying a small tray with some wine and refreshments, which she informs the prince she had been ordered to bring him.

In the Third Act, the scene represents the general quarters at the camp of Don GAETAN. Don MOSQUITOS enters and announces the approach of the prince, their commander, who inquires on entering whether any messenger has arrived for him, and receives a reply in the negative. MORALES here enters, and on seeing the prince confesses the accident by which he was locked in the prince's apartment with JOSEFA on the night of the royal wedding.

MOSQUITOS announces the approach of the KING, accompanied by the princess and attendants of the court. The prince asks permission to speak privately to the princess, who, on approaching him, reveals herself to be none other than JOSEFA to whom his heart had been given. Falling on his knees, he begs forgiveness of his capricious bride, who, satisfied with the complete success of her love's strategy, willingly pardons him.

CONTENTS.

ACT I.

OVERTURE 3
MARRIAGE BELLS WILL RING TO-MORROW 13
AT THE GRAND WEDDINGS 25
WE GUARD THE PALACE. (Guards' Chorus.) 33
THIS HOUR FOR WALKING. (Chorus and Melody.) 43
LOST AT THE LATEST MOMENT 52
SOLDIERS SAY. (Drinking Song.) 55
SORTIE 68
AH, LIFE 'TIS OF A SLAVE. (Rondeau.) 69
A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER DEAR. (Rondeau.) 76
SORTIE 86
BY THEE I SWEAR. (Romance and Duet.) 87
CHORUS OF BOMBADIERS. (Finale.) 95

ACT II.

ENTR' ACTE 130
WITH OUR PRINCESS. (Introduction.) 134
NATIONAL HYMN. (Behind the Scenes. 146
IN GOTHA'S WORK OF RENOWN 147
HE SCARCELY LOOKS AT ME 153
THE HELMET SONG 172
CATHEDRAL BELLS WILL ERE LONG RING 185
WITHIN MY SMALL ROOM, LONE AND COWERING 198
THIS IS THEIR NUPTIAL CHAMBER 201
I MY DUTIES ALWAYS ATTEND TO. (Grand Duet.) 206
GIPSEY GIRL BOLERO 213

ACT III.

ENTR' ACTE 231
HE'S NOW A LIEUTENANT. (Introduction and Chorus.) 233
NEAR THE CONVENT. (Song of a Novice.) 243
WITH ENVIOUS EYES. (Romance.) 247
ONE WHO BEARS A FLAG OF TRUCE 249
PETITIONS OF THE PEASANTS 254
COUPLETS OF THE KING 256
SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY 259
SINCE MONSIEUR BELIEVES, etc. (Song about Husbands.) 262
I'M PRINCESS STILL. (Finale.) 266

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445924

HEART AND HAND.

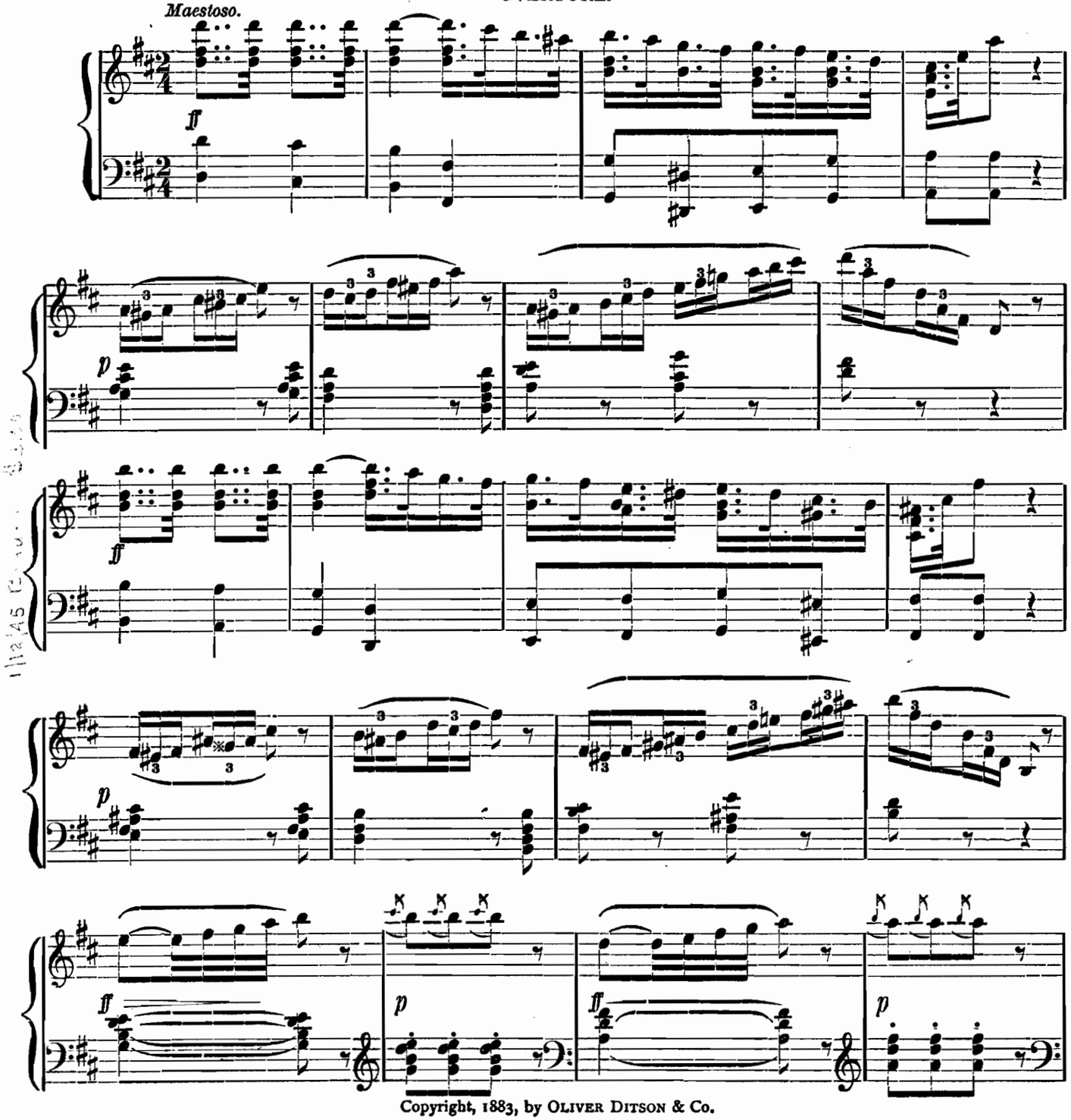
COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Adaptation and translation by THEO. T. BARKER.

Music by CH. LECOCQ.

OVERTURE.

Maestoso.



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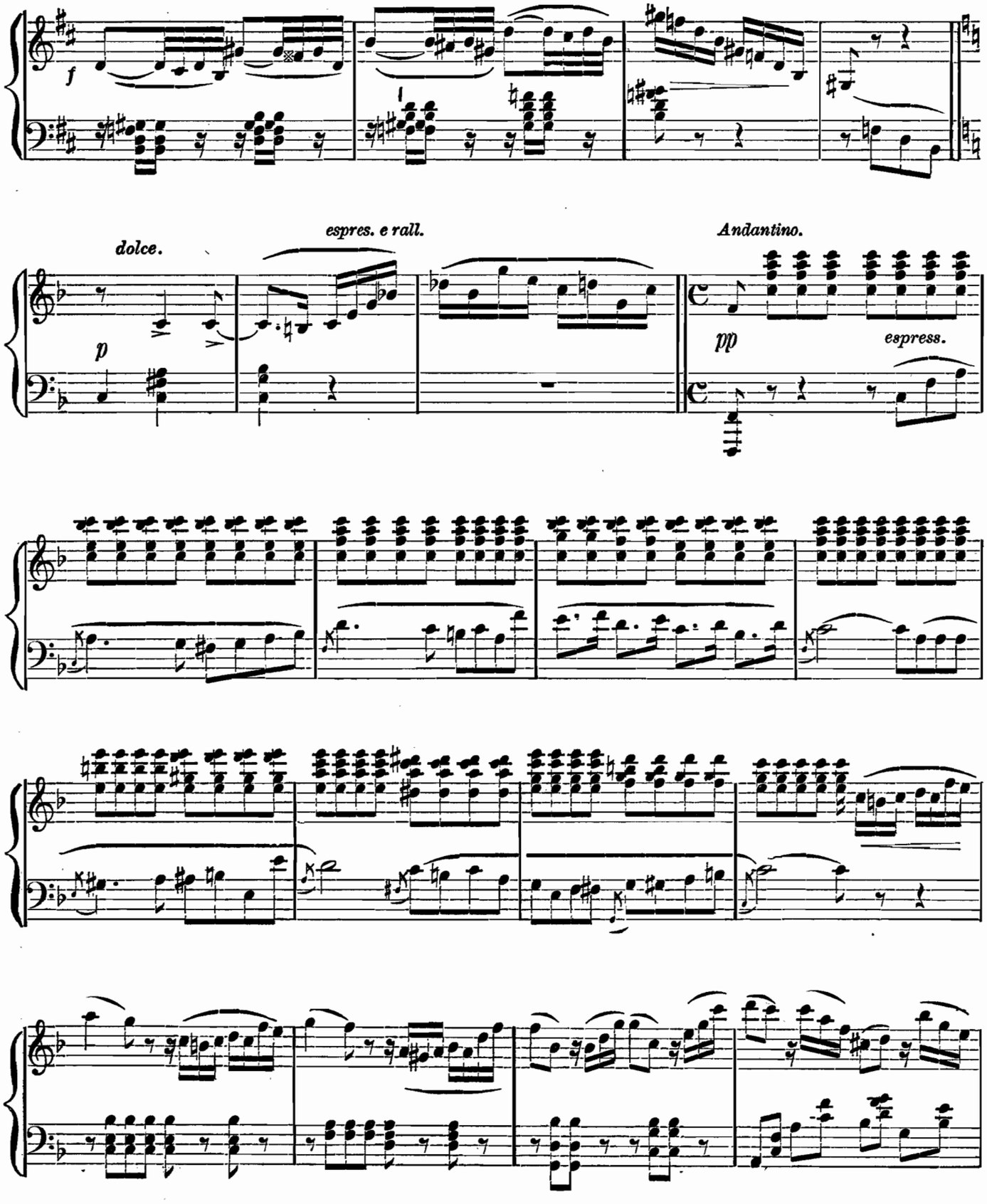
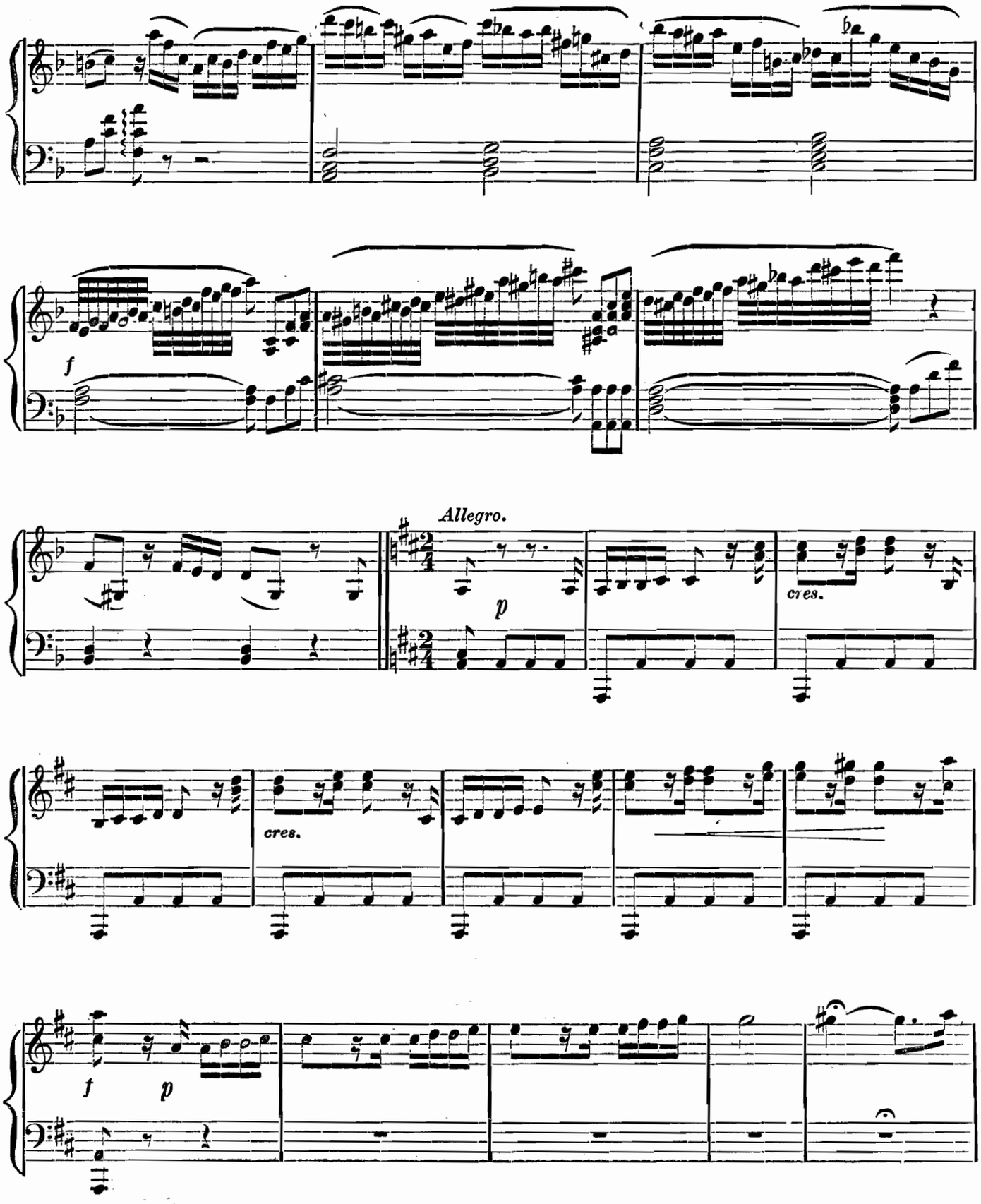
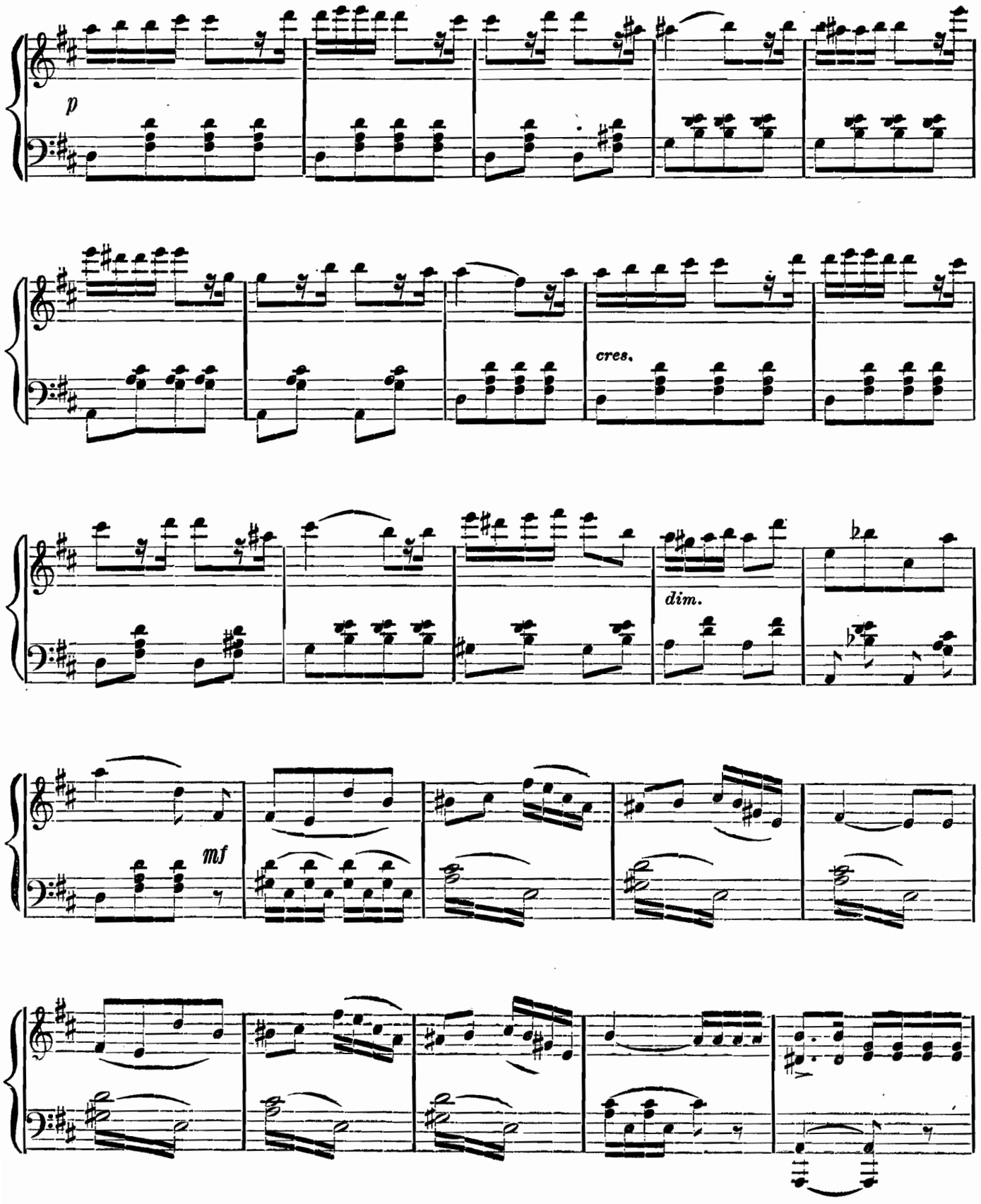
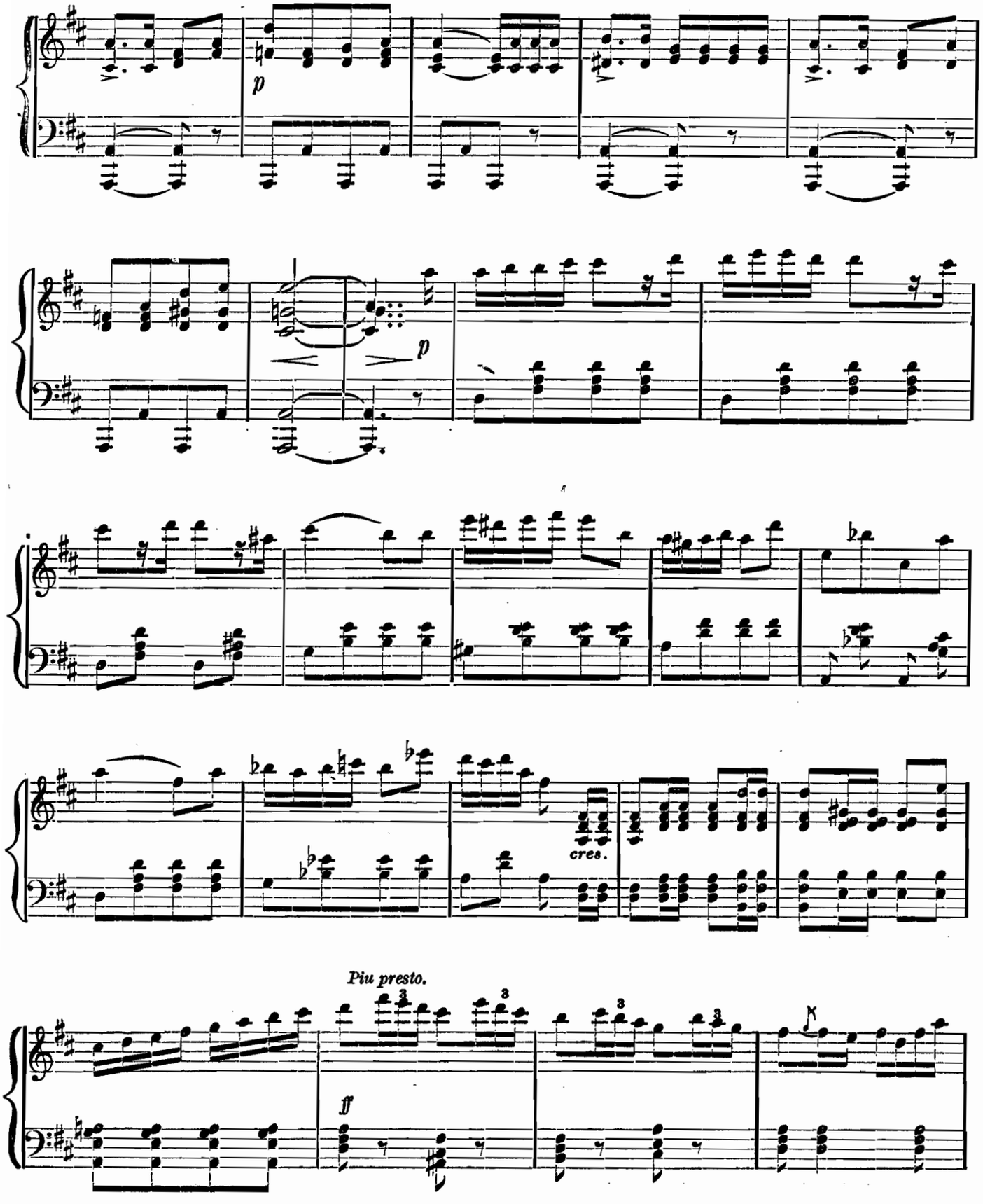
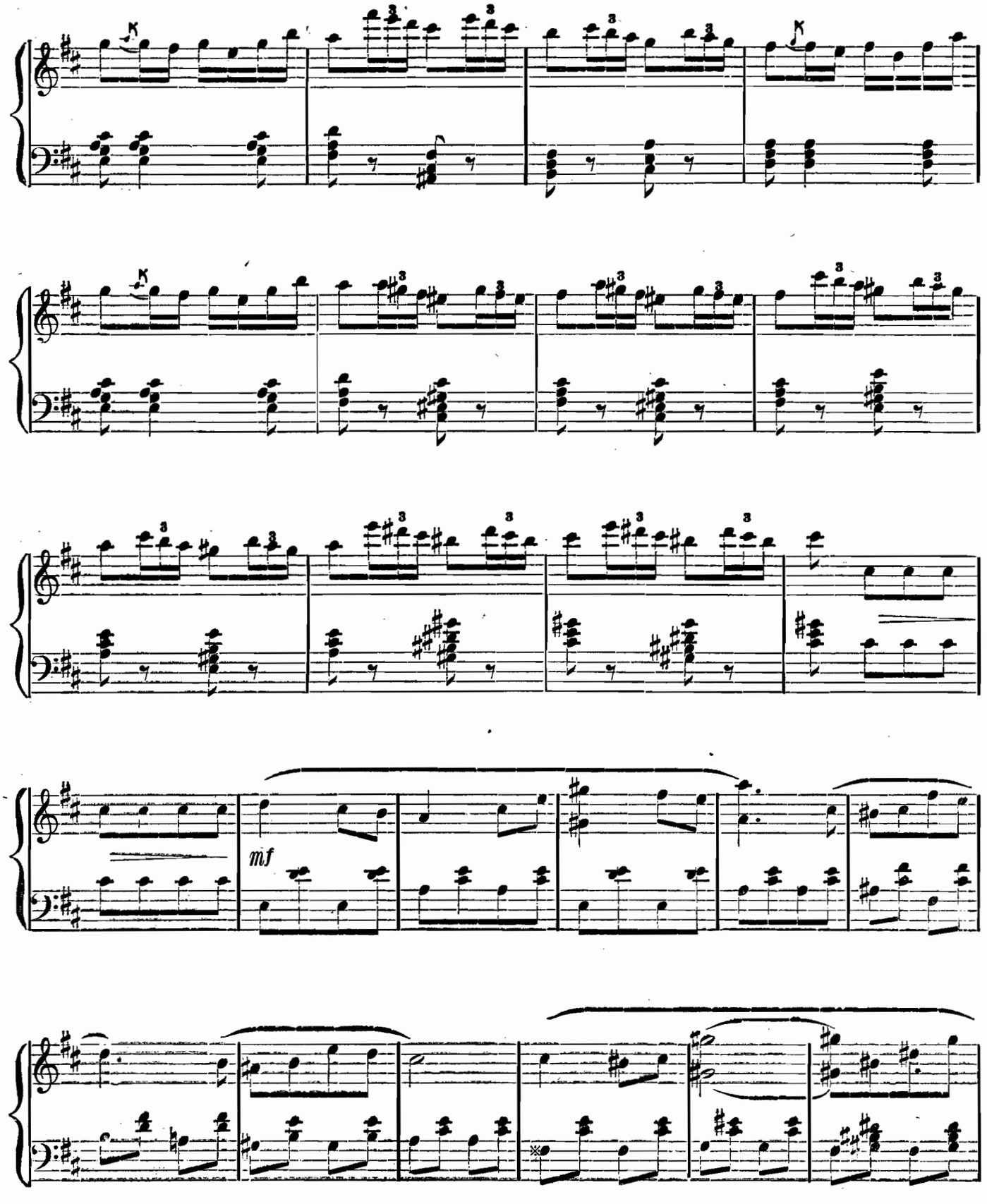
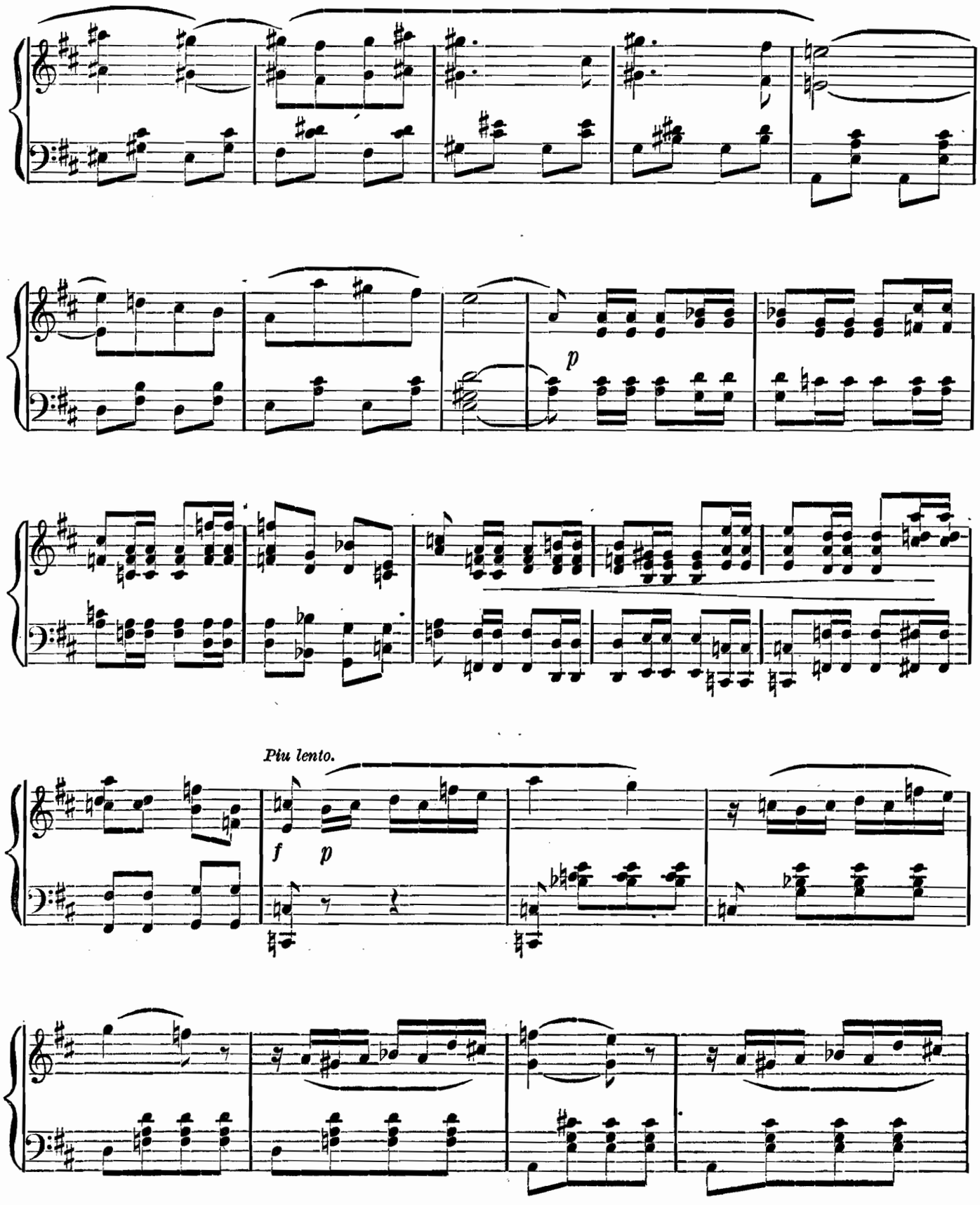

f
dolce.
p
espres. e rall.
Andantino.
pp
espress.

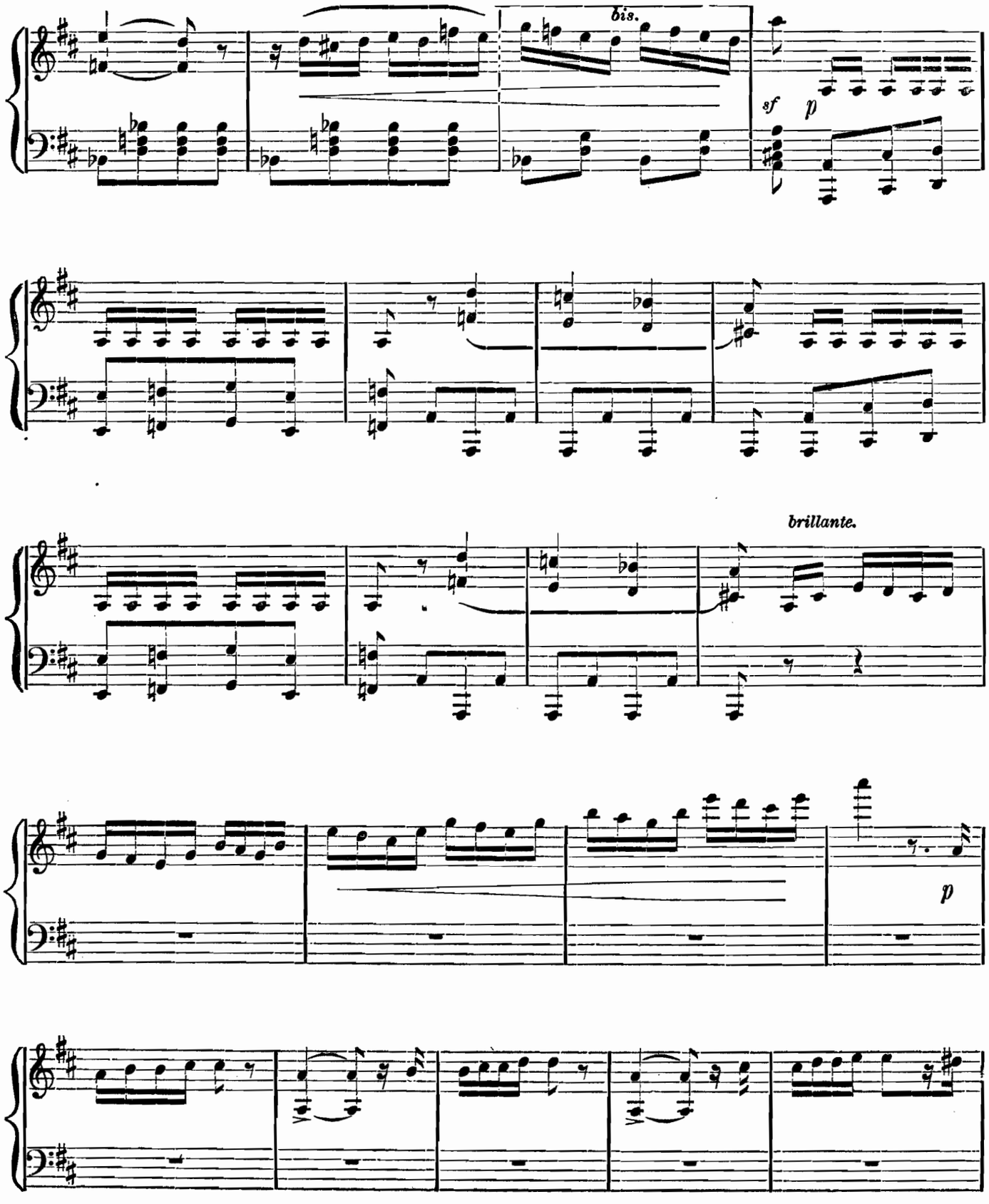

f
Allegro.
p
cres.
cres.
f
p

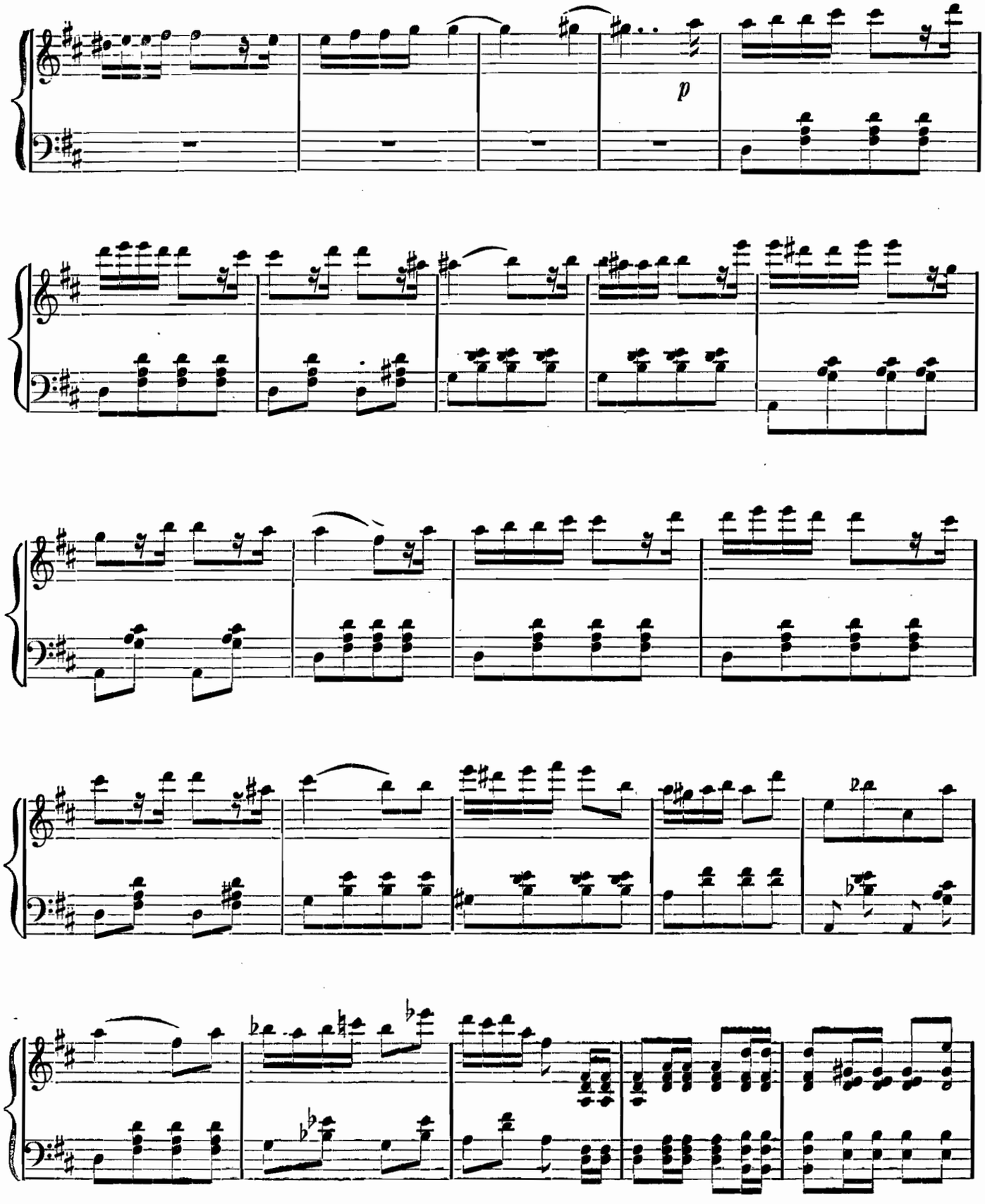

p
cres.
dim.
mf

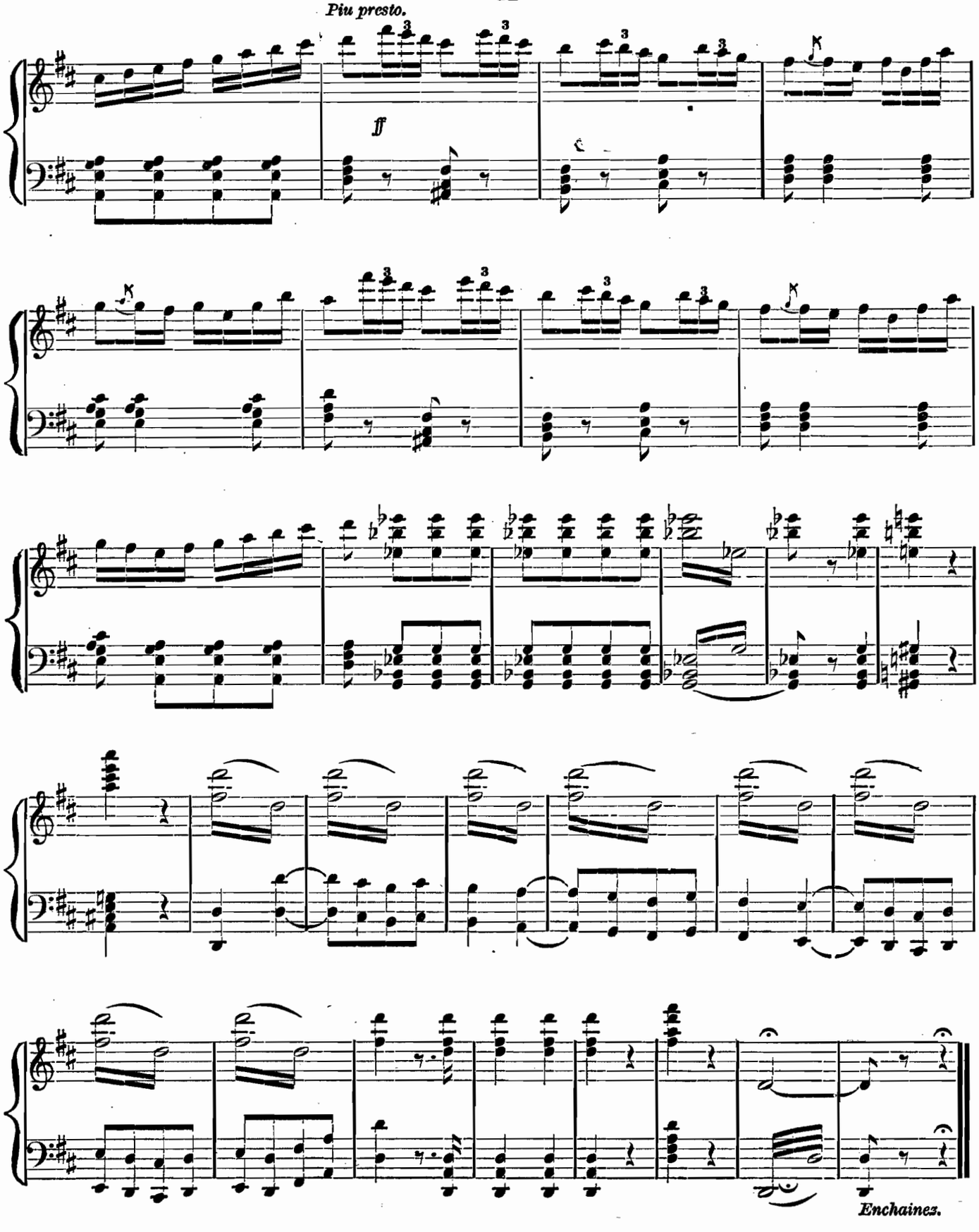

p
p
cres.
Piu presto.
ff


mf


p
Più lento.
f
p


bis.
sf
p
brillante.
p


p
p


Piu presto.
ff
Enchainez.

ACT I.

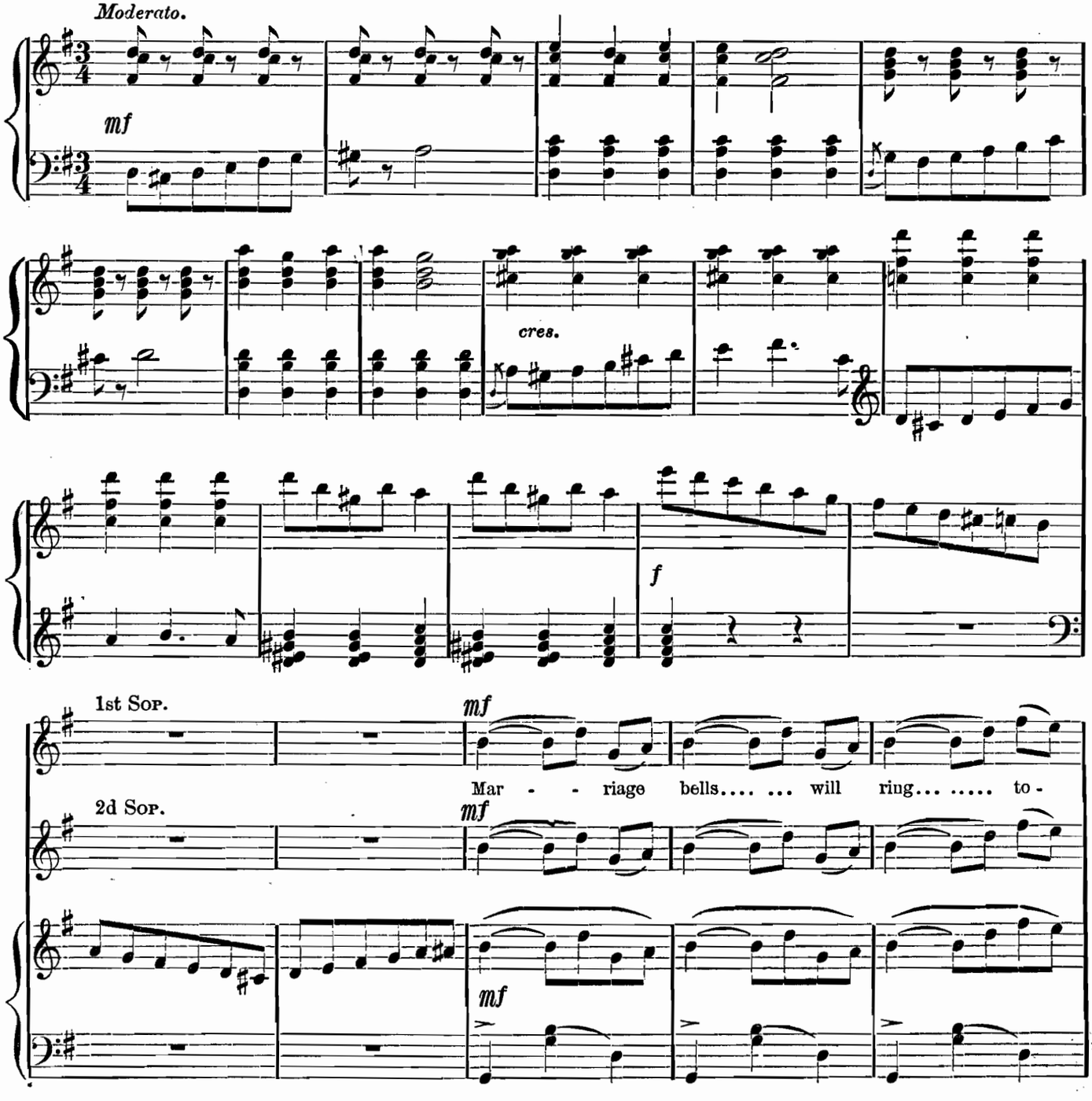
An orange grove in the royal park. GARDENER'S *house at the left, with a practicable window at the back; a wall, with a little gate, seats, rustic chairs.*

SCENE I.—ANITA, PEPA, DOLORES, INEZ, *young* GIRLS, *some of them mounted on benches, cull the orange flowers, others hold the baskets.*

MARRIAGE BELLS WILL RING TO-MORROW.

No. 1. Introduction.

Moderato.



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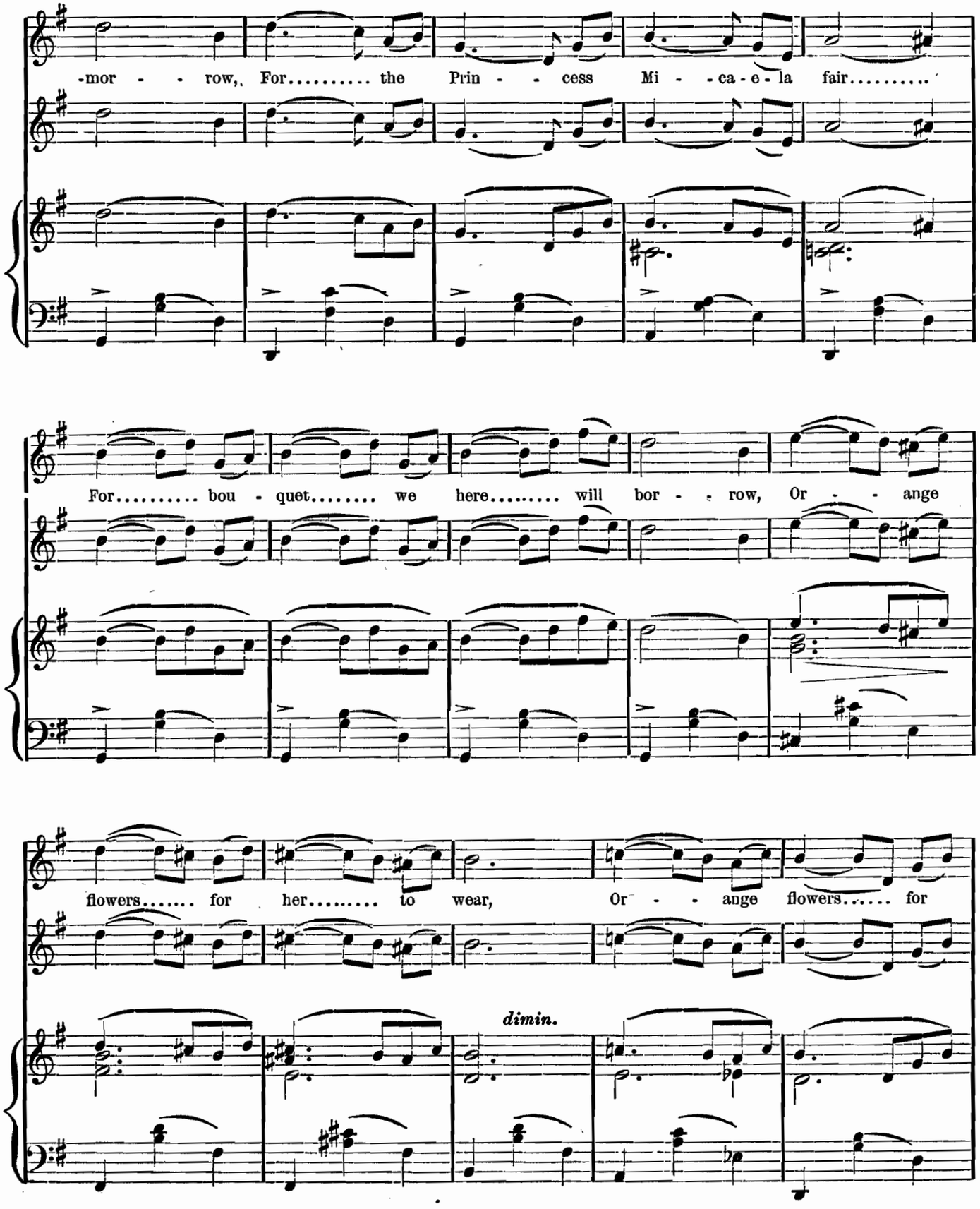
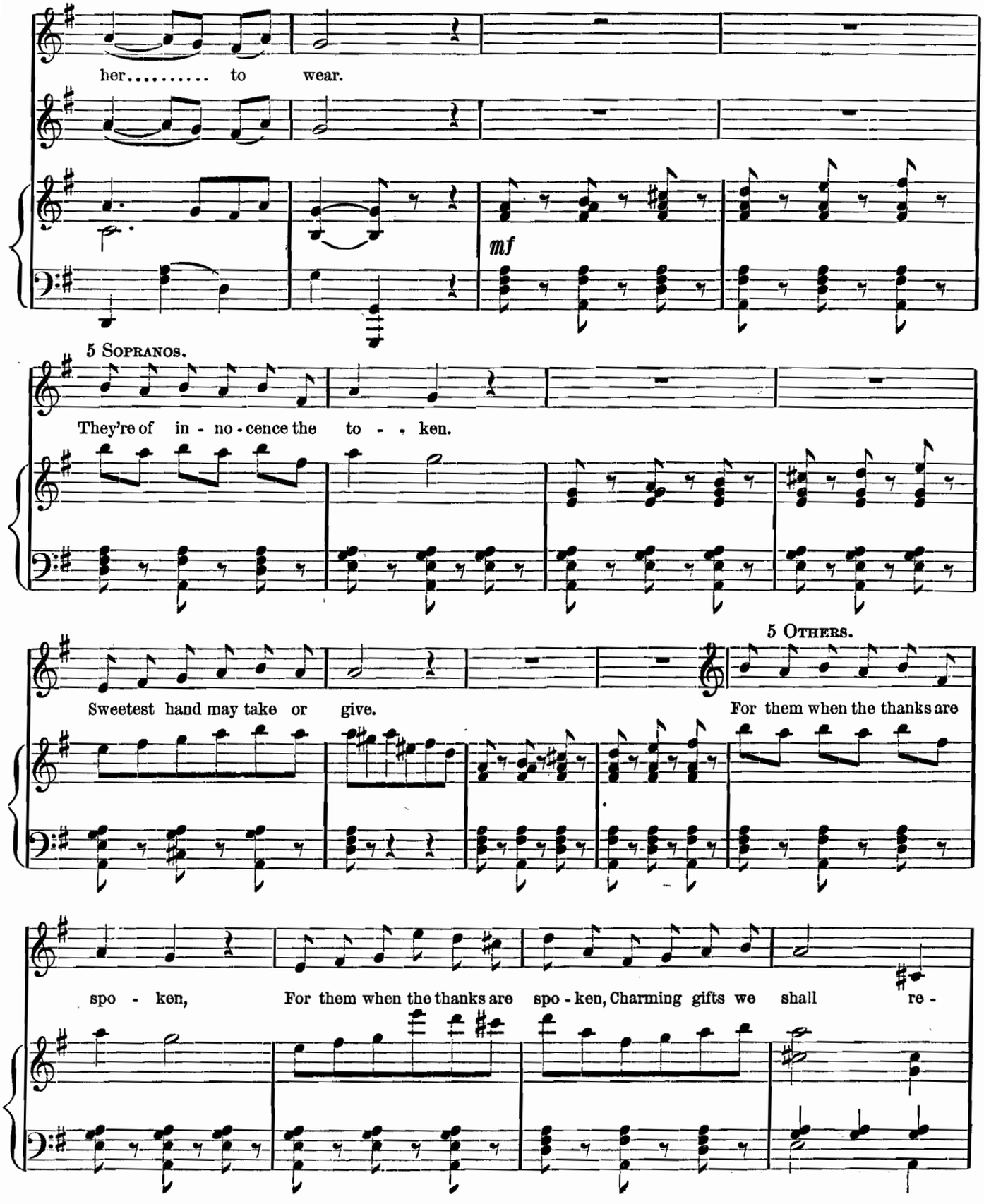
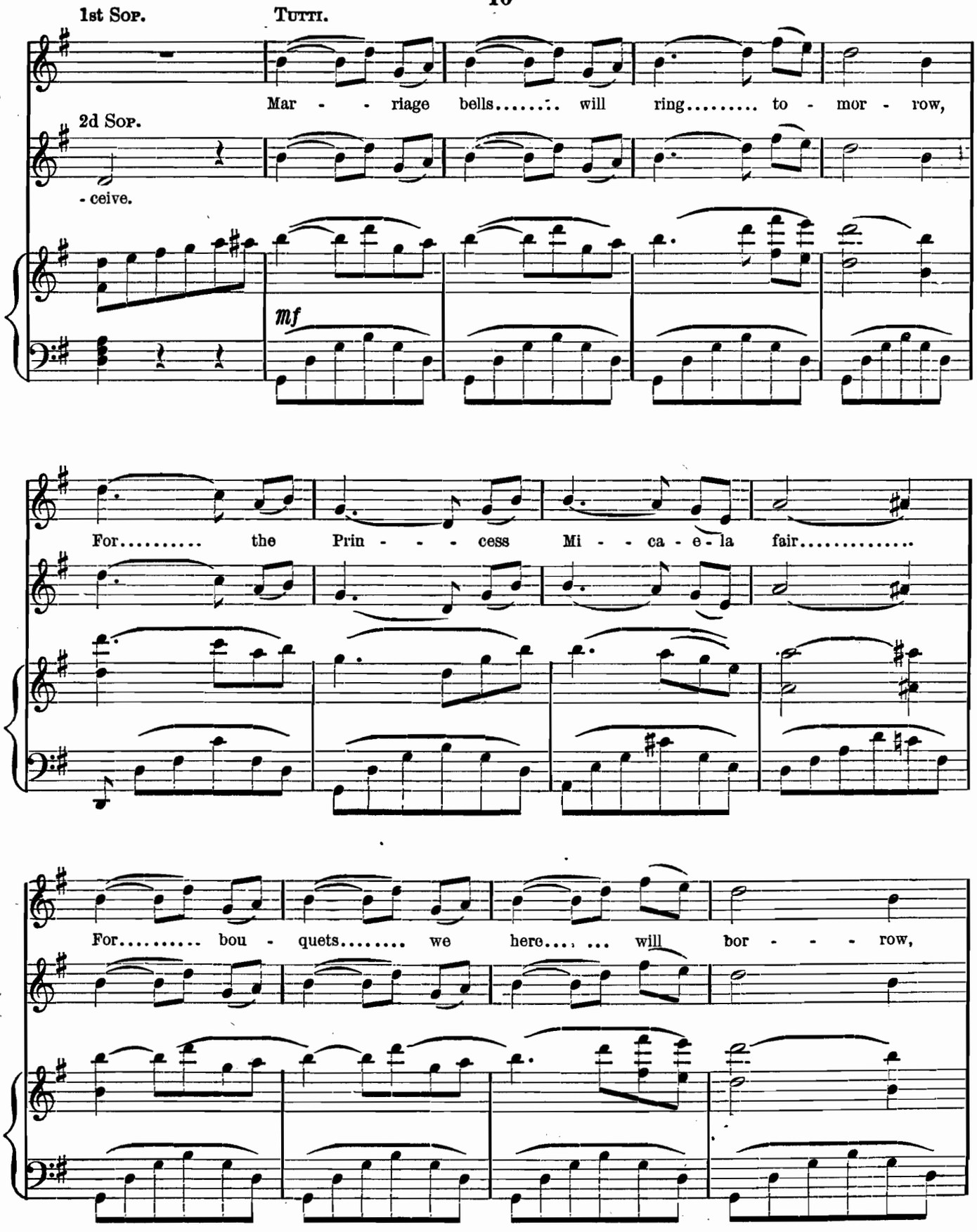
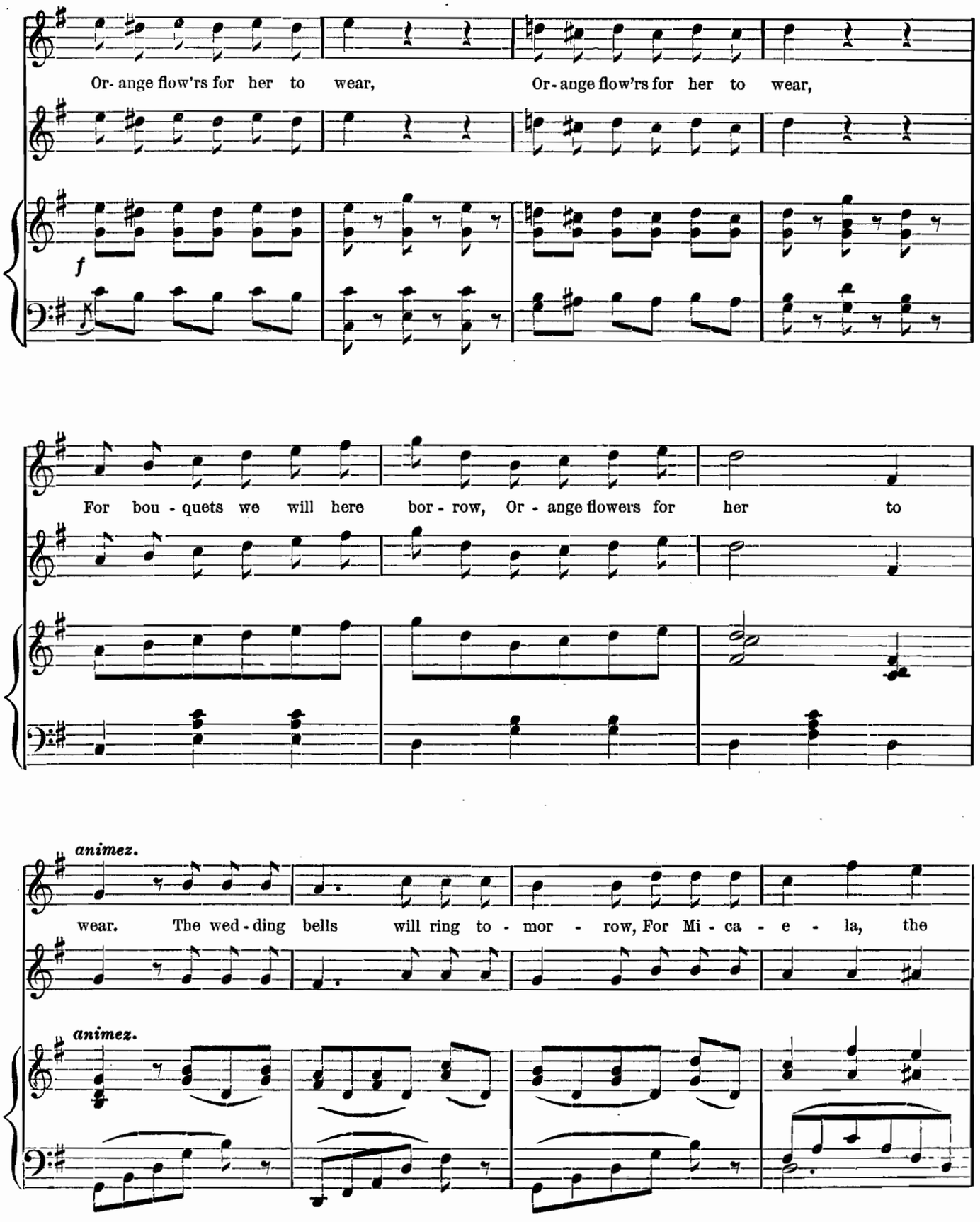
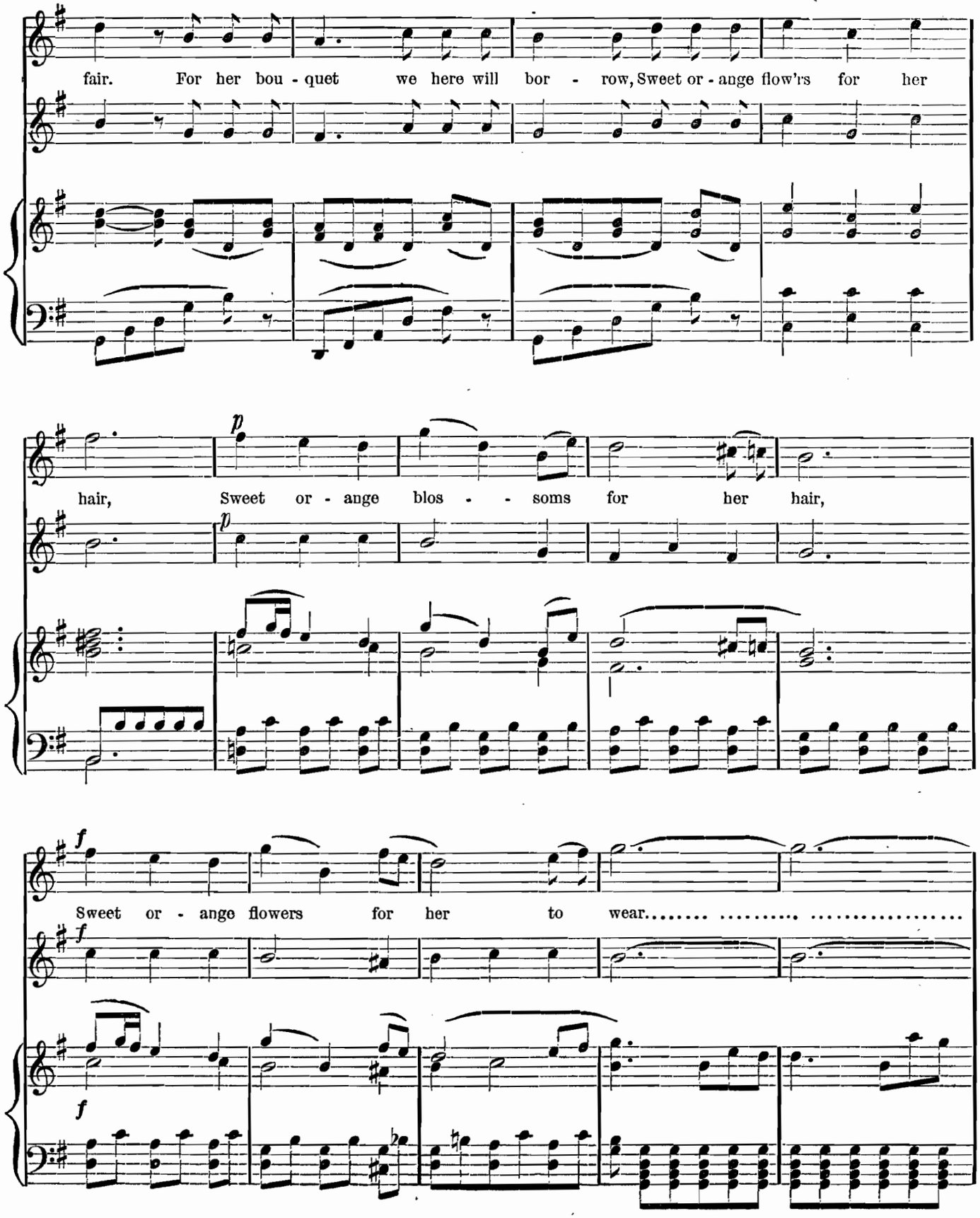
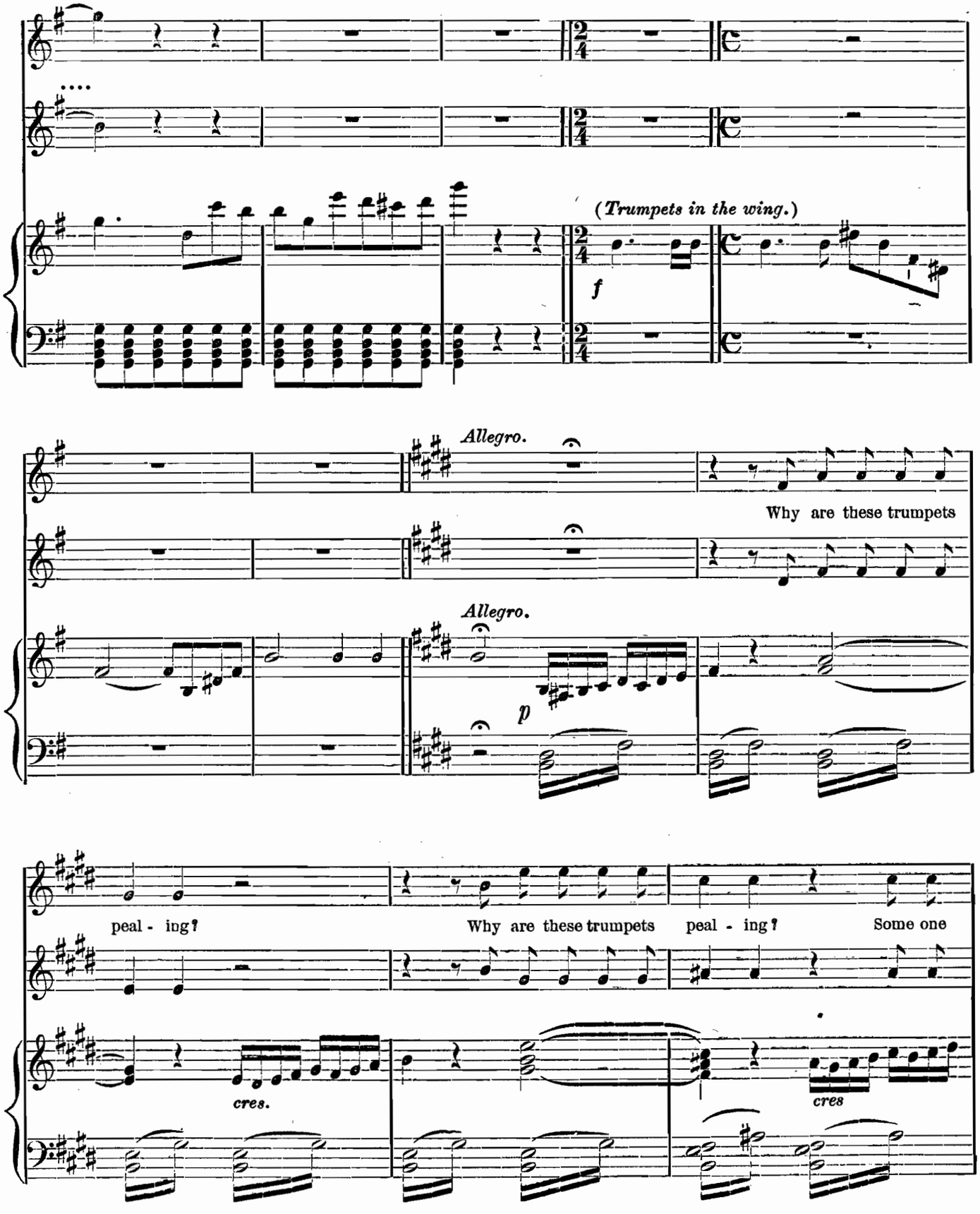

-mor - - row, For..... the Prin - - cess Mi - - ca - e - la fair.....
For..... bou - quet..... we here..... will bor - - row, Or - - ange
flowers..... for her..... to wear, Or - - ange flowers..... for
dimin.

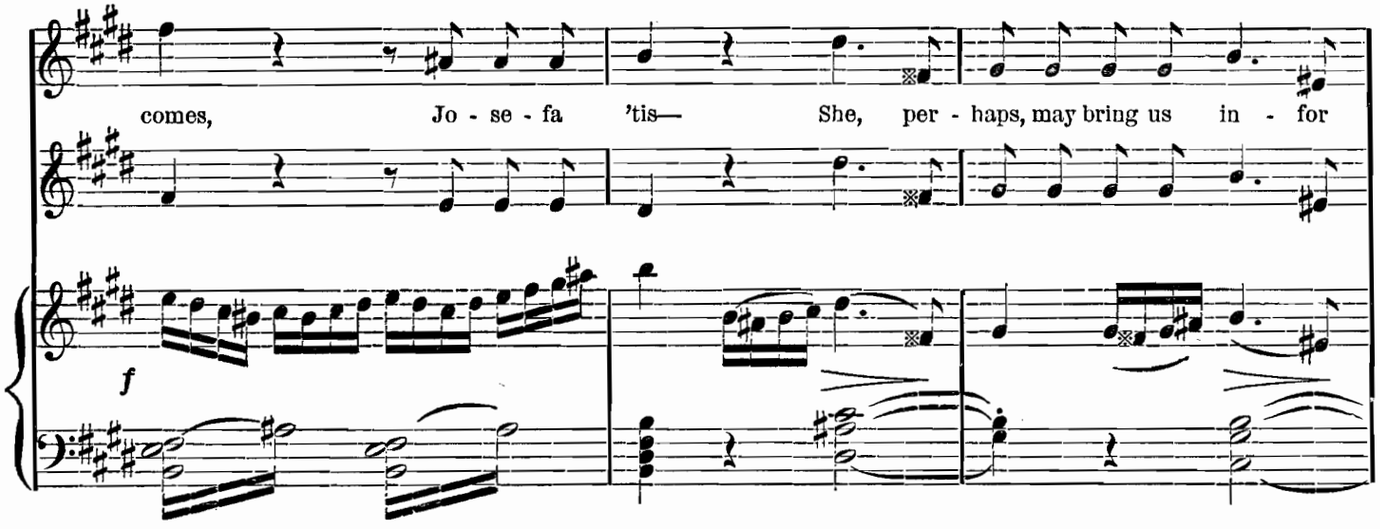

her..... to wear.
mf
5 Sopranos.
They're of in - no - cence the to - - ken.
5 Others.
Sweetest hand may take or give.
For them when the thanks are
spo - ken,
For them when the thanks are spo - ken, Charming gifts we shall re -


1st Sop.
Tutti.
Mar - - riage bells..... will ring..... to - mor - row,
2d Sop.
- ceive.
mf
For..... the Prin - - - cess Mi - - ca - e - la fair.....
For..... bou - quets..... we here..... will bor - - - row,


Or- ange flow'rs for her to wear, Or- ange flow'rs for her to wear,
f
For bou - quets we will here bor - row, Or - ange flowers for her to
animez.
wear. The wed - ding bells will ring to - mor - row, For Mi - ca - e - la, the
animez.

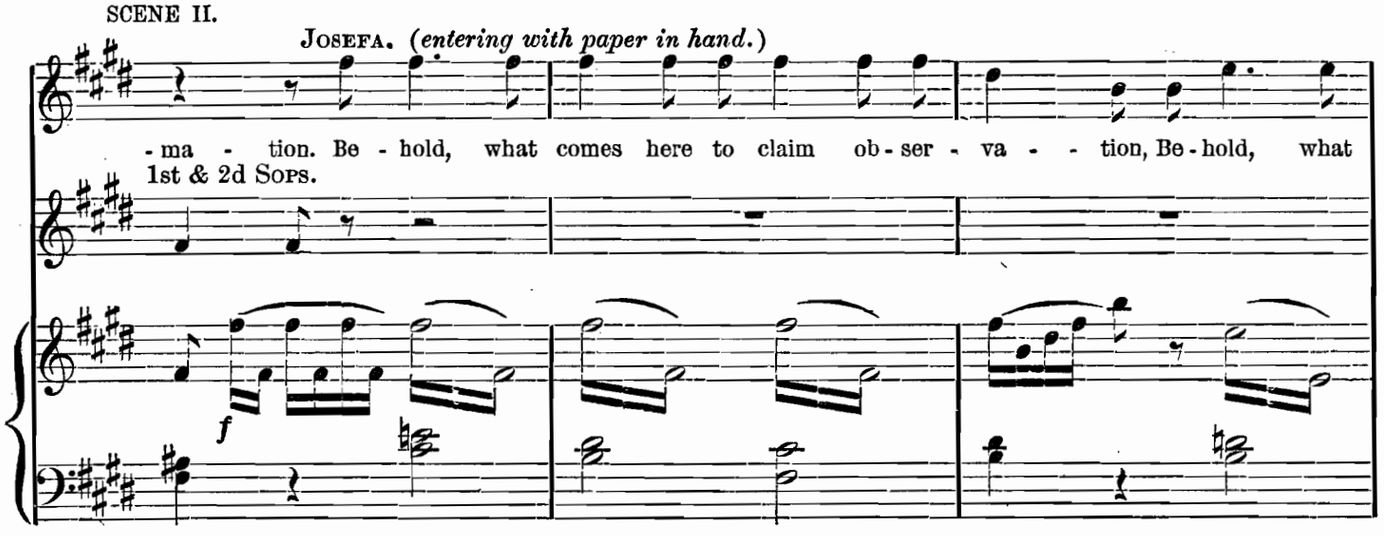

fair. For her bou - quet we here will bor - row, Sweet or - ange flow'rs for her
p
hair, Sweet or - ange blos - - soms for her hair,
p
f
Sweet or - ange flowers for her to wear..... ....
f
f

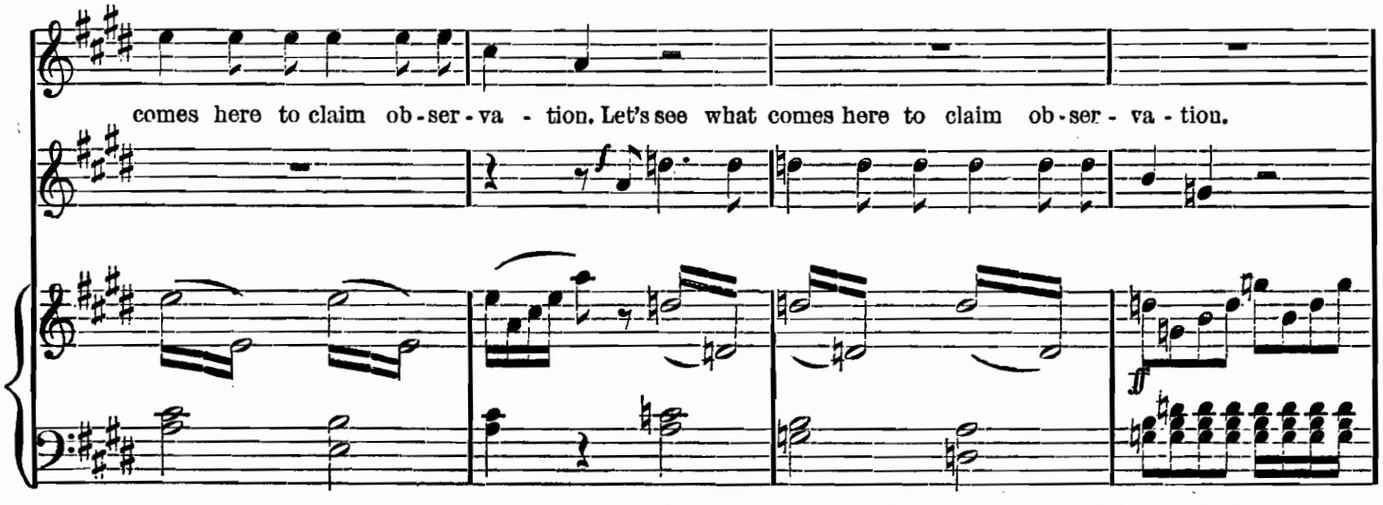

(Trumpets in the wing.)
f
Allegro.
Why are these trumpets
Allegro.
p
peal - ing?
Why are these trumpets
peal - ing?
Some one
cres.
cres



SCENE II.

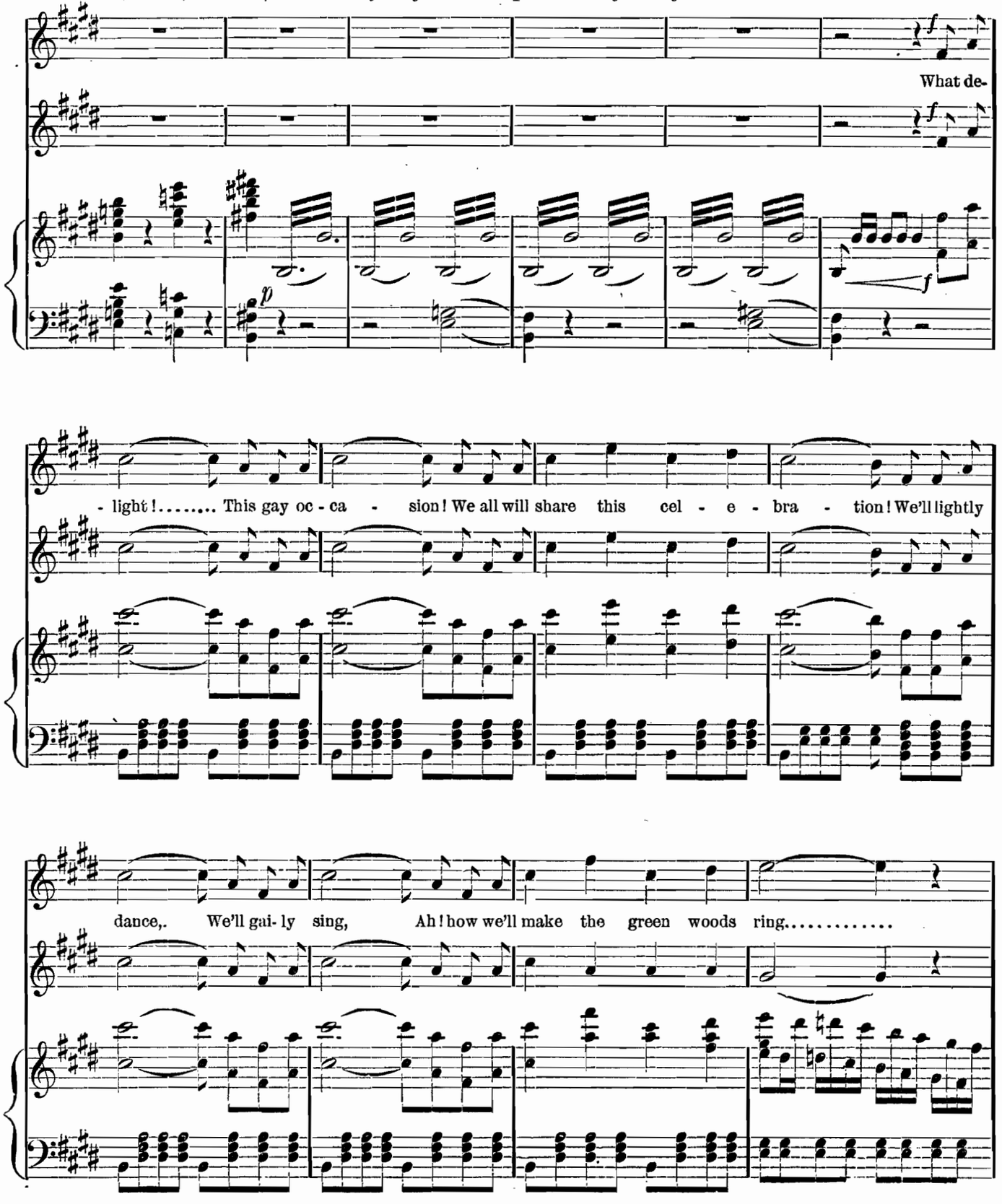
JOSEFA. (*entering with paper in hand.*)



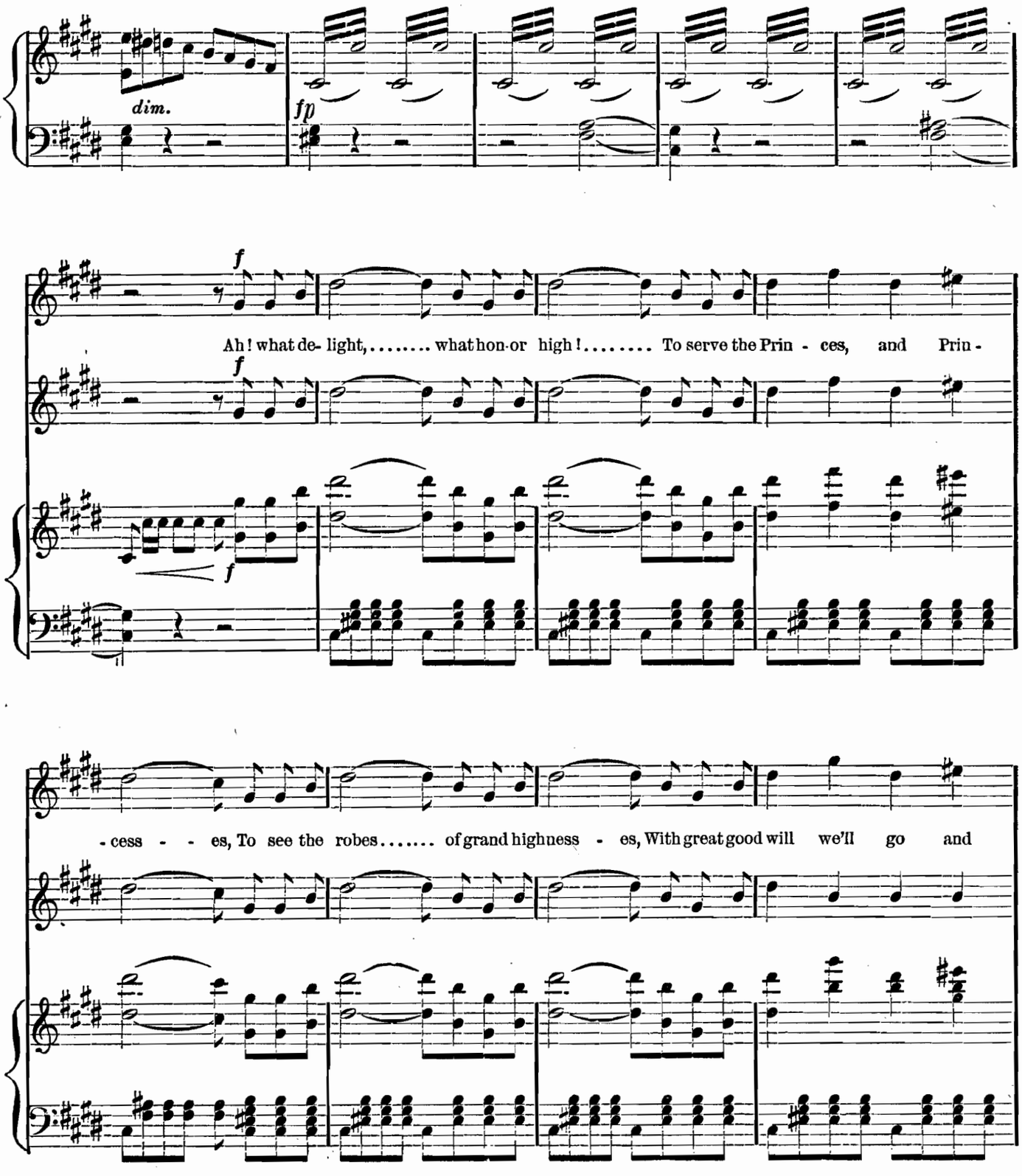


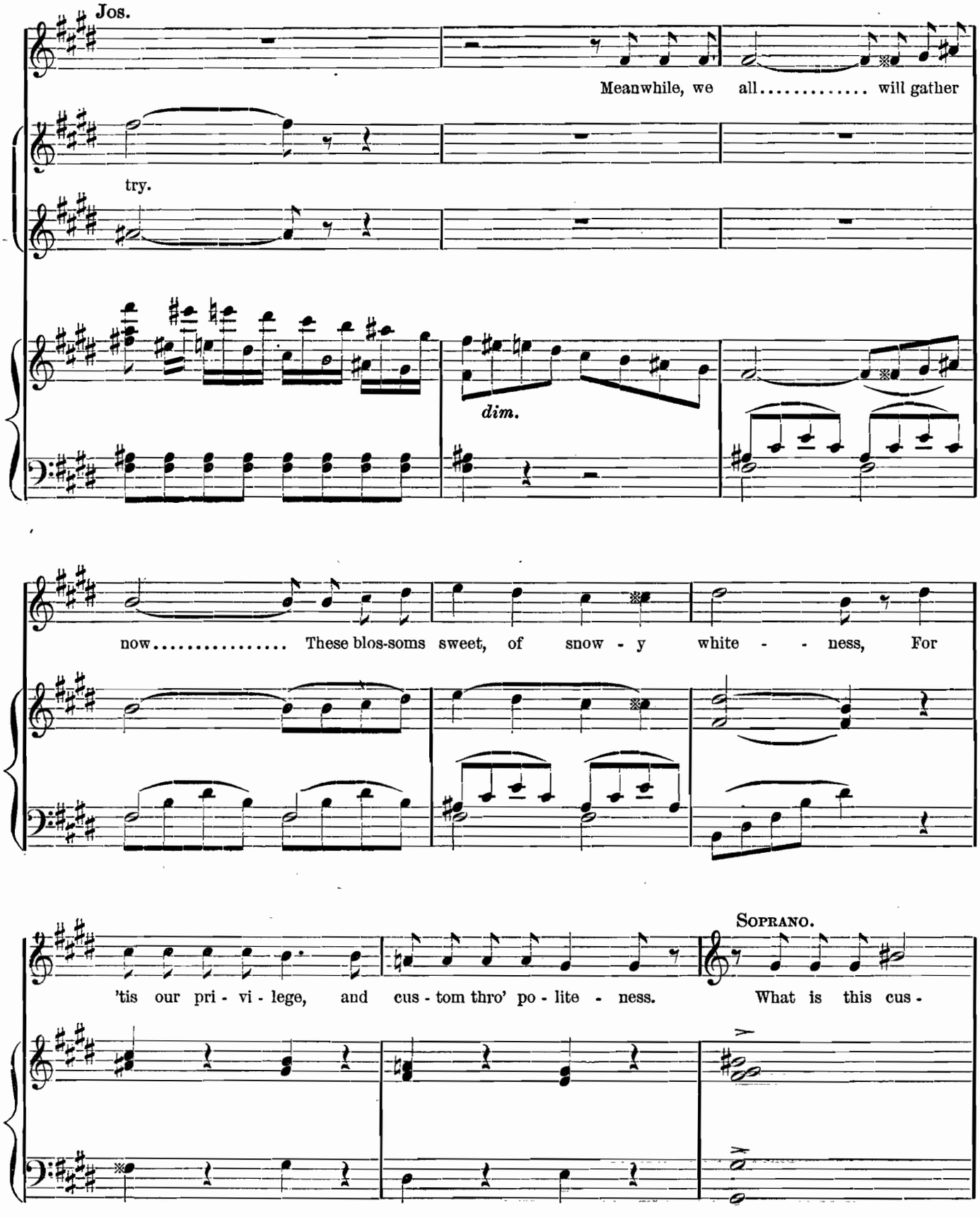
(*Orchestra continues with trumpet calls until lost in the distance.*)

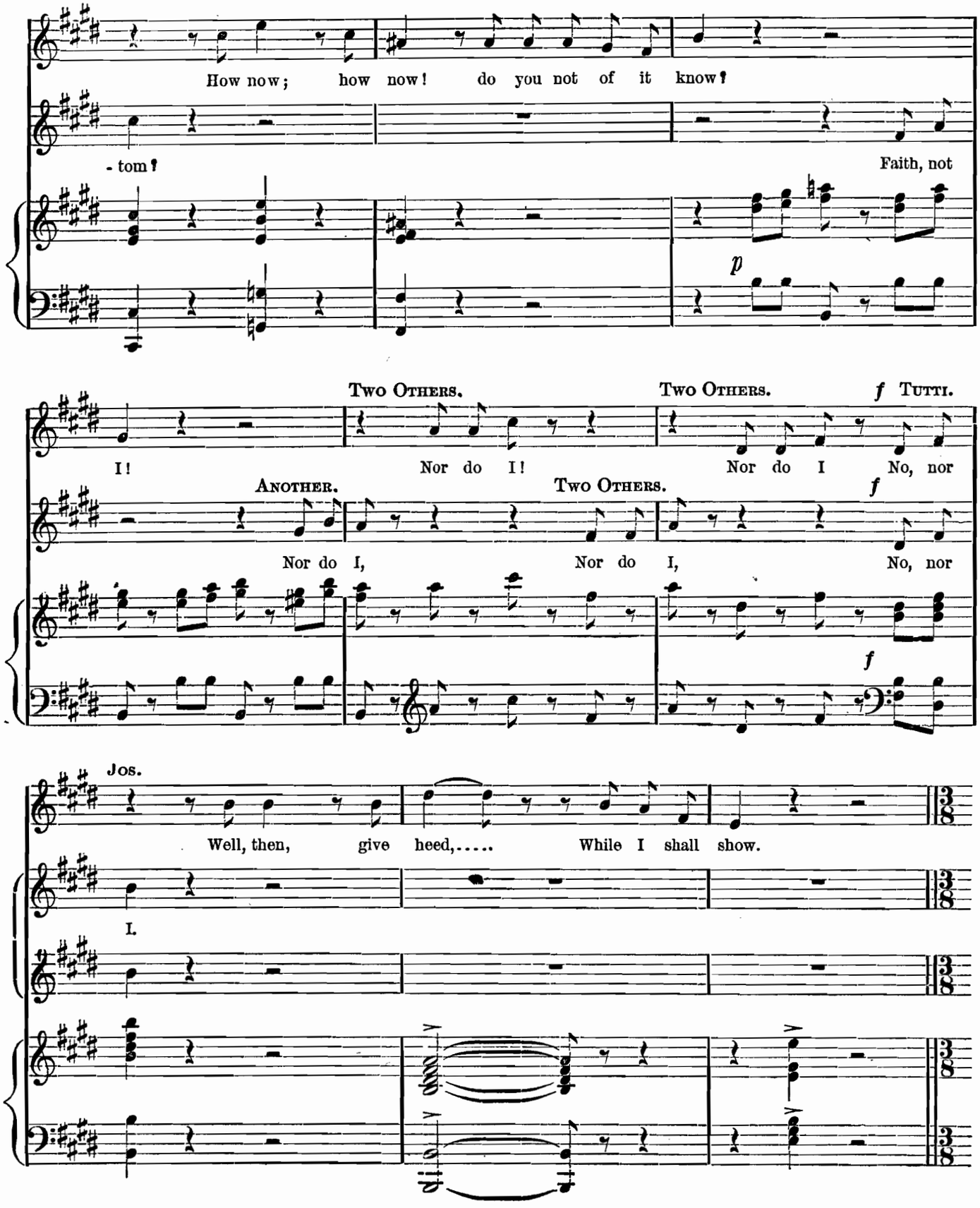
JOSEFA *reads: We, King of Arragon, in honor of the marriage of our daughter, the Princess Micaela, with his highness, Don Gaetan, Duke of Madeira, order that rejoicings shall take place in our good city.*



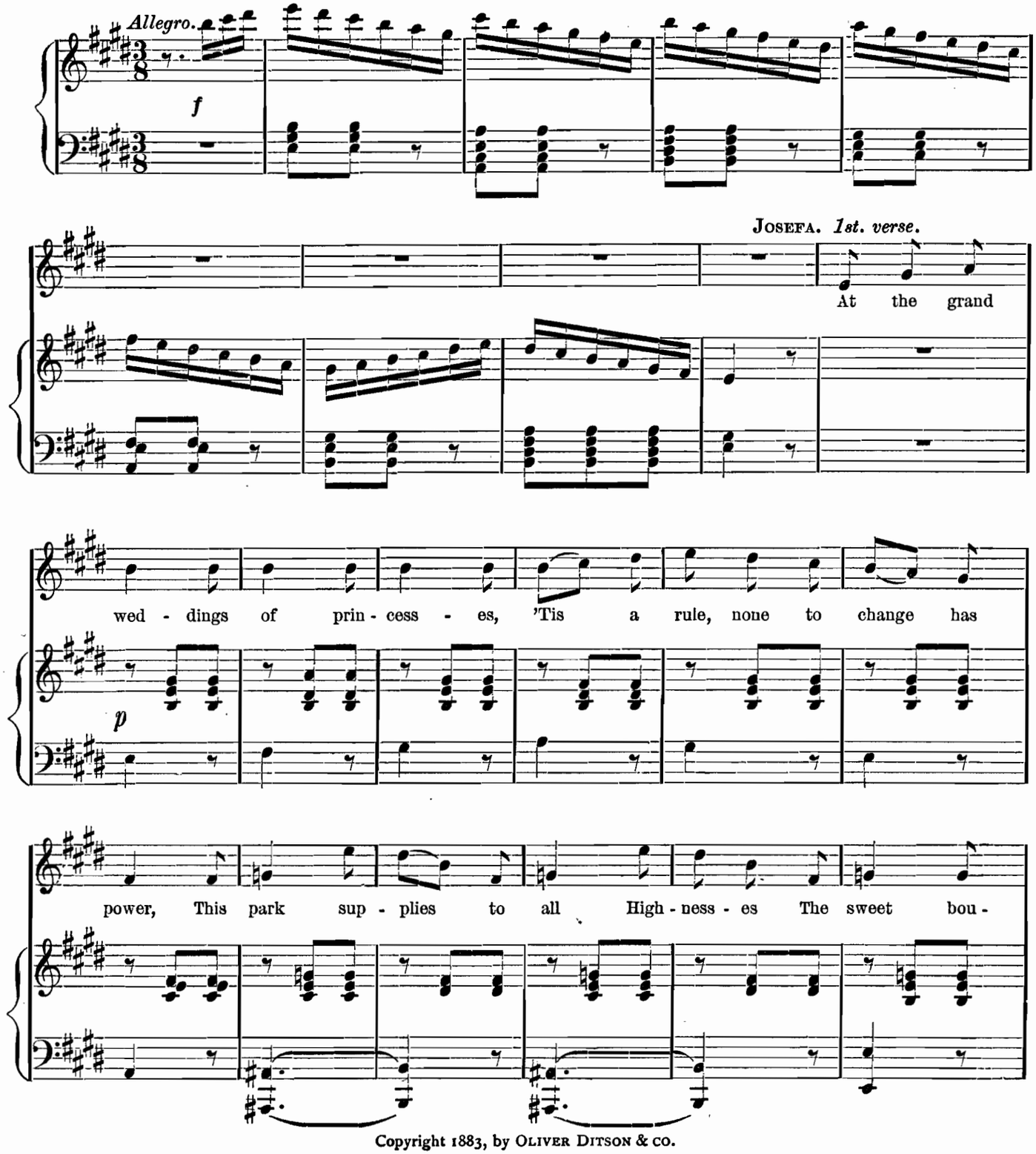
JOSEFA *continues to read, accompanied as before: The young girls who are to be married on this festal occasion, will, according to custom, be married at the treasury's expense, and in the evening, during the bridal feast, they will wait upon the Princess, our august daughter.*




Jos.
Meanwhile, we all..... will gather
try.
dim.
now..... These blos-soms sweet, of snow - y white - - ness, For
Soprano.
'tis our pri - vi - lege, and cus - tom thro' po - lite - ness. What is this cus -


How now; how now! do you not of it know?
- tom?
Faith, not
p
Two Others.
Two Others.
f Tutti.
I!
Nor do I!
Nor do I
No, nor
Another.
Two Others.
f
Nor do I,
Nor do I,
No, nor
f
Jos.
Well, then, give heed,.....
While I shall show.
I.

AT THE GRAND WEDDINGS.



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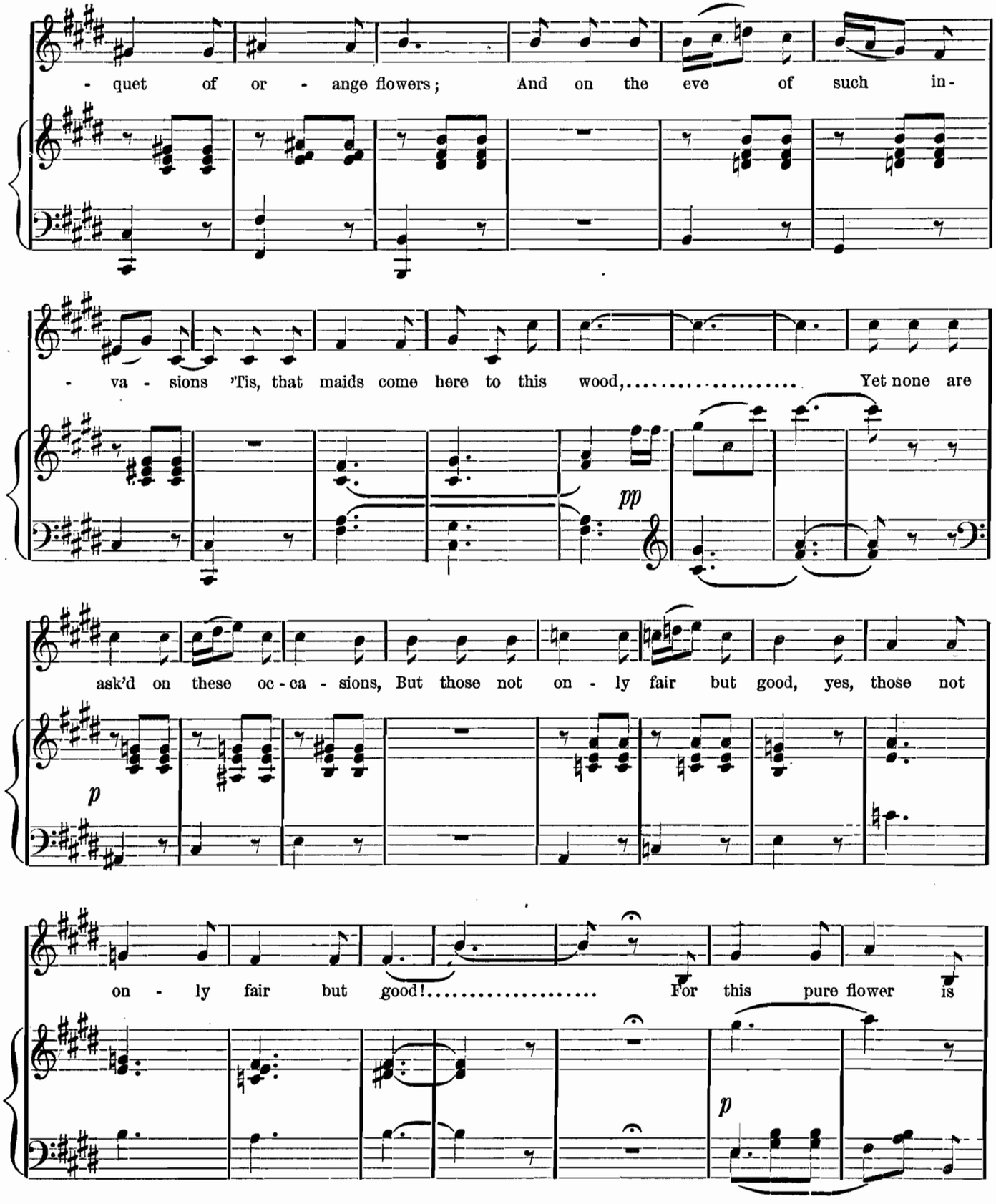
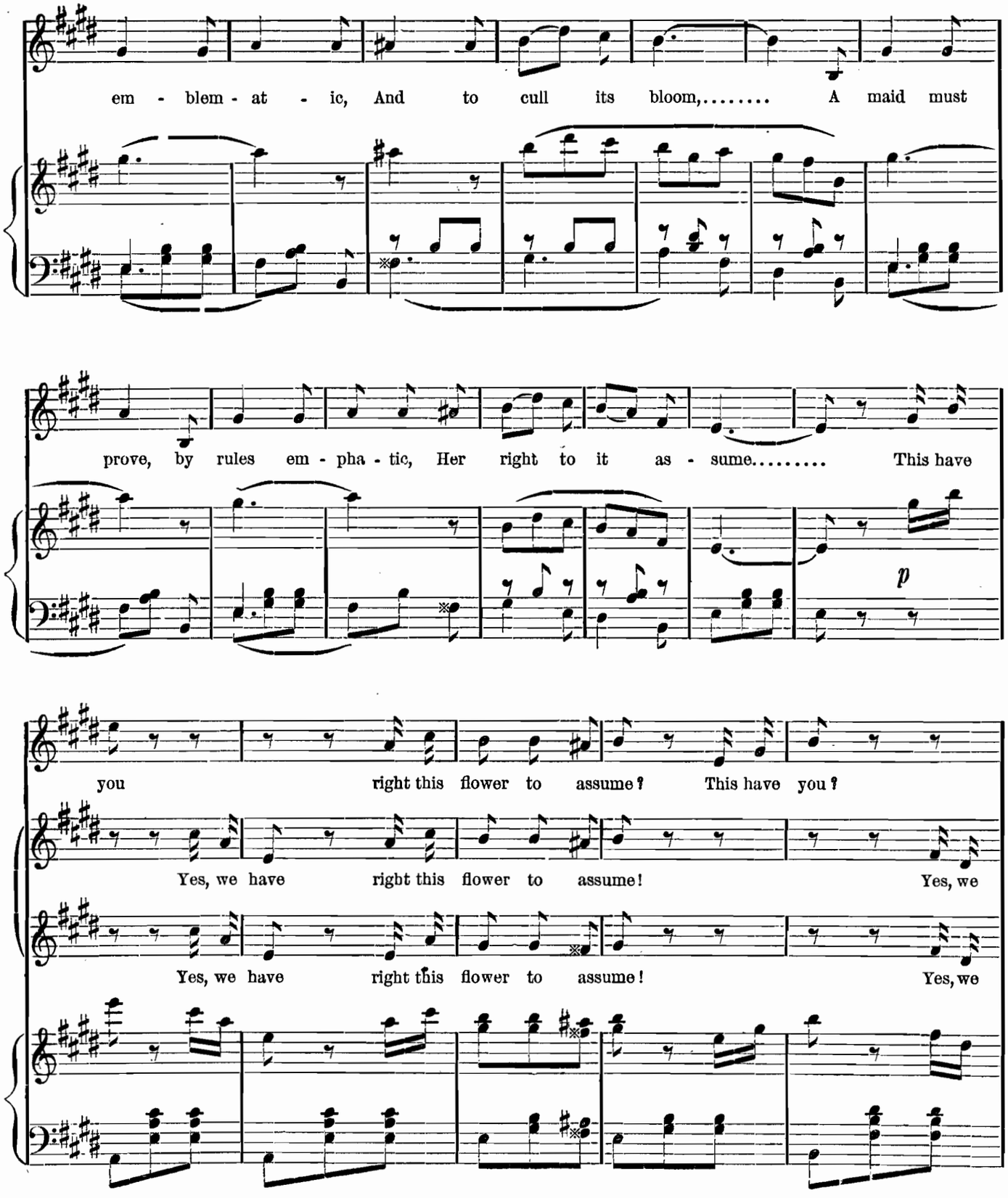
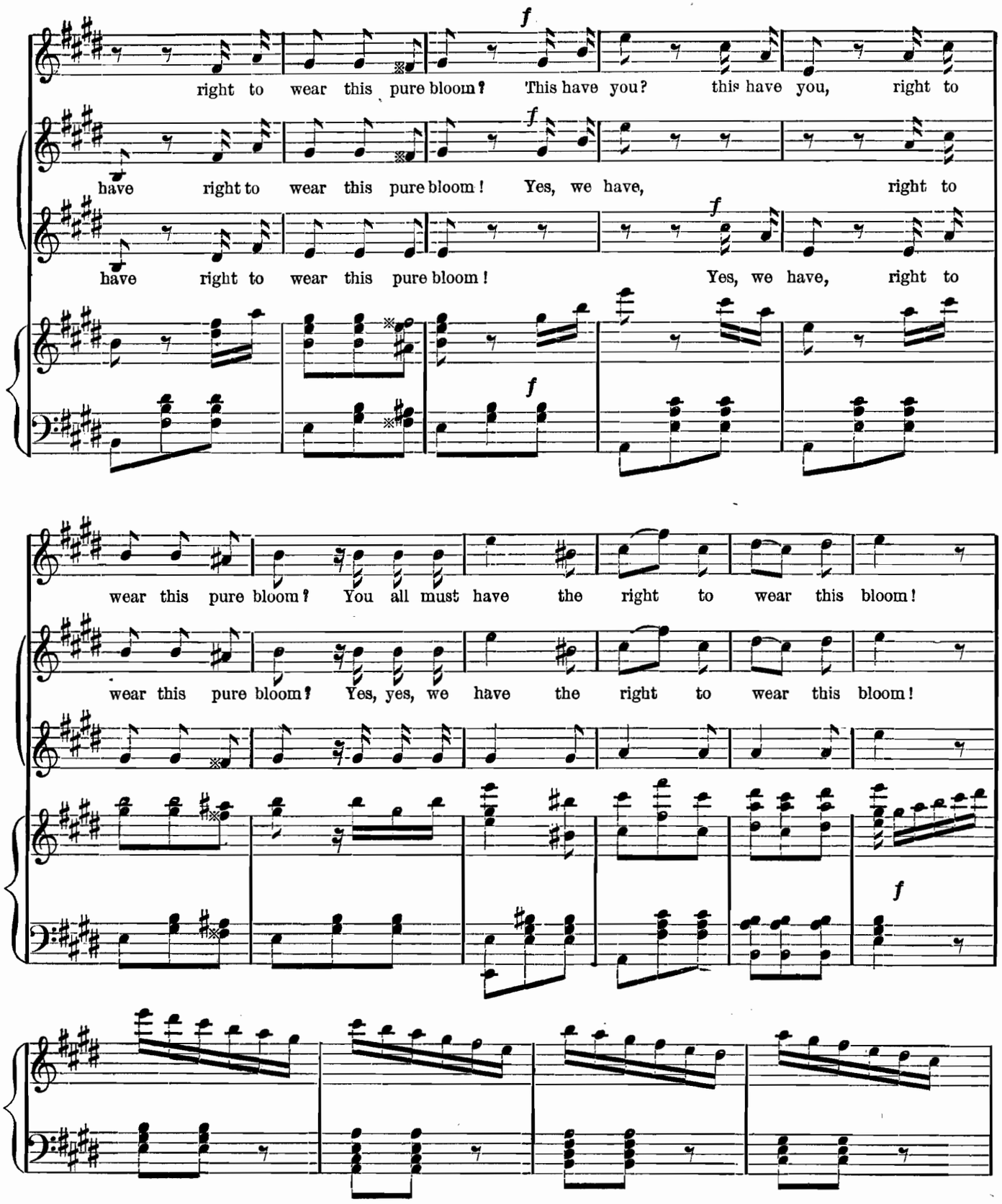
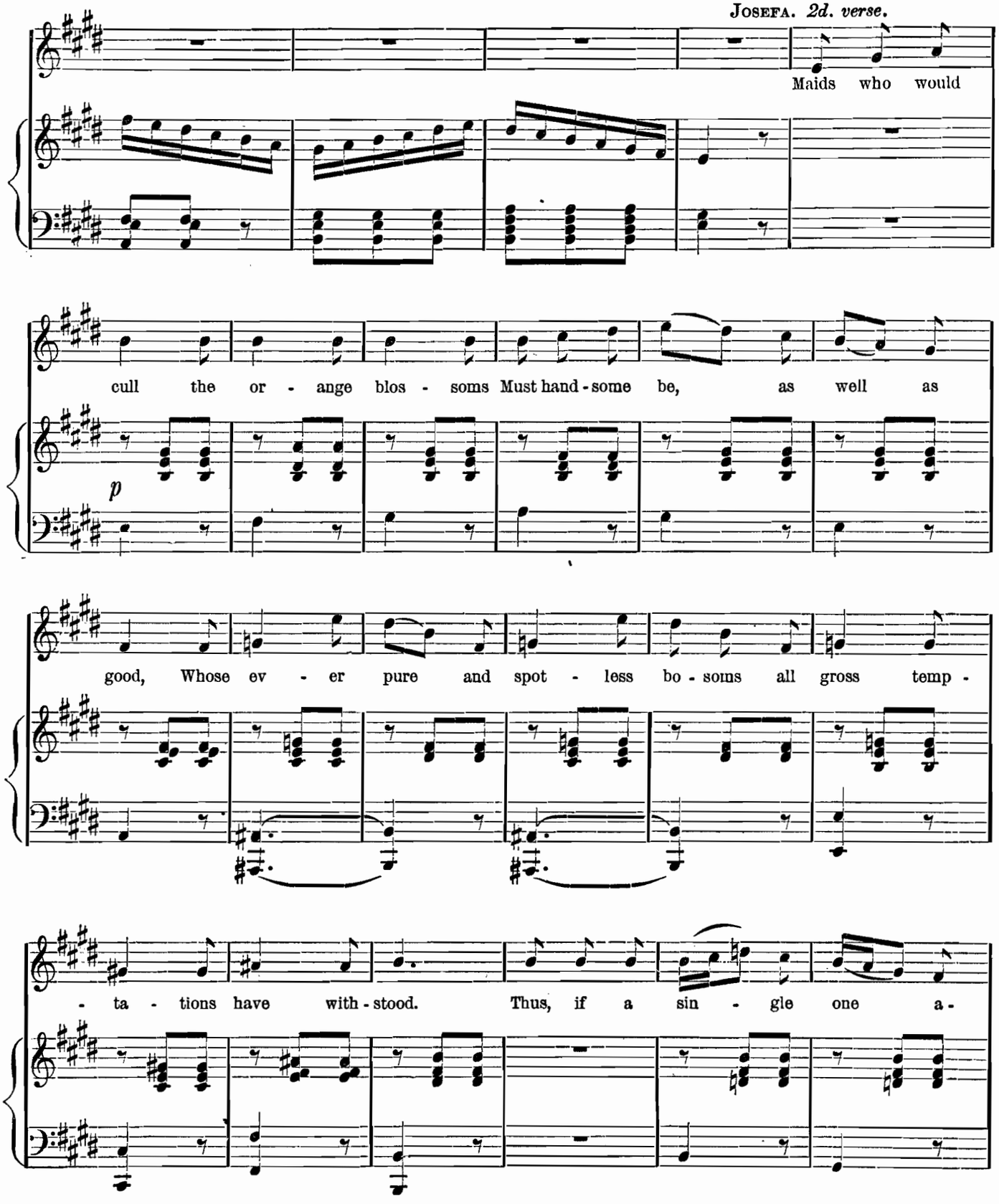
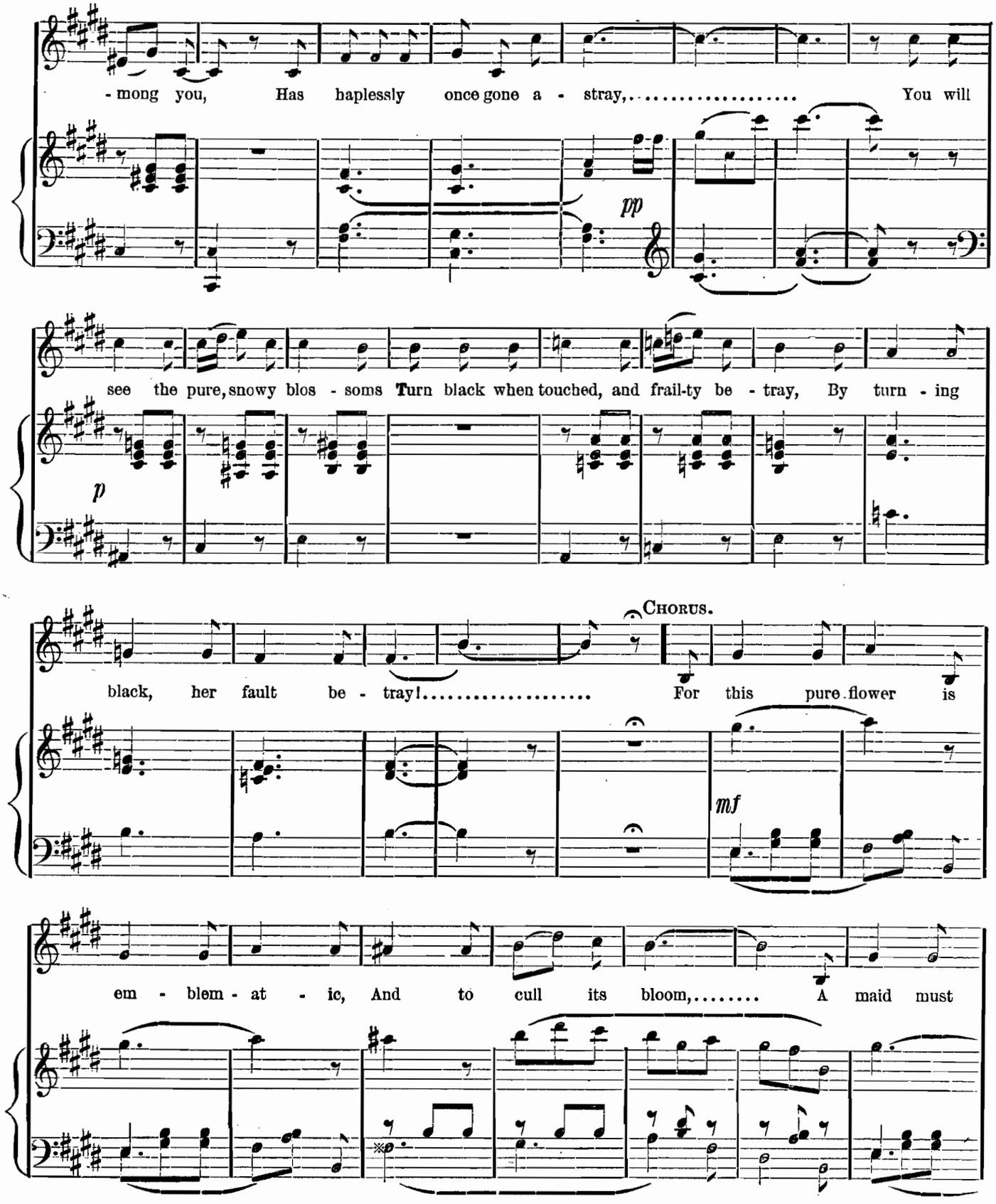
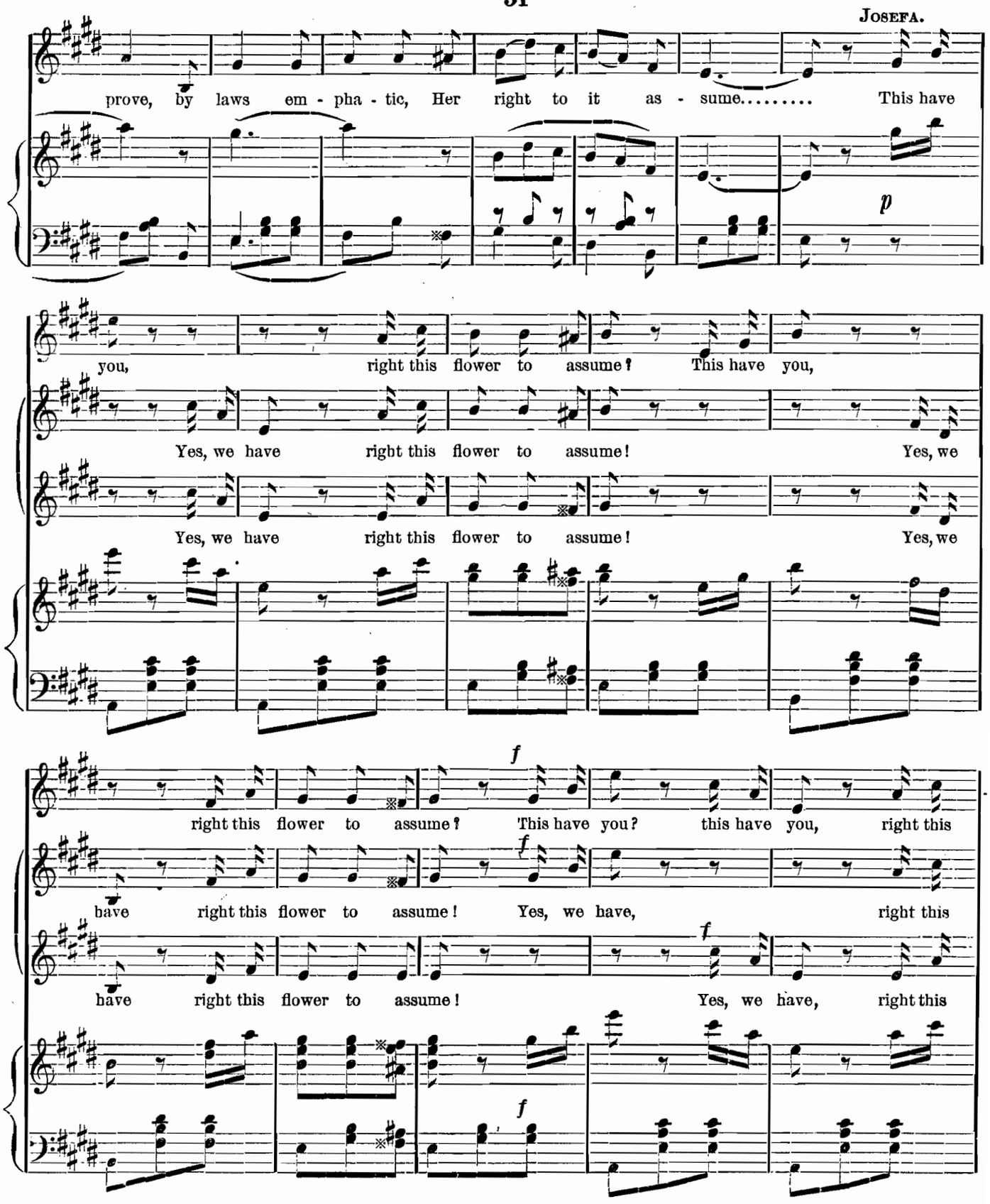

- quet of or - ange flowers; And on the eve of such in-
- va - sions 'Tis, that maids come here to this wood,..... Yet none are
pp
ask'd on these oc - ca - sions, But those not on - ly fair but good, yes, those not
p
on - ly fair but good!..... For this pure flower is
p


em - blem - at - ic, And to cull its bloom,..... A maid must
prove, by rules em - pha - tic, Her right to it as - sume..... This have
p
you right this flower to assume? This have you?
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we


f
right to wear this pure bloom? This have you? this have you, right to
f
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
f
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
f
wear this pure bloom? You all must have the right to wear this bloom!
wear this pure bloom? Yes, yes, we have the right to wear this bloom!
f


JOSEFA. 2d. verse.
Maids who would
cull the or - ange blos - soms Must hand - some be, as well as
p
good, Whose ev - er pure and spot - less bo - soms all gross temp -
- ta - tions have with - stood. Thus, if a sin - gle one a -


-mong you, Has haplessly once gone a - stray,..... You will
pp
see the pure, snowy blos - soms Turn black when touched, and frail-ty be - tray, By turn - ing
p
CHORUS.
black, her fault be - tray!..... For this pure flower is
mf
em - blem - at - ic, And to cull its bloom,..... A maid must


JOSEFA.
prove, by laws em - pha - tic, Her right to it as - sume..... This have
p
you, right this flower to assume? This have you,
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
Yes, we have right this flower to assume! Yes, we
f
right this flower to assume? This have you? this have you, right this
f
have right this flower to assume! Yes, we have, right this
f
have right this flower to assume! Yes, we have, right this
f

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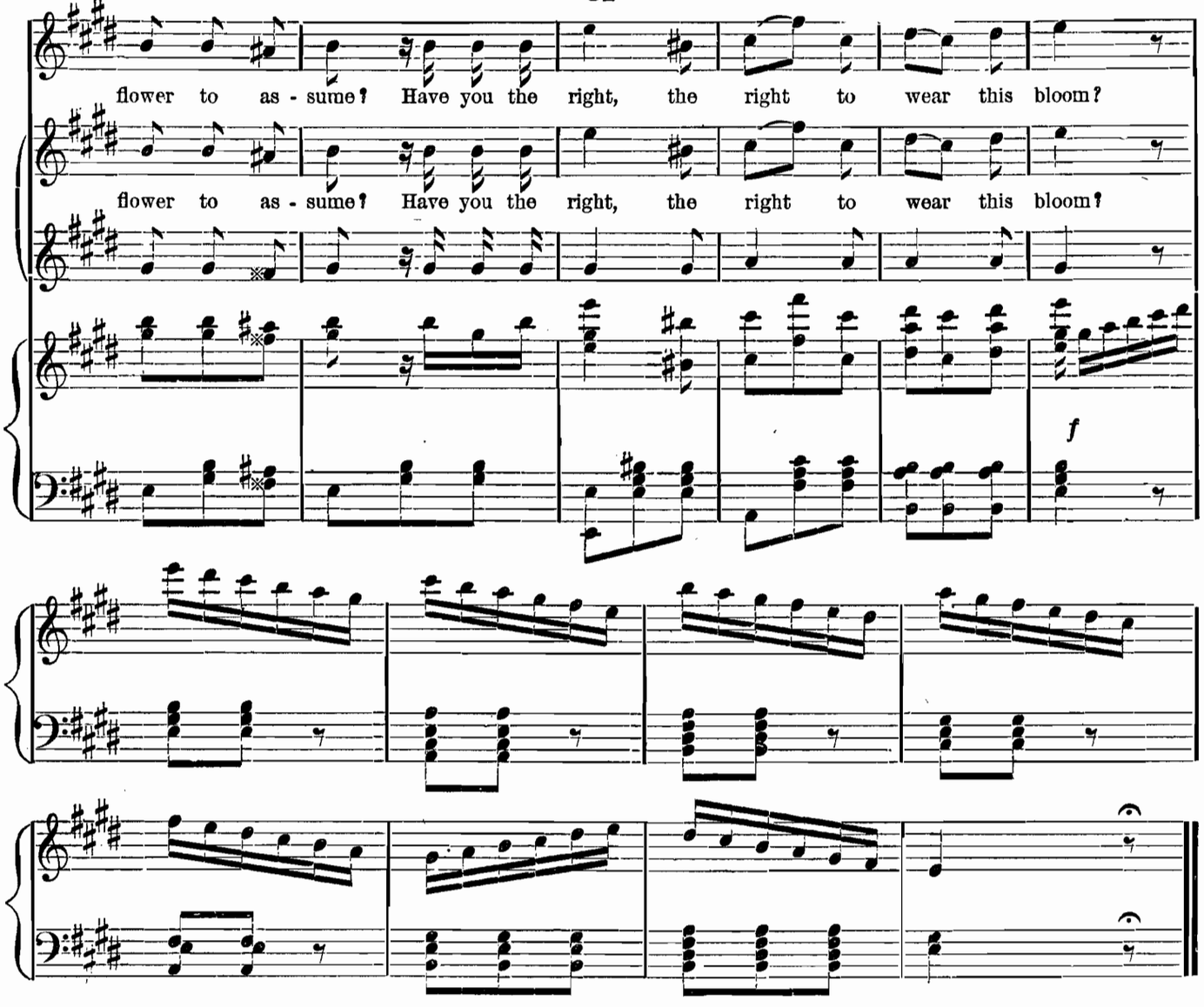
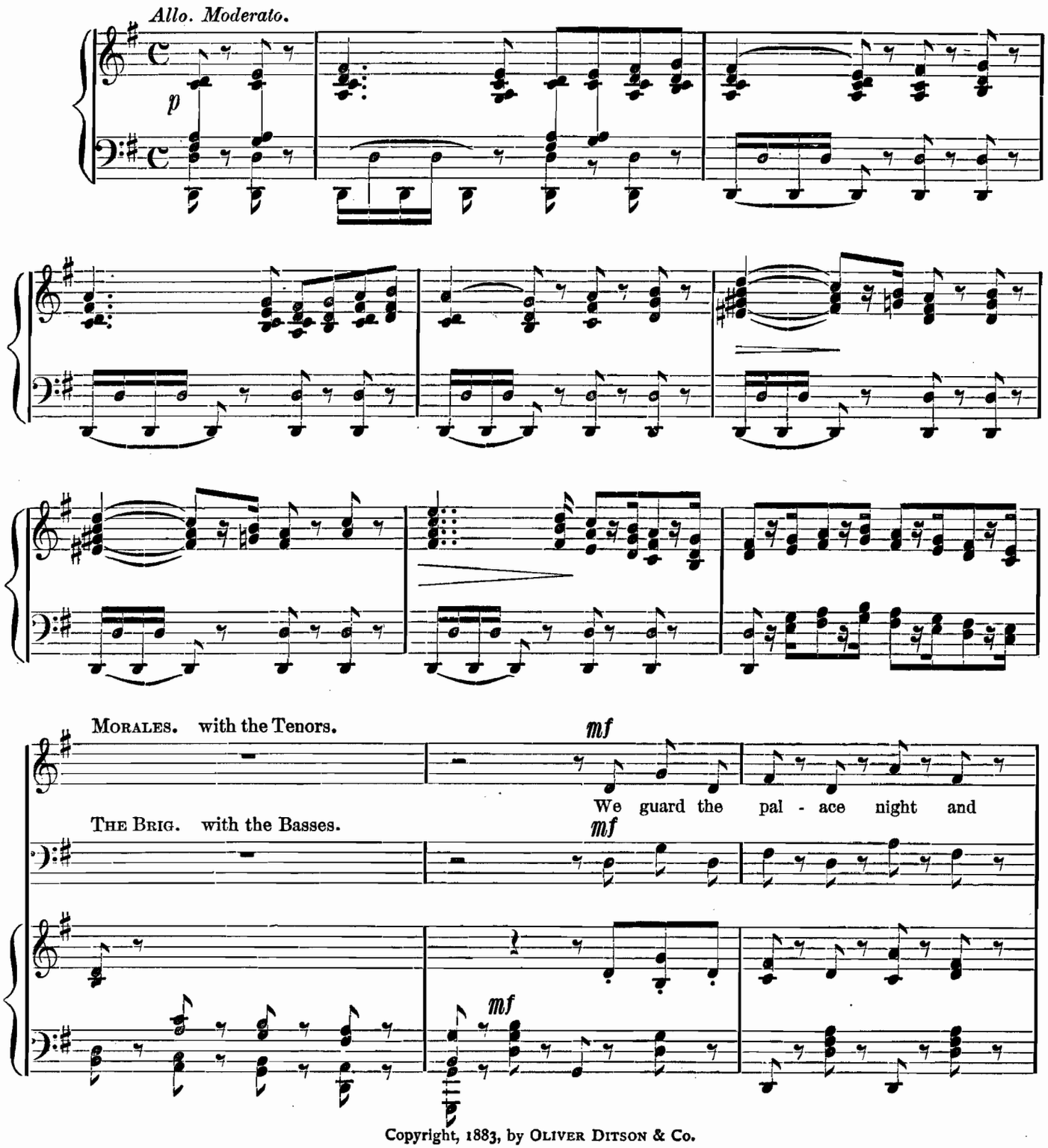


ANITA. Ah! mon Dieu! is all that true?
JOSEFA. Well! perhaps— are you afraid? (*Laughter.*)
CHORUS. (*Resumes.*) For this pure flower, &c.
ANITA. I really think it, is a great honor to be married at the government's expense.
PEPA. And to gather from the same orange-trees the princess' bouquet and our own.
DOLORES. But they say that in other times, they gave a dowry besides.
JOSEFA. I have heard it said, by my father, who was gardener to the palace.
INEZ. That was a good custom— and we must get up a petition for its renewal.
ANITA. Look here, Josefa, you are not going to be married, and have no interest in the matter, but you ought, all the same, to get it up for us.
ALL. Yes, yes!
JOSEFA. I should like nothing better. (*Goes into the house for writing materials.*)
DOLORES. How shall we word it?
INEZ. Put it in the smallest possible shape— great people are always in a hurry.
ANITA. Yes, but we must put everything in, meanwhile. (*They all group themselves around* JOSEFA, *who has returned with pen, ink and paper, and has seated herself at a rustic table*)
PEPA. It is a simple matter!
DOLORES. We are young brides— (JOSEFA *writes.*)
INES. Each about to take a husband—
PEPA. We are not rich—
ANITA. To establish ourselves, there are expenses to be met.
DOLORES. Oh! yes, indeed there are—
PEPA. But when there is a dowry—
ANITA. It is the best aid to happiness in the house—
PEPA. Of course—
JOSEFA. (*Who has written it all.*) Well, that is very well.
DOLORES. You think so?
JOSEFA. Certainly!
INEZ. Let us sign it then.
ALL. Yes, let us sign it. (*They all sign it.*)
ANITA. How shall we send it to the princess?
PEPA. Simply enough; when we go to carry our flowers. (*They take up their baskets*)
DOLORES. That is perfect— in the midst of flowers—
JOSEFA. (*Looking to the right.*) Here are the palace guards! Be off with you!
ANITA. All right! And we'll come and give an account of our embassy. (*They go off, carrying their flowers.* JOSEFA *returns to the house.*)

WE GUARD THE PALACE.

No. 2. Guards' Chorus.

SCENE III. BRIGADIER BALDOREMO and MORALES



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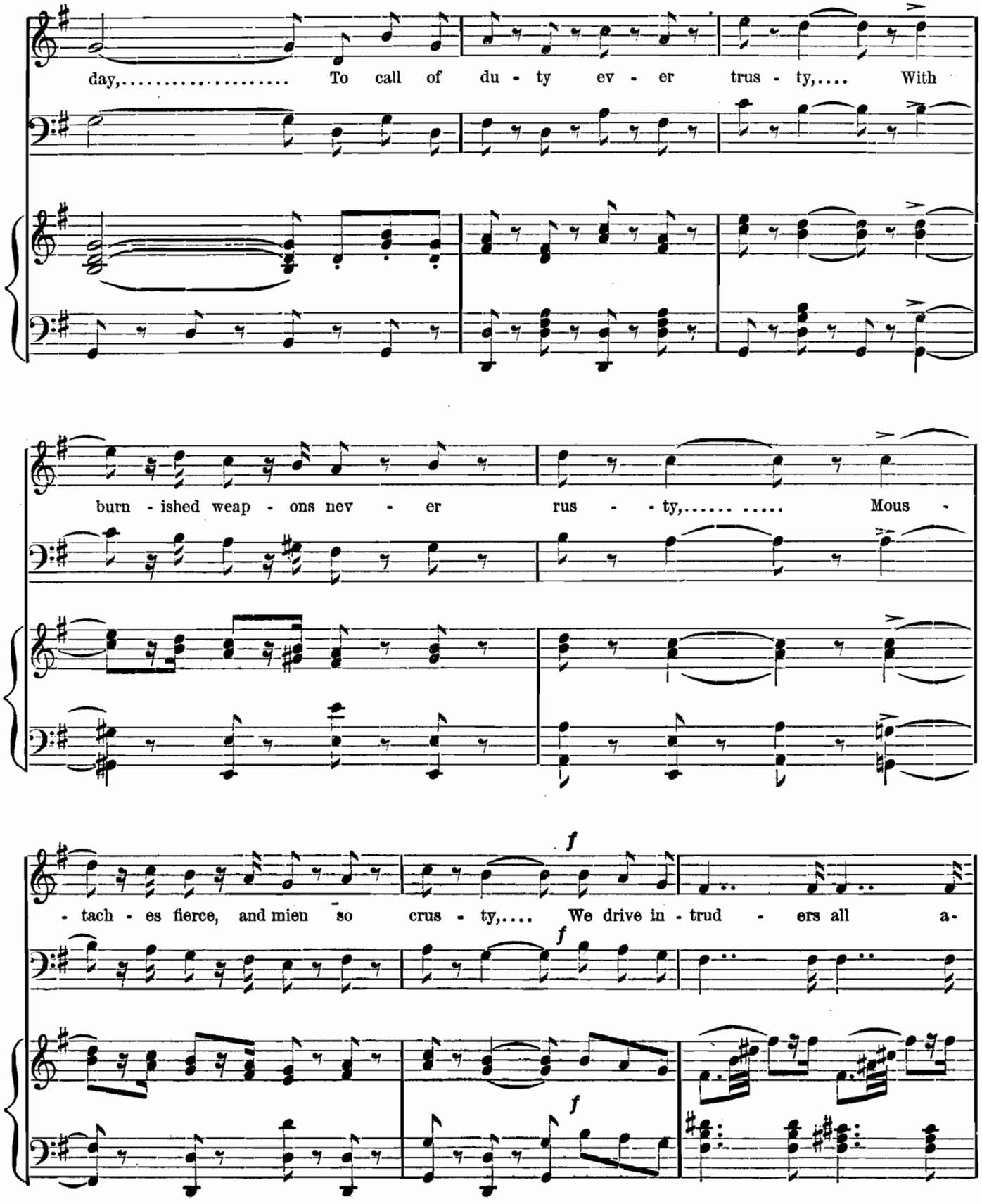
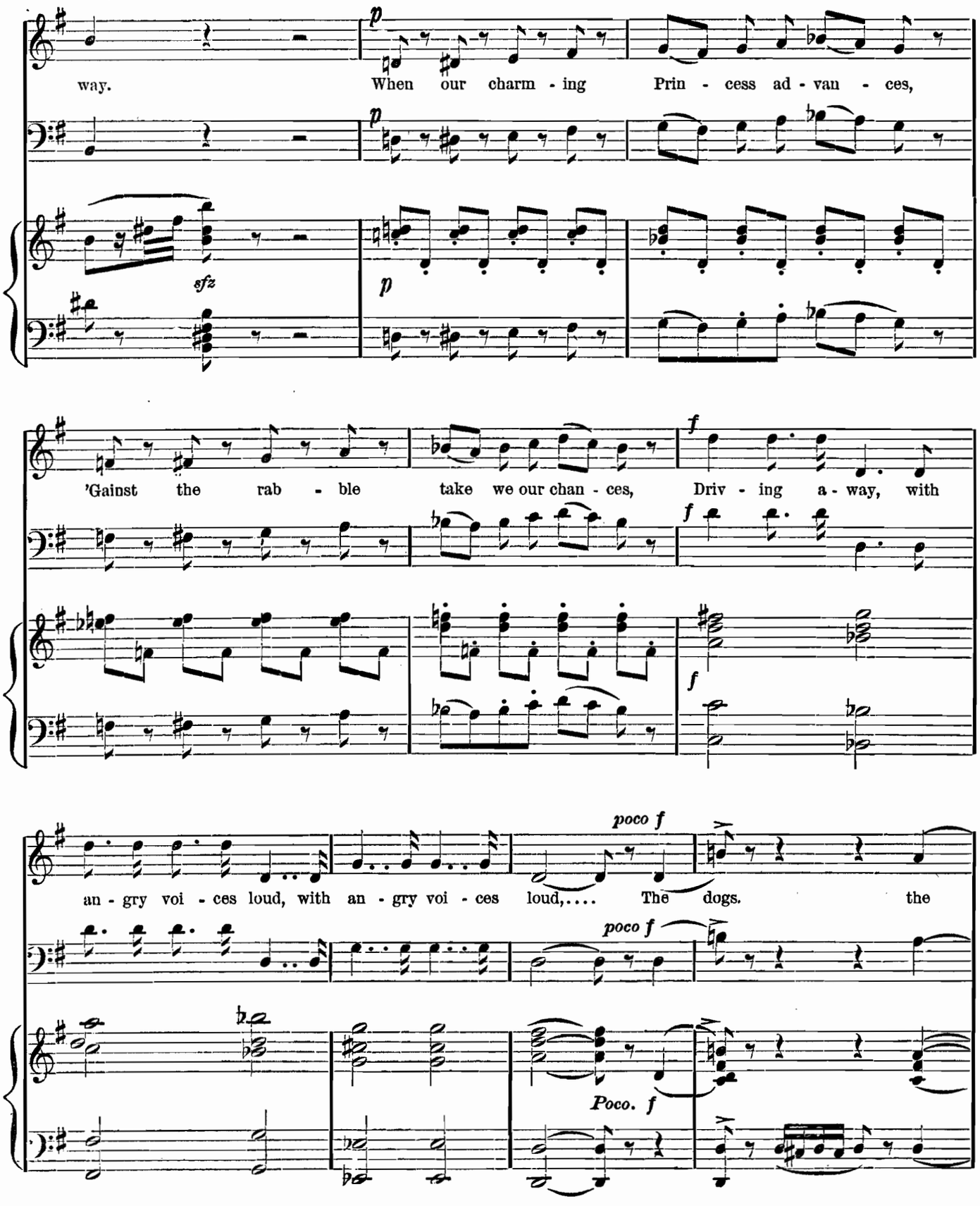
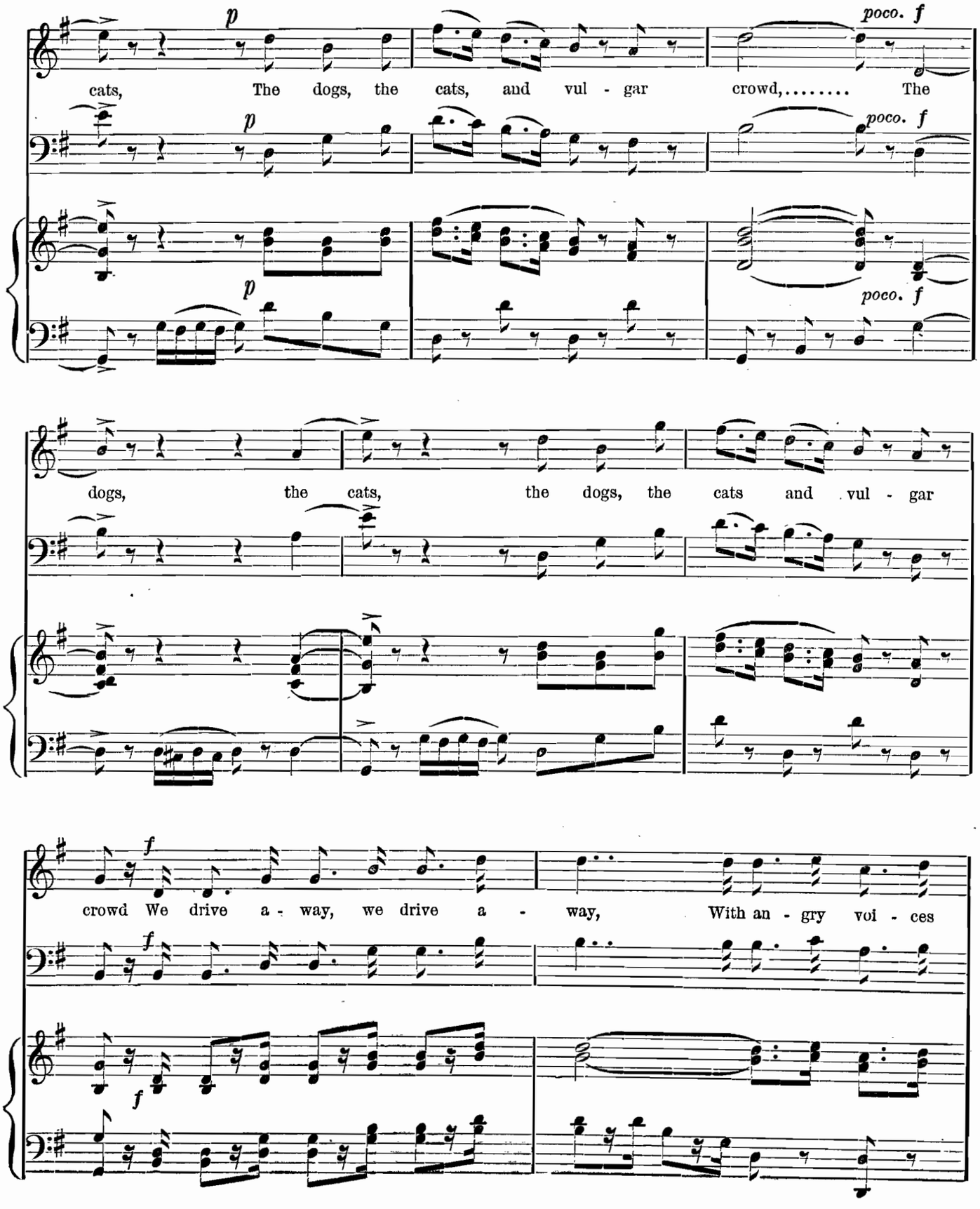
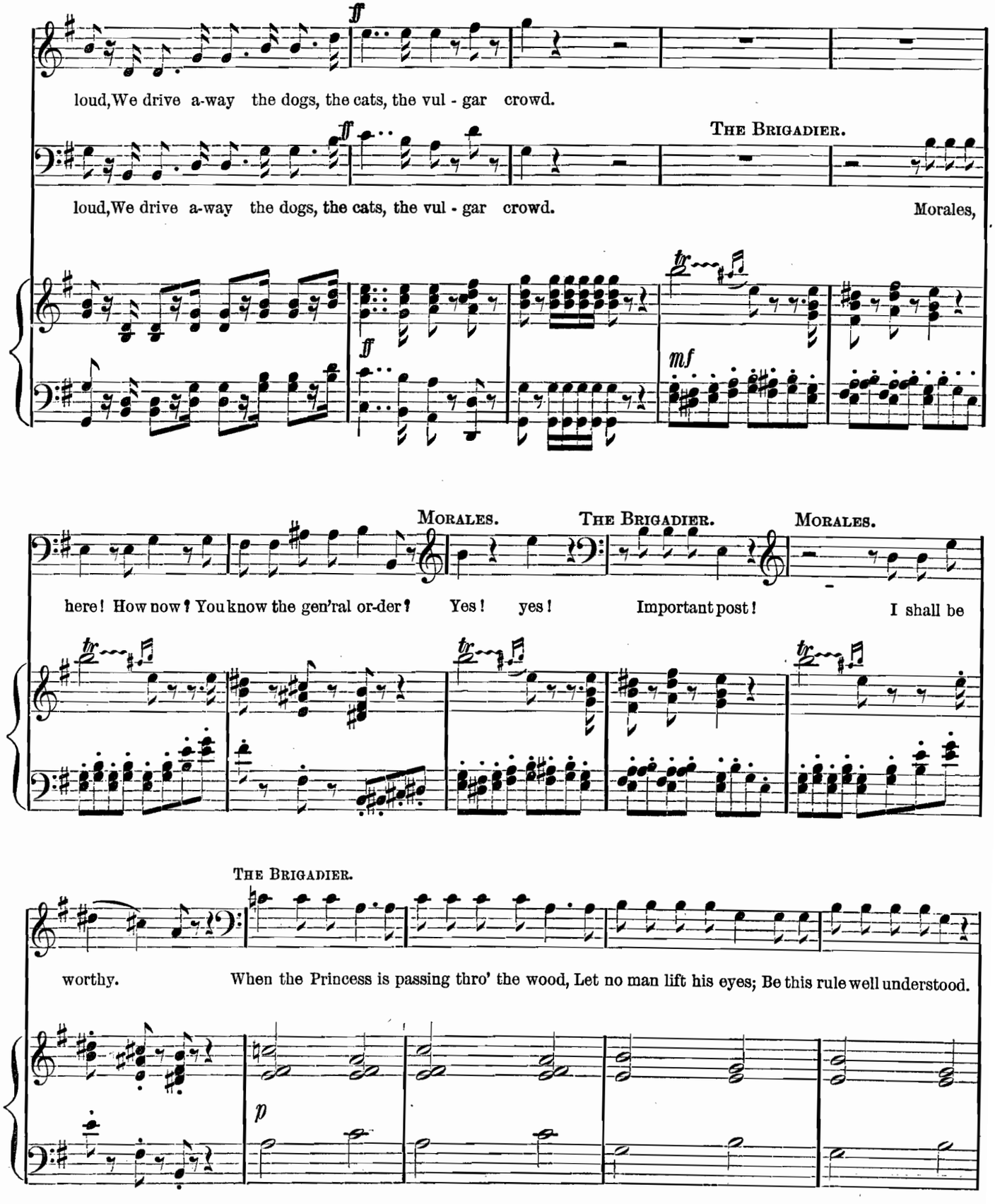
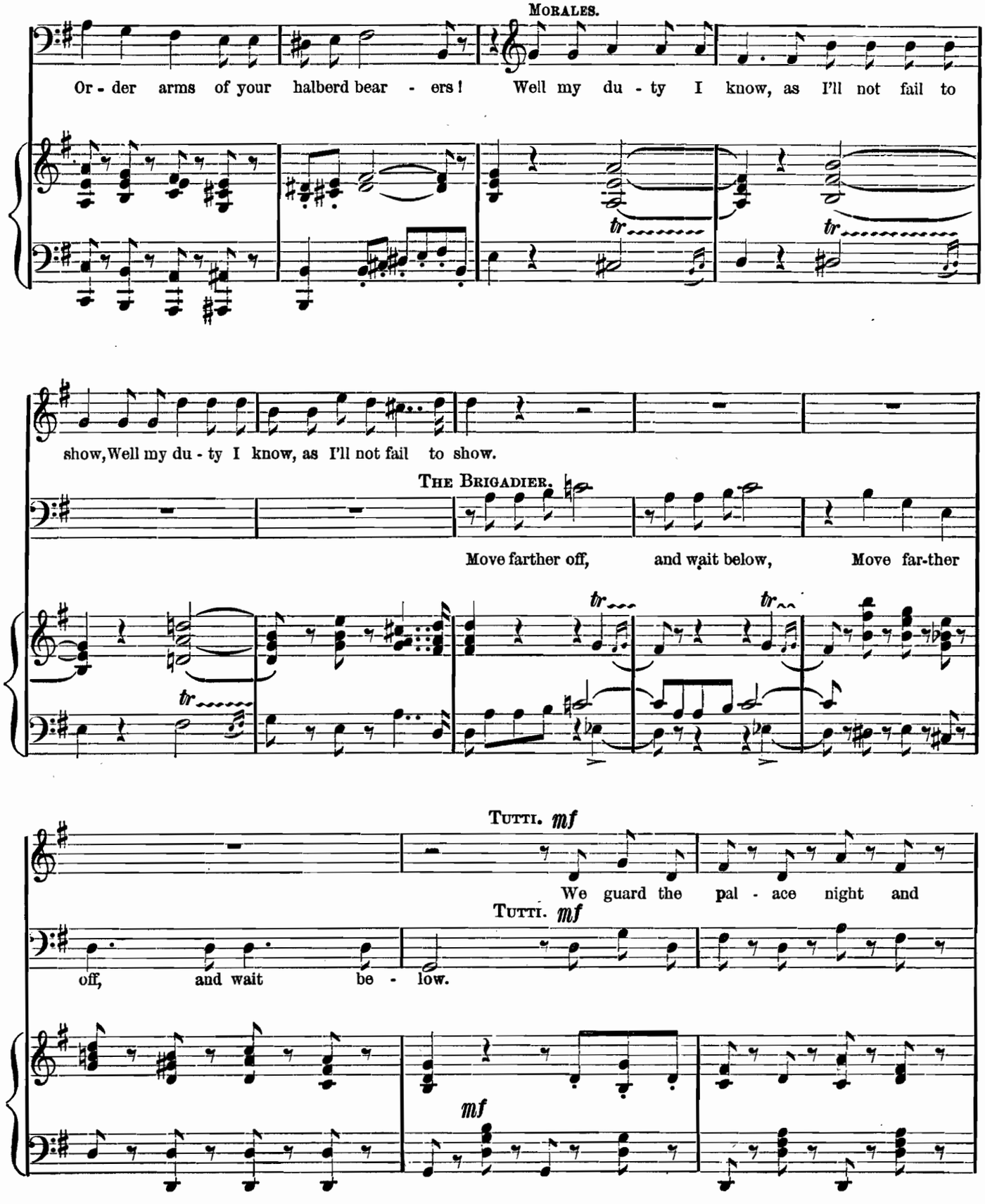
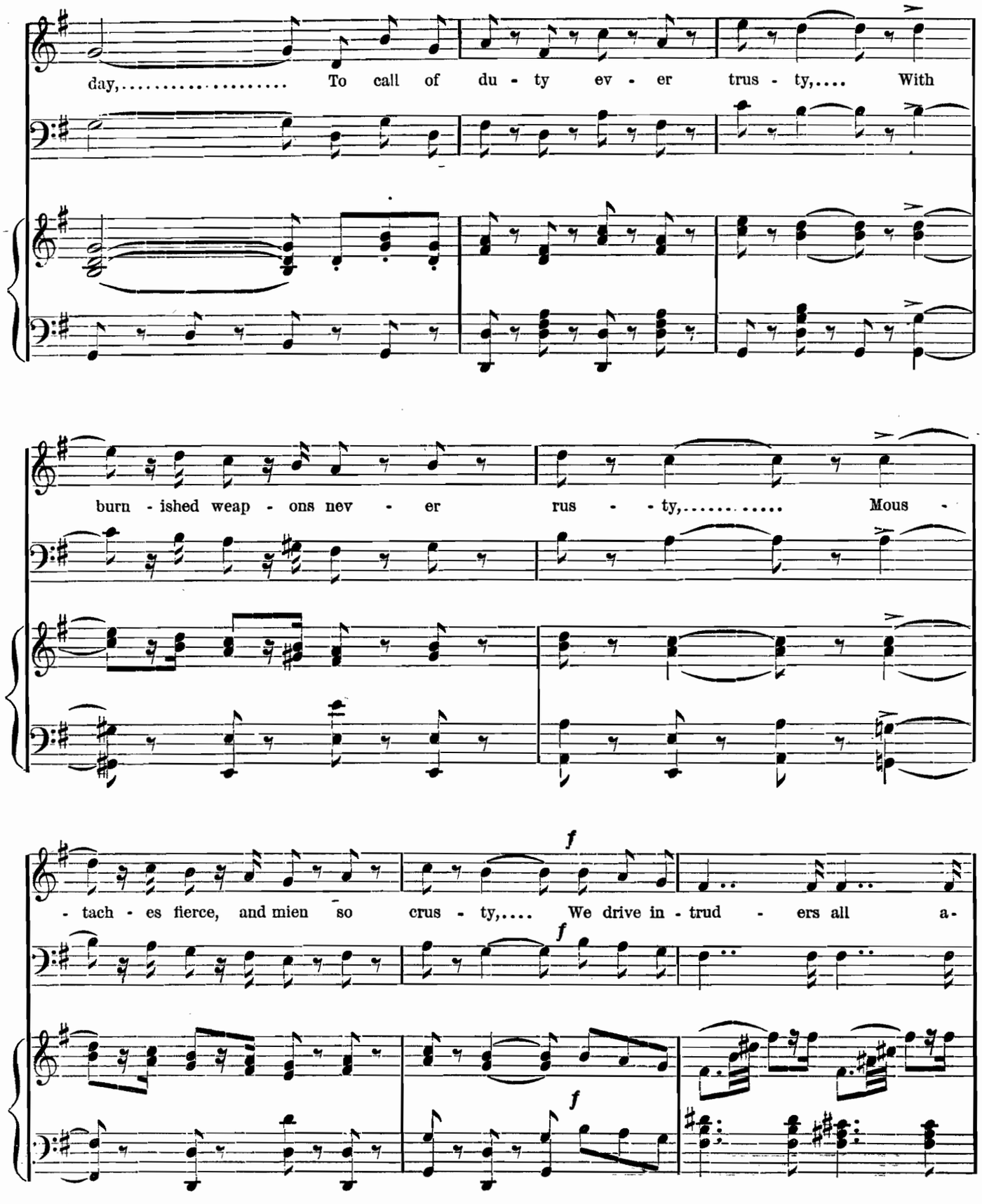

day,..... To call of du - ty ev - er trus - ty,.... With
burn - ished weap - ons nev - er rus - - ty,..... ..... Mous -
f
- tach - es fierce, and mien so crus - ty,.... We drive in - trud - ers all a-
f
f

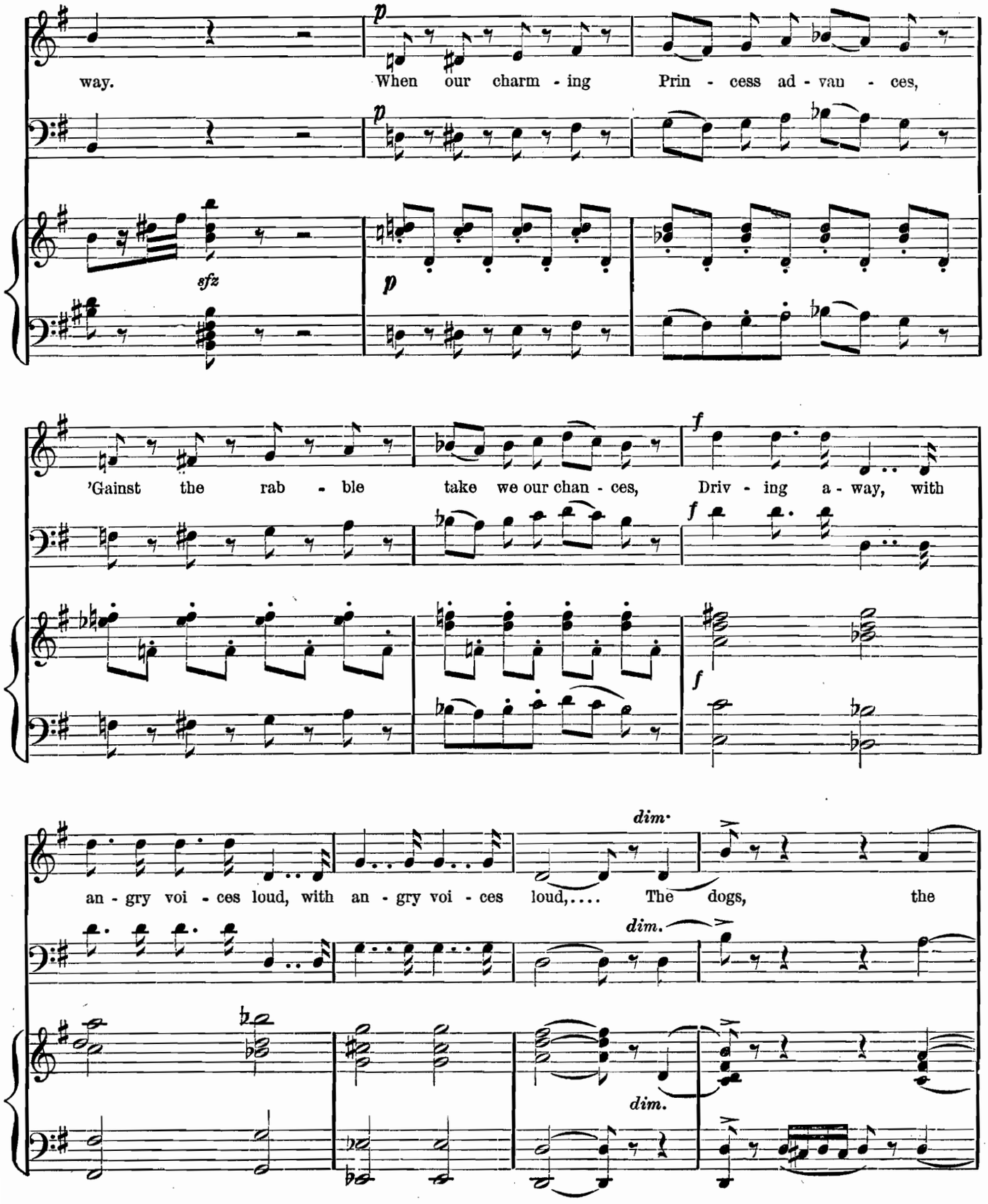

way.
When our charm - ing Prin - cess ad - van - ces,
sfz
p
'Gainst the rab - ble take we our chan - ces, Driv - ing a - way, with
f
an - gry voi - ces loud, with an - gry voi - ces loud,.... The dogs. the
poco f
Poco. f

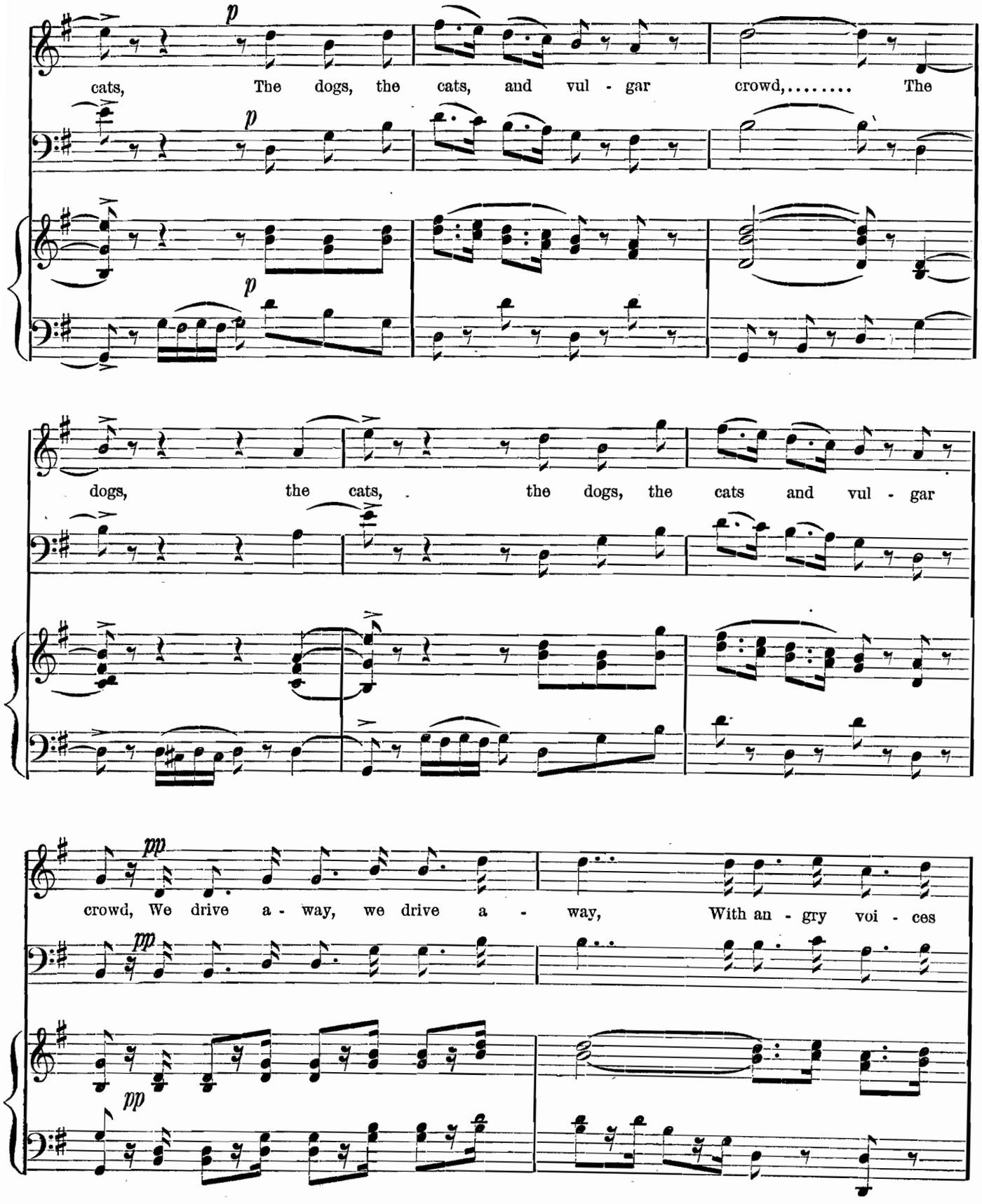

p
poco. f
cats, The dogs, the cats, and vul - gar crowd,..... The
dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vul - gar
f
crowd We drive a - way, we drive a - way, With an - gry voi - ces

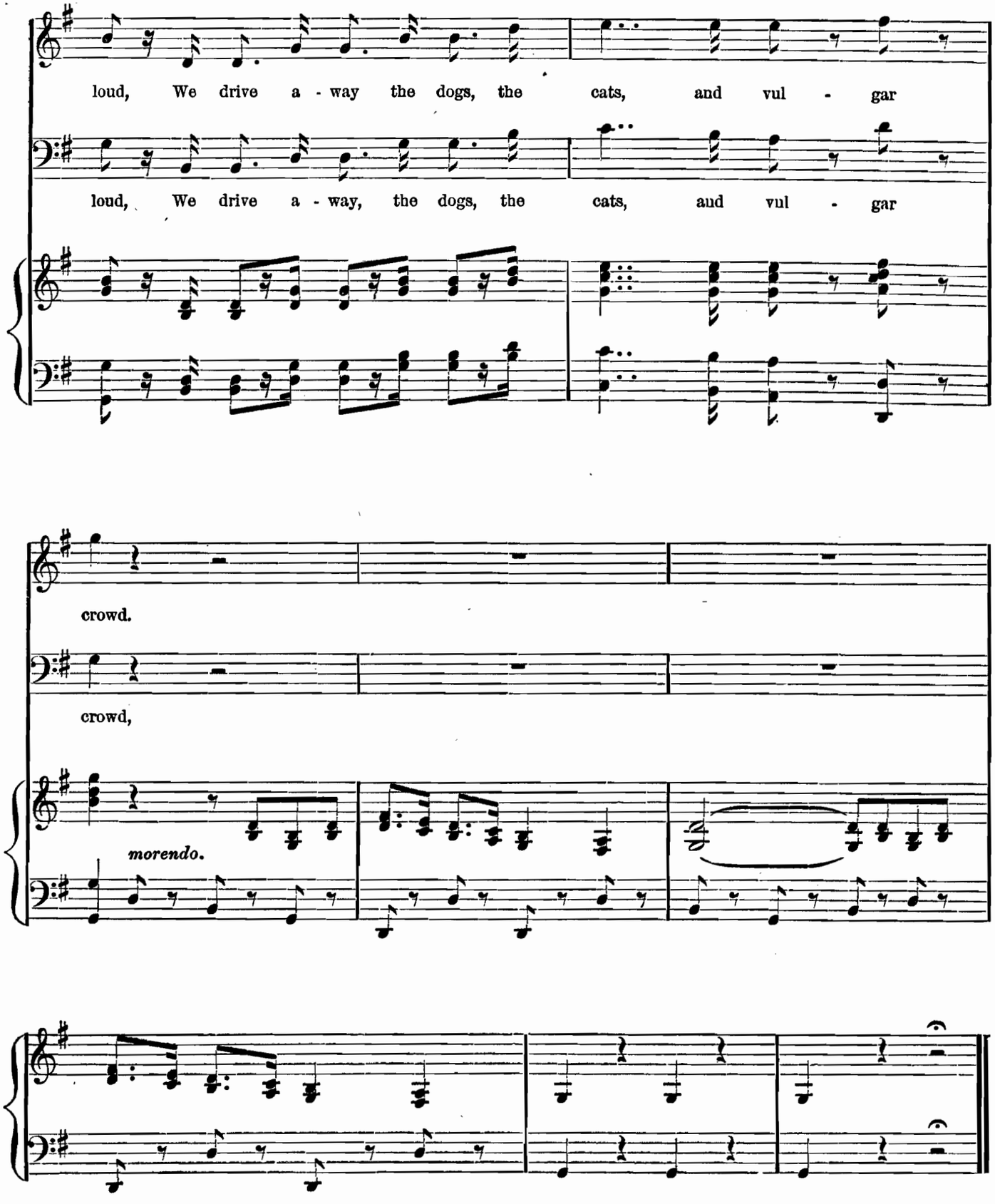

ff
loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul - gar crowd.
THE BRIGADIER.
ff
loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul - gar crowd.
Morales,
ff
mf
MORALES.
THE BRIGADIER.
MORALES.
here! How now? You know the gen'ral or-der? Yes! yes! Important post! I shall be
THE BRIGADIER.
worthy. When the Princess is passing thro' the wood, Let no man lift his eyes; Be this rule well understood.
p


MORALES.
Or - der arms of your halberd bear - ers! Well my du - ty I know, as I'll not fail to
show, Well my du - ty I know, as I'll not fail to show.
THE BRIGADIER.
Move farther off, and wait below, Move far-ther
TUTTI. mf
We guard the pal - ace night and
TUTTI. mf
off, and wait be - low.
mf


day,..... To call of du - ty ev - er trus - ty,.... With
burn - ished weap - ons nev - er rus - - ty,..... Mous -
f
- tach - es fierce, and mien so crus - ty,.... We drive in - trud - ers all a-
f
f


way.
When our charm - ing Prin - cess ad - van - ces,
'Gainst the rab - ble take we our chan - ces, Driv - ing a - way, with
an - gry voi - ces loud, with an - gry voi - ces loud,.... The dogs, the
p
sfz
f
dim.


p
cats, The dogs, the cats, and vul - gar crowd,..... The
dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vul - gar
pp
crowd, We drive a - way, we drive a - way, With an - gry voi - ces


loud, We drive a - way the dogs, the cats, and vul - gar
loud, We drive a - way, the dogs, the cats, and vul - gar
crowd.
crowd,
morendo.

SCENE IV.—*Guards march off.* MORALES, *then* JOSEFA.

MOR. (*Stands sentry a moment, looks to the right and left, then, seeing no one, goes and knocks at the window of* JOSEFA.) Alone at last! Josefa, Josefa!

JOS. (*Opens the window.*) Morales, you here?

MOR. Yes, I arranged with my comrades to be placed as sentry under your window.

JOS. Ah! that is nice! The princess, then, is coming this way?

MOR. That is to say—they are going to bring her here. You know well enough that she is not allowed to take a single step without being accompanied by the Cam rera Major, and her maids of honor.

JOS. Yes, that is etiquette. No joke for her is that etiquette!

MOR. And that Camérera!—She is a nuisance; she is not a woman; she is a gendarme! If she saw me talking with you, she would have me put under arrest.

JOS. Beware of her!

MOR. I keep my eyes open. You understand that I have no desire to catch a punishment. That would retard still farther my advancement.

JOS. And thus postpone our marriage.

MOR. As you say—since my Colonel does not permit starting a household, except on an up-grade.

JOS. Simple guards must be patient waiters.

MOR. Or wait very impatiently. Oh! if I could but kiss you once.

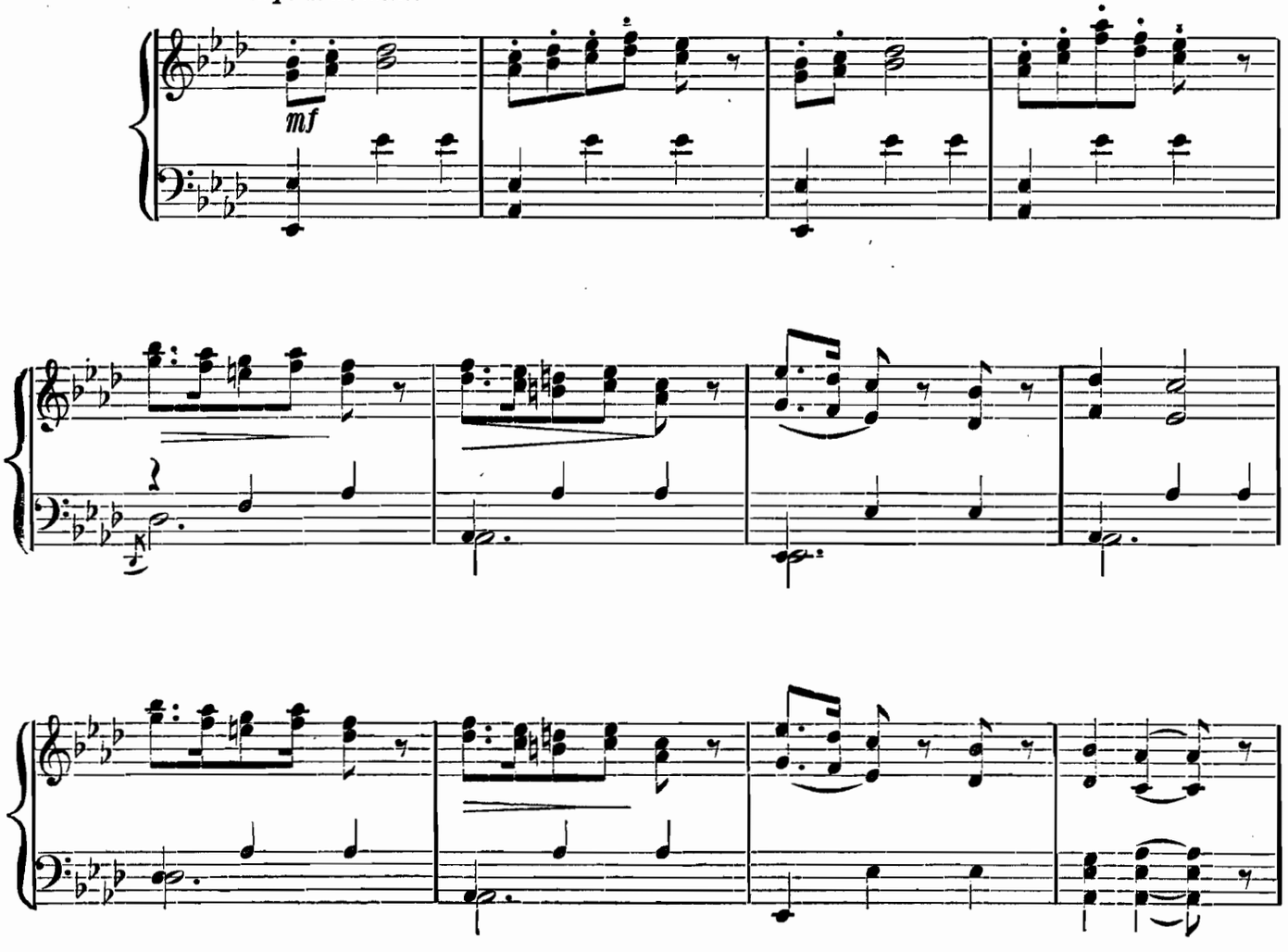
JOS. Take care, they are coming! (MORALES *runs off quickly, and goes off to resume his post.*)

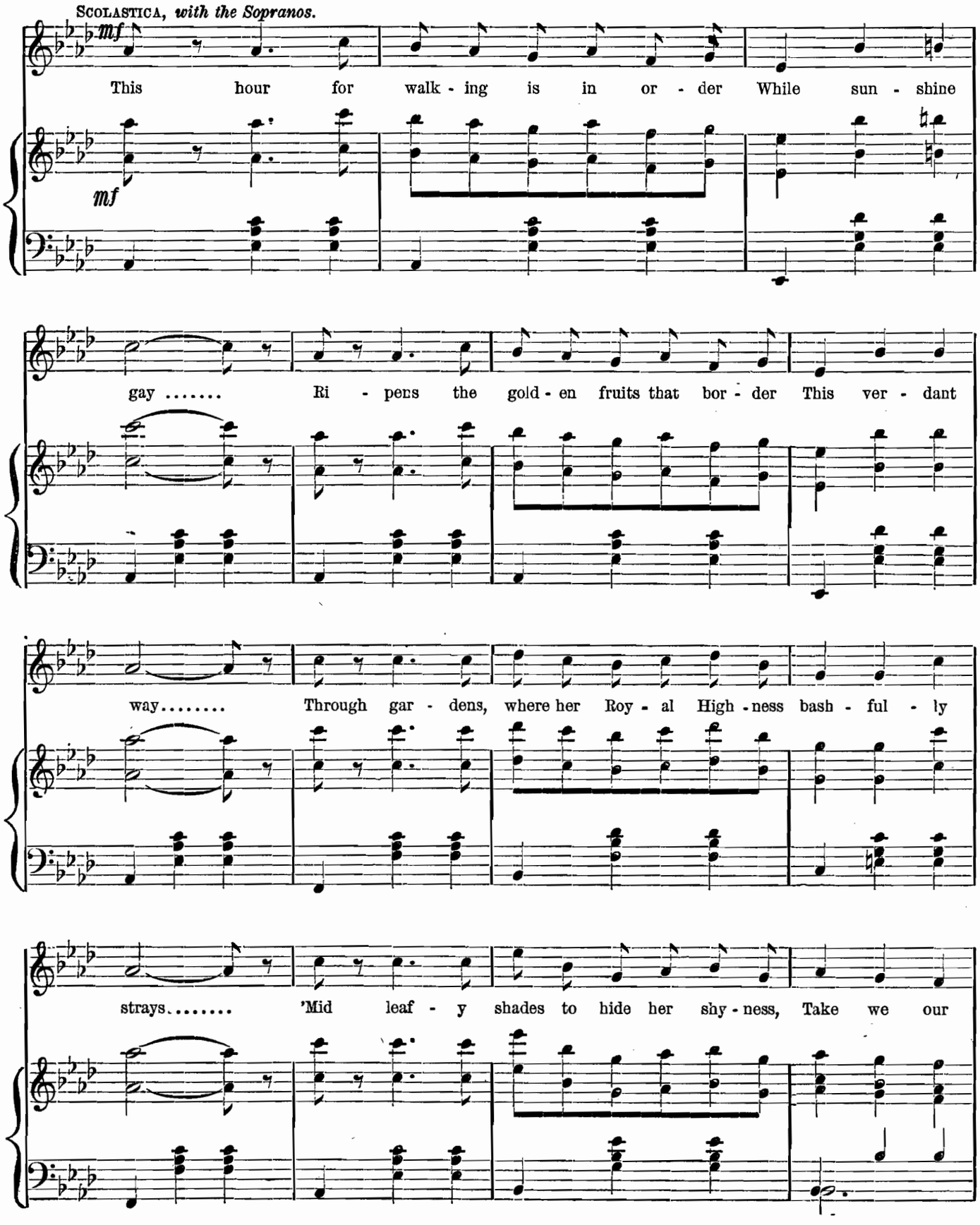
SCENE V.—*The* PRINCESS MICAELA, DONNA SCOLASTICA, BALLESTEROS, *Ladies in waiting, Pages.* MORALES *in the background, presents arms, motionless and silent all through the scene.*

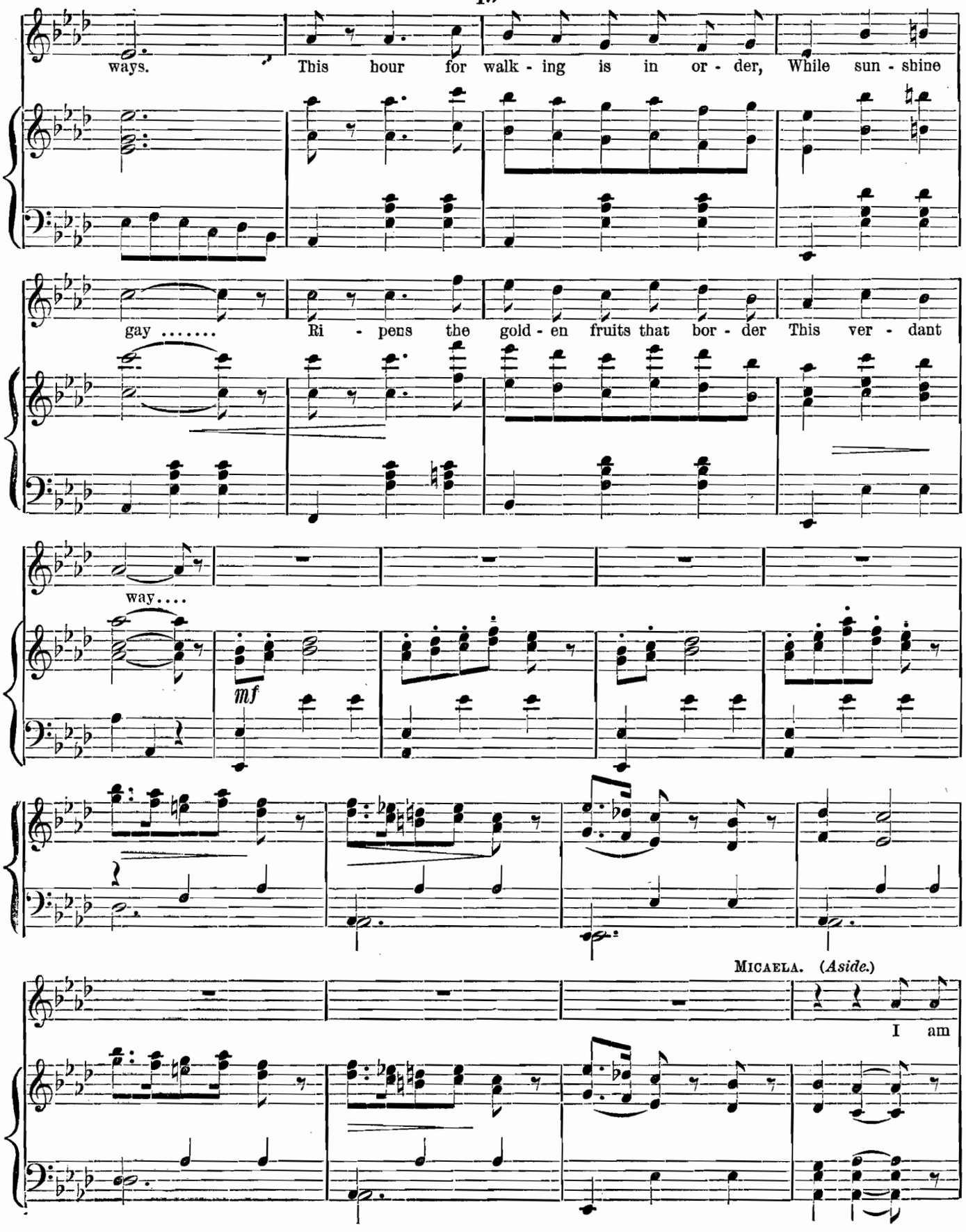
THIS HOUR FOR WALKING.

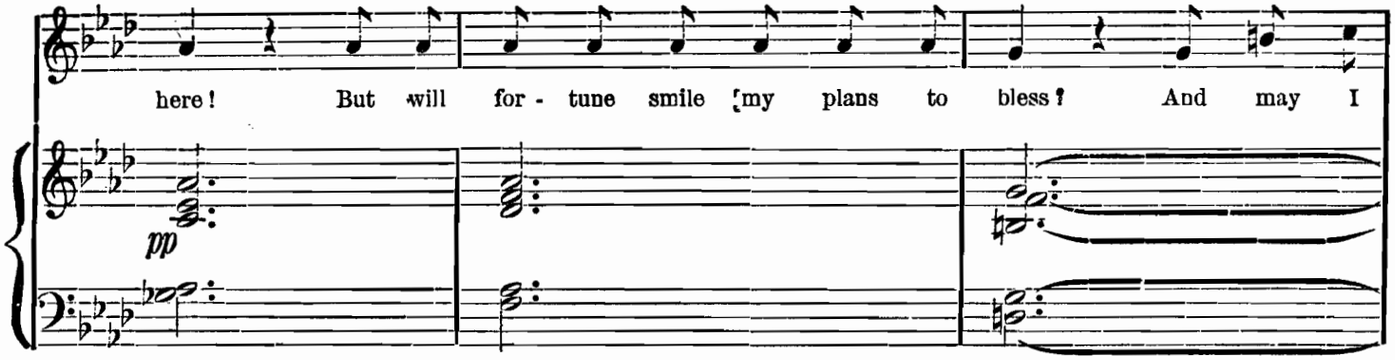
No. 3. Chorus and Melody.

Tempo di minuetto.

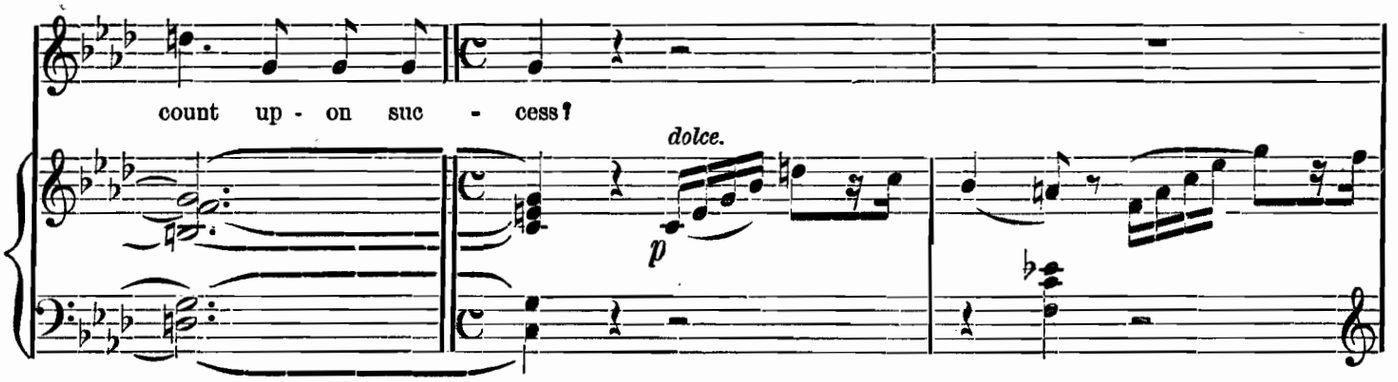


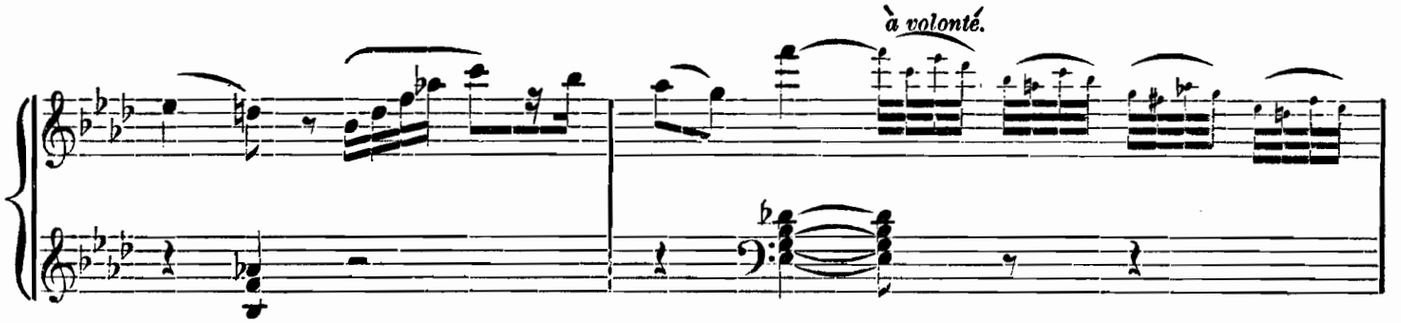

SCOLASTICA, with the Sopranos.
mf
This hour for walk - ing is in or - der While sun - shine
mf
gay ..... Ri - pens the gold - en fruits that bor - der This ver - dant
way..... Through gar - dens, where her Roy - al High - ness bash - ful - ly
strays..... 'Mid leaf - y shades to hide her shy - ness, Take we our

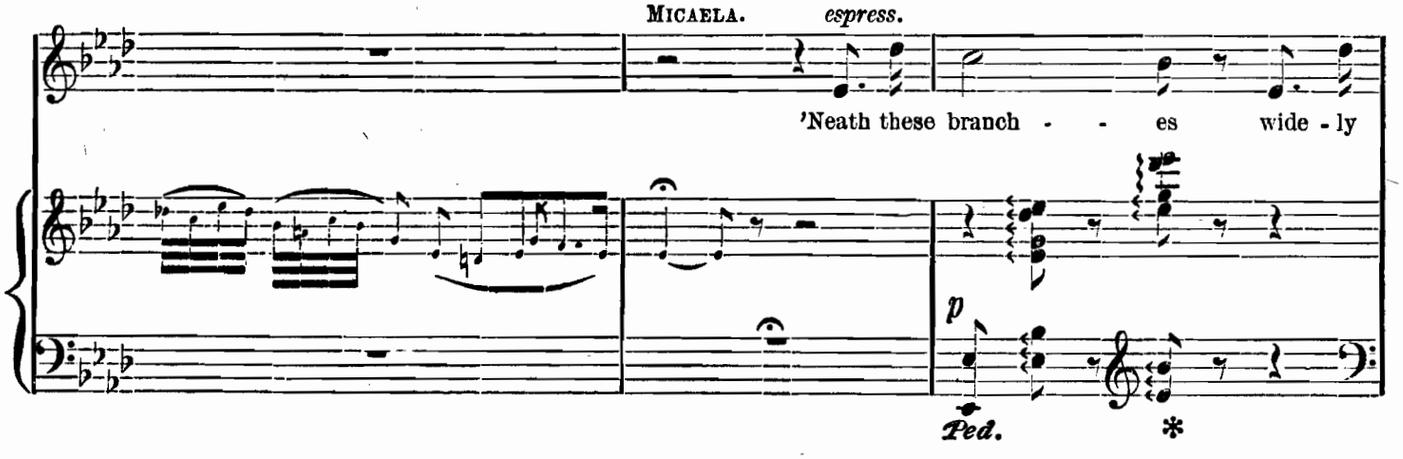

ways. This hour for walk - ing is in or - der, While sun - shine
gay ..... Ri - pens the gold - en fruits that bor - der This ver - dant
way....
mf
MICAELA. (Aside.)
I am

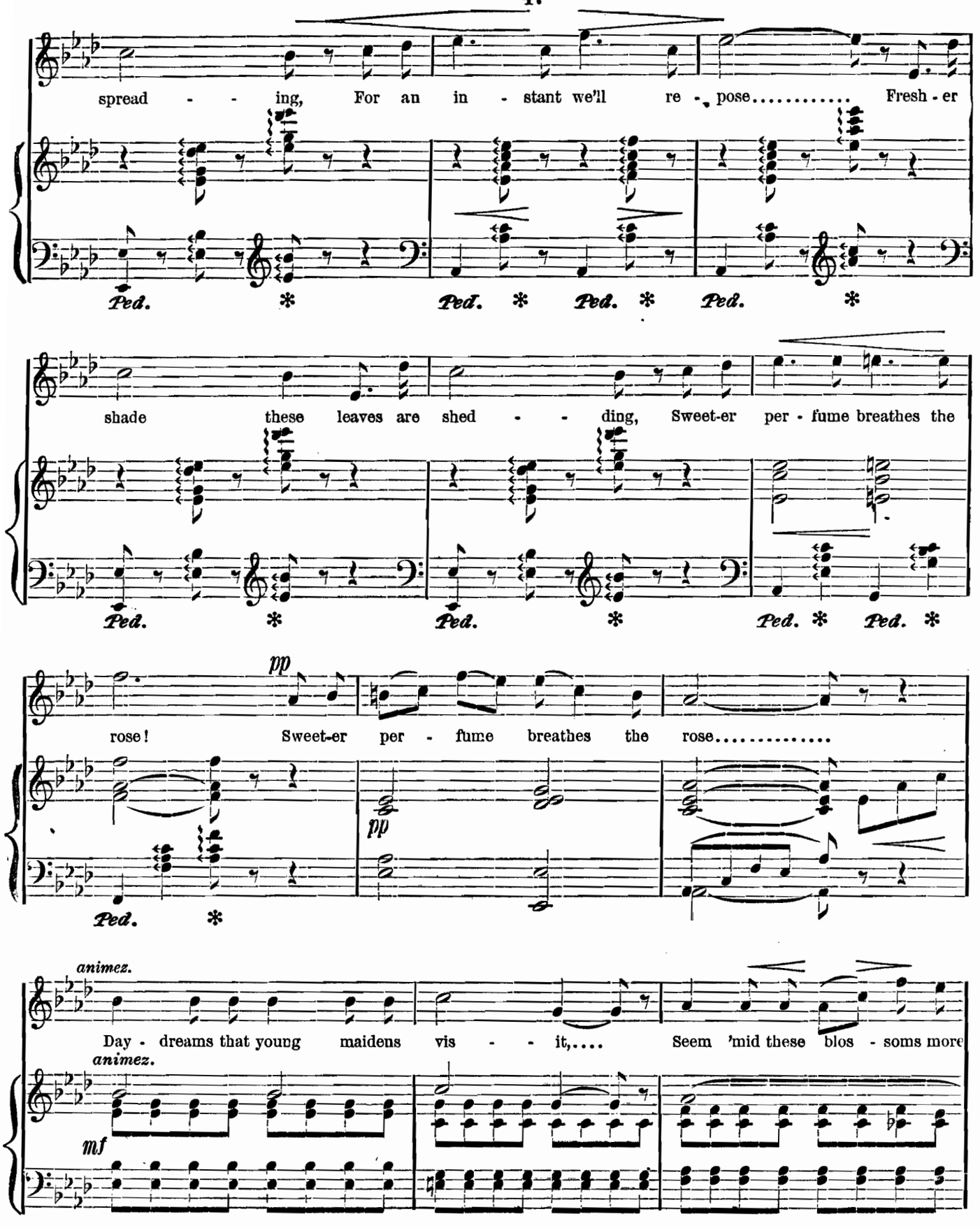

here! But will for - tune smile my plans to bless? And may I
pp

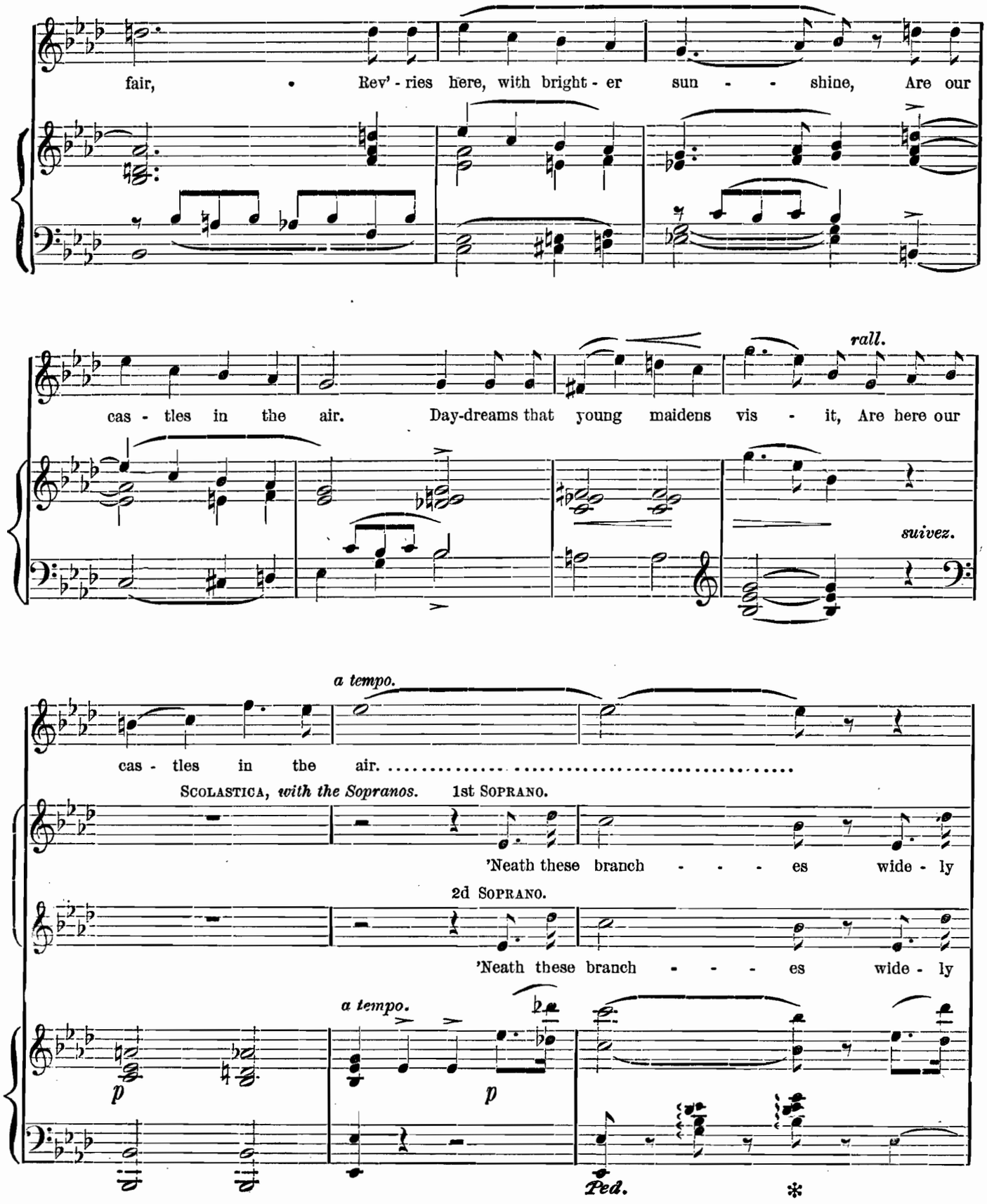
MELODIE.

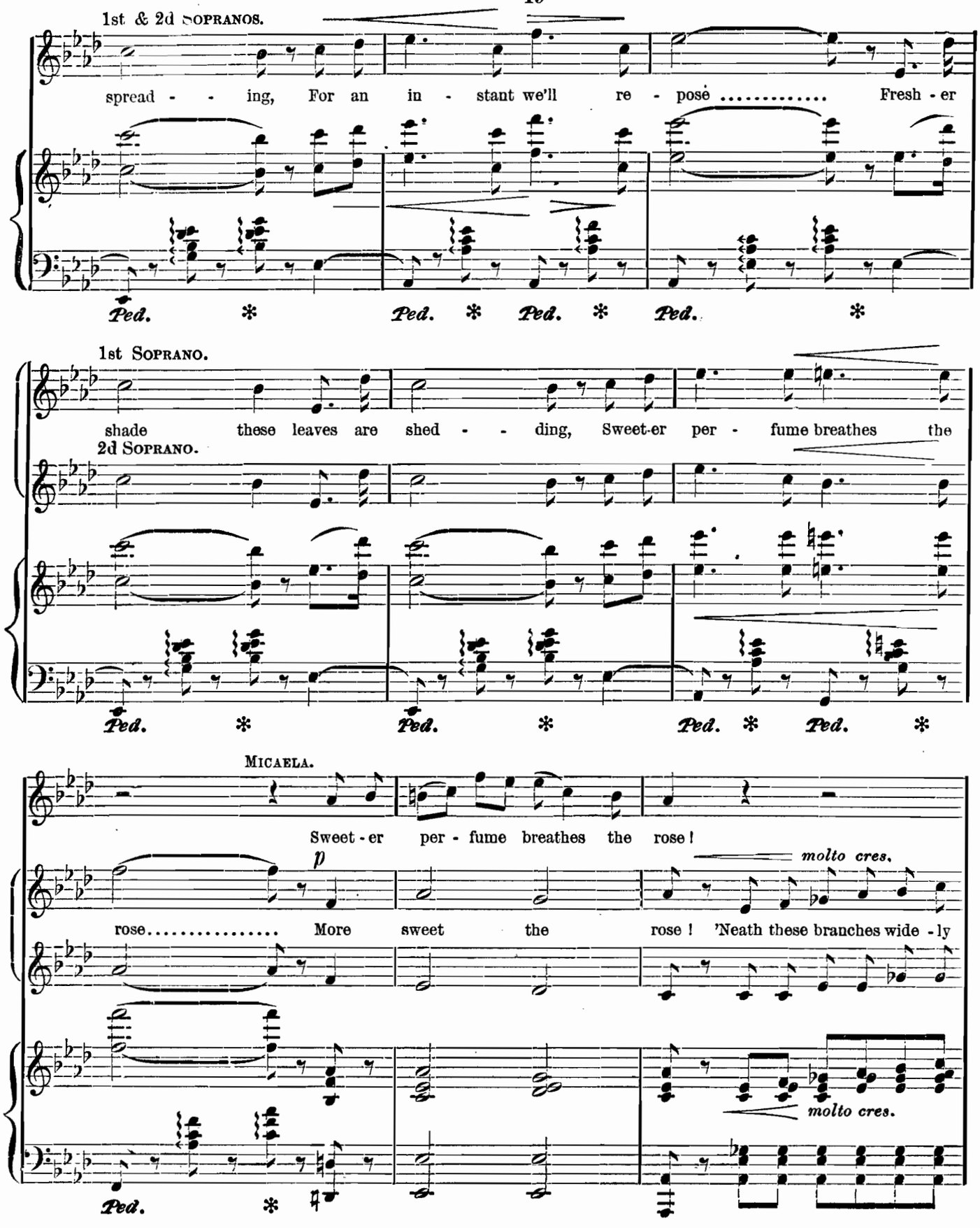

count up - on suc - cess?
dolce.
p

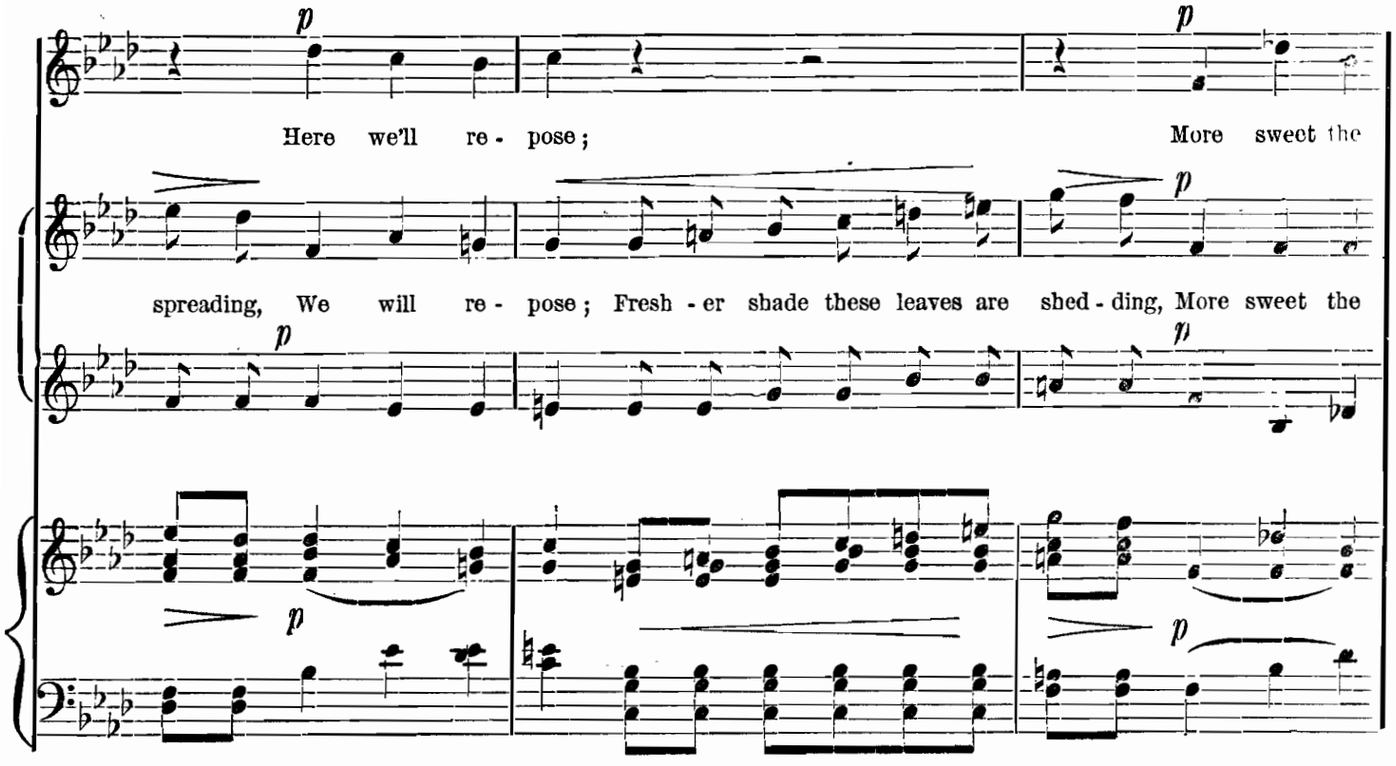

à volonté.

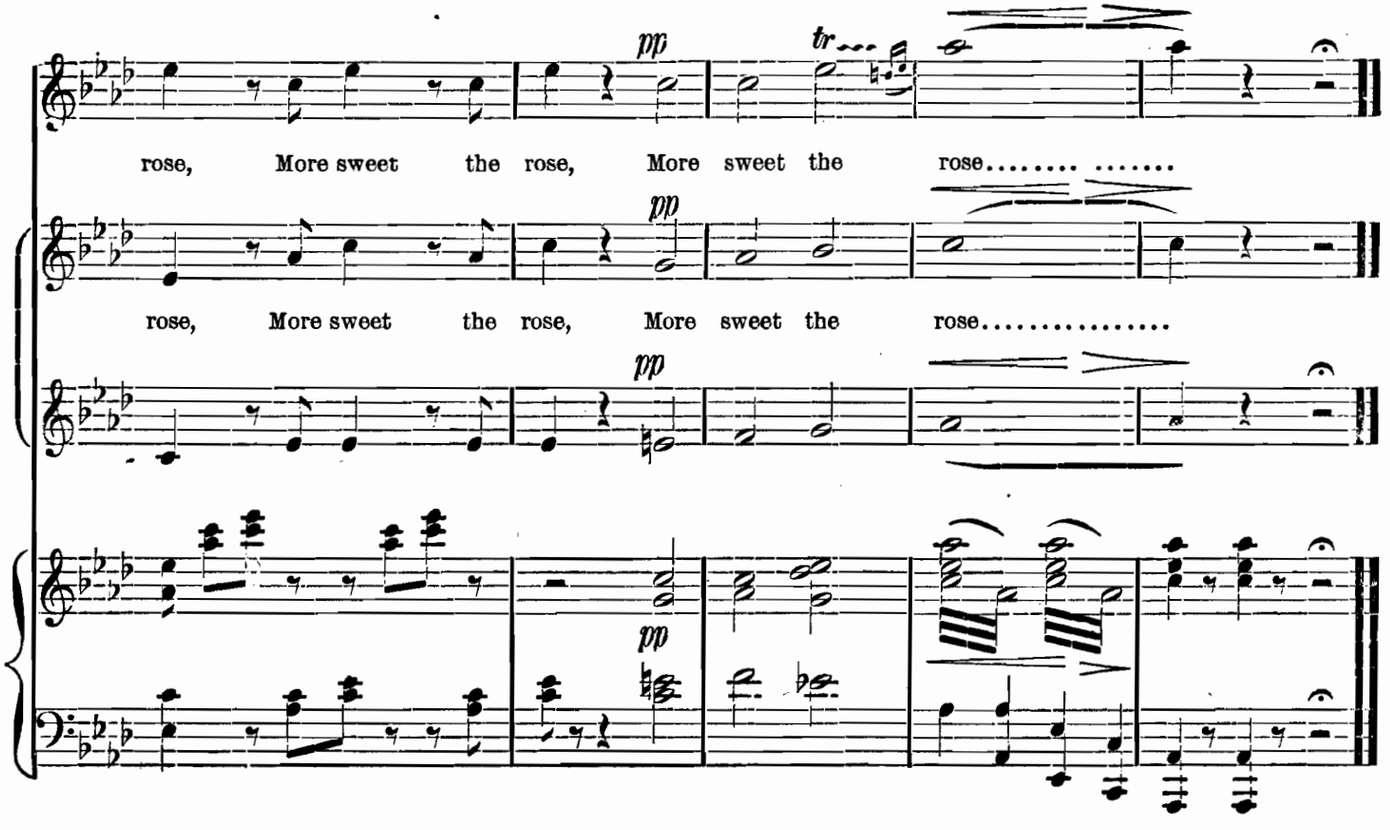

MICAELA. espress.
'Neath these branch - - es wide - ly
p
Ped.
*


spread - - ing, For an in - stant we'll re - pose..... Fresh - er
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
shade these leaves are shed - - ding, Sweet-er per - fume breathes the
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
rose! Sweet-er per - fume breathes the rose.....
Ped. *
pp
animez.
Day - dreams that young maidens vis - - it,.... Seem 'mid these blos - soms more
animez.
mf


fair, Rev' - ries here, with bright - er sun - - shine, Are our
cas - tles in the air. Day-dreams that young maidens vis - it, Are here our
rall.
suivez.
a tempo.
cas - tles in the air. .....
SCOLASTICA, with the Sopranos.
1st SOPRANO.
'Neath these branch - - - es wide - ly
2d SOPRANO.
'Neath these branch - - - es wide - ly
a tempo.
p
p
Ped.
*


1st & 2d SOPRANOS.
spread - - ing, For an in - stant we'll re - pose ..... Fresh - er
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
1st SOPRANO.
shade these leaves are shed - - ding, Sweet-er per - fume breathes the
2d SOPRANO.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
MICAELA.
Sweet - er per - fume breathes the rose!
p
molto cres.
rose..... More sweet the rose! 'Neath these branches wide - ly
molto cres.
Ped. *


Here we'll re - pose;
More sweet the
spreading, We will re - pose; Fresh - er shade these leaves are shed - ding, More sweet the

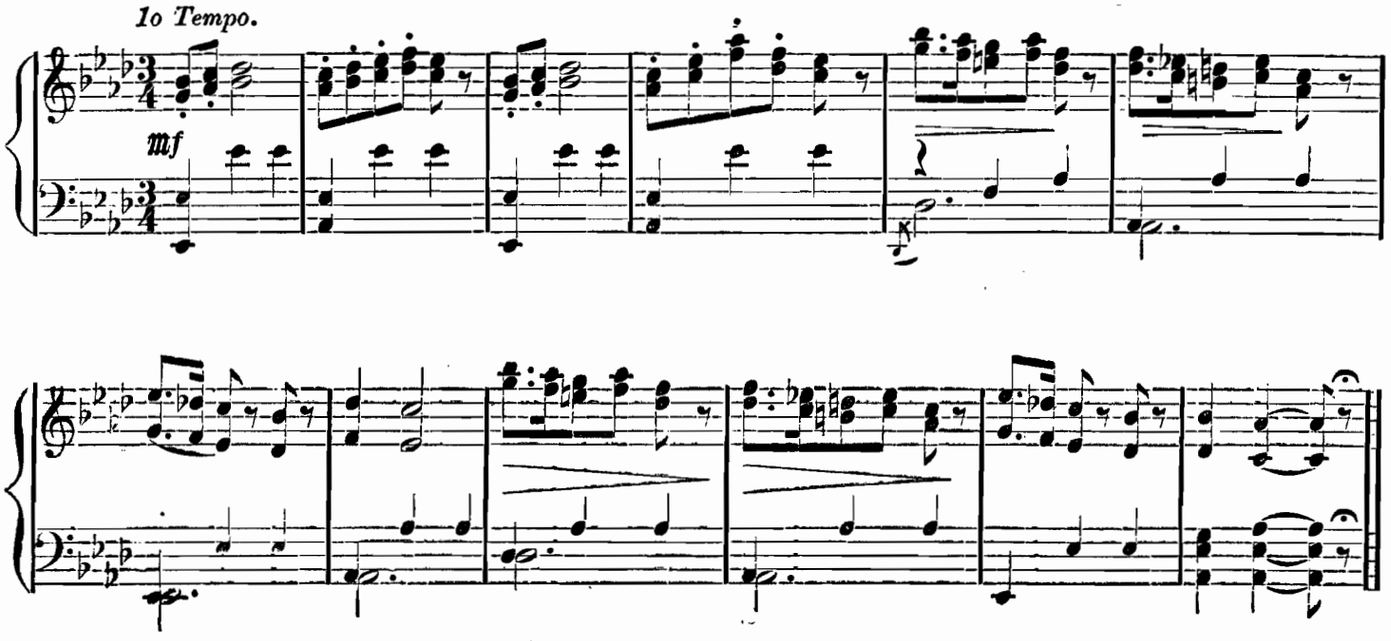

rose, More sweet the rose, More sweet the rose.....
rose, More sweet the rose, More sweet the rose.....

MICA. It is a capital place for a talk here. (*to the pages.*) Give seats to those ladies.
SCOL. (*Making signs to the pages not to move.*) We do not sit down in presence of your highness.
MICA. But suppose I allow it?
SCOL. Etiquette forbids it. I am the chief lady in waiting.
MICA. So be it! we won't talk then. (*aside*) We'll turn off her attention. (*Aloud, approaching* JOSEFA'S *cottage.*) Oh! what lovely flowers! how nice to make a bouquet of them. (*She goes to pluck a flower.*)
SCOL. (*Interposing herself.*) Your highness must not pick them herself. I will order a chamberlain.
MICA. It is not worth while. (*aside*) I have not succeeded. (*aloud to* SCOL.) In truth, you are very rigid!
SCOL. I fulfil the duties of my charge
MICA. Yes, you fulfil them! except, when by chance you go to sleep, as you did the other night
SCOL. Could I have gone to sleep!
MICA. Oh! I find no fault— quite the contrary— for it gave me the chance of descending to the terrace.
SCOL. What— alone!
MICA. Quite alone! And from there I saw some young persons who played— what do you call that game? Ah! hot cockles!
SCOL. Hot cockles! Ah! fie.
MICA. You don't like that game? Well, I don't know what caprice came into my head, but in my turn, I felt an inclination to annoy you a little.
SCOL. Me, Princess!
MICA. Yes, I wanted to see you playing with these ladies, as the peasants played the other night.
SCOL. What! at hot cockles! never! (*scandalised.*)
MICA. Very well. Then, since you refuse me that pleasure, I will inform my father that you go to sleep instead of keeping watch on me.
SCOL. But, princess, that would compromise my position.
MICA. And I will add that you snore.
SCOL. I snore!
MICA. Very loud, too! Well, have you decided?
SCOL. Princess, your wishes are orders.
MICA. Now begin! you are it!
SCOL. I am it!— what?
MICA. Turn your back, and hold out your hand.
SCOL. That I— Oh! my ancestors. (*to* MORALES.) Go further away, sentry! (*Morales moves off.*)
MICA. (*to ladies of honor.*) Ladies, be careful that all goes loyally.
SCOL, What a position for a grand lady in waiting! (*She lowers her head in the hands of two maids of honor, who approach her.* MICAELA *during that time, stealthily places a bit of ribbon among the flowers before* JOSEFA'S *window.*)
MICA. (*Aside.*) 'Tis done! just in time.

SCENE VI. *The same. The* KING. (*The King arrives furious. He stops, seeing the Camérera, who with her back turned towards him, holds out her hand, which he slaps vigorously on the palm.*)

No. 3. Bis. Sortie.

SCOL. (*turning round quickly.*) 'Tis you! (*then recognizing him.*) The King!
THE KING. 'Tis you I am in search of, Camérera! I have two words to say to you. Leave the princess with her maids of honor. (*to* MICAELA, (*kissing her on the brow.*) Good morning, my daughter! Now go away, my child, go! (*aside.*) She is charming! (MICAELA *departs, escorted by her maids of honor.*)
CHO. (*resumed*) 'Neath these branches, &c.

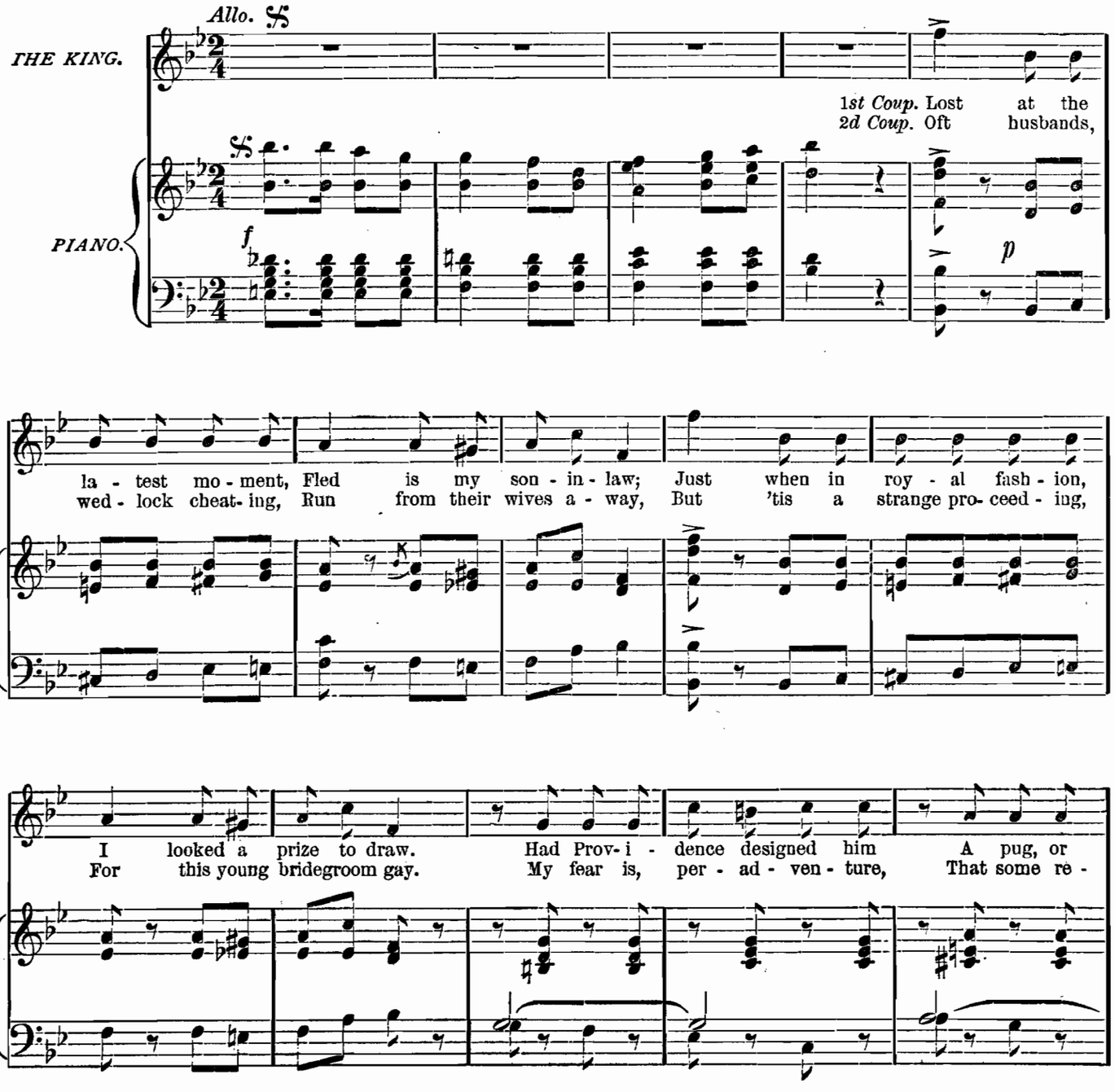


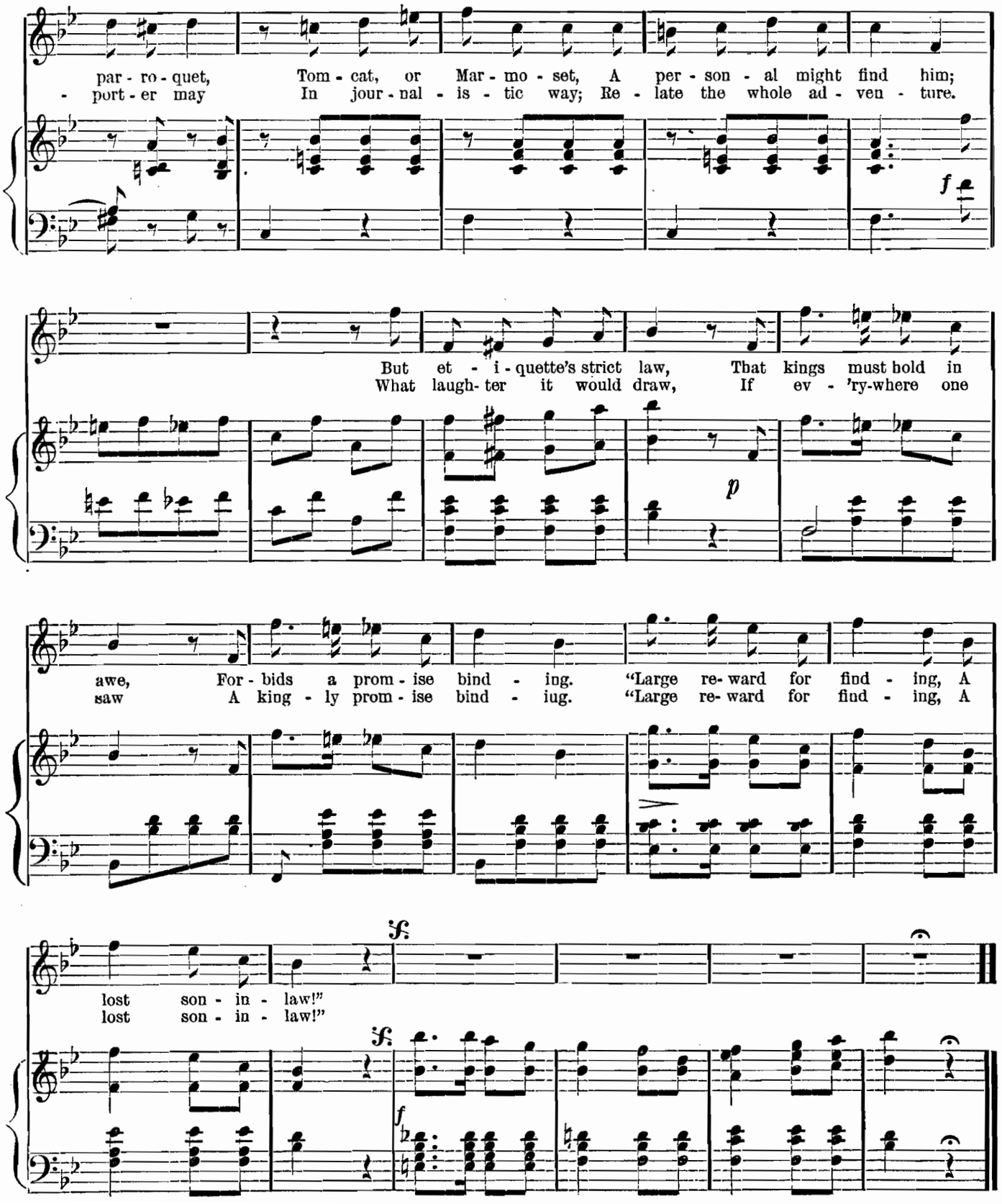
SCENE VII. *The* KING. SCOLASTICA, *then* DON MOSQUITOS.

MOSQUITOS. (*Arriving out of breath.*) Sire!
KING. Yes,— I know,— you have failed! Stay! you are not in the way
SCOLASTICA. What brings your majesty here contrary to custom?
KING. This!— I will take no roundabout way— the prince has disappeared.
SCOLASTICA. Is it possible!
MOSQUITOS. Yes, it is possible!

LOST AT THE LATEST MOMENT.

No. 4. Couplets of the King.




par - ro - quet, Tom - cat, or Mar - mo - set, A per - son - al might find him;
- port - er may In jour - nal - is - tic way; Re - late the whole ad - ven - ture.
f
But et - i - quette's strict law, That kings must hold in
What laugh- ter it would draw, If ev - 'ry-where one
p
awe, For - bids a prom - ise bind - ing. "Large re- ward for find - ing, A
saw A king - ly prom - ise bind - ing. "Large re- ward for find - ing, A
ff
lost son - in - law!"
lost son - in - law!"
ff
f

KING. He has slipped out of our hands. Impossible to find him! He is not a prince, he is an eel!

SCOL. Ah, sire, your Majesty astonishes me!

KING. Well, I don't astonish myself! I never, never do that. Besides, I was forewarned! I knew that the prince, while having the air of obeying the king, his august father, in reality cared little to marry my daughter.

SCOL. Truly!

KING. He is an original. He wanted to make a love match, — to choose a wife for himself, — like any commoner, without caring for the balance of power in Europe.

SCOL. Oh, sire! who could have supposed it?

KING. Nobody; 't is a state secret. I unfold it to you, but it is only because I cannot do otherwise. Were it not for that —

SCOL. I am no less flattered!

KING. That does not matter. Just see how grave the affair is! The king, his august father, — the father of my son-in-law, — had atrociously beaten our armies. He held the half of our states, and the European balance of power was disturbed. But I found a way to arrange all that. I proposed my daughter to him, for his son. We agreed. The peace is signed, the marriage fixed, and then, at the moment of being presented to me, nobody comes! The eel — I should say the prince — has disappeared!

SCOL. If any one had thought of mistrusting him!

KING. But I mistrusted him myself. I am always mistrusting people. The escort of honor which I sent to him was despatched only to watch him.

MOS. My troop of bombadiers! A chosen corps!

KING. Well, he allowed himself to be placed there in your chosen corps, yourself included, and stupidly, too. (*To* SCOLASTICA.) Just figure to yourself that I, this morning, after a restless night, started off to meet my son-in-law. Suddenly I saw a cloud of dust. In it was he, followed by his brilliant escort, dusty but splendid. I advanced and held out my hand. He opened his mouth and shouted, "Left wheel, close column, gallop, march!" (*To* MOSQUITOS.) And you and your bombadiers followed him into the wood.

MOS. The habit of obeying orders, sire! A chosen corps!

KING. Once in the wood, he has escaped you.

MOS. Oh! but we shall retake him, sire!

KING. I hope so; at last! That is not all of it. Listen to me, camérera; the princess must suspect nothing of this! That would be the devil to pay; you must make some pretext for telling her to shut herself up in her oratory for an hour or two. You will let no one have access to her. Meanwhile we 'll keep on the lookout; he cannot be far away!

MOS. Not far!

KING. And to think that all the dignitaries are come together; that the grand entrée is fixed for four o'clock; it is three now, and the bridegroom has failed us. (SCOLASTICA *raises her arms to heaven.*) Order arms! 't is useless. You have understood? Execute my orders, and let nobody suspect anything. Go! (SCOLASTICA *goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

The KING, MOSQUITOS; *then* BALDOMÉRO, MORALES, *platoon of Guards.*

KING. Now, colonel, bestir yourself! You stand there like a stump.

MOSQUITOS. A noble stump, nevertheless, sire! for my ancestors.

KING. There is no question of them! Beat the bush; send out a company, — two companies; seeing that I am forced to track my son-in-law like a common rabbit!

BAL. (*enters, sees the* KING). The King! halt.

KING (*to* MOSQUITOS). Come, now; good! What is all that?

MOS. The relief guard, sire!

KING. (*Aside.*) All right! don't look vexed; a monarch must never seem — (*Aloud.*) Ah! 't is you, my braves; very well, very well! I am content; quite content! Brigadier, 't is a festival to-day; do not refuse any favors to your men. (BALDOMÉRO *salutes with his sword.*) (*To* MOSQUITOS.) And now, — more than forty-five minutes — Attention! Bombadier Mosquitos, forward, quick time, mar-r-r-ch! (*He goes out, followed by* MOSQUITOS.)

SCENE VIII.

BALDOMÉRO, MORALES, *Guards; then* JOSÉFA.

BAL. You have heard, messieurs, that in honor of the princess's marriage there will be leaves granted for everybody. Break ranks!

MOR. Well, then, my brigadier, instead of returning to the inn I beg you will allow me to remain here, near my promised bride!

BAL. How! your promised bride!

MOR. Yes, she lives here. (*Knocks at the door.*) Joséfa, you can come out. (JOSÉFA *appears.*)

BAL. Ah! that is your bride; that young girl?

JOS. At your service, Mr. Brigadier, and if your men here have need to refresh themselves, I have all that will be wanted.

BAL. That is not to be refused, my fair damsel. (JOSÉFA *returns to the house.*) (*To* MORALES.) She is charming, that young girl

MOR. I flatter myself so, brigadier!

JOS. (*returns with bottles and glasses*). Here you are, gentlemen!

BAL. Thanks, my charmer!

JOS. And you, Morales, help me do the honors.

MOR. Willingly. Come, gentlemen, let us drink to my Joséfa.

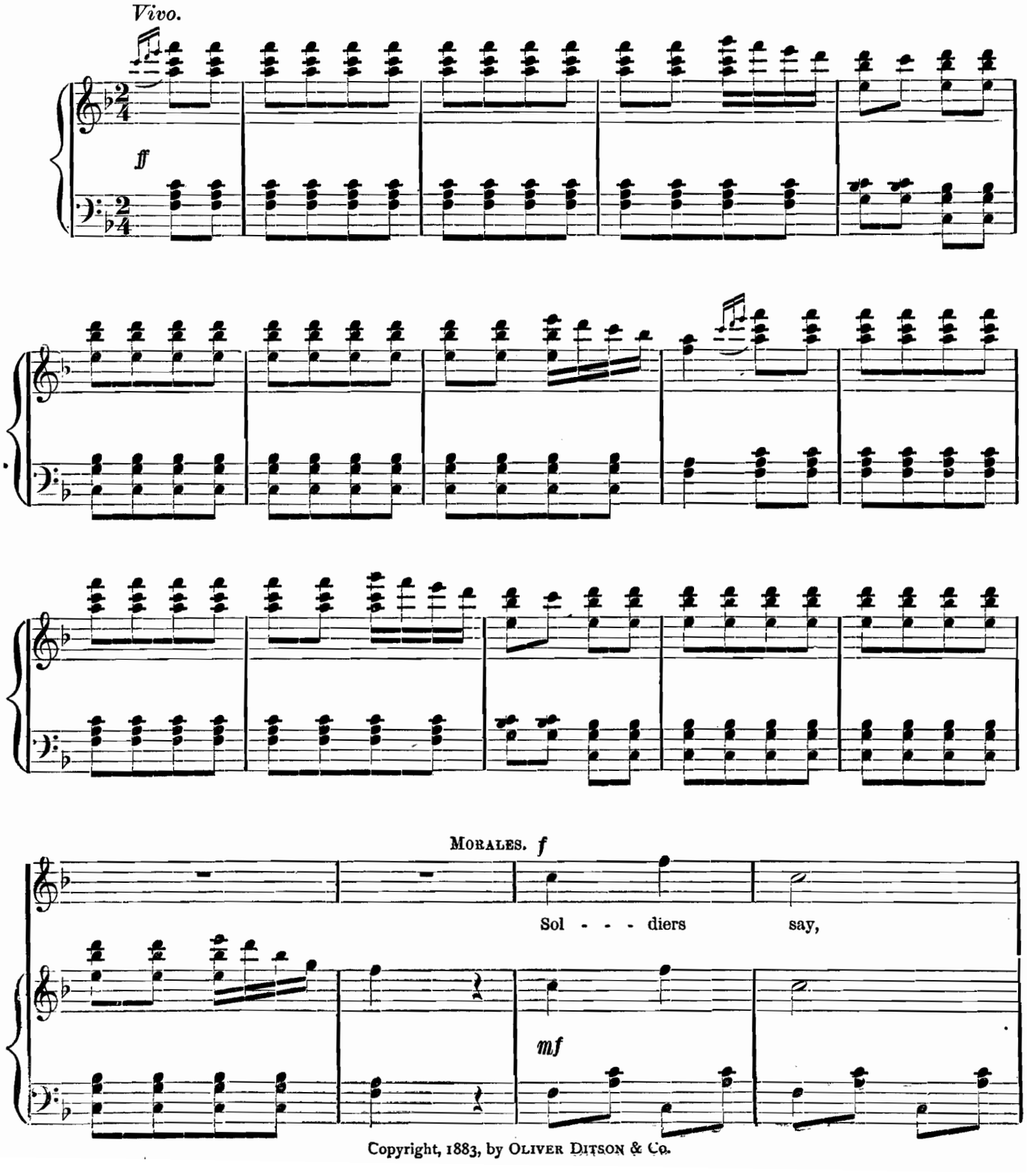
BAL. Yes, yes! to Joséfa.

ALL. To Joséfa!

SOLDIERS SAY.

No. 5. Drinking Song.

Vivo.



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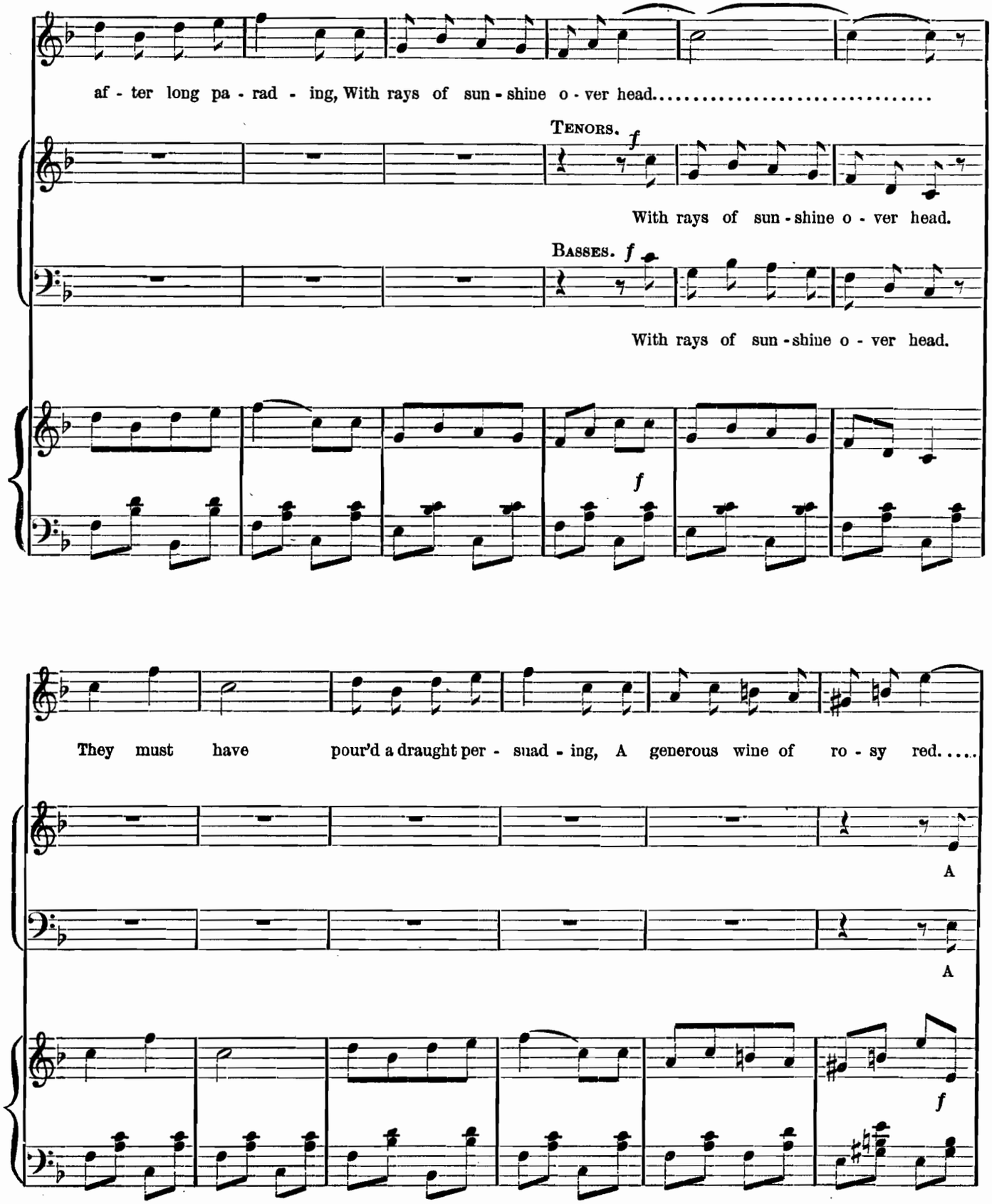
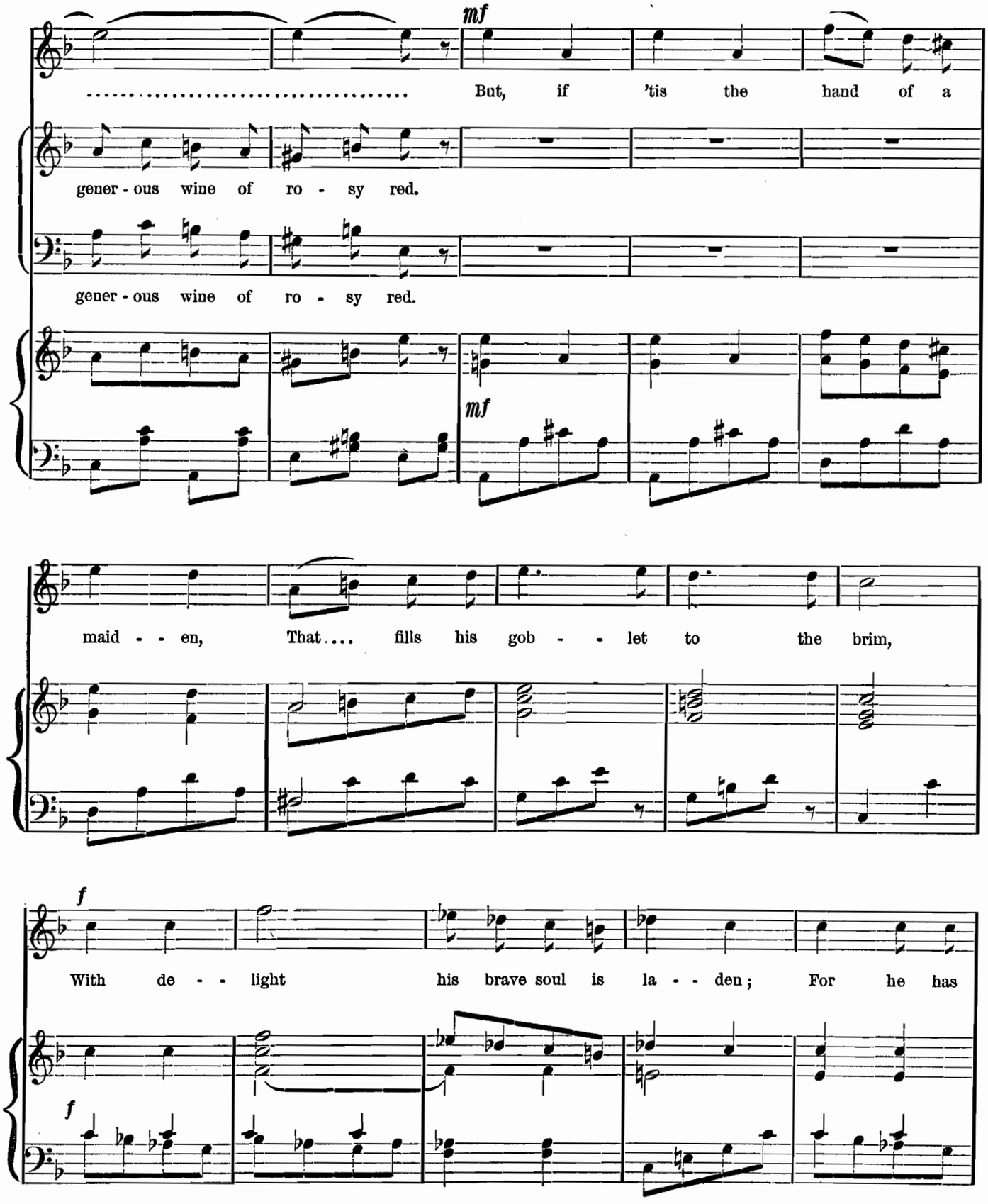
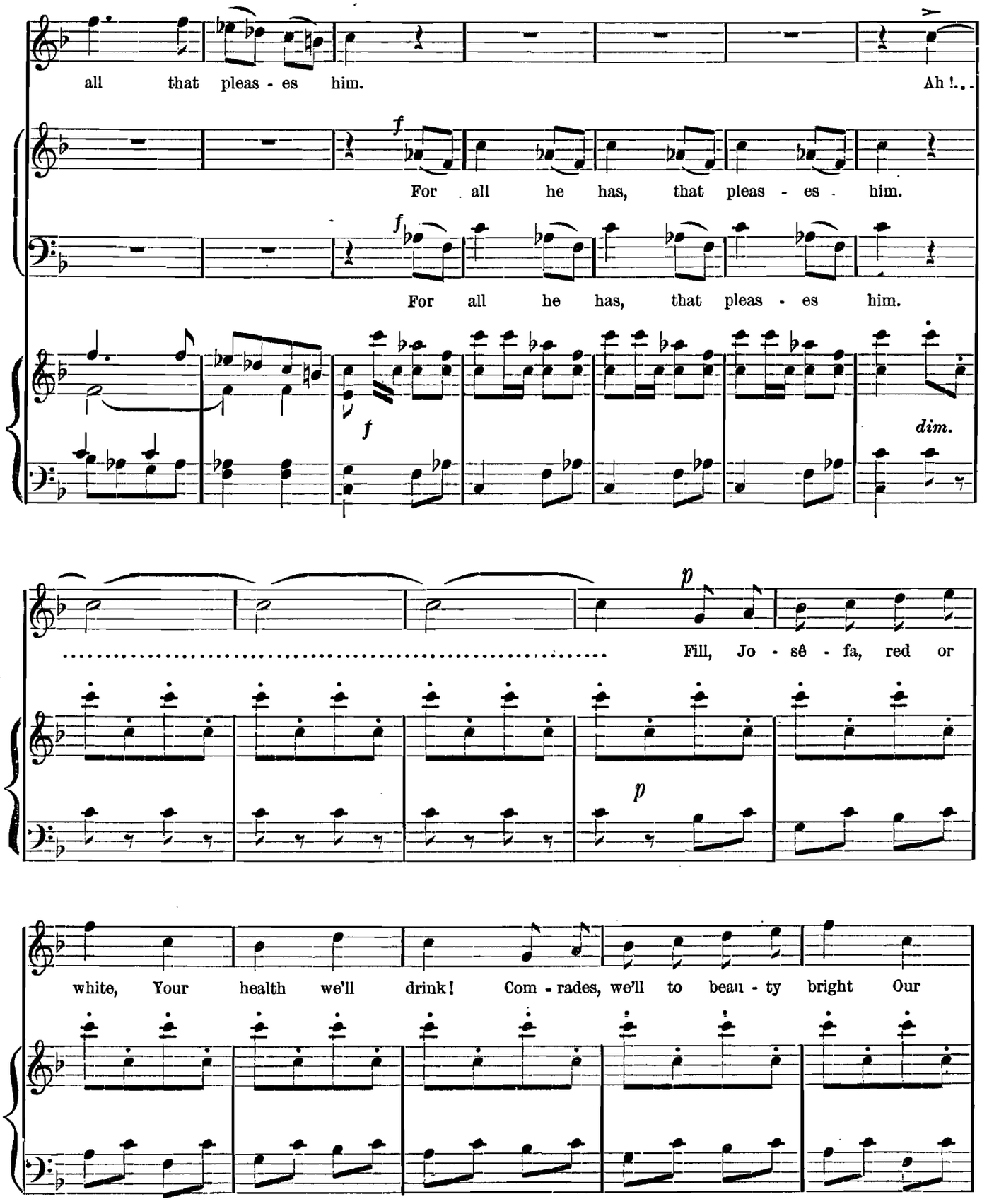
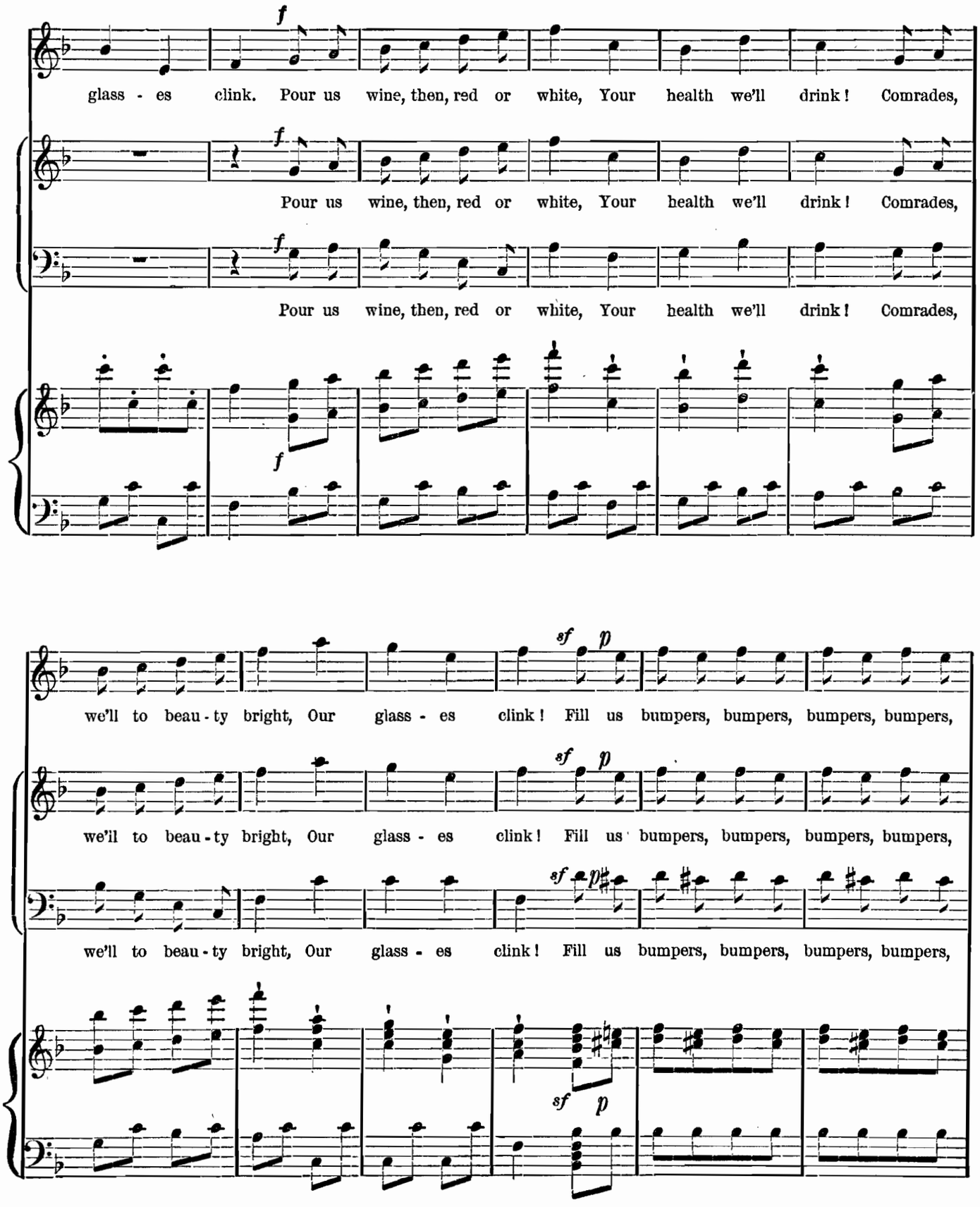
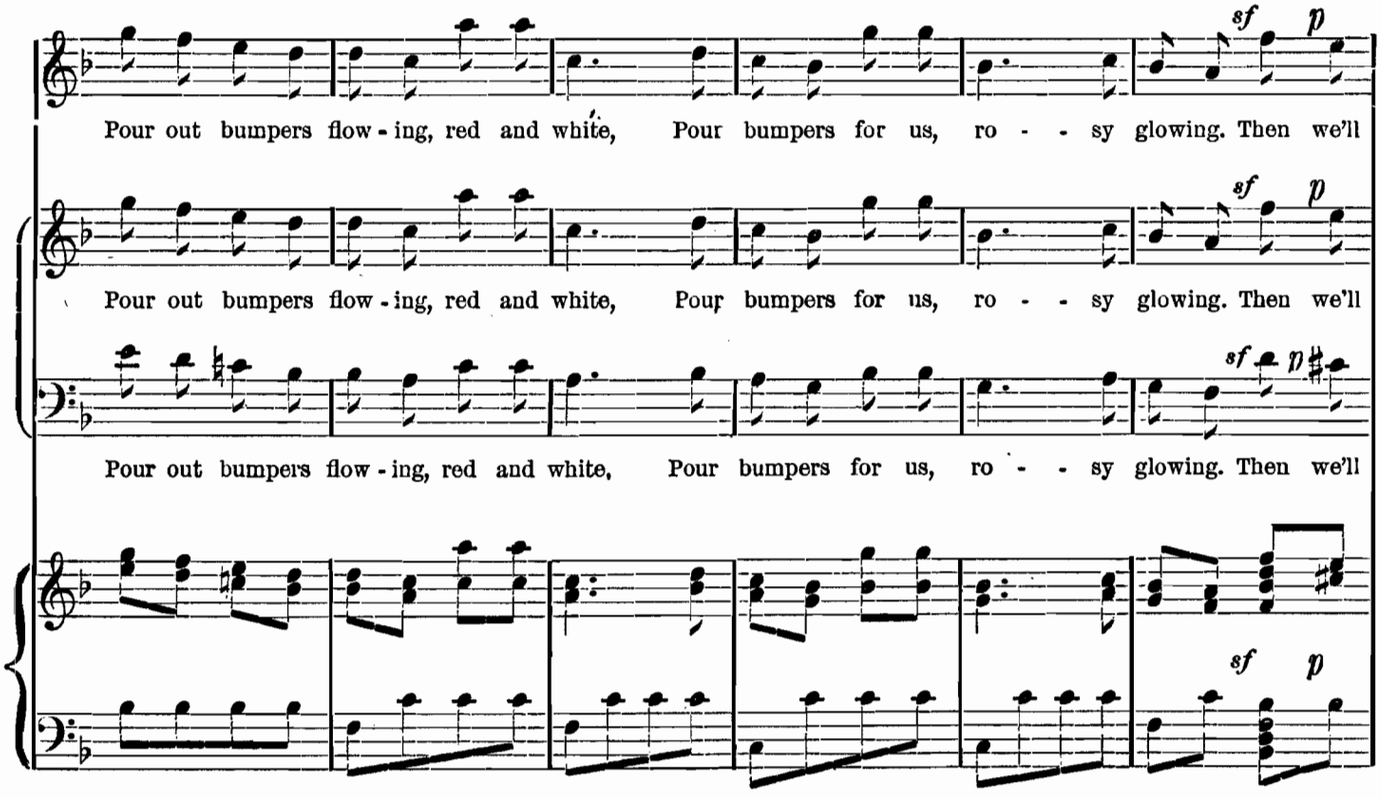
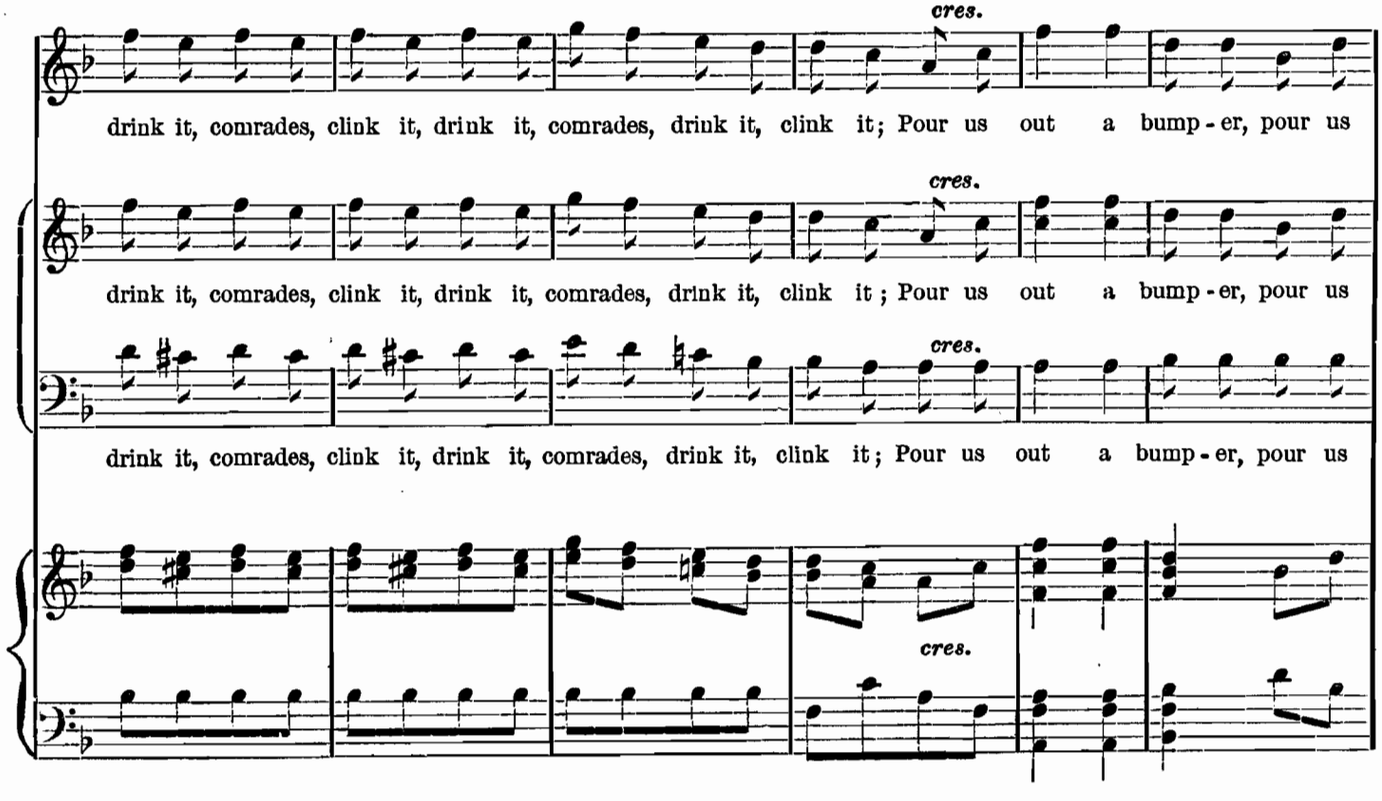

af - ter long pa - rad - ing, With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.....
Tenors. f
With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.
Basses. f
With rays of sun - shine o - ver head.
f
They must have pour'd a draught per - suad - ing, A generous wine of ro - sy red.....
A
A
f

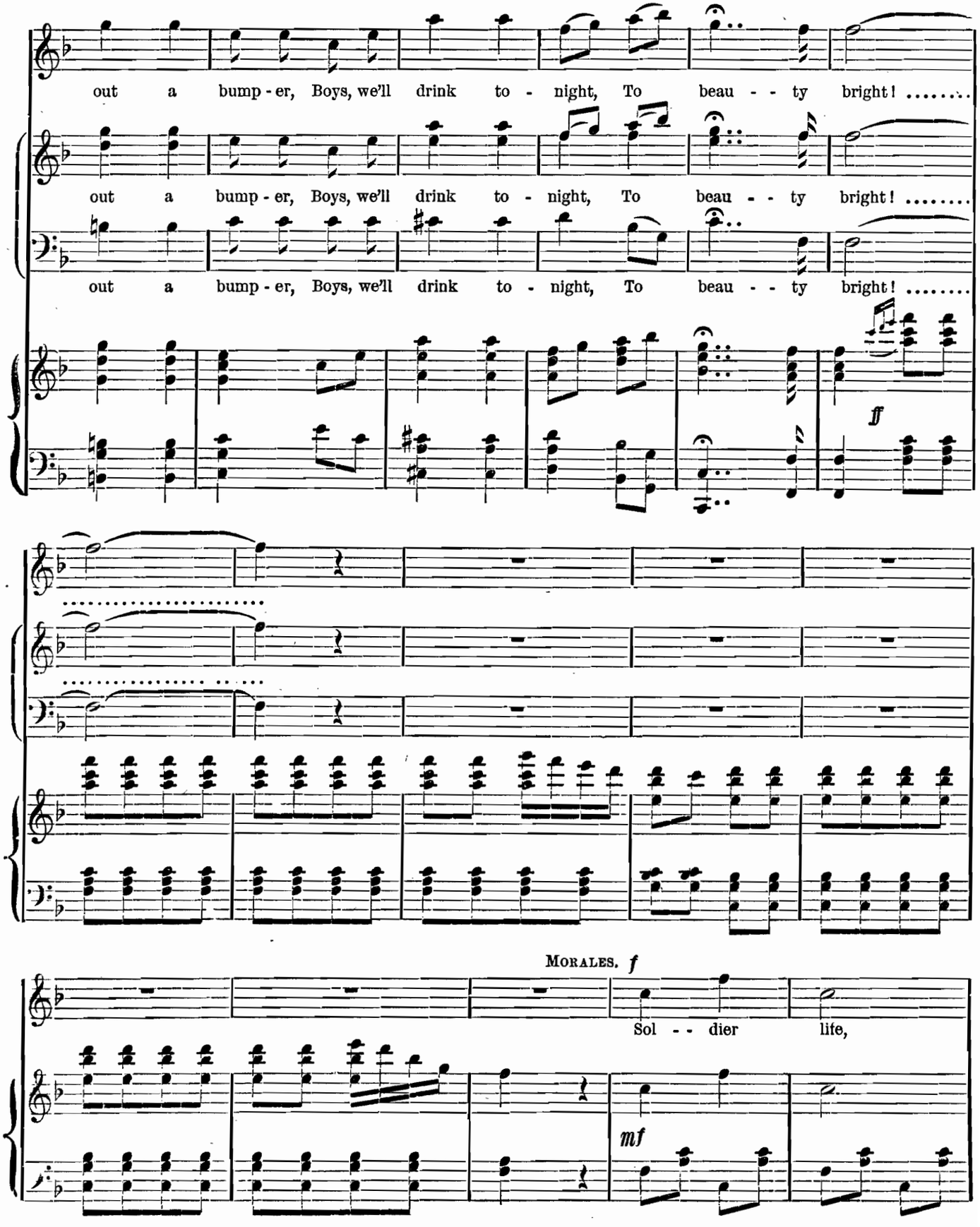

mf
But, if 'tis the hand of a
gener - ous wine of ro - sy red.
gener - ous wine of ro - sy red.
mf
maid - - en, That.... fills his gob - - let to the brim,
f
With de - - light his brave soul is la - - den; For he has
f

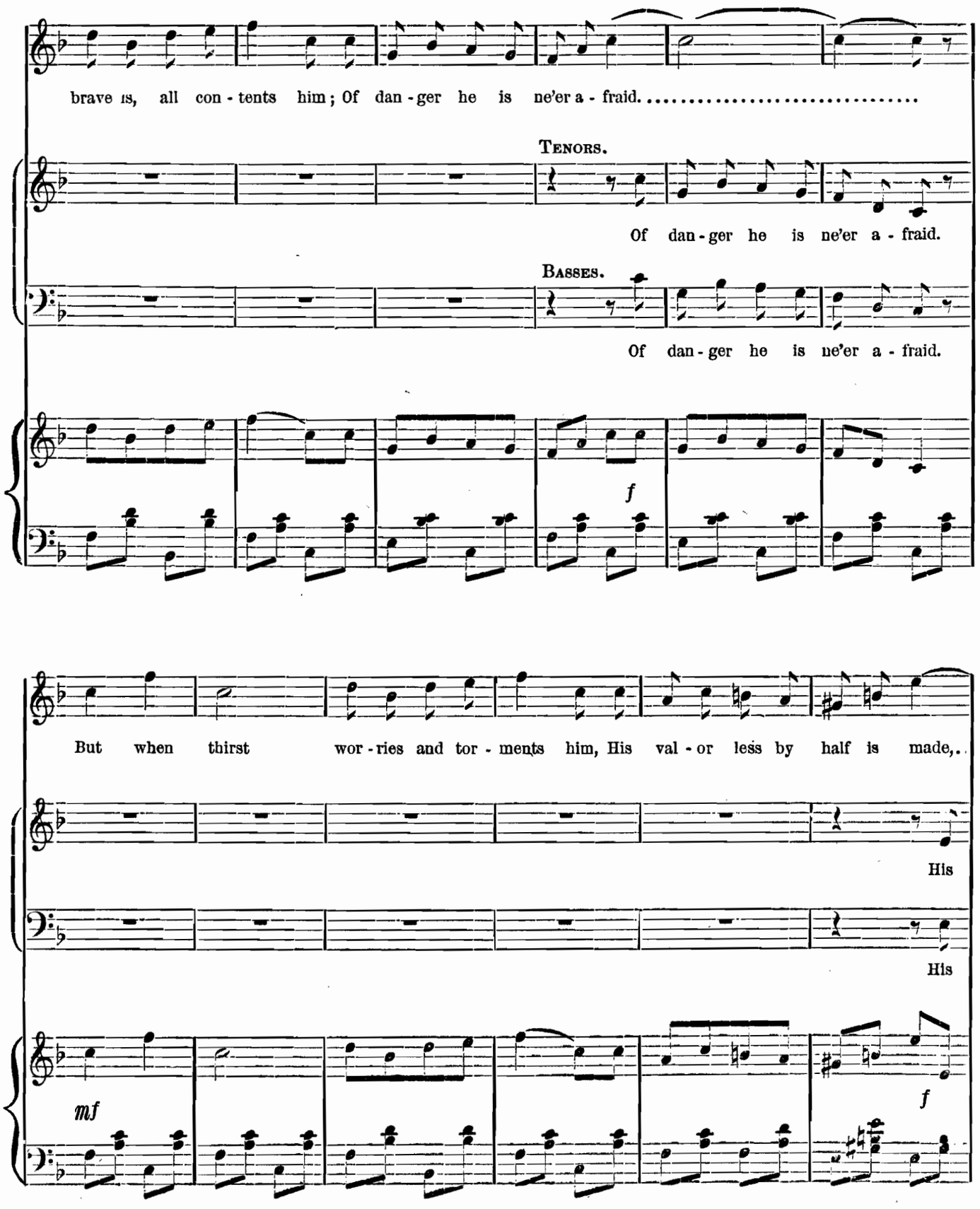

all that pleas - es him.
Ah !...
For all he has, that pleas - es him.
For all he has, that pleas - es him.
dim.
Fill, Jo - sê - fa, red or
white, Your health we'll drink! Com - rades, we'll to beau - ty bright Our

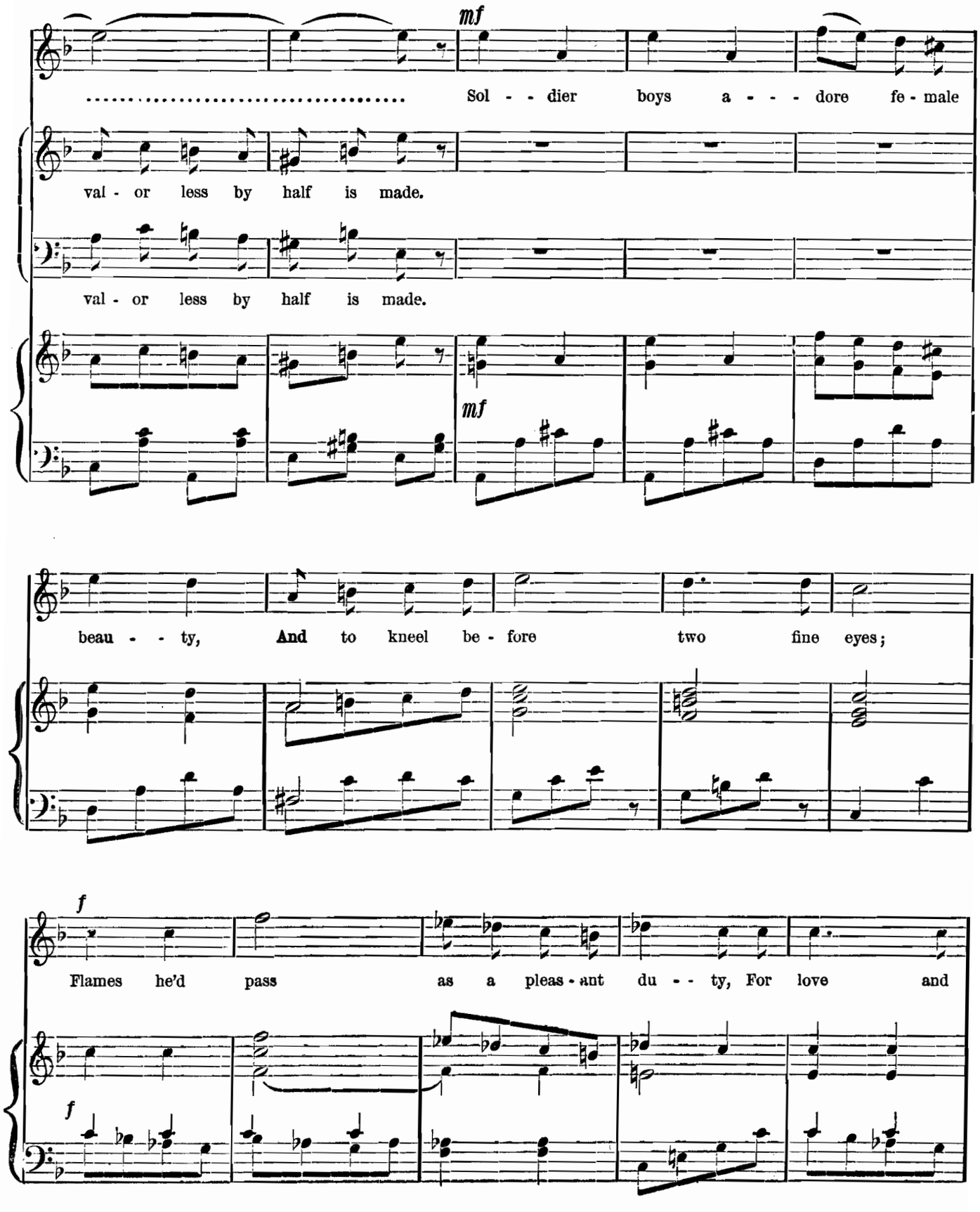

glass - es clink. Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,

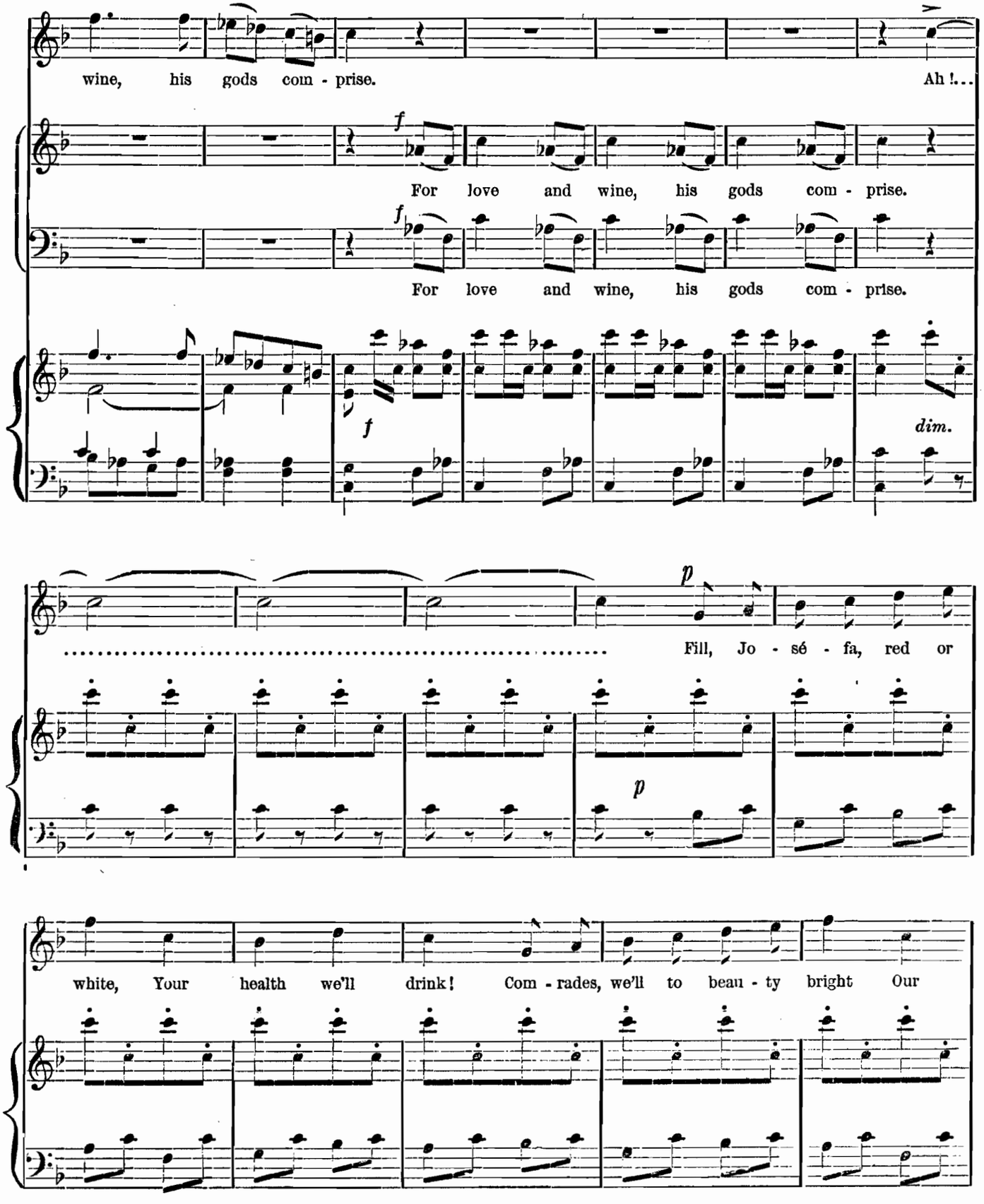

sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, ro - - sy glowing. Then we'll
sf p

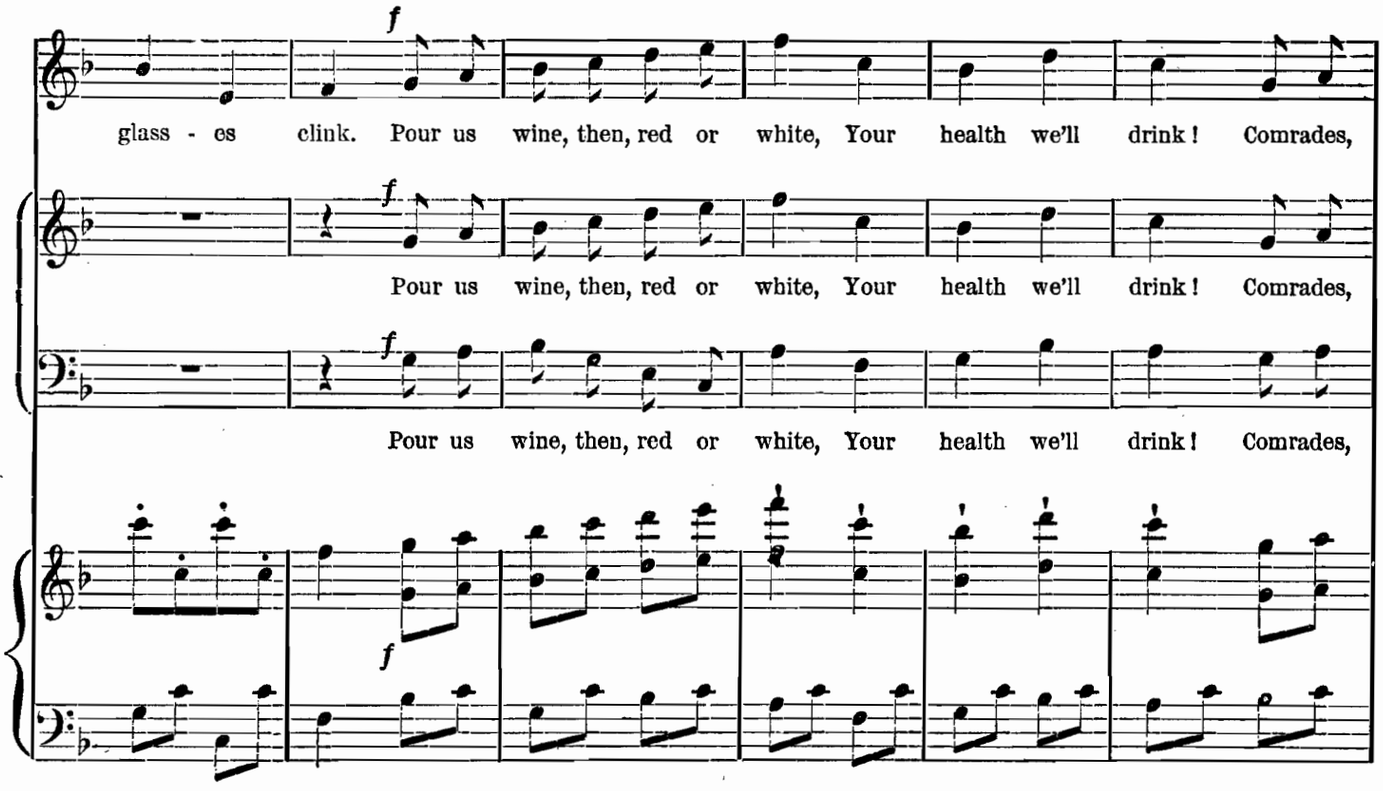

cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it ; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.

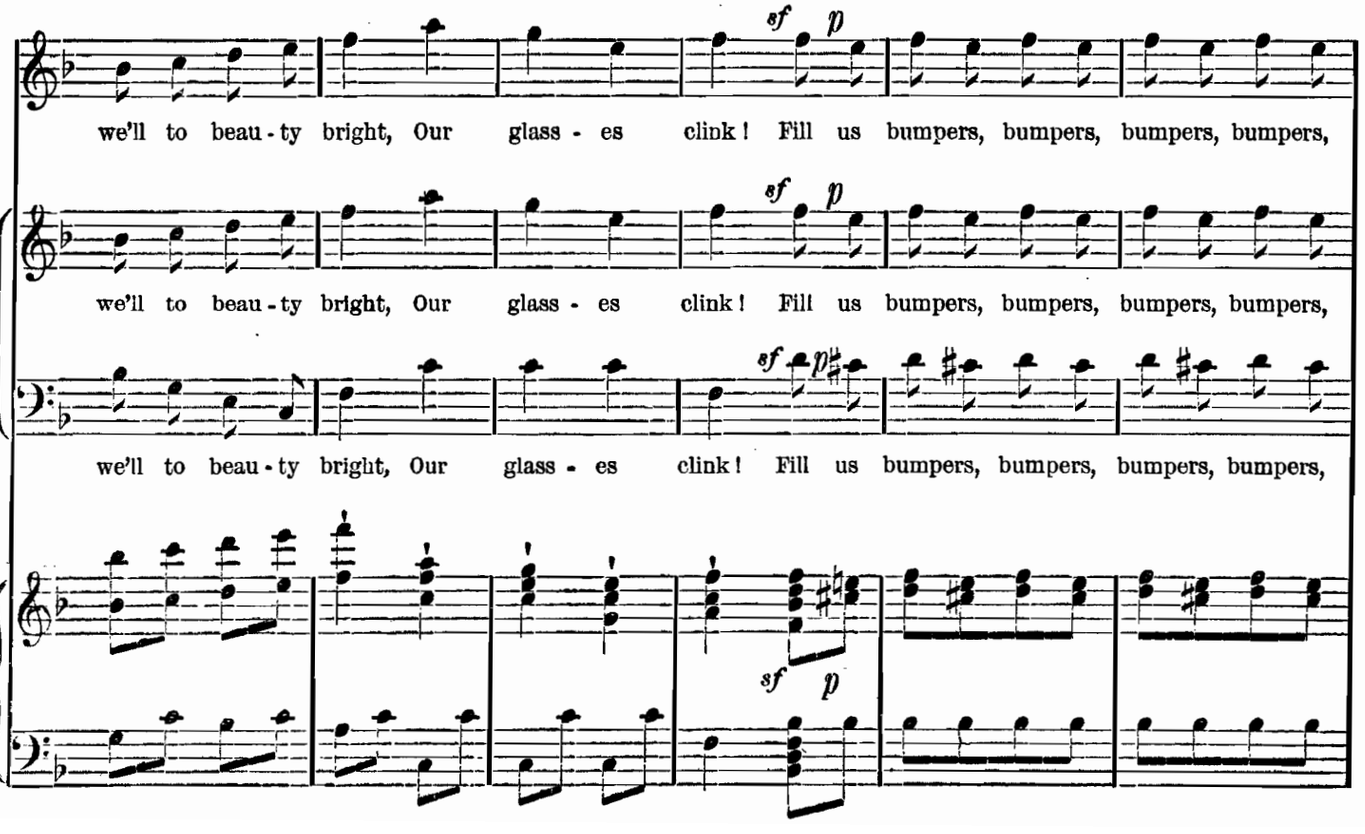

out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
ff
MORALES. f
Sol - - dier life,
mf

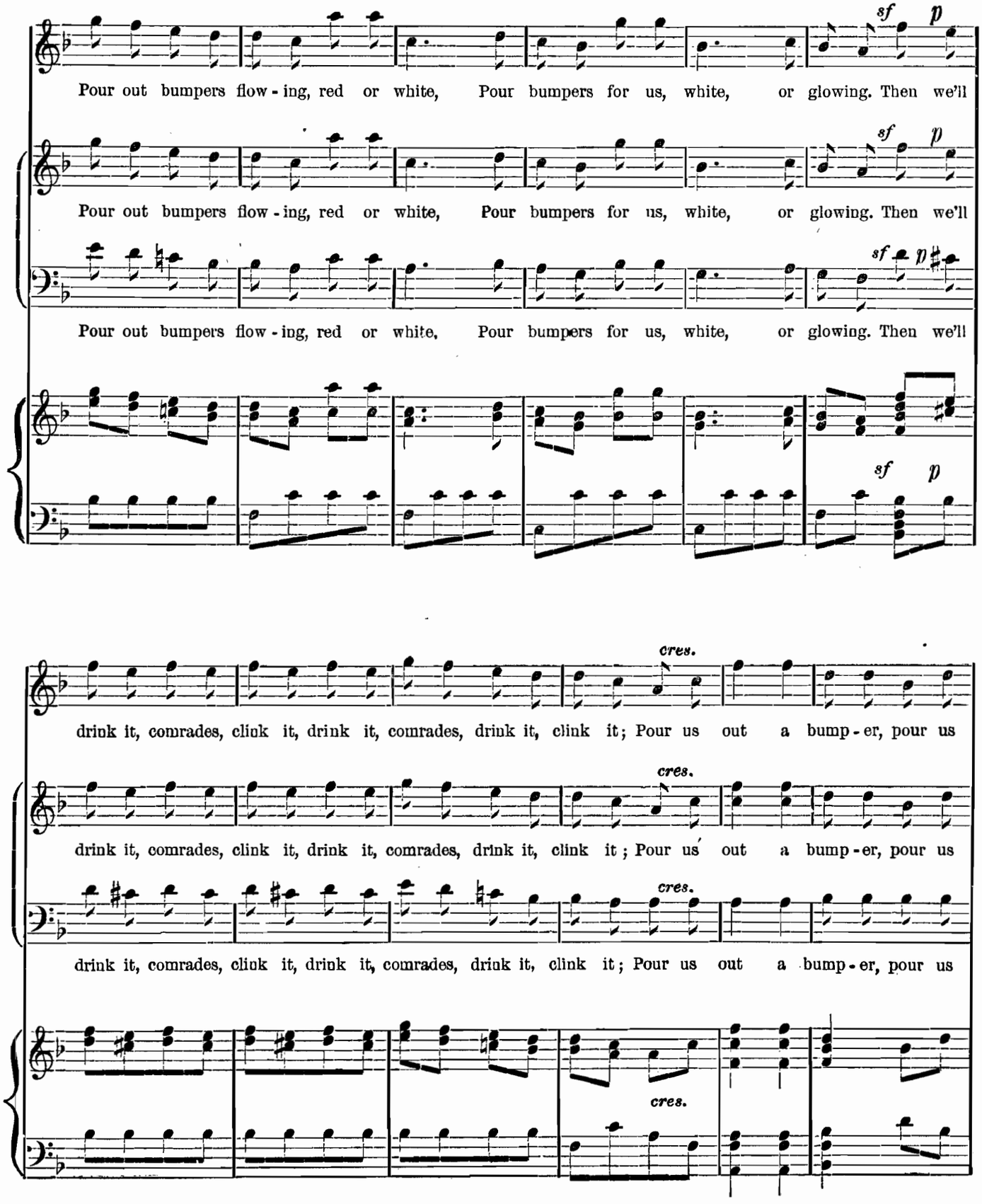

brave is, all con - tents him; Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
Tenors.
Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
Basses.
Of dan - ger he is ne'er a - fraid.
f
But when thirst wor - ries and tor - ments him, His val - or less by half is made,
His
His
mf
f

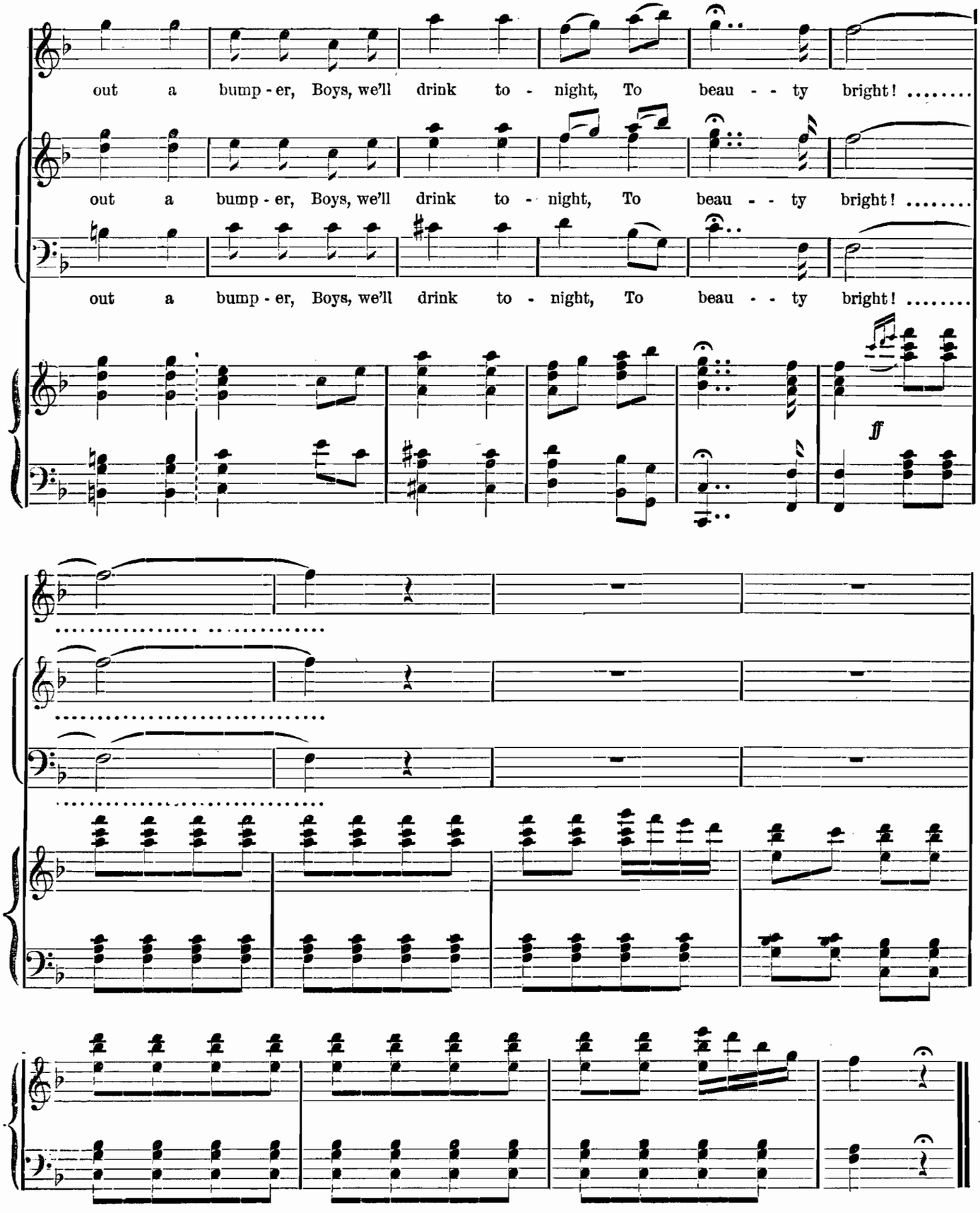

mf
Sol - - dier boys a - - - dore fe - male
val - or less by half is made.
val - or less by half is made.
mf
beau - - ty, And to kneel be - fore two fine eyes;
f
Flames he'd pass as a pleas - ant du - - ty, For love and
f


wine, his gods com - prise.
Ah !...
For love and wine, his gods com - prise.
For love and wine, his gods com - prise.
dim.
Fill, Jo - sé - fa, red or
white, Your health we'll drink! Com - rades, we'll to beau - ty bright Our


f
glass - es clink. Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,

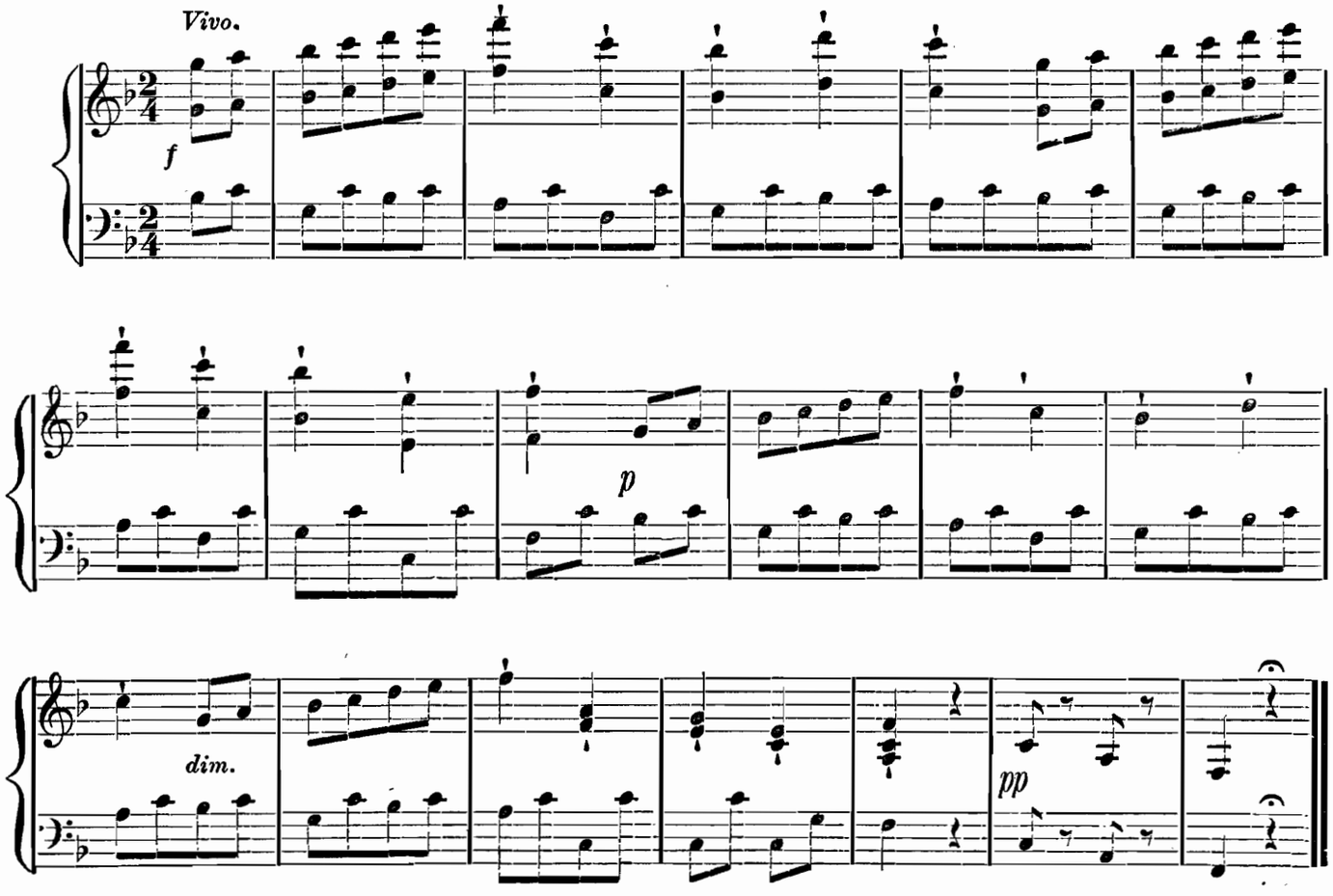

sf p
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
we'll to beau - ty bright, Our glass - es clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,


Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
Pour out bumpers flow - ing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll
sf p
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bump - er, pour us
cres.


out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
out a bump - er, Boys, we'll drink to - night, To beau - - ty bright! .....
ff

BAL. (*To his men.*) Come boys! (*to* MORALES.) you stay here?
MOR. Well—yes, my brigadier, since you allow me.
BAL. All right! I understand your motive. Above all, since I have seen your lady-love.
JOS. Mr. Brigadier is very amiable.
BAL. Especially, when he is going away; is it not so, little one? It is quite natural! Come on, the rest of you! shoulder arms and forward, march! (*resumption of the Sortie by the Orchestra.* MORALES *gives his halberd to one of his comrades. The guards march off with the Brigadier.*)

No. 5. Bis. SORTIE.



SCENE X.—MORALES, JOSEFA.

MOR. At length we are by ourselves, we two—while awaiting a day when we shall be still more by ourselves; still more face to face!
JOS. (*lowering her eyes.*) That will come!
MOR. My darling Josefa! how charming you are!
JOS. You think so?
MOR. I really think so! fresher than flowers. Say now, is it to-day again, that you will give me one of those lovely roses?
JOS. If you like! (*She goes to the rose bush by herself, and sees the signal.*) Oh!
MOR. Happily, we have time before us.
JOS. Yes, we have time, but you must go away, now.
MOR. How—must go away?
JOS. Yes, go away—just now.
MOR. But it is not two minutes—
JOS. 'Tis all the same—
MOR. But why do you wish to be left alone?
JOS. (*embarrassed.*) Why--for nothing.
MOR. (*seeing the ribbon in her hand.*) What ribbon is that? a signal, perhaps!
JOS. And suppose it should be?
MOR. From some lover? Ah! Josefa! if ever—
JOS. Jealous pate! (*she laughs in his face.*)
MOR. Well no—I am all confidence—but tell me all about it!
JOS. You swear to be silent? well! this ribbon is a signal, announcing to me that the princess Micaela is coming here, to talk with me.
MOR. Here! the princess! who never goes out, unless accompanied by her ladies!
JOS. Precisely so! It is that which depresses her, the poor lady Micaela! so for distraction, and to rest herself from all court ceremonials, she comes here sometimes disguised.
MOR. Disguised?
JOS. Eh! yes! I have loaned her one of my robes, and when she knows she will not be disturbed or noticed, she leaves all her beautiful surroundings and comes to talk with me, or take me to walk with her.
MOR. Who would ever have suspected that! (*looking out back.*) 'Tis true, all the same, one would say that is she coming now.
JOS. Yes, it is she—be off!
MOR. Only one kiss—
JOS. (*pushing him away.*) Go along! (*he goes.*)

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SCENE XI. MICAELA *is unrecognisable, she has left off her powder and high heels, and wears a costume like that of* JOSEFA

MICAELA. Josefa, are you alone?

JOSEFA. Yes!

MICAELA. So much the better.

AH! LIFE 'TIS OF A SLAVE.

No. 6. Rondeau.

Allegro.

f

MICAELA.

Ah! life 'tis of a slave, My own Jo - se - fa brave, This

court - ly mas - que - ra - ding; I 'scape the tire - some crew, And

steal an hour or two, My bore - dom thus e - va - ding! As

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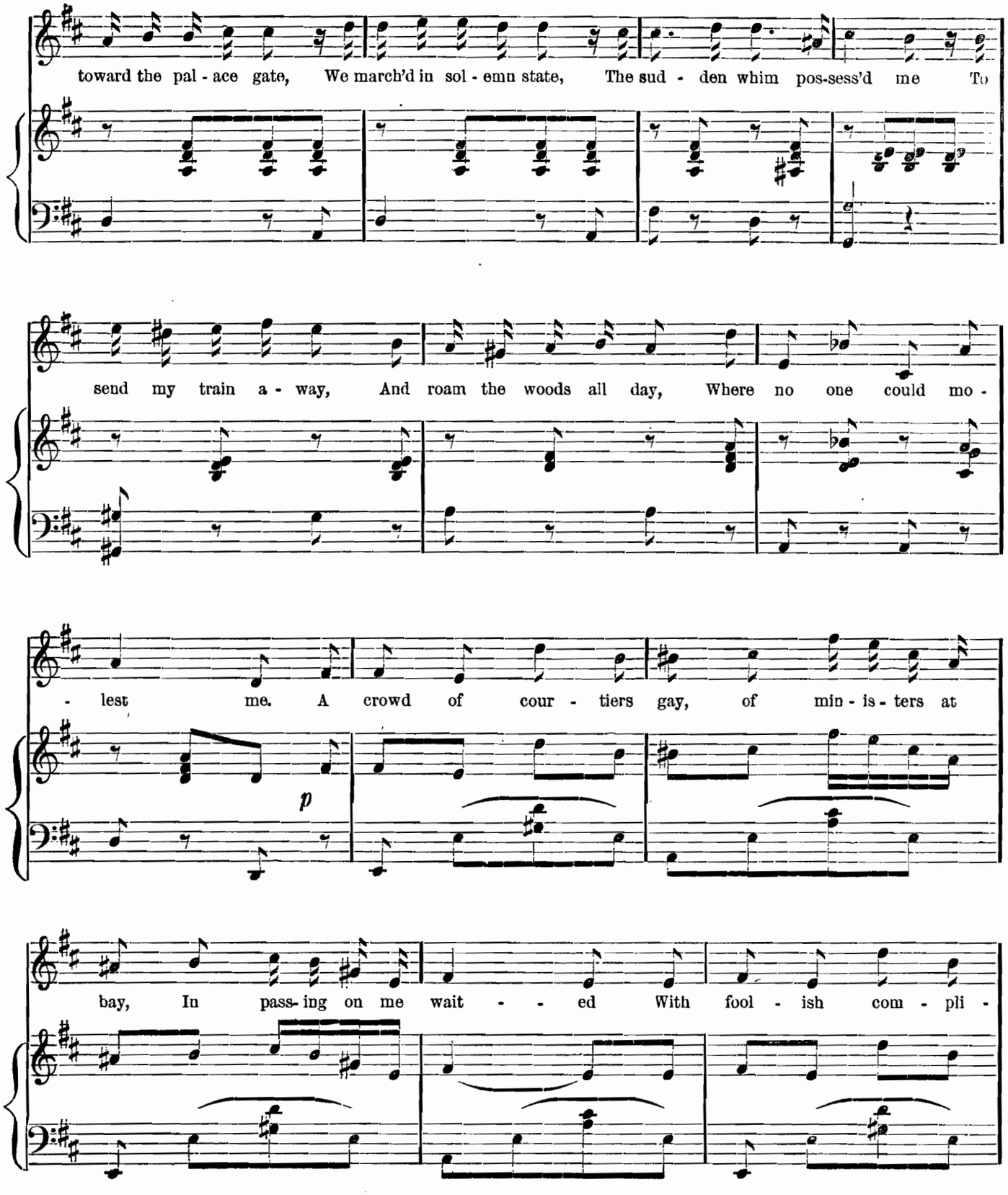
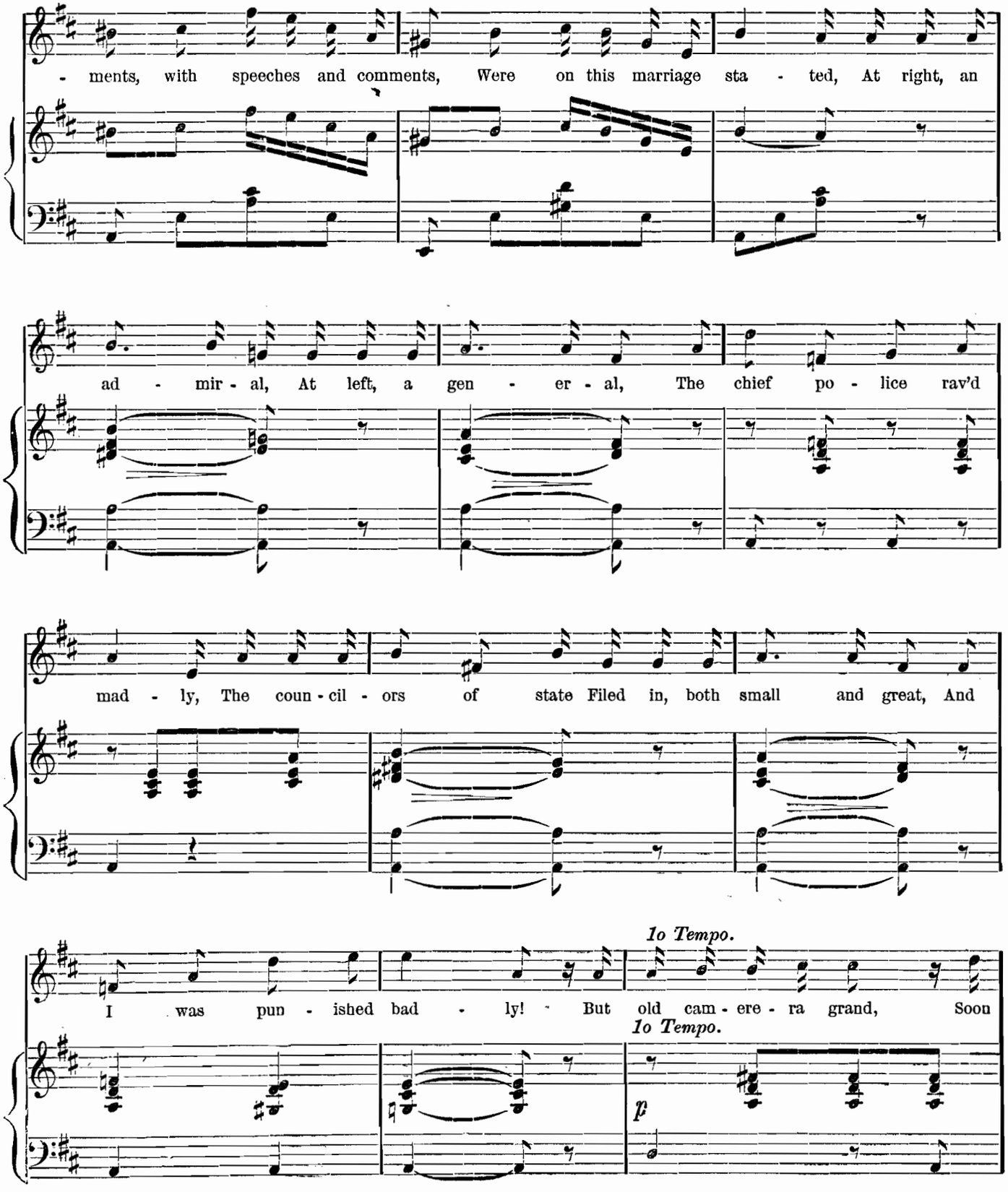
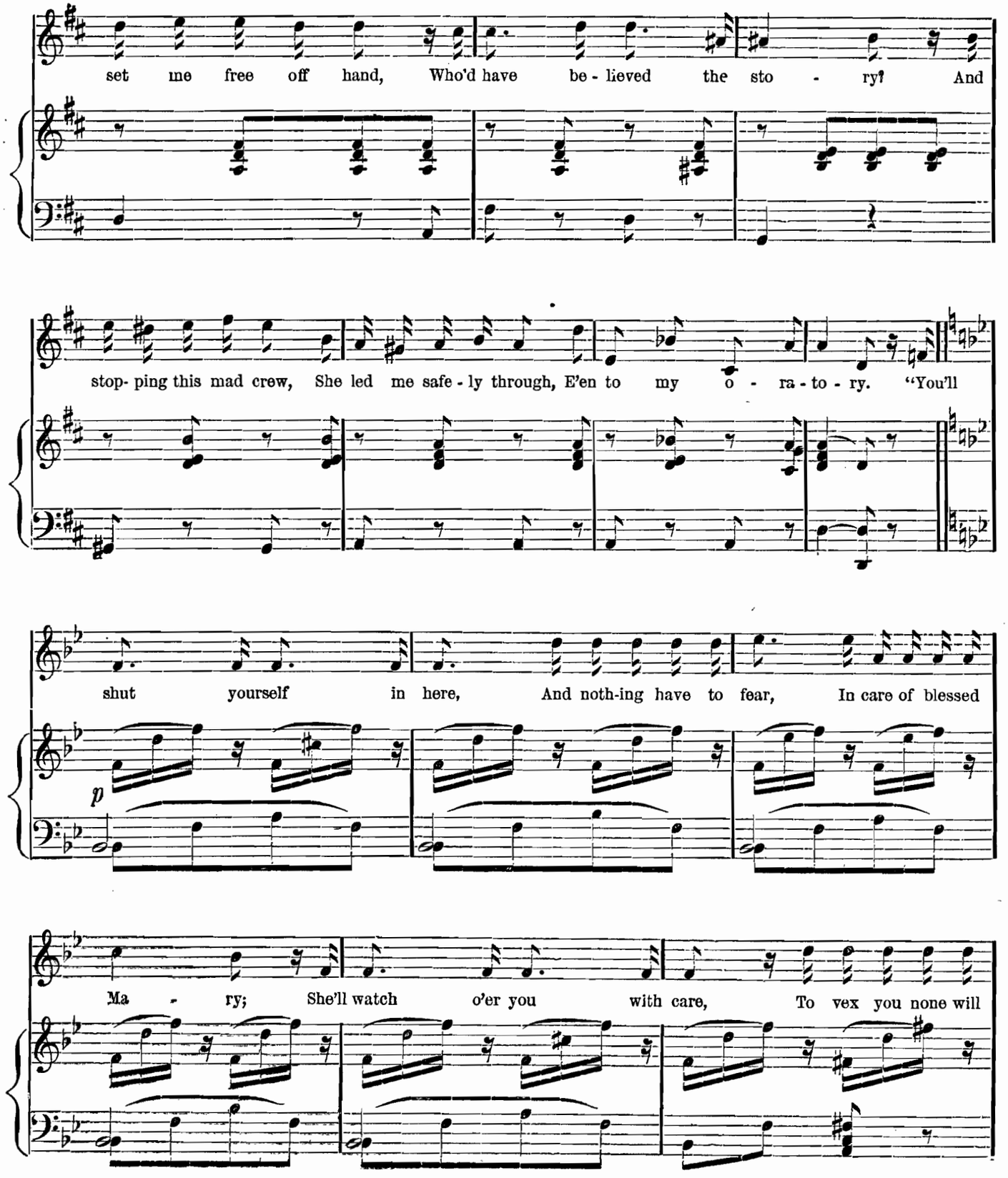
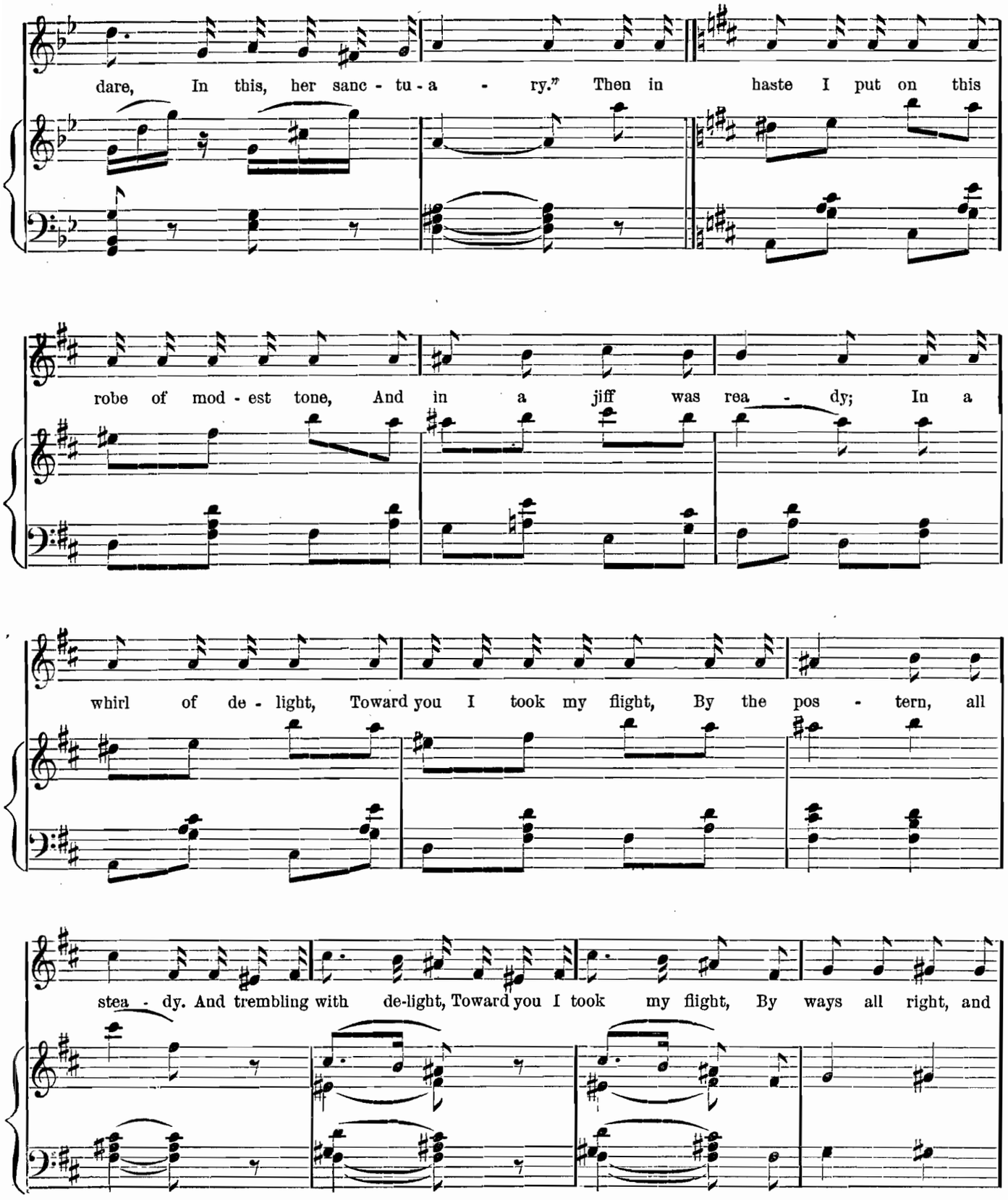
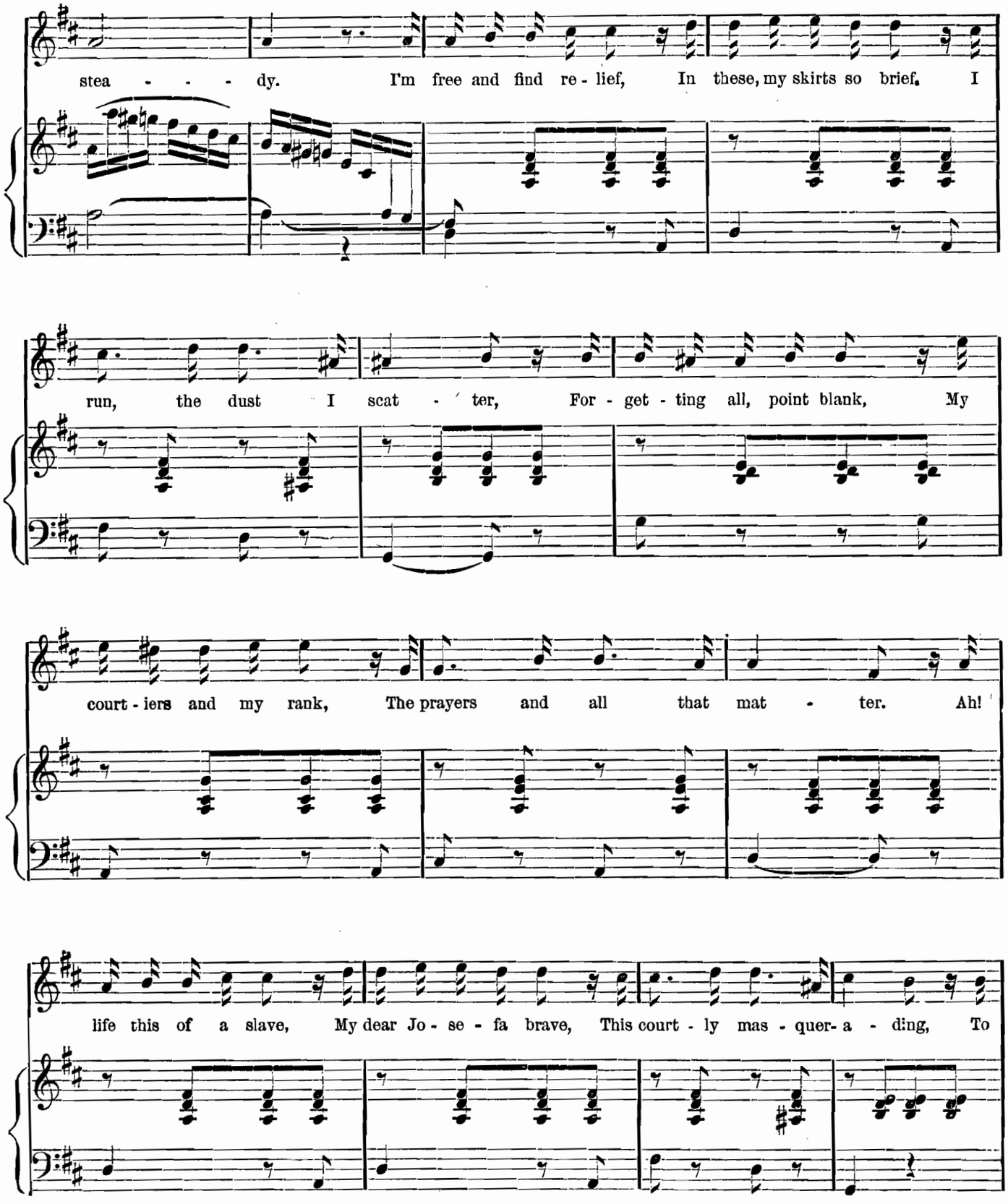
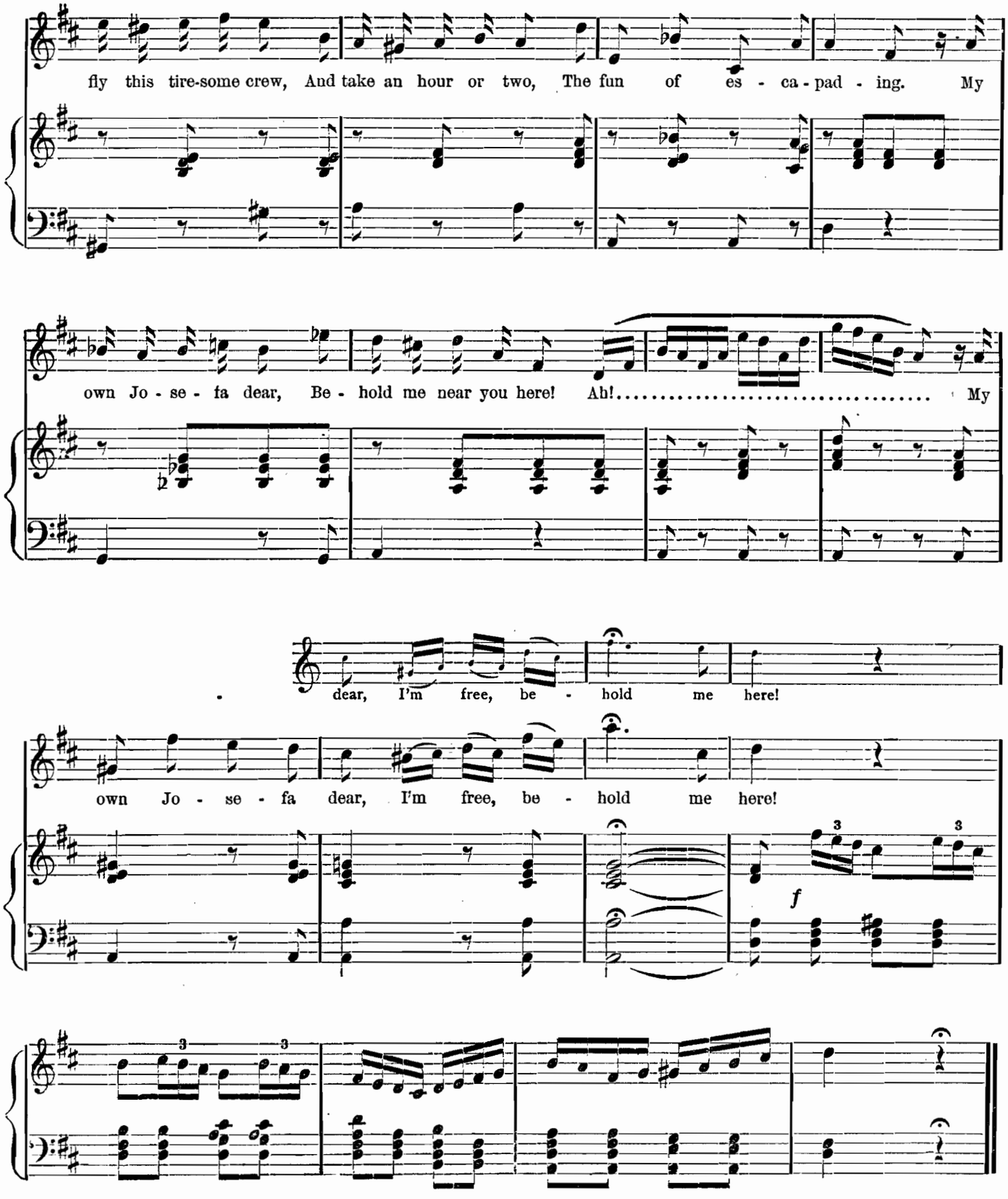

toward the pal - ace gate, We march'd in sol - emn state, The sud - den whim pos-sess'd me To
send my train a - way, And roam the woods all day, Where no one could mo -
- lest me. A crowd of cour - tiers gay, of min - is - ters at
p
bay, In pass- ing on me wait - - ed With fool - ish com - pli -


- ments, with speeches and comments, Were on this marriage sta - ted, At right, an
ad - mir - al, At left, a gen - er - al, The chief po - lice rav'd
mad - ly, The coun - cil - ors of state Filed in, both small and great, And
1o Tempo.
I was pun - ished bad - ly! But old cam - ere - ra grand, Soon
1o Tempo.
p


set me free off hand, Who'd have be - lieved the sto - ry? And
stop- ping this mad crew, She led me safe - ly through, E'en to my o - ra - to - ry. "You'll
shut yourself in here, And noth-ing have to fear, In care of blessed
p
Ma - ry; She'll watch o'er you with care, To vex you none will


dare, In this, her sanc - tu - a - ry." Then in haste I put on this
robe of mod - est tone, And in a jiff was rea - dy; In a
whirl of de - light, Toward you I took my flight, By the pos - tern, all
stea - dy. And trembling with de-light, Toward you I took my flight, By ways all right, and


stea - - - - dy. I'm free and find re - lief, In these, my skirts so brief. I
run, the dust I scat - ter, For - get - ting all, point blank, My
court - iers and my rank, The prayers and all that mat - ter. Ah!
life this of a slave, My dear Jo - se - fa brave, This court - ly mas - quer- a - ding, To


fly this tire-some crew, And take an hour or two, The fun of es - ca - pad - ing. My
own Jo - se - fa dear, Be - hold me near you here! Ah!..... My
dear, I'm free, be - hold me here!
own Jo - se - fa dear, I'm free, be - hold me here!
f

JOSEFA. And the old Camérera—
MICAELA. At the grand gate, while I escaped by the little one, of which you gave me the key.
JOSEFA. That leads to the woods.
MICA. Precisely so. Let us see now—what have you got to tell me? What news? Do they talk of my marriage? What do they say of the bridegroom? For all my subjects, as papa says, know him before I do. Have you had a glimpse of him?
JOSEFA. Oh, I have had a good look at him!
MICA. And how is he?
JOSEFA. A handsome cavalier!
MICA. Ah! So——
JOS. With an air frank and gay.
MICA. All right!
JOS. All the women think him handsome.
MICA. So much the better! Ah! if I could love him—think of that! I have been bored for so long a time, and now am about to have a husband,—handsome, young, and gay,—but it is like a dream! He will love me, too, will he not?
JOS. He would be hard to please, if he did not!
MICA. And then he—he will not, perhaps, hold on to etiquette forever. He will have some good moments. Ah, decidedly, marriage is a good invention!
JOS. Oh, yes!
MICA. What makes you sigh?
JOS. Ah! 'Tis that I, too, would like to be married.
MICA. (*Curious.*) So! With whom?
JOS. With a handsome soldier.
MICA. (*Imitating her.*) A handsome soldier. That was well said.
JOS. But they will not allow him to marry me, because he is not yet a brigadier.
MICA. Is that all? Give me his name, and the number of his company.
JOS. Would you condescend? Oh, how good you are! (*Shouts of laughter heard*)
MICA. Who is coming here.
JOS. (*Looking back.*) Ah! They are some young girls, the brides of to-morrow, you know. Now go away. If they should recognize you—
MICA. Bah! There is no danger. It will amuse me. But your handsome soldier?
JOS. (*Taking a letter from her pocket.*) Stay! Here is a letter from him. You will find in it the desired information. He talks to me of nothing else!

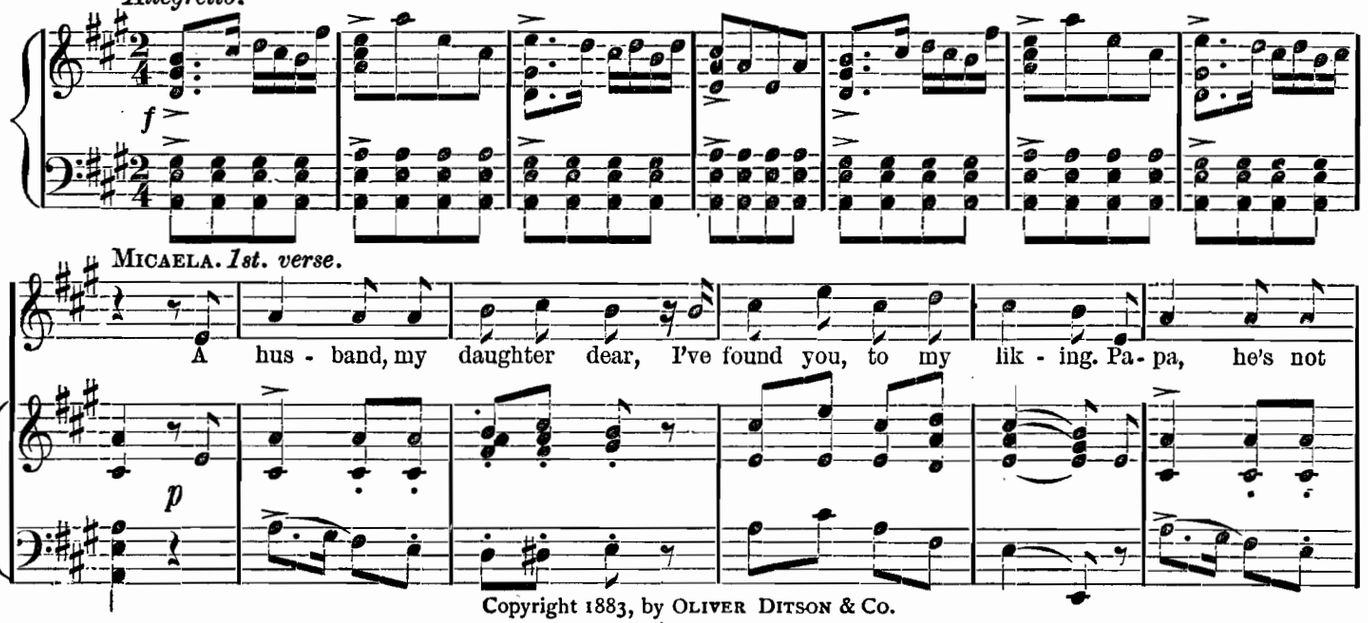
SCENE XII.—*The same.* INEZ, PEPA, DOLORES, ANITA, *and young girls.*

DOLORES. 'Tis too bad!
ALL. It is an injustice!
DOL. (*Seeing* MICAELA) Ah! You are not alone?
JOS. (*Hesitating.*) It is—
MICA. (*Whispering to her*) Your cousin!
JOS. It is my cousin!
PEPA. You have never spoken of her to us.
MICA. I came from the province for the marriage festivities!
DOL. Ah, yes! The festivities!
ANITA. They might have been made more gay for us.
INEZ. You know we did not succeed—
MICA. In what?
PEPA. We sent a petition to the princess.
MICA. To the princess?
ANITA. To ask of her a dowry, according to usage.
DOL. Then it is—and we may say it is—well gotten up. (*Gives petition to* MICAELA.)
MICA. Let me see it.
ANITA. We talked to a fine lady. (*Aping the ceremonial.*)
INEZ. (*Doing the same, and making three curtseys.*) Who carried our petition to the Camérera?
PEPA. Who sent us back to the fine lady.
DOL. Who told us that the princess was in retreat, in her oratory.
INEZ. And that nobody could speak with her.
MICA. (*During this time has approached the table, where* JOSEFA *has left pen and ink, and signs it unobserved.*) Well, it seems to me the fine lady explained at cross-purposes.
ANITA. Why so?
MICA. Because I see on your petition the word "granted," and the signature of the princess!
ALL. Let's see! Let's see! (*They all look.*) 'Tis true! Ah, what happiness! A dowry! A dowry!
ANITA. What good luck!
PEPA. Well, let us go and amuse ourselves!
DOL. Let us dance!
ANITA. Let us sing!
DOL. Who knows a rondo, to which we can dance?
MICA. (*To* JOSEFA.) A rondo? Do you recall one, Josefa, that we heard the other day?
JOS. The song of a young girl who wanted a husband of her own choosing?
MICA. That song ought to suit bravely; if you like, I will sing it for you. ALL. Yes! Yes!

A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER DEAR.

No. 7. Rondo.

Allegretto.



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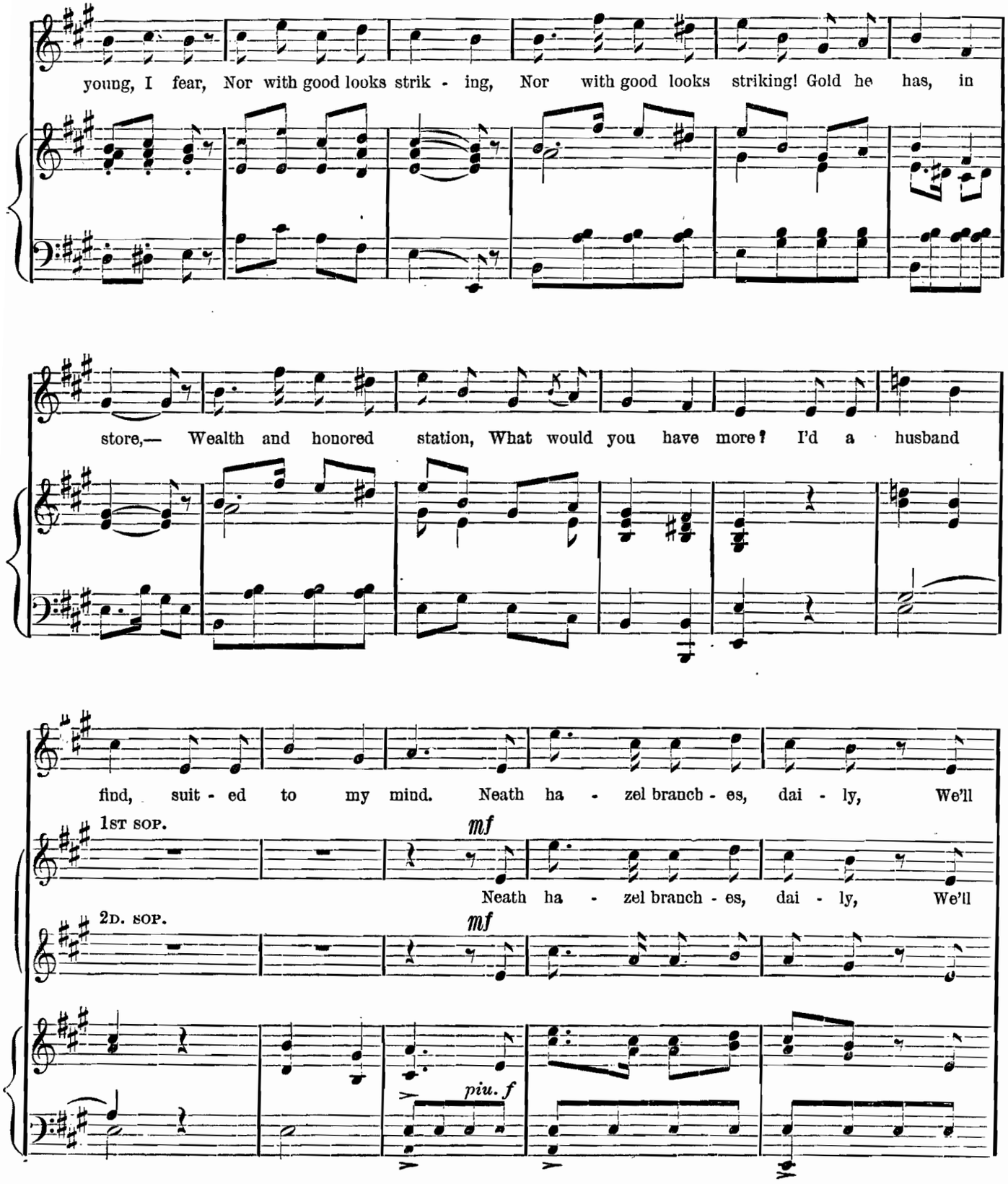
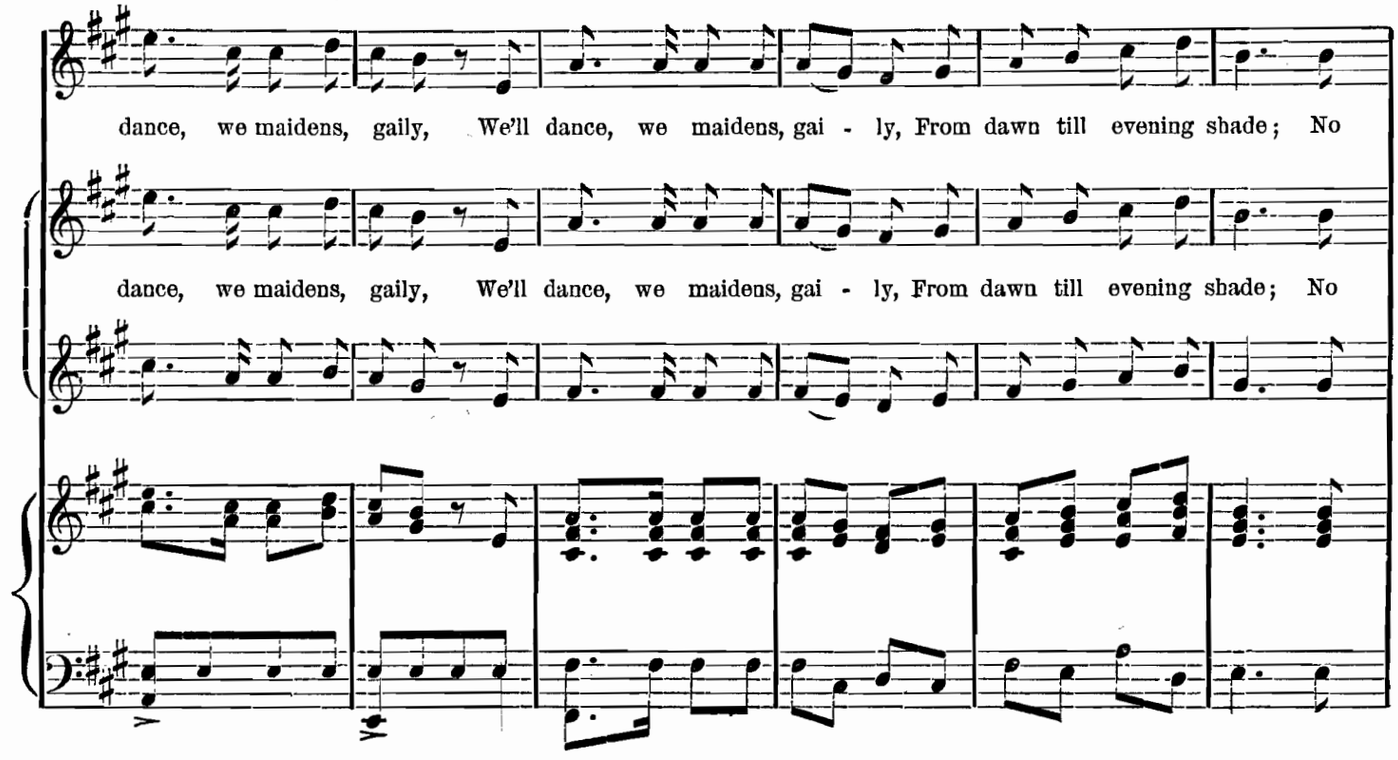
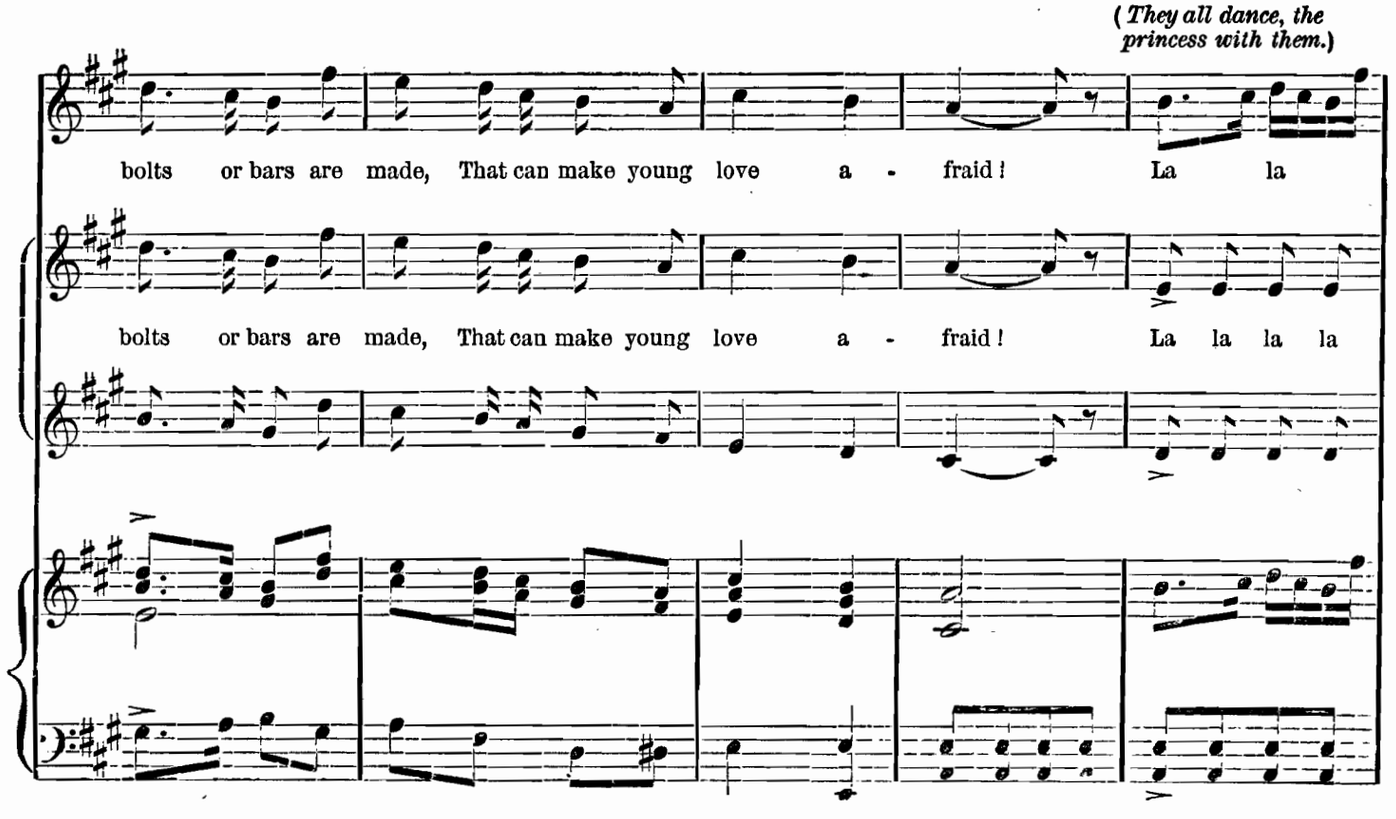
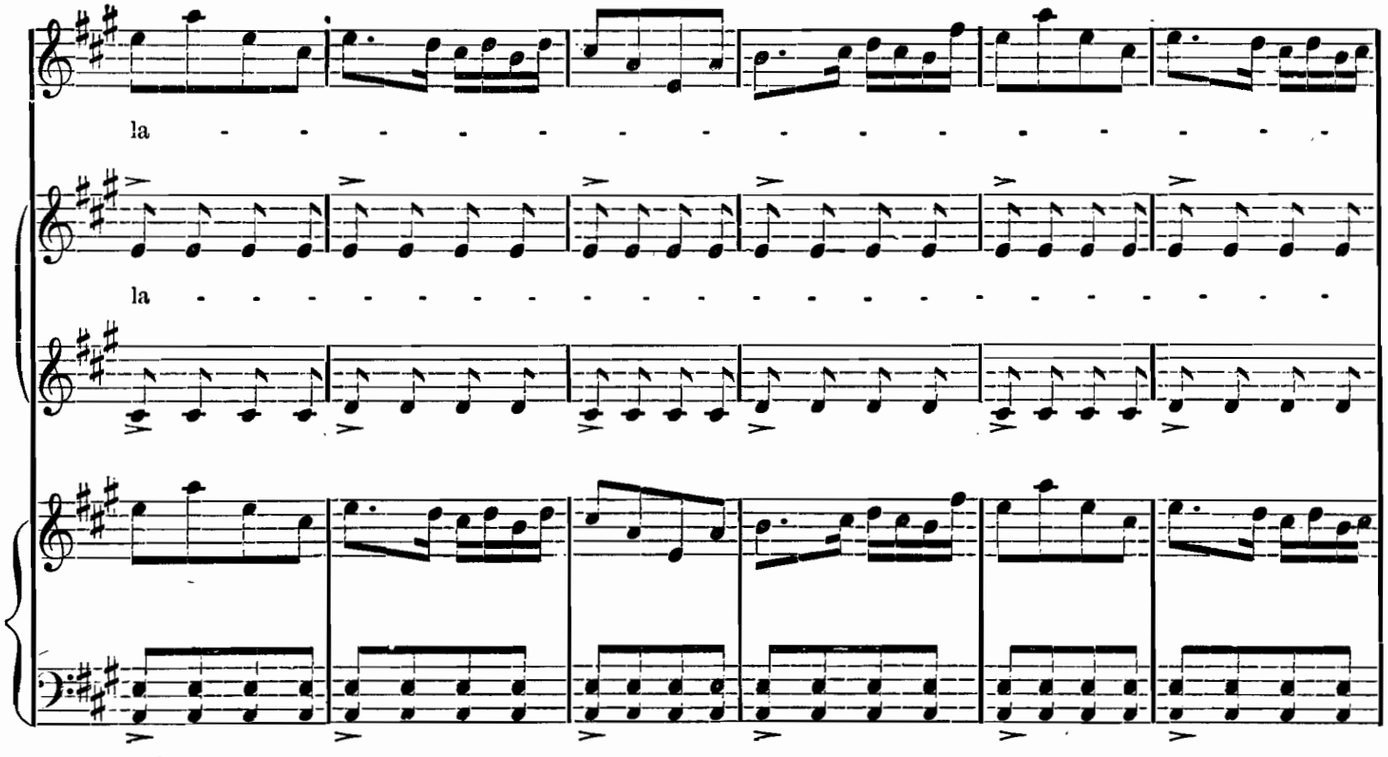
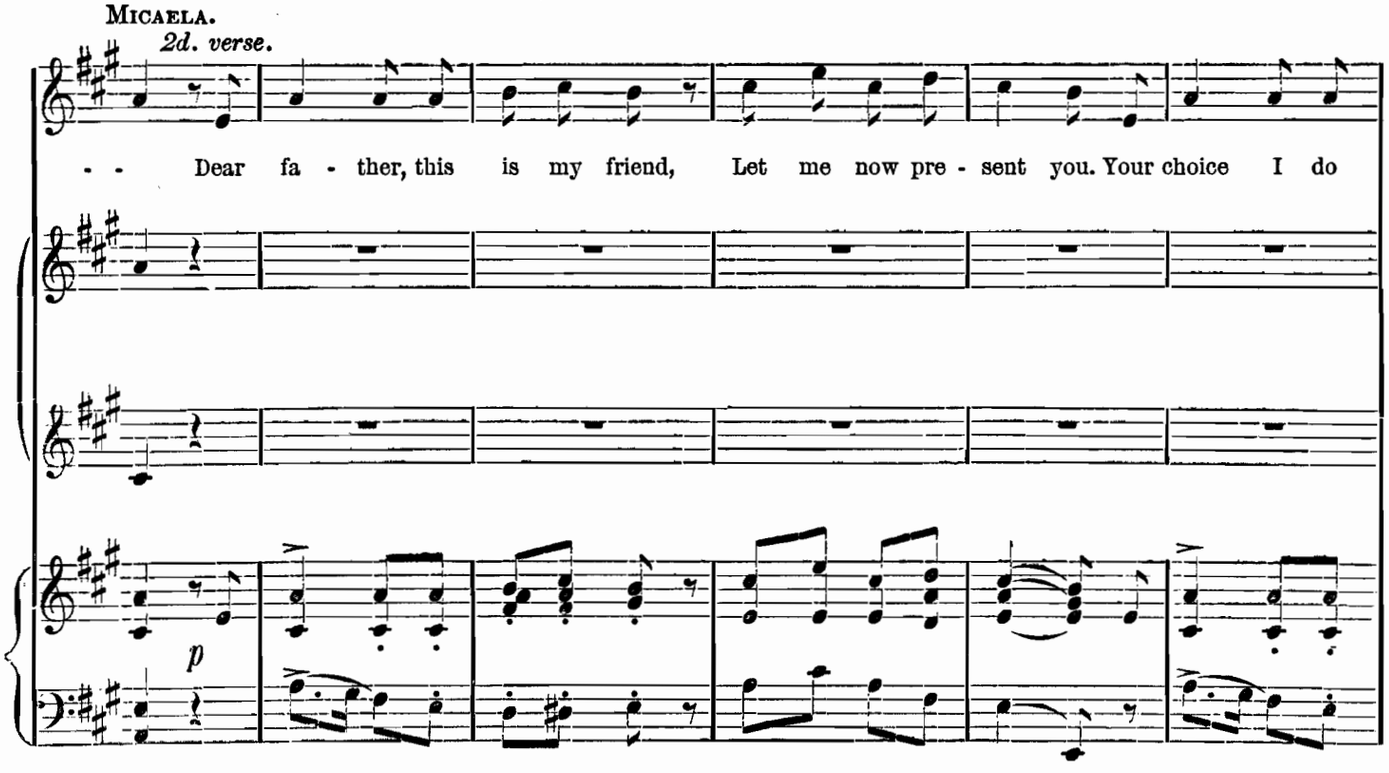
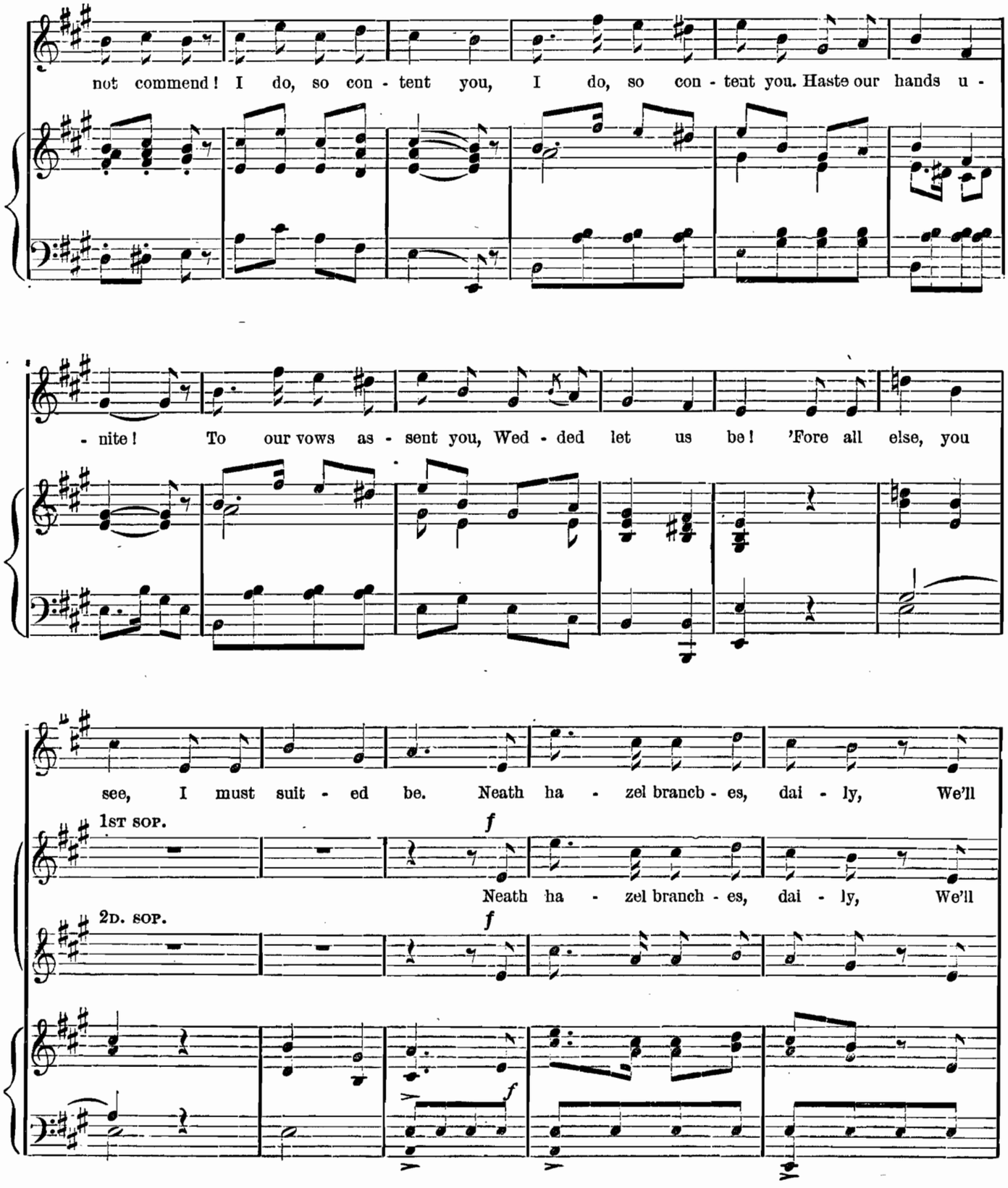

young, I fear, Nor with good looks strik - ing, Nor with good looks striking! Gold he has, in
store,— Wealth and honored station, What would you have more? I'd a husband
find, suit - ed to my mind. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
mf
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.
mf
piu. f

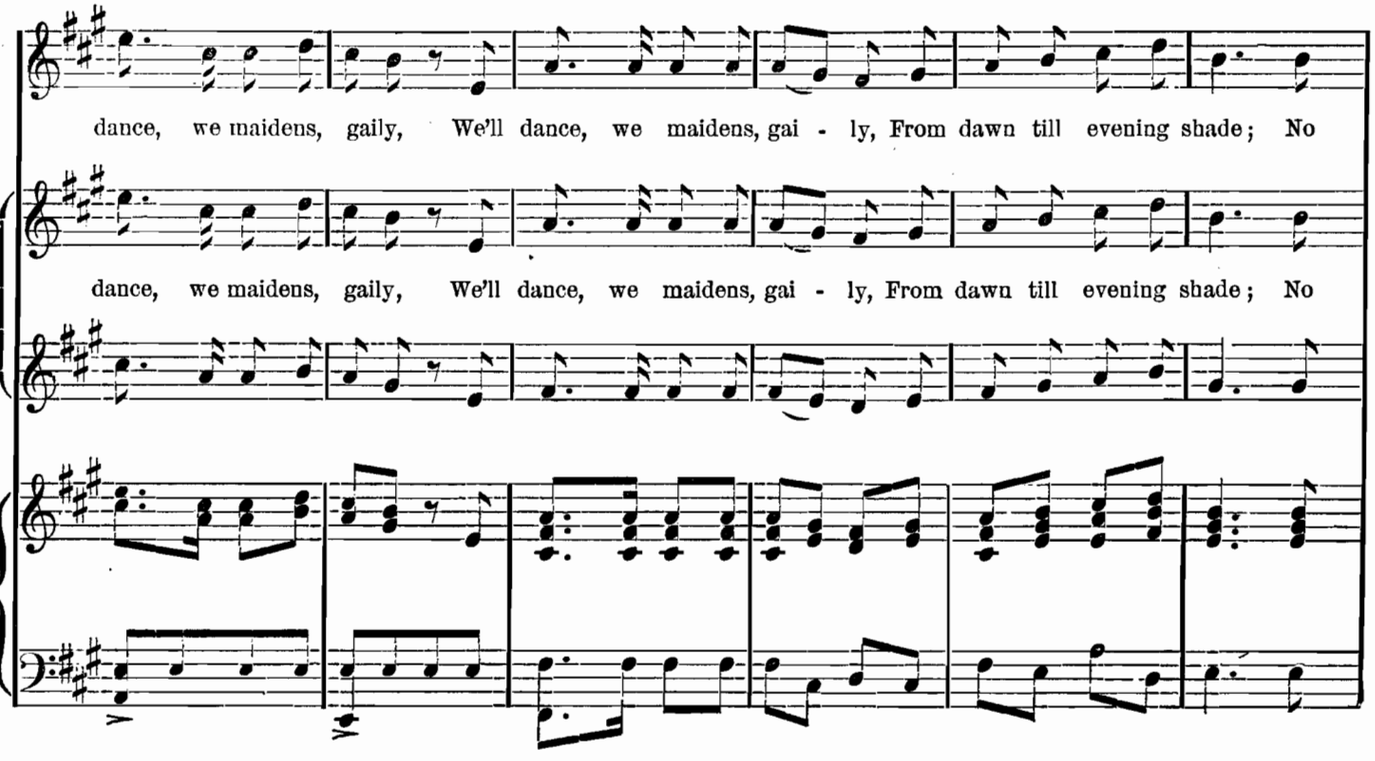

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No

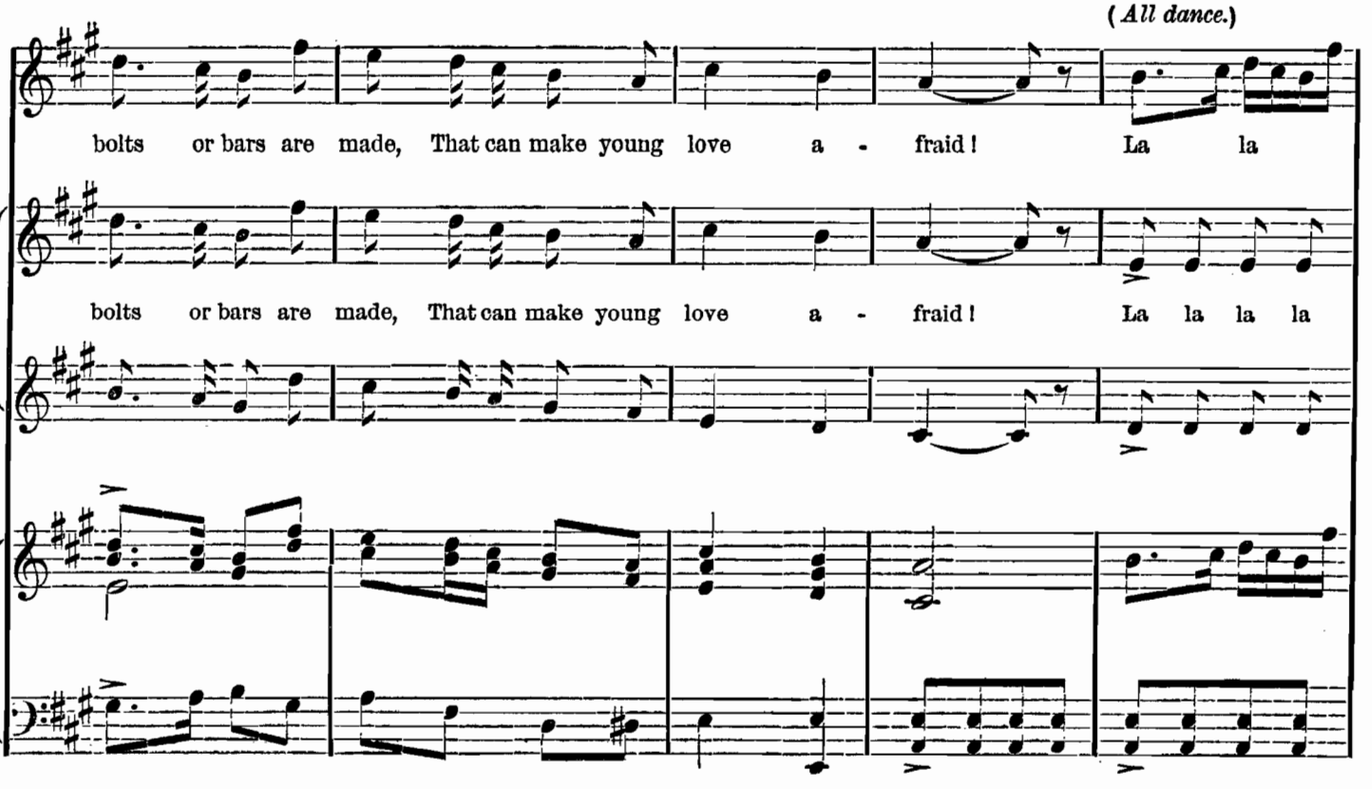

(They all dance, the princess with them.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la

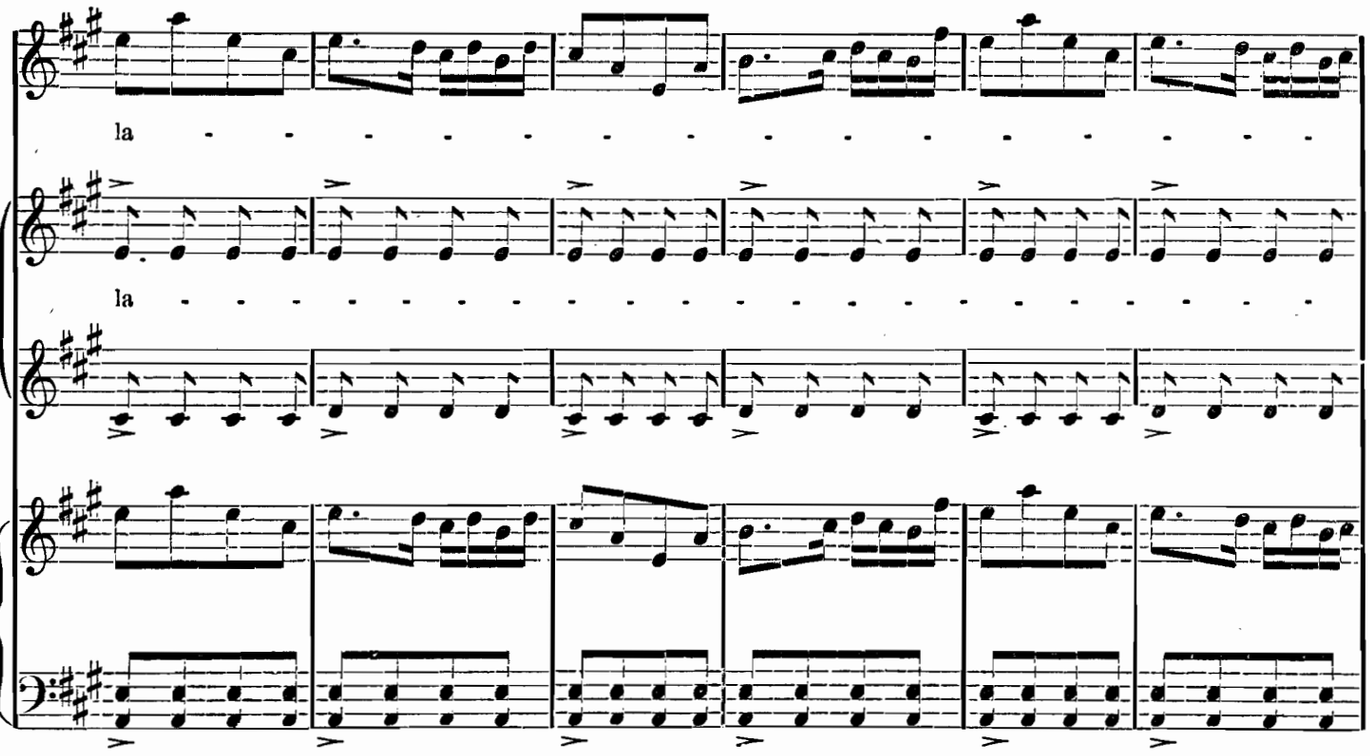

la - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
la - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

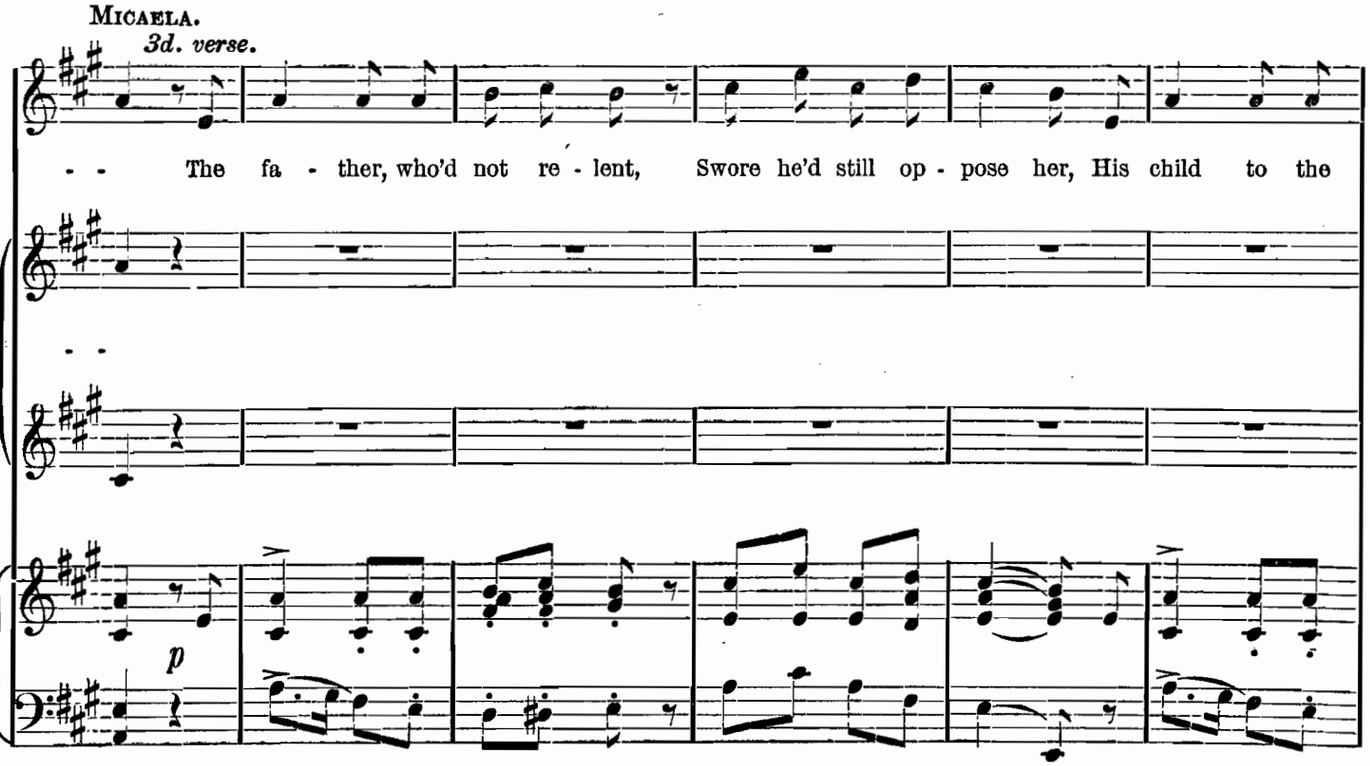

MICAELA.
2d. verse.
- - Dear fa - ther, this is my friend, Let me now pre - sent you. Your choice I do
p

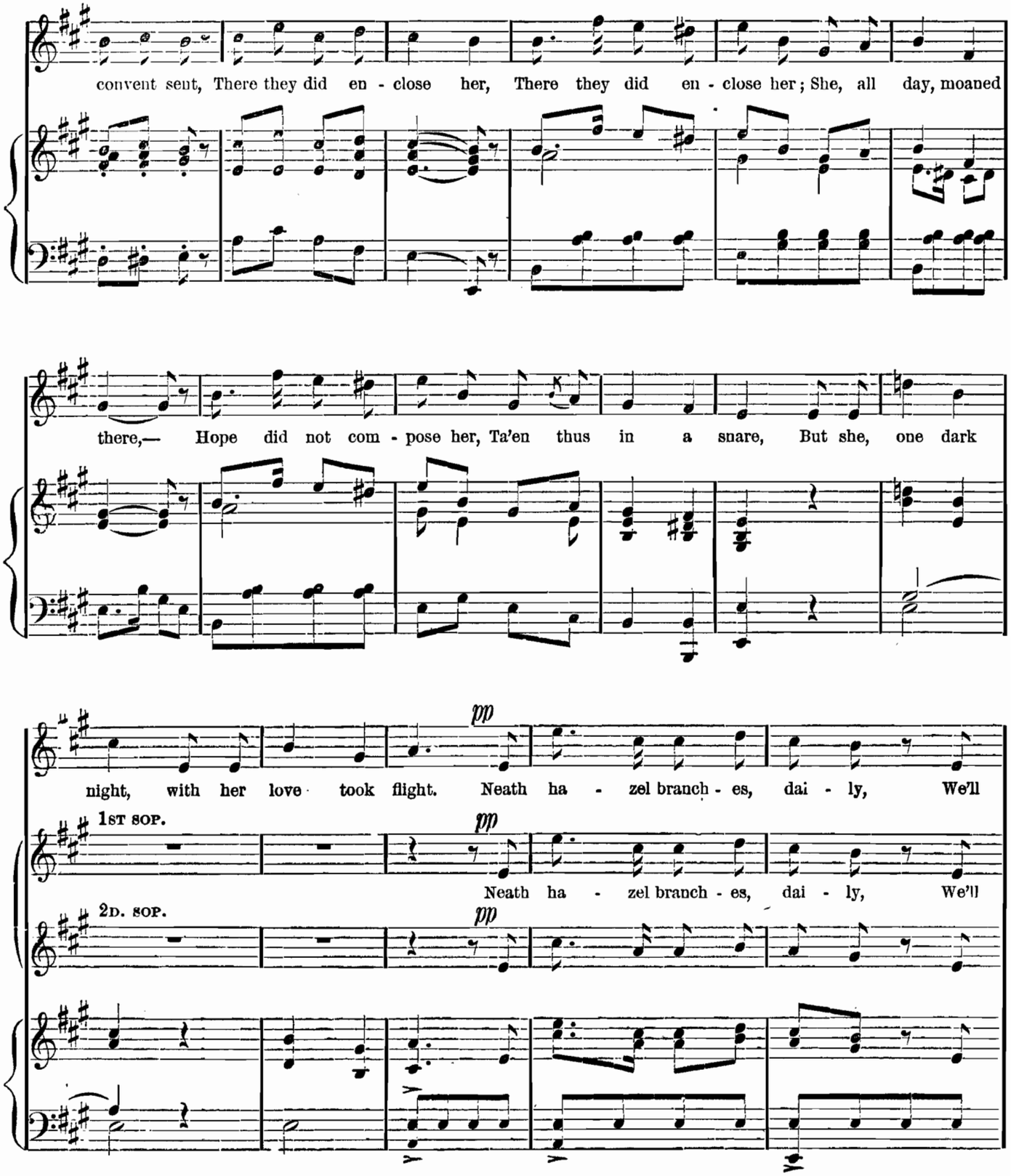

not commend! I do, so con - tent you, I do, so con - tent you. Haste our hands u -
- nite! To our vows as - sent you, Wed - ded let us be! 'Fore all else, you
see, I must suit - ed be. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
f
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.
f
f

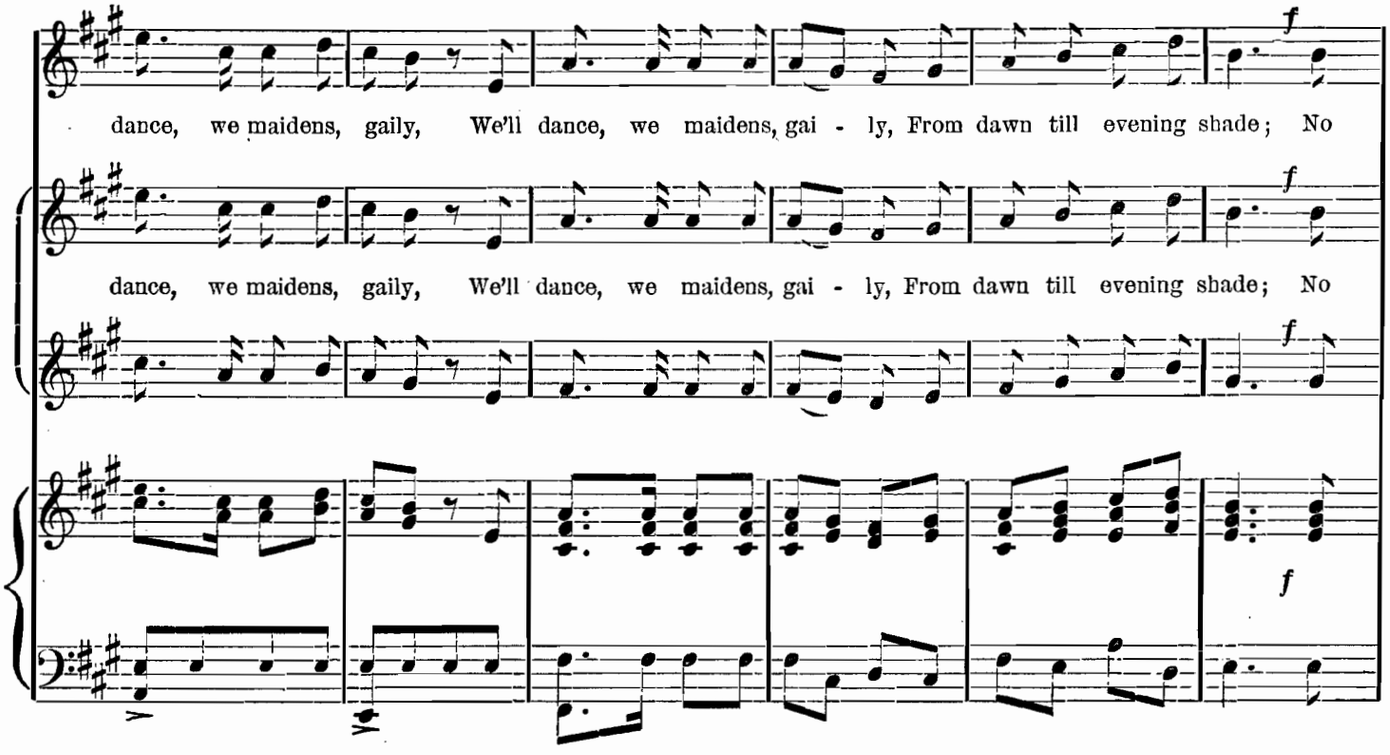

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No

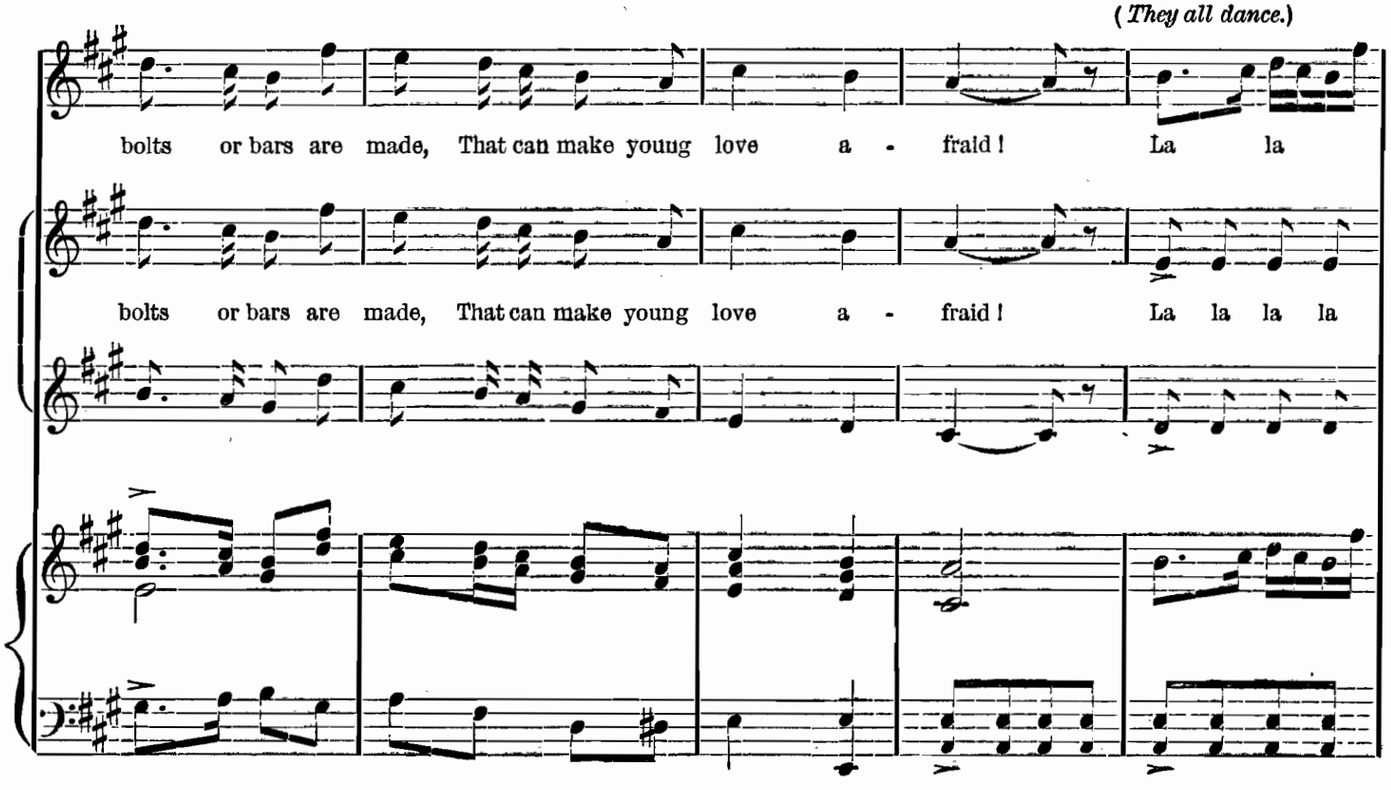

(All dance.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la

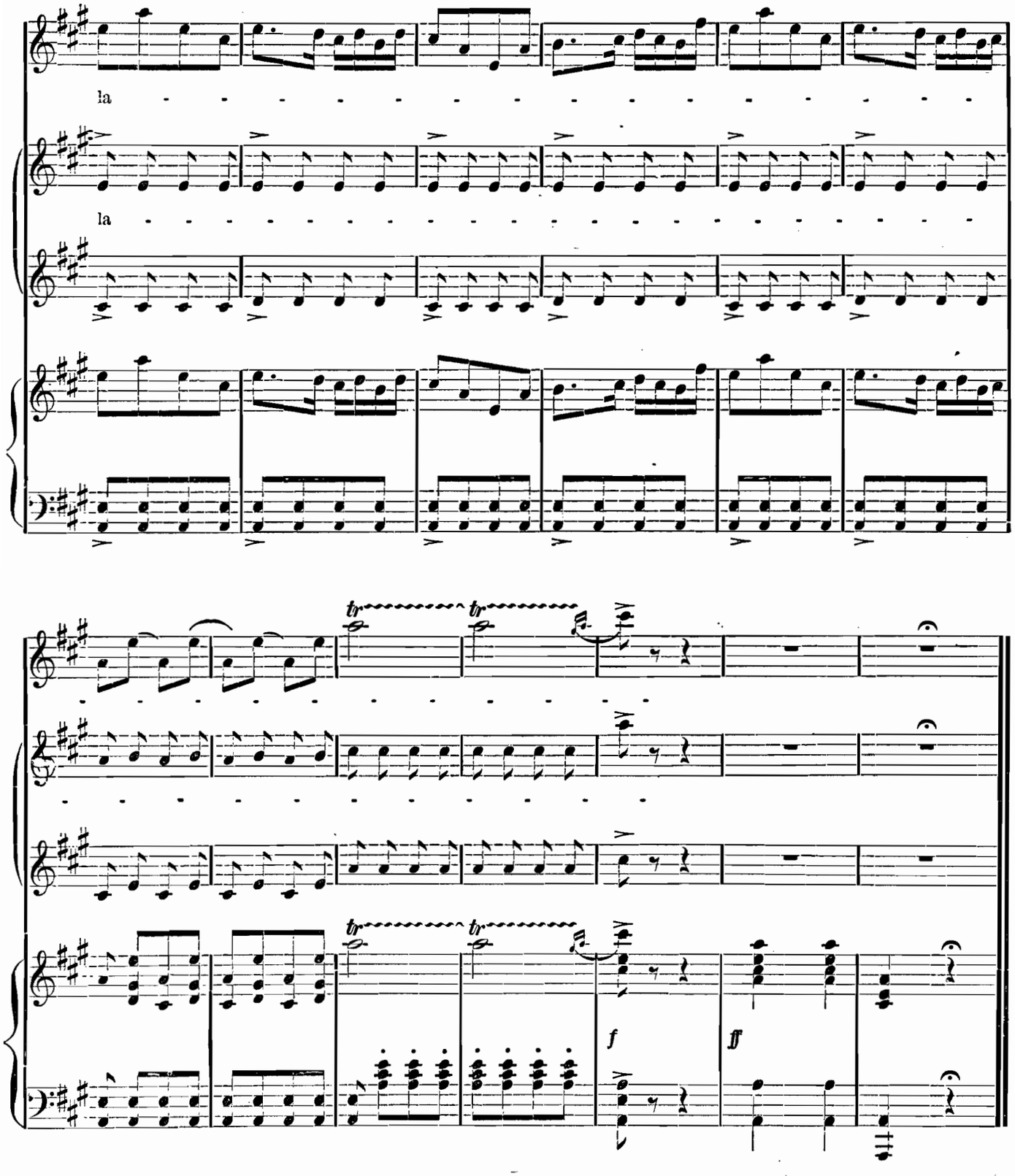

la -
la -


MICAELA.
3d. verse.
- - The fa - ther, who'd not re - lent, Swore he'd still op - pose her, His child to the
- -
p


convent sent, There they did en - close her, There they did en - close her; She, all day, moaned
there,— Hope did not com - pose her, Ta'en thus in a snare, But she, one dark
pp
night, with her love took flight. Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
1st sop.
pp
Neath ha - zel branch - es, dai - ly, We'll
2d. sop.
pp


dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gai - ly, From dawn till evening shade; No
f
f
f
f


(They all dance.)
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love a - fraid! La la la la



(At the end of dance, GAETAN *puts his head over the wall, and applauds. All the girls scatter, with a loud cry.)*

JOS. (*Looking at the Prince. To* MICAELA.) 'Tis he, the Prince, your future husband!

MIC. Are you sure of it?

JOS. Perfectly, I saw him well, when he came into the city.

MIC. Well then, leave us.

JOS. What, alone by yourselves?

MIC. Why not, indeed? She is right. (*She goes out, during that time, the Prince has succeeded in scaling the wall.* MICAELA *hooks her skirt to the thicket at the right.*)

SCENE XIII—MICAELA. GAETAN.

MIC. (*Pretends to be unable ta unhook her dress.*) Ah! mon Dieu! I shall never get free!

GAE. (*Helping to free her.*) There, 'tis done!

MIC. (*Making him a curtsey.*) Thanks, monsieur, now I can get away.

GAE. I have then the air of a malefactor—everybody flies at my approach.

MIC. Well, you have a way of presenting yourself.

GAE. You, at least, would be more brave!

MIC. On the contrary—I am much alarmed, and beg you to allow me to depart.

GAE. Why so? [comer.

MIC. Because a young girl should not stop to talk with a chance-

GAE. If the chance-comer has only proper things to say; for instance: how charming she is, full of graces and attractions!

MIC. Oh! you have something else to do than to tell me that; in an hour, you are going to wed the Princess.

GAE. Ah! you know me, then?

MIC. I was upon the plaza this morning when you made your grand entrance. (*aside.*) Josefa was right; he is very good looking, my future husband.

GAE. Well, if I am about to wed the princess, it is no reason against my taking a finger at the court.

MIC. You are disposed to joke?

GAE. With you, as long as you please, but this is no less a serious affair—yes, the more I look at you, the more I find you to my taste: 'tis that you are good looking! very! You have caught my heart at first sight, and to prove it to you, I bestow upon you my confidence; fancy to yourself, my charmer, that they mean to marry me in spite of myself.

MIC. Ah!

GAE. I had the pretension, foolish as it may seem, to choose for myself the one whom I should marry. Ah! well, yes! they they were papa's state ministers who have chosen for me. When I wished to protest, they laughed in my face; and they ordered me on horseback.

MIC. Thus—all at once—

GAE. Mon Dieu, yes, with a company of bombardiers, sent by my future father-in-law, to watch me closely, double quick time gallop, and here I am!

MIC. But I do not see your company?

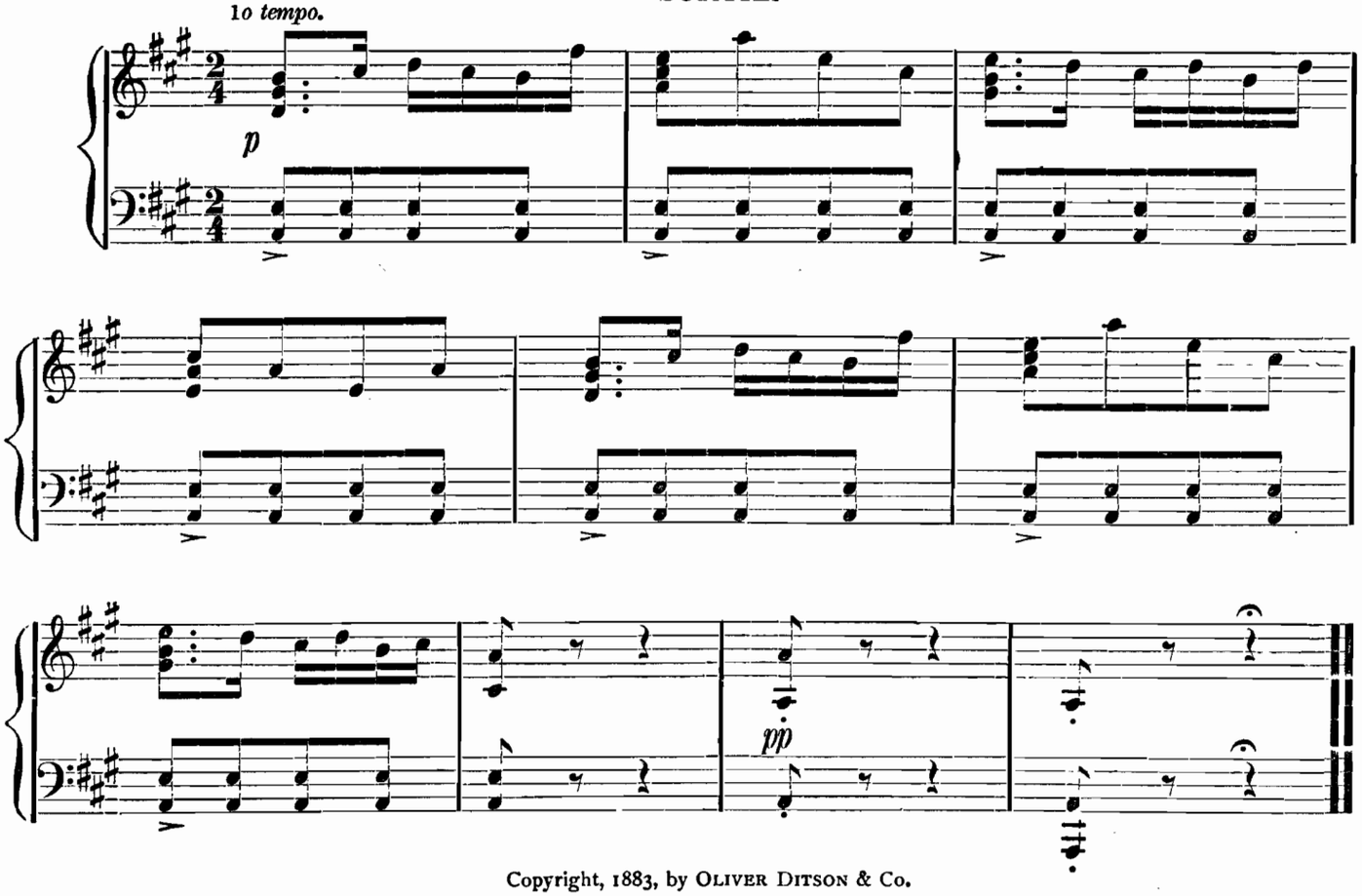
GAE. I lost it in the wood It amused me a little to torment my guardians—but they will know how to catch me again. I shall marry their princess, because we cannot always do as we wish. But what I know very well, is, that I shall never love her, the Princess Micaela! that I will never look in her face! that I will never speak a word to her!

MIC. Are you quite sure of that?

GAE. I'll take my oath of it before you, and that oath I will keep! Ah! they force me to marry her!

No. 7. Bis.

SORTIE.



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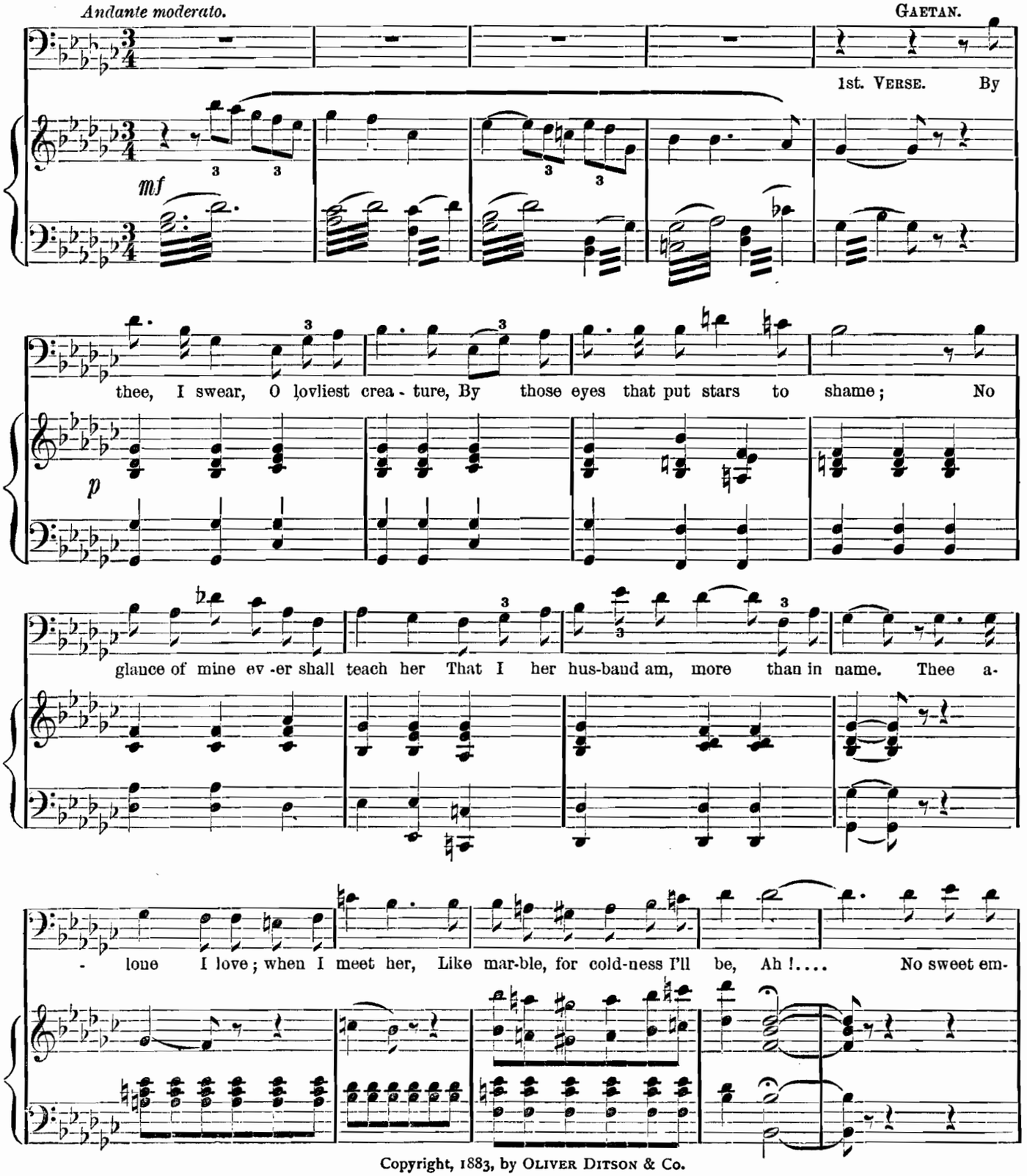
BY THEE I SWEAR.

No. 8. Romance and Duet.

Andante moderato.

GAETAN.



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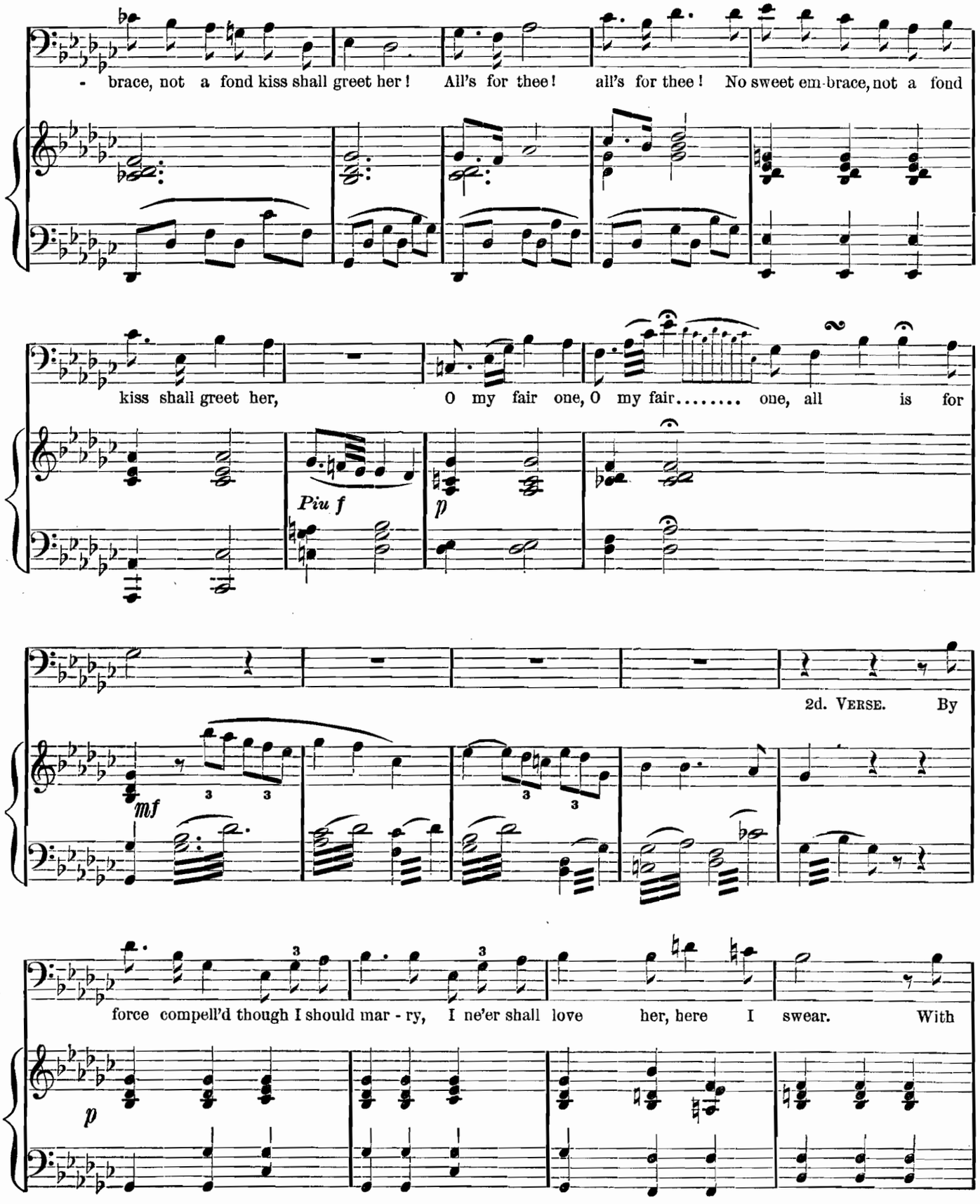
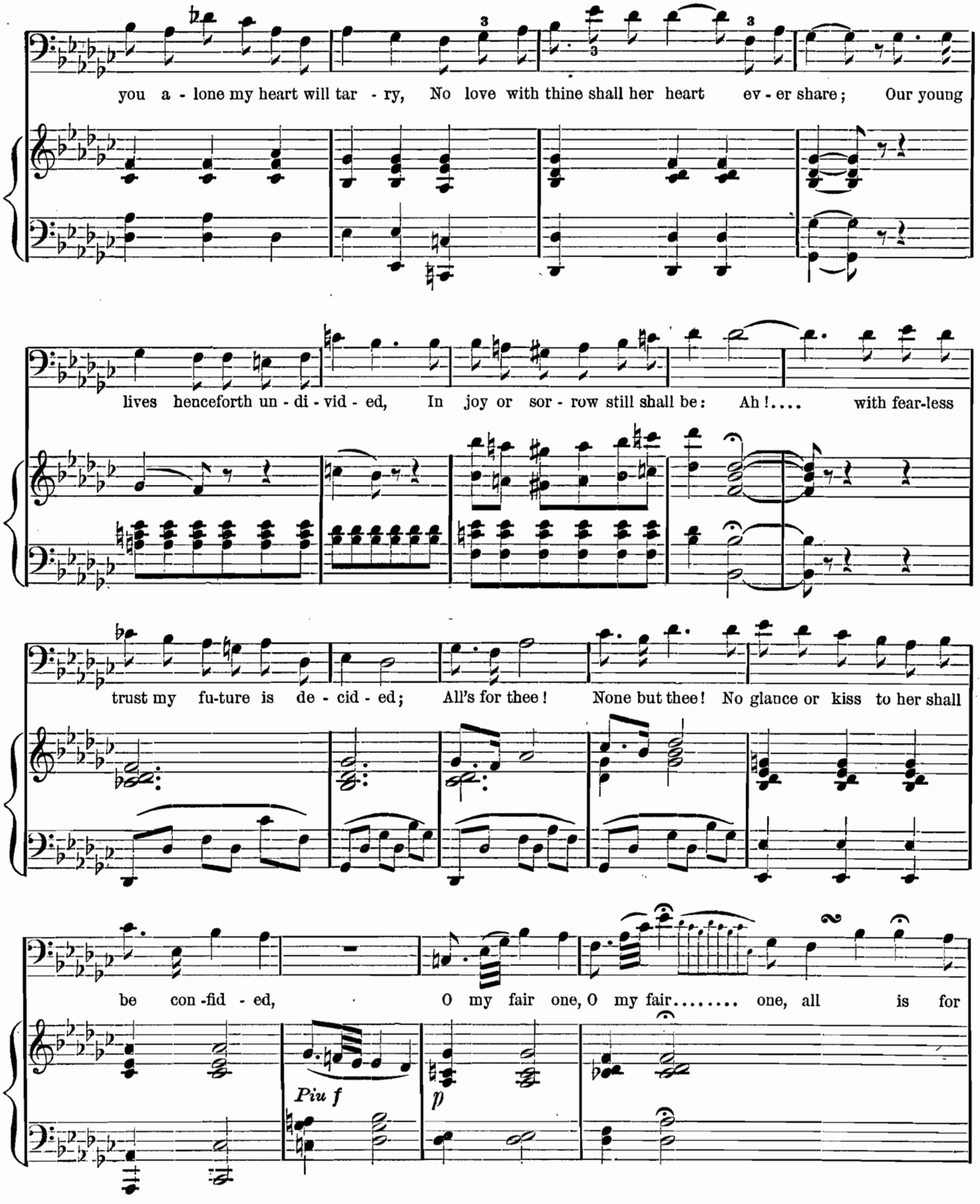
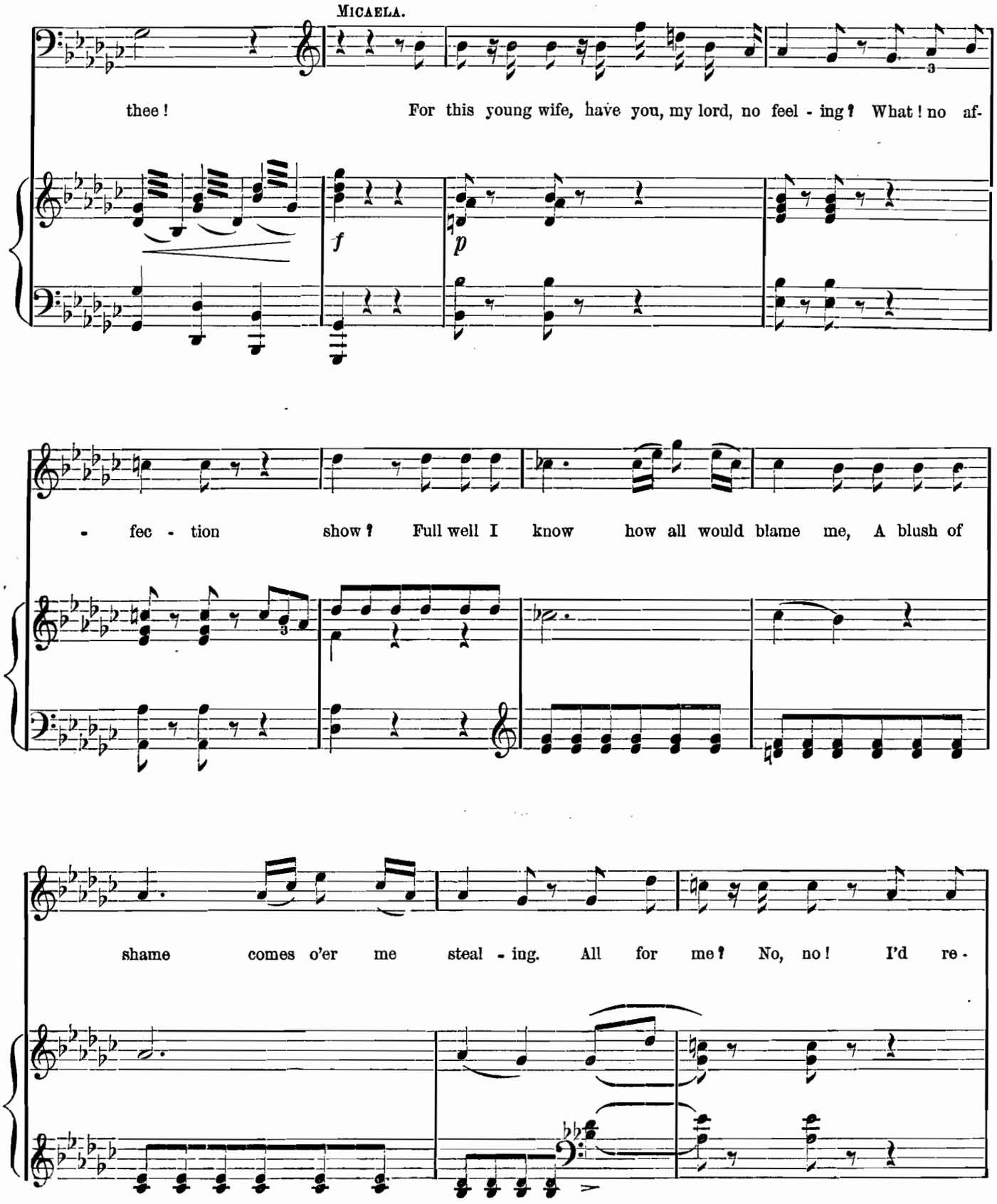
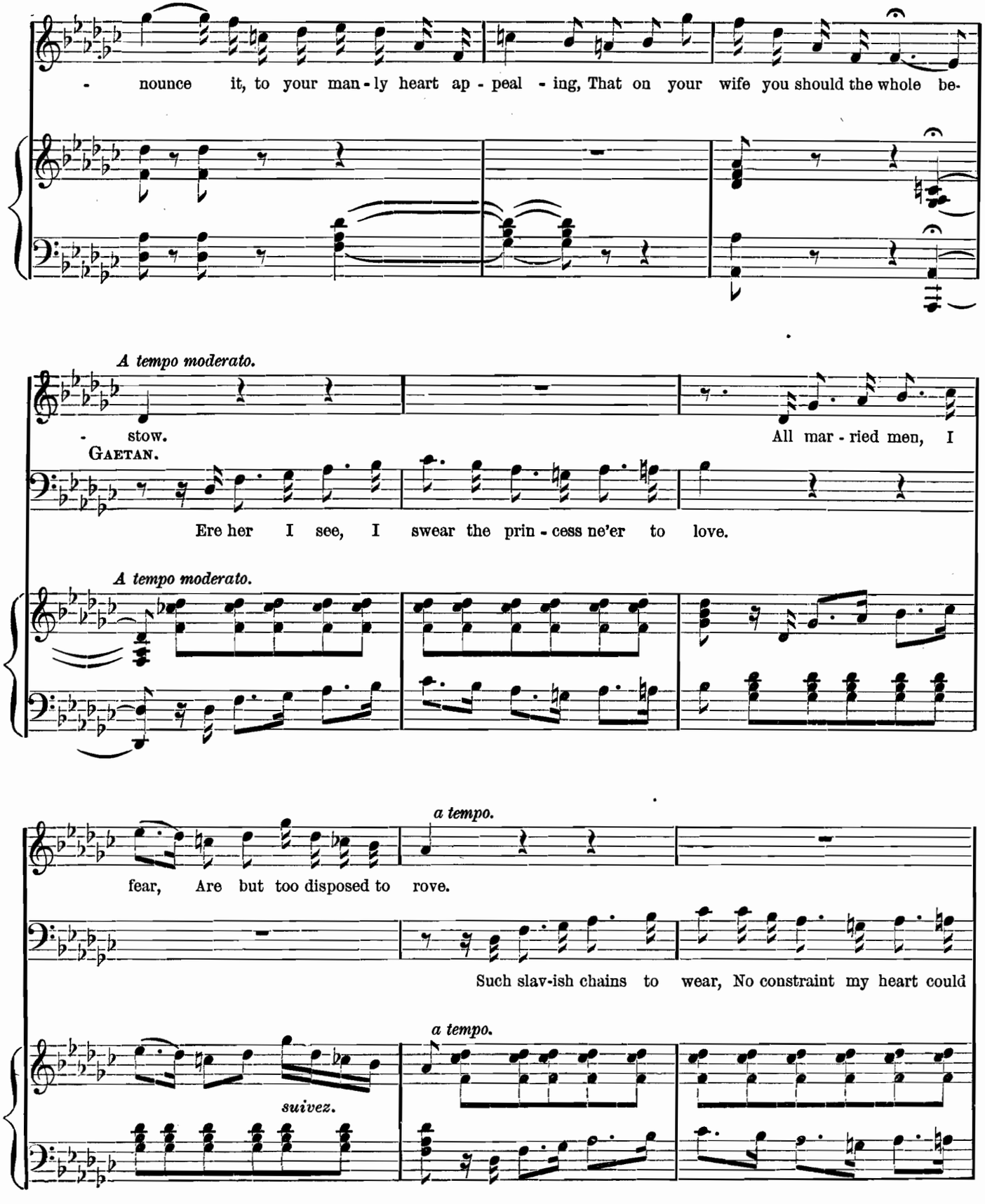
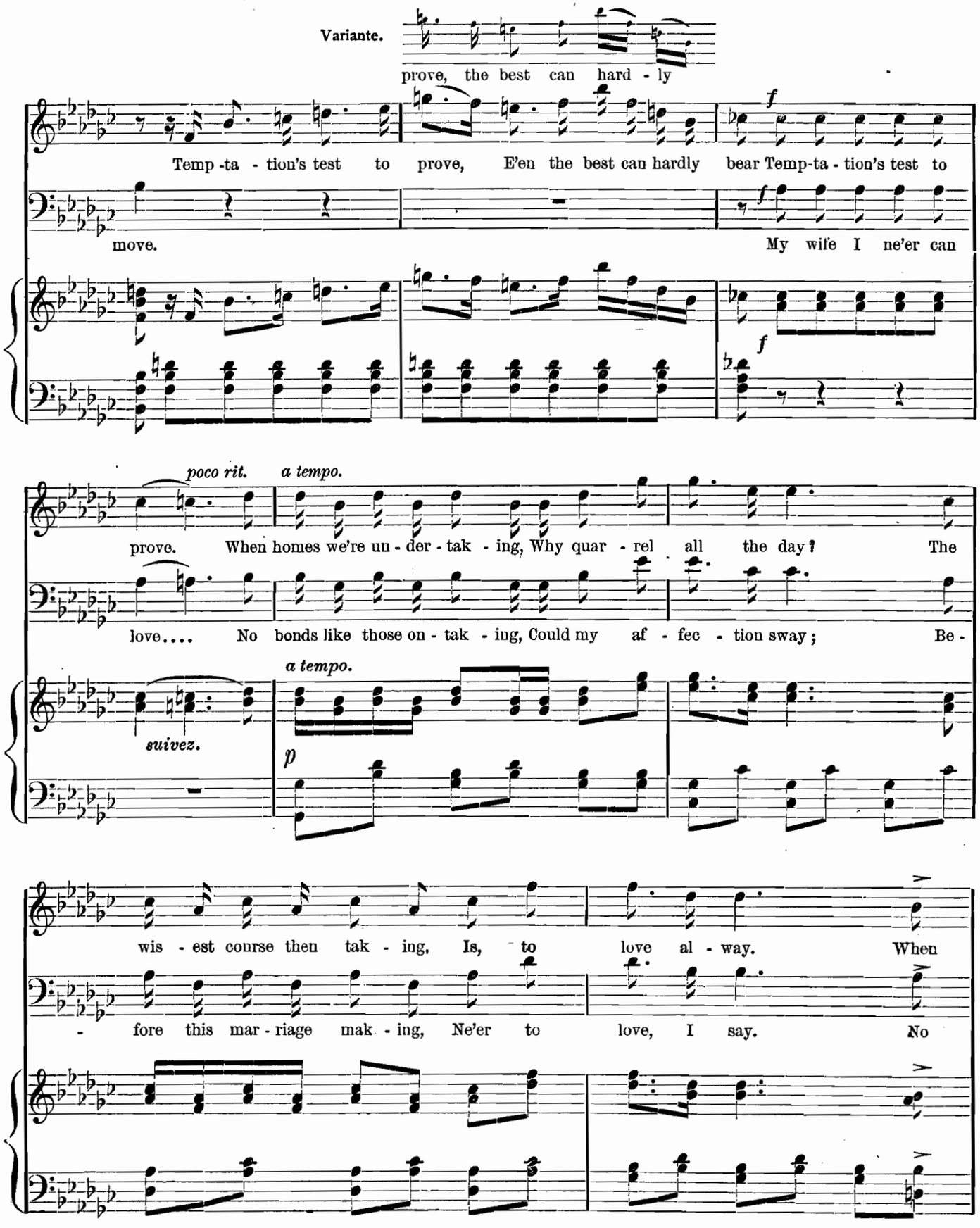
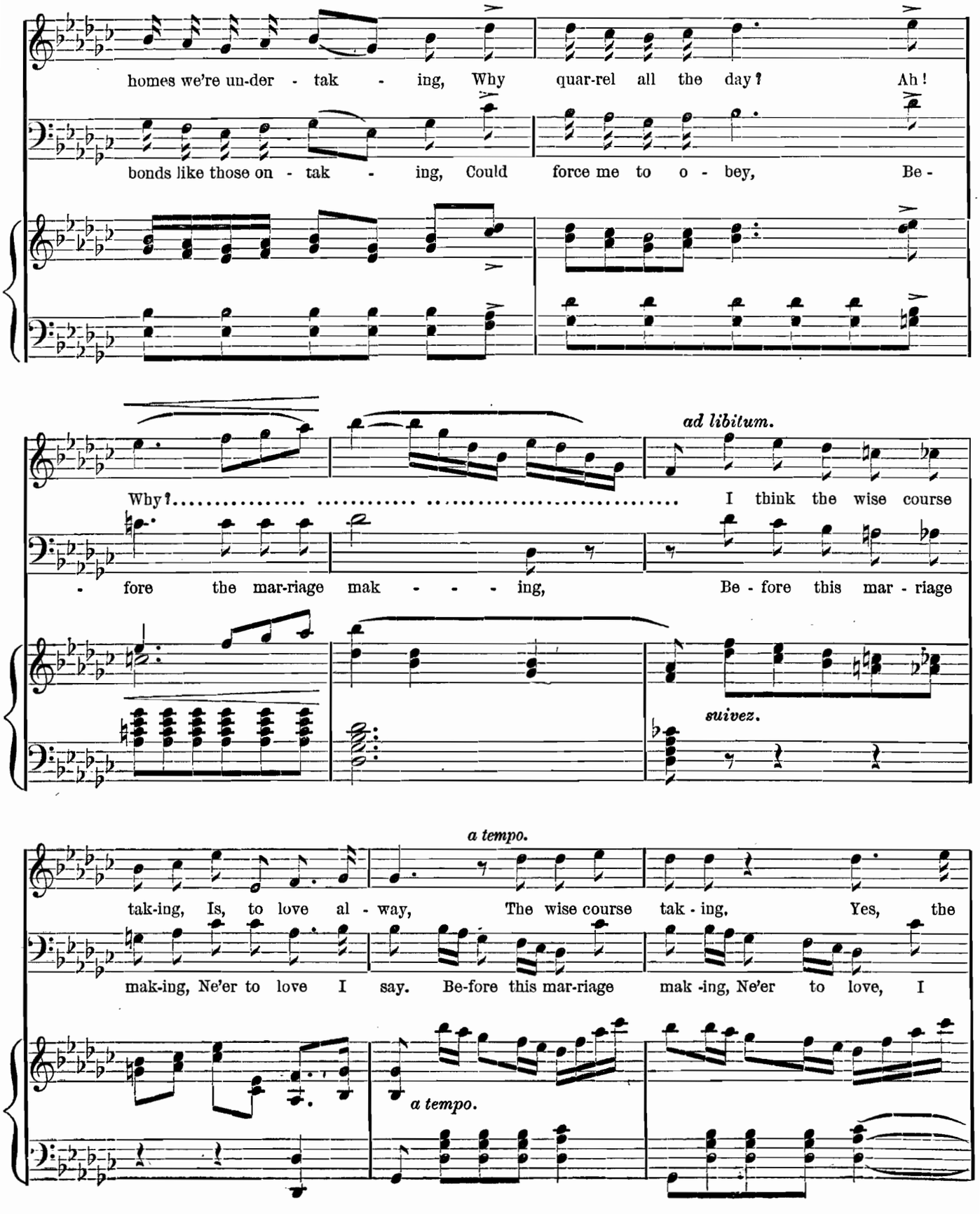

- brace, not a fond kiss shall greet her! All's for thee! all's for thee! No sweet em-brace, not a fond
kiss shall greet her, O my fair one, O my fair..... one, all is for
Piu f
p
2d. VERSE. By
mf
force compell'd though I should mar - ry, I ne'er shall love her, here I swear. With
p

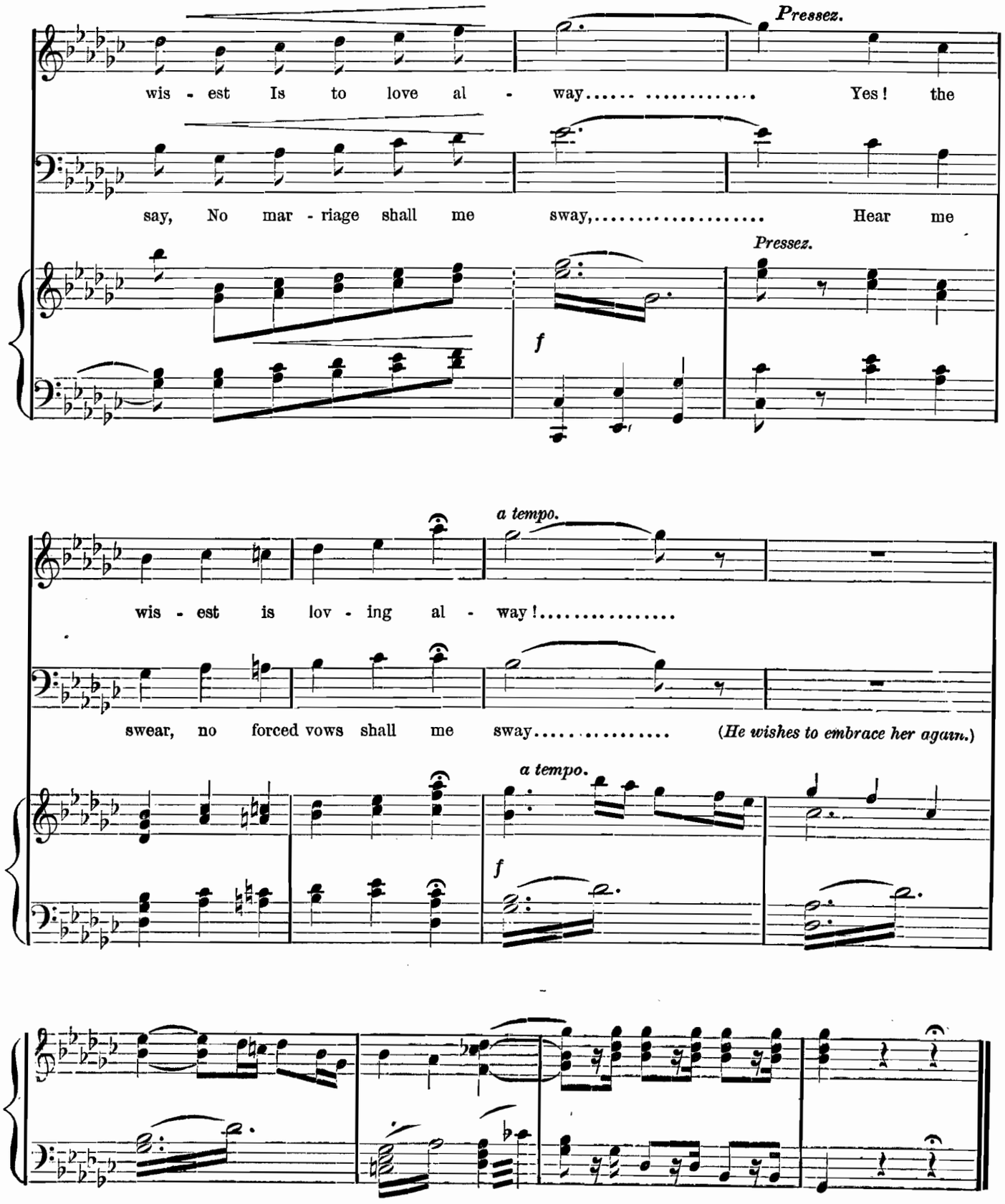

you a - lone my heart will tar - ry, No love with thine shall her heart ev - er share; Our young
lives henceforth un - di - vid - ed, In joy or sor - row still shall be: Ah!.... with fear-less
trust my fu-ture is de - cid - ed; All's for thee! None but thee! No glance or kiss to her shall
be con-fid - ed, O my fair one, O my fair..... one, all is for
Piu f
p


MICAELA.
thee! For this young wife, have you, my lord, no feel - ing? What! no af-
f
p
- fec - tion show? Full well I know how all would blame me, A blush of
shame comes o'er me steal - ing. All for me? No, no! I'd re -


nounce it, to your man - ly heart ap - peal - ing, That on your wife you should the whole be-
A tempo moderato.
- stow.
All mar - ried men, I
GAETAN.
Ere her I see, I swear the prin - cess ne'er to love.
A tempo moderato.
a tempo.
fear, Are but too disposed to rove.
Such slav-ish chains to wear, No constraint my heart could
a tempo.
suivez.


Variante.
prove, the best can hard - ly
Temp -ta - tion's test to prove, E'en the best can hardly bear Temp-ta - tion's test to
move.
My wife I ne'er can
poco rit.
a tempo.
prove.
When homes we're un - der - tak - ing, Why quar - rel all the day? The
love....
No bonds like those on - tak - ing, Could my af - fec - tion sway; Be -
suivez.
a tempo.
wis - est course then tak - ing, Is, to love al - way. When
- fore this mar - riage mak - ing, Ne'er to love, I say. No


homes we're un-der - tak - ing, Why quar-rel all the day? Ah!
bonds like those on - tak - ing, Could force me to o - bey, Be -
Why?..... .... I think the wise course
- fore the mar-riage mak - - - ing, Be - fore this mar - riage
ad libitum.
suivez.
a tempo.
tak-ing, Is, to love al - way, The wise course tak - ing, Yes, the
mak-ing, Ne'er to love I say. Be-fore this mar-riage mak -ing, Ne'er to love, I
a tempo.


Pressez.
wis - est Is to love al - way..... ..... Yes! the
say, No mar - riage shall me sway,..... Hear me
Pressez.
f
a tempo.
wis - est is lov - ing al - way!.....
swear, no forced vows shall me sway..... (He wishes to embrace her again.)
a tempo.
f

MIC. Ah! no, enough of this.

GAE. You think so— I do not find it so myself. See here. All I have said to you, I have said it to my father. I have written it to my father-in-law. They have believed that I should end by yielding; but never. When I have taken a thing into my head, and even when the Princess might turn out as pretty as they pretend—

MIC. Ah! you have been told so?

GAE. Bah! what is all that to me, since I have no desire to see her?

MIC. That's so. (*she retires a little.*)

GAE. Don't go away. Mon Dieu! What a ferocious young girl! (*He brings her back by the two hands, and regards her attentively.*) For that matter, it seems you are not thus with everybody.

MIC. What makes you think so?

GAE. Oh! it is very simple. (*always holding her by the hands.*) There is a bit of a letter just showing itself above your corset, and I can read three words on it, "My dearly beloved"—

MIC. (*trying to free herself.*) Monseigneur! (GAETAN *snatches the letter.*)

GAE. Poor child! she is all of a tremble.

MIC. Give me back that letter— it is not mine.

GAE. Oh, yes— naturally. Let me only look at the name of the young fellow. Morales—a pretty name—and yours, too? Senora Josefa, gardener at the palace. (*giving back the letter.*) So you are of the household?

MIC. (*taking her part.*) Yes.

GAE. Service near the Princess, perhaps?

MIC. Very near. There are days when I do not leave her!

GAE. Ah! so much the better, I shall find you again.

MIC. Perhaps?

GAE. And what I shall say to my wife I will say to you.

MIC. (*Trying to get away.*) But, Monseigneur!

GAE. For, you see, decidedly, I love you madly.

MIC. How so? all at once? without knowing me? 'Tis that you don't know— I am to be married tomorrow.

GAE. With the man of the letter— What matters it? I, too, am going to marry— You see that prevents nothing.

MIC. (*defending herself.*) Ah! as for me, Monseigneur, I have scruples.

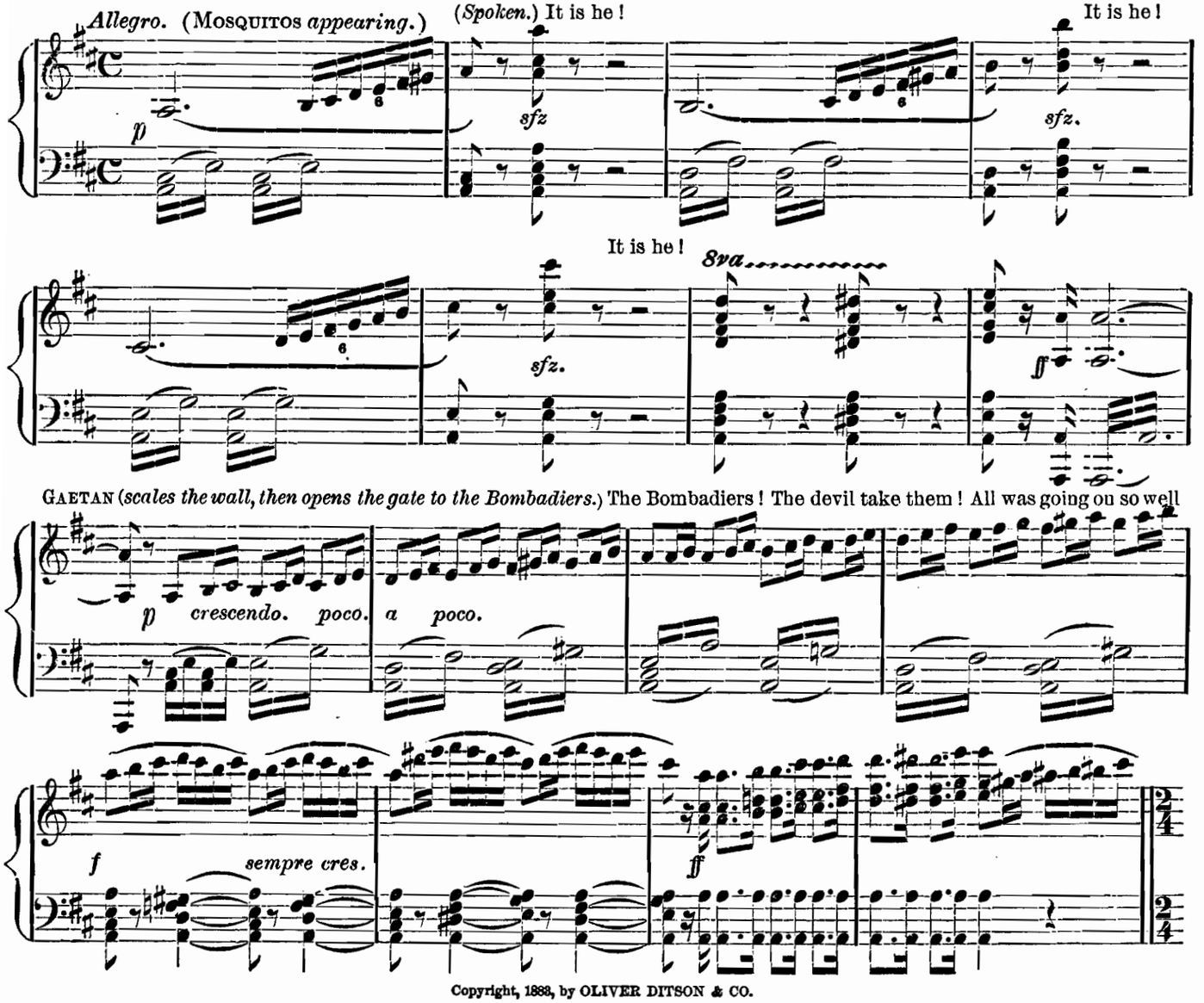
GAE. Listen, Josefa; I swear to you— (*a sound of voices is heard, a helmet, then a head, appear above the wall.*)

MIC. (*freeing herself.*) I am off! (*runs off.*)

CHORUS OF BOMBADIERS.

No. 9. FINALE. Couplets et Strette.

SCENE XIV.—DON MOSQUITOS, *the* BOMBADIERS, GAETAN.



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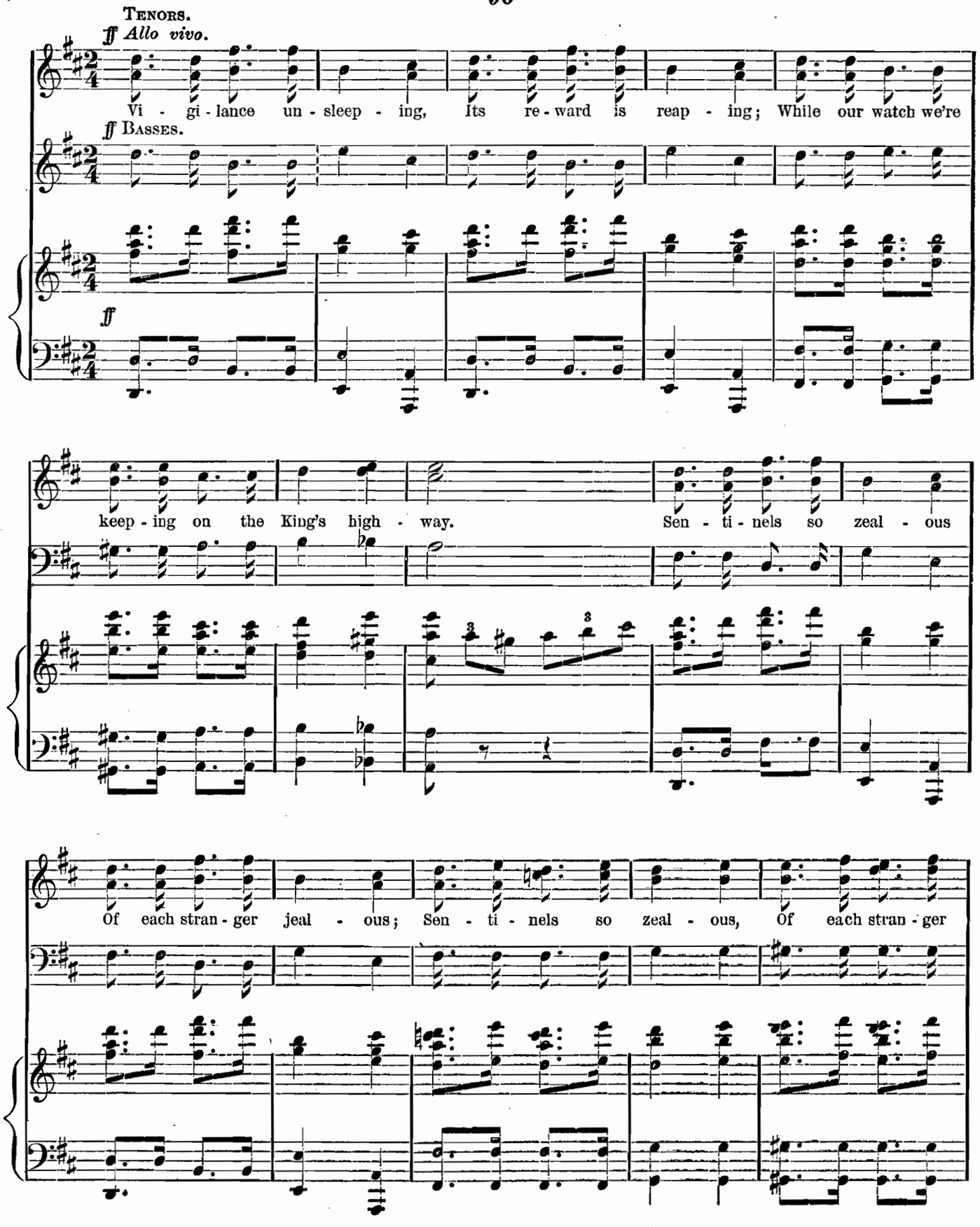
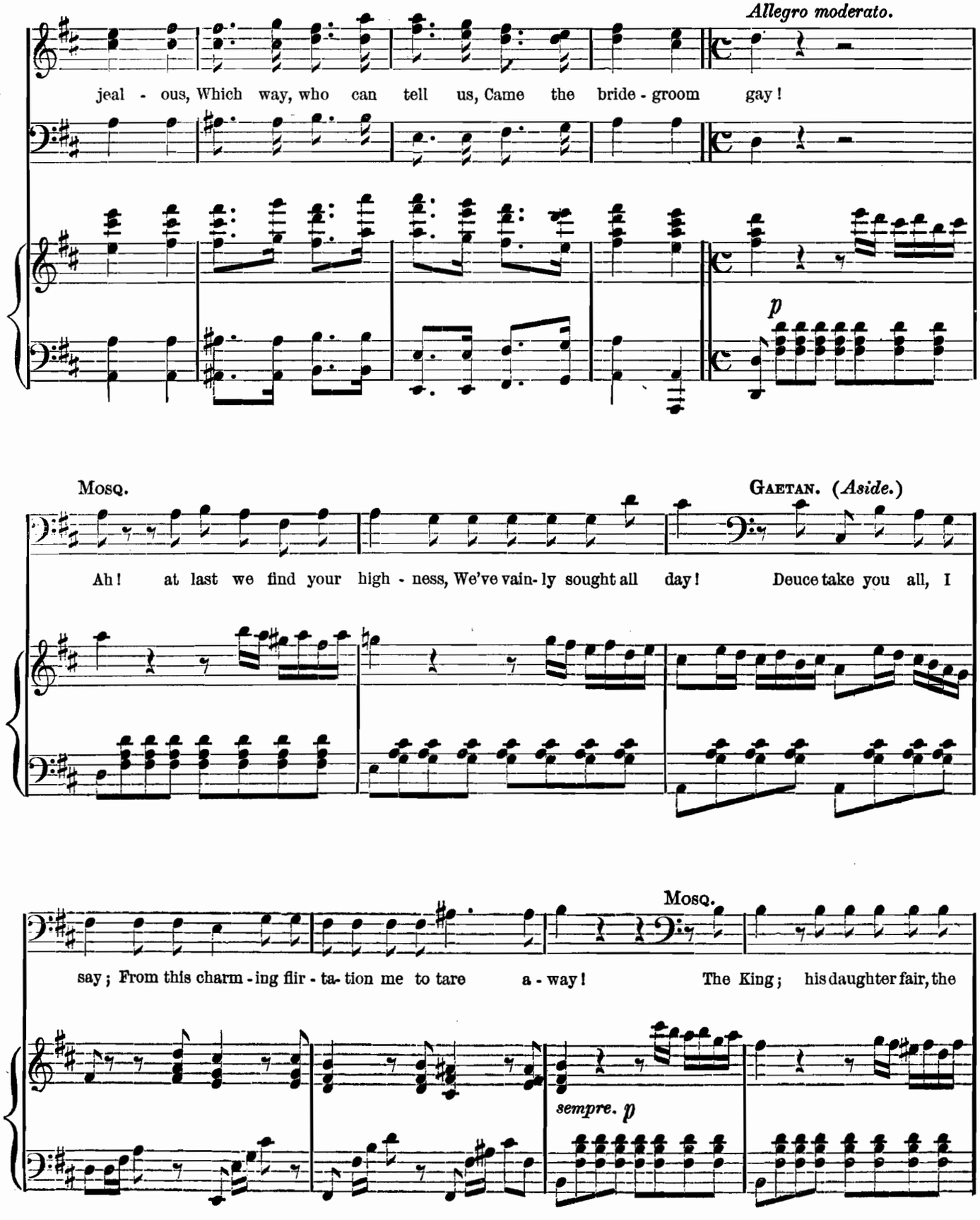
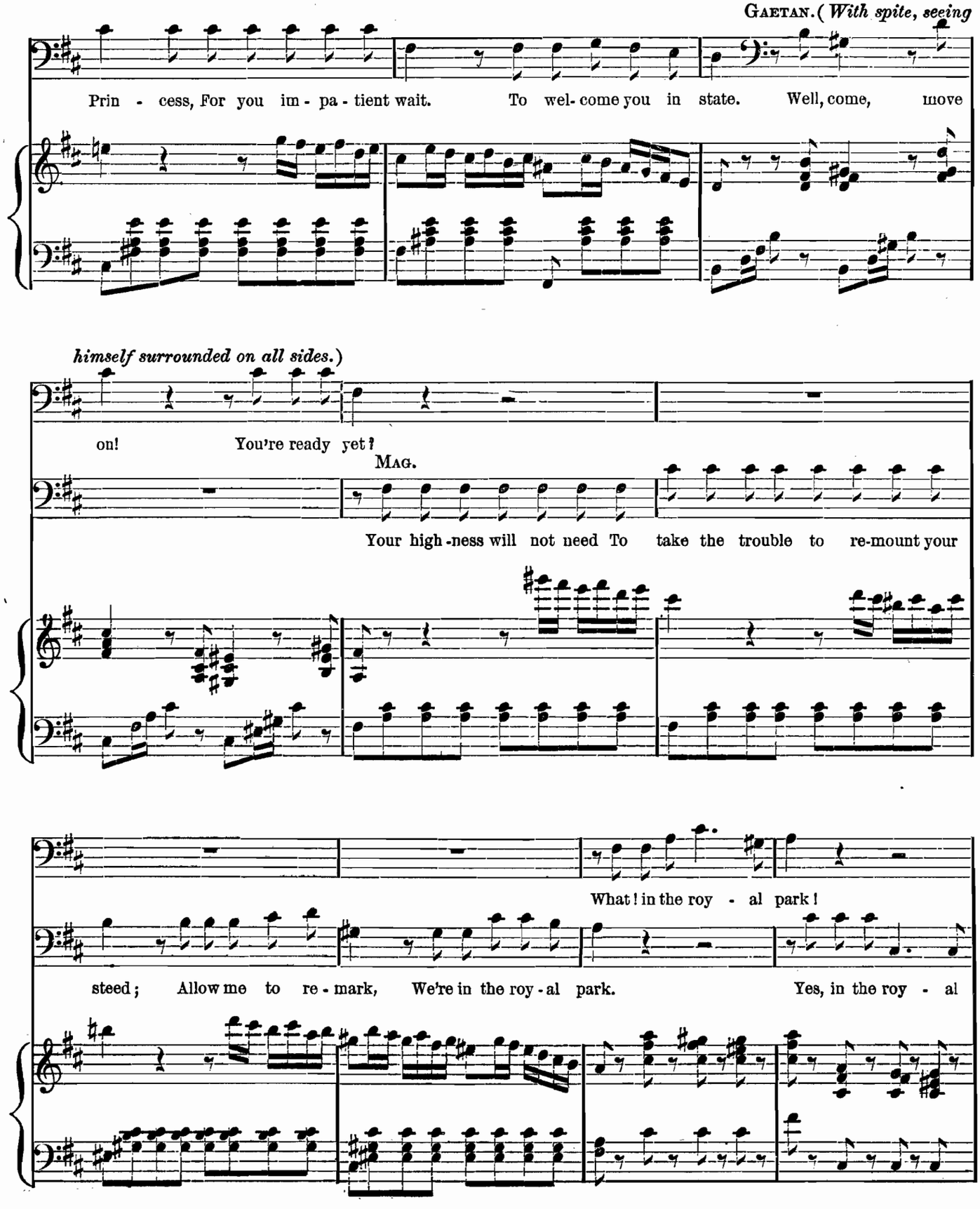
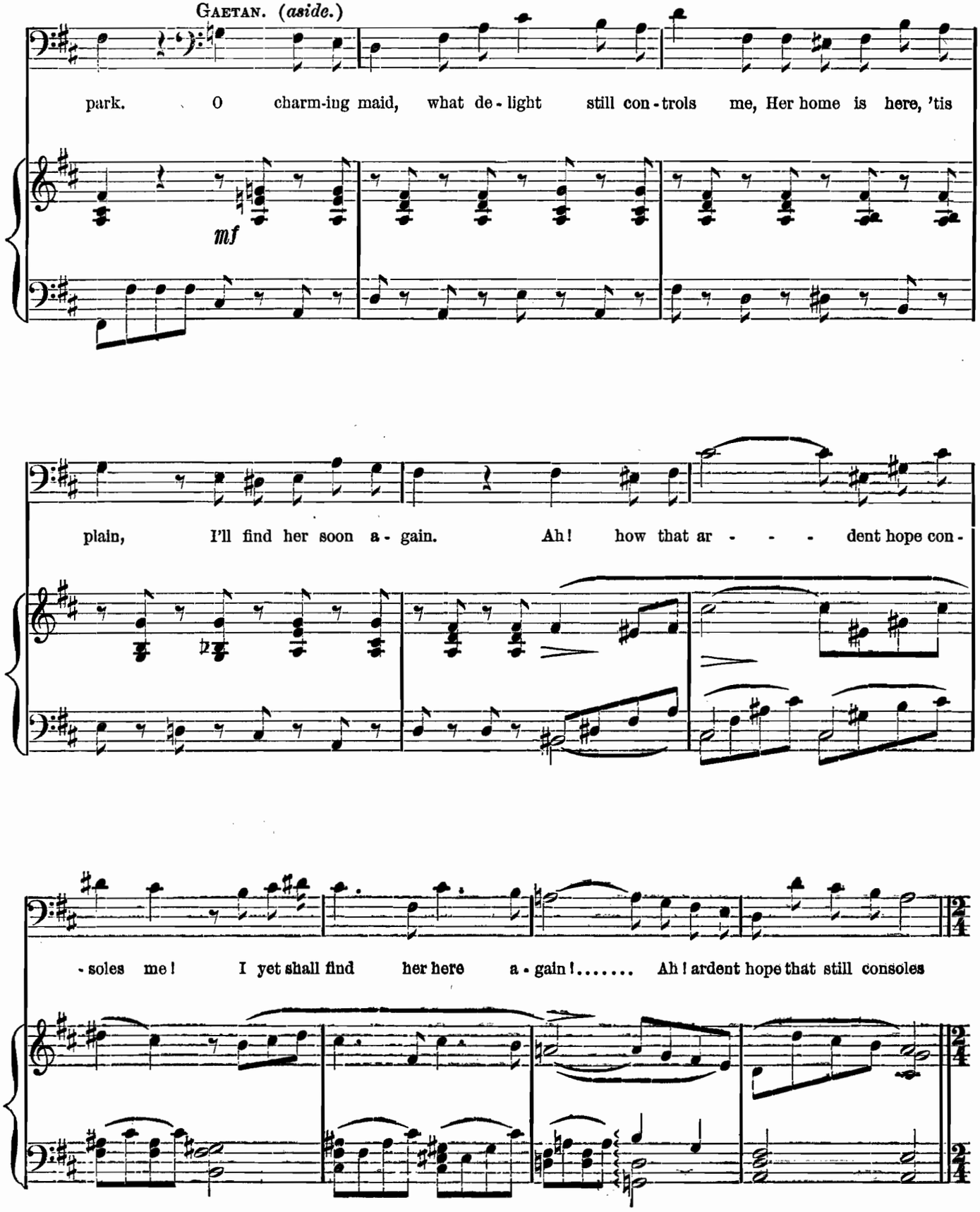
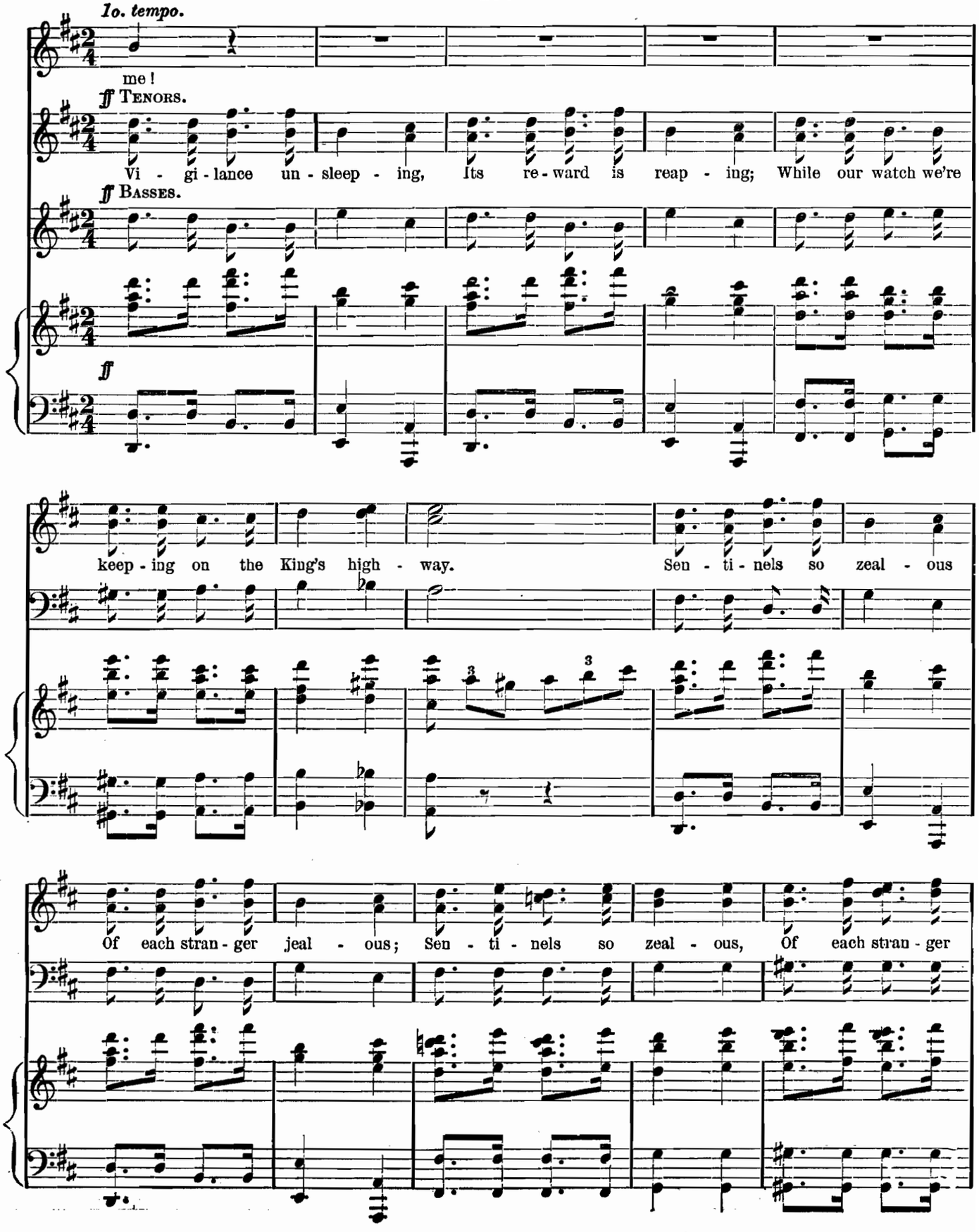
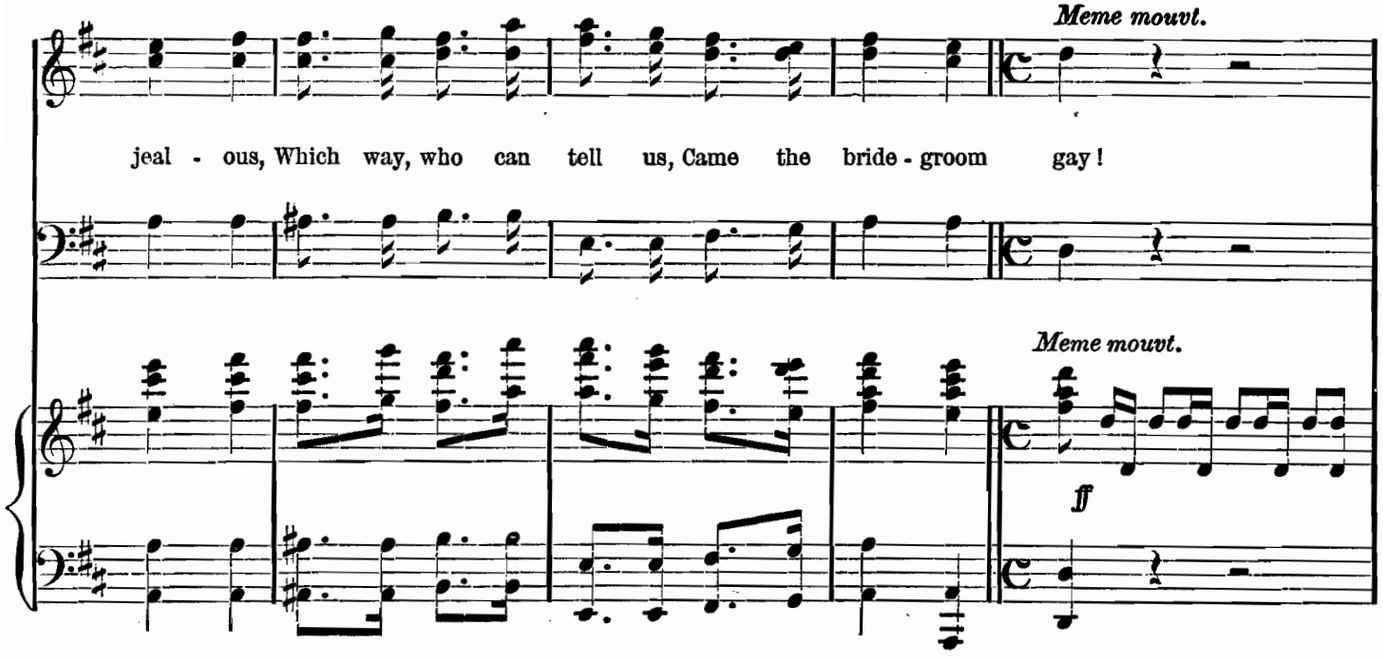

Tenors.
ff Allo vivo.
Vi - gi - lance un - sleep - ing, Its re - ward is reap - ing; While our watch we're
ff Basses.
ff
keep - ing on the King's high - way. Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous
Of each stran - ger jeal - ous; Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous, Of each stran - ger

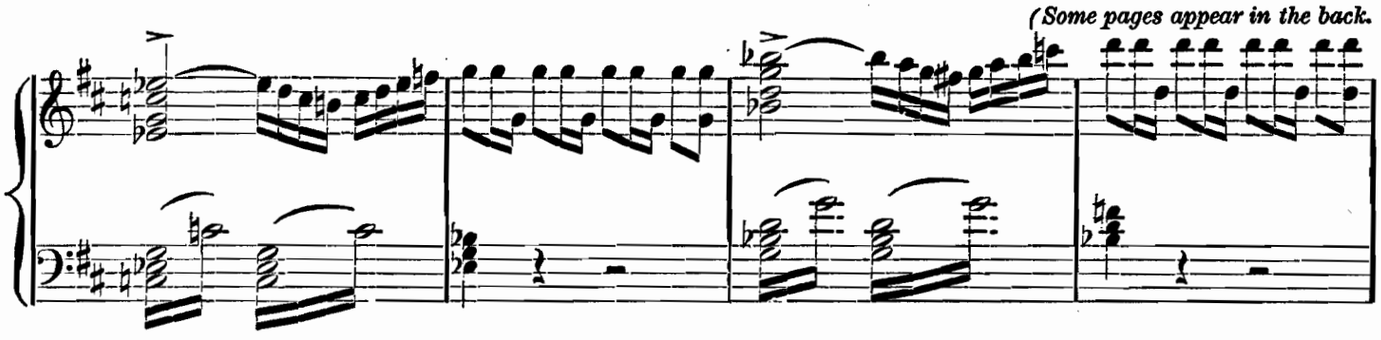

Allegro moderato.
jeal - ous, Which way, who can tell us, Came the bride - groom gay!
p
Mosq.
Gaetan. (Aside.)
Ah! at last we find your high - ness, We've vain-ly sought all day! Deuce take you all, I
Mosq.
say; From this charm - ing flir - ta- tion me to tare a - way! The King; his daughter fair, the
sempre. p


GAETAN. (With spite, seeing
Prin - cess, For you im - pa - tient wait. To wel- come you in state. Well, come, move
himself surrounded on all sides.)
on! You're ready yet?
MAG.
Your high -ness will not need To take the trouble to re-mount your
What! in the roy - al park!
steed; Allow me to re - mark, We're in the roy - al park. Yes, in the roy - al

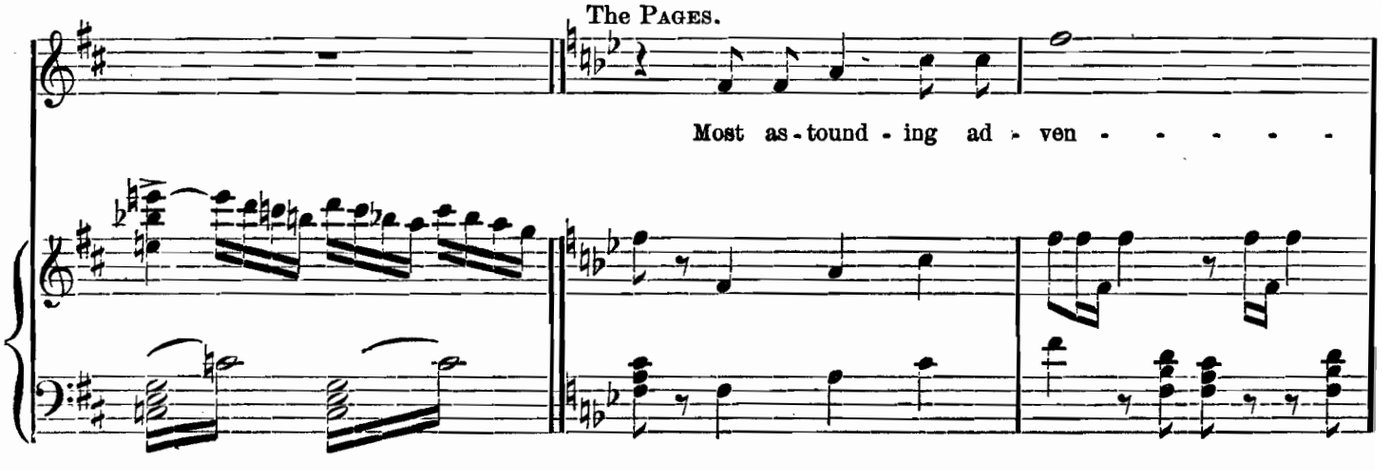

GAETAN. (aside.)
park. O charm-ing maid, what de-light still con-trols me, Her home is here, 'tis
mf
plain, I'll find her soon a-gain. Ah! how that ar - - - dent hope con-
-soles me! I yet shall find her here a-gain!..... Ah! ardent hope that still consoles

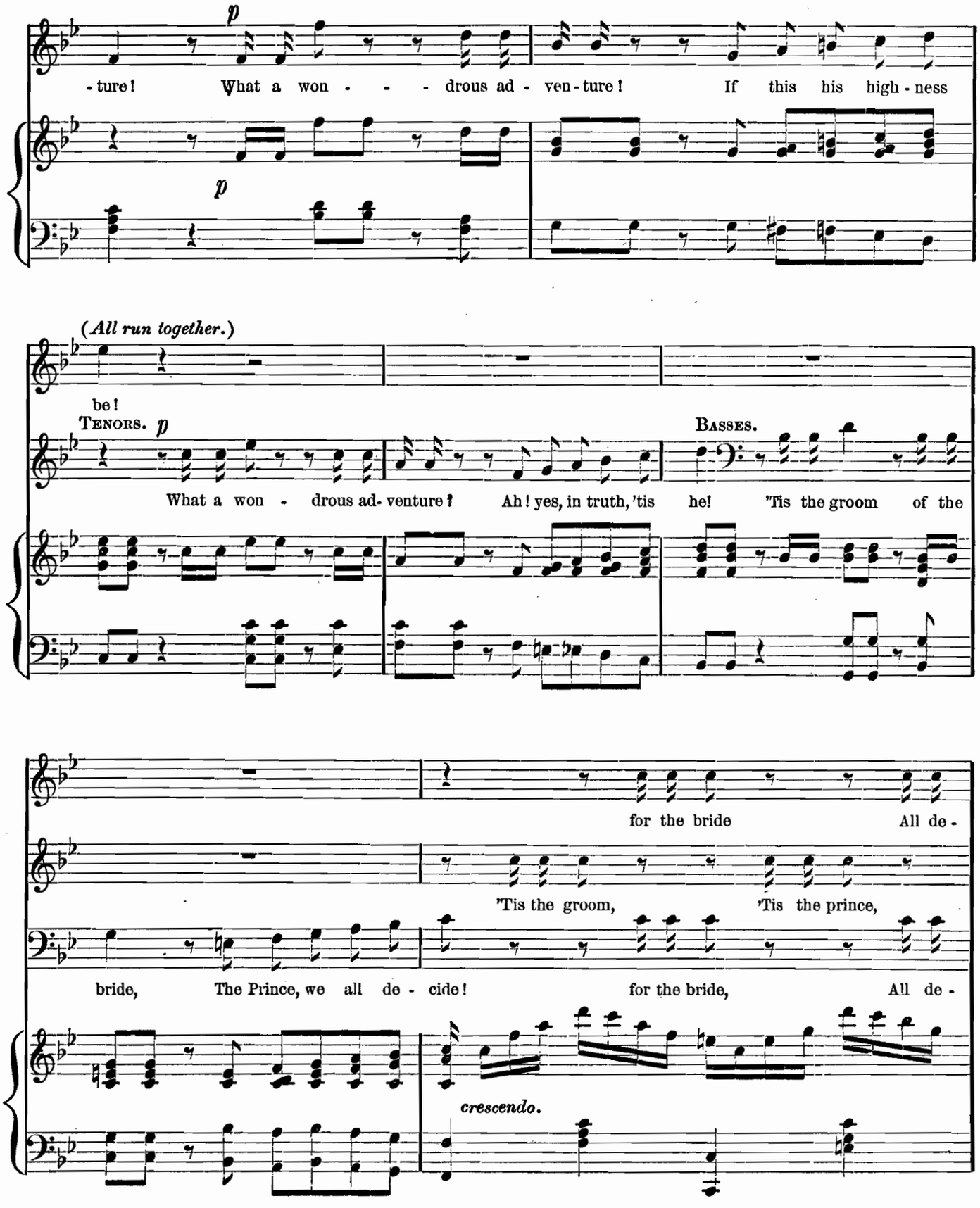

1o. tempo.
me!
ff Tenors.
Vi - gi - lance un - sleep - ing, Its re - ward is reap - ing; While our watch we're
ff Basses.
ff
keep - ing on the King's high - way. Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous
Of each stran - ger jeal - ous; Sen - ti - nels so zeal - ous, Of each stran - ger

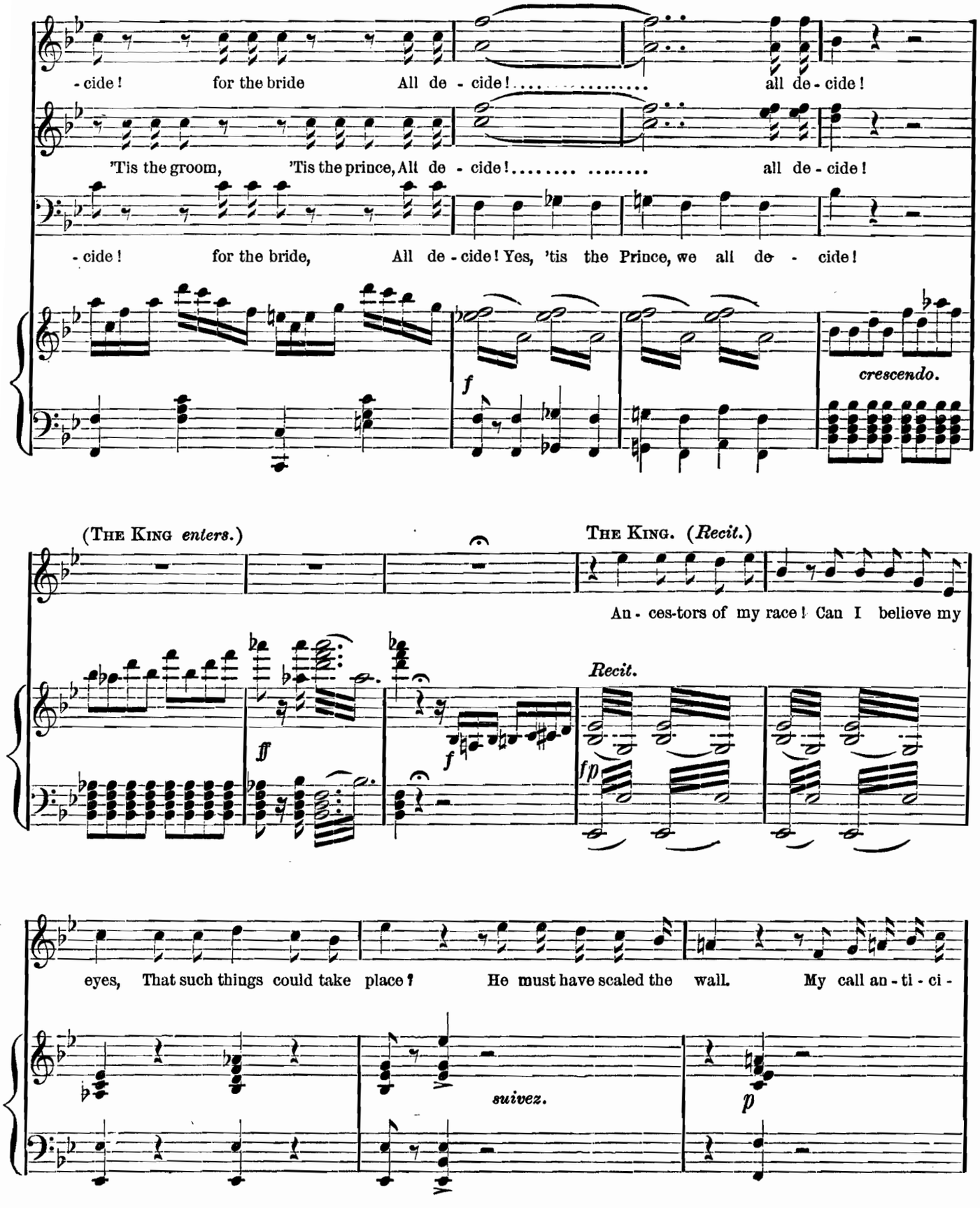


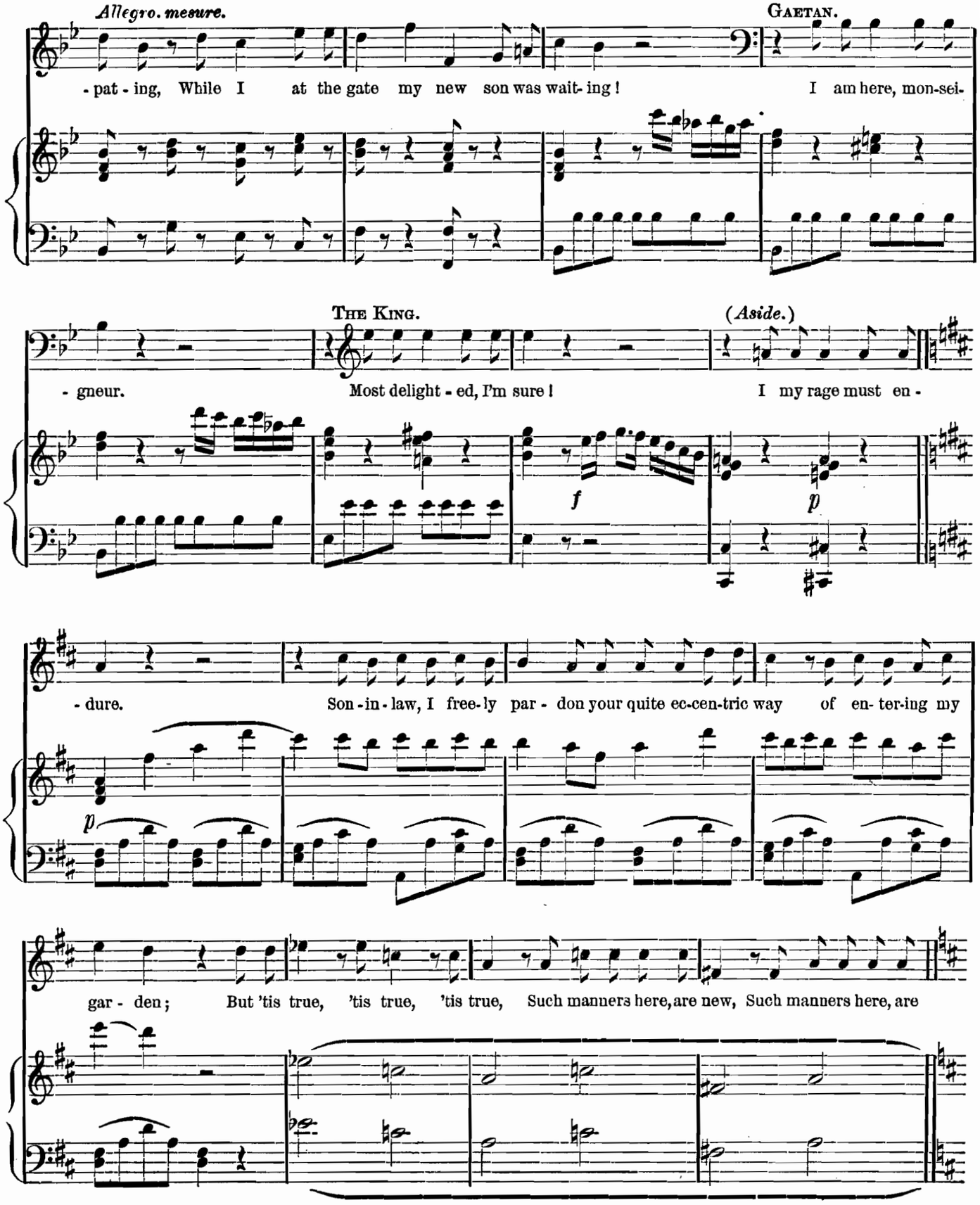


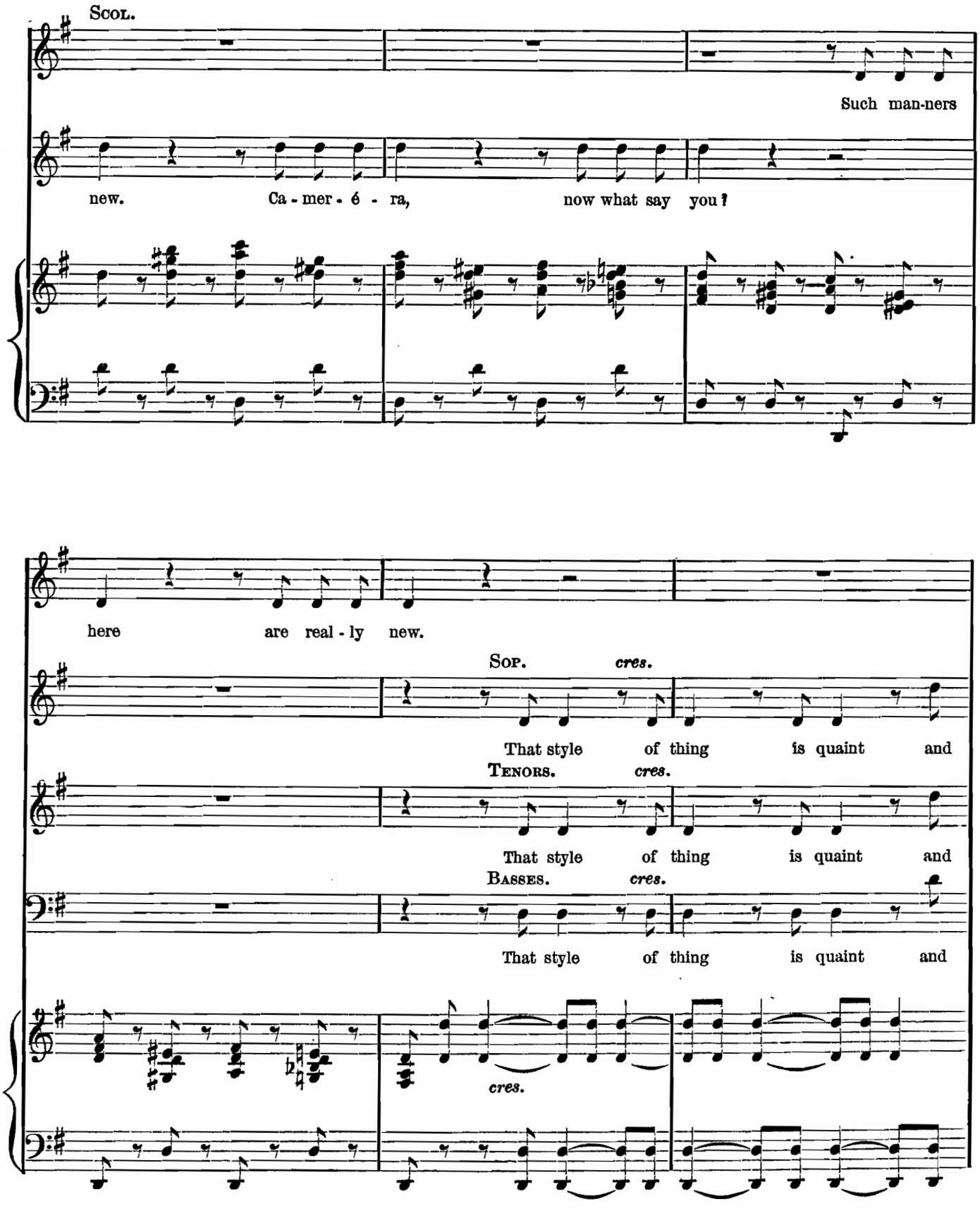
They see the Prince, lift their arms and call out to others at a distance.)

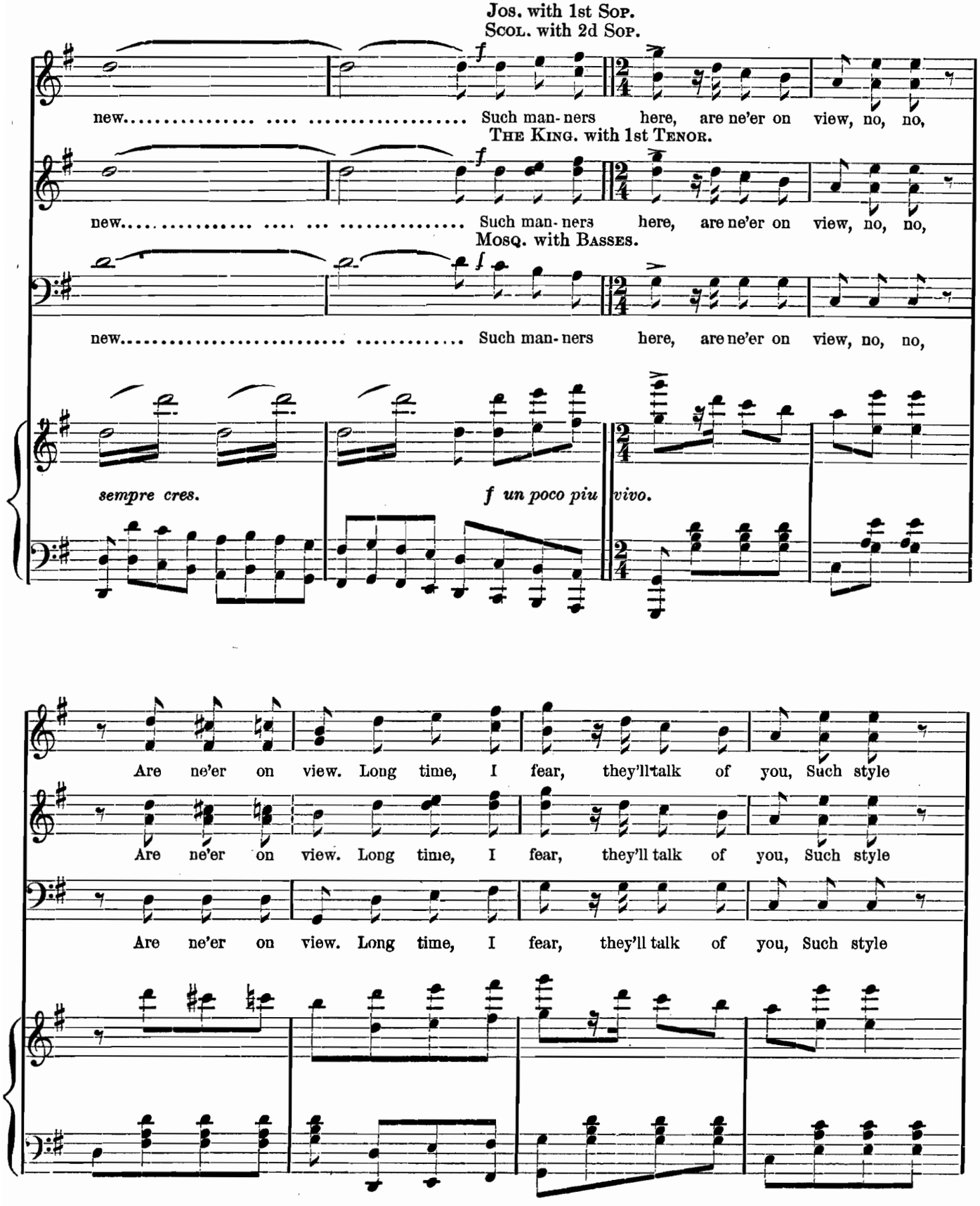


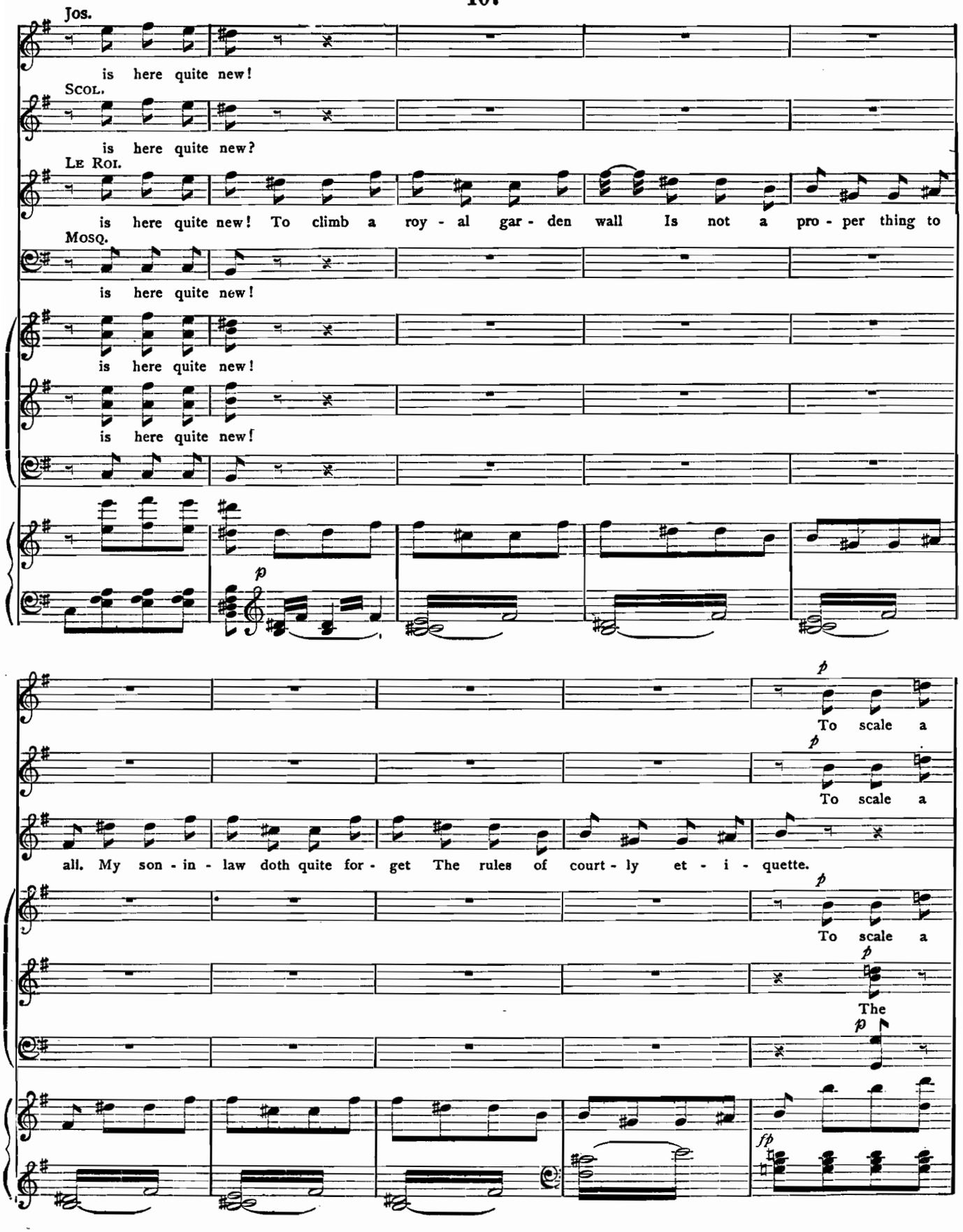

p
-ture! What a won - - - drous ad - ven-ture! If this his high-ness
p
(All run together.)
be!
Tenors. p
What a won - drous ad-venture! Ah! yes, in truth, 'tis he! 'Tis the groom of the
Basses.
for the bride All de-
'Tis the groom, 'Tis the prince,
bride, The Prince, we all de - cide! for the bride, All de-
crescendo.

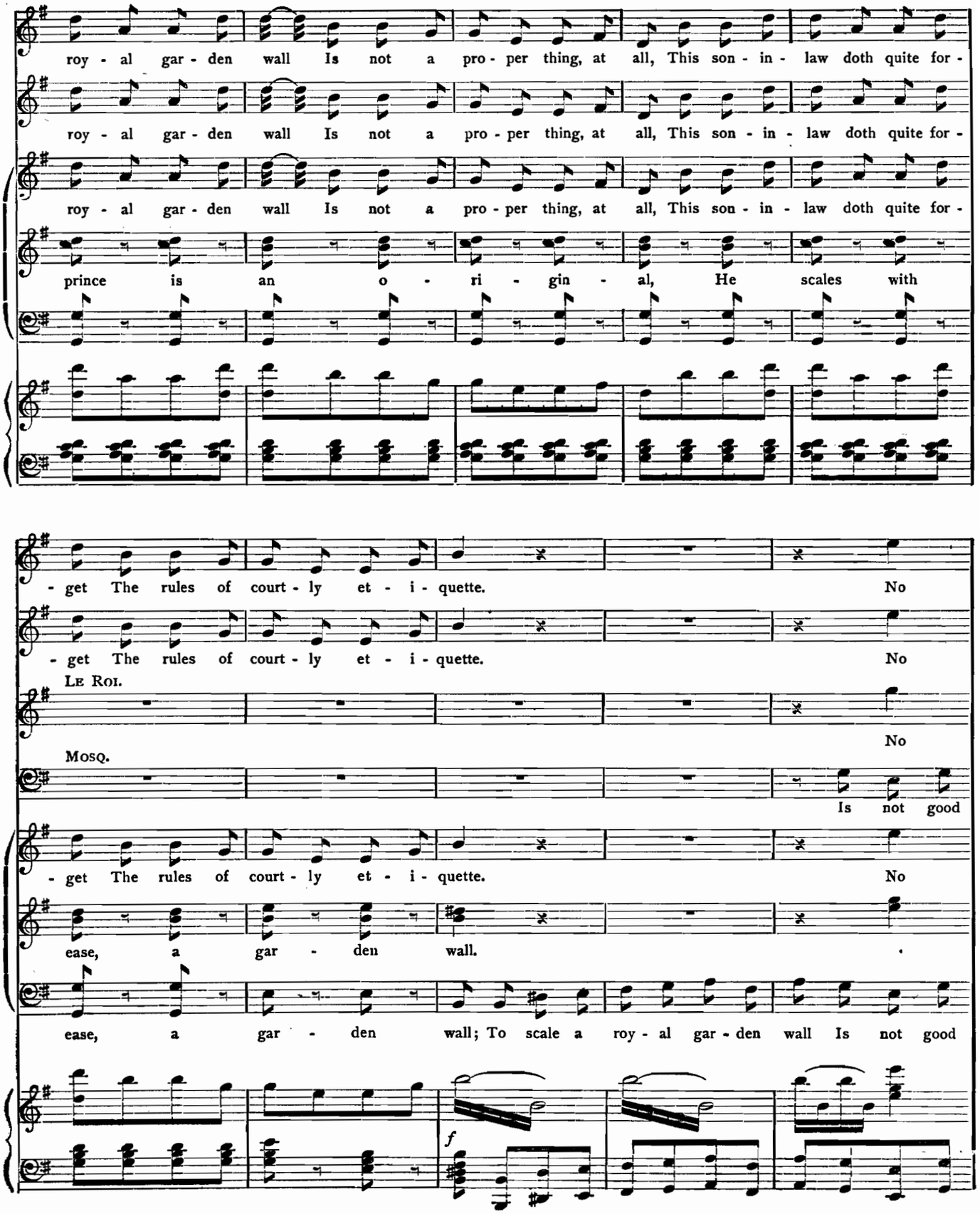

- cide ! for the bride All de - cide! all de - cide!
'Tis the groom, 'Tis the prince, All de - cide! all de - cide!
- cide ! for the bride, All de - cide! Yes, 'tis the Prince, we all de - cide!
f
crescendo.
(The King *enters.*)
The King. (*Recit.*)
An - ces-tors of my race! Can I believe my
Recit.
ff
f
fp
eyes, That such things could take place? He must have scaled the wall. My call an - ti - ci -
suivez.
p

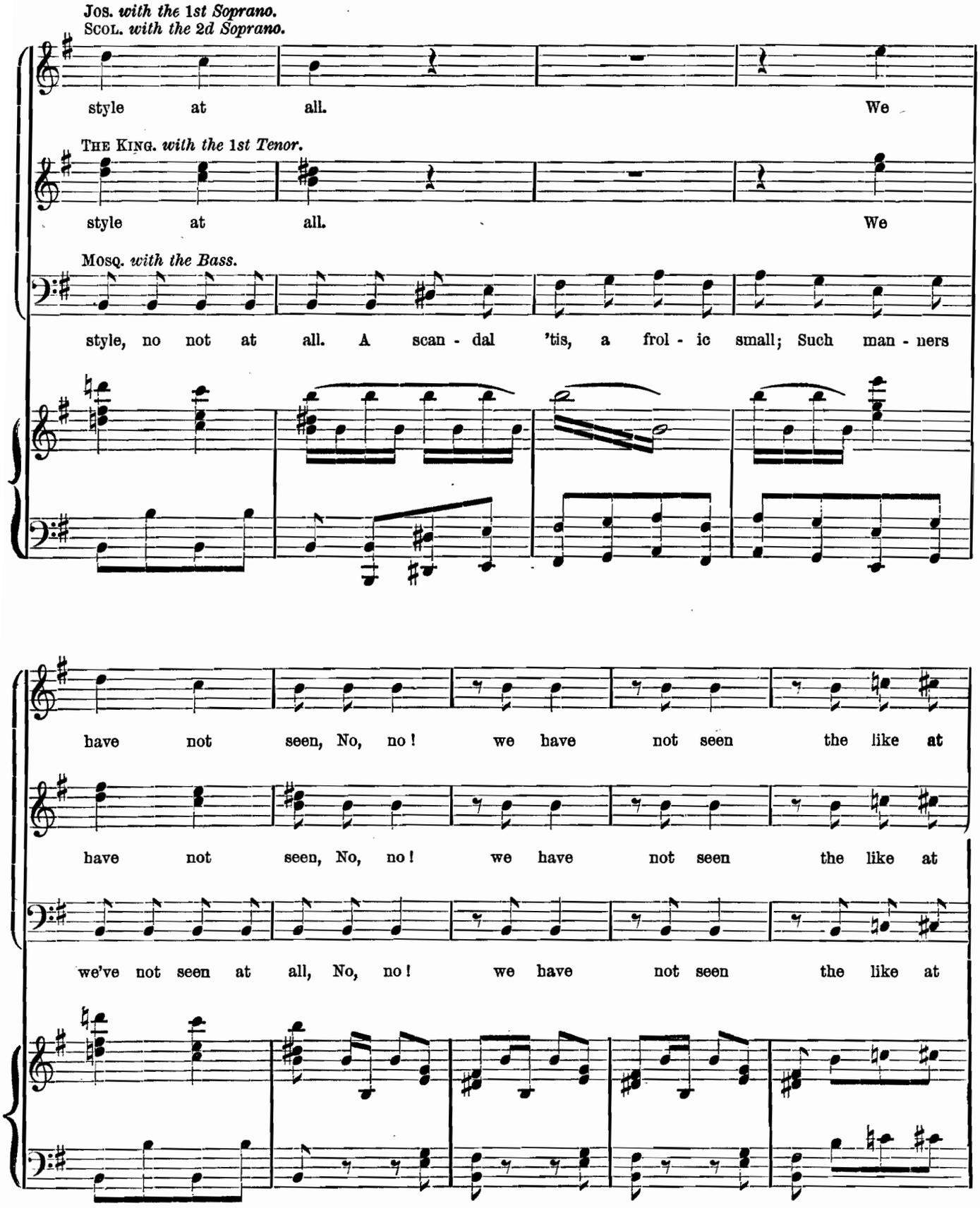

Allegro. mesure.
GAETAN.
- pat - ing, While I at the gate my new son was wait- ing ! I am here, mon-sei-
THE KING.
(Aside.)
- gneur. Most delight - ed, I'm sure ! I my rage must en -
f
p
- dure. Son - in - law, I free - ly par - don your quite ec-cen-tric way of en- ter-ing my
p
gar - den ; But 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis true, Such manners here, are new, Such manners here, are

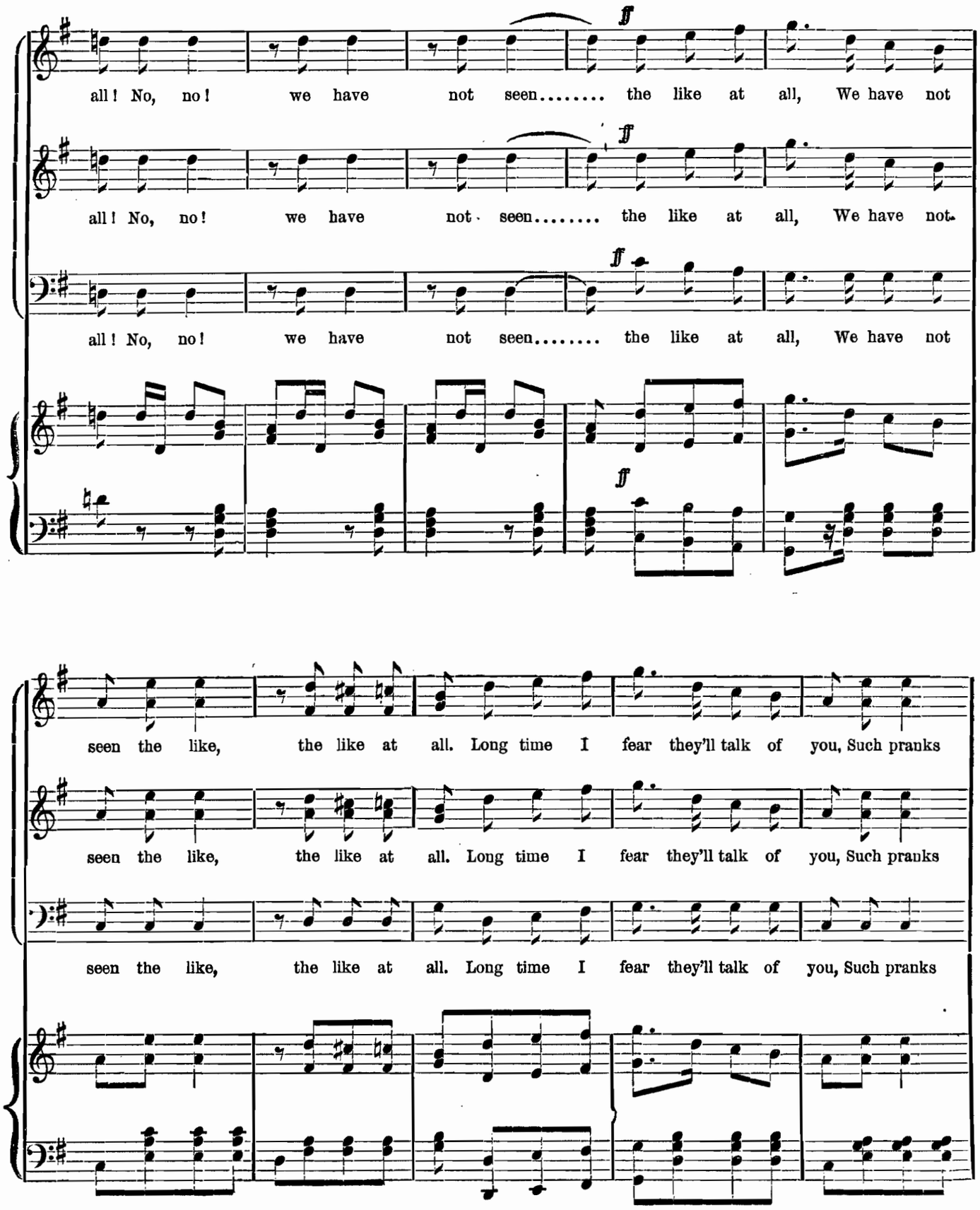

Scol.
Such man-ners
new. Ca - mer - é - ra, now what say you?
here are real - ly new.
Sop. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
Tenors. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
Basses. cres.
That style of thing is quaint and
cres.

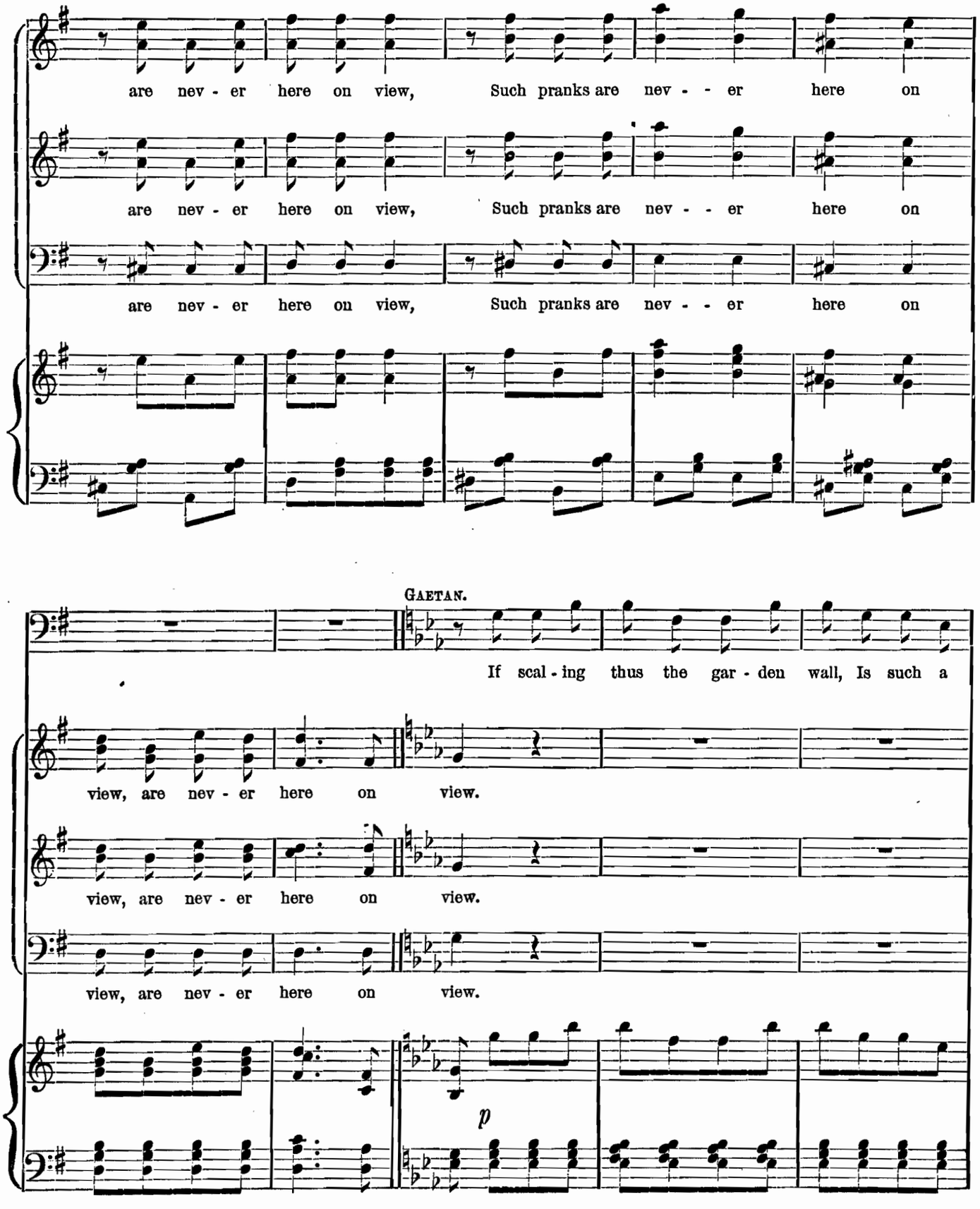

Jos. with 1st Sop.
Scol. with 2d Sop.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
The King. with 1st Tenor.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
Mosq. with Basses.
new..... Such man-ners here, are ne'er on view, no, no,
sempre cres.
f un poco piu vivo.
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style
Are ne'er on view. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Such style

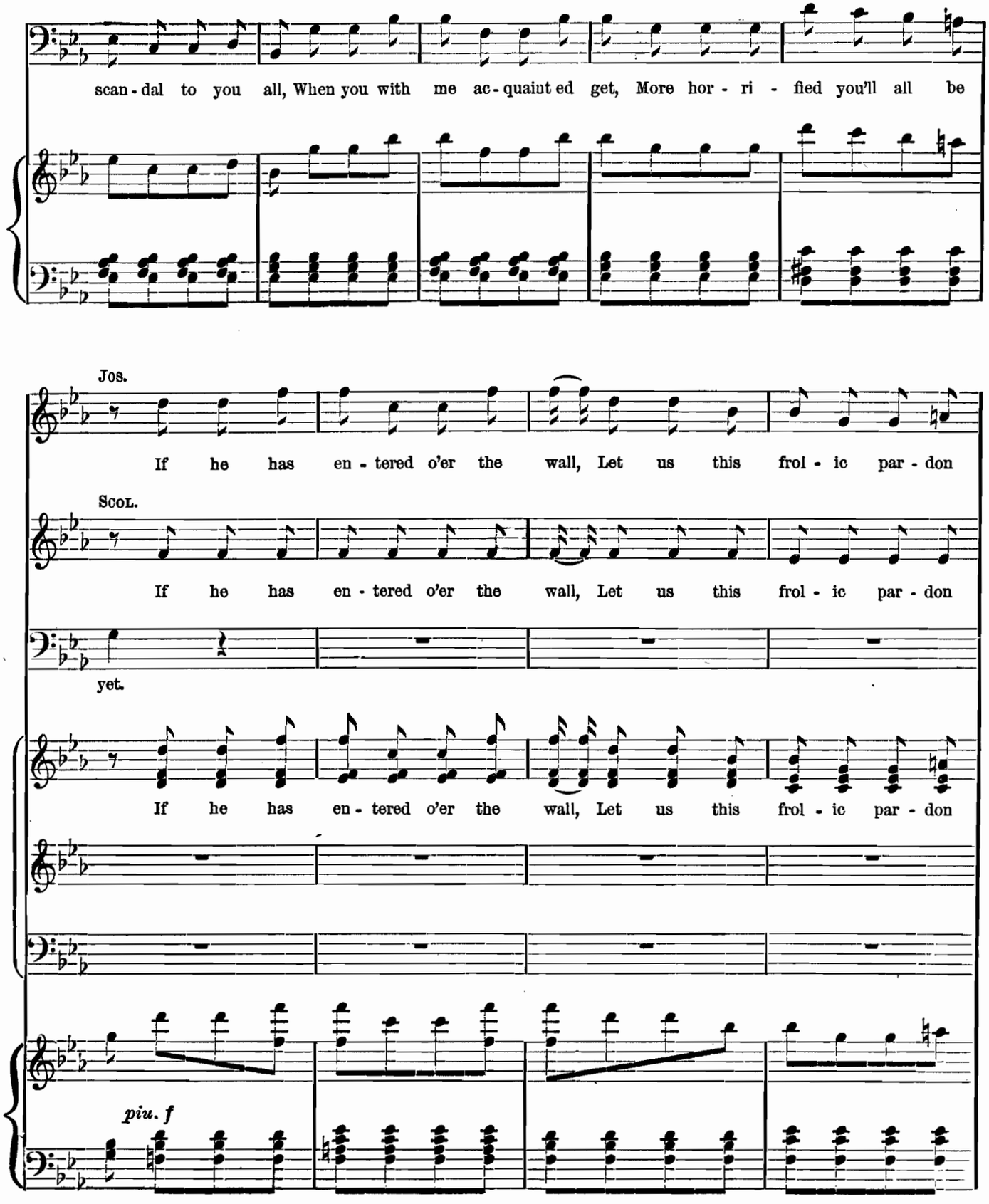

Jos.
is here quite new!
Scol.
is here quite new?
Le Roi.
is here quite new! To climb a roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing to
Mosq.
is here quite new!
is here quite new!
is here quite new!
p
To scale a
To scale a
all. My son - in - law doth quite for - get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette.
To scale a
The
fp

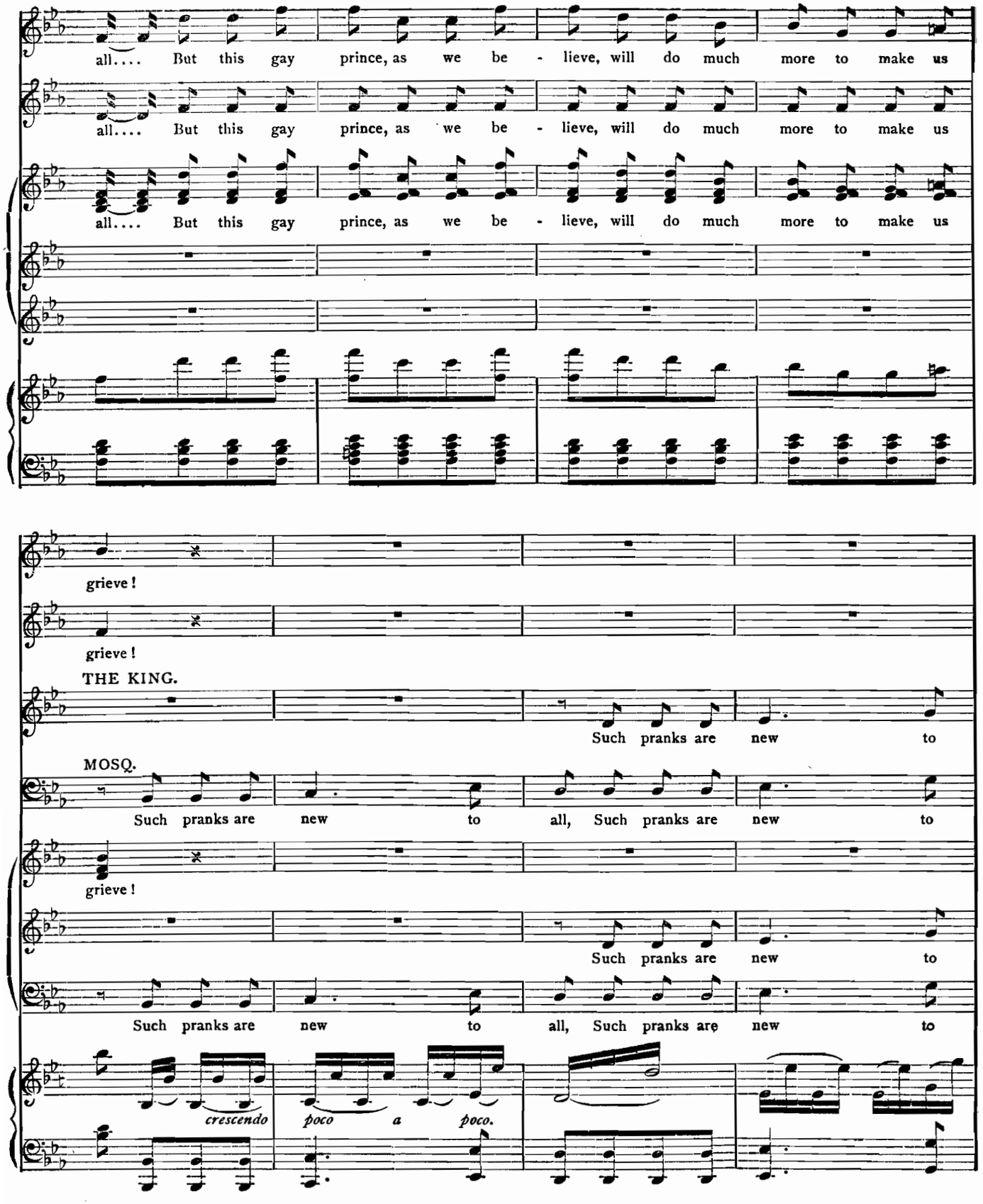

roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
roy - al gar - den wall Is not a pro - per thing, at all, This son - in - law doth quite for -
prince is an o - ri - gin - al, He scales with
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
Le Roi.
No
Mosq.
Is not good
- get The rules of court - ly et - i - quette. No
ease, a gar - den wall.
ease, a gar - den wall; To scale a roy - al gar - den wall Is not good
f

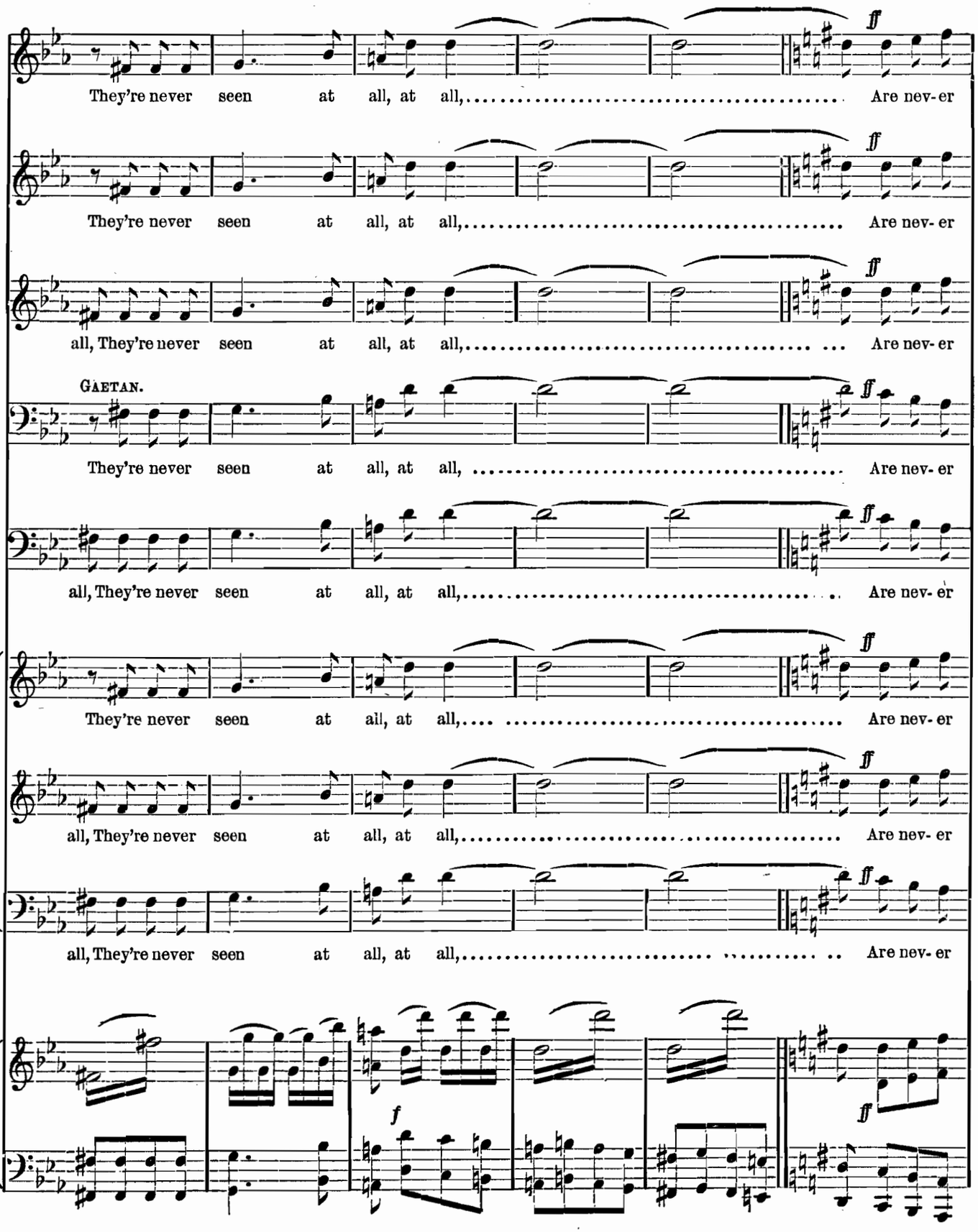

Jos. with the 1st Soprano.
Scol. with the 2d Soprano.
style at all. We
The King. with the 1st Tenor.
style at all. We
Mosq. with the Bass.
style, no not at all. A scan - dal 'tis, a frol - ic small; Such man - ners
have not seen, No, no! we have not seen the like at
have not seen, No, no! we have not seen the like at
we've not seen at all, No, no! we have not seen the like at

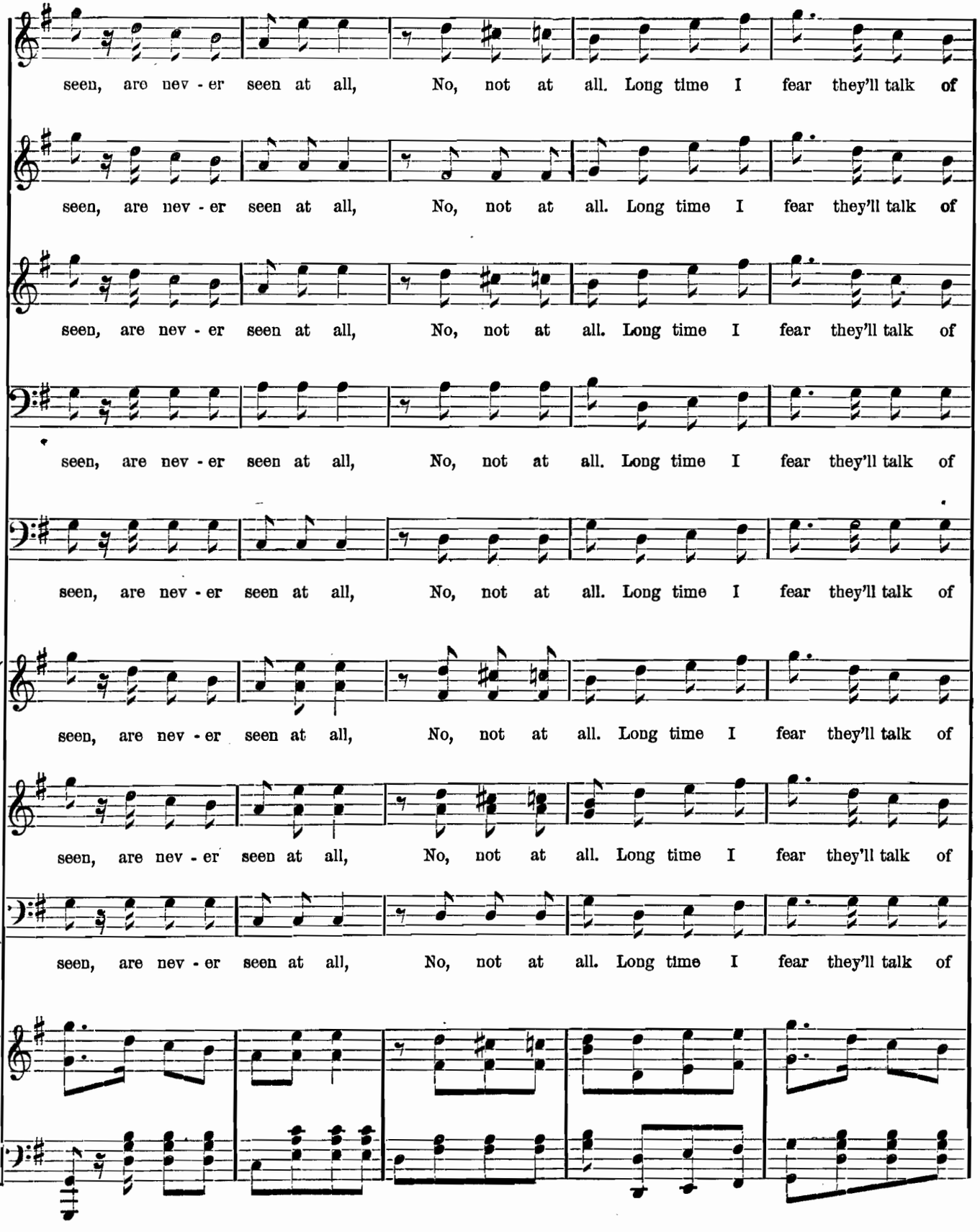

all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not
all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not
all! No, no! we have not seen..... the like at all, We have not
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks
seen the like, the like at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of you, Such pranks

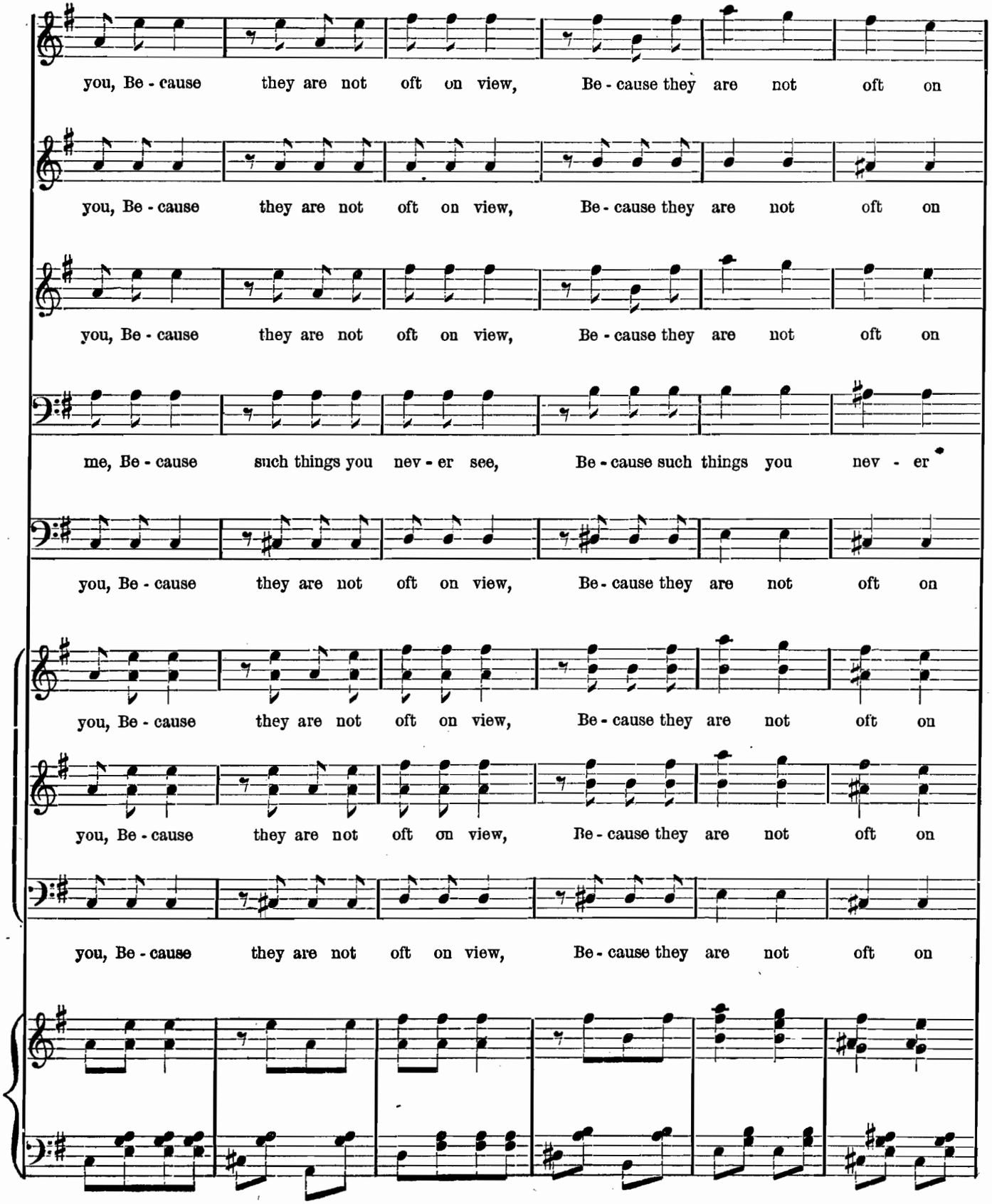

are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
are nev - er here on view, Such pranks are nev - - er here on
GAETAN.
If scal - ing thus the gar - den wall, Is such a
view, are nev - er here on view.
view, are nev - er here on view.
view, are nev - er here on view.
p

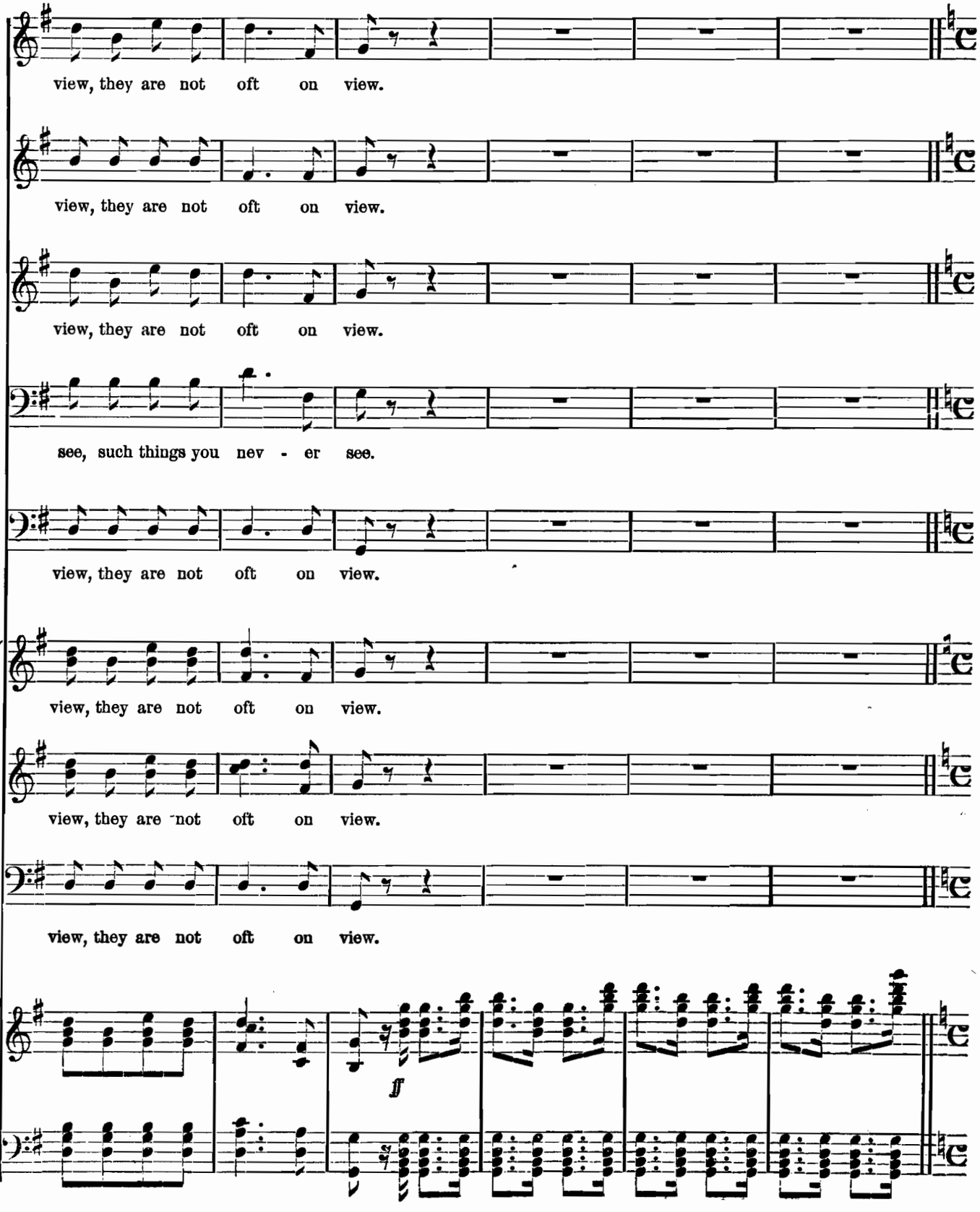

scan - dal to you all, When you with me ac - quaint ed get, More hor - ri - fied you'll all be
Jos.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
Scol.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
yet.
If he has en - tered o'er the wall, Let us this frol - ic par - don
piu. f

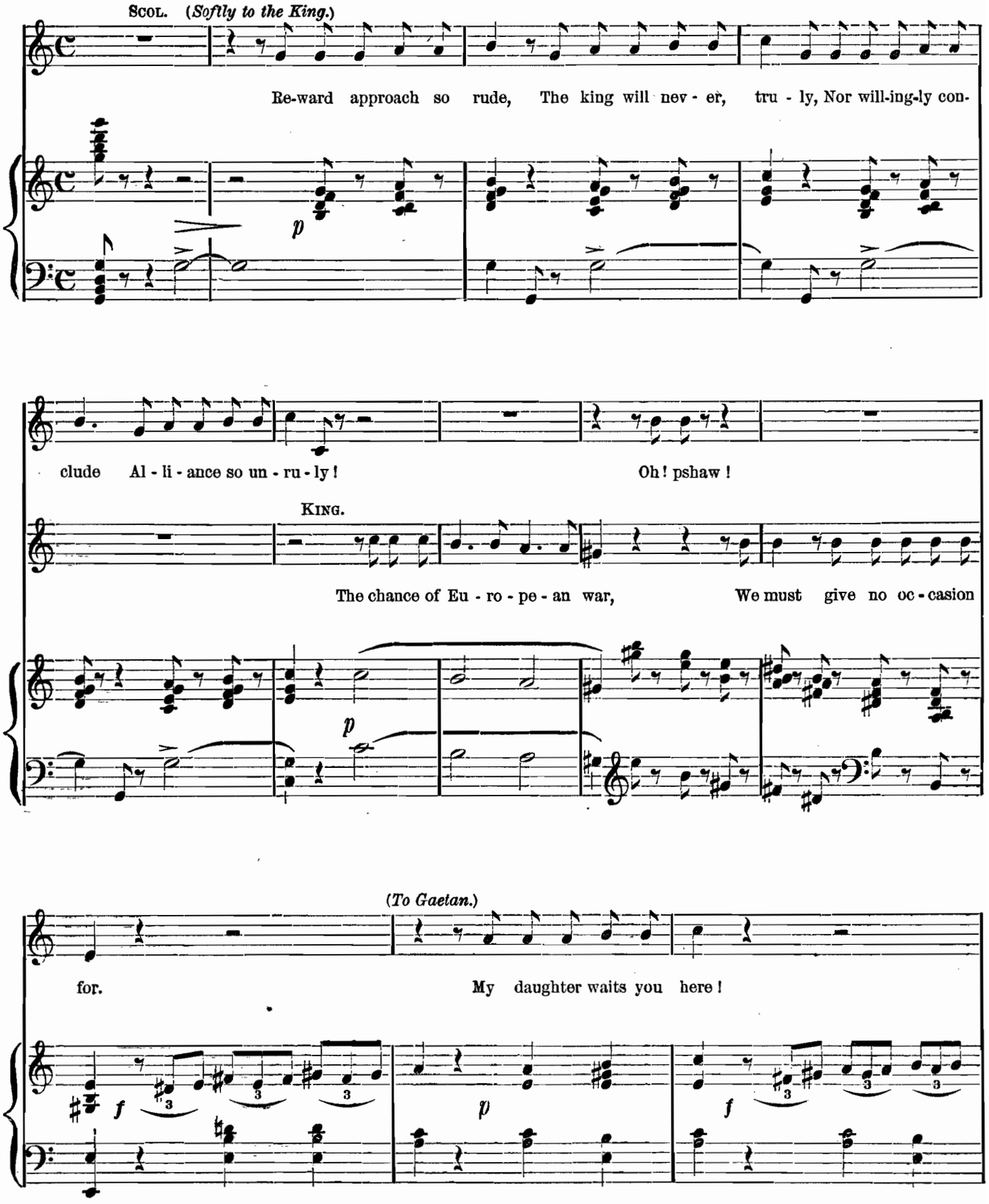

all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
all.... But this gay prince, as we be - lieve, will do much more to make us
grieve!
grieve!
THE KING.
Such pranks are new to
MOSQ.
Such pranks are new to all, Such pranks are new to
grieve!
Such pranks are new to
Such pranks are new to all, Such pranks are new to
crescendo
poco a poco.

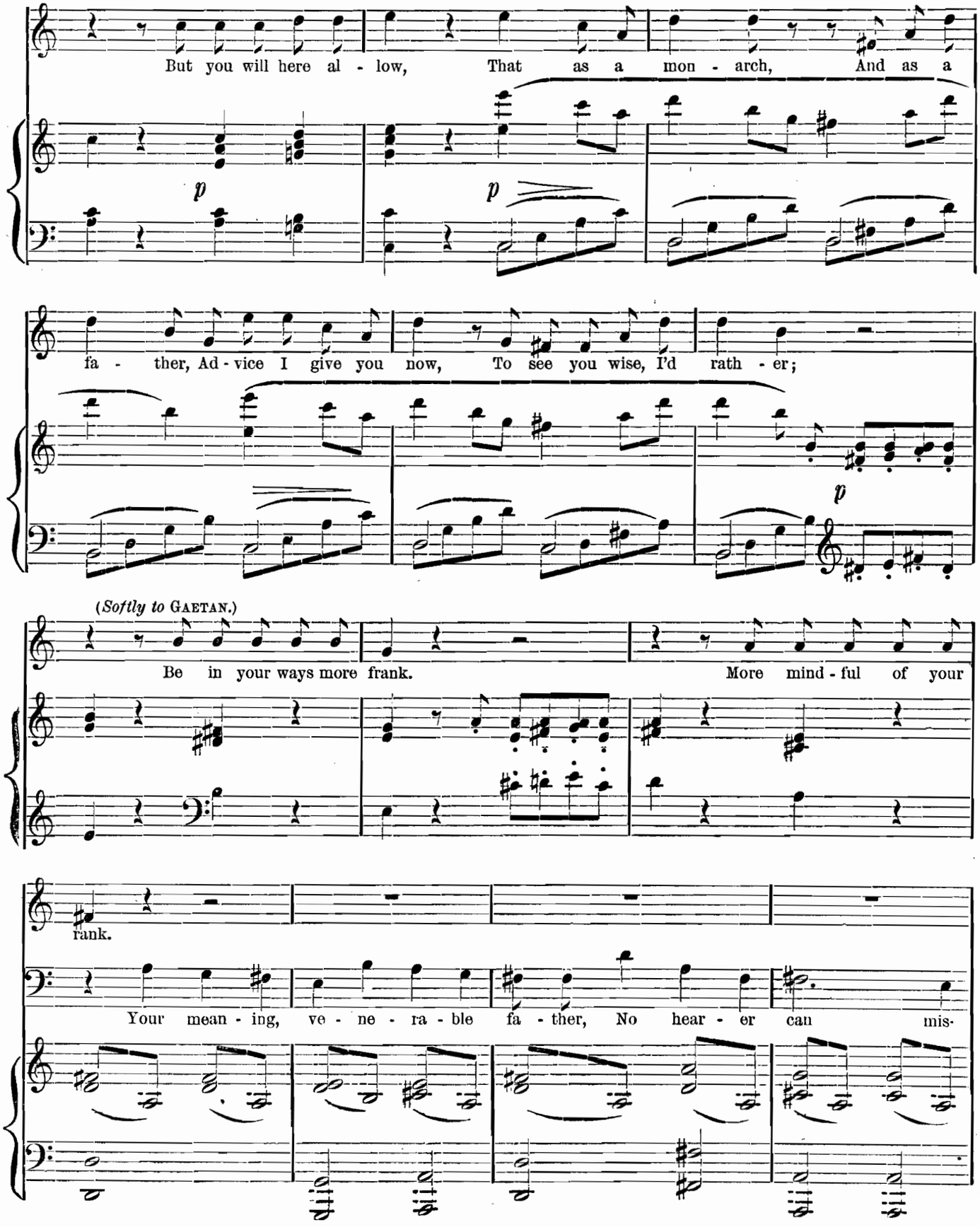

They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
GAETAN.
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
all, They're never seen at all, at all, Are nev-er
ff
f

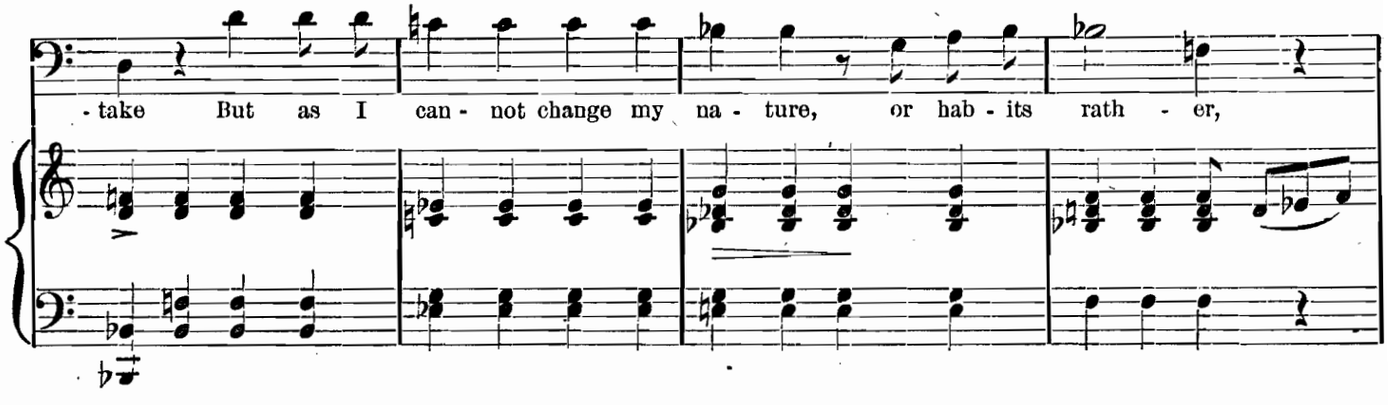

seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of
seen, are nev - er seen at all, No, not at all. Long time I fear they'll talk of

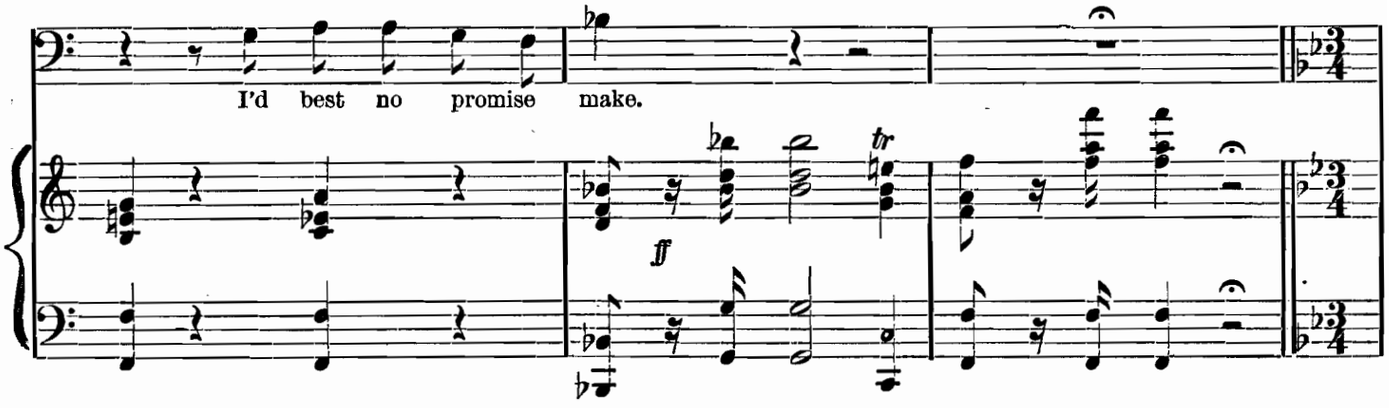

you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
me, Be - cause such things you nev - er see, Be - cause such things you nev - er
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on
you, Be - cause they are not oft on view, Be - cause they are not oft on


view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
see, such things you nev - er see.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
view, they are not oft on view.
ff

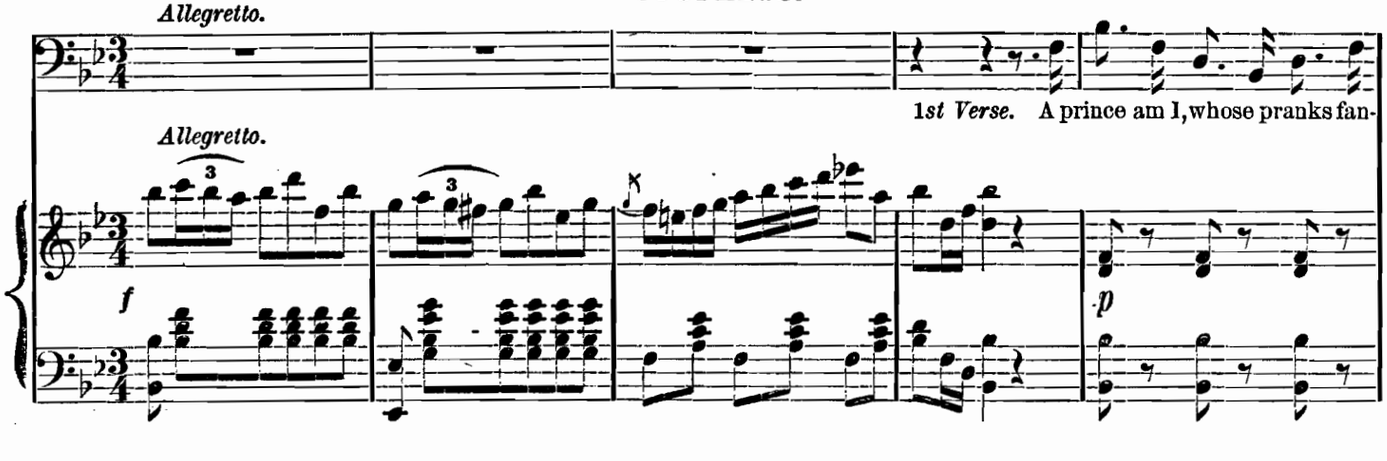

Scol. (Softly to the King.)
Re-ward approach so rude, The king will nev - er, tru - ly, Nor will-ing-ly con-
clude Al - li - ance so un - ru - ly!
Oh! pshaw!
King.
The chance of Eu - ro - pe - an war,
We must give no oc - casion
(To Gaetan.)
for.
My daughter waits you here!

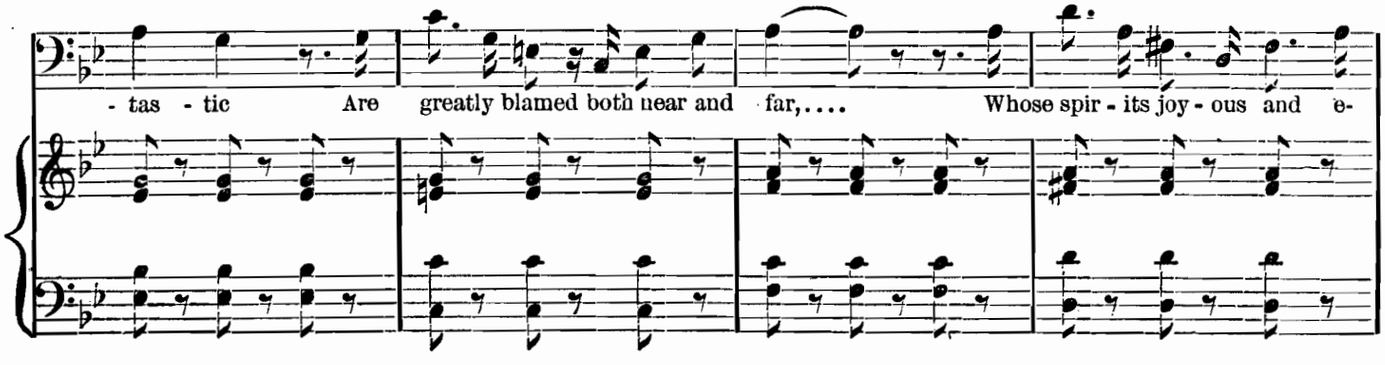

But you will here al - low, That as a mon - arch, And as a
p
p
fa - ther, Ad - vice I give you now, To see you wise, I'd rath - er;
p
(Softly to GAETAN.)
Be in your ways more frank. More mind - ful of your
rank.
Your mean - ing, ve - ne - ra - ble fa - ther, No hear - er can mis-

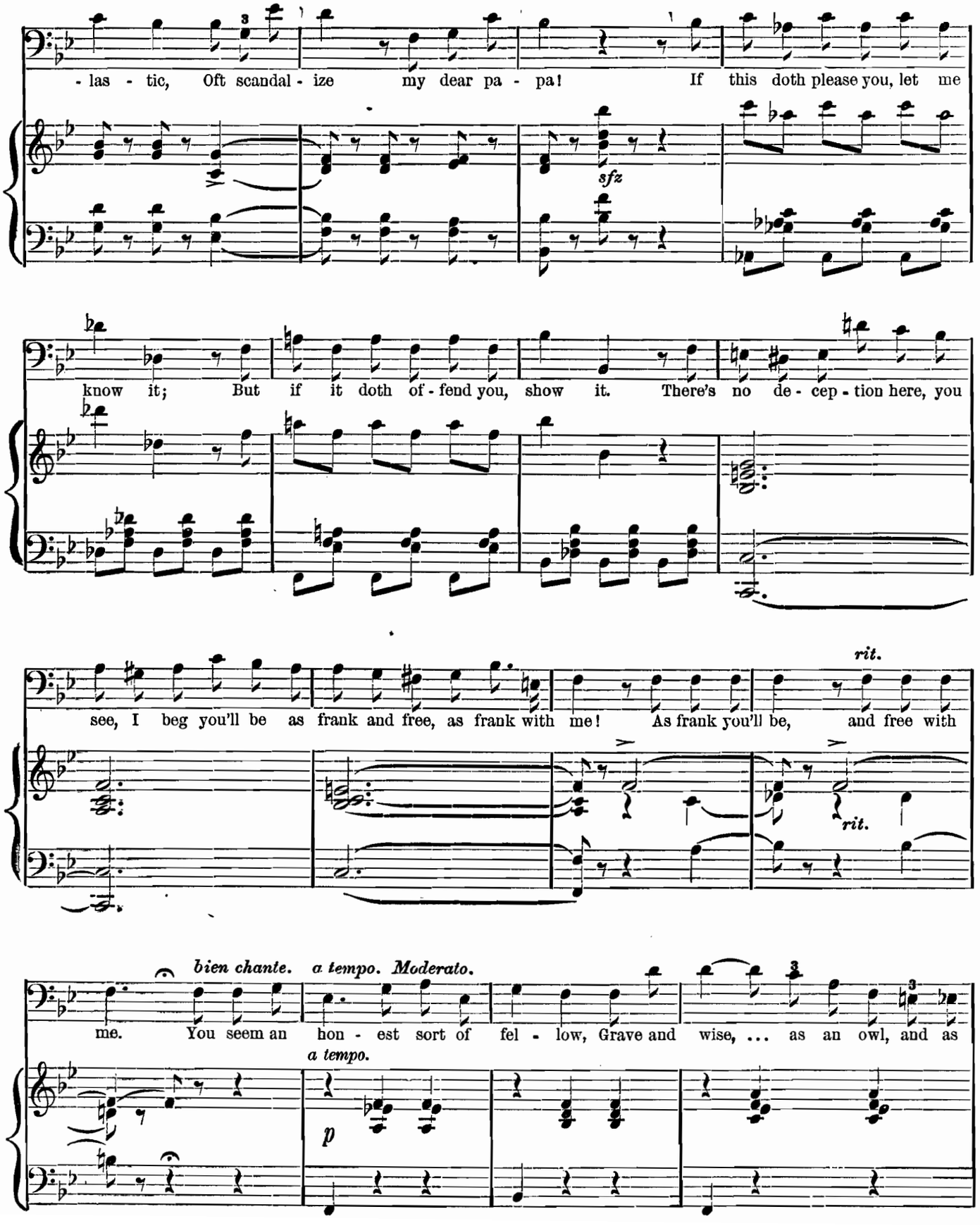

-take But as I can - not change my na - ture, or hab - its rath - er,

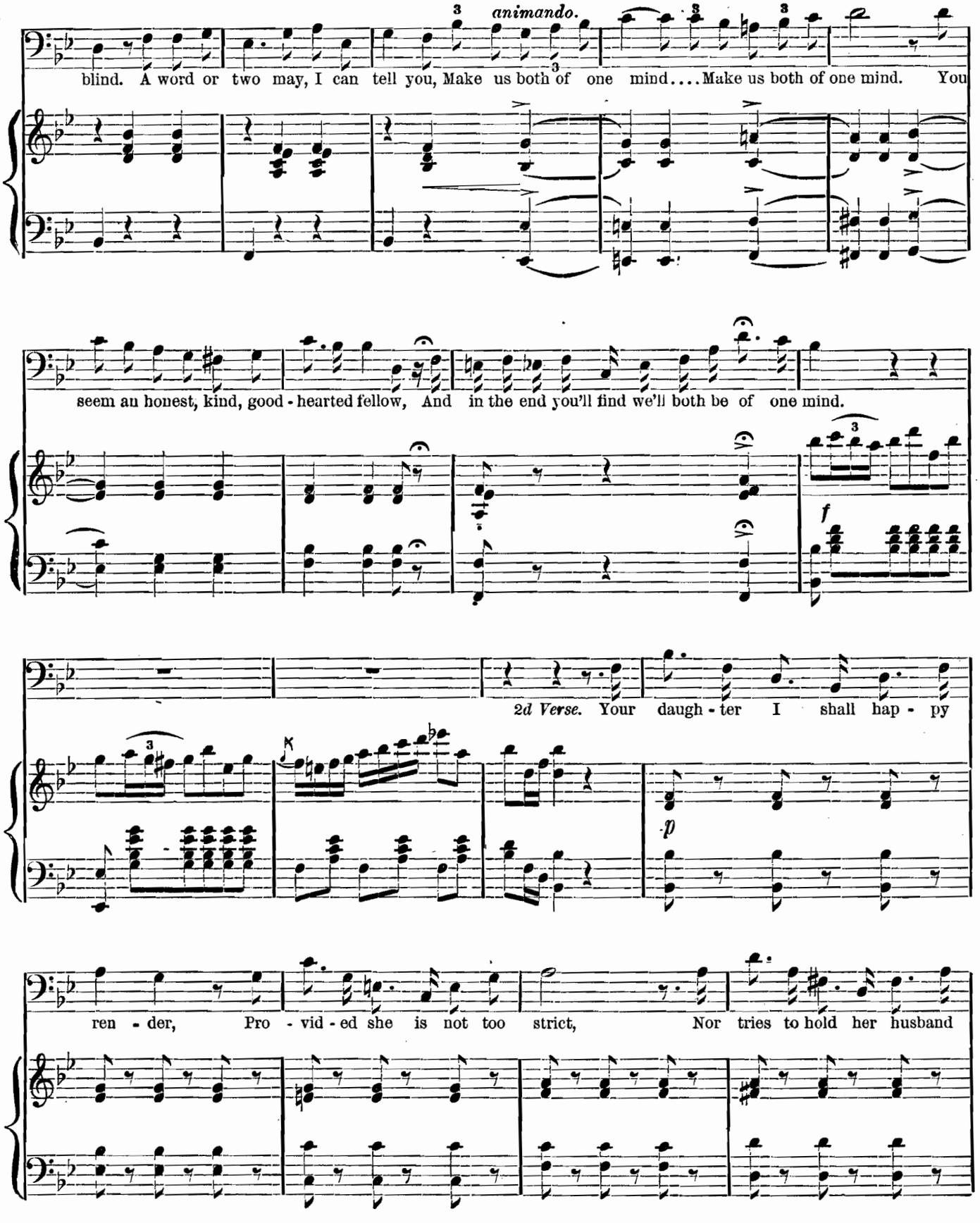

I'd best no promise make.
ff
tr

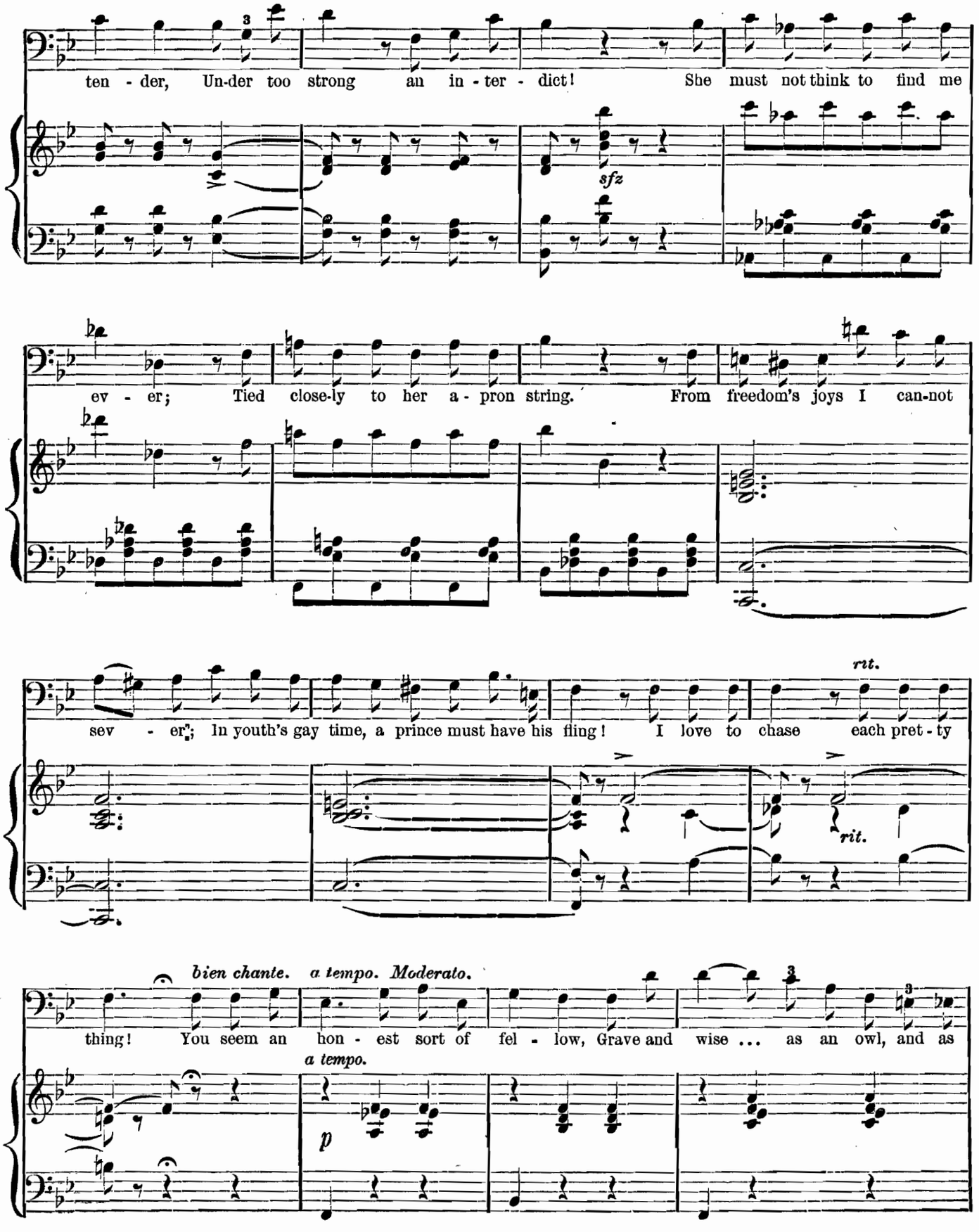
COUPLETS.

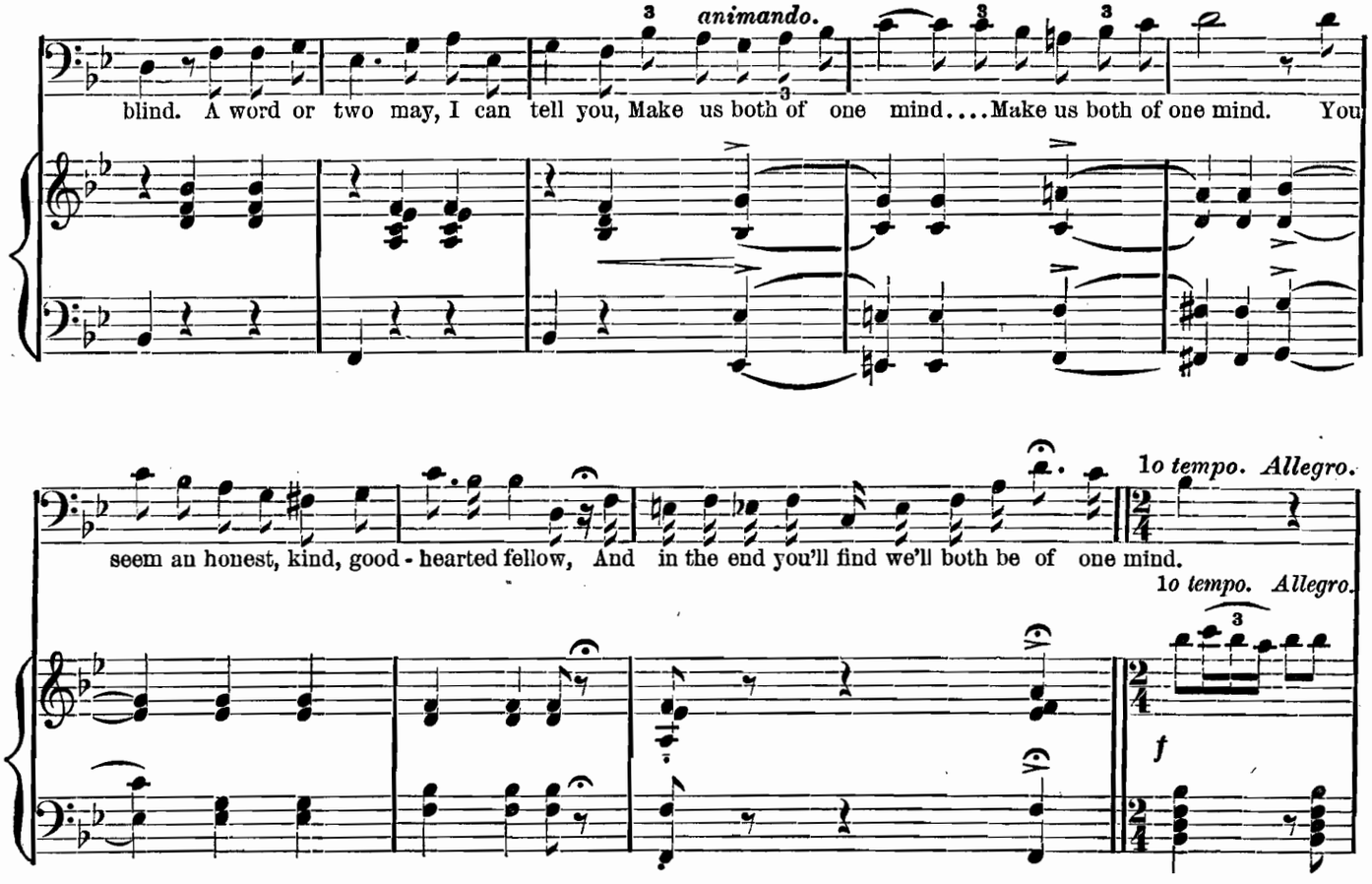

Allegretto.
Allegretto.
1st Verse. A prince am I, whose pranks fan-
f
p


- tas - tic Are greatly blamed both near and far,.... Whose spir - its joy - ous and e-

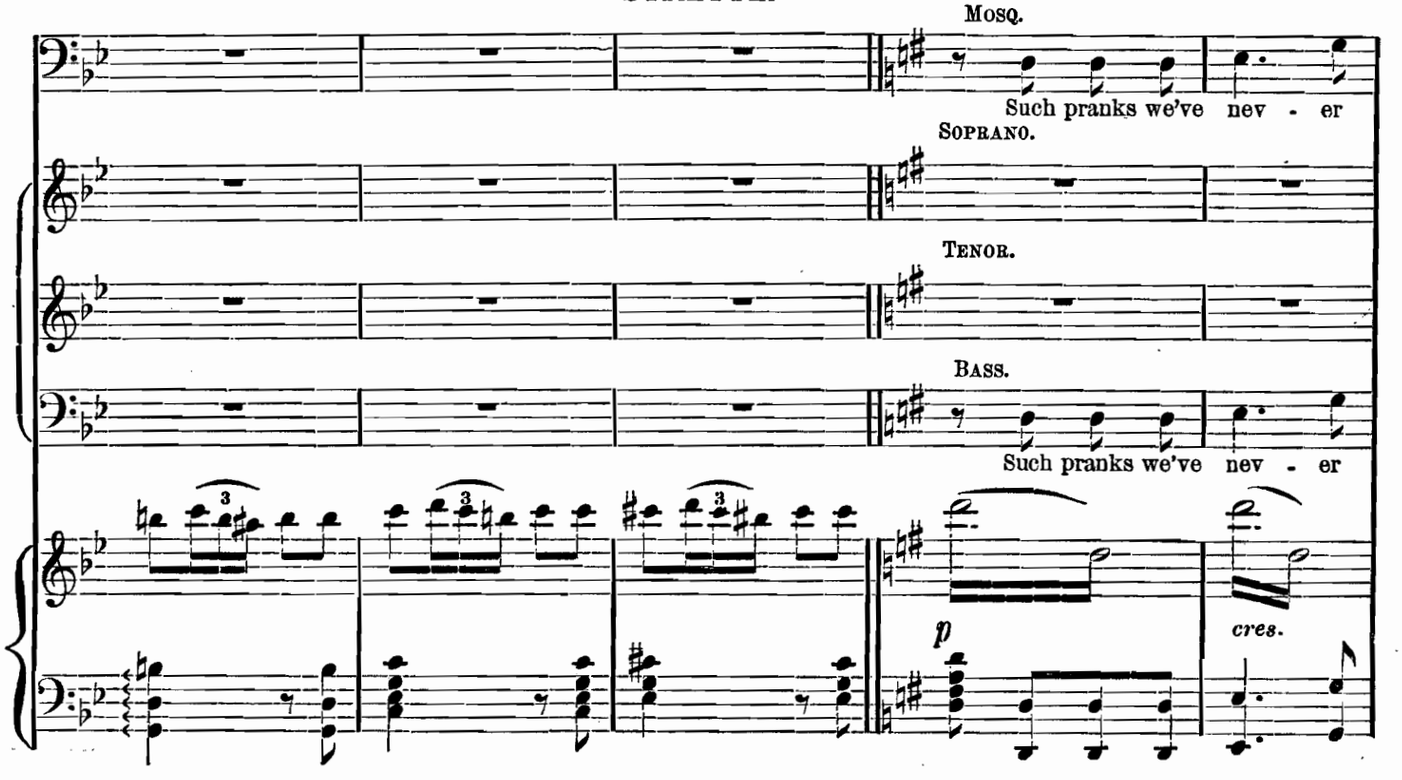

- las - tic, Oft scandal - ize my dear pa - pa! If this doth please you, let me
sfz
know it; But if it doth of - fend you, show it. There's no de - cep - tion here, you
see, I beg you'll be as frank and free, as frank with me! As frank you'll be, and free with
rit.
rit.
bien chante.
a tempo. Moderato.
me. You seem an hon - est sort of fel - low, Grave and wise, ... as an owl, and as
a tempo.
p

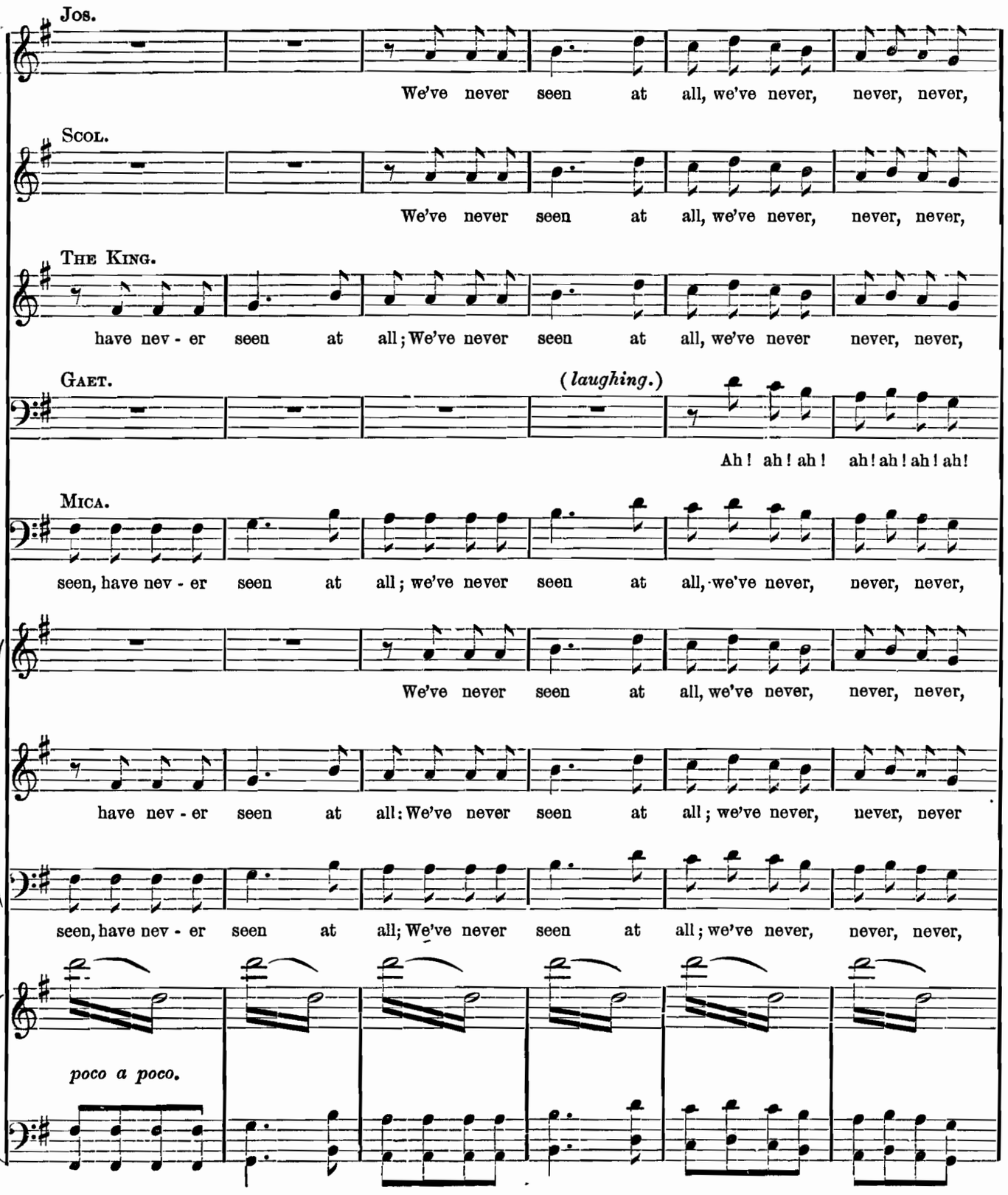

animando.
blind. A word or two may, I can tell you, Make us both of one mind.... Make us both of one mind. You
seem an honest, kind, good - hearted fellow, And in the end you'll find we'll both be of one mind.
f
2d Verse. Your daugh - ter I shall hap - py
p
ren - der, Pro - vid - ed she is not too strict, Nor tries to hold her husband

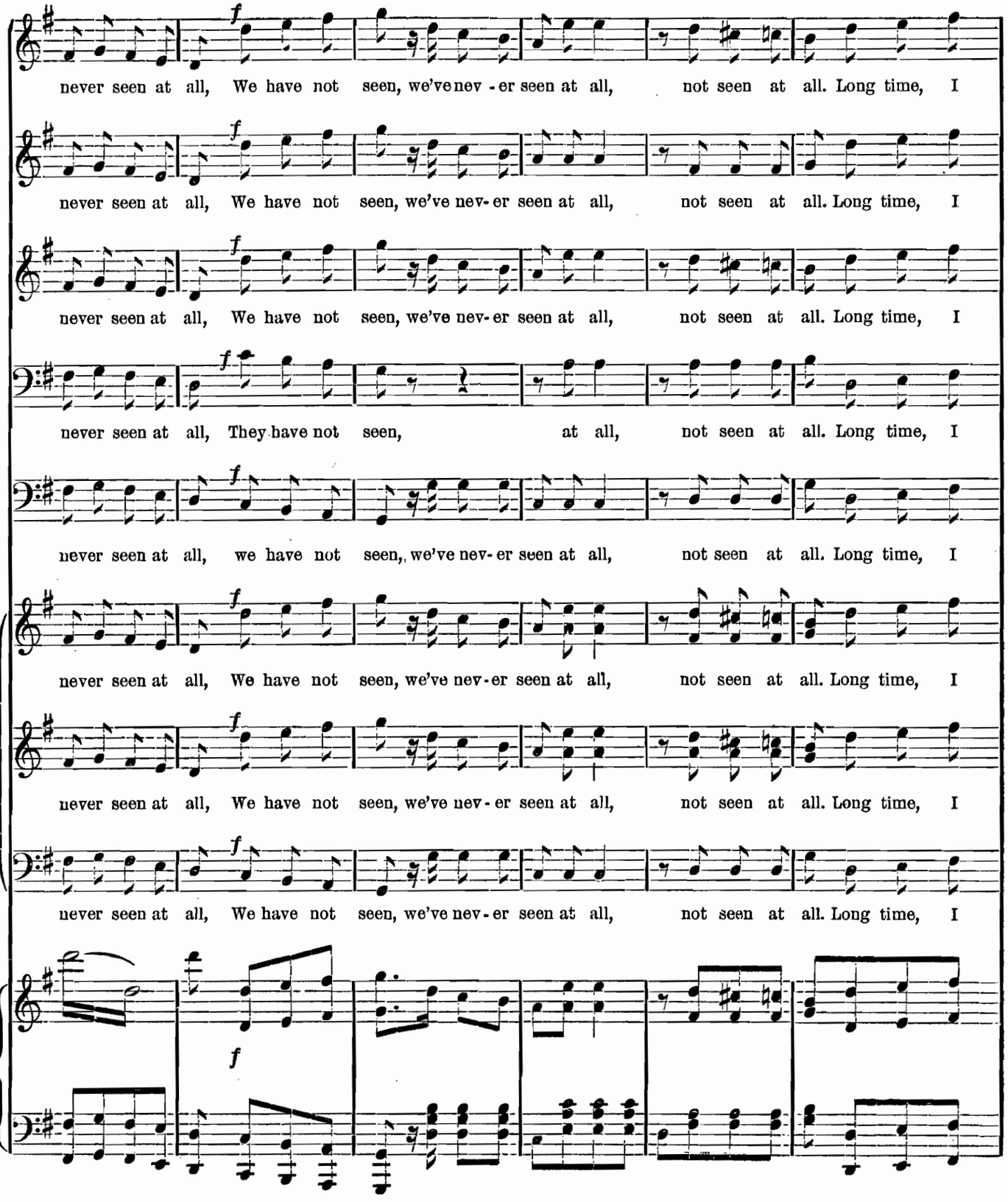

ten - der, Un-der too strong an in - ter - dict! She must not think to find me
sfz
ev - er; Tied close-ly to her a - pron string. From freedom's joys I can-not
sev - er; In youth's gay time, a prince must have his fling! I love to chase each pret - ty
rit.
rit.
bien chante.
a tempo. Moderato.
thing! You seem an hon - est sort of fel - low, Grave and wise ... as an owl, and as
a tempo.
p

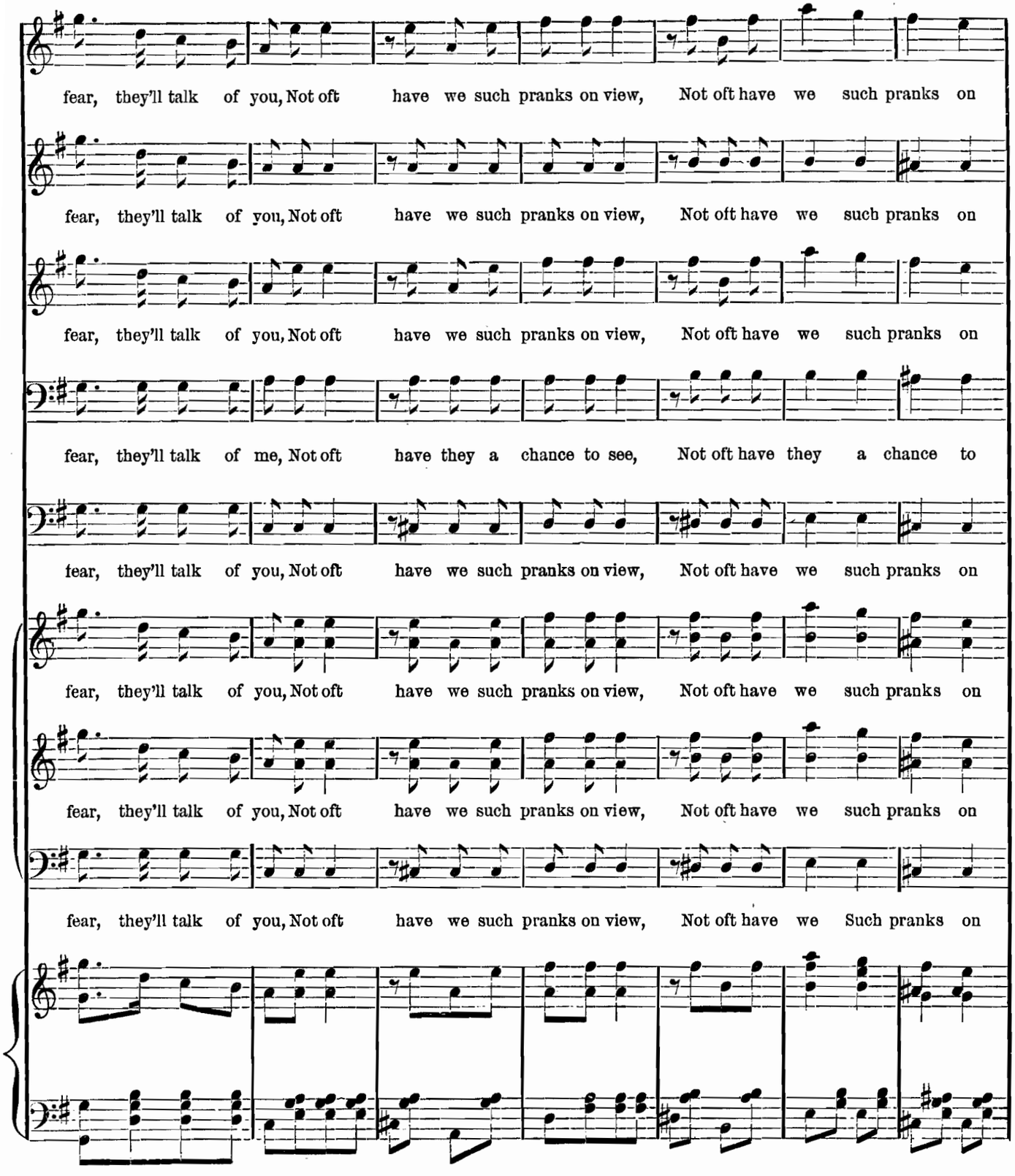

animando.
blind. A word or two may, I can tell you, Make us both of one mind....Make us both of one mind. You
seem an honest, kind, good - hearted fellow, And in the end you'll find we'll both be of one mind.
1o tempo. Allegro.
1o tempo. Allegro.
f

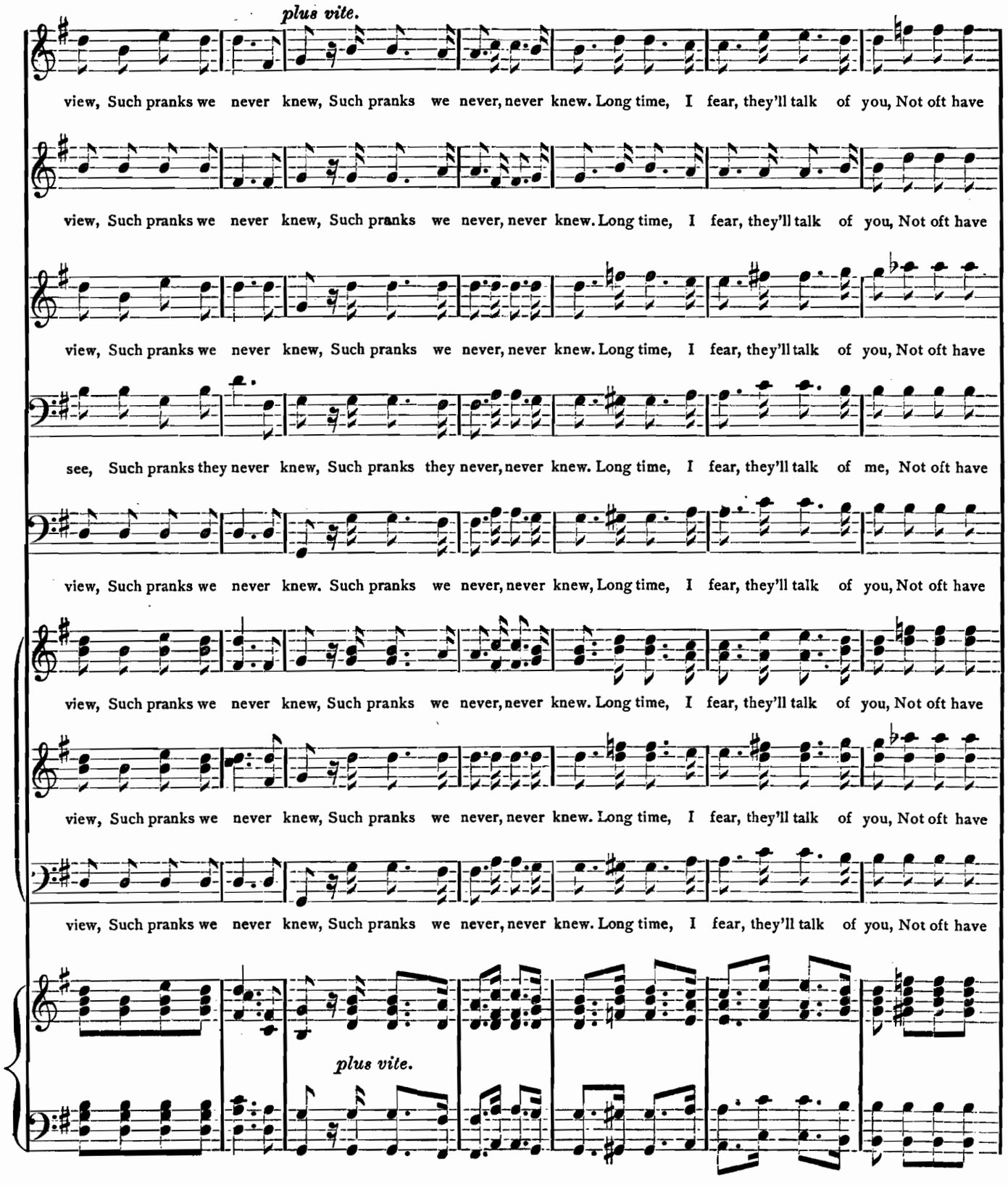
STRETTE.

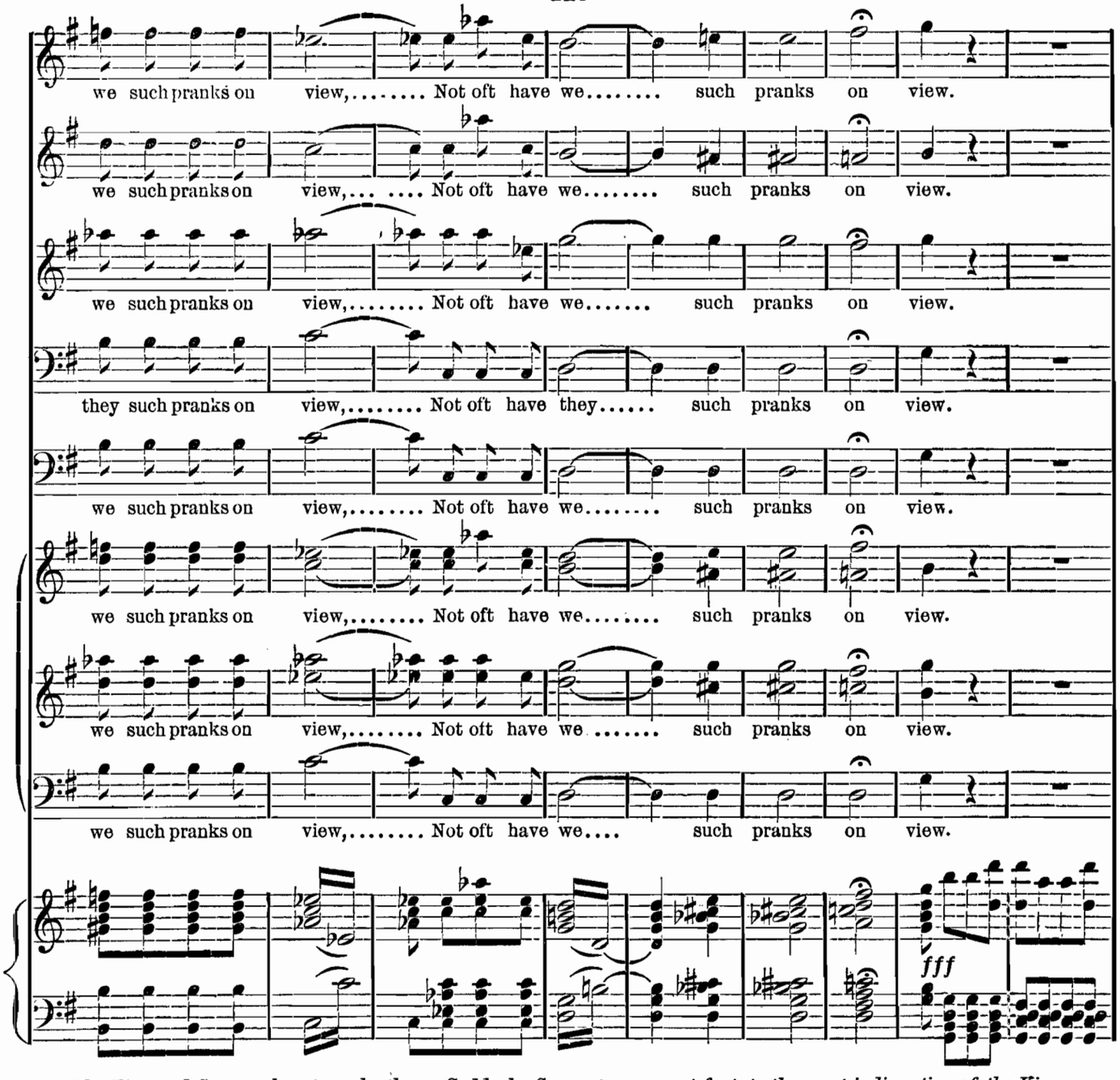

Mosq.
Such pranks we've nev - er
Soprano.
Tenor.
Bass.
Such pranks we've nev - er
p
cres.


Jos.
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
Scol.
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
The King.
have nev - er seen at all; We've never seen at all, we've never never, never,
Gaet.
(laughing.)
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Mica.
seen, have nev - er seen at all; we've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
We've never seen at all, we've never, never, never,
have nev - er seen at all: We've never seen at all; we've never, never, never
seen, have nev - er seen at all; We've never seen at all; we've never, never, never,
poco a poco.

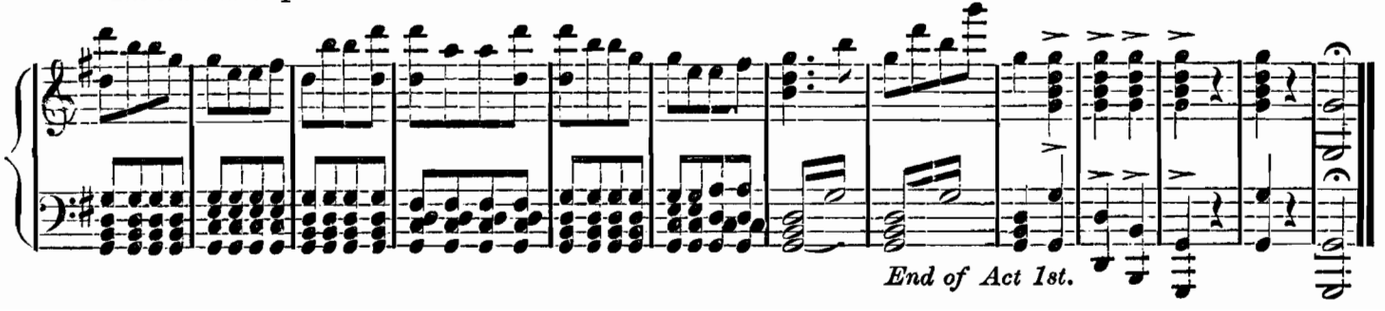

never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev - er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, They have not seen, at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, we have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
never seen at all, We have not seen, we've nev- er seen at all, not seen at all. Long time, I
f
f


fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of me, Not oft have they a chance to see, Not oft have they a chance to
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we such pranks on
fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have we such pranks on view, Not oft have we Such pranks on


plus vite.
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
see, Such pranks they never knew, Such pranks they never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of me, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew. Such pranks we never, never knew, Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
view, Such pranks we never knew, Such pranks we never, never knew. Long time, I fear, they'll talk of you, Not oft have
plus vite.



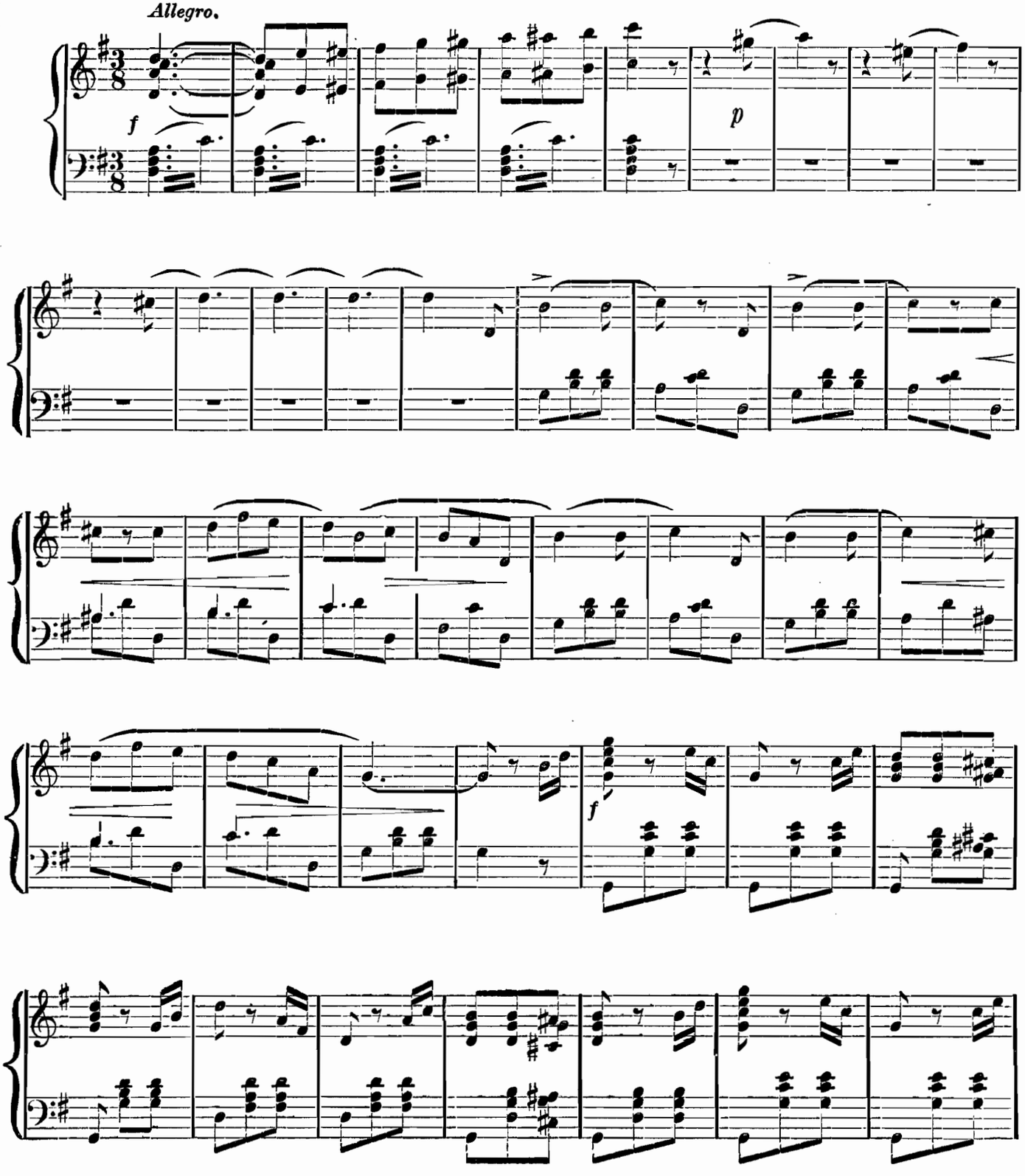
The King and GAETAN *bow to each other. Suddenly,* GAETAN *passes out first, to the great indignation of the King. The court take up the march.*

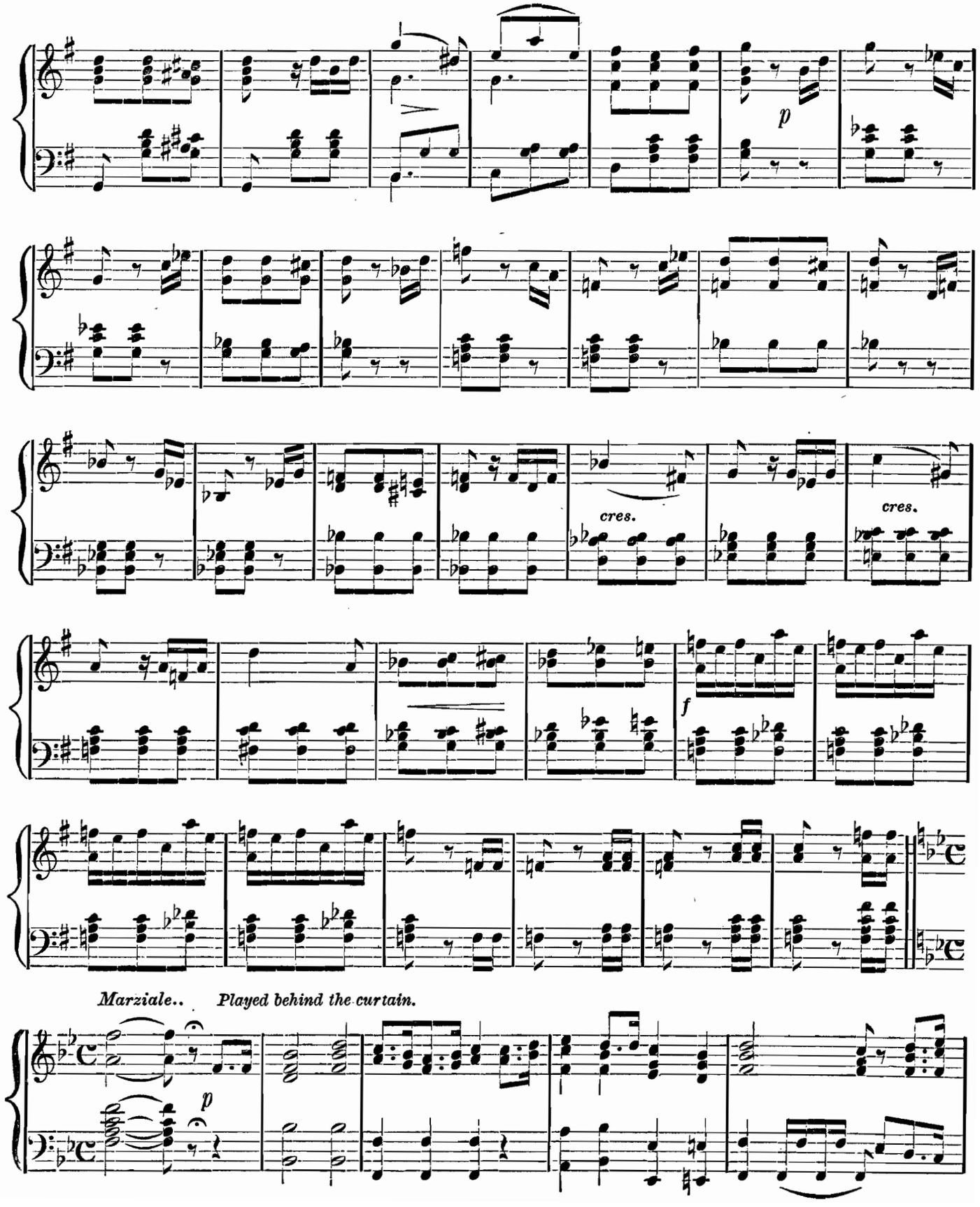


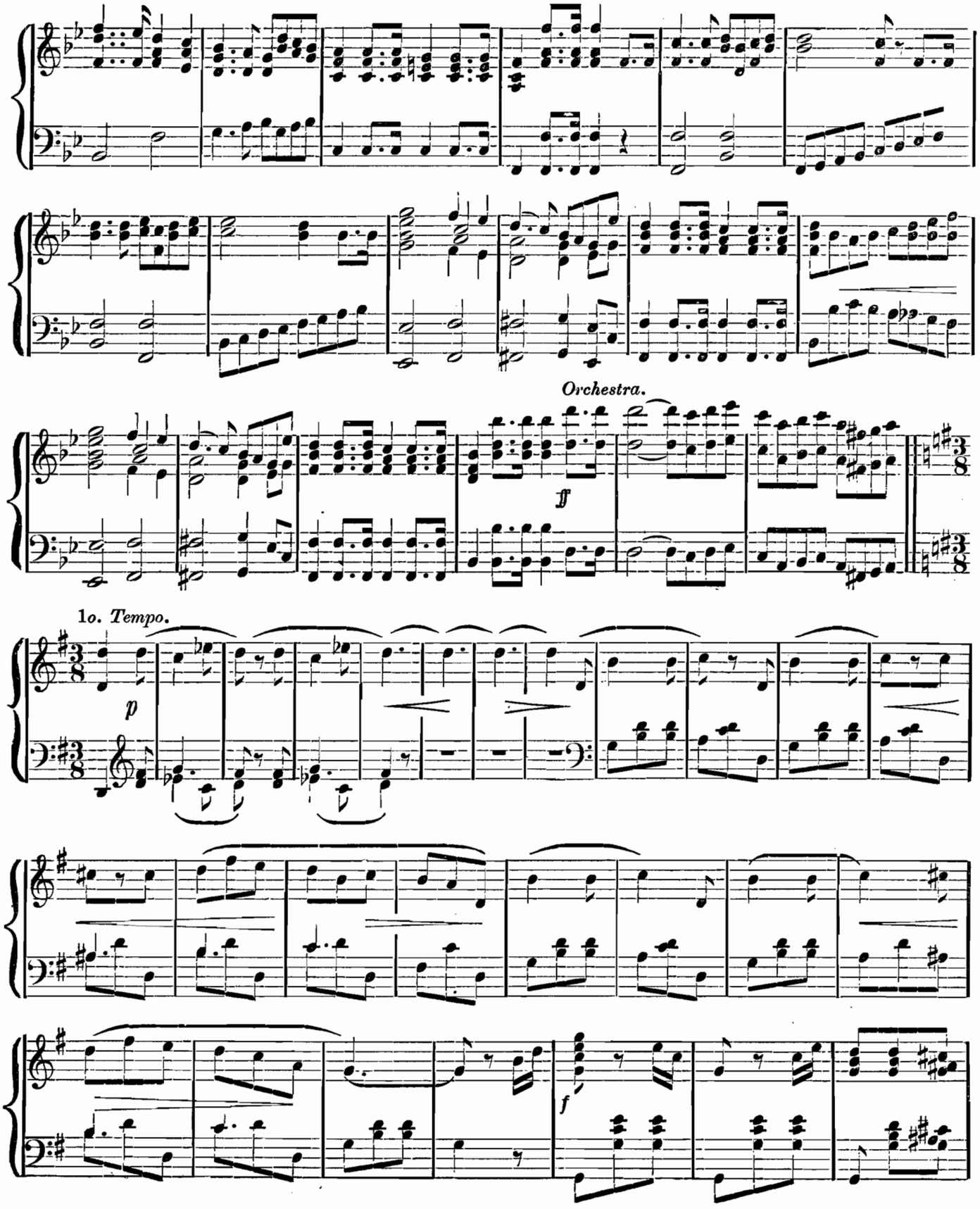
End of Act 1st.

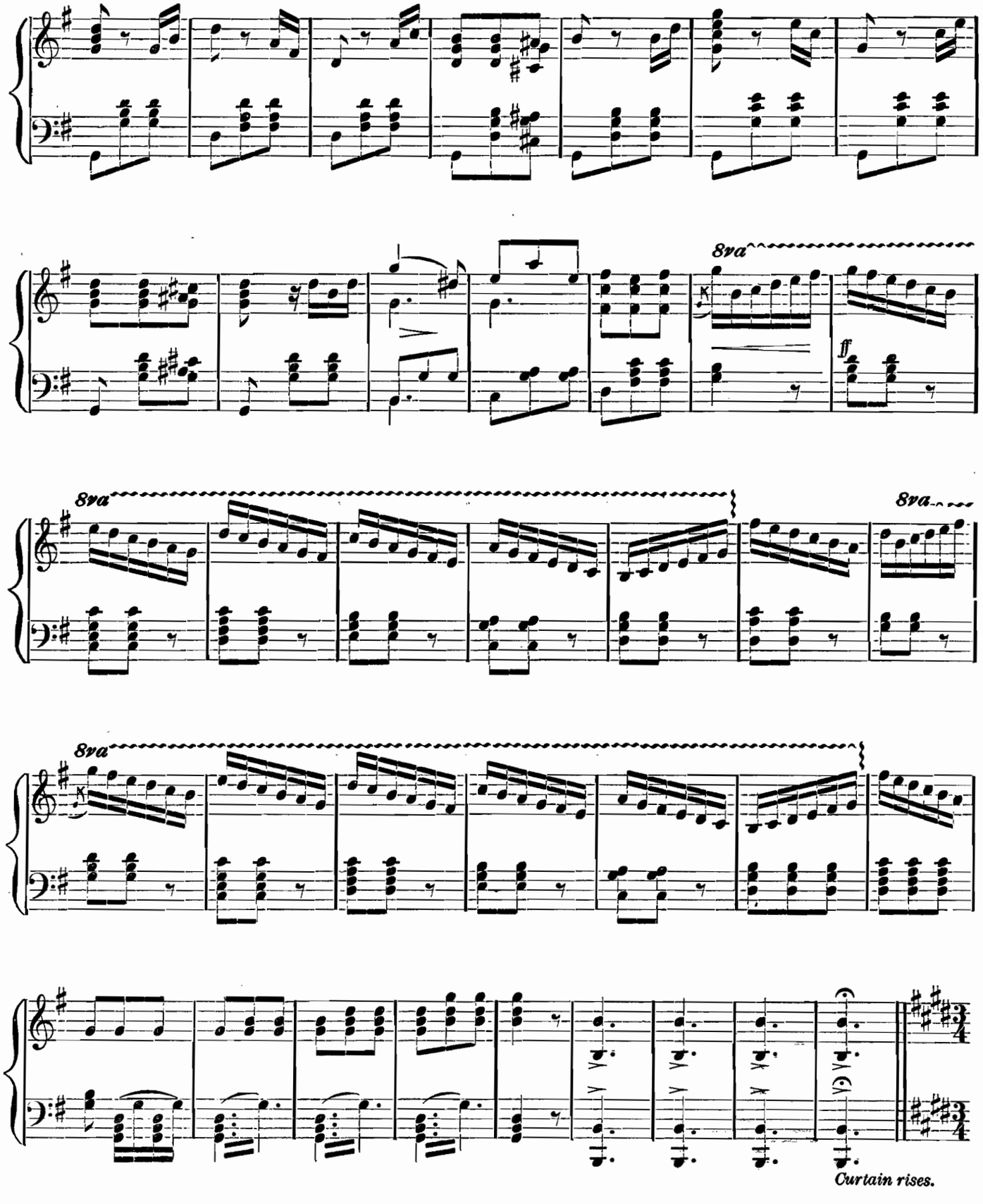
ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE.




p
cres.
cres.
f
Marziale..
Played behind the curtain.
p


Orchestra.
ff
1o. Tempo.
p
f


8va
ff
8va
8va
8va
Curtain rises.

ACT II.

The palace. A grand hall, at the back, a large door opening upon a festal gallery. At the left, a window, at the right, a door leading to the apartments of the princess. On the sides, right and left, large doors on the second wing, and a small private door on the first wing.

WITH OUR PRINCESS.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.— CHORUS OF BRIDES. JOSEFA, the ELEVEN BRIDES, EIGHT PAGES.

Allo. Moderato.

f

JOSEFA.

With our prin - cess we

1st & 2d Sopranos. THE BRIDES.

With our prin - cess we

1st & 2d Sopranos. THE PAGES.

mf

shall be mar - ried, And her train by us will be car - ried. No fear be - tray,....

shall be mar - ried, And her train by us will be car - ried. No fear be - tray,....

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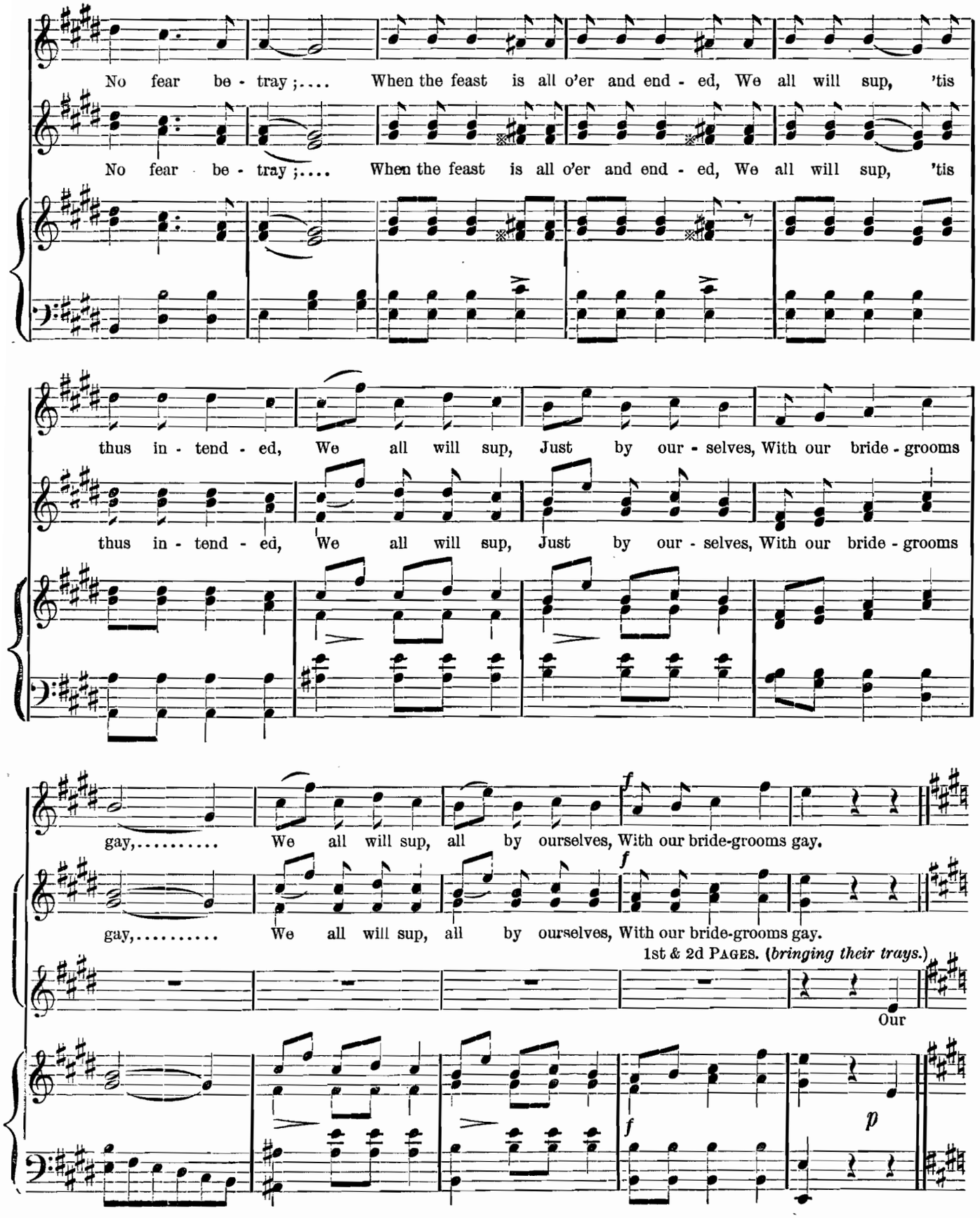
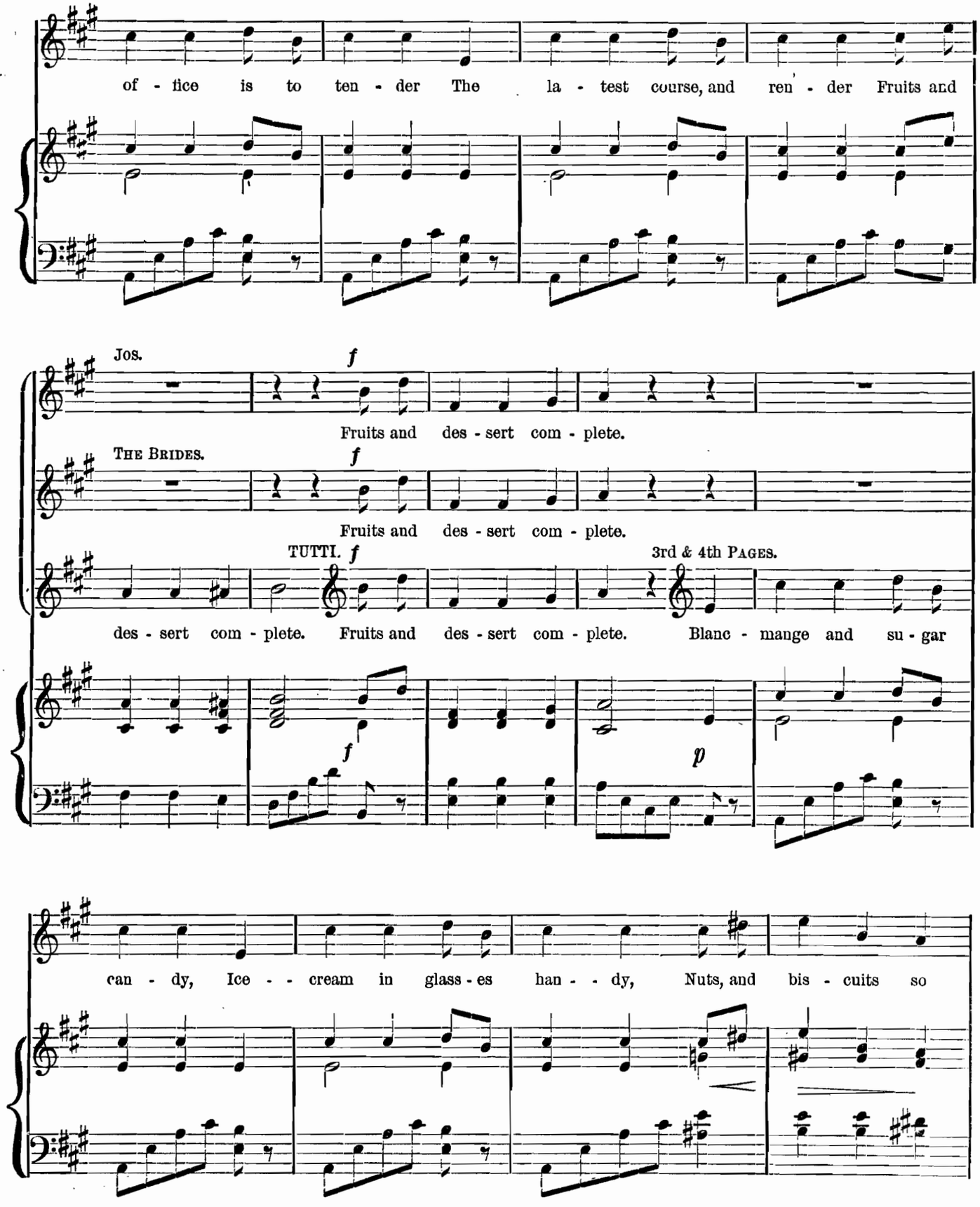
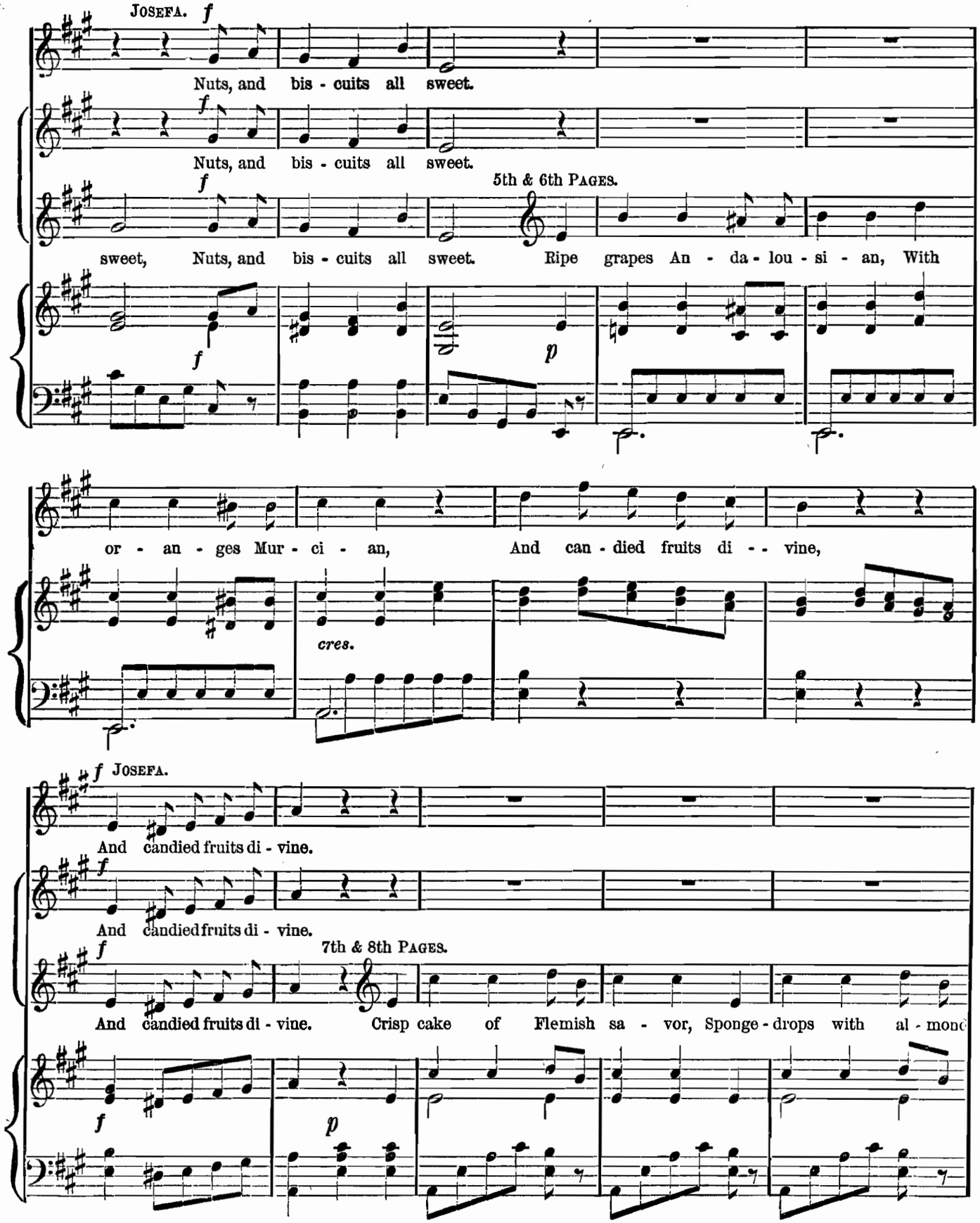
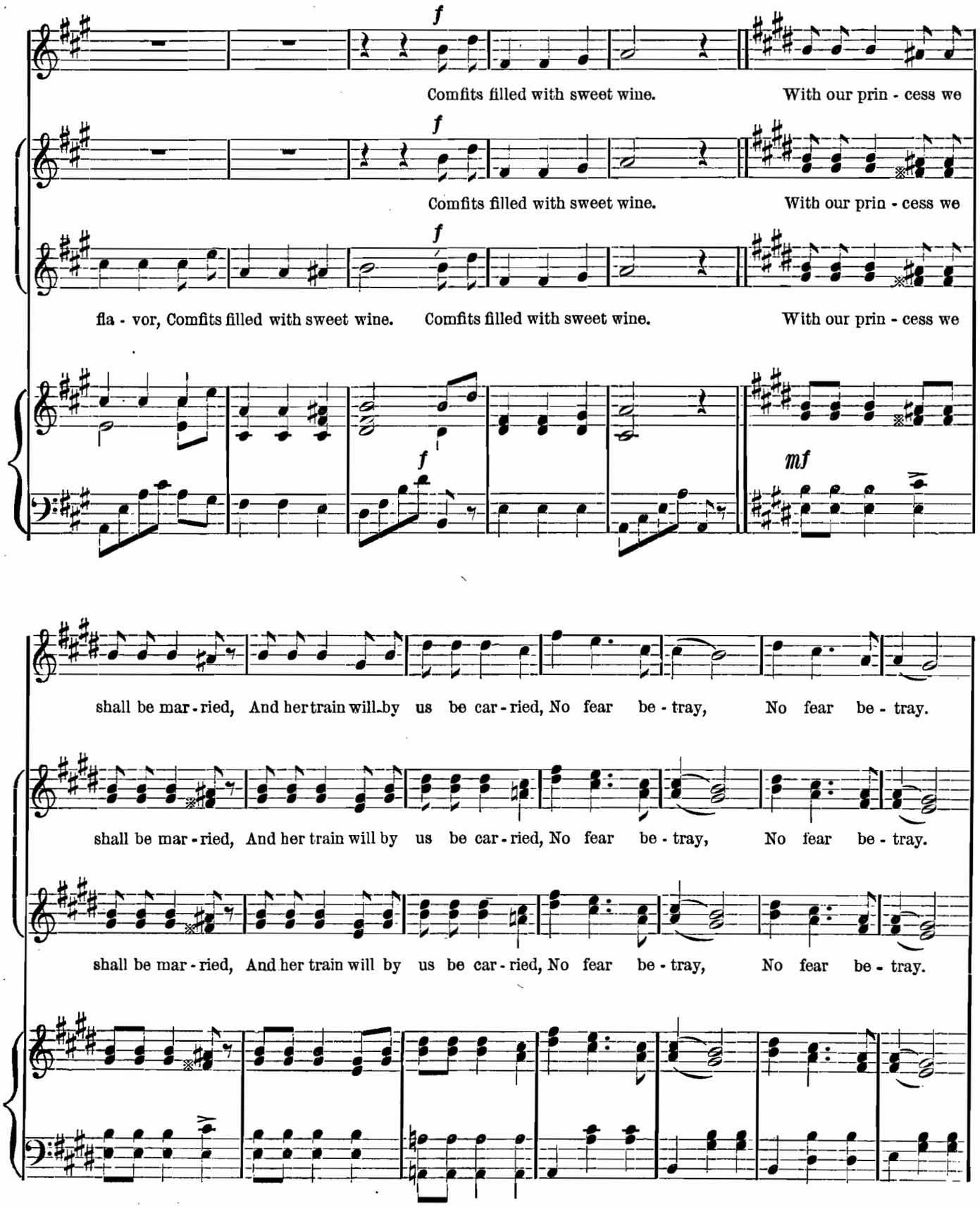
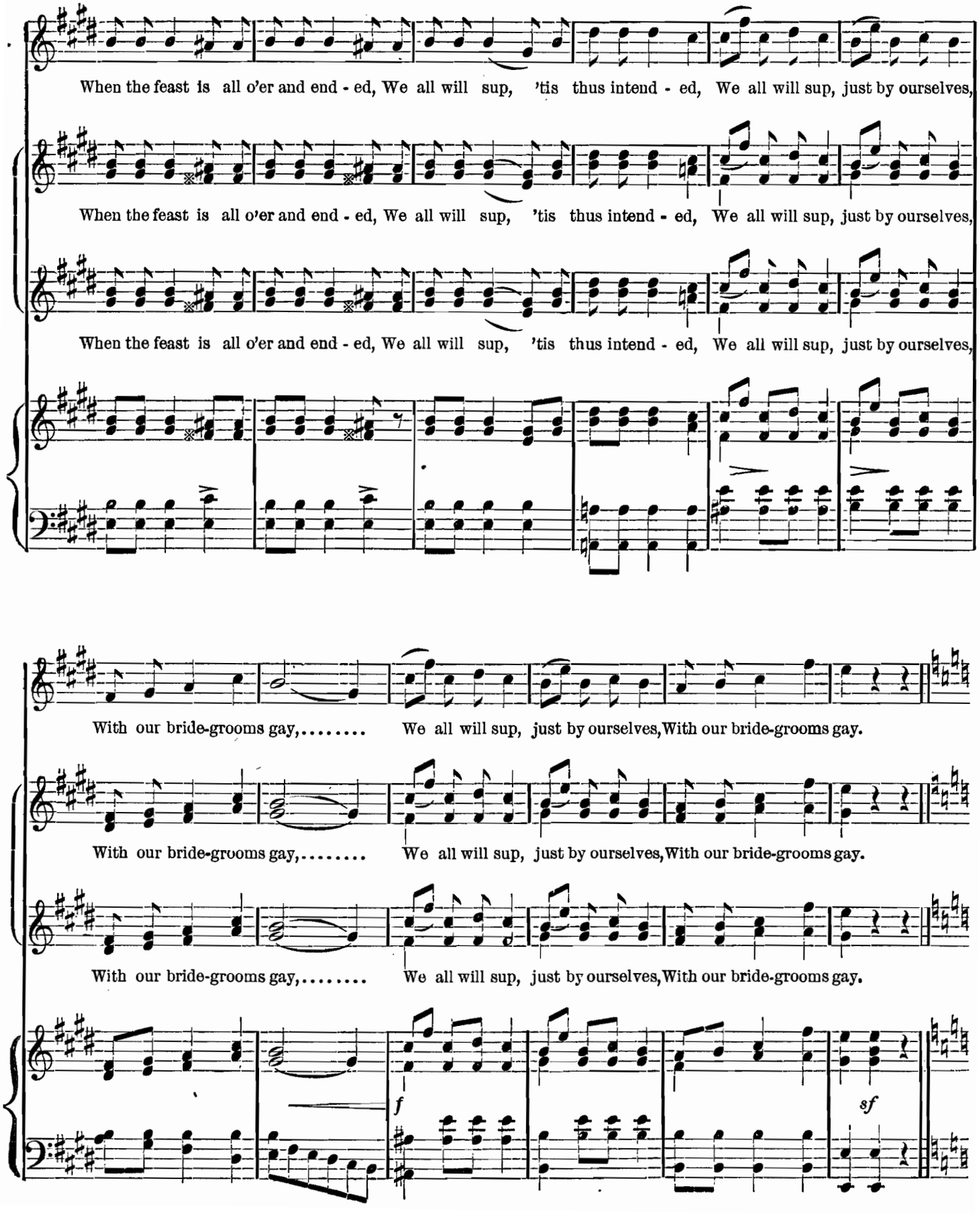

No fear be - tray ;.... When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis
No fear be - tray ;.... When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis
thus in - tend - ed, We all will sup, Just by our - selves, With our bride - grooms
thus in - tend - ed, We all will sup, Just by our - selves, With our bride - grooms
gay,..... We all will sup, all by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
gay,..... We all will sup, all by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
1st & 2d PAGES. (bringing their trays.)
Our

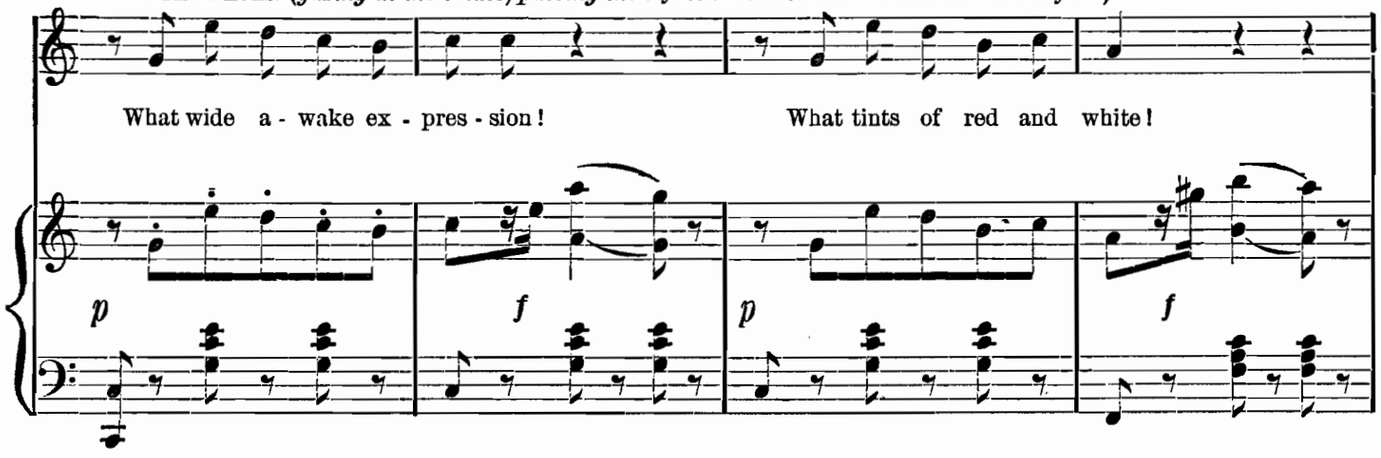

of - fice is to ten - der The la - test course, and ren - der Fruits and
Jos.
f
Fruits and des - sert com - plete.
THE BRIDES.
f
Fruits and des - sert com - plete.
TUTTI.
f
3rd & 4th PAGES.
des - sert com - plete. Fruits and des - sert com - plete. Blanc - mange and su - gar
f
p
can - dy, Ice - - cream in glass - es han - - dy, Nuts, and bis - cuits so

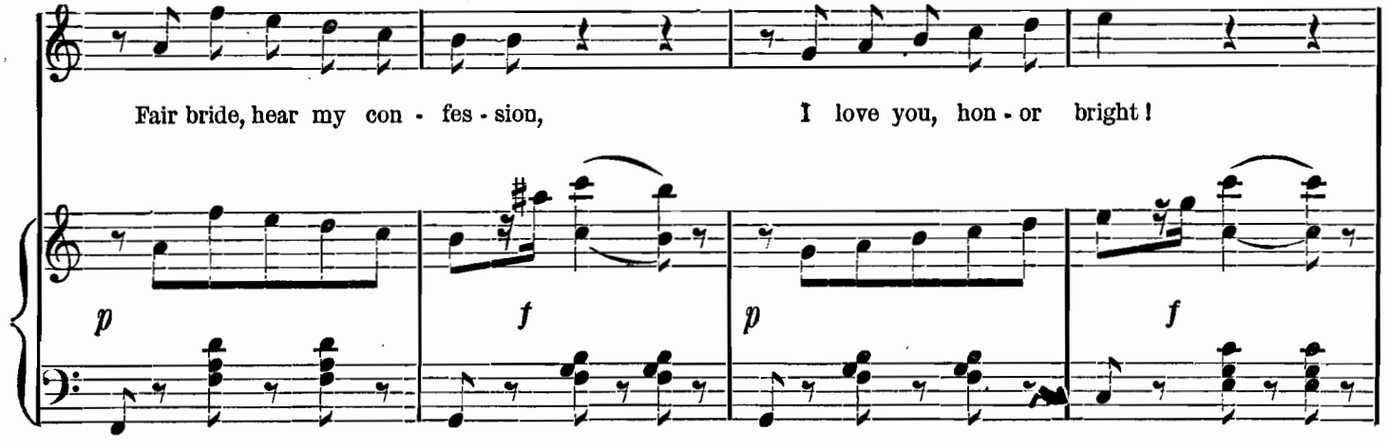

JOSEFA.
Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet.
Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet.
5th & 6th PAGES.
sweet, Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet. Ripe grapes An - da - lou - si - an, With
or - an - ges Mur - ci - an, And can - died fruits di - - vine,
cres.
JOSEFA.
And candied fruits di - vine.
And candied fruits di - vine.
7th & 8th PAGES.
And candied fruits di - vine. Crisp cake of Flemish sa - vor, Sponge - drops with al - mond


f
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
fla - vor, Comfits filled with sweet wine.
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
mf
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.

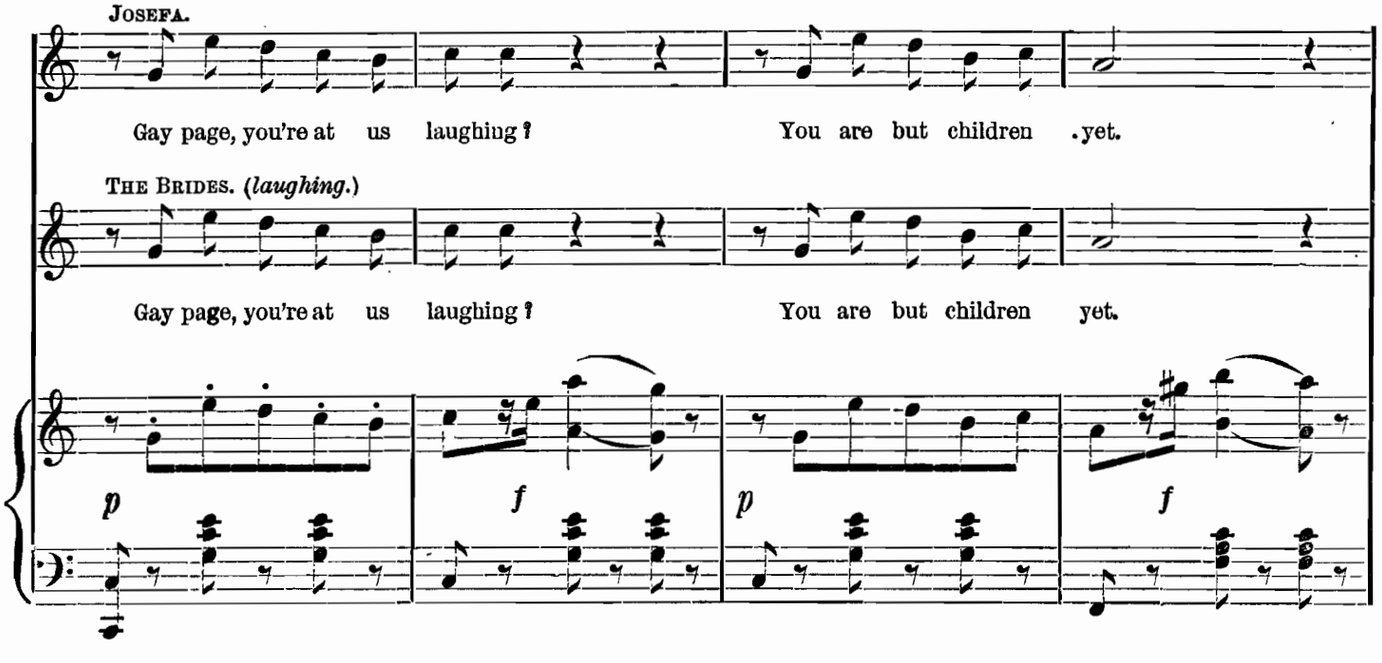

When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
f
sf

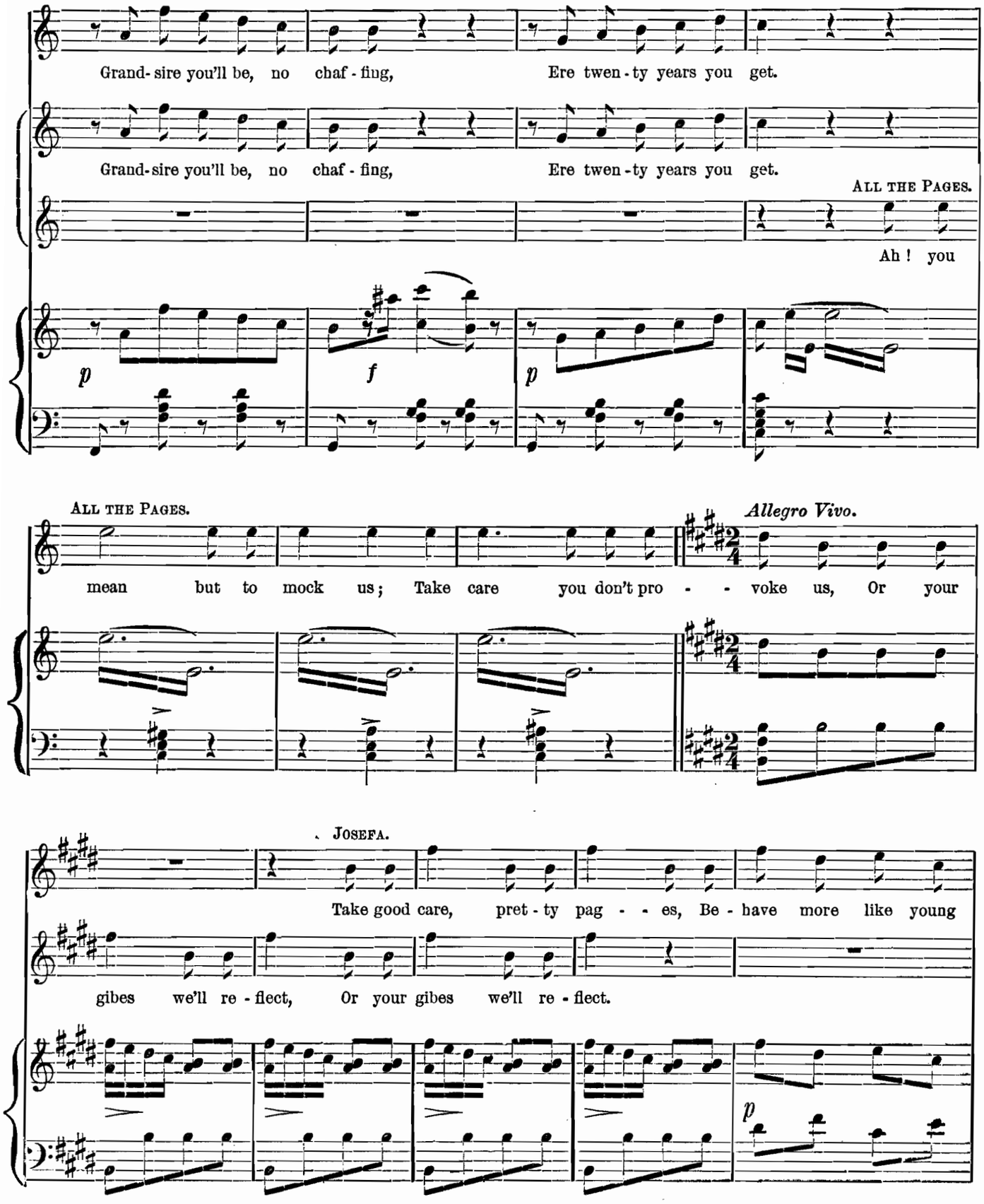
ALL THE PAGES. (*gazing at the brides, passing the refreshments to them whose hands are full.*)

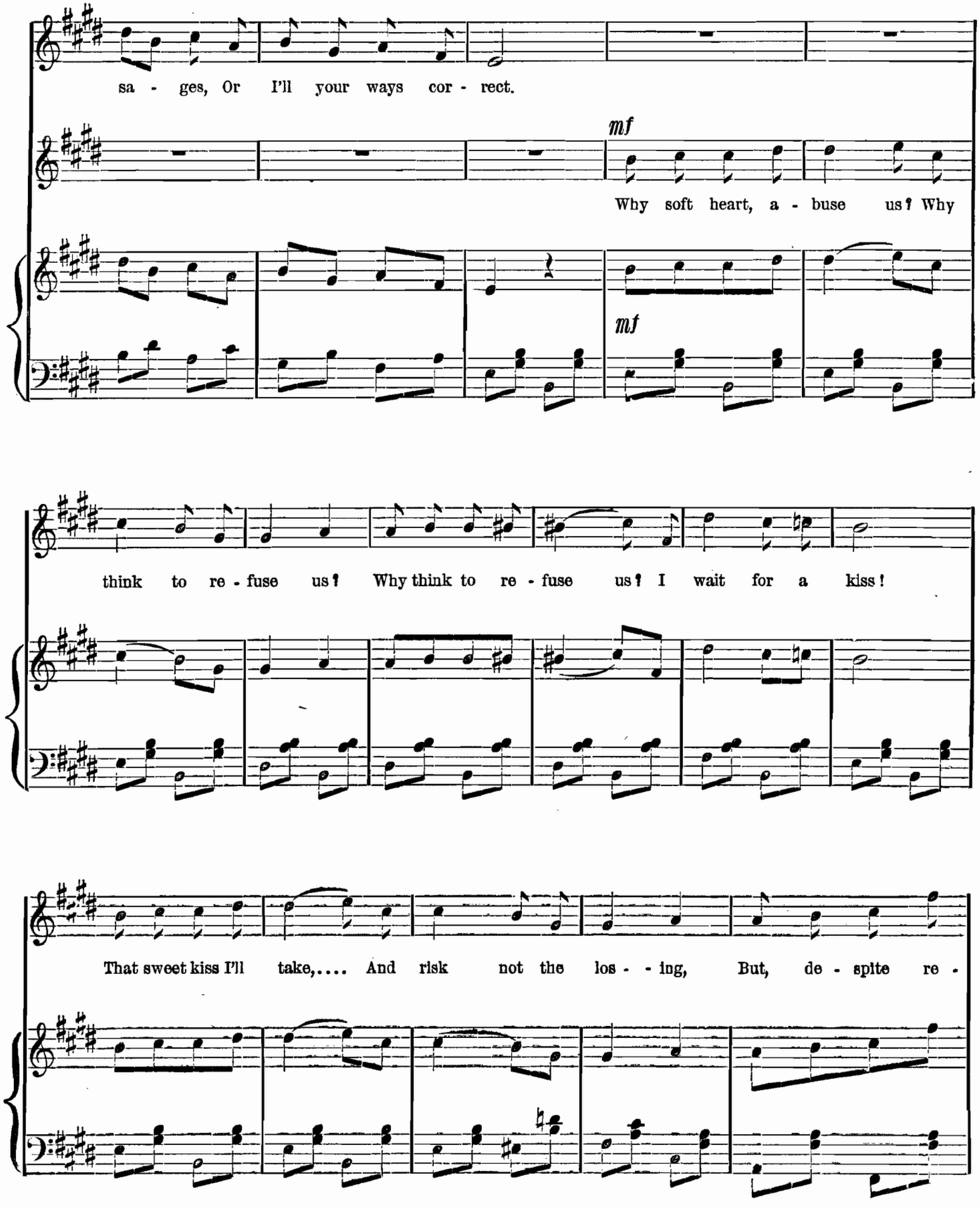


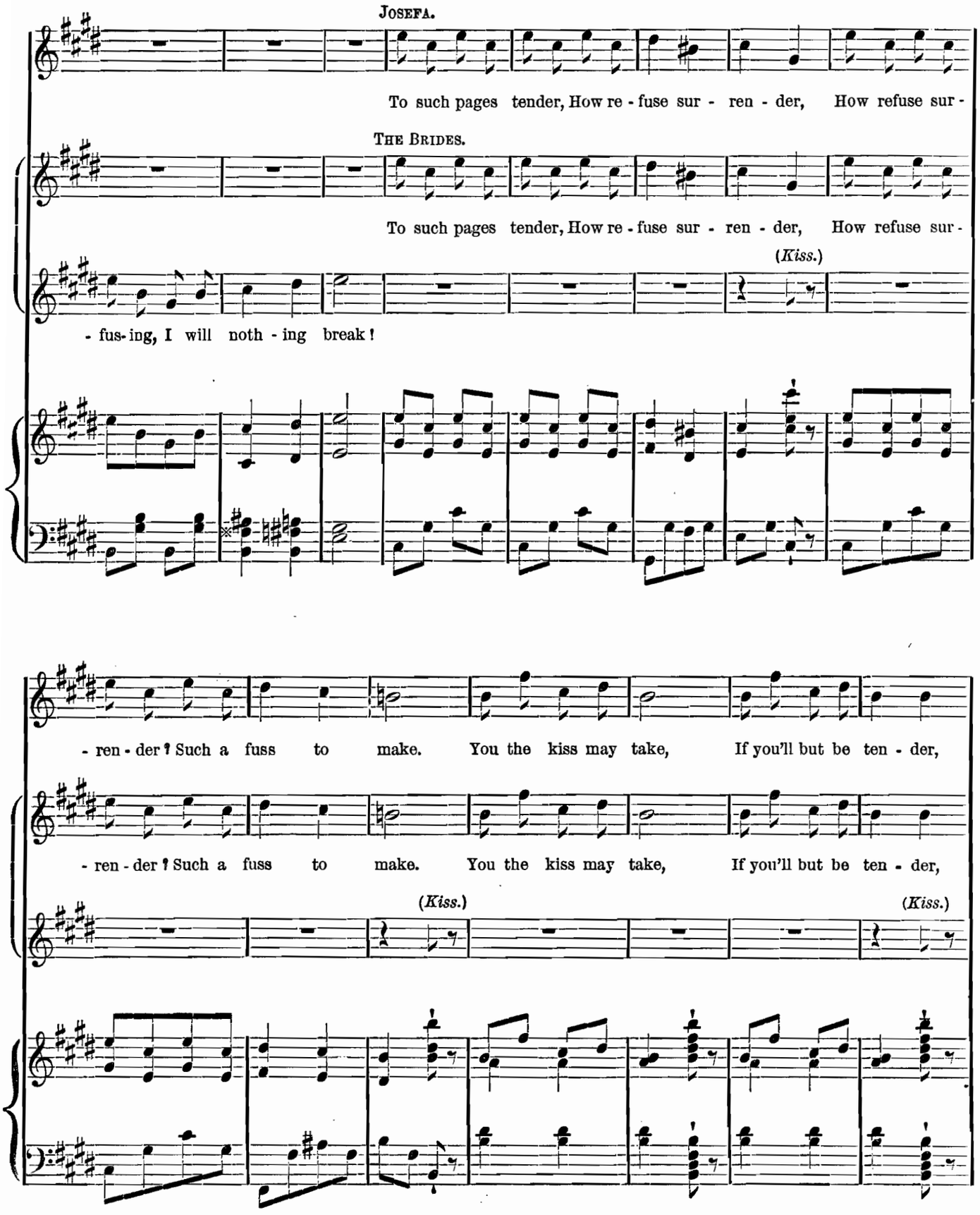


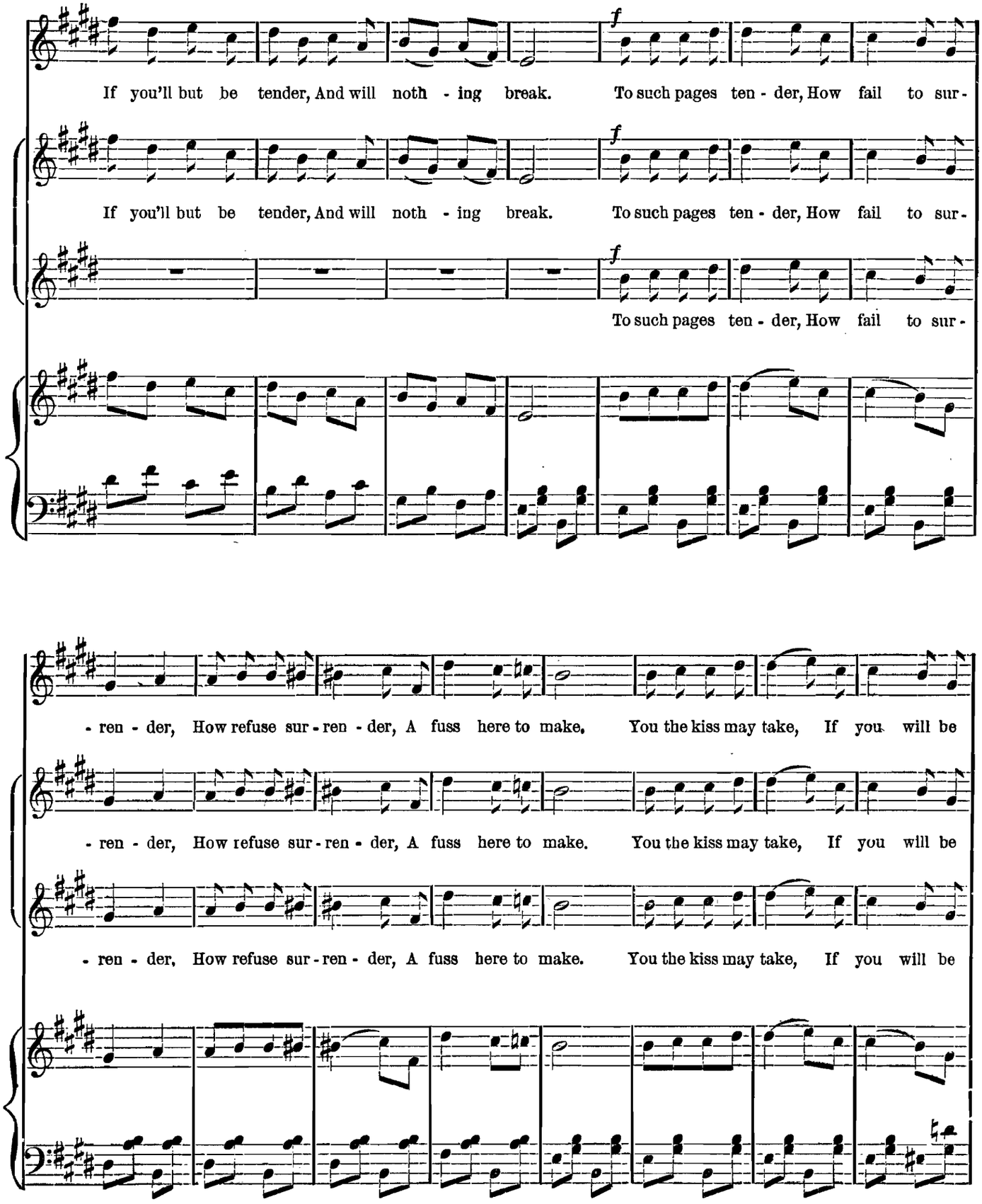
JOSEFA.

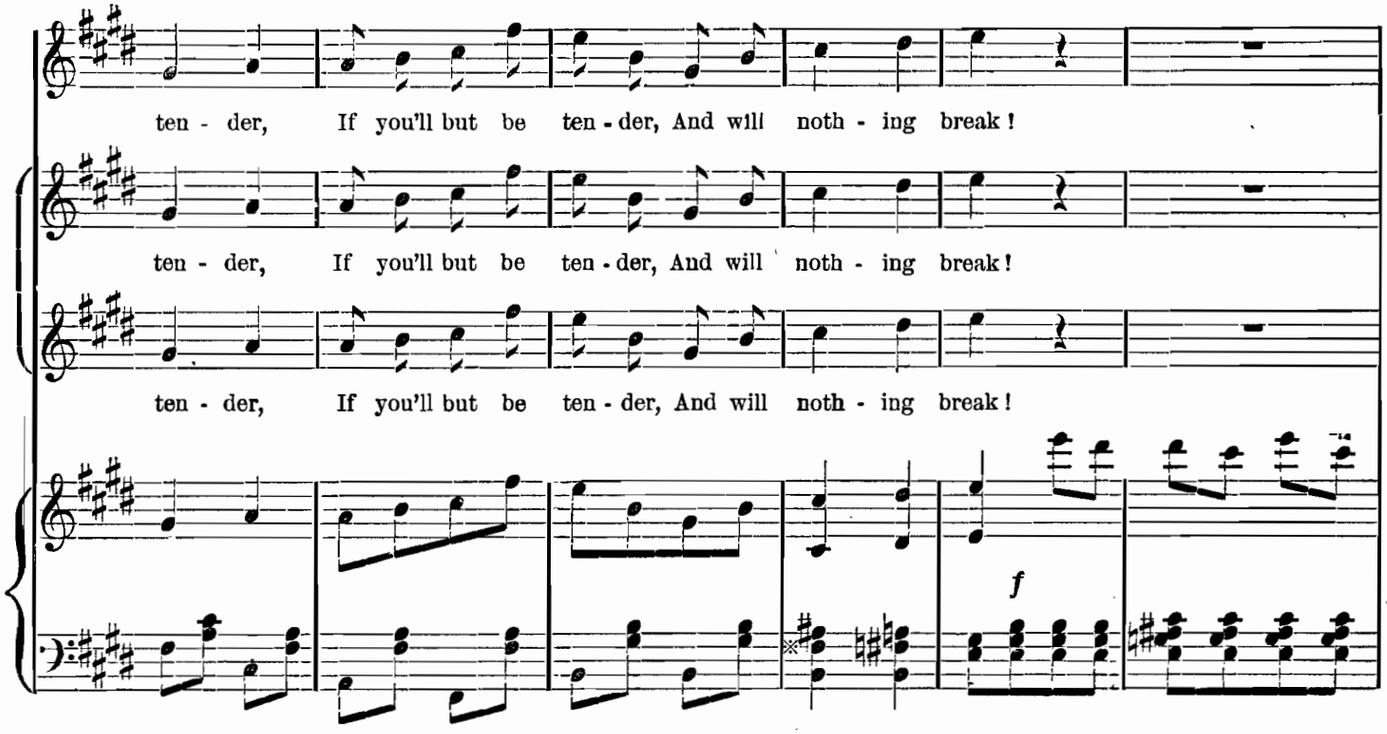



Grand-sire you'll be, no chaf-fing, Ere twen-ty years you get.
Grand-sire you'll be, no chaf-fing, Ere twen-ty years you get.
ALL THE PAGES.
Ah! you
p
f
p
ALL THE PAGES.
Allegro Vivo.
mean but to mock us; Take care you don't pro - - voke us, Or your
JOSEFA.
Take good care, pret-ty pag - - es, Be-have more like young
gibes we'll re-flect, Or your gibes we'll re-flect.
p

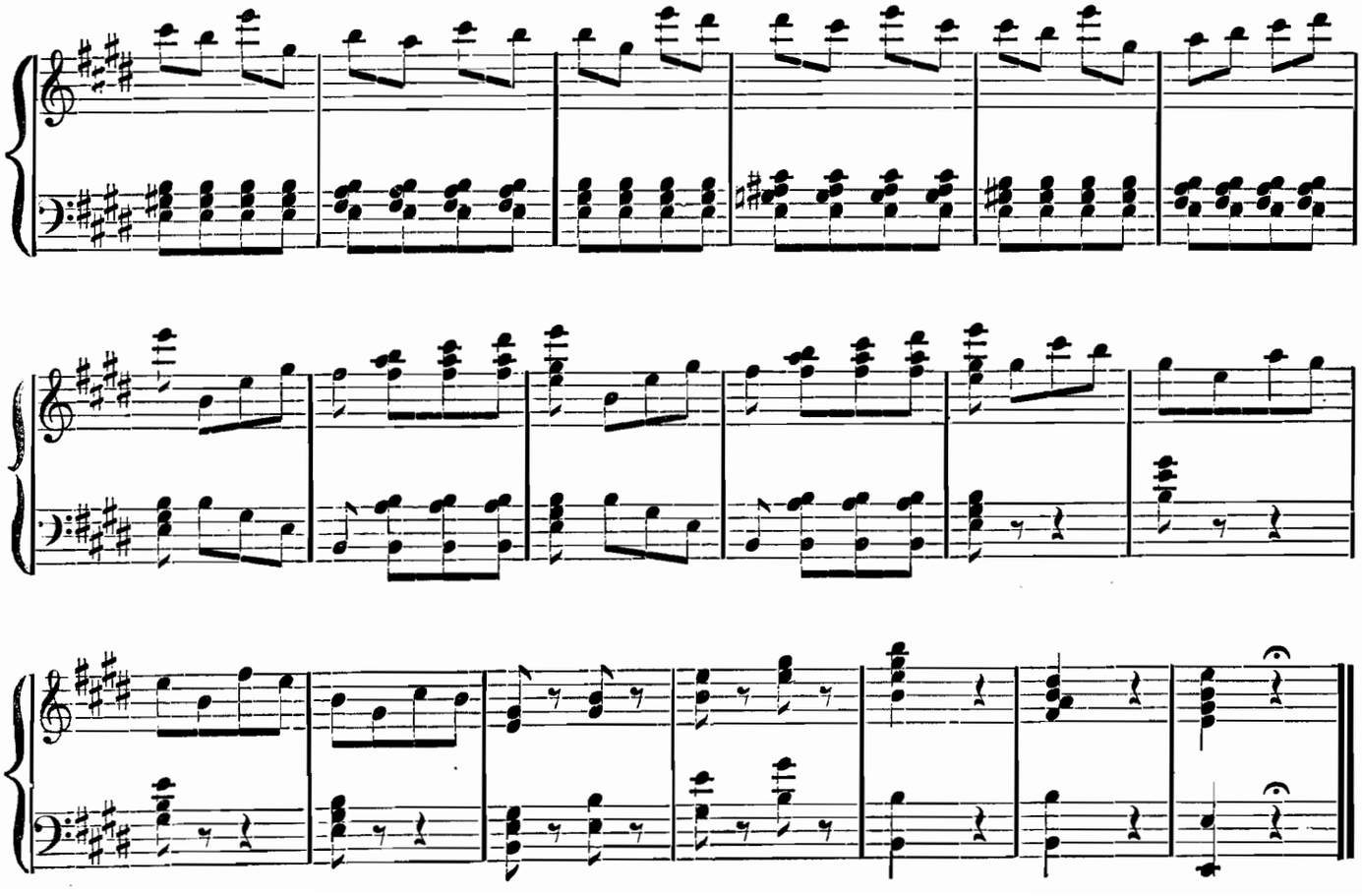

sa - ges, Or I'll your ways cor - rect.
mf
Why soft heart, a - buse us? Why
mf
think to re - fuse us? Why think to re - fuse us? I wait for a kiss!
That sweet kiss I'll take,.... And risk not the los - - ing, But, de - spite re -


JOSEFA.
To such pages tender, How re - fuse sur - ren - der, How refuse sur -
THE BRIDES.
To such pages tender, How re - fuse sur - ren - der, How refuse sur -
(Kiss.)
- fus-ing, I will noth - ing break!
- ren - der? Such a fuss to make. You the kiss may take, If you'll but be ten - der,
- ren - der? Such a fuss to make. You the kiss may take, If you'll but be ten - der,
(Kiss.)
(Kiss.)


If you'll but be tender, And will noth - ing break. To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
If you'll but be tender, And will noth - ing break. To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be

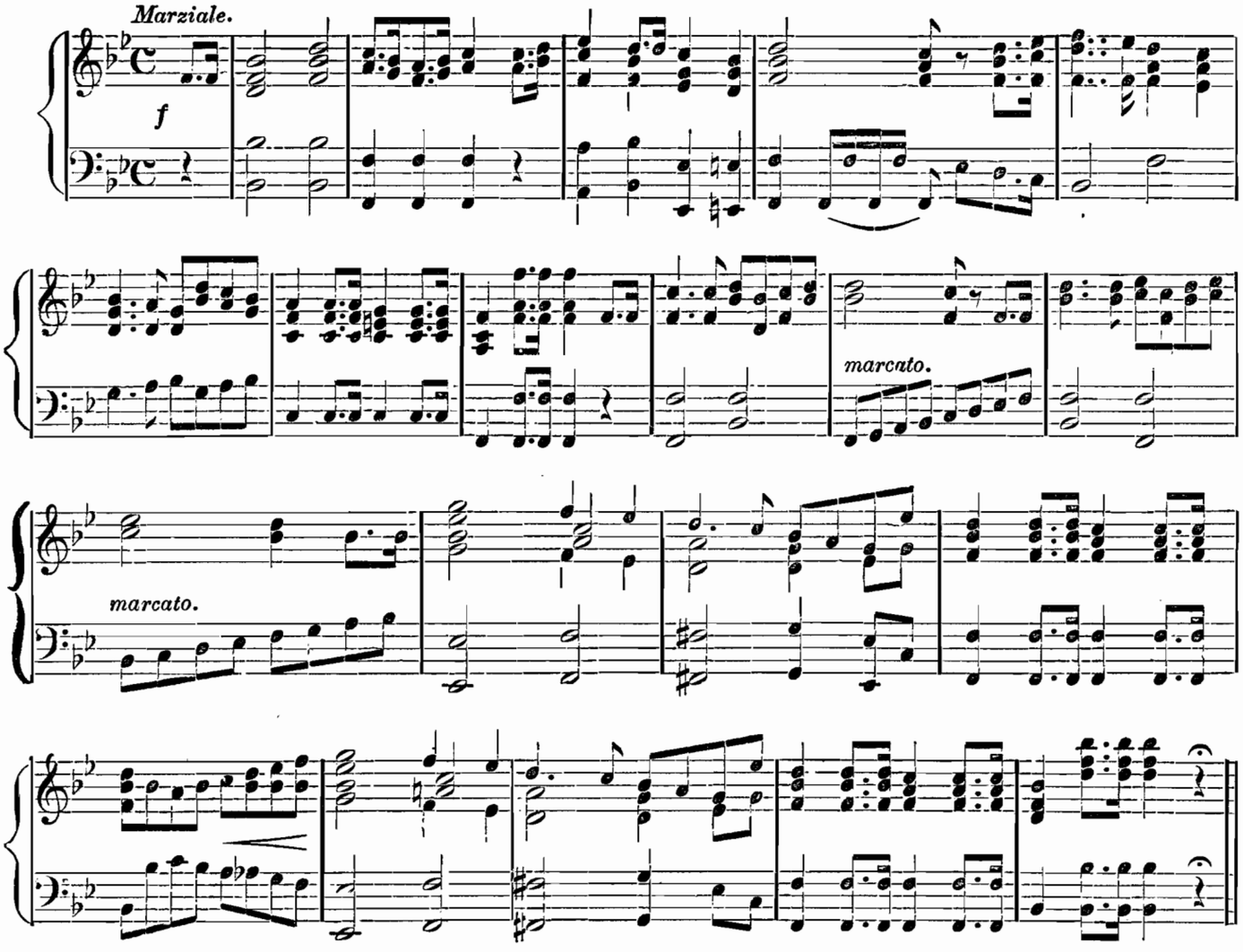


(The pages pursue, and kiss the brides, during this ritornelle. The brides escape, and carry their plates in the gallery.)



NATIONAL HYMN.

BEHIND THE SCENES.



SCENE II. MORALES. *The* PAGES. MORALES *appears at the left, and sees* JOSEFA, *who is the last to go out.*

MOR. (*Calling out.*) Josefa! Josefa!

ASCA. Too late! you will not see her; her service keeps her near the princess.

PASC. And yours confines you to the palace gates.

LAZA. That is so— you are a brigadier now, thanks to the princess, who appointed you last evening.

PABLO. And all the brigadiers are posted at the palace tonight.

MOR. Unhappily! my wedding night does not commence until to-morrow at dawn.

PABLO. Does that distress you?

ASCA. I think it does. She is charming— your wife.

PABLO. And she will have to return alone to the homestead.

LAZA. While Monsieur, the bridegroom, dances attendance here.

ALL THE PAGES. (*Snrrounding him, and laughing.*) Mr. Bridegroom! Mr. Bridegroom.

MOR. Devil take the pages!

PABLO. Come now, my friends,— we must take pity on the poor groom. Who knows! we may be married ourselves, some day, perhaps— when we are good for nothing else! Listen, Morales, I think I have found a way to reconcile matters.

MOR. Ah! so much the better!

PASC. It would not be proper that your little wife, who 's good enough to eat, should remain alone until tomorrow.

MOR. Isn't that so?

PABLO. Without hearing a tender word, or feeling the pressure of a friendly hand

MOR. That is self-evident. What is your remedy?

PABLO. It is this. I will not leave her for a moment, and you will be sure at least, that someone will be near her, to amuse her while she awaits your return. (*All laugh.*)

MOR. Ah! if that is what you call reconciling matters, I don't want it. (*The National Hymn is heard.*)

ASCA. The National Hymn! they are leaving the tables— make room.

ALL THE PAGES. Mr. Bridegroom, to your post!

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SCENE III. *The* KING. DON MOSQUITOS.

THE KING. Very fine, our national air! perfectly beautiful. (*taking* MOSQUITOS *aside.*) We had a little disorder, just now—in the speeches. I pretended to observe nothing, but positively, there was something wrong. When the corporations were received, did you hear any comments?

MOSQ. To be sure, Sire!

THE KING. Thus, in reply to the milk-dealers and the wine-merchants, the prince has pronounced the address prepared in reply to the agriculturists, and felicited them that the works of drainage and canalisation would put as much water at their disposition as they could desire.

MOSQ. They all sneered.

THE KING. Parbleu! they had reason to! The replies to the speeches had got mixed up then?

MOSQ, Pardon, Sire! they were all classed and numbered, but the prince got them all in disorder, one might have said purposely.

THE KING. He is quite capable of doing so. When it came to the turn of the bailiffs, he replied to them what he ought to say to the bankers, that he hoped they would be more busy than ever, and that they might not be sufficient for the crowd of their clients

MOSQ. A crash— then!

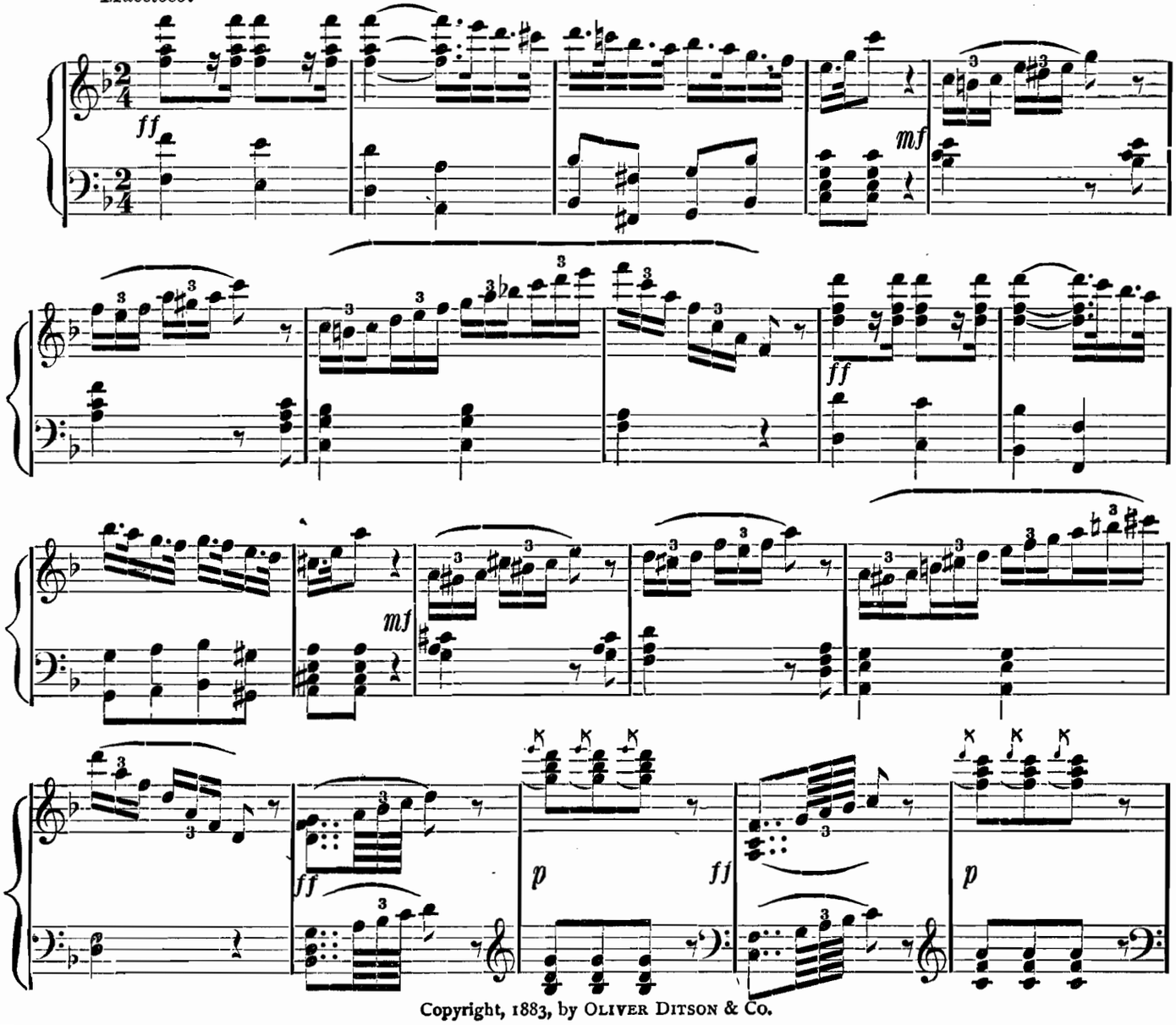
THE KING. 'Tis scandalous! At least, let us seem to take no notice. Here comes my court!

SCENE IV. *The same.* GAETAN. MICHAELA. DONNA SCOLASTICA. *Courtiers. Ladies.* JOESFA. GAETAN *advances first, giving a hand to* MICAELA *who still wears her bridal veil. He pretends not to regard her. All the court follows in stately fashion.*

IN GOTHA'S WORK OF RENOWN.

Entrance of the Court and chorus of the Almanac of Gotha.

Maestoso.



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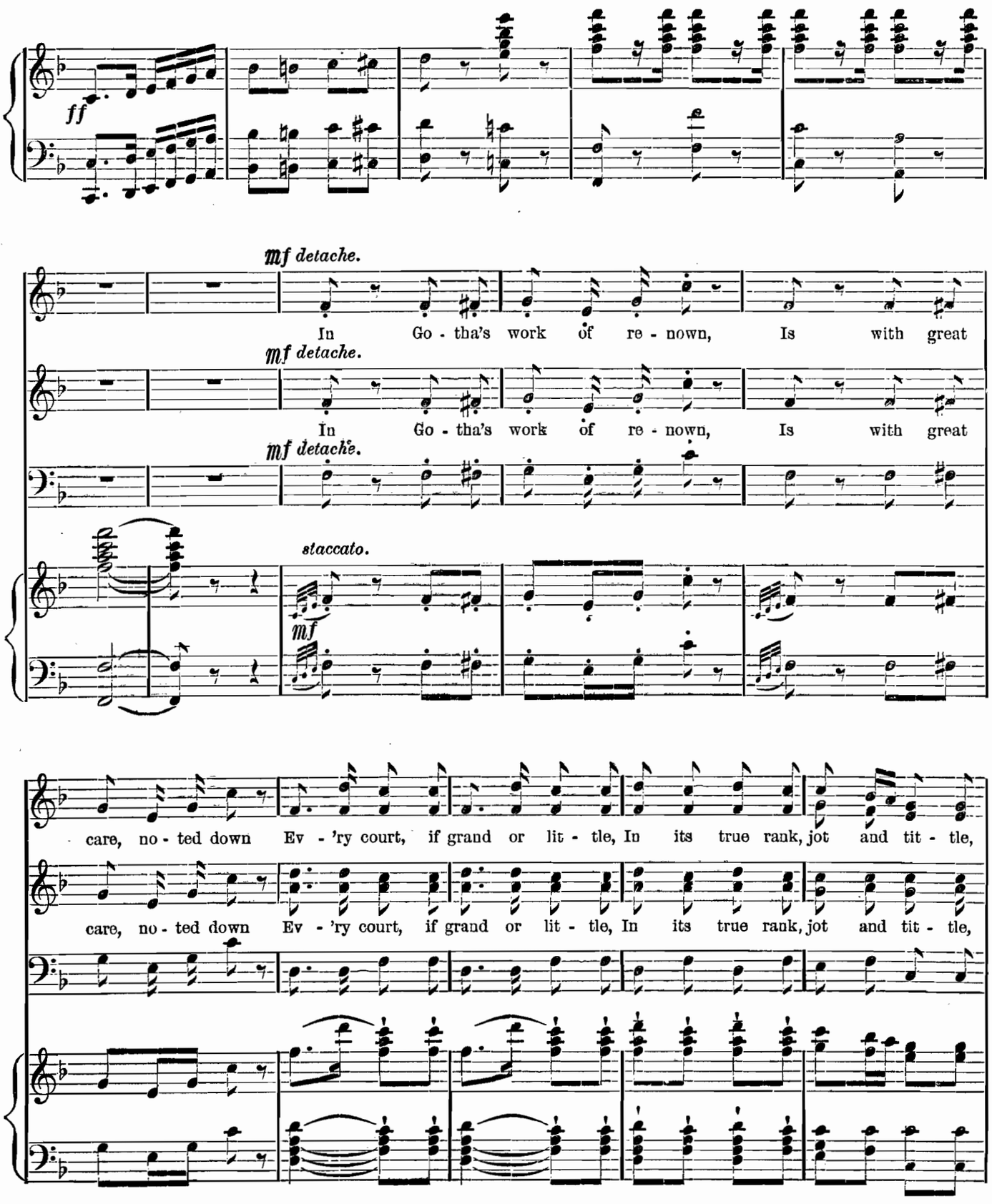
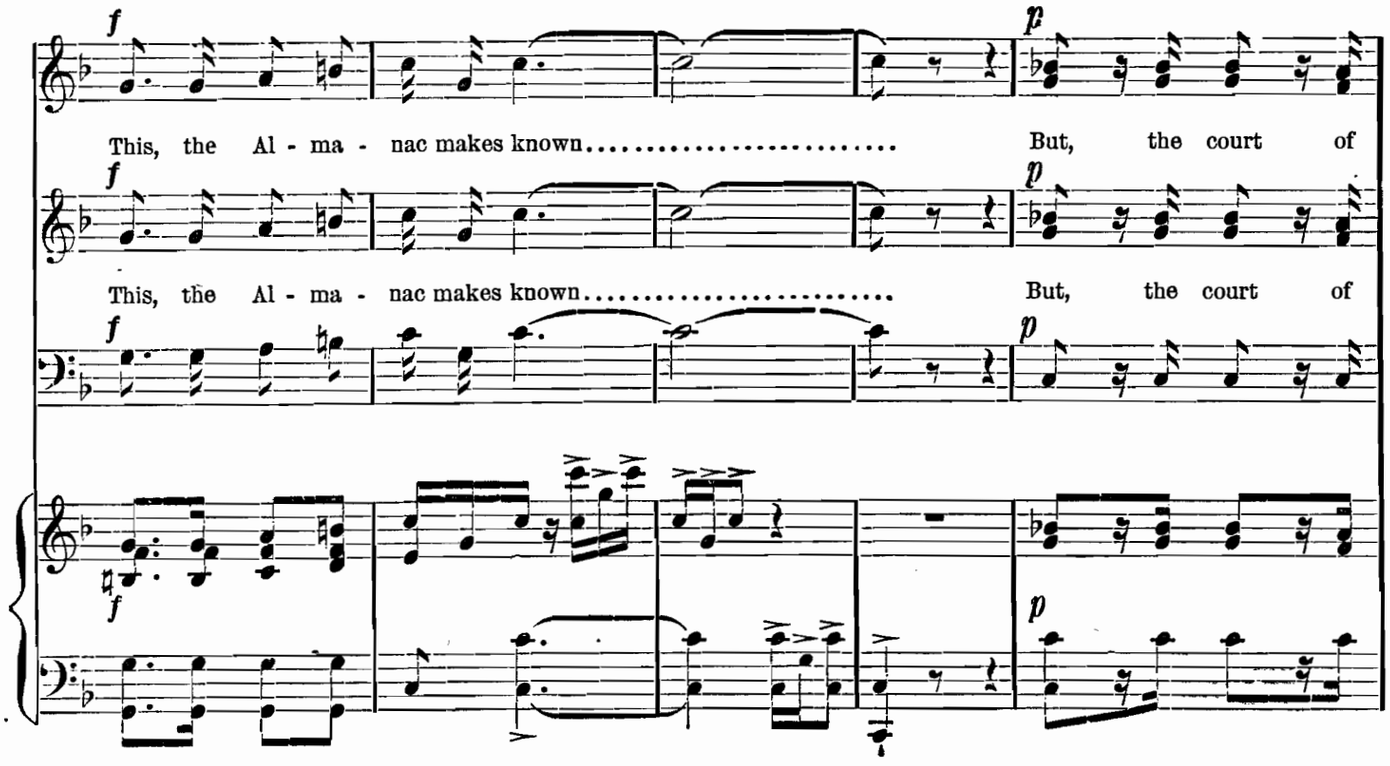
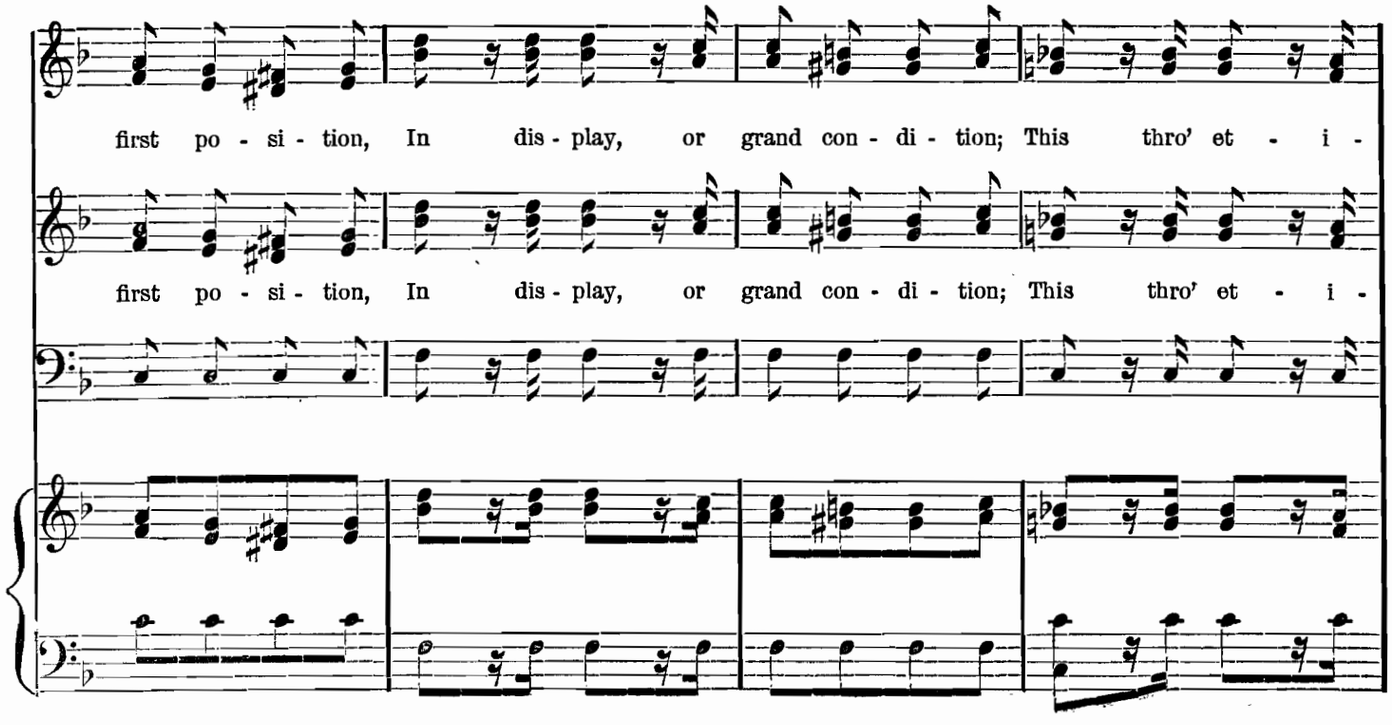
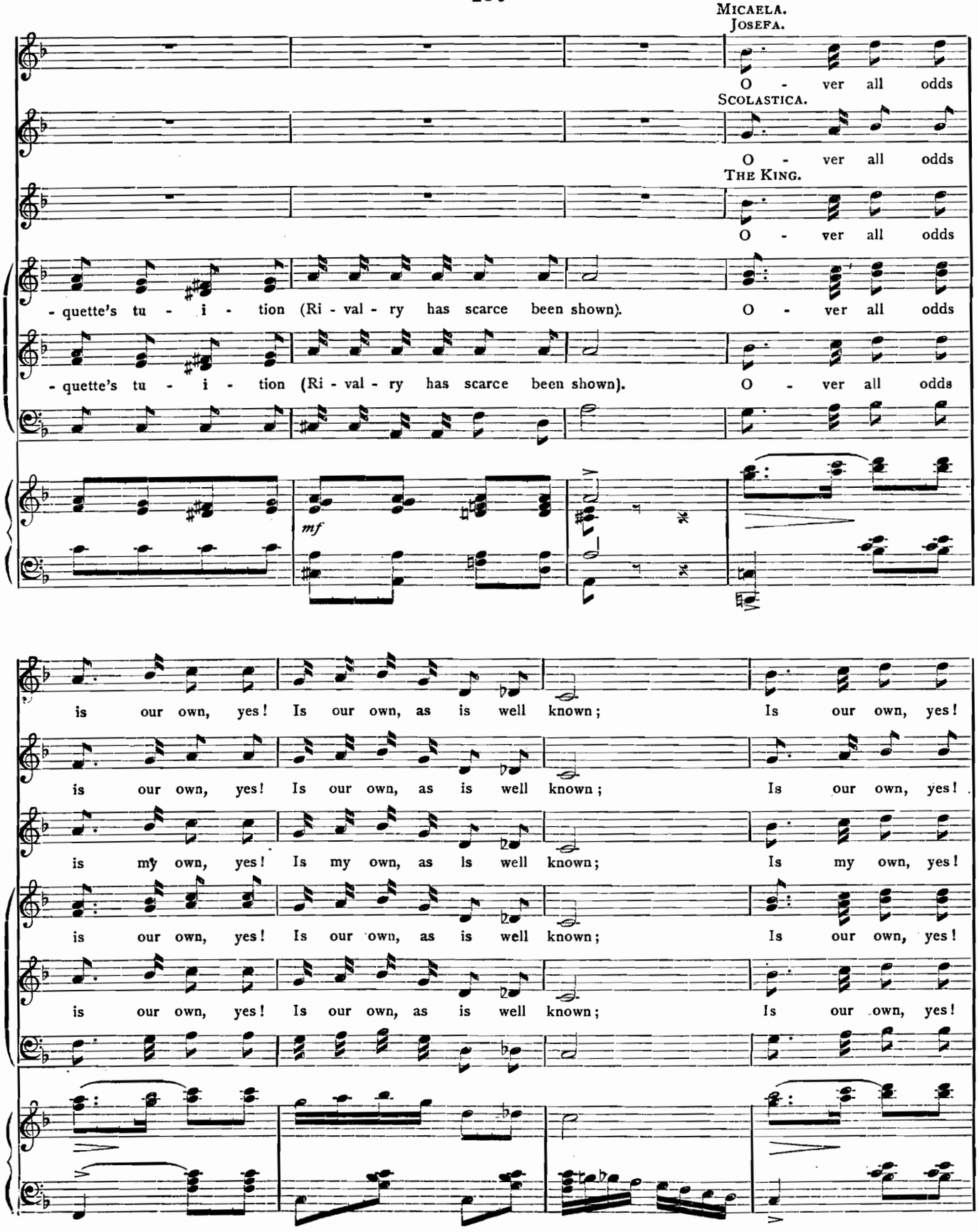
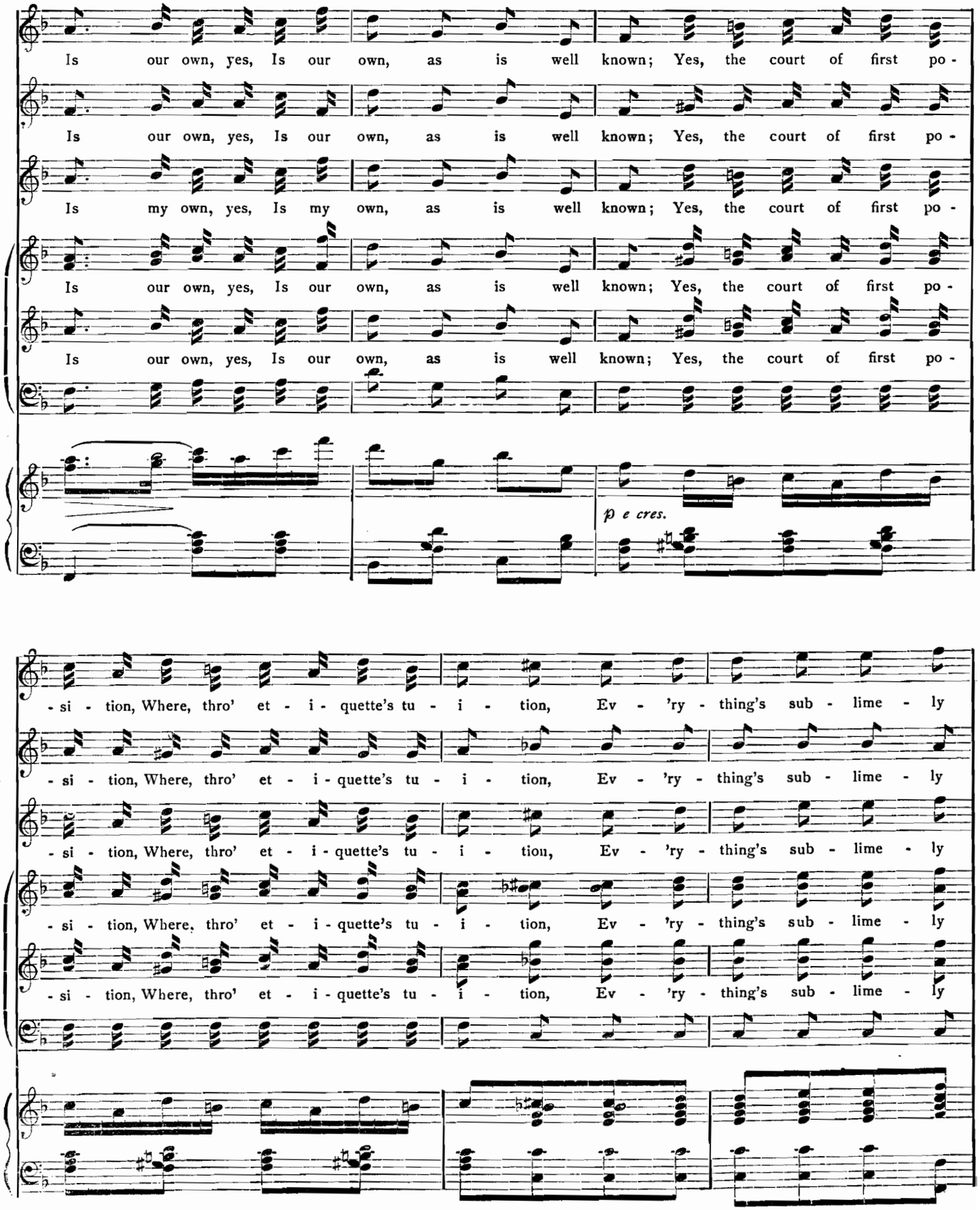
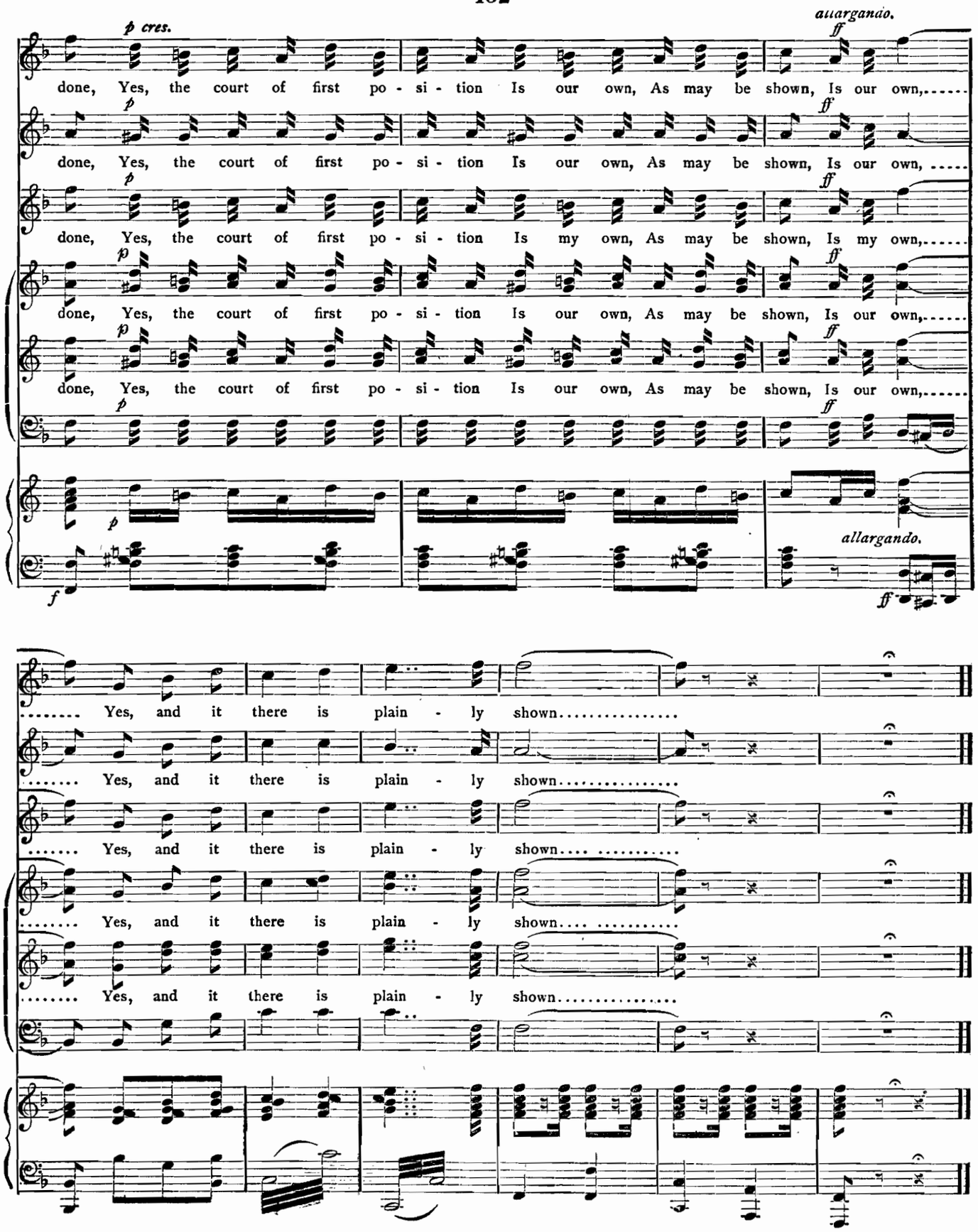

ff
mf detache.
In Go - tha's work of re - nown, Is with great
mf detache.
In Go - tha's work of re - nown, Is with great
mf detache.
staccato.
mf
care, no - ted down Ev - 'ry court, if grand or lit - tle, In its true rank, jot and tit - tle,
care, no - ted down Ev - 'ry court, if grand or lit - tle, In its true rank, jot and tit - tle,


This, the Al - ma - nac makes known.....
But, the court of
This, the Al - ma - nac makes known.....
But, the court of


first po - si - tion, In dis - play, or grand con - di - tion; This thro' et - i -
first po - si - tion, In dis - play, or grand con - di - tion; This thro' et - i -


MICAELA.
JOSEFA.
O - ver all odds
SCOLASTICA.
O - ver all odds
THE KING.
O - ver all odds
- quette's tu - i - tion (Ri - val - ry has scarce been shown).
O - ver all odds
- quette's tu - i - tion (Ri - val - ry has scarce been shown).
O - ver all odds
mf
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is my own, yes! Is my own, as is well known;
Is my own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!


Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is my own, yes, Is my own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
p e cres.
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly


p cres.
allargando.
ff
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own, ...
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is my own, As may be shown, Is my own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
allargando.
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....

THE KING. (*aside, to* SCOLASTICA.) 'Tis well! all the presentations are over. The court has expressed its joy. What now remains to be done?

SCOL. (*aside.*) Sire! the noble pair, ought in your presence to exchange the first expression of their sentiments.

THE KING. Good! (*aloud.*) Prince, I authorise you to address the princess in a few words.

GAE. (*reading a paper.*) Two people, that nature has separated, have been brought together by our union.

THE KING. (*to* MOS.) Ah! that begins well! I was still afraid of some blundering.

GAE. (*changing the paper.*) The wine growers give us legitimate hopes.

(*Gestures by* SCOLASTICA. MICAELA *smiles.*)

THE KING. (*uneasy.*) What is all that?

MOS. (*alarmed.*) Oh! it is No. 17. The address to the Agricultural Chamber.

THE KING. Go on!

MICAELA. (*to whom the Camérera seems to dictate her replies.*) For my part, I wish to devote myself entirely to your person, and shall seek to lighten for you the burden of government.

MOS. (*to the* KING.) That is well.

THE KING. Oh! she goes straight—she is right—nothing but that to do.

GAE. The cereals make a good show—

THE KING. Better than his—

MIC. I shall follow your wise counsels—and get inspiration from these noble thoughts.

MOS. (*to the* KING) Her highness goes straight ahead.

THE KING. She goes on well, there is nothing to be said to the contrary! Is there anything more?

MOS. Yes, the hay crop.

THE KING. Cut it! (*he shakes hands with* GAETAN, *and withdraws the papers.*) Good! I am content—quite content!

GAE. (*aside.*) Well! It is not difficult! (*he turns upon his heel, and goes away from the princess.*)

THE KING. I have rarely been so happy—(*aside.*) Oh! if I were free, I would send him walking with good heart!

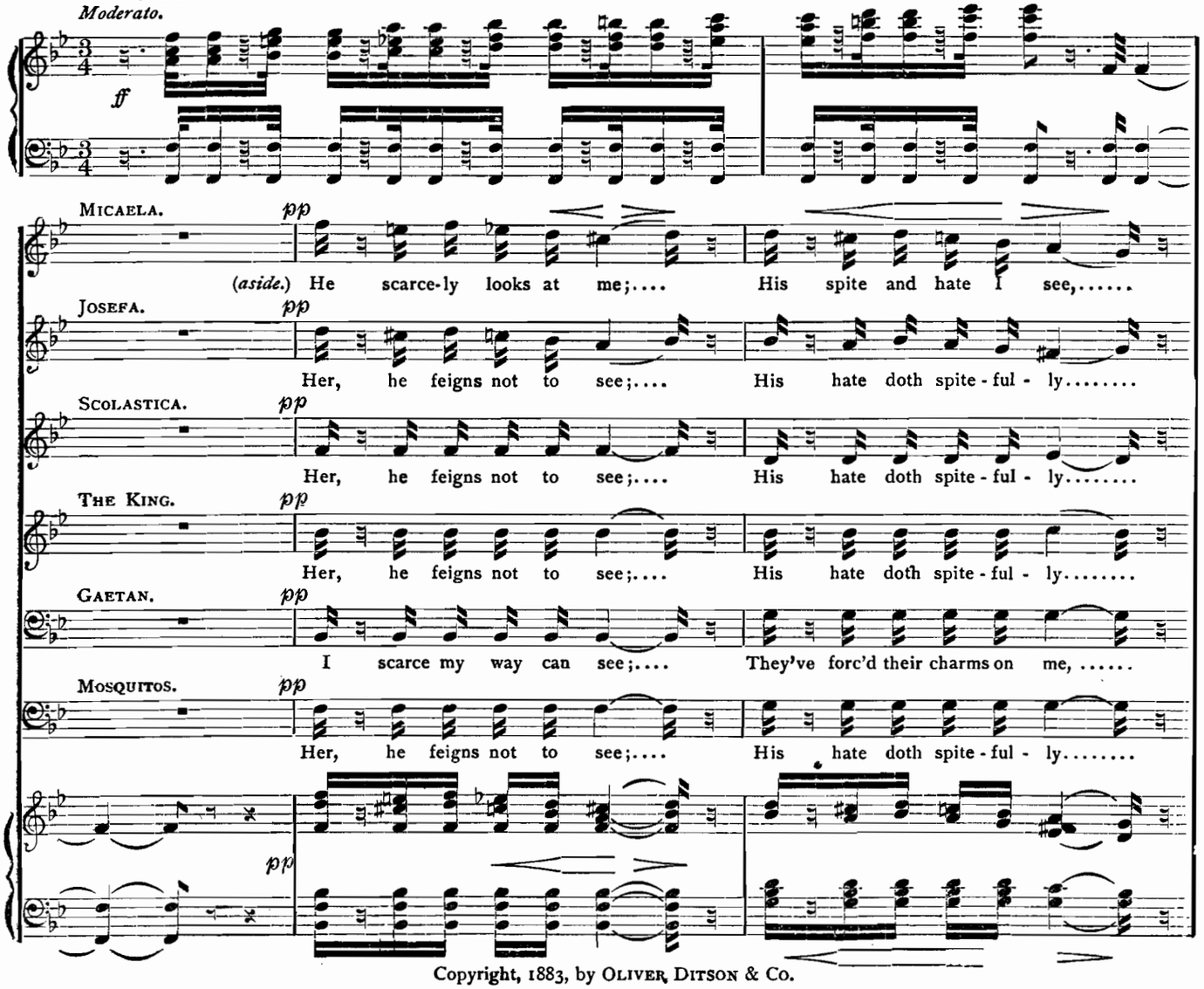
SCOL. The prince has strange distractions.

MIC. (*aside.*) What does it matter? I shall have my turn.

HE SCARCELY LOOKS AT ME.

No. 12.

Moderato.



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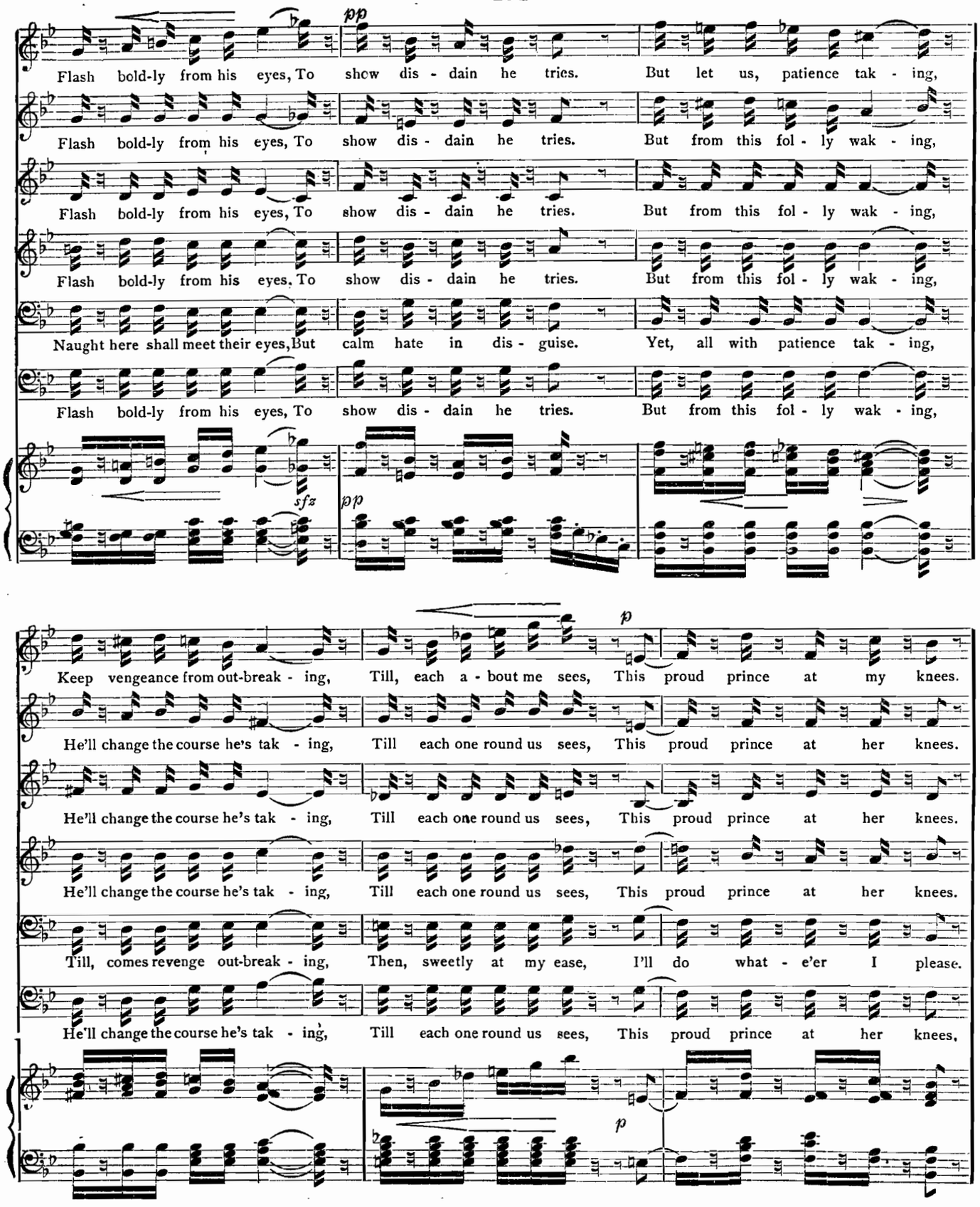
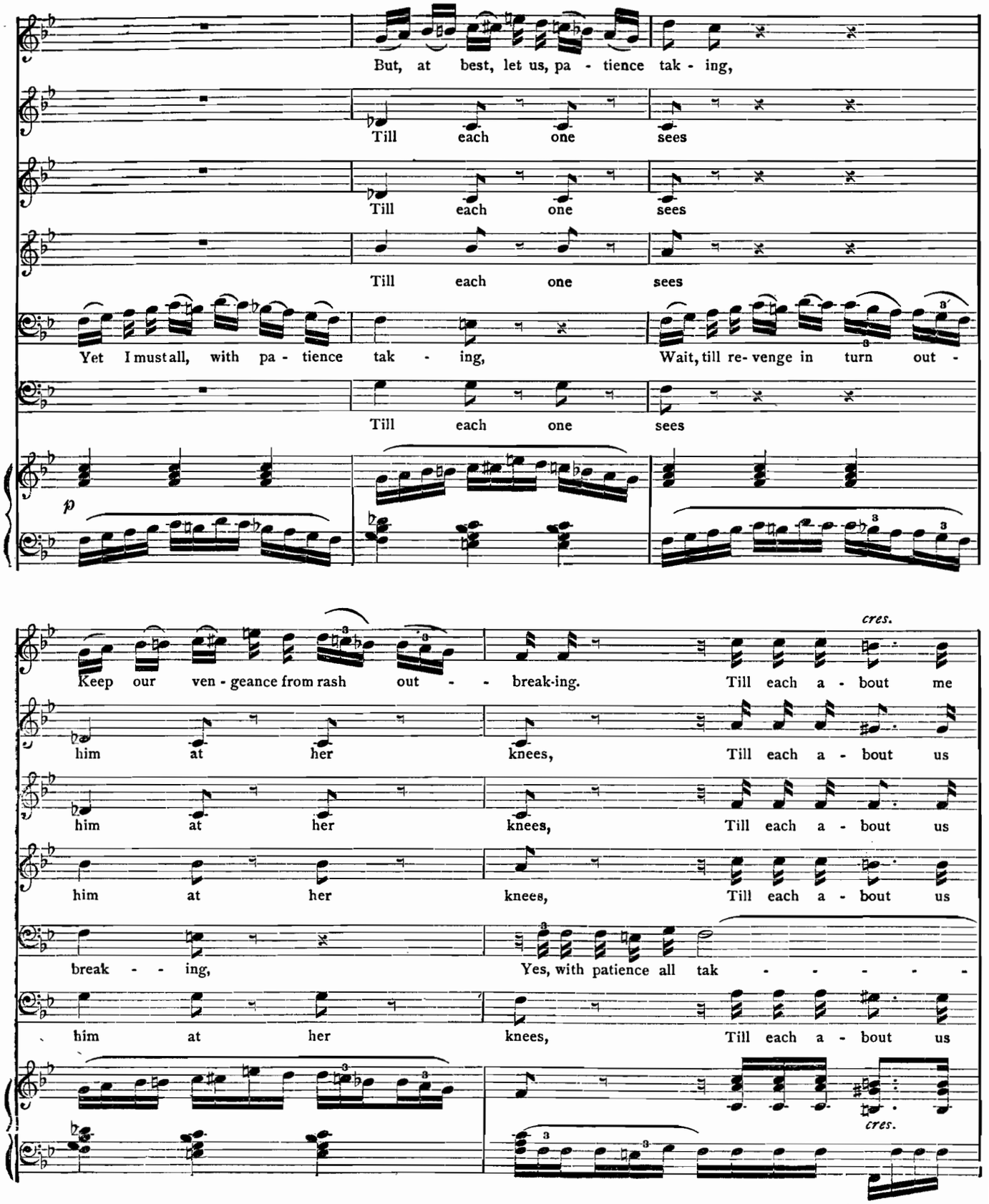
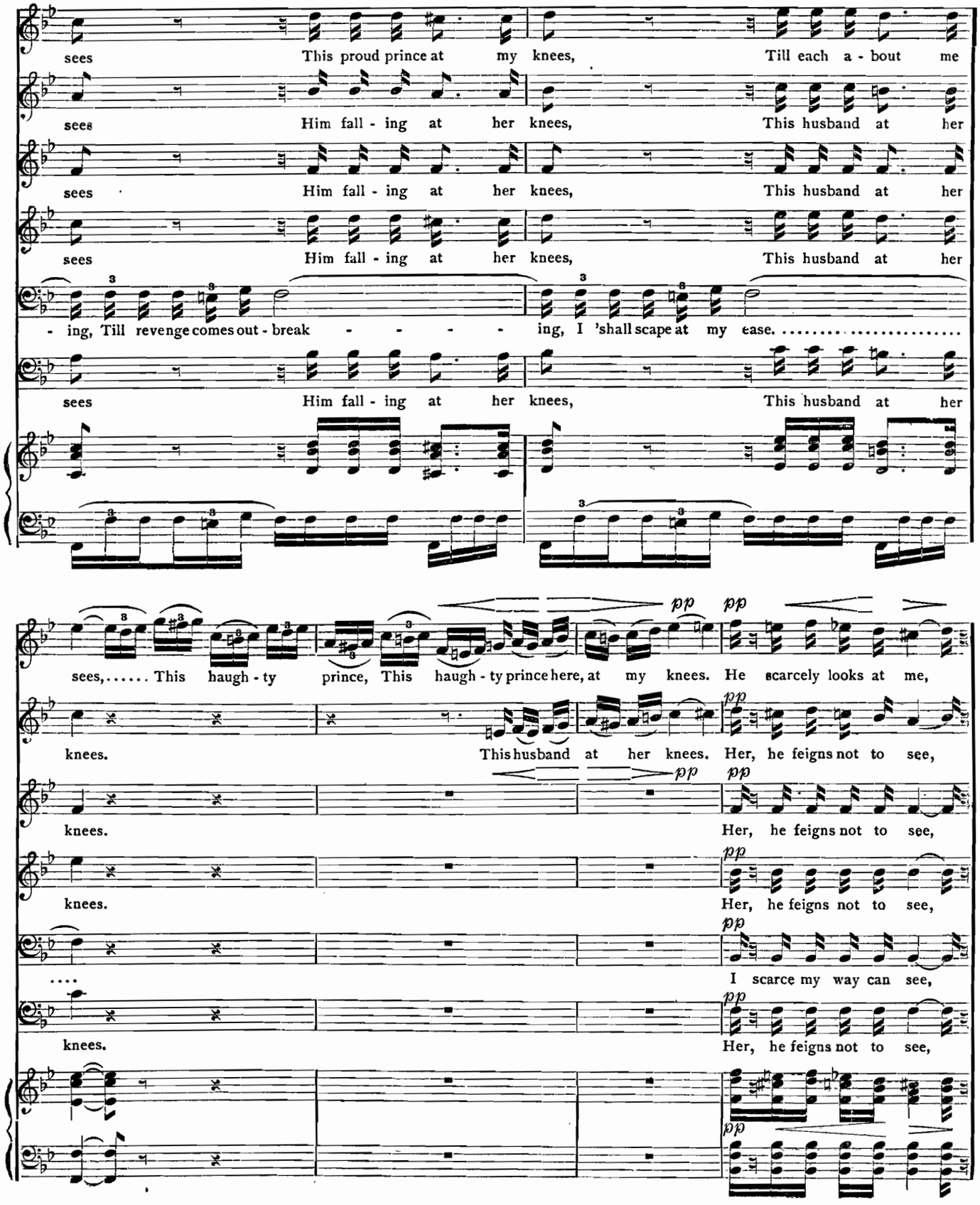
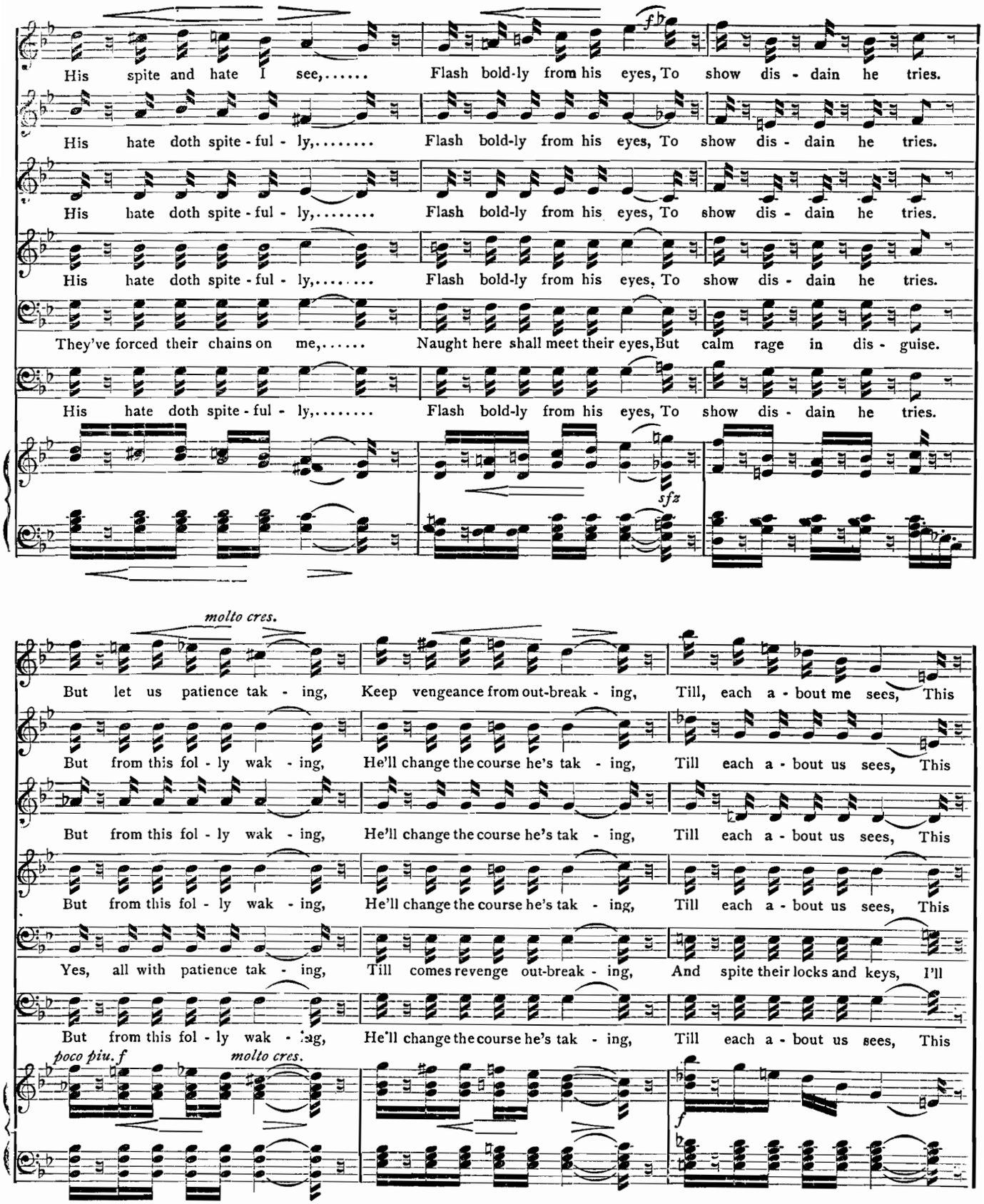
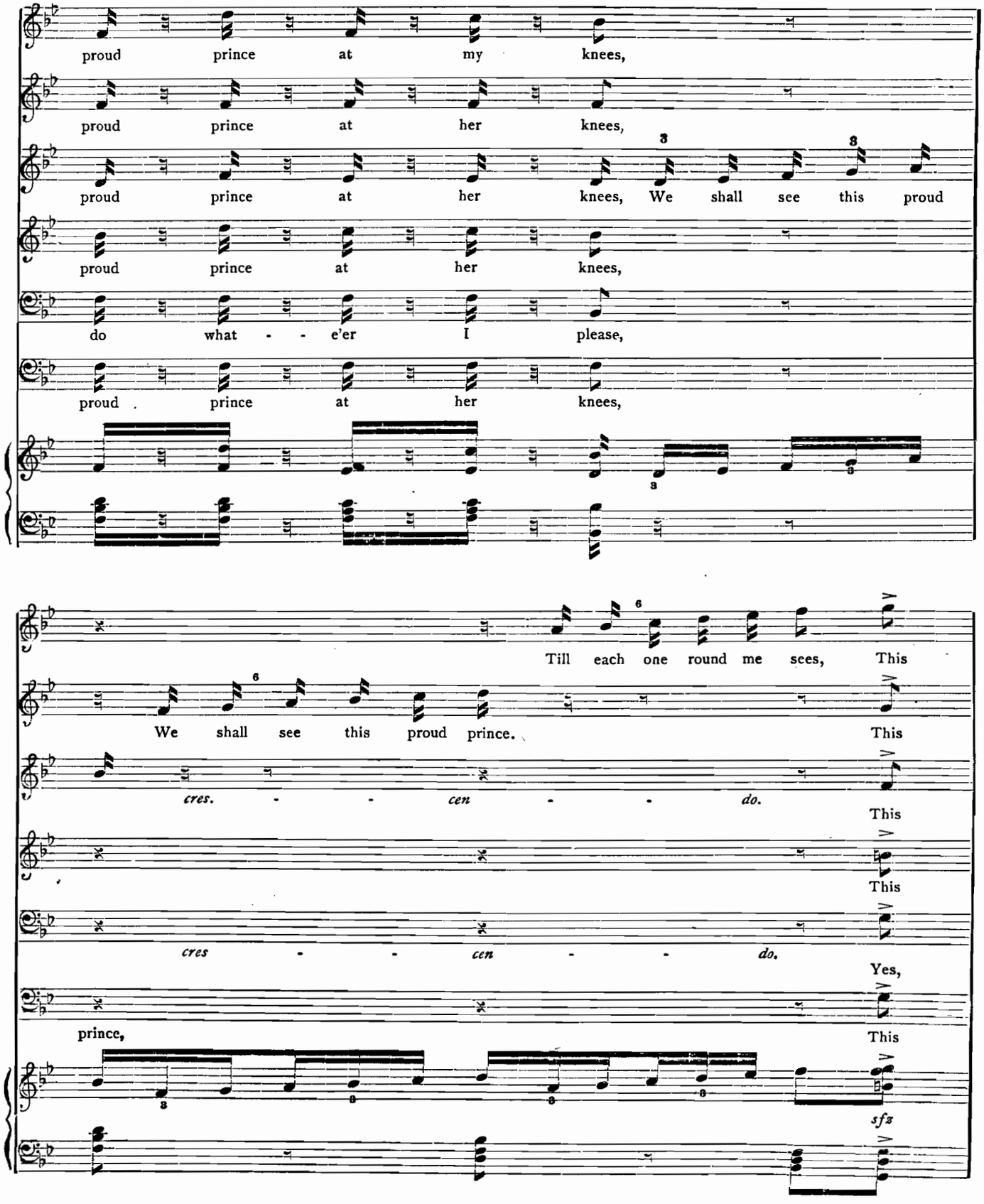
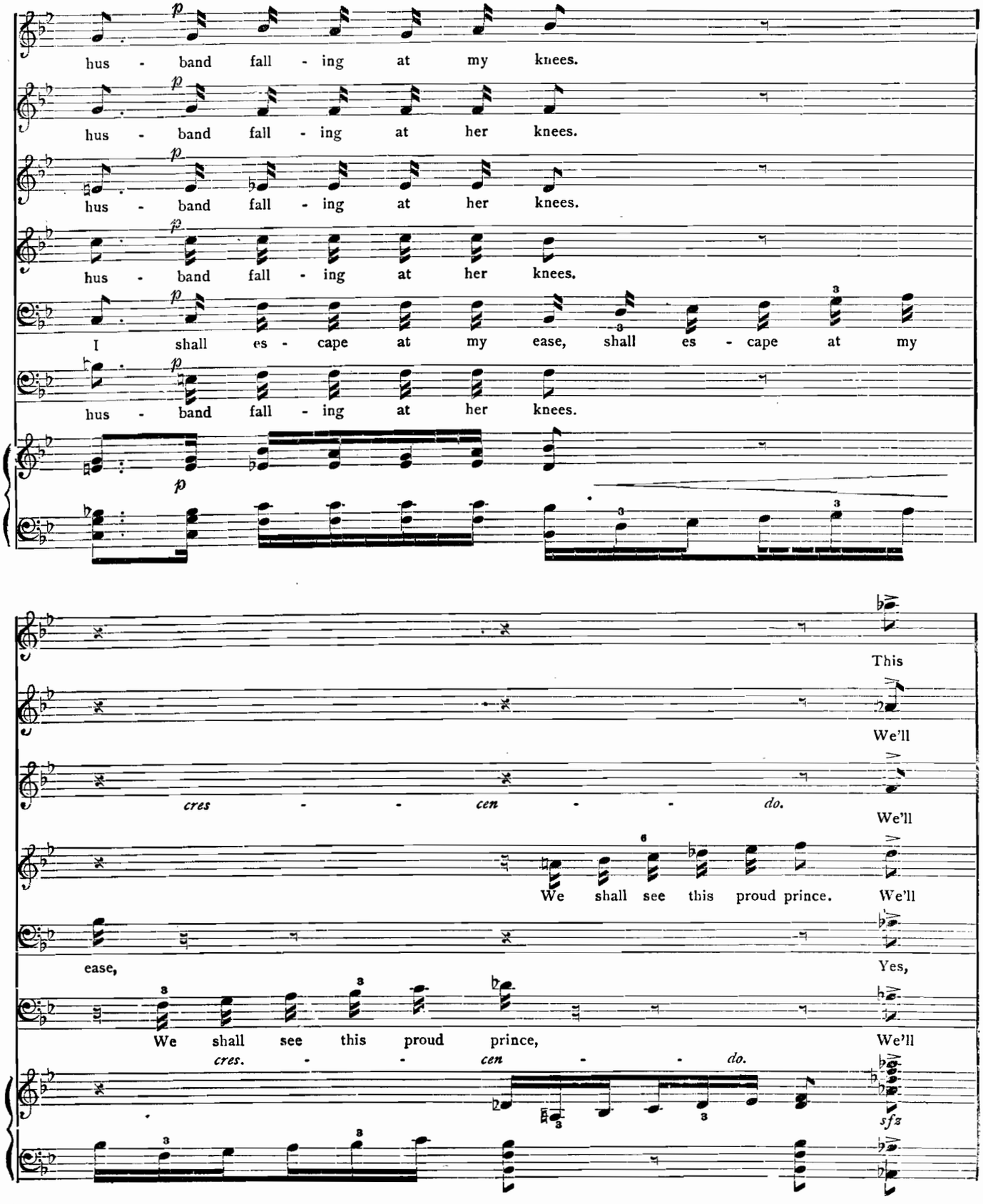

pp
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But let us, patience tak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Naught here shall meet their eyes, But calm hate in dis - guise. Yet, all with patience tak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
sfz
pp
p
Keep vengeance from out-break - ing, Till, each a - bout me sees, This proud prince at my knees.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
Till, comes revenge out-break - ing, Then, sweetly at my ease, I'll do what - e'er I please.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
p

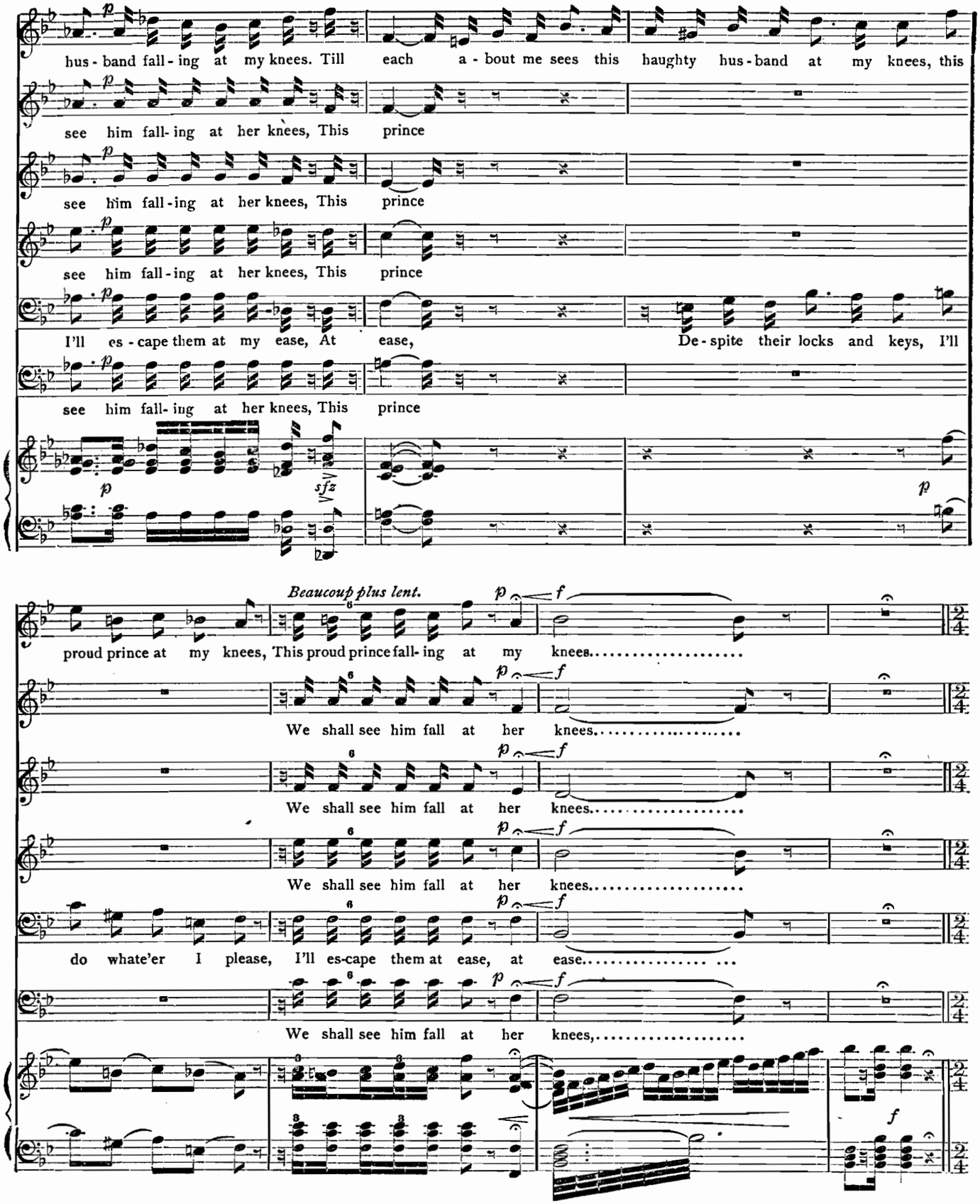

But, at best, let us, pa - tience tak - ing,
Till each one sees
Till each one sees
Till each one sees
Yet I must all, with pa - tience tak - ing,
Wait, till re- venge in turn out -
Till each one sees
p
Keep our ven - geance from rash out - - break-ing.
Till each a - bout me
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
break - - ing,
Yes, with patience all tak - - - - -
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
cres.
cres.


sees This proud prince at my knees, Till each a - bout me
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
- ing, Till revenge comes out - break - - - - - ing, I 'shall scape at my ease.
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees,..... This haugh - ty prince, This haugh - ty prince here, at my knees. He scarcely looks at me,
knees. This husband at her knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
.... I scarce my way can see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
pp


His spite and hate I see,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
They've forced their chains on me,..... Naught here shall meet their eyes, But calm rage in dis - guise.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
fp
sfz
molto cres.
But let us patience tak - ing, Keep vengeance from out-break - ing, Till, each a - bout me sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
Yes, all with patience tak - ing, Till comes revenge out-break - ing, And spite their locks and keys, I'll
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
poco piu. f
molto cres.
f


proud prince at my knees,
proud prince at her knees,
proud prince at her knees, We shall see this proud
proud prince at her knees,
do what - - e'er I please,
proud prince at her knees,
Till each one round me sees, This
We shall see this proud prince. This
cres. - - cen - - do.
This
This
cres - - cen - - do.
Yes,
prince,
This
sfz


hus - band fall - ing at my knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
I shall es - cape at my ease, shall es - cape at my
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
p
This
We'll
cres - - cen - - do.
We'll
We shall see this proud prince. We'll
ease,
Yes,
We shall see this proud prince,
We'll
cres. - - cen - - do.
sfz


hus - band fall - ing at my knees. Till each a - bout me sees this haughty hus - band at my knees, this
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
I'll es - cape them at my ease, At ease, De - spite their locks and keys, I'll
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
Beaucoup plus lent.
proud prince at my knees, This proud prince fall - ing at my knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
do whate'er I please, I'll es-cape them at ease, at ease.....
We shall see him fall at her knees,.....

Moderato. THE KING. (*Observing Gaetan.*)

For fear some new mischance be - fall, Give the signal for the ball. Take your partners,

Moderato.

f

all! Ac-cording to established rule, 'Tis I must o - pen first the ball, With my fair daugh-

(*He takes the hand of the Princess, and commences a dance with her.*)

GAETAN.

- ter. You don't ob - ject? No, sure - ly, not at all; Noth - ing change for

DANCE.

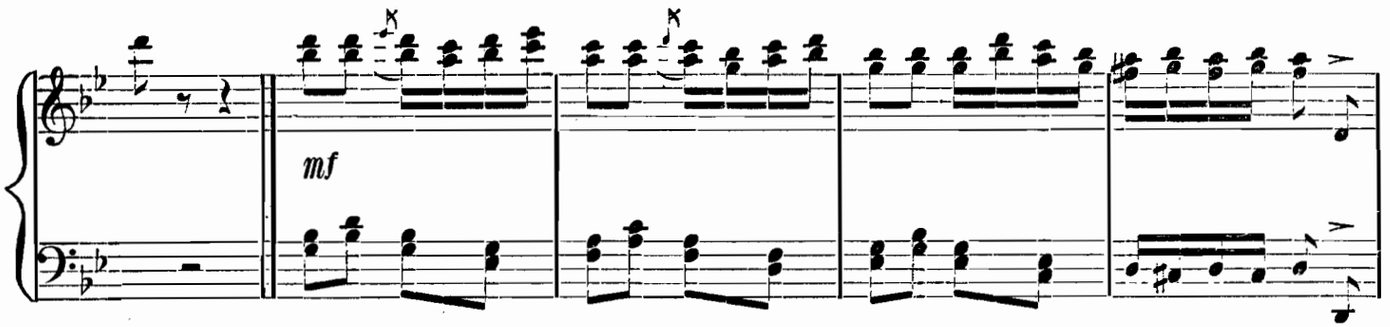
Allegro moderato.

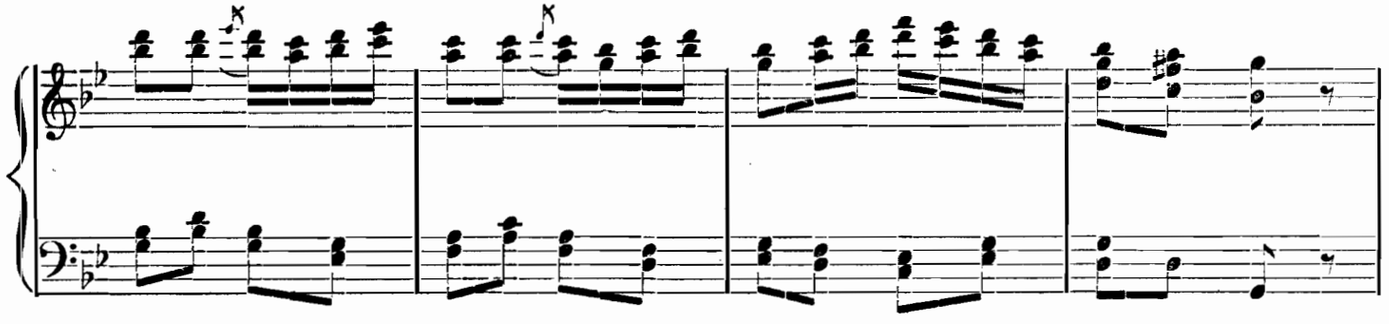
me that you've taught her!

tr

f

Allegretto un poco moderato.





SOPRANO.

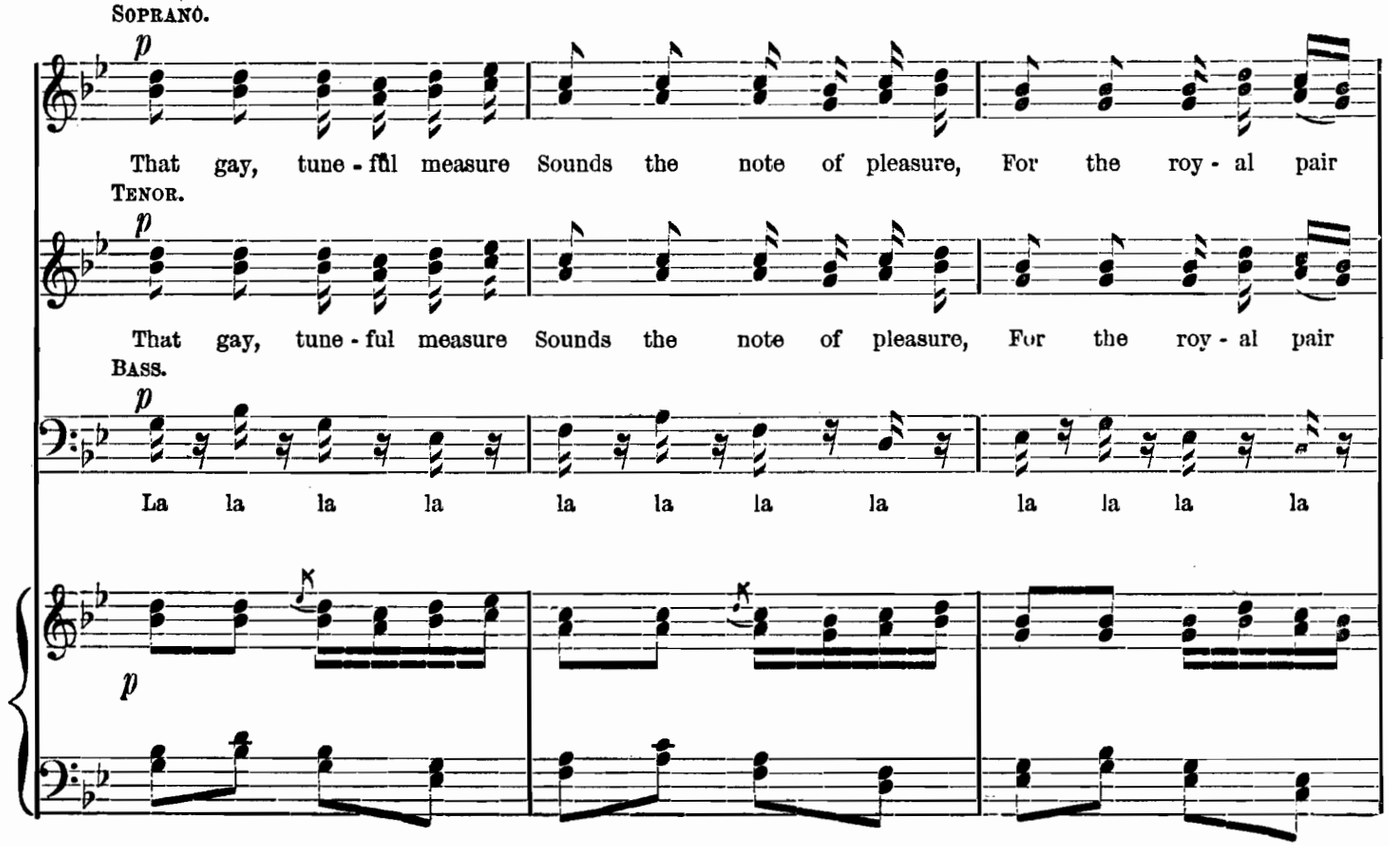
That gay, tune - ful measure Sounds the note of pleasure, For the roy - al pair

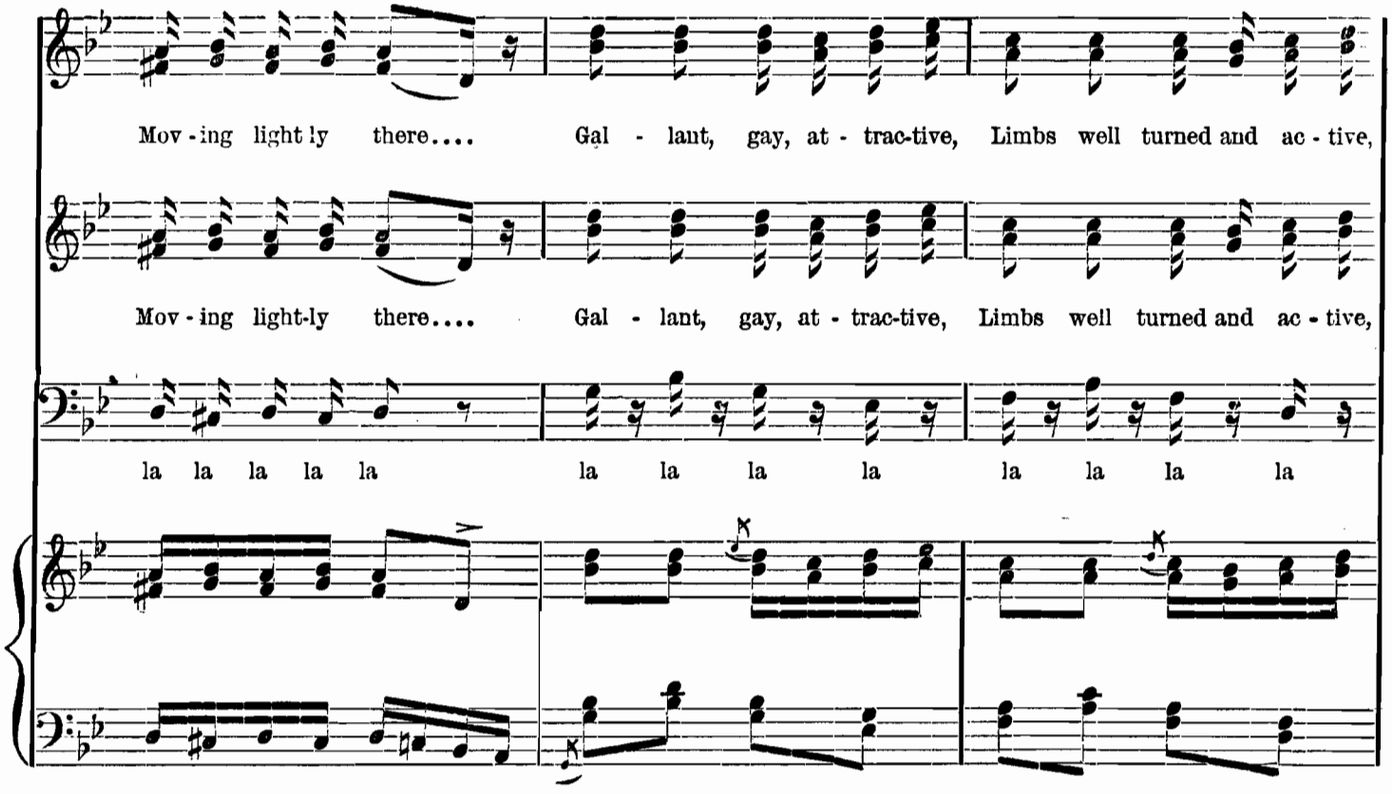
TENOR.

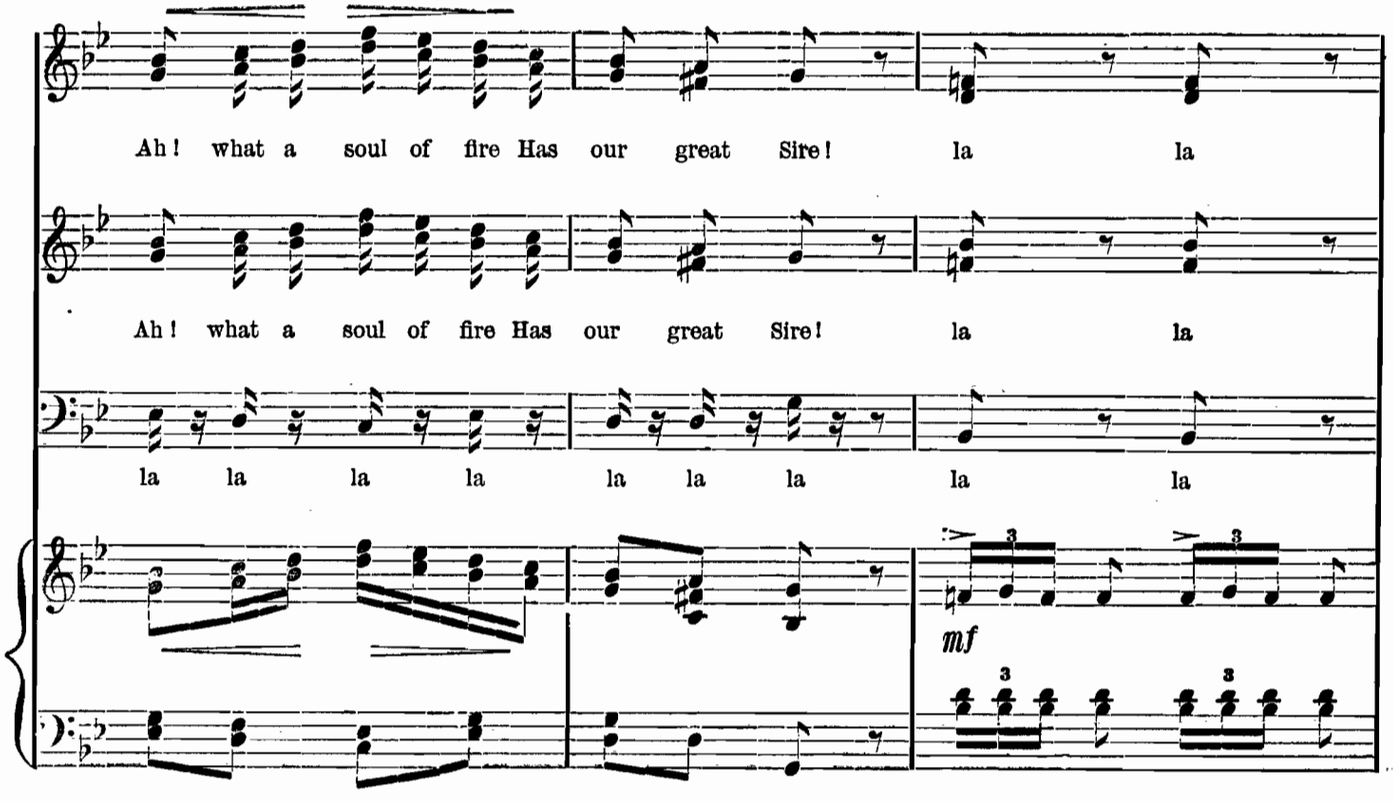
That gay, tune - ful measure Sounds the note of pleasure, For the roy - al pair

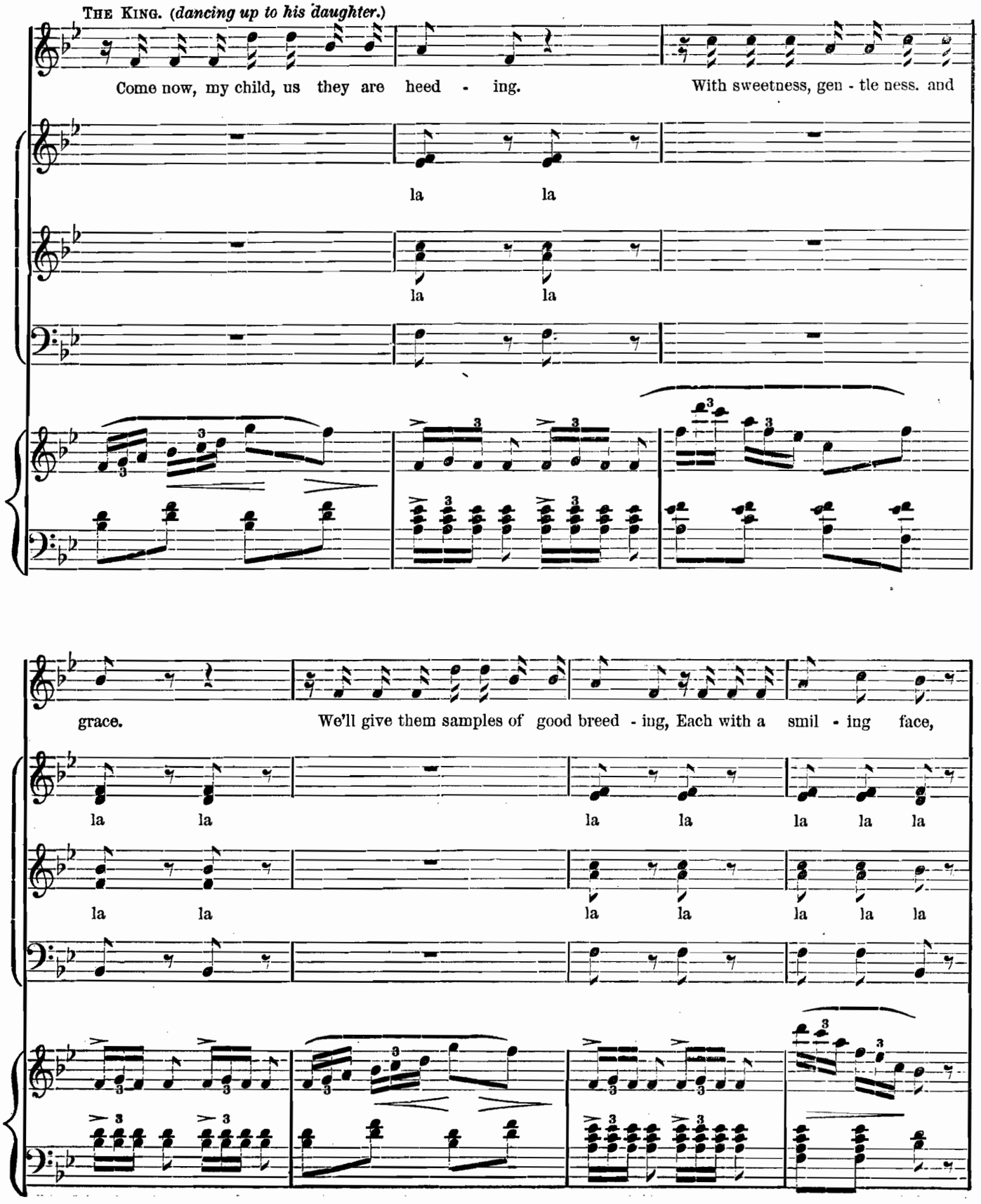
BASS.

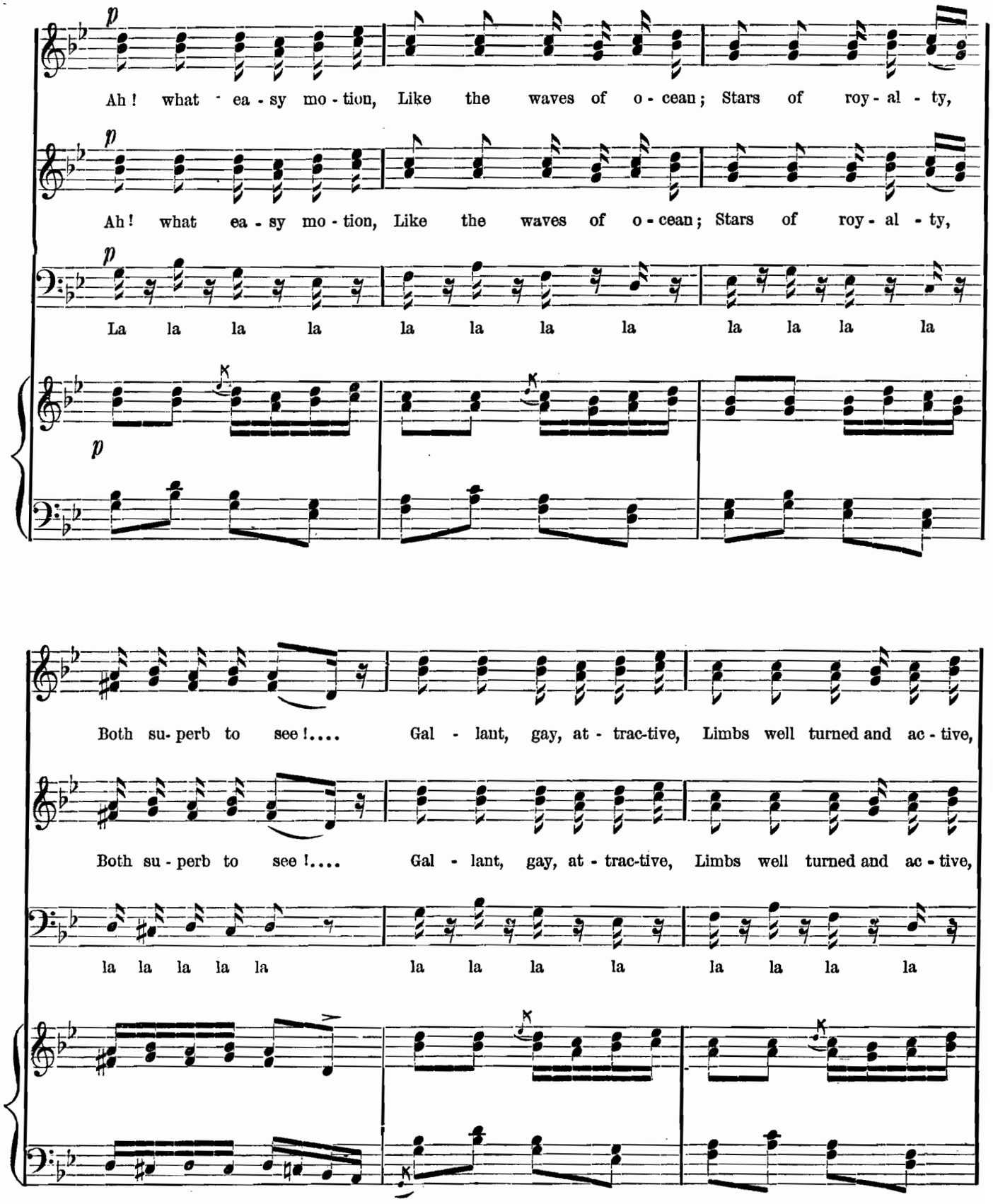
La la la la la la la la la la la la



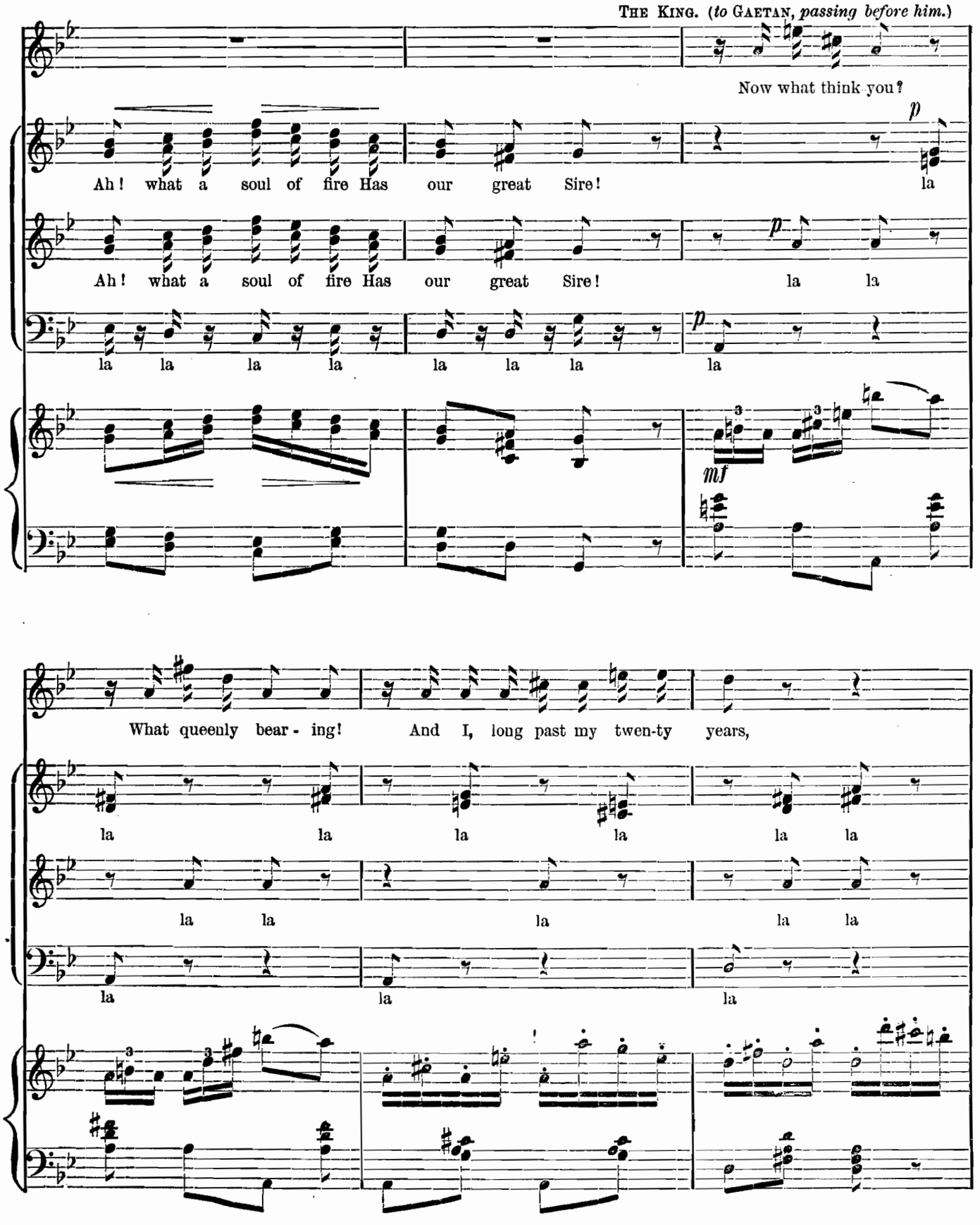

Mov - ing light ly there.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Mov - ing light-ly there.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la

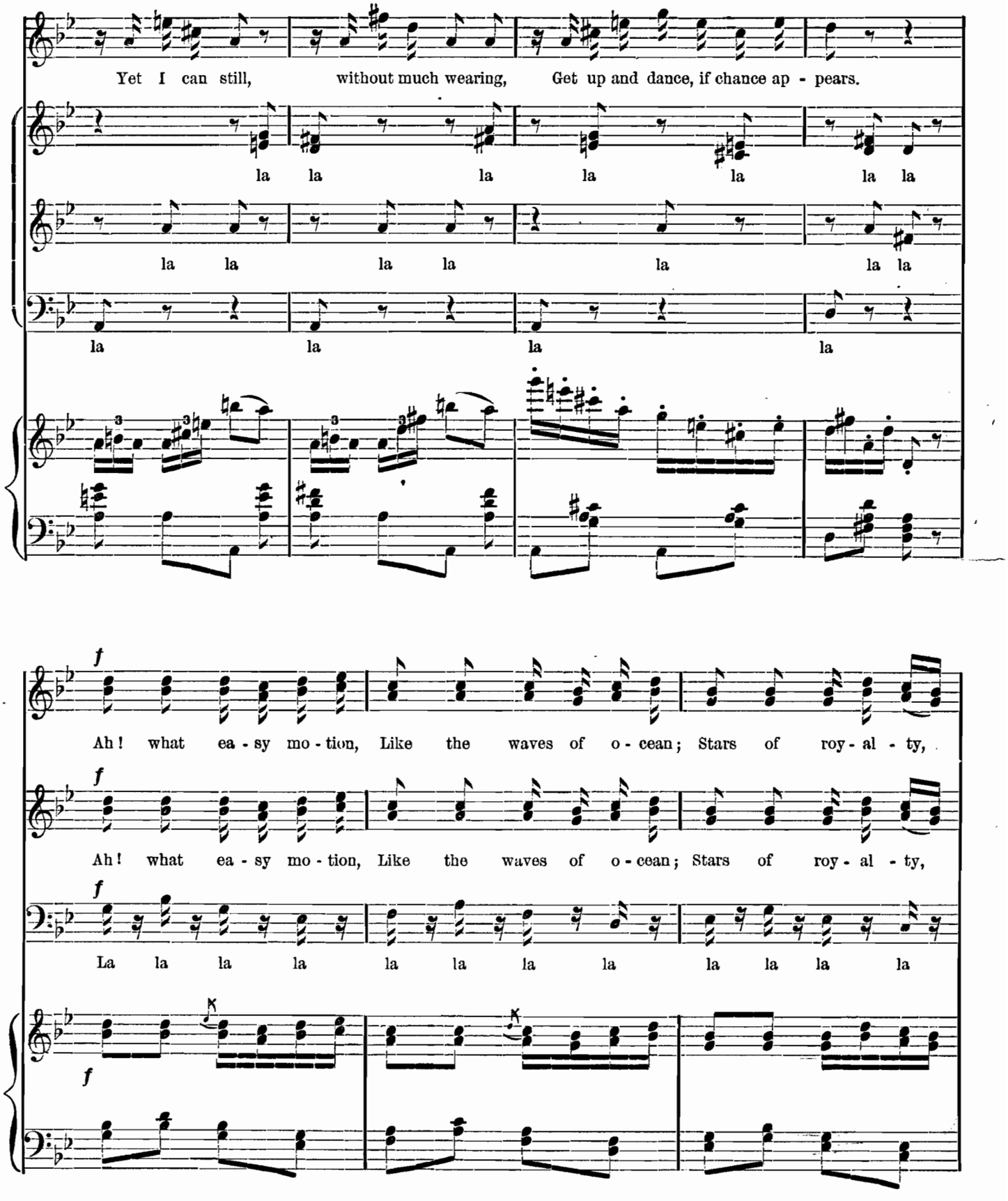

Ah! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire! la la
Ah! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire! la la
la la la la la la la la la
mf

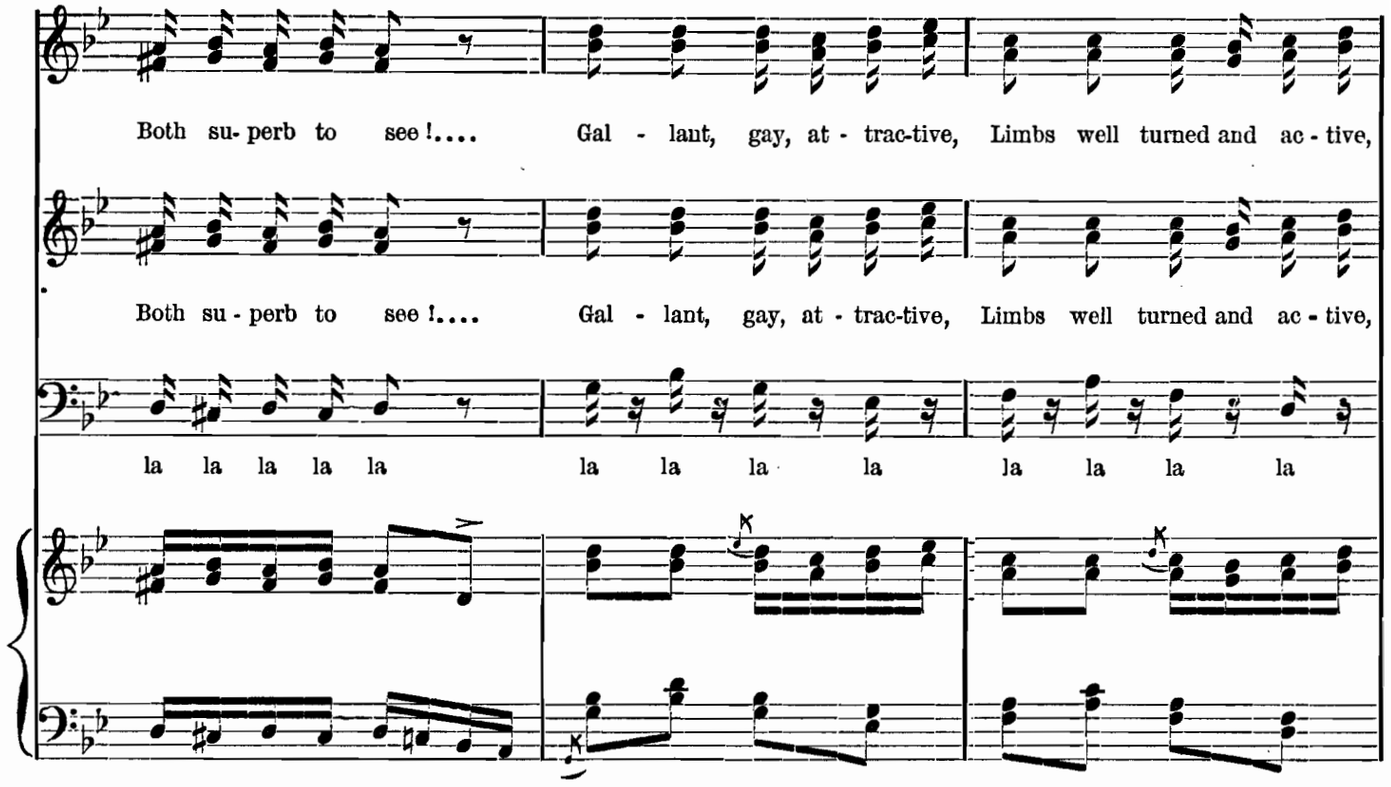

THE KING. (dancing up to his daughter.)
Come now, my child, us they are heed - ing.
With sweetness, gen - tle ness. and
la la
la la
grace.
We'll give them samples of good breed - ing, Each with a smil - ing face,
la la
la la
la la la la
la la
la la
la la la la

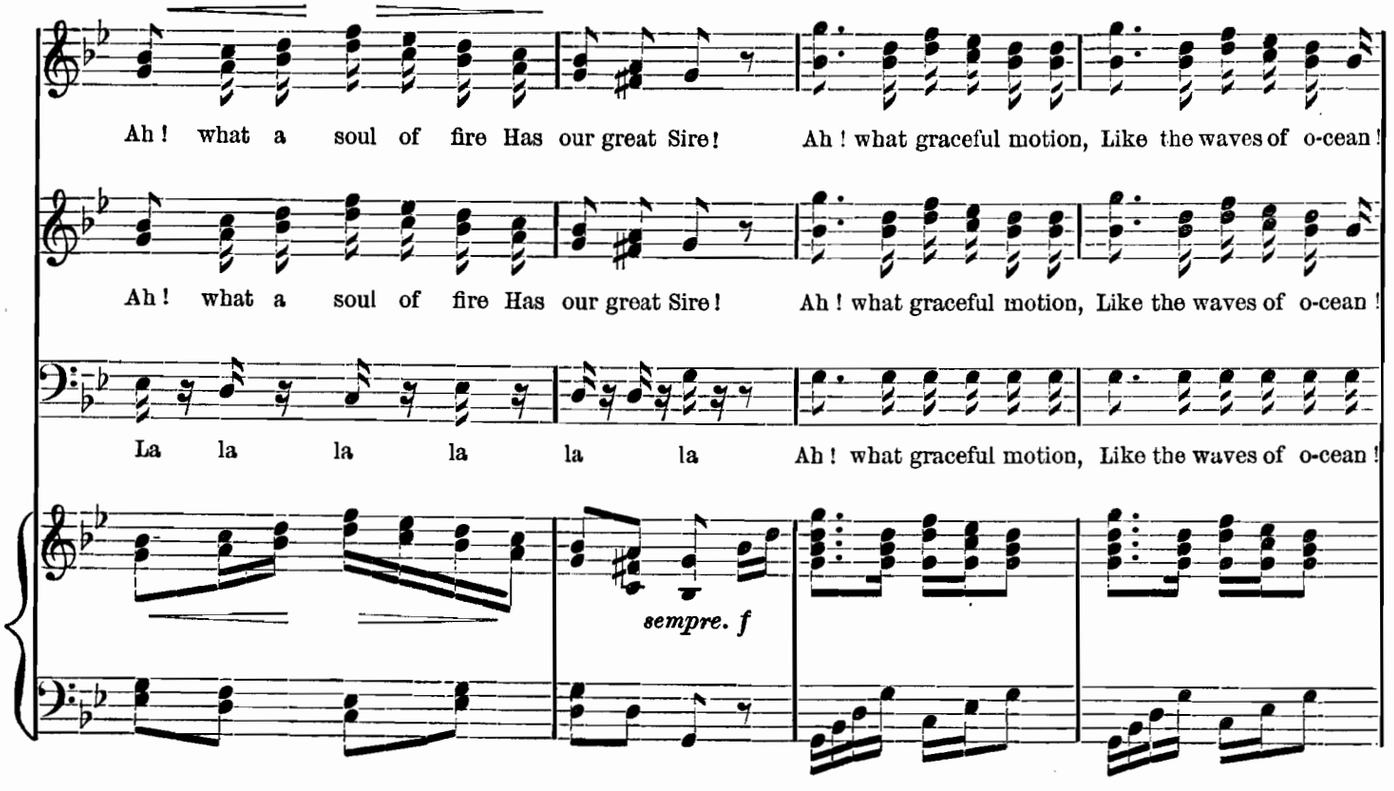

p
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
p
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
p
La la la la la la la la la la la la
p
Both su - perb to see!.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Both su - perb to see!.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la

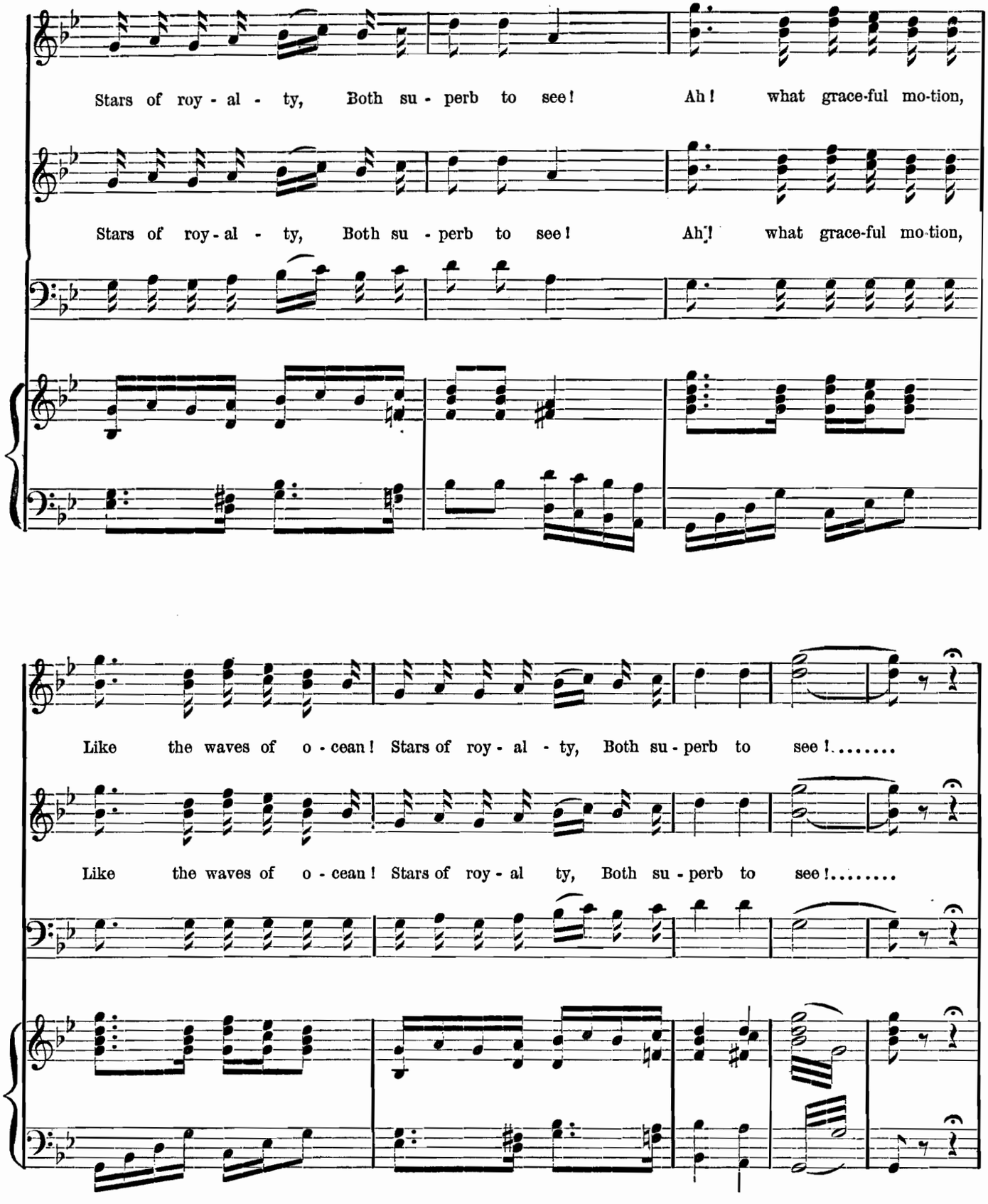
THE KING. (*to* GAETAN, *passing before him.*)

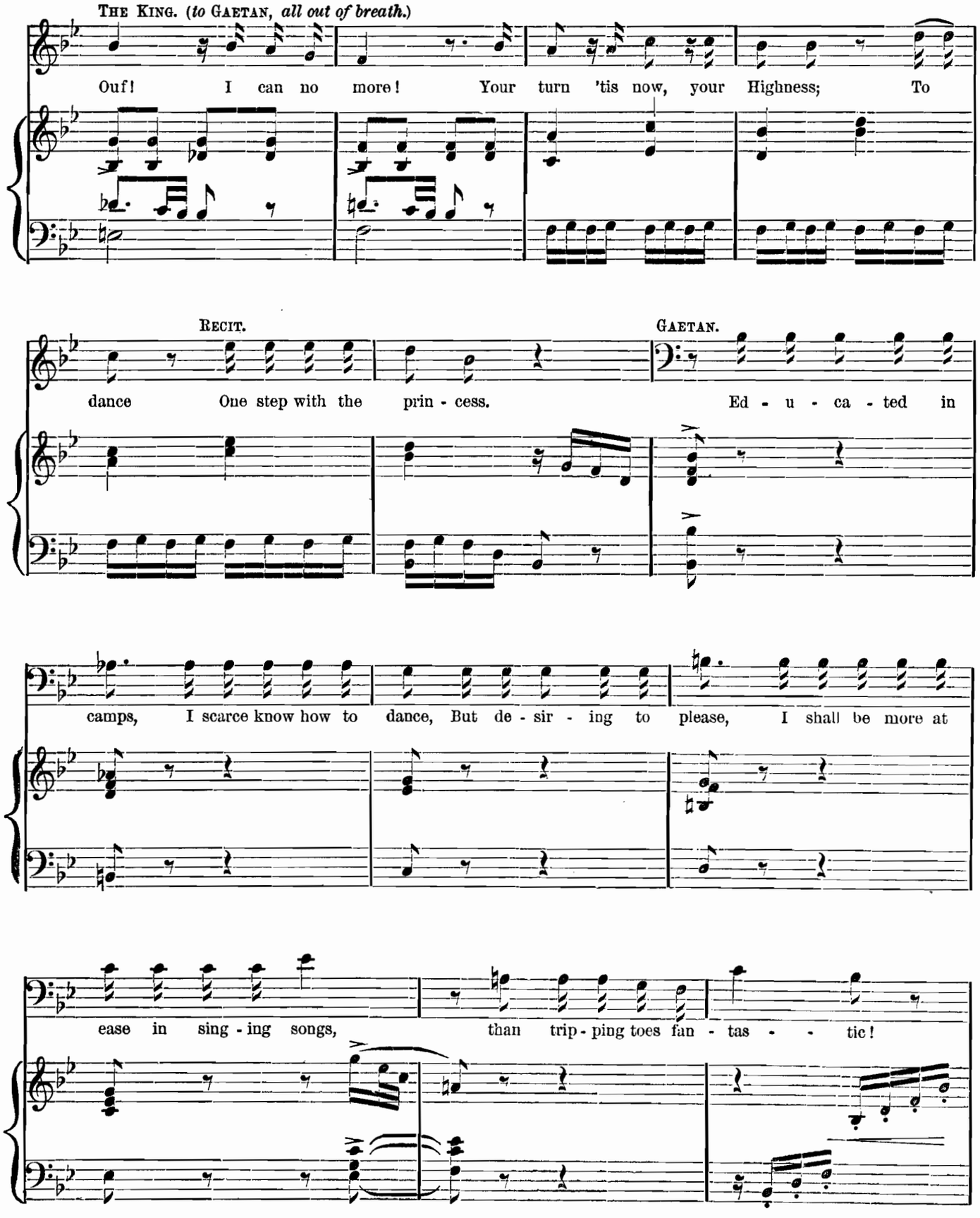


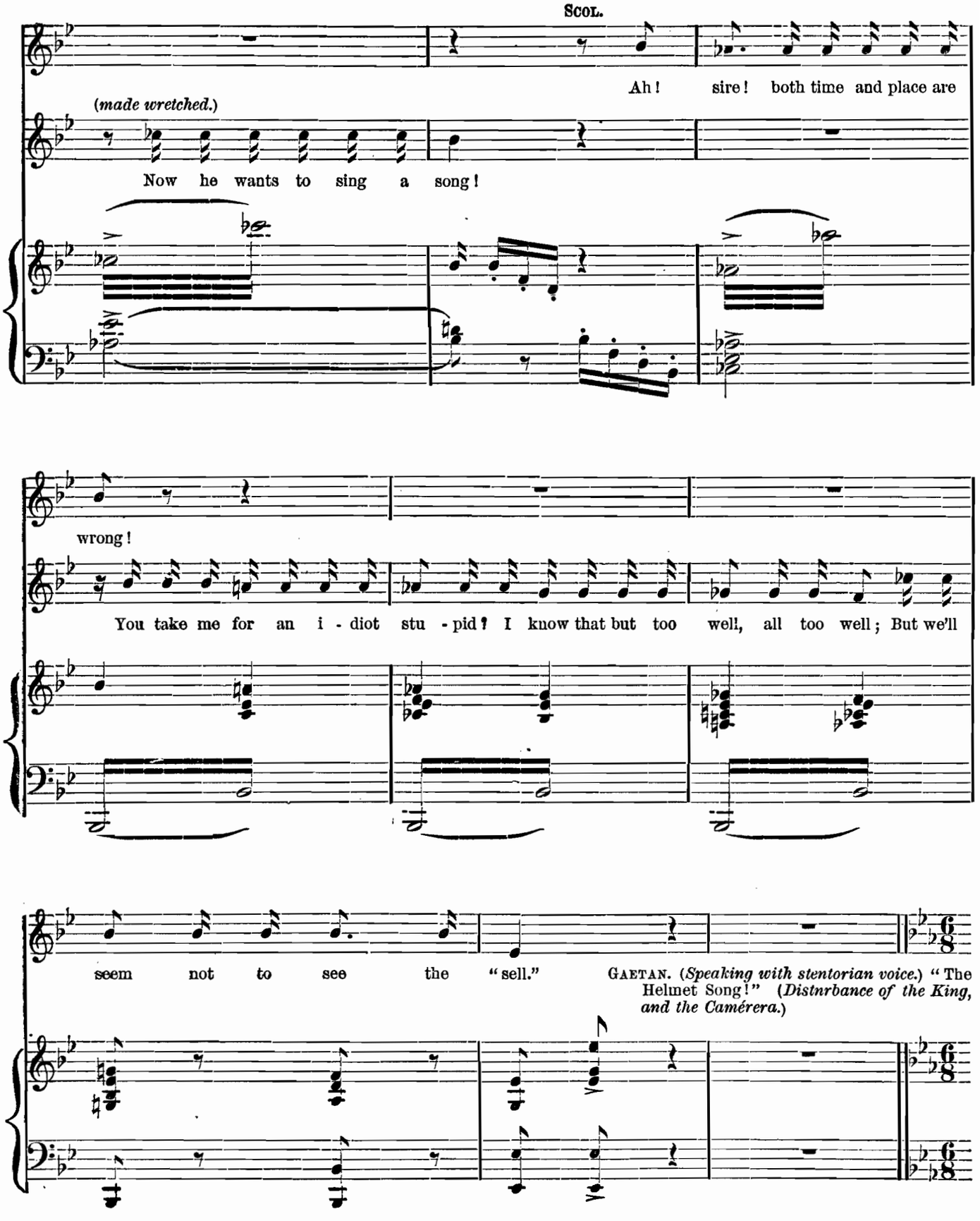

Yet I can still, without much wearing, Get up and dance, if chance ap - pears.
la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
La la la la la la la la la la la la


Both su- perb to see !.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Both su - perb to see !.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la


Ah ! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire ! Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
Ah ! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire ! Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
La la la la la la Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
sempre. f

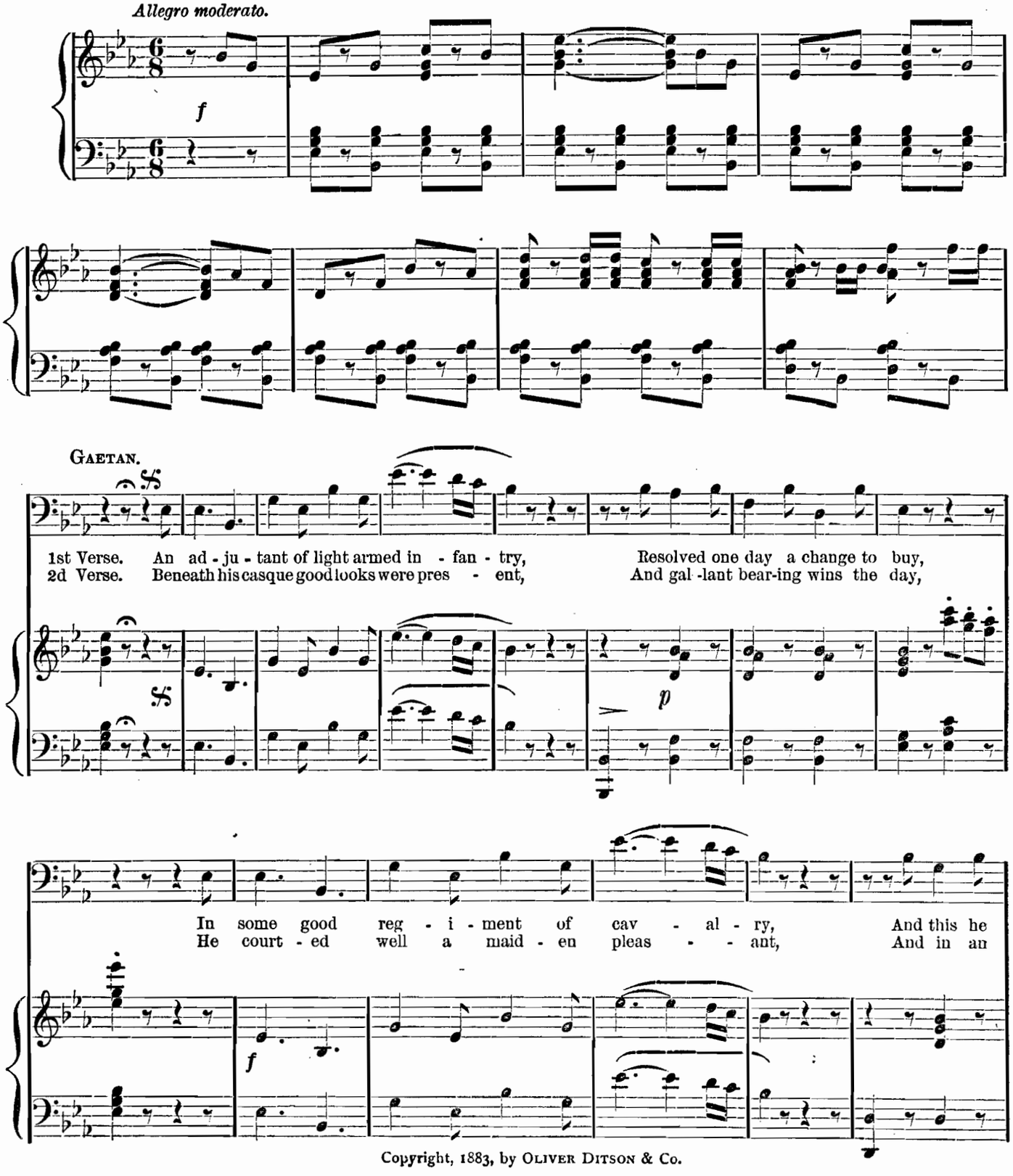

Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see! Ah! what grace-ful mo-tion,
Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see! Ah! what grace-ful mo-tion,
Like the waves of o - cean! Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see!.....
Like the waves of o - cean! Stars of roy - al ty, Both su - perb to see!.....


THE KING. (to GAETAN, all out of breath.)
Ouf! I can no more! Your turn 'tis now, your Highness; To
RECIT.
GAETAN.
dance One step with the prin - cess. Ed - u - ca - ted in
camps, I scarce know how to dance, But de - sir - ing to please, I shall be more at
ease in sing - ing songs, than trip - ping toes fan - tas - - tic!


Scol.
Ah! sire! both time and place are
(made wretched.)
Now he wants to sing a song!
wrong!
You take me for an i - diot stu - pid? I know that but too well, all too well; But we'll
seem not to see the "sell." Gaetan. (Speaking with stentorian voice.) "The Helmet Song!" (Distnrbance of the King, and the Camérera.)

THE HELMET SONG.

Allegro moderato.



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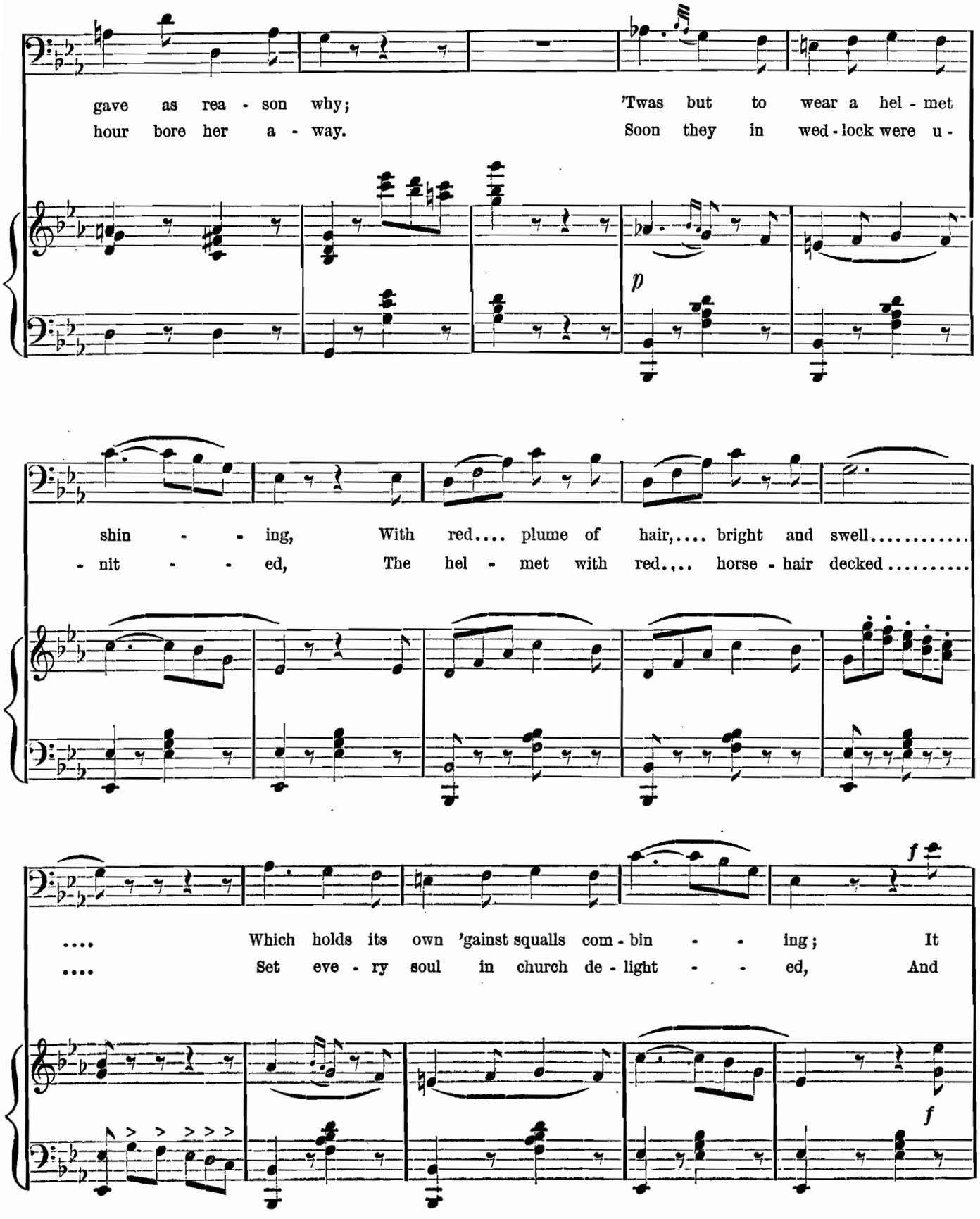
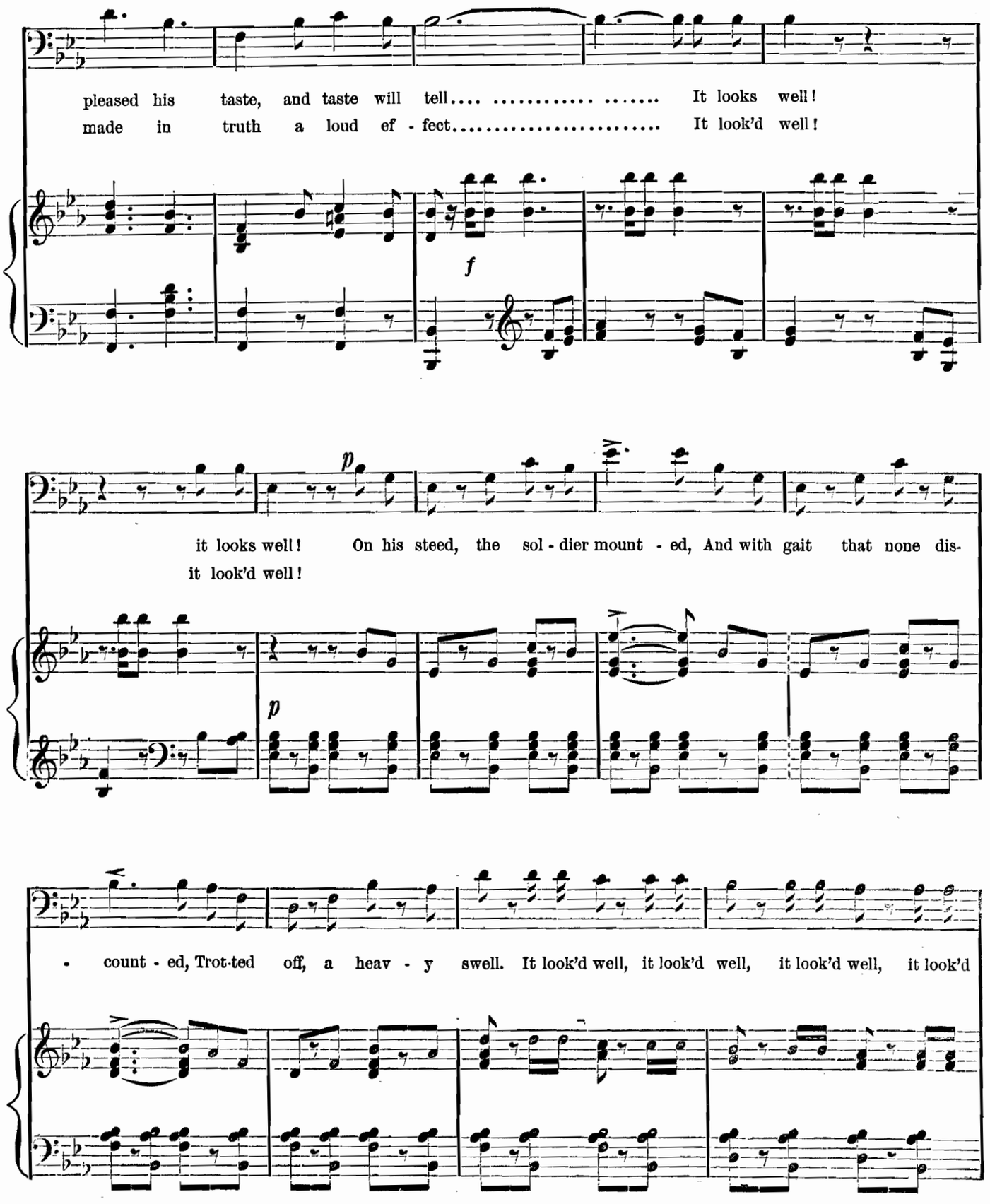
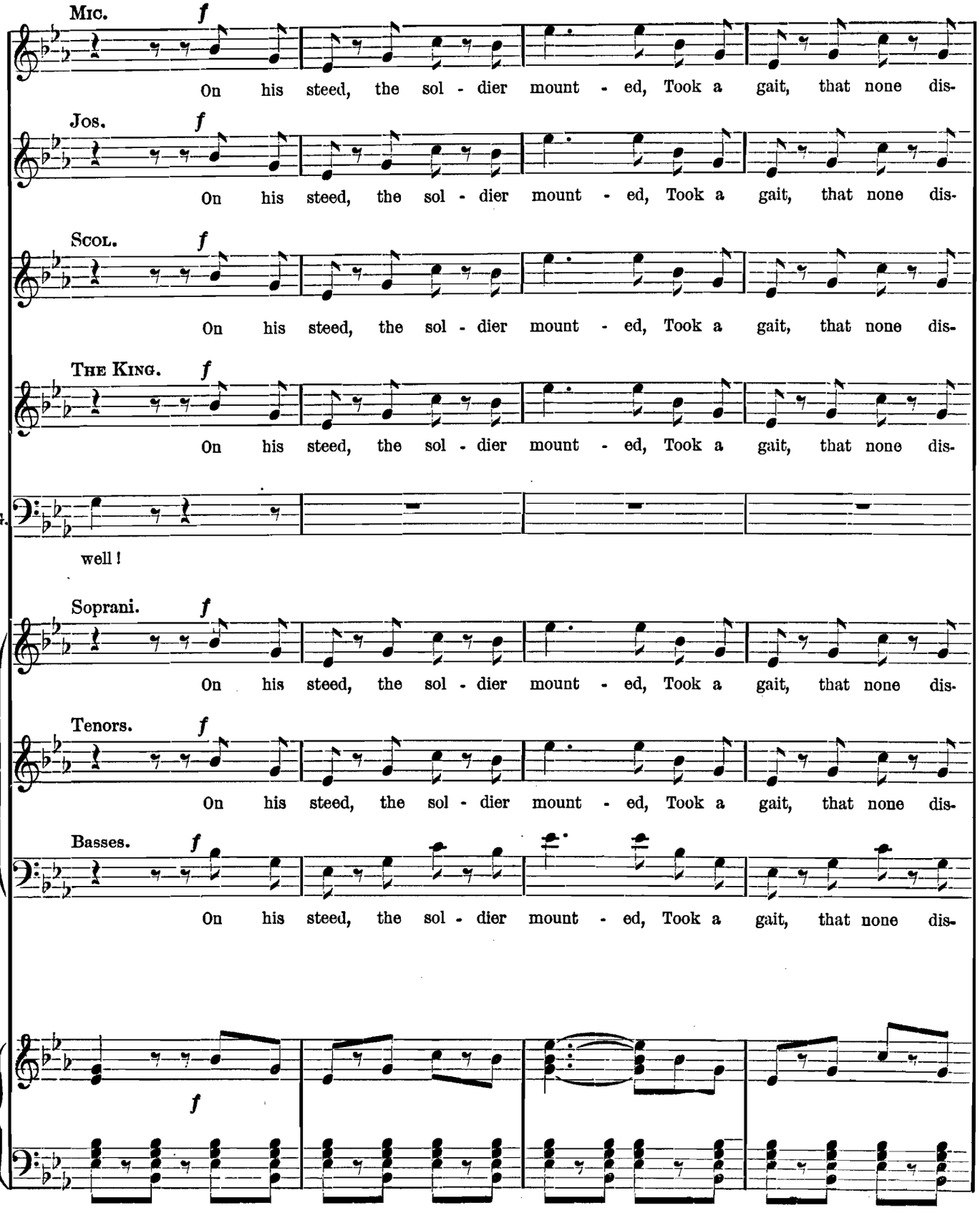
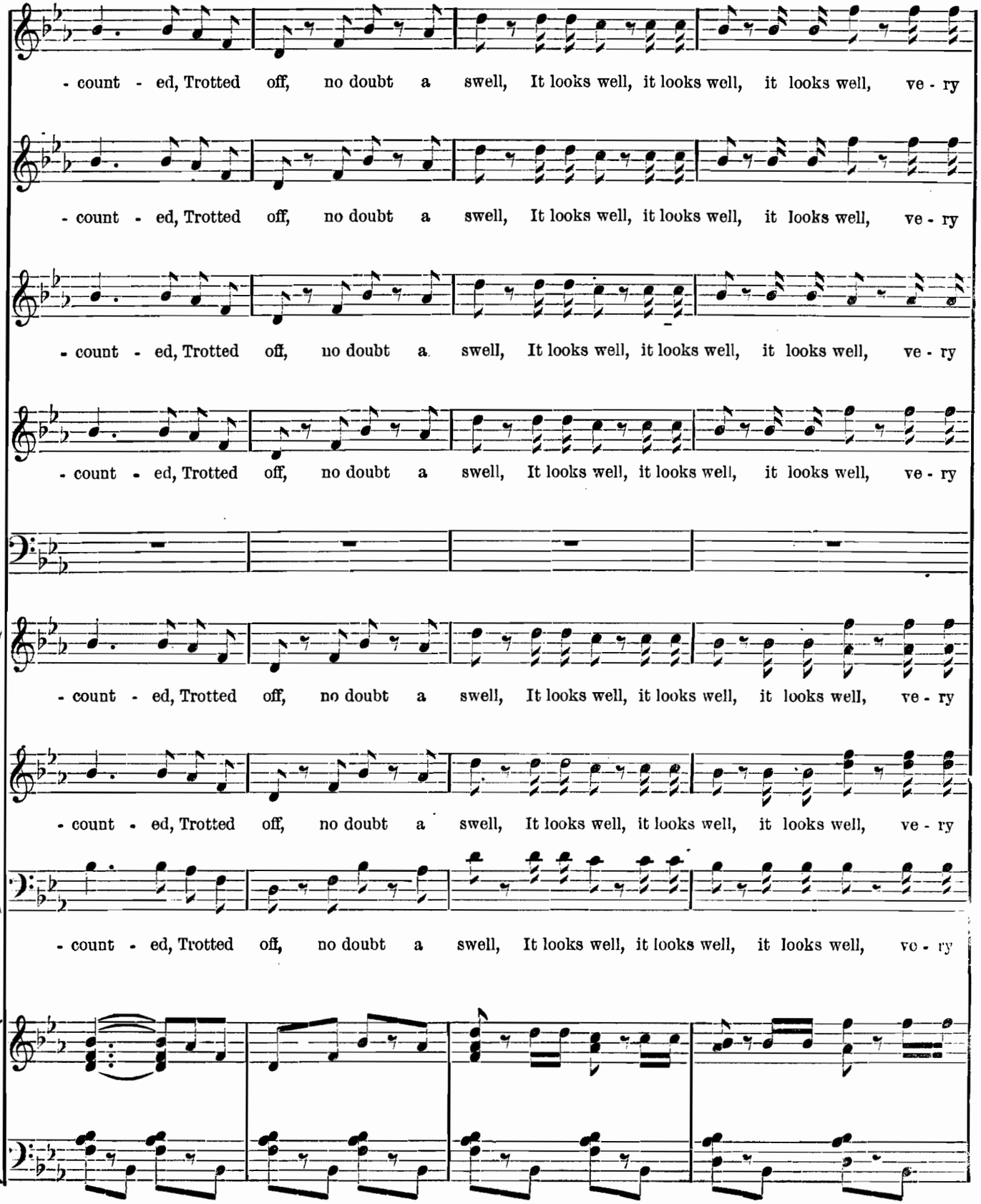
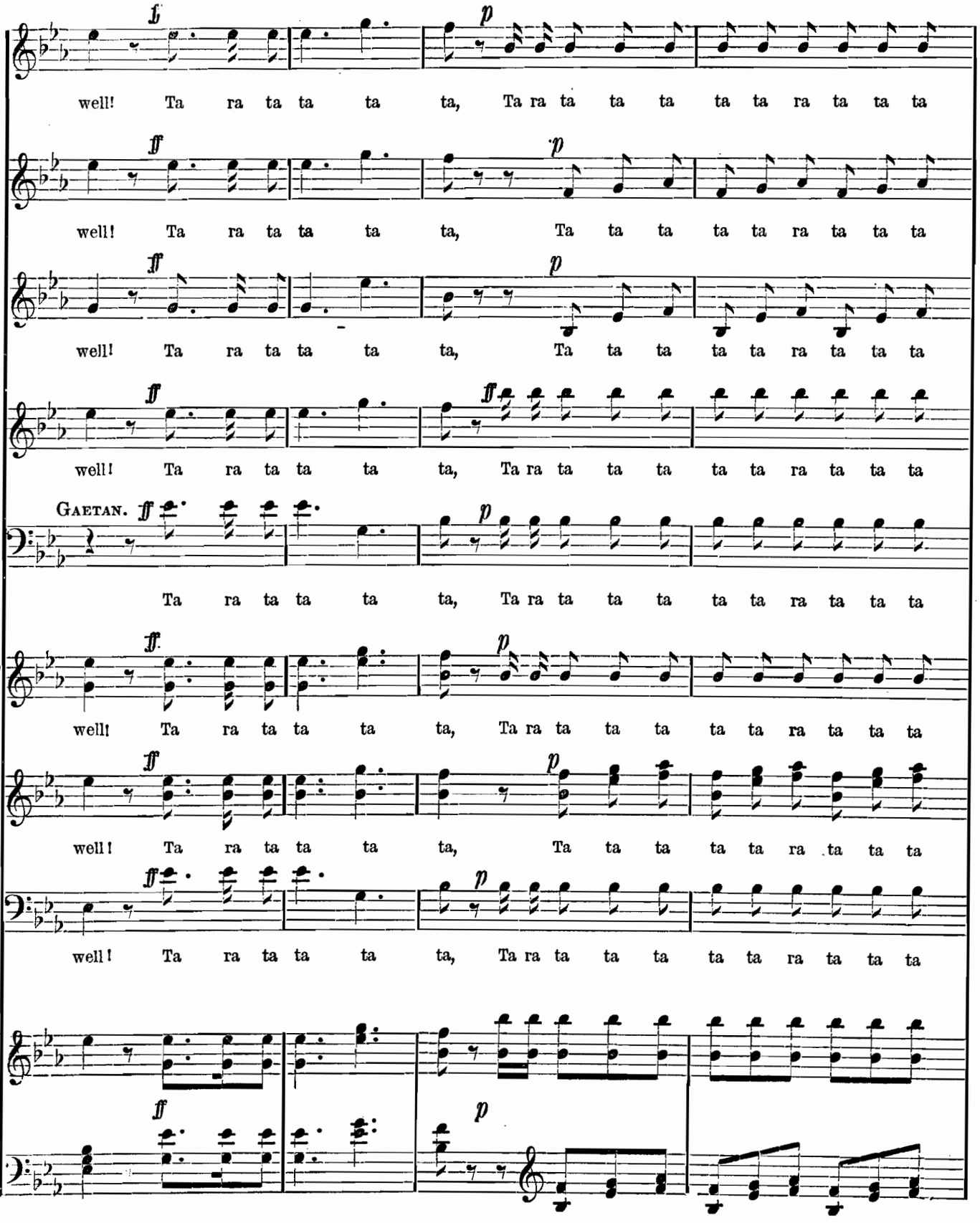
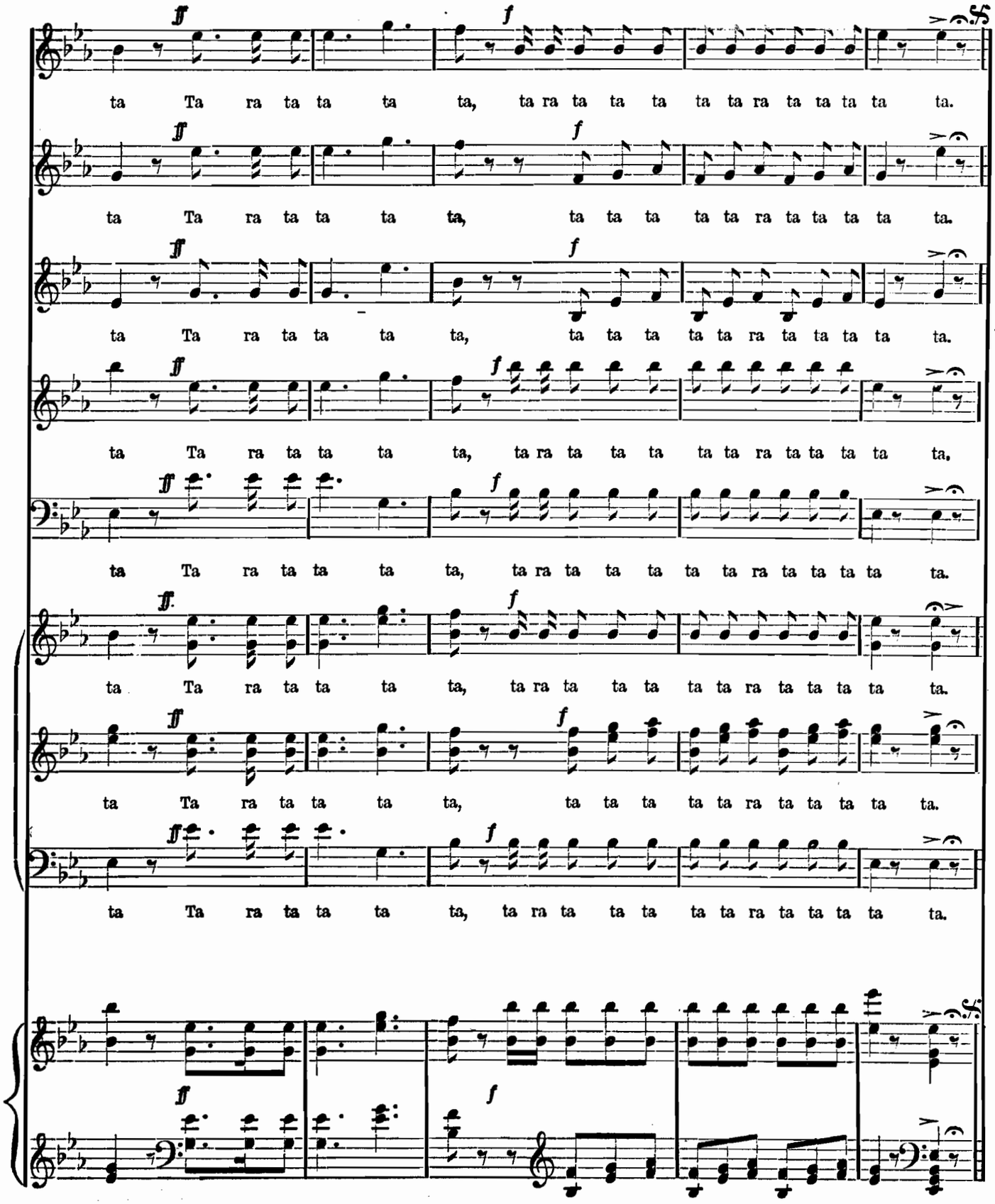

gave as rea - son why; 'Twas but to wear a hel - met
hour bore her a - way. Soon they in wed - lock were u -
p
shin - - ing, With red.... plume of hair,.... bright and swell.....
- nit - - ed, The hel - met with red.... horse - hair decked .....
f
.... Which holds its own 'gainst squalls com - bin - - ing; It
.... Set eve - ry soul in church de - light - - ed, And
f

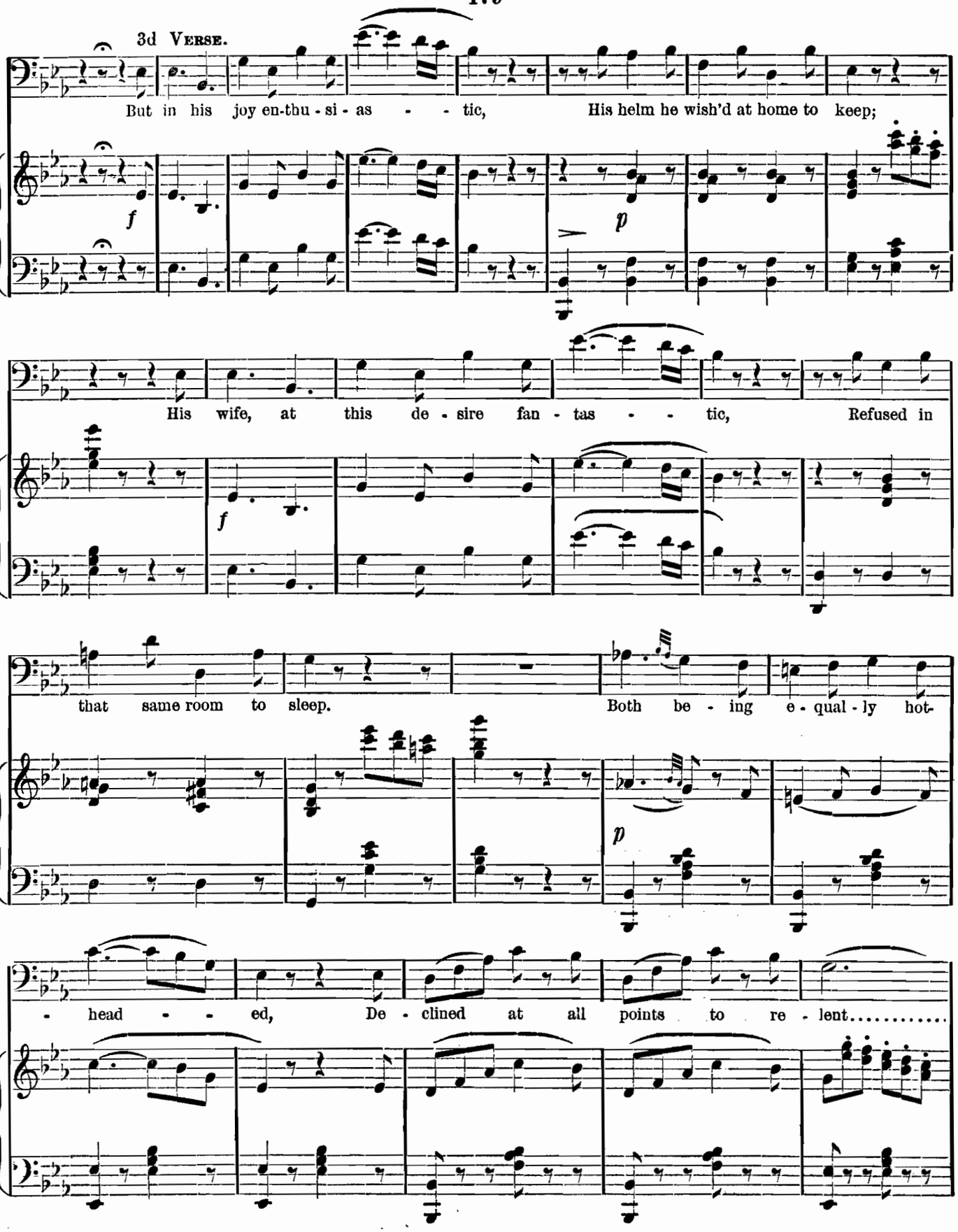

pleased his taste, and taste will tell.... .... It looks well!
made in truth a loud ef - fect..... It look'd well!
f
p
it looks well! On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, And with gait that none dis-
it look'd well!
p
- count - ed, Trot-ted off, a heav - y swell. It look'd well, it look'd well, it look'd well, it look'd

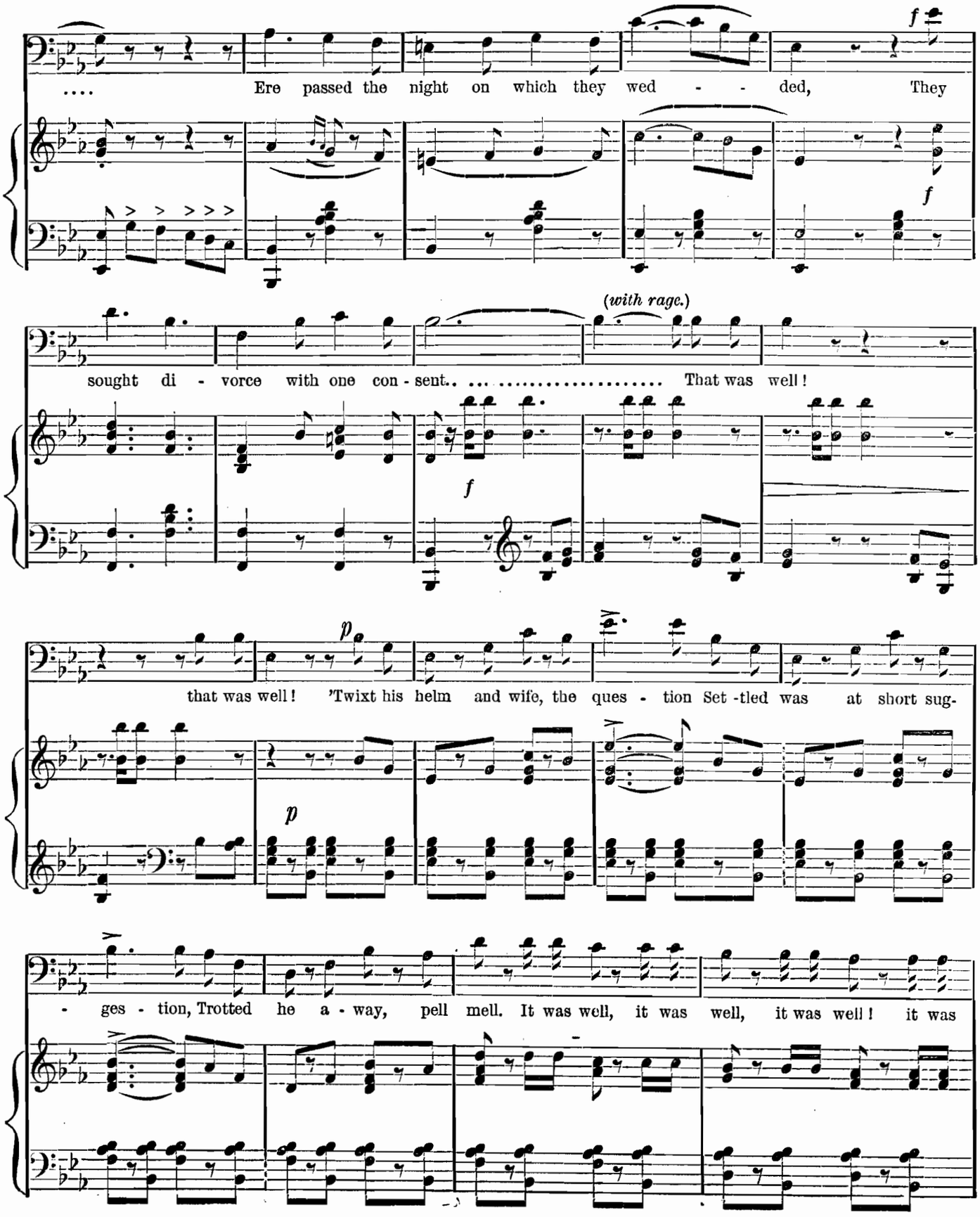

Mic.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Jos.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Scol.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
The King.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
G.
well!
Soprani.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Tenors.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Basses.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
f

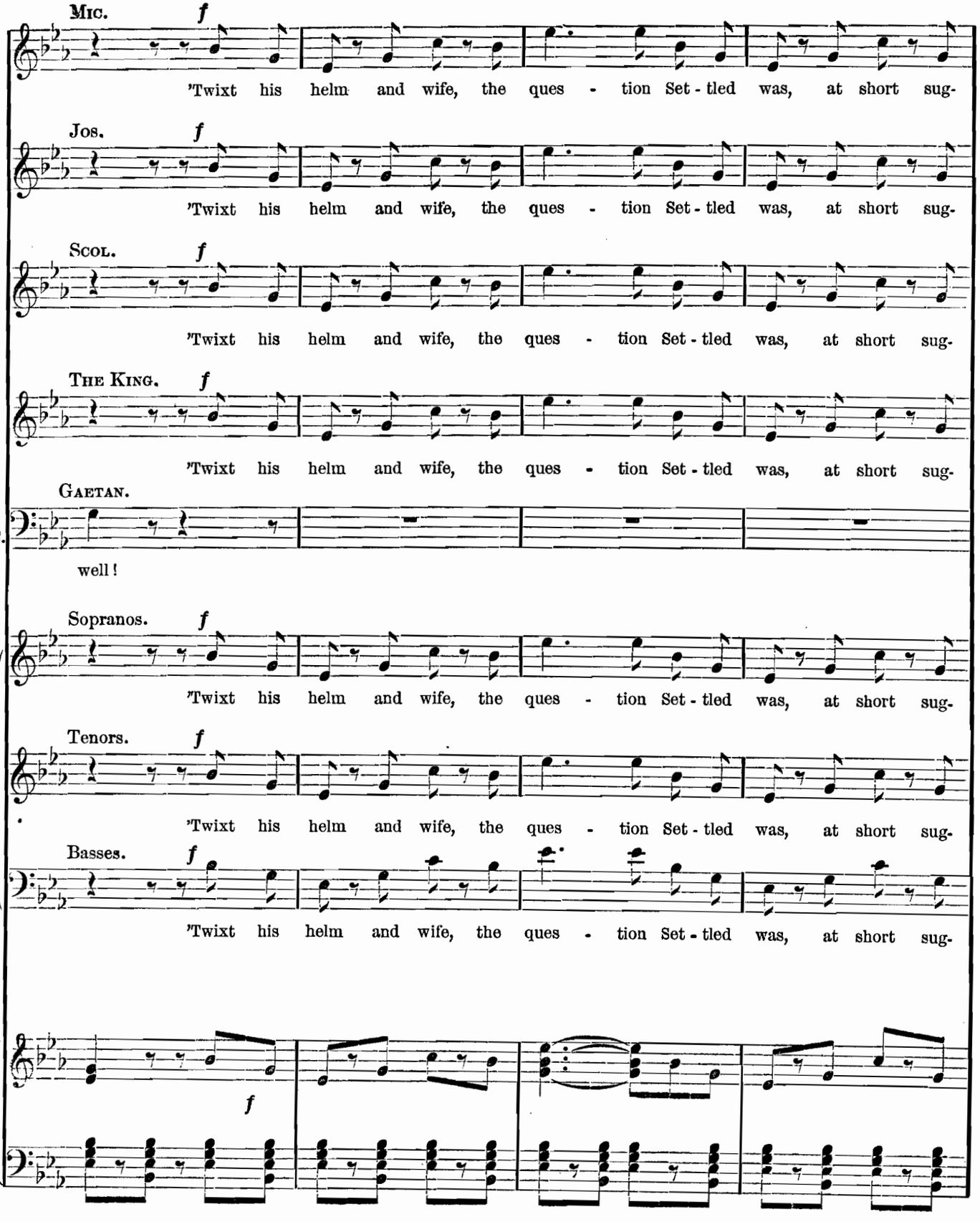

- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry

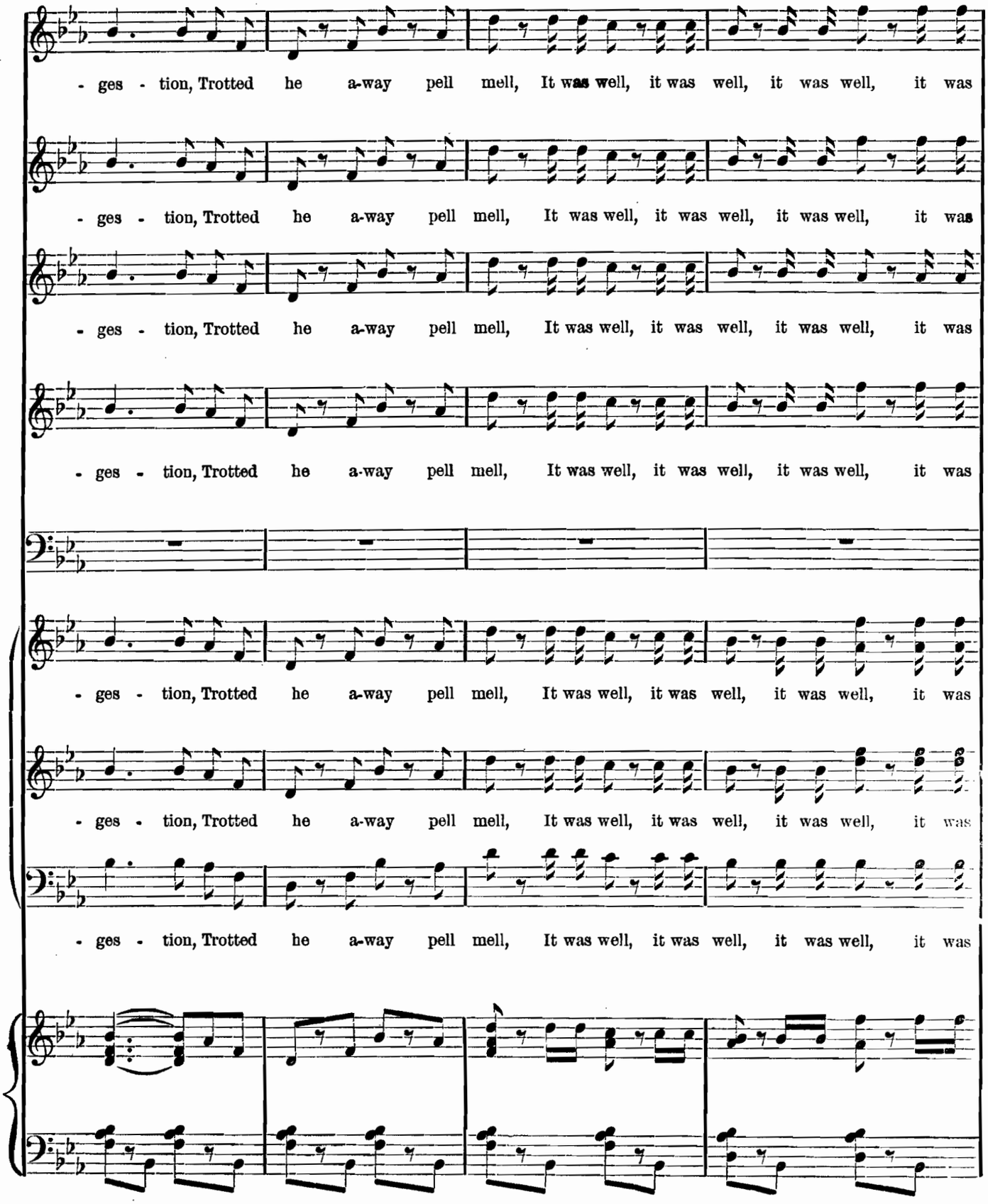

well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
GAETAN.
Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta

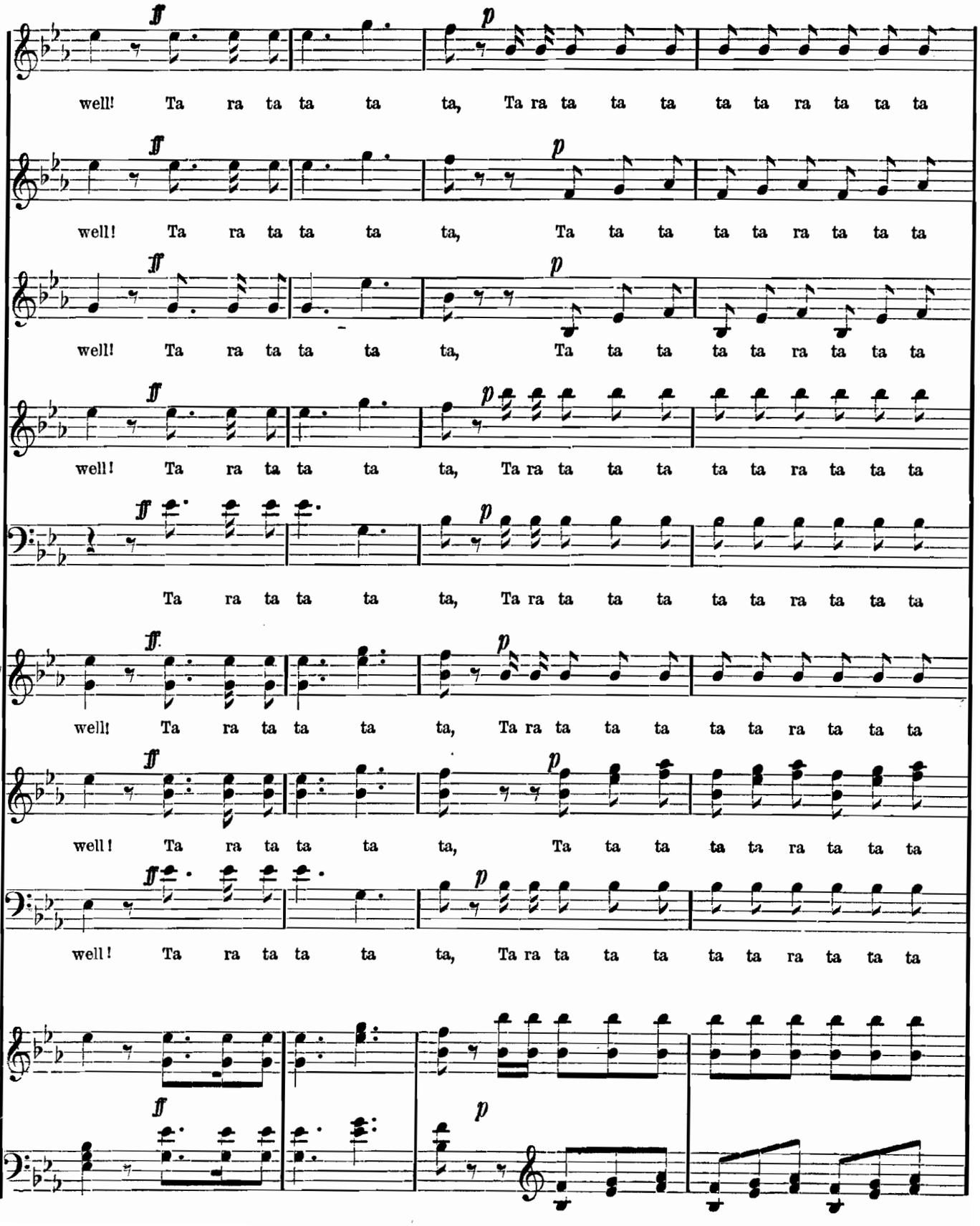

ff
f
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.

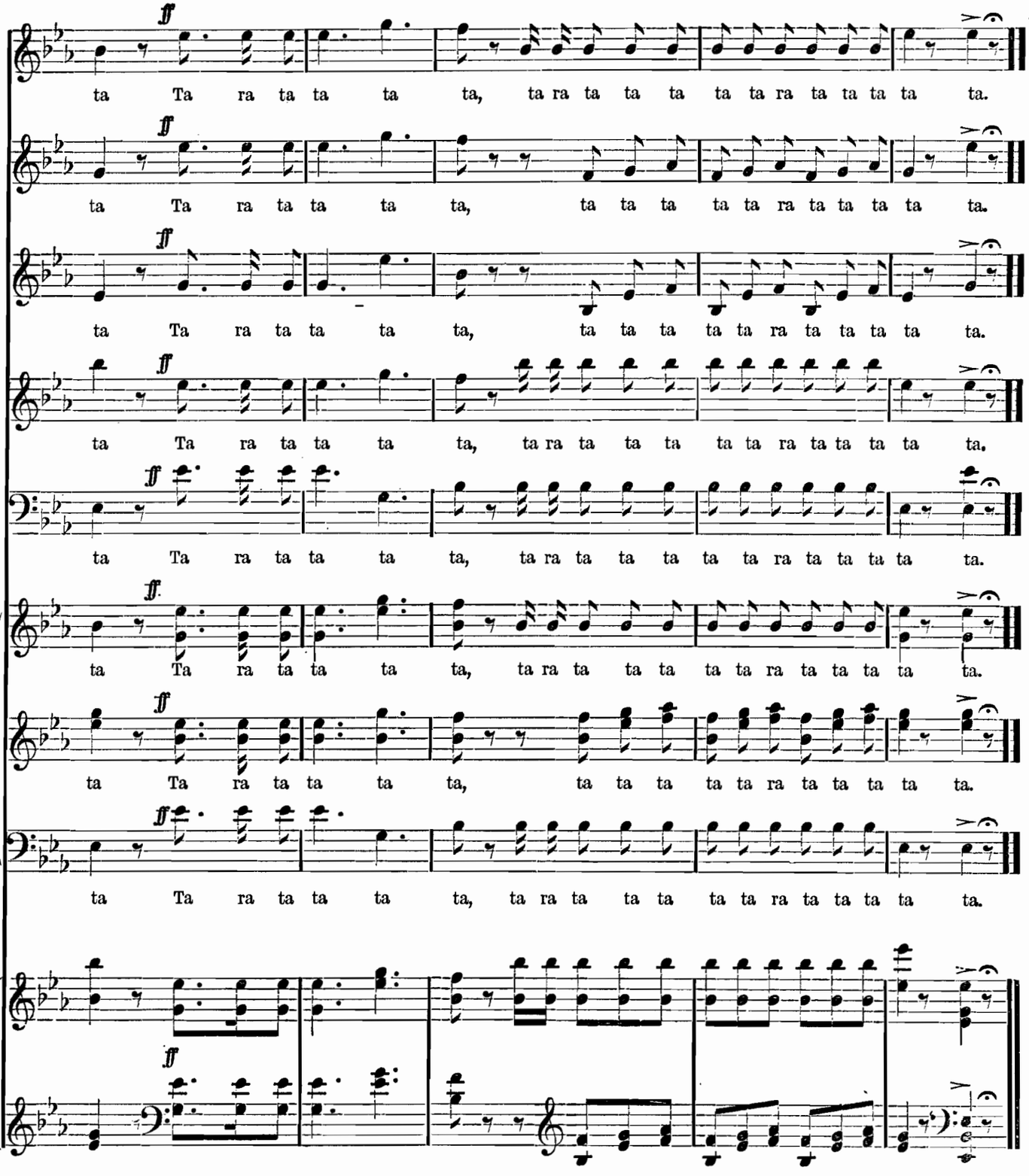

3d VERSE.
But in his joy en-thu-si-as - - tic, His helm he wish'd at home to keep;
His wife, at this de-sire fan-tas - - tic, Refused in
that same room to sleep. Both be-ing e-qual-ly hot-
- head - - ed, De-clined at all points to re-lent.....


.... Ere passed the night on which they wed - - ded, They
f
f
(with rage.)
sought di - vorce with one con - sent. ..... That was well!
f
that was well! 'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was at short sug-
p
p
- ges - tion, Trotted he a - way, pell mell. It was well, it was well, it was well! it was


Mic.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Jos.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Scol.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
The King.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Gaetan.
G.
well!
Sopranos.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Tenors.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Basses.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
f


- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was


well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta



THE KING. That is a capital song, and very appropriate!

MOSQ. (*to* GAETAN.) Prince, your apartment is on this side. Some one will conduct you thither, and afterward bring you back here, with the usual ceremony.

SCOL. I shall be there, to hand over to your highness the gold key of the bridal chamber.

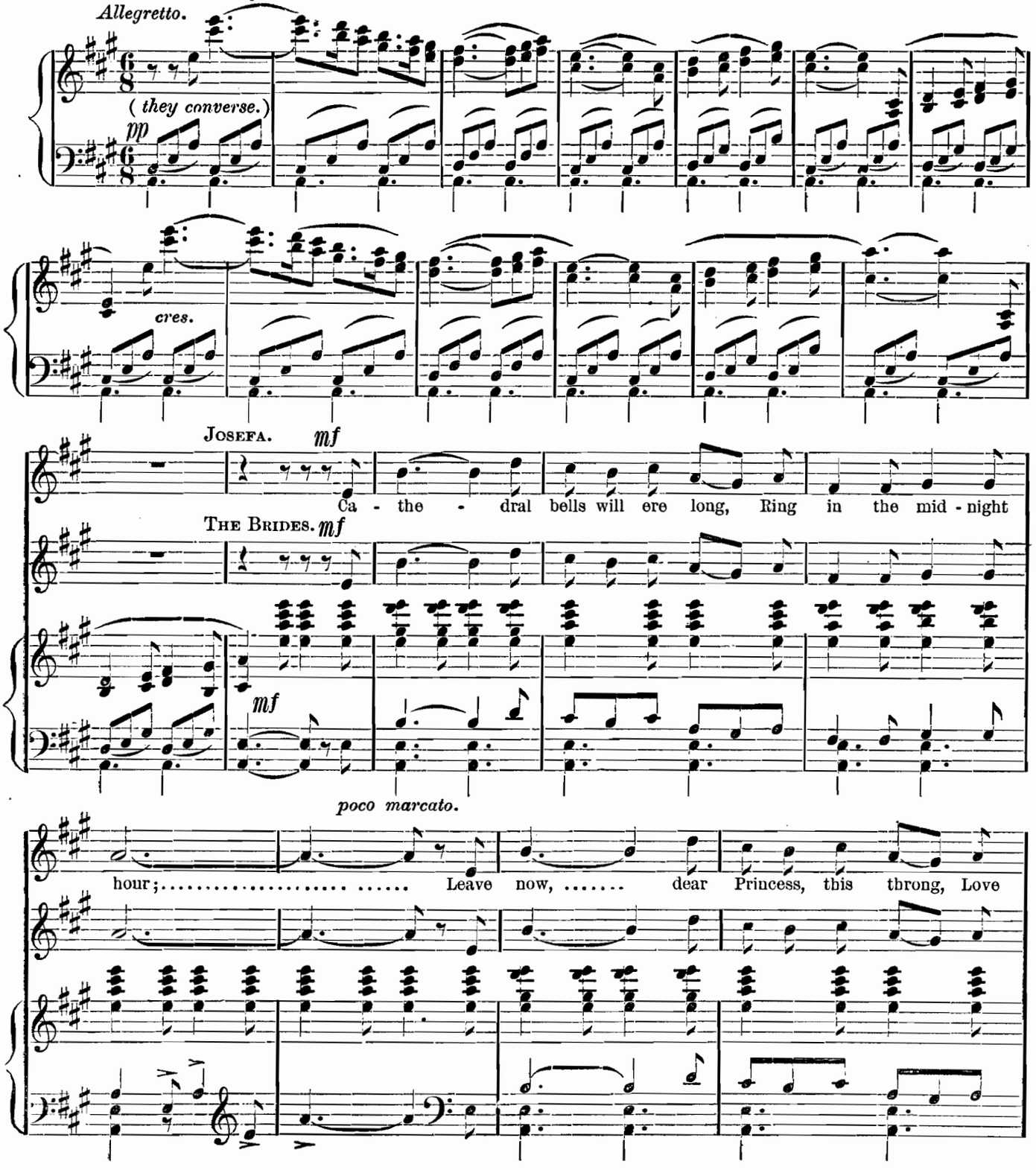
GAE. Oh! you need not hurry!

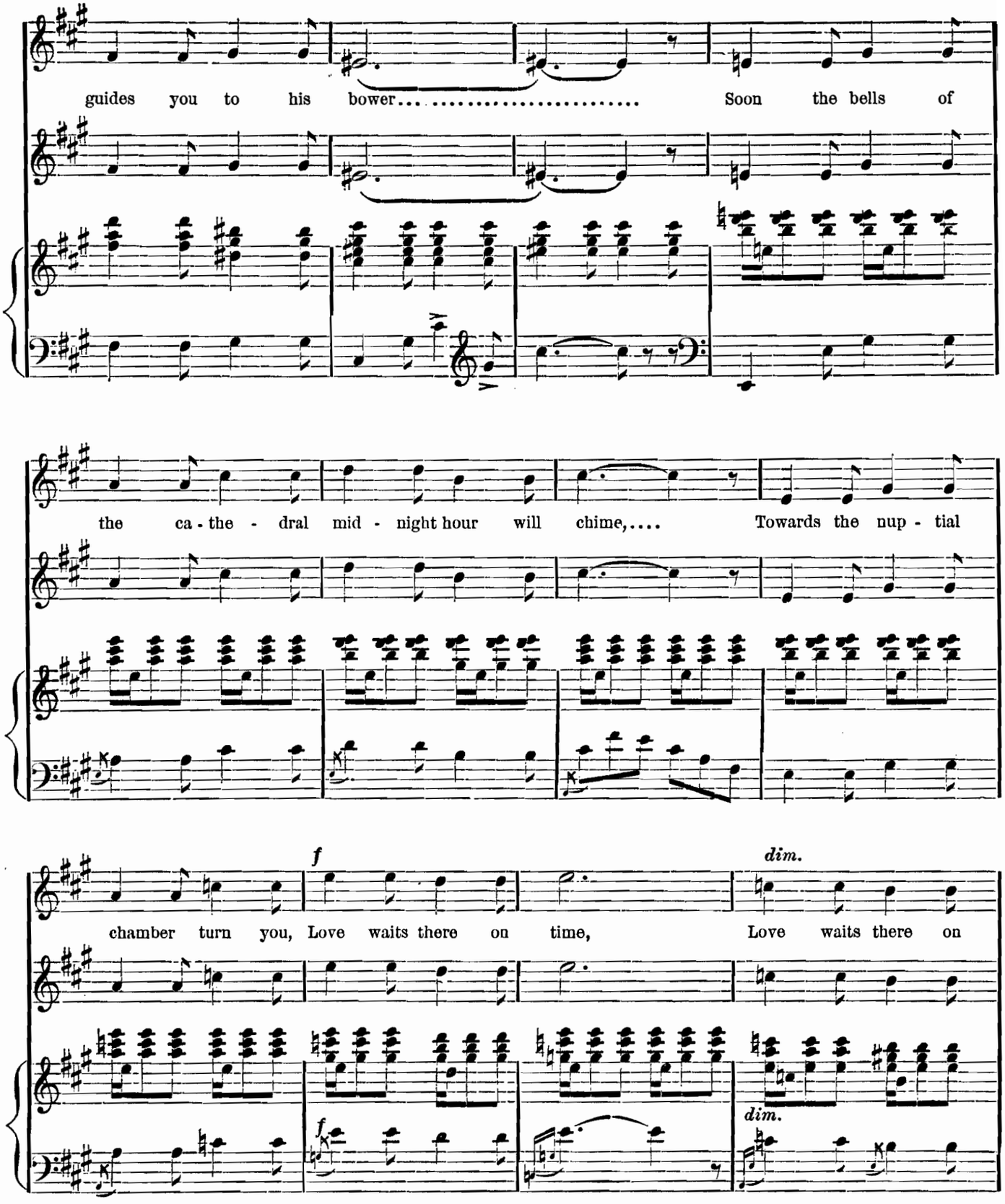
SCOL. Princess, the nuptial chamber is just there. I shall have the honor of conducting you to it, escorted by the young girls, who are married at the same time as yourself. (*She signals; the brides enter.*

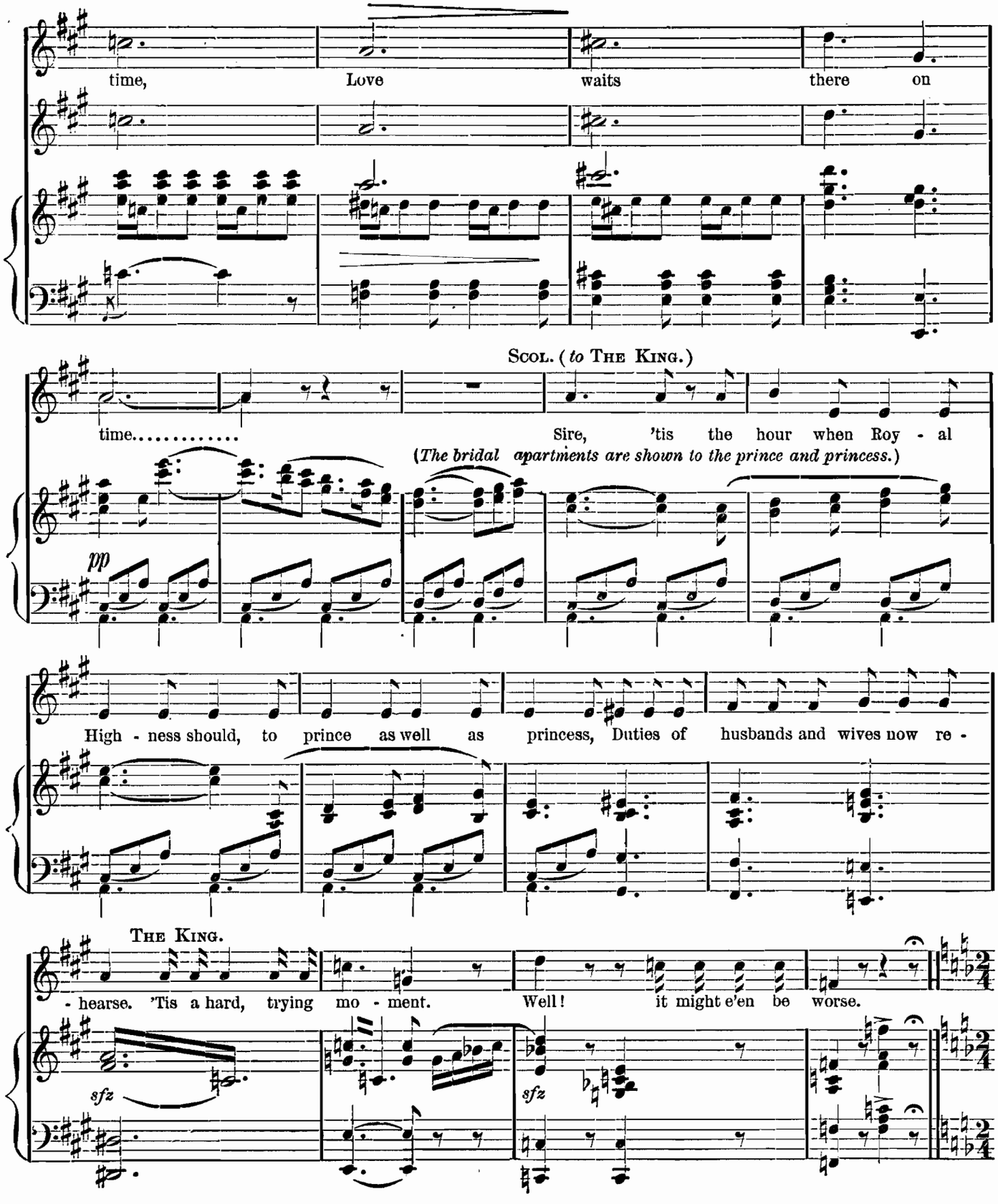
CATHEDRAL BELLS WILL ERE LONG RING.

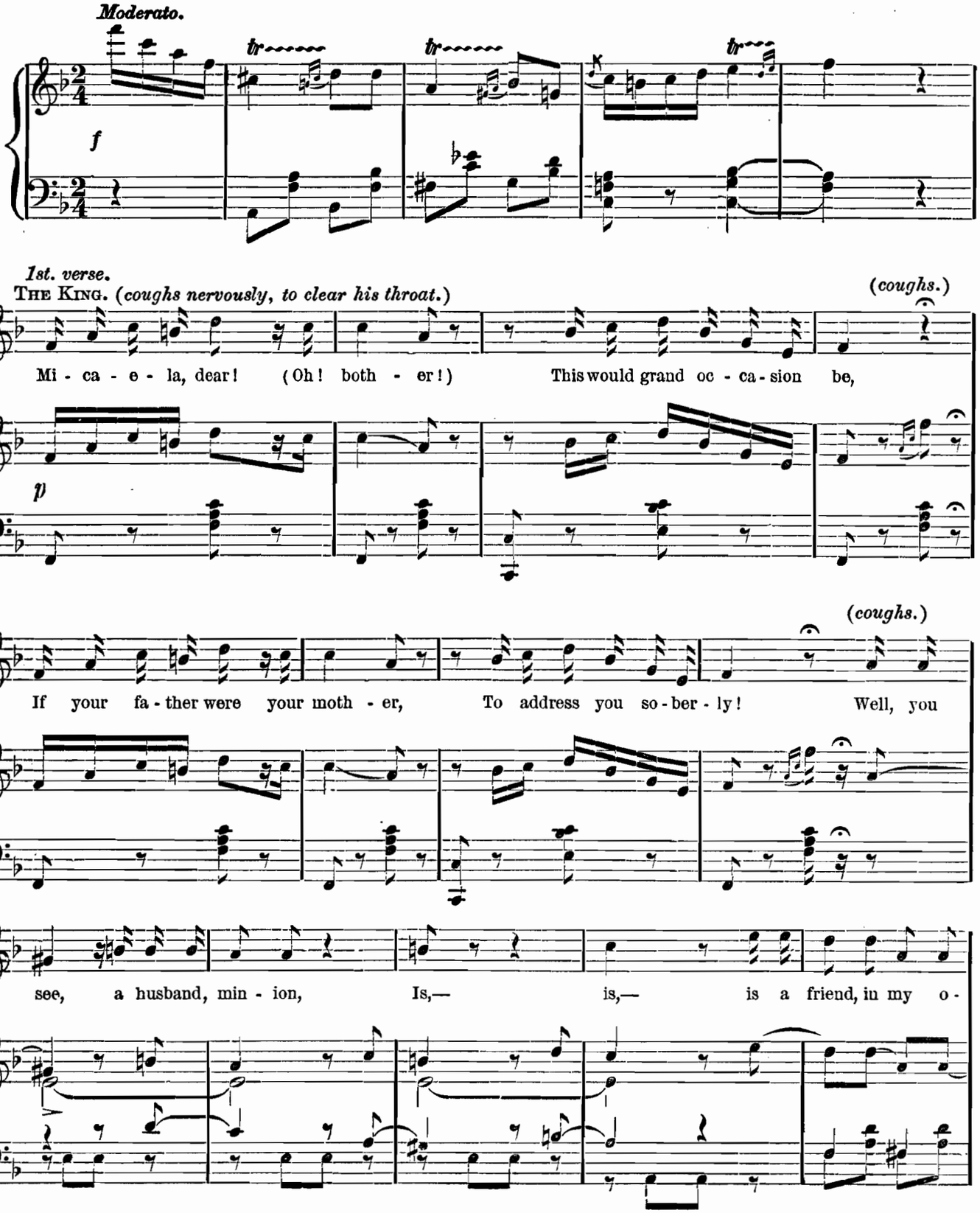
SCENE V. *The same and* THE BRIDES.

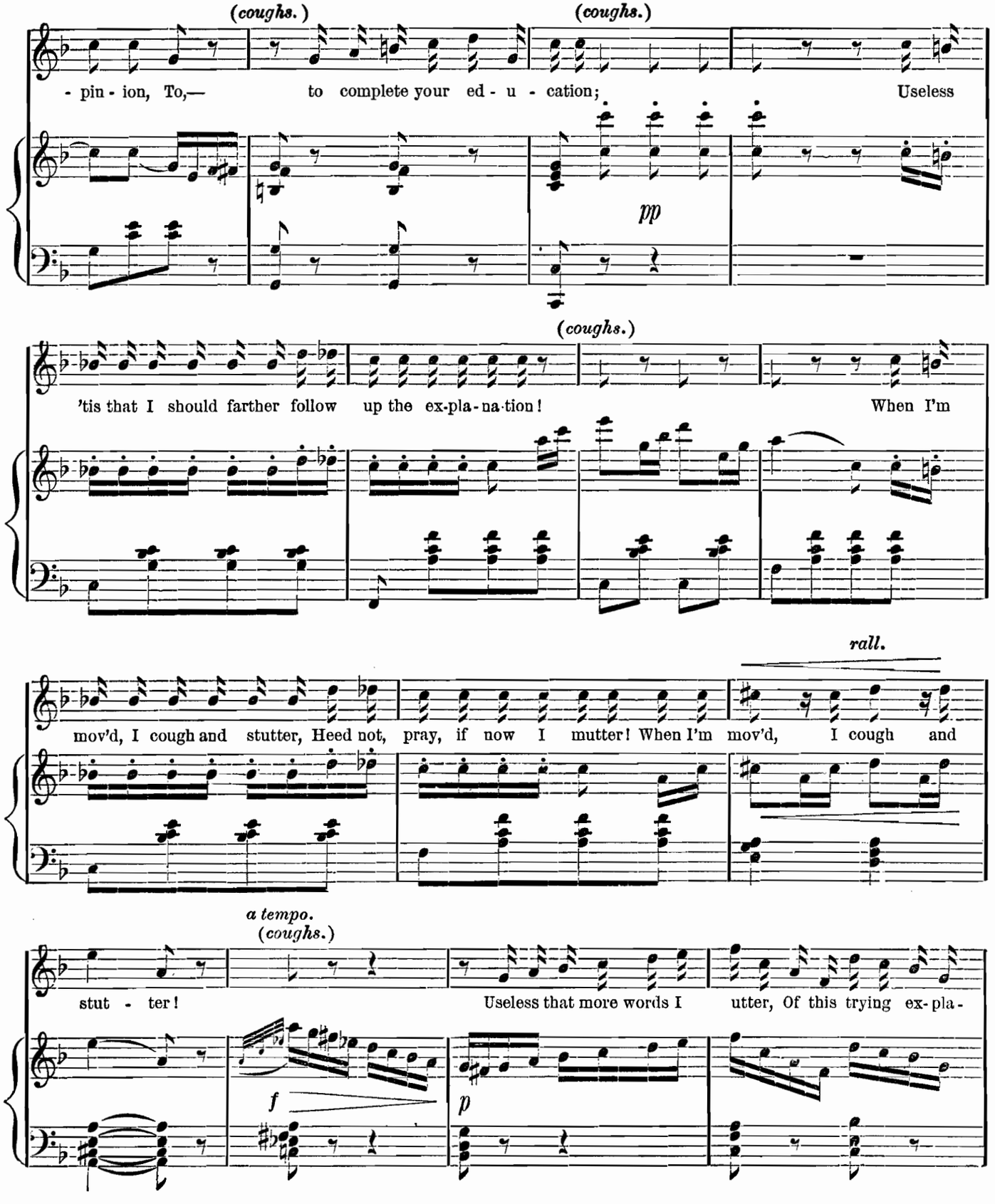
Chorus and Couplets.

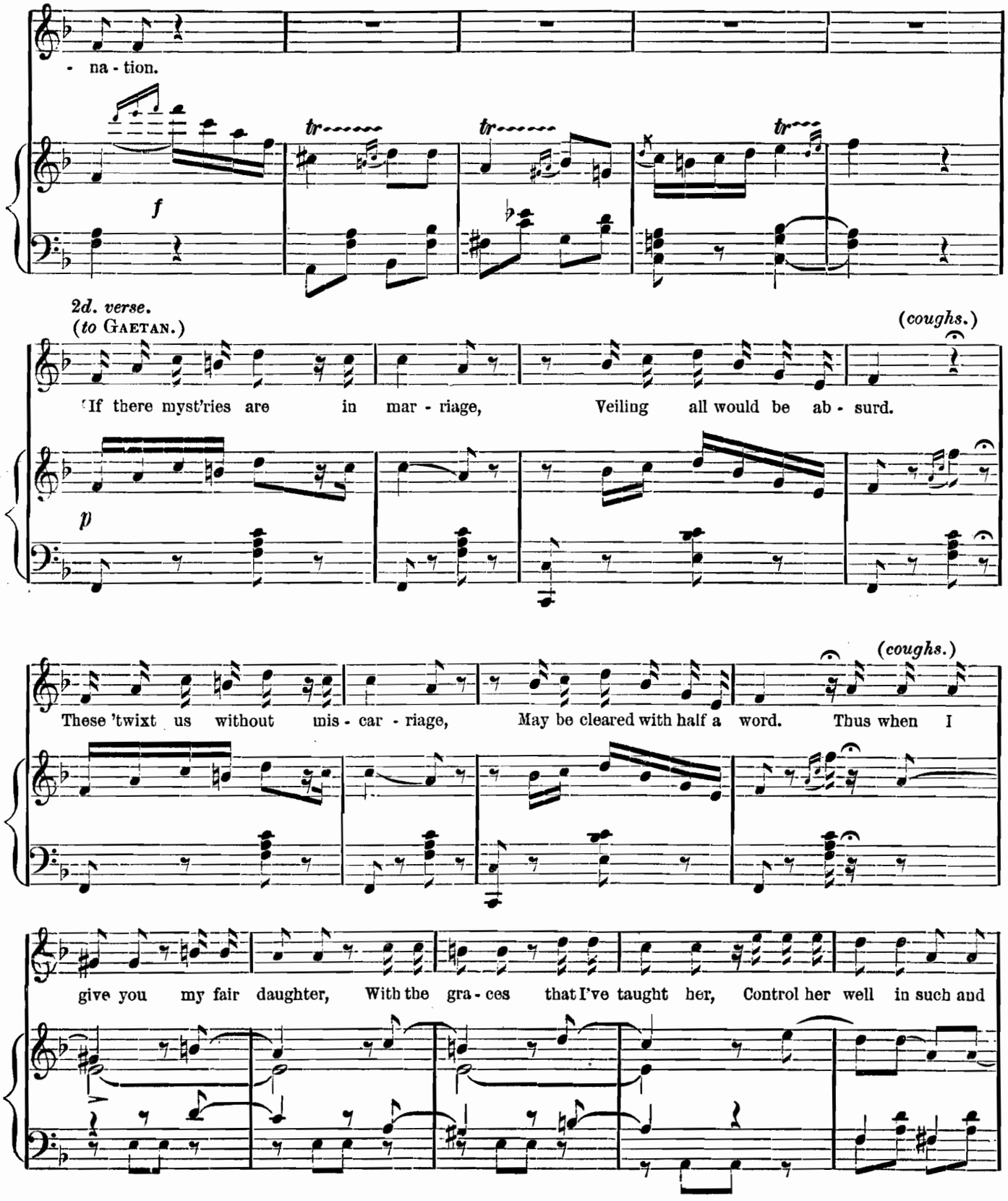


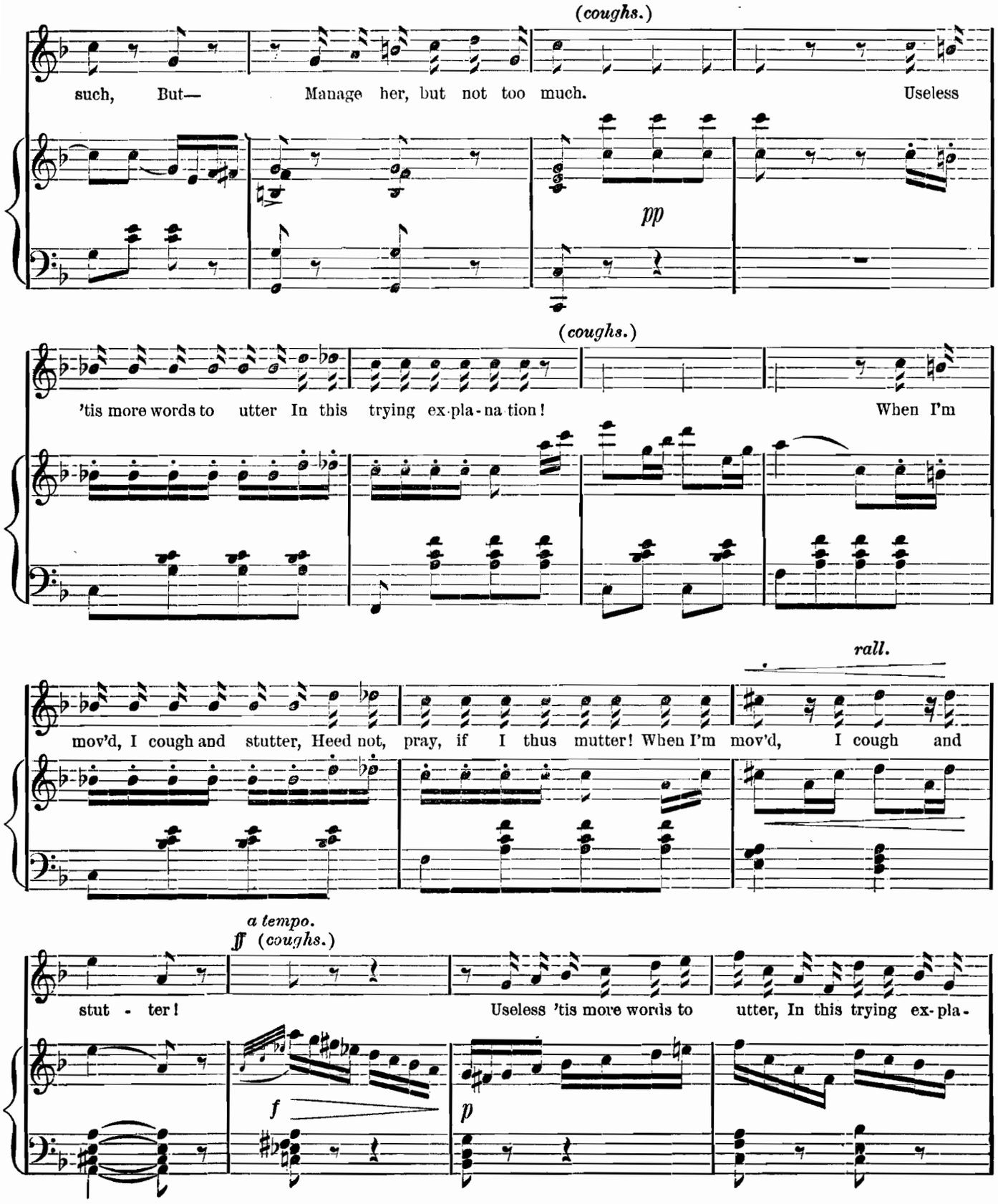

guides you to his bower..... Soon the bells of
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime,.... Towards the nup - tial
f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
f
dim.

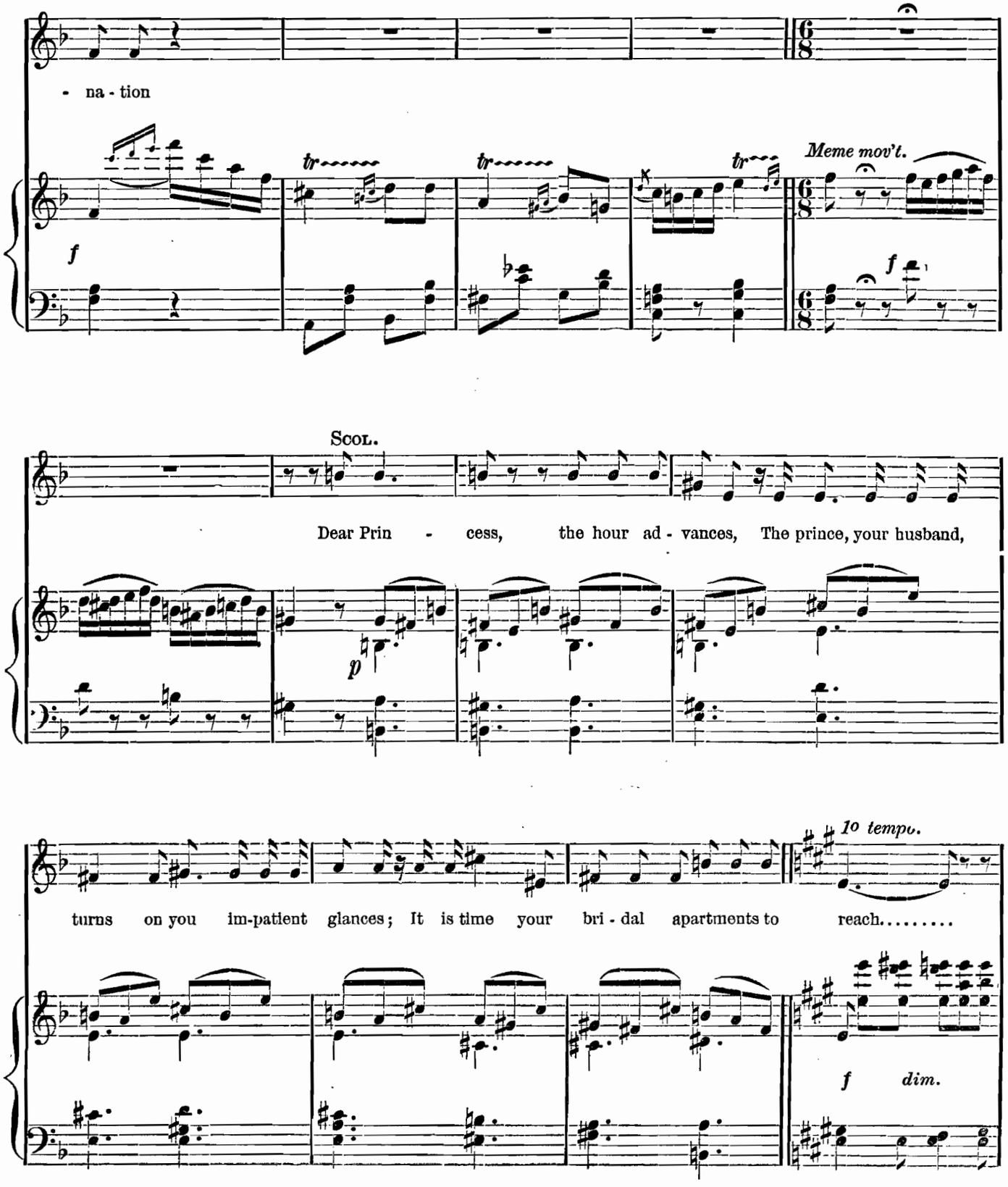

time, Love waits there on
Scol. (to The King.)
time..... Sire, 'tis the hour when Roy - al
(The bridal apartments are shown to the prince and princess.)
pp
High - ness should, to prince as well as princess, Duties of husbands and wives now re -
The King.
- hearse. 'Tis a hard, trying mo - ment. Well! it might e'en be worse.
sfz
sfz

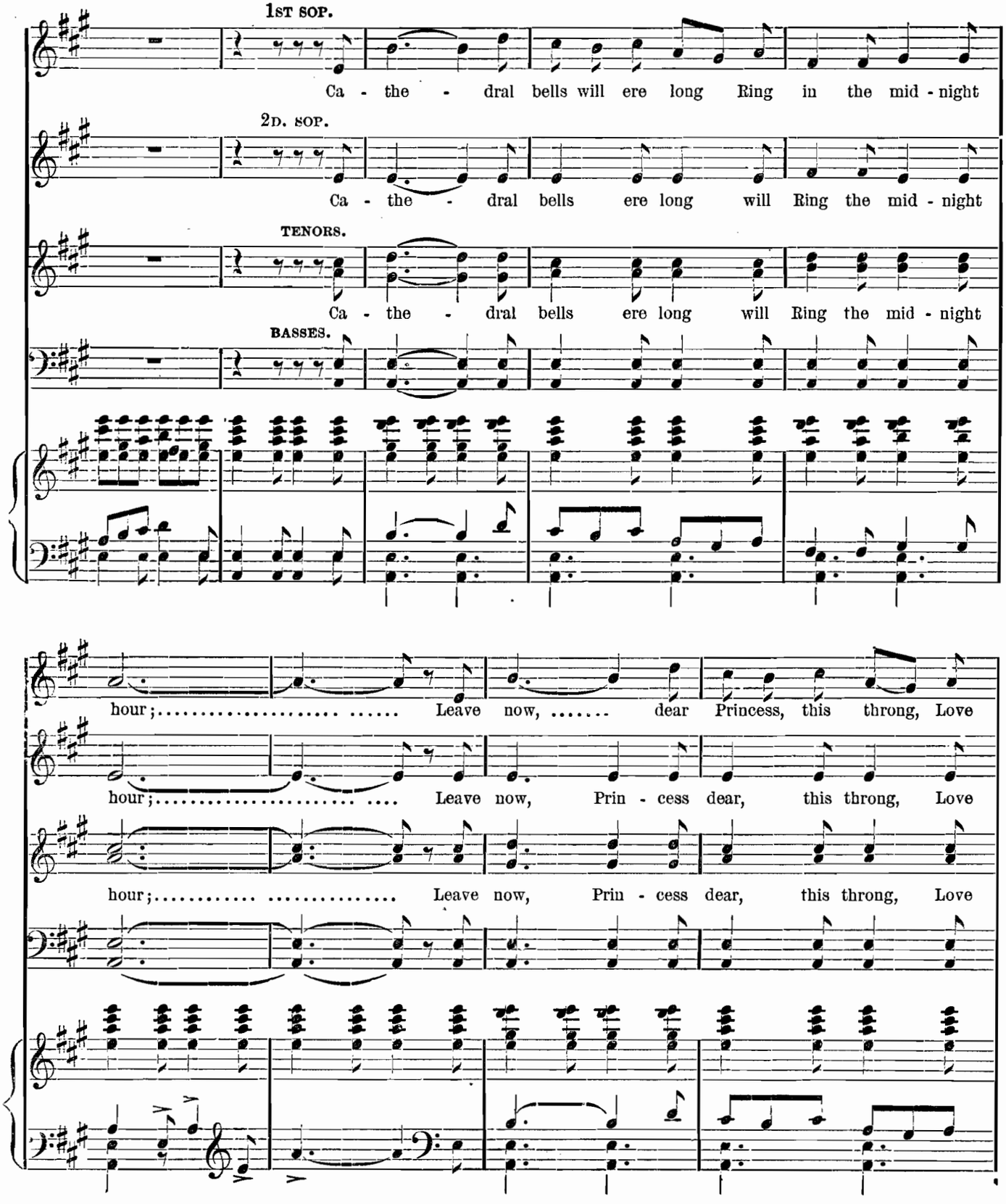

Moderato.
f
1st. verse.
THE KING. (coughs nervously, to clear his throat.)
(coughs.)
Mi - ca - e - la, dear! (Oh! both - er!) This would grand oc - ca - sion be,
p
(coughs.)
If your fa - ther were your moth - er, To address you so - ber - ly! Well, you
see, a husband, min - ion, Is,— is,— is a friend, in my o -

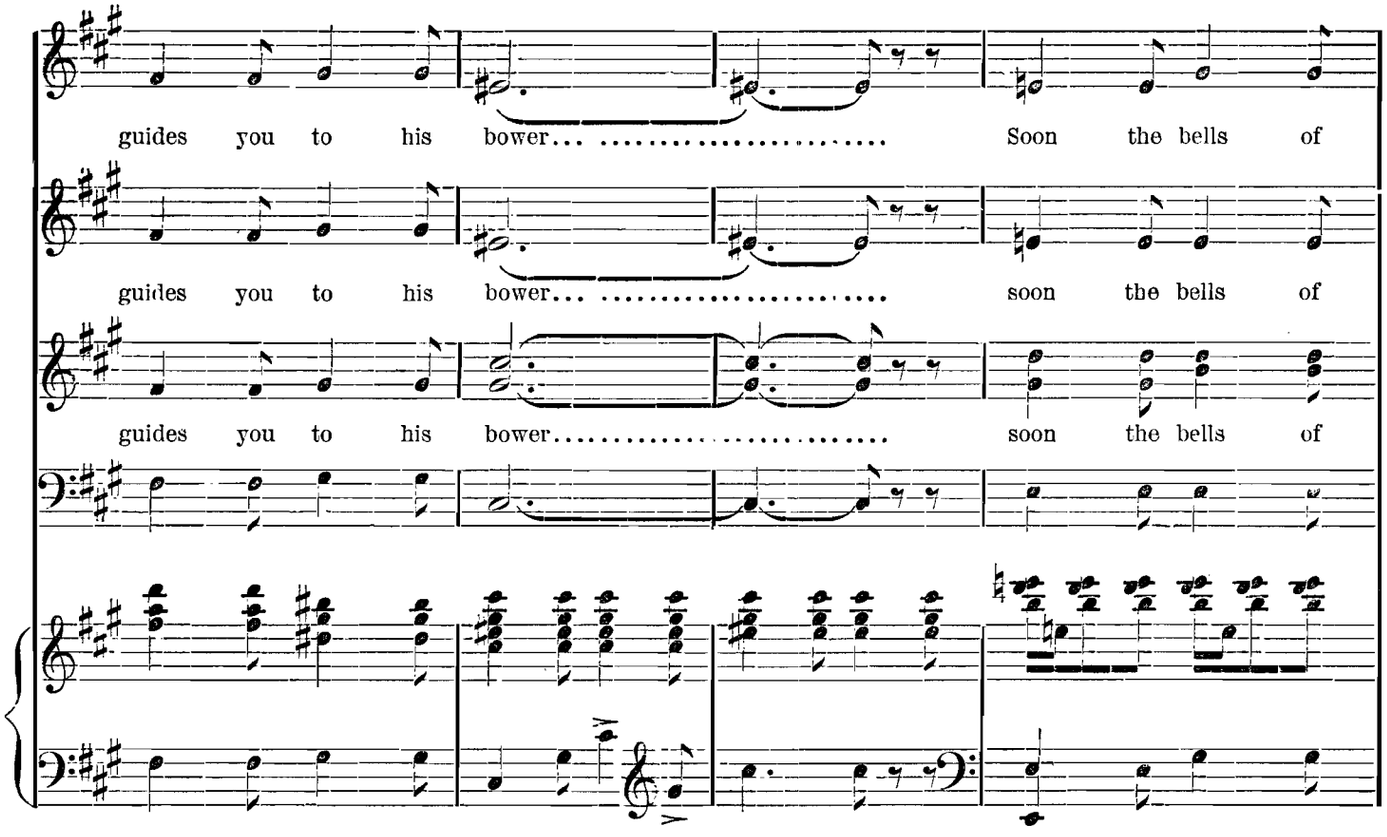

(coughs.)
(coughs.)
- pin - ion, To,— to complete your ed - u - cation; Useless
pp
(coughs.)
'tis that I should farther follow up the ex-pla-na-tion! When I'm
rall.
mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if now I mutter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and
a tempo.
(coughs.)
stut - ter! Useless that more words I utter, Of this trying ex-pla-
f
p

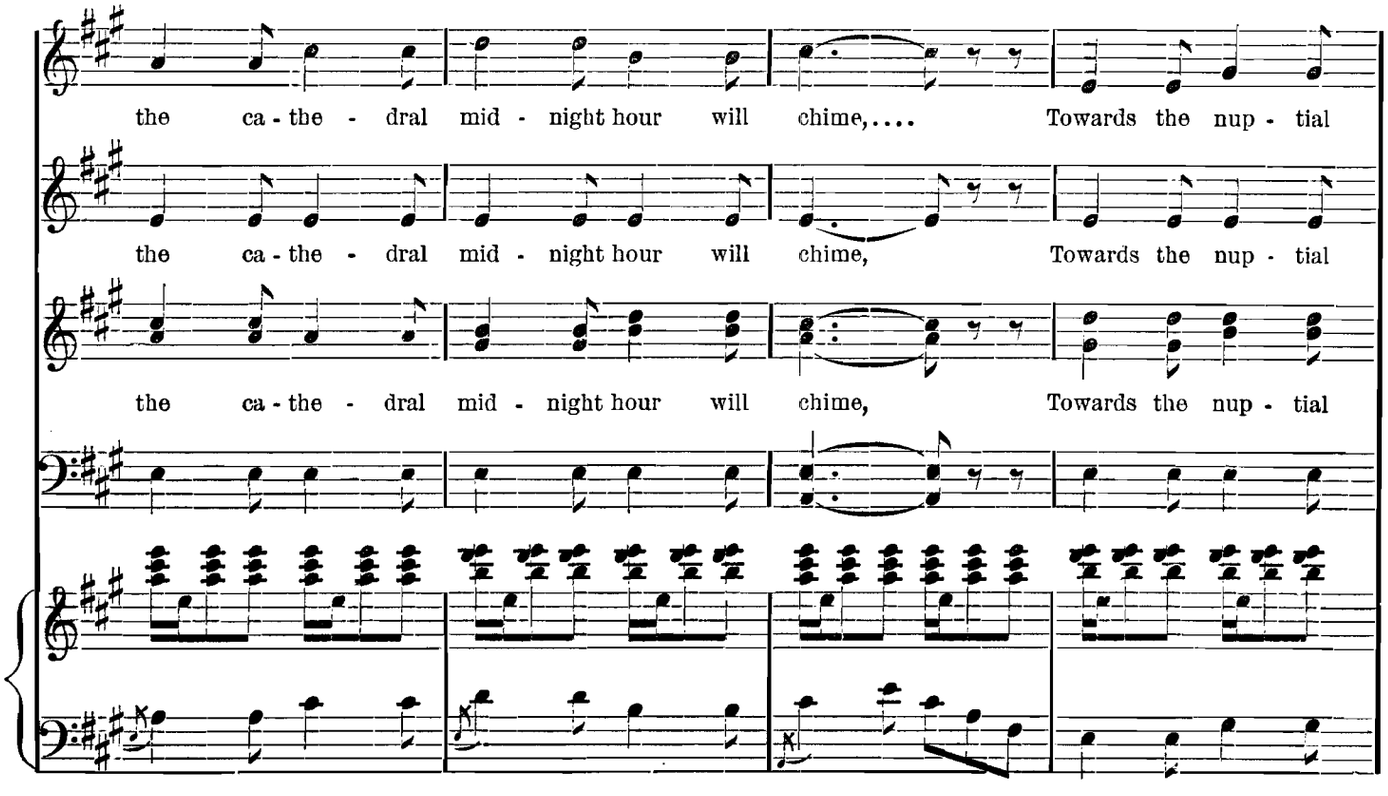

- na - tion.
f
tr
tr
tr
2d. verse.
(to GAETAN.)
(coughs.)
If there myst'ries are in mar - riage, Veiling all would be ab - surd.
p
(coughs.)
These 'twixt us without mis - car - riage, May be cleared with half a word. Thus when I
give you my fair daughter, With the gra - ces that I've taught her, Control her well in such and

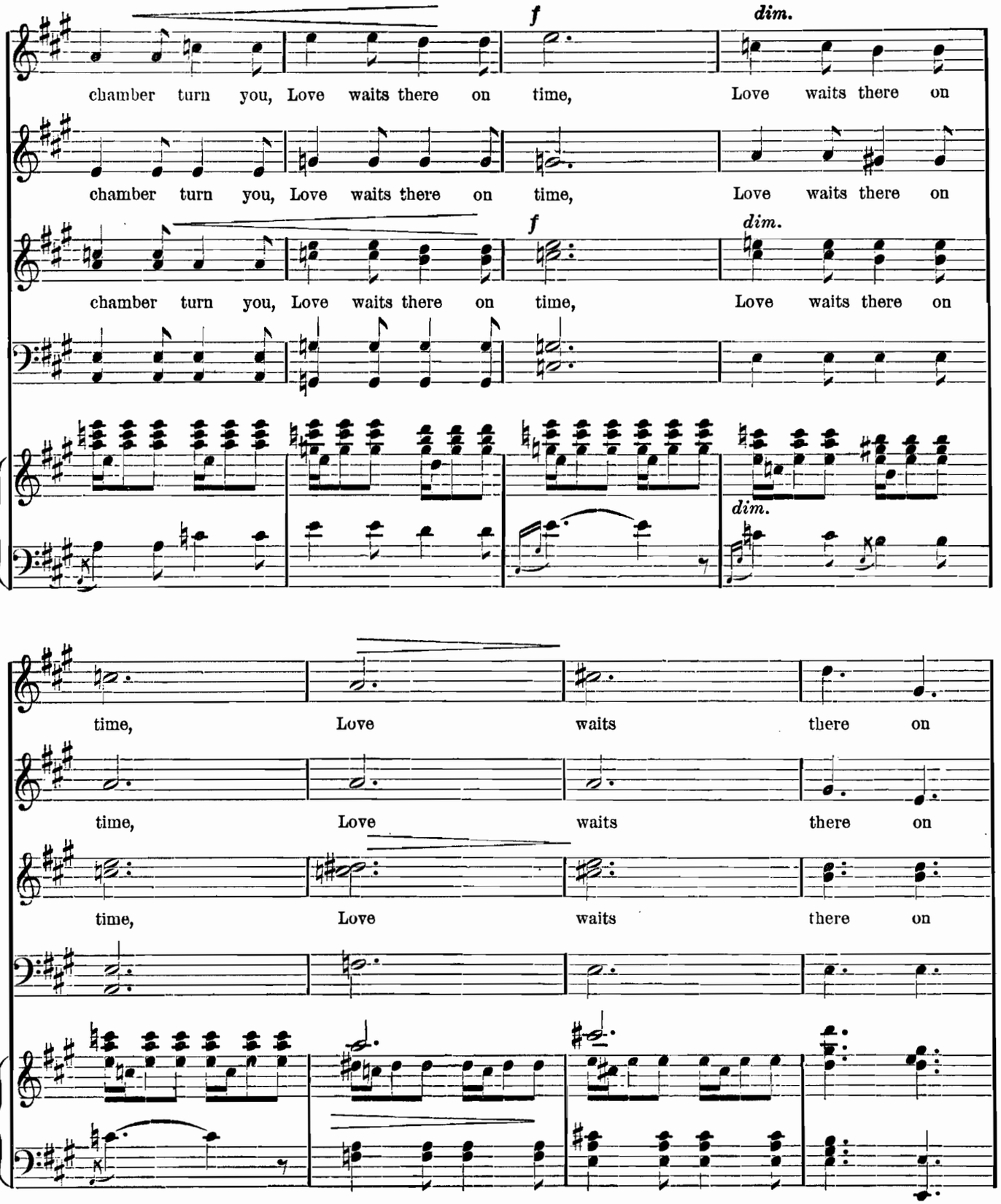

(coughs.)
such, But— Manage her, but not too much. Useless
pp
(coughs.)
'tis more words to utter In this trying ex-pla-na-tion! When I'm
rall.
mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if I thus mutter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and
a tempo.
ff (coughs.)
stut - ter! Useless 'tis more words to utter, In this trying ex-pla-
f
p

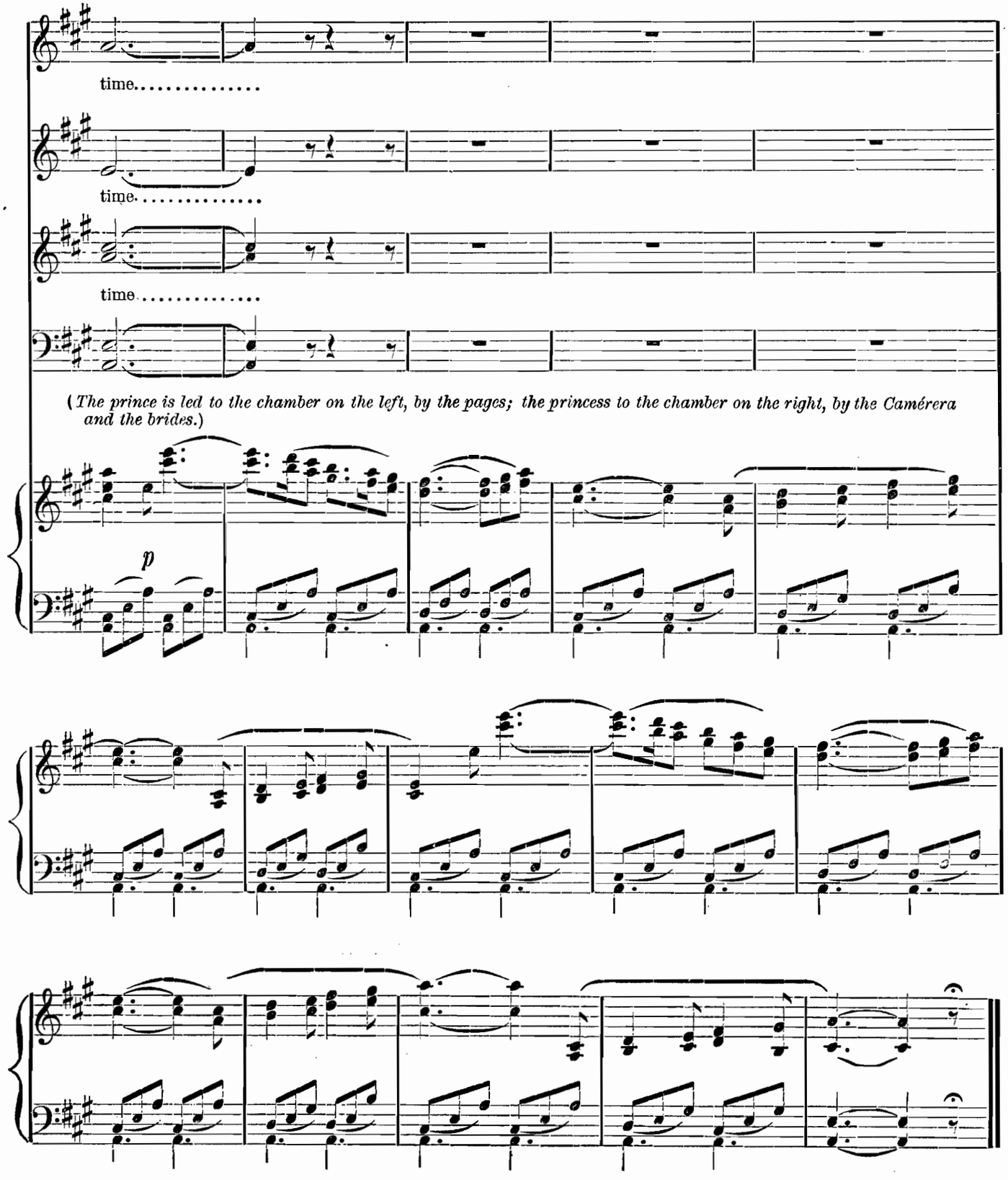

- na - tion
tr
tr
tr
Meme mov't.
f
f
Scol.
Dear Prin - cess, the hour ad - vances, The prince, your husband,
p
turns on you im-patient glances; It is time your bri - dal apartments to reach.....
1o tempo.
f dim.


1ST SOP.
Ca - the - dral bells will ere long Ring in the mid - night
2D. SOP.
Ca - the - dral bells ere long will Ring the mid - night
TENORS.
Ca - the - dral bells ere long will Ring the mid - night
BASSES.
hour;..... Leave now, ... dear Princess, this throng, Love
hour;..... Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love
hour;..... Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love

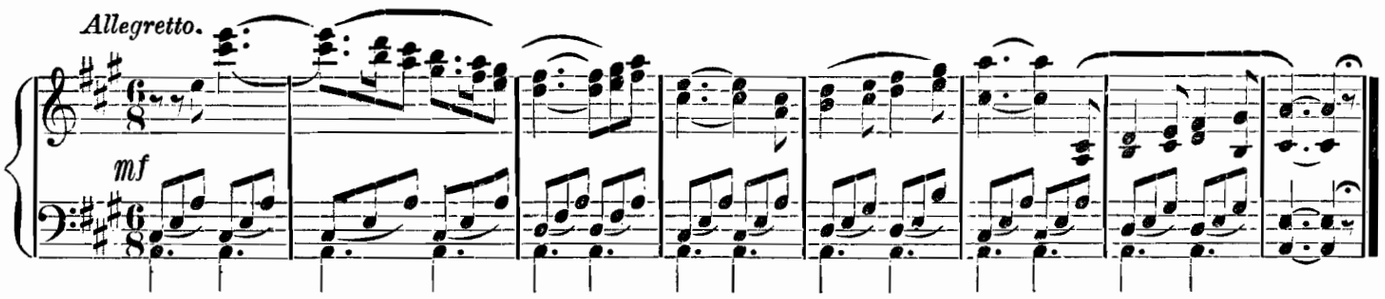

guides you to his bower... Soon the bells of
guides you to his bower... soon the bells of
guides you to his bower... soon the bells of


the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime,... Towards the nup - tial
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime, Towards the nup - tial
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime, Towards the nup - tial


f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
dim.
time, Love waits there on
time, Love waits there on
time, Love waits there on


time.....
time.....
time.....
(The prince is led to the chamber on the left, by the pages; the princess to the chamber on the right, by the Camérera and the brides.)
p

MELODRAMA.



SCENE VI. THE KING. DON MOSQUITOS.

THE KING. Now, attention! With a joker like my son-in-law, we must be ready for anything. There are moments when I feel a desire to start him off on his travels; but I have sentiments of duty, and shall not forget that the balance of power of Europe is in my hands! All, so far, has been done as agreed upon.

MOSQ. Yes, sire. The sentinels are at their posts.

KING. Good!

MOSQ. The gates of the palace will be rigorously closed.

KING. All right!

MOSQ. All the rooms which surround the bridal appartments will be the object of special surveillance. To conceal the appearance of rigor, I have stationed musicians there, and have given orders that, if a door or window is opened, the national hymn shall immediately be played.

KING. Excellent precaution!

MOSQ. So soon as the people on duty have departed, and the bell of midnight is sounded, nobody can leave here—man or women.

KING. That is as I recommended! We must be prepared at all points. What a joker he is—my son-in-law!

MOSQ. Sire, some one is leaving the apartments of the princess.

KING. Perfect! We have nothing more to do here. I go to watch over, personally, the execution of orders.

SCENE VII. *The same.* SCOLASTICA. *The Brides.*

SCOL. Sire, I have accomplished the duties of my charge about the princess.

KING Oh, it is not she who makes me uneasy! I thank you for your zeal. You may count upon it that nothing will be neglected on my part.

MOSQ. We shall neglect nothing.

KING. Come, colonel.

SCENE VIII. DONNA SCOLASTICA, *then* GAETAN.

SCOL. Brought up in courts, I have never sought to penetrate the secrets of the great. I cannot, at the same time, prevent myself from finding it very strange—the manner of our young prince. What can be his design? What are the motives of his conduct? 'Tis he!

GAE. (*Arrives by the left. To the Pages.*) Good night, messieurs. (*The Pages retire. To himself.*) Here I am! They have brought me here, all the same, and I have only one thing more to do. Oh! they have not seen the end as yet! I would like to find an occasion for scandal that would make them recoil when they believe they have reached the end: Ah! here is the little Camérera come back again.

SCOL. (*Making three steps and a curtsey.*) Prince, here is the key.

GAE. The key? Ah, yes! 'Tis for—(*Points to the bridal chamber; the Camérera smiles an answer.*) Amiable smile! But, in fact, (*Looking at her.*) she must have been well-looking in her day! I think I have got hold of my scandal! (*He approaches her with a sigh.*) If we had time I would explain to you—

SCOL. What, then, monseigneur?

GAE. This key is destined to open a lock, is it not?

SCOL. Yes.

GAE. Suppose one wanted to open another one with it?

SCOL. It would not fit!

GAE. Precisely! Well, this is also the key of the situation. There is a woman towards whom my heart ought to to have gone out voluntarily, and, instead of that, there is another! Ah! I am much to be pitied!

SCOL. Monseigneur!

GAE. (*Taking her hand.*)Tell me—tell me you pity me!

SCOL. I do pity you, monseigneur!

GAE. Thanks for that kind word! (*He puts his arm around her.*)

SCOL. (*Edging off.*) Monseigneur!

GAE. (*Aside.*) She will cry out, and make a devil of a rumpus!

SCOL. (*Aside.*) What a ray of light! This, then, is the secret of his coldness for the princess! That I should have made such a lively impression upon him!

GAE. You pity me, madame! Ah! you have understood me. (*Approaching her.*) Tell me your first name.

SCOL. Monseigneur—Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena.

GAE. Well, Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena, there are mysterious sympathies that draw one soul to another. We would fain struggle against them—we cannot. We wish to conquer them, but we cannot. (*Again putting his arm about her.—Aside.*) Try to get her near the bell-pull!

SCOL. Monseigneur, princes are made to control others—

GAE. And they ought to control themselves! I know that!

SCOL. I referred to others!

GAE. Ah! (*Aside.*) She does not ring!

SCOL. The obedience of subjects is a principle without which the monarchy would be essentially changed. (*She gazes tenderly at him.*)

GAE. Ah, bah! (*Aside.*) But in place of ringing, it seems to me—well, as if I were taken in!

SCOL. And for a spirit well born, that obedience has an unspeakable charm (*The Prince moves off a little, the Camérera follows him*), like everything that springs from a sentiment of duty!

GAE. Could I have expected that? (*Pushing her away gently.*) Well, well, I shall know what to rely upon in your sentiments. (*Quickly.*) Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena!—

SCOL. Monseigneur!

GAE. You may retire.

SCOL. But, monseigneur!

GAE. You may –

SCOL. I obey. (*She makes three steps and a curtsey*) Monseigneur! (*A reverence Aside.*) Never mind; I have read his heart! He will come to it! (*She retires by the little door in the first plan, at the right, after having made a third reverence, always backward.*)

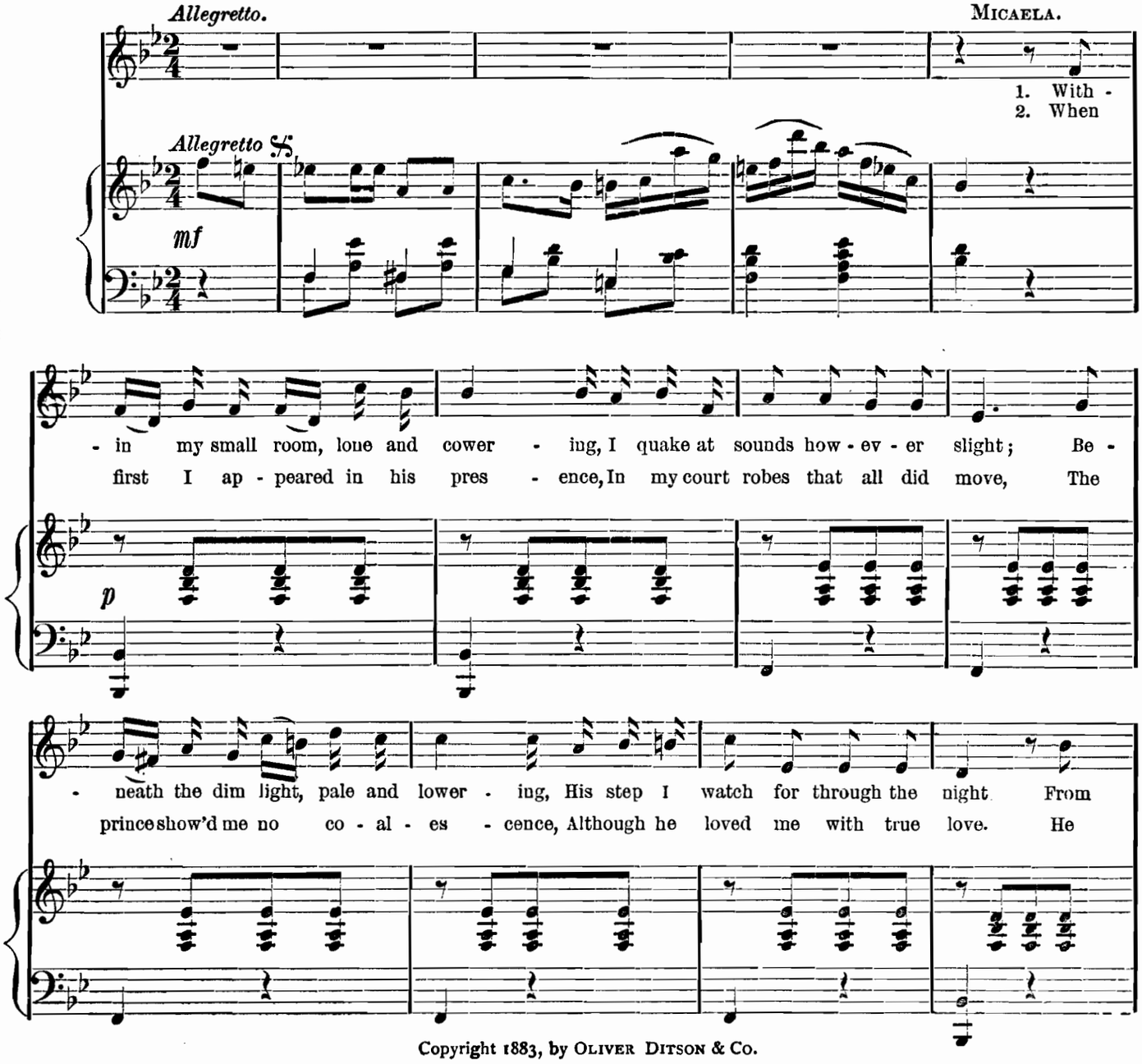
SCENE IX. GAETAN *alone.*

GAE. Well, she is a tough one! I think that after that, the best I can do is to try and escape. (*He half opens a door in the back, the national hymn is heard.*) Good! (*He shuts the door.*) I am kept in sight, which is not saying much, for the ears belong to the party. (*Looking out of the window.*) The window is low, and leads to the lawn. Try it? (*Half opens the window, the national hymn is heard again.*) Good! A military band under the window. (*He closes the window.*) They have thought of everything! (*He looks at the little doors in the first plans, right and left.*) The little doors? (*Pointing to the right.*) Yes, but then I risk meeting the Camérera in the darkness, who has the sentiment of duty! (*Goes to the left.*) By this way? (*He half opens the door, very slowly.*) No music! Have they committed a blunder of forgetfulness? Well, I'll try it! (*He goes out with great precaution.*)

SCENE X. *At the moment when the little door closes, the door of the nuptial chamber at the right opens, and the princess comes out, in an elegant night costume, her head covered with a short veil. The light is partly turned down.*

MICAELA. He is gone. I watched through the key-hole and saw him depart. It is just what he said to me in the garden. And, meanwhile, I was in the bridal chamber, waiting, and instead of going away, he should have said to me so many things that papa did not want to say to me! I hoped he would recognize me, but he did not even look at me.

WITHIN MY SMALL ROOM, LONE AND COWERING.



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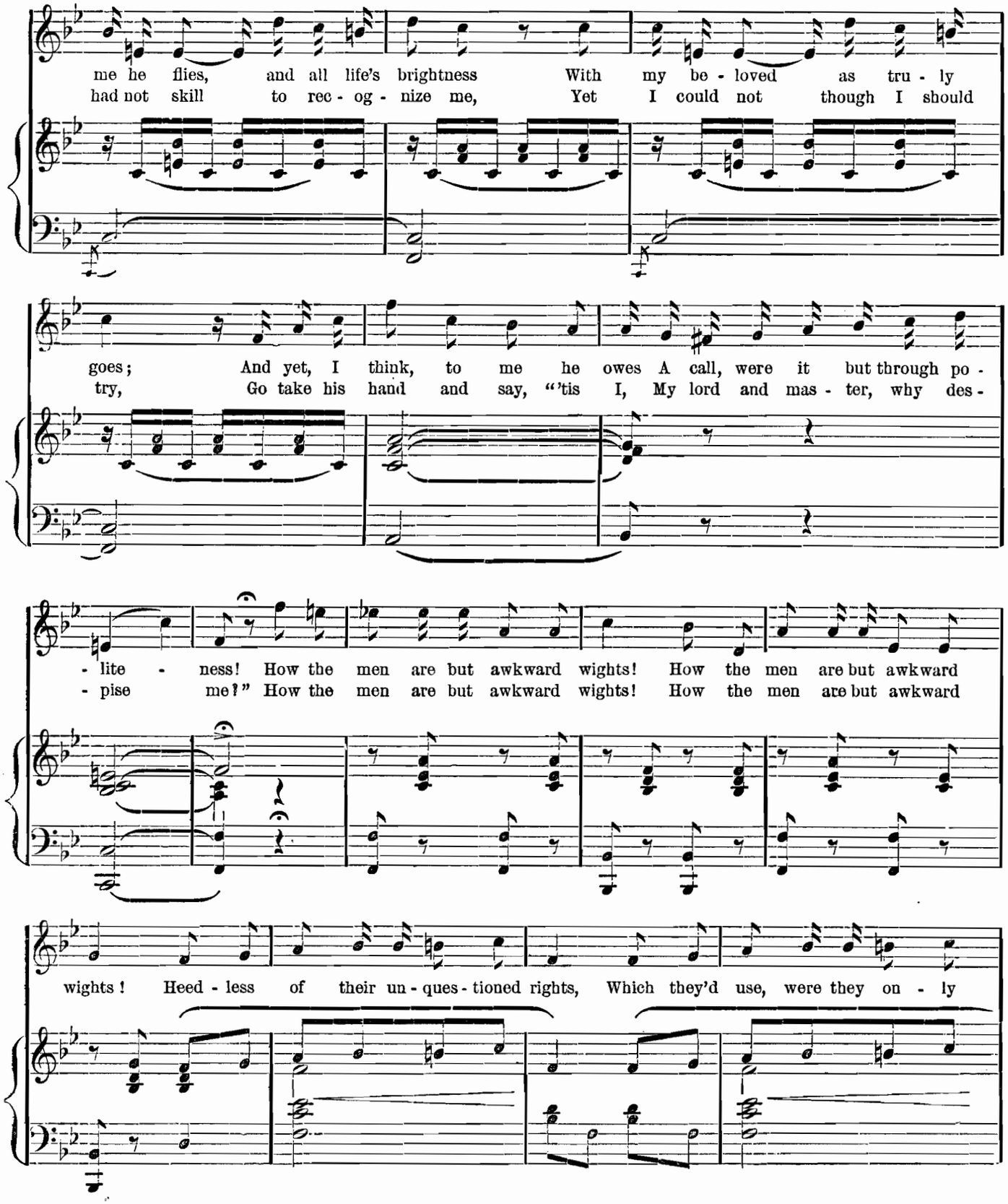
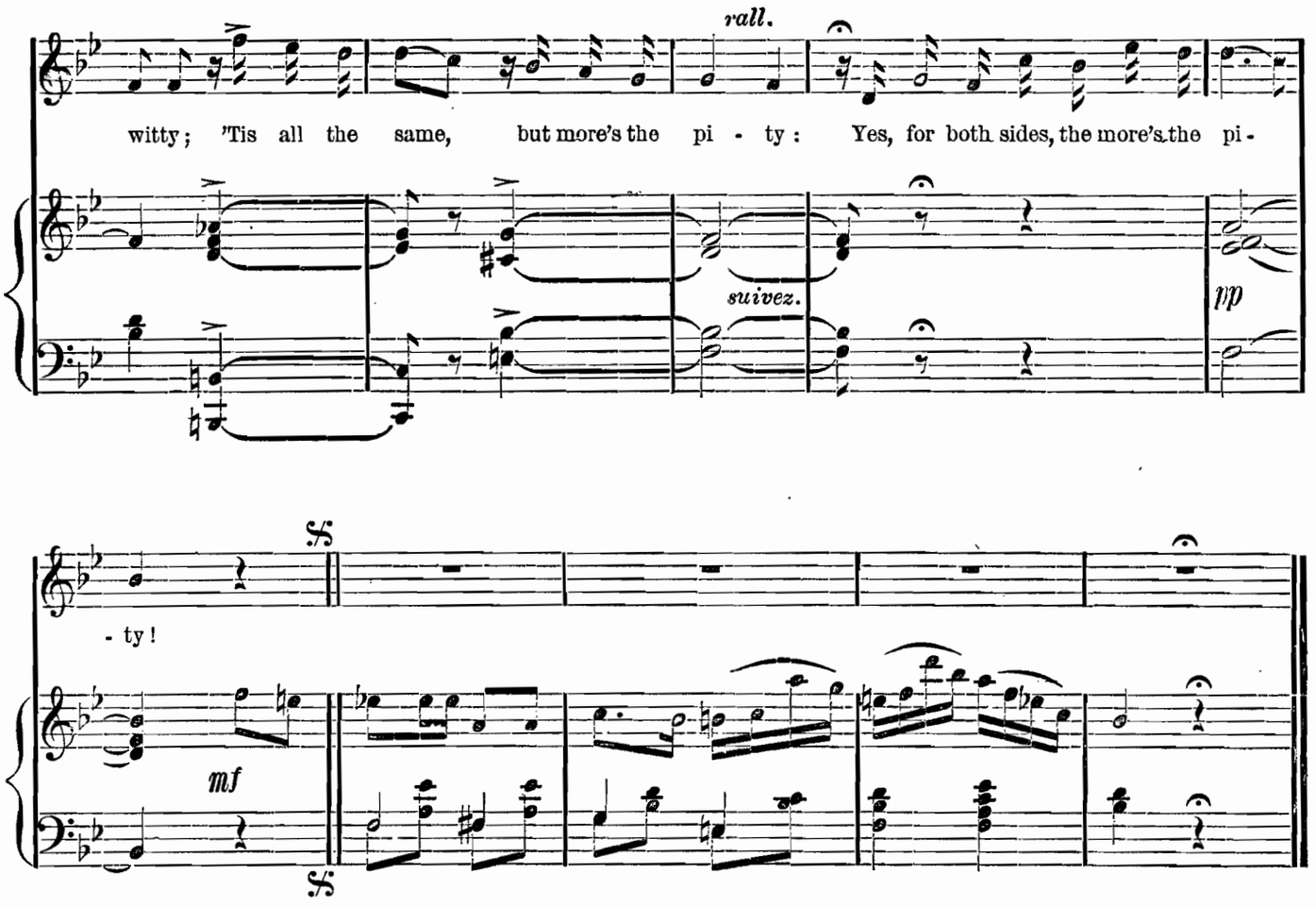

me he flies, and all life's brightness With my be - loved as tru - ly
had not skill to rec - og - nize me, Yet I could not though I should
goes; And yet, I think, to me he owes A call, were it but through po -
try, Go take his hand and say, "'tis I, My lord and mas - ter, why des -
- lite - ness! How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward
- pise me?" How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward
wights! Heed - less of their un - ques - tioned rights, Which they'd use, were they on - ly



SCENE XI. MICAELA. JOSEFA.

MICA. What is to be done now? (*Hears a door open.*) Some one coming?

JOSE. Pardon—I— Ah, princess! is it you? What a meeting! Just fancy to yourself that it has been impossible to get out of the palace. I am a little belated. I wanted to speak a few words to poor Morales. Well, a husband of the morning, who is obliged to pass the night of his wedding-day on duty as a sentry —that is not pleasant! We have talked for about two minutes, and then he was recalled for service. I heard them close all the doors, and wherever I have tried to pass out, I have found a sentinel with "Nobody passes here!"

MICA. Truly! But the prince cannot go out as well. He will be compelled to come back here.

JOSE. The prince?

MICA. Yes. He has departed. He keeps his word. Oh, you have done well to come back! You have given me an idea. Yes, 'tis this. My chamber of former days is there! (*Pointing to the little door onthe right.*) Ah, well, my poor Josefa, I have a sort of right to enter there. Stay here and keep watch. (*She goes out quickly.*)

SCENE XII. JOSEFA. *Then* MORALES.

JOS. What is her project? I don't know; but since I met her, I have less fear! In these great corridors, in these galleries, one would think the statues were alive. It seems as if the shadows moved about me!

VOICE. (*Outside.*) Sentinel, be on your guard!

JOSE. (*Trembling.*) Ah, mon Dieu! (*A door in the back opens;* MORALES *enters with a lantern.*)

MOR. (*Dimly perceiving* JOSEFA, *who turns her back to him.*) Who goes there? Advance, and give the order!

JOS. Oh, monsieur, 'tis not my fault!

MOR. What? That voice? (*Holds up his lantern.*) Josefa!

JOS. Morales!

MOR. Still in the palace!

JOS. Impossible to get out!

MOR. I will not complain, since I have met you; but what are you doing here?

JOS. Hush! 'Tis some grand mystery! Imagine to yourself that the prince, instead of being with his wife, is roaming through the corridors.

MOR. Truly!

JOS. And the princess also. I think she is looking for him.

MOR. They will not go far. But the affairs of the great people are not ours. Oh, my dear little Josefa! do you realise that we are married since this morning?

JOS. I know it!

MOR. Do you know that we have scarcely had time to say that we love each other?

JOS. That is true!

MOR. Do you know that I have not yet embraced you?

JOS. If—when I bade adieu to you, not long ago.

MOR. A parting kiss—that does not count! Oh, life is a droll thing! To think that we are both here waiting, and that our masters are roaming the corridors!

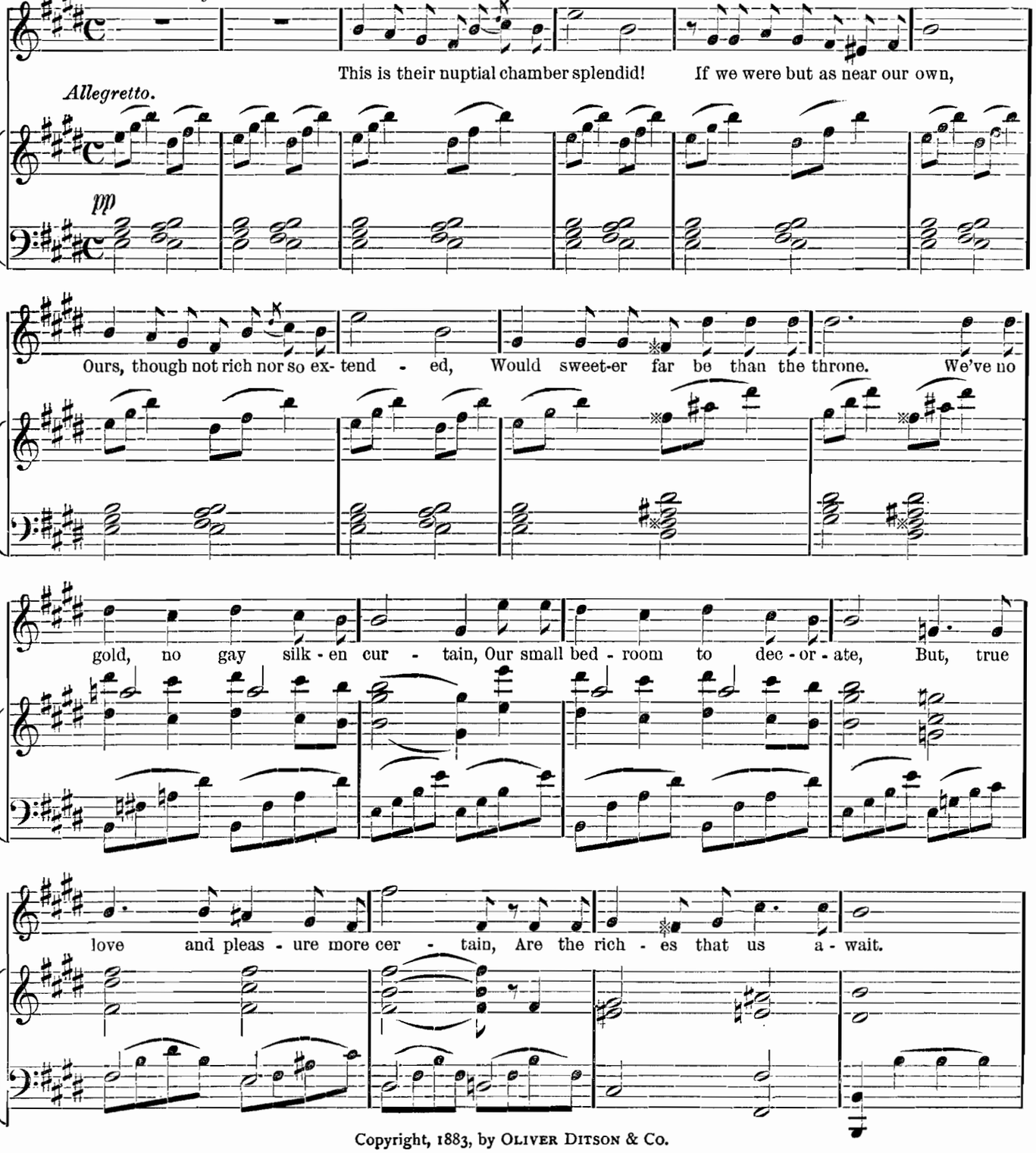
JOS. When they might be there—alone, and so happy!

THIS IS THEIR NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

Couplets in duo.

(They look in at the bridal chamber, of which the princess has left the door open.)

JOSEFA. *Allegretto.*



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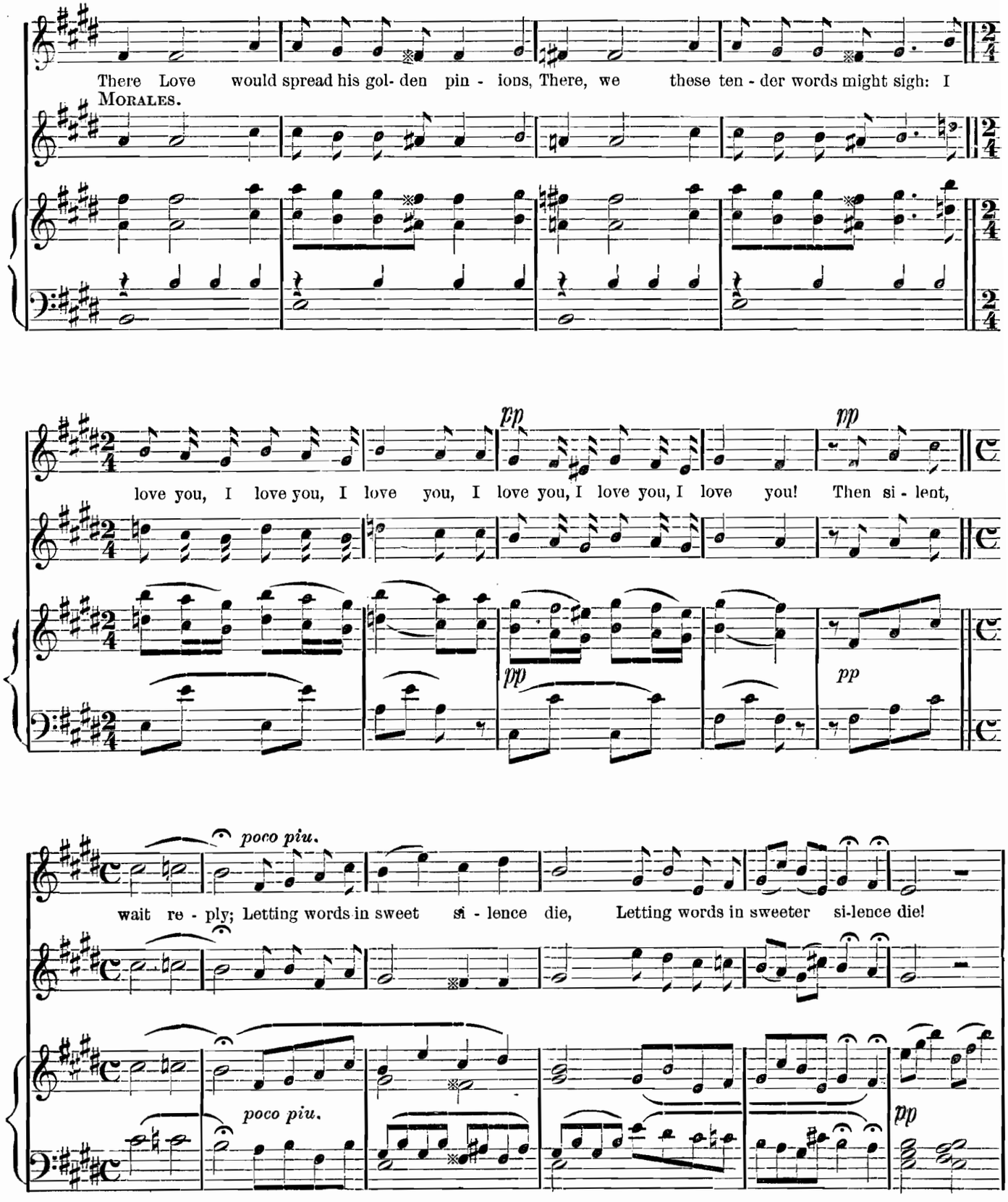
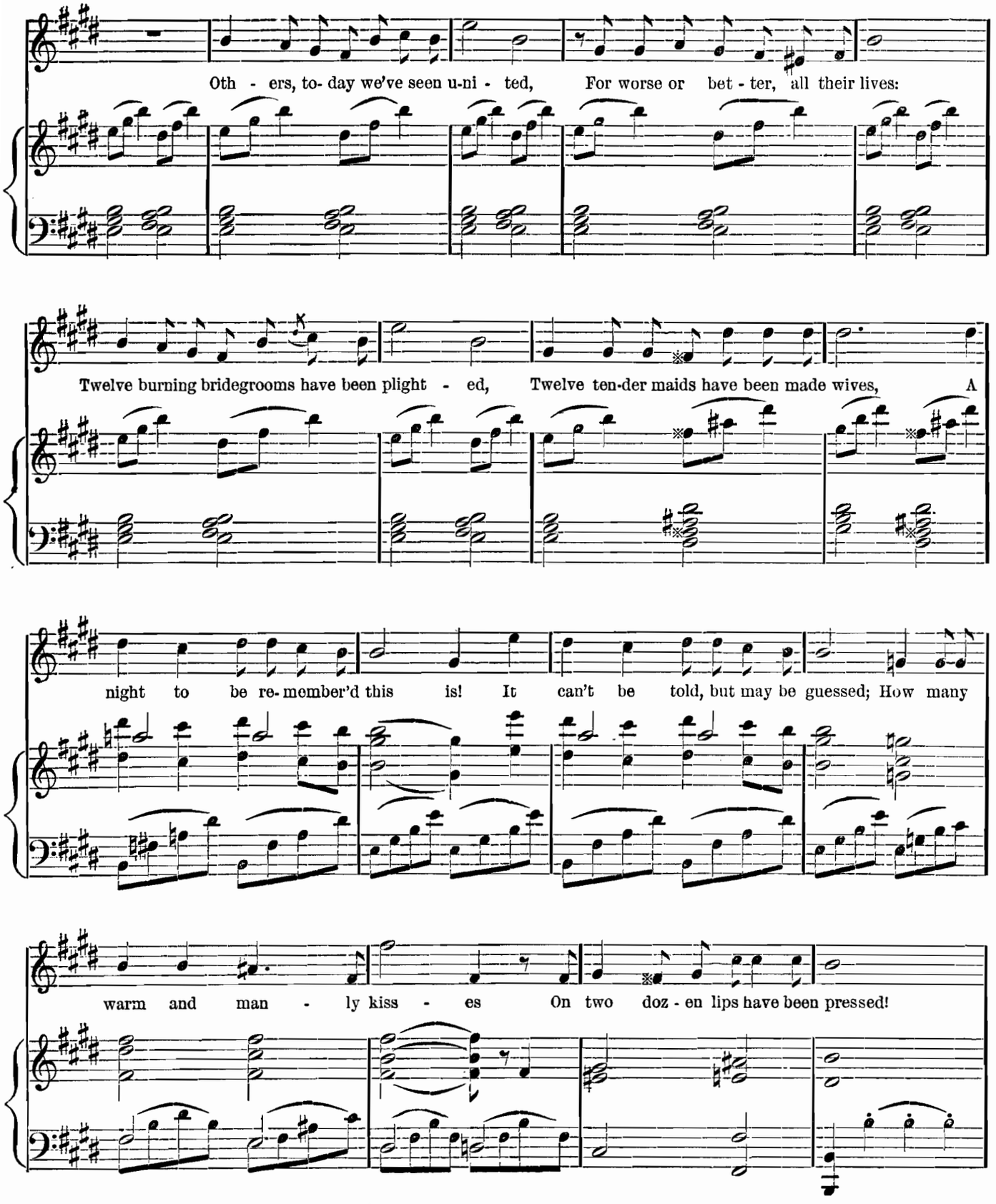
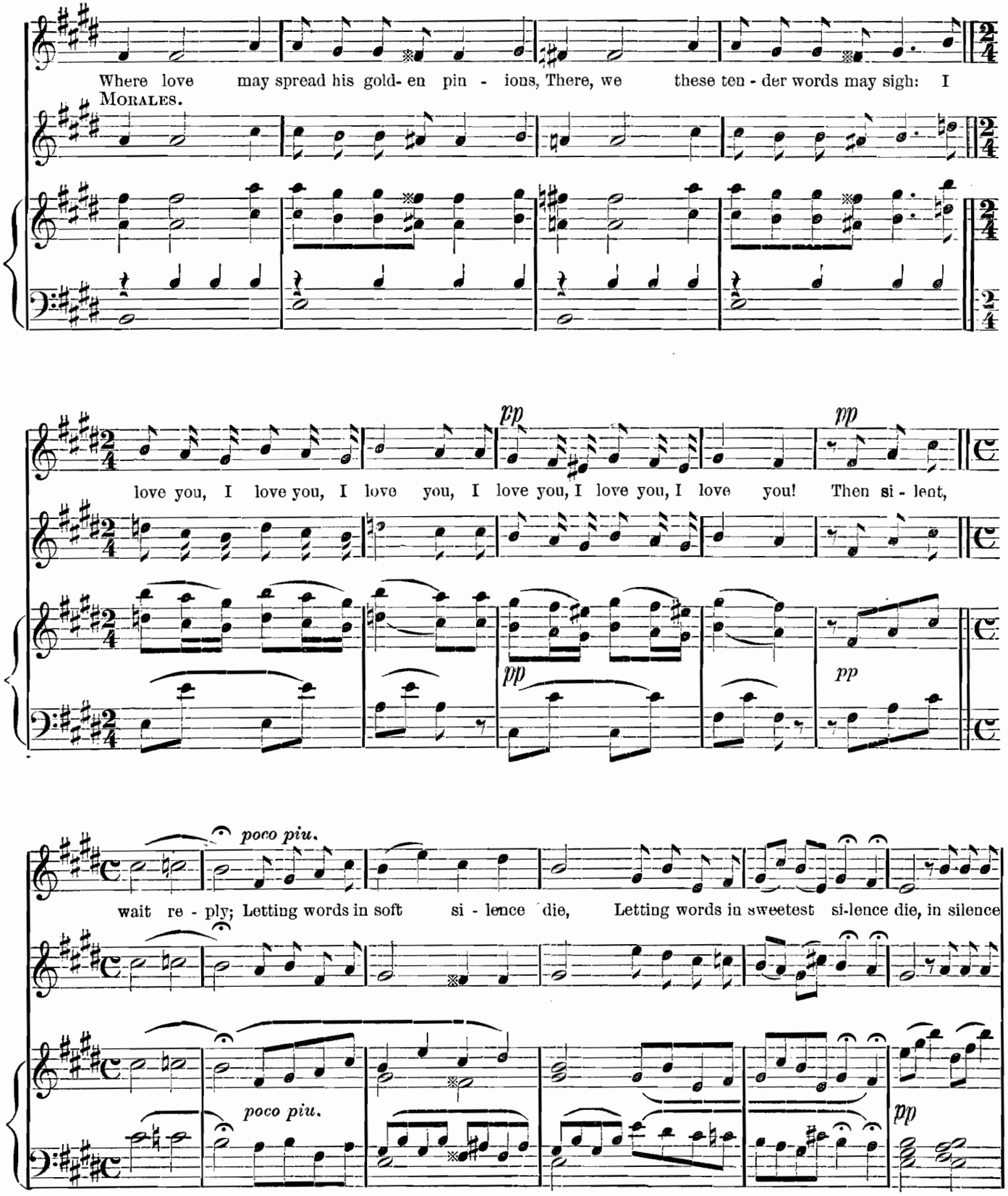
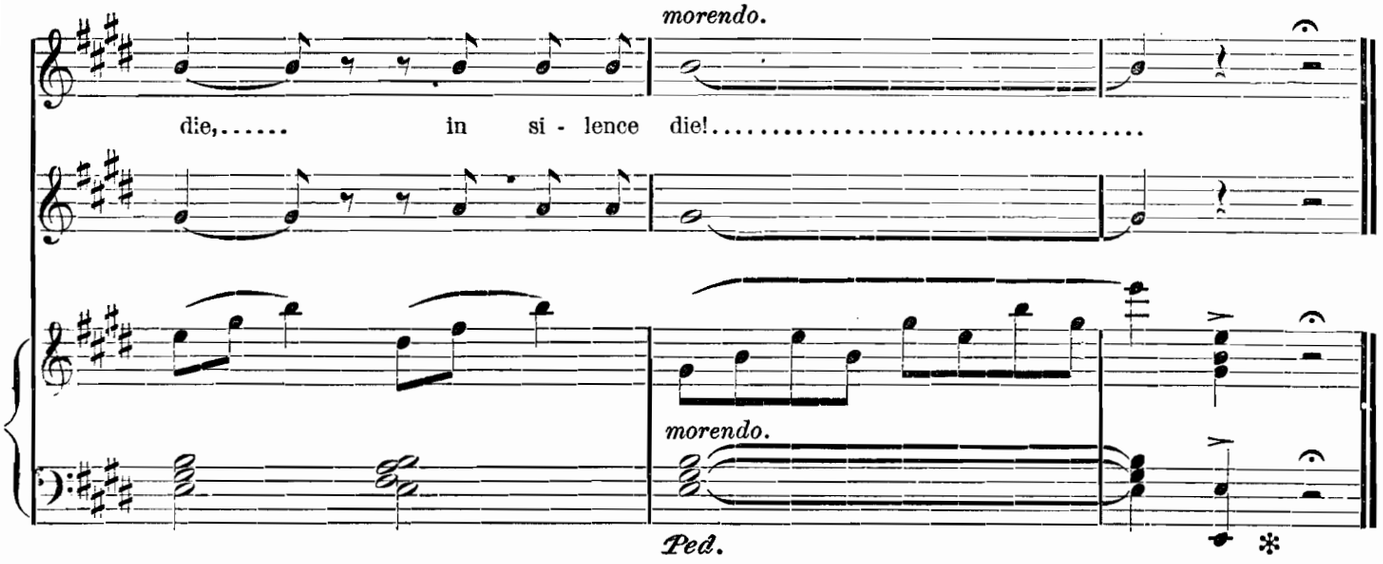

There Love would spread his gol- den pin - ions, There, we these ten - der words might sigh: I
MORALES.
love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then si - lent,
pp
pp
pp
pp
wait re - ply; Letting words in sweet si - lence die, Letting words in sweeter si-lence die!
poco piu.
poco piu.
pp


Oth - ers, to- day we've seen u-ni - ted, For worse or bet - ter, all their lives:
Twelve burning bridegrooms have been plight - ed, Twelve ten-der maids have been made wives, A
night to be re- member'd this is! It can't be told, but may be guessed; How many
warm and man - ly kiss - es On two doz - en lips have been pressed!


Where love may spread his gold- en pin - ions, There, we these ten - der words may sigh: I
MORALES.
love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then si - lent,
pp
pp
pp
pp
poco piu.
wait re - ply; Letting words in soft si - lence die, Letting words in sweetest si-lence die, in silence
poco piu.
pp



MOR. (*Thinking he hears a noise, goes up back.*) Ah! 'tis nothing— nobody. Say then, JOSEFA— a bridal chamber ought to be something fine to see! Suppose we should take a look at it for a moment!

JOSE. You think so? It would be indiscreet!

MOR. What! when there is no one there? Stay! See how handsomely furnished it is. Come and look.

JOSE. I dare not!

MOR. I pray you, come! (*They hear a noise.*) Oh! take care! A lantern! 'Tis the watch on his rounds. Come, let him not surprise us here!

JOSE. I am afraid! (*They enter, the door closes.*)

SCENE XIII. THE KING. *With a lantern and halberd. Then* MOSQUITOS.

KING. I have insisted on convincing myself with my own eyes, if my orders were well executed. All goes well. If the prince had some thought of flight, he must necessarily be brought back here. Oh! on strategy nobody can give me points. Let us see. This is the bridal chamber. (*Turns on his lantern.*) 'Tis warm. (*Approaches and listens— sound of kisses.*) I seem to hear— (*Renewed sounds as before.*) Yes, there is no mistake about it; they are kisses, which are not less tender for being legitimate. (*Changing his lantern from one hand to the other.*) It burns! The European balance is assured. Now I will go to bed. I have well caught him, in the fact! I cannot— I must still watch, though fainting from weariness. Off now, but without noise. (*He half opens one of the doors in the back. The National Hymn is heard.*) Silence! It is I! (*The National Hymn, suddenly interrupted, ends with a "quack."*) There is no more trouble; now you can go to bed.

DON MOSQ. (*Appearing at the back.*) Ah! well, sire!

KING. Well! well, my friend! the balance is assured. Let us make a round, ourselves, to watch over the repose of the married pair. Go on before, and light the way. Make no noise. Sentinals, be on your guard!

SCENE XIV. GAETAN.

GAE. (*Reenters by the little door on the left.*) Impossible to get out. Devilish music! Where am I? (*Approaches the window and looks about him.*) Stay! I have done nothing but turn round in a circle. I have come back to the point of departure— the bridal chamber! Well, no! I will not enter there, even if I must pass the night in this chair. (*Arranges an easy-chair. At that moment the little door at the right opens, the princess in her peasant costume of the first act, appears, bearing a tray, upon which is a lighted candle, and a collation. The obscurity ceases.*) How! who goes there?

SCENE XV. GAETAN. MICAELA.

MICA. Pardon, monseigneur, I did not expect to meet your highness. I had orders to bring this lunch for the married couple.

GAE. (*Observing her.*) 'Tis the pretty JOSEFA, the wife of MORALES. Poor fellow! he is somewhere doing duty to prevent my escaping.

MICA. (*Making a movement— as if to retire.*) Excuse me for having disturbed you!

GAE. You have not disturbed me,— quite the contrary! (*He looks at her smilingly, aside.*) What an idea! That would be droll!

MICA. (*Aside.*) How he looks at me!

GAE. I have not observed you to-day among the twelve brides.

MICA. I recalled, monseigneur, some foolish things you said to me yesterday, and kept myself discreetly in the second rank.

GAE. Naughty one! you have laid aside your bridal dress.

MICA. Yes, I have resumed my dress for the service of the princess, and the wedding night, for me, is put off 'till tomorrow morning, when they shall have relieved guard.

GAE. All right. I am very glad of it; I could not be more so. This is a vengance more agreeable than the other.

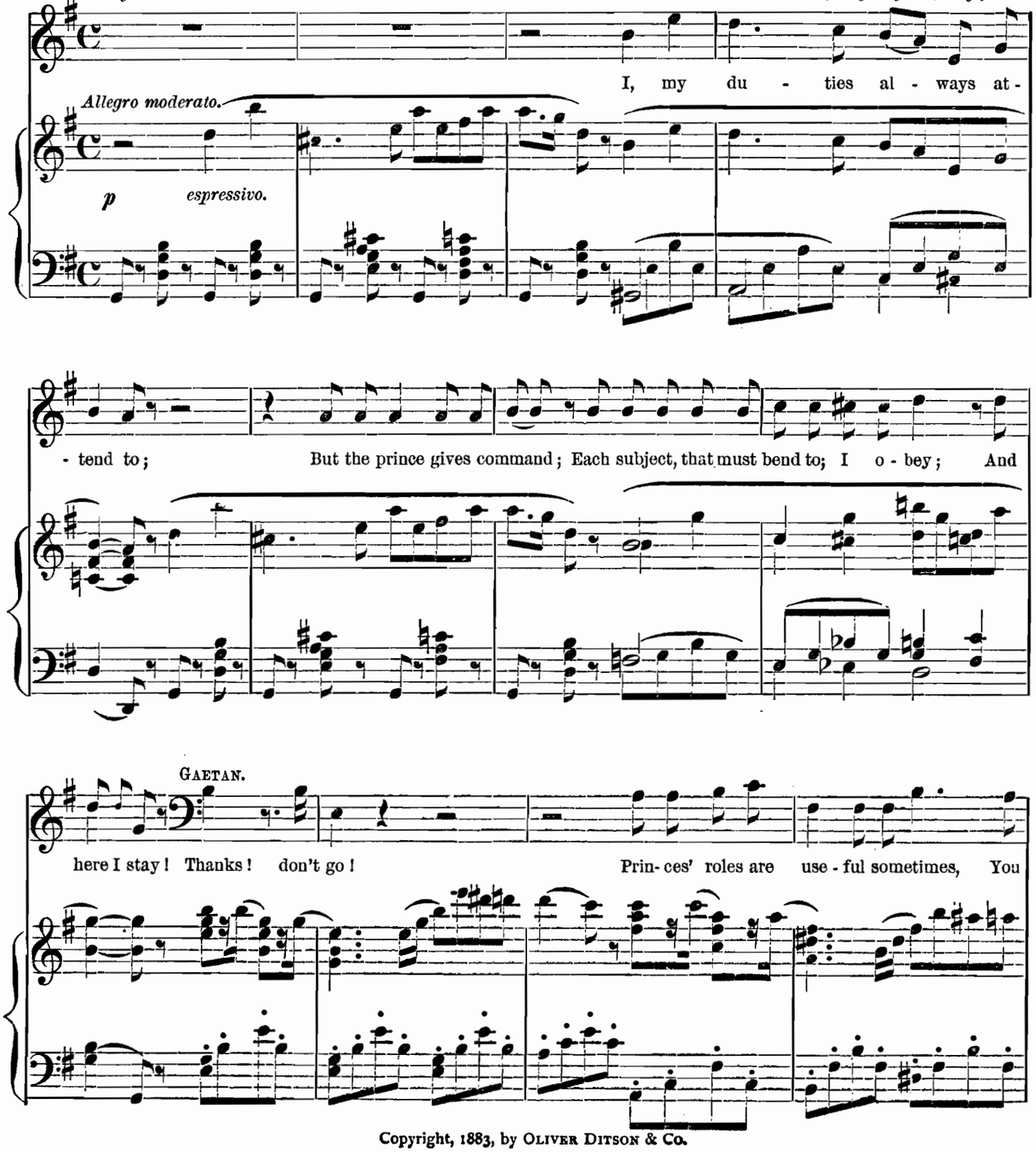
MICA. I will now retire, monseigneur.

GAE. No, stay. (*Aside.*) If she should have the same ideas as last evening, the other had—about the obedience due to princes! (*Aloud.*) Stay, I command you!

I, MY DUTIES ALWAYS ATTEND TO.

No. 16. Grand Duo and Bolero.

Allegro moderato. MICAELA. *(Feigning humility.)*



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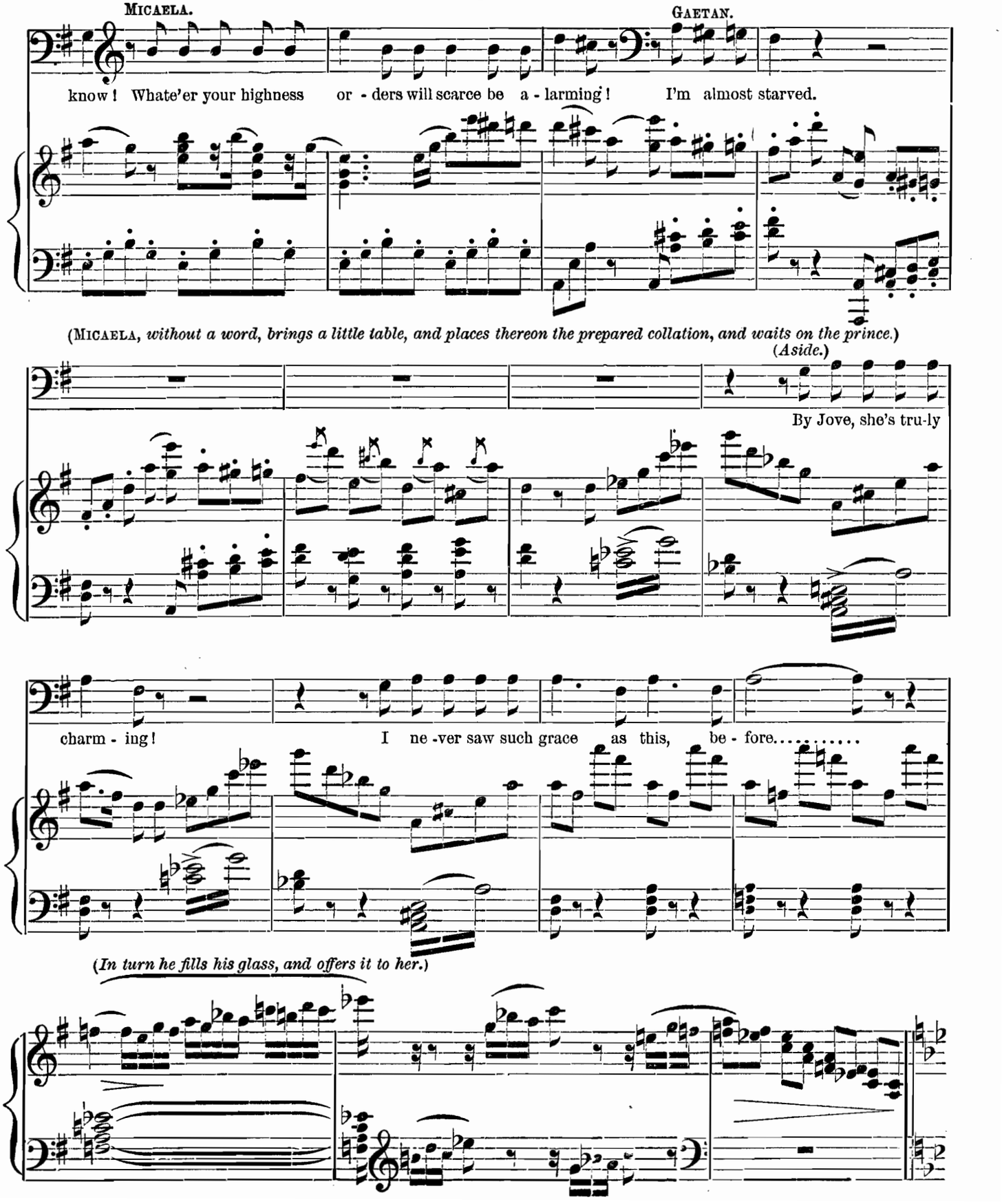
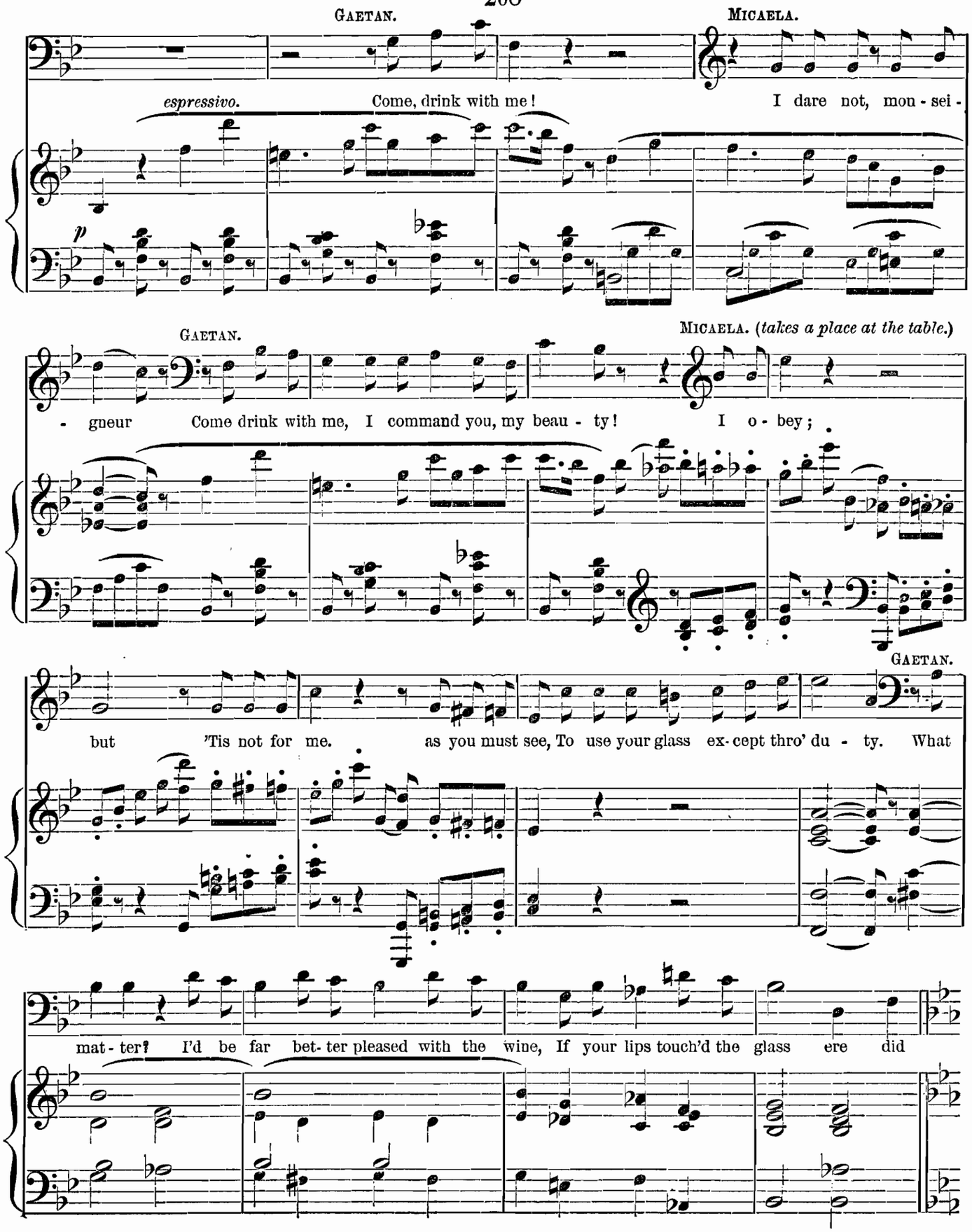
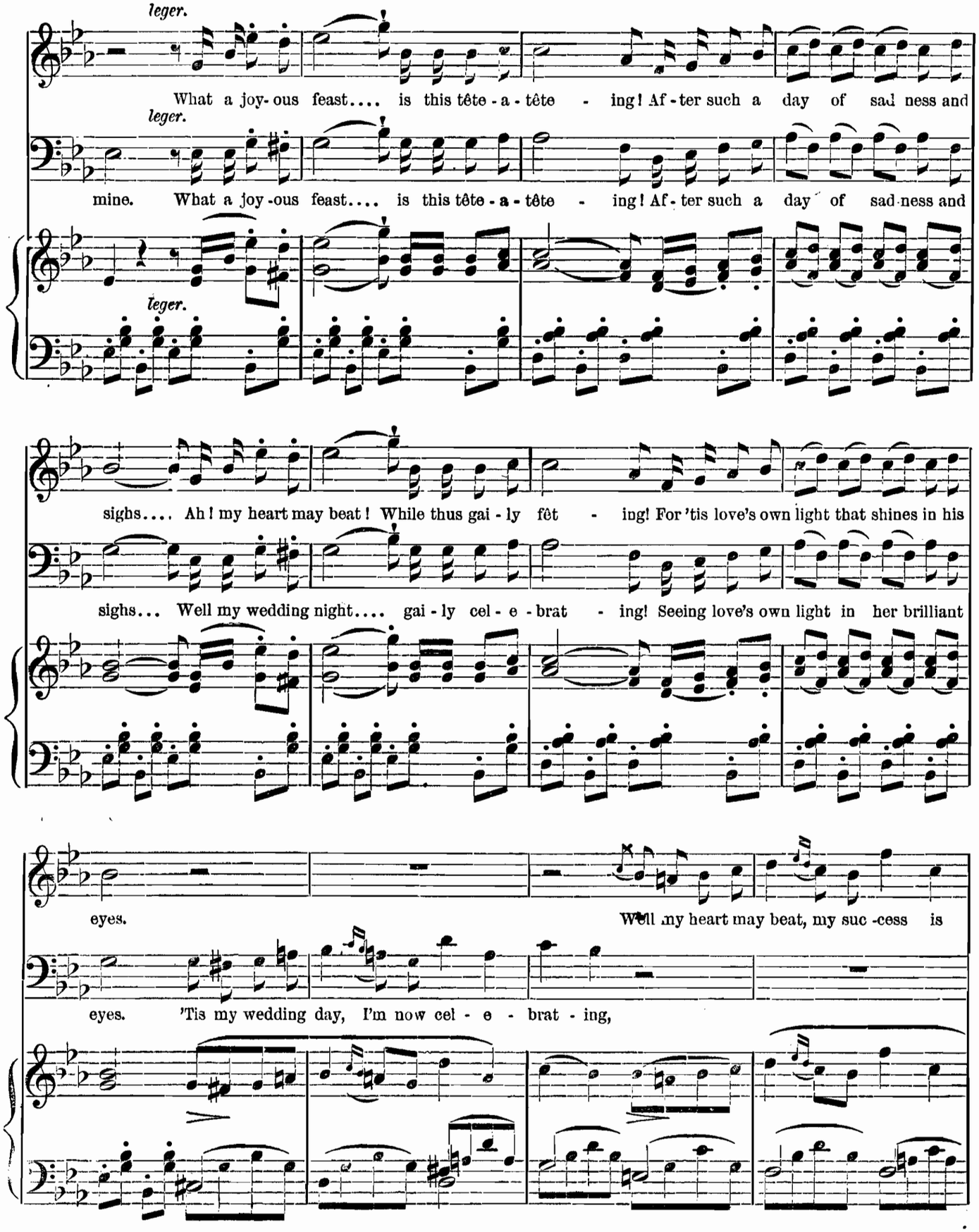
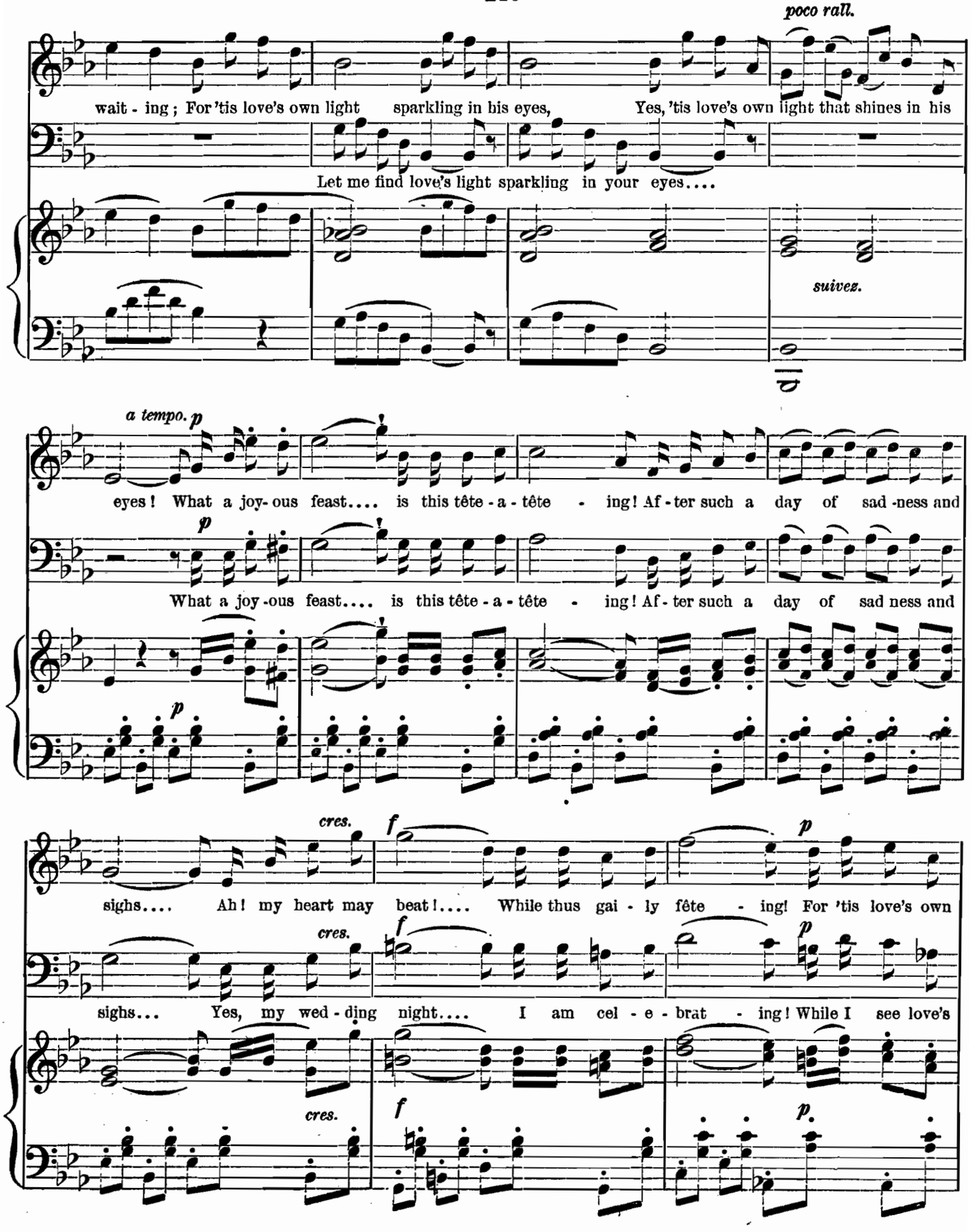
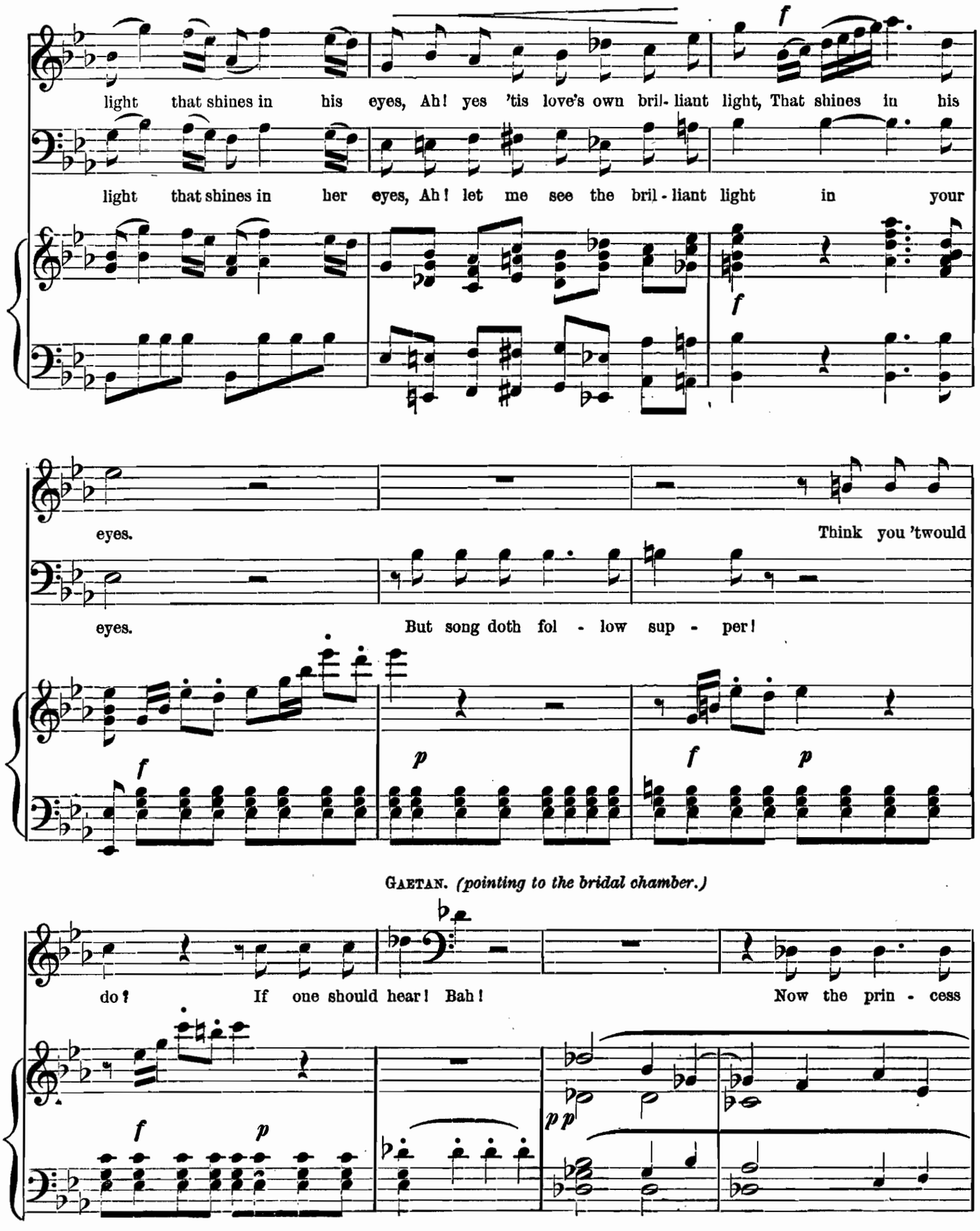

MICAELA.
GAETAN.
know! Whate'er your highness or - ders will scarce be a - larming! I'm almost starved.
(MICAELA, *without a word, brings a little table, and places thereon the prepared collation, and waits on the prince.*)
(*Aside.*)
By Jove, she's tru-ly
charm - ing! I ne -ver saw such grace as this, be - fore.....
(*In turn he fills his glass, and offers it to her.*)

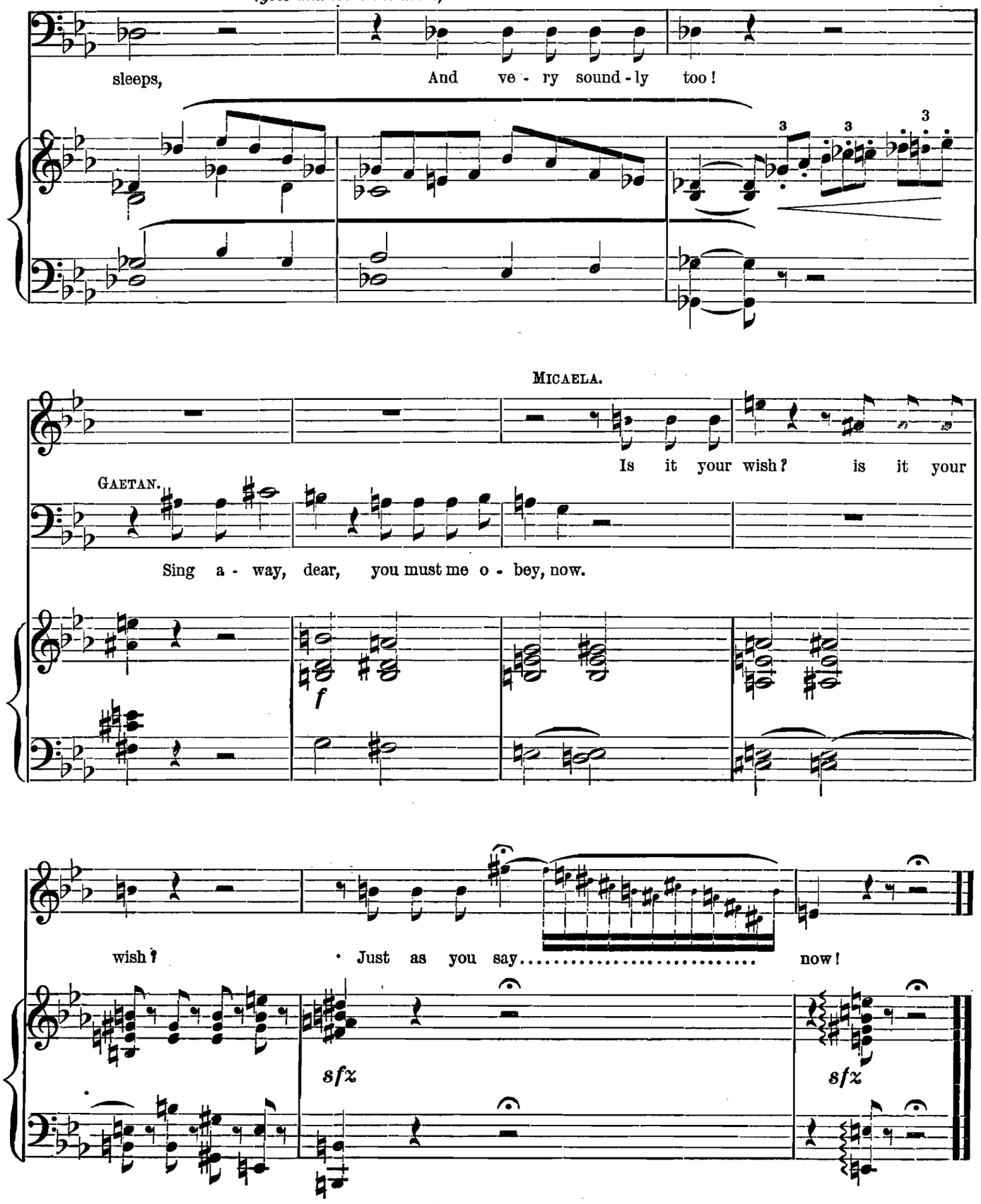

GAETAN.
MICAELA.
espressivo.
Come, drink with me!
I dare not, mon - sei -
p
GAETAN.
MICAELA. (takes a place at the table.)
- gneur
Come drink with me, I command you, my beau - ty!
I o - bey;
but
'Tis not for me.
as you must see, To use your glass ex - cept thro' du - ty.
What
GAETAN.
mat - ter? I'd be far bet - ter pleased with the wine, If your lips touch'd the glass ere did


leger.
What a joy- ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing! Af - ter such a day of sad ness and
leger.
mine. What a joy - ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing! Af - ter such a day of sad - ness and
leger.
sighs.... Ah! my heart may beat! While thus gai - ly fêt - ing! For 'tis love's own light that shines in his
sighs... Well my wedding night.... gai - ly cel - e - brat - ing! Seeing love's own light in her brilliant
eyes.
Well my heart may beat, my suc - cess is
eyes. 'Tis my wedding day, I'm now cel - e - brat - ing,


poco rall.
wait - ing ; For 'tis love's own light sparkling in his eyes, Yes, 'tis love's own light that shines in his
Let me find love's light sparkling in your eyes....
suivez.
a tempo. p
eyes ! What a joy- ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing ! Af - ter such a day of sad -ness and
p
What a joy -ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing ! Af - ter such a day of sad ness and
p
cres.
f
sighs.... Ah ! my heart may beat !.... While thus gai - ly fête - ing ! For 'tis love's own
p
cres.
f
sighs... Yes, my wed - ding night.... I am cel - e - brat - ing ! While I see love's
p
cres.
f
p.

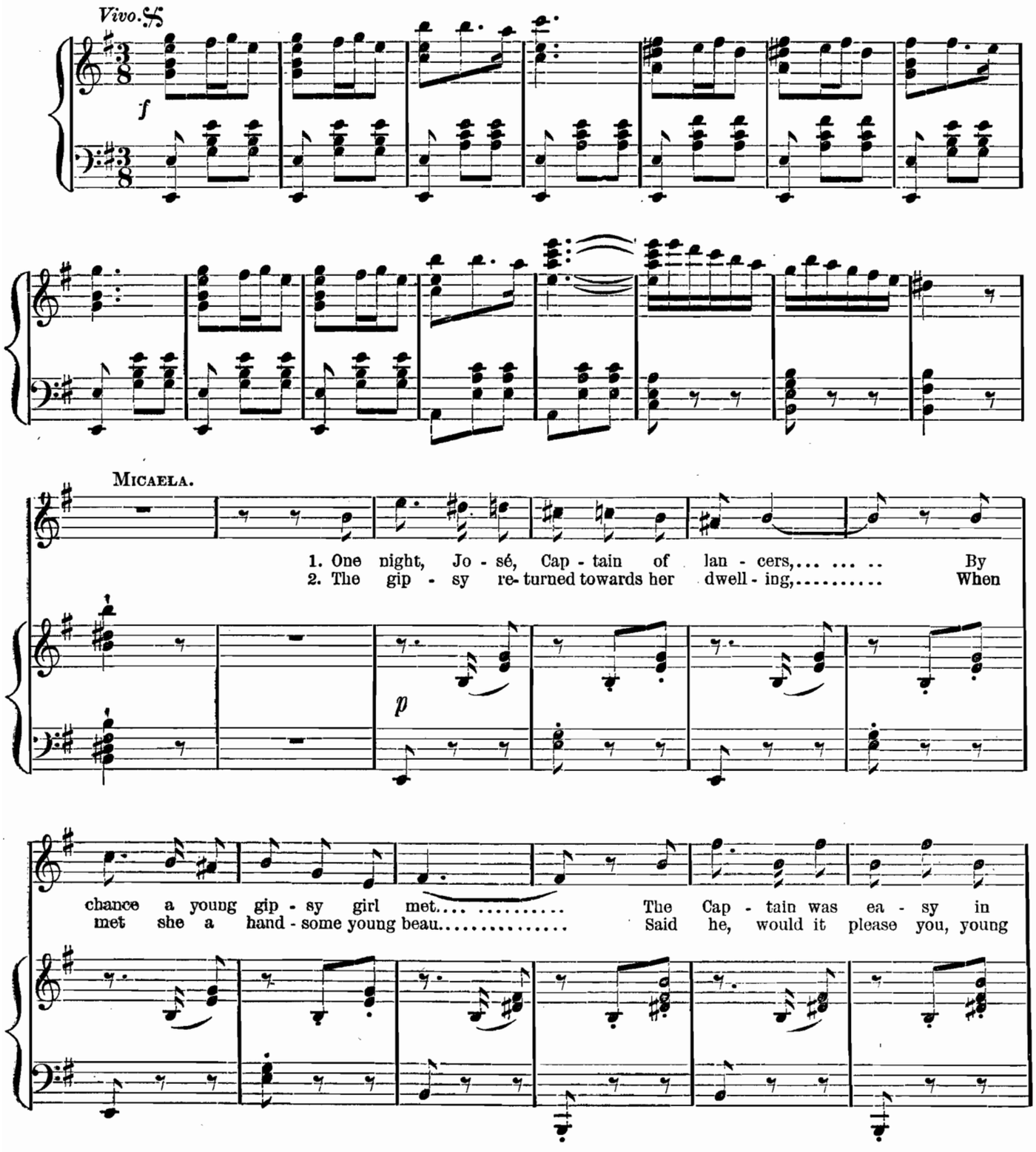

light that shines in his eyes, Ah! yes 'tis love's own bril- liant light, That shines in his
light that shines in her eyes, Ah! let me see the bril - liant light in your
eyes.
Think you 'twould
eyes.
But song doth fol - low sup - per!
GAETAN. (pointing to the bridal chamber.)
do? If one should hear! Bah! Now the prin - cess

(goes and locks the door.)



GIPSY GIRL.

BOLERO.



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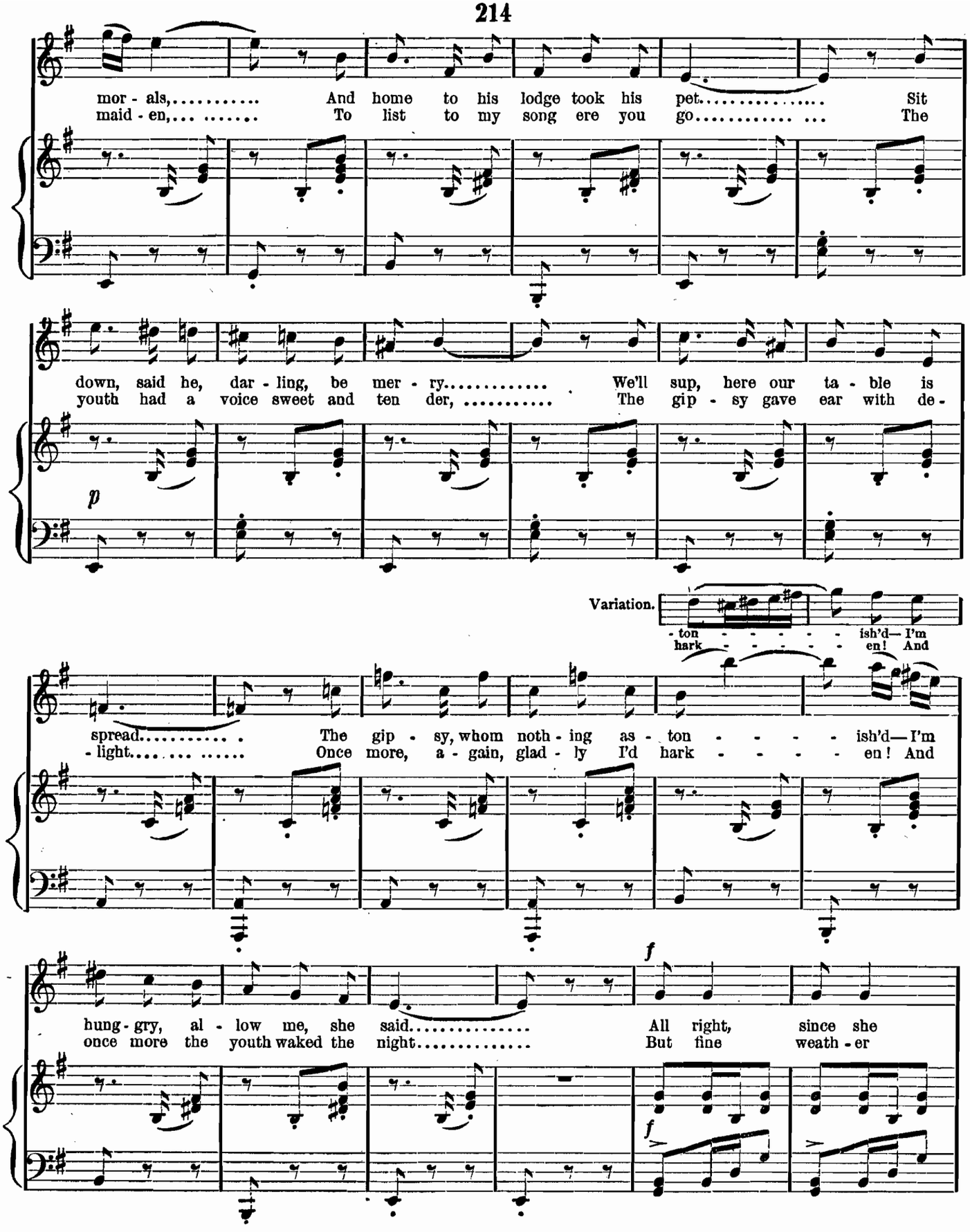
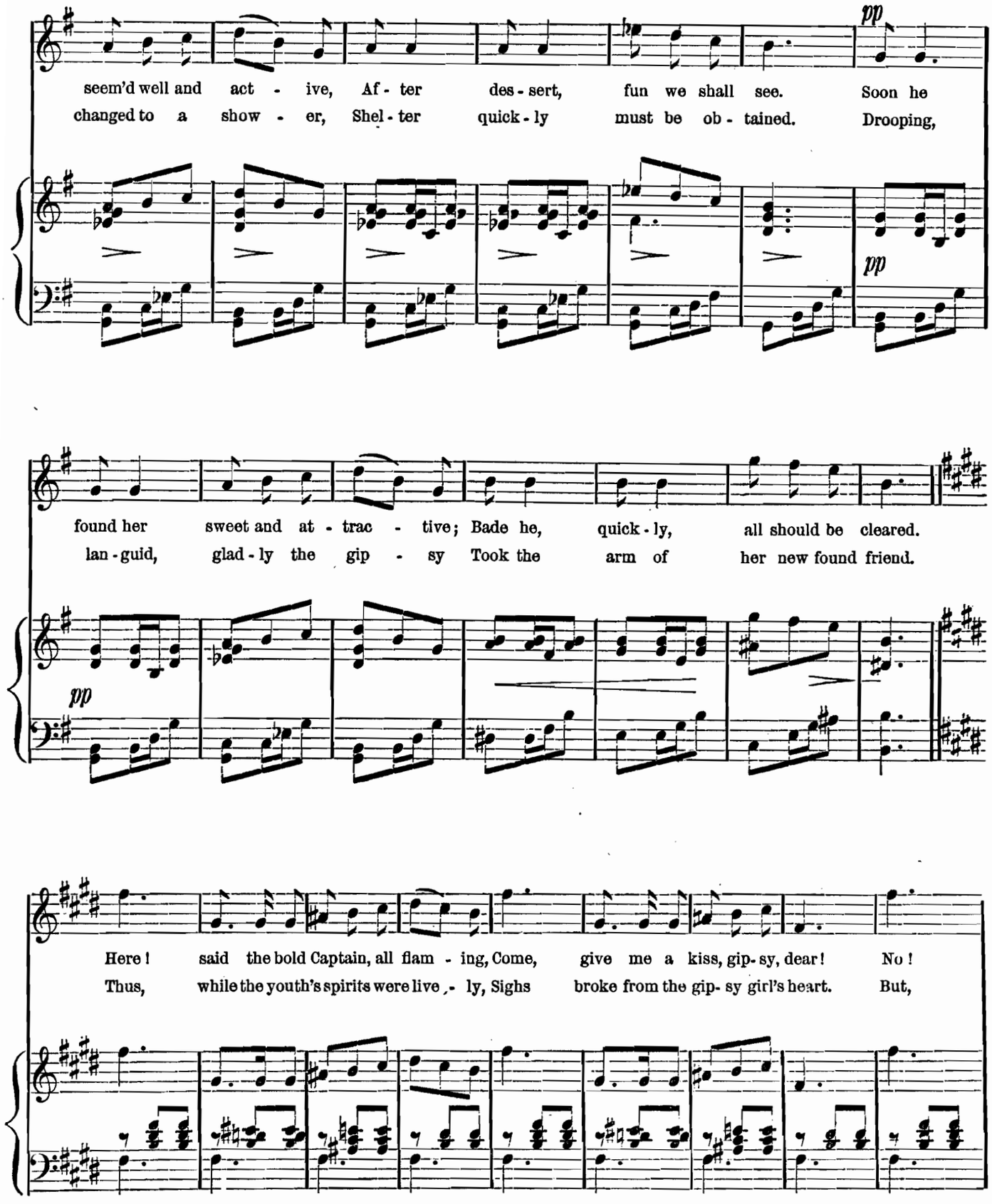
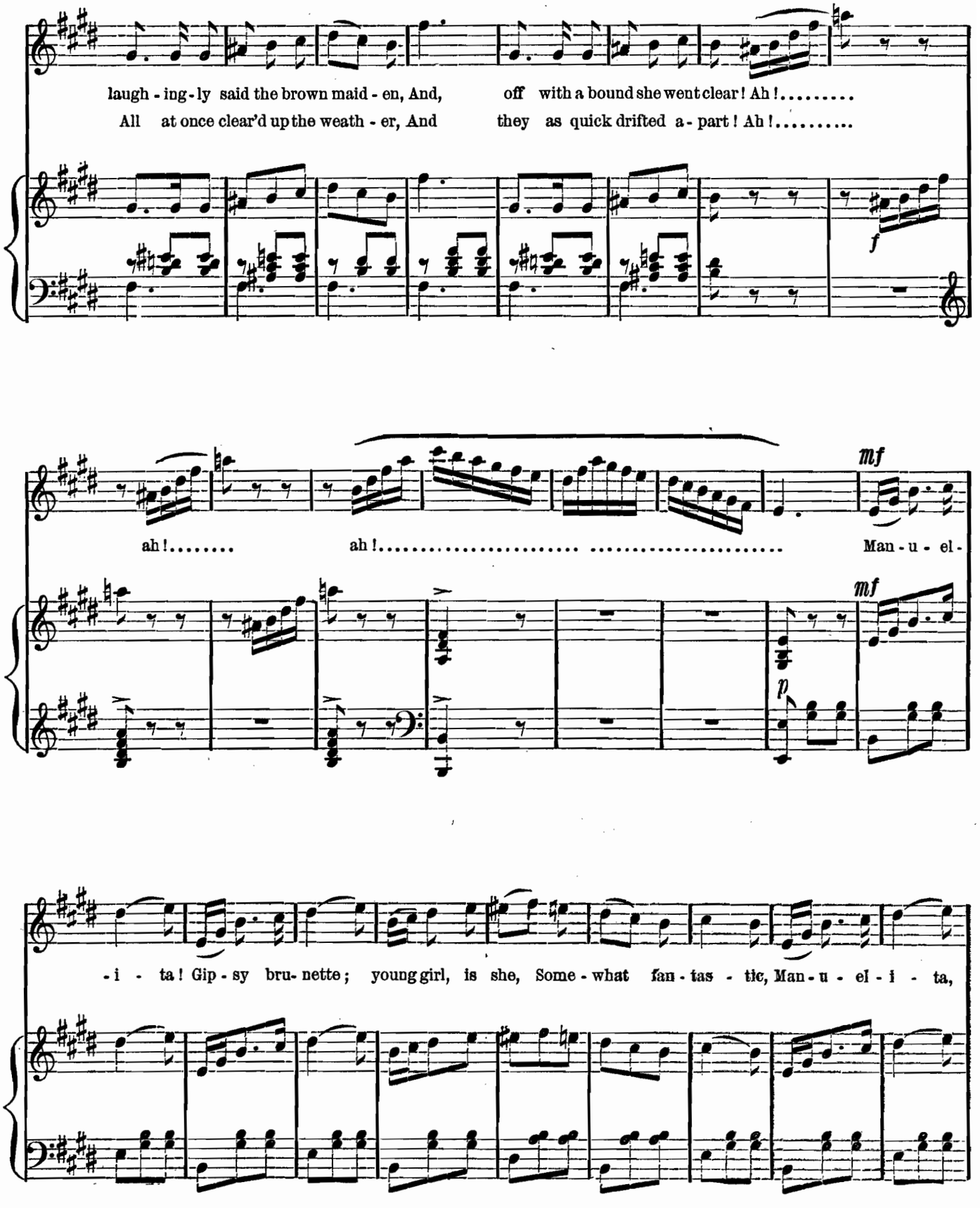
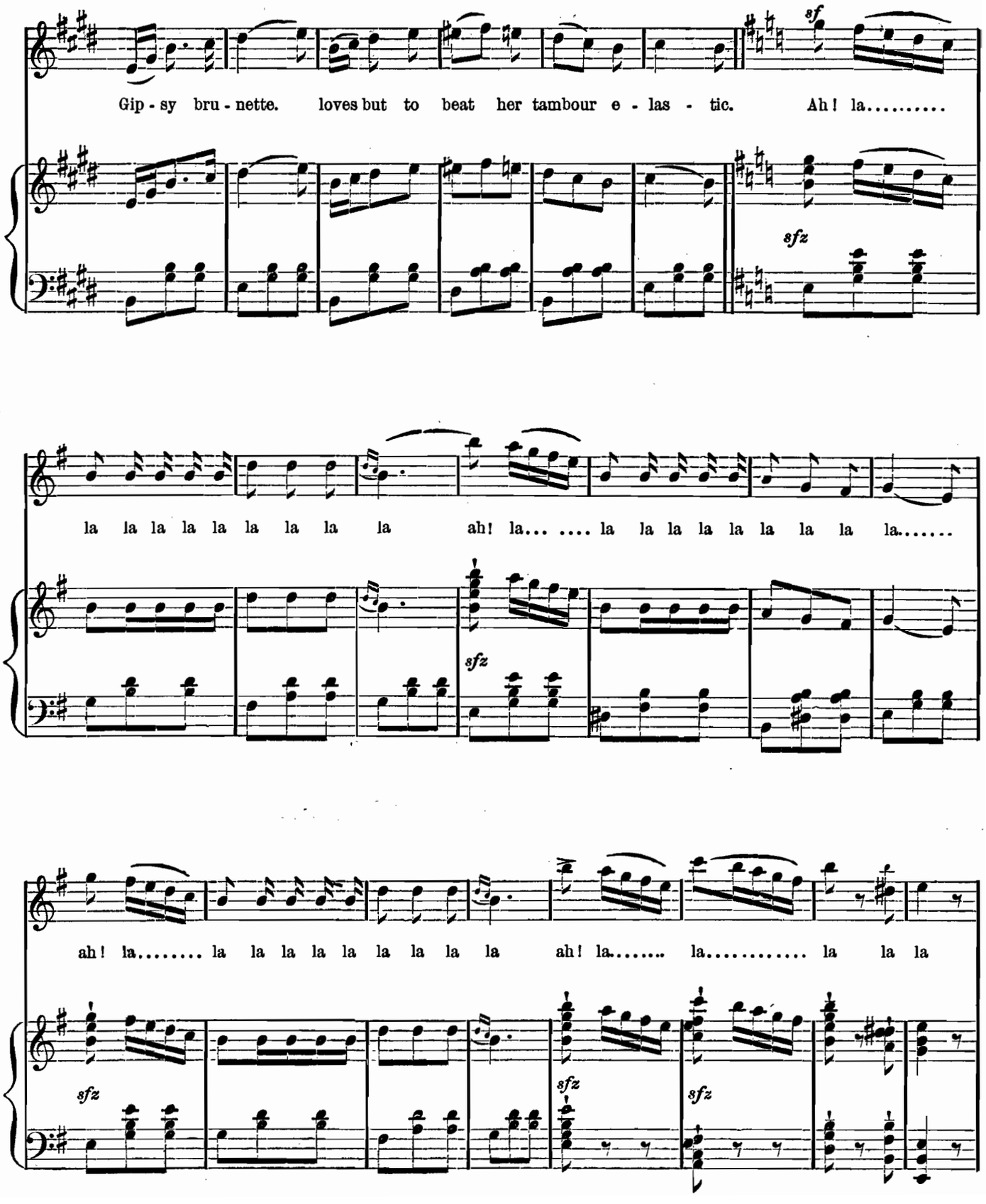
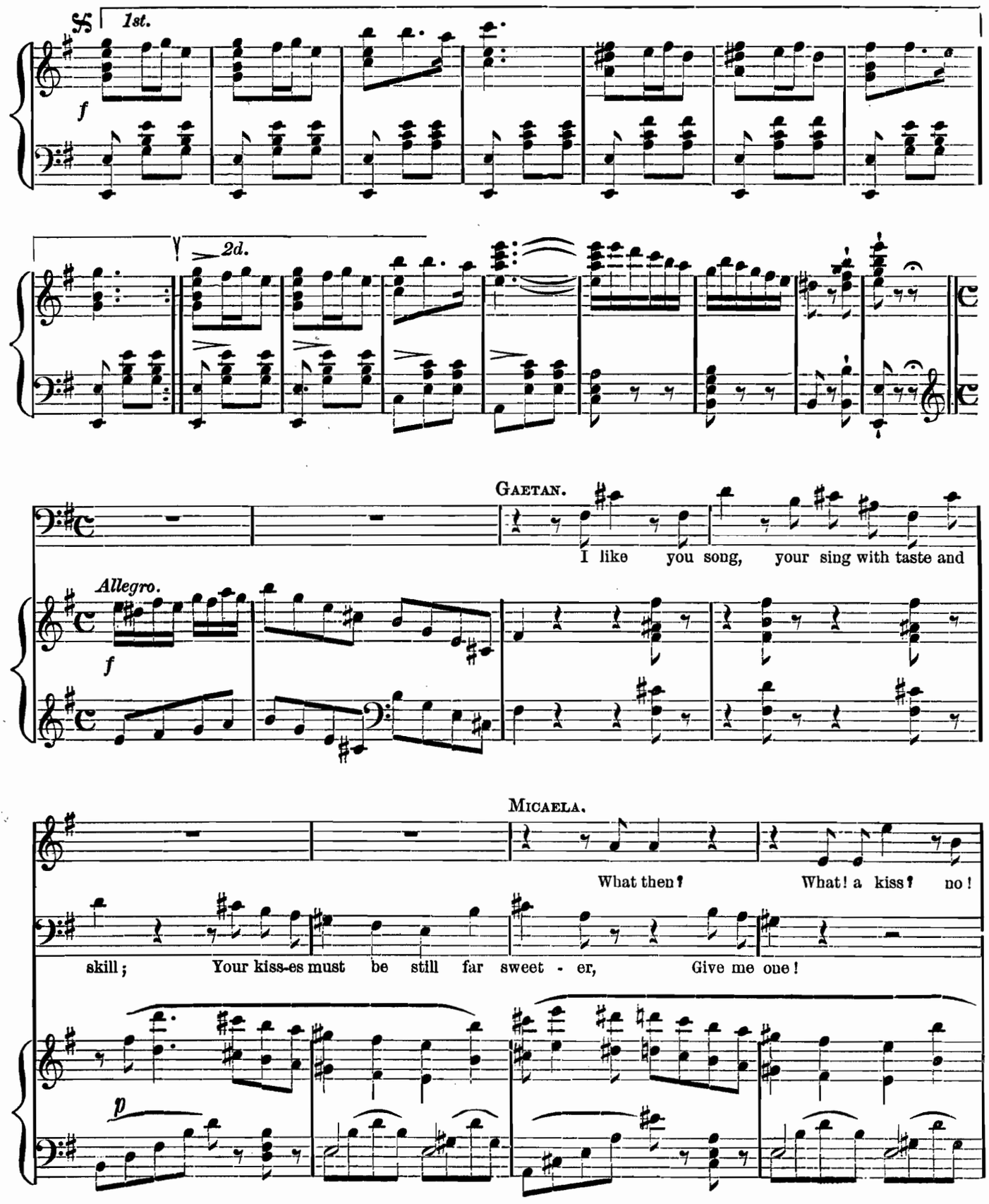
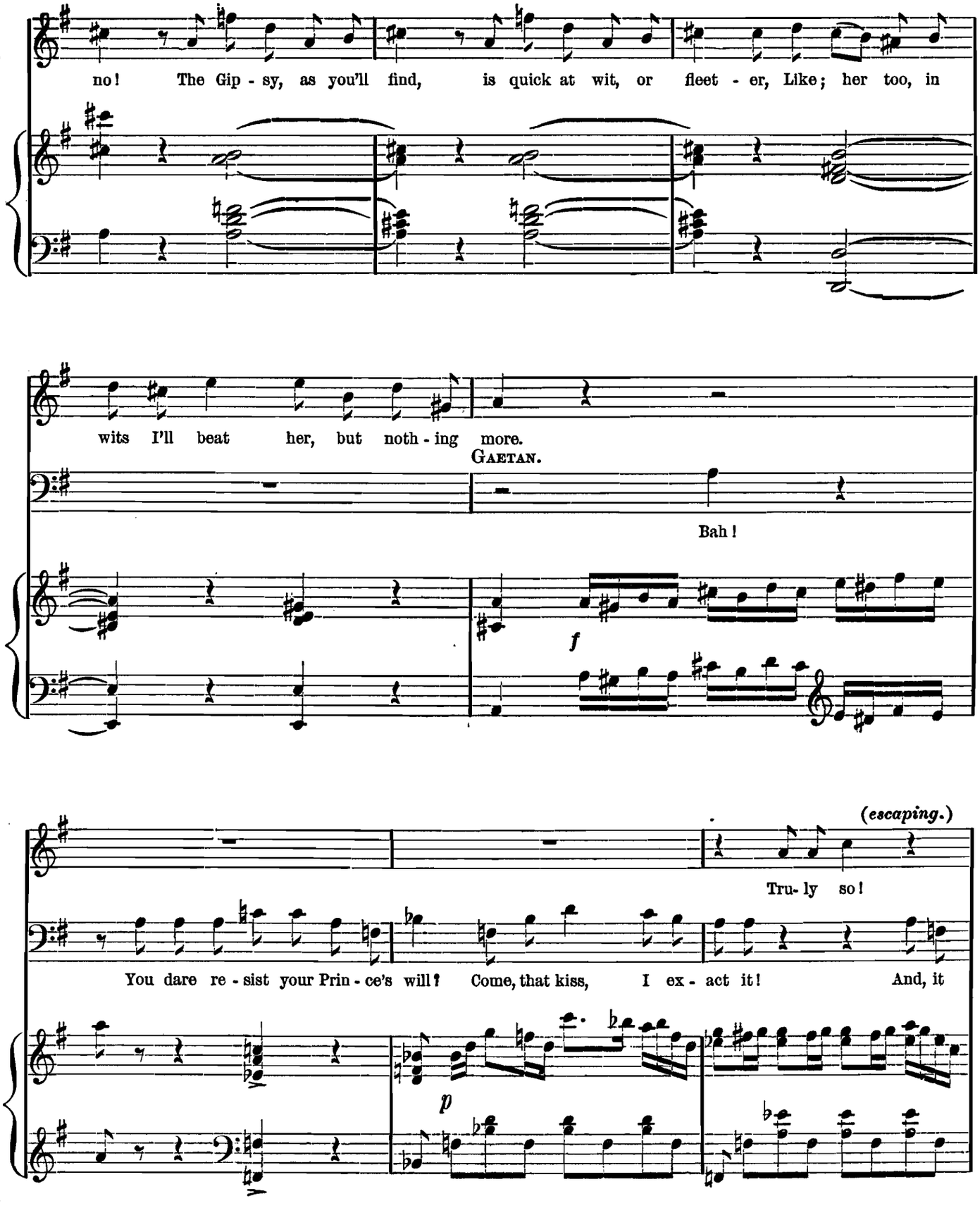

mor - als,..... And home to his lodge took his pet..... Sit
maid - en,... ..... To list to my song ere you go..... ... The
down, said he, dar - ling, be mer - ry..... We'll sup, here our ta - ble is
youth had a voice sweet and ten der, ... The gip - sy gave ear with de -
p
Variation.
- ton - - - - - ish'd— I'm
hark - - - - - en! And
spread..... . The gip - sy, whom noth - ing as - ton - - - - - ish'd— I'm
- light..... ..... Once more, a - gain, glad - ly I'd hark - - - - - en! And
hung - gry, al - low me, she said..... All right, since she
once more the youth waked the night..... But fine weath - er
f
f

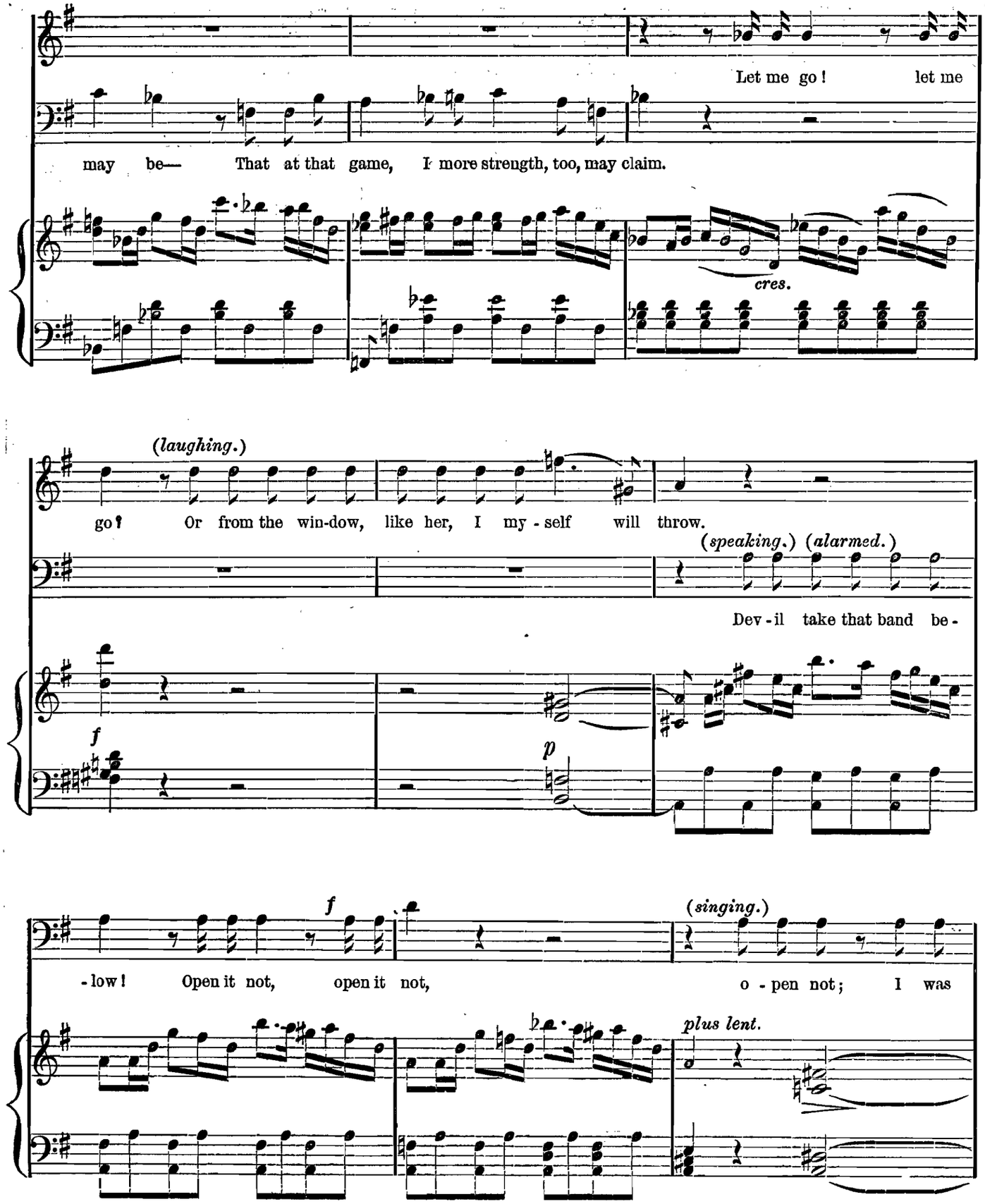

pp
seem'd well and act - ive, Af - ter des - sert, fun we shall see. Soon he
changed to a show - er, Shel - ter quick - ly must be ob - tained. Drooping,
pp
found her sweet and at - trac - tive; Bade he, quick - ly, all should be cleared.
lan - guid, glad - ly the gip - sy Took the arm of her new found friend.
pp
Here! said the bold Captain, all flam - ing, Come, give me a kiss, gip - sy, dear! No!
Thus, while the youth's spirits were live - ly, Sighs broke from the gip - sy girl's heart. But,

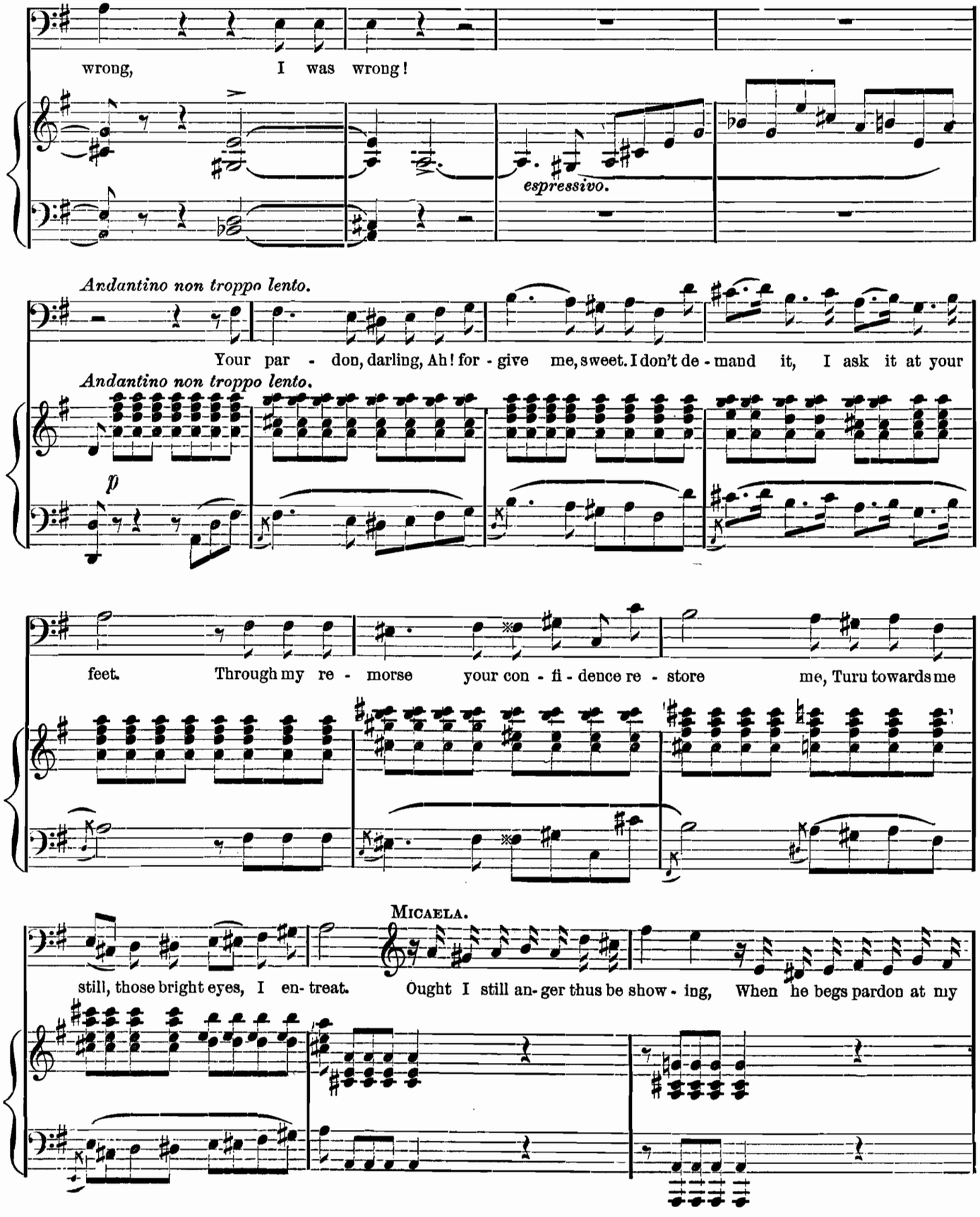

laugh - ing - ly said the brown maid - en, And, off with a bound she went clear! Ah!.....
All at once clear'd up the weath - er, And they as quick drifted a - part! Ah!.....
f
ah!..... ah!..... Man - u - el -
mf
mf
p
- i - ta! Gip - sy bru - nette; young girl, is she, Some - what fan - tas - tic, Man - u - el - i - ta,

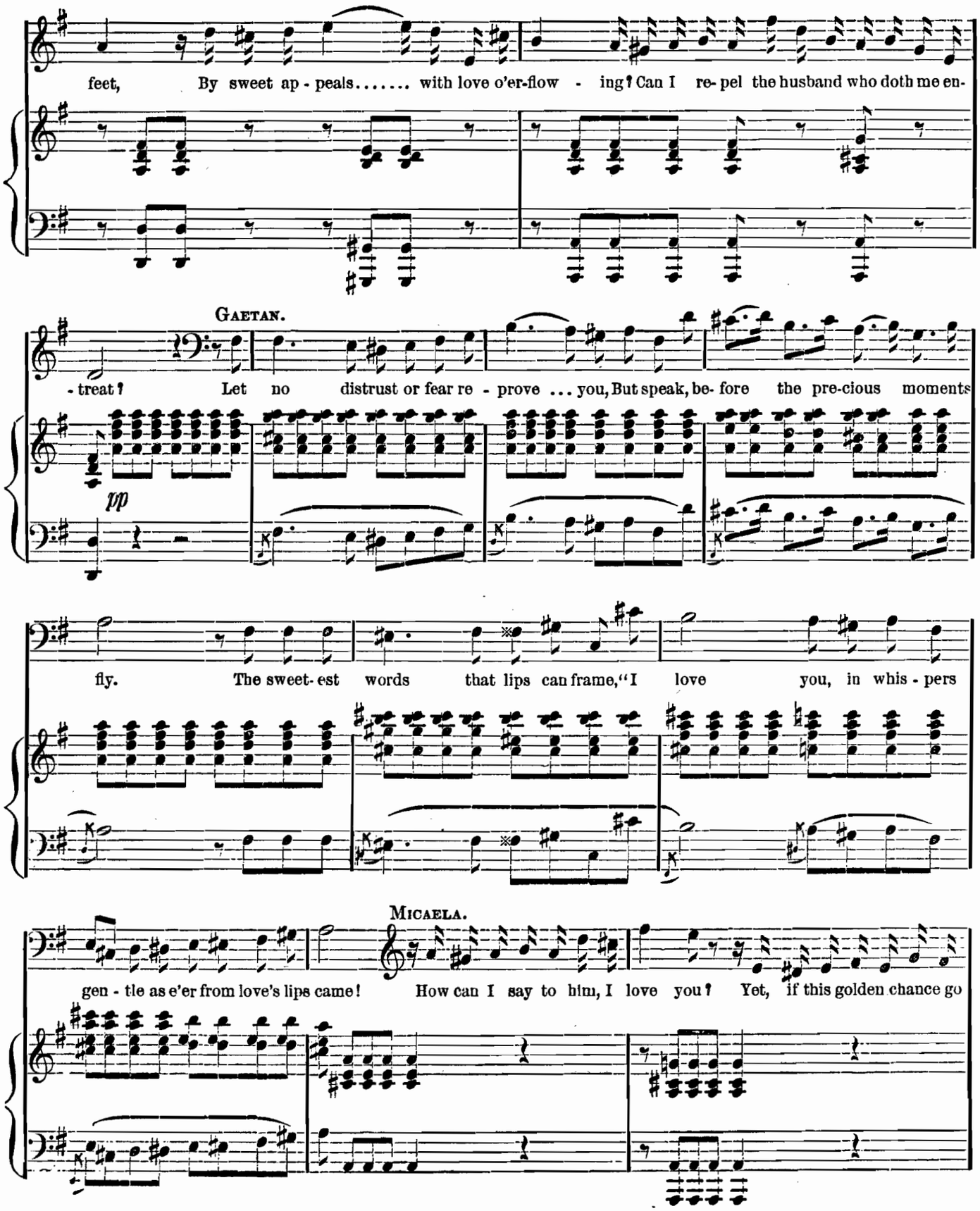

Gip - sy bru - nette. loves but to beat her tambour e - las - tic. Ah! la.....
la la la la la la la la la ah! la... .... la la la la la la la la la.....
ah! la..... la la la la la la la la ah! la..... la..... la la la

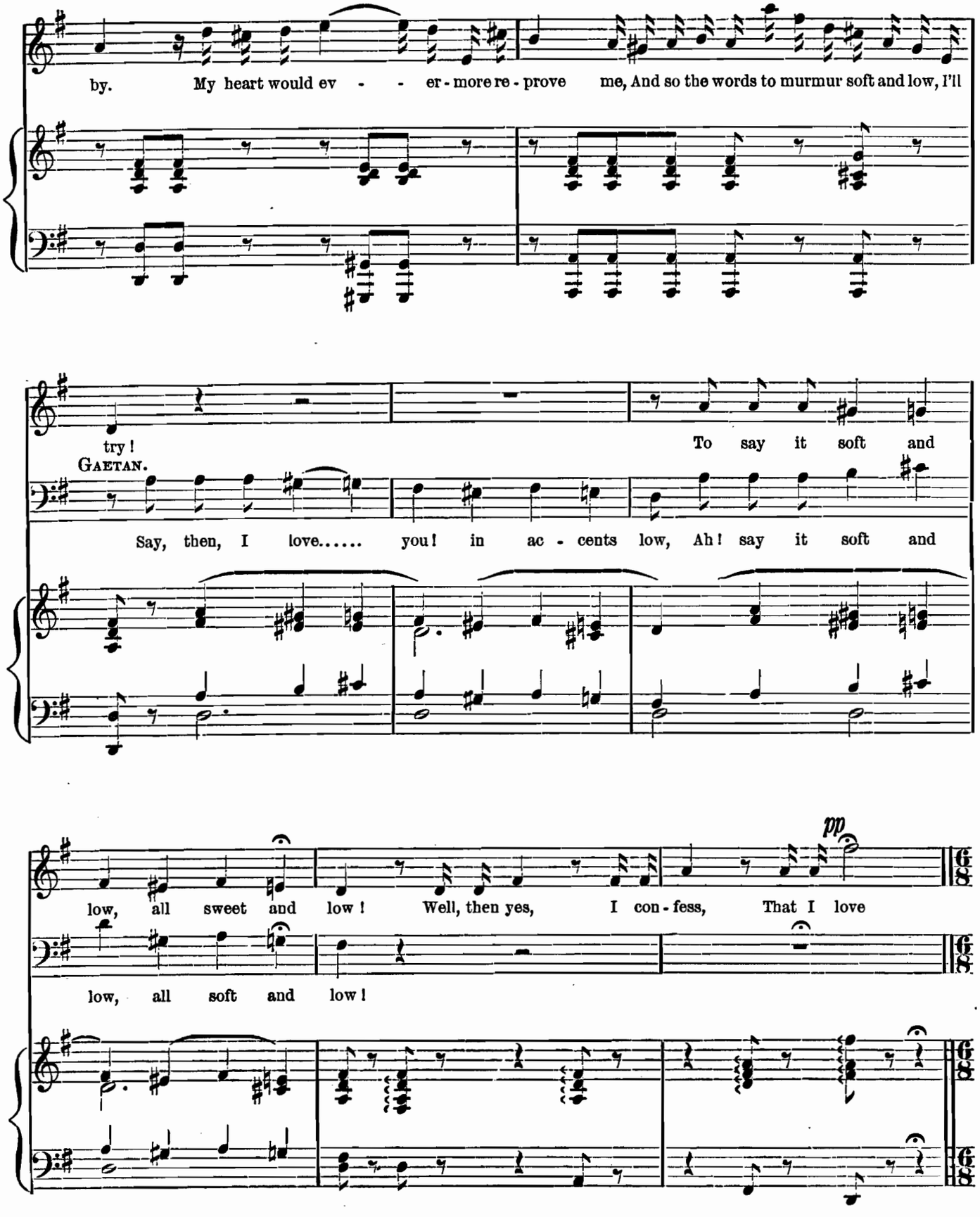

1st.
f
2d.
GAETAN.
I like you song, your sing with taste and
Allegro.
f
MICAELA.
What then?
What! a kiss? no!
skill; Your kiss-es must be still far sweet - er, Give me one!
p

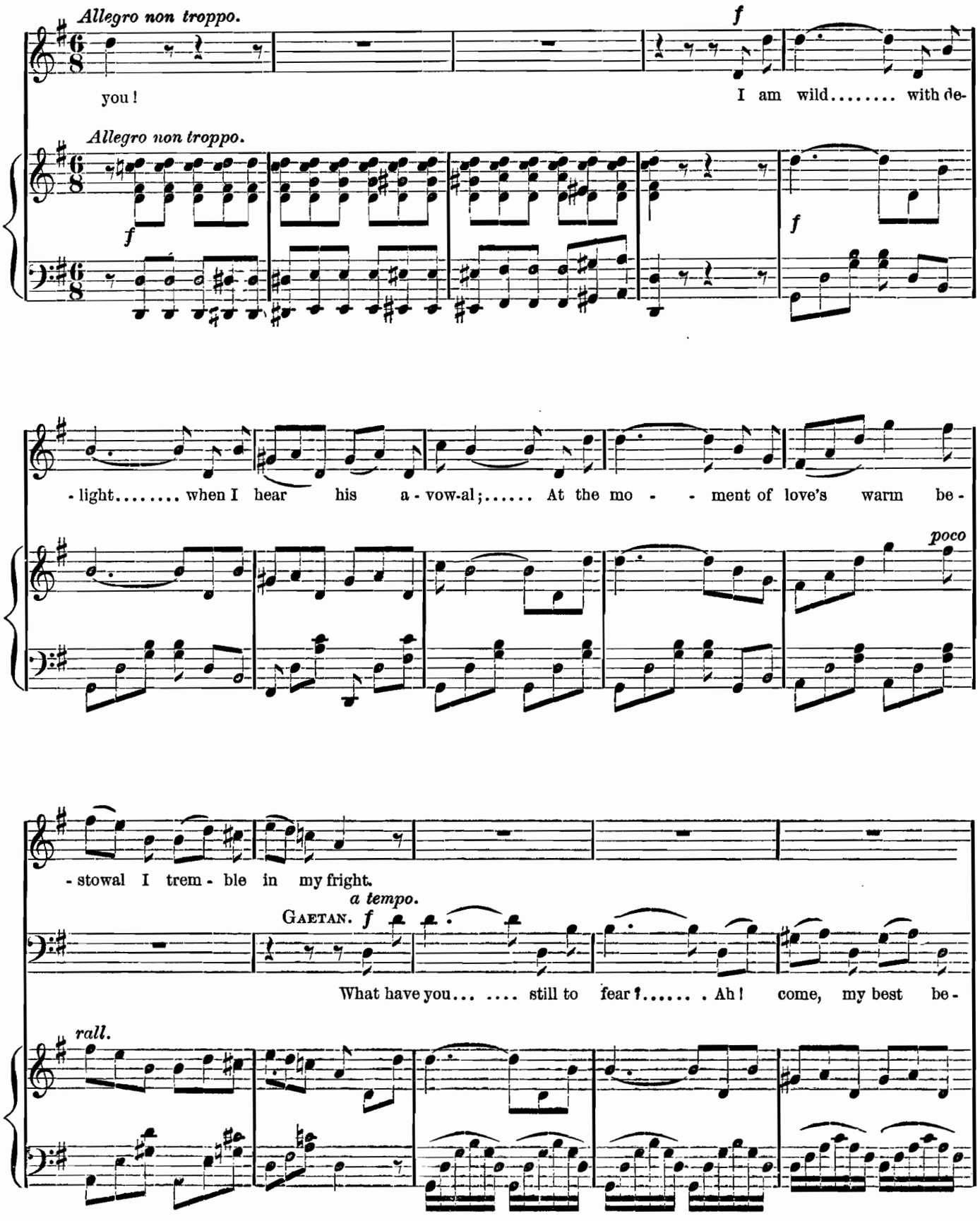

no! The Gip - sy, as you'll find, is quick at wit, or fleet - er, Like; her too, in
wits I'll beat her, but noth - ing more.
GAETAN.
Bah!
f
(escaping.)
Tru- ly so!
You dare re - sist your Prin - ce's will? Come, that kiss, I ex - act it! And, it
p

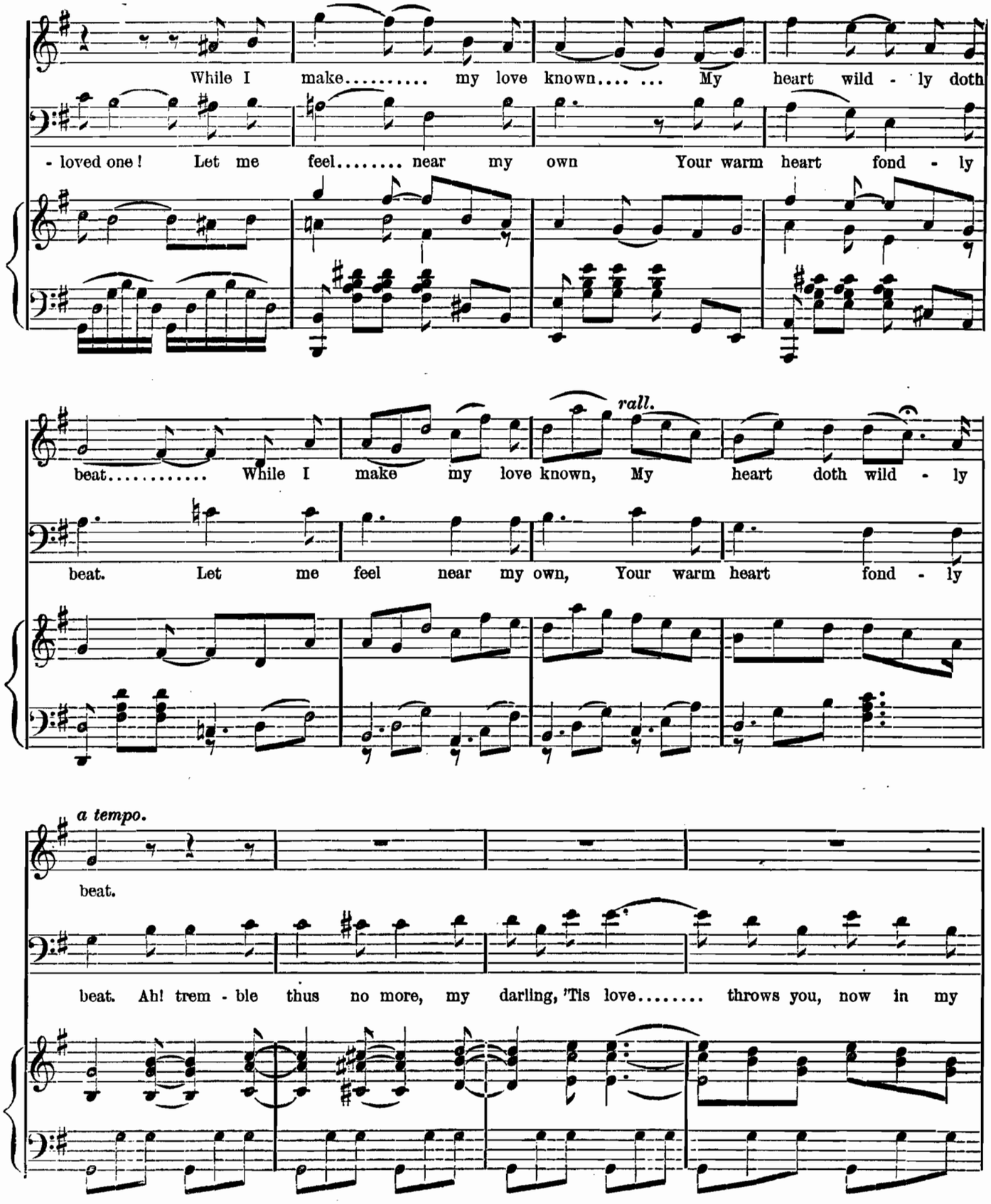

Let me go! let me
may be— That at that game, I more strength, too, may claim.
cres.
(laughing.)
go? Or from the win-dow, like her, I my - self will throw.
(speaking.) (alarmed.)
Dev - il take that band be -
f
p
f
(singing.)
- low! Open it not, open it not, o - pen not; I was
plus lent.

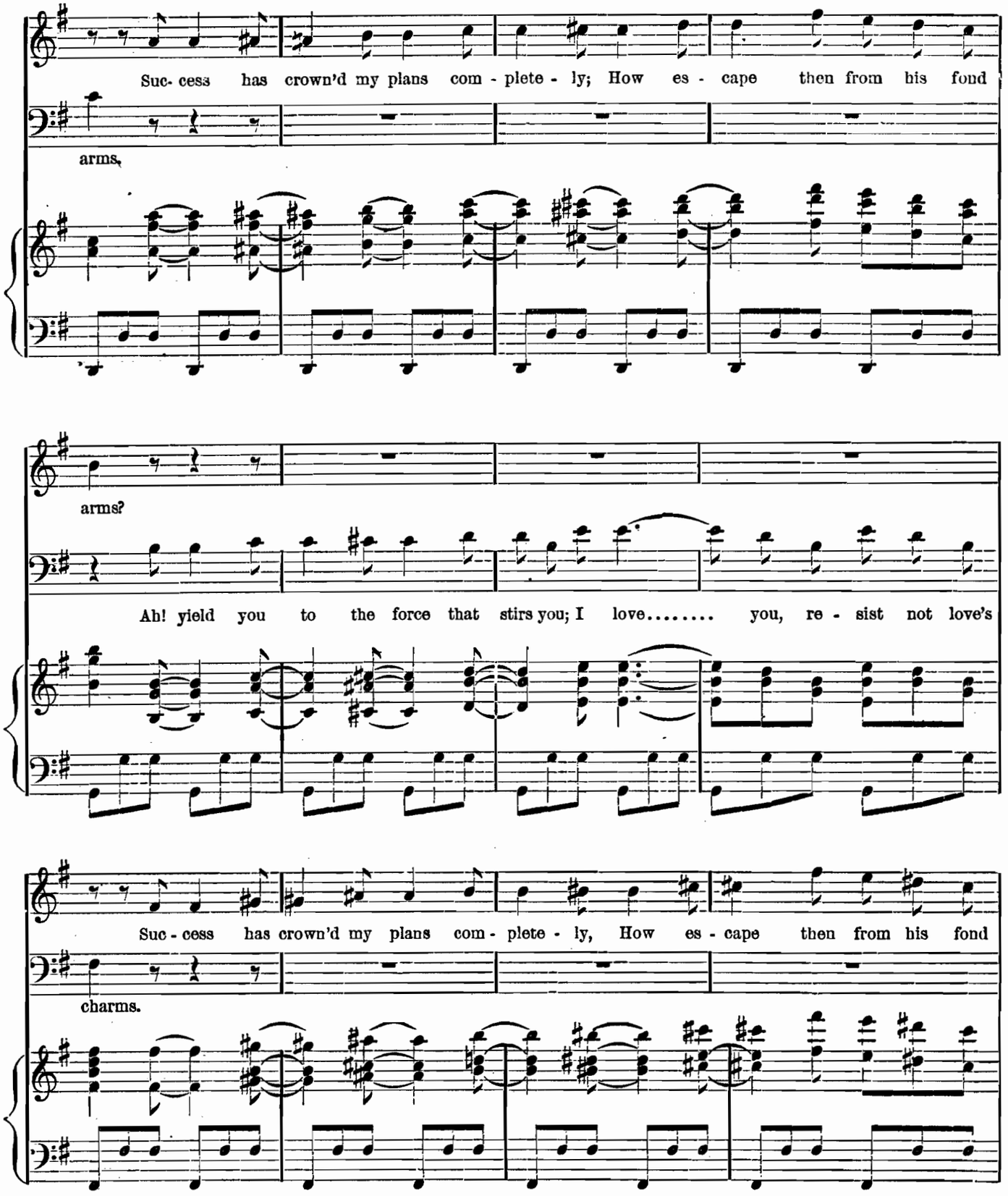

wrong, I was wrong!
espressivo.
Andantino non troppo lento.
Your par - don, darling, Ah! for - give me, sweet. I don't de - mand it, I ask it at your
Andantino non troppo lento.
p
feet. Through my re - morse your con - fi - dence re - store me, Turu towards me
MICAELA.
still, those bright eyes, I en- treat. Ought I still an- ger thus be show - ing, When he begs pardon at my

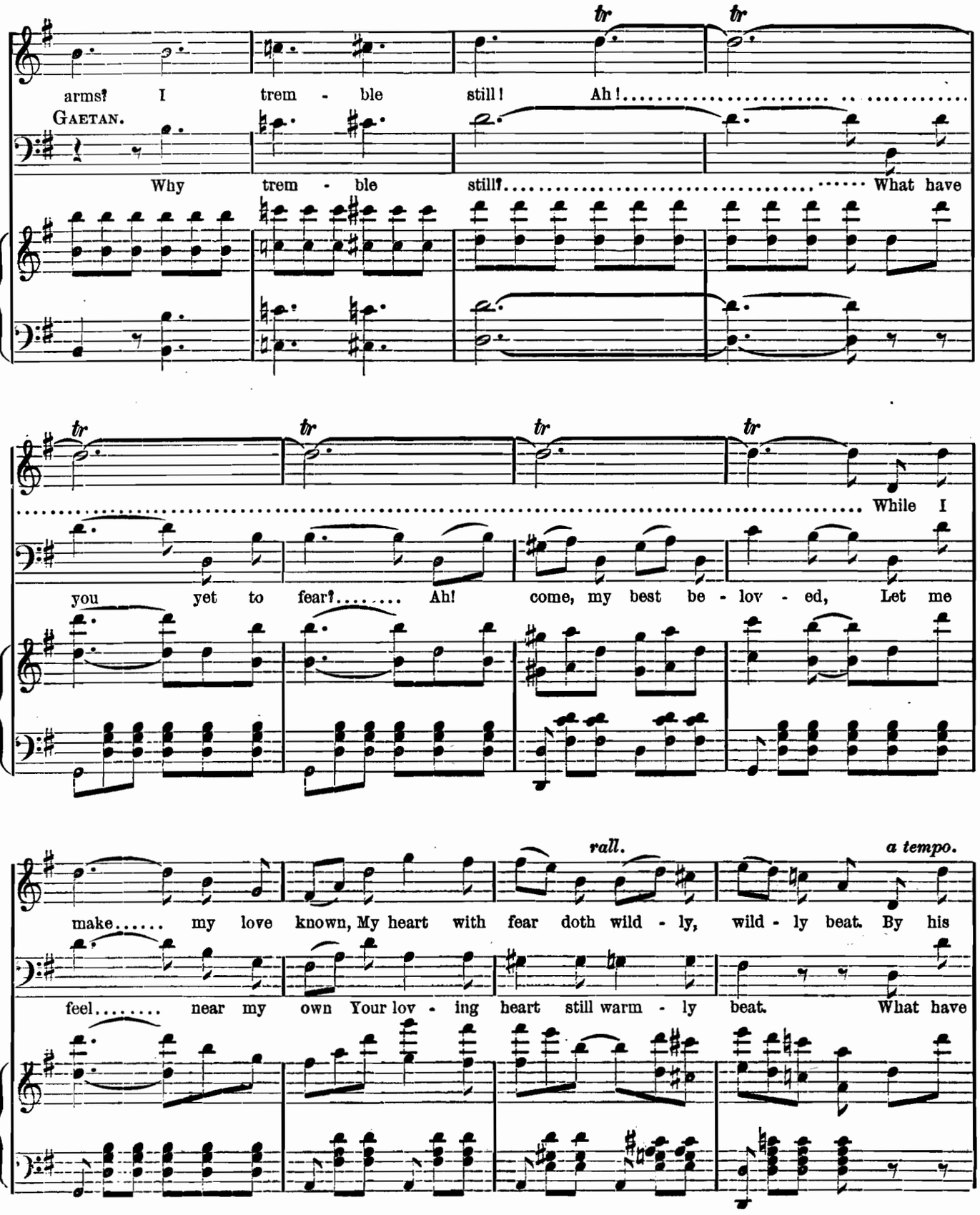

feet, By sweet ap - peals..... with love o'er-flow - ing? Can I re- pel the husband who doth me en-
GAETAN.
- treat? Let no distrust or fear re - prove ... you, But speak, be- fore the pre-cious moments
pp
fly. The sweet- est words that lips can frame, "I love you, in whis - pers
MICAELA.
gen - tle as e'er from love's lips came! How can I say to him, I love you? Yet, if this golden chance go

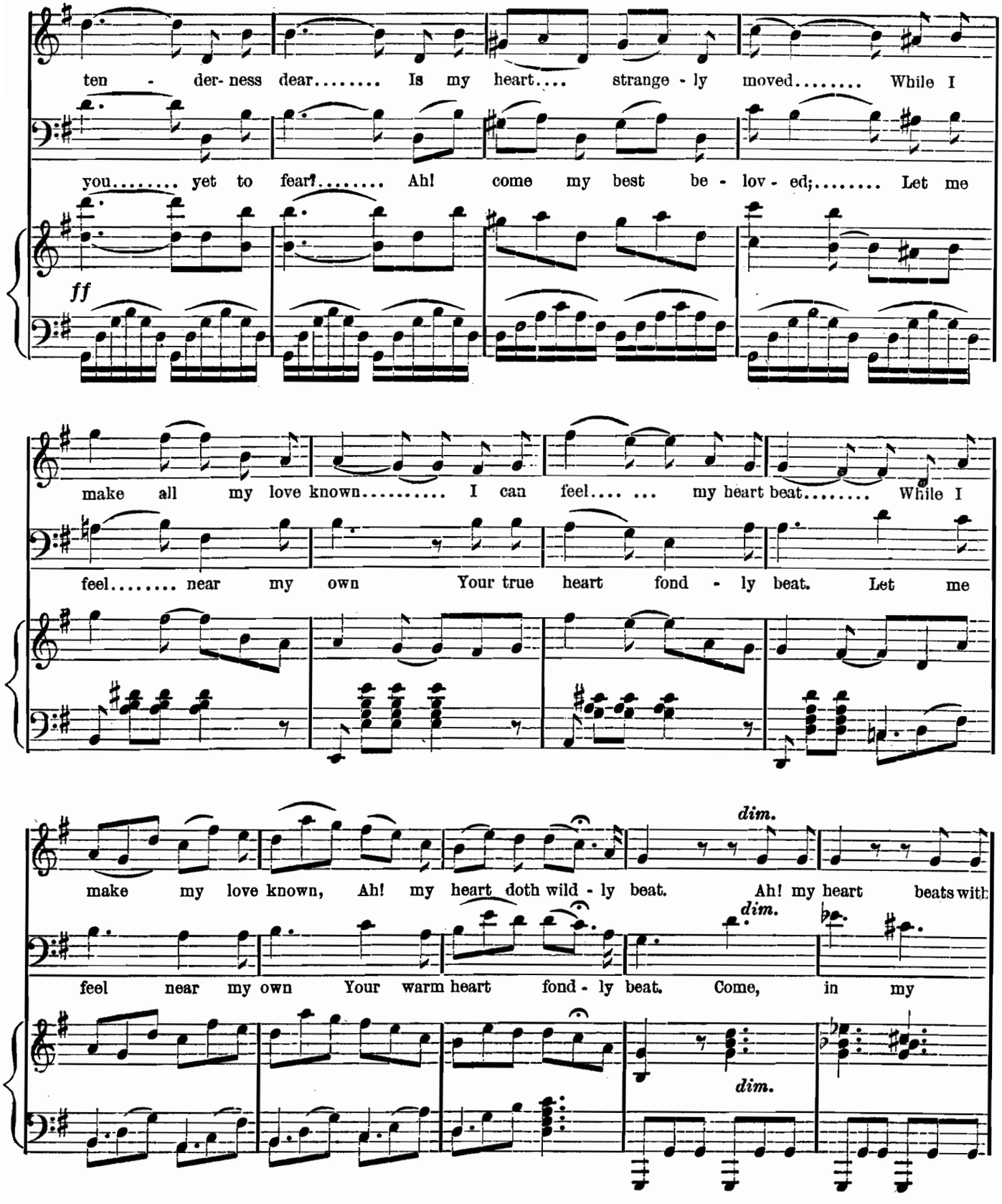

by. My heart would ev - - - er - more re - prove me, And so the words to murmur soft and low, I'll
try!
To say it soft and
GAETAN.
Say, then, I love..... you! in ac - cents low, Ah! say it soft and
pp
low, all sweet and low! Well, then yes, I con - fess, That I love
low, all soft and low!

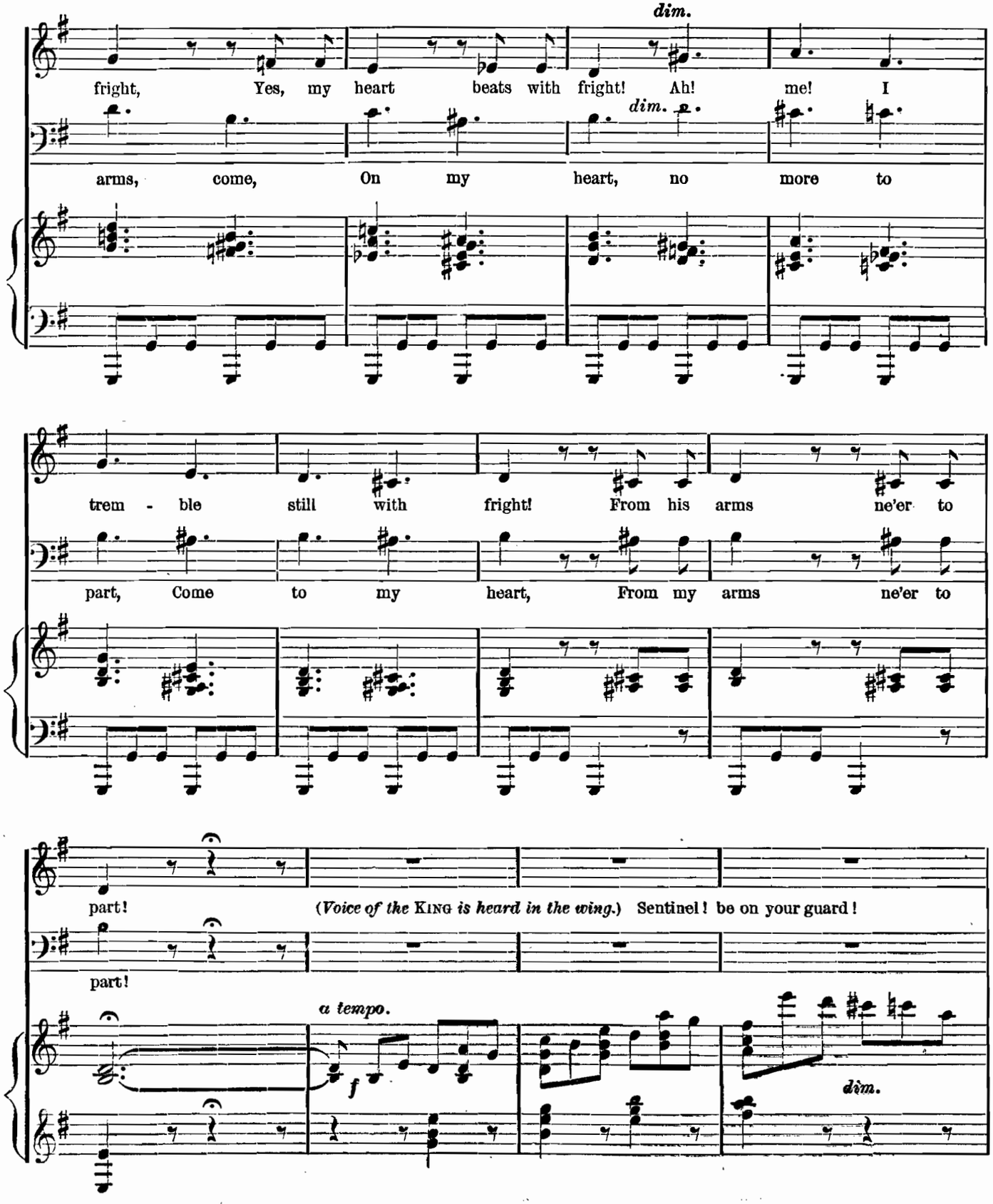

Allegro non troppo.
you !
f
I am wild..... with de-
Allegro non troppo.
f
f
- light..... when I hear his a - vow-al;..... At the mo - - ment of love's warm be -
poco
- stowal I trem - ble in my fright.
a tempo.
GAETAN. f
What have you... .... still to fear ?..... . Ah ! come, my best be -
rall.


While I make..... my love known.... ... My heart wild - ly doth
- loved one! Let me feel..... near my own Your warm heart fond - ly
beat..... While I make my love known, My heart doth wild - ly
rall.
beat. Let me feel near my own, Your warm heart fond - ly
a tempo.
beat.
beat. Ah! trem - ble thus no more, my darling, 'Tis love..... throws you, now in my

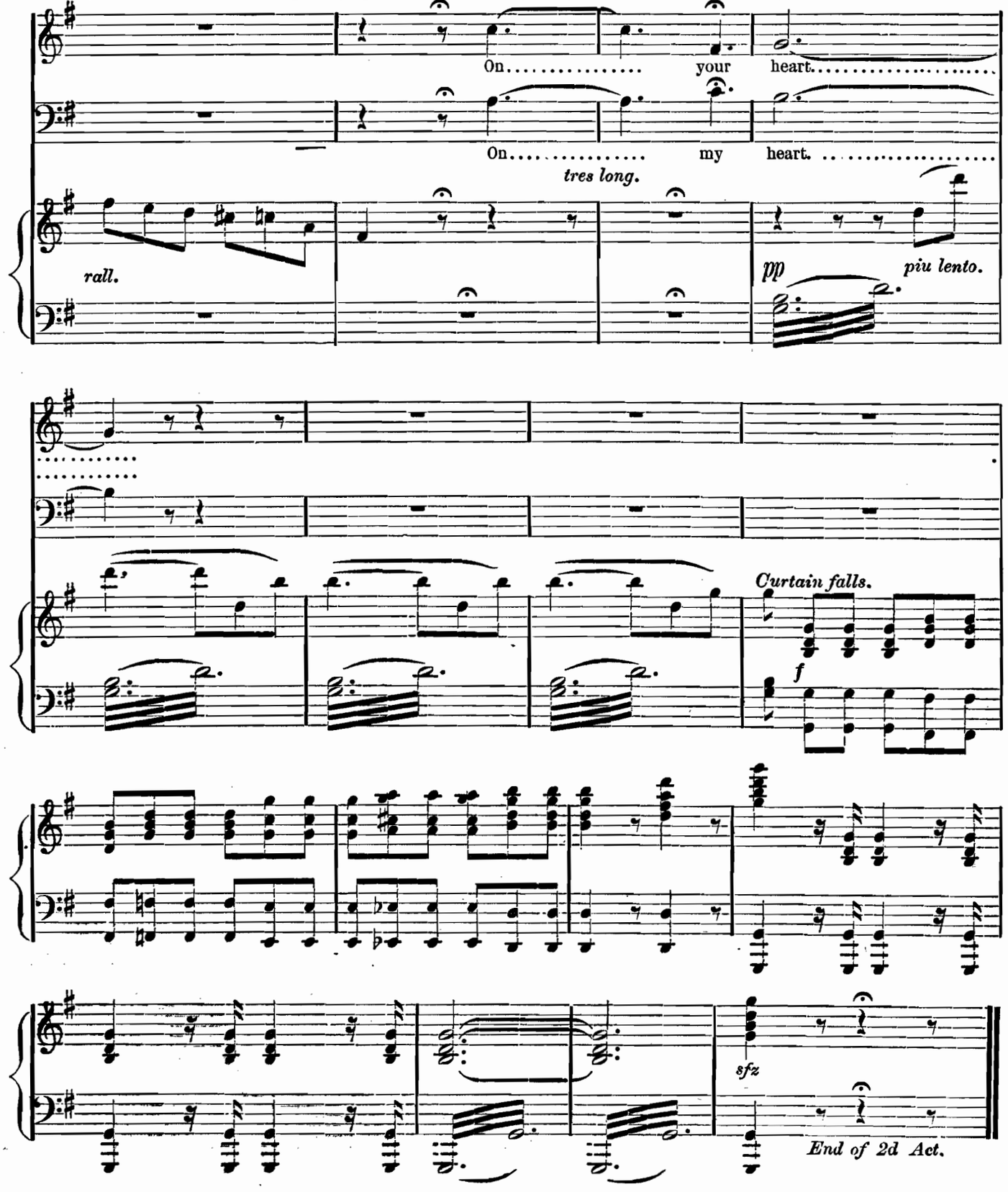

Suc- cess has crown'd my plans com - plete - ly; How es - cape then from his fond
arms.
arms?
Ah! yield you to the force that stirs you; I love..... you, re - sist not love's
Suc - cess has crown'd my plans com - plete - ly, How es - cape then from his fond
charms.


arms? I trem - ble still! Ah!
GAETAN.
Why trem - ble still? What have
While I
you yet to fear? Ah! come, my best be - lov - ed, Let me
rall.
a tempo.
make my love known, My heart with fear doth wild - ly, wild - ly beat. By his
feel near my own Your lov - ing heart still warm - ly beat. What have


ten - der- ness dear..... Is my heart.... strange - ly moved..... While I
you..... yet to fear?..... Ah! come my best be - lov - ed;..... Let me
ff
make all my love known..... I can feel.... ... my heart beat..... While I
feel..... near my own Your true heart fond - ly beat. Let me
dim.
make my love known, Ah! my heart doth wild - ly beat. Ah! my heart beats with
dim.
feel near my own Your warm heart fond - ly beat. Come, in my
dim.

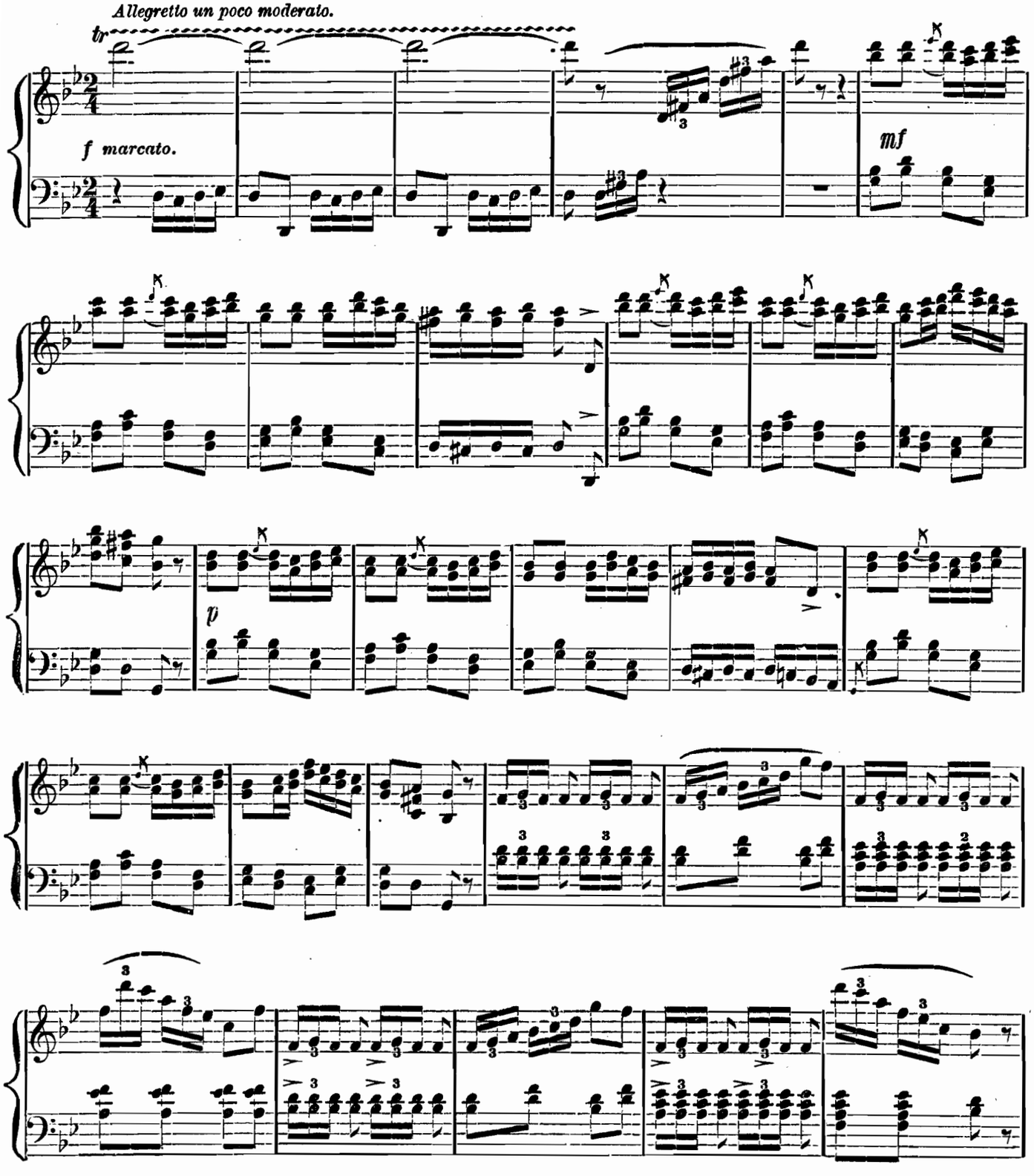

dim.
fright, Yes, my heart beats with fright! Ah! me! I
dim.
arms, come, On my heart, no more to
trem - ble still with fright! From his arms ne'er to
part, Come to my heart, From my arms ne'er to
part!
(Voice of the KING is heard in the wing.) Sentinel! be on your guard!
part!
a tempo.
f
dim.

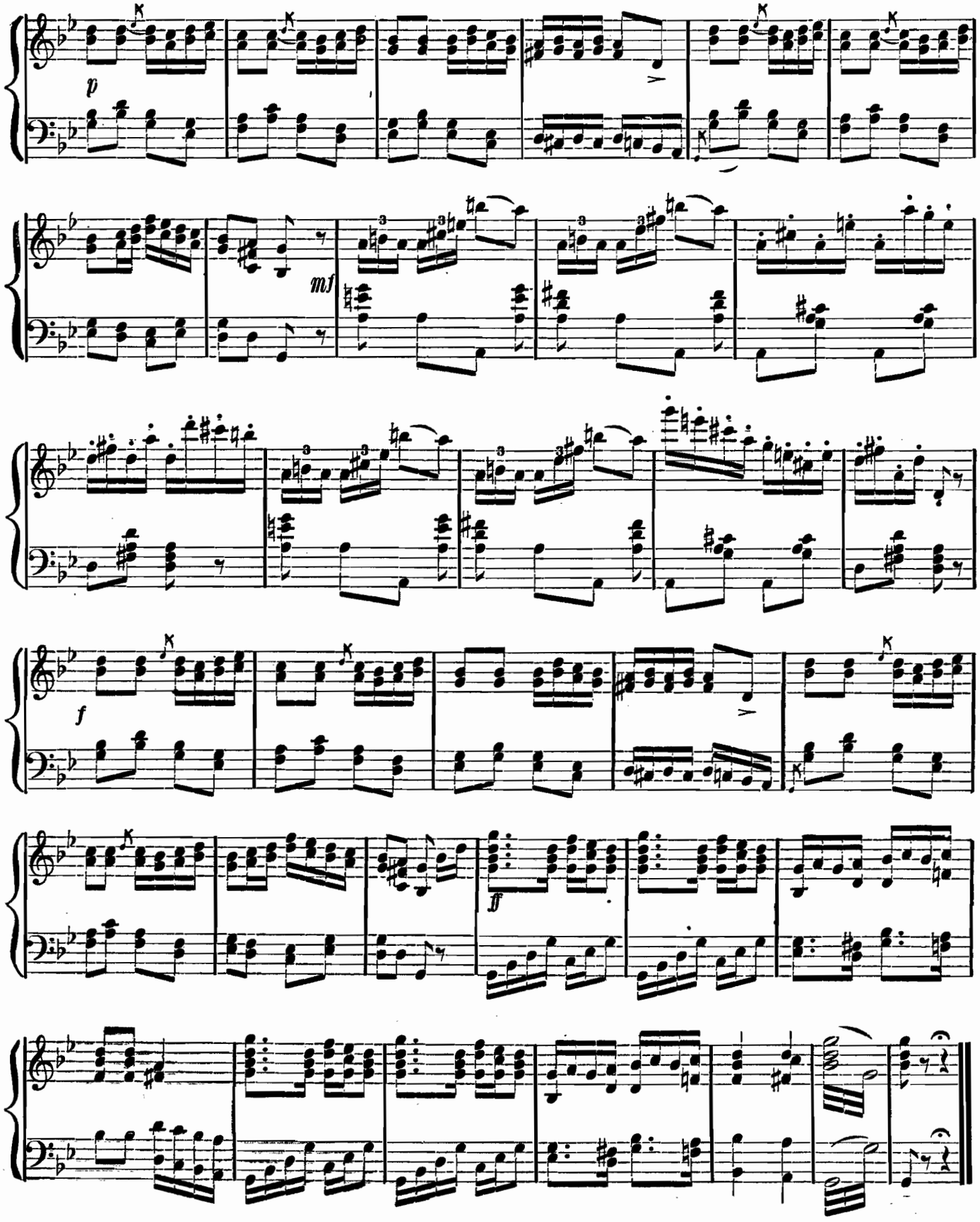
(GAETAN *and* MICAELA, *surprised, separate for a moment, then fall into each other's arms.*)



ACT III.

ENTR'ACTE.




p
mf
f
ff

ACT III.

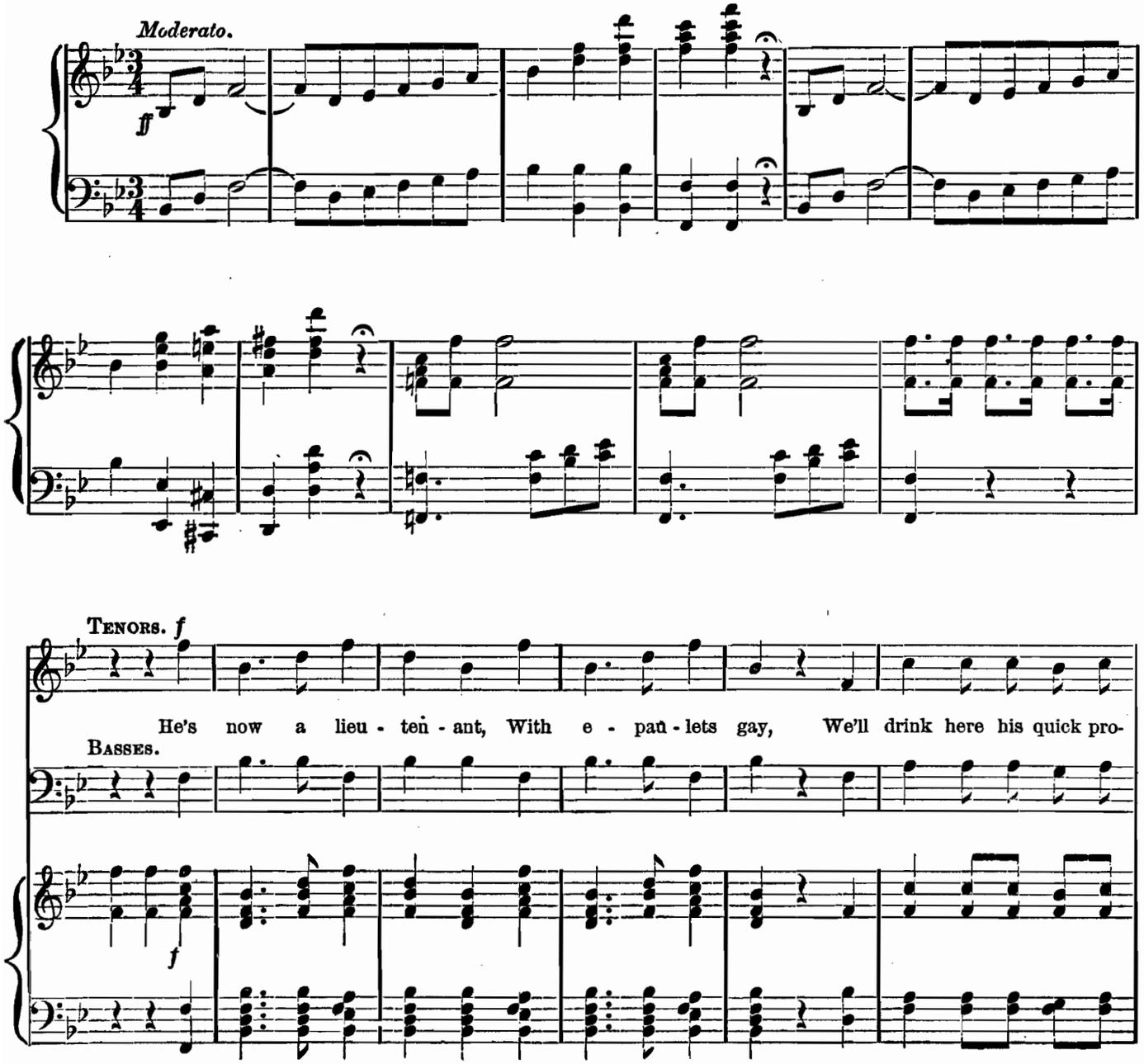
A Camp. Headquarters. General's tent at the right. At the left, in the back, a mill. In the foreground, a green arbor, a bench.

SCENE I.—MORALES, *Officers, Soldiers.*

HE'S NOW A LIEUTENANT.

No. 17. Introduction and Chorus.

Officers and Soldiers drinking.



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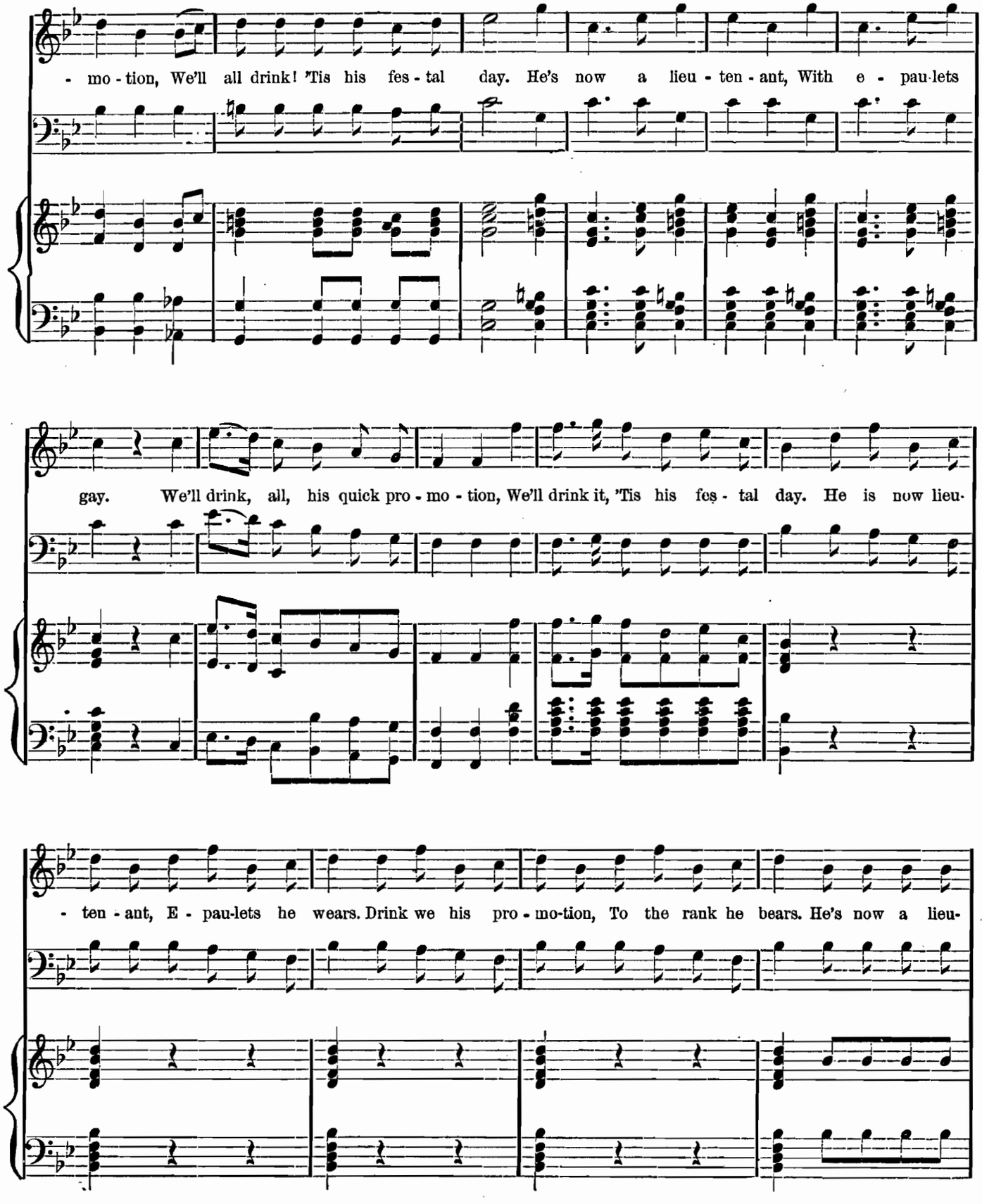
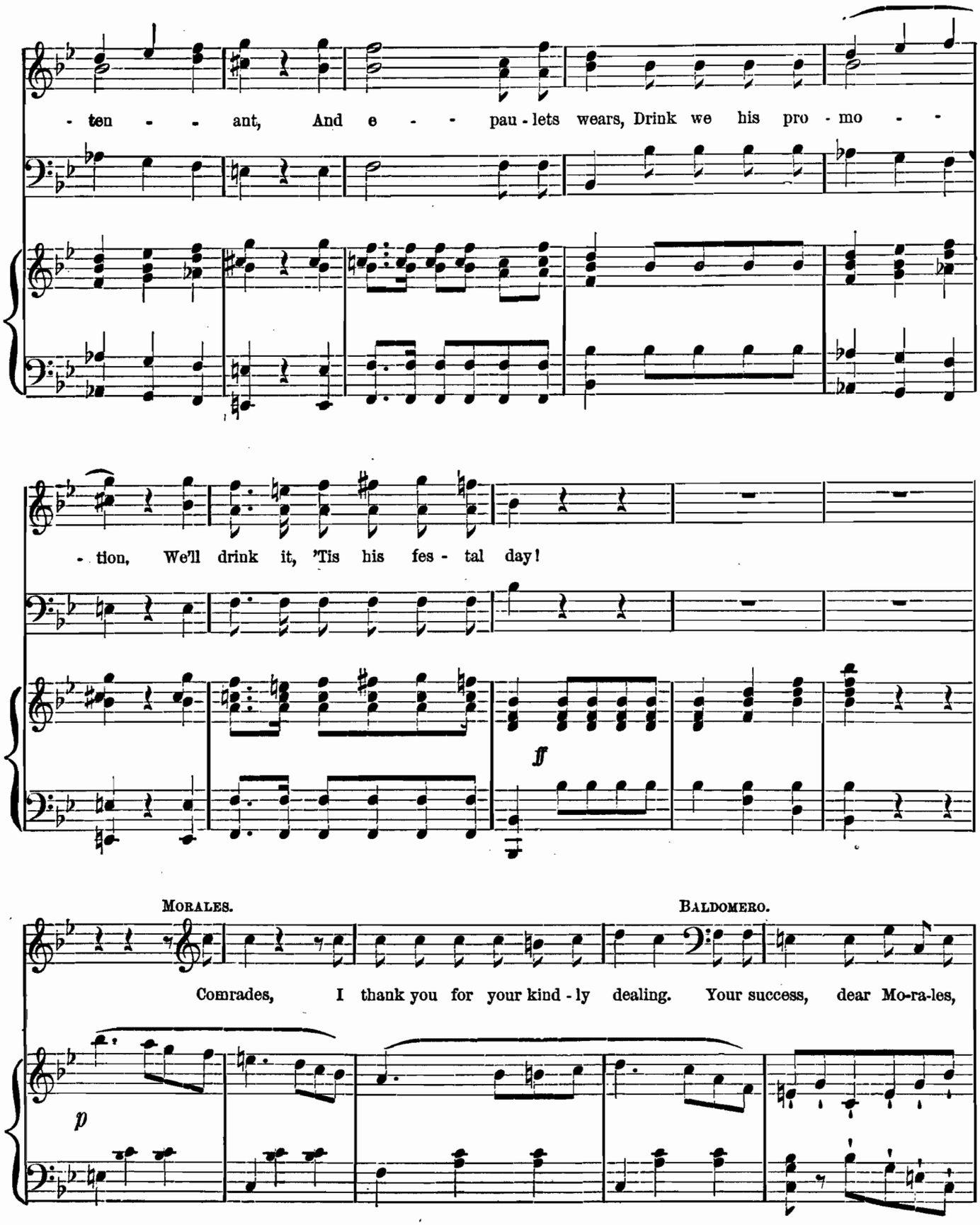
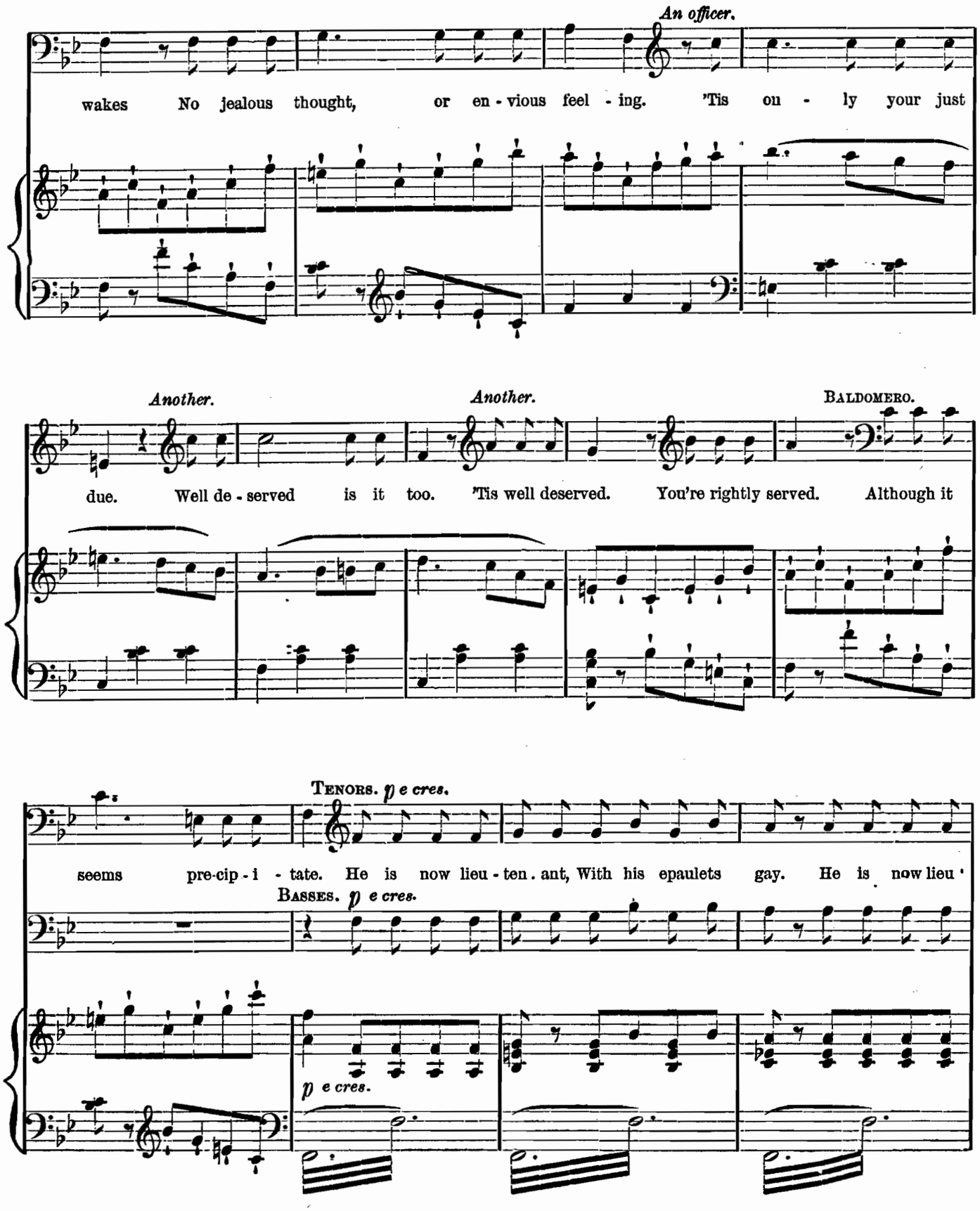
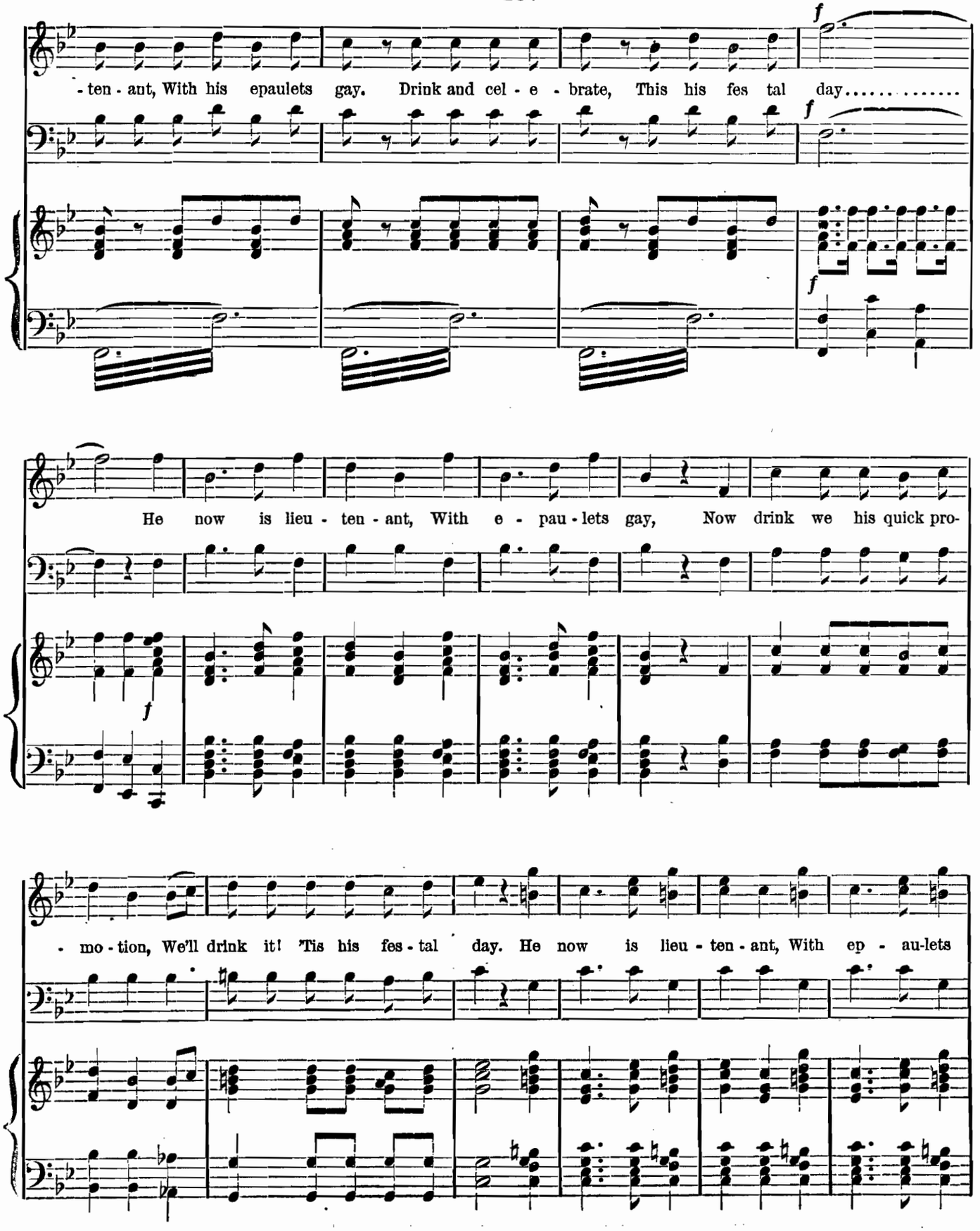
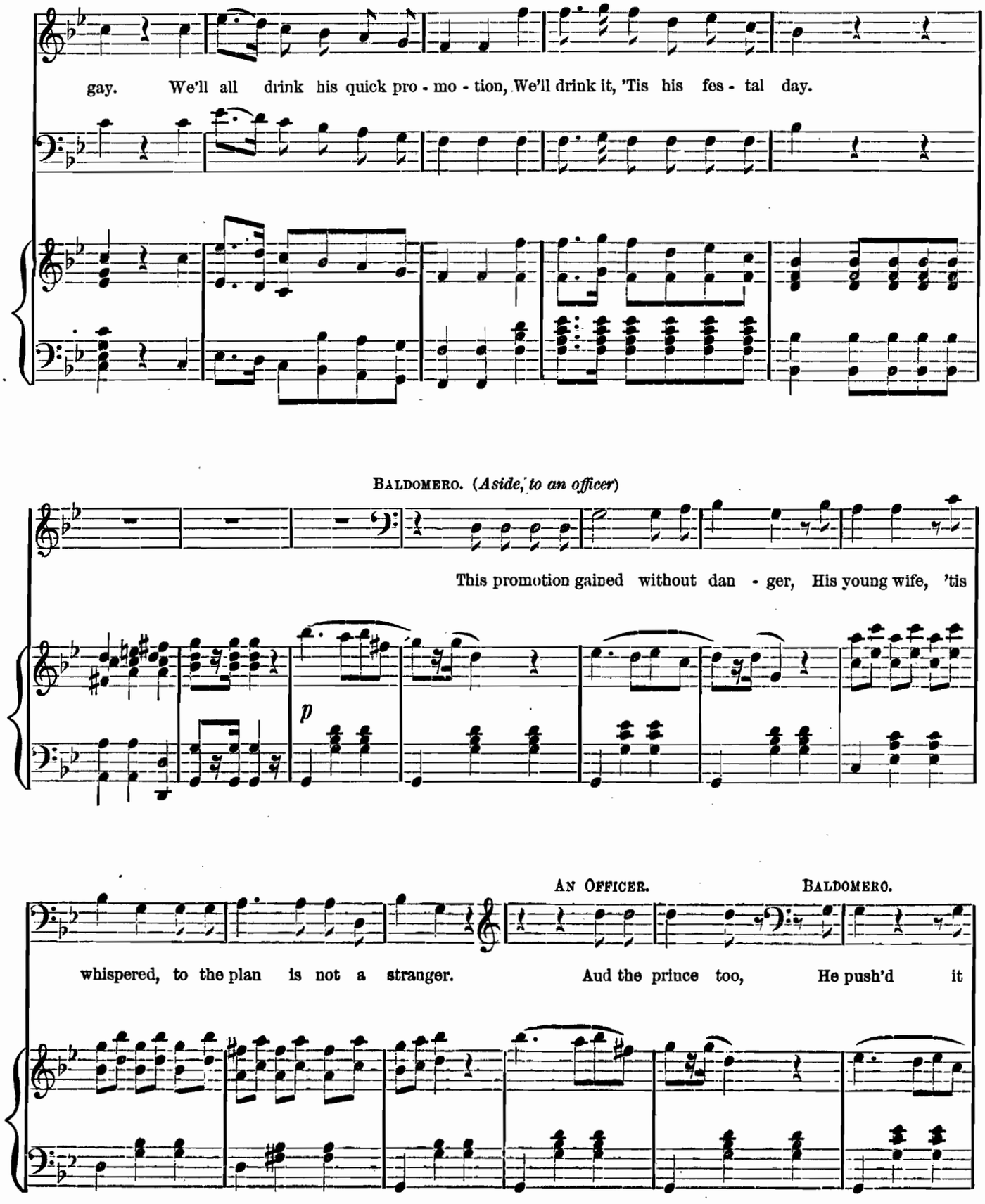
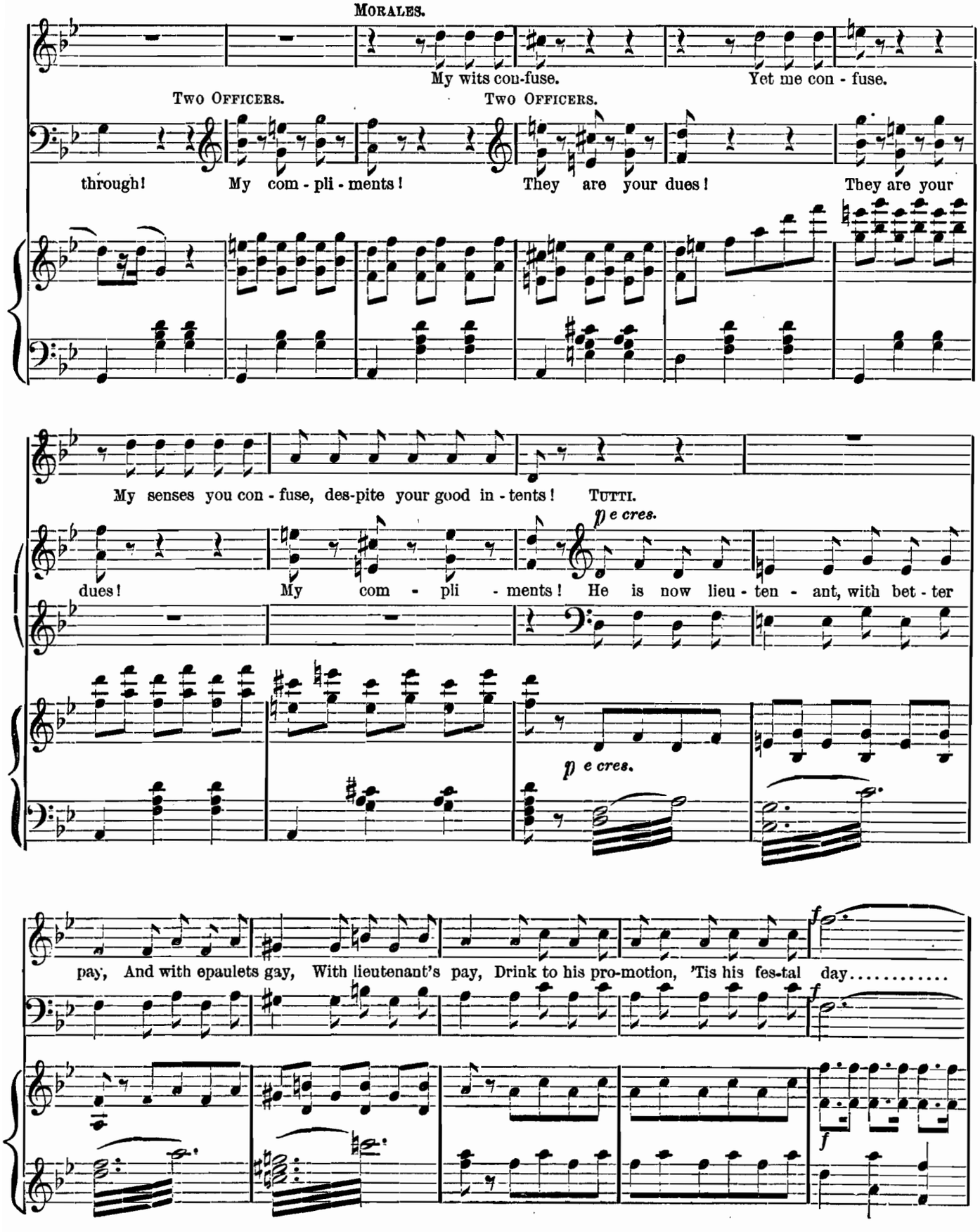

- mo - tion, We'll all drink! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He's now a lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau-lets
gay. We'll drink, all, his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-
- ten - ant, E - pau-lets he wears. Drink we his pro - mo-tion, To the rank he bears. He's now a lieu-

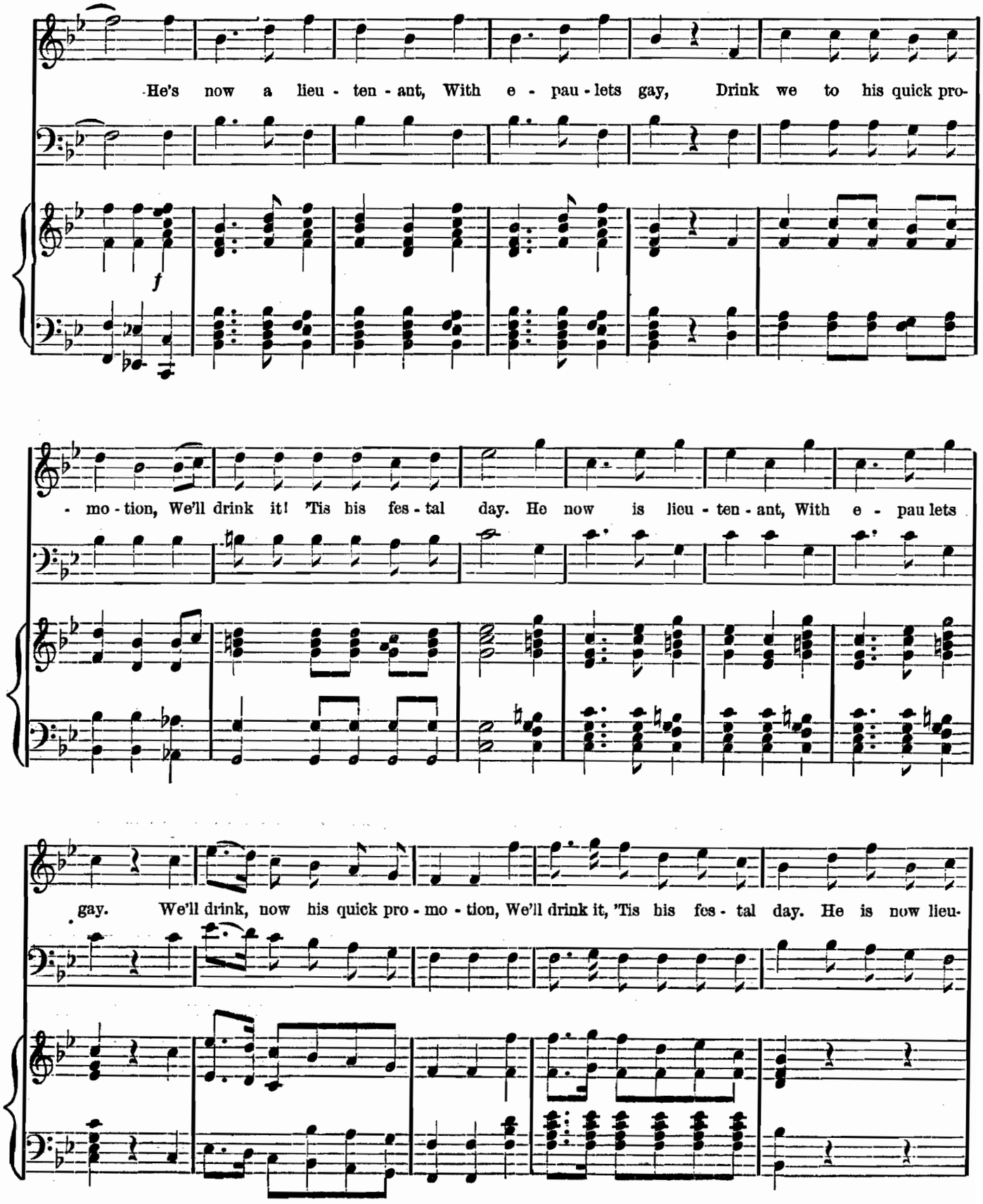

- ten - - ant, And e - - pau - lets wears, Drink we his pro - mo - -
- tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day!
ff
MORALES.
BALDOMERO.
Comrades, I thank you for your kind - ly dealing. Your success, dear Mo-ra-les,
p

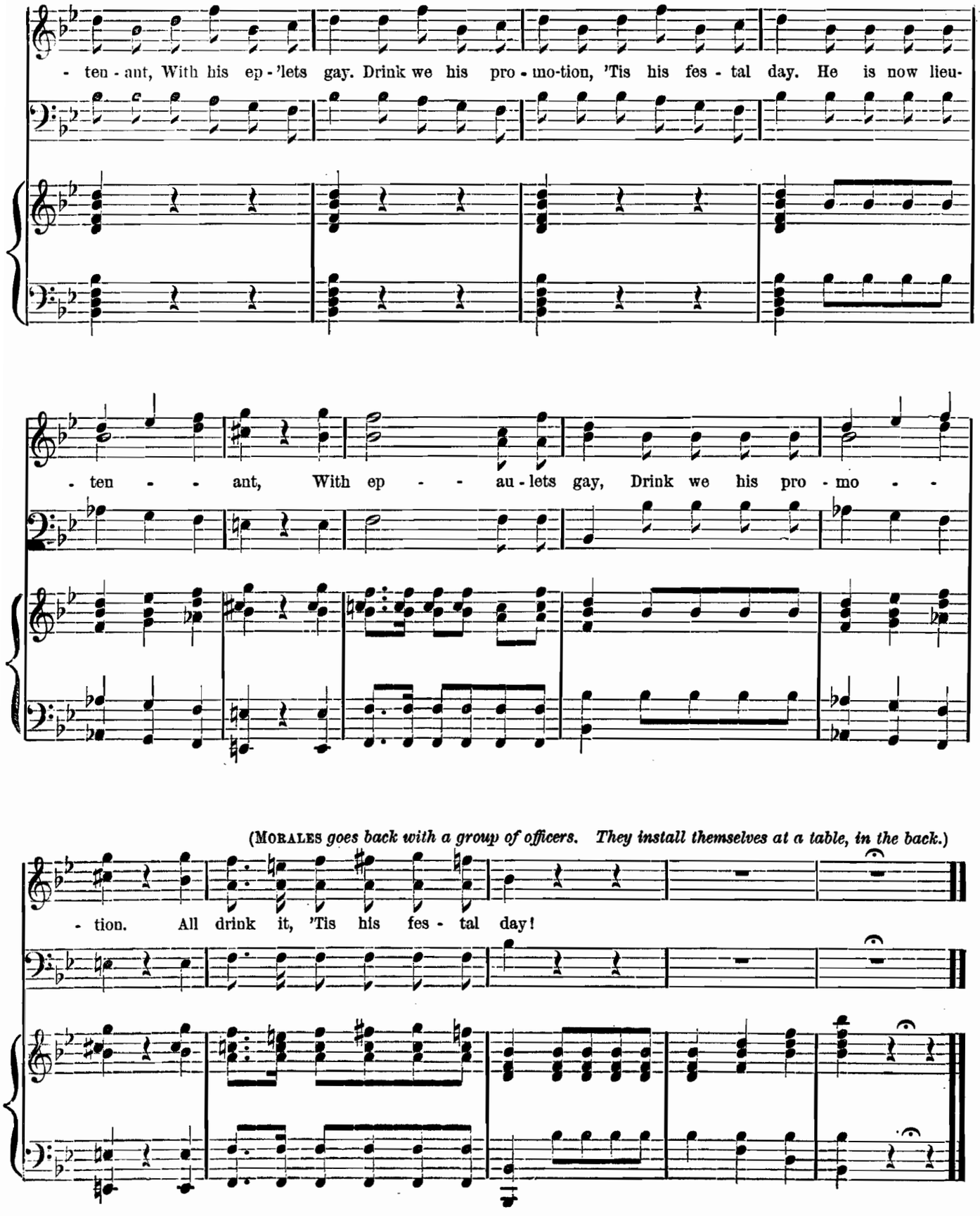

An officer.
wakes No jealous thought, or en - vious feel - ing. 'Tis ou - ly your just
Another.
Another.
BALDOMERO.
due. Well de - served is it too. 'Tis well deserved. You're rightly served. Although it
TENORS. p e cres.
seems pre-cip - i - tate. He is now lieu - ten . ant, With his epaulets gay. He is now lieu -
BASSES. p e cres.
p e cres.


-ten - ant, With his epaulets gay. Drink and cel - e - brate, This his fes tal day.....
He now is lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau - lets gay, Now drink we his quick pro-
- mo - tion, We'll drink it! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He now is lieu - ten - ant, With ep - au-lets


gay. We'll all drink his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day.
BALDOMERO. (*Aside, to an officer*)
This promotion gained without dan - ger, His young wife, 'tis
p
AN OFFICER.
BALDOMERO.
whispered, to the plan is not a stranger. Aud the prince too, He push'd it


MORALES.
My wits con-fuse.
Yet me con - fuse.
TWO OFFICERS.
TWO OFFICERS.
through!
My com - pli - ments!
They are your dues!
They are your
My senses you con - fuse, des-pite your good in - tents!
TUTTI.
p e cres.
dues!
My com - pli - ments! He is now lieu - ten - ant, with bet - ter
p e cres.
pay, And with epaulets gay, With lieutenant's pay, Drink to his pro-motion, 'Tis his fes-tal day.....
f
f
f


He's now a lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau - lets gay, Drink we to his quick pro-
f
- mo - tion, We'll drink it! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He now is lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau lets
gay. We'll drink, now his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-


- ten - ant, With his ep - 'lets gay. Drink we his pro - mo-tion, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-
- ten - - ant, With ep - - au - lets gay, Drink we his pro - mo - -
(MORALES goes back with a group of officers. They install themselves at a table, in the back.)
- tion. All drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day!

FIRST OFFICER (*in subdued voice, taking* BALDOMÉRO *aside*). Tell me, now, you who know so many things, is it serious, what they are whispering about, — Morales and his wife?

BAL. Serious! serious! All I know about it is that he has had a very rapid promotion; and (*twisting his mustache*) there are soldiers who, after twenty-six years, three months, and seventeen days of service, still wait for the epaulet. I do not say that of myself.

FIRST OFFICER. I think so! Yet, as to the lieutenant there is a scandal running.

BAL. I cannot prevent its running.

FIRST OFFICER. On that score the prince must have taken a mistress the day after his marriage.

SECOND OFFICER. That would be a little rough!

BAL. Perhaps 't is false.

FIRST OFFICER. Where could they meet? The prisoner has not left the camp, and women never come here.

SECOND OFFICER. That is very true!

BAL. What matters it? Have you not seen a little fellow who often introduces himself under one costume or another, and is mysteriously received by the prince?

SECOND OFFICER. Certainly, I have observed him.

FIRST OFFICER. That might be a woman disguised?

BAL. Possibly! And, see here; it would be very convenient! The prince has attached Morales to his staff, and allows him not a moment of liberty to visit his wife, who holds service near the princess.

FIRST OFFICER. That is true!

SECOND OFFICER. Yes; he has not had an hour's leave.

BAL. And when the presence of the husband might be troublesome, — when the supposed little fellow might come, for example, — the prince has only a word to say to Morales, giving him some mission that sends him off on the run.

SECOND OFFICER. Well, it is not badly planned!

FIRST OFFICER (*laughing*). 'T is convenient, anyway!

SCENE II.

The same; DON MOSQUITOS.

(*At the entrance of* MOSQUITOS *all rise up.*)

MOS. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning! Ah! you are celebrating the promotion? That is well; very well! Lieut. Morales, — I am happy to give you that title. Lieut. Morales, you have been ordered to draw up a history of the grand autumn manœuvres; have you acquitted yourself of the task?

MOR. I have commenced it, colonel, as soon as I received the order.

MOS. Very well; read it!

MOR. (*takes a manuscript from the pocket of his uniform and reads*). The grand manœuvres of autumn commenced on the 15th of September. It was decided that they should take place under the form of a sham fight —

MOS. (*interrupting*). Hold on! You go too fast. We must not confine ourse ves to the relation of purely military facts. You will call to mind that, from the morning of his marriage, the Prince of Madeira has torn himself away from the delights of Hymen to give himself up to the rude labors of war, and has left his young wife at the Convent of Saint Angelos, to direct in person his corps of the army.

MOR. (*taking notes*). Very well, colonel.

MOS. You will add that the king, touched by this warlike zeal, has deigned on his side to put himself in person at the head of the other army corps.

MOR. Very well, colonel.

MOS. These p litical considerations give relief to the technical and strategic d tails. Continue!

MOR. The two corps of the army have accomplished a combined multiple of operations.

MOS. (*interrupting*). That is true! For two months there have been marches, sudden countermarches, — unexpected, inexplicable. They have approached the convent and have retreated from it. The prince has received reports from mysterious emissaries. It is quite the semblance of war, with its fatigues and surprises. (*To* MORALES.) Continue!

MOR. Yes, colonel.

MOS. No! do not continue. I perceive the prince coming this way! (*All take the position of a military salute.*)

SCENE III.

The same; GAÉTAN.

GAÉ. (*much agitated*). Good morning, gentlemen! (*With a gesture he bids all to resume their places.*) (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel, has there come hither any messenger during my absence?

MOS. No, Prince.

GAÉ. 'T is well.

BAL. (*to an officer, observing* GAÉTAN). He has a preoccupied air.

GAÉ. (*aside*). What can keep her back? Still nothing to-day! Eight days without sight of her! I have tramped over the convent route. Could she have taken another road? (*Wipes his brow and moves about agitatedly.*)

BAL. He can't stay in one place.

GAÉ. (*softly*). Ah! I cannot stay here longer. I must get nearer to Saint Angelos! (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel! we shall move forward; we are off! break camp! in an hour everybody must be on the march. Follow me, colonel.

MOS. (*to the* SECOND OFFICER). Follow me, captain!

SECOND OFFICER (*starting off*). (*To* MORALES.) Follow me, lieutenant.

MOR. (*following*). (*To a brigadier.*) Stay here, brigadier!

SCENE IV.

BALDOMÉRO, *officers, soldiers,* MICAÉLA (*as a novice*); *the soldiers remount and disperse.*

BAL. Come, now! We were so well off here.

FIRST OFFICER. What a bore!

BAL. There is something in the wind, I don't know what; but the prince has not a contented air!

SECOND OFFICER. We must buckle the traps.

BAL. Buckle the traps! Stay! there are no orders as yet; there is time enough yet for taking that trouble! (*A noise is heard.*) What is that?

FIRST OFFICER (*in the back, to a young novice*). Why, no. No one comes into camp in that fashion! What do you want?

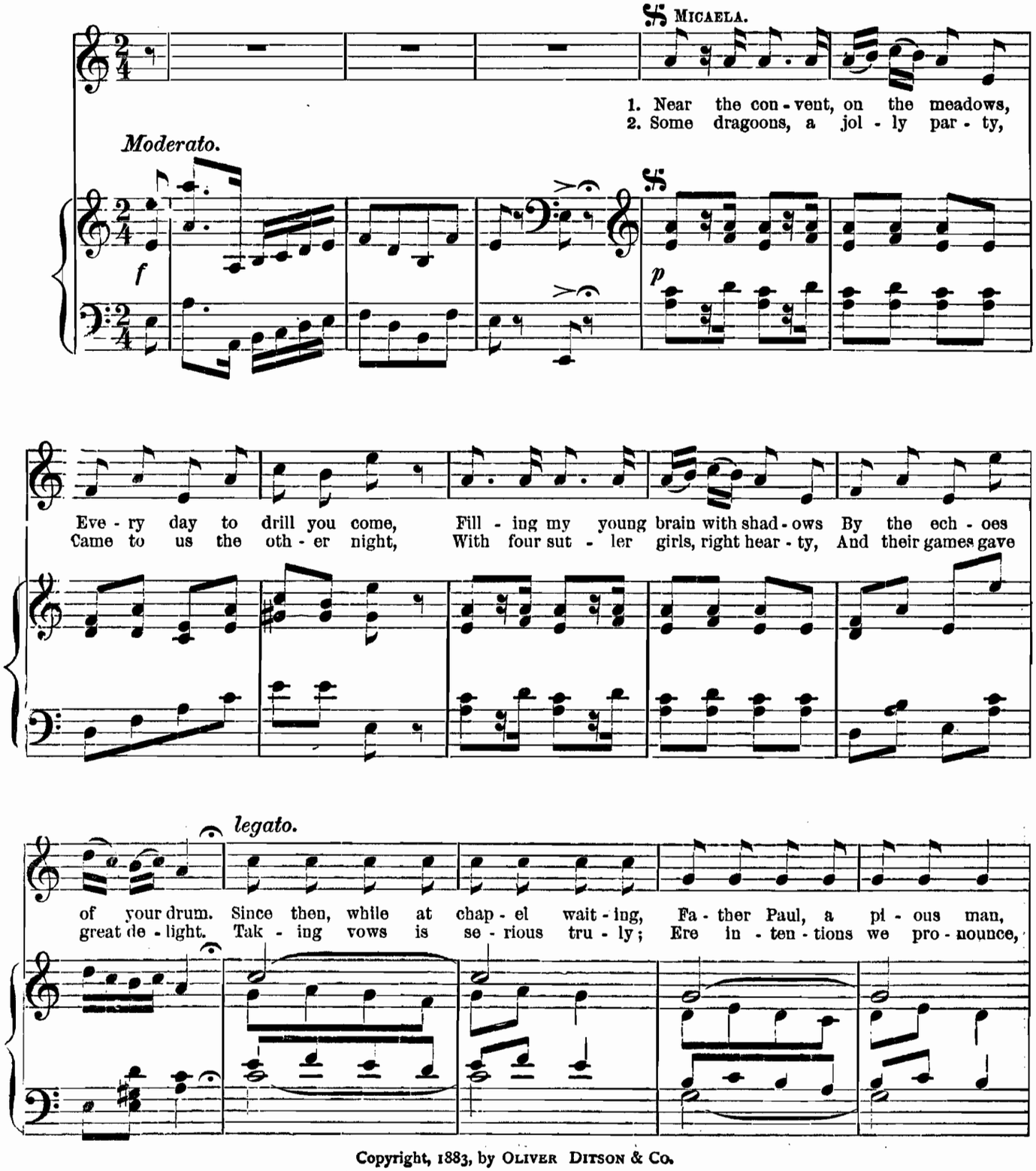
MICA. (*umbly*). To speak with your commander.

FIRST OFFICER. Nothing but that! But what do you want of the commander?

MICA. I will tell you.

NEAR THE CONVENT.

No 18. Song of the Novice.



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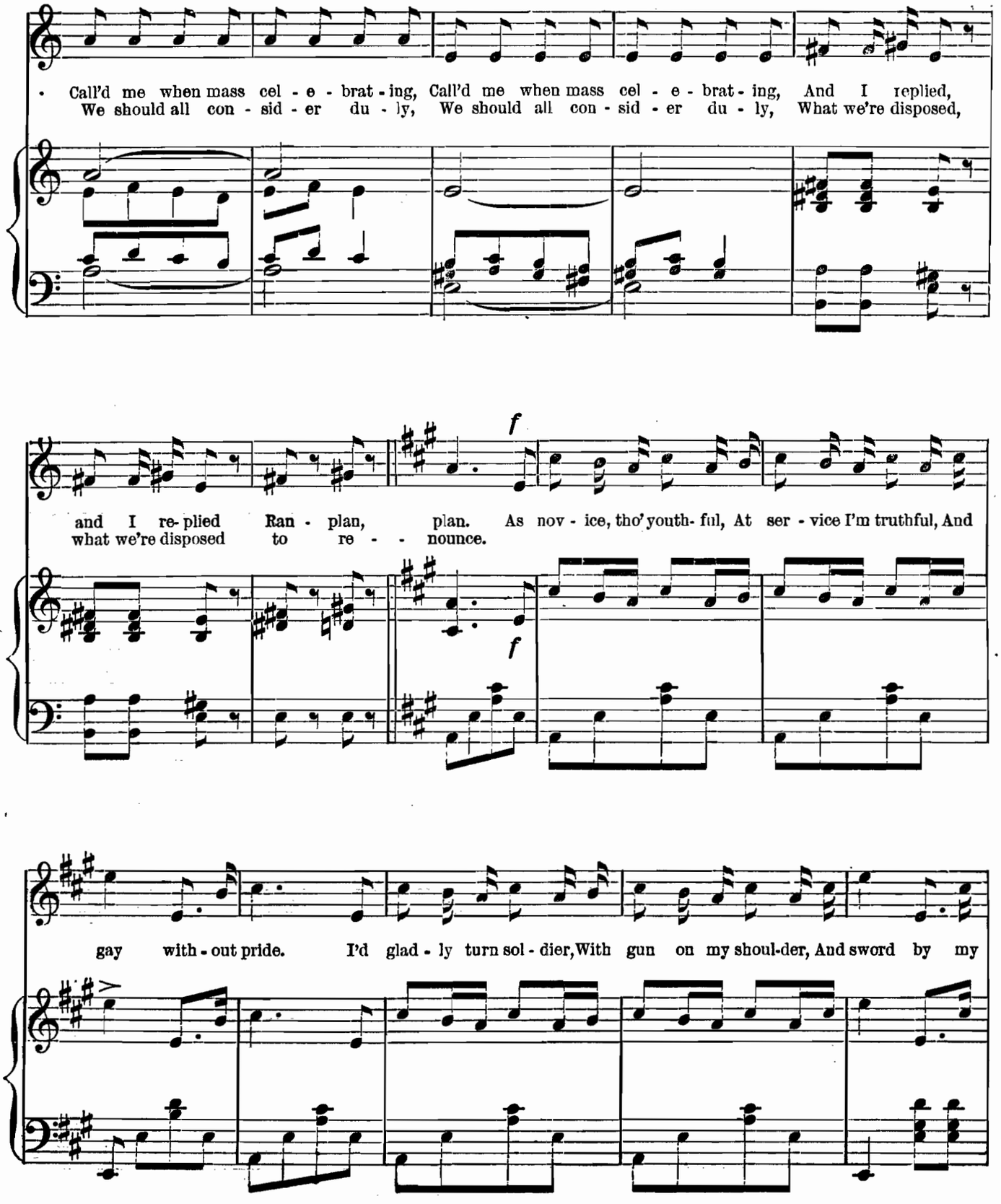
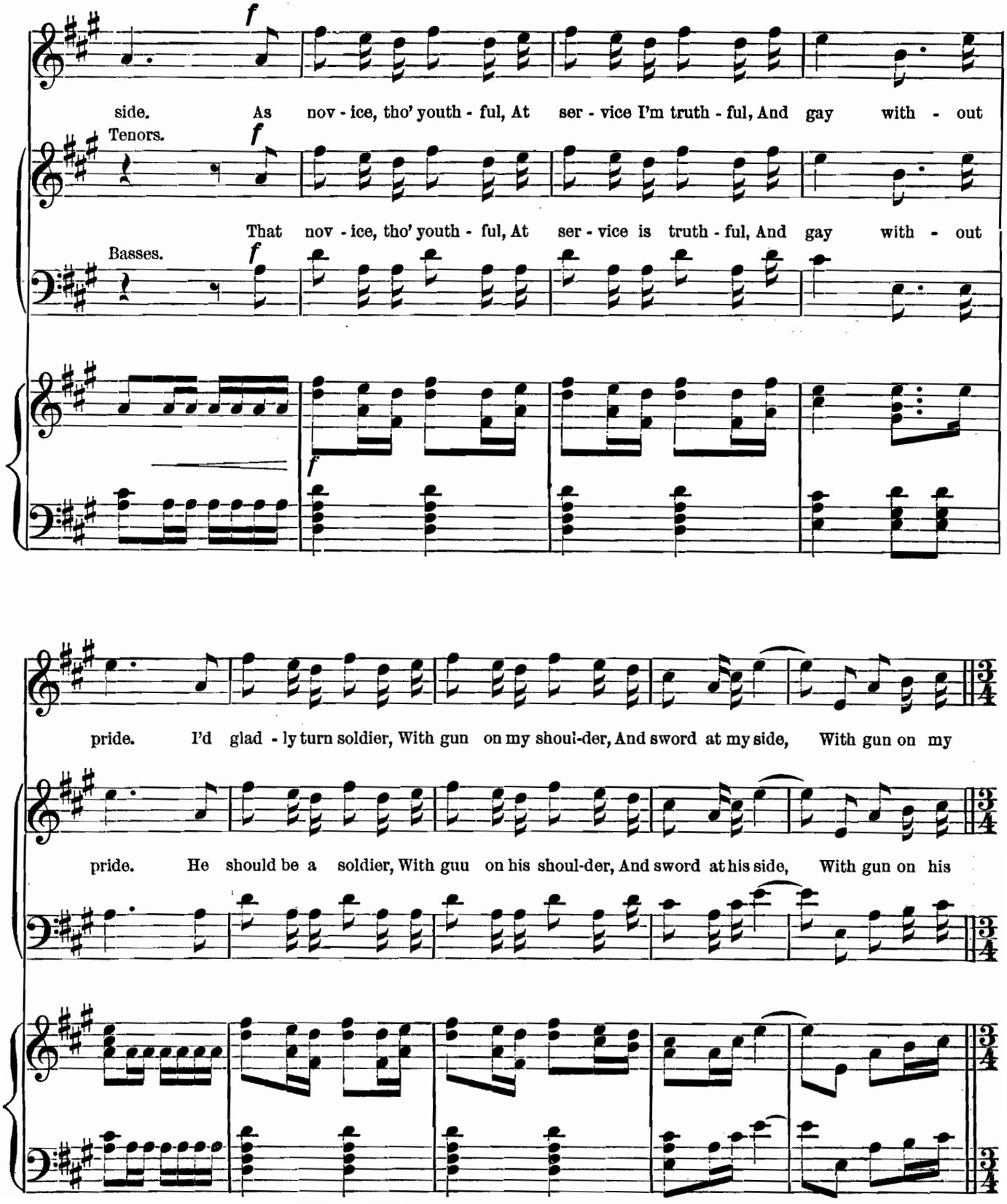
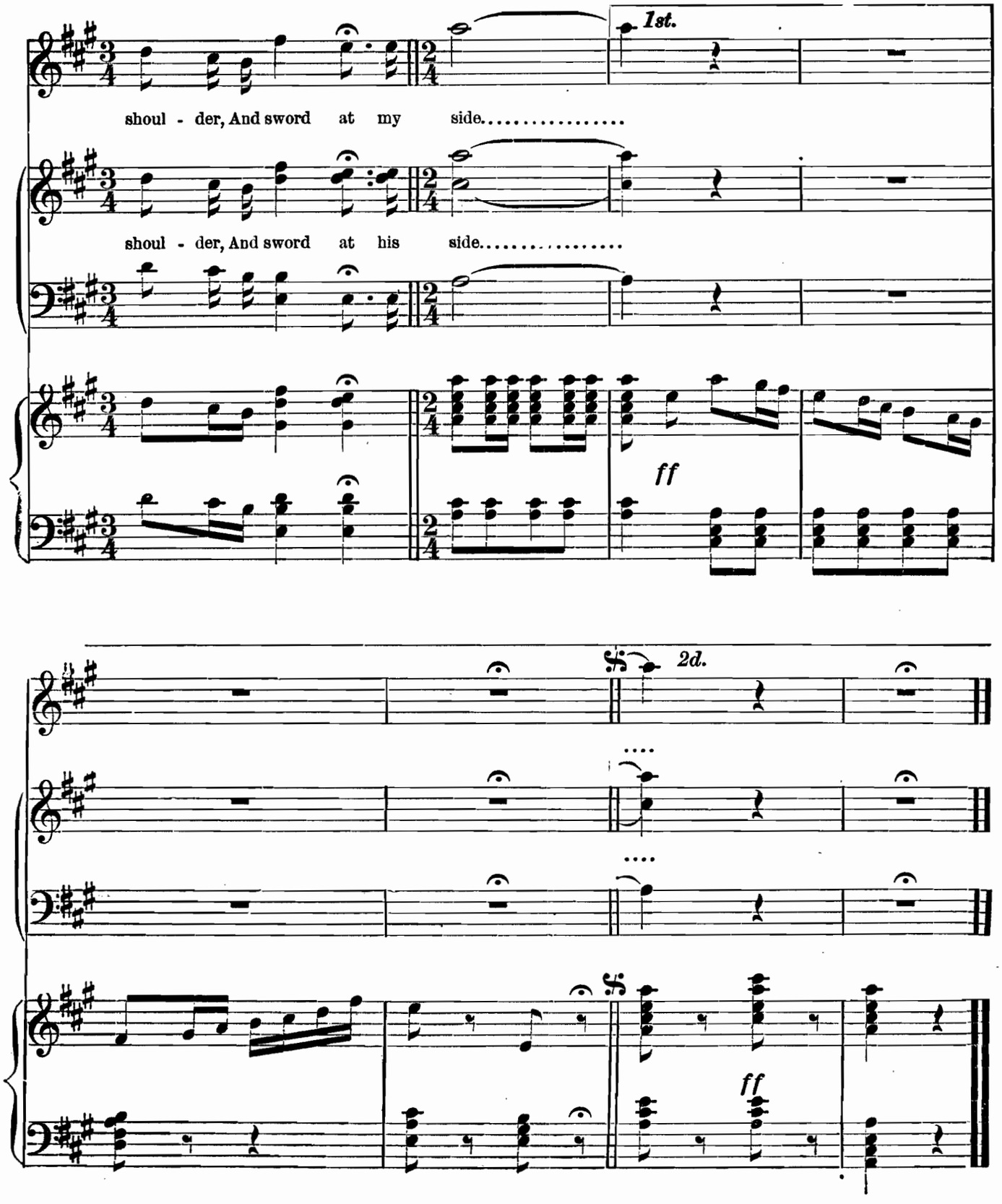

Call'd me when mass cel - e - brat - ing, Call'd me when mass cel - e - brat - ing, And I replied,
We should all con - sid - er du - ly, We should all con - sid - er du - ly, What we're disposed,
f
and I re- plied Ran - plan, plan. As nov - ice, tho' youth- ful, At ser - vice I'm truthful, And
what we're disposed to re - - nounce.
f
gay with - out pride. I'd glad - ly turn sol - dier, With gun on my shoul-der, And sword by my


f
side. As nov - ice, tho' youth - ful, At ser - vice I'm truth - ful, And gay with - out
Tenors.
f
That nov - ice, tho' youth - ful, At ser - vice is truth - ful, And gay with - out
Basses.
f
f
pride. I'd glad - ly turn soldier, With gun on my shoul-der, And sword at my side, With gun on my
pride. He should be a soldier, With guu on his shoul-der, And sword at his side, With gun on his


1st.
shoul - der, And sword at my side.....
shoul - der, And sword at his side.....
ff
2d.
ff

1st OFFICER. Stay! You want to speak with our commander—here he is.

SCENE V. *The same.* GAETAN. *Then* DON MOSQUITOS.

GAE. Well, gentleman, all is ready for our departure. (*Perceiving* MIC.) Ah! (*Aside*) 'Tis she at last!

MOSQ. (*Arriving from the other side, wiping his brow.*) Prince, your staff is in the saddle.

GAE. Very well! Let it dismount, then. We shall (*Seeing* MIC.) not go!

BALD. (*Aside.*) I would have bet on that!

MOSQ. Capital! As Vauban says: "It is by continual quick movements that a soldier is hardened to warfare."

GAE. Go. I am going to think over a new plan of campaign; let no one disturb me! (*To the* 1st OFFICER.) Place the sentinels on duty. (*To* MOSQ.) Colonel, one word more! (*In low voice.*) Lieuteuant Morales, will immediately mount on horseback, and with six men, he will search through the little orange grove. (MOSQ. *departs. The prince and* MIC. *gaze at each other with emotion.*)

SCENE VI. GAETAN. MICAELA.

GAE. It is you! At last, it is you! (*He kisses her.*) Eight days without meeting—without news of you! I was in mortal unrest! I was about to move up the whole army corps to get nearer to you. (*He makes her sit down beside him upon a bench. She unfastens her robe of the novice, and appears in a costume of a garden maid.*)

MIC. It is not my fault, as I will explain to you. (*While she speaks,* GAE. *devours her with his eyes, he kisses her brow, her hand, and her arms, relishing every caress.*) You know I am at the convent attached to the princess; I had found means to slip out by a little private gate. When last week you moved up your camp, the king, who takes infinite pleasure in these martial movements, has caused the construction, everywhere, of intrenchments, palisades bastions, and angles. Oh! I may easily recall the terms. Every evening he related to me—that is to say, he related to the princess all that he had done during the day. And he worked so well, that, one morning at the moment of my projected escape, I found the little garden gate effectually stopped up by a mass of earth more than ten feet high! I must seek out some other mode of egress—some other disguise. Well, that took a long time; and it is only to-day, that, thanks to this costume, I have been able to arrive here.

GAE. (*Kisses her again, and gazing at her with infinite tenderness.*) I have not listened to one word you have said!

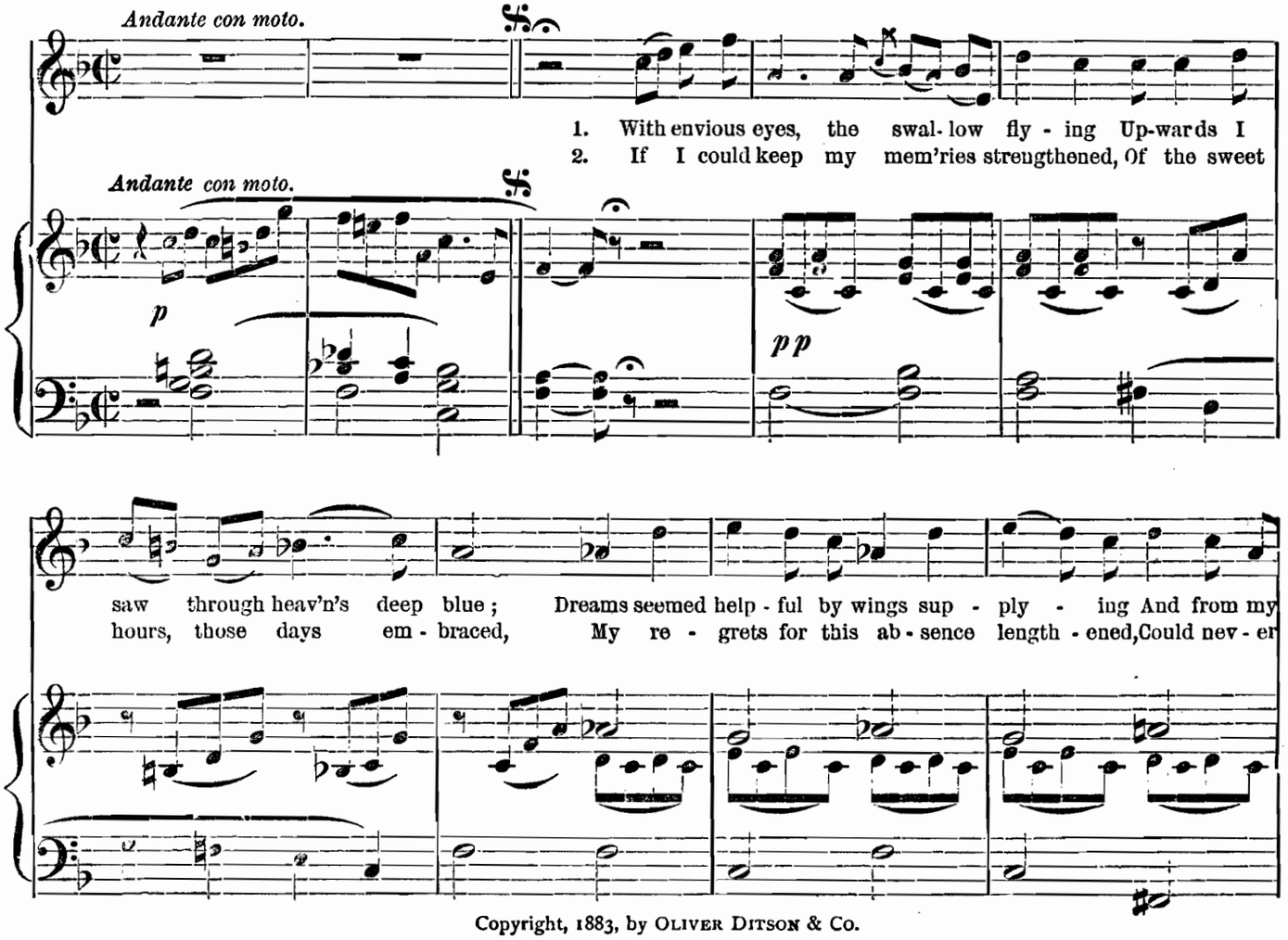
MIC. I was explaining to you, that it was the king's fault

GAE. The king is a blockhead, and you—you are an angel.

MIC. Oh! I was very sorry when I found I could not pass out!

WITH ENVIOUS EYES.

No 19. Romance.



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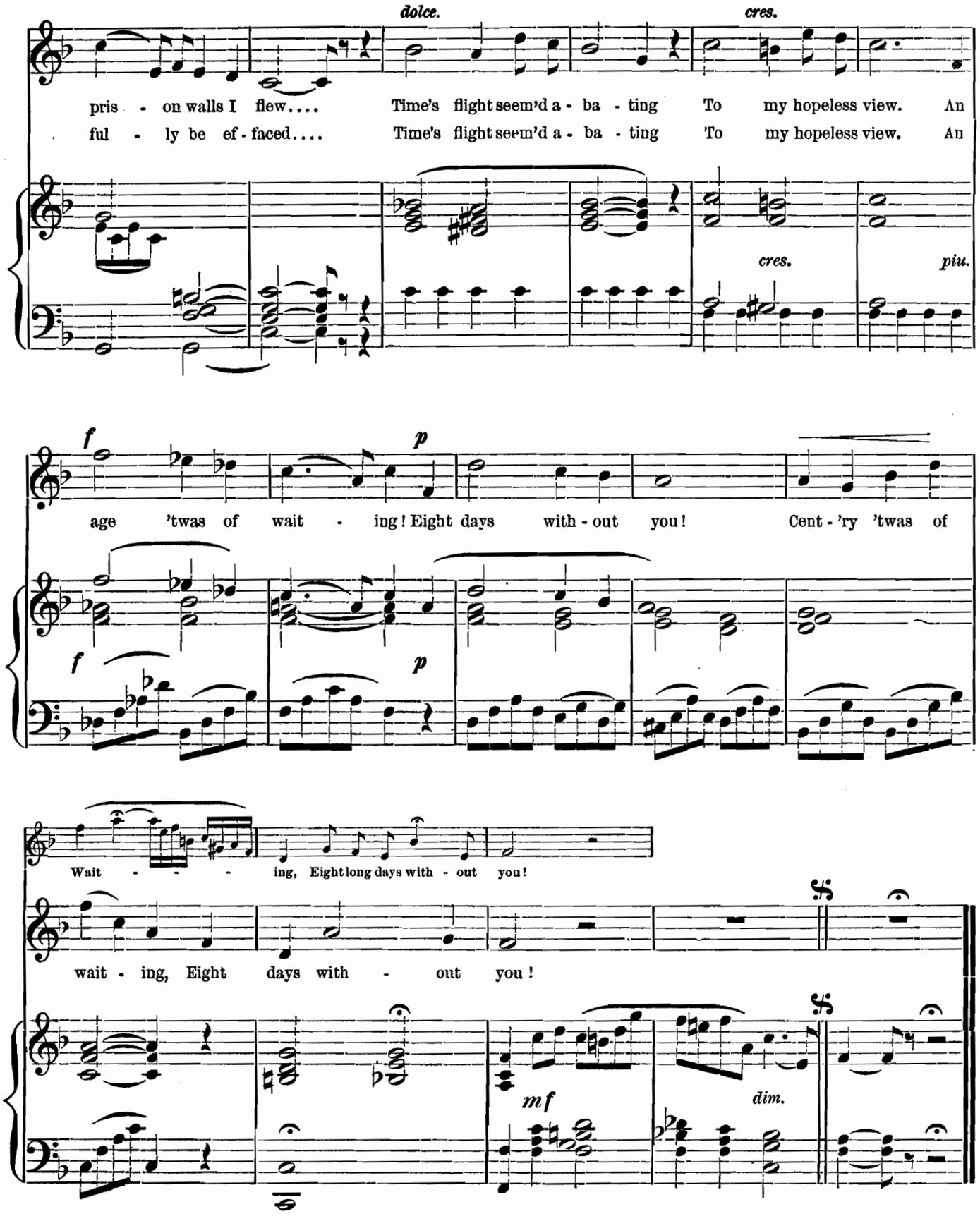

dolce.
cres.
pris - on walls I flew.... Time's flight seem'd a - ba - ting To my hopeless view. An
ful - ly be ef - faced.... Time's flight seem'd a - ba - ting To my hopeless view. An
cres.
piu.
f
p
age 'twas of wait - ing! Eight days with - out you! Cent - 'ry 'twas of
f
p
Wait - - - ing, Eight long days with - out you!
wait - ing, Eight days with - out you!
mf
dim.

GAE. From the moment of your arrival, everything else is forgotten but it must not occur again; you promise me, don't you?
MIC. I will do my best. Can we be sure of anything under such circumstances? We must be prudent.
GAE. We will be. Nobody has a suspicion?
MIC. Nobody, except that young girl, of whom I have spoken to you, my cousin. Without her aid, I should accomplish nothing. But I answer for her, as for myself.
GAE. Then I bless your cousin!
MIC. Only—there is the princess.
GAE. Do you think she suspects you?
MIC. No! She has confidence in me; but yet, a husband who, without saying a word to his wife, shuts her up in a convent—that may give reason for thought. The princess is no fool!
GAE. And what matter, if she should discover anything? I feel myself strong enough to defend you, and brave everything. (*Noise outside.*)
MIC. (*Slipping away from him.*) Some one comes.
GAE. What is that?

SCENE VII. *The same.* BALDOMERO. JOSEFA.

JOS. (*Contesting.*) I will pass, I tell you!
MIC. (*Aside.*) She here!
GAE. What is wanted of me? I had formally forbidden—
BALD. Prince, it is this young girl, who wanted absolutely to speak with you—I tried to prevent her—Oh! a man would not have passed—(*Lays his hand on his sword.*) But with a woman, we cannot always do what we wish to.
MIC. (*Softly to* GAETAN.) It is—it is my cousin.
GAE. (*To* BALDOMERO.) Leave us.
BALD. (*Makes a half turn, with a military salute, aside.*) In the midst of grand manœuvers! (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VIII. GAETAN. JOSEFA. MICAELA.

GAE. Well, what is it?
JOS. (*Recovering her breath.*) It is—that the king is coming here in a moment.
GAE. What matters that to me?
JOS. He wishes to bring the princess here, and is about to send to the convent for her.
GAE. The princess!
JOS. (*Embarrassed.*) You understand, monseigneur, the princess will need the help of my cousin. If she is not on hand, she will lose her place.
GAE. What an awkward business! (*He goes up back a moment.*)
JOS. (*Quickly, softly to* MIC.) I have a carryall, and a good horse. Be off! (MIC. *escapes quickly, without a word said.*)
GAE. Well, she has escaped!
JOS. Ah! do not retain her, monseigneur. Just think, if she should be seen—not a moment is to be lost!
GAE. Well, go. (JOS. *goes off towards the mill.*)

SCENE IX. GAETAN. MOSQUITOS.

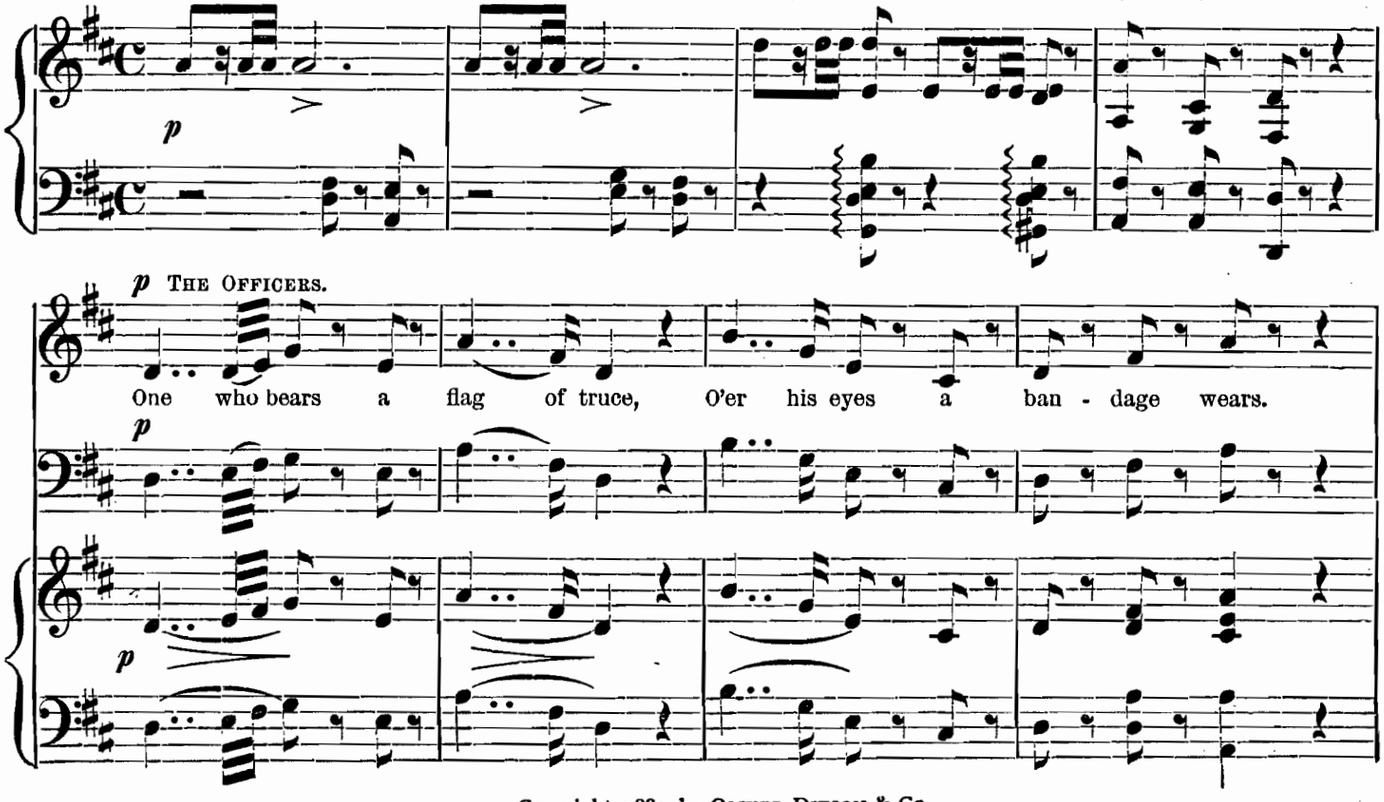
MOSQ. Prince, the king, my master, commander-in-chief of the second army corps, asks to be introduced to your presence.
GAE. Very well! (*Makes a gesture of assent, aside.*) The sooner he comes, the sooner he will—
MOSQ. The king, always faithful to the usages of war, insists upon being introduced hither under a flag of truce.
GAE. That's all the same to me! (*Aside.*) If she might only arrive in time! (*He goes up back, and looks off over the road by which* MIC. *has gone.*)
MOSQ. He is here. Prince!

SCENE X. GAETAN. DON MOSQUITOS. *The* KING. BALDOMERO. *Officers. Soldiers. Peasant woman.*

ONE WHO BEARS A FLAG OF TRUCE.

No 20. Ensemble. Petition of Peasant woman. Couplets of the King.

Moderato. (*The* KING, *is brought in, with eyes bandaged, flag of truce fashion, conducted by two officers.*)



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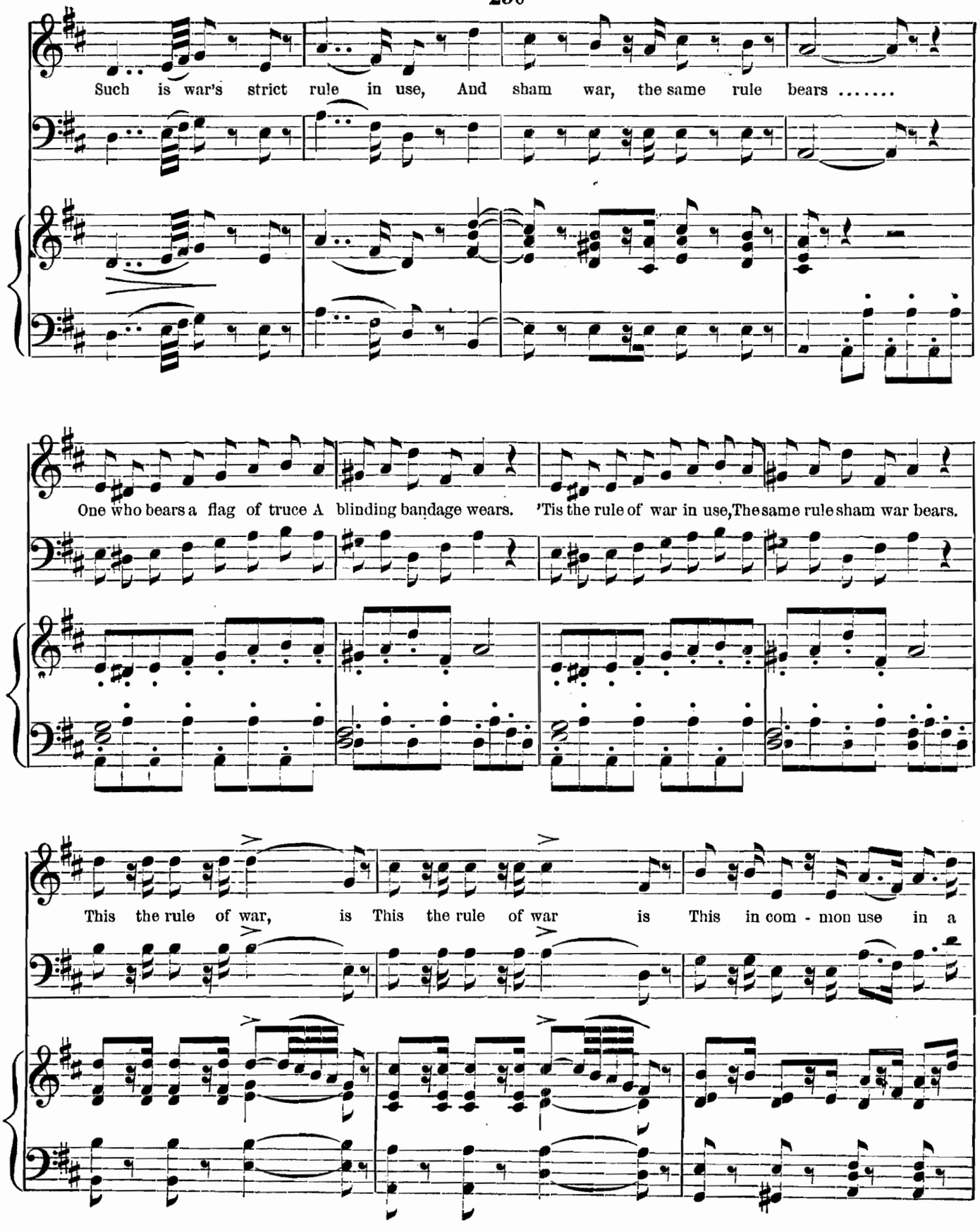
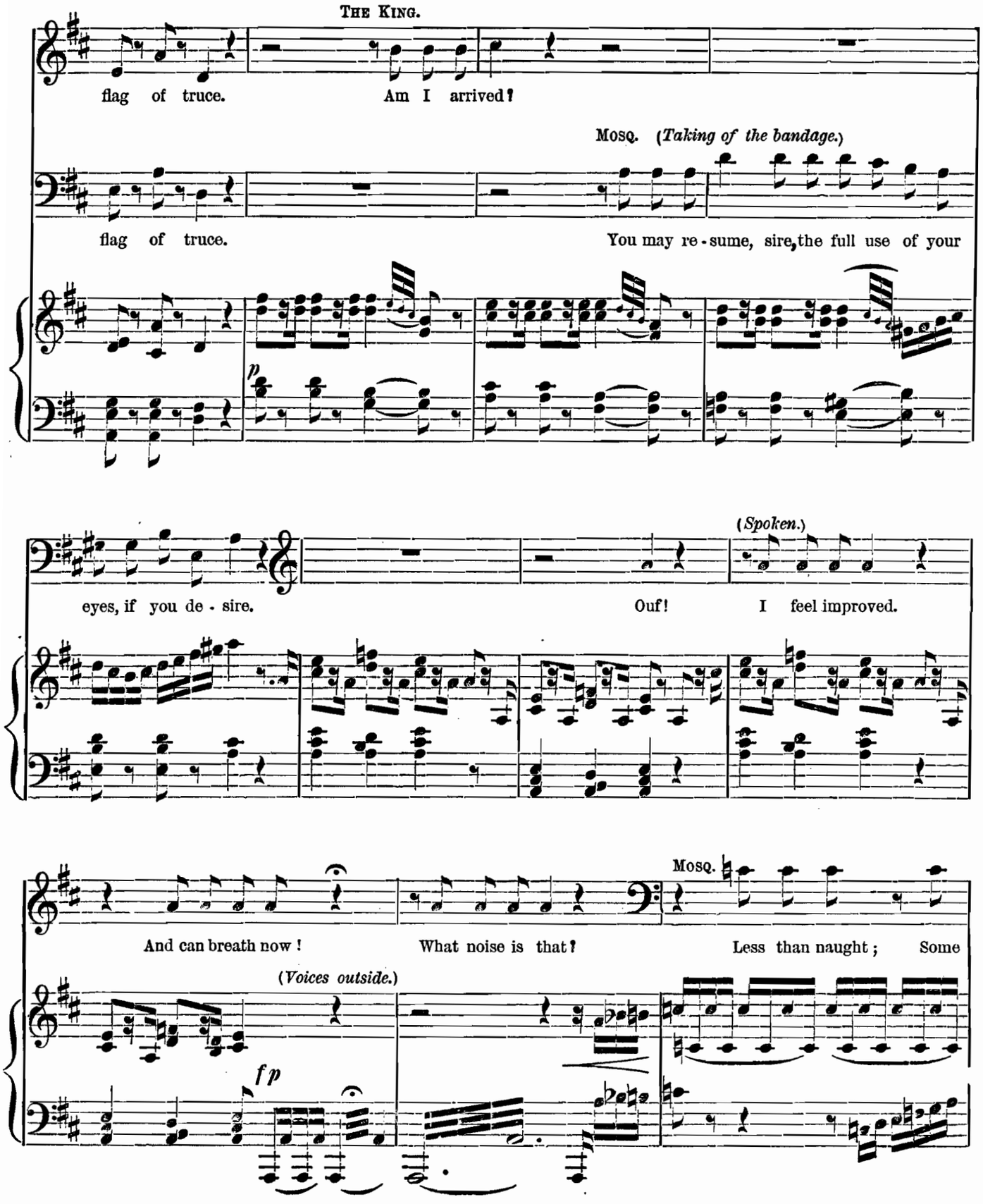
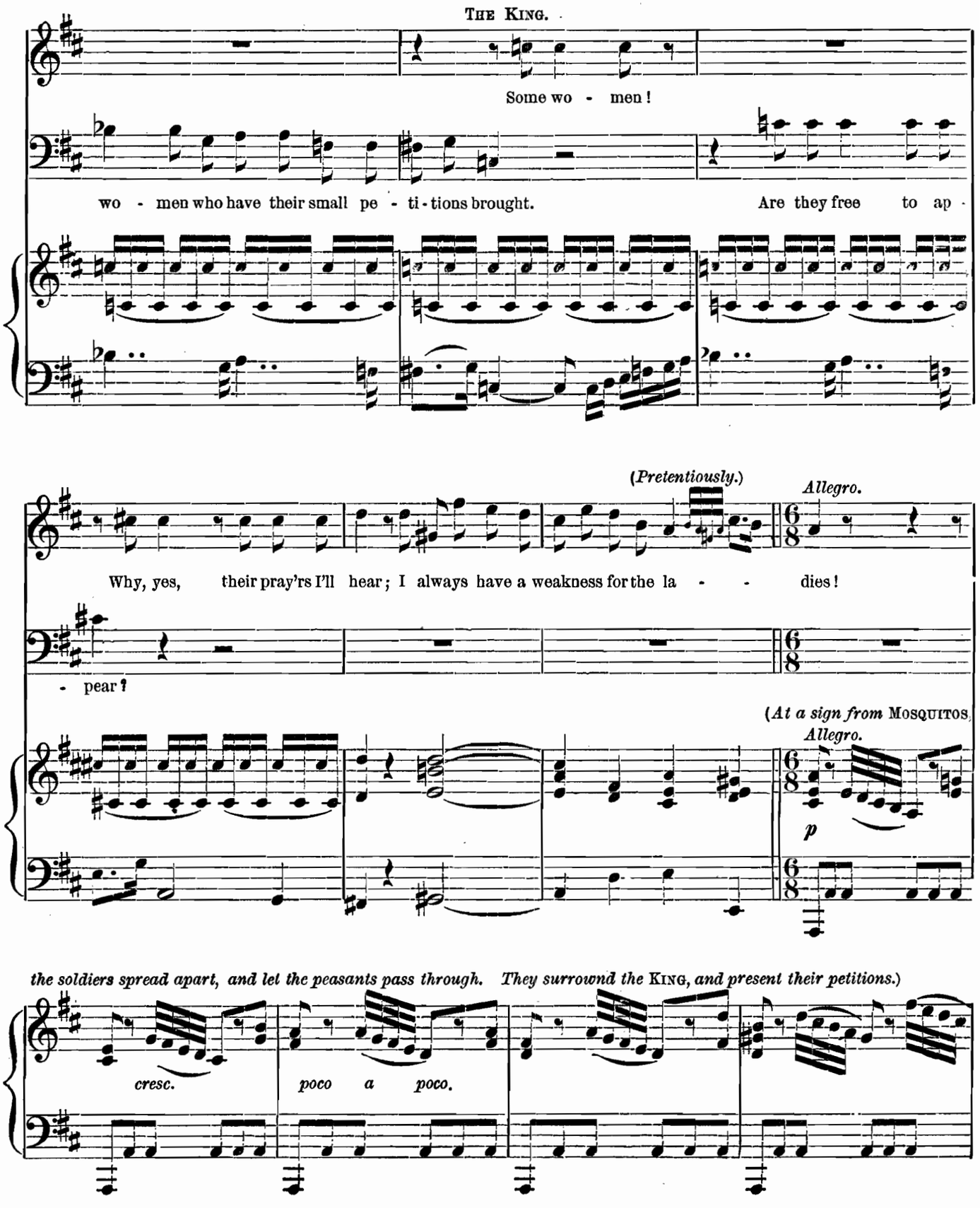
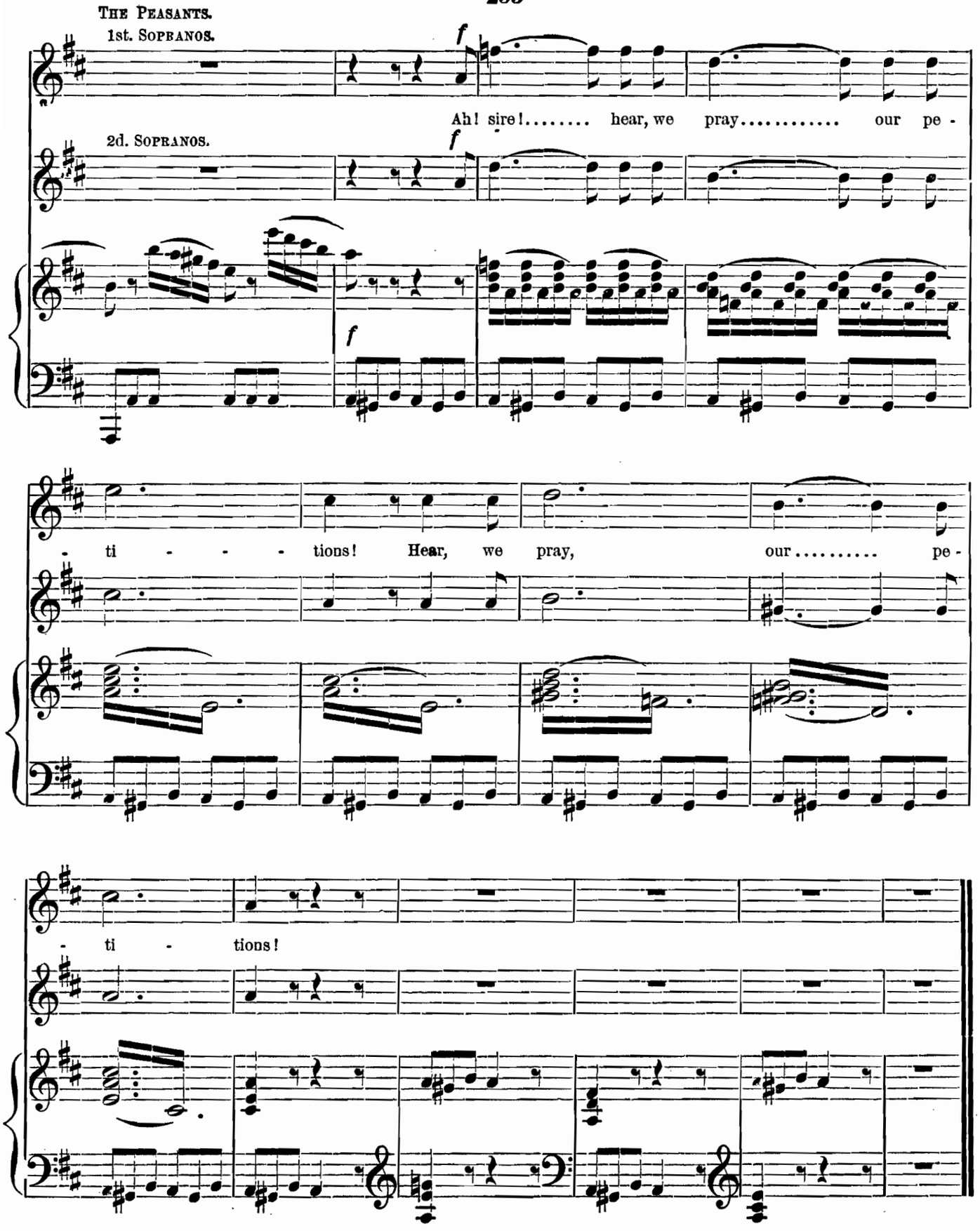

Such is war's strict rule in use, And sham war, the same rule bears .....
One who bears a flag of truce A blinding bandage wears. 'Tis the rule of war in use, The same rule sham war bears.
This the rule of war, is This the rule of war is This in com - mon use in a


THE KING.
flag of truce. Am I arrived?
MOSQ. (Taking of the bandage.)
flag of truce. You may re-sume, sire, the full use of your
p
eyes, if you de-sire. Ouf! I feel improved.
(Spoken.)
And can breath now! What noise is that?
MOSQ.
Less than naught; Some
(Voices outside.)
f p


THE KING.
Some wo - men!
wo - men who have their small pe - ti - tions brought.
Are they free to ap -
(Pretentiously.)
Allegro.
Why, yes, their pray'rs I'll hear; I always have a weakness for the la - - dies!
- pear?
(At a sign from MOSQUITOS.
Allegro.
p
the soldiers spread apart, and let the peasants pass through. They surround the KING, and present their petitions.)
cresc.
poco a poco.


THE PEASANTS.
1st. SOPRANOS.
2d. SOPRANOS.
Ah! sire!..... hear, we pray..... our pe -
- ti - - - - tions! Hear, we pray, our..... pe -
- ti - tions!

PETITIONS OF THE PEASANTS.

PEASANT WOMEN *in* 3 *groups.*

1st group. Ah! sire, our small pe - ti - tions hear, Your troops have spoil'd us far and near; They've trampled
2d group. Ah! sire, we had up - on our green, Six pret - ty calves as e'er were seen, For which we
3d group. Ah! sire, your troops in mer - ry mood, Told us some jokes, both bad and good; 'Tis not that

mf

crops, as all may see.... ..... The bummer 'swell as soldiers train'd, Have stol'n our eggs, our
hoped to get good price;..... But yes - ter - day, a squadron light Of cav - a - liers came
we offence did take,..... ..... But that our lov - ers were enraged, And broke the vows that

8va.

piu f *p*

1st. & 2d.

wine-casks drain'd, We ask of you in - dem ni - ty, We ask of you in - dem-ni - ty!
just at night, And veal they supp'd on in a trice, They made them veal for supper, nice!
us engaged, For which, in - dem - ni - ty, pray make, For which, in - dem - ni - ty pray make.

f

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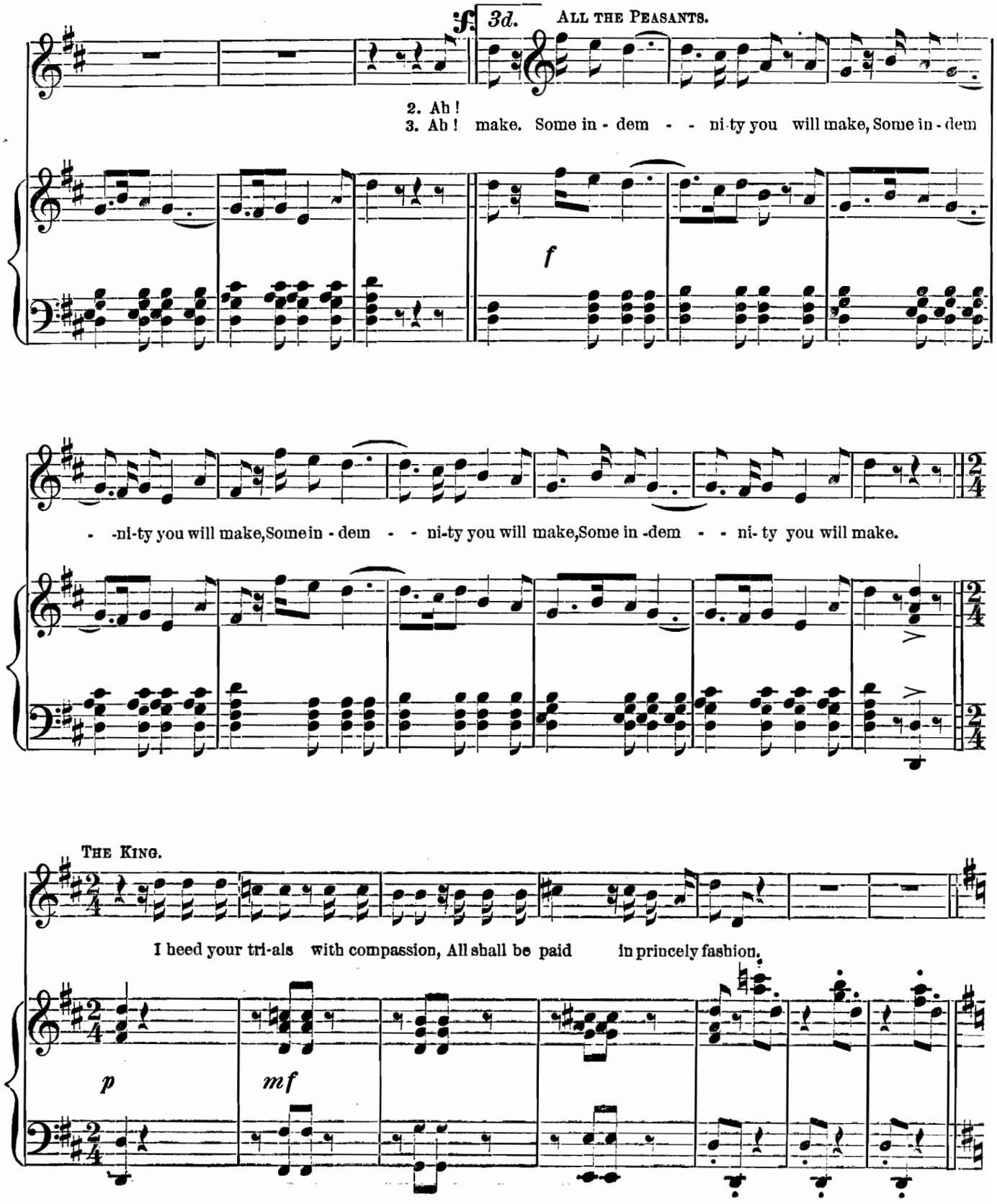
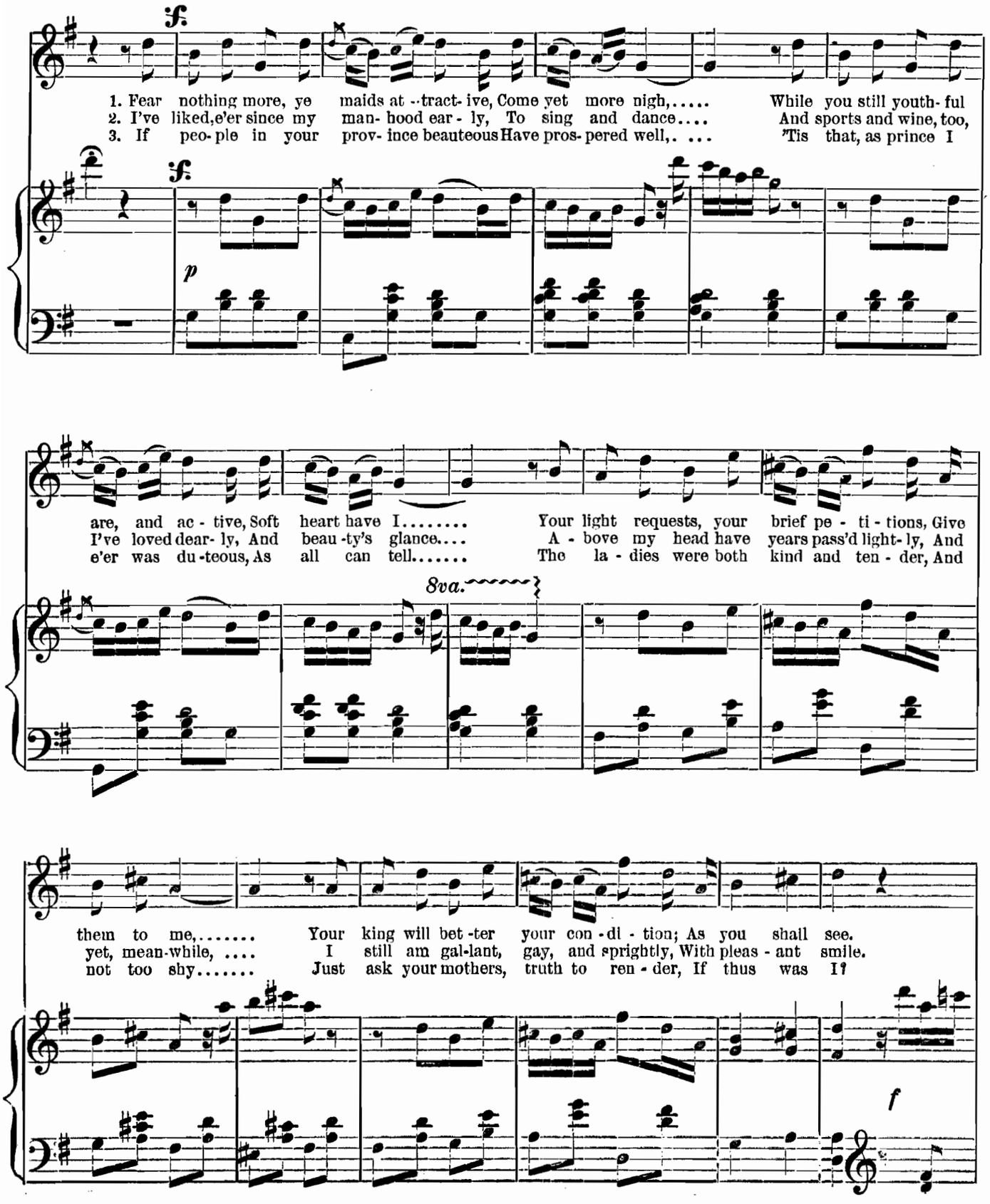
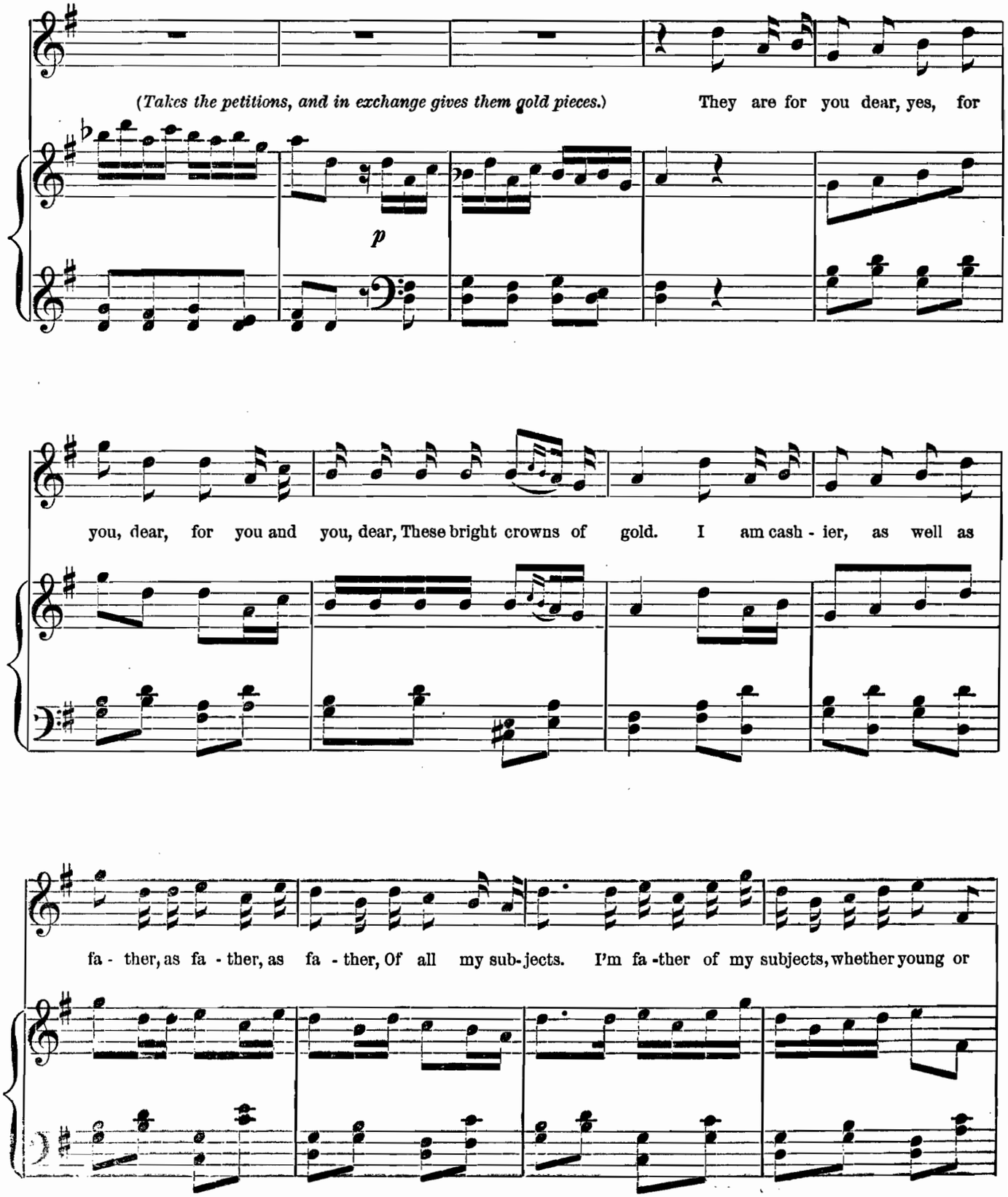
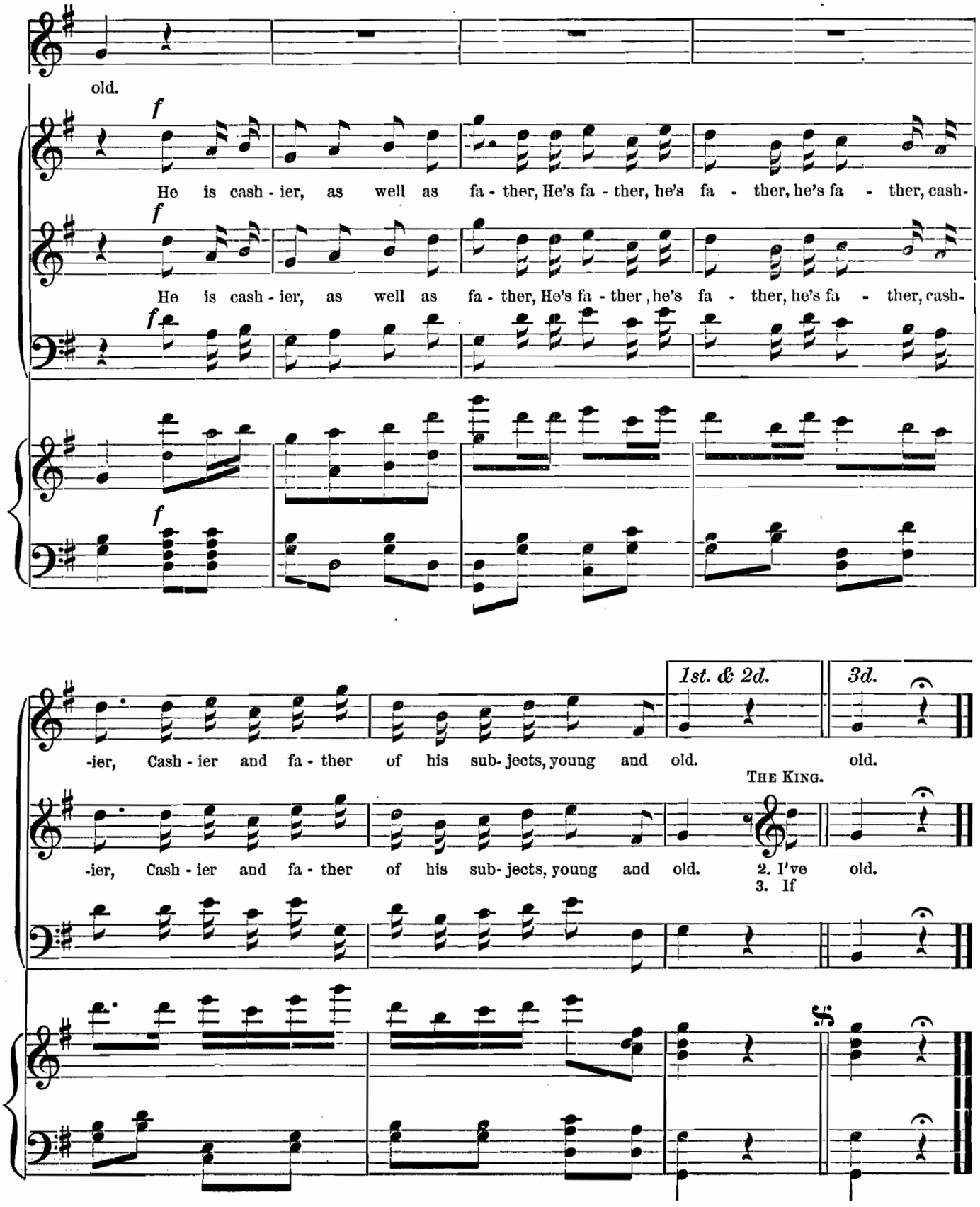

3d.
ALL THE PEASANTS.
2. Ah !
3. Ah ! make. Some in - dem - - ni-ty you will make, Some in - dem
- -ni-ty you will make, Some in - dem - - ni- ty you will make, Some in -dem - - ni- ty you will make.
THE KING.
I heed your tri-als with compassion, All shall be paid in princely fashion.

COUPLETS OF THE KING.




(Takes the petitions, and in exchange gives them gold pieces.)
They are for you dear, yes, for
p
you, dear, for you and you, dear, These bright crowns of gold. I am cash - ier, as well as
fa - ther, as fa - ther, as fa - ther, Of all my sub-jects. I'm fa -ther of my subjects, whether young or


old.
f
He is cash - ier, as well as fa - ther, He's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, cash-
He is cash - ier, as well as fa - ther, He's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, cash-
-ier, Cash - ier and fa - ther of his sub - jects, young and old.
1st. & 2d.
3d.
old.
THE KING.
-ier, Cash - ier and fa - ther of his sub - jects, young and old.
2. I've old.
3. If

KING. Well, but I don't see my son-in-law?
MOSQ. He is here, sire.

SCENE XI. *The* KING. GAETAN. DON MOSQUITOS.

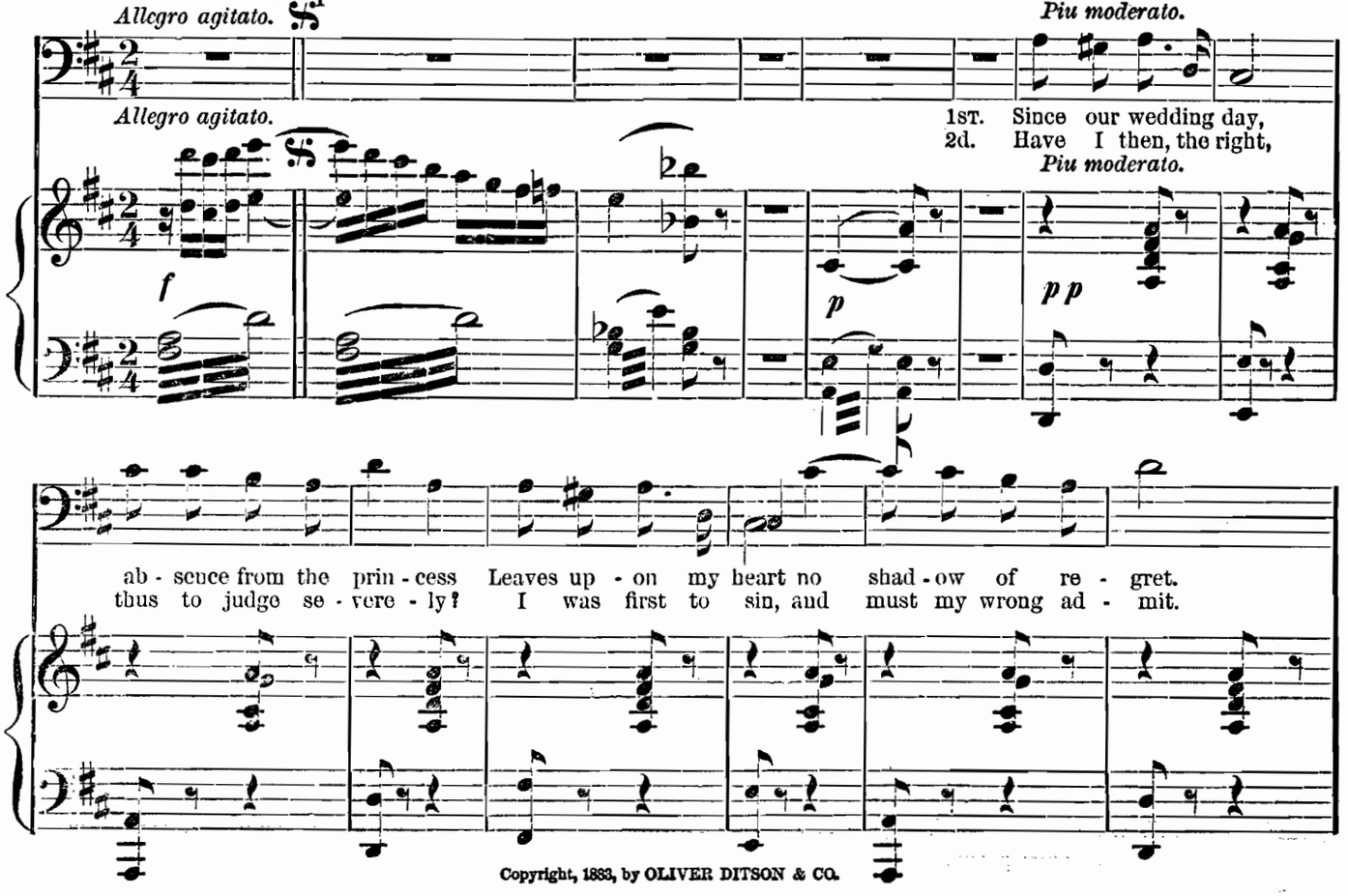
KING. Ah, son in-law! I bring you joyful tidings! (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel, go and get ready. No, wait! (*To* GAETAN.) I am so happy! The princess, my daughter, ought to be here already, with the Camérera.
GAE. Let us see! What is it all about?
KING. Son-in-law, I have sent despatches to the great powers.
GAE. Apropos of what?
KING I have ordered illuminations, torches, colored lamps, and Venetian lanterns! Colonel, get ready. No, wait—I am so happy!
GAE (*Aside.*) Oh! patience!
KING. Then there will be fireworks, petards, fusées, Roman candles, and your portrait with that of the princess in the middle of a sun, before the bouquet— pim, pam, pataboum! Colonel! Ah! there you are! Get a battery ready in front of the parade, and hold yourself in readiness to fire a salute of fifty guns.
MOSQ. Yes, sire! (*He goes out.*)
GAE. But, will you tell me, finally—
KING. What! have I not told you? 'Pon honor, I am so happy! Well, where is the paper, Colonel? (*He finds it again.*) Ah! Ah! I was sure I had given it to you! Son-in-law, 'tis no longer a father whom you address, 'tis almost a grandfather!
GAE. (*Taking the paper*) But what is it about?
KING The bulletin of the principal court doctor! There it is! There can be no deception. Happy presages for the dynasty!
GAE. Ah! bosh!
KING What do you say of the surprise? After all, you ought to expect it, my jolly young cock.
GAE. But allow me.
KING. Will it be a prince? Will it be a princess? Any way; so long as it resembles me! I have insisted upon sharing with my people these earliest hopes. (*Gazing at him.*) Well? You have a very droll air.
GAE. It seems to me you are in a devil of a hurry, and I have good reasons for believing that the principal court doctor is mistaken.
KING. Come, now!
GAE. I dislike to recall to you that there were some rather painful moments in our early interviews.
KING. Gracious! I remember them well! You gave me much anxiety with your escapades. But all that is forgotten; you have attended to the duties of a husband.
GAE. That is to say.—
KING. There is no "that is to say" about it! On the morrow of your marriage, you have insisted upon leaving the princess at the convent, to attend to your camp duties. That just suited me. I adore manœuvres, and have lost six pounds of flesh in two months. That is all right; and from the moment that the dynasty—
GAE. At last—that is too much! Your doctor is a fool!
KING. There is no fool in the case!
GAE. I know what to stick to.
KING. I, too, know what to stick to.
GAE. Better than I?
KING. Well, 'tis enough.
GAE. 'Tis not possible; it would be inexplicable.
KING. How inexplicable! Was there ever such a pig-headed fellow seen? At least, you will talk about it with the princess!
GAE. I count upon doing so.
KING. She ought to be here now, with the Camérera!—Twenty minutes late! I'll wait no longer! I'll go to meet her! I have an itching in my royal legs. I am so happy! Won't you come with me? No? Well, wait for us here! (*He goes out singing the national anthem.*)

SCENE XII. GAETAN.

GAE. No; 'tis not possible! There is some mistake. I do wrong to alarm myself. 'Tis not that it might wound me through my affections—I scarcely remember that I have a wife—but, spite of all—

SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY.

No. 21. Couplets.



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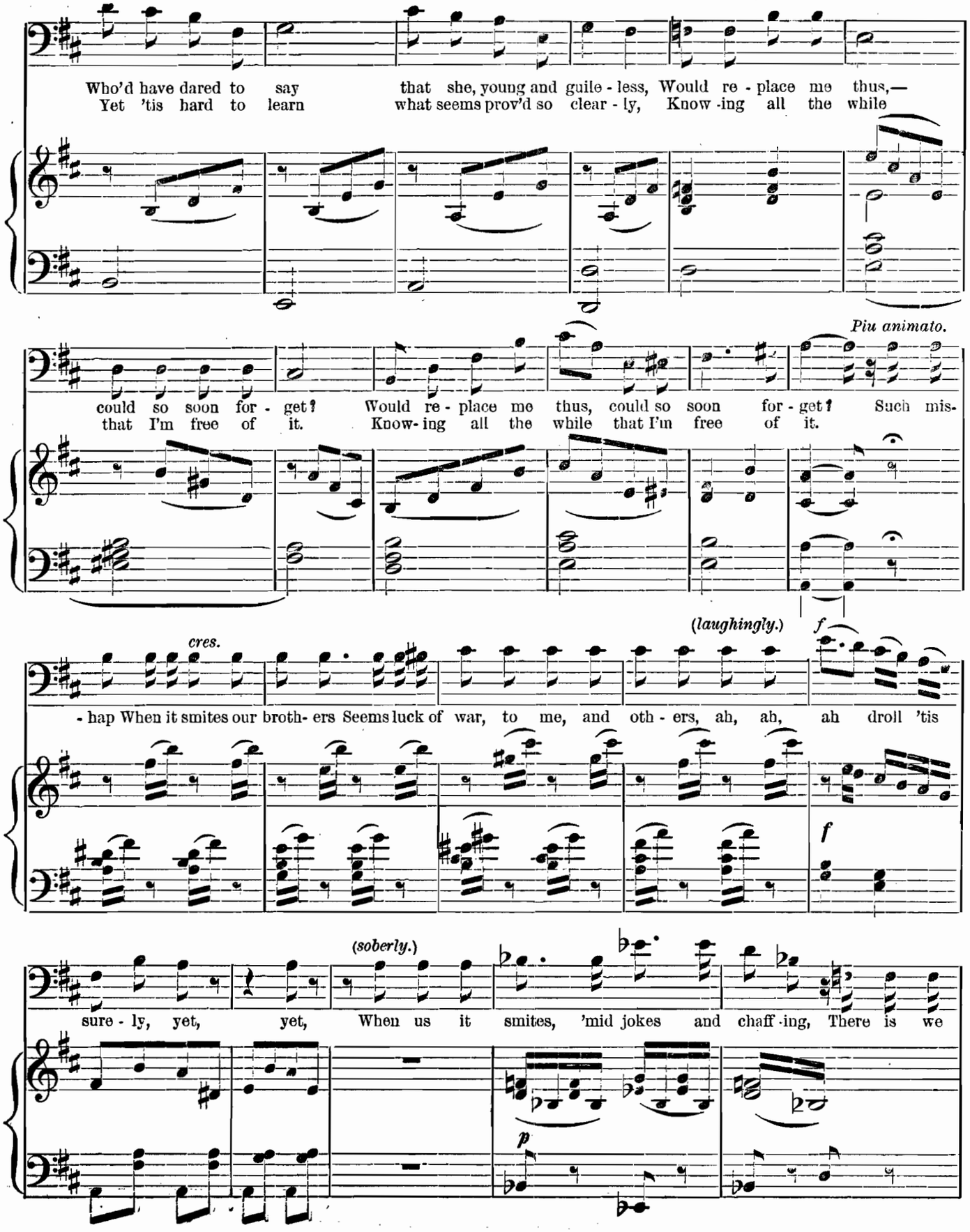
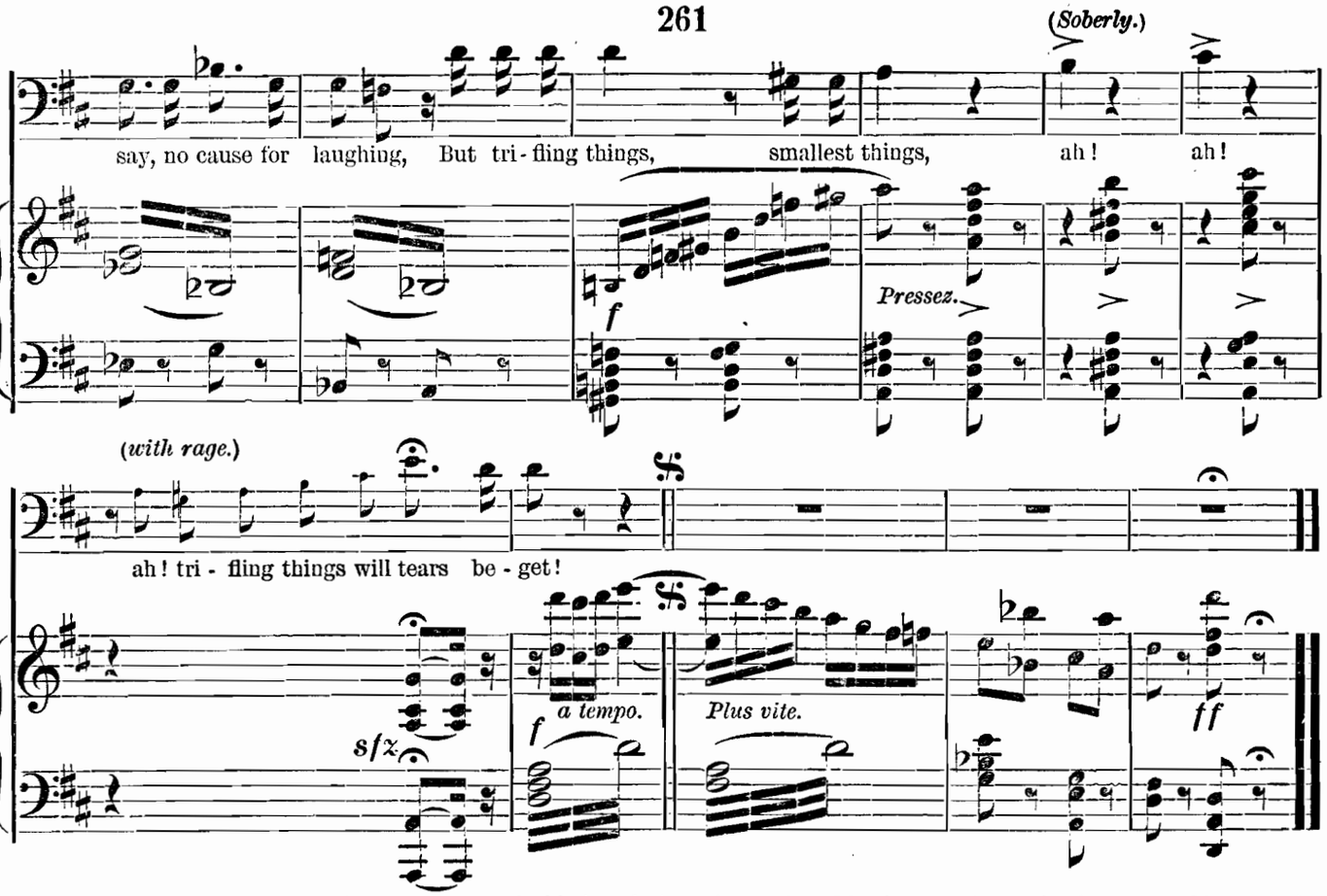

Who'd have dared to say that she, young and guile - less, Would re - place me thus,—
Yet 'tis hard to learn what seems prov'd so clear - ly, Know - ing all the while
Piu animato.
could so soon for - get? Would re - place me thus, could so soon for - get? Such mis-
that I'm free of it. Know - ing all the while that I'm free of it.
(laughingly.)
f
cres.
- hap When it smites our broth- ers Seems luck of war, to me, and oth - ers, ah, ah, ah droll 'tis
f
(soberly.)
sure - ly, yet, yet, When us it smites, 'mid jokes and chaff - ing, There is we
p



GAE. Oh! all will be explained! But I am vexed with them for having troubled me. I was so happy near my little Josefa.

SCENE XIII. GAETAN. MORALES.

GAE. (*Noticing* MORALES, *aside.*) Ah! there is the other one! The husband — he — poor fellow! (*Aloud.*) What is it, lieutenant?

MOR. I come to give account to your highness of the mission confided to me.

GAE. 'Tis well! (*Observing* MORALES *more closely. Apart.*) He is all in a sweat! I have made him trot in the sun while—Lieutenant Morales—I am quite satisfied with you. You are now captain! (*Aside*) I owe him that, at least!

MOR. Your highness overwhelms me with bounties. In truth, I do not deserve—

GAE. Yes, yes! You are very deserving.

MOR. I am confused by this new favor, and since by chance I find myself alone with your highness, I ask permission to speak freely—with open heart.

GAE. I will hear you.

MOR. I ought to have done so sooner.

GAE. (*Aside.*) What has he to say to me?

MOR. Well, monseigneur, I have a remorse that weighs upon my conscience.

GAE. You! Morales?

MOR. Yes, monseigneur. The night of your marriage, thinking no harm, I have penetrated into the bridal chamber.

GAE. How! In the chamber!

MOR. I yielded to a sentiment of curiosity.

GAE. (*Aside.*) He calls it curiosity.

MOR. I wished to go out again, and return to my post. I don't know how it happened, but I found myself locked in! Oh! this is really true, monseigneur.

GAE. (*Aside.*) Locked in!—by me—but then it would then be he!

MOR. Your highness will understand the situation of a poor fellow, who, married in the morning, has not had time to embrace his legitimate wife. We are young, and there are impulses.—

GAE. Enough! Not another word!—And I who—Oh! if I stay here, I don't know what I might do. (*He moves off, then returns.*) Captain Morales, you are lieutenant. (*Gets out.*)

SCENE XIV. MORALES *alone.*

He has gone off furious! I like that better at times. I don't know why. That favor has been a burden to me. I have caught words from my comrades—looks interchanged. Just now, even, when I returned, I don't know what Baldomero wanted to tell me, nor of what mysterious visit he spoke. Oh! 'tis jealousy that has caused them to invent all that! First, 'tis impossible, since Josefa is shut up in that devilish convent with the princess—since I, her husband, have not found means to see her since the night when somebody locked us up, by good luck! Oh! I am crazy to torment myself thus!

SCENE XV. MORALES. JOSEPH.

(JOSEFA *opens the door of the mill, and appears upon the steps at the top of the little path that leads thither.*)

JOS. Everybody has gone. (*The door makes a noise in opening.* MORALES *turns his eyes in that direction.*)

MOR. (*Stupefied.*) Oh! (*He rises and conceals himself behind a tree, thus, he sees all without being seen.* JOSEFA *closes the door with precaution, looks to see if anyone observes her, and descends, turning her head like one who is afraid of being surprised; just when she is about to disappear,* MORALES *without having lost sight of her, rushes upon her, and seizes her by the arm.*) Whence come you?

JOS. Morales!

MOR. (*Threateningly.*) Whence come you?

JOS. Oh! you hurt me. I come,—I come—from the mill.

MOR. Whom were you with there?

JOS. With nobody.

MOR. How do you happen to be here? Why have you left the convent?

JOS. (*Aside.*) Impossible to tell him! (*Aloud.*) That is what I am about to tell you.

MOR. I listen. Well? Answer me. Have you seen the prince?

JOS. (*Hesitating.*) No—

MOR. (*Showing his wedding ring.*) Swear it upon that ring!

JOS. That is to say—a moment only.

MOR. Ah? you see—Ah! ah! the others had good reason for laughing at me! It was true, then!

JOS. What was true? Morales, I pray you, tell me! (*She tries to take his hand.*)

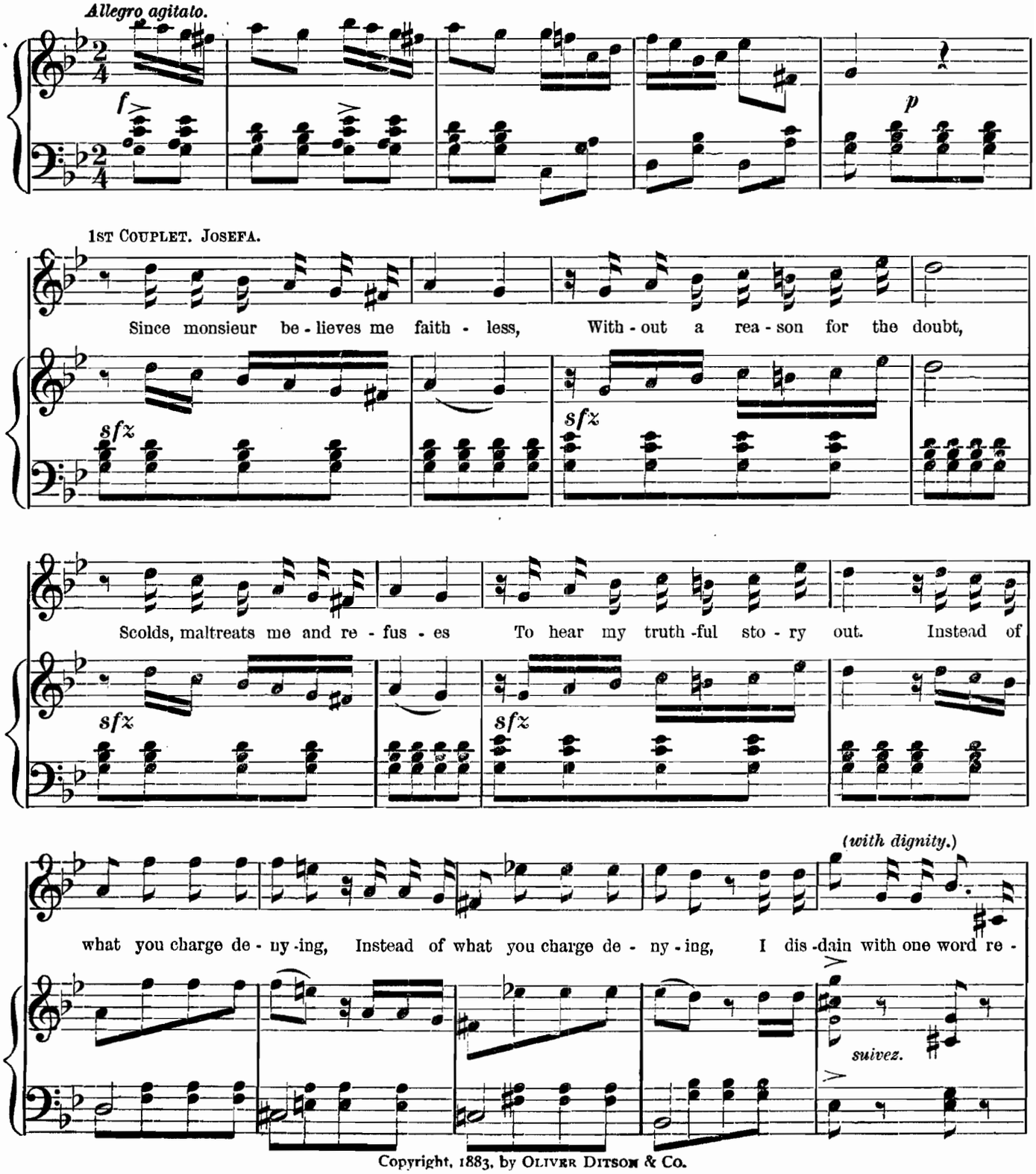
MOR. (*Pushing her off.*) Don't touch me.

JOS. Ah! is that it? I understand now!

SINCE MONSIEUR BELIEVES ME FAITHLESS.

SONG ABOUT HUSBANDS.

No. 22.



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MORALES. *(speaks.)* Look here, now, my little JOSEFA.

a tempo. *sf* *(angrily.)*

- ply - ing. Hus-bands all a - like, jeal - ous monsters are: Fret - ful,

sfz

sfz

peev - ish, cross and un - fair, Such are husbands all, Both the great, and small. Hur - ry and wed,

sfz

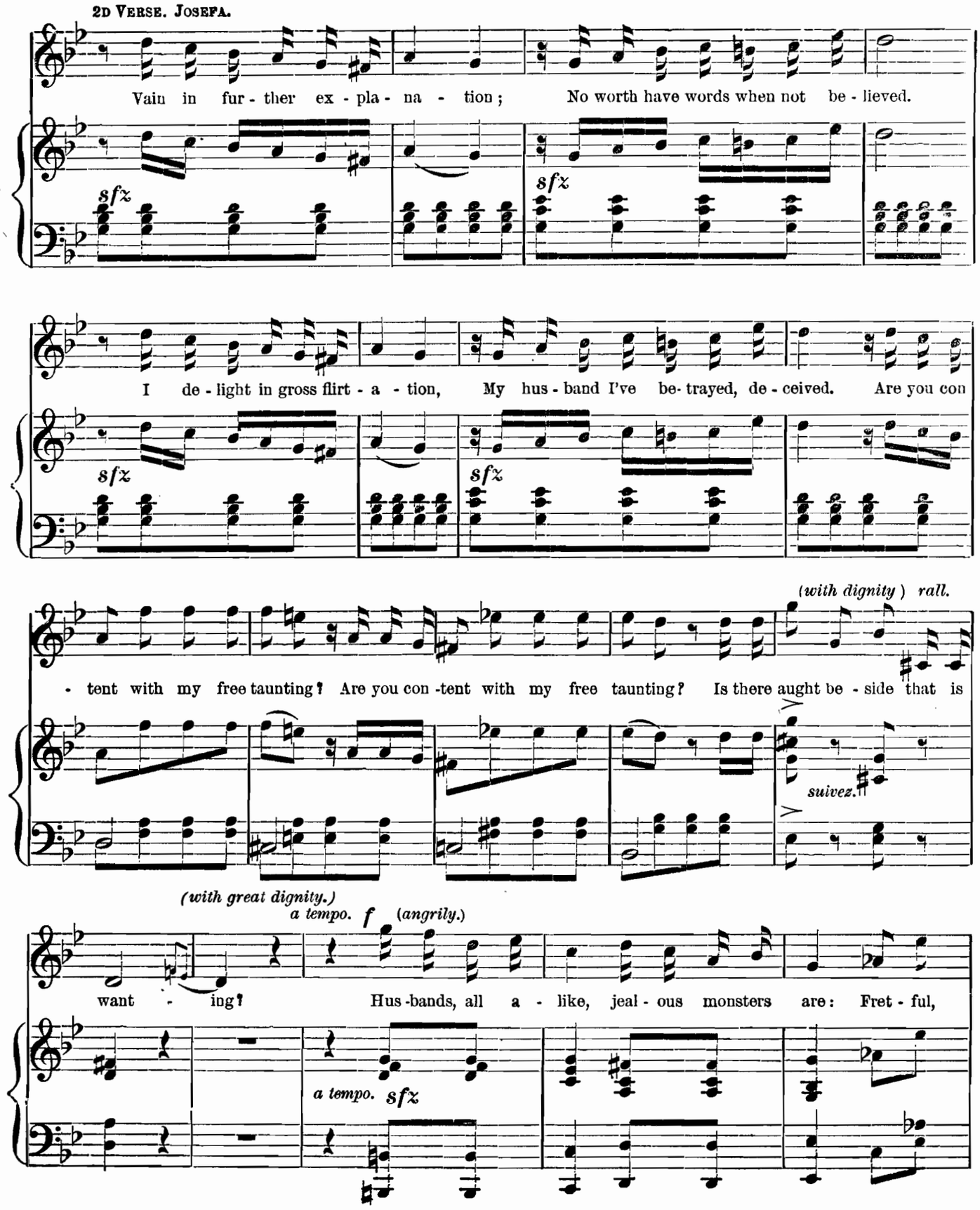
cres.

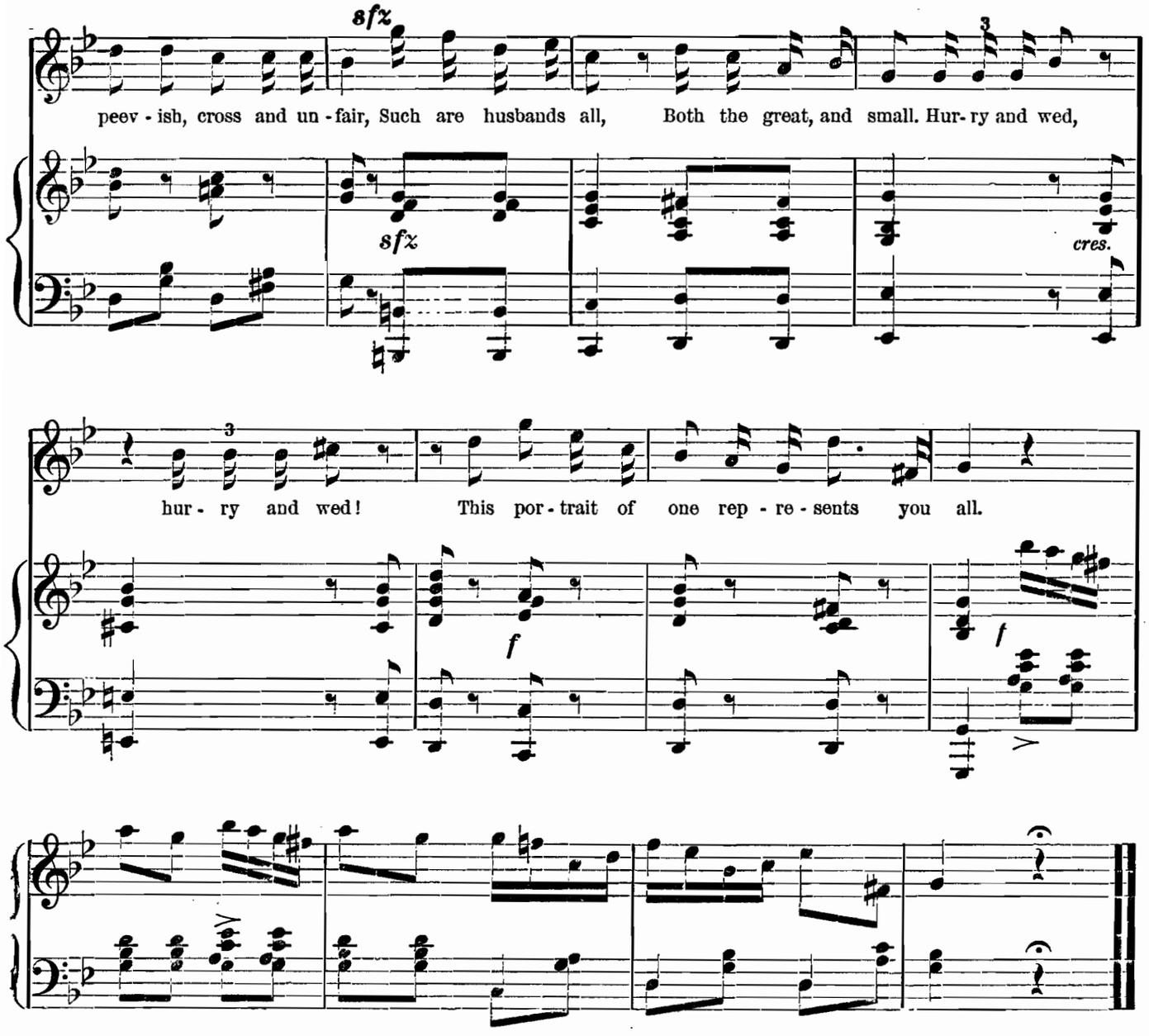
3

hur - ry and wed! This por - trait of one rep - re - sents you all.

f

p


2D VERSE. JOSEFA.
Vain in fur - ther ex - pla - na - tion; No worth have words when not be - lieved.
sfz
sfz
I de - light in gross flirt - a - tion, My hus - band I've be- trayed, de - ceived. Are you con
sfz
sfz
(with dignity) rall.
- tent with my free taunting? Are you con -tent with my free taunting? Is there aught be - side that is
suivez.
(with great dignity.)
a tempo. f (angrily.)
want - ing? Hus -bands, all a - like, jeal - ous monsters are: Fret - ful,
a tempo. sfz



MOR. My little Josefa!
JOS. Farewell!
MOR. You will not go off in that way!
JOS. Yes, yes! I shall go away! Release me, sir, release me. (*Struggling.*)

SCENE XVI. *The same.* MOSQUITOS.

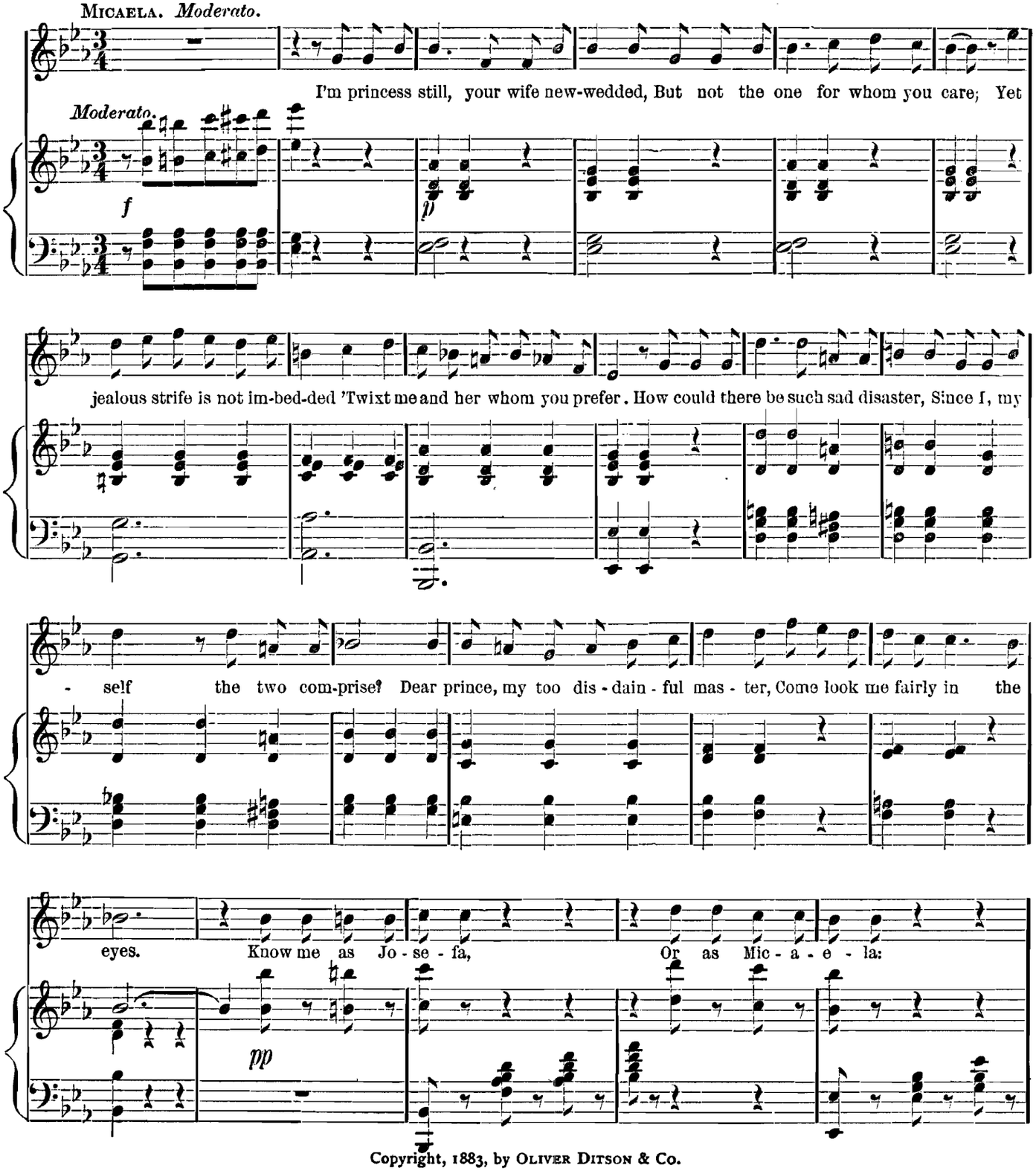
MOSQ. Well, well, what is going on here?
MOR. It is— it is— that woman who introduced herself into the camp, and who sought to conceal herself.
MOSQ. Admirable! All spies will be passed upon by court-martial. It is the rule of war; but, lieutenant, do not forget that we are only having sham war. This poor child had the air of the matter seriously. (*A salute is heard in the field from the drums.*) Here is the king, arrived with the princess.
JOS. The princess! She was in time, then happily.

SCENE XVII. THE KING. SCOLASTICA. MICAELA. (*These in riding habits.*) DON MOSQUITOS. GAETAN. *Then* MORALES. JOSEFA. *Soldiers, Peasants, &c.*

GAE. Ah! here they are at last!
KING. Well, well! beat no more! We can hear nothing else. (*To* MICAELA.) Behold, my daughter, the head-quarters of your husband, and behold your husband himself. (MICAELA *and the prince salute each other coldly, and at a distance.*)
MOSQ. Sire, the pieces are ready. Shall we fire?
KING. Without doubt.
GAE. Wait a moment, I pray you.
KING. Why wait?
GAE. (*Taking the golden key from his pocket*) Because an explanation between us is necessary. (*To* SCOLASTICA.) Do you recognise this?
SCOL. The gold key!
KING. Ah! yes.
GAE. Well, the princess is here to tell you that I made no use of it.
KING. Come now!
MIC. 'Tis correct!
KING. Ah! bah! she agrees to it.
SCOL. What do I hear!
MIC. (*Gaily.*) Only, that proves nothing, and 'tis I, who should have the right to complain.

I'M PRINCESS STILL.

No. 23. FINALE.



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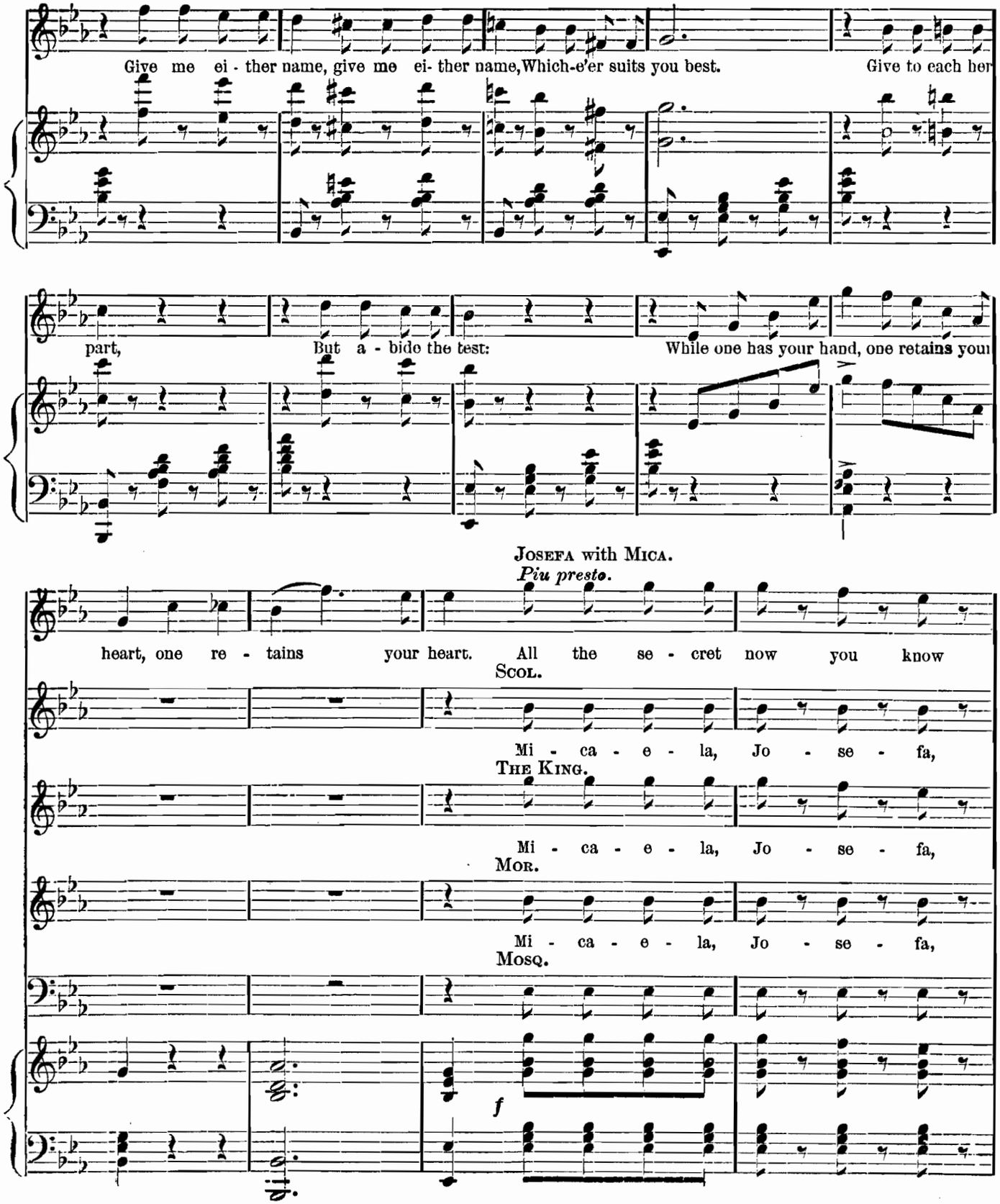
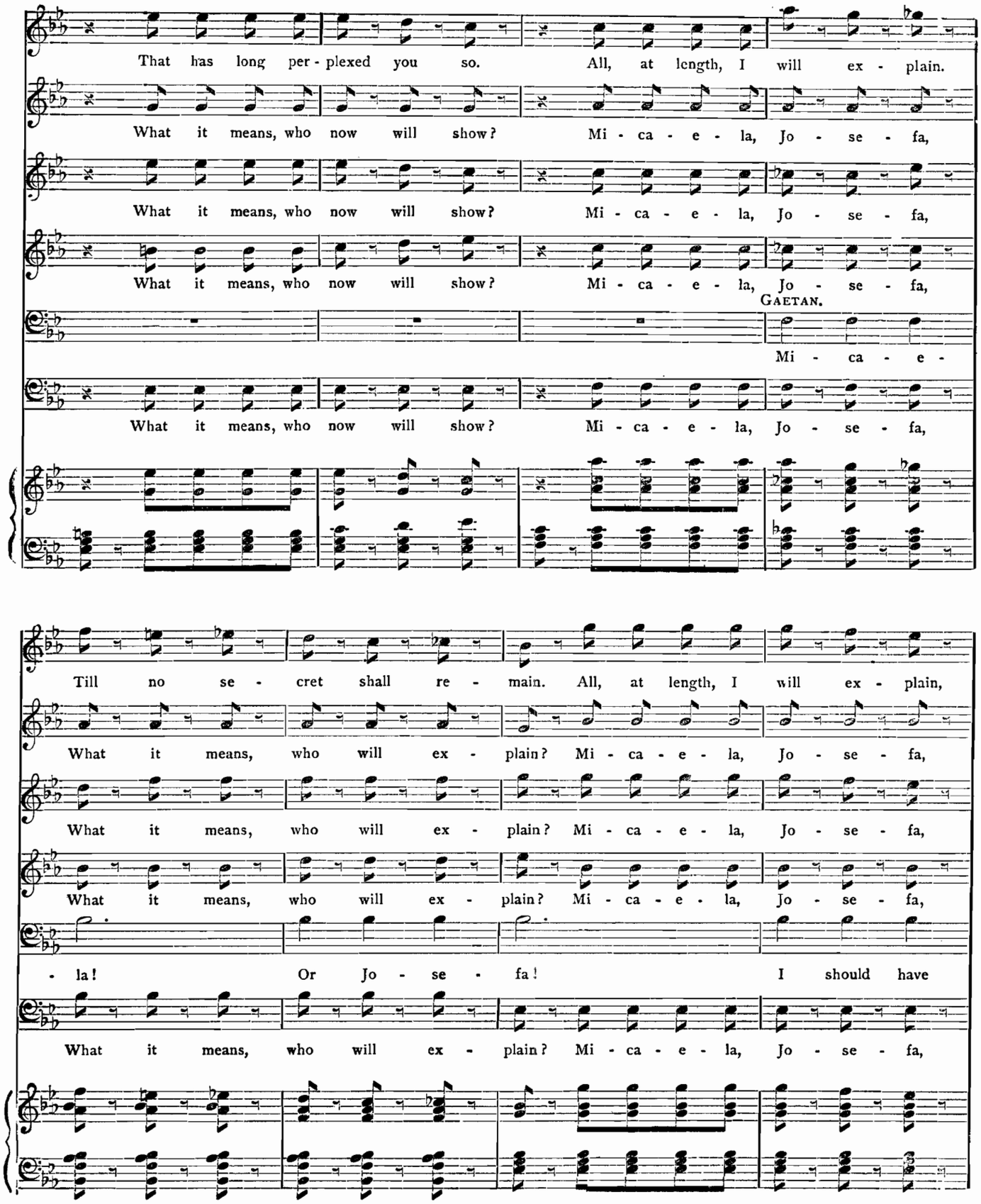
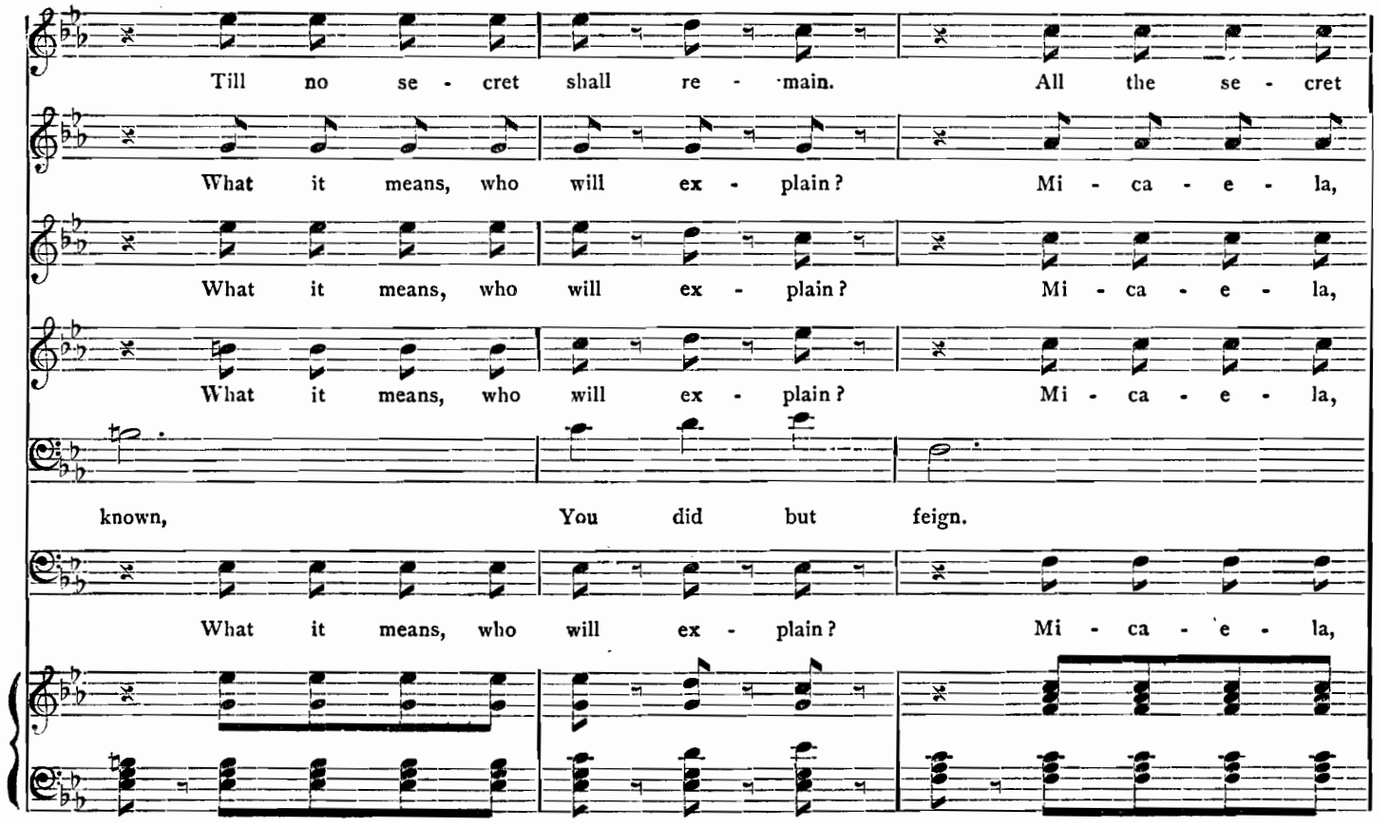
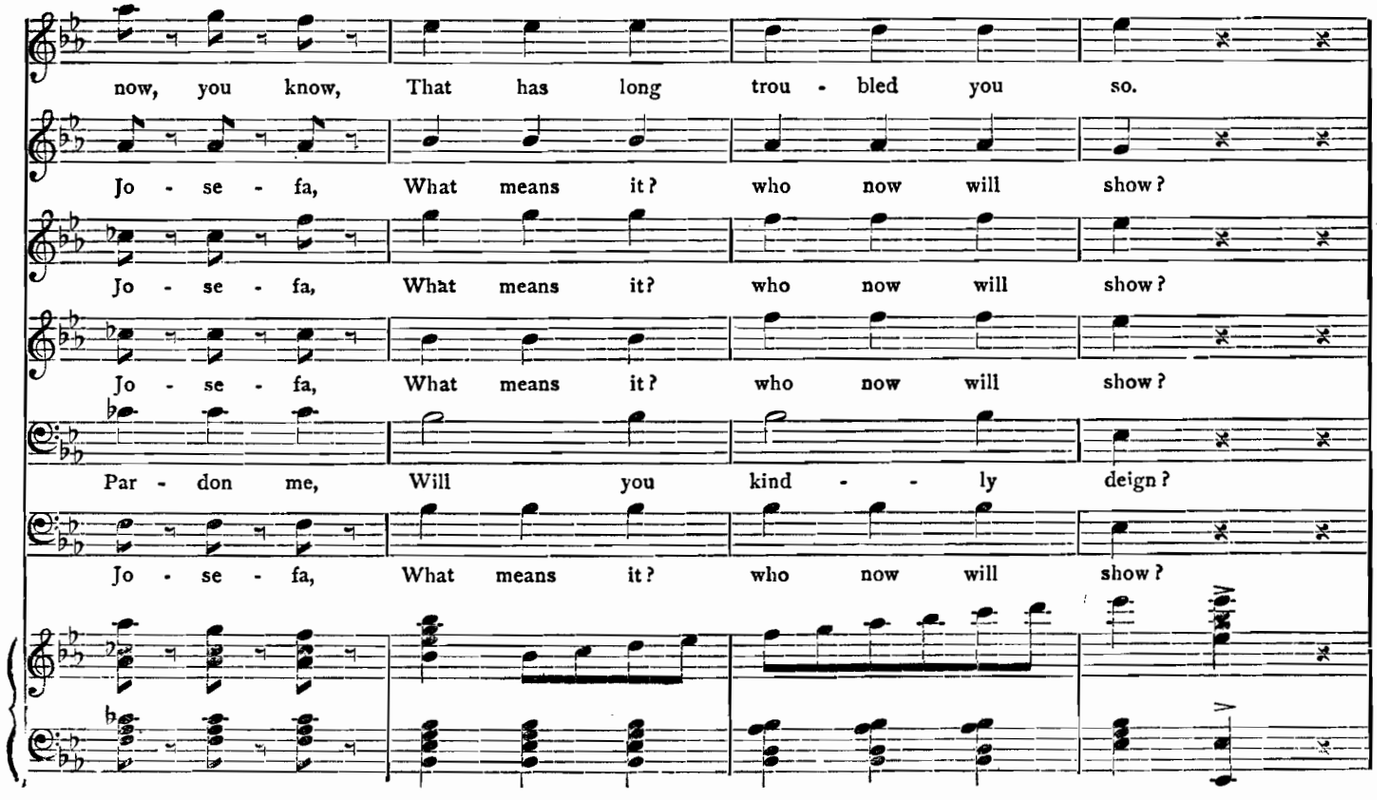
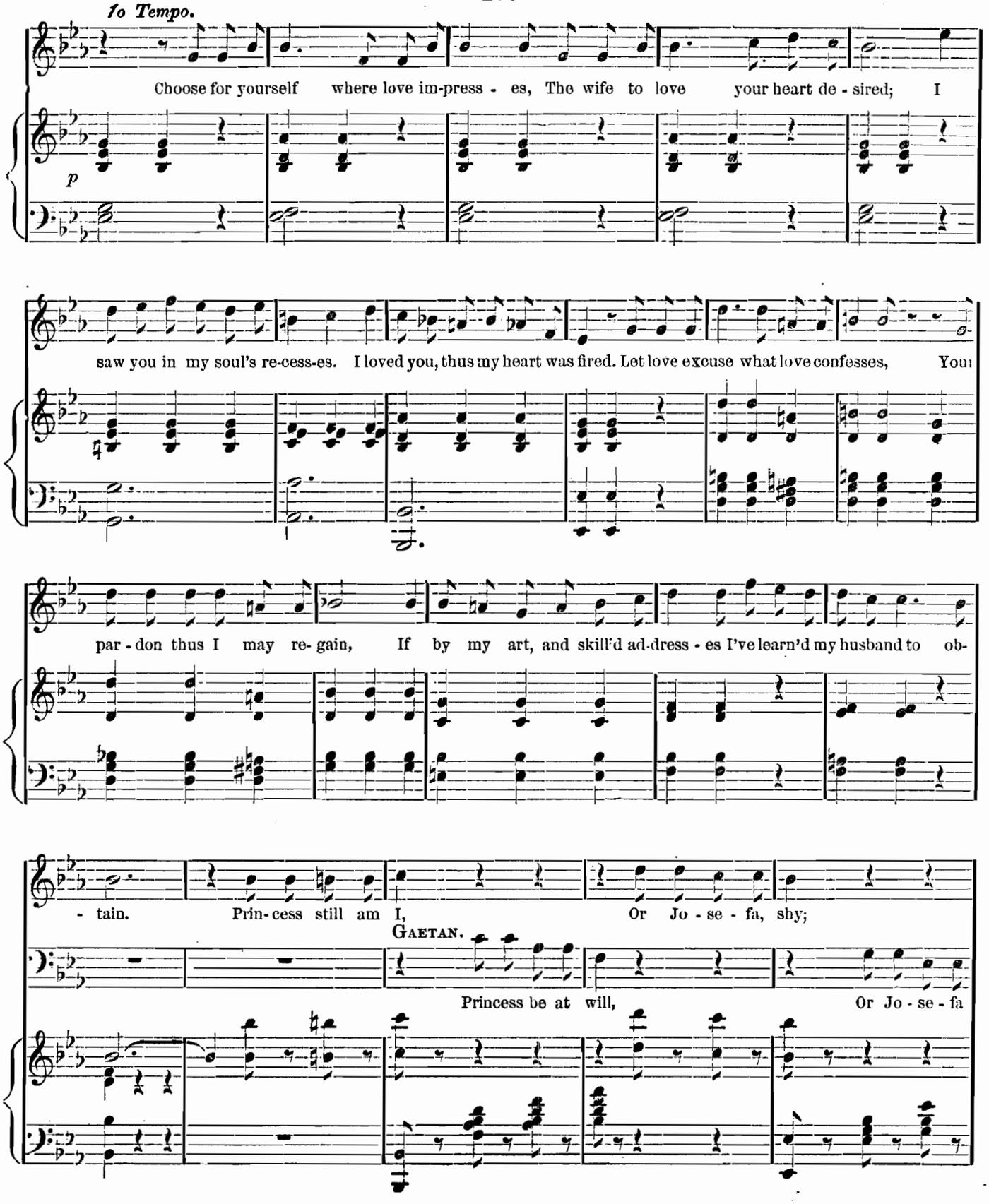
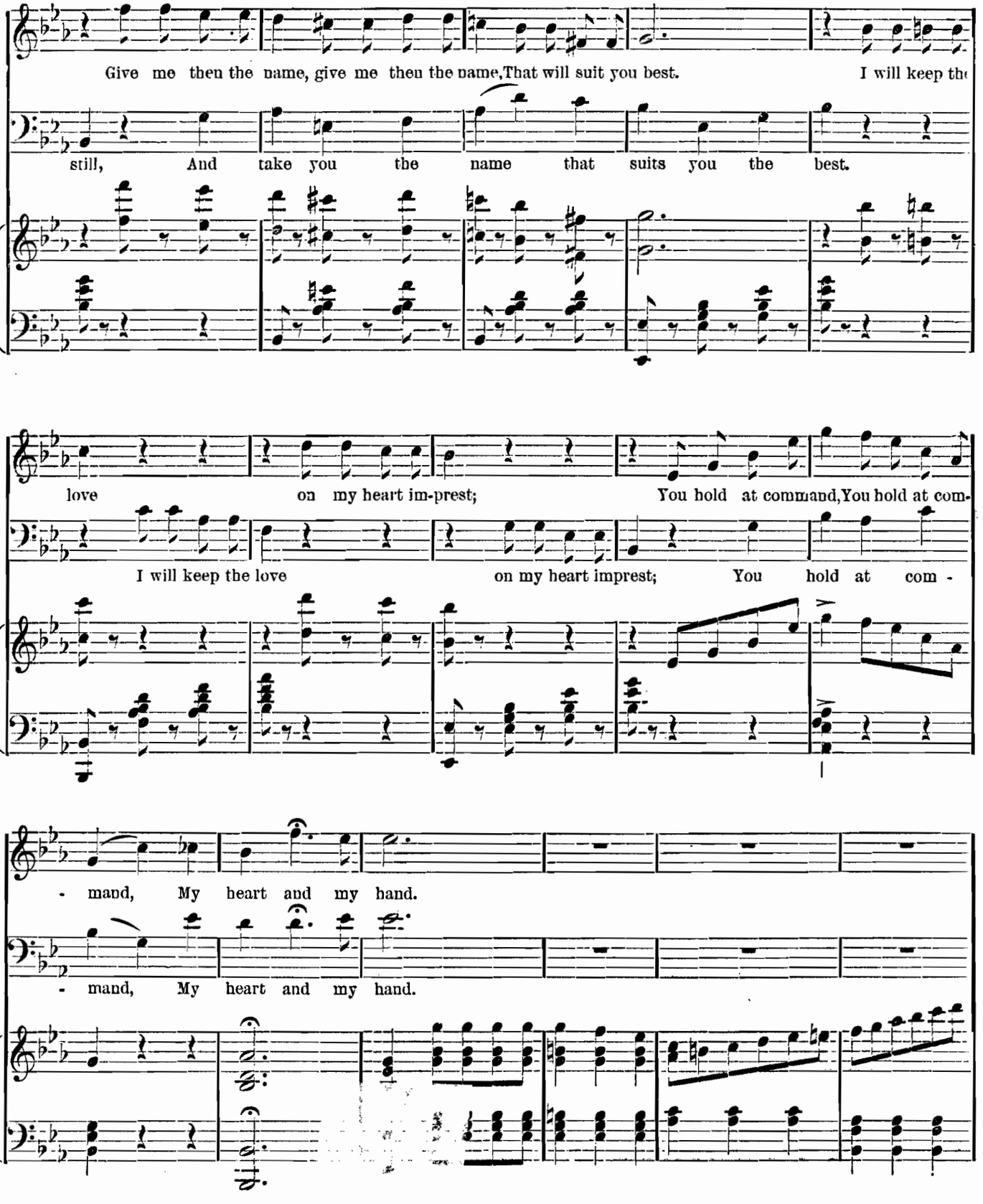

Give me ei - ther name, give me ei- ther name, Which-e'er suits you best. Give to each her
part, But a - bide the test: While one has your hand, one retains your
JOSEFA with MICA.
Piu presto.
heart, one re - tains your heart. All the se - cret now you know
SCOL.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
THE KING.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
MOR.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
MOSQ.
f

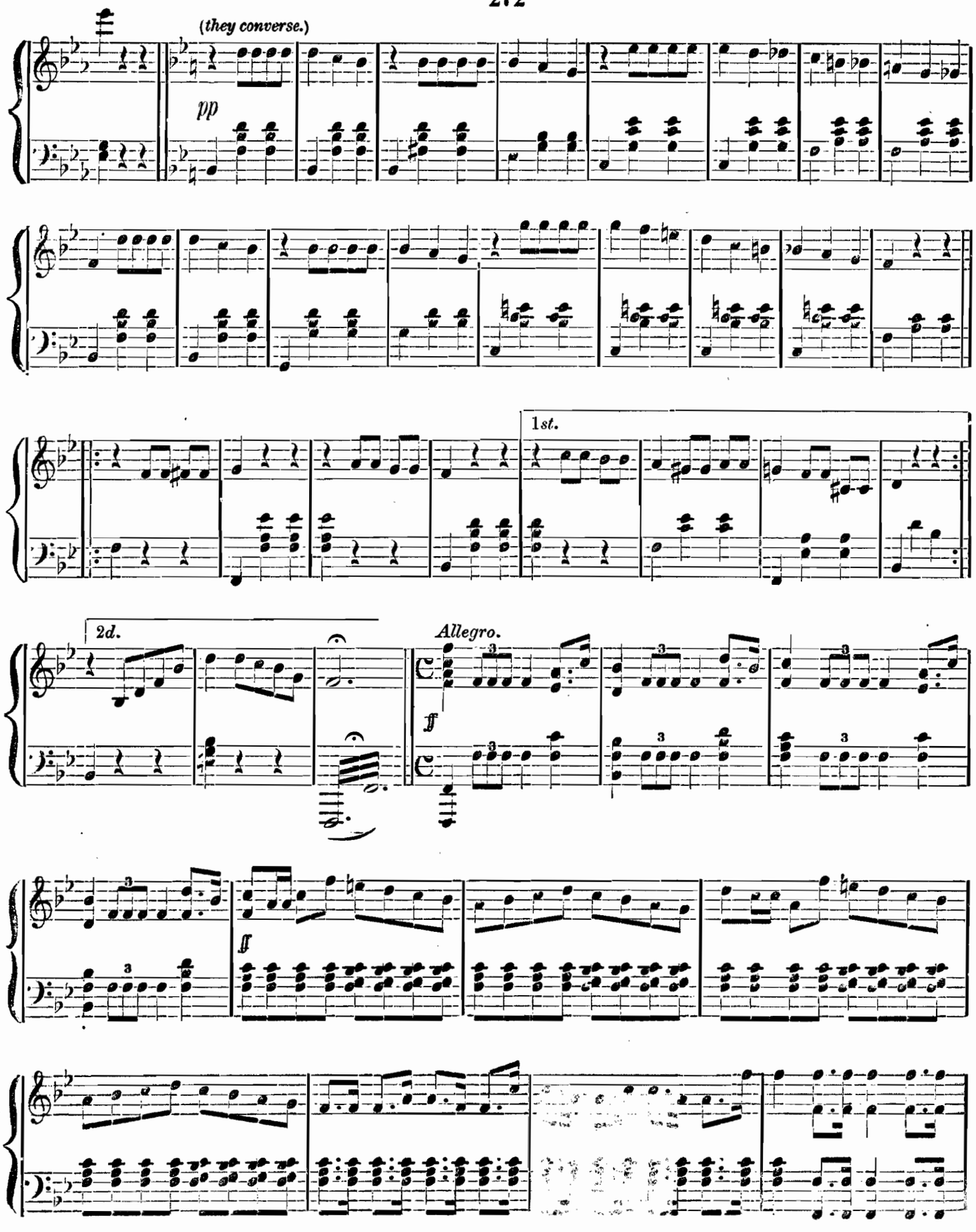

That has long per - plexed you so. All, at length, I will ex - plain.
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
GAETAN.
Mi - ca - e -
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
Till no se - cret shall re - main. All, at length, I will ex - plain,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
- la! Or Jo - se - fa! I should have
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,

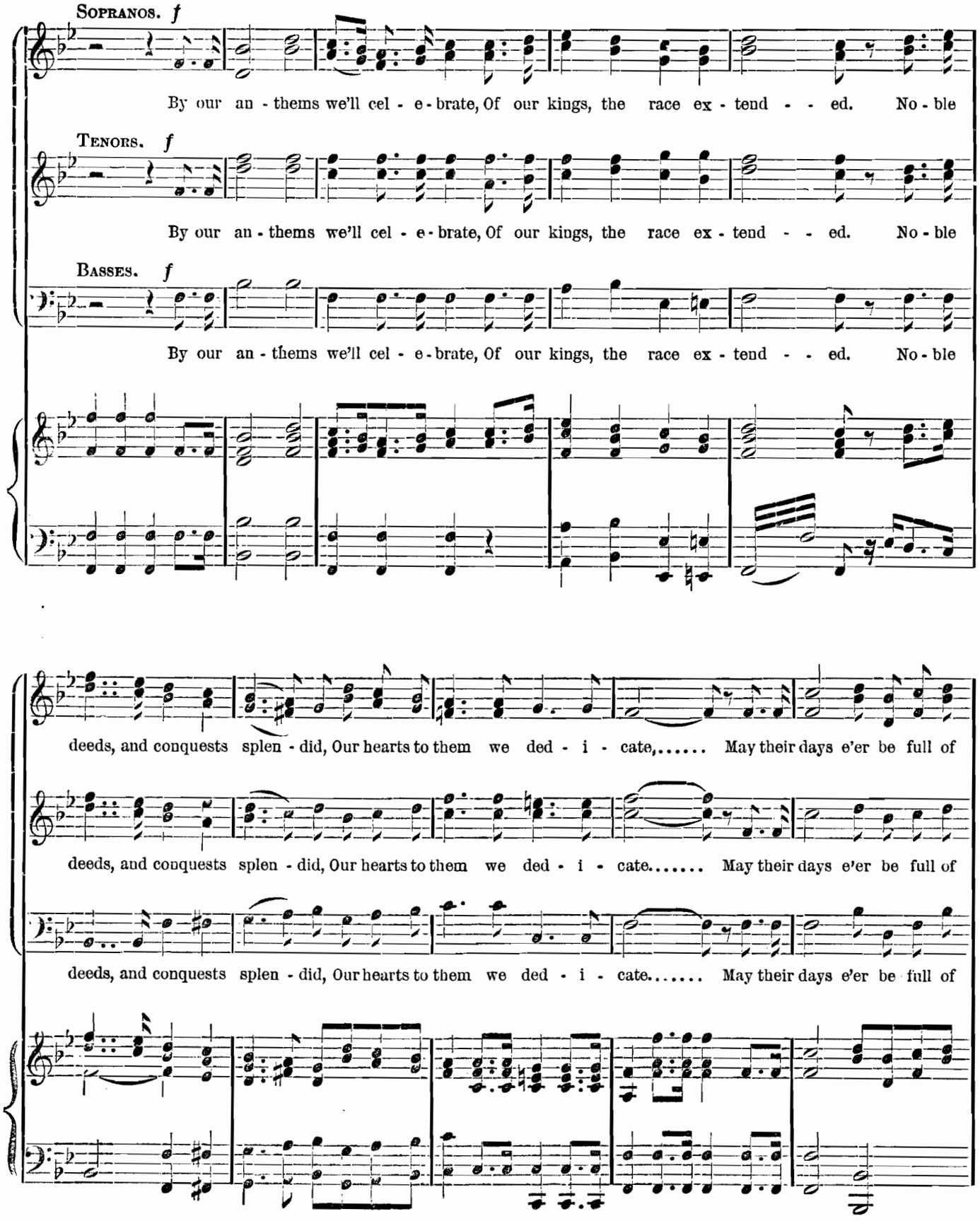

Till no se - cret shall re - main. All the se - cret
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
known, You did but feign.
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,

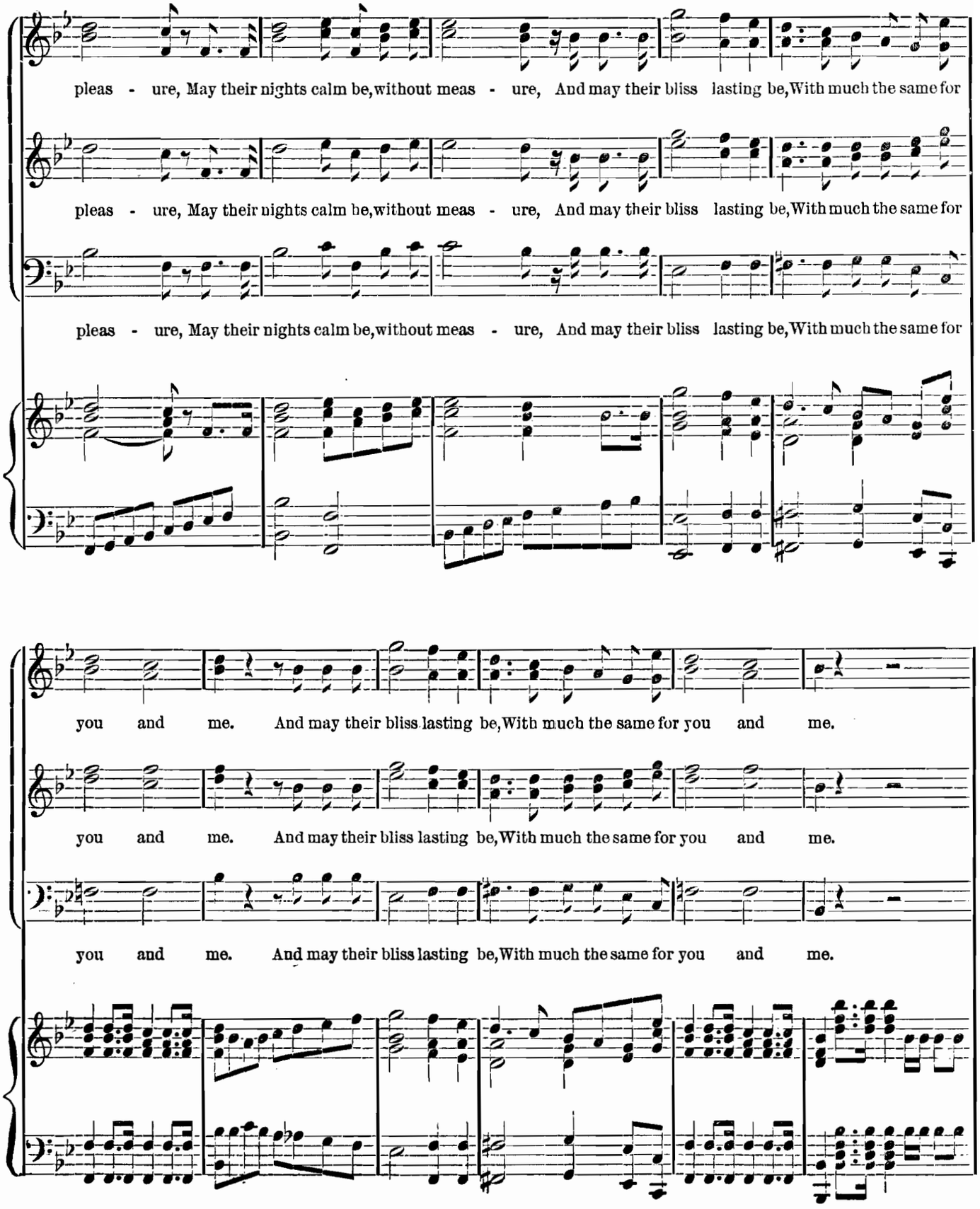

now, you know, That has long trou - bled you so.
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Par - don me, Will you kind - - ly deign?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?

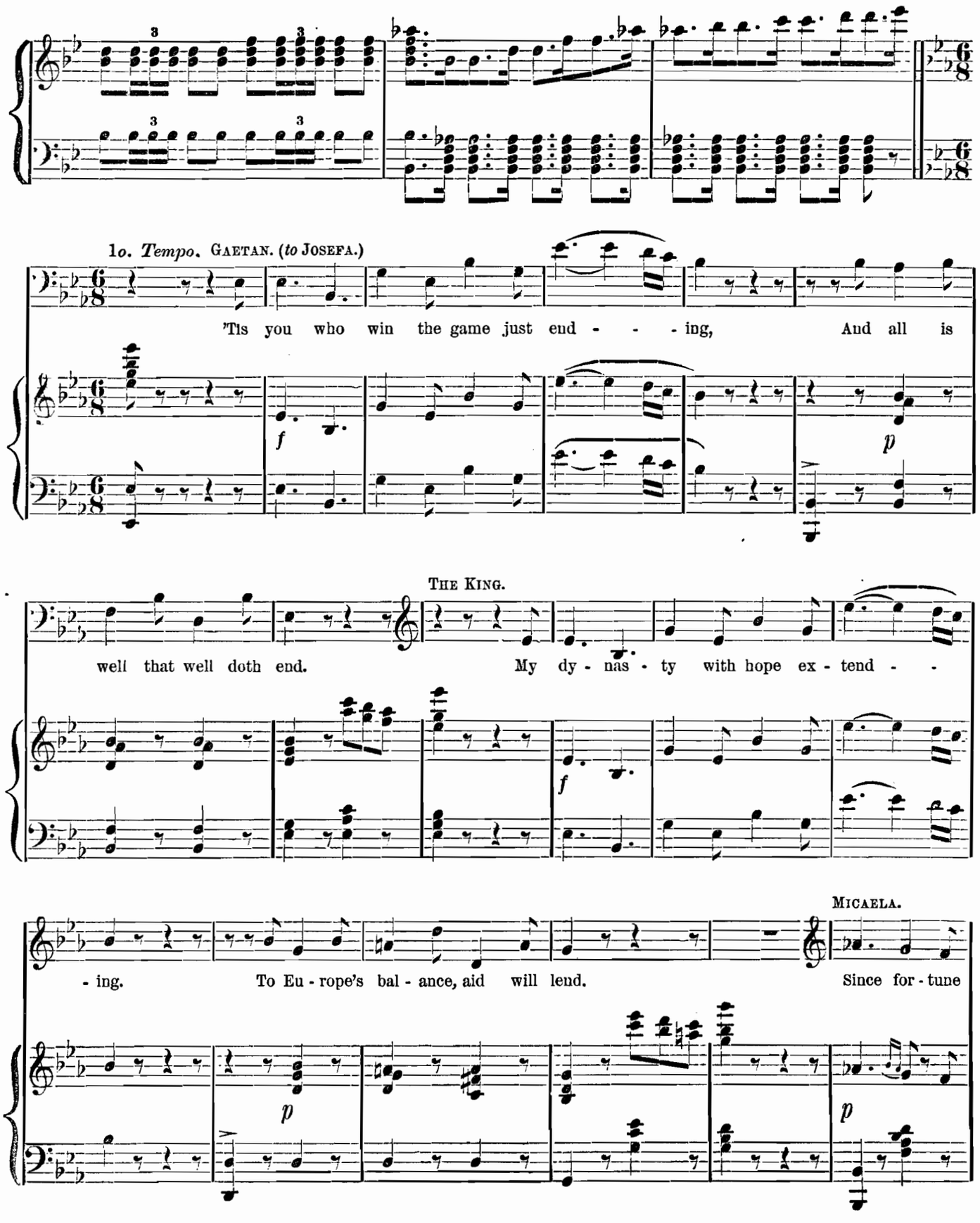

1o Tempo.
Choose for yourself where love im-press - es, The wife to love your heart de - sired; I
p
saw you in my soul's re-cess-es. I loved you, thus my heart was fired. Let love excuse what love confesses, You
par - don thus I may re- gain, If by my art, and skill'd ad-dress - es I've learn'd my husband to ob-
- tain. Prin- cess still am I, Or Jo - se - fa, shy;
GAETAN.
Princess be at will, Or Jo - se - fa

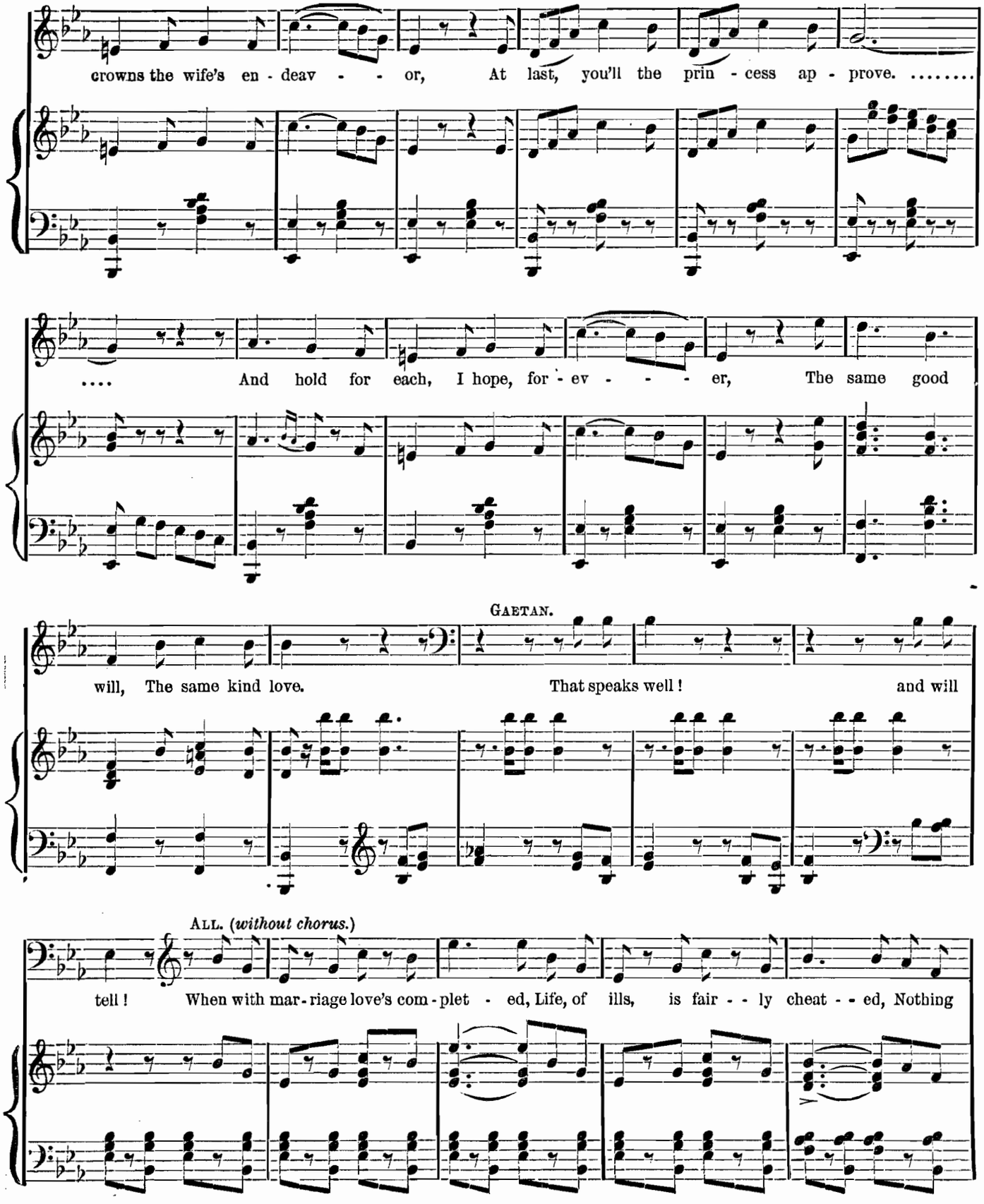

Give me then the name, give me then the name, That will suit you best. I will keep th
still, And take you the name that suits you the best.
love on my heart im-prest; You hold at command, You hold at com-
I will keep the love on my heart imprest; You hold at com -
- mand, My heart and my hand.
- mand, My heart and my hand.

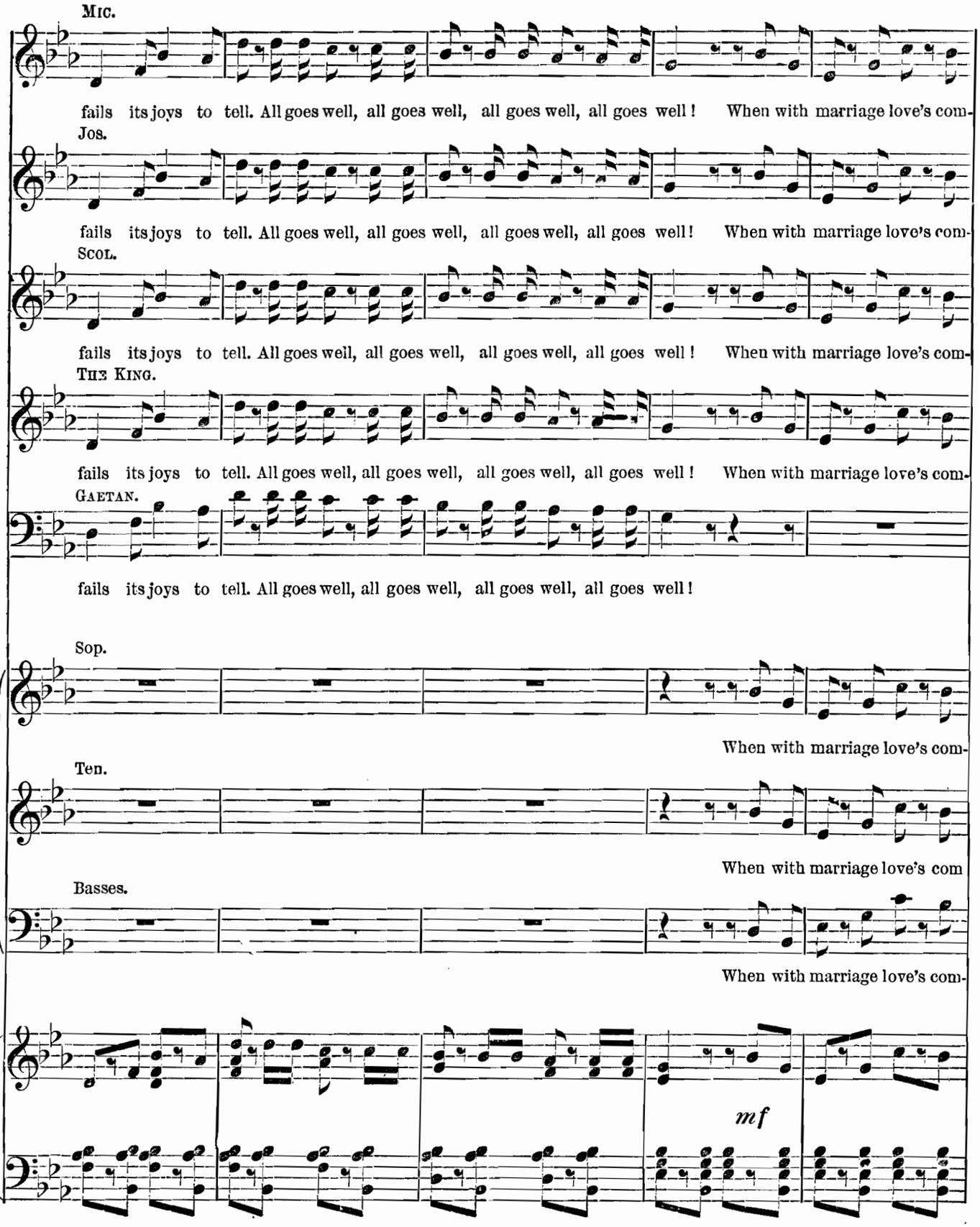

(they converse.)
pp
1st.
2d.
Allegro.
ff
ff

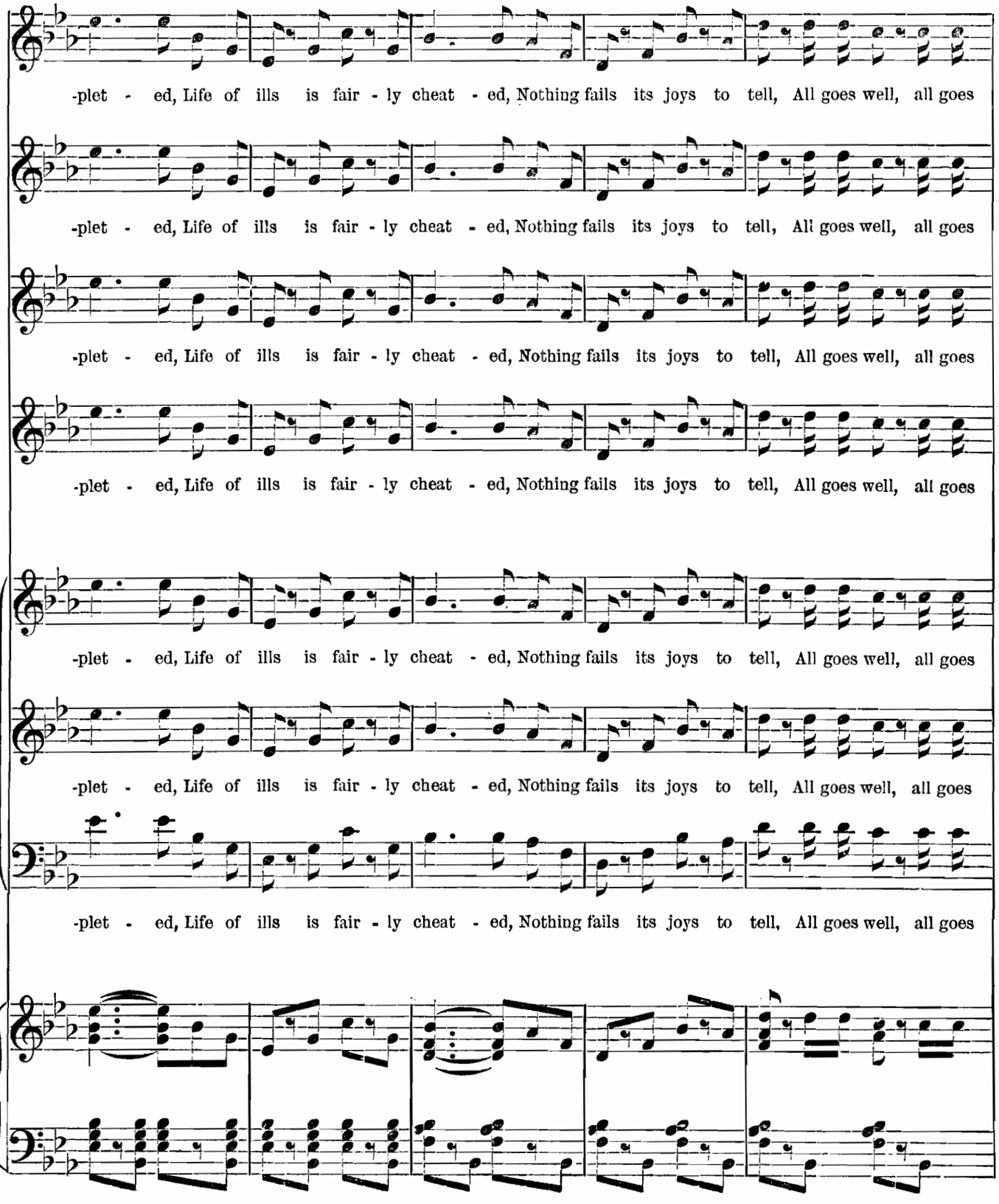

Sopranos. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
Tenors. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
Basses. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate,..... May their days e'er be full of
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate..... May their days e'er be full of
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate..... May their days e'er be full of

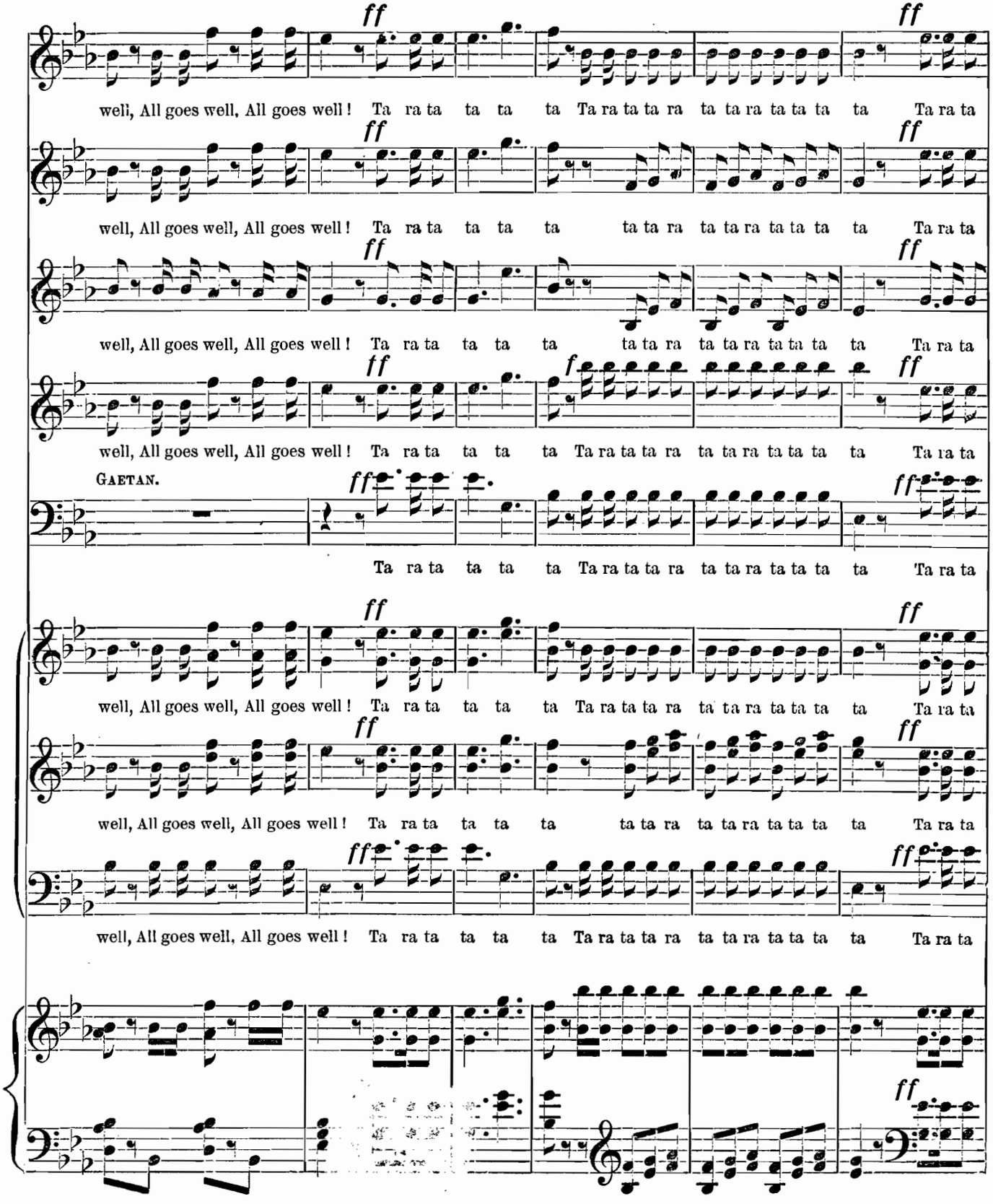

pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.

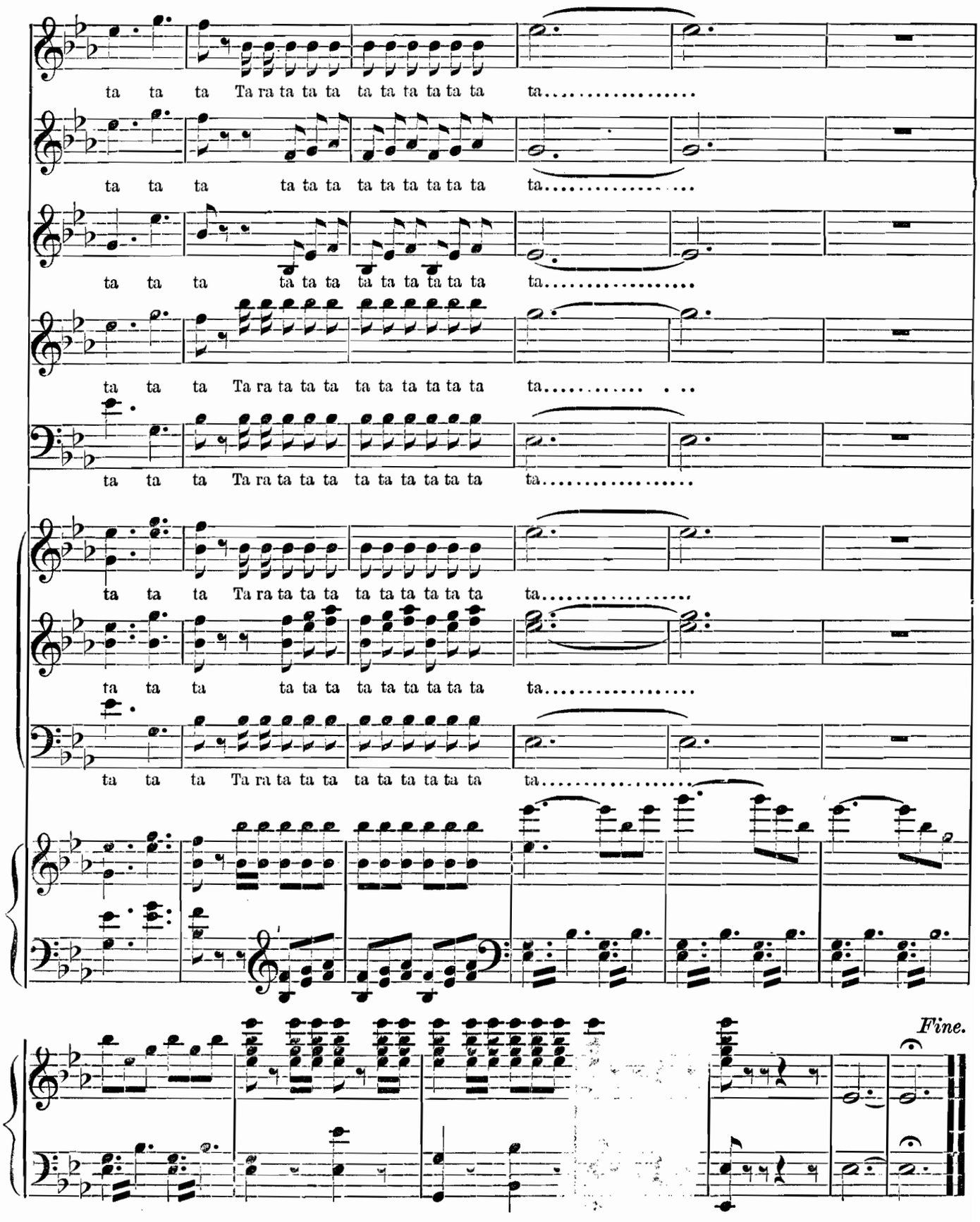

1o. Tempo. GAETAN. (to JOSEFA.)
'Tis you who win the game just end - - - ing, And all is
well that well doth end.
THE KING.
My dy - nas - ty with hope ex - tend - -
- ing.
To Eu - rope's bal - ance, aid will lend.
MICAELA.
Since for - tune


crowns the wife's en - deav - - or, At last, you'll the prin - cess ap - prove. .....
.... And hold for each, I hope, for - ev - - - er, The same good
GAETAN.
will, The same kind love. That speaks well! and will
ALL. (without chorus.)
tell! When with mar - riage love's com - plet - ed, Life, of ills, is fair - - ly cheat - - ed, Nothing


Mic.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Jos.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Scol.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
The King.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Gaetan.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well!
Sop.
When with marriage love's com-
Ten.
When with marriage love's com
Basses.
When with marriage love's com-
mf


-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes


ff
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
f
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
GAETAN.
Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta


ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
Fine.