MADELEINE

A Lyric Opera in One Act

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH
OF DECOURLIES & THIBAUT
BY GRANT STEWART

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Vocal Score
$2.00 net

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd ST. LONDON, W. 18, BERNERS ST.
FIRST PERFORMANCE

AT THE

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

NEW YORK CITY

January 24th, 1914

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MADELEINE FLEURY, of the Opéra
NICHETTE, her maid
CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT
FRANÇOIS, DUC D'ESTERRE
DIDIER, a painter
STEWARD
GERMAIN, a servant

Lackeys, retainers etc.

FRANCES ALDA
LEONORA SPARKE
A. PINI-CORCI
PAUL ALTHOUSE
A. DE SEGUROLA

SCENE: Salon of Madeleine's house in Paris.

PERIOD: Circum A. D. 1760.

TIME: New Year's Day, late afternoon.

Musical Director: GIORGIO POLACCO.

Stage Manager: JULES SPECK.
At the rise of the curtain, Nichette is discovered arranging the New Year's presents of flowers, jewelry, etc., assisted by two or three lackeys in the somewhat gaudy livery of Madeleine. An archway with heavy curtains, at the back, leads to the inner room of Madeleine's suite. A lackey stands by the door, ushering in, one after another, servants in different liveries, bringing in other presents from their various masters. Time, late afternoon, Jan. 1st, 1770.

Nichette

And still more gifts, to swell the sum of those already here:

Jewels and flowers!
The New Year's greetings of my lady's friends.

Ah! To have a golden voice that brings the world enraptured to her feet!
The Lord of Champ-divers has bid me bring these blossoms sweet with ev'-ry New Year's wish.
Take her kindest thanks!

to Mademoiselle Madeleine.

(arranging the flowers)

Sweet buds, lie here among your companions.

(2nd Servant advances)

We are charmed!

(2nd Servant retires)

A New Year's greeting from the Baron d'Ornay!
(opens the case)

Ah!

in tempo

ravishing!

Would in this shower of pearls and

molto meno mosso

diamonds

a drop or two might fall on me!

poco rit.

3rd Servant

Best wishes from Vicomte Lebeau!

Più mosso (Tempo giusto)

a tempo (d = 104)
N. Nichetta

(3rd Servant retires)

Accept our thanks! From the Vicomte Le-beau:

M. (Madeleine's voice is heard off C. singing)

Madeleine (off-stage)

Ah!

brillante

Ah!

subito

perdendosi

ppp
Ah!

Allegro

Nichette

(to the lackeys)

Madame herself! Pack off!

(Nichette drives the lackeys

before her... and exit last)
(Enter Madeleine and the Chevalier) (Madeleine is admiring a bracelet which the Chevalier has evidently just given to her)

Poco maestoso (coda)

Meno mosso
Madeleine:

Ah! Chevalier! this bracelet! 'twas so sweet of you to bring it me!

Chevalier (deprecatingly)

'Tis so unique!

Madame! Unique's the word, Madame! I stood beside the
jeweler who wrought it,
and bade him break the mould!

I'm tired of setting all the modes of town,
of seeing everything I choose to wear rise up a thousandfold on other folk. But this my

high court ladies cannot reproduce:
'twill make them green with envy!
Their usual state, Madame! whenever they

(Nichette enters quickly)

(He bows grace fully.
Madeleine cour tesies)

At what hour will Madame please to

look at you!

Un poco animato

What have we for to-day?

Meno

Madame's own choice: (checking off on her fingers)

Soup à la Reine, wood-cock, and new aspa-ragus.

(Madeleine stops her with a gesture)
Chevalier: You'll stay, Chevalier?

Ch. Chevalier: Ah, tempt me not, fair lady! Alas, my time's bespoken.

Madeleine (with mock deprecation):

M. Madeleine: Of course, I cannot offer very much, only myself for company.

Chevalier (laughing gaily):

Ch. Chevalier: I'd do my utmost to put up with it! but not too.

Madeleine (teasing him, not minding his defection):

M. Madeleine: A quail with truffles, fresh asparagus.

Ch. Madeleine: I'm dining with my mother! No more, I pray! I
Then you will always find it hard to do my duty! This makes it doubly so.

stay?

No! Really, no, I'll tear myself a-

way!

And when I think of all I've missed,

I'll bask in the glow of conscious
recit-tude, and quote to-day's stu-pendous sac-ri-fice: I hold me im-

(kisses her hand... He sighs... goes to the door... turns and sighs again)

mune for all the year to come!

(spoken)

(remains standing at the door)  What is it? (spoken)  (exit)

Nothing!

Poco piu mosso  Madeleine

N.  (courtesying)  Come here, child!

Poco piu mosso  My La-dy!
(sinks into a seat, while Nichette stands demurely beside her)

Madeleine  Lento

\[ \text{molto espressivo} \]
Has monsieur Didier called today?

Andante semplice

to bring the portrait of my mother?

one I asked him to restore?

Nichette  \[ m^f \text{animato} \]

Not yet, Madame!

\[ \text{animato} (d: 96) \]

and when he calls, he'll be apt to walk in unannounced;
Madeleine (smiling)

Poco animato

Art claims its

these artists act so strangely!
Poco animato (d=108)

privilege, Nichette! and Didiér is privileged indeed.

Allegretto semplice

children we sat side by side in school, he was my champion in every thing: I
called him my big brother. He'd draw heads of me upon his slate and vow

some day he'd paint my portrait; he'd draw, and draw, and I would sing; we'd

tell each other that some fine day our art would grow and bourgeon, till some glorious day—

we'd strike high Heav'n with our heads sublime! Ah, ha, ha, ha! His
Lento  
art is not yet rec-ognized, as mine,—
but he deserves your ver-y great re-

spect.  Nichette
(pensively)  Meno mosso
I’m civ-il to them all, ar-tists as well.(d.83)

look down on nobody.  (d.86)  And, by the way, move for-ward, little one, and let me look at you.

(looks at Nichette appro-vingly)  Hast ev-er thought of go-ing on the stage? Nichette (with en-thusiasm)

(Nichette moves for-ward, drops a little cour-tesey and stands)
thousand times,

Madame, but then, my parents... they'd

(after a pause, amused, not angry)

Your parents! that is droll, your

never, never hear of such a thing!

father drives a cab, I think you said, while at a fish-stand your mother plies her trade; and

they despise the stage!

Allegro impetuoso (d = 126)
(with enthusiasm)

The stage!—see what it has done for me!

Look at these rooms,

—jewels and flowers!

They're prizes, prizes

won by me upon the stage; they mean not empty wealth!

Could I ask more? Courted, envied,
(going to window)

loved! and now it's New Year's day: another year of triumph

dawns on me!

sempre in tempo poco a poco incalzando

in tempo On such a day all should be gay! I want the whole world to re-

sempre in tempo

joice with me! Nichette, tell all the servants of my
(Nichette runs over to Madeleine)

household, their wages are doubled!

Of course!

Mine as well?

My gracious mistress!

(kisses her hand)

(going)

poco accel.

(Exit Nichette)

I'll tell them all at once!

Più mosso (d = 116)

(Madeleine seats herself in chair)

Meno

poco a poco rit. e calando
andante tranquillo

When I am happy, all must be so

too, not one discordant note shall mar my day.

sempre dim. e più tranquillo

A perfect day!

Un poco meno tranquillo

when all the world, with all its charm, seems mine!
And sunbeams play,
weaving their blithesome way like messengers of joy!
with gladsome thoughts of days to come,
whose golden promise holds a glow,
and radiant hopes of joys divine, rose-tinted, come at their call.
In Fancy's dream I see myself as child once more;
again I hear my mother's voice through mem'ry's open door;
my childhood dreams of
long ago
ful-ful-ment show; my heart's a-glow

p poco a poco calando

with mem-o-ries sweet of dis-tant days, fond recol-

poco a poco calando

sempre più ritard.

Moderato
(marmurando)

lec-tions of home and moth-er.

Ah!

sempre più ritard.

Ah!
moltò rit.

Ah!

più tranquillo

moltò rit.

Andante tranquillo (come sopra)

PPP

perdendosi

più rit.

attacca subito
(Loud noise and shoutings heard outside the window, laughter, cries of fright, galloping of horses, etc., etc.)

Allegro feroce (♩ = 88 - 92)

(going to window)

What can it be?

Why shouts?!

What's hap-p'ning?

ff sempre

It seems to me that livery
(She turns as Nichette enters)

She turns as Nichette enters:

(a tempo)

Know!

(a tempo)

His Highness

(breathlessly)

The Duc d'Esterre!

The Duke enters, laughing heartily.

The Duke (laughing boisterously)

Madeleine

Welcome, my Duke! What is the matter?

Ha ha ha ha ha!
Duke

What is it, pray? 
You'd laugh yourself, in-deed! ha ha ha!

Poco meno

That noise out-side? had you but seen the fun! Right! I am to blame for that;

You turned my hors-es out!

'twas when I turned your hors-es out! Indeed, I
Poco meno allegro

Why, Duke!

Poco meno allegro

No thanks, a

Poco tranquillo \( \left( \text{d} = 69 - 66 \right) \)

But had you seen the chastened mien of your late

Un poco più animato

\( \left( \text{sweetly} \right) \)

"Am I no more to draw fair Madeleine?"
And off they went, pell-mell, through all the crowd!
Pitied their fate, of course,

And you?

and brought them back.

Meno mosso (courtesying)

You're amiable itself!

sunshine of your smile?
(Enter Steward with two servants who bring in a table with cloth, etc., etc., laid. They place it C. and exeunt)

Tempo giusto ($\text{\textit{d}} = 76 - 80$)

Duke

$p$ (surprised, looks at watch)
So late? Dinner al-

Madeleine

(bows)

(about to leave)

No, no! re-

ready?

$p$ poco più tranquillo

Ma-dame, I kiss your hand.

$\text{\textit{un poco animando}}$

M.

main!

But I in-sist! you dine with me!

(shrugging his shoulders)

$\text{\textit{(d = 80 - 84)}}$ Im-pos-si-ble!

So sorry, but I re-peat-- im-
Why so? pos-si-ble!

To-day I'm din-ing with my Poco meno

Put her off, tell her you dine with me; I wish it, Duke!

mother.

Poco animando

(Duke sits down beside her)

I'm

I must ad-mit, the best of sons, but New Year's day—
to me is sacred. Year in, year

Write her a line, ex-
out, on New Year's day my mother looks for me to dine with her.

Not for the wealth of Indial — This is the

Suppose that you were ill?

one day — I never miss.
Più mosso
*a tempo*

(rising and detaining him)

This once! suppose you are!

But, I am not!

Più mosso
*a tempo* (*d* = 84)

Stay here to-day, your mother will not mind

(laughingly protesting)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

for once.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
(catching at the word)

(Duke)

Child! yes; call it childish whim, and

My child—

grant it as you do my others.

I pray you, make me happy and remain.

(gets indignant)

(Duke (still laughing) (spoken))

ha ha ha ha! No! no!
And I believed you loved me!

Duke (with enthusiasm)

Yes, I love you, love you dearly, all my heart you can sway at your will!

Duke

I have worshipped and prayed at your
Words! empty words!

No! I

love you! I swear it is true!

I swear, you alone are the queen of my soul!

Yet believe me, you must believe me, for your heart beats responsive to
Madeleine

Words, empty words!

mine!

Duke

Yes, I love, I

You know I love but

Duke

love!

M.

You dine with me to-day, or not at all!

Duke

You think

love you not? Why, child, I fought for you, and shall do so again.
Allegro moderato (Poco meno)

Duke

\( \text{(d = 84-85)} \)

Last night de Fon-tanges claimed that you sang

\( \text{sf} \) p

fp

fp

fp

fh

off the key: and, bel-la mi-a, foi de gen-til-

marcatissimo

(makes a face)

Duke

homme, that one high C was just a lit-tle—well,

\( \text{fp} \) \( \text{fp} \) \( \text{fp} \) \( \text{fp} \)

\( \text{accel.} \)

\( \text{a tempo} \) \( \text{portato} \)

well, I love you, so of course I said he

\( \text{a tempo} \)

\( \text{a tempo} \)

lied!

\( \text{a tempo} \)

molto cresc.

\( \text{sf} \) \( \text{sf} \) \( \text{sf} \)

We meet to-morrow.
M. \( (s = 84) \)
\[ \text{in tempo} \]
Madeleine \( (\text{stamps her foot}) \)
\( (\text{stamps her foot}) \)

You will not go, I forbid it!

Duke \( \text{p f} \)

By heavens, tis three, I must be gone!

M. \[ \text{sempre in tempo} \]

Duke \( \text{p f} \)

Wait, here is a way; you dine alone now, then I'll return and we will sup together!

M. \[ \text{p f} \]

If you go now, that door is barred to you for
M.  ff agitato  

Duke (d=104-108) Hey! what's this?

M.  ff agitato  

Am I to have no pride? Am I to be your play-thing,

to be used when time hangs heavy on your hands?

Duke |

Why, Made-

M.  |

in your heart must hold first place!

Duke |

leline!
I'm to step a-side for oth-ers,
(very seriously) I'll hold none!
One oth-er... yes!
My love, my
love for you I've proved a thou-sand ways: all I
have is at your feet!
But if my
moth-er's trem-bling hand gives me the slight-est sign,
I must o-
Madeleine (coldly)

Allegro moderato

Fare-well!

Duke

bey!

Allegro moderato ($d = 92$)

Fare-well!

M.

(stamps foot)

shall not dine a-lone!

in tempo

The first that

Duke

(at door)

in tempo

The lucky man will be?

M.

comes!

Allegro

No! The Baron de Fontanges!

Duke

Good appetite!

Allegro ($d = 92$)
Duke (violently)

Duke

Not de Fon-tanges... you'd not do that!

Madeleine (vehemently)

I'll dine with de Fon-tanges! and wish him luck.

in tempo (Duke bows regretfully)

when he meets you at dawn!

Moderato

You must do as you will!

più tranquillo poco rit. a tempo

Moderato

Duke poco rit. a tempo (exit)
(rises and goes to desk, at which

He calls this love!

she sits to write a letter) (with change of voice)

A pretty love, forsooth! I'm glad he's gone! Now, a little note to Baron de Fon-

tanges.

(Note: She uses a quill pen, etc., etc.) (Pen) (spoken)

(takes fresh sheet)

Dear Baron—no!

(j = 72)

(poco sfz) (p staccatissimo)

(writes) a tempo (quasi parlato)

My dear Maurice! I'm here next door to you, and all a-

(poco rit.) (p a tempo)
lone. Yes, all alone, my friend, but not for long!

tempo

Won't you take pity on my loneliness?

tempo

and dine with me. Poco meno

(Pen) (writes)

poco rit. portato

(While jabbing viciously for ink and looking angrily at the door where the Duke went out, she repeats spitefully) (Pen)

Tempo I?

Tête-à-tête?
(writes)  
\[ \text{a tempo} \]
\[ \text{più marcato} \]
\[ \text{portato} \]

Just you and I, you and I. Come at once. Your (yes, his!)

\[ \text{pleggiere} \]

(underscores her signature heavily) (shakes sand over the letter) (dusts it off)

Your Madeleine. \( (d = 88) \)

(ripping letter) (twists letter up)

in tempo, marcato

Mon-sieur le Ba-ron de Fon-tanges. I! dine a-lone! on
(Enter Germain)

New Year's day!

Germain, this letter, quick! to Baron de Fontanges, next door.

(Germain bows and exit with letter) (rises, throws out her arms with an exclamation of relief)

Ah!

(kisses her hand scornfully towards door)

Now we shall see!

poco accel.

Poco pesante in tempo (She paces up and down)

Good-bye, my good Duke! since you will have it so.
Poco allargando

Lento (\( \text{\textfrak{c}} = 76-72 \))

Love! Love! and then refuse the simplest

molto pesante

(very rhythmically)

thing! It makes me laugh. Who is the Duke, to refuse to dine with me,