when there are thousands who, for such a chance, would grovel at my feet?

Well then, the Duke's loss is the Baron's gain.

(coquettishly)

(is portato)

(shrugs her shoulders)

(animato)

(goes to window)

(That's all!)
(opens it and looks out)

Poco più mosso

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

(coming nearer)

Poco più mosso \( (d = 126) \)

tratto

transito

molto legato

\( p \)

La de-ra, tra-la la

Crowds, noisy crowds!

(quite near)

Tra-la la la la la la!

la!

Tra-la la la la!

\( \text{sempre } p \)
Babble and laugh!

(far off)

La li la li ri la,
[French pronunciation]

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

(nearer)

La de-

...va-cant souls!

(comeing nearer)

Crowds!

Still

Tou-re lou-re lou-re!

[French pronunciation]

...la li la!

cresc.

Tou-re lou-re lou-re!

ra, tra-la la la!

fp

fp
crowds!

(further off-stage)

Tou - re lou - re lou - re tou - re lou - re

la li la li-ri-la!

(further off than 1st time)

La de-ra tra-la la la!

(turns from window)

bab-ble and laughter offends me!

lou!

La de-ra la la la la!

La de-ra la la la la!

cresc. possibile
(closes window) *rit.* *a tempo* (listens) I hear him on the stair.

How glad Fontanges will be!

(sits, turning her shoulder to the door)

I'll not be over-kind at first!

(Knock on the door)

(languidly) *portato* (Enter Germain with letter) (surprised) (takes letter, tears it open and

Come in!

You? a letter? quick!
reads with mounting indignation)

"Distressed and grieved, im-possible to come, I’m din-ing with my moth-" Leave the

(tears letter, and throws it down, rising)

room! The brute! How could I

(with change of tone)

think of ask-ing him! I will not dine a-lone! Where’s Di-dier?

He said he’d call! and he, at least, has always been my friend! I'm
Ah! Nichette!

How

Nichette

Allegretto comodo (d. = 80-84)

Madame!

(p grazioso)

(f p)

(sweetly)

nice you look!

I'm pleased with you!

Thank you, Madame!

You're a good girl, Nichette;

you shall sit down and

Thank you, Madame!
(graciously)
dine with me!  
Sit down!

(quickly)
My Lady-
My Lady but you promised, this after-

fp  p
p

Why, what have you to do?

noon and evening I'd be free!
My Lady knows

scherzando

How should I?

Poco meno

On New Year's day I always dine at
Animato
(with a movement of impatience)

You too? absurd! Today you dine with home.

Animato

Ma-dame, my mother would be so dis-tressed did

a tempo (sternly)

And if I

I not dine at home on New Year's day, 'twould bring ill luck!
or'der'd you to dine with me?

Madame, there'd be but one thing

And that?

I could do...

Re-sign, Madame!

Molto agitato

Enough, you're discharged!

(distressed)
Is this your gratitude?
You, whom from sheer
dame! you don't mean it?

pit-y I em-ployed,
you to re-fuse
to dine with me?

Well,

Nichette (imploringly)

Ma-dame,
one word!

(almost gasping for breath)

shall I sum-mon lack-eyes here to throw you out?

Mon
Dieu! the air is stifling—
'tis those

flow'rs!

Out with them all!

At

(she picks up some flowers to throw them out)

once, Madame!

Madeleine
(ringing bell violently)

(Bell)
(Steward, Germain and other servants rush in)

wage I pay, not one to wait on me!

(fiercely indicating window)

Out in the street with all these flow'rs, at

(Servants throw flowers out of window)

Now leave the window open, so that I catch my death of
cold! (Servant shuts window hastily)

Oh! I am served disgracefully!

Nichette

Ma-

dame!

Silence! How dare you inter-

Animato (The servants stand around, awkward and embarrassed, while Madeleine rages up and down the room) (She is now in a violent passion)

rupt! (d=120)

I'll rid my house of all the lazy crew-

mff
You, you call yourself my coachman, I believe!

A pretty one, indeed! There's not a moment. I'm not in fear of death!

In fear of death?
Listesso tempo ($d = 108$)

Answer me not! Be-gone! You're all dis-charged!

(Sforzando increasing)

Be-gone!

(Exeunt servants, leaving Madeleine alone)

The

drammaticamente (hysterically)

world's against me! all conspire!
(Enter Didier, bearing picture under his arm)

Didier (un poco maestoso)

Moderato

(Compliments himself into the room)

Enter the painter Didier, unannounced!

a tempo (d = 100)

At his first words Madeleine turns aside and tries to dry her tears and conceal her emotion. Didier at

Poco meno

Good-morrow, Madeleine, my dear! I've brought your mother's

first is too occupied to notice it)

(unwrapping picture)

picture, as you wished.

With

p molto tranquillo poco rit.

out unduly flattering myself, I think I have restored it pretty well.
(looks admiringly at the picture)

Andante espressivo

A good, true face; kind,

poco rit.

p dim.

pp

pp molto tranquillo

Poco animato (d = 76)

sweet and woman-ly.

Ah, Madeleine! 'tis ea-sy seen how

p

p>

pp

honest-ly you come by your good looks.

Your

mf

poco rit.

più rit.

meno

(menino)

(puts picture on table with a sigh)

mother was a dear!
(takes orange out of his pocket) (approaches Madeleine with a low bow)

Tempo giusto (come sopra) Poco meno poco pesante

a tempo Poco animato

By the way! Con-form-ing to the cus-tom of the day, this lit-tle

Più mosso Madeleine

(with complete change of tone as he sees her face) No, no, no,

gift, with ev-ry New Year's wish. What, cry-ing? Made-leine!

Più mosso

no! (His attitude towards her is that of a big brother)

No, no? tut, tut! yes, yes! Tears, on New Year’s day? Why, this won’t do! What is it, Madeleine?
poco meno

No-thing at all!
(imitating her)

(animato)

No-thing at all! Why, lit-tle girls don't cry for that!

poco meno

(after a pause) meno mosso poco animato

a tempo I as-sure you, Monsieur Di-der-
(astonished)

Come and con-fess to me!

Monsieur Di-

meno mosso poco animato

sforzando

dier! has it come to that?

Molto meno ed espressivo

Più tranquillo

molto rit.
Molto moderato (d = 69–72)
Didier (with great tenderness)

Why, Madeleine, have you forgotten our old shabby house

there on the first floor (counting from the roof), the two bare attics? In

(imitates piano-playing)

one of them a young girl sang her scales, accompanying her-

molto tranquillo

self on an old piano lacking several teeth. In the
other room a hungry lad daubed at a battered easel all day.

The two became fast friends, true friends,

Tempo I°

United by the common bonds of hunger and ambition.

costly presents could they exchange, but as critics comparing their works the
Più tranquillo

pp

girl would say, "Your sky lacks depth;" the painter reply: "Your C's too high!" Then

(very short pause)

both would laugh, and each convince the other, and

staccato.

poco a poco più tranquillo

pp

whispering, sure of sympathy, of high ambition to-

pp subito

più dim.

ppp

gather build their castles in the air.
a tempo  molto tranquillo  

The shabby little house is standing still; has it outlasted—

molto tranquillo

D.  

...ed then our friendship?

lusingando  poco animando

Poco animato

Madeleine

Oh, my friend! I am ashamed; it is so

There, there!—confide in your big brother, will you not?

Poco animato

D.  

sil-ly, child-ish!

più tranquillo  (soothingly)  

Well then,

Come, come, come!
Allegro moderato

All morning gifts have rained on me— I felt as tho' I were a

(solemnly)

Allegro moderato (d=120) Too bad! go on!

queen indeed.

(as before) poco rit. But

No sympathy, so far.

poco rit. attacca

Poco meno

no one wished to dine with me, not one! Even my maid refused.

(d=104)

poco a poco più agitato

From one and all the very same excuse!

They

cresc. molto

cres. molto
had to dine at home, their families expected them,

while I am all alone, heart-weary with my lonesomeness.

Poor Madeleine!

Didier, I hardly dare invite. I see!

I'd not have waited to be asked, but I dine with...
Animato

Hush! I know what you would say! I'll not detain you here; fare-

well, my friend!

with much warmth)

Oh, come! I can't leave you like this! I must go, yet— I have it!

Allegretto molto moderato

Why, of course— the very thing! you dine with us!

I, with your family? You mean it?

Poor fare, but you'll forgive, so come along! Come!
Certainly; but wait! That dress will never do. No, no! not plain enough. Borrow from your maid a simple dress; 'twill fit much better in our little home.

I'll tell my mother you're a sewing-girl who earns twelve sous a day: your welcome...
Madeleine (quickly)

I accept!

then is sure.

Tempo giusto

(after short pause)  (rings a bell)  (quickly)

Ni-chette!  Ni-chette!  Oh, I forgot;

(pointing to table)

I bid her leave!

Didier  poco meno  Because  poco rit.

Ni-chette discharged? and why?

I understand

Moderato

(smiling)

(Nichette enters; her eyes show traces of tears. She carries a handbag.)

stand!
Nicnette (sadly)

My Lady, I have come to say goodbye.

Didier

Ma-dame re-

N. My Lady, is this true? (dropping basket and clasping Madeleine's hand)

D. NIchette, you're not discharged.

Madeleine (kindly)

It is, Ni-

M. Nichette! Continue as my maid. (kissing Madeleine's hand)

N. Ma-dame, could I but prove my gra-ti-tude

M. You can, by lending me a frock.

N. Nay, nay, the very simplest!

Of mine? A frock of mine, the very best!
Moderato

They're in this handbag, ev'-ry frock that I own; choose for yourself!

Allegro (gaily to Nichette)

Come, and help me dress!

(to Didier)

Just a few minutes, Didier, I'll not let you wait long.

Didier cresc.

There, run a-long; I will amuse myself.
(Madeleine and Nichette run off with basket)

Didier (alone) Molto tranquillo

Poor child! for child she is and ev-er

Lento \(\left( \text{\texttt{d=60}} \right) \)

\(pp \) allargando

\(\text{animando e cresc.} \quad \text{Meno} \)

will be; Court-ed, ca-ressed, en-vied by all, and yet a crum-pled rose-leaf

\(\text{animando e cresc.} \quad \text{Meno} \)

caus-es this to do!

How old it makes me feel, and how big-
brotherly, to find, with all her wonderful success, so

small a thing will stir her to the depths. Success!

The mocking phantom we pursue!

“Come, faint heart, come! for I am Happiness!”
And when we grasp it, lo! we find too oft the joy has lain in the pur-

suit, and happiness is just as far away.

(clock strikes 4)

Poco animato (looks towards the door)

So late! I hope she'll not be long.

I wonder if my asking her were wise?
How will she like our humble little home and simple ways?

Well, 'tis too late now; I've acted for the best. I will

warn Madeleine, for, after all, her heart is gold!

She's loyal to the core... Ah, here she
Madeleine (courtesying)

You see, I was not comes!

Allegro moderato (♩ = 120)

Nichette (in real admiration)

long. Madame looks beautiful!

She does, in-

Madeleine (smiling, to Nichette)

There, run along!

Poco animato

(deed!

(♩ = 96) a tempo

P tranquillo

(as Nichette is going)

marcato

poco rit.

(poco rit.)

Go to your family— and, by the way, tell all the servants they are not dis-
charged! (delighted)

Nichette

Ma-dame! and the dou-ble sal-a-ry?

a tempo

com-menc-ing with to-day!

(Nichette courtesies joyfully and exit quickly)

poco meno

Well, Di-dier, dost think that I shall pass?

Didier

It takes me back to

We'll walk; 'twill be a change for me.

child-hood but to look at you.
novelty for me!

But, ere we go,
one word

(sitting)

Go on!
(Didier is half laughing, half confused, as he begins, but loses all self-consciousness as he warms to his subject. Madeleine eyes him steadily throughout with perfect understanding)

one word of caution, shall we say? My

Moderato \( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \) } \)

parents both are old, and sadly overfond, I fear, of me;

(almost spoken)

\( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \) } \) senza tempo

deep devoted in their hearts the one idea, that I'm the model to all other sons. You
will hear more of me, my talents, my fame, such fame!

pray you, bear with it! They are but simple peasants, and live the

simplest kind of life. The dinner you will have is

plain as plain can be, and yet, 'twould grieve them did not your appetite keep

pace with their desire to please. Our ways are laugh-able, perhaps, and yet I
know you will not laugh—till afterwards.

in tempo Moderato

You are in earnest, then, you really

I have prepared you for the worst, so let us go!

She rises)

mean to take me to your home?

Most certainly, of course!

(takes his hand)

(sits again)

I thank you, dear old friend... I am quite satisfied. animato

Why...what? You'll surely come?
No, Didier! 'twould not be fair to them; I could not

self-ish-ly in-trude on them. Still less could I con- sent that you de-ceive them as to who I

am: but none the less I'm grate-ful from my heart. You've proved to

me, I'm not for-sak-en quite. Good-bye, big broth-er!

(She rises and holds out her hand) (Didier embraces her)

I'll dine at home.
Menotti (with great warmth) ten.
Didier

You have a heart of gold!

I know now, you are right.
Why see, when I came in, 'twas

you who wept, *a tempo*
while now I scarce-ly know how to keep back my

(takes his eyes with his sleeve, struggling with emotion)

And when I

weep, I do not look my best!

Good-
Madeleine

Dear Didier! The brave, true soul. He makes me feel ashamed.

That I could find it in my heart to treat poor Francois so! But he'll come back. He loves me, too!
(picks up portrait) Lento espressivo
(kisses portrait; then)

Dear mother!

(takes it to dining-table, puts it there and sits opposite)

(surprised)

Nicchette! What brings you here?

Nicchette (enters hurriedly)

Allegretto moderato (d. 84)

Ma-dame!

I've
told my moth-er ev'-ry-thing, and she per-mits me to come back and dine with

(sweetly)

Thank you, my child; I will not spoil your fête. Re-

you!
I turn and dine at home.

Meno (d = 63–66)

And leave you here alone?

Molto moderato (d = 69)

I'm not alone:

Go, child!

(Exit Nichette reluctantly)

No, not alone!

(several pp, sempre più tranquillo)

(poco cresc.)

morendo lento espressivo

I, too, dine with my mother!

più rit. lento espress. (d = 46)

sempre dolciessimo
Bells (off-stage)  

(A ray of the setting sun strikes through the window and lights up the face of the portrait)

B.  

pp molto rit.

(Madeleine folds her hands)

Poco meno lento

B.  

pp morendo

B.  

PPP

(The curtain falls slowly)