MIRETTE
A New Opera in Three Acts
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAVOY THEATRE
The Book by
MICHEL CARRÉ

ENGLISH LYRICS BY
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY
ENGLISH DIALOGUE BY
HARRY GREENBANK
NEW VERSION WITH NEW LYRICS BY
ADRIAN ROSS
THE MUSIC BY
ANDRÉ MESSAGÉR

Vocal Score, Complete, Price 5/- Net.

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NEW EDITION

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First performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, on Tuesday, July 3, 1894.

MIRETTE.

Characters.

The Baron van den Berg: Mr. Richard Temple.
Gerard de Montigny (Nephew of the Marquise): Mr. Scott Fishie.
Picorin: Mr. Courtice Pounds.
Bobinet: Mr. Walter Passmore.
Frankal: Mr. John Coates.
Bertuccio: Mr. Scott Russell.
Mirette (a Gipsy): Miss Florence St. John.
Zerbinette (a Gipsy): Miss Emmie Owen.
The Marquise de Montigny: Miss Rosina Brandram.
Chorus of Gipsies, Soldiers, Villagers, Ladies, and Gentlemen.

The Opera produced under the stage direction of Mr. Charles Harris, and under the personal supervision of the Author and Composer.

ACT I. — A Forest Glade in Flanders. — J. Harker.
ACT II. — Hall in the Chateau of the Marquise. — W. Harford.
ACT III. — A Village Green, near the Chateau. — T. E. Ryan.

(An interval of one month is supposed to elapse between Act I. and II., and an interval of three weeks between Acts II. and III.)

Period: 1785.

Musical Director: Mr. François Cellier.
Stage Manager: Mr. W. H. Seymour.
Acting Manager: Mr. J. W. Beckwith.

The Dances arranged by Mr. John D'Auban. The Costumes by M. Alias, Mdme. Augustine, Mdme. Léon, Mr. B. J. Simmons, and Messrs. Angel & Son. Wigs by Clarkson. Properties by Mr. Skelly. Stage Machinist, Mr. Peter White. Electrician, Mr. Lyons.
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MIQUELLE

FOUNDED ON THE FRENCH OF
Michel Carre.

English Lyrics by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.
English Dialogue by HARRY GREENBANK.

NEW VERSION, WITH NEW LYRICS BY
Adrian Ross.

MUSIC BY
Andre Messager.

INTRODUCTION.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano
No. 1. CHORUS WITH SOLOS (Zorbinette, Francois & Bertuccio).

Allegro.

Piano:

From Egypt's royal line We sprang in ages old and bright.

Chor.:
ought to quaff the wine. From goblets gemmil and gold'en! But

since our royal pedigree And claims to Egyptian land Are

probably hid in a pyramid, Under the desert sand, As

kings without a crown, We wander up and down, From

19682.
Cádiz to Cattera, and now the drink we share.

Flemish earthenware, is only Flemish far:

Pass the liquor, but be
wa·ry  With the  mer·ry,  foam·ing  cup,

Lest,  by  some  ab·sur·d va·gary.

You  should  get  us  ta·ken  up.

For  the

dim.

19682.
Poco più moderato.

truly moral gipsy Ought to keep indulgence

under, And he ought not to be tipsy When he's

BERTUCCIO

But excuse my rash sug-

going out for plunder!

Suggestion, Have we any right to do so?

That is

19862.

Chappell & Co.
poco rall.

beyond a question By the learned Jean Jacques Rou-

a tempo ZERBINETTE.

- seau. Why should we ab- stain from rob- bing Wealth- y lord and no- ble

mad- am? In their veins the pul- ses throbb- ing Are the blood of Eve and

A-dam.

CHOIR. Down with loft- y sir and mad- am, We are all the sons of A-dam!
SONG (Bertuccio) WITH CHORUS.

Tempo di marcia.

1. The good old earth in the age of gold Had
   space for all, her people. Ere ever a baron
   built his hold, Or a priest had reared his steeple,

2. (But) tods sprang up by right of birth To
   waste the food of seven; They took the water
   and the earth, And the parsons took the heaven.

19082
Never was hunger then to fear, Nor cold make men shiver; For free to all were the good red deer. And over, the sun, and the moon, and the roaming wind. And the wood and river! All heart of the gipsy rover! As adamant heirs could take their shares, With none to say them nay! Adamant heirs we take our shares, And do not wait to pay!
It was their right, by noon and night, In the by-gone golden day!
We have our right by darkest night, Tho' the lords may rule by day!

All Adam's heirs could take their shares. With none to say them nay!
As Adam's heirs we take our shares, And do not wait to pay!

1. All Adam's heirs could take their shares. With none to say them.
2. As Adam's heirs we take our shares, And do not wait to.

Allargando.

It was their right, by noon and night, In the pay!
We have our right by darkest night, Tho' the pay!

Allargando.
NO. 2. SONG OF THE DUCK (Bobinet) WITH CHORUS.

Allegro.

Piano.

"Then a"...

know a lit-tle farm-yard... nice-ly stood, But the chur-lish farm-er keeps it loo-ky. And the way went the duck, and a-way went I, Un-der the gate, and in- to the sty, Till

way that I go, when I pay a call is o-ver the top of the farm-yard wall. So I splash in the pond, with a quack she fell, And splash in the pond went I as well, It was

climb to the top, And down with a flop, And green with weed, Ve-ry green in-deed, And it's left me much as you see: When

Chappell & Co.
bow, wow, wow Gr - row, row, row, A dog look'd out at me!
stuck to my dock. With con - sider - able pluck; Tho' she had stuck to me!

"Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly," said I to the duck, But she would not come. Not she! Not she! And
"Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly, it's a very fine duck. And so it ought to be, to be! For

as I went after the duck, bad luck. The dog came after me!
though I have all, all of the duck, bad luck. The dog has part of me!

CHORUS.

"Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly," said he to the duck, But the dog looked fierce.
"Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly, it's a very fine duck. And fine, and sound in

19682.
fierce and grim. And as he went after the duck, bad luck, The wind and limb; But though he has all, all of the duck, bad luck, The dog came after him! dog has part of him! N° 3. Tempo di Valse.

VALSE CHORUS.

Piano.
We have missed the voice of our little Queen,
When you strayed a

Why do you wander far alone?
way thro' the forest green;

Do you not care to share your throne?
For we long to

To share your throne?

revel and dance and sing.
His

When the Queen we worship shall choose a King!

Chappell & Co
cho.

luck we'll hail without regret  dim:

Were you

cho.

only happy, dear Mi-

retté!

francal.

sing to us, child, a Gip-
sy song!  We have not

bertuccio.

heard, your voice so long.  On-
ly sing, our
own Mi-rette, Help us a little

to for-get The dri-ving rain, the

heav-y son, To think our end-less

march is done, Hone a-gain with for-tune

won! — — — —- —

CHORUS.

Sing ere we go! Sing ere we

19682.
Ah! So many songs! Know what shall I sing

The song of old, the song we

Yes! Yes! the marching song!

sing To cheer our hearts in way-faring!

Moderato

Moderato

BOHEMIAN SONG (Mirrette) with CHORUS.

1. Roaming on with weary rest, Forest and hill and lawn, Ah!

2. Firm may fail in wintry frost, Winds may be keen and chill, Ah!

Chorus

Ah!

19682.
From the sun set in the west, On to the east - ern dawn! Ah!

But our free-dems worth its cost, They may be slaves who will! Ah!

la la la la la la la tra la la la la la
Taking all the days may bring, Sun and rain and snow,
Camping nightly in our ring, Round the watch fire's glow,

Who cares? Merrily we sing, Onward still we go!
Who cares? Merrily we sing, Till the flame is low!

Sorrow to the winds we fling, Care we never know,
Like the swallows on the wing, Like the winds that blow,

La la la la la la la la la la la la la
Who cares? Merry we sing. Onward still we go!
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

a tempo

Forward, the way we wend Down the road that has no end,

O - ver land and o - ver sea, For this is the song of the Zin - ga-ril"
Forward, then, our way we heed Down the road that has no end,

Over land and over sea, for that's the song of the Zinga...
Andante, dolce

1. When winter gales were loud and winter snows were fly -
2. And since that day gone by, that old and David De-crem -

We found a woman lying upon the frozen way:
You place beside the ember in winter time was made.

And at rest, on her breast her little child was lying; We took you and
Was July hot and dry, we ever would remember To give you for

19682.
Do you think of that, or so? It was sixteen years ago.

Luck has come to us, my child, Since the day when first you smiled.

When I took you in my hand From her bosom frozen,

Like a magic amulet, Were the lays you sang us;

To be child of all our band, Queen and

Live with us and love us yet, Wedding

Lady chosen! one among us!

B682.
Tempo di Valse.

Still with your smile the way be guile Sing to enchant us

yet! You that have been our child and Queen, Our

own, our own Mi rette! You, you are our

child and our Queen, our own, our own Mi rette!

CHORUS.

Still with your smile the way be guile Sing to enchant us

1908

Chappell & Co
Yet! You that have been our child and Queen, Our
own, our own Mirette! You, you
are our child and our Queen. Our own, our own, Mirette!
Moderato.
MIRETTE.

It is my duty to help you still!

Più animato.
Allegro pastorale.

F.
BRANCAL.

We would not try to force your will, Or give your maid-en

beau-ty, Our lit-tle Queen, cur-magic girl,

F.

To some un-loved, and love-less churl! Choose whom you will, but

F.
MIRETTE.

choose this night! This very night.

FRANZL.

Can that be right? See

[music notation]
set! I love you best; more than the rest, Mirette! Mirette.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! It's so amusing, my laughter pray excuse! You've asked me but this moment, but this moment, how am I to choose? For
when one is with lovers so so very well pro-

vid ed. Why, one's su tu ral ly ra ther just a

lit tle, a lit tle un de ci ded! Ah! Then

ritenuto a tempo

lis ten to me, one and all. And, oh, par don my speaking so

ritenuto a tempo

plain ly. You, sir are a lit tle too tall. And you,
sir, too short and ungainly! You're too shy, sir, and you are too
bold. You're too young, you too old! Excuse me, pray, excuse me, pray, If I re-
roll.

fuse when such a choice is provided, But, if the truth I

now must say, I'm undecided, Still undecided! I
Presto.

can't make up my mind, you see. I really don't know what to do;

But, if I marry, if I marry, if I marry. But, if I marry, why it won't be you!

Chorus of Women.

But if she marries, if she marries, if she marries, But if she marries, it won't be you!

N° 4b

Allegro.

(POR EXIT).

Piano.

19652.
SONG (Piccinin).

No. 5.

Moderato ma con mosso.

Piccinin.

Piano.

Now stars a-

bove the for-

est glimmer,

And earth lies dream-

ing un-

derneath their

light.

Your starry eyes grow dim and dimmer,

"Tis time to say... "good-night, good-

ight!"

19682.

Chappell & Co.
Oh, bird-song thro' the stillness throbbing, And brook-let
sobbing, Down the woodland way.
not my love, till dawn of day, My love that in my keeping, A-
way from life lies softly sleeping!

19682.
Northants.
When night has drawn her veil above you, and golden dust of sleep has shut your eyes, then I may dare to say "I love you?" When only night restless dreams of 19682.
happy love deceive me.
To leave me When the down is
grey. For all my visions fade away. And you seem
far above me. I dare not ask. I dare not

hope that you. Mirette may love me!

19882.
He loved a maid of Alcalá, Ta-ra,
ra, ta ra ra ra ra ra ra!
Franke and free, and she was fair as a maid could be, as a maid could
bel! Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la!

18688.
He was a terrible tali Alca-de, She was a lovely lady, Al-cha, Al-cha, Al-
cá-de-dá! The lovely lady of Alcá-la, the lady of Alca-
la! Ta ra re, ta ra ra, ta ra ra, ta ra ra! They
met one eve in Alca-la, Ta re ra, ta ra ra ra ra ra!
said Sweet maid-in, come with me: But she was as coy as a maid should be, as a maid, as a maid, as a maid should be, Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, la! So they sailed a-way, both he and she, Ta ra ra ra ra ra ra! Which was rather odd, as it seemed to me, For
Alca-lá
is not on the sea, It's nowhere near the

sea! Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la!

Still, that's the tale of the tall Alca-dé, Who

sold a-way with the lovely lady, Al
cá

19682. Chappell & Co.
TRIO (Gerard, Bobinet & the Baron).

Bobinet. Allegro.

Baron.

Gerard.

Piano.

Now here's a gun that's fresh'ly prim'd; Where can the ow-ner?

Oh, that's a ques-tion, most ill-timed!

be?
BOB.

think he possibly has clim'd up a tree! Up a tree! Up a tree!

BAR.

BOB.

knew they'd find me out somehow!

BAR.

You villain, I have got you now up a

G.

look in ev'ry twig and boodhathere's something there, I see!

G.
Up a tree! Up a tree! Up a tree! Up a tree! Up a tree!

Well, I say one, and I say two, And when I come to

I'd rather stay and

Come down, or he will riddle you!
BOB.  

have the view Up a tree! Up a tree! Up a tree!

BAR.  

Up a tree! Up a tree! But I object, and

G.  

BOB.  

I have got The gun you left for me!

BAR.  

So come to us if

G.  

BOB.  

I'm coming quicker than a shot Down the tree! Down the

BAR.  

Down the tree!

G.  

you do not... Down the tree!
Duet (Mirette & Gerard.)

Allegro vivo.

Mirette.

Ah! Nay, do not fly me! Ah! Come

Piano.

near! Come near! I am no wolf to eat you,

dear, No harm can come when I am here! I could not tell it

was so strange to see you by me, I thought no stranger knew our woodland

19682.
Moderato

GERARD.

dolce.

dell! Ah!

Ah! say what name your people gave you? My forest

nymph, my queen of song! Perhaps I have the power to save you from grief and

woe, from want and wrong. I am Mirette, or so they call me. Those who have

reared me till today! They will not let a grief befall me that they have

power to keep away. With them, with them I stay! So for-

I shall

19682.
get this wood-land shady, All we said let each forget; You, a

love this wood-land shady, As the spot where first we met: Fair as

lord, must woo a lady, I am the gipsy girl, Mi-rette! I am the

a-my queen or lady, Is the gipsy maid, Mi-rette! Yes, the

gipsy girl, Mi-rette! You, a lord, must woo a lady, I am the

gipsy maid, Mi-rette! Fair as a my queen or lady, Is the

gipsy, gipsy maid, Mi-rette!

maid, the gipsy maid, my sweet Mi-rette!

19082.
CHORUS OF GIPSYES.

We've called us pilagers on the vilagers, when they all were out; We've opened the doors Of barns and stores And left them a little bit thin.

-ner! So perhaps they're wondering Who's been plundering Every house a-

bout; But while they think, We'll eat and drink Their goods for supper and
PANTOMIME DANCE.

Allegro con moto.

Piano.
Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

19682.

Chappell & Co.
BARON

Thou the wood is very dark—

SOLDIERS.

And the night is

BARON.

very damp—

Yet I venture to remark.

SOLDIERS.

This must be the Gipsy camp.

DOBINET.

Here's the tree where
SOLDIERS.

I was caught. What is that within the shade?

BORINET.

Here they are, sir, as you thought! There they are, then, as I thought!

BARON.

Arrest them! Arrest them all!

GIPSIENS (starting up): Let us fly! We are better.

BARON.

- trayt!
Allegro.

BAR.
Seize them!    Seize them!

BAR.
Seize each bold of fender!

CHORUS (GIPSIES)
We surrender!

DOBINET.

BARON.

Over that's Miretzel!

Altho' you have a pretty
name, You go to prison all the same!

Shame! Shame! It is shameful!

Mirette.

Shame! Shame! It is shameful!

enough, my friends, we need not care.
M.

Tho' fate be hard, 'tis one for

all; Your joy, your luck I

used to share,
Why should I

shrink if ill befall?
Nay, we are

comrades still,
Nay, we are comrades still,

Comrades in good or ill,

Ev'rywhere!

No, no! Her innocence I can proclaim,

She was with me—she's not to blame—so set her free!
MIRETTE.

Thanks!  Thanks!  But if this be so,

Where shall I go?  Where may I roam?

GERARD.

can not find a home!  A home is yours at the Château.

BARON.

As maid!  Then let her go!

CHORUS (GIPSIES).

Ha!  Ha!  Ha!  Ha!  Ha!  He lets her go!

BARON.

Oh!

19682.
ho! Shall have a pleasant task. Now

for her friend— What shall we do? Perhaps she'll

ad lib:

Andante molto.

suit as valet, too! Let me come, I love her so!

Where she goes, I wish to go. I will serve you as you will

cres: e poco animando

If I can but serve her still: To be near her all the day,
Grant me this for ample pay, And a debt I still shall owe,

For I love her, love her so!

free! It shall be as you please! He comes with me To serve the Marquise.

Friends, I will not forgive; All I can

do will! Mirette! Good-bye!

19682.
Well, what of me?  Yes, what of me?  I, sir, guided you over the trail!

As a reward you will go to jail!  Comethen!  Quick march!

Come a long!  Come a long!  Quick march!

Good bye, Mirette!  Good bye, Mirette!
MIRFETTE.

Good-bye! Some day—who knows?

CHORUS.

Come a-long, then! So let it be!

CHORUS.

So let it be!

cres.

rall.
Più lento.

Where we sleep we do not care Prison-cell or open air;

Both alike are given free And both are a home for the Zingari!

Onward, then, with foe or friend Down the road that has no end;

19682. Chappell & Co
Still we sing our melody, The marching song of the Zingari.
Act II.

No 11.

OLD BALLAD (Mirette).

Andante molto.

Espress.

Piano.

19682.

Chappell & Co.
1. So forward thro' the fading light, Her faithless lover
2. Broken-hearted at the door, The little maiden
rode away, Forgetting her boomed last night, And all the vows of
pined away, Remembering all the love he swore, The golden dreams of
yes yesterday. "Ah stay! she loves thee so... Sir Knight! But ever still... he
yes yesterday!" Come back! she loves thee ever more! Come back, Sir Knight, come
rall:
rode away...
And
back and stay!"
And
19682.
Chappell & Co
all the birds were mute o'er head, And all the stars grew
then, then, the word was said, And then, sh! then, the

dark in Heav'n, Just for a word that
kiss was gi-ven; And all the birds sang

was not said, Just for a kiss that was not gi-
ver head, And, earth was Heav'n, was Heav'n!

And
SONG (Gerard).

Allegro.

Gerard.

Piano.

In quiet
Above the

Convent clo-

ses

Hedge of bri-

ar

The rose-

bud maid-

ens
grows:

The fairest of the roses is

High as my head and higher

19682

Chappell & Co.
Mine from long ago

Mine is the lonely blossom sways:

A rose that none has planted, a vagrant for ever.

To win and wear her

My pure and perfect flower, the maid;

To give one hour enchanted, and

rit:

dolce express:

garden rose of June. Oh, my rose,

then to fall and fade. Oh, child rose.
shy rose, purest pink and white; what
wild rose, roses fade and fall; but

joy to think the white and pink is all for my de-
till they're thin'd by autumn wind, I love, I love them

light, is all for my delight!
all, I love, I love them all! a tempo.

19682

chappell & co
TRIO (Gerard, Mirette & Picorin).

Allegretto moderato.

Gerard.

Piano.

wa - vy tresses, And the look that is a spell,

Do not shrink from my ca - res - ses, Hear me vow I love you

well. You are born so far a - bove me, That I can - not hold you
true, For I know you must not love me. And I cannot stay with you. Words are soft and glances tender. And our pulses leap and fall. Can we make the sweet surrender, Each to gain our love repeat. And recover and recapture All the bliss of lips that meet. Once again renew the rapture, Once a...

MIRIETTE. dolce.

GERARD.
Poco più animato.

Beg your pardon, if you please, sir, but my lady, the Marquise, sir, wants to have the salon ready for some one from the garden. Brought this very nice bouquet, sir, that I thought you'd better see.

(to Mirette)

You can stay there as you are, pet, and as I'll put it here in water, for the
MIRETTE.

Oh, it's very disconcerting
To be spied upon when flirting,
And we wonder what the use
It is vain to seek seclusion
From continual intrusion:
We had best adjourn the meeting

PICORIN.

If they find me disconcerting,
They have probably been flirting,
And I wonder what the duce is
I can see from their confusion
They object to my intrusion,
For a pair of lovers meeting

GERARD.

Oh, it's very disconcerting
To be spied upon when flirting,
And we wonder what the use is
It is vain to seek seclusion
From continual intrusion;
We had best adjourn the meeting
Of a servant such as he!
Till the time and place are free.

For he's only more annoying
By incessantly employing
For the words that might be spoken
Are irremovably broken

The result of this to be!
Do not want a Number Three;

But I'll stop his dainty toy-ing,
By incessantly employing
But, before their love is spoken,
Their embraces shall be broken

Of a servant such as he!
Till the time and place are free.

For he's only more annoying
By incessantly employing
For the words that might be spoken
Are irremovably broken

Such conventional excuses
By his imbecile repeating
As "Oh don't mind me!" me!

Such conventional excuses
By my entrance and repeating
As "Oh don't mind me!" me!

Such conventional excuses
By his imbecile repeating
Of "Oh don't mind me!" me!

19682
Chappell & Co.
No. 14.

DUET (Marquise & Bobinet).

Marquise.

Moderato.

Piano.

MAB.

The programme I'll discuss with you, So kindly... take me....

MAB.

through it. I want to know what you can do, And how you mean to...

MAB.

do it; For, though it must be up to date, My friends and my... re-

19882.
Ladies of course will only tolerate respectable gyrations. Madame has made it clear as day, she wants a most refined display. I beg you won’t by any chance perform an understandable dance. You might, perhaps, suggest it so.

But nothing more than that, you know, nothing more than that.
know! I beg you won't by any chance perform an unbecoming dance, you might, perhaps, suggest it so.

She begs I won't by any chance perform an unbecoming dance, I might, perhaps, suggest it so.

Nothing more than that you know, Nothing more than that, you know! Nothing more than that, you know! We've got the champion Pugilist, And everybody backs him; On passes that a
just a lit - tle less, you know
just a lit - tle less you know!
no - thing that will make me start, They on - ly deal in works of art, And
no - thing that will make you start, We on - ly deal in works of art, And
re - a - lize a pic - ture, so -
re - a - lize a pic - ture, so -
just a lit - tle less, you know
just a lit - tle less, you know!

19882.
MINUET. 

Although I've danced the

MINUET. 

So stately, grave and haughty, I've never tried a dance as yet. That

MINUET. 

any one call'd naughty. Skirt dancing now is all the rage. I'd learn it in a

rail.

MINUET. 

minute; But do you think at middle age it's prudent to begin

BOINET.

Madame would look extremely sweet when tripping on those dainty

Chappell & Co
BO.

You've no idea what ladies do! I've seen them dance the gay Chahit, And flinging their little feet up so -

But

BO.

ra - ther more than that, you know! Rather more than that, you know! You've

BO.

no idea what ladies do! She's seen them dance the gay Chahit, And
MAn: fling their little feet up so-
But

BOY: fling their little feet up so-
But

MAn: rather more than that, you know; rather more than that, you know!

BOY: rather more than that you know; rather more than that, you know!

19582.
SONG (Bianca).

Bianca. Moderato.

Piano. simplice

But yester-day, in convent gray, By gloomy walls en-

folded, I was at studies all the day, And sometimes-

often well o-i-ways se-l-i-ed. 'Twas les-sons on an

end-less plan, And mis-call'd re-crea-tion, And not a sight of
any man, except some near relation! To day the sky is bright on high, To day the world uncloses, I see unfold its gates of gold, And all the way is roses! To

19082.
day, today my dream comes true, And all... through you, and

all... through you! Today, today my dream comes true!

comes true!

Tempo I.

And when a holiday would come I

gain but little by it, Beneath the stern paternal thumb I was demure and

19682.

Chappell & Co.
qui et. He talked of genealogies, but I could not discover, in

tall:
all those dead old pedigrees. A single living lover! Good

Tempo di Valse.

bye to wars of ancestors! I hear my

bride-bells ringing, "Thou art a woman

now, they cry. And love is all they're singing! To.

19682.
TRIO (Bobinet, Picorin & Gerard)

Allegro moderato.

When Noah sailed his good old Ark,

Ti-que-ti-que, ti-que-tin, tin,

And

He was a thir-ty po-tri-arch

Ti-que-ti-que, ti-que tin, tin, tin!
like the ancient mariner

like the ancient mariner

like the ancient mariner

It was water, water

He was very, very sad to think

He was very, very sad to think

He was very, very sad to think

And never a drop to drink dry!

And never a drop to drink dry!

And never a drop to drink dry!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

He thought he'd had enough of that,

He thought he'd had enough of that,

He thought he'd had enough of that,

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

On a sunny mountain shelf,

On a sunny mountain shelf,

On a sunny mountain shelf,

And he brewed a barrel - (BOB) of good, strong wine.

And he brewed a barrel - (BOB) of good, strong wine.

And he brewed a barrel - (BOB) of good, strong wine.

And finished up the lot himself!

And finished up the lot himself!

And finished up the lot himself!

ALL: Then by came Ham, his thirsty son, 

ALL: Then by came Ham, his thirsty son, 

ALL: Then by came Ham, his thirsty son, 

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

Tique - tique, tique - tin, tin, tin!

And found the liquor all was done,

And found the liquor all was done,

And found the liquor all was done,

It's written by a learned monk.

It's written by a learned monk.

It's written by a learned monk.

That this is the reason why

That this is the reason why

That this is the reason why

Good wine will make you very, very drunk,

Good wine will make you very, very drunk,

Good wine will make you very, very drunk,

And Ham is sure to make you dry!

And Ham is sure to make you dry!

And Ham is sure to make you dry!

Chappell & Co.
CHORUS OF GUESTS.

Tempo di minuetto.

Piano:

1st SOPRANOS:
Obedient to your kind command, Your courteous invitations,

2nd SOPRANOS:
Obedient to your kind command, Your courteous invitations,

TENORS:
Obedient to your kind command, Your courteous invitations,

BASSES:
Obedient to your kind command, Your courteous invitations,

dim:

19682.

Chapp-E & Co.
We come to give with heart and hand Our true congratulations!

We come to give Our true congratulations!

We come to give Our true congratulations!

We come to give Our true congratulations!

Long life to you, O happy pair, We sing to you, we sing to you,

Long life to you, O happy pair, We sing to you,

Long life to you, O happy pair, We sing to you, we sing to you.

Long life to you, O happy pair, We sing to you,
Warm hearts of love and hopeful prayer
We bring to you, we bring to you, may all your day be blithe and you;
gay, With roses, roses all the way.

Segue Fan Song.

Chappell & Co.
FAN SONG (Marquise & Chorus)

Allegro.

Marquise:

When Eve was mistress Adam, And lived in Eden
And mother Eve's invention, Her daughters all can

Square, As far as we know, She hadn't a cloak, Or anything fit to use; They put it like this When asking a kiss, A hint that you can't receive

wear, But like a modern lady, Who flirts with modern fuses. It draws a man's attention. Resist you how he
man, Though she'll ever less Than an evening dress, She carried a palm leaf con, When he sees your eyes In a shy surprise Peep over a plummy

fan! A fan, a fan, a fan! Since ever the world be-
fan! A fan, a fan, a fan! From Italy to Ja-

fan! A fan, a fan, a fan! Since
fan! A fan, a fan, a fan! From
ev-er the world be-gan, The sword and shield that the wom-en wield is the
It-a-ly to Ja-pan, none can re-sist The skil-ful twist of the

sway-ing, play-ing fan!
danc-ing, glan-cing fan!

If some one woos too bold-ly, Your fan you shut and
swing, You give him some taps That stop him, perhaps They don't, as a general thing! But if he lingers coldly, You try another

poco rall. For you spread it wide, As a hint to hide Two faces behind a

a tempo A fan, a fan, a fan! When spread to its widest

span, A beautiful blind to kiss behind, Is the screening, meaning
fan! When spread to its widest

span. A beautiful blind to kiss behind is the screening meaning fan!

span. A fan, a fan, a fan! When spread to its widest

19682.
Chorus of Gipsies.

We come, Madame la Marquise; Here tonight at your command. You and all your guests to please With the song, song and dance of gipsy land. Song and dance. Song and dance. And we hope that they may please.
Sing and dance, Song and dance, Song and dance of gipsy land.

'Marquise,

'Tis well! But stay!

Ere you begin, Where is Mirette?

Chorus,

Mirette! She will
CHORUS.

dance to-night And sing for you a gipsy song. Bra-vo!

MIRETTE.

CHO.

Bravo! I will sing for you to-night! Bra-vo!

Allegro.

CHO.

Bravo! Sing on, Mi-rette!

Segue Song.
SONG (Mirette) with Chorus.

Mirette.

Piano.

Once a cavalier of Spain
But the noble Spanish Don

Loved a maid of low degree;
He was of royal strain,
She was

Could not brook a slight like this,
So he would not let him gone,
And he

of the Zin gal!
So be offered house and land,
Jewels, gold, or any

tried to snatch a kiss!
Then a dagger bright he drew,
 Held it up before his

thing; on her little hand,
No ring! No ring!

eye, And no more he cared to woo.
Good bye! Good bye!Г"
No, said she, na! Go, let me go! Take away your purse of gold!
No, said she, na! Go, coward go! Take the kiss, you feel the blade!

Costly dresses Win Princesse, Gipsies' love is never sold!
Till the trusty Steel is rusty, None shall wrong the gipsy maid!

No, said she, na! Go, let me go! Take away your purse of gold! Gipsies' love is never sold! Love cannot be bought, Not bought, nor sold!
No, said she, na! Go, coward go! Take the kiss, you feel the blade! None shall wrong a gipsy maid! She is not afraid. The gipsy maid!
Allegro.

Brava, Mi rette! Brava! Brava!

Più animato.

Brava! Though the songs absurd fe-

Baron.

rociety Much offends me, I confess, My ancestral generosity Forces

Gérard.

me to give largesse! Cast away the dross they fling to you, Gold and gems are
all too soon, Take and wear the gift I bring to you, Royal

MARQUISE.

ros - es for my queen. Ger - ard, this is re - al - ly

BART.

scand - i - lous. Are you mad, or are you tip - sy? Do you dare to treat and

BLOMGA.

han - dle us Wor - se than a - ny com - mon gip - sy? Ge - rard why are

BIA.

- you dis - gra - cing me? Tell me why are
BION.

you so cruel? Hell explain when he is facing me in a

GERARD.

sword or pistol duel! For you ferole sword or gun-se-ry I have

neither care nor dread; Take your daugh-ter to a nun-ery, You your

self go home to bed! To a nun-ery, nun-ery, go!

BION.

No, no nun-ery, nun-ery, no! To a nun-ery, nun-ery, go!

19082.
To a nun-ery, nun-ery, go! To a nun-ery! No, no nun-ery!

To a nun-ery, nun-ery, go! To a nun-ery!

To a nun-ery!

To a nun-ery!

To a nun-ery, nun-ery, nun-ery.

To a nun-ery!

To a nun-ery, nun-ery, nun-ery,

To a nun-ery go!

To a nun-ery go!
Recit. Moderato.

MAR

For this insolence of attitude You shall have the fate you

me-rit-ed; You're dismissed for your ingratitude! You, sir, shall be dis-in-

Allegro.

MAR

he-rit-ed! Keep your

GERARD


B Tempo di Valse...

6.

girl, and all the dross of her. Keep your houses and your

6.

land; I am penniless philosopher
pher. Join the mer-ry gipsy band!

For the wind of night comes wandering, And forth with the

wind we wander; We're queen and king of the birds that

MIRETTE

sing In the lands of morning yon-der! We'll seek the

9682.
shore of a southern sea, We'll take the path of the swallow,

Who would be free with him and me, Follow, follow

us, follow, follow! Who would be free with him and me, Follow us, follow, follow!

19682.
Hail to gipsy mirth and jollity. As we wander to and fro!

Out on this absurd frivolity! How can he be maddest so,

Freedom, brotherhood, equality. Those are all the laws we know!

As to leave a bride of quality, And a gipsying to go!
All my innocent frivolity, turns to bitter grief and

Such inconsequent frivolity, will result in bitter

When a man of noble quality, tries gipsying to

Wont we all have mirth and jollity, wont our stalls and boxes

Its these notions of equality, that upset the country

Hail to gipsy mirth and jollity, as we wander to and

Out on this absurd frivolity, how can he be mad deadly
M.

woe! Why does he, a man of quality, With a

MAR.

woe! Tho' be is a man of quality. That is

P.

go! He will find it won't be jolli-ty, Or I

BOB.

go! When we have a man of quality, Play- ing

BAR.

so! All our Eu- ro-pe an po- li- ty, Will to

GIR.

fro! Freedom, broth- er- hood, equa- li- ty, Those are

GUE.

so! As to leave a bride of quality, And a
We'll seek the shore of the southern sea.

Gipsy maiden go? This blend of high and low degree

what he does not know. This blend of high and low degree

hope to teach him so. We'll seek the shore of the southern sea,

in our splendid show! We'll seek the shore of the southern sea,

rack and ruin go. This blend of high and low degree

all the laws we know! We'll seek the shore of the southern sea,

GERARD with Basses.

GIEE. gipsy ing to go! This blend of high and of low degree
We'll take the path of the swallow; Who would be free and
Is far too silly to swallow; All who will be such
Is far too silly to swallow; All who will be such
We'll take the path of the swallow; Who would be free and
Is far too silly to swallow; All who will be such
We'll take the path of the swallow; Who would be free and
Is far too silly to swallow; All who will be such

GEBARD with Basses.

Is far too silly to swallow; All who will be such

19682.
free and glad as we, Follow, follow us, follow, follow,
be such fools as he, Follow, follow him, follow, follow,
be such fools as he, Follow, follow him, follow, follow,
free and glad as we, Follow, follow us, follow, follow,
free and glad as we, Follow, follow us, follow, follow,
be such fools as he, Follow, follow him, follow, follow,
free and glad as we, Follow, follow us, follow, follow,
be such fools as he, Follow, follow him, follow, follow,
Più Allegro (quasi presto)

low! We'll seek the shore of a southern sea, We'll take the path of the low! This blend of high and of low degree is far too silly to low! We'll seek the shore of a southern sea, We'll take the path of the low! This blend of high and of low degree is far too silly to low! This blend of high and of low degree is far too silly to low! This blend of high and of low degree is far too silly to

19082

Chappell & Co
End of Act II.
Oh! the light of the golden summer, Mirth and merriment everywhere.

Join our revelry, every comer, This is the happy village fair!

Summer passes, lads and glasses, Faded soon is the rose of June;

Then in cadence men and maidens, Beat the time to every tune!
Oh the light of the golden summer, Mirth and merriment everywhere,

Join our revelry every comer, Haste to the fair; the fair...
So drink, my lads, and drink again.
And make the glasses clink again! And cast a glance.
At girls that dance,
'til they blush and wink again! We will not stop to think again.
To see the liquor shrink again, but chalk the score, and call for more.
And drink a gain!

Pedlars (Tenors)

Come, buy my jewels, buy my laces. Pretty things for pretty faces.
Feathers, slippers, Fans and gloves, Meant for you, My pretty loves.

Good and cheap, And useful too, Come and buy, They're all for you!

Girls (Sopranos)

Come, show your jewels, Show your laces, Pretty things to you!

Suit our faces. Feathers, slippers, Fans and gloves, Oh! what beauties!
Oh! what loves! Take the money, Take it do; If you cheat us,

Woe to you! Take the money, Take it do; If you cheat us, Woe to you!

(FEUDS) Come, buy my jewels, Come, buy my jewels,

(DRUNKS) Then drink my laces, drink again,

Come, show your jewels, Show your laces, Come, buy my laces,

and drink again!
Poco meno mosso.

Come, buy my jewels, Buy my laces, Pretty things for my lads, drink a gain, And make the glasses clink again, and cast a glance At girls that dance, Until they blush and wink again! So drink, my lads, and drink again, And cast a glance at

Suit our faces. Feathers, slippers, Fans and gloves, Oh! what beauties! Pretty faces. Feathers, slippers, Fans and gloves, Meant for you, My

cho.

Oh! what loves! Take the money, Take it, too; If you cheat us, pretty loves! Good and cheap, And useful, too, Come and buy, They're

cho.

19682. Chappell & Co.
Woe to you! Come, show your jew-els,
Show your la-ces, Pret-ty things for
girls that dance, Un-till they blush and wink a-gain,
So drink, my lads, and

Suit our fa-ces. Show your jew-els, your la-

Pret-ty faces. Buy my jew-els, my la-

drink a gain, un-till the glass-es clink a-

cess!
gain!

19682.
LONG BOW SONG (Bobinet) WITH CHORUS.

Bobinet.

Allegro.

Good William Tell was a

Chorus.

mighty one, in the days of long ago; in the days of long ago; He

Bob.

shot an apple off his son, at a thousand yards or so; at a thousand yards or

Choir.

so, but since the self-same tale is told of every Bowman bold, I

Bobinet.

19682.
BOB.

fear some chronicler of old Was drawing the long-long bow! We fear somechron-

ROBINET.

cler of old Was drawing the long-long bow! So pull the bow-string up to the ear. And

CHORUS.

BOB.

let the arrow go! So pull the bow-string up to the ear. And let the arrow

ROBINET.

go! And if you miss the target clear, You'll hit some neighbor in the rear! So

CHORUS.

19682.
Shoot away, and have no fear Of drawing the long, long bow! And if you miss the

Target clear, you'll hit some neighbour in the rear! So shoot away, and

Have no fear Of drawing the long, long bow! Bow!
ZER. If you are a maker of patent pills,
   Or a salt that's good enough,
CHORUS. Or a salt that's good enough,
ZER. Of course you cure all human ills,
   From a cold to lumbago.
CHORUS. From a cold to lumbago.
ZER. And nobleman and noble wives
   Will say your drugs have saved their lives—
   A needy noble often thrives
   By drawing the long, long bow!
CHORUS. A needy noble often thrives
   By drawing the long, long bow!

ZER. Then bill your nostrums everywhere,
   Let handbills fly like snow!
CHORUS. Then bill your nostrums everywhere,
   Let handbills fly like snow!
ZER. And get some lovely dame to swear
   She owes to you her wealth of hair.
   For none can match a lady fair
   In drawing the long, long bow!
CHORUS. And get some lovely dame to swear, &c.

BOB. If you're a great financial man,
   And you want to start a Co.;
CHORUS. And you want to start a Co.;
BOB. You'll find the most successful plan
   Is to gas, and puff, and blow.
CHORUS. You must gas, and puff, and blow!
BOB. You'll scoop the curate's little store,
   And ruin widows by the score,
   And bag the half-pay man of war,
   By drawing the long, long bow!
CHORUS. You bag the half-pay man of war,
   By drawing the long, long bow!

BOB. Then put the money into a mine
   Away in Mexico!
CHORUS. So put the money into a mine
   Away in Mexico!
BOB. And then, with booty large and fine,
   You seek the distant Argentine;
   Like other men who used to shine
   In drawing the long, long bow!
CHORUS. And then, with booty large and fine, &c.
QUINTET. (Zerbinette, Marquise, Pillorin, Bobinet & Baron.)

Zerbinette.  

Vivace.  

I'm a little gypsy dancer, my dress is rather Flemish.  

Piano.  

Marquise.  

very lofty lady with a scutcheon void of blemish; I am pos-ing as a jug-gler-tho' I  

Pillorin.  

real-ly am a gip-sy, And I'm no-th-ing in par-tic-u-lar ex-cept a lit-tle tip-sy.  

Bobinet.  

very noble Bar-on with a ve-ry charming daugh-ter, Who was jilt-ed by a vil-lain I would  

Baron.  

1864-2
Z. But our recent circumstances have been really so unpleasant. That we think we will not recognize each other just at present.

MAR. But our recent circumstances have been really so unpleasant. That we think we will not recognize each other just at present. Well I should prefer To

P. But our recent circumstances have been really so unpleasant. That we think we will not recognize each other just at present.

BOB. But our recent circumstances have been really so unpleasant. That we think we will not recognize each other just at present.

BART. dearly like to slaughter. But our recent circumstances have been really so unpleasant. That we think we will not recognize each other just at present.
And they

have it thus

And they

I don’t know her

And, although my wrath I smother,

won’t know us. And we none of us know each other!

won’t know us. And we none of us know each other!

won’t know us. And we none of us know each other!

won’t know us. And we none of us know each other!

And we none of us know each other!

And we none of us know each other!

19682.
Marquise:
rather not associate with nobles proud and haughty; I ob-

Baron:
really splendid woman, but a little bit too fussy. And her

Pecorin:
nephew left my daughter for a nameless gipsy husky. That re-

19682
mark is quite un call'd for, and as false as it is cruel. And I'd

like to meet the spea-k'er in a ve-ry dead-ly du-ei. If he

were not old and no be I would carve him like a phea-sant, But

mustn't cut him liv-ing, so I'll cut him dead at pre-sent. You are young and slim, And a

lord is he. And you're not the la-dy's bro-ther, So I can't fight him. And you
And we none of us fight each other!

And we none of us fight each other!

And we none of us fight each other!

ZERBINETTE.

So there's really nothing for it but to

Z.

part without a greeting, And I'll take extreme precautions to avoid another meeting; I will

MARQUSE.

PICOBIN.

19682.

Chappell & Co.
go and play the jester and repeat the ancient shoozes, and I'll steal my manly bosom to the

charms of fair Marquise. And although this noble dame was once the prettiest of ladies, if her

So the dancer, lady, gypsy, noble

So the dancer, lady, gypsy, noble

So the dancer, lady, gypsy, noble

So the dancer, lady, gypsy, noble

nephew jilts my daughter, she may go to, well, to Hades? So the dancer, lady, gypsy, noble
lord, and comic peasant Will agree with one accord to cut each.

lord, and comic peasant Will agree with one accord to cut each

lord, and comic peasant Will agree with one accord to cut each

lord, and comic peasant Will agree with one accord to cut each

lord, and comic peasant Will agree with one accord to cut each

Mene mosse, (J-d)

other dead at present.

other dead at present.

other dead at present, So I'll cough, A-hem!

other dead at present, And I'll shout, Yah, boo!

other dead at present.

other dead at present.
say that you're a nother!

Then I'll cut them.

And well

And well

And well

And she'll cut you. And well

all of us cut each o ther!

all of us cut each o ther!

all of us cut each o ther!

all of us cut each o ther!

all of us cut each o ther!

all of us cut each o ther!
SONG (Mirette.)

Allegro moderato.

Mirette.

1. There was

Piano.

once a pretty peasant, And she had a gipsy swain, (With a
tried to ape the fashion Of a girl of noble rank (With a

heigh, ho! heigh, ho! summer days are fair! And his
heigh ho! heigh ho! so a lass pret ends! And the
woo-ing was as plea-san! As the sun-shine af-ter rain (With a
no-bi-le in his pas-si-on Turn’d a gip-sy moun-te-bank (With a

rall.  a tempo

heigh, ho! heigh, ho! lit-tle birds will pair!) But a
heigh, ho! heigh, ho! plea-sant for his friends!) But the

rall.  a tempo

no-bi-le high and migh-ty, Came to court the pea-sant girl, And her
dres-ses did n’t fit her, And the man-ners would n’t come, And the

lit-tle heart was fligh-ty. And her head was in a whirl, So she
no-bi-le found it bit-ter to be beat-ing of a drum, Till she

19682.
left the wood - land shad - dy, In the hope to be a la - dy (With a
managed to dis - cover the pref - erd her gip - sy lo - ver (With a

Tempo di Valse.

heigh, ho! heigh, ho! cas - tles in the air?
heigh, ho! heigh, ho! so the sto - ry ends!

rall.  

Sing, ho! Sing, heigh! for the rea - son
Sing, ho! Sing, heigh! for a fool - ish

why sigh, For the old loves live, and the new loves

19682.
Shy, sing high! sing hol! for a maid should die. Sing high! sing hol! for the dreams that know, The high to the high, and the low to the go. And that is the end of the tale, you low! Sing high! sing hol! for the reason know! Sing hol! sing height! for a foolish why, A lass is bold, or a lad is sigh. For the old loves live, and the new loves
Singing height! singing bold for a maid should know
The dying. Singing height! singing bold for the dreams that go,
And high to the high, and the low to the low!
That is the end of the tale, you know!

2. So she
arrows\,Her\,to\,the\,bowmen\,the\,bowmen\,bold,\,Un\,rivalled\,for\,planting\,a\,shot\,in\,the
gold\,He\,to\,the\,archery\,festival\,And\,drink\,to\,the\,bowmen\,now,
one\,and\,all
Halt!\,there!\,Attention!

19482.

Chappell & Co
Do not stay still! Here comes the dancing girl, to show her skill, her skill! Halt, there! Attention! Halt, there! Attention!
Più animato.

accelerando e crescendo

sf
Allegro vivace.

Chorus:

Thou shoulder

hows and march away. And let our banners gay

swing. And he who wins at archers play. Shall rule us through our ho-

19082.

Chappell & Co.
day, And be our noble archer King! Yes, he shall rule the ho-

day, And be our noble archer King!
N°24  DUET (Marquise & Baron).

Marquise:

Baron:

Piano:

Monsieur le Baron!

Madame la Marquise!

frideur de ton!

And why not, if you please?

manner so chilly is hardly in season.

19682
-dame, this silly, You must know the reason.

cold is your carriage, As cold as December!

cause is a marriage, You doubtless remember; So my

Qui, comme un vrai glaçon! Manner must freeze.
Ah, monsieur le baron!

Ah, monsieur le baron!

Ah, do you remember the passion you cherished?

Though

2. Ah, monsieur le baron!

Ex. cu. sez ma sur.

Puis-je dire, Gaston?

Monsieur, soyez bon!

Puis-je dire, Louis?

Ah, monsieur le baron!

Ah, monsieur le baron!
He can not condone it. He's sunk to asperity. The flame has not perished.

For your pardon, and your songs, I cannot resist you.

won't be too hard on the young aberration! If he called the old blessing the day when I kissed you. Quel...

Il aura son pardon? Je ne peux dire non!

He falls on his knees! disses Marquiz!
FINALE. Allegro pastorale.

Piano.

Oh! the pride of the Bel gain bow-men,

rall.: ff a tempo

Hail him king of the village yeo-men,

One of his shafts has hit the gold! Fill your glasses, lads and lass-es,

young
Dance a-round him and gaily sing! Drain a rum-mer, To the mum-mer,

He's the no-ble arch-er king! Fill the beak-er with gold-en Rhen-ish,

Fill the mug to the froth-ing brim! Ev'-ry gob-let and glass re-plen-ish,

Here's to our king, a health to him!
Tempo di Valse.

MIRETTE.

Still as your wife I'll share your life, Wander be-

PICORIT.

Still as my wife You'll share my life, Wander be-

FRANÇAL.

Still as his wife You'll share our life, Wander be-

side... you yet, I that have been your gipsy

side me yet, You that have been my gipsy

side... us yet, You that have been our gipsy
queen Am still your own Mi - rette! 
queen Are still my own Mi - rette! 
queen Are still our own Mi - rette!

cres: I that have been your gip - sy queen Am still your 
cres: You that have been my gip - sy queen Are still my 
cres: You that have been our gip - sy queen Are still our

own Mi - rette! 
own Mi - rette! 
own Mi - rette!
Then ring the bells and rattle the drum, And blow the flagon.

Let! ________

Let every one that is not dumb proclaim with shouts to

The joyful wedding day has come, Good luck to dear Miss...

19682.
CHORD.

- rettle! Let ev'ry one that is not dumb Pre-claim with shouts to all and some. The

ROB.

joy-ous wed-ding day has come, Good luck to dear Mi-rette!

End of Opera.

Chappell & Co.
"DOROTHY."
A Comedy Opera.

WORDS BY
B. G. STEPHENSON.

MUSIC BY
ALFRED GELLIER.

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VOCAL MUSIC.

- "Queen of my heart." In E♭ and F. Sung by Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN - 4 0
- "Old Dreams." Ladies version of "Queen of my heart." In F & G - 4 0
- "Be wise in time," Sung by Miss MARION HOOD - 4 0
- "With such a dainty maid." Sung by Mr. REDYFERN HOLLINS - 4 0
- "With a welcome for all." Sung by Mr. FURNEAUX COOK - 4 0
- "The time has come." Sung by Miss FLORENCE LAMBERT - 4 0
- "The Sheriff's Man." Sung by Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS - 4 0
- "You swear to be good and true." Quartet - 4 0

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

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- "QUEEN OF MY HEART" VALSE P. BUCALOSSI 4 0

VIOLIN.

SELECTION - 1 6

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

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