THE

BELLS OF CORNEVILLE;

(LES CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE.)

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

The Original Dialogue and Stage Business Translated and Adapted to this Edition.

Orchestral parts can be procured of the Publishers.

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C. H. DITSON & CO. LYON & HEALY. J. E. DITSON & CO. JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.
THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA.

SERPOLETTE, the Good-for-Nothing
GERMAINE, the Lost Marchioness
GERTRUDE
JEANNE
MANETTE
SUZANNE
HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE
JEAN GRENICHEUX, a Fisherman
GASPARD, a Miser
THE BAILLI
REGISTRAR (GREFFIER)
ASSESSOR (L'ASSESSEUR)
NOTARY (LE TABELLION)

VILLAGE MAIDENS.

BARITONE.

TENOR.

BASS.

TENOR.

BASS.

ARGUMENT.

HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE, who has been since childhood, owing to civil war, an exile, returns to his ancestral home on the occasion of the great annual fair which is being celebrated in the village that receives its name from his chateau. It is one of the old-fashioned Norman villages of the seventeenth century.

In the First Act, the curtain rises on an assemblage of village gossips, discussing scandal and small talk. SERPOLETTE, a cross between Fanchon and Boulotte, is the topic of conversation among the belles of Corneville. She comes in just in time to turn the tables on the others, and changes their taunts into expressions of rage. GASPARD, an old miser, wishes to marry his niece, GERMAINE, to the principal magistrate of the district, the BAILLI. This arrangement does not suit GERMAINE, nor a young fisherman named JEAN GRENICHEUX, who pretends that he has saved her life from drowning on a certain occasion. To escape from the power of old GASPARD, GERMAINE takes advantage of the privileges of the fair (a similar scene to that in the first act of "Martha"), and becomes the servant of the Marquis. Her example is followed by GRENICHEUX and SERPOLETTE.

The Second Act is taken up with the supernatural visitors who have made the Castle of Corneville so long an object of dread. HENRI determines to find out the real character of these ghostly appearances, and discovers that it is all the work of the old miser, who has concealed his treasures in the chateau. The discovery drives Gaspard crazy, especially when he hears the bells of the chateau ringing for the first time since the flight of the old Marquis.

The Third Act represents the grand fete given in honor of the return of HENRI to his ancestral home. SERPOLETTE arrives as a Marchioness, as some papers, found in the chateau, indicate that she is the lost heiress. The miser, however, recovers his reason, and shows that GERMAINE is the true Marchioness. A love Duet between her and HENRI, and the reconciliation of all the parties, bring the romantic story to a close.
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ACT I.

[The stage represents a Forest Scene near the village of Corneville. At the middle of the scene is a fountain somewhat to the right of the spectator. At the first entrance, left, is a tall post, bearing a bill on which is inscribed in large letters, "Corneville Market, Grand Hiring of Maid-servants, Coachmen and Domestics." Enter Peasants and village maidens.]

ALL WHO FOR SERVANTS.

No. 1a. CHORUS.

Allegretto.

SOPRANOS.

All who for servants are enquiring....

TENORS.

All who for servants are enquiring....

BASSES.
Just look at us if you'd be hiring, ....

Just look at us if you'd be hiring, ....

The

We're on our way, ....

And there you'll find what's to your

The fair's to-day, We're on our way, ....

And there you'll find what's to your

fair's to-day, We're on our way, And there you'll find what's to your mind, And there you'll find what's to your
mind.

Men.

We teamsters have the knack, Our sounding whips to crack!

Girls.

And for a strapping lass, You will not by us pass!

Yes! there you'll find what's to your
mind, Yes! there you'll find what's to your mind, The fair's to-day, We're on our way.

All who for servants are enquiring,...
Just look at us if you'd be hiring. The fair's to-day, We're on our way, And there you'll find... what's to your mind.

find... what's to your mind.
THEY SAY.

No. 1b.

AIR and CHORUS.

Gertrude.

Some reputations let us stain......

Jeanne.

They say the Baillie ask'd Germaine, And

that...... she answer'd, no!

Girls.

We heard of that before, and thus it must be so!

Manette.

Of course she did, and wherefore not?...........

Another sweetheart she has
Suzanne.

Jean Grenchieux!

Who is it, who?

Can that be true? Jean Grenchieux!

With Serpolette we shot that he always was keeping company!

Enter Serpolette.

Ah! who gossip so freely of Serpolette! Girls. Tell it out!

She here!
Jeanne.

We were saying, that they said,

Manette.

That they heard others saying, that Jean Gre-achieux...

Come,

out with it, now do!

Well, thus the gossip ran, That he is --- Why, your young man!

well, since gossip is the village fashion. Why put one's self into a passion? Rather, like you, I'll gossip
too!

They say that Jeanne, sheep tending,

They say — They say — They say —

They say that Jeanne, sheep tending,

Leaves them browsing in the vale,

Then towards the upland wending,

Lists a certain shepherd’s tale,
Lists a certain shepherd's tale! And the little lambs go straying, What is that to amorous pair!
Not a tit- tle do they care! That is what the folks are say - ing! They
say,

Girls.

They say, they say, they say, they say, they say, they say.
say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Suzanne, The other

is a man,.................... What they say or what they do, Ladies,

I will leave to you! Ah!... why don't they court in o-pen day!.... That's what folks say!
They say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Su-

-TENORS.

They say two forms are seen, At night by eyes so keen, One form is call'd Su-

-RASSES.

-zanne, The other is a man! What they say or what they do, Ladies, we must leave to

-zanne, The other is a man! What they say or what they do, Ladies, we must leave to


Peasant Girls.

Enough, miss, of your venom, enough! enough! enough! No more now of this lying stuff!

Allegretto quasi vivace.

Scandal monger, gossip, gadder, With the biting tongue of adder, Her there's nothing so much cheers.
se-t-ting peo-ple by the ears! Pos-i-tive-ly she does rev-el in her ill work,

lit-tle dev-il! Like a clap-per in a bell, Her tongue goes wag-ging on pell-mell!

SERPOLETTE.

No! I nev-er will keep si-lence, No! I nev-er will keep si-lence,

What care I for all your vi-ence! Shake your head and shriek and call, My saucy queens, I know you all!
That, my gabbler, for your cack-les, All the lot of you I'll tack-le. Here I face you

all a-lone, But still I say, "Come on!" I'm quite a-lone, But still, come on!

For I nev-er will keep si- lence, What care I for all your vi- lence?

Girls.

Scandal monger, gossip, gadder, With the bi-ting tongue of ad-der, Her there's nothing so much cheers, As
setting people, by the ears! Positively she does revel in her ill work,
little devil! Like a clapper in a bell, Her tongue goes wagging on pell-mell!

Scandal monger, gossip, gadder, With the biting tongue of adder, Scandal monger, gossip, gadder,

Yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah! yah!
With the blaring tongue ofadder, With the

yah! yah! yah! Now we'll see the girls perhaps, Scratch their eyes and pull their caps! Now we'll

biting tongue of adder, With the biting tongue of adder.

see the girls, perhaps, Scratch eyes and also pull their caps, pull their caps!

(Enter Greffier, L'Asseure and Le Tabellion)
Recitative and Coda.

No. 1c.

Greffier.

Largno.

Now! or - der!

L'assesseur.

Now! or - der!

Le tabellion.

Now! or - der! What means this nois -

bawl - ing, And this most un - seem - ly brawl - ing? It can - not be, you are a - ware, This is the morning of the bire -
O yes, we know, and thither go, As servants

we are well aware, This is the morning of the fair...
All who for servants are enquiring....

Just look at us if you'd be hiring, The fair's to-day, We're on our way, And there you'll
(Exeunt Omnes except Serpolette, who hides herself. She then comes forward and signs the other peasant girls to join her. They advance with hesitation, and form a circle around her.)

Serp. Oh, come now! you must not take a little sharp talk too much to heart, girls. You know you began it. But it's all over, and I'm not the one to bear malice. Well, I admit I was foolish enough at one time to allow this miserable, good-for-nothing fellow, Jean Grenicheux, who couldn't speak the truth, if he tried, to keep company with me. Of course, when that horrid old miser, Gaspard, brought his chalky-faced, simpering niece, Germaine, into the house, Grenicheux found it more profitable to dance attendance on an heiress than to be true to a poor, friendless girl. But, let me tell you, he's wasting his time there.

Gertrude. You do not seem to have a particularly good opinion of Father Gaspard.

Serp. Good opinion? Why, bless your silly heart! he is such a repulsive creature, that I often wished he had never found me in the fields when I was a baby.

Manette. Where did Germaine spring from?

Serp. Oh, some vulgar stock, I suppose! Now, as for me, do you know, girls, that I often dream that royal blood flows in these veins, and that princely parents are hunting all over the world for me!

All. Royal blood! A princess! Ha, ha, ha!

Serp. You will see, some time or other! Listen.
I MAY BE PRINCESS.

No. 2.

RONDEAU.

ALLEGRETTO.

SERPOLETTE.

I may be Princess, least-ways Madam, That from my style at once is seen; My father I don't know from Adam, But Prince or Duke he must have been! Old Gaspard, going out one morn, Discover'd me a
-mong his wheat, A little baby all forlorn Both wanting care, and wanting meat; And first he'd take me.

then he'd not, That miser's struggle was right sore; But little viands in his cot, And I would furnish

rit.

a tempo.

one mouth more! And fain he was to learn my history, But baby

rall.

a tempo.

language is not clear, And so I'm still involved in mystery, And who I
am don't quite appear! And thus I've got to tend the chickens, Bed the
cow and cure the ham, But oh! my heart will beat and quicken, When I think of whom I am! And when the
but-ter I am churning, Or the cow I milk at eve, I feel my cheek with an-ger burning, And my
men-i-al work I leave! For you can fancy what my rage... is, To work a-
field with sab - bot shod, Who ought to have my maids and pa - ges, And lac - kies
tremb - ling at my nod! My pa - rents must be great of name; Because they nev - er were found out, And had a poor man tried the same, He'd have been caught beyond a doubt! I may be
Prin - cess, least ways Ma - dam, From my style that at once is seen; My fa - ther
I don't know from Adam, but Prince or Duke he must have been!

(Enter Gaspard and the Bailiff.)

SERP. What do you think of the grand wedding, that is to come off soon? Little Germaine, hardly out of her pinafores, and that precious old booby of a Bailiff, who is as old as Methuselah, and looks like a scarecrow.

BAILiff to GASPARD. Well, truly, such impertinence!

GASP. You wretched foundling, and good for nothing girl! I'll make you feel the weight of my cane.

SERP. I know you would if you could catch me, but you shall not have the chance. Now for a race, go as you please. (Exit, pursued by Gaspard.)

BAIffL. Don't excite yourself, Gaspard. I care not what venomous tongues may say, as long as the fair Germaine is to be my bride.

GERTHUE. His bride! January and May. Listen, girls, to the venerable lover, with one foot in the grave.

GASP. (muttering) Silence, you pack of scandal mongers, be off at once, or beware the consequences!

(Exeunt Village girls laughing.)

BAIffL. They are not to blame, after all, as long as your niece, Germaine, encourages them.

GASP. Why, you must be mistaken. My niece would not associate with such huskies.

BAIffL. Well, I know one thing, and that is, she never loses an opportunity to encourage the attentions of that wretched fisherman Grenicheux.

GASP. Pshaw! You should give her credit for more taste. Why, he serves as a butt of ridicule for the village.

BAIffL. You forget that he rescued her from drowning once, and gratitude, you know.

GASP. That counts for nothing. He was fishing, my niece fell off the rocks into the sea, and he could not help catching something. Any one might have done the same.

BAIffL. At all events, don't forget your promise, Gaspard. Germaine is to be mine, or a gentle hint to the authorities about certain goings-on of yours.

GASP. (aside) Heavens! can she guess? No, no, it cannot be (aloud) Your language is quite an enigma to me, I assure you.

BAIffL. Indeed! For instance, your administration of the affairs of the former Marquis of Cornoville, who has been an exile for so many years.

GASP. My administration defies investigation. I am ready to meet the Marquis, or his son, if ever they return, and render a strict account.

BAIffL. You are very confident and I am glad of it. Now, these phantoms that haunt the castle.

GASP. I am not the guardian of spirits. If they wish to roam around nightly, how can I help it?

BAIffL. Well, I shall see about it and shall search the chateau.

GASP. Don't, I beg of you. Leave the ghosts in their own quarters, and do not set them loose in the village. What is the use, now, in being over zealous. Germaine shall be yours, and I'll make preparations for a hasty wedding.

BAIffL. That just suits me (Grenicheux heard within). Ah! here comes that miserable fisherman.

GASP. Leave me to settle his pretentions with this cane.

BAIffL. No, no, we must have no scandal here. Come. (Exeunt;
ON BILLOW ROCKING.

BARCAROLLE.

No 3.

Moderato.

GRENIÈRE.

On billow rocking, At tempest mocking, Gallant sailor boy, Ocean's thy home!

Calmly thou'rt sleeping, Tho' gale be sweeping, All the blue desert of waters to foam.
And tho' rude be thy pillow, Vision fair hovers near,.... From afar o'er the

billow, Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah! Ah! may favoring gale, Ah!

Ah! still waft thy sail, Float on! float on!
On billow rocking, At tempest moaning, Galant sailor boy, Ocean's thy home!

Calmly thou're sleeping. Thou'rt be sweeping, All the blue desert of waters to foam.

(Enter Germaine listening. Grenichoux hides.)

GERM. Surely the voice came from this direction. Oh!

GERNICHOUX. (advancing) You heard me, Mademoiselle.

GERM. Perhaps so. But I was looking for my uncle, and not you.

GERN. Indeed! The first time I ever knew, the old skinflint could sing. I thought that the chink of gold was the only music he favored.

GERM. No matter what he likes, he is my guardian.

GERN. To be exchanged for another soon, I hear.

GERM. Well, that is news for me.

GERN. They say you are going to marry that old Bailli.

GERM. I cannot help what they say, nor you, for believing all you hear.

GERN. Of course, in presence of such a wealthy suitor, poor Grenichoux will be soon forgotten.

GERM. And if so, I am at perfect liberty to make a choice.

GERN. Don't forget, that you owe your life to me.

GERN. You take good care not to let me forget.

GERM. I have the best right to you.

GERM. I cannot admit your reasoning. I wish to be my own mistress.

GERM. Until old Gaspar brings you up to the altar, to marry Bailli, old enough to be your grandfather.

GERM. You are talking nonsense! Do not fear, I shall not forget my vow.
'TWAS BUT AN IMPULSE.

No. 4.

DUO.

GERMAINE & GRENIQUEUX.

MODERATO.

GERMAINE.

'Twas but an impulse, that I own,

(And

wrong perhaps the troth then spoken.)

Yet still that vow, I'll ev'er keep un-broken; To be his

rall.

bride who sav'd me, his alone! The binding word pronounce'd that day, With equal fervor now I say.

rall.
Allegretto.

GERM.

I vow to keep the faith then spoken, Although my heart was silent.

GREM.

She vows to keep the faith then spoken, Although her heart was silent.

then, I own! And never shall that vow be broken, No! never then, she'll own! And never shall that vow be broken, No! never

shall that vow be broken, His who say'd me I am alone! No, never shall that vow be broken, Mine who say'd her, she'll be alone! No, never

rall. a tempo.
shall that vow be broken, His, who sav'd me, I am alone!

shall that vow be broken, Mine who sav'd her, she'll be alone!

rather one loving sigh. Than this language with duty laden, Say, dost thou!

Nay then! what more can I! Would'st have more than troth from a maiden love!
Moderato.

press me not so nor speak thus unkindly, Remember the promise I gave thee that

day! I know that I gave it rashly and blindly, But I will keep it

Gren.

come what may. How now! “Come what may!” these are words above me;

That’s not quite the style I had hop’d from you! Calmly I could wait,
hope - ful - ly could woo, Had you on - ly murmur'd, "My own, I love.... thee!"

GERM.

Would that such a vow I might murmur low, But love is a secret my heart doth not know,

GERN.

Would that such a vow, She might murmur low, But love is a
secret that my heart, that my heart doth not know!

secret that her heart, that her heart doth not know!

love signifies is not in my knowledge, because they never taught it in convent or school!

It may not be a branch in school, or in college, yet girls do pick it up.
GERM.
quick, as a rule! Ah! but then I am very far from clever.

GERM.

GREN.
Still you met with other maidens of your age, Sure they talk'd of love,

GREN.

that I will engage! Love, and love alone, girls at school talk ev- er!

GERM.

GERM.

Would I might agree, but it is not so! Not one of my comrades of love did
GEEN.

Would I might agree, but it is not so! Not one of my

Would she might agree, but it is not so! Not one of her

Allegro.

Comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I will

Comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I

strive to keep my troth, And I will try more love to show him, Yes, I will

think she will keep her troth, Only would she still more love show me, Yes, I
try to keep my troth, And also try more love to show him, But all the more I get to think she will keep her troth, Only would she still more love show me, (She does not know him, So does my heart my promise loathe! Yet, will I know me,) She does not know me! Yes! she will try, yet will I try to keep my troth! But all the more I get to try, yes, she will try to keep her troth! (She does not
know him, So does my heart my promise loathe! Yet, will I know,)
She does not know me! Yes! she will

try, Yet will I try to keep my truth! But all the more I get to know him, So does my try, Yes, she will try to keep her truth! 'tis fortunate she does not know me, Yes, she will

heart my promise loathe! So does my heart my promise loathe!

try to keep her truth! Yes, she will try to keep her truth! ff animato.
(Cries of people within.)

GERN. (going to back.) What is all this commotion about?

GERM. (going to back.) Why, what a strange looking man, and a queer looking dress. No wonder he has a crowd after him.

(Enter HENRI, in Mexican costume, followed by villagers.)

HENRI. Well, such inquisitive people, I declare. Please moderate your curiosity. It may be a rather strange costume in your eyes but you must admit a highly picturesque one. Just the thing for a figure like this. Well, to satisfy your curiosity, pretty maidens, permit me to introduce myself as one from the other world.

VILLAGE GIRLS. (screaming.) A ghost! a ghost!

HENRI. Well no, rather too substantial for that. The other world is another, where I lived among the savages.

GERM. Do all the savages dress like you?

HENRI. Bless your pretty face, no. The savages paint as the great ladies do in France, and have the same affection for other people’s hair.

GERTRUDE. Please, tell us all about them.

HENRI. My little beauty, you must really excuse me now.

ALL. We must hear the story now. (All crowd around.)

HENRI. Really, young people, you will spoil this costume. Please, permit me to suffer Messieurs the savages to rest for the present, as I wish to do.

GERM. You are a stranger here, Monsieur.

HENRI. Yes, a wandering seaman. I left my bark at Honfleur and intend to return immediately to my gallant crew. I trust your curiosity being now satisfied, you will answer my question. What do you call that chateau, whose towers I saw rising above the tree-tops as I came along.

GERM. The chateau of Cornerville, which has been closed against the world for twenty years. It is haunted by ghosts.

HENRI. How romantic! a haunted chateau! I have heard of such things, but this is the first opportunity I have had to form the acquaintance of a genuine ghost. I shall start at once for the chateau.

GERM. (detaining him.) Oh, sir, you know not what a terrible danger you would encounter. Do not, I beg of you, brave the anger of demons.

HENRI. Sweet lady, have I not braved danger before? Have I not seen—

ALL. (croaking.) Oh! tell us. You have seen—

HENRI. Nothing. Why, some living beings are worse than spirits. Bah! your ghosts are masquerading knaves.

GERM. Oh, sir, if you had seen the windows of the chateau lighted up by unearthly hands, and phantoms flitting across the illuminated halls. No one has ever unlocked the doors of the chateau.

HENRI. Hence this ghostly legend.

GERM. There is another legend about the chateau.

HENRI. Tell me of it, I pray. I am very fond of legends.

GERM. It says that when one of the old family of nobles, that for many years dwelt in Cornerville returns to claim his ancestral home, the chimes of the chateau, which have been so long silent shall sound once more. Listen to the legend.

---

**LEGEND OF THE BELLS.**

**No. 5.**

**SOLO & CHORUS.**

**MODOERATO.**

Germaine.

Yes! that cast - tie old by wizard is en - chant - ed,

---
For the Knight and Baron slumber on their bier, By their ghosts in mail the corridors are haunted,

And by night we've seen their awful shades appear! For their last descendant's coming, watch they're keeping,

In the plaid moon-light, or when thunder roll! In the ivied belfry, when the world is sleeping,
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll! There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll!

SOPRANOS.

TENORS.

BASSES

GERM.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell!
So the legend runneth, so the old men tell.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell!
When the heir returneth, will clang the bell.
Ding, dong, ding, dong! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell.

Ding, dong, ding, dong! When the long lost heir re-turn - eth, will clang the bell!

Ding, dong, ding, dong! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell.

Ding, dong, ding, dong! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! When the long lost heir returneth, will clang the bell!

\[\text{\textit{rall.}}\]

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! When the long lost heir returneth, will clang the bell!

\[\text{\textit{a tempo.}}\]

\[\text{\textit{Ped.}} * \text{\textit{Ped.}} * \text{\textit{Ped.}} * \text{\textit{Ped.}} * \]

**GERMAINE.**

Round about that belfry, rook and owl are winging,

\[\text{\textit{con fuoco.}}\]

Fearless are the birds, for mute the iron tongue, Never more we hear its solemn voice out ringing,
Warning for the old, or welcome for the young, Lonely is the tow'r, and oh! we maids fear it,

Lest some spirit band should rock the bell again! For they do say we, now living, yet shall hear it.

Ringing out a message to the startled plain! Ringing out a message to the startled plain!

SOPRANOS.

TENORS.

BASSES.
Ding, dong, ding, dong! So the legend run 'neth, so the old men tell.

Ding, dong, ding, dong! When the heir return 'eth, will clang the bell.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.
Bom, bom, bom, bom, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

Ger.:
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell!
So the legend runneth, so the old men tell,

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell!
When the long lost heir returneth, will clang the bell!
Diag dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,

Diag dong ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong bell! So the legend run - neth, so the old men tell,

rall.

Ding, dong, diag, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, When the long lost heir return - eth, will clang the bell!

Ding, dong, diag, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, When the long lost heir return - eth, will clang the bell!

tempo.

HENRI. Quite a romantic legend and a lovely girl beside. So, Monsieur Henri de Cornville, here we are home again, or rather within sight of it. I wonder why the chimes do not welcome the long lost Marquis, or rather his son, home. What a life of adventure has been mine, and yet I love the sea.

WITH JOY MY HEART.

No. 6

VALSE-RONDO.

Moderato.

HENRI. With joy my heart has often bounded, When one plank parted death and me,

threat'ning sky and wave surrounded. Oh! yet I love th'in-con-stant sea!

dim.
Rall.

joy my heart has often bounded, When one plank parted death and met By

threat'ning sky and wave surround—ed.

Tempo di Valse.

To me no stranger hardship or danger, Batt'ling the gale that sweeps o'er the

main, But peril o—ver, Who like the ro—ver finds life so sweet
after the pain! Sweet lips have bless'd me, Soft hands caress'd me,

In ev'ry clime where fate made me roam;..... And woman's greet ing,

(Bless all too fleeting,) Made of the far-land almost a home!

And gentle maiden, Beauty array'd in, More than once told her
love in a sigh! Heart wildly beating, Mute glance entreat ing,

All have been mine, Yet put coldly by! Yes! I am lonely,

One woman only, Thro' all my being reigns in my heart! Tho' now for ever, Fate may us sever, Lovely unknown! my soul's queen thou art!
Ah yes! for ever! Lovely unknown! my queen thou art!

Ah!

a tempo:

0 fairest maiden, one moment laid in these empty arms now long ing for thee; Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now, From you dark rock that
hongs o'er the sea! Doest thou re-mem-ber, (Twas in Sep-tem-ber,)

Here is the rock and there is the wave:..... O come a-gain, love,

So-lace my pain, love, Tell me not vain is the hope.... you gave!

(Noise within.)
SUCH CONDUCT IS QUITE SAD.

No. 7.
FINALE TO FIRST TABLEAU.

ENSEMBLE,

Allegro.

CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

Such conduct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct is quite sad, yes in-

TENORS.

Such conduct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct is quite sad, yes in-

BASSES.

Such conduct is quite sad, And in one a-bout to mar-ry, Such conduct it quite sad, yes in-
Gaspard...

-deed it is sad! With a lover on to carry, This is really very bad! I'd

Gaspard.

don't condemn me yet! Ah! don't condemn me yet! If only at you I could get....
(His Bailli, who enters.)

GASPARD.

... Le Bailli.

Your pardon! I do, but then the blow was meant for

What now? D'ye know you struck me, sir?

---

Allegro.

SER.

Twas I, sir, if you please,... Who saw them mong the

trees, Germaine and Grenicheux, the pair.... We're having a nice time down there!....

With my
bride! courting her! Oh! ho! For that jest you shall to prison

Gren.

What, I'm in jail! I'll give you bail, Leg ball,............. you know!
go!

Ne'er did we Such a rascal

Ne'er did we Such a rascal

Ne'er did we Such a rascal
see, At justice mocking, In manner shocking, Ne'er did we Such a rascal see, At justice mocking In a manner that is bad, the wretched
lad! First he courts the bride of the Ball...-

lad! First he courts the bride of the Ball...-

fin...-gers he snaps... And last...-ly, runs a-way quite gai...-ly; But he will be caught, per-

fin...-gers he snaps... And last...-ly, runs a-way quite gai...-ly; But he will be caught, per-
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
haps! It is bad! ver-y sad!.................. "Tis bad! ve-ry sad!
The curtain may rise on a path in the woods. Villagers pass two by two to the fair, while the Entr'acte is being played.

ENTR'ACTE.

OLD SONG.

Tempo Moderato.
SCENE II.

THE FAIR OF CORBEVILLE.

(Enter Grenicheux frightened and out of breath.)

GREN. Was there ever a more unfortunate wretch than poor Grenicheux! A fugitive from justice. What shall I do? I have made the Bailli and Gaspard my eomilis for life. I must now give up all thoughts of Germaine, and seek service of some master at the fair to-day. That is the only chance left for me to escape the clutches of the Bailli and the law.
THO' THEY MAY NOT PURSUE ME.

No. 8.  

COURPETS.

Allegretto.

Grenicheux.

Tho' they may not pursue me, This quarrel will undo me, The

Bail-li and Gas-pard, My enemies now are.... A-way with such mis-giv-ing; I've

got to get a liv-ing, I must give up the sea, So I'll a coachman be! No
more Germaine and court-ing, In love's sunshine dis-port-ing! To be hard working peas-ant, A

bitter cup! But ev-en that's more pleasant, Than getting lock'd up!

I'll go and seek a mas-ter, The bet-ter if the fas-ter. The

hir-ing fair they say, Is held this very day! .... Once in a sit-u-a-tion, No
warrant in the nation Can touch me, and so I, the Bull-li will defy! No

more German and courting, In love's sunshine disporting! To be hard working peasant,

bitter cup! But even that's more pleasant, Than getting lock'd up!
(Enter Peasant Girls. GRENICHEUX hides.)
GER. That old Gaspard ought to be ashamed of himself, to treat poor Germaine in such a brutal manner!
ALL. Shame! Shame!
GRE. (Coming forward.) Is there anything the matter, my dear?
GER. Yes; you'll find it out, if the Bailli or Gaspard lay hands on you!
GRE. Oh, save me! Save me! What shall I do?
GER. You have got Germaine into a nice pickle. Old Gaspard swears he'll lock her up!
GRE. Oh, I promise never to meet her again. (Cries within.) Here they are after me! Help! Help! (Exit GRENICHEUX.)
NOT. Come, girls, do not loiter here; but go and join the other villagers in the grand procession. Hasten, or you will be too late.

(Finale)

No. 9.

CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE.

(Entrance of Chorus.)

Allegro Moderato.

(Not.) The timid little dears! Be still, my fluttering heart! Now, gentleman, I wish you to bear in mind that in consequence of the unaccountable disappearance of the Bailli, on me rests the responsibility of opening the fair of Corneville. I wish, therefore, that all due respect be paid to the dignity of my office.

ALL. (Bowings.) Yes, noble sir.

NOT. A little lower, gentlemen; bend your backs a little more.
There; my dignity is duly honored. Now to your places. Do not rush in that manner, like untrained school-boys; but in this manner, with becoming gravity and respect. Now, stand me my word of office. Compose your looks with proper solemnity. Admit the servants, and let us hear what they have to say.

(Enter Procession of Villagers.)
CHORUS.
SOPRANOS.

Come! farmer small... or with big rental, If first class

TENORS.

Come! farmer small... or with big rental, If first class

BASES.

Come! farmer small... or with big rental,

Soprano:

servants you would find! If first class servants you would find!. We're useful, ay! and or-

Tenor:

servants you would find! If first class servants you would find! We're useful, ay! and or-

Bass:

If good servants you now would find, you now would find, We're useful, ay! and or-

Alto:


mental, Exactly what you have in mind! Yes! first class servants you will find,

mental, Exactly what you have in mind! Yes! first class servants you will find,

mental, Exactly what you have in mind! Yes! first class servants you will find,

Notary. Throw open the gates! (Enter Men Servants.)

you will find!

you will find!

you will find!
CHORUS OF MEN SERVANTS.

Than us you will not find better, If you groom or footman

need, We ne'er open master's letter, For we don't one of us read! Language

bad you'll never hear spoken, Our morals to us are dear; We prefer our vituages

broken, And drink but the smallest beer! Language bad you'll never hear spoken, Our
morals to us are dear. We prefer our victuals broken, and drink but the smallest beer!

CHORUS OF COACHMEN.

Who are drivers lacking! Such a chance don't lose!

Come along and choose! By the way our whips we're cracking, You may tell, we can drive well!
We know all about oats, hay, clipping, doctoring and firing. We're the sort of men for hiring! We know all about oats, hay, clipping, doctoring and firing. We're the sort of men for hiring. Just

CHORUS OF MAID SERVANTS AND ENSEMBLE.

hear how our whips we crack! (Serpolette advances with Maid Servants.)
Who are wanting maidens able To keep house and wait at table?

Such here you'll find,...

Of dark and fair you see there's plen -

Maid Servants.

Such here you'll find!

- ty, And some are old, and some not twen -

- ty, So you may have your mind!

So you may have your
Serpentine.

Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a miss? A glance give me mind!

there, a glance give here! Tell us if you think us dear! Ah!

Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a miss! A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!
Serpolette.

Tho' our cheek be fresh and glowing, You will find us rather knowing,

Most girls are so, ....

And tho' of course we all are stea ....

Maid Servants.

Most girls are so!

... dy. To pick up more we are quite rea ... dy, You will not find us slow!

You will not find us
Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a-miss? A glance give slow!

there, a glance give here! Tell us if you think us dear!

Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you

A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!

think we're not a-miss! A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!
COACHMEN.

Who are drivers lacking? Such a chance don't lose! Come along and choose.

MEN SERVANTS.

Than us you will not find better, If you groom or footman need. We

SERPOLETT.

Just look at that, just look at

By the way our whips we're cracking, You may tell, we can drive well! We know

ne'er open master's letter, For we don't one of us read! Language bad you'll ne'er hear
this! Don't you think we're not a miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us
all about oats, hay, clipping, doctor-ing and fir-ing, We're the sort of men:
apo-ken, Our mor-als to us are dear. We pre-fer our vit-ales bro-ken, And

if you think us dear! Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a-
hir-ing! We know all about oats, hay, clipping, doctor-ing and
drink but the smallest beer! Language bad you'll ne'er hear spo-ken, Our mor-als to us are
Nota. Fellow citizens! I don’t mean that. Fellow subjects of his glorious majesty, King Louis of France. I, his humble representative, am called upon to perform the great and solemn duty of opening the fair of Corneville. Be it understood that whoever registers on these lists as a servant, must adhere to the contract for the period of six months. The law permits of no breach of a contract signed here under any circumstances, without the consent of both parties subscribing to it.

(Enter Henri.)
TELL ME, GIRL.

FINALE. (Continued.)

RECIT, SCENE & ENSEMBLE.

MODERATO.

SERPOLETTE.

HENRI.

My name? Ser-polette, Sir!

Tell me, girl, what may be your name?

Ah!

SERF.

Oh Sir!... I'm in your good! You, I en-gage!
(Sighs.)

debt, Sir!

I don't care now if

(A forward minx that for her age!)

(Enter Grenicheux.)

Gas - pard rage!.............

Before I've done, I want a coachman, Ah! here is

Gren.

Jean Gre-ni - cheux!

one. Your name!
SERPOLETTE. (aside.)

Jean Gremicheux! With my Jean in service! we two, we two! luck-y!

GEEN.

luck-y! now in vain, Your acts my fine Miss Germaine! Thanks, Sir! for six months now.

(HENRI. What's the matter.)

I, Mister Baili can at ease defy!
(Enter Gaspard.)

An old man in a fury shocking, Every one about is knocking!

An old man in a fury shocking, Every one about is knocking!

Gasp.

My Germaine, when nought would suit her, But to gad and run about, In her chamber then I put her, But the bus-sy has got out! If you're
an-y of you hid-ing Germaine, take care what you do! For my wrath you'll be a-biding. I will

have the la-v of you! Tell me, therefore, if you've seen her, Oh! if I but had her here; Bet-ter

not attempt to screen her. Such an act will cost you dear!

Looks around, then exit.

Serp.

Henri.

Gren.

I'm glad he's in a pas-sion! If he'd have seen me,

A pleas-ant per-son, tru-ly!
Piu sento. Germaine. (Enters.)

I'd have caught it duly! He's gone at last! Some courage let me

gather! To think that I... the Bailiff had to wed! No, no! I'll

be a servant much rather! Henceforth my name and place be dead...

... To seek a master, now is my duty, Keep still my
HEMIL.
That stranger here! He will know me, much I fear!

(Here is a rustic beauty!)

ALLEGRETTO.
HENRI.
What need is there for concealing, so much grace and so much

GERM. (aside.)
What shall I say!...

feeling!

Come near, I pray! What you can do, I'd fain be know -
Your qualities, fair maid, be showing, If you with me would go!

Yes, yes, I must, I know!

Just look at that, just look at this, Don't you think me not a-miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell me if you think me