dear! 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 dear!

From home I have been accel. Henri.

What, Germaine here! Good heaven!

driven!

Fear nothing now! The law is plain, From thy master they'll claim thee, but claim thee in vain!
GASPARD. (Enter.)

No traces leaves she behind... her! High and low, have I hunted a-

-lone! Vainly; nowhere can I find... her, Germaine gone! Yes, the bird is

SERPOLETTE.

What do I see? Tis Germaine as a servant!

HENRI.

Back! monster in-

GASP.

flown!

At last! Come hither, girl!
human! Germaine is my bond-woman! Come, niece, with me withdraw! Not so! she is his by the

SOPRANOS. SERP. GERM.
Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong. That is the law known far and wide, To the

TENORS. GREN. HENRY.
Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong. That is the law known far and wide, To the

BASSES. GASP. BAILLI.
law!.............

mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be - tide! Who would take her

mas - ter doth the maid be - long, What ev - er may be - tide! Who would take her
from her master, Only meets with sad disaster, We never yet the person saw, Who dared to
break this ancient law, Honor then the law! Honor then the law!....
Down with him who tries to break the ancient law!

- or ---------------- to the law!...

Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, that

- or ---------------- to the law!...

Yes! old Gaspard, you are wrong, that
is the law known far and wide, To the master doth the maid belong, What ever may be

tide! Who would take her from her master, Only meets with sad disaster. Then honor
ACT II.

ENTR' ACTE.

A hall in the chateau of Corneville. In the front of the stage, at left of spectator, two large windows, concealed by tapestry curtains. Opposite, on the right side, at front, a little practical door in the wainscoting. On either side are chandeliers, in which are six candles nearly consumed. Further up, two large windows open at the right on a gallery which leads outside to the river, and at the left, on another conducting to the other parts of the chateau. Near the windows and the gallery on the left, at the back, is the figure of a warrior in iron armor, mounted on a rolling chariot. A table and chairs of the period are on the stage; there is also a piece of tapestry, representing a hunt in the time of Henri II. When the tapestry is drawn aside, a second hall is seen which is covered with dust and cobwebs. In this apartment, which extends to the very back of the stage, stand four pedestals surmounted with warriors in iron uniform. The first pedestal at the left has lost its figure which is that to be found in the first apartment, mounted on a chariot.

BEN MODERATO.

(Enter Henri and Chorus on tiptoe, bearing torches)
LET OUR TORCHES LIGHT THE GLOOM.

No. 10.

GERMAINE, HENRI & CHORUS.

Same time as previous.

Tenors, p.

Let our torches light up the gloom.

Basses, p.

Let our torches light up the gloom.

We're not frighten'd like simple yeo-men; and ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb.

We're not frighten'd like simple yeo-men; and ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb.

Now ye have sailors for your foes-men! Let our torches light up the gloom.

Now ye have sailors for your foes-men! Let our torches light up the gloom.

(Add Soprano.)
We're not fright'ned like simple yeo-men; and ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,

Let now our torches light the gloom,

Now ye have sailors for your foes; Let now our torches light the gloom,

Now ye have sailors for your foes; Let now our torches light the gloom,

HENRI

'Tis said our ghosts do much affect this hall, But unless I am much mistaken,
Enter Germaine.

they are not ghosts at all! In this old room, all seems unchanged still, unchanged still!

Germaine.

I am a timid girl, I know, But

Ah! Germaine, you are ill!....

where you venture I will go!

Henri.

Nay! courage now! Am I not near!
No! by your side, I will not
By my side you've nought.... to fear! No, by my side you've nought to

Let our torches light up the gloom,

We're not frighten'd like simple yeo-men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
Henri. Now, my lads, leave not a hall unsearched. Don't forget the door that opens on the river. We'll soon unmask the rogues that disgrace my ancestral home with their knavish tricks. (*Exeunt omnes except Germaine.*)
NOTE.—This song should be sung previous to No 14.

BY HIS SIDE.

No. 10 bis.  

AIR. GERMAINE.

Moderato ben sostenuto.

From

pallid cheek you may be telling, With fear, not courage now I thrill, My timid heart 'gainst me re-

belling, Is throbbing fast, do what I will! And though my coward heart faint would not, In

GERMAINE.
vain to stay away I tried, In vain to stay away I tried! Let you come a-alone!

Let you come a-alone! Ah!.... I could not! And... I'm by your side, I'm by your side,

When

I was homeless, tearful, lonely, Home, friend, and all you were to me, In all the world I have you
only, Then where but near you should I be! And though my coward heart fain would not, In

vain to stay away I tried, In vain to stay away I tried! Let you come alone!

ad lib.

Let you come alone! Ah!... I could not! And... I'm by your side, yes, by your

(Exit Germaine.)

side!
I'LL SHUT MY EYES.

TRIO. Serpolette, Grenicheux & Bailì. 

Enter Serpolette, Grenicheux and Bailì, groping in the dark. They touch each other and recite with a cry.

ALLEGRETTO.

SERPOLETTE.
I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes.

GRENCHEUX.
I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes.

LE BAILÌ.
I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes.

I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut my eyes! I'll shut my eyes, I'll shut my eyes.
eyes, Oh I tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tremble,
I'll shut my eyes, Oh I tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tremble,
I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
This poor girl, may heaven protect her! (Oh! if I looked and

saw a spectre!) No! 'tis wise to shut well the eyes!

Should there be a spectre—

Grenicheux.

Should there be a spectre, in that case 'twould be wise still to keep shut my

Bailli.

Should there be a spectre—
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut my eyes,
I'll shut my eyes!
I'll shut my eyes, Oh I tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, tit-ti, trem-ble,

I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!

I'll shut, Oh yes, I'll shut my eyes!
GRENICHEUX.

Sigh appall!  

LE BAILLI.

Of the spectres a host!

SERPONETTE.

What a terrible wonder!  It is Grenicheux's ghost!

BAILLI.

Serpolette's ghost from

GRENICHEUX.

The Baili's ghost! Oh how I fear!

BAILLI.

yon - der

What?
No! I for one, With my flesh am not
three of us ghosts, and all here? We three spirits all here?

f

done!

I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!

No more am I! I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!

No more am I,
I breathe a-gain, no ghosts are nigh!
NOT A GHOST AT ALL.

SONG.

Moderato.

all! Well, I really never! Let us breathe again, and not die of fright! Not a bit of

use getting in a quiver, Fan-cy-ing we see spectre, ghost, and sprite, You have oft-en
seen, On the village green, When we tease in sport, Fellows come to court, Never one was yet, Match for Serpolette! And so if a man can't get over me, I
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get over me, I
do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get over me, I
And so if a man can't get over her, I

Do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get over me, I
Do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get over her, I
Do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get over her, I
do not think a ghost can do more than he!

do not think a ghost can do more than he!

do not think a ghost can do more than he!

2. I have always heard if a ghost don't like you, All that it can do is to float in air; For it cannot
kill you, or harm or strike you, And if that is all, why I do not care! Here the oth-

cer day, Soldiers on their way... halting for a glass, Kiss'd each village lass! But they didn't

get one from Serpolette! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I

do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I

And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I

do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I

do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I

do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can keep a troop at bay, I
HENRI. (Within.) Guard the doors, my men! We'll have them soon!  

SERP. GREN. & BAII. (Falling on their knees.) We're lost!  

Mercy! Mercy!  

[Enter HENRI and his men. Two of them are covered with dust.]  

HENRI. Hello! you have some of the dust of ages on you. Don't mind, my lads; you shall have something to wash it down. Can any one have penetrated beyond this hall from the river?  

GERM. Here are three—who can they be?  

HENRI. Some of your ghosts. My men have turned the tables on them, and have thoroughly frightened them.  

GREN. Please, good ghosts, spare us this time!  

SERP. (Looking up.) As I live, there is Germaine!  

GERM. Why, Serpolette, how came you here?  

BAII. Little Germaine in the chateau!  

HENRI. Yes, she is a brave girl, and one not afraid of ghosts.  

GERM. Don't be too sure of that, my lord. I have been trembling like an aspen leaf ever since I entered here, and my heart goes pit-a-pat as if it was going to jump out of my mouth any moment.  

HENRI. So, Monsieur le Bailli, this is the care you take my chateau during my absence!  

BAII. Your chateau?  

HENRI. Yes, mine. Henri de Corneville, returned to claim his own:  

BAII. Most wonderful! I am delighted to hear it!  

SERP. The captain a marquis! Can it be?  

HENRI. Come, sir, is this the way you attend to your duties? Allowing these venerable walls to be made the sport of gracesee mountebanks?  

BAII. My lord, I assure you—  

HENRI. What have you to say for yourself, sir?  

BAII. Those scandal-loving villagers have driven me almost crazy.
OH DEAR! OH DEAR!

No. II.

BUFFO SONG. Le BAILLI.

ALLEGRETTO.

Oh dear! oh dear! that riot and that rabble, never was Bailli so beset before!
could not make myself heard for their gabble, And from my head its wig some villain tore!

They laughed and jeered, (ill-mannered rout,) Up on my flying per-i-wig they bet... And when I chased it, oh! the shout! Loud in my ears 'tis ringing yet.

"Oh this is fun, Just see him run!" (The lasses cried, with rapture jigging,) "To-
morrow he will married be, And then from his wife he will get a wig - ging!"

BAILLIE.

Still I pretend - ed

not to hear the chaf - fing, And as I chased my wig, look'd dignified;

But
worse and worse, my very clerks got laughing, Sure, so severely ne'er was Bailli tried!

The village fair I could not face, Of ridicule, I

own, I'm rather shy... And so to save me from disgrace, Hither for quiet did I fly!
HENRI. You should think of something else at your age besides marriage with such a young girl.

BAIILI. My lord, if you will permit me—

HENRI. Silence, sir! Have you anything to say about these so-called ghosts?

BAIILI. They do not come within the scope of my official duties.

GERM. Here's one on r'lers. (Pushes armed figure forward;)

HENRI. There's nothing unreal about this one.

SHIF. Here are candles that have been lighted recently.

HENRI. We are coming at the truth. Now, who attends to these candles?

GERM. His satanic majesty, of course

HENRI. It is all knavery, we shall see. Come—to work! Here is a curtain, perhaps something may be concealed behind it. (Raises arras hangings and discovers hall with armed statues.)

GERM. (falling on his knees) There they are! Save me! Save me!

HENRI. Peace, fool! They are the arms of my noble ancestors.
SILENT HEROES.

No. 12.          RECITATIVE, AIR and CHORUS.

Moderato. HENRY.

Nay! no phantom they knights of old, My

ancestors their keepers silent keeping; So that the prowlers

hither by night creeping, Felt that to touch them were too bold! Oh!
see! their good brands notch'd in battle, Their armor dimm'd by many a field, on each hauber and

on each shield, Methinks I hear the iron rat-tie! Fade-less lau-re will

be your due, By Hist'ry's muse your praise be spo-ken; For when in fight your mail was

bro-ken, For when in fight your mail was bro-ken, Foes found your heart was i-ron
Moderato.

too! ........

Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still

SOPRANOS, SERP. GERMA.

Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still

TENORS, GREMICHUEX.

Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still

BASSES, LE BAILLI.

o-ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord.... Last of the race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the

Henri.

line they own... as Lord!

Your line they own... as Lord

line they own... as Lord!

line they own... as Lord!
good swords rust, your spears are shiver’d; The other times with us to-day, Than when Pagnims in

disarray, Before your onset bent and quiver’d! Tho’ we fight not for

love of fame, And chivalry be now departed, Oh! trust me, fathers, lion-hearted, Oh! trust me, fathers, lion-hearted, Your spirit lives in us the
same!........ Sil-ent her-oes from out the might-y past, Still
Sil-ent her-oes from out the might-y past, Still
Sil-ent her-oes from out the might-y past, Still

o-ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o-ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
o-ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his
race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord,... Last of the
race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race... and last! Last of the line they own... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
line they own... as Lord!...
line they own... as Lord!...
line they own... as Lord!...
HENRI. Phew! Here is the explanation of this wonderful mystery.

There can be only one entrance for these, so-called, ghosts to my chateau. They come from the river side. No one can know anything about our coming here. We arrived when the moon was hidden behind a cloud. Now let a guard be placed at every door.

GERM. Excuse me, my lord, but here is a door we have not seen before. There is a key in it.

HENRI. Thanks, my dear. Let me investigate the mystery. (Exit HENRI)

SERP. I wonder what kind of ghosts are in there?

BAILLI. I don't believe in ghosts. Where are they?

GERM. Look there! Save me! Save me! (Enter HENRI, covered with a sheet.)

HENRI. Well, what nonsense! Here is some of your ghostly trumpery. By the way, I found this tin box which may contain some important documents. By jove, what is this? An official document? Please, Monsieur le Bailli, read it.

BAILLI (Reading) "My dear Gaspard" —

SERP AND GERM. What! The old miser?

BAILLI (Reading) "I am obliged to fly from France. My dear daughter I confide to your care. Bring her up as a simple peasant girl, as I fear much that my enemies, were they to know that she was my child, would kill her. My dear Gaspard, do all for her you can, and when I return I shall repay you an hundred fold.

(Signed) "HENRI, MARQUIS OF LUCENAY." "May 16th, 1667."

SERP. One moment! I am convinced I am his child! I was found by Gaspard, and the only child he ever found, on the date mentioned. I am the long-lost child. I am the Marchioness. Look at the date.

WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

No. 13. ENSEMBLE and COUPLET.

Serpolette.

HENRI.

GERMAINE. SOPRANOS.

GERMICHEUX. TENORS.

Le BAILLI. BASSES.

What's she saying!

What's she saying!

What's she saying!
I' these papers can not lie! Yes! dated sixteenth May! (They found me on that day!)

HENRI.

What curious feeling, 'O'er me's stealing! My good girl, do not faint, now don't! now don't! A marchioness, that silly creature! With peasant

(aside.)

writ on ev'ry feature! I can never believe it, and won't!
Marchioness! how astounding! How my heart is wildly bounding,

Ever a voice kept saying so, That it said truth now I know!

Now I'll wear a satin gown, And as I sail along the town, The girls with envy will expire, "Who is she?" all will inquire!
Marchioness! how astounding! How my heart is wildly bounding,

Ever a voice kept saying so, That it said truth now I know!

Now I'm rich, I will be gay, I'll dine on meat now every day! And

when my old friends speak to me, Shut my eyes, so's not to see!
Marchioness! how astounding, How my heart is wildly bounding! Ever a voice kept saying so, That it said truth now I know! I will buy an education, 

Manners fine too I will get; So not a lady in the nation, Will compare... with Ser... Petrolette!
HENRI. Well, we'll admit all you say, Serpolette, but your claims must yet be decided upon. There is the evidence of the old miser, Gaspard, to be given.

SERP. Why, how can there be any doubt about the matter? Gaspard never had a baby besides your humble servant.

GERM. For heaven's sake, your Highness, let me go home. I see a ghost in every wave of the curtains.

HENRI. You miserable effigy of a man! Listen, my gallant fellows—take care of this wretched poltroon, and if he utters one cry, pitch him into the river!

GERM. Oh, what a fate is mine!

HENRI. Now, Serpolette. (Sailors hustle GRENICHEUX about, and carry him away.)

SERP. "Serpolette," my lord! Such undue familiarity! The "Marchioness," probably, you meant to say.

HENRI. Mademoiselle, I stand corrected,—the "Marchioness," of course! Now, would you be so kind as to retire to yonder tapestried room for a few minutes, and look over the records of your family?

SERP. Certainly, my lord,—with you as company.

HENRI. I have other business to attend to.

SERP. But a Marchioness all alone in a haunted room —

HENRI. Armed with the records of your noble birth.

SERP. True; very true. But, suppose some ghost should make love to me?

HENRI. Ask him his pedigree—he will soon vanish.

SERP. Well, then, my lord, I shall retire for the present to read the records of my noble family. I shall leave you here with this young person. I believe, they call her Germaine. "Serpelote," indeed! "Marchioness," I say, and don't you forget it!

(Exit SERPOLETTE.)

GERM. Why, my lord, all are gone, and we are all alone.

HENRI. Well, suppose so. A brave little heart like yours fears nothing. Come, tell me about this marriage of yours, with that old, broken-down Bailli.

GERM. It was a false report. Such a marriage could never take place. Besides, there was Jean Grenicheux.

HENRI. What! that booby? For goodness' sake, what right had he to interfere?

GERM. My lord, he has an influence over me on the score of gratitude. He saved my life once, by rescuing me from the sea, after I fell from the rocks, a mile or so from the village. Although I do not love him, I must be grateful.

HENRI. (Aside.) The unconscionable rascal! To claim the credit of what I have done! (Aloud) Well, I had no idea that I had engaged a coachman who is in the knight-errant business. But your face reminds me of days when, as a youth, I dreamed of such a beautiful being!

'TIS SHE! A HAPPY FATE.

No. 14. DUO.

Allegretto.

HENRI.

Tis she! a happy fate..... hath brought her To me, who all in vain had
Germaine.

Then he who saved my life, (if I must tell,) Told me that he sought her!

lov'd, lov'd me well! Yes! he saved my life, and lov'd me well!

To

(Fellows' im - pudence is hate - ful! But yet I must not tell the truth!)
him who said me I was grateful, And so I vow'd to wed the youth, to wed the youth! Yet al-

She has


tho' awful was my danger, On slippery rock, overwhelming wave, To
promised in hour of danger, When rescued from the overwhelming wave, To my

rall.

true love still I am a stranger, And half repent the vow I gave! Yes! all-
presence she was a stranger, And now repents the vow she gave! She has

rall.
the aw ful was my dan ger, On slipp'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, Yes! al though aw ful was my
promis'd In hour of dan ger, When rescu'd from the 'whelming wave!
dan ger,
To true love still! I am a stranger, And
She has prom is'd in hour of dan ger, To my presence there she was a stranger, And

half re pent the vow I gave! I should have answer'd to his pas sion, Ex
now re pents the vow she gave!
-act-ly in the Norman fash-ion.

HENRI.

Now maiden, prithee, tell to me, What may a Norman answer be?

GERM.

When he bargains at a fair, The Norman puts his chin in the air, Doesn't say "off," Doesn't say "done,"
But 'tis thus bargains are begun; "Well, we shall see how things may go!" That is not "yes," nor is it "no!" And a girl of our country side, When she's woo'd she should but answer so, When he asks " wilt thou be my bride?" Let her reply nor "yes," nor "no!" It is the Norman custom good, And well approv'd, the sages say, Girls never should be understood, Or tell their lovers
yea or nay! Girls should never say "yea or nay!"

I must have lost my head, Or else to Grenicheux I'd have said, Not as I did; my life is thine!

But words are easy to divine; "Well, we shall see how things may go!" That isn't yes, nor

Is it no! And if I wed him, I confess, That my heart with my hand will not go, If my
lips trembling must say "yes," Still my poor heart will murmur "no!"

Had I follow'd the custom good, And well approv'd, as the sages say, I'd ne'er have been misunderstood, Nor ever given him

"yea or nay!" Girls should never say "yea or nay!"
Henri.

Oh lucky chance! oh meeting fateful, And by-and-by her heart will

Germaine.

Yes! all know, That it can be sincerely grateful, And at the same time with love

tho' awful was my danger, On slip'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave, To

glow!.............. When res'cu'd from the 'whelming wave, To my
true love still I am a stranger, And half repent the vow I gave! Yes! all

presence she was a stranger, And now repents the vow she gave! She has

though was my danger, On slippery rock, overwhelming wave, Yes! although awful was my

promis'd in hour of danger, When rescu'd from the 'whelming wave!

danger, To true love still I am a stranger, And

She has promis'd in hour of danger, To my presence there she was a stranger, And
half repent the vow I gave! To true love still I am a stranger, And

now repents the vow she gave! To my presence there she was a stranger, And

half repent the vow I gave, I half repent the vow I gave!

now repents the vow she gave, She now repents the vow she gave!
HENRI: Ah! the signal. Now, for an interview with the ghosts. They won’t like it, I am sure. Serpolette! Serpolette! Oh! pardon me—Marchioness! Marchioness! (Enter SERPOLETTE.)

SERP. That name, Marchioness, my lord, must meet a ready response.

HENRI. I merely wished to advise your ladyship that your expected visitors, the ghosts, are about to put in an appearance.

SERP. Oh, save me, my lord! I don’t want to meet them.

HENRI. Fear in the breast of the Marchioness De Lucsey? Why, I am surprised.

SERP. Right, my lord; I am once more on my dignity. Marchioness, if you please; don’t you forget it. But then, is there nothing more substantial for a Marchioness than ghosts? (Cries within.) Here they come! Here they come! Ah, save me! Help! The Marchioness is going to faint!

HENRI. Why, you silly creature! these are only my men! Look at this staunch little craft here, Gomaine, who fears no man!

GERM. My Lord, a ghost and a man are very different things!

(Enter GRENICHEUX, BAILLI, & SAILORS.)

HENRI. Now, Monsieur Le Bailli, we shall very soon have an opportunity of interviewing those precious ghosts of yours.

BAILLI. Your Excellency, one of your crew informs me that there is a boat on the river approaching the chateau, and that one man alone is in it.

GREN. Help! Help! Look at that phantom!

SERP. You donkey! It is only the curtain which I was pulling back.

GREN. A pull back? Oh, that is a very different thing.

HENRI. (Aside.) That miserable liar, Grenicheux! Won’t I make him smart for his intolerable falsehoods. (Aloud.) My men, this hall will be the first place where the ghosts will come. We must hide, so as to intercept them. Now some one must remain here on guard. Who shall it be?

A VERY SMALL SAILOR (steps forward). I, captain.

HENRI. Oh, no! You wouldn’t be a mouthful for a ghost. Let me see—I want the bravest man in the crew. Who is he? Ah! here he is! (Catches GRENICHUX on the back.) Come, boys, put him in yonder armor.

GREN. Oh, please your highness, I am scared out of my wits!

HENRI. So much the better. They are not of much use to you. Put him in the armor on wheels.

GREN. I shall die of fright!

HENRI. So much the better for the ghosts, and the worse for you. GREN. Let me go this time, my lord, and I promise never to come here again.

HENRI. Nonsense! You are just the man for the situation. Clap him in the armor! (The sailors place GRENICHUX in armor.)
and once inside, All the ghosts and phantoms too, he may deride!

As he's looking rather pale, Put, oh put him into

mail. Strong is the steel, and once inside, Yes! strong is the
steel, and once inside, All the ghosts and phantoms too, he may deride!

Largo.

Put him into mail, As he's pale!

HENRI. (Spoken) Stir, and you are a dead man!

GRENICHEUX.

May Heav'n pity take, How I shake!

\textit{tempo primo.}
Moderato.

Serp. & Germ.

Do not turn so pale!

Grenicheux.

Cold sweat is on my brow, Terror reigneth o'er me now, By iron

Henri.

Do not turn so pale!

Le Baili.

You are quite safe within your mail, thus girt about, Come what may, I cannot get out...

You are quite safe within your mail,
Do not turn so pale!
Cold sweat is on my brow,....... Terror reign - eth o'er me now,...... By i-ron

Do not turn so pale!

You're quite safe within your mail,.............
wall..... thus girt a - bout,..... I nev-er can...... get out! Oh dear, oh dear, oh

You're quite safe within your mail,.............
Now, a-dieu! Gren-i-cheux!
dear, what to do? Wretched Gren-i-cheux!

Why! oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, Gren-i-cheux!

Now, a-dieu! Gren-i-cheux!

Wretched Gren-i-cheux! Wretched Gren-i-cheux! Ah!

Now, a-dieu! Gren-i-cheux!

Ah!

Now, a-dieu! Gren-i-cheux!
(Exeunt Omnes except GRENACHEUX.)

GREN. Well, this is a nice fix! Mailed, and waiting for a ghost to put a postage stamp on me! What shall I do? I'd sink down, if this confounded armor would only permit me. What is that? A light, and coming this way! Who is it, or rather what is it? I must shut my eyes and pray, if I can, for protection.

(Enter GASPARD carrying a lantern.)

GASP. I wonder what has come over me to-night. I feel as if something was going to happen. What can it be? Pshaw, Gaspard! courage! Courage, man! Leave such idle fears to the boobies of yonder village!

GREN. (Aside.) I am afraid to look at it, whatever it is.

GASP. (Aside.) Why, Gaspard, old man, you are a fool! No one dare venture in this neighborhood after dark.

GREN. (Aside.) Here is one poor devil who has gone and done it!

GASP. And that old Baillí—what did he mean by his hints to-day? Can he suspect? No, no! And yet he seemed so positive! Bah! Cheer up, Gaspard! No one knows where you keep your savings bank. The old chateau of Corneville—what a hiding-place! No absconding cashier, no speculative president. (Rolls armor up with GRENACHEUX up drum.)

GREN. Mercy! Mercy!

GASP. What's the matter with you? Did you speak? Pshaw! An old armor that has rusted here for ages. Gaspard, if you go on like this, you will soon be as big a fool as any of the bumpkins of yonder village. (Places lantern and money bags on table.)

GREN. A narrow escape! Now I'm only an old rusty armor.

GASP. What did that old fool of a Baillí mean by his questions about the former Marquis and my administration of his affairs?

GREN. (Aside.) I think, upon my word, that I am going to faint!

GASP. (Lighting candles.) And only think of it—Germaine gone off with that foreign captain, when I had everything arranged for her wedding with the Baillí; and I shall have her back—I shall have her back! There is law in this country, even if it is Norman; and the Baillí shall have his bride, and I shall be then rid of him and her. She has been such a charge! Little did her father, the Marquis De Lucenay, think what a responsibility he placed on my shoulders, when he committed this child to my care. But I shall make a good thing out of it. (Lights candles.)

GREN. (Aside.) It is lighting up—now I am gone! Let me say my prayers.

GASP. My plans are too well laid to be discovered, unless one Marquis should come back to claim his inheritance, and the other to claim his daughter.

GREN. (Aside.) Why does it light so many candles?

GASP. What an ugly dream I have had! I thought that the Marquis De Lucenay came back and claimed his daughter from me.

GREN. (Aside.) What an ugly face this ghost has!

GASP. (Unlocking door and entering small room.) And now, for my precious gold, my darling treasure! Let me see it once again and add to it. My darling gold! My mistress that ever smiles on me!

GREN. Why, as I live, it is old Gaspard, that wretch of a musket! Heavens! He would kill me, if he should recognize me! Now, I must be wary in dealing with such an old sconce! (Enters in with bundle of gold.) Oh, my darling gold! My darling gold! Mistress of my heart! (Wrapping himself in a sheet.) By the way, I must not forget my ghost business. Here is a spiritual medium of the first water—terms moderate. Now, then, to perplex the boors of the village. Oh, confound this old armor (Pushes GRENACHEUX before him.)

GREN. Help! Help!

GASP. What did you say? Gaspard, you are an ass! Only a piece of rusty armor! Do you wish to be afraid of your own ghosts? (Goes to window and waves sheet.) There now, if any country bumpkin sees me, he will rush home and tell his folks that the devils are holding high carnival in the chateau of Corneville! By the way, if ever I catch that miserable fisherman, Grenacheux, I'll kill him! (Runs armor up and down.)

GREN. Police! Police!

GASP. What's that you say? Pshaw! only imagination! Now only think of it—the Baillí, Germaine, the Marquis and the accounts. Ah, here is something to console me! My gold! my gold! my darling gold! (Sits down to table, opens bags of gold, and counts his money.)
LOVE, HONOR, HAPPINESS.

No. 16. 

FINALE.

Moderato. 

GASP.

Love, honor, happiness, moon of honey, What are they all composed of? Come, let me clutch thee, beautiful money, Earth's one bright thing that never grows old!

Gaspard! I swear! what does he there? That ancient cabinet's best of all banks, And there lie my money bags in ranks! All solid coin, all yellow ore, And better
Grenicheux.

His secret's out, 'tis very clear, His money old Gaspard keeps

still, I bring some more!

Allegretto.

here!

Gaspard.

There have I purple linen fine, Viands of price and rarest wine! Wit, learning,

mind.... for all of these, Money can give, if so I please, Money can give, if so I

Cl.
Merry can give, if so he please! No minstrel ever sang or please!

Gren.

told, A strain so sweet as clink of gold, No minstrel ever sang or told, A strain so

sweet as clink of gold, Minstrel ne'er sung, or minstrel e'er told, Strain so sweet as clink of
gold!

GASPARD.

Want I love! plenty of it there! None but the rich deserve the fair! I may be

ugly, bald and old, Only let me woo with gold, Only let me woo with

GREN.

Only let him woo with gold! No minstrel ever sang or

gold!
After duet, the bells are heard. Gaspard pauses in dismay. He recognizes Robin, and rushing to the place where his gold is concealed, he throws himself on it as it were to protect it. The curtain at back rises and all enter. A guard unbinds Robin and he also confronts Gaspard.

Terror struck, Gaspard’s first impulse is to collect his money bags on the table, and
put them away, but his trembling limbs scarce bear him across the room.

HENRI.

Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still over your line keeping


Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still over your line keeping

Gren. Tenor.

Silent heroes from out the mighty past, Still over your line keeping

Le Baili. Basses.
Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped, and lights now on your wick-ed head! So tremble, old man,
We are thy doom! Rising from field and from sea and tomb! We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,

we will hunt thee down! Never leave thee, ne'er release thee. Here or in the town, Whither thou may'st fare,
We'll be there to scare! All the day you will see, And if you dream, there too we'll be! Ah yes! we are ghosts!

Vengeance is sped, And lights now on your wicked head; Then tremble, old man! We are thy doom!
Tremble, old man! We are thy doom! Rising from sea and field and tomb, We are thy doom! Good, my

Again the bells chime, and old Gaspard, believing the legend to be true, and that his hour of doom is come, loses his head.

HÉRÉL.

lord, pity that old man, See how he stares, his brain is reeling. For you I lift the

curse and the ban, Tho' not for his sake who for others had no feeling.
Gaspard rises, with an imbecile smile as the bells sound, saying, "The Bells? Yes!

I know—I know—for the marriage of Germaine and the Baili!"

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong, So the legend runneth, so the old men tell!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, when the heir returneth, will clang the bell.
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding

ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding

ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding

ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding

bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,

Continue Bells ad lib. to the end.

bom, bom, bom, bom,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
ding dong, ding dong bell, When the heir returneth will clang the bell. Ding dong, ding, dong, ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding dong bell, ding dong bell! Ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding dong bell, ding long, ding dong bell! Ding dong, ding, ding dong bell, ding long, ding dong bell!
ding dong, ding dong, dong, When the long lost heir return-eth, will clang the bell. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong the bell! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong the bell! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, Ding dong bell! Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! ding dong bell! Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding, dong ding dong, ding dong bell! ding dong bell! ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! ding dong bell! ding dong, Ding dong, ding, dong, ding dong,
Gaspard staggers to the table and falls senseless on his foot. Picture. Curtain slow.
ACT III

ENTR'ACTE AND DANCE.

Allegretto.

Curtain rises.

DANCE.
Scene. — The stage, to its full extent, represents a park, with statue and shrubbery. This scene is as gay and brilliant as possible.

Grand Tableau of Dancing. Gaspard wanders about insane. All make fun of him.

Gertrude. Poor old Gaspard! he is insane beyond all hope.

All the Girls. A madman! he may injure us.

Gertrude. Don't be afraid. He cannot do any harm. He is simply an imbecile ever since he heard the bells of Corneville, which astonished him. Let him alone.

No. 17.

Song of the Beggars.

Moderato.

Gaspard.

Aye! aye! aye! the good old times Have come back again, I am thinking,

When I heard the castle chimes, Hundred of years retour'd like winking! Oh! the
brave days will come back, And my band of beggars lusty, With a

wallet for our pack,.... And our coats and throats aye dusky! Come,

tramp each merry loon, And troll beneath the moon. Toor-al loor-la lay!.....

Tempo.

Toor-al loor-al toor-la loor-al toor-al la!

Tempo.
And it's we the maids who charm, Nev-er mind how old our dress...... is, All the

las - ses at the farm,... For the beg-gars have car - es - ses; And tho'

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(Gaspard sinks into a chair. Enter Baili, Peasant Girls surrounding him.)

Peasant Girls. My dear Baili! Why, how well you look! Where have you been? You seem worried. What has become of the bride? How about the honeymoon? Have you brought her back, or has she given you the slip?

Baili. Be quiet, for goodness' sake. Never, in my life, have I had such a succession of queer adventures. Bells, ghosts, the return of the Marquis, crazy Gaspard, and the grand transformation of everything, have well nigh turned my head. Then, only think of little Serpolette and that fisherman, Grenicheux.

All. Please, tell us about them.

Baili. Well, the court has examined into the question of Serpolette's claim. They found that the page was removed from the register, at the date of the 16th of May, 1667. But the proofs are in favor of Serpolette, and show that she is the daughter of the Marquis De Lucenay. Therefore, the court decides in her favor.

Gren. (Within.) Here comes her Serene Highness, the Marchioness De Lucenay, and her noble factorum, the Honorable Jean Grenicheux.

Baili. Only listen to that scoundrel!

All. Oh, what a magnificent turnaround! What a grand lady!

Gert. Why, girls, it is our Serpolette!

[Enter Serpolette and Grenicheux]
THERE SHE GOES, WITH HORSES PRANCING.

No. 18.

CHORUS & SONG.

SERPOLETTE, GENICHEUX & CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

Tenors.

There she goes, with horses prancing! Well may the folk chuckle and stare; Satins shining, feathers dancing, And her nose well in the air!

Basses.
There she goes, with horses prancing! Well may the folk chuckle and stare; Satins shining,

feathers dancing, and her nose well in the air!

Grey. "I beg to announce Her Highness, the Countess de Lucenay."
What! back again! What! back again!

Serp.

I've come— you see! How are you, Trumperry!

Trumperry! Trumperry!

Trumperry! Trumperry!
At a countess you are gaping, so let nothing you be 'scaping, You're amazed

don't conceal, For ev'ry thing is costly, And ev'ry thing is real.... Just look at that, just look at

this! I do not think that I'm a-miss! Just look up here, just look down there, I rather
like to see you stare! And me! And me! At me too please, be staring!

Observe my noble bearing! Shut up! factotum, do! Be silent, for I can speak for two! Now ere I go away, I've
something yet to say, So lis - ten, pray!

Allegro.

Tho' no more plain ser - polette, And cho' dress'd up in grand toilette, By ev'ry one it is allowed,

That I'm not the least bit proud, For still my mem'ry will re-call, The time I had no
a tempo.

dress at all! Tho' I've riches quite un-ending, You will find me condescending, You will

find me condescending, Call me then just as before,

Serpoulette, Serpoulette, nothing more! Call me then just as before, Serpoulette, Serpoulette, nothing more!
Call me then, just as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!

We will call her as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!
Serp.

Silk is very fine, no doubt, But in silk, I can't kick about, And grand food too I thought divine;

Ah! my friends, I was mistaken, Nicer far your eggs and bacon, Cider's better

a tempo.

too than wine! Of my grandeur I am weary, And I find my town-house dreary. Yes! I
find my town-house dream-ery! Call me then, just as before,

Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more! Call me then, just as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!

Call me then, just as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!

We will call her as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!
Call me then, just as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!

We will call her as before, Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more!