THE CIDER SONG.

No. 19

SONG & CHORUS.

SERPENTINE & CHORUS.

Moderato quasi Allegretto.

Normandy pippin's good all over, Where is the girl wont have a slice? 'Twas Mother Eve did first discover, How good it was in Paradise! Grapes they say, hung round her in plenty, Other
fruits a hundred and sixty! But she, I've heard, an apple preferred! A juicy one Eve
ste the first, Or else tradition's believed her, And as it slaked the lady's thirst, She

Allegretto.
said, "what a good thing is cider!"

Live, good cider, drink divine, 'tis better far than

all your wine, Good for maiden, man and boy, And good in grief and joy, ... grief and joy!
Live good cider, drink divine, 'Tis better far than all your wine!

Good for maiden, man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!
If Eve did wrong she has my pity, For she was only one year old, And in our times each maiden pretty, Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold! O the fretting laughter and singing through the orchard merrily ringing, Apples are tossed, and hearts are lost! And if a girl be won this day, I wish good luck may be-tide her, And that both in their moments gay, May
bless the invention of cider!

Live, good cider, drink divine, 'Tis better far than all your wine. Good for maiden, man and boy, and good in grief and joy, grief and joy.

Live, good cider, drink divine, 'Tis better far than all your wine!
Good for maiden, man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

Good for maiden, man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

(Enter Henri.)

HENRI. (clapping his hands.) Bravo! Bravo! Excellent!

SERV. Good gracious! the Marquis to find me, a Countess, dancing the cancan.

BAILL. My lord, I was just remarking to the noble Countess De Lussey.

HENRI. Yes, so, I perceived, with your toes. Let me not interrupt you. So, my dear Countess, you have come back to us again.

SERV. Well, yes, Marquis. My first idea was to present to the court of Versailles, and the royal palace just suited me.

HENRI. Did you wish to purchase it?

SERV. Yes, but I changed my mind. I grew tired of having all the great lords of the court at my feet.

HENRI. Imploring one kind word.

SERV. Dukes, marquises, barons, all suppliants for my favor.

HENRI. Begging a single smile—

SERV. Yet I could not bring myself to forsake you all. I said if I must buy a castle, or palace somewhere, why not give Normandy the first show? Now there's yours, Marquis. What will you take for your castle?

HENRI. Well, really, it's not yet in the market.

SERV. If it should be, consider me a bidder—with all its former terrors it is dear to me as having been so long the repository of the records of my birth and station.

HENRI. Now, my friends, make yourselves at home. Monsieur Sheriff, will you act as escort for Mademoiselle to the castle, and also show all the other guests what is to be seen.

BAILL. Ah! such an honor, with the most profound pleasure.

SERV. Oh, Monsieur, you are too kind. (Takes his arm.)

BAILL. Happiness excessive. Follow me, friends. (Execut Omnès except Marquis.)

HENRI. Poor little Serpolette! What a disappointment it will be to her, when the truth becomes known. And sweet Germaine, how I have learned to love her. I must disabuse her mind, sometime, of her fancied obligations to that lying scoundrel, Grenieux. Ah! here comes the rascal, looking like a popinjay. (Retires up stage. Enter Gren.)

GREN. I cannot stand this any longer. Suppose she has become a titled lady, that is no reason why she should treat me like a dog. Give me Germaine any day before her. I'll give up the Marquise for Gaspard's niece. She thinks that I saved her life by rescuing her from drowning.

HENRI. (coming forward.) Indeed! So my coachman saves young ladies from drowning!

GREN. Yes, my lord, it was a most daring and successful effort on your part.

HENRI. Pray, tell me all about this wonderful adventure.
THAT NIGHT I'LL NE'ER FORET.

No. 20.

SONG.

GRÉGORY.

Tempo di Valse.

That night I'll ne'er forget, .......

In the late ....... sun ray glow -

- ing; In fancy hear I yet......... The long bil - low......... ebb - ing, flow -
When should I see sinking under the tide, But a fair, and innocent maid.

Twas but a moment, I was by her side, And for shore I made, beauty-lad.

Ah! she, as still she lay,....... On my arm, as on a pill.
low, More lovely seem'd than say. . . . Or sea-nymph gleaming beneath the billow!

Then thought I, "Ah! if thou, wert always mine as now, Life then were sweet, sweet unto me; . . ."

But if the heart I save, from this cold cruel wave, May not be mine, let me die with thee! Then sure a spirit hand. . . . With a gentle touch and tend i
Gather near, Brought safe unto the strand,
That fair maiden young and lean.

Oboe.

Ad lib.

大理! Life came back as she sighed,
Her waking glance met mine.

And grateful then she cried, "I and my..."
(Enter Germaine unperceived.)

Henri. You unconceivable liar! So you claim the credit of rescuing Germaine from a watery grave. Now, here is my answer. (Strikes him.)

Germin. Oh, my lord, pardon! pardon! I didn't do it.

Henri. You rascal! Don't you recollect that I was the captain of a certain vessel, which was off the coast at the time, and that I rescued the lady in question, from a watery grave, and afterwards confined her to your care. Now you claim all the credit of having rescued her.

Germin. My lord! I acknowledge all.

Henri. Now, then, you rascal, go to Germaine and acknowledge the truth, only don't mention my name. If you fail, I shall hang you from the battlements of the castle.

Germaine. (rushing forward.) Enough, my lord! then you are the preserver of my life, not this cowardly rascal?

Henri. My dear Germaine!

Germin. I have heard all. My life is yours; begone, miserable scoundrel!

Germin. Oh! I'm off. It was not an agreeable secret after all.

(Knit Germaine.)
MY LORD—MY LORD.

No. 21.

DUET.

Germaine & Henri.


My lord! My lord!

Silly heart is beating. For oh! I feel I am your

thrall! And that to you, I owe life, fortune, all! My debt I
cannot help repeating?

Henri.

You told me that a vow you

Germ.

Your bride, a
gave........

To him who saved you from the wave, I claim thy hand with thy plighted vow.

Moderato.

Henri.

servant? Oh! no. my lord!

And shall I at thy lot be raving, Who all these years have round the globe been
sailing, sometimes simple tar 'fore the mast, with biscuit hard, for sole repast! Oft pov-
erty has been my neighbor, but if I've suffered, I've had my reward!

I learnt that e'en the proudest lord, may give the hand to honest labor! Without a blush the proudest lord, may make with honest la-

Ped.
Allegro Moderato.

GERMAINE.

'Tis not that I am servant lowly, That I break vow ho-ly; Good my

lord, to your lightest wish, I'd bend me low, For love to the poor is a dow-er;

But Gaspard's niece hath cause to cow-er. Wed you whom he wrong'd? no, no, no!...... Wed you whom he
wrong'd! no! no! no!...

Henri.

Thy last word then is, no!

Tis not that I am servant lowly
That I break vow

For me thou art not servant lowly;
Why then break vow

holy; Good my Lord, to your lightest wish I'd bend me low,

holy! Thou art to me, my queen, to whom I bend me low,
For love to the poor is a dow-er, But Gaspard's niece hath cause to
Thy pure love is no-blest dow-er, And ne'er shalt thou have cause to
cow-er. Wed you whom he wrong'd No, no, no!........... Wed you whom he
cow-er. Say not to my plea-ding then no!............. Ah! I im-
wrong'd! Ah! no, no!
plors! Say not, no!
OLD MAN! I PARDON THEE.

No. 22. FINALE.

CHORUS.

Henri.

Old man! I pardon thee with greatest pleasure, if thou didst


fin-ger and hoard up my gold, Here I have it back twenty fold; Germaine's my wealth, my hoard, my
SERPOLETTE.

Well! my fate's very shady, Not Marquise, nor simple lady, What pursuit to follow treasure!

GERMAINE.

Nay! come with me, till your fortune shall mend—

Please, your grace, come and milk the Cow!

GERMAINE.

As my girlhood's friend! One thing I plainly see, No one asks me!
Ah! the bells ring! I am glad! They are my friends, nor drive me mad!

Ah! the bells ring!

Ah! the bells ring!

Dost thou understand, my Germaine, Why floats that chime now o'er the bells?

Gladness in that voice rings again.... For 'tis a sound, love, of marriage bells!
Ring! ring out far and wide! For our lord and for his bride!

Germaine.

Moderate.

Dear friends of my youth—think not we are parted, here where I have lived, I ever hope to dwell! Noble I may be yet not more true hearted,
Than the little Germane whom you lov'd so well! 
Hark! the happy bell!....

ev'er gent-ly chio-ling Like an old-en friend that bids the wand-’rer home!

For me leg-ent sweet of love and friendship rhyming, Say-ing "nev-er more from the old place roam!"
CHORUS.

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

Saying "Never more from the old place roam!" Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell! When the long lost heir return-eth will clang the bell!

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

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

Curtain.
THERE'S MAGIC MUSIC.

LOVE, THE MINSTREL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

There's magic music in my bosom beating, But

mesto mosso.

whence the music comes I cannot tell; Yet sweet the wordless song it

sempre.

keeps repeating, Until I seem to know its meaning well! No

a piacere.

col canto.
soft-er lul-la-By will hush the flow-ers, By zeph-yr blown at close of day.

No
dolc.

gentler strain e'er woke the sleeping bow-ers, When love-birds warble on... the spray! Ah......

Ped.

Voaes.

Love, the min-strel thou!.............. I know the sing'er now,.............. And

p

love is yet love's song........ Love me dear-ly, love me long!..... Ah yes,
ad lib. con Chorus.

Solo.

Love, the min - strel thou;................... I know the

Soprani unis.

mf

And love is yet love's

singer now,............... Love me dear - ly, love.... me long.

song,..................... Love me long.
2d Verse. I

fear not now the lead-en hand of sorrow, 'Twill pass as light-ly as a summer's night; For

a piacere.

love's di-vi-ner song brings on the mor-row, As sure-ly as the dawn leads on the light. The

col canto.

ten-der song that hope is ever sing-ing, The ru-dest wind can never still, And
sure the comfort that strain aye is bringing, With joy the heart to cheer and thrill. For..........

Valse.

Love, the minstrel thou!............... I know the singer now............... And

p

Love is yet love's song........ Love me dearly, love me long!...... Ah! yes,

af lib.

Love, the minstrel thou;................ I know the
Singer now,......................... And love is yet love's

song,....................... Love me dearly, love.... me long.

Love me long.