No. 16. NINE-PINS SONG & CHORUS—“On the Grassy Banks of Scheldt.”
2nd Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.

**Allegro. Sopranos.**

Say, my lads, what game we’ll play?

**Tenors.**

Moonlight! as clear as day!

Say, my lads, what game we’ll play?

**Basses.**

Lo! the silver moonlight, as clear as day!

Say, my lads, what game we’ll play?

**Piano.**

Lo! the silver moonlight, as clear as day!

**Meno mosso. 2nd Lieutenant.**

On the grassy banks of Scheldt, That glides by with a tide scarce felt, There the folks meet of a day, The
old to smoke, the young to play! Of all games that give a zest To pipes and beer Nine-pins are best!

Set them up! the champion call, Now toe the mark and poise the ball! There! it rolls like

thun - der, Rends the pins a - sun - der! Down—down they go!.....

SOPRANOS. (à bouche fermée.)

Ah!

TENORS. (à bouche fermée.)

Ah!

BASSES. (à bouche fermée.)

Ah!
All: nine lie low! Live the game of Nine-pins! The fine old game of Nine-pins!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

By the banks of Scheldt we played them, Ah! long time ago! (Live the game of Nine-pins! The

fine old game of Nine-pins!) While the Elders quaff'd and smok'd, wise and slow!
Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of
Scheilt we play’d them, ah! long time a-go!… Live the game of Nine-pins! The
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long a-go!

2ND LIEUT.

Live the game of Nine-pins!
Scheilt we play’d them, ah! long time a-go!
Scheilt we play’d them, ah! long time a-go!… Live the game of Nine-pins! The
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long a-go!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long a-go!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long a-go!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long a-go!
2nd Lieutenant.

When we left the low Dutch strand, And with it all the joys of land! "Fare-well all!" then did we say, "We've done with Nine-pins many a day!" But our skipper cried "Not so! you'll have a game before you know!"

There's a ship! To quarters call, They're the pipes, and you've the ball! Let it roll like thunder! Tear their planks a-sunder! Down—down they go!..."
All now lie low! Live the game of Nine-pins! The fine old game of Nine-pins!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

By the banks of Scheldt we played them, Ah! long time ago! (Live the game of Nine-pins! The fine old game of Nine-pins!) While the elders quaff'd and smok'd, wise and slow!
Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of
Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of
Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

2nd Lieut.

Live the game of Nine-pins! The Schelde we play’d them, ah! long time ago! Live the game of Nine-pins! The Schelde we play’d them, ah! long time ago! Live the game of Nine-pins! The Schelde we play’d them, ah! long time ago! Live the game of Nine-pins! The

fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d and lov’d, ah! long ago!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long ago!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long ago!
fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play’d, ah! long ago!
No. 17. SERENADE—"My Pipe!"—1st Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.

Allegretto amoroso.

I've had lady-loves in my day, With lips rose-red, and a lustrous eye... And I've witness'd the rose decay, The beauty fade, and the love-light die! But my latest love will last...

... When follies of youth are past... My pipe... my pipe. O breathe full
South, ... From thy cool amber mouth, ... Let my fond grasp entwine ... 

(Bouche fermée) (sea, lower,)

Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah! ... 

Thy slim figure divine! ... Thy kindling eye, ... And thy odorous 

sea, lower, 

Ah! ... Ah! ... 

Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah! ... 

sigh, ... Are more marvellous far, my far... Than a love told by light of the star! 

sea, lower, 

Ah! ... 

Ah! ... 

O breathe full South, From thy cool amber mouth, Let my fond grasp en-

O breathe full South, Thy amber mouth,

Ist Lieutenant.

Thy kindling eye, Thy slim figure divine! 

Let me entwine Thy shape divine! Thy kindling eye,

And thy odorous sigh, Are more rapturous far, ay far. Than a love told by light of the

And thy odorous sigh, Are more rapturous far, 

The eye! Thy od'rous sigh, Ah! The eye! Thy od'rous sigh, Ah!
2nd Verse.

star! 2. Wo-men sometimes will prove un-kind, Ca-pri-cious beau-ty will be, I know, Poo-r man's tor-ment time out o'

star!

star!

mind, Now warm as I nd, and now cold as snow! But my pipe is mistress and friend.

...

When love and il-lus-sion end! My pipe! my pipe! ... O breathe full
South, From thy cool amber mouth, Let my fond grasp entwine.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Thy slim figure divine! Thy kindling eye, And thy odorous sigh,

Are more rapturous far, ay! far Than a love told by light of the star!
O breathe full South, Thy amber mouth,
From thy cool amber mouth, Let my fond grasp encircle

Thy kindling eye,
Let me entwine Thy shape divine!

And thy odorous sigh, Are more rapturous far, ay! far! Than a love told by light of the star!

Thy odorous sigh, Ah!

The star!
No. 18. PAS SEUL.—(a) Danse des Buveurs. (b) Pas de Fascination.

(a) Danse des Buveurs.

(b) Pas de Fascination.
(She takes goblet and offers to Riv.)

(I He refuses.)

Lento.

(b) Pas de Fascination.
No. 19. FINALE, ACT II.—SESTETT & CHORUS—“Slumber, Mortal!”
(Tutti & Chorus.)
2nd L.

till thou'rt old! ... Winter, summer, o'er thee pass,

3rd L.

till thou'rt old! ... Winter, summer, o'er thee pass,

4th L.

till old! ... Years o'er thee will slowly pass,

1st L.

till old! ... Years will o'er thee pass,

R.

H.

till old! ... Years will o'er thee pass,

till thou'rt old! ... Years, years o'er thee will slowly pass,

till old! ... Years will o'er thee pass,

till old! ... Years will o'er thee pass,
Hear nor cold thou'lt know, alas! Sleep, mortal, sleep! Slumber, slumber,

Thou'lt not know, alas! Slumber, slumber.

Thou'lt not know, alas! Ah!

Thou'lt not know, alas! Slumber,

(Half awaking.)

Ah, hear!h!

Thou'lt not, not know, alas! Slumber,

Thou'lt not know, alas! Ah! ah!

Thou'lt not know, alas! Slumber,

Thou'lt not know, alas! Slumber,

ella voce.

p desist.
mortal bold,
Nor awake till thou'rt old!

mortal bold,
Nor awake till thou'rt old!

mortal bold,
Nor awake till old!

mortal bold, Yes, slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake till old!

mortal bold,
Wake not till thou'rt old!

mortal bold,
Nor wake till old!

mortal bold,
Nor wake till old!
2ND L.

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

3RD L.

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

4TH L.

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

5TH L.

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

R.

Rip (half-awaking).

H.

Un poco animato.

on! Till twenty years are past and gone. Thou shalt slumber on!

on!

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

on!

Thy doom shall be to slumber on!

2ND LIEUT.

When dead in dreamless sleep... Thy dream! Gretchen! Gretchen! I rave!

3RD LIEUT.

Andante assai.
wife for thee shall weep! ... Happy days of yore ... Thou shalt know ... never more!

I dream!

Gretchen!

Ped.

2nd L.

ad lib.

3rd L.

for - got!

Slum - ber, slum - ber,

4th L.

for - got!

Slum - ber, slum - ber,

1st L.

ad lib.

for - got!

Slum - ber,

R.

Death in life be thy lot, For - get - ting and for - got!

for - got!

Ah!

for - got!

for - got!

Ah! ah!

for - got!

Slum - ber,

for - get - ting and for - got!

for - got!

Slum - ber,

f

stent.

Ped.

Rip cries "Gretchen!" and falls motionless on stage.
(The phantom crew still pointing at Rip van Winkle, commence slowly to sink through the stage.)

(Stage empty—save for Rip, on whom shines a ray of moonlight. Curtain slow.)

End of Act II.
ACT III.-SCENE I.

(a) ENTR'ACTE.

(b) WOODCUTTERS' CHORUS.

Piano:

Moderato a la barcarola.

unu poco animato.

Flute.

Sax.

Clar.
CHORUS OF WOODCUTTERS* (Behind the Scenes).

Tenors, Allegraio risoluto.

Basses.

Before our broad axes, Lo! they fall! The

Before our broad axes, Lo! they fall! The

Piano.

kings of the forest old and tall!

kings of the forest old and tall!

* If possible this Chorus should be sung unaccompanied, or supported by instruments behind.
While our blows gaily ring, Let us sing! Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Soon upon our raft we'll glide! Yo-ho! Yo-ho! On the mighty Hudson's tide!

Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah!
SCENE II.

No. 20. (a) ELECTION CHORUS—“Whatever may be Won.”
(b) COUPLETS & ENSEMBLE—“Ladies Cannot sit in Congress.”
(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.T.B.)
his connections, Though that’s usually done! Whatever may be won, In this after —

(The girls distribute blue and yellow rosettes to men and boys.)

noon’s elections, Let us think of Washington, George Washington!

noon’s elections, Let us think of Washington, George Washington!

noon’s elections, Let us think of Washington, George Washington!

dolor allegretto assai.

Let your colours, on to glory, Whether you be Wigg or Tory!

P Allegretto assai.
Early and oft we'll vote. . . .
Let that be your key note! . . .

TENORS.

Early and oft we'll
BASSES.

Early and oft we'll

Let your colours, on to glory, Whether you be Whig or Tory!

vote! . . . Blue or yellow, on to glory, Whether we be Whig or

vote! . . . Blue or yellow, on to glory, Whether we be Whig or

Ear-ly and of-ten vote, . . . Let that be your key note! . . .

TENORS.

Early and oft we'll vote, That's our key note! . . .

TENORS.

Early and oft we'll vote, That's our key note! . . .

TENORS.
Thee, great Washington, we sing,
No more ruled by prince or king, Great Washington we sing,
No more ruled by prince or king, Not ruled by prince or king, Great Washington we sing,

Now we sing! Whatsoever may be won, In this after-

Now we sing! Whatsoever may be won, In this after-

Now we sing! Whatsoever may be won, In this after-

(Pointing to signboard.)

noon's elections, Let us think of Washington! Square and straight is Washington! Gives no place to
his connections, though that's usually done! Whatever may be won, in this after -
noon's elections, let us think of Washington, George Washington! (Enter Katrina, dressed as a lady of quality, and accompanied by six others in full dress.)
Ladies cannot sit in Congress, true! But at least we rule o'er them that do,

Office seekers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us; Government 'tis we! As you will see!

Ladies cannot sit in Congress, true! But at least we rule o'er them that do,

Office seekers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us; Government 'tis we! As you will see!
Tenors.

Pure love of country inspires us,
No thought of interest.

Basses.

Pure love of country inspires us,
No thought of interest.

Remember

In Customs, or may be, Post-master-ship,
Remember

If a berth you see,

Katrina & Sopranos.

Ladies cannot sit in Congress?
True!
But at me!

Pure love of country inspires us,

me!

Pure love of country inspires us,

me!
least we rule o'er them that do! Of-office-seek-ers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us!

No thought of interest fires us, But if a berth you see, In Custom,

No thought of interest fires us, But if a berth you see, In Custom,

GoVERN-ment? 'Tis we! as you shall see! Vote ye then for whom you will, Congressmen are

or may be, Postmas-ter-ship, re-mem-ber me!

or may be, Postma-st-er-ship, re-mem-ber me!

puppets still! Elect the man of your de-sires, We'll pull the wires! Vote ye then for whom you will;

Vote we then for whom we will,

Vote we then for whom we will,
Congress men are puppets still! Elect the man of your desires. We still will pull, yes! pull the wires! Still we'll pull, yes!

Congress men are puppets still! Elect the man of our desires, They still will pull, yes! pull the wires! Still they'll pull, yes!

Congress men are puppets still! Elect the man of our desires, They still will pull, yes! pull the wires! Still they'll pull, yes!

(pointing to signboard.)

What so ever may be won, In this afternoon's elections, Let us think of Washington!
Square and straight is Washington! Gives no place to his connections, though that's usually done! Whatsoever may be won, in this afternoon's elections, let us think of Washington, George Washington!

(dialogue.)
No. 21. RONDO—"Yes, No, and Nothing at all."—(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.)

Katrina.

Allegretto.

1. Folks do say, who are wise and able, That when tongues got all mixt at Babel, One there was no force could baulk, Language that all lovers

ad lib.

SOPRANOS, mf

1. Folks do say, who are wise and able, That when tongues got all mixt at Babel, One there was no force could
In our time then, it little matters, Double Dutch if the lady

knock, Language that all lovers talk!

chatter, But in court-beg our woman kind, Their topography just bear in mind. The Boston

girls always answer "No!" New York maidens always answer "Yes!" But here away, The lasses

they just don't say anything and let you guess! The Boston girls always answer "No!" New York

maidens always answer "Yes!" But here away, The lasses they just don't say anything and let you guess!
2. Were I man, I'd ne'er be decoy'd in Ardent love with prude or with hoyden, True with girls the proverb old— "Words are silvern, silence—"

ad lib.

SOPRANOS. mf

Glance and sigh need no translation, Love's the same in ev'ry old— "Words are silvern, silence—" gold!"
nation, But in court-lag our woman-kind, Their topography just bear in mind. The Boston girls always answer "No!" New York maidens always answer "Yes!" But here away, The lasses they just don't say anything and let you guess! The Boston girls always answer "No!" New York maidens always answer "Yes!" But here away, the lasses they just don't say anything and let you guess!
No. 22.  LETTER SONG—"True Love from o'er the Sea."—(Alice.)

Moderato non troppo.

I dare not break the seal! What fear, what doubt I feel... I've liv'd so long with sorrow,

I tremble at each morrow! With fond doubt my heart will chill... Lives and loves he still?

Sad heart, thou'st much to blame. Did he not write this name? Ah!... come
now what will, He lives and loves me still!... Loves me still! Loves me still! Ah!

True love from o'er the sea, I long for thee, Come back to me... Wand'rer o'er ang'ry foam, Come! make my lov-ing heart thy home! Ah!... Come back to me! Wand'rer o'er ang'ry foam, Make this lov-ing heart thy home!
Opening letter.) Ah, me! a

fight a-gain! A wreck toss'd on the main! Then in strange prison lying,

With wounded and with dy-ing! Nought but sorrow ev'ry where, Sorrow and despair! (Reads again.)

Yet no, again he's free! He's coming back to Ah! a-
way with pain, my brave boy comes again! Comes again! Comes again! Ah!

True love from o'er the sea, I long for thee, Come back to me! Wander o'er

an-gry foam, Come! make my loving heart thy home! Ah! Come

back to me! Wander o'er an gry foam, Make this loving heart thy home!
No. 23. HAMMOCK SONG & CHORUS—“Rock’d upon the Billow!”
(Lieutenant van Slous & Chorus.)

Moderato quasi allegretto.

1. Oh! proud and high the feeling, O’er the sailor stealing,
   To the core, When half a gale is blowing, And his ship is going, Fast from shore.
   Staunch is the craft that bears him on, O’er the verge, lands lies to be won, Harvests there are beyond the foam, To
   reap for those he loves at home! Ay! harvests lie beyond the foam, To reap for those he loves at home!
Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry storm.
In fair dream to my pillow, Come many a dear and vanish'd form.
Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry storm.
Ah! rock'd upon the billow, To slumber by the angry

In fair dream to my pillow, Comes a lov'd form!

Ah! rock'd upon the billow, To slumber by the angry

In fair dream to his pillow, Comes a lov'd form!

Ah! rock'd upon the billow, To slumber by the angry
Seamen death or danger Seldom is a stranger, Watch or sleep! From gulf of water wander,

To the battle's thunder, O'er the deep!... Foes may start from ev'ry wave,

And ev'ry billow be his grave! But e'en when death or danger's near, The thought of home his heart will cheer! The death and danger may be near, Yet thoughts of home his heart will cheer!
Ah! . . . . Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry storm, . . . In fair dream to my pillow, Come many a dear and vanish'd form, . . . Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry storm, . . . In fair dream to my pillow, Come many a dear and vanish'd
Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry
ing strom!

Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry
ing strom!

Ah! rock'd up on the billow, To slumber by the angry
ing strom!

In fair dream to my pillow, Comes a lov'd form!

In fair dream to his pillow, Comes a lov'd form!

In fair dream to his pillow, Comes a lov'd form!
No. 24.  

SONG——“Truth in the Well.”—Rip.

Rip.

Allegretto.

on the noon-tide brink,  Yet hotter, Yet hotter!  And ilko that

sun,  Me-thinks too I would drink...  But wat-er, But wat-er!

Who could this fore-tell?  My cel-lar is a well...  And a moss-grown buck-et

collas voce.
for my glass. Of good wine be ref., With not a crony left,

(He looks into bucket and starts.)

It is not a loving cup I quaff—a last!

Ped. un poco animato.

Ah! me! What is't I see? Dull eye, white hair, and wrinkled brow? No, no! poor Rip, it is not thou, it is not then! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
trouble! That topers, when the subtle potion works, See
double, See double! Well, it may be so! (In-
collo voce.

deed it’s true, I know!) But has water then the same effect?

If not, who was he A staring so at me, That the crystal water did but

(Looking again into bucket.)

now reflect? Yes! yes!

Ped.
He's there again! Dull eye, white hair, and wrinkled brow... No, no! poor

poco rit.

Rip, it is not thou, it is not thou! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who that old man was

poco rit.

cannot guess, But in water I believe so much the less...

Yet man-kind, time out of mind, The lying legend told and tell, That Truth lives at the bottom

pianissimo, pp

of a well!
No. 25. TRIO—“I Know you not!” (Alice, van Slous, & Rip.)

ALICE. *pizzicato.*

I know you not! my father's dead!

VAN SLOUS.

Old man! I fear your reason's

PIANO.

Allegro moderate.

RIP. *ad lib.*

Said I... Mad? No, no!...

If I'm old...

Andante assai.

Alice.

Thy

Think not I'm speaking wild... Then thou art... yes! thou art my

Duet.
Daughter! I, thy daughter? The world and time have made
Thy intellect to child!

(To Van Slous.) /64

Trotter, Thy memory's decay'd! Oh, cruel! sad! The old man's

\(\text{Alice.}\)

\(\text{Van S.}\)

\(\text{RIP. (overhearing Alice).}\)

No, no! I am not mad! A cruel lot
fancy be recalling One distant sunny gleam, If peace be on him falling, Oh!

memory be recalling A distant sunny gleam, Peace on my mind is falling, And

let the old man dream!

oh! 'tis not a dream!

here seems new and strange, Then how... recall the past?
Ah! I know!... the songs!... The happy songs we sung... long, long ago!

DOLCE.

ALICE.

Let him rave... let ter vo! I can think no strain up on!... My mem'ry's gone!... Poor wander'd brain!... What was not,

VAN S. (aside).

RIP. (aside).

ALICE (aside).
cannot come again!
In vain, in vain!

(He tries to recall a phrase.)

These little heads...

Poor weary brain!

Ah!... at last!... These little heads, now golden, Silvered one day may be. Trembling, and frail, and
A.  

V. S.  

R.  

old - en, (That day I may not see!) But tho' flow - ers may pe - rish, And tho'  

A.  

V. S.  

R.  

youth may de - cay, Still your love, dear ones, cher - ish, For love is young for  

A.  

V. S.  

R.  

aday! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye!  

aday! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye!  

aday! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye! We'll love each o - ther, and for aye!
No. 26.  

CHORUS—"Some Say."—(S.S.T.B.)

SOPRANOS.

Tenors.

Basses.

Piano.

Moderato.

Leggeramente.

Some say, now that the voting is done, The finish will be exciting. So we run here to see the fun, And

So we run here to see the fun, And

So we run here to see the fun, And

So we run here to see the fun, And
p'raps some fight-ing! Will the To-ries win? Yes! Will the Whigs be beat? Any-how we'll
p'raps some fight-ing! Will the To-ries win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! Any-how we'll
p'raps some fight-ing! Will the To-ries win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! Any-how we'll
give our-selves a treat! . . . Some say, now that the vot-ing is done, The fin-ish will be ex-
give our-selves a treat! . . .
give our-selves a treat! . . .
- cit-ing, So we run here to see the fan, And p'raps some fight-ing!
So we run here to see the fan, And p'raps some fight-ing!
So we run here to see the fan, And p'raps some fight-ing!
No. 27. FINALE—Tutti e Coro.

Moderato assai.  Rip.

From deep forest hoary, Lift in awful glory,

Piano.

Moderato assai.

Mountains grey and old, That mystery and tradition hold; Never mortal daring,

Ped.

Thither reckless faring, E'er return'd the tale, (Save I alone) to tell!

Pedl.

Dutch tars dress'd so quaintly, Dutch songs sound ing softly, Tell that Hudson's band
Somewhere are at hand!

SOPRANOS.

Tenors.

Basses.

Oh! be-ware! take care, take care! If so be thou wert by the dark, glen stray-ing! Ne-ver

rav-es!
more thou'll wander there, By the tranquil solitude spell-bound delaying!

Here at

Here at

Here at

Here at

length wilt thou find rest, Let the long-forgotten past... guide by, On thy

length wilt thou find rest,

On thy

length wilt thou find rest,

On thy

length wilt thou find rest,

On thy

length wilt thou find rest,

calls forte.
TUTTI. (Principals with chorus.)

Daughter's loving breast, From thee will the cruel phantoms fade and die! Oh, be ware! take care, take

care! If so be thou wert by the dark glen straying, Never more thou'll wander there, By the tran-ched
by. On thy daughter's loving breast, From thee will the cruel phantoms fade and die! (Curtains.)

END OF OPERA.
CHAPPELL & CO.'S

SPECIALITIES IN PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOS.
Canadian Walnut. Five Octaves. 16 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS.
Canadian Walnut. Check Action. 6½ Octaves. From 20 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL PIANOFORTES.
Iron Plated, and Panelled Front. From 45 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S COLONIAL MODELS.
Extra Strong, especially adapted for the Colonies. From 45 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S FOREIGN MODELS.
Trichord Oblique Check Action. From 50 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUES.
Over-strung. From 40 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND.
The Smallest Over-strung Grand made. From 75 Guineas.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND.
Overstrung. From 110 Guineas.

The Three Years' System of Hire and Purchase is applied to any of the above, and to instruments by all the best makers.

UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES ON VIEW.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS POST FREE.

SHOW ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.