An Operetta,

*LITTLE ALMOND-EYES*

Libretto by
Frederick H. Martens,

Music by
Will C. Macfarlane.

Oliver Ditson Company.
Boston.
An Operetta,

LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

Libretto by
Frederick H. Martens,

Music by
Will C. Macfarlane,

Price $1.00

Oliver Ditson Company,
New York.
Chas. H. Ditson & Co., Boston.

Chicage.
Lyon & Healy.
**Important Notice**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance</th>
<th><strong>of this work without the permission of the owner of the copyright is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws for unlawful performance.</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Copying</td>
<td><strong>of either the separate parts or the whole or any portion of this work by any process whatsoever is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orchestrating</td>
<td><strong>the whole or any part of this work is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Right to Perform</td>
<td><strong>this work permission in writing must be obtained from the Oliver Ditson Company, sole owner of the publishing and performing rights.</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Orchestral parts may be rented of the publishers*
LITTLE ALMOND-EYES
AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

FRÉDÉRICK H. MARTENS
WILL C. MACFARLANE

CAST

WANG-HO (Tenor) . . . . Captain of the Guard and lover of Little Almond-Eyes
THE EMPEROR MING (Baritone) . . . . of Cathay
PING-PO (Bass) . . . . Master of Ceremonies of the Court of Cathay
FEE-FO-FUM . . . . Lieutenant of the Guard
CHIEF BONZE . . . .
LITTLE ALMOND-EYES (Soprano) . . . . One of the Emperor's Prospective Brides
MISS LOTUS-LEAF (Alto) . . . .
DOOMA, the Prophetess (Alto in Act II) . . . .
MISS TIP-TOE . . . . Other of the Emperor's Prospective Brides
MISS LADY-SLIPPER . . . .
MISS DEER-FOOT . . . .
MISS JASMIN-BUD . . . .

CHORUS
Guards, Courtiers, Attendants, Prospective Brides of the Emperor

SUGGESTIONS

SCENERY
For both Acts I and II practically any Chinese garden scene will answer.
At back, center, a throne. Local color may be secured by simple means, and a suggestive rather than descriptive Chinese decorative scheme: See Stage Manager's book.

COSTUMES
Chinese costumes, as simple or as elaborate as may be desired.

ACTION
Chorus and principals should improve all opportunities for action offered by the development of the story. "Stage business," naturally introduced, lends movement and emphasis to both music and dialogue. For dances "The Bird's-Nest Dip," and "Ballet," any fancy steps in harmony with the Oriental character of the work may be used.
LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

WILL C. MACPHERLANE

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

ACT I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 2.  | OPENING CHORUS  
(Presumptive Brides) | 4 |
| 3.  | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Almond-Eyes and Chorus) | 6 |
| 4.  | SOLO  
(Wang Ho) | 8 |
| 5.  | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Ping-Po and Chorus) | 10 |
| 6.  | DANCE  
(Miss Ting-Tao) | 12 |
| 7.  | DUET AND CHORUS  
(Lena Leaf, Ping-Po and Chorus) | 14 |
| 8.  | INTERMEZZO, "Almond-Eyes" | 20 |
| 9.  | CHORUS | 21 |
| 10. | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Emperor and Chorus) | 24 |
| 11. | SOLO  
(Wang Ho) | 26 |
| 12. | DUET  
(Almond-Eyes and Wang Ho) | 28 |
| 13. | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Emperor and Chorus) | 30 |

ACT II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 15. | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Ping-Po and Chorus) | 34 |
| 16. | SOLO  
(Almond-Eyes) | 37 |
| 17. | TRIO  
(Wang Ho, Almond-Eyes, Ping Po) | 38 |
| 18. | CHORUS | 41 |
| 18a. | MONGOLIAN BALLET | 69 |
| 19. | SOLO  
(The Emperor) | 43 |
| 20. | QUARTET AND CHORUS  
(Ping Po, Emperor, Wang Ho, Almond-Eyes) | 46 |
| 21. | SOLO AND CHORUS  
(Donna and Chorus) | 51 |
| 22. | DUET AND CHORUS  
(Wang Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus) | 53 |
| 23. | QUARTET  
(Almond-Eyes, Donna, Wang Ho, Emperor) | 58 |
| 24. | FINAL CHORUS | 59 |
Tempo di Valse (d=72)
Act I

No. 2. ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE PATRICIANS

Chorus

SOPRANOS and ALTOS

CHORUS mf

All our people are patricians, We are children of the great,

Hence 'tis plain that with plebeians We may not associate.
(pointing to Little Almond-Eyes)

Tho' this maid may be most-worthy, She's not what the French call née,

Hence she's not our social equal, And with us she cannot play. For she is so far below Our own social status

que That she ranks as one of those Whom we can't afford to know!

accel.
No. 3. The Lover Who Looked in My Eyes
Little Almond-Eyes, and Chorus

Allegretto (6/12)

Seeking no crown, And the Emperor's crown Were a blessing to me in disguise.

Time passes slow Since he left me to his prize;

For a soldier and win glory's size;

Hand-some, they say, So they sent me a-way To the Emperor's bridal guise;

A year now I've known That my heart's not my own E'er since I've heard

From the size; Yet once I win free Then united I'll be To the

Wang-Ho once look'd in my eyes! Lovers who look'd in my eyes!

Lover who look'd in my eyes! Chorus

She's seeking no crown, And the time passes slow Since he's hand-some, they say, So they

She's
Emperor's frown were a blessing to her in disguise:
left her to go for a soldier and win glory's prize;
And sent her away to the emperor's bridal size;
Yet year now she's known that her heart's not her own.
E'er since never a word to this day has she heard.
From the once she wins free then united she'll be.
To the Wang-He once looked in her eyes!
Lover who look'd in her eyes!
Lover who look'd in her eyes!

2 The
3 I'm
3. I'm eyes!
No. 4. THOUGH SHE BE GONE

Wang-Ho

Tempo di Valse (dotted)

WANG-HO

1. Though she be gone, Still in my
2. Her soft caress, Her winning

heart smile, Her image dwells,
Still gloomy hours

3-186-70972-68.
rit.

Nor will depart.
Know to beguile;

voice mine
Still my delight,
Shar-ing with none,

mf

Her starry glance
I know her soul
My guiding light.

a tempo

Her tender heart of
This

dim.

My guiding mine are
dim.

one!

dim.


1. There is a graveyard in my heart,
2. The voices that I used to dread,

Where since my glad release,
The glances that I got,

memory's tombstones set a part,
My gather'd with their owners sped in past wives keep their peace,
My past wives keep their that delightful spot,

And quiet morns I set a part For these dear souvenirs.

Moderato (4: 104)
irs, And in the grave-yard of my heart I shed my hap-py
tears!

CHORUS
And qui-et morns he sets a-part For these dear sou-ven-irs. And
And qui-et morns he sets a-part For these dear sou-ven-irs. And

in the grave-yard of his heart He sheds his hap-py tears!
in the grave-yard of his heart He sheds his hap-py tears!
No. 7. THE OLD PLUM-TREE
Lotus Leaf, Ping-Po and Chorus

Allegretto (♩ = 56)

She

sat beneath the plum-tree old, Its blossom kissed her hair. Yet

every time a blossom fell, Her sigh rose in the air. "I'm

cross, I'm sad, and don't know why," She cried, quite peevishly: "I
hate the sun, the bright blue sky, I hate the old plum tree!" — CHORUS

Yet

every time a blossom fell, Her sigh rose in the air. "I'm

5-126-70972-68
cross, I'm sad, and don't know why, She cried, quite pee-vish-ly:

"I

cross, I'm sad, and don't know why, She cried, quite pee-vish-ly:

I

hate the sun, the bright blue sky, I hate the old plum-tree!

hate the sun, the bright blue sky, I hate the old plum-tree!

Ping-Po (stepping forward) I know what was the matter with that girl. And as a past grand master in amatory psychology, I am going to inform you.
if be-seath the old plum-tree
Had been an-o-ther still,

Mon-gol Jack to tell his love,
To this Mon-go-lian jil,

have for-got-ten how to sigh,
And mur-mur'd joy-ous-ly.

love the sun, the bright blue sky,
I love the old plum-tree!'

CHORUS

Ah,
if beneath the old plum-tree Had been another

still, Some Mongol Jack to tell his love To this Mongolian

Jill, She'd have forgotten how to sigh, And murmur joyous
"I love the sun, the bright blue sky, I love the old plum-
No. 9 WITH DEEP DEVOTION NOW WE SING

Chorus

Marziale

\[\text{\textbf{TE}NORS and BASSES}}\]

With deep devotion now we sing The__

prop- er--_wel-come song, And wish, as et _

SOPRANOS and ALTOS

quête prescribes, That heav'n your life pro-long. With

con grazia (all bow) cer-e-mo-nial bows we hail You lord of all Cath._

con grazia

\[\text{\textbf{S}}-124-70878-65\]
ay, And as tradition has decreed To
you our homage pay. The sun and moon are
quite eclipsed (This is the proper phrase) When
you in majesty appear, And set the skies a-
blaze. With deep devotion now we sing The-

With deep devotion now we sing The-

5.126-70972 4#
No. 10 MY IDEAL
Emperor and Chorus

Moderato (4/4)

mf ben marcatto

1. She

must be dainty and petite, Coquetish, fasci-nat-ing;
must be wise and er-u-dite, Well-versed in art and sci-ence,

Kind, caress-ing-ly in-clined, And coy-ly cap-tiv-ing;
Bright by right of lo-غي's might, With wit in close al-li-ance;

ma-jes-ty must mark her port, And dig-ni-ty her ac-tions,
in-ti-mate fri-vel-i-ty, And chat in-con-se-quent-ial,

Yet

Yet

And

These

5-188-70972-88
lend a regal stateliness to patent er attractions.
still at will she must have skill to use, when it's essential.

CHORUS

last, this fair ideal, we fear, you'll not discover among those here!
last, this fair ideal, we fear, you'll not discover among those here!

1.

2. She
Andante espressivo (L. 73)

WANG-HO

1. Oh, joy, but quick'en'd by despair!
2. Oh, grief, surpassing every joy!

Oh, longing slain,
Oh, tender hope,

whose memory may not die!
the dearer thou fail!

smile, a sigh, the breath of past desire.
touch, a tear, an echoed song of May.

Ah,
Ah,
love, you wake!
love, you wake!

Flame glorious, glowing as
nor stay, You
Agitato

leap from ash- en em- bers gray
the heart gray em- bers cold
calmato

As fa- bled Phoe- nix spurns his pyre!
With ar- dors of a by- gone
Rit.

day!

Largamente

Attacca

5-126-70972-68
Andante espressivo (Lento)

Dear heart, once more I know the joy of long ago.
When love our souls had join'd, Ere you went forth in search of fame!
Tho' others so-lace spake, Grief's spell they might not break, I waited for your own fond voice once more to breathe my name!

Yet
N°13 FINALE: HOW DREADFUL IS LÈSE-MAJESTY!
Emperor and Chorus

Allegro

How dreadful is lèse-majesty!

Allegro (se)!

Lèse-majesty!

How dare he love one loved by me?

Oh, how dare he!

For other eyes no more I pine, Since Almond-Eyes has
look'd in mine!

To oth-er eyes no more re-plies His glance that mir-ror'd Al-mond-Eyed!

To oth-er eyes no more re-plies His glance that mir-ror'd Al-mond-Eyed!

mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And I shall win my dearest

prize,

To mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And he shall win his dearest prize,

To mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And he shall win his dearest prize,
Presto

Eyes!

Eyes!

Eyes!

Presto

ff furioso

(Curtain)

accel. poco a poco

End of Act I
Tempo di Valse, non troppo allegro (d-ss) TENORS and BASSES

Really, she's past all excusing.

Honor imperial refusing Rather than

Ming she'd choose this lower, soon to lose his guilty head!

SOPRANOS and ALTOS

When it's an emperor pleading Sentiment

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
from her heart weed-ing--- Smil-ing, ser-en-e-ly bland,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

She should ac-cept his hand, Quick-ly him wed!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

SING-FO

1. Yes, sen-ti-ment is the base Of sen-si-ble
2. Yes, Wang-He's a fool-ish youth, How could he for-

folk and sane, His last ap-pear-ance the sing-er Wang-
got this truth: Your heart 'tis prop-er to lose when you

Ho Makes to-day, so let sen-ti-ment go!
wed, But no man ev-er should lose his head!
Andante con moto (§.76)

con sentimento

My ev'ry thought is for my love, For him my ev'ry sigh; My only wish is but to hope That he once more were nigh! To him my ev'ry longing cries, My ev'ry dream portrays The happiness that once was ours In joyous by-gone days. My ev'ry
Prom - ise is his own, My ev - ry ten-der vow, This heart that

allargando

beats for him a - lone, Should it de - sy him now?

Allargando

No. 17 THOUGH DEATH MAY CLAIM
Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes, Ping-Po

Andante 4/72

Though

depth may claim within the hour This heart that on-ly beats for thee; Yet

S-136-70978-68
such is love's tenant power
Death is forgot, when thee I see!
And

(with exaltation)

I will match my love with thine, If thou be gone why should I stay? Death

were a welcome anodyne
To soothe my broken heart for

ALMONDO-EYES

aye!

Ah, love! Dear heart!

WANG-HO

Ah, love! Dear heart!

PING-PO

No need of death or broken heart,

A
Ah, love! Dear heart!
keener mind than yours shall see
That
Ah, love! Dear heart!
Ah, love! Dear heart!
(turning to Wang-Ho)
naught such honest lovers part,
You'll have your
Ah, love! Dear heart! Dear heart!
(turning to Almond-Eyes)
jug and loaf and "thee!"
No. 18. LO, THE LORD OF ALL CATHAY

Chorus

Allegro marziale (♩= 112)

CHORUS

Lo, the lord, the lord of all Cathay
Seeks his

love-ly, love-ly bride to-day;
Then as soon as

they are wed, Wang-Ho will forego his head.

S. 124-70912-68
Lucky Little Almond-Eyes, f

Winner of a

Lucky Little Almond-Eyes,
marcato
glorious prize,
Verily she should rejoice.

Winner of a glorious prize,

That she is an emperor's choice!

Verily she should rejoice That she is an emperor's choice!

Lo, the lord, the lord of all Cathay Seeks his

Lo, the lord, the lord of all Cathay Seeks his
LO, I MYSELF A GOD

Emperor

Pomposo (J. 144)

I myself a god in mine own right,
Whose smile awakes the
dawn, whose frown brings on the night: I stoop, I con-de-

scend from untold heights above To sing to you, so

far beneath my love! And

marveling at my own graciousness Per-

mit you to respond to my caress. Le, I myself a

L-126-70972-68
god in mine own right!

Thrice blest, poor mote, that I, the em'ror Ming, Al-

low you, tender trifling little thing, To

creep up near me, in my glory to bask, And

suffer you to love me — happy task!
No 20. THEY USED TO CALL HIM “CUTEY”

Ping-Po, Emperor, Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus

Scherzando (\texttt{\&} 120)

They used to call him “Cutey” When

he was but so high

(illustrated)

Before the cares of empire weigh’d his

brow;

They used to call him “Cutey?” But, my word! I

don’t know why, Nobody ever calls me “Cutey” now!
Your em-bon-point's a-bun-dance From any-one on earth Makes

"Cu-tye" seem a bit in-op-po-tune. Then one shall call me "Cu-tye" Wher-

ever they may be, 'Tis you a-lone shall use that cunning name.

When all but you, you see, Would have to say Your Ma-jes-ty, Why, you might call him

"Cu-tye" just the same! CHORUS

They used to call him "Cu-tye" When

They used to call him "Cu-tye" When

3.0972 E6
he was but so high, But why, we must con-fess, we can-not see;

They may have call'd him "Cu-ley," Yet I'm sure in vain I'd try, For he looks an-y-

thing but cute to me! I would not call him "Cu-ley!"

I'm sor-ry that I can't Per-form a pleas-ant

du - ty And dent that ample em-bon-point!
But now a truce to speech, To action we'll proceed, Come, take your place by my imperial side, And when the bonze has join'd our hands As by the law de-creed, You'll be my very last and lastest bride!

**CHORUS**

And now a truce to speech, To action we'll proceed, Come, take your place by his imperial side; And when the bonze has join'd their
hands As by the law de-creed, She'll be the em-p'ror's last and lat-est bride!

No. 21. YOU THINK, A SWEETHEART CHOOSING
Dooma and Chorus

Tempo di Valse (\( \text{b} \cdot 40 \))

1. You think, a sweet-heart
2. And evil co-re-

choos-ing, Love tells you whom to pick,
la-tions, Star num-bers that are wrong,

5-12670912-65
Your error's quite amusing, It's just arithmetical.

They explain combinations That do not get arithmetic.

Bright starry mathematics, So heed my voice prophetic.

Of planetary spheres Direct all human statistics,

Which these espousal bars Its aspect arithmetical.

When lovers choose their dears Frown'd upon by the stars!

CHORUS

Yes, 'tis the mathematics Of planetary

Yes, 'tis the mathematics Of planetary
No. 22 THE STARS MUST HAVE MADE ME DO IT

Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus

Allegro con spirito  McK

The stars must have made me do it,

Or was it just one little star?

spheres  Di-rec-t all hu-man stat-ics,

spheres  Di-rec-t all hu-man stat-ics,

When lov-ers choose their dears.
gagged you before I knew it; I'm sorry that I went so far.

CHORUS  

The stars must have made him do it. Or may-be it

The stars must have made him do it. Or may-be it

Was martial Mars! We're sure that he now must rue it.

Was martial Mars! We're sure that he now must rue it.

Al-tho' 'twas decreed by the stars!

Al-tho' 'twas decreed by the stars!
Emperor: (to Almond-Eyes) And you? Do you feel more kindly toward your emperor now that you need not marry him? My grateful heart rejoicing, All its gladness voicing, Thanks you for the gift of life and love bestowed anew. And clouds their shadows shedding silver linings spreading Speak of joy to come and tender memories to renew.
now, dear love, is joy our due,

Since now the stars,

Since now the stars, re-ward our love so

Since now the stars, re-ward our love so

5-124-70972-EN
Allegro con spirito

true.

CHORUS

The stars must have made them do it, And

Allegro con spirito The stars must have made them do it, And

if it must now be confess'd, The stars have no need to

if it must now be confess'd, The stars have no need to

rue it, They did it, we're sure, for the best!

rue it, They did it, we're sure, for the best!

Presto

accel. poco a poco
No. 23. FLOW, TEARS OF GLAD ELATION
Quartet
Almond-Eyes, Dooma, Wang-Ho, and Emperor

Andante (4/4)

Noble and rapt libation, Joy's tender, kindly tear,
Joy's tender, kindly tear,

Mark-eth our glad elation, Falling on Discord's bier.
Falling on Discord's bier.

Love out of tribulation Wreath's victory's final spell,
Wreath's victory's final spell,

Flow, tears of rapt elation! All's well that end-eth well,

Flow, tears of glad elation, All's well that end-eth well!

*) Preferably without accompaniment.

All's well that end-eth well!
No. 24 Finale: Almond-Eyes

Allegro

Almond-Eyes, Almond-Eyes,

Love-liest maid heath Mongolian skies!

Heart so true, love to you

Gives you the

Happiness truly your due;

Gives you the happiness truly your due.
Tempo di Valse

Almond-Eyes, Almond-Eyes,
Tempo di Valse (d-72)

Dear-est of jewels a fond heart could prize,

Charm so rare, form so fair.

None in the empire with you may compare.
Allegro vivace

Almond Eyes, Almond Eyes,
Almond-Eyes, Almond-Eyes,

Tender the gleam in those twin stars that lies,

Happy swain who could gain
From them the glance others sought but in vain,

morrow, oh, morrow is the joyous wedding day Of the luckiest of lovers to be

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding,
found in fair Cathay: So we'll wish them all the happiness that marriage may bestow, And

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

(Bell tacet)

May all their days be happy days and

may their paths be flower-strown up - on the earth below.

Ding, dong,

May their paths be flower-strown up - on the earth below.

Ding, dong,

all their hours glad, May never thought of aught but love their hearts united fold, So

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

3-126-70972-68
long live lovely Almond Eyes, and long live brave Wang Ho,
ding, dong, ding, dong. May

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, ding,

each to each be all in all wherever they may go.
morrow, oh, tomorrow is the joyous wedding day
Of the

morrow, oh, tomorrow is the joyous wedding day
Of the

luckiest of lovers to be found in fair Cathay: So we'll

luckiest of lovers to be found in fair Cathay: So we'll

wish them all the happiness that marriage may bestow,
And

wish them all the happiness that marriage may bestow,
And
each to each be all in all wher-ev-er they may go.

Ding-

accel.

dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-

dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-

 accel.

dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

(Curtain)
The use of this Ballet is optional. If used it should immediately follow No. 18, "Lo the Lord of all Cathay," and at its conclusion No. 18 should be repeated.

During the first rendition of No. 18 a part of the chorus enters, and during the second rendition the Emperor, attendants and remainder of the chorus enter.

The ballet may be viewed in the light of a part of the Emperor's triumphal procession.