The Gipsy Princess

A Musical Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BOOK BY

ARTHUR MILLER

LYRICS BY

ARTHUR STANLEY

MUSIC BY

EMMERICH KALMAN

Vocal Score PRICE 10/- NET

CHAPPELL & CO. LTD.
50, New Bond Street, London, W.1
NEW YORK and SYDNEY

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161
By arrangement with ANDRE CHARLOT

Messrs. CLAUDE B. YEARSLEY and DE GROOT

PRESENT

THE GIPSY PRINCESS

CHARACTERS.
(In order of their appearance.)

Niblo (The Cabaret Manager) .... 
Sylva (The Cabaret Star) .... 
Mero .... 
Juliska .... 
Cleo .... 
Cabaret Artistes 
Nitch .... 
Count Feri .... 
Lord Boniface .... 
Miss Trevor .... 
Miss Clarane .... 
Miss Dara .... 
Miss Thelma .... 
Miss Janet .... 
Miss Margot .... 
Prince Ronald .... 
Eugene .... 
Notary .... 
Prince Leopold .... 
Princess Anita (his Wife) .... 
Marchave .... 
Countess Susi .... 
 
Harry Cole 
Sari Petras 
Quentin Tod 
Maxine Hinton 
D. West-Collins 
Arthur Stanley 
Mark Lester 
Billy Leonard 
Zelia Rye 
Carlita Ackroyd 
Phyllis Beadon 
Jane Ayr 
Majorie Lindsay 
Violet Rosseaux 
M. de Jari 
Colin Hunter 
Raymond Ellis 
Leonard Mackay 
Lindsay Gray 
Charles Seymour 
Phyllis Titmuss

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I. "The Purple Kitten" Cabaret. (E. H. Ryan.)

ACT II. Reception Hall, Prince Leopold's House. (Alfred Terrain.)

ACT III. "The Purple Kitten" Winter Garden. (E. H. Ryan.)

The Entire Production devised and staged by WILLIAM J. WILSON.

Orchestra under the direction of ARTHUR WOOD.
## THE GIPSY PRINCESS

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THE GIPSY PRINCESS.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION.

Maestoso. (molte allargando.)

Andante. (molto lento.)

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No. 2

SONG.—(Sylva) and CHORUS.

"THE GIPSY BRIDE."

Allargando.

Piano.

Maestoso, (molto allargando.)

(Curtain.)

Sings off.

Andante. (molto benso.)

Syl. 

Hei- a, hei- a,

Sounds of revelry heard behind scenes.

27440
I was born in far-ther-gipsy land, O-hei-a,

I was born in far-ther-gipsy land, O-hei-a,

O-hei-a, Crad-led where e-ter-nal mountains stand,

Ar-dent child of the snow and ice, Sweet and wild as the

Hei-a, O-hei-a, Born in love's own Par-a-

27440
Ah! but how their wild delight when gipsy maidens love,

Sets the silver moon a-dancing, in the sky above.

Lip is clinging, Heart to burning heart has cried; Hear the stars for rapture ringing,

In the hour when love is flinging All but love's en-thral-ling joy aside.
Sing, then, sing, Happy lovers all.
Ring, world, ring with the

lay!
Oh, love of mine, you are mine and only mine

The fire of life dies away.

Sing, then, sing, Happy
Soprano & Contraltos

Tenors, Sing then, sing, Happy

Basses, Sing then, sing, Happy

27440
lovers all
Ring, world, ring with the lay!
Oh, love of mine, you are

mine and only mine
Until the fire of life dies away!

27440
Sing, then, sing, happy lovers all!
Ring, world, ring, with the

lay!
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
lay!

Live and love while you may!
Bravo! Bravo, Bravo!

27440
DUET—(Boni; Feri) and CHORUS OF MEN.

"THE DARLINGS OF THE CHORUS."

Piano.

FERI.

With lads who come from college, who've read the book of

knowledge, (Except perhaps its most absorbing page.)

CHO.

Its most absorbing page.
BONI.

- man- tic ed- u- ca- tion be- gins with grav- i- ta- tion To- wards the love- ly

BONI.

si- rens of the stage. In years of in- dis- cre- tion, we had the same ob-

CHO.

The love- ly si- rens of the stage.

BONI.

- ses- sion, And fre- quent- ly we get the craze a - new. They

CHO.

Get the craze a - new, the craze a -
BOTH

have a glam-our that trans-scends the charm of oth-er la-dy friends, First of all 'tis

CHO.

- new!

BOTH.

lime-light lends en-chant-ment to the view. But when we see them clos-er And hear them mu-mer

BON.  Meno mosso.

FERI.

"Oh! sir! You're ve-ry kind and I don't mind-pro-vi-fed I can bring a pal or two." We su-

Tempo di Marcia lento.

BOTH.

-cumb to the craze for the nim-ble cor-y-phées Our eld- ers and bet-ters had be-
both

-fore us. We meet them, we treat them, we take them out to dine. We pet them, we

più allarg.

let them monopoleize us. Before very long we are going rather strong. Be-

più allarg.

liev-ing they hones-ty adore us. The sym-pa-thetic, stren-u-ous, ex-

both

-ci-ta-ble, in- gen-u-ous, en-gag-ing lit-tle la-dies of the cho-rus. To
BONI: capture our affections They alter their complexions; They're really most o-

BONI: -blig-ing in their ways. Your charming blonde of Sunday Is

CHO. O-blig-ing in their ways.

BONI: my brunette of Monday. They find the more they please, the more it pays!

CHO. The more they please, the

27440
Feri.

Still, there's no denying They can be rather trying. But

More it pays!

Feri.

When the flashing eye is tear bedewed, Swiftly will the

Cho.

When the flashing eye is tear bedewed.

Both.

Laugh-ter chase all shadows from the dimpled face. How the deuce can we keep pace with

27440
BOTH: 

**FENI.** Meno mosso. BONI.

But, come what may, they all display a wonderful capacity for food!

With a smart pair of hose and a nicely powdered nose. And eyes that provoke and then im-

**CHO.**

Tempo di Marcia lento.

But, come what may, they all display a wonderful capacity for food!

**BOTH.**

- plume us. They fool us, they rule us. We never stand a chance; They
BOTH

hoax us, they coax us: But there, God bless All their dear little

CHO.

Their dear little hearts! If they don't as-pire to parts, Their fa-ces and fig-u res sim-ply

BOTH

floor us. Their witch-er-y's con-tin-u-ous. The slen-der shape-ly.

CHO.

floor us.
sinuous. Enticing little ladies of the chorus.

Animato.

The pert little

The pert little
flirts in abbreviated skirts, They drive us to drink but never

bored us; The dangerous, deplorable, Bewilder, a-

adorable, Delightful, dainty darlings of the chorus.

27440
DUET—(Sylva and Ronald.)

"LOVE IS LOVE."

Molle lento.

RONALD.

Syl - va, 'tis you I love, 'Tis you I love, and you a - lone!

Allegretto grazioso.

RON.

Passion is a rest-less riv - er, Love, a calm and boundless sea.
RON.

Love is an un-spar-ing giv-er, Gen-erous and brave and free! Pas-sion is a fleck-ing,

fond e-mo-tion, Vo-la-tile as morn-ing dew; Love is an e-ter-nal, deep de-votion.

SYLVA a tempo

Such a love is mine, Sweet for you! With all the world be-fore you dear, Why have you cho-sen

me? Ah, Syl-va, you are all my world be-loved and must ev-er be, For

27440
Alla Tempo di Valse. (dreamily.)

love is love that sweeps a-side All worldly wealth and pow'r and pride. And

still, when radiant youth has died, divinely glows!

Love is love that pays the price. In pure and self-less sacrifice. To

find at last where grows Tender est love's unfaded rose!
Allegretto grazioso.

SILVA.

Better far to have un - spo - ken All your long-ing lips would say;

SYL.

Let me with a heart un - bro - ken Go up-on my lone - ly way!

SYL.

Pit-ty me, I pray, and plead no long-er, Lest the day we learn to rue!

SYL.

Des-ti - ny, than all our love far strong-er, Wills that I should part dear from you! My

RONALD.
a tempo

heart my hon-our and my all I lay be-fore your feet! But

a tempo

sac-rifice what-er be-all, Will keep love's mem-ry pure and sweet! For

rit.

Alla Tempo di Valse. (Dreamily.)

per-fect love puts self a-side. It smiles at grief when

Syl.

hope has died; And though love's rap-ture be de-nied, Di-
Syl.

- vine - ly 
glow! 

Love is love that

Both.

pays the price In pure and self - less sac - ri - fice. To

Both.

find at last where grows Ten - der - est love's un - fading rose!

Both.

DANCE.
Perfect love will pay the price
In pure and selfless sacrifice, To find at
last where grows Tenderest love's un-fading rose!
"LONG LIVE LOVE."

Voice.

Piano.

Syl.

Syl.

27440
All joy abide if ever all true love be reigning.

Ah, yes, alone in faithful hearts the shadow rain disdain.

All joy abide if ever all true love be reigning.

Allegro.

Ah! the fancy flattering! Love is not enduring.
Edel is ever shattering
Visions so alluring,
Rest of poor humanity,
Love's a fond illusion,
All desire is vanity,
Drink to its confusion!
Faith's a phantom quickly fading,
Hope is ever grieving,
Love in passion masquerading.
Blind and self deceiving.
Allargando. (quartet $f$)

Yet never shall the wintry truth

Blast the rose of youth! How can the

truth be learned—When woman is concerned?

You call us full of guile—

ca-pri-cious, vol-a-tile—Oh! why was woman born—

To drive us

mad, mad, mad, mad, mad with her sweetness Her dev-il-ry and scorn.
Allargando e pomposo.

Andante.

ever in the weary heart the hope is burning, For purest love at allarg. e legato

last pure love to be returning, How desolate our hearts but for one hope remain ing. All joy abide where ever all true love is reign -
SYLVA.

RON.

BOTH. pp

SYL.

BOTH.

Allegro.

RON.

BONI.

true loves. If the darlings weary us, We should look for new loves.
RONALD.

RON.

Here's to fem- in- in- i- ty! Tho' the girls have vexed one,

a tempo

Seek your true af- fi- ni- ty, She may be the next one.

a tempo

SYLVA.

SYL.

Love should be a bright, a gay thing. Joy a-bounds in light love.

poco rit.

If 'tis but a dain- ty play- thing, Sure- ly-'tis the right love!

27430
No, nev'er shall the win'try truth
Blast the rose of youth! How can the

truth be learned. When wo-man is con-cerned. You call us full of guile.

ca-pri-cious, vo-la-tile. Oh! why was wo-man born. To drive us

mad, mad, mad, mad. with her sweet-ness. Her dev-il-ry and scorn?
FINALE - ACT I.

No. 6.

Allegro.

Piano.

NIT.

Recit.

I, Ronald Edwin Maria, Prince of Coarach, do hereby solemnly de-

NIT.

clare that I take Sylvia to be my lawful wedded wife, and in

27440.
three months I will confirm the contract before the world, the law and Heaven.

Allegro molto.

SYL.

Ronald, can this be wise? Remember, remember your rank and my own.

Tranquillo

I, Ronald Edwin Marius, Prince of Cozenach, do hereby solemnly declare that I take Sylvia to be my lawful wedded
wife, and in three months I will confirm the contract before the world, the

SYLVA.

Wonder of wonder!

law and Heaven.

Presto.

across they say has no heart to give a way.
To her, any love affair's a light

thing. We rule men. We fool men. But Sylvia loves at

last sincerely and clearly. She does the right thing. The

CHO. BASS. The
Grandioso.

RONALD. Molto allegro.

Let's get to business.

A triumph for Sylvia. She never had a part to play.

CHORUS.

You never can tell, dears, a chance for you may come another day.
Andante.

FERI.

molto adagio.

Wait just a moment; do nothing rash. My friends, as Ronald ad-

FERI.

visser and con-cede, si-

ence for the no-
tary. Mar-
riage is ho-
ly. The

NOTAR.

NOT.

hol-yest thing in mor-
tal life. O swear to me, boy,

Adagio con molto espressione.

NOT.

As on your sac-
cred oath Be-
fore high-
est Heav-en

To keep all th-

vows ye

pledged.

Altov

Tenor

Bass
As on your sacred oath, Oh swear to
fond lovers both, As on your sacred oath, Oh, swear to keep all vows, to
As on your sacred oath, Oh, swear to
SYLVIA
RONALD, We consecrate our love. Our
Before heaven above, Our
FERI. keep all the vows you've plighted. Their
NOT. keep all the vows you've plighted. (Beach Fermie) Their
CND. keep all the vows you've plighted. Their
hearts from this hour shall eternally be united.

Till death u.

Be it so. May joy forever with you go, and
Andante (molto allarg)  

Peace!

Seek for joy and see its shadow in a vision. But evermore the shadow flies as in despair.

Andante (molto allarg)
SYL.
joy a-bides with-in the heart Where love is reign ing.

RON.
joy a-bides with-in the heart Where love is reign ing.

Dialogue

DANCE.
Allegretto. FERI. Enough of this sob stuff, let's have some Mendel and Son!
Allegro vivo.

Presto.
(Eugene.) Sorry to interrupt. Moderato.

you Ronald, it is time to go. Remember I have your word as an officer.
Impetuoso.

SYLVIA:

Ronald, it must be; it

RONALD:

No, no, not now! I'll come tomorrow!

SYLVIA:

is your duty, dear. Go!

RONALD:

Yes, I'll go. I'll be with you at

SYLVIA:

once!

RONALD:

A - wait me below. Ah

SYLVIA:

Andantino.

RONALD:

dearest Sylvia, fear no ill. You're mine for ever now!
RONALD.

Find at last where grows Tenderest love's un-

PP rit.

Molto delicato.

-fading rose.

SYLVA, is it a dream?


PP

(showing his agreement)
BONI. (holding agreement in one hand and comparing it with the wedding card which he holds in the other) But there's something wrong. These two documents don't tally. SYLVA. Why, what is that? Show it to me. (retracting it from him and reads) Princess Cosenach announce engagement of their Son to (nearly faints) BONI. -to Countess Stazi. Well, after all what does it matter? You must live for your art. The world is your lover.

SYLVA. a tempo

Adagio.

You're right, Boni! You're right, Boni! An actress they say, has no

SYL.

heart to give away. To her, any love affair's a light thing.

27440
Sylva. Get my car please! I must catch the boat-train for America tonight; then out into the world to seek for fame and fortune!

Ah,

Allegro molto.

God! I've heard these walls resound with mirth, as jest and

some went round. But marriage in a Cabaret hall, that's the grandest!

joke of all!

Sylva, forget. Life calls you yet.

Oho.

Sylva, forget. Life calls you yet.
SYL.
Yes, I can be avenged at my

CHO.
Play out your part. Love on for art!

SYL.
leisure. Hearts shall burn and ache for my pleasure. The world is my

SYL.
lover, The world is my lover!}

Presto.

accel. sf
Allegro, (w/td)
SYLVIA.

Ah, the dream was flattering.
Love is not enduring.
Fate is ever shattering.

Visions so alluring.
Respect of poor humanity!
Love's a fond illusion.

a tempo

All desire is vanity.
Drink to its confusion!

Hope's a phantom quickly fading;
Hope's a phantom quickly fading;
Hope's a phantom quickly fading;
Hope's a phantom quickly fading;
Hope's a phantom quickly fading;

27440
Faith is ever grieving. Love is passion masquerading, Blind and self-deceiving.

Yet never shall the wintry truth Blast the rose of youth, 'Tis said re-

Venge is sweet; And when before my feet Adoring lovers kneel In passion-
SYLVA & RONI.

Ferre.__

SYL. With keenest anguish torn, I’ll drive them mad, mad, mad, mad,

FERI. With keenest anguish torn, I’ll drive them mad, mad, mad, mad,

CHO. With keenest anguish torn, I’ll drive them mad, mad, mad, mad,

mad with my beauty, my beauty and my mockery; My mockery and scorn, Ah!

mad with my beauty, my beauty and my mockery; My mockery and scorn, Ah!

mad with my beauty, my beauty and my mockery; My mockery and scorn, Ah!

mad with my beauty, my beauty and my mockery; My mockery and scorn, Ah!

27440
Adagio.
FERI. They've all gone. I cannot go home yet; it's only three o'clock. They would never recognize me.

(calls waiter) Bring me my usual! (calls Rinaldo) Rinaldo, you have often played for me when I couldn't hear you. Now play something soft and soothing to me.

Andantino.
FERI. (whistling)
No. 7.

ACT II.

EXTR'ACTE.

Moderato.

Allegretto grazioso.

Allargando.

Meno mosso.

27440
OPENING DANCE and CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.
A set most exclusive we meet to-night, The cream of society quite.

Pertly rejoicing and languidly voicing Expression of well-bred delight.

The Fox-trot and Two-step are quite taboo We best people waltz all the while Ob.

27440
SONG—(Stasi) & CHORUS OF MEN.

"THE SWALLOWS."

Allegretto.

STASI.

Piano.

Allegretto grazioso.

CHORUS OF MEN.

man who can not even for a moment bear To leave his wife's side—

not to be discovered in the world, I'll swear. You'll never be a bride! 

27440
Chorus of Men.

Surely isn't possible to tire of such a charming girl as I.

Chorus.

Shining summer weather you can have too much; It bores you bye-and-bye. Then

Piu allarg.

I must have some liberty as well as he. That, if you are sporting, you'll al-

dastro

Chorus of Men.

Ah! such a proposition would just suit me! So make your bargain

Poco accel.

rit.
Like the swallows we shall be, find a nest for two._

There if you'll be true to me I'll be true to you.

If you're false you'll swiftly find Southward I have flown._

Leaving naught behind In the North alone._

27440
Allegretto grazioso.

bub- by who habit- u- al- ly spoils, and pets his wif- e, bors her.

STASI.

so

I won’t have half a doz-en oth-er Ju-li-ets To

RONALD.

share my Ro-ma-of. But man is ve-ry vol-a-tile in

STASI.

love af- fairs By na-ture, so they say. And
that's the sort of paragon a poor girl swears to.

Piu allargando.

honour and obey! However, if we marry, we must carry on. Quarrelling as little as we can, we positively couldn't improve upon this equitable

poco accel.

27440
Tempo di Valserento.

Like the swallows we shall be, find a nest for two.

There if you'll be true to me, I'll be true to you.

If you're false, you'll swiftly find, southward I have flown.

Leaving naughty you behind, in the North a - lone.
SONG.—(Boni) & CHORUS OF GIRLS.

"A STRONG SILENT MAN."

1. People often wonder why the girls adore me so,
2. When I see a pert coquette who's broken lots of hearts,

Is it for my intellect? Bless the darling, no!
"Hail! I murmur, 'this is where Retribution starts!"

There's a gleam of prehistoric passion in my eye.
That is why they fall for me,

Victim to my fierce magnetic gaze.
If she dares to fool with me.
That's the reason why.
Well, she knows my ways.

If I murmur "Fly with me"
She will have to buy her own Chocolates for...

fly.

If I begged them on my knees,
They would merely laugh and tease me!

Meno mosso.

Velvet-glove and iron-hand, That's what women understand.

dolce.

Tempo di Marcha lento.

Girls never think you've any right to them.
I love to hypnotise and frighten them; Tzar and Admirable

Grape to them. Mute adoration doesn't pay.

It's thrown a-

Crick-ton them. Just like the chaps on whom they're keen.

So oft-en

27440
way seen
Up on the screen.

Far better

speak in surly mood to them. Snarl at and be extremely

rude to them. Then they collapse before you; Sigh, tremble

and adore you. Girls love a strong silent man!
CHORUS OF GIRLS.

CHO.

He's like a
cave-man when pur-
ging us, He has an
cagle's way of woo-
ing us,

BONI.

Eth-
el M. Dell says Cheer-o, You're my i-

BONI.

de-at he-
ro, Girls love a strong si-
leat man!

DANCE.

a tempo.

27440
CHORUS OF GIRLS

Though we will stand for nothing weak in him We find a sympathetic

streak in him. I get results surprising Norman Mo-

Kneeling Girls love a strong silent man!
DUET.—(Sylva and Ronald.)

"DREAM ONCE AGAIN"

Andante. \(\text{rubato}\)

\(\text{L.H.}\)

\(p\) dolce

\(\text{R.H.}\)

Andantino.

\(\text{SYL}\) Light and laughter, glowing faces, Clasping hands and fond embraces,

\(\text{RON}\) Sweet the wooing, sweet and tender, Swift the moment of surrender,
pp tranquillo

Gipsy music sweet and low. (RON) Merry dance and gleaming tresses, flashing glance and soft caresses,
Swiftly were we torn apart. (SYL) Stronger ties and stern duty, older vows to shudder beauty.

pp tranquillo

Molto allargando.

All the rapture love can know. (SYL) There amid the scene of splendour, of
Claimed a transient Prince's heart. (RON) Why, for hours of such deep pleasure, Must

pp tranquillo
dolce

revelry and laughter free, It hours unutterably tender there was born
mortals ever pay the cost? All love's supreme and priceless treasure soon was lost.

pp

Your love for me. (BOTH) Oh, memories of mirth and rapture! (RON) Oh,
All too soon was lost. (BOTH) Oh, blessed hour of joy and wonder! (RON) Ah,
Faith shall remain
Through all our sorrows unshaken.

Hope never was vain!
Love

yet shall reign,
Dream once again!

bear, if the dreaming be sweet.
Dear, if the dreaming be sweet.

SYLVA.

So our
fairy tale romance—then is ended. Oh, how prettily you posed and pre-
tended. So our trivial romance then is ended. One must laugh. Ah,

It was splendid! La la la la la la, All is ended.

La la la la la la, It was splendid! So our fairy tale romance.
then is ended And the dream, the dream is fled.

DANCE, Grandioso.

Both.

Dream once again! Dream once again.

poco a poco allarg. molto rit. molto allarg.

Lose not the vision entrancing. For love yet shall reign!

poco a poco allarg. molto rit.
SONG.-(Feri)

"WHISTLING."

I try to assist my distressed fellow creatures, but oft'en I make matters worse; to have a kind heart and benevolent features, I find is a terrible plea;--it's far more effective than drink al-co-hol, in trouble sometimes such as...
curse. It's no use advising a pal who's in trouble. You'd these.

For now that the price and the quality's chronic, I've

far better leave him alone. By poking your nose in, you frequently double his
given up Scotch and a splash! To whistle an air is a far better tonic. And

troubles as well as your own. But I find that my sorrows will
look what it saves you in cash! It cheers you on wet after-

poco rall., poco rall.,

soon Disperse if I whistle a tune.

- noons. But you mustn't go mixing your tunes.
L’istesso tempo.
Grazioso.

Whistles. (Sing) Life is awfully sad!
(That's a good refrain!)

Whistles. (Sing) Very unhappy!
It's very soothing!
Now I am feeling quite elated.

Whistles. (Sing) Full of perplexing complication.
Soon I shall be intoxicated.

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Things are not so bad!
Mine's the same again!

Shouldn't we look for sunshine after
Let's have a binge, if only now and

rain?
them!
(Whistles)
You have a (Whistles).

I'll have a (Whistles).
(Sings) Now I really feel myself again.

Now I must really stop, it's after ten.
DUET—(Stasi and Boni.)

"IT'S NAUGHTY CUPID"

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Allegro grazioso.

Bonì: Single men, eight or nine out of ten, fat and short, slim and tail; well in fact one and all, Contemplate the conjugal state. And they dream of a perfect mate. If you...
meet the Ideal girl. Then it's never too late to
wed. If you find that you've gone and done the deed too early
That's when a man sees red. It's naughty Cup-st! That rascal
Cupid! He drives a decent chap to marriage and despair. And when he's
BiX.  

done so. And had his fun so. He pips you once again for luck it isn't

BiN.  

fair!  

2. Married men, eight or nine out of ten, wear a

STA.  

sorrowful air of pathetic despair. I'm quite wise to that

STA.  

look in your eyes; You expect me to sympathise. When a
man will his wife disparage. As a rule he's a dreadful bore. If you've found lots of trouble through a hasty marriage.

Why go and ask for more? It's naughty Cupid! That rascal Cupid makes man so fascinating, gay and debonair. He makes you
sigh so, deceive and lie so; And we are forced to do the

same, it's only fair!

DANCE.

Animato.
DUET. — (Sylva, Ronald) and Chorus.

"LOVE'S SWEET SONG."

Tempo di Valse.

Sylva.

Voice.

Piano.

thou-sand won-ders, Rap-ture too di-vine. Mune is my
dar-ling for ev-er. Mine, mine, mine!
Hour of tender sweet surrender. Bliss without alloy.

Moment of infinite splendor. Deepest joy!

All the tiny stars are singing Love's sweet song.

In my heart are bells ringing Ding, ding, dong!
Syl.

Come, my darling fold your arms around me fast. Ah!

Syl.

Glory floods the rosy world. You’re mine at last!

Ronald.

Perfect seems my dream of dreams. Oh, let me not awake.

Ronald.

Ah, but to live can be sweet for Love’s sweet sake!
Hand in hand we find the land, The wonder-land of love.

Angels to guide us in highest heaven a - love.

All the tiny stars are singing Love's sweet song.

In my heart are joy - belis ring - ing Ding, ding, dong!
RON.  
Come, my darling, fold your arms around me fast. Ah!

RON.  
Glory floods the rosy world; You're mine at last!

DANCE.
_SYLVA, RONALD & CHORUS._

All the tiny stars are singing Love's sweet song

---

ALL.

In my heart are joy bells ringing Ding, ding, dong!

---

ALL.

Come, my darling, fold your arms around me fast, Ah!

---

ALL.

Glory floods the rosy world You're mine at last!
FíNALSE-ÂCT II.

(Dialogue)
Tempo di Valse.

Piano.
Allegro moderato.

SYLVA. Bring me my cloak, please!

Tranquillo.

SYLVA. He's ashamed of me!

Andante.
Adagio.

All joy abides where ever all true love is

Allegro molto.

reign ing.

Must you go

mad am? This is distressing. Yes, I am tired. The heat is oppress ing. Ah no, dear lady, do not be-raise us Of your en
chanting presence and leave us.

Dearest lady, do not be-

No, dearest

Please, dearest

lady, do not bereave us Of your enchanting presence and leave us. No, dearest

Please, dearest

lady, do not bereave us Of your enchanting presence we pray!

Please, dearest

lady, do not bereave us Of your enchanting presence we pray!
PRINCE. Lady Boniface, don't go. We have a surprise for you all. I think this is an opportune moment. This is a great day for the house of Cosenack. Now will you stay? SYLVA. Yes. I will remain here.

Tranquillo.

PRINCE. I have an important announcement to make; the engagement of my dear son Ronald to my beloved niece the Countess Stael. RONALD. Father, one word.

PRINCE. Yes?

Lento.

RONALD.

Fath - er it cannot be! For I am no longer free. My

RONALD.

ve - ry heart is mine no more! Oh do not blame me. I implore!

My
Allegro.

promise to another given In honour I cannot disclaim. With

love for her my heart is riven; The world is ringing with her name. Yes,

Piu mosso.

all the tiny stars are singing Love's sweet song.

In my heart are joy bells ringing. Loud and long.
Grondioso.

RON.
Naught on earth can ever part Her soul from mine. Ah!

STAS.
When two faithful hearts unite By heav'n's design. Then

BONI.
When two faithful hearts unite By heav'n's design. Then

CRO.
When two faithful hearts unite By heav'n's design. Then

Grondioso.

Ron.
Now and for eternity You're mine, mine, mine!

STAS.
Who would dare oppose the pow'r Of love divine? Dear

BONI.
Who would dare oppose the pow'r Of love divine?

CRO.
Who would dare oppose the pow'r Of love divine?

Andantino.

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Ron, aid, you must listen when you hear love's voice. Forget your vows to me.

Be faithful to the maid-in of your heart's own choice. Whoever she may be, whoever she may be. Forget your vows to me. Be happy with the lady of your heart's own choice. Dear friend, I set you free.

Allegro moderato

And the
Syl.

Self!

Ron.

Other is Prince.

Yes

Prin.

It can't be! All.

All.

Lady Boniface

Atempo

Ron.

Lady Boniface, other.

No

Allegro moderato.

Syl.

I'm not the wife of Lord Boniface. I am (this is between ourselves in

Syl.

Confidence) I am Princess Sylvan. Cosenachs.
SYL. Here is the marriage contract duly sealed and signed by

PRIN. (Reading.)

your son.

"...Edwin Ronald, Marjorie Prince of Con...

by most solemnly declare that I take Sylva Var..."...to be my lawful wedded wife, and

in three months I will confirm this contract before God, the law and

Molto lento

all the whole world. But this is not possible!"
(PRINCE) Then you are Sylva, the Cabaret singer! (RON.) You are not Boni's wife. (SYLVA) No, I am Sylva Varescu. The three months referred to have expired.

Impeto.

RON.

Syl-va the vows once

dim. s. rit.

sorrit.

RON.

sol- emn- ly ta- ken, Can they be ev- er, ev- er for

RON.

-sa- ken? Fast are the bonds that bind us for ev-

SYL.

Sir

RON.

Bonds that on- ly death can se- ver. So help me
Molto allegro.

Prince, your vows no longer bind you. Your freedom you re-

Heav'n.

again. Your Royal name I'll not dis-honour; an

actress I'll remain. Though I never

more may see you. Here, and now, and thus I free you.
M aestoso. (She tears up the contract)

(SYLVIA) You are free!

S T A.

(STA.) Adagio.

SYLVIA

How willingly she

C H O.

sets her beloved free.

No love more devoted and selfless could ever be.

C H O.

No love more devoted and selfless could ever be.
(RONALD) Sylvan, stay! (SYLVIA) No, I am going. We should never have been happy.

BONI.

Andantino quasi {pianissimo}

Tismigh-ty Cu-pid! Re-sistless Cu-pid! And to re-

BONI.

-bol a-against his ty-ran-ny were tain.

STA.

Tismigh-ty Cu-pid!

CHO.

Tismigh-ty Cu-pid!
STA.

The tyrant Cupid! And all must bow to his decree for joy or pain.

CHO.

The tyrant Cupid! And all must bow to his decree for joy or pain.

Maestoso.

Curtain.

Maestoso.

STA.

CHO.

END OF ACT II.
Act III.
INTERMEZZO.

Allegro moderato.
TRIO- (Sylva, Feri and Boni.)

"ON, MUSIC ON."

Allegretto.

FERI. 1. Gip-sy fidd-l-r, start a-play-ing Make your brav-est show!
SYLVA. 2. Gip-sy fidd-l-r, man of won-der-s, Play of life that

Keep the ve-ry moun-tains sway-ing With your danc-ing bow!
Life that sighs and burns and thun-ders Round e-ter-nal hills:
allegro dolce

Make the music laugh and sob
Set our leaping heart to throb
Drive the weary world and all its
to

Not of human love or pain,
With nature's nobler strain
Through your last Mazurka rushing
to

cares away.
Play, you swarthy rascal, for the Lord's sake, play!
rapture runs;
All the mighty music of the great God, Paul
to

Tempo di Marcia, lento.

don

On, music, on! and let the roof ring again!
Gold can not

don

buy the joy that throbs in the strain;
Let care and misery to
limbo be hurled. Make us lords of the wide, wide world.

ALL, pp after 2nd Verse

On, music, on; and let the roof ring again! Gold cannot buy the joy that throbs in the strain. Let care and misery to limbo be hurled. Make us lords of the wide, wide world!
3. Gipsy fiddler, splendid fellow. When you strike a chord, Through our glowing hearts the mellow wine of life is poured. Who your wonder music hears.

Leaves a while this vale of tears; Gets as near to Paradise, as near can be. Gad! you Son of Satan you’re the man for me!
Molto lento.

ALL.

On, music, on; and let the roof ring again! Gold cannot buy the joy that

throbs in the strain. Let care and misery to limbo be hurled. Make us

lords of the wide, wide world!

Furioso presto. (allegro C"ardas.)

DANCE.
FINALE.—ACT III.

Tempo di Valse.

All

All the tiny stars are singing Love's

Piano.

sweet song.

In my heart are

joy-bells ringing Ding, ding, dong!
ALL. Come, my darlings, fold your arms around me fast; Oh! Glorious Love's unfading rose is ours at last! (Curtain)
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