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RIP VAN WINKLE

A NEW COMIC OPERA IN

3 ACTS

Written by MEILHAC & FARNIE

Music by PLANQUETTE

PHILADELPHIA:
J. M. STODDART & CO.
1018 Chestnut Street.

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RIP VAN WINKLE
NEW COMIC OPERA
IN
THREE ACTS
WRITTEN BY
MEILHAC AND FARNIE
MUSIC BY
PLANQUETTE,
Composer of "Chimes of Normandy," etc.

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RIP VAN WINKLE.

ACT I.

No. I. (a) CHORUS—"Far and Near."  (b) SCENE—"On this Solemnity."
(c) COUPLETS—"Sweet Sir!"

(GRETCHEN, PETER, KATRINA, VEDDER, & CORO, S.S.T.B.)

(Villagers grouped. Peasants raise a signboard on Inn n., with head of George III. Enter VEDDER and KATRINA and serve drink.)

Moderate maestoso.

SOPRANOS.

Far and near our cry be heard, . . . . Long life to great George the Third! . . . .

Tenors.

Far and near our cry be heard, . . . . Long life to great George the Third! . . . .

Basses.

Far and near our cry be heard, . . . . Long life to great George the Third! . . . .
Though he rais'd from o'er the sea, Faithful col.--n's are we...

Though he rais'd from o'er the sea, Faithful col.--n's are we...

Though he rais'd from o'er the sea, Faithful col.--n's are we...

Ah! what a grace! What a fine, ma--jestic face! It almost is a shame, we're think--ing,

Ah! what a grace! What a fine, ma--jestic face! It almost is a shame, we're think--ing,

Ah! what a grace! What a fine, ma--jestic face! It almost is a shame, we're think--ing,

To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing! To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing! To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing! To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing! To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing! To make him thus pre--side o'er drink--ing!
piu animato.

Yet, it is a common thing To use one's Queen or King. And our village is berg!

Yet, it is a common thing To use one's Queen or King. And our village is berg!

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Yet, it is a common thing To use one's Queen or King. And our village is berg!
Rip van Winkle, eh? Don't know. Can any of you say? Don't know. Ah! well, sing on— and for this he shall pay!

SOPRANOS. Yes! it is a common thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our village is be-

TENORS. Yes! it is a common thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our village is be-

BARITONS. Yes! it is a common thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our village is be-

rit.

stir'd, So to hon-our George the Third! So to hon-our George the Third!
Here comes Rip's wife; Gretchen, on my life!

My dear! don't be hard on Rip, I pray!

For my poor sake, O'er hill and brake, He wanders weary night and day!

Pooh! pooh! pooh! make no excuses, Gretchen, you're patient over much

Of Rip, and his eternal a-bses! Shame on the fellow, that he's Dutch!
Not in all Kansas kind keeps away. One colonist, save

(Gretchen and Katrina come on either side of Peter.)

Rip, today!

Allegretto grazioso.

Tempo rubato.

Peter.

Do not tamper with the throne!

Ped.

Have too much heart to act severely!

(Sweet Sir! you would be all the sweeter, If Rip you'd pardon, Myn-heer Peter!)

You, whom we girls all love so dearly,
GRETCHEN.

See! the smile already beaming. See him with good nature beaming, Ah! his heart he cannot harden!

KATZINA.

See! the smile already beaming. See him with good nature beaming, Ah! his heart he cannot harden!

Tempo I'm.

Oh, then, a way with doubt a-lament, Thou-sand thanks,

hard en!

SOPRANO.

Rip van Winkle he will pard'on!

Rip van Winkle he will pard'on!

Rip van Winkle he will pard'on!

BURGOMASTER charming!

Now can I share in mirth and pleasure, Sing an old

PET scratches.

'Tis my way, All wo-men say!
Hail to the day, and now let's all be gay!

SOPRANO. (Kathina with end.)

Hail to the day, and now let's all be gay!

TENORS & BASS. (Vocalise with Basses.)

Hail to the day, and now let's all be gay!

TUTTI—What's that! Yeomen—Soldiers towering up the valley. Tutti—Ah! Ferrens—shrieks! What can they want? Never mind—he's in that distant oat-hedge. Tutti—Hurrah!

SOPRANO.

Let those med-dling soldiers come, Not for them shall we be dumb!

TENORS.

Let those med-dling soldiers come, Not for them shall we be dumb!

PRESSES.

Let those med-dling soldiers come, Not for them shall we be dumb!

Far and near our cry be heard... Long life to great George the Third!

Far and near our cry be heard... Long life to great George the Third!

Far and near our cry be heard... Long life to great George the Third!
Though he rules from over the sea, faithful coll-o-crats are we. What a scene, and what a grace!

Though he rules from over the sea, faithful coll-o-crats are we. What a scene, and what a grace!

Though he rules from over the sea, faithful coll-o-crats are we. What a scene, and what a grace!

Ah! what a grace!

Ah! what a face! in a shanty, we're thinking.

To make him thus preside o'er drinking! To make him thus preside o'er drinking!

To make him thus preside o'er drinking! To make him thus preside o'er drinking!

To make him thus preside o'er drinking! To make him thus preside o'er drinking!
plus animato.

...ing! Yet it is a common thing. Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our village is be-stir'd, So to hon-our George the...
No. 14. MELODRAME.

(Entrance of English Detachment.)

CAPTAIN. "Break off! Filiarmi!"

No. 2. RONDO—"Yes, No, and Nothing at all."—(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.)

KATRINA.

mf

1. Folks do say, who are wise and...
to our times then, by the masters, Double Dutch if she really

bought, Language that all so very talk!

chat ters, But in court ing our woman kind, Their topo graphy just bear in mind. The Bos ton

girls always answer "No!" New York maidens always answer "Yes!" But here a way, The loss a

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

maidens always answer "Yes!" But here a way, They just don't say anything and let you guess!

maidens always answer "Yes!" But here a way, They just don't say anything and let you guess!
Katrina.

2. Were I man, I'd never be deceived in ardent love with prude or with hoyden, True with girls the proverb old—"Words are silver, silence gold!"

Glance and sigh need no translation, Love's the same in every land—"Words are silver, silence gold!"

Soprano, mf
nation. But in court-ing our wo-man-kind, Their top-o-gra-phy just be in mind... The Bos-ton
girls al-ways an-swer "No!" New York maidens al-ways an-swer "Yes!" But here-a-way, The las-er
they just don't say a-ny-thing and let you guess! The Bos-ton girls al-ways an-swer "No!" New York
maidens al-ways an-swer "Yes!" But here-a-way, they just don't say a-ny-thing and let you guess!
No. 24. EXIT OF PEASANTS, &c. (S.S.T.B.)

SOPRANO.

Tenor.

BASSET.

Amende.

Third, so to honour George the Third!
No. 3. AIR—“Oh! where's my Girl?”—Rip van Winkle.

1. Oh! where's my girl of whom I'm fond? Where
can she be? I'm just a scamp, a vagabond, But I love her, and she loves me!
Our little crinoline, O dear, Where happy with her I might dwell, Yet,
Far from the girl I love so well! And all the village goes on

Allegrato pensamente.
so... But then I know—just what I know!... A day is coming when I'll gaily sing,

Tra la la, la la la! That day is coming, ay! Is on the wing! Tra la la la la la la la!

2. Come, little wife, yes! come and scold me, (I'm

scolded first, and then I'm kind'!) And in your arms a captive hold me, I promise you I won't re-
I own that I'm a dreadful creature, The parson says it, so it's right,
Without a single redeeming feature, That is his sermon day and night, And
All the village goes on so,
But then I know—just what I know!...
A day is coming when I'll sing, Tra la la la, la la la! That day is coming, ay! is on the wing! Tra la la la, la la la!
No. 4. CANOE SONG for Two Voices—"Where floweth the Wild Mohawk River."—(Gretchen and Rip.)

Piano.

Where

Gretchen.

(A canoe!) (His canoe!)

Waits for us two, Ah!

R.

Waits my canoe, Light birch canoe, Waits love, for me and for you! I'll

G.

make thee soft robes of op- um, In thy hair twine the cham - pak in blossoms, O'er

R.


Fed.* Fed.
Would it were
fo rest and foam,
Far let us roam, There, on ly there, be our home!

so! but, ah! I fear Rivals a - d'sd to you more dea.

List while I tell you what I mean! 
Tell me, my queen, What ri - val's you

rest! The wild river flow - ing! The blue hea', the fro - lic gale blow - ing!

mean!
Gun and canoe! Gun and canoe! Enjoyment for one, not for two!

My canoe! My canoe! Why not for two?

Enough for you, and for you only, Whilst I in my solitude lonely

Fine for the home. I left for the desert to roam!

There be our home. O'er forest and foam we will roam!

Ah! your canoe. Though enough for one's not enough, love, for two!

Come! my canoe. In the rapid river is waiting for you!
Ah! your canoe, never enough for one, is not love, never enough love, for

Conseil, my canoe In the rapid river waits, love, for you, yes, is waiting for

No. 5. CHORUS OF COWARDS—“Can’t you See?”—(T.T.B.B.)

Can’t you see we’re coming? Hang their horrid drumming,

Can’t you see we’re coming? Hang their horrid drumming,
Is there anything about us looks like recruits? Yes! Of course we're willing.

(is CAPTAIN.)

(Catch us take the shilling! All our martial ardor is in our boots!) We

with... we are... Enlisting's not our trade! Poltroons...

to say... afraid! We are afraid, we are afraid, Poltroons we are, Yes! we are,

...trogons, With no appetite for war! For brave... ah! brave...

yes, we are! With no appetite for war! we are not, we are not!
Substitute, too, can be bought! To life. To life. More than ev'-ry other thing!

Substitute, too, can be bought! do we cling, do we cling More than ev'-ry other thing!

More than ev'-ry other thing! We frankly own poltroons we are. And

More than ev'-ry other thing! We frankly own poltroons we are. We own poltroons we are!

have no appetite for war!

Without the slightest appetite for war!
No. 6. LEGEND OF THE KAATSKILS—"Oh! Beware!"

(Gretchen & Chorus, S.S.T.B.)

Lift in awful glory, Mountains grey and old, That mystery and tradition bold; Never mortal daring, Thither reckless flying, Ever returned the tale, To tell to maiden pale!

There, all nature slumbers, Torrents still their numbers, Silence over all, Throws her drowsy eye.
Pall! Oh! beware! take care, take care! Who so ever thou art, by the dark
By the tran-cold so-litude spell-bound delaying! Spirits in the pale moon-light,
From a long-forgotten past glide by, Mortals to their doom invite, Heaven not the weird temptation, fly, oh! fly!

SOPRANOS. TENORS. BASSES. ORI: be -
Gretch'en.

Harken not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!
there! Harken not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!
there! Harken not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!

Gretch'en.

Folks say that each demon, Once was daring seaman, That with Hudson brave Had
pe-rih'd in the Arc-tic wave; Hud-sen, o-cean ro-ver, Who, his wild life o-ver,

Would in spi-rit be Near his lovd Tap-pen-see:* Dutch tars dress'd so quaint-ly,

Dutch songs sound-ing faint-ly, Tell that Hud-sen's band Somewhere are at hand, 

Oh! be-were! take care, take

* The old Dutch name for a land-locked bay of the Hudson river.
GRETCHEN.

Hark! en not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!

there! Hark! en not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!

there! Hark! en not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!

there! Hark! en not the weird temptation, fly, oh, fly!

Pod.
No. 7. (a) TRIO—"Ere the Marriage Contract," (b) AIR—"These Little Heads."

(Rip van Winkle and the Children.)

Moderato non troppo. 
Ere the marriage contract is drawn.

PIANO.

What have you got...to live up on? 
You all-ly man...we'll live with you!

Of course! Of course! That's what we'll do!

Alice.

Caretul wife ne'er lives in folly When her good-man's at work a-way, You'll see how neat I'll keep my

Alice.
Hans.

Dol-y! I'll bring her birds' nests ev'ry day! But if my girl's her hus-bond float-ing, Or if my

Alice.

son-in-law's too gay! Even then, he'd ne'er find me pout-ing! And I'd just let his float a-

Hans.

way! But days are long in sum-mer time? We'll go a-put-ting in the wood! But when they're

Alice.

PP

Hans.

O slid-ing's fa-mous, snow-ball-ing good! We'll be hap-py as man and wife!

Alice.

PP

(At how lit-tle they know of life!)

We'll be hap-py as man and wife!

Alice. PP

cello parte.
Allegro assai.

As we'll seek together Lilies by the lake, Berries in the heather, Fireflies

in the brake... Yes! we'll seek together Lilies by the lake,

Berries in the heather, Fireflies in the brake, Berries in the

Berries in the heather, Fireflies in the brake, Berries in the

Ped.
heather, fireflies in the brake! ber- ries in the heather, fireflies in the

heather, fireflies in the brake! ber- ries in the heather, fireflies in the

heather, fireflies in the brake! ber- ries in the heather, fireflies in the

brake! brave boy! and thou, my flex-en-head-ed daugh- ter! Why must I tell you these fair things shall die? The berry

rejoice by the wa- ter; that for you dark days may be night... these lit- tle
Moderato con espressione.

hands, now gold en, silver'd one day may be, trembling, and frail, and

old en, (that day I may not see) but though flowers may perish, and though

youth may decay, still your love, dear ones, cherish, for love is young for...

Alice. pp

We'll love each other, and for aye! We'll love each other, and for aye!

Hans. pp

We'll love each other, and for aye! We'll love each other, and for aye!

Aye!
No. 8.  SONG—"Where is the Woman?"—Derrick.

Andante.

DERRICK.  Moderato.

1. "Where is the woman?" Rang out when crime began;

"Where is the woman?" Still cries the latter man, Truth known alone to sages,

Doubted by glowing youth, Argued in all the ages, And ever still, the truth!
Ah! I, weak and vain, Must doubt again, Of story told By wise men of old... Precedent disdain! Passion o'er all reigning.

Head and heart above! Pity, Fate! I love, Pity, Fate! I love!

2. Over my dry...
parchments, I pore by day and night, Seeking oblivion O'beauty fair and bright,

Vainly I shun the vision Glowing from every page, Subaru as in desolation Of

parola a voce. Most, de valore. pedant and sage! Ah! I weep and vain, Must doubt again,

Of story told By wise men of old! ... Precedent disdain,

A piacere. lunga. Pray o'er all reigning, Head and heart a love! Piety, Fate! I love! Piety, Fate! I love!

Ped. Ped. cello parte. PPP
No. 9. RONDO—"The Village Well."—(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.)

Text:

Tin the hour we girls were fall, With a pitcher and a tale, At the old draw-well, At the
old draw-well! As the bucket slowly brings the water clear, All the gossip we have
time to hear. And a lot they tell at the well! (The girls draw water and fill pitchers.)
Katrina.

Heavy sometimes the oak-ens buck-et, And if the fel-lows pass this way, From our hands they will quickly

Bye.

Tutti, sôlo.

pluck it, Har's work is ve-ry bad for girls, they say! And we all of us say, The buck-et is ex-tra heav-y to-

colla parte. sôlo.

day! Or oth-er-wise we'd not al-low These young men to dally with us now!

'Tis the

how we girls ca'er fall, With a pitch-er and a tale, At the old draw-well! At the old draw-
well! As the bucket slowly brings the water clear, All the gossip we have time to hear.

And a lot they tell at the well! Even with men's help it is amazing. How long our pitchers take to fill? Also when to our shoulders ris ing. How apt these pitchers somehow are to spill. Pitchers frequently will! And all by themselves up.
up and ajill! And then the fellows must remain, just to fill our pitchers over again!

'Tis the hour we girls never fail, With a pitcher and a pail, At the old draw-well!

At the old draw-well! As the bucket slowly brings the water clear, All the gossip we have time to hear! And a lot they tell at the well! shh!
No. 10. FINALE, ACT I.—"When I Come Back."—(Tutti e Coro.)

back...?will be no more to roam... Therefore...

May with thee at home! Come, Gretchen, do not pout!

One would think that my word you doubt!
do not doubt you, but I fear... I'll keep you, now I have you here!

GErTCHEN.
Nay! I must go! Well! Since it must be so!

pib animato,
But do not say Long time away!

I will not stay Long time away!

Allegretto, PP

KATRINA.
Away with doubt and fearing. He'll soon be home again!

JACINTHA.
Away with doubt and

Knickersocker.
Away with doubt and

RIP.
Away with doubt and

Vogder.
Away with doubt and fearing. I'll soon be home again, a gain!
May Heaven be not hearing The voices of the
fearing, He'll soon be home again!

What matter if I'm hearing The voice of the
fearing, He'll soon be home again!

And the bright morn is

Pray Heaven be not hearing The voices of the glen!

Pray Heaven be not hearing The voices of the glen!

Pray Heaven be not hearing The voices of the glen!
Heav'n be not hearing The voices of the glen!

Derrick.

Our bear Rip off again? Let's hope it is an error! Ah! (That dreadful man! He fills my heart with terror!)
RIP.  
{Erie Gretchen and turns up.)  
Derrick (stopping him).

Test that is so... Off I go!...

\textsl{Legeramente.}

Gretchen.  
Derrick.  
(Seriously.)  
RIP.  
Gretchen.

That's what I say! You hear?  
I, too, say nay! You too? You

cries.

Derrick.  
RIP.  
Derrick.  
day measure.

too? I too! Say nay? Say nay!  
To pay with in! rest what you are

\textsl{Animato.}
owing. Is honest, you need not be told; But he who takes it would fain be knowing Where and from whom you got the gold? Yes, he who takes it would fain be knowing Where and from whom you got the gold! From whom? and where? Quite so! Where got you this gold? I have no recollection! I have no recollection! Those very coins now aid in your de-
- tection! Your gracious king, and us too, you have sold, ... (Ah! traitor vile!) for French gold! Li - ar! 'tis

(Sighs.)

OMNE. — Ah! (They separate them.)

DERRICK.

false! . . .

Moderato.

At last he's con - fess'd!

This spy, this vil - lage post! And you have struck a blow!

Rip van Win - kles, look to your - self! You would have force? Be it
Malice lurks behind his words, and in each tone;
For this accusation,
it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on me, re-venge and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

it is very clear, Means re-venge on Rip, re-venge, and that a - lone!

(The terror-stricken peasants surround Rip and urge him to fly, inaudible.)
SOPRANO.

The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, like a hunted hare, Off to the hills!

TENORE.

The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, like a hunted hare, Off to the hills!

BASSE.

The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, to the hills!

PP risso.

(Ritz grasps their hands warmly—the villagers then group up stage.)

(Hauhth.

My dar - ling! Though we, a - la! now se - ver,

PP Hauhth.

With the heart full of pain... Thou art yet mine for e - ver, Ay! we'll meet, love, a - gain. Yes! we'll

GRETCHEN.

Though we, a - la! now se - ver, With the heart full of pain... meet, ... love, a - gain! ... Though we, a - la! now se - ver, With the heart full of pain...
Thou art yet mine for ever, Thou art yet mine for ever! Ay! we'll meet, love, a gain!

Tenors & Baritones. Omnes. The soldiers!

gain!

What's that we hear? (March.)

Katrina. Burro-master.

There they come! Fly, oh, fly!

Vedore. Gretchen. poco più. Rit. laughing.

Fly, oh, fly! Ay! quickly go... Let your retreat they know! As for that, as for

that, they'll not dare to show their face. Around a- bout my hidding place! I fear no mortal foe!
Wither now I shall go!

Listen, friends, if you'd know, Where I go!

Knickersbocker with Tenor.

Burgomaster and Vedera with Basses.

Where do you go?

Where do you go?

Moderato assai.

From deep forest hoary, Lift in awful glory, Mountains grey and old, That

Moderato assai.

mystery and tradition holt; Never mortal dat'ing. Thicker reckless far'ing.

E'er return'd the tale, To maiden pale to tell! There all nature slum'sters,
Trenta
still their number, Sis - leon over-all, Throae her drowsy pall!

GRETCHEN.

SOPRANO.

OH! be ware! take care, take care! If so be thou

Tenors.

No! no! No! no!

Basses.

No! no!

sems retard.

art by the dark, glen straying! Never dare to linger there, By the tranquél solitude-bound de-

STENT.

laying! Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past. glide by.

STENT.

SOPRANO.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past. glide by.

Tenors.

Mor-tal.

Basses.

Mor-tal.

Mor-tal.

SOPRANO.

Soprius in the pale moonlight, Mor-tal.

colin parte.
to their doom in - vite!  Hearken not their weird temp - ta - tion, fly! oh! fly! Oh, be - ware! take care, take care! If so be thou art by the dark ... glen stray - ing, Ne - ver dare to linger there, By the tran - ced
Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

KATRINA.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

JACINTHA.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

KNUCKLEBOCKER.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

RIP. (laughs in derision).

BOOOMASTER.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

VADER.

Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

so-litude-spell-bound delaying. Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

so-litude-spell-bound delaying. Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide

so-litude-spell-bound delaying. Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past, glide
(Enter on last bar DERRICK and English soldiers, who load their guns at *V*). He swings on rustic bridge at back. GRETCHEN throws herself before the guns of the soldiers. Picture, and certain quals.)
ACT II.

(a) ENTR'ACTE.  (b) MELODRAPE.
SCENE I.

No. 11.—(a) LANTERN CHORUS—"By the Thicket."

(b) BALLAD—"Now the Twilight."—Gretchen, Katrina, & Chorus (S.S.).

(Enter Katrina and peasants with lanterns.)

KATRINA with CHORUS.

By the thick- et path we are trudg- ing slow, Net -tie, bei - ar,

brom -ble, Mur a moonlight ram -ble, Won -der -ful how thorns will a - sound one grow, Sp - ty things and spite

- ful Stand of flow -er's de - light - ful! Well! it is for Gretch - en, so we don't mind! Leave our old com-
- passion! No that were unkind! ... What I don't quite understand,

Is the need for lamps in hand, Seeing 'tis a man we're after, Seeing 'tis a man we're
do. do. do.

after! If to have a man I'd say, All the lamp I'd light's my eye!

Other hunt's but food for laughter, Other hunt's but food for laughter! Where is Rip's wife? Lost, on my lie!
TUTTI.  
Gretchen, ho!... Gretchen, ho!

KATRINA.  
Ab! you're there at last! Have you seen him? Ah! your good news don't be delaying!

GRETCHEN.  
Not yet! Where can poor Rip be staying? He sure must hear? He must be near!

TUTTI.  
Gretchen, ho!... Gretchen, ho!
KATRINE.  Moderate, quasi allegretto.

Hark! was n't that the village chime?  If so, I'd state, girl, it is late!  And so return it

(to Gret.)

Is full time, or look out for lectures, and look'd gate!  My dear, come too, you've done his turn.  More

GRETCHEN.

For your husband thin he'd deg... for you!  Not yet!  At least with me you might

BALLAD—"Now the Twilight."

With the weary wanderer Good Night!

Moderato pastorale.

(Village bells in distance.)
GRETCHEN.

Now the twilight shadows are stealing over the village more and more, but yet a deeper shadow I'm feeling, darkening around my cottage more!

Ah! how eagerly I would listen! Till his familiar voice I'd hear! And my glad eyes with joy-drops would gleam, but now with a tear...
... Where so ever thou may'st roam, ... Far from the
lovd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re turn with morn ing light, Heav'n

give thee Good Night, ... my own, Good Night! ... Good Night! ...

May Hope re turn with
Far from the lovd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re turn with

Ped.  Ped.
Gretchen.

Now the peace ful vespers are ring ing Good will to each from hev'n's love,

marcato il canto.

This is the hour that should now be bring ing Heart close to heart in perfect love!

più animato.

But the sacred lit a n y steal ing Re quie m li e, our part ing day To my

più animato

spirit a l ari brings no heal ing For he is a way Wher e so
No. 11½.

EXIT.—(S.S.)

TUTTI.

Our search is vain, Let's home again!

PIANO.

Moderato, p

By the thickest path we are trudging slow, Nettles, briar, bramble, glar a moonlight,

rambla, Wonderful how thorns will around one grow, Spiky things and spiteful, 'Stead of flow'rs de-

-lightful! Well, it is for Gretchen, so we don't mind. Leave our old companion? No, that were un-

kind!

...
No. 12. PATROL CHORUS—"The Night is Dark."—(T.T.B.B.)

Tenors.

Basses.

Tempo di marcia.

Keep all in step! Keep all in step!

The night is dark and low'ring, As we the pass are scouring, Poor

Keep all in step! Night's low'ring, As we the pass are scouring, Poor

Rip we search for still, Although we're men undaunted, We

Rip we search for still, And much against our will! undaunted, We

know this place is haunted, And 'tis not very clear,

know this place is haunted, And 'tis not very clear, Who may be lurking near!
What's that within the brake?

Twas only our mistake! The night is dark and lowering, As we the pass are scouring. Poor

on only our mistake! Night's lowering. As we the pass are scouring. Poor

Rip we search for still, Although we're men undaunted, We

Rip we search for still, And much against our will! undaunted, We

know this place is haunted, And 'tis not very clear, Ah!

know this place is haunted, And 'tis not very clear, Who may be lurking near! Ah!
No. 13.  SONG—"Van Vattel's Vengeance."

Burgomaster & Chorus.

The Burgomaster.

1. A vo.

PIANO.

ra- vious tribe of In-dians used to hover round our vil-lage, For a way up on the migh-ty Mo-hawk- 
phy-sic were the bod-ings of that plot-ed Bur-go-man-ter, He was tak-en, tho' fell va-liant-ly he

Ped.

ri-ver: They were un-con-ver-ted, mer-ci-less, and fond of sack and pil-lage, And the 
ought: And the set-tlers they were set-tled, in it self a great di-mas-ter, But their

PP
whole time kept our ham to veal. Most objectionable creatures! But the
leader, Bertie, went to part. Yes, she met each redskin's sister, Turn'd at

Ped.

worst of all their features, Was their appetite for viands that were human: From the
once to thought of dinner, And Van Vatel in the cool then they threw; And soon

Ped.

cow that was tender, Made of children slim and slender, To master joint of grown-up man and
as it smould'rd up hotter, Ev'ry then mouth did water, At the very thought of burgomaster

Ped.

woman! But the village burgomasters were their favorite recreation, And they
stew! Yet the cooking went on slowly, for the shades of evening drew in. Still the
see them at a rate I dare not speak. So that cast-dates turn'd pistol, when they
dinner somehow wasn't boiled enough. And the connoisseurs de car'd Van Vat-tel

Ped.

heard of their election. And their wives bought mourning for time-saving week... And their
took a lot of doing, but the warrior respected him as tough... But the

wives bought mourning for time-saving week! 2. But at length there was a late-made as old
warrior respected him as tough! 4. But vengeance came! Those cast-aside, with-

soldier nam'd Van Vat-tel, Who had left his limbs un-sparing-bly behind him, He had
- cut the least enquirer; On their festival quite ravishing begun!... And they

Ped.
In the midst of the battle, there he'd lost his leg. And instead of a metal plate, he had a slice of iron,
bolted nails and hinges, also other bits of iron, Which had consigned once Van Vorst's

lined him! Now his collar bone was split, tho' 'twas riveted and mended, While his man!
There was one determined savage, who experienced sad ravage. For a

automatic joints all worked on hinges, And the truth I will not garble, His left
bit of wood en big half way stuck fast, And a nast 'big eye, tho' festive, Is when

eye was made of marble, For he'd lost that optic organ in the johies! He was
blessed indigestive, and made rather make a feed or look a ghost! In a
thus, pan-teck-nil-ly speaking, tin and iron plated, With his rivets and his nails, a work of word, this banquet cur'd them of their rage for eating feeders, And they pack'd their toin-a-hawks and stole a

art; But his soul at least was perfect, And he cried “Tho' I am fated, Screw my way, Or der'd works up-on gastro-no-my, Be came in time clean feeders, Though they

hin-ges up, and then I will de-part!” “Screw my hin-ges up, and then I will de-part!” As I prom-

ne-ver eat a stew un-to this day... Tho' they ne-ver eat a stew un-to this day!
No. 14. TRIO—"Now Won't you Come?"—Gretchen, Rip, & Derrick.

GRETCHEN (to DERRICK.)

Now won't you come along with me?

Piano.

Allegro, quasi moderate.

RIP (aside)

You do not care for me, I see! (Dearest heart!) Come a-

DERRICK (aside)

way... For here I will no longer stay! (She's mine! I triumph!)

(final)

Yes, in thy love revenge I'll quaff! At him who's lost.
GERTHEN (singing to

duet. Rip answers DERRICK).
I must own!

She must own!  a poco.

She must own!  Miss, mine a - lone!  Now to part, now to part, Now to
coll part.  tempo, pp

part!  Now to part, the' it breaks my heart!

part!  Go!  sweet - heart!  Fare-well!  fare-well!
coll part.  pp

part!  Come!  sweet - heart!
dolce tempo.

A - las!  from then, love, I must go!  My love!

And whis - per low One lov - ing word be - fore I go!

Now come, my love, . . . . . we'll go!  My love!
No. 15.  **ECHO SONG—Rip van Winkle & Chorus (S.T.B.).**

*Allegro non troppo.*

Rip (calling).

Ho!  ho!  ho!  ho!  Friend

**Piano.**

Echoes, why do ye call?

From crag and from crevice, awake!

I'm not all forsaken.

If ye give me back hail for hail!...

If ye give me back hail for hail! What will they have, who chase all after?

*Poco rit.*
P. Riv (shaking head).

Ah! ye are but fancies and air! ... But

[Chorus off]

SOPRANO.

Laugh-ter!

[LAUGHING]

now 'ts the hour for an or-i-son! or-i-son!

TENOR.

Laugh-ter!

P. SOPRANO.

Dare!

Dare!

BASS.

Laugh-ter!

P. TENOR.

Or a song!

Or a song!

P. SOPRANO.

Or a song!

Or a song!
SCENE II.

No. 16.  
(a) SCENE & Chorus—"The Phantoms."  
(b) Sea Song—"Blow high, Blow low!"—Hudson, Rip, & Chorus, S.S.T.B.
Rip (sighing along).

Moderato quasi allegretto.

You're very good... And friend-ly, I dare say...

But I won't in-troduce, ... So will bid you good-day!

(The phantom bows forward still more maimanely.)

No! no! Don't look at me like that!

ad lib.

But on-ly say... what you're at? fool anima-te.

Nothing to say? Nothing to say? Nothing to say?
Who ... are you, any way? Say!

(Diabolical laughter.) Soprano.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Tenor.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Basso.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Allegro con fuoco.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Hudson.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Who are we?
(b) SEA SONG—"Blow high, Blow low!"

Hen·drick Hud·son I am call'd, From the un·der·wa·ters hail·ing, There...

... you may see us sail·ing, To... the gale close-hauled! From

Hol·land came our hands... Which they no more may see;... But

still the Neth·er·lands... We claim for our coun·trie! Aye through the
What care we what breezes blow?

SOPRANO.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW, MERRILY O'er the.

Tenor.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW, MERRILY O'er the.

Basses.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW, MERRILY O'er the.
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
What care we, What deep we go, Yo - ho! Yo - ho!
No. 17. NINE-PINS SONG & CHORUS—"On the Grass Banks of Scheldt."
2nd Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.

Allegro. Soprano.

Say, my lads, what game we'll play?

Moonlight! as clear as day!

Allegro. Ténor.

Say, my lads, what game we'll play?

Lo! the silver moonlight, as clear as day!

Allegro. Bassin.

Say, my lads, what game we'll play?

Lo! the silver moonlight, as clear as day!

Mezzo. piano. 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 rest 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 thunder, Rends the pins a-sunder! Down—down they go !....

SOPRANO. (à bouche formée.)

Ah !

TENORS. (à bouche formée.)

Ah !

Basses. (à bouche formée.)

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

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

By the banks of Schelde 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 smoked, wise and slow!
Chorus. Sopranos.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

Teners.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

Basses.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

Live the game of Nine-pins! The

Schoold we play'd them, a long time a go! Live the game of Nine-pins! The

Schoold we play'd them, a long time a go! Live the game of Nine-pins! The

Schoold we play'd them, a long time a go! Live the game of Nine-pins! The

fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play'd and lov'd, a long a go!

fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play'd, a long a go!

fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play'd, a long a go!

fine old game of Nine-pins, That we play'd, a long a go!
2nd Lieutenant.

When we left the low Dutch strand, And with it all the joys of land. "Farewell all!" then did we say, "We've done with Ninepins uneasy a day!" But our skipper cried "No so! you'll have a game before you know!

There's a ship! To quarters call, They're the pips, and you've the ball! Let it roll like

then der! Tear their planks a-sunder! Down—down they go!"

Ah! (à bouche fermée)

Ah! (à bouche fermée)

Ah! (à bouche fermée)
All now lie low!...

Live the game of Nine-pins! The fine old game of Nine-pins!

Ah!

By the banks of Scheidt 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 smoked, wise and slow!
Chorus. Soprano.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

Tenors.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

Bassas.

Live the game of Nine-pins, The fine old game of Nine-pins, By the banks of

SECOND LIEUT.

Live the game of Nine-pins! The

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

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

Scheilt 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. 18. SERENADE—"My Pipe!"—1st Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.

My Lieutenant.

Allegretto amores.

I've bad

Piano.

la - dy loves in my day, With lips rose-red, and lust - rous eye... And I've witness'd the rose de -

The beaut - ty fade, and the love - light die! But my last love will last . . . . .

When fo - lioes of youth are pas... My pipe... my pipe. . . . . O breathe full
South...
From thy cool amber mouth...
Let my fond grasp entwine...

(Bouche fermée)

Thy slim figure divine!
Thy kindling eyes...
And thy odorous sigh...
Are more resounding far, ay! far...
Than a love told by light of the star!

(Bouche fermée)
2nd Verse.

star 2. Women sometimes will prove un-kin'd, Capri-cious beauty will be, I know. Poor man's sor-ment time out o'

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

When love and ill - si-on end! My pipe! my pipe! O breeze full
O breathe full South, From thy cool amber mouth, Let my fond grasp en-

O breathe full South, Thy amber mouth,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

Thy kindling eye,

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Thy kindling eye,
No. 19. DRINKING SONG—"May you Live and Prosper!"
Rip & Chorus, S.S.T.B.

- Allegro.

- rip - ma - tion you may scoff, But still I can - not join you, I've sworn of!

- I'm not at all that way in - clined! Yet to be

- bony ly I al - ways try, And some - how knight - sir makes a

- 

-
once this only once, I do not mind! Fill up!... fill up!... Fill high the cup!... Fill high the cup!... Fill high the cup!... Fill high the cup!...
Here is your good health!... Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families! Yours, and your families!

al legato

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

fam - i - lies!

(The enchantment takes effect on S.P. He staggers—loses consciousness—and falls on stage.)

Segue finale.
No. 20. FINALE, ACT II.—SESTETT & CHORUS—"Slumber, Mortal!"

(Tutti & Chorus.)

SOPRANOS.
Moderato. Principal with CHORUS.
Sunk to sleep, On the ground He's spell-bound!

Tenors.
Sunk to sleep, On the ground He's spell-

Baritones.
Sunk to sleep, On the ground He's spell-

Pianos.

Moderato benestante.

2nd Lieutenant. dolce.
Slumber, slumber, mortal bold, Nor awake

3rd Lieutenant.
Slumber, slumber, mortal bold, Nor awake

4th Lieutenant.
Ah! mortal bold, Nor awake

1st Lieutenant.
Slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake

Rhy.
Slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake

Hymn.
Slumber, mortal bold, Ye, slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake

Ah! ah! mortal bold, Wake not

 bound! Slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake

 bound! Slumber, mortal bold, Nor wake

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

Years o'er thee will slowly pass,

Years will o'er thee pass,

Years will o'er thee pass,
mortal bold, Nor awake till thou'rt old!

mortal bold, Nor awake till thou'rt old!

mortal bold, Nor awake till old!

mortal bold, Nor awake till old!
Winter, summer, o'er thee pass,
Thou wilt sleep

Winter, summer, o'er thee pass,
Thou wilt sleep

Years o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt still sleep on! wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep

Fed.
2ND L.
Thy doom shall be to slumber on! Tho'!

H. Un poco animato.
Till twenty years have passed and gone.
Then shall slumber on!

Misterioso.

2ND LIEUT.
When dead in dreamless sleep Thy

3RD LIEUT.
dream! Gretchen! Gretchen! I rave!

 судебное разбирательство.
mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll

mortal, Nor awak moll
Winter, summer, o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep

R.

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep

Winter, summer, o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep

Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep
(The phantom crew still pointing at Riff von Winkle, commence slowly to sink through the stage.)

(Stage empty—save for Riff, on whom shines a ray of moonlight. Curtain close.)
CHORUS OF WOODCUTTERS* (Behind the Scenes).

Tenors.
Allegretto vivace.

Basses.

to our broad axes, Lo! they fall! . . . . . . The

Piano.

kings of the forest old . . . and tall! . . . . . . . .

* If possible this Chorus should be sung unaccompanied, or supported by instruments behind.
No. 21. (a) ELECTION CHORUS—"Whatsoever may be Won."
(b) COUPLETS & ENSEMBLE—"Ladies Cannot sit in Congress."—
(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.T.B.)
his connection

his connection

his connection

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

noon's elections, Let us think of
noon's elections, Let us think of
noon's elections, Let us think of

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

slow allegretto assai.
Early and oft we'll vote, ... Let that be your key-note!

Tenors.

Early and oft we'll vote, ... Let that be your key-note!

Basses.

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

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

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

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

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

To - ry!

To - ry!
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 -

(Painting to signature.)
—noon's elections, Let us think of Washington! Square and straight is Washington! Given no place to
—noon's elections, Let us think of Washington! Square and straight is Washington! Given no place to
—noon's elections, Let us think of Washington! Square and straight is Washington! Given no place to
—noon's elections, Let us think of Washington! Square and straight is Washington! Given no place to

his connections, Though that's unusually done! Whatever may be won, In this after -
noon's election, Let us think of Washington, George Washington!
KATRINA.
Moderate semplice.

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

Moderate semplice.

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

SOPRANO.

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? 'ts we! As you will see!
Tenors.

Pure love of country inspires us,
Without thought of interest.

Baritons.

Pure love of country inspires us,
Without thought of interest.

PP

Me, but if you see in customs, or may be, post-mastership, remember.

Katrina & SOPRANOS.

Dolce.

Ladies cannot sit in Congress? True! But me!

Pure love of country inspires us,

Me!

Pure love of country inspires us,
least we rule o'er them that do!
Of-free-seek-ers, make no fuss,
Come and pay your court to us!

No thought of in-terest fires us,
But if a berth you see,
In Con-toms,

No thought of in-terest fires us,
But if a berth you see,
In Con-toms,

Govern-ment? 'Tis we! as you shall see!
Vote ye then for whom you will,
Congress-men are

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

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

pup-pets still! Elect the man of your de-sires, We'll pull the wires!
Vote ye then for whom you will,
Congress men are puppets still! Elect the man of your desire, we still will pull, yes! pull the wires! Still we'll pull, yes!

Congress men are puppets still! Elect the man of your desire, they still will pull, yes! pull the wires! Still they'll pull, yes!

Pull the wires!

Pull the wires!

Pull the wires!

(Prancing to signboard.)

Whatever 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 unusually done! Whatever may be won, in this afternoon's elections, let us think of Washington, George Washington!
No. 22. **LETTER SONG— "True Love from o'er the Sea."**—(Alice.)

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

I tremble at each sorrow! Oh, I have a deadly chill... Lives and loves be still?

Sad heart, there's 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... Wander o'er an' gay foam, Come! make my loving heart thy home! Ah!

back to me! Wander o'er an' gay foam, Make this loving heart thy home!
(Opening letter.) Ah, me! a

Fight again! A wreck tossed on the main! Then in strange prison lying,

With wounded and with dying! Nought but sorrow everywhere, sorrow and despair! (Reads again.)

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

True love from o'er the sea, I long for thee, Come back to me! Wan'd'ry o'er angry foam, Come! make my loving heart thy home! Ah!

back to me! Wan'd'ry o'er angry foam, Make this loving heart thy home!
No. 23. HAMMOCK SONG & CHORUS—"Rock'd upon the Billow!"
(Lieutenant van Slous & Chorus.)

To the core, When half a gale is blow-ing, And his ship is go-ing, Far from shore.

Staunch is the craft that bears him on, O'er the verge, lands lie to be won, Har-vests there are be-yond the foam, To reap for those he loves at home! Ayl har-vests lie be-yond the foam, To reap for those he loves at home!
Oh! rock'd upon the billow, To slumber by the angry storm. In fair dreams to my pillow, Come many a dear and vanished form. Oh! rock'd upon the billow, To slumber by the angry storm. In fair dreams to my pillow, Come many a dear and vanished.
form!

SOFFRANOS.

Ah! rock'd up - on the bill - low, To slum - ber by the an - gy

Tenors.

Ah! rock'd up - on the bill - low, To slum - ber by the an - gy

Basses.

Ah! rock'd up - on the bill - low, To slum - ber by the an - gy

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!
seamen death or danger Seldom is a stranger, Watch or sleep! From gulf of water under,

To the battle's thunder, Over the deep! Foesmen may start from every wave,

And every billow be his grave! But even when death or danger's near, The thought of home his heart will cheer!

Tho' death and danger may be near, Yet thoughts of home his heart will cheer!
Ah! rock'd up on the bil-low, To slumber by the an-gry storm.

Ah! In fair dream to my pil-low, Come many a tear and van-ished

Ah! rock'd up on the bil-low, To slumber by the an-gry storm.

Ah! In fair dream to my pil-low, Come many a tear and van-ished

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

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

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. 23½.

MELODRAME.

(Entrance of Rip Van Winkle)

Piano.

Moderate pin lentz qu'an 1er acte.

(Rip enters slowly l., over bridge. He stops r., looks round curiously on village; then descends slowly to stage, and reaches well down r.c. on last bar.)
No. 24. SONG—"Truth in the Well."—Rip.

Allegretto.

I. The thirsty sun

on the noon-side brink, Yet hotter, Yet hotter! And like that

sun, Me-thinks too I would drink... But wa-ter, But wa-ter!

Who could this fore-tell? My cell- lar is a well... And a moss-grown buck- et
for my glass.
Of good wine be - reh,
With not a cro - ny left,

(He looks into bucket and starts.)

It is not a lov - ing cup: quaff - a - las!

Ah! me! What is't I see? Dull eye, white hair, and wrin - led

brow? No, no! poor Rip, it is not thou, it is not thou! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Poco rall.
Who that old man was I cannot guess. But in water I believe so much...
trouble! That soapers, when she subtile position works, See

double, See double! Well, it may be so! (In

--der it's true, I know!) But has water then the same effect?

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

(Looking again into bucket.) now refresh? Yes! yes!

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

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

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

Yet mankind, time out of mind, The lying legend told and told, That truth lives at the bottom of a well!
No. 25. **TRIO—"I Know you not!"**—(Alice, van Slous, & Rip.)

**ALICE.**

*I know you not! my father's dead!*

**VAN SLOUS.**

*Old man! I fear your reason's*

**PIANO.**

*colla parte.*

**RIP. ad lib.**

*fled!... Mad? No, no!... If I'm o'er... *

**Alice.**

*Think not I'm speaking wild,... Then thou art, yes! thou art my*
daugh-ter! I, thy daugh-ter? The world, and time have made
Thy in- tel-liset to
could I

(3s Van Sloos) animato.

tot-ter, Thy me-mo-ry's de-cay'd! Oh, cru-el! sad! The old man's

Alice.

mad!

A cru-el lot

Van S.

A cru-el lot

R. P. (proclaiming Alice).

No, no! I am not mad! A cru-el lot
and sad! The old man's mad!

and sad! The old man's mad!

and sad! To be thought mad!

snow-white locks down flowing. The sad loveliest eye.

snow-white locks down flowing. The sad loveliest eye.

snow-white locks down flowing. Her bright and sparkling eye.

of the days gone by! Of love, and home, and hope, gone by!

of the days gone by! Of love, and home, and hope, gone by!

back the days gone by! Bring back the home and hope gone by! Ah!
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!

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 a-

Alice.

Re-call the songs . . .
of long a-

Van S.

Let him rave . . .

bet-ter still

I can think no strain up . . .

Alice (aside).

Poor wan-der'd brain! . . .

What was not,
on! . .

My mem'-ry's gone! . . .

Poor wan-der'd brain! . . .

What was not,
No. 26.  

CHORUS—"Some Say."—(S.S.T.B.)

SOPRANOS:

Some say, now that the...

TENORS:


BASSES:

Moderate.

PIANO:

Leggeramente.

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 fighting! Will the Tories win? Yes! Will the Whigs be beat? A ny how we'll
p'raps some fighting! Will the Tories win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! A ny how we'll
p'raps some fighting! Will the Tories win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! A ny how we'll
give ourselves a treat! Some say, now that the voting is done, The finish will be ex-
give ourselves a treat!give ourselves a treat!

exciting, So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fighting!
So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fighting!
So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fighting!
No. 27.  

FINALE—Tutti e Coro.

**Moderato assai.**

**Rõp.**

From deep for-est bea-ry, Lift in aw-ful glo-ry,

**PIANO.**

**Moderato assai.**

Mountains grey and old, That mys-try and tra-di-tion hold; Ne-ver mor-tal dar-ing,

Ped.

Thick er reck-less for-ing, Ever re-turn'd the tale,(Save I a lone) to tell!

Ped.

Dutch tars dress'd so quaint-ly, Dutch songs sound-ing faint-ly, Tell that Hud-son's band

Ped.  Ped.
Some-where are at hand!

SOPRANO.

He

TENOR.

He

BASSET.

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

ALICE.

raves!

raves!

raves!

colfia parte.
more thou'll wander there, By the tense old solitude spell-bound delaying! Here at

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

length wilt thou find rest,
TUTTI. (Principals with strings.)

Daughter's loving breast, From thee will the cruel phaeton fade and die! Oh, beware! take care, take care!

Daughter's loving breast, fade and die! Oh, beware! take care, take care!

Daughter's loving breast, fade and die! Oh, beware! take care, take care!

Care! If so be thou wert by the dark glen straying, Never more thou'lt wander there, By the trampled care!

Care! If so be thou wert by the dark glen straying, Never more thou'lt wander there, By the trampled care!

Care! If so be thou wert by the dark glen straying, Never more thou'lt wander there, By the trampled care!
...liu-dspell-bound delaying. Here at length wilt thou find rest, Let the long-got past glide by, On thy daughter's loving breast, From thee will the cruel phantoms fade and die! (Curtain.)

END OF OPERA.