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LA CIGALE.

ACT 1.

No. 1.—A VILLAGER'S CHORUS.

Words by GILBERT & BECKETT. Music by E. AUDRAN.

The wedding's done, these two are one,
A merry fortune mates them,
A happy life as man and wife
Very now awaits them.
For them is stored a future fair,
Ne'er yet was better suited pair,
Who trusts the gifts the years may yield them,
From harm will shield them.
At last the deed is done.

At length these two are one,
Wish them joy!
Let merry fortune make them,
Sure long life and joyous days await them.
At their feet there lies a future
Bright and fair,
Ne'er a better suited pair.
See stretching out before this man and wife,
A future fair.

No. 2.—CHORUS.

Words by F. C. BURNAND. Music by E. AUDRAN & IVAN CAMILL.

DUTCH BOYS AND GIRLS.

Tenors.

Hey boys! gay boys, shout hurrah!
Wedding day, boys, Hip! hurrah!
Bless the wedding days we sing,
That lollipops and sweeties bring,
Softly every other bar
Now then louder, Hip hurrah!
Softly every other bar
Little voices carry far.
Sound on bells a wedding ring,
Wed sing, ding dong! ding, dong ding!
Ringing, singing—Hip hurrah!
Come fill this mug with good October drink,
For the sober the best I know.

Tenors.

Come drain this mug of good October drink,
For the sober the best we know.

(Enter WILLIAM and CHARLOTTE.

WILL. Thee, mine at length I hold,
My sweet, my bride!
CHAR. The chain shall be of gold
By which we may be tied.
WILL. For thee my own sweet wife,
I'll heaven and earth be moving.
CHAR. And I too, of thy home
Fit mistress "fit"—proving.
No. 3.—"THE ANT."

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT. Music by E. AUDRAN.

CHARLOTTE.
In days of yore the insect world had speech,
The story's true, though you may not believe it,
And every golden word the world to teach
Each age has cherished eager to believe it.
The little ant creeps by upon her honest way,
And trots gently on thus chants her simple lay;
Work, work, a brave heart keeping.
'Tis thus gold harvest you'll be reaping.
And this is why I think, my husband dear,
I see bright days that seem with joy to greet us;
Our little bark together we will steer,
Whatever storms, or winds, or waves, may meet us.
For as the ant creeps by upon her honest way,
So follow her shall I, and chant her simple lay.
Work, work, etc.

Will—
And I will chant it too,
I am not afraid of working
With so sweet a help as you,
Never any labour shrinking.

Chorus. (repeat) The wedding's done, etc.

No. 4.—"THE MERRY CRICKET."

Words by F. C. BURNAND. Music by E. AUDRAN.

MARTON (sings off).
Oh! listen to the Summer song,
With new life all is thrilling,
Summer embracing
Sings nature dancing.
While every little winged thing
In chorus is tripping,
Sweet Summer-time,
Delightful Summer-time,
The Summer-time for me!
Hark! hark! the voice of the bird and the bee
Singing and humming in flower and in tree,
Joyous and clear,
Summer is here,
Summer-time! delightful Summer-time,
The lovely Summer-time for me!
But they say "think of to-morrow
Ere the day's done,
For to-morrow may bring sorrow

Ere rise of sun,"
Think upon the winter season,
And of the sad and rainy day;
To-morrow!
Sorrow!
When Summer-time has passed away
I laugh, dance, and sing.
The grasshopper's merry lay,
With whirling wings.
All the sunny day!
Without a care I dance along.
My hours like theirs as fleeting,
Thus I will live, like them repeating
"Let's fling all care away."
Say, hear'st thou not strains of sweet Summer song
On zephyra light o'er the mead borne along?
Fair Summer day so sweetly fleeting,
Then let me live for aye repeating
"Let's fling all care away."
DUET.—No. 5.

Words by F. C. Burnand.  

MARTON.
Why not begin at the beginning,  
That is the way I recommend;  
If you would win what is worth winning,  
Start! and you may get to the end.

VINCENT.  (aside.)  
How to begin? I feel like stuttering,  
What can I say, yet not offend?  
Stupid to grin, worse to keep muttering.  
Say what I may, will she attend?

MARTON.
Commence! Commence!  
VINCENT.  (aside.)  
It must be now or never,

MARTON.
You have some sense,  
To speak pray do endeavour,  
Oh, yes, oh no,  
'Tis like this—so—  
(Ensemble.)  
Why not begin, &c.

——

No. 6.—SONG.

Words by F. C. Burnand.  

VINCENT.

I.  
In chorus jointed all the birds from the glade,  
The hill and the woodland filling,  
With bright and merry trilling;  
I hear them sing  
The glad hymn of Spring,  
From heaven above,  
Sweet song of love.

Refrain.  
Thus a bird sang sweetly to his mate,  
As he winged his way o'er the wild heather  
"Dearie say, will you upon this tree,  
Yer nest, love, build with me?  
Can future brighter be  
Than this we face together?"

II.  
Thus having heard the sweet song of the bird,  
Our Charlotte is our William's bride,  
So happy they what e'er betide,  
As did these two let us new do,  
And loving ever, naught us shall sever!

Refrain.  
Thus a bird, &c.
MART. In truth my friend for you
    I feel a friendship true;
    Should ever your way
    Some tender thoughts stray,
    Why then I'll see what I can do.
    But—
    No, I will wait, I am in no hurry to marry.

VINC. You bid me wait?
MART. I do.
VIN. Ah, cruel fate!
MART. No, e'er I mate,
    I'd rather some time tarry,
Both. So a bird sang chirping to his mate
    As they winged their way o'er the wild heather,
    "Not to-day will I 'neath this tree
    And build my nest with thee,
    Let us be friends, but free,"
    And not chained together.
VIN. Thus a bird, &c.

No. 7.—SONG.

Words by Gilbert à Beckett. Music by E. Audran.

Uncle! I pray do not doubt me,
    From my heart these words I mean;
Surely the stage cannot do without me,
    I mean to be of Opera—the Queen.
Melpomene would not inspire me,
    In that line I wish to shine;
But let a comic scene require me
    In a new way, the part you'll see me play.

See here's something very tragic,
    If a specimen you'd like:
Dido am I, the famous Queen of Afric,
    An attitude see me strike.
Oh, Minerva! oh, Juno!
    Come to me and help the Queen,
The wretched Dido I mean,
    Of Carthage, of Carthage, the proud Queen.

Hark! the drum, the flute, the trumpet's sound,
    At her name awake around,
Upon thy strength I lean
    Oh, Juno! poor Dido!
Your faithful client I have been! I have been,
    Minerva! oh, Juno! oh, Minerva!
But in a lighter vein,
    I'll give my fancy rein.
Amaryllis am I, the shepherd Corydon,
    Would rob me of a flower
I would wish to keep,
    To show my power;
That rose must be mine love!
    In vain you plead.
He snatches it gaily;
    She feigns not to heed.
He'll sing and she'll dance
    In brightest day dreams,
Each time they advance
    A fresh joy it seems.
The rose must be mine, love! &c.
Uncle mine, do not doubt me, &c.
    (as before.)
No. 8.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

FRANZ.
Better for her and me,
Oh, had we met never,
Than severed be
Now and for ever.
Dare I a falsehood tell,
Would she believe me?
Ah, no!
Too greatly would it grieve me
Did I bid thee farewell!
All in vain
Will reckless swain
With love trifle,
Ah!
Or conscience we must stifle.
Love cries "Stay! while you may!"

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

"Better with fire play,"
Ah, tempt not fate!
How Cupid's torch can burn
The giddy fool will learn
Too late!
Bid me deceive thee?
That can I never!
Though I must leave thee,
Leave thee for ever!
Far better had it been
Thee had I never seen,
Than false to play thee,
Or now betray thee!
Again I'd not deceive thee,
Twould break my heart to leave thee!

---

No. 9.—CHORUS.—"PICNIC."

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

At a picnic
We are so jolly!
Jesting,
Resting,
In shade or sun;
We can rollick,
Enjoying folly,
Gambol, frolic,
No end of fun!
And there are happy couples hiding
Down in cool grot and leafy dell;
We never search, we're so confiding,
While singing "Vive la Bagatelle!"

Music by E. AUDRAN.

Pif! Paf! Open the champagne!
Pif! Paf! Drink it once again,
Pif! Paf! Open the champagne.
Dance while we sing,
Care of we fling!
La, la, la! Ah!
Dance while we're singing
Merrily,
Cheerily,
Dancing lightly,
Sun to-day.
As in May,
Shining brightly!
Ah!
Dance so sprightly,
Stepping lightly,
Dancing sprightly
As in May,
Merrily, cheerily,
We'll be gay!
We will pay
As in May!
No. 10.—SONG.

**Words by F. C. Burnand.**

Marton.
One day Marget
Went for a row,
She fell right into the river.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Poor dear Marget
River, river, oh!
Such a cruel river, oh!
Oh!

Three nice young men passed by,
So she called out, "Hi! hi! hi!"
"Come and use your best endeavor
I am drowning in the river."
"We will try"
So they cry,
"We shall succeed no doubt;
What will you pay
To be pulled out?
Oh, eh, eh, eh,
Pretty maiden say,
Oh, eh, eh, eh,
Pretty maiden say,
If you're pulled out
What will you pay?"

**Chorus.** Eh, eh, eh, &c.

**II.**
Pay will Marget,
Price, high or low,
But save me from the river!"
Oh, oh, oh, oh! &c.
Then cried the young men three
"We will never grasping be;
You shall be a willing giver
If we save you from the river,
You shall pay, pretty Miss!"

**Music by E. Audran.**

"How much?"—"we say a kiss
A simple kiss!
A little kiss;"
"Eh, eh, eh, eh;"
"Ah, must I pay?"
"Eh, eh, eh, eh?"
"Yes, you must pay,
O, pretty maiden, thus we say
If you're pulled out a kiss you'll pay!"

**Chorus.** (repeat.) Eh, eh, eh, &c.

**III.**
Ah, poor Marget
Sinking low,
How this reply made her shiver,
"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"
Cried poor Marget,
"I will do so,
I will do so;"
Oh!
With a pull the young men three,
Made her safe as safe could be;
"We have saved you from the river,
So a kiss to each deliver;"
"You a kiss asked of me,
Here's one that you'll divide
Between the three!
Between the three!"
"Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss!
A right good kiss,
Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss!
You asked of me,
So let it be
Between the three;"
Then with "good-day" she ran away

**Chorus.**—Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss! &c.

---

No. 11.—FINALE (FIRST ACT).

**Words by F. C. Burnand.**

**Music by E. Audran & Ivan Carvil.**

**All.** Farewell! Farewell!
**Char.** As I see you are bent on the stage,
Every hope to dissuade you I feel would be vain;
You will fly like a bird from the cage,
And we may never see you again.
**Vinc.** Yes! I see you are bent on the stage, etc.
**Ensem.** Yes! we see you are bent on the stage,
Every hope to dissuade (me I) feel would be vain.
You will fly like a bird from the cage,
I shall not say never see me again.
And we

MATT.
She'll astonish the whole Flemish nation With her wonderful vocalization.
Family talent there must be,
Which she, of course, inherits from me.

The others

Art ready?

MATT.
Ready I be.

CHAR. VINC. WILL.
You're for Bruges leaving,
We all are grieving,
No use in grieving.

MATT.
No use, however you
May sermonize, 'tis very slow.
My advice is clever, you
Where'er her heart is, let her go.

CHAR. VINC. WILL. MART.
Your advice is clever, you
Where'er (me) heart is, let (her) go,
Leaving!
As upon (my) showing
I (you)
I am bent on going.
Grieving!
There's no use in grieving
Now she's bent on leaving,
Leaving!
As upon my showing
I am bent on going,
It may not be for long.
So I
Say Goodbye, Marton.

MART.
Hark to Nature's song—chant note of bee
They sing to me "we are free,
Gay and free,"
"Like a grasshopper skipping on flower and tree,
Merry, merry, merry we'll be,
But only liberty for me!"
No use, however we may sermonize, etc., (as before.)

No. 12

Words by F. C. Burnand.

FRAN
Ah! let's drink to La Gloria!
Success to the rising star!

MART.
I thank you both one and all,
Let us drink to her health.
Long life and wealth!
So merrily, merrily, hurrah! hurrah!

Gloria!
Here's a health to La Gloria!
With a will let us cheer
To her brilliant career,
Let's drink to La Gloria!
Success to the rising star.

To La Gloria!

To her first campaign!
There's nothing like champagne!
Pledge her once again!
Ah La Gloria!
We no address to La Gloria!
To her success.
And greater may it be each day.
So our glasses we'll chink.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

For the name which you me call.

Viva! Viva!
Thus do we christen La Gloria!
See her eyes glisten! Gloria!
And we'll merrily drink
A bottle of the dry champagne,
To her success!

Drink nothing less,
And we will drink it once again!
Pif, Paf! Open the champagne,
Pif, Paf! Open more champagne,
Pif, Paf! Drink to her campaign!
Pif, Paf! Open more champagne.

Yes!
Drink again
To her campaign!
Pif, paf! Nothing like champagne
Pif, paf! To her first campaign,
We drink no less
Than 'great success'!
To her first campaign!
ACT II.

No. 15.—MARKET CHORUS.

_Bells for our fete are ringing._
_Gaily in steeplest swinging._
_In the belfry hear the peal weave a chime._
_Dull care behind us flitting._
_As the bells are all swinging._
_To mark the festive time._
_Listen now! how they're ringing!_ 
_We hear the joyos time._
_The bells in steeplest swinging._
_Merry sound! gaily ringing._
_We hear the joyos chime._
_All around, gaily ringing._
_To mark the festive time._

_Girls._

_FINE wares we sell you._
_Come and buy;_  
_See bargains in a heap—_  
_The truth we tell you,_  
_Do but buy—_  
_Ne'er yet were goods so cheap._

_IF something please you, don't delay,_  
_Make haste to claim your prize._  
_For fear your treasure fly away._  
_Under your very eyes._

_Tenors._
_HI! HI! see! walk up!_  
_Just a going to begin!_  
_HI! HI! walk up! walk up!_  
_We wait your coming in._

_Basses._
_HERE's the beer for lads and lasses—_  
_Light and bubbling—strong and clear;_  
_Foaming, frothing in your glasses,_  
_TRY a bumper! have no fear._

_Tenors._
_SEE! see! a mermaid fresh caught and_  
_hardly dry._  
_WALK up! bo! a giant ten feet high._  
_REPEAT._

_Basses._
_FINE wares we sell you._  
_SEE bargains in a heap._  
_THE truth we tell you;_  
_TEST and try;_  
_NE'ER yet were goods so cheap, &c._

_Basses._
_HERE's the beer, etc._  
_WALK up, and see our show, sir;_  
_A giantess superb, sir;_  
_COME, we'll merrily weave a crown;_  
_THE air is full of gaiety._  
_JOY bells clanging loud._

----

BARTHOLODI RESTAURANT

Open Until 12 P. M., for the Convenience of Theatre Parties.

SEIDENBERG & CO.'S FIGARO 5c. CIGAR. ALL CLEAR LONG HAVANA FILLER.
No. 15.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.  

FRANZ.
Trifle not with love,
For love that's born of heaven
Descends from realms above
To mortals freely given!
Dare not profane the shrine,
The shrine of love divine,
A word can chill,
In twain a heart is riven!
Ah! trifle not with love!
Ah! tempest not fate!
Or learn the cost
Of love once lost,
Too late!
Trifle not with love!

Music by IVAN CARVLL.
Trifle not with love!
Its jealous nature scorching,
Beware the gorb of love
The serpent adornning,
When love's spell most enthralls
Its deadly vengeance falls.
Sky soaring mirth
Drops dead to earth
Without a sign of warning.
Ah!
Trifle not with love!
Ah! tempest not fate!
Or learn the cost
Of love once lost,
Too late!
Ah me!
Too late!

No. 16.—CONCERTED PIECE.

Words by GILBERT À BECKETT.  

Men.
Hearts are full of joy and gladness,
Joy-bells singing loud;
Drive far off all sadness
From the noisy happy crowd.
O, day set free from toil and stress.
Come all, hearken as I go along,
For a rare old Gavotte is my song,
La, la, la!
Come all, hearken to my rare old song.

Chorus.
Mirlitons who rule the fair,
Going everywhere;
Court the fairest of the fair.
Make way for the Mirlitons.
I am their Queen, by me they're led,
I have a court that flies about me,
'Tis their crown they place upon my head.
Ah, they could not exist without me.
On your way Mirlitons, come up and on your way.
These people seem of the right kind,
To try I've half a mind.
La, la, la, la.
Ah, this old man indeed,
Some kind help seems to need.
Your labour is in vain.
Your notes should be much stronger.
Ah! my poor voice is no use any longer.

Music by E. AUDRAN.
MAR. If your voice is no use
   I'll see what I can do;
   I at least can try mine, (all surprised)
   And sing a song for you. ("What?")
FAY. What, you mean that you would?
MAR. Yes, altho' you may smile,
   For this old man I'll sing in my best style.
Chorus. La Gloria we all would hear,
   And she will sing a song delightful,
   Come all of you, come all draw near,
   La Gloria we all would hear.
DUKE. But just consider my fair Queen
   Where you are—in the Square.
MAR. Of that I'm quite aware,
   But charity my friend has entree everywhere;
   Your fiddle take old man—we'll trot along,
   Strike up and I will sing,
   Known to me is your song.

No. 17.—GAVOTTE.

Words by Gilbert à Beckett. Music by F. Audran.

MARTON.
I.
   Mother dear, the violin I hear,
   Now to dance the gavotte—us inviting,
   (Falsetto) No, my child no! 'tis the minuet
   I know well—time and tune so exciting.
   You have not quite caught the air aright,
   Prifthee, hearken once more just to please me;
   (Falsetto) No, my child; I'm certain I am right,
   To insist further would much displease me.
   Well, I would not thus you defy
   Mother dear, and one can but try,
   Keeping tune and time with precision;
   Perhaps one might a minuet, I don't see why!
   Dance to the gavottes gay and sparkling measure?
   At least one might try,
   Mother, dear Mother,
   At least one might try.
II.
   Mother dear, if I must married be,
   Of my spouse I should like the refusing!
   (Falsetto) No, my daughter, leave it all to me;
   Trust to me the right man to be choosing.
   Mother dear, you may not choose aright;
   You might your own taste be consulting.
   (Falsetto) Child your tone too flippant is, and light!
   I might very well call it insulting.
   Well I would not, &c.
   Keeping time and tune.
III.
Mother dear, a spouse I've chosen now,
But I fear that his brain's somewhat a'iry!

(falsetto) My child, to this truth you'll have to bow,
Married life often proves most contrary.
Mother dear, they tell me in this fix
I should start an admirer! 'tis the fashion.
(falsetto) Child, take care; lest when you play with tricks
You should find yourself captive to passion.
Well I would not, &c.

Chorus. Bravo, bravo, la Diva.
Mar. When aid is sought by your own bright star
Give open hand to La Gloria!
Chorus. Give all, give all to La Gloria!
Mar. Old man this purse behold,
See silver here, and gold!
Mar. Bless you my dear, you have been my good angel.

No. 18.—DUET.—"PETIT NOEL."

Words by Gilbert à Beckett. Music by E. Audran.

Char. Good Santa Claus, our needs discerning,
Choicest gifts to us you bring:
Children we, best thanks returning,
Hail you this night our chosen king,
Gladly to-day we haste to greet you,
Crying what gifts, what joy, what cheer!
Well do we know when thus we meet you,
Blessed Christmas tide is here;
Christmas to all, great and small,
Bringeth blessing.
The splendor reign, or ill fortune is pressing.

Mart. Light with your smiles the dark gloom of December,
Good Santa Claus, he can naught you refuse;
Mind that to-night you the chimney remember,
And see you place there the smart little shoes.

No. 19.—QUARTETTE. Music by E. Audran.

Char. Too little foresight you are showing,
Pray put by for a rainy day.

Mar. (rehearsing her part) What is it! What have you to say?
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la!

Will. I fear 'tis true that you are throwing
Your gold with reckless haste away.

Mart. (rehearsing) It will come back another day.
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la!

Will. Excuse me this remonstrance making
Lest there should come a bitter wakening.

Char. 'Tis your affair, but pray take care.

Mar. Oh now I have caught the air.
CHAR. O, Marton! to our counsel take heed.
MAR. (rehearsing) Ah! now I have it, yes 'tis there,
CHAR. Ah! what a charming, lovely air.
MAR. Ah, what a charming, lovely air.
CHAR. Dame Fortune oft is mischief brewing,
To-day upon your path her flowers she's strewning.
Ah, trust her not, the fickle jade,
'To-morrow's moon may see them fade.
The little ant creeps by upon her honest way,
And as she tows along she chants her simple lay.
Work, work, a brave heart keeping.
CHAR. 'Tis thus gold harvest you'll be reaping.
MAR. (still rehearsing) Tra, la, la, etc.
CHAR. Ah, now I have caught the air, etc.
VINC. I something yet graver must say,
CHAR. Oh, Marton! to our counsel, etc.
VINC. You will not as flippantly treat,
CHAR. The truth I must tell you to-day,
VINC. Though anger and scorn I may meet.
CHAR. (listening earnestly) Ah, me! What is this information?
VINC. Come, speak, I wait for your narration.
CHAR. (listening earnestly) Ah, me! What is this information?
VINC. It is a secret, a chance quite unexpected
CHAR. Revealed to us this morn.
MAR. Tell it quick!
VINC. The chevalier deceives you.
MAR. Oh, heaven! What are you saying?
VINC. Yes, this is the game he is playing,
MAR. And wherefore and how you shall know;
CHAR. His orders are from a great lady
VINC. Who thinks thus to save her fair name:
MAR. For you he pretends a devotion,
CHAR. A pretense but to make and cover her shame.
VINC. No, no, I'll not believe it—he loves me!
MAR. He is false—his love a deception.
VINC. Ah, in vain you've woven this plot.
MAR. Yes, 'tis plain—you're jealous—I know it.
VINC. Marton, my dear Marton, I pray you harken—
MAR. Trust him not.
VINC. Scorning your base falsehood, I trust you not.
CHAR. Oh, Marton!
MAR. He is false! he is false!
VINC. Out of my sight, leave me! be gone!
CHAR. Yes, begone! with scorn your counsel I repelling.
MAR. From my house you expelling.
CHAR. From her house us expelling.
VINC. With anger hot I burn,
MAR. Our friendship we must sever,
CHAR. You'll quit my roof for ever,
VINC. Yes, never to return.
MAR. Her folly she will learn.
VINC. Our friendship we must sever,
CHAR. We quit, etc.
VINC. You! must begone!
No. 22.—DUET.

Words by Gilbert à BECKZTT. Music by E. AUDRAN & IVAN CARYLL.

MART.
'Tis said that you have played me false,
Nay, listen first to me and then you can reply.
Sweet hope would fly my heart,
Light shine no more above me,
Joy one by one depart,
If thou shouldst cease to love me.
Ah, tell me yet again,
Have I no cause to doubt thee?
Speak and ease my heart's dull pain,

FRAN.
Why doubt, when thee I claim,
My chosen one, my dearest!
When I thus bless thy name,
Say what is it thou fearest?
Thy own sweet speech be mine,
What would life be without thee?
Oh, darling, I am thine!
You will no longer doubt me.

No. 21.—TRIO.

Words by F. C. BURNAND. Music by IVAN CARYLL.

DUKE. Excuse me, La Diva, I pray,
For taking this soldier away.

MART. (Injurious) You take him away!

FRAN. (Distressed) He takes me away!

DUKE. (Apologetically) I take him away!

MART. Franz, Franz, you're leaving me,
O, say you're not deceiving me.

FRAN. Deceiving me! what can you say?

DUKE. Deceiving you! (Aside) What will he say?

MART. This letter summons me away!

FRAN. That letter! ah! who sent it? let me see!

FRAN. I cannot!

DUKE. He cannot! (Politely but firmly)

MART. (Astonished) Cannot!

DUKE. (With firm politeness) No! 'twas brought by me.

MART. By you? From whom? (Suddenly)

DUKE. (Between MARTIN and FRANZ) This mandate was sent
By the Colonel of his regiment.

ALL. (In different tones) The Colonel of his regiment.

DUKE. His instructions must to none be known,
Save to the Chevalier and to him alone.

ALL. To him alone!

DUKE. (Gaily) He summoned away,
Must quit, no delay;
And even fascinating beauty,
Perforce must yield.
When the soldier to the field
Is summoned for military duty.

ALL. He's summoned for military duty!
I'm

DUKE. A soldier bold, a soldier blunt.
To love and beauty must be blind:
When commanded to the front,
He cannot lag behind!
So away!

MART. (apart) He gives no sign, no token,
As promises are broken;
So brakes my heart.
(With sudden change of manner)
Let him depart,
And not a word be spoken!
So away!

Trio.

MART. (as above)
FRAN. (aside, distractedly)
I'll give no sign nor token,
She thinks my promise broken,
Thus to depart,
Nigh breaks my heart,
Yet must no word be spoken.
(aloud) So away!

DUKE. (aside, uncommonly pleased with himself)
I'll give no sign or token,
His promise shall be broken,
Let him depart
I'll win her heart,
When I the word have spoken.
(aloud) So away!

No. 22.—FINALE.

Words by F. C. Burnand. 
Mus'c by Ivan Caryll.

Chorus. Early the fete, the children wait,
Again we are girls and boys,
With dolls and toys, and plenty of noise,
Which every child enjoys,
With trumpets, fifes and drums,
The eve of St. Nicholas comes.
Early the fete, etc.
Carnival! Carnival!
Just as in Carnival time.

MAR. Gentlemen and ladies, where are you bound for?
Fete or fair?

Chorus. At the Ducal Palace we, ere Curfew sounds,
Are bound to be.

CAV. And like a queen at the Court of France,
The Duchess gay will lead the dance.

CHAR. The Duchess and duke we understand;

CAV. No! the Chevalier takes her hand.

MAR. Chevalier Franz?
CAV. Yes, he alone.

Chorus. He is the favourite—

MAR. Ah! so 'tis known.
CHAR.  Marton! I pray, for what they say,
       Oh, do not care;
Tenors. May we escort you on the way,
Mart.  No! No! No! I will be there.
Chorus. Early the fete, etc.
Mart.  There before her spouse and lover,
       I'll confront her face to face;
       Her infamy disclosing,
       All her treachery exposing,
Never more shall she recover
       From the well deserved disgrace.
       I'll denounce her, make her worthless,
       Grovel at my feet!
CHAR.  What of your lover, Franz?
Mar.  Oh, Franz, my heart!
Char.  She loves him still.
Mart.  Oh, Franz, 'tis hard to live,
       Would we had never met,
       Thy crime I may forgive
       But ne'er can I forget.
       But all heart burning at once will cease,
       To home returning, seek rest and peace;
       Our dear old home so sweet
       Our dear old home of bygone years,
       At home we'll meet and dry your tears.
Chorus.
Will.  { Our } dear old home, etc.
Vinc.  { Her }
Matt.  }
Char.  }
Mar.  My dear old home of bygone years,
       Shall I at home forget my tears;
       My home so sweet, my dear old home,
       Shall I at home forget my tears.
Chorus.  Shall fade away,
       All grief and sorrow
       Of sad to-day,
       Ah, bright the morrow, come home, come home,
       Your } dear old home of bygone years.
       Our } Curfew.
Watch.  For the fete of Santa Claus,
       Keep open every house
       Till then, two hours after curfew sounds
       The city watch will go their rounds,
       And then "good-night."

Chars. (repeat) For the fete, etc.
Players. See we,
       Merry men be,
       Ready to act a play,
       Laughing, frowning,
       Ranting, clowning,
       Slaves or Kings,
       Or sprites with wings,
       Every part for pay.
       See we,
       Merry men be,
       Ready to act a play,
       Suffered by State,
       Pets of the great,
       Trolling,
       Strolling.

SEIDENBERG & CO.'S LA ROSA ESPANOLA.  KEY WEST HAVANA CHAR. UNRIVALLED.
Slaves or kings,
Or sprites with wings,
Every part we play!
Bohemians we
As you may see,
Fortune may flout,
We skip about.

MART. (wildly) 'Tis true, 'tis true,
I'm one of you.

Chorus. La Gloria! La Gloria!
We've seen her on the stage.
We bow!

MART. As Duchess, Prince or Page,
I vow
'Tis all the same,
A part we play
'Tis all for play!
Grasshopper of the summer.
Fortune may flout,
Skip we about,
Nobody weeps for the mummer!

All. Largesse, Largesse!
To feed the Kermesse!
'Tis true, 'tis true. I'm one of you,
"I'm one of you" she says,
'tis true;

Largesse, Largesse! to feed the Kermesse.
We'll Drink to her success!
They'll To the Palace with a merry heart:
I'll make them pay
To see her play,
A fearfully tragic part!
Make way! La Gloria!
She'll make them pay
To see me play.
Shouting,
Flouting,
Banging,
Clanging,
Tearing,
Swearing,
Push and press!
Cheerily, merrily,
Cheerily, merrily
Keep our grand Kermesse
Make way!
Make way!

CURTAIN. END OF ACT II.
No. 23.—OPENING CHORUS,

Words by Gilbert & BECKETT.  Music by i. an Caryll.

Exhaling hour of perfect bliss,
When joy and hope so fitly dwell,
'Tis the hour for love's most tender kiss,
The hour when lovers, secrets tell.

What pleasure with dance,

What so sweet and charming,
With love and delight we all feel inspired.
To fun and frolic, we all are fired,
Ah!

Oh, night of joy!

No. 24.—GAVOTTE by Miss Lila CLAY.

No. 25.—WALTZ.

Dance and let all in these halls be gay,
Night we'll turn into day,
Let us be gay,
Vanish all darkness and sorrow,
Hark to the tune, and the time obey,
Dance till dawn shall be grey,
Banish all care till to-morrow.

Splendour and lustre are all around,
Music, laughter resound.
Let us be gay!
Draw we the goblets of pleasure,
Every sense shall the joy enhance,
With mirth, eliven the dance,
Trippingly trip we the measure.

No. 26.—SONG.


List to me, the truth forgive
My heart is speaking.
'Tis so arduous
La Gloria I love fondly and truly.
Losing her love,
I cannot, cannot live
Without her love,
I cannot, cannot live.
My wound there is no healing,
While I from her am far away,
Yes, her I'll find to-day;
And then before her kneeling,
I will for pardon pray,
To her I'll pray.

Let not thy slave appeal in vain,
Happiness restore to us,
Ah, I implore you!
For one that you surrender
Many will adore you.
Bid me be free, or shall I break the chains
My wound there is no healing,
While I from her am far away,
Yes, her I'll find to-day;
And then before her kneeling,
I will for pardon pray,
To her I'll pray.

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NO. 27.—CONCERTED PIECE.


DUKE. My good friends, I had hoped with a surprise to greet you,
I had trusted our great songstress would come and meet you here,
But now your Grace I crave, forgive me I entreat you,
I was so much afraid that she could not appear.

Chorus. La Gloria!

DUKE. La Gloria! La Gloria!

DUKE. She 'tis surely! this is surprising!

Chorus. Yes, she 'tis surely! she is here.

FRAN. She comes here!

'*Tis quite paralysing.

DUCH. Close to me, take your place just here.

Duke. You come my dear, our joy provider,

What gladsome message do you bring?

MAR. (aside) Franz there beside her! (about)

Yes, my dear Duke, I've come to sing.

Duke. To some well known air will treat us?

MAR. No, a new song of my own.

Duke. New, and of your own,
Handsome you greet us.

FRAN. New, and your own, 'tis quite a treat.

Duch. (aside) With fear she my soul is inspiring.

Duke. (aside) About me is she now enquiring.

Duke. Come listen all, her song is sweet.

MARTON. Thus whispered low.

'Tis a poor little grasshopper's story,
Of a rose and a butterfly's guile;
It is a tale that will touch you,
And an idle moment beguile.
The grasshopper, gayly and brightly,
Sings her merry song sweet and clear;
Her voice tells in measure sprightly,
That summer days are here.

Take good care of thy heart, O, dearest,
Sighed the heavens in softest tone.
Take heed no other voice thou hearest—
But this alone.

A rose who—as fancy might seize her,
Took up her loves or let them go.
To a butterfly that chanced to please her—

Chorus. Ah! what a dreadful scandal!

FRANZ. Marton.

MART. Farewell! you will ne'er see my face again.

Here will be presented Marton's Dream (Music by Ivan Caryll)
realizing the celebrated picture of "La Cigale et La Fourmi."

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No. 28.—SANTA CLAUS.

Words by F. C. BURNS.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

Santa Claus—
To the house.
Rewarding girls and boys—
Ever brings,
Lovely things.
Delightful dolls and toys!
Santa Claus
In the house.
Remaining but a day,
We'd delay him,
We would stay him,
We would beg him.

We would pray him
Not to go away!
And we will deck each fairy dolly
With kissing mistletoe and holly;
Joyful band
Side by side!
Hand in hand!
Seek and hide!
To Father Christmas praise him, singing,
Good Santa Claus with him for bringing;
Christmas, welcome, Christmas-tide!

No. 29.—FINALE. (ACT III.)

MART.
Oh, day of joy—of summer bloom,
Roses around singing perfume,
Singing a lay, sorrow has flown;
Dreams of bliss are now our own.
Brightness our future illumines,
Swiftly away flies all past love,
Despair has vanished from my heart,
And bliss all other joys above.

Life should be for ever bright and gay,
No sigh or tear—never ending day,
Your voices rouse in rapturous glee,
And sing aloud with ecstasy.
Piff paff, &c.

(Repeat) Life should, &c.
Piff paff, open the champagne, &c.

END OF OPERA.
CURTAIN.

DECKER BROS.
MATCHLESS PIANOS.
Lillian Russell's Gowns—Where They Were Made.

It is pretty generally understood the costumes in the forthcoming opera of "La Cigale" are entirely new, that they were created especially for it; and it goes without saying that when the curtain rises at the Garden Theatre Monday night Lillian Russell will face hundreds of women almost as intent on studying her gowns as in criticizing the plot or the music.

Added interest is felt in that, while the play is of French origin, in Belle France can claim no share in the handwork of the creations worn by the star. A French opera will be interpreted by an American woman, in American-made gowns. Miss Russell is by no means the only profession who has utilized the inventive acumen of artists on this side of the water; but the fact of her doing so is specially noteworthy, taken in connection with such an important occasion in her public career.

A private view of the gowns when completed, and just before they left the workrooms of R. Allman & Co., where they were evolved, proved that the custod order department of that house had achieved a feat worthy of being heralded. It might be possible by description to convey an idea of materials, colors, trimmings, and, to some extent, of the design of these confections, but it is utterly useless to attempt a pen picture which would give the least conception of the chic, piquant air, the graceful fluidity, the indefinable charm of each of the three gowns. Many would declare the pieces de resistance, both from an artistic and spectacular standpoint, to be the long swirling gown of yellow crepe de chine, the entire garment of accordion pleats hung from a yoke of yellow satin—a mass of jewels. Each plait is

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LILLIAN RUSSELL.

SOPRANO SOLO.

GAVOTTE. SONG—"MOTHER DEAR."

Song by Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Words by Gilbert A Becket. Music by E. Aubran.

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THE BEST MADE

\[ \text{tune with precision; Perhaps one night a Minuet, I don't see why!} \]

\[ \text{Dance to the Gavotte's gay and sparkling measure! At least one might} \]

\[ \text{try, Dear Mother, dear Mother; At least one might try, one might try.} \]

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Key West Havana Cigar. UNRIVALLED.
ROMANCE.—"LIST TO ME."

Words by F. C. BERNARD.        Music by E. AUBRAM.

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Baritone Solo.

Song—“Bird Voices.”

Sung by O. Tagliapietro.

Words by V. C. Burnand.

Music by E. Audran.

1. In chor-us join’d all the birds from the glade, The hill and the wood-
a tempo.

land fill-ing, With bright and mer-ry trill-ing, I hear them sing The glad
a tempo.

hymn of sweet Spring, From Heaven above, sweet song of ho-ly love. Thus a

bird sang sweet-ly to his mate, As he wing’d his way o’er the wil-

heath-er: “Dear-ly, say, Say, will you heath this tree, Your nest, love, build with

me? Can fu-ture bright-er be Than this we face to-geth-er?”

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