Monsieur Beaucaire

A ROMANTIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

(FOUND ON BOOTH TARKINGTON'S STORY)

BOOK BY
FREDERICK LONSDALE

LYRICS BY
ADRIAN ROSS

MUSIC BY
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

COPYRIGHT, MCMXVIII, & MCMXIX, BY
ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD.
16, Mortimer Street, London, W. I.
New York: LEO. FEIST, Inc.

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public performances of the whole or any part of the work strictly forbidden without the express permission of GILBERT MILLER, 6, Old Bond Street, London. W.
Dedicated to my friend,

F. Ivan Caryll.
Mr. Gilbert Miller's London Production of
Monsieur Beaucaire
Presented under the Management of Mr. A. L. Erlanger

Dramatis Personae

Monsieur Beaucaire ........................................... MARION GREEN
Philip Maloney ................................................ JOHN CLARKE
Frederick Buntin .............................................. LENNOX PAWLE
Bakell .............................................................. SPENCER TREVOR
Francois ......................................................... YVAN SERVAIS
Duke of Winterset ............................................. ROBERT PARKER
Beau Nash ......................................................... ROBERT CUNNINGHAM
Towshbrane ....................................................... ANDRE BROUARD
Cast. Bauder ................................................... PERCY CARR
Jeliffe .............................................................. HARRY FRANKISS
Bickitt .............................................................. ERIC SNOWDEN
Marquis du Miropos ........................................... YVAN SERVAIS
Lucy ................................................................. MARGARET BURGIS
Countess of Greenbury ....................................... BARBARA ESME
Girl ................................................................. ELLEN GRUBB

Lady Mary ........................................................ and BLANCHE TOMLIN

Misses Gladys Burgess, Kathleen Davernon, Pat Newell, Dieudonne Donaldson, Patricia Hare, Lillie Rennie, Barbara Esme, Elaine Maureca, Olive Barlee, Kitty Malone, Elsie Kennedy, Florence de Barde, Evelyn Claire, Freda Williams, Rosetta Chandler, Myrtle Leonard, Helen Arden, Jean Will, Helen Marting, Helen Isemee. Lora Sonderman and Henrietta Brewer.


Synopsis of Scenes

Prologue:—Monsieur Beaucaire's Lodgings in Bath. (Early evening.)

Act I.:—Lady Relerton's Ballroom. (Same evening.)

Act II.:—At Mr. Pansiot's Park, outside of Bath. (Three weeks later.)

Act III.:—Assembly Room at Bath. (One week later.)

Production Staged under the direction of J. A. E. MALONE,

Dances, Choruses and Ensemble arranged by WILLIE WARDE,

And reproduced in America by HARRY HARDY.

Orchestra under the direction of CHARLES PREVIN.

Manager .......................................................... SAMUEL HARRISON

# MUSICAL NUMBERS

## PROLOGUE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>CHORUS</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>SONG (Beaucaire)</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>TRIO (Molyneux, Beaucaire and Winterset)</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ACT I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>OPENING CHORUS</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>DUET (Lucy and Molyneux)</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>CHORUS</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6a</td>
<td>SONG (Lady Mary)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6b</td>
<td>CHORUS</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6c</td>
<td>SONG (Beaucaire)</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>DUET (Lady Mary and Beaucaire)</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>QUARTETTE (Molyneux, Beaucaire, Baisger and Winterset)</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>ROSE MINUET AND FINALE TO ACT I</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ACT II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>CHORUS AND DANCE</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>SONG (Beau Nash)</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>SONG (Lucy)</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>SONG (Lady Mary)</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>SONG (Molyneux)</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>DUET (Lady Mary and Beaucaire)</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>FINALE TO ACT II</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ACT III

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>OPENING CHORUS</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>SEXTETTE (Rakell, Towne, Joliffe, Badger, Bantson)</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>DUET (Lucy and Molyneux)</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>SONG (Beaucaire)</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>SOLO (Lady Mary)</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>CHORUS</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>SONG (Mirepoix)</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>FINALE TO ACT III</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Supplemental No.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>SONG (Beaucaire)</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

"Voyageur's Song" 1
"Red Rose" 4
"Going to the Ball" 8
"The Beaux and the Belles of Bath" 26
"A Little More" 29
"Come with Welcome" 37
"I do not know" 43
"Who is this?" 50
"English Maids" 56
"Lightly, Lightly" 66
"No Offence" 70
"Pastoral Fete" 97
"When I was King of Bath" 102
"That's a Woman's Way" 106
"Philomel" 112
"Honour and Love" 123
"Say no more" 126
"Have you heard?" 148
"The Honours of War" 154
"We are not speaking now" 162
"Under the Moon" 166
"What are Names?" 171
"Way for the Ambassador" 176
"A Son of France" 180
"Gold and Blue and White" 190
MONSIEUR BEAUCRAIRE
Act I.

No. 1. PROLOGUE and CHORUS "Voyageur's Song."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Allegretto

(TENORS)  Un poco piu lent.

* On the lose-ly lakes All the sum-mer long As the mer-ry dawn a

(BASSES)

wakes, We sing our song! Can-a-da! Can-a-da! New France is fair!

But it's ok! for the old France And sweet-hearts there!

* After an old French Song

Copyright 1918 by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but nowhere else.
Un poco più lento.

Vo. ya-ger, Vo. ya-ger, Paddie on your way! Wood-land pines will

change to vines Some fine day; East and South, East and South, There's a maid with

rosy mouth, You are going back to her, Au pays du bon-

heur! In the lone-ly snow

All the winter long, Down the forest trail we go And sing our song!
Canada! Canada! New France is sold, And it's oh! for the old France And days till gold!

Un poco più lento.
Voyageur, Voyageur! Tramp along your way,
Change the snows for leaf and rose Some fine day! East and South,
East and South, There's a maid with rosy mouth. You are going back to her,

Au pays du bonheur!

dim. rall. pp

dim. rall. pp
No 2. Song – "Red Rose."
(BEAUCAIRE.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

1. In the garden where girls are the
2. I will praise you and love you for-

flow- ers, I worship but one Of the
- ev- er And ask no re- ward, I will

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorised for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
blossoms that bow to the showers
Or laugh to the serve you with all my endeavour
With hand and with

sun; They may each have a wooer that hovers above
sword. If I die, I shall know you are living And

to round and above But the rose is the lure of all
laugh in my tomb For the blood of my heart will be

lovers And Queen of all love!
giving New red to your bloom!
Red rose, where the garden grows There is no

Pure and proud as a morning

Born of the sun and dew: I am your

lover, I am your Knight. To woo your beauty and guard your
right. To love for a life and then who knows

Rose of the world, my rose!

world, my rose!
No. 3. Trio — "Going to the Ball."
(MOLYNEUX, BRAUCAIRE & WINTERSET)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

VOICE
Moderato

PIANO
\f

(WINTERSET.)
Well, if nothing else content you, As a

Duke I will present you To the world and to his

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd, London
LEO, FEIST, Inc, New York
Authorised for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
(BEAUCRAIRE.

I'm your debt-or all my life.

wife.

Nay, it's

I who am the debt-or And I ask for noth-ing

Ah, your

bet-ter Than to pay you for to-night!

crease.
(MOLYNEXU)

Be-wear. Beau-caire, I ad-vice you not to

Grace is too po-lite!

M  
got!

W  
Beau-caire mon-cher, You will find it saffer so!

B  
You are kind both of you Nev-er mind

W  

What I do, For what-ev-er may be-fall, I am go-ing to the ball, I am

Beware, Beau-caire, I ad-

-vice you not to go.

For what-

Both of you, Nev-er mind what I do, For what-

Beau-caire, mon-cher, I ad-vise you not to go, For what-


-ever may be-fall, You are go-ing to the ball, You are go-ing, go-ing
-never may be-fall, I am go-ing to the ball, I am go-ing, go-ing
-never may be-fall, You are go-ing to the ball, You are go-ing, go-ing

M
B
W

to the ball! You are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing.
to the ball! I am go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing.
to the ball! You are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing.
going, going to the ball!

So away with comb and

powder. For tonight I will be prouder, Than a
royal prince of France!

Prize will have a fall, per-

And whatever follows after, I'll have chance!

Mirth and love and laughter, For tonight the die is
(MOLYNEUX)

Be-ware, Beau-

cast!

We shall see who laughs the last!

Beau-caire, mon-cher, Stop be-fore it is too

care, You are rush-ing on your fate!

Come with me, Both my friends,

late!
You will see, how it ends... Tho' in dancing I may fall, I am going to the ball! I am going, going to the ball!

Be -

-aware, Beaus - caire, You are rush - ing on your fate!

Come with me, Both, my friends,
Though in

You will see, How it ends — Though in

—caire, mon-cher, Stop be-fore it is too late! Though in

dancing you may fall, You are go-ing to the ball! You are

dancing I may fall, I am go-ing to the ball! I am

dancing you may fall, You are go-ing to the ball! You are
NO 4. OPENING CHORUS.

"The Beaux and the Belles of Bath."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Allegro

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
CHORUS (GIRLS)

Rome's fair

daughters In the day long done Took the

waters of the healing Sun.
Belles of Britain Were not coy or cold

So 'tis written In the tales of

old.

(MEN)

Though Rome's legions Have been gone for long, From all
regions, Gallant soldiers throng. When off dutyYou may see them all, Court ing

beauty, At the rout or ball.
Tempo di valse
(A GIRL)

It is fine in the Pump Room to meet

(girls)
In negligee ribbons and laces, And their

Oh, sweet!

fair lady-ships, Take the waters in sips, Looking fresh as the Nymphs and the

Graces!

(girls)
For as fair as the Rose ———
And as bright as the wells,
Are the belles and the beaux,
Are the beaux and the belles,
The beaux and the belles!

(A MAN)

And the veterans grizzled and gruff
(MEN) As they take snuff

join in important discussions, As to
rumours of war, On America’s shore, Or the plots of the
pestilent Prussians!

On such matters, we know. None can argue so well

As a belle and a bear, Or a bear and a belle, A bear
(A GIRL)

and a belle! But the best of it all is to meet at the

ball, At the dances and supper to follow, When our diamonds flash in the eye of Beau Nash, Who is fashion's great Phoe-bus A-pol-lo!

(GIRLS)

For each visitor knows That his pow'er' com.

(MEN)


e resc.
No. 5. Duet—"A Little More."

(Lucy & Molyneux)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

(Lucy)
Now, my grave Sir, glum and gloomy, That is not the way to

Woo me; You should learn to tell your passion Like a proper man of

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
not a brainless beau, gay in ruffles and brocade; I confess I do not know, how to court a modish maid!

I'm a Grecian goddess with a trifle more of bodice; if I'm not, it doesn't matter. Women like a man to flatter.
flatterer you'd find, You may choose another swain; Here are
plenty to your mind, Foolish, frivolous and vain! Take a

Well, in truth, So I might, But, you

youth, Fickle, light, Not like me!

see I like you a little, Yes, a little

A little? Ah! do not
day a little more!

But you're jealous as Othello, That fe-

-rocous Moorish fellow, And I know you'd like to snother Me for

looking at another!

You can smile at any fop, Any
friv-ble, an-y dunce...Will you let your fol-ly stop And be se-ri-ous for
You're a dear de-light-ful crea-ture, For you court me like a
preacher, First-ly, se-cond-ly and last-ly...Sir, you en-ter-tain me vastly!
Tho' per-
chance a man-ly pride May-be rough and rude to you, Can you cast a love a-
-side, That is deep and fond and true? If you can, Say good-bye, Let me

'Tis a plan I would try, But you know... I
go!

love you a lit-tle... Yes a lit-tle!

A lit-tle? With bursting heart I love and a - dore!
heart is not so brittle, As to burst at the first, I may love you a little more... A

lit-tle, a lit-tle, I love you a lit-tle; I don't know what I should like you

for! But al-tho' it's but a lit-tle, Your wit'll see a lit-tle, May-be some

day a lit-tle more!
No. 6 Chorus and Solo.

(Chorus) "Come with welcome."

(Song) "I DO NOT KNOW."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegro

Copyright: MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere.
all. All must own her and all acclaim her Rose of Bath, as the poets name her—Belles confess that the men adore her, Beaux before her prostrate fall!
Yet though she be Fair as

He—he, She is colder far than

Phoebe; Phoebe loved Eadymini

(girls)

Men who

-ou, Our goddess cares for none!
render Hom-age tender, Can-not move her, can-not

bend her; Ah, if she would choose the best, We could

cresc.

com-fort all the rest! So re-mem-ber, ere Sep-

 mf(ALL)

 mf
-tem-ber Sha-dows all the sky a-bove. That the

li-ly may be chil-ly But the rose must live to

lov-ly Then let Ve-nus judge be-tween us, God-des
of the tender dove, Guide your glances, fire your fancies, Till you grow a rose of love!
SONG (LADY MARY)
Allegretto

Never say that I am cold And my heart is
He is dark or he is fair, Or perhaps be-
frozen; I've a wealth of love unfolded For the man I've
between them; I shall like his eyes and hair When I first have
chosen! I've a lover, bright and brave, None was ever
seen them! He will sing a madrigal, Woo me like a

truer. All my kindness I must save For my gallant wooer!
poet, Or his looks will tell me all And my heart will know it!
(CHORUS)

Oh, dear me!

Who is he?

Who is he?

He's noble, he's

He's prince-ly, he's

Hand-some, he's ev-ry-thing you will;

King-ly, he's an-y-thing you will;

His vir- tues are

His strength is a
charming, his faults are dearer still; his eyes are so

ardent, they make my blushes glow——But whether they are

blest that any land can show, But I must pause a

blue or grey,——I do not know! He's noble, he's

while because,——I do not know! He's princely, he's

He's noble, he's

He's princely, he's

He's noble, he's

He's princely, he's
handsome, he's anything you will,
kingly he's anything you will,

virtues are charming, his faults are dearer
strength is attractive, his weakness dearer

virtues are charming, his faults are dearer
strength is attractive, his weakness dearer
still; His eyes are so ardent, they make my blushes
glow! But whether they are blue or grey, I do not show! But here we pause a while because I do not
know! I do not know!
knew! I do not know!

She does not know! She does not know!
She does not know! She does not know!

I do not know!
I do not know!

1

2

know!
(DIALOGUE)

(Rakett to Bantison)
Now's your chance; something poetic!

(Bantison, bowing to Lady Mary)
Fairest lady in all the world!

(Rakett)
Good!

(Gash takes her hand)
This is an age of miracles!

Yesterday I thought it impossible
you could ever be more beautiful!

(Bantett)
Better! you must top it.

(Bantison)
When the beauty of all
other things has faded. (Winterset enters)

(Rakett)
Bad luck! Here's Winterset, with
a most determined scowl!
CHORUS—“WHO IS THIS?”

(1st LADIES) Allegro non troppo

Who is this that ex - ters now?—'Tis His

(2nd LADIES)

(ALL LADIES)

Grace of Win - ter - set! What a frown is on his brow,—How he

seems to fume and fret!—(1st MEN)

Has he lost a hea - vy bet?—Is he

(2nd MEN)
Some unpleasantness has met With his
dumb to pay a debt

(ALL LADIES)
Grace of Winter set!

And

who is the guest? A friend of his Grace's? So gallantly
dressed in satins and laces?

A butterfly bright.

He seeks in his flight, our rose, lady attractive and airy.

Moderato.

Mary!

(Winterset to Lady Mary)

Fair Queen and goddess of our
As his dearest friend

dance, A noble gentleman of France has asked me

Zounds, Sir,

I had not made an end! He made me promise, I repeat. To lay his

(Lady Mary)

His name, my Lord?

(Deaucaire)

Homage at your feet! His name._
(BEAUCAIRE)

(to each other)

-rien! Who is the man? Say if you can! I can not tell! I know him

(BEAUCAIRE)

(ALL)

In the

The Duc de Châtaign-rien!

well
old Romances of the Rose, we are told in France, she grows. But my heart has

'Tis a Frenchman's way I'm a-

found and knows Upon English ground the Rose!

-fraid. Such words to say to a maid! 'Tis a madrigal To the

Rose Do you mean it all? Who knows?

Allegro moderato
SONG—"ENGLISH MAIDS."

(courteuse)

across the tossing narrows Where the white cliffs break the foam. Is the
flatter, so you tell us, And at time perchance we do. But the

isle of green where the Rose is Queen And the fair maids have their home! They're
homage paid to an English maid Can never be more than true. No

straight and smooth as arrows, From the foot to the shining head. And
lover need be jealous, That we love the one he chose. For the
each has a face with the bloom and grace of the white rose, and the red.
speech and song cannot be wrong. In praise of the English rose.

Friends are French and English men, Though they quarrel

now and then; One in heart, though they cross their blades, For

all are in love with English maids! One in heart, though they
cross their blades, All are in love with English maids!

(CHORUS)

Friends are French and English men, Though they quarrel now and then,

One in heart, though they cross their blades, For all are in love with
No. 7. Duet—"Lightly, lightly."

(LADY MARY & BEAUCRAIRE)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Molto moderato

(LADY MARY)

If you ask A rose as

don

DO THE TASK And bear the bur-

den: So a Knight would win his

gage

leggiero staccato

In King Ar-
thur's gold-en age

(BEAUCRAIRE)

Give it now, My Queen of Beau-
ty

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
I will vow To do my duty! I am yours with-

Words are out reward, Heart and soul and hand and sword.

light, Fair Sir Knight!

True as well, Damozel
Lightly comes and lightly goes. Love on lips of gallants

Sprightly; 'Tis a rose without a thorn.

Lightly won and lightly worn; Lightly comes and
light - ly goes, Love on lips of gal - lants spright - ly!

I will on - ly give my rose To the one who wins it.

If I can but win my rose, You will see I wear it.

right - ly, right - ly I de - ny Those who sigh

right - ly, right - ly Ask and I do or
Lightly, lightly, lightly, lightly! I deny

die Lightly, lightly, lightly,

Ask and

Those who sigh Lightly, lightly, lightly, lightly, light-

I do or die lightly, lightly, lightly, lightly, light-

-ly!

Men with words May

-ly!
woo and flat-ter, Sweet as birds That chirp and chat-ter.

If there comes a ra-in-y day, All the lov-ers

fly a-way! Though the sun May fall a-bove you,

There is one That still will love you, For your eyes will
always be Sun and stars enough for

How polite, Fair Sir Knight!

me. True as well, Damo-

Lightly comes and lightly goes. Love on

zel!
lips of gallants sprightly: 'Tis a rose with-

out a thorn Lightly won and lightly worn!

Lightly comes and lightly goes, Love on lips of gallants
sprinted! Courtly beaux may ask a rose He who

wants it must be knightly, knightly! No one who

comes to woo Lightly, lightly, lightly, lightly!

you I can do Lightly, lightly, lightly!
No one who comes to woo
Light-ly, light-ly,

All for you I can do
Light-ly.

light-ly, light-ly, light-ly!

light-ly, light-ly, light-ly!
No. 8. Quartette—"No offence."
(MOLYNEUX, BEAUCARE, BADGER & WINTERSET)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Allegro vivo

(BEAUCARE)

Though I'm an Englishman, e-gad!

BADGER

MENT your nation!

With Frenchmen I have often had A

Pleasant conversation! I sometimes took a man a-

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
And I am sure that

-side To talk with him at leisure

he replied, That he would come with pleasure!

(indicating a thrust)

He fairly died of pleasure!
(MOLYNEUX)
'Tis but a jest!

(WINTERS)T

A soldiers jest. Perhaps it does not

(BEAUCHE)E

I understand it fully.

Please our guest.

(BEAUCHE)E

Is not insolence; He plays the braggard bul
ly. But only in pretense!

His humour may be

But we can laugh and that's enough!

For he is

rude and rough

honest English stuff. And so there's no offence!

Oh! no off-
No, no offence! No offence! No offence!

Let's say no more about the French, but talk of English ladies.

Aye better than a Paris
wench, A decent British maid is. But girls of France are kind and quick to offer their caresses. An Englishman can have his pick. From peasants to princesses.

Where did you meet princesses?

This sort of jest offends our guest, but
Though French princess and
he can say, for he knows best!

Peasant May trip at times, we know,

We do not find it pleasant if strangers
tell us so. And when a bragging knave is heard,
Be-foul-ing them with lies ab-surd, We an-swer him with-

(out a word) Thus!

(Beaucaire strikes Boïnger across the face with his glove)
N°9. Finale—Act I

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Maestoso

(LADIES)

Come, come to the min-uet, The min-uet of roses,

Bearing still dewy wet—Our nose-gays and posies!

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for sale and distribution to the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
Full blown or fairer yet The bud that uncloses,

Flowers for the minuet, The minuet of roses,

(GENTLEMEN)

Come, come to the minuet, The minuet of roses,

Fair maids for us are met More sweet than their posies!
eden is with us yet
the spot where it blows is

here in the minu et, in the minu et of roses.

[ladies]
come, come to the minu et, the minu et of roses

[gentlemen]
come, come to the minu et, the minu et of roses
Bearing still dewy wet Our nose-gays and posies!

Fair maids for us are met More sweet than their posies!

Full bloom or fairer yet The bud that encloses,

Eden is with us yet The spot where it blows is

Flowers for the minute The minute of roses!

Here in the minute The minute of roses!
THE ROSE MINUET
(LUCY—to Rake:)

There's one that's missing from his place. Where is His

Grace?

(WINTerset)

I meant the Duke, your friend from

Here at your call.

France, Does he not dance Here at the ball?
And Mol-y-neux is missing too!

(WINTERTSET)

The Duс may not come back at all!

(LADY MARY)

Where is our guest the Duс? Who knows?

Tis time for him to earn his rose. (NASH.)

My Lady, he is called a-
(LUCY)
He will return—
Ah, there he
—way.
I trust he may.

(NASH-to Rakell)
comes! (RAKELL.) (WINTERS.
Be quiet! let it not be
A-alone? A-alone!

(RAKELL.) Allegro
Break off the dance! There's murder done! Aye,

known!

(CHORUS.) Murder! Murder!
murder foul and cruel. (Nash)

Aye! a duel!

It was a duel!

duel, though you call it one. That gallant gentleman of France Matched with a

master of the sword, He had no chance!

He took his chance!
(LADY MARY—To MOLYNEUX)

Tell me did he

'Tis you that set him on, My Lord!

fall? Were you not there? (MOLYNEUX)

I saw it

Who had no chance?

all! He had no chance!
Why Captain Bad-ger had no chance 'Twas thrust and par-ry and
carte and fierce, Too quick for see-ing or say-ing, Till one grew an-gry and
hot and fierce And the oth-er was but play-ing, Then a step a-side and a
light-ning pass And one fell back on the gar-den grass.
(WINTerset)
(RAKELL)

I trust he's dead!

He's quit for a month or

(LADY MARY)

What of the Duke?

Safe and

two in bed.

(NASH)

Aye what of him?

sound in life and limb.

Look up the stair. You'll see him
here:

Long live the Duc de Chat-au-rien!

(CHORUS) Long

live the Duc de Chat-au-rien!

(BEAUCAIRE)

I did the task you chose.
Now, may I ask my rose?

Moderato

rose, where the garden grows, There is no rose like

you, Bright as noon of a day in June And
fresh as the dawning dew. Rose more sweet with my lady's breath, I hold you ever for life and death, Pledge of a dearer gift who knows? Rose of the world, My rose! Red rose,
'tis the gage you chose, 'Tis yours, I give it you,

Bright as noon of a day in June And fresh as the dawning dew!

Full of fire of the sun above, Crown of
victory, flow'r of love, saying the word my own heart knows. Here

is my rose, your rose!

(Chorus.)

scatter roses around, above, crown of victory, flow'r of love,
End of Act I.
ACT II.

No. 10. CHORUS and DANCE—Pastoral Fête

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegro non troppo

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crow, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
(CHORUS)

When the sun is gold-en
On the boughs a-bove,

Ar-cad-y, the olden,
Lives a-gain to love.
Nymphs and shep-her-desses
From the past a-rise,
Blossoms in their tresses, Laughter in their eyes! When the sun is

golden On the boughs above,

Arcady, the olden, Lives again to love!
Sing how full of felicity is our royal rusticity!

Maidens with merry lips like the cherry, dewy and rich and ripe! Noble people of quality, join in innocent jollity, under the arching foliage marching.
Follow the oaken pipe!
When the sun is golden On the boughs above,

Arcady the olden, Lives again to love, Nymphs and shepherdesses From the past arise,

Blossoms in their tresses, Laughter in their eyes!
No. 11. SONG and CHORUS—"When I was King of Bath"

(BEAU NASH)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Moderato

VOICE

(NAsh.)

When

PIANO

first I ruled Apollo's shrine,
The spring of healing waters,
A

we were in our golden age
And love was still in fashion, No

bright and crowded court was mine
Of fashion's sons and beau was there but would engage
In some romantic

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
daughters. The beaux were then three-bottle men. Yet ever gay and passion! He wooed and pray'd a wife or maid And sang her praises

sprightly! They danced till dawn. Then on the lawn they crossed their swords. po-
sweetly! His beauty fond Would then respond. She kissed him most dis-

-litely!
-creet-ly!

(Chorus) Dis-creet-ly, dis-creet-ly. She kissed him most dis-creet-ly!

Po-litely, po-litely. They pink'd their man po-litely!
Now Bath is going to the dogs. The
sort of fog I see, With care intense, will play for pence, Be-
man is rough and rude And thinks to find his god-dess kind Be-
side a dish of tea! His jests are full as Lon-don fogs; His
fore she has been wooed! Our loves are mere-ly ep-i-logues, A
sword a wood-en bath. 'Twas not so long a-go. When I was King of
sor-ry after-math. 'Twas not so long a-go. When I was King of
Bath!
Bath!

Can Bath be going to the dogs along the downward path, Since
Can Bath be going to the dogs along the downward path, Since

this resort was Honour's Court And Nash was King of Bath!
this resort was Cupid's Court And Nash was King of Bath!

When
No. 12. Song—"That's a woman's way."

(LADY MARY)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Moderato

1. When you men admire us
How you tease and tire us, Telling us that we are

2. If your wit decives
No such sweet surprises You can try another

Weary hour that passes,
Rage at us and rate us,

Ah, what's the plan?

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
In our looking glasses We can see it, if 'tis.
Even say you hate us, That will make us love a
there.

MONT.

(MEN.)

Yes 'tis there.
Say you can!

Should you wish to flatter,
Think of tales to tell us
Praise some other
That will make us

matter. Pretty wit, or honey'd voice
jealous Of the man who pleased our whim.
Ah, your voice
Caught your whim!

Leave our foolish faces,
For our lover's treason

Talk of better graces, Those that we have not, for choice!
Will distract our reason, Till we marry you or him!

Where's the choice? Can we think of what you have not?
'Tis a trick that I fear to try!
Allegro *Tempo di Valse*

When you men a-woo-ing go If you'd woo and win,
When you men a-woo-ing go If you'd woo and win,

Do not tell us what we know, Long ere you begin!
Do not tell us what we know, Long ere you begin!

Something clever, that we never heard before today.
Rather warn us that you scorn us, Love you as we may;

Though we know it is not true We shall take it well of you:
Then we'll want to be your wives And repent it all our lives...
We shall take it well of you; That's a woman's way!
And repent it all our lives— That's a woman's way!

(SOPRANO)

When you men a-wooing go
If you'd woo and win— Do not tell them what they know

(ALTO)

(TENOR)

(BASS)

Longer (you) begin. Something clever that they never heard before to.
Rather warn them that (you) scorn them, Love (you) as they
-day, — Thought they know it is not true
may, — Then they'll want to be your wives

They will take it like it well of you;
when we woo,
all your lives,
all our lives.

We shall take it well of you; That's a woman's way!
And repent it all our lives. That's a woman's way!

Tempo I
No. 13. CHORUS and SONG: "Philomel."

(LADY MARY)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

 Allegro non troppo

Copyright MCMXIX by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
(CHORUS)

Now we must be going On our home-ward way, Thank you for be-stow-ing

So di-vine a day! In your gar-den's por-tals Ours has been the mirth

Known to old im-mor-tals, Gods that came to earth!
In your garden's portals

Ours has been the mirth

—mortal gods that came to earth!
(TOWNBRAKE)

Gods we look for vainly
They are far away.

(WINTerset)

Still a goddess plainly
Graces us today!

poco rall.  Valse Tempo (poco animato)

Graces us today!

poco rall.

(LADY MARY)

When the
Gods were free of Arcady
far-off sea to Arcady
Like a foam-flake

curds and honey
Venus drifted

The pipe of Pan in the wood began
The golden fire of the world's desire

April days were sunny
rose-white hands uplifted
On the dancing hills of daffodils
And the maidens ran to the pipe's of Pan,
The golden bees were humming, Till they caught and kissed in the moonlit mist,
Gave word that the gods were coming, Till the nightingale in the love and laughter,
Till the nightingale in the dusky dale.
dusky dale, Gave word that the gods were coming,
moonlit mist, And mingled in love and laughter.

Ah! Ah!

Phil o mel, Phil o mel, Phil o mel,

Wa ken as of old. Wa ken as of old.
Sing a violet into the dell
With every note of gold.

Sing a kiss and a passionate spell
In every note of gold.

Till the roses cup unclosees
Till the willing heart is thrilling

Under summer rain
Full of joyful pain.
All the earth is joy and mirth.

All above is light and love.

The Gods

The Gods

(LADY MARY)

Gods are come again!

(CHORUS)

Philomel,
Phil - o - mel, Wa - ken as of old.

1: All the earth is
2: All above is

joy light and mirth. The Gods are
and love.
2. From the

come a - gain.

The Gods are come a - gain.

The Gods are come a - gain.
No. 14. song—"Honour and Love."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

(MOLYNEUX)

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Moderato (un poco allegro)

PIANO

MOLYNEUX

Ask me not, dear,  Why I must leave you,
Care not to know  All that is hid-den,

Have not a fear  Lest I de-ceive you!  Yours is my heart
How can I show  What is for-bid-den?  Honour has bands

Wak-ing or sleep-ing  Though I de-part  Tis in your keep-ing
Not to be bro-ken  What it com-mands  Can-not be spo-ken!

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York

Authorised for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere.
Far though I ride, As I have told you Yet at my side
If I betray'd Light-ly with laugh-ter How should a maid

I can be-hold you; Ev-er you seem Near me to hov-er
Trust in me af-ter? If what I swore Now I dis-cov-er

Still in my dream Close to your lov-er!
Shall I be more True as a lov-er?

Then do not sigh, but kiss good-bye And love me all you can,
Then do not sigh, but kiss good-bye And love me all you can,
For there's naught above a lady's love
And the faith of a gentle-man!

To honour and you I'll still be true
Till all my days are done.

By the single troth I gave to both
For honour and love are one!
No. 15. Duet—"Say no more."
(LADY MARY & BEAUCAILRE)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Andante (un poco lento) (BEAUCAILRE) dolce

Though I

know You are high As the snow in the sky White and

Ah, be

pure you yet may be, Must you still be cold to me?

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, INC., New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
kind! Do not speak or you'll find I am weak. And the
chilly heart of snow has been melted long ago!

Say no more! (Beaucaire) All has now been said.
Say no more! All has now been said.

Now the snows are snow-white rose, Now the white rose blushes red.
Now the snows are snow-white rose, Now the white rose blushes red.
While we live I will give All you ask'd be-fore.

While we live You will give All I ask'd be-fore. My

Your Ma-ry! Say no more, no more!

Ma-ry! Say no more, no more! My
B

Heart of gold, Hand of

white Do I hold You to-night? If the magic dream must break Let me

Do not fear! 'Tis no dream, We are here As we

die before I wake!*

LM

seem, Morning will bring above Larger light for greater

LM

cresc.
love! Say no more! Hold me fast in-

Say no more! Hold me fast in-

-stead. Kiss the snows to a snow-white rose Till the white rose

-stead. Kiss the snows to a snow-white rose Till the white rose

blush-es red! While we live, I will give All you ask me

blush-es red! While we live, You will give All I ask you
for

Your Mary! Say no more, no

for

My Mary! Say no more, no

more!

Your Mary! Say no more, no

more!

My Mary! Say no more, no

more!
No. 16. Finale.—Act II.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Molto vivace

VOICE

[PINTERSET]

Nay, stop!

PIANO

[LADY MARY]

Ru-ind!

I will not see you ru-ind thus!

Aye, Ru-ind!

I know him by the name your Lordship gave:

The

Do you know the Knave?
Duc de Châteaurien. Is this a lie, Or were you lying then?

It is not so! I speak the truth; bear witness gentlemen!

(Towne & Rakeell) 'Tis true! 'Tis true! His Grace says true!

(Bicksitt) 'Tis true! 'Tis true! His Grace says true!
Lento
(LADY MARY- to Beaucaire)

Monsieur le Duc, we wait for you!
Not now, or ever!

(BEAUCAIRE.)

(WINTerset—stops her)

Mademoiselle... hear him I

Lento

You'll hear me now.

(LADY MARY.)

pray!

(RAKELL)

Well then, what has your Grace to

E-gad! he's bold!

(TOWNBRaker)

Begad, he's clever!

(L.M.)

Molto moderato

(WINTerset)

say?

A
Dashing Barber came from France Thro' English towns to ramble, And found his way to
pesante

Bath by chance To drink and dance and gamble! All lace and velvet

and perfumes, A jay in borrowed peacock plumes; The Lord knows who, from the

Lord knows where ______ But he called himself Monsieur ______ Beau-
(LADY MARY & LUCY)

Well, what of this Monsieur Beau-

(BEAUCAIRE)

Well, what of this Monsieur Beau-

(RANTSON & TOWNBRACK)

He call'd himself Monsieur Beau-

(MICKSITT)

He call'd himself Monsieur Beau-

(LUCY)

- caire?

(BEAUCAIRE)

- caire?

(WINTERSSET)

They found him out and bade him quit This
aping of his betters. The fellow had a pretty wit for

forging names and letters! He chang'd his coat and his perruque, And

now he says he is a Duke From Château-riken or the

Lord knows where But he's still the same Monsieur Beau-
L.M. Lucy.

They say you are Monsieur Beaucaire!

B

They say I am Monsieur Beaucaire!

RAKELL & TOWNB

We swear he is Monsieur Beaucaire!

RICKSITT

We swear he is Monsieur Beaucaire!

W

- caire!

L.M.

Allegro

I know it is not true!

B

(WINTERSET)

My beautiful!

What do you say?

Allegro

You doubt my
I do!

word? Then ask of him— he'll tell the truth to you.

(LADY MARY)

Mon-sieur I feel it is a lie. They told me every word. Yet I must ask you, pray deny This tale that we have heard. For silence is too hard a task for woman's strength to bear— It
shames me to the heart to ask — Are you this man — Beau-caire?

Yes Mademoiselle!

Was it a

And I’m darned sorry too, say I!

lie? He can’t deny!
(LADY MARY) (falteringly.)

I did not hear you very well. I thought you

Una poco piu lento molto espressivo

I.M.  

said you were Beau-caire?

(BEAUCAIRE.)

Yes, Mademoiselle.

Allegro agitato

(To LUCY)

I.M.  

Take me away!

B.  

-selle!

(LUCY.)

Come, dear!
(WINTERSET)

May I attend your Ladyship?

If you are seen in Bath—beware the

(BEAUCAIRE)

You'll see me there one day! I

whip!

Andante

told you that I was Beaucaire—it was the truth I had to tell!

P espressivo
But do you ask me nothing more, Mademoiselle?

Allegro vivo.

(LADY MARY)  (LUCY)

No more! no more!  Let us be

(WINTerset)

Let us be

(LBEAUCAlRe)

gone!  Nade-moi-selle!

gone!
(MOLYNEUX)

Chatteau-rien!

(BEAUCAIRE)

You are not hurt?
No_

(dim.)

(FRANÇOIS)

no_

Ah, Mon-sei_

(F.)

-gneur!
look there_

you

(rall. molto)
(BEAUCAIRE.)

(François opens Beaucaire's coat.)

bleed!

(MOLYNEUX.)

See there—upon his shirt!

(REFRAIN)

Lento

A scratch—per-

M

Ah, what is

B

—haps—

who knows?

(François)

Ah, what is
M

that?

(BEAUCAIRE)

On - ly a red red_

F

that?

dolce.

B

(He falls into the arms of Molyneux and François.)

rose_

End of Act II
ACT III.
No. 17. Opening Chorus.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
Have you heard of who is coming?

All the city is alive! All the world of fashion humming
Like the swarming of a hive:  Hither in his coach and four

Comes the French Ambassador!  Hither in his coach and four

Comes the French Ambassador!
(ALL.)

Tak-ing snuff, Come from Spain! Men will try to im-i-tate him!

(BASS.)

Wom-en sigh to fas-ci-nate him! He will warm our hearts to pas-sion,

(ALL.)

Mould of form and glass of fash-ion, Oh! Was
ever such a chance? Beau and belle in head-long haste Seek the or-acle of taste, The Ambas-sador of France!

The Ambas-sador of France!
No 18. Sextette—"The Honours of War."

 Rakell, Townbrake, Jollife, Badger, Bantison & Bicksitt.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

Allegro

When some mighty commander, Like great Alexander, Goes out to attack With a rum tum tum on the drum And a tweedle-dee on the

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd, London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
(RAKELL)

fife.

Next day, over the border, in dismal disorder His

fife.

(ALL)

men will come back with a dum dum lumber on the drum, As they're limping away for their

(ALL)

With a dum dum lumber on the drum, As they're limping away for their

(TOWN)

life!

(BANT.)

Still they say they gain'd the vict-o-ry—

Tho' their looks
are contradictory;

(BICK)

Every man swears as he can

"We have retreated according to plan?"

So

(ALL)

So

Heads up! eyes front! March as well as you know!
Bruises and scars are medals and stars, A soldier loves to show: We've

fought as soldiers fought, Until we could fight no more; Then we

all came off; Then we all came off, With the honours of war!
(BADGER)

When we tackled a party A little too hearty And

(ALL.)

With his tierce carte, right at your heart, And a

(ALL.)

free with his steel, With his tierce carte, right at your heart, And a

(RAKELL.)

slash and a parry and prick. You got little remind-ers In

slash and a parry and prick.
(ALL)
front or in hind-ers That still you can feel: With an ache, stitch, tingle and

With an ache, stitch, tingle and

Twitch, and a limp with a crutch or a stick!

Twitch, and a limp with a crutch or a stick!

(TOWN.)
Scorn to groan or wince or double up-

Still, we'll try to hush our trouble up,
(JOLL.)

"We are all limping according to

EVERY man Swears if he can, "We are all limping according to

(ALL.)

plan!"

So heads up!

(EV'RY)

plant!"

So heads up!

Eyes front, March as straight as a die; ANY such thing As
bandage and sling Will make the ladies sigh: We've fought as heroes

ought, And what can they ask for more? So we all come off, So we

all come off With the honours of war!

ought, And what can they ask for more? So we all come off, So we

all come off With the honours of war!
No. 19. duet—"We are not speaking now."

(LUCY & MOLYNEUX)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

(MOLYNEUX)

I know a charming maiden at last too
If some day I found her, the maid I

well! My yearning heart is laden with love I dare not know—And put my arm around her, then would she bid me

Copyright MCMXVIII by Acherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
tell! I fain would speak, but still I fear, Be-
go? Her heart is not of stone or steel, Nor

(LUCY)

There is a hap-less lover I've
If my true love should hold me In

-cause she swears she will not hear!
did she promise not to feel!

known so long, Too late I now dis-cov-er That
such a way, I'd an-swer what he told me, Yet

I have done him wrong! I can-not tell him, since I swore That
nothing I would say! And if perchance a sound was heard, Our
I would speak to him no more! Nor I, nor you Can break the bond Of lips would never speak a word! Nor I, nor you Would break the bond Of

such a solemn vow. Tho I am fond—
such a solemn vow; We both are fond

such a solemn vow! Tho I am true— I
such a solemn vow! Yet if 'tis true Then

Nor I respond! Ah, why? We sigh— We
And I respond—We will! But still— We

can-not woo— Ah, why? We sigh— We
I can woo— We will! But still— We
are not speaking now!  Ah, why?  We sigh_
are not speaking now!  We will!  But still _ (they kiss)

are not speaking now!  Ah, why?  We sigh_
are not speaking now!  We will!  But still _ (they kiss)

We are not speaking now!
We are not speaking now!

We are not speaking now!
We are not speaking now!

[1. MOL]  2.

2 But
NO. 20. SONG AND CHORUS - "Under the moon."

(FAUCAIRE)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSENGER

ALLEGRO.

1. If you had been A fairy Queen, And I were then The last of men And

THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE AND ARE And I, a gain A peas ant swain Born

THAT'S WHAT I MAY BE NOW Yet still, one night, I won the right To

UNDER A HUMBLE STAR Yet when you list en'd To one like me, As

WHISPER A LOVER'S VOICE And nev er af ter Can you for get, The

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere.
Moonlight glistened on grass and tree,
What did it matter to me and you?
For sighs and laughter of lips that met!
The moon-lit garden around us two,
And you were tender dear and I was true?
That was Eden dear for you and me!

Under the moon—What does a lover care?
Name and fame are all the same.
As a breath that dies in the air!
Heart to heart in a
world apart Tremble and faint and swoon, Only love is the
tongue

King above two, Under the moon!

Under the moon! Under the moon! Under the moon! What does a lover

(SOPRANO) Ah! (ALTO) Ah! (TENOR) Ah! (Chorus in the distance) Ah! (BASS)
Only Love is the King above two!

Under the moon!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
1. Under the moon!

2. Though

Under the moon!

Under the moon!

Under the moon!

Under the moon!
No 21. song - "What are names?"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRE MESSAGER

(LADY MARY)

VOICE

Allegro

Names, what are names? An

PIANO

empty, idle breath! The make believe of childish games That fools us till our

dead! Toys of my own Since first my life began; I

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
cast them down and stand a-lone A woman with a man!

When at first you came Did you give a name True or false?

Now I care no more For the name you bore You are you!

Wealth and rank and birth They are void of worth Let them lie.
Here for life we stand, Bound in heart and hand, You and I!

I gave my heart It was not to your name, And

though no more you play a part, The man is still the same!

What though they say That I am far above you, I
look into your soul today
And with my soul
I love you!

(BEAUCAIRE/Raises his head.)

Mother! today Where

Mary smiles above you, Do you not hear my Mary say:

(LADY MARY)

I love you? I look into your
soul to-day And with my soul

I love you!

(BEAUCAIRE)

I love you!

ff ff
No 22. Chorus—"Way for the Ambassador."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegro maestoso

Piano

(Soprano)

(Way, way, for the Ambassador)

(ALTO)

(Bass)

(TENOR)

the Most Christian King!

Bow, bow,

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO, FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorised for sale and distribution in the countries of North America, but not elsewhere
as we re-treat be-fore, Our hom-age of-fer-ing!

Leave His Grace an am-ple path Thro' the beaux and belles of Bath,

Where he sees on ei-ther side Birth and taste per-son-i-fied.
Now, now, upon the polished floor We hear his footsteps ring.

Hail! Hail!

To the Ambassador Of the Most Christian King!
Leave His Grace an ample path,
Thro' the beaux and belles of Bath.

Hail to the Ambassador
Of the Most Christian King!
No. 23. Song and Chorus—"A Son of France."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegro marcato

(MIREPOIX)

1. When first Mon-sieur Beau-caire was young
when Mon-sieur Beau-caire had

born
four
pass’d

The ring-ers rock’d the steeple, With can-
and done with bells and cor-
sage of one and twenty, His ti-
non
nels, A gal-
tles

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., London
LEO. FEIST, Inc., New York

Authorized for Sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
fire the air was torn To no- ti-fy the peo- ple.
mar-shal taught him war, A bis-hop taught him mor- als.
came so thick and fast He found them more than plen- ty!

The King cre-a-ted him that day The no-ble Count of
At six, I think, but am not sure, He won the Duch-y
My mem- o- ry can-not re-cord Of what he's Duke and

Beau-jo-lais And though of ra-ther ten-der years, A Cap-tain in the Mus- ke-
of Nem-ours And as a roy-al prize at school A Pro-vince of his own to
Count and Lord; One name he has no right to bear, For he is not Mon-sieur Beau-
-teers!
-rule!
-caire!

(SOP.)

(ALTO.)
A Capt - tain in the Mus - ke - teers!
A Pro - vince of his own to rule!

(TEN.)
For he is not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!

(BASS.)
A Capt - tain in the Mus - ke - teers!
A Pro - vince of his own to rule!
For he is not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!

It great - ly adds to
It's not the rule in
In fa - iry tales I've

In the Mus - ke - teers!
Of his own to rule!
Not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!

In the Mus - ke - teers!
Of his own to rule!
Not Mon - sieur Beau - caire!
infant charms To be a Musketeer in arms,
and politics To be a Governor at six. But
read long since, A barber may turn out a Prince. Such

happens now and then by chance When the little boy is a
happens now and then by chance When the little boy is a
stories are not mere romance When the barber man is a

Son of France!
Son of France!
Son of France!

(SOP.)

(ALTO.)
Greatly adds to infant charms To be a Musketeer
It is not the rule in politics To be a Governor
In fairy tales, we've read long since, A barber may turn

(TEN.)
Greatly adds to infant charms To be a Musketeer
It is not the rule in politics To be a Governor
In fairy tales, we've read long since, A barber may turn

(BASS.)
And happens now and then by chance When the baby
But happens now and then by chance When the baby
Such stories are not mere romance When the barber

-ter in arms
-nor at six
out a Prince

-ter in arms
-nor at six
out a Prince

Boy is a Son of France!
Boy is a Son of France!
Man is a Son of France!

2. When
3. But
Words by ADRIAN ROSS

No. 24. Finale. Music by ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Allegro

PIANO

(ROUCAIRE)

Oh, fair be wind and weather, Let the sun-lit ripples dance, As the fair est rose of your England goes On the heart of a Son of

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York

Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere.
May two fair lands together In France!

love and honour bold And stand as friends till the last war ends, In the peaceful age of gold!

Friends are French and Englishmen Though they've quarrel'd
now and then Side by side may they draw their blades And

all be in love with English maids! Side by side may they
draw their blades! All of them in love with English maids!
Friends are French and English men! Though they've quarrell'd

New and then— Side by side may they draw their blades And
all be in lov. with Eng-lish maids! Side by side may they


Presto

draw their blades! All of them in love with Eng-lish maids!


End of Act III
Supplemental Number

SONG—"Gold and Blue and White."

(BEAUCAIRE)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Andante

In a land of dreams I

country dim and

voiCE

wander,

dreamy

as in tales of long a-
wander,

dreamy

now a captive I must

dwell.

where against the heav-
edwelling that can

Piano

Copyright MCMXVIII by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. London
LEO. FEIST, Inc. New York
Authorized for sale and distribution in the Countries of North America, but not elsewhere
yon - der
free - me
Rise From the hills its mag - ic

snow! spell!
All the sky is blue to its a -

bove them,
fail - ry
Till the gold en

sun down,
Comes to the kin - dle them and

To the blue and white of
love them
Ma-
ry,

Kiss them one by one.

Gold and blue and white
Geld and blue and white

Which do I love the best?
Eyes of sky and

hair of light - Snow of a maiden breast!
White and gold and blue,
All I would win and hold,
More than all, the heart that's true
As gold, gold, gold!

Tempo I°
In that gold!
IRENE
A MUSICAL COMEDY

Irene ........................................ 60
Castles of Dreams ........................................ 60
Worthy of You ........................................ 60
Talk of the Town ........................................ 60
Hobbies ........................................ 60
Alice Blue Gown ........................................ 60
Skyrocket ........................................ 60
We're Getting Away With It ........................................ 60
The Last Part of Every Party ........................................ 60
Selection for Piano Solo ........................................ 1.00

The Maid of the Mountains
A MUSICAL PLAY
IN THREE ACTS
Book by FREDERICK LONSDALE
Lyrics by HARRY GRAHAM.
Additional Lyrics by F. CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE. Music by HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON. Additional Numbers by JAS. W. TATE.

VOCAL SCORE ........................................ 3.00 net.
SONGS.
Love Will Find a Way (The Great Waltz Song) .......................... H. Fraser-Simson 60
Live for To-day ........................................ 60
Farewell ........................................ 60
Husbands and Wives (Duet) ........................................ 60
Over There and Over Here (Duet) .......................... James W. Tate 60
Friendship and Love ........................................ 60
My Life Is Love ........................................ 60
A Paradise for Two ........................................ 60
A Bachelor Gay ........................................ 60
When You're In Love (Song or Duet) ........................................ 60

LEO. FEIST, Inc., Feist Building, NEW YORK