PEPITA
Comic Opera,
As Performed by Van Biene & Lingard's Falka Company.
Adapted from the French of
CHIVOT & DURU,
BY
MOSTYN TEDDE,
Music by
CH. LECOCQ.

Vocal Score Complete 5/
D°. D°. Bound 7/6
Pianoforte Solo 3/
Lyrics 6/

London.
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Produced at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Thursday, 30th December, 1886, by Messrs Van Biene & Lingard's Falka Company.

PEPITA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PEPITA............................... Wife of Inigo
INEZ................................. Wife of Pedrillo
GUZMAN............................... Prince of the Canary Islands
PEDRILLO............................ Inq Keeper
INIGO................................. Husband of Pepita
BOMBARDOS..........................
{ Rival Generals
PATAQUES............................
GOMEZ................................. Sergeant
JUAN................................. Miller's man

Chorus of Peasants.
Chorus of Women.
Chorus of Flower Girls.
Toreadors &c.

ACT 1.— Interior of Pedrillo's Post House in the in the Canary Islands.

2.— Hall in the Château of Galagardos.

3.— The Market Place at Palmas.
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Act I.

No. 1.

"CHORUS OF PEASANTS" AND
"SONG: PEDRILLO."

Moderato.

Flute, Oboe.

Piano.

Strings.

Cresc. Pistons.

Cresc.

Tutti.

Soprano.

Capital! Excellent! Heart warming! Wine!

Bouquet su-

Tenor.

Capital! Excellent! Heart warming! Wine!

Bouquet su-

Bass.

Capital! Excellent! Heart warming! Wine!

Bouquet su-

Sempre f

Nono
Drink to me, drink! Let no man shrink Drink to me, drink! Let

Drink to me, drink! Let no, Let no man shrink Drink to me, drink! Let no, Let

Drink to me, drink! Let no, Let no man shrink Drink to me, drink! Let no, Let

TUTTI.
no man shrink
Nor let him dare his draught... to stop

Till he has drained the bottom drop
When flushing cheek and empty

glasses Shall show how merry lads can toast the lasses...
When flushing cheek and empty glasses Shall show how each can toast his

When flushing cheek and empty glasses Shall show how each can toast his

When flushing cheek and empty glasses Shall show how each can toast his

But see the liquor has run out What

2nd Peasant.

Can Fredilo be about? Hallo! Fredilo! mine host! Hal-

18284.
(enter Pedrillo C)

SOP:
Halloa Pe-dril-lo! Pe-dril-lo! here!

TEN:
Halloa Pe-dril-lo! Pe-dril-lo! here!

BASS:
Halloa Pe-dril-lo! Pe-dril-lo! here!

PEDRILLO:
Your servant, ladies; I am here.

CHORUS, SOP:
Handsome ever, charming and clever, Sure there was never a man so

PED:
I've kept you waiting I fear

Moderato.

Moderato.
1. Never a moment left for leisure, Never a second for rest.
2. Each day each day brings forth new faces, And every night some fresh sur.

FLUTE

OBOE.

TRIANGLE.
Hys ing, Whips smack, click, click. The fa ther of the fair apa tions, The hus band sud den ly turns

pire s, Whips smack, click, click. He swears great oaths, She talks of up,

re claim her, spite of pro test

Click, click, whips smack. Then par don, peace, and hap py apa tions. Then num ber one a lone must

rit. colla voce.

a tempo.

tears. Hil los! Hil los! Hil los! Hil los! Hil los! . . . . . . . . .
sup. Pe dro! Pe dro! Pe dro! Pe dro! Pe dro! . . . . . . . . . . . .
cresc. wood.

Horns.
FLUTE & HORN SOLO.

... My good Pe-dril-lo, pri-thee put your pets on. Thy best, the

best is good enough for me; For we must dine,... and taste your

wine... Champagne on ice... and any thing nice,...

SOP:

TEN:

BASS:

My good Pe-
The best of living is good enough for me; For we must dine, and taste your wine, Champagne on ice... anything nice, For we must...
CHORUS.

SOPRANINO:
My good Pedro, prizeth put thy

TENORI:
My good Pedro, prizeth put thy

BASSI:
My good Pedro, prizeth put thy

PIANO:

Pots on the best, the best is good enough for me; For we must
dine, and taste your wine, Champagne on ice, Any thing nice, For we must

IRENA.
dine, and taste your wine... Champagne on ice, Champagne on ice, anything nice, in a trice.
No. 2.

"POOR LITTLE MAN."

INIGO AND VILLAGE GIRLS.

**Allegro.**

STRINGS & WOOD.

PIANO.

PISTONS.

**SOP: CHORUS OF WOMEN.**

Ha! ha! ha! ha! my poor young friend, the cost...

TUTTI.  

**mf WOOD STRINGS & HORN.S.**  

PIPCI: CLAR.

...you have cut you must wear it! He who has trouble he cannot mend, Must bear...

...it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must

18294.
bear it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must bear it! Must bear...

PISTONS.

INIGO.

This is past all bearing I have had quite enough.

WOOD.

TUTTI.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! where is your wife?

With such foolish stuff;

This is past

Ha! ha! ha! ha! poor little man!
1. bearing,  

2. Those of his kind

3. ever are blind;

4. FLUTE.

5. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

6. TUTTI.

7. The coat, you have cut you must

8. 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!

9. wear it,  

10. Must bear... it Must bear it, Must

11. wear it, He who has trouble he cannot mend Must bear... it Must bear it, Must
NO. 3.

"BRING THE BRIGHTEST OF FACES!"

"DEUT, CHORUS" &c.

PEPIFA, INEZ, BOMBARDO, INICO AND PEDRILLO.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

SOP:

TEN:

BASS:

Here they come to their village returning, To

Here they come to their village returning, To

Here they come to their village returning, To

Here they come to their village returning, To

18284.
answer to the call... of their husbands fond yearning, To answer to the
answer to the call... of their husbands fond yearning, To answer to the
answer to the call... of their husbands fond yearning, To answer to the

Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come!
Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come!
Here they come! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come!

are! Here they come! Here they are!
are! Here they come! Here they are!
are! Here they come! Here they are!

FLUTE, OBOE.
PEP: CLAR.

Far away from house and home... All my thoughts have been of you, dear.

HORNS.

And my heart, wherever I roam... With fond longing beats his true, dear.

STRINGS.

No thing can relieve the pain... When I'm absent from your side, dear.

FLUTE.

Oh! what joy, I'm home again... Kiss your happy little bride, dear.

18264
Allegro giocoso.

Never at home to stay

Never to be away, Never,

Lovers of love sublime

Sever sever sever se

WOOD
HORNS
STRING.

TRIANGLE.

P. I.
As you anxiously, patiently wait
For the loved ones returning.

Ever at home to stay
Never to be away, Never, never, never,

\[\text{p}\]

Would, in the shortest time, Lovers of love sublime Se-

\[\text{p}\]

\text{TRIANGLE}

\[\text{se-ver}\]

\[\text{HORNS}\]

\[\text{18284}\]
As you anxiously, patiently wait For the loved one's re-

As you anxiously, patiently wait re-

FLUTE. 

FLUTE. 

TUTTI. 

TUTTI. 

18284.
Dearest, and best! Oh! how happy feel! Embrace your uncle, Pedro, my boy, Embrace your uncle Inigo too. Oh! what words can I... employ To show my... joy? Oh! what words can I... employ to show my joy.
We have.......... a feast in contemp.

play

FLUTE WITH VOICE.

KORNS, STRINGS.

plation. It is Pepita's natal

goé, Fag:

day...... A fes-

teive cel-

eration From which no friend can stop a way. No doubt you al

oboé, fag.
I know it is our custom as a rule to entreat I think that

you may safely trust 'em. When there is any thing to eat

SOP.

Ten;

Quite right you

BASS.

Quite right you

are, Who would refuse? This chance is far too good to lose.

are, Who would refuse? This chance is far too good to lose.

are, Who would refuse? This chance is far too good to lose.

PISTONS.

HORNS & TIMPANI.
Bring the brightest of faces, The best of appetite, ... And

lessen mind your faces for we will dance to-night. Dance to the

gay guitars. Under the twinkling stars... Happily

tripping, Merrily sipping. Gibing and quipping Till morning light, Happily

tripping, Merrily sipping. Till the dawn of the morning light.
SOP:

Bring the brightest of faces, The best of appearance.

TUTTI:

... And lasses mind your faces For we will dance tonight, Under the twinkling stars To the gay guitars... Happily.
moment w'll give to pleasure I shall enjoy... my self... for

Pep:

one To enjoy ment there'll be no measure A las... By

break... of day we must be gone No sooner come, they

PED: (to Inigo.)

The reason we shall know My dear friends... My dear

PED: (to Peasants.)

friends... Then... in an hour We meet again, we meet a...
Yes in an hour we meet again
Yes in an hour we meet again
Yes in an hour we meet again
Yes in an hour we meet again

Bring the brightest of faces
The best of appetite
And

Bring the brightest of faces
The best of appetite
And

Bring the brightest of faces
The best of appetite
And

TUTTI.

18284.
tripping Merrily sipping Till the dawn of the morning light.

tripping Merrily sipping Till the dawn of the morning light.

tripping Merrily sipping Till the dawn of the morning light.

tripping Merrily sipping Till the dawn of the morning light.

N° 3

Bring the brightest of faces The
Bring the brightest of faces The
Bring the brightest of faces The

best of appetite... And lasses mind your laces For we will dance to
best of appetite... And lasses mind your laces For we will dance to
best of appetite... And lasses mind your laces For we will dance to
No. 3

"GLORY'S SHRINE."

"SONG." BOMBARDOS.

Moderato quasi Andantino.

TUTTI.

Piano.

BOMBARDOS.

Who glory's blazoned shrine would seek Must tenderness dis-

STRINGS.

FLUTE.

claim, not for the sensitive and weak The laurel wreath of

HORN.

fame. . . . . . . The laurel wreath of fame.

HORN. (OBÖE SUSTAINS.)

18284.
still the stream doth onward roll Unceasing in its flow,
Of those who battle for the goal De-
creed for overthrow. The triumph hard... in song ex-
tolu...
They dying never know. Oh glory! oh

FLUTE & CLAR. with VOICE.
glory! Who glory's blazoned shrine would seek Must
tender ness dis claim, Not for the sensi-

tive and weak The lau rel wreath of fame.... The lau rel wreath of

Ah! happy be, though glory smile With wan ten wile to

From peaceful bless ings to be guile, In sweet, in

sweet content secure, The victor proud may
blood de-ride, But bit-ter-ness will cling: ... For glo-ry's

man-tle can-not hide The pangs! the pangs its... hor-rors

TROMBONE.

bring, Can ne-ver, ne-ver hide The pangs, its......

TUTTLE.

hor-rors its hor-rors bring.
"THAT IS ALL YOU WILL KNOW!"

"ROMANCE." INEZ.

Andante non lento.

1. Of my
2. Why my

heart, you are truly the master. It beats in response to your sway. At your silence should fill you with sadness. Is certainly strange why in grief. To most

rag, put a pattering the faster. Desiring to love... and obey. And a men twould mean only gladness. From cluster of woman... relief. I'm not

tender submission that's owing. The duty I myself would choose... But my deaf to your earnest appealing. But I am thrilled with an answering glow... And the

182984.
1. tongue fits per- ver- si- ty show- ing To know your plaint doth re-fuse ... Do

mystery I'll soon be re-veal- ing Be sure, when'tis fit you should know ... Do

2. not, my own, be pry- ing, Do not in-pa-tience show, ... Though

clar. flute

3. now I am dy- ing, 'Tis not for long love so, FLUTE.

horn.

4. My con-fiding Ped-ri- la, Dost de-riding Pe- dri- la, Dost an-noy me

strings

5. so, Yes ... that's all that you will know, That's all that you will know ...
BING! BANG! BOOM!

"TRIO": PEDRILLO, INICO, AND BOMBARDO.

The breeze is fresh as in the

off - ing. The pi - rate schooner spies her prey... And out to sea, all dan - ger

TROMBONE SOLO.

PED: A: INI:

No - ling. Thro' crested billow ploughs her way.... His

TROMB:

BOMB; 3

story fills us with dis - may. See, on the deck two dap - per

WOOD.

FLUTE PISTONS.
fi gures With ea ger gaze they scan the foe, The hand spines
ready, cock’d each trig ger, Prepare to send them down be-
low CLAIR Prepare to send them down below Now...
deadly wea pons with out num ber The pi rate la dies for the fight pre-
HORNS
-pore: While knives and guns... their forms en cum-
CRES:
1909 A TIMP.
TUTTI, PIATTI
A cutlas here a dagger there
A cutlas and dagger here
A cutlas and dagger

The crew awaits their captain's orders prepared to

There

The word is giv'n, away there,

PEDRILLO & INIGO.

The pirate

The pirate ladies lead the van.

WOOD.

HORNS.
Ladies lead the van.

Ha!

Bing! Bang! Boom! Boom! Lots of blood and thunder! Smish! Smash! Clish! Clash!

TUTTI, PIATTI, STRINGS.

How the weapons clank! Cut! Thrust! Guns bust! Massacre and plunder

TUTTI.

Crash! Splash! Now they walk the plank. Clish! Clash! How the weapons clank

PED.

TUTTI GROSSE CAISSE.
Crash, splash, now they walk the plank, Ring! Bang! Boom! Boom!

Lots of blood and thunder Smish! Smash! Clish! Clash! How the weapons clank!

Out! Thrust! Guns burst! Masacare and plunder Crash! Splash! Now they walk the plank
Clash, clash How the weapons clank, Crash, splash,

Clash, clash How the weapons clank, Crash, splash,

Now they walk the plank Cut, thrust, Bing! Boom!

Now they walk the plank Guns bust, Boom! Boom!

Bing! Bang! Boom! Flash, dash, Bing! Bang! Boom!

Bing! Bang! Boom! Flash, dash, Bing! Bang! Boom!
No. 6.

"I ALWAYS TAKE MY MOTHER'S WORD."

"SONG." Pepita.

Allegretto.

Violin.

Fag. Strings.

Pepita.

1. If there is one thing more than others Well reg-u-

2. But, if my heart beats when he tells me That I am

Strings.

Horns.

P. - late girls should do, It is con-fiding in their mo-thers, Who will con-

all in all to him, And if pro-pri-ety com-pels me To draw a-

P. - mit their interests true. So if a man should make pro-posal Up, on his

way my waist so slim, The se-cret's mine, and not a no-there's, He tries to

1st Viol.

Fag. Solo.

18884.
a tempo più vico

Less you tell your mother child I almost always do,
Allegro giocoso e vivace.

Perfect punctuality, a virtue rare...
In a guest When he's press'd Is on-ly fair, And when hospi-ta-lity Sets

out good fare... Eat with zest, And drink your best, And do not spare.

Eat with zest, And drink your best, And do not spare.

Eat with zest, And drink your best, And do not spare.

Eat with zest, And drink your best, And do not spare.
PED:

I nez. The fete then you must grace.

INIGO.

I hasten to obey.

PLATA, here at my side your place
I come with.

PEP:

P-p-

out de hoy.

PED:

In that gentle smile... Treason has no

HORNs, OBOE, STRINGS.

INT:(inside)

Who could think that guile... Lurked behind that face... Dear
friends, dear friends, you're welcome, now come tell us how we can here your joys increase.

store of fun come now re-lease, Let your jol-i-ty ne-ver cease.

Let's sing when we from dan-cing cease, A cho-rus! a

Let's sing when we from dan-cing cease, A cho-rus! a

Let's sing when we from dan-cing cease, A cho-rus! a

cho-rus! a song! .... a song!

cho-rus! a song! .... a song!

cho-rus! a song! .... a song!
"THE BOLERO."

"RECIT & SONG." Pepita.

Molto Moderato.

I've one will please. The words if I forget. Continue humming.

Pepita.

Chorus.

A Spanish strain, with clink of castanette.

Piano.

Strings.

Guitar strum, strumming (Imitating guitar.)

(Castanettes.)

Strum, Strum, Strum.
PIATTI E GRAN CASA.

1. In a village
2. Gomez was a

once lived a maid-
borounlent far-
mer,

Famous far and wide as the

FLUTE.

belle; She with gifts was hea-
stone.

visly laden,

He the first to give up the char-
mer,

As her many admirers could tell

As he sank on the turf with a groan
Gomez tried hardest to win her, Nor in this was he a
Sancho the handsome young miller. Lezende had not for the

\begin{music}

\begin{staff}
\begin{musicnote}
Gomez tried hardest to win her, Nor in this was he a
Sancho the handsome young miller. Lezende had not for the
\end{musicnote}
\end{staff}

\begin{staff}
\begin{musicnote}
- love For Sancho and Ju-an would clin her.... Vowing
dance. Al though he outlasted the tiler, It was
\end{musicnote}
\end{staff}

\begin{staff}
\begin{musicnote}
such love as ne-ver was known. Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
clear he'd not much of a chance. Ah! Ah! Ah!
\end{musicnote}
\end{staff}

\begin{staff}
\begin{musicnote}
\text{... Ah!... Ah!... Ah!... But Per-di-ta could}
\text{... Ah!... Ah!... Ah!... Little Ju-an was}
\end{musicnote}
\end{staff}

\begin{staff}
\begin{musicnote}
not choose her hero; And she vowed she'd not leave it to chance,
un-like a hero But was wi-ry and managed to stand,
\end{musicnote}
\end{staff}

18284.
So she'd marry who in the bolero the other striven stealing
Till the others fell in the bolero; he winning fairest Per.

should out-dance... So they started the dance in the morn-
di--ta's hand.... For he started his dance in the morn-

ing.

When the sun was first giving his light;.... And the heat... and their

wea--ri ness scorn ing, They kept dancing far into the night...

And the heat... and their wea ri ness scorn ing They kept
dancing far into the night
But Per-

Chorus.

PISTONS.  TUTTI

semi-pre.

And she vowed she'd not leave it to

chance

So she'd marry who in the bolero

chance

So she'd marry who in the bolero

chance

So she'd marry who in the bolero
striving swans should out-dance... So they started their dance in the morning

When the sun was first giving his light... And the heat, and their weariness scorning They kept dancing far into the night...
And the heat, and their weariness scorning,

They kept dancing far into the night, the night.

Allegro.

JUAN.

For Popo... and I...

TUTTI.

ne... at their relatives command, Here I have hastened to deliver this letter by
Pep: & Inez.

Inez (to Ped): (spoken)

hand Give it me

In poco piu lento I recog...ize this millers man dye

Ped:

know The one I saw with uncle Rodrigo Oh ho!

Inez.

FLUTE, OBOE. My surprise is un...old I really must

Pep:

OBOE.

Our uncle who would scold We dare not dis...obey. Here insists on our

im...stantly coming a...way. Inez.

It sounds hard but tis true we cannot long...er

CLAR. OBOE. FA...G.
We are bound to obey

They must depart,

Where's my cloak? we must go,

Our cloaks we must... be going

Let's shew that we're not
Moderato. Pedrillo. (Spoken.)

"This evening at nine o'clock at the château de Giaugard, the password is Discretion or Death."
P. 
INICO.
- cre - tion or death! Dis - cre - tion or death! In gasping for

FAG.

CLAR. OBOE.

P. 
INICO.
breath Oh, ter - ri - ble scare. For the worst pre - 

I. 
INEZ: 
pare Fare you well my dar - ling boy, .... Now I must

1' VIOL.
dulcissimo. HORNS.

Inez.

leave thee all a - lone ........

PEP:

When we... meet a - gain what

18284.
One little kiss and then he gone, he gone; A kiss a little kiss and
then he gone, he gone; A kiss a little kiss and

Soprano:

One little kiss and then he gone, he gone;

Tenor:

One little kiss and then he gone, he gone;

Bass:

One little kiss and then he gone, he gone;

Wood:

be gone be

Horns:
gone A kiss a lit-tle kiss and then be gone
gone A kiss a lit-tle kiss and then be gone
gone A kiss a lit-tle kiss and then be gone

JUAN.
PED: (aside to INIGO)

Come, time we lose. Come Come Come Come We'll yet find

PED & INIGO:

out What they're a-bout We'll yet find out, We'll yet find out What they're a-

PED:

about We'll yet find out What they're a-

TUTTI.
Molto Andante.

Ah, dear friends, 'tis with sorrow we're leaving

f TUTTI. pp

Such a joyful, hilarious thing, ... Do not

at our departure be grieving. But pass the time gaily.

allegro con brio

TUTTI.

gaily with song ... We will start our

SOP.

TEN. & BASS

We will start our

allegro con brio

TUTTI.
dance in the morning, in the shade, as the sun is too bright...

dance in the morning, in the shade, as the sun is too bright...

dance in the morning, in the shade, as the sun is too bright...

...Thoughts of heat... and of weariness scorn... We will

...Thoughts of heat... and of weariness scorn... We will

...Thoughts of heat... and of weariness scorn... We will

keep it up into the night... Thoughts of heat... and of

keep it up into the night... Thoughts of heat... and of

keep it up into the night... Thoughts of heat... and of