THE MADCAP DUCHESS
A Comic Opera
by David Stevens, Justin Huntly McCarthy and Victor Herbert

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THE MADCAP DUCHESS
A Comic Opera in Two Acts

The Book and Lyrics by
David Stevens and Justin Huntly McCarthy

The Music by
Victor Herbert

Vocal Score
Price, $2.00 net

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For G. Schirmer (Inc.), Proprietors, New York & Boston
THE MADCAP DUCHESS
Presented for the first time, under the management of
H. H. FRAZEE
At the LYCEUM Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., October 13, 1913
Staged by FRED. G. LATHAM

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RENAUD, Prince of St. Pol in Artois ........................................ Mr. Glenn Hall
VIRGILE DE BEJEUZE ......................................................... Mr. J. Russell Powell
M. DE SECHEMAT ............................................................... Mr. Gilbert Clayton
MASTER HARDY, Manager of the Regent's Players ................. Mr. Harry Mazelmonough
LOUIS XV, King of France .................................................... Master Percy Helton
PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS, Regent ........................................... Mr. Francis K. Lieb
WATTEAU, Court Painter ..................................................... Mr. David Andrusa
DUC DE PONTSAULE, Marshal of France ......................... Mr. Edmond M'Clusky
CAVALLO, Captain of the King's Musketeers ................. Mr. Henry Vincent
ADAM, Proprietor of the Windmill Inn ................. Mr. Herbert Ayling
PANACHE, Sergeant of the King's Musketeers ............... Mr. Herbert Gantvoort
CORALINE .................................................. Miss Virginia Carvel
ZERBINE ........................................................... Miss Virginia Allen
SPAVIANO .................................................. Mr. Mario Rogati
TARTAGLIA .................................................. Mr. Alex. Gibson
Shepherdesses .............................................................. Miss Billy Williamson
Miss Glen Ellis
Miss Harriet Beene
Miss Mina Marrit
Mr. Maurice Avery
Mr. Jack Elliott
Mr. Sven Erick
Mr. B. Foster
Shepherds ..........................................................................

STEFANIE, Marquise de Phalaris ........................................ Miss Josephine Whittell
GILETTE, Serving-Maid at the Windmill Inn ................... Miss Peggy Wood

and

SERAFINA, Duchess of Bapaum in Artois .......... MISS ANN SWINBURNE
Musketees, Players, Courtiers, Attendants.

ACT I. Garden of the Windmill Inn. Early Morning.
ACT II. Theatre in the Garden of Versailles. Evening.
Period, Autumn, 1720.

Musical Director, MR. MAX HIRSCHFELD.
Dances arranged by MR. GILBERT CLAYTON.
STORY OF THE OPERA

The scene is France during the Regency of Philip II, Duke of Orleans. Stephiene, Marquise de Phalaris, has aroused the jealousy of Philip, her protector, by apparently encouraging the impetuous attentions of Renaud, Prince of St. Pol, young, handsome and possessor of large estates in Artois.

Angered by Renaud's presumption, Philip has banished the indolent lover to Artois and has issued an order forbidding him to return to Paris, under penalty of imprisonment.

Renaud, however, persists in his infatuation and plans to return secretly to Paris and persuade Stephiene to become his wife.

This inauspicious enterprise comes to the knowledge of Seraphina, heiress to the Duchy of Baraque, which adjoins Renaud's principality in Artois. Seraphina, not yet of age, is under the care of her guardians, M. de Sechere and Vioame de Betue, who find her sufficiently difficult to control.

Seraphina and Renaud have never met, but for State reasons a marriage between them is considered desirable by all except the young lady and gentleman directly concerned.

Seraphina's love for adventure has developed a skill in riding, fencing and similar accomplishments which, together with her high spirits, have won for her the designation of "A merry devil in petticoats," a character which fails to commend her to the more conventional Renaud, who studiously and pointedly avoids every occasion to make her acquaintance.

His disdainful disregard of Seraphina finally piques her pride, and when she hears of his passion for the notorious Stephiene and of his determination to make that unworthy woman his Princess, she resolves to interfere in the affair, primarily to gratify her mischievous spirit and incidentally to save one of her own rank and station from an unfortunate alliance.

With these objects in view, Seraphina, disguised in male attire, to which she is no stranger, sets out secretly to follow Renaud to Paris.

On the road she overtakes Renaud at the Windmill Inn and, in the character of "The Young Man in Gray," has a personal encounter with the misguided Prince. They settle their quarrel and agree to enter Paris together; but Seraphina's guardians, who have pressed her to the Inn, arrive and order her to return.

She flee them, however, and escapes. Her subsequent adventures with Renaud and the Court, and their dénouement, provide the action in the development of the story.
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The Madcap Duchess

The Book and Lyrics by
David Stevens

Overture

The Music by
Victor Herbert

Allegro pesante

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Allegro brillante

accel. rit. a tempo

accel. rit. a tempo

poco accel.

accel. piano

fff effe effe effe
No. 1. Opening Ensemble: "The Sun Is Aslant"

Musketeers, Adam and Gilette

Andante tranquillo

P (Early morning)

Leggero

P (Curtain rises)

Poco rit.

Più rit. pp

A tempo

(Adam discovered in sound slumber)

Più rit.
Tempo di Marcia (moderato)  
(Enter a squad of King’s)

Musiketeers, with a drummer, in charge of Panache)

Chorus

The sun is a-slant and the day is at dawn, So early in the morning; The
The sun is a-slant and the day is at dawn, So early in the morning; The

 crow of the cock and the boot of the horn Come early in the morning.
We're on the road that is dirty with dust, A scandal in the morning!

Better in bed, but we march if we must, Too early in the morning! So

So

molto crevo.

early in the morning, So early in the morning, So

molto crevo.

early in the morning, So early in the morning,
Mono mosso
(Adam opening his eyes)

Adam (sleepily)

I'll call Gilette,

Tempo I°

Panache (approaching Adam)

That's all very well as far as it goes-

I'll call Gilette.

Tempo I°

But it doesn't get past the end of your nose!

Wake, landlord, wake!

Wake, landlord, wake!

Wake, landlord, wake!
Wake, landlord, wake!
Wake, landlord, wake!

(Panache shakes Adam roughly)

Adam
I'll call Gi·lette! I'll call Gi·lette!
(He stumbles into the Inn)

(The Musketeers laugh at him)

Tenor I
Now that's a thought that is wor·thy and wise, A

Tenor II
Now that's a thought that is wor·thy and wise, A

Bass I
Now that's a thought that is wor·thy and wise, A

Bass II
Now that's a thought that is wor·thy and wise, A

Animato
Gilette appears in the doorway.

Glance of Gilette from the edge of her eyes; Oh, fill us a flagon and
never say nay! A thirst in the throat is a weary-some way To
start the early morning!
start the early morning!
start the early morning!
To start the early, early morning!

start the early morning!
start the early morning!
start the early morning!
start the early morning!

start the early morning!
start the early morning!
start the early morning!

start the early morning!
start the early morning!
start the early morning!

start the early morning!
Gilette

Early in the morning! Truth, it is! But not so

Gilette

early, it appears, But restless soldiers call for

wine. To the kitchen with you all!

Panache

That's good, Gilette! Your kitchen is a banquet-hall
Gilette (scornfully)

When I attend! Hal! Hal! The soul-licen serves our

When you attend the guest.

kitchen trade, I've better work to do!

Panzhe (pompously)

You

The Saints be praised, I don't! To

don't see sold-iers ev-ry day!
see them every quarter-day Would be four times a year too many!

Allegretto grazioso (Meno mosso)

Bold and boastful men!

For the soldier gay Has a care-less way And a manner that is far too

(Panache starts forward to embrace her; she evades him)

free; He forgets his place For a pretty face,
never with a maid like me!

But never with a maid like her! (Panache tries to embrace Gilette)

But never with a maid like her!

But never with a maid like her!

But never with a maid like her!

But never with a maid like her!

Gilette

'Tis the usual plan of the soldier-man. Very

(Panache starts toward her; she eludes him again)

forward with the maid to be; In a case like this He would snatch a kiss,
But never from a maid like Izel! — Panache
never from a maid like me!

But never from a maid like her! Then
But never from a maid like her! Then
But never from a maid like her! Then
But never from a maid like her! Then

Molto animato

fill up a flagon and never say nay, A thirst in the throat is a
fill up a flagon and never say nay, A thirst in the throat is a
fill up a flagon and never say nay, A thirst in the throat is a
fill up a flagon and never say nay, A thirst in the throat is a

Molto animato
Weeds some way, the day begins dry, and we would it were wet, you'll

Weeds some way, the day begins dry, and we would it were wet, you'll

Weeds some way, the day begins dry, and we would it were wet, you'll

Weeds some way, the day begins dry, and we would it were wet, you'll

Fill up a flagon, O Joly Gilette, so early,

Fill up a flagon, O Joly Gilette, so early,

Fill up a flagon, O Joly Gilette, so early,

Fill up a flagon, O Joly Gilette, so early,
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
Early in the morning!
No. 2. Romanza: “Aurora Blushing Rosily”
Renaud and Musketeers

Allegro
(Clatter of hoofs off stage)

[Renaud enters]

Ten thousand fairies seize my horse!
That he must cast a shoe,
With but a league ’twixt me and love!

Poco meno
(See Adam)
Hol' land-lord! Hol'  
(Adam stirring slightly)  
Adam (sleepily):

I'll call Gi-

Animato

Come, ras-call! A cup of wine! And guide me to a smith!

lette,  
I'll call Gi-lette.

(Adam getting on his feet slowly)

Adam

I'll call Gi-

Menno

(Exit into the inn)

lettel  
I'll call Gi-lettel
(Renaud goes up stage and looks pensively off at the landscape)

Andante espressivo

VIOLIN SOLO

Molto tranquillo

Au- ro-ra, blushing ros- ily, Is wedded to the sun; The

Molto tranquillo

Chorus

The

TENOR

BASS
Allegro, come sopra

futietto
day begins dry, and we would it were wet, So fill up a flagon, O jolly Gi-lette, Gi-
day begins dry, and we would it were wet, So fill up a flagon, O jolly Gi-lette, Gi-

Allegro, come sopra

poco rit.

Tempo I?

portato

A plague on them! Their voice ill accord with mine!

poco rit.

letto,

letto,

 Tempo I?

poco rit.

ppp

portato

rit.

letto,

letto,

rit.

letto,

letto,

ppp

portato

rit.

letto,

letto,

rit.

letto,

letto,

rit.

letto,
a tempo

Birds are mat-ing where the sigh-ing breeze. So gently woo the trees. And

poco rit.

a tempo

to the cloud the fleec-y mist is tak-ing mun-
tial

Allegro, come sopra.

flight.

tenor

A thirst in the throat is a wear-i-some way. So

bass

A thirst in the throat is a wear-i-some way. So

Allegro, come sopra

perdendosi

pp
Tempo I°

Who think of naught but food and wine! 

Teeming Nature's
amorous throng  Sings the ancient marriage song;  So inspired I  

con sommi espressione

broadly

come to thee,  Happy omen,  Stephanian

a tempo

Ha!
a tempo

Ha!

broadly

a tempo
Allegro moderato

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! So early in the morn.

Andante sostenuto

dolciss.

Stephanie!}

ing, the morn ing!
No. 3. "Love and I Are Playing"

Seraphina

1. Love and I are playing, Such a game are playing. He will try to take me unaware, my heart be poisoned dart he'll make it quite exp-

2. Love and I are fighting, Such a battle fighting. With his little skilful, Accurate and skilful, Thou he falsely thousand sly devices of the game. But I do not fear him, Never, never claims he can not see or take his aim. But I do not fear him, Never, never
Allegretto grazioso

catch me, If he hopes to blind me, He must find me, And should he

match me, Never shall my heart re-pine, But if he fail to

catch me, Then beware! I'll brave him and enslave him, Ever

captive shall he be, His heart for mine! Repeat for Dance
No. 4. The Deuce, Young Man

Seraphina and Renaud

Scene and Duo

(She makes a swift lunge at him as a playful menace; he starts back)
There are no tricks, Save

trick! a trick!

Marcato Più mosso poco animato poco pesante

on-ly win or lose! You've lost! You've lost! And don't for-get your

Più mosso

mean-while I'll pledge your la-dy, Sir, If you will drink to

(Gesture by Renaul)
Well said! So if you please, to Stephanie we'll pour

Allegro moderato
(He pours wine)

The brimming cup!

To

Her, whose charms and graces shine like jewels, passing fair... Whose smile, of beauty
all divine, Drives lovers to despair, Her eyes, where-in the-

(They take glasses)

opal gem Has left its soul of fire, I pledge, and when I drink to them, I

(They drink)

pledge my Heart's Desire!

Allegro moderato
Now fill again, fond youth, and drink to

my divinity.

(Sweetly)

And may I venture to inquire the lady's

Tis Seraphina.

(aside)

name?

Seraphina!
(under his breath)

Like you, I lay a smitten heart.

Fight-ing, swag-g'ring minx!

Beaut-y's ra-di-ant shrine.

To Ser-a-phi-na, mer-ry maid, Whose

tempo lento

light-est wish is mine.

To her who has no se-cret thought, No

Tempo I°

mo-to rit.
joy—no sigh, no care, No—maiden hope by Cupid taught, No

bliss I may not share;—My laughter sounds when she is gay, I

weep when she's in tears,—My way's been Seraphina's way For
nearly twenty years! (They raise their glasses) To Seraphina!

(They drink) (They touch glasses) And now to

Animato

Allegro animato

Par-is! To

Allegro animato
Where

Par- is a-way, to Par- is! to Par- is! to Par- is! Where

Par- is a-way, to Par- is! to Par- is! to Par- is! Where

Fol- ly and Beau- ty reign._ And Wis- dom ap- peals in vain!

Fol- ly and Beau- ty reign._ And Wis- dom ap- peals in vain!

Where

accel. rit. a tempo

accel. rit. a tempo
to Paris! Where wit is the game to play!

Where grief is gay!

way!

con sforzo
No. 5. Tweedledum and Tweedledee
De Secherat, Vidame and Adam

Moderato e grazioso

De Secherat

1. As Department Secretary I have
2. Now a really very clever Diplo-

De S.

found it necessary When I'm called upon to exercise my
my mat would never, never Go so far as telling naughty, naughty

De S.

wit,

To add to my ability And cultivate facility In
lies:

But when his plans are cooking If you happen to be looking For the

De S.
splitting little hairs already split. And in
Truth, you have to have uncommon eyes.

And in

matters diplomatic I'm obliged to be quadratic. And up
any circumstance You must never take the chances, If you

Poco meno

on each side to have a different face, Then confuse the opposition. By the
want to keep a hold upon your place, In the game, if you survive it, You will

sudden epiphany Of the one that happens best to fit the case!
have to so contrive it When you cut the cards, to always cut the ace!

1-2. In after
fairs of State You must dif-fer-en-tiate When your

facts and your fanc-ies dis-a-gree; For it takes in-tol-li-gence

To de-rect the dif fer -ence 'Twixt Twee-dle-dum and Twee-dle-deel! 'Twixt

In af-fairs of State You must
differ-entiate When your facts and your fan-cies dis-a-
gree: For it takes in-te-ligence
To de-tect the dif-fer-ence Twixt Tweed-de-dum and Tweed-deel!
No. 6. Hunting-Song: "Oh, Up! It's Up!"

Stephanie, Philip and Chorus

Allegro moderato

a tempo

Stephanie

Oh, up! It's up at the break of day, a-way!

It's

Philip

Oh, up! It's up at the break of day, a-way!

It's

Soprano & Alto

Chorus

Tenor & Bass

Away!

Away!
up and into the saddle and Crack! Away!

We follow the stag at the break of day, Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!

Away!
way! The steeds go clatter o-ver the plain With a

in-to the sad-dle and Crack! A-way!

in-to the sad-dle and Crack! A-way!

sound like a drum-mer's tat-too. Ride

sound like a drum-mer's tat-too. Ride close, my lad-ies, loo-en the rein, Ride
ra!_Ta-ra!_Ta-ra!_Oh, up! It's up at the con tutta forza

ra!_Ta-ra!_Ta-ra!_Oh, up! It's up at the con tutta forza

ra!_Ta-ra!_Ta-ra!_Oh, up! It's up at the con tutta forza

break of day, A-way!_It's up and in-to the sad-die,Crack! A-

break of day, A-way!_It's up and in-to the sad-die,Crack! A-

break of day, A-way!_It's up and in-to the sad-die,Crack! A-

break of day, A-way!_It's up and in-to the sad-die,Crack! A-
Ta-ra! Ta-ra! Ta-ra!

Oh, up! and it's up! at the break of the day! Ta-ra!

subito in tempo
No. 7. "Love Is a Story That's Old"

Seraphina and Chorus

Moderato

\( \text{Seraphina} \)

1. The story of Love has a

\( \text{soldiers' song.} \)

2. Where you turn you will

\( \text{ever the same it goes, As old as the song of the} \)

\( \text{As old as the sands of the} \)

\( \text{As old as the hills of the} \)

\( \text{As now as the bloom of the} \)

\( \text{As heard is the laugh of the} \)

\( \text{soldiers' song.} \)

\( \text{times rehearsed, Are spoiled in the telling, we} \)

\( \text{mer-ry maid, The vow of the sigh-} \)

\( \text{ing swain: They've told it be-fore, but are} \)

\( \text{soldiers' song.} \)
poco rit.

s.  
told it first, Ten thou-sand years a-go!
not a-fraid To tell it once a-gain!

poco rit.

s.  
Mezzo mosso molto expressivo

Love is a sto-ry that's old, old, Love is a sto-ry that's old; But the

molto expressivo

s.  
best one that ev-er was told, told... The best one that ev-er was told... For

poco estiato

calando  a tempo

s.  
a-ges it has stood, you see, On Time's dim page en rolled... It's

calando  a tempo

24437
old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old!

(Now legato)

aliargando

old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old!

aliargando

Soprano Alto

Ah!

Love is a story that's old, old, Love is a story that's old, But the

Tenor

Love is a story that's old, old, Love is a story that's old, But the

Bass

Love is a story that's old, old, Love is a story that's old, But the
Ah!
For
best one that ever was told, told. The best one that ever was told.
best one that ever was told, told. The best one that ever was told.
best one that ever was told, told. The best one that ever was told.

Animo
ages it has stood, you see, On Time's dim page enrolled. It's

a tempo
old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old, it's old.

old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old, it's old, it's old.

old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old, it's old, it's old.

dolcissimo

old because it's good, you see, And good because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

f'ultrasonato

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

old because it's good, you see, because it's old.

A tempo
No. 8. “That Is Art”

Hardi and Players

Allegro pesante

You observe the grand emotion I excite when I ar-

24437
SOPRANO and ALTO

That is Art!

TEenor

That is Art!

BASS

That is Art!

(spoKEN)

Art! To cre-

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!
at a great sensation I can i ly con trive— That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art! Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!
I want my luggage taken: 'Tis a simple thing to say.

And you, no doubt, would say it

Without any more delay; but

I, immortal Har-dil, have a very different way.

(Assumes tragic pose)

Minion! (spoken) Minion! (spoken) [jump] small impediment! What! s-s-s-scurvy Knave!

a tempo
That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!
That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

Art! To

drink cheap wine as though it were A vintage for a King:
That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

That is Art!

(spoken)

Art!

Menomosso

You’re offered, say, a pinch of snuff, Which makes you ill at ease.

p scherzando
For, un-ac-cus-to-mened as you are, You're ver-y apt to sneeze.

Poco più mosso

But I will show you... Jacques, my lad, A snuff-box, if you please!

(Struggles to check his desire to sneeze)
(Returning snuff-box)

That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

That is Art! That is Art!

(sung)

Art! Art!

(sung)

Art! Art!

(sung)

Art! Art!
No.9. Scene and Ensemble:
“Companions, I Have Summoned You”
Hardi, Seraphina and Players

Allegro giusto

Hardi

Com-

pan-ions, I have summoned you to hear, and so to judge

Our

candidate for Thespian fame, Giselle

Coraline

Zerbina

Ho! Ho! the serving-maid!

Spavento

Ho! Ho! the serving-maid!

Tartaglia

Ho! Ho! the serving-maid!
Meno mosso
in tenuto

Soprano (to Hardi)

Oh, sir, I beg you to desist, I

Tenor

Ho! Ho! the serving-maid!

Bass

Ho! Ho! the serving-maid!

Meno mosso

(sweetly)
piu tranquillo

cannot act to-day.

But let me tell you, pray, instead, why I have sought your kindly

(to the others)
aid.

And, friends, chide not the serving-maid, who wears a wounded heart.

Well,

Piu mosso

Hardi (kindly)
well, my chil, we'll hear your tale, we'll hear your tale, yes! yes! Though

Yes! yes! we'll hear the maid-en's tale.

Yes! yes! we'll hear your tale.

Yes! yes! we'll hear your tale.

P von amore

poco colando

gen-uine emotion is destructive to our art,

fp poco colando

accel. molto rit. Andante messo

I never could resist a maid who wears a wounded heart.
Seraphina

A friendless orphan girl am I, With neither kith nor kin;
And humble is the trade I try, A servant of the inn.

But if you've pity in your breast, Ah, give one little crumb,
To her by wearied grief oppressed, By bitter Fate o'er.
come.
(with emotion)

SOPH. & ALTO  pp — pp  p

Her tale begins so sadly, we cannot withhold our

TEenor & BASS

Her tale begins so sadly, we cannot withhold our

"Tis but a year since first I knew Of love so bitter-sweet, A

sym-pa-thy!

sym-pa-thy!

youth who swore he'd e'er be true Came kneeling at my feet. And
day by day his vows renewed, By moon and stars and sun; Here

on this very spot he wooed, And here my heart he woo'd! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! pit- y her! Poor, hap- less thing, True

Ah! pit-y her! Poor, hap- less thing, True

Ah! pit-y her! Poor, hap- less thing, True

Ah! pit-y her! Poor, hap- less thing, True
Allegro con spirito

(with great exaggeration)

But why relate the

love ever bears a sting!

love ever bears a sting!

love ever bears a sting!

love ever bears a sting!

love ever bears a sting!

Allegro con spirito

time-worn tale? A - las! 'tis known too

well! My bitter tears will
not a-vail, my words my grief dis-pel, To

you my sor-rowed heart I bring, Since all but you have

frowned; A stricken bird whose broken wing Is

Tempo I?
(She weeps passionately)

trail-ing on the ground! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Allegro giocoso

Suddenly turns her sob to laughter

\[ a \text{ tempo} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{That is Art!} \\
\text{Hardi} & \quad \text{p}
\end{align*}

\text{(weeping)}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{Litt! the scamp!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah!} & \quad \text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\[ \text{Allegro giocoso} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha!}
\end{align*}

\[ \text{leggiero} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Deceitful little hus-sy!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
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\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
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\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That is Art!}
\end{align*}

\[ \text{lungo} \]
No. 10. Finale: "To Paris!"

(Spavento and Tartaglia bring the portmanteau, etc.)

Allegro pesante

(Hardi holds up Pierrot costume)

S. Renau (with gesture of horror) There is no time to waste!

A clown! Never!

S. Choose!

Seraphina
Tempo di Marcia (moderato)

Tenor

Chorus

Bass

Tempo di Marcia (moderato)

early in the morning, It's march a way and very soon at that, So
Seraphina

And now to Paris!

con sforza

Full Chorus

To Paris!

To Paris!

To Paris!

To Paris!
Stephanie

St. Oh! up, it's up at the break of day, away! It's

Philip Oh! up, it's up at the break of day, away! It's

Full Chorus Away!

in tempo Away!

St. up and in-to the saddle, and crack! away! We followed the stag at the

Fr. up and in-to the saddle, and crack! away! We followed the stag at the

Away!

Away!
break of day! We've broken our fast, and it's now a-way! a-way!

break of day! We've broken our fast, and it's now a-way! a-way!

Away! Away! It's into the saddle, and

Away! Away! It's into the saddle, and

The steeds go clattering over the plain With a sound like a drummer's tatt-crack! a-way!

The steeds go clattering over the plain With a sound like a drummer's tatt-crack! a-way!

With a sound like a drummer's tatt-crack! a-way!

With a sound like a drummer's tatt-crack! a-way!
The morning is wearing

The morning is wearing

So ride and never spare the goad, The morning is wearing

So ride and never spare the goad, The morning is wearing

The devil get the one that's

The devil get the one that's

We pound along a dusty road, The devil get the one that's

We pound along a dusty road, The devil get the one that's
To Paris, a-way to

ra! ra! ra! ra! ra! ra!
a tempo

Paris! to Paris! to Paris! where wit is the game to

A-way! a-way! a-way!

A-way! a-way! a-way!

A-way! a-way! a-way!

A-way! a-way! a-way!

Tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck!
And virtue's a vain disguise.
To Paris, a-way to
wings, And love is the sport of kings!
To Paris, a-way to
 captive in res - ily chains!
To Paris, a-way to
 king, and wit is the game to play!
To Paris, a-way to
 king, and wit is the game to play!
To Paris, a-way to
 king, and wit is the game to play!
To Paris, a-way to
 wins, and wit is the game to play!
To Paris, a-way to
 wings, And love is the sport of kings!
To Paris, a-way to
 wings, And love is the sport of kings!
To Paris, a-way to
 tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck! tuck-a-tuck!
To Paris, a-way to
where grief is gay! Away!

— where grief is gay! Away!

— where grief is gay! Away!

— where grief is gay! Away!

— where grief is gay! Away!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

— to Par is a-way! where grief is gay!

poco accel.
Entr'acte

Allegretto moderato

Violin Solo: Cadenza

f penante  eccel.  rit.  <gloss.  (chromatic)  dolce tranquillo  f rit.
Tempo di Marcia (moderato)
ACT II

No.11. Ensemble: “Now Is the South-Wind Blowing”
Chorus off stage

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly over the scented flow'r;

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly over the scented flow'r;

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly over the scented flow'r;

Now is the south-wind blowing so sweetly over the scented flow'r, the scented

pleased!

He claps his hands, he's pleased!

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, bringing the magic hour.

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, bringing the magic hour.

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, bringing the magic hour.

flow'r; Now are shadows winging fleetly, bringing the magic hour.
Over the lake the moon lies, all bathed in silvery light.

You, Gillette, have captured all, I knew it!

Don't forget our Harlequin, He surely

light.
charmed them too! Ah! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

songs to the whispering night.

songs to the whispering night.

songs to the whispering night.

songs to the whispering night.

Flute Solo (off stage)

\[ \text{molto grazioso} \]

P Harp

Renaud

Laugh, if you please;
I never claim'd to wear the bus-kin well.

Laugh, if you please!

Now is the south-wind blowing sweet-ly

Chorus (off stage)

Now is the south-wind blowing so sweet-ly
Seraphina

At all events, you're here at last,
Over the scented flow'rs, now are the shadows winging fleetly,
Over the scented flow'rs, now are the shadows winging fleetly,
Over the scented flow'rs, now are the shadows winging fleetly,
Over the scented flow'rs, the scented flow'rs; now are shadows winging fleetly,

and soon shall see your love,
If you escape the
Bring-ing the ma-gic hour. Over the lake the
Bring-ing the ma-gic hour. Over the lake the
Bring-ing the ma-gic hour. Over the lake the
Bring-ing the ma-gic hour. Over the lake the

24497
Regent's snare.

Over the lake the moon in silvery light;

moon-dust lies, All bathed in silvery, silvery light;

moon-dust lies, All bathed in silvery, silvery light; And under the roses

moon-dust lies, All bathed in silvery, silvery light; And under the roses

moon-dust lies, All bathed in silvery light; Under the roses

and lips! such eyes and lips a-wait you there! Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Phil omel sighs Her songs to the whispering night.

Phil omel sighs Her songs to the whispering night.

Phil omel sighs Her songs to the whispering night.

Phil omel sighs Her songs to the whispering night.

Flute Solo

(off-stage)
Soon! Soon! shall you see your
mollo grazioso

love! Soon! Hardi (clapping his hands) Soon shall you

Come now, prepare!
dolce. poco

see your love!

The last tableau of all!
Allegro moderato

Poco meno (Enter Coraline, Zerline, Sparveto and Tartaglia)
Harlequin, with aspect tender,

kneels his heart a fire; This is Columbine's surrender To his fond desire!

In this grouping most artistic We shall now portray their vision pes- si-mis-tic; Love's eternal tray,
Tempo I: poco rit. (Hardi groups the players)

sway!

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly Over the scented flower;

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly Over the scented flower;

Now is the south-wind blowing sweetly Over the scented flower;

Tempo II: a tempo

Now is the south-wind blowing so sweetly Over the scented flower, the scented

Haridi (spoken) “Sons of Sorrow, Daughters of Despair”

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, Bringing the magic hour.

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, Bringing the magic hour.

Now are the shadows winging fleetly, Bringing the magic hour.

Now are shadows winging fleetly, Bringing the magic hour.
"Hardi (spoken) "You hear? We keep them waiting"

Over the lake the moon is silver light.

Over the lake the moon-dust lies, All bathed in silver, silver light; and

Over the lake the moon-dust lies, All bathed in silver, silver light; and

Over the lake the moon-dust lies, All bathed in silver, silver light;

now. Be off! and try again!"

Phil-o-mel sighs Her songs to the whispering night...

under the roses Phil-o-mel sighs Her songs to the whispering night...

under the roses Phil-o-mel sighs Her songs to the whispering night...

Under the roses Phil-o-mel sighs Her songs to the whispering night... Flute Solo
(spoken, to Tartaglia)
"Your blessing on the pair!"

(Tartaglia takes the desired pose)

Much better than! So now stand!

(All lights out)
(He strikes three blows with his staff)
No. 11a: Interlude

(During change of scene)
No. 12. Madrigal: Babette of Beaujolais

Seraphina and Chorus

Allegro giusto

Seraphina (pally)

1. 'Twas

(Business of playing the Treble)

Allegro giusto

sweet Babette in a field of rye.

2. spake the Prince to sweet Babette:

bette re-plied: "I must decline!"

A

"A

Though

SOPRANO & ALTO


2. Babette of Beau-jo-lais.


TENOR & BASS


2. Babette of Beau-jo-lais.


p

f

f

p
Prince there came a — rid-ing by, Who sang in a voice so clear and high: Oh, mer-ry, der-ry fair-er maid I’ve nev-er met! Come trade your heart for a cor-o-net! Oh, mer-ry, der-ry cor-o-nets may bright-ly shine, I must have a heart in ex-change for mine, Oh, mer-ry, der-ry

deyl! dey! dey!

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.

1. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
2. Sing Hey! With a dol, dol, der-ry down dey! dol, dol, der-ry down.
Poco meno

Prince rode off and left the maid!

Ba - bette of Beau - jo - lais!

Ba - bette of Beau - jo - lais!

Ba - bette of Beau - jo - lais!

For his heart had some-how been mis - laid, And so he was - n't a - ble to com -
5. But sweet Babette sang blithe and gay:

"You're welcome, Sir, to go your way, For
hearts are hearts in Beau-pois!
Oh, merry, der-ry dey!

Sing Hey! With a doll, doll, der-ry down

Sing Hey! With a doll, doll, der-ry down

Sing Hey! With a doll, doll, der-ry down

Sing Hey! With a doll, doll, der-ry down

doll, doll, der-ry down dey!

doll, doll, der-ry down dey!

doll, doll, der-ry down dey!

doll, doll, der-ry down dey!

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No. 13. "Goddess of Mine"

Renaud

Con anima

Renaud

mf

Oh,

tell me, how shall I know the one, the only one, Whose

a tempo

beauty a golden web has spun, a web has spun, Whose

a tempo

radiant and heav'nly graces Like stars in

f allargando
Lovèst eternal spaces shine?

At twilight I seem to hear her voice, her wondrous voice, I

answer, and feel my heart rejoice, my heart rejoice. But tell me, how shall I

find her, My star of glorious beauty all divine?
largo

God - dess of mine, kind fate be - stow her!

f largo

poco allargando portato pp in tempo

Ah! Give me one dolcissimo

Some - where smile two lips I must a - dore.

p cresc.

poco allargando PP in tempo

Mine for - ev - er moltissimo

sign, that I may know her.

f molto allargando e cresce.

Animato

more!

poco allargando

fff
Hardi, Stephanie and Chorus

Allegretto moderato

1. You wouldn't believe that my waistcoat hides
   A heart that is ever young.
2. Now I have been waiting long years to find
   A heart that would beat with mine.

That deep in my bosom there still resides
One song that he has not sung!
That clings like an ivy vine.

One song that I have not sung.
That clings like an ivy vine.
Love! End an anxious quest, In my arms recline! Wingéd Love!

Wingéd Love! Ever-welcome guest, For the house is thine. No

long-er to roam, For I'm al-ways at
No. 15. "Far Up the Hill"

Watteau and Seraphina with Shepherd Chorus

(Shepherds and shepherdesses dance on)

Tempo moderate

1. Far up the hill, all masterless, The sheep are browning
2. I hear a tinkling in the dell, Your flock is running

free. There feed the flocks, but the free. 'Tis but the sound of a shepherdess is asleep by the green-wood wedding-bell, Like the one they'll ring for

Go count your flock without delay, Waste not your time in me! Yet forty sheep have strayed away, And van-taken from the...
Saraphina

I'm counting hours till my wedding-day, And I can't be counting sheep!
They are forty hours till my wedding-day, And I wouldn't vanish too!

Sleep, sleep, view!

Flocks may wander, flocks may stray. And flocks at home may keep; She is
Oh, flocks may wander, flocks may stray. And flocks at home may keep;

Counting hours till her wedding-day, And she can't be counting sheep!
She is counting hours till her wedding-day, And she can't be counting sheep.
No. 16. Duo: “Do You Know?”
Renaud and Scraphina

Andante

Why does the nightingale sigh for the

rose,

The moon—flow'r turn to the moon?

Why does the lily her heart disclose,
The lark woo the skies of
Seraphina

Why do the rushes that grow by the rill Bend

June?

low to its murmur-ing lay? Why does the jess-a-my under the

hill Re-joice at the breath of May?

Do you
Yes, I know!

Then the tale is told,

Love is a story that's old, old!

Love is a story that's old,

But the best one that ever was told, told, the
best one that ever was told. For ages it has stood, you see. On

with full voice

Tirzë's dim page en...rolled, it's old because it's good, you see, And

It's old because it's good, you see, And

good because it's old! it's old because it's good, you see, And

good because it's old! it's old because it's good, you see, And

24437
a tempo
poco animato

Do you know? Do you know? 'Tis the

It is the story we've heard before.

It is old, But I fain it were told once more!

24437
No.17. Finale

Andante messo

Seraphina

Love is a story that's

Renaud

Love is a story that's

Stephanie

Love is a story that's

Pausche

Love is a story that's

Watteau

Love is a story that's

Camilia

Love is a story that's

Philip

Love is a story that's

Soprano, Alto

Love is a story that's

Tenor

Love is a story that's

Bass

Andante messo

Love is a story that's

p molto cresc. poco accel. poco rit. f a tempo
told, told, The best one that ever was told. For ages it has poco animato
mf
stood, you see, On Time's dim page enrol'd;
It's old because it's
stood, you see, On Time's dim page enrol'd;
It's old because it's
It's old because it's
It's old because it's
It's old because it's
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