T H E R O S E
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T H E R I N G

An Operetta-Extravaganza
(Based on Thackeray)
IN TWO ACTS

TEXT BY
M A R Y W. K I N G S L E Y

MUSIC BY
C A R R I E B U L L A R D

Available for Mixed, Men's or Women's Voices

PRICE, $1.00

White-Smith Music Publishing Co.
BOSTON    NEW YORK    CHICAGO
THE ROSE AND THE RING

An Operetta-Extravaganza
(Based on Thackeray)
IN TWO ACTS

TEXT BY
MARY W. KINGSLEY

MUSIC BY
CARRIE BULLARD

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THE ROSE AND THE RING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING VALOROSO XXIV OF PAFLAGONIA (Bass or Alto)  The Great! The Magnanimous! the Victorious!

THE QUEEN OF PAFLAGONIA (Alto)  She is a most devoted wife.

THE PRINCESS ANGELICA (Soprano)  Alleged to be a very accomplished creature.

PRINCE GIGLIO (Baritone or Mezzo)  Nephew of Valoroso and rightful King of Paflagonia

PRINCE BULBO (Tenor or Soprano)  Who comes a-wooing from Crim Tartary

THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK (Alto)  Her magic is really remarkable

BETSINDA (Soprano)  A foundling, in reality Princess Rosalba

LORENZO (Baritone or Tenor or Mezzo)  A painter, the envoy of Prince Bulbo

HEDZOFF (Baritone or Bass or Alto)  Valoroso’s Captain-of-the-Guards

GRUFFANUFF (non-singing)  Angelica’s Chief Lady-in-waiting

GLUMBOSO (non-singing)  Valoroso’s Lord Treasurer

JOHN (non-singing)  The Butler, an almost-dumb Waifer

COURTIER FROM CRIM TARTARY (Baritone or Mezzo)  Two Pages, Ladies in Waiting, Courtiers.

The Story of the Play

ACT I — Five O’clock Tea in the Garden

The King, Queen, and Princess of Paflagonia are at tea, when a letter brings them word of the coming of Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary. The King has tried to justify his usurpation of his nephew Giglio’s throne by marrying him to his daughter Angelica — but now with Bulbo come to woo, it’s quite another matter.

After the departure of the King, we learn from the Fairy Blackstick that Angelica and Bulbo appear beautiful to all the world because of a Magic Ring and Magic Rose in their possession.

Lorenzo, a painter and envoy of Bulbo, so inflames Angelica with love for his princely master that she stuns Giglio, and gives him back her engagement ring, not knowing its magic power. Gruffanuff picks up the ring, unseen by the Prince and Princess, whose violent quarrel is stopped only by the entrance of the entire Court to greet the arrival of Prince Bulbo.

ACT II, Scene 1 — Night in the Palace

Gruffanuff presents Betsinda with the ring she has just picked up. Its magic qualities make Betsinda so charming that one after another, Bulbo, Giglio, and even the King himself, make love to her. Giglio, the favored suitor, is so enraged at the atrocious sentiments expressed by the King that he tells him with Betsinda’s warming pan, and flees. In a fury Valoroso orders Hedzoff to kill the Prince, and the captain of the guards is in despair at the thought. But Gruffanuff solves the difficulty by hinting that the King didn’t say which prince. So poor Bulbo is led off to execution.
ACT II, Scene 2 — The Next Morning

The Royal family are distressed that Bulbo has not come to breakfast. Their annoyance is increased when Hdzoff announces that the Crim Tartar Prince is about to be beheaded. Angelica adores the presence of mind to get a reprieve for her lover. But Bulbo, though rescued on the scaffold, has no enthusiasm for the Magic Ring, and views marriage to her with resignation. But she happens to pick up the Magic Rose which he has dropped, and the situation is immedi-
ately changed. He adores Angelica, who now flouts him.

A happy ending is brought about by the Fairy Blackstock, who enters with Giglio and Betsinda, deposits Valoroso, and proclaims Giglio the rightful King. It appears that Betsinda is in reality Princess Rosalba, the long lost heir to the Crim Tartar throne. Giglio discovers that Betsinda does not need magic aid to look beautiful in his eyes, and relinquishes the ring to Bulbo.

Suggestions as to the Production

AVAILABILITY OF THE WORK.

This opera is adapted to performance by chins, colleges, academies, schools, or by social or church organizations. The best results will of course be secured by adults, with principals and soloists making an ensemble of mixed voices; but the vocal score provides two independent arrangements of the voice parts, one for mixed voices, the other for women's or unchanging voices. The latter vocal arrangement (always appearing at the top of the vocal score) is also available for exclusively men's voices, if the bases read their parts from the G clef. It should be definitely understood that, for a performance for male adult singers only (in a men's college, for instance) nothing of the mixed chorus arrangement should be used.

The vocal score, as here printed, is therefore suitable for use by any body of singers, whether youthful or adult, male or female.

Particular attention is called to the measure-number which appear throughout the work. These will greatly facilitate rehearsal by making possible prompt and accurate reference to any passage.

COSTUMES AND SCENERY.

The place of the production may be very simple. Costumes may be of the conventionals, obtainable at any costumier; and the work could even be given with a single stage-setting. On the other hand, making use of Thackeray's own illustrations, to be found in various editions of "The Rose and the Ring," the play may be amplified to secure effects of costume and characterization which will be of great interest not only to the audience but also to the performers. Familiarity with Thackeray's "Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children," as he calls it, is desirable, though by no means necessary for the production of the opera. In any case, managers and actors should not forget that the work is an extrav-
agant, and that, in the performance, there should be a liberal amount of business and sentimentality, combined with a maximum of cleverness and variety. The rapid changes in the appearance of the personages are treated as imaginary, and must be indicated by the effect on the other actors.

THE TEXT

Much of the text is taken bodily from Thackeray,—as much as possible, indeed. The rhymed sections are all new. In some cases, notably in the Alphabet Song, a suggestion of Thackeray has been extensively elaborated. Everywhere the purpose has been to keep to the Thackeray text, rather than to modify or adapt it.

PROPERTIES

Of the properties, only the Warming-Pan needs special description. In many places it might be possible to borrow this implement; but on account of its weight and its breakable nature, the "real article" should not be used. An ordinary tin pan (with cover) about ten inches in diameter and two or three inches deep, should be bought. A tinsmith will cut in the side of the pan a round hole which will admit an old broom-handle or dowel about four feet long. This stick passes across the pan to the opposite side. A nail or screw driven into the end of the stick through that side, will hold the handle with perfect firmness. The cover (without its knob) should then be firmly soldered on. The metal part should be covered with gilding-dusted with lamp-black, and the handle should be painted brown or stained. The result will be a light and inexpensive property, which will stand rough usage and can be easily wielded.

The "black stick" of the Fairy may be a crutch—sane painted black; or it may be made in T-shape by fitting a 3/4 inch piece of 3/8 dowelling into a handle piece five inches long. One pair of light telescopig brass curtain-rods, with ornamental ends, furnishes two acceptable scepters. A light rubber ball, six inches in diameter, gilded, makes an ideal orb. A bowling-ball will serve the purpose; but it is burdensome for a tiny papa.

Properties, Act 1. "Tea-gin" for thing; scepters for King and Queen; fan for Angelica; rose for Bulbo; rings for Angelica and Giglio; Coronet for Grafussoni; smilling—bottle for Grafussoni; letters with seals; fashion magazine; other mail; pocket-flask for John; two velvet cushions with gob and sword; "black stick" for Fairy; drawing materials (artist's book and pencils) for Lorenzo; portrait miniature and pocket mirror for Lorenzo.

Properties, Act 2. Breakfast things for four, including muffins, solid eggs, and "property" sausages; wining materials for King; warming pan; pen, paper, and ink-bottle (no ink) for Angelica; keys, spectacles, death-warrant; ax for Hotzoff; hand-cuffs; "Order of the Pump-
kin" (a yellow large card-board medal) for Bulbo; large watch for King.
THE ROSE AND THE RING, Act One

ACT I.

SCENE.—The gardens in the Royal Palace of Paffagonia.

The KING, QUEEN and PRINCESS ANGELICA are seated about a table, R. at 5 o'clock in the Chorus of Courtiers, ladies and gentlemen, seated about.

No. 1. KING, QUEEN, ANGELICA and CHORUS

CHORUS: Here behold the Royal Three,
Munching muffins, drinking tea;
(Gesture of admiration)
Was ever such a scene as this
For simple and domestic bliss?

ANGELICA: KING, Queen (acknowledging compliments)
That’s we,
You see,
At tea!

KING: (Rising and coming to center.)
Of Paffagonia I am King;
I know and do meet anything.
(The Chorus: Counters above.)
The ruler of Crim Tartary—
He knows I’d best beware of me.
Oh! I am wise and brave and strong,
To tell all fuses would take too long.
(Spoken between chords): Yes, I am Valorous, the great!
(Shutting’ about). Valorous, the Magnanimous!
Valorous, the victorious!
(The table, taken up by, which QUEEN adds):
Once, Paffagonia do I reign;
A monarch great, ‘twas very plain,
My stature stands in every city,
(Chorus: begins to pay attention)
I’m cool, courageous, brilliant, witty;
My rule is kind, my heart is brave;
My beauty makes all women to drool!

CHORUS: That’s we,
At tea,
You see!

KING: That’s me,
You see
At tea! (Sit)

No. 2. QUEEN and CHORUS

QUEEN (rising): If I’m forced to speak the truth,
I was lovely in my youth;
Though gross stout in after life,
I’m a most devout wife.
Virtue, such as mine, is seen
Rarely, even in a queen.

CHORUS: That’s she,
At tea,
You see!

QUEEN: That’s me,
You see,
At tea!

I am kind to nephew G.
It’s the proper thing to be.
Giggle’s sure to share the throne,
With my daughter for his own.

So I’m kind, as you can see,
I know what is up to me.

No. 3. ANGELICA and CHORUS.

(Chorus, as before.)

ANGELICA: I’m the most accomplished creature.
CHORUS: Accomplished creature.
ANGELICA: Perfect quite in every feature;
CHORUS: Every feature;
ANGELICA: Longest hair and slimmest waist:
Always dressed in the best of taste,
Largest eye [Chorus] and smallest hand [Chorus],
I’m the brightest girl in all the land!

CHORUS: She’s the brightest girl in all the land!
(pouting) That’s she,
At tea,
You see!

ANGELICA: That’s me
You see,
At tea!

ANGELICA (spoken): There’s absolutely no exaggeration about this. The fact is, I know every date in the history of Paffagonia, and every other country for that matter; can play the most difficult music at sight; sing like an angel; make puff paste and mayonnaise dressing fit for the Women’s Industrial and Educational Union; and speak French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, not to mention a few tittle like Cappodocians, Samoetanians, Aegeans and Corn Tartars.

MEN: Wonderful!

WOMEN: Marvelous!

CHORUS: So behold the Royal Three,
Munching muffins, drinking tea.
Was ever such a scene as this
For simple and domestic bliss...

(John has entered with the mail and passes it to the King, who raises his hand for Chorus to cease.)

KING: Another bill from ‘Hopkins.—how provoking!—the Weekly Times—your Fashion Magazine, my love, (handing it over to QUEEN) see—er—er—the arms, the prissy set of Crim Tartary (opening and reading letter). (GLUMBOZO enters down L.) um-um-um—greetings to our August Royal Cousin, Valorous, the XXIV, King of Paffagonia—um-um—announcements—visit—royal son, Crown Prince—um-um—Buckingham—um—Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin,—Duke of—um-um—heir to the throne of Crim Tartary—Padella.

REX, (turning to QUEEN and PRINCESS): Here’s news! Is all is well? Guess who’s coming to see us, next Wednesday? Bullool, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary! Why, today’s Wednesday! he must be coming today! (Hand to GLUMBOZO, who retires up.) Here, Glumbozo!

ANGELICA: What! That wicked, brave, delightful Prince Bullool! So handsome! (does L.) So accomplished, so witty! The conqueror of Rimombomamento, where he slew ten thousand giants!

KING: Who told you of him, my dear?

ANGELICA: A little bird!
QUEEN (pouring more tea): Poor Giglio!
ANGELICA (turning her head): Better Giglio! (Upstage and talk with COUNTESS.)
KING (prominently): I wish—I wish Giglio was—
QUEEN (interrupting):—Was better? Yes, dear, he is better. Angelica’s little maid, Betinda, told me so when she came to my room this morning, with my easy tea.
KING (prominently): You are always drinking tea!
QUEEN: That’s better than drinking port, or brandy-and-water!
KING (struggling to command his temper): Well, well, my dear, I only said you were fond of drinking tea. Angelica, (Angelica down C) I hope you have plenty of new dresses. Your dressmaker’s bills are long enough already. (Across to R, angelica goes up.) My dear queen, you must see to it that we have some parties. I prefer dinners, but of course, you will be for balls. Your everlastingly blue velvet quite tires me. (To G. and turns.) And, my love, I should like you to have a new necklace. (Queen to C.) Order one! Not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds! (At C, seen above Queen)
QUEEN: And Giglio, dear?
KING: GIGLIO MAY GET THE—(Chorus is horrified, Glumming goes L.)
QUEEN: (screaming) Oh, sir, your own nephew, our late king’s only son!
KING: Giglio may go to the tailor’s and order the bills to be sent to Glumming, the treasurer, to pay. (Chorus much relieved, Glumming up R.) Confound him! I mean, bless his dear heart! He need want for nothing. Give him a couple of guineas for pocket money, my dear, and you may as well order yourself bracelets while you’re about it. The necklace, Mrs. V.
QUEEN: Business first, and pleasure afterwards. I’ll go and see dear Giglio—this afternoon. And now I will drive to the jewelers’ to look for the necklace and bracelets. (Embraces the King.) Come, Angelica. (Exit Queen and Angelica.)

(The music of No. 3 is played softly, while King eats himself to brandy, a bottle of which John produces from his pocket on signal. Chorus at the back of the stage are muttering, King fills and refills teapot and drinks. Music stops at King eats.)

KING (burrily): Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Now Valcroso is a man again! (still sipping). But, oh, dear! I was a king, I needed not this inexcusable draught! (Makes sign to Chorus to gather about him, he leans on edge of table and sings.)

No. 4. King and Chorus.

KING: Once I_detector the hot brandy wine,
And quaffed no other foauto than nature’s still.
Ah, well may England’s dramatist remark:
"Unsympathetic, back that bears a crown!" (Walks about.
Why did I steal my nephew’s, young Giglio’s—
Steal, said I. No, no, no steal!
Chorus: No, no, no, no, no, no steal, not steal, not steal. No, no, no, no, no, no,a horrible word! No, no!
KING: Let me withdraw that odious expression.
I took and on my merry head I set
The royal crown of Paflowina;
I took and with my Royal arm I wield
The sceptre rod of Paflowina;
I took and with my outstretched hand I hold
The royal orb of Paflowina. (Chorus interested).
I ask your honest opinion, ladies and gentlemen.

Could a poor boy, a snivelling, drivelling boy,
Was in his nurse’s arms but yesterday
And cried for sugar plums and parley for pup,
Bear up the awful weight of crown, orb, and sceptre.
Gird on the sword my royal fathers wore,
And meet in fight the tough Cramerfor?
(He looks around while Chorus is silent.)
Gird on the sword my royal fathers wore
And meet in fight the tough Cramerfor?
I repeat it, gentlemen,
Could he, I ask you, could he?

CHORUS: (talking at the same time, one saying one thing;
another, another.)

No, no, no, no! No, no, no, no,
By no means
We assure your majesty! No, no, no, no!
Quite the contrary! Etc., etc. (One of the Chorus sets chair for King in center of stage).

KING (speaks): Thank you, thank you, gentlemen, for your kind approval! And yet—and yet—looks him self.

No. 5. King and Chorus.

KING: I once had a virtuous thought of my own,
I frankly confess it to you!

CHORUS: He frankly confesses it to us!

KING: I planned to restore Prince G. to his throne
And marry him to my daughter.

CHORUS: And marry him to his daughter.

KING: But now, when Bulbo come to woo,
I feel I hadn’t oughter,
I knew I hadn’t oughter,

CHORUS (in one another):
He knows he hadn’t oughter,
He knows he hadn’t oughter,
Hadn’t hadn’t, hadn’t, hadn’t oughter.
Hadn’t oughter; hadn’t oughter
Married him to his daughter,
Married, married, married,
Married him to his daughter

Haddn’t oughter, hadn’t oughter; oughter!

(KING rises: John removes chair.)

KING: And though perhaps Prince Giglio may
Consider my acts offensive,
I’m sure you’d all agree that wars
Are bloody and expensive.

CHORUS: Sudding:

Are bloody and expensive
Expensive, expensive
I’m sure we all agree that wars
Are bloody and expensive.

KING (poles): At all of you will readily see, in
The interests of universal peace, it is wise, as well as in
Inexcessively, cheaper, to enter into a matrimonial alliance,
Both offensive and defensive, between Paflowina and
Glen Tarlery. (Looking at match.) Goodness gracious!
Here it is 5.47, and I’ll wager Mrs. V. hasn’t thought to
Tell Mammoth, the cook, what to have for Bulbo’s dinner.
We must see about that! (Chorus starts to go out ahead, and he checks them.) After me, ladies and gentlemen!

No. 6. Chorus with King.

(KING Poor at C. back to audience.) During the number there are motions back and forward, circlets about, etc.,
And King finally is at back of stage.

CHORUS: Most humble courtesies here you see,
Devoted to your majesty.
To all your acts we must agree,
Such mild courtiers here you see.
By giving Angie to Prince B,
You show a rare diplomacy,
Diplomacy, diplomacy,
You show a rare diplomacy.
On Gigle's throne if you sit tight,
You save your country from a fight;
Expeditiously! expeditiously!

**King** (struck by idea). Expeditiously! Expeditiously! (Exit King L. front.)

**Chorus:** So humble courtiers here we be,
Devoted to your majesty
(Preparing to follow King)
And yet we fear, king Valoreo.
That your conduct is but so-so—
We don't guess, we really know so,
Yes, his conduct is but so-so!

(Chorus about to go out, but stopped by sudden appearance
of Fairy Blackstock, R. front, an old woman leaning on
a curiously shaped black cane.)

**No. 7. Fairy Blackstock and Chorus.**

**Fairy:** Stop! Hallo! Wait a minute! Whoa!
I've something here you ought to know! (Chorus laugh.)

**Chorus:** Can't stop now; we've got to go,
The rules of court, they tell us so.
(Coming slowly around her.)
"Never must you let a king
Be close in anything."
Kings must a ways be attended
Else our job at court is ended.
Can't stop now!
Don't be offended!

**Fairy:** No nonsense! I can't help you, tarry!
Obey! You're dealing with a fairy!

**Chorus:** (pointedly): You, a fairy? You a fairy?

**One Voice:** Why, I thought it light and airy!

**Chorus:** You are but a bent old lady,
Passing somewhat, rather fadly,
(Acid.) Must be eighty in the shade!
Can't stop now, we've got to walk,
Else we'd like to hear you talk! (turning to go off L.)

**Fairy:** (She hobble up C, turns and faces audience.)
You'd best give me recognition,
I'm a real first class magician,
And if you think this but a crutch,
It proves, my friends, you don't know much!
You really don't know much!

**Chorus:** (Somewhat confounded): She says, we don't know much!

**Fairy:** One step, and you're enchanted!
Don't move or you're enchanted!

**Chorus:** (Excitedly, but standing still): Don't move, or we're enchanted!

**Fairy:** I could turn you into jugs or apes!
A thousand other foolish shapes!
(pointing) You'd metamorphose at a jum.
To green umbrella or rusty pump.
You'd keep on ticking, like a clock.
You a bootjack! You a cock!
Though I may seem arbitrary,
I'm an unferocious fairy!

**Chorus:** Though she may seem arbitrary,
She's an unferocious fairy.
Yes, an unferocious fairy.

**Fairy** hypnotizes one man and makes him kneel on
one knee; then another who kneels facing him; Fairy calmly sorts
herself on the improvised seat of two knees, and sings; while Chorus,
now thoroughly amused, listens intently.

**Fairy:** When but a child I lay in Daddy's arms,
He taught me all his magic and his charms.
The neuroscience of his age was he,
And all his secrets dark he told to me.
Perhaps the tale is new to you
Of some of the things I used to do,
But, by you, you'd readily see
That I'm a sure enough fairee.

**Chorus:** But by this we'll readily see
That she's a sure enough fairee.

(Chorus rises; Chorus disparages about sage, still watching her.)

**Fairy:** I made one princess sleep a hundred years,
(All yarn)
I made another grow a donkey's ears!
(Women squeal, and bury faces.)
Made to drop from lips of girls,
Vipers, toads, or sometimes pearls.
(Women show faces again.)
I turned simple stupid peasants
Into ornamental pheasants.
So, by this, you'll readily see
That I'm a sure enough fairee.

**Chorus:** So, by this we'll readily see
That she's a sure enough fairee.

**Fairy:** I know a number of funny things,
I've been to some folk's christenings,
The royal pair were always swift.
To beg from me some fairy gift.
When for some children thus they importune,
All I can wish them's a little misfortune;
But when for others they make their request,...
I've wonderful gifts that will stand every test.
The Rose and the Ring are two magic things
I've sometimes presented to children of kings.

**Chorus:** The Rose and the Ring are two magic things.
She's sometimes presented to children of kings.

(Chorus brings everyone to L, and sings from C.)

**Fairy:** Magic Rose and Magic Ring
Make their owner look charming;
Bultbo's mother was quite plain.
Now she lives in him again.
(Fairies look to see if anyone is coming.)

**Chorus:** Magic Rose and Magic Ring
Make their owner look charming.
(Mysteriously, at C.)

**Fairy:** Now, Gigle gave his brother's ring
To Angelica, the Princess,
When she swore to marry him,—
But hush! Someone is coming.
(All Chorus close about Fairy, C.)

**Betsinda 'is — she little knows
The secret of the Ring, the Rose.
Be very careful not to sing
Our secret of the Rose, the Ring.

**Chorus:** Betsinda 'is, she little knows
The secret of the Ring, the Rose.
Fear not! We will not say a thing.
Of Magic Rose or Magic Ring.

FAIRY: Remember.

COURTIER: We'll remember.

(TC. CHORUS: *fingers on lips, followed by Fairy.*

(Enter BETSINDA, R., the two on back R. C.)

No. 5. Betsinda.

BETSINDA: I'm no born that I recall,

Parents? Kindly? None at all!

Little lion was my brother,

Great big lizards, my mother.

Never heard of any other,

I've no home that I recall.

I was but a beggar maid,

None can tell me, I'm afraid,

Who I am, or whence I strayed,

I was just a beggar baby,

Hungry, ragged, dirty maybe.

I was just a beggar child.

(She sits and rises as ANGELICA and GRAUFAUSS rises.)

ANGELICA: Think of it, Gruffyth dear, he's coming today!

Papa says so. My lady,—Bullo, the victorious,—

the conqueror of giants, and Crown Prince of Crim Tartary.

We don't see many crown princes here at court, do we?

GRAUFAUSS: He'll be king some day.

ANGELICA: I've never met any real live crown princes,

who'll be kings some day.

BETSINDA: There's Giglio, your Royal Highness!

ANGELICA: Giglio, indeed!

GRAUFAUSS: Much you know about princes, you

stupid little lady's maid.

ANGELICA: I simply can't wait to see him!

BETSINDA: Giglio, your Royal Highness?

ANGELICA: No, foolish Bulbo!

GRAUFAUSS: How often must I tell you, Betsinda,

not to break into the conversation of your betters.

Dirty ragged, starved little beggar-girl that you were, coming

from Heaven knows where, when this truly angelic princess,

out of the kindness of her noble and generous heart,

piled you and took you into her employ! Have you no

gratitude, no servility, no sense of propriety, no nothing,

gottenup? Who are you anyway, that you dare to

presume thus?

BETSINDA (with a sigh): I don't know. I wish I did!

(Reverses n.p.)

ANGELICA (paying no attention to Betsinda): I wonder

if he's as charming as he sounds? Things never are as

good as they're advertised. Princess Bulbo—Crown

Princess of Crim Tartary!

GRAUFAUSS: Queen of Crim Tartary some day.

BETSINDA: But your engagement to Prince Giglio!

Have you forgotten that?

GRAUFAUSS: Silence, Betsinda, you forget yourself.

Let this help you remember! (starting to eff her.)

ANGELICA: Careful, Gruffyth! Someone's coming down

the pleached walk! That was only a girl and boy affair.

Giglio was good but not very wise. (Takes her arm, and

walks about.) Why, he couldn't spell even the commonest

words, and he actually wrote Angelica with two F's! He's

rather good looking; but he goes to sleep in church, and

is fond of playing cards with the pages, and he owes ever

so much money for tarts at the possey shop's. He's

common and knows nothing, and has no conversation.

He took advantage of my not knowing the world, of my

not having met real men, not having met—a Bulbo!

(Enter LORENZO. U., attended by COURTIER of Crim

Tartary or GLUMBOSE. He kneels first before BETSINDA.)

LORENZO: The beautiful Princess Angelica, whose

beauty reaches to the ends of the earth?

(ANGELICA shows anger; he kneels to her.)

LORENZO: Greetings to your Royal Highness!

ANGELICA (happily and still angry): And who are you?

What business brings you here, sir?

No. 9. Lorenzo.

LORENZO: I'm a painter, Lorenzo's my name;

My address, just "Temple of Fame."

I think it my duty

To paint every beauty,

And surely, you're one of the same.

To give satisfaction I aim,

No matter how ugly the dame,

I'm sure it's my duty

To make her a beauty,

I'm "honest" this artistic game!

Oh, I am a versatile man,

And I paint all the things that I can.

On painting a throat

That's inflamed, I just do,

And I've painted a 'real tattooed man'!

I'm onto this artistic game

No matter how battered the dame,

I find it my duty

To paint her — a beauty!

I'm a painter—Lorenzo, my name!

ANGELICA: And a very fine artist you must be! You

shall paint my portrait, gifted sir.

GRAUFAUSS: They say he flatters very much.

ANGELICA: Nay, I am above flattery. — I think he can

not make my picture handsome enough, I can't

bear to hear a man in my mind cried down, and I hope my
dear papa will make Lorenzo a knight of his Order of the

Cucumber.

No. 10. Lorenzo, Betsinda, Courtier or

GLUMBOSE with Angelica.

LORENZO: You're the most accomplished creature,

Perfect quite, in every feature.

Longest hair and slimmest waist,

Always dressed in best of taste;

Largest eye, and smallest hand,

You're the brightest girl in all the land!

BETSINDA (to COURTIER or GLUMBOSE, aside):

Folks with whom we're all acquainted,

Aren't so handsome as they're painted.

Slimmest hair and longest waist,

Always dressed in worst of taste!

Smallest eye! And largest hand!

Not the brightest girl in all the land!

(The above is repeated in chorus. Then COURTIER and

BETSINDA, strew no stage, murder off and on, it is on bench, n.p.)

LORENZO: Though a glance at you would repay me

for all the wiles, melomone miles between here and

Crim Tartary, it was not for that I came.

BETSINDA, ANGELICA and GRAUFAUSS (looking at

each other): Crim Tartary!

LORENZO: I am an voyer, set with this. (He hands

ANGELICA a masterpiece and they all crouch about to see it.

BETSINDA, REFUSED by GRAUFAUSS strolls aside with

COURTIER.)
ANGELICA: Dear Signor Lorenzo, I never saw anyone so handsome.

GRIFFANUPO: A handsome, noble, melancholy and interesting one.

ANGELICA: Dear Signor Lorenzo, who is it?

LORENZO: That brings chair for Angelica, the sit is that, dearest lady, is the portrait of my august young master, his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crime Tuttary, Duke of Neurovania, Marquis of Popoehlificcio, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin. (Griffanupo suggests bringing chair for Lorenzo, who марапт: "Oh, thank you so much," and sits.) (Printers) That is the order of the Pumpkin, glittering on his manly breast, and received by his Royal Highness from his august father, His Majesty King Padella, the First, for his gallantry at the battle of Rimbomboon, where he slew with his own princely hand the King of Ograzia and two hundred and eleven giants of the two hundred and eighteen who formed the King's body guard; the remainder were destroyed by the brave Crime Tuttary army after an obstinate combat in which the Crime Tuttary suffered severely.

(Griffanupo has gone out. She returns presently with John, and the tea service.)

ANGELICA: What a prince! So brave, so calm-looking, so young! What a hero!

LORENZO: He is as accomplished as he is brave. He knows all languages perfectly, sings deliciously, plays every instrument, composes operas which have been acted a thousand nights running at the Imperial Theatre of Crime Tuttary, and danced in a ballet there, before the King and Queen, in which he looked so beautiful that his cousin, the lovely daughter of the King of Crazia, died for love of him.

ANGELICA (posing): Why did he not marry the poor Princess?

LORENZO: Because they were first cousins, madam, and the clergy forbid these unions. And, besides, the young prince had given his royal heart elsewhere.

ANGELICA: And to whom? (Griffanupo brings up a toast which Lorenzo takes.)

LORENZO: I am not at liberty to mention the Princess's name.

ANGELICA (posing): But you may tell me the first letter of it.

LORENZO: (hesitating): That, your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess.

No. 11. Angelica and Lorenzo.

(Lorenzo signs tea during first part of song.)

ANGELICA: No, Signor Lorenzo, list to me.

LORENZO: Perhaps her name begins with Z.

ANGELICA: No, my pretty princess.

LORENZO: No, my pretty princess.

ANGELICA: Oh most unhappy I shall be

LORENZO: It begins with U, or V.

ANGELICA: No, my pretty princess.

LORENZO: No, my pretty princess.

ANGELICA: I trust you have not come so far

LORENZO: To crush me with T, S, or R.

ANGELICA: No, my pretty princess.

LORENZO: The name, now, of this lucky gell,

ANGELICA: It's not Q, P, O, N, M, L.
GIOVANNI: Yes, dear Angelica, I am come down stairs this day, for the first time, and feel so well, thanks to the food and wine.

ANGELICA: What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you allude to them in that rude way?

GIOVANNI: Why, didn't, didn't you send them, Angelica dear?

ANGELICA (rising and crossing to L.): I send them, indeed, Angelica dear (mocking him). No, Giovanni, dear, I was engaged getting the rooms ready for his Royal Highness, the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's court a visit.

GIUSEPPE (aghast): The — Prince — of — Crim — Tartary! Angelica (mocking him): Yes, the Prince — of — Crim — Tartary! I dare say you never heard of such a country. What did you ever hear of? You don't know whether Crim Tartary is on the Red Sea or on the Black Sea, I dare say.

GIUSEPPE (sagely): Yes, I do, too! It's on the Red Sea! Angelica (laughing): Oh, you ninny! You are so ignorant, you're really not fit for society! You know nothing but horses and dogs, and are only fit to dine with my Royal Father's heaviest dragons. Don't look so surprised at me, sir. Go and put your best clothes on, to receive the Prince, and let me gather some flowers for the dining table.

GIOVANNI (approachefully): Oh, Angelica, Angelica, I didn't think this of you. This wasn't your language to use when you gave me your ring, and I gave you mine, here in the garden, and you gave me that —

ANGELICA (in a rage): Get out, you scuzzy, rude creature! How dare you remind me of your rudeness! As for your trumpetry, happy-go-lucky ring, there, sir, there! (Shaking the ring on the table where CUSTODIAN immediately notices it.)

GIUSEPPE: It was my mother's marriage ring!

ANGELICA: I don't care whose marriage ring! Marry the person who picks it up — if she's a woman. You shouldn't marry me. And give me back my ring! I've no patience with people who boast about the things they give away! I know who'll give me much finer things than ever you gave me. A beggarly ring, indeed, not worth five shillings! (GIUSEPPE doffs handkerchief slowly and picks it up inside it.) Yes, I know who'll give me much finer things than your beggarly pearl nonsense!

GIUSEPPE: Very good, mine! (in a rage). You may take back your ring, too! (He looks at her before he kneels it to her, as if his eyes were opened suddenly). Ha, what does this mean? Is this the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a ninny as to throw away my regard on you? Why — actually — (walking around her) — yes, you are a little crooked! Angelica: Oh, you wrote!

GIUSEPPE: And upon my conscience, you — you squint a little!

ANGELICA (shriveling with rage): Ee-e! Giovanni: And your hair is red (or purple). And what? You have three false teeth, — and one leg is shorter than the other!

ANGELICA (screaming): You brute, you brute! (grabbing the ring from him, and trying to pull his hair.)

GIUSEPPE (laughing). Oh, dear me, Angelica, don't pull out my hair, it hurts! You might remove a great deal of your sun, as I perceive, without scissors or pulling, at all! Oh, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! (He nearly chokes with laughter and the wine-averse. Enter GUMBRONDO.)

GUMBRONDO (hoarse voice): Royal Highnesses, their Majesties' approach to meet the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary.

(Enter, C. King, Queen and Courtiers.)

(They are neither startled at the change in Angelica, and also in GIUSEPPE, nor whom they address. Angelica, hides her face. During the following chorus, GIUSEPPE enters R., Rose in mask, attended by CHAMBERLAIN, BARON SATINZA AND BUCCO'S hairdresser and travelling costume are disorderly.)


GIUSEPPE: Flourish trumpets, rattles drums, Royal Bulbo this way come! Friends, if we were princes, too, Drums would beat for me and you. Here we guess there's something doing, Royal Bulbo's come a-wailing. Cipriani's jest of the Crim Tartar Prince, Jealous — and laughs at him! Flourish trumpets, rattle drums, Royal Bulbo comes, He comes!

BUCCO: I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast, so eager was I to behold the Prince — the Court and august Family of Paffagong, and I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presence.

(GIOVANNI laughs contemptuously.)

KING: Your Royal Highness is welcome in any dress. JOHN, a chair for his Royal Highness. (JOHN places a chair, C.)

ANGELICA (gravely): any dress your Royal Highness wear's it a Court dress.

BUCCO: Ah, but you should see my other clothes. I should have had them on, but that stupid carrier has not brought them. Who's that laughing?

GIUSEPPE: I was laughing because you said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess, that you could not wait to change your dress, and now you say you came in these clothes because you have no others. BUCCO (very forcibly) And who are you?

GIUSEPPE (with equal haughtiness): My father was King of this country, and I am his only son, Prince! (The King's Courtiers look very flurried.)

KING: Hal (whishting) Dear Prince Bulbo, I forgot to introduce to your Royal Highness my dear nephew, his Royal Highness Prince Giovanni. Know each other! Embrace each other! (as they hold back) GIUSEPPE, give his Royal Highness your hand!

GIUSEPPE (squawks it with such violence that BUCCO cries out suddenly, and the rose drops from his mouth. The curtain rise the change in BUCCO with surprise.)

BUCCO: My soul! My soul! (GUMBRONDO picks it up for him, and BUCCO puts it in his mouth. The curtain no longer stare or smile at him.)

No. 13. Repeat (with second ending).

GIUSEPPE: Flourish trumpets, rattle drums, Royal Bulbo comes, He comes.

CURTAIN
THE ROSE AND THE RING, Act Two

ACT II, SCENE I.

SCENE.—A Hall or Room in the Palace, with doors R. and L., and double door C. Betsinda, alone, is sitting on window-seat, or leaning on chair-back.

No. 1. Betsinda.

Betsinda: Some days I wish I'd never been born!
Hard at work at early morn:
Cooking, dusting, washing, mending,—
Oh, my tasks are never ending.
I'm so tired,—I nearly weep!
Really have no time to stop!
Sigh, oh, for some sleep!
A little bit of sleep!
Sigh, oh, sigh!

(Faster GUFFANUFF. C Betsinda jumps up, and they meet down stage).

GUFFANUFF (swarming): Betsinda, you dressed my hair very nicely this morning. Even little Jacky remarked it, and the gallant Hednoff said, "My dear madam, you look like an angel today!" I promised you a little present. Here are five shillings, here is a little ring that I picked—no, here is a little ring that I picked—

Betsinda (trying on ring): It's like the ring the Princess used to wear. (Joins brings in warming-pan and sets it against the wall)

GUFFANUFF: It's no such thing! I've had it ever so long! (looking at her.) You are looking very pretty today, yourself, Betsinda. Now, as it's a very raw night, the rain is beating in at the window, you may take the warming-pan and warm Prince Giglio's bed, like a good girl, and then you may wrap my green silk, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind, I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning, sharp! (exit)

Betsinda (Maidens). I suppose I had better warn both the young gentlemen's beds, madam! (She carries, turns, and picks up warming-pan, and walks with it across stage, singing to her ring as she goes. She sings second verse of song in much better spirits!

Betsinda: Though I'm tired—that is true,
Still I'm happy, through and through.
I'm so happy I could sing,
Oh, you pretty, pretty ring!
Never did I love a thing
Like my pretty little ring!
Sing, oh, for my ring,
My pretty, little ring,
Sing, oh, for my ring,
Sing, oh, ring!

(Faster Bulbo L.)

No. 2. Bulbo and Betsinda.

Bulbo: Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! (with extraordinary gesture)

What a bay-blue-o-cold creature are you?
You angel! You pearl! You casket!
Let me be thy Bulbo, thy Bulbo, too!
Fly to the desert! Fly with me! (crossing the stage)

(Frey sentimentally): I never saw a young gazelle to glad me
With its dark blue eye,
Had eyes like thine!
Thou nymph of beauty, take this young heart!
A true lover never did sustain
Within a soldier's waiterscot.
Bemie! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary!
My royal father will approve our union;
And as for that curly-haired Angelica,
I don't care a fig for her, any more.

Betsinda (with warming-pan): Go away, your Royal Highness,
Go away, please!

Bulbo (knocking). No, never, till thou art swearest to be mine!
Thou lovely, flashing chambermaid divinest!
Here at thy feet, the royal Bulbo lies,
The trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes!

(Betsinda touches him with warming-pan.)

Bulbo (speaking): Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
(As he is attempting to embrace her, pursuing her round the chairs, enter Giglio, who rushes in Bulbo in a fury, kicks him rudely about the stage, and finally breaks him in a corner. Bulbo rushes down, in terror, and tries to recover his composure, rubbing his bruises, etc. Giglio goes down on his knees before Betsinda.)

No. 3. Giglio and Betsinda

Giglio: Oh, divine Betsinda!
Have I lived fifteen years in thy company,
Without knowing thy perfections!
What woman is all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America,
Can presume to be thine equal?
Angelica? (spoken) Fish!
Guffanuff? (spoken) Pish!
The Queen? (spoken) Hiss! Hiss!
Thou art my queen! Thou art the real Angelica,
Because thou art really angelic!

Betsinda: Oh, Prince, I'm but a poor chamber-maid!

Giglio (sentimentally): Didst thou not tend me in my sickness,
When all knave me?
Didst thou not gently smooth my pillow,
And bring me jelly and roast chicken?

Betsinda (annoyed): Yes, dear Prince, I did, and I sewed
Your Royal Highness's buttons on, too,
And darned your socks, too.
Ifst please your royal highness.

No. 4. Giglio, Betsinda and Bulbo.

Giglio: Betsinda dear, wilt thou marry me?
For I've discovered that I love but thee,
Oh, dearest maiden, grant me this one boon,
My darling, set the day, and set's soon!

Betsinda: Oh, dearest Prince, can these words be true?
Since quae a little child, I've worshipped you.
How I adored you, loved you from afar;
Never dreamed you'd seek my hand, but—

Here you are!
GIELLO: Love, perfect love, come to you and me!

BETINDA: Be with us, always, for eternity!

BOTH: Hardship and sorrow to the winds we'll cast,
Now both of us have found our love at last!

BETINDA: "If you love me as I love you,
What knife can cut our love in two?"

GIELLO: If you love me and you love me,
What greater happiness can be!

BULBO: From his corner dejectedly:
If I love her, and she loves him,
My chances here are pretty slim.

(Repeat in ensemble)

GIELLO (turning upon BULBO): You great, blabbering booby, tearing your hair in the corner, there! Of course you'll give me satisfaction for insulting Betinda. You dare to speak down at princes Giglio's knees and kiss her hand!

BULBO (reproachful): She's not Princess Giglio. She shall be Princess Bulbo! No other shall be Princess Bulbo!

(As the princes begin to quarrel, Betinda runs away, leaving the warming-pan on the floor.)

GIELLO (following): You're engaged to my cousin!

BULBO: I have no cousin!

GIELLO (in a fury): You shall give me satisfaction for insulting her!

BULBO: I'll have your life!

GIELLO: I'll run you through!

BULBO: I'll cut your throat!

GIELLO: I'll blow your brains out!

BULBO: I'll knock your head off!

GIELLO: I'll send a friend to you in the morning!

BULBO: I'll send a bullet into you in the afternoon!

GIELLO (shaking fist at Bulbo's face): We'll meet again!

(He takes the warming-pan, kisses the handle of it, and exit with it. BULBO exits, R. After a moment, enter BETINDA, followed by KING.)

No. 5. King.

KING: What's the noise,
And what's this clamor?
What's the row,
And what's the matter?
Quickly tell me,
Tell me now!
What's the matter?
Where's the row?

BETINDA: It's only the young gentlemen talking, perhaps, sir!

KING (mutteringly): Charming chambermaid, never mind the young men,
Turn thine eyes on a middle-aged usurper,
Who has been considered not ill-looking in his time.
My huckleberry! My honey bun!

BETINDA: Her majesty? Her majesty be hanged: (I wish she went!) Am I not a servant of Fadagonia?
Have I not blocks, ropes, axes, hangmen?
R-eums rot o-river by my palace wall?
Have I not sacks to sew up wiser withal?

(Enter GIELLO, with warming-pan. He listens, wonder.)

Say but the word, that thou wilt be my own,
Your mistress straightway in a sack is sworn,
And show the sharer of my heart and throne!

(See the end of GIELLO creeps up behind KING, smashes him flat with the warming-pan, then takes to his heels: BETINDA runs off L, screaming. The Queen, Princess, GIGLIO, and CLAUDE, in dressing-gowns, etc., with candle-sticks, rush in from various doors.)

No. 6. Chorus.

CHORUS: What's the noise?
And what's this clamor?
Where's the row,
And what's the matter?
Quickly tell us,
Tell us now!
What's the matter?
Where's the row?

(The King has meanwhile been flat under the warming-pan. The Queen rushes for a glass of water, and pours it on him. At the end of the chorus, he sits up, straightens out his crown, etc., rises, and stamps his foot with rage. He takes the death-warrant from his dressing-gown pocket.)

No. 7. King.

KING: Ho! My Captain of the Guards!
(Me signs the death-warrant.)

HESSIBBO: Hessibo! Hessibo! good Hessibo!

SEIZE upon the Prince!

THOU shalt find him in his chamber two fights up!

But now he dared, with sacrilegious hand,
To strike the sacred night-cap of a king,

Hessibo! And floor me with a warming-pan!

Away! no more demur, the villain dies!

See it be done—or else—b'lin, he b'm (spoken)

Mind thine own eyes!

(Exit King, C. holding up the tailor of his dressing gown, and followed by Queen, Princess, and Ladies of the Court, except GRUFFANUFF. The Chorus of men, and Hessibo are deeply affected. HESSIBBO strikes the tears off his moustache.)

No. 8. Chorus of Men.

Men: Oh dear, oh my!
We've got to cry!
Oh dear, oh my!
Giglio must die!

Though perhaps we may evince
Great distaste to kill our prince,
Obedience is the soldier's honor,
We fear poor Giglio is a goner!

Hessibo (deeply affected): Poor, poor Giglio! My noble young prince! Is it my hand must lead thee to death? GRUFFANUFF (coming forward): Lead him to fiddlesticks, Hessibo! The King said you were to kill the Prince. Well, kill the Prince!

HESSIBBO (rapidly): I don't understand you.
GRUFFANUFF: You gaby! He didn't say which Prince!

HESSIBBO: No, he didn't say which, certainly.

GRUFFANUFF: Well then, take Bulbo, and kill him!

Hessibo (rising and shaking her hand with feeling): Obedience is the soldier's honor; Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally!

GRUFFANUFF, GRUFFANUFF and the Chorus or Men dance for joy.

No. 9. Chorus.

CHORUS: Though perhaps we may evince
Great distaste to kill a prince;
But obedience is our honor,
We'd rather Bulbo was the goner!
(HERZOG knocks at Bulbo's door.)

BULBO (inside): Who's there? (Opens door.) Captain Herzog? (Coming forward) Step in, pray, my good captain, I'm delighted to see you. I have been expecting you.

HERZOG: Have you?

BULBO: Sieboldt, my chamberlain will act for me. Herzog: I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, but you will have to act for yourself, and it's a pity to wake Baron Sieboldt.

BULBO (softly): Of course, Captain, you are come about that affair with Prince Giglio.

HERZOG: Precisely, that affair of Prince Giglio.

BULBO: Is it to be swords or pistols, captain? I'm a pretty good hand at both, and I'll do for Prince Giglio as sure as my name is Herzog. Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

HERZOG: There's some mistake, my lord! The business is done with over or — ropes, among us!

BULBO: Ahem! That's sharp work! Call my chamberlain—he'll be my second, and in ten minutes, I'll flatter myself you'll see Master Giglio's head off his impertinent shoulders. I'm hungry for his blood! Hoo-oo, aw! I'm savage as an ogre.

HERZOG: I beg your pardon, sir, but by this warrant (holding it out) I am to take you prisoner, and hand you over to —— to the executioner.

(HERZOG hands warrant to Bulbo, who reads aloud)

BULBO: "AT SIGHT, CUT OFF THE BEARER'S HEAD. VALOROSO XXIV." Pooh, pooh, my good man, there's some mistake! Why should I cut off your head?

(At a sign from HERZOG, CHORUS arises: BULBO, binds him, and ties a hanger to his back.)

BULBO (dragging): Stop, say! ... There's some mistake ... No, hail! ... Hml! ... mistake ... h! ... hml! ... hml! ... h!

(Chorus begins binding Bulbo and carries him off L, singing)

No. 9. CHORUS.

CHORUS: Though perhaps we may enslave
Great distressed to hang a prince,
Obloquy the soldier's honor,
Aha! Poor Bulbo is a gone!

(Just after the Chorus goes out, the King steps out door, L, stretching and yawning.)

No. 10. KING

KING: So much for Giglio! Now, for pleasant dreams.

(The Curtain falls for a moment.)

ACT II, SCENE 2.

SCENE.—The same as Scene 1, except for a table R front set for breakfast. Time, the next morning. The King discovered asleep, it being up and down, trying to make a form, and jitting down words in a note-book, as he thinks of them.

No. 11. KING.

KING: I've thought, and thought, and thought, and thought,
But nothing rhymes quite true.
Betinda, O Betinda dear,
What word will rhyme with you?
My heart it burns like tinda,
When Betinda
Looks at me—But that won't do.

No, if your name were Emeline,
That's easy; you're divine!
And Margherita is very sweet,
Irene is just a queen.
But tell me, O Betinda dear,
What word can rhyme with you?
My heart, it burns like tinda,
When Betinda
As the wind—

That's the beat that I can do.

KING (speaking): Ah me! (right and looks at his watch)
What! 8.07 and no breakfast yet! I must see the cook!
(Exit R, humming to himself "My heart is burnt like tinda" etc.) Enter Queen, Angelica, Gruullanuff and Chorus of Ladies)

QUEEN: Now to settle with that monster, that ingratitude, Betinda. (She rings the bell twice.)

ANGELICA: That vetch! That upstart!

GRUULLANUFF: That child! That ugly little vixen!

No. 12. CHORUS OF LADIES.

CHORUS: Poor Betinda! Much we fret,
Grief's in store for you, my dear!
Jealousy in women's souls
Warmer burns than paps of coals!
See the Princess in a hood!
Look at lovely Gruullanuff!
See how women's anger flies out!
Sure they'll tear Betinda's eyes out!

(Enter Betinda L. She goes to Queen and makes a pretty little curtsey.)

QUEEN: You vetch!

ANGELICA: You vulgar little thing!

GRUULLANUFF: You beast!

QUEEN: Get out of my sight!

ANGELICA: Go away; with you, do!

GRUULLANUFF: Quit old princess! (She tries to box her ears.)

ALL TOGETHER: Take off that cap (petticoat gown)
I gave you!

ALL TOGETHER: How dare you flirt with the King?

Bulbo? Giglio?

QUEEN: Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house, a little beggar girl, and turn her out of it! (Be
damning her with soft speeches.)

ANGELICA: Mind she does not go out with my shoes on, which I lent her kindly.

BETINDA: Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out into the cold, mum, if you please, mum?

GRUULLANUFF: No, you wicked beast! Get out! (Driving her out.)

CHORUS OF LADIES (as before, No. 12)

(Enter CHORUS)

QUEEN: And now, let's think of breakfast.

ANGELICA: What dress shall I put on, mama? The pick one, or the pea green one? Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?

KING (off stage): Well, Mrs. V., what's for breakfast? (enters R) Sausages, I hope. Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us.

(Enter John with sausages, eggs in egg cups, tea, muffins, etc., on a tray which he puts on the table.)

KING (exciting): How good those sausages smell! Where is Bulbo, by the way? John, where is his Royal Highness?
JOHN: 15 just took hup to Eielginessess, sharing water, and his clothes, and things. Not him in the room, which his name is Royfness was just stepped out.

KING: Stepped out before breakfast, in the rain? Impossible! We won’t wait any longer for him. Groff-muff, won’t you take his place? (They are all at the table; the King opens his fork into a sausage.) My dear take one. Angelica, won’t you have a sausage?

(ANGELICA takes one; enter HAZZERD, G, much disturbed.)

No. 13. HAZZERD.

HAZZERD: I’m the very saddest man That ever you could see!
I never wished to kill a prince, And yet it’s forced on me!
It’s up to me
By your decree,
To hang him, dead,
Chop off his head.

(Pause and a very deep sigh.)
I’m the most unhappy man That ever you could see!
(IHe rise again, exultly.)
It’s hard enough to kill a man Of ordinary stocks—
But kill a prince of royal blood—
It’s quite too great a shock!
It’s up to me,
Which shall it be?
To hang him dead?
Chop off his head?
(Sigh) Either way, it’s hard to find A sadder man than me!

HAZZERD: I’m afraid, Your Majesty—
KING: No business before breakfast, Heddy? Breakfast first, business next! Mr. V., some more sugar!

ANGELICA: Don’t talk about beheading and spilling my breakfast, you unkind, vulgar man, you! John, some bread. (She takes another sausage.) Pray, who is to be beheaded?

HAZZERD (suspending to the King): Sir, it’s the prince!

KING (solemnly): Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you!

HAZZERD: We shall have a war, sir, depend upon it.
His father, King Padilla—

KING (impatient): His father, King Padilla? King Padilla is not Gigi’s father! My brother, Davis, was Gigi’s father.

HAZZERD: It’s Prince Bulbo they are killing, Sir, not Prince Gigi. A soldier must needs obey his orders. You add me to seize the prince, and I took the only way out. Obedience is the soldier’s honor! I didn’t, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood!

(The King, in reply, throws the plate of sausages at HAZZERD’s head.)

ANGELICA (shrieking): Hee-kees—kareef! (She falls in a fainting fit.)

KING (calmly): Turn the cock of the urn on her Royal Highness! The boiling water will gradually revive her! The great question is, am I fast, or am I slow? That is what I want to know. (The King looks at his watch, shakes it, holds it to her ear, looks at it again, compares it with the clock in the room, and the church clock out of the window, and with HAZZERD) then he winds it up, holds it to her ear, and looks at it again.

KING: If I’m slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I’m fast, we’re there in the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It’s a deuced awkward mistake, and ’pon my word, Heddy, I’ve the greatest mind to have you beheaded too!

HAZZERD: Sir, I did only my duty; a soldier has but his orders. I didn’t expect, after forty-seven years of faithful service, that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon’s death!

(Exit, melting.)

No. 14. ANGELICA.

(Suddenly revived and wringing her hands.)
My poor Bulbo, how they picked him Out, as usual, for a victim!
Bulbo’s life would shortly end,
If I did not find him!
While the rope’s round Bulbo’s neck fast,
Can you sit and eat your breakfast?
Can you sit and eat your breakfast?
(A pause; the piano plays part of the “Dead March from Saul.”)

Hark! Hark! Dead March from “Saul!”
They play the March from “Saul!”—

ANGELICA: They must rescue all!

ANGELICA: A thousand plagues upon you! Can’t you see that while we are talking my Bulbo is being killed?

KING: By love, she’s right! She’s always right, that girl, and I’m so absent. (Drawn outside; the King looks at his watch) Ha! There go the drum! What a doosid awkward thing, though!

ANGELICA (getting pap, pen and ink from desk, and putting them on table before King): Oh, papa, you goose! Write the reprieve and let me run with it!

KING: Contusions! Where are my spectacles? Angelica, go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma’s, there you’ll find my keys. Bring them down to me, and—(Exit ANGELICA, R, on the run.)

KING: Well, well, what impertinent things girls are nowadays! (He fetches his muffs; Angelica turns back with keys.)

KING (solemnly): Now my love, you must go all the way back to my desk in which my spectacles are. If you would have but heard me once—

(ANGELICA rushes off, once more.)

KING: Be banged to hell! There she is, off again! ANGELICA (fearing loudly) ANGELICA! (She comes back.)

My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, SHUT THE DOOR. (She shuts the door.) That’s a darling! That’s all! (She again exits, R, returning churlishly with the spectacles. Meanwhile the King is eating. When she returns with spectacles, he signs the reprieve, the prison is all waked ous with it.)

KING (returning to his breakfast): You’d better stay, my love, and finish the muffs. There’s no use going.

ANGELICA (off stage): Reprieve! Reprieve!

KING: Be sure it’s too late. Hard me over that raspberry jam, please. (The clock strikes twelve.) There goes the half hour. (Looking at his watch again.) I knew it was. (Calling) Guard, send two policemen up to Prince Gigi’s room. His head must be taken off before twelve o’clock!

(Est Guard.)
ANGELICA (ironically): I do not see the need of hurrying! I really think we’d better wait! BULBO: No, never, till thou art ready to be mine, Thou lovely, blushing princess so divine! Here at thy feet the Royal Bulbo lies, The trembling captive of your lovely eyes! (He attempts to embrace her; she pushes him off, coldly.) Enter Hebeouff and King.)

KING: Well, is Giglio’s head off? HEBEOUFF: It’s gone, Sir! (Expression of joy on King’s face.) The room is empty. Giglio has disappeared.

KING: Now where is the doctor? He’s gone! I’ll have his head yet. Search the city! Send guards upon the high ways! (Enter FAIRY BLACKSTICK with GIGLIO and BEYONDINI on either hand.)

FAIRY: My good sir, don’t send far. You wish us, here we are!

HEBEOUFF: Sir, Giglio is here! Shall I proceed with the execution?

FAIRY: Execution? What for?

HEBEOUFF: A soldier knows but his duty (taking the death warrant out of his pocket and presenting it to Fairy, who tears it aside.)

FAIRY: I grant it your duty to follow your king, Obey his orders in everything. (To KING) I hate to tell you, but, my friend, Your ruling here is at an end. Hail Giglio, Pallagonia! Bow, you courtiers, lowly bow! Giglio’s scourge is now of you. Hail Giglio, hail him king!

No. 19. King, Fairy and Chorus.

KING: Ho! My captain of the Guards! HEBEOUFF! HEBEOUFF, Good HEBEOUFF! Sicen this saucy dame! For her, allow me surely is too tame! Incorporate her in a dungeon vile, While you prepare for killing her in lieu, Hedoiff for killing her in lie! Away, so more demur, the woman dies! See is be done, er else—

(Speaks) H’m, ha, ha—

Mind thine own eyes!

FAIRY: Nonsense! I command you, tarry! Obey! You’re dealing with a fairy!

KING: You’re a fairy? You are a fairy! Why, they’re something light and airy!

CHORUS (nodding): She’s a fairy, she’s a fairy, Though she is not light and airy!

FAIRY: You’d best give me recognition. I’m a real first class magician. I mean, I tell you, what I say, And you, poor dog, have had your day! Poor dog, you’ve had your day! But hurry now, don’t make me wait! The thing to do is abdicate!

KING: To abdicate? Now, tell me why.

FAIRY: Because the Fairy Blackstick is!

The Fairy Blackstick!

KING: Mercy! The Fairy Blackstick you?

(To Chorus) The Fairy Blackstick ahel! That powerful fairy, That terrible fairy! BLACKSTICK, whose will must obey!
CHORUS: Mercy! The Fairy Blackstick she, etc.
(The Fairy Blackstick, etc.)
Giglio (spoken): Know all men by these presents,
1. Giglio, King of Pallagoria,
2. Grand Sovereign Duke of Cappodocia,
3. Prince of Turkey and the Sausage Islands,
4. Have assumed my rightful throne and title,
5. Long, long, long, bore my usurping uncle.
King (gruffly): Hush!
Giglio (continued): I order you to give me up my throne;
Order I'll call you coward, humbug, sneak;
So hand me over the sceptre and the crown;
Or prove in single combat what I say!
God save the King!
King (with terrible calm of concentrated fury): Is that all?
Fairy and Giglio (threatening him): That's all!
King (cheerfully): All right. If I must, I must! (He
takes off the crown.) It's rather a nuisance at night, you
know, and the sceptre (passing it over) is donald heavy.
(Queen also passes her crown and sceptre to Betsinda.)

No. 20. Chorus and Giglio.
Hail Giglio, Pallagonia,
How ye courtiers, lowly bow!
Giglio's sovereignty of us, now,
Hail Giglio, hail him, King!
Giglio: I am that Giglio, in fact, Pallagonia!
My faithless uncle, when I was but a baby,
Fled from me that brave crown my father
left me.
And I am not so tactful about my wrongs,
Sooned me with promises of near redress.
I should espouse his daughter, young Angelica:
We two, indeed, should reign in Pallagonia.
His words were false—false as Angelica's heart!
She looked upon young Bulbo, and preferred him,
preferred him.
'Twas then I turned my eyes upon Betsinda,
Rosalba, as she now is,
In her face the blushing sun of all perfection,
The pink of maiden modesty,
The nymph that my fond heart had ever wooed,
My heart had ever wooed in dreams.

Giglio and Betsinda: Betsinda! What nonsense! It's Betsinda,
The wretched chambermaid the Queen dismissed!
Giglio: But too get at her!
No. 21. Fairy, Queen and Angelines.
Fairy: Gently, be careful what you do!
Allow me to present to you
Rosalba, the Cretan Tartary Queen!
(To Bulbo) Now, Bulbo, pray don't make a scene!
Hail Rosalba, her you see
Ruler of Cretan Tartary,
Greet her Highness, to screen,
Hail Rosalba, hail her Queen!
Queen: I fail to see why this is so!
It is not clear to me.
You really, now, must let us know
How such a thing can be.
A chambermaid becomes a queen
And rules Crim Tartary!
I'm raw that can't be what you mean,
There's some mistake, we'll see.
Fairy: When her Royal Pa was slain,
(King of the Crim Tartary nation)
Never spoke her Ma again,
(Most pathetic situation)
Gave up hope and simply died.
(They were buried side by side.)
Surely, this is, for one day,
Tragedy enough—your bark!
Baby Princess runaway,
Lost herself in forest dark,
There I found her, little dear,
And 'twas I who brought her here.

Angelica: If you're really so skilled in magic,
Why condemn her to a life of toil?
Fairy: There are some people good fortune will spoil,
And just what they need, it handicaps and toll.
(As internally, since her entrance, the Fairy has been explaining in dumb show to Giglio and Betsinda the magic power of the Ring. She now motions to Giglio to withdraw the Ring from Betsinda's finger, and give it to her. This
done, cautiously, and finds that Betsinda remains beatiful without it, and 10 parts it to the Fairy.
She hands to Bulbo, and puts the Ring on his finger, whereupon
Angelica becomes again encircled over him, and falls into his arms. Music of "Rose and Ring" is played during this
pantomime.)
Fairy: Bless you, my darling children! Now you are united and happy, and you understand what I said at your
christenings.

HESSOR (throwing up his hat): The Fairy Blackstick
forever!

No. 22. Final. Principals and Chorus.
(Everybody embraces everybody as they sing the following.
HESSOR throwing arms around GREGORVITY.)
CHORUS: Hurray! Hurray!
Hail, hail, hurray!
Long live the King and Queen!
Hurray! Hip, hip, hurray!
Long live the King and Queen!
Wren such things ever seen?
No, never, never, NEVER!
The Fairy Blackstick forever!
(During introduction of music, various ones we led up to
greet the King Giglio and Queen Betsinda, Rosalba.)
Giglio and Betsinda: Love, perfect love, come to you and me!
Angelica and Bulbo: Be with us always, for eternity!
Betsinda, Angelica, Giglio and Bulbo:
Hardship and sorrow to the winds we'll cast,
Now all of us have found that love at last!
Tutti: Love, perfect love, grant our heartfelt plea,
Be with them always for eternity.
Hardship and sorrow to the winds be cast,
Now all of them have found their love at last!

Curtain.
The Rose And The Ring
Act I
Overture

Text Adapted from Thackeray
by MARY W. KINGSLLEY

Maestoso

Piano

10
Allegro

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No. 1
King, Queen, Angelica and Chorus

CHORUS of WOMEN'S VOICES (or Men's Voices only)

CHORUS of MIXED VOICES
Here be hold the Royal Three.

(See Suggestions in the Production for explanation of the voice arrangement.)

Allegretto

June ling muffins, drinking tea; Was ever such a scene as this For simple and do-

mes- tie bliss? That's we, you see, at tea!

115

126

141-149-127
Of Palagonia I am King, I know and do most everything. The Ruler of Crim

Tartary. He knowest best beware of me. Oh, I am wise and brave and strong. To

(Speaks)
tell all facts would take too long. Yes, I am Valerose, the Great!

Valerose, the Magnanimous! Valerose, the Victorious!

O'er Palagonia do I reign A monarch great, 'tis
very plain, My statue stands in every city, I'm cool, courageous,

brilliant, witty; My rule is kind, my heart is brave,

My beauty makes all women rave!

Chorus

That's he, at tea, you see! King

That's he, at tea, you see! That's me, you see, at tea!
No. 2
Queen's Song

*(King and Princess urge Queen to sing during introduction)*

470

Queen Moderato

If it were to speak the truth, I was lovely in my youth; Though grown stout in after life

I am kind to nephew G— It's the proper thing to be. G—is—li's sure to share the throne

180

I'm a most devoted wife, Virtue such as mine is seen Rarely, even in a queen.

With my daughter for his own. So I'm kind as you can see, I know what is up to me!

Chorus

That's she—at tea you see! That's me, you see, at tea!

185

Queen

That's she—at tea you see!
No. 3
Princess Song

Rather lively

Princess Angelica

accomplished creature,
CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES

Perfect quite in every feature,

CHORUS OF MIXED VOICES

accomplished creature.
Longest hair and slimpest waist, Always dressed in the best of taste, Largest eye and smallest hand.
I'm the brightest girl in all the land!

She's the brightest

She's the brightest

That's she,

That's she,
That's me, you see, at tea!

at tea, you see!

Angélica speaks during rest in music 221)

Chorus

So here behold the Royal Three, Munching muffins,

So here behold the Royal Three, Munching muffins,

Drinking tea. Was ever such a scene as this For simple and domestic bliss?

Drinking tea. Was ever such a scene as this For simple and domestic bliss?

*(John enters at this point, with the mail, which he passes to the King, who raises his hand for the chor. in to cease.)*

DIALOGUE

14639-127
No. 4
King's Song

Cue: I needed not this intoxicating draught!

Moderato

235

King

a tempo

Once I de-test-ed the hot brandy wine, And

\textit{rit.}\quad a tempo

240

quaffed no oth-er font than na-ture's rill:

Ah, well may Eng-lands

\textit{dramatist re-mark:} "Un-easy lies the head that wears a crown!"
Why did I steal my nephew's young life? Steal, said I, no, no, not steal!

Chorus

No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal! No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal!
No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal! No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal!
No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal! No, no, no, no, not steal, not steal!

King

horrid word! No, no! Let me withdraw that odious expression.
No, no, no, not steal, no, no!
horrid word! No, no!
No, no, no, not steal, no, no!
I took and on my manly head I set

royal crown of Paphlagonia;

I took and with my royal arm I wielded

the sceptral rod of Paphlagonia;

I took, and in my outstretched hand I held

the Royal orb of Paphlagonia.

I ask you your honest opinion, ladies and
gentle men,  

Could a poor boy, a sniv'ling, driv'ling

boy  

Was in his nurs'es arms but yester-day,  

cried for sug' and pull'd for pap,  

Bear up the aw'ful weight of crown and orb, and

scep'tre  

Gird on the sword my roy'al fa'thers were.

And
meet in fight the tough Crime-an foe?  
Gird on th' sword my roy-al fa-thers 

wore.  And meet in fight the tough Crime-an foe?  

I repeat it, gen-ile-men, Could he, I ask you, could he?  

And yet and yet 

*During the playing of measures No. 294 to 297, the chorus says; some one thing and some another, all at the same time, and the King answers. (See complete text.)

14635-127
I once had a virtuous thought of my own, I frankly confide it to you.

He frankly confides it to us.

planned to restore Prince G. to his throne And marry him to my
daugh - ter. Chorus

But

And mar - ry him to his daugh - ter.

now with Bul - bo come to woo, I feel I had - n't ought - er. I

know I had - n't ought - er. Vivace

Chorus

Vivace

molto cresce.
Had n't oughter, had n't oughter marry him to his daughter.

Had n't oughter marry him to his daughter.

Had n't oughter marry him to his daughter.

Marry, marry, marry, marry him to his daughter. Had

Marry, marry, marry him to his daughter. Had

Marry, marry, marry, marry him to his daughter. Had

Had n't oughter marry him to his daughter. He had

1459-127
pensive.

Chorus

Are bloody and expensive, expensive, expensive, I'm

Are bloody and expensive, expensive, expensive, I'm

They are,
They are,

sure well all agree that wars are bloody and expensive.

sure well all agree that wars are bloody and expensive.
No. 6

Chorus (Men and Women)

Cue: After me, ladies and gentlemen.

WOMEN'S VOICES

Most humble courtiers here you see, De-

MIXED VOICES

Most humble courtiers here you see, De-

Allegretto

voted to your majes-ty. To all your acts we must agree, Such mod-el courtiers here you see, By

voted to your majes-ty. To all your acts we must agree, Such mod-el courtiers here you see, By
giving Angie to Prince B. You show a rare diplomacy, diplomacy, diplomacy, You

clever! You

show a rare diplomacy, On dig-lid's throne if you sit tight, You save your country from a fight: Ex.

1469-127
(off)

Ex-pedient! (Chorus starts to follow King, singing)

voted to your Majesty And yet we fear, King Valo - ro-so, that your conduct is but so-so,

Ex-pedient!
We don't guess we really know so, Yes, his conduct is but so-so!

We don't guess we really know so, Yes, his conduct is but so-so!

(Chorus about to march out after the King but is stopped by sudden appearance of the Fairy Blackstick—an old woman leaning on a crutch—come)

No. 7
Fairy Blackstick and Chorus

Fairy

Stop! halt! Wait a moment. Whoa! Is something here you ought to know!
Chorus

(Chorus laughs)

Allegretto

Can't stop now, we've got to go,

The rules of court they

Can't stop now, we've got to go,

The rules of court they

Can't stop now, Can't stop now, Rules of court they

Allegretto

rII.

tell us so. "Never must you let a King Be a- lone in an y-

tell us so. "Never must you let a King Be a- lone in an y-

tell us so. "Never must you let a King Be a- lone in an y-

Be a- lone in an y-
Kings must always be attended

(Sopranos and Altos alone just as above)

Kings must always be

attended.

Yes, kings must always be attended.

0 yes.
tend - ed,  Else our job at court's end - ed.

tend - ed, Or else, or else our job is end - ed.

tend - ed, Or else, or else our job at court is our job is end - ed.

Can't stop now, Can't stop now. Don't be of - fend - ed!

Can't stop now, Can't stop now, Can't stop now.

Can't stop now, end - ed, Can't stop now. Don't be of - fend - ed!

Can't stop now,
Nunseme! I commeand you, tarry! 0 - bey! Your dealings with a fairy!

Chorus  Allegro  (Solo in Chorus)
You, a fairy? You, a fairy? Why, I thought them light and

(Solo in Chorus)
You, a fairy? You, a fairy? Why, I thought them light and

Allegro

Chorus  425
airy! You are but a best old lady, Pas - sé some - what,

airy! You are but a best old lady, Pas - sé some - what,
rath-er fade-y (Must be eight-y in the shade-y!) Can't stop now, we've

(rather faster)

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,

Can't stop,
got to walk, else we'd like to hear you talk!

got to walk, we've got to walk, else we'd like to hear you talk!

Can't stop, we've got to walk, like to hear you.

Fairy

You'd best give me recognition,

I'm a real first-class magician, and if you think this

but a crutch, it proves my friends, you don't know much! You
I could turn you into jungles, or apes! A

(Poising at one)

thousand other foolish shapes! You'd metamorphose

(at another)

at a jump, To gnom umbrellas or rusty pump! You'd keep us ticking,

(at another) (at another)

like a clock! You, a boulder! You, a rock!

legato

Though I may seem arbitrary, I'm an unfeurocious fairy.

14639-127
Chorus

Though she may seem arbitrary, she's an unfexious fairy. She's an unfexious fairy.

Yes, an unfexious fairy.

Andante

Fairy

When but a child I lay in Daddy's arms, He taught me all his magic and his charms. The so-called one of his age was he, And all his secrets he told to me.
Lively

hugs the tale in new to you of some of the things I used to do.

But by then you'll readily see That I'm a sure enough fairy! (ee)

Chorus

But by this well readily see That she's a sure enough fairy! (ee)

But by this well readily see That she's a sure enough fairy! (ee)

Fairy (deliberately)

I made one Princess sleep a hundred years, I made an-

(calls voice)

ritard. a tempo

14639-127
other grows a donkey's ears!
Mute to drop from lips of girls

Vipers, toads, or sometimes pearls: I turned simple stupid peasants into ornamental pheasants. So by this you'll readily see that I'm a sure enough fairy!

Chorus

So by this we'll readily see that she's a sure enough fairy (ee)

So by this we'll readily see that she's a sure enough fairy (ee)
Fairy

I know a number of funny things,

I've been to some folks' christenings,

The royal pair were always swift To

beg from me some fairy gift.

When for some children they importune,

All I can wish them is a little misfortune; But when for others they make their request, I've

wonderful gifts that will stand every test.
Rose and the Ring are two mag-ic things I've some-times pre-sent-ed to

chil-dren of kings,

The Rose and the Ring are

(Ex-actly as above—Soprano I, II, and Alto)

two mag-ic things She's some-times pre-sent-ed to chil-dren of kings.
Allegretto
Fairy

Mag-ic Rose and Mag-ic Ring

Make their own-er look charm-ing: Bul'-so's moth-er was quite plain

575

Now she lives in him a-gain.
Chorus

Mag-ic Rose and Mag-ic Ring

Mag-ic Rose and Mag-ic Ring

14639-127
Now Giglio gave his 
Make their own look charming.

Mother's ring to Angelica, the Princess, When she swore to marry him, But 

hush! Someone is coming.  

(Percy looks all about) 

Bet...
Allegretto

sin-da 'tis She lit-tle knows The se-cret of the Ring, the Rose: Be

ve-ry care-ful not to sing Our se-cret of the Rose, the Ring.

Chorus

Bet-sin-da 'tis She lit-tle knows The se-cret of the Ring, the Rose Fear

Bet-sin-da 'tis She lit-tle knows The se-cret of the Ring, the Rose Fear

Bet-sin-da, Bet-sin-da.
Fairy

Remember!

We will not say a thing of Magic Rose or Magic Ring.

Well remember, well remember!

(except Fairy and Chorus enter Belinda from the other side)
No. 8
Betsinda's Song

Moderato

I re-call,
Parents? kin-folk? none at all!
Little lion,
beggar-maid, None can tell me, I'm afraid,

who was my brother, Great big lion
whence I strayed, I was just a beggar baby,

any other, I've no home that I recall,
dirty, may-be, I was just a beggar-

(Sighs and rises at end of song, as Princess Angelica and Graf von Stauf enter)

14639: 127

DIALOGUE
No. 9
Lorenzo's Song

640 Cues: And what business brings you here?

1. I'm a painter, Lorenzo, so my
2. Oh, I am a versatile

Allegretto

name; My address just Temple of Fame, I think it my duty to
man, And I paint all the things that I can. On painting a threat finds in-

paint every beauty, And surely you're one of the same. To
flamed I just dote, And I've painted a real tattooed man. I'm

give satisfaction I aim. No matter how ugly the dame, I'm
on to this artistic game. No matter how battered the dame, I

655

sure it's my duty To make her a beauty. I'm on to this artistic game!
find it my duty To paint her a beauty. I'm a painter, Lorenzo, by name!
Lorenzo

Gus: His order of the Cucumber.
Rather lively

You're the most ac-

omplished crea-
ture

Perfect quite in

every feat-
ure

Longest hair and

slimpest waist,

Always dressed in the best of taste.

Largest eye

And smallest hand,
You're the bright-est girl in all the

land!

Folks with whom we're all

acquainted

Are is so hand-some as

they're paint-ed

Slim-mest hair and long-est waist,

Al-ways dressed in the worst of taste.

* The role of Courtier may be taken by Giunonzo
Small-est eye! And larg-est hand!

Not the bright-est girl in all the land!

Lorenzo
You're the most ac-com-plished crea-ture
Courtier to Bet.

Folks with whom we're all ac-quit-ed

Ang.
Per-fect quite in ev-ery fea-ture.

Aren't so hand-some as they're paint-ed.
Lorenzo

Longest hair and slimmest waist, Always dressed in the best of taste.

Bet. and Courtier

Slimmest hair and longest waist, Always dressed in the worst of taste.

705

Ang. and Lorenzo

Largest eye, And smallest hand

Smallest eye And largest hand

710

I'm the brightest girl in all the land!

Not the brightest girl in all the land!

Ang. and Bet.

Not the brightest girl in all the land!

(I'm the brightest girl in all the land!

Not the brightest girl in all the land!

Lor. and Court.

You're the brightest girl in all the land!

Not the brightest girl in all the land!

Lor. and Court.

You're the brightest girl in all the land!

DIALOGUE
No. 11
Duet
Angelica and Lorenzo
Cue: That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess.
Allegro non troppo

Angelica
Now, Sir Lorenzo, list to me, Perhaps her name begins with Z?

Lorenzo
No, my pretty Princess. I'm sure I don't know what to do, A

Y? an X? a double U? No, my pretty Princess. Oh,

most unhappy I shall be If it begins with U, or V?

18639-107
Lorenzo

No, my pretty Princess, my pretty, pretty, pretty Princess.

Ang.

trust you have not come so far To crush me with T. S. or Z?

Lorenzo

No, my pretty Princess. The name now, of this lucky gel. It's

Ang.

not Q. P. O. N. M. L. No, my pretty Princess. Now

Lorenzo

quick Sir Knight, oh quickly say, It surely is not K. or Z?
Oh, dearest Gruff-a-nuff, lend me your smelling bottle.

Another whiff

An, Signor Lorenzo, Can it be A?

Yes, my pretty Princess, Yes, my pretty little Princess.

Yes, my pretty, witty Princess, My pretty, witty, little Princess!
Cue: And now my mission is ended.

Tempo di Valse 810

Angelica

(looking at miniature which she has taken from Lorenzo)

1. Never did I dream such bliss was mine.

2. Happy, joyous now will be my life,

3. Happy, joyous all my future life,

Chosen son-sort of a prince divine

As his loving, fondly doting wife

With dear Angelica as my wife

Ah! what rapture utter!

Hand-som-est of Princess!

Charm-ing lit-tle Princess!

My heart a flutter!

Lucky lit-tle Princess!

Lest of Princess!

Can it be that I am thine!

Gladly will I be this loving wife!

For she said she'd be my loving wife!

*(Ogilvie begins 3rd verse behind scenes, directly after Angelica's two)
No. 13
Final Chorus
(Ensemble)

Cue: To greet the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary.

Maestoso

WOMEN'S VOICES

a tempo

MIXED VOICES

a tempo

Flourish trumpets, rat-tie drums, Royal Bulbo

Flourish trumpets, rat-tie drums, Royal Bulbo

Cue for repeat: My rose! my rose!
this way comes! Friends, if we were princes too, Drums would beat for

me and you. Here we guess there's something doing, Royal Bul-bul comes a-
"Gig-lilo's jealous of the Crim Tartar Prince, jealous, and jealous.

laugh at him! Flourish trumpets, rattle drums! Royal Bulbo

laugh at him! Flourish trumpets, rattle drums! Royal Bulbo

14639."
(Enter Balbo)

comes, he comes!

(Enter Balbo. Dialogue follows)

Final Chorus is repeated, the introduction being the accompaniment of the first two measures of words "Fourth trumpets;" measures 883 and 884. On repeat use second ending only.

14639-127
Royal Bulbo comes, Royal Bulbo comes!

Curtain
Act II
Scene I

(A hall or room in the palace, with two doors, both R & L, and door centre back. Betssinda, alone, sings one verse only — she is sitting on window-seat, or leaning on chair-back.)

No. 1
Betssinda

Andante
900

PP

Piano

905

910

a tempo

915

Cooking, dusting, washing, mending, Oh, my tasks are never-ending. I'm so happy I could sing, Oh, you pretty, pretty ring!

1. Some days I wish I'd never been born! Hard at work at early morn:
2. Though I'm tired, that is true. Still I'm happy, thro' and thro'.
I'm so tired, I nearly weep! Really have no time to sleep.
Never did I love a thing Like my pretty little ring!

Sigh, oh, for some sleep, A little bit of sleep,
Sing, oh, for my ring, My pretty little ring.

Sigh, oh, for some sleep, Sigh, oh, for the ring,
Sing, oh, Sigh, oh,
No. 2
Bubo and Betsinda

Allegro

940

Enter Bubo
Bubo

945

Oh! Oh!

950

poor rit.

f al tempo

oh! oh! What a beyou - co - oo - ti - ful creature you are.

955

You an - gel! you pe - ri!
You rose - bud!
Let me be thy Bul-bul, thy Bul-bo, too! Fly to the desert! Fly with me!

Andante con moto
very sentimentally
never saw a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye, Had eyes like thine! Thou

nymph of beauty, take this young heart! A truer never did itself sus-
tain Within a soldier's waistcoat, Be

mine! Be mine! Be Princess of Gym

long pause ad libitum

Tar tar-y! My royal father will approve our

cello voice

union: And as for that carrot-haired Angelica,

I don't care a fig for her any more!
Betsinda (with warming pen)

990

Go away, Your Royal Highness, Go away, please!

995

Bulbo

No, never, till thou swearest to be mine! Thou love-ly, blushing chamber-maid divine! Here at thy feet the Royal Bulbo lies, The trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes!
(Betsinda touches him with the warming pan)

BULBO Oh! oh! oh! oh! Oh! (as he is attempting to embrace her, pursuing her behind a chair, enter Giglio who rushes on him in a fury, kicks him rudely all about the stage. Finally Bulbo hides in a corner, where he tries to recover, rubbing himself &c. Giglio goes down on his knees before her and offers to marry her that moment.)

No. 3

Animato

Giglio and Betsinda

Giglio

Ad lib.

Allegretto

Oh—divine Betsinda! Have I lived fifteen years in thy company, without knowing thy perfections! What woman in all Europe, Asia, Africa, and A
1020

Can presume to be thine equal?

1025

(Spoken)

Gel-ica?
Pish! Gruf-ta-nuff? Phoo! The Queen?

1030

(laughs)

Ha! ha! Thou art my queen!___Thou art my queen!

1035

Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic!
Betsinda

Oh Prince! I'm but a poor chambermaid!

Giglio

Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, When all forsook me?

Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow,

(with great feeling)

And bring me jelly, And roast chicken?
Betsinda (artlessly)

Yes, dear Prince, I did, And I sewed your Royal Highness's buttons on.

1060

too, And darned your

1065

socks, too, If it please your Royal

1070

Highness, If it please your Royal Highness.

1075
No. 4

Giglio, Betsinda, and Bulbo

Allegretto moderato

1. Betsinda dear, wilt thou marry me? For I've discovered that I love but thee.

2. Oh dearest Prince, can these words be true? Since quite a little child I've worshiped you.

1. Oh dearest maid-en, grant me this one boon, My darling.

1. Never dreamed you'd set the day and set it soon! Love, perfect

2. Come to me and me!

Betsinda

Be with us always, for eternity

14619 - 107
Betty: Hardship and sorrow to the

Giglio: Now both of us, now both of us have found our love at last! Love, perfect

Betty: Come to you and me!
with us always, for eternity!

Bet.

Hard ship and sorrow to the winds well east,

Giglio

Now both of us have found our love at last!
Moderato

"If you love me as I love you, What knife can

cut our love in two?"

If I love you and you love

me, What greater happiness can be!

If I love

her and she loves him.

My chances here are pretty
Betinda

Bulbo

Giglio slim!

If you love me as I love

If I love her and she loves

If I love you and you love

you

What knife can cut our love in

him,

My chances here are pretty

me,

What greater happiness can

1175
two!

slim!

be!

14639-127
No. 5
King and Betsinda

Agitato
Que: Why, where's the warming-pan?

What's the soiree, And

What's this clat-ter? Where's the row. And what's the matter? Quickly tell me, Tell me now!

Betsinda

What's the matter? Where's the row? It's only the young gentlemen talk-ing, perhaps, sir!

Allegretto

(King notices her beauty)
Charm-ing chambermaid, nev-er mind the

young men! Turn thine eyes on a mid-dle-aged au-to-crat,

14639–187
Who has been considered not ill-looking in his time. My honey-
1225

hang-nen? R-runs not a riv-er by my pal-a-ce wall?

1230

Have I not saccs to sew up wives with-\al? Say but the

word, that thou wilt be my own, Your mistress straightway in a sack is

1240

sewn, And thou the shar-er of my heart and throne!

1245

(Giglio, who has been listening, now creeps up behind him and smashes him flat with the warming pan, and then takes to his heels: Betinda runs off screaming: Queen, Angelica, Gruffonuff and Chorus, with candlesticks and in dressing gowns, come rushing out from various doors, and sing.)

1269-127
No. 6
Chorus

Agitato

WOMEN'S VOICES

What's the noise And what's this clat-ter? Where's the row, Aa on what's the mat-ter?

MIXED VOICES

What's the noise And what's this clat-ter? Where's the row, And what's the mat-ter?

Quick-ly tell us, Tell us now, What's the mat-ter, Where's the row?

Quick-ly tell us, Tell us now, What's the mat-ter, Where's the row?
(The King meanwhile has been flat under the warming pan; the Queen rushes for a glass of water and pours it on him. At the end of chorus he sits up, after his crown has been straightened &c., and rises and stamps his foot with rage. He also takes death warrant from dressing gown pocket.)

1260

1265

1270

1275 Agitato No. 7 KING (Signs death warrant)

Ho! My Captain of the Guards! Hed-loff! Hed-loff! Good

1280

Hed-loff! Seize upon the Prince! Thou'll find him in his chamber two flights

14639 – 127
up!

But now he dared, with

sac-ri-le-gious hand To strike the sa-red night-cap of a King.

Hed-soff! and floor me with a war-ing-fan! A-

way! no more de-mur; the vil-lain dies!

See it be

done, or else,

Mind thine own eyes!

(Exit, holding up the tails of his dressing gown, followed by Queen, Princess, and all the ladies of the court except Orsulinau. The chorus of men and Hedsoff, in tears, are greatly affected: Hedsoff wipes the tears off his mustachios.)
No. 8
Chorus of Men

(If it is desirable to shorten the operetta, this chorus may be omitted, and a few measures played by the piano alone, while men weep)

Slowly and sadly

Oh dear! oh my!

Tenors

1295

Oh dear! oh my!

Basses

Slowly and sadly

1300

We've got to cry! Oh dear! oh my! Giglio must

We've got to cry! Giglio must

We've got to cry! Oh dear! oh my! Giglio must

We've got to cry! Giglio must

14559–127
die!  die!  Tho' perhaps we may evince Great dis-taste to

kill our Prince, O - be-dience is the soldier's hon-er, We fear poor Giglio is a gon-er!

Oh dear, oh my!

kill our Prince, O - be-dience is the soldier's hon-er, We fear poor Giglio is a gon-er!

Oh dear, oh my!
Cue: Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally.

(Much faster than when in the minor)

WOMEN'S VOICES

Tho' perhaps we may e-vince Great dis-taste to

MEN'S VOICES

Tho' perhaps we may e-vince Great dis-taste to

Allegro 1315

kill a prince, But since ob-e-dience is our hon-or, We'd rath-er Bul-bo

kill a prince, But since ob-e-dience is our hon-or, We'd rath-er Bul-bo

1489 - 1497
Cue: Stop, I say, there's some mistake!

**No. 10**

*(Just after they have left the stage the King peeks out of his door and sings:)*

King

*(Stretching and yawning)*

Andante

So much for Gigo's, now for pleasant dreams!

14619 – 137

*(Curtain falls for a moment, to indicate lapse of a night)*
Scene 2
(Same as Scene 1. Next morning. Room as before, with addition of table set for breakfast. King alone, pacing up and down, with notebook in hand.)

No. 11
King

Moderato

4340

\(\text{I've thought and thought, and thought, and thought, but}
\)

\(\text{Nothing rhymes quite true—Betzinda, Oh Betzinda dear, What}
\)

\(\text{word will rhyme with you?—My heart it burns like}
\)

1345

1350

13620 127
sin·da  At the win·da, Looks at me! But that won't do.  Now
condescend

if your name were Em·e·line, that's easy, You're di·vine  And

Mar·ghe·ri·te is ver·y sweet, I·rene is just a queen. But tell me, Oh Bet-

sin·da dear, What word can rhyme with you? My heart it burns like tin·da, When Bet-

sin·da, At the win·da. That's the best that I can do.

SHORT DIALOGUE
No. 12
Chorus of Ladies

Cue: that ugly little vixen!

Allegretto 1880

Poor Zel-sin-da! Much we fear.

Griefs in store for you, my dear! Jeal-ous-y in wo-men's souls

Warmer burns than pans of coals! See the prin-cess in a huff!
DIALOGUE

*No. 13
Hedecoff

Cue. Angelica, would you have a sausage?

Andante molto moderato 1390

1. I'm the very saddest man
That
2. It's bad enough to kill a man of

*This number may be omitted to shorten the work
14939-127
ever you could see! I never wished to kill a prince And ordinary stock, But kill a prince of royal blood — It's

yet 'tis forced on me! It's up to me, By your decree, To quite too great a shock! It's up to me, Which shall it be? To

(Sighs)

hang him, dead: chop off his head? In the most unhappy man That hang him, dead: chop off his head? Either way, it's hard to find A

ever you could see! Saddest man than me!

DIALOGUE
Cue: would think of putting me to a felon's death!

Allegro

1410

My poor Bul-bo, how they pick'd him out, as usual, for a victim!

1420

Bul-bo's life would shortly end, If I did not him befriend!

a tempo

While the rope's round Bul-bo's neck fast, Can you sit and

1425
eat your breakfast! Can you sit and eat your breakfast!
(Dead March from Saul, by Häusler)

(Very slow) 1430
Hark! hark! Dead march from Saul!

1435
They play the march from Saul! Angelica must rescue all!

DIALOGUE

No. 15
Angelica and Bulbo

Cue: Hurrah for Bulbo!
Angelica

Oh my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Thine An-

Allegro 1440

Angelica has been in time to save thy precious existence, Sweet
To prevent thy being
ripped in thy young bloom!

And welcomed death that joined her

gelices too had died

Bulbo (puzzled and uncomfortable)

Angelica

side!  H'm!  There's no accounting for tastes!  My sweet
What's the cause of thy disquiet? In other words,

Allegro

Buibo (impatiently)

what's the matter? I'll tell you what it is, An

Since I came here yesterday, there's

been such a row and disturbance, And quarrelling and

fighting, and chopping of heads off, And the deuce to pay, that I'm in-
Angelica: But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo! Though where mentally as possible

ever thou art, never thou art, is Crim Tartary to me! My bold! my beautiful! my Bulbo!
Bulbo (softly)

Well, well! I suppose we must be married.

What must be, must! That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast!

(Bulbo drops his rose and Angelica picks it up; he sits down at table and eats while she sings. King and Queen move about and talk some to Bulbo.)
No. 16
Angelica, King and Queen

Angelica

Rose that blooms on Bul-ba's lip, Ne'er will I part from thee!
Love-ly rose that he let fall, Al-ways will I cher-ish thee!

Andante

Rose that did such nee-tar sip, How I, how I en-vy thee!
Thou to me the world and all, Ne'er will I part from thee!

Ang.  King  Queen

Rose that blooms on Bul-ba's lip, Ne'er will I part from
Love-ly rose that he let fall, Ne'er will I

Love-ly rose, love-ly, love-ly

Love-ly rose, love-ly, love-ly
thec!

rose.

Rose.

part from thee! Lovely rose that he let fall,

lovely rose! Never part.

lovely rose! Never part.

Never will I part from thee!

Never part from thee!

Never part from thee!
(Exeunt King and Queen)

Allegro (Bulbo notices change in Angelica)

No. 17
Bulbo and Angelica

(No. 17 makes measures 1533–1573, original Nos. 943–961)

(Trumpet) – cresc.

Oh! oh! oh! etc.

(Turn back to No. 2 and play Bulbo's solo, through the words "Be Princess of Crim Tartary", for he makes love to Angelica exactly as he did to Betisinda. She, meantime, turns from her romantic rhapsody over the Rose, and sees Bulbo as he is without magic aid. She turns from him in disgust. After the words "By Princess of Crim Tartary" she sings as follows):

Angelica (Sternly)

I do not see the need of hurrying I really

think we'd better wait!
No, nev-er till thou swearest to be mine, Thou love-ly, blushing Princess

so di-vine! Here at thy feet the roy-al Bul-bulies, The

trembling captive of your love-ly eyes!

(He attempts to embrace her; she pushes him off. Enter Bednoff and Xing)
(Enter Fairy with Giglio and Betsiada on either hand) (SHORT DIALOGUE)

No. 18
Fairy

Cue: Send guards upon the highways!

Allegro
My good sir, don't send far.

You wish us, here we are!

Curt: A soldier knows but his duty.

Fairy

Moderato

I grant it's your duty to

follow your King, obey his orders in every thing. I

hate to tell you, but my friend, your ruling here is at an end.
Hail Giglio, Paf la-gon-ial! Bow, you courtiers,

lowly bow! Giglio Seve-reign of you now,

Hail Giglio, hail him King!

No. 19
King, Fairy and Chorus

King (as before)

He! my Captain of the Guards! Horzoff! Horzoff, Good

Hitzoff! Seize this sus-cy dame! For her slow tor-ture sure-ly is too
same! Incarcerate her in a dungeon vile, While

you prepare for bilging her in ile, Nedzoff! for bilging her in

rit. 1635

Ile! Away! no more de-mur, the woman dies!

(spoken) 1640

See it be done, or else... him, hathin! Mind thine own eyes!

1659-127
Fairy (as before)

Nonsense! I command you, tarry—O--bey! You're dealing with a

1645

King

fair--y!

You a fair--y?

You a fair--y? Why, they're something light and air--y!

1650

Chorus (sudding) (Men) (All)

She's a fair--y. She's a fair--y. Though she is not light and air--y!

14939-127
Fairy

You'd best give me rec-og-ni-tion, I'm a real firstclass ma-

gr-cian. I mean, I tell you, what I say, And

you, poor dog, have had your day. Poor dog, you've had your

day! But hurry now, don't make me wait! The

thing to do is ab-di-cate. To ab-di-cate? Now
Fairy 1670 ad lib.

tell me why. Because the Fairy Black stick!

King

the Fairy Black stick! Mercy! the Fairy

Allegro animato

1675

to Chorus

Black stick you! The Fairy Black stick she! That

1680

powerful fairy... That terrible fairy...

Blackstick, whose will we must obey!
Chorus
WOMEN'S VOICES
1685

Mercy! the Fairy Black stick she!

MIXED VOICES

Mercy! the Fairy Black stick she!

Vivace

The Fairy Black stick she! That pow'r ful Fairy.

Fairy Black stick!

The Fairy Black stick she! That pow'r ful Fairy.

Fairy Black stick!
1690

That terrible Fairy, Black-stick whose will we must o -

1695

boy!

SHORT DIALOGUE
No. 20
Chorus and Giglio
Cue: and the sceptre a doosed heavy.
Allegretto

1700
WOMEN'S VOICES

Hail Giglio, Pafagunia, Bow, we courtiers, lowly bow

MIXED VOICES

Hail Giglio, Pafagunia, Bow, we courtiers, lowly bow

1705

rit.

Giglio's sov'reign of us now, Hail Giglio, hail him King!

rit.

Giglio's sov'reign of us now, Hail Giglio, hail him King!

rit.
I am that Giglio,
in fact, Paxtigonia,
My faithless uncle, when I was but a baby.

Frighted from me that brave crown my father left me. And had I any thoughts about my wrongs, Soothed me with promises of near redress.

I should espouse his daughter, young Angelica;
We two, in deed, should reign in Faf-lagonia. His words were false,
false as Angelica's heart! She looked up on young Bulbo,
And preferred him, preferred him! 'Twas

(looking tenderly at Betsinda)

then I turned my eyes up on Betsinda, Rosalba,
As she now is, in her I saw the blushing sun of all perfection, the pink of maiden modesty. The nymph that my fond heart had ever wooed. My heart had ever wooed in dreams!

(Grußanuff makes a few exclamations)
Cue: Let me get at her!

Allegretto grazioso

Gently, be careful what you do!

Al.

low me to present to you Rosalba, the Grim

(to Rosalba)

Tartar Queen! Now Bul-boy don't make a scene! don't make a scene!

Hall Rosalba, her you see Bul-er of Grim

Tartary. Greet her Highness, so severe,
Hail Kosovo, hail her Queen!

Allegretto

Andante

fail to see why this is so. It is not clear to me. You

really now, must let us know How such a thing can be. A

chambermaid becomes a queen, And rules Crim-Tartary! I'm

14639-127
1780

Sure that can't be what you mean, There's some mistake, we'll see!

Allegro moderato 1785 Fairy

When her royal Pa was slain,

1790

(King of the Crim Tartar nation) Never spoke her Ma again,

1795

(Most pathetic situation) Gave up hope and simply died.

1789

(They were buried side by side) Surely that is, for one day,

14639-127
1800

Trag-e-dy e-nough... but hark!

1805

Lost her-self in for-est dark,
There I found her, lit- tle de-ar,

1810

And 'twas I who brought her here.

Angelica (sarcas-tic-ally)

1815

If you're real-ly so skilled in mag-i-c,e, Why con-demn her to life so trag-i-c?
Fairy

There are some people good fortune will spoil, and just what they need is

4820

hardship and toil.

It intervenes since her entrance, the Fairy has been explaining in dumb show to Giglio and Betsinda the magic power of the Ring. She now motions to Giglio to withdraw the Ring from Betsinda's finger, and give it to her. This he does, cautiously, and finds that Betsinda remains beautiful without it, and so passes it to the Fairy. She beckons to Bulbo, and puts the Ring on his finger, whereupon Angelica becomes again enraptured over him and falls into his arms.

Music is played during this pantomime, as follows:

(Theme of Rose and Ring)

Andante

1825

1830

1835

Very short Dialogue
No. 22
Final Chorus

Gue: The Fairy Blackstick forever!

WOMEN’S VOICES

Huz-ray! Huz-ray! Hip, hip, hur-ray! Long live the

MIXED VOICES

Huz-ray! Huz-ray! Hip, hip, hur-ray! Long live the

(men alone)

Allegro con spirito

King and Queen! Huz-ray! Hip, hip, hur-ray! Long live the King and Queen!

King and Queen! Huz-ray! Hip, hip, hur-ray! Long live the King and Queen!

1840

1845

1459-127
(During following music, various ones are led up to greet new King and Queen.)

Tempo di Valse

Giglio and Betsinda (in unison)

Love, perfect love come to you and me!

my
Angelica and Bulbo (unison) 1890

Be with us always, for eternity!

1895

Ang. and Bulbo

Hardship and sorrow to the winds well cast.

Bet. and Gig.

1900

Now all of us have found our love at last!

SOPR. and ALTO of MIXED CHORUS

Now all of us have found our love at last!

1905

rit.

1911

Alto with basses of Chorus, with Giglio and Betsinda

Love, perfect love

Come to you and me.

1915

Grantour ardent plea.

14639-127
1920
Sopranos (with Tenors and Angelica and Bulbo)

Be with us always, for eternity!

Chorus and Soloists (Women's Voices)

Hardship and sorrow to the winds we'll cast

Chorus and Soloists (Mixed Voices)

Hardship and sorrow to the winds we'll cast

1935  cresc. al Fine.

Now, now all of us them

Now all of us them  Now all of us them

Now all of us them  Now all of us them

Now all of us them  Now all of us them

cresc. al Fine.

1940

14639-127
Ang. & Bul.

1945

WOMEN'S VOICES

[Music notation]

Now all of us have found, have found our love at last, our

Val. & Queen

chorus

Now all of them have found, have found their love at last, their

Ang.

Now all of them have found their love, their love

Bet.

Now all of us have found our love

Queen

Now all of us have found, have found their love

Bul.

Now all of us have found, have found our love

Gig.

Now all of us have found, have found our love

Val.

Now all of us have found our love

CHO. I

Now all of them have found their love, their love

CHO. II

Now all of them have found, have found their love at last, their

1945

molto cresc.