THE

DUCHESS OF DANTZIC
(SANS-GÊNE).

A Romantic Light Opera
IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY
HENRY HAMILTON.

COMPOSED BY
IVAN CARYLL.

VOCAL SCORE ... net 6 0
Do. (Cloth) ... 8 9
PIANOFORTE SOLO ... net 3 6
LYRICS ... ...

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

AGENTS—NEW YORK: BOOSEY & CO.
BERLIN W. 62: C. M. ROEHR.

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public Performance of all or any part of this work strictly forbidden. Applications for the right of performance must be made to "Mr. George Edwards, 21, Wellington Street, St. James, London."
THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC
(SANS-GÈNE).

Characters.

ACT I. (1792).

Catherine Üschner (Known as “La Sante-Gene”) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ......
# THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC
(SANS-GÊNE).

## CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Act I.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Overture</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Chorus of Laundresses</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Drinking Song (Leftovers) and Chorus</td>
<td>&quot;Wine of France!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Song (Catherine)</td>
<td>&quot;Sans-Gêne&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Song (Papillon) and Chorus</td>
<td>(Are you wanting silk or satin?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>&quot;Picasolé&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 7. | Duet (Catherine and Leftovers) | "Do you remember?"
| 8. | Trio (Catherine, Bethune, and Leftovers) | (As swooning sweet the summer South)
| 9. | Finale | "Brothers in arms" |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act II.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 11. | Song (Adhemar) | "Love and ever love"
| 12. | Ensemble | (His Majesty orders that ladies at Court) |
| 13. | Duet (Renée and Adhemar) | "The legend olden"
| 14. | Chorus of Assistants and Song (Papillon) | (Here in boxes big we beat)
| 15. | Vocal Menuet | "The Milliner Monarch"
| 16. | Chorus (Ladies and Couriers) | (Vivat! Vivat Imperator!)
| 17. | Finale | (Assent to no divorce I can) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act III.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 18. | Song (Catherine) | "The Mirror Song"
| 19. | Trio (Catherine, Renée, and Babette) | (Mirror! In thine glass we scan) |
| 20. | Duet (Catherine and Leftovers) | "A real good cry together"
| 21. | Chorus (Ladies and Couriers) | (When things go ill)
| 22. | Menuet | (Though many a happy year hath flown)
| 23. | Duet (Catherine and Napoleon) | (Once our lips the Bourbon owned)
| 24. | Finale | (Though throned in majesty) |

Vocal Score.
THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

Overture.

Written by
HENRY HAMILTON.

Composed by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

Piano.

Copyright, MCMIII, by Chappell & Co.
CHORUS OF LAUNDRESSES.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

SOPRANO I.

Here you may gaze on a

SOPRANO II.

Here you may gaze on a

CHO.

be. vy of beauty. Laun. dry of lov. li. ness, (so it is said,)

be. vy of beauty. Laun. dry of lov. li. ness, (so it is said,)

Copyright, MCMIII, by Chappell & Co
All of us damp, but devoted to duty, Braving the terrors of
cold in the head, Ludi. cious ac. cents and no. ses of red!
This is the way we ac. cu. mu. late sav. ings Earned, you may put it, by
lash. ings and lav. ings. Ac'tive a'-pos'ties of sweet.ness and light.

Here we trans. mo. gri. fy black in. to white. Here, like our bet. ters, in

froth we o. rate, Sum up our lov. ers and set. tie the state.
Here we discover, diversified of bosh, All men are equal when sent to the wash.

Lower class linen and frills of frivolity, Duchess es' linger le,

Citizen's duds, Met on a footing of perfect equality,

Mingle and mate in the leveling suds!
CIO: le vel ling sud:
LISETTE.
Here's an old garment of shab by old duf fel it.

JEANNE.
Here's a fine shirt that's acc custom ed to ruf fle it.

MATH.
Mouchoir sug ges tive of

MATH.
Sneeze and of suf fle it, Pop 'em all in to the tub, the tub!

ALL.
Pop 'em all in to the tub, the tub!
No. 2.

CHORUS: (Soldiers.)

TENOR:

Piano.

When the trumpets sound "To arms!"
When Bellona's awful charms, Rouse each
march a down the street. There are gentle hearts a beat. There are

BASS:

When the trumpets sound "To arms!"
When Bellona's awful charms, Rouse each
march a down the street. There are gentle hearts a beat. There are
TEN.

martial heart and hand to emulation, oh!
Be the dainty heads that turn to take another look,
And you'll

BASS.

martial heart and hand to emulation, oh!
Be the dainty heads that turn to take another look,
And you'll

TEN.

call to North or South, We be set the sannen's mouth, All a.
give us leave to say That a message they convey Such as

BASS.

call to North or South, We be set the sannen's mouth, All a.
give us leave to say That a message they convey Such as

TEN.

seeking of the bubble reputation, oh!
But in kindest maiden doesn't at her brother look!
And we

BASS.

seeking of the bubble reputation, oh!
But in kindest maiden doesn't at her brother look!
And we
pi· ping times of peace, Or in mo· ments of re· lease From the
note with pro· per pride All the win· dows o· pen wide, While the

du· ties of pa·rade or drill, or sen·try go, Tis the
gol· den heads with ra·ven at each lat· tice vie, For the

or· der of the day, Mars shall bow to Ver· nas' sway, And we
clink of sword and spur Sets a pulse in 'em a· stir Such as

22007
n't. Toodle, drum, drum, tan-tara

All a-march ing we will go in time and

tun ney form. Where's the maiden who can stand 'gainst a
military band, Or who'll turn her pretty nose up at a
military band, Or who'll turn her pretty nose up at a

Too, too, tan, ta, ra, tan, ta, ra.
Too, too! drum, drum, tan, ta, ra.

uniform? Too, too! drum, drum, tan, ta, ra.
uniform? Too, too! drum, drum, tan, ta, ra.

too, too, tan, ta, ra, drum!

All a marching they will go in time and
All a marching they will go in time and
too, too, tan•ta•ra•dum! Where's the maid•den who can stand 'gainst a
tuney form Where's the maid•den who can stand 'gainst a

tuney form, Where's the maid•den who can stand 'gainst a

rall:

mil•ta•ry band, Or who'll turn her pret•ty nose up at a un•i•form?
mil•ta•ry band, Or who'll turn her pret•ty nose up at a un•i•form?
mil•ta•ry band, Or who'll turn her pret•ty nose up at a un•i•form?

mil•i•form?

mil•i•form?

mil•i•form?
DRINKING SONG—(Lefebvre) AND CHORUS.

"WINE OF FRANCE"

Allegretto.

1. Wine of France or
2. Tell me not of

pale or crim. sos, not for.got. ting
Drafts of am. ber. Quartered be.side the
cast. led Rhine, Nor of Xer.

glory swims on. Thine the fount so
Vines that clam. ber. Thick with clas. terd
gold a shine. There's a wine more

ful. some nec. tar? Sire of Gout the
gold. en. glow. ing. runs in ti. ot through each vein.
Good Bor. dox has

22907
Tempo di Valse.

no such spectre, Tis the Spring of youth it self!

flash,ing, flow,ing From the vine,yards of Cham,pagne!

Yes, of youth it self!
Vine,yards of Cham, pagne!

Yes, of youth it self!
Vine,yards of Cham, pagne!

Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France, Where

net,ed from Hea,ven the sun, beams dance, In to,paz and ru, by each sense to en.

trance: Drink deep, while the vin,tage the toast shall en, hance, "The Wo,men! the War,riors! the

22007
Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France, Where nestled from Heaven the sun's beams

dance, In topaz and rubys by each sense to enchant, Drink deep while the vintage the toast shall en-

hance, "The Wines of France!"
3. None can e'er in such a draught err, See, up rising to the rim,

Valour, kindness, love and laughter. Beading all about the brim.

Wit and beauty, sage and soldier, kindly wine to kinship blends.

Hope meets memory, new greets old year when we drink to "Abs. sent Friends!"
Tempo di Valse.

LEFEBVRE.

Drink to "Ab. sent Friends!"

pledge me, oh, pledge me, in wine of France, Where net.ted from Hea. ven the

sun. beams dance, In to.paz and ru.by each sense to en.trance; Drink

deep, while the vin.tage the toast shall en.hance, "The Wo. men! the War.riors! the
wines of France!

Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France, Where net ted from

Heaven the sun beams dance, In to. pax and ru. by each sense to en.
Drink deep while the vintage the toast shall enhance, "The Women!"

War, riorst the Wines of France!
No. 4.

SONG.—(Catherine.) and CHORUS.

"SANS-GÈNE."

Catherine. Allegretto.

Piano.

1. Catherine. I'm a licensed laundress, Proud am I of my name and trade,
   None can label me slut or slandress, I'm as respectable as they've made!

2. I'm all right till my temper rous'es, Then of ferrible phrase I'm free,
   Ask 'en up at the big folks' houses, How they fare in a row with me!
Chaffing, laughing o'er my labours, Jo! li! est girl on the
Flouncing mad am all frills and fans, sirs, Thinks to bully me,

banks of Seine, Fool!icking, fool!icking, so my neighbours
oh dear not! Once I begin with my back answers,

Christ'en me Mainzelle, Sans Gene.
Up to her ears her fingers go!

For of speech and of manners I'm plain, I'm plain, My
Oh, At mad am in tin sel and train, and train, I

She's plain, and train,

She's plain, and train,

She's plain, and train,

22007
feelings I never restrain, res.train, Im bluff and Im breezy, I'm put up my thumb in disdain, dis.dain, This washer of shirts is no
res.train, dis.dain,

free and Im easy. And that's why they call me Sans Gêne! Sans Gêne! And dropper of cures, And that's why they call me Sans Gêne! Sans Gêne! And
Sans Gêne!
Sans Gêne!

Sans Gêne!
Sans Gêne!
Sans Gêne!
Sans Gêne!
train, res. train, She's bluff and she's breezy, She's free and she's easy. And
dain, dis. dain, This washer of shirts is no drop per of curtseys. And

train, res. train, She's bluff and she's breezy, She's free and she's easy. And
dain, dis. dain, This washer of shirts is no drop per of curtseys. And

And that's why they call me Sans-

that's why they call her Sans - Gene! Sans, Gene!
that's why they call her Sans - Gene! Sans, Gene!
that's why they call her Sans - Gene! Sans, Gene!
that's why they call her Sans - Gene! Sans, Gene!
ff allargando rall.

CATH
Gêne!
That jolly good fellow Sans. Gêne!
Gêne!
That insolent woman Sans. Gêne!

ff allargando rall.

CATH
3. I've got an eye for a handsome fellow, Bold of bearing.

CATH
Is, some of limb, I at a sidelong look can tell, oh,
just the effect that I make on him. I know how to

wink if I want to! Blush, and bri.dle, and look like this.

Know just the limit to lead him on to. (Much too coy a co.

-quette to kiss!) But your
fop and your silly old swain, old swain, To me come a smirking, in old swain.

vain, in vain! I teach 'em their places And smash the fools' faces, And

in vain!
in vain!
in vain!
that's why they call me Sans. Gêne! Sans. Gêne! And that's why they call me Sans.

Sans. Gêne!

Sans. Gêne!

Sans. Gêne!

That d-d lit-tle hus-ty Sans. Gêne!

Your fop and your sil-ly old

Your fop and your sil-ly old

Your fop and your sil-ly old

22007
CATH

swain, old swain. To me come a smirk ing in vain, in vain, I

CRO

swain, old swain. To her come a smirk ing in vain, in vain, She'll

CATH

teach 'em their pla ces. And smack the fools' fa ces, And that's why they call her Sans.

CRO

teach 'em their pla ces. And smack the fools' fa ces. And that's why they call her Sans.

22007
And that's why they call me Sans Gène! That
Gène! Sans Gène! That
Gène! Sans Gène! That
Gène! Sans Gène!

roll.
d-d little hus sy Sans Gène!
d-d little hus sy Sans Gène!
d-d little hus sy Sans Gène!
d-d little hus sy Sans Gène!

a tempo ff
NO. 5.

SONG.—(Papillon.) and CHORUS.

Papillon.

Allegretto.

Piano.

PAP. Are you wanting silk or satin?
All my pack's a bargain, judge it.

PAP. Traps for taking mouse or rat in? Drugs described in doctor's Latin?
But to you I don't begrudge it. And I've got another budget.

PAP. Only tell me what you lack? Feathers fine to stick your hat in?
(Cri, or I as well as clown!) If your spirit's case or lass hip.
Would you news (with just a gloss) sip, I can tell you all the gossip.

That is gadding through the town!

Would you know your neighbor's in come? Who's to grief through dey or drink come?
All life lends to frolic us is quite at your disposal here.
What young men to wed or wink come. All their prospects and their aims?

Any reason salesmen bid'll buy the best of jape or riddle;
Would you hear how bad your "betters" learn of compromising letters?

Now turn upon the riddle if you want it never fear!
Breach of matrimonial fetters, and with all the parties' names!

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!
know me well, and the wares I sell Are a treasure at your pleasure if you'll buy, buy, buy! And never did lady's trade to a better bargain aid her For her no, my honey, than will I, I! It:

For we know you well, and the wares you sell Are a treasure at our pleasure if we'll
try, try, try! And never did lady's trader to a

try, try, try! And never did lady's trader to a

try, try, try! And never did lady's trader to a

better bargain aid her for her money, oh, may money, So we'll buy, buy, buy!

better bargain aid her for her money, oh, may money, So we'll buy, buy, buy!

better bargain aid her for her money, oh, may money, So we'll buy, buy, buy!

3. Here are charms for soldiers that'll turn a musket ball in battle.
Win'g cards and dice to rattle, (Al'ways right side up to fall)

Would you, tired of work for wa'ges, learn how lu'cra'tive the Stage is?

Would you know your ri'vals' a'ges? La'dies, I can tell 'em all!

Are you pen-man's art up on dense?

Oh, if he should tell 'em all!

Oh, if he should tell 'em all!

Oh, if he should tell 'em all!
PAP.

Much your management beyond hence. I'll conduct your correspondence,

Draw your bills or billets doux. I can in a manner magical.

PAP.

Pierce the future's veil untragically. Tell your fortunes trite or tragic;

PAP.

And what's more they'll all come true!

CHOR.

Will they really all come true!

Will they really all come true!

Will they really all come true!
For you know me well, and the
wares I sell are a treasure at your pleasure if you'll buy, buy, buy! And
never did a lady's trader to a better bargain aid her for her
money, oh, my boy, Than will I, I!

For we know you well, and the
For we know you well, and the
For we know you well, and the
FRICASSÉE.

No. 6.

Allegro.

Piano.
Duet—(Catherine and Lefebvre.)

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

Catherine.

Piano.

Catherine I. As swooning sweet the summer

CATH. South doth blow, Through laden limes with happy bees a hum, So

CATH. fresh with fragrance of the long ago That day of days will glad the

CATH. days to come And as I see you now in flush of youth, Straight

22007
CATH. as the pine that stands in forest state, I'll see you then, in memory's

quicker

CATH. mirrored truth Let time do what he will our love to hate.

CATH.

Do you remember? Do you remember? We

LEY.

Do you remember? Do you remember? We

CATH.

still shall ask as longer grows the way; In jocund June, in drear De.

LEY.

still shall ask as longer grows the way; In jocund June, in drear De.

22007
Day!

Do you remember? Dear heart, it seems to me but yester.

I look back on ebb of many a year, When I look down, as now in
3. I'll harvest every word you spoke to me. What way you looked, and how you held my hand. Now at your touch, love's meaning broke to me. And how I dared you in your dear demand! I shall recall your witching ways again. Your rippling rill, let your...
I'll steal a kiss, and win my bays again.

Do you remember? Do you remember? We still shall ask as longer.

Grows the way, in jocund June, in dear December, forever.
CATH.

each to each shall fondly say, Do you re.

L.E.F.

each to each shall fondly say, Do you remember?

CATH.

...mem. ber? Dear heart, it seems to me but yes. ter.

L.E.F.

Dear heart, it seems to me but yes. ter.

CATH.

day!

L.E.F.

day!
No. 8.
TRIO.—(Catherine, Bethune and Lefebvre.)

Allegro.    Recit. cath.

Catherine.

Dear François,

just in nick of time you came to save me. Say to save my own good

name. To save your lover there! My lov’rer! He! 'Tis

false! 'Tis false! How came he yonder

22907
then? Through me:

brought the luck less gent. le. man up-stairs, For re. fuge, to Sans.

Gene quite un a. wares: Could she, a wo. man, wounded turn him out? Of

course she couldn't: Then there comes this roe, Blue guards and Black guards,

following hel. ter, shel. ter: and so she slowed him up the stair for shel. ter. You
swayed you, Time was, a tear, a touch, a look. Were

in the record of my heart displayed you, To read as from an

open book. But now, it's all in vain, if truth be slurred and trust be slain, if

faith but serve unfaith to swell, What is there for us but Fare well!

But

But

But

22007
now alas'is all in vain, If truth be slurred and trust be slain, If

faith but serve un, faith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

Time was, I held your heart a haven Where
Purity her wings might furl; To me your words by Truth were graven, Your thoughts a rosary of pearl.

Time is, a wake from blind devotion; Time is, I see that wed ding you.

I drag my soul with Circé's position, And take for bride Dis. ho, nor too. For

22007
CAY.  
faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

PAP.  
faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

LEV.  
faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

Allegro

Recit.
BETH.  
Held Sire and leanere wronging past recall Yourself and me nay.

Allegro

SETH.  
her the most of all.
"Wrong!" sa., sy said! What proof can you advance? Allegro.

The word, Sir, of a gentleman of France! For...

give me, pray, if listening involuntary hid, den there, I

learnt that tears unbidden were through me in bright eyes listening. A

heart blest that pitted me. The truth is as she said it is, Sir!

22007
unimpeached my credit is, base falsehood never befitted me!

For knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred. And
dear as to the king his crown, to gentleman his word, And

though the mob's encroaching "rights" Abridge our old pres -

tige. Still read we by our ancient lights, The law "No, Messe o -
And thus to linger here I deem, with honor in commune, since mine in such low sense you rate, life may be bought too dear, I deem, never foe. man laid safe hand on me, but woman's fame is tender too, and it I make sure render to—throw wide your gates! arsenal, don me! for knightly truth of
alt-renown is most to be preferred. And dear as to the
king his crown, to gent the man his word. And though the mob's en


read we by our ancient lights. The how "Noble's obligation" For
knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred, and dear as to the

knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred, and dear as to the

knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred, and dear as to the

knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred, and dear as to the

king his crown to gentleman his word, and tho' the mob's en

king his crown to gentleman his word, and tho' the mob's en

king his crown to gentleman his word, and tho' the mob's en

king his crown to gentleman his word, and tho' the mob's en

2007
No 9.

FINALE.—ACT I.

Moderato.

Piano.

SOPRANO.

TENOR.
The tyrant is shak'en, the Tul'le ries ta'ken.
The tyrant is shak'en, the Tul'le ries ta'ken.
The tyrant is shak'en, the Tul'le ries ta'ken.
The tyrant is shak'en, the Tul'le ries ta'ken.

CHO.

BASS.

 CHO.

Their tor. por. for. sa'ken the

Their tor. por. for. sa'ken the

Their tor. por. for. sa'ken the

Their tor. por. for. sa'ken the

22007
Death to them, down with them, death to them, yes! down with them.

Death to them, down with them, death to them, death to them, yes! down with them.

Death to them, down with them, death to them, death to them, yes! down with them.

LISETTE.

all? Where on earth's the fol...low

all?  all?

FLAG.

got to? Can't be far, but who are these? Don't give

22007
PAP.

way!

I'm try. ng not too!

I'm Fig. il. lon, if you

PAP.

please; ve ry sha. ky at the

knees!

Right you are! Of

course, I know you;

Who's your pal?

BETH.

A dolph by name, Bel lows-men der 1.

FLAG.

Oh, blow you!

Bel lows, you're a

BETH.

Yes, I've al ways been the same.

FL.

lit, tie lame?

Limp a long then, and good
day. God be praised they're safe a way!

tyrant is shak'en, the Thistleries ta'en. The throne is a tot ter and
CHO.

"Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Down with them, Death to them,"

LIE.

Who's here?

FLAG.

The Captain! What's he sought this yes! Down with them all!"

CHO.

yes! Down with them all!"

yes! Down with them all!"

Allegro.
look for? Le.febvre! The very man I came to look for. Ah! my boy! I

give you joy, Up head and swell your chest out. Good soli-der you, I

always knew. In fact the very best out! But through to-day in

such a way you've come with fly ing pe-a.nant. That thanks to me you'll
shortly be Gazetted a Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Lieutenant!

Oh, Captain mine! year

They've made him a Lieutenant!

They've made him a Lieutenant!

news like wine My giddy brain up gets to! Lieutenant! live! to

think that I've the right to palettes too! Three francs a day by
way of pay, At very least I'll touch, sir! Such wealth to gain, and
wed Sans.Gène! Oh, dam.me it's too much, sir! Too much, sir! Too
much, sir!

Then

He thinks it's much too much, sir!
He thinks it's much too much, sir!
He thinks it's much too much, sir!
stea. dy! since I've more for you to bear. They've made your pret. ty sweetheart vi. van.

diere! Vi. van. diere, II! Vi. van. diere,

I bring you your com. mis. sion. I see you've matched your kit to your am.

bi. tion! Oh, joy, oh, rapture! that's the way I feel! Dear Fran. cois, kiss me! just to
show it's real.

Vi. van dièr, if

Vi. van dière she!

Vi. van dière she!

Vi. van dière she!

1. Let sober maid'en

s. When, tramp'ing all the

Allegro.

22097
such as they, To live as a vi - van - dier!
such as they, To live as a vi - van - dier!

CATH.
So, to my ser.vice ev - er true, With

CATH.
pride my u. ni. . form I'll view, To think that I'm a sol.dier too Be.

CATH.
.neath the flag to fare! I love you, com.rades, one and all. And
proud were I, should duty call, With you beneath that flag to fall

fits a vi. van. diére! a tempo

to

Brothers in arms are they, glorious fellows!

Sons of the star whose ray victory mel lows,

Ready to fight, work, play, foremost a.
cho.

mid the fair, Who would at March with such as they, To live as a vivar.

CATH.
dièr!

brothers in arms are they, Glorious

cho.

brothers in arms are they, Glorious

brothers in arms are they, Glorious

cho.

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

22007
Allegro.

haste to the wedding! the path they'll be treading With blossoms be-spreading (we'll

scatter them wide! With trumpets a-blowing and pretty girls showing And

onlookers "Oh, ing" at every side, Then haste to the wedding! the

22007
path they'll be treading With blossoms spreading (we'll scatter them wide!)

Chorus:

trumpets blowing and pretty girls showing And onlookers "Oh, ing" at
every side, joy to the bridegroom, joy to the bride!
Joy to the bride, groom, joy to the bride!

Capital pair are they! Jolly good fellows!

Comrades for life whose way Tenderness melts!
Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

No 10.

Allegro.

Old days have come again in full felicity.

Old days have come again in full felicity.

Bellished all with broi.der.ies and bows, We've done with your Repub.li.can sim.
Pl. ci. ty. Your "ci. ti. zen!" his brus. que. rie and blouse, Oh,
Pl. ci. ty. Your "ci. ti. zen!" his brus. que. rie and blouse, Oh,
Pl. ci. ty. Your "ci. ti. zen!" his brus. que. rie and blouse, Oh,

Hate. ful word! Who ev. er heard Such sound ab. surd! Such sound ab.
Hate. ful word! Who ev. er heard Such sound ab. surd! Such sound ab.
Hate. ful word! Who ev. er heard Such sound ab. surd! Such sound ab.

Courtiers.
"Ci. ti. zen! Lud! what a style of ad. dress!

Surd!
Surd!
Surd!
LADIES:

Dame of the mud was your "ci.ti.zens!" How ous were their vul. gar 'thees' and

CHO:

"thou's: But now, once more In court. ly way In mode of yore, We

But now, once more In court. ly way In mode of yore, We

"Bon-jour, Mes-sieurs" When beaux meet belles,

smirk and say,

When beaux meet bel les,

smirk and say,
lights. He pays us well for doing nothing prettily, To

lights.

him we look for of, ice great and small, For him we dress so fine and talk so

witty, We're very, very loyal to him, all! Since

Since

Since
D'AL.

- ten. tion. pray! There walk this way On foot, like folk of mean, or clay. The

D'AL.

air to take be.neath the leaves, The Du.chess Grand of Berg and Ceeves, With

D'AL.

the Se.rene Prin. cess Paul. ine. the Con. sort high of Prince Bor. ghe. se, Who

D'AL.

con. des.onds to crush the dais. y, Be.neath her most ex. al. ted foot.
voi! that's very neatly put! Attention, pray! and homage pay. Re-

member, oh! remember they Here walk on foot, like

common clay, How good of them to walk that
Highness! We've neither shame nor Shyness. In

Hailing you Divine Ness es, Your

State ly faces tol Your State ly fac es

tol

allarg

22007
Allegro.

CAROLINE.

Observe, we bow to you! And good it is of

PAUL.

such as us. Without fanfare, solemn or fuss. To

PAUL.

bow to such as you!

CHO.

How singularly true! Dis.

How singularly true! Dis.

How singularly true! Dis.
CAR.  

smiling a civility. An icy affability. From

CAR.  

an lone is due.

Oh, turn-up nosed two! Your

Oh, turn-up nosed two! Your

Oh, turn-up nosed two! Your

CHOR.

claims may be aerial. To us it’s immaterial. You

claims may be aerial. To us it’s immaterial. You

claims may be aerial. To us it’s immaterial. You

22007
PAULINE.

may be brat Imperial, or slightly parvenu!

PAS.

course it wouldn't do for real princesses to unbend. If

we should fail to condescend 'twould make us look so new!

CHO.

Or

Or

Or

22067
PRINCESSES. Tempo I.

Our trade as courtiers
slightly parvenu! Our trade as courtiers
slightly parvenu! Our trade as courtiers

PR.
we know. And so we bow and curtsey low!

CHO.
we know. And so we bow and curtsey low!
we know. And so we bow and curtsey low!
we know. And so we bow and curtsey low!
SONG. (Adhemar.)
"LOVE AND EVER LOVE."

Adhemar

Piano.

Allegro agitato.

When lurid terror ruled the land, When name and worth were counted crime, When

for the Bourbon sword in hand. My father fell before his prime, She

sought me out of all bereft. A waif, abandoned and alone, She

22007
gave me love whom hope had left. And took the or-phan for her own. And

Tempo di Valse.

love, and love, and ev-er love. She wove a-bout my

way. No glori-ous guar-dian from a-bove, Eer

hold more ten-der sway. And so with heart and

22007
aim and act, with stound, sel sweet, From out the treasure of her heart. In

camp or court no year hath flown, But of her tender love bore trace, Un.

. til my love to manhood grown, Hath set her in my mother's place. For

Tempo di Valse.

love, and love, and ever love, She weaves about my
way. And still I wear her gage, her glove, To
own her tender sway. And sword I'll wield, or

lance I'll break against all the world, for her dear sake, And

sword I'll wield, or lance I'll break against all the world, for her dear

sake.
No. 12.  SCENE AND ENSEMBLE.

Caroline.  Allegro.

Piano.

CAROLINE.

His Majesty orders that ladies at Court shall

neither of train nor of temper be short, But en-
dea.our to gar.nish their

style of re.txt With less of the language the man.ner and port Af
PAU.

patois plebei.an should nev.er be heard From lips of a la.dy to

PAU.

ho.nor pre.ferred, But graceful of ges.ture and gra.cious of word, She should

PAU.

stu.dy the state.ly and shun the ab.surd, A.voiding all vul.gar ex.

PAU.

ces.ses. I mark it with pain, But it's

CHO.

Ex. ces.ses!

Ex. ces.ses!

Ex. ces.ses!
CATH.

Perhaps this palpably points at Princesses!

CRO.

She guesses, His Majesty means the Princess!

CATH.

I mark it with pain, But it's perfectly plain This
CATH.

pal. pa.bly points at Prin. ccess ses!

CHO.

Prin. ccess ses! She

Prin. ccess ses! She

Prin. ccess ses! She

CATH.

gues ses His Ma.jes ty means the Prin. ccess es!

CHO.

gues ses His Ma.jes ty means the Prin. ccess es!

gues ses His Ma.jes ty means the Prin. ccess es!

CATH.

mark it with pain, But it's perfec.tly plain This pal. pa.bly points at Prin. ccess es.

22007
CAROLINE.

Against etiquette ladies are not to rebel, Not to

Enter the Empress's presence pell-mell, And those who in awkwardness

Chiefly excel, Might better their dress and demeanour as well By a

Lessons or two in deportment.

Deportment! Poor

Deportment! Poor

Deportment! Poor

22007
Ma dame Sans Gen! That's a cut at her train, And her curt sey that's like a con.

PAULINE.

No

tort ment!

tort ment!

tort ment!

grace will be shown, We are bid to declare. To ladies who swagger, and
can it be, "sweat?" It's shocking to see, but it's certainly there! Such

phrases henceforth are forbid to the fair Who owns such a varied as

While Italian slang With a

As sort of ment!

As sort of ment!

As sort of ment!
Cor. si. can twang is quite an imperial dis. port.ment!

As.

As.

As.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

While I. ta. lian slang With a Cor. si. can twang is

sort. ment!

sort. ment!

sort. ment!
quite an imperial disportment!

As sortment! De

While

Poor Male, what an exhortment!

I told him to With a Gor st can twang is quite an Imperial disportment.
Allegretto.

1. (DR NAR.) In short it seems no lady. "Who be-

2. (OR CHAR.) They'll have to change their tactics. Who've a

haves herself as such. In future when presented is her
turn for repent. To the "sum vi'ter in mo no" from the

petti coats to hitch. Like a boy in a hurry. Who's a
"for ti'ter in no" Since you must ni three ten fis'ticuffs and

-a bout to jump a ditch.

must not use a b-

(MADAME DE B.) But a

(CAROLINE) The

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!

For the grasses of the gutter are taboo oo oo!

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!

For the grasses of the gutter are taboo oo oo!

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!

For the grasses of the gutter are taboo oo oo!

22007
Lady with her gown key up who wants to hold her own Will
Keminiper be poised that his court shall now begin To
have to do the dignified And learn to "take a tone" And re
be a court and not a sort of court yard to an inn.(allet) would
ly for amusement on the duty alone A
much promote his purpose could be change his kith and kin. Es.
mohod a calamity but slow oh! oh! Slow, oh! oh!
peckishly his sisters who are two oo-oo Two - oo - oo.
CHA.
Slow, oh! oh! Two - oo - oo.
Two - oo - oo.
Two - oo - oo.

22007
There's a lady I could mention. Who'd a grammatical get, An Almanach de Gotha, and a book of Etiquette. And learn to step the gay Gavotte and pace the Minuet.

Oh, she'll set us all a laughing till we die, let

Oh, she'll set us all a laughing till we die, let

Oh, she'll set us all a laughing till we die, let
now that we have carried out the Emperor's best, And

stated his command to you, Sans-Gène, among the rest, You had

better seek the Palace And essay to look your best, Since Bis

May, ty must certain by igh igh! igh igh igh
with the manners high Of the old nobility of days gone by, We'll
lead a leisurely, And we'll tread a measure mazy in a

manner Louis. Seize. Or we'll all know why.
DUET. (Adhémar and Renée.)

THE LEGEND OLDEN.

Andante.

I. ADH. You know the legend.

In the lore enfolded. How, in

22007
the forest deep, Where plane trees toss their

y morn of May, When all the Court a-

tassel'd though And murmur soft of lo-y vows. Where tryst

may-ing went To slip a way with full int ent To seek

the pix-ies keep A fairy fountain

that home of fay Unt-til she drew the

crystal line Both like a magic mir-rose shine. So calm

fountain near. And half in fun and half in fear. A bove.
The water sleeps, the water bent.

Whose mirror framed in

The morn of May Will to that fountain wed her way.

And to its depths drew the basin. She hoped to see a wished-for face in, and bubble, bubble, Me

write a ring May see her future lord and king.

went the Spring. As to the bottom went her ring,

With, in the glass if she but sing:

And she, with her voice did sing:

22007
"Fountain! Fairy water! Show me what I

long to see. I of Eve am daughter.

Very son of Adam he; By your friendship

Very son of Adam he; By your friendship
then
To the race of men

Then
To the race of men

Show my lover's face to me.

Show my lover's face to me.

face to me.

face to me.

3. He knew the legend
olden. And much to it be holden He counts himself to.

...day!

For though the maiden tripped a pace, He

missed, and marked, and gave her chase A long the forest way.

...till as she knelt that face to find, It chanced that he was

22007
just behind When she invoked the fay!

And leaning o'er to magic's aid, The fountain mirror'd

man and maid; But when she saw his face appear, She gave a little

cry of fear, And jumped his laughing song to hear:
RENÉE.

"Fountain! fairy water! Show me what I

ADHEMAR.

"Fountain! fairy water! Show me what I

long to see, I am daughter,

long to see, I am daughter,

very son of Adam he, By your friendship

very son of Adam he, By your friendship
then To the race of men

then To the race of men

Show my lover's face to me, Show my lover's

Show my lover's face to me, Show my lover's

face to me.

face to me.
No. 14

CHORUS OF ASSISTANTS.

Allegretto.

Piano.

SOPRANO.

Soprano. Here in box-es

CONTRALTO.

Here in box-es

CHO.

big we bear Spoils of earth, and sea, and air;

big we bear Spoils of earth, and sea, and air;
Silk and saxe in dainty dyes, Gorgeous garb of

varied guise, Roods of ribbon, leagues of lace,

Sewn on every inch of space. Who can match such

proud parade? Not a house in all the trade.
We defy the lot to do so; never bride had such a

trouseau, As the garments rich and rare That in
box'es big we bear!
SONG. (Papillon.) and CHORUS.

Allegro.

PAPILLON.

Par is, And Par is the fair to adorn
Ven us, And sighs to embrace as divine

PAP

monarch of state, it's need less to say meant in places where state is
figure so slender, that contour so tender. Believe me, they're half of 'em

22007
worn. Con\vic\tion\ this\ ar\gu\ment\ car\ries\ Who
mine!\ We've\ thought\ out\ each\ de\tail\ be\tween\ us.\ So

ever to fash\ion\ lays\ claim,\ Through\ fem\in\ine\ Eu\rope\ has\ think,\ when\ you\ o\gle\ your\ flame,\ Who\ made\ the\ con\fection\ which

only one sure hope, Pa\ pil\lon's the gen\tle\man's\ name!\ makes\ her\ com\plex\ion?\ Pa\ pil\lon's the gen\tle\man's\ name!

Through\ Who\ Through\ Who

Through\ Who

22007
PAPILION.

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!

name!
every hue, a glamour new; Let Fashion waft his fame
From Paris to Pekin, Who forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the

Empress Josephine,

Then let the sex acclaim Their
ar·bi·ter ser·ene, Who lends, to blue, and yel·low too, And
ar·bi·ter ser·ene, Who lends, to blue, and yel·low too, And
ar·bi·ter ser·ene, Who lends, to blue, and yel·low too, And

ev·ry hue, a gla·mour new; Let Fa·shion waft his fame— From
ev·ry hue, a gla·mour new; Let Fa·shion waft his fame— From
ev·ry hue, a gla·mour new; Let Fa·shion waft his fame— From

Per·is to Pe·kin, Who forms the taste and moulds the waist of the
Per·is to Pe·kin, Who forms the taste and moulds the waist of the
Per·is to Pe·kin, Who forms the taste and moulds the waist of the
Em. press Jo. seph. ize!

PAPILLON.

Though true it's the sod of a
The weeds of the wee-be-gone

beau. iy
wi. dow.
The na. tions to bat. tle has fired.
The white of the bride in her gleat.

PAP.
rags and the gutter it won't cause a fist, for beauty should nod till she's
Dowel's sadness, the débauché gladness, Owe all their expression to

Though "cherchez la femme" may do duty, For me. Who, master of magic un hid, oh, En

mit me to ask all the same. Who, pri thee, sets her up such
ables each damsel and dame. To rouse rivals' fury, or

mischiefs to stir up? Papillon's the gentleman's
soften a jury? Papillon's the gentleman's
Who, pri thee, sets her up such mischief to stir up? Pa.
To rouse rivals fury, or soften a jury. Pa.

Who, pri thee, sets her up such mischief to stir up? Pa.
To rouse rivals fury, or soften a jury. Pa.

Who, pri thee, sets her up such mischief to stir up? Pa.
To rouse rivals fury, or soften a jury. Pa.

. pil lo's the gen'le man's name!
. pil lo's the gen'le man's name!
. pil lo's the gen'le man's name!
. pil lo's the gen'le man's name!

Pillow. Then

let the sex acclaim Their arbiter serene. Who

22067
lends, to blue, and yellow too, And ev'ry hue, a gla.mor new; Let

Fa.shion waft his fame From Par.is to Pe.kin, Who

forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the Em.press Jo.seph.ine.
let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.

let the sex ac....claim Their ar. bi. ter ser.
VOCAL MENUET.— (Catherine and Papillon.)

Papillon.

Tempo di Menuet.  

First right, then left; New poise as you point the

Piano.

other toe. Bear your body lightly, Let your pose be sprightly. Easy, elegant, and

CATHERINE.

First right, then left; With a wobble to and fro.

PAP.

at. ty. Now pose

CATH.

I shall never do it, Drilling's nothing to it!

PAP.

Try and fancy you're a fairy.
CATH.

PAP.

More of old hand out held, lightly let your fingers lie in mine.

CATH.

PAP.

Tom fool fuss, silly monkey tricks for Madam finel

Lips touched thus.

CATH.

PAP.

ed lib.

Head up stooped, train up looped, mindful of the curve that's beauty's line.
CATH.  Give the floor a dusting,

PAP. Light its folds adjusting. Graceful, supple wristed,

CATH. Then the thing gets twisted; First right, then left, just one slip and over

PAP. Daintily and deft, Now poise as you point the

CATH. I shall go. I cannot fake it. Oh! the devil take it!

PAP. Other too, All in rhythm take it. Light as you can make it.
CATH.

On ly fan cy me a fai ry! Oh I'm like a bloomin' c ele phant.

PAP.

Try and fan cy you're a fai ry!

CATH.

Show ing in a cir cus. Drat the train!

PAP.

Talk ing, Madame, is ir ro ve last.

CATH.

PAP.

To a dance ing les son try a gain.
Such for ho'noors of Ter. psi. chore!

Such a can. did. date was ne. ver yet, Feet of lead, and limbs of

hick o. ry. Hea. ven! what a min. u. et!
FAIRY. First right, then left, I do call this dance a rum-my go!

FAIRY. Dainty and deft, now pause, madam, and balance so!

FAIRY.

FAIRY.

FAIRY.

FAIRY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.

SLOWLY.
CHORUS—(Entrance of Napoleon.)

Allegro.

Piano.

Vi. vat! Vi. vat Im. pe- ra. tor  Sal. ve. Ga. li. ae sal. va. tor.

CHO.

Vi. vat! Vi. vat Im. pe- ra. tor  Sal. ve. Ga. li. ae sal. va. tor.

France re. vives the Ro. man glo. ries, Ro. man greet. ing to the fore is.
And our psalms of praise, are trumpeted with Ave Caesar!

Vi vatur! Vi vatur imperator, Salve Galilae

Sal vator, France revives the Roman glories.
FINALE ACT II.

Catherine. Allegro.

As sent to no divorce I can, Tho’ falsehood may be

Piano.

Cor. si. can, Yet faith and I are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

CATH.

sul. len hate not en. vy sour. Our wed. ded love shall o. ver. powr. No

22007
CAE.

cause have I as wife to cover, Nor e'er from here I'll

SOP.

bend!

TEN.

Nor

BASS.

Nor

LEFEBVRE.

For me, my liege, you

SOP.

e'er from here she'll bend!

TEN.

e'er from here she'll bend!

BASS.

e'er from here she'll bend!

LEF.

know my mind. A soul so true, a heart so kind I
LIE.
never shall find a gain.

SOP.
He ne'er would find a

TEN.
He ne'er would find a

BASS.
He ne'er would find a

RENEE.
And love is free, Sire, to rejoice in

SOP.
gain!

TEN.
gain!

BASS.
gain!

REN.
liberty of heart and voice. 'Tis
here I set my constant choice. And here it shall remain!

She vows it shall remain!

She vows it shall remain!

NAPOLEON. (speaking through music)

She vows it shall remain! No more!

Moderato.

Whatever be the choice you've made, You'll find my choice the one to be obeyed. Make no reply.
You, Vicomte understand. All thought's forbid you of this lady's hand! Today you'll join your regiment, now, sir, go!

Allegro.

And leave her friendless at your

mer. cy? No! Be careful! I command you to obey, as subject, soldier!

Neither from today! from today!
The first Scotchman who ever drew His sword to serve a

par. ve. nu, Then let it be the last! He's like to be the

last! All oaths to you I here de. lete, No more my man. hood

hold them meet, And where France wel. ters at your feet, 'Tis there my sword I
cast!

Tis treason! 'tis treason set on high! There

stands your traitor, crowned! True man am I!

Enough. Arrest the Vicomte de Bethune. Let a court-martial be convened for noon tomorrow. It shall
Catherine.

deal with him, not I. But he finds 'Guilty,' he shall die!

Have

mercy, have pity. Mercy, Justice, sire! Nap. (You shall have justice,
more than you desire.)

Allegretto.

Catherine.

Never shall sound for us Good Bye! Never till Death us

Renee.

Never shall sound for us Good Bye! Never till Death us

Lefebvre.

Never shall sound for us Good Bye! Never till Death us

Adhemar.

Never shall sound for us Good Bye! Never till Death us

22007
years bequeath, Deep in our hearts Love saith,

Who shall dis. sev. er souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than

Who shall dis. sev. er souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than

Who shall dis. sev. er souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than
Death!

Low let them breathe "Good bye, good bye!"

Death!

Deep from each aching heart,

Might must prevail, tho'

Death!

Deep from each aching heart,

Might must prevail, tho'

Deep from each aching heart,

Might must prevail, tho'
Right defy! Lives interwined to part.

Yet tho' they bow the blow beneath, True are the words Love

saih, Who shall discover souls knit for ev. er?
Love is more strong than Death, Who shall dis. sev. er

souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than Death!
SONG: (Catherine.)
"THE MIRROR SONG."

Catherine: Andante.

CATH. Andante. Mir. ro. In thy glass we scan

CATH. All the lit. tle life of man!

CATH. Andante. Child. hood, with un. think. ing glee,
Grows to view itself in thee. Youth, with happy hope a flush.

Bilthe be holds its bloom and blush. Mid die age must take thy mocks.

Gathering lines and thinning locks. Count with smiles (that might be tears!)

All the havoc of the years.
SILVERED AGE WITH WRECKLED FROST, NEEDS MUST HEED THY COUNSEL BLUNT.

LESSON OUT OF THEE THERE LOOKS, MORE THAN SPEAKS FROM REV'REN'D BOOKS.

THEE TO CLAY-COLD LIPS WE HOLD ALL IN VAIN, THE TALE IS TOLD!

MIR. MIR. MIR. Schooled by thee, Of what shadow stuff are we!

22007
Più lento.

We who o'er thy polished gleam
Flit like phantoms in a dream.

Lento. con espress.

Sigh for poor humanity,
Murmur "All is vanity!"

"All is vanity!"
TRIO.— (Catherine, Renée, Babette.)
"A REAL GOOD CRY TOGETHER."

Catherine. Allegretto.

Piano.

CATH. Moderato.

When things go ill, 'as go things will... A

CATH. like in love and... Fond Wo. man still must weep her

22087
fill. Tis only fools rebuke her. Let eau-de-vie and language

free. To Man bring consolation. Dear sisters, we seek tears and

tes. In time of tribulation. For

22007
real good cry
A real good cry
A real good cry
A real good cry to-gether,
(real crying)
to-gether, Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo, Boo.
(crying)
to-gether, Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo, Boo.
dim.
slugg.
ref.
22007
Moderato.

How sad were world, no tears impearled, how heavy grief unwept.

Were her cheeks furled and lips aye curled, laughter out of keeping.

And tears for sake oft heart would break.

String would over strain bow, did sun ne'er wake o'er clouds o' paque.

22007
Why, where would be the rainbow?

Grey when grow the skies of grief, A rain of tears shall bring relief.

Grey when grow the skies of grief, A rain of tears shall bring relief, And

And win back smiling weather, And

And win back smiling weather, And
REN.

balm shall fall on irk and ache. And woe shall waxe when women take, A

BAB.

balm shall fall on irk and ache. And woe shall waxe when women take, A

CATH.

balm shall fall on irk and ache. And woe shall waxe when women take.

REN.

real good cry, A real good cry, A real good

BAB.

real good cry, A real good cry, A real good

CATH.

A real good cry, A real good

cres.

REN.

cry to-gether. (crying.) to.

BAB.

cry to-gether. (crying.) to.

CATH.

(crying.) to.

(crying.) to.

stacc.
Duet - (Catherine and Lefebre.)

Catherine.

Piano.

\[\text{Andante.}\]

Though many happy years have flown since first your arms were round me thrown, still find I in their fold a

lone Life's perfect scheme and plan. And

22007
CATH.

on me seems to fall a ray Of Love, from out the Far a.

CATH.

way, When e'er these simple words I say, these simple

CATH.

words I say— "Me and my old man" "Me and my old man!"

CATH.

"Me and my old man" So long the time since we were

LEFEBRE.

twain. How could I face the world a gain

22007
Save at your side? All life were pain. A blank, the bye, and.

bye. To me it means a world of bliss, I

call again your touch, your kiss, I pray God bless you, breathing

this, God bless you, breathing this, “My dear wife and I”
CHORUS. — Courtiers

Once our lips the Bour.bon owned, Once our hearts the Bour.bon throned.

No such ar.dent vo.tor.ies as we, Of the Ban.ner white and
Yes, the Eagle and the Tri-color
Are the fe. tish.es we
now a. dore.
In the letter's ser. ried le. gion met
Why, we ask, should "A" be fore. most set?
Girt with badge and

22007
"N" should be the alphabet, symbol, thou, of First of

"N" should be the alphabet, symbol, thou, of First of

"N" should be the alphabet, symbol, thou, of First of

Allargando.

Men.

Men.

Men.
DUET. — (Catherine and Napoleon.)

"LETTER SONG"

Catherine. Allegro moderato.

Though throned in

Piano.

CATH. Majesty, do you rec. all, Sire, No days at all, Sire, of for. tunes


NA. mem. ber I knew twas so! Once, in the Rue Roy. ale, a lau. dry

22007
known. Washed for a sous-lieutenant. (Great now grown.) And there, it

chanced one day he came alone. And all of this was

years ago? Yes, years ago. Twas

Nine years two, the Tuileries were falling. Not
past recalling, they stand here still, As others do, Sire, who

ne'er had thought it, Nor e'er had wrought it, But through your

will. That poor lieutenant since, has sealed the height Which then he

only saw in visions bright, But what he would...
CATH. see, be held to-night!

"Two shirts! What's this? A washing

NA. His washing bill, his washing bill.

Tempo I.

CATH. H'm! unreceipted? Yes, Sire, since you say it. He didn't

CATH. pay it, I don't complain, For knowing he was poor you
ATH
see, Sire. Those two tou-is, Sire I let re-main. But
now I send in, (slight ly o-ver due) Your Ma-jes-ty's ac-count.

NA.
Mine, is this

CATHERINE.
true? The laundress I, Sire, the lieu-ten-ant you (Na.)
(a tempo were called Sans Gêne.)

ATH
Tou-jours "Sans Gêne!" Tou-jours "Sans Gêne!"

22007