CATHEDRAL Bells WILL ERE LONG RING.

Scene V. The same and The Brides.
Chorus and Couplets.

Allegretto.

(they converse.

Joséfa. 

The Brides.

Cathedral bells will ere long, Ring in the midnight hour;

Leave now, dear Princess, this throng, Love
guides you to his bower... Soon the bells of

the cathedral midnight hour will chime,... Towards the nuptial

chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on

dim.
Scol. (to The King.)

The King.

'Tis the hour when Royal
(The bridal apartments are shown to the prince and princess.)

Highness should, to prince as well as princess, Duties of husbands and wives now re-

-hearse. 'Tis a hard, trying moment. Well! it might e'en be worse.
1st. verse.
The King. (coughs nervousness, to clear his throat.)

Micaela, dear! (Oh! bother!) This would grand occasion be,

(coughs.)

If your father were your mother, To address you soberly! Well, you

(coughs.)

see, a husband, minion, Is—is a friend, in my o-
pin - ion, To——
to complete your edu - cation; Useless

'tis that I should farther follow up the expla - na - tion! When I'm
rall.

mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if now I mutter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and

a tempo.
(coughs.)

stutter!

Useless that more words I utter, of this trying expla -
2d. verse.
(to Gaetan.)

"If there myst'ries are in marriage,
Veiling all would be absurd.

(coughs.)

These 'twixt us without miscarriage,
May be cleared with half a word. Thus when I

give you my fair daughter, With the graces that I've taught her, Control her well in such and
such, But—Manage her, but not too much.

(tis more words to utter in this trying explanation!

When I'm mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if I thus matter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and stutter!

Useless 'tis more words to utter, In this trying explanation.
- nation

Scoat.

Dear Princess, the hour advances. The prince, your husband,
turns on you impatient glances; it is time your bridal apartments to reach......

f dim.
1st sop.

Cathe - dral bells will ere long Ring in the mid - night

2d. sop.

Cathe - dral bells ere long will Ring the mid - night

TENORS.

BASSES.

hour; Leave now, dear Prin - cess, this throng, Love

hour; Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love

hour; Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love
guides you to his bower...Soon the bells of

the cathedral midnight hour will chime,...Towards the nuptial
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time,
(The prince is led to the chamber on the left, by the pages; the princess to the chamber on the right, by the Camerera and the brides.)
SCENE VI. THE KING. DON MOSQUITOS.

THE KING. Now, attention! With a joker like my son-in-law, we
must be ready for anything. There are moments when I feel a
desire to start him off on his travels; but I have sentiments of
duty, and shall not forget that the balance of power of Europe is
in my hands! All, so far, has been done as agreed upon.

Mosq. Yes, sire. The sentinels are at their posts.

King. Good.

Mosq. The gates of the palace will be rigorously closed.

King. All right.

Mosq. All the rooms which surround the bridal apartments will be
the object of special surveillance. To conceal the appearance
of rigor, I have stationed musicians there, and have given orders
that, if a door or window is opened, the national hymn shall im-
mediately be played.

King. Excellent precaution.

Mosq. So soon as the people on duty have departed, and the bell
of midnight is sounded, nobody can leave here—man or women.

King. That is as I recommended! We must be prepared at all
points. What a joker he is—my son-in-law!

Mosq. Sire, some one is leaving the apartments of the princess.

King. Perfect! We have nothing more to do here. I go to watch
over, personally, the execution of orders.

SCENE VII. The same. SCOLASTICA. The Brides.

Scol. Sire, I have accomplished the duty of my charge about the
princess.

King. Oh, it is not she who makes me uneasy! I thank you for
your zeal. You may count upon it that nothing will be neglected
or my part.

Mosq. We shall neglect nothing.

King. Come, colossal.

SCENE VIII. DONNA SCOLASTICA, then GASTAN.

Scol. Brought up in courts, I have never sought to penetrate the
secrets of the great. I cannot, at the same time, prevent myself from
finding it very strange—the manner of our young prince.

What can be his design? What are the motives of his conduct?
'Tis he!

Gast. [Arrests by the left. To the Pages.] Good night, messieurs.
The Pages retire. To himself. Here I am! They have brought
me here, all the same, and I have only one thing more to do.
Oh! they have not seen the end as yet! I would like to find
an occasion for scandal that would make them recall when they
believe they have reached the end. Ah! here is the little Cam-
berera come back again.

Scol. [Making three steps and a curtsey.] Prince, here is the key.

Gast. The key? Ah, yes! 'Tis for—[Points to the bridal chamber;
the Camberera smiles an answer.] Amiable smile! But, in fact,
(Looking at her.) she must have been well-looking in her day! I
think I have got hold of my scandal! [He approaches her with
a sigh.] If we had time I would explain to you—

Scol. What, then, monsieur?

Gast. This key is destined to open a lock, is it not?

Scol. Yes.

Gast. Suppose one wanted to open another one with it?

Scol. It would not fit.

Gast. Precisely! Well, this is also the key of the situation. There
is a woman towards whom my heart ought to have gone out

voluntarily, and, instead of that, there is another! Ah! I am
much too silvered!

Scol. Monsieur?

Gast. [Taking her hand.] Tell me—tell me you pity me!

Scol. I do pity you, monsieur!

Gast. Thanks for that kind word! [He puts his arm around her.]

Scol. [Edging off.] Monsieur!

Gast. [Aside.] She will cry out, and make a devil of a rumple!

Scol. [Aside.] What a ray of light! This, then, is the secret of
his coldness for the princess! That I should have made such a
lively impression upon him!

Gast. You pity me, madame! Ah! you have understood me. [Ap-
proaching her.] Tell me your first name.

Scol. Monsieur—Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena. We
have mysterious sympathies that draw one soul to another. We
would favor struggle against them—we cannot. We wish to conquer
them, but we cannot. [Again putting his arm about her.] As for
her near the bell-pull!

Scol. Monsieur, princes are made to control others—

Gast. And they ought to control themselves! I know that!

Scol. I referred to others!

Gast. Ah! [Aside.] She does not ring?

Scol. The obedience of subjects is a principle without which the
monarchy would be essentially changed. [She goes tenderly at
him.]

Gast. Ah, ah! [Aside.] But in place of ringing, it seems to me—

[She goes tenderly at him.]

Scol. And for a spirit well born, that obedience has an unsepa-
table charm! [The Prince moves off a little, the Camberera follows
him, like everything that springs from a sentiment of duty!]

Gast. Could I have expected that? [Pushing away gently.] Well,
well, I shall know what to rely upon in your sentiments. [Quickly.]

Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena!—

Scol. Monsieur?

Gast. You may retire.

Scol. But, monsieur!

Gast. You may—

Scol. I obey. [She makes three steps and a curtsey.] Monsieur! [A
reverence. Aside.] Never mind! I have read his heart! He
will come to it! [She retires by the little door in the first plan,
at the right, after having made a third reverence, always back-
ward.]

SCENE IX. GASTAN alone.

Gast. Well, she is a tough one! I think that after that, the best I
can do is to try and escape. [He half opens a door in the back;
the national hymn is heard.] Good! [He shuts the door.] I
am kept in sight, which is not saying much, for the ears belong to
the party. [Looking out of the window.] The window is low,
and leads to the lawn. Try it? [He half opens the window, the
national hymn is heard again.] Good! A military band under
the window. [He closes the window.] They have thought of
everything! [He looks at the little doors in the first plan, right
and left.] The little doors! [Painting to the right.] Yes, but
then I risk meeting the Camberera in the darkness, who has the
sentiment of duty! [Goes to the left.] By this way? [He half
opens the door, very slowly.] No music! Have they committed
a blunder of forgetfulness? Well, I'll try it! [He goes out with
great precaution.]
SCENE X. At the moment when the little door closes, the door of the nuptial chamber at the right opens, and the princess comes out, in an elegant night costume, her head covered with a short veil. The light is partly turned down.

MICELA. He is gone. I watched through the key-hole and saw him depart. It is just what he said to me in the garden. And, meanwhile, I was in the bridal chamber, waiting, and instead of going away, he should have said to me so many things that papa did not want to say to me! I hoped he would recognize me, but he did not even look at me.

WITHIN MY SMALL ROOM, LONE AND COWERING.

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me he flies, and all life's brightness
had not skill to recog-nize me,
With my be-loved as truly
Yet I could not though I should

going; And yet, I think, to me he owes A call, were it but through po-
try, Go take his hand and say, "'tis I, My lord and mas-ter, why des-
ite-ness! How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward
please me!" How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward

wights! Heed-less of their un-ques-tioned rights, Which they'd use, were they on-
ly
SCENE XI. MICHELA. JOSEFA.

MIC. What is to be done now? (Hears a door open.) Some one coming?

JOSE. Pardon—Ah, princess! is it you? What a meeting! Just fancy to yourself that it has been impossible to get out of the palace! I am a little belated. I wanted to speak a few words to poor Morales. Well, a husband of the morning, who is obliged to pass the night of his wedding-day on duty as a sentry—that is not pleasant! We have talked for about two minutes, and then he was recalled for service. I heard them close all the doors, and wherever I have tried to pass out, I have found a sentinel with "Nobody passes here!"

MIC. Truly! But the prince cannot go out as well. He will be compelled to come back here.

JOSE. The prince?

MIC. Yes. He has departed. He keeps his word. Oh, you have done well to come back! You have given me an idea. Yes, 'tis this. My chamber of former days is there! (Pointing to the little door on the right.) Ah, well, my poor Josefa, I have a sort of right to enter there. Stay here and keep watch. (She goes out quickly.)

SCENE XII. JOSEFA. THEN MORALES.

JOSE. What is her project? I don't know; but since I met her, I have less fear! In these great corridors, in these galleries, one would think the statues were alive. It seems as if the shadows moved about me!

JOSEFA (Outside.) Sentinel, be on your guard!

JOSE. (Trembling.) Ah, mon Dieu! (A door in the back opens; Morales enters with a lantern.)

MORALES (Dimly perceiving Josefa, who turns her back to him.) Who goes there? Advance, and give the order!

JOSE. Oh, monsieur, 'tis not my fault!

MORALES. What? That voice? (Holds up his lantern.) Josefa!

JOSE. Morales!

MORALES. Still in the palace!

JOSE. Impossible to get out?

MORALES. I will not complain, since I have met you; but what are you doing here?

JOSE. Hush! 'Tis some grand mystery! Imagine to yourself that the prince, instead of being with his wife, is roaming through the corridors.

MORALES. Truly!

JOSE. And the princess also. I think she is looking for him.

MORALES. They will not go far. But the affairs of the great people are not ours. Oh, my dear little Josefa! do you realize that we are married since this morning?

JOSE. I know it!

MORALES. Do you know that we have scarcely had time to say that we love each other?

JOSE. That is true!

MORALES. Do you know that I have not yet embraced you?

JOSE. How when I bade adieu to you, not long ago.

MORALES. A parting kiss—that does not count! Oh, life is a doll thing! To think that we are both here waiting, and that our masters are roaming the corridors!

JOSE. When they might be there—alone, and so happy!
THIS IS THEIR NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

Couplets in duo.

(They look in at the bridal chamber, of which the princess has left the door open.)

JOSEFA. Allegretto.

This is their nuptial chamber splendid! If we were but as near our own,

Allegretto.

ours, though not rich nor so extended, Would sweeter far be than the throne.

We've no

gold, no gay silk curtain, Our small bedroom to decorate, But, true

love and pleasure more certain, Are the riches that us await.

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There love would spread his golden pinions. There, we these tender words might sigh. I

Morales.

love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then silent,

poco piu.

wait reply: Letting words in sweet silence die. Letting words in sweeter silence die!
Others, today we've seen unlisted,
For worse or better, all their lives:

Twelve burning bridegrooms have been plighted,
Twelve tender maids have been made wives,

A night to be remembered this is!
It can't be told, but may be guessed; How many

Warm and manly kisses on two dozen lips have been pressed!
Where love may spread his golden pinions, There, we these tender words may sigh.

love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then silent,

wait reply; Letting words in soft silence die, Letting words in sweetest silence die, in silence

poco piu.
SCENE XIII. THE KING. With a lantern and halberd. Then MOSQUITOS.

KING. I have insisted on convincing myself with my own eyes, if my orders were well executed. All goes well. If the prince had some thought of flight, he must necessarily be brought back here. Oh! on strategy nobody can give me points. Let us see. This is the bridal chamber. (Turns on his lantern.) ’Tis warm. (Approaches and listens—sound of kisses.) I seem to hear—(Renewed sounds as before.) Yes, there is no mistake about it; they are kisses, which are not less tender for being legitimate. (Changing his lantern from one hand to the other.) It burns! The European balance is assured. Now I will go to bed. I have well caught him, in the fact! I cannot—I must still watch, though fainting from weariness. Off now, but without noise. (He half opens one of the doors in the room. The National Hymn is heard.) Silence! It is 1! (The National Hymn, suddenly interrupted, ends with a "quack.") There is no more trouble; now you can go to bed.

DON MOSO. (Appearing at the lock.) Ah! well, sire! KING. Well! well, my friend! the balance is assured. Let us make a round, ourselves, to watch over the repose of the married pair. Go on before, and light the way. Make no noise. Sentinels, be on your guard!

SCENE XIV. GAETAN.

GAETAN. (Reentering by the little door on the left.) Impossible to get out. Devilish music! Where am I? (Approaches the window and looks about him.) Stay! I have done nothing but turn round in a circle. I have come back to the point of departure—the bridal chamber! Well, no! I will not enter there, even if I must pass the night in this chair. (Arranges an easy-chair. At that moment the little door at the right opens, the princess in her peasant costume of the first act, appears, bearing a tray, upon which is a lighted candle, and a collation. The obscurity ceases.) How! who goes there?

SCENE XV. GAETAN. MICAIA.

MICAIA. Pardon, monsieur, I did not expect to meet your highness. I had orders to bring this lunch for the married couple.

GAETAN. (Observing her.) ’Tis the pretty JOSEFA, the wife of MORAL. Poor fellow! he is somewhere doing duty to prevent my escaping.

MICAIA. (Making a movement— as if to retire.) Excuse me for having disturbed you!

GAETAN. You have not disturbed me—quite the contrary! (He looks at her smilingly, aside.) What an idea! That would be droll!

MICAIA. (Aside.) How he looks at me!

GAETAN. I have not observed you today among the twelve brides.

MICAIA. I recalled, monsieur, some foolish things you said to me yesterday, and kept myself discreetly in the second rank.

GAETAN. Naughty one! you have laid aside your bridal dress.

MICAIA. Yes, I have resumed my dress for the service of the princess, and the wedding night, for me, is put off till tomorrow morning, when they shall have relieved guard.

GAETAN. All right. I am very glad of it; I could not be more so. This is a vengeance more agreeable than the other.

MICAIA. I will now retire, monsieur.

GAETAN. No, stay. (Aside.) If she should have the same ideas as last evening, the other had—about the obedience due to princes! (Aloud.) Stay, I command you!
I, MY DUTIES ALWAYS ATTEND TO.

No. 16. Grand Duo and Bolero.

MICAELA. (Feigning humility.)

Allegro moderato.

I, my duties always attend to;

But the prince gives command; Each subject, that must bend to; I obey; And

GAETAN.

here I stay! Thanks! don't go!

Princess' roles are useful sometimes, You
**Micaela.**

know! Whate'er your highness orders will scarce be alarming! I'm almost starved.

(Micaela, without a word, brings a little table, and places thereon the prepared collation, and waits on the prince.)

(Aside.)

By Jove, she's truly charming!

(In turn he fills his glass, and offers it to her.)
GAETAN.  

espressivo.  

Come, drink with me!  

I dare not, mon-sieur.  

MICAELA. 

(takes a place at the table.)  

micaela.  

Come drink with me, I command you, my beauty!  

I obey;  

GAETAN.  

but  

'Tis not for me.  

as you must see, To use your glass except thro' duty.  

What  

matter?  

I'd be far better pleased with the wine, If your lips touch'd the glass ere did.
What a joy-ous feast... is this tête-a-tête-ing! Af-ter such a day of sad-ness and

mine. What a joy-ous feast... is this tête-a-tête-ing! Af-ter such a day of sad-ness and

sighs... Ah! my heart may beat! While thus gai-ly fêt-ing! For 'tis love's own light that shines in his

sighs... Well my wedding night... gai-ly cel-e-brat-ing! Seeing love's own light in her brilliant

eyses.

Well my heart may beat, my suc-cess is

eyses. 'Tis my wedding day, I'm now cel-e-brat-ing,
wait ing; For 'tis love's own light sparkling in his eyes,  
Yes, 'tis love's own light that shines in his eyes.

Let me find love's light sparkling in your eyes...

a tempo,

eyes! What a joy  ous feast.... is this tête-a-tête ing! Af ter such a day of sad ness and

What a joy  ous feast.... is this tête-a-tête ing! Af ter such a day of sad ness and

sighs.... Ah! my heart may beat!.... While thus gai ly fête ing! For 'tis love's own

sighs... Yes, my wed ding night.... I am cele brat ing! While I see love's
light that shines in his eyes, Ah! yes 'tis love's own brilliant light, That shines in his
light that shines in her eyes, Ah! let me see the brilliant light in your eyes.

Think you 'twould
But song doth follow supper!

GAPTAN. (pointing to the bridal chamber.)

do! If one should hear! Bah!

Now the princess
(goes and locks the door.)
sleeps,
And very soundly too!

Micaela.

Is it your wish? is it your

Gaetan.

Sing away, dear, you must obey, now.

wish?

Just as you say........ now!

sfz

sfz
GIPSY GIRL.

BOLERO.

Vivo.

MICAELA.

1. One night, José, Captain of lancers, By
2. The gipsy returned towards her dwelling, When

chance a young gipsy girl met. The Captain was easy in
met she a handsome young beau. Said he, would it please you, young
morn-ing, And home to his lodge took his pet... Sit
maid-en, To list to my song ere you go... The

down, said he, darling, be mer-ry... We'll sup, here our ta-ble is
youth had a voice sweet and ten der... The gip-sy gave ear with de-

spread... The gip-sy, whom noth-ing as-ton... ish'd—I'm
light... Once more, a-gain, glad-ly I'd hark... en! And

hungry, al-low me, she said... All right, since she
once more the youth waked the night... But fine weath-er
seem'd well and active, after dessert, fun we shall see. Soon he changed to a shower, shelter quickly must be obtained. Drooping,

found her sweet and attractive; Bade he, quickly, all should be cleared. Languid, gladly the gipsy took the arm of her new found friend.

Here! said the bold Captain, all flaming, Come, give me a kiss, gipsy, dear! No! Thus, while the youth's spirits were lively, Sighs broke from the gipsy girl's heart. But,
laugh-ing-ly said the brown maid-en, And, 
All at once clear'd up the weath-er, And 
off with a bound she went clear! Ah! ........

they as quick drifted a-part! Ah! ........

ah!.............   ah!.............................  Man-u-el-

-l-ta! Gip-sy bru-nette; young girl, is she, Some-what fan-tas-tic, Man-u-el-ta,
Gipsy brunette. loves but to beat her tambour elastic. Ah! la

la la la la la la la ah! la..... la la la la la la la

ah! la..... la la la la la la la ah! la..... la........... la la

Gaetan.

Allegro.

I like your song, your sing with taste and skill;
Your kisses must be still far sweeter,

Micaela.

What then? What a kiss! no!

Give me one!
no! The Gipsy, as you'll find, is quick at wit, or fleet-er, Like; her too, in
wits I'll beat her, but nothing more.

GAETAN.

Bah!

You dare resist your Prince's will? Come, that kiss, I exact it! And, it
Let me go! Let me may be— That at that game, I more strength, too, may claim.

(laughing.)

Go! Or from the window, like her, I myself will throw.

(speaking.) (alarmed.)

Devil take that band be-

(singing.)

Low! Open it not, open it not, open not; I was
wrong, I was wrong!

Andantino non troppo lento.

Your pardon, darling, Ah! forgive me, sweet. I don't demand it, I ask it at your feet. Through my remorse your confidence restore me, Turn toward me.

Micaela.

still, those bright eyes, I entreat. Ought I still anger thus be showing, When he begs pardon at my
feet. By sweet appeals... with love o'er-flowing! Can I repel the husband who doth me en-

GAETAN.

-treat! Let no distrust or fear re-prove you. But speak, before the precious moments

fly. The sweetest words that lips can frame, "I love you, in whispers

MICAELA.

gen-tle as e'er from love's lips came! How can I say to him, I love you? Yet, if this golden chance go
by.

My heart would ev-er-more re-prove me, And so the words to murmur soft and low, I'll try!

Gaetan.

To say it soft and

Say, then, I love..... you! in ac-cents low, Ah! say it soft and

low, all sweet and low! Well, then yes, I con-fess, That I love

low, all soft and low!
you!

I am wild........ with de-

light.......... when I hear his a-vow-al;..... At the mo-

ment of love's warm be-

poco

stowal I trem-blle in my flight.

a tempo.

What have you.... still to fear?....... Ah! come, my best be-
While I make my love known, my heart wildly doth love one! Let me feel near my own, your warm heart fondly beat. Let me feel near my own, your warm heart fondly beat. While I make my love known, my heart doth wildly beat. A tempo. Ah! tremble thus no more, my darling, 'tis love throws you, now in my
Success has crown'd my plans completely; How escape then from his fond arms.

Ah! yield you to the force that stirs you; I love.... you, resist not love's charms.

Success has crown'd my plans completely, How escape then from his fond arms.
GAETAN.

arms! I tremble still! Ah!

Why tremble still? What have you yet to fear?.... Ah! come, my best beloved, let me make... my love known, My heart with fear doth wildly, wildly beat. By his feel... near my own. Your loving heart still warmly beat. What have
tenderness dear...... Is my heart... strangely moved...... While I
you....... yet to fear....... Ah! come my best be-loved;....... Let me
make all my love known....... I can feel....... my heart beat....... While I
feel....... near my own Your true heart fondly beat. Let me
make my love known. Ah! my heart doth wildly beat. Ah! my heart beats with
feel near my own Your warm heart fondly beat. Come, in my
fright, Yes, my heart beats with fright! Ah! me! I arms, come, On my heart, no more to
trem - ble still with fright! From his arms ne'er to part, Come to my heart, From my arms ne'er to part! (Voice of the King is heard in the wing.) Sentinel! be on your guard! part! a tempo. dim.
(Gaetan and Micaela, surprised, separate for a moment, then fall into each other's arms.)

"On... your heart..."

"On... my heart..."

"tres long."

"rall."

"pp... piu lento."

Curtain falls.

End of 2d Act.
ACT III.

ENTR'ACTE.

Allegretto un poco moderato.
ACT III.

A Camp. Headquarters. General's tent at the right. At the left, in the back, a mill. In the foreground, a green arbor, a bench.

SCENE I—MORALE, Officers, Soldiers.

HE'S NOW A LIEUTENANT.

No. 17. Introduction and Chorus.

Officers and Soldiers drinking.

Moderato.

He's now a lieutenant, With epaulets gay, We'll drink here his quick pro-

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-mo-tion, We'll all drink! Tis his fes-tal day. He's now a lieu-ten-ant, With e-pau-lets gay. We'll drink, all his quick pro-mo-tion, We'll drink it, Tis his fes-tal day. He is now lieu-
-ten-ant, E-pau-lets he wears. Drink we his pro-mo-tion, To the rank he bears. He's now a lieu-
- tenant, And epaulets wears, Drink we his promotion.

- tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his festival day!

MORALE. BALDOMERO.

Comrades, I thank you for your kindly dealing. Your success, dear Morales,
wakes No jealous thought, or envious feeling. 'Tis only your just

due. Well deserved is it too. 'Tis well deserved. You're rightly served. Although it

seems precipitate. He is now lieutenant, with his epaulets gay. He is now lieu-

Basses. \textit{p e cresc.}
He now is lieutenant, With epaulets gay, Now drink we his quick pro-

motion, We'll drink it! This his festal day. He now is lieutenant, With ep-

au-leTS
gay. We'll all drink his quick promotion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his festival day.

Baldomero. (Aside; to an officer)

This promotion gained without danger, His young wife, 'tis

An Officer. Baldomero.

whispered, to the plan is not a stranger. And the prince too, He push'd it
MORALE.

Two Officers.

My wits con-fuse. Yet me con-fuse.

through! My com-pli-ments! They are your dues! They are your dues! My com-pli-ments! He is now lieu-tenant, with bet-ter pay, And with epaulets gay, With lieutenant's pay, Drink to his pro-motion, 'Tis his festal day.
He's now a lieutenant, With epaulets gay, Drink we to his quick promotion, We'll drink it! 'Tis his festal day. He now is lieutenant, With epaulets gay. We'll drink, now his quick promotion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his festal day. He is now lieutenant, With epaulets gay.
-tenant, With epaulets gay. Drink we his promotion, 'Tis his festal day. He is now lieutenant.

(Morales goes back with a group of officers. They install themselves at a table, in the back.)

All drink it, 'Tis his festal day!
FIRST OFFICER (in subdued voice, taking BALDOMERO aside). Tell me, now, you who know so many things, is it serious, what they are whispering about. — Morales and his wife?
BAL. Serious! serious! All I know about it is that he has had a very rapid promotion; and (twisting his moustache) there are soldiers who, after twenty-six years, three months, and seventeen days of service, still wait for the epaulets. I do not say that of myself.
FIRST OFFICER. I think so! Yet, as to the lieutenant there is a scandal running.
BAL. I cannot prevent its running.
FIRST OFFICER. On that score the prince must have taken a mistress the day after his marriage.
SECOND OFFICER. That would be a little rough!
BAL. Perhaps 'tis false.
FIRST OFFICER. Where could they meet? The prisoner has not left the camp, and women never come here.
SECOND OFFICER. That is very true!
BAL. What matters it? Have you not seen a little fellow who often introduces himself under one costume or another, and is mysteriously received by the prince?
SECOND OFFICER. Certainly, I have observed him.
FIRST OFFICER. That might be a woman disguised?
BAL. Possibly! And, see here; it would be very convenient! The prince has attached Morales to his staff, and allows him not a moment of liberty to visit his wife, who holds service near the princess.
FIRST OFFICER. That is true!
SECOND OFFICER. Yes; he has not had an hour's leave.
BAL. And when the presence of the husband might be troublesome, — when the supposed little fellow might come, for example, — the prince has only a word to say to Morales, giving him some mission that sends him off on the run.
SECOND OFFICER. Well, it is not badly planned!
FIRST OFFICER (laughing). 'Tis convenient, anyway!

SCENE II.
The same; DON MOSQUITO.
(At the entrance of MOSQUITOS all rise up.)
MOS. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning! Ah! you are celebrating the promotion! That is well; very well! Lieut. Morales, — I am happy to give you that title. Lieut. Morales, you have been ordered to draw up a history of the grand autumn manoeuvres; have you acquitted yourself of the task?
MOR. I have commenced it, colonel, as soon as I received the order.
MOS. Very well; read it!
MOR. (takes a manuscript from the pocket of his uniform and reads). The grand manoeuvres of autumn commenced on the 15th of September. It was decided that they should take place under the form of a sham fight —
MOS. (interrupting). Hold on! You go too fast. We must not confuse verse vs. the relation of purely military facts. You will call to mind that, from the morning of his marriage, the Prince of Madeira has torn himself away from the duties of Hymen to give himself up to the rude labors of war, and has left his young wife at the Convent of Saint Angelo, to direct in person his corps of the army.
MOR. (taking notes). Very well, colonel.
MOS. You will add that the king, touched by this warlike zeal, has deigned on his side to put himself in person at the head of the other army corps.
MOR. Very well, colonel.
MOS. Those political considerations give relief to the technical and strategic details. Continue!
MOR. The two corps of the army have accomplished a combined multiplicity of operations.
MOS. (interrupting). That is true. For two months there have been marches, sudden countermarches, — unexpected, inexplicable. They have approached the convent and have retreated from it. The prince has received reports from mysterious emissaries. It is quite the semblance of war, with its fatigue and surprises. (To Morales.) Continue!
MOR. Yes, colonel.
MOS. No! do not continue. I perceive the prince coming this way! (All take the position of a military salute.)

SCENE III.
The same; GAETAN.
GAET. (much agitated). Good morning, gentlemen! (With a gesture he bids all to resume their places.) (To MOSQUITOS.) Colonel, has there come hither any messenger during my absence?
MOS. No, Prince.
GAET. 'Tis well.
BAL. (to an officer, observing GAETAN). He has a preoccupied air.
GAET. (aside). What can keep her back? Still nothing to-day! Eight days without sight of her! I have tramped over the convent route. Could she have taken another road? (Wipes his brow and moves about agitatedly.)
BAL. He can't stay in one place.
GAET. (softly). Ah! I cannot stay here longer. I must get nearer to Saint Angelo! (To MOSQUITOS.) Colonel! we shall move forward; we are off! break camp! in an hour everybody must be on the march. Follow me, colonel.
MOS. (to the SECOND OFFICER). Follow me, captain!
SECOND OFFICER. (starting off). (To Morales.) Follow me, lieutenant.
MOR. (following). (To a brigadier.) Stay here, brigadier!

SCENE IV.
BALDOMERO, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS. MIGUEL (as a soldier); the soldiers remount and disperse.
BAL. Come, now! We were so well off here.
FIRST OFFICER. What a bore!
BAL. There is something in the wind, I don't know what; but the prince has not a contented air!
SECOND OFFICER. We must buckle the traps.
BAL. Buckle the traps! Stay! there are no orders as yet; there is time enough yet for taking that trouble! (A noise is heard.) What is that?
FIRST OFFICER (in the back, to a young soldier). Why, no. No one comes into camp in that fashion! What do you want?
MIGUEL. (weakly). To speak with your commander.
FIRST OFFICER. Nothing but that! But what do you want of the commander?
MIGUEL. I will tell you.
NEAR THE CONVENT.

No 18. Song of the Novice.

1. Near the convent, on the meadows,
2. Some dragoons, a jolly party,

Moderato.

Every day to drill you come, Fill ing my young brain with shadows By the echoes
Came to us the other night, With four sutler girls, right heart y, And their games gave

legato.

of your drum. Since then, while at chapel waiting, Father Paul, a pious man,
great delight. Taking vows is serious truly; Ere intentions we pronounce,

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Call'd me when mass cele-brating, Call'd me when mass cele-brating, And I replied,
We should all con-sid-er du-ly, We should all con-sid-er du-ly, What we're disposed, 

and I re-pied Ran-plan, As nov-ice, tho'youth-ful, At ser-vice I'm truth-ful, And
what we're disposed to re-nounce. 

gay with-out pride. I'd glad-ly turn sol-dier, With gun on my shoul-der, And sword by my
Side. As novice, tho' youthful, at service I'm truthful, and gay without pride. I'd gladly turn soldier, with gun on my shoulder, and sword at my side, with gun on my

Basses. That novice, tho' youthful, at service is truthful, and gay without pride. He should be a soldier, with gun on his shoulder, and sword at his side, with gun on his
shoul-der, And sword at my side.
shoul-der, And sword at his side.
1st Officer. Stay! You want to speak with our commander—he is.

Scene V. The same. Gætan. Thee Don Mosquito.

Gæ. Well, gentleman, all is ready for our departure. (Perceiving Mic.) Ah! (Aside) 'Tis she at last!
MOSQ. (Arriving from the other side, wiping his brow.) Prince, your staff is in the saddle.
Gæ. Very well! Let it dismount, then. We shall (Seeing Mic.) not go!
BALD. (Aside.) I would have bet on that!
MOSQ. Capital! As Vauban says: "It is by continual quick movements that a soldier is hardened to warfare."

Gæ. Go, I am going to think over a new plan of campaign; let no one disturb me! (To the 1st Officer.) Place the sentinels on duty. (To MOSQ.) Colonel, one word more! (In low voice.) Lieutenant Morales, will immediately mount on horseback, and with six men, he will search through the little orange grove.

(MOSQ. departs. The prince and Mic. gait at each other with emotion.)

Scene VI. Gætan. Micæla.

Gæ. It is you! At last, it is you! (She kisses her.) Eight days without meeting—without news of you! I was in mortal unrest. I was about to move up the whole army corps to get nearer to you. (He makes her sit down beside him upon a bench. She undresses her robe of the novice, and appears in a costume of a garden maid.)

Mic. It is not my fault, as I will explain to you. (While she speaks, Gæ. decorates her with his eyes, he kisses her brow, her hand, and her arms, rolling every careless.) You know I am at the convent attached to the princess; I had found means to slip out by a little private gate. When last week you moved up your camp, the king, who takes infinite pleasure in these martial movements, has caused the construction, everywhere, of intrenchments, palisades bastions, and angles. Oh! I may easily recall the terms. Every evening he related to me—that is to say, he related to the princess all that he had done during the day. And he worked so well, that, one morning at the moment of my projected escape, I found the little garden gate effectually stopped up by a mass of earth more than ten feet high! I must seek out some other mode of egress—some other disguise. Well, that took a long time; and it is only today, that, thanks to this costume, I have been able to arrive here.

Gæ. (Kisses her again, and gazing at her with infinite tenderness.) I have not listened to one word you have said!

Mic. I was explaining to you, that it was the king's fault.

Gæ. The king is a blockhead, and you—you are an angel.

Mic. Oh! I was very sorry when I found I could not pass out!

WITH ENVIOUS EYES.

No 19. Romance.

Andante con moto.

1. With envious eyes, the slow low fly ing Up-wards I

Andante con moto.

2. If I could keep my mem'ries strengthened, of the sweet

saw through hevn'ns deep blue; Dreams seemed Helpful by wings sup ply ing And from my

hours, these days embraced, My re grea for this ab sen ce length ened, Could nev er

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prison walls I flew...... Time's flight seemed abating To my hopeless view. An
fully be effaced...... Time's flight seem'd abating To my hopeless view. An

age 'twas of waiting! Eight days without you! Century 'twas of

waiting, Eight long days without you!
ONE WHO BEARS A FLAG OF TRUCE.


Moderato. (The King, is brought in, with eyes bandaged, flag of truce fashion, conducted by two officers.)

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Such is war's strict rule in use, And sham war, the same rule bears......

One who bears a flag of truce A blinding burdage wears. 'Tis the rule of war in use, The same rules sham war bears.

This the rule of war, is This the rule of war is This in common use in a
THE KING.

flag of truce.

Am I arrived!

Mosq. (Taking of the bandage.)

flag of truce.

You may re-sume, sire, the full use of your

(Spoken.)

eyes, if you desire.

Ouf! I feel improved.

Mosq.

And can breath now! What noise is that?

(Less than naught; Some)

(Voices outside.)
THE KING.

Some women!

women who have their small petitions brought.

Are they free to appear?

(Pretentiously.) Allegro.

Why, yes, their prayers I'll hear; I always have a weakness for the ladies!

(At a sign from Mosquitos) Allegro.

the soldiers spread apart, and let the peasants pass through. They surround the King, and present their petitions.)

cresc. poco a poco.
THE PEASANTS.

1st. SOFRAOS.

Ah! sire!........ hear, we pray........ our pe-

2d. SOFRAAOs.

ti - tions! Hear, we pray, our........ pe-

ti - tions!
PETITIONS OF THE PEASANTS.

PEASANT WOMEN in 3 groups.

1st group. Ah! Sire, our small petitions hear, Your troops have spoilt us far and near; They've trampled crops, as all my sect... The bumper swell, as soldiers train'd, Have stolen our eggs, our.

2d group. Ah! Sire, we had up on our green, Six pretty calves as e'er were seen, For which we hoped to get good price... But yesterday, a squadron bright Of car- rie- ers came.

3d group. Ah! Sire, your troops in merry mood, Told us some jokes, both bad and good; 'Tis not that we offence did take... But that our lovers were enraged, And broke the vows that wine-casks drain'd... We ask of you in-de-mi-ty, We ask of you in-de-mi-ty! Just at night, And steal they sup'd & in a trice, They made them steal for supper, nice; us engaged, For which, in-de-mi-ty, pray make, For which, in-de-mi-ty pray make.

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2. Ah!
3. Ah! make. Some indemnity you will make, Some indemnity you will make, Some indemnity you will make, Some indemnity you will make, Some indemnity you will make.

The King.

I heed your trials with compassion, All shall be paid in princely fashion.
COUPLETS OF THE KING.

1. Fear nothing more, ye maids attractive, Come yet more nigh,....
   While you still youthful,
   2. I've liked, ever since my manhood early, To sing and dance,....
   And sports and wine, too,
   3. If people in your province beauteous, Have prospered well,....
   'Tis that, as prince I

   are, and active, soft heart have I,....
   Your light requests, your brief petitions, Give
   I've loved dearly, And beauty's glance,....
   Above my head have years passed lightly, And
   e'er was duteous, As all can tell,....
   The ladies were both kind and tender, And

   them to me,....
   Your king will better your condition; As you shall see.
   yet, meanwhile,....
   I still am gallant, gay, and sprightly, With pleasant smile.
   not too shy,....
   Just ask your mothers, truth to render, If thus was I
(Takes the petitions, and in exchange gives them gold pieces.) They are for you dear, yes, for you, dear, for you and you, dear, These bright crowns of gold. I am cashier, as well as father, as father, as father, Of all my subjects. I'm father of my subjects, whether young or
He is cashier, as well as father, he's father, he's father, cashier.

He is cashier, as well as father, he's father, he's father, cashier.

-Ier, Cash-i-er and fa-ther of his sub-jects, young and old.
THE KING.

-Ier, Cash-i-er and fa-ther of his sub-jects, young and old.

2. I've old.

3. If
**Scene XI. The King. Gaetan. Don Mosquito.**

King. Ah! son-in-law! I bring you joyful tidings! (To Mosquito.) Colonel, go and get ready! No, wait! (To Gaetan.) I am so happy! The princess, my daughter, ought to be here already, with the Camerons.

Gaetan. Let us see! What is it all about?

King. Son-in-law, I have sent despatches to the great powers.

Gaetan. Propos of what?

King. I have ordered illuminations, torches, colored lamps, and Venetian lanterns! Colonel, get ready! No, wait—I am so happy!

Gaetan (aside). Oh! patience!

King. Then there will be fireworks, petards, fusées, Roman candles, and your portrait with that of the princess in the middle of a sun, before the bouquet—pim, pam, pataoum! Colonel! Ah! there you are! Get a battery ready in front of the palace, and hold yourself in readiness to fire a salute of fifty guns.

Mosquito. Yes, sire! (He goes out.)

Gaetan. But, will you tell me, finally—

King. What have I not told you? Your honor, I am so happy!

Well, where is the paper, Colonel? (He finds it again.) Ah! Ah! I was sure I had given it to you! Son-in-law, 'tis no longer a father whom you address, 'tis almost a grandfather!

Gaetan. (Taking the paper.) But what is it about?

King. The bulletin of the principal court doctor! There it is! There can be no deception. Happy presages for the dynasty!

Gaetan. Ah! bosh!

King. What do you say of the surprise? After all, you ought to expect it, my jolly young cock.

Gaetan. But allow me.

King. Will it be a prince? Will it be a princess? Any way; so long as it resembles me! I have insisted upon shining with my people these earliest hopes. (Gazing at him.) Well? You have a very droll air.

**Scene XII. Gaetan.**

Gaetan. No; 'tis not possible! There is some mistake, I do wrong to alarm myself. 'Tis not that it might wound me through my affections—I scarcely remember that I have a wife—but, spite of all—

**SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY.**

No. 21. Couplets.

*Allegro agitato.*

1st. Since our wedding day,

2d. Have I then, the right,

*Piu moderato.*

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Who'd have dared to say that she, young and guil- less, Would re- place me thus—
Yet 'tis hard to learn what seems prov'd so clear- ly, Know- ing all the while

Più animato.

could so soon for- get? Would re- place me thus, could so soon for- get? Such mis-
that I'm free of it. Know- ing all the while that I'm free of it.

crea.

(taughingly.)

-hap When it smites our broth- ers Seems luck of war, to me, and oth- ers, ah, ah, ah droll 'tis

(soberly.)

sure- ly, yet, yet, When us it smites, 'mid jokes and chaff ing, There is we
(Sobely.)

say, no cause for laughing, But tri·fling things, smallest things, ah! ah!

(with rage.)

ah! tri·fling things will tears be-get!

GAE. Oh! ah will be explained! But I am vexed with them for having troubled me. I was so happy near my little Josefa.

SCENE XIII. GAETAN. MORALES.

GAE. (Noticing MORALES, aside.) Ah! there is the other one! The husband—he—poor fellow! (Aloud.) What is it, lieutenant?

MOR. I come to give account to your highness of the mission confided to me.

GAE. 'Tis well! (Observing MORALES more closely. Apart.) He is all in a sweat! I have made him trot in the sun while—Lieutenant Morales—I am quite satisfied with you. You are now captain! (Aside) I owe him that, at least!

MOR. Your highness overwhelms me with bounties. In truth, I do not deserve—

GAE. Yes! yes! You are very deserving.

MOR. I am confused by this new favor, and since by chance I find myself alone with your highness, I ask permission to speak freely—with open hearts.

GAE. I will hear you.

MOR. I ought to have done so sooner.

GAE. (Aside.) What has he to say to me?

MOR. Well, monseigneur, I have a remorse that weighs upon my conscience.

GAE. Yes! Morales?

MOR. Yes, monseigneur. The night of your marriage, thinking no harm, I have penetrated into the bridal chamber.

GAE. How? In the chamber!

MOR. I yielded to a sentiment of curiosity.

GAE. (Aside.) He calls it curiosity.

MOR. I wished to go out again, and return to my post. I don't know how it happened, but I found myself locked in! Oh! this is really true, monseigneur.

GAE. (Aside.) Locked in!—by me—but then it would then be he!

MOR. Your highness will understand the situation of a poor fellow, who, married in the morning, has not had time to embrace his legitimate wife. We are young, and there are impulses.—

GAE. Enough! Not another word! And I who—Oh! if I stay here, I don't know what I might do. (He moves off, then returns.) Captain Morales, you are lieutenant. (Goes out.)

SCENE XIV. MORALES alone.

He has gone off furious! I like that better at times. I don't know why. That favor has been a burden to me. I have caught words from my comrades—looks interchanged. Just now, even, when I returned, I don't know what Baldemaro wanted to tell me, nor of what mysterious visit he spoke. Oh! 'tis impossible, since Josefa is shut up in that devilish convent with the princess—since I, her husband, have not found means to see her since the night when somebody locked us up, by good luck! Oh! I am crazy to torment myself thus!

SCENE XV. MORALES. JOSEFA.

(JOSEFA opens the door of the mill, and appears upon the steps at the top of the little path that leads thither)

JOS. Everybody has gone, (The door makes a noise in opening. MORALES turns his eye in that direction.)

MOR. (Startled.) Oh! (He rises and conceals himself behind a tree, thus, he sees all without being seen. JOSÉFA closes the door with precaution, looks to see if anyone observes her, and descends, turning her head like one who is afraid of being surprised; just when she is about to disappear, MORALES without having lost sight of her, rushes upon her, and seizes her by the arm.) Whence come you?

JOS. Morales!

MOR. (Threateningly.) Whence come you?

JOS. Oh! you hurt me. I come—I come—(I come from the mill.

MOR. Whom were you with there?

JOS. With nobody.

MOR. How do you happen to be here? Why have you left the convent?

JOS. (Aside) Impossible to tell him! (Aloud.) That is what I am about to tell you.

MOR. I listen. Well? Answer me. Have you seen the primate?

JOS. (Hesitating.) No—

MOR. (Showing his wedding ring.) Swear it upon that ring!

JOS. That is to say—a moment only.

MOR. Ah? you see—Ah! ah! the others had good reason for laughing at me! It was true, then?

JOS. What was true? Morales, I pray you, tell me! (She tries to take his hand.)

MOR. (Pushing her off.) Don't touch me.

JOS. Ah! is that it? I understand now!
No. 22.

Allegro agitato.

1ST COUPL. JOSEPH.

Since monsieur believes me faithless, without a reason for the doubt,

Scolds, maltreats me and refuses to hear my truthfull story out. Instead of

what you charge denying, instead of what you charge denying, I disdain with one word re-

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Morales. (speaks.) Look here, now, my little Josephine.

a tempo. sfz (angrily.)

Husbands all a-like, jealous monsters are: Fretful,

peevish, cross and unfair, Such are husbands all, Both the great, and small, Hurry and wed,

hurry and wed! This portrait of one represents you all.
2D VERSE. JOSI:

Vain in further explanation; No worth have words when not believed.

I delight in gross flirtation, My husband I've betrayed, deceived. Are you con-

(tent with my free taunting! Are you content with my free taunting? Is there aught beside that is

(with great dignity.) a tempo. f (angrily.)

wanting? Husbands, all alike, jealous monsters are: Fretful,
SCENE XVI. THE SAME. MOSQUITOS.

MOR. My little Josefa!

JOS. Well, what is going on here?

MOR. It is the woman who introduced herself into the camp, and who sought to conceal herself.

MOSQ. Admirable! All spires will be passed upon by court-martial. It is the rule of war; but, lieutenant, do not forget that we are only having sham war. This poor child had the air of the matter seriously. (A salute is heard in the field from the drums.)

Here is the king, arrived with the princess.

JOS. The princess! She was in time, then happily.

SCENE XVII. THE KING. SCALESA. MICALE. (These in riding habits.) DON MOSQUITOS. GAETAN. THEN.

MORLES. JOSPEA. SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, ETC.

GAE. Ah! here they are at last!

KING. Well, well! beat no more! We can hear nothing else. (To MICALE.) Behold, my daughter, the head-quarters of your husband, and behold your husband himself. (MICALE and the prince salute each other coldly, and at a distance.)

MOSQ. Sire, the pieces are ready. Shall we fire?

KING. Without doubt.

GAE. Wait a moment, I pray you.

KING. Why wait?

GAE. (Taking the golden key from his pocket.) Because an explanation between us is necessary. (To SCALSTICA.) Do you recognise this?

SCOL. The gold key!

KING. Ah! yes.

GAE. Well, the princess is here to tell you that I made no use of it, KING. Come now!

MIC. 'Tis correct!

KING. Ah! bah! she agrees to it.

SCOL. What do I hear?

MIC. (Gaily.) Only, that proves nothing, and 'tis I, who should have the right to complain.
No. 23. FINALE.

MICAELEA. Moderato.

I'm princess still, your wife new-wedded, But not the one for whom you care; Yet

jealous strife is not im-bed-ded 'Twixt me and her whom you prefer. How could there be such sad disaster, Since I, my

self the two com-prise? Dear prince, my too dis-dain-ful mas-ter, Come look me fairly in the

eyes. Know me as Jos-e-fa, Or as Mic-a-e-la:

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Give me either name, give me either name, which-'er suits you best.

Give to each her part, but abide the best: While one has your hand, one retains your heart, one retains your heart. All the secret now you know.

Josefa with Mica.

Più presto.

Scolum: Micaela, Josefa, Josefa, Josefa.

The King: Micaela, Josefa, Josefa.

Mor: Micaela, Josefa, Josefa.

Mose: Micaela, Josefa, Josefa.
That has long perplexed you so. All, at length, I will explain.

What it means, who now will show? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who now will show? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who now will show? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who now will show? Micaela, Josefa,

Till no secret shall remain. All, at length, I will explain.

What it means, who will explain? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who will explain? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who will explain? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who will explain? Micaela, Josefa,

What it means, who will explain? Micaela, Josefa.

Or Josefa! I should have
Till no secret shall remain. All the secret
What it means, who will explain? Micaela,
known, You did but feign.
What it means, who will explain? Micaela,
now, you know, That has long troubled you so.
Joséfa, What means it? who now will show?
Joséfa, What means it? who now will show?
Joséfa, What means it? who now will show?
Paragon me, Will you kindly deign?
Joséfa, What means it? who now will show?
Choose for yourself where love impresses, The wife to love your heart desired; I saw you in my soul's recesses. I loved you, thus my heart was fired. Let love excuse what love confesses, You pardon thus I may regain, If by my art, and skill'd address I've learn'd my husband to obtain. Princess still am I, Or Joseph, shy; Princess be at will, Or Joseph.
Give me then the name, give me then the name. That will suit you best.
I will keep the
still, And take you the name that suits you the best.

love on my heart im-prest; You hold at command. You hold at com-

I will keep the love on my heart imprest; You hold at com-

mand, My heart and my hand.
mand, My heart and my hand.
By our anthems we'll celebrate, of our kings, the race extended. Noble deeds, and conquests splendid, Our hearts to them we dedicate. May their days ever be full of
pleasure, May their nights calm be, without measure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for

pleasure, May their nights calm be, without measure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for

pleasure, May their nights calm be, without measure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for

you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.

you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.

you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.
10. Tempo. Gaetan. (to Joseph)

'Tis you who win the game just ending,
And all is

The King.

well that well doth end.
My dynasty with hope extending.

Micaela.

To Europe's balance, aid will lend,
Since fortune
crows the wife's endeavor, At last, you'll the princess approve.

And hold for each, I hope, forever, The same good will, The same kind love.

That speaks well! and will

All (without chorus)

tell! When with marriage love's completed, Life, of ills, is fairly cheated, Nothing
Mz.

fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's cons.

Jos.

fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's cons.

Scal.

fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's cons.

Tel. King.

fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's cons.

Gaëtan.

fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's cons.

Sop.

When with marriage love's cons.

Ten.

When with marriage love's cons.

Basses.

When with marriage love's cons.
-plet-ed, Life of ills is fairly cheat-ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet-ed, Life of ills is fairly cheat-ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet-ed, Life of ills is fairly cheat-ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
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-plet-ed, Life of ills is fairly cheat-ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a Ta r a t a r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
Gaëtan.

well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
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well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
well, All goes well, All goes well! Ta r a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a t a Ta r a t a
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