OPERA

HEART AND HAND.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

BOSTON.

OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.

HEART AND HAND.

OPERA COMIQUE IN THREE ACTS.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

BOSTON:
Copyright, 1882, by
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,
LYON & HEALY,
NEW YORK,
CHICAGO.

J. E. DITSON & CO.,

Monroe Bros.
Music
116 W. 37 St. N.Y.C.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING..........................
DON GAETAN.........................
DON PEDRAZ........................
DON MOSQUITOS......................
BRIGAND BALDEOMERO..............
CAPTAIN...................
A LIEUTENANT....................
MICAELA...........................
JOSEFA...................
DONA SANCOSLACA..........
ALVAREZ, Garden Girl...........

RAMOS............................
ANITA...........................
PEPA............................
DOLORES....................
INÉZ............................
CARLOSA....................
PABLO....................
PASCUA....................
Lázaro....................
JOSÉ....................
ASCANIO....................

Guards, Bodyguards, Soldiers, etc.

Garden Girls.
Pages to the Palace.

ARGUMENT.

The scene opens in an orange grove in the Royal Park, at Madrid. A party of young girls are busy gathering orange blossoms to make bouquets for the Princess Micaela, who is to be married on the morrow.

Josefa appears among them, and tells of rules and legends connected with the gathering of these flowers for the weddings of Spanish princesses, of which one is, that they must be used only for this purpose, and be collected by girls who are pure in life and reputation, and who, intending to be married on the same day, will therefore have special privileges and protection from her hand.

The peasant girls rejoice at the prospect of being married on the same day as the Princess Micaela, and resolve to make application for a dowry to be given them.

The princess is all curiosity to ascertain some particulars about her future husband, whom she has not seen, and in the disguise of a peasant girl, she proceeds to the small door, and hearing the conversation of this one with Josefa, and is delighted with her flattering description of Don Gaetan. The peasant girls enter, and despondently announce the expiration of their attempt to obtain a dowry. Micaela asks them if they allow her to look at the paper they had sent to the princess, and while they are conversing with Josefa she signs the petition, adding the word "granted," which she declares to the girls must have overlooked. The girls are thereby delighted.

Prince Gaetan here appears at the top of the garden wall, shouting "Bravo!* to the dancing peasant girls. They all scream and run off, leaving Josefa and Micaela. The latter, on learning the identity of this young man, directs Josefa to leave them alone.

She, pretending to accompany Josefa, manages to catch her dress on a branch; the prince hastens to her assistance, and is immediately attracted by her beauty. At once he confides his unhappiness in being compelled to marry against his will, and, at the same time, declares that he will never speak to or love the Princess Micaela.

The prince makes protestations of love, and seeing a letter at her waist, Takes it against her will. In order to ascertain what it is he has been addressed to. The letter being addressed to Josefa, he naturally is led to believe the princess is that personage, and as Micaela enjoys the novelty of the situation, she does not undeceive him.

In the Second Act we have the wedding party, and the prince and princess are shown to the two apartments set aside for their occupancy.

After every one has retired, the King, who has been left alone with MosQUITOS, communicates his great unceasing mind caused by the pranks of his son-in-law, and inquires as to his directions being carried out, to prevent the young prince from escaping. MosQUITOS assures the King that the sentinels are all present at their post, and that a brass band has been stationed below in the garden with instructions to strike up with the national air whenever they see a door or window opened. Hearing some one coming they retire, whereupon the Dona Sancoslaca enters from the princess's apartments, and gives vent to her surprise caused by the coldness displayed by the prince toward the princess. The prince comes out of his apartment, and seeing the Dona Sancoslaca, he conceives the idea of raising a scandal by making love to her; and by that means alarming the house by her death, and thereby encounter the wrath of the court, which would serve to break off the burdensome letters of his recent marriage. The Dona, however, proving too susceptible to this advance, is finally obliged to order her from the room, self-defence, after she goes off, he decides to attempt to escape, and goes to the opening at back for that purpose, when the band begins to play. He repeats the attempt at the window with the same result. Finally he3

CONTENTS.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.............................................
MARQUESS BELLS WILL RING TO-MORROW...........
AT THE GRAND WEDDINGS.........................
WE GUARD THE PALACE. (Guards Chorus.)........
THIS HOUR FOR WALKING. (Chorus and Melody)....
LOST AT THE LATEST MOMENT....................
SOLDIERS SAY. (Drinking Song)..................
SORTIES...........................................
ALL THE TIES OF A SLAVE. (Bouquet.)..........
A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER DEAR. (Bouquet.).....
SOTE DESIRABLES. (Chorus).....................
BY THEE I SWEAR. (Romance and Duett.).........
CHORUS OF BOY SINGERS. (Finale.).............

ACT II.

ENTR' ACTE...........................................
WITH OUR PRINCESS. (Introduction.)...........
IN GOTHAM'S WORK OF RENOWN..................

ACT III.

HE SCARCELY LOOKS AT ME......................
THE HELMET SONG................................
CATHEDRAL BELLS WILL ERE LONG BRIGHT........
WITHIN MY SMALL ROOM, LONE AND COWERING....
THIS IS THEIR NUPHTAL CHAMBER..............
I, MY DUTIES ALWAYS ATTEND TO. (Grand Duett.)
SLEEPY GIRL BOLERO............................

J. FRANK GILLES Music, Francis, Boston.
HEART AND HAND.

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Adaptation and translation by THEO. T. BARKER.

Music by CH. LECOCQ.

Copyright, 1883, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.
ACT I.

An orange grove in the royal park. Gardener's house at the left, with a practicable window at the back; a wall, with a little gate, seats, rustic chairs.

Scene I—Anita, Pepa, Dolores, Inez, young Girls, some of them mounted on benches, cull the orange flowers, others hold the baskets.

MARRIAGE BELLS WILL RING TO-MORROW.

No. 1. Introduction.

Moderato.

Copyright, 1868, by OLIVER DitSON & CO.
-mor- row, For, the Princess Mi-ca-la fair

For, bou-quet, we here will bor- row, Or-

flowers for her to wear, Or-

dimin.
They're of innocence the token.

Sweetest hand may take or give. For them when the thanks are spoken, charming gifts we shall re-
1st Sopr. TUTTI.

Marriage bells... will ring... to morrow,

For... the Princess Mic...la fair...

For... bouquets... we here... will bor...row,
Or-ange flow'rs for her to wear,
For bou-quets we will here bor-row,
or-ange flowers for her to wear. The wed-ding bells
will ring to-mor-row, For Mi-cae-la, the
Fair. For her bouquet we here will borrow, sweet orange flowers for her hair, sweet orange blossoms for her hair, sweet orange flowers for her to wear.
comes, Josefa. She, perhaps, may bring us information.

Scene II.

JOSEFA. (entering with paper in hand.)

Information. Behold, what comes here to claim observation, Behold, what

1st & 2d Sors.

comes here to claim observation. Let's see what comes here to claim observation.

(Orchestra continues with trumpet calls until lost in the distance.)
JOSEFA reads: We, King of Arragon, in honor of the marriage of our daughter, the Princess Micaela, with his highness, Don Gaetan, Duke of Madeira, order that rejoicings shall take place in our good city.

What delight!..... This gay occasion! We all will share this celebration! We'll lightly dance, We'll gaily sing, Ah! how we'll make the green woods ring.
JOSEPA continues to read, accompanied as before: The young girls who are to be married on this festal occasion, with, according to custom, be married at the treasury's expense, and in the evening, during the bridal feast, they will wait upon the Princess, our august daughter.

Ah! what delight, what honor! To serve the Princess and Princesses, to see the robes of grand highness, with great good will we'll go and
Meanwhile, we all... will gather

try.

now.......... These blossoms sweet, of snowy whiteness, For

'St is our privilege, and custom thro' politeness. What is this cus-
How now! how now! do you not of it know!

Tom!

Faith, not

TWO OTHERS.

TWO OTHERS.

Two Others.

Two Others.

I!

No, nor

Nor do I

No, nor

Another.

Two Others.

Two Others.

Nor do I

Nor do I

No, nor

Jos.

Well, then, give heed,.... While I shall show.

L.
AT THE GRAND WEDDINGS.

Josefa. 1st. verse.

At the grand weddings of princesses, 'Tis a rule, none to change has power, This park supplies to all highnesses The sweet bou-

Copyright 1883, by Oliver Ditson & co.
-quet of orange flowers; And on the eve of such in-

va-sions Tha, that maids come here to this wood,.............. Yet none are

ask'd on these oc-ca-sions, But those not on-ly fair but good, yes, those not

on-ly fair but good!.............. For this pure flower is
emblematic, And to cull its bloom,........ A maid mest

prove, by rules emphatic, Her right to it assume.......... This have

you right this flower to assume? This have you?

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!
right to wear this pure bloom! This have you? this have you, right to
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
have right to wear this pure bloom! Yes, we have, right to
wear this pure bloom! You all must have the right to wear this bloom!
wear this pure bloom! Yes, yes, we have the right to wear this bloom!
Maids who would

cull the orange blossoms Must handsome be, as well as

good, Whose ever pure and spotless blossoms all gross temptations have withstood. Thus, if a single one a-
among you, Has haplessly once gone astray, You will

see the pure, snowy blossoms Turn black when touched, and frailty betray, By turning

Chorus.

black, her fault betray! For this pure flower is

emblematic, And to cull its bloom, A maid must
prove, by laws emphatic, Her right to it assume.......

This have you,

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!

Yes, we have right this flower to assume!
ANITA. Ab I mon Dieu! is all that true?  
JOSEFA. Well! perhaps—are you afraid?  (Laughter.)
CHORUS. (Resume.) For this pure flower, &c.
ANITA. I really think it is a great honor to be married at the government's expense.
PEPA. And to gather from the same orange-trees the princess' bouquet and our own.
DOLORES. But they say that in other times, they gave a dowry besides.
JOSEFA. I have heard it said, by my father, who was gardener to the palace.
INEZ. That was a good custom—and we must get up a petition for its renewal.
ANITA. Look here, Josefa, you are not going to be married, and have no interest in the matter, but you ought, all the same, to get it up for us.
ALL. Yes, yes!  
JOSEFA. I should like nothing better.  (Goes into the house for writing materials)
DOLORES. How shall we word it?
INEZ. Put it in the smallest possible shape—great people are always in a hurry.
ANITA. Yes, but we must put everything in, meanwhile.  (They all group themselves around JOSEFA, who has returned with pen, ink and paper, and has seated herself at a rustic table)
PEPA. It is a simple matter!
DOLORES. We are young brides—(JOSEFA writes.)
INEZ. Each about to take a husband—
PEPA. We are not rich—
ANITA. To establish ourselves, there are expenses to be met.
DOLORES. Oh! yes, indeed there are—
PEPA. But when there is a dowry—
ANITA. It is the best aid to happiness in the house—
PEPA. Of course—
JOSEFA. (Who has written it all.) Well, that is very well.
DOLORES. You think so?
JOSEFA. Certainly!
INEZ. Let us sign it then.
ALL. Yes, let us sign it.  (They all sign it.)
ANITA. How shall we send it to the princess?
PEPA. Simply enough; when we go to carry our flowers.  (They take up their baskets)
DOLORES. That is perfect—in the midst of flowers—
JOSEFA. (Looking to the right) Here are the palace guards!
Be off with you!
ANITA. All right! And we'll come and give an account of our embassy.  (They go off, carrying their flowers. JOSEFA returns to the house.)
WE GUARD THE PALACE.

No. 2. Guards' Chorus.

SCENE III.

BRIGADIER BALLENGE and MORALES

Alto. Moderato.

MORALES. with the Tenors.

The Brig. with the Basses.

We guard the palace night and

Copyright, 1883, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.
day, ................. To call of duty ever trus - ty, .... With

burn - ished weap - ons nev - er rus - ty, .......... Mous

- tach - es fierce, and mien so cru - ty, .... We drive in - trud - ers all a-
way.
When our charming Princess advances,

'Gainst the rabble take we our chances, Driving a way, with

angry voices loud, with angry voices loud,... The dogs.

Poco f
The dogs, the cats, and vulgar crowd,........

The dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vulgar crowd.

We drive away, we drive away, With angry voices
loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul-gar crowd.

**The Brigadier.**

loud, We drive a-way the dogs, the cats, the vul-gar crowd.

**Morales.**

here! How now! You know the gen'ral or-der? Yes! yes! Important post! I shall be

**Morales. The Brigadier. Morales.**

worthy.

When the Princess is passing thro' the wood, Let no man lift his eye; Be this rule well understood.
Order arms of your halberd bear-ers! Well my duty I know, as I'll not fail to show, well my duty I know, as I'll not fail to show.

The Brigadier.

Move farther off, and wait below, move farther off, and wait below.

Tutti. mf

We guard the palace night and off, and wait below.
day, to call of duty ever trusty, with

burnished weapons never rusty, Mous-

- tach es fierce, and mien so crusty, We drive intruders all a-
way.

When our charming Princess advances,

'Gainst the rabble take we our chances,

Driving away, with angry voices loud, with angry voices loud,.... The dogs, the
The dogs, the cats, and vulgar crowd,

The dogs, the cats, the dogs, the cats and vulgar

crowd. We drive away, we drive away, with angry voices
loud, We drive away the dogs, the cats, and vulgar
crowd.
crowd,
moresdo.
SCENE IV.—Guards march off. Morales, then Josefa.
Mor. (Stands sentry a moment, looks to the right and left, then,
seeing no one, goes and knocks at the window of Josefa.)
   Alone at last! Josefa, Josefa!
Jos. (Opens the window.) Morales, you here?
Mor. Yes, I arranged with my comrades to be placed as sentry
   under your window.
Jos. Ah! that is nice! The princess, then, is coming this way?
Mor. That is to say— they are going to bring her here. You know
   well enough that she is not allowed to take a single step with-
   out being accompanied by the Camerera Major, and her maids
   of honor.
Jos. Yes, that is etiquette. No joke for her is that etiquette!
Mor. And that Camerera!—She is a nuisance; she is not a woman;
   she is a gendarme! If she saw me talking with you, she
   would have me put under arrest.
Jos. Beware of her!
Mor. I keep my eyes open. You understand that I have so desire
   to catch a punishment. That would retard still farther my
   advancement.
Jos. And thus postpone our marriage.
Mor. As you say—since my Colonel does not permit starting a house-
   hold, except on an up-grade.
Jos. Simple guards must be patient waiters.
Mor. Or wait very impatiently. Oh! if I could but kiss you once.
Jos. Take care, they are coming! (Morales runs off quickly, and
   goes off to resume his post.)

SCENE V.—The Princess Micaela, Donna Scolastica, Ballesteras, Ladies in waiting, Pages. Morales in the back-
ground, presents arms, motionless and silent all through the scene.

THIS HOUR FOR WALKING.

No. 3. Chorus and Melody.

Tempo di minuetto.
This hour for walking is in order, While sunshine gay.....
Ripens the golden fruits that border, This verdant way.....
Through gardens, where her Royal Highness bashfully strays.....
'Mid leafy shades to hide her shyness, Take we our
ways. This hour for walking is in order, While sunshine gay ....... Ripes the golden fruits that border This verdant way .......

MICHELA. (Aside)
here! But will fortune smile my plans to bless? And may I

count upon success! dolce.

Neath these branches widely

MICHEL.

express.
Spreading. For an instant we'll repose. Fresh.

These leaves are shedding, sweeter perfume breathes the shade.

Rose! Sweeter perfume breathes the rose.

Daydreams that young maidens visit, seem 'mid these blossoms more animates.
fair,

Rov'ries here, with bright'er sunshine, Are our

castles in the air. Day-dreams that young maidens visit, Are here our

Scolastica, with the Sopranos. 1st Soprano.

'Neath these branches wide-ly

2d Soprano.

'Neath these branches wide-ly
1st & 2d SOPRANOS.

 Spread - ing, For an in - stant we'll re - posò ............ Fresh - er

1st SOPRANO.

Shade these leaves are shed - ding, Sweet - er per - fume breathes the

2d SOPRANO.

MICABELLA.

Sweet - er per - fume breathes the rose! -- molto cres.

More sweet the rose! 'Neath these branches wide - ly

molto cres.
Here we'll re-pose;

More sweet the spreading.

We will re-pose;

Fresh'er shade these leaves are shedding,

More sweet the rose,

More sweet the rose,

More sweet the rose,

More sweet the rose,
MICA. It is a capital place for a talk here. (to the pages.) Give seats to those ladies.
Scol. (Making signs to the pages not to move.) We do not sit down in presence of your highness.
MICA. But suppose I allow it.
Scol. Etiquette forbids it. I am the chief lady in waiting.
MICA. So be it! we won't talk then. (aside) We'll turn off her attention. (Aloud. approaching JOSEFA'S cottage.) Oh! what lovely flowers! how nice to make a bouquet of them. (She goes to pluck a flower.)
Scol. (Interposing herself) Your highness must not pick them herself. I will order a chamberlain.
MICA. It is not worth while. (aside) I have not succeeded. (aloud to Scol.) In truth, you are very rigid!
Scol. I fulfil the duties of my charge.
MICA. Yes, you fulfil them! except, when by chance you go to sleep, as you did the other night.
Scol. Could I have gone to sleep!
MICA. Oh! I find no fault—quite the contrary—for it gave me the chance of descending to the terrace.
Scol. What—alone!
MICA. Quite alone! And from there I saw some young persons who played—what do you call that game? Ah! hot cockles!
Scol. Hot cockles! Ah! fie.
MICA. You don't like that game? Well, I don't know what caprice came into my head, but in my turn, I felt an inclination to annoy you a little.
Scol. Me, Princess!
MICA. Yes, I wanted to see you playing with these ladies, as the peasants played the other night.
Scol. What! at hot cockles! never! (scandalised.)
MICA. Very well. Then, since you refuse me that pleasure, I will inform my father that you go to sleep instead of keeping watch on me.
Scol. But, princess, that would compromise my position.
MICA. And I will add that you snore.
Scol. I snore!
MICA. Very loud, too! Well, have you decided?
Scol. Princess, your wishes are orders.
MICA. Now begin! you are it!
Scol. I am it—what?
MICA. Turn your back, and hold out your hand.
Scol. That I—Oh! my ancestors. (to MORALES.) Go further away, sentry! (MORALES moves off.)
MICA. (to ladies of honor.) Ladies, be careful that all goes loyally.
Scol. What a position for a grand lady in waiting! (She lowers her head in the hands of two maids of honor, who approach her. MICAELA during this time, stealthily places a bit of ribbon among the flowers before JOSEFA's window.)
MICA. (Aside.) 'Tis done! just in time.

SCENE VI. The same. The King. (The King arrives furious. He stops, seeing the Caméral, who with her back turned towards him, holds out her hand, which he slaps vigorously on the palm.)

No. 3. Bis. Sortie.

Scol. (turning round quickly.) 'Tis you! (then recognizing him.)
The King!
The King. 'Tis you I am in search of, Caméral! I have two words to say to you. Leave the princess with her maids of honor, (to MICAELA, kissing her on the brow.) Good morning, my daughter! Now go away, my child, go! (aside.) She is charming! (MICAELA departs, escorted by her maids of honor.)
Cho. (resumed) 'Neath these branches, &c.
SCENE VII. The King. Scolastica, then Don Mosquitos.

Mosquitos. (Arriving out of breath.) Sire!

King. Yes,—I know,—you have failed! Stay! you are not in the way

Scolastica. What brings your majesty here contrary to custom?

King. This!—I will take no roundabout way—the prince has disappeared.

Scolastica. Is it possible!

Mosquitos. Yes, it is possible!

LOST AT THE LATEST MOMENT.

No. 4. Couplets of the King.

THE KING.

Allo. 5/4

1st Corp. Lost at the husbands,

2nd Corp. Often

 Latest moment, Flew is my son-in-law, Just when in royal fashion,

Wedlock cheating, Run from their wives a way, But 'tis a strange proceeding,

I looked a prize to draw. Had Providence designed him a pug, or

For this young bridegroom gay. My fear is, peradventure, That some re-
parrot, Tomcat, or Marmoset, A personal might find him;

But etiquette's strict law, That kings must hold in

Forbids a promise binding. "Large reward for finding, A

A lost son-in-law!"
KING. He has slipped out of our hands. Impossible to find him! He is not a prince, he is an eel.
Scol. Ah, sire, your Majesty astonishes me!
KING. Well, I don’t astonish myself! I never, never do that. Besides, I was forewarned. I knew that the prince, while having the air of obeying the king, his august father, in reality cared little to marry my daughter.
Scol. Truly!
KING. He is an original. He wanted to make a love match,—to choose a wife for himself,—like any commoner, without caring for the balance of power in Europe.
Scol. Oh, sire! who could have supposed it?
KING. Nobody; ’tis a state secret. I unfold it to you, but it is only because I cannot do otherwise. Were it not for that—
Scol. I am no less flattered!
KING. That does not matter. Just see how grave the affair is! The king, his august father,—the father of my son-in-law,—had atrociously beaten our armies. He held half of our states, and the European balance of power was disturbed. But I found a way to arrange all that. I proposed my daughter to him, for his son. We agreed. The peace is signed, the marriage fixed, and then, at the moment of being presented to me, nobody comes! The ed,—I should say the prince,—has disappeared!
Scol. If any one had thought of mistrusting him!
KING. But I mistrusted him myself. I am always mistrusting people. The escort of honor which I sent to him was despatched only to watch him.
Mops. My troop of bombadgers! A chosen corps!
KING. Well, he allowed himself to be placed there in your chosen corps, yourself included, and stupidly, too. (To Scolastica.) Just figure to yourself that I, this morning, after a restless night, started off to meet my son-in-law. Suddenly I saw a cloud of dust. In it was he, followed by his brilliant escort, dusty but splendid. I advanced and held out my hand. He opened his mouth and shouted, “Left wheel, close column, gallop, march!” (To Mosquitos.) And you and your bombadgers followed him into the wood.
Mops. The habit of obeying orders, sire! A chosen corps!
KING. Once in the wood, he has escaped you.
Mops. Oh! but we shall retake him, sire!
KING. I hope so; at last! That is not all of it. Listen to me, camerãa; the princess must suspect nothing of this! That would be the devil to pay; you must make some pretext for telling her to shut herself up in her oratory for an hour or two. You will let no one have access to her. Meanwhile we’ll keep on the lookout; he cannot be far away!
Mops. Not far!
KING. And to think that all the dignitaries are come together; that the grand entrance is fixed for four o’clock; it is three now, and the bridegroom has fallen up. (Scolastica raises her arms to heaven.) Order arms! ’tis useless. You have understood? Execute my orders, and let nobody suspect anything. Go! (Scolastica goes out.)

SCENE VII.
The King, Mosquitos; then Baldomero, Morales, platoon of Guards.
KING. Now, colonel, bestir yourself! You stand there like a stump.
MOSQUITOS. A noble stump, nevertheless, sire! for my ancestors.
KING. There is no question of them! Beat the bush; send out a company,—two companies; seeing that I am forced to track my son-in-law like a common rabbit!
BAL. (enters, sees the King.) The King! halt.
KING (to Mosquitos). Come, now; good! What is all that?
MOS. The relief guard, sire!
KING. (Aside.) All right! don’t look vexed; a monarch must never seem — (Aloud.) Ah! ’tis you, my braves; very well, very well! I am content; quite content! Brigadier, ’tis a festival to-day; do not refuse any favors to your men. (Bal- domero salutes with his sword.) (To Mosquitos.) And now,—more than forty-five minutes,—Attention! Bombadier Mosquitos, forward, quick time, mar-a-ché! (He goes out, followed by Mosquitos.)

SCENE VIII.
Baldomero, Morales, Guards; then Josèfa.
BAL. You have heard, messieurs, that in honor of the princess’s marriage there will be leaves granted for everybody. Break ranks!
MOS. Well, then, my brigadier, instead of returning to the inn I beg you will allow me to remain here, near my promised bride!
BAL. How! your promised bride!
MOS. Yes, she lives here. (Knocks at the door.) Josèfa, you can come out. (Josèfa appears.)
BAL. Ah! that is your bride; that young girl!
MOS. At your service. Mr. Brigadier, and if your men here have need to refresh themselves, I have all that will be wanted.
BAL. That is not to be refused, my fair damsel. (Josèfa returns to the house.) (To Morales.) She is charming, that young girl.
MOS. I flatter myself so, brigadier!
MOS. (returns with bottles and glasses.) Here you are, gentlemen!
BAL. Thanks, my charmer!
MOS. And you, Morales, help me do the honors.
MOS. Willingly. Come, gentlemen, let us drink to my Josèfa.
BAL. Yes, yes! to Josèfa.
ALL. To Josèfa!
55

SOLDIERS SAY.

No. 5. Drinking Song.

Morales. f

Soldiers say,
after long pa. rad. ing, with rays of sun-shine o-ver head.

Tenors.

With rays of sun-shine o-ver head.

Basses.

With rays of sun-shine o-ver head.

They must have pour'd a draught per-suad-ing, A generous wine of ro-sy red....
But, if 'tis the hand of a generous wine of rosy red.

generous wine of rosy red.

maiden, That... fills his goblet to the brim,

With delight his brave soul is laden; For he has
all that pleases him.

Ah!

For all he has, that pleases him.

For all he has, that pleases him.

dim.

Fill, Josefa, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades, we'll to beauty bright Our
Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,

we'll to beauty bright, Our glasses clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
Pour out bumpers flowing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, rosy glowing. Then we'll

Pour out bumpers flowing, red and white, Pour bumpers for us, rosy glowing. Then we'll

drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bumper, pour us

drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bumper, pour us

drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bumper, pour us
brave is, all content to him; of danger he is never afraid.

Tenors.

Of danger he is never afraid.

Basses.

Of danger he is never afraid.

But when thirst worries and torments him, his valor less by half is made.

His

His
Soldier boys adore female
valor less by half is made.

beauty, And to kneel before two fine eyes;

Flames he'd pass as a pleasant duty, For love and
Ah!...

For love and wine, his gods com-prise.

Fill, Joséfa, red or white, Your health we'll drink!

Comrades, we'll to beauty bright Our
glasses clink. Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,

Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,

Pour us wine, then, red or white, Your health we'll drink! Comrades,

we'll to beauty bright, Our glasses clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,

we'll to beauty bright, Our glasses clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,

we'll to beauty bright, Our glasses clink! Fill us bumpers, bumpers, bumpers, bumpers,
Pour out bumpers flowing, red or white, Pour bumpers for us, white, or glowing. Then we'll

drink it, comrades, clink it, drink it, comrades, drink it, clink it; Pour us out a bumper, pour us

cres.

cres.

cres.
out a bump-er, Boys, we'll drink to-night, To beauty bright!

out a bump-er, Boys, we'll drink to-night, To beauty bright!

out a bump-er, Boys, we'll drink to-night, To beauty bright!
BAL. (To his men.) Come boys! (to Morales.) You stay here?
Mor. Well—yes, my brigadier, since you allow me.
Bal. All right! I understand your motive. Above all, since I have
seen your lady-love.
Jos. Mr. Brigadier is very amiable.

No. 5. Bis.

Sortie.

Vivo.

... musical notation ...

... musical notation ...

... musical notation ...

... musical notation ...

... musical notation ...

SCENE X.—Morales, Josefa.

Mor. At length we are by ourselves, we two—while awaiting a day
when we shall be still more by ourselves; still more face to
face!
Jos. (lowering her eyes.) That will come!
Mor. My darling Josefa! how charming you are!
Jos. You think so?
Mor. I really think so! fresher than flowers. Say now, is it to-day
again, that you will give me one of those lovely roses?
Jos. If you like! (She goes to the rose bush by herself, and sees
the signal.) Oh!
Mor. Happily, we have time before us.
Jos. Yes, we have time, but you must go away, now.
Mor. How—must go away?
Jos. Yes, go away—just now.
Mor. But it is not two minutes—
Jos. 'Tis all the same—
Mor. But why do you wish to be left alone?
Jos. (embarrassed.) Why—for nothing.
Mor. (seeing the ribbon in her hand.) What ribbon is that? a signal,
perhaps!

Jos. And suppose it should be?
Mor. From some lover? Ah! Josefa! if ever—
Jos. Jealous pate! (She laughs at his face.)
Mor. Well now—I am all confidence—but tell me all about it!
Jos. You swear to be silent? well! this ribbon is a signal, announcing
to me that the princess Micaela is coming here, to talk
with me.
Mor. Here! the princess! who never goes out, unless accompanied
by her lady's!
Jos. Precisely so! It is that which depresses her, the poor lady
Micaela! so for distraction, and to rest herself from all court
ceremonials, she comes here sometimes disguised.
Mor. Disguised?
Jos. Eh! yes! I have loaned her one of my robes, and when she
knows she will not be disturbed or noticed, she leaves all her
beautiful surroundings and comes to talk with me, or take me
to walk with her.
Mor. Who would ever have suspected that! (looking out back.) 'Tis
true, all the same, one would say that is she coming now.
Jos. Yes, it is she—be off!
Mor. Only one kiss—
Jos. (pushing him away.) Go along! (he goes.)

Copyright, 1883, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
SCENE XI.  **MICHELA** is unrecognisable, she has left of her powder and high heels, and wears a costume like that of **JOSEFA**.

**MICHELA.** Josefa, are you alone?  **JOSEFA.** Yes!

**MICHELA.** So much the better.

---

**AH! LIFE 'TIS OF A SLAVE.**

No. 6. Rondeau.

*Allegro.*

**MICHELA.**

Ah! life 'tis of a slave, My own Josefa brave, This courtly masquerading; I 'scape the tiresome crew, And steal an hour or two, My boredom thus evading! As

---

Copyright, 1883, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
toward the palace gate, We march'd in solemn state, The sudden whim possess'd me To
send my train away, And roam the woods all day, Where no one could molest me. A crowd of courtiers gay, of ministers at
bay, In passing on me waited with foolish comple
ments, with speeches and comments, Were on this marriage stated, At right, an

admiral, At left, a general, The chief police said

madly, The councilors of state Filled in, both small and great, And

I was punished badly! But old camarera grand, Soon
set me free off hand, Who'd have believed the story? And

stopping this mad crew, She led me safely through, 'E'en to my oratory. "You'll

shut yourself in here, And nothing have to fear, In care of blessed

Marry; She'll watch o'er you with care, To vex you none will
dare, In this, her sanctuary. Then in haste I put on this
robe of modest tone, And in a jiff was ready; In a
whirl of delight, Toward you I took my flight, By the postern, all
steady. And trembling with delight, Toward you I took my flight, By ways all right, and
steady. I'm free and find relief,
In these, my skirts so brief, I

run, the dust I scatter,
Forgetting all, point blank, My

courtiers and my rank,
The prayers and all that matter. Ah!

life this of a slave, My dear Josefa brave, This courtly masquerading, To
fly this tire-some crew, And take an hour or two, The fun of es-ca-pad-ing. My

own Jo-se-fa dear, Be-hold me near you here! Ah! My

clear, I'm free, be-hold me here!

own Jo-se-fa dear, I'm free, be-hold me here!
JOS. And the old Cameréa—
MIC. At the grand gate, while I escaped by the little one,
of which you gave me the key.
JOS. That leads to the woods.
MIC. Precisely so. Let us see now—what have you got to tell
me? What news? Do they talk of my marriage? What do
they say of the bridegroom? For all my subjects, as papa says,
know him before I do. Have you had a glimpse of him?
JOS. Oh, I have had a good look at him!
MIC. And how is he?
JOS. A handsome cavalier!
MIC. Ah! So—
JOS. With an air frank and gay.
MIC. All right!
JOS. All the women think him handsome.
MIC. So much the better! Ah! if I could love him—think of
that! I have been bored for so long a time, and now am
about to have a husband—handsome, young, and gay—but
it is like a dream! He will love me, too, will he not?
JOS. He would be hard to please, if he did not!
MIC. And then he—he will not, perhaps, hold out to etiquette
forever. He will have some good moments. Ah, decidedly,
music is a good invention!
JOS. Oh, yes!
MIC. What makes you sigh?
JOS. Ah! 'Tis that I, too, would like to be married.
MIC. (Curious.) So! With whom?
JOS. With a handsome soldier.
MIC. (Imitating her.) A handsome soldier. That was well said.
JOS. But they will not allow him to marry me, because he is not
yet a brigadier.
MIC. Is that all? Give me his name, and the number of his company.
JOS. Would you condescend? Oh, how good you are! (Shouts
of laughter heard)
MIC. Who is coming here.
JOS. (Looking back.) Ah! They are some young girls, the brides
of to-morrow, you know. How go away. If they should recognize you—
MIC. Bah! There is no danger. It will amuse me. But your
handsome soldier?
JOS. (Taking a letter from her pocket.) Stay! Here is a letter
from him. You will find in it the desired information. He
talks to me of nothing else!

A HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER DEAR.

No. 7, Rondo.
Allegretto.

MIC. Ist. verse.

A husband, my daughter dear, I've found you, to my liking. Papa, he's not

Copyright 1883, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
young, I fear, Nor with good looks striking, Nor with good looks striking! Gold he has, in

store,— Wealth and honored station, What would you have more? I'd a husband

fond, suited to my mind. Neath hazel branches, daily, We'll

1st sop.            Neath hazel branches, daily, We'll

2d. sop.
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No

(They all dance, the princess with them.)

belts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la

belts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la la la
Micaela.
2d. verse.

- Dear father, this is my friend, Let me now present you. Your choice I do
not commend! I do, so content you, I do, so content you. Haste our hands u-

nite! To our vows as sent you, Wed ded let us be! 'Fore all else, you

see, I must suit ed be. Neath hazel branch es, dai ly, We'll

1st sop.

2d. sop.

Nesth hazel branch es, dai ly, We'll
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la
bolts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la la la
MICAELA.

3d. verse.

The fath-er, who'd not re-lent, swore he'd still op-pose her, his child to the
convent sent, There they did en-close her; She, all day, moaned there,—Hope did not compose her, Ta'en thus in a snare, But she, one dark night, with her love took flight. Neath hazel branches, daily, We'll

1st sop. pp

2nd sop. pp

Neath hazel branches, daily, We'll
dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No

dance, we maidens, gaily, We'll dance, we maidens, gaily, From dawn till evening shade; No

(They all dance.)

bolts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la

bolts or bars are made, That can make young love afraid! La la la

}
(At the end of dance, GAETAN puts his head over the wall, and applauds. All the girls scatter, with a loud cry.)
Jos. (Looking at the Prince. To Micaela): 'Tis he, the Prince, your future husband!

Mic. Are you sure of it?

Jos. Perfectly, I saw him well, when he came into the city.

Mic. Well then, leave us.

Jos. What, alone by yourselves?

Mic. Why not, indeed? She is right. (She goes out, during that time, the Prince has succeeded in scaling the wall. Micaela hooks her skirt to the thicket at the right.)

SCENE XIII—MICAELA. GARTAN.

Mic. ( Pretends to be unable to unhook her dress.) Ah! mon Dieu! I shall never get free!

Gae. (Helping to free her.) There, 'tis done!

Mic. (Making him a curtsey.) Thanks, monsieur, now I can get away.

Gae. I have then the air of a malefactor—everybody flies at my approach.

Mic. Well, you have a way of presenting yourself.

Gae. You, at least, would be more brave!

Mic. On the contrary—I am much alarmed, and beg you to allow me to depart.

Gae. Why so?

Mic. Because a young girl should not stop to talk with a chance-comer. If the chance-comer has only proper things to say; for instance: how charming she is, full of graces and attractions!

Mic. Oh! you have something else to do than to tell me that; in an hour, you are going to wed the Princess.

Gae. Ah! you know me, then?

Mic. I was upon the plaza this morning when you made your entrance. (Aside.) Josefa was right; he is very good looking, my future husband.

Gae. Well, if I am about to wed the princess, it is no reason against my taking a finger at the court.

Mic. You are disposed to joke?

Gae. With you, as long as you please, but this is no less a serious affair—yes, the more I look at you, the more I find you to my taste: 'tis that you are good looking! very! You have caught my heart at first sight; and to prove it to you, I bestow upon you my confidence; fancy to yourself, my charmer, that they mean to marry me in spite of myself.

Mic. Ah! Gae. I had the pretension, foolish as it may seem, to choose for myself the one whom I should marry. Ah! well, yes! they were papa's state ministers who have chosen for me. When I wished to protest, they laughed in my face; and they ordered me an horseback.

Mic. Then—all at once—

Gae. Mon Dieu, yes, with a company of bombardiers, seat by my future father-in-law, to watch me closely, double quick time gallop, and here I am!

Mic. But I do not see your company?

Gae. I lost it in the wood. I amused me a little to torment my guardians—but they will know how to catch me again. I shall marry their princess, because we cannot always do as we wish. But what I know very well, is, that I shall never love her, the Princess Micaela! that I will never look in her face! that I will never speak a word to her!

Mic. Are you quite sure of that?

Gae. I'll take my oath of it before you, and that oath I will keep! Ah! they force me to marry her!

No. 7. Bis.

SORTIE.

Copyright, 1883, by Oliver Ditson & Co.
BY THEE I SWEAR.

No. 8. Romance and Duet.

Andante moderato.

Thee, I swear, O loveliest creature, By those eyes that put stors to shame; No

glance of mine ev-er shall teach her That I her hus-band am, more than in name. Thee a-

alone I love; when I meet her, Like mar-ble, for cold-ness I'll be, Ah!.... No sweet em-

Copyright, 1883, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.
- brace, not a fond kiss shall greet her! All's for thee! all's for thee! No sweet embrace, not a fond

kiss shall greet her, o my fair one, o my fair... one, all is for

2d. Verse.

force compell'd though I should marry, I never shall love her, here I swear. With
you a- lone my heart will tar- ry, No love with thine shall her heart ev- er share; Our young

lives henceforth un- di- vid- ed, In joy or sor- row still shall be: Ah!.... with fear-less

trust my fu- ture is de- cid- ed; All's for thee! None but thee! No glance or kiss to her shall

be con- fid- ed, O my fair one, O my fair... one, all is for
MICAELA.

thee!

For this young wife, have you, my lord, no feeling? What! no affection! Full well I know how all would blame me, a blush of shame comes o'er me stealing. All for me! No, no! I'd re-
- nounce it, to your man-ly heart ap- peal-ing. That on your wife you should the whole be-

A tempo moderato.

show.
GAETAN.

Ere her I see, I swear the princess ne'er to love.

A tempo moderato.

fear, Are but too disposed to rove.

Such slav-ish chains to wear, No constraint my heart could
prove, the best can hardly

Temp-ta-tion's test to prove, Even the best can hardly bear Temp-ta-tion's test to

move.

My wise I ne'er can

poco rit. a tempo.

prove. When homes we're un-der-tak-ing, Why quar-rel all the day? The

love.... No bonds like those on-tak-ing, Could my affec-tion sway;

Be-

a tempo.

suivez.

wis-est course then tak-ing. Is, to love al-ways. When

-fore this mar-rriage mak-ing, Ne'er to love, I say.

No
homes we're undertak ing, Why quar rel all the day? Ah!
bonds like those undertak ing, Could force me to obey, Be-

Why! I think the wise course
before the marriage mak ing, Before this marriage

a tempo.
taking, Is, to love al ways, The wise course taking, Yes, the
making, Ne'er to love I say. Before this marriage mak ing, Ne'er to love, I
wisest Is to love alway. Yes! the
say, No marriage shall me sway. Hear me

a tempo.

wisest Is loving alway!
swear, no forced vows shall me sway. (He wishes to embrace her again.)

a tempo.