VOCAL SCORE

ERMINIE

COMIC OPERA

LIBRETTO BY
CLAXSON BELLAMY
AND
HARRY PAULTON

MUSIC BY
E. JAKOBOWSKI

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Overture to "Erminie."

ED. JAKOBOWSKI.

Allegretto marziale.

Piano.

Pstucc.
ACT I.

No 1. INTRODUCTION, CHORUS & ENSEMBLE.

PIANO. Allegro.

SOPRANO.  A round in a whirl, we skip, dance and twirl. Let

CONTRALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.
each boy and girl make merry, Old men in a string may scorn at nixie's fling. Young men in a ring make merry, Old wives in a row may flittering forego, But maidens cry no, make
merry.

Let grieving go borrow its fare from tomorrow.

way with all sorrow, make merry. From your path troubles fling, Let us

join in a ring. Let us dance, let us sing, make merry. Ha, ha,
"ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Come sport while we may, while we may. Make merry ha, ha, make merry ho, ho, En-
joying today our mirth while we may."
here comes Javotte, here comes Javotte! She sure some gossip.

will have got. Yes, yes, oh! yes, no doubt, no doubt, She'll quickly tell us
all about The Chateau and its guests, the fun, the fun What's doing, and what will be done. Ja-vote, Ja-vote, You won't refuse to will be done.
tell us all the latest news, you won't refuse the news, the
impatient, I do give one breath. Don’t crush and pester me to

news.

deaht. Some little modulation show. New tell me what you wish to

Allegro con moto.

know.

The news, the news, you can’t refuse; the news, the news, you can’t refuse. You

The news, the news, you can’t refuse. You
Jayotte.

In-deed I've not
Ex-cept

must have some
Oh what a shame! What? what?

Allegretto.

r. ften, a tempos.

Ex-cept that shortly here you'll see
The Marquis, Mussell Ermi-

We here shall see_

r. ften, a tempos.

nie, Che-va-lie de Bra-ba-zon Of our di-

The old Marquis!
tiney guest, the one you most should see; of high degree;

A beau of beaux, in oh such clothes!

They're of high degree.

In oh such clothes!

Coming here to view the fair.

Oh how nice, oh here's excitement.
Allegro.

rare. A round in a whirl we skip, dance, and twirl. Let

each boy and girl make merr - ry: Old men in a string may

scorn at mirth's fling. Young men in a ring make merr - ry. Old
wives in a row may flirt-ing fore-go. But

maid-ens cry no, make mer-ry; Let griev-ing go bor-row its

fare from to-mor-row, a-way with all sor-row, make mer-ry. From your
path troubles fling, let us join in a ring. Let us

dance in a ring, in a ring.
No 18. EXIT.

Allegro.

SOPRANO.

Contralto.

AROUND in a whirl we skip, dance and swirl, Let each boy and girl make merr-y; Old men in a string may scorn at mirth’s fling, Young men in a ring make merr-y.

TESSOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

poco. dim. p dim.

poco. dim. p
No 2. Chorus & Ensemble.

"Vive le Marquis!"

Vive le Marquis! vive le Marquis!

Welcome, welcome to the fete, 'Tis of graciousness an act We thoroughly appreciate; At
village feast, here meeting you, With dut- eous ser-vice greet-ing you, With


cheer-y voice re-pet-ing you Are wel-come to our fête.


vive le Mar-quis!


vive le Marquis!
Vive le Marquis! vive le Marquis! vive le Marquis! welcome, welcome to our fête.

Tis of gracious ness a mark We thoroughly appreciate; At

village feast here meeting you, With duteous service greeting you, With
cheery voice repeating you Are welcome to our fête! With
dutiful service greeting you, With cheery voice repeating you Are

MARQUIS.

Thanks dear welcome to our fête, our fête. Are welcome to our fête.
children, oh bless you, ah bless you, To re-

Erminie.

That it would dear pa-

spond would but dis - tress you,

pa, spare us Don't such a - go - ny pre - pare us.

Cerise.

True in-
deed experience teaches. There's much

Erminie.

Papa's feelings you know

anguish in set speeches.

well.

We do, we do true, true misselle!

113315
parlando.

Well, and what's the latest tat-tle?

Is it char-acter, or cat-tle?

Who is ail-ing? who is thriv-ing?

Have the bu-sy bees done hi-ving?
Allegretto.

Is the fodder cut and carried? Who is buried, who is married?

What's the latest gossip, say? Tell me pray, come tell me pray.

Ah! nam-

selle your quizzing ever, Always merry, gloomy never.

Allegro.

Vive Mademoiselle! Vive Mademoiselle! Vive Mademoiselle!
Vive le Marquis, vive le Marquis, welcome to the fête.

Tis of graciousness a mark we thoroughly appreciate. At village feast here meeting you, With duteous service greeting you, With cheery voice repeating you Are welcome to the fête. With,
dutious service greeting you. With cheery voice repeating you are

welcome to the fête, the fête, the fête, the fête.
Allegro.

At village feast here meeting you, with duteous service greeting you, with 

cheerful voice repeating you are welcome to the fête. The fête, the fête.
NO. 3—SONG & CHORUS.

"When Love is young"

ERMINIE.

Allegrretto.

Ah, when love is young, all the world seems gay!

Tra la la la la la la la

staccato.

He sips its sweets as he goes his way,

Tra
la la la la la la la la!

His heart in the sunshine of

life abides. No pang, not a thought of deceit,

For

youth's rosy tint every blemish hides, And the dream of young love is

sweet. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, Ha
Ah! when love is young all the world seems gay!

Tra la la la la la la la la!

He sips its sweets as he goes his way, Tra la la la la la la la la

Ah!

4th & 3rd SOPRANOS.

Ah! when love is young all the world seems gay!

TENORS & BASSES.
Tra la la la la la la la la He sips its sweet as he

Tra la la la la la la la la He sips its sweet as he

riten.  a tempo.

goes his way! Tra la la la la la la la la

goes his way! Tra la la la la la la la la

Ah! but
love hath sour'd with advancing years. Tra la la la la la la la

staccato.

knows no joy for he's torn by fears. Tra la la la la la la la la

la His aim is fools not charms to seek, His taste so fastidious

glows, He doubts and misgives if his Mate but speak, And the
bliss of young love ne'er knows. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah, but love hath sour'd with advancing years.

Tra la la la la la la la! He knows no joy for he's torn by tears. Tra la la la la la la la! Ah!

Ah! but love hath sour'd with ad

TENORS & BASSES.
Tra la la la la la la la!
He van-cing years.

knows not joy, for he's torn by fears. Tra la la la la la la la!

knows not joy, for he's torn by fears. Tra la la la la la la la!

a tempo.
Past and Future.

ERMINIE & EUGÈNE.

Moderato.

There is a sweet remembrance of the past, a treasured dream, a

dream I fondly store, a memory that within my heart will last

To cheer and comfort ever, evermore: A so-lace sweet, a blessing still,
The hope which time can never fulfill; A so-lace sweet, a bless-ing still, The past has fond-est dreams that live, Which in the future ne'er can be, Oh the present knows nor cannot give, Re-
store the happy past to me. The past has fond-est dreams that live, Which in the future ne'er can be, Oh the present knows nor cannot give, Re-
store the happy past to me.
in the future ne'er can be, Oh the present knows nor cannot give, Restore the

Which in the future ne'er can be, Oh the present knows nor cannot give, Restore the

roll.  a tempo.

happy past to me.

dim.  a tempo cresc.  "f"

prall.  a tempo cresc.  "f"

Erminie.

Our destinies the unseen future hides, The coming gloom we cannot, cannot see.
And cheering hope for e'er with us abides, Just telling thoughts of joys, of joys to be: The past though blest may not compare

With future transports we may share, The past though blest may not compare With future transports we may share,
future hath its golden showers, And stores of pleasing

The future hath its golden showers, And stores of pleasing,

brightest toys, Ah which hope declares may yet be ours; E-

brightest toys, Ah which hope declares may yet be ours; E-

clipping past, and present joys. The future hath its

clipping past, and present joys. The future hath its
golden showers, And stores of pleasing, brightest toys. Ah, which

golden showers, And stores of pleasing, brightest toys. Ah, which

rall. cresc.

nope declares may yet be ours, E-clips-ing hap-py past to

hope declares may yet be ours, E-clips-ing hap-py past to

a tempo.

me.

me.

a tempo.
SOLDIERS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Soprano.
Contralto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.

Crescendo.

Glory the soldier's life; From the conflict scorning e'er to flee. The

He ro's fame, his aim in strife, In love, in war the victor he.
glory the soldier's life, From the conflict scorning e'er to flee, The-

heros fame his aim in strife, In love, in war the victor he.
A Soldier's Life.

Tempo di Marcia.

Dull is the life of the soldier in peace, with hateful routine until
Glad is the heart at the roughest campaign. For we've nothing to lose and we've

war brings release, Harsh discipline trammels the freedom we know, What
plenty to gain. To rush midst the steel, midst the smoke and the flame. To
better than that in the face of the foe, The soldier has learnt him. 

earve with our sabres a path-way to fame, We've learnt to o-bey and un-

bridle his will, Sub-mit without murmure to ri-gorous drill. But the 

til we are told We dream not of leaving the ports that we hold. We'd 

summons to war is the sold-i-er's reward; Joy to bright-en his cor-aset, his 

fall where we stand till the warning sound comes, Of re-call in the music of 

hel-met and sword. All for glo-ry the soldier's life, From the
con-flict scor-ing e'er to flee, The hero's fame, his aim in strife, In

love, in war the vic-tor he. All for glo-ry the sol-dier's

All for glo-ry the sol-dier's

life, From the con-flict scor-ing e'er to flee, The

life, From the con-flict scor-ing e'er to flee, The
hero's fame, his aim in strife In love, in war the victor.
Tempo di Marcia.

All for glory the soldier's life, From the conflict scorn ing e'er to flee, The hero's fame his aim in strife, In love, in war, the victor he.
No. 7. Entrance of Ravannes & Cadeaux.

Allegro.

PIANO.

No. 73. Duet.
Downy Jail-Birds of a Feather:
CADEAUX & RAVANNEs.

Allegro.

CADEAUX.

RAVANNEs.

PIANO.

1. We're a
philanthropic couple be it known, Light finger'd sticking to whate'er we touch, In the
mashers on the spree we often prig. From pocket ev'ry stiver, nothing less, He would

interest of humanity alone, Of wealth relieving those who have too much: The
only drink and fight and go the rig, His constitution ruin by excess; His

sour old gent whose worship vile is dross, We hate to see a wallowing in tin, It
rings and things and finery we expect, For stuck up pride in such things is not good, And

ain't cause again to us to him is loss; We eas-es him cause a-var-ice is sin.
when his watch we carefully annex, 'Tis on-ly cause we know the Bobby would.
Down-y jail-birds of a feather. We are shift-ers, we are shift-ers,

Down-y jail-birds of a feather. We are shift-ers, we are shift-ers,

Work-ing skil-ful-ly to-ge-ther. Through the wick-ed world we roam:

Work-ing skil-ful-ly to-ge-ther. Through the wick-ed world we roam;

Easing many a mor-tal bur-den. Kin-der coves were nev-er heard on

Easing many a mor-tal bur-den. Kin-der coves were nev-er heard on
But a start you'll take our word on, Charity begins at home.

DANCE.

RAVANES.

When the
No. 3. DREAM SONG.

At Midnight on my Pillow lying.

ERMINIE.

Moderato.

At midnight on my pillow lying, By my daily toil oppress'd.

To me weary care denying Deep profound that giveth rest:
When a tiny bird a-lighted
On my lattice'd window sill,

Welcome guest though un-invited. Cheer-ing by his joy-ous trill,

Calling sweetly, hov'ring o'er me, Rise and come with me a-long

Swift through fairy glades it bore me, Realms of pure transcendent song.
Allegretto.

Song of joy, song of cheer, Song of promise, soft and clear.

Sweet sounds that fill the tranquil grove, Glad, joy-ous trill of hope and love.

Song of joy, song of cheer, Song of promise soft and clear.

Sounds that fill the tranquil grove, Glad joy-ous trill of hope and love.
Moderato.

How blissful was this wood'rous pleasure, Ah such happiness was mine,

The remembrance I will treasure In my bosom's inmost shrine;

But what grief was mine at finding, On a-waking with a scream
Earth's surroundings, all reminding

Me 'twas but a happy dream:

Yes his joyous, mellow singing.

Echoes faintly, lingers still.

In my ears with gladness ringing.

Seems my heart with hope to thrill.

Allegretto.

Song of hope, song of cheer, Song of promise soft and clear,
Sweet sounds that fill the tranquil grove, Glad, joyous trill of hope and love.

Song of hope, song of cheer. Song of promise, soft and clear,

Sounds that fill the tranquil grove. Glad, joyous trill of hope and love.
No. 9—CONCERTED PIECE.

**Allegretto.**

**ERMINIE.**

**CERISE.**

**EUCLIDE.**

**RERVARRES.**

**CADEAUX.**

**MARQUIS.**

**CHEVALIER.**

**PIANO.**

Allegretto.

RERVARRES.

The blissful pleasure I profess.
Of such a meeting over joys me. I have not language to express

The joy I feel, and that annoys me. Though with blessings beset,

As I roam the world through. I can never forget my first meeting with you.
I beg, I beg that you'll not now, Some other day when more collected.

You may decline, protest and vow With metaphors you've collected.

Though with worries beset, It is equally collected.

true, I shall never forget. My first meeting with
Though with blessings be set, It is equally true, I shall never forget My first meeting with you. Though with blessings be set, It is equally true, He will never forget His first meeting with you. Though with blessings be set, As I roam the world through I can never forget My first meeting with you. Though with blessings be set, It is equally true, She can never forget Her first meeting with you. Though with blessings be set, It is equally true, so true, I can never forget My first meeting with you.
blessings be-set, It is equally true I shall never for-

Tho' with blessings be-set, It is equally true She will never for-

Tho' with blessings be-set, It is equally true I shall never for-

Tho' with blessings be-set, It is equally true She will never for-

Tho' with blessings be-set, It is equally true, so true I shall never for-

get My first meeting with you.

get Her first meeting with you.

get My first meeting with you.

get Her first meeting with you.

get My first meeting with you.
Allegro con moto.

(Cadeaux enters, slightly intoxicated.)

Io! what's the row, what's the rumple? Stow it, don't you thumpus!

(Ravannes.)

Silence! We've a

Fly, all right.

bold game on to-night! Be mum, be steady! Since
Allegro.

hos - pi - ta - bly you ex - tend Your fa - vours, I'll pre - sent my

friend. My friend the Ba - ron, you will find him quite an odd - di - ty:

Strange in his hab - its, in his manner and ad - dress. Priz'd as a curi - o, a

sale - able com - mo - di - ty, Er - ra - tic and o - ri - gin - al you see: Yes,

accel.

cresc.

riten.

C
a tempo.

L'istesso tempo.

yes.

My friend the Baron's quite a feast.

phrase and customs of the East:

Acquir'd the Arab tribes among:

His friend the Baron's quite a feast.

preservative, what one might call strong.

His friend the Baron's quite a feast.

His friend the Baron's quite a feast.

His friend the Baron's quite a feast.
phrase and customs of the East, Ac-quir'd the Arab tribes among: Ex-

pressive, what one might call strong.
Cadeaux.

I'm proud to meet yer, how d'ye do, Old Cock-

Chrest.

Some-what

lo-rum how are you?

Chevalier.

Cock-a-lo- rum, Cock-a-lo- rum.

Ravannes.

My friend the Bar-on's quite a feast, Of

phrase and customs of the East; Ac-

quire'd the A-rab tribes a-mong, Ex-
Erminie & Cerise.

His friend, the Baron's quite a feast, Of

Cadeaux & Eugene.

His friend, the Baron's quite a feast, Of

pres-sive, what one might call strong. My friend, the Baron's quite a feast, Of

Chevalier & Marquis.

His friend, the Baron's quite a feast, Of

phrase and customs of the East, Ac-quir'd the Arab tribes a-mong; Ex-

phrase and customs of the East, Ac-quir'd the Arab tribes a-mong; Ex-

phrase and customs of the East, Ac-quir'd the Arab tribes a-mong; Ex-

phrase and customs of the East, Ac-quir'd the Arab tribes a-mong; Ex-
pressive, what one might call strong.

pressive, what one might call strong.

pressive, what one might call strong.

pressive, what one might call strong.

DANCE.
Number 10. FINALE.

Allegro.

Away to the chateau, away from the throng; Where the bridegroom and bride will be

Plighted ere long; Where welcome shall meet them, where cheering shall
greet them. Where friends shall entreat them all blessings in song:

way to the château, away from the throng Where the bridegroom and

bride will be plighted ere long; Where welcome shall meet them, where
cheer-ing shall greet them, Where friends shall en-treat them all bless-ings in song; Where wel-come shall meet them, where cheer-ing shall greet them, Where friends shall en-treat them all bless-ings in song.
Cantabile.

Erminie.

Marriage is a holy union,

Angel guided from above,

Marriage should be sweet communion,

Govern'd by the God of love.
Though there may be oceans rolling, stormy
When the fates are black as raven, when the

ly between two lives, some remembered
sun of hope has set, oft the shipwrecked

rall. a tempo.

word controlling, oft en hope revivifies.

rall. a tempo.

gain a haven, why not love, it may be yet.
Marriage is a holy union, Angel guided

Though there may be oceans rolling, Stormily be-

When the fates are black as raven, When the sun of

Love prevails in every fashion, Love the tyrant

With clos. Ah!

from above, Marriage should be sweet communion,

tween two lives, Some remembered word controlling,

hope has set. Oft the shipwreck'd gain a haven,

may control. Love remains the ruling passion,
Govern'd by the God of love.

Marriage

Often hope revives.

Though there

Why not love, it may be yet.

When the

Love predominates the soul.

Love prevails in every fashion.

is a holy union, angel guided

may be oceans rolling, stormily be-

fates are black as raven. When the sun of

vails in every fashion, Love the tyrant

vails in every fashion, Love the tyrant
from above, Marriage should be sweet com-
betw een two lives, Some re mem - ber'd word con-
hope has set, Oft the ship - wreck'd gain a
may control, Love re - mains the ru - ling
may control, Love re - mains the ru - ling

mu - nion, Go - vern'd by the God of love.
troll - ing, Of - ten hope re - vi - fies.
ha - ven, Why not love it may be yet.
pass - sion, Love pre - dom - i - nates the soul.
pass - sion, Love pre - dom - i - nates the soul.
Hark the soldiers here again return!

CAPTAIN DELAUNAY.

mean we soon shall learn!

SOLDIERS.

All for
Allegretto, (tempo di Marcia.)

Glory the soldier's life, From the conflict scorning e'er to
cresc.

Glory the soldier's life, From the conflict scorning e'er to

cresc.

flee, The hero's fame, his aim in strife, In

flee. The hero's fame, his aim in strife, In

cresc. poco

love, in war, the victor he! All for glory the soldier's

love, in war, the victor he! All for glory the soldier's

mf cresc.
C.D.

prison scaped, from prison scaped. We've track'd them to this place.

Marquis.

L'istesso tempo.

Thieves? then they're the same, depend. Who stoppd and robbed my noble friend, And

Erminie.

his companion: see their plight! Poor things, no doubt, papa is right! 'Twas

Allegro.

they mo-les-ted, ri-fled, mobbed, De-sпоiled, ill-treat-ed, beat and
robbed. They are doubtless the men. Should you

know them again? Oh yes, oh yes, the one is a

genleman quite; He's the worst of the two. Quite so, that's right.

Allegro con moto.

Thank fate, at length I've
found my way. Is this the Lion D'or, I

Ravannes. Cadeaux.

pray? Quick Sergeant, seize the villains pray! Be care-full he don't

Ernest.

get a-way! No, no, believe me,
Seize him, seize him! bind the thief! Make secure the robber chief! Seize him, seize him!

Marquis.

With that vile wretch to gaol be-
bind the thief! Make secure the robber chief!

gone. And to the Château now lead on.

Away, a -
way, away, away, away, away to the Chateau.

a tempo. (The Principals with their respective voices.)

away to the Chateau, away from the

a tempo.

The bride-groom and bride will be plighted ere long, Where
welcome shall meet them. Where cheering shall greet them. Where friends shall entreat them all.

blessings in song. A way to the Château. A way from the throng. Where the

betrothal and bride will be plighted ere long. Where welcome shall meet them. Where

betrothal and bride will be plighted ere long. Where welcome shall meet them.
cheering shall greet them, Where friends shall entreat them, all blessings in song:

welcome shall meet them, Where friends shall entreat them, all blessings, all blessings in song.

in song, in song.

END OF ACT I.
No. 103—ENTR'ACTE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.
Allegretto moderato.

SOPRANOS. \(mf\)

Contraltos. Here on lord and lady waiting.

Court gallants and nobles all, Ev'ry one importunating.

To and fro at beck and call; Here on lord and lady waiting.

Court gallants and nobles all, Ev'ry one importunating.
MARIE.

No intermission, give exhibition. What good

To and fro at beck and call!

tuition, though hurried has brought, And compensations.

re. mun. er. a. tions. Pay for the patience with which you've been taught.

CONTRALTO.

Allegro molto.

May we take your hat, your stick, sir? Brush your clothes, sir? Tie your shoes?
You will find we're very quick, sir, Not a moment do we lose,

May we start to fetch or carry? Stitch or fasten, tie and lace?

Every toilet necessary, Powder puff for arms and face.

Here on lord and lady waiting, Court gallants and nobles all,
Every one importuning, To and fro at beck and call.

Here on lord and lady waiting, Court gallants and nobles all.

Ev'ry one importuning, To and fro at beck and call.

a tempo.

rall.

a tempo.
SONG.
"Woman's Dress."

Allegro grazioso. accel. a tempo.

MARIE.
The simple maid from village green Un-used to rich attire, Is
flounce or train the female mind From ba-by-hood is bent. Her

PIANO.

not a train of silken shen, To con-quest she as-pire. Her
in-fant brain be sure you'll find On dress-ing dolls in-tent.

M

fing'ers deff are never slow To fash-ion a suc-cess. From
wo-man's will to change less apt Than fash-ion's way-ward-ness, But

M

fin-est weft who does not know A wo-man's forte is dress.
dext'rous skill will soon a-dapt it-self to change of dress. Ah

M

rall. a tempo.
Yes though fashion often ranges, We are equal to its changes,

Though the waist prevailing's high up, Or the skirt accepted short:

Alter bonnets, cap or head-dress. Tuck or lace, confine, or spread dress.
Branching pull back, puff or tie up. And improving quick as thought.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Yes though fashion often ranges,
Ah

We are equal to its changes,
Though the waist prevailing's

high up,
Or the skirt accepted short.

Alter bonnet, cap or head-dress,
Tuck or lace, confine, or

Alter bonnet, cap or head-dress,
Tuck or lace, confine, or
spread-dress, Branch-ing pull back, puff or tie up

And im-proving quick as thought!

On And im-proving quick as thought!
No. 113.—Exit.

Sopranos.

Contraltos.

Here on lord and lady

Waiting. Court gal-lants and no-bles all.

Ev'ry one im-por-tu-na-ting, To and fro, at beck and call.
No. 12. — SONG.

Darkest the Hour.

EUGENE.

Moderato.

1. Darkest the hour
ever light of dawn

2. How shall I cheer
my heart's sad re-

PIANO.

beameth. Deepest the gloom ere the stormclouds divide; Be that my faith in the adagio there

pinning? Where seek the trust in my bosom should dwell, Where will appear the cloud's silver

seeneth. Hope, to be cherish'd what e'er may betide. Vain, vain the

lining? Where come the radiance my grief to dispel? Life's light has
drear
my love's one can e- ver
Mine be; as vain is the once plighted
gone my path-way is lone-
ly, Dreary. The star of my life's brightness

cresc. molto.

vow. No pow'r can change the doom, we must se-ver. Oh! could the
gone.
Set ne'er to rise, 'Twould seem my hope on-ly. Rests in the
cresc. molto.

dim. molto.

future look blacker than now! thought, the belief there is none! Darkest the hour ere day-light

dim. molto.

heu-eth. Deepest the gloom ere the clouds di-vide, Be it my faith in that alone
seemeth, Hope what ever may be tide! Darkest the hour ere daylight beameth, Deepest the gloom ere the clouds divide, Be it my faith in that there.
No. 13. Chorus & Song.

Soprano.
Contralto.

Chorus.

Tenor.
Bass.

Piano.

Joy attend on Erminie. Her's be every earthly bliss, May her dearest sorrow be, Oft returning days like this. Be she wealthy, be she wealthy, As such natal day re-
turns Time while flying gratifying Every hope for which she
decresc.

years. Let our poorest wishes be Joy attend on Erminie,

cresc.

Let our poorest wishes be Joy attend on Erminie,

Let our poorest

a tempo.

Let our poorest

rall. cresc.
Solo. ERMINIE.

Thanks dear friends, my thanks receive. With good wishes you confuse.

That I'm grateful, pray believe, But at loss what words to use, I con-

fess to express how your wishes my heart touch. But I

Tempo primo.

thank you, thanks so much. But I thank you, thanks so much. -ie.
The Sighing Swain.

Allegretto.

Eminie.

1. A
2. De-

Piano.

lo-ver in his mir-ror gas'd,
press'd his spir-its low-er sink,
With vis-age wan, and glare half
As wand'ring near the lake-let

craz'd To see if thinner he had grown,
And in its surface gaz-ing on
With love to hope a-las un-
Once more his vis-age woe be-

rall.

rall.
known he brush'd his un-kempt locks a-side
He brush'd a-way the si-lent tear,
But

care-less haste and view'd with pride,
And mor-bid joy the lines of
ne'er look'd up to see quite near,
The god-dess hope with smile of

That blight-ed dreams had plant-ed there.
With
fire o bade the hope-less swain as-pire.
He

sigh, and groan his bo-som heaves, De-spair-ing plea-vour a-lone re-lieves.
groan, and moan, nor look'd a-round, But drooping still fell in and drown'd.
L'isstesso tempo.

me, ah woe! The deep drawn sigh; a-lack, heighbo, of

love I die, Heigh-o, ah woe, ah woe. Ah me, ah woe! The deep drawn

sigh, a-lack, heighbo, of love I die, Heigh-o, ah woe, ah woe.

o, ah woe, ah woe.
CADEAUX.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

I'm not a free agent, like any of you. There's
When brought before his beakship, my evidence to give, I'm

them as looks after my fate. I ask their advice when I've
albus in a dreadful state. For fear I'll have to go to a
sunnymart to do, Their care and attention is great. When
settlement to live, A penal one is sure to be my fate; Now

ever I wishes to steal from the night A few hours for use in the
juries ain't very well up to their job. They for fear of confinement all

day. Before that I know I'm doing what's right, I
day. The verdict agreed on by spin' nin' a bob, At

see what the dick-y birds say.
least, so the dick-y birds say.
Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, in the shrillest tone,

(Whistling)

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, in a tongue of their own; What their

(Whistling)

warbles and twitters convey, Taking study and thought for a
mind can be brought To de-fine what the dick-y birds, the dick-y birds say.

Chirp, chirp, chirp!

(Whistling.)

1st time.  Last time.
No. 16.—Vocal Gavotte.

Join in Pleasure.

Soprano. Allegretto.
Contralto.

Chorus.

Tenor.
Bass.

Piano.

pleasure, dance a measure, Fondly treasure hours so bright; Prin sprightly, laughing lightly, Noisy chatter fills the throng; Ani-
date-ly, Not too state-ly, Cold-ness great-ly mars de-light. Lightly
mu-si-cion, Cloaks flir-ta-tion, Fes-tive joys we'll still pro-long. When the

step with grace-ful bear-ing, Sue-ta-ble pre-ci-sion show, Fin-ish
mu-si-cin is loud-est, Sigh-ing'swains may dare their fate, Plead with

comes of long pre-pa-ring; Vis-a-vis and 'dos a doe';
meek-est, dare the proudest, In the ma-zy tête-a-tête. O
fairest belle with bravest beau, State-ly, but with hearts aglow. In

thrall sublime but measured time, Ma-ted all e-lat-ed go! O

fairest belle with bravest beau, State-ly, but with hearts aglow. In
thral sublime, but measured time, Master all isolated go!
No 17. SOLO & CHORUS.

Lullaby.

Moderato.

Dear mother, in dreams I see her,
With ah! 'tis when her life was ebbing, her

Love sweet and calm, And hear her voice with love rejoice When,

Words were all of me; My future years were all her fears, Her
nestling on her arm, I think how she softly
sly

fate 'twas not to see. My fa- ther, I heard you

pressed me. Of the tears in each glist'ning eye. As her
weeping, As in sor-row you stand-ing by. And my

watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul-la-bye.
mo- ther's plaint In her ac-cents faint, This ten-der, sweet lul-la-bye. Bye

bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.
Listesso Tempo.

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-taking, Pretty little eyelids sleep.

Bye, bye, Watching till thou'rt wak-ing, Dar-ling be thy slumber deep.

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-taking, Pretty little eyelids

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
sleep.  Bye, bye, watching till thou art walking.

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
Come to supper let's repair. Dancing gives a zest, a
zest. For the viands rich and rare, Nimble feet must rest, must
rest. Gai ly have the hours flown. Im per. imper cep ti
bly. Light fant as tic bliss un known. Light fant as tic bliss un
known. Sweet est mel o dy The ta ble gay.
O with justice claim Our mortal frames. Away, away, away, away, away, away. Away, away, away. O sweetest melody, The table
gay, O with justice claims Our mortal frames. A-
way, a way, a way, a way, away, away, away, a-
way, a way, a way, a way, a way, The table gay. With
justice claims, Our mortal frames away, a-way, a-way,

dimin. poco

a poco

pulvin.
SCENE II.

N° 19. MUSIC FOR CHANGE OF SCENE.

PIANO.
No 20. Concerted Piece.

Good Night.

Allegretto moderato.

Erminie & Marie with Soprano I.

Contralto 1. Contralto 2.

Chorus.


Marquis, Ravanves & Cadeaux with Basses.

Piano.

Erminie.

fête, Or we shall see the morning light. Before we say good-

fête, Or we shall see the morning light. Before we say good-
night, good-night, good-night.
May dreams be bright, good-night, good-night.

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

night; May dreams be bright, good-night, good-night.

May dreams be bright, may dreams be bright, yes, good-night.

night, May dreams be bright, may dreams be bright, good-night, good-night.

Tis night, May dreams be bright, may dreams be bright, good-night, good-night.

Tis
Growing late, yes 'tis growing late, And time to end the fête, Or
we shall see the morning light. Before we say good-
we shall see the morning light. Before we say good-
we shall see the light, the light before

Erminie & Marie. mf

Ah!

Eugene. mf

Ah!

night. Tis growing late, yes 'tis growing late, And

so late
Or we shall see the time to end the fete.

The fete we'll see in morning light before we say good-night, good-night, good-night.

Night, may dreams be bright.

Good-night, may dreams be bright, good-night good-night.

May dreams be bright, good-night.
night, good-night, May dreams be bright.
Good-night, good-night, May dreams be bright,
Good-night, good-night, May dreams be bright,

night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

night, good-night.
good-night.
good-night.
good-night.
No 21. — Finale.

Allegretto moderato.

Should we gain your favours, ev'ry heart is gay. Tra la la la la la la la, And all rejoicing we shall go our way, Tra la la la la la la la
EUGENE.

La.
Let grace, not ire in your heart abide, Let your

EUGENE.

smiles all our efforts guide, In counsels mild your decision guide, For the

ERMINIE.

taste of success is sweet. Tra la la la la la la

E.

la, Tra la la la la la la.
Allegretto. (quasi Tempo di Marcia.)

PRINCIPALS, with SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOs.

Deign, pray, to cheer each heart kindly, ere you depart. A

TENORS & BASSES.

weight of care dismay ing, al lay ing, al lay ing.

Say with our efforts we gain here a victory, And
Erminie triumphantly may long contrive to reign!

cresc.
The Gift of Pan

The words by
Delta Ellen Champin
The music by
Warren Story Smith

Price 60 cents
SONG—TWO KEYS
F (c-E) G (d-F)

Pan came to my garden gate,
Came last night as the dusk was falling,
Sweetly singing upon his pipe,
And calling, calling.

I went down to the garden gate,
Down to the gate as the sun was sinking,
And found a poor little trembling god,
Timid and shrinking.

"Men have cast me out," he cried,
"Made of my name a shameful mocking.
Shelter me in your garden close,
When I come knocking."

Pan danc'd through the garden path,
Fluted and danc'd till the night was gone,
Trampled on lilies and columbine,
And fled with the dawn,
Crushed and broken the lilies now,
The garden is tangled and wild thorn grows;
But deep in the heart of a withered vine
Gleams a red rose. Delta Ellen Chaplin

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This song, with its quiet and refined sentiment, will please everyone.

Dusk, with its mystic calm,
The day's work done;
Peace, and your love once more,
With the setting sun.
Swift, with the veil of night,
The moments fly,
Fraught with their mem'ries dear.
Just you and I.

Yet, from the gathering gloom,
A thought comes, chill!
What of the parting hour
When one lies still?
Dear heart, your strength is mine,
What need of fear?
Dusk, and its quiet charm
Your love, your cheer.

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**THE HIDDEN SONG**

Words by
BLANCHE GARBETTE GIBSON

The Music by
CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

SONG — THREE KEYS
F♯ (C-D) Gb (d-F) A♭ (E-g)

One day I sang a little song,
That gently glided off my lips,
As a dewdrop from a flower slips
And falls the flowers among.

'Tis o'er, but in my bosom deep
The echo of it doth remain,
And, oft-times 'tis a golden rain,
Dim memory clouds will keep.

My heart once sang a little song,
That it will never sing again,
For mingled words of joy and pain
Were meshed in one tongue.

Not sadder than a flower's death,
So soft an elfin's sigh was heard
Above the melting measures made
With mild melodious breath.

Blanche Garbette Gibson.

State Key Desired


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