"A PUFF OF SMOKE!"

Musical Duologue.

Written by

CHARLES J. ROWE.

Music by

ANGELINA.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CECIL MONTAGUE.

MRS. MONTAGUE (HIS WIFE).
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

A Musical Duologue.

Written by Chas. J. Rowe.

INTRODUCTION.

Music by Angelina.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE"

INTRODUCTION.
ARRANGED AS A PIANOFORTE DUET.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Mertato la melodia.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."
SCENE--A lady's boudoir. Table with drawer. Sofa with cushions. Chairs. Curtain draws up, and discovers Mrs. Montague seated in morning costume. She advances to front and sings.

No. 1. SONG--"TIS ALL VERY WELL TO HAVE LOVERS."

"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Allegretto.

PIANO.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

waltzing, coquett ing, and flirt ing, Necessi ties

may be of life, Ah! surely they're not to com -

pare with The bliss of a happy young wife, Ah!

surely they're not, to com - pare with The bliss of a

rall. Allegretto tempo vu00a0va00a0.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

something—
to
love,
and
to
live
for,
A
some
one—
to

call
all
your
own,
Are
surely
much
nicer
and

sweeter,
Than
living
a
dull
life
alone.

'Tis
pleasant
to
watch
for
his
coming.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

feel that he brightens your life, ... Ah! surely there's

nothing to equal, The bliss of a happy young wife!

Ah! surely, surely there's nothing to

equal, The bliss of a happy young wife.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Enter Cecil—hat and coat.

[At conclusion of song; Cecil enters with his hat, and overcoat over his arm, which he puts over the back of a chair.]

Mrs. M. Cecil!

Mr. M. My love!

She. Must you go out, dear; can't you stay with me this morning?

He. I could stay with you for ever, dear, if I followed my own inclination; but this is a matter of business which must be attended to.

She. A matter of business! But you'll tell me what it is about, won't you, dear?

He. Of course, my love! certainly—that is—I would with the greatest pleasure—but—(hesitates).

She. Why do you hesitate?

He. Not at all, my dear! not at all. I should not have the slightest hesitation in telling you—but, don't ask me—it is a secret.

She. A secret, Cecil?

He. Yes; my precious one, a secret!

She. A secret from your wife?

He. Well—yes—it is—at least, I am obliged to keep it secret.

She. I thought husbands and wives were one, Cecil!

He. So they are, my love! up to a certain point; but when one is entrusted with a secret by a friend—with, mind you! the strictest injunctions to keep it a secret—then! you see—

She. Oh! certainly. I see exactly that the matrimonial code of reciprocity is to be shifted ad libitum—the husband turning the index.

He (aside). (Here's a fuss about nothing.) Really, my dear! your remarks are a little too severe. I assure you, nothing but the importance of the occasion induces me to leave you this morning!

She. No doubt! no doubt! (setulantly).

He. Now don't be silly, Augusta! I am sure to be back at dinner time, when I shall rely upon seeing that sweet face of yours all smiles.

She. Don't rely upon anything of the kind—you don't go the way to bring smiles into my face—your conduct only brings tears into my eyes—

He. Tears! Tears! what a singular propensity women have for shedding tears!

No. 2.

SONG—"TEARS! IDLE TEARS."

Voice.

Moderato.

Piano.

Tears! tears! a pretty woman's tears, Tear!.

a weapon well at her comrade. To work up your timid fears;

cresc. rests. alla volta. a tempo.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Tears! By tears she keeps you well in hand,
If smiles don't bring her all she wants,
A tear drops in her eye appears,
And then she thinks to melt your heart,
To melt your heart, with floods of tears,
She thinks to melt your heart, with floods of tears!

Tears! Tears!
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Why need a woman's tears? Mere tricks they are of

mesto rall.  

woman's wiles, Mere subterfuges they employ. Tears!

collo piano  

tear the sternest heart beguiles, I know them well, they're all alike.

a tempo.  

I know them well, they're all alike, I know them well, the artful, the

a tempo.  

artful, cunning, little dear, The story is too old for
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

me,
The story is too old for me,... I've heard it oft. Tears! Idle tears!  

rall. gone a poco.

Tears! I've heard it oft, Tears! Idle tears! Tears! Idle tears, The story

calls once.

is too old for me,... The story is too old, too old... for me...

rall.

rall.  

She. Cruel—hard-hearted. (Risit.)

He. Not at all, dear! only this time you seemed to be working the index of the shifting scale a little too freely, and I thought:

I'd just give it a turn the reverse way, that's all! But there! what nonsense to quarrel! just about nothing at all!

She. I dare say you think it nothing at all; but something often goes for nothing.

No. 3.  
DUET—"SOMETHING OFTEN GOES FOR NOTHING."

She. Cruel—hard-hearted. (Risit.)

He. Not at all, dear! only this time you seemed to be working the index of the shifting scale a little too freely, and I thought:

I'd just give it a turn the reverse way, that's all! But there! what nonsense to quarrel! just about nothing at all!

She. I dare say you think it nothing at all; but something often goes for nothing.

No. 3.  
DUET—"SOMETHING OFTEN GOES FOR NOTHING."
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Something often goes for nothing, In your eyes I know 'tis so;

Just a trifle you but call it, What to me is bitter woe, Just a trifle you but call it,

What to me is bitter woe.

Nothing often counts for something, And if you make up your mind,

Then, of course, no word will change you, Fast determined to be blind,
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Then, of course, no words will change you, Fast determin'd to be blind.

Don't be rude, or I'll not stay, And no doubt much better, too!

Don't be rude, don't be rude,

me. ma'am, run away,

Don't for me, ma'am, don't for me, ma'am, don't for
"A PUFF OF SMOKE"

Allegro animato.

I shall stay, or I shall go,
just as I may feel inclined.

Staccato assai.

Pray do which may suit you best,
You've only to make up your mind.

rall.

Don't let me keep you, sir, I pray,
Don't let me keep you, sir, I pray.

sempre stacc.

Face sour.

pray don't let me keep you for I would not you should be behind, I
pray don't let me keep you for I would not you should be be-kind.

Your

great so-li-ci-tude but proves, That you are really, tru-ly kind, Your

Your

great so-li-ci-tude but proves, That you are really, tru-ly kind.

Your

I shall stay, or I shall go, I

Pray do which may suit you best,

a tempo.

staccato assai,
"A PUFF OF SMOKE"

do as I may feel inclined,
You're only to make up your mind.

Don't let me keep you, sir, I pray,
You are really, truly kind.

Don't let me keep you, sir, I pray,
You are really, truly, truly kind.

Tempo giusto,

I pray, I pray, Don't let me keep you, don't let me keep you, don't let me keep you, I
You're really kind, you're really kind, you're really, truly, truly, truly kind.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Don't let me keep you, don't let me keep you, don't let me keep you, sir, I
you're really kind, you're really kind, you're really, truly, truly

Pay! Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, sir. Pay no longer, no longer
kind, Good day, good day, good day, good day, With your kind permission, then, I'll wish you a good

Pay, Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, sir, I pray no longer, no longer
day, good day, good day, good day, good day, With your kind permission, then, I'll wish you a good

Pay, Farewell, sir, farewell, sir, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, sir, I pray no longer, no longer
day, good day, good day, good day, good day, good day, good day, with your kind permission, then, I'll wish you a good
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

He. With your kind permission, then, I'll wish you a good day! (Exit, bowing profoundly, leaving his overcoat in chair. She curtseying ironically.)

She. So he has secret engagements, has he! Oh, Cecil! what does all this mean? (Looks round, and sees his overcoat on chair.) Why! he has gone away without his overcoat! What a silly fellow! Well! I may as well put it outside, as it is certainly not in its place here. (Goes to chair, and takes it up, throws it across her arm, and as she does so sees part of a letter open in pocket; takes it out.) What a careless fellow, to be sure, to leave his letters about open in this way. (Looks at writing.) What's this? (Rushes down to the front; reads.) "My own dearest Cecil,"—and in a woman's writing, too! Her own dearest Cecil, and signed, "Your ever loving pet." "Pet's" own dearest Cecil! I'll pet her! O the wretch!—the perjured, wicked wretch! No doubt he couldn't tell me what his secret engagement was; no doubt he was so anxious to get away! To think that I should be so basely deceived! A matter of business, forsooth! a pretty matter of business for a married man to receive love letters from other women (walking all this while quickly to and fro). O, this excitement will be too much for me (pauses). And yet I'll give my life there's nothing in it. I'm sure that he's true, and was only joking with me; there cannot be anything wrong in Cecil! What shall I do to think this all out quietly? Ah! an idea occurs to me—I'll smoke a cigarette! Cousin Laura has often told me what a soothing influence a cigarette has; and, indeed, she gave me a case, recommending me to try one. Where did I put it? I remember—in this drawer. (Goes over to table, opens drawer, and takes out case.) And here it is! (Sits.) I don't know how I shall get on—it is so long since I smoked; but anything will be better than this horrid mental excitement. (Lights one—sits down on sofa, and places cigarette case behind cushion—pauses to smoke a second or two.) Ah! how delightful!

No. 4. SONG—"AH! WHAT VISIONS GREET THE SIGHT."
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Ah! what dreams of sweet delight

Steal the raptured sense away,
As the clouds round me play!

There is vision every space,
Where the graceful clouds have met,
Forms of beauty do I trace,
While I smoke my cigarrets.

Forms, of beauty do I trace,}

con grazia. posa poco ritard.

Forms, of beauty do I trace,
“A PUFF OF SMOKE.”

trace, do I trace, While I smoke my cigarette.

colla voce. poco rall. p a tempo.

Ah! what sweet, what tranquil bliss, May be found in dreams like this, In the pure and fragrant herb,

Nought is there that can disturb; Ever friend and
No. 5.

SONG—"TIS MONSTROUS! OUTRAGEOUS!"

---

mon-strous, out-rage-ous, a-tra-cious, Such con-duct I real-ly can't stand, ... I'll show her at once who is mas-ter, And set-tle the case out of hand. "Th

---

mon-strous, out-rage-ous, a-tra-cious, Such con-duct I real-ly can't stand, ... I'll
show her at once who is master, And settle the case out of hand. I'm not . . . . . . to be treated in this way, There's fire, of course, where there's smoke; I'm not . . . . . . to be treated in this way, There's fire, of course, where there's smoke;

The truth I am bound to discover, For really this passes a joke! The truth I am bound to discover. The truth I am bound to discover. For
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

really, really, really, really this passes a joke!
For

really, for really, for really, for really this passes a joke!

The sooner this comes to a crisis, The better for all here concerned; I've
made up my mind what to do now, A mind that's not easily turned, The

soon-er this comes to a crisis, The better for all here concerned; I've

made up my mind what to do now, A mind that's not easily, easily turned, And

if she will have morning callers, Who not only flirt, but who smoke, And
"A PUDD OF SMOKE."

a tempo.

just let them see who is mester, And I'll have the best of the joke, ... I'll

a tempo.

just let them see who is master, I'll just let them see who is master, And

ff

I, and I, I'll have the best of the joke! And I, and

cres. e molto rall.

I, and I'll have, and I'll have the best of the joke.

(A) conclusion of song, he walks oop to tosa and throws himself down upon it.) What is the best course to pursue? (Flings his arm over the sofa cushion, and feels cigarette case.) Hallo! what's this? (Pulls out case.) As I live! the missing link! a cigarette case! (Comes down to the front.) And initials on the cover, "L.C."—Lionel Cuming, no doubt! that insufferable young cub of a Lancer, who would be

so polite to Gussie at Mrs. Dashwood's Ball! Let me but prove him to be the coming man!—But where is Gussie? where is Mrs. Montague? Ah! (Proceeds towards door with cigarette case held out. Door opens ere he reaches it, and Mrs. Montague, holding out the letter, confronts him; they walk tranquilly down to front of stage, and mutually hold up case and letter to each other.)
No. 6.  
DUET—"I HAVE NOT WORDS."

They hold up letter to each other.

I have not words to show the scorn
I feel for your de- ceiv ing ways.

O don't re-frain,
O don't re-frain,
for scorn from you
Is bet ter far, is

Your

better far... than ho n iel praise.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE"

treach'rous heart this letter shows, The secret you've conceal'd in vain.

That

you are false, that you are false some

con firm.

apassionate.

I am not false,

better knows, Your present conduct shows the stain.
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

I am not false. But well I know how false you are.

(Shows Letter.)

Behold the proof, behold the proof!

Oh false! oh false! no sooner I'm away—

Yes
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Ah! cruel, cruel,
meet your lover 'neath this roof! Ah!

cruel, perfidious, ungrateful,
That you thus a woman, a woman should

treat; Where I looked for love, for love and affection, I find . . . .

treat; Where I looked for love and affection, I
"A PUFF OF SMOKE"

... but the basest deceit, I find... but the basest, the... but the basest deceit, I find... but the basest, the...

Ah! cruel, Ah! cruel, per-

Ah! cruel, Ah! cruel,

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

you thus a wo-

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

man could treat!

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

you thus a hus-

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

band should treat!

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

per-

... andious, perfi-dious, ungrateful, cruel, That you,

du - di - si.
CECIL, I.; MRS. M., 2.

She. Your conduct is most insulting!
He. Insulting!
She. What else can you call this precious epistle, but an insult?
He. Pheew! sits the wind in that quarter! (Laughing heartily.) This is really too ridiculous! It would be far more to the purpose if you would condescend to give an explanation concerning the owner of this cigarette case!
She. Ha! Ha! Ha! (Laughing immoderately.) This is too absurd!
He. Absurd! do you call it absurd to receive, during my absence, that jackanapes, Lionel Comingo, in your own boudoir, and even allow him to smoke here?
She. (Choking with laughter.) Now don’t, Cecil! don’t go on like that, or you’ll kill me with laughter! I should like to know if there is any law against smoking a cigarette in my own room?
He. Your smoking?—and is this true?—can I really believe it? But (looking at cigarette case) to whom does this case belong? Are these not that idiotic Comingo’s initials?—confound him!
She. Now, don’t swear! but just look at the inscription inside, and then perhaps you will be satisfied.
He. (Opening her, and reading.) “Gussie, from her loving cousin, Laura Camforth.” Fool that I am! (Rushing to embrace her.) Gussie! my darling!
She. (Drawing back.) Hands off! hands off! if you please! I have to be satisfied now! What have you to say about this letter? Who is dearest pet? How dare any woman write to you like that? (Cross.)
He. Write to me, dear! quite an error on your part. The letter was for my cousin, Cecil Leybourn, which I picked up off the floor, where he had dropped it, and put it hurriedly into my overcoat pocket, with the intention of giving it to him. See, (going to pocket of overcoat) here is the envelope addressed to him!
She. (Tearfully.) Cecil! my darling husband! can you forgive me?
He. Forgive! why there’s nothing to forgive! I knew it would all come right! Only promise you won’t say “Hands off!” again! Never.
She. Cecil! (They embrace.) Never any more.

No. 7.

DUET—“MY HEART WITH JOY.”

SOPRANO.

Allegro giusto.

My heart with joy is beating,

My own dear love is true,

My heart with joy is beating,

My own dear love is
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

Twas but a misconception, It will our love renew, Twas

My love is true, What

past'd was not a quarrel, "Twas but a foolish joke, What past'd was not a

past'd was not a quarrel, "Twas but a foolish joke, What past'd was not a
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

fool-ish joke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, A mat-ter to make light... of, A sim-ple puff of

smoke, a puff, puff of smoke, a puff, puff of smoke, a puff of

smoke, a puff, puff of smoke, a sim-ple puff of smoke, a puff of

smoke, a puff, puff of smoke, a sim-ple puff of smoke, a puff of
"A PUFF OF SMOKE."

smoke, a puff of smoke, a puff, a puff . . . . . . of smoke.

smoke, a puff of smoke, a puff, a puff . . . . . . of smoke.