FATINITZA

Comic Opera

BY

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

With English, German and Italian Text.

TRANSLATION AND ADAPTATION OF WORDS TO MUSIC BY

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ARGUMENT.

A Handsome and very youthful lieutenant of a Circassian regiment in the Russian army, named Vladimir Samoiloff, while masquerading in girl's dress, under the name of Fatinitza, is met by a rough old general, Count Timofey Kantchukoff, who falls violently in love with him. Vladimir extricates himself from this dilemma, and afterwards, in Odessa, meets the general's niece, the Princess Lydia Imanovna, whom he knows only as Lydia; and the two form a romantic attachment. Hearing of this, the old general has the young officer transferred to the outposts of the Russian army on the Danube.

The piece opens with a scene in camp before Rustchuk. After some characteristic military scenes, during which Vladimir tells the story of his love for Lydia, an American newspaper special correspondent, Julian Hardy, the good genius of about everybody in the piece, is brought on by the Cossacks as a spy, but is recognized by Vladimir as an old friend. To relieve the ennui of camp-life, he proposes that they have some private theatricals,—a suggestion which is hailed with delight. Vladimir agrees to play the "leading lady," and, while all the company has retired to dress for the rehearsal, Gen. Kantchukoff arrives unexpectedly. He pounces upon Julian, who escapes by showing his passport, and quite gets the better of the old general by his professional impudence. Vladimir then comes on in peasant-girl's attire, and is recognized by the general as his first and only love, Fatinitza. Then come the cadets, soldiers, and officers, disguised in all sorts of absurd costumes, to the great astonishment and intense rage of the general, who, is, however, conciliated by the pretended Fatinitza, who coaxes him to let the offenders go. Glad to be left alone with his love, the general orders them off to drill; but his love-making is interrupted by the announcement of the arrival of his niece, the Princess Lydia, whose noble rank is thus first revealed to Vladimir, who fears recognition in his disguise. Complications are again smoothed over by the correspondent, who explains the resemblance by telling the princess that Fatinitza is her lover Vladimir's sister. The general commends Fatinitza to the princess and goes off to inspect the troops. A band of Bashi-Bazouks then steal upon the scene, surprise the Russian works, and capture the princess, Vladimir, and Julian; leaving the latter behind, however, to arrange for ransom for their captives. Just as they are going, the Russian troops return, but are prevented from firing upon the retreating Turks by the general, for fear that they "might hit Fatinitza!"

The second act shows us the harem of the reform Turk, Izet Pasha, the governor of the Turkish fortress; and there are some comical scenes with his family of four wives. Vladimir, still in woman's guise, and Lydia are brought in as captives; and the Pasha announces to his four "better-halves" that he is about to add Lydia to their number, much to their vexation. Then comes Julian with the Russian sergeant Steipann, to arrange for the release of the captives. The Pasha is willing to give up Lydia, but refuses to part with Lydia. Steipann is despatched to carry the Pasha's terms to the general, with a secret message from Julian, telling him how he can surprise the Turks with his army; Julian having obtained the knowledge from Vladimir, who, in a previous scene, has declared his fidelity to Lydia, and also to the four wives, whom he persuades to abet their escape. Julian is left as the guest of the Pasha, and the two have a very jolly time together. A "Karakol," or Turkish shadow pantomime, is gotten up for the entertainment of the strangers; but it is given an unlooked-for conclusion by the arrival of the Russians, who come to rescue their friends.

The third act takes place in the general's summer palace, near Odessa. The princess has been promised by the general to a eyelid and crippled old friend of his; but Julian arrives with Vladimir, and, through the ingenuity of the former, matters are smoothed over; and the general, who finds in the Fatinitza, whose coming he has been impatiently expecting, nothing but a veiled negroess, bearing that name, is made to believe that the real Fatinitza has died of grief at her separation from him, and so he consents to the union of her brother Vladimir, whom she commits to his care in a parting letter with his niece.

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA.

COUNT Timofey Gavrilovitch Kantchukoff, Russian General.
PRINCESS Lydia Imanovna, His Niece.
IZET PASHA, Governor of the Turkish Fortress at Rustchuk.
CAPTAIN Vasil Staravieff.
LIEUTENANT Orissip Saposoff.
IVAN, NIKIFOR, FEDOR, DIMITRI, WASSIL, MICHAILOFF, CASIMIR, GRIGOR.

STEIPANN . . . . . . . . . . . . . A Sergeant.
VLADIMIR Samoiloff, Lieutenant of a Circassian Cavalry Regiment.
JULIAN Hardy, Special War Correspondent of the "New York Herald."
HASSAN BEY, Leader of a Squad of Bashi-Bazouks.
NURSIDAH.
ZULEISHA.
DIWIA.
BEISKA.
MULTAPHA, Guardian of the Harem.
VIUKA . . . . . . . . . . . . . A Bulgarian.
HANNA . . . . . . . . . . . . . His Wife.

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FIRST ACT.

AT THE OUTPOSTS.

In the Russian camp on the Lower Danube. Winter. In the foreground, extreme left, a so-called “Charitka,” or guard-box, on posts, the roof of which, like all other surrounding objects, is thickly covered with snow. A camp-fire blazes close by, and another is seen in an open trench further back. In this trench stands a cannon, pointed outwards over the breastwork towards the background. A flag-staff, with the Russian flag. In the distance across the Danube, and a little to the left, in the red glow of early morning, is the city of Russchuk, rising picturesquely from the river, with numerous mina-
tes and domes. Illumination of the atmosphere in different locali-
ties is caused by the camp-fires of the Turkish bivouacs. These can be made realistic with a slight flicker, and located (where opportuni-
ties are offered) behind towering domes. The Danube is very broad, and decked with ice. On the adjacent banks of the river, and a little to the right, the Russian army is encamped; and a great number of camp-fires are blazing, which give the sky a reddish glow overhead. To heighten the effect generally, the atmosphere above must have a heavy hazy appearance, care being taken to have the horizon clear and distinct. In foreground, c., wooden bivouacs, a sutler’s wagon, &c., all covered with snow. Firm, practicable steps to the Chari-
tka, which is surrounded by a sort of gallery. As the curtain rises, Sonya Steipann and soldiers of the Russian infantry and artillery are dis-
covered. Note.—All the soldiers wear the regular Russian uniform (see photographs); and the winter time is denoted by furs, fur caps, heavy boots, gloves and mittens, blankets and shawls. Steipann, for instance (low comedian), wears a large, red plaid shawl, high boots lined with fur, mittens, &c. As the curtain rises, all persons seen asleep. The arms are stacked. Steipann sits near the camp-fire, writing by the light of a lantern. Beyond, on the earthworks, stands a sentinel, wrapped in a thick mantle, looking out towards Russchuk. The foreground is dark. Steipann murmurs to himself over his writing. In the extreme distance, c., behind the wings is heard the cry, “Halt! who comes? The countersign!” Shortly after, the same call on the other side, c. Steipann grows attentive, looks at his watch, casts a glance towards a group of soldiers, who lie around the fire. Beyond closely wrapped in their blankets, which are covered with snow, rises impertinently, and gives one of the soldiers (a trumpeter) a poke with his foot. The soldiers jump up with signs of sudden awakening, and a sense of the cold. The trumpeter, whose hel-
met has fallen from his head, disclosing a woollen night-cap drawn over his ears, blows the reveille, then exits c. A second and deeper-
toned trumpet answers behind wings c. Soldiers come pouring on to the stage.

WHO GOES THERE?

INTRODUCTION.

No. 1.

TEMPO ASSAI MODERATO.

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(In the left wing.)

all!  Who goes there?  at- tention all!
het!  Hallo, wer da?  Patrouille vor-bi!
stah!  Chi va là, all' er-ta stah!

Ho, there! ye la-zy knaves.  A- read-y day is here, hur-ry up, hur-ry
Ihr Fasolenzer wacht auf,  der Morgen winkt schon hul, Tag-reveille, Tag-re-
o-la, poltroni o-la, a chiaro gio-rno già, lesti in pié, lesti in

up!  The drum to wake is beating, To wake the trumpet
veille!  Die Trombaur's ihr Trompet-en, wiehet schmet-tit Tagre-
pié, tambu-ro batti à svegoia, suona à sveglio trombet-
tier!  veille!
Up, ye cowards, where's your bearing?
Hört ihr Schiuet, die Trompeten!
Sui polter- ni, non sen-ti-te!

Form in steady, martial
Nehmt die Waffen! An-ge-
Front in ple-di, fuori u-

bearing: Up, be go-se,
traten! Man-ter rührte euch!
scite! Sui ri-bal-di,

Late 'tis growing,
und for-mirte euch! ch'è già tar-di!

How much more s'ist Tag-re-
Oh quanto an-

noise veille!
cor muss I de-vise
Auf, auf ge-schieind,
v'50 da chiamar

do long you rise?
der Dienst be-ginnt.
per farvi al-zar!
Alladrevi l'istesso tempo, marcato e moderato.

When in robes of white, earth lies before me, bright with frost and snow,
Lieg der Schnee so weiß, das macht mich fröhlich, glitzert hell das Eis...
Quando bianco il sud, ve - der m'e da - to, un - to neve e gel'

Then, in - ey fet - ters though she's bound,
Wenn es Frosch gibt, dass der Bo - den kracht,
Io son be - a - to, co - me brill - la e sein - til - la al - lor,

Russia stands a gain with splen - dor crown'd.
Russ - land in krystall - ner Pracht,
la mia Russia col - ma di splen - dor,
rrr, When the whistling winds I hear,
rrr, wenn der Nordwind pfeift und braust,
rrr, quando il vento odo fi schiar,

rrrr, Blow as if to split the ear,
rrrr, um die Ohren schreckend zupft,
rrrr, in maniera d'assordar,
TEMPO 1. Moderato.

rrrr! Those Cadets, dence take them, sleeping. From their beds they're not yet creeping! Heard they
rrrr! Doch wo stec-k'en die Cad-ets, schnell her a-us, aus Es-ten Bet-ton Schlaf-thur
rrrr! Ma, cho dia voll e i ca det-ti, dor mi-glio-ni fuor dai let-til! Sta ve-

(Is hit by a snowball.)

not the call that sounded! But what's this? what is this? I am confounded, what is
noch? Ich will nicht hoffen! Was war das? Was war das? ich bin ge-trof-fen was ist
-det der non han sen ti to! Ch'è mai ciò! Ch'è mri ciò! io son col pi to, ch'e mai
Allegro.

(Cadets steal on the stage, and bombard Strizans with snowballs.)

Too great a liberty it is to al-

Do not yield, Cadets.

Chorus

To da-ty be re-

Such a row, no,

soon, Ich krieg Euch

He con re-sist us not much more, hur-rah!

Ihr Streiter, piff, paff,

der Sieg ist un-ser hal-tet Stand, hur-rah!

He's yielding, piff, paff,

Schon weicht er! piff, paff,

Come, be quit!

Schon keuch-ter! piff, paff,

There, e-nough!

Schon ce-de! piff, paff,

Come, be quit!

s'est ge-neug!

sta-ta vehl!

basta er sa

no, au, po,

He con re-sist us not much more, hur-rah!

Ihr Streiter, piff, paff,

der Sieg ist un-ser hal-tet Stand, hur-rah!

He's yielding, piff, paff,

Schon weicht er! piff, paff,
TEMPO 1. Alla breve.

This mast stay, don't go for ever! Bright with a light comes the snow,

I say, Or else, in truth, there'll something.

When in robes of white earth lies before us, Bright with a light comes the snow,

Quando il bianco snodo... ve-der mò da-tò, tut-ò neve e ge-lo son be-

be to pay, if one, a- lone in hand should be, I swear that he'll have work to
das schon bald! Hört auf, o Grapes! jest fast mich aus! Pois E-ta-mont, Kandiszcher

da pa-gar; se in man' mi vien' un sol' af-fe, lo giu-ro che Pavia da

o'er us; Then, in icy gems although she's bound, Russia stands a queen with

se- lig! Wen es Frost gibt, dass der Bo-ten krocht! zeigt sich Russland in fury

a- to, co-me brillà e son-til la al-lor la mia Rus-sia col ma-

do with me! Now stay! berrrrrrrr, berrrrrrr, Al-rea-dy this is quite o-

Sap-per-men, fast ab berrrrrrrr, berrrrrr, Nein, nein dos wird mir jetzt zu

far! con me! Non pin! berrrrrr, berrrrrr, ehe già è troppo in ve-

spie-dor crowned, berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, when the whistling

- de- dor! berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, Wher the wind pioys

- di splen-dor! berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, berrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, quando il vento o do fl-
ALL CADETS (exulting): Ha, ha, ha! Hurrah!

OSIPP (on balcony above): Hey there, you rogues!

IVAN (to the others): The lieutenant! (They form in line, military at

All. Salute.) Good morning lieutenant!

All. Good morning!

Osipp (descends slowly): Good morning! You are no longer in the

academy, youngsters. Here, in the great military school before
the enemy, you must leave off your boyish pranks.

Ivan. Beg pardon, lieutenant. We were only having a little fun.

Osipp (plausively): Well, I can’t blame you; there is really little fun
to be had here in the outposts before Rustochka, looking out for
these devilish Turks.

Ivan. Nothing to eat at that!

Fridor. Nothing to drink!

Nekor. No balls!

Wasil. No theatres!

Dimitri (the youngest of all). No women!

Osipp. Women! Why, Dimitri! You must be thinking of your nurse,
you little fragment of a soldier!

(all laugh.)

DIMITRI. Oho! The Grand Duke is here on the Danube with forty-

five thousand men. If I were not a whole man, then you would
say, forty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine and a half

men; ergo I am a whole man.

(all laugh.)

Osipp. So, you whole man, reach us your brandy flask: mine is em-

pty.

Dimitri. Mine too! (Music.)

Ivan. Just in time! Here comes a sutler

(Joyful commotion.)

All. A sutler! Brave!

(The soldiers in the background utter cries of joy, and rush to meet VUIKA,

who enters.)

VUIKA (driving a dog-sled loaded with casks of liquor, baskets, and other

surler’s wares. He repeats his call on entering. His wife shoves the

sled from behind. Both have characteristic make-ups, gypsy-like cos-

umes, fest wrapped in strips of cloth; ragged; very servile in manner.

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CHORUS OF CADETS AND SOLDIERS.

Whis - key, here's good Whis - key, Whiskey, gen - tile - men, who wants to
Wut - ki, gu - ter Wut - ki, star - ler gu - ter Wut - ki ned - ne
Wut - ki, pu - ro Wut - ki, Wut - ki, niel S i - gno' chi vuol com

(dim.)

buy!

Herrn!

prat!

(Dialog.)

Have you paid the wo-
Yes, old fellow! (man)
Well then, all right!
(Soldiers surround the sled tumultuously; hold out their cantatas. The woman serves them. Music stops.)

OSIPP. Well now, what are the Turks doing over there?

YUKA. No not know! me no know, Gospod (cursing)! But, yes! Yesterday did the Turks try to come over the frozen Danube, and—hahaha! Ice break!

OSIPP. So if the ice had not been weak, we should have had a surprise.

YUKA. (Shrugs shoulders.) Surprise, Gospod, ah! Moslem—no courage, and only four hundred men.

DIMITRI. (murmurs.) So! just double the strength of our pickets!

YUKA. (aside.) Just what I wanted to know.

CAPT. VASIL. (who has shortly before stepped out of the Chertova, looked through the telescope, and then listened to the conversation. Sincerely.) Dimitri Fedorovich!

THE OTHERS. The captain! (Soliloquy.) Good morning, captain!

VASIL. (as above.) Good morning! (To DIMITRI.) Three day's barrack arrest for talking too much.

DIMITRI. Captain!

VASIL. Not a word more. Right about—march!

(DIMITRI salutes, goes about, and disappears in barracks.)

VASIL. And this escometel of a gypsy may go home to the devil!

YUKA. Gospod! mercy—

VASIL. Away with him! (To the Soldiers) Have you paid the woman?

ALL. Yes, captain!

VASIL. So then—basta! (Music.)

(VUKA is conducted off with his sled in the midst of a crowd. He cries out loudly in going. Cadets and soldiers remain in background.

VASIL, who in the mean while has been looking through the spy-glass again descends.)

OSIPP. Twenty degrees below zero last night!

VASIL. (gaping.) It is devilish slow out here!

OSIPP. That is true!

(Both officers retire to the fire, each lights a pipe; then they sort themselves where Stepanov has been writing, and begin a game of cards.)

STEPANOV. (crossing forward swaying the air.) The cadets come to foreground with him

Oh, I sniff weakly!

IVAN. (offers his flaska.) Here, old Cartridge Case, have a drink.

THE OTHERS. (offering their cantatas.) Drink! drink!

STEPANOV. Slowly! slowly! Each man in his turn; order must be maintained. ( Drinks from each cantata.)

VASIL. (in the mean while at cards.) Ivan!

IVAN. (salutes.) Captain!

VASIL. How about breakfast? Who is officer of the day.

IVAN. (in undertone.) Officer of the day.

FEDOR. (in undertone.) Lieut. Vladimir!

IVAN. (loud.) Lieut. Vladimir!

VASIL. (continuing his game.) Where in the devil is he?

FEDOR. (undertone to Ivan.) In bed!

IVAN. In bed! We'll soon wake him! Our morning serenade at the academy!

(They go to the first shanty of the barracks, &c., and begin in the tone of a monotonous serenade.)
tschin ta ra, Ope wide your eyes, today's bright beams, And stop your aneing, and your dreams,

wake up, wake up!

reach auf, ti de sta allin,
DREAM SONG.

RECITATIVE.

NOTE.—The lady who represents Vladimir can contribute much to a grateful and correct representation of the character if, in her external appearance in the first and third acts, she casts all feminine vanity aside. Short hair of a military cut; a brown, hardy hue of the face; a slightly indicated downy mustache; a manly, energetic carriage; waist tall; and a voice held deep as possible in speaking,— all these will promote the deception. The same may be said to the ladies who represent the cadets. When Vladimir is disguised as a girl, the man in disguise should be indicated by an awkward and angular carriage.

VLADIMIR.

Why, oh! why did you thus wake me! And rend from me such a sweet, enchanting

Warum musstet Ihr mich wecken? den süßen, einem mir ver-

Ah per- ché per- ché ero- giar-mi, rapina a me dolce un sogno incanta-

ALLEGGRETTO.

dream! From my heart wilt never depart!

Wie in - dem! 

Ah là- vo per sempre in cor!

Cadets.

Fine, indeed!

Wie ein Traum!

But, why

Schreck-ge

That is fine!

Wit ein Traum?

from his heart!

Träumetest Du rein?

sempre in cor?
ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

-fohl, I may nev-er more be - hold!
- scheuch, sich nie wie-der ich vil - leicht!
- goai for-se più non ve-dro mai!
- Her, to the air a-
- Sic, die ich nie darf
- Lei che nonarvi an-
- vi - sìu! the face so
- suss vor dein Er
- Gentil par - ven - za! Il

-round... me, My lip dakes not yet name;... But she whose charms have bound me, To
- men - nen, für die im Her - ren - raum,... ge - hei - me Flammen bren - nen, er-
- co - ra il lab - bro non ar - ch,... co - lei che m'in - na - mo - ra in
- beam - ing, Where pride and soft - ness met,... A smile did send me, seem - ing Love's
- schei - nen, du standst vor mir so leicht,... die Hand ruht in der Neu - nen, o
- vi - so so - a - rei - assem e al - tier,... bril - la - va d'un sor - ri - so d'a-

Poco più animato. (with passion.)

me in vi - sions came. Sang she thee with voice enchanting That caus'd my heart to move, And thro'b with burning
- schon vor mir im Traum! Sie sang ein Lied mit Won - nerschöning die Stimme mich,... die Welt erhall - te
- so - gno m'ap-pe - ri! Sciglièa la voce a un can - to, che'm'immeriva il cor,... tutto lo stenea da
- mes - sage, ne'er for - get. I felt the trembling pres - sure Of her soft hand in mine,... Her breathing, so và and
- kimnisch Trozme - sitz. Als so aus nicher Na - he dein Hauch mich trof, o Lu - si,... durchströmte meine
- mo - re mes - sus - ger. Nei-la mia mar'ten - ti a la ma - no sua tro - mar,... il fer - vi - do all-
Beneath her glance alluring, She filled a cup with sparkling wine, and gave me, with a
look divine, with ardent passion burning, My lips approached it, yearning. A-las! O
sich, vor ih-res Blick-ensSon- ne, Den Bocher füll-te sie mit Wein, kroenste mir, und
mi fi-so. Tremen-te di de-si-o v'appresso il labro mi-a, ahimé! Oh
mor del guar-do sua all'in-can-to. Spumante un nap-poe-l la colo-mo, lo porse a me, poi
fine I heard in fit full mea-tro. Our lips, one sole de-sire aligns, Our hearts, one sin-gle
del seno an-san-te di- a. Già i lab briac-ce de un sol de-si-r, già in un sol vo-to in
cres. e accel.
tor ein von-der si-ces We-he, die Äu-gen wick-t en Lec-ben-gras, le Lipp-en fan-den

ALLEGRETTO.
for- tu-ne ca-pri-cious! That mo-ment de-li-cious Was
1. 2. scha-de, wie scha-de, im schönsten Mo-ment ging der
ALLEGRETTO.
VASIL: (after finishing the game, comes forward with O'IPP. VLADIMIR salutes. VASIL, salutes.) You have been dreaming, Vladimir?
VLADIMIR: Yes. (A very deep sigh.) Ah! I!
VASIL: A regular aimless gun of a sight. Are you in love? Hey?
(VLADIMIR gives a melancholy nod)

VASIL: Who is the fair one?
VLADIMIR: I must keep the name a secret, Vasil!
DIMITRI (throwing his head out of the hussar's door). His sweet-hearts name is Lydia. I heard it in his sleep. (Disappears. The others laugh.)

VASIL: So her name is Lydia— a stage name?
VLADIMIR (decisively). Oh! no! she belongs to the aristocracy. (Silence.) While in Odessa I broke my ankle, in consequence of being thrown from my horse. The lady in question was driving past at the time; and in spite of the remonstrance of her companion, who called her Lydia Imanova, she took me into her carriage and brought me to my lodgings, whither she sent daily to ask after me. I had scarcely recovered when I was ordered here. Wherefore? And I have never been able to learn who she was.

VASIL: You were placed under my command with the special remark, that an officer in the army, in high position, had requested you to be transferred because his ward had looked too deeply into your eyes!
VLADIMIR: The devil!
O'IPP. Poor fellow! banished to the outposts on account of your handsome eyes!
VLADIMIR (in vexation). And if there were only a skirmish here once in a while—a surprise from the enemy—now kind of occupation, but this—A loud noise outside. (The picquets call out, "To arms!" All hurry to grasp their weapons; the artillery fires lasten to the guns; the infantry form in line. A long roll of drums introduces the following.)

**REPORTER'S SONG.**

No. 4.

**ALLEGRO.**

What's that noise!
Was gibt's da
Qual ru - mor

Who can he
Man bringt ihm
Oh! mein so

Cossacks. Ein Spion, ein Spion!
Fah - blum!

Bass. E m i n, e m i n!
F a h - b l u m!

**ALLEGRO.**

JULIAN.

but schaut!
Ah! wait while I ex - plain!

O mein werthen Herrn,
Mi stiano ad as - col - tart!

We'll see, We'll see!
Folge uns, folge uns,

He thinks we shall be -
da gibt es kein Per -
vah vah vah!

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JULIAN.

But all know weal am.

You honor me too much, my

friends!

thou art a cut-throat knave!

Thou art a spy that Turkey

Say! Let us hang

'ker-ee u-n ar ap-ta say!

In appia - no off son

'ker-ee tu ac un ma-seal-zon!

Thou art a spy that Turkey

sens! Let us hang

'ker-ee u-n ar ap-ta say!

In appia - no off son

'ker-ee tu ac un ma-seal-zon!

O, thank you for such fa-vors

Sie sind sehr g-a-tig, dan-ke

O gra-zie mi-l-lo del fa-

So-soldiers & Cossacks, Stephen col Tenor 1.
Ah! what delight!
Ich fot ge schon!
Oh, the plea-sure!
You soon shall see!
Marasch zum Ver hör!
not si ve drem!
Piu Moderato.

VLADIMIR. (Introducing him.)

Who in the deuce now can he be?

Juli-an von Goltz, ein deutscher Journalis-t!

Who in the deuce now can he be?

Chi lo pub es sc-re?

Who in the deuce now can he be?

Chi lo pub es sc-re?

Piu moderato.

JULIAN.

Tress, by Russians much es-teemed!

Employ-ers sent me hith-er, with the spe-cial mis-sion

Von mei-nen Be-dür-fnis ich her ei-ne Mis-

Juli-an von Goltz, un va-li-do scrit-

Tress, by Russians much es-teemed!

Employ-ers sent me hith-er, with the spe-cial mis-sion

Von mei-nen Be-dür-fnis ich her ei-ne Mis-

Juli-an von Goltz, un va-li-do scrit-
trusted of observing and recording all the deeds of war promotion, als nimmer satter Krieges schauen Platz Spezi all be richt er
har di osservare, registra tuttil fasst del la
calla voce.

—grees ing; And 'tis thus you find me here, A war reporter, by your state, wenn der Tit ist scheint, zu gross, muott mich kurz weg Be por ter, guer ra, cal chè qui ven go à faro il report mi li-

Piu moderato.

Recit. ad libitum.

leave! blas.
tar! A reporter, I pro
Ein Re por ter ist ein Un report ter, ve li

A reporter! what is that! a reporter! what is that
Ein Re por ter? was ist das? Ein Re por ter, was ist das
a reporter? can you dir? a reporter! chevaol dir?

Piu moderato.
Allegretto Moderato.

Mann, dem man nichts ver-ber-gen kann; bür'n Sie mich nur an: Dass No-
ro, egli è un non che tut-to sà; state ad a-seol-tar, col li-

pose, Is a man, who all things knows. Stay, while I ex-
plain. With my

note-book ev-e-ry-where. Always be unknown to me. Day by day I gath-er facts, En-

the book in der Hand, ken ich tieg gleich und, zu Haus! bin von Al-

be primo o-gnor trà man, sem-pre read-y, prompt and free. Here to-

day, to-mor-row there, Naught can

v'ha d'ignoto à me, la-fo-ra-ma-to di per di d'o-gni cosa che al lo-

be-ten-ted, every-morn, I'm well read, but I find not

-das Erz-lei ein, sei er och so ex-cia-sio. Zu er-fah-ren ein Da-

devour the reader's mind. Seeking out, I al-
ways find. Now with vig-or, oft with grace, But for

nee rea-so più de-star, nul-la passa à me co-lar; er rea-

i'm well read, but I find not

-poses, who all things knows. Stay, while I explain. With my

note-book everywhere. Always be unknown to me. Day by day I gather facts, Every

tom that attracts And ev-

time that attracts And ev-

revealed. I find not
bet-ter, Here-to-day, to-mor-row, gone, Night-and-day still mov-ing
Num-mer, gi-dest in-stin-gui-te Paur, das ge-leit ich zum Al-
be-ne, eg-gi qui, do-ma: ni li sem-prein mo-to no-tte c

on! There's no club, no bou-deir free, That can close its door to me! To the
-ter. Wer i'm bes-sre ten-seits sog, brie-gt von mir 'nen Ne-hro-log! Spende
di. Non v'ha club, non v'ha bou-deir, che si possa a me vis-i-tar! Col nee-

fond with babes I go, At the al-tar kneel with brides, At the funerals with the dead; All of
Hin-te-r-blych'ten Trost, sprech beim Fest-ban-quet den Toast, ste-he auch Ge-vat-
ter gar, wenn ge-
nati al fon-te io vó, cog li spo-si vo all al-tar, vo col mor-ti al fune-rale, nolo in-

good or ill I be, In one knighted at the court, Should some guilt-y wretch be hung; Both are
bor'n ein Dril-lings-paar; wo Ver-diinst wird de co-riert, da er-fahr ich es brin-glos; auch kein
soma li bene li mal, s'uno è fat-to cav-a-lier, o se un reo si dree im-pi-car, son due
things that find a tongue, In my lu-ti al re-port.  Balls in sea-son I at-tend,
co-se che del par re-gi atrare é mio do- zer!  Bal- lo e sal-to in car-no-val

In bal-loons on high as-cend; Should a their com-mitted be, Ere its
steif mit auf im Luft-bal-lon, schreib heim Raudmold in-mer nur; Po-li-
malzo in glo-bo par ta- lor, e se av-vie-neun furto o-gnor, lo lo

known to po-lice, tis known to me! To the scenes of con-fa-gra-tions, With the
sei, Po-li-zei ist auf der Sper! Wer-de mass bei U- berscheuemg, bin bei
so, lo lo so pris del que-stor! Corro al lao-go d'una in cen-dio col-le

en-gine-men I run, To pro-ces-sions and evo- ma-tions, Fights or feasts, I see the fun. Meetings,
Reserehuent nicht, soil, schlehe staub bei Pro-ces-sio-nen, fall beim Reunporuch nur. Lie der
pompe dei pompier, crema- zioni e pro-ces-sio-ni tutti e fo-sto va ve-der. Meetings
sermons, and flirtations, Gay parades illu-

sions, Races, dan-

ces, rev-
i-
sions, Thé-
dan-
ta-fon und Ve-

rati-

en, Con-
ter-

ties,
gros
und
klei-
nen,
und
auch
Dan-

nicht,
bin
ich
prediche
ccro-

se
bazi
de
le
zio-
ni,

The
dan-

colla
parte.

-sants, or ex-

cutions!

Thus to all in turn I go,

Hil-
for
Freund
und
Rut-

ther!

Weiss
ces
je-
dem
Stadtplan-
thal

Da
per
tutto
io
me
ne
vo,

a

tempo.

All
I
see,
and
all
I
know!

Pri-
me
don-
me
praise
thee,

wien,
wer
im
Ge-

mehr

tutto
gi

Pri-
me
donne
ho
da
enca-

art.
Dancers! good advice im-part! Bis-
leg
genius! give renown, Soon to see it tumble down! Notice

rk
will
ver-

ich-

ys
Mandat, kurz
ein
pe-

ich,
cs
Malheur
weich,
his
ge-

ck

verkert!
Al-

niar, bai-
-le-
ri-

con-

liar, no-

vi
già
pro-

ci-

mar, che
poi
gi

ten-

lar!

Bo-

Gi
profit and app- luses, blend of con-certs-ists see causes, Singers' tri- als, gains and los-ses. These have
die ses lowned Dis-ge recht ei- scept-volt zu gung-pi-ren, mit drei Strichen in zwei lei-ten treffend
star ap- plan-su fi- schi, far re-clame poi con cer - ti-sti, poi can-tan-tie far ma ci-sti co-se

raillent assai.

part in my profes-sion, Writing ar-ti-cles, re-view-ing, And in-vent-ing oft at need sil of
zu char-ar-ci-si-ren, Al-les a naissen besched-ben, so ta-be ne po pu- bir, und seit
son del mio mestie-re, fare ar-ti-co-le rassegne e al bi-sognoun po'nven-tar per-cub

Poco più animato.

faith 'tis wor-thy shew-ing - One to wonder at and heed! Es-sy to find those
bei der Wahrheit bei-sen; ach das Leiz-tre ist oft scheuer! A - ber da-we gen
sien di fo-de de-gne, non e co-sa d'am-mi-rar! Pa-ci-le a per-der

whose wits are stray-ing! But thus the jour-nal-ist is nev-er caught.
lie-mals ver- le-gen, kun dig und fin dig ist der Pa bli zii,
la tra-mon-ta na il giorn-a-li sta no gia-n ma non e,
fraught. One, in short, whose trade, doth sooth! Is to knead with falsehood, truth. Wit, in universal.

Getst, kurz ein Mann der voll Fantast, All the wise and All the wise and auf Nenig bei ten

-nal, ses qui pe dal, py ra mi dal, in fact, a

-nal, ses qui pe dal, pi ra mi dal, sich wunder.

-macht aus Haar, uns All a

-macht aus Haar, uns All a fon do in
dress. Means a re-por-ter for the press. Who mingles truth with falsehood's lies. One day affirms, the next de-
know ing youth! And hence we'll know, we here con-
bar; Jest weiss man im Mo-
vo ri-tha, le ve ri-tha or-
cres. assai.
-
ties. This, full of jo-vial hap-
-
Fru-da-
sa quel che un re-por-
-
meas. "Re-por-ter for the press."
-ment was man Re-
-
ment und aus den
cres. assai.
VASIL. I beg your pardon, sir, for the extreme zeal of our Cossacks; but you can easily see—

JULIAN. I can easily see! Don’t mention it, captain. I am charmed and delighted at their slight mistake.

VLADIMIR. How is that?


VLADIMIR. You will have to leave out that “bountiful dinner,” old fellow: we have hardly a thing to eat ourselves.

JULIAN. So much the better! What is the use of being war correspondent? Just wait for “The Herald” six weeks hence, and you will just wonder at the quantities of stalines you have set before me!

MILITARY COOK (announces to STEPPAN, he to IVAN, he to OSLIP, and OSLIP to VASIL—all with stiff military salute) The skishes is ready.

JULIAN (to VLADIMIR.) Beg pardon, lieutenant; but what the deuce was it they said was ready?

VLADIMIR (laughs) The skishes, our “bountiful dinner”!

JULIAN. (Swoon. makes comical contortions with his mouth, and pronounces the word with great exertion.) Ah! so the skishes is—

VLADIMIR. A mixed-up mess of cabbage, beets, parsnips, gunpowder, buttons, &c. between you and me, a dish for the dogs; but we have nothing else. (In a background a corporal portions out the rations. The soldiers eat with spoons from tin dishes.)

JULIAN. Ah, thanks for your timely explanation! But tell me, can you drink all this with so-called “skishes”?

VLADIMIR. If we only had some ale, to be sure—

JULIAN. Well, I’m your man, then; for I happen to have two bottles in my bag. (Goes to bag.)

ALL OFFICERS (joyfully). Allah! Allah!

(JULIAN produces the bottles from his bag, and unwraps them carefully from fine, rose-colored tissue-paper.)

VLADIMIR. Upon my word, friend, you are developing qualities which fill us all with the deepest respect. (The company separate into groups.)

VASIL. What lucky star leads you to us?

JULIAN. This lucky star is called “journalistic enterprise.” The editor wrote to me, “Are you observing the movements of the Turks?” Well, I have been observing the movements of the Turks through my field-glass.

VLADIMIR. And what kind of movements did they make?

JULIAN. I saw standing on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube—which happens to be green wherever I have seen it—a Moslem who was doing so (business of hopping from one foot to another, slapping the arms together, and breathing between the fingers like a man half frozen.)

VASIL. So you can simply write to your paper, “The Turks are freezing!”

JULIAN. Captain, how little you comprehend the descriptive powers of a “Herald” correspondent! I write, heavily underscored, “Postscript—In consequence of personal observations, I am enabled to inform you that the Turkish army is in motion (left as before), and is taking comprehensive measures (lays his arms together) to defy the rigors of a winter campaign!”

VASIL. And in this way history is made! (In the meanwhile all have grouped themselves. Officers and cadets are eating from drums, camp-stools, knapsacks, &c.)

VASIL. Long live the “Herald” correspondent!

ALL. Hurrah!

DIMITRI (looks out from barrack). Ahem!

ALL. What’s the matter?

DIMITRI. I haven’t had a drop.

VASIL. Well, come out, you rogue! We will forgive you. (Introduces DIMITRI to JULIAN.) DIMITRI Fedorovich, the most indiscr...
JULIAN (not understanding). Lydia! Lydia! To the best of my knowledge, her name was Katinka.

IVAN. And was formerly called Lydia? Incomprehensible!

VASIL. I find it very comprehensible. One is called Lydia; the other, Katinka.

OSIPP. So Katinka is another?

VLADIMIR (bashfully). Yes; Katinka is another.

ALL (merrily). Long live Katinka!

VASIL. Well, I should say you have made good use of your time!

What was it about Katinka? Out with it?

JULIAN (relating). Katinka is the young wife of an aged diplomat—a lady who regards marriage as a duet for three voices. One day—

VLADIMIR (interrupting). I must protect the lady from journalistic malice. One day she wrote to me (cites the letter), "My husband is going to London; I, to our estate in the Caucasus. My companion is ill and unable to go with me. Her position is not yet filled. I know a person whom I regard as adapted to the place. Will this person have the courage and love to share my loneliness with me?" —

VASIL. Ah! I understand. By this person—

VLADIMIR. Yes. He offered to pay the expenses of having her brought over, to keep her till the winter. She was to be my companion, and understand the young lady with the countess.

On the evening of our arrival, a carriage rattled into the courtyard, and out of a tenfold door was unwrapped—

VASIL. Holy Petrovitch! the husband!

VLADIMIR. No! his brother,—an officer of high degree in the army, a uniformed bear in the rough—who surprised us with the announcement of a long visit. To behold me, and to fall mortally in love with me, was the work of a moment with him.

VASIL. Then you must have looked devilish handsome as a girl.

VLADIMIR. So said the Polar Bear! He followed me as if demonized. Fearful of discovery, I was compelled to flee. Fatalties became Lieutenant Vladimir again. Such, comrades, was the end of the adventure with Katinka.

VASIL. What? The lad knows such stories as this, and keeps them to himself all this while! For shame, comrade! Why, garnished with all its details, this story might have whiled away an hour or so of our ennui here in camp.

JULIAN. The deuce! Why don't you do as the French used to do in the Crimea, and improvise a theatre in camp?

IVAN. That would be sport!

VASIL. A theatre without ladies!

JULIAN. Why, do you imagine the French used to have a tragedienne and a coquettish old woman detailed to every company? And, why (with arms around VLADIMIR's waist, jestingly), here we have the fair Fatalties?

ALL (one after the other). Hurrah! So we have! Bravo! Now let us set about it!

VASIL. What! We get up such mummeries?

ALL (surrounding him). Yes, captain; we are so fearfully bored.

VASIL. Well then, go ahead.

ALL. Bravo! Hurrah!

VLADIMIR. But what shall we play?

JULIAN. I can help you out with that.

OSIPP. I'll wager he has a whole theatre repertory in his bag—at least a comedy.

JULIAN. You have guessed it. (Takes a pamphlet from his bag.)

VASIL. Queer provender!

JULIAN. Mere accident. A young dramatist presented me with a copy of his tragedy, in one act, "The Treacherous Postal Card, or the Letter-carrier's Revenge!"

VLADIMIR. A tragedy?

JULIAN. No comedy ever made me laugh so heartily as this tragedy. Now to work!

VLADIMIR. And I,—the leading lady,—what shall I wear?

VASIL. An old soldier's cloak and the cook's apron!

VLADIMIR. Oh, my feminine vanity could not stand that!

STEFANN. I know just what you want. (Runs to "Chartaka" and brings out a well-filled gunny-bag.) The soldiers found a Wallachian peasant girl's entire Sunday outfit in a deserted hut last week.

JULIAN. Good enough! So we can have our first full-dress rehearsal to-day; to-morrow the performance in the light of a dazzling snow illumination. A critical aesthetical notice of the same in the next "Herald."

OSIPP. I hope you will not take us down too hard.

JULIAN. No fear of that. (Sotto voce)
EXIT OF THE CADETS.

No. 5.

Allegretto.

Julian.

Es - sy to find those whose wits are straying, But thus the journalist is never caught,
A - ber dessen - nen niemals ver - le-gen kun - dig un - ding ist der Publ - ist,
Fa - che a per - der la tramonta - na il giorno fa - ta no gial - mel non è,

mer - cy and stea - dy, Wit - ty and rea - dy, Frank and with pleasant hu - mor fraught!
sch - lie - fertig, spitz - zig, las - nig und sit - zig, oft - es - war - der Geist!
vi - spo ed a cu - to pro - to ed argo - to fra - no ed og - nor di buon u - nor!

Full Chorus and Cadets.

We Die

p Soli. Cadets and very few of the Chorus.

In faith that's good!
Wohl - an, fangt an!
Bra - vo dav - ver!

Now to work
Schnell an's Work
Le - sit or - su

Whole Chorus.

f

In faith that's good!
Wohl - an, fangt an!
Bra - vo dav - ver!

Now to work
Schnell an's Work
Le - sit or - su
cres.
If an orches-tras should fail us,
tschin ta ra ta, tschin ta ra,
Our drum and trumpet will a-void us!

Haben wir Mu-sik von Nöth-en,
tschin ta ra ta, tschin ta ra,
So sehn die Trommel und Trompet-
en,

She d'orchestra sobbiam di-fetto
tein ta ra te, tein ta ra,
Vi è un tamburo ed un trombeto-

-pare!
tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-bis!
tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,
tein, ta ra te, tein, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,

-tschin, ta ra ta, tschin, ta ra,
As foregoing.

(All march to background imitating trumpets and drums, and disperse in various directions. All except theutenants, who continue to gaze feebly out towards Rostock. After a short pause, which is filled out by the instrumental music growing faster and faster, Steipans returns with the pamphlet in hand.)

StEIPANS (alone). So I am to write of the parts in this cold! Brrr! I must live up first! (Reads.) Scene first. Scena prima. She sits on a sofa buried in tears—wet handkerchief!—if she doesn’t get the rheumatism! (Reads) “Loud. Here I have the portrait of my husband!” (Speaks) Ah, yes! It says loud—so it must be this way (picks) “Here I have the portrait of my husband!” (Reads) “Ah!” (Speaks) A. S., A. S., what in the sense does that mean?

--- A. S. At Schuapp, perhaps. Yes, yes! At Schuapp. Most natural thing in the world; the husband is at his schuapp. (Reads) “My husband at his schuapp.” (Reads) “The more I see of my husband, the better I like my love!” (Laughs) Ha, ha, ha! Pretty good! Brrr! How cold! Mustfire up again. (Takes pipe.) What! empty so quick? Well, I must go and draw on my notes. (Rises) Husband at his schuapp! (Exit into Charivari.)

Gen. Kantschekoff is heard cursing and swearing violently in the distance. L. He enters, preceded by an adjutant and two Cossacks. He motions them back with angry gesture. They retire very severely. Kantschekoff has short-crop, grey hair, red face, black-rimmed nose, and a stiff braying mustache cut straight; is a curmudgeon, but not too exaggerated. Has a sword in his hand, which he constantly flourishes and waves.
THOUSAND FIFES AND DRUMS.

ARIA FOR BASSO.

ENTRANCE OF THE GENERALS.

Allegro marziale alla breve.

KANTSCHUKOFF.

Copyright, 1878, by OLIVIER PITROUX & CO.
Base poltroons, These dungenous! I'll scratch their hides and spoil their beauty, I'll
Kronz Million, Sop - per - ment! Die Kronz - te lass' ich Al - ten kos - ten, die
Cor - pussia d'un dra - gon! Vô lor gratter un po la pel - le. Vô

scratch their hides and spoil their beauty, To set them shaking, And loud howl's making, I know how!
Kronz - te lass' ich Al - ten kos - ten, Ihr sollt noch zitt - ern, ihr sollt noch zitt - ern, wie ich hoff!
lor gratter un po la pel - le, far - vi tre - ma - re, ed u - lu - la - re ben su - prò!

Pm Gen - er - al here! Kaut - schu - koff, Pm Gen - er - al here! Kaut - schu - koff!
Bin der Gen - er - al Kaut - schu - koff, bin der Gen - er - al Kaut - schu - koff!
Son li Gen - er - al Kaut - schu - koff, son li Gen - er - al Kaut - schu - koff!
Brev and skillful in command-ing,
From one fault a thou-sand sprouting,
Al-le weisen oh-ne Zweifes
A di - ri-ger to ton des-tro,
Mil-lo can- ci-vi più di-a nos,
- standing, Mon-go-sans and Mu-jik-s!

Brums and Russi-ans, Tor. co-man-sions, Sa-mo-les and
bring - sing, I pay to at - tention!
- sir - en, Kir - gi-sen, Oi - jack-en,
den - kos, das soll mich nicht krounken,
-o - dros, Mon - go - li, Po - lac-chi,
-gun - no, lo mon mi seon - cer - to,

Lith - u - an Jans, Grecs, Kau - schat - kaas, Letts and Dou - ses,
- ment con - Van - ing, Spur the la - zy lag - gards mov - ing,
und Mon - go - ten Kau - schan - da - ten, Griechen, Drau - sen,
mit dem Le - der da gibts gar kein Mio - vers - mich - en,
e Li - tua - ni Can - ci - da - li, Let-ti, Pru - si,

tal stro - men, te, cole i pi - gni, move i len - ti,

Lapps, Bri - ga - rians and Tun - gu - ses! Ev - ry reg - i-
-ent con - Van - ing, Spur the la - zy lag - gards mov - ing,
und Mon - go - ten Kau - schan - da - ten, Griechen, Drau - sen,
mit dem Le - der da gibts gar kein Mio - vers - mich - en,
e Li - tua - ni Can - ci - da - li, Let - ti, Pru - si,

Bri - ma - nians and Kos - sa - chas,
Ad - mits no dis - sen - ton,
ich heimisch,
- bos - ni, m' an - gu - ra
\[snipped\]
Swinging a Knout.

Fret!  Fret!  Ah, yes! I lash them!  Fret, Ah, yes I

In line, I keep with this light whip,

Fret!  Fret!  Ja mit der Knu-te,  Fret, ja mit der

Moment im Heere konnt die Instrument!

Fret!  Fret!  Ah, si, la frus-ta,  Fret, ah, si, la

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

-ment in the Heere konnt die Instrument!

lash them, Fret, Upon their backs with my own hand I thrash them, With this I lash them, Fret!  ab, yes, I lash them, Fret!  A

Knu-te, Fret, muskappen alles gleich auf die Mina-te, ja mit der Knu-te, Fret, nur mit der Knu-te, Fret, pa,

frus-ta, Fret, sul dor-si la mia mano ben l'aggu-sta, si col-la frus-ta, Fret, si col-la frus-ta, Fret, sa

leave commander is the valiant chief Kantschukoff!

viert mir, den grossen Gener-al Kantschukoff!

comandar il prode Gen-er'al Kantschukoff!
Steppan (returns, sees the general—is startled). Good Lord! The general of the division! (About to strike away.)

General. (sweating). Halt!

Step. (bewildered). General.

Gen. Know, you tremble! I see you know me! Who are you, soul of a dog?

ST. Corporal Stepkan, secretary of the company.

Gen. Your papers.

ST. Here, general!

Gen. (looks over paper). Forage certificate—Roster—good! (Returns all papers but one).

ST. (magnanimously). Good, clear writing, isn’t it, general?

Gen. (nods). "Here I have the portrait of my husband at his schnapps. (Growing as he speaks). So much the more I like my lover!" By the hand of Saint Peter! What is all that devilish nonsense?

ST. (horribly). General!

Gen. (calls). Adjutant! (enters and salutes) General!

Gen. One hundred lashes with the knout for this scoundrel!

ST. (trembling). Mercy, general.

Gen. Hold your jaw! I’ll show you a husband at his schnapps!

Julian (enters from barracks, L. (Aside, referring to Vladimir’s disguise). That will make some jolly sport!

Gen. (rushes at Julian and4glares at his knout). And here! A civilian? A spy? (Seizes Julian by the collar and slings him toward adjutant.) Two hundred lashes!

Jul. Beg pardon! I am—

Gen. I don’t care a candle what you are! First the knout, and then the explanation.

Jul. Oh! quite the contrary! Here is my passport! (Produces a paper).

Gen. (glances at it). Counterstamped by the Grand Duke! Very well! But this relic here (pointing to Stepkan)—the knout!

ST. (nervously). General.

Gen. One hundred lashes, correctly counted!

ST. Mercy! mercy! (Aside, looking at Stepkan)—the knout!

Gen. (steps in his way). Halt!

Jul. Whom have I the honor of obeying?

Gen. I am Count Timothy Kantchevoff, commanding general of this division. And you—(Looking at passport).

Jul. A newspaper correspondent?

Gen. A newspaper correspondent? (Returns the passport contemptuously.) Bah! I have often wondered what you fellows were made for. I suppose you are all round here to betray important movements.

Jul. Movements? The army hasn’t moved for three months!

Gen. You herald our defeats to all quarters of the world.

Jul. We should have been very glad to have heralded some victories; but—

Gen. You exaggerate our losses.

Jul. Ah, general! what would be thought of the strength of your army, if we hadn’t?

Gen. All the same. I can’t use any newspaper man here at the front. You will please walk back to Bucharest between two o’clock.

Jul. But, general—

Gen. I don’t want the slightest blunder I made telegraphed all over the world.

Jul. Then make no blunders!

Gen. Now, what do you know about strategy?

Jul. Not much of that kind; but I understand what blunders are, and I know my living by blaming them. But strategic blunders are not the worst a person can make, general.

Gen. (fixes). Ah!

Jul. (wags his head). Never mind my eloquence help me! He must let up on the poor corporal. (Aside) My frothy friend, I read these weather-beaten features; that, in spite of their rough exterior, you have a warm and humane heart.

Gen. (dumbfounded). Can I read my love for Fatimita in my nose? (Squirting down his nose.)

Jul. (aside). And if I can beg off fifty lashes it will be something (Aside). Therefore, general, I appeal to your heart.

Gen. (rushed by his idea). We are all human. Everyone has his secret spot (pointing to his heart).

Jul. Corporals, too, haven’t they?

Gen. Corporals and generals. I have experienced it myself.

Jul. (astonished). What! (Aside) be too? (Gesture of washing)

Gen. Once in my life!

Jul. (aside). Oh, these Russians!

Gen. (feeling at his heart). But I feel it still!

Jul. (aside). Well, that knot must have cut pretty deep!

Gen. She was my first and only love!

Jul. (astonished). Love! (Aside) and I thought—(Gesture of washing) the knot!

Gen. I loved her—and she reciprocated! (Violently) Yes, sir, she reciprocated!

Jul. I have not the slightest disposition to doubt it.

Gen. My happiness lasted but a few days. She disappeared, and since then I have been vainly striving to find her.

Vladimir (at this moment enters from barracks, L. disguised as a Wallachian peasant girl’s costume, with muslin shaven). Here I am at last!


Vladimir (de Julianis). O Lord—she Polar Bear!

Jul. (aside). He the Polar Bear! The bombshell has burst!

Gen. What, Fatimita, idol of my heart! you here—(in this costume)VLADIMIR (very confidentially). Yes...

Jul. (quickly). The young lady came to see her brother, lieutenant Vladimir. She donned this costume that she might journey with greater security.

Gen. (as before). Her brother? Where is this brother?

Vladimir. He is—

Jul. (at before). The Turks attempted a surprise yesterday, and Lieutenant Vladimir was captured after a heroic resistance.

Gen. The Vladimir shall be rewarded!

Jul. His sister brought ransom money? (To the public). That’s what I call imagination!

Vasal (enters very nervously from barracks with tip-up). He has a comical disposition. I look gloriously in these clothes! (without seeing Julian and Vladimir’s gestures, catches Vladimir around the waist). Deceitful niece!

Gen. (who has stood as if terrified). Chorty Vasal! You infernal beast!

Vasal. (sputters a loud cry). Great guns! the general! (Runs back)

Company, to arms!

Sentries (call). To arms! to arms! (The company rushes in from every direction. Three of the six sentries are disquieted very comically)

Vasal. (seizes the muskets which Jul. has previously leaning against a stack of rifles, and calls). Attention, company! Present arms! (Gen. lightly engaged). Chorty Vasal! Hound of a captain! This will cost you your command?

Stepkan (entering, L.). Help! help! (Behind the Adjutant, who attempts to seize him; then two Coastacks, owning knouts.) O general! (Throwing himself at the general’s feet and kisses his boots). Mercy! mercy!

Adjutant. The general ordered one hundred lashes!

Gen. One hundred? Three hundred? Five hundred! And every tenth man in the company one thousand!

Julian. He is strong in his decimals!

Adjutant. As you command, general.

Julian (in an undertone to Vladimir, who was about to seize his saber at the word of command, but was detained by Julian). Fatimita must help us now!

Vladimir. I understand! (Approaches Kantcheoff coquettishly, in the meanwhile the company stands motionless at “present arms!” the officers with lowered sabers, VASAL. with lowered umbrella.)
IF THOU WITH TRUE HEART.

No. 7.

DUETT.

Andantino con moto. VLADIMIR.

If thou, with true heart, Lov'st me so dear, ly, Hope I sin-
Hearts that have feel ing, Cru el are nev er, My prayers will
Wolken den Glauben Sie mir nicht rau ben, dass sei ne
 سيكون، الذي يحبني، حبافاً، هل تصدق، ما هي نصيحة
Al ma che sem te crud da non si a, la pro ce
- cere ly thou'll pardon all,
- ev er Find grace a now,
- Lie be ge - wä - ret, wenn Lied begeh - ret, Lie be kennt nie
- - Bit te bei Ihm, gilt,
- spe ro, per do ne rà,
- a nor con - ce - do quasto amor chie de, a nor ne - guere giaci al vare
- mol a tro ci mereb, All that love ten - der Claim loves will render, Love knows not how
gi - tig Ali - ten verseloth, dann sej Sie gi - te, nicht mehr so wä - thig, wie Täubchen mild,
- - Bis te bei Ihm, gilt,
- spe ro, per do ne rà,
- a nor con - ce - do quasto amor chie de, a nor ne - guere
- mol a tro ci mereb,
- - -

Prowling sullenly and doubting, He who hopes to gain my love true! Come, no more I'll stay here dozing; Neath those eyes with intrigue glating, He who hopes to gain my love,

Klein! Nicht so grimmig, so verdrossen, nicht so fiester und verschlossen! Wenn Sie lieben trost und wahr,
sa! Non mi sta così ac ci - gliato, sorrugnato e asombra - to, chi da, mi vuol farsi amar
- gli è! Via no faccia il sa ri pa - to, già quegli occhi da brigan - to, già me vuol farsi amar

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Must laugh, and never angry prove. Laugh a bit!
so sein Sie fer-nem kein Durbar. Lächeln Sie,
erreicht doch nie ein solches
si deo sor-ri-dei non abiffe! Rida un pò!
Kantschuck. During the 1st verse, astonished at the low tones.

During the 2d stanza speaks: Aha, she couldn't come that low A.
ha ha ha,
ha ha ha,
ha ha ha
ah ah ah,
ah ah ah ah

Ah!
Ah!
Ah!

Chorus.

Wilt laugh or not more mildly!
a-ber so lachen Sie doch!
ma vuol sor-ri-der o no!

ha,
ha,
ha
ha
ha

Ah! Pesce that are cross give
So! Weg mit Zorn und Wuth, das
Ah! Non può truce un vi - so

Ah!
Ah!
Ah!

Allegretto.

no de-light, On-ly those that laugh can... please the sight. Laugh once more, a
hasten the light. Lächeln steht so gut, ja... so ist's reicht. Thau - rer Trau - ter la - schönt doch, ein
una pla-ce, pla-ce in vo-ce un ri - so...

la - singhier, via sor-ri - da o bel to-sor, un
GENERAL (who has steadily grown milder at VLADIMIR’S flecking). Well, then, for the first time in my life I will let mercy temper justice (In undertone) for your sake, Fatinitza. (Aloud) But there must be some punishment. (He exits.)

THE ENTIRE COMPANY (in concert). Sabato, general!

GEN. Bless you, my children! Captain, company drill for two hours. (In undertone) That’s how I get there out of the way!

VASIL (saluting). At your command, general.

GEN. I shall soon be at hand to witness your manoeuvres.

VASIL. At your command, general.

GEN. Now, get out of this!

VASIL (commandingly). Company, right face! March! (The drums strike up a march, and the company marches around the stage, defiling before KANTCIUKOFF, then exit R.)

CHORUS. When in robes of White. See page 60.

JULIAN (who has been looking laughingly on during the foregoing, produces notebook). I must make a first-class special out of that! What a pity I can’t sketch! (Follows the company laughingly)

VLADIMIR (aside). It is now high time for Fatinitza to disappear, and for Lieut Vladimir to come on to the scene. (Going.)

GEN. Fatinitza, at last we are alone together! Idol of my heart! Come, come! (He leads VLADIMIR, in spite of resistance, to a camp-bed, seats himself, and draws VLADIMIR on to his knees.) And now let me press the first sweet kiss of our meeting upon your maiden lips!

VLA (tears himself away). Heavens! Aside) and I have just been drinking allah!

GEN (follows him). The same shy, coy creature of old! Just one kiss, only one kiss, Fatinitza! (Catches him, and pushes up his lips.)

VLA (boldly). On my forehead, general.

GEN. Call me Timokey.

VLA. Oi my forehead, Timokey (holding still)

GEN (kisses him heartily on the mouth). What a fool I would be!

VLA (caricaturing, screams). Ha! monster!

GEN. Oh, balsam, ambrosia, nectar!

VLA (aside). He doesn’t say a word about allah!

GEN. Listen, beloved maidens! I will gain a sacred right unto thee. This ring, it shall seal our union. (Producing a ring)

VLA. I dare not take it!

GEN (passionately). You must! you must! (He forces the ring on, to his face.) So, so! Now you are mine for life, my betrothed, mine my wife!

VLA (with a strong, masculine voice). His wife! Chort vasm!

That is the first offer of marriage I ever had.

GEN. So much the better! so much the better.

VLA. How shall I save myself? (Aloud as before) But, general—

GEN (attempting to kiss him). Call me Timokey, allianced, husband and take this kiss of betrothal—

VLA (holding out his hand). On my hand, on my hand, Timokey!

GEN. Ah, demnition! A kiss of betrothal on the hand! On the mouth! on the mouth!

(Sunrise glow in sky.)

JUL (pushing from L). General, general!

GEN (jumps up indignantly). Chort vasm! Who dares disturb me?

JUL. I, general, with permission.

VLA (aside). Somebody at last!

JUL. General, I have to announce that a splendid sleigh is coming this way!

GEN. What’s that to me?

GEN. What is it?

JUL. A glance with my fold-glass discovered a handsome young lady in the sleigh.

GEN. A lady! Holy Petrovitch, my niece! I had forgotten her entirely. The girl has her head filled with fantastic notions. She wants to see the war for herself; but she will be sent to a convent at once. What has the princess Lydia Imanovna to do in camp?

VLA (startled, aside). Lydia! Heavens! (Aloud) General!

GEN (tenderly). Call me Timokey!

VLA. Timokey, what is the name of your niece?

GEN (with vexation). Lydia Imanovna. The deuce take her! (Goes to background. Sleighbells—introduction to Sleighing Song p. 63—very piano)

VLA (in foreground with JULIAN). Heavens! what shall I do? It’s all up with me now, my dear fellow.

JUL (in undertone). Why?

VLA. I love Lydia Imanovna. She is the cause of my having been transferred to this place. She will recognize me. What shall I do?

JUL. Don’t worry, my boy! I will rescue you. (The sleighbells are heard nearer, music forte. A sleigh-Coach with Russian harness enters stage L. A Cousin leads the horses. An attendant opens the bow-skine covering. LYDIA throws aside her fur robe, and comes forward attended by the GENERAL. JULIAN and VLADIMIR stand at one side. The sleigh goes off R.)
WHEN IN ROBES OF WHITE.

Marchio marzato alla breve.

When in robes of white, earth lies before me,
Lieg der Schnee so weiss, das macht uns fröhlich,
Quan de bianco il suol ve der mä da to tut to neve e gel...

When in robes of white, earth lies before me,
Lieg der Schnee so weiss, das macht uns fröhlich,
Quan de bianco il suol ve der mä da to tut to neve e gel...

.... de - light comes o'er me! Then, in l - cy jew - els though she's found, Ros - sia
dann sind wir se - lig, wenn es Frost gießt, dass der Eis - den brucht, zeigt sich
lo son se - a - to, co - me bril - la e scin - til - la al - lor, la mia

.... de - light comes o'er me! Then, in l - cy jew - els though she's found, Ros - sia
dann sind wir se - lig, wenn es Frost gießt, dass der Eis - den brucht, zeigt sich
lo son se - a - to, co - me bril - la e scin - til - la al - lor, la mia

.... de - light comes o'er me! Then, in l - cy jew - els though she's found, Ros - sia
dann sind wir se - lig, wenn es Frost gießt, dass der Eis - den brucht, zeigt sich
lo son se - a - to, co - me bril - la e scin - til - la al - lor, la mia

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stands a queen, with splendor crown'd!
Russia's col' ma di splendor! rat-a-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-
Russia's land in crystal —
er Pracht! nur vor an, Mann für Mann, flink, man-
stands a queen, with splen-
dor crown'd!
Russia's land in crystal! —
er Pracht! nur vor an, Mann für Mann, flink, man-
Russia's col'ma di splendor! rata-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-
plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-
plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-plan, To
plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-plan, To
plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, rata-plan, To
At head-Quar-ters, dear-est un-cle, I ar-rive with ea-gre long-log, To be-
Tho-er O-hein, län-ger kom-mt ich die-sem Drang nicht sei-der steck'n, Eu-re
Zo di-le-to a voi d'ap-pres-so mi gui-dă la bra-sum ar-de-to d'am-mi-

-hold up-on the field it-self, The proofs of val-ue bright!
gro-ßen Hel-den tha-ten in der Nüß mir an-zu-seh'n,
naur sul campo is-tes so chiare pro-ve di va-lor!

Kantshuckoff.

Buried here, mid snowdrifts
Mitten un-ter Schnee und
Qua trà ne-vi sep-po-

Oh! a sleigh-ride is do-
Solche fri-sche Win-ter
E-bri-osa u-na tul

fright-ful,
Ei-se,
li-ta,

What you wish, pray now con-si-de-
sa-ge mir, was willst du hier!
dimm un pò che vuoi tu far?
What do light, What do light,

Welt - che Inst, Welt - che Inst,

Qual piac - cer Qual piac - cer

witz - in a light sleigh seat - ed, on - ward bound - ing. And to hear the tinkling bells in
beim Spiel der Flo - chen leicht da - hin zu g Sri - ten, wenn so hell die Sil - ber - glocken
dal - la leg - glo - ra slita an - dar ra - pi - ta ed u - dir la so - na - glio - ra

measure gai - ly sound - ing. To sweep and away, Like zephyrs at their play,
du - zu leb - lich hin - ten. Wohlan, eee - tan! auf schnee-bo - deck - ter Bahn;
un - tin - nar gra - di - ta, sborar a vol com' un' au - retta il suol,
So light, so bright! Thus young love flies away! To sweep and sway,
of the thought, as light, as light the will to its aim's goal, as swift as the wind.

Thus like a breath we dash a...
like winds at play,

Thus like... as it were... so sprightly... so sprightly... so sprightly... so sprightly... so sprightly...

VLADIMIR.

way! 'Tis she, 'tis she! what delight my heart doth fill!
Wind! She is there! ja, ja, once we得好我心欢畅;
and I seem to dream, Am I truly waking, still?

Julian.

So light! so bright 'er the smooth and easy way, To sweep and sway, Like zephyrs at their play!
Wie fliegt man da auf der Flüche spiegelflanke; bald, fond, bald nah! winter morgen Schellen klang!

KANTSHIPOFF.

E bei guizzar qual la lo-no pel sentier; To sweep the soul, like a zephyr - so sprightly!

Safe and warm, by robes of fur protected,
All fret and care are

Tief in weiche Pelze warm geschmückt,
ruh' ich von seig sen

Chiussa in calde spoglie molle men-te
a cari ingan ni

from my thoughts rejected, Froms now in sight Swift ly take flight,

Be-dorn ein ge wie get, schau halb in Traum flieh'n Baum um Baum.

shrig-lo la mia men-te, for-mo spaar-rir veggo e fug-gir,

Ah! often times thus disappear Dreams that to the heart were

Ach, so im Eilt ist mir auch schon manch ge-träumtes Glück ent-

ahl co-si fug-gl ta-lor, fug-gi, pih d'un sog-no doles al
a tempo.

dear! Ah! 'tis vain thus re-call-ing Vi-sions van-ished, to-day, Hence, a-way! Such thoughts en-

- thrilling! Courser light, speed a-way! a-way! a-way! What delight up-on a light-sleigh

seated; on-ward bounding; And to hear the tinkling bells in measure gai-ly sail-ing:

left! da-hin zu glei-ten, wehre so hell die Silber-glock-en da-su lieb lich los-ten!

68
THERE'S A CLOISTER NEAR THE FIELD.

No. 10.

ALLEGRO.

KANSTCHUKOFF.

There's a cloister near the field,
Eine Zuflucht winkt dir,
Qui seii pression chiostr'o' v'ha,

That to you will shelter
in dem Kloster nahe
che ri-ceto ti da

LITDA—poco rallent.

yield!

hier!

In a cloister you'd confine me,
Your exploits from me conceal—
lieg!

White!

Wie? im Kloster soll ich weilen statt den Rhumm mit Euch zu heilen? Ach ich
In un chiostr'o con la tua voce legg mi, mentre

MODERATO.

KANSTCHUKOFF.

here may safely stand,
And see all, close at hand!
Would it in you be coming be To stay here unpres in

bleib viel lieber da, dem theuren Onkel nahe! Solch Wagniss für ein zartes Weib mussich dir wider
qui potrei re-star i pro di am'mi var! Ti par s'ad di ca a fe mi na, re-star qui fra sol

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This young lady!  
Diese Dame?

What do I see?  
Was muss ich seh, 
Che vaggio o ciel!

This lady fair, the  
Ihr Ausblick weckt Er-

Oh, Heaven!  
O Gott!  
O ciel!  
A - him!

Yes, this lady!  
Diese Dame.  
La Sí - ge - ra! 
Or viens si bel!

This now, is fine!  
Jetzt wird es schön!  
La Sí - ge - ra!  
Or viens si bel!
LYDIA.

truth to tell, With wonder makes me tremble, So much doth she resemble A youth I once knew.

Vladimir. (Joyfully.)

well! To whom you courtesy did show, That rided and rejoiced, dem Sie bei einem Unfall einst barmherzig bei gezahl!

lied him, Perhaps you have believed him, Forgetful this not.

standen, und der ist allen Landen stets dankbar bleibt dau-
I must in truth confess 'Tis a peculiar case, I must in truth confess 'Tis a peculiar case.


E duo-po con-fes-sar che il caso è sin-go-lar, è duo-po con-fes-sar che il caso è sin-go-lar.

Vladimir.

Julian.

Kantschukoff.

The fact absurd doth seem, I think 'tis all a dream! The fact absurd doth seem, I think 'tis all a dream.
dream; but this affaire in hand, I cannot understand, The fact absurd doth seem, I think 'tis all a

dar; die Sache ist nicht klar, doch hat es nicht Gefahr, die Sache ist nicht klar, doch hat es nicht Ge-
gnar, per ben co-desse af-far, io non mi so spi-gar, assurdo il vero ap-par, si cre-de di so-

dar; die Sache ist nicht klar, es drohet uns Gefahr, die Sache ist nicht klar, es drohet uns Ge-
gnar, per ben co-desse af-far, io non mi so spi-gar, assurdo il vero ap-par, si cre-de di so-

Hier bei der Kriegerschnar droht ihnen leicht Gefahr, ja bei der Kriegerschnar droht ihnen leicht Ge-

I must, in truth, confess, 'Tis a pecu-liar case; The fact absurd doth seem, I think 'tis all a

fahr. Der Zu-fall spielt furchen, minu-ten son-nen-bar, der Zu-fall spielt furchen, minu-ten son-nen-
gnar, il caso è sin-go-lar, il caso è sin-go-lar, si cre-de di so-gnar, si cre-de di so-

fahr. Der Zu-fall spielt furchen, minu-ten son-nen-bar, der Zu-fall spielt furchen, minu-ten son-nen-
gnar, il caso è sin-go-lar, il caso è sin-go-lar, si cre-de di so-gnar, si cre-de di so-
dream! And do you know the youth I mention? Yes, surely he my brother is!

Is this sure? So kennen Sie den jungen Krieger? Es ist mein Bruder, ganz bar!

Es ist das große! E n o t e a v o t u 1 f i z i a i. Ha c e r t a m e n t a b m i o f a t e l! Ver- e a

bar!

gro!

She is his sis- ter!

Dies ist die Schwester!

S e h i s s i s - t e r!

S e n n o r a d e s - e-

praising!

mögliche

Where, at pre- sent, is your brother?

Und wo w i e l t d i e - s e r B r a d e r?

E s t a - t e l d o - v e n t r o v a!

They made him prison- er yes- ter- day

S e i t g e s t e r n i s t g e f a n - g e n

T h e y m a d e h i m p r i s o n e r y e s -

ter-

ges-

day

And to this sis- ter he is twin!

W a h r s c h e i n l i c h i s t e i n Z w e i l i n g s - s p a r n

A t l a s s e r e i t e g e l i g e m-

W h a r s c h e i n l i c h i s t e i n Z w e i l i n g s - s p a r n
us! Meanwhile, as at my quarters, Many may be standing by,
Ich fass dort mein Leut-mann geschwind. Have you passed, Die Damen wollen pro-
not! In-tend to come soon si-sta ma-no ar la gen-
to, qui de-n'tro que ta-

LYDIA.

![Lydia's dialogue]

Vladimir.

ah!
Ja!
what now!
was thut's?
che fa!

Julian.

ah!
Ha!
O heaven!
O Gott!
O ciel!

Kantschukoff.

ah!
Ha!
now joy!
recht schön!
ma bea!

... (auf . . . . . . . end.)

... (auf . . . . . . . end.)

... (auf . . . . . . . end.)

qui-et, And rest you with-out fass!
bi-ren, da drinnen sanft zu ruh'n. The place is small for two, But you can make it
men-te po-ser po-tre-to va! Zwar ist der Raum nur klein, Ihr müsst ver-teig-lich
Will happen?
Ganz richtig!
s'innendie!
I think so!
Vor trefflich!
be no ne!
Do: Too narrow space, you'll find room to embrace! Come on! All right, now, and keep up good
sein. Warum so freund denn noch? Unarm! Euch herzhaft doch! nur zu! Unarm! Euch, unarm! Euch recht
ber; via tal ris erbo al fin, s'ab bracio no un tan tian! Su via! da bra ve, s'ab bracio di

heart! schoen!
cour!

heart! He in a nice warm nest will hide, while I am freezing here outside! scho! Er ruht da drinnen warm mit ihr, und ich bleib trass uns aber, und frier! erco! Ei doleam si so a trovo men tro lo qui fort agghia se ca ro! All is right!

Mir ist's recht!

Un gerecht!

So ist's recht!

Faro ghi!
All is right!
mir is' recht!
fato è già!

So such resemblance near,
Suche die Ähnlichkeit
Doch die Ähnlichkeit
So ist's recht!

Waving
Staunen
Doch die Ähnlichkeit
Doch die Ähnlichkeit

Doth most strange appear!
Doth most strange appear!
Doch ihr rüthelhaft!
Doch ihr rüthelhaft!

Dubious
soul with sus- por dui;
Dichtmich ü- ber
Dichtmich ü- ber

In that glance,
In that glance,
In that glance,
In that glance,

Now shin-eth
sow shin-eth
sow shin-eth
sow shin-eth

A stupor dream,
Ge- wagt ist un- ser
Ge- wagt ist un- ser
Ge- wagt ist un- ser

O'er- flows the soul,
Spiel, dies Spiel,
Spiel, dies Spiel,
Spiel, dies Spiel,

In that dream, I see, doth
In that dream, I see, doth
In that dream, I see, doth
In that dream, I see, doth

Zühmen muss ich mei- ne
Zühmen muss ich mei- ne
Zühmen muss ich mei- ne
Zühmen muss ich mei- ne

In their glances shin-eth
In their glances shin-eth
In their glances shin-eth
In their glances shin-eth

Those gaze,
Und hei-
Und hei-
Und hei-

Andantino con moto.
The tender flame that doth shine the tender flame that lights up mine, that doth my heart reveal, ich

de loving flame, that lights up mine, that doth my heart reveal, ich

Leidenschaft, verbergen mein Gefühl, si che m'acceco se il

Leidenschaft, verbergen mein Gefühl, si che m'acceco se il

Oh, what a brilliant item waits in session by my journal.

Oh, what a brilliant item waits in session by my journal.

This plan now
Sie darf nicht

Dow come il
way! If 'tis a dream, I would not wake
bild mit heir so geseh! Schonen schon mein Herz
bar so niss. non mi vor-ri de-

- way! If I dream, let me not wake u-

Bild ein - zig mir die geben See-

skill! A fair bat-tal-on fen - i - nine, Per-
haps he'll raise at will, And put them through the
kant! Ja für ein hal - bes Dutz-end Feu-
til-lon's schon fand ge - ni - gend Staff ich vor

ein be - ta-glon di fo - mi - se fasce ci si no pos ca - var, en bot - ta-glon ca-

feur. Nono can mo - lest or harm you here, can harm you
follt ja so no a me to - glied pos te - to-

- guin. If 'tis a dream; if 'tis a dream, do not a-

-follt. Ich traur mit ihr, dass er bei mir, o wie so
star, so so geseh! b, so so geseh! Ich

- guin. If 'tis a dream, if 'tis a dream, ab, pray do not a-

-follt. so nah bei ihr, wie wohl ist mir, wie fühl ich mich so
star, so so geseh! b, so so geseh! d, so non cor - rei de-

-dril. Oh, what a brill - iant i - tem waits In se - tion in my
Hand. Wenn er bei ihr, dann bin ich hier
tod. Oh che ar - ti - co so - pen - do v'ha pel mio giar-

here. No one can take you from me here, no 'tis con-

-stillt. Sie bleibt mit ihr, ganz nah bei mir ach, das macht mich
pols, nes - sun, a me ri - ter ti pos so, e com - bi-
[At the close of this quartet the general retires towards background, the general meanwhile making threatening gestures in the direction where the soldiers are supposed to be drilling. He calls out.]

GENERAL. Quiet, life, there, you infernal rascals! One! two—one! two—left! right—left! right! (Exit back. re.)

[VLADIMIR meets LYDIA towards first barrack, l.]

vladimir (catches his arm.)

[VAIUIA has entered from r. as VLADIMIR makes his exit with LYDIA.]

Finale.

(v'aiui'a, on seeing the stage deserted gives a signal towards r., and hamza rises with a wild look of Bash-Bazouk, who come forward excitedly. Several insensibly approach the soldiers, who are looking with curiosity off r., at the Russian drilling. Others strike the canvas, and throw down the Russian flagstaff.)

now up, away!

finale i.

no. ii.

marziale moderato.

chorus.

(hassan col basso.)

(Chorus of Bash-Bazouk.)

Now up, a-way! No sound betrays To warn them of the raid impending!

Nur kein Geschrei, komit still herbei damit der Feind uns nicht erspä - he! S'avanz o-gnor sen - za ru - nor, non ci fac - ciam da lor sco - pri - re,

Copyright, 1879, by C. Dietsch & Co.
Fa-vors still, with boot-y la-den you'll re-turn And sing in tri-umph all you ear, Yok, wir zu-rich, we Lüs-sig und Bes-te weich der Bu-schi Bu-zuk lu-sig singt jok, suo fa-vor, di pro-da car-co to-ve rai e tri-on fun-to can-te rat: jok,
yok, yok, yok, Tra-la la, ra la, la, Yok, yok, yok, yok, tra-la la, ra la, la, The grand est boot-ty jok, jok, jok, tra-la la la la, jok, jok, jok, jok, tra-la la ra la-la, wenns gilt dann sind wir jok, jok, jok, tra-la la ra la-la, jok, jok, jok, jok, tra-la la ra la-la, gran pro-da si fa
of the war, La la la la la la pausch. Keu Gafscher, sitt herbei, dass der Feind uns nicht er-rä si, si, la la la la la la la! Cani il piæ a-vanzii am per non farei au-cor-scop-
of the war, da, immer da la la pausch.
ra, si fa-ra! si fa-ra!
HASSAN (who, led by VUKA, has crept to the barrack.)
(CHORUS drag VLADIMIR, HARDY, and LYDIA out of hut.
HARDY cries out. HASSAN presents a revolver.)

VLADIMIR. (who has snatched a sword)

ALLEGRO.
slay me, Ere he' re take from me!
reis - st, mäst ther, erst töd - ten mich!
strit - ri pri di repirță à me!

HASSAN col Basso.

A madl in arn, was e'er such fun! ah, ah, ah, ab, beneath the
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, eiu Web droht mit dem Sä - bel, lü - cher-
in ar - mi una sa - gaza ah, ah, ah, ah, da ri - der

LYDIA.

VLADIMIR. Val - lor brave and
Euch er - ci - leit
Bel va - lor in

JULIAN,

Leave her a - lone!
Llassat ab con ihr!
La - scha-te lei!

Ah, help! some one!
He - ran zu mir!
à me, à me!

suns! ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ha,
Hai, ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, ri - der, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa,
It makes me laugh, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, 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While I
last ab
po-trö
will I
zicht fort,
à voi
will I
re sist your sway!
re sist your sway!

An of fl
Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl

Yes, you're still may,
rous aus
zicht fort, vous fol gen nicht.
voi re sist ro,
voi re sist ro,
voi re sist ro,

Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl

Euch nur schaden hier!
Drum fol get gleich!
Nichts fol gen nicht!
Euch, er ge bet
Euch, er ge bet
Euch, er ge bet

Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl

Yes, you're still may,
rous aus
zicht fort, vous fol gen nicht.
voi re sist ro,
voi re sist ro,
voi re sist ro,

Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl
Ein Of fl

Yes, all your fire, but traitors branded; yes, all your fire will soon expire.

No! but traitors branded; yes, all your fire will soon expire.

Gather towards the gate, when on the ways ins ihrem Haus ruht er mit der Geleiten aus. Just like a flash mit ihrem Mal come un balen.

We will no longer stay! Your rage and fire non vuol si pih indulgare; il vostro ardire

Will soon expire, when 'neath the flag, 'neath the flag of our soldiers so brave.

From cloudless sky, the Turks did dash on them and took them on the sly!

In vain your prayers, your threats and airs, you'll slow them down.

Did you ever hear of a man, with a beard, so bold he lived like a lord?
The victor comes, our lives to save, our lives to save!
Schein bleibt, duero il vincer se guer v'e duopo il vincer!
Train; Your threats are vain, You'll follow in the victor's train! Now come!...
traitorous slaves!
folgen nicht!
tratestor!

one brave man have lost!
nur ein einziger Mann!
dato un uomo sol!

HASSAN. (pointing to Julian.)

more delay!
der Ge-salt!
priu tar dar!

You may stay again
Dieser bleibe hier,
Possono riscatar,

Those danes, with price of gold,
As me...
er sei Vermittler mir,
dass uns sin
le donne a prezio d'or,
tu nunzio e
Your humble servant!
G'hor sa mer Die-ser!
Servo de-voto!

Lass goeld seid nach Ge-biere!
Mor-dor puoi qui re-stars!

Sei der Preis, die Russen zah-ten's wie ich sechs,
In tan-ti bel zoo chi-ni d'or,
is the price! Or in gold se-quin, We're not nice,

That's not outrageous!
O mit Ver-
Oh, non e mol-to!

With greatest
Con gran pia-

No doubts ad-mitted!
Oh so na Zweifel!

And good or bad, make no de-lay,
Lest they should at the

und sei'n sie nicht in kur-zer Zeit,
So wandern in den

Where is he, where can be, With his head why tar- ries he? Ah! Ah! where is
Un-s're Kraft ist erschafft, und es siegt die Ue.-ermacht, Ah! Wir mü-sen
do-ve mai, do-ve stai pro-de stiol che tar-di ancor! Ah! Ah? do-ve

Where is he, where can be, Kantschku-koff, why tar- ries he? Farewell cloister, harum
Ih-re Kraft ist erschafft, und es siegt die Ue.-ermacht, Erst im Klas.-ter als Be-
do-ve mai, do-ve stai Kantschku-koff, che tar-di ancor! Chioestro addio, so non is-

Where is he, where can be, With his band why tar- ries he! Where can he
Ih-re Kraft ist erschafft, und es siegt die Ue.-ermacht, Sie mü-sen
do-ve mai, do-ve stai pro-de stuol che tar-di ancor! ah! do-ve

Where is he, where can be, With his band why tar- ries he! Where can he
Eu-re Kraft ist erschafft, sei-chai uns-ver Ue.-erwacht, Ihr musst nun
do-ve stai, co-sa fa pro-de stuol il tuo ra-lor! Non più tar.

Where is he, where can be be, where can he be, Why tar- ries
Ih-re Kraft ist erschafft, und es siegt die Ue.-ermacht, sei-chai uns-ver Ue.-erwacht
ando mai, ah do-ve stai, oh pro-de stuol che tar-di an

Ancient, Thou art changed into a Ha-rem, In-mates turn, sans leave or last, To O-da-
schütter, dann im Ha-reim Un-ter - nitzer, was aus solchem Li-eiste, naht noch Al-tes word, ist inte-ras-
bag-lio, ti tra-mut in un serraglio, e il te-nen-te di-ver-rà si l'o-da-

Where is he, where does he stay, the sol-diers brave, Why tar- ries
Ih-re Kraft ist erschafft, und es siegt die Ue.-ermacht
ando mai, ah do-ve stai, oh pro-de stuol che tar-di an

I stay, I will not stay, We wea-ry lon-ger here to
Ih-re Kraft ist erschafft, die Kraft reicht nov der Macht zu
ando mai, ah do-ve stai, oh pro-de stuol che tar-di an

no In - da gi-, noi sis mo stan-chi d'as - pet.
Enter Paizla. VICTA. The Russians are coming! JUlian. Help! Charge! Murder! Prepare to receive caraib.
KANTSCHEKOV. Say! cease firing! You might kill my Pauissia!

Tempo I.

Robbers, traitors, cowards, and knaves!
Each folgt, each folgt, each macht!

None can take you hence, ye slaves!

JUlian. I'll make an article of this, with continuations in twelve numbers.

HARDY (is at extreme R., and is prevented from calling the Russians by a gigantic Baski-Russian, who keeps him back with his rifle. As the Baski-Russian withdraws towards R., HARDY advances; as soon as the Turk disappears, HARDY lays an 80 gun-carrage, and calls.)

Halt there! You might hit Pauissia!

(VASIL raises the prostrate Russian standard again. KANTSCHEKOV falls helpless into HARDY's arms, and the latter rests his head on the general's book, and smiles maliciously. Tableau. Scene begins to fall.)

CERTAIN. (End of First Act.)
SECOND ACT.

"KISMET"

The harem of Iszet Pasha in the fortress of Rustachuk. A large room decorated in rich and fantastic Oriental style, and hung with tapestry. Rear part of the stage raised three steps, and separated from foreground by a handsome iron grating with a wide opening. In background a recess with an orient window built outwards. Broad, comfortable divans of rich material along the walls. No other furniture except richly carved shelf-places on the walls, and high cushions and pillows on the divans. R. and L. curtained doors, with borders the color of the curtains. L. a "mogul," a sort of wooden stand, supporting a copper basin filled with glowing coals. A can for coffee on the same. Brass tongs for taking the coals to light pipes with.

NURSIDAH, ZOLEKA, DONIA, BESIKA, SLAVES, NEGRO BOYS. [The four women sit, each with toilet-tables in front of them. The slaves help them at their toilet.]

No. 12.

ALLA BREVE Moderato.

TOILET CHORUS.

NURSIDAH & BESIKA.

To the native fas-ci-
"Den Ge-bis-te zu ent-
All' in-go-ni-ta ma-

Donia & Sulieka.

To the native fas-ci-
"Den Ge-bis-te zu ent-
All' in-go-ni-ta ma-

Chorus of 8 Slaves.

To the native fas-ci-
"Den Ge-bis-te zu ent-
All' in-go-ni-ta ma-
Please the lover’s eye, These unfold at his command, Every charm, Lan- guish and fe- sen ei-nen Mann, wen-det vie-ler-lei man an, Ja gar viel Co- quet- te-
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shoulders, powders soft enhance their whiteness!

Dona.

While on the cheeks the ro-ros

2d. Alti Soli.

They're here!
Selon da!
Le qu'il!

Resiaka.

Sometimes need re-viv-ing!
Ja-ge feuer-glu-hen!

2d. Soprani Soli.

With this!
Ge-wiss!
Cio-si!
dispositions Art doth add,\hspace{1cm} All to please the lover's eye,\hspace{1cm} All to
Rei:ze wir er-hö - hen, um zu fes:sen ei-nen Mann; um zu
Par-te a pro-di-gar,\hspace{1cm} Per pia-cer all' a-ma-tor; per pa-

Art doth add with lav-ish hand, All to please the lover's eye, All to please the lover's
un - sre Rei:ze er - hö - ßn, um zu fes - sen einen Mann, um zu fes - sen einen
ven - ga Par-te a pro-di-gar. Per pia-cer all' a-ma-tor, per pia-cere all' a-ma-

please the lover's eye, These un-fold at his command, All means try, lan-guish and
fes - sen ei-nen Mann, wes-det Vie - ter - lei man an, ja gar eiel Co - que - te-
cer all' a-ma-tor, vuolsi li fa - sci - no apie-gar, s' - dat - tor lan - guir si
eye. These un-fold as his com-mand. Ev'-ry art, se-du-cive try,
Mann, sien - det vie - ter - lei man an, sien - det vie - ter - lei man an,
-tor, vuolsi li fa - sci - no apie-gar, d'o - gui vez - zo so - dat - tor!

please the lover's eye, These un-fold at his command, All means try, lan-guish and
fes - sen ei-nen Mann, wes-det Vie - ter - lei man an, ja gar eiel Co - que - te-
-cer all' a-ma-tor, vuolsi li fa - sci - no apie-gar, sa - dat - tor lan - guir si
decres.
WHEN SICK MEN ARE FAILING.

No. 13.

IZZET PASCHA.

When sick men are failing, and grow ing more ill, Strong measures to
Be - fore men think of death, be der Schen Na - tion,
Wen I - a - rer, man sohn schem, de Bank - zei - ten
Oh, ma - gi - co Bos - for - ma - le a - ma - la, mi sem - bri cra -

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save them, must be used with skill,
To lie on soft
Hospita! seem to me changed,
Thy trea-
struck
In a sal-
- var-
- lo-
- me-
- ster,
the not-
- te-
- sa-
- ri-
- to-
- sal
- gia-
- to-
- in-
- un-
- os-
- pe-
- dal,
Te rato ha la ti si il

morn. ing till night,
Will fall to re-
- store them, and
loans would be
vain,
Thy last op-
- er-
- a-
- tion still caus-
- es thee
long schom ku-
- virm,
man kann sich im
O - ricun kaun mehr o-
- rien
türke schen, An-
- ich'n,
Jeder Jud froyt schen,
Stic, hab's kein
Für - ken not
mot - le di-
- van',
ri met - ter - si la
for - ce si
pro - va ma
pro-
- sti-
- to-
- an-
- cor,
per Ful - ti - mo tag - lio ri - seu - to do-

right,
If a Doc - tor is called in, their illa to dis - pell, He'll or-
pain,
- tirn',
- scher nur bald auf die Be - ne ihn brucht, Ein bi - sen
- lor,
- cher un - dot - to - re che poa - sa glo - var, bi - no - gua
- vor, si cer - ca un dot - to - re che poa - sa glo - var, bi - no - gua

- van, si cer - ca un dot - to - re che poa - sa glo - var, bi - no - gua
- vor, si cer - ca un dot - to - re che poa - sa glo - var, bi - no - gua
waking and he'll order shaking, To make them get well, He'll order waking, and he'll order shaking, 

waking and he'll order shaking, To make them get well, He'll order waking, and he'll order shaking, 

auffrischen, ein bi'is el auf'mischen, das war nicht so schlecht, ein bi'is el auf'frischen, ein bissel auf'mischen, das schneller, bi' so gna' premali per far li sa mar, bi' so gna' snmoli li, bi' so' gna premel li per

make them get well.
make them get well.
war nicht so schlecht.
farlo sa mar.
far li sa mar.

No. 14. MELODRAM.

Moderato.
IZLET. So our Lord and master loves us no more?

IZET. Oh, yes! Of course I love you; but, instead of being quartered, you must hereafter share my heart in fifths or sixths. It is plenty large enough! (Four women shriek in concert.)

IZET (waving them off). Oh, don't make such a fuss, ladies! It's practical reform I want.

ALL THE WOMEN (shriek angrily together). For shame! (They swarm around him.)

IZET. Saber! Silence!

MUSTAPHA. (Who has been standing motionless at the door, hearing voices outside, looks out, and says.) Exalted sir! Hassan Bey humbly begs admittance. He brings the Christian maidens.

THE WOMAN (Shriehed). For shame!

IZET (with emphasis). Hold your tongues! Put down your veils, and wrap yourselves in your mantles; and, Mustapha, see that not a soul of them stirs: if they do, intimidate them. (While the women are veiling themselves and wrapping themselves in long, white sheet-like mantles, he turns to audience.) The flogging of a woman is antagonistic to reform principles; but, in practice, the institution has a strikingly persuasive power! (Goes to place of honor, R. The women seat themselves on the dais, and murmur disconsolately together.) Don't want the new-comers to receive a poor impression of my martial life at first sight. If one of them stirs, Mustapha, you know how to persuade them to keep quiet.

A FEW BARS OF MUSIC. VUIKA, HASSAN BEY, VLADIMIR, AS FATINITA, LYDIA, AND TWO BASHI-BAZOUKS ENTER C.

HASSAN (makes salaam, service). Exalted sir, here are the two Christian maidens. May the sun of your favor shine upon them!

IZET (to VLADIMIR, who stands so that IZET cannot see LYDIA). Stand aside, maiden, and let me see your companion.

(VLADIMIR steps aside.)

IZET (beholding LYDIA, who stands there proudly). Allah, ilallah! What a charming vision! Fair stranger, and the rest of you, listen! you are my favorite, the chosen one of my heart—you, and no other.

FOUR WOMEN (hissing out from where they sit). The buzzy! Misfortune shower down upon her! Away with her! (Spring up.)

IZET (without looking at MUSTAPHA). Mustapha!

MUSTAPHA. Effendi?

IZET (as before). Persuade them! (MUSTAPHA moves his whip significantly toward the women, whereupon they seat themselves again, violently tuttling.)

IZET (to LYDIA). Come, beloved one! I share the place of honor with you, and reign over us all! (Taking her hand.)

LYDIA. Away!

VLADIMIR. Your highness, Princess Lydia Imanovna is the niece of the Russian general commanding the forces across the Danube.

IZET. So much the better! I have been longing for a Russian general's niece in my harem for some time.

VLADIMIR. You cannot refuse a handsome ransom for the Princess?

IZET. Who can make me take it?

VLADIMIR. International law.

IZET. International law? International law—to use an Occidental expression—is mere bosh!

LYDIA (reels to dais). Oh, horrible!

VLADIMIR (in undertone). Be calm, princess! Be calm! We will trust in Russian valor to rescue us.

IZET. The Princess Lydia shall be my favorite from this day forth. (Searching in pocket.) Where is my pocket-handkerchief? She is weeping. Oh, yes! I forgot it! It is in the wash! (Calls.) Mustapha!

MUSTAPHA (in undertone). Effendi?

IZET. Lead me your handkerchief. (He throws it to LYDIA.)

HASSAN (points to VUIKA). Your highness, it was this man whose cunning led us to the Russians.

VUIKA (very servile—salaam). Your most extremely exalted highness!

IZET. Very well; you shall be rewarded in a princely manner.

VUIKA (salaam, as before). Oh, your highness! Gospod!

IZET. Let me finish. You shall be rewarded in a princely manner as soon as we receive our reward from Stamboul! They are already owing us forty-two months' salary.

VUIKA. But, Gospod, I am a poor man of low station.

IZET. And I am a poor man in high station: that is the only difference between us.

VUIKA (howling). Oh, Gospod!

IZET (to MUSTAPHA). Well, then, give the rascal ten shekels.

VUIKA (receives money from MUSTAPHA). Ten shekels! Gospod! I am devoted to you for a lifetime; 1—but he has given me only five!

IZET. That's all right. Everybody who has anything to do with us Turks must be satisfied with fifty per cent, and consider themselves lucky to get that.

VUIKA (gnashing his teeth). Oh, these devilish shabby Muslems!

VLADIMIR (whispers to VUIKA). The Russians pay what they promise.

VUIKA (as he is led away by two BASHI-BAZOUKS, aside). Just wait, Pasha! I shall be revenged! (Exit.)

IZET. One thing more. The Muscovite attitude of my bride destroys the illusion. Mustapha, get the best of clothing and jewelry ready. (To VLADIMIR.) And you? What is your name?

VLADIMIR (quickly). Vladi—Correcting) Fatiniza, your highness.

IZET (continues). Well, Fatiniza, in the mean while you can assist your mistress at her toilet, until these perturbed spirits here (pointing to the angry-looking women who have been kept quiet by the sight of MUSTAPHA's whip) have calmed themselves a little. The rest of you now follow me, and listen to a half-hour's lecture on domestic economy! (All exit, except VLADIMIR and LYDIA.)
No. 15.  EXIT OF IZZET, WITH HIS WIVES AND SLAVES.

Izzet.

He'll order waking and he'll order shaking. To make them get well, He'll order waking, and he'll order waking.

Ein bissel auf's Frischen, ein Bissel auf's Frischen, das wür nicht so schlecht, Ein bissel auf's Frischen, ein bissel auf's Frischen.

Bisogni scuoter-lo, bisogni scuoter-lo, bisogni scuoter-lo, bisogni scuoter-lo.

Nursidah, Besika, Dioss, Suleika.

8 Slaves.

shaking. To make them get well, shaking. To make them get well.

aufmischen, das wür nicht so schlecht aufmischen, das wür nicht so schlecht.

preuner-lo per far-lo sa-nar. preuner-lo per far-lo sa-nar.
I FEAR TO THINK.

No. 16.

Moderato assai.

LIBIA. (aside.)

Vladimir.

I fear to think what is her destiny, with dread and fear.

Mein Herz es sagt, dass ich allein jetzt wir bin, war
Oh qual ti mor di tal

What will be, what will the ending be, what will it be?

ich bin, ob sonst auch mit diesen steins mein Sinne, wo fuhrt, die Sache
qual mai sera la fin, qual mai, qual sera la

doubt I think what will the ending be what will it be?

ich ge wagt wo fuhrt es mich noch hin, wo fuhrt es
qual mai qual mai sera a fin, qual mai sera la

(to Vladimir.)

The case is serious look doth wear, But I'm not ready to despair. A

Die Lage ist wohl krisisch hier in die dem türschem Frauenteur, doch
la po si zione grave as sai ma dis pera re non convien in
Well then will you be so kind, As to lend me now your hand, To arrange this pretty garland on my

Wollen Sie, wenn es gein, den Geschild und Di-a dem, mir be-feil-gen, doch nur leicht und sehr be-
Sia gentile voi un favore la sua mano mi presti ancor col far-sar mi questo ser to sovra il

Ah! she will drive me mad. I

O welch! ein Hiil-len- per ster

a tempo.
This di-a-dem is rich and rare! 'Tis well!
Das Di-a-dem ist glanzend reich! ja nun?
Now ge-
Co-de-sto sorto e pe-re-gra! En-ben!
Or

see,
spurt,

Yes, yes!
Yes, ja!

Le's fin-ish now, 'tis grov-ling late!
Es ist die al-ter-köch-ste Zeit!

I'm here, and will not make you wait.
Ich stehe zu Diensten schon be-

nialano or mai che tardi è già!

Soglieck!

Non tar-de più, cc-e-o-mi qah!

roll. ad libitum.

But ah, be careful what you do, Such
O sech, schon wie-der un-ge-schicht! Sie

Ah-ime! ma veda un pò ebe fà Col

Such

Col

cres. assai.
trembling movements nothing will a - vail, her hand is all un - skill'd, tis plain; She
sits torn, and brings not to stand, ver - stern sich auch auf's Schmücken schlecht; auch
mio tre - mar a mi la si ver - rä, d'var - mal-dre - stà è la sua man, à

knows not how, her ef - forts on - ly fail, She tries, but los - es time in vain; The
darın scheint sich un - ge - üb t die Hand! Wir kön - nen gar nicht vor - wärts recht; drum
quel che par he ab - big-lar non sa, si forza e perdo il tempo in - van; d'un

cause of such a tremb - ling hand, I can - not un - der - stand. If
tal tre - mar e ti - tu - bar vo - der non so'l per - chè, se

Furcht, dass ich - nen such ich thät ver - wirr't mich o - len - drein; drum
tal tre - mar e ti - tu - bar vo - der non so'l per - chè, deh
she knows not the way, If she knows not the way, I'll dress my self to
wenn's nicht an-ders geht, und wenn's nicht an-ders geht, will - end' ich's schon al-
lei nun sà ab-big-lar, se lei nun sà ab-big-lar m'ab - bi - glie - ro da
par - don me, I pray, par - don me, I pray, I'm not to blame to
wenn's nicht bes-ser geht, wenn's nicht bes-ser geht, so bei - ich zu cer -
vo - gli - a per - do - nar, vo - gli - a per - do - nar, che col - pa mia bon
(parous.)

I'll dress my self, I'll dress my self, I'll dress my self to-day, ah ah ah
hein! sehr un - ge-schickt sind Sie, sehr un - ge-schickt sind Sie, ha ha ha
me! m'ab - bi - glie - ro da me, m'ab - bi - glie - ro da me, ah ah ah

day! This trembling hand,
sein! sehr un - ge - schickt, quel mio fre - mar,
I un - derstand, ah! yes, quel ti - tu - bar, dei! lo

ah, I'll dress my self, ah, sehr un - ge - schickt und nun das
ha ha ha ha ha, ah, sehr un - ge - schickt me!

par - don me I pray, ah, m'ab - bi - glie - ro.
So - che ist das nicht, ah, das nicht!
vo - gli - a per - do - nar.
Meno allegro più ritenuto.

What mystery dost conceal,
Was macht sie so verfroren,
Qual miai tal mister,

Some speak, the truth reveals!
Was ist's, das Sie gezaht!
Su parli, dici ver!

Fra ter mail
Es ist al
Di suora a

Andantino con moto.

love burns within me,
And inspires me to tell you here,
more do in core
ed i spiera al mio labbro andir,

What is this mystery he will reveal to me!
Was wird ich horen, was wird sich liu ren mir!
Qual mai mi stevo, svedar im prende rai!

Who with love wastes away,
Ask that thy heart, thy soul should sway.
I ask that thy warm heart should

der so in mig Sie liebt! Gna de fur ihn
che si strugga d'amor, pie ta di lui

die glühnde Leidenschaft macht ihn
fa vel li in cor, pie ta pi vo ili in
(To Vladimir.)

more-o-ver!
Nur sei-ter!
Eh-he-ne!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

true! wahr!
ver!

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ver!

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ver!

true! wahr!
ver!
I seem to dream, and fear that all may not be true, for
It's wahr, hier zu ver- scot ich
Mi par so-guar e temo in-sien che non sia

Tis like a dream! She's
Jetzt ist es aus! zer-
Mi par so-guar,

with me! What capture in a thought so new, so now! I seem to
sein, von me, oh quan-ta gioja in tal pen-sier, so-guar

here with me! Ah yes! She's still with me. Tis like a
stört mein Traum, So wol-len Sie mich flihn, mir nicht ver-
con me ah ei elf con me,

dream! She, standing there! But what's to be?
Ich geh' hi mein Lei res ti quh! Enough for
par! Ich geh' al-lein. Ma co va

That asks for love! war Ich nun nah, Le chie-do amor

...
Now, scarcely know, I wish it so! Fate turns now or! zu un-ge-schickt, ich geh' allein! Im Herzen
And may I hope! But here, and now, Fate turns now bin ich be-glückt, wenn Sie verzieh'n! Im Herzen
Spó-rar po-tró! Ma deh, ed or! Se-re-ni

Tempo I.

Kindly from sorrows past, Hope be-comes us now with a smile at last, Sweet regt sich ein Hoffnung-quell, es bleibt mir für e-wig sein Herz ge-sehnt, er
regt sich ein Hoffnung-quell, ihr bleibet für e-wig mein Herz ge-sehnt, es

Voices of faith, from above, I hear softly whispering words of strahlet mir la-chen und son- nen-hell tren-er Lie-be Se-ri
te ne-re vo-ci di fé, d’amor sus-sa-rar mi son- to ni

Cres. assai.

collo voce.
love! The hour... of sorrow's past, and love... doth smile at last, love smiles at last... 
Kelt! Ja strahl - ten wird mir bald der Lie - be Se - lig - keit, o Se - lig - keit... 
cor! Se re - no il mio de - stin m'accent - na un riso al - fin, s'erne d'a - mor... 

(To Lydia.)

And
Spe.

p (To Vladimir.) ad libitum. Allegro.

(aside.)

Who asks for little, may yet hope for more! Voi - cee - es - per - words of love! 
Ver-sagen Sie auf einmal nicht zu viel! Se - lig - keit er - strah - let mir!
Chi po - co chiede può sperar as - sem! Vo - ci son d'a - mor... d'a - mor!
ad libitum.

may I hope then?
darf ich hoffen?
rur che augo!
(At close of duet, Lydia exits. Vladimir, who has conducted Lydia to door L., stands a moment gazing after her. The four women enter softly R.)

NURSIDAH. Come, sisters, we cannot allow our lord and master to take this Christian maiden as a wife. Come, let us scratch out her eyes. (With a wild screech, run towards door L.) Ah! Revenge! Revenge!

THE THREE OTHERS (the same). Revenge! Revenge!

VLADIMIR. (receives all four in his arms, surrounded by the wrathful women). For heaven’s sake, ladies, don’t come to blows! You are beside yourselves with rage. I comprehend the situation, and sympathize with you.

NURSIDAH. What, Christian maiden! you, too, hate your companion?

VLADIMIR. Hate? Quite the contrary!

NURSIDAH (jealously). Perhaps you would like to put yourself in her place.

VLADIMIR. No, upon my honor! Hear me, charming companions. A hundred thousand piastres shall be yours if you help to set us free—her and me.

NURSIDAH (undertone to Diona). A hundred thousand piastres?

DIONA (the same). I and we would be rid of them both!

VLADIMIR. But it must be soon—this very day. I give you my word of honor as an officer, that you shall receive the money.

NURSIDAH. Your word of honor as an officer?

VLADIMIR. Quite right. The word of honor which an officer owes has given to me,—a Russian lieutenant.

NURSIDAH. Whom you love?

VLADIMIR. Unapproachable! He and I are one body and soul!

NURSIDAH. And he has many women in his harem?

VLADIMIR. Unfortunately he has not. Occidental civilization stu-pidly forbids a cavalry officer driving such a charming four-in-hand as you before his chariot of life.

ZULEIKA. But what shall we do?

VLADIMIR. Find us some means of escape. As I have said, a hun-dred thousand piastres are yours.

NURSIDAH (in undertone). You can trust to me: I will save you.

ALL FOUR. You can trust in all of us.

VLADIMIR (in undertone). Most glorious!

DIONA. But can we trust in you?

VLADIMIR. Upon my honor!

Besika. Honor? You are a woman!

VLADIMIR. Perhaps not so much as you think; and, if it will win your confidence, then, listen! The Princess Lydia is worshipped by a young Russian.

ZULEIKA. And this Russian,—where is he?

VLADIMIR. Not far from here.

ALL. Where? Where?

VLADIMIR. Will you swear to assist him?

ALL. We swear!

VLADIMIR. Well, then! (He stands C. All the women approach him simultaneously.)

IS IT A MAN?

SEXTETT.

No. 17.

MAESTOSO.

VLADIMIR & LIDIA.

VLADIMIR.

Well, then, know that this young Russian is my self!

Nun denn, so wissen: der junge Russe ist ich selbst!

Dينة! sagt bitte jen den_____ ich selbst! Ich bin ein_____ in_____ della 

DIONA & ZULEIKA.

Ah! a man, a man, isn’t true?

Ha! Ein Mann, ein Mann, ist’s wahr?

Un uom’, un uom’, fa ver!

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So much amazed!  
They're whispering  
and smiling!

sieg sind erzuckt!  
Sie läppeln,  
sie wispern!

stu-pl-o soz!
Ha-biglan!  
sor-ti-don!

true!  
Wit us he's jesting,  
You are un-truthful,  
It can-not

wahr?  
das ist un-glaublich,  
ist ganz un-möglich,  
es kann nicht

ver?  
Di sol si bur-la,  
mon diso il ve-ro!

like startled doves, af-frighted,  
These maids fly up, ex-ci-ted  
If you breathe the name of

Wie ei-ne Schaer von Täubchen entföhn entzigt die Weiβchen  
Ai par di co-bou-bel-le a vol sen van-le bel-je  
vor den eins gen Wörterchen  
a quel sol pen-sier d'un

be, no!  
We closely scan:  
A man is she?

sein, nein!  
Schaun sie nur an;  
das soll ein Mann?

ver, no!  
Mi-ra-to un po  
sequesso è un nom'
Man, if you en-ly speak of man! They go circling around in their flight, but soon alight, re- covered from their

cor domen eadgen Warchen Man; doch bald kommen sie wieder heraus, gebald, Geduld, sie - ruchen wieder

a quel soi pensier d'un nou, per la breve n'te-rana a vol, quel ra - go stai ri - torna in breve a

What then are we? No, no! was sind wir dann? Nein, nein!

che simmo noi? No, no!

Moderato.

fright! 1. Nurjdar. Thou a man? it can - not be! Face and form say no, you see, on! man?

voi! Tu so'na noum' ao non pub star, it smantice il viso, il far!

2. Diona. Thou a man! no, say not so! 'Tould be falsehood, lies, you know,

Tu so'man no, sanso non so dir. non eun - cir - gur, non meu - tir.

3. Zulika. Thou a man? no 'tis not true! Men could not - er laugh like you!

Du ein Mann? das ist nicht wahr: stich ein schelmisch Aus - sen-pur,

Tu se'm man no non e ver, con quei ri - so ù - suggier?

4. Besika. Thou a man? it makes me laugh! Where do men have e's the half

Du ein Mann? siste tâ - cker - lich, nie - wols fansei bei Nunnem? ich,

Te se'm man da ri - dier fa, do - ve mai ve - di - to s'ha
Too many charms and graces You are pleased to find in me; Half 
Ihr sagt mir schöne Sachen und so manche Arligkeit, die
Sich troppe le bellezze che vi place in me sonpir, le

those your fancy traces, Might well make me vain, you see! You err, come touch me,
vor tre genti lezzoe ben mi fan noin super bir, sta giaste, ed or mi

bravely, Proof you'll find I'm not a miss. Then on each mouth I'll naively leave a
Tauschen ich Besolvere gen bro mugg, mag Je de mir er tau ben el non
tocca il mio senso a vol provar e quindi un bacio in beo 0a vi vo
kiss!
Kuss!
dar!

Ah, yes! a kiss thus of-fered, As a proof of sex may serve; A young man's lips will
Ach ja ein zärt-lich Küsschen ist der si-cher-ste Be-weis; bei Männern sind die
Ah! si, so-ave un ba-ci o peh di prova an-cor ser-vir lo la-brà d'un gar-

swift-ly Send a thrill thro' eve-ry nerve! So, if your lips are not like ice, But like a bright flame
Küs-se gar so sus, so glühend heiss, wenn sie das so ver-steht, und das so ähnlich tref-fen
zo-ne san-no ardere e fre-mir, se il lab-bro tuo del par go-lar ne faccia ed av-van
Come kiss me now!

Ein Kusschen

Vien mi ba-

cres.

Enter Lidia dressed in Turkish costume.

Hold

Hal-tet

Fermo-

The ride's key will show, if thou'rt a man or not;

Es soll sich sehr offen, ob auch Alles wirklich

now!

without de-

The ride's key thou'lt quickly show, if thou'rt a man, we soon shall

bezieht es mir,

es soll sich sehr offen, ob auch Er Wort auch wirklich

hier,

bezieht es mir,

es soll sich sehr offen, ob auch Alles wirklich

The ride's key will show, if thou'rt a man or not;

without de-

now!

hier,

without de-

hier,

without de-

hier,
Andantino con moto.

I'd like to see what right has she
To thus pro-hi-bit! This fair ex-

Lidia.

That goes forsooth. To show the trutb, Our mouths just missing The proffer'd kissing, Why you-

cause I have the right! And he is greedy, quite. Now cease this vain conten-tion, About a foolish stod-ridden

des-stodritten is' l'ho, ed in-on-tese egli è la gara ces-si al fine del va-no in-sin-
flirt! No kiss- es or ca- resses Make you from me di- vert!
sehr, in Eu- er Notze thu sio- hen, gelingt Esch nim- mer mehr!
Gar, nè vez- zi nè mo- l- ne la pos- so- no ten- tar;
If true, pray tell us why?
O sprich, wie so, scar- ran?
Darver! oh di! perche?

all'argando il tempo.

try. . . to con- ceal, in vain, The flame that with- in me is burn- ing bright; To
tis. . . . . . . . dem ich mich ge- sehnt, für den tief im Her- zen die Flam- men glüht, er
van. . . . . . ten- te- ei ce- lar la flamme che mär- de pos- se- no in se- n, a

allargando colta voce.

him I de- vote all the love's sweet soul Of this food and this on- ly de-
tast mei- ne Welt, mei- ne Se- lieg- keit, ich ge- steh' es ja ich lie- be
lui ognit af- fot- lo vb sa- er di quest' al- ma mio an- ni- co
cres.

rallent. assai.
Allegro giusto.

That hea'n have pi-ty, let us now de-mand! When at eve-ning
The seid von Gott zum Schatz uns ge-sucht? Abenda, wenn von
Vi mand' il ciel c'ha-be ei nel pie-th! Quand'a se-ra

friendship be this right hand!

When at eve-ning

Albenda, wenn von

Quando a se-ra

friendly shadows Shroud the skies with their dark veil, Then the work must be accomplished, With strong hearts it

Mi-na-ret der Ruf er-tint zum Nachtge-bet, sel's vollbracht, doch ha-bet Aeh! dass nicht Verdacht vor-

volga il cie-lo d'ombre am'che fece un vel, l'opra al-lor si deo con-pir con for-te cor, con

friendly shadows Shroud the skies with their dark veil, Then the work must be accomplished, With strong hearts it

Mi-na-ret der Ruf er-tint zum Nachtge-bet, sel's vollbracht, doch ha-bet Aeh! dass nicht Verdacht vor-

volga il cie-lo d'ombre am'che fece un vel, l'opra al-lor si deo con-pir con for-te cor, con
If the darkness us a vail, In our work we cannot fail, Strong in heart! Bold in deed, In this work
Sind wir nur auf unser Hut, muss ge- lin-gen Al-le gut, darum Muth, kal- te Blut, auf der Hut
Se sappiamo all er-ta star non può po- ra mancar, for-te cor, fran- co ardir, vuol si ognor

yet! If the darkness us a vail, In our work we cannot fail, Strong in heart! Bold in deed, In this work
Fuss! Sold ihr nur auf Euer Hut, muss ge- lin-gen Al-le gut, darum Muth, kal- te Blut, auf der Hut
Se sa-pete all er-ta star non può po- ra mancar, for-te cor, fran- co ardir, vuol si ognor

wenn auch muss der Ruf er- sink zum Nacht-ge- bet sei's vollbracht, doch
per riu- cir. Quando a se- ra svolga il cie- lo d'ombre an- che fosco un vel, l'o- pra allor si

we'll succeed. When at evening, friendly shadows shroud the skies with their dark veil, Then the work must

wenn auch muss der Ruf er- sink zum Nacht-ge- bet sei's vollbracht, doch
per riu- cir. Quando a se- ra svolga il cie- lo d'ombre an- che fosco un vel, l'o- pra allor si
more! Keep on guard, with
freiv! Doch mit Ver-sicht
thai! Ma con-vien alla er-ta star, for-te cor,

more! Keep on guard, with
courage steel'd, Strong in heart,
free! Doch mit Ver-sicht und Beleucht, leis' und sucht,
tha! Ma con-vien alla er-ta star, for-te cor,

Poco meno.
sure succeed. Ere day is o'er, Will freedom smile once more! Yes, be-fore day is o'er, Freedom
er reek, so werd's vollbracht, und Freiheit bringt die Nacht! Heu-te Nacht, sei's vollbracht, still und
ges reek, v'ar-re che rà la not-te li-ber-tà! Gauli o-gnor, ne da-rà que sta

sure succeed. Ere day is o'er, Will freedom smile once more! Yes, be-fore day is o'er, Freedom
er reek, so werd's vollbracht, und Freiheit bringt die Nacht! Heu-te Nacht, sei's vollbracht, still und
dees rie-rik v'er-re che rà la not-te li-ber-tà! Gauli o-gnor, ne da-rà que sta
(After the Sextette, all exit. When the stage is empty, Mustapha enters from background, and looks around.)

Mustapha: Nobody here; so much the better. (Calls out.) Bring in the Russian envoy!

(Two officers enter, leading Julian and Stepan off blindfolded before them. When they reach the foreground, the handkerchiefs are taken from their eyes. The officers escort Mustapha stills in back round, and looks out at windows.)

Julian (who, like Stepan, looks around in a dazed manner). Ah! (saluting.) Salute the Turk! Have the honor? What? Nobody here?

Mustapha (concealingly, otherwise dressed as in first act; carries a bag with him large enough to hold Vladimir's uniform). Ah! Mr. Julian! There is some kind of Mussulman back there; lays his head on the floor.

Jul. (salutes several times.) Effendi! salem aleikum! Allah, il Allah! Ruhat lekom. (Mustapha does not move.)

Jul. My supply of Turkish is exhausted, Stepan, suppose you try.

St. (in undertone.) I know only three Turkish words. Rachak, fellow, and bakshish, that last meaning a free. Suppose we try that. (Bows out.)

Mustapha comes quickly forward with a servile salam. Effendi!

Jul. The word "Salam" has a wonderful effect in all languages! (To Mustapha.) Where is his excellency?

Mustapha: You will soon be permitted to see yourself in his presence.

Jul. And I may be permitted to ask in whose presence I am amusing myself at present?

Mustapha, guardian of the harem.

Jul. O fortunate man! So the care of the many better halves of his excellency is entrusted to you?

Mustapha (shakes his head negatively). Effendi! Yes! Vladimir (enters, new dress in Turkish costume). His voice! It is he, with Stepan, Julian, my dear boy, how are you? (Thrice embrace)

St. (aside). Holy Peteritch! the Lieutenant!

Mustapha, seizing his whisk. Allah kerim! Apart! apart! March in there, soldierr; or-

Jul. God pardon! but, my dear Kislov, go.

Mustapha. Hence, Guiser! It would cost me my head if his excellency should learn that the sanctity of his harem had been violated.

Jul. (presses a coin into his hand, and leads him aside.) Make no fuss about it. She is my sweetheart.

Mustapha, understanding.

V.I.A. (takes him aside, in undertone). Don't make any fuss about it. I am his sister.

Mustapha, pretending.

St. (to Vladimir and Jul. embrace once more, takes Must, aside. In undertone.) Let up, a little, Modem; she is his wife. (Gives him a note)

Mustapha (attentively). Allah kerim! His sister, his sweetheart, and the mother of his children! Oh, these Muscovites!

VLAM (in undertone to Jul.). You come with rancor for Lydia and me. How Mustapha's attention for a moment: I want to speak to you, Julian. (Calls.) Stepan!

Jul. Lieutenant! Don't fancy Fatatik, I meant to say.

V. (approaching Mustapha, takes her by the arm). We will leave them by themselves a moment, Effendi. He is her long-lost father?

Mustapha. What relations?

Jul. (speaks with him in undertone, and conducts him to background.) Vladimir (has come with Stepan at background, where they have spoken animatedly together, and shown him the key secretly. In undertone. Here is the key.)

Jul. I understand, lieutenant? (Takes the key and points to the bag.) I thought you'd want to be brought your uniform, in case you wanted it.

Mustapha (dissimulating). Allah kerim! (Julian closes the key, and hands it to Stepan.)

Jul. (in undertone to Stepan, and Vladimir.) We must be careful.

Mustapha (in undertone, and Vladimir in background.) The Russian envoy, your highness! (Jul. makes a deep bow. Ste. salutes.)

Effendi (sends somewhat). Kiss god bless! You are welcome! (To Mustapha, without turning his head.) Mustapha.

Mustapha, Effendi?

Jul. (as before.) Coffee! tobacco!

Mustapha (makes salam, and, stepping backwards, calls, n.). Kadet! Chitomah! (Three negro boys bearing coffee, and three with two Turkish pipes, hurry in, n.)

Effendi (offers Julian the place of honor, and shows Stepan to a divan lower down and near Julian. He seats himself at Julian's side, crossing his legs in Turkish style, which the others awkwardly attempt to imitate. With dignity, to Julian.) You have come, O stranger, to offer me a ransom for one of my prisoners.

Jul. For both of them, your highness.

Effendi. Then you will be disappointed. I shall retain the charming Lydia for myself. As for the other, she is nothing to me.

Jul. (aside). So much more to the general.

Effendi. I will return her—in exchange for money, of course. Now, what do you offer for Fatatik?

Jul. (coolly, as if computing.) Ahem! Mustapha (steals to Effendi, whisperingly.) Your highness, she is his wife.

Effendi (aside, runs his chin slowly and proudly). Then I will press him. Jul. (smoking.) Well, your highness, I think a thousand roubles is plenty for her.

Effendi (protesting). Oh, she is worth five times that sum!

Jul. Five thousand roubles? Your highness must be jesting! I will give two thousand.

Effendi (cold-blooded). Four thousand, those are bottom figures!

Jul. (calmly sneaking.) Then I guess we'll let you keep her, and welcome, your highness.

Effendi (with occasion). Allah, il Allah! I keep your wife!

Jul. She has a lot of faults: her greatest is a total lack of womankind qualities. (Effendi rises, Julian and Stepan follows the same. The slaves take the pipes and withdraw.)

Effendi. We are about to despotic this good man [indicating Stepan] with a letter to Count Kanchukoff, whom I must inform of your inconsiderable will?

Effendi. You may. (Calls at once.) Mustapha! Mustapha (comes forward.) Effendi?

Mustapha, conducting with handagded eyes as far as the river.

Mustapha. And the other?

Effendi. Remains my guest.

Jul. (writes, in undertone). Now, Stepan, tell the general that the thousand men are not enough; we need twenty thousand.

All right sir. (Mustapha blindfolds him, and leads him away.)

Effendi. Until the return of the Muscovite, O stranger! you shall par take of Iezet Pasha's hospitality.

Jul. (in undertone.) Serve your master, and serve yourself.

Effendi (enters n.).

J. (aside). Three claps of the hand mean Champagne in Turkish. I must make a note of that! (Aloud.) I had an idea that wine was forbidden to Mussulmans.

Effendi. Champagne is to wine.

Jul. O Veneur Clignot! could you only hear that?

Effendi (drinks, great merrie). And if it were wine I wouldn't care a fig. I am a reform Turk! (Drinks.) Haha! reform is a good word! How do you like it, stranger?

Jul. First-class, your highness; but I will no longer remain a stranger to you. I am Julian Hardy, an American journalist.

Effendi (drinks). Ah! an Effendi—who-

Effendi (drinks and pours for both). Who knows, sees, hears, and listens to everything; puts his name on every question; so that he shall not be shut out.

Effendi (drinks). A paper ventilator! Haha!

Jul. (merrie). You've said it, pasha!

Jul. Effendi. Well, and are you going to venetilate me?

Jul. The article is already in my head.—Izet Pasha, or the Practical Turk.

Effendi. Very good! Here's to you, Hardy Effendi!

Effendi (reaches glasses with him). The same to you, old boy! You've a trump of a Pasha! You're making hearts of earth! What a splendid champagne! What an enchanting existence! And this Kismet, this delightful Kismet?

Effendi. Yes, Kismet—neck or nothing!
EVERY AUTHOR IS AT BEGINNING.

No. 18.

KISMET DUET.

Allegro con Spirito.

1. Ev'ry author is at beginning.
2. Ev'ry bride is at first begin.
1. Jedermann ist anfangs
2. Jedoch ist anfangs
1. Ogni autore è da principio
2. Ogni sposa è da principio

Izzet Pascha.

1. Hopeful ever,
2. Saucy never!
1. Ev'ry maiden is at beginning.
2. Ev'ry husband is at beginning.
1. Jedermann ist anfangs
2. Jedoch ist anfangs
1. Ogni sposa è da principio
2. Ogni sposa è da principio

Julian.

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seek - ling still, He'll say: She'll say: Kis - met! Kis-met!
poor head still, She'll say: He'll say: Kis - met! Kis-met!
en - dicht hung, senzt er; senzt sie: Kis - met! Kis-met!
Hirsch - ge - weck, senzt sie: senzt er: Kis - met! Kis-met!
- cambo an - cor! Bi - râ! Bi - tâ: Kis - met! Kis-bet!
cajo an - cor! Bi - râ! Bi - râ: Kis - met! Kis-met!

E'er changeful a - like, are they! Draw the cup of joy to-day,
jo, damo bise und trink, liba il nappo del piacer,
sou mu-ta - bil del par sav - ver, Don't de - lay, Love, a -
ju - che! Wech - sel herrenchon A bis Z,
- way, Who knows what may be soon his Kis - met, Who knows what soon will be his Kis - met, Kis - met!
- met, Kis - met, Kis - met, das bringt dein Kis - met, Kis - met, Kis - met, das bringt dein Kis - met, Kis - met!
- war, chi sâ, do - man, qual' è il tuo Kis - met, chi sâ, do - man, qual' è il tuo Kis - met, Kis - met!
JULIAN. Oh, what a pity, Pasha, that the Koran forbids you to show me your harem!
IZET (who has got very jolly). The Koran forbids nothing of the sort!
JULIAN. What! Really?
IZET. Hah! No, of course not! (Merrier) We Moslems made the rule ourselves.
JULIAN. Well, if that is so, brother Pasha, then— you know— just give me an introduction to your wives.
IZET. Yok! yok! That wouldn’t do.
JULIAN. Only think what a chance it is to make you famous! When I sing off an article, “Izett Pasha’s Harem, the Practical Reform Turk”—
IZET (with a pleased grin). Hah! That wouldn’t be bad.
JULIAN. I will call you the finest connoisseur of feminine beauty. IZET (as before). That’s just what I am— you bet!
JULIAN. I will describe the charms of each wife in the most enthusiastic and poetical style.

IZET. That would be fame. It will be a good advertisement— give me a chance to sell the whole four of them. The women are about as good as new! So you shall see them, brother.
JULIAN. That’s right! Trot ‘em out, old boy!
IZET (has gone to door & turns around, somewhat unsteady on his legs & in his speech). But simply look at them. Remember, now, simply look at them!
JULIAN. I understand. In our exhibitions it always says, “Please, do not handle the goods.”
IZET (very jolly). Yes, that’s what I meant! (Clap, his hands three times.)
MUSTAFAR. (enters). Efendi?
IZET. The women!
(MUSTAFAR takes a set of four bells, each of a different tone, which he sounds during the following.)
JULIAN. By jove! they are trained like dogs in a circus!

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**No. 19.**

**BELL SO SILVERY.**

**BELL SEXTETTE.**

---

**Bells on the stage.**

---

**NURSIDAH.**

---

**Julian.**

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IZZET.

all are alike now to me! This is Narsida, a trieste, dear,

Kert, welche kostbar ist Peri? Ja Narsida, dah kömst sehr theuer mir:

lata, ricorda un urit! Questo Narsida, fa cara un po',

br

SULZIKA.

hier! toll so sittig! thy sweet ringing On us calls to be near at hand,

für! Sit-strell sehn ruft hehlle hier zur selbe des Habernu Eruhn

tho! Argetti non cumpa'lli no qui neap-pe't la col suo to-nor,

p dolce assai.

JULIAN.

To obey our Sultan's late command. If I mistake not, the damsel is

und wir kommen, nous Neu-ex zu schauen. Einst sa-

pronounce ceu, no già siam del signor! So non m'in-gen-no gen-


IZZET.

fair! This is Zoeika, both fair and ripe,

droh'n. Suei-ka dunkt ich dem Za-fall bloh, halb sie ge-women auf ein Tur-

par! Zoletka e des sa vezzo sa ci'l, Tho avuta le cambio da un nars-i-fa-

PP

PP
How kind he seems, how gallant and gay, The stranger hath a right pleasant
Es, ci, wie artig ci, wie galant, der Fremdling hier spricht wahrlich char.
Quant é gentil quant é lusinquier, corte si modo ha lo stra-

way! Of every worthy you well may be! Just wait a bit, there are more to see! Bell of silver,

thy sweet ring ing, On us calls to be near at, hand; And each

ra-fou lei le hier aus Stel-le des Ha-nums Fräun's und wir
cam-pa-ni no qui neap-pel la col suo te-nor, gia sen
IZZET.

- tette! Bési-ka had I, in change well mit-ed, For one that left her, and then shoot-ed. I en-vy
tett. Mit Bési-ka, hat vor we-nig Woehen ein Bahnen sow- tium mich be-sio-chen. Ja zu be
fo! Bési-ka l'eb-bi per sen-so-ri-a un for-ni-tor che scacpo vi-a! D'invidia

NURSIDAH & BESEKA.

you, as I said be-fore, That with so much, you can ask for more! How kind he seems, how
do-gao davver sei tu, che si può ma-i bramar di più! Quant'è gen-til quant'

IZZET.

gai-lant and gay, The stran-ger hath a right pleasant way! With o-pen mouth he
ci, wie go-lant, der Frem-ding hier spricht wahrlich charmant! Er sticht wie fest ge-
hè lu-si-glier, cor-to-si mo-di ha lo stra-nier! A bocca a-per-ta
Al-leh! Al-leh! Leave us, not, stranger, now, for the war!
Al-leh! Al-leh! bleibe der Fremdling doch lang noch da!
Al-leh! Al-leh! oh! non pur-tire il stranieri di qua!

Al-leh! Al-leh! I'd like, most certain, to be Ba-shaw!
Al-leh! Al-leh! gern wärd ich selbst ein Tur-le da!
Al-leh! Al-leh! es ser to pa-re vor-rei pa-sein!

Al-leh! Al-leh! All these fair beauties my treas-ures are!
Al-leh! Al-leh! mir blieb 'n al-lein die - se Blu-sen da!
Al-leh! Al-leh! son ro-ba mi - a que-sto bel - ta!

Izzet,

He the press makes his pro-fes - sion, Ev'ry thing knowing, sees all that's

Die - ser Herr ist von der Pres - se, da - rum stu - di - er, und kri - ti -
Ji si - goor è gior - na - li - sta, ei dee sa - pe - ro, e deo ve -

go - ing, Of views, as art - ist gives ex - pres - sion, Wisdom e'er showing, Judgment be -
siert er nair in der La - se - weit La - tres - se, La - gen - su - per - tön - lich, sehr kalt ge -
de - re, le co - se ei guar - da sol da ar - ti - sta da inten - di - to - re, ca - nos - ci -
Werden! Und so mag es denn ge-seh'n lassen euch oh-ne to- ne! Yo-glo far-via lui ve-dar, sh, has-cia-teIl

Schrei er seh'n! vet ca-der!

Ah! Ha!

Julian. How charming a view is this, Fill ing the eyes with co-sta-sies.

O wie ist das in-tres-sant, mein Au-ge blei-bet wie ge-baut.

Chorus of Slaves.

Ah! looks he sur-prised at this, Fixed are his eyes in co-sta-sies.

Das sehnt ihm sehr in-tres-son, drum bleckt sein Au-ge wie ge-baut.

Ja er bleibt wie ge-baut.

U sa sta-tua vigh
Al, all! Lang, long! he finds,
Wohl, well! glaub' ich im A, breedland,
Nicht, not! lang! ich nan, ma, bli, li,
Von, von! ziegue ed a, do, ra, bli, li!

What ex-qui-tie forms I find,
Graceful be, yond com-pare, and kind,
De, de! oh! vori a, ma, bli, li
Che ver mo, im pa, reg-gia, bli, li.

Stand! Ha! how seems it!
Have you gazed yet o-
For! He! e' la spiliz er!
Das gibt's hier nur eu

Wohl, well! never can it be gain, said,
With judgment good the choice is made.
Los, los! glaub' ich im A, breedland,
Vonne ed a, do, ra, bli, li.

Al, all! lang! Al, all! Leave us not, stranger, now, for
Die, die! bie be de, er Fremling doch long noch da!

Al, all! lang! Oh! now par tir, stran, di qui!

Al, all! lang! I'd like, most certain, to be Ba-
Al, all! lang! gern wär' ich sel ber ein Tor ke da!

Sonn, son! bel, le! veh! ti pizzicato! Sou ti pi ra ri in ve ri, th!

Al, all! lang! Al, all! Leave us not, stranger, now, for
Ahn ti chea er wohl noch nie maus sah!

Al, all! lang! Al, all! Oh! now par ur, stran der di qui!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!
Si, si, si, si, si!

Would kisses from
Doch denkt And're
Mah - ci d'um

love me a - lone? Come speak out, is it true?
liebt ja nur mich, sagt es freil, hab' ich Recht?
ma - te - me sol! di - te sah, non è ver!

They af - firm it!
Sie be - ja - hen!
Essö af - ferma!

No, no, no, no, no!
Nein, nein, nein, nein, nein!

Yes, yes!
Ja, ja!

Sheers give pleasure to you!
Küssen, war auch nicht so schlecht!
al - tro fan pu - re pia - cer!

They do - ny it!
Sie ver - neun!
Es - sa ne - gar!
(nodding.)

Yes, yes!
Nein, nein!
Ja, ja,
nein, nein!
St, si!
nein, nein!
Sì, sì!
nein, nein!
It a case is...
Wenn uns An - ge.
O e - wi - ger Widerspruch

You like dír - ec - tion?
Das Kö - la - te - ren?
Auch das Ver-führen?
La do - na pur se - mpre Pe -

You like dír - ec - tion?
Das Kö - la - te - ren?
Auch das Ver-führen?
La do - na pur se - mpre Pe -

Miss - tí - ca - tivo?
Ahi! woman's the same still when -
leitaf?
Li - ves - ta - re?
El in - tri - ga - re?
La do - na pur se - mpre Pe -

Say a
Nì - cheu
Nein, nein,
Ver un si

not a - mis,
re-fuse, but the no, still means yes,
If the oth - er
He - mer - nah
schätzt, wir mit dem Kopf; das heisst:
was be - denk - lieh
no gra - ch, la ne - glaun ma il ce - gir vus di -
y'li - tra poi no

ex - er you go, She winks to you, yes. While she
sies ni - chen be - ja - bag und
sa - gen doch nein, im A - bend ist ca gana
quelle re - sto, sce - cema di sì, el - la
di - ce di no, al - tro - ve la sto - ria del

for no, A is
for yes, With us
stätt ja, dar
thun nein,
si - doch
per no, un
per si, tra
nei
... way we go,
**kömm-te sein**
... dis - gu - stb
Fas - sentum ma vo -
ments but to this, They say to you no, but in -
trend it for yes! No va - ri - a - tions in na -
dählich wie da, sie sa - gen wohl nein, a - ber
den - ken sich ja. So ist's im.
-part è co - sl, se di - con di no ma l'in -
just is the com - mon way with us, this
No, is close be - side yes!
Ja, wird vor - wech seit oft dat
al'l, the From Cancas to Chili they're the same!
Morgenland na - li - th, dal Cancas al Chi - li lo son co - sl!
Julian (aside). "Tis almost time for our friends to come."

(Mustapha opens the door. Lydia enters, attended by slaves. At the same time slaves, servants, and guards enter from other side. The slaves arrange divans, upon which all seat themselves in Turkish fashion. Several high cushions for Julian, Izzet, and Lydia. A curtain is let down at the background, behind which the shadow pantomime (Karagois) is prepared. All this during characteristic music, time of a march. The spectators sit and lie before the Karagois, with backs to audience. After all have entered, the march music is continued, and accompanies the following.

Izzet. Now for the Karagois.

Julian. What is that? If I may ask.

Izzet. Karagois is a shadow play, the comedy of the Moslem.

Julian. Ah! By Jove, I breathe freer! What luck! What splendid material for descriptive writing!

Lydia (underzonte to Julian). Let us pray that the plan of our friends may succeed.

Julian (the same). It is almost time for them. Has Vladimir told you all, princess?

Lydia. He has. But now we must be silent.

Izzet ( aloud). Where is Marsaldehi?

Marsaldehi (reader of the story to the play). Here, exalted air.

Izzet. Begin!

(The stage is darkened in front. The curtains in background are opened, revealing a white sheet stretched so as to show the shadows behind.

Note.—For the Karagois good pantomimists are demanded, who must be unlimited and expert in gesture. The dialogue must be characteristic. The old women, the slaves, the women's attendants should be large artificial heads, with very sharp features, the men of the audience being in profile. Jumlof, for instance, must be healthy; the emperor must be seen only by its head, the shadow play must be seen always on the raised stage. The very best results are obtained by means of the sycle, a circle of the stage on a raised platform, a large bear hidden before it, with an open book, which it illuminates with a paper lantern, and from which the reader.
Dialogue begins here, relating to the Shadow Play.
Ben-Je'min and Suréma is the title of the play
With which I'll entertain you, if so you wish, to-day;
Disturb not my recital by noise or questions tame,
And if you've ought to speak o'—well, keep still, all the same.

The curtains in the background open, showing the screen on which
the figures of the shadow-play are seen afterwards.

1. Suréma, love—ly daugh-ter of Jus—aith the Ka-by—lo,
2. But he had no sus—pi—clown where she her love had placed.
3. She shrewdly thus addressed him, "How crimson in your cheek,
4. A Hebrew was Ben—Je'min, Ben-Jocham's son, they say,"
A child, whose sixteen summers did many charms reveal,
Never dream'd that he, her servant, was as her idol grace!
Fell deep in love! the object to whom her heart she gave, Was... Ben-
He was so cold, that anger awoke within her heart! Wist... dame

You seem unwell and troubled; if ill, what ails you, speak! Alarmed, of spies suspicions he termed and ran away.
Judge that you are feverish by your unsteady gait, Sit... down
Surpriz'd, enrag'd, Surmia to an angry word's gave vent; Such... con-

Jem... in, the hard some, who was, in fact, her slave. She cried, "You baseful Jem boy, hold us, stop,
Would not be wath ful at such neg lect, part? 6. What they themselves had witness'd from their re-

near me, and rest you, and all your griefs rem... late....
be a... man! The love's one kept on... running, and after him she ran! Two aged pi...ous ladies overheard what
 treat near... by. The prince, at first, believ'd not that his daughter was so sly, But when they had convinced him, enraged by

had oc... cured, And rushed to tell the fa...ther, with many a dam...ing word, what he... heard. He smote all things about him, and tore his hair and...
the keeper, a dark-eyed, call'd be there, With many an angry gesture, and many a vengeful air; ... He'd some-thing fearful to his astonished ear, And now his heart grew calm; his voice more soft and clear. But scarcely had the lovers been 

to taste their bliss, And lose their reason and senses in many a loving kiss, When with roarings loud, terrific, that through the still air rung. Two wild beasts from the thicket rushed out and towards them
Ben Jemix and Surema flee with genuine screams of terror. Kantchekoff and Steipann appear as shadows with swinging sabres.

Marziale. Izset-Pasha.

Two Russians! the play is new and good;
Zwei Russen, der Spass ist gar nicht schlecht;
Das - ri - zi lo scherno è o - ri - gi - nal,

Lydia, (aside.)

At last!
Triumph!
Es nun!

Make those wild beasts appear; that would not be so bad!
Go on, then, go on, then—
der Mosko-wit als wil-des Thier, so ist es recht!
nur weier, nur weier,
fahti ap-pa - rir quai belve in-ve r che non c'è mal!
in - nan - zi, in - nan - zi,

On us it smiles again!
Die Freunde rücken an!
à noi mor-rí - da già

Sweet liberty!
Die Frei - heit
la li - ber.

Don't you inter - rupt!
bleiben wir da - bei!
non fin - ter - nom - pian,

The play is good, ah ha! 'tis good, and makes me
Der Spass ist gut, ha, ha, sehr gut, und auch ganz
lo scherzo à buon, ah, ah, e ri - de - ro mi
LYDIA.

- in mel! Oh, help! Oh, help!
  schlagen! Herbei! Herbei!
  zu - ne! a noi! a noi!

IZZET.

Al - lah!

VLADIMIR. Enters, dressed as an officer.

Ly - dia, Julian, re - lief now is
Ly - dia, Julian die Hälfte ist
Ly - dia, Giulio ta - ta a

RUSSIAN.

Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
Ur - ra! Ur - ra!

TURKISH.

Al - lah!

Al - lah!
Peasant assai.

LYDIA.

Rus-sia now in all her splendor shines!
Heil dir Russland in kri-stall-ner Pracht!

Vladimir.

Here! Vladimir (hiding behind Julian). For heaven's sake don't let him recognize me.

Nursid, Besika, Diona, Sulieka.

Al-lah, o'er us in thy splendor shine!
Al-lah, großer Al-lah ret-te uns!
Al-lah, noi brilla il tuo splendor!

Izzet.

Al-lah, on these Russian traitors fall!
Al-lah strugget il rus-so tra-di-tor!

Julian, Steppan.

Rus-sia now in all her splendor shines!
Heil dir Russland in kri-stall-ner Pracht!

Kantschukoff.

Soprano.

Rus-sia now in all her splendor shines!
Heil dir Russland in kri-stall-ner Pracht!

Russian Choristers.

Tenor.

Al-lah, on these Russian traitors fall!
Al-lah grosser Al-lah ret-te uns!
Al-lah strugget il rus-so tra-di-tor!

Turkish Choristers.

Bass.

This is my Klaanet.

Kantschukoff.

SPOKEN.

Surrender yourselves without opposition. No one departs from here.
where is she! where is Fatinitza!
JULIAN. Fatinitza has been carried off.
KANT. Fatinitza carried off! Just wait, Pasha! for that I
annex all your wives.
ZULIEKA. Exalted sir, we shall follow you with pleasure. [To
IZZET] That shall be your punishment. you reform Turk!
THE OTHER WOMEN. Evett! Evrett! Yes! yes!
IZZET. Mustapha, persuade them!
IZZET. Oh, Kismet! Kismet!
IZZET. To hear is to obey! [About to use his whip.]
KANT. (strangling MUSTAFA with the knout). Chorvat vani!
You son of a Turk! [To the Officers] Take the women
with you. And you, Pasha, the knout for you!
LYDIA. Oh, how through the gold-en
NURSID. Besika.
O wie ist das so char-
DIONA. Suleika.
la splende e ful-
IZZET. Al-lah!
IZZET. oh!
JULIAN. Steppan.
Al-lah!
Al-lah!
SPoken.
KANTSCHUKOFF. And the knout waits for the Pasha.
KANTSCHUKOFF.
Hur-rah!
Oh, how through the gold-en
Ur-rah!
Bel - la splende e sul-
IZZET. Al-lah!
IZZET. Al-

178.
End of 8th Ael.
THIRD ACT.
CHIMES OF PEACE.

ODESSA.—In the summer palace of Gen. Kantchukoff. A magnificent hall, opening in background upon a very loud balcony, with a view of the picturesque domes, towers and spires of Odessa, together with a part of the harbor and sea. The palace is situated on high land. The hall is octagonal; has several entrances, two of which are in corners r. and l., background, and are approached by steps. The door r. leads to the palace chapel. Before the curtain rises, the ringing of bells is heard; also cannon-shots, with rolling echoes and military commands.

[When the curtain rises, LYDIA with the four women hastes across the scene on balcony. All gaze fixedly off r., and wave their handkerchiefs. LYDIA comes forward while the four women remain in the background.]

BELL SONG.

ANDANTINO maestoso con moto.

Piano.

(Bells on the stage.)
LYDIA.

Ho·ly bell, Whose zeal out·ringing, Joy is bring·ing, I feel... & flinging
Glöckchen klöng, ge König, Frieden, tre·stead bringt es, und wacht... hin dringt es
Sacro bross... zo la ma con·cen·to di con·ten·to, fi·dar, ri sento all

O'er us its spell! Thou of peace..... art the o·va·tion, The con·so·la·tion of
mit hel·len Ton. Fro·he Kun·de ist be·schieden dem gan·zen... Land bis zum
au·ra il suon! Sei di pa·ce la pa·ro·lia si che con·so·la Pfal

wea·ry hearts! Ghine on gai·ly! for thy ring·ing
for·nies Strand. Allen bringt, Friedens kun·de schlo·schon der
fran·to cor, Saus·na, squil·la, per to bril·la

newed im·parts. But, a·mid the joy, can I re·juice? Compes to me sweet peace with
Gos·ten ton. Aber hier im In·nerm frag·et bang; Tont auch mein·ern Her·zen
spe·mean·cor! Ma poss'io di gio·ja pul·mar? Vien per me la pace a
Sooth-ing voice! Feels my soul in sev- row, Calm will be the mor- row! Hope and faith will
Fried- enzblume! Ist ein freu-di-gig Hef- fen auch für mich noch of- fen! Darf auch ich heur
con - so - lar? sento lo pur quest al ma ri comor - st in cal - ma? ri - dea me spe

smile again! To this heart will fate my love restore? When shall I a - gain his face behold?
Frauen mich! kehr’ an mei ne Brust auch er zu rick, strahlt die Fried - en - zon - ne mir auch Glueck!
Tornera il mio ben a questo cor! Quando il dol - co vi - sa ri - vo - dro!

Will his smile il - lume this life once more? Dry my tears that fall un - told? Will the
Winds mein Seh - sen end - lich jetzt er - fallt, weि - no Thra - en auch ge - stillt? Will the
quando del suo ri - so lo splendor e’ll mio pian - to ter - ge - rő! Lo squil

Chimes to Heaven as - cending, near a word of love for me?
Gio - den die - sen Fragen Ant - wort sa - gne Konst ihr das?
ir ch’o al ciel sen vo - la qual pa - ro - la a - vra’ per noi?
LYDIA. (subsides.) The four women come forward: they wear becoming Russian costumes.

STEPPAN (limps in with a cane). He bears the cross of St. George on his breast. A guest!

ALL. (joyfully.) Vladimir! Vladimir!

STEVEN. No; his friend, the newspaper man!

LYDIA. What fortune! Perhaps he brings glad news.

JULIUS (enters R.: brisk). At first glad news,—I live; then gladder news. He lives; then the gladdest of all, he is close by!

FOUR WOMEN (joyfully). Allah kerim! be lives!

STEVEN. (joyfully). He lives!

LYDIA (joyfully). At last, certainty: he lives! (Offers him a chair)

JULIUS. I hastened to come before him, princess, that I might find out the truth about a certain rumour: that you are betrothed to a Prince Tcheri-Šiwcrchi—(incoherently) Hachau!

LYDIA. Swertikof—correct; is that true?

LYDIA. Yes and no. My uncle, who has won over the Grand Duchess Imanova, wants me to marry him!

JULIUS. Poor Vladimir!

LYDIA. Rather say "Poor Swertikoff!" for I will never marry him, never!

JULIUS. Good enough! Well, Vladimir has deserved you. With the war, Lydia on his lips, he brought heroic deeds atievno. You know I was with the Russians all through the siege.

STEVEN. (scowling at himself). Chortas! A reporter there while—(pointing to his inflatable feet).

JULIUS. Well, Stepan, how goes it?

STEVEN. (hobbled). Miserably, miserably! as you see. The devilish Turkish bullet! But the fair princess has taken good care of me here in the general’s palce.

LYDIA. (coaxing herself by Lydia). Well, how is the old gentleman? I hope the course of events has made him forget the divine Fatinitza.

LYDIA. On the contrary, he is possessed with the idea of finding his love again; and only in order to find an excuse to talk constantly about Fatinitza did he allow me to take these poor women into the palace.

JULIUS. What! The lovely collection from Izzat Pasha’s harem is a Russian edition! (Steppan and four women withdraw to background)

LYDIA. (to Lydia). So the old gentleman is determined to marry you off this very day. I see it is high time that we should take an active part.

LYDIA. But how?

JULIUS. I hardly know how myself as yet. (Calls) Stepan!

LYDIA. Sir?

JULIUS. Announce me to the general. (The General is heard crying in the most fearful manner behind the scene.)

STEVEN. The general is announcing himself. He has been so ever since the days of Ruchik. Come, girls, let us get out of the way. I extend both arms for the women to take. In going, business among the women of disputing for him.

GENERAL KANCHEWOFF (enters R.: is uniform, but without chapslet and sword, bears a Russian flag-sergeant. Chortas! Ten thousand lashes with the knot for this scamp of a chamberlain! What did I say?—ten thousand? No, twenty thousand—a hundred thousand—with the knot!

JULIUS. Ah, I see that our friend, the general, is as strong in his declara as he was before Ruchik.

GEN. (cogitated). Ruchikoff! (Sees JULIUS; calms down). What? Hardy! (Warmly.) Ah, my dear friend, welcome to Odessa!

JULIUS. Thank you, general.

GEN. What happy accident brings you hither to-day?

JULIUS. I came on with a part of the Field corps to describe their reception home. Six columns by cable!

GEN. Good! Now you can be a witness; but, first, a word to my niece. Lydia Imanova?

LYDIA. Uncle!

GEN. Your betrothed, the Prince Swertikoff, has assembled himself in the reception-salon. It is my wish that you welcome him.

LYDIA. But, uncle!

GEN. Don’t caress me! You know me! Your betrothal is an act of gratitude on my part. Forty years ago he saved my life, when I was a lieutenant in the Caucasus.

JULIUS. If my computations are correct, then the youthful bridegroom must be at least fifty-eight years old.

GEN. (with satisfaction). You undervalue him. He is sixty-four. A brave man! In saving me, he lost an eye; and a fragment of a shell took away the greater part of his left ear, and made him nearly deaf.

JULIUS. If he is a sheltered ear, he must be a cob.

LYDIA. And you will marry me to such an ancient ruin?

GEN. He is one of the best fellows in all Russia. In the good old days of serdom he owned sixty-thousand souls.

JULIUS. And not much of a body.

LYDIA. I feel no calling to act the part of Iyy to this ruin.

GEN. Sorry for you; but you must marry him.

LYDIA. I shall scratch out both his eyes!

GEN. Impossible! He has only one eye.

LYDIA. Uncle, you are a monster!

GEN. Many have told me that; but somehow I could never believe it.

LYDIA. I shall carry my case to the Czar.

GEN. You can do that after the wedding, Lydia Imanova. I have given my word to Swertikoff. You know me: so go and welcome him.

LYDIA. Never! I (in undertone). Obey him, princess; and in the meanwhile I will try to brug the old gentleman round.

GEN. Do not worry me up, Lydia—and go! Welcome Swertikoff, (calls after) and don’t forget—he can only hear with his right ear!

LYDIA. Well I shall scream such an energetic "No!" into it, that that also shall be made deaf! (Exit R.)

GEN. (aside). Fatinitza must help us again. (Aloud) May I know, general, your reason for marrying off the princess so sumptuously?

GEN. You know it already, Sr.

JULIUS. I?  

GEN. Fatinitza is the reason.

GEN. (astonished). Oh!

GEN. Yes, my friend; you know that Fatinitza disappeared on that day, and left no trace behind her.

JULIUS. I remember. (Aside) Because she was transformed back to Vladimir.

GEN. Hassan Bey, that Turkish rascal, abducted her.

JULIUS. So they say.

GEN. I know where she went to.

JULIUS. I am curious to hear.

GEN. (tuchs a paper from his pocket). I have offered a reward of one hundred thousand silver roubles for her. These posters are to be seen on every street corner throughout the Orient. (He unfolds a large poster, very loud in tone, printed in English on one side and in Arabic on the other; on the English side, the name "Fatinitza" and the figures "200,000 roubles" are plainly to be read.) All at once I received tidings, "She lives!"

JULIUS. (taken aback). Really?

GEN. And more—just imagine my insane joy!—she is to be mine this very day.

JULIUS. Who?

GEN. Why, Fatinitza?

JULIUS. (aside). Can it be that Vladimir is up to another of his mispranks?

GEN. (working up from his excitement to a pitch of the most exquiste enthusiasm). Vuika, the Bulgarian spy— the brave fellow!—has discovered her. He has already written me several letters—this, this, and this here; and ten minutes ago I received these lines, (Threws all the letters but one on a table, too obliged with excitement) Just imagine my unspeakable joy! He writes—we attempt to read the letter) Your Excellence—Your Excellency—Your Excellency—Your Excellency—Your Excellency—Your Excellency. I cannot read; the letter dance before my eyes for very joy! (Gives JULIUS the letter)

JULIUS. Allow me, general, Vuika writes—
'TIS NOW THREE MONTHS.

DUET.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis now three months that I have wan-der'd, Fair Fa-tig-
2. The old Be-lish of Ne-gro-pon-to, Up-on her
1. Em Fa-ti-nit ze's Spar zu fin-don, de-dri viel um
2. En ging der Pa-scha aus Ru-me, lien an dem Pa-

Moderato.

sempre. ppp

- nit za's flight to trace, in Ca-ro, Smyr-na, gold I've
threw his eyes, one day; He bought, not on his own ac-
her ich in der Welt; in Af-ri-kon, Ero-pa,
zur ein muliar bei, der kunf-le sie für frem de-
nizza a ria-trac-ciar, Al-go-ri, Smir-ne, Cairo, E-
se-chi si di lei, el la com-prò per al-trai

son-der'd, and touch'd as many an-oth-er place. And such a
count, tho', And ship'd her off to To-nis's Beg! The Beg, not
A-nien hat't ich gen ten auf ge-stilt. So tat es
Rech-nung spe-dire each Tu-nis sie zum Beg. Der Beg konnt
pi-ro mè pur too-ca to vi-si-tar! Oh, le fa-
con-to è la spe-dha Tu-ni gial Be! Il Bei non
rough, thou did'st endure! And when I salt-sticha was subject-ed, The Flarem,
rough, thou did'st endure! At raf-blo, that Muslik did set her, And A phi-
Al-les durch ge-macht! Donna Ue-ber fol-te eon I salt-sticha verschwand sie
Al-les durch ge-macht! Von Muschir kauf-te sie rin Mus-ti, bricht sie den
-eb di grosse as-sal! Al-lor che I-sac-eia fu es-pu-gna ta da quel ser-
-eb di grosse as-sal! Ma veh! Il Muschir la mise al lot-to e Aghi-

whesco she dis-ap-pear'd, They sent her to Stam-boul, de-
as-ga drew the lot, Next day, for naugh't, or scarce-ly
aus des Pa-schas Haus; die Rüs-ler bo-tes sie is
Schrei-bai in lam dar, der from me Greis macht sie aus
raggio el-la spa-ri, l'a-vean di laa Stam-bul me
-ga la gea-da-gno e il gior-no dopo a prez-zo

ject-cd, And sold her to a Ca-di fear'd Was sold to a
bea-ter, He swapped her to a Sheik, for shot! Put up at a
Stam-bul dann auf den Sla-voa mark-te aus. Als Sla-vim zu
Ille ber zu sei-ver Wirth-schaft rin nun gor. Als Wirth-schaft-rin,
na-ta e poi ven-duta ad un Ca-di! Ven-du ta, ca-
rot-to au'n Scheik U-lem la traf-ni c'd! Al lot-to gio.
Ca - di, whose eyes were blear'd The Ca - di fell, and off he
ra - fie's too hard a lot! Twas with this last one, that I
Mark te wette' ein die - schick! Mein bleibt sie a - her hoch im
grä - s - dich, das ist zu viel! Ich zahl' ich sie mit scheue - ren
pit - te ad un Ca - di! Il sor Ca - di fe ban - ca -
cata & tro - po dar - ver! Fu da co - stui che l'hu - tru -

scram - bles, The Court con - demm't him in a flash, They led her
found her, And quick - ly brought her here a - gain 'Tis strange with
Frei - se, und da das Geld größ' -lich ver, so wollen sich
Gott, hal' auf dem Dan - ploer sie ge - schaft, und wun - der -
rol - ta e il tri - bu - nal la se - que - strö, la fu al ba -
va - ta e ve l'ha por - to col va - per & sta - pi -

to the mar - ket shum - bles, And left her there on sale for
such temp - ta - tions round her, she pure and there flat doth re -
tang rein Kün - for fin - den, der sie be - zah - len kum - te
bar et blieb die Hol - de tre - al dem trau und tu - gend -
zar di poi con - dot - ta ed irvi in ven - di - ta re -
ra - te, s'ser - ba - ta in - ca - luna o fida o -
JULIAN (aside). I hardly know what to say to this. (Aloud) According to this description Fatinitza appears to have been in pretty brisk demand.

GENERAL. But, in spite of all, she kept her truth, and withstood the blandishments of all Pashas, Mushirs, and Mufis. The steamer from Constantinople is due today.

JULIAN (aside). I shall wait the next development with curiosity.

GENERAL. And so I marry Lydia to the Prince Swertikoff to get her out of my way.

JULIAN (aside). Ah! GENERAL. You see, two women in the house—that wouldn't work! But congratulate me.

JULIAN. Certainly, general. I tender you my most heartfelt sympathy—only—

GENERAL. Only? Chortat razui? What reason is there for an only?

JULIAN. You have perhaps forgotten that Fatinitza has a brother.

GENERAL. Had a brother,—I know,—an officer who fell at Plevna.

JULIAN. Oh, no! he lives, and made a hero of himself at Shipka. He came with the troops today.

GENERAL. Well, so much the better. He shall come to the wedding and witness our happiness. He belongs to the family.

JULIAN (aside). Everything is all right now! (Aloud) May I summon him, general?

GENERAL. Yes, as soon as possible. As for me, I will ascend to the palace-room. The fresh air will cool the raging cauldron of my excited blood. O Fatinitza! & c. (Repeats the refrain, exit J. sternly.)

JULIAN (bars the balcony, and beckons below). There! first he—and now—(Goes to door B.)

LYDIA (joyously). Vladimir?

JULIAN. If you follow my directions, he shall be yours this very day.

LYDIA. Impossible! My uncle has the Grand Duchess Imanovna on his side.

JULIAN. And in my modest self you have the Grand Duke of the Press on your side. Depend upon me!

(Vladimir enters from balcony—he has grown more manly, his moustache is heavier, and his face broader—in extreme ecstacy.)
TO THIS LOVING HEART.

No. 23.

TRIO.

ALLEGRO CON FISICO.

LIDIA. (WITH ECSTASY.)

I fold thee once more, O
Dich wie der zu seh'n, o
Ti stringo al mio sen mio

VLADIMIR. (WITH ECSTASY.)

To this loving heart I fold thee once more, O
Dich wie der zu seh'n, dich wie der zu seh'n, o
Ti stringo al mio sen, ti stringo al mio sen mio

love, a-gain thy form I see, My fate ne bou-ger I fear, Since a dath thee re-
welch' ein himmlisch sis - ses Glück, ach ja Gott hör - te mein Fleh'n, führt dich zu mir zu -
dol - ce amor ti veggo al fin, più no non temo il destin, al - fin ti veggo an -

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store, ah! E’en Heav’n no sweet-er bliss can show, No great-er joy be-stow!

JULIAN.

Now heart, and love, and smile, We’ll let them rest a while, And some attention pay the un-cle, Who’s not far a-

JETZT kei-ne Zärtlich-keit, es ist die höchste Zeit, bedenkt nur wo ihr seid, der Onkel ist von hier nicht

IL sen, il ben, i’amor la-fiel mo-li per or, riflet-tan do-ve stan il zio non è di qua lon-

Wladimir.

Should all thir-formal hosts com-bine To part us, her I’d not re-sign! 

Potria l’inferno in-tier ve-nir non mi sa-pria da lei por-tir!

way! Comes he to take his share, It would disturb my

sei! senunnelieti vor-d-e noh’n, das stör-te meg-neu

tan? So giunse a ca-pi-tar, no nasce un bell af-
Julian.

Lidia.

Rall.

his! Two short minutes. All straight! With my watch in hand I'll wait! 'Tis well! I agreed! Two minutes and no more I will! Zwei Minuten? wohl an, doch ich schaue auf die Uhr! Ja, ja, ganz gut, um zwei Mi-nu-en bitt ich still! Due min-uti, sia pur, col cru-no-te tro qui sto! Ebben! el sìs! sol due mi-nu-ti, più non

Moderato.

need!

When in the sky the bright stars gleam'd, I thought of thee, And sleeping, nur!

In still ter Nacht, bei Sternen-strauch, träumt ich von dir, da warst bei vo!

Al schen-til-lar degli astri in cie a te il pen-sier ve-nia fo-

dream'd; And as I lay, I seem'd to hear thy breathing clear. When horrors dire of bat-tle's strife, I saw au-

mir, an dei-ner Brust, wie poch-ten da mein Herz in Lust! Doch kaum erscheint hörst ich von Schlacht und von (de-
dei, posarti al sen sognava e a dir il tuo res-pir. Foi stragi e error di bat-ta-gliar vedea appa-
on it went, tik-tak, tik-tak, tik, with firm intent. Ever readi-ly, ev'er steady-ly, Till my breast was bruised and

resting not, tik-tak, tik-tak, tik-tak, tik-tak, up, down, forth and back, And I heard its panting

Tik-tak, tik-tak, oh-ne Bot, tik-tak, tik-tak, poch't es immer zu; lau-ter schlug es dann im

Tik-tak, tik-tak, tik-tak, sempre più, tik-tak, tik-tak, tai-za sà e già e na-dia l'an-san-to

Tik-tak, tik-tak, resting not, tik-tak, tik-tak, up, down, forth and back, And I heard its panting

mf
measure still resound, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, In un-ru-ly throbs profound.

mea-trer ri-suo-nar, bumb, bumb, bumb, bumb, bumb, bumb, in-do-ma-to pal-pl-tar!

JULIAN.

See, the time's al-ready wast-ed, Let us Doch die Zeit ist ü-ber-schritten, schnell zum Veda il tempo già pas-sato, faccia

now some wisdom show; Thou art oth-er-wise in-rest-ed, She, an-oth-er's bride must go! A-las, speak, Wei-ter kommen schaut, sonst wird sie trotz Fluchen, Bitt-eu, nit nem An-derneun'ge-traut. Ach, sprich Ge-

VLADIMIR.

no senno via di qua, al-tr-muo-ti sei be-la-to sposa aus al-tro ella sen va! Oh! di, di-
"Poco meno.

ha!
ha!

ah! al libitum.

ha! Two minutes on ly witt thou never me! Not too much to ask is this, In brief, you then shall

ha! Noch zwei Mi-nu-ten las us sei-len, das ist wahrlich nicht zu viel; ich wer de mich be-

ah! Sol du mi-nu-ti a me con-ce-di non è troppo in ve-ri-tà, in fre-t-ta, no lo

ha!
ha!

Ah! Schon wieder!

Ah!

A- nother!

Di nuovo?

rallent.

JULIAN.
affrettando.

hear me Tell her what my heart's state is! Well, so be it! All right, but be pure- tu-al to your

ei-len, schnell ihr sa-gen was ich will! Mein en- gen, es sei! Doch nicht ei-ne Se-em de-

cre-di vo dir quanto in cor mi stia! Danno si-a, ebb-eben, ma e sa- te es-ser si

colla voce.

VLADIMIR. accel.

rall. assai.

word! I swear to you by cross and sword! Thou' distance did us part, I was with thee mind and

mehr! Auf! Of - zir-vo Pa-vol' ich schoo-.

mehr! Auf der danker Nachts, sit al dei-ner ich ge-

del! Te no sia pe-gno la mia fe! Da te l'oz-tan o-

gnor tebbio ca-ra in mente e in
Marziale

Mid the flash of the swords, meeting in bold, hostile encounter, When the clash of the
dacht! Im Ge- räusch der Schlacht, wenn zu dem Sterben fühllicher Rei- hen mit Trom- pe- ten und
cor! Ten il balen degli ac- cer quando al ur- lar Fa- sse ne- mis- ca ne appo- la - va col

Trumpet call sounded all else a- bove; hur- rah! In the heart of the fray, girdled by blood, ra-疼 and
Trommelschall tönt das Angriffs- gnal, Hur- rah! my im Kampfes- ge- wahl oft auch der Tod rings mich um-
bal- do suon delle trombe il fra- gorn, ur- rah! del- la mis- cia nel sen cla- to di stra- gi o di

slaugh- ter, I be- held shin- ing clear and bright, the fair star of our
drau- en, dei- ne Lieb war mein Ta- lis- man, dein He- sitz war mein
mor- te, ve- dea ful- ger a me se- ren Ta- stro del nostro a-

colla voce.
LISTESSO TEMPO.

Love! And whether waves of crimson tides Came by turns advancing on, Or backward flow'd on every
Ziel. Ja wenn im Sturm wir a-van-eirt schobte mir dein Bild vor-an, und wenn manchmal wir re- ti-
mor! E sia che l'oc- da dei guer-rer in er-vento ar-vi-cre dar s'a-vam o ce - da mel pen-

LISTESSO TEMPO.

suljo. Still my tho'ts were full of thee; A voice in whis-pers said to me:
riete schobete wie der rückwärts donn! Und klang Mus-
-eirt. Ich - bi sempre in vor del par; O sua sur-
rar sen-tia - mi in seu:

a tempo.

March forward fear-less-ly, Now thy val- or prove; That stand 
Vor-wirts mit frischem Blut, Lied' ist dein Fa-
Tavam za im-pa vi do, spiegai tuo va-
or. Vor-wirts mit edlen Muth

That standard-bear-er free

March forward fear-less-ly, Now thy val-or prove; That stand-
Vor-wirts mit frischem Blut, Lied' ist dein Fa-
Tavam za im-pa vi do, spiegai tuo va-
or. Vor-wirts mit edlen Muth

March forward fear-less-ly, Now thy val-or prove; That stand-
Vor-wirts mit frischem Blut, Lied' ist dein Fa-
Tavam za im-pa vi do, spiegai tuo va-
or. Vor-wirts mit edlen Muth
Leading thee, is love!
$süs$-ser Lohn wird dir!
che tu seguì è amor.

Forward, with sword in hand, slai the hos-tile band!
Vorwärts hin aus zur Schlacht auf der Feinde Mack!
la-van-za cor-rìa voi sul ne-mì-co stuol.

A
Dein

rum, rum, rum, ta-ta-ta ta-ta ta rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, ra-ta-pum,
rum, rum, rum, ta-ta-ta ta-ta ta rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, ra-ta-pum,
rum, rum, rum, ta-ta-ta ta-ta ta rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, ra-ta-pum,

March forward, fear-less-ly,
Vorwärts mit frischem Bliß,
Tavanza im-pa-vo-do

heart, in-deed, shall be the con-quì's meas!
Lieb', denz Siern, denz dei-sor in der Perù.
cor ha al-lor con-pensò al viuè-ci-tor!

March forward, fear-less-ly,
Vorwärts mit frischem Bliß,
Tavanza im-pa-vo-do

ratapum, ratapum, ratapum, pum, pum, ra-ta-ta-ta ta-ta!
ratapum, ratapum, ratapum, pum, pum, ra-ta-ta-ta ta-ta!
ratapum, ratapum, ratapum, pum, pum, ra-ta-ta-ta ta-ta!

Onward dash, and at-avancìr, a-ta-Auccar, a-sa-
Now thy valor prove,
Lied: ist dein Feur;
Spack-gail tuo va-lor
That standard-bearer free
evorsicht mit kühnem Muth
il ves-sil i fe-ro
Leading thee, is love.
so-ger Lohn wird dir.
che tu segui è amor.

To the charge, by and large, with vigor hold; ta-ta-rata-ta-ta
Fusiliere, ca-nori mit kal-tem Hu, ta-ta-rata-ta-ta
caricare, mitra giar con pien vi-gor, ta-ta-rata-ta-ta

Forward, with sword in hand,
Vorwärts hin-aus zur Schlacht,
Ta-van-zas cor-vi a vol
Smite the hostile band.
auf der Feinde Macht,
sul no-ni-co staal,
A heart, in-deed,
dea lieh',
una car-
Shall
dia al-
com-

We will strike down our foes with vigorous blows, ratapum, ratapum, ratapum, ratapum.
mas-sa-kiri, stran-gu-
ta, mazza, sterni-nar con gran fo-ror ratapum, ratapum, ratapum, ratapum.
be the victor's need!
deni-er in der Fern.
pen-vo ai vin-e-tor!

ratapum, pum, pum! The deeds of val-or we may spare, Or let the un-cle take a
ratapum, pum, pum! Jetzt still mit eu-rer Ta-pfer-heit, bedenkt der On-kol ist nicht
ratapum, pum, pum! Or lo pro-dez zo la-scan là, o che lo zio ci cog-llo-

We'll fight a-way, We'll gain the day, If cautious-ly our plans we lay, Yes, we will
Das ist der Feind, des, wir ver-ciaeit, mit List noch schlagen müs-sen heut, mit schlau-er
Lo bat-to-rem, lo vin-ce-rem, se cauti o-prar sappiamo in-siem s'o-prar sap-

share.
weit.
rà!

---------------------------------------------
---------------------------------------------
---------------------------------------------
gain the day. Yes, march forward fearless - ly,
that standard
plum in - siem, si
tausend mit frischem Blut.
lieb' ist dein Pa - mir,
it vos - sil.

Forward, with sword in hand, smite the hos - tie
Vorwärts bin - aus zur Schlacht auf der Erin -
da - van - za cor - ria vol sal no - mil - co

heaver free, leading me, in love!
li - fo - ro, che tu segui e a - nor.

leading thee, in love! tratta - ta - ta - ta - ta,
su - ser Lohn wird dir. tratta - ta - ta - ta - ta,
ent - gesst den In - lot zu be - se cau - op - rar sappian in-

If cautiously our plans to -
(LYDIA exits L. VLADIMIR accompanies her.)

JULIAN (listening, L.). Now, Vladimir, my boy, arm yourself with all the pride of your manhood. The general is coming. I will prompt you what to say.

GENERAL (entered L.). Smoke! smoke!

JULIAN. Where?

GEN. The steamer which brings me my darling. I hasten to meet her. (Goes, sees VLADIMIR.) Ha! 'tis she—no, he—she in the masculine—Fatinitza!

VLADIMIR (introducing him). Lieutenant Vladimir Samoiloff!

VLADIMIR (saluting). General!

GEN. General? Oh, get out! none of that to me! Brother-in-law!

Come to my arms, my boy! (Embraces him heartily. To JULIAN.) Does he know?

JULIAN. No.

GEN. Then do not swoon with joy, youngster: in a few minutes more you shall see her again.

VLADIMIR. Whom?

GEN. Why, Fatinitza—your sister!

VLADIMIR (emphatically). I don't believe it! I don't believe it!

VLADIMIR (in undertone to VLADIMIR). You had better believe it!

GEN. You shall know all! Of course, you shall be my adjutant with the rank of major.

VLA. Major?

GEN. Well, then, if that is not enough, I'll make it colonel.

VLA. (joyfully). Colonel! colonel! Oh, general!

GEN. Say no more! You must be colonel, willy nilly! Chort vasm! Discipline must be maintained. And you must live here with us; must never leave us.

VLA. Oh, what happiness!

GEN. But at first (ceremoniously) colonel, have you parents?

VLA. Aha! I am an orphan.

GEN. So you are the head of the family?

VLA. Yes.

GEN. Then I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your sister, Fatinitza.

JUL. (underwater). Say, no; say she is engaged.

VLA. She is engaged.

GEN. Oh, I'll fix that! She loves me!

VLA. Impossible!

GEN. Barbarian! How can you compel your sister to enter into a repulsive marriage?

JUL. But, general, that is the way you serve the princess.

GEN. That is quite another thing: I am her uncle!

VLA. And I her brother.

GEN. Oh, don't be obstinate, colonel! Come! you consent. Come, help me out of this, Hardy. Fatinitza must be mine at any price. He may demand what he will: I will consent.

JUL. (in undertone). Ask for Lydia now.

VLA. Dare I venture?

GEN. Venture all you want.

VLA. You will be angry.

GEN. I angry? Do I look like a man who would get angry? (Wrestful) Chort vasm! and when I say at that, that I shall not be angry. Out with it!

VLA. Well, then, I love the Princess Lydia Imanovana, and ask for her hand.

GEN. (enraged). Chort vasm! The brass of the fellow! A miserable lieutenant presumes—

JUL. But he is a colonel.

GEN. Not yet. (Rushes at VLADIMIR in a rage) And his imperence he shall—

JUL. Look out! you are getting excited.

GEN. (calmly). Oh, no! You see I am calm, very calm!

VLA. Then you say yes?

GEN. No! the marriage is impossible! My niece is betrothed.

VLA. So is Fatinitza.

GEN. I am bound by my word.

VLA. I too.

JUL. Then how would it be if both, gentlemen should try to induce the respective bridegrooms to withdraw?

GEN. Very well! Then kick your man out of doors.

VLA. You do the same with yours.

GEN. Yes; that is, no. I will find another way. My friend, Sver-tikoff, cannot demand that Lydia should sacrifice herself to a deaf old jackass like him.

VLA. And Captain Vasil is a too sensible man not to see that if Fatinitza loves you—

GEN. Yes, she does love me. And if you will swear—

VLA. What, general?

GEN. That I shall have your sister—

VLA. If you can find her—yes!

GEN. (aside). I have her at hand.

JUL. And if Fatinitza loves you—

GEN. She loves me madly.

JUL. And if she will say that in my presence—

GEN. She will! she will!

VLA. Then I will break off her engagement.

GEN. And I that of my niece—at once! (Runs to door R., and calls) Lydia!

(LYDIA enters R. in bridal dress, attended by the four women.)

GEN. Come nearer, my child. What I have once determined stands fast—fast as iron. No contradiction! You shall not marry the Prince Sver-tikoff!

LYDIA. Why not, uncle?

GEN. The fool is too old for you. You will please make up your mind at once to marry Major Vladimir Samoiloff, who, I have reason to believe, is somewhat younger.

JUL. (underwater to LYDIA). Refuse.

LYDIA. Why not, uncle?

GEN. The fool is too old for you. You will please make up your mind at once to marry Major Vladimir Samoiloff, who, I have reason to believe, is somewhat younger.

SERVANT (entered R.). The priest and the guests!

(Priests and guests enter. The latter all belong to the best society; the gentlemen in uniform, and the ladies in rich Russian costume.)

GEN. Welcome! Here is the bride! here is the bridegroom! Here you have my blessing; and now—right—face—march— into the chapel with you. When you are married, then will I introduce my bride to you. (Aside). No doubt of it: these tones announce the arrival of the fair Fatinitza! (Goes to background excitedly. The wedding procession forms.)

JUL. (to VLADIMIR). Make use of the favorable opportunity. I will ward off the recoil! Have you still the engagement—which the general placed on Fatinitza's finger?

VLA. Here it is. (Gives it to him.)

JUL. Good enough! I will take care of the rest. (Exit R. hurriedly.)

GEN. (who stands on the balcony, and beckons down below, calls back). What are you not coupled yet? Forwards! double-quick—march! (Music quicker, but still piano. The wedding procession marches into the chapel.)

FINALE.

(GEN. K. VOYKA, Georgian, Russian male and female servants. Afterwards JULIAN. At last VLADIMIR, VLADIMIR, and guests. VOYKA enters with chorus; behind him four Georgian men bearing a palanquin, which they hold over the false Fatinitza, who is splendidly arrayed and closely veiled. R. and L., from her are two boys swinging gorgeous parasol-frames; behind the palanquin four Georgian women. Two Georgians bring up the rear. The Russian servants follow, waving handkerchiefs and hats.)
CHORUS.

Soprano.

Praise and honors high to foreign charms we sing! Oders thus our chief command! From far
Jubel-sang er ön der fremden zum Empfang, weil es so uns ward be-foh-len die von
Ab-bia plausi e onor l'eo-so-ti-ca bel-tà, co-est vuol chi ci co-man-da. Da lon-

Tenor.

distant shores a Bass, she has come to us. Praises sing, and sweet flow'rs bring! Oders leus our chief command!
Ad - ei iuorom Straus-kamin un-vor Land, ihr er-ti-ne jubel-sung, wel es so uns ward be-fohlen.
-ta-ni lii la noi more i pos-si suoi, abbi a lau-ri, plausi e fior, vuol co-sti chi ci co-inda!
In her face shines every grace, says the chief commander! 

Virgins pure, of noble race! Says the chief commander!

Höchst viel Anmut dich umliebet, weil es so fehlt; 
sei als Sieger, was begrüßt weit es so begehrt;

O guile grazia ha edo la lei, di ce cui comanda; 
pa ta cer gli no ta sei, di os chi com-

-mandet. Bride fresh and fair as she, Or maiden, there can not be, no, no!

-fehlt; dir reiz - gebe - schä - ckte Braut o - köst un - ser Chor so laut, hur - rahl!

-mandet. Spo sa genti a te, don - zel - la to par non v'g, no nel!
Fa-ti-niza, Fa-ti-niza, to thy charms we praises sing. Hon-ors and gar-
lands of flowers to thee we're
Fa-ti-niza, Fa-ti-niza hat dies Wunder bahn vollbracht, sich' uns ver-
cint, im Triumph dich ein-
Fa-ti-niza, Fa-ti-niza, tri-on-fo la tua bel-ta, plau-si, co-
ro-ne, a te sian lauri e

Brightly her sweet smile beam'd, A warrior's heart subduing; Won by her modest mien, Her smile was his un-do-ing!

Siegreich hat de-nne Macht des Holden Herz bezeu-gen, nur deinen Schonheit Fracht ist dieses Werk ge-lungen.

Dell vi-so tuo'l ful-gor d'un prode ha'l cor con-qui-so, l'attrasse il tuo pi-dor, lo vinse il tuo sor-ri-so.
sing, yes, to thy beauty loud we sing. And to thee wreaths of flowers, and laurel crowns we bring!

Jaest, d'rum sei als Jung-fran uns ge-grüstat, dir sei ein Hoch gebracht, ja Fat-innit-za

bring!

Hoch f
dort!

[Staff notation]

GENERAL (approaches the stranger). At last I shall behold thy lovely face against Unveil her. Covet vami! A negress! Is it possible that you have grown black in the face all for love of me?

Fatinitza! is it you?

VUKA. Her name is Fatinitza, sir; it is she.

JULIAN (enters B. with a large letter sealed with black). No! It is not she! You are a pack of miserable swindlers; for here—here is a letter from the genuine Fatinitza. (VUKA withdraws in background with the false Fatinitza and the rest.)

GENERAL. A letter? Quick! quick! (breaks the seal hastily—reads:) *Beloved, when you read these lines I shall no longer be among the living. My ardent longing for you has brought me to an early grave. I commit my dear brother Vladimir to your keeping. I enclose my engagement-ring, and regard myself as your betrothed on the other side. My last breath shall be the sweet name, Timofey Kantchisko. Yours truly, Fatinitza.*
GENERAL (repeats the refrain). Fatinitza! Fatinitza! &c. By thunder! I am deeply moved. What woman e’er so truly loved as to die with longing for one she missed? 

JULIAN. But one (to audience) that never did exist! (At this moment STEPHAN enters with the four women and the wedding guests; then VLADIMIR and LYDIA.) The wedding is over!

Here is the happy pair!

VLADIMIR (to JULIAN). What have you done with Fatinitza?

JULIAN (to VLADIMIR). Killed her off. She’ll never bother us again.

VLADIMIR (to JULIAN). Thank heaven! We are rid of her at last.

GENERAL. Come to my heart! Be happy!
March onward fearlessly, Now thy valor prove, Thy standard

Now with the whiplash, an operation!

Now no, there cannot be One so fair as thee! rata-ta-ta, Who by thy

One so fair as thee! rata-ta-ta, Who by thy
meed. A faith-ful heart, a prize in-deed, a lov-ing Meed. A faith-ful heart, a faith-ful heart, A prize in-deed, a prize in-deed, a lov-ing
fern; mit dir ver-eint, mir gol-dig scheint, des Him-mels ein, mit dir ver-eint, mir gol-dig scheint, mir gol-dig scheint des Him-nels
ff
three. A faith-ful heart, a prize in-deed, Is sure-ly now the vic-tor's meed. A heart in-
ff
off. From ge-ne-ral Kant-schu-koff, from Ge-ne-ral Kant-schu-koff, From the great
Herz als Ge-ne-ral Kant-schu-koff, als Ge-ne-ral Kant-schu-koff; als gross-er
rh da ge-ne-ral Kan-ein-koff, da ge-ne-ral Kan-ein-koff; da pro-do,
ff
-acht, ein donnernd Hoch, ein donnernd Hoch, sei dir ge-bracht, sei dir ge-bracht, dir Fa-li-
bracht, ein donnernd Hoch, ein donnernd Hoch, sei dir ge-bracht, sei dir ge-bracht, dir Fa-li-
mor, Un fi-do cor, un fi-do cor al vin-ci-tor; al vin-ci-tor, un fi-do
ff
pum, A faith-ful heart, a prize in-deed, Is sure-ly now the vic-tor's meed. A heart in-
pum, ein donnernd Hoch, ein donnernd Hoch, sei dir ge-bracht, sei dir ge-bracht, dir Fa-li-
pum, un fi-do cor, un fi-do cor al vin-ci-tor, al vin-ci-tor, un fi-do